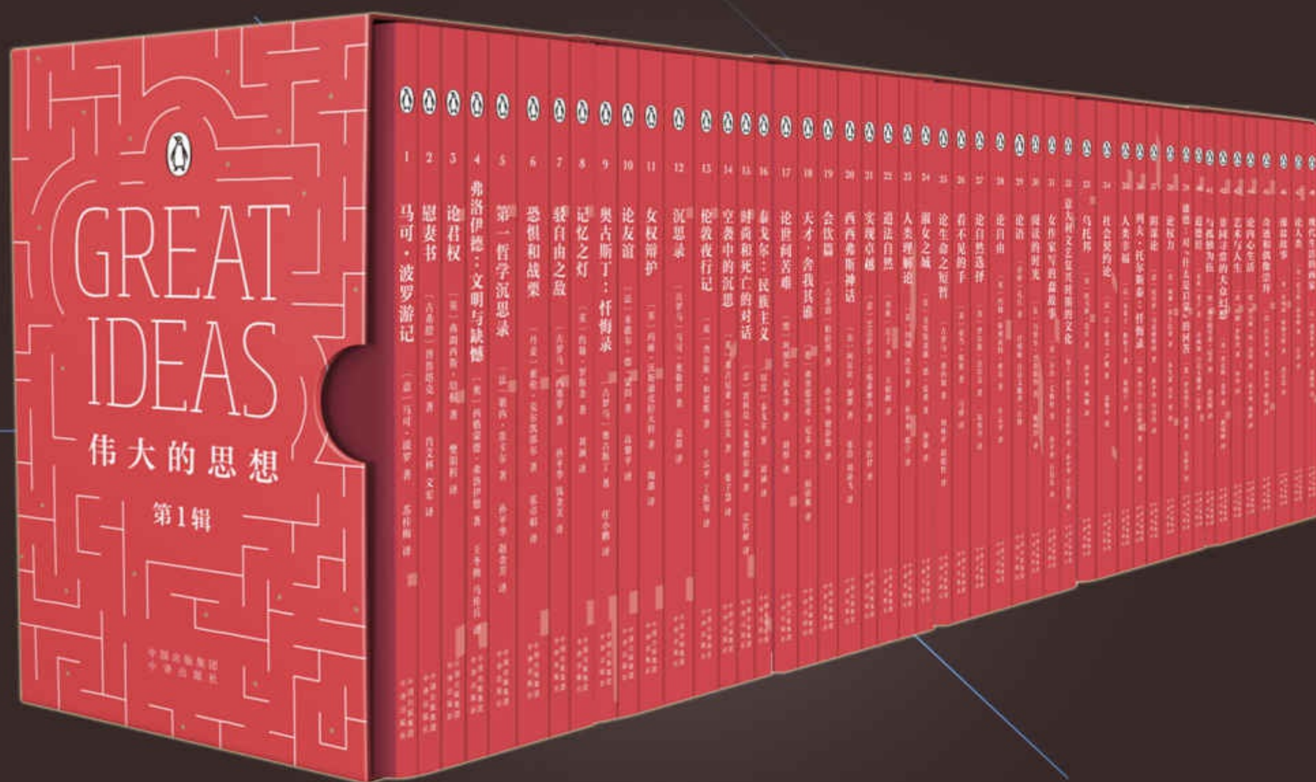
伟大的思想

GREAT IDEAS

（中英双语版·全48册）



总目录

GREAT IDEAS

伟大的思想

第1辑

中国出版集团
中译出版社

1 马可·波罗游记 [意]马可·波罗 著 苏桂梅 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

2 慰妻书 [古希腊]普鲁塔克 著 肖艾林 文宏 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

3 论君权 [英]弗朗西斯·培根 著 樊阳程 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

4 弗洛伊德：文明与缺憾 [奥]西格蒙德·弗洛伊德 著 王冬梅 马传兵 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

5 第一哲学沉思录 [法]勒内·笛卡尔 著 孙平华 赵金芳 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

6 恐惧和战栗 [丹麦]索伦·克尔凯郭尔 著 张卓娟 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

7 驳自由之敌 [古罗马]西塞罗 著 孙平华 钱金美 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

8 记忆之灯 [英]约翰·罗斯金 著 刘涵 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

目录

TRAVELS IN THE LAND OF KUBILAI KHAN

马可·波罗游记

［意］马可·波罗　著

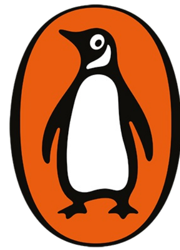
苏桂梅　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

马可·波罗游记

（意）马可·波罗/著

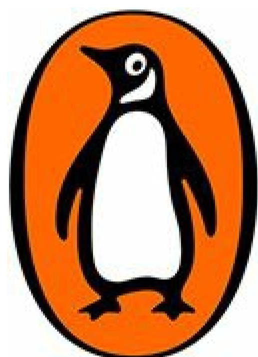
苏桂梅/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

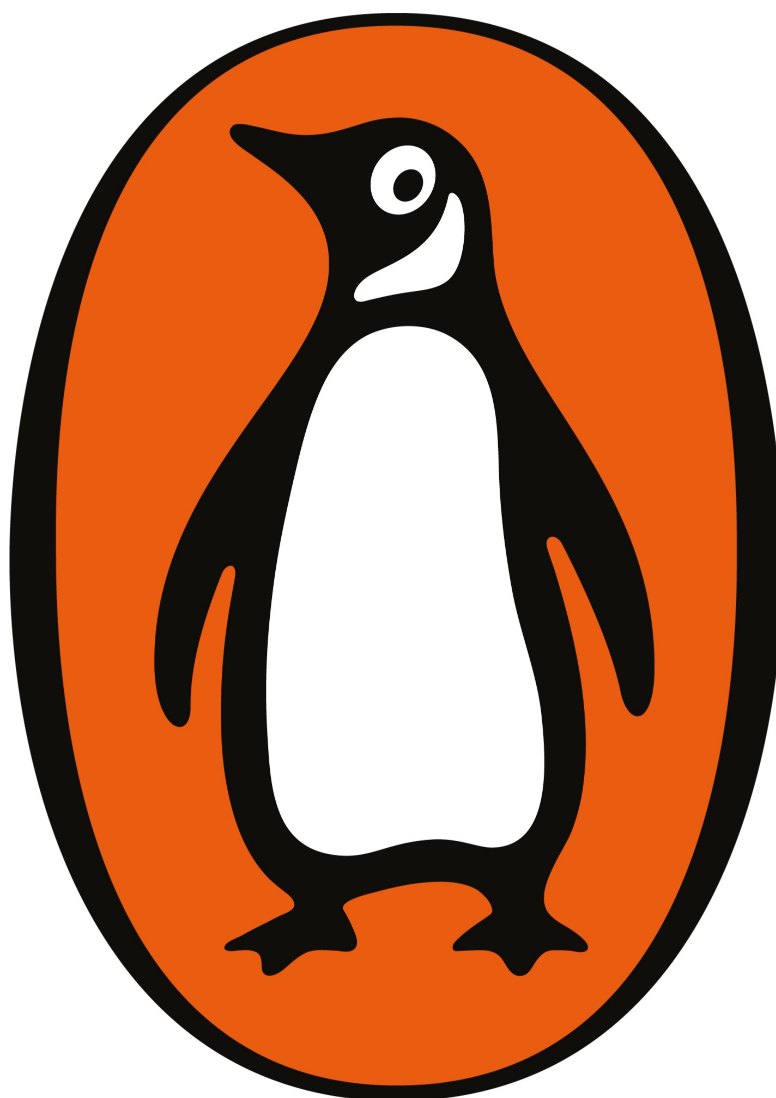
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www. penguin. com
The Travels first published in Penguin Classics 1958
This extract published in Penguin Books 2005

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition The Travels, translated and edited by Ronald Latham
Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

马可·波罗（Marco Polo，1254—1324），一位来自威尼斯的商人、旅行家。他的父亲与叔叔都是当地著名的贸易商人，经常往来于各个国家和地区之间。十三世纪中叶，他们两兄弟曾阴差阳错地到访中国元大都，并拜见元世祖忽必烈。两兄弟离开中国之前，元世祖还委托二人将自己的亲笔信带回给罗马教皇，并诚挚地邀请欧洲人前来中国元朝生活、工作。1271年，两兄弟带着时任教皇额我略十世的回信再次动身，沿着丝绸之路前往中国，而十七岁的少年马可·波罗也陪伴着父亲加入了这次旅程。马可·波罗是一位十分聪慧、机灵的孩子，又善于学习，很讨忽必烈的喜爱，所以他有幸被授予元朝官职，并代表皇帝周游于中国各地。1292年，马可·波罗一家受忽必烈之命，护送蒙古公主由泉州出海前往伊尔汗国，并于事成之后辗转回到欧洲故地。

马可·波罗很喜欢向当地人讲述他在中国见到的那些奇闻异事，在当地颇积累了些名气。1298年，马可·波罗参与了威尼斯与热那亚的海战，却不幸战败并被关进监狱。而在那段牢狱岁月里，他反而有了更充裕的时间向狱友讲述这些令人瞠目结舌的东方故事。在那些听书人中，恰好有一位来自比萨的作家，名叫鲁斯蒂谦，正是他将马可·波罗的口述故事集结成文，终于执笔而成《马可·波罗游记》一书。此书一经面世，当即引起巨大的社会轰动，并被翻译成多种语言，流行于诸多欧洲国家之中。

《马可·波罗游记》，亦有译名为《东方见闻录》，详细记述了马可·波罗东游中国数十年的行程经历与所见所闻，以文学创作的讲述体方式向欧洲的普罗大众介绍了中国的城市、文化、历史、政治与风俗等方方面面，集中展现了独特的东方神韵与社会的高度繁华。尤其是在那

个极度压抑、沉闷、黑暗的中世纪欧洲，这本书中所展现的东方图卷真称得上是如天堂一般美好，引得所有人的向往。甚至在此后的数百年间，欧洲人对中国的认知再未能跳脱出《马可·波罗游记》的记录，直到“地理大发现”的完成。

原书共分四卷，每卷又分若干章节。卷一为马可·波罗一行人沿丝绸之路前往中国上都的旅途见闻；卷二为对忽必烈大汗和元大都，以及西南行程中各省区的见闻录；卷三则是关于日本群岛、南印度和印度洋的海岸与岛屿的；卷四为蒙古鞑靼王之间的战争和北方各国的概况。本书为原书部分章节的节选，共分三部分，即“通往契丹之路”“忽必烈汗”与“从北京到孟加拉”，依次介绍了鞑靼人（包括他们的生活习俗、宗教信仰、战斗精神、社会规制）、张加诺城的大汗行宫、大汗上都（包括宫殿与巫师巴克斯）、忽必烈汗的功绩、首都汗八里（即元大都，包括宫殿城市、契丹叛乱、宫廷宴会、节庆风俗、狩猎活动、货币铸造、管理制度、邮递系统、臣民恩赏、佛教信仰）等丰富的内容。

在人类的历史中，从未有任何一本书像《马可·波罗游记》一样，能够直接地催动世界的巨变。由于地理格局等原因，东西方文明曾长期隔绝并独立演进，只有零星且浅层次的交流。直到十五世纪的“地理大发现”，东西方文明才终于走到一起，世界也终于开始形成统一的历史。而《马可·波罗游记》在普罗大众中的魅力与影响力正是这场“大发现”的内在动因，书中无与伦比的东方之美不断吸引越来越多的普通民众迈向未知的探索之路，他们不顾风险想要远航去中国，却最终幸运地发现了全世界！

“伟大的思想”系列收录《马可·波罗游记》一书，正是着眼于此书那丰碑一般的历史意义。作者与执笔者以质朴无华的文字，将他们记忆中的东方见闻向读者娓娓道来，我们彷佛又置身于那个波澜壮阔的大时代之中。

柴尔

通往契丹[1]之路

大家必须明白，继成吉思汗之后第二个统治者是窝阔台汗，第三个统治者是巴图汗，第四个是贵由汗，第五个是蒙哥汗，第六个就是忽必烈汗。忽必烈汗比以往任何一个可汗都更伟大、更有实力。事实上，将其他五个可汗的力量加在一起也没有忽必烈拥有的力量强大，我还可以稍微夸张一点：世界上所有的皇帝以及基督徒和撒拉森人[2]的国王加起来也不具备这样强大的实力，或者有能力取得像忽必烈汗这样多的成就。我将在这本书中清楚地向大家证明这点。

大家应该知道，所有具有成吉思汗血统的大贵族死后都要被埋葬在阿尔泰山[3]。即便他们驾崩的地方离阿尔泰山有一百天的路程，也必须埋葬于此。还有一个值得注意的事实是：在大汗的遗体被运送到阿尔泰山的途中（大概为四十天的路程），所有在路上偶然遇到大汗送葬队伍的人，都将被护送灵柩的护卫杀死，护卫会对他们说："去阴间服侍你的主人吧！"因为护卫们确信被他们杀死的人一定会在阴间成为可汗的奴仆。同样，当可汗驾崩时，他们会杀死可汗最好的马，以便让可汗在阴间也能拥有那些马。事实上，在运送蒙哥汗遗体的途中，有不止两千人因为偶遇送葬的队伍而被护送的士兵杀死。

既然已经提到了鞑靼人[4]，我就向大家多介绍一些他们的情况。他们会在草原和温暖的地区过冬，因为这些地区适合放牧，可以为他们的牲口提供牧草。当夏天来临时，他们会迁往大山或峡谷中比较凉爽的地区，因为那儿有充足的水源和林地供他们放牧，在凉爽的地区放牧的另一个好处就是没有马蝇和其他虻虫一样的害虫来侵扰他们的牲口。通常他们在一个地方放牧两三个月后，就继续向山上迁徙，因为如果只在一个地方放牧，那么任何一个牧场都不足以养活如此多的牲口。

他们的屋子是圆形的，用木头建成，上面搭着毡布。这些用木棍支成的框架排列整齐、构造巧妙，并且十分轻巧，便于携带。迁移时，他们可以将这些材料放在他们的四轮车上一起带走。他们每次搭建房屋时，门总是朝向南面。他们还有一种极好的两轮车，这种车用黑色的毡布做顶，设计非常巧妙，就算车外一直下雨，车内的东西也不会被雨淋湿。通常由牛和骆驼拉车，车内载着鞑靼人的妻子、孩子以及他们所需要的各种器物。

我向大家保证，鞑靼妇女负责经营各种买卖，她们还要做好所有丈夫和家庭所需要的事情。而男人们除了狩猎、战争和放鹰捕猎以外，其他的活都不用干。鞑靼人以肉制品和乳制品为主食，靠狩猎和捕捉草原上随处可见的土拨鼠为生。他们也吃马肉和狗肉，也不介意喝马奶，事实上，任何肉类他们都不会拒绝。男人们绝不会接触其他男人的妻子，因为他们十分清楚这么做是错误的、可耻的。他们的妻子也十分忠于自己的丈夫，并且擅长操持家务，即使一个家庭中有十个甚至二十个妻子，她们也会和睦团结地生活在一起，更听不到她们互相谩骂，这点是十分值得称赞的。妻子们通常都全身心投入在各种各样的家务和对孩子的照顾中。对鞑靼男人来说，只要他们愿意，就可以娶很多妻子，即便是娶一百个，只要这个男人负担得起，也是可以的。娶妻时，丈夫需要给他妻子的母亲礼金，而妻子不用给丈夫任何东西。大家要明白，男人的第一个妻子被视为最优秀的，她拥有着比其他妻子更高的地位。由于鞑靼男人娶妻不受限制，所以他们的子女也比其他民族的男人要多得多。他们可以与自己的表妹或表姐结婚，并且当家庭中的父亲去世后，长子可以娶他父亲遗留的妻子，只有他的生母除外。当他们的兄弟去世后，他们也可以娶兄弟的妻子。每次娶妻，他们都会举行盛大的庆典。

接下来让我们看看鞑靼人的宗教信仰。他们信奉一个品格高尚、无比神圣的天神，每天都会向他焚香祈祷，只为祈求得到知识和健康。同时，他们还信奉一个叫纳蒂盖的神，他们认为他是一个俗世的神，掌管

着他们的子孙、牲口和作物。他们非常尊重这个神，用毡布为神做了衣服，将他供奉在家中。他们还为这个神塑造了妻子和孩子，并将他的妻子摆放在他的左手边，将他的孩子摆放在他的前面。他们对这个神十分尊敬，每次吃饭前，他们都会用一块肥肉去涂抹神的嘴巴，然后再涂抹在他的妻子和孩子嘴边。他们还将肉汤洒在门外，让其他的神一同享用。做完这一切后，他们认为他们的神和神的家人已经享用得差不多了，然后才开始吃自己的食物。大家应该知道他们喝马奶，但是他们会将马奶加工成白色的酒，这种酒味道很好，他们把这种饮品叫作马奶酒。

鞑靼富人的服装极其奢华，由金丝银线或者名贵的皮毛，如黑貂皮、白貂皮或者狐狸皮等做成，他们的饰物同样精美和昂贵。他们的武器有弓、剑和棍棒，但最常用的是弓，他们个个都是杰出的射手。他们将水牛皮或者其他坚硬的兽皮做成的盔甲披挂在身上。

鞑靼人都是勇敢的战士，拥有过人的勇气和胆识。让我来解释一下他们有着怎样的超越其他民族的忍耐力，必要的时候，在没有其他干粮的情况下，他们经常可以只靠马奶和猎物来维持整整一个月的生活。同时，他们的马只需要吃草，这样也就不用为马准备大麦和稻草。鞑靼人对他们的长官绝对服从，在需要的时候，他们可以拿着武器在马背上度过整个夜晚，同时他们的马儿边吃草边前进。他们是世界上最能忍受艰难困苦，而又仅需要最少成本来维持生活的人，因此他们是最适合征服别国的战士。

他们的军队按照下面的方法进行编制。当一个鞑靼人的首领带着十万骑手的队伍去征战时，他会这样来组织他们：他作为最高统帅，下设万夫长、千夫长、百夫长、十夫长；万夫长听命于最高统帅，千夫长听命于万夫长，百夫长听命于千夫长，十夫长听命于百夫长，这样一来，统帅就只需要直接指挥不超过十个万夫长，同样，其他的长官也只需要

直接面对十个下属，每个下属也只对自己的长官负责。当统帅需要派遣士兵去执行任务时，他会直接对他手下的万夫长下达命令，要求他派出一千个士兵，此时万夫长就会再下令给他手下的某个千夫长，让他带领手下一千士兵去完成任务。命令就这样传达下去，每个万夫长都会按要求完成统帅的命令，每一级长官都会迅速接到指令并执行。鞑靼人对于他们长官的服从，比其他任何民族都做得要好。他们把一支十万人的军队叫作图克，把一支一万人的军队叫作图孟安。同样，千人、百人、十人的军队也有相应的名称。

不管是在平原还是山地，当鞑靼人的军队被派出去执行某项任务时，他们都会提前两日派出由两百人组成的队伍进行侦查，军队的后方和侧面也部署队伍，即前后左右共有四支队伍来负责侦查，这样就可以使他们免遭敌人的偷袭。

当鞑靼人的军队长途远征时，他们不携带任何包裹，每人只带两个装奶的皮袋，一个煮肉的小锅，一顶能避雨的简单的帐篷。如果有必要，他们可以马不停蹄地行军十日，并且不需要预备任何粮食，也不用生火，只靠喝马血活命，每次骑兵都会切开马的一根血管，然后吮吸马血。他们还这样制作干燥乳制品：首先将奶煮开，并在适当的时候刮下浮在表面的乳脂，放在另一个容器里做成黄油，这样一来就可以保证奶水不会变干；然后他们会将这些乳制品放在太阳下晒干。在长途行军时，他们每人带十磅这样的乳制品，每天早上会拿出半磅来，将它们放在一个像葫芦一样的皮袋中，再加上适量的水。在骑行过程中，乳制品就会分解，融化在他们喝的水中，这就是他们的早餐。

当鞑靼人与敌人战斗时，他们有惯用的战术。他们从来不以示弱为耻，作战方法十分灵活，一会儿从这个方向打击敌人，一会儿又从其他方向攻打敌人。他们的战马训练有素，可以像狗一样快速改变行动方向。被敌人追击时，他们也可以像和敌人正面作战时那样有效率。在他

们快速逃跑时，同样可以转过身来用弓箭射伤敌人的马和骑手。这样，当敌人自认为已经打垮鞑靼人的军队时，他们会发现自己军队中的马和战士大都已经被鞑靼人杀死。而鞑靼人一旦确定已杀死足够多的追兵和战马时，他们就会掉头攻击敌人，从而完全取得战斗胜利。他们已经运用这种战术赢得了无数的胜利，打败了无数民族和国家。

以上我告诉大家的都是纯正的鞑靼人的做法和传统。但是现在他们已经退化了，那些生活在契丹的鞑靼人已经适应了佛教徒的风俗礼仪，放弃了他们的信仰；而生活在黎凡特[5]的鞑靼人已经被撒拉森人同化了。

接下来我要告诉大家鞑靼人主持正义的方式。对于小额盗窃罪不至死的罪犯，根据犯罪的轻重程度，盗窃者会受到一定数目的杖责，如七下、十七下、二十七下、三十七下、四十七下或一百零七下，许多人死于这种鞭打。而当盗窃犯偷了一匹马或者其他应处以死刑的物品时，就会被劈成两段。当然，如果他可以承担所偷东西价值九倍的赔偿，就可以免遭惩罚。

鞑靼人的大贵族和其他人都会拥有很多牲畜，包括战马、母马、骆驼、公牛、母牛和其他牲畜，主人都会在这些牲畜身上烙上自己的标记，然后将它们放至平原和山坡上吃草，而不需要任何牧人看管。如果这些牲畜混在一起，他们也可以通过牲口身上的标记分辨出它们的主人是谁，然后物归原主。他们的绵羊和公羊是托给牧人看管的。鞑靼人所有的牲口都体型健硕、高大肥壮。

鞑靼人还有一个和其他民族不一样的习俗：当一个鞑靼男人有一个已经死去的儿子（有可能在四岁时就死亡），而另一个男人有一个已经死去的女儿时，他们可以给死去的男孩、女孩安排一段婚姻，并会起草婚约。然后他们烧掉这份婚约，并坚信烧掉婚约时燃起的烟雾会在另一个世界里找到他们的孩子，孩子们会从风中得到他们已经结为夫妇的消

息。他们还会举行盛大的婚宴，到处分发食物，宣告他们的孩子已经在另一个世界里结成夫妇。此外，他们还要将一些奴隶、马、衣服、钱币和家居用品画在纸上，然后烧给他们死去的儿女，他们认为，这些东西都将在另一个世界里成为他们儿女的财产。当做完这些事情以后，他们就认为彼此已经结成亲家，和儿女在世时结成的亲家一样。

到现在为止，我向大家描述了鞑靼人最质朴的风俗习惯。我还没讲的是鞑靼人的伟大领袖大汗建立的光辉业绩和他的王朝，这些我将在书中根据时间和地点慢慢告诉大家，这的确是值得好好来描述的奇妙事情。在这里，让我们顺着刚才的线索，重新回到那辽阔的平原，讲述鞑靼人所留下的历史。

旅行者离开喀喇昆仑和前面所说的埋葬鞑靼人可汗的阿尔泰山，继续北行，将横穿过一个叫作巴尔古平原的地方，这大概要走上四十天。这里的居民被称为墨斯克力蒲特人，这是一个野蛮的种族，靠兽类维持生活，主要是他们用来乘骑的驯鹿。他们的风俗习惯和鞑靼人很相似，也同样臣服于大汗。他们不生产农作物，也没有酒。在夏季，有许多鸟兽供他们猎食，但是在冬季，由于极其严寒，鸟兽都不能在此生存。在夏天鸟类换毛的季节，这些鸟尤其喜欢聚集在湖、池塘、沼泽等有水源的地方，当它们换下所有羽毛时是不能飞行的，所以此时捕猎者可以捕捉到很多鸟。同样，这个族群也靠捕鱼为生。

在经过四十天的跋涉后，旅行者就可以到达海边。游隼会在这里的山中筑巢。大家要知道，这儿既无人烟，也无鸟兽，只有一种叫作巴格拉克的鸟供猎鹰捕食。这种鸟的体型和鹧鸪相似，有着和鹦鹉一样的爪子，燕子一样的尾巴，还有着超强的飞行能力。当大汗想要得到雏鹰时，就会派人来这里寻找。海洋中的岛屿生长着这些矛隼。我肯定这个地区非常靠北，以至于北极星都朝向了南面。在这个地方，栖息着大量矛隼，因此大汗想要多少就能捉到多少。大家不要以为一些基督教国家

的人给鞑靼人的矛隼最后被送给了大汗，实际上，他们将这些矛隼送给了地中海沿岸诸国的可汗，或者像阿鲁浑[6]大汗这样的人。

……

离开这些省市，继续向前走三天，我们就会到达一个叫作张加诺[7]的城市，那儿有一座很大的大汗行宫。由于这里河湖密布，并有许多天鹅栖息于此，因此大汗十分喜欢在此居住。这儿还有肥沃的平原，栖息着许多鹤、野鸡、鹧鸪和其他野生禽类。大汗是一个热衷于运动并且十分喜欢放鹰行猎的人，所以这个地方对大汗就更有吸引力了。这里的鹤有五种：第一种有着像乌鸦一样纯黑的羽毛，体型十分庞大；第二种羽毛是纯白的，翅膀十分优美，上面点缀着圆圆的斑点，就像孔雀一样，只是斑点是亮亮的金色，它们还有着红黑相间的头和黑白相间的长长的脖子；第三种和我们最常见的鹤一样；第四种鹤体型很小，耳边上有着长长的羽毛，红黑相间，十分美丽；最后一种羽毛大都是灰色的，只是头部为红黑两色，体型较大。

这个城市的附近有一个山谷，大汗在这里饲养了不计其数的鹧鸪。为了喂养它们，大汗下令每年夏天都定期在山坡上种植粟子和这些鸟类喜欢的其他谷物，并且不容许任何人收获这些作物，以保证这些鸟类有足够的食物。大汗还派看守照看这些鸟，保护它们不被其他人或动物捕捉；冬天，看护者还会撒布粟子喂鸟。由于这些鸟习惯了被饲养，当饲养者把谷物撒在地上后，只要吹哨子，它们就会从四面八方向他飞来。大汗还下令修建许多小屋，供这些鸟类夜间栖息。这样一来，每次大汗游历到此地，都会有许多鸟禽供大汗玩乐。由于这里冬季严寒，大汗不会在此过冬，而此时正是鸟禽漂亮丰满的季节，于是，大汗就会用骆驼将这些鸟禽带去他所在的地方。

当旅行者离开这个城市，继续向东北走上三天后，就会到达上都[8]，它是忽必烈统治时建造的都城。在这里，忽必烈用大理石和其他美

丽的石头建成了一座巨大的宫殿，殿堂和房间都是镀金的，装饰得富丽堂皇。宫殿的一面延伸到城市的中心，另一面紧靠城墙，在城墙的背面，也就是宫殿的反方向，延伸出另一面城墙，围出了一片近十六英里的公园，公园被清泉和溪流环绕，使这片美丽的草地得到了充分的灌溉。除了宫殿，再没有其他的路可以到达这个公园。在这里，大汗饲养了各种动物，如雄鹿、雄獐等，用来给他的猎鹰捕猎。在这里，光矛隼就有两百多只，大汗每周都会视察这些鹰笼里的猎鹰，也经常会带上一只豹子，骑着马，当觉得时机已到，就把豹子放出去，让它去捉雄鹿或者雄獐，然后把它捕到的猎物拿去喂鹰，这就是他的休闲和运动。

在这个封闭的公园中间，有一个风景优美的小树林，大汗在这儿也修建了一个大行宫，这个行宫完全由竹子建成，但是宫殿内部都是镀金的，并且用精美的鸟兽图案作为装饰。行宫由镀金的柱子支撑，每个柱子上都画有一条龙，龙尾朝下，龙身向上盘绕在柱子上，龙足支撑着宫殿顶部。顶部也是由竹子编成，被涂上了漆，因此能够防水。我来解释一下这座行宫是如何建成的。大家要知道，这些竹子的周长大概有三个手长，高度大概十到十五步那么高，它们被从中间劈开，这样就有了两个用来做屋顶的竹板，这些竹板又厚又长，不仅可以用来做屋顶，还可以用来建造行宫的任何部位。就这样，整个行宫都是由这些竹子建造的。为了防风，每个竹条都用钉子固定。这种行宫由两百多根坚韧的细绳拴住，由于它被设计得如此巧妙，所以可以随时分拆，在大汗需要的时候搭建。

每年的六、七、八月，大汗都会停留在上都，一方面为了避暑，另一方面也为了休养娱乐。在这三个月中，大汗都住在由竹子搭建的行宫里，其他时候，这座行宫就会被拆除，需要时再搭建起来。

每年八月二十八日，大汗就会离开这个城市，离开这所行宫，我会告诉大家，大汗为什么每年都会选择这个特定的日子离开。事实上大汗

有一群纯白的无杂色的马，马群的规模十分大，仅母马就不下一万只。没有皇族血统的人没有权利喝这些白色的母马所产的奶，只有一个例外，就是一个叫霍里阿德的家族。因为他们在过去的战争中立下了汗马功劳，所以成吉思汗授予他们家族特权，允许他们饮用这种马奶。当这种白马在吃草时，任何人都不敢去打扰它们，即使是一个大贵族要经过这条路，也绝不会从马群中间穿过，而是等到马群吃完后或者绕过马群再继续前进。一些占星家和信奉神灵的人们告诉大汗每年的八月二十八日，他都必须用这种白马的奶酿成的酒来进行祭奠，将这种酒洒在天空中，洒在大地上，以祭奉他们崇拜的神灵。他们认为大汗必须通过这样的祭奉，来保卫他所有的财产、臣民、鸟兽、作物等。

出于以上原因，大汗每年都会在这个时候离开上都，前往别的地方。在我们跟随他离开之前，让我再向大家讲述一件奇怪的事情。当大汗所在的行宫下雨或者乌云密布时，占星家和巫师们会施展他们的技能和巫术来驱散行宫上方的乌云和大雨，这样即使行宫周围的天气十分恶劣，行宫上方的天气也很好。这些法师被叫作特贝斯[9]和克施密特，这是信奉神灵的民族。他们比普通人知道更多魔法和巫术。他们所做的事情似乎是魔鬼的行为，但让别人认为他们所做的一切都是圣洁的，都是上帝的旨意。他们肮脏污秽，不注重自己的容貌，也不在意别人对他们的看法，他们经常不洗脸，不梳头，总是生活在肮脏之中。我还要告诉大家这些人的一个独特风俗，当一个人被处以死刑后，这些人会将尸体取走，煮熟尸体，然后吃掉，但是正常死亡的人他们是不会吃的。

这些巫师也被叫作巴克斯[10]。还有一件不可思议的事情。一次，大汗坐在高高的大殿上用膳，他位置高于大殿地面约八腕尺[11]，而杯子放在大殿的地板上，盛满了酒、奶和其他美味的饮品，这些巴克斯运用他们的巫术和技巧，让这些盛满各种饮品的杯子在没有任何人接触的情况下，自动从大殿的地面升起，并移动到大汗面前。这些行为是在一万多人的注视下完成的，我向大家保证我所说的都千真万确，没有半点

谎言。并且那些精通巫术的人证实，这是行得通的。

还有一件关于巴克斯的事情，每当祭祀神明的日子来临时，他们都会向大汗禀报：“陛下，祭祀我们神明的日子就要临近了，”然后他们随便报出几个神灵的名字，然后接着说，“您知道，如果这些神明不享受到祭典，他们就会让我们的天气变糟，损害我们的财产、牲口和谷物。因此我们恳求陛下赐予我们足够的黑头羊、香料和燃料，多多益善，让我们来举行庄严的祭祀，以求得神明的保佑。”他们将这些奏报给大汗手下的官员，再由这些官员向大汗请奏，等到大汗准奏，这些巴克斯就能得到他们要求的祭品了。然后他们就开始载歌载舞进行祭祀仪式。他们会使用大量香料；会将肉煮熟后摆放在神明面前，并将肉汤洒在地上，通知神明来享用。这就是巴克斯在祭祀典礼上向他们的神明表达尊敬的方式。

大家要知道，就和我们的圣人一样，所有的神明都有他们自己特定的节日。他们拥有极多的僧侣和寺院，寺中住着两千多名僧侣，像一个小城市一样，由于身份特殊，僧侣穿的通常要比其他人好。他们的头发和胡子也都要被剃掉。这些僧侣们为他们信奉的神明举行我们所未见过的盛大的祭祀，念经祈福。

此外，这些巴克斯还享有特权，其中之一就是他们可以根据需要娶妻，并生育很多后代。

除了巴克斯以外，还有一类叫作笙新的教徒。他们教规极其严格，生活也十分简朴，除了糠，不吃任何食物。他们将小麦制成的谷物放进热水里，使谷粒和谷壳分离，然后将谷壳磨成面粉，做成他们所吃的糠。他们也从来不在食物中加入任何作料。他们也信奉很多神明，他们中的很多人都拜火为神。其他教派的教徒都视这些禁欲者为异教徒，因为笙新教徒崇拜神明的方式与其他教徒很不相同。在两个教派之间，还有一个很大的不同之处：那些遵守严格教规的教徒是不允许娶妻的。他

们同样会剃光头发和胡子，通常穿着麻布做成的黑色或蓝色的长袍，即使长袍是用丝绸做的，也仍然会是黑色或蓝色。他们睡在柳条编成的草席上，过着比世界上大多数人都简朴的生活。

由于他们崇拜的神明都是女性，他们都继承着女性的姓氏。

关于这些我们就讲到这里，接下来的故事更有趣，下面我将向大家讲述所有鞑靼人的主人的主人—最高贵的大汗—忽必烈汗的伟大功绩。

忽必烈汗

下面我就将为大家讲述忽必烈汗的伟大功绩。“可汗”用我们的语言来说就是“伟大的众王之王”的意思，而忽必烈汗完全无愧于这个称号。大家要知道，不管是从隶属于他的国家，还是从他控制的疆土，甚至是他拥有的财富方面来说，从古至今，没有任何国王能超越忽必烈汗，他可以说是世界上拥有最大权力的人。在这本书中我将给大家一个真实清晰的描述，让大家相信忽必烈汗的确是世界上最伟大的国王。

首先，大家要知道，忽必烈汗是成吉思汗的直系后代，是所有鞑靼人公认的首领。他是继成吉思汗后，鞑靼人的第六位大汗，于公元1256年继位[12]并开始他的统治。尽管他的亲属和兄弟从中阻挠，忽必烈汗还是凭借自己的勇气与智慧赢得了王位。从他继位到现在（公元1298年）已经有四十二年的时间了，他也有八十五岁了。成为可汗以前，忽必烈经常参加军事征战，在战争中他证明了自己不仅是一个英勇的战士，同时也是一个伟大的统帅。但在继承王位后，除了在1286年的那次亲自出征外，就没有再亲自参加过战斗，我将向大家描述那次出征的情况。

忽必烈有个叫那彦的叔叔。他很年轻，拥有许多领土，统治着很多城市，并且有一支由四十万骑兵组成的军队。那彦和他的祖先一样，都臣服于大汗，但是由于他只有三十多岁，年轻气盛，手下又有很多士兵，所以决定不再听命于大汗，而是去夺取大汗的皇位。那彦派出使者去勾结另一个实力强大的首领海都，海都是忽必烈的侄子，由于反对过忽必烈，忽必烈一直对他怀恨在心。那彦建议海都从一侧攻击大汗的军队，而他自己则从另一侧发起攻击，两侧夹击，打败大汗。海都欣然接受了那彦的建议，并且向那彦保证，一定会在指定的日期调集好十万大

军来对抗大汗。这样，那彦和海都这两位亲王就作好了准备，召集好人马，准备对大汗宣战。

当大汗得到这个消息时，并没有手忙脚乱，而是英明果断地召集自己的军队，并且宣称，叛乱不平，他就不会再当大汗。他用了二十二天的时间秘密完成了战斗的准备工作，除了他的智囊团之外没有任何人知道。他集合了二十六万骑兵和十万步兵，这些士兵都是从离他较近的地区调集而来的。虽然大汗还有许多军队，但是离他较远，来不及调集。如果大汗调集了他全部的军队，那么他军队的数量将是不可估计的。此时的三十六万大军，大都由大汗的养鹰者和他的卫队组成。

如果大汗要召集在契丹各省所有的军队，需要三十到四十天的时间，海都和那彦就一定会得到消息，这样一来，他们就会调集军队，抢占要害关口。而大汗打算以速度取胜，先单独攻打那彦，破坏他的准备活动，这样比攻击他和海都的联军要容易得多。

大家要知道在契丹和蛮子各省及大汗统治的其他地区，有很多人对大汗不满、不忠于大汗，只要他们有机会，他们就会起来反抗大汗。因此，在每个规模较大的城市和人口较多的省份，大汗都要派兵驻守。这些驻军驻守在离城市四到五英里的乡村里，这些开放的乡村不允许有城墙，并且允许人们自由进出。这些驻军和他们的首领都是两年一换。有了这些控制措施，大汗的臣民才得以安分守己，不敢制造任何骚动和叛乱。这些军队除了依靠大汗每年从全国收入中拨出的军费生活外，还会把他们的牛群送到城镇卖掉，换钱以维持军需。这种军队有很多驻点，相隔距离各不相同，有的相距三四十天的路程，有的相隔六十天的路程。

大汗仅仅召集了上述军队中的一小部分后，他就去询问占星家，想知道他是否能打败敌人，取得战斗的胜利。占星师向他保证，他可以轻松打败敌人。这样，大汗就派出了军队，日夜兼程，经过二十天的行军

到达了那彦驻军的大草原，那彦在这儿聚集了四十多万骑兵。由于大汗派人一路看守行军的道路，任何经过的人都会被拦截，因此当大汗的军队在一个清晨到达这个大草原时，那彦的军队对此一无所知。事实上，当大汗的军队到达时，那彦正和他最心爱的妻子躺在军营里。

第二天黎明，大汗的军队突然出现在平原的一个小山坡上，而那彦的军队还十分自由散漫，丝毫没有意识到大汗的军队正在临近。事实上，他们认为自己非常安全，既没有派遣哨兵驻守他们的兵营，也没有士兵在大营的前后方巡逻。大汗站在一个木制的塔上，周围有许多弓弩手，木塔由四头大象驮着，每头大象都穿着用结实的皮革做成的盔甲，盔甲上又覆盖上一层用金子和丝做成的织品。木塔顶上高高飘扬着象征日月的皇旗，这样双方都能清楚看到。大汗的军队由三十个骑兵大队组成，每队都有一万个弓箭手。他们分为三组，分别从前方和两侧包围那彦的军队。每队骑兵的前面都有五百名拿着短矛和刀剑的步兵。每当骑兵撤退时，他们就会跳上马背，和他们一起撤退；当撤退被敌军阻挠时，他们就下马，挥矛杀死敌人的马。这就是双方军队靠近时，大汗设计的战斗阵型。

当那彦和他的军队发现大汗时，他们立即组织起来，匆忙拿起武器，整编军队，排列好阵型。

鞑靼人有这样的习俗，当双方军队面对敌人，排列好作战队形后，并不急于展开战斗，而是开始奏乐唱歌，直到鼓声擂响时才开始战斗。而在鼓声擂响前，所有鞑靼人都跟着乐器合唱，继而可以听到很多乐器混合的声音和士兵刺耳的歌声。

当双方军队都准备就绪后，大汗的军队首先敲响战鼓，双方骑兵立刻短兵相接，展开激战。他们的武器有弓、剑、木棍和长矛。步兵也手持横弓和其他武器参与战斗。而这只是这场残酷血腥战争的开始，不久，战场中就箭如雨下，尸横遍地，声盖雷鸣。大家要知道那彦是一个

受过洗礼的基督徒，在这场战争中，他用十字架作为自己军队的旗帜。

这是一场前所未有的残酷的战斗。在我们的历史上，从未有过这么多骑兵投入一场战斗中。双方死伤不计其数。战斗从拂晓打到中午，很长时间里双方都相持不下。由于那彦是一位慷慨的首领，他的追随者对他都十分忠诚，宁可战死沙场也不愿背叛自己的主人。可是，最后的胜利属于忽必烈。当那彦和他的手下觉得军队支持不了太久时，他们企图逃跑，但是最终还是被擒拿，他的官员和军队也都向大汗投降了。

大汗得知那彦被囚后，下令处死他。那彦被紧紧裹在一条毯子里，然后被系在马后，在地上拖拽至死。选择这种方法处死那彦，是因为这样一来皇室的血就不会洒溅到大地上，暴露在太阳和空气之中。

在大汗取得战争的胜利后，那彦的残余势力也都誓死效忠于大汗，他们大都是女真、卡利、巴斯克尔、西亭基四省的居民。

大汗的士兵来自很多民族，比如撒拉森人、犹太人和佛教徒，他们都不信仰上帝，战争胜利后他们就嘲笑那彦军旗上的十字架。他们嘲讽基督徒："瞧瞧你们上帝的十字架是怎么保护基督徒那彦的！"这些话传到大汗耳朵里后，大汗当面斥责那些嘲笑者，然后他召集了很多基督徒，安抚他们："你们的上帝没有保护那彦，是因为上帝只站在善良和正义的一边。那彦是背叛君主的叛徒，是非正义的，而你们的上帝不会保佑对抗正义的人。"基督徒们回应道："吾主圣明，陛下所言极是。上帝是不会像那彦一样犯下滔天大错的，那彦实在罪有应得。"这就是大汗和基督徒关于那彦的十字旗的对话。

战争胜利后，大汗凯旋，回到了他的首都汗八里[13]，那里被喜悦和快乐的气氛包围着。

当另一个造反的亲王——海都听说那彦战败并被处死的消息后，心

慌意乱，生怕自己会有同样的下场，立刻取消了叛乱的计划。

大汗回到汗八里时正值十一月，大汗将在这儿一直住到第二年的二三月，也就是我们的复活节时期。大汗得知复活节是我们最重要的节日之一，就将所有的基督徒都召集来，并要他们将四大福音书献给他。在举行了盛大的仪式，反复香熏四大福音书后，大汗虔诚地亲吻了这部书，并且要求他的亲王和首领们也亲吻此书。他在基督徒的重大节日，如复活节、圣诞节时，总会这么做。而在撒拉森人、犹太人和佛教徒的重大节日时，他也会做相似的事情。当被问及原因时，大汗总是说："有四位被人崇拜和被世界尊敬的先知：基督徒信仰上帝耶稣，撒拉森人崇拜真主穆罕默德，犹太人信奉摩西，而佛教徒信奉释迦牟尼大佛。我尊重他们所信奉的神，并向他们中最伟大的神祈求帮助。"但是从大汗自己的表现来看，他认为基督徒是最好的，因为基督徒所做的一切都是仁慈和圣洁的。他不允许基督徒手持十字架，因为这让他想到伟大的耶稣所遭受的苦难。

大家也许会问，既然大汗认为基督教是最好的宗教，那他自己为什么不去信仰基督教呢？这也许可以从大汗对波罗兄弟[14]所说的话中找到答案。当大汗将他们作为使者派去教皇那儿时，他们不时地向大汗提到这个问题，大汗回答说："你们是站在谁的立场上想让我成为基督徒呢？你们知道这个国家的基督徒都是如此的无知，既没有任何成就，也没有任何权力。而佛教徒却可以做任何他们想做的事情：当我坐在大殿上时，他们可以在没有任何人接触的情况下，把各种酒和饮品从大殿中间送到我的面前。他们可以驱逐坏的天气并且拥有许多神奇的功能能力。当他们向佛祖祈求帮助时，佛祖还会给予他们指引。但是，如果我信仰基督教，成为一个基督徒，那么我的亲王和其他不信仰耶稣的人就会对我说：'是什么促使您接受洗礼，信仰基督教的呢？'这些佛教徒就会说他们所做的各种事情，并说他们的佛祖是最圣洁高尚的。这样一来我就无法回答了，而这些在艺术上和科学上都有如此多成就的佛教徒就

可以轻易谋害我。如果你们见到教皇，请求他派来一些有学识的基督徒，当这些基督徒面对那些佛教徒时，可以当面斥责他们的巫术，并且告诉那些佛教徒，他们所做的基督徒一样可以做到，只是因为那些都是邪恶的行为，所以不会去做，然后向佛教徒展示你们基督徒的法力。这时我就会废除他们的宗教，接受洗礼，我所有的亲王、贵族以及他们的部下也都会和我一样接受洗礼。这样一来，这里的基督徒将会比你们国家的基督徒还要多。”果真如上所说，教皇派出有能力的教徒来向大汗传教，大汗一定会成为一个基督徒，因为这才是大汗真正想信仰的宗教。

大家已经从这次战役中知道了大汗是如何打仗的，在其他战役中，大汗通常是将他的儿子或亲王们派上战场，但是这次，他却亲自指挥，可以看出他对亲王叛乱的重视和愤怒。让我们先把这个话题放下，再来详述大汗的丰功伟绩。

我已经向大家讲述了大汗的血脉和年龄。现在我们来讲讲大汗是如何奖罚在战斗中表现勇敢或胆怯的官兵的。对于前者，大汗将他们中的百夫长提升到千夫长，将千夫长提升到万夫长，还根据他们的级别，慷慨赏赐给他们银质的象征权力的奖牌。百夫长会得到一个银牌；千夫长得到一个镀金的奖牌；而万夫长则得到一个刻有狮子头的金牌。百夫长、千夫长的奖牌每个重一百二十萨吉；万夫长的奖牌重二百二十萨吉。每个奖牌后都刻有这样的文字：“借伟大的神赐予的力量，以及他对我们皇帝的无限慈悲，保佑我们的大汗，逆命者斩。”所有拥有这些奖牌的人也被授予各种权力，由官员记载下来。

对于十万军队的首领，大汗赐予他们重三百萨吉的金质奖牌，奖牌后也刻着上面所提到的文字。在奖牌下端，刻着一只位于日月之上的狮子。同时十万军队的首领还能享受到极大的特权，当他骑马出门时，头顶可以撑伞，以象征他高贵的地位；当他就坐时，他必须坐在银质的椅

子上。对另外一些地位高贵的人，大汗同样赐予刻有白隼的奖牌，这些奖牌通常赐予亲王们，他们可以动用所有的力量，当他们想要发送快信或是派送使者时，他们甚至可以使用大汗的马匹，这实际上也就意味着，他们可以使用任何人的马匹。

下面我们来看看忽必烈汗的外表。他中等身材，不高不矮，四肢匀称，面色红润，有着乌黑俊亮的眼睛和端正高挺的鼻子。

大汗有四个合法的妻子，这四个妻子中任何一人所生的长子在可汗驾崩后都有权继承皇位。她们都是皇后，并且各有一座宫殿。她们每人都有不下三百名的美丽侍女，还有许多宦官和其他男女侍从，这样一来，每位皇后都有近万人服侍。当大汗想要和她们中的一位共寝时，他就会召皇后进宫，或者是亲自前往皇后的宫殿。

除了四位皇后，大汗还有许多妃子。大汗领土中有个省，在那儿居住的鞑靼人被叫作翁古特，这个省也同样叫作翁古特。翁古特的居民都十分美丽，皮肤光滑。根据大汗的旨意，大概每隔两年，大汗都会派人去翁古特，按照他的要求为他挑选美丽的未婚女子。有时候会挑选四五百人，人数的多少都由大汗决定。选拔是这样进行的：当使者到达时，他们集中翁古特的所有未婚少女，然后派人前去考察。在仔细检查她们的头发、容貌、眉毛、口齿、嘴唇和其他部位，并观察身体是否协调、匀称后，挑选的使者会根据她们的美丽程度给她们打分，从十六分、十七分、十八分到二十几分不等。若大汗要求他们将得到二十分或者二十一分的女子带到宫中，她们的数量达到时，这些使者的使命也就完成了。当她们被带到宫中后，大汗会派另外一组评价者继续来考察她们，然后选出三十到四十个得分最高的女子，带到他的寝宫侍奉。大汗派亲王的妻子们夜间在这些女子的房间里仔细观察她们，以确保她们的处女之身不被任何人玷污和侵犯，确认她们睡觉时没有鼾声，并且呼吸轻柔，身体没有任何异味。通过的少女被分为六组，每组在可汗的寝宫和

床上侍奉三天三夜，满足大汗所有的要求。而大汗可以随意支配她们。三天三夜之后，就由另一组少女来侍奉大汗，这样一直轮换一年。当其中一组少女在大汗的寝宫内侍奉大汗时，其他的几组少女就在寝宫外面守候。如果大汗需要任何东西，比如食物或酒，这些在寝宫里面侍奉的少女就会传话给外面的人，而屋外的少女就会马上去准备。这样一来，侍奉大汗的责任就全由这些少女担当。对于剩下的得分较低的少女，她们仍然会留在皇宫中，被分派去做针线、剪裁等其他体面的工作。当一些贵族要娶妻时，大汗就将她们赐予这些贵族，并给她们配上丰厚的嫁妆。这样，大汗就将她们都体面地嫁给了贵族。

大家可能会问："翁古特的男人们不会认为大汗这样抢走他们的女儿是不公平的吗？"大部分人当然不会这么认为。他们将这视为大汗对他们的偏爱和恩宠。那些有着漂亮女儿的人会很高兴大汗会屈尊接受他们的女儿。他们这样说道："如果我的女儿命好，大汗会赐予她一个高贵的丈夫，这将会比我能给她的好得多。"如果他们的女儿表现得不好，没有得到很好的归宿，她们的父亲会说："这是因为她的命不好才会这样。"

大家要知道，大汗的四个妻子一共为大汗生下了二十二个儿子。长子叫作真金，是为了纪念成吉思汗而取的名字。他被指定为皇位继承人，但是他不幸去世了，留下一个儿子叫作铁穆耳，由于铁穆耳是皇太孙，所以他将继承皇位。就像他在多次战斗中表现出来的一样，铁穆耳是个智勇双全的人。

除了大汗妻子所生的儿子以外，大汗的妃子还为他生下了二十五个儿子，他们都是勇敢的战士，伟大的亲王。

大汗妻子所生的儿子中，有七个都当上了广大省区和王国的国王。他们都将王国统治得很好，审慎而又英勇。而这都是有原因的，因为他们的父亲忽必烈汗在各个方面都是最英明能干的，是鞑靼人历史上最优

秀的统治者和品德最高尚的人。

大家要知道每年十二月、一月和二月这三个月，大汗都住在契丹国的首都—汗八里。大汗在这座城里有座雄伟的宫殿，我将向大家描述这座宫殿。

这座宫殿完全被正方形的城墙围绕，每面城墙长一英里，这样所有的城墙就共有四英里长。城墙很厚，并且有十步长那么高，被刷成白色，上面有城垛。在城墙的每个角上都有一个美丽壮观的城堡，是大汗储藏军备的地方。在每面城墙的中间也都有和四个角上一样的城堡，这样整个城墙上就共有八座这样的城堡，均作为军械库使用。每个城堡里都存放着一种特定的兵器，因此，当一个城堡里储存着马鞍、马缰、马镫和其他马具时，另一个城堡里就放着弓、弓弦、箭袋、箭和其他射箭所需要的物品，而第三个城堡就保存着胸甲、甲胄和其他坚硬的皮制盔甲。其他城堡储存的东西依次类推。

南面的城墙上有五道门，最大的一道门在中间，只供大汗进出；大门的两边各有两道小门，供其他人进出。南面城墙的两个角上也各有一道更大的门，也供其他人进出。

外墙的里面还有一层城墙，比外墙要宽一些。它和外墙一样有八个用于储存军备的城堡，朝南开的五道门和外墙的五道门相对应，两侧也各有一道门。

这个城墙里面就是我将向大家描述的大汗的宫殿。这座宫殿比我所见过的任何宫殿都要宏大。宫殿只有一层，但是地基高出地面有十掌高；周围被一圈和地基一样高并且大概两步宽的大理石包围。这样就在宫殿外形成了一个平台，方便士兵巡逻和视察宫殿外面的情况。平台的外侧是由圆柱装饰成的精美的走廊，人们可以在此交谈。宫殿的每面都有一个大理石做的楼梯，从地面通向大理石城墙的平台，供进入宫殿的

人们使用。

宫殿非常高，大殿和房间的墙上都覆盖着由金银装饰成的龙、凤、骑兵、各种鸟兽和战争场景的图案。天花板也同样被装饰了，因此整个大殿显得富丽堂皇。大殿十分宽敞，可容纳六千人同时进餐。同时宫殿还有不计其数的房间。整个建筑能立刻给人极好的感觉，布局精良，世界上再无人敢认为自己有能力建造出这样的建筑，也没有人能对这个建筑提出任何设计上的改进。屋顶外部被红黄蓝绿各种颜色装饰着，并像水晶一样闪耀着五颜六色的光芒，在很远的地方就能看到。屋顶也十分坚固，久经岁月洗礼。

皇宫的后面还有一些宫殿，也有许多房间和走廊，是大汗存放私人财产的地方。这儿存放着大汗的金银珠宝，同样也是大汗的皇后和妃子居住的地方，这些宫殿里所有的布置安排都是为了大汗的舒适和方便，外人是不允许进入的。

两层城墙的中间是宽敞的公园用地，种着笔直的树木。这儿的草都长得极其茂盛，由于所有小路的铺建都整整高于地面两腕尺，这样一来草地上就没有污泥和积水，雨水涓涓地流过草坪，流向两侧，滋润着土壤，滋养着小草，让它们繁茂生长。在这些公园里饲养着各种各样美丽的动物，如白鹿、麝鹿、雄獐、雄鹿、松鼠等。总之，在两墙中间的这片公园里，除了供人行走的小路外，满是这些可爱的生物。

在这片土地的西北角，有个大而深的凹坑，设计得十分巧妙，从凹坑中挖走的土都被用来建造小山，一条小溪的水流入凹坑中形成了一个池塘，池塘里的水可供动物们饮用。同时，小溪里的水还顺着小山旁的水渠流出，注满了另一个相似的凹坑，这个凹坑位于大汗的宫殿和他儿子真金的宫殿中间，凹坑里的土同样被挖出来修建成小山。大汗在池塘里养了很多种类的鱼，当他想吃鱼时，就可以从池塘中选择。池塘更远处是小溪的出口，在小溪的出口和入口都装着铜铁制成的栅栏，可以防

止鱼儿逃走。池塘中还有天鹅和其他水禽。小溪上有一座桥，从一座宫殿通向另一座宫殿。

皇宫北面大约一箭尺的距离，大汗大兴土木，建造了一座一百步高的山，山脚周长有一英里。这座山上栽满了茂密的常青树，大汗只要听说哪儿有独特的树木，不管树有多大，他都会派人将树连着根和周围的土壤一起挖出，然后用大象把它运到这座山上来。这样他就把整个国家最好的树木都集中到了这儿。同时，他在山上铺上了天青石（一种绿色的石头），使得树和石头都是绿色的，整座山除了绿色没有其他的颜色，由此得名为青山。在山顶上，大汗还建造了一座精美的宫殿，整座宫殿也同样是绿色的，和青山绿树相映衬，形成了一幅赏心悦目的图画。大汗建造这座宫殿既是为了美观，也是为了在此休闲娱乐。

在大汗皇宫的边上，还修建了一座和皇宫一样的宫殿，这是太子的宫殿。由于太子是要继承皇位的，所以他的宫殿和皇宫的风格、规模、大小都一样。皇位的继承人铁穆耳——真金的儿子，居住在这里。由于他被选作忽必烈汗的继承人，所以他和大汗享用着同等规模的礼仪。虽然皇帝的公文和大印已经归他所有，但是只要忽必烈汗还健在，他就不能随心所欲地使用他的权力。

我已经描述完了这些宫殿，下面我将向大家介绍它们所在的城市大都，及其建立的原因和方法。

汗八里位于契丹的一条大河旁边，是一座古老壮观的城市，这个名字在我们的语言中就是“帝都”的意思。大汗通过占星师们的预测，认为这座城市将会发生反叛，对抗皇权。因此大汗在河的对岸又修建了一座新城，并给这座新城取名为大都。他命令旧城中的居民都搬到新城，只留下那些他认为没有任何反叛迹象的人，因为新都中没有足够多的房子容纳旧都所有的居民。

新都呈正方形，周长有二十四英里。它被土筑的城墙围绕，有二十步高。城墙底部宽十步，从底部向顶部逐渐变窄，到了顶部大概就只有三步宽了。城墙上有城垛并被涂成白色。城墙一共有十二道门，每道门旁边都有一座漂亮宏伟的建筑物守卫，算上每个角上的建筑物，城墙的四面每面都有三道门和五个守卫的建筑物。每座建筑物里都有很大的大厅，用来贮藏守城士兵的武器。

城里的街道又宽又直，从城墙的顶部一眼看去，就能看到整条道路一直延伸到对面的城门。城里到处都是官邸、客栈和平民居住的房屋。主要街道的两旁有着各式各样的货摊和商店。城中所有建筑用地都按照规定被划成四方形，每块地都有充足的空间来修建带有后院和花园的宽敞住宅。这些地皮被分给每户的户主，这样一块地属于一位户主，另一块地属于另一位户主，所有土地都这样分配。每块地和街区都被一条条马路包围，这样整个城市就被一块块方形的土地编排得像一个棋盘，如此巧妙精致，以至于无法用语言描述。

城里、城外都有着不计其数的居民和房屋，事实上城郊外的居民要比城里的居民还多。每个城门外都有一片城郊，一片连一片，长度大概有三四英里。城郊离城内一英里的地方，有很多为各地商人提供住所的客栈。每个国家的人都被指定住在一种客栈，比如一种客栈专门供伦巴第人居住，另一种指定给德意志人，还有一种供法兰西人使用。来这儿做生意的商人很多，一方面因为可汗提供了住所，另一方面是可汗为大家提供了一个有利可图的市场。除了可汗的宫殿外，城郊也有着和城里一样华丽的房屋和住宅。

大家要知道，人们去世后都不能被埋葬在城里。如果佛教徒归天，他的遗体将会被带到城郊外的一个地方火葬；其他人去世后也一样，他们的遗体会被带到城郊外的地方埋葬。同样地，任何暴力行动都会被带到城外执行。

城内的妓女都是非法的，而城郊则有近两万名妓女。她们有一个总管，下面又有管百人、千人的官员。每当有大使为了大汗的利益来时，大汗对他们都十分慷慨，会吩咐妓女总管，让他每天晚上给大使和他的随从们各派一名妓女。这些妓女每天都换，并且她们不收取任何费用，只把这当作向大汗纳的税。从这些妓女的人数大家就能大概推断出每日往返于他们业务的商人和访客的数量了。

被运往汗八里的珍贵奢华的物品比被送往其他城市的都多，宝物主要是从印度运来的，有宝石、珍珠和其他罕有的宝物。它们都是契丹和其他各省最珍贵，最昂贵的珍宝。这些宝物被大汗自己、贵族、贵妇、众多的客栈主人和其他居民以及被大汗盛情接待的访客所买走。这就是这些进口货物和国内生产的货物在城里的交易在总量上和价值上都能超过其他城市的原因。每天都有不下千担的丝被运到城里，城中还有各种用金银线制成的织物。不仅如此，汗八里旁，远近还有两百多个其他的城市，那儿的商人也会来到城里进行买卖交易。所以，城中有这么多来来往往的人也就不足为奇了。

城市的中央有一座高大钟楼，上面有一口大钟，每天晚上钟声敲响三次后，人们就不能在城中闲逛了。除了一些紧急情况，比如孕妇分娩和有人生病以外，任何人都不敢随意走动。那些有急事要出行的人也必须点着灯笼。每晚都有三十或四十人一组的士兵在城中巡逻，查找那些在三声钟响后还在外面的人。如果发现有人在街上，他就会立刻被逮捕，关进监狱。第二天，会有长官了解他外出的原因，如果他被认为有罪，就会根据情节的轻重处以杖责，而这些杖刑有时候是会致命的。采取这种处罚方式，可以避免受刑人流血，因为根据他们专于星象的巴克斯的说法，让人流血是罪恶的行为。

每一个城门有不下千人守卫，大家不要以为这是对城内居民的不信任。事实上，这一部分出于对大汗的尊重，另一方面也是为了防止有人

叛乱。由于占星家们的预言，大汗对契丹旧城中的居民一直心存怀疑。

下面让我向大家描述一次城中契丹人的叛乱。这是一次有计划的行动。大汗曾经任命过十二个人，给予他们处置土地和任命官吏的大权，其中有一个撒拉森人，叫作艾哈迈德。他的精力和才能都很出众，比其他十一个人权力更大，并且深得大汗的信任，可以为所欲为。从他死了之后的事情可以看出，他是用邪恶的巫术蛊惑了皇帝，以至于让大汗对他言听计从，得以肆意妄行。他曾经掌管了一切任命官吏和惩治罪犯的权力。每次他想铲除不喜欢的人，不管是公正还是不公正，他都会向大汗禀报："某人应该被处死，因为他做了一些事情触犯了您的王权。"而大汗则会说："按你说的去做吧。"于是艾哈迈德就会处死此人。其他人看到大汗对他如此信任，给他如此大的权力，即使自己有再大的本事，也都不敢冒犯他。如果有被他诬告的人想为自己辩护，他也没有机会反驳或者澄清案情，因为他无法给出证据—所有的人都害怕得罪艾哈迈德。这样，艾哈迈德处死了许多无辜的人。

此外，他看上的美丽女子，若是未婚的，就会被强娶过来，若是已婚，他也会想方设法要她顺从。当他得知哪家的女儿容貌美丽时，他就会派手下的地痞流氓去找到她的父亲，然后说："你有什么想法？不如把你的女儿给了艾哈迈德，我们可以帮你回禀一声，赏你一个三年的官做。"这样父亲就只有将他的女儿送给艾哈迈德。然后艾哈迈德就会向大汗禀报："有某个职位空缺，或者将要于某时空缺，有谁正适合这份工作。"而大汗总会说："按照你的意思办吧。"于是艾哈迈德就会把这个人安置做官。这样一来，部分由于父亲们的野心，部分由于他们的恐惧，这些漂亮的女子要不就被艾哈迈德娶走，要不就成了他的情人。艾哈迈德还有二十五个儿子，因为他而身居高官，他们中的有些人借着父亲的名义，像他们父亲一样强抢民女，还犯下了很多其他罪行。艾哈迈德还大肆收敛财物，因为每个想得到职位和官职的人都会向他进贡丰厚的财物。

艾哈迈德拥有和统治者一样的权力长达二十二年。在他统治下的契丹人，发现他不停地做着不正当和令人厌恶的事情，想尽办法蹂躏妇女，终于忍无可忍。他们决心刺杀艾哈迈德，并反对政府的统治。有一个叫张易的契丹人，是一个千夫长，他的母亲、女儿、妻子都曾经被艾哈迈德凌辱过。被强烈的仇恨所驱使，张易和一个叫王著的万夫长联合起来密谋反叛。他们打算在大汗结束在汗八里三个月的逗留前往上都后再采取行动，大汗通常在大都也要停留三个月，这时皇太子真金照例也会离开汗八里。而艾哈迈德就会留下来守城，只有在出现紧急情况时，才会派人传话给在上都的大汗。这两个密谋者决定将他们的计划告诉国家中契丹人的领导者，等到大家一致同意后，就告诉其他城中的朋友。他们的计划是在指定的一天采取行动，以烽火为信号，所有谋反者收到信号后，就立刻行动，杀死所有有胡须的人，然后通过烽火台将信号传递给其他城中的人，大家就会采取同样的行动。他们杀死所有有胡须的人，因为契丹人不留胡须，而鞑靼人、撒拉森人和基督徒则留有胡须。大家必须知道所有的契丹人都憎恨大汗的统治，因为大汗所任命的统治者都是鞑靼人或者撒拉森人，他们对待契丹人就像对待奴隶一样，让契丹人无法忍受。再加上大汗征服契丹是靠武力，而不是通过合法的方式。所以，大汗也没有得到契丹人的信任和尊重，并且他把统治的权力都交给鞑靼人、撒拉森人和基督徒，这些人依附皇族，忠于大汗，并视契丹人为异族。

当王著和张易在约定的一天夜间潜入皇宫后，王著就坐在王座上，在他面前点起许多灯火，然后派人去告诉艾哈迈德，太子真金在夜里突然返京，要他立刻前来觐见。当艾哈迈德听到这个消息后，虽然十分疑惑，但还是立刻前往。在他去面见太子的路上，他遇见一个叫科甲台的鞑靼人，他手下有一万二千士兵，负责城内日常的巡逻，他问艾哈迈德："这么晚了，您还要去哪儿啊？"艾哈迈德回答道："去面见太子真金，他刚到。"科甲台说："怎么可能？难道他行动如此隐蔽，以至于我都没有听到任何消息？"于是他带着他手下的一小队人跟着艾哈迈德一

同进宫。而此时谋反者对自己说道：“只要我们杀死艾哈迈德，就再没有什么好惧怕的了。”这时艾哈迈德进入了皇宫，看见宫中灯壁辉煌，误以为王著是真金，跪在了他的面前，一旁的张易立刻用手中的剑砍下了他的脑袋。

当在宫殿外守候的科甲台看到这种情况后，大叫一声：“叛乱！”然后用箭射向坐在王座上的王著，杀死了他。然后他吩咐手下抓住了张易，并立刻向全城宣告，城中任何人都不得出门，只要被发现，就地处死。契丹人见鞑靼人已经发现了他们的密谋，并且他们的首领一个被杀、一个被抓，就放弃了叛乱，都留在屋里，也就没有向其他城中准备反叛的人发出叛乱信号。科甲台立刻派人向大汗详细汇报所发生的事情，大汗即刻吩咐进行彻底调查，并且根据情节轻重惩罚叛乱者。第二天清晨，科甲台就审问所有契丹人，处死了许多同谋者，当发现城中的其他人也有叛乱意图时，也采取了同样的搜捕行动。

大汗回到汗八里后，想知道这次叛乱的原因，随后他得知了艾哈迈德父子的恶劣行径。大汗发现艾哈迈德和他的七个儿子娶了不计其数的妻妾，更不用说那些被强暴的妇女。于是大汗下令没收艾哈迈德搜刮的财物，并把它们从旧城运往新城，成为大汗的财产。这些财物之多令人难以想象。他还下令将艾哈迈德的尸体从坟墓中挖出来，扔到大街上让野狗撕咬，那些和艾哈迈德一样犯下滔天罪行的儿子们都被处以剥皮的刑罚。大汗还注意到了撒拉森人邪恶的教义，他们认为只要不是针对与他们同宗教的人，一切恶行，包括杀人都被看作合法的行为。出于此因，罪大恶极的艾哈迈德和他的儿子们根本没有意识到自己犯下的罪行，大汗对此深恶痛绝。他召集所有的撒拉森人到他面前，禁止他们按照自己的法律去行事。大汗还特别命令他们采取鞑靼人的婚姻制度；在猎杀动物时，不能像以前那样割断动物的喉咙，而是要剥开肚子。当这一切发生时，马可·波罗正好待在那儿。

至于那一万两千保卫大汗的士兵，他们被叫作卡西坦，也就是“大汗的骑士与臣子”。大汗拥有这支军队不是因为惧怕任何人，而是把这作为皇权的标志。这一万二千人被分为三组，每组三千人。每组士兵都要在大汗的宫殿驻守三天三夜，然后再轮换下一组驻守，整年就如此轮换。白天时，剩下的九千士兵不能离开皇宫，除非是受到大汗的指派或者是有很重要的私事，比如有很严重的事情发生，如父亲、兄弟、其他亲近的亲属即将去世，或者如果不立刻回去就会遭到巨大损失时，在经长官同意后，他才可以离开皇宫。而在晚上，这九千人是可以回家的。

大汗设宴的座次要这样安排：大汗坐北朝南，高高在上，皇后坐在他的左侧。右侧低一些的地方，按年龄大小坐着皇子、皇孙和其他皇室成员，太子真金的座位要高于其他皇子，并且他们的头和大汗的脚刚好在同一高度，而在他们旁边更低一些的地方是其他贵族的座位。妇女们也按同样的方式安排座次，皇媳、皇孙媳和其他亲王的妻子坐在大汗的左侧低一些的地方，贵族夫人和武官夫人的座位则被安排在她们左侧更低的地方。所有人都按照大汗的安排，坐在自己的位置上。这样的安排使得大汗可以看到大殿中所有的人。但是大家不要以为所有的人都有座位，大部分武官和贵族都要坐在地毯上就餐。而在大殿外参加宴会的人有四万之多，他们中有许多带着贵重礼物前来参拜的使者，有带来新鲜玩意的外国人，还有一些想加官进爵的人们。这些就是参加大汗恩赐的宴会，或者庆祝婚礼的人们和场景。

在大汗御案所在的大殿中央，摆放着一件方形器具，每边长约十步，十分精美大气。四面雕刻着栩栩如生的动物形象，并且都是镀金的，中间是空心的，放着盛满美酒的金质带把瓶装器皿。在每个角上各有一个小瓶，分别盛着马奶、骆驼奶等其他饮品。御案旁边摆放着盛放大汗饮品的各种容器。每个容器都用纯金制成，里面的美酒和珍贵的饮品倒进纯金的大酒壶中，足够八到十个人饮用。其中每两人中间都会放置一个酒壶，每人都有一个带把的金杯，用来盛放酒壶中的酒。对于妇

女也是同样安排。这些酒壶和器皿都十分珍贵。大汗有如此之多的金银器皿，没有亲眼见到的人是无法想象的。在一旁服侍大汗进餐和饮酒的人都是大汗指定的男爵。他们用金丝制成的面纱遮住自己的嘴和鼻子，这样他们的气息和体液就不会污染大汗的食物和饮品。

还有一些男爵被派去照看那些新来的不了解大殿里规矩的客人，告诉他们应该坐在什么位置上。这些男爵一直在大殿中走动，询问客人们有什么需要，如果有谁需要酒、奶，或者其他东西，他们就立刻让侍者送来。大殿所有入口处都有两个身材魁梧、手持长棍的侍卫站在两边，因为进入大殿的人不允许踩到大殿的门槛，而只能跨过去。如果有人不小心踩到了门槛，两旁的侍卫就会拿走他的衣服，然后让他拿赎金来取；如果不拿衣服，他们就会给他一顿毒打。新来的宾客不知道这些规矩，那些指定的男爵就会被派去提醒他们注意。这样做是因为他们认为踩到门槛是不祥之兆。在大家离开大殿的时候，由于客人喝醉了酒，不那么注意，这时就没有这些规矩了。

大殿里有各种各样的乐器，当大汗要饮酒时，他们就开始演奏，拿着酒杯的侍从将酒奉上后，就后退三步，然后跪下，这时所有的男爵和宾客也都跪下，表现出对大汗的谦卑，直到大汗喝完酒。每次大汗要喝酒时，都会有这样的礼仪。至于食物，我不用多说，大家一定能够想象食物的充足。还要告诉大家，男爵和武官是不能在宴会上就餐的，但是可以带来他们的妻子同其他的妇人一起就餐。当所有人都就餐完毕后，桌子就被撤掉，魔术、杂技和其他项目的表演者就会进入大殿，带来丰富多彩的节目。他们在大汗面前竭尽全力表演，得到宾客们的阵阵掌声。当表演结束后，宾客们就离开大殿回住所了。

大家要知道，鞑靼人将自己的生日当作节日来庆祝。大汗的生日是农历九月二十八日。每年大汗都要在这一天举办除新年之外的最盛大的庆祝活动。在这一天，大汗会披上金袍，另外，还有一万二千名男爵和

武官也会披上大汗赐予的长袍，这些长袍与大汗的金袍颜色款式相同—都是用金线银线织成，并且腰间有金质的束带，只是不如大汗的贵重。这些长袍，就像他们经常佩戴的宝石和珍珠一样珍贵，大概价值一万金币—这可不是小数目。而大汗每年要赐给这一万两千名男爵和武官十三次长袍，这样一来他们就能穿得和他一样，显得富丽华贵。大家可以看出这不是轻而易举就能做到的事情，也再无其他皇帝能够承担这样的花销了。

在这个盛大的节日里，所有的鞑靼人和大汗统治下的省份和地区的贵族地主，都要向大汗献上与他们身份相符的珍贵礼物。此外还有很多向大汗讨要官位的人也会向大汗奉上贵重礼物，然后大汗就让掌管此事的十二名总管按照申请人的功绩进行奖赏。在这一天，所有的佛教徒、基督教徒、撒拉森人和其他种族的臣民都要唱赞美诗，点长明灯，焚香祈祷，虔诚地恳求他们所信奉的神明，让他们保佑大汗长命百岁，幸福安康。这一天就在祝福祈祷、愉快欢庆中度过。在描述完这个节日后，就让我向大家介绍另一个重大的节日—庆祝新年的白色节。

他们的新年开始于每年二月，根据习俗，大汗和他的臣民，无论男女，都穿上白色的衣服，因为他们认为白色的装束代表着吉利祥和，在新年里穿上它就能保佑他们在整年中富贵幸福。在新年这一天，大汗统治下的所有首领，和各个省份和地区的贵族地主都要向大汗献上真金白银、珍珠宝石和大量高档白衣，祝福大汗在全年中锦衣玉食、幸福快乐。贵族、官员和平民百姓在这一天也互赠礼物，并且相互祝贺道：“万事如意，心想事成。”这样一来，他们就能在新的一年里诸事顺利了。

在这一天里，大汗还会收到十万匹价值连城的白色骏马，大汗的五千头大象也会披上画有鸟兽的衣服，每头大象的背上都驮有两个大箱子，里面装满了精美贵重的器皿和白色的长袍。大象后面跟着不计其数

的骆驼，也穿着衣服，驮着节日所需的物品。它们排成纵列，从大汗面前走过，极其壮观。

在节日的早晨，宴席摆好之前，所有的国王、公爵、伯爵、子爵、男爵、武官、占星家、医师、养鹰人和其他官员都要来到大殿拜见大汗。不能进入大殿的人，就在大殿外大汗可以看见的地方叩拜。让我向大家介绍一下他们位置的安排。在最前面的是皇子、皇孙和其他皇室成员；后面是大王、公爵和其他官员，按照官位大小，有秩序地排列。当他们各就各位后，一位高官就站起来，用洪亮的声音说道："致敬叩首。"话音未落，所有的人都下跪叩首，像祝福上帝一样高声祝福大汗。然后高官说道："保佑大汗永远幸福快乐！"众人便齐声应道："天佑吾皇！"高官又道："保佑大汗国富民强，国泰民安！"众人再次应道："天佑吾皇！"这样的礼仪要重复四次。然后他们就走向装饰得极其华丽的祭坛，上面摆放着刻有历任大汗名字的红色牌位，前面摆有制作精美华丽的香炉。官员们毕恭毕敬地向着牌位焚香叩首。随后他们就退回到自己的位置上，当所有人礼毕后，他们就呈上前面所提到的各种珍贵礼物。等大汗过目后，宴会就正式开始，皇亲国戚、文武百官就按照上文中所提到的次序依次入座。宴会完毕后是各种表演。表演结束后，赴宴的人们就回各自住所了。

大汗指定了十三个节日，每个农历月份中都有一个。每个节日都有一万两千名被叫作卡西坦的男爵参加。他们是最忠于大汗并且离大汗最近的人。大汗赏赐他们每人十三件不同颜色的长袍，每件都有珍珠宝石镶嵌，价值连城。大汗还赏赐他们每人一条美丽贵重的金腰带和一双用银线镶边的皮质靴子，也是同样的精美珍贵。他们的服装是如此华丽庄重，以至于每个人都像是国王一样。大汗自己也有十三套颜色类似的长袍，装饰得更加奢华名贵。并且，大汗与他的男爵们总是穿一样颜色的长袍。

这些长袍共有十五万六千件，它们的价值难以估计，更不用说那些昂贵的腰带与靴子了。大汗准备这些只是为了增加节日气氛。

让我再用一个值得大家注意的事实总结一下。有一头大狮子被带到大汗面前，狮子是没被锁住的，当它见到大汗时，立刻趴在大汗面前，表现出深深的敬意，似乎它知道大汗的地位一样，这的确是一件让人惊叹的事情。

下面，让我们来谈谈大汗的狩猎活动。

大家应该知道大汗停留在汗八里的三个月（十二月、一月、二月）中，都会下令进行狩猎和捕鹰活动，距离汗八里六十天路程以内地区的所有人都要参与。各地的长官必须将较大的猎物，比如野猪、雄鹿、雄獐、熊或者其他类似的大型猎物进贡给大汗。所以每个长官都聚集其统治地区中所有的猎人，派他们去野兽出没的地方，轮流射杀猎物。他们有时候会放出猎犬咬死猎物，但是大多数时候是用箭射死它们。然后他们挖去猎物的内脏，放在两轮推车上运送给大汗。这些猎物，都能够在三十天之内被送给大汗，总数很多。那些离大汗三十天到六十天路程的地区，由于距离太远，不适合向大汗运送猎物，但是他们要向大汗运送适当装饰过和硝过的兽皮，这样大汗就可以用它们来制作军需品。

大家要知道，大汗还饲养了许多善于捕猎的豹子和山猫。大汗还拥有一些大狮子，比埃及的狮子还要大一些，这些狮子的皮毛十分光亮，身上还有黑色、橙色、白色的条纹。它们被训练捕捉野猪、公牛、熊、野驴、雄鹿和雄獐等其他猎物。这些狮子猎食这些高贵动物的场景是十分壮观的。当狮子被带出来捕捉猎物时，它们被关在笼子里，笼子放在车上，每只狮子旁边都有一只小狗做伴。由于它们见到猎物后会十分凶残和冲动，人们无法控制，所以这些狮子都要被关在笼子里。它们都要被放在下风的位置，因为一旦那些猎物嗅到狮子的气味，就会立刻逃窜得不见踪影。大汗还训练了许多鹰，用来捕捉狼、狐狸和棕色的鹿。那

些被用来猎狼的鹰，体型巨大，强壮有力，再大的狼也逃不出这些鹰的鹰爪。

下面我将向大家介绍一下大汗拥有的众多优秀猎犬。大家要知道在大汗的男爵中，有两兄弟叫作伯颜和明安，他们又被叫作钦纽奇，意思是“大型猎犬的饲养者”。他们两人分别有一万名随从，一万人穿着红色制服，另一万人穿着蓝色制服。无论什么时候陪伴大汗出猎，他们都穿着这样的制服。不管是有两千人还是一万人，他们每人都领着至少一只大型猎犬，有时候也会带着两只或者更多，这样，猎犬的总数是极多的。当大汗打猎时，这两兄弟中的一人带着他的一万手下和五千猎犬，跟在大汗的一侧，而另一个兄弟则带着他的手下和猎犬，跟在另一侧。两队的配合十分默契，队伍有一天的路程那么长。这样，只要被他们发现的野生动物都能被猎杀。这样一场猎人和猎犬的狩猎活动是多么壮观啊！大家可以想象，大汗和他的男爵们带着猎鹰在猎场上行猎，猎犬跟在两边，捕捉熊、雄鹿和其他野兽，的确是一幕壮观的场景。从十月初一直到次年的三月底，这两兄弟每天都要负责向大汗和他的随从提供数以千计的猎物，包括各种鸟兽，鹌鹑还不计在内，同时还要尽全力为大汗提供鱼类，提供足够三人食用的鱼被视为猎杀了一头野兽。

当大汗在这儿度过十二月、一月、二月这三个月后，在三月份，大汗会继续向南前进，到达一个离海仅有两天路程的地方。陪同他的有一万名养鹰者，五千只矛隼、游隼和猎隼，此外还有大量的苍鹰沿河捕猎。大家要知道，大汗并不把所有的随从集中在一个地方，而是将他们分成不同的小队，每队一两百人或者更多，将他们分派到不同的地方。他们各自进行捕猎，大部分猎物都被进贡给大汗。大汗手下的一万人被分为两人一组，他们被叫作塔斯克尔，意思是“看守人”。这些人两人一组，被分配到各个地方，这样就能观察到一片广阔的领域。他们每人都有一个哨子和一块头巾，用这些来控制猎鹰。当大汗命令猎鹰去行猎时，这些养鹰者没有必要紧跟在猎鹰后面，因为这些看守人会仔细关注

猎鹰的去向，当有人需要帮助时，其他人立刻就会给予援助。

所有大汗和男爵的猎鹰爪子上都系有银牌，上面刻着它们主人和看守人的名字，便于看管。这样一来，当猎鹰被收回时，就能辨认出它的主人，然后物归原主。如果辨认不出主人，就将它送到叫巴尔盖奇的男爵那儿，巴尔盖奇是专门负责失物招领的官员。任何人如果发现不能辨认出主人的马、剑或者猎鹰等，都会送到这个男爵那儿，由他来保管。如果发现物件的人没有及时地将别人的遗失物交给巴尔盖奇，他就会被看作贼。而遗失东西的人到官员那儿登记后，只要官员收到他们的遗失物，就会立刻归还给他们。这些官员有专门办公的地方，通常在大营的最高处，顶上还插着高高飘扬的旗帜，这样那些遗失东西的人很容易就能找得到，所遗失的东西也能被找到并归还给他们。

当大汗继续向海边前进时，旅途中会出现许多精彩的狩猎活动，世界上没有任何运动能和这种狩猎活动相媲美。大汗一般都会坐在一个精致的小木亭里，木亭由四头大象驮着，亭子内部用金子装饰，外部则用狮子皮装饰。大汗身边总有十二只最好的矛隼供他娱乐，还有一些男爵在他身边侍奉陪伴。当骑着马的男爵向大汗报道“陛下，有鹤经过”时，大汗就下令将木亭的顶部打开，这样他就能看到鹤群，然后他就吩咐他的随从将那些矛隼带来，大汗会从中选取几只，放飞它们。这样，大汗躺在亭中就能看到这些矛隼捕食鹤群的全过程，这给大汗带来了极大的娱乐和享受。同时，男爵和骑士们也骑着马，陪伴在大汗周围。世界上再也没有人能够享受到这样的运动和娱乐。

当大汗前行至一个叫作卡察摩都的地方时，就会在这儿安营扎寨，他的儿子、男爵和妃子等不下一万人都会在此停留，场面十分壮观。让我来向大家形容一下大汗所在的帐篷：帐篷中设有大汗会见大臣的宫室，十分宽敞，能够容纳一千名骑兵。帐篷的入口朝南开，还有供男爵和其他大臣休息的厅堂。和宫室相连的是另外一个朝西的帐篷，是大汗

私下与大臣会面的地方。在一个大厅堂的后面有一个漂亮的大房间，大汗在这儿就寝。除此之外，还有很多的房间和帐篷，只是不和这个大帐篷相连。让我来告诉大家这两个厅堂和房间的构造。每个厅堂都由精心雕刻过的腊梅木做支撑，厅堂外部都铺着一层十分美丽的狮子皮，有黑、白、橙三色并呈条纹状，能够防风挡雨。里侧还有一层白貂和黑貂的皮毛，是两种最昂贵的皮毛。最上乘的黑貂皮做成外衣，价值两千金币，制成一件普通的衣服也要一千金币。鞑靼人将黑貂皮称为“毛皮之王”。黑貂的体型和貂鼠差不多。这两个厅堂就是用这些貂皮连接起来，极有艺术感地拼凑成一幅壮观场景。大汗的房间与两个厅堂相连，外面同样是狮子皮，内部是黑貂和白貂的皮毛，手艺精巧，设计独特。固定两个厅堂和大汗房间的绳子都是丝做的。这三个帐篷如此精细贵重，其他小国国王是承受不起的。

在这三个帐篷周围还搭有其他帐篷，也十分精美，供大汗的妃子居住。还有大量的帐篷用来放置矛隼、猎鹰和其他鸟兽。在这里宿营的人数几乎超出了想象，大家可以想象一下大汗就像居住在他富庶的城市里一样，因为各种人都聚集在这儿，大汗的家眷、医师、占星家、养鹰人和其他不计其数的官员，一切都像在他的都城里一样井然有序。

大汗在此处停留直到春季，不久之后便是我们的复活节。在他停留期间，大汗也从不停止在湖边或者河边行猎，并且猎取了大量的鹤、天鹅和其他鸟类。大汗的随从也被派到周围其他地方，为大汗捕猎大量的野兽和鸟类。在此期间，大汗享受着世界上最好的休闲运动，没有亲眼见到的人，是难以相信的。到目前为止，大汗的伟大，他的状态，他的享乐都超出了我的描述。

让我再告诉大家一个事实。在大汗居住的地方方圆二十天路程的地区，不管是商人、工匠，还是农民都不允许饲养任何猎鹰、捕食猎物的鸟类和其他追逐猎物的猎犬。但是在大汗统治的其他地区，居民是可以

随意用猎鹰和猎犬捕捉猎物的。大家还要知道，每年的三月到十月，在大汗统治的领域中，任何亲王、男爵和其他人都不允许猎杀野兔、雄鹿、羚羊或者其他野兽，这样这些动物就能够更好地繁衍生息。任何违反规定的人都会受到严厉的惩罚，因为这是由大汗亲自制定的规矩。人们都严格遵守大汗的命令，即使野兔、雄鹿和其他兽类出现在一个人面前，他也不会捕捉或者伤害它们。

当狩猎季节结束，复活节快来临时，大汗和他的随从们就出发，按原路返回汗八里，一路上也和来时一样行猎，享受着运动娱乐。

大汗在汗八里铸造他的货币，铸造过程是如此的系统，大家甚至可能认为大汗掌握了炼金术。下面让我在这里向大家描述一下。

大汗是按如下程序铸造货币的：将树皮从桑树（叶子可以用来养蚕）上剥下来，剥出树干和树皮之间的内皮，然后将它捣碎弄平，用浆糊粘成薄片，就像棉花制成的纸一样，不过是黑色的。随后，将它裁成大小不一的长方形，最小的薄片价值半个图洛，稍大一些的价值一个图洛，再大一些的价值一个威尼斯银币，还有的价值两个、五个和十个银币，或者一个、三个、十个金币。所有的薄片都要加印大汗的图章。整个制造过程都十分正式严肃，就像在铸造真金白银一样。每张货币上都有专门的官员签名，加印图章。当这些程序都完成后，由大汗指定的一个总管就将大汗的印章蘸上朱砂，盖到每张纸币上，这样印章的图案就保留在了纸币上。这时候纸币才成为真正的货币，任何人伪造钱币都会受到极其严厉的惩罚。

大汗制造了大量的这种货币，可以买到世界上所有的奇珍异宝。所有在大汗统治领域内的交易都要使用这种货币，没有人敢冒生命危险拒绝使用。并且，大汗统治下的臣民也都欣然接受了这种纸币，因为不管是货物、珍珠、宝石还是金银，都可以用同样的货币来支付。他们可以用这些纸币买到任何东西。

每年都有几次，许多商人带上珍珠、宝石、金银和其他贵重物品，比如金银线织成的衣物，进贡给大汗。大汗就会召集挑选各种货物的专家，让他们检查商人们带来的货物，并且给出合适的价钱。这些专家们仔细检查货物后，就付给商人上面所提到的纸币。而商人们会欣然接受纸币，因为他们以后可以用这些纸币在大汗统治的疆域内买到各种货物。全年中，这些被送来的不同货物价值四十万金币，都是用纸币支付的。

大汗每年都会几次下令臣民们将他们所拥有的宝石、珍珠、金银送到铸币厂，数量之多是难以估计的，然后大汗会付给他们纸币。通过这种方法，大汗就拥有了他统治领土内所有的金银珠宝。

当这些纸币流通太久，被撕坏或者磨损时，可以将它们送回铸币厂，扣除百分之三的价格后换成新的纸币。如果有谁需要购买金银来制造金银器，比如盘子、腰带或者其他装饰品，他可以拿这些纸币向铸币厂的官员购买金银。同样，大汗的军队也是用这种纸币来发放军饷的。

我已经向大家提到过大汗拥有比任何人都多的财富。我可以进一步地说，世界上所有其他统治者拥有的财富加起来也比不上大汗一人所拥有的财富。

大家已经知道大汗任命过十二位权力极大的男爵，负责审查所有的军事决定，包括军队的行动、高级军官的更换、兵力的配置，以及根据战争情况派送军队的数量等。同时，他们还负责区分强壮勇敢的战士与胆怯懦弱的士兵，提升那些勇敢的士兵，对无能胆小的士兵则给予降职处分。如果一个千夫长在行动中没有良好表现，男爵们认定他不配留在现在的职位，就会将他降职为百夫长；相反，如果千夫长的行为证明他是可信而优秀的，就会被认为适合更高级的职位，男爵们会任命他为万夫长。不过，官员的升降都是要经过大汗同意的，他们会向大汗禀报：“某人不配在某个职位上。”大汗命令道：“那让他降级吧！”这样，

官员就会被降职。当他们认为某人的功绩值得使他升职时，他们就向大汗禀报："某人是千夫长，但是完全有能力成为一个万夫长。"如果得到大汗的认可，大汗就会授予他适合的奖牌，然后立刻给予他物质奖励，以激励其他的官员。这十二名男爵组成的议会被叫作枢密院—也就是"军事委员会"，是除了大汗以外的最高权力机构。

除此之外，大汗还任命了另外十二个男爵负责处理三十四个省份的事务。他们都住在汗八里的一座宫殿内，这座宫殿有许多厅室，每个省份都有一个主要官员和其他办事员，他们都居住在宫殿内。这些官员和办事员掌管他们负责省份的所有事务，直接服从于十二名男爵。这十二名男爵被赋予任命各个省份官员的权力，当他们认为某人有能力并且适合某个职位时，他们就向大汗禀报，当大汗认可他们的任命后，就授予此人奖牌。他们还负责监督各省的税收和经费的使用以及除军事活动外的一切事务。这个议会被叫作中书省，他们办公的地方叫作中书院。

枢密院和中书省都是最高国家机关，除了大汗外，没人拥有比他们更高的权力。但是枢密院，也可以叫作军事委员会，被认为拥有更高的等级和尊严。

在这里，我还不打算向大家介绍那些不计其数的省份，在后面我再向大家介绍。现在让我们了解一下大汗用于寄送信件的邮递系统。

以汗八里为中心，有许多条路通向各个省份，这些路都以各个省的名字命名。整个系统的设计十分精巧。当大汗派出信使时，他每走二十五英里就会发现一个驿站。每个驿站都有宽敞明亮的房间供他们休息。这些房间里有着舒适的床铺，上面铺有厚厚的丝质床单，供高级别的使者使用。即使一个国王来到这儿，也会觉得居住得十分舒适。在这里，按照大汗的要求，饲养了不下四百匹马，随时准备着供大汗的信使骑乘。大家要知道，每条通往各个省份的大路上，每隔二十五英里或者三十英里都有一个这样的驿站，每个驿站也都有三四百匹马供信使骑乘，

这在大汗所统治的所有省份和王国都是一样的。

在一些偏僻的乡村，没有多少房屋和居民，大汗仍然建造了驿站，和大路上的驿站有着相同的居住环境，配备了相同的马匹和其他物品。只是各个驿站间的距离要稍远一些，大概相隔三十五英里，在有些地方还超过了四十英里。

通过这样的安排，大汗的信使在全国送递信件时都能有住处和充足的马匹。毫无疑问，这使大汗享有高于任何人的特权和最丰富的资源。大家要知道，有超过二十万的马匹被饲养在这些驿站，供信使使用。单是驿站的数目就超过了一万座，并且每个驿站都配备精良。整个系统是如此的惊人和昂贵，任何言语都难以描述。

如果有人问，他们怎么能有如此多的人力来完成这项工作，他们靠什么生活，我的回答是这样的：所有的佛教徒和撒拉森人一样，每人都有六个、八个或者十个妻子，只要他们能够供养，便可以随便娶妻。这样他们也就有了许多孩子，有很多男人都有三十多个儿子，可以跟随他一起从军。这是由于他们有众多妻子的缘故。而我们实行一夫一妻制，如果妻子不能生育，丈夫也要和她共同生活，也就不能拥有孩子，因此我们的人口要远远少于他们。而且他们的食物也不会短缺，因为他们的主要食物是米、粟等，尤其是鞑靼人、契丹人和蛮子，而这些作物在他们国家产量十分丰富。他们不吃面包，而是将米、粟和牛奶或者肉煮熟后食用。小麦在他们国家的产量不是很高，他们通常将收获的小麦做成面条或者面饼食用。在他们的国家，没有闲置土地，家禽繁殖也十分迅速。当他们服兵役时，每人都有六匹、八匹或者更多的马匹供他自己使用。这样也就不难理解为什么这个国家有如此多人口和如此多谋生手段。

现在让我向大家描述另外一件和驿站密切相关的事情。在各个驿站之间，每隔三英里就有一个站点，每个站点大概有四十户徒步为大汗送

信的信使。他们系着长长的腰带，身上挂着铃铛，这样当他们送信时，离着很远的距离就能听到他们的声音。他们总是快速跑步送信，但是从来不超过三英里，在三英里外的另一个站点的信使听到铃声后，就会准备好收信，当第一个送信人到达时，新的信使就接过他要送达的物品和书记员给他的小条，然后就开始跑步送信。当他跑完三英里后，又有另一个信使接替，如此反复。通过这些徒步的信使，大汗在一天一夜就能收到原本需要十天才能收到的消息。因为这些徒步信使可以不到一天一夜走完十天的路程，或者用两天两夜的时间走完二十天的路程。在果实成熟的季节，通过这种方法，白天在汗八里采摘的水果，在第二天晚上就能送到大汗所在的城市—上都，而两个城市原本需要十天的路程。

在每隔三英里的站点都有一个书记员，负责记录每个信使到达和离开的时间和日期，每个站点都要执行这样的记录。同时，每月还有官吏来巡查，检查每一个站点，这是为了找出粗心大意的信使并惩罚他们。大汗对这些信使和站点的工作人员免除赋税，并且向他们提供充足的粮食来维持生活。

对于上文中提到的那些驿站中供皇家信使使用的马匹，我将向大家详细描述大汗是如何安排的。首先，大汗会询问：“离某个驿站最近的城市是哪座？”然后问：“它能为信使提供多少马匹？”接下来通过专门的官员进行调查，查出驿站周围的居民以及附近的城镇和村庄能够提供多少马匹，然后根据实际情况，让居民提供相应数目的马匹。所有的城市都一样，考虑到两个驿站之间有时候会穿过另一个城市，那么这个城市也要提供相应的马匹。他们提供马匹的费用可以从他们的赋税中扣除，因此，如果一个人需要交纳的税费总共价值一匹半马，那么他就要向邻近的驿站提供相应的马匹。但是大家要知道，不是任何时候驿站都有四百匹马。实际上，他们将二百匹马留在驿站一个月，供信使使用，另外两百匹则在草原上喂养。在月末的时候，再将喂养的两百匹马与留在驿站的马匹交换，这样就可以不断地轮流使用。

信使送信时，如果遇到必须经过的河流或者湖泊，邻近的城市就要准备三到四条渡船，随时供信使使用；如果遇到需要很多天才能穿越的沙漠，而且沙漠中没有其他常住居民，那么沙漠边缘的城市就要向大汗的特使提供充足的马匹和食物，以满足特使及其随从的需要。但是对这样的城市，大汗会给予特殊的补助。对于距离主路较远的驿站，那儿的马匹一部分由大汗自己提供，一部分由附近的城镇、村庄提供。

当遇到大汗急需的消息，比如发生叛乱或者其他引起大汗深思的事情时，信使可以每天行驶两百英里，有时候甚至是两百五十英里。让我来告诉大家这是如何做到的：当信使收到急需传递的信件时，就会持有一个刻有矛隼的牌子，作为传送急件的信号。如果有两个信使，他们出发时就骑上两匹强壮的马，系紧他们的腰带，用布包住头，以最快的速度前进，直到下一个驿站。当他们接近驿站时，他们会用牛角吹出声响，这种声音在很远的地方也能听到，这样，驿站就能为他们备好马匹。当他们到达时，就会换乘两匹已经套好马具、状态极佳的马，然后立刻出发，马不停蹄地赶往下一个驿站，再换马前进。这样，信使就能在一天内跑完两百五十英里，将消息送到大汗手中。事实上，如果是极其紧要的消息，他们每天可以奔驰三百英里。在这种情况下，他们晚上也不休息，如果没有月光，就由各个驿站的人持灯跑步，为他们照明。在夜间骑马的速度不如白天快，因为他们会受到跑步照明者速度的影响。能够如此劳累送信的使者，都会得到丰厚的奖励。

现在，让我向大家讲述一下大汗对臣民的恩赐。大汗总是希望能给予他的臣民直接的帮助，使他们能正常生活劳作，积累财富。每年他都要派出使者和巡查员，去全国各地了解臣民们是否因为天气原因、蝗灾或其他虫灾而导致收成不足。当他发现有些地区的百姓收成不足时，不但免去当年的赋税，还会赐予他们国库中的粮食，供他们播种和食用，这是一项重要的恩惠制度。大汗通常在夏天的时候给予百姓这种恩惠，而在冬天，灾难通常发生在牲畜身上。当大汗了解到某一地区居民的牲

畜由于瘟疫而死亡时，他就将从其他省份通过什一税收上来的牲畜分给受灾的百姓，为了更进一步地帮助这些百姓，大汗还会免除他们当年的赋税。

当百姓的羊群、牛群或者其他畜群被雷电击中时，不管这些牲畜是属于一个人还是更多人，也不管畜群的数目有多大，大汗都会免去他们三年的赋税。同样地，当一艘装满货物的商船被雷电击中时，大汗也不会向那些货物征税，因为大汗认为，雷击是不祥之兆。他说："老天爷一定是厌恶此人，才会用雷电袭击他。"所以，他并不希望那些惹老天爷愤怒的货品成为他的财物。

大汗还给予他的百姓另一项恩赐：在各条供信使送信或商人通商的大路上，大汗都令人在道路的两边种植树木，每两步的距离就种植一棵。这些树木长得十分茂盛，在很远的地方就能看到，这使得旅行者很容易就能辨认出路的方向，而不至于迷路。大家会发现，即使在荒无人烟的地方，道路两旁也会种植树木，这给旅行者和商人带来了极大便利。全国各地都如此。当道路穿过沙漠或者石山而无法种植树木时，大汗就下令用石头或者柱子作为路标，指明道路。还有专门的官员负责检查这些规定是否顺利执行。大汗种植树木的另一个原因，是因为算命者和占星家告诉他，种植树木可以延年益寿。

大家要知道，契丹省的居民大都饮用一种酒，我将向大家描述。他们用米和香料制成酒，因而比其他的酒类都要可口。酒水清澈香醇，通常加热后饮用，比其他酒品更容易醉人。

在契丹省的各个地方，都有一种黑色的石头，它们埋藏在山体中，可以像圆木一样燃烧。它们的火焰比木头更好，可以整夜不灭。要想点燃这种石头，需要先点燃它们中的一小部分，然后其他的才会被点着，就像木炭一样，一旦点着，就会散发出很高的热度。这种可以燃烧的石头遍布契丹全省。他们同样还拥有充足的可供燃烧的木柴，但是由于人

口众多，有如此多的澡堂和浴室，水要不断地加热，木柴也就供不应求了。因为每个人每周都要至少洗三次澡，即使在冬季，每周也要洗一次。一些官员或富人在自己的家中就设有浴室供他们沐浴。因此，根本没有足够的木柴来满足如此大量的需求，而这些石头数量多，又便宜，很大程度上减少了木柴的使用。

让我们回到谷物的供应上。当大汗发现某年获得大丰收，并且粮食的价格很便宜时，就下令购买许多粮食，并储藏在一个大粮仓内，在这里，粮食被精心保管，即使放上三四年也不会腐烂。这样，大汗就储藏了大量各种粮食—小麦、大麦、粟、大米等。当作物收成不好，发生饥荒时，大汗就动用这些储备，仅以四分之一的价格卖出这些储备的粮食。大汗会发放足够多的粮食，这样就能满足所有人的需要。在大汗统治的地区都实行这样的政策，因而臣民的需求都能得到满足。

下面让我向大家讲述大汗是如何给予汗八里的贫困百姓慷慨施舍的。当大汗得知一些正直的家庭和一些有声望的人，由于遭遇不幸或者由于生病无法劳作，因而变得穷困，无法维持生计时，他就会给予这些家庭（通常由六到十个人或者更多人组成）可供他们使用一年的必需品。这些贫民在指定的日期就可以去专门掌管大汗花费的官员那儿，每人都要提供一个证明书，上面记载着上一年他获得的救济总数，这样今年也可以照前一年度那样发放救济。发放的物品中还包括衣物，其来源是大汗征收什一税获得的毛皮、丝、麻等材料。大汗将这些材料在指定的地点织成布匹并且贮存在那儿。由于所有的工匠每周都要为大汗工作一天，大汗就令他们将这些布匹做成衣服，供贫穷的家庭冬夏使用。大汗还为他的军队提供衣物，每个城市都要纺织羊毛布，作为向大汗上缴的什一税的一部分。

大家要知道，根据鞑靼人的习俗，在成为佛教徒之前，他们是从来不向他人施舍的。事实上，当有穷人向他们行乞时，他们会赶走这些

人，并诅咒道：“让老天爷惩罚你吧，如果老天爷像爱护我一样的爱护你，就会保佑你生活无忧！”但是自从佛教徒中的圣人，尤其是巴克斯向大汗讲到乐善好施是一件功德无量的事情，他们的佛祖会因此而高兴之后，大汗才开始提供上文中提到的救济。向朝廷乞求食物的百姓都不会空手而归，每人都会得到一部分粮食。每天都有官员在指定的地点分发两万到三万碗米、粟。由于大汗对待贫苦百姓是如此的宽宏大量，慷慨救济，因此所有的百姓都对他十分尊敬，把他当作神明一样看待。

在汗八里还居住着许多基督徒、撒拉森人、契丹人和大概五千名占星家和算命者。大汗同样向他们提供衣物和食物，就像提供给那些穷人一样。这样他们就可以正常地在城里研究法术。他们有一种年鉴，上面记载了整年中每时每刻行星通过星群的运动。每年这些占星家、基督徒、撒拉森人和契丹人都要根据他们自己的记载，检查年鉴中每年每月天体运行的轨道和行星的位置。因为他们研究发现，每年每月在一些条件下，行星和星群运行的轨迹和所处的位置，与某些自然现象的发生有着一定联系。比如，某月会有雷雨天气，某月会有地震，某月又会有闪电和暴雨，还有一些月份会爆发瘟疫、战争和冲突等。根据逐月的发现，他们就会根据规律宣称将要发生什么事情，但是他们又说到老天爷可以随意改动他们所预言的事情。因此，他们将可能发生的事情逐月写在一个小册子上，以每册一个银币的价格卖给那些想知道全年中会发生什么事情的人。那些能够给出最准确预言的人被认为是最成功的法术大师，受到极大尊重。

当有人需要从事某项重要的商业活动，或者要去某处经商，或从事其他事业，或者想知道某项计划的结果时，他就会去询问占星家，告诉他们自己的生辰八字。根据习俗，每个人都从小被告知自己的生辰八字，父母会仔细地将孩子的生辰八字记在一个本子里，所以每个人都可以说出自己的生辰八字。他们认为十二年为一个周期，每年都有一个符号：第一年的符号为狮子，第二年是牛年，第三年是龙年，第四年是狗

年，以此类推，直到十二年。所以，当有人被问及他是何时出生时，他就会回答：“狮年的某月某时某刻。”当十二年的周期完成后，他们就以同样的顺序开始一个新的十二年。所以当一个人向占星家或者算命者询问他们的冒险会有什么样的结果时，首先要说出他的生辰八字，算命者就可以确定他属于哪个星座和行星，然后预测他这次远行或者冒险的结果是好还是坏。同样地，如果询问者是一个商人，他就会被告知，他的行星正处于上升的通道，这会对他的冒险产生不利的影响，他需要等待一个更好的时机；如果他的星座刚好直接面向他准备离开的城门，则不利于他的出行，这样他就需要换一个城门离开，或者等到星座离开现在的位置；或者在某时某地，他会遇到强盗，在另外一些时候他会遭遇狂风暴雨，其他一些时候他的马匹会有一条腿骨折，在这儿他的一些非法交易会给他带来损失，在那儿又能给他带来一些利润等。这样算命者就会根据星象来预测他的整个旅程的运气变化，是顺利还是损失惨重。

我已经告诉大家，契丹百姓都是佛教徒，每人家里的墙壁上都会挂有一个图像，代表高高在上的天神，或者至少有一个写着神明名字的牌位。每天他们都要面对神明焚香叩拜，双手合十，叩头三次，祈求天神保佑他们长命百岁、智慧健康。除此之外，别无所求。在地上，他们还有一个叫作纳蒂盖的地神。他们给纳蒂盖配有妻子儿女，并以同样的方式对他焚香礼拜、合掌叩首。他们向他祈求风调雨顺、五谷丰登、儿孙满堂。

由于投入了很多时间去学习知识，因此他们在言行举止和许多方面的学识都超过了其他民族。他们谈吐高雅，讲究礼貌，总是相互问候，面目和善，举止高贵，吃饭时也十分讲究卫生。但是他们并不注重他们的灵魂，只关心他们现在的身体和自己的快乐。关于灵魂，他们相信灵魂不灭，认为当一个人死去后他的灵魂会进入另外一个身体，根据此人生前的善恶来决定投胎的好坏。也就是说：如果一个人生前是等级低下的人，但是他行为高尚，那么他死后第一次就会投胎于一位体面的妇

人，然后成为一个体面的人；第二次就会投胎于一个贵妇，成为一个贵族。这样就会一次次越来越好，直到与神合为一体。但是，如果一个出身高贵的人，行为举止却十分恶劣，死后他就会投胎为一个农夫的儿子，然后再成为一只狗，越降越低。

他们对父母十分尊敬，如果有哪个孩子作出让父母生气的事情或者忽视了父母的需求，那么国家就有一个部门专门来惩罚这些忘恩负义的不孝子孙。

各种罪犯被抓住后都被关进监狱。如果没有被判处死刑，大汗规定，普通罪犯都要坐三年大牢，然后才被释放，但是在他们的脸颊上会烙有印记，以便于分辨。

赌博和行骗在这个国家曾经十分普遍，因此大汗下令禁止赌博和行骗。为了改变他们这种习惯，大汗说道：“我已经用武力征服了你们，你们所有的财产都属于我，所以，如果你们赌博，就是在用我的财产赌博。”但是，大汗并没有用这个理由从百姓那儿巧取豪夺。

我不会忘记向大家描述大汗的臣民和贵族觐见大汗时的举止。首先，不管是谁，在离大汗半英里的地方，就会表现出对大汗的尊敬，他们行为恭谦温顺，从不大声喧哗，也从不大声交谈。每位男爵或者贵族都会随身带有一个设计精巧的小容器，供他们吐痰时使用。而在大汗的大殿中，没有人敢随地吐痰。同样地，他们还随身携带一双白色皮革制成的鞋子，当他们来到朝廷，即将受到大汗的接见时，就会换上这双白鞋，把原来穿的鞋子交给随从，这样就不会弄脏那些用金线织成的美丽多彩的丝质地毯。

从北京到孟加拉

现在让我们离开汗八里，进入中国，让大家了解到她的富庶与伟大。

大家要知道，大汗曾经任命马可·波罗作为使者出使西部，距离汗八里有整整四个月的路程。下面我们就要向大家介绍他来回旅途中的所见所闻。

……

旅行者要用五天的时间骑马穿越平原山谷，经过无数村庄部落才能离开成都府。这儿的居民以农业为生。这个地区有许多狮子、熊和其他野兽，也有一些制造业，可以生产出一些薄绢和其他织物。这个地区是成都府的一部分，但是在经过五天的路程后，旅行者就进入了另一个地区—西藏[15]。

由于这个地区在蒙哥汗发起的征战中受到了极大的破坏，西藏十分荒凉。有许多城镇、村庄和部落都成了废墟。

这个地区盛产一种又粗又高的竹子，能长到三掌粗、十五步高，每两个竹节间也有整整三掌的距离。经过这儿的商人和旅行者在晚上用这些竹子当燃料，因为这些竹子十分易燃，并且在燃烧时会发出乒乒乓乓的声响，那些狮子、熊和其他野兽就会因为害怕不敢靠近火堆。这样，火堆就能保护旅行者的牲口，以免它们被在这个地区频繁出没的野兽所伤害。让我向大家讲述一件值得一提的事情—这些竹子是如何发出清脆惊人的爆裂声以及产生的效果。大家要知道，这些竹子还是绿色的时候就被折断扔到火里，作为木柴使用。当它们在这种情况下被扔到火里

时，它们开始弯曲爆裂，并发出嘭嘭的声响，在夜间隔着十英里也能听到。不熟悉这种声响的人会被这种声音惊呆，因为这种声音十分恐怖。从未听到过这种声音的马匹也会被吓到，它们会挣脱缰绳和所有束缚，拔腿就跑。很多旅行者都有这样的经历，如果马匹从未听到过这种声音，他们会用布蒙住马的眼睛并用铁锁锁住马蹄。这样当它们听到竹子的爆裂声试图逃跑时，就不会成功。通过这种方法，旅行者的安全在夜晚得到保证。旅行者和他的牲畜都不会被附近的狮子、豹子和其他危险的野兽伤害。

在这个荒凉并充满危险野兽的地区，即使行走二十天也不会有旅店、食物。每隔三四天，这些旅行者可能会找到一些有人居住的地方，补充一些食物。二十天后，他们才会到达一个地区，那儿有许多村庄和部落以及少许城镇，都坐落在陡峭的悬崖边上。我将向大家讲述那儿盛行的一种婚姻习俗。这里的男人都不愿意娶处女为妻。他们认为只有很了解男人的女人才值得娶为妻子。他们还认为处女是被神明所厌恶的，因为如果神明很喜欢这个女子，就会派男人去满足她，与她发生关系。他们就是这样看待妇女的。当别的地区的男人经过这个地区，要在此处搭帐篷过夜时，附近村庄和部落的妇女就会带着女儿过来，大概会有二十到四十人，然后祈求这些旅客与她们的女儿一同睡觉。那些漂亮的女子会被选中，而剩下的人就只能闷闷而归了。在旅行者停留期间，他们都可以和这些女子在一起，并且可以让她们做任何他想做的事情，不过他们不可以将这些女子带到别的地方。当这些旅行者满足了自己的需求准备离开时，按照习俗，他们要将一些小饰物或者纪念品送给陪伴他们的女子，当女子要结婚时，她可以拿出这些纪念品，对别人说她曾经有一个情人。每个女子都要将这些饰品戴在脖子上，显示自己有过许多情人，和很多男人睡过。拥有纪念品最多的女子，表明她有最多的情人，和她睡过的男人最多，也就被认为最有价值，最值得被娶为妻子，用他们的话说就是最受老天的宠爱。当他们通过这种方法将女子娶为妻子后，任何人再接触他人的妻子就会被视为极大的冒犯，他们严禁这种行

为。这就是他们的婚姻制度。很明显，这个地区对十六至二十四岁的男青年来说，是个很好的地方。

这里的本地人都是佛教徒，并且都是十足的坏人。他们不认为抢劫和虐待是一种罪恶，并且他们是世界上最大的强盗土匪。他们靠打猎和种植水果生活。这个地区盛产一种能够生产麝香的动物[16]，他们把它叫作谷得利。它们数量极多，以至于在这里到处都能闻到麝香。这种液囊像一个肿瘤一样长在野兽的肚脐上，里面充满了血液，而这些血液就是麝香。每个月液囊中都会充满了血液，当无法承受血液的重量时，液囊就会破裂。由于这种动物很多，当液囊破裂时，麝香就被洒到很多地方，因此整个地区都弥漫着麝香的香气。卑鄙的当地人为了得到麝香，用狗猎取了许多这种动物。

当地居民并不使用任何钱币，也不使用大汗的纸币，他们把盐当作货币使用。他们的衣衫十分匮乏，通常用动物皮革、帆布、粗麻布制成。他们使用自己的语言，并且把自己叫作“西藏人”。

西藏地域十分辽阔，与蛮子省和其他许多省份接壤。当地的居民都是佛教徒，并且都是臭名昭著的强盗土匪。整个省份被划分为八个王国，拥有许多的城市和小镇。很多地区都是湖河和山区。在湖河中还发现了大量金沙。这里盛产肉桂。珊瑚的价格很高，妇女们用它来制作项链，并且用它来装饰偶像。这个省份还盛产驼毛布、金银线布、粗棉布和其他我们国家从未见到过的布料。这个地区有许多优秀的巫师和占星家，可以随心所欲地呼风唤雨。他们通过魔鬼般的行为表现出强大的巫术和伟大的奇迹，都是前所未见，闻所未闻的。在此书中还是不要提及，以免人们太过诧异。他们的习俗是招人厌恶的。他们饲养了许多藏獒，体型和驴差不多大，很善于捕捉猎物，包括体积巨大并且十分凶残的野牛。除了优秀的猎鹰和猎隼外，他们还有各种猎犬。这些猎鹰和猎隼飞行技术十分出色，并且十分适合行猎。在离开西藏之前，让我向大

家再说明一下，除了在书的开头提到过的一个省份受阿鲁浑的儿子统治外，和书中所提到的其他王国、省份、地区一样，西藏是属于大汗统治的。大家要明白，除了上面提到的那个省份，书中所提到的所有地区都属于大汗的统治范围。

我们将向大家介绍下一个省份—建都省[17]。建都省位于国土的西部。这个省中只有一个王国，百姓都为佛教徒，并且受大汗的统治。建都省内有许多城镇，最主要的城市也叫建都，位于省份的入口处。这儿还有一个大湖[18]，湖中盛产珍珠，这些珍珠颜色洁白，但都不是圆形的，就像四、五、六个或者更多的球连在一起。大汗禁止随意采集珍珠，因为如果所有被发现的珍珠都被采集出来，数量会很多，那么珍珠就会贬值，失去它的价值。所以大汗下令从湖中采集的珍珠只供他自己使用，其他人未经允许采集珍珠会被处以死刑。这里还有一座山，山上盛产一种叫作绿松石的石头，这也是十分珍贵的宝石，并且储量很多，同样，不经过大汗的允许也不能随意开采。

这里的妇女盛行一种风气，我将向大家描述。当一个陌生人或者别的男人和一个家庭中的妻子、女儿、姐妹或者其他女子发生关系时，他们的男人丝毫不会感到愤怒。反而将男人与她们睡觉看作一种恩惠。他们认为这么做是为了抚慰他们的神明和偶像，这样神明就能保佑他们在凡世间生活富足。出于这个原因，他们总是像下文中提到的那样慷慨地交出自己的妻子：当这个地区的主人发现有陌生的男子到他家里来住宿，或者仅仅是来到家里并未打算住宿时，他们就会立刻离家出走，并且告诉妻子要满足陌生人的所有要求。在陌生人离开之前，主人都会留在自己的田地或者葡萄园里。而陌生人通常会在家里停留三天，当他在这个家里时，他就会挂出自己的帽子或者其他标记，来表示自己仍然留在这个家中。而这些能够容忍妻子对自己不忠的丈夫看见这样的标记，就不会回家。这种风俗盛行于全省。虽然大汗下令禁止，但是他们仍然保留了这种风俗，因为每家每户都这么做，也就没有谁会去责备别人。

在乡村和峭壁边部落的路旁，那些有着美丽妻子的人会把自己的妻子献给路过的商人享用。这些商人会送给妇女们一匹好布或者其他一些不值钱的小东西，当他们得到满足后，就会骑马离开，而这时，那些丈夫和妻子就会在他后面嘲笑：“嗨，你就这样走了！看看你拿走了我们的什么东西，看看你得到了什么好处，看看你给我们留下了什么！看看你忘记了什么！”然后他们就会拿出商人送给他们的布匹炫耀，“我们可是从你那儿得到了这个，而你却什么也没得到，你真是个大傻瓜！”

下面让我向大家介绍一下他们的货币。他们使用金条，并且用萨吉表示重量，金条的价值就取决于它的重量。但是他们没有印有图章的硬币。对于小面额的交易，他们采取以下方法：制盐的锅中有许多盐水，煮上一小时后，它们就会结晶在一个模型里，形成一个像两便士的面包一样的块状，底部是平的，上面是凸起的。当块状形成后，就被放于火边加热了的石头上，让它们变得干燥坚硬。这些盐块上会加盖大汗的印章，用于流通的盐币只有大汗任命的官员才能制造。八十个这样的盐块就价值一个萨吉的金币。但是在偏远的地区，根据该地区距离城市的远近，商人们用六十、五十，甚至四十个盐块就能换到一萨吉的金币。这些地区的居民不能处理他们手中的金币或者麝香，只能等着购买者来收购，由于他们在湖河中就能找到金沙，所以，他们将金币便宜卖出。商人们走遍西藏所有的高地山区，在这些地方，盐块也是流通货币，他们赚取了巨大的利润，因为对高原上的居民来说，盐块不仅是货币，还是生活的必需品。但是在城市里，盐块只作为货币使用，人们则食用未成块的盐。

这儿也有许多分泌麝香的动物，猎人通过捕捉它们得到了大量的麝香。盛产珍珠的那个湖中，同样盛产各种鱼，同时，狮子、山猫、熊、雄鹿、雄獐以及各种鸟类都十分常见。这儿没有葡萄酒，他们喝的酒都是由小麦、大米加上一些香料酿成的，十分可口。这里还盛产丁香，丁香树较小，树叶和桂树的叶子很像，不过要稍长、稍窄，花是白色的，

和丁香石竹的花一样。这儿还盛产生姜和肉桂，更不用提那些从未传到我们国家的品种了。

当旅行者离开建都后，他要花上十天的时间穿过这个省份，沿途都能看到城镇、农村，还有许多鸟兽出没。这些地方居民的风俗习惯和我刚刚所描述的相同。走了十天后，旅行者就能到达一条大河旁边，叫作不鲁思河[19]，是建都省的天然疆界。此地区仍然盛产肉桂，河中也富含有大量金沙，河水流向大海。

在不鲁思河的另一边是另一个省份，叫作哈刺章省[20]。这个省份的面积很大，至少包含了七个王国。该省位于西部，居民是佛教徒，都服从于大汗的统治。这里的君王是大汗的儿子也先帖木儿。他是一个十分伟大、富有、极有权势的君王，并且正直明智，很好地统治着这个省份。

离开不鲁思河，旅行者需要向西行走五日，穿过一个王国，这个王国有许多城镇，并且养育出许多优秀的马匹，这里的居民依靠畜牧和耕种维持生活。他们有自己的语言，十分难懂。经过五天的路程以后，旅行者能到达这个王国的首都押赤[21]。这是一个十分雄伟壮丽的城市，城中有许多商人和工匠，这儿的居民有好几种：有伊斯兰教徒、佛教徒，还有一些基督教聂斯托利派的信徒。小麦和米在这里的产量都十分丰富，但是他们不吃面包，因为他们认为面包是不健康的食物。当地居民主要吃大米，还用大米加上香料酿成美酒，酒水十分清澈爽口。他们将白色的玛瑙贝作为货币，他们曾经用这种贝壳制作狗项圈。八十个玛瑙贝价值一萨吉的银币，相当于两个威尼斯银币；八萨吉的银币则价值一个金币。他们同样烧制盐水，制成的盐块可供全国居民食用。这个地区的君主从这些盐中得到了许多税收。这里的男人们不介意别的男人触摸自己的妻子，只要她自己同意即可。

在离开这个王国之前，我还要向大家讲述一件事情。这个地区有一

个方圆一百英里的大湖，盛产各种优质鱼类，体型也很大。当地居民食用生肉，包括家禽、羊肉、牛肉和水牛肉。更穷一点的居民会拿走从动物身上取下的肝脏，将它切成小块，放入蒜和酱油，然后吃掉，他们也这样处理其他肉类。贵族们也吃生肉，只是他们会将肉剁碎，加入大蒜、酱油和香料，然后就像我们吃煮熟的肉一样将它们吃掉。

离开押赤继续向西走十日，旅行者就能到达哈剌章省的另一王国，这个国家的首都就叫作哈剌章。这里的居民同样是佛教徒，并且臣服于大汗。这个王国的君主是大汗的儿子忽哥赤[22]。这个地区的大河中也含有金沙，并且有些湖中和山里有天然金块。由于金矿十分丰富，所以这个地区只用六个银币就能换取一萨吉金币。他们也用玛瑙贝当作货币，但是这些贝壳不是本地产的，而是从印度传来的。

这个地区还生活着大型的蛇和鳄鱼。它们的长相十分难看，其中有一些身长近十步，身体像一个粗壮的柱子，腰身长达十掌。靠近头部的地方有两只粗短的腿，没有脚，但是有三个爪子，两短一长，和猎鹰、狮子的爪子很像。它们有着巨大的脑袋，眼睛向外突出，比面包还大。它们张大了嘴，一口就能吞下一个人，牙齿也十分锋利。总的来说，如此凶残巨大的怪兽，不管是人还是动物见到了都会害怕。它们中也有体型稍小的，长八步、六步或者五步。

让我告诉大家如何捕捉这些鳄鱼。由于白天天气炎热，鳄鱼会躲在地下，到了晚上，它们就会出洞捕食它们能够得到的一切猎物。它们还会到小溪和河中饮水。由于身体特别庞大笨重，当它们夜间出来觅食或者饮水经过沙地时，就会留下深深的痕迹，就像树桩在地上拖过一样。专门捕捉它们的猎人就会在它们经常出没的地方设置陷阱。他们将粗壮的木桩插入泥土中，将木桩的顶端装上大概有一掌长的铁矛，并且让铁矛向鳄鱼爬来的方向倾斜，然后将这些用沙子覆盖，使鳄鱼无法察觉。这种陷阱很多，当鳄鱼沿着痕迹去饮水时，就会掉进陷阱，而铁矛会刺

穿它的胸腔，撕裂它的肚皮，使它们立刻毙命。猎人能够通过鸟的叫声得知鳄鱼被杀死，然后他才敢处理猎物。否则，他是不敢靠近鳄鱼的。

当猎人通过这种方法捉住鳄鱼后，他们从鳄鱼的腹中取出胆汁，这种胆汁是十分名贵的药材，可以卖出很高的价钱。如果某人被疯狗咬了，只要喝下半便士重的胆汁就能立刻被治愈；正在分娩的孕妇，无法忍受疼痛，只要喝下一些胆汁就能立刻顺利分娩；如果有人长出各种脓包，只要涂上胆汁，一两天就能痊愈。出于这些作用，鳄鱼的胆汁在这些地区的价格十分昂贵。

还有一些关于这些鳄鱼的事情：它们还会爬进狮子、熊和其他野兽搭的洞穴，捕食幼兽。

这个地区的马匹都十分强壮，它们在很小的时候就被出口到印度。大家要知道，根据当地的习惯，这儿的马都会被去掉两到三节尾骨，这样马尾巴就不会打到骑马的人，奔跑的时候也不会刷刷地挥动尾巴，因为当地的居民认为挥动马尾巴是很难看的。这里居民骑马的方式和法兰西人一样，都使用长长的马镫，这是相对于鞑靼人和其他民族骑马射箭时使用的短马镫而言的，短马镫可以使他们在射箭时站立起来，便于射箭。

他们用水牛皮做成盔甲穿在身上，使用长矛和盾，同样也用弩，并且所有的箭头都蘸有毒药。当地居民，无论男女，尤其那些心怀鬼胎的人，都随身携带毒药。如果有人在犯下罪行被捕后，很可能遭受折磨，为了免于忍受鞭打之苦，他们就选择服毒自杀。但是，统治者发现了他们的诡计后，就随时备有狗屎，当他们吞下毒药后，统治者就立刻将狗屎塞到他的口中，让他们将毒药呕吐出来。这就是他们对这种行为的补救办法，这种办法十分有效。在被大汗征服前，他们还有一种习惯：当有上流社会的绅士或者“善良的化身”到这个地区的某户居民家里住宿时，他们就会用毒药或者其他手段在夜晚杀死他。他们这样做并不是为

了谋财，而是他们希望死者的善良、智慧和灵魂会留在他们的家中。这样，在大汗征服他们前，很多人都由于这个原因死去。由于大汗严厉禁止这种做法，出于对大汗的害怕，在最近的三十五年中，他们已经改掉了这个恶习。

[1]契丹（Cathay）：我国古代民族，是东胡的一支，在今辽河上游西拉木伦河一带，过着游牧生活。十世纪初耶律阿保机统一各族，建立契丹国。——译者注

[2]撒拉森人（Saracens）：在早期的罗马帝国时代，撒拉森只用以指称西奈半岛上的阿拉伯游牧民族。后来的东罗马帝国则将这个名字套用在所有阿拉伯民族上。伊斯兰教兴起于西亚，特别在十一世纪末期的十字军东征后，以基督教信仰为主的欧洲人，普遍用“撒拉森”来称呼所有位于亚洲与北非的穆斯林。在西方的历史文献中，撒拉森最常用来笼统地泛称伊斯兰的阿拉伯帝国。——译者注

[3]阿尔泰山（Altai）：亚洲宏伟山系之一，北西—南东走向，斜跨中国、哈萨克斯坦、俄罗斯、蒙古国境，绵延两千余千米。——译者注

[4]鞑靼人（Tartar）：操突厥语的民族之一，十三世纪初，这些蒙古突厥游牧民族的不同群体成为蒙古征服者成吉思汗部队的一部分，其后蒙古人与突厥人混杂在一起，因而入侵俄罗斯和匈牙利的蒙古军队，就被欧洲人统称为鞑靼人。——译者注

[5]黎凡特（Levant）：指中东托罗斯山脉以南、地中海东岸、阿拉伯沙漠以北和美索不达米亚以东的一大片地区。——译者注

[6]阿鲁浑（Arghun，约1258—1291）：第四代蒙古族伊儿汗。——译者注

[7]张加诺（Chagan-nor）：今白城子。——译者注

[8]上都（Shang-tu）：位于今内蒙古自治区锡林郭勒盟正蓝旗境内，多伦县西北闪电河畔。——译者注

[9]特贝斯（Tibetans）：即西藏人，藏族信仰大乘佛教。大乘佛教吸收了藏族土著信仰本教的某些仪式和内容，形成具有藏族色彩的“藏传佛教”。藏族对活佛高僧尊为上人，藏语称为喇嘛，故藏传佛教又被称为喇嘛教。——译者注

[10]巴克斯（Bakhshi）：一种特殊的宗教人群，像多米尼加人或者济修士。——译者注

[11]一腕尺约十八英寸。——译者注

[12]史料记载蒙哥汗在1259年去世后，次年其弟阿里不哥在哈拉和林被选作蒙古帝国大汗，而忽必烈则在中原开平自立为大汗。大蒙古国第四任大汗蒙哥去世后，大蒙古国一分为五个国家，不复存在。这五个国家分别是拔都的金帐汗国、忽必烈的大元国（中国元朝）、西亚的伊尔汗国、南亚的察合台汗国，以及中亚的窝阔台汗国。——译者注

[13]汗八里（Khan-balik）：元代都城大都（北京）的别称。——译者注

[14]指马可·波罗的父亲和叔叔，尼科洛·波罗及马费奥·波罗。——译者注

[15]这里所说的西藏主要包括现在的四川省、云南省以及现在西藏的东部地区。

[16]根据描述，此动物应为雄麝。麝香为雄麝的肚脐和生殖器之间的腺囊的分泌物，干燥后呈颗粒状或块状，有特殊的香气，有苦味，可以制成香料，也可以入药。——译者注

[17]位于云南省丽江市附近。——译者注

[18]指滇池。——译者注

[19]指金沙江。——译者注

[20]指云南大理。——译者注

[21]指云南昆明。——译者注

[22]指忽必烈汗第五子：云南王。——译者注

Marco Polo

Travels in the Land of Kubilai Khan

TRANSLATED BY
RONALD LATHAM

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The Road to Cathay

You must know that after Chinghiz Khan the next ruler was Kuyuk Khan, the third Batu Khan, the fourth Altou Khan, the fifth Mongu Khan and the sixth Kubilai Khan, who is greater and more powerful than any of the others. For all the other five put together would not have such power as belongs to Kubilai. And here is a greater claim still, which I can confidently assert: that all the emperors of the world and all the kings of Christians and of Saracens combined would not possess such power or be able to accomplish so much as this same Kubilai, the Great Khan. And this I will clearly demonstrate to you in this book.

You should know that all the great lords who are of the lineage of Chinghiz Khan are conveyed for burial to a great mountain called Altai. When one of them dies, even if it be at a distance of a hundred days' journey from this mountain, he must be brought here for burial. And here is a remarkable fact: when the body of a Great Khan is being carried to this mountain—be it forty days' journey or more or less—all those who are encountered along the route by which the body is being conveyed are put to the sword by the attendants who are escorting it. ‘Go!’ they cry, ‘and serve your lord in the next world.’ For they truly believe that all those whom they put to death must go and serve the Khan in the next world. And they do the same thing with horses: when the Khan dies, they kill all his best horses, so

that he may have them in the next world. It is a fact that, when Mongu Khan died, more than 20,000 men were put to death, having encountered his body on the way to burial.

Since we have begun to speak of the Tartars, I have much to tell you about them. They spend the winter in steppes and warm regions where there is good grazing and pasturage for their beasts. In summer they live in cool regions, among mountains and valleys, where they find water and woodland as well as pasturage. A further advantage is that in cooler regions there are no horse-flies or gad-flies or similar pests to annoy them and their beasts. They spend two or three months climbing steadily and grazing as they go, because if they confined their grazing to one spot there would not be grass enough for the multitude of their flocks.

They have circular houses made of wood and covered with felt, which they carry about with them on four-wheeled wagons wherever they go. For the framework of rods is so neatly and skilfully constructed that it is light to carry. And every time they unfold their house and set it up, the door is always facing south. They also have excellent two-wheeled carts covered with black felt, of such good design that if it rained all the time the rain would never wet anything in the cart. These are drawn by oxen and camels. And in these carts they carry their wives and children and all they need in the way of utensils.

And I assure you that the womenfolk buy and sell and do all that is needful for their husbands and households. For the men do not bother themselves about anything but hunting and warfare and falconry. They live on meat and milk and game and on Pharaoh's rats, which are abundant everywhere in the steppes. They have no objection to eating the flesh of

horses and dogs and drinking mares' milk. In fact they eat flesh of any sort. Not for anything in the world would one of them touch another's wife; they are too well assured that such a deed is wrongful and disgraceful. The wives are true and loyal to their husbands and very good at their household tasks. Even if there are as many as ten or twenty of them in one household, they live together in a concord and unity beyond praise, so that you would never hear a harsh word spoken. They all devote themselves to their various tasks and the care of the children, who are held among them in common. Their mode of marriage is such that any man may take as many wives as he pleases, even up to a hundred, if he is able to support them. The husband gives a dowry to his wife's mother; the wife gives nothing to the husband. You must understand that the first wife is reckoned the best and enjoys the highest status. Because they have so many wives, they have more children than other men. They may marry their cousins; and, when a father dies, the eldest son marries his father's wives, excluding his own mother. He may also marry his brother's wife, if the brother dies. When they take a wife, they hold a great wedding celebration.

I will now tell you of their religion. They say that there is a High God, exalted and heavenly, to whom they offer daily prayer with thurible and incense, but only for a sound understanding and good health. They also have a god of their own whom they call Natigai. They say that he is an earthly god and watches over their children, their beasts, and their crops. They pay him great reverence and honour; for each man has one in his house. They make this god of felt and cloth and keep him in their house; and they also make the god's wife and children. They set his wife at his left hand and his children in front. And they treat them with great reverence. When they are about to have

a meal, they take a lump of fat and smear the god's mouth with it, and the mouths of his wife and children. Then they take some broth and pour it outside the door of the house. When they have done this, they say that their god and his household have had their share. After this they eat and drink. You should know that they drink mare's milk; but they subject it to a process that makes it like white wine and very good to drink, and they call it *koumiss*.

As to their costume, the rich wear cloth of gold and silk and rich furs—sable and ermine and miniver and fox. And all their trappings are very fine and very costly. Their weapons are bows and swords and clubs; but they rely mainly on their bows, for they are excellent archers. On their backs they wear an armour of buffalo hide or some other leather which is very tough.

They are stout fighters, excelling in courage and hardihood. Let me explain how it is that they can endure more than any other men. Often enough, if need be, they will go or stay for a whole month without provisions, drinking only the milk of a mare and eating wild game of their own taking. Their horses, meanwhile, support themselves by grazing, so that there is no need to carry barley or straw. They are very obedient to their masters. In case of need they will stay all night on horseback under arms, while their mount goes on steadily cropping the grass. They are of all men in the world the best able to endure exertion and hardship and the least costly to maintain and therefore the best adapted for conquering territory and over-throwing kingdoms.

Now the plan on which their armies are marshalled is this. When a lord of the Tartars goes out to war with a following of 100,000 horsemen, he has them organized as follows. He has one captain in command of every ten, one

of every hundred, one of every thousand and one of every ten-thousand, so that he never needs to consult with more than ten men. In the same way each commander of ten-thousand or a thousand or a hundred consults only with his ten immediate subordinates, and each man is answerable to his own chief. When the supreme commander wishes to send someone on some operation, he orders the commander of ten-thousand to give him a thousand men; the latter orders the captain of a thousand to contribute his share. So the order is passed down, each commander being required to furnish his quota towards the thousand. At each stage it is promptly received and executed. For they are all obedient to the word of command more than any other people in the world. You should know that the unit of 100,000 is called a *tuk*, that of 10,000 *a tomaun*, and there are corresponding terms for the thousands, the hundreds, and the tens.

When an army sets out on some operation, whether it be in the plains or in the mountains, 200 men are sent two days' ride in advance as scouts, and as many to the rear and on the flanks; that is four scouting parties in all. And this they do so that the army cannot be attacked without warning.

When they are going on a long expedition, they carry no baggage with them. They each carry two leather flasks to hold the milk they drink and a small pot for cooking meat. They also carry a small tent to shelter them from the rain. In case of need, they will ride a good ten days' journey without provisions and without making a fire, living only on the blood of their horses; for every rider pierces a vein of his horse and drinks the blood. They also have their dried milk, which is solid like paste; and this is how they dry it. First they bring the milk to the boil. At the appropriate moment they skim off

the cream that floats on the surface and put it in another vessel to be made into butter, because so long as it remained the milk could not be dried. Then they stand the milk in the sun and leave it to dry. When they are going on an expedition, they take about ten pounds of this milk; and every morning they take out about half a pound of it and put it in a small leather flask, shaped like a gourd, with as much water as they please. Then, while they ride, the milk in the flask dissolves into a fluid, which they drink. And this is their breakfast.

When they join battle with their enemies, these are the tactics by which they prevail. They are never ashamed to have recourse to flight. They manoeuvre freely, shooting at the enemy, now from this quarter, now from that. They have trained their horses so well that they wheel this way or that as quickly as a dog would do. When they are pursued and take to flight, they fight as well and as effectively as when they are face to face with the enemy. When they are fleeing at top speed, they twist round with their bows and let fly their arrows to such good purpose that they kill the horses of the enemy and the riders too. When the enemy thinks he has routed and crushed them, then he is lost; for he finds his horses killed and not a few of his men. As soon as the Tartars decide that they have killed enough of the pursuing horses and horsemen, they wheel round and attack and acquit themselves so well and so courageously that they gain a complete victory. By these tactics they have already won many battles and conquered many nations.

All that I have told you concerns the usages and customs of the genuine Tartars. But nowadays their stock has degenerated. Those who live in Cathay have adopted the manners and customs of the idolaters and abandoned their own faith, while those who live in the Levant have adopted the manners of

the Saracens.

Let me tell you next of the Tartar fashion of maintaining justice. For a petty theft, not amounting to a capital offence, the culprit receives seven strokes of the rod, or seventeen or twenty-seven or thirty-seven or forty-seven, ascending thus by tens to 107 in proportion to the magnitude of his crime. And many die of this flogging. If the offender has stolen a horse or otherwise incurred the death penalty, he is chopped in two by the sword. If, however, he can afford to pay, and is prepared to pay nine times the value of what he has stolen, he escapes other punishment.

All the great lords, and other owners of flocks and herds, including horses, mares, camels, oxen, cows, and other large beasts, have them branded with their own mark. Then they turn them loose to graze on the plains and hillsides with no herdsman to guard them. If the herds intermingle, each beast is duly returned to the owner whose mark it bears. Their sheep and rams are entrusted to the care of shepherds. All their beasts are of great size and fat and exceedingly fine.

Here is another strange custom which I had forgot-ten to describe. You may take it for a fact that, when there are two men of whom one has had a male child who has died at the age of four, or what you will, and the other has had a female child who has also died, they arrange a marriage between them. They give the dead girl to the dead boy as a wife and draw up a deed of matrimony. Then they burn this deed, and declare that the smoke that rises into the air goes to their children in the other world and that they get wind of it and regard themselves as husband and wife. They hold a great wedding feast and scatter some of the food here and there and declare that that too

goes to their children in the other world. And here is something else that they do. They draw pictures on paper of men in the guise of slaves, and of horses, clothes, coins, and furniture and then burn them; and they declare that all these become the possessions of their children in the next world. When they have done this, they consider themselves to be kinsfolk and uphold their kinship just as firmly as if the children were alive.

Now I have given you an unvarnished account of the usages and customs of the Tartars. Not that I have told you of the lofty state of the Great Khan, the Great Lord of all the Tartars, or of his high imperial court. I will tell you all about them in this book in due time and place. For they are truly wonderful things to set down in writing. Meanwhile, let us resume the thread of our discourse in the great plain where we were when we began to talk about the doings of the Tartars.

If the traveller leaves Karakorum and Altai, where, as I have told you, the Tartars bury their dead, and journeys towards the north, he traverses a country called the plain of Bargu, which extends for forty days' journey. The inhabitants, who are called Mekrit, are a savage race. Their livelihood depends on beasts, mostly reindeer, which they even use for riding. They resemble the Tartars in their customs and are subject to the Great Khan. They have neither corn nor wine. In summer they have plenty of game for hunting, both beasts and birds; but in winter neither beast nor bird lives there because of the great cold. The birds especially congregate during the moulting season in summer round the numerous lakes, meres, and marshes; and when they have shed all their old plumage, so that they cannot fly, the hunters take as many as they want. They also live on fish.

At the end of forty days, the traveller reaches the Ocean. Here there are mountains where peregrine falcons build their nests. You must understand that there are neither men nor women here, nor beasts nor birds, except a species of bird called *bargherlac* on which the falcons prey. They are of the size of partridges and have feet like parrots and tails like swallows. They are strong fliers. When the Great Khan wants eyasses of the peregrine falcon, he sends for them all the way to this district. The islands in this ocean breed gerfalcons. I assure you that this region is so far north that the Pole Star is left behind towards the south. The gerfalcons of which I have spoken are so abundant here that the Great Khan has as many of them as he wants. So you must not suppose that those who export them from Christendom to the Tartars send them to the Great Khan; they actually export them to the Khan of the Levant, to Arghun or whoever it may be.

[...]

If we leave this province and city and go on our way for three days, we shall find a city called Chagan-nor where there is a large palace belonging to the Great Khan. He enjoys staying in this palace because there are lakes and rivers here in plenty, well stocked with swans. There are also fine plains, teeming with cranes, pheasants and partridges, and many other sorts of wild fowl; and that is a further attraction for the Great Khan, who is a keen sportsman and takes great delight in hawking for birds with falcons and gerfalcons. There are five sorts of crane, which I will describe to you. One is entirely black, like a raven, and very large. The second is pure white. Its wings are beautiful, with all the plumage studded with round eyes like those of a peacock but of the colour of burnished gold. It has a scarlet and black

head and a black and white neck and is larger than any of the others. The third species is like the cranes we know. The fourth is small, with long plumes by its ears, scarlet and black in colour and very beautiful. The fifth is a very large bird, quite grey with shapely head coloured scarlet and black.

Beyond this city lies a valley in which the Great Khan keeps flocks of *cators*, which we call ‘great partridges', in such quantities that they are a sight to behold. In order to feed them, he regularly has crops sown on the slopes in summer, consisting of millet and panic and other favourite foods of such fowl, and allows no one to reap them, so that they may eat their fill. And many guards are set to watch these birds, to prevent anyone from taking them. And in winter their keepers scatter millet for them; and they are so used to this feeding that, if a man flings some of the grain on the ground, he has only to whistle and, wherever they may be, they flock to him. And the Great Khan has had many huts built, in which they spend the night. So, when he visits this country, he has a plentiful supply of these fowl, as many as he wants. And in winter, when they are nice and plump, since he does not stay there himself at this season because of the intense cold, he has camel-loads of them brought to him, wherever he may be.

When the traveller leaves this city and journeys north-north-east for three days, he comes to a city called Shang-tu, which was built by the Great Khan now reigning, whose name is Kubilai. In this city Kubilai Khan built a huge palace of marble and other ornamental stones. Its halls and chambers are all gilded, and the whole building is marvellously embellished and richly adorned. At one end it extends into the middle of the city; at the other it abuts on the city wall. At this end another wall, running out from the city wall in

the direction opposite to the palace, encloses and encircles fully sixteen miles of park-land well watered with springs and streams and diversified with lawns. Into this park there is no entry except by way of the palace. Here the Great Khan keeps game animals of all sorts, such as hart, stag, and roebuck, to provide food for the gerfalcons and other falcons which he has here in mew. The gerfalcons alone amount to more than 200. Once a week he comes in person to inspect them in the mew. Often, too, he enters the park with a leopard on the crupper of his horse; when he feels inclined, he lets it go and thus catches a hart or stag or roebuck to give to the gerfalcons that he keeps in mew. And this he does for recreation and sport.

In the midst of this enclosed park, where there is a beautiful grove, the Great Khan has built another large palace, constructed entirely of canes, but with the interior all gilt and decorated with beasts and birds of very skilful workmanship. It is reared on gilt and varnished pillars, on each of which stands a dragon, entwining the pillar with his tail and supporting the roof on his outstretched limbs. The roof is also made of canes, so well varnished that it is quite waterproof. Let me explain how it is constructed. You must know that these canes are more than three palms in girth and from ten to fifteen paces long. They are sliced down through the middle from one knot to the next, thus making two shingles. These shingles are thick and long enough not only for roofing but for every sort of construction. The palace, then, is built entirely of such canes. As a protection against the wind each shingle is fastened with nails. And the Great Khan has had it so designed that it can be moved whenever he fancies; for it is held in place by more than 200 cords of silk.

The Great Khan stays at Shang-tu for three months in the year, June, July, and August, to escape from the heat and for the sake of the recreation it affords. During these three months he keeps the palace of canes erected; for the rest of the year it is dismantled. And he has had it so constructed that he can erect or dismantle it at pleasure.

When it comes to the 28th day of August, the Great Khan takes his leave of this city and of this palace. Every year he leaves on this precise day; and I will tell you why. The fact is that he has a stud of snow-white stallions and snow-white mares, without a speck of any other colour. Their numbers are such that the mares alone amount to more than 10,000. The milk of these mares may not be drunk by anyone who is not of the imperial lineage, that is to say of the lineage of the Great Khan. To this rule there is one exception; the milk may be drunk by a race of men called Horiat, by virtue of a special privilege granted to them by Chinghiz Khan because of a victory that they won with him in the old days. When these white steeds are grazing, such reverence is shown to them that if a great lord were going that way he could not pass through their midst, but would either wait till they had passed or go on until he had passed them. The astrologers and idolaters have told the Great Khan that he must make a libation of the milk of these mares every year on the 28th August, flinging it into the air and on the earth, so that the spirits may have their share to drink. They must have this, it is said, in order that they may guard all his possessions, men and women, beasts, birds, crops, and everything besides.

For this purpose the Great Khan leaves this palace and goes elsewhere. But, before we follow him, let me tell you of a strange thing which I had

forgotten. You must know that, when the Great Khan was staying in his palace and the weather was rainy or cloudy, he had wise astrologers and enchanters who by their skill and their enchantments would dispel all the clouds and the bad weather from above the palace so that, while bad weather continued all around, the weather above the palace was fine. The wise men who do this are called Tibetans and Kashmiris; these are two races of men who practise idolatry. They know more of diabolic arts and enchantments than any other men. They do what they do by the arts of the Devil; but they make others believe that they do it by great holiness and by the work of God. For this reason they go about filthy and begrimed, with no regard for their own decency or for the persons who behold them; they keep the dirt on their faces, never wash or comb, but always remain in a state of squalor. These men have a peculiar custom, of which I will tell you. When a man is condemned to die and is put to death by the authorities, they take the body and cook and eat it. But, if anyone dies a natural death, they would never think of eating him.

Here is another remarkable fact about these enchanters, or *Bakhshi*[1] as they are called. I assure you that, when the Great Khan is seated in his high hall at his table, which is raised more than eight cubits above the floor, and the cups are on the floor of the hall, a good, ten paces distant from the table, and are full of wine and milk and other pleasant drinks, these *Bakhshi* contrive by their enchantment and their art that the full cups rise up of their own accord from the floor on which they have been standing and come to the Great Khan without anyone touching them. And this they do in the sight of 10,000 men. What I have told you is the plain truth without a word of falsehood. And those who are skilled in necromancy will confirm that it is

perfectly feasible.

Here is a further fact about these *Bakhshi*. When the feast-days of their idols come round, they go to the Great Khan and say: ‘Sire, the feast of such-and-such of our idols is approaching.’ And they mention the name of some idol, whichever they may choose, and then continue: ‘You are aware, Sire, that it is the practice of this idol to cause bad weather and damage to our property and to cattle and crops unless it receives oblations and holocausts. We accordingly beseech you, Sire, that we may be given so many black-faced sheep, so much incense, so much aloes wood, so much of this and so much of that, so that we may offer great worship and sacrifice to our idols in order that they may save us, our bodies, cattle, and crops.’ This they say to the barons who surround the Great Khan and to those who hold authority under him. And these repeat their words to the Great Khan, so that the *Bakhshi* have everything they ask for in order to celebrate the feast of their idol. Thereupon they proceed to perform their rites with much chanting and festivity. For they regale their idols with fragrant incense from these sweet spices; and they cook the meat and set it before them and sprinkle some of the gravy here and there, declaring that the idols are taking as much of it as they want. That is how they do honour to their idols on their feast-days.

You may take it for a fact that all the idols have their own feasts on the days assigned to them, just as our saints have. They have huge monasteries and abbeys, of such a size that I assure you that some resemble small cities inhabited by more than 2,000 monks according to their usage, who are better dressed than other men. They wear their heads and chins clean-shaven. They make the most magnificent feasts for their idols with the most magnificent

hymns and illuminations that were ever seen.

A further point about these *Bakhshi* is that among their other privileges they are entitled according to their order to take wives. And so they do, and rear children in plenty.

Besides these there is another order of devotees who are called *Sien-seng*. They are men of extreme abstinence according to their own observances, and lead a life of great austerity which I will describe to you. The plain truth is that all their lives long they eat nothing but bran, that is to say the husk left over from wheat flour. For they take wheaten grain and put it in hot water and leave it there a little while till all the kernel or marrow is separated from the husk; then they eat the bran that has been washed in this way, without anything to give it a flavour. They fast many times in the year, besides eating absolutely nothing but this bran of which I have told you. They have huge idols, and many of them, and sometimes they worship fire. The other devotees declare that those who live this life of abstinence are heretics, as it were Patarins, because they do not worship their idols in the same manner as the rest. There is one great difference between the two orders of devotees; those who observe the stricter rule would not take a wife for anything in the world. They also have their heads and chins shaven. They wear black and blue robes of sackcloth; if they should happen to wear silk, it is still of the same colours. They sleep on mats of wicker-work. Altogether they lead the most austere lives of any men in the world.

Their idols are all female, that is to say they all bear the names of women.

So much, then, for that. I will now tell you the truly amazing facts about the greatest lord of the Lords of all the Tartars, the right noble Great Khan whose name is Kubilai.

注释

---

[1]A special religious order, like the Dominican or Franciscan Friars.

Kubilai Khan

I have come to the point in our book at which I will tell you of the great achievements of the Great Khan now reigning. The title Khan means in our language ‘Great Lord of Lords’. And certainly he has every right to this title; for everyone should know that this Great Khan is the mightiest man, whether in respect of subjects or of territory or of treasure, who is in the world today or who ever has been, from Adam our first parent down to the present moment. And I will make it quite clear to you in our book that this is the plain truth, so that everyone will be convinced that he is indeed the greatest lord the world has ever known. Here, then, is my proof.

First, you should know that he is undoubtedly descended in the direct imperial line from Chinghiz Khan; for only one of that lineage may be Lord of all the Tartars. He is sixth in succession of the Great Khans of all the Tartars, having received the lordship and begun his reign in the year of Christ's nativity 1246. He won the lordship by his own valour and prowess and good sense; his kinsfolk and brothers tried to debar him from it, but by his great prowess he won it. And you must know that it was properly his by right. From the beginning of his reign down to the present year 1298 is a period of fortytwo years. His age today may well be as much as eightyfive years. Before he became Khan, he used to go out regularly on military expeditions and he showed himself a valiant soldier and a good commander.

But thereafter he went out only once; that was in 1286, and I will tell you how it came about.

The fact is that a certain man named Nayan, who was Kubilai's uncle, found himself while still a youth the lord and ruler of many lands and provinces, so that he could easily raise a force of 400,000 horsemen. Like his ancestors before him, he was subject to the Great Khan. But, seeing that he was a young man of thirty with so many men at his command, he resolved that he would be subject no longer but to the best of his ability would despoil his overlord of the suzerainty. This Nayan, then, sent envoys to Kaidu, who was a great and powerful lord and nephew to the Great Khan, but had rebelled against him and was his bitter enemy. He proposed that Kaidu should attack the Great Khan from one quarter while he himself advanced against him from the opposite one, so as to despoil him of land and lordship. Kaidu welcomed the proposal and promised to have his forces fully arrayed by the date fixed and to march against the Great Khan. And this he was well able to do; for he could put 100,000 horsemen in the field. What need of more words? These two barons, Nayan and Kaidu, made their preparations and mustered a great array of horse and foot to attack the Great Khan.

When the Great Khan got word of this plot, he was not unduly perturbed; but like a wise man of approved valour he began to marshal his own forces, declaring that he would never wear his crown or hold his land if he did not bring these two false traitors to an evil end. He completed his preparations in twenty-two days, so secretly that no one knew anything about them except those of his own Council. He had assembled 260,000 cavalry and 100,000 infantry. The reason why he confined himself to this number

was that these were drawn from the troops in his own immediate neighbourhood. His other armies, which were twelve in all and totalled an immense number of men, were so far away on campaigns of conquest in many parts that he could not have got them together at the right time and place. If he had assembled all his forces, he would have had as many horsemen as he could possibly desire and their numbers would have been past all reckoning or belief. The 360,000 men whom he actually levied were his falconers and other members of his personal bodyguard.

If he had summoned the armies which he keeps continually on guard over the provinces of Cathay, this would inevitably have consumed thirty or forty days. Moreover, the levy would have become common knowledge and Kaidu and Nayan would have joined forces and occupied strong and advantageous positions. But Kubilai intended by means of speed, the companion of victory, to forestall Nayan's preparations and catch him alone, because he could more easily defeat him alone than in conjunction with his ally.

This is a convenient place to record a few facts about the armies of the Great Khan. You should know that in all the provinces of Cathay and Manzi and in all the rest of his dominions there are many disaffected and disloyal subjects who, if they had the chance, would rebel against their lord. Accordingly, in every province where there are big cities and a large population he is obliged to maintain armies. These are stationed in the open country four or five miles from the cities, which are not allowed to have gates or walls so as to bar the ingress of anyone who chooses to enter. These armies the Great Khan changes every two years, and so likewise the captains

who command them. And with this bridle to restrain them the people stay quiet, and cannot cause any disturbance or insurrection. Besides the pay which the Great Khan gives them regularly from the revenues of the provinces, these armies live on the immense herds of cattle that are assigned to them and on the milk which they send into the towns to sell in return for necessary provisions. They are stationed at various points, thirty, forty, or sixty days' journey apart.

When the Great Khan had mustered the mere handful of men of which I have spoken, he consulted his astrologers to learn whether he would defeat his enemies and bring his affairs to a happy issue. They assured him that he would deal with his enemies as he pleased. Thereupon he set out with all his forces and went on until after twenty days they came to a great plain where Nayan lay with all his forces, who were not less than 400,000 horsemen. They arrived early in the morning and caught the enemy completely unawares; the Great Khan had had all the roads so carefully watched that no one could come or go without being intercepted, and had thus ensured that the enemy had no suspicion of their approach. Indeed, when they arrived Nayan was in his tent, dallying in bed with his wife, to whom he was greatly attached.

What more shall I say? When the day of battle dawned, the Great Khan suddenly appeared on a mound that rose from the plain where Nayan's forces were bivouacked. They were quite at their ease, like men who had not the faintest suspicion that anyone was approaching with hostile intent. Indeed they felt so secure that they had posted no sentries round their camp and sent out no patrols to van or rear. And suddenly there was the Great Khan on the

hill I have mentioned. He stood on the top of a wooden tower, full of crossbowmen and archers, which was carried by four elephants wearing stout leather armour draped with cloths of silk and gold. Above his head flew his banner with the emblem of the sun and moon, so high that it could be clearly seen on every side. His troops were marshalled in thirty squadrons of 10,000 mounted archers each, grouped in three divisions; and those on the left and right he flung out so that they encircled Nayan's camp in a moment. In front of every squadron of horse were 400 foot-soldiers with short pikes and swords. They were so trained that, whenever the cavalry purposed a retreat, they would jump on the horses' cruppers and flee with them; then, when the retreat was halted, they would dismount and slaughter the enemies' horses with their pikes. Such, then, was the formation in which the Great Khan's forces were drawn up round Nayan's camp in readiness for the battle.

When Nayan and his men saw the troops of the Great Khan surrounding their camp, they were utterly taken aback. They rushed to arms, arrayed themselves in haste, and formed their ranks in due order.

When both parties were lined up in battle array, so that nothing remained but to come to blows, then might be heard a tumult of many instruments, the shrilling of fifes and sound of men singing at the pitch of their voices. For the usage of the Tartars is such that when they are confronting the foe and marshalled for the fray they do not join battle till the drums begin to beat—that is the drums of the commander. While they wait for the beat of the drums, all the Tartar host sound their instruments and join in song. That is why the noise of instruments and of singing was so loud on both sides alike.

When all the troops were in readiness on both sides, then the drums of the Great Khan began to beat. After that there was no more delay; but the two armies fell upon each other with bow and sword and club, and a few with lances. The foot-soldiers had cross-bows also and other weapons in plenty. What more shall I say? This was the start of a bitter and bloody battle. Now you might see arrows flying like pelting rain, for the whole air was full of them. Now you might see horsemen and horses tumbling dead upon the ground. So loud was the shouting and the clash of armies that you could not have heard the thunder of heaven. You must know that Nayan was a baptized Christian and in this battle he had the cross of Christ on his standard.

What need to make a long story of it? Enough that this was the most hazardous fight and the most fiercely contested that ever was seen. Never in our time were so many men engaged on one battlefield, especially so many horsemen. So many died on either side that it was a marvel to behold. The battle raged from daybreak till noon, and for a long time its issue hung in the balance; Nayan's followers were so devoted to him, for he was an open-handed master, that they were ready to die rather than turn their backs. But in the end the victory fell to the Great Khan. When Nayan and his men saw that they could hold out no longer, they took to flight. But this availed them nothing; for Nayan was taken prisoner, and all his barons and his men surrendered to the Great Khan.

When the Great Khan learnt that Nayan was a prisoner, he commanded that he should be put to death. And this was how it was done. He was wrapped up tightly in a carpet and then dragged about so violently, this way and that, that he died. Their object in choosing this mode of death was so that

the blood of the imperial lineage might not be spilt upon the earth, and that sun and air might not witness it.

After this victory all Nayan's men and barons did homage to the Great Khan and swore fealty to him. They were men of four different provinces named Chorcha, Kauli, Barskol, and Sikintinju.

After the Great Khan had won this victory, the various races of men who were there — Saracens, idolaters, and Jews, and many others who do not believe in God — made mock of the cross which Nayan had borne on his banner. They jeered at the Christians who were there: ‘See how the cross of your God has helped Nayan, who was a Christian!’ So unrestrained was their mockery and their jeering that it came to the ears of the Great Khan. Thereupon he rebuked those who mocked at the cross in his presence. Then he summoned many Christians who were there and began to comfort them. ‘If the cross of your God has not helped Nayan,’ he said, ‘it was for a very good reason. Because it is good, it ought not to lend its aid except in a good and righteous cause. Nayan was a traitor who broke faith with his liege lord. Hence the fate that has befallen him was a vindication of the right. And the cross of your God did well in not helping against the right.’ The Christians answered: ‘Most mighty lord, what you say is quite true. The cross would not lend itself to wrong-doing and disloyalty like that of Nayan, who was a traitor to his liege lord. He has received what he well deserved.’ Such were the words that passed between the Great Khan and the Christians about the cross that Nayan had borne on his standard.

After this victory over Nayan, the Great Khan returned to his capital of Khan-balik. And there he stayed, amid great rejoicing and merry-making.

As for that other rebellious baron, the prince whose name was Kaidu, when he heard of Nayan's defeat and death he was greatly perturbed and abandoned his campaign, for fear lest he might meet the same fate.

It was in the month of November that Kubilai returned to Khan-balik. And there he stayed till February and March, the season of our Easter. Learning that this was one of our principal feasts, he sent for all the Christians and desired them to bring him the book containing the four Gospels. After treating the book to repeated applications of incense with great ceremony, he kissed it devoutly and desired all his barons and lords there present to do the same. This usage he regularly observes on the principal feasts of the Christians, such as Easter and Christmas. And he does likewise on the principal feasts of the Saracens, Jews, and idolaters. Being asked why he did so, he replied: ‘There are four prophets who are worshipped and to whom all the world does reverence. The Christians say that their God was Jesus Christ, the Saracens Mahomet, the Jews Moses, and the idolaters Sakyamuni Burkhan, who was the first to be represented as God in the form of an idol. And I do honour and reverence to all four, so that I may be sure of doing it to him who is greatest in heaven and truest; and to him I pray for aid.’ But on the Great Khan's own showing he regards as truest and best the faith of the Christians, because he declares that it commands nothing that is not full of all goodness and holiness. He will not on any account allow the Christians to carry the cross before them, and this because on it suffered and died such a great man as Christ.

Someone may well ask why, since he regards the Christian faith as the best, he does not embrace it and become a Christian. The reason may be

gathered from what he said to Messer Niccolò and Messer Maffeo when he sent them as emissaries to the Pope. They used from time to time to raise this matter with him; but he would reply: ‘On what grounds do you desire me to become a Christian? You see that the Christians who live in these parts are so ignorant that they accomplish nothing and are powerless. And you see that these idolaters do whatever they will; and when I sit at table the cups in the middle of the hall come to me full of wine or other beverages without anyone touching them, and I drink from them. They banish bad weather in any direction they choose and perform many marvels. And, as you know, their idols speak and give them such predictions as they ask. But, if I am converted to the faith of Christ and become a Christian, then my barons and others who do not embrace the faith of Christ will say to me: “What has induced you to undergo baptism and adopt the faith of Christ? What virtues or what miracles have you seen to his credit?” For these idolaters declare that what they do they do by their holiness and by virtue of their idols. Then I should not know what to answer, which would be a grave error in their eyes. And these idolaters, who by their arts and sciences achieve such great results, could easily compass my death. But do you go to your Pope and ask him on my behalf to send me a hundred men learned in your religion, who in the face of these idolaters will have the knowledge to condemn their performances and tell them that they too can do such things but will not, because they are done by diabolic art and evil spirits, and will show their mastery by making the idolaters powerless to perform these marvels in their presence. On the day when we see this, I too will condemn them and their religion. Then I will be baptized, and all my barons and magnates will do likewise, and their subjects in turn will undergo baptism. So there will be more Christians here than there are in your part of the world.’ And if, as was said at the beginning, men had

really been sent by the Pope with the ability to preach our faith to the Great Khan, then assuredly he would have become a Christian. For it is known for a fact that he was most desirous to be converted.

You have heard how on this one campaign Kubilai led his army out to battle. On all his other enterprises or campaigns he used to send his sons or barons; but on this occasion he would have no one in command but himself, so serious and so culpable did he consider the rebellion of this baron. Let us now leave this subject and return to a recital of the great achievements of the Great Khan.

We have told you of his lineage and his age. We shall now relate how he dealt with those barons who acquitted themselves well in the battle and how with those who showed themselves cowards and poltroons. Of the former, he promoted those who were commanders of 100 men to the command of 1,000, and commanders of 1,000 to the command of 10,000; and he gave them lavish gifts of silver plate and tablets of authority, each according to his rank. For a commander of 100 has a tablet of silver; a commander of 1,000 a tablet of gold, or rather of silver gilt; and a commander of 10,000 a tablet of gold with a lion's head. The tablets of command over 100 or 1,000 weigh 120 *saggi* apiece, those with a lion's head weigh 220. On all these tablets is written a command in these words: ‘By the might of the Great God and the great grace he has given to our Emperor, blessed be the name of the Khan, and death and destruction to all who do not obey him.’ Let me add that all who have these tablets also have warrants setting forth in writing all the powers vested in them by their office.

As for the commander of 100,000, or the generalissimo of a great army,

he has a tablet of gold weighing 300 saggi, with an inscription such as I have mentioned; and at the foot of the tablet is portrayed the lion, and above it is an image of the sun and moon. In addition he has warrants of high command and great authority. And whenever he goes riding he must carry an umbrella over his head in token of his exalted rank; and when he sits he must sit on a silver chair. To these dignitaries the Great Khan also gives a tablet with the sign of the gerfalcon; these tablets are given to the very great barons so that they may exercise full powers equivalent to his own. When one of them wishes to send a courier or other emissary, he is authorized to requisition a king's horses if he wishes; and when I say a king's horses, this naturally implies the horses of any other man.

Let me tell you next of the personal appearance of the Great Lord of Lords whose name is Kubilai Khan. He is a man of good stature, neither short nor tall but of moderate height. His limbs are well fleshed out and modelled in due proportion. His complexion is fair and ruddy like a rose, the eyes black and handsome, the nose shapely and set squarely in place.

He has four consorts who are all accounted his lawful wives; and his eldest son by any of these four has a rightful claim to be emperor on the death of the present Khan. They are called empresses, each by her own name. Each of these ladies holds her own court. None of them has less than 300 ladies in waiting, all of great beauty and charm. They have many eunuchs and many other men and women in attendance, so that each one of these ladies has in her court 10,000 persons. When he wishes to lie with one of his four wives, he invites her to his chamber; or sometimes he goes to his wife's chamber.

He also has many concubines, about whom I will tell you. There is a

province inhabited by Tartars who are called Kungurat, which is also the name of their city. They are a very good-looking race with fair complexions. Every two years or so, according to his pleasure, the Great Khan sends emissaries to this province to select for him out of the most beautiful maidens, according to the standard of beauty which he lays down for them, some four or five hundred, more or less as he may decide. This is how the selection is made. When the emissaries arrive, they summon to their presence all the maidens of the province. And there valuers are deputed for the task. After inspecting and surveying every girl feature by feature, her hair, her face, her eyebrows, her mouth, her lips, and every other feature, to see whether they are well-formed and in harmony with her person, the valuers award to some a score of sixteen marks, to others seventeen, eighteen, or twenty, or more or less according to the degree of their beauty. And, if the Great Khan has ordered them to bring him all who score twenty marks, or perhaps twenty-one, according to the number ordered, these are duly brought. When they have come to his presence, he has them assessed a second time by other valuers, and then the thirty or forty with the highest score are selected for his chamber. These are first allotted, one by one, to the barons' wives, who are instructed to observe them carefully at night in their chambers, to make sure that they are virgins and not blemished or defective in any member, that they sleep sweetly without snoring, and that their breath is sweet and they give out no unpleasant odour. Then those who are approved are divided into groups of six, who serve the Khan for three days and three nights at a time in his chamber and his bed, ministering to all his needs. And he uses them according to his pleasure. After three days and nights, in come the next six damsels. And so they continue in rotation throughout the year. While some of the group are in attendance in their lord's chamber, the others

are waiting in an antechamber hard by. If he is in need of anything from outside, such as food or drink, the damsels inside the chamber pass word to those outside, who immediately get it ready. In this way the Khan is served by no one except these damsels. As for the other damsels, who are rated at a lower score, they remain with the Khan's other women in the palace, where they are instructed in needle-work, glove-making, and other elegant accomplishments. When some nobleman is looking for a wife, the Great Khan gives him one of these damsels with a great dowry. And in this way he marries them all off honourably.

You may be inclined to ask: ‘Do not the men of this province regard it as a grievance that the Great Khan robs them of their daughters?’ Most certainly not. They esteem it a great favour and distinction; and those who have beautiful daughters are delighted that he should deign to accept them. They reason thus: ‘If my daughter is born under a good planet and happy auspices, the Khan will be better able to satisfy her than I; he will marry her to a noble husband, which is more than my means would permit of.’ And if she does not behave well or it does not turn out well for her, then the father says: ‘This has happened to her because her planet was not propitious.’

You should know further that by his four wives the Great Khan has twenty-two male children. The eldest was called Chinghiz, for love of the good Chinghiz Khan. He was to have succeeded his father as Great Khan and lord of the whole empire. But it happened that he died, leaving a son named Temur; this Temur is now destined to be Great Khan and lord, because he is the son of the eldest son of the Great Khan. I can assure you that this Temur is a man of wisdom and prowess, as he has already proved many times on the

field of battle.

By his mistresses the Great Khan has a further twenty-five sons, all good men and brave soldiers. And each of them is a great baron.

Of his sons by his four wives, seven are kings of great provinces and kingdoms. They all exercise their authority well, lacking neither prudence nor prowess. And for this there is good reason, for I give you my word that their father the Great Khan is the wisest man and the ablest in all respects, the best ruler of subjects and of empire and the man of the highest character of all that have ever been in the whole history of the Tartars.

You must know that for three months in the year, December, January, and February, the Great Khan lives in the capital city of Cathay, whose name is Khanbalik. In this city he has his great palace, which I will now describe to you.

The palace is completely surrounded by a square wall, each side being a mile in length so that the whole circuit is four miles. It is a very thick wall and fully ten paces in height. It is all whitewashed and battlemented. At each corner of this wall stands a large palace of great beauty and splendour, in which the Great Khan keeps his military stores. In the middle of each side is another palace resembling the comer palaces, so that round the whole circuit of the walls there are eight palaces, all serving as arsenals. Each is reserved for a particular type of munition. Thus, one contains saddles, bridles, stirrups, and other items of a horse's harness. In another are bows, bow-strings, quivers, arrows, and other requisites of archery. In a third are cuirasses, corselets, and other armour of boiled leather. And so with the rest.

In the southern front of this wall there are five gates. There is one great gate in the middle, which is never opened except when the Great Khan is leaving or entering. Next to this, one on either side, are two small gates, by which everyone else enters. There are also two more large gates, one near each corner, which are likewise used by other people.

Within this outer wall is another wall, somewhat greater in length than in breadth. In this also there are eight palaces, just like the others, and used in the same way to house military stores. It also has five gates in its southern front, corresponding to those in the outer wall. In each of the other sides it has one gate only; and so has the outer wall.

Within this wall is the Great Khan's palace, which I will now describe to you. It is the largest that was ever seen. It has no upper floor, but the basement on which it stands is raised ten palms above the level of the surrounding earth; and all round it there runs a marble wall level with the basement, two paces in thickness. The foundation of the palace lies within this wall, so that as much of the wall as projects beyond it forms a sort of terrace, on which men can walk right round and inspect the outside of the palace. At the outer edge of this wall is a fine gallery with columns, where men can meet and talk. At each face of the palace is a great marble staircase, ascending from ground level to the top of this marble wall, which affords an entry into the palace.

The palace itself has a very high roof. Inside, the walls of the halls and chambers are all covered with gold and silver and decorated with pictures of dragons and birds and horsemen and various breeds of beasts and scenes of battle. The ceiling is similarly adorned, so that there is nothing to be seen

anywhere but gold and pictures. The hall is so vast and so wide that a meal might well be served there for more than 6,000 men. The number of chambers is quite bewildering. The whole building is at once so immense and so well constructed that no man in the world, granted that he had the power to effect it, could imagine any improvement in design or execution. The roof is all ablaze with scarlet and green and blue and yellow and all the colours that are, so brilliantly varnished that it glitters like crystal and the sparkle of it can be seen from far away. And this roof is so strong and so stoutly built as to last for many a long year.

In the rear part of the palace are extensive apartments, both chambers and halls, in which are kept the private possessions of the Khan. Here is stored his treasure: gold, and silver, precious stones and pearls, and his gold and silver vessels. And here too are his ladies and his concubines. In these apartments everything is arranged for his comfort and convenience, and outsiders are not admitted.

Between the inner and the outer walls, of which I have told you, are stretches of park-land with stately trees. The grass grows here in abundance, because all the paths are paved and built up fully two cubits above the level of the ground, so that no mud forms on them and no rain-water collects in puddles, but the moisture trickles over the lawns, enriching the soil and promoting a lush growth of herbage. In these parks there is a great variety of game, such as white harts, musk-deer, roebuck, stags, squirrels, and many other beautiful animals. All the area within the walls is full of these graceful creatures, except the paths that people walk on.

In the north-western corner of the grounds is a pit of great size and

depth, very neatly made, from which the earth was removed to build the mound of which I shall speak. The pit is filled with water by a fair-sized stream so as to form a sort of pond where the animals come to drink. The stream flows out through an aqueduct near the mound and fills another similar pit between the Great Khan's palace and that of Chinghiz his son, from which the earth was dug for the same purpose. These pits or ponds contain a great variety of fish. For the Great Khan has had them stocked with many different species, so that, whenever he feels in-clined, he may have his pick. At the farther end of the pond there is an outlet for the stream, through which it flows away. It is so contrived that at the entrance and the outlet there are gratings of iron and copper to stop the fish from escaping. There are also swans and other water-fowl. It is possible to pass from one palace to the other by way of a bridge over this stream.

On the northern side of the palace, at the distance of a bow-shot but still within the walls, the Great Khan has had made an earthwork, that is to say a mound fully 100 paces in height and over a mile in circumference. This mound is covered with a dense growth of trees, all evergreens that never shed their leaves. And I assure you that whenever the Great Khan hears tell of a particularly fine tree he has it pulled up, roots and all and with a quantity of earth, and transported to this mound by elephants. No matter how big the tree may be, he is not deterred from transplanting it. In this way he has assembled here the finest trees in the world. In addition, he has had the mound covered with lapis lazuli, which is intensely green, so that trees and rock alike are as green as green can be and there is no other colour to be seen. For this reason it is called the Green Mound. On top of this mound, in the middle of the summit, he has a large and handsome palace, and this too is entirely green.

And I give you my word that mound and trees and palace form a vision of such beauty that it gladdens the hearts of all beholders. It was for the sake of this entrancing view that the Great Khan had them constructed, as well as for the refreshment and recreation they might afford him.

Let me tell you also that beside this palace the Great Khan has had another one built, just like his own and no whit inferior. This is built to be occupied by his son when he shall succeed him as ruler. That is why it is built in the same style and on the same scale as the Great Khan's own, which I have described above, and with walls of equal size. This is the residence of Temur the son of Chinghiz, of whom I have already spoken, who is destined to be Khan; and he observes the same ceremony and usages as the Great Khan, because he has been chosen to rule after the Great Khan's death. The bull and seal of empire are his already, though so long as the Great Khan is alive he does not enjoy them so absolutely.

Now that I have told you about these palaces, I will go on to tell you of the great town of Taidu in which they are situated, and why and how it came to be built.

On the banks of a great river in the province of Cathay there stood an ancient city of great size and splendour which was named Khan-balik, that is to say in our language ‘the Lord's City’. Now the Great Khan discovered through his astrologers that this city would rebel and put up a stubborn resistance against the Empire. For this reason he had this new city built next to the old one, with only the river between. And he removed the inhabitants of the old city and settled them in the new one, which is called Taidu, leaving only those whom he did not suspect of any rebellious designs; for the new city was

not big enough to house all those who lived in the old.

Taidu is built in the form of a square with all its sides of equal length and a total circumference of twenty-four miles. It is enclosed by earthern ramparts, twenty paces high and ten paces thick at the base; the sides slope inwards from base to summit, so that at the top the width is only about three paces. They are all battlemented and white-washed. They have twelve gates, each surmounted by a fine, large palace. So on each of the four sides there are three gates and five palaces, because there is an additional palace at each corner. In these palaces there are immense halls, which house the weapons of the city guards.

I assure you that the streets are so broad and straight that from the top of the wall above one gate you can see along the whole length of the road to the gate opposite. The city is full of fine mansions, inns, and dwelling-houses. All the way down the sides of every main street there are booths and shops of every sort. All the building sites throughout the city are square and measured by the rule; and on every site stand large and spacious mansions with ample courtyards and gardens. These sites are allotted to heads of households, so that one belongs to such-and-such a person, representing such-and-such a family, the next to a representative of another family, and so all the way along. Every site or block is surrounded by good public roads; and in this way the whole interior of the city is laid out in squares like a chess-board with such masterly precision that no description can do justice to it.

In this city there is such a multitude of houses and of people, both within the walls and without, that no one could count their number. Actually there are more people outside the walls in the suburbs than in the city itself. There

is a suburb outside every gate, such that each one touches the neighbouring suburbs on either side. They extend in length for three or four miles. And in every suburb or ward, at about a mile's distance from the city, there are many fine hostels which provide lodging for merchants coming from different parts: a particular hostel is assigned to every nation, as we might say one for the Lombards, another for the Germans, another for the French. Merchants and others come here on business in great numbers, both because it is the Khan's residence and because it affords a profitable market. And the suburbs have as fine houses and mansions as the city, except of course for the Khan's palace.

You must know that no one who dies is buried in the city. If an idolater dies there, his body is taken to the place of cremation, which lies outside all the suburbs. And so with the others also; when they die they are taken right outside the suburbs for burial. Similarly, no act of violence is performed inside the city, but only outside the suburbs.

Let me tell you also that no sinful woman dares live within the city, unless it be in secret — no woman of the world, that is, who prostitutes her body for money. But they all live in the suburbs, and there are so many of them that no one could believe it. For I assure you that there are fully 20,000 of them, all serving the needs of men for money. They have a captain general, and there are chiefs of hundreds and of thousands responsible to the captain. This is because, whenever ambassadors come to the Great Khan on his business and are maintained at his expense, which is done on a lavish scale, the captain is called upon to provide one of these women every night for the ambassador and one for each of his attendants. They are changed every night

and receive no payment; for this is the tax they pay to the Great Khan. From the number of these prostitutes you may infer the number of traders and other visitors who are daily coming and going here about their business.

You may take it for a fact that more precious and costly wares are imported into Khan-balik than into any other city in the world. Let me give you particulars. All the treasures that come from India — precious stones, pearls, and other rarities — are brought here. So too are the choicest and costliest products of Cathay itself and every other province. This is on account of the Great Khan himself, who lives here, and of the lords and ladies and the enormous multitude of hotel-keepers and other residents and of visitors who attend the courts held here by the Khan. That is why the volume and value of the imports and of the internal trade exceed those of any other city in the world. It is a fact that every day more than 1,000 cart-loads of silk enter the city; for much cloth of gold and silk is woven here. Furthermore, Khan-balik is surrounded by more than 200 other cities, near and far, from which traders come to it to sell and to buy. So it is not surprising that it is the centre of such a traffic as I have described.

In the centre of the city stands a huge palace in which is a great bell; in the evening this peals three times as a signal that no one may go about the town. Once this bell has sounded the due number of peals, no one ventures abroad in the city except in case of childbirth or illness; and those who are called out by such emergencies are obliged to carry lights. Every night there are guards riding about the city in troops of thirty or forty, to discover whether anyone is going about at an abnormal hour, that is after the third peal of the bell. If anyone is found, he is promptly arrested and clapped into

prison. Next morning he is examined by the officials appointed for the purpose, and if he is found guilty of any offence, he is punished according to its gravity with a proportionate number of strokes of a rod, which sometimes cause death. They employ this mode of punishment in order to avoid bloodshed, because their *Bakhshi*, that is, the adepts in astrology, declare that it is wrong to shed human blood.

It is ordered that every gateway must be guarded by 1,000 men. You must not suppose that this guard is maintained out of mistrust of the inhabitants. It is there, in fact, partly as a mark of respect to the Great Khan who lives in the city, partly as a check upon evil-doers — although, because of the prophecy of his astrologers, the Khan does harbour certain suspicions of the people of Cathay.

Let me now tell you how on one occasion the Cathayans in the city actually did plan to revolt. It is an established practice, as will be explained below, that twelve men are appointed with full powers of disposal over territories and public offices at their own discretion. Among these was a Saracen called Ahmad, a man of great energy and ability, who surpassed all the rest in his authority and influence over the Great Khan. The Emperor was so fond of him that he gave him a completely free hand. It seems, as was learnt after his death, that this Ahmad used to bewitch the Emperor by his black arts to such purpose that he won a ready hearing and acceptance for everything he said; and so he was free to do whatever he chose. He used to make all appointments to office and punish all delinquents. Whenever he wished to cause the death of anyone whom he hated, whether justly or unjustly, he would go to the Emperor and say to him: ‘So-and-so deserves to die, because

he has offended your Majesty in such-and-such a way.’ Then the Emperor would say: ‘Do as you think best.’ And Ahmad would thereupon put him to death. Therefore, seeing the complete liberty he enjoyed and the absolute faith reposed in him by the Emperor, men did not venture to thwart him in anything. There was no one so great or of such authority as not to fear him. If anyone was accused by him to the Emperor of a capital offence and wished to plead his cause, he had no chance to rebut the charge or state his own case, because he could count on no support—everyone was too much afraid of going against Ahmad. In this way, he caused the death of many innocent people.

Furthermore, there was not a pretty woman who took his fancy but he would have his will with her, taking her as a wife if she was not already married or otherwise enforcing her submission. Whenever he learnt that someone had a good-looking daughter, he would send his ruffians to the girl's father, and they would say: ‘What is your ambition? Well then, how about this daughter of yours? Give her to the Bailo (for Ahmad was called by the title of Bailo or Lord-Lieutenant) and we will see that he gives you such-and-such a post or office for three years.’ So the man would give him his daughter. Then Ahmad would say to the Khan: ‘Such-and-such a post is vacant, or will fall vacant on such-and-such a date. So-and-so is the right man for the job.’ To which the Khan would answer: ‘Do as you think best.’ And Ahmad would promptly instal him. By this means, playing partly on men's ambition for office, partly on their fears, Ahmad got possession of all the best-looking women as his wives and his concubines. He also had sons, some twenty-five of them, whom he installed in the highest offices. Some of them, under cover of their father's name, used to practise adultery in their father's

fashion and commit many other crimes and abominations. Ahmad had also accumulated an immense fortune, because everyone who aspired to any post or office used to send him a handsome present.

Ahmad exercised this authority as governor for twenty-two years. At length the people of the country, that is the Cathayans, seeing that there was no end to the iniquities and abominations that he perpetrated beyond all measure at the expense of their womenfolk as well as their own persons, reached the point where they could endure it no longer. They made up their minds to assassinate him and revolt against the government of the city. Among their number was a Cathayan named Ch'ien-hu, a commander of 1,000, whose mother, daughter, and wife had all been ravished by Ahmad. Ch'ien-hu, moved by fierce indignation, plotted the destruction of the governor with another Cathayan named Wan-hu, a commander of 10,000.[1] They planned to do the deed when the Great Khan had completed his three months' sojourn at Khan-balik and had left for the city of Shang-tu, where he would likewise spend three months, and his son Chinghiz had also set out for his accustomed residences. At such times Ahmad was left to keep guard over the city: when the need arose, he would send word to the Great Khan at Shang-tu and the Khan would send back word of his wishes. The two plotters decided to impart their plot to the leading Cathayans of the country, and by common consent they made it known in many other cities to their own friends. The scheme was to take effect on the appointed day in the following manner. At the sight of a signal fire, all the conspirators were immediately to put to death any man wearing a beard and to pass on the signal to other cities by means of beacons that they should do the same. The reason for killing the bearded men was that the Cathayans are naturally beardless, whereas the

Tartars, Saracens, and Christians wear beards. You must understand that all the Cathayans hated the government of the Great Khan, because he set over them Tartar rulers, mostly Saracens, and they could not endure it, since it made them feel that they were no more than slaves. Moreover the Great Khan had no legal title to rule the province of Cathay, having acquired it by force. So, putting no trust in the people, he committed the government of the country to Tartars, Saracens, and Christians who were attached to his household and personally loyal to him and not natives of Cathay.

Then Wan-hu and Ch'ien-hu, on the appointed date, entered the palace by night. And Wan-hu seated himself on the throne and had many lights lit in front of him. And he sent a courier to Ahmad, who lived in the old city, announcing that Chinghiz, the Khan's son, had just arrived that very night and summoned the Bailo to wait upon him without delay. When Ahmad heard this, he went immediately, greatly puzzled and not a little alarmed. On his way in through the city gate he met a Tartar named Kogatai, who was in command of the 12,000 men who kept constant watch and ward over the city. ‘Where are you going at this late hour?’ asked Kogatai. ‘To Chinghiz, who has just arrived.’ ‘How is it possible,’ asked Kogatai, ‘that he can have arrived so secretly that I have heard nothing of it?’ And he followed him with a detachment of his guard. Now the conspirators had said among themselves: ‘If only we can kill Ahmad, we have nothing to fear from anything else.’ The moment Ahmad entered the palace and saw it such a blaze of lights, he knelt before Wan-hu, mistaking him for Chinghiz; and Ch'ien-hu, who was there armed with a sword, cut off his head.

When Kogatai, who had stopped at the entrance to the palace, saw this,

he shouted ‘Treason!’ And there and then he aimed an arrow at Wan-hu, who was seated on the throne, and shot him dead. Then, calling on his followers, he seized Ch'ien-hu. And he issued a proclamation throughout the city that anyone found out of doors would be killed on the spot. The Cathayans, seeing that the Tartars had discovered their plot and that they were left without a head, one of their leaders being killed and the other captured, stayed quietly in their homes and hence could give no sign to the other cities to carry out their plan of rebellion. Kogatai promptly sent couriers to the Great Khan with a full account of everything that had happened, and received in reply an order to conduct a thorough investigation and punish the guilty according to their deserts. When morning came, Kogatai examined all the Cathayans, and put to death many whom he found to be ring-leaders in the conspiracy. And the same thing was done in the other cities, when it came out that they were involved in the crime.

When the Great Khan had returned to Khan-balik, he wanted to know the cause of this occurrence. He then learnt the truth about the abominable outrages committed, as already related, by the execrable Ahmad and his sons. He found out that Ahmad himself and seven of his sons—for they were not all wicked—had taken innumerable ladies to be their wives, not to speak of those whom they had possessed by force. Then he caused all the treasure that Ahmad had amassed in the Old City to be brought into the New City; and put it with his own treasure; and it was found to be beyond all reckoning. He ordered Ahmad's body to be taken from the grave and flung in the street to be torn to pieces by dogs. And those of his sons who had followed the example of his evil deeds he caused to be flayed alive. And when he called to mind the accursed doctrine of the Saracens, by which every sin is accounted a lawful

act even to the killing of any man who is not of their creed, so that because of it the execrable Ahmad and his sons were not conscious of committing any sin, he utterly contemned it and held it in abomination. He summoned the Saracens to his presence and expressly forbade them to do many things which their law commanded. In particular he commanded them to take their wives according to the law of the Tartars and not to cut the throats of animals, as they used to do, in order to eat their flesh, but to slit their bellies. And at the time when all this happened, Messer Marco was in this place.

As for the Great Khan's guard of 12,000 men, you must know that they are called *Keshikten*, which is as much as to say ‘knights and liegemen of the lord’. He employs them not out of fear of any man but in token of his sovereignty. These 12,000 horsemen have four captains, one over every 3,000. Each 3,000 in turn reside in the Khan's palace for three days and three nights and eat and drink there, and at the end of that time another 3,000 take their place, and so they continue throughout the year. By day indeed the other 9,000 do not leave the palace, unless it happens that one of them goes off on the Khan's affairs or on some urgent private business and then only if it is legitimate and he has his captain's leave. If he is faced with something really serious, such as the impending death of a father or brother or other near relative, or the threat of some heavy loss which would not permit of his immediate return, then he must get leave from the Khan. But at night the 9,000 are free to go home.

When the Great Khan is holding court, the seating at banquets is arranged as follows. He himself sits at a much higher table than the rest at the northern end of the hall, so that he faces south. His principal wife sits next to him on

the left. On the right, at a somewhat lower level, sit his sons in order of age, Chinghiz the eldest being placed rather higher than the rest, and his grandsons and his kinsmen of the imperial lineage. They are so placed that their heads are on a level with the Great Khan's feet. Next to them are seated the other noblemen at other tables lower down again. And the ladies are seated on the same plan. All the wives of the Khan's sons and grandsons and kinsmen are seated on his left at a lower level, and next to them the wives of his nobles and knights lower down still. And they all know their appointed place in the lord's plan. The tables are so arranged that the Great Khan can see everything, and there are a great many of them. But you must not imagine that all the guests sit at table; for most of the knights and nobles in the hall take their meal seated on carpets for want of tables. Outside the hall the guests at the banquet number more than 40,000. For they include many visitors with costly gifts, men who come from strange countries bringing strange things, and some who have held high office and aspire to further advancement. Such are the guests who attend on such occasions, when the Great Khan is holding court or celebrating a wedding.

In the midst of the hall where the Great Khan has his table is a very fine piece of furniture of great size and splendour in the form of a square chest, each side being three paces in length, elaborately carved with figures of animals finely wrought in gold. The inside is hollow and contains a huge golden vessel in the form of a pitcher with the capacity of a butt, which is filled with wine. In each comer of the chest is a vessel with the capacity of a firkin, one filled with mares' milk, one with camels' milk, and the others with other beverages. On the chest stand all the Khan's vessels in which drink is served to him. From it the wine or other precious beverage is drawn off to fill

huge stoups of gold, each containing enough to satisfy eight or ten men. One of these is set between every two men seated at the table. Each of the two has a gold cup with a handle, which he fills from the stoup. And for every pair of ladies one stoup and two cups are provided in the same way. You must understand that these stoups and the rest are of great value. I can assure you that the Great Khan has such a store of vessels of gold and silver that no one who did not see it with his own eyes could well believe it. And the waiters who serve his food and drink are certain of his barons. They have their mouths and noses swathed in fine napkins of silk and gold, so that the food and drink are not contaminated by their breath or effluence.

Certain barons are also appointed to look after newcomers unfamiliar with court etiquette and show them to their allotted and appropriate seats. These barons are continually passing to and fro through the hall, asking the guests if they lack anything. And if there are any who want wine or milk or anything else, they have it promptly brought to them by the waiters. At all the entrances of the hall, or wherever else the Great Khan may be, stand two men of gigantic stature, one on either side, with staves in their hands. This is because it is not permissible for anyone to touch the threshold of the door, but all who enter must step over it. If anyone should happen to touch it by accident, the guardians take his clothes from him and he must pay a fine to redeem them. Or if they do not take his clothes, they administer the appointed number of blows. But if they are newcomers who do not know of the rule, certain barons are assigned to introduce them and warn them of the rule. This is done because touching the threshold is looked upon as a bad omen. In leaving the hall, since some of the guests are overcome with drinking so that they could not possibly exercise due care, no such rule is enjoined.

There are many instruments in the hall, of every sort, and when the Great Khan is about to drink they all strike up. As soon as the cup-bearer has handed him the cup, he retires three paces and kneels down; and all the barons and all the people present go down on their knees and make a show of great humility. Then the Great Khan drinks. And every time he drinks the same performance is repeated. Of the food I say nothing, because everyone will readily believe that there is no lack of it. Let me add that there is no baron or knight at the banquet but brings his wife to dine with the other ladies. When they have fed and the tables are removed, a great troupe of jugglers and acrobats and other entertainers comes into the hall and performs remarkable feats of various kinds. And they all afford great amusement and entertainment in the Khan's presence, and the guests show their enjoyment by peals of laughter. When all is over, the guests take their leave and return each to his own lodging or house.

You must know that all the Tartars celebrate their birthdays as festivals. The Great Khan was born on the twenty-eighth day of the lunar cycle in the month of September. And on this day he holds the greatest feast of the year, excepting only the new year festival of which I will tell you later. On his birthday he dons a magnificent robe of beaten gold. And fully 12,000 barons and knights robe themselves with him in a similar colour and style — not so costly as his, but still of the same colour and style, in cloth of silk and gold, and all with gold belts. These robes are given to them by the Great Khan. And I assure you that the value of some of these robes, reckoning the precious stones and pearls with which they are often adorned, amounts to 10,000 golden bezants. Of such there are not a few. And you must know that the Great Khan gives rich robes to these 12,000 barons and knights thirteen

times a year, so that they are all dressed in robes like his own and of great value. You can see for yourselves that this is no light matter, and that there is no other prince in the world besides himself who could bear such an expense.

On this royal birthday all the Tartars in the world, all the provinces and regions where men hold land and lordship under the Great Khan, give him costly presents proportionate to the giver and in accordance with prescribed order. And rich gifts are also brought to him by many others, petitioners for high office — which is awarded to applicants according to merit by twelve barons appointed for the purpose. And on this day all the idolaters and all the Christians and all the Saracens and all the races of men offer solemn prayers to their idols and their gods, with singing of hymns and lighting of lamps and burning of incense, that they may save their lord and give him long life and joy and health. So this day is passed in merry-making and birthday festivities. Now that I have fully described them, let us turn to another great feast which is celebrated at the new year and is called the White Feast.

The new year begins with them in February, and this is how it is observed by the Great Khan and all his subjects. According to custom they all array themselves in white, both male and female, so far as their means allow. And this they do because they regard white costume as auspicious and benign, and they don it at the new year so that throughout the year they may enjoy prosperity and happiness. On this day all the rulers, and all the provinces and regions and realms where men hold land or lordship under his sway, bring him costly gifts of gold and silver and pearls and precious stones and abundance of fine white cloth, so that throughout the year their lord may have no lack of treasure and may live in joy and gladness. Let me tell you

also that the barons and knights and all the people make gifts to one another of white things. And they greet one another gaily and cheerfully saying, very much as we do: ‘May this year be a lucky one for you and bring you success in all you undertake.’ And this they do so that throughout the year all may go well with them and all their enterprises prosper.

I can also assure you for a fact that on this day the Great Khan receives gifts of more than 100,000 white horses, of great beauty and price. And on this day also there is a procession of his elephants, fully 4,000 in number, all draped in fine cloths embroidered with beasts and birds. Each one bears on its back two strong-boxes of great beauty and price filled with the Khan's plate and with costly apparel for this white-robed court. With them come innumerable camels also draped with cloths and laden with provisions for the feast. They all defile in front of the Great Khan and it is the most splendid sight that ever was seen.

On the morning of this feast, before the tables are set up, all the kings and all the dukes, marquises and counts, barons, knights, astrologers, physicians, falconers, and many other officials and rulers of men and lands and armies appear before the Khan in the great hall. And those who do not achieve this assemble outside the palace in a spot where the Khan can readily inspect them. Let me tell you in what order they are stationed. In front are his sons and grandsons and those of his imperial lineage. Next come the kings, then the dukes and then all the other ranks, one behind another, in due order. And when they are all seated, each in his proper station, up stands a great dignitary and proclaims in a loud voice: ‘Bow down and worship!’ No sooner has he said this than they bow down, then and there, and touch the ground

with their foreheads, and address a prayer to the lord and worship him as if he were a god. Then the dignitary proclaims: ‘God save our lord and long preserve him in gladness and joy!’ And one and all reply: ‘God do so!’ Once again the dignitary proclaims: ‘God increase and multiply his empire from good to better and keep all his subjects in untroubled peace and good will and in all his lands grant universal prosperity!’ And one and all reply: ‘God do so!’ In this manner they worship him four times. Then they go to an altar, adorned with great splendour, on which is a scarlet tablet bearing the name of the Great Khan, and also a splendidly wrought censer. They cense this tablet and the altar with great reverence. Then they return, each to his place. When they have all done this, then the precious gifts of which I have spoken are presented. After this, when the Great Khan has viewed all the gifts, the tables are laid and the guests take their places in due order as I have already related — the Khan alone at his high table with his first wife, and the others each in his degree, and their ladies on the empress's side of the hall, just as I have described it to you before. When they have fed, the performers come in and entertain the court as before. Finally they return, everyone to his own lodging or home.

Next let me tell you that the Great Khan has ordained thirteen feasts, one for each of the thirteen lunar months, which are attended by the 12,000 barons called *Keshikten*, that is to say the henchmen most closely attached to the Khan. To each of these he has given thirteen robes, every one of a different colour. They are splendidly adorned with pearls and gems and other ornaments and are of immense value. He has also given to each of the 12,000 a gold belt of great beauty and price, and shoes of fine leather (called *canaut* or *borgal*) cunningly embroidered with silver thread, which are likewise

beautiful and costly. All their attire is so gorgeous and so stately that when they are fully robed any one of them might pass for a king. One of these robes is appointed to be worn at each of the thirteen feasts. The Great Khan himself has thirteen similar robes — similar, that is, in colour, but more splendid and costly and more richly adorned; and he always dresses in the same colour as his barons.

The cost of these robes, to the number of 146,000 in all, amounts to a quantity of treasure that is almost past computation, to say nothing of the belts and shoes, which also cost a goodly sum. And all this the Khan does for the embellishment or enhancement of his feasts.

Let me conclude with one more fact, a very remarkable one well worthy of mention in our book. You must know that a great lion is led into the Great Khan's presence; and as soon as it sees him it flings itself down prostrate before him with every appearance of deep humility and seems to acknowledge him as lord. There it stays without a chain, and is indeed a thing to marvel at.

We will turn next to the Great Khan's hunting parties.

You may take it for a fact that during the three months which the Great Khan spends in the city of Khan-balik, that is, December, January, and February, he has ordered that within a distance of sixty days' journey from where he is staying everybody must devote himself to hunting and hawking. The order goes out to every governor of men or lands to send all such large beasts as wild boars, harts, stags, roebucks, bears, and the like, or at any rate the greater part of them. So every governor gathers round him all the

huntsmen of the district, and together they go wherever these beasts are to be found, beating their coverts in turn and killing some of them with their hounds but most with their arrows. That is how they hunt them. And those beasts that they wish to send to the Great Khan they first disembowel and then load on carts and so dispatch. This applies to all those within thirty days' journey, and their combined bag is enormous. Those distant from thirty to sixty days do not send the flesh — the journey is too long for that — but send the hides duly dressed and tanned, so that the Khan may use them in the manufacture of necessary equipment for his armies.

You must know also that the Great Khan has a plentiful supply of leopards skilled in hunting game and of lynxes trained in the chase and past masters of their craft. He has a number of lions of immense size, bigger than those of Egypt; they have very handsome, richly coloured fur, with longitudinal stripes of black, orange, and white. They are trained to hunt wild boars and bulls, bears, wild asses, stags, roebuck, and other game. A grand sight it is to see the stately creatures that fall a prey to these lions. When the lions are led out to the chase, they are carried on carts in cages, each with a little dog for company. They are caged because otherwise they would be too ferocious and too eager in their pursuit of game, so that there would be no holding them. They must always be led upwind; for if their prey caught wind of the smell they would not wait, but would be off in a flash. He has also a great many eagles trained to take wolves and foxes and fallow-deer and roe-deer, and these too bring in game in plenty. Those that are trained to take wolves are of immense size and power, for there is never a wolf so big that he escapes capture by one of these eagles.

Now that you have heard what I have to tell on this subject, I will tell you of the numbers and excellence of the Great Khan's hounds. You must know that among his barons there are two brothers in blood who are named Bayan and Mingan. They bear the title *kuyukchi*, that is to say, keepers of the mastiffs. Each of them has 10,000 subordinates, who all wear livery of one colour; and the other 10,000 all wear another colour. The two colours are scarlet and blue. Whenever they accompany the Great Khan in the chase, they wear these liveries. Among either 10,000 there are 2,000 of whom each one leads a mastiff, or maybe two or more, so that the total number is immense. When the Great Khan goes hunting, one of the two brothers with his 10,000 men and fully 4,000 hounds goes with him on one side and the other with his 10,000 and his hounds goes on the other. The two bands keep pace with each other exactly, so that the whole line extends in length over a day's journey. And not a wild beast do they find but falls a prey. What a sight it is to see the hunt and the performance of the hounds and the hunters! For you must picture that, while the Great Khan rides out hawking with his barons across the open country, then packs of these hounds are to be seen advancing on either side, hunting bears and stags and other beasts, so that it is truly a fine sight to see. These two brothers are bound by covenant to provide the Great Khan's court every day, beginning in October and continuing to the end of March, with a thousand head of game, including both beasts and birds, except quails, and also fish to the best of their ability, reckoning as the equivalent of one head as much fish as would make a square meal for three persons.

When the Khan has spent the three months of December, January, and February in the city of which I have spoken, he sets off in March and travels southward to within two days' journey of the Ocean. He is accompanied by

fully 10,000 falconers and takes with him fully 4,000 gerfalcons and peregrine falcons and sakers in great abundance, besides a quantity of goshawks for hawking along the riversides. You must not imagine that he keeps all this company with him in one place. In fact he distributes them here and there, in groups of a hundred or two hundred or more. Then they engage in fowling, and most of the fowl they take are brought to the Great Khan. And I would have you know that when he goes hawking with his gerfalcons and other hawks, he has fully 10,000 men in parties of two who are called *toscaor*, which signifies in our language ‘watchmen’. These men are posted here and there in couples, so as to occupy a wide enough area. Each has a call and a hood, so that they can call in the hawks and hold them. And when the Khan orders the hawks to be cast, there is no need for the casters to go after them, because the men of whom I have spoken, dispersed here and there, keep such careful watch that wherever a hawk may go they are always on the spot and if one is in need of help they are prompt to render it.

All the Great Khan's hawks and those of the other barons have a little tablet of silver attached to their feet on which is written the name of the owner and also that of the keeper. By this means the bird is recognized as soon as it is taken, and is returned to the owner. If the finder does not know whose it is, he takes it to a baron who is called *bularguchi*, which is as much as to say ‘keeper of lost property’. For, I would have you know that, if anyone finds a horse or a sword or a hawk or anything else and cannot discover the owner, it is immediately brought to this baron, and he takes charge of it. If the finder does not hand it over forthwith, he is reckoned a thief. And the losers apply to this baron, and if he has received their property he promptly returns it. He always has his official residence, with its flag

flying, at the highest point in the whole camp, so as to be readily seen by those who have lost anything. By this means nothing can be lost without being found and returned.

When the Great Khan goes on the journey of which I have told you towards the Ocean, the expedition is marked by many fine displays of huntsmanship and falconry. Indeed, there is no sport in the world to compare with it. He always rides on the back of four elephants, in a very handsome shelter of wood, covered inside with cloth of beaten gold and outside with lionskins. Here he always keeps twelve gerfalcons of the best he possesses and is attended by several barons to entertain him and keep him company. When he is travelling in this shelter on the elephants, and other barons who are riding in his train call out, ‘Sire, there are cranes passing,’ and he orders the roof of the shelter to be thrown open and so sees the cranes, he bids his attendants fetch such gerfalcons as he may choose and lets them fly. And often, the gerfalcons take the cranes in full view while the Great Khan remains all the while on his couch. And this affords him great sport and recreation. Meanwhile the other barons and knights ride all round him. And you may rest assured that there never was, and I do not believe there ever will be, any man who can enjoy such sport and recreation in this world as he does, or has such facilities for doing so.

When he has travelled so far that he arrives at a place called Cachar Modun, then he finds his pavilions ready pitched there and those of his sons and his barons and his mistresses to the number of more than 10,000; and very fine they are, and very costly. Let me tell you how his pavilion is made. First, the tent in which he holds his court is big enough to accommodate fully

a thousand knights. This tent has its entrance towards the south and serves as a hall for the barons and other retainers. Adjoining this is another tent which faces west and is occupied by the Khan himself. It is to this tent that he summons anyone with whom he wishes to converse. At the back of the great hall is a large and handsome chamber in which he sleeps. There are also other chambers and other tents; but they do not adjoin the great tent. Let me tell you how these two halls and the chamber are constructed. Each hall has columns of spicewood very skilfully carved. On the outside they are all covered with lion-skins of great beauty, striped with black and white and orange. They are so well designed that neither wind nor rain can harm them or do any mischief. Inside they are all of ermine and sable, which are the two finest and richest and costliest furs there are. The truth is that a superfine sable fur big enough for a man's cloak is worth up to 2,000 golden bezants, while an ordinary one is worth 1,000. The Tartars call it ‘the king of furs'. The sable is about the size of a marten. With these two sorts of skin the two great halls are lined, pieced together with such artistry that it is a truly amazing spectacle. And the chamber where the Khan sleeps, which adjoins the two halls, is also of lion-skins without and ermine and sable with-in, magnificent in workmanship and design. The cords that hold up the halls and chambers are all of silk. So precious indeed and so costly are these three tents that no petty king could afford them.

Round these three tents are pitched all the other tents, also well designed and appointed. The Khan's mistresses too have splendid pavilions. And for the gerfalcons and falcons and other birds and beasts there are tents in vast numbers. What need of more words? You may take it for a fact that the number of people in this camp almost passes belief. You might well fancy

that the Khan was here in residence in his finest city. For it is thronged with multitudes from all parts. His whole household staff is here with him, besides physicians and astrologers and falconers and other officials in great numbers, and everything is as well ordered as in his capital.

In this place he stays till spring, which in these parts falls about our Easter Day. Throughout his stay he never ceases to go hawking by lake or stream, and he makes an ample catch of cranes and swans and other birds. And his followers who are dispersed about the neighbourhood send in lavish contributions of game and fowl. All this time he enjoys the finest sport and recreation in the world, so that no one in the world who has not seen it could ever believe it; so far do his magnificence and his state and his pleasures surpass my description.

Let me tell you one thing more. No merchant or artisan or peasant dare keep any falcon or bird of prey or any hound for the chase within twenty days' journey of the Great Khan's residence; but in every other province and region of his dominions they are free to hunt and do as they please with hawks and hounds. And you must understand, furthermore, that throughout his empire no king or baron or any other person dares to take or hunt hare or hart, buck or stag, or any other such beast between the months of March and October, so that they may increase and multiply. And anyone who contravenes this rule is made to repent it bitterly, because it is the Khan's own enactment. And I assure you that his commandment is so strictly obeyed that hares and bucks and the other beasts I have mentioned often come right up to a man, and he does not touch them or do them any harm.

After spending his time here in this fashion till about Easter Day, the

Great Khan sets out with all his retainers and returns direct to the city of Khan-balik by the same route by which he came, hunting and hawking all the way and enjoying good sport.

It is in this city of Khan-balik that the Great Khan has his mint; and it is so organized that you might well say that he has mastered the art of alchemy. I will demonstrate this to you here and now.

You must know that he has money made for him by the following process, out of the bark of trees — to be precise, from mulberry trees (the same whose leaves furnish food for silkworms). The fine bast between the bark and the wood of the tree is stripped off. Then it is crumbled and pounded and flattened out with the aid of glue into sheets like sheets of cotton paper, which are all black. When made, they are cut up into rectangles of various sizes, longer than they are broad. The smallest is worth half a small tornesel; the next an entire such tornesel; the next half a silver groat; the next an entire silver groat, equal in value to a silver groat of Venice; and there are others equivalent to two, five, and ten groats and one, three, and as many as ten gold bezants. And all these papers are sealed with the seal of the Great Khan. The procedure of issue is as formal and as authoritative as if they were made of pure gold or silver. On each piece of money several specially appointed officials write their names, each setting his own stamp. When it is completed in due form, the chief of the officials deputed by the Khan dips in cinnabar the seal or bull assigned to him and stamps it on the top of the piece of money so that the shape of the seal in vermilion remains impressed upon it. And then the money is authentic. And if anyone were to forge it, he would suffer the extreme penalty.

Of this money the Khan has such a quantity made that with it he could buy all the treasure in the world. With this currency he orders all payments to be made throughout every province and kingdom and region of his empire. And no one dares refuse it on pain of losing his life. And I assure you that all the peoples and populations who are subject to his rule are perfectly willing to accept these papers in payment, since wherever they go they pay in the same currency, whether for goods or for pearls or precious stones or gold or silver. With these pieces of paper they can buy anything and pay for anything. And I can tell you that the papers that reckon as ten bezants do not weigh one.

Several times a year parties of traders arrive with pearls and precious stones and gold and silver and other valuables, such as cloth of gold and silk, and surrender them all to the Great Khan. The Khan then summons twelve experts, who are chosen for the task and have special knowledge of it, and bids them examine the wares that the traders have brought and pay for them what they judge to be their true value. The twelve experts duly examine the wares and pay the value in the paper currency of which I have spoken. The traders accept it willingly, because they can spend it afterwards on the various goods they buy throughout the Great Khan's dominions. And I give you my word that the wares brought in at different times during the year mount up to a value of fully 400,000 bezants, and they are all paid for in this paper currency.

Let me tell you further that several times a year a fiat goes forth through the towns that all those who have gems and pearls and gold and silver must bring them to the Great Khan's mint. This they do, and in such abundance

that it is past all reckoning; and they are all paid in paper money. By this means the Great Khan acquires all the gold and silver and pearls and precious stones of all his territories.

Here is another fact well worth relating. When these papers have been so long in circulation that they are growing torn and frayed, they are brought to the mint and changed for new and fresh ones at a discount of 3 per cent. And here again is an admirable practice that well deserves mention in our book: if a man wants to buy gold or silver to make his service of plate or his belts or other finery, he goes to the Khan's mint with some of these papers and gives them in payment for the gold and silver which he buys from the mintmaster. And all the Khan's armies are paid with this sort of money.

I have now told you how it comes about that the Great Khan must have, as indeed he has, more treasure than anyone else in the world. I may go further and affirm that all the world's great potentates put together have not such riches as belong to the Great Khan alone.

Let me tell you next of the magnates who exercise authority from Khan-balik.

You must know that the Great Khan, as already mentioned, has appointed twelve great and powerful barons to supervise all decisions concerning the movement of the armies, changes in the high command, and dispatch of troops to one theatre or another in greater or less force, as need may require, according to the importance of the war. In addition it rests with them to sort out the staunch and fearless fighters from the faint-hearted, promoting the former and degrading those who prove incompetent or cowardly. And if anyone is captain of a thousand and has disgraced himself

in any action, these barons decide that he has shown himself unworthy of his office and debase him to the rank of captain of a hundred. But if he has conducted himself creditably and with distinction, so that they judge him fit for a higher command, they advance him to a captaincy of ten thousand. In every case, however, they act with the knowledge of the Great Khan. When they propose to degrade anyone, they say to the Khan, ‘So-and-so is unworthy of such-and-such an office,’ to which he replies, ‘Let him be degraded to a lower rank’; and so it is done. If they have it in mind to promote anyone in acknowledgement of his merits, they say, ‘Such-and-such a captain of a thousand is fit and worthy to be captain of ten thousand’; then the Khan confirms the appointment and gives him the appropriate tablet, as previously described, and immediately orders him to be given presents of great value, so as to encourage the others to make the most of their abilities. This council of twelve barons is called *Thai*, that is to say ‘Supreme Court’, because there is no higher authority except the Great Khan himself.

Besides these there are twelve other barons to whom the Khan has committed authority over all the affairs of the thirty-four provinces. And this is how they are organized. Let me tell you first that they live in a palace in the town of Khan-balik, a palace of great size and beauty with many halls and residential quarters. For every province there is a judge and a staff of clerks, who all live in this palace, each in his own private residence. And the judge and his staff administer all the affairs of the province to which they are assigned, subject to the will and authority of the twelve barons. It rests with these barons to choose the governors of all the provinces. And when they have chosen men whom they consider competent and suitable, they recommend them to the Great Khan, who confirms their appointment and

confers the appropriate tablet. They also supervise the collection of taxes and revenues together with their administration and expenditure and all else that concerns the imperial government throughout these provinces, except purely military matters. This Council goes by the name of *Shieng*, and the palace in which it is housed is also called *Shieng*.

Both the Thai and the Shieng are supreme courts, having no authority above them except the Great Khan himself, and enjoying the power to confer great benefits on whom they will. The Thai, however, that is to say the military court, is esteemed more highly and carries greater dignity than any other office.

I do not propose to enumerate the provinces at this stage, as I shall be giving a full account of them later in the book. Let us turn now to the system of post-horses by which the Great Khan sends his dispatches.

You must know that the city of Khan-balik is a centre from which many roads radiate to many provinces, one to each, and every road bears the name of the province to which it runs. The whole system is admirably contrived. When one of the Great Khan's messengers sets out along any of these roads, he has only to go twenty-five miles and there he finds a posting station, which in their language is called *yamb* and in our language may be rendered ‘horse post’. At every post the messengers find a spacious and palatial hostelry for their lodging. These hostelries have splendid beds with rich coverlets of silk and all that befits an emissary of high rank. If a king came here, he would be well lodged. Here the messengers find no less than 400 horses, stationed here by the Great Khan's orders and always kept in readiness for his messengers when they are sent on any mission. And you

must understand that posts such as these, at distances of twenty-five or thirty miles, are to be found along all the main highways leading to the provinces of which I have spoken. And at each of these posts the messengers find three or four hundred horses in readiness awaiting their command, and palatial lodgings such as I have described. And this holds good throughout all the provinces and kingdoms of the Great Khan's empire.

When the messengers are travelling through out-of-the-way country, where there are no homesteads or habitations, they find that the Great Khan has had posts established even in these wilds, with the same palatial accommodation and the same supply of horses and accoutrements. But here the stages are longer; for the posts are thirty-five miles apart and in some cases over forty miles.

By this means the Great Khan's messengers travel throughout his dominions and have lodgings and horses fully accoutred for every stage. And this is surely the highest privilege and the greatest resource ever enjoyed by any man on earth, king or emperor or what you will. For you may be well assured that more than 200,000 horses are stabled at these posts for the special use of these messengers. Moreover, the posts themselves number more than 10,000, all furnished on the same lavish scale. The whole organization is so stupendous and so costly that it baffles speech and writing.

If anyone is puzzled to understand how there can be enough people to execute such tasks, and what is the source of their livelihood, my answer is this. All the idolaters, and likewise the Saracens, take six, eight, or ten wives apiece, as many as they can afford to keep, and beget innumerable children. Hence there will be many men with more than thirty sons of their own, who

all follow them under arms. This follows from the plurality of wives. With us, on the other hand, a man has only one wife, and if she should prove barren he will end his days with her and beget no children. Hence our population is less than theirs. As to the means of life, they have no shortage, because they mostly use rice, panic, or millet, especially the Tartars and the people of Cathay and Manzi, and these three cereals in their countries yield an increase of a hundredfold on each sowing. These peoples do not use bread, but simply boil these three sorts of grain with milk or flesh and then eat them. Wheat in their country does not yield such an increase; but such of it as they harvest they eat only in the form of noodles or other pasty foods. Among them no land is left idle that might be cultivated. Their beasts increase and multiply without end. When they are on military service, there is not one of them who does not lead with him six, eight, or more horses for his own use. So it is not difficult to understand why the population in these parts is so enormous and the means of life so plentiful.

Now let me tell you another thing which I forgot to mention—one that is very germane to the matter in hand. The fact is that between one post and the next, at distances of three miles apart, there are stations which may contain as many as forty buildings occupied by unmounted couriers, who also play a part in the Great Khan's postal service. I will tell you how. They wear large belts, set all round with bells, so that when they run they are audible at a great distance. They always run at full speed and never for more than three miles. And at the next station three miles away, where the noise they make gives due notice of their approach, another courier is waiting in readiness. As soon as the first man arrives, the new one takes what he is carrying and also a little note given to him by the clerk, and starts to run. After he has run for three

miles, the performance is repeated. And I can assure you that by means of this service of unmounted couriers, the Great Khan receives news over a ten days' journey in a day and a night. For it takes these runners no more than a day and a night to cover a ten days' journey, or two days and two nights for a twenty days' journey. So in ten days they can transmit news over a journey of a hundred days. And in the fruit season it often happens that by this means fruit gathered in the morning in the city of Khan-balik is delivered on the evening of the next day to the Great Khan in the city of Shang-tu, ten days' journey away.

At each of these three-mile stations there is appointed a clerk who notes the day and hour of the arrival of every courier and the departure of his successor; and this practice is in force at every station. And there are also inspectors charged with the duty of going round every month and examining all these stations, in order to detect any couriers who have been remiss and punish them. From these couriers, and from the staff at the stations, the Great Khan exacts no tax, and he makes generous provision for their maintenance.

As for the horses of which I have spoken, which are kept in such numbers at the posts to carry the imperial messengers, I will tell you exactly how the Great Khan has established them. First he inquires, ‘Which is the nearest city to such-and-such a post?’; then, ‘How many horses can it maintain for the messengers?’ Then the civic authorities investigate by means of experts how many horses can be maintained in the neighbouring post by the city and how many by the local towns and villages, and they apportion them according to the resources available. The cities act in concert, taking into consideration that between one post and the next there is sometimes

another city, which makes its contribution with the rest. They provide for the horses out of the taxes due to the Great Khan: thus, if a man is assessed for taxation at a sum that would maintain a horse and a half, he is ordered to make corresponding provision at the neighbouring post. But you must understand that the cities do not maintain 400 horses continuously at each post. Actually they keep 200 for a month, to sustain the burdens of the post, while the other 200 are fattening. At the end of the month the fattened horses are transferred to the post while the others take their turn at grass. So they alternate perpetually.

If it happens at any point that there is some river or lake over which the couriers and mounted messengers must pass, the neighbouring cities keep three or four ferry-boats continually in readiness for this purpose. And if there is a desert to cross of many days' journey in extent, in which no permanent habitation can be established, the city next to the desert is obliged to furnish horses to the Khan's envoys to see them across, together with provisions for their escort. But to such cities the Khan affords special aid. And in out-of-the-way posts the horses are maintained partly by the Khan himself, partly by the nearest cities, towns, and villages.

When the need arises for the Great Khan to receive immediate tidings by mounted messenger, as of the rebellion of a subject country or of one of his barons or any matter that may concern him deeply, I assure you that the messengers ride 200 miles in a day, sometimes even 240. Let me explain how it is done. When a messenger wishes to travel at this speed and cover so many miles in a day, he carries a tablet with the sign of the gerfalcon as a token that he wishes to ride post haste. If there are two of them, they set out

from the place where they are on two good horses, strongly built and swift runners. They tighten their belts and swathe their heads and off they go with all the speed they can muster, till they reach the next post-house twenty-five miles away. As they draw near they sound a sort of horn which is audible at a great distance, so that horses may be got ready for them. On arrival they find two fresh horses, ready harnessed, fully rested, and in good running form. They mount there and then, without a moment's breathing-space, and are no sooner mounted than off they go again, taking the last ounce out of their horses and not pausing till they reach the next post, where they find two more horses harnessed as before. Then up and off again. And so it goes on till evening. That is how these messengers manage to cover 240 miles a day with news for the Great Khan. Indeed, in extreme urgency, they can achieve 300 miles. In such cases they ride all night long; and if there is no moon the men of the post run in front of them with torches as far as the next post. But they cannot ride as fast by night as by day, because they are delayed by the slower pace of the runners. Messengers who can endure the fatigue of such a ride as this are very highly prized.

Now let me tell you something of the bounties that the Great Khan confers upon his subjects. For all his thoughts are directed towards helping the people who are subject to him, so that they may live and labour and increase their wealth. You may take it for a fact that he sends emissaries and inspectors throughout all his dominions and kingdoms and provinces to learn whether any of his people have suffered a failure of their crops either through weather or through locusts or other pests. And if he finds that any have lost their harvest, he exempts them for that year from their tribute and even gives them some of his own grain to sow and to eat—a magnificent act of royal bounty.

This he does in the summer. And in winter he does likewise in the matter of cattle. If he finds any man whose cattle have been killed by an outbreak of plague, he gives him some of his own, derived from the tithes of other provinces, and to help him further he relieves him of tribute for the year.

Again, if it should happen that lightning strikes any flock of sheep or herd of other beasts, whether the herd belongs to one person or more and no matter how big it may be, the Great Khan will not take tithe of it for three years. And similarly if it chances to strike a ship laden with merchandise, he will not have any due or share of the cargo, because he accounts it an ill omen when lightning strikes any man's possessions. He reasons: ‘God must have been angry with this man, since He launched a thunderbolt at him.’ Therefore he does not wish that such possessions, struck by the wrath of God, should find their way into his treasury.

Here is another benefit that he confers.

Along the main highways frequented by his messengers and by merchants and other folk, he has ordered trees to be planted on both sides, two paces distant from one another. They are so large that they can be seen from a long way off. And he has done this so that any wayfarer may recognize the roads and not lose his way. For you will find these wayside trees in the heart of the wilderness; and a great boon they are to travellers and traders. They extend throughout every province and every kingdom. Where the roads traverse sandy deserts or rocky mountain ranges, so that it is not possible to plant trees, he has other landmarks set up in the form of cairns or pillars to indicate the track. He has certain officials whose duty it is to ensure that these are always kept in order. Besides the reasons already mentioned, he

is all the more willing to have these trees planted because his soothsayers and astrologers declare that he who causes trees to be planted lives long.

You must know that most of the inhabitants of the province of Cathay drink a wine such as I will describe to you. They make a drink of rice and an assortment of excellent spices, prepared in such a way that it is better to drink than any other wine. It is beautifully clear and it intoxicates more speedily than any other wine, because it is very heating.

Let me tell you next of stones that bum like logs. It is a fact that throughout the province of Cathay there is a sort of black stone, which is dug out of veins in the hillsides and burns like logs. These stones keep a fire going better than wood. I assure you that, if you put them on the fire in the evening and see that they are well alight, they will continue to burn all night, so that you will find them still glowing in the morning. They do not give off flames, except a little when they are first kindled, just as charcoal does, and once they have caught fire they give out great heat. And you must know that these stones are burnt throughout the province of Cathay. It is true that they also have plenty of firewood. But the population is so enormous and there are so many bath-houses and baths continually being heated, that the wood could not possibly suffice, since there is no one who does not go to a bath-house at least three times a week and take a bath, and in winter every day, if he can manage it. And every man of rank or means has his own bathroom in his house, where he takes a bath. So it is clear that there could never be enough wood to maintain such a conflagration. So these stones, being very plentiful and very cheap, effect a great saving of wood.

To return to the provision of grain, you may take it for a fact that the

Great Khan, when he sees that the harvests are plentiful and corn is cheap, accumulates vast quantities of it and stores it in huge granaries, where it is so carefully preserved that it remains unspoilt for three or four years. So he builds up a stock of every sort of grain — wheat, barley, millet, rice, panic, and others — in great abundance. Then, when it happens that some crops fail and there is a dearth of grain, he draws on these stocks. If the price is running at a bezant for a measure of wheat, for instance, he supplies four measures for the same sum. And he releases enough for all, so that everyone has plenty of corn to meet his needs. In this way he sees to it that none of his subjects need ever go short. And this he does throughout all parts of his empire.

Let me now tell you how the Great Khan bestows charity on the poor people of Khan-balik. When he learns that some family of honest and respectable people have been impoverished by some misfortune or disabled from working by illness, so that they have no means of earning their daily bread, he sees to it that such families (which may consist of six to ten persons or more) are given enough to cover their expenses for the whole year. These families, at the time appointed, go to the officials whose task it is to superintend the Great Khan's expenditure and who live in a palatial building assigned to their office. And each one produces a certificate of the sum paid to him for his subsistence the year before, and provision is made for them at the same rate this year. This provision includes clothing inasmuch as the Great Khan receives a tithe of all the wool, silk, and hemp used for cloth-making. He has these materials woven into cloth in a specially appointed building in which they are stored. Since all the crafts are under obligation to devote one day a week to working on his behalf, he has this cloth made up into garments, which he gives to the poor families in accordance with their

needs for winter and for summer wear. He also provides clothing for his armies by having woollen cloth woven in every city as a contribution towards the payment of its tithe.

You must understand that the Tartars according to their ancient customs, before they became familiar with the doctrines of the idolaters, never used to give any alms. Indeed, when a poor man came to them, they would drive him off with maledictions, saying: ‘Go with God's curse upon you! If he had loved you as he loves me, he would have blessed you with prosperity!’ But since the sages of the idolaters, in particular the *Bakhshi* of whom I have spoken above, preached to the Great Khan that it was a good work to provide for the poor and that their idols would be greatly pleased by it, he was induced to make such provision as I have described. No one who cares to go to his court in quest of bread is ever turned away empty-handed. Everyone receives a portion. And not a day passes but twenty or thirty thousand bowls of rice, millet, and panic are doled out and given away by the officials appointed. And this goes on all the year round. For this amazing and stupendous munificence which the Great Khan exercises towards the poor, all the people hold him in such esteem that they revere him as a god.

There are also in the city of Khan-balik, including Christians, Saracens, and Cathayans, about 4,000 astrologers and soothsayers, for whom the Great Khan makes yearly provision of food and clothing as he does for the poor. These regularly practice their art in the city. They have a sort of almanack in which are written the movements of the planets through the constellations, hour by hour and minute by minute, throughout the year. Every year these astrologers, Christian, Saracen, and Cathayan, each sect on its own account,

examine in this almanack the course and disposition of the whole year and of each particular moon. For they search out and discover what sort of conditions each moon of the year will produce in accordance with the natural course and disposition of the planets and constellations and their special influences: in such-and-such a month there will be thunderstorms, in another earthquakes, in another lightning and heavy rain, in yet another deadly outbreaks of pestilence and wars and civil dissensions. And so month by month in accordance with their findings. And they will declare that so it should happen in harmony with the natural and orderly sequence of things, but God may send more or less. So they will make many little booklets in which they will set down everything that is due to happen in the course of the year, moon by moon. These booklets are called *tacuim* and are sold at a groat apiece to anyone who cares to buy, so that he may know what will happen throughout the year. And those who prove to be the most accurate in their predictions will be reckoned the most accomplished masters of their art and will gain the greatest honour.

If anyone proposes to embark on some important enterprise or to travel somewhere on a trading venture or on other business, or has in mind some other project whose outcome he would like to know, he will consult the astrologers, telling them the year, month, hour, and minute of his nativity. This he is able to do, because in accordance with their custom everyone is taught from birth what he must say about his nativity, and parents are careful to note the particulars in a book. They divide the years into cycles of twelve, each with its own sign: the first bears the sign of the lion, the second of the ox, the third of the dragon, the fourth of the dog, and so on up to twelve. So, when a man is asked when he was born, he answers ‘in a year of the lion, on

such-and-such a day or night, hour, and minute of such-and-such a moon', according as the time and the year-sign may have been. When they have completed the cycle of twelve years, they begin again at the first sign and repeat the series, always in the same order. So, when anyone asks an astrologer or soothsayer how his proposed venture will turn out and tells him the hour and minute of his nativity and the sign of the year, then the soothsayer, having ascertained under which constellation and which planet he was born, will predict in due sequence all that is to happen to him on his travels and what fortune, good or bad, will attend his undertaking. Likewise, the inquirer may be warned, if he is a merchant, that the planet then in the ascendant will be hostile to his venture, so that he should await the ascendancy of one more favourable; or that the constellation directly facing the gate by which he is planning to leave the city will be adverse to the one under which he was born, so that he should leave by another gate or wait till the constellation has moved past; or that in such a place and on such a date he will encounter robbers, in another he will be assailed by rain and storm, in another his horse will break a leg, here his trafficking will involve him in loss, there it will bring in a profit. So the soothsayer will foretell the vicissitudes of his journey, propitious or disastrous, according to the sequence of favourable or unfavourable constellations.

As I have already said, the people of Cathay are all idolaters. Every man has in his house an image hanging on his chamber wall which represents the High God of Heaven, or at least a tablet on which the name of God is written. And every day they cense this with a thurible and worship it with uplifted hands, gnashing their teeth three times and praying that the god will give them a long and happy life, good health, and a sound understanding. From

him they ask nothing else. But down below on the ground they have another image representing Natigai, the god of earthly things, who guides the course of all that is born on earth. They make him with a wife and children and worship him in the same way, with incense and gnashing of teeth and uplifted hands; and to him they pray for good weather and harvests and children and the like.

They surpass other nations in the excellence of their manners and their knowledge of many subjects, since they devote much time to their study and to the acquisition of knowledge. They speak in an agreeable and orderly manner, greet one another courteously with bright and cheerful faces, are dignified in their demeanour, cleanly at table, and so forth. But they have no regard for the welfare of their souls, caring only for the nurture of their bodies and for their own happiness. Concerning the soul, they believe indeed that it is immortal, but in this fashion. They hold that as soon as a man is dead he enters into another body; and according as he has conducted himself well or ill in life, he passes from good to better or from bad to worse. That is to say, if he is a man of humble rank and has behaved well and virtuously in life, he will be reborn after death from a gentlewoman and will be a gentleman, and thereafter from the womb of a noblewoman and will become a nobleman; and so he follows an ever upward path culminating in assumption into the Deity. But, if he is a man of good birth and has behaved badly, he will be reborn as the son of a peasant; from a peasant's life he will pass to a dog's and so continually downwards.

They treat their father and mother with profound respect. If it should happen that a child does anything to displease his parents or fails to

remember them in their need, there is a department of state whose sole function it is to impose severe penalties on those who are found guilty of such ingratitude.

Perpetrators of various crimes who are caught and put in prison, if they have not been set free at the time appointed by the Great Khan for the release of prisoners, which recurs every three years, are then let out; but they are branded on the jaw, so that they may be recognized.

The present Khan prohibited all the gambling and cheating that used to be more prevalent among them than anywhere else in the world. To cure them of the habit he would say: ‘I have acquired you by force of arms and all that you possess is mine. So, if you gamble, you are gambling with my property.’ He did not, however, make this a pretext to take anything from them.

I will not omit to tell you about the behaviour of the Khan's people and noblemen when they come into his presence. First, all those who are within half a mile from the Great Khan, wherever he may be, show their reverence for his majesty by conducting themselves deferentially, peaceably, and quietly so that no hub-bub or uproar may be heard, nor the voice of anyone shouting or talking loudly. Next, every baron or nobleman continually carries with him a little vessel of pleasing design into which he spits so long as he is in the hall, so that no one may make so bold as to spit on the floor; and when he has spat he covers it up and keeps it. Likewise they have handsome slippers of white leather, which they carry about with them. When they have come to court, if they are about to enter the hall at the Lord's invitation, they put on these white slippers and hand their others to the attendants, so as not to

dirty the beautiful and elaborate carpets of silk, wrought in gold and other colours.

注释

---

[1]The titles Ch'ien-hu and Wan-hu mean respectively commander of 1,000 and of 10,000.

From Peking to Bengal

Let us now leave the city of Khan-balik and travel into Cathay, so that you may learn something of its grandeurs and its treasures.

You must understand that Messer Marco himself was sent by the Great Khan as an emissary towards the west, on a journey of fully four months from Khan-balik. So we will tell you what he saw on the way, going and coming.

[...]

On leaving Ch'êng-tu-fu the traveller rides for five days through plain and valley, passing villages and hamlets in plenty. The people here live on the yield of the earth. The country is infested with lions, bears, and other wild beasts. There is some local industry, in the weaving of fine sendal and other fabrics. This country is part of Ch'êng-tu-fu province. But at the end of the five days the route enters another province whose name is Tibet.[1]

The province of Tibet is terribly devastated, for it was ravaged in a campaign by Mongu Khan. There are many towns and villages and hamlets lying ruined and desolate.

This country produces canes of immense size and girth; indeed I can assure you that they grow to about three palms in circumference and a good

fifteen paces in length, the distance from one knot to the next amounting to fully three palms. Merchants and other travellers who are passing through this country at night use these canes as fuel because, when they are alight, they make such a popping and banging that lions and bears and other beasts of prey are scared away in terror and dare not on any account come near the fire. So fires of this sort are made by travellers to protect their own animals from the savage predators with which the country is infested. Let me tell you — or it is well worth telling — how it happens that the crackling of these canes is so loud and terrifying and what effect it produces. You must understand that the canes are taken when quite green and thrown on a fire made of a substantial pile of logs. When they have lain for some time on a fire of this size, they begin to warp and to burst, and then they make such a bang that it can be heard at nights fully ten miles away. Anyone who is not accustomed to the noise is startled out of his wits by it; it is such a terrifying sound to hear. I assure you that horses that have never heard it before are so scared when they hear it that they snap their halters and all the cords that tether them and take to their heels. Many travellers have experienced this. So, when they have horses that are known never to have heard this noise, they bandage their eyes and shackle all the feet with iron fetlocks. Then, when they hear the crackling of the canes, however hard they try to bolt, they cannot do it. And by this means travellers keep safe at nights; both they and their beasts, from the lions and ounces and other dangerous beasts that abound in these parts.

This desolate country, infested by dangerous wild beasts, extends for twenty days' journey, without shelter or food except perhaps every third or fourth day, when the traveller may find some habitation where he can renew

his stock of provisions. Then he reaches a region with villages and hamlets in plenty and a few towns perched on precipitous crags. Here there prevails a marriage custom of which I will tell you. It is such that no man would ever on any account take a virgin to wife. For they say that a woman is worthless unless she has had knowledge of many men. They argue that she must have displeased the gods, because if she enjoyed the favour of their idols then men would desire her and consort with her. So they deal with their womenfolk in this way. When it happens that men from a foreign land are passing through this country and have pitched their tents and made a camp, the matrons from neighbouring villages and hamlets bring their daughters to these camps, to the number of twenty or forty, and beg the travellers to take them and lie with them. So these choose the girls who please them best, and the others return home disconsolate. So long as they remain, the visitors are free to take their pleasure with the women and use them as they will, but they are not allowed to carry them off anywhere else. When the men have worked their will and are ready to be gone, then it is the custom for every man to give to the woman with whom he has lain some trinket or token so that she can show, when she comes to marry, that she has had a lover. In this way custom requires every girl to wear more than a score of such tokens hung round her neck to show that she has had lovers in plenty and plenty of men have lain with her. And she who has most tokens and can show that she has had most lovers and that most men have lain with her is the most highly esteemed and the most acceptable as a wife; for they say that she is the most favoured by the gods. And when they have taken a wife in this way they prize her highly; and they account it a grave offence for any man to touch another's wife, and they all strictly abstain from such an act. So much, then, for this marriage custom, which fully merits a description. Obviously the country is a fine one

to visit for a lad from sixteen to twenty-four.

The natives are idolaters and out-and-out bad. They deem it no sin to rob and maltreat and are the greatest rogues and the greatest robbers in the world. They live by the chase and by their herds and the fruits of the earth. The country abounds with animals that produce musk, which in their language are called *gudderi*. They are so plentiful that you can smell musk everywhere. I have already explained that a sac in the form of a tumour and filled with blood grows next to the beast's navel, and this blood is musk. But I must add that once in every moon the sac becomes overcharged with blood and discharges its contents. So it happens, since these animals are very plentiful here, that they discharge their musk in many places, so that the whole country is pervaded with the scent. The rascally natives have many excellent dogs, who catch great numbers of these animals; so they have no lack of musk.

The natives have no coinage and do not use the Khan's paper currency; but for money they use salt. They are very poorly clad, in skins, canvas, and buckram. They speak a language of their own and call themselves ‘Tibet’.

This province of Tibet is of immense size and lies on the confines of Manzi and many other provinces. The natives are idolaters and notorious brigands. The province is so huge that it contains eight kingdoms and a great many cities and towns. In many places there are rivers and lakes and mountains, in which gold-dust is found in great quantity. There is also great abundance of cinnamon. In this province coral fetches a high price, for it is hung round the necks of women and of idols with great joy. The province produces plenty of camlets and other cloths of gold, silk, and fustian, and many sorts of spice that were never seen in our country. Here are to be found

the most skilful enchanters and the best astrologers according to their usage that exist in any of the regions hereabouts. Among other wonders they bring on tempests and thunder-storms when they wish and stop them at any time. They perform the most potent enchantments and the greatest marvels to hear and to behold by diabolic arts, which it is better not to relate in our book, or men might marvel over-much. Their customs are disagreeable. They have mastiffs as big as donkeys, very good at pulling down game, including wild cattle, which are plentiful there and of great size and ferocity. They also have a great variety of other hunting dogs, besides excellent lanner and saker falcons, good fliers and apt for hawking. Before leaving Tibet, of which we have now given a full account, let me make it clear that it belongs to the Great Khan, as do all the other kingdoms and provinces and regions described in this book, except only the provinces mentioned at the beginning of our book which belong to the son of Arghun, as I have told you. So you may understand from this, without further indication, that with this exception the provinces described in this book are all subject to the Great Khan.

We will tell you next of the province of Kaindu, which lies towards the west. It has only one king. The people are idolaters and subject to the Great Khan. It has cities and towns in plenty. The chief city, also called Kaindu, lies near the entrance to the province. There is also a lake in which are found many pearls — pure white but not round, being rather knobbly as though four, five, six, or more were joined together. The Great Khan will not let anyone take them; for if all the pearls that were found there were taken out, so many would be taken that they would be cheap and lose their value. So the Great Khan, when he has a mind, has pearls taken from it for his own use only; but no one else may take them on pain of death. There is also a mountain there in

which is found a sort of stone called turquoise. These are very fine gems and very plentiful. But the Great Khan does not allow them to be taken except at his bidding.

Let me tell you that in this province there prevails a usage concerning women such as I will describe to you. A man does not think it an outrage if a stranger or some other man makes free with his wife or daughter or sister or any woman he may have in his house. But it is taken as a favour when anyone lies with them. For they say that by this act their gods and idols are propitiated, so as to enrich them with temporal blessings in great abundance. And for that reason they deal with their wives in the following open-handed fashion. You must know that when a man of this country sees that a stranger is coming to his house to lodge, or that he is entering his house without intending to lodge, he immediately walks out, telling his wife to let the stranger have his will without reservation. Then he goes his way to his fields or vineyards and does not return so long as the stranger remains in his house. And I assure you that he often stays three days and lies in bed with this wittol's wife. And as a sign that he is in the house he hangs out his cap or some other token. This is an indication that he is within. And the wretched wittol, so long as he sees this sign in his house, does not return. This usage prevails throughout the province. The Great Khan has forbidden it; but they continue to observe it nonetheless, since, as they are all addicted to it, there is no one to accuse another. There are some residents in the villages and homesteads perched on crags by the wayside who have beautiful wives and offer them freely to passing traders, And the traders give the women a piece of some fine cloth, perhaps a yard or so, or some other trinket of trifling value. Having taken his pleasure for a while, the trader mounts his horse and

rides away. Then the husband and wife call after him in mockery; ‘Hi, you there — you that are riding off! Show us what you are taking with you that is ours! Let us see, ne'er-do-well, what profit you have made! Look at what you have left to us — what you have thrown away and forgotten.’ And he flourishes the cloth they have gained from him. ‘We have got this of yours, you poor fool, and you have nothing to show for it!’ So they mock at him. And so they continue to act.

Let me tell you next about their money. They have gold in bars and weigh it out by *saggi*; and it is valued according to its weight. But they have no coined money bearing a stamp. For small change they do as follows. They have salt water from which they make salt by boiling it in pans. When they have boiled it for an hour, they let it solidify in moulds, forming blocks of the size of a twopenny loaf, flat below and rounded on top. When the blocks are ready, they are laid on heated-stones beside the fire to dry and harden. On these blocks they set the Great Khan's stamp. And currency of this sort is made only by his agents. Eighty of these blocks are worth a *saggio* of gold. But traders come with these blocks to the people who live among the mountains in wild and out-of-the-way places and receive a *saggio* of gold for sixty, fifty, or forty blocks, according as the place is more isolated and cut off from cities and civilized people. Here the natives cannot dispose of their gold and other wares, such as musk, for want of purchasers. So they sell their gold cheap, because they find it in rivers and lakes as you have heard. These traders travel all over the highlands of Tibet, where the salt money is also current. They make an immense profit, because these people use this salt in food as well as for buying the necessities of life; but in the cities they almost invariably use fragments of the blocks for food and spend the unbroken

blocks.

There are vast numbers here of the beasts that produce musk, and hunters catch them and take great quantities of the musk. There are plenty of good fish, which are caught in the same lake that produces the pearls. There are also lions, lynxes, bears, stags, and roebuck in plenty, and birds of every sort abound. There is no grape wine, but wine is made of wheat and rice with many spices, and a very good drink it is. The province is also a great source of cloves, which grow on a little tree with leaves like laurel but slightly longer and narrower, and little white flowers like clove-pinks. There is also ginger in abundance and cinnamon, not to speak of spices that never come to our country.

When the traveller leaves the city of Kaindu, he rides for ten days through a country not lacking in towns and villages, and well stocked with game, both bird and beast. The people have the same manners and customs as those I have described. At the end of these ten days he reaches a great river called Brius, which is the farther boundary of the province of Kaindu. In it are found great quantities of gold dust. The district is also rich in cinnamon. This river runs into the Ocean.

On the farther side of the river Brius lies Kara-jang, a province of such size that it contains no less than seven kingdoms. It lies towards the west, and the inhabitants are idolaters and subject to the Great Khan. Its king is his son, whose name is Essen-Temur, a very great king and rich and powerful. He rules his land well and justly; for he is a wise and upright man.

After leaving the river, the traveller continues westwards for five days,

through a country with numerous cities and towns which breeds excellent horses. The people live by rearing animals and tilling the soil. They speak a language of their own, which is very difficult to understand. At the end of the five days he reaches the capital of the kingdom, which is called Yachi, a large and splendid city. Here there are traders and craftsmen in plenty. The inhabitants are of several sorts: there are some who worship Mahomet, some idolater, and a few Nestorian Christians. Both wheat and rice are plentiful; but wheat bread is not eaten because in this province it is unwholesome. The natives eat rice, and also make it into a drink with spices, which is very fine and clear and makes a man drunk like wine. For money they use white cowries, i.e. the sea-shells that are used to make necklaces for dogs: 80 cowries are equivalent to 1 *saggio* of silver, which is worth 2 Venetian groats, and 8 *saggi* of fine silver may be taken to equal 1 of fine gold. They also have brine wells, from which they make salt that is used for food by all the inhabitants of the country. And I assure you that the king derives great profit from this salt. The men here do not mind if one touches another's wife, so long as it is with her consent.

Before leaving this kingdom let me tell you something which I had forgotten. There is a lake here, some 100 miles in circumference, in which there is a vast quantity of fish, the best in the world. They are of great size and of all kinds. The natives eat flesh raw — poultry, mutton, beef, and buffalo meat. The poorer sort go to the shambles and take the raw liver as soon as it is drawn from the beasts; then they chop it small, put it in garlic sauce and eat it there and then. And they do likewise with every other kind of flesh. The gentry also eat their meat raw; but they have it minced very small, put it in garlic sauce flavoured with spices and then eat it as readily as we eat

cooked meat.

On leaving Yachi and continuing westwards for ten days, the traveller reaches the kingdom of Kara-jang, the capital of which is also called Kara-jang. The people are idolaters and subject to the Great Khan. The king is Hukaji, a son of the Great Khan. In this province gold dust is found in the rivers, and gold in bigger nuggets in the lakes and mountains. They have so much of it that they give a *saggio* of gold for six of silver. Here too the cowries of which I have spoken are used for money. They are not found in this province, but come here from India.

In this province live huge snakes and serpents[2] of such a size that no one could help being amazed even to hear of them. They are loathsome creatures to behold. Let me tell you just how big they are. You may take it for a fact that there are some of them ten paces in length that are as thick as a stout cask: for their girth runs to about ten palms. These are the biggest. They have two squat legs in front near the head, which have no feet but simply three claws, two small and one bigger, like the claws of a falcon or a lion. They have enormous heads and eyes so bulging that they are bigger than loaves. Their mouth is big enough to swallow a man at one gulp. Their teeth are huge. All in all, the monsters are of such inordinate bulk and ferocity that there is neither man nor beast but goes in fear of them. There are also smaller ones, not exceeding eight paces in length, or six or it may be five.

Let me tell you now how these monsters are trapped. You must know that by day they remain underground because of the great heat; at nightfall, they sally out to hunt and feed and seize whatever prey they can come by.

They go down to drink at streams and lakes and springs. They are so bulky and heavy and of such a girth that when they pass through sand on their nightly search for food or drink they scoop out a furrow through the sand that looks as if a butt full of wine had been rolled that way. Now the hunters who set out to catch them lay traps at various places in the trails that show which way the snakes are accustomed to go down the banks into the water. These are made by embedding in the earth a stout wooden stake to which is fixed a sharp steel tip like a razor-blade or lance-head, projecting about a palm's breadth beyond the stake and slanting in the direction from which the serpents approach. This is covered with sand, so that nothing of the stake is visible. Traps of this sort are laid in great numbers. When the snake, or rather the serpent, comes down the trail to drink, he runs full-tilt into the steel, so that it pierces his chest and rips his belly right to the navel and he dies on the spot. The hunter knows that the serpent is dead by the cry of the birds, and then he ventures to approach his prey. Otherwise he dare not draw near.

When hunters have trapped a serpent by this means, they draw out the gall from the belly and sell it for a high price, for you must know that it makes a potent medicine. If a man is bitten by a mad dog, he is given a drop of it to drink — the weight of a halfpenny — and he is cured forthwith. And when a woman is in labour and cries aloud with the pangs of travail, she is given a drop of the serpent's gall and as soon as she has drunk it she is delivered of her child forthwith. Its third use is when someone is afflicted by any sort of growth: he puts a drop of this gall on it and is cured in a day or two. For these reasons the gall of this serpent is highly prized in these provinces. The flesh also commands a good price, because it is very good to eat and is esteemed as a delicacy.

Another thing about these serpents: they go to the dens where lions and bears and other beasts of prey have their cubs and gobble them up — parents as well as young — if they can get at them.

Let me tell you further that this province produces a sturdy breed of horses, which are exported when young for sale in India. And you must know that it is the custom to remove two or three joints of the tail-bone, so that the horse cannot flick the rider with its tail or swish it when galloping; for it is reckoned unsightly for a horse to gallop with swishing tail. The horsemen here ride with long stirrups after the French fashion — long, that is, in contrast to the short stirrups favoured by the Tartars and most other races who go in for archery, since they use their stirrups for standing upright when they shoot.

For armour they wear cuirasses of buffalo hide. They carry lances and shields. They also use crossbows, with all the quarrels dipped in poison. All the natives, women as well as men, especially those who are bent on evil courses, carry poison about with them. If it should chance that anyone is caught after committing a crime for which he is liable to suffer torture, rather than face the penalty of the scourge, he puts the poison in his mouth and swallows it, so as to die as quickly as possible. But, since the authorities are well aware of this trick, they always have some dog's dung handy, so that if a prisoner swallows poison for this purpose he is immediately made to swallow the dung and so vomit up the poison. Such is the remedy they have found for this practice, and it is a well-tried one. Another practice of theirs, before they were conquered by the Great Khan, was this. If it happened that a gentleman of quality, with a fine figure, or a ‘good shadow’, came to lodge in the house

of a native of this province, they would murder him in the night, by poison or other means, so that he died. You must not suppose that they did this in order to rob him; they did it rather because they believed that his ‘good shadow’ and the good grace with which he was blessed and his intelligence and soul would remain in the house. In this way many met their deaths before the conquest. Since then — that is, during the last thirty-five years or so — they have abandoned this evil practice for fear of the Great Khan, who has strictly forbidden it.

注释

---

[1]Polo's account of ‘Tebet’ applies primarily to districts now included in the provinces of Sze-ch'wan and Yün-nan to the east of the present Tibetan frontier.

[2]Evidently crocodiles.

IN CONSOLATION TO HIS WIFE

慰妻书

［古希腊］普鲁塔克　著

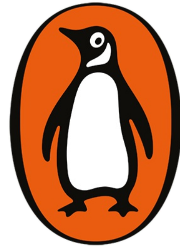
肖艾林　文宏　译

中 国 出 版 集 团
中 译 出 版 社

慰妻书

（古希腊）普鲁塔克/著

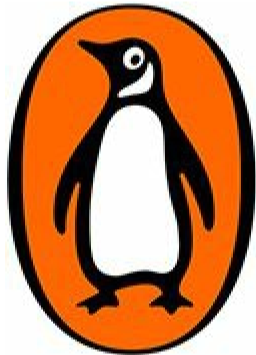
肖艾　林文宏/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

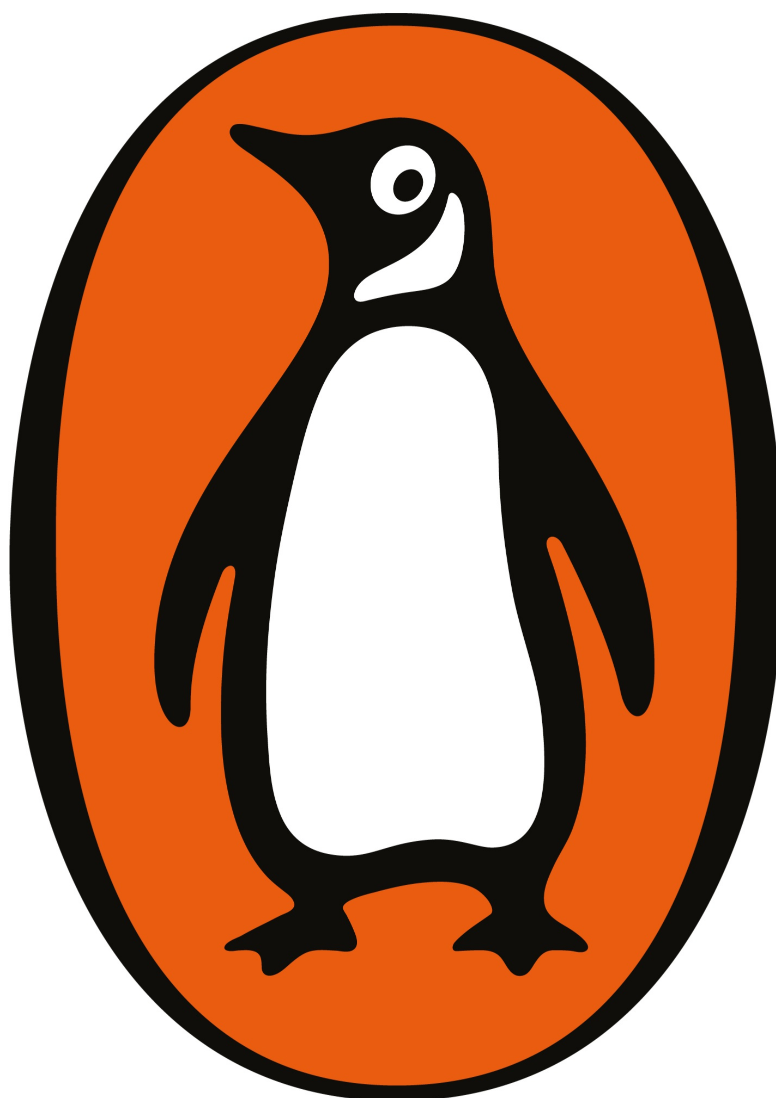
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
Essays first published in this translation in Penguin Classics 1992
This selection first published 2008

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

普鲁塔克（Plutarch，约46—120），罗马帝国时代的希腊作家，出身于希腊中部波奥提亚地区喀罗尼亚城（Chaeronea）一个有文化教养的家庭，其父亚里斯托布鲁斯（Aristobulus）是一位传记作家和哲学家。普鲁塔克幼承庭训，养成了对知识的爱好。青年时期游学雅典，曾受业于名师阿谟尼乌斯（Ammonius），受过数学、哲学、修辞学、历史学以及医学等方面的训练。普鲁塔克还曾遍游希腊各地，到过爱琴海诸岛，访问过埃及、小亚细亚、意大利。所到之处，他都极为留心搜集当地的历史资料和口碑传说，从而成为一名饱学之士。后来，他来到罗马讲学，研究罗马的历史，同时结识了许多名人。普鲁塔克一生经历了罗马帝国前期的3个王朝—尤利乌斯·克劳狄王朝、弗拉维王朝和安敦尼王朝。据说，他曾经为帝国的两个皇帝—图拉真和哈德良讲过课，并博得了他们的赏识，图拉真曾授予他执政官的高位，后来哈德良又提拔他担任希腊财政督察。普鲁塔克的作品在文艺复兴时期大受欢迎，蒙田对他推崇备至，莎士比亚不少剧作都取材于他的记载。

“普鲁塔克”这个名字在西方已经远远超出学院的门墙，它几乎成为一个文化符号，一种时代精神的代表，一种政治文化的象征。《慰妻书》是普鲁塔克在4岁女儿夭折后，写给他的妻子提摩泽娜的安慰信。文如其人，这段感人的文字让我们感受到其孝涕友爱的立身之道，非常真实地展示了其温良而敦厚、和善而豁达、恬静而不慕虚荣的性格。在书中，普鲁塔克用了很多看似平常的道理安慰妻子，让我们感同身受般地体会其在悲痛中的坚守与克制，同时也为我们描述了关于道德与情感、嫉妒与憎恨、悲伤与欢乐的深意看法。他对人生、社会乃至宇宙的认知，都那么充满智慧，让人有醍醐灌顶的感觉，读时一边会意微笑，一边不禁沉思，这么朴素的道理应该是生活中最基本的东西，却被我们

在不经意间遗失了。在一个物质极度膨胀的现代世界里，留给我们思考的空间太小，最本真的人性也似乎只能在物质的缝隙间苟且偷生！

书中，普鲁塔克与提摩泽娜夫妻相爱甚笃、和睦美满的家庭生活跃然纸上，我们可以读出两人携手共渡难关、相互扶持、风雨同行的恩爱。文字的描述成为触碰你我灵魂的精华，在如今这个浮躁的商业社会里，读一点普鲁塔克的文章，培养一点人文精神吧！不需大段时间，抽空浅斟慢饮，细细品啜，犹如炎热夏日，饮一杯碧绿的龙井，真的让人感觉舒爽。

慰妻书

希望你收到此信时，一切安好。你派来向我通报孩子不幸夭折的人，可能在他去雅典的路上与我错过了。我到达塔纳格拉时，从孙女那儿听闻了这一噩耗。我想，现在葬礼已经结束了吧。希望这次葬礼过后，无论是现在还是将来，你不再有任何悲伤。如果因为你想听听我的意见，还有什么事情你想做却还没做，而你认为做完这件事就不会那么难过了，那就去做吧。切记不要大张旗鼓，也不要陷入那些迷信的无稽之谈。我想你应该不会犯这样的错误吧。

亲爱的，我唯一的要求就是，在悲伤的同时，我们两个人，我，还有你，都要懂得节哀。我的意思是，不幸已然发生，我们要悲伤有度。如果我发觉你过度悲伤，那将比失去女儿更令我不安。你知道，我并非铁石心肠。我们一起养育了这么多孩子，他们都是在自己家里长大的，没有要任何人帮忙。我了解，继4个儿子之后，你诞下渴望已久的女儿是多么欣喜。因为她，我才有机会以你的名字给孩子命名，而且，父母对这个年纪的孩子尤其疼爱有加。这种爱带来的快乐很单纯，没有一丝一毫的愤怒和苛求。女儿生性温顺而随和，懂得感情回报，她是那么惹人喜爱，不仅带给我们快乐，也让我们看到了她的善良和无私。她总是让乳母把乳汁喂给其他的孩子，甚至是那些她最喜爱的玩具，她无私地要把她拥有的美好事物以及她最喜爱的东西与她最喜爱的人分享，待他们犹如上宾。

亲爱的，她有生之年带给我们这些快乐的点点滴滴，如今回忆起来，我找不出任何理由为之难过和悲伤。反之，我担心的是，我们可能因为要躲避悲伤而遗忘对她的记忆。如此，便会变得像克里谟奈一样。她曾说：“我讨厌山茱萸木制的弯弓！我宁愿世上没有体育馆！”她总是

害怕忆起儿子，并且避免这样做。因为与回忆相伴的是痛楚，所以人会本能地逃避。不，我们的女儿是这世上最可爱，最令人想拥抱、注视和聆听的孩子。正因为如此，我们一定要让她长驻心间，她带给我们的快乐远远超过悲伤。我们通常劝慰别人的那些话，在我们困难之际也能适时地帮助我们自己。我们不能沮丧消沉，自我封闭，用数倍的忧伤来抵消那些欢乐。

那些参加葬礼的人有些吃惊，他们说你连丧服都没有穿，你和侍女们并没有遵从陈规陋习。你衣着得体，葬礼也没有奢华的排场，一切从简，静默肃穆。对此我并不以为奇。你去看戏或参加公众游行时也从不打扮，你认为奢侈无益，铺张亦无乐趣可言。因此，你在伤痛之时坚持自然和简朴。

关键在于，体面的妇女不仅应该在酒神节的狂欢中保持纯洁不堕落，而且应该在悲痛中认识到，需要克制悲痛带来的情绪不稳和困扰。这种自我克制不是常人所想的那样对情和爱的压抑，而是对心的宽容。思念、崇敬和怀念已故之人是人之常情，但是无尽的悲痛让我们恸哭、哀号，这就和放纵的享乐主义一样可鄙，尽管情有可原。虽然可鄙，但随之而来的并非快乐，而是更多的悲伤和痛苦。摒弃过度的纵情欢笑，却允许源自同一理由的痛哭流涕，或者像某些丈夫们一样，因为妻子抹着奢侈的头发香水、穿着俗丽的衣服而与她们争吵，却在她们哀悼时剪去头发、染黑衣服、坐姿难看或以不舒服的姿势斜靠在桌旁时表示服从，还有什么比这更荒谬的呢？最恼人的是，他们抗拒和阻止妻子过分而不公平地惩罚仆人，却忽视了当她们受到情感和不幸的影响时所遭受的恶毒、严厉的惩罚，实际上此时更需要的是轻松和宽容的心态。

亲爱的，我们之间已非常默契，从来没有为一点小事而争吵，而且我想我们永远也不会为此而争吵。一方面，与我们相处过、了解我们的每位哲学家无不对你朴素的穿着打扮和谦逊的生活方式印象深刻，我们

每一个同胞都见证了你在宗教仪式、祭祀典礼和剧场观演时的自然淳朴；另一方面，之前在你失去长子、我们可爱的卡龙又过早地离开我们时，你的表现足以证明，你可以在这种情况下保持镇定。我记得，当孩子夭折的噩耗传来时，我带着来访者从海上归来，他们还有其他人聚集在我们家。他们后来告诉别人，看到我们家如此平静安宁，还以为并没有什么可怕的事情发生，不过是传出了毫无根据的谣言罢了。通常在这样的时刻，一片混乱也是情有可原的，而你仍然负责任地把家里安排得井然有序。你亲自给孩子哺乳，乳头发炎后还做了手术。这都是出于母爱的高尚之举。

值得注意的是，大多数母亲是等别人把孩子清洗干净、打扮漂亮之后再把他们抱在怀里。她们把孩子当作是玩物。如果孩子夭折，这些母亲们就会沉湎于空洞、虚伪的悲痛之中。这种悲痛并非出自合理而可敬的热烈情感：她们对肤浅的信仰有着强烈的倾向，再加上一点儿本能的情绪，于是乎悲痛猛然爆发，不但激烈、狂躁，而且难以自抑。伊索显然意识到了这一点：他说，当宙斯在众神之间分配赞誉时，“悲伤之神”也请求得到一份；于是宙斯应允了他—但这份赞誉只能来自那些有心想要给予悲伤之神以荣誉的人。

起初，确实如此：悲伤入侵的只是一个个体；然而一段时间之后，它便成为一个永久的姊妹，一种习惯性的存在，无论如何也挥之不去。这就是为何我们在一开始就要将它拒之门外的原因，不要为之挑选特别的着装、打理特别的发型或是做其他诸如此类的事情，以免它在我们心中驻扎生根，日复一日地折磨、贬低、束缚和封闭我们的心灵，使我们变得无动于衷或忧心忡忡，就好像为了表现悲痛而挑选的服装和作出的事情将我们与欢笑、光明以及聚餐等社交行为隔绝开来。这种痛苦的状态让人忽视身体，厌恶给身体涂油、洗澡和其他日常养生。情况本该相反，应保持健康的身体，这样才有助于缓解纯粹的精神痛苦。身体安定，心灵悲痛便会大大减轻、平息和消散，犹如天气晴朗时，波浪会平

息。如果生活规则紊乱，导致身体变得肮脏污秽，对心灵没有任何良性的影响或是益处，带来的只有切肤而难忍的悲伤和痛苦，即使渴望恢复的人也会发现难以达成。心灵受到如此虐待，便会深陷于种种障碍和不适之中。

不过，我没有理由担心会出现最严重的、最令人担忧的失常情形—“恶女入侵”，她们悲痛的哀号和表现使悲痛更加深刻和厚重，从而无法随着外部因素影响而减退或自然消散。我能体会你最近的痛苦挣扎，你去帮助席恩的姐妹，抵抗妇女们的恸哭哀号—这一行为无异于以火攻火。我的意思是，当人们看到朋友的房子着火时，他们会努力尽快扑灭火焰；但是当看到这个朋友的心灵燃起火焰时，人们却会火上加油！有人眼部受到感染时，不会同意任何人去触碰它，也不去治疗炎症，但伤心人却会坐下来，让每个过路人刺探自己的伤痛（可以这么说），从而使情况变得更糟。这就好比一个本来微不足道的发痒的痛处，爆发成为真正难耐的痛苦折磨。无论如何，我相信，你对此会有所防范的。

你一定要时常试着把自己的思绪带回到女儿出生以前，那时的我们没有理由抱怨命运，然后将此时与彼时联系起来，想象我们现在的境况与原先没有不同。你瞧，亲爱的，如果我们发现和女儿出生前相比，现在要抱怨的事情更多，说不定会后悔生了女儿。我们不应将这两年的记忆抹去，因为它带给了我们幸福和快乐，我们应该把它视为快乐的缘由。美好的事物总是短暂的，但不应因而把它看作是长期的不良影响：我们不应该因为命运不再施与我们更多的希望，就对我们曾经拥有的毫不领情。

关键在于，对诸神要态度虔诚，对他人要宽厚仁慈，对命运要心平气和，只有这样才能始终收获美好而愉悦的报偿。任何人如果处于我们这种境地，都会特别注意突出对美好事物的记忆，不去思忖生活的黑暗面和尘世纷扰，而是多想想光明的未来和璀璨的生活，他们要么完全摒

弃任何带来痛苦的事物，要么将悲痛与欢乐融为一体，这样至少可以减轻和掩饰痛苦。正如香水，闻起来清香怡人，但也可以用来消除难闻的气味；同样，将美好的事物铭记于心能使我们在苦难的时候得到必要的支持，对于那些不惧怕回忆美好时光、不怨天尤人的人，这就好比一剂良方。我们应当尽量避免这样一种情况—抱怨综合征。生活就像一本书，尽管其他页面干干净净，但有一个污迹，有人仍会对此百般挑剔。我想说的是，你常常听人说，幸福是为了达到一种稳定状态而正确使用理性思维的结果，偶然的变故可能使人偏离方向，但并不构成人生大逆转，也并不意味着人生大厦的坍塌和毁灭。

假如我们也要遵从惯例，被外在环境所左右，对命运的安排耿耿于怀，在意他人评判我们是否幸福：即便如此，你也不应该老想着当前那些吊唁者的哭泣和哀悼，这不过是毫无意义的社会风俗促使他们每每在这种情况下如此表现而已。最好是牢牢记住，你的孩子、家庭和生活方式在别人眼里依然是令人羡慕的。只要有人乐于选择你这样的命运，甚至包括我们目前的悲伤，你就不该因为遭受这样的命运而抱怨连连，反而应该从痛苦的根源出发，认识到我们应该为仍然拥有的一切而心怀感激。若非如此，你就会像那些从荷马的作品中摘取无头无尾的句子，却忽视许多精彩绝伦的篇章的人那样：对生活中的缺点吹毛求疵、抱怨不止，对优点却含糊其辞、一掠而过，这样一来，你的表现与那些贪婪吝啬的人并无二致，囤积了大量财富却不充分利用，一旦失去却又唉声叹气、抱怨连天。

如果你为女儿未曾结婚生子就已离开人世而感到惋惜，那么你还是可以找到其他的理由振作起来，因为你已然了解和经历过这两件事。我的意思是，对于未经历过结婚生子的人来说，结婚生子也就那么回事，而对已经历过结婚生子的人来说，那可是人生中意义重大的事情，所以幸福与否并不取决于是否经历过这些事。事实上，女儿已经步入一个没有痛苦的世界，我们不必为之悲伤。既然已经没有什么能够令她痛苦

了，我们又为何要因她的离世而伤心呢？如果某样事物到了无人需要的地步，那么对它再大的损失也都不会引起痛苦了；更何况你的提谟克塞娜承受的损失甚少，因为她所熟知和觉得有趣的东西并不是什么重要的事物，至于她所不知道的、从未进入她脑海或吸引她的东西—又怎能说她已经失去它们了呢？

再者，你还听到一种人们普遍接受的说法，即那些已经消散的东西，不可能会遭受灾难或承受痛苦。我知道，我们祖先的教导，以及我们所参加的酒神节仪式的神秘规则（我们大家都了解的东西）让你不敢相信这种说法。既然灵魂是不朽的，你可以将它所发生的一切与笼中鸟的行为作个比较：灵魂长期居于肉体之中，由于诸多的重大事件和长期的熟悉，已经习惯了这样一种生活方式，于是每次重生后依然栖息在肉体里，一而再地经历人间的悲喜祸福。不要认为晚年是因为满脸皱纹、白发苍苍和体力不支而遭人责骂：不，它最残酷的特征是，人到晚年，灵魂不再能鲜明地记忆另一个世界，却又让它和这个世界保持联系，被这个世界包围和束缚，它保持着身体给予它的形状，同时受到它的约束。那些在被捕获后只在肉体中停留片刻便被神释放的灵魂，好像又弹回其自然状态，虽然它已经被弯曲，但它依然保持其柔韧性和延展性。就像火一样，如果在熄灭之后立即点燃，它很快就重新燃起；但是熄灭的时间越长，被点燃的难度越大。因此，用诗人的话说，那些最幸运的灵魂，能够在对这个世界许多事物产生强烈的喜爱和受到如同化学品作用一般地软化、溶解并与身体合而为一之前，“轻快地通过阴间的大门”。

我们可以从远古祖先的风俗与规则中更好地看到这些事物的真相。人们不为夭折的婴儿举行祭酒仪式，也不为他们举行其他的仪式，因为这些婴儿尚未经历尘世和世俗之事。人们不在他们的葬礼上或墓穴边流连，也不为修筑死者的安身之所而拖延时间，因为法律规定禁止对在那个年龄死亡的人这样做。为即将进入一个更加美好世界的人哀悼，会被

认为是亵渎神灵。既然怀疑这一点比相信这一点更加困难，那就让我们的外在行为遵守禁令，并保持内心世界不被玷污，比外在行为更纯洁、更自制。

认识德行的进步

苏希乌斯·塞涅乔，如果一个人感到他的德行在不断进步，但事实上并未消除愚昧，因为不道德的行为限制了每个阶段的进步，并恰好抵消了这些进步，好比“铅锤使渔网下坠”一样，他的道德水平不断下降，那么，有没有一种说理方式能够让人意识到自己的德行在进步呢？就拿音乐或文化素养来说，一个人如果在学习过程中没有减少对这些领域的无知，就可能无法认识到自己在这方面的进步，他的无知水平将永远保持不变。如果医疗手段未能减轻一个患者的不适或在某种程度上缓解病情，使病情得到控制和减轻，直到身体完全复原，并且通过治疗使疾病完全消失不见，患者就无法感知到病情好转。

事实上，如果人们感知不到这些领域的变化，就不会取得进步，因为进步的工具是消除抵抗人们进步的阻力（好比站在一架天平上，被一股向上的力量提起，与之前下落的运动相抗衡）。同样，在哲学上，如果一个人不能从思想上免于犯错并得到净化，反而在获得绝对至善的时刻仍然陷入于绝对至恶的混沌，就不能假设取得了进步和意识到进步。当然，智者只需片刻，一瞬间，就能从极度罪恶达到尽善尽美的境界。尽管长期来看他的罪恶没有丝毫消除，但在这一瞬间他却完全脱离了恶习。

不过，我敢肯定你已经知晓，持这种观点的人会为自己的断言陷入极其尴尬的境地，也会给“浑然不觉的智者”带来许多麻烦。一个人实际上已经变得聪明了，但是，他自己却并不知道，在一个渐进而漫长的过程中，他丧失了某些品质，也获得了某些品质，在不知不觉中他不断进步，就像一条铺就的道路，平稳地把他引向具有美德的境地。变化的速度和规模非常之大，一个在早晨还一无是处的人到了晚上就能成为一个

完美的圣徒；也可能发生这样的巨变，入睡前还是一个没用的傻瓜，醒来时却是一个圣明的智者，他的心灵中所有的谬误和缺点都被涤荡干净，他不禁惊呼：“再见吧，荒谬的梦境，你其实什么也不是！”如果这一切真是如此，谁又能意识不到这种巨大的变化，感觉不到智慧的光芒突然照耀着他呢？我宁愿相信像凯纽斯那样的人祈祷自己从女人变为男人，却未能注意到自己的转变；也不相信一个胆怯、愚蠢、懦弱的人变得坚强、睿智、勇敢，或者一种野蛮的生活变得神圣之后，他自己对这些顷刻间的变化却毫无知觉。

有种正确的说法是：人应该“修整石头对齐直线，而不是修改直线去对齐石头。”有些人不愿意根据事实去修正观点，而是强迫事实去符合自己的臆测，这是不符合自然规律的，因而产生了大量的哲学难题，其中最大的难题是：除了完美无缺的人以外，所有人都被划入不道德这一鱼龙混杂的类别。这个难题使得人们对“进步”一词讳莫如深：所谓的“进步”与极度愚蠢只差一步之遥，这种进步使得尚未摆脱各种情感和缺陷的人依然与尚未摆脱最大恶性的人一样可悲。总之，这些思想家是在自我否定。他们在演讲中将阿里斯泰德斯与法拉里斯的伤风败俗相提并论，把布拉西达斯与多伦的怯懦视同一致，甚至认为柏拉图与梅利多斯的愚昧无知也如出一辙；但他们在生活实践中，却禁戒这几组人中后者的行为，认为他们冷酷无情，追随并信任这几组人中的前者，认为他们对最重要事物方面的论述具有重要意义。

我们要注意每一种罪恶都在程度上有多少之别，尤其是那些不确定、不可估量的心灵上的罪恶。同样，消除罪恶也有不同程度的进步，当理性逐渐启迪、净化灵魂时，人的不足就会像黑暗被光明击退一样向后退却。因此，对那些正在被推出深渊的人而言，我们并不认为他们认识到这些变化的看法是不合逻辑的，相反，我们认为这种认识具有明确的、可以描述的道德概念观念。

在此，无须多费周折，请首先考虑第一个道德观念。正如那些扬帆远航的人通过流逝的时间和风力的强度来计算他们航行了多远，他们根据一定风力驱使下花费的一定时间来估量他们可能完成的行程。在哲学中亦如此。一个人能够通过推理过程中取得进步的连续性和延续性，加之新的努力和动力使停顿与波折很少出现，以便能够持久地顺利、匀速向前，并利用理性确保这个过程没有障碍，从而彻底弄清楚自己的进步。“一点一点地积累并持之以恒”这个忠告不仅对于财富的积累有效，而且对一切事物都具有普世价值，特别是对于德行的进步意义重大，因为理性会因此获得许多良好习性的帮助，带来收获。

哲学研究者良莠不齐，有一些生性愚钝，他们在取得进步的道路上延误徘徊，甚至倒退，因为人一旦放弃追求、虚度光阴，恶习就会抓紧时机对他们进行伏击，进而把他们拽回并推向相反的方向。数学家告诉我们，行星若停止向前运动，就会静止，但在哲学研究中，即便停止进步，也不会出现间断、静止的情形，因为人性总是在不断变化中，好像天平上不断变化倾斜的两端，或是受好的影响向更好的方向发展，或是受坏的影响向更坏的方向发展。如果你遵守神谕“日夜与克亥人战斗”，而且你清楚要抵抗恶习，日复一日永不停休，或者至少你几乎没有放松警惕，也没有经常耽于享受、欢娱，因为它们就好像是恶习派来进行妥协谈判的特使，那么你就可以勇敢无畏、激情饱满地向未来前进。

即便一个人的哲学研究会被打断，但如果以后的研究比以前更稳定、更持久，那么这就是一个好的迹象，表明勤奋工作和不断努力能够逐渐消除懈怠。然而，过了一段时间之后，挫折持续不断地出现，饱满的热情逐渐退却，就会出现不良现象。比如，一根芦苇开始生长，没有阻力，其成长也不被干扰，就会保持旺盛的长势，长出长而光滑的芦苇秆子；后来，似乎由于呼吸困难，它的长势变弱，甚至不再长高，因为高度被苇秆中的许多带有空心的结节给限制了，它的生命力受到了冲击。这只是一个形容哲学研究的比喻：一方面，有的人刚开始精力充

沛、兴致勃勃，随后不断地遭遇大量障碍与干扰，同时看不见任何进步，最后忍受不了而无奈放弃；另一方面，有的人为哲学惠益所激发，如虎添翼，加上因取得成就而产生了动力和热情，便把种种拦路虎一样的借口横扫一边。

当你与喜欢的人在一起时，并不是幸福感使你意识到你已坠入爱河（因为并非只有爱情才会让你感到幸福），而是当你和对方分开时会感到痛苦和伤心，这才是恋爱的标志。同样，许多人被哲学所吸引，兴致勃勃地开始学习，但如果由于别的因素使他们放弃学习，他们的热情就会消退，不再关心哲学了。“一个人若是被心爱的人所伤”，他在进行哲学讨论时会表现得平静和温顺，但当他远离哲学讨论时，他会焦躁不安，对一切心怀不满；他对哲学的向往会使他变得好像失去理智，忘记了身边的朋友。关键问题是，我们对待讨论不应该像喜欢香水那样，没有香水的时候，不会到处寻找香水，不会浑身难受，而应该是当脱离哲学讨论时（不论是结婚、航海、交友，还是兵役导致这种隔离），我们能体验到一种类似于饥渴的感受，这种感受能使我们保持真正的事业进步。一个人从哲学中获益越多，离开哲学时，他的不快也会越多。

我们所说的进步与古代赫西奥德对“进步”的阐述基本相同，或者非常相似—道路不再陡峭，不再是上坡路而变为平坦大道，仿佛是不断付出的努力造就了坦途，仿佛这段旅程为哲学带来了希望和光明。在哲学中，学生在学习之初困惑迷茫，游移不定，好比水手离开他们熟知的陆地，却看不到作为目的地的陆地，因为他们放弃了正常的、熟悉的事物，却又没有获取新的知识，拥有更美好的事物，于是他们就在这一过程中原地打转，甚至经常返回原点。

罗马人沙斯提乌斯就是一个例子：为了哲学，他放弃了政治舞台上的显要位置，但是，他在哲学学习中缺乏耐心，发现学习哲学异常困难，差点想跳楼。还有一个类似的故事，讲的是西诺普的第欧根尼最初

投身哲学研究的事：在雅典的一个假日，人们举行盛大宴会，在剧院上演节目，派对接二连三，狂欢通宵达旦，而此时第欧根尼蜷缩在广场的角落里试图入睡。他心烦意乱，脑子里满是自我毁灭的想法，他一直想弄清楚，在没有外力强迫的情况下，他曾经如何按照自己的自由意愿，采用了一种劳其筋骨、异于常人的生活方式，并摒弃了所有那些美好的事物。然而，就在那时（据传），一只老鼠爬了上来，不管不顾地咀嚼他掉下的面包屑。第欧根尼开动脑筋，反思自己，仿佛自我批评、自我蔑视地说："第欧根尼，你在想什么？你吃剩的东西竟成了一只小老鼠的美食？然而你，一个堂堂的男子汉—就因为你不能躺在华丽的软椅上醉酒狂欢，就这么怨声连连、唉声叹气吗？"当那种坏心情偶有发生时，理性会很快介入，好像战败后重整旗鼓一样，帮助我们摒弃和消除坏心情，轻而易举地驱散我们心头的焦虑与不安，于是我们便可坚信我们的进步有了坚实的基础。

哲学研习者自身的弱点不是导致他们踟蹰和倒退的唯一因素，朋友们热心的忠告和批评者的冷嘲热讽也会歪曲、削弱他们的决心，甚至使一些人完全放弃哲学。因此，如果一个人能心绪平静地面对这些不利因素，听到人们提及自己的同行如何在皇宫里飞黄腾达，或是如何通过婚姻得到一大笔钱，或是如何经过民众选举进入元老院担任政法要职，而不会意志消沉或心烦意乱，这就说明他已经取得了良好的进步。对一个人来说，在此类情形下不惊慌失措或摇摆不定，这就清楚地表明他学习得法，牢牢掌握了哲学的精髓。绝大多数人赞赏的行为唯独他不去效仿是不可能的，除非这个人已经习惯于赞赏美德；即使在愤怒和疯狂的时候，人也有能力立足于人前，但是藐视被普世赞赏的行为，如果没有真正崇高的、坚定的意志，这是不可能的。

这也是人们与他人的心态相比而引以为豪的原因，如梭伦所说："我们决不会拿我们的美德去与他们的财富作交易，因为拥有美德是恒久稳固的，而钱财却是暂时拥有的。"第欧根尼曾反复移居于科林

斯与雅典，并因此以波斯王自比。波斯王春天居于苏萨，冬天居于巴比伦，夏天居于米堤亚。阿格西劳斯也曾这样评价波斯王：“他比我更伟大只是因为比我更有德。”亚里士多德在写信给安提帕特时提到亚历山大，他指出不能因为亚历山大统治着许多人，他就是唯一有权感到骄傲的人：任何人只要真正地信奉诸神，就能拥有同样的权利。当芝诺看到色奥弗拉斯托斯受到为数众多的学生景仰时，他说：“虽然他的合唱队人数更多，但我的合唱队唱得更悦耳动听。”不管怎样，将美德与外在形式对立起来，能够消除你对他人的嫉妒和猜忌，所有让哲学初学者困惑沮丧的事物也将烟消云散，这时你则可以认为这是你取得进步的明显表现。

一个人言谈中发生的变化也是一个很重要的迹象。哲学初学者几乎无一例外地倾向于能提高自己声誉的言谈方式。一些人就像飞鸟一样浅薄自大，想要一蹴而就，达到科学辉煌的顶峰；另一些人则像柏拉图所说，“如小狗一样，喜欢拖拉撕咬”，他们喜欢找人理论、诡辩以解决难题。许多初学者沉迷于哲学争论之中，并以此作为诡辩的武器。还有的人到处搜集格言和语录，就如阿拉卡雪斯曾经说道：在他看来，希腊人拥有钱财只是为了计算数额，他们会数钱却不会用钱，同样这些希腊人也只会清算他们所拥有东西的数量，而不去积累对他们有益的其他东西。

所有这一切的结果都有安提法奈斯的言论为证，并被应用到柏拉图的回环法中。安提法奈斯曾经讲过一个有趣的故事：在某个城市，只要开口说话，话一出口就被冻成了冰，等到了夏天解冻之后，人们才听到在冬天里说的话。他指出，柏拉图对人们年轻时候所说的话，其实也是同样的道理。直到很久以后，人们都已经老态龙钟，此时大部分人才意识到其中的深意。人们学习任何形式的哲学也是这样的经历，只有当人的判断合理、可靠，才开始形成能渗透到道德品质和道德范畴的原则，并开始寻找一种话语，这种话语的踪迹，借用伊索的比喻，深入人心，

而不流于表面。索福克勒斯曾说，他首先减轻了埃斯库罗斯语言的厚重，接着处理他自己夸张和造作的风格，之后才开始第三步，改变语言的特点，因为语言对道德和德行最具影响力。以此类推，只有当哲学研究者停止利用争论进行卖弄和造作，转而寻找一种能表达他们的个性和内心感受的话语，他们才会开始获得真正的、谦逊的进步。

首先，你要确定自己在阅读哲学著作、聆听哲学演说时是否过于重视语言而忽略了主题，是否更在意晦涩难懂的只言片语而不是有用的、充实的、有益的文章。其次，你研究诗歌和历史的时候要多加小心，不要忽略了那些表达恰当、能促进品性、缓和情感的东西。就像西蒙尼德斯在谈到花丛中的蜜蜂时说："（蜜蜂）专注的是琥珀色的蜂蜜。"然而别的人关注的却只是花的颜色和香气。因此，当人们为了开心娱乐而研读诗歌时，若有人靠自己的努力寻找并搜集了一些有价值的东西，那么就可以认为他的习惯以及对美好和谐事物的喜爱已经使他能够欣赏诗歌中美好和谐的东西了。

例如，有些人喜欢柏拉图和色诺芬的语言，但是只专注于他们朴实的阿提卡语言风格（就好比它是鲜花雨露一般）。对这些人的唯一评价就是：他们喜欢药物的适口和芳香，却不关心甚至无法辨识药物的镇痛和通便的效用。相比之下，那些不断取得进步的人能够从所见的、所处的环境中而不是从所说、所写的字词中受益，并能获得合适的、有用的东西。

在埃斯居罗斯和其他类似的典故中可以证明这一点。例如，埃斯居罗斯在科林斯地峡运动会上观看一场拳击比赛，只要一名拳击手被击中，观众就会爆发雷鸣般的喊声，埃斯居罗斯用肘轻轻碰了下基沃斯的伊翁，对他说："看见这训练的结果了吧？被击倒的人一声不吭，而看客却高声大叫。"布拉西达斯捡到一些干的无花果却被这些无花果里的一只老鼠咬了一口，他赶紧把它扔掉，他说道："多么不可思议啊！不

管多么弱小的生命，只要有勇气自卫，就能活下去！”第欧根尼看见有人用手喝水，就立刻从包裹里掏出自己的杯子扔掉。

这些故事都说明，只要专心致志并持续努力，就一定能从任何事物中看到并汲取其中隐含的美德。如果用理论对实践加以补充，这个结果就更易出现。不仅仅是像修昔底德说的“在险境中坚持研习”，而且要在开心愉快或争论不休的时候，在参与决策的时候，在法庭诉讼答辩和处理政务的时候，切实展示自己的信念，或是通过实践树立自己的信念。但是对于那些仍在学习的人来说，通过思考自己能从哲学中获得什么来充实自己，使自己能够在政治论坛上、年轻人的聚会上或是王宫的宴会上信手拈来，这些人并不能被称为哲学家，而是像被称为医生的江湖郎中罢了，或许更确切一点地描述这种诡辩家，就如荷马所描述的鸟一样，因为他只是反刍给自己的学生，仿佛他们是他羽翼未丰的幼鸟，如果他不对自己有利的东西进行思考或是对学到的东西进行消化吸收，那么任何他接受的东西都只是囫囵吞枣罢了。

对我们来说弄明白以下方面至关重要：首先，我们利用语言优化自我；其次，相对其他人而言，我们这样做不是为了得到虚幻的荣耀或公众的认可，而是我们想要学习和传授一些东西。我们首先得确保研究问题时，不再有竞争和争论，不再用争论武装自己，就像在拳击赛中用手套和指节套去攻击他人，为把对方打倒在地而欣喜，而是把重点放在学习和传授上。在讨论中彬彬有礼，不争先恐后，也不怒气冲冲地结束，在赢得辩论后不自鸣得意，在输掉辩论后也不怨天尤人，这些都是一个人在德行上有进步的标志。

亚里斯提卜给我们做了榜样：他在一次辩论中败北，赢得了辩论的人信心满满，这非常愚蠢、浅薄。亚里斯提卜看到那人胜出后兴高采烈、被胜利冲昏头脑的样子，说：“我要回家了，尽管我输了，但我今晚将美美地睡上一觉，虽然你赢了，但我会睡得比你香。”

我们公开说话时，也可以估量自己的德行：出乎意料地看到有一大群人来听演讲，我们不怯场；听众寥寥无几，我们也不沮丧气馁；要求面向公众或官员讲话时，我们能够把握机会，尽管没有充分准备，也能应对自如。德摩斯提尼和亚西比德就能这样做。亚西比德善于把握演说的主题，但却对演说的表达技巧缺乏自信，结果有时把自己给绕进去，甚至是经常说到一半的时候，总是停下来搜肠刮肚地去想用一些难懂的词或短语，导致听众嘘声四起。相比之下，荷马并不发愁开始几行没有韵律，他的才能使得自己对剩下的诗歌内容信心十足。因此，我们大可以想象，那些努力为美德和优点奋斗的人会很好地利用机遇和主题，而不在意他们演讲的语言是否引起听众激昂的欢呼。

这对言谈举止同样适用，每个人应该确保自己关注的是有用的东西，而不是为了炫耀，追求的是真理，而不是为了显摆。如果对一个年轻人或女子的真爱不需要别人的见证，就算是秘密满足自己的追求也能收获快乐的果实，那些爱好美德和智慧、通过自己的举止体现美德的人，更有可能对自己内在的魅力保持沉默，而不需要有人欣赏。曾经有人在家命令自己的女佣，对她大声叫道："看着我，迪奥尼西娅，我不再自以为是了。"与此类似，做了一些善事之后便到处对人说，很明显，他依然关注的是外界对自己的赞赏和公众对自己的认可，这也表明他并没有见识过真正的美德，他在虚幻的梦想阴影里任意表演，从未真正醒悟，还要把自己的行为示人，就像展示一幅画一样。

由此可见，在帮助朋友或熟人之后，却不到处宣扬，这就是德行进步的标志。当周围的人都堕落腐化时仍坚守诚实，拒绝向富人或权贵可耻地折腰，唾弃贿赂，在夜晚渴望喝酒时能克制不饮，像阿格西劳斯那样克制自己不与漂亮的姑娘亲吻—一个人能默默坚守这些也是德行进步的标志。像这样的人能够获得自我认可，不会被人轻视，亲眼见证了自己行善时会感到快乐满足，这表明理性已经在他内心得到滋养并在他身上扎根，如德谟克里特所说，他"正习惯于成为自己快乐的源泉"。

农民喜欢看到饱满的稻穗弯腰垂向大地，他们认为那些空瘪的昂首挺立的稻穗是些没有分量的冒牌货。立志成为哲学家的年轻人也是如此：那些没有内涵、毫无分量的人喜欢出风头，行为举止矫揉造作、趾高气扬，脸上满是鄙夷的神情，蔑视一切事物，但是当他们从学习中有了收获变得充实时，他们就会抛弃浅薄自大。正如空容器中加入液体时，里面的空气受到挤压会排出去一样，当人被真正好的东西充实时，他们的自负造作就会土崩瓦解，不再因为蓄着胡子穿着破旧的礼服而自得，而是将努力学到的东西铭记于心。他们严于律己，宽以待人。他们改变了以前的陋习：不再以哲学的名义、以学习哲学获得好名声。相反，如果一个内心善良的年轻人被别人称为“哲学家”，他会变得惊慌不安，尴尬地笑着说：“瞧你，我不是神，为什么将我视为神呢？”正如埃斯库罗斯所说：“年轻姑娘经历了爱情，她的眼睛闪耀的光芒就会出卖她。”年轻人获得了真正哲学上的收获时，萨福的话就非常贴切：“我张口结舌，浑身激情燃烧。”尽管他的双眸无忧无虑、平静镇定，但你却渴望听他说话。

当入会仪式开始时，参加者聚集在一起，声音嘈杂，互相推搡，可当仪式开始举行时，他们立刻安静下来，全神贯注，充满敬畏。这就像是学习哲学之初，许多人站在哲学的门槛外，充斥着无序、嘈杂和自信，粗鲁地推搡着，努力获得哲学带来的名声；但是当人发现自己入门之后，沐浴着耀眼的哲学之光，仿佛神殿开启，他就会惊讶得呆住，变得安静，“用谦逊和克制去遵从”理性，就像遵循神明一样。对于这些人，墨涅德摩斯的戏言似乎形容得更加绝妙。他说，大量远渡重洋来雅典学习的人都会经过以下历程：他们一开始充满智慧，后来变成了爱智者，再后来成了哲学家，随着时间的推移，他们又成了普通人。他们获得理性越多，就越会逐渐抛弃自负和虚荣做作。

当人们牙疼或手指受伤需要治疗时，他们会直接去看医生；发烧时，会请医生上门，请求医生为自己看病；但如果患病比较严重—得了

忧郁症、脑膜炎或精神错乱，他们有时会忍受不了医生上门看病，要么将医生赶走，要么逃避看病，因为他们的病已严重到意识不到自己疾病缠身了。犯错的人也是如此：对责备、训斥自己的人恼怒生气，举止蛮横挑衅，这样的人是无可救药的，然而对那些能忍受责备，不对抗的人来说，情况要缓和得多。有些人犯了错误，但是愿意接受别人的批评，指出自己的错误，不隐藏自己的错误，不为做了错事未受惩罚而窃喜，也不为别人未辨认出自己是一个怎样的人而窃喜，而是承认错误，请求别人训诫自己，这绝对表明他在进步。这也是第欧根尼之认为的为了寻求安全，人应该注意寻找一位挚友或一个劲敌，这样才能通过两种方式之一—受到责难或是受到照顾—摆脱恶习。

试想一个人的衣服上有明显的污迹或印渍，或是鞋子上有裂口，在外面却把这些当作妄自菲薄的借口，或是以自己身材矮小或驼背自嘲来展示自己的嬉皮精神。这样做无非是在掩盖自己丑陋的灵魂，隐藏他生命的缺陷，他的卑鄙猥琐、享乐主义、怨天尤人、心怀不满，就仿佛这些是脓肿，不让任何人碰触或看见它们，因为害怕受到责备，那么这样的人的进步就微乎其微了，甚至是没有进步。当然，与这些缺点战斗的人，尤其是他能够也愿意向自己展示这些缺点，并为此痛心，接着他能够也愿意接受别人的苛责，他的灵魂必将在这些磨难中得到净化，恰恰是这样的人真正地憎恶卑贱，确确实实地愿意消除卑贱。

虽然，避免受辱难堪甚至是坏名声对每个人都很重要，但是，有的人厌恶现实的罪恶更甚于卑劣的坏名声，如果目的是促进德行进步的话，那么他既不回避别人对自己的责难，也不苛责别人。例如，在一家客栈里，第欧根尼看见一个逃跑出来的年轻人，跑进这家客栈，他巧妙地说了一句："你越往里跑，你就越会在这客栈里。"一个人对缺陷否认得越多，他就越沉沦、越被禁锢在这些缺陷里。本是穷人却要假装富有，他的虚伪只会使得他更加贫乏。希波克拉底记录下自己无法理解头骨的缝合，并公布了这一事实，为正在努力进步的年轻人树立了榜样。

希波克拉底通过宣示自己的弱点去帮助别人避免重蹈覆辙；而一个致力于绝对正确的人往往不敢接受别人的谴责，或承认自己的荒谬无知。

事实上，彼翁和皮罗的主张不仅表明德行进步，而且指的是一种更美好、更完美的境界。彼翁告诉自己的朋友们，如果听到辱骂就好比听到这样的一些话："朋友，你看起来并不邪恶，也不愚蠢，祝你健康、快乐，愿神明保佑你万事如意。"那么你就应该认为自己德行进步了。皮罗的故事是这样的：他曾经在海上航行时遭遇了风暴，身陷险境，他指着一头正津津有味地吃着漏掉的大麦的小猪，对同伴说：一个人若不想被任何事干扰，就要用理智和哲学使自己有着这猪一样的超脱。

请注意芝诺所说的—一个人的梦想应该是使自己意识到他的德行在进步，在睡眠中对可耻的事情感到不快，不纵容也不做可怕的骇人听闻的事情，相反，他就像在彻底的宁静祥和中顿悟，灵魂中的幻想和情绪被理智驱散了。柏拉图显然在芝诺之前就意识到了这一点，他简要地描述天生暴戾的灵魂中幻想的非理性方面在睡眠中的所作所为："它妄图乱伦，"对各种美食有着难以抗拒的冲动，想干伤风败俗、越轨的事，像自己所渴望的那样随心所欲，这些事情在白天因为受道德习俗约束使人感到羞耻和惧怕，在梦里就解除禁锢了。

驯服的牲畜不会想要偏离队列而走失，即使它们的主人松开了缰绳，它们也会井然有序地列队前行，保持自己的节奏，老老实实地按照路线行进。同样，人们非理性的方面已经被理性教化，变得文明后，即使是在睡梦中或是生病时，人们也不会放纵欲望伤风败俗、为所欲为。相反，人们时时注意保持理智并牢记在心，因为理智能赋予我们集中注意力的力量和能量。如果通过训练，身体的各部分能够协调一致—甚至是整个身体以及它的任一局部都能控制自如—不会因满目疮痍而泪流满面，因惊骇万状而怦然心跳，因情投意合而冲动越轨，那么，这自然增加了训练掌握灵魂中情感因素的程度，可以说，通过消除包括睡梦中的

各种幻想和感官刺激，能使情感优雅有度。

有一则关于哲学家斯提尔波的故事能证实这一点。他在梦中看到海神波塞冬对他怒气冲冲，因为他没有向海神祭献一头公牛（给波塞冬的常规祭品），但是斯提尔波丝毫没有忐忑不安，他说：“波塞冬，您什么意思，难道您是因为我没有破产到让这座城市充满祭品的焦味，而是在家倾我所有向您适度进献，才会像个幼稚的孩子来此抱怨的吗？”然后他梦见波塞冬笑了，向他伸出右手说，看在斯提尔波的份上，我要让迈加拉的沙丁鱼丰产！

因此，不管怎样，那些有着愉快的、清新的、无忧无虑的美梦的人在梦里感受不到任何可怕的、恐怖的不正常之事，这是他们德行取得进步的明显特征。那些痛苦、奇异的梦境—在梦中狂热、兴奋，像懦夫一样逃避危险，经历孩童般的悲喜—犹如波涛此起彼伏，这是因为人们还不能自我掌控心灵，仍然受到世俗和规则的约束，所以当他在睡觉的时候，灵魂远离这些约束，重获自由，依然受到情感的影响。现在，请你和我一起思考，我所说的这些现象的根源是属于进步还是源自于一种建立在理智之上的心态，一种稳重、可靠的心态。

绝对的超凡脱俗是崇高而神圣的，进步之于这种境界，就好像感情的减少和节制，因此，重要的是要审视我们的情感，比较各种不同的情感，区分它们之间的不同。我们必须要将现在的情感和过去的情感相比较，看看我们现在的欲望、敬畏和激情是否没有过去那么强烈，因为我们通过理智能很快消除这些强烈和热切的情感；我们必须要将各种情感相互比较，看看我们现在的羞耻之心是否比我们的敬畏之心更锐利，更愿意与人竞争而不是妒忌他人，重名誉而轻钱财。简而言之，我们必须通过比较不同的情感，用音乐家的话说，才能知道我们是否对多利安模式过宽而对利地安模式过严，我们的生活模式是否更趋于禁欲主义而不是享乐主义，我们的行动是否变得稳重而不是冒进，我们看待论点和人

物的眼光是否是惊奇而不是鄙夷。就疾病而言，当它转移到身体非致命的部位，便是健康恢复的一个好迹象；同理，就恶习而言，当正在努力进步的人用高尚的情感来审视自身的恶习，这些恶习便会逐渐被消除。弗里尼斯在七弦琴上额外加了两条琴弦，于是长官们就问他是切掉顶端的两条弦还是切掉底端的两条弦，因为通常是七根琴弦，我们首先要弄清楚什么是必须的，如果两端的琴弦都要被切掉的话，是否就是处在中间不偏不倚的位置，其次是德行进步始于我们情感的极端和强度的削减，就像索福克勒斯所说，“贪欲使人过度劳累”。

我们已经提到将想法付诸行动，别让语言只是文字游戏而要落实到行动上，这才是特别典型的德行进步的表现。首要的是，要效仿我们称道的行为，渴望去做我们钦佩的事，而不愿去做甚至不能容忍我们诟病的事。例如，米太亚德因其勇气和胆量在雅典受到广泛赞美，但是，狄米斯托克利却说米太亚德的战利品使他难以安寝甚至让他无法得到片刻休息，很明显狄米斯托克利不仅仅是在表达对米太亚德的敬仰和赞美，而且被米太亚德折服要去效仿他。因此，如果我们对成功事物的赞美流于表面，而不足以激励我们去效仿的话，那么我们取得的进步就微乎其微。

爱慕之情并不是改变一个人的力量，除非与之相随的是渴望效仿。赞誉美德如果不能激励我们，指引我们去效仿美好的事物，而是心怀嫉妒，那么这种赞美就不是热烈、有效的。亚西比德强调了心灵为贤达的话所打动而泪流满面的意义，不仅这样，真正进步的人将自己的行为与优秀的榜样相比较，意识到自己的不足而深感痛心，也因内心充满希望而欢欣鼓舞，满怀一种永不停歇的劲儿。用西摩尼得斯的话形容，就好比一匹奔跑在母马身边未断奶的马驹，因为他渴望成为完美的人。实际上，我们喜爱有些人的性格，极力模仿他们的行为，而且在自觉模仿时伴有良好的意愿，愿给予他们敬意和荣誉，这样的过程才是典型的真正的德行进步。若有人争强好胜，对比自己强的人心怀嫉妒，那他一定要

意识到让自己生气的只不过是对某种名誉或能力的嫉妒，而并不是对美德的敬慕和赞赏。

因此，当我们仰慕贤达时，如柏拉图所说，我们不仅认为有责任的人是幸运的，而谁要听到这样有责任的人说的话也是幸运的。我们喜欢他们的姿势、步态、面容和微笑，渴望追随他们，紧紧相随，那么，我们就可以名正言顺地认为自己正在取得真正的进步。还有一种更为合情合理的情形，假如我们对完美者的仰慕并不仅仅是他们成功的一面，而是如爱人一般，即使他们口齿不清、面容苍白，也会毫不犹豫地深爱对方：尽管不幸和悲惨使潘德亚痛苦哭泣，但依然打动了阿拉斯普斯的心，同样，我们不应该因为阿里斯提德的流亡、阿拉克萨戈拉的囚禁、苏格拉底的贫穷、福基翁的获罪而退缩，因为我们坚信，即使是在那样恶劣的环境下美德依然是值得我们追求的。只要内心有追求我们就应该向美德靠拢，用欧里庇得斯的话说："品格高尚的人对污秽的东西视若无物。"人若受到足够的鼓舞激励，即使面对貌似可怕的事物，也会心怀敬意，并去效仿，而不是疏离它们，那他一定永远不会脱离美好的事物。在已经成为这样的人的经历中，无论是处理事务、担任公职或是遭遇险境，都会想象过去的贤达完美之人，并且自省："若是柏拉图在此境遇会怎样？伊帕美农达斯会如何说？吕库古斯、阿基希劳斯会怎样处理？"他以他们为镜，把自己置于镜前对照，或是调整自己的立场，或是克制自己不说卑劣的话，或是控制情感的爆发。有的人获知伊达山山神达克提尔众多的名字并不断诵读每一个名字，就好像是用来驱赶恐惧的符咒，同样，当任何情感和艰难困苦折磨那些不断取得德行进步的人时，对完美者的思念和回忆会立刻涌上心头，并让他们不断思考，这会让他们逢凶化吉，不屈不挠。因此，这也是使你能辨认出那些德行进步之人的另一种标志。

此外，当有一位因自制力强而名声在外的人出乎意料地出现在你面前时，你能够不心慌意乱，不害羞脸红，不避之唯恐不及，也不想重新

调整自己的特质，能够毫无怯意地迎上去，你就能确信自己已经意识到德行的进步了。当亚历山大看到使者愉快地大步走来，并向他伸出右手时说："我的朋友，你带来了什么消息，是荷马重新活过来了吗？"因为他觉得自己的丰功伟绩尚需一位智者的声音为自己扬名立万。一方面，不断完善性格特性、提升自我的年轻人表达爱的方式是在真正优秀的人面前如数家珍，向他们展示自己的家庭、膳食、妻子、孩子、职业，以及口、笔头的表达能力，为去世的家长或先师不能目睹他目前的情形而悲痛不已，他最诚挚地向神灵祈祷的唯一事情就是他们能复活见证他现在的生活和所为。另一方面，对自己毫不负责而把自己毁掉的人恰恰相反，他们连在梦里碰见亲人也会焦躁不安，难以镇定。

还有一个能表明德行进步的标志，可把它作为我们前面已经讨论过的几点的补充。一方面，一个人不再认为自己的错误是微不足道的，而是严肃对待，密切关注。不再希望成为富有的人，每次花掉小数目的钱时，不以为然，因为他们认为积少成不了多，然而，积蓄增多越接近目标，渴望成为富人的愿望就越迫切。与德行相关的行为也是如此：那些从不姑息，以"这有什么大不了的？""这次就这样了，下次会更好些"为托词的人会每时每刻认真对待，如果恶习以它的借口像蠕虫一样渗透到他最微小的错误中，他也会无法忍受，变得焦躁不安，这些人在这个过程中显然已为自己赢得了一定的纯洁，他不能接受以任何方式对自己的玷污。另一方面，一个人认为没有什么事情会或者可能给人带来奇耻大辱，就会对微小的事情粗心大意，若无其事。事实上，建一堵墙的时候，用一块奇特的木头或是一块普通的石头做地基是没有区别的，如果从坟墓里掉出来的一块石碑被放进地基，这种行为就类似德行降格的人对陈旧事物的简单堆砌。那些德行在进步的人们，他们已经打好了扎实的生命基础（就像神殿或王宫的基础一样），不会不加选择地取得事物，而是以理智为标尺促使物得其所。这在我看来，就是波利克莱图斯所指出的，他说如果用黏土雕塑时到了使用手指甲的地步，那任务就极为艰巨了。

论制怒

苏拉：丰达努斯，我认为画家们周期性地审视他们的作品，然后再进一步修饰的做法是值得称道的。如果一直对作品保持熟悉，就不会发现它们与想塑造的形象有多少差异，因此打破这种连续性，以全新的视角反复赏鉴，更易于捕捉到细微的差别。对个人来说，不可能套用这种固定的方式中断自我赏鉴的连续性来审视自我，这正是自己比他人更无法判断自我的主要原因。因此，其次的做法是定期审视自己的朋友，出于同样目的向他们展示自己，这并不是要看看他是否突然变老或者他的身体状况是好还是坏，而是指经过一段时间之后，判断他是否增进了良好的习惯和品德，或是否戒除了不良的习性。

无论如何，我离开一年多之后又回到了罗马，我和你在一起也4个多月了，我发现你与生俱来的优点进一步发扬了，并且有了如此大的进步，对此我并不特别惊讶。当我看到你强悍、暴躁的脾性变得更加顺服、通情达理，我倾向于引用这句话来评论你的性急："如今他性情温和多了，多好！"

变得温和亲切并不曾使你懦弱无能，它用柔顺的外表及有效、有益的深度—就像一块耕耘后的田地—取代了你那人尽皆知的情绪突变。因此，你的脾气变得温和显然不是因为年龄的增长或其他自觉的因素，而是在于你接纳了良好的合理建议。我必须承认，当我们共同的朋友厄洛斯告诉我你的这些情况时，我怀疑是他对你的温情使你具备了真正善良的人们应该拥有的品质，虽然你过去并没有这些品质，但我认为这忽略了一个事实，他不是一个为了取悦他人而放弃自己立场的人。现在，我很清楚他没有瞎说。我们一起旅行时没有别的事可做，因此我想知道你是否愿意解释你是如何让自己的性情变得温柔、稳健、顺从、有担当的

呢—比如，你遵从哪些规则。

丰达努斯：仁慈的苏拉，你确信不是你温暖的友情使你失去对我性格方面的判断力吗？我是说，甚至厄洛斯自己都经常无法控制自己的脾气，“保持一贯的温顺”（正如荷马所说），是正义的怒火让情绪爆发了。因此，在这些情况下我与他相比可能显得比较通情达理，正如当音阶发生变化时，高音能取代低音一样。

苏拉：这些可能性都不现实。丰达努斯，请帮我个忙，按我要求的去做吧。

丰达努斯：好吧，苏拉。穆梭留斯提出了一些极好的建议，我记得其中一条是：一生不断进行治疗，便可免受疾病侵害。问题的关键在于，当理性充当治疗剂时，在我看来—它不应该像黑藜芦一样随疾病排出体外，而是应该保留在心里，控制并审视我们的决定。从其效果来看，理性不应该被比作良药，而是应该比作有营养的食物，因为大家都习惯从食物中获得能量和健康，一旦情绪激动达到一个峰值时，忠告和责难要进行长久而艰苦的斗争，才有微小的收获，恰如嗅盐一样，能刺激晕厥无意识的人们苏醒，但不能消除实际的疾病。

即便情绪激动达到峰值时，当理性和强化物从外部进入心里时，所有其他情绪也会在某种意义上回落和消退；但是愤怒并不会完全像墨兰提俄斯说的那样—“它取代理智，犯下罪行”；事实上，只有当愤怒彻底取代理智，并将理智拒于门外时，它才会这么做。那种情形类似于人们在家中被烧死，从某种意义上说，愤怒使心里充满了混乱、厌恶和噪音，结果是人们看不到、听不到任何有益的东西。因此，在海上风暴中，一艘废弃的船更容易听取外来舵手的指挥，而被暴怒的海洋淹没的人要被外界说服则难得多，除非他自己作好了理性准备。人们没有外援就会尽其所能积累有用的东西以应付进攻。同样，特别重要的是，人们从四面八方搜集有哲理的事物，并牢记于心，用以帮助抵抗愤怒，因为

当有迫切需要的时候人们往往不容易找到那些帮助。我的意思是说，喧嚣嘈杂阻止心灵听到任何外部情况，除非心灵有它自己的理性，就像船舱里的水手长，他能迅速学会并懂得每一个指令，此外，即使心灵能听到任何事物，它也会在挑衅生气的时候听不见安静、温柔的规劝。问题的关键在于，傲慢、任性和固执的脾气很难为外部动因所改变，就像根基稳固的暴政一样，只有通过内部固有的动因才能将其推翻。

如果愤怒和怨恨成为常态，心灵就会变得易怒，使人变得敏感、恶毒、令人讨厌—变得多愁善感、吹毛求疵：即便铁块被进一步锻造也会变得薄弱。如果理性分辨力当即抵抗和压制任何愤怒的爆发，不仅能挽救当前的形势，而且将来能给心灵带来活力和解脱。

就我来看，无论如何，我曾经有过两三次克制愤怒的情况，我经历过底比斯人所经历过的事情：他们在第一次击退了不可战胜的斯巴达人后，在后来的战役中就再也没有被斯巴达人打败过。因此，我树立了坚定的信念，即理性战胜一切。我认为，亚里士多德关于冷水能浇熄怒火的断言是不全面的—面对恐惧，怒火也会熄灭。此外，当然，用荷马的说法，幸福突然降临经常会导致愤怒瞬间“融化”和消散。我深信，最终的结果是，只要有这种意愿，愤怒的情绪并非完全不可救药。想想看，微不足道的事情也可能会激发愤怒：一个玩笑，一句无心的话，一个笑声，一个点头示意等，都会激发愤怒。举个例子，海伦给她的侄女写信时，以这样刺激的言辞写道：“伊利克特拉，未婚的老姑娘，在过去的岁月你耗费时间去寻找感觉，使你的家族蒙羞。”当大酒杯仍在传递时，卡利斯提尼斯的一句“我不想喝亚历山大的酒，因为随后又得去看医神阿斯克勒庇俄斯”激怒了亚历山大。

因此，正如要控制开始在兔毛、灯芯或一堆垃圾上燃起来的火焰比较容易（一旦火焰开始在有厚度的固体上燃烧，它就会以熊熊之势迅速摧毁建筑师崇高的作品，如埃斯库罗斯所说），如果有人重视初期的愤

怒，意识到它是因为受到一些言论或荒谬嘲讽的刺激而逐渐开始郁积，那么就不用费多大力气。通常只要不说话、不理会那些言语，就可以消除愤怒情绪。不添加燃料就能够把火熄灭，不在刚开始生气时添油加醋、不动辄发怒就会变得明智，从而让愤怒消失殆尽。

我对希罗尼穆斯的说法不敢苟同，尽管他在别的方面有一些有用的意见和建议，但他却声称，由于愤怒发展的速度很快，它在萌芽时是不可察觉的，只有当它已经爆发并确实存在时才能被感知。我认为，所有的情感都要经历由量变到质变的过程，但没有任何情感从开始到发展是如此的明显。这也是荷马学说的巧妙之处：他曾说“痛苦的乌云遮蔽了阿基里斯”，当消息毫不迟延地传来时，他描述阿基里斯瞬间感到痛苦；但他认为阿伽门农的愤怒却是在许多刺激的言辞攻击后渐渐生成、逐步被激发的。如果相关的人在一开始没有说那些刺激的话，他们就不会争吵升级到如此程度，产生这么大的怒火。因此，每当苏格拉底意识到自己对朋友太急躁时，他深知心中的怒火“如暴风雨前汹涌的浪尖”一般涌动着，于是，他通常会压低声音，微笑着，并温和地看着对方，保持身体直立，通过向相反的方向平衡情绪，从而控制住自己的情绪。

你瞧，我的朋友，有一个克服我们暴君般脾气的最佳方式，那就是当愤怒驱使我们提高声音、涨红脸颊、胸膛起伏时，不服从它的驱使，保持安静，情绪就仿佛一种疾病，不能通过捶胸顿足和大声哭喊使它加剧。它就像开派对、唱歌和装饰门框—典型的爱侣行为—在某种程度上有一个缓和或减轻，不会令人不高兴（“我来了，但没有侮辱你：我吻了你的门。如果这是一种犯罪，我就是一个罪犯”）；哀悼者或许能够通过哭泣和泪水消除心中的悲痛，但愤怒状态下的人们激烈的行为和言语会极大地加剧愤怒的情绪。

因此，最好是保持平静，或干脆走开，默默地躲藏起来，寻找庇护，尽管我们意识到要有一种适当的方式，避免发怒，更不要怒及他人

—因为我们往往首先迁怒于我们的朋友。我们感觉不到对每个人的爱、嫉妒或恐惧，而愤怒却将它们一网打尽，从而丧失和平：我们对敌人或朋友生气，对孩子或父母生气，甚至对诸神或动物或是没有生命的物体生气。例如，太阳神阿波罗的孙子塔米里斯“砸坏镀金琴架和七弦竖琴”；还有潘达罗斯，他发誓如果不“徒手把弓折断后”再把它烧掉，就进行自残。薛西斯甚至想用岩石给大海刻下烙印，使大海掀起滚滚波涛，他给山神写信道：“和天一样高的伟大的阿托斯，别再变得更加高大了，棘手的岩石已经妨碍了我的行动，不然我要把你撕碎，将你投进大海。”愤怒往往是可怕的，往往又是荒谬的：因此，它是最遭人痛恨和鄙视的情感；充分认识到这两方面又是有益的。

就我而言，不管怎样，我不知道这是否是对待愤怒正确的方式，我的方式如下：就像斯巴达人试图通过观察他们的奴隶来了解酗酒一样，我试图通过观察他人来了解愤怒。希波克拉底说，一种疾病的严重性与病人的体征变得不正常的程度成正比，我首先注意到的是，被愤怒干扰的程度和由愤怒引起的外观、肤色、步态和声音改变的程度之间也存在着相似的关系。这一情绪的反应给我留下了深刻的印象，想到我可能曾经因为愤怒变得让人害怕，使朋友、妻子、女儿错愕骇然，我感到十分不安—不仅是外在的暴怒和面部扭曲让人无法辨认，而且遇到其他熟人时用粗鲁严厉的声音说话。愤怒使人们在交往中无法保持往常一样的特征、外形、愉快的交谈、令人信服的说服力和彬彬有礼。

演说家盖乌斯·格拉古是一个直率的人，说话异常热烈，富有激情，他为自己做了一个小短笛，与音乐家用来引导自己调整嗓音的那种一样。在他演讲的时候，奴隶便拿着短笛站在他身后，吹奏出适中的、柔和的基调，格拉古根据笛声调整嗓音，便能使自己的声音听起来不刺耳，音调不严厉激愤。就好像牛仔抹了蜡的牧笛发出清晰音调奏出催眠般的旋律，格拉古的奴隶就是这样缓和了这个演说家的激愤。

假如我有一个机灵的随从也能帮我调节声音，在我愤怒爆发时举起一面镜子（刚出浴的人有时会照镜子，虽然达不到什么有用的目的），那我也不会感到不快，因为看到自己处于一个非正常的、不安的状态，有助于人们质疑自己的情绪。实际上，有一个有趣的故事。有一次，雅典娜在吹奏管乐，森林之神告诉她："这个表情不适合你。放下你的管乐，拿起你的武器，放松你的脸颊。"她毫不在意，然而，当她看到河中倒映出自己难看的脸庞时，她非常沮丧，赶紧扔掉了乐器。

至少艺术是高雅的，这分散了人们对愤怒状态中狰狞面目的关注（玛尔叙阿斯显然是用一副类似笼头的器具和一个吹口疏导他急促的气息，矫正和掩盖他丑陋的面貌："闪烁的黄金把两边太阳穴的头发束在一起，绳子绑在脑后，连接他那辛苦劳作的嘴巴。"）；愤怒不仅会夸张扭曲人的嘴脸，也使一个人的声音更加难听，让人生厌，而且会"扰乱镇定的心境"。我的意思是，当大海被狂风激起千层浪，喷涌出海藻和海草时，人们说大海被净化了；但是没有修养的、苛刻的、恶意的言辞使愤怒在内心激荡爆发，演讲家们深受其害。他们会因为经常有这样的言论而背负玷污社会的污名。如柏拉图所说，他们为最微小的事情—甚至一个字—付出最沉重的代价，因为它们给人的印象是违反社会公德、造谣生事、心怀恶意。

当我观察并注意到这些迹象，我便会记住并时常提醒自己：尽管狂热兴奋之时能保持巧舌如簧、轻言细语十分重要，但在愤怒之时能保持这种状态则更为重要。我是说，如果一个狂热兴奋的人说了些不合常理的话，无疑是种不好的症状，但这并不会造成更多的问题；然而，如果一个发脾气的人变得言语粗暴、有攻击性甚至出现异常言论的倾向，就会反映出一种极端蛮横无理的行为方式，对人际关系造成难以复原的破坏，也会暴露其不善交际的困扰。愤怒导致的不成熟、不和谐的后果要比烈酒更严重：烈酒导致的后果常常伴随着玩笑和歌声，愤怒的后果往往却是严重的摩擦冲突；喝酒会使一个安静的人情绪激动，给他的同伴

带来困扰，但愤怒却不会使其产生任何有尊严的行为。正如同女诗人萨福所说："当愤怒占据你的内心，提防你所有的胡言乱语。"

不断关注深陷愤怒感的人使我产生了更多的思考：它让人从其他角度理解愤怒的本质，明白其既不高尚也不刚勇、既无尊严也不体面。尽管如此，大多数人还是错把混乱当成效，错把威胁当英勇，错把顽固当坚强；甚至有的人会呼吁这种无情的勇猛、固执的勇气和粗暴的正义感，这是错误的。因为这些行为方式的提倡恰恰暴露出他的狭隘与软弱。不仅仅是愤怒的人会恶意攻击幼儿，残暴对待妇女，还认为他们惩罚狗、马和骡子是理所当然（就像泰西封的潘德拉提亚斯特脚踢骡子以泄愤）；专制君主们狭隘的不宽容也会从他们野蛮的行为中体现出来，当他们被激怒，他们的心态就会通过其毒蛇般的残忍行为体现，对任何不服从他们的人会表现出极端愤怒。肉体遭遇沉重打击后会发生肿胀；同样，越是软弱的意志越是容易被击痛，他们的愤怒感也为因此日益增强。

这也是女人为何比男人更易怒，病人、老人或者不幸的人为何比健康、成熟或成功人士更易怒的原因。贪婪的人很可能因他的上司而生气、贪食者因烹调而生气、多疑者因自己的妻子而生气、自负者因有人说他的坏话而生气；但是，正如诗人品达所言，最严重的事情莫过于"执政者过度的野心会激起民愤"。愤怒主要是由软弱导致的精神上的痛苦引起的。有人认为，愤怒是在带有自卫冲动的过程中所产生的一种过度混乱的紧张思想，因此认为愤怒是思想的力量源泉，这种观点是错误的。

无论如何，看到这些可鄙的事例不太令人愉快，但绝对是必要的。不过，在我的耳闻目见中，我认为能以冷静平和的态度处理愤怒的人都是伟大的，所以我最初的出发点是鄙视那些声称"你冤枉他了，谁能忍受被冤枉？"以及"把他踩在脚底下，踏在他的脖子上，让他俯首帖

耳！”的人。这些话语颇具煽动性，有些人不正确地利用它们将愤怒从女性身上转移给男性。我认为男性的刚勇几乎都是符合道德标准的，但在涉及温和亲切的问题时却不适用，因为温和亲切的人更有自制力。恶人可能凌驾于善人之上，但是战胜愤怒代表一种强大的、不可抵抗的意志力（哲学家赫拉克莱塔斯称愤怒是“一个强大的对手，因为它以牺牲思想为代价获得它想要的一切”）—这种意志力以理性判断能力为基础，是与情绪对抗时真正的力量源泉。

这就是我不断尝试掌握和读懂这种事例的原因，不管是哲学家（聪明人认为他们不容易遭嫉恨）提供的事例，还是国王或暴君提供的事例。举个例子，当安提柯一世听到士兵在他帐篷附近咒骂他时，他愤怒地扔出长矛，长矛穿透帐篷，插在地上，他说：“哎呀，你们就不能去远点的地方批评我吗？”

阿该亚人阿卡迪亚经常批评菲利普，并建议避免“去那些居民像菲利普一样无知的地方”。然后，有一天他碰巧去马其顿，菲利普的朋友心想可不能让他不吃点苦头就轻易离开，但是，菲利普对他非常友善，并赠送了他礼物。随后他告诉他的子民去了解阿卡迪亚是怎么跟希腊人说的。结果他们发现阿卡迪亚成了菲利普杰出的拥护者。菲利普告诉他们：“所以说我是一个比你们都要优秀的医生！”在奥林匹亚，曾经有一些关于菲利普的诽谤流传开来，有的人提议，既然希腊人不顾菲利普的友善还要去批判他，就应该让他们受点苦。菲利普说：“如果我不善待他们，他们又将作出什么举动？”

同样值得称赞的还有庇西特拉图对色拉希布卢斯将军的态度、波森纳对穆裘斯的态度，以及马格斯对菲利蒙的态度。菲利蒙在他们演出的一部喜剧中公然用这样的言语嘲笑马格斯：“马格斯，这里有一封国王给你的信，可是遗憾的是你看不懂，可怜的马格斯啊！”不久，菲利蒙因遭遇暴风雨被迫逃往帕拉托尼亚，落到了马格斯的手里，马格斯让他

的士兵拔出剑架在菲利蒙的脖子上，然后礼貌地离开，随后马格斯就当菲利蒙是一个智障的孩子一样给了他一些骰子和弹球，然后就让他离开了。

托勒密曾经嘲笑过一名学者的无知，质问他谁是珀琉斯的父亲，这名学者回答，如果托勒密能说出拉古斯的父亲是谁，他就回答他的问题。学者的言辞对出身低贱的托勒密来说是极大的嘲讽，所有人都被激怒了，认为这种言词是刺耳的、不恰当的。托勒密说："如果一个国王受不了别人的嘲弄，那他也不应该嘲弄别人。"

亚历山大在涉及哲学家凯利斯尼兹和克里托斯的事情上比平时要严厉得多。当波鲁斯被亚历山大俘虏后祈求亚历山大能以一个国王应有的气度处决他时，亚历山大问："这就足够了吗？""'以国王应有的气度'就可以包括一切了。"波鲁斯回答。这就是"仁者"是众神之王的一个称号的原因（尽管，我想，雅典人称其为"暴君"）：惩罚是悍妇或者半神半人之流的行径，而不是天神或是奥林匹斯山神的做法。

当菲利普夷平奥林索斯城时，有人说："重建一座同样的城市就不是他力所能及的了。"同样地，人们可能会对愤怒说："你擅长拆除、破坏、毁灭，但是建设、保护、怜悯以及耐心需要的是亲切、宽恕和温和的情感：这些事情需要卡美卢斯、米特鲁斯、阿里司提戴斯还有苏格拉底来实现，而瘟疫和叮咬则是蚂蚁以及老鼠的行径。"

再者，当我考虑到怀恨在心这一问题时，我发现，怀恨在心基本上对于表达愤怒是不起作用的：只会因为费尽口舌、磨破嘴皮、虚张声势的攻击以及愚蠢的威胁诅咒而筋疲力尽，其结果就像孩子们赛跑时在接近胜利目标的一瞬间，失去自我控制突然减速一样荒谬可笑。罗得斯岛人在对欢呼加油大喊大叫的罗马民众表示不满时处理得很恰当，他说："我没有被你们的喧闹所打扰，却被别人的安静打扰了。"还有一次，索福克勒斯让尼奥普托列莫斯和欧律皮洛斯装备好武器，他

说：“没有自吹自擂，也没有大声叫骂，他俩捣碎了大规模古铜色的武器装备。”

关键在于，尽管有些粗鲁之人会运用一些恶毒的计谋，但是充满理性色彩的勇气根本不需要强烈的怨恨，而气愤和狂怒却是不近人情和不健康的。无论如何，斯巴达人会在有人发生打斗时吹起管乐器来平息怒火，而且在战斗前往往会祭祀缪斯以确保理性的稳定存在；如果他们彻底击败了敌人，他们不会奋起直追，而是偃旗息鼓，就像易操作的便携式小刀一样收放自如。愤怒会导致很多恶果，许多人因坚持复仇而死：底比斯的赛勒斯将军和佩洛皮达斯将军就是这样两个例子。反之，好脾气的阿加索克利斯容忍了他所占领城市的居民对他的无礼和恶言冒犯。当有一个居民问：“波特，你从哪里弄到钱来支付你的雇佣兵呢？”他大笑着回答：“瞧这儿，就在这个我夷为平地的城市。”曾经有人在城墙上嘲笑安提柯一世的独眼残疾，他却对他们说：“我认为我很好看啊。”但是当安提柯一世占领了城邦之后，他把那些嘲讽者卖为奴隶，并发誓将保持与他们主人的接触，看看他们是否还敢嘲笑他。

我还注意到，愤怒使得律师和雄辩家犯下极大的错误。亚里士多德曾写道，萨摩斯岛的萨提洛斯的朋友在朝廷上用石蜡堵住他的耳朵，以防他被对手的辱骂激怒而把事情弄糟。而我们自己，不是经常因为仆人会害怕我们的威胁和言语恐吓而逃跑，结果对胡作非为的仆人的惩罚不了了之吗？保姆会对孩子说：“不哭就给你。”我们通常也会用同样的方法表达愤怒：“息怒，闭嘴，放轻松，你就有获得你想要的东西的可能和机会。”我的意思是说，如果一位父亲看见他的孩子试图用刀切割或雕刻东西，他把刀拿过来自己去做；如果在愤怒时用理性思维取代报复行为，那么应该受报应的人就会得到惩罚，而理性的头脑得以保持安全、健康与宝贵，免受惩罚，而愤怒的情绪往往会招致责罚。

所有情绪都需要通过训练对其中不理性和固执的部分进行引导、压

制（可以这么说）和惩戒，但是如何对待仆人却是制怒的绝佳训练手段。问题在于我们对待仆人的时候不带有任何嫉妒、害怕或对抗情绪，因为我们有凌驾于他们之上的权力。日益增强的愤怒感会导致许多冲突和错误，就好像把自己置于一个光滑的下倾坡面上，却没有人会在前面接住你。我是说，涉及情感因素时，绝对的控制易于导致错误，唯一的解决办法是尽可能多地限制约束你的权力，当妻子或朋友指责你软弱、弱智时，要能够抵御他们经常的抱怨。

我本人过去曾因为上述指责对仆人非常苛刻，并且坚信如果不惩罚他们是对他们的一种姑息，但是我最终认识到：首先，耐心地容忍他们的恶劣行为要比专注于修正他们的行为好得多；其次，我注意到许多例子，当仆人没有受到明确的惩罚，他们会因为犯错而产生羞耻感，开始变得忍耐而不是怀恨在心。我向你保证，如果你能平和地处理仆人们的过错，而不是斥责或是鞭打，你会得到他们更热情的服务。所有这些都使我深信理智要比愤怒更具有说服力。有诗云："有畏惧，才有敬重。"这是一种误解。实际上，还有这样一种说法：能够自我克制的畏惧感才能伴之产生敬重心。无休止的斥责不会使人对犯下的恶行后悔，反而会激起未来逃避处罚的侥幸心理。

第三，我时常提醒自己要牢记：箭术的学习是要学会如何射准，并非不射箭。同样，即使掌握合时宜的、适度的、有益的、适当的惩罚方法，仍然不会改变别人受惩罚的局面。于是，我尝试平息怒气的首要方式，不是剥夺被指控者给自己辩解的权利，而是聆听他们有什么要说。由于时间可以考验情感，为消磨情绪提供一定的空间，同时理性促使人们寻找到适宜的惩罚方式并了解其适合程度，因此我的方法可以奏效。而且，一个人受到处罚是因为被证明有罪而不是因为愤怒，那么他是没有理由抵抗这种应得的处罚的。同时，也排除了一种最不体面的因素，那就是当仆人比主人更占理时。

亚历山大的死讯传来时，福基翁试图阻止雅典人太快起来造反，或太容易相信这个消息，他说："雅典的子民们，如果亚历山大今天死了，那他明天或者后天是不会活过来的。"同样，在我看来，如果某人在愤怒的驱使下，选择鲁莽地走向复仇之路，他应该提醒自己："今天犯了罪，明天或者后天还是有罪之身。有罪之人受到应得的惩罚晚了点并无害处，但如果执行惩罚过快，容易导致因罪行不确定冤枉好人的局面，而这在过去时常发生。"我的意思是，我们中有谁会因为一个奴隶5天或10天前烧坏了一顿佳肴或是打翻了桌子或是服从命令慢了点，就去鞭笞或是惩罚他呢？这也太令人讨厌了，但是当我们真正面对这些正在发生或是刚发生过的事情时，我们往往会变得混乱、苛刻和无情。静止的事物模糊的时候看起来会变大，愤怒同样如此。

因此，我们首先应该记住这样的事实。此外，如果在明确、稳定的理性之光照耀下，一件事物仍然看起来是糟糕的，那么毫无疑问我们可以自由地释放情绪。我们应当注意的是：不要在过后忽略或放弃惩罚，如同不要在没有食欲的时候就扔掉食物一样。当我们被愤怒充斥大脑时，最好的惩罚办法就是忽视它；当怒气烟消云散之后，不再提及这个问题。这种经历就如同懒惰的划桨者在风平浪静的时候抛锚停泊，起风的时候再冒险继续航行。面对处罚，我们总会过多地指责理性力量软弱无力，但是当愤怒呼啸而来时，我们又会不计后果地仓促应对。

关键在于，饥饿的人忙于觅食，既不饿也不渴的人忙于因果报应，这些都并无不妥。为了惩罚，他不需要愤怒，也许他需要的是一道开胃菜，他务必等待，直到远远抛开惩罚的欲望，并用理性去取而代之。亚里士多德曾写道，在他那个年代，提伦尼亚的仆人会在风笛的伴奏下受到鞭打，但是，我们不能为了图一己之快而去效仿，就如同一时受自我成就感的驱动，充满报复的渴望、享受惩罚的快感（类似动物的行径），而后又感到懊悔（像个女人一样）。相反，我们应该等到快感或悲痛了无踪迹，理性之光显现，在根本不受怒气驱动的情况下进行反

击。

无论如何，显然没有治疗愤怒的良方，但是可以找到避免因愤怒而犯错的方法（如谢洛尼莫斯所说，尽管过度膨胀的发怒是发烧的征兆，但是抑制这种膨胀可以减轻发烧的症状）。我试着观察愤怒事实上是如何产生的，这时，我发现，尽管不同的人有不同的触发愤怒的原因，但是几乎每个人都认为，这些原因受到了轻视或者忽略。接下来，我们应当把所有惯常行为归因于无知、必须、情绪波动或偶然事件，并尽可能拉大任何特定行动与轻视或傲慢之间的距离，从而帮助那些试图避开愤怒的人。正如索福克勒斯所言："我的主啊，不幸的人发现，即使是他们天生固有的才智也不具有稳定性，放过他们吧。"阿伽门农把他偷走女俘布里塞伊斯的罪行归因于他被魔鬼附身，还说："我会作出补偿，用大量礼物补偿你。"

引用这些例子的意义在于表明，如果一个人从心里藐视另一个人，那他是不会对他产生兴趣的。犯了错的人如果处于明显被羞辱的卑微状态，那他也会放弃任何藐视别人的想法，但是，任何一个愤怒的人都不应该等到这些发生，而应该坚持像提奥奇尼斯一样。当有人对他说"奥奇尼斯，他们在嘲笑你"时，他回答："我并没有感觉到被嘲笑。"因此，愤怒的时候不要去想自己是被轻视了，宁愿以自己因软弱、性急、懒惰、吝啬、年老或是年少无知而犯错为由去藐视对方。

我们与仆人和朋友的关系必须完全消除这种印象，因为对我们而言，无能为力和无效的鄙夷在他们对待我们的态度上根本不起作用：假如我们公平地对待仆人，仆人会视我们是友善的；假如我们对朋友情深意切，他们也会视我们为朋友。但是，事实上，由于我们往往自认为被他人所厌恶痛恨，所以不仅对待妻子、仆人和朋友严厉苛刻，而且同样的想法往往给我们带来怒气冲天，导致与旅馆老板、船员、喝醉的赶骡人等发生冲突，或是对冲自己吠叫的狗、撞到自己的驴发脾气。我们这

种行为就如同想要殴打赶驴人的人一样，当赶驴人大叫：“我是雅典人，”他就对驴说，“但是，你不是”，然后拳头如雨点般落到驴身上。

如今，因关注自身利益和永不满足，再加上奢华而令人疲倦的生活方式，我们逐渐在心里积累了持久不变的怨愤，伴随着奢华与软弱，那种持续不断的愤怒感逐渐在人们的思想意识中蜂拥而生。可见，受自我适应环境的能力所限，除了拥有一份从容的快乐和简单的生活方式，再没有能促使我们善待仆人、妻子和朋友的更好的方法了。另一方面，“如果谁的食物烤焦了，煮透了，或者不够熟、熟透了或者半熟，这种不满都会导致他吹毛求疵。”如果喝不到加冰的饮料、吃不到现烤的面包、拿不到一点儿用没有花纹的陶制盘子盛的食物、不能睡在床垫上（除非它能像海浪一样鼓起来）；如果总是鞭打或殴打餐桌侍者，催促他们快点，让他们跑起来、闹哄哄的、大汗淋漓，就好像他们是在卖治疗脓肿的膏药—任何这样的人都是被一种不稳定、吹毛求疵、抱怨的生活方式所奴役，并且没有意识到他正在创造这些形成他坏脾气的原材料和土壤。因为欲望越少，失望就越少，所以我们必须以一种简单的方式来培养我们的性情，使我们能够自我满足，从而更容易获得快乐。

我们应该以食物为出发点：安静地品尝手头的食物不是什么难事，不要焦虑地来回走动或取过量的食物，这会给我们自己和朋友的食物中强加入一种令人非常不快的调味料—愤怒。如果因为某种食物烧焦了、熏黑了、盐放少了，或是面包冷了，使得侍者或是妻子受到斥责与责骂，这顿饭就不可能有一点点快乐而言。阿凯西劳斯家有一次来了一些客人，他邀请朋友们共进晚餐，但是由于仆人忘了买面包，一些客人发出的尖叫声大得足以把墙震出缝来！不过阿凯西劳斯依然微笑着说：“非常棒，有知识素养的人喜欢这种酒会！”

苏格拉底有一次从摔跤学校把尤苏戴莫斯带回家，妻子粘西比对他们大发雷霆，辱骂他们，还掀翻了桌子。尤苏戴莫斯非常难过，起身准

备离开，而苏格拉底说：“有天我们去你家的时候，一只母鸡飞了进来做了同样的事情，我们并没有生气啊，是不是？”

我们应该用微笑和情感友好地欢迎朋友—对仆人也不要总皱着眉头或是让他们觉得害怕和惶恐。我们还应该要求自己乐于使用任何家居用品，不要有什么特殊的偏好。有些人（听说包括马略）偏爱特殊的高脚酒杯，即使有很多别的酒杯，也拒绝用来喝酒；还有些人钟情于某一种样式的油瓶和刮身板胜过其他品种。一旦这些特殊的物品损坏或是丢失，他们会很难忍受，往往会诉诸惩罚。所以如果愤怒是你性格的弱点，最好是减少对那些诸如杯子、戒指、奇石等稀有罕见物品的偏好，因为一旦失去它们，会比失去普通、日常的物品使人不安得多。因此，当尼禄制造了一个绝顶漂亮和奢华的八角形帐篷时，塞内加说：“你已经使自己成了一个贫民，因为这个帐篷如果失去将无可复制、无法复原。”事实确实如此，尼禄的船沉没时，他也失去了这个帐篷，只是他记住了塞内加的话，没有为此过于郁闷。

不去刻意追求过多世俗之事的细节，就不会小题大做，对仆人就会变得温和亲切。一个人如果能够对仆人温和亲切，显然也会对朋友和家人和蔼亲切。值得注意的是，当奴隶被卖之后，首先他会试着去了解他的新主人是否脾气很大，而不是去了解主人是否迷信或是虚荣。事实上，一旦怒火中烧，丈夫难以忍受妻子感情淡漠，妻子则难以忍受丈夫的强烈情绪，朋友也会难以忍受彼此之间的亲密，通常情况下确实如此。因此，面对愤怒，不仅婚姻，就连友情也会变得不堪一击。而一旦愤怒消散，醉酒也不会成为一种负担。酒神狄俄尼索斯的魔杖能够对任何酒醉之人施予足够严厉的惩罚，除非愤怒之情闯入，将冷酷疯癫而不是欢欣喜悦注入酒精，在这种情况下，人们受到的惩罚要大得多。安提库拉治愈了简单的精神错乱，但是疯狂和愤怒的结合则是悲剧和神话的材料。

我们应该在快乐的时候减少愤怒，因为它会让友善变成敌意；我们应该在讨论的时候减少愤怒，因为它会使关于爱情的讨论变成争吵；我们应该在决策的时候减少愤怒，因为它会给权威增添几分傲慢；我们应该在教学的时候减少愤怒，因为它会逐渐给受教者灌输一种信任感缺失和对理性的厌恶；当我们成功时，不要有愤怒，因为它会引发嫉妒；当我们失败时，不要有愤怒，因为它容易导致和怜悯自己的人发生冲突从而损伤他人的同情心。普里阿摩斯就是这样的例子，他叫道："滚开，你这卑鄙小人，管好你自己的事情，别来打扰我！"

反之，容易满足是一种帮助，一种点缀，或一份喜悦，其温和的特质可以克制各种愤怒和不满。以欧几里得为例。他弟弟结束争吵时说："如果这是我能做的最后一件事，我会向你报仇。"欧几里得回答："如果这是我能做的最后一件事，我会说服你。"这个回答迅速使弟弟改变了主意。波利门有次被一个爱好奇石、沉迷于昂贵指环的人咒骂，他未作任何回应，反而仔细端详此人的一个指环，此人很高兴，说："波利门，如果你在阳光下而不是这里端详这个指环，将给你留下更好的印象。"

有一次，艾瑞斯迪帕斯生埃斯基涅斯的气，有人问："埃斯基涅斯怎么了啊？艾瑞斯迪帕斯，你们的友谊呢？"他回答："友谊睡着了，但我会叫醒它。"于是他去问埃斯基涅斯："你是不是觉得我完全没机会、没希望了？这就是你不责备我的原因吗？"埃斯基涅斯回答他："鉴于你在所有方面都完全胜过我，所以你是第一个知道该做什么的人，这一点儿也不令人惊讶。"

有人说："如果一个新生儿用他的小手抚摸一只长着长鬃毛的野猪，可能比任何大力士更容易让它拜倒—女人也是如此。"但是，我们常常是把一些野生动物当宠物家养，一边把狼和狮子的幼崽抱在怀里，一边却在愤怒地影响下对我们的孩子、朋友和熟人表现出厌恶不喜欢；

我们像野兽一样用愤怒攻击仆人和同胞，还错误地将其称为“正义的愤怒”以掩盖这种行为的实质。在我看来，这种行为和那些把精神疾病和折磨称为“先见之明”“独立自主”或者“敬重”没什么两样：我们的行为无非都是其中之一。

芝诺曾经说过种子（精子）是从组成人的特征的所有能力中提取而成的一种合成物或混合物。与之相似的是，愤怒看起来就是许多情感的种子汇集在一起而形成。它含有从疼痛、快乐以及自负中提取的成分；有恶意的沾沾自喜，并能从仇恨中得到格斗的方法。在这种意义上，愤怒的目的不再是避免自身的痛苦，反而是在摧残他人的同时也伤害了自己；同时，愤怒的成分之一还有一种最令人讨厌的欲望的表达形式，也就是伤害他人的一种渴望。我们走近一个无赖的家时，听到一个女孩在拂晓时分吹奏的笛声，映入我们眼帘的是“洒落的酒和撕碎的花环”，还有门口喝醉的仆人。可是，伤害他人的欲望是愤怒的一部分，这样的事实解释了为什么会在易怒的人脸上、在他们仆人的文身与镣铐上看到明显的残忍的迹象。发怒的人的嚎叫、被鞭打的管家和双手被绑起来的女仆的哭泣，是房子里出现的唯一持续的声音。这一切的结果就是，对于那些能看清参透这种伤害他人的欲望以及这种伴随着疼痛的愉悦感的人而言，愤怒实在是很可怜的一件事。

不管怎么样，任何本来出于真正的、正义的愤慨而变得习惯性易怒的人，必须使自己摆脱愤怒中过分的、不可调和的部分，连同对所遇之人的自负之气。当发生误把坏人当好人，或是遭到本以为是朋友的人的斥责或批评时，这种自负便成了加剧愤怒的主要原因。就我自身情况而言，我确信你了解我是多么出于本性而倾向于认可并信任他人，但就如同迈出一步之后就再无退路一样：我越是下决心要友善，就越容易犯错误，越容易受到伤害。今后，我或许不会削减这种对朋友的情感和热忱，但是我会用柏拉图的话来提醒自己要去抑制这种自负。由于数学家希里康本身就是一个变化无常的人，所以柏拉图对他的赞赏就是这种表

达方式。他声称警惕在他所在城市长大的人是正确的，因为既然他们是人类或人类的后代，就有可能在任何时候出于本能表现出内在的弱点。

然而，索福克勒斯关于“人性中大多数可鄙的方面都将在调查研究中被发现”的论断似乎过于武断并具有局限性，但是，这种断言中悲观、吹毛求疵的论调会使我们不再那么易怒，不再那么容易发生破坏性的后果。我是说，对于我们而言，这或许是一种意想不到的、难以预见的结果。我们应该借用阿那克萨戈拉格言中总结的做法（如帕奈提乌在第一点中所言）：他的儿子去世后，他说：“我知道我养育的只是一个凡人。”而且，每当我们要被别人的错误激怒时，我们应该自我批评，并告诉自己：“我知道我买的奴隶不会是绝顶聪明的”“我理解朋友不可能是完美的，”或者“我想妻子也只是个女人而已。”如果有人不断重复柏拉图的话，“难道我不也是那样吗？”他将会对内在想法而非外在行为进行思考，谨慎地中断抱怨，并且当他领会到自己也需要更多的宽容时，他将不再把大量义愤强加给他人。但是事实上，我们还是会愤怒、会痛斥，会听起来像阿里司提戴斯和加图一样：“不要偷东西！”“不要说谎！”“怎么这么懒散？”最可鄙的事情在于我们往往因为生气，却又在狂怒之下惩罚了他人；往往因为他人在愤怒中犯下的错误又用愤怒的方式去惩罚他。我们没有像医生一样“用良口苦药排出苦的胆汁”，而是加剧了事态的进一步恶化。

在记住上述需考虑的事情的同时，我还试着削减自己的好奇心。我是说，想知道所有事情的每一个细节，想调查了解奴隶的每一项工作、朋友的每一项活动、儿子的每一项娱乐、妻子的每一句私语—这些都会导致每天一个接一个的愤怒无数次爆发，反过来这又会加剧日常生活中的不满和阴霾。尽管欧里庇得斯认为“当事态变得失去控制，上帝就会介入，只留下一些不重要的事情让人们去冒险”的观点是正确的，但我仍然认为一个明智的人不应该为不重要的事情去冒险，而是应该忽视这些不重要的事情。他应该信任自己的妻子并让她去做一些事情，应该信

任仆人、信任朋友并让他们去做另外一些事情（就像统治者信任并使用监督者、会计师以及管理者一样）。而他自己，应该凭着理性，去承担一些更重要、影响更深远的事情。正如微小的笔迹也会引起关注一样，过度紧张于一些不重要的琐碎之事也会激怒、扰乱人的脾气，一旦有更重要的事情危在旦夕，这种养成的习惯是百害而无一利的。

总而言之，我开始相信恩贝多克利的格言“奉行斋戒，远离罪恶”是至关重要和鼓舞人心的。此外，不仅由于这是适当的，且因为它们不是无关紧要的实践哲学，于是，我开始在日常生活中，以虔诚之心履行这种誓言，如通过自制表达对神的敬重。要自制一年不受到性和酒精的玷污，或是自我约束在某一段指定的时期内不撒谎，或是通过自省，保证无论是漫不经心还是在重要时刻都讲实话。

然后，我把自己的承诺和这一切相比较，发现它就如同为上帝所青睐、如同宗教般神圣。我的承诺开始时，相当于几天不饮酒—花几天时间克制怒气，这样做就如同在奠酒仪式上我倒的是水或蜜而不是酒，然后1个月、2个月，一直坚持这样做……这样，随着自我约束时间的逐渐延长，通过用自制力关注自己的行为，要求自己保持冷静沉着—一种神圣的沉默，并且不为邪恶的语言、异常的举动和行为所玷污，我的容忍能力也不断得到增强。为了一种数量上不大、性质上令人讨厌的快乐形式，情绪往往会导致大量精神上的混乱，还会产生最可鄙的悔恨之心。众所周知，对于那些只是偶然变得善良、体谅、无恶意，却不曾真正拥有这些品质的人，这种冷静、沉稳、宽厚是毫无用处的，我想这就是（在上帝的帮助下）我的经历往往能阐明这些观点内涵所在的原因。

论知足

摘自普鲁塔克写给帕齐的信。

希望你收到此信时，一切安好。不久前，我收到你的来信，信中，你建议我为你写一些关于知足、关于《提马亚斯》中需要仔细解读的段落的一些东西。几乎在同一时间，我们的朋友厄洛斯因为收到一封来自著名的丰达努斯的信，突然发觉他必须航行去罗马；通常，丰达努斯会催促他快点去。一方面，我没有足够的时间掌握你让我写作的主题；另一方面，我不愿意厄洛斯离开这里到你那儿时，你却发现他两手空空。因此，我阅读了笔记本里那些实际上是为我自己所写的、关于知足这一主题的笔记。我认为你想从这封信中得到实际的帮助，而不是一篇构思精美的演讲稿。我为你感到高兴的是，尽管你有位高权重的朋友，尽管作为一名政治演说家，你声誉卓著，但是你不曾有过墨洛普斯的悲惨经历：就他而言，“民众的奉承使他疯狂”并产生了异常行为，但事实并非如此。不，你已经很用心关注别人常常对你说的话：“痛风不会因一双显贵的鞋子而减轻，甲沟炎不会因为昂贵的指环而缓和，偏头疼也不会因为一顶王冠而缓解。”财产、声望和政治上的权力究竟如何有助于拥有一种免受痛苦的精神和一份像池水一样平静的生活？除非对财产、声望和政治权力的占有和使用是令人愉快的，否则，如果这一切正在失去，没有人会因此而感到遗憾。在许多试图超越界限的场合，除了理性通常能迅速抑制—并且慎重行事—头脑中情绪化的、不理智的部分，还有什么能确保它不会泛滥或是不会偏离正常轨道？

色诺芬建议我们在繁荣兴旺的年代记住和感谢诸神，从而在我们有需要的时候，就可以满怀信心地向他们祈求，因为我们知道他们是仁慈和友好的。理性的论据在帮助我们抵制情绪时没有什么不同：任何人在

任何意义上都应该在情绪被激起之前充分注意，为有效防御作足准备，从而获得更多的惠益。你很清楚，凶恶的狗会因为任何一种响亮的声音被彻底激怒，但它只会在熟悉的人面前平静下来；思想情绪在被过分刺激时也很难有效控制，除非理性论据早已存在、由来已久并且烂熟于心，激动的情绪才能得到有效抑制。

“忙于公私事务的人是不可能感到满足的”，这句话不管是谁说的，它首先使得知足成了一件昂贵的商品，如果它的价格是不作为。这就好像他对每个病人都开了同样的处方，写着“可怜的人儿，好好躺在床上休息吧”。然而事实上，不活动的状态对治疗麻木的身体是不利的，就如同精神病学方面，懒惰、软弱或是背叛朋友、家庭和国家，同样对消除心中的焦虑和悲伤不起作用。

不繁忙的人就会知足的说法也不正确。这就像是说女人因为通常只忙于家庭琐事，就会比男人更容易知足。事实上，虽然（用赫西奥德的话说）“北风不会侵袭一名年轻女子柔弱的身体”，但是悲伤、困扰和忧愁会在嫉妒、迷信、野心以及无数虚幻信仰的作用下慢慢渗入她的体内。拉厄耳忒斯花了20年时间使自己远离文明社会，“只有一位老妇人照顾他，为他做饭、端茶倒水”。尽管他避开了故乡、家庭和王国，可他这种无聊慵懒的状态还是使得痛苦成了他长期的亲密伙伴。不过，绝对的不作为在有的时候也有可能诱发不满。举个例子，“珀琉斯的儿子，宙斯的后代，快步如飞的阿喀琉斯，就总是坐在他船头尖利的船上，从不去参加能给人带来荣誉的集会，也不去参加战争，只是带着一颗渴望的心静静地坐在那里为战争哭泣”。这种极度悲伤的情绪使得他告诉自己：“我坐在我的船上，对世界而言是一种没有意义的负担。”

因此，连伊壁鸠鲁也认为安定平静的生活是不可取的；他说，想要身份和名声的人应当顺应其本性，参与政治和公共生活，因为他们天生就更容易失去平衡，容易被无为的状态伤害—未能实现愿望而受到伤

害。要他向无法安定生活的人而不是向有才干的人推崇公共生活是荒谬的。满足与否的界限不在于个人活动的频繁与否，而是应该通过善恶来界定：不去做善事就和前面已经说过的犯下恶行一样让人生厌和恼火。

有些人认为，免于痛苦的状态存在于一种特别的生活方式—比如耕作、独身或是拥有王权。米南德的话对他们可以说是一种警醒："法尼阿斯，我曾经以为富有的人因为没有外债，所以不会在夜间叹息，不会辗转反侧难以入睡，也不会发出'我多可怜'的呻吟。我曾经以为他们能够睡一个舒适、平静的好觉。"他继续解释道，以他的经验，即便是富人也会与穷人一样经历痛苦，然后他说，"悲伤在某种程度上与生活相关吗？它与奢侈的生活相伴而生，离不开地位声望，随着贫困老去。"

想想那些害怕航海和晕船的人吧：他们心想，如果能够把小艇换成商船，再把商船换成战舰，航行就会变得轻松得多；但这是行不通的，因为他们仍有晕船的心理负担和恐惧感。这就类似于变换一种生活方式，它并没有从根本上消除使人痛苦和不安的因素，它们只是一种超现实的、缺乏辨识力的行为，无法也不知道如何让人们正确利用当下的环境去行事。这些问题如风暴一般困扰着富人和穷人，使已婚和单身人士都感到烦恼。它们促使人们逃避公共生活，结果发现安静的生活令人无法忍受；它们还促使人们去追求政治上的提拔，一旦得到却又深感不幸。"无助的状态会使病人有很多怨气"：妻子惹恼他们，他们对医生抱怨，对病床不满意，"有朋友探望是麻烦事，朋友不来探望又很无礼"，伊翁如是说。但是病痛消失之后，性情就会变得混合多样，健康的来临使得所有事物都变得美好愉悦。从这个意义上说，昨天还讨厌鸡蛋、蛋糕以及全麦面包的人，今天就有可能乐意就着橄榄和芥菜籽吃粗粮面包。

理性会带来态度的转变，在任何生活方式下都会带来一种满足感。一方面，亚历山大曾经在听阿那克萨库斯关于存在无限数量的世界的讲

座时流泪。他的朋友问他怎么了，他说：“如果真的存在无限数量的世界，而我连一个都还没有掌控，难道你不认为值得流泪吗？”另一方面，克里特斯带着他的箱子和旧斗篷，像一直在度假一样把整个生命都用在讲笑话上。此外，阿伽门农曾被作为一名国王肩负的过多责任所困扰—“你会认出阿伽门农，阿特柔斯的儿子，宙斯挑选他承担恒久的艰苦工作”—但是，第欧根尼待价而沽时，他躺在地上戏弄拍卖师，并拒绝起来，还用嘲弄的语气大笑道：“想象它是一条你要卖的鱼吧！”再者，苏格拉底在狱中还一直和同伴们讨论哲学，但法厄同触到了天堂的高度却哭了，因为没有人将他父亲的马匹和战车给他。

鞋会随着脚的弧度弯曲，反过来说则不成立。同样，我们言语中蕴含的性格塑造着生命。我的意思是，了解什么是最好的生活并且选择这种生活就会感到愉悦的见解是错误的，理性的智慧才会使你拥有最好的、最快乐的生活。由此可见，我们应该净化产生满足的精神源泉。假如，我们不滥用外在的物质世界，那么我们将会发现它们与我们是和谐的、一致的。“没有必要因个人处境而生气，因为它完全是无关紧要的；但是成功只会属于那些能正确对待所处环境的人。”

柏拉图把生命比作掷骰子的游戏，重要的是不仅要掷得合适，还要充分利用投掷的任何结果。就我们的情况而言，我们无法控制骰子的投掷也许没错，但是如果我们是明智的，就会合理利用命运赋予我们的财富，并且在每个情况发生时把财富分配到相应的地方，如果分配得当，我们就可以实现利益最大化，如果这种分配不受欢迎，我们也能把损害降到最小。身体疾病会使人既无法耐寒也无法受热，那些浑浑噩噩度过一生的人也如此。在某种意义上，他们在运气好的时候狂喜，运气不好的时候悲伤，也就等于说好运和厄运都会使他们打破平衡。更确切地说，不管当他们遭遇到了好运或是厄运，都会失去自我平衡；当他们遇到任何一件可能称为好的事情也会发生同样的故事。无神论者提奥多鲁斯常说，他用右手发讲稿，但是听众却用左手接住讲稿；一个未受过教

育的人，面临一个适当的、顺手的机会时，往往只能笨拙地或是用左手去抓，看起来就像个傻子。麝香草，一种最辛辣、最干燥的植物，能给蜜蜂提供蜜；同样，聪明人总能从最严峻险恶的处境中找到最合适、对自己最有用的事情。

那么，应该实施和追求的首要事情是用石头击中了后母而未击中狗的人所表现出来的态度："那也不是一件坏事！"他说。改变机遇是可能的，所以机遇不再不受欢迎。第欧根尼被流放，"也不是一件坏事"，因为他从此开始了哲学研究。基提翁的芝诺的商船队仅仅剩下了一艘船，但当他获悉就连这一艘船也失去了、所有货物都沉没了的时候，他说："感谢命运，驱使我穿上了一个褴褛的斗篷。"

为何我们不能以同样的方式行事？你没有得到你所追求的公共职务吗？那你可以住在乡下专注于自己的小买卖了。你向有权的人讨欢心被拒绝了吗？那你现在可以拥有没有危险和麻烦的生活了啊。你又一次开始热衷于世间的事务和烦扰了吗？呃，用品达的话来说：名望和尊重与权力相结合时，能够使"工作变得舒心愉快，使劳动不再辛苦"，与之相比，"温水让身体放松的程度就不那么重要了"。当谎言和恶意中伤弥漫在你周围，你是否面临痛苦和侮辱？如同柏拉图受友情的驱使为狄俄尼索斯效力一样，这场随之而来的暴风也会把你吹向缪斯女神和研究院。

接下来有关知足的另一重要方面是对名人的思考。他们是如何做到完全不受所处环境的影响的呢？比如，没有孩子是你面临的问题吗？看看罗马的君王，没有一个人有儿子能继承他们的王位。你在为当下的贫困而负担沉重吗？那么你宁愿成为愚笨的皮奥夏人而不是伊巴密浓达一样的将军吗？宁愿成为任何一个罗马人而不是法布里希奥斯吗？"可是我的妻子被人勾引了！"那么，你难道没有读过特尔斐的铭文吗："为水和土的主—埃杰斯所立"。难道你没听说他的妻子泰密娅同亚西比德私通，并且压低声音对女佣说她常常称她的孩子为亚西比德吗？但是这一

切仍然没有阻碍埃杰斯成为他那个时代最著名、最重要的希腊人。再举个例子，斯提尔波女儿的放荡影响了他拥有一份比任何同辈哲学家更悠闲的生活吗？事实上，当梅特克勒斯告诉斯提尔波他女儿的所作所为时，斯提尔波说："这是我的过错还是她的过错呢？"梅特克勒斯说："是她的过错，却是你的不幸。""你的意思是？"斯提尔波问，"过错难道不是一种失误吗？""当然是。"梅特克勒斯说。"那么一个失误的人难道不也在遭遇挫折吗？"斯提尔波继续问。梅特克勒斯表示同意。"那么遭遇挫折的人不也在遭受不幸吗？"斯提尔波最后说。这种冷静、哲学式的辩论表明，愤世嫉俗的中伤只是虚张声势的吠叫声而已。

尽管如此，大部分人仍然会被敌人以及朋友或亲人的错误伤害或激怒。我的意思是，傲慢、易怒、恶意、怨恨、妒忌和充满敌意的人本身不仅饱受折磨，而且会干扰或惹怒那些缺乏理智的人—无疑，邻居的急性子、熟人的坏脾气、公共管理者的不公正也是如此。我想你也不会因这些缺点免受苦恼。就像索福克勒斯的医生用"苦药冲洗排掉苦胆汁"一样，你会用愤怒和痛苦对这种情绪作出反应，但是这是不理智的，因为你受托和从事的公共事务由那些性格不够坦率、脾气不够好的人管理，就像外表精美的工具反而容易有锯齿形缺口或者弯曲。因此，无论如何你也不应该把它看成是一件容易的事，要想到理清这些事务是你分内之事。不管怎样，如果你像医生将拔牙器和手术钳用于合适的场合—当情况允许时展现你宽容和谦虚的自我，那么你会为自己的态度产生一种愉悦感，并将战胜因别人不令人满意和不公正行为而产生的痛苦情绪；你将把它们视为（狗的吠叫）一样的自然现象；不再让别人的错误不自觉地影响到自己，不让所有这些痛苦和烦恼渗入你性格弱点的低洼地带。

有些哲学家甚至是带着怜悯之心吹毛求疵。对一些运气不好的人，认为帮助其所遇到的人是对的，而分担他们的忧虑或是屈服于烦恼是不对的。更重要的是，当我们意识到自己的缺点和不完美时，他们也不允许我们不满或沮丧，反而告诉我们不要悲伤，而应该试着解决问题，这

才是正确而恰当的。然后，你应该考虑到，因为与我们有关联的每个人、我们遇到的每个过客并不都是公正和善的，我们就去纵容自己发脾气和易怒，这是多么不合逻辑啊。

不，我亲爱的帕齐，我们谴责和担心所遇到的人的不公正行为只会在某种程度上，而不是在通常意义上影响到我们，你必须确定这不是自欺欺人，换言之，你必须确定我们不是受私心所驱使，而是出于对不良行为的憎恶。关键在于，如果我们过度地被公共生活所困扰，有一种莫须有的冲动和目标，或者存在毫无理由的厌恶和排斥，那么，这会使得我们对他人失去信任感并因此而感到愤怒，因为我们会认为是他们给我们造成了损失和意外。高度的满足感和冷静的心态是那些能够不焦躁、不烦恼地应对处理公共生活的人们所具备的一种特质。

记住这一点，现在让我们回到环境这一问题。当我们发烧了，任何事物尝起来都是苦的、不合意的，但是，一旦我们看见别人对同样的食物很喜欢，我们就会停止对这些食物饮品的埋怨，开始归咎于自己的病痛。同样，如果看见别人对某种处境欣然接受而不会感到不安，我们也会停止对同样处境的抱怨，也不会满腹牢骚了。因此，当令人讨厌的情况发生时，有益于产生满足感的做法是：不要无视那些我们拥有的高兴和美好的事情，并且通过协调处理应对，使生活中的积极因素掩盖那些糟糕事情的刺眼光芒。当下的情况是：尽管当我们的眼睛被过于耀眼的事物所损伤，我们会转移视线用花草的缤纷颜色来缓解；但是我们对心灵的治疗却往往大相径庭：我们竭力让它看见伤害它的方方面面，迫使它用那些令人不快的事情占据思想，几乎极端地将其与积极因素撕裂开来。对于喜欢搬弄是非的人，可以将问题转到这样的情境中妥善处理："你这个不怀好意的人，为什么这么快发现别人的缺点，却忽视了自己的缺点呢？"因此，我们可以这样问：朋友，为什么你总是过度地专注于自己的缺点并时常使其更清晰、更显眼，而不去用心思考你所拥有的美好事物呢？拔火罐是把肉体里最糟糕的部分拔出来，同样，你也

专注于自己性格中非常不好的部分上。你变得和那个卖酒的希俄斯岛人差不多，他常常向别人出售大量的优质葡萄酒，但自己吃饭时，总是品尝各种葡萄酒，直到他找到一种带酸味儿的酒；当有人问他的一个仆人：你的主人在干什么？仆人回答：“吹毛求疵。”

事实上，大多数人都会在生活中绕开好的、令人耳目一新的事物，直接寻找那些煞风景的、糟糕的部分。但是亚里斯提卜却不一样：他善于放松心情，（想象自己处在一个天平上）让自己翘起来，朝自己好的方面发展。无论如何，他曾经失去过一处好房产，很多人毫无诚意地向他表示难过和同情。他问其中一个人：“你不是只有一小块土地吗？而我仍然还有3处农场。”那个家伙说：“是的。”亚里斯提卜说：“那么，难道不是我应该向你表示遗憾吗？为什么倒过来了？”这个事情的关键点在于，不为所拥有的感到开心而为失去的感到烦恼是很愚蠢的；否则，我们的行径就如同小孩子因失去众多玩具中的一个而大哭、尖叫并且扔掉其余的玩具一样。同理，如果我们被命运击痛一次，我们的不满和怨气就会使我们失去其他一切有益于我们的事物。

有人也许会问：“但是说来什么是我们拥有的或是未拥有的呢？”名声、财产、婚姻、好友—这些是人们所拥有的东西。当塔尔苏斯的安提帕特快要死的时候，他累加了一生中所发生的所有好事情，其中甚至还包括从西里西亚到雅典的一次简单旅行。而且，我们不可忽视和他人共同分享的所有事情，好好重视它们，要感恩于我们可以拥有生命和健康；感恩于可以漫步在这个世界；感恩于无论是国内还是国外都没有战争；感恩于不管是选择耕田还是航海旅行都无所惧怕；感恩于从演讲和政治到平静、怠惰的生活都能最大可能地向我们开放。如果假想我们不曾拥有这些，并且经常自我提醒病人多么渴望健康、战乱中的人们多么渴望和平、一个生活在大城市的不起眼的陌生人多么渴望获得名声和朋友，还提醒自己失去曾经拥有的一切是多么的痛苦，那么我们的满足感会不断增强。如果我们这样做，就不会等到失去曾经拥有的事情，才会

高度重视和评价它们；也不会在仍然拥有的时候将其完全忽视。我的意思是说，事实上我们不拥有某事并不能增加其价值；所以不要迫切求取，不要害怕失去而常常颤抖流泪，仿佛这些事物非常重要似的；也不应该在拥有这些东西时不理会或是忽视它们，视它们犹如毫无价值。相反，如果拥有了它们，应该首先尽情享用并从中获益，这样，一旦失去，我们就能很镇定平静地接受。阿凯西劳斯常常指出，尽管大部分人都认为用头脑去探索，用眼睛去审视他人的诗歌、绘画、雕塑的每个微小细节是一种责任，但是他们忘了，他们自己的生活能提供大量使人愉悦的方方面面。他们只是不断地关注别人，对别人的地位和财富留下印象，就如同奸夫都是被别人的妻子所吸引，却轻视和贬低自己及自己所拥有的东西。

然而，对于满足而言，另一个重要的方面就是尽最大可能限制对自己或是与自己相关的事情的审视，抑或，认为他人并不比自己富有。应该避免的是一味向富人看齐，尽管这是我们惯常的做法。例如，犯人羡慕已经被释放的人，被释放了的人羡慕一直自由的人，一直自由的人又会羡慕有公民身份的人，有公民身份的人反过来又会羡慕有钱人，有钱人又羡慕地方官员，官员羡慕统治者—因为统治者大多渴望能够呼风唤雨—统治者羡慕上帝。结果，由于他们永远得不到那些无法企及的事情，所以对身边的任何事情也都失去了感恩之心。“我对黄金满载的古阿斯的财富没什么兴趣，我从不会被嫉妒心所控制，不会去试图模仿众神，也不会渴望拥有一个王国，我不会把目光投向如此缥缈的风景。”

也许有人会说：“因为这是萨索斯岛人的言论，”可是，还有一些外地人—如来自希俄斯岛、加纳提亚或比提尼亚的人，他们为在同胞中获取一部分地位或权力感到并不满足。他们因为没有穿上贵族的袍服而哭泣；如果成了贵族，会因为没有掌握对罗马的军事控制权而哭泣；如果掌握了军事控制权，又会因为他们不是执政官而哭泣；如果成了执政官，还会因为没有在宣告时名列第一而哭泣。这些借口对财富的获得是

徒劳的，所以只能说这一切是一种自我苦修或者是自作自受的一种惩罚。另一方面，任何心智健全的人都能发现，太阳看到成千上万的人“享受着在广阔土地上的劳作”而没有陷入沮丧和失望，即使有人比他们更加出名和富有。有如此多的人的生命要比成千上万的人更加完美，所以他们继续走自己的路，欢庆自己拥有的命运和生活。

奥运会上不可能选择对手并以此获取胜利，但是生命中确实会出现感受更好生活状况的机会—被羡慕而不是羡慕别人，当然，除非是百手巨人布里亚柔斯或者大力英雄赫拉克勒斯和自己互斗！所以，当你发现自己被一个坐在轿车里忘我入神的人表现出的明显优越感吓住时，务必要俯视他和那些带他离开的人们；当你发现自己妒忌薛西斯，就像赫勒斯庞特人那样，在薛西斯的浮桥横跨的著名地点，确信你也看到了他被鞭子驱逐着去挖掘阿托斯圣山，以及当桥被波涛冲毁时一派支离破碎的景象；所以，如果你也能考虑到他们的想法，你会发现他们也在羡慕你的生活和处境。

苏格拉底曾听说一个朋友评论雅典物价昂贵：“希俄斯人的葡萄酒需要1迈纳，3迈纳才能买一件紫色的长袍，1科梯勒蜂蜜需要5德拉克马。”苏格拉底拉住这个朋友给他拿出一些谷粒，并告诉他：“在雅典，1欧宝可以买半hekteus—便宜”；又拿出一些橄榄：“2个青铜币可以买1公升—便宜”；又拿出一些简易斗篷：“10德拉克马可以买到—雅典的东西便宜。”所以当我们听到有人评论目前的个人处境很微不足道并且非常痛苦时，因为自己既不是执政官也不是总督，我们可以回答：“我们的处境并不是完全不尽人意，我们的生活也是可羡慕的，因为我们不是乞丐，不是搬运工，也不是马屁精。”

尽管如此，我们还是愚蠢地习惯关注别人的生活，而不是把注意力集中在自己身上。由于人的本性中包含大量恶意嫉妒和怨恨的成分，因此结果往往是，我们对自己成功的喜悦程度要远远低于对别人成功的愤

怒程度。那么，你除了必须要看到你所羡慕和嫉妒的人所具备的辉煌、优秀的特质，还必须揭开他们表面的、代表名望的绚丽面纱，走进他们的内心，你会发现他们也有大量令人讨厌的个性及很多不愉快的事情。无论如何，皮塔克斯的所言是有教育意义的，因为他以勇气、智慧和品行享有盛名：有一次他约几个朋友一起吃饭，妻子愤怒地冲进来并掀翻了桌子，朋友们愕然，但他却说："没有人的生命是完美的，一个人如果仅仅只有像我这样的烦恼，那他的生活已经非常美满了。"

"这个男人在公共场合是被羡慕的对象，但是当他回家打开家门，他就处于一个令人同情的状态：他的妻子完全掌控了他，对他发号施令并且不断唠叨。他有相当多的理由悲伤痛苦，然而我却不是。"很多这类烦恼都是伴随财富、名望和王权而生，但大部分人没有注意到华丽外表下隐藏的这一切。"阿特柔斯的儿子，你是幸运的—你的出生受到了命运的青睐，你注定会成功"：这种荣誉以武器、马匹、大规模的军队等外在财产的形式给予他，但是从矛盾的情绪化的哭喊声中，承担着这种空虚的名声—"克罗诺斯的儿子宙斯极度疯狂地完全囚禁了我"，"我真羡慕你，老人家，我羡慕任何一个可以保护自己免受盛名所累，而安全度过一生的人。"那么，这是另外一个我们应该牢记的问题，对待命运不要过多地吹毛求疵，不要因为羡慕身边熟人的品性，而贬低和轻视自己的拥有。

现在，对于知足这一问题，最大的阻碍就是无法使自己的欲望保持收放自如，就是说，在某种程度上，是收住欲望还是打开欲望更符合当下的形势所趋。我们因为希望反而给了欲望太多的松弛空间，当我们失败的时候，却总是责备命运多舛或是运气不好，而没有看到自己的愚蠢。我们不要把一个用犁射击、用牛捕猎野兔的人描述为不幸，也不要认为一个无法用鱼篓或是曳网捕获鹿或野猪的人遭遇了坏运气：力图做一些根本不可能的事情是愚蠢糊涂的。事实上，主要原因是自负使他们在任何情境下都野心勃勃，求胜心切，是自负使他们贪婪地想拥有一

切。他们不仅渴望富有、博学、强壮、活泼、愉悦、亲近君王和国家政要，而且会因为他们的狗、马、鹌鹑和公鸡不是最好的而感到不满。

老狄俄尼索斯对成为当时最著名的统治者并不满意，然而因为他写的诗比费罗萨努斯的糟糕，又因为他在哲学讨论中没有胜过柏拉图，他勃然大怒：把费罗萨努斯囚禁在采石场，把柏拉图遣到埃伊纳岛卖为奴隶。亚历山大则不同：当他和短跑运动员克利森比赛时，发现克利森故意放慢速度时，非常生气。阿基里斯在诗中也表达得很好：开头部分他写道："战场上，任何一个身披盔甲的亚加亚人都不是我的对手，"接着又写道，"他们在集结装配上很擅长。"当波斯人迈加比佐斯参观阿佩利斯的画室并打算展开一场关于艺术的谈话时，阿佩利斯打断了他并让他闭嘴："只要你保持安静就行了，因为你戴的那些金银珠宝、身着的那些紫色长袍，即使是我们这里研磨颜料的小伙子都在嘲笑你的胡说八道。"

现在，虽然人们可能认为，当他们听到斯多葛学派的哲学家描述的圣人不仅只是明智的、道德的、勇敢的，而且也是一位演说家、诗人、军事指挥官，或者拥有财富或是国王时，他们认为这是在开玩笑，尽管如此，他们还是希望能得到所描述的这一切，如果得不到，他们会因此而烦恼。即便是不同的神也有各自不同的职能：有的被称为战神，有的被称为预言之神，还有的被称为财富之神；而阿佛洛狄特被宙斯授权掌管婚姻爱情，正是因为她的领地不包括任何军事事务。

问题在于，有些追求本身便不是相辅相成的，而是背道而驰的。比如说，修辞训练和科学知识的获取需要的是自由、没有压力，但是一个人要想获得政治权力以及与国王的亲近，却不能摆脱繁忙、耗时的生活状态。还有"喝酒吃肉会使身体变得健康强壮，却会使智力减退"；尽管对金钱的经常关注和留意有助于增加财富，但是对金钱的藐视和轻蔑却是形成一种人生观的重要来源。因此，不是所有的事情都适合所有人：

你应该遵循神的旨意，要有自知之明，然后去做一些自然而然适合你的单一的事务；你还应该避免强行或是不合规律地迫使自己去羡慕那些不同的人在不同的时间所拥有的可供选择的生活方式。“马被套上马具用来运货，牛被装上犁用来耕田；海豚因航船驶过而以极快的速度猛冲；要想捕获野猪就必须先找到一条勇敢的猎狗。”

有人因为不能同时成为“百兽之王”的狮子和被寡妇爱抚的小马尔济斯犬而感到悲伤难过，这真是疯狂的事情。更疯狂是那些既想成为恩培多克勒、柏拉图或者德谟克利特去研究宇宙和万物本源，又想象欧福里翁有个富婆情人，或者像米迪厄斯能与亚历山大成为酒友对饮的人，这种人还羡慕伊斯美尼亚的富足、羡慕伊巴密浓达的优秀，如果不能成为他们，会感到生气和痛苦。我的意思是，跑步的运动员不会因为未赢得摔跤比赛而不满，他们只在自己的领域获得自豪感和满足感。正如索伦所说：“你已经占领了斯巴达，所以信守承诺。我们不会牺牲德行去换取财富，虽然目前是稳定的，但是在不同时期拥有财富的会是不同的人。”

当自然哲学家斯特拉图获知墨涅德摩斯的学生已经远远胜过他之后，他说：“你还想要什么？一定有更多的人是想用水沐浴而不是想把油倒在身体上。”亚里士多德在写给安提帕特的信中说道：“事实上，亚历山大凌驾于众人之上，并没有使他成为唯一能真实感受到自豪的人：任何认为神才是符合公认准则的人也会拥有同样多的权利。”问题在于，就像这些故事里提到的，重视自我拥有的人不会因为发现别人也同样拥有而感到烦恼。目前的情况是，尽管我们不指望一棵葡萄树能结出无花果，一棵橄榄树能长出葡萄，但是如果我们无法同时兼具富豪、学者、军事指挥家、哲学家，以及善于奉承的马屁精、守财奴或是挥霍者们身上的优质特征，我们会胁迫自己，对自己不满，还会鄙视自己匮乏的生活和不完美的生命。

此外，还会有来自于自然界的明显提示。自然界会对不同的动物赋予不同的天性：它们不会都成为食肉动物、啄食种子的动物或掘食植物根茎的动物。同样，大自然也赋予人类广泛的生活方式：“放牧、耕种、狩猎或是依海生存”。那么我们应该做的就是选择适合我们特有本性的生活方式并付出努力，不去想别人的生活；换句话说，我们不要显露出任何像赫西奥德格言中所说的类似的缺点：“陶工会嫉妒陶工，建筑工也会互相嫉妒”。我的意思是，人们不会只试图同那些相同职业或是拥有同样生活方式的人竞争；有钱人会嫉妒学者，反过来有钱人又会被名人所羡慕，同时律师会羡慕雄辩者—尽管看起来很奇怪—自由的人和贵族又会万分敬仰一出成功戏剧中快乐的喜剧演员、舞蹈演员，还有那些在皇家法院工作的公务人员。这一切会使得这些人感到痛苦，并给自己带来许多烦恼。

从人与人的不同经历中显然可以发现，每个人都有使自己产生满足感或是不满足感的能力—罐子的好坏不在于是否放在“宙斯的门槛上”，而取决于你的想法。好的事情出现时，愚蠢的人往往会视而不见，因为他们心里总是想着未来；而聪明的人却会用记忆使它们保持鲜活，即使它们已不复存在。任何事物都是在最初很短暂的时期容易得到，但是转瞬即逝，愚蠢的人因此就认为这些事物与自己没什么关系或是不属于自己。有这样一幅画，一个男人为了从地狱里爬出去不停地编织一条绳子，谁知绳子却让外面草地上的驴吃掉了。同样，大多数人往往会屈服于盲目的、徒劳的机会，但这只会耗尽他们的生命，不会留下任何结果，也不会有任何成功、快乐、轻松、互动和喜悦的瞬间。

这种遗忘使得人们无法将过去和现在视为一个整体：它把昨天和今天区分开来，好像二者是截然不同的，同样对于今天和明天也是如此，从来不发挥记忆的作用会很快导致每个当下出现的事物变得不存在。有一种学派认为：理论上，生命的不断变迁会使得每个人日复一日地发生变化；与此类似，那些不用回忆保护或是恢复过往，而是任由其一天天

流逝的人们，事实上也会使自我残缺不全、空虚，并对接下来的日子悬而不决，就好像去年、近期以及昨天发生的事情都与自己没有关系，或者简言之就根本没发生过一样。

这是动摇满足感的又一个因素，但不如接下来我们必须考虑的这个因素重要。你知道停在镜子上的苍蝇是如何滑过光滑的镜面而附着在粗糙或有划痕的地方的；同样可以类比人类是如何掠过快乐、合适的事项，而陷入对不愉快的事情的回忆中。还有一个更好的类比是这样一个故事：在奥林索斯，有一个被称为“甲虫必死之地”的地方，甲虫飞进去后再也不可能活着出来：它们只能在里面周而复始地转圈圈直至死亡。同样，有人不会注意到这点，而是不断陷入糟糕的回忆却不愿意唤醒自己。

我们应该把思想看作一幅画，把所有的回忆看作各种颜色，从而突出那些明亮的、鲜艳的颜色，而把那些沮丧郁闷的记忆全部放在背景的阴影部分。我的意思是，阴暗的方方面面不可能完全根除或者消失：“世界是一个矛盾结合体，就像竖琴和琴弓”，人类社会没有简单纯粹的事情。音乐有低音符和高音符，语法有元音和辅音，对音乐的鉴赏能力以及文学写作能力不会是来自对某一个音符、某一个音标的厌恶和排斥，或者也不会来自另一个极端，但可以从中学会如何使用剧场去欣赏音乐，如何把各种音标巧妙地组合成优美的文字。万物都有对立面，就如同欧里庇得斯的诗句：“好和坏是不可分割的，但混合在一起使事情变得更好是可能的。”继续上述比喻，面对矛盾，我们不要产生不满情绪或是放弃，而应该表现得像专业的音乐家一样：如果某个人演奏得不好，他们可以通过别的好的演奏削弱不好的影响，也可以用正确的音符掩盖错误的部分。因此，我们应该让生活充满协调的音符，实现各种因素的和谐共处。

我的意思是，米南德关于“每个人从出生的那一刻起，都会有神灵

的陪伴，如同优秀的向导引领你探寻生命之谜”的说法是错误的。而恩培多克勒的观点或许是正确的，他认为每个人从出生时就开始受到两种命运之神的掌控：“地球与太阳、血腥冲突与宁静和谐、美与丑、快与慢、公平真理与黑暗质疑。”既然我们承认每个人从出生起就具备了上述经历的可能，那么每个人就会天生具有矛盾性。任何人在任何意义上都会祈求更加美好，但同样也会对他人心存期待，而且从来不会采取过多的行为对待这两种对立面。首先，如伊壁鸠鲁所言：“对于未来，快乐的增多取决于减少对它的需求。”其次，对财富、名誉、权力、地位的享受感的增强取决于减少失去它们时的恐惧。从这个意义上说，对它们的强烈欲望会逐渐导致一旦失去时的强烈恐惧，因此把它们当作不过是风口上燃烧的蜡烛，减少或弱化对它们的兴趣吧。如果一个人理性地容许自己勇敢而不畏惧地面对命运，并认为：“命运的馈赠固然受欢迎，但即使好运逝去也不算什么太大的痛苦，”那么这种勇气和无畏会使得他完全享受目前的生活状态（因为他知道失去也并不是不可容忍的）。亚拉萨哥拉的儿子去世后，他声称：“我只不过是养育了一个凡人，”你可能不会为他说出这种话的气魄所驻足欣赏，但是可以从他无论面对任何命运时的态度中反映出他的这种性格—“我知道我所拥有的财富是暂时的、不牢靠的”“我知道应该把我现在的地位归功于有权力调配它们的人”“我知道我有一个好妻子，但毕竟她只是个女人，而我的朋友才是天性多变的物种—人类中的一员，如同柏拉图所言”。

关键在于，如果发生的事情是不受欢迎的，但又是意料之中的话，没有任何余地让你认为“这不是我所想象的”“这不是我的预期”或“我并不希望如此”，所以不要捶胸顿足，迅速解决当下的混乱与忧愁，回到最初的状态吧。卡尔尼亚德斯经常提醒那些从事重要事务的人们，意外是痛苦和不满的终极目标。例如，想想马其顿王国比罗马王国小多少？但是当珀尔修斯失去马其顿时，不仅他自己痛苦地抱怨命运，大家也普遍认为他绝对比其他人更倒霉和不幸；然而当埃米利乌斯（他打败了珀尔修斯）放弃了对世界上差不多所有土地和海洋的控制权时，大家一致

认为他是快乐的，并因此举行了盛宴和祭神仪式。有一个原因可以很好地对此作出解释：埃米利乌斯已经得到了一种地位并且知道总有一天会传给别人，但对于珀尔修斯而言，这种失去却是意料之外的。荷马有一些关于意外发生时会怎么样的好的论点：奥德修斯的狗向他摇首摆尾时他哭了，可是面对正在啜泣的妻子他却冷漠地坐了下来；原因就在于他对妻子是一种平淡的、理性的、可预见的感情，但是当他陷入其他不可预料的情境—意外的本性将会使之表现出悲伤忧郁。

笼统地说，当不愉快的事情发生时，由于其独有的特性，必然会带来烦恼和痛苦，但是，就所关注的多数这类事情而言，其实是我们自己的思想决定和引导我们去抱怨。因此，当面临后面这一类令人厌烦的事情时，有效遵循米南德的建议总是有益的："没有什么经历是可怕的，除非你使它可怕。"他隐隐提出了这样一个问题：举个例子，如果你的父亲不是贵族，或者你的妻子有一些风流韵事，你没能赢得奖品，或者你失去了在剧院坐在前排的权力，那么除非真正影响到了你的身体和思想，否则又有什么差别呢？这些事情的发生并不会导致一个人失去良好的身体和精神状态。关于前面所提到的看起来是由其本质导致痛苦的那一类事情—比如疾病、压力、朋友或是孩子的去世—那么可以看看欧里庇得斯的著名言论："我说'可怜的我啊'—但是为什么呢？我只是经历了人类所应该经历的啊。"你看，没有什么理性的论据能制止情绪的低落，就像有人提醒我们：要和所有人一样，感恩这个世界，因为有些事情我们无法避免。由于生命的真实感，这种必然性只在人类的命运中存在，但是这种肉体的真实感只是人类诸多本性的一个部分，在最权威、最重要的方面，因此人们仍然保持坚定和无所畏惧。

当德米特里厄斯俘获墨伽拉之后，他问斯提尔波是否所有东西都被掠走了，斯提尔波回答，他没有看见任何他称为"我的"东西被带走。即使钱财被盗，所有东西都从我们眼前被拿走，我们仍然还拥有一些诸如"希腊人无法拿走"的东西。因此，不要全盘贬低和轻视我们身上诸如

软弱、易变、对命运绝对顺从之类的本性。相反，我们知道一个人身上的缺点和不足（和对命运的依赖）只是很小的部分，我们自己掌控着好的部分，这一部分牢牢地容纳了我们所得到的最重要的惠益—正确的信仰、学到的东西和有助于养成美德的理由—永远存在，无法消除也无法被破坏。如果我们意识到这一点，就不再会害怕未来。关于命运，就像苏格拉底对陪审员所说的（尽管他表面上是对检察官说）—阿尼图斯和迈雷托能够判他死刑，但却无法真正伤害到他。

命运也许会使人面对疾病、被剥夺财富、被毁掉与他人或是与统治者之间的亲密关系，但是命运无法使一个优秀、勇敢、有着高尚思想的人变得恶劣、胆怯、卑鄙、低俗、心胸狭窄或是充满恶意，更无法使我们丧失一种永恒的人生态度，这种态度将指引着我们的人生方向，比大海航行中的舵手更重要、更有益。面对波涛汹涌的大海和狂风，舵手往往是无能为力的，他无法做到只要需要就能停泊在安全的港口，也无法自信、无所畏惧地忍耐所发生的一切：只要他不放弃，凭借他的技术，“就能通过把船的主帆正确地收至桅杆底部而逃离地狱般黑暗的海洋”，但是当波涛翻涌而来，他只能胆战心惊地坐在那里。反过来说，一个聪慧的人却可以避免产生大多数身体方面的问题：因为他的自我控制能力、有责任感的生活规则以及适度的身体锻炼都可以将疾病消除在萌芽状态；如果出现外部感染，就像暴风雨来临般，那么，如阿斯克莱庇阿德斯所言，“他收起船帆，渡过难关”；如果一些意想不到的重大事件突然来袭，安全港口就在附近—他可以从船的缝隙中迅速游离。

你知道，不是对生命的渴望，而是对死亡的恐惧，会使无知者过多地依赖自己的身体并想牢牢抓住（他想起由于奥德修斯对卡律布迪斯的害怕使他不得以抓住了一棵无花果树的故事），“当暴风来袭，既无法停泊也不能继续航行”，他对其中一个选项不满意，对另一个选项又心存恐惧。任何一个人如果开始了解思想的本质，不管是以何种方式，并且领会到面对死亡，思想上所经历的变化或者是为了向更好的方向发

展，或者至少不会变得更糟糕，那么他就不再会害怕死亡，而是作好充分的准备知足地去面对生活。但凡不仅能享受到志趣相投的愉悦这种人生最高境界，而且还能在面对一些过多的讨厌之事和与其本性格格不入之人时，做到毫不畏惧地离开，并认为“上帝会宽恕我对它们宽恕”的这种人，决不会为生活中任何事情而烦恼、生气，或被打倒。

不管是谁说“命运啊，我已经先发制人地与你抗争，并且已经消除了你的所有漏洞”，他的这种自信并不是建立在螺栓、锁以及坚固防御的基础上，而是一种可以对任何需要之人行之有效的信念。这种信念不应该引起任何程度的放弃或怀疑，而是应该带来赞赏、效仿、热忱，以及对微不足道小事的调查研究和自我检视，从而为更重要的事情作好准备，如此一来，对这一切人们无法避开、转移注意力，或是以“这可能是我所遇到的最难的事情”为由逃避。至于如果思想上自我放任，或是总以最简单轻松的路线运行，并且逃避一些令人讨厌的事情，只是夸大其中的快乐，那么结果会造就一种缺失进取心的软弱无能的现象。如果只是训练思维并竭力将其用来合理地设想自己生病、疼痛，或者被流放的情境，就会发现，在这些明显的问题和恐怖的事情中，每一件都提供了许多不现实性、表面性和不可靠性，有详细的合理的论据可以证明这一点。

即使米南德的名言“任何活着的人都不能说‘这将不会发生在我身上’”让很多人不寒而栗；但这只是因为他们没有意识到可以通过有效的训练增强张大眼睛直视命运的能力，从而避免一定程度上的痛苦；他们也不知道如何避免形成自己“软弱且未经世故”的形象，就像那些享受不到阳光，只是在众多希望中成长的人，面对任何困难时，常常会选择放弃并且不具备任何抵抗能力。不过，我们也可以像米南德那样说同样的话：“任何活着的人都不能说‘这将不会发生在我身上’”—但是要补充一句，任何活着的人都可以说“我决不会说谎、不会欺骗、不会偷窃、不会耍阴谋”，这是完全可能的。因为这是在我们操控范围内的，而且，

它对是否知足这一问题的贡献也不是微不足道的，而是巨大的。因为如果不这么做，就会“使我意识到自己犯下的错误”，从而给思想打下懊悔的烙印，就像身上的伤口一样不断流血并刺痛。

你知道，尽管通过理性可以消除所有不快，但是当良知刺痛心灵，或是内心受到良心的谴责，理性自身就会产生悔恨。因为寒冷而颤抖或是因为感冒而发热要比受外部冷热环境的影响所产生的同样感觉痛苦糟糕得多。同样，忍受随机偶发事件所引发的痛苦也要容易得多，因为这种痛苦源自外部环境；但是，如果为犯下的错误而悔恨—“发生这样的事情不能怪别人，是我自己的错”，由于这是一种源于内心、源于自己的感受，因此所产生的羞愧感带来的疼痛就会让人难以忍受。这就是为什么一幢豪宅、大量财富、优越的出身，以及高职位、好口才都不可能增加生命的美好程度的原因。平静的生活只会源于未曾被坏行为、坏动机所玷污的心灵，也正是这种心灵赋予了生命宁静、清澈的特性。这样的特征是获得完美成就的源泉，它不仅使当下的活动生机勃勃、令人愉悦，带来自豪感，而且还能使过去的记忆比未来更加有意义、有安全感，如品达的诗句所述：“晚年依然记忆犹新”。卡尔尼亚德斯说过：“即使香炉被清理干净，但它释放的香味依然会维持很长时间。”这不正说明美好的行为留给聪慧心灵的印象依然是愉悦清新的吗？并且，由于快乐得到灌溉而茁壮成长，你就能够不受那些悲叹、抱怨生活、把生命当作放逐灵魂的世俗之地的人们的影响。

我很喜欢第欧根尼的妙言：曾经有一次他去斯巴达参观时，看见主人热忱积极地为节日作准备，于是他说：“把每一天都当成节日一样难道不是一个好人的标志吗？”如果我们能正确看待事物，每一天不也都是一个特别光荣的节日吗？世界是一座最高神灵的庙宇，没有什么地方比这里更适合神灵。人们以出生的方式被带到这个世界，不用去考虑那些既有的、静止的景象，而要去观察柏拉图所描述的那些可以感知的明白易懂的事物，这些神圣的事物表现为一种容器，容纳了生命的内在法

则和万物之运动—太阳、月亮、星星、不断流出再生水源的河流，以及为动植物提供营养的土壤。生命是探究这些事物的开始，再没有比生命更完美的方式来赞美这些事物了；因此，生活应该充溢着满足与快乐，我们不要再犯那些通常易犯的错误，不要等到类似克罗诺斯、宙斯、雅典娜的纪念日那样的重大日子才去享受快乐，也不要只在通过给小丑或是舞者付费这种买来的娱乐中才能振奋起精神、活力四射。

此外，尽管在下列场合我们会井然有序地静静地坐下—当他加入时没有人抱怨、观看达尔菲游戏时没有人嘀咕、在克罗诺斯的纪念日也不会有人喝酒，但是，在上帝安排和指引的节日里，人们还是会因为把其余时间消耗在了对生活的抱怨、丧气和担忧中而感到羞愧。尽管人们喜欢欣赏乐器演奏出的美妙音乐和鸟儿的动人歌声，喜欢观看动物的嬉闹玩耍，而且当动物发出怒吼声、狂吠声或是看起来有攻击性的时候又会心生害怕和忐忑不安，但是，当人们发现自己的生活很古板、压抑，还会时常受到令人不悦的各种经历、事件或者焦虑的约束和限制时，他们也不愿意寻找一些方式让自己恢复或是放松。而即使当他人试图提供帮助，比如，帮助他们如何做到毫无瑕疵地面对当下的处境，帮助他们回忆过往免于承担忘恩负义之恶名，或是帮助他们无忧无虑、乐观积极地拥抱未来，他们也会拒绝所有这些建议和帮助。

Plutarch

In Consolation to his Wife

TRANSLATED BY ROBIN WATERFIELD

PENGUIN BOOKS—GREAT IDEAS

Contents

In consolation to his wife

FROM PLUTARCH TO HIS WIFE. I hope this finds you well. The man you sent to give me the news of our child's death seems to have missed me during his overland journey to Athens, but I heard about it from my granddaughter when I got to Tanagra. I imagine that the burial rites are over by now, and I hope they were conducted in a way that makes the chance of your feeling distress at the burial both now and in the future as remote as possible. But if there is something you haven't yet done, even though you want to, because you are waiting to hear what I intend to do, and it is something which you think would make things easier to bear, then it will happen too, with no fuss and superstitious nonsense - not that you are at all liable to these faults.

All I ask, my dear, is that while reacting emotionally you make sure that both of us - me as well as you - remain in a stable state. I mean, the actual event is a known quantity and I can keep it within limits, but if I find your distress excessive, this will discompose me more than what has happened. Nevertheless, I was not born 'from oak or rock', as you yourself know, given that you have been my partner in bringing up so many children - all brought up with no one else's help in our own home - and I know how overjoyed you were with the birth, after four sons, of the daughter you longed for and with the fact that it gave me the opportunity to name her after you. In addition, one's love for children of that age is peculiarly acute, since the pleasure it affords is absolutely unsullied and untainted by any element of anger and criticism. Also, she was inherently wonderfully easy to please and undemanding, and the way she repaid affection with affection and was so charming was not only delightful, but also made one realize how unselfish she was. She used to encourage her wet-nurse to offer and present her breast not only to other babies, but also to her favourite playthings and toys: she was unselfishly trying to share the good things she had and the things she most enjoyed with her favourites, as if they were guests at her very own table.

However, my dear, I fail to see any reason why, when this and similar behaviour pleased us during her life, it should upset and trouble us when we recall it now. I worry about the alternative, however - that we might consign the memory of her to oblivion along with our distress. This would be to act

like Clymene, who said, 'I hate the curved cornel bow! I wish there were no gymnasia!': she was always nervous about recalling her son, and avoided doing so, because distress was its companion, and it is natural to avoid anything painful. No, our daughter was the sweetest thing in the world to hug and watch and listen to, and by the same token she must remain and live on in our thoughts, and bring not just more, but a great deal more pleasure than distress - if it is plausible to expect that the arguments we have often deployed on others will help us in our hour of need - and we must not slump in dejection or shut ourselves away and so pay for those pleasures with distress that vastly outweighs it.

People who were with you also tell me, with some surprise, that you haven't adopted mourning clothes, that you didn't make yourself or your maids follow any ugly or harrowing practices and that the paraphernalia of an expensive celebration was absent from the funeral - that instead everything was conducted with discretion and in silence, and with only the essential accoutrements. It was no surprise to me, however, that you who never tricked yourself out for the theatre or a public procession, and never saw any point in extravagance even where your pleasures were concerned, maintained unaffectedness and frugality in sad circumstances.

The point is that Bacchic rites are not the only circumstances which require a decent woman to remain uncorrupted: she should equally assume that the instability and emotional disturbance which grief entails call for self-control, which is not, as is popularly supposed, the enemy of affection and love, but of mental indulgence. Affection is what we gratify by missing, valuing and remembering the dead, but the insatiable desire for grief - a desire which makes us wail and howl - is just as contemptible as hedonistic indulgence, despite the notion that it is forgivable because, although it may be contemptible, it is accompanied not by any pleasure gained from the desire, but rather by distress and pain. Could there be anything more absurd than banishing excesses of laughter and mirth, and yet allowing the floodgates of tears and lamentation, which spring from the same source as merriment, to open to their fullest extent? Or - as some husbands do - quarrelling with their wives about extravagant hair perfume and gaudy clothing, and yet submitting when they cut off their hair in mourning, dye their clothes black and adopt ugly postures when sitting and uncomfortable ones when reclining at table? Or - and this is the most irritating of all - resisting and restraining their wives if they punish their servants of either sex

excessively and unfairly, and yet ignoring the vicious, harsh punishments they inflict upon themselves when they are under the influence of emotion and misfortunes which actually call for a relaxed and charitable attitude?

Our relationship, however, my dear, is such that there never has been any occasion for us to quarrel on the one score, and there never will be any occasion for us to quarrel on the other, I am sure. On the one hand, every philosopher who has spent time with us and got to know us has been impressed with the inextravagance of your clothing and make-up, and with the modesty of your lifestyle, and every one of our fellow citizens has witnessed your unaffectedness during rituals and sacrifices and at the theatre. On the other hand, you have already demonstrated in the past that you can remain stable under these circumstances, when you lost your eldest child and again when our lovely Charon left us before his time. I remember that I brought visitors with me on my journey from the coast at the news of the child's death, and that they and everyone else gathered in our house. As they subsequently told others as well, when they saw how calm and peaceful it was, they thought that nothing terrible had happened and that a baseless rumour had got out, because you had behaved so responsibly in arranging the house at a time when disarray is normally excusable, despite the fact that you had nursed him at your own breast and had endured an operation when your nipple got inflamed, which are noble acts stemming from motherly love.

It is noticeable that most mothers take their children into their arms as if they were playthings (after others have cleaned them and smartened them up), and then, if the children die, these mothers wallow in empty, indecent grief. They are not motivated by warmth of feeling, which is a reasonable and commendable emotion: their strong inclination towards shallow beliefs, plus a dash of instinctive emotion, causes outbursts of grief which are fierce, manic and unruly. Aesop was apparently aware of this: he said that when Zeus was distributing recognition among the gods, Grief asked for some as well; so Zeus allowed Grief to be acknowledged - but only by people who deliberately wanted to acknowledge it.

This is certainly what happens at the beginning: only an individual lets grief enter himself; but after a while it becomes a permanent sibling, a habitual presence, and then it doesn't leave however much one wants it to. That is why it is crucial to resist it on the threshold and not to adopt special clothing or haircuts or anything else like that, which allow it to establish a stronghold. These things challenge the mind day in and day out, make it

recoil, belittle it and constrict it and imprison it, and make it unresponsive and apprehensive, as if the wearing of these clothes and the adoption of these practices out of grief cut it off from laughter and light and the sociability of the table. The consequences of this affliction are physical neglect and an aversion to oiling and bathing the body and to other aspects of the daily regimen, when exactly the opposite should happen: purely mental suffering ought to be helped by physical fitness. Mental distress abates and subsides to a great extent when it is dispersed in physical calm, as waves subside in fair weather, but if as a result of a bad regimen the body becomes sordid and foul and transmits to the mind nothing benign or beneficial, but only the harsh and unpleasant fumes of pain and distress, then even those who desire it find that recovery becomes hard to achieve. These are the kinds of disorders that take possession of the mind when it is treated so badly.

Nevertheless, I have no cause to worry about the worst and most worrying disorder which occurs in such cases - 'the invasion of malignant women', with the cries and expressions of sympathy which they use to polish and hone distress, and to prevent its being diminished either by external factors or of its own accord. For I know about the battles you recently had when you went to assist Theon's sister and defended her against the incursions of the women who came with their weeping and wailing - behaviour which is exactly the same as fighting fire with fire. I mean, when people see a friend's house on fire, then everyone contributes what he can to put it out as quickly as possible; but when that same friend's mind is on fire, they bring fuel! And although when someone has an eye infection, people don't let just anyone touch it or treat the inflammation, people who are grieving sit and let everyone who comes by prod at their running sore, so to speak, and aggravate the condition, until instead of being an insignificant itching irritation, it erupts into a seriously disagreeable affliction. Anyway, I know that you will be on your guard against this.

Please try, however, to use your mind as a vehicle for often returning to the time when this child of ours had not yet been born and we had no reason to blame fortune; and then connect that time with the present, and imagine that our circumstances are no different again. You see, my dear, we will seem to regret that our child was ever born if we find more to complain about now than in the situation before her birth. We must not erase the intervening two years from our memories, but since they brought happiness and joy, we must count them as pleasant. The good was brief, but should not therefore be

regarded as a long-term bad influence; and we should not be ungrateful for what we received just because our further hopes were dashed by fortune.

The point is that a reverential attitude towards the gods and being charitable and uncomplaining with regard to fortune always yield a dividend which is both fine and enjoyable, and anyone who, in a situation like ours, makes a particular point of highlighting the memory of good things and turning his mind away from the dark and disturbing aspects of his life towards the bright and brilliant ones instead either completely extinguishes whatever it is that is causing him pain, or at least decreases and obscures it by blending it with its opposite. Perfume is always nice to smell, but it is also an antidote to unpleasant odours; likewise, bearing good things in mind serves the extra purpose of essential support, in times of trouble, for people who are not afraid to recall good times and do not critically hold fortune entirely responsible for every bad thing that happens. And that is a condition we should avoid - the syndrome of whingeing if the book of our life has a single smudge while every other page is perfectly clean. I mean, you have often been told that happiness is a consequence of correctly using the rational mind for the goal of a stable state, and that if it is a chance event which causes one to deviate, this does not constitute a major reversal and does not mean that the edifice of one's life has collapsed and been demolished.

Suppose that we too were to follow the usual practice of being guided by external circumstances, of keeping a tally of events due to fortune and of relying on any casual assessment of whether or not we are happy: even so, you should not take into consideration the current weeping and wailing of your visitors, which is trotted out on each and every occasion, prompted by pointless social customs. You would be better off bearing in mind that they continue to envy you for your children, your home and your way of life. As long as there are others who would gladly choose your fate, even including our present upset, it is awful for you, as the bearer of the fate, to complain and grumble, instead of letting the very source of your pain bring you to the realization of how much we have to be grateful for in what we still have. Otherwise, you will resemble those people who pick out Homer's headless and tapering lines, and ignore the many extensive passages of outstanding composition: if you do this, and nitpickingly whinge about the bad features of your life, and gloss over the good points in a vague and sweeping fashion, you will be behaving like those mean and avaricious people who build up a considerable hoard and don't make use of what they get, but still moan and

grumble when they lose it.

If you feel sorry about our daughter dying before she was able to marry and have children, then again you can find other reasons for cheering yourself up, in that you have known and experienced both these states: I mean, they cannot simultaneously be significant and insignificant blessings, depending on whether or not one has been deprived of them! And the fact that she has gone to a place of no pain ought not to be a source of pain to us. Why should she cause us to suffer, if there is nothing that can now cause her pain? Even huge losses cease to be a source of distress when the point is reached at which the objects are no longer missed, and your Timoxena suffered only minor losses, since what she was familiar with and what she found pleasure in were not things of great importance. And as for things she was unaware of, which had never entered her mind or caught her fancy - how could she be said to have lost them?

Then there is that other idea you've come across, which is commonly accepted, that it is quite impossible for anything to harm or distress something which has been dissolved. But I know that both the doctrine we've inherited from our ancestors and the maxims of the Dionysian Mysteries (which those of us who are in the group are privy to) prevent you believing this idea. So, since the soul cannot be destroyed, you can compare what happens to it to the behaviour of caged birds: if it has made a physical body its home for an extended period of time, and has allowed a plethora of material events and long familiarity to domesticate it to this way of life, then it resumes its perch inside a body and doesn't let go or stop its involvement, through rebirth after rebirth, with worldly conditions and fortunes. If old age is the butt of calumny and slurs, you should appreciate that this is not because of wrinkles, grey hair and physical enfeeblement: no, its most cruel feature is that it makes the soul lose touch with its memories of the other world, attaches it to this one, wraps it and constricts it (since it retains the shape it gained while it was acted on by the body). On the other hand, a soul which, although captured, 〈remains only a short while in a body before being released〉 by the gods and departing, springs back up to its natural state as if, although it had been bent, it retained its suppleness and malleability. Just as fire is quickly rekindled again and returns to its former state if it is relit straight after being extinguished, 〈but the longer the interval, the harder it is to relight, so too the most fortunate soul is the one which is able, in the poet's words,〉 'to pass as swiftly as possible through Hades' portals', before a

strong love of the things of this world has been engendered in it and before it has become moulded to the body by being softened and melted as if by chemicals.

Our ancient ancestral customs and rules are a better guide to the truth in these matters. People do not pour libations for their infant children when they die or perform any of the other rites that in other cases one is expected to perform for the dead, because babies have not been pervaded by earth or any earthly things. Again, people do not linger over their burial or at their grave or in laying out their bodies, because the laws regarding death at that age do not allow it, on the grounds that it is irreligious to grieve for those who have exchanged this world for a fate, and a place too, that is better and more divine. Since mistrusting these laws is more problematic than trusting them, let us make sure that our external actions conform to their injunctions, and that our internal state is even more untainted, pure and restrained than our external activity.

On being aware of moral progress

Is there any argument, Sosius Senecio, which will salvage one's sense that one is improving and approaching virtue, if in fact progress causes no relief from folly, but vice circumscribes every stage and exactly counterbalances the progress and 'drags it down as lead does a fishing-net'? Take, for example, music or literacy: there can be no recognition of improvement here either, if the lessons do nothing to whittle away one's ignorance of these subjects, and one's incompetence remains perpetually at a constant level. And if medical treatment fails to relieve a patient's discomfort or in some way alleviate the illness and cause its remission and decrease, then it cannot afford the patient any sense that his condition is changing for the better, until his body has completely recovered its strength and the treatment has engendered the opposite condition with no trace of illness at all.

In fact, however, people do not make progress in these domains unless they perceive the change, since the instrument of their progress is relief from what was weighing them down (as if they were on a balance, and were being carried upwards as opposed to their former downward movement). And likewise, in philosophy, no progress or awareness of progress can be assumed if the mind is not freeing and purifying itself of fallibility, but is involved in absolute vice right up to the moment when it secures absolute, perfect virtue. Of course, it takes only a moment, a split second, for the wise man to change from the worst possible iniquity to a state of consummate virtue! And in an instant he has totally and utterly escaped from the vice which he did not even partially eliminate over a lengthy period!

Still, I am sure you already know that the authors of these assertions turn out to find 'the wise man who is unaware' extremely awkward and problematic, thanks to their own assertions. Consider a person who has not yet grasped the fact that he has become wise, but is unaware and uncertain in this regard, because it has escaped his notice that, by a gradual and lengthy process of subtracting this and adding that, progress has taken place and has steadily led him, as if it were a road, to an appointment with virtue. But if the speed and size of the change were so great that someone who is the worst of sinners in the morning can become a perfect saint in the evening, or if change

occurred in such a way that someone could go to bed worthless and wake up wise and, with his mind freed of yesterday's fallibility and liability to error, could say, 'Goodbye, false dreams; I now see that you were nothing - if all this were so, how could anyone not realize that a change of this magnitude had happened within himself and that wisdom had enlightened him all at once? I would sooner believe that someone like Caeneus, whose prayer to change sex from female to male is granted, could fail to notice the transformation, than that someone who had become controlled, wise and courageous instead of cowardly, stupid and weak-willed, and who has in an instant exchanged a life at a bestial level for one at the level of the gods, could be unaware of himself.

No, it is a correct saying that one should 'Fit the stone to the line, not the line to the stone.' But the people who refuse to fit their views to the facts, and instead force facts into unnatural conformity with their hypotheses, have infected philosophy with plenty of puzzles: the one which fits everyone, with the sole exception of the perfect man, into a single undifferentiated category of vice is only the greatest of these puzzles. This puzzle makes the term 'progress' opaque: what they call 'progress' is a state little short of sheer inanity, and a state which makes all those who have not rid themselves of every emotion and defect still just as miserably off as those who have not escaped even any of the very worst vices. Anyway, these thinkers refute themselves, because in their lectures they place Aristides on a par with Phalaris in respect of immorality, and Brasidas with Dolon in respect of cowardice, and even go so far as to claim that Plato and Meletus are utterly identical in respect of ignorance; but in their lives and actions they refrain and abstain from the behaviour of the latter set of people, which they acknowledge to be heartless, and attach themselves to and trust the former set, whose example, as they agree, is in the most important respects of great value.

We, on the other hand, can see that 'more and less' can be attributed to every kind of vice, and especially to mental vice, which is a genus comprising an indeterminate, limitless number of species; and we can see that this is also what makes different stages of progress different, as reason gradually illuminates and purifies the mind by pushing back imperfection as if it were darkness. Consequently, we do not find illogical the notion that people who are being carried upwards out of an abyss, so to speak, are aware of the change, and we think that this awareness has definite, describable

principles.

Here, without further ado, is the first such principle to consider. Just as those who are running under sail in the open sea use the time along with the strength of the wind to calculate how much of their voyage they are likely to have accomplished, given that x amount of time has passed and they are being driven by y amount of power, so in philosophy one can, to satisfy oneself, take as evidence of progress the continuity and constancy of the journey, and the fact that it is rarely interrupted by pauses followed by fresh effort and impetus, but is perpetually pressing forward smoothly and evenly, and using reason to secure its passage without stumbling. The advice 'If you add even a small amount to a small amount and do this often' is valuable for more than just the accumulation of money: it is universally effective, and nowhere more so than in the development of virtue, when to reason is added plenty of habituation, which is what produces results.

Any unevenness and dullness, however, on the part of philosophers makes them not only wait and linger on the journey of progress, so to speak, but even turn back, because vice seizes every opportunity to ambush anyone who gives in and takes time off, and to carry him away in the opposite direction. Mathematicians tell us that when the planets stop moving forwards, they become stationary, but in philosophy, when progress ceases, there is no gap, no stationary mode. Since human nature is constantly in motion, it tends to tilt as if it were on a pair of scales: it is either fully extended by its better movements or, thanks to the opposite movements, it plummets towards its worse aspect. So if - as in the oracle uttered by the god which stated, 'Fight against the Cirrhaeans every day and every night' - if you are aware of having resisted vice day in and day out without stopping, or at least of having rarely let down your guard or of having only occasionally admitted into your presence certain pleasures or amusements or diversions with a view to making a deal with them, as if they were envoys from the army of vice, then you have every reason to proceed towards the future undaunted and in good heart.

Nevertheless, even if breaks occur in one's philosophical activity, if later there is more stability to it and longer stretches of time are spent on it than before, then this is a good indication that hard work and repeated effort are squeezing laziness out. The other alternative, however, is bad - when after a short while setbacks frequently and continually occur, with enthusiasm shrivelling, so to speak. A reed starts growing with a huge spurt whose result

is a smooth, unbroken length, and at first it is rarely thwarted or retarded and only at long intervals; but then (as if it had difficulty breathing up there) it grows weak and consequently starts to fail and its growth is hampered by the formation of many protuberances, with little room between them, as its life-force encounters bumps and shocks. This is an analogy for what can happen in philosophy: anyone who starts with a series of energetic charges, and then continually encounters drawbacks and interruptions in large numbers, while seeing no improvement, gets fed up and gives in. 'On the other hand, he gains wings' applies to anyone who is motivated by the benefit of philosophy and who, with strength and enthusiasm generated by achievement, cuts through the excuses as if they were a crowd of nuisances.

When you are with someone you find attractive, it is not happiness that is a sign of falling in love (since this is not unique to love), but pain and distress when you are cut off from that person; and likewise, plenty of people are drawn to philosophy and apparently set about learning with a great deal of zeal, if nothing else, but if other matters or diversions drive them away, that emotion drains out of them and their mood becomes one of indifference. On the other hand, 'anyone smitten by love for his beloved' might strike you as placid and tame while you are together, sharing in philosophical discussion, but you should see him when he has been cut off and separated from philosophy: he is feverish, restless, dissatisfied with every matter and every diversion; his longing for philosophy impels him, as though he were a mindless beast, to forget his friends. The point is that what is required is not that people treat discussions as they do perfumes and enjoy them when they are there, but do not go out of their way for them, or even have a positive distaste for them, when they are not there; what is important is rather that, when one is cut off from philosophical discussions (whether it is getting married or a sea journey or forming a friendship or military service that causes the separation), one should feel something similar to hunger and thirst, and so stay in contact with the genuine cause of progress. For the greater the gain from philosophy has been, the greater the displeasure at separation.

What we have been saying is basically identical or very similar to the ancient description of progress in Hesiod - that the path ceases being steep or excessively sheer: it becomes easy, level and manageable. It is as if repeated effort levels the path, and as though the journey creates a light and a brightness in philosophy, to replace the perplexity, uncertainty and vacillation which students of philosophy come across at first, like sailors who have left

the land they know, but cannot yet see the land which is their destination. For they are in the position of having left behind what is normal and familiar, but of having not yet become acquainted with and in possession of what is better: they are going round in circles in the intermediate area, and in the process often turn back towards where they have come from.

Sextius the Roman was a case in point: the story goes that on account of philosophy he had abandoned his offices and positions of authority in the political arena, but on the other hand was, while in the philosophical arena, in a bad way and was finding the subject difficult; he came very close to throwing himself off the top of a building. And there is a similar story about Diogenes of Sinope when he was embarking on his study of philosophy: it was an Athenian holiday, and they were having fun and staying awake all night, with meals laid on by the state, plays at the theatres, and parties with one another; Diogenes was curled up in a corner of the agora, trying to sleep, and he found himself thinking decidedly upsetting and self-destructive thoughts, trying to work out how, under no external compulsion, he had of his own free will taken on a gruelling and unnatural lifestyle, and was sitting there excluded from all those good things. Just then, however (as the story goes), a mouse crept up and occupied itself with the crumbs from his bread; Diogenes started to use his mind and reconsider, and said to himself, in a critical and disparaging tone, 'What are you getting at, Diogenes? Your leftovers are a feast for this mouse, yet you, a man of stature - are you complaining and moaning just because you're not lying over there on soft, gaudy blankets, getting drunk?' So when that sort of bad mood occurs only rarely, and the mind quickly steps in to cancel it out and repel it (changing defeat into victory, as it were), and has no difficulty in getting rid of the agitation and restlessness, then one ought to regard one's progress as being on a firm basis.

Their own weakness, however, is not the only factor which can make students of philosophy waver and double back. The earnest advice of friends and the mocking, bantering attacks of critics can also, on their occurrence, warp and sap resolve, and have been known to put some people off philosophy altogether. Therefore, a good indication of an individual's progress would be equanimity when faced with these factors, and not being upset or irritated by people who name his peers and tell him how they are prospering at some royal household, or are marrying into money or are going down to the agora as the people's choice for some political or forensic post.

For anyone who is not dismayed or swayed in these circumstances has clearly been suitably and securely gripped by philosophy, since it is impossible to stop trying to conform to behaviour the majority of people admire unless one has become accustomed to admire virtue instead; even anger and insanity give some people the ability to stand up to others, but disdain for affairs commonly admired is impossible without a high purpose, truly and securely held.

This is also the context of the proud comparisonspeople make between the two concerns, as when Solon said, 'We will not exchange our virtue for their wealth, since the one is permanent and stable, but different people have money at different times.' And Diogenes used to compare his moves from Corinth to Athens and back again to the great king's residency at Susa in the spring, at Babylon in the winter and in Media in the summer. Then there is Agesilaus' remark about the great king: 'He is a greater man than me only if he is more moral.' And in a letter to Antipater about Alexander, Aristotle wrote that the fact that Alexander rules over a lot of people does not make him the only one who can legitimately feel proud: anyone whose thinking about the gods is correct has just as much right. And when Zeno saw that Theophrastus was admired for the number of his students, he said, 'Although his chorus is larger, mine is more harmonious.' Anyway, when the contrast between virtue and externals has enabled you to eliminate from yourself envy and jealousy of others, and all the things which commonly irritate and undermine beginners in philosophy, you can take this too as a clear indication of your progress.

Another not unimportant sign is a certain change where arguments are concerned. Almost without exception, beginners in philosophy tend to look for ways of speaking which will enhance their reputation. Some behave like birds: because they are lightweight and ambitious, they swoop down on to the brilliant heights of science. Others behave 'like puppies', as Plato says: 'they enjoy dragging things around and tearing them apart', so they head for controversies and puzzles and sophisms. A great many beginners immerse themselves in philosophical arguments and use them as ammunition in casuistry. Occasionally, beginners go around collecting quotable phrases and stories, but just as Anacharsis used to say that, in his experience, the only reason the Greeks have money is to count it, so these people - in respect of the arguments they employ - are short-changed and short-change others, and accumulate nothing else which might do them good.

The result of all this is illustrated by Antiphanes' saying, in its application to Plato's circle. Antiphanes used to tell an amusing story about a city where, as soon as anyone spoke, the sound of his voice was frozen solid, and then later, when it thawed out in the summer, they heard what had been said in the winter; likewise, he added, what Plato said to people when they were still young only just got through to most of them much later, when they were old. People also have this experience when faced with philosophy in any form, and it stops only when their discrimination becomes sound and steady, and begins to encounter the factors which instil moral character and stature, and starts to seek out arguments whose tracks (to borrow Aesop's image) tend inwards rather than outwards. Sophocles used to say that he first lightened Aeschylus' heaviness, then the austerity and affectedness of his own style, and only then did he, as a third step, try to change the actual nature of the language, which has the most bearing on morality and virtue; this is an analogy for the fact that it is only when students of philosophy stop using arguments for display and affectedness and turn to the kinds of argument which have an impact on the character and the emotions that they begin to make genuine, unassuming progress.

In the first place, then, you must make sure that when you are reading philosophical works and listening to philosophical lectures, you do not concentrate on the phraseology and exclude the subject-matter, and that you do not pounce on awkward, odd phrases rather than those which are useful, meaty and beneficial. Secondly, you must be careful, when you spend time on poetry and history, in case you overlook any well-expressed point which might improve your character or ease the weight of your emotions. For just as a bee spends time with flowers, as Simonides says, 'intent on yellow honey', whereas everyone else appreciates and takes in no more of the flower than its colour and scent, so, although everyone else's involvement with poetry has the limited aim of pleasure and fun, nevertheless if someone by his own resources discovers and gathers from it something worth taking seriously, then it is by this token plausible to suggest that his training and love for what is good and congruent with his nature have brought him to the point of recognizing what is good and congruent.

There are people, for example, whose concern with Plato and Xenophon is limited to their language, and who glean no more than their pure Attic diction (which is, as it were, the dew and down on the flower). The only comment one can make about such people is that they appreciate the nice,

flowery smell of medicines, but fail to ingest, or even recognize, their analgesic and purgative properties. By contrast, those whose progress is ongoing are capable of benefiting, and of gathering what is congruent and useful, not just from the written or spoken word, but from any sight and any situation at all.

Anecdotes about Aeschylus and others of similar stature illustrate the point. For instance, Aeschylus was watching a boxing-match at the Isthmian games, and whenever either of the boxers was struck, the audience yelled out loud; Aeschylus nudged Ion of Chios and said, 'Do you see what practice can do? The man who has been struck remains quiet - it is the spectators who cry out!' Brasidas once picked up some dried figs which had a mouse among them; the mouse nipped him and he dropped it: 'Incredible!' he remarked. 'No matter how small or weak a creature is, it will live if it has the courage to defend itself.' When Diogenes saw someone using his hands to drink, he took his cup out of his bag and threw it away.

These stories illustrate how attention and repeated intense effort enable people to notice and absorb the implicit virtue in everything. This is more likely to happen if they supplement theory with practice - not just 'by studying in the school of danger', as Thucydides puts it, but also by giving themselves a practical demonstration of their views - or preferably, forming their views by experience - whenever they are faced with pleasure and argumentativeness, or involved in decision-making, advocacy in court and political authority. As for those who, even while they are still students, occupy themselves with considering what they can take from philosophy and recycle without delay in the political arena, or to entertain their young friends, or at a reception given by the king, they are no more entitled to be regarded as philosophers than sellers of medicines are entitled to be regarded as doctors; or perhaps a better description is to say that a sophist of this kind is basically altogether identical to Homer's bird, because he regurgitates for his pupils, as if they were his 'flightless chicks', anything he takes in, 'and fares badly himself', if he fails to consider his own advantage and to absorb or digest anything he takes in.

It is therefore essential for us to make sure, first, that we approach words in a way that is beneficial to ourselves, and second, where other people are concerned, that we do so not because we want empty glory or public recognition, but rather because we want to be taught and to teach. Above all, we must make sure that, when investigating issues, there is no trace of rivalry

and contentiousness, and that we have stopped supplying ourselves with arguments as if they were boxing thongs or padded gloves to be used against one another, and no longer prefer bludgeoning others to the ground to learning and teaching. Reasonableness and civility during discussions, neither embarking on conversations competitively nor ending them in anger, neither crowing if an argument is won nor sulking if it is lost - all this is the behaviour of someone who is progressing nicely. Aristippus gives us an example: once he was outmanoeuvred in an argument by a man who did not lack self-confidence, only intelligence and sense; Aristippus saw that the man was delighted and had got big-headed, so he said, 'I am going home now: I may have been argued down by you, but I will sleep more peacefully tonight than you, for all your success.'

When we speak, we can also assess ourselves by seeing whether or not we get afraid and hold back if a large crowd unexpectedly gathers round us, whether or not we get depressed if there are only a few to hear us debate, and whether or not, if called upon to address the Assembly or a person in authority, we throw the opportunity away by being inadequately prepared with respect to what language to use. This latter point is illustrated by stories about Demosthenes and Alcibiades. Alcibiades was extremely adept at knowing what topics to address, but less confident about what language to use and, as a result, used to trip himself up while he was addressing topics; often, even in the middle of speaking, he used to search for and hunt after an elusive word or phrase, and so get booed. By contrast, Homer was not bothered about publishing an unmetrical first line: his talent gave him plenty of self-assurance about the rest of the poem. It is therefore fairly reasonable to suppose that those who are striving for virtue and goodness will make good use of the opportunity and the topic, by being completely indifferent to any tumultuous, noisy response to their language.

The same applies to actions as well as to words: everyone should try to ensure that they contain more usefulness than showmanship, and are more concerned with truth than with display. If genuine love for a young man or for a woman does not seek witnesses, but reaps its harvest of pleasure even if it fulfils its desire in secret, then it is even more likely that someone who loves goodness and wisdom, who is intimate and involved with virtue because of his actions, will be quietly self-assured within himself, and will have no need of an admiring audience. There was a man who summoned his serving-woman at home and shouted out, 'Look at me, Dionysia: I have

stopped being big-headed!' Analogous to this is the behaviour of someone who politely does a favour and then runs around telling everyone about it: it is obvious that he is still dependent on external appreciation and drawn towards public recognition, that he does not yet have virtue in his sights and that he is not awake, but is acting randomly among the illusory shadows of a dream and then presents his action for viewing, as if it were a painting.

It follows that giving something to a friend and doing a favour for an acquaintance, but not telling others about it, is a sign of progress. And voting honestly when surrounded by corruption, rejecting a dishonourable petition from an affluent or powerful person, spurning bribes and even not drinking when thirsty at night or resisting a kiss from a good-looking woman or man, as Agesilaus did - quietly keeping any of these to oneself is also a sign of progress. A man like this gains recognition from himself, and he feels not contempt, but pleasure and contentment at being self-sufficient as a witness, and spectator too, of his good deeds; this shows that reason is now being nourished within and is taking root inside him, and that he 'is getting used to being his own source of pleasure', as Democritus puts it.

Farmers prefer to see ears of corn bent over, nodding towards the ground; they regard as worthless impostors the light ones which stand up straight. Young would-be philosophers are just the same: it is those who are particularly insubstantial and lightweight who cut a dash, pose and strut, faces full of contempt and disdain which spare nothing and nobody; but when they start to fill out and gain in yield from the lectures, they shed their ostentatious pomposity. And just as the air inside empty vessels into which liquid is introduced is squeezed out and goes elsewhere, so when people are filled with genuinely good material, their pretensions are pushed aside and their self-esteem starts to crumble; they stop feeling proud of their beard and threadbare gown, and instead make their minds the object of their efforts; and they use the caustic, harsh side of their nature on themselves above all, and treat anyone else they come across with greater leniency. They put an end to their former habit of usurping and confiscating for themselves the name of philosophy and the reputation of studying philosophy; instead, if an innately good young man is even called 'philosopher' by someone else, he will be so dismayed that he will say with a smile, overcome by embarrassment, 'Look, I am no god. Why do you compare me to the gods?' As Aeschylus says, 'When a young woman has experienced a man, the heat in her eyes gives her away'; and when a young man has experienced genuine philosophical progress, these

lines of Sappho's are relevant: 'I am tongue-tied, and delicate fire plays over my skin' - despite which, his gaze is unworried and his eye calm and you would want to hear him speak.

At the start of the initiation ceremony, as the candidates assemble, they are noisy, call out and jostle one another; but when the rituals are being performed and revealed, then they pay attention in awestruck silence. Likewise, you can see plenty of disturbance and chatter and self-assurance at the beginning of philosophy, on the threshold, with some people rudely and roughly jostling for acclamation; but anyone who finds himself inside and in the presence of a great light, with the sanctuary open, so to speak, changes his attitude and becomes quiet and transfixed, and 'with humility and restraint complies' with reason, as he would with a god. Menedemus' joke seems to apply rather neatly to such people. He said that the numerous people who sail to Athens to study go through the following progression: they start wise, then become philosophers, and as time goes on, they become normal people, by gradually laying aside their self-esteem and pretensions in proportion to the hold they have on reason.

When people need healing, if it is a tooth or a finger that is hurting, they go straight to the doctor; if they have a fever, they summon the doctor to their house and ask him to help; but if they are suffering from an extreme case - melancholy or brain fever or delirium - they sometimes cannot even stand the doctor coming to visit them, but chase him away or avoid him, because the severity of their illness prevents them even being aware that they are ill. The same goes for people with faults: it is the incurable ones who get angry and behave aggressively and fiercely towards anyone who tries to rebuke and reprimand them, whereas those who put up with rebuke and do not resist are in a more composed state. And when someone with faults puts himself in the hands of critics, talks about his defects, does not hide his iniquity and does not relish getting away with it or enjoy being unrecognized for what he is, but admits it and begs for someone to take him and reprimand him, this must be a significant sign of progress. This is surely why Diogenes used to say that anyone concerned about safety ought to try to find either a proper friend or a fervent enemy, so that one way or another - either by being rebuked or by being treated - he might steer clear of badness.

Imagine someone with an obvious stain or mark on his clothes or a torn shoe affecting self-deprecation as a pretence to the outside world, or someone thinking that by making fun of his own short stature or slumped posture he is

showing a carefree spirit: as long as he does all this, but disguises the internal blemishes of his mind, the defects of his life, the pettiness, hedonism, malice and spite, and hides them away as if they were boils, without letting anyone touch them or see them because he is afraid of being rebuked, then his involvement in progress is minimal, or rather non-existent. On the other hand, anyone who comes to grips with these defects, and primarily anyone who has the ability and the desire to supply his own distress at and censure for his faults, but secondly anyone who has the ability and the desire to put himself in someone else's hands for castigation, and sticks with it, and is purified by the criticism, is precisely the person who seems to have a genuine loathing for iniquity, and to be really trying to eradicate it.

It is, of course, important to feel embarrassed at, and to avoid, even a reputation for badness; but someone who dislikes actual iniquity more than he dislikes an adverse reputation does not avoid being reproached, and reproaching others himself, if the object is moral improvement. For instance, there is Diogenes' nice remark to a young man he saw in a pub, who ran away - but into the pub: 'The further inside you run,' he said, 'the more you are going to be in the pub!' And the more a person denies any defect, the more he immerses and imprisons himself in the vice. It is obvious that anyone who is poor, but who pretends to be rich, increases his poverty by his masquerade; but Hippocrates, who wrote down and published the fact that he did not understand the skull's sutures, is a model for anyone who is genuinely progressing, because he thinks it quite wrong for Hippocrates to help others avoid the situation he found himself in by publicizing his own failing, while he - a person who is committed to immunity from error - does not dare to be castigated or to admit his fallibility and ignorance.

In fact, it is arguable that Bion's and Pyrrho's assertions refer not to progress, but to a better, more perfect state. Bion told his friends that they deserved to think they were progressing when they could listen to abuse and be affected as if what was being said was 'My friend, you don't seem bad or foolish, so I wish you health and great joy, and may the gods grant you prosperity.' And there is a story about Pyrrho that once when he was endangered by a storm at sea, he pointed to a piglet which was happily tucking into some barley that had been spilled, and told his companions that anyone who did not want to be disturbed by events should use the rational mind and philosophy to develop a similar detachment.

You should also notice what Zeno said - that a person's dreams ought to

make him aware that he is progressing, if when asleep he sees himself neither enjoying anything discreditable, nor conniving at or doing anything awful or outrageous, but if instead he feels as though he were in translucent depths of tranquil stillness and it dawns upon him that the imaginative and emotional part of his mind has been dispersed by reason. Plato also apparently realized this point, before Zeno, and he described in outline the imaginative, irrational aspect of an innately tyrannical mind and the sorts of things it does when asleep: 'He tries to have sex with his mother', feels compulsions for all kinds of foods, transgresses convention and acts as though his desires, which by day are shamed and cowed into restraint by convention, had been set free.

Draught-animals which have been well trained do not attempt to stray and deviate, even if their master lets the reins go slack: they press forward in an orderly fashion, obedient to their conditioning, and unfailingly keep to their course. In the same way, people whose irrational aspect has been tamed and civilized and checked by reason find that it loses its readiness to use its desires to act outrageously and unconventionally even when dreaming or when under the influence of illness; instead, it watches protectively over its conditioning and remains aware of it, since it is conditioning which gives our attention strength and energy. If, as a result of training, detachment can gain control over even the body - over the whole body and any of its parts - so that eyes faced with a harrowing sight resist weeping and a heart surrounded by horrors resists lurching, and genitals modestly keep still and cause no trouble at all in the company of attractive men or women, then naturally this increases the plausibility of suggesting that training can take hold of the emotional part of the mind and, so to speak, smooth it and regularize it by suppressing its illusions and impressions at all levels, including dreaming.

There is a story about the philosopher Stilpo which illustrates the point. Once he dreamed he saw Poseidon and that Poseidon was angry with him for having omitted to sacrifice an ox (which was a standard offering to Poseidon), but Stilpo was not perturbed in the slightest and said, 'What do you mean, Poseidon? Don't you think it's childish of you to come and complain that I didn't bankrupt myself and fill the city with the smell of burnt offerings, but instead sacrificed to you on a moderate scale at home, drawing on what I actually had?' And then he dreamed that Poseidon smiled, extended his right hand and said that, because of Stilpo, he would create for Megara a bumper crop of sardines.

So anyway, when people have dreams which are pleasant, clear and

untroubled, and sleep which brings back no trace of anything frightening or horrible, or malicious or warped, they say that these features are beams of the light of progress; but they say that the features of distressing and bizarre dreams - frenzy, agitation, running from danger like a coward, experiencing childish delights and miseries - are like breakers and billows, and originate in a mind which does not yet have its own regulator, but is still being formed by opinions and rules, so that when it is asleep and as far from these formative influences as it can be, it is again dissolved and unravelled by the emotions. Now, you must join me in considering, by yourself, whether this phenomenon I have been talking about stems from progress or from a state which already has the steady, solid strength which comes of being based on reason.

Since absolute detachment is an exalted, divine state, and progress towards it is, as I say, like a kind of alleviation and taming of the emotions, then it is important for us to examine our emotions and to assess their differences, comparing them with themselves and with one another. We must compare them with themselves to see if the desires and fears and rages we now experience are less intense than they were before, given that we are using reason rapidly to extinguish their violence and heat; and we must compare them with one another to see if our sense of disgrace is now more acute than our fear, and whether we prefer to emulate people rather than envy them, and value a good reputation more than we value money. In short, we must compare them with one another to see if, to use a musical analogy, we err on the side of the Dorian rather than the Lydian mode, whether our lifestyle inclines towards asceticism rather than indulgence, whether our actions tend to be slow rather than hasty, and whether we are astounded by rather than contemptuous of arguments and people. Where ailments are concerned, it is a good sign when the disease is diverted into parts of the body where it will not prove fatal; and likewise where vice is concerned, it is plausible to suggest that when people who are making progress find that their vices now engage more respectable emotions, those vices are gradually being eliminated. When Phrynis strung two extra strings on the lyre, in addition to the usual seven, the ephors asked him whether he was prepared to let them cut off the top two or the bottom two; but the first point to make about ourselves is that what is required is, as it were, that the top ones and the bottom ones are cut out, if we are going to settle on an intermediate, moderate position; and the second point is that progress begins with the lessening of

our emotions' extremity and intensity, 'lusting after which,' as Sophocles says, 'makes one overwrought'.

Now, we have said that translating decisions into actions and not allowing words to be just words without turning them into deeds is particularly typical of progress. What is significant in this context is modelling our behaviour on what we commend and being keen to do what we express admiration for, while being unwilling even to connive at what we find fault with. For example, although it was not surprising that Miltiades' courage and bravery were universally applauded in Athens, nevertheless, when Themistocles said that Miltiades' trophy stopped him sleeping and allowed him no rest, it was immediately obvious that he was doing more than just expressing approbation and admiration: he was also moved to emulate and imitate Miltiades. So we must regard our progress as minimal as long as our admiration of success lies fallow and remains inadequate in itself to spur us towards imitation.

The point is that physical love is not a force for change unless it is accompanied by the desire to emulate; and commendation of virtue is also tepid and ineffective unless it nudges us and goads us to stop being envious and instead to want - with a desire that demands satisfaction - to emulate good behaviour. Alcibiades stressed the importance of the heart being moved by a philosopher's words and of tears being shed, but that is not all that is important: anyone who is making genuine progress compares his own conduct with the deeds and actions of a man who is an exemplar of goodness, and is simultaneously aggravated by the awareness of his defects, happy because of his hopes and aspirations, and full of a restless compulsion. Consequently, he is liable to 'run like an unweaned foal close to a horse' (to use a line from Semonides), because he longs to be virtually grafted on to the good man. In fact, this experience is typical of genuine progress - dearly to love the character of those whose conduct we desire to imitate, and always to accompany our wanting to be like them with goodwill which awards them respect and honour. On the other hand, anyone feeling competitively envious of his betters must realize that it is jealousy of a certain reputation or ability that is provoking him, and that he is not respecting or admiring virtue.

So when our love for good men starts to be such that we not only, as Plato says, count as blessed both the responsible man himself and anyone who listens 'to the words emitted by a responsible mouth', but we also admire and cherish his posture, walk, look and smile, and long to attach and glue

ourselves to him, so to speak, then we can legitimately consider ourselves to be making genuine progress. This is even more legitimate if we do not admire only the successful aspects of men of virtue, but behave like lovers who are not put off if those they find attractive have a speech defect or a pallid complexion: despite the tears and misery brought on by her grief and misfortune, Pantheia still thrilled Araspes, and in the same way we should not be repelled by Aristides' exile, Anaxagoras' imprisonment, Socrates' poverty or Phocion's condemnation, but because we regard virtue as desirable even under these circumstances, we should draw near to it, quoting Euripides' line whenever the occasion demands - 'It's incredible how high-minded people find nothing bad!' You see, someone who is inspired enough to admire and want to imitate even apparently awful things, rather than be put off by them, can certainly never be deterred from good things ever again. It has already become such a person's practice, when he is embarking on some course of action, or taking up office, or taking a risk, to picture truly good men of the past and to wonder, 'What would Plato have done in this situation? What would Epaminondas have said? How would Lycurgus or Agesilaus have come across?' He uses each of them as a kind of mirror, before which he puts himself in order, or adjusts his stance, or refrains from some relatively petty saying of his, or resists an emotion. Some people learn the names of the Dactyls of Mount Ida and steadily recite each one, as a spell to ward off fear; but if thoughts and memories of good men readily occur to people who are making progress and make them think again, then they keep them true and safe, whatever emotions and difficulties beset them. It follows that this is another mark by which you can tell someone who is morally improving.

Moreover, to have stopped getting all flustered, blushing and hiding or rearranging some idiosyncrasy when a person who is famous for his self-control unexpectedly appears, but instead to go up to such people confidently, can corroborate one's awareness. Alexander apparently once saw a messenger running towards him with his right hand extended and looking very pleased. 'What news, my friend?' said Alexander. 'Has Homer come back to life?' For he thought that the one thing his exploits lacked was a voice that would give him undying fame. But the love which fills the character of a young man who is improving is, above all else, love of showing off before truly good people and of displaying his home, board, wife, children, occupation and spoken and written compositions; and consequently it is a source of pain for him to remember that his father or his tutor is dead and cannot see him in his present

condition, and the one thing in particular he would pray to the gods for would be that they might come back to life and so witness his lifestyle and conduct. On the other hand, people who have taken no responsibility for themselves and who have been spoiled are quite the opposite: they cannot even dream about their relatives calmly and without anxiety.

There is another mark, no minor one, for you to add, please, to the ones we have already discussed. It is to have stopped regarding any of one's faults as trivial, and instead to take thorough care about and to pay attention to all of them. People who do not expect to become affluent have no qualms about spending small amounts, because they think that adding to the small amount they already have will not produce a large amount, whereas anticipation joins with savings to increase love of affluence the closer it gets to its goal. It is the same with conduct which pertains to virtue: if someone scarcely gives in to 'What's the point?' and 'That's it for now - better next time', but applies himself on every occasion, and gets fed up and irritated if vice ever worms its way, with its excuses, into even the slightest of his faults, then he is obviously in the process of acquiring for himself a certain purity and wants to avoid being defiled in any way whatsoever. On the other hand, thinking that nothing is, or can be, especially discreditable makes people nonchalant and careless about the little things. In fact, when a wall of some kind or other is being built, it does not make any difference if the odd piece of wood or ordinary stone is used as infrastructure, or if a stele that has fallen off a tomb is put in the footings, which is analogous to the conduct of degenerates who jumble together into a single heap any old business and behaviour. But people who are progressing, and who have already 'fashioned a fine foundation' for their life (as if it were a home for gods and kings), do not admit things chosen at random, but use reason as a straight-edge by which to apply and fit every single part together. And this, in my opinion, is what Polyclitus was referring to when he said that those whose clay is at the stage when fingertips are required have the hardest task.

On the avoidance of anger

SULLA: Fundanus, I think the painters' practice of periodically examining their paintings before adding the finishing touches is commendable. Continuous familiarity hides the ways in which something might vary slightly from what is required; so by interrupting their viewing, they use repeated discrimination to keep the viewing fresh and more likely to catch minor variations. But it is impossible for a person to apply himself to himself only periodically, by separating himself and interrupting the continuity of his self-awareness - and this is the main reason why everyone is a poorer judge of himself than of others. Therefore, a second-best course is for him periodically to inspect his friends and to make himself available to them for the same purpose, which is not to see if he has suddenly grown old or if his body is in a better or worse condition, but for them to examine his habits and character, to see if over a period of time any good features have been added or bad ones subtracted.

Anyway, I've come back to Rome after over a year away, and I've been with you for over four months now. I don't find it particularly surprising that the good points you were already innately endowed with have developed and increased so much; but when I see how much more amenable and submissive to reason that strong, fiery temper of yours has become, I am inclined to comment on your impetuosity by quoting the line, 'It is amazing how much more gentle he is.'

Nevertheless, this gentleness has not made you ineffective or languid, but it has replaced your notorious sudden changes of mood with a smooth surface and an effective, productive depth - like a cultivated field. It is also clear, therefore, that your temper is not waning because advancing age has made it start to decline, or because of any other automatic factor, but because it is being treated by good rational advice. But I must confess that when our mutual friend Eros told me this about you, I suspected that his warmth towards you was making him attribute to you qualities which truly good people ought to have, even though you didn't have them - and I thought this despite the fact that, as you know, he is the last person to renounce an opinion just in order to please anyone. But I now see that he is not guilty of perjury.

Since we have nothing else to do while we're travelling, I wonder if you would explain how you made your temper so tame, moderate, and amenable and obedient to reason - what regimen you followed, so to speak.
FUNDANUS: You're too kind, Sulla. Are you sure that your warm friendship towards me is not blinding you to some aspects of my character? I mean, even Eros himself often fails to restrain his temper and 'keep it steadily compliant' (as Homer puts it); it is righteous indignation that makes it boil over. So it is possible that I seem amenable compared to him on these occasions, just as high notes can take the place of low notes, relative to other high notes, when one scale changes into another. SULLA: Neither of these are realistic possibilities, Fundanus. Please, as a favour to me, do what I asked.
FUNDANUS: All right. Musonius came up with some excellent suggestions, Sulla, and one of them, as I recall, was that a life of constant therapy guarantees immunity. The point is that when reason is the therapeutic agent, it should not - in my opinion - be flushed out of the system along with the illness, as hellebore is, but should remain in the mind and contain and watch over our decisions. In its effects, the analogy for reason is not medicine, but nourishing food, since anyone who becomes accustomed to it gains energy and well-being from it, whereas when emotions are at a peak of fermentation, advice and reproof struggle long and hard for slight gains, and exactly resemble smelling-salts, which arouse people who have a fit and fall unconscious, but don't get rid of the actual ailment.

Still, even at the time of their peak, all the other emotions do in a sense fall back and make way when reason with its reinforcements enters the mind from outside; but anger does not act in quite the way Melanthius says - 'It displaces intelligence and then commits criminal acts'; in fact, it does so after having replaced intelligence altogether, and shut it out of the house. And then the situation is similar to when people burn to death in their houses, in the sense that anger makes the inside full of chaos, smoke and noise, with the result that the mind is incapable of seeing or hearing anything beneficial. This is why it is easier for an abandoned ship to take on a helmsman from outside in the middle of a storm and in the open sea, than it is for someone who is being tossed in the sea of fury and anger to accept reason from an external source, unless he has made his own rationality ready. People who anticipate a siege and expect no help from outside accumulate and amass all the useful things they can; similarly, it is particularly important for people to gather

from far and wide everything philosophy has to offer that will help combat anger, and to store it up in the mind - because the time when the need is crucial is also when they will not readily find it possible to introduce such assistance. I mean, the din stops the mind even hearing anything external, unless the mind has reason of its own, like an internal ship's boatswain who smartly picks up and understands every instruction; otherwise, even if the mind does hear anything, it despises quiet, gentle words and bridles at any which are more defiant. The point is that since a temper is arrogant, wilful and hard for an external agent to dislodge, it is like a secure tyranny which can be brought down only by an internal, inbred agent.

If anger becomes constant and resentment frequent, the mind acquires the negative condition known as irascibility, which results in prickliness, bitterness and a sour temper - that is, when the emotions become raw, easily distressed and hypercritical: think of a piece of iron which is already weak and thin being further filed. On the other hand, if rational discrimination immediately defies and bears down on any outburst of anger, it not only remedies the current situation, but also gives the mind energy and detachment for the future.

In my own case, at any rate, what happened is that once I had defied anger two or three times, I experienced what the Thebans did: once they had repulsed the apparently invincible Spartans for the first time, they were never subsequently defeated by them in battle. I mean, I gained the firm conviction that rationality can win. I saw that Aristotle's claim that anger ends when cold water is sprinkled on it is not the whole story: it is also quenched when faced with fear. Moreover, of course, the onset of happiness frequently causes the instantaneous 'melting', to use Homer's term, and dispersal of anger. The net result was that I became convinced that, provided the will is there, this emotion is not entirely irredeemable. You see, anger might well be aroused by something slight and meagre: often even a joke, a light-hearted remark, a laugh, a nod of assent, and so on and so forth, provoke anger. For example, when Helen addressed her niece as 'Electra, long-time spinster', she incited her remark, 'You have taken your time to see sense; in the past you left your home in disgrace.' And Callisthenes irritated Alexander by saying, when the large bowl was being passed around, 'I don't want to drink Alexander and then need Asclepius.'

Therefore, just as it is easy to control a flame which is starting to catch in hare's fur or on a wick or in a pile of rubbish (whereas if it catches in a

solid object with depth, it quickly destroys and devastates 'with lively zest the lofty work of builders', as Aeschylus puts it), so anyone who pays attention to the early stages of anger and is aware of it gradually starting to smoulder and ignite as a result of some remark or rubbishy sarcasm doesn't need to exert himself a great deal, but often puts an end to it simply by keeping quiet and ignoring the remark. Anyone who doesn't fuel a fire puts it out, and anyone who doesn't feed anger in the early stages and doesn't get into a huff is being prudent and is eliminating anger.

I was accordingly not happy with Hieronymus, despite his useful comments and advice elsewhere, when he claims that because of its speed, anger is not perceptible when it is arising, but only when it has arisen and already exists. I mean, all the emotions go through the phase of gaining mass and movement, but in none of them is this arising and growth so obvious. So Homer's teaching on this is skilful: when he says, 'So he spoke; and dark clouds of anguish overshadowed Achilles', he is portraying Achilles as feeling sudden pain, when word reached him, with no lapse of time in between; but he portrays his anger at Agamemnon as slowly building up, and as gradually being ignited while a great number of words were being spoken. But if any of the people involved had withdrawn their words at the beginning and had resisted speaking them, their quarrel would not have escalated to such a degree and got so big. That is why whenever Socrates realized that he was getting too nasty to one of his friends, then because he was being driven 'as it were before a storm on the crest of an ocean wave', he used to lower his voice, smile and stop looking stern - and so keep himself upright and in control by counterbalancing the emotion and by moving instead in the opposite direction.

You see, my friend, there is a first-rate way to bring down our tyrant-like temper, which is not to listen or obey when it is ordering us to raise our voices, look fierce and beat our breasts, but to keep quiet and, as if the emotion were a disease, not aggravate it by thrashing and yelling. It may be that partying, singing and decorating doors - typical lovers' behaviour - do somehow afford an alleviation which is not unpleasing or inelegant ('I came, but did not call your name: I kissed your door. If this is a crime, I am a criminal'); and it may be that mourners eliminate a lot of their grief as well as their tears in the release of crying and weeping; but anger is made considerably more intense by the behaviour and speech of people in an angry state.

It is best, therefore, to keep calm, or alternatively to run away and hide and find refuge in silence, as though we realized that we were about to have a fit, and wanted to avoid falling, or rather falling on someone - and it is friends above all whom we most often fall on. We do not feel love or jealousy or fear for everyone, but anger leaves nothing alone, nothing in peace: we get angry at enemies and friends, at children and parents, and even at gods and animals and inanimate objects. For example, there is Thamyris, 'breaking the gilded frame, breaking the structure of the strung lyre'; and Pandarus swearing harm against himself, if he failed to burn his bow 'after shattering it with his bare hands'. And Xerxes even tried to brand and flog the sea, and sent a letter addressed to the mountain: 'Great Athos high as heaven, don't make huge, intractable rocks interfere with my actions, or else I will tear you to pieces and hurl you into the sea.' Anger can often be terrifying - but often ridiculous: that is why it is the most hated and despised of the emotions; and it is useful to be aware of both of these aspects.

In my case, at any rate - I don't know whether or not this is the correct way to go about it - I started my treatment as follows: just as the Spartans tried to understand drunkenness by watching their helots, I tried to understand anger by watching others. Hippocrates says that the severity of an illness is proportionate to the degree to which the patient's features become abnormal, and the first thing I noticed was a similar proportion between the degree of distraction by anger and the degree to which appearance, complexion, gait and voice change. This impressed upon me a kind of image of the emotion, and I was very upset to think that I might ever look so terrifying and unhinged to my friends, wife and daughters - not only fierce and unrecognizable in appearance, but also speaking in as rough and harsh a tone as I encountered in others of my acquaintance, when anger made them incapable of preserving their usual nature, appearance, pleasant conversation and persuasiveness and courtesy in company.

The orator Gaius Gracchus had a brusque personality and used to speak rather too passionately, so he had one of those little pipes made for himself which musicians use to guide their voices gradually note by note in either direction. His slave used to hold this and stand behind him while he was speaking, and sound a moderate, gentle keynote which enabled Gracchus to revoke his stridency and get rid of the harshness and anger of his tone. Just as the cowherd's 'wax-joined reed pipes in clear tones a sleep-inducing tune', so Gracchus' slave mollified and allayed the orator's anger.

If I had an ingenious attendant who was attuned to me, however, I would not be displeased if he employed a mirror during my outbursts of anger - as is occasionally done, though for no useful purpose, for people who have just bathed - since to see oneself in an unnatural state, all discomposed, plays a not unimportant part in discrediting the emotion. Indeed, there is an amusing story that once when Athena was playing the pipes, a satyr told her off by saying, 'This expression doesn't suit you. Put down your pipes, take up your weapons and compose your cheeks.' She paid no attention, however, but when she saw in a river how her face looked, she got upset and threw away the pipes.

At least art is tasteful, and this distracts one's attention from the ugliness. (Marsyas apparently used a kind of halter and a mouthpiece to channel the force of his breath, and to rectify and conceal the irregularity of his features - 'gleaming gold joined the hair of one temple to the other and thongs, bound behind, he attached to his hard-working mouth'.) Anger, on the other hand, not only disfigures the features by inflating and distending them, but also makes one's voice even more ugly and unpleasant, and 'moves the unmoved strings of the heart'. I mean, when the sea has been whipped up by winds and disgorges kelp and seaweed, people say that it is being purified; but the undisciplined, harsh and snide remarks which anger casts ashore from a mind in turmoil pollute primarily the speakers, and contaminate them with the opprobrium of having always had these remarks inside them, bursting to get out, and of being exposed by their anger. That is why, as Plato says, they pay the heaviest of penalties for the lightest of things - a word - since they give the impression of being antisocial, slanderous and malicious.

So when I observe and notice all this, I end up committing to memory and reminding myself pretty constantly of the fact that although when feverish it is good to have a soft, smooth tongue, it is even better when angry. I mean, if the tongue of someone with a fever is unnatural, it is a bad sign, but it does not cause any further problems; but if the tongue of someone in a temper has become rough and offensive and inclined towards abnormal language, then it manifests an insolence which causes an incurable breakdown of relationships and which betrays festering unsociability. Anger is worse than undiluted wine at producing undisciplined and disagreeable results: wine's results are blended with laughter, jokes and singing, while anger's results are blended with bitter gall; and anyone who is silent while drinking is irritating and annoying to his companions, whereas there is

nothing more dignified than silence while angry, as Sappho recommends: 'When anger takes over your heart, guard your babbling tongue.'

However, constant attention to people who have been trapped by anger affords more than these reflections: it allows one to understand the nature of anger in other respects too, to see that it is not magnificent or manly, and that it has neither dignity nor grandeur. Nevertheless, most people mistake its turmoil for effectiveness, its menace for courage, its inflexibility for strength; and some people even call its callousness prowess, its stubbornness energy and its asperity righteous indignation. But this is wrong, because the actions, behaviour and conduct it prompts betray its pettiness and weakness. It is not just that angry people viciously assault little children, treat women harshly and think they should punish dogs, horses and mules (as Ctesiphon the pancratiast felt obliged to return his mule's kick); it is also that the narrow intolerance of tyrants is obvious in their cruelty, and their state is betrayed by their behaviour, so that their bloodthirstiness resembles the bite of a snake which, when enraged and in agony, directs its extreme inflammation at anyone who has hurt it. When flesh is hit hard, a swelling occurs; likewise, the most infirm minds are most liable to pain, and consequently their anger is greater because their weakness is greater.

This is also why women are more irascible than men, and sick, old or unlucky people are more irascible than healthy, middle-aged or successful people. An avaricious person is very likely to get angry with his business manager, a glutton with his cook, a jealous man with his wife, a vain person when something bad has been said about him; but the worst of all are, as Pindar says, 'political men who court ambition too much: they stir up open grief'. So it is from mental pain and suffering that anger arises, thanks above all to weakness; and whoever said that anger is, as it were, the mind's sinews was wrong: it is the straining and spraining of a mind being unduly dislocated in the course of its defensive impulses.

Anyway, observing these despicable cases was not pleasant, but simply necessary. But because I regard people who cope with fits of anger in a calm and composed manner as outstanding both to hear about and to witness, my starting-point is to despise those who say, 'You wronged a man: should a man put up with this?', and 'Tread him underfoot, tread on his neck, force him to the ground!', and so on: these are provocative things to say, and some use them improperly to transpose anger from the women's quarters to the men's. I think that manly courage is compatible with morality in all other respects, but

incompatible only where gentleness is concerned, because gentleness is more self-contained. It is possible for worse men to overcome better men, but to set up in one's mind a trophy of victory over anger (which Heraclitus claims makes 'a difficult opponent, since it purchases whatever it wants at the expense of the mind') is a sign of great, overwhelming strength - a strength based on the faculties of rational judgement, which are the real sinews and muscles in the fight against the emotions.

That is why I constantly try to get hold of and read this kind of case, and not only when they are provided by philosophers (whom intelligent people regard as not being liable to gall), but even more when they are provided by kings and tyrants. For example, there is Antigonus' behaviour towards some of his soldiers who were cursing him near his tent, and didn't know he could hear them: 'Oh dear,' he said, poking his staff out of the tent and on to the ground, 'can't you go somewhere further away to criticize me?'

Arcadion the Achaean was always criticizing Philip and recommending escaping 'to a place whose inhabitants are ignorant of Philip'. Then he happened to turn up in Macedonia, and Philip's friends thought that he should punish him and not let him get away with it. Philip dealt with him kindly, however, and sent him presents and gifts; later he told his people to find out what report Arcadion had given to the Greeks. They all vouched for the fact that he had become an outstanding advocate of Philip, and Philip remarked, 'So I am a better doctor than you!' And once in Olympia some slander was being spread about him, and some people suggested that the Greeks ought to be made to suffer, since they were criticizing him despite his good treatment of them. 'What will they do, then,' he asked, 'if I treat them badly?'

Also fine was Pisistratus' behaviour towards Thrasybulus, Porsenna's towards Mucius and Magas' towards Philemon. Philemon made fun of Magas in one of his comedies, publicly in the theatre, with the lines: 'Here's a letter from the king for you to read, Magas ... Poor Magas, what a pity you can't read!' Later, Philemon was forced into Paraetonium by a storm, and fell into Magas' hands. Magas told a soldier to unsheathe a sword and simply touch Philemon on the neck with it, and then politely leave; and he sent him dice and a ball, as if he were a witless child, and then let him go.

Ptolemy was once mocking a scholar for his ignorance and asked him who Peleus' father was; the scholar replied that he would tell him, if Ptolemy told him first who Lagus' father was. His remark was a mocking reference to the king's low-class birth, and everyone was offended, feeling that the remark

jarred and was uncalled for. Ptolemy said, 'If a king can't take mockery, then he shouldn't mock either.'

Alexander had been more harsh than usual in the affairs involving Callisthenes and Clitus. So when Porus was taken prisoner by Alexander he entreated him to deal with him as a king should. 'Is that all?' asked Alexander. '"As a king should" covers everything,' replied Porus. That is why 'the benevolent' is an epithet of the king of the gods (though the Athenians call him 'the tempestuous', I think): punishment is the work of the Furies and demigods - it is not divine and Olympian.

When Philip had levelled Olynthus, someone remarked, 'But rebuilding an equivalent city will be beyond his capabilities'; likewise one might say to anger, 'You're good at demolition and destruction and ruination, but construction, preservation, mercy and patience require gentleness, forgiveness and moderation of passion: they require Camillus, Metellus, Aristides and Socrates, whereas plaguing and biting are what ants and mice do.'

Moreover, when I also consider vindictiveness, I find that anger's version of it is ineffective, by and large: it exhausts itself in lip-chewing, tooth-grinding, empty assaults and curses consisting of mindless threats, and the result is as ridiculous as when children in a race fall down before they reach the goal for which they are striving, because they are not in control of themselves. It follows that the Rhodian put it nicely when he said to the Roman general's servant, who was yelling and coming on strong, 'I'm not bothered by your words, but by his silence.' And once Sophocles has Neoptolemus and Eurypylus equipped with weapons, he says, 'Without making boasts, without hurling insults, the two of them smashed into the massed bronze weaponry.'

The point is that although some savages treat their weapons with poison, courage has no need of bitter gall, since it is imbued with reason, whereas anger and rage are brittle and unsound. At any rate, the Spartans play pipes to quell anger in their men while they are fighting, and before a battle they sacrifice to the Muses to ensure the stable presence of reason; and if they rout the enemy, they do not set off in pursuit, but revoke their passion, which is like those handy-sized knives in that it is retractable and manageable. Anger, however, has caused many, many people to die before exacting their revenge: Cyrus and Pelopidas of Thebes are just two examples. Agathocles, on the other hand, good-temperedly put up with insults being hurled at him by the

inhabitants of a city he was besieging, and when one of them asked, 'Potter, where will you get the money to pay your mercenaries?', he replied with a laugh, 'Here, if I raze your city!' Once some people mocked Antigonus for his deformity from their city walls, and he said to them, 'But I thought I was good-looking!' But when he had taken the city, he sold the mockers into slavery, and swore that he would keep in touch with their masters, to see if they ever insulted him again.

I also notice that anger makes lawyers and orators commit great mistakes; and Aristotle records that the friends of Satyrus of Samos blocked his ears with wax when he was in court, in case he messed things up by getting angry at being abused by his opponents. As for ourselves, don't we often bungle the punishment of a slave who is misbehaving, because they get frightened at our threats and at what we are saying, and run away? Nurses say to children, 'Stop crying and you can have it', and we could usefully address anger in the same way: 'Simmer down, shut up, slow down, and you will improve the chances and the probability of getting what you want.' I mean, if a father sees his child trying to cut or carve something with a knife, he takes the knife himself and does it; and if the rational mind takes over from anger the job of retribution, then the person who deserves it receives the punishment, and the rational mind remains safe and sound and valuable, instead of being punished itself, which is what often happens thanks to anger.

All the emotions need schooling, to tame (so to speak) and discipline by training the part of oneself that is irrational and recalcitrant; but one's servants provide a better training ground for anger than for any other emotion. The point is that our dealings with servants contain no element of envy, fear or rivalry, and constantly getting angry with them causes a lot of conflict and error and, because we have power over them, our anger puts us on a slippery downward slope, as it were, with no one to stand in our way and restrain us. I mean, absolute control cannot fail to be liable to error when emotion is involved: the only solution is to use considerable restraint to restrict your power and to resist the frequent complaints of wife and friends, as they accuse you of being weak and feeble.

I myself used to get very needled at my servants because of these accusations, and used to believe that by not punishing them I was spoiling them. But eventually I realized, first, that it is better to make them worse by patiently tolerating their badness than to concentrate on correcting others while allowing harshness and anger to corrupt oneself. And second, I saw

plenty of cases where, precisely because they were not being punished, they were ashamed of being bad, let forbearance rather than retaliation initiate change in them and, I assure you, more enthusiastically served those who quietly sanctioned their actions than those who used flogging and branding: all this convinced me that reason is more authoritative than passion. The poet got it wrong when he said, 'Where there is fear, respect follows too.' It is actually the other way round: respect engenders in people the kind of fear which entails self-restraint, while non-stop, relentless flogging does not instil remorse for past misdeeds, but rather the intention to get away with it in the future.

In the third place, I constantly remind myself and bear in mind that when we were learning archery, we were not told not to shoot, but not to miss; likewise, learning how to punish in a well-timed, moderate, beneficial and appropriate way will not stop one punishing altogether. So I try to quell my anger above all by not denying the defendants the right to justify themselves, but by listening to what they have to say. This helps because time checks emotion and gives it space to dissolve, and also because rationality finds what method of punishment is appropriate, and how much is fitting. Moreover, the person who gets his just deserts has no excuse left for resisting correction, given that he is being punished not in anger, but because he has been convicted; and the most shameful factor is excluded, which is when the servant has a more just case than the master.

After Alexander's death, Phocion tried to stop the Athenians revolting too soon, or too readily trusting the news, by saying, 'If he is dead today, citizens of Athens, then he will be dead tomorrow and the day after tomorrow.' In the same way, in my opinion, anyone being driven headlong towards retaliation by anger ought to whisper to himself, 'If he is guilty today, then he will be guilty tomorrow and the day after tomorrow; and no harm will be done if he gets his just deserts later rather than sooner, but if he goes through it quickly, there will always - it has often happened in the past - be uncertainty as to his guilt.' I mean, which of us is horrible enough to flog and punish a slave for having five or ten days ago burned a savoury or knocked over a table or been rather slow to obey an order? But these are the things which make us upset and harsh and pitiless when they have just occurred and when they are still in the recent past. Solid objects seem bigger when it is misty, and the same happens to things when one is angry.

Our first reaction, therefore, should be to remember facts like this; and if

in the clear, steady light of reason the deed still seems bad, when there is no doubt that we are free of the emotion, then we should attend to it: we should not at this later date neglect or abandon the punishment, as we do food when we have lost our appetite. Nothing is so conducive to doling out punishment when anger is upon us as having failed to punish, having let the issue drop, when anger had left us: the experience is identical to that of lazy rowers, who lie at anchor when the weather is calm and then run the risks of a voyage when the wind is up. We too accuse rationality of being weak and feeble when it comes to punishment, and so rush on recklessly before the wind of anger when it comes.

The point is that it is proper for someone who is hungry to engage in eating, but it is proper for someone who is neither hungry nor thirsty for it to engage in retribution. He should not need anger in order to punish, as he might need a savoury, but it is essential that he waits until he has greatly distanced himself from the appetite for punishment and introduced rationality instead. Aristotle records that in his time servants were flogged in Tyrrhenia to the accompaniment of pipes; but we should not follow suit and, for the sake of personal pleasure, be driven by a desire for satisfaction, as it were, to gorge ourselves with retaliation - to enjoy punishing (which is to behave like an animal), and then regret it later (which is to behave like a woman). Rather, we should wait until there is no trace of either pleasure or distress, and rationality is present, and then take reprisal without being motivated at all by anger.

Anyway, as may be obvious, this is not a cure for anger, but a means of postponing and protecting oneself against making mistakes while angry (despite the fact that, as Hieronymus says, although a swollen spleen is a symptom of fever, reducing the swelling alleviates the fever). But when I was trying to see how anger actually starts, I noticed that although different factors trigger its onset in different people, there is almost always present a belief that they are being slighted and ignored. It follows that we should help people who are trying to evade anger by putting the greatest possible distance between any given action and contempt or arrogance, by attributing the action instead to ignorance or necessity or emotion or accident. As Sophocles says, 'My lord, unfortunate people find that even their innate intelligence has no stability, but deserts them.' And Agamemnon attributes his theft of Briseis to his being possessed, but still says, 'I want to make amends and give you vast gifts of recompense.'

The point of this quote is that no one can make an appeal to someone if he despises him; and by being demonstrably humble, the offender gets rid of any impression of contempt. But anyone who is angry should not just wait for this to happen, but should of his own accord cling to what Diogenes said: 'Those people are laughing at you, Diogenes,' someone said; 'But I don't feel laughed at,' he replied. So anyone who is angry should not think that he is being despised, but should rather despise the other person, on the grounds that his offence was caused by weakness, impetuosity, laziness, meanness, old age or youth.

However, our dealings with servants and friends must be completely free of this impression, since contempt for us as powerless or as ineffective plays no part in their attitude towards us: our servants regard us as good, on the assumption that we are fair to them, and our friends regard us as their friends, on the assumption that we are affectionate towards them. In fact, however, it is not only wife, servants and friends that we behave harshly towards because we think we are despised by them, but the same idea often brings us into angry conflict with innkeepers, sailors and drunken muleteers, and makes us get cross with dogs for barking at us and donkeys for bumping into us. We are just like the man who wanted to hit a donkey driver, and then when he shouted, 'I'm an Athenian citizen', he said to the donkey, 'Well, you aren't', and began hitting it and raining blows on it.

Now, those continuous, constant feelings of anger which gradually gather in the mind like a swarm of bees or wasps are engendered in us above all by self-regard and discontent, coupled with a luxurious and enervating way of life. It follows that there is no more important means of promoting kind behaviour towards one's servants, wife and friends than being easy to please and having a simple lifestyle, as a result of the ability to adapt oneself to immediate circumstances and not to need a lot of extras. On the other hand, 'anyone whose discontent makes him critical, if his food is over-baked or over-boiled, or under- or over- or medium-seasoned', and who can't have a drink without ice, or eat shop-bought bread, or take a morsel of food served on plain or earthenware dishes, or sleep on a mattress unless it billows like the sea in a deep swell, and who flogs and beats his table servants, forcing them to hurry, making them rush about, create a hubbub and work up a sweat as if they were bringing poultices for boils - anyone like this is enslaved to a feeble, nit-picking, complaining way of life, and fails to realize that he is creating for his temper the kind of raw and oozing condition which a chronic

cough or constantly bumping into things causes. So we must train the body, by means of frugality, to be self-sufficient and hence easily pleased, because people who want little are seldom disappointed.

Food should be our starting-point: it is no great hardship quietly to make do with what is to hand, and not worry and fuss about a considerable proportion of our food, which imposes upon ourselves and our companions the most disagreeable flavouring of all - anger. It is impossible to conceive of a less pleasant meal than when servants are beaten and wife is cursed because something is burned or smoky or has insufficient salt, or because the bread is too cold. Arcesilaus once had some visitors staying and he invited friends over to dinner, but when the meal was served, there was no bread, because the servants had forgotten to buy any - which would make anyone scream loud enough to crack the walls! But Arcesilaus smiled and said, 'It's a good thing that intellectuals like a drinks party!'

Socrates once brought Euthydemus home from the wrestling-school, and Xanthippe laid into them angrily, hurled insults at them and eventually overturned the table. Euthydemus was very upset, and got up to go, but Socrates said, 'When we were at your house the other day, a hen flew in and did exactly the same, but we didn't get cross, did we?'

We should welcome friends gladly, with smiles and affection - without scowling and without instilling fear and trepidation in our servants. And we should also condition ourselves to be happy to use any utensils, and not to have preferences: some people (including Marius, we hear), having once chosen one particular goblet or cup, refuse to drink out of any other, even when they have plenty available; others are the same way about oil-flasks and strigils, and love one set above all others; and then, when any of these special things gets broken or lost, they can hardly bear it and they resort to punishment. So anyone whose weakness is anger should get rid of rare and unusual things like cups, rings and precious stones, since their loss is more unsettling than the loss of common, everyday things. That is why, when Nero had an amazingly beautiful and lavish octagonal tent made, Seneca said, 'You are a self-convicted pauper, because this tent is irreplaceable if lost.' And in fact the tent was lost, as it happened, when its ship went down; but Nero remembered what Seneca had said, and did not get too upset.

Being unfussy about mundane things makes one unfussy and gentle with one's servants; and if one is gentle with one's servants, then obviously one will also be gentle with one's friends and dependants. It is noticeable that the

first thing slaves try to find out about their new owner, after they have been bought, is not whether he is liable to superstition or envy, but whether he has a temper. In fact, it is generally true that where anger is present, husbands cannot tolerate their wives' impassivity, or wives their husbands' passion, or friends one another's familiarity. So when anger is present, neither marriage nor friendship is endurable; but when anger is absent, even drunkenness is no burden. Dionysus' wand provides punishment enough for anyone who gets drunk, unless anger intrudes and imbues the wine with the god of cruelty and madness, rather than of ecstasy and dance. Anticyra cures straightforward insanity, but the combination of madness and anger is the stuff of tragedy and myth.

We should eliminate anger from our lighter moments, because it imposes enmity on affability; from our discussions, because it turns love of debating into love of disputing; from our decision-making, because it tinges authority with arrogance; when we are teaching, because it instils lack of confidence and a distaste for rationality; when we are doing well, because it promotes envy; when we are doing badly, because it deters sympathy by making people fight irritably with anyone commiserating with them. Priam is an example of this, with his 'Go away, you vile wretches! Haven't you got problems of your own? Why have you come to bother me?'

Being easy to please, on the other hand, is either a help or an embellishment or a delight, and its gentleness overcomes anger and discontent of all kinds. Consider Euclides, for instance: when his brother ended an argument by saying, 'I'll get my own back on you, if it's the last thing I do', Euclides replied, 'I'll win you over, if it's the last thing I do', and immediately made him alter course and change his mind. And Polemon was once being cursed by a man who was fond of precious stones and obsessed with costly rings; Polemon did not respond at all, but began to study one of the man's rings closely. So the man felt pleased and said, 'You'll get a far better impression of it, Polemon, if you examine it in sunlight rather than here.'

Once Aristippus was angry with Aeschines, and someone asked, 'What's happened to Aeschines', and your friendship, Aristippus?' He replied, 'It's sleeping, but I'll wake it up.' He went to Aeschines and said, 'Do you think there's absolutely no chance for me, no hope at all? Is that why you don't tell me off?' And Aeschines' response was: 'Given that you're inherently better than me in all respects, it's not at all surprising that you were the first to see

what to do.'

It has been said that 'A new-born child, stroking a bristle-maned boar with his young hand, may - and so may a woman - bring him down more easily than any wrestler.' We, however, domesticate and tame wild creatures, and carry wolf and lion cubs around in our arms, but then under the influence of anger we reject children, friends and acquaintances; and we use our anger like a wild beast to assault our servants and fellow citizens, and misguidedly gloss over it as 'righteous indignation'. There is no difference, in my opinion, between this and calling other mental affections and afflictions 'foresight' or 'independence' or 'respect': it cannot free us from any of them.

Now, Zeno used to say that seed is a compound, a mixture of extracts from all the faculties which make up a person's nature; and analogously, anger seems to be a kind of conglomerate of emotional seeds. It contains elements extracted from pain and pleasure and arrogance; it has the gloating pleasure of spite, and also gets its method of grappling from spite, in the sense that the avoidance of its own suffering is not the purpose of its efforts, but it accepts harm to itself while destroying the other person; and one of its ingredients is the form of desire which is the most disagreeable of all, the longing to hurt someone else. When we approach reprobates' houses, we hear a pipe-girl playing at dawn and the sights that greet our eyes are, to quote, 'sediment of wine and shreds of garlands' and inebriated servants at the door; but the fact that the longing to hurt others is an aspect of anger explains why you will see the manifest signs of cruel and irascible people on the faces and in the identification tattoos and chains of their servants; and 'wailing is the only constant refrain to arise in the house' of an angry man - the wailing of estate-managers being flogged and serving-women having their arms twisted inside the house; and the consequence of all this is that anger is pitiful to anyone who can see that its desires and its pleasures involve pain.

Despite what has been said, anyone who is commonly susceptible to anger because of genuine righteous indignation must rid himself of the excessive, unmitigated part of his anger, along with his overconfidence in the people he comes across. This overconfidence is one of the chief causes of the aggravation of anger, which is what happens when someone assumed to be good turns out to be bad, or when a supposed friend gets cross or critical. In my own case, I'm sure you know how much I am naturally inclined towards thinking well of people and trusting them. It is like when you take a step, but there is nothing there to tread on: the more I commit myself to being friendly,

the more I go wrong and get hurt by my mistakes. I might well not be able at this late stage to lessen this excessive susceptibility to and enthusiasm for friendship; but I can use Plato's words of warning to bridle my overconfidence. Plato says that his praise for the mathematician Helicon is couched the way it is because Helicon is a member of an inherently inconstant species; and he claims to be right to be wary of people brought up in his city, because since they are human and the offspring of humans, they might at any time reveal the weakness inherent in their nature.

However, Sophocles' assertion that 'Most aspects of humanity will be found on investigation to be contemptible' seems excessively harsh and restrictive. Still, the pessimistic, carping tone of this judgement does make us less liable to anger and its consequent disruptiveness; I mean, it is what is unexpected and unforeseen that throws us. We should (as Panaetius said at one point) make use of the attitude summed up in Anaxagoras' dictum: when his son died, he said, 'I knew that I had fathered a mortal.' Likewise, whenever we get irritated by someone's mistakes, we should comment, 'I knew that the slave I bought was unintelligent', or 'I knew that my friend was not flawless', or 'I knew that my wife was a woman.' And if one also keeps reiterating Plato's saying, 'Am I not like that too?', he will turn his thinking inward instead of outward, and will interrupt his complaining with caution, and will consequently not employ a great deal of righteous indignation towards others when he sees that he himself requires a lot of forbearance. But as it is, every one of us gets angry and lashes out, and sounds like Aristides and Cato: 'Stop stealing!', 'Don't tell lies!', 'Why are you slacking?' And the most despicable thing of all is that we angrily reprimand others for being angry, and we furiously punish others for mistakes made because they were infuriated: we do not behave like doctors who 'use bitter medicine to flush out bitter bile', but we aggravate and exacerbate the condition.

At the same time as bearing in mind these considerations, I also try to cut back a bit on my nosiness. I mean, knowing every single detail about everything, investigating and eliciting a slave's every occupation, a friend's every action, a son's every pastime, a wife's every whisper - this leads to many outbursts of anger, one after another every day, and these in turn add up to habitual discontent and surliness. Although Euripides is right to say that it is when things get out of hand that God 'intervenes, while leaving minor matters to chance', I still think that a sensible person ought to entrust nothing to chance, and ought to ignore nothing: he should trust and make use of his

wife for some matters, his servants for others and his friends for others (just as a ruler trusts and makes use of overseers, accountants and managers), while being himself, by virtue of his rationality, in charge of the most far-reaching and important matters. For just as tiny writing irritates the eyes, so the extra strain of trivial matters chafes and unsettles one's temper, and it acquires a habit which is detrimental when more important matters are at stake.

All in all, therefore, I began to think that Empedocles' dictum 'Observe a fast from evil' is crucial and inspired; furthermore, not just because they are agreeable, but also because they are not irrelevant to the practice of philosophy, I began to commend those familiar pacts, pledged with devotion, such as to honour God with one's self-control, by keeping oneself for a year untainted by sex and alcohol; or again to refrain from lying for a prescribed period of time, by paying attention to oneself to make sure that one always tells the truth, in both unguarded and serious moments.

And then I compared my own pledge with these, and found it just as pleasing to God and just as sacred. My pledge was to begin by spending a few days doing the equivalent of going without drinking and alcohol - avoiding anger, and doing so as if I were pouring ritual libations of water and of honey, but not of wine; and then to spend a month, two months, doing this ... In this way, by experimenting on myself, the period of time gradually got longer and I progressed towards increased tolerance, by using self-control to pay attention to myself and to keep myself composed and imperturbable - maintaining a holy silence - and to remain untainted by pernicious speech, unnatural actions and emotion. Emotion leads, for the sake of a form of pleasure which is small in quantity and disagreeable in quality, to enormous mental confusion and the most despicable remorse. And this, I think, is why (with God's assistance too) my experience tends to clarify the meaning of the well-known view that this composure, calmness and charity is nowhere near as kind and considerate and inoffensive to those who come across it as it is to those who possess it.

On contentment

FROM PLUTARCH TO PACCIUS. I hope this finds you well. Not long ago, I got your letter, in which you suggested that I write down for you something about contentment, and about those passages in Timaeus which need rather careful interpretation. At pretty much the same time, our friend Eros suddenly found he had to sail to Rome, since he had received a letter from the illustrious Fundanus; typically, Fundanus told him to hurry. On the one hand, I didn't have as much time as I wanted to get to grips with the topics you were asking me to address; but on the other hand, I couldn't bear the idea of Eros leaving here, going to you and being found to be completely empty-handed. So I read those bits of my notebooks, written in fact for myself, which covered the topic of contentment. I imagined that what you too wanted from this discourse was practical help, not a lecture whose aim was elegant composition; and I share your pleasure in the fact that although you have friends in positions of authority, and although you have a preeminent reputation as a political speaker, you have not experienced what Merops did in the tragedy: it is not the case, as it was with him, that 'the adulation of the masses has driven you mad' and into abnormal behaviour. No, you have taken to heart what you have often been told: 'gout is not alleviated by a patrician shoe, nor a whitlow by an expensive ring nor a migraine by a crown.' How on earth can assets or a reputation or power at court contribute towards having a mind that is free of distress and a life that is as calm as a millpond, unless their possession and use are pleasant, but at the same time they are never missed if they are lacking? And what else guarantees this except rationality which has become accustomed to quickly restraining - and taking care to do so - the emotional, irrational part of the mind on the many occasions when it tries to exceed its bounds, and not conniving at its flooding and racing away from what is actually there?

Xenophon recommends that we remember and acknowledge the gods particularly in times of prosperity, so that when we are in need, we can confidently petition them in the knowledge that they are predisposed to be charitable and friendly. It is no different in the case of rational arguments which help us combat the emotions: anyone with any sense should pay

attention to them before emotion arises, so as to widen his defensive preparations and thereby increase the benefit he gains. You know how aggressive dogs get thoroughly agitated at any and every loud voice and are calmed down only by the one with which they are familiar; so the mind's emotions too are hard to restrain when they are overexcited, unless rational arguments are already there, ingrained and familiar, to check the agitation.

Whoever it was who said that 'Contentment is impossible for anyone who busies himself with personal or public affairs' makes contentment, in the first place, an expensive commodity if its price is inactivity. It is as though his prescription for every invalid is to say, 'You poor thing, stay perfectly still in your bed', whereas inertia is in fact no good as a treatment for a body suffering from numbness and, as psychiatry, it is equally ineffective to try to remove agitation and distress from the mind by means of laziness, weakness and betrayal of friends, household and country.

Moreover, in the second place, it is not true that anyone who is not busy is content. It would follow that women are more content than men, since they generally deal only with domestic matters; but in fact, although (in Hesiod's words) the north wind 'does not reach a young woman's tender body', nevertheless distress, disturbance and depression trickle into the women's quarters through the agency of jealousy, superstition, ambition and innumerable empty beliefs. Laertes spent twenty years by himself away from civilization, 'with an old woman to look after him, who served his food and drink', and although he shunned his country, home and kingdom, nevertheless his inactivity and ennui had distress as a constant close companion. Even absolute inactivity is likely to induce discontent in some cases: for example, 'But swift-footed Achilles, Peleus' son, descended from Zeus, stayed sitting by his sharp-prowed ships and never went to assembly, which brings men prestige, or to battle, but stayed there with his heart pining in longing for the war cry and for battle.' The depth of his feeling and his grief caused him to say to himself, 'I sit by my ships, a pointless burden to the world.'

This is why not even Epicurus thinks that a quiet life is desirable; he says that people who want status and fame should go along with this aspect of their nature and engage in politics and public life, because they are inherently more likely to be thrown off balance and to be harmed by inactivity - by failing to fulfil their desires. But it is ridiculous for him to recommend public life, not to those with talent, but to those who are incapable of living peacefully. Contentment and discontent should be defined

not by the frequency or rarity of one's actions, but by their goodness or badness: the omission of good deeds is - and this has been said before - just as annoying and disturbing as the commission of bad deeds.

There are people who think that freedom from distress resides in one way of life in particular - for instance, in farming or bachelorhood or kingship. What Menander said can act as a reminder for them: 'Phanias, I used to think that rich people, because they have no debts, don't sigh at night, or toss and turn, or moan "Poor me!"; I used to think they slept a pleasant, peaceful sleep.' He goes on to explain that, in his experience, even the rich suffer exactly as the poor do, and then says, 'Is grief related in some way to life? It consorts with a life of luxury, is inseparable from a life of fame, grows old with a life of poverty.'

Consider people who are scared of sailing or who get seasick: they imagine that the voyage will pass more easily if they exchange a skiff for a merchant ship, and then the merchant ship for a trireme; but this gets them nowhere, because they take their sickness and fears with them. This is an analogy for exchanging one way of life for another; it does not eradicate from the mind the factors which make it distressed and disturbed, which are unworldliness, lack of discrimination and not being able, or not knowing how, to make proper use of one's present circumstances. These are the storm winds that vex both rich and poor, trouble both married and single; they make men shun public life and then find a quiet life intolerable; they make men pursue promotion at court and be miserable as soon as they get it. 'Helplessness makes sick people a peevish lot': their wives irritate them, they complain about their doctors, grumble about their beds and 'for a friend to come is a nuisance, to leave is an offence', as Ion says. But when the illness has dissolved and the humours are differently blended, health comes and makes everything nice and pleasant, in the sense that someone who yesterday detested eggs and cakes and bread made from fresh wheat, today is even glad to eat coarse bread with olives or mustard seeds.

The engendering of rationality within us causes this kind of satisfaction with, and change of attitude towards, any way of life. Alexander once shed tears while listening to Anaxarchus lecture on the existence of an infinite number of worlds. His friends asked him what the matter was, and he replied, 'Don't you think tears are called for, if there are an infinite number of worlds, and I've not yet gained control of just one?' On the other hand, Crates, with his bag and threadbare cloak, spent his whole life joking and laughing as

though he were on holiday. Moreover, Agamemnon was troubled by his extensive responsibilities as king - 'You will recognize Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whom Zeus has singled out for constant hard work' - but when Diogenes was up for sale, he lay on the ground and teased the auctioneer by refusing to get up when told to, but joking and saying with a laugh, 'Imagine it's a fish you're trying to sell!' Or again, Socrates went on discussing philosophy with his companions while he was in prison, but Phaethon used to weep when he had scaled the heights of heaven, if no one gave him his father's horses and chariot.

It is the shoe that bends along with the foot, not the other way around; and likewise, an implication of what we have been saying is that disposition moulds life. I mean, the notion that familiarity makes the best life pleasant for anyone who has chosen it is wrong: it is rational intelligence which makes the life one already has both the best one and the most pleasant one. It follows that we should purify our innate well of contentment and then external things will be in harmony with us too, provided we don't maltreat them, and will seem congruent and congenial. 'There's no point in getting angry with one's situation, because it is utterly indifferent; but success will accrue to anyone who treats the situations he encounters correctly.'

Plato compared life to a game of dice in which it is not just important to throw something appropriate, but also to make good use of it however the throw turns out. And where our situations are concerned, it may be true that we do not control the throw of the dice, but it is our job, if we are sensible, to accommodate ourselves to whatever fortune deals us and to allocate everything to a place where, as each situation arises, if it is congruent, we can maximize its benefit, and if it is unwelcome, we can minimize its harm. A physical illness can make people incapable of enduring either heat or cold, and those who muddle unintelligently through life are like that, in the sense that they get ecstatic at good fortune and depressed at bad fortune - which is to say that both good and bad fortune knock them off balance, or rather that they knock themselves off balance when they encounter either of them; and it is the same story when they encounter anything that one might term good. Theodorus the Atheist (as he was called) used to say that although he delivered his lectures with his right hand, the audience caught them in their left hands; and uneducated people, faced with a favourable or right-handed opportunity, often take it up awkwardly or left-handedly and make fools of themselves. Thyme, the most acrid and dry of plants, provides bees with

honey; and likewise intelligent people can invariably find something congruent with and useful to themselves from the most forbidding of situations.

The chief thing, then, to practise and pursue is the attitude exemplified by the man whose stone missed his dog and hit his stepmother: 'That's not bad either!' he said. It is possible to change opportunities so that they are no longer unwelcome. Diogenes was exiled; 'That's not bad either', because he subsequently took up philosophy. Zeno of Citium had just one ship left from his merchant fleet; when he was told that this one too was lost, sunk with all its cargo, he said, 'Thank you, fortune, for helping to drive me into a threadbare cloak.'

Why can't the rest of us behave in the same way? Have you failed to capture some public position you were after? You can live in the country, minding your own business. Have you been spurned while courting the affection of someone in authority? You can now live a life free of risk and bother. Is your time again taken up with worldly business and worries? Well, to quote Pindar, 'the extent to which warm water relaxes a body is nothing' compared to how fame and respect, conjoined with power, make 'work pleasant and labour non-laborious'. Are you faced with misery and insults because lies or malicious tales are being spread about you? This is a following wind, blowing you towards the Muses and the Academy, as Plato was driven by the storm winds of his friendship for Dionysius.

It follows that another thing that is important for contentment is to reflect on famous men, and how they have not been affected at all by circumstances identical to one's own. Is childlessness your problem, for example? Look at the kings of Rome, none of whom had a son to whom he could bequeath his kingdom. Are you weighed down by poverty at the moment? But is there any Boeotian you would rather be than Epaminondas, any Roman rather than Fabricius? 'But my wife has been seduced!' Well, haven't you read the inscription at Delphi which goes 'Erected by Agis, lord of water and of earth'? And haven't you heard that this is the man whose wife Timaea was seduced by Alcibiades, and that in an undertone to her serving-women she used to call her child Alcibiades? Yet this did not stop Agis from being the most famous and important Greek of his day. Nor, for example, did the promiscuity of Stilpo's daughter stop him living a more carefree life than any of his philosophical contemporaries. In fact, when Metrocles told him off for his daughter's behaviour, Stilpo's response was, 'Is it my fault or hers?'

Metrocles said, 'Her fault, but your misfortune.' 'What do you mean?' asked Stilpo. 'Isn't a fault a mistake?' 'Certainly,' said Metrocles. 'And isn't anyone making a mistake also suffering a setback?' continued Stilpo. Metrocles agreed. 'And isn't anyone suffering a setback also suffering a misfortune?' Stilpo concluded. This calm, philosophical argument showed the Cynic's aspersion to be empty barking.

Still, most people are hurt and provoked, by their enemies' flaws, as well as by those of their friends and relatives. I mean, being inclined towards insolence, anger, spite, malice, jealousy and hostility not only plagues those people who have these weaknesses, but also annoys and irritates foolish people - as, of course, do a neighbour's short temper, an acquaintance's grumpiness and a public administrator's iniquity. And I think that you too are very far from failing to get upset at these flaws; like the doctors in Sophocles who 'use bitter medicine to flush out bitter bile', you react to these affections and affictions with rage and bitterness. But this is unreasonable, because the public business which has been entrusted to you and which you conduct is managed by people whose characters are not straightforward and good, as well-made tools should be, but are invariably jagged and warped; and you should not, therefore, consider it to be your job - or at any rate you should not consider it to be an easy job - to straighten them out. However, if you use them as a doctor uses tooth extractors and wound clamps - that is, as being made just the way they are - and if you show yourself to be as lenient and moderate as circumstances permit, then your pleasure in your own attitude will outweigh your distress at others' unsatisfying and iniquitous behaviour, you will regard them as doing what comes naturally to them (as dogs are when they bark) and you will stop unwittingly being infected by others' flaws, which is to let plenty of distressing factors seep into the sunken and low-lying land of this pettiness and weakness of yours.

Some philosophers find fault even with compassion, when it is felt for people who are out of luck, on the grounds that while helping people one comes across is a good thing, sharing their troubles and giving in to them is not. More importantly, they forbid us to be discontented or depressed even when we realize that we ourselves have flawed and defective characters; they tell us instead not to get distressed, but just to try to cure the problem, as is right and proper. You should consider, then, how utterly illogical it is for us to connive at ourselves getting cross and irritated because not everyone with whom we have dealings and who crosses our paths is fair and congenial.

No, my dear Paccius, you must make sure that we are not deceiving ourselves by denouncing and being worried about the iniquity of people we come across only in so far as it affects us, rather than in general - that is, you must make sure that we are not being motivated by selfishness, but by hatred of badness. The point is that if we are unduly discomposed by public life and if we have unwarranted impulses and aims, or alternatively unwarranted aversions and antipathies, then this makes us suspicious of people and irritated by them, because we think that they are the causes of our losses and accidents. A high degree of contentment and calmness in relating to people is an attribute of someone who has trained himself to cope with public life without fuss and bother.

Bearing this in mind, let us return to the matter of one's situation. When we have a fever, everything tastes bitter and unpleasant, but once we have seen other people taking the same food without revulsion, we stop blaming the food and drink, and start to blame ourselves and our illness. In the same way, we will stop blaming and being disgruntled at circumstances if we see other people cheerfully accepting identical situations without getting upset. So when unwelcome incidents occur, it is also good for contentment not to ignore all the gratifying and nice things we have, but to use a process of blending to make the better aspects of our lives obscure the glare of the worse ones. But what happens at the moment is that, although when our eyes are harmed by excessively brilliant things we look away and soothe them with the colours that flowers and grasses provide, we treat the mind differently: we strain it to glimpse the aspects that hurt it, and we force it to occupy itself with thoughts of the things that irritate it, by tearing it almost violently away from the better aspects. And yet the question addressed to the busybody can be transferred to this context and fit in nicely: 'You spiteful man, why are you so quick to spot someone else's weakness, but overlook your own?' So we might ask: why, my friend, do you obsessively contemplate your own weakness and constantly clarify it and revivify it, but fail to apply your mind to the good things you have? Cupping-glasses extract from flesh anything particularly bad, and likewise you are attracting to yourself the very worst of your attributes. You are making yourself no better at all than the Chian who used to sell plenty of quality wine to other people, but for his own meal used to taste wines until he found a vinegary one; and when someone asked one of his servants what he had left his master doing, the servant replied, 'Looking for bad when surrounded by good.'

As a matter of fact, most people do bypass what is good and refreshing in their lives, and make straight for the unpleasant, bad elements. Aristippus was different, however: he was good at lightening himself and raising himself up (imagine him on a pair of scales) towards the better aspects of his situation. At any rate, he once lost a fine estate, and people were insincerely saying how sorry and sympathetic they felt. He asked one of them, 'Haven't you got just one little plot of land, while I have still got three farms?' The fellow said yes, and Aristippus said, 'Why, then, am I not feeling sorry for you, rather than the other way round?' The point is that it is crazy to be upset about what one has lost and not feel happy about what one has kept; otherwise, we are behaving like little children who, when deprived of just one of their many toys, wail and scream and throw all the rest of their toys away. In the same way, if we let fortune distress us just once, then our whining and resentment deprives everything else as well of any benefit for us.

Someone might ask, 'But what can we be said to have or not to have?' Fame, property, married status, a good friend - these are the things people have. When Antipater of Tarsus was close to death, he added up the good things that had happened to him, and included even the easy voyage he had had from Cilicia to Athens. And we must not overlook even things we share with others, but take them into account, and be thankful that we have life and health and that we walk the earth; that there is no war, either foreign or civil, but that we may, if we so choose, farm the land and sail the seas without fear; that the full range of possibilities is open to us, from oratory and politics to a quiet, inactive life. When we have these shared things, we will increase our contentment with them if we imagine that we do not have them, and frequently remind ourselves how desirable health is to sick people, peace to people at war, and the acquisition of fame and friends to an obscure stranger in a city as big as yours, and also remind ourselves how distressing it is to lose these things if they have been ours in the past. If we do this, then we will not rate and value any of these things highly only once it has been lost, while discounting it altogether as long as it is in our keeping. I mean, the fact that we do not own something does not increase its value; and we should not be acquisitive as if these things were important, and be constantly trembling in fear of losing them as if they were important, but ignore them and belittle them, while we have them, as if they were worthless. Instead, while we have them, we should above all use them for our enjoyment and profit from them, so that, in the event of their loss, we can endure this too with greater

equanimity. Arcesilaus used to point out that although most people think it their duty to use their minds to explore and their eyes to examine other people's poems, paintings and statues in precise and minute detail, yet they forget their own lives, which could provide plenty of areas for pleasurable reflection: they constantly look outwards and are impressed by other people's fame and fortune, just as adulterers are by other men's wives, but belittle themselves and what they already have.

Nevertheless, another thing that is important for contentment is to restrict one's inspection as much as possible to oneself and those things which are relevant to oneself, or else to consider people who are less well off than oneself. What one should avoid is lining oneself up against people who are better off, despite the fact that this is the usual practice: prisoners, for instance, envy those who have been freed, who envy people who have always been free, who envy those with citizen status, who in turn envy rich people, who envy province commanders, who envy kings, who - because they almost aspire to making thunder and lightning - envy the gods. Consequently, since they never attain things which are out of their reach, they are never thankful for the things that are relevant to them. 'Gold-laden Gyges' possessions are of no interest to me; I have never yet been gripped by envy, nor do I seek to emulate what the gods do, nor do I desire a great kingdom. I do not set my sights on such distant views.'

Someone might say, 'That's because this is a Thasian speaking.' But there are other provincials - from Chios, Galatia or Bithynia - who are dissatisfied with having obtained a portion of status or power among their compatriots, and who weep because they do not wear patrician robes; and if they do, then because they have not yet held military command at Rome; and if they have, then because they are not consuls; and if they are, then because when the announcement was made, they did not head the list. The only possible description of this is self-mortification and self-inflicted punishment, as a result of scrabbling for reasons to be ungrateful to fortune. On the other hand, anyone whose mind sanely reflects that the sun sees countless thousands of humans - 'all we who enjoy the broad land's produce' - does not slump into depression and despondency if there are people more famous and rich than himself; there are so many human beings that his life is a thousand times more perfect than thousands of people's, so he continues on his path, celebrating his own destiny and life.

It may be impossible to choose one's opponents in the Olympic Games

and so gain victory that way, but life's situations do often present one with opportunities for appreciating one's better position - for being envied rather than envying others - unless, of course, it is Briareus or Heracles one pits oneself against! So when you find yourself overawed by the apparent superiority of a man who is being carried in a sedan chair, make sure you look down and also see those who are keeping him off the ground; and when you find yourself envying Xerxes, as the Hellespontian did, on the famous occasion of Xerxes' pontoon crossing, make sure you also see the men being driven by whips to excavate Mount Athos and the men with faces mutilated when the bridge was destroyed by the waves; if you take their thoughts into consideration as well, you find that they are envying your life and your situation.

Socrates once heard one of his acquaintances remarking how expensive Athens was: 'A mina for Chian wine, three minae for a purple-dyed robe, five drachmae for a kotyle of honey.' Socrates grabbed hold of him and showed him some grain - 'An obol for half a hekteus - Athens is cheap'; and then some olives - 'Two bronze coins for a choinix - Athens is cheap'; and then some simple cloaks - 'Ten drachmae - Athens is cheap.' So when we too hear someone remarking on how trivial and terribly distressing our personal situations are, because we are not consuls or governors, we can reply, 'Our situations are not at all unprepossessing, and our lives are to be envied, because we are not beggars or porters or flatterers.'

Despite all this we habitually live, out of stupidity, with our attention on others rather than on ourselves. So since human nature contains plenty of malicious envy and spite, with the result that the degree of pleasure we feel in what is ours is less than the degree of irritation we feel at others' successes, then you must not only notice the splendid and pre-eminent features of the people you envy and admire, but you must also remove and draw aside the florid veil, so to speak, of their reputation and their façade, and get inside, where you will notice that they contain plenty of unsavoury features and plenty of unpleasantness. At any rate, something Pittacus said is instructive, since he is outstandingly famous for courage, wisdom and morality: he once had some friends round for dinner, and his wife burst in angrily and overturned the table; his friends were astounded, but he said, 'No one's life is perfect; anyone with only my troubles is very well off.'

'In public this man is an object of envy, but as soon as he opens the door of his home, he's in a pitiful state: his wife is in complete control, she bosses

him about and argues all the time. He's got rather a lot of reasons to be miserable, whereas I've got none.' Plenty of these kinds of troubles accompany wealth, fame and kingship, but most people fail to notice them under the showy veneer. 'Son of Atreus, you are fortunate - your birth was favoured by fate and your destiny is to prosper': this kind of accolade is given for weaponry, horses and an extensive army, for external possessions, but from within come the contradictory emotional cries, bearing witness against this hollow fame - 'Zeus the son of Cronus has thoroughly imprisoned me in deep madness' and 'I envy you, old man, and I envy anyone whose life is at an end, if he has kept himself safe by avoiding recognition and fame.' Here is another point we should bear in mind, then, to enable us to carp less against fortune and to decrease the extent to which, by admiring our acquaintances' attributes, we belittle and denigrate our own.

Now, a major impediment to contentment is the failure to keep our desires furled or unfurled, so to speak, in a way which is commensurate with the prevailing potential. Instead, we give them too much slack through our hopes, and then when we fail, we blame fate and fortune, but not our own stupidity. We wouldn't describe as unfortunate anyone who wanted to shoot with his plough and hunt hares with his cow, nor would we say that anyone who fails to capture deer or boar with fishing-baskets or seines is being opposed by bad luck: it is stupidity and silliness which are setting him to impossible endeavours. The chief cause is in fact selflove, which makes people ambitious and competitive whatever the situation, and makes them greedily take on everything: they not only expect to be rich, erudite, strong, outgoing, pleasant and intimate with kings and leaders of nations, but they are discontented if their dogs, horses, quails and cocks are not the best at what they do.

Dionysius the Elder was not satisfied with being the most important tyrant of the time, but because his verse was worse than that of Philoxenus the poet, and he failed to do better than Plato at philosophical discussion, he got furiously angry - he imprisoned Philoxenus in the quarries, and he sent Plato to Aegina to be sold into slavery. Alexander was different: when the sprinter Crison was racing with him and gave the impression of deliberately slowing down, Alexander was very cross. And Achilles in the poem does well too: he starts off saying, 'None of the bronze-clad Achaeans is my equal', but goes on, 'in war; but there are those who are better in assembly.' On the other hand, when Megabyzus the Persian visited Apelles' studio and tried to

start a conversation about art, Apelles shut him up by saying, 'As long as you kept quiet, you seemed to be someone because of your golden jewellery and purple-dyed clothes, but now even these lads here who grind the pigment are laughing at you for talking nonsense.'

Now, although people might think, when they hear the Stoic description of the sage not only as wise, moral and courageous, but also as an orator, poet and military commander, as possessing wealth and as a king, that they are joking, nevertheless they expect all these descriptions for themselves and are annoyed if they don't get them. Yet even different gods have different functions - one being called the god of battle, another the god of prophecy, another the god of profit; and Aphrodite is ordained by Zeus to preside over marriage and sex, precisely because her domain does not include military matters.

The point is that some pursuits inherently do not go together, but rather tend in opposite directions. For instance, rhetorical training and the acquisition of intellectual disciplines need freedom and no pressure, but political power and intimacy with kings do not accrue without one being busy and using up one's time. Moreover, 'drinking wine and overeating meat may make the body strong and robust, but they weaken the mind'; and whereas constant concern and care for money increase affluence, yet disdain and scorn for money constitute an important resource for philosophy. So not everything is for everyone: one should follow the Delphic inscription and know oneself, and then engage in the single activity for which one is naturally suited; and one should avoid forcibly and unnaturally compelling oneself to envy alternative ways of life - and different ones at different times. 'A horse is harnessed to a cart, an ox to a plough; a dolphin darts with great rapidity by a ship; and whoever plans death for a boar must find a courageous dog.'

Anyone, however, who is upset and distressed because he is not simultaneously a lion, 'mountain-reared, confident in his might', and a little Maltese dog protected in the lap of a widow, is crazy - but no crazier than anyone who wants to be Empedocles, Plato or Democritus, writing about the universe and the way things really are, and at the same time a Euphorion, with a rich older woman for a lover, or a Medius, hobnobbing with Alexander as one of his drinking companions, and gets irritated and distressed if he isn't an Ismenias, admired for his affluence, and an Epaminondas, admired for his goodness. I mean, runners aren't discontented because they don't win the wrestling competition: they find pride and satisfaction in their own prizes.

'You have obtained Sparta, so do it credit.' And, as Solon says, 'We will not exchange our virtue for their wealth, since the one is stable, but different people have money at different times.'

When Strato, the natural philosopher, was told that Menedemus' students far outnumbered his, he said, 'What else would you expect? There are bound to be more people who want to bathe than want to put oil on their bodies.' And Aristotle wrote to Antipater, 'The fact that Alexander rules over a lot of people does not make him the only one who can legitimately feel proud: anyone whose thinking about the gods is correct has just as much right.' The point is that people who value what they have, as in these stories, are not upset by whatever anyone else they come across has. But what happens at the moment is that although we do not expect a vine to produce figs or an olive to produce grapes, yet if we don't have the advantages of both plutocrats and scholars, military commanders and philosophers, flatterers and those who speak their minds, misers and big spenders, all at once, we bully ourselves, are dissatisfied with ourselves, and despise ourselves as living deficient and unfulfilled lives.

In addition, there are also clear reminders from nature. Different animals have been differently equipped by nature to provide for themselves: they have not all been made carnivores or seed-peckers or root-diggers. In the same way, nature has granted a wide variety of means of living to human beings - 'to shepherd, ploughman, bird-catcher and to the man whose livelihood comes from the sea'. What we should do, then, is choose what suits our specific natures, work at it and forget others' occupations; in other words, we should not show up any deficiency in Hesiod's assertion that 'Potter is jealous of potter, builder of builder.' I mean, people do not try to emulate only others with the same profession and same way of life; instead, rich men envy scholars and are in turn envied by famous people, while lawyers envy professional orators and - strange though it may seem - free men and aristocrats are utterly in awe of what they see as the happiness of comic actors in successful plays, and of dancers and servants in the royal courts. The result is that they distress and discompose themselves a great deal.

It is clear from the differences between people's experiences that everyone has within himself the resources which may lead to contentment or discontent - the jars of good and bad do not sit 'on Zeus's threshold', but lie in our minds. Foolish people overlook and ignore good things even when they are present, because their thoughts are always straining towards the future;

intelligent people, on the other hand, use their memories to keep them vivid for themselves even when they are no longer present. Anything present is accessible for the minutest fraction of time and then escapes perception, and consequently foolish people think that it ceases to be relevant to us, or ceases to be ours. There is a painting of a man in Hades weaving a rope, who lets it out to a donkey at pasture, which eats up what he is weaving; in exactly the same way, most people succumb to blind, ungrateful oblivion, which consumes them and leaves no trace of any event, any moment of success, pleasant relaxation, interaction or delight.

This oblivion prevents life being a unity of past events woven with present ones: it divides yesterday from today, as if they were distinct, and likewise treats tomorrow as different from today, and it immediately consigns every occurrence to non-existence by never making use of memory. The school of thought which eliminates growth on the assumption that being is in constant flux makes each person, in theory, different from himself, and then different again; similarly, those who don't use memory to protect or recover what has gone before, but let it trickle away, day by day, make themselves in fact incomplete and empty and in suspense for the day to follow, as if the events of last year, the recent past and yesterday had no bearing on them or, in short, didn't happen to them.

So this is another thing that unsettles contentment, but not as much as the next factor we must consider. You know how when flies settle on mirrors, they skid off the smooth parts but cling on to places which are rough and scratched; this is an analogy for how people slide away from happy, congenial matters and get caught up in their memories of unpleasant things. An even better analogy might be based on the story that in Olynthus there is a place (called 'Beetle-death') which beetles fall into and are unable to get out of: they go round and round in circles until they die there. Likewise, without noticing it, people slip into recalling their bad times and are unwilling to revive or resuscitate themselves.

What we should do is treat the mind like a painting, and the events the mind recalls like the colours, and so give prominence to what is bright and vivid, and push anything gloomy into the obscurity of the background. I mean, it is impossible to eradicate and exclude the gloomy aspects altogether: 'The world is fitted together by interchange between opposites, as are a lyre and a bow', and nothing in human life is pure and unalloyed. In music there are low notes and high notes, and in grammar there are vowels and

consonants, and musicianship and literacy do not come from disliking and avoiding one or the other extreme, but from knowing how to make use of them all, and how to blend them into an appropriate mixture. Events too contain polarity: as Euripides says, 'Good and bad are inseparable, but blending is possible, to make things fine.' So, to continue our simile, we should not get discontented or give up when faced with discrepancy, but should behave like expert musicians: if someone plays bad music, they lessen its impact by playing better music, and they enclose wrong notes within right ones. So we should make our life's mixture harmonious and congruent with ourselves.

I mean, Menander is wrong when he says, 'From the moment of birth onwards, everyone is attended by a deity, who is an excellent guide through the mysteries of life.' Empedocles is more likely to be right with his view that each of us has two destinies or deities, which take us in hand and into their power when we are born: 'Earth was there, and far-seeing Sun, bloody Discord and tranquil Harmony, Beauty and Ugliness, Speed and Slowness, fair Truth and dark-locked Doubt.' Consequently, since at birth we admitted, all together, the potential for each of these experiences, and since we therefore inherently contain plenty of inconsistencies, anyone with any sense prays for the better things, but expects the others as well, and copes with both sets by never behaving excessively. For, in the first place, as Epicurus says, 'Increased pleasure in approaching the future depends on decreased need of it'; and in the second place, increased enjoyment of wealth, fame, power and status depends on decreased dread of their opposites, in the sense that a strong desire for each of them instils a very strong fear of their departure, and so weakens and destabilizes the pleasure, as if it were a candle flame in a draught. Anyone whom rationality allows to stand up to fortune fearlessly and unflinchingly, and say, 'You are welcome if you bring a gift, and no great ordeal if you leave', is enabled by his courage and fearlessness (because he knows that its departure would not be unbearable) thoroughly to enjoy whatever his present situation is. When Anaxagoras' son died, he declared, 'I knew that I had fathered a mortal'; and it is possible not to stop at admiring his character, which enabled him to say this, but also to mirror him by saying, whenever fortune intrudes, 'I know that the wealth I have is transitory and unstable'; 'I know that I owe my position to people who have the power to remove it'; 'I know that although my wife is good, she is a woman, and that my friend is human - a member of an inherently inconstant species, as Plato

remarked.'

The point is that, if anything happens which may be unwelcome, but is not unexpected, this kind of preparedness and character leaves no room for 'I couldn't have imagined it' and 'This isn't what I'd hoped for' and 'I didn't expect this', and so stops the heart lurching and beating fast and so on, and quickly settles derangement and disturbance back on to a foundation. Carneades used to remind people who were involved in important affairs that unexpectedness is the be-all and end-all of distress and discontent. Consider, for example, how much smaller the Macedonian kingdom was than the Roman empire. Nevertheless, when Perseus lost Macedonia, not only did he complain bitterly about his own destiny, but it was universally held that his misfortune and fate were worse than absolutely everyone else's; but when Aemilius (who had defeated Perseus) resigned from his position of controlling more or less all the lands and seas in the world, he was fêted and he performed sacrifices to the gods for his acknowledged happiness. There was a good reason for this: Aemilius had accepted a position knowing that he would one day pass it on, whereas Perseus had lost his position unexpectedly. Homer too makes some good points about what happens when things are unexpected: Odysseus wept when his dog greeted him, but sat down impassively next to his sobbing wife; the reason is that he reached his wife with his emotions tamed and controlled by rational foresight, but he fell into the other situation without anticipating it - its surprising nature made it come out of the blue.

To express the matter generally, while some unwelcome events do by their very nature entail distress and pain, nevertheless, where the majority of such events are concerned, it is our minds that condition and teach us to resent them. Therefore, when faced with this latter category of unwelcome events, it is useful always to have available Menander's line, which says, 'No experience is terrible unless you make it so.' He is implicitly asking the question: Unless your body or mind are actually affected, what difference does it make to you if, for example, your father was not an aristocrat, your wife is having an affair, you fail to win some prize or you lose your right to the front seats in the theatre? For these occurrences do not stop a man being in excellent physical or mental condition. And where the former events are concerned, the ones which do seem by their very nature to cause distress - such as illness, stress and a friend's or child's death - then there is Euripides' famous line: 'I say "Poor me!" - but why? I am only experiencing what it is to

be human.' You see, no rational argument checks the downward slide of our emotions as well as one which reminds us that, in common with others and thanks to our nature, there are things which we cannot avoid; this necessity, which is due to corporeality, affords fortune its only hold on human beings; but corporeality is just one part of man's mixed nature, and in his most authoritative and important aspects he remains secure and stable.

When Demetrius had captured Megara, he asked Stilpo whether anything of his had been looted; Stilpo replied that he had seen nothing being carried off about which he would want to say 'mine'. So, if fortune steals and removes from us everything else, we still have something in us which is such that 'the Achaeans cannot carry or take it away'. It follows that we should not completely belittle and denigrate our nature as being weak, unstable and entirely subject to fortune; on the contrary, we know that the part of man which is flawed and unsound (and so liable to fortune) is small, and that we ourselves control the better part, which safely contains the most important of our benefits - correct beliefs, things we have learned and arguments conducive to goodness - which therefore subsist indelibly and indestructibly. If we are aware of this, the future doesn't dismay or terrify us and, where fortune is concerned, we say what Socrates said to the jurors (though he was apparently addressing his prosecutors) - that Anytus and Meletus can kill him, but not harm him.

The point is that fortune can make us fall ill, can deprive us of our wealth, can ruin our relationship with the people or the king, but it cannot make someone who is good, brave and high-minded into a bad, cowardly, mean-spirited, petty and spiteful person, and it cannot deprive us of the permanent presence of an attitude towards life which is a more helpful guide in this sphere than a helmsman is on a sea voyage. A helmsman is incapable of quelling a rough sea or the wind, and he cannot at will happen upon a safe harbour when he needs one, and he cannot endure whatever happens confidently and without flinching: as long as he doesn't give up, and relies on his skill, 'he escapes the hell-dark sea by reefing the mainsail right down to the bottom of the mast', but when the waves loom over him, he sits there quaking and trembling. On the other hand, a wise person's attitude calms the majority of physical matters, since his self-control, responsible regimen and moderate exercise get rid of the preconditions of illness; and if some external source of infection crops up, like the onset of a squall, then, in Asclepiades' words, 'he furls and lightens the sail, and rides it out'; and if some major

unpredictable event overtakes and overwhelms him, the harbour is close by - he can swim away from the uncaulked hull of his body.

You see, it is not desire for life, but fear of death which makes an unintelligent person depend on his body and grasp on to it (one is reminded of how Odysseus' fear of Charybdis below him made him grasp on to the fig tree), 'when winds make both stopping and sailing impossible', and he is dissatisfied with one option and afraid of the other. However, anyone who has come, by whatever route, to understand the nature of the mind, and who appreciates that at death the change the mind undergoes is either for the better or at least not for the worse, is well equipped by this lack of fear of death to be content about his life. Anyone who can not only enjoy life when the pleasant and congenial aspect of it is uppermost, but who, when faced with an excess of events which are antipathetic and incongruent with his nature, can also depart without fear and with the words, 'The god himself will free me, when I will it' - well, it is inconceivable that such a man could be annoyed or angry or upset by anything that happened to him.

Whoever it was who said, 'Fortune, I have made a pre-emptive strike against you, and I have deprived you of every single loophole', was not basing his confidence on bolts, locks and fortifications, but on principles and arguments which are available to anyone who wants them. And this kind of argument should not induce any degree of resignation or disbelief, but admiration, emulation, enthusiasm, and investigation and observation of oneself in relatively trivial circumstances, to prepare oneself for the more important matters, so that one does not avoid them or divert one's mind from attention to them or take refuge in excuses like 'That's probably the most difficult thing I'll ever come across.' For if the mind is self-indulgent, and takes the easiest courses all the time, and retreats from unwelcome matters to what maximizes its pleasure, the consequence is weakness and feebleness born of lack of exertion; but a mind which trains and strains itself to use rationality to conceive an image of illness and pain and exile will find that there is plenty of unreality, superficiality and unsoundness in the apparent problems and horrors each of them has to offer, as detailed rational argument demonstrates.

Nevertheless, even the line of Menander which goes 'It is impossible for anyone still living to say, "That won't happen to me"' produces a shiver of fear in many people; but this is because they are unaware to what extent distress can be avoided by the beneficial practice of training oneself to gain

the ability to look straight at fortune with open eyes, and not to form in oneself images which are 'soft and unweathered', like someone who has been brought up away from sunlight, in the shade of numerous hopes which constantly give way and provide no resistance against anything. However, we can also say the same thing as Menander - 'It is impossible for anyone still living to say, "That won't happen to me"' - but add that it is possible for anyone still living to say, 'Here's what I will not do: I will not lie, I will not mislead, I will not steal, I will not intrigue.' For this lies ready to hand, within our power, and its contribution towards contentment is not inconsiderable, but huge, since the alternative is for 'the realization of knowing that I have committed crimes' to mark the mind with remorse, which continually bleeds and stings like a bodily wound.

You see, while all other discomforts are eradicated by reason, it is reason itself which creates remorse, when the mind with its conscience is pricked and punished by itself. People who shiver from a chill or feel hot from a fever are more troubled and worse off than people who have the same sensations because of external heat or cold; likewise, chance events entail distress which is easier to endure, because it comes from an external source; but when 'What has happened to me is no one else's fault but my own' is the lament over one's mistakes, then because it comes from an internal source, from oneself, the result is a pain which one's sense of shame makes harder to bear. This is why a magnificent house, massive wealth, a splendid genealogy and high office, eloquence and fluency, are all incapable of giving life the degree of fair and calm weather that is afforded by a mind which is untainted by bad actions and intentions, and which bases life on a character that is calm and clear. A character like this is a fountain-head of fine achievements which entail not only present activity that is exuberant and happy and a source of pride, but also past memories that are more rewarding and secure than hopes which, as Pindar says, 'sustain one in old age'. Carneades said, 'Even if thuribles have been cleared out, they emit their scent for a long time.' And is it not the case that fine deeds leave behind in an intelligent person's mind an impression which remains pleasant and fresh, and thanks to which happiness is irrigated and thrives and he is enabled to rise above the level of those who moan and complain about life as being a vale of tears or a place designated for our soul's exile down here?

I like Diogenes' quip: once when he was visiting Sparta, he saw his host zealously getting ready for a festival day, and he said, 'Isn't it the mark of a

good man to regard every day as a festival day?' And a particularly glorious festival too, if we see things aright. The world is a temple of the highest sacredness, and nowhere could be more suitable for divinity; and man is introduced into this world by means of his birth not to view manufactured, immobile images, but to gaze upon what Plato describes as the perceptible likenesses of intelligible things which divine intelligence has manifested as containers of an inherent principle of life and movement - the sun, moon and stars, the rivers with their continuous discharge of renewed water, and the earth with its supply of means of nourishment for plants and creatures. Life is an initiation into these things and there is no more perfect way to celebrate them; life, therefore, should be full of contentment and joy, and we should not make the usual mistake of waiting for occasional days like the holidays sacred to Cronus, Zeus or Athena for the opportunity to enjoy and revivify ourselves by paying mimes and dancers for bought entertainment.

Moreover, although we sit quietly and in good order on these occasions - for no one complains while he is being initiated or whinges while he is watching the Pythian Games or is drinking during the festival of Cronus - nevertheless, people bring shame on the festivals, which are arranged and conducted by God, by spending most of the rest of their time in complaints, despondency and exhausting worry. And although people enjoy listening to the delightful sounds of musical instruments and the singing of birds, and enjoy watching the play and frolics of animals, and conversely get perturbed when they growl and roar and look threatening, nevertheless when they see that their own lives are unsmiling, depressed and constantly constrained and restricted by disagreeable experiences and events and innumerable anxieties, they are unwilling to find some means of supplying themselves with recuperation and relaxation. But even when other people try to assist, they resist any argument which could help them come to terms with their current situation without finding fault with it, remember the past without ingratitude and approach the future happily and optimistically, without fear and without apprehension.

OF EMPIRE

论君权

［英］弗朗西斯·培根　著

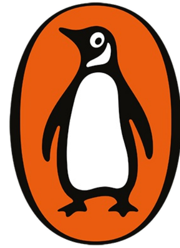
樊阳程　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

论君权

（英）弗朗西斯·培根/著

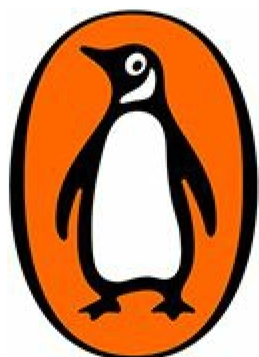
樊阳程/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

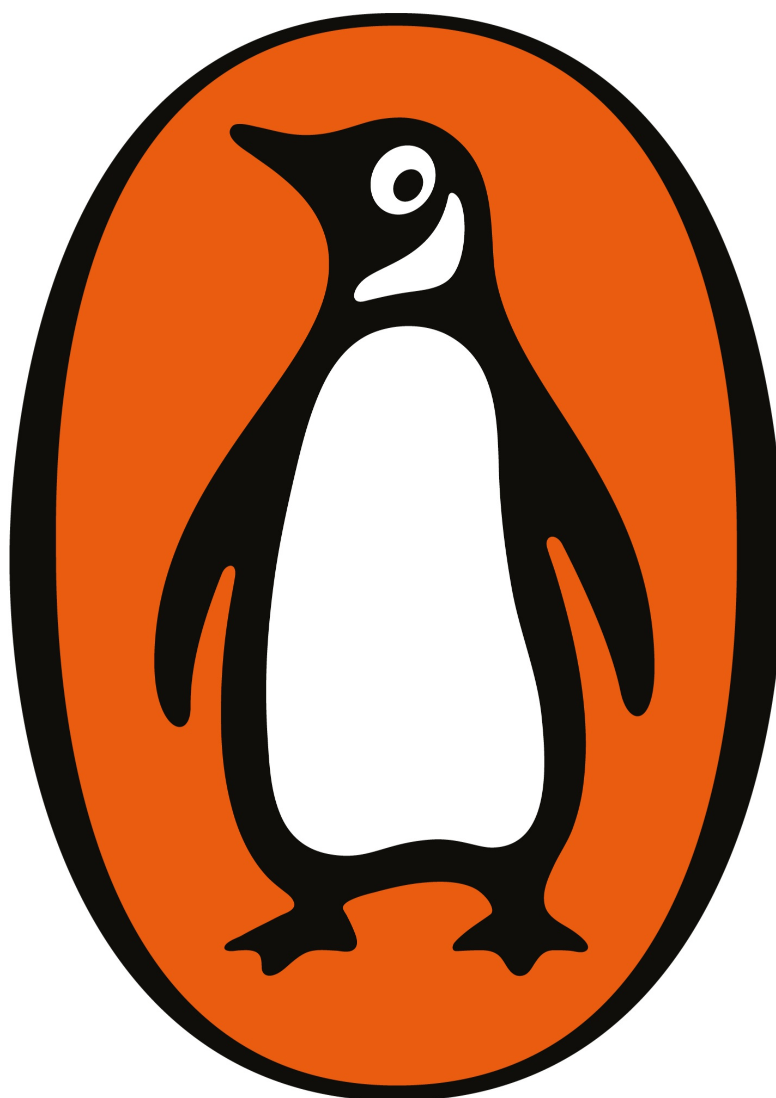
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com.cn
This Essays first published in Penguin Classics 1985
This extract published in Penguin Books 2005
Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of The Essays, edited
and introduced by John Pitcher
Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd., Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

弗朗西斯·培根（Francis Bacon，1561—1626），第一代圣阿尔本子爵（1st Viscount St Alban），英国著名哲学家、政治家、科学家、法学家、演说家和作家，他提出了唯物主义经验论，并因此被马克思与恩格斯赞誉为“英国唯物主义的创始人”，培根少年就读于剑桥大学三一学院，毕业后步入政坛，曾在詹姆斯一世手下先后担任掌玺大臣、大法官等职务，后因国王受贿案被罢免，晚年从事写作，1626年4月9日，培根因风寒去世，享年65岁。代表作有《学术的进展》《新工具》《培根随笔》等。

本书《论君权》其实是从培根随笔集《培根随笔》中摘录出27篇随笔并重新汇编成的随笔集，而书名《论君权》只是该集中第9篇随笔的标题，整个随笔集则包含了包括对人性、伦理、社会、艺术等多个领域的思辨和观点，是培根思想的集大成之作，也是英国随笔文学的开山之作。书中所有篇目均以“论……”命名，内容也均为培根对该篇主题的思考与见解，整部随笔集中各篇目看似各自独立毫无关联，实际上，这些篇目均蕴藏着培根个人的思维体系，即“唯物主义经验论”，培根重视经验，同时强调科学实验对于探寻客观规律的重要性，并藉此提出了发现客观规律的方法——“归纳法”，培根对经验的推崇在其随笔中多处都得以体现，如在“论养生”一篇中，他谈到了经验的重要性，“一个人的自我观察是保持健康的灵丹妙药，因为这些自我观察里包含着什么是对他有益的，什么是对他有害的体验”；而在“论学问”一篇中他也写道：“治学使得性情更为完善，并且学识也通过经验得到完善。因为天赋的能力有如野生的植物，需要通过治学来修剪；而学问本身给予的方向引导又过于宽泛，除非它们得到经验的约束。”培根同时也是一个坚定的唯物主义者，如在其“论君权”中，培根跳脱出君权神授的传统唯心主义观

念，全篇将君主作为一个普通人来剖析，并一针见血地从各角度指出了君主的烦恼所在，在篇末，培根更是提出“要记住你是一个人，并且要记住你是一个神或者神的代表。前者约束他们的权力，后者约束他们的意志”，尽管培根的唯物主义经验论在后世哲学家看来不够尽善尽美，但培根的思想开创了近代哲学体系的先河，他也因此被认为是近代哲学思想的先驱。

而抛开培根的哲学思想，整部随笔集依然具有无穷的魅力，其中讨论的所有主题都与人类的生活和发展息息相关，包含着培根个人的人生观与道德观，每个人都可以在培根的思辨中获得自己的感悟。而培根的论述本身也是一种艺术，他的随笔文风短小精悍，开门见山，全篇极少冗言赘述，最短的篇目仅千字余，而且培根对于问题的看待是十分辨证的，在其许多篇目中，他都先给出自己的主观倾向，然后从两个甚至多个角度对问题进行了分析，如在其“论双亲与子女”中，他逐次阐述了子女对于父母人生的积极和消极一面，在阅读培根的这些随笔作品时，我们仿佛正站在一个旁观者的角度，去欣赏培根是如何点评我们自身所拥有的品性与境遇，在经历了这种置身事外的观察后，我们便对我们自己的选择有了更清楚的认识。而抛诸深刻精辟的哲理，培根隽永优美的笔法也是书中的瑰宝之一，文中多处运用精妙贴切的比喻和引用，令人读来耳目一新，而培根个人的论述也充满诗一般的流畅韵律。阅读培根的随笔文集，所有人便如直入一片沉寂的桦树林般，在那些矗立的静默的树干上，是无数双先哲智慧的眼睛，无关昼夜，它们无言地凝视着我们。

石凯文

论复仇

复仇乃是一种对公道的粗暴寻求，人的本性愈是趋向于此，法律愈是要将其禁止。之前别人的罪行，诚然已经触犯了法律，但针对此罪行的复仇却是将法律置于不顾。固然，一个人采取复仇行为不过是为了与其仇敌相互扯平，但若能既往不咎，他便更胜一筹，因为宽恕乃是内在于贵族气质的。我确信所罗门曾言："宽恕人的过失，便是自己的荣耀。"[1]过去的已经逝去，亦无法挽回，智者在当下和未来所要处理的事何其之多，让自己缠绕于过去的纷扰不过是徒增负担。没有人是为了犯罪而去犯罪，不过是为了使自己从中能获得利益、愉悦或者名誉等诸如此类的好处罢了。既然如此，我何必因为一个人爱他自己胜过爱我而耿耿于怀呢？即使有人纯粹出于其邪恶的本性而去犯罪，那又如何呢？也就像是荆棘一般，除了刺扎擦划，其所能及不过如此。最可容忍的一类复仇是针对那种没有相应的法律可以主持公道的罪行所实施的报复，但即便如此，实施复仇的人也需注意不要触及刑律，否则其仇敌仍然占上风，而且复仇者遭受的困苦会是其仇敌的双倍。有些时候，当给予复仇时，人们会希望对方明白这报复从何而来。这是更为宽宏的一种做法，因为复仇带来的快感似乎不在于使对方受到伤害，而在于使其悔过。但卑鄙奸诈的懦夫却喜欢暗箭伤人。佛罗伦萨大公科斯莫斯[2]对那些背信弃义或忘恩负义的朋友有过一番极端的言论，仿佛那些罪行是不可饶恕的，他说："圣书教诲我们原谅仇敌，但却从未教诲我们原谅自己的朋友。"还是约伯的精神格调更高，他说："难道我们从神手里得福，不也受祸吗？"[3]由此推及朋友一定程度上也应如此。可以肯定的是，一个人若对复仇念念不忘，那么他的伤口也将久久不能愈合，若非如此他的伤口应早已痊愈。报公仇者多半幸运：如为恺撒[4]被刺、为珀尔提那克斯[5]被杀、为法兰西国王亨利三世[6]被害此类事件而进行的复

仇，但报私仇者则不然。与之相反，欲报私仇者过着妖巫般的生活，他们生时于人有害，死时亦不得善终。

论双亲与子女

双亲的欢愉是秘而不宣的，他们的悲伤和恐惧也是如此：他们既难以言述他们的欢愉，也不会表达他们的悲伤和恐惧。子女既使得艰辛变得甘甜，也使得不幸更为苦痛：他们增添了双亲生活的负担，也减轻了他们对于死亡的忧惧。繁衍自身将血脉永存延续，对于其他动物来说都是一样的，但名留青史、建立功勋和创造伟业则是人类特有的。的确，不难看到有些最为卓越的成就和建树来自没有子嗣之人，在他们肉体形象不能得到延续之时，他们寻求以精神形象的方式实现自身的延续。所以，没有子嗣的人实际上是最为关心后代的。那些家族创立者对于子女也最为溺爱，他们不仅将子女视为家族的后裔，也将其视为他们事业的继承者。所以，在他们眼中，子女既是后代又是事业。

双亲倾注在几个子女身上的情感在许多时候是不平均的，有时甚至是不合理的，在母亲身上表现得尤为突出。如所罗门所言："智慧之子使父亲欢乐，愚昧之子叫母亲蒙羞。"[7]通常可见的是，在一个子孙满堂的家族中，一两个最年长的子女受到器重，最年幼者则被娇惯纵容，但处在中间的几个似乎处于被遗忘的境地，然而他们却往往成了最优秀的。父母在零用钱方面对子女若太吝惜是错误的，这会使得他们的子女感觉卑微，使之变得善于说谎，使之与小人为伍，使之在有了大量的钱财后容易贪欲无度。因此双亲对子女保持权威，而不是捂紧自己的钱包才是最为恰当的。人们（父母、教师、仆人皆如此）有一种并不明智的习惯，创造和培养一种氛围，让子女们在孩提时代就开始竞争，其结果往往使得他们长大成人时，难以同心同德，并且使家庭分崩离析。意大利人将子女、侄甥和近亲的孩子都视为己出，只要这些孩子同出一门，是否为自己亲生，他们并不看重。并且在自然界实际上也有些类似的情况，有时，我们看到侄子更像他的叔伯而不像他的父亲，这是血气使

然。为父母者，应及早选择他们希望子女将来从事的职业和所学的课程，因为孩子越长大就越不容易塑造。但是为人父母者也不应过多地将自己的想法强加于子女身上，认为自己最感兴趣的也是对子女最有益处的。如果子女的性情和才能确实卓尔不群，不去妨碍其实是较好的。一般来说如下的格言是很好的：“作最佳选择，若养成了习惯就会使之充满乐趣和轻松。”[8]兄弟之中的年幼者通常有这种幸运，但如果兄弟之中的年长者被剥夺了继承权，上述情况则很少甚至不会发生。

论婚姻和独身

有妻子和子女的人已经向命运作了抵押，因为家室乃是大事业的累赘，不论是成就一番美德还是要践行一番恶举。毋庸置疑的，对于大众而言的一流作品和最善之举，都来自于那些独身或没有子女的人士，这些人士在情感上以大众为伴侣，在物质上其钱财也捐赠给了大众。然而，那些有子女的人最心系未来才是合情合理的，因为他们必须把子女托付于未来。有些人虽然过着独身的生活，他们的想法却不会超出自我之外，对未来也漠不关心。不但如此，有些人将妻子和子女视同一叠索费账单。更有甚者，也就是那些愚蠢而富有的悭吝人反而以没有子女为豪，因为他们认为这样在别人眼中他们就更为富有了。或许他们曾有耳闻这样的话："这人可真是个大富翁。"但其他人却反驳说："是啊，但是他有一堆儿女要照顾呢。"仿佛这会削减他的财力似的。但导致独身生活的最普遍原因是此类生活的自在清净，对于那些具有容易自我满足和幽默感心灵的人尤为如此。这类人对于任何约束都十分敏感，以至于他们会将自己的腰带和袜带也视为束缚和桎梏。独身的人是最可靠的朋友，最善良的主人，最令人满意的仆人。但并不总是最恭顺的臣民，因为他们很容易一走了之，并且几乎所有的逃亡者都属于这种没有牵挂的类型。独身生活对于教会中的人士是适合的，因为善举若先注满一池，则难以润泽四方。对于法官和地方官员来说则不一样，因为如果他们易被人左右且贪污受贿，你会发现一个公仆带来的祸害能比一个妻子带来的多出五倍还多。对于军人而言，我发现将军们在训导中通常让他的部下将妻儿铭记在心，并且我认为土耳其人对婚姻普遍的不尊使得他们粗鄙的士兵更为不堪。的确，妻子和子女是对人性的一种训练。而独身的人，虽然他们本可以更为慷慨，因为他们在财务上支出不多。但实际上他们却更为冷酷和铁石心肠（去做审讯官倒是不错），因为他们的恻隐

之心并不那么常常被触发。通常深爱妻子的丈夫是本性端庄、受风俗教化，从而忠贞不渝的，就如尤利西斯[9]被称道的："他愿为糟糠之妻舍弃长生不老。"[10]贞洁的妇女常常骄傲自负，因为她们自认为保持操守就有此资本。若一个妇女认为她的丈夫是有才识的，那就是她守住贞洁和顺从丈夫的最好维系条件之一。但如果发现丈夫生性猜忌，她就不会那么做。妻子是青年人的情人，中年人的伴侣，老年人的看护，所以一个人若要结婚是不会缺乏理由的。然而有一个智者，当有人问他"人应该什么时候结婚"的时候，他这样回答："青年人结婚还为时尚早，老年人则完全不必结婚。"常可见到的是，性格不好的丈夫往往有温柔贤惠的妻子。或许当丈夫性情和善时，让人更觉可贵，又或者这类妻子以自己的耐性为荣。但有一点绝对错不了，那就是如果妻子不顾亲友的意见，选择嫁给性格不好的丈夫，她们就不得不为自己的愚蠢行为付出代价。

论妒忌

除了爱情和妒忌之外，没有哪种情感能使人神魂颠倒和心醉神迷。爱情与妒忌都包含着强烈的愿望，它们能使自身很容易陷入幻想和联想；它们容易在眼神中流露，尤其是相关对象出现在眼前之时。如果类似的事物存在的话，这些便是导致迷醉的原因。我们在《圣经》中读到过将妒忌称为“凶眼”的表述，并且占星家将星宿的不利影响称为“凶相”，为此，妒忌的行为似乎总是被认为与目光灼灼伤人的样子相连。不仅如此，有一些爱探究的人注意到，当妒忌的目光最伤人的时候，正是被妒忌的一方最得意得志之时，这正使得妒忌之心越发显露了。除此之外，在这种时候被妒忌之人扬扬自得的情绪表露无遗，所以易受打击。

将这些奇趣怪谈放在一边（虽然在适当的时候它们也并非不值得思考），我们将讨论什么样的人倾向于妒忌别人，什么样的人最容易招致别人的妒忌，以及公妒与私妒有何区别。

自身缺乏美德的人在任何时候都妒忌别人的德行。因为人的心灵不是充盈着自身的善，便是塞满了别人的恶，而且缺乏自身之善者必将以他人之恶补之。然后无望能及他人美德的人，会通过贬损他人的幸福来寻求平衡。

多事好问之人通常是好妒忌的。之所以费心费力打探别人的许多事情，不会是因为这些都与他自身有利害关系，因而他在看待别人的命运时，必然持有一种幸灾乐祸的心态。只专注于自身事务的人不会发现有多少值得妒忌的事情。因为妒忌是一种飘忽不定的情绪，总是在街上游荡，而不肯守在家中：“爱穷根究底的没有不心怀恶意的。”[11]

出身高贵之人对正在上升的新贵是充满妒意的。因为他们之间的距离改变了，就像观察中的错觉，当别人向自己前进时，自己却以为自己向后退了。

残疾之人、宦官、老人和私生子是好妒忌的。因为他们不太可能改变自己的处境，所以便尽其所能去损害别人……

对于那些经历了灾祸和不幸之后东山再起的人来说也有类似的情况存在。他们如同那些时代的弃儿一般，将他人所受到的伤害视为对自己痛苦的补偿。

那些渴望在各个方面出人头地的，过于浮躁和自负的人也每每富于妒忌之心。他们不缺乏能让他们心生妒意的事，因为在各类事情当中他们不可能事事都独占鳌头，总有那么几件事情别人比他们要稍胜一筹。这就类似于哈德良皇帝[12]的性格：他对诗人、画家和工匠都抱有极其嫉妒的心理，因其本人在这些人从事的领域中也有些过人的才华。

最后，近亲、办公室同事和一同被培养的人，在侪辈得到升迁提拔之时更容易犯妒忌的毛病。因为这种状况对他们而言，映衬出自身命运之不济，就像是对他们的谴责，并且无时无刻不在敲打着他们的记忆，使得他们更为留意这些发迹的侪辈，而且言谈和名声的传播使得妒忌倍加炽热。该隐对他兄弟亚伯的妒忌更为恶劣且恶毒，因为亚伯的贡品被视为更好的但没有人见证到。[13]以上这些就是关于那些容易产生妒忌的人的讨论。

再说说那些或多或少招致妒忌的人。首先，那些德高望重的人，当他们的德行累积越多，妒忌他们的人也就越少。因为他们的好运气似乎是应得的，没有人会对债务的偿还感到嫉妒，但对获得的报酬和慷慨大方的馈赠却不然。其次，妒忌总是伴随着人与自身的比较，如果没有比较，就没有妒忌了，从而君王只是被其他君王所嫉妒。然而我们注意

到，默默无名者显贵之初最容易招致妒忌，但随后妒忌却慢慢消减了。不过与之相反的是，功名在身的人荣耀持续很久时，最不容易摆脱妒忌。因为到了那个时候，虽然这些建功立业的人美德依旧，但已不如当初那样闪亮，新出现人物的光辉掩盖了他们的光芒，使其黯然失色。

出身名门者的成功不那么容易让人妒忌，因为这似乎与其家世是相称的。此外，他们的成功似乎对其好运也未再有所增益。而妒忌就像阳光一样，照耀在河岸或陡坡上时比照耀在平地上要热得多。出于相同的原因，那些一步步升迁的人比起那些一步登天、一跃而飞黄腾达的人所遭受的妒忌要少一些。

那些荣誉与他们艰辛的付出，操劳忧虑，出生入死的经历成正比的人较少受到别人的嫉妒。因为人们觉得他们的这些荣誉来之不易，甚至有时还会对他们表示怜惜，而怜悯则可以将妒忌治愈。这是为什么人们可以观察到，越是老练稳重的政坛中人，在其身处高位、鼎盛之时，越是哀叹他们一生之不济，吟诵着“我们遭受了多少痛苦”！他们并非真有这样的感受，而仅仅是为了减弱妒忌的锋芒。不过这对于那些被强加事务在身的人尚可理解，但对于那些自己想要如此的人就不是这样了。因为没有什么比不必要地、雄心勃勃地热衷于各种事务更容易增长别人的妒忌。并且，如果一个大人物能做到保护他所有下属的充分权利及杰出地位，那么没有什么比这更能够将妒忌的乌云驱散的。因为这意味着在他和他的敌人之间竖起了道道屏障。

那些最容易招致妒忌的，是那些对自己的好运带着极其傲慢无礼态度的人，如果他们不显示自己有多伟大，他们就会觉得不舒服，他们或通过外在赤裸裸的炫耀，或通过对抗和竞争来压倒别人成就自己。然而也有一些明智的人愿做妒忌祭坛上的献品，有时在与其自身干系不大的事情上有目的地忍受别人的倾轧和压制。纵然如此，如下也是事实，即如果对成就怀以一颗平常心，并且处以一种开放的心态（不带有骄傲自

大和虚荣自负的成分），比起使用欺诈狡猾的手段，招致的嫉妒要少。因为在后一种方式中，这种人简直就是在否定自己的好运，并且好像意识到自己不配拥有这样的运气。由此，他竟是教导别人来妒忌他了。

最后，作为对这一部分的结束语：我们在一开始已经了解到妒忌的行为与巫术有几分关联，那么要治愈妒忌，只有借助治愈巫术的良方，也就是将那“歹运”（人们所谓的）除去并加于别人身上。为此目的，一些比较聪明的大人物总是将一些人推到台前，从而将那些针对自身的妒忌分散到那些人身上。有时妒忌旁落到臣子或仆人身上，有时落到同事或同伙身上，诸如此类。就此来说，总不缺乏某些生性鲁莽冲动的人，为了获得权利和地位，不惜一切代价。

现在，谈一谈公妒。公妒还有些好处，然而私妒就一点儿好处也没有了。因为公妒乃是一种放逐，将那些势力增长得太快的人的风头压制住。从而公妒对于其他大人物也是一种约束，能使他们的行为不超越界限。

这种妒忌，在拉丁文中称为invidia，在现代语言中用“公愤”一词表达，我们将在处理叛乱的文章中进行讨论。它是一种在国家中容易传染的疾病，就像传染病一样，把身体中本来健康的部分感染了，当妒忌传入一个国家，它甚至会中伤最好的行为，并将其变为一种声名不佳的行为。因此，即便再施行一些善举，胜算也是很小的。那样做不过是显示了对妒忌示弱和惧怕，只会火上浇油越来越糟。通常就像传染病一样，如果你害怕它们，反而会被它们传染。

这种公妒似乎主要冲击身居要职的官员和大臣，而不是针对国王或是权制本身。但有一个确定的规则，如果对某位大臣的妒忌太盛，而该大臣本身引起妒忌的原因并不大，或者妒忌在某种意义上已经指向了一个国家中的所有大臣，那么这种妒忌（虽然是隐藏的）实际上是施加在国家身上的。这些就是关于公妒或公愤，及其与前面最开始就讨论过的

私妒的区别。

我们就触动妒忌这一情感再说几句，与其他所有情感相较，这种情感是最为胡搅蛮缠和没完没了的。因为其他的情感都不过是偶尔有之。因此常言道："妒忌从不休假。"因为它总是在影响某些人。此外，还可以注意到的是，爱情和妒忌使人憔悴，而其他情感则不会这样，因为其他情感不像爱情和妒忌那样连续。妒忌也是最恶劣的情感，最堕落的情感，因此它是魔鬼的固有属性，魔鬼就是"那个夜间在麦子中播撒稗子的妒忌者"。[14]就像一直以来那样，妒忌狡猾地在黑暗中行事，对诸如麦子等好的东西造成损害。

论爱

相较人生而言，舞台从爱那里得益更多。因为在舞台上，爱几乎都是喜剧的素材，有时也是悲剧的素材。但在生活中，爱带来的是灾祸，有时像希腊神话中那位用歌声诱惑水手的海妖，有时像是复仇女神。你能注意到，在一切伟大和杰出的人物（不论是在古代还是在今日，只要是被人们所铭记的）当中，没有谁是因爱这种强烈的情绪而癫狂的。这表明，伟大的灵魂和伟大的事业能将这种软弱的情感排斥在外。不过你可能会反驳说，曾执掌罗马帝国半壁江山的马克·安东尼[15]，以及曾为十人执政官之一的立法者阿庇乌斯·克劳狄乌斯[16]是这方面的例外：前者确实是沉溺酒色之人，并且过着放纵无度的生活，而后者却是一个严肃朴实和聪明的人。因此，看起来（虽然并不多见）爱不仅可以进入坦荡的心胸，也可以遁入严格设防的心灵——如果看守不严的话。伊壁鸠鲁[17]曾说过一句不怎么高明的话："在别人眼里，我们个个都是一出大戏。"[18]仿佛人类生来就应沉思天宇和各种高贵事物的造化，除了在一个渺小的偶像面前五体投地、俯首称臣之外别无作为，虽然不是作为口舌的奴隶（如野兽那样），但却是眼睛的臣子。眼睛被赋予人，是出于更高贵的目的。留意到这种情感的过度，以及这种情感对事物本性及其价值的违抗，是令人惊异的，因为没完没了的夸张只在爱当中才显得打动人心，而在其他地方就什么都不是。这不仅仅是俗语而已，因为早就有一句话是这么说的：第一阿谀者就是人自己，与之比起来其他那些微不足道的阿谀者都还是有头脑的。毋庸置疑的是，情人要比这第一阿谀者更为过分。因为一个骄傲自负的人无论能把自己荒谬地想得多么不可一世，也比不上情人对他奉承谄媚。所以曾有人说："不可能在爱中保持明智。"[19]这种弱点也不是仅仅显露给旁观者，而不会显露给被爱的一方，其实在被爱者那里尤为明显，除非这爱是相互回应的。因为一条

真实的规则是，爱总是要获得回报，要么获得对方的心，要么获得对方秘而不宣的轻蔑。由此，更多的人应提防这种情感，在这种情感中失去的不仅是其他的一切，更失去了自身……因为不论是谁，若对情爱过于痴迷，就会同时失去财富和智慧。爱这种情感在人有弱点的时候最容易泛滥成灾，也就是一个人春风得意或者困顿不幸之时（当然后一种情况不那么容易见到）。当这样的境况将爱的火焰点燃，就会让它燃烧得更为热烈，从而表明情爱不过是愚蠢的产物罢了。那些做得很好的人，如果他们不得不接纳情爱，也仍能保持适度，并将情爱与他们生活的重要事务和行动完全分开。因为情爱一旦与事业混淆，它就会对人的运程产生不利的影响，使得人们无法忠实于自己的目标。我不知道为什么会是这样，尚武之人总是容易为情爱所俘，我想这或许就像他们容易为杯盏所俘一样，因为危险通常需要以欢愉作为补偿。在人的本性当中，存在着爱他人的隐秘倾向和意向，这种隐秘的倾向和意向如果不能施于某人或某些人身上，便会自然而然地被播撒到众人身上，使人变得仁慈和宽厚，就像有时在修道士身上可看到的那样。夫妻之爱使人类繁衍不止生生不息，朋友之爱使人更完美，放荡不羁的爱使人堕落卑微。

论高位

身处高位的人是三重身份的仆从：君主或国家的仆从、名声的仆从、事务的仆从。所以他们是没有自由的，既没有个人的自由，也没有行动的自由，更没有时间的自由。奇怪的欲望致使人们在寻求权力的同时失去了自由，或是在寻求驾驭别人的权力时失去了支配自身的权力。升迁到高位是一个艰苦的过程，但人们却喜欢通过付出痛苦的代价换取更大的痛苦。这个过程有时是卑劣的，人们通过不光彩的手段去获得尊贵的地位。居于高位并不稳固，高位的倒退若不是地位崩塌，至少也是黯然失色，都是令人叹息的。“当你不再是你曾经所是，就没有了继续活下去的理由。”[20]不仅如此，人在希望能引退的时候往往不能如愿以偿，然而在有理由引退的时候他又不情愿，即便是上了年纪或遭受病痛的折磨需要退居二线，他们也不甘于离群索居，就像城里有些老人喜欢坐在他们家临街的门口，尽管这样会让别人嘲笑他们已经一把年纪了。当然，大人物们需要借助别人的看法使自己感觉幸福，因为如果只通过他们自己的感觉进行判断，他们难以感受到幸福。但如果他们想到别人是如何看待自己的，想到别人都以自己为楷模，他们就会表现出非常高兴的样子，即使在内心里或许他们是感到矛盾的。因为他们是那种对自己的不幸反应最迅速的人，虽然他们也是那种最后才发现自己过失的人。的确，那些正走红运的人对于自身就像陌生人一样，当他们被纷繁事务缠扰之时，根本无暇顾及自己身体上或精神上的健康。“一个著名人物为众人所知，然至死对自己却一无所知，死亡对于他可谓突如其来。”[21]在高位时，人既可以为仁从善，也可以为非作歹，而后者却是招致诅咒的。因为对于为恶来说，最好的就是不想这样做，其次才是不能这样做。但从善的权力却是真正且合法的追求目标。因为善的想法，虽然被上帝所接受，但对于人来说，如果不能诉诸行动的话，也不过是

比美梦稍稍强些罢了。而行善没有权力和地位作为一定的有利条件是不能实行的。功绩与善行是人行动的目标，并且在内心里能认同这一点才能使人心有所安。因为如果一个人能参与上帝的丰功伟业，那么他同样可以参与上帝的安息。“于是上帝转身看他手造的一切，看见它们都是很好的”，[22]那么接着就是安息日了。履行你的职责时，应将楷模放在自己心中，因为仿效他们就仿佛学习一整套箴言。过了一段时间后，将你自己摆在楷模面前，以此严格地考察你最初的所作所为是否有不妥之处。不能忽视那些同样职位的人曾经做得不好的例子，不是要通过斥责别人的过失抬高自己，而是要提醒自己避免犯同样的错误。从而你在进行改革时，不要带着对前一时期和前人否定或诬蔑的心态，而是把它视为在前人的基础上再开创先例。将事物还原至其最初的状态，并观察它们是在哪方面如何退化的，但仍然向两个不同的时代寻求忠告：向古代追问什么是最好的，向现代探询什么是最合适的。尝试将你的行为举止规范起来，这样人们能事先预知什么会发生。但不要过于绝对和专断，在违背了自己原则的时候，把原因解释清楚。保持你的位置所拥有的权力，但不要引发管辖权上的争议，宁可不声不响地实际掌有这种权力，也不要去声张和质疑这种权力。同样的，维护下属相应的权力，并且以作为主要指导者为荣而不是事必躬亲。包容和征求涉及你职务执行的帮助和建议，不要把那些给你带来信息的人当作爱管闲事的人驱赶，而是应该乐于接纳他们。当权者的弱点有四类：拖延、腐败、粗暴和易被左右。就拖延来说，应让人们容易接近；遵守时间的约定；将手头的事情尽快地完成；将必要之事放置在首位，避免杂事的掺杂。就腐败而言，不仅要将自己约束好，同时对你的手下要严加管教，以制止受贿，也要对那些请求者表明态度，以杜绝行贿。培养正直的品性可以约束自身和下属。一旦这种正直的品性宣扬开来，并且表明对贿赂的憎恶，即是对那些企图行贿者的告诫。并且不仅要避免犯腐败的过失，也要避免被认为腐败的嫌疑。不管是谁，如果被发现变化无常，并且发生了明显的改变却缺乏明显的理由，那么就容易被别人猜疑为贪污之人。从而当你改

变自己的观点或行为方式时，永远记得一定要将此事坦然地公布于众，并且同时将促使你改变的理由也宣布出来，千万不要偷偷摸摸地去做改变。一个仆从或一个你欣赏的人，如果被纳入你的圈子里，而他没有其他明显值得敬重的理由，通常会被认为是有秘不可宣的行贿门道。至于粗暴，它是不满的不必要原因：严厉产生畏惧，粗暴造成仇恨。甚至来自当权者的斥责也应该是严肃的，而不应该是辱骂嘲弄。至于易为人左右，它比贿赂更为糟糕。因为贿赂只是偶尔发生，但如果胡搅蛮缠和无用的关系网将一个人牵制，他就从此陷入泥沼而难以脱身。正如所罗门所说："看情面是不好的，因为这样的人会为了一块面包而枉法。"[23]有一句极为真切的古语说："地位显示了人的本色。"[24]而地位显示了有些人是属于更好的那一类，也显示了有些人是属于更糟糕的那一类。"如果他没有做过皇帝，大家都会认为他是适合做皇帝的。"这是泰西塔斯[25]对加尔巴[26]的评价[27]。但对维司巴西安[28]的评价，泰西塔斯说："维司巴西安是因为居于皇帝之位而变得更善的唯一一个皇帝。"[29]不过前者指的是才能的充分，后者指的是风度和情感。一个人的荣耀增进了，是此人可敬和慷慨精神的确切证据。因为荣耀乃是或者应该是德行之所在，就像在自然界当中，事物移向自己的位置时是猛烈的，而待在自己的位置上时则是平静的。所以德行在心怀抱负时是显著的，而在当权时则安稳平静。所有升至高位的途径都像是蜿蜒曲折的楼梯。如果存在着派系的分别，当一个人向上升迁时加入一方是不错的选择，而在他已经身居高位时应保持平衡中立。公平和温和地对待你的前任的名声，因为如果你不这样做的话，它就是一笔当你卸任之时不得不偿还的债务。如果你有同僚，要敬重他们，宁可在他们不希望被召见的时候召见他们，也不要在他们有理由被召见的时候将其拒之门外。不要在公开谈话和私下回复请求者时对你的职位过于敏感和时时放在心上，宁可让别人说："在执行职务时，他完全就是另一个人。"

论善与本性之善

我所采用的“善”的含义，就是有益于人的幸福，也就是希腊人称之为“爱人”（philanthropia），而“人道”（humanity）一词用来表述它就有些分量不足。我将“爱人”称为“善”，而将天然的倾向称为“本性之善”。在心灵的所有美德和品质中，“善”是最为崇高的，是上帝的品性。如果没有这种品性，人就是庸庸碌碌、为恶为害、卑鄙可怜的躯壳，比虫虱高不了几分。“善”符合神学上德性之仁慈，并且没有过度之说，而只有错误。对权力的过度渴望导致天使折断了翅膀从天堂坠落；对知识的过度渴求使人堕落；但对于仁慈来说，没有所谓的过度，天使或人都不会因为过度的仁慈而陷入危险。对善的倾向被深深刻印在人的本性之中，如果如果对人没有这种善的倾向，那么善就会在对待其他生灵时表现出来：就像在土耳其人那里可看到的，虽然他们是残忍的民族，然而他们对牲畜是和善的，对狗儿和鸟儿也会施舍。布斯拜洽斯[30]曾记述说，一个信奉基督教的少年在君士坦丁堡试图以硬撑开一只长喙鸟的喙为乐，这使其差点葬身于人们投掷的石块之下。善或仁慈的美德也确实会犯错误。意大利人有一句不礼貌的谚语说：“他如此之好，以至于他一无是处。”作为意大利博学之人的一分子，尼古拉斯·马基雅维利[31]也自信地将其诉诸笔端，而且几乎是用非常清晰的语言表达的，他说：“基督教把善良的人变成鱼肉，贡献给那些专横无道的人。”[32]他所说的，在于的确没有哪种法律或宗教派别或思想观念像基督教信仰那样对“善”如此颂扬。从而，为了避免诽谤和危险，对“善”这种如此优秀的习惯会导致的错误有清醒的认识就是完全必要的。在别人身上发掘善的品质，但不要被他们的外表和个人好恶所束缚，因为那样会容易为人左右或软弱屈从，这使得诚实正直的人的心灵被桎梏……上帝的例子给我们真切的教训：“他降雨给有义之人，也给不义的；叫日头照好人，也

照万人。”[33]但他不将财富或光辉的荣耀以及美德平等地施舍于每一个人。普通的好处应惠及所有人，但特殊的福利则应有所选择地施与。并且我们应谨防在临摹的时候把原型损毁，因为神学认为我们对自己的爱是原型，而我们对邻居的爱是对这种原型的仿效。“去变卖你所有的，分给穷人，并且来跟从我，”[34]但除非你要来跟随我，否则不要把你拥有的都变卖掉。也就是说，除非在可以使用非常少的钱财做非常多的事情那方面你赋有天职，否则对支流的灌注会使得源泉枯竭。为正确理由所引导的善的习性是存在的，而同时在一些人的本性当中也存在着作为善的对立面，即本性的恶毒以及对这种恶毒的倾向。因为有些人的本性就不与人为善。这种恶毒当中较轻的类型变为一种执拗或刚愎顽固的个性，或是喜于与人作对的倾向，或是难以相处的性格等。但较重的类型，就变为妒忌和纯粹的恶意中伤。这样的人，当别人处于不幸之时，在某种程度上，正是感觉良好，并且还不断地火上浇油唯恐天下不乱。他们还比不上舔舐麻风病人拉扎勒斯疮口的那些狗儿，[35]而是像那些围绕着暴露的伤口嗡嗡直叫的苍蝇。“愤世嫉俗者”惯于将人引向自缢的树枝，但他们的园子里却连供人自缢的树都没有一棵，不像泰门的花园。[36]这样的性情是人类本性的极大错误，然而却是造就伟大政治最合适不过的材料。就像弯曲的木料，用于制造注定要颠簸的船只是很合适的，而对于建造稳固坚实的房屋则不合适。善的作为和表现有许多种：如果一个人对异乡人亲切温和而彬彬有礼，那显示出他是世界的公民，并且他的心不是与其他陆地隔绝开来的孤岛，而是与之相连接的大陆。如果他对别人的困难抱有同情之心，那表现出他的心就像一棵珍贵的能出药的树木，它从自己的伤口中奉献出能给人疗伤的药膏。如果他能轻易地原谅和宽恕别人的过失，那说明他的心灵是扎根在高于伤害的地方，所以他不会被伤害击中。如果他对微小的获益也心存感激，那表明他重视的是人心，而不是那些其他无用的方面。但首要的是，如果他有圣保罗的完美，他为了弟兄们获得拯救而不惜被基督诅咒，[37]那就显示出一种天赐的本性，并且是一种与基督本身相一致的本性。

论游历

游历对年轻人来说是教育的一部分；对于年长者而言，是经验的一部分。在尚未学习过一门语言之前到某个国家旅行，是去上学而不是去游历。青年人在家庭教师的带领下或在忠诚仆人的陪伴下进行游历，我是非常赞同的。家庭教师或仆人通晓当地的语言，或曾经到过当地，就能告诉青年人在这些国家中什么是值得去看的，什么人他们应当结交，这些地方可以提供什么样的锻炼和训练。因为若不是这样，青年人就像是蒙住脑袋去到这些地方，在国外所能看到的也微乎其微。一件奇怪的事情是，在航海旅行中，人们虽然除了天空和大海什么都看不到，却常常写下日记；但在陆地的旅行中，可以观察到如此之多的事物，大部分却往往被人们所忽略，仿佛偶然的际遇比观察到的事物更值得记录。所以书写日记还是有必要的。游历中应当观览考察的事物是：国君的宫廷，尤其是当他们接见外国使节的时候；法庭，尤其是法官开庭审讯的时候；教堂和修道院，以及其中的历史遗迹；城市及镇子里的城墙和堡垒，以及港口和泊船之地；古迹和废墟；图书馆、大学、论辩和讲演——如果那里有的话；航运和海军；大城市附近的高大建筑和美丽庭院；兵工厂、军械库、弹药库；交易所、国库、仓库货栈；马术训练、击剑以及士兵的操练等；剧院，上流人士常常流连之所；珠宝和华丽服饰；私人收藏和珍奇物品，以及作为总结，在他们游历所到之处任何值得纪念的事物。家庭教师和仆人应对所有这些都事先进行过详细的考察。至于凯旋庆典、化装舞会、节日盛宴、婚礼、葬礼、死刑的执行等这些方面，则不需要人记在心上，虽然也不至于全然被忽略掉。如果你让一个青年人将其游历局限在一个小小的地方，并且只给他较短的时间去获取大量的东西，以下就是你所需要做的。首先，如前所述，他应当在去游历之前略通当地的语言。然后，就像之前谈到的那样，他应该有

一位了解那个国家的家庭教师或仆人。让他带着一些描述待游历国家的卡片或书籍，这些将会是有助于他探索的好钥匙；让他坚持写日记；让他不要在一座城市或市镇中停留过久，时间的长短视此地所具有的价值而定，但不能太久。而且，在他居留于一个城市或市镇时，让他变换自己居住的地方，从市区的一端搬到另一端，这样才能认识更多的人。他应该使自己与同乡保持一定的距离，不要与他们为伍，并且在能结交当地人民的地方用餐。当他从一个地方去往另一个地方时，应使之设法获得推荐，让他无论去哪里都能获得当地名流的款待，从而能够利用这种有利条件去浏览和了解他所想知道的。如此他就能在他有限的游历中获益匪浅。至于在游历中应结交的人，最有益的就是与那些各国使节的秘书和雇员结交，因为虽然是在一个国家中游历，他应该获取更多国家的经验。他也应该参见和拜访各类著名人士，也就是那些在国外也享有盛名者，从而他能够辨别现实与名望之间是否相符。对于争吵，他们应该小心谨慎地避免。争吵一般都是因为情妇、杯中之物、座次和言语不和而起。并且，游历之人应在与性格暴躁和好争斗的人相处时小心谨慎，因为他们会将他卷入他们自己的纷争中。当游历者返回家乡时，不要让他将曾经游历过的国家抛在脑后，而是应与他所结交的人中最有价值的那些通过书信保持联络。让他的游历经历体现在他的言谈中，而不是体现在他的服饰或举止上。并且在他的言谈中，让他更审慎地用词，而不是迫不及待地夸夸其谈。让大家看到他不是想以外国的那些风俗将自己本国的风俗取代，而仅仅是将他在国外学到的某种最好的事物输入[38]到自己国家的风俗中。

论君权

所欲者甚少而所惧者甚多是一种可怜的状态。而对于君王来说这是非常普遍的情形，他们身处地位和权力的顶端，却缺乏渴求之物，这使得他们的心灵更为萎靡。与此同时，他们又有许多危险和不祥的想象密布在心头，这就使得他们的心智更为不清醒。这是致使《圣经》说“君心难测”[39]的一个原因。因为大量的猜忌，以及缺乏一个占主导地位的欲望，其他欲望得不到统领和规整，这会使得任何一个人的心都难以捉摸和把握。因此，君王们常常为自己制造欲望，并将他们的心思放在一些玩物上：有时是一座建筑，有时是要建立一种秩序，有时是要提拔一个人，有时是要拥有某一项艺术或技艺之长——就像尼禄爱好弹奏竖琴，图密善精于弓箭射术，康茂德善于骑术，卡拉卡拉喜欢驾驭战车[40]等都是如此。对于那些不了解如下道理的人来说，这似乎不可思议，即人的心灵往往因为得益于一些细枝末节的事情而感到愉悦和振奋，这种愉悦和振奋比身处高位带来的还多。我们也能看到，在即位之初是幸运的征服者的君王们，后来无限地推进他们的战果是不太可能的，但他们往往被自己曾经的成就所局限，在位晚年变得迷信和阴郁，如亚历山大大帝[41]、戴克里先[42]和被我们铭记在心的查理五世[43]等。因为已经习惯于不停地向前，而一旦发现停顿下来时，就自轻自弃，变得不再是曾经的自己了。

现在谈谈君权的调和之道：这是难以实现和保持的事情，因为调和与失调都是由对立面组成的。但将对立面相互交融是一回事，而将对立面相互交换又是另一回事，阿波尼罗对维斯佩西安所说的话就充满了极好的教训。维斯佩西安问他说：“尼禄覆灭的原因是什么？”他回答道：“尼禄虽然在竖琴的调试和弹奏方面是非常擅长的，但在统治方面，他有时把琴弦调得太高，有时又任其太低而不顾。”[44]没有什么比

在权力上过分压制和过度松懈，这种不平衡和不合时宜的交替对权威的破坏更甚，这是肯定的。

一件事实是，近代所有讨论君王事务的学问都热衷于分析如何转移和改变那些逼近君王的危险和灾祸，而不是探究那些坚实稳固的方针以做到未雨绸缪。但这种做法不过是试图做命运的主人罢了。君王们应该警惕，他们要小心谨防为自己所疏忽和坐视不管而酝酿的麻烦：没有人能禁止火花的迸发，也没人能辨出这些火花来自何方。在君王的事业中，困难重重并非难以克服，但最大的困难仍然来自他们的内心。因为对于君王而言（泰西塔斯曾说），有矛盾的欲望是非常普遍的："帝王们的欲望大部分都是热烈的，同时是互不相容的。"[45]因为权力的谬误在于，想要拥有结果，却不能忍受手段的应用。

君王需要打交道的包括他们的邻国、妻子、子女、高级教士或神职人员、贵族、次一级的贵族或绅士、商人、百姓以及战士，如果不小心和慎重的话，在这些打交道的过程中都有可能产生危害。

首先就他们的邻国来说，没有现成的普遍规则可以获取（因为情况是如此多变），但有一点是应该把握的。这就是，作为一国之君应该保持警觉，不要让他们的邻国势力增长到足以威胁自己国家的安全的地步（不管这些邻国是通过领土的扩张，还是通过贸易的包围，或是通过外交辞令，以及其他的方法）。要预见这种情况并防止这种情况发生，普遍的做法是设立一个委员会。英格兰国王亨利八世、法兰西国王弗朗西斯一世和皇帝查理五世三人在位执政的时期，就有这样的相互制约机制，他们三者当中没有谁能多占一寸土地。如果任一国家多占哪怕巴掌大小的土地，其他两个国王会立刻进行协调，或使用结盟的方式，或者如果需要的话，使用战争的方式，总之无论如何不会在利益面前保持不作为的态度。就像那不勒斯的国王费迪南多、佛罗伦萨统治者洛伦佐·美狄斯和米兰统治者卢多维克斯·斯福尔扎米所结成的同盟所起到的作

用那样（即被奎恰迪尼称为意大利的安全保障）。[46]一些经院学者持有一种不足取的观点，他们认为：发起一场战争只有基于对方先前的伤害和挑拨才是正当的。这是毋庸置疑的，但对即将发生的危险的惧怕，虽然这即将到来的危险还未造成严重的打击，也是战争的合法原因。

就他们的妻子来说，有许多残忍的例子。里维亚因为把自己的丈夫毒杀而臭名昭著；苏里曼的妻子罗克塞拉纳，就是毁灭了著名的苏丹穆斯塔法王子的人，并且在王室中为所欲为，干扰王位继承；[47]英国国王爱德华二世的皇后[48]在废黜她丈夫的王位并将其谋杀的事件中要负最主要的责任。这种类型的危险是需要提防的，尤其是在君王的妻子密谋将自己亲生的孩子立为王位继承人的时候，或者她们有通奸行为的时候。

就他们的子女来说，发生在他们身上的类似悲剧不胜枚举。一般而言，父王对他们的子女一旦开始猜疑，结果总是不幸的。穆斯塔法的毁灭（我们之前提到过）对于苏里曼统治的延续是致命的打击，土耳其王位的继任从苏里曼至今都被怀疑有猫腻，且恐怕已经落入别的血统之手，因为塞里姆斯二世被认为是私生子。克里斯普斯是一位难得的性格温和的年轻王子，被他的父亲——君士坦丁大帝亲手摧毁了，也造成了君士坦丁王室的致命伤：因为君士坦丁大帝的两个儿子君士坦丁和康斯坦斯，都死于暴力冲突；而他的另一个儿子君士坦提乌斯，结局没那么惨烈，他确实是死于疾病，但也是在尤里安与之兵刃相向之后因病而亡的。[49]马其顿菲利普二世的儿子德米特里厄斯，他的毁灭给其父王带来报应，使之在悔恨中死去。[50]这样的事例还有很多，但几乎没有做父亲的能从这种不信任的关系中得到好处，除非做儿子的公然举兵反抗父王，就如塞里姆斯一世与巴杰扎特对抗，以及英格兰国王亨利二世与他的三个儿子之间的对决。

就他们的高级神职人员来说，当这些人踌躇满志不可一世的时候，

就会产生危害。安塞姆和托马斯·贝克特时代就是如此，他们两位都是坎特伯雷大主教，都试图以手中的牧杖与君王的权杖相抗衡，但他们都遇到了强硬和骄横的国王——威廉·鲁夫斯、亨利一世以及亨利二世。[51]危害并非来自这种抗衡的情形，而是当这种情形有外国的权势作为支撑时，或者是教士职位的产生和当选不是通过国王的册封或特别的指派，而是通过民众选举的时候。

至于贵族，应与他们保持适当的距离。对贵族进行压制虽然会使得君王在权力上更为不受限制，但却不那么安全，并且使得君王去实现他的愿望变得不那么容易。我在关于英国国王亨利七世的历史著作中曾经提及，亨利七世对他的贵族进行压制，导致的后果就是，在他统治期间充满了各种难题和动乱。因为贵族们虽然仍然效忠于他，但他们并不协助他完成他的事业，所以实际上他不得不自己去做所有的事情。

就次一级贵族来说，作为一个分散的群体，他们倒是不会产生太多的危害。他们有时会高谈阔论，但通常是只说不做。此外，他们与地位更高的贵族之间形成了一种力量的抗衡，使得后者力量的扩张不至于过于强劲。最后，他们在老百姓当中具有最直接的影响力，在平息大众骚乱时他们的作用可以发挥到最大。

就商人来说，他们是门静脉，如果商人们不活跃兴盛，一个王国就会空有良好的四肢，而血管里却没有血液流淌，并且得不到什么滋养。向他们征收税费和贡金对君王的财政收入没有明显的好处，因为虽然在百户区[52]那里获利了，他却在郡那里失利；个别的税率增加了，但贸易的总额度却反而下降。

就平民来说，平民基本上不会有太大的危害，除非他们当中出现了伟大的、具有强大影响力的领袖，或者除非你对他们的宗教思想、风俗、谋生手段进行干涉，那就有可能带来危害。

就战士而言，当他们作为一个整体生活和存在，并且习惯于无功受禄，这就是一种危险的状态。关于这方面，我们可以看看土耳其的近卫步兵[53]和罗马禁卫队[54]的例子。不过，对战士进行训练，将其部署在各地，由几位指挥官进行管辖，并且不要给予赏赐，这是防御的需要，没有什么危害。

君王就像天空中闪烁的星辰，会带来福运，也会招致灾祸，他们拥有许多的景仰，但疲惫而不得休憩。所有关于君王的戒律实际上包含在如下应铭刻在心中的话语：要记住你是一个人，并且要记住你是一个神或者神的代表。前者约束他们的权力，后者约束他们的意志。

论狡猾

我们将狡猾视作一种邪恶或不正当的聪明。狡猾的人和聪明的人之间存在着巨大的不同，这不同不仅仅在是否正直这一点上，还在能力方面。有人能理牌，但玩牌玩得不好；有些人很善于游说拉票及结党营私，但在其他方面却表现平平。再则，善解人意是一回事，而通晓事理又是另一回事，因为许多人对人的性情把握得十分透彻，但在实际事务中的能力却不怎样。一个人如果只是把心思放在研究人上边，而没有对书本进行研读就会变成这样。这样的人更适合去与人打交道，而不适合去提供建议和作计划，并且他们也仅仅是在他们的地盘上才能发挥良好，让他们面对新的环境，想做好就不那么容易了，所以正如那条将愚昧之人和智者区分开来的规则所表达的："把他们赤裸裸地放置到陌生人当中，你就能区分出来"。[55]但这条规则对狡猾之人几乎不适用。因为这些狡猾的人就像经营小百货的杂货商人，所以不妨把他们店铺中的商品一一陈列出来。

狡猾之术其中一点在于交谈时用你的眼睛紧盯着你的交谈对象，就像耶稣会信徒被教导的那样，因为许多贤人心中的秘密会透过他们的面容展现出来。不过在这样做的时候，有时应矜持地低垂你的眼帘，耶稣会信徒也是这样做的。

另一点狡猾之术在于，当你有急事需要马上办理，你通过勾起别的话题，使你所要求助的人感到心情放松和愉悦，从而他就不会那么清醒地反对。我知道有一位枢密院顾问官兼国务大臣从来不用需要签署的文件直接烦扰英国的伊丽莎白女王，他总是将女王先引入一些关于国事的讨论中，然后她对那些文件就不会那么在意了。

就像要获得出其不意的效果往往是通过迅速的行动那样，当对方在匆匆忙忙之中，难以花时间静下来特地考虑你所提议的事情时，往往能达成效果。如果一个人想要阻挠一件事情，而针对这件事情唯恐别人会采取敏捷而有效的行动时，他最好假装非常赞同此事且自己把事情提出，但提出的方式足以令此事难以成行。

在很有交谈的兴致时，在谈话中间忽然打住，仿佛要自我收敛，这足以勾起交谈对象更大的兴趣，使他想了解更多。

并且，当情况的知晓好像是从你那里询问得来的时候，效果要比你主动地讲述出来要更好。你可以设置一个产生问题的诱饵，即显示出一副与你平时惯于展示的面容大相径庭的面部表情，其目的在于给对方一个机会询问是什么事情造成了这种改变……

至于那些棘手和令人不愉快的事情，较为合适的处理办法是让那些言论无足轻重的人打破僵局，进而再让那些有分量的人看似巧合地加入问题的探讨中，这样他会被问起关于前人发言中的问题，从而把话题打开……

一个人如果不想把自己卷入某些事情当中，一个狡猾的办法就是借用街谈巷议的名义，比如说，“人们都是怎样说的，或者，现在大家都如何谈论这个事情”。

我知道这样一位仁兄，当他写信时，总是把那最最重要的事情写在信件的附言里头，而不是写在正文当中，就仿佛这事情不过是顺带说一下罢了。

我还认识另外一位先生，当他发表讲演的时候，他总是将他最想谈论的事情略过，而继续说其他的，绕去绕来最后才回到最想谈论的主题上，似乎他差点儿把这件事情忘记了一般。

一些人有时装成很意外的样子，仿佛与那些他们要拜托的人是偶然相遇，并且相遇之时被发现手中正握着一封信，或是正在做一些他们自己不习惯做的事情，这样他们就能够把自己放置在那些他们想要表述的事情上，使对方能够自然而然地问起这些事情。

还有一个狡猾的招数就是以个人的名义先无意中说出一些话来，这些话别人听了会学习和使用，随即就可以对此进行利用了。我知道伊丽莎白女王在位时，有两个人竞争国务大臣的职位，但彼此之间仍然保持着适当的距离，也会就此事务进行商议。他们其中的一位说，在君主制衰落之时担任国务大臣一职是甚为棘手的事情，所以他对此不是那么有兴趣。另外一位立即拣取了这些话，并在自己的朋友中散布说，在君主制衰落之时，他没理由去渴望担任国务大臣的职务。第一个说出这种话的人便抓住这个机会，想方设法地把这个事情送到女王耳边，而听到君主制衰落，女王感到非常愤怒，从此她不会再听另外一个的禀报了。

有一种狡猾，在英国我们称为“锅里翻猫”，也就是说，当一个人向别人说了什么，他把这事情说成是别人讲给他听的。说实话，当这样的事情在两个人之间发生，要弄清楚谁是第一个说出这事情的人，可不是那么容易……

有些人准备了许许多多的传说和故事，他们能把想要含沙射影的事情统统都用传说和故事的形式包装起来，这一方面使得他们不必因为说了什么而面临危险，另一方面也使得别人更乐于去传播这些事情。

一个狡猾的好点子是，用自己的语言和建议将想要获得的答案提供出来，这就使得对方不那么固执己见。

令人奇怪的是，一些人在讲出他们想要说的某些东西时，会等待很长的时间，会绕很大的弯子，会拉扯许多其他无关的事情，最后才切入正题。这需要极大的耐心，然而用处不可谓不大。

一个突然的、大胆的和未曾预料到的问题通常会使一个人感到惊讶，而使之敞开内心。就像一个改了名字的人，在圣保罗大教堂里走着，另一个人突然在他身后叫出他的真实姓名，他肯定会立刻回头去看看的。

但是这些零星技巧和狡猾的方子是无穷无尽的，不过给它们列个单子倒不失为一件好事，因为如果在一个国家里一个狡猾的人能冒充贤人的话，真是没有会比这造成的祸害更甚的了。

不过确实有一些人，他们知晓事务的来龙去脉，却不能把握其要点所在。就像一座房屋有便捷的楼梯和门户，却没有一个像样的房间一样。从而，你可以看见，他们能在结论中找到许多纰漏之处，但缺乏检验或者分析原因的能力。然而他们通常却善于利用自己不擅长之处，让人认为他们具有管理的才智。一些人将自己的地位建立在对别人的诽谤，和（如我们现在所说的）捉弄他人之上，而非自身在为人处世过程中的踏实努力。所罗门说的就是如此："智者自慎其步骤，愚者转向欺骗他人。"[56]

论利己的学问

蚂蚁是一种很会为自己打算的聪明的动物，但在果园和花园中却是不受欢迎的。同样的，那些只关心自己的人对于大众来说没有什么益处。在为私和为公之间应有清晰的区隔，并且应自求问心无愧，对他人也应言而有信，对你的君王和国家尤其应该如此。一个人行为若以其自身为中心，那是十分糟糕的。地球牢牢地以自身为中心是确实的事情，然而天穹中的其他物体却是围绕着非自我的中心运动的，同时也从中获益。事事都考虑有利于自己的方面，如果就至高无上的君王来说，还尚可接受，因为君王不仅仅代表他们自己，他们的善和恶都关乎着大众的命运，决定着大众的安危。但如果就君王的臣仆，或者共和国中的公民来说，事事只考虑自身，就是无可救药的邪恶。因为无论什么事情，只要经由这样的人之手，他只会不择手段地将事情引向有利于自己目的的方面，而这与其主人或国家的目的往往是背道而驰的。从而，君王或者政府应避免选择有这种不良品性的人做臣子或属下，除非他们只想让这种人完成一些无伤大雅的事务，而不让他们参与到其他重要的方面。所有的事情都以利己为目的最致命的影响是使得整个比例完全失调。将臣仆的利益放置在主人的利益之上已经非常不当了，然而更为极端的是，因臣仆的微小利益而将主人的巨大利益置之不顾。那些不良的官员、掌管财务之人、驻外大使、军队统领，以及其他那些狡诈虚伪和贪污腐败的臣仆都是这样的例子，他们做事行为不端，以自己的蝇头小利和私欲为导向，破坏了他们所宣誓效忠之人的伟业和大局。不过就大多数情况而言，这些臣仆获得的利益是与他们财富相符的，但他们为了获得利益而造成的伤害是与他们的君主的财富相称的。极端自私自利者的本性的确是这样的，他们会仅仅为了煎烤鸡蛋而不惜把房子引燃。然而这种人却常常深得主人的信任，因为他们钻研的就是如何取悦主人从而实现中

饱私囊的目的。他们为了达到取悦主人和有利自己这两方面目的的任何一个，都会将主人的利益抛在脑后。

利己的学问，从许多方面来说，都是堕落卑下的东西。这种学问是老鼠的狡猾：老鼠在房屋倒塌之前一定会弃屋而去。这种学问是狐狸的狡黠：獾掘出自己居住的洞穴，狐狸却把獾驱逐出去，将其洞穴占为己有。这种学问是鳄鱼的虚伪：当鳄鱼吞食猎物时会流下眼泪。但需要特别注意的是，（就像西塞罗[57]对庞培[58]所说的）这些人“爱他们自己胜过任何旁人”，3很多时候是不幸的。尽管他们将所有的时间都贡献给了自己，但最后也将自己当作祭品献给了命运的反复无常，而本来他们是幻想能用利己的学问将命运的双翼捆缚住的。

3.出自西塞罗给他的兄弟克温图斯的信，第3卷，第8篇。原文为拉丁文。

论新事物

生命在诞生之初并不是那么赏心悦目的，而作为时间产物的各种新事物都是如此。尽管如此，就像那些最早给他们的家族带来荣耀的人通常比他们的继承者更值得尊敬和更厉害一样，很少能够通过模仿来达到第一个先例（如果这个先例还不错）的高度。因为恶对于那些误入歧途的人的本性来说是自然而然的行为，在持续的变化中达到最强烈；而善，作为一种被驱动的行为，在初始时表现得最为强烈。确实，甚至医药也是一种新事物，那些不愿意使用新的药品的人，就会遭受新的疾病的困扰。时间是最大的革新者，如果时间自然地让事物变得坏朽，而智慧学识和忠告谏言都不能使之向好的方向转化，那么结局会是怎样呢？事实的确如此，约定俗成的东西，虽然并不那么好，但至少是适宜的。而且，那些长期相互协调的事物彼此之间已经结合在了一起；反之，新事物要与之契合却不那么容易。虽然新事物在功用上肯定是有所补益的，但却因为与旧事物不一致而会有冲突。此外，新事物就像异乡人一样，虽然能博得比一般人更多的羡慕，但比起一般人来说却更不容易被认同。如果时光的河流静止不动的话，上述所说的都千真万确；然而时间的流转永不停歇，以至于固执地保持旧风俗就像固执地坚持革新一样，会把一件事情搅乱，对旧时代过于尊敬就是对现代的不屑。所以，人们如果在变革中能以时间为榜样，那就很好，时间确实会产生极大的变革，但是过程是平静的，并且是通过几乎难以察觉的渐变实现的。如果不是如此，任何新的事物都会被认为是意想不到的，而且新的事物会对一些旧的事物进行修补，也会与其他的事物相呼应。那些得益于新事物的人会将其作为一笔财富，并感谢时运；而那些利益因此受损的人，则会将新事物视为错误，并将其归咎于变革的主导者。在国家中不要进行革新的试验也是对的，除非这种需要非常之迫切或者效用非常之显

著；要清醒地留意到，变化是凭借改革而产生，而不是因想要变化而佯称改革。最后，对于新颖的事物，虽然不应该将其拒斥，但对它仍可保留一种怀疑的态度，正如《圣经》上说的："我们应当立足于古道瞻顾四周，见有正直的大道，然后行于其上"。[59]

论消费

财富用于消费，而消费是为了荣耀或做善事。从而特殊的消费应该根据其相应的价值是否得当来进行约束，因为自觉地放弃一些不必要的花销对于国家财富的积累及对于身后进入天国都是有好处的。日常的支出应以一个人财产的状况为限度，并且加以细致的管理，应在其实际能力范围之内进行消费，不要受仆人的欺骗，也不要让仆人滥用掌管收支的权力。如果要显示自己理财有道，实际所支付的费用应少于别人的估计。一个人如果要达到收支平衡，他的日常花费应该只占到他收入的一半；而如果他想使自己的财富增长，那就应该将自己的支出控制在收入的三分之一。对于一个大人物来说，亲自过问和打理自己财产并不是一件令人颜面扫地的事情。但有些人却避免去管理自己的财务，不仅是觉得在这些方面自己会犯粗心大意的毛病，而且考虑到管理中会出现财务状况的问题，他们也怀疑对这类事情的处理会把他们带入一种消沉的情绪中去。但如果不进行检查，创伤是难以治愈的。那些从来不理会自己财产状况的人，在两方面都必须做好，一方面要对雇佣的人严格把关，另一方面需要不时更换人手，因为新手通常胆小谨慎并且不那么奸诈狡猾。那些有能力却较少过问自己财产状况的人，应该对一切收支都了然于心。一个人如果在某一方面支出较多，那他在其他的方面就应当节俭。例如，如果他在饮食方面开销颇大，在服饰方面的开支就应该有所节俭；如果他在厅堂中花费很多，在马厩中的支出就应该减少，诸如此类。因为那种在所有方面都花钱如流水的人，家业的衰落是指日可待的。要清偿一个人的债务，操之过急将对自身产生不利的影响，与拖欠过久不管所造成的影响是一样的。因为仓促地将财产变卖来还债，与承担越来越高的利息一样，通常都是不利的。此外，一次性将债务清空的人会重蹈覆辙，因为一旦他发现自己摆脱了困境，又会回到之前的不良

习惯中去；而那些逐步归还债务的人会培养起一种节俭的习惯，使他的心理和财务状况都因此受益。

当然，那些需要扭转财务危机状况的人不要轻视细微方面的开支。通常来说，节省一些琐碎的费用开支并不是那么可耻，相较于要屈尊才能获得微小的收益来说都算不上什么。对于某类花费，一旦开始就没完没了，一个人在开始这类花费时应小心谨慎；但对于那些不会再有下次的类似开销，就可以表现得更为大度。

论养生

健康之道是一门学问，不是医学的规则所能涵盖的。一个人的自我观察是他保持健康的灵丹妙药，因为这些自我观察里包含着什么是对他有益的，什么是对他有害的体验。不过更稳妥的结论是“这个不适合我，所以我不会继续这样做”，而不是“我发现这个对我没什么害处，所以我会用它”。年轻时体质强韧，可以承受一些过度的行为，但这些行为到人年老时终将产生不良的后果，就像欠的债务总要归还一样。要清醒地意识到自己年岁的增长，并且应明确不能再做和年轻时候一样的事情，因为变老的趋势是不容藐视的。要注意在饮食这一重要环节不可突然改变，如果是迫不得已必须如此，也应使其他方面与之相适应。因为其奥妙在于，不论是在自然界还是在国家之中，改变多方面的事物比改变单独一个事物要更为安全可靠。对饮食、睡眠、锻炼、穿着等方面的习惯进行一一审视，看有哪些方面对你的健康是会造成损害的，一点一点地逐步将其戒除。如果改变后你觉得并不适应，就恢复原来的习惯，因为很难在如下两者之间进行区分，即一般人普遍认为是好的和有益健康的习惯，以及适合自己身体状况的特殊习惯。在吃饭的时候、睡觉的时候及锻炼的时候，保持轻松愉悦的心情，把烦恼放在一边，这是延年益寿的要诀之一。至于头脑中的情绪和思虑，应避免妒忌、焦虑恐惧、内在的愤怒烦躁、过于敏感以及绞尽脑汁的冥思苦想、过度的喜悦和兴奋、压抑心底的悲伤。怀抱希望，尽情欢笑，而不是狂喜，享受各种喜悦而不是过度地沉浸其中，有好奇心和赞美之心（从而对生活保持新鲜感），用辉煌灿烂的事物充实心灵（如历史、寓言及对自然的沉思等）。如果你在健康状况方面从来不求医问药，当你不得不需要这样做的时候，你的身体就会很不适应。如果你在求医问药上过于频繁，当疾病来临之时，医药就不会有特别的效果了。我推荐的是，随季节变换调

整饮食，而不是常常求助于医药，除非药物的使用已经变成一种习惯，因为日常饮食对身体的补益更大，且不会对身体造成不良影响。不要对身体产生的新问题视而不见，而是要询问医生相关的建议。若身体抱恙，要多遵从有助恢复健康的准则；如果身体康健，则应多活动以保持良好的状态。因为对于那些身体较为强健的人来说，倘若染上的不是重症急病，大多数情况下只需调节饮食和多加休养就能痊愈。塞尔苏斯[60]兼医生和智者于一身，单纯作为医生和单纯作为智者的塞尔苏斯都很难道出他曾说过的如下这番健康长寿之道，他说，一个人应该尝试各种，甚至截然相反的习惯，不过应更倾向对自己有益的那一种：在禁食和饱食之间，更偏重饱食；在不眠与睡眠之间，更侧重睡眠；在不锻炼与锻炼之间，更注重锻炼，诸如此类。这样做，会使体质得以增强，体魄更强健。一些医生对病人的性情十分理解和包容，以至于他们对疾病无法实施真正有治愈效果的措施；还有一种医生严格地遵守治疗的程序，而没有充分地考虑病人的具体情况。看病时，应选取介于两种类型医生之间的那一种；或者，如果不能找到同时调和这两种类型的医生，那就各找一位然后将两者的优点结合起来。并且就医时，除了去找德高望重以技艺扬名的医生，也不要忘记去找那位最熟悉你身体状况的医生。

论猜疑

人心思中的猜疑就像鸟类中的蝙蝠[61]，它们总是乘着暮色起飞。猜疑的确应被抑制，至少应该被小心防范，因为它们使得心灵布满乌云，使得朋友敬而远之，而且扰乱事务，使得事情不能顺利和始终如一地继续进行。猜疑使君王变得暴虐，使丈夫变得嫉妒，使聪明的人变得优柔寡断和阴郁消沉。猜疑是缺点，这种缺点并非源于内心而是源于头脑，因为它们在最坚强勇敢的人身上也会发生，如英格兰的亨利七世。与他相比，没有更喜欢猜忌的人了，但也没有比他更坚毅的人了。在这样的性情构成中，猜疑所造成的危害倒是不大，因为通常有此类性情的人，对所猜疑之事并不急于接受，而是要调查考证是否的确如此。然而对于那些生性软弱的人来说，猜疑就像种子落到肥沃的土壤中那样快速地生长起来。越是知之甚少，人越是容易疑心。从而人应当通过增长见识来对猜忌进行补救，而不是试图将他们的猜疑闷在心里。人想要得到什么呢？难道他们以为他们所雇佣和打交道的人都是圣人吗？难道他们不想想这些人也有自身的打算？难不成对雇主和他人比对自己还要忠诚？所以除了将猜疑的事情当作真的，而同时将这些事情当作假的来约束自己的猜疑之心外，没有缓和猜疑的更好方法。因为一个人应将猜疑用作一种预防，如果他所猜疑的事情是真的，那么他就不会受到太大的伤害。自己心中产生的猜疑集聚的不过是蜂虫的嗡鸣声，而通过闲言碎语和小道消息，以及人为的添油加醋在人头脑中产生的猜疑则是有如蜂之蜇人毒刺。诚然，在猜疑的密林中开路的最好办法是与其猜忌的对象进行直接和坦率的交流，从而自己比之前能了解更多的实情，并且可以更加谨慎以避免给对方造成新的猜疑。但这对那些本性卑劣的人不会奏效，因为对于他们而言，如果他们发现自己曾被别人猜忌，他们就不会再保持忠诚。意大利人说：“猜疑允许忠诚远走高飞。”好像猜疑给忠心

发放了通行证似的，但实际上猜疑应当使忠心更坚定从而解除自身的重负。

论言谈

有些人渴望在他们的言谈中表现出一种受人赞赏的风趣，希望能够在其言谈中包罗万象，而忽略了能识别真伪的判断力的重要性，仿佛言谈的技巧比思考的能力更值得称赞。有些人的确有一些老生常谈的话题，他们擅长于此，但缺乏变化。这种话题的贫乏大多让人觉得枯燥乏味，一旦人们觉察到这一点，就会感到荒谬可笑。交谈过程中最可敬之处在于引起话题，并对话题进行适当的控制进而引向其他话题，就像一个人在领舞时所做的那样。在交谈和会话中，能够改变和混合一些不同的风格就很好，在陈述之中兼有讨论，在故事当中蕴涵哲理，在提出问题的同时也有观点的表达，诙谐而不失真诚。因为倦怠使人厌烦，而且就如通常说的那样，使人精疲力竭。至于言谈之中的幽默，在如下几个方面确定无疑是不适用的：姓名、信仰、国家的状况、伟人、任何人正在从事的重要事务，以及任何值得怜悯同情的事例。然而有些人会觉得他们的聪明才智不能发挥显现出来，除非他们能锋锐辛辣、伤人之心。那是一种应该约束的说话方式。

“孩子啊，少用鞭子，多用缰绳。”[62]

一般来说，人应该能区分出什么是咸的，什么是苦的。那些说话爱挖苦别人的人，他使得别人对他话语中的机智生畏，他必然也要畏惧他在别人记忆中留下的形象。那些总是喜欢提问的人，会学习到更多的东西，言谈也更能令人满意，尤其是当他所提的问题正切中被提问人的长处时，因为这样他就给被提问人提供了侃侃而谈的机会，同时他也能够不断地获得知识。但要注意的是，所提的问题不应过于刁难，因为那样就显得装模作样了，并且他应该确保其他人在交谈过程中也有机会说话。不仅如此，如果有人一直滔滔不绝地在大部分时间中掌握着话语

权，他应该想办法让这些人从这种状态中解脱并且将其他人带入谈话中来，就像乐师们对那些长期跳轻快活泼的双人舞的人所采取的技巧那样。如果你假装不知道某件事情，而别人认为你是知道的，那么下次真有你不知道的事情的时候，别人也会认为你知道了。应尽量避免谈论到自己，若谈到时也应谨慎。我知道有一个人惯于用蔑视的口吻说话："他那么喜欢谈论自己，想必是个聪明人吧。"只有在一种情况下，一个人可以自夸而不失风度，这就是在称颂别人美德的时候，尤其是这种美德是为称颂者也引以为豪的时候。伤及他人的话语应尽量少用，因为交谈应该像一片原野，没有通向某个人家里的道路。我认识两位英国西部的贵族，其中的一位喜欢嘲弄别人，但在家中常大摆宴席，规格堪比王室；另一位会问那些到前一位贵族家中赴宴的人："实话告诉我，席间难道没有侮辱或者讽刺打击[63]的事发生？"客人对此回答说："这种事的确有。"这个贵族说："想来他把一桌好菜都毁了。"言语中的谨慎比口才的雄辩更为重要，与打交道的人言语相合，比言谈中使用华丽的辞藻或使用精心安排的顺序更重要。一番连续不断的精彩发言，如果没有好的交流互动，就会显得节奏缓慢；而一份好的应答或附和，如果没有进一步的落实，也会显得浅薄无力。正如我们在兽类中所看到的那样，那些不善于急速奔跑的动物在转向上格外灵活，猎狗和野兔的区别就在于此。在切入正题之前老在外围绕来绕去是令人厌烦的，而过于直截了当又生硬突兀了。

论财富

我认为将财富称为德行的负担是最合适不过的。罗马话对财富的表达更好，称为“辎重”（impedimenta）。因为辎重对于军队，就像财富对于德行一样。它既不能被略去，也不能弃于身后，但它的确妨碍了行军。并且，对它的关注有时使胜利白白从手中溜走或对获取胜利造成了很大的阻碍。巨大的财富没有什么真正的用途，除了能够分发出去，其余的用途不过是幻想罢了。故而所罗门有言：“大富之所在，必有许多人消耗之，而它的主人除了能饱眼福以外，还能享受到什么呢？”[64]一个人的财富达到一定程度就超越了个人享受的范围，他可以对这些财富进行看管，施舍或者捐赠，或是因这些财富而获得一定的名望，但对于财富的拥有者来说，都不是实实在在的用途。难道你没看到小小的宝石和稀罕之物都被赋予了不实的价值？而人们从事那些虚有其表的工作，只不过是因为这似乎显示了巨额财富的某些用处罢了？然而你也许会说，财富可以救人于危难或解除人的困境。如所罗门所说：“在富人的想象中，财富有如一座坚城。”[65]这话表达得非常好，也就是说，这不过是存在于想象中的事，而不总是在事实上如此。因为被“多财”出卖之人比被其收买的人要多得多。不要追求以财富炫耀于人，而是应追求在财富的获取上公平、使用上有节制、给予别人时开心愉快、对保留下来的财富感到满足。但对财富也不必持有一种不问世事之人或托钵僧般的蔑视。而是应该区别对待，就像西塞罗对拉毕里乌斯·波斯杜穆斯[66]的中肯评价那样：“他对财富的追求，显得他所求的并不是为满足贪婪，而是要得到一种为善的工具。”[67]也应聆听所罗门的教诲，对急遽敛财的行为加以警惕：“欲急速致富者将不免于不义。”[68]诗人们描述说，当普路托斯（即财神）被朱庇特[69]差遣的时候，他走得步履蹒跚、慢慢吞吞；不过他若是被普鲁托[70]派遣，则健步如飞、脚下生风。意思

是，通过正当的手段和诚实的劳动获得财富是缓慢的，而别人的故去（例如通过遗产、遗嘱等方式）使财富滚滚而来。不过把普鲁托看作是魔鬼，也同样适用。因为当财富来自魔鬼（例如通过欺骗、压迫和不公正的手段）时，也会迅速积累起来。致富的途径有许多种，但其中绝大多数都是肮脏不堪的。吝啬是致富的途径中最好的，但也并非清白无辜，因为吝啬使人与慷慨解囊和乐善好施的行为绝缘。获取财富最自然的途径是对土地进行耕耘，因为它是伟大母亲大地的恩赐，但通过它获取财富是缓慢的。此外，拥有大量财富的人若愿意从事农耕的话，他们的财富会成倍地增长。我认识一位英国贵族，算是我所处的时代中最有钱的人：他既是一个大草原主、畜牧大户、大木材供应商、大煤矿主、大农场主、大宗铅和铁的贸易商人，还是其他各种农牧业的经营者，所以大地对他来说就像取之不尽用之不竭的大海，源源不绝地给他提供财富。有一个人切身体会到，要赚取一点点财富很不容易，而获得大笔财富反而简单，这倒是实在的。因为，当一个人的财富储备多到足以使他等到市场的全盛时期，他可以做那些获利颇丰但一般人财力所不能及的交易，并且还可以参与属于年轻人的产业，所以他就不用为他的财富增长而发愁。日常的贸易和职业的收益是诚实可信的，主要由两种事物促进增长：勤奋努力，还有就是童叟无欺、公平交易的良好信誉。但当一个人将交易建立在别人的迫切需要之上，或者通过拉拢仆人和其他手段接近买主而破坏交易公平，或是奸诈狡猾地把其他那些更守信誉的商人打发走，以及使用诸如此类工于心计的做法时，通过交易获利就会令人质疑。至于买卖中的大肆讨价还价，当一个人购进不是为了持有，而是为了倒卖获利时，这就是对之前的卖家和之后的买家进行双重剥削。如果经过挑选的合作伙伴是值得信赖的话，合伙做生意能创造大量的财富。放高利贷是最有把握获利的途径，但也是最糟糕的途径，因为这样做的人是使别人汗流满面来谋自己的生计；[71]除此之外，在星期日也要耕田犁地不休息。不过虽然这种方式是有把握的，但也有其缺点，因为代理人和中间人会为了自己的利益将信誉不佳者鼓吹为有价值的放贷

对象。在一项发明或特权上具有优先权的好运气，有时也会带来财富惊人的暴涨，就像卡纳列斯群岛上第一个经营糖业的商人一样。因此，如果一个人在思维的缜密性上能够与逻辑学家媲美，既善于判断又善于发明，尤其是在适宜的时机时，他就能成就一番大事业。那种依赖固定收入的人很难拥有巨额的财富，那种把自己的所有财产都用于风险投资的人通常会破产和沦为一贫如洗。因此以能撑得住损失的一定收入来抵御投资带来的风险才是恰当的。对货物进行垄断和囤积以再销售，如果不受管制的话，是致富的良方，尤其是当投资者能够睿智地预见何种东西会紧缺时，事先大量购入必然会带来不少收益。通过服务获得的财富，虽然属于来源最佳的行列，然而如果是通过阿谀奉承、谄媚讪笑及其他奴颜婢膝的行为获取的，它们就被归入最恶劣的行列。至于那些谋取遗嘱和遗嘱执行人职责的行为（就像泰西塔斯谈到塞内加[72]时说的那样："他就像用网子一样把那些遗嘱和监护权一并拽在手中"[73]），就更为卑劣，在屈从献媚于比自己更卑贱的人这一点上，这种人比起那些谄媚的服务人员更为过分。不要太过于相信那些似乎鄙视财富的人，他们鄙视财富是因为他们对财富的获得感到绝望。当财富来临之时，没有人会比他们更拜金。不要因小失大，财富是长着翅膀的，有时它们会自己飞走，有时它们需要被放飞才能带更多回来。人的财富不是留给他们的家人亲属，就是交付给公众，在这两方面进行适度的分配最有助于财富的繁荣。如果继承人在年龄和见识方面都还不够成熟稳重，那么一份丰厚的遗产就像是一块诱饵，会把周围所有的猛禽都引过来啄食他。同样的，华美的赠品和捐款就像是没有放盐的祭品，只不过是被粉饰过的施舍的坟墓，里面很快就会腐朽。因此不应当以数量来衡量你的馈赠，而应使其用之有度并用之有道。此外，不要等到死之将至才着手进行慈善事业，确切地说，如果一个人认真地考虑此事就能想到，这样做的人并非慷慨地捐出自己的钱而是慷慨地把别人的钱捐掉。

论野心

野心就像胆汁一样，如果它不被阻碍的话——它是一种令人积极、认真、敏捷和活跃的体液。不过如果它被阻碍，不能随心所欲的话，它就变得阴郁枯槁，恶毒尖酸。故而有野心的人，如果他们打开了升迁之路，并且平步青云的话，他们通常是忙碌的而不是危险的；然而如果他们的愿望被阻，他们就会变得暗中愤愤不平，而且对人和事都用恶毒的眼光去看待，事情变得越糟糕他们就越开心，这可以说是一个君主或一个国家的臣仆所能具有的最坏的品质。因此，对于君主来说，如果他们任用有野心的人，要使之不断升迁而不被贬黜才好。但这样做总是免不了遇到麻烦，所以不任用具有这样性格的人倒是更为省事。因为如果他们职位高升而工作不见提高的话，一旦被贬职他们就会有意地将这些工作弄得和自身一样失败。但因为我们已经说过，不去任用那些有野心性格的人才好，除非他们是不可或缺的。那我们来说说在什么情况下是不得不用他们的。在战争中优秀的指挥官是必不可少的，即使他们的野心空前之大，因为任用他们在工作上产生的益处可以把那些弊端忽略掉。并且，任用一名没有野心的军人，就像是把他马靴上的马刺扯掉了一样。在君王处于危险和受到妒忌时任用那些有野心的人来为其掩护也是很好的，但一般来说没有人会愿意接受这样的角色，除非他像一只蒙住眼睛的鸽子，使劲地不断向上扑腾，以至于他留意不到自己。有野心的人还可以被用于清除任何高高在上、权高盖主的对象……因为他们应被任用于这类情况中。那么接下来得谈谈应如何约束他们，使他们没有那么危险。如果他们出身卑微，那么就不会有太大危险，而如果他们出身高贵则会比较危险；如果他们本性相当苛刻，就比那些本性优雅和随和的人危险性更小；如果他们最近刚刚得到提拔，比起那些以奸诈狡猾的手段而获得牢固高位的人来说危险性也更小。有的人认为，君王有自己

的宠臣是一个弱点，但这其实是对付那些有野心之人的所有方法中最好的一个。因为当赏赐和惩罚都出自宠臣之手，其他人就不能超越其上。另一个抑制他们的手段是通过那些像他们一样自负的人与之抗衡。但因此也需要一些不偏不倚的议事大臣来保持局势的稳定，因为船如果没有压舱物就会过于颠簸不平。至少，君王可以鼓动和扶植一些更卑贱的人来与野心家们作对。就打击这些鄙夷可憎的人来说，如果他们生性懦弱，上述方法会起到很好的作用；但如果他们无惧无畏，这会导致他们图谋不轨并酿成祸害。至于将这些有野心的人从其位置上撤下来，如果事务的处理需要如此，而又不能突然行事且同时也需要确保万无一失的时候，唯一的途径是让他们时而得宠时而失宠，使他们不知道能够期待什么，就像在密林中不辨方向、不知何去何从那样。就野心而言，那种要在大事上取胜的野心，比起那种在任何事情上都要占优势的野心来说危害要小，因为那种凡事斤斤计较的野心滋生混乱，损害事务。不过，让一个野心勃勃的人忙于处理事务，而不是让他拉帮结派，也同样是危害较小的。想要在有能力的人当中出类拔萃是很繁重的任务，而这对公众来说是好事。不过，那种谋划想成为众多无名小卒中唯一大人物的人，会败坏整个时代。追求高位包含着三个意图：获得可以做善事的有利地位，能接近君王和显要，以及提升自身的运气。一个有雄心壮志的人，若他能把握这些意图中最好的那一种，他便是一个诚实正直的人；一位君主，若能够明辨有志之人心中所怀的这种意向，他便是一位贤明的君主。一般而言，君主和国家选择臣子时，应选择那些视责任义务高于升官加爵的人，还有那些对事业的热爱不是基于炫耀之心而是凭借着良心的人。所以应该将那些本性好事者与心甘情愿服务的人区分开来。

论美

美德就好比一块宝石，朴素的装饰最能映衬它的价值。无疑，美德存在于外表动人者身上最好不过，不过若没有精致的容貌，在气质方面展现出的庄重大方也会胜过容貌的姣美。此外，拥有俊俏容颜者也拥有杰出的德行是不多见的，仿佛大自然太过于繁忙只求没有差错而已，而不愿意在塑造卓越上花费更多的工夫，因此这些人虽然拥有标致的外貌，却没有优秀的精神气质，对行为举止的钻研热情要高于对德行的追求。但情况也不总是如此，因为奥古斯都·恺撒、提图斯·维斯帕西亚努斯[74]、法国国王美男子菲利普[75]、英国国王爱德华四世[76]、雅典的亚西比德[77]、波斯统治者伊斯梅尔，都志存高远、气宇轩昂，并且也是他们所处时代中第一等的美男子。就美而言，容貌之美要胜过肤色之美，而优雅得体的举止之美又胜过容貌之美。美最摄人心魄之处，是用图画也难以表达的，是第一眼难以发现的。任何一种精妙绝伦的美在其比例上都会有一些独特和奇妙之处。一个人很难说出阿佩里斯[78]和阿尔伯特·丢勒[79]谁更为不明智。他们中的一位，用几何比例来画人；另外一位，取若干面孔的最佳部分来构造一张完美的脸庞。这样画出来的人，我想，除了能取悦画家自己，谁也取悦不了。我不是认为一位画家不能描绘出一张前所未有的俊美面孔，而是认为他应该在创作时运用一种巧妙的画法（就如音乐家在谱曲时蕴涵的神韵），而不是依据规则来创作。如果你对人的脸进行一部分一部分的仔细观察，那你是找不到一张能视为美的面庞的，人应该将面孔作为整体来看，这样才能发现其动人之处。如果美的主要部分是存在于端庄的举止中这句话是真的，那么确实不会令人惊奇的是，有些人历经岁月风霜后却似乎更为可爱了，“美之迟暮也是美的”。[80]因为如若不宽容，并且将青春年少本身视为对美的弥补，就没有青年人能算是美丽的。美就像是夏日的水果，容

易腐坏，不易长久保持；并且大多数情况下，美造就了放荡不羁的青年人，也造成了悔恨的老年时代。但仍然确定无疑的是，如果美能适当地起作用的话，它会使美德闪耀，使恶习赧颜。

论残疾

有残疾的人与造物主通常是互不亏欠的，因为造物主既然对他们不公，他们对造物主也同样如此。他们中的绝大多数（如《圣经》中所说的）都天性凉薄，从而他们以此方式报复了造物主。的确，身体与心灵之间是存在着一种一致性的，当造物主在一方面出了错，在另一方面就有风险。但因为人可以自己构筑心灵，不像身体，只能受命于自然，所以决定天性的星宿有时会被修养和德行的太阳光辉所遮掩。因此这样去做才是可取的，即不应将残疾仅仅看作一种表象，那会更使人受到蒙蔽，而是应视其为一种原因，这种原因通常都会产生一定的结果。那些身体上有着无法改变的某些缺陷的人，这些缺陷的确会致使别人对他不敬，但同时他们也拥有了将其自身从被鄙视的境况中解救出来的永恒动力。从而，所有身体有残缺的人都是极其勇敢的——最初是在作为被鄙视的对象时对自身尊严的维护，随着时间的推移，便成了一种普遍的习惯。此外，这对他们的勤勉也有所裨益，尤其是在注意和观察别人的弱点时，这使得他们在回敬之时不会毫无准备。此外，对比他们更有优势的人而言，残疾的状况能平息针对他们的妒忌，因为这些人认为身体残缺的人不过是任人藐视的对象而已。而且这也会使得他们的竞争者和对手麻痹大意，因为他们决不相信身有残疾的人会有升迁的可能性，直到他们看到这些人获得了相关的职位。所以，就这些情况而言，残疾的人若有过人的才智，其残疾反而是使其晋升的优势。古代的君主（并且在一些当代的国家中依然如此）惯于对宦官施以极大的信任，因为宦官妒恨一切人，对于专制君主是会更为依赖和更为尽职的。然而虽然君主们对宦官加以信任，但更多的是将其作为有用的耳目和告密者，而并非作为清正廉明的官员和政府职员来加以任用。对于身形残疾的人情况也多半类似。然而，最根本的是，如果他们有志气，他们应努力使自己从被

鄙视的境况中解脱，可凭借的办法无外乎美德或邪念。因此若这些人之中产生了优秀的人才也不足为怪，例如，阿格西劳斯[81]、苏里曼的儿子赞格、伊索[82]、秘鲁总督加斯卡。对于一些人来说，苏格拉底[83]也可以算是他们中的一员。

论建筑

房屋是建造来居住的，而不是建造来观赏的，因此其用途应当优先于其样式，除非这两者可以兼具。将那些仅仅是出于美观的目的而建造起来的、有着金碧辉煌装饰的房屋都留作诗人笔下的魔幻宫殿吧，他们建造这些宫殿实在花费不了什么成本。建造了一幢好房屋，但地理环境不好，就等于犯了将自己囚禁起来的错误。我所认为的不佳环境，不仅指那里的空气有害健康，而且也指那里的空气流动不均。就像许多精巧的屋舍坐落在小山丘上，周围更高的山将其环抱，从而太阳散发出的热量都郁积于此，而且风汇集于此犹如水槽之聚水一般，所以会忽然之间感觉到极其明显的热或冷，就好像同时居住在几个不同的地方一样。除了空气状况不好导致地理环境不佳之外，道路状况的不好、集市状况的不良，以及（如果你征求执掌嘲笑和非难的莫默斯神的意见）邻居的不善，也都是房屋位置不好的原因。我还没有提及更多的因素：水源的匮乏；林木、阴凉之处、庇护之所的不足；丰饶土地的缺乏，以及各种类型的土地混合；景色的稀缺；开阔平坦土地的缺少；近距离范围内适宜放鹰狩猎或竞速运动的场所的缺失；太靠近海边，或太偏离海边；未拥有河流可通航之便，拥有河流容易泛滥之不便；距离大城市太远，这会阻碍事业发展，或者距离大城市太近，这会使得人们过于依赖商贸，使得开销高昂；一个可以使人积聚大产业的地点也会使人局促不能发展。所有的这些，因为任何一个地方不可能同时都具备，所以对其有所了解并有所打算是错不了的，一个人应尽其所能让自己的居所拥有更多的优势。如果能够有好几处房产的话，他可以各取所长，一处所短缺的在另一处可以得到。卢库勒斯[84]对庞培的巧妙回答即是如此，当庞培在卢库勒斯的一处住宅看到富丽堂皇的走廊和十分宽敞明快的房间，问道：“这的确是消夏的好地方，但你冬天怎么办呢？”卢库勒斯回答

说："为什么，难道你认为我还不如一些在冬天来临之时就变换了自己住所的鸟类聪明吗？"

从房子的处所说到房屋本身。我们将像西塞罗在其演讲术中所做的那样展开论述。西塞罗撰著了几本《论演说家》的书，以及一本名为《演说家》的书，前几本书中他陈述了演讲之术的规律，后一本书是关于演说的至高境界。因此我们先描述一个君王的宫殿，使之作为一个简单的模型。因为令人奇怪的是，如今在欧洲，虽然有梵蒂冈和埃斯科里亚尔[85]，以及其他的大型建筑，但是仍然缺少一个非常宜人而堪称典范的房间。

因此，首先我认为，如果你的宫殿没有两个不同的侧楼，就不能算是完美的宫殿。一部分用于酒宴筵席，就像《旧约·以斯帖书》中所说的那样，而另一部分用于日常家居生活；一部分用于盛会和庆典，另一部分用于居住。按我的理解，这两部分不必都仅限于建筑的后部，也可以部分位于前部。虽然内部分隔为几个不同的部分，但在外观上合为一体，并且这两部分应位于宫殿前部正中高大庄严的塔楼的两侧，那么就像是塔楼将它们从两侧连接了起来。我认为在用于宴请的那一部分前部，楼上只安排一个舒适的房间就可以了，这个房间约40英尺高，其下部的房间用于更衣打扮或在举行庆典的时候作为准备的场所。另外一部分，也就是用于家居生活的部分，首先我希望它分为大厅和小教堂（中间要分隔开来），这两处都要设计得当和宽敞。并且它们不要将所有的空间都占据，在更远的末端分别有一个冬天和夏日的会客室，这两个会客室都应该装饰得当。在这些房间的底层，要有一个好用并且宽大的地窖，以及一些带有食品酒类储藏室和餐具室的私人厨房等。就前面提及的高塔来说，我认为在其两翼之上应该高出两层，每一层应有18英尺高，顶部以优质铅皮覆盖，并围以栏杆，其间布以雕像为装饰。塔楼也应分出具有不同功用的房间。通向高处房间的楼梯，应使之修建在外露的螺旋中柱上，用漆有黄铜色图案的雕木对栏杆进行修饰，并在顶部设

置一个非常适宜观景的平台。但要这样做的话，必须是你没有将下部的房间指定用于仆从用餐，否则你进餐后又要闻仆从的饭菜——因为饭菜的气味会升腾上来，就像在隧道里一般浓郁不散。对于宫殿的前部就说这么多了。不过还有一点，我认为第一层楼梯的高度应为16英尺，也就是楼下房间的高度。

除了前面部分之外，宫殿还应有一个漂亮的庭院，但庭院的三面建筑都应该比宫殿前部低许多。并且在这座庭院的四个角上都应有角楼，其外部有精致楼廊而不是在建筑内部修建楼梯。但这些角楼不能高于前部建筑，应与建筑相互协调。在庭院中不必铺路，因为那样会使得在夏日非常炎热而在冬日十分寒冷。但一些边上和贯穿庭院的小路是需要的，其余的地方种植草皮，并使之常得到修剪，但修剪也不要过于频繁。举行宴会那一部分建筑的后部，应全部建为精巧的走廊。在这些走廊上，根据其距离长短设置有三五个圆顶阁，距离均等，并精心修饰以绘有各种图案的彩绘窗扇。在用于居家生活的一侧，应有会客之所和一般的休闲娱乐之所以及一些卧房；让三面的房间都呈门门相对的布局，而不是让一面的房间始终暴露于光照中，这样不论上午或下午，都有能够避开阳光直射的房间。你也应该将房间建造成同时适用于夏天和冬天的，使之在夏天的时候阴凉，在冬天的时候温暖。你有时也会遇到一些满是玻璃窗的美丽房子，让人在其中不知如何避开日晒和寒冷。就内弓形的窗户来说，我认为它们有很好的用途（的确在城市中，竖式的窗户更好，考虑到街道两侧需要整齐划一来说），因为它们可以将用于会议的房间与外界很好的隔离开来。除此之外，它们也将风吹和日晒阻隔开来，因为那些能贯通室内的风和日光很难透过此类窗户。但这种窗户也不宜过多，在面朝庭院的两边墙上共有四个就可以了。

在这个庭院后边，还应有一个面积和高度都与之相当的内院，被四面的花园所环抱；在其内部四周则筑以回廊，配以美丽大方的拱门，高度与第一层楼相当。在面朝花园的底层部分，应修建为洞室，或纳凉之

地或消夏之所。它们的开口和窗户都只面向花园，并且与地面保持水平，而不沉入地下哪怕一点，以避免各种潮气湿气。此外，在这个庭院的中间，还应有一座喷泉，或者一些精雕细琢的雕像。其道路铺设与其他庭院相同。这些房屋中，位于两侧的供个人居住使用，位于后面的则供个人秘密使用。还有你必须在这些房屋中设置一间养病室，以备君王或任何一位要人生病之需，并配有会客室、卧房和前厅后室。这个养病室位于第二层。在第一层，设置一个雅致的、开放式的、下有柱子的游廊；在第三层也是如此，设有立柱的开放式游廊。能在其中饱览花园中的美景和呼吸清新空气。在更远处的两个角上，与之相呼应，可修建两个精美华丽、铺陈高雅、装饰美轮美奂、以水晶般的玻璃精心修饰的小阁，中间配以华美的圆屋顶，其他各种各类可以想到的精妙物件作为装饰。在较高的游廊那里，我也希望如果条件允许，应有一些喷泉从墙面的若干个地方流下，同时配备良好的排水设施。以上这些就是关于宫殿的模型，除此之外，在通向宫殿前面建筑之前，应有三个庭院。首先是一个简单朴素的绿色庭院，有围墙；其次是一个类似的庭院，但装饰更丰美，有小角塔，或者在墙面上进行大量的修饰；第三个庭院，在宫殿前面形成一个广场，既不需要什么建筑，也不需要无装饰的墙将其围住，而是以平台将其环绕，上面覆以铅质屋顶，并在三面进行奢华的装饰；内部设以游廊，用柱子而不用拱门支撑。至于办公场所，应与宫殿保持一定的距离，用一些低的游廊将它们与宫殿连接起来。

论花园

万能的上帝是花园的第一个缔造者。的确，赏花弄草是人类乐趣当中最为单纯的一种。花园对于振作人的精神有着不可估量的效果，如果建筑和宫殿没有花园，那就不过是粗俗的作品罢了。一个人可以了解到，当时代日益向文明和高雅发展时，人们通常先谈及高大的建筑然后才谈及精巧的花园，仿佛花园是更为完美的。我确实认为，在皇家花园的设计上，应该是一年当中12个月都有美景。其中，每个季节的几种最美的花木依次呈现。就12月和1月，以及11月的后半部分来说，你应该种植那些整个冬日都常青的植物：冬青、常春藤、月桂、杜松、柏树、紫杉、林刺葵、枞树、迷迭香、薰衣草；白色、紫色和蓝色的长春花；石蚕草、菖蒲；橙树、柠檬树；桃金娘，如果它们能被种植在温室里的话；还有香墨角兰，也需要保暖。接着，对于1月的后半部分和2月，应种植即将开放的丁香花树；番红花，黄色和灰色均可；报春花、银莲花、开得较早的郁金香、风信子、小鸢尾、贝母。到了3月，应该有紫罗兰，尤其是那种单瓣蓝色的盛放最早；黄水仙、雏菊、盛开的杏树、开满花的桃树、正在开花的山茱萸树、多花蔷薇。在接着到来的4月中，有重瓣的白色紫罗兰、桂竹香、康乃馨、黄花九轮草、鸢尾花，以及各种各样的百合花；迷迭香、郁金香、重瓣牡丹、淡色水仙、法国忍冬；樱花、李花和梅花、枝繁叶茂的山楝、丁香树。在5月和6月里，出现的是各类石竹，尤其是浅粉红色的石竹；各种玫瑰，除了麝香玫瑰之外——因为它开放得较晚；忍冬、草莓、牛舌草、耧斗菜；非洲万寿菊、果实累累的樱桃树、醋栗、果满枝头的无花果树、树莓、葡萄花、盛开的薰衣草、开白花的香兰；麝香兰、山百合、开花的苹果树。7月当中，有多种多样的紫罗兰、淡粉色的玫瑰、酸橙花、挂果较早的梨树和结果的李子树、苹果树、未熟的小苹果。8月中各色各样的李子和梅

子都成熟了，还有梨子、杏子、伏牛花、榛子、甜瓜、各种颜色的附子。在9月中，有葡萄、苹果、万紫千红的罂粟花、桃子、榅桲、油桃、山茱萸、冬梨、柑橘。在10月和11月的前半个月中能营造景观的，有枸杞、西洋李，通过修剪或移植使之较晚开放的玫瑰、蜀葵等，诸如此类。这些花草植物是根据伦敦的气候挑选出来的，但是我的意思显而易见，也就是你根据地方的特点因地制宜，就能拥有永恒的春天。

因为飘洒在空气中而不是在人的手中，鲜花的芬芳更为香甜（就像乐曲中的颤音一样婉转缠绵），因此要了解哪些花儿和植物的气味最为馥郁，最有助于获得这种乐趣。粉红色品种和红色品种的玫瑰都不是容易散发出香味的花，所以当你经过一整排这种玫瑰时，却嗅不到一点它们的芳香，即便是在满布朝露的清晨也是如此。月桂在生长的过程中也不散发香气，迷迭香也很少散发香气，香墨角兰也是这样。其他在空气中散发香气的花儿当中，香味最为浓郁的莫过于紫罗兰，尤其是白色的重瓣紫罗兰，一年绽放两次，一次是在4月中旬，一次是在8月24日的圣巴塞洛缪节之时；其次就是麝香玫瑰；此外就是草莓叶枯萎的时候，带着一种最为怡神的气味；然后就是葡萄花，它是一种微小的花朵，就像苇草的小花，起初是成簇生长开放的；再则就是甜石楠；还有黄色紫罗兰，种植在会客室或低层房间的窗外最惹人喜爱；接着还有石竹花和康乃馨，尤其是花坛石竹和丁香康乃馨；其次就是酸橙花的花香味；还有就是忍冬花，所以它们得种得远一些才好。我没有谈论到豆类的花，因为它们属于田间花朵。但在其他方面，那些最能让空气芬芳怡人而并非供人在一旁流连忘返，而是被踩踏和挤压的，有三种，那就是地榆、野麝香草以及水薄荷。因此你应将小径旁种满此类植物，当你漫步或徜徉的时候可以尽情享受它们的香气带来的愉悦。

对于花园来说（上述的种种当然都是关于君王的花园，就像我们讨论建筑时那样），其面积应不少于30英亩，并且应划分为三个部分：在入口处是一片如茵绿地；在出口处应该是一片荒地或沙地；中间的是主

花园，两边是小路。并且我认为应有4英亩的土地用于绿地，6英亩的土地用于荒地，两边各用4英亩，12英亩作为主花园。绿地有两种妙用：其一，没有什么比看到精心修剪的绿色草地更为舒适悦目；其次，因为绿地的中间会给你提供一条美丽的小径，将你引向一道气派庄严并将花园围绕的树篱前。但因为小径会比较长，并且在一年或一天之中最热的时候，你应不必冒着日晒行走在绿地的小径去花园乘凉，因此你应在绿地的两侧设置可遮阳的小路，由木匠来建造，约12英尺高，这样你可以在阴凉中走到花园中。至于用各种颜色的泥土安设花坛、形成图案，它们可以位于花园旁边房屋的窗户下边，这些都是小巧的玩意儿而已，你在糖果点心那里可能已经多次看到这样的设计了。花园最好是正方形的，四周围绕着气派的有拱门的树篱，这些拱门矗立在木匠修建的柱子上，约有10英尺高和6英尺宽，拱门之间的距离应与拱门的宽度一致。在拱门之上还有约4英尺高的整道树篱，也是由木工构建而成的。并且在更高一层的树篱之上，在每个拱门上方，都有一个小的角塔，其中部凸起的空间，恰恰能容纳一个鸟笼。在拱门之间的上方可布置一些小雕像及宽大的圆形镀金彩色玻璃，让阳光可以尽情地挥洒。但这个树篱我想要建造在慢坡上，不能陡峭，而是平缓的斜坡，约6英尺高，上边种植各色花儿。并且我认为这个正方形的花园不应该占据土地整个面积，而是应在两侧留有足够的空间，可用于各种小径的营造，前面提到的绿地间的遮阳小路可以将你引向这些小径。不过，在这个树篱围绕的花园的两端应没有带树篱的小路。在通向花园的一端不设有这种小路，是为了保证从绿地望过来时，你的视野能触及那精心设计的树篱；在更远的一端也不设有这种小路，是为了使你从树篱的拱门中望出去，能看到花园背后的荒地。

至于高大的树篱内部花园的布置，我认为应该给风格各异的设计留下发挥的空间，无论你要将花园设计成何种风格，要奉劝的忠告是：首先，不可太过于烦琐或繁杂。在这一点上，就我个人而言，我并不喜欢在杜松或其他花园里的树木上雕刻图案——这是给孩子们看的。我非常

喜欢低矮的小树篱，修剪成圆形，就像衣饰上的绲边一样，再配以一些漂亮的棱锥，在一些地方，设有木工雕刻的美观柱子。我也同样喜欢将小路设计得宽阔大方。在花园两侧你可以修建有顶篷的小道，但在花园的主体部分则不适宜这样做。我也希望，在花园的正中，有一座精致的小山，拾阶而上共有三层，其道路的宽度可供四人并肩而行。我也认为道路可以完全环绕于小山，无须扶栏或浮雕装饰。整座小山30英尺高，并设有宴会厅，其中装有整洁考究的壁炉，不要安装太多的玻璃窗。

喷泉是非常美丽和赏心悦目的。水塘则会有损花园的风貌，使得花园不益于健康并且充斥着苍蝇和青蛙。我认为喷泉有两种类型：一种是喷水或者冒水的，另一种是澄澈的蓄水池，约30或40英尺见方，其中既不养鱼也无淤泥和泥浆沉底。就第一种喷泉来说，若以镀金或大理石材质的雕像作为装饰品，会很不错，但问题的关键在于使水潺潺流动，而不是在水钵和水槽中停滞不畅。不流动的水会被污染，从而发绿、发红或诸如此类，要不然就是聚集了苔藓或各种腐败物。除此之外，喷泉应每日及时清洁。喷泉若饰以一些阶梯，同时周围配以一些精心铺设的路面，也会有良好的效果。至于另外一种类型的喷泉，我们可将其称为浴池。它承载着许多遐思和拥有许多美观的设计，我们就不必自找麻烦了。例如，池子底部应精心铺设，装饰以图案，池子的两侧也是如此，并且用彩色的玻璃，以及其他有光泽的物品进行修饰，以有小雕像的精巧栏杆环绕之。然而论及这种喷泉的要点，与我们谈论前一种喷泉时是相同的，也就是让水能够长流不止，通过比池子更高的水提供源头，并通过精良的喷管进行输送，然后用均等大小的出水孔由地下将水排出，这样水就不会积郁池中。至于那些精妙的设计，例如使水流如虹而不溅或使水以各种形状喷洒（羽毛的形状、酒杯的形状、华盖的形状等），它们都十分宜人眼目，但对于修身养性没有什么裨益。

就园中的荒地来说，也就是我们园林规划中的第三部分，我认为应该尽可能地设计出具有真正自然的荒野气息。我想其中不必栽种树木，

但可种植一些灌木，除了多花蔷薇和金银花之外，再有一些野葡萄间杂其中。地上多种植紫罗兰、草莓和樱草，因为这些草木可以散发香气，在荫庇之处也会茂盛生长。而且这些草木在荒地之中的种植是随意的，到处都可以，并没有什么既定的次序。我也喜欢有些堆积的小土丘，性质与鼹鼠的窝一样（就像是在真正的荒野中那样），有些种上野生的百里香，有些种上石竹花，有些种上会长出悦目花儿的石蚕草，有些种上长春花，有些种上紫罗兰，有些种上草莓，有些种上黄花九轮草，有些种上雏菊，有些种上红玫瑰，有些种上山百合，有些种上红色的美洲石竹，有些种上熊掌花以及类似的虽不名贵，却同样芬芳和好看的花卉。一些小土丘的顶部可以种植直立挺拔的小灌木，另一些则不必。此类小灌木有玫瑰、杜松、冬青、伏牛花（但要分散开来种植，因它们的香气浓郁）、红醋栗、醋栗、迷迭香、月桂、多花蔷薇等，诸如此类。但这些直立的灌木都应时常修剪，以免生长凌乱而不成形状。

就两侧的土地来说，可以在其中建造各种幽僻的小路。其中的一些小路，无论太阳有多大，都是浓荫遮蔽的。还可以将其中的一些小路建成能遮风挡雨的，当风狠狠刮着的时候，你就犹如在一个避风的走廊里行走。而且这类小路的两端都应建有树篱，可将风阻挡在外。这些有遮蔽的小路应该用碎石更为细致地铺设，不要种草，因为容易打湿鞋袜。在许多这些小路边，你应种植各式各样的果树，使之或依墙而立，或排列成行。然而一般来说，需要遵循的是，你的这些果树在小路边的种植应雅致、宽阔和低矮，不宜过高。果树的周围应种植秀丽的花卉，但稀疏和分散地种植就好，以免妨碍树木的生长。在两侧土地的尽头，我认为应各有一座有一定高度的小山，山上的树篱围墙应与胸齐平，在上面可眺望田野。

就主体花园来说，我不反对在两侧设美观大方、植有果树的小路。园中还应有种植着果树的小丘，有布置得大方有序的设座椅的凉亭。但这些不应布置得过于紧凑，而使主花园被封闭起来，空气也要可以自由

流通。至于荫凉之处，我想主要依靠两侧地面的小路来获得，如果愿意，你可以在一年或一日的炎热之时，到那里去散步。但主花园是为一年之中最温和宜人的时节设计的；在炎热的夏季，则是针对清晨和黄昏，或阴天。

至于鸟舍，我并不喜欢，除非它们巨大到可以在其中铺设草皮，并且其中种植有草木，那样鸟儿才能有更多的活动范围和自然栖息之所，在鸟舍的地面上也不会有污秽物出现。

至此我已经把一个君王的花园大致勾勒了一番，部分是通过建议，部分是通过描绘，还不能算是一个模型，仅仅是花园的一些大致线条而已。在这方面我也不惜成本，但成本对于王公贵族来说算不了什么，因为他们大多时候都采纳工匠的建议，不惜斥巨资去装点他们的花园。有时为了壮观宏伟、堂皇富丽还添加雕像等诸如此类的物品，但这些对于花园的真正乐趣却是毫无助益。

论交涉

一般而言，通过言谈进行交涉比通过书信要好，而通过第三者进行调解又比本人出面要好。书信在如下情况中应用是好的，即当一个人想要通过反馈的信件获取一个答复时，或者一个人将来在辩护中可以出示他个人的信件时，又或者交涉被打断或者只是被只字片言地听到的时候。亲自进行交涉较好的情况是，当一个人的容貌能够令人肃然起敬时，就像通常在下属面前那样；或者在一些微妙的场合下，当看着谈话对象的面容就能把握说话的尺度时；还有一般情况下，当一个人需要给自己保留一定的自由，不论是否认的自由还是解释的自由的时候。在调解人的选择上，最好是选择那种性格坦率的人，这种人会按要求完成他们的使命，并且回来如实地汇报其成绩；而不是选择那种狡诈的人，这种人会设法用别人的功绩来荣耀自己，并且在报告中将事情描述得无往不利以使委托人满意。同样的，也应任用那些一经雇用便尽职尽责的人，因为这会使得事半功倍。并且应任用那些才能与其职责相当的人，例如大胆的人适合告诫，精于言辞的人适合说服，灵活的人适合调查和观察，顽固荒诞的人适合处理那些不符情理的事务。而且也应雇用那些此前你任用他们处理事务时拥有幸运和占有优势的人，因为这些经历会增加他们的自信，并且他们会尽力去保持自己的名声。与人打交道、交谈时由远及近较好，而不是一开始就直奔主题，除非你旨在通过一些突然的提问让其感到意外和惊讶。与那些有所欲求的人打交道，比起与那些已经达到他们目的的人打交道要好。如果一个人与另一个人打交道是建立在一定条件上的，那么事情的开端或者所采取的第一个行动就是至关重要的。一个人没有理由要求对方先行，除非事情的本质确定了谁应首先采取行动；或者你能说服另一方，使其确定在其他事情或方面他仍然是有利用价值的；又或者他被抬举为一个相当有信誉的人。所有交涉

的实践无非就是去发现，或者去任用。人在被信任时、情绪激动时、未察觉未戒备时、迫不得已时，也就是当他们要办成某事而缺乏恰当的借口时，最能显现自我。如果你要任用某些人，你不仅要知道他的品性和风格，以便对其进行引导；还要了解其目标，以便对其进行说服；或者要知道他的短处与长处，以便能使其感到敬畏；或者要了解其他与其有利害关系的人，以便对其进行控制。在与老奸巨猾的人打交道时，我们必须明确他们的目的，以理解他们的言谈。对他们出言简约而谨慎是错不了的，言谈也应使他们出乎意料为佳。在所有艰难的交涉中，一个人不应当希冀同时播种和收获，而是应当细心和充分地为交涉的事务进行准备，并逐步促使其成熟。

论请托者

许多肮脏的勾当和谋划都有人包揽承担，然而私人求情的的确确败坏了公众的利益。许多很好的事情被心术不正者承担。我在这里所说的不仅仅是那些腐败堕落的人，也包括那些并不打算真正做事情想要投机取巧的人。一些接受求情之托的人实际上根本没有想要去做一些实际的事情，但如果他们看到借助其他人这件事情会有起色的时候，他们就会心安理得地去获得感谢，或接受第二次酬谢，又或者至少与此同时对请托者的希望能造成一定影响。一些人接受别人的请托仅仅是为了有机会对其他人进行阻挠；或是凭此制造一些信息用于他们一直没有适当借口来对付的那些人，当这些行为得以实现后，他们并不关心被请托之事的动向；或者，一般而言，接受请托之人是将别人的事务作为一种能有利于自身事务发展的事情来看待的。而且，有些人承应下别人的请托，是抱着让这些事情不能做成的想法，其目的在于取悦对立的一方或竞争者。的确，在每一件请托的事情中，都是有一定的对错之分的。如果是一场纠纷的请托，就有公平公正的对错问题；如果是一桩请愿的请托，则有功过的问题。如果在审判中一个人受到感情的左右偏向了错误的一方，他最好使用他的影响力去和解这件事情，而不是做得太过分。如果私情使得一个人偏向了在功绩方面不占优势的一方，他在这样做的同时，最好不要贬损或伤害成就更突出的一方。在一个人遇到不甚了解的请托案例时，不妨去请教一些值得信任和有见地的朋友，从他们那里能够知晓这些请托的事务的处理是否会涉及信誉。但这些咨询者的选择应当审慎，因为弄不好就会被别人牵着鼻子走。请托者对于拖延和辜负十分地厌恶，所以如果要拒绝接受请托，一开始就要坦率地讲清楚，要么就仅仅在事成之后再进行报告，还有就是不索取超过自己应得的酬谢，这不仅仅是高尚的，而且也是得体的。在被接受的请托中，谁第一次提

出请托往往是没什么分量的。我们应考虑的是请托人的信任，如果不是因为他，关于此事的一些消息就难以获得，我们不能从中获取了好处却让他继续用其他方法到别处再寻求帮助，而是应该在一定程度上补偿他的发现。对被请托之事价值的无知是愚蠢；而对被请托之事是非的无知就是良知的缺乏。请托过程中行事机密是最为可取的方法，因为对请托之事鲁莽地大肆声张会使得一类请托者感到泄气，但也使得另一类请托者行动迅速和更为清醒。时机得当对于请托之事至关紧要。我认为，时机得当不仅仅指受请托之人会将事情应承下来，同时也指不会受到其他人的阻挠。一个人在选择需要任用的人时，应选择最适合的人，而不是选择最有权势的人，应选择专门处理该事务的人而不是选择统管一切的人。如果一个人初次请托遭到拒绝时表现得既不沮丧也非不满，那么所获得的补偿就是会使得下一次请托成功。在一个得到宠爱的人那里，“应要求得比适当的更多，这样你才能得到你所应得到的”[86]不失为一条好准则，反过来对于请托之事要求的提出只能是渐进的，因为一开始就冒险的话会失去他的请托者。而以后若还是如此的话，他就不仅会失去他的请托者，同时也会失去他之前获得的好感。对一个大人物索要一封推荐信被认为是最容易不过的事情，然而如果缺乏一个好的推荐理由，那么这个大人物的名誉就会大打折扣。再没有比如今这些替人奔走、包揽请托的人更糟糕的了，因为他们只是妨碍公共事务的毒药和传染病。

论学问

治学益于陶冶情操、修身养性、增长才干。陶冶情操体现于独处和隐居之时；修身养性体现在言谈举止之间；增长才干则体现于对事务的判断和处置。行家里手虽能践行，并且可能在特殊事务上能够逐一进行判别，但就统筹兼顾及事务的策划和统领来说，只有那些有学识的人才能做得最好。在学问上花费过多的时间容易使人懒惰；将学问过多地用于修身养性是矫情；完全依赖学问中的规则作出判断是读书人的学究气。治学使得性情更为完善，并且学识也通过经验得到完善。因为天赋的能力有如野生的植物，需要通过治学来修剪；而学问本身给予的方向引导又过于宽泛，除非它们得到经验的约束。狡猾的人蔑视学问，单纯的人钦佩学问，聪明的人使用学问。学问的传授并不包括如何使用学问，学问的运用是在学问之外并且高于学问的一种智慧，要通过观察来获得。读书不是为了要辩驳，也不是要盲目信从，更不是为了寻找谈资和讨论的话题，而是为了权衡和思考。一些书籍是需要慢慢品味的，而其他的一些则可以囫囵吞枣，还有少数的书籍需要咀嚼和消化。也就是说，一些书籍只需阅读其中的部分章节；另一些可以阅读，但不需非常仔细；而为数不多的一些书应勤勉地、全神贯注地从头至尾阅读。一些书籍也可以请人代为阅读，并请其将书中的内容摘录好，但这只能用于书中那些并不十分重要的论述，以及那些层次不很高的书籍，否则对书籍的提炼就像对水的过滤一样，只留下浮光掠影之物。读书使人充实，交谈使人机敏，写作则使人严谨。因此，如果一个人几乎不写作，那么他需要有很强的记忆力；如果一个人交谈甚少，那么他需要机智的头脑；如果一个人读书很少，那么他需要许多狡猾的伎俩，使得他看起来像是知道那些他所不了解的东西一样。读史使人明智，读诗使人聪慧，数学使人精细，自然哲学使人深沉，伦理学使人庄重，逻辑学和修辞学

使人能够论辩自如。“学问塑造人的个性”。[87]而且，没有什么才智中的阻滞和障碍不能通过适当学问的锤炼来解除，就像躯体中的疾病可以通过适当的锻炼来排除一样。滚球有益于肾脾，射箭有益于胸肺，缓和的步行有益于肠胃，骑马有益于头脑，诸如此类。所以如果一个人的才智偏离了正道，就让他学习数学，因为在证明中，如果心思有一点点偏移，他就不得不从头再来。如果他的才智不善于区分或发现差异，就让他学习经院哲学，因为经院哲学家非常注重细节（吹毛求疵）。如果他不善于对事物深入探究，并且不善于使用一件事情证明或是说明另一件事情，就让他学习律师办案。由此，心智的各种缺陷都可以通过学习得到弥补。

论虚荣

伊索有一则寓言十分精彩，[88]“苍蝇坐在战车车轮的轮轴上说：‘看我扬起了多大一片尘土啊！’”一些爱慕虚荣的人也是如此，不管事情是自己发展的或是受到更大力量的推动，如果能与其拉上一点关联，他们就认为那是自己推动的。那些好炫耀的人必然是好搞派系活动的，因为所有夸耀的勇气都立足于比较之上。他们必然会极度地将自己大肆吹嘘。他们也不可能保守秘密，因此没有什么效用，如同法国谚语所说：“空话讲得多，却不做实事。”不过这种品性在民政事务中却有一定的用处。当一个具有美德和善意的观点或名声需要造就时，这类人便会是很好的鼓吹者。再有，就如提图斯·李维[89]在安太阿卡斯[90]和埃托利亚人的案例[91]中所注意到的，“对双方都说谎有时会造成惊人的效果”。如果一个人在两个君王之间进行交涉，要将他们联合起来对付第三方，就会对一方将另一方的力量夸大。有时他在人与人之间周旋，就会在一方那里佯称他与另外一方有着更大的利益关系，从而在两边都抬高自己的声誉。在这类情况中，结果通常是无中生有，因为谎言足以产生看法，而看法会带来实际的行为。在军队统领和士兵那里，自负是必不可少的要点，因为就像铁与铁的磨砺会使其更锋利，夸耀使得一个人的士气能鼓舞另一个人。在那些需要冲锋陷阵和出生入死的大事业中，有虚荣自傲的人参与，无疑会为事业注入活力，而那些有扎实敦厚和稳重清醒性格的人更像是船的压舱物而不像是风帆。在学识的名声上，如果没有值得炫耀的羽毛，那么飞黄腾达必然是迟缓的。“写《虚荣之轻视》一书的人，也不反对让自己的名字出现于扉页上。”[92]苏格拉底、亚里士多德[93]、盖伦[94]都是具有炫耀性格的人。虚荣心的确能助使一个人名垂千古，而美德却无法依靠人的本性而使人流芳百世，因为它是人们后天获得的。西塞罗、塞内加、小普林尼[95]的美名能经久不衰，这与

他们的虚荣心也密切相关，就像涂油漆一样，油漆不仅使天花板发亮而且也使之能够持久。但说了这么多，当我说到虚荣时，我指的不是泰西塔斯描述的缪西阿努斯[96]的那种性格——“他有一种能够漂亮地炫耀他的一切言行的本领”。[97]因为这样的行为并不是虚荣，而是自然而然的宽宏和审慎，并且在一些人身上，这不仅仅是动人的，而且是优雅高尚的。道歉、礼让和适度的谦逊，都是夸耀的技巧。而在这些技巧当中，没有人能比小普林尼所指出的那种更为巧妙了，也就是在自己也具有的优点方面，毫不吝啬地慷慨赞扬和夸赞他人。普林尼在这一点上风趣地写道：“夸赞别人是对的，因为被夸赞的人在你所夸赞的那一点上不是比你强就是比你弱。如果他比你弱，那么既然他能得到夸赞，你就应该得到更多；如果他比你强，那么如果他不被夸赞，你就更不应该被夸赞。”[98]虚荣的人被聪明的人诟病，被愚昧的人钦佩，被寄生虫们追捧，同时他们也是自己吹嘘炫耀的奴隶。

论愤怒

追求完全地把愤怒消除，只不过是斯多葛学派的夸口罢了。我们有更好的神谕：“可以生气，但不要犯下罪过。不要让你的怒气到太阳落山还没有消除。”[99]愤怒应被加以限制和抑制，不论是在性质上还是在时间上。我们将首先谈谈如何缓和与平息发怒的自然倾向和习性；其次，谈谈如何抑制有特定动因的愤怒，或至少使其不要造成危害；最后，谈谈如何激起或平息他人的愤怒。

就第一点来说，除了对愤怒造成的后果，以及它会如何干扰人们的生活进行深入的思考，绝无其他方法。这样做的最佳时机是在愤怒的爆发完全过去之后，再对其进行回顾。塞内加说得很好：“愤怒就像毁灭，当它落到一个东西上时它自己也粉身碎骨”。[100]《圣经》劝诫我们：“要以耐性保持我们的灵魂。”[101]若有人失去耐性，也就失去了他的灵魂。人不能变成蜂，把它们的生命留在所蜇的伤口之中。[102]

愤怒的确是一种卑下的品性，因为它通常充分地暴露在它所统治的那些人的弱点中，如儿童、妇女、老人、病人。人们最好注意到的是，发怒时应带着轻蔑而不是带着恐惧，如此便能使其看起来超越了伤害而不是被伤害所击倒。这是容易做到的，如果一个人在这件事情上严于律己的话。

就第二点来说，愤怒的原因和动机主要有三类。首先，对于伤害过于敏感，因为没有人会因为自己未感到受伤害而愤怒的。因此脆弱娇嫩的人必然常常发怒，他们有太多的事情烦扰，而这些事情对于更强健的性格来说根本算不了什么。其次就是在受到伤害的情形中，领悟或构想到伤害中充满了轻蔑和侮辱。因为轻蔑会直接导致愤怒，不仅与伤害导

致的愤怒相当，甚至更甚。从而，当人们善于从状况中分辨出轻蔑，他们无疑会将自己的怒火燃烧得更旺。最后，触及一个人声誉的意见将会促使愤怒加剧。在这一点上的补救办法是，一个人应该拥有如冈佐洛[103]所习惯说的："一张绳索更为粗大的荣誉之网。"不过在抑制愤怒的所有方法中，最好不过的就是时间，并且让一个人相信，他报复的时机尚未来临，但他可以预见它到来的时刻，所以其间他会保持平静，蓄势待发。

如果怒气已经将一个人完全占据，要将愤怒抑制而不至于犯错，那有两件事情你必须要特别注意。其一，避免极端尖酸刻薄的语言，尤其如果它们是尖刻且切中要害的，"一般的恶言相向"倒不会有太大问题；再则，怒气当头时，人也不可失信泄密，因为那样会使得自己在社会中被排斥。其二，你不可因怒火中烧而独断地中止任何事务。不管你如何显示你的怨恨和恼怒，不要作出任何让事情无法挽回的举动。

就激起和平息他人的愤怒来说，关键在于选择时机。当人们最烦心和情绪最糟糕时，即是激怒他们的时机。同样，可以通过收集（就像前面所论及的）所有你能找到的事例，使轻蔑变本加厉。而对怒气的平息有两种正好相反的办法：针对前者，当第一次和一个人论及一桩令人恼怒的事务时，要选择好的时机，因为第一印象是非常深刻的；而针对后者，则是去尽可能地割断，将伤害与轻蔑侮辱之间的联系割断，将它归为误解、恐惧、热情，或任何你愿意归为的东西。

[1]《旧约·箴言》，第19章第11节。

[2]即科西默·德·美第奇（Cosimo de’Medici，1519—1574），1537年至1574年为佛罗伦萨大公。他这番话的出处未被考证。

[3]《旧约·约伯》，第2章第10节。

[4]恺撒，即盖乌斯·尤利乌斯·恺撒（Gaius Julius Caesar，公元前100—前44），罗马末期军事统率，也称恺撒大帝，公元前44年遭暗杀身亡。——译者注

[5]珀尔提那克斯，即（Publius Elvius Pertinax，126—193），罗马皇帝，193年即位，即位87天后遭兵变，被士兵杀害身亡。——译者注

[6]法兰西国王亨利三世（Henri III，原名Henri Alexandre，1551—1589），1589年在雅各宾修道院被一名多明我会修士雅克·克列孟（Jacques Clément，1567—1589）刺死。——译者注

[7]《旧约·箴言》，第10章，第1节。

[8]来自毕达哥拉斯（Pythagoras，约公元前572—前497）的追随者的警句，出自普鲁塔克（Plutarch，约46—120）的《论流放》，第8节（《道德小品》，602B）。原文为拉丁文。

[9]尤利西斯，即希腊神话中的英雄奥德修斯（Odysseus），设计了特洛伊战争中的木马攻城计，荷马史诗《奥德修斯》中描述奥德修斯曾漂流到一个海岛上，岛上的女神以长生不老的许诺挽留他。——译者注

[10]出自西塞罗（Cicero，公元前106—前43）《论雄辩家》，第1章，第44节。原文为拉丁文。

[11]出自普劳图斯（Plautus，约公元前254—前184）的《斯提库斯》，第1章，第3节，第54段。原文为拉丁文。

[12]哈德良（Publius Aelius Traianus Hadrianus，76—138），罗马帝国皇帝，117年至138年在位。——译者注

[13]该隐和亚伯是亚当和夏娃的儿子，他们都将自己的劳动成果献给上帝，在没有旁人的情况下上帝接受了亚伯的贡品，而上帝没有接受该隐的，该隐因嫉妒将亚伯骗杀。见《旧约·创世纪》，第4章。——译者注

[14]《新约·马太福音》，第13章，第25节。

[15]马克·安东尼（约公元前83—前30），罗马政治家和军事家。恺撒被刺后，他与屋大维（Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus，公元前63—公元14，又名奥古斯都）和雷必达（约公元前89—前13）一起组成了后三头同盟，共同执掌罗马政权。公元前33年后三头同盟分裂，前30年马克·安东尼与埃及女王克娄巴特拉七世（约公元前70—约公元前30）一同自杀身亡。——译者注

[16]阿庇乌斯·克劳狄乌斯，古罗马政治家，前451年至前449年统治罗马并负责立法的十人委员会成员之一。——译者注

[17]伊壁鸠鲁（公元前341—前270），古希腊哲学家、无神论者，伊壁鸠鲁学派的创始人。——译者注

[18]出自塞内加，《书信集》，第7篇第2节。

[19]出自普布里乌斯·西鲁斯《格言》，第15条。原文为拉丁文。

[20]出自西塞罗，《友人书信集》第7卷，第3篇第4节。原文为拉丁文。

[21]出自塞内加，《堤厄斯忒斯》，第401—403页。原文为拉丁文。

[22]出自《创世纪》第1章，第31节。原文为拉丁文。

[23]出自《旧约·箴言》，第28章第21节。

[24]这非常可能是出自希腊七贤之二的梭伦（Solon）和庇塔库斯（Pittacus）的一句格言。

[25]泰西塔斯（Publius Cornelius Tacitus，约公元56—120），古罗马著名的历史学家、文学家和演说家，元老院议员。——译者注

[26]加尔巴，即塞尔维乌斯·苏尔皮基乌斯·加尔巴（Servius Sulpicius Galba，公元前3—69），罗马帝国皇帝，公元69年即位，当年即被杀害。——译者注

[27]出自泰西塔斯的《历史》，第I卷第49章。原文为拉丁文。

[28]维司巴西安，即提图斯·弗拉维乌斯·维斯帕西亚努斯（Titus Flavius Vespasianus，公元9—79），罗马皇帝，公元69年即位。——译者注

[29]出自泰西塔斯的《历史》，第I卷第50章。原文为拉丁文。

[30]布斯拜洽斯，佛兰德学者和驻土耳其大使，逝于1592年。

[31]尼古拉斯·马基雅维利，意大利政治哲学家，著有《君主论》等。——译者注

[32]马基雅维利《论李维》，第2卷第2章。

[33]出自《马太福音》，第5章第45节。

[34]出自《马可福音》，第10章第21节。

[35]出自《路加福音》第16章，拉扎勒斯是一个躺在地主家门口的麻风病人，他从地主那里没有得到施舍，只有狗儿来舔舐他的疮口。——译者注

[36]雅典的泰门，以作为愤世嫉俗者而闻名，他宣告说因为他准备将他园子里的一棵树砍掉，而这棵树曾有许多人在上面吊死过，所以想要自杀的人请从速。

[37]《新约·罗马书》，第9章，第3节。

[38]种植。

[39]出自《旧约·箴言》，第25章第3节。

[40]尼禄逝于公元68年，图密善逝于公元96年，康茂德逝于公元192年，卡拉卡拉逝于公元217年，他们都是罗马皇帝，都以他们的残暴统治臭名昭著。

[41]亚历山大大帝（公元前356—前323），即马其顿国王亚历山大三世。他用13年时间建立起东起印度河、西至尼罗河与巴尔干半岛的大帝国。——译者注

[42]戴克里先，罗马皇帝，死于公元313年，被认为是第一位自愿让出自己权力的君王（他让位于公元305年）。

[43]查理五世，德国（以及圣罗马）皇帝，逝于1558年，他在1556年禅让王位。

[44]出自菲勒斯特拉托斯的《阿波尼罗传》第5章第28节。

[45]不是出自泰西塔斯，而是出自塞勒斯特《朱古达战争》第113章第1节。原文为拉丁文。

[46]出自圭恰迪尼的《意大利史》，第1卷。

[47]苏里曼大帝（或称塞里姆斯一世），是土耳其苏丹，于1520年至1566年在位，在王子的继母罗克塞拉纳的煽动下将自己的长子穆斯塔法置于死地。罗克塞拉纳自己的一个儿子巴耶塞特（或巴杰扎特）因叛乱而被苏里曼处死。苏丹之位被罗克塞拉纳的另一个儿子所继承，即塞里姆斯二世，塞里姆斯二世看来好像没有继承任何苏里曼的相貌特征或性格特点。

[48]安茹的伊莎贝拉，逝于1358年。

[49]罗马皇帝君士坦丁大帝，在位时间为公元306—337年，在公元326年将他的儿子克里斯普斯判处死刑。在君士坦丁大帝去世时，帝国被他的三个儿子瓜分：君士坦丁二世在试图将其兄弟康士坦斯（培根称为康斯坦斯的那位）推翻的过程中被杀害；康士坦斯被自己人谋杀于睡梦之中；而君士坦提乌斯于公元361年死在他举兵征伐尤里安的路上，当时尤里安已经拥兵称王。

[50]德米特里厄斯是马其顿菲利普五世的儿子，被其兄弟王太子珀修斯莫须有地指控为叛国罪。他的父亲于公元前179年将其杀害，培根在这里将菲利普五世与菲利普二世混淆了，菲利普二世是亚历山大大帝的父亲。

[51]安塞姆，死于1109年，因为坚定地维护神职人员的权力，反对威廉·鲁夫斯和亨利一世的世俗权威，曾两次被流放。在与亨利二世发生了剧烈的争执后，托马斯·贝克特于1170年在坎特伯

雷大教堂中被谋杀。

[52]郡一级往下再划分出的行政区划。

[53]土耳其皇帝的侍卫。

[54]罗马皇帝的侍卫。

[55]这句话为亚里士提帕斯所言，出自第欧根尼·拉尔修的《著名哲学家》第2章，第73节。原文为拉丁文。

[56]出自《旧约·箴言》，第14章第8节和第15章。原文为拉丁文。

[57]西塞罗（Marcus Tullius Cicero，公元前106—前43），罗马著名演说家和政治家。——译者注

[58]庞培（公元前106—前48），古罗马统帅、政治家、军事家。——译者注

[59]出自《旧约·耶利米书》，第6章第16节。

[60]塞尔苏斯（Aulus Cornelius Celsus，约生于公元前10年），罗马百科全书编纂者，以其医学著作闻名。——译者注

[61]原文如此，培根当时未认识到蝙蝠属于哺乳动物。——译者注

[62]出自奥维德的《变形记》，第2章第127行。原文为拉丁文。

[63]嘲笑或挖苦的评论。

[64]出自《旧约·传道书》，第5章第11节。

[65]出自《旧约·箴言》，第18章第11节。

[66]据传拉毕里乌斯·波斯杜穆斯借钱给埃及国王，而后者拒绝还钱并将波斯杜穆斯陷入牢狱之中，波斯杜穆斯逃到罗马，得到西塞罗的辩护。——译者注

[67]出自《代表拉毕里乌斯·波斯杜穆斯的演说》第2节，西塞罗并没有论及拉毕里乌斯·波斯杜穆斯，而是他的父亲盖乌斯·库提乌斯对此有所论述。原文为拉丁文。

[68]出自《旧约·箴言》，第28章第20节。原文为拉丁文。

[69]罗马神话中的宙斯神。——译者注

[70]罗马神话中的冥界之王。——译者注

[71]参见《旧约·创世纪》第3章第19节。上帝对亚当说：“你必须汗流满面才得糊口。”原文为拉丁文。

[72]塞内加（Lucius Annaeus Seneca，约公元前4—公元65），古罗马剧作家。——译者注

[73]出自泰西塔斯《编年史》，第13卷第42章。原文为拉丁文。

[74]提图斯·维斯帕西亚努斯（Titus Flavius Vespasianus，39—81），罗马皇帝，公元79—81年在位。——译者注

[75]菲利普四世（1268—1314），法国国王，1285—1314年在位。——译者注

[76]爱德华四世（1442—1483），英国国王，1461—1470年在位。——译者注

[77]亚西比德（公元前450—前404），雅典著名的政治家、演说家、将军。——译者注

[78]希腊画家，活跃于公元前四世纪。

[79]阿尔伯特·丢勒（1471—1528），德国画家、版画家、艺术理论家。——译者注

[80]欧里庇得斯的格言，记录于普罗塔克的《亚西比德》第1章第3节。原文为拉丁文。

[81]阿格西劳斯，即斯巴达国王阿格西劳斯二世（公元前444—前360），是个天生的跛脚，且个头矮小，长相平庸。——译者注

[82]伊索，约生活于公元前7世纪—前6世纪，据传为《伊索寓言》的作者，据说相貌奇丑。——译者注

[83]苏格拉底（公元前470—前399），著名的古希腊哲学家，他和其学生柏拉图及柏拉图的学生亚里士多德被并称为希腊三哲。他相貌丑陋，故培根有此一说。——译者注

[84]卢库勒斯（Lucius Licinius Lucullus，公元前118—前57），古罗马将军兼执政官，以巨富闻名。——译者注

[85]埃斯科里亚尔宫殿，建造于1562年至1584年，位于西班牙马德里附近。——译者注

[86]出自坤体良《雄辩家的教育》第4卷，第5章16节。原文为拉丁文。

[87]出自奥维德的《古代名媛》，第15章第83节。原文为拉丁文。

[88]并非出自伊索，而是出自洛伦佐·贝夫拉丘亚。

[89]提图斯·李维（公元前59—公元17），古罗马著名的历史学家。——译者注

[90]安太阿卡斯，叙利亚的国王，与埃托利亚人结盟对抗罗马，但被击败了。见李维的《罗马

自建城以来的历史》第35卷，第12篇和第17至18篇。

[91]一个埃托利亚人游说安太阿卡斯与希腊结盟反对罗马，他一方面对叙利亚夸大希腊的实力，另一方面对希腊夸大叙利亚的实力，促成结盟。——译者注

[92]出自西塞罗《图斯库兰讨论集》，第1章第15节。原文为拉丁文。

[93]亚里士多德（公元前384—前322），古希腊哲学家，柏拉图的学生，也是亚历山大大帝的老师。——译者注

[94]盖伦（Claudius Galenus of Pergamum，129—200）古罗马医学家，他的理论影响西方医学超过一千年时间。——译者注

[95]小普林尼（Gaius Plinius Caecilius Secundus，64—约113），律师、作家、罗马元老，是罗马作家、科学家老普林尼（Gaius Plinius Secundus，23—79）的外甥。——译者注

[96]缪西阿努斯（Gaius Licinius Mucianus），古罗马将军、政治家、作家。——译者注

[97]出自李维《罗马自建城以来的历史》，第2卷第80篇。原文为拉丁文。

[98]出自小普林尼《书信集》，第6卷第17篇第4节。

[99]见《新约·以弗所书》，第4章26节。——译者注

[100]出自塞内加《论愤怒》，第1卷第1章第2节。

[101]见《新约·路加福音》，第21章第19节。

[102]出自维吉尔《农事诗》，第4卷第238行。原文为拉丁文。

[103]冈佐洛，即贺南戴兹·德·科尔多瓦，西班牙将军，逝于1515年。——译者注

Francis Bacon

Of Empire

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Of Revenge

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.(1) That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come: therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit or pleasure or honour or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy: but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more generous, for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence,(2) had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable: You shall read (saith he) that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends. But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: Shall we (saith he) take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?(3) And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate: as that for the death of Caesar, for the death of Pertinax, for the death of Henry the Third of France, and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay rather, vindicative persons live the life of witches, who, as they are mischievous, so end they infortunate.

注释

〔1〕 From Proverbs 19.11.
〔2〕 Cosimo de' Medici, d. 1574: the saying has not been traced.
〔3〕 Job 2.10.

Of Parents and Children

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears: they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter: they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts, but memory, merit, and noble works are proper to men. And surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds, where those of their bodies have failed. So the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children, beholding them as the continuance not only of their kind but of their work; and so both children and creatures.

The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal, and sometimes unworthy, especially in the mother. As Solomon saith, A wise son rejoiceth the father, but an ungracious son shames the mother.[1] A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wantons, but in the midst some that are as it were forgotten, who many times nevertheless prove the best. The illiberality of parents in allowance towards their children is an harmful error, makes them base, acquaints them with shifts, makes them sort with mean company, and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty. And therefore the proof is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse. Men have a foolish manner (both parents and schoolmasters and servants) in creating and breeding an emulation between brothers during childhood, which many times sorteth to discord when they are men, and disturbeth families. The Italians make little difference between children and nephews or near kinsfolks; but so they be of the lump, they care not though they pass not through their own body. And, to say truth, in nature it is much a like matter, insomuch that we see a nephew sometimes resembleth an uncle or a kinsman more than his own parent, as the blood happens. Let parents choose betimes the vocations and courses they mean their children should take, for then they are most flexible. And let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking

they will take best to that which they have most mind to. It is true that if the affection or aptness of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it: but generally the precept is good, Optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo [Choose what is best, and habit will make it pleasant and easy].〔2〕Younger brothers are commonly fortunate, but seldom or never where the elder are disinherited.

注释

〔1〕 Proverbs 10.1.

〔2〕 A saying ascribed to the followers of Pythagoras, in Plutarch, On Exile, 8 (Moralia, 602B).

Of Marriage and Single Life

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are who, though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, Such an one is a great rich man, and another except to it, Yea, but he hath a great charge of children, as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects, for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates, for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, Vetulam suam praetulit immortalitat [He preferred his old wife to immortality].[1] Chaste women are often proud and forward, as presuming

upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question, when a man should marry: A young man not yet, an elder man not at all. It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

注释

〔1〕 From Cicero, On the Orator, Ⅰ.44.

Of Envy

There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy. They both have vehement wishes; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions; and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects: which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see likewise the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye, and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects, so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation or irradiation of the eye. Nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph, for that sets an edge upon envy: and besides, at such times the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others; what persons are most subject to be envied themselves; and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others. For men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious. For to know much of other men's matters cannot be because all that ado may concern his own estate: therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play-pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others. Neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy. For envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets, and doth not keep home: Non est curiosus, quin idem sit malevolus [No one is inquisitive without being malevolent as well].[1]

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise. For the distance is altered, and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs and old men and bastards are envious. For he that cannot possibly mend his own case will do what he can to impair another's […]

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes. For they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious. For they cannot want work, it being impossible but many in some one of those things should surpass them. Which was the character of Hadrian the Emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters and artificers in works wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolks and fellows in office and those that have been bred together are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised. For it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh oftener into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because when his sacrifice was better accepted there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy. First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied. For their fortune seemeth but due unto them, and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self, and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long. For by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same lustre, for fresh men grow up that darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising, for it seemeth but right done to their birth. Besides, there seemeth not much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground than upon a flat. And for the same reason those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly and per saltum [at a bound].

Those that have joined with their honour great travails, cares, or perils are less subject to envy. For men think that they earn their honours hardly,

and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy. Wherefore you shall observe that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a quanta patimur [how many things we suffer!]. Not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy. But this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves. For nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business. And nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and pre-eminences of their places. For by that means there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy, which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner, being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition. Whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves sometimes of purpose to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding, so much is true, that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogancy and vainglory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion. For in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part: as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it) and to lay it upon another. For which purpose, the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves; sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and associates, and the like; and for that turn there are never wanting some persons of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy. There is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none. For public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they grow too great. And therefore it is a bridle also to great ones to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word invidia, goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment, of which we shall speak in

handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection. For as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odour. And therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions. For that doth argue but a weakness and fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more; as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small, or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the state itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual. For of other affections there is occasion given but now and then. And therefore it was well said, Invidia festos dies non agit [Envy keeps no holidays], for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved, for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called the envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;[2] as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtly and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

注释

〔1〕 Plautus, Stichus, Ⅰ.3.54.

〔2〕 Matthew 13.25.

Of Love

The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent) there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonius, the half-partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius, the decemvir and lawgiver: whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man and inordinate, but the latter was an austere and wise man. And therefore it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poor saying of Epicurus, Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus [Each of us is enough of an audience for the other]:[1] as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion and how it braves the nature and value of things, by this: that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self, certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved: and therefore it was well said, That it is impossible to love and to be wise.[2] Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciproque. For it is a true rule that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque or with an inward and secret contempt. By how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself […] For whosoever estee-meth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity (though this latter hath been less observed); both which times

kindle love and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love: I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometime in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

注释

〔1〕 Seneca, Epistles, Ⅶ.11.
〔2〕 Publilius Syrus, Sententiae, 15.

Of Great Place

Men in great places are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business. So as they have no freedom, neither in their persons nor in their actions nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere. [When you are no longer what you were there is no reason for wishing to live].[1] Nay, retire men cannot when they would; neither will they when it were reason, but are impatient of privateness even in age and sickness, which require the shadow: like old townsmen that will be still sitting at their street door though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy, for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it: but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi [Death lies heavily on the man who, too well known to others, dies a stranger to himself].[2] In place there is a licence to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams except they be put in act, and that cannot be without power and place as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion, and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera quae fecerunt

manus suae, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis [And God turned to look upon the works which his hands had made, and he saw that they were all very good]:[3] and then the sabbath. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples, for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example, and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform therefore without bravery or scandal of former times and persons, but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerate, but yet ask counsel of both times: of the ancient time, what is best; and of the latter time, what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction, and rather assume thy right in silence and de facto than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honour to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place, and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness and facility. For delays: give easy access; keep times appointed; go through with that which is in hand; and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption: do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used, doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly and declare it together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favourite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent: severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a

man, he shall never be without. As Solomon saith: To respect persons is not good, for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread.[4] It is most true that was anciently spoken, A place showeth the man.[5] And it showeth some to the better, and some to the worse. Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset [Everyone would have thought him fit for Empire - had he never been Emperor], saith Tacitus of Galba;[6] but of Vespasian he saith, Solus imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius [Vespasian was the only Emperor who was changed for the better by empire];[7] though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honour amends. For honour is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, When he sits in place, he is another man.

注释

〔1〕 Cicero, Letters to Friends, Ⅶ.3.4.

〔2〕 Seneca, Thyestes, 401-3.

〔3〕 Genesis 1.31.

〔4〕 Proverbs 28.21.

〔5〕 A saying attributed to, among others, Solon and Pittacus (two of the Seven Sages of Greece).

〔6〕 Histories, Ⅰ.49.

〔7〕 Histories, Ⅰ.50.

Of Goodness and Goodness of Nature

I take goodness in this sense, the affecting of the weal of men, which is that the Grecians call philanthropia; and the word humanity (as it is used) is a little too light to express it. Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess, but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall: but in clarity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures: as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch, as Busbechius[1] reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging in a waggishness a long-billed fowl. Errors indeed in this virtue of goodness or charity may be committed. The Italians have an ungracious proverb, Tanto buon che val niente: So good, that he is good for nothing. And one of the doctors of Italy, Nicholas Machiavel, had the confidence to put in writing, almost in plain terms, that the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust.[2] Which he spake, because indeed there was never law or sect or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth. Therefore, to avoid the scandal and the danger both, it is good to take knowledge of the errors of an habit so excellent. Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies, for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner … The example of God teacheth the lesson truly: He sendeth his rain and maketh his sun to shine upon the just and unjust;[3] but he doth not rain wealth nor shine honour and virtues upon men equally. Common benefits are to be communicate with all, but peculiar benefits with choice.

And beware how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern: for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern, the love of our neighbours but the portraiture. Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me;[(4)] but sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow me; that is, except thou have a vocation wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great, for otherwise in feeding the streams thou driest the fountain. Neither is there only a habit of goodness, directed by right reason; but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it, as on the other side there is a natural malignity. For there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness or frowardness or aptness to oppose or difficilness or the like; but the deeper sort, to envy and mere mischief. Such men in other men's calamities are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part: not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw; misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had.[(5)] Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee-timber, that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm. The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash. But above all, if he have St Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren,[(6)] it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

注释

〔1〕 Flemish scholar and ambassador to the Turks, d. 1592.

〔2〕 Discourses, Ⅱ.2, Machiavelli.

〔3〕 Matthew 5.45.

〔4〕 Mark 10.21.

〔5〕 Timon of Athens, known as the Misanthrope, announced that since he was going to cut down a tree in his garden on which many had hanged themselves, would-be suicides should use it at

once.

〔6〕 Romans 9.3.

Of Travel

Travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are: the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes, and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses; warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masques, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary.

Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long: nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him upon his removes from one place to another procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors, for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse, let him be rather advised in his answers than forwards to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in[1] some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

注释

〔1〕 Plant.

Of Empire

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire and many things to fear. And yet that commonly is the case of kings, who, being at the highest, want matter of desire, which makes their minds more languishing; and have many representations of perils and shadows, which makes their minds the less clear. And this is one reason also of that effect which the Scripture speaketh of, that the king's heart is inscrutable.[1] For multitude of jealousies, and lack of some predominant desire that should marshal and put in order all the rest, maketh any man's heart hard to find or sound. Hence it comes likewise that princes many times make themselves desires, and set their hearts upon toys: sometimes upon a building; sometimes upon erecting of an order; sometimes upon the advancing of a person; sometimes upon obtaining excellency in some art or feat of the hand - as Nero for playing on the harp, Domitian for certainty of the hand with the arrow, Commodus for playing at fence, Caracalla for driving chariots,[2] and the like. This seemeth incredible unto those that know not the principle, that the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed by profiting in small things than by standing at a stay in great. We see also that kings that have been fortunate conquerors in their first years, it being not possible for them to go forward infinitely, but that they must have some check or arrest in their fortunes, turn in their latter years to be superstitious and melancholy; as did Alexander the Great, Diocletian[3] and in our memory Charles the Fifth[4] and others. For he that is used to go forward, and findeth a stop, falleth out of his own favour and is not the thing he was.

To speak now of the true temper of empire: it is a thing rare and hard to keep, for both temper and distemper consist of contraries. But it is one thing to mingle contraries, another to interchange them. The answer of Apollonius to Vespasian is full of excellent instruction. Vespasian asked him, What was Nero's overthrow? He answered: Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in government, sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, sometimes to let them down too low.[5] And certain it is that nothing destroyeth authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power pressed too far, and relaxed too much.

This is true, that the wisdom of all these latter times in princes' affairs is

rather fine deliveries and shiftings of dangers and mischiefs when they are near, than solid and grounded courses to keep them aloof. But this is but to try masteries with fortune. And let men beware how they neglect and suffer matter of trouble to be prepared: for no man can forbid the spark nor tell whence it may come. The difficulties in princes' business are many and great, but the greatest difficulty is often in their own mind. For it is common with princes (saith Tacitus) to will contradictories: Sunt plerumque regum voluntates vehementes, et inter se contrariae [The desires of kings are mostly vehement, and incompatible with one another].[6] For it is the solecism of power to think to command the end, and yet not to endure the mean.

Kings have to deal with their neighbours, their wives, their children, their prelates or clergy, their nobles, their second-nobles or gentlemen, their merchants, their commons, and their men of war; and from all these arise dangers, if care and circumspection be not used.

First for their neighbours: there can no general rule be given (the occasions are so variable), save one which ever holdeth. Which is that princes do keep due sentinel that none of their neighbours do overgrow so (by increase of territory, by embracing of trade, by approaches, or the like) as they become more able to annoy them than they were. And this is generally the work of standing councils to foresee and to hinder it. During that triumvirate of kings, King Henry the Eighth of England, Francis the First, King of France, and Charles the Fifth, Emperor, there was such a watch kept, that none of the three could win a palm of ground but the other two would straightways balance it, either by confederation or, if need were, by a war, and would not in any wise take up peace at interest. And the like was done by that league (which Guicciardini saith was the security of Italy) made between Ferdinando, King of Naples, Lorenzius Medices, and Ludovicus Sforza, potentates, the one of Florence, the other of Milan.[7] Neither is the opinion of some of the Schoolmen to be received, that a war cannot justly be made but upon a precedent injury or provocation. For there is no question but a just fear of an imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a lawful cause of a war.

For their wives: there are cruel examples of them. Livia is infamed for the poisoning of her husband; Roxolana, Solyman's wife, was the destruction of that renowned prince, Sultan Mustapha, and otherwise troubled his house and succession;[8] Edward the Second of England his queen[9] had the principal hand in the deposing and murther of her husband. This kind of

danger is then to be feared chiefly when the wives have plots for the raising of their own children, or else that they be advoutresses.

For their children: the tragedies likewise of dangers from them have been many. And generally the entering of fathers into suspicion of their children hath been ever unfortunate. The destruction of Mustapha (that we named before) was so fatal to Solyman's line, as the succession of the Turks from Solyman until this day is suspected to be untrue and of strange blood; for that Selymus the Second was thought to be supposititious. The destruction of Crispus, a young prince of rare towardness, by Constantinus the Great, his father, was in like manner fatal to his house: for both Constantinus and Constance, his sons, died violent deaths; and Constantius, his other son, did little better; who died indeed of sickness, but after that Julianus had taken arms against him.[10] The destruction of Demetrius, son to Philip the Second of Macedon, turned upon the father, who died of repentance.[11] And many like examples there are, but few or none where the fathers had good by such distrust; except it were where the sons were up in open arms against them, as was Selymus the First against Bajazet, and the three sons of Henry the Second, King of England.

For their prelates: when they are proud and great, there is also danger from them. As it was in the times of Anselmus and Thomas Becket, archbishops of Canterbury, who with their crosiers did almost try it with the king's sword; and yet they had to deal with stout and haughty kings, William Rufus, Henry the First, and Henry the Second.[12] The danger is not from that state but where it hath a dependence of foreign authority, or where the churchmen come in and are elected, not by the collation of the king or particular patrons, but by the people.

For their nobles: to keep them at a distance, it is not amiss; but to depress them may make a king more absolute, but less safe, and less able to perform anything that he desires. I have noted it in my history of King Henry the Seventh of England, who depressed his nobility; whereupon it came to pass that his times were full of difficulties and troubles, for the nobility, though they continued loyal unto him, yet did they not co-operate with him in his business. So that in effect he was fain to do all things himself.

For their second-nobles: there is not much danger from them, being a body dispersed. They may sometimes discourse high, but that doth little hurt; besides, they are a counterpoise to the higher nobility, that they grow not too potent; and lastly, being the most immediate in authority with the common

people, they do best temper popular commotions.

For their merchants: they are vena porta [the gate vein], and if they flourish not, a kingdom may have good limbs, but will have empty veins and nourish little. Taxes and imposts upon them do seldom good to the king's revenue, for that that he wins in the hundred,〔13〕he loseth in the shire, the particular rates being increased, but the total bulk of trading rather decreased.

For their commons: there is little danger from them, except it be where they have great and potent heads, or where you meddle with the point of religion or their customs or means of life.

For their men of war: it is a dangerous state where they live and remain in a body, and are used to donatives; whereof we see examples in the janizaries,〔14〕and Praetorian bands〔15〕of Rome. But trainings of men, and arming them in several places, and under several commanders, and without donatives, are things of defence, and no danger.

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest. All precepts concerning kings are in effect comprehended in those two remembrances: Memento quod es homo, and Memento quod es Deus, or vice Dei [Remember that you are a man and remember that you are a god, or God's viceregent]: the one bridleth their power, and the other their will.

注释

〔1〕 Proverbs 25.3.

〔2〕 Nero, d. AD 68, Domitian, d. 96, Commodus, d. 192, and Caracalla, d. 217, were Roman emperors; all notorious for their great cruelties.

〔3〕 Roman emperor, d. 313, said to be the first sovereign to resign his power voluntarily (he abdicated in 305).

〔4〕 German (and Holy Roman) emperor, d. 1558; he abdicated the empire in 1556.

〔5〕 Philostratus, Life of Apollonius, Ⅴ.28.

〔6〕 Not Tacitus, but from Sallust, Jugurthine War, CXIII.1.

〔7〕 See Guicciardini, History of Italy, Ⅰ.

〔8〕 Solyman the Magnificent (or Selymus the First), Sultan of Turkey 1520-66, put his eldest son Mustapha to death at the instigation of his wife, the prince's stepmother, Roxalana. One of her own sons, Bayezid (or Bajazet), rebelled and was executed by Solyman. The Sultan was succeeded by another of her sons, Selymus Ⅱ, who appeared to have none of Solyman's features or character.

〔9〕 Isabella of Anjou, d. 1358.

〔10〕 Constantine the Great, Roman emperor 306-37, executed his son Crispus in 326. At Constantine's death, the empire was divided between his sons: Constantine Ⅱ was killed while attempting to overthrow his brother Constans (whom Bacon calls Constance); Constans himself was murdered in his bed by his own men; and Constantius died in 361 on his way to oppose Julian, who had been proclaimed emperor by his troops.

〔11〕 Demetrius, son of Philip Ⅴ of Macedon, was falsely accused of treason by his brother,

the crown-prince Perseus. His father had him put to death in 179 BC. Bacon has confused Philip Ⅴ with Philip Ⅱ, father of Alexander the Great.

〔12〕 Anselm, d. 1109, was twice sent into exile for asserting the rights of the clergy against the secular authority of William Rufus and Henry Ⅰ. Thomas à Becket was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170 after violent disputes with Henry Ⅱ.

〔13〕 A subdivision of the shire.

〔14〕 Bodyguards to the Turkish sultans.

〔15〕 Bodyguards to the Roman emperors.

Of Cunning

We take cunning for a sinister or crooked wisdom. And certainly there is great difference between a cunning man and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men. Again, it is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to understand matters: for many are perfect in men's humours, that are not greatly capable of the real part of business, which is the constitution of one that hath studied men more than books. Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel, and they are good but in their own alley: turn them to new men, and they have lost their aim; so as the old rule to know a fool from a wise man, Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos et videbis [Send both of them naked among strangers and then you will see],[1] doth scarce hold for them. And because these cunning men are like haberdashers of small wares, it is not amiss to set forth their shop.

It is a point of cunning to wait upon him with whom you speak, with your eye, as the Jesuits give it in precept; for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances. Yet this would be done with a demure abasing of your eye sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use.

Another is that when you have anything to obtain of present dispatch, you entertain and amuse the party with whom you deal with some other discourse, that he be not too much awake to make objections. I knew a counsellor and secretary that never came to Queen Elizabeth of England with bills to sign, but he would always first put her into some discourse of estate, that she mought the less mind the bills.

The like surprise may be made by moving things when the party is in haste and cannot stay to consider advisedly of that is moved.

If a man would cross a business that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil it.

The breaking off in the midst of that one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer, to know more.

And because it works better when anything seemeth to be gotten from you by question than if you offer it of yourself, you may lay a bait for a question by showing another visage and countenance than you are wont; to the end to give occasion for the party to ask what the matter is of the change […]

In things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance, so that he may be asked the question upon the other's speech […]

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world; as to say, The world says, or, There is a speech abroad.

I knew one that, when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a by-matter.

I knew another that, when he came to have speech, he would pass over that that he intended most, and go forth, and come back again and speak of it as of a thing that he had almost forgot.

Some procure themselves to be surprised at such times as it is like the party that they work upon will suddenly come upon them, and to be found with a letter in their hand, or doing somewhat which they are not accustomed; to the end they may be apposed of those things which of themselves they are desirous to utter.

It is a point of cunning to let fall those words in a man's own name, which he would have another man learn and use, and thereupon take advantage. I knew two that were competitors for the secretary's place in Queen Elizabeth's time, and yet kept good quarter between themselves, and would confer one with another upon the business; and the one of them said that to be a secretary in the declination of a monarchy was a ticklish thing, and that he did not affect it. The other straight caught up those words and discoursed with divers of his friends that he had no reason to desire to be secretary in the declination of a monarchy. The first man took hold of it and found means it was told the Queen; who, hearing of a declination of a monarchy, took it so ill as she would never after hear of the other's suit.

There is a cunning, which we in England call The turning of the cat in the pan, which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him. And to say truth, it is not easy, when such a matter passed between two, to make it appear from which of them it first moved and

began […]

Some have in readiness so many tales and stories, as there is nothing they would insinuate but they can wrap it into a tale, which serveth both to keep themselves more in guard and to make others carry it with more pleasure.

It is a good point of cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have, in his own words and propositions, for it makes the other party stick the less.

It is strange how long some men will lie in wait to speak somewhat they desire to say, and how far about they will fetch, and how many other matters they will beat over to come near it. It is a thing of great patience, but yet of much use.

A sudden, bold, and unexpected question doth many times surprise a man, and lay him open. Like to him, that having changed his name, and walking in Paul's, another suddenly came behind him and called him by his true name, whereat straightways he looked back.

But these small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite, and it were a good deed to make a list of them, for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.

But certainly some there are that know the resorts and falls of business, that cannot sink into the main of it; like a house that hath convenient stairs and entries but never a fair room. Therefore you shall see them find out pretty looses in the conclusion, but are no ways able to examine or debate matters. And yet commonly they take advantage of their inability, and would be thought wits of direction. Some build rather upon the abusing of others, and (as we now say) putting tricks upon them, than upon soundness of their own proceedings. But Solomon saith: Prudens advertit ad gressus suos; stultus divertit ad dolos [The wise man pays attention to the steps he is taking: the fool turns aside to the snares].[2]

注释

〔1〕 Attributed to Aristippus in Diogenes Laertius, Lives of Eminent Philosophers, Ⅱ.73.

〔2〕 Derived from Proverbs 14.8 and 15.

Of Wisdom for a Man's Self

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society, and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, specially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth, for that only stands fast upon his own centre, whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince, because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore let princes or states choose such servants as have not this mark, except they mean their service should be made but the accessary. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's, but yet it is a greater extreme when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants, which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune, but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs. And yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they

would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are sui amantes sine rivali [lovers of themselves without rivals],[1] are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

注释

〔1〕 From Letters to his Brother Quintus, Ⅲ. 8.

Of Innovations

As the births of living creatures at first are ill-shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of time. Yet notwithstanding, as those that first bring honour into their family are commonly more worthy than most that succeed, so the first precedent (if it be good) is seldom attained by imitation. For ill, to man's nature as it stands perverted, hath a natural motion, strongest in continuance; but good, as a forced motion, strongest at first. Surely ever medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils. For time is the greatest innovator, and if time of course alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end? It is true that what is settled by custom, though it be not good, yet at least it is fit. And those things which have long gone together are as it were confederate within themselves: whereas new things piece not so well, but though they help by their utility, yet they trouble by their inconformity. Besides, they are like strangers, more admired and less favoured. All this is true, if time stood still, which contrariwise moveth so round that a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new. It were good therefore that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived. For otherwise, whatsoever is new is unlooked for, and ever it mends some, and pairs other: and he that is holpen takes it for a fortune, and thanks the time; and he that is hurt, for a wrong, and imputeth it to the author. It is good also not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation. And lastly, that the novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect, and, as the Scripture saith, that we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us, and discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it.[1]

注释

〔1〕 Jeremiah 6.16.

Of Expense

Riches are for spending; and spending for honour and good actions. Therefore extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion, for voluntary undoing may be as well for a man's country as for the kingdom of heaven. But ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate, and governed with such regard, as it be within his compass, and not subject to deceit and abuse of servants, and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part. It is no baseness for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate. Some forbear it, not upon negligence alone, but doubting to bring themselves into melancholy, in respect they shall find it broken. But wounds cannot be cured without searching. He that cannot look into his own estate at all, had need both choose well those whom he employeth, and change them often; for new are more timorous and less subtle. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behoveth him to turn all to certainties. A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kind of expense, to be as saving again in some other. As, if he be plentiful in diet, to be saving in apparel; if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving in the stable; and the like. For he that is plentiful in expenses of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay. In clearing of a man's estate, he may as well hurt himself in being too sudden, as in letting it run on too long. For hasty selling is commonly as disadvantageable as interest. Besides, he that clears at once will relapse, for, finding himself out of straits, he will revert to his customs: but he that cleareth by degrees induceth a habit of frugality, and gaineth as well upon his mind as upon his estate.

Certainly, who hath a state to repair may not despise small things, and commonly it is less dishonourable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges which once begun will continue; but in matters that return not he may be more magnificent.

Of Regiment of Health

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health. But it is a safer conclusion to say, This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it, than this, I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it. For strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age. Discern of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still; for age will not be defied. Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet, and if necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it. For it is a secret, both in nature and state, that it is safer to change many things than one. Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel and the like, and try in anything thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it by little and little; but so as if thou dost find any inconvenience by the change, thou come back to it again: for it is hard to distinguish that which is generally held good and wholesome from that which is good particularly and fit for thine own body. To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and of sleep and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights rather than surfeit of them, wonder and admiration (and therefore novelties), studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects (as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature). If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you shall need it. If you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom: for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less. Despise no new accident in your body, but ask opinion of it. In sickness, respect health principally; and in health, action. For those that put their bodies to endure in health may, in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured only with diet and tendering.Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician, had he not been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great precepts of

health and lasting, that a man do vary and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise; and the like. So shall nature be cherished and yet taught masteries. Physicians are some of them so pleasing and conformable to the humour of the patient, as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some other are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper; or, if it may not be found in one man, combine two of either sort; and forget not to call as well the best acquainted with your body, as the best reputed of for his faculty.

Of Suspicion

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds: they ever fly by twilight. Certainly they are to be repressed, or at the least well guarded, for they cloud the mind, they leese friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy. They are defects, not in the heart but in the brain, for they take place in the stoutest natures, as in the example of Henry the Seventh of England. There was not a more suspicious man, nor a more stout. And in such a composition they do small hurt, for commonly they are not admitted but with examination whether they be likely or no: but in fearful natures they gain ground too fast. There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother. What would men have? Do they think those they employ and deal with are saints? Do they not think they will have their own ends, and be truer to themselves than to them? Therefore there is no better way to moderate suspicions than to account upon such suspicions as true and yet to bridle them as false. For so far a man ought to make use of suspicions, as to provide as, if that should be true that he suspects, yet it may do him no hurt. Suspicions that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes, but suspicions that are artificially nourished and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have stings. Certainly the best mean to clear the way in this same wood of suspicions is frankly to communicate them with the party that he suspects: for thereby he shall be sure to know more of the truth of them than he did before, and withal shall make that party more circumspect not to give further cause of suspicion. But this would not be done to men of base natures, for they, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true. The Italian says, Sospetto licentia fede [suspicion permits fidelity to depart], as if suspicion did give a passport to faith; but it ought rather to kindle it to discharge itself.

Of Discourse

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judge-ment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good, in discourse and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest: for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick. That is a vein which would be bridled:

> Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.
> [Spare the whip, boy, and pull harder on the reins][1]

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much and content much, but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser. And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off and to bring others on, as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know

not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself. And there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used, for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow[2] given? To which the guest would answer, Such and such a thing passed. The lord would say, I thought he would mar a good dinner. Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn, as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances ere one come to the matter is wearisome; to use none at all is blunt.

注释

〔1〕 Ovid, Metamorphoses, Ⅱ.127.

〔2〕 A jibe or sarcastic comment.

Of Riches

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, impedimenta. For as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. So saith Solomon, Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?[1] The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donative of them, or a fame of them; but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities, and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles. As Solomon saith, Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man.[2] But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them. But distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Postumus: In studio rei amplificandae apparebat non avaritiae praedam sed instrumentum bonitati quaert [In his keeness to increase his wealth it was apparent that he was not seeking a prey for avarice to feed upon, but an instrument for good to work with].[3] Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons [He who makes haste to be rich shall not be innocent].[4] The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs and is swift of foot: meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labour pace slowly, but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man. But it mought be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil. For when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul. Parsimony

is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow. And yet where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England, that had the greatest audits of any man in my time: a great grazier, a great sheep-master, a great timber-man, a great collier, a great corn-master, a great lead-man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry: so as the earth seemed a sea to him, in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, that himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches. For when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing. But the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity, broke by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread in sudore vultus alieni [in the sweat of another man's brow];[5] and besides, doth plough upon Sundays. But yet certain though it be, it hath flaws, for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention or in a privilege doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries. Therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgement as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain shall hardly grow to great riches, and he that puts all upon adventures doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good therefore to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies and coemption of wares for re-sale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich, especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service,

though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humours, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi [he seized wills and wardships as with a net][6]), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not pennywise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the public, and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better stablished in years and judgement. Likewise glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt, and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death, for certainly if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

注释

〔1〕 Ecclesiastes 5.11.

〔2〕 Proverbs 18.11.

〔3〕 The Speech on behalf of Rabirius Postumus, Ⅱ. Cicero is not speaking of Rabirius Postumus, but his father, Gains Curtius.

〔4〕 Proverbs 28.20.

〔5〕 See Genesis 3.19.

〔6〕 Annals, XIII.42.

Of Ambition

Ambition is like choler, which is an humour that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped. But if it be stopped, and cannot have his way, it becometh adust, and thereby malign and venomous. So ambitious men, if they find the way open for their rising, and still get forward, they are rather busy than dangerous; but if they be checked in their desires, they become secretly discontent and look upon men and matters with an evil eye, and are best pleased when things go backward, which is the worst property in a servant of a prince or state. Therefore it is good for princes, if they use ambitious men, to handle it so as they be still progressive and not retrograde; which because it cannot be without inconvenience, it is good not to use such natures at all. For if they rise not with their service, they will take order to make their service fall with them. But since we have said it were good not to use men of ambitious natures, except it be upon necessity, it is fit we speak in what cases they are of necessity. Good commanders in the wars must be taken, be they never so ambitious; for the use of their service dispenseth with the rest, and to take a soldier without ambition is to pull off his spurs. There is also great use of ambitious men in being screens to princes in matters of danger and envy, for no man will take that part, except he be like a seeled dove, that mounts and mounts because he cannot see about him. There is use also of ambitious men in pulling down the greatness of any subject that overtops […] Since therefore they must be used in such cases, there resteth to speak how they are to be bridled that they may be less dangerous. There is less danger of them if they be of mean birth, than if they be noble; and if they be rather harsh of nature, than gracious and popular; and if they be rather new raised, than grown cunning and fortified in their greatness. It is counted by some a weakness in princes to have favourites, but it is of all others the best remedy against ambitious great ones. For when the way of pleasuring and displeasuring lieth by the favourite, it is impossible any other should be over-great. Another means to curb them is to balance them by others as proud as they. But then there must be some middle counsellors to keep things steady, for without that ballast the ship will roll too much. At the least, a prince may animate and inure some meaner persons to

be as it were scourges to ambitious men. As for the having of them obnoxious to ruin, if they be of fearful natures, it may do well, but if they be stout and daring, it may precipitate their designs and prove dangerous. As for the pulling of them down, if the affairs require it, and that it may not be done with safety suddenly, the only way is the interchange continually of favours and disgraces, whereby they may not know what to expect, and be as it were in a wood. Of ambitions, it is less harmful, the ambition to prevail in great things, than that other, to appear in everything, for that breeds confusion, and mars business. But yet it is less danger to have an ambitious man stirring in business, than great in dependences. He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men hath a great task, but that is ever good for the public. But he that plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers is the decay of an whole age. Honour hath three things in it: the vantage ground to do good, the approach to kings and principal persons, and the raising of a man's own fortunes. He that hath the best of these intentions, when he aspireth, is an honest man; and that prince that can discern of these intentions in another that aspireth, is a wise prince. Generally let princes and states choose such ministers as are more sensible of duty than of rising; and such as love business rather upon conscience than upon bravery; and let them discern a busy nature from a willing mind.

Of Beauty

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set: and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features, and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect. Neither is it almost seen, that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue, as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labour to produce excellency. And therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit, and study rather behaviour than virtue. But this holds not always; for Augustus Caesar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward the Fourth of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the Sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles[1] or Albert Dürer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions, the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them. Not but I think a painter may make a better face then ever was, but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces that, if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good, and yet all together do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable: pulchrorum autumnus pulcher [the autumn of the beautiful is beautiful];[2] for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and for the most part it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance: but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.

注释

〔1〕 Greek painter, fourth century BC.
〔2〕 A saying of Euripides, preserved in Plutarch, Alcibiades, Ⅰ.3.

Of Deformity

Deformed persons are commonly even with nature: for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part (as the Scripture saith) void of natural affection and so they have their revenge of nature. Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other: Ubi peccat in uno, periclitatur in altero [While she errs in the one, she runs a risk in the other]. But because there is in man an election touching the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue. Therefore it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign, which is more deceivable, but as a cause, which seldom faileth of the effect. Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn. Therefore all deformed persons are extreme bold - first, as in their own defence, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time, by a general habit. Also, it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay. Again, in their superiors, it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise; and it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement, till they see them in possession. So that upon the matter, in a great wit deformity is an advantage to rising. Kings in ancient times (and at this present in some countries) were wont to put great trust in eunuchs, because they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and officious towards one. But yet their trust towards them hath rather been as to good spials and good whisperers than good magistrates and officers. And much like is the reason of deformed persons. Still the ground is, they will, if they be of spirit, seek to free themselves from scorn, which must be either by virtue or malice. And therefore let it not be marvelled if sometimes they prove excellent persons; as was Agesilaus, Zanger the son of Solyman, Aesop, Gasca, President of Peru; and Socrates may go likewise amongst them, with others.

Of Building

Houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had. Leave the goodly fabrics of houses, for beauty only, to the enchanted palaces of the poets; who build them with small cost. He that builds a fair house upon an ill seat, committeth himself to prison. Neither do I reckon it an ill seat only where the air is unwholesome, but likewise where the air is unequal. As you shall see many fine seats set upon a knap of ground, environed with higher hills round about it, whereby the heat of the sun is pent in and the wind gathereth as in troughs; so as you shall have, and that suddenly, as great diversity of heat and cold as if you dwelt in several places. Neither is it ill air only that maketh an ill seat, but ill ways, ill markets, and (if you will consult with Momus) ill neighbours. I speak not of many more: want of water; want of wood, shade, and shelter; want of fruitfulness, and mixture of grounds of several natures; want of prospect; want of level grounds; want of places at some near distance for sports of hunting, hawking, and races; too near the sea, too remote; having the commodity of navigable rivers, or the discommodity of their overflowing; too far off from great cities, which may hinder business, or too near them, which lurcheth all provisions, and maketh everything dear; where a man bath a great living laid together, and where he is scanted. All which, as it is impossible perhaps to find together, so it is good to know them and think of them, that a man may take as many as he can, and, if he have several dwellings, that he sort them so, that what he wanteth in the one he may find in the other. Lucullus answered Pompey well, who, when he saw his stately galleries and rooms so large and lightsome in one of his houses, said, Surely an excellent place for summer, but how do you in winter? Lucullus answered, Why, do you not think me as wise as some fowl are, that ever change their abode towards the winter?

To pass from the seat to the house itself; we will do as Cicero doth in the orator's art, who writes books De Oratore, and a book he entitles Orator, whereof the former delivers the precepts of the art, and the latter the perfection. We will therefore describe a princely palace, making a brief model thereof. For it is strange to see, now in Europe, such huge buildings as

the Vatican and Escurial and some others be, and yet scarce a very fair room in them.

First, therefore, I say you cannot have a perfect palace except you have two several sides: a side for the banquet, as is spoken of in the book of Hester, and a side for the household; the one for feasts and triumphs, and the other for dwelling. I understand both these sides to be not only returns, but parts of the front, and to be uniform without, though severally partitioned within; and to be on both sides of a great and stately tower in the midst of the front, that, as it were, joineth them together on either hand. I would have on the side of the banquet, in front, one only goodly room above stairs, of some forty foot high, and under it a room for a dressing or preparing place at times of triumphs. On the other side, which is the household side, I wish it divided at the first into a hall and a chapel (with a partition between), both of good state and bigness; and those not to go all the length, but to have at the further end a winter and a summer parlour, both fair. And under these rooms, a fair and large cellar, sunk under ground, and likewise some privy kitchens, with butteries and pantries, and the like. As for the tower, I would have it two stories, of eighteen foot high apiece, above the two wings; and a goodly leads upon the top railed with statuas interposed; and the same tower to be divided into rooms, as shall be thought fit. The stairs likewise to the upper rooms; let them be upon a fair open newel, and finely railed in with images of wood cast into a brass colour; and a very fair landing place at the top. But this to be, if you do not point any of the lower rooms for a dining place of servants. For otherwise you shall have the servants' dinner after your own: for the steam of it will come up as in a tunnel. And so much for the front. Only, I understand the height of the first stairs to be sixteen foot, which is the height of the lower room.

Beyond this front is there to be a fair court, but three sides of it of a far lower building than the front. And in all the four corners of that court, fair staircases, cast into turrets on the outside, and not within the row of buildings themselves. But those towers are not to be of the height of the front, but rather proportionable to the lower building. Let the court not be paved, for that striketh up a great heat in summer and much cold in winter. But only some side alleys, with a cross, and the quarters to graze, being kept shorn, but not too near shorn. The row of return, on the banquet side, let it be all stately galleries, in which galleries let there be three or five fine cupolas in the length of it, placed at equal distance, and fine coloured windows of several works.

On the household side, chambers of presence and ordinary entertainments, with some bedchambers; and let all three sides be a double house, without thorough-lights on the sides, that you may have rooms from the sun, both for forenoon and afternoon. Cast it also that you may have rooms both for summer and winter, shady for summer, and warm for winter. You shall have sometimes fair houses so full of glass that one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun or cold. For inbowed windows, I hold them of good use (in cities, indeed, upright do better, in respect of the uniformity towards the street), for they be pretty retiring places for conference; and besides, they keep both the wind and sun off, for that which would strike almost thorough the room doth scarce pass the window. But let them be but few, four in the court, on the sides only.

Beyond this court, let there be an inward court of the same square and height, which is to be environed with the garden on all sides; and in the inside, cloistered on all sides, upon decent and beautiful arches, as high as the first storey. On the under storey, towards the garden, let it be turned to a grotta, or place of shade or estivation; and only have opening and windows towards the garden; and be level upon the floor, no whit sunk under ground, to avoid all dampishness. And let there be a fountain, or some fair work of statuas, in the midst of this court; and to be paved as the other court was. These buildings to be for privy lodgings on both sides, and the end for privy galleries. Whereof you must foresee that one of them be for an infirmary, if the prince or any special person should be sick, with chambers, bedchamber, antecamera, and recamera joining to it. This upon the second storey. Upon the ground storey, a fair gallery, open, upon pillars; and upon the third storey likewise, an open gallery upon pillars, to take the prospect and freshness of the garden. At both corners of the further side, by way of return, let there be two delicate or rich cabinets, daintily paved, richly hanged, glazed with crystalline glass, and a rich cupola in the midst; and all other elegancy that may be thought upon. In the upper gallery too, I wish that there may be, if the place will yield it, some fountains running in divers places from the wall, with some fine avoidances. And thus much for the model of the palace, save that you must have, before you come to the front, three courts. A green court plain, with a wall about it; a second court of the same, but more garnished, with little turrets, or rather embellishments, upon the wall; and a third court, to make a square with the front, but not to be built, nor yet enclosed with a naked wall, but enclosed with terraces, leaded aloft, and fairly garnished, on

the three sides; and cloistered on the inside, with pillars and not with arches below. As for offices, let them stand at distance, with some low galleries, to pass from them to the palace itself.

Of Gardens

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season. For December and January and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypresstrees, yew, pineapple-trees; fir-trees; rosemary, lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue; germander, flags; orange-trees, lemon-trees; and myrtles, if they be stoved; and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-tree, which then blossoms; crocus vernus both the yellow and the grey; primroses, anemones, the early tulippa, hyacinthus orientalis, chamaïris, fritillaria. For March, there come violets, specially the single blue, which are the earliest; the yellow daffodil, the daisy, the almond-tree in blossom, the peach-tree in blossom, the cornelian-tree in blossom, sweet-briar. In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gillyflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures; rosemary flowers, the tulippa, the double peony, the pale daffodil, the French honeysuckle; the cherry-tree in blossom, the damson and plum-trees in blossom, the white-thorn in leaf, the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush pink; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine; the French marigold, flos Africanus: cherry-tree in fruit, ribes, figs in fruit, rasps, vine-flowers, lavender in flowers; the sweet satyrian, with the white flower; herba muscaria, lilium convallium, the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gillyflowers of all varieties, musk-roses, the lime-tree in blossom, early pears and plums in fruit, jennetings, codlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricots, barberries, filberts, musk-melons, monk-hoods of all colours. In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colours, peaches, melocotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens,

quinces. In October and the beginning of November come services, medlars, bullaces, roses cut or removed to come late, hollyhocks, and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have ver perpetuum [perpetual spring], as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness, yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose. Then the strawberry-leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then sweet-briar. Then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window. Then pinks and gilly-flowers, specially the matted pink and clove gillyflower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three: that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts: a green in the entrance; a heath or desert in the going forth; and the main garden in the midst; besides alleys on both sides. And I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures: the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden. But because the alley will be long, and, in great heat of the year or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun thorough the green, therefore you are, of either side the

green, to plant a covert alley upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden. As for the making of knots or figures with divers coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys: you may see as good sights many times in tarts. The garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge, the arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high and six foot broad, and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge of some four foot high, framed also upon carpenter's work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret, with a belly, enough to receive a cage of birds; and over every space between the arches some other little figure, with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt, for the sun to play upon. But this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some six foot, set all with flowers. Also I understand that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave on either side ground enough for diversity of side alleys, unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you. But there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure: not at the hither end, for letting your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green; nor at the further end, for letting your prospect from the hedge, through the arches, upon the heath.

For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device, advising nevertheless that whatsoever form you cast it into, first, it be not too busy or full of work. Wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff: they be for children. Little low hedges, round, like welts, with some pretty pyramides, I like well; and in some places, fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast; which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments; and the whole mount to be thirty foot high; and some fine banqueting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures: the one, that sprinkleth or spouteth water, the other, a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without

fish or slime or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images gilt or of marble, which are in use, do well: but the main matter is so to convey the water as it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern; that the water be never by rest discoloured, green or red or the like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction. Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand. Also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it, doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing-pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves: as that the bottom be finely paved, and with images, the sides likewise; and withal embellished with coloured glass, and such things of lustre; encompassed also with fine rails of low statuas. But the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain, which is that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground by some equality of bores, that it stay little. And for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking-glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets, made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses. For these are sweet, and prosper in the shade. And these to be in the heath, here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme; some with pinks; some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle; some with violets; some with strawberries; some with cowslips; some with daisies; some with red roses; some with lilium convallium; some with sweet-williams red; some with bear's-foot; and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly. Part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without. The standards to be roses, juniper, holly, barberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom), red currants, gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweet-briar, and such like. But these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade, some of them, wheresoever the sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may

walk as in a gallery. And those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind; and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet. In many of these alleys likewise, you are to set fruit-trees of all sorts, as well upon the walls as in ranges. And this would be generally observed, that the borders wherein you plant your fruit-trees be fair and large, and low, and not steep, and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive the trees. At the end of both the side grounds, I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosures breast high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden, I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys ranged on both sides with fruit-trees, and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees, and arbours with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day; but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, and, in the heat of summer, for the morning and the evening, or overcast days.

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them; that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary. So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not a model, but some general lines of it; and in this I have spared for no cost. But it is nothing for great princes, that for the most part taking advice with workmen, with no less cost set their things together; and sometimes add statuas and such things for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.

Of Negotiating

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter, and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good when a man would draw an answer by letter back again, or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter, or where it may be danger to be interrupted or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors, or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally, where a man will reserve to himself liberty either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as affect the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription. It is better to sound a person with whom one deals afar off, than to fall upon the point at first, except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite, than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start or first performance is all; which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such which must go before; or else a man can persuade the other party that he shall still need him in some other thing; or else that he be counted the honester man. All practice is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares, and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him; or those

that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends, to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

Of Suitors

Many ill matters and projects are undertaken, and private suits do putrefy the public good. Many good matters are undertaken with bad minds; I mean not only corrupt minds, but crafty minds that intend not performance. Some embrace suits which never mean to deal effectually in them, but if they see there may be life in the matter by some other mean, they will be content to win a thank, or take a second reward, or at least to make use in the meantime of the suitor's hopes. Some take hold of suits only for an occasion to cross some other; or to make an information whereof they could not otherwise have apt pretext, without care what become of the suit when that turn is served; or generally to make other men's business a kind of entertainment to bring in their own. Nay, some undertake suits with a full purpose to let them fall, to the end to gratify the adverse party or competitor. Surely there is in some sort a right in every suit; either a right of equity, if it be a suit of controversy, or a right of desert, if it be a suit of petition. If affection lead a man to favour the wrong side in justice, let him rather use his countenance to compound the matter than to carry it. If affection lead a man to favour the less worthy in desert, let him do it without depraving or disabling the better deserver. In suits which a man doth not well understand, it is good to refer them to some friend of trust and judgement, that may report whether he may deal in them with honour; but let him choose well his referendaries, for else he may be led by the nose. Suitors are so distasted with delays and abuses, that plain dealing, in denying to deal in suits at first, and reporting the success barely, and in challenging no more thanks than one hath deserved, is grown not only honourable, but also gracious. In suits of favour, the first coming ought to take little place. So far forth consideration may be had of his trust, that if intelligence of the matter could not otherwise have been had but by him, advantage be not taken of the note but the party left to his other means, and in some sort recompensed for his discovery. To be ignorant of the value of a suit is simplicity; as well as to be ignorant of the right thereof is want of conscience. Secrecy in suits is a great mean of obtaining, for voicing them to be in forwardness may discourage some kind of suitors, but doth quicken and awake others. But timing of the suit is the principal. Timing, I say, not only in

respect of the person that should grant it, but in respect of those which are like to cross it. Let a man, in the choice of his mean, rather choose the fittest mean than the greatest mean, and rather them that deal in certain things than those that are general. The reparation of a denial is sometimes equal to the first grant, if a man show himself neither dejected nor discontented. Iniquum petas, ut aequum feras [Ask for more than what is just, so that you may get your due][1] is a good rule where a man hath strength of favour, but otherwise a man were better rise in his suit, for he that would have ventured at first to have lost the suitor, will not in the conclusion lose both the suitor and his own former favour. Nothing is thought so easy a request to a great person as his letter, and yet if it be not in a good cause it is so much out of his reputation. There are no worse instruments than these general contrivers of suits; for they are but a kind of poison and infection to public proceedings.

注释

〔1〕 Quintilian, The Education of an Orator, Ⅳ.5.16.

Of Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgement wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. Abeunt studia in mores [Studies go to make up a man's character].[1] Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in

demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen, for they are cymini sectores [hairsplitters]. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

注释

〔1〕 Ovid, Heroides, XV.83.

Of Vainglory

It was prettily devised of Aesop,[1] The fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot wheel, and said, 'What a dust do I raise!' So are there some vain persons that, whatsoever goeth alone or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it. They that are glorious must needs be factious, for all bravery stands upon comparisons. They must needs be violent to make good their own vaunts. Neither can they be secret, and therefore not effectual, but according to the French proverb, Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit: much bruit, little fruit. Yet certainly there is use of this quality in civil affairs. Where there is an opinion and fame to be created, either of virtue or greatness, these men are good trumpeters. Again, as Titus Livius noteth in the case of Antiochus and the Aetolians,[2] There are sometimes great effects of cross lies, as, if a man that negotiates between two princes to draw them to join in a war against the third, doth extol the forces of either of them above measure, the one to the other: and sometimes he that deals between man and man raiseth his own credit with both by pretending greater interest than he hath in either. And in these and the like kinds, it often falls out that somewhat is produced of nothing, for lies are sufficient to breed opinion, and opinion brings on substance. In militar commanders and soldiers, vainglory is an essential point, for as iron sharpens iron, so by glory one courage sharpeneth another. In cases of great enterprise, upon charge and adventure, a composition of glorious natures doth put life into business, and those that are of solid and sober natures have more of the ballast than of the sail. In fame of learning, the flight will be slow without some feathers of ostentation. Qui de contemnenda gloria libros scribunt, nomen suum inscribunt [Men who write books on the worthlessness of glory take care to put their names on the title-page].[3] Socrates, Aristotle, Galen, were men full of ostentation. Certainly vainglory helpeth to perpetuate a man's memory, and virtue was never so beholding to human nature, as it received his due at the second hand. Neither had the fame of Cicero, Seneca, Plinius Secundus, borne her age so well, if it had not been joined with some vanity in themselves: like unto varnish, that makes ceilings not only shine but last. But all this while, when I speak of vainglory, I mean not of that property that

Tacitus doth attribute to Mucianus, Omnium quae dixerat feceratque arte quadam ostentator [He had a certain skill of displaying to advantage all that he had said or done],[4] for that proceeds not of vanity, but of natural magnanimity and discretion, and in some persons is not only comely, but gracious. For excusations, cessions, modesty itself well governed, are but arts of ostentation. And amongst those arts there is none better than that which Plinius Secundus speaketh of, which is to be liberal of praise and commendation to others, in that wherein a man's self hath any perfection. For saith Pliny very wittily: In commending another you do yourself right, for he that you commend is either superior to you in that you commend, or inferior. If he be inferior, if he be to be commended, you much more; if he be superior, if he be not to be commended, you much less.[5] Glorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts.

注释

〔1〕 Not Aesop, but Lorenzo Bevilaqua.

〔2〕 Antiochus, King of Syria, allied with the Aetolians against Rome, but was defeated. See Livy, History, XXXV.12 and 17-18.

〔3〕 From Cicero, Tusculan Disputations, Ⅰ.15.

〔4〕 From Histories, Ⅱ.80.

〔5〕 From Letters, Ⅵ.17.4.

Of Anger

To seek to extinguish anger utterly is but a bravery of the Stoics. We have better oracles: Be angry, but sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your anger. Anger must be limited and confined, both in race and in time. We will first speak how the natural inclination and habit to be angry may be attempered and calmed. Secondly, how the particular motions of anger may be repressed, or at least refrained from doing mischief. Thirdly, how to raise anger or appease anger in another.

For the first: there is no other way but to meditate and ruminate well upon the effects of anger, how it troubles man's life. And the best time to do this is to look back upon anger when the fit is throughly over. Seneca saith well that anger is like ruin, which breaks itself upon that it falls.[1] The Scripture exhorteth us to possess our souls in patience.[2] Whosoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul. Men must not turn bees,

> animasque in vulnere ponunt.
> [and lay down their lives in the wound.][3]

Anger is certainly a kind of baseness; as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns: children, women, old folks, sick folks. Only men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear, so that they may seem rather to be above the injury than below it: which is a thing easily done if a man will give law to himself in it.

For the second point: the causes and motives of anger are chiefly three. First, to be too sensible of hurt, for no man is angry that feels not himself hurt; and therefore tender and delicate persons must needs be oft angry, they have so many things to trouble them which more robust natures have little sense of. The next is the apprehension and construction of the injury offered to be, in the circumstances thereof, full of contempt; for contempt is that which putteth an edge upon anger, as much or more than the hurt itself. And therefore, when men are ingenious in picking out circumstances of contempt, they do kindle their anger much. Lastly, opinion of the touch of a man's reputation doth multiply and sharpen anger. Wherein the remedy is, that a

man should have, as Consalvo[4] was wont to say, telam honoris crassiorem [a thicker web of honour]. But in all refrainings of anger, it is the best remedy to win time, and to make a man's self believe that the opportunity of his revenge is not yet come, but that he foresees a time for it; and so to still himself in the meantime and reserve it.

To contain anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things whereof you must have special caution. The one, of extreme bitterness of words, especially if they be aculeate and proper; for communia maledicta [general revilings] are nothing so much; and again, that in anger a man reveal no secrets, for that makes him not fit for society. The other, that you do not peremptorily break off in any business in a fit of anger; but howsoever you show bitterness, do not act anything that is not revocable.

For raising and appeasing anger in another: it is done chiefly by choosing of times, when men are frowardest and worst disposed, to incense them. Again, by gathering (as was touched before) all that you can find out to aggravate the contempt. And the two remedies are by the contraries. The former, to take good times, when first to relate to a man an angry business, for the first impression is much. And the other is to sever, as much as may be, the construction of the injury from the point of contempt, imputing it to misunderstanding, fear, passion, or what you will.

注释

〔1〕 On Anger, Ⅰ.1.2.
〔2〕 See Luke 21.19.
〔3〕 Virgil, Georgics, Ⅳ.238.
〔4〕 Gonzalo, Hernandez de Cordova, Spanish general, d. 1515.

CIVILIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS

弗洛伊德：文明与缺憾

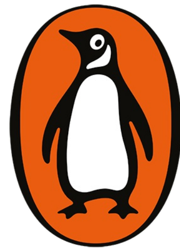
［奥］西格蒙德·弗洛伊德　著
王冬梅　马传兵　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

弗洛伊德：文明与缺憾

（奥）西格蒙德·弗洛伊德/著

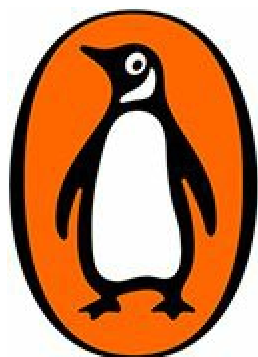
王冬梅　马传兵/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

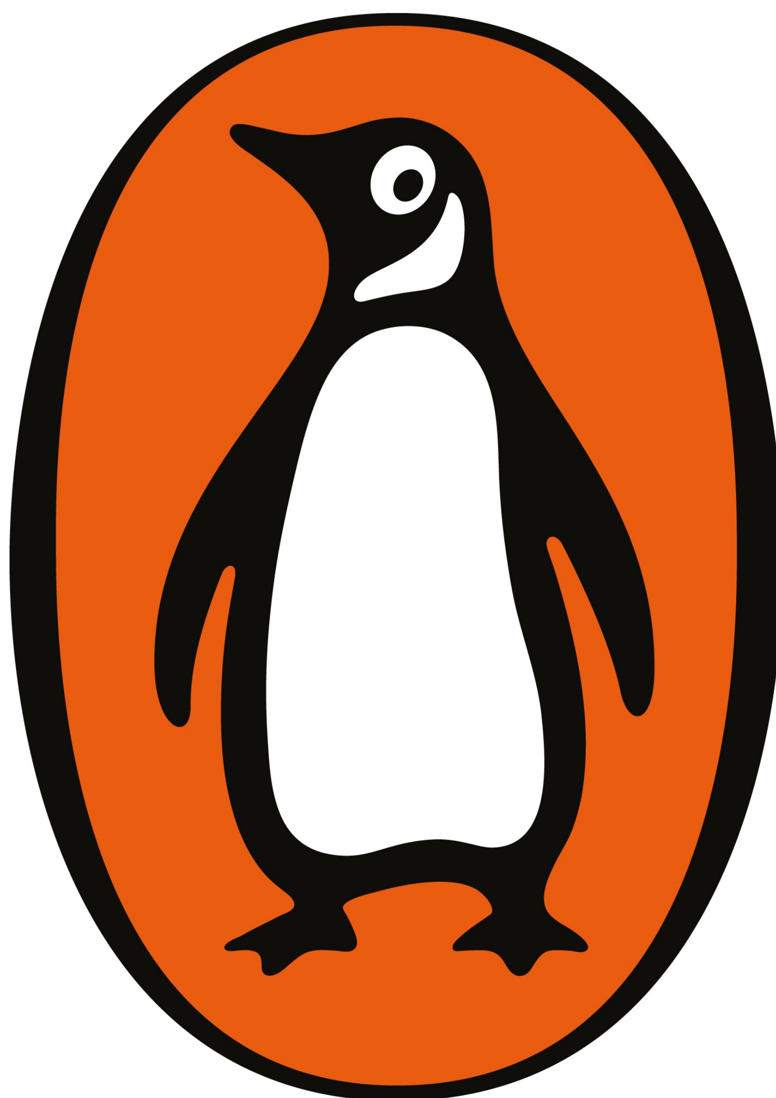
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
Des Unbehagen in der Kultur first published 1930
This translation first published in Penguin Books 2002
This edition first published 2004
Sigmund Freud’s German texts collected as Gesammelte Werke (1940-52)

Taken from the New Penguin Freud edition of Civilization and Its Discontents,
translated by David McLintock and introduced by Leo Bersani
The moral right of the translator has been asserted
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

西格蒙德·弗洛伊德（Sigmund Freud，1856—1939），奥地利精神病医生、心理学家。弗洛伊德是精神分析学派创始人，他开辟了心理学研究的新领域，他的学说为20世纪西方人文科学提供了重要的理论支柱，影响广泛深远。

《文明与缺憾》出版于1930年，是弗洛伊德晚年的作品。对心理学研究者来说，自己的童年记忆、人生经历，也是重要的研究对象和参照系。本文将以较多的笔墨介绍弗洛伊德本人的生活环境、成长历程及其学术思想的形成与发展，对书中出现的一些关键术语，也将略作说明，以便读者更加顺畅地阅读此书。

弗洛伊德生于奥匈帝国摩拉维亚（今属捷克）的一个犹太家庭。父亲是羊毛商人，母亲是父亲的第三任妻子。弗洛伊德有两个同父异母的哥哥，五个妹妹，一个弟弟。弗洛伊德9岁进入学校学习，比一般同学小一岁。17岁进入维也纳大学学习，25岁获得医学博士学位。26岁订婚，30岁结婚，婚后育有三子三女。弗洛伊德毕业之前做过军医，毕业后做过外科、内科医生，之后转向精神病治疗、研究、教学工作，几年后以神经病医师身份私人开业行医。

1895年，弗洛伊德与布洛伊尔合作写成《歇斯底里症研究》一书，在这本书中，弗洛伊德首次提出“精神分析学”这一概念。父亲去世后，弗洛伊德开始进行自我分析，并长期坚持下来。1900年出版的精神分析学经典著作《梦的解析》，是弗洛伊德的早期代表作。该书出版后，弗洛伊德身边聚集了一批年轻学者，其中有阿德勒、C.G.荣格，他们成立研究小组和协会。之后，精神分析学派渐渐成型，逐步赢得了国际声

誉，最终发展成国际精神分析协会。但因理念不合，精神分析学派开始分裂。1911年，阿德勒创立个体心理学。1914年，也就是第一次世界大战爆发的那一年，C.G.荣格辞去国际精神分析协会主席的职务，创立分析心理学。1919年一战结束，弗洛伊德创办出版公司，专门发行精神分析学方面的书刊，直至1938年被纳粹查封。

1933年纳粹执政迫害犹太人，在柏林公开焚烧弗洛伊德的著作。1936年，弗洛伊德加入英国皇家学会。1938年，德国吞并奥地利，纳粹占领维也纳，弗洛伊德的女儿被捕，他被迫去到伦敦，他五个妹妹中有四个在奥地利被纳粹杀害。1939年，第二次世界大战爆发，弗洛伊德在伦敦去世。

在世界大战的酝酿期、爆发期，精神分析学派得到蓬勃发展，是历史的必然。工业文明的发展，使人类成为“戴着假肢的神”，像上帝一样征服自然，然而个体并未因此感到更加幸福（本书第三章）。快速的生活节奏和激烈的生存强竞争加重了人们的心理压力，这是精神病医师和心理学家应该取得成就的时代。

弗洛伊德的职业生涯，从内外科医生到精神病医生再到心理学家，他的学术研究的兴趣，也从早期对个体精神世界的关注，发展到晚年对集体社会心理的思考。弗洛伊德意识到，解决个体幸福或痛苦的问题，靠征服自然、治愈肉体疾患、深入意识底层解决心理问题，还不够，还需要“对文化集体作出病理探究”，他把治愈“社会精神病”的希望寄托在未来（本书第八章）。

1930年，《文明与缺憾》出版的时候，弗洛伊德已经74岁高龄。可以说，《文明与缺憾》是在一战和二战之间的“社会精神病”间歇期，一个心理学领域的思想大师对人类行为的反思。作者对比个体意识与集体意识的共性和差异性，尝试利用经过修正的精神分析学原理，来解释“社会精神病”，探索治疗“社会精神病”的方法。了解这一点，结合书

名的指引，读者对本书“无题”式的八章内容，就不至于理不清头绪。

一战期间，弗洛伊德三个儿子全部从军，两个儿子参战。1920年，他年仅26岁的女儿去世了。此时弗洛伊德64岁，人生步入晚年。这些都促使他去思考死亡的问题。这一年，他提出了“死亡本能”概念，完善了他的本能理论。在本书中，弗洛伊德使用了死亡本能、破坏性本能、攻击性本能等提法，用以说明有机体返回无机状态的倾向，它是一种负能量，是破坏和战争的根源，个体通过攻击对象或自身来消除生命中的焦虑和挣扎。与死亡本能相对的是生存本能，生存本能是维持个体生存和群体繁衍发展的本能，可以说是广义的性本能或者广义的力比多（libido），本书中也常用“爱神厄洛斯”来表示生存本能。

在弗洛伊德学术研究的不同阶段，在精神分析学派其他成员的著作中，力比多的概念有不同的表述。力比多也称“性力”，它最初来源于各种身体器官获得快感、回避痛苦的欲望，潜藏在人的潜意识中成为本能力量；力比多是人的心理活动和行为的动力，是创造性的力量。一个人的力比多是有限的，在此方向投入多，则在其他方向的投入会减少。

生存本能和死亡本能都存在于人或群体的潜意识中。潜意识也称无意识，是深层的、原始的、非理性的本能欲望的老巢，对潜意识的研究，是精神分析学的首创。精神分析学将人格分为三个层次，最基本的层次是“本我”，遵循快乐原则，对应精神世界中的潜意识；中间一层是“自我”，遵循现实原则，它从本我中分化出来，充当本我与外部世界的联络者和协调者；最上层是“超我”，它从自我中分化出来，遵循道德原则，承担监管审查、自我批判的角色。

此书善于从不同角度说明问题，分析精到入微，即便不熟悉精神分析学的人，也能理解作者的想法，相信它会给读者带来不错的阅读体验。

余雄杰

文明与缺憾

I

人通常会追逐权力、成功与财富，羡慕别人所拥有的这一切，却对生命中真正有价值的事物不予重视，并且依据错误的标准作出判断—人们很容易发出这样的感慨。然而，作出如此笼统的概括，很容易忽略人类物质世界和精神世界的丰富多彩。有一些人受到同时代人的尊崇，然而其伟大品质和功绩却往往与很多人的理想和目标不相符合。人们或许认为这些伟人毕竟只为少数人所欣赏，而大多数人对他们毫无兴趣。然而，由于人们思想和行为方式的差异，个人欲望和追求的不同，事情恐怕不会如此简单。

有这样一位杰出人士，与我有通信往来，并在信中称我为好友。我曾给他写过一封简短的信，称宗教乃是幻想。他回信说，对我的见解表示完全赞成，但他很遗憾我未能理解人们对宗教虔诚的真正根源。这种根源在于一种特别的感觉，他自己就从未摆脱过这种感觉，也在很多人身上得到验证，因此他认为这种感觉亦应该为千万人所共有，他称之为“永生”，一种无边无际的“如海洋般浩渺”的感觉。他继续说，这种感觉纯粹是主观的，不是一种信条，不能确保拥有这种感觉的人们长生不老，但却是宗教力量的源泉，为各个教派和宗教体系所控制，被引到特定的渠道，当然也被它们吸收利用了。只要拥有这种海洋般无边无尽的感觉，人们即可称自己是信奉宗教的，即使他们拒绝相信任何信条、任何幻想。

我那可敬的朋友[1]曾经以诗的形式赞扬了幻想的魔力。他的观点给我造成了不小的困惑。我自身丝毫不能感到这种“如海洋般浩渺”的感

觉。要知道科学理性地对待感觉是很不容易的。人们可能会试图描述感觉的生理表现，但这是行不通的，而且恐怕这种“如海洋般浩渺”的感觉是无助于描述的。我们能做的只是研究那些与感觉最为接近的概念性的东西。如果我没有理解错的话，我那朋友指的“如海洋般浩渺”的感觉是一种慰藉，就像一位古怪却又才思新颖的作家给予选择结束自己生命的主角的一种安慰：“我们不会脱离这个世界的。”这是一种与身外世界紧密相连的归属感。对于我来说这属于一种理性的领悟，当然也不乏情感的色彩，尽管在其他类似的思维活动中也不乏情感色彩。凭借我自己的经验，我实在无法让自己信服这种感觉的产生本质。但我无法否认在他人身上这种感觉实实在在地存在着。然而，唯一的问题是，这种感觉是否得到了准确的解释，或者说是否应该被看作是所有宗教需求的源泉。

对于这一问题，我也没有决定性的、建设性的解决建议。但仅仅凭一种直接的感觉，来告知人们与外部世界存在的联系，并用来解释人们需要宗教的原因，这样的想法从一开始听上去就很奇怪，并且与我们的心理结构不相吻合。因此，我们需要找出一种心理分析的方法，对于这种感觉的遗传起源作出合理的解释。以下的思路即论证了这一点。我们通常不会产生比对自我更确定的感觉。人们大多会觉得这种自我是独立的整体，并与一切其他的东西对立。其实不然，心理分析学的研究首次告诉我们这是错误的，事实上自我向内在延伸，延伸至一种我们称之为本我的无意识心理实体，且界限模糊不清；自我就好像是本我的外表。对于自我与本我的关系，心理分析仍有很多方面可向我们揭示。然而至少表面来看，自我的轮廓似乎可以被清晰分明地勾勒出来。只有一种状态—诚然是一种不寻常的状态，但不应被贬为病态的状态—自我不再轮廓分明。在情爱的巅峰状态，自我与对象的界限可能变得模糊。尽管与所有感官认识相悖，恋爱中的人们总会宣称“我”和“你”是一体的，并且随时表现得像一体的。这种自我与外界的界限能够暂时地被生理功能打断，自然也会被疾病干扰。病理学的研究让我们认识到，在很多情况下自我与外部世界的界限会变得模糊不清，或者说根本是被错误地划分

了。在有些病例中，人身体的某些部分，甚至是精神生活的某些部分，如观念、思想、感觉，似乎变得很陌生，从自我中分离开来。在另一些情况中，病人把那些明显产生于自我并应该得到自我认识的事情归于外部世界。因此，即使是自身的感觉也会产生混乱，而且自身的界限并不是恒定的。

通过进一步的思考，我们便可知道，成年人对于自己的感觉不可能与刚出生时相同，它必然经过了一个发展的过程。可以理解的是，这样的过程并不能被实际演示出来，但有很大概率可以重构。对于一个新生儿来说，外部世界就是其感觉的由来；一开始，他并未将自我与外部世界分离开来。但在外部各种刺激的作用下，他逐渐学会了将自我与外界区分开来。他会发现，有些刺激源任何时候都可以向其传递感觉，后来他认识到这些刺激源属于自己的器官；而另外一些—包括他最渴望的东西，如母亲的乳房，会暂时挪开，只有通过哭喊才会重回眼前，以上这些区别一定给他留下了深刻的印象。正是以这种方式，自我首次碰到了“客体”，一些在“外面”的东西，只有通过特定的行为，才能促使它出现。将自我从各种感觉中分离出来，进而认识到“外部世界”；更进一步的诱因来自频繁的、各种各样的不可避免的痛苦（或者说幸福缺失），这种痛苦的感觉，只有在快乐原则发挥绝对作用时，才能得以避免和消除。于是这样一种趋势就会产生，即将自我和任何可能产生这样不愉快体验的事物区分开，并将这种不愉快的体验赶走，以便建立与一个陌生、险恶的外部世界相抗衡的纯粹追求快乐的自我。这种以快乐为导向的原始自我必然会受到经验的修正。毕竟，有些给予我们快乐、我们不愿放弃的事物并不属于自我，而属于客体；而另外一些我们想要消除的折磨和痛苦，却证明是来自内部，与自我密不可分。于是，我们掌握了一种方法，通过有目的地控制我们的感觉活动和合适的肌体运动，来区分什么是来自内部的（即属于自我的），什么是来自外部的（即来自外界的）。这就向建立现实世界原则迈出了第一步，对未来发展起着支配作用。这种内部和外部的区分具有现实意义，使人们远离不愉快的经历

及其造成的威胁。事实上，自我在驱除源于内部的某些不愉快感觉时，如果采取与驱除来源于外部不愉快事物同样的手段，往往会成为重大心理疾病的起始点。

自我正是通过这种方法使其从外部世界中分离开来。更确切地说，自我在一开始是包括一切的，只是后来从自身中分离出了一个外部的世界。于是，我们现在的自我感觉，只是一种更为广泛、包罗万象的感觉的残留物，这种初始的感觉与自我和周边世界更为密切的联系相一致。如果我们可以作如下假设，即自我的这种原始的感觉或多或少地在人们的精神生活中存续下来，那么它会像一个搭档，与范围更小、界定更严的成熟的自我感觉共存。与之相对应的就是那些与宇宙一体的、无边无际的概念，即我的朋友常用来阐释“如海洋般浩渺”的感觉的概念。但我们是否可以假定，最初存在的事物仍然会存续下去，与后来从中演化而来的事物共同存在呢？

毋庸置疑！这种情况无论发生在精神领域还是其他领域，都不足为奇。以动物世界为例，人们通常认为动物是由低级向高级进化的。然而，如今所有低级形式的生命依然存在。有些大型爬行动物，如大型蜥蜴，已经灭绝而让位于哺乳动物，但大型爬行动物真正的代表—鳄鱼却依然存在。这样的类比或许有点牵强，况且很多存活下来的低级物种也并非现存的高级物种的真正祖先，中间的环节大多已经消失了，我们只能通过重新构建才可以得知，这就削弱了这个类比的可比性。然而，在精神领域，原始的感觉与从中演化出来的感觉是共存的。这样的现象非常普遍，不必举例去证明。这往往是发展中的分叉导致，即一部分（从数量上讲）态度或者本能冲动保持不变，而另一部分却得到进一步发展。

由此，又提出一个精神领域里更为普遍的记忆和保留的问题，这一问题几乎尚未研究过，却充满魅力、意义重大，我们不妨探讨一下，尽

管理由尚不够充分。我们曾经认为，我们经常遗忘是因为记忆痕迹的破坏，即记忆痕迹的消亡，但在纠正了这一错误观点之后，我们发现事实恰恰相反。即在精神生活中，一样东西一旦形成就永远都不会消失，一切皆以某种形式得到保存，条件合适时，皆可找回。例如，只要（因催眠或精神疾患）回到从前，即可找回当时的记忆。这样的假设意味着什么，让我们试着用另一领域的类比来揭示。以“永恒的城市”的发展为例，历史学家告诉我们最早期的罗马是一个四方城，是帕拉蒂尼山上用栅栏围起来的居住点。之后是七山城阶段，是由各个分散山丘上的居住点组成的联盟。接着，是塞维安墙围起来的城市。再之后，经过罗马共和国以及帝国时代早期的变迁，就成了奥瑞里安皇帝用城墙围起来的城市。我们不再向前追溯城市所经历的种种变迁了，只是不由自主地会想，如果一个拥有丰富历史学与地形学知识的旅行者去罗马旅游时，他能发现罗马早期各个阶段的哪些遗迹呢？他会发现除了一些缺口，奥瑞里安的城墙并没有多大的变化。他可以不时地看到挖掘出土显露出来的一段段塞维安城墙上的痕迹。凭借足够的考古学知识（至少要比当今考古学家具有更丰富的知识）他能看出整个塞维安城墙的整体布局，透过现代罗马城的规划他能看到罗马四方城的轮廓。至于古城中曾经的建筑物，他是无论如何也无法找到的，因为它们已经不存在了，顶多能找到一些残片而已。关于罗马共和国的丰富知识至多能使他指出罗马古城中的庙宇在当时究竟位于何方，公共建筑究竟曾经建于何处。现在这些地方早已被废墟掩盖—但并非是原来建筑的废墟，而是在这些建筑被焚烧、破坏后又建起来的各种建筑的废墟。无须赘言，古罗马的这些遗迹，已成为碎片，散落在文艺复兴后近代兴建的大都市的混乱之中。诚然，大多旧址依然存在，只是掩埋在现代建筑之下。像罗马这样的历史古城，过去就是这样延续下来的。

现在让我们作这样一个奇妙的假想，即假定罗马并非是一个人们居住的地方，而是一个与罗马一样有着漫长而丰富多彩历史的精神实体。在这个精神实体中，一旦形成的东西就不会消失，并且先前的发展时期

与现今是共存的。对罗马而言，就相当于一直到被哥特人围攻时，塞弗尤斯宫殿与恺撒大帝皇宫依然矗立在帕拉蒂尼山上；圣安吉罗堡的城垛上仍然装饰着美丽的塑像。不仅如此，朱庇特神庙会屹立在卡法莱里—克莱门蒂诺宫之上，而没有必要将后者移除，而且，这座神庙不仅具有当时的形态，即罗马帝国时期所见到的形态，还保留着更早期的姿态，依然保留着伊特鲁里亚人的元素，其檐口依然用陶瓦装饰。在如今的圆形大剧场，我们仍然可以欣赏已经消失的尼禄时代金色的房屋。在万神殿广场上，我们不仅可以找到今天由哈德良传给我们的万神殿，同时，还能找到拉格瑞帕人所建的最初的大厦；在同一块土地上，矗立着密涅瓦圣玛丽亚教堂以及该教堂的前身，即古老的神庙。观察者也许只需要改变他的视线或位置就可以看到其中一个或另一个。

显然，再进一步展开这样的想象毫无意义：结果会无法想象，甚至荒诞可笑。我们要在空间上表现历史顺序，唯一的办法就是将空间铺开并列，因为同一空间不能存放两个不同的事物。这样的尝试似乎是一项没有意义的游戏。唯一的正当理由是：它向我们表明，通过形象的描述，我们距离掌握精神生活的特性还有多远。

但是有一个异议我们必须回应。人们或许会问，为什么要把一个城市的过去与我们精神的过去相提并论呢？即便是对于我们的精神而言，一切过去皆被保存下来，这个假定也得满足一个前提，即我们的大脑必须是完整的，其组织结构没有受到创伤或炎症的损害。这些疾病的原因可以比作是破坏性的因素。然而对于一个城市而言，这些破坏性因素是司空见惯的，即便这个城市不像罗马那样动荡不安，即便像伦敦那样几乎没有遭到外敌的蹂躏。哪怕一个城市的发展过程再和平，也少不了拆除和新建一些建筑，基于此，任何城市都无法与精神有机体相比。

我们欣然接受这样的异议，放弃鲜明对比的做法，转而与更为相关的事物相比较，如动物肌体和人类肌体。但这样我们也会发现同样的问

题。肌体成长的早期阶段根本没有被保存下来，只是为后期阶段提供材料，并被吸收到后期阶段。成年人的身体中是找不到胚胎的，儿童的胸腺在青春期之后会被结缔组织取代，胸腺的形式不复存在。在成年人的骨骼之中，固然可以找到儿童时代骨骼的大致轮廓，但骨骼在不断加长、增厚并最终定型，在这一生长过程中，儿童的骨骼形态消失了。事实上，早期阶段与最终的形态并存，也许只有在精神领域中才可能发生，我们根本无法拿其他事物与精神相提并论，并试图阐释精神这一现象。

也许我们在这个问题上扯得太远了。或许我们应该满足于这样的结论，即过去在精神生活中可能会得到保存，没有必要被摧毁。情况可能是这样的：即使是在精神领域之中，过去、陈旧的东西也会变得模糊或者被吸收，不管是在事物的正常发展情况之下或者是在其他例外情况下。我们不能利用任何方法使它们恢复到原来的状态，又或许只有在特定的有利条件下我们才可能做到。对于这一点，我们无法得知。我们唯一能做的就是坚信在精神世界中，对过去的保存记忆是一条定律，而非令人惊讶的例外。

因此，如果我们准备承认许多人都有那一种“如海洋般浩渺”的感觉，并欲将其追溯到自我感觉的早期阶段，那么一个新的问题就又出现了：是什么东西使得这种感觉被认作是宗教需要的源泉呢？

我并不觉得这种说法是令人信服的。毕竟一种感觉只有是某种强烈需要的表现时，才能成为力量的源泉。我认为，宗教的需要无疑是从婴儿的无助，和由此引起的对父亲的渴望中衍生出来的，尤其因为这种感觉不仅仅存在于童年时代，而且由于恐惧命运的至上权力，它被永久地保存了下来。我实在无法找出对于儿童来说比父亲的保护更加强烈的需求。因此，那种可能力图恢复无限自恋的“如海洋般浩渺”的感觉，在宗教需要中就不可能发挥主要作用。人们信奉宗教的缘由，可以清晰地追

溯到孩子的无助的感觉中。可能这其后还隐藏着什么，但目前我们还不得而知。

我可以想象这种“如海洋般浩渺”的感觉随后与宗教发生了联系。与这种浩渺感觉相连的理智认识是，“自我与宇宙融为一体”，这成为把宗教当作慰藉的初步尝试，即以另一种方式否认自我感觉到的源于外界的危险。我不得不再次承认研究这些无形的概念非常困难。我的另一个朋友怀着对知识的极大渴求，做了一个极其不寻常的实验，最后变得几乎无所不知。他向我保证说，人们在练习瑜伽的过程中，背对外界，将注意力集中到肌体的功能之上，运用特殊的呼吸方式，可以获得全新的、宇宙般的感觉。他把这样的感觉解释成向精神生活被长久掩盖的原始形态的回归。他由此可以说看到了神秘主义智慧的重要生理基础；也找到了与诸如恍惚、极乐这类难解的精神状态的关系。但我还是忍不住用席勒民谣中潜水者的话来说：

……让他欣悦吧，那在玫瑰色的光芒中呼吸的人。

II

在《幻想的未来》一书中，我关注的重点不是宗教情感极其深奥的起源，而是普通人所理解的宗教。宗教以其令人称羡的完整教义和应许体系，一方面向人们解释世界之谜，另一方面宽慰着人们，称细心的上帝会照看他们的生活，现世他们所遭受的苦难，在未来世界会得到上帝的补偿。除了至尊高尚的父亲形象，普通人再也想象不出什么来形容这个上帝。只有这样的父亲才能理解他的孩子—人类的需要，才能被他们的请求感动，才能因他们的忏悔欣慰。这整个想法显然太幼稚，与现实相去太远，因此想到大多数人都无法超越这样的人生观，不能不让博爱的心灵感到疼痛。更令人不安的是，尽管今天很多人已经知道这种宗教是站不住脚的，却仍然可悲地企图采取措施一步一步地来捍卫它。人们

喜欢混进教徒的行列以便对付某些哲学家，并提醒他们不要触犯十诫之一：“你们不要轻慢地谈论主，亵渎你们的上帝！”因为这些哲学家们认为他们能拯救宗教的上帝，其办法是把他变成一条非人格化的模糊抽象的原则。如果过去的某些伟人们这么做了，我们不能指责他们，因为我们知道他们不得不这么做的原因。

再让我们回到普通人及其宗教的话题上来，即唯一能称之为宗教的宗教。我们首先想到的就是最伟大的诗人和思想家之一歌德的一句有关宗教和艺术、科学关系的著名评论：

拥有科学和艺术的人同时也就拥有了宗教，如果有人两者都不具备，那就让他信奉宗教吧！

这句话一方面将宗教和人类最高的两项成就—科学和艺术作了比较；又从另一方面声明了宗教、科学、艺术在人生中的价值，认为宗教与后两项成就可以互相说明、互相替代。想剥夺一个既不拥有科学又不拥有艺术的普通人信奉宗教的权利，我们显然缺乏像诗人歌德那样的权威。要深刻理解和欣赏歌德的主张，我们须另辟蹊径。生活赋予我们太多难以承受的困难：它带来太多痛苦，太多失望，太多无法解决的问题。要容忍它，我们就不得不采取一些缓和的措施。（正如特奥多尔·冯塔纳告诉我们的：没有帮助，你什么也做不了）此类缓和措施大概有三种：有效地分散注意力，这能使我们轻视所承受的苦难；替代性的满足，这能减弱我们的痛苦；麻醉物质，这能麻痹我们对痛苦的感知。诸如此类的东西是必不可少的。[2]伏尔泰在写作《天真》的结尾时劝解人们去打理一个属于自己的花园，这样就能分散转移自己对苦难的注意力。学术活动也是此类分散转移。作为替代性满足的手段之一，艺术是与现实对照的幻想，但正因为幻想在精神生活中所扮演的重要角色，艺术其实在心理上同样有效。麻醉物质影响我们的肉体并改变了它的化学物质。在这一系列的手段中，界定宗教占有的位置并不容易。我们因此

必须看得更远一些。

人生的目的是什么？这个问题已经被提出过无数次，至今没有一个令人满意的回答，或许这个问题根本就没有答案。一些提出这个问题的人补充说，如果人生注定没有目的，那么人生对人们而言也就失去了价值。但这种威胁也改变不了什么。相反，人们似乎有权不去考虑这个问题。这种威胁似乎只是建立在此种人为的假设之上，诸如此类的例子不胜枚举。没有人讨论动物是为了什么而活，除非是为了服务人类的目的。但是这种观点同样站不住脚，因为世上还有很多动物，人类除了对他们进行描述、分类并且研究，其他什么也做不了；许多物种甚至连这种用途都没有，因为早在被人们发现之前，它们就已经灭绝了。

似乎只有宗教才能回答人活着是为了什么这个谜题。因此人生具有目的的观点成立与否就取决于宗教体系，得出这样的推断几乎是不会错的。

于是我们现在将话题转向一个更适中的问题：人类本身的行为揭示出其人生的目标和目的到底是什么？人们对生活有什么预期呢？回答毫无疑问：他们追求快乐幸福，希望得到幸福并一直幸福下去。这种追求有正反两个目标：一方面它旨在消除一切痛苦和不愉快的经历，另一方面旨在获得强烈的快乐感。幸福，从严格意义上讲只与后者有关。与人类追求目的的二分法相一致的是，人类活动，根据其寻求实现的主要目的或唯一目的，也朝着两个方向展开。

正如我们所看到的，正是快乐原则决定了人生的目的。这原则从一开始就支配着我们的精神器官。它的效力是毋庸置疑的。然而它与整个世界—无论是宏观的还是微观的—都是相悖的。整个宇宙的建构都是与快乐相悖的，因此快乐原则无法实现；人们赞同“人类应该获得幸福”并不是“创世”意图的一部分。从最严格的意义上来讲，我们所称的“幸福”产生于压抑的需求突然得到的满足。幸福的本质决定了幸福只能是

暂时的。当快乐原则所渴望的某种情况被延长时，只能带来一种微弱的满足感。我们天生就只能从对比中获得强烈的快感，从某一状态本身只能获得很少的快乐。[3]因此，我们幸福的可能性已经被我们的气质所限制。生活中，我们更容易经历不幸。苦难从三个方面威胁着我们：肉体上，我们注定要衰败、腐烂，且从来都是伴随着疼痛、焦虑这些警告信号；外部世界方面，它会向我们施加巨大的、难以平息的、破坏性的压力；最后是人际关系。人际关系可能给我们带来比前两者更大的痛苦。尽管我们倾向于把这种苦难看作是额外附加的，但它或许与源自其他方面的苦难一样，无法避免。

所以，在这些潜在痛苦带来的压力之下，人们习惯于调整自己对幸福的要求，这也不足为奇；正如幸福原则本身也受外部世界的影响而转变，形成一种更适中的“现实准则”，认为如果摆脱苦恼、逃离不幸就是万幸了，避免苦难这一主要任务当前，获得快乐已经变得次要了。思考告诉我们条条道路皆可通向幸福大道，所有这些道路都曾为各派处世哲学所推崇，且前人都已经实践过。无限制地满足我们所有的需要是最具诱惑力的生活方式，但这意味着将警告抛之脑后，眼前只顾享乐，很快就会尝到苦果。其他以避免苦难为首要目的的方法由于它们所关注的痛苦根源不同而有所差异。有些方法很极端，有些方法很中庸，有些很片面，还有些同时从几个角度解决问题。主动避世、与他人保持适当距离都是常见的为避免人际关系带来的痛苦而采取的保护方式。有人认为能通过这种方式获得的快乐来自平静与安宁。面对可怕的外部世界，如果想不借助外力单枪匹马地保护自己，就只能选择逃避。当然还有其他更好的方式：作为人类社会的一分子，你能在应用科学的帮助下对自然发动攻击，使其屈从于人类的意志。那么，这样做你就是与大家一起为了所有人的幸福而努力。避免苦难最有趣的方法是那些试图影响人类自身结构的方法。归根结底，所有的苦难不过是一种感觉，只有当我们感觉到它的时候，它才存在；而我们能感受到它，仅仅是因为身体以某些特定方式调节了状态。

影响我们自身结构的最原始同时也是最有效的方法是化学方法—麻醉法。我想，没有人完全明白化学方法是如何起作用的，但事实就是，有些外因物质一旦出现在血液或人体组织中，就会直接引起快感；这些物质同时还会改变我们感觉能力的决定因子，使我们不再容易感到不快。这两种影响不仅同时出现，而且密切相关。然而，在我们身体的化学结构中，也一定存在着发挥类似作用的物质。因为，我们至少知道一种病症，即狂躁症，在没有使用任何麻醉品的情况下，就出现了类似于麻醉的状态。除此之外，在我们正常的精神生活中，还存在着在比较容易释放的快乐与比较不易释放的快乐这两者之间的摆动，与此相应的是对不舒适的低敏感与高敏感。令人非常遗憾的是，精神麻醉至今还未得到科学的研究。人们认为麻醉物质在追求幸福和驱散苦难的过程中大有裨益，因此，不仅仅个人，就连整个民族在力比多[4]的分配中也赋予了它牢固的地位。多亏了麻醉物质，我们不仅能够直接获得快感，而且满足了我们摆脱外界的强烈渴望。我们知道，通过麻醉法“解忧”，我们随时能够逃避现实的压力，躲在自己的世界里，体会这个世界带来的更好的感觉。众所皆知，正是麻醉物的这种特质使其更具危险性和伤害性。在有些情形下，麻醉物质浪费了本可造福于人类的大量能量。

然而，我们的精神器官结构复杂，也受到很多其他影响。正如欲望的满足会带来幸福感一样，如果外部世界拒绝满足或忽视我们的需求，就会成为巨大苦难的根由。因此人们希望可以通过干预这些本能的冲动来将自己从痛苦中解救出来。这种抵御痛苦的行为不再是对感觉器官施加影响，它旨在控制我们需求的内在根源。在极端的例子中，这种行为是通过扼杀本能欲望实现的，就像东方哲学智慧所说的那样，就像瑜伽所做的那样。如果这种方法成功了，人们就无可否认地同时放弃了其他活动—事实上，牺牲了他的生活—只为沿另一路线抵达幸福的彼岸，这种幸福源自平和与安宁。当我们的目标不那么极端时，我们走的也是这条道路，不过寻求的只是控制自己的本能罢了。在这种情况下，控制是由已经服从现实原则的较高心理机制实施的。与此同时，绝不是说要抛

弃满足欲望的目标，而是获得了针对苦难的某种保护机制。因为当欲望冲动得到控制，而不是完全不受节制的时候，欲望得不到满足给人带来的痛苦会相对较轻。但不可否认的是，快乐的可能性也减少了。满足没有受到自我控制的野性本能冲动所产生的快感，相比较于满足受到自我控制的本能所带来的快感，自然是强烈许多。这就简洁地解释了乖戾冲动的不可抗拒性，任何禁忌物所具有的吸引力也可能来源于此。

另一种避免苦难的技巧是利用力比多的转移，这种转移是我们精神器官所允许的，这就使得力比多的作用具有更大的灵活性。现在的任务就是使本能的目标发生转移，不再会受到外部世界的挫折。这里本能的升华扮演了重要的角色。如果人们能充分地增加精神和脑力活动所产生的快乐，我们就能获得最大的收益。这时命运也无法对我们造成多大伤害。这类满足—如艺术家们在创造、塑造他想象的东西的过程中获得的快乐；抑或是科学家们在解决问题和发现真理中获得的快乐—具有一种特性，那就是，总有一天我们能用心理玄学的术语描述它。但现在我们只能象征性地说，它们看上去“更好更高级”。但与原始、初级欲望的满足所获得的效果相比，这类满足的强度还是受到了限制：这类满足不能震撼我们的肉体。这种方法的缺点在于它不能广泛应用，它只适用于一小部分人。它把才能和天赋作为先决条件，这些天赋并非人人皆备，因此不能使这一方法对每个人都有效。并且即使在那一小部分人中，这种方法也不能完全抵御苦难，它并不能提供抵挡命运箭矢的盔甲。当人们自身的躯体成为了苦难的源泉时[5]，它就必然失效了。上述这种方法清楚地表明，其目的是通过从内在的精神活动过程中寻找满足感，从而使人独立于外部世界。这种特征在接下来的方法中体现得更加明显，人与现实的关系更加松散，满足由幻想中获得。人们承认幻想，从中获得的享受并没有因为源于现实的偏差而受到干扰。产生这些幻想的领域就是想象中的生活；当现实感出现时，这个领域显然不受制于真实性检测的要求，一如既往地去满足那些难以实现的欲望。在众多源于想象的满足中，居于首位的要算是对艺术品的欣赏了；借助于艺术家之手，那些本

身没有创造力的凡夫俗子也能获得艺术的享受。但受到艺术影响的人不可能把艺术作为快乐源泉和生活慰藉的价值看得过高。艺术产生的微弱的麻醉作用只能使我们暂时摆脱生活的苦难。它的作用并没有强烈到能让我们忘却现实的痛苦。

另一种操作起来更有力、更彻底的方法则将现实视为唯一的敌人和所有苦难的源头；认为人们生活中根本无法忍受现实，要想真正感到幸福，就必须断绝一切与现实的联系。隐士们于是避世不出，拒绝与现实有任何联系。但其实人能做的不止这些：人们可以努力去改造这个世界，重建一个世界，新世界中消除了那些最让人无法容忍的事物，取而代之的是符合人们欲望的事物。一般来说，任何人选择这条道路去追寻幸福，怀着绝望抗争的精神，最终将一无所获。现实对他来说太强大了，他将成为一个狂人，通常找不到人帮助实现他的幻想。然而我们可以这么认为，我们中的每个人都表现得或多或少像个偏执狂，痴心妄想地要去矫正这个世界中无法忍受的部分，并将幻想纳入到现实中。其中具有重要意义的例子是，相当多的人一起试图通过幻想重新塑造现实，来避免痛苦，寻求幸福与庇护。人类的各种宗教应该就是集体幻想的典型例子。当然，没有一个依然持有这种幻想的人会承认这是幻想。

我认为，这并不是一个人们追求幸福、避免痛苦的所有方法的清单。我也清楚这些材料可用不同的方式排列。其实还有一种方法我尚未提及，并不是因为忘记，而是因为这种方法涉及我们以后要讲的内容。在生活艺术中人们怎么会忘掉这一特别的方法呢？其特点是，它将各种特征极其奇特地组合在一起。自然，它也寻求独立于所谓的命运，为达到这一目的，它利用我们前文中所提及的力比多转移法，将满足感转移到内在的精神过程中。但它并不脱离外部世界，相反，它紧紧地抓住了外部世界的对象，并通过建立与外部世界对象的情感联系来获得幸福。它并不满足于避免不愉快的经历—这一目标源于精疲力尽的屈从；事实上，它绕开了这一消极目标，一如既往、激情四溢地去追求积极的幸福

目标。或许这一方法比起其他任何方法更加接近目标。当然，我正在谈论的生活方式就是：将爱看作一切事物的中心，并期待从爱与被爱中获得一切满足。这种精神态度是我们自然而然就具备的；爱的一种表现形式—性爱，让我们强烈地体验到一种压倒一切的快感，因此树立了一种寻找幸福的模式。我们应该沿着首次邂逅幸福的道路继续寻找幸福，还有什么比这更自然呢？但这种生活方式的缺点亦显而易见，如果不是这样，也没有人会放弃这种寻找幸福的途径，转而投向其他途径。当我们沉溺于爱的时候，我们对痛苦的防备从未如此薄弱；当失去爱的对象或其对我们的爱时，我们会感到从未有过的凄凉孤独。然而，关于这一特别的生活方式，关于将爱作为获得幸福的一种方式的价值，这并不是最后的断言：关于这一点，我还有很多话要说。

在这里我们可以探讨这样一个有趣的例子：生活中的幸福主要是在对美的享受中获得的，不论美在何处被呈现在我们的感官和判断面前—无论是人体形态和姿态的美，自然物体和风景的美，艺术甚至是科学创造的美。这种生活目标的美学态度并不能在苦难威胁我们的时候提供多大保护，但是它能补偿很多东西。美的享受有一种让人微醉的独特作用。美并没有什么很明显的用途，人们也不易看出美对于人类文明为什么不可或缺，然而，缺乏美的文明是不可想象的。美学探讨的是在什么情况下美会被理解，但美学还无法弄明白美的本质和根源；通常缺乏实质内容时，就会用空泛、冗长的辞藻来掩饰。遗憾的是，精神分析学也几乎没有谈论到美。唯一可以肯定的是，美源自性感觉领域；对美的热爱，可以理想地解释为那种目标抑制的冲动。“美”和“吸引”最初都是性对象的特质。值得注意的是，虽然看到生殖器会让人兴奋，但人们并不认为生殖器本身是美的；相反，美的性质似乎与性的某些次要特征相关。

尽管我的论述尚不完整，尚处于开始阶段，但我想斗胆作出如下论述，来结束目前探讨的问题。我们那由快乐原则主宰的追寻幸福的使命

并不能完全实现，但我们不能、事实上也不可以放弃努力，去更加接近幸福。为了达到这个目的，我们也许会踏上不同的道路，并在积极地寻求快乐与消极地避免不幸这两大目标中优先选择一个。但不论我们选择了哪条道路，都不可能完全获得所渴望的一切。幸福（较弱意义上的幸福还是可能实现的）就是关于个人力比多分配的问题。没有哪条建议适用于所有人，每个人都得自己探索救赎之道。其间，各种不同因素都发挥着作用，影响着个人的选择，问题在于他能从外部世界中得到多少真正的满足，在于他能在多大程度上独立于外部世界，以及最后，在于他感到自己有多大的力量来按照自己的意愿改造世界。除外部世界外，这里起决定性作用的还包括个人的心理特性。性欲强烈的人会尤其看重与他人的情感关系；自恋的人，相对而言则更加自足，更倾向于在自我精神进程中寻找最为重要的满足；行动派不会放弃与外部世界的接触，因为他能以此衡量自己的力量。对于第二种人来说，他的天赋以及他的本能所能升华的程度决定着他的兴趣所在。任何极端的选择都将受到惩罚，因为如果一个人选择了一种生活方式，排除其他一切生活方式，那么他将会处于危险的境地中。就像审慎的商人不会把所有资本投在一项事业中一样，处世哲学也许会告诫我们不要指望某一种尝试就能让我们获得所有满足。成功从来都是不可预测的，它取决于很多因素的机缘巧合，又或许仅仅取决于心理适应环境，以及利用环境创造快乐的能力。如果一个人的本能素质天生就不好，又没有真正经历过对他日后成功必不可少的力比多成分的改变和重组过程，他会感到很难从外部世界中获得幸福，尤其在面对极其困难的任务时。最后一种生活方式是（至少能保证让他获得一些替代性的满足），他可以逃入精神病的状态以寻求解脱；这种情况通常会在一个人年轻时发生。如果一个人晚年追求幸福受挫，他仍可以通过长期依赖麻醉物所产生的快乐获得慰藉，或者，进行绝望的抗争，最后精神变态。[6]

这种选择和适应的过程遭到了宗教的干涉，宗教将其获得幸福、避免苦难的方式不加区别地强加到每一个人身上。宗教的方法就是贬低生

命的价值，通过幻想扭曲真实世界面貌，以智力上的恐吓为先决条件。强制人们处于心理上的幼稚状态，并诱使人们进入集体妄想的状态，以此为代价，宗教成功地让人免于患上精神病。但除此之外，宗教再也没什么别的作用了。正如我们已经提到过的，在人类的能力范围内还有很多通往幸福的途径，但是没有哪一条能保证一定成功。就连宗教也不能作出这样的保证。如果信徒们最终不得不谈论上帝的“深不可测的旨意”，他等于就是在承认，要想在苦难中最终获得安慰和快乐，他别无选择，只能无条件地服从。如果他准备接受这一点，那么或许他本可以避开走过的弯路。

III

到目前为止，我们对幸福的研究仍没有提出多少新颖的内容。即使我们继续追问，为什么人获得幸福那么困难，获得开创性见解的可能性仍然并不乐观。关于这个问题我们已经作出回答，指出了痛苦的三个来源：自然力量的强大优势，我们肉体的脆弱，用来调节家庭、国家、社会的人际关系制度的不足。对于前两个来源，我们不必犹豫、很快就能作出判断：我们不得不承认这两种痛苦来源的存在，并且屈服于这不可避免的折磨。我们永远无法完全地掌控自然；我们的肉体仅是自然的一部分，永远是一个短暂的构造物，其适应能力和取得成功的能力有限。认识到这一点，并不会让我们悲观绝望，相反它指引了我们活动的方向。即使我们不能够消除所有痛苦，至少我们可以消除或减轻其中的一部分，几千年的经验已经证实了这一点。我们对第三个痛苦的根源—社会来源，态度则截然不同。我们根本不会承认它，我们不明白为什么自己建立的制度却不能保护、造福我们所有人。然而，想想我们在避免来源于社会的痛苦这一方面收效甚微，我们难免怀疑这儿是否也存在着不可征服的本性因素—这次是我们的精神自我。

当开始思考是否存在这种可能性时，我们遇到了一个令人震惊的观点，对此我们必须花点时间仔细研究。这种观点认为，我们称之为文明的东西是我们不幸的主要根源；如果我们放弃文明，退回到原始状态，就会更加幸福。我说这种观点令人震惊，是因为无论我们如何定义文明的概念，我们试图使用的一切保护自己免受痛苦威胁的方法都确确实实属于这个文明本身。

如此众多的人对文明充满敌意，他们如何形成了这样奇特的观点呢？我相信，长期以来，人们对文明深深不满，而特定历史事件使得不满的土壤里滋生出对文明的强烈谴责。我才疏学浅，尚不能沿着人类历史一直追溯下去，找出完整的因果链。但我想我可以找出最近的两个历史起因。这种对文明的敌意，一定早在基督教战胜异教时就已经存在了。毕竟，这种敌意与贬低尘世生命的基督教思想有着密切联系。前一历史起因在于，航海发现让我们接触到了原始居民和种族。由于观察不充分，加上对其礼仪风俗的错误认识，欧洲人感到他们过着简朴幸福的生活，几乎没有什么需求，认为这种生活是他们这些拥有优越文明的到访者们无法获得的。后来的经验证明了其中一些论断是错误的。这些原始民族生活比较安逸，被错误地认为是因为他们没有复杂的文化需要，而事实是，由于大自然的恩赐，这些人的主要需求能够轻而易举地得到满足。后一历史起因我们尤其熟悉。这一起因发生在人们认识到精神病的机制之后。文明社会中的人享有的幸福本来就少得可怜，而这点幸福还要受到精神病的威胁。人们发现，社会为了其文化理想，迫使人们备尝艰辛，当人们无法忍受时，便变成精神病。由此可以推论，暂停或者减少这些文化理想的要求，幸福的可能性即有可能恢复。

此外还有一个对文明失望的因素。过去几代人中，人类在自然科学及其技术应用方面取得了显著进步，其控制自然的程度，前人几乎难以想象。这些科技进步的细节，众所皆知，此处不用赘言。人们为这些成果感到自豪，确实也是应该的。然而，人们发现，几千年来的渴望的实

现—新近获得的对时空的控制、对自然的征服，并没有增加他们想从生活中得到的快乐，并没有让他们感到更加幸福。根据这一事实，我们不能由此断言技术在我们的幸福体系中毫无价值；而应该推断出的结论是，正如控制自然不是文化事业所要达到的唯一目标，也不是人类幸福的唯一前提条件。人们也许要反问：如果我能够随时听到住在几百英里以外我的孩子的声音，如果我的朋友经过艰辛的海上长途航行最终登岸，并在最短的时间内向我通报他的情况，难道我没有真正获得快乐吗？我的幸福感没有增加吗？医学的进步大幅度地降低了婴儿死亡率和妇女生产时受感染的可能性，而且还延长了文明人的平均寿命，难道说这些都毫无意义吗？我们还可以举出许多发生在这个受到鄙薄的时代中科技进步产生裨益的例子。与此同时，悲观主义的批判声也响起，提醒我们上述大部分的满足属于某类笑话所推崇的"廉价快乐"的模式。例如，在寒冷的冬夜，把大腿裸露在被子外面然后再抽进来而得到的那种享受。如果没有铁路征服了距离，我的孩子就永远不会离开家乡，我也就无须打电话听他的声音；如果不能坐船航行，我的朋友就不会踏上海上征途，那么我也就不需要电报来减少我对他的担忧。如果婴儿死亡率下降迫使我们采取极端的节育措施，结果我们却没有比卫生条件得到重视之前生养更多的孩子，我们婚姻中的性生活受到节制，甚至与自然选择规律相悖，如此看来降低婴儿死亡率又有何用？最后，如果生活充满艰辛、困苦、缺少乐趣，只有死才是一种解脱，我们拍手欢迎还来不及，那么长寿对我们又有何益呢？

在当今文明中，我们似乎确实并不感到舒适，但是，我们很难知道早期人类是否幸福，他们幸福的程度，以及他们的文化条件在幸福问题上发挥的作用。我们总想要客观地考虑人们的疾苦，也就是说，把我们自身，连同我们自己所有的需要和感受，置于他们的情形中，然后再决定我们会从中发现他们哪些幸福或不幸的情景。这种探索事物的方法似乎很客观，因为它不考虑主观感觉的差异。但它却是最主观的方法，因为我们对他人的精神状态一无所知，只是把自身的精神状态强加到他们

身上。但是，幸福完全是一种主观状态。不论我们对某些情况多么望而生畏，例如，古代的苦工、十七世纪欧洲三十年战争时期的农民、宗教法庭的牺牲者、将被屠杀的犹太人，我们也根本不可能与他们感同身受，不可能去猜测人们对快乐和不快乐感觉的接受能力究竟发生了什么变化—敏感性的逐渐减少，希望的丧失。另外，更加原始或者更加高级的麻醉方法已经改变人们对于愉快或不愉快感觉的接受能力。在极端痛苦的情形下，身体会启动一些特殊的精神保护机制。我感觉继续探讨问题的这个方面没有多大益处。

现在，我们应该把注意力转到文明的本质上来，因为人们怀疑文明对获得幸福是否具有价值。在通过研究获得某些发现之前，我们不应该指望用一个公式三言两语地概括出文明的本质。因此，我们将满足于重复地说："文明"是指使我们的生活不同于我们的动物祖先的所有成就和制度的总和，这些成就和制度服务于两个目的，即保护人类抵御自然危害与调节人际关系。为了加深对文明的理解，我们将人类社会各个文明表现出的独立特征汇集在一起。在这样做时，我们毫不迟疑地将语言用法或者一些人所称的"语感"作为指导，并且坚信这样我们能公正地评判内在感知，因为内在感知很难用抽象术语进行表述。

文明的起始阶段很容易辨认。一切使地球为人类效劳、保护人类不受凶猛自然力量的侵害等等的活动和价值都属于文明的范畴。文明这一方面的构成几乎是无可置疑的。如果我们追溯到久远的过去，我们发现最初的文明活动是工具的使用、火的利用和房屋的建造。在这些成就中，对火的利用尤为突出，这是一项非同凡响、前所未有的成就[7]；人类还开创了很多其他成就，并从此一路走下去，其中的动力显而易见。人类利用各种工具改善了他的运动器官或感觉器官，或者说消除了发挥这些器官功能的障碍。引擎能让巨大的力量为人们所用，人们可以在任何地方像指挥自己的肌肉一样使用它，有了船和飞机，无论是水还是天空都不能阻碍人的运动。通过眼镜，人纠正了眼球晶状体的缺陷；有了

望远镜，人能看到很远的地方；有了显微镜，人克服了视网膜结构造成的视力限制。通过照相机，人创造了可以捕获转瞬即逝的视觉印象的仪器，而留声机则保存了同样转瞬即逝的听觉印象，这两者从本质上说都是人类天生记忆力的物化。借助电话就可以听到远方的人说话，这即使在童话故事中也被认为是不可能的，文字起源于不在场的人的声音的记录，而房子则是母亲子宫的替代物。子宫是人的第一处居所，人类很有可能还留恋着它，在那里人感到安全舒适。

人类借助科学技术，在这个世界上创造了这么多成就！而人最初来到这个世界上只是个孱弱的动物有机体，人类的每一个个体一开始都是无助的婴儿—“噢，大自然中尘埃一般”—人类取得这些成就听上去不仅像童话一般，而且事实上实现了所有—不，大多数—童话般的愿望。所有这些成就人类可以称之为文化成果。很久以前，人类就形成了全能和全知的理想概念，并在神的身上得以体现，人类把自己不能实现的或者被禁止的欲望都寄托在众神身上。因此，我们可以说这些神就是文化理想。今天，人类几乎实现了所有这些理想，他自己几乎就变成了神。但无可否认的是，这些理想只是以惯常的方式得到实现，且只是基于人类的常识判断之上，即它们并非完全得到实现，在某些方面根本没有实现，在其他方面则是部分得到实现。可以说人类已经变成神，带着假肢的神。当他带上所有的辅助器官时，他确实让人印象深刻，尽管这些器官尚未成为他身体的一部分，不时地还会带给他不少麻烦。然而，人类有资格用这样的事实安慰自己，即文明的发展不会在1930年就停滞不前。未来的岁月里，文明这个领域将会有崭新的、也许是不可思议的发展，人类将变得更加像上帝。但是，为了有助于研究，我们不要忘记现代人对于他上帝般的特性并没有感到幸福。

既而我们承认，如果一个国家中有助于人类利用土地或者抵御自然力量的一切事物—总之，对人类有用的一切事物—都受到了照看并且井然有序，那么这个国家的文明确实达到了很高的水平。在这些国家中，

可能淹没土地的河流得到治理，河水被引到干旱的地区；土地经过精耕细作种上了适宜的植物；地下矿产资源经过艰辛的劳动开采出来，制成必需的工具；交通工具方便、快捷、可靠；危险的野生动物因被捕杀而灭绝，家畜饲养繁荣发展。但除此之外，我们对文明还有很多别的要求，尤其是，我们希望这些要求在上述这类国家中得到满足。当人们把注意力转向没有任何实用价值的东西—或者任何看似没用的东西，例如在供人玩耍消遣、储蓄新鲜空气的城市公园的场地建造花坛，或者用花盆装饰住宅的窗户，我们也非常赞同，把这也视为文明的象征，就好像我们要否定对文明提出的最初要求似的。我们很快认识到，我们希望文明重视的这种无用的东西就是美；我们要求文明人热爱自然中所遇到的美，并且如果有能力，用双手创造美。然而，我们对文明的要求远没有穷尽，除了美之外，我们还要看到清洁和秩序。当我们读到位于斯特拉特福德的莎士比亚父亲家门前有很大一个粪堆的描述时，就会认为莎士比亚时期英国乡镇的文明水平还比较低。当我们看到维也纳郊区林间小路上乱扔的废纸时，便义愤填膺地称之为“野蛮”—文明的对立。我们觉得一切污秽都与文明相悖，我们也把清洁的要求扩展到人身上。当从书中读到太阳王路易十四身上有股难闻的气味时，我们不禁感到吃惊。在贝拉岛（又叫美丽岛）上，当看到拿破仑早晨洗漱用的小脸盆时，我们不禁摇头。事实上，即使有人把使用肥皂视为文明的一个标准，我们也不会感到吃惊。秩序同样如此，它和清洁一样与人类行为密切相关。但在自然中我们找不到清洁的模式。相反，秩序是从自然界模仿来的。人类所观察到的天体的匀称与整齐，不仅给人类提供了将秩序引进生活中的样式，而且还提供了如何保持秩序的线索。秩序是一种强迫性的重复，一个模式一旦确定下来，秩序就决定了一件事何时、何地以及如何去做，这样一来，再遇到相同的情况，人们就不必犹豫不决了。秩序的好处无可争议。它使人们能够充分利用时间和空间，同时还节省脑力。人们或许有理由指望秩序一开始就不费吹灰之力地在人类活动中得到确立，但可能会惊讶于事实并非如此—恰恰相反，人类天性草率、无序、

靠不住，因此必须通过艰苦的训练，才能学会模仿天体模式。

显然，美、清洁和秩序在我们对文明的要求中占有特殊的地位。谁都不会认为它们在生活中与我们对自然力的控制和我们即将认识到的其他因素同等重要。但是，也没有人会认为它们微不足道，希望抛弃它们。文明并不仅仅关注功用，这一点已经在人们热爱美，并坚持把美包括进文明这一例子中得到证实。秩序的用处显而易见。至于清洁，我们必须记住它也是卫生学对我们的要求。我们可以推断，甚至在有科学预防法之前，人类也并未完全忽视卫生和清洁之间的关系。然而，功用性并不能完全解释人们对清洁的追求；除此之外，一定还涉及其他的因素。

然而，没有什么比高层次精神活动（包括智力、科学和艺术等方面的成就）的欣赏和培养，以及思想在人类生活中被赋予的主导作用更能体现文明的特征。这些思想中首推宗教体系，关于其复杂性，我在别处已经论及；其次是哲学思考；最后是所谓的人类理想，即人类所形成的关于个人、国家和整个人类所能达到的完美境界的主张，以及基于这些理想所提出的要求。事实上，这些精神活动产生的思想和成就并不是孤立的，而是密切相连的，这不仅增加了描述它们的困难，而且还使追溯它们的心理起源变得复杂。如果我们假定，通常人类一切活动的动力都是源于追求功用和快乐这两个相互融合的目标，我们必须承认我们在这里谈论的一切文明体现皆是如此，尽管这在科学和艺术活动中显而易见。但是，毫无疑问其他活动也满足了人类的强烈需要，虽然也许只是满足少部分人的需要。同时，我们也不要被这样或那样的宗教、哲学体系或者理想等价值判断引入歧途。无论是我们通过思考，在这些宗教、哲学或理想中找到人类精神的最高成就，抑或是将其认定为歪理邪说并加以谴责，我们都不得不承认，它们的存在及优势地位都是高度文明的象征。

作为文明最后但也极为重要的一个特性，我们要考虑如何调节人与人之间的关系，即影响人们扮演邻居、员工、性对象、家庭成员以及国家公民等角色的各种社会关系。这里，要避开文明特定理想要求的影响，抓住一般意义上的文明属性尤其困难。也许，当人类首次尝试调节这些社会关系时，我们就可以宣布文明的因素已经出现。因为如果没有这样的尝试，人们就不得不屈服于个人武断意志的支配。也就是说，体格比较强壮的人将根据他自己的利益和本能冲动来独断专行。如果这个体格较强壮的人遇到了比他还强的人，后者同样也会这样做。只有当大部分人聚集到一起时，才会比任何个体强大得多，才能形成针对个人的统一阵线。只有在这时，集体社会生活才成为可能。集体的力量被冠以“正义”的名义，与被谴责为“蛮力”的个人力量相抗衡。个体的力量被集体的力量所取代是人类向文明迈进的决定性一步。其本质在于：作为社会集体的成员会在自己满意的一定范围内节制自己的欲望，而作为个人则毫无节制。因此，接下来对文明的要求便是公正，也就是，法律秩序一旦制定，就不能徇私枉法，偏向某一个人。这一点并不要求对法律体系的道德伦理作出价值判断。文明的进一步发展似乎旨在达到法律不再表达少数人意志的一种境界—即不是某一个种姓、某一社会阶层或者某一部族意志的表达，因为这些小团体相对于其他更广泛的团体而言，就像是暴戾的个人。最终结果应该是，所有人或至少是合格的社会集体成员，通过放弃部分本能的满足，建立起一个法律体系，使得这些合格的社会成员不会沦为个人蛮力的牺牲品。

个体自由并不是文明的恩赐。在文明产生以前，自由的程度最大，尽管那时自由也并没有多少实际意义，因为个体几乎不能捍卫他的自由。文明的发展限制了自由，法律公正要求每个人都必须受到限制，无一例外。人类集体中所表现出的任何对自由的渴望都可能演变为对现存不公正的反抗，因而有助于文明的进一步发展，与文明并不排斥。但是，这种对自由的渴望也可能产生于人类原始性格的遗留部分，这种遗留部分尚未被文明驯服，因此会成为敌视文明的基础。因此，对自由的

渴望会转而反对文明的某种特定形式和要求，或者彻底反对文明。似乎任何影响都不能够诱使个人将其本性改变成白蚁一般的本性。人们或许永远要反对集体意志，维护个体自由的权利。人类的斗争大部分围绕着一个任务，即寻找个人要求与文明集体要求之间合适的或者两全其美的和解。涉及人类命运的一个问题是，这种融合是否可以通过某一特定的文明模式达到，或者冲突是否根本就是无法调和的。

人类的共同感觉告诉我们人类生活中的哪些特点可以称之为文明，我们因此对文明有了一个清晰印象，勾勒出了文明的整体轮廓，尽管我们尚未学到任何不为人所熟知的东西。与此同时，我们应尽量避免限于偏见，认为文明就是走向完善，就是人类通往至善至美的必经之路。但我们现在提出的这个观点，可能会把我们引向别处。文明的进程，在我们看来似乎是人类经历的一个独特过程，其中某些内容为我们所熟知。根据其所引起的人类本能的众所皆知的性情的变化，我们即可对文明特性进行描述，对于本能的满足是我们有效利用生命的终极任务。这些本能中的一些成分被消耗掉了，取而代之的是针对个体而言的性格特征。这一过程最奇怪的例子要算是幼儿的肛门欲。在幼儿的成长过程中，他们对肛门的排泄作用、排泄器官和排泄物的最初兴趣转变为一组特征，即我们所熟悉的节俭、秩序感和清洁感。虽然这些特性本身大有益处、备受推崇，但可能被强化，直至占据绝对主导地位，形成所谓的肛门性格。这种情况是如何发生的，我们不得而知，但是，这种观点无疑是正确的。我们已经看到秩序和清洁是文明的基本要求，尽管它们是否至关重要，是否是快乐的源泉，并不非常明显。从这点上说，我们不禁想到文明紧承与个体力比多发展的相似性。肛门欲之外的其他本能，则被诱使改变其获得满足的条件，转而寻找其他的途径。大多情形下，这个过程与我们所熟知的升华过程（本能目的的升华）是相一致的。但在某些情况下，也可能不一致。本能的升华是文化发展最显著的特征；由于它的存在，科学、艺术、思想意识等较高层次的精神活动才在文明生活中发挥着至关重要的作用。乍看起来，人们会倾向认为文明将升华作用强

加于本能身上。但对这一问题进一步思考，可能会有更好的认识。第三个因素似乎最重要，即文明在多大程度上要通过消除本能才能得到确立；多大程度上要利用克制、压抑或其他手段使得强烈的本能得不到满足为前提条件，这一点不容忽视。这种“文化挫折”支配着人类广泛的社会关系领域。我们早已知道，这种挫折造成对文明的敌意，一切文明都须与这一敌意抗争。它也对我们的精神分析科学提出了严肃的要求，分析科学对此尚需作出很多解释。如何才能剥夺对本能的满足，要想解决这一问题并非易事。剥夺本能的满足，而不冒任何风险是不可能的。若没有有效补偿，严重的混乱肯定会接踵而来。

但是，关于文明发展这一特殊过程与个体的正常成熟过程具有可比性这一观点，如果想要知道它具有什么意义，显然还须解决另一问题，我们必须追问文明发展究竟源于什么样的影响，它究竟是如何开始的，其进程中又有什么决定因素。

Ⅳ

这一任务十分艰巨，人们望而却步是自然的。下面是我曾作过的一些猜测。

一个原始人在发现通过劳动就能改善他在地球上的命运后，主动权实际上掌握在他自己手中，其他人与他齐心协力还是作对，对他来说就不再无关紧要了。对他而言，这个其他人也就具有了作为一个共同劳动伙伴的价值，如果他们生活在一起，将会大有裨益。甚至早在类人猿的史前时期，人类就有了组织家庭的习惯，家庭成员大概就是他最初的帮手。或许家庭的建立是基于以下事实，即生殖满足的需要不再像一个客人，某一天突然出现，然后离去，很久都不回来，而是像一个长期的房客住了下来。从此以后，男性就有了一种把女性—说得更概括一些—把他的性对象留在身边的动机；而女性则不愿离开她弱小的孩子，为了孩

子和强壮的男性继续生活在一起。[8]这样的原始家庭，仍然缺乏文明的一项基本特征：父亲作为家庭首脑，拥有绝对的独裁权力。在《图腾与禁忌》一书中，我曾试图揭示原始家庭怎样发展到下一阶段以兄弟关系为纽带的群居生活。在制服父亲的过程中，儿子们发现联合起来要比一个人的力量大得多。图腾文化就是建立在种种限制之上的，儿子们之间必须互相迫使对方遵守这些限制，才能保持上述的群居生活。遵守禁忌的习俗形成了最初的“法律”体系。因此，两种原因导致人类选择群居生活：一是艰难的外部环境迫使人们共同参与劳动；二是爱的力量，爱一方面使得男人不愿意放弃自己的性对象，另一方面使得女人不愿意被夺去自己的亲骨肉—孩子。厄洛斯爱神和定数女神阿南刻（爱和必要性）也就成为人类文明的始祖。文明的第一个结果是，数目相当可观的一部分人能够共同生活在一个集体中。由于这两个巨大的力量在集体中共同发挥作用，人们因此可以期望文明进一步得到发展，顺利地朝着更好地支配外部世界，吸收更多人群加入这个集体的方向前进。然而，这样的文明为什么绝对不会是文明社会成员们的幸福源泉，就很难理解了。

在我们接着探讨对文明的敌意产生于什么地方之前，就上述视爱为文明基础之一的观点，请允许我们在此说一点题外话，借以弥补我们在前面论述的不足。前面我们探讨过人类发现性（生殖的）爱能给予他最强烈的满足体验，而且实际上为他提供了所有幸福的典范，那么这一发现一定向他表明，他应该在生活中继续沿着性关系的途径去寻找幸福，并且使生殖器的性欲成为其生活的中心。我们接着又讲过，在这一过程中，他使自己以一种危险的方式依赖于一部分外部世界，即他选择的爱的对象，如果他被所爱的对象抛弃，或是由于不忠或死亡而失去所爱的对象，他就会感受到极度的痛苦。正因为此，每个时代的智者贤人都严厉地警告我们要抵制这种生活方式，尽管如此，这种生活方式仍对许多人有着巨大的吸引力。

有一小部分人，由于自身的特质，不顾一切地试图通过爱去寻找幸

福，尽管爱的作用在精神方面必然要经过修正。这些人把重心从被爱转移到主动去爱，从而使自己独立于所爱对象的意愿；为了避免自己失去所爱的对象，他们不是把自己的爱仅仅给予某一个对象，而是一视同仁地给予每个人；为了避免由性爱带来的不确定和失望，他们背离性的目标，并把这种本能转化成一种目标抑制冲动。这样他们就在内心产生了一种均衡、坚定的爱的情感，这种爱，尽管源自性爱，却与波涛汹涌般的性爱不再有任何外在上的相似之处。也许圣方济亚西西是利用这种爱去追求内在幸福感做得最极致的一个。再有，我们承认的实现人类快乐原则的手段之一往往与宗教有关。这种与宗教的联系也许存在于遥远的感觉领域，那里自我与对象的区别，或是对象与对象的区别被忽略了。有一种伦理观点—其深层动机我们马上就会认识到—认为这种对人类和世界的博爱是人类能够达到的最高境界。尽管刚刚开始讨论这一问题，我还是要提出两点主要的保留意见：首先，在我们看来，不加区分的爱，是对所爱对象的不公正，导致一部分爱的内在价值丧失；其次并非所有的人都值得爱。

作为家庭建立的基础的那种爱，不论是不放弃其直接性满足的原始形式，还是经过目标抑制修正过的形式，在文明中依然发挥着作用。不管以何种方式，爱继续发挥着将相当多的人聚集在一起的作用，这一作用比共同的劳动利益产生的凝聚效果更为强烈。语言随意地用“爱”这个词是有历史根由的。这个词不仅表示男人与女人之间的关系，男女之间的生殖需要促使他们建立起家庭，家庭中父母与孩子之间、兄弟姐妹之间积极的情感也称之为“爱”，尽管我们须把这种情感描述成“目标抑制的爱”。事实上，目标抑制的爱原本是一种纯粹的肉体上的爱，在人们的潜意识中还是如此。纯粹的肉体之爱和目标抑制的爱二者都可从家庭延伸出去，使原本陌生的人之间产生了一种新的联系。性爱导致了新的家庭的建立；“目标抑制”的爱则产生了“友谊”。友谊对于文明而言非常重要，因为它克服了性爱的某些局限，比如说排他性。但爱与文明的关系，发展下去，变得模糊起来，一方面，爱与文明的利益产生冲突，另

一方面，文明以众多的限制威胁着爱。

爱与文明的裂痕似乎是不可避免的。然而人们并不能立刻辨出个中原因。它首先表现为家庭与个人所属的较大集体之间的冲突。我们已经看到，文明的主要使命之一就是把人们聚集在更大的集体之中。但是家庭不愿意放弃它的成员。一个家庭团结得越是紧密，其成员往往就越要脱离其他人，也就越难进入一个更广阔的生活圈子。从种系遗传学的角度来看，比较古老的共同生活方式，现在只在童年期存在，它拒绝被后来所形成的文明方式取代。因此脱离家庭成为每一个年轻人面临的任务，并且社会常常通过成年仪式和社交入会仪式来帮助他们完成这个任务。这给人的印象是，这些困难是所有的心理发展—事实上是所有的有机体发展—的固有困难。

此外，女人很快站到了文明潮流的对立面，显露出阻碍和抑制文明发展的影响—尽管最初正是女人对爱的要求奠定了文明的基础。女人所代表的是家庭和性生活的利益；而创造文明日益成为男人的工作，给他们布置了更为艰巨的任务，迫使男人不得不实行本能的升华，而女人则没有这样的倾向。由于一个男人没有无限的心理能量可供使用，所以他必须临时分配自己的力比多以完成自己的使命。他在文化目标上消耗的精力，很大程度上就不能再用在女人身上了。他与男性的频繁交往，以及对这种交往的依赖，更加让他无法尽一个丈夫和父亲的义务。因此女人会发现，正是由于文明的要求，她们才被置于次要的地位，所以她们就产生了对文明的敌对情绪。

文明对性生活的限制倾向，与它扩大文化阵地的其他倾向一样明显。在文明的起始阶段，即图腾阶段，就有反对性对象选择中乱伦行为的禁律，也许这是从古到今人类性生活所经历的最强烈的打击。禁忌、法律和风俗习惯进一步限制了性自由。这些限制不仅影响到男人，也影响到了女人。但在这一点上，并非所有的文明都采取同样手段与力度；

人们享有的性自由程度受到社会经济结构的影响。我们早已知道这一方面的文明需要服从效益，因为文明消耗的心理能量正是所剥夺的性行为所需要的能量。在这一方面，文明对于性欲的做法就像一个部族或是一个阶层的人一样，在征服另一部族或阶层后便开始剥削他们。由于害怕被压迫方起来反抗，压迫一方就采取了严格的预防措施。在这样的发展过程中，我们西欧的文明已达到了很高的水平。从心理的角度来看，从一开始就禁止各种形式的儿童性生活的做法是站得住脚的。因为如果在儿童时代没有为约束性欲打好基础的话，在成年时期就没有希望来约束性欲了。然而一个文明社会毫无理由去做得更过分，甚至否认这些显而易见和令人震惊的事实。对于性成熟的个人来说，对象的选择只能局限于异性，并且大多数超出生殖器以外的性满足会被认为是变态行为而遭到禁止。一切清规戒律要求所有人去过同样的性生活，而毫不考虑人类在性素质方面所存在的先天或后天的差异；因而剥夺了相当一部分人的性乐趣，这成为严重的不公平的根源。这些约束的结果是，那些自身素质未受限制的正常人，其所有性趣就能通过那些依旧敞开的渠道，完全地排泄出去。但这种被视为合法的异性性行为仍然受到法律和一夫一妻制的限制。当今文明清楚地表明，它只承认一男一女在一个不能撤销的唯一契约基础上的性关系；它不赞成性行为成为快乐本身的源泉，只能容忍性行为作为繁衍后代的手段，因为到目前为止，还没有什么手段能代替性行为来繁衍后代。

以上当然是一种极端的观点。大家都知道它根本行不通，即使短期内也行不通。只有弱者才屈服于这样一种对他们性自由的公然侵犯。而强者只有在得到补偿的条件下才会忍受这种侵犯。这些我们在后面还要提到。文明社会自知它不得不对一些根据其法令本该惩罚的犯罪行为睁一只眼闭一只眼。但是我们不应因此犯相反的错误，认为文明既然没有去实施它既定的所有目标，那么上述文化态度就无伤大雅。文明人的性生活还是大大地被削弱了；我们常常会产生这样的印象：性的功能会衰退，就像我们的牙齿和头发作为人体器官会衰老一样。人们有理由认为

性作为快乐的源泉、作为实现人生目的的手段已经明显减弱了。有时候，人们似乎发现不仅是文明的压力，而是性功能本身固有的某种东西，使我们不能得到完全的满足，迫使我们选择别的途径追求幸福。这一说法或许是错误的，但很难下定论。[9]

V

精神分析法告诉我们，那些被我们称为精神病的人所不能忍受的正是这些性生活的挫折。精神病患者在他的症状中为自己创造了一些替代性的满足，然而这些满足不是本身造成他的痛苦，就是成为他痛苦的来源，因为它们使他与周围环境和社会相处困难。后一现象很容易理解，但前者又给我们提出了一个新的难题。文明除了要求人类牺牲性满足外，还要求人类作出其他方面的牺牲。

我们将文明发展的困难看作是发展的普遍困难所在，将这一困难追溯到力比多的惰性上，归结为力比多拒绝新的角色、不愿放弃旧有的角色。性爱是两个人之间的一种关系，任何第三者只能是多余或者碍事的，但文明所依靠的却是众人之间的关系；我们由此可以推论出文明与性行为之间的对立，这与文明发展的困难问题是一回事。当恋爱关系发展到高潮时，恋人们对外界就毫无兴趣了，对于一对恋人来说，有他们自己就已足够，甚至不需要共同的孩子来促使自己幸福。爱神厄洛斯通过让两个人相恋来进行繁衍后代的行为，但达到这一众所皆知的目的后，就拒绝再有所作为了，爱神存在的核心价值的体现，在这件事上再明显不过了。

到现在为止，我们完全可以想象这样一个文化集体，其成员成双成对，力比多在他们自身中即获得满足，但共同的工作和利益还是将这些成对的人们联系在一起。如果真是这样的话，文明就不必再汲取性行为的能量了。但是这种理想的情形并不存在，也从来没有发生过。现实告

诉我们，文明并不满足于人类现有的纽带关系，文明还要寻求通过力比多把集体成员相互连接起来，并且为达到这一目的不惜一切手段，支持一切可以使集体成员建立起强烈认同感的途径，最大程度上唤起目标抑制的力比多以借助友谊的纽带增强集体的关联。为了实现这些目标，节制性生活就变得不可避免。然而我们还是无法理解是什么迫使文明走上这样的发展道路，是什么引发了文明对性行为的对抗，其必要性何在。一定存在某种扰乱文明的因素，只是我们尚未发现。

在我们说的文明社会的理想要求中，有一条或许能指引我们作出正确理解。这一要求是："你须爱邻居如同爱自己"。这一要求举世皆知，并且无疑比基督教还要悠久。基督教把它作为最值得骄傲的主张加以推崇。然而它确实并不古老，在各个历史时期，它对人们来讲仍然陌生。让我们以一种天真的态度来对待这一问题，就像第一次听到这句话一样，这样我们就不禁会产生一种惊奇和困惑的感觉。我们为什么要这样做呢？这样做对我们有什么好处呢？但是首先，我们如何才能做到这一点呢？它怎么可能呢？我的爱对我来说是某种宝贵的东西，我不应当不负责任地将它抛出。这种爱使我承担着某些义务，为了履行这些义务，我必须准备作出牺牲。如果我爱某一个人，他在某些方面就必须值得我去爱（我在这里不考虑他可能对我有什么用，也不考虑他作为性对象对我有什么样的重要性，因为这两种关系对于爱我的邻居这一训诫都没有关系）。如果他在某些重要方面很像我，以至于我在爱他时能够爱我自己，那么他就值得我爱；如果他是一个比我完美得多的人，从而我在爱他的同时可以爱自己的理想形象，那么他也值得我爱；再者，如果他是朋友的儿子，我也必须去爱他，如果他遇到什么灾难的话，我的朋友所感到的痛苦也就是我的痛苦—我应当去分担这一痛苦。但是，如果他对我来说是一个陌生人，并且如果他自身没有什么吸引我的优点，或者在我的感情生活中无足轻重，他就不能够吸引我，那么让我去爱他将会很难。事实上，去爱陌生人是错误的，因为我的亲人或朋友珍视我的爱，并将我的爱视为一种我对他们偏爱的表示，如果我把一个陌生人和他们

同等对待，这对他们来说是不公平的。但是如果我去爱他（用那种博爱方式）—只是因为他也是地球上的生物，就像昆虫、蚯蚓或草蛇一样，恐怕他只能分享我的爱的一小部分—我的理性判断会把大部分爱留给自己。如果一个训诫实施起来并不能让人感觉合理，这样的训诫又有何用呢？

再进一步观察，我发现了更多的困难。这样一个陌生人不仅不值得我爱，而且老实地讲，他更多是引起我的敌意，甚至憎恨。他似乎对我也没有一丝爱的意思，且没有对我表现出丝毫的关心与体谅。如果对他有利，他会毫不犹豫地伤害我，他也绝不会自问因此所得的利益是否和我遭受的伤害相当。实际上，他甚至不需要去获得什么利益，只要可以满足他的某种欲望，他就会毫无顾忌地嘲笑我、侮辱我、诽谤我，让我成为他的配角以显出他的优势。他越感到安全，我就越感到无助，也越肯定他会以这样的方式对待我。如果他的表现完全不同，对我这个陌生人，他表示出关心，表现出宽容，那么任何情形下我也愿意以同样的方式对待他，而不需任何训诫的指示。的确，如果这条庄严的训诫这样说的话："爱你的邻居就像他爱你一样"，那么我就毫无异议了。还有第二条训诫，它似乎更让我无法理解，并且引起我内心更强烈的反感。这就是："爱你的敌人"。然而，经过仔细考虑之后，我觉得把它视为一个更加过分的要求是错误的；说到底，它与第一条训诫是一回事。[10]

我似乎听到一个威严高贵的声音告诫着我："恰恰是由于你的邻居不值得你爱，甚至是你的敌人，你才必须要爱他像爱你自己一样。"于是我明白了这条训诫不过是又一个"因为荒谬故我信"的例子而已。

现在，当我的邻居被告诫说要爱我像爱他自己一样时，他完全可能作出和我一样的反应，并且因为同样的原因而拒绝爱我。我希望他不会给出和我完全一样的客观理由，但他却有和我同样的想法。尽管如此，人类行为还是存在着差异，伦理学不顾这些差异的条件制约，将其划分

为“善”和“恶”两类。只要这些不可否认的差异依然存在，去践行高级伦理要求的内容对文明的目标就会造成损害，因为这会提倡恶有善报。在这一点上，人们不禁会想起法国国民议会厅曾经的一幕，人们在争论着是否废除死刑。一个议员强烈地要求废除死刑，他的演讲得到持久的雷鸣般的掌声，直至大厅中传来一个声音：“让杀人犯先迈出第一步不去杀人吧！”

隐藏在这一切背后的，也是许多人不愿意承认的真相是：人类不是需要爱的温和生物，顶多是受到攻击后会采取防卫措施而已；相反，人类在其本能的禀性中蕴藏着强大的攻击性。因此，他们的邻居不仅仅是潜在的助手或性对象，而且是诱发他们对其发动攻击的对象，他们会毫无补偿地剥削他的劳动力，未经他的许可便强行与他发生性关系，霸占他的财产，羞辱他，折磨他，让他痛苦，并且杀死他。“人对人如同狼对狼一样”。面对历史上和生活中的经验，谁还有勇气对这个结论提出质疑呢？一般来说，这种残酷的攻击性或者等待着某种挑衅，或者服务于某种通过比较温和的手段即能达到的目标。当条件适宜，平时控制着人类的精神上的制衡力量失去效力时，他们的攻击性即自发显现，暴露出兽性，连同类也不能免于受害。但凡想想种族大迁徙的恐怖情形，想想匈奴人或者又称之为成吉思汗和帖木儿统治下的蒙古人的侵略，想想虔诚的十字军占领耶路撒冷的时候，抑或是第一次世界大战的恐怖情形，人们都将不得不承认这一事实。

我们在自己身上觉察到了这种攻击性倾向，也有理由假定别人身上也具有这样的倾向，这种倾向破坏了我们与邻居的关系，也迫使文明之路更为迂回曲折。由于人类之间充满原始的敌意，文明社会永远存在着崩溃的危险。劳动中的共同利益尚不足以将人类团结在一起，因为源自本能的感情远比理智的利益强大得多。文明必须尽其最大的努力来限制人类的攻击性本能，并且运用心理反应形成机制来控制它们的显现。从此就有了一些方法的运用，旨在促进人们情感上彼此认同、进入目标抑

制的性关系中，就有了对性生活的限制，就有了爱邻居如同爱自己的理想训诫，这一训诫的合理性在于：没有什么比它更能与人的攻击性本性相抗衡了。尽管作了种种尝试，文明的这些努力目前仍收效甚微。文明希望通过使用暴力打击罪犯的权利，来防止最赤裸裸的野蛮暴行，但是法律对于人类攻击性表现的微妙形式却无能为力。如今我们每个人须丢弃年轻时寄托在他人身上的期望，这种期望只能是幻想；须学会认识到他人的恶意让我们的生活变得如此艰难和痛苦。同时，指责文明试图从人类活动中消除争斗和竞争也是不公平的。争斗与竞争自然必不可少。但是对立未必就是敌对，对立只是完全被误用成敌对的一种情形而已。

共产主义者认为他们已经找到了将人类从罪恶中解脱出来的途径。根据他们的观点，人无疑本来是好的，对邻居也友善，但私有制度腐化了其天性。私有财产的拥有权赋予个人以权力并诱使他运用这种权力去虐待他的邻人；而那些被剥夺财产的人就必定会对压迫者充满敌意，必定会反抗其压迫。如果废除了私有制，实行财产公有，即人人享有财产，那么恶意和敌对就会在人类中消失。由于每个人的需要都将得到满足，任何人都没有理由把另一个人当作他的敌人；所有人都将乐意承担起任何必要的工作。我并不关心对共产主义制度在经济体制方面的批评，私有财产的废除究竟是否合适、有益，我也无从得知。[11]但我能确认的是，这种废除私有财产做法背后的心理学假设毫无依据，只是幻想而已。废除私有财产后，人类对攻击的喜好仅仅是被剥夺了其众多手段中的一个，虽然无疑这是一个强大的手段，但绝不是最强的手段。人在权力和影响上的差异、攻击性的本性都没有任何改变，攻击性为达到目的利用的正是这种权力和影响上的差异。攻击性并不是由财产造成的；财产匮乏的原始社会弥漫的几乎是毫无节制的攻击性。在幼儿期，人的攻击性即显露出来了，那时所谓的财产尚未脱离原始的肛门期形式，它构成了人们之间各种感情和爱的关系的基础（也许只有一个例外，就是母亲和儿子的关系）。即使我们废除了物质财富的私人所有权，性关系领域的特权仍然存在，人或许在其他方面完全平等，但这一

特权必定引起人们极度的不满和强烈的憎恨。如果我们也消除这一特权，允许性生活完全自由，并且进而废除家庭这一文明的胚胎细胞，我们诚然无法预知文明进程可能会走上怎样的新道路；但有一点我们可以确定：无论文明之路通向何方，人类本性中的攻击性坚不可摧，将会如影随形地跟从文明。

显而易见，让人们放弃攻击性倾向并非易事。没有这一需求的满足，他们就会感到不适。人们不应轻视相当小的一个文化圈子所享有的优越性，这一优越性以一种对圈外人的敌意形式给攻击性本能提供了一种发泄渠道。人类总是可以通过爱将相当一部分人团结在一起，只要圈外人成为其攻击对象。我曾经讨论过这样一种现象，即恰恰是疆土毗连，并且本应关系密切的群体，常常沉溺于相互斗争、相互讥笑嘲弄之中—比如西班牙人和葡萄牙人，北德人和南德人，英格兰人和苏格兰人，等等。我将这种现象称之为“细微差异上的自恋”，这一名称当然并不足以解释这一现象。但它可以视为某一群体满足攻击性倾向、增强集体凝聚力的一个便利而又无伤大雅的方法。散居各地的犹太人对其定居地所在的东道国文化作出了宝贵的贡献；然而不幸的是，中世纪对犹太人的大屠杀并未使基督教徒们因此感到那个时代更加安全、和平。在圣·保罗将博爱奠定为基督徒社团的基础之后，其不可避免的后果是，基督徒对那些处于这一集体之外的人们极度地不能容忍。对罗马人而言，其帝国并不是建立在爱的基础之上，因此，宗教的不相容对他们来说是陌生的，尽管宗教是国家大事，并且在全国传播。日耳曼人主宰世界的梦想要以反犹太主义来作补充也不是不可能理解的偶然现象。在俄国建立一个共产主义的新文明的努力会以迫害资产阶级作为心理支柱，也就变得可以理解了。只是人们未免有点担忧地感到疑惑：布尔什维克在彻底清除了他们的资产阶级后又将做什么呢？

如果文明把如此大的牺牲不仅强加于人类的性行为，而且还强加于人类的攻击性行为的话，我们就能更好地理解为什么在这样一种文明里

人们极难使自己感到幸福了。其实原始人由于不被限制其本能，境况反而更好一些。然而原始人无法确定能长长久久地享受这样的好运，这一点让我们稍感平衡。文明人则是用他可能获得的一部分幸福换取了一部分安全。然而，我们还应考虑到，在原始家庭中，只有它的首领才能充分享受这种本能的自由；其他人则生活在奴隶般的压迫之中。所以在文明的原始时期，享受文明的好处的少数人和被剥夺了这些好处的多数人之间，形成了极其鲜明的对比。至于今天仍存在的原始民族，更仔细的调查已表明：我们毫无理由因其享受的自由而妒忌他们的本能生活。他们要受到一种不同类型的约束，这种约束或许比强加在文明人身上的约束更为严苛。

当我们理直气壮地挑剔文明的现状，指责它没有充分理睬我们对幸福生活形式的要求，指责它容许如此多的或许完全可以避免的苦难存在时；当我们毫不吝惜批评，试图发掘出它不完美的根源时—我们是在行使自己的正当权利，并不是在表明我们就是文明的敌人。我们希望在文明社会中逐渐施行一些改变，使其更好地满足我们的要求，免于以上批评。但我们或许也应该熟悉这样的观点，即有些难题存在于文明的本性之中，无论通过何种改革都无法克服。我们除了面临限制本能的任务（这一任务我们已经做好准备）外，还面临着一个危险的境况，这一境况我们称之为“集体心理痛苦”。当一个社会的纽带主要依靠成员之间的认同感，而发挥领导才干的个人，在集体形成中却又未能获得应有的名望时，这一危险就最具威胁性。美国文明的现状给我们提供了一个绝好的机会，来研究人们应该惧怕的文化伤害。但是我将抵住对美国文明进行批判的诱惑；我不想给人留下这样的印象，即我自身也想使用美国式批判方法。

VI

在过去的写作过程中，我从未像现在一样如此强烈地感到，我所描述的东西不过是些众所周知的事情，而我还在浪费着纸张笔墨，在一定的时候还要浪费排字工人和印刷工人的劳动，来论述一些实际上是不言而喻的东西。基于此，如果承认一个特殊、独立的攻击本能的存在，似乎意味着必须对精神分析理论关于本能方面的内容作出修改，我将会非常乐意地去修改。

然而我们将会看到，事情并非如此，很久以前，精神分析论就存在这样的一个方向改变，现在只不过是更加热切地关注这一方向，并沿着这一方向追踪下去，探寻后果罢了。在分析理论缓慢发展出的所有要素中，关于本能原理的摸索是最费劲的一个。但本能原理对于精神分析的整个结构必不可少，因此必须充实这一理论。在最初我感到完全迷失的时候，诗人哲学家席勒的一句话给我提供了最初的线索，其大意是“食欲与性欲”构成了这个世界的机制。食欲可以用来代表那些旨在保存个体的本能；而性欲则寻求对象，其主要功能，因自然各方面的恩赐，是保存人类这一物种。所以，最初自我本能和对象本能相互对立。我采用“力比多”这一术语表示后者，而且仅仅表示后一种本能的能量。因而这一对立就是自我本能和指向对象的爱（从最广的意义上讲）—力比多本能之间的对立。诚然，这些对象本能中的一种，即性虐狂本能，和其他对象本能完全不同；因为它完全缺乏爱。再者，从某些方面来说，它明显地依附于自我本能；它无法掩盖其与旨在控制的本能之间的紧密联系，而与力比多目的无关。然而，这样的矛盾还是可以克服的：毕竟，性虐狂显然是性生活中的一部分；只不过，在这种性生活中，温柔为残忍所取代。精神病似乎就是自我保存的利益和力比多需要之间斗争的结果，在这一斗争中，自我胜出，但却付出了痛苦和牺牲的惨重代价。

每一个分析家都会承认，即使在今天，这个观点听起来仍是正确的，而不是早就被摒弃的一个错误。不过，当我们的研究从探讨被抑制的本能发展到探讨压抑性的原动力时，从对象本能发展到自我，对精神

分析论作出修改也就成为必然。这里关键性的一步是自恋概念的引进——也就是说，认识到自我本身也被力比多占领，事实上自我是力比多的原始老巢，并且某种程度上仍是力比多的指挥部。这种自恋的力比多转向对象，于是就成为对象力比多；而对象力比多可能再次转换为自恋力比多。自恋这一概念使我们有可能对创伤性精神病，对许多与精神病密切相关的状况，以及精神病本身加以理解和分析。我们没有必要放弃移情性精神病是由自我实行阻止性欲的尝试导致的这一观点；但是力比多的概念却受到了威胁。由于自我本能也是属于力比多的，所以我们暂时似乎必须使力比多等同于一般意义上的本能能量，正如C.G.荣格之前提出的那样。不过仍然可以肯定的是，本能不可能都属于同一类型，尽管目前对此我还无法解释。当强迫性重复和本能的守旧性（或倒退性）引起我的注意时，我在《超越快乐原则》（1920）一书中迈出了下一步。从对生命开端和对具有可比性的生物的思考，我得出以下结论：除了保存生物体本身并使它加入更大的单位的本能外，[12]一定还存在着另外一个相反的本能，这一本能试图分解这些单位，并且把它们送回到原始、无机的状态。这就是说，不仅存在着爱神厄洛斯，还存在着死亡本能。生命现象正可以从这两种本能的相互作用、相互抗衡中得到解释。然而，要具体说明这一假定的死亡本能的活动并非易事。厄洛斯的表现形式是清晰可见、可闻的；人们或许可以设想死亡本能在有机体趋向死亡解体的过程中悄悄地发挥着作用，但这当然还不能成为证据。一个更富有成效的设想是，一部分死亡本能转向外部世界，以攻击性本能和破坏性本能的面貌出现。通过这一途径死亡本能本身被迫转而为厄洛斯服务，因为有机体会破坏其他有生命或无生命的事物，而不是破坏其自身。相反，任何阻止攻击性向外发展的行为都必定助长有机体的自我破坏，自我破坏无论如何总会继续进行。同时，人们根据下面的例子可能得出这样的猜想：这两种本能极少或可能从不单独出现，它们总是以极为多样化的不同比例融合在一起，因而我们难以判断、辨认。在性虐狂中，它早就被视为性的部分冲动，人们可以看到爱的本能与破坏的本能

极其强烈的融合形式。而它的对应物—性受虐狂—则是指向内部的破坏和性欲的结合，这一结合使得本无法觉察的抗衡变得显而易见、可以觉察。

关于死亡本能或破坏本能存在的假想甚至在精神分析界也遭到了反对；我很清楚人们常常有这样一种倾向，就是把一切对爱不利和敌对的东西都归咎于爱的本质中的原始双极性。我在这里阐述的观点最初只是试验性地提出，但是随着时间的推移，这些观点在我头脑中变得根深蒂固，以致我再也不能从其他角度思考了。我认为，从理论的角度来看，它们比任何其他人可能会想到的理论都更有用；它们能够提供一个既不忽视、也不歪曲事实的答案，而这正是科学工作所力求达到的境地。我承认，在性虐狂和受虐狂身上，我们总能看到（向外或向内的）破坏本能与性欲牢牢地结合在一起；但是我再也无法理解我们怎能忽视非性欲攻击性和破坏性的普遍存在，并且怎能在对生活的解释中不给它以合适的地位呢（破坏的欲望转向内部时，我们多半感受不到；当然，除非它带着性欲的色彩）。我记得破坏本能的思想在精神分析的著述中刚出现时，最初我自己也抗拒，并且很长时间之后才接受了这一思想。所以，当其他人抵制这一思想，并且现在仍然抵制时，我并不感到吃惊。当人们谈论到人类天生具有“邪恶”、攻击性和破坏性以及残酷性时，“儿童是不喜欢这种谈论的”。上帝根据他自己的完美形象创造了人类；谁都知道邪恶（尽管基督教科学派一贯否认，邪恶还是不可避免地存在着）与上帝的全能和至善是多么地难以调和。这时，魔鬼即成为上帝最好的借口，就像犹太人在雅利安人的理想世界中所发挥的辩解作用一样。尽管如此，人们仍可以认为上帝应对魔鬼的存在以及魔鬼所代表的邪恶负责。鉴于这些困难，我建议每个人在适当的时候都应该向人类的道德深层本性深鞠一躬，这会帮助我们受到普遍欢迎，并使我们免除许多烦恼。[13]

“力比多”一词可以再次被用来表示厄洛斯能量的具体表现，这样做

为的是把它们和死亡本能的能量加以区别。[14]必须承认，死亡本能更加难以掌握，某种程度上只能被辨认为厄洛斯留下的残余，只有与厄洛斯相融合才会显现，否则难以让人捕捉。在性虐狂中，死亡本能在充分满足性欲的同时，为了自己的目的扭曲了性欲的目的。正是从性虐狂问题上，我们获得了死亡本能及其与厄洛斯的关系最为清楚的认识。然而，即便死亡本能出现时没有任何目的性，在其极其麻木狂热的破坏中，这种本能的满足是伴随着高度的自恋享受的，因为这一本能的满足展示了自我无所不能的愿望如何得以实现。当破坏本能受到节制、驯服时，就像目标抑制转向对象时一样，它会帮助自我满足其生存需要、去控制自然。由于对这一本能存在的假设主要建立在理论基础上，所以我们应当承认它不是反对对立理论的充分证据。但在我们目前的知识结构下，事情在我们看来就是如此，将来的研究和思考无疑会决定性地澄清这一问题。

在接下来的论述中，我的观点是，攻击性倾向是人的一种原始的、自发的气质，这又回到了之前的论点上，即这一倾向构成了文明的最大障碍。之前的研究中我们也认识到文明是人类所经历的一个特殊过程，我们现在仍然受着这一思想的影响。现在需再补充一点，那就是文明是为厄洛斯服务的一个过程，它的目的是把个人，然后是家庭，最后是种族、民族和国家结合在一个大的统一体中，即人类社会。为什么必须如此，我们无从得知：纯粹是厄洛斯在发挥作用。这众多的人类必须通过力比多互相联结起来；单靠必要性即一起劳动的优势是无法把他们聚拢在一起的。然而，文明的进程遭到了人类的自然攻击性本能的对抗，这种攻击性体现为个体对群体的敌意和群体对个体的不友善。这种攻击性本能是死亡本能衍生的主要代表。我们是在死亡本能与厄洛斯同时出现时发现的，它与厄洛斯一起统治着这个世界。现在，我想文明进程的含义对我们不再是什么晦涩的东西了。文明的进程一定体现出爱神和死神、生存本能和破坏本能的较量，正如在人类身上所体现的一样。这一斗争是所有生命最基本的内容，因此文明的进程可以简单地描述成人类

为了生存的斗争。[15]这场巨人间的争斗，正是我们的保姆用天国的摇篮曲所试图缓和的争斗。

Ⅶ

为什么我们的动物亲戚们没有表现出这样的文化斗争呢？我们无从得知。但很可能有一些动物，比如说蜜蜂、蚂蚁和白蚁，它们斗争了几千年，然后形成了其国家制度、分工和对个体的约束机制，让我们羡慕不已。我们现状的特点是，我们认为，在上述任何一个动物的王国里或者扮演其中任何一种所分配的角色，我们都不会感觉幸福。至于其他动物，环境影响和它们内心冲突的本能之间很可能已达到暂时的平衡，因而发展也就停了下来。在原始人中，新一轮力比多的爆发也许会触发抵抗破坏性本能的新活动。这里尚有许多问题需要追问，许多问题尚未得到回答。

另一问题与我们的关系更为密切。这一问题是文明用什么方法来抑制与自己对抗的攻击性，使其失去危害，并且可能的话消除它呢？我们已经认识到了其中几种方法，但尚未发现最重要的方法。对此我们可以在个人发展的例子上加以研究。个人身上究竟发生了什么事，让他把攻击性变得无害呢？一定发生了什么奇怪的事情，这一点显而易见，我们不会怀疑。他的攻击性转而向内投射、被内化，实际上也就是被遣回到其发源地—换言之，指向他的自我。在那里它被一部分自我所接管，这部分自我成为超我，与自我的其他部分相对立，并且以"良知"的形式，对本想指向其他个体的自我施加同等严厉的攻击性，来管束自我。严厉的超我和受制于它的自我之间的紧张关系被我们叫作"内疚感"，表现为一种对惩罚的需要。这样，就像在一座已被占领的城市中派兵驻防一样，文明通过削弱个体、剥夺他的武器、建立了一个内在的权威来监视他，从而克服了个人危险的攻击性。

关于内疚感的起源，精神分析家和其他心理学家持不同看法；但即使是分析家也发现要解释这一问题并不容易。首先，如果我们问一个人怎么会有了内疚感时，会得到一个不容怀疑的答案：当一个人做了某种他知道是“坏的”事情时，他就会感到内疚（虔诚的人们会说是“有罪的”事情）。但是我们看到这一答案并未讲出任何实质性内容。稍稍犹豫后，我们会补充说，即使一个人没有真正去做坏事，而只是意识到自己有干坏事的意图，他也可能会感到内疚；于是有人会提出这样的问题：为什么会把做坏事的意图和做坏事的行为等同起来呢？然而，两种情况都存在着一个前提条件，即我们认为邪恶是应遭到谴责的，是不应付诸实施的。这一判断我们又是如何作出的呢？我们或许会否定存在着一种原始、天生的辨别是非的能力。邪恶对于自我来说，常常并不是什么有害或危险的东西，恰恰相反，可能是自我所欢迎和享受的东西。因此，这里有一个外部的影响在起作用，恰恰是这一影响决定了什么是好事，什么是坏事。由于一个人自身的情感并不会把他引向这条途径，所以他必须有一个服从这一外部影响的动机。在一个人孤立无援的情况下和对别人的依靠中，我们可以轻易地发现这一动机，并恰当地把这一动机称为对丧失爱的惧怕。如果他失去了他所依靠的人的爱，他就失去了保护，面临着种种危险。首先，他会面临被惩罚的危险，较强大的人会用惩罚的形式来显示其优势。所以在最初，邪恶会让人面临丧失爱的危险，人因此必须避免邪恶的行为和念头。因此一个人是否已经干了坏事或者仅仅有这样的打算两者没有多大差别。无论哪一种情况，只要被监视的权威发现，丧失爱的危险就会降临，并且任何一种情况下，权威的做法都是一样。

这种精神状态叫作“问心有愧”，但实际上它名不副实，因为在这个阶段，内疚感显然仅仅是一种对失去爱的恐惧，一种“社会性的”焦虑。在小孩子中间，内疚感仅是如此，绝不会是任何其他东西；但对许多成年人而言，唯一的改变是，曾经是父亲或者父母亲所占据的位置现在被一个更大的人类社会所取代。因此，只要确信权威不会知晓他们所干的

坏事，或不会因此责怪他们，他们就常常允许自己去干种种可能给予他们乐趣的坏事；他们所害怕的只是被发现。这是今天的社会需要应付的普遍状况。

在这一权威实现内化，建立起超我之前，事情并没有太大变化。建立超我后，良知的现象才达到了一个新的高度，只有这时候，人们才可以正确地讨论良知和内疚感。[16]这时，担心被发现的问题不复存在了，而且做坏事和做坏事的念头之间的区别也全然消失了，因为一切东西、即便是人自己的想法都瞒不过超我。自然，事情的现实危险已经过去，因为据我们所知的一切，超我这一新的权威没有理由去虐待自我，因为它与自我密切相连；但形成超我的方式依然在起作用，使得已被克服的过去的东西继续存续下来，以致事情实质上与一开始没有差别。超我以同样的焦虑折磨着邪恶的自我，并伺机寻找机会让自我接受外部世界的惩罚。

在良知发展的第二个阶段，它呈现出一种特性，这种特性在第一阶段是没有的，并且不再那么容易解释。一个人越是道德高尚，其良知对自我就越严厉、越不信任，所以最终恰恰是这些最圣洁的人指责自己罪恶最为深重。这意味着美德剥夺了其一部分应得的奖赏；顺从和节制的自我并没有获得它的指导者的信任，似乎只是徒劳地去努力获取超我的信任。我相信很快就会有人提出异议，说这些困难是人为的，并且有人会说一个更加严格的、警惕性更高的良知正是道德本性的特征。此外，道德高尚的人称他们自己为罪人时，并不是没有道理，鉴于那些满足本能的诱惑，尤其是他们所受到的那些强烈诱惑—众所周知，诱惑只是在频频受挫后才会增强，而对它们偶尔满足却会使它们至少是暂时地被削弱。在疑问丛生的道德学领域还有一个事实是：恶运—换言之，外部挫折—大大增强了超我的良知力量。当一个人一切都顺利时，他的良知是宽容的，并且放任自我做各种事情；但是当恶运降临到他头上时，他就检查自己的灵魂，承认自己的罪过，提高良知的要求，强制自己禁欲并

且用苦行来惩罚自己。[17]整个人类都这样做过，而且还在这样做。然而，这一点很容易用原始的、婴幼儿期的良知来解释。正如我们看到的，在良知进入超我阶段后，这一早期的良知并没有被放弃，而是始终站在超我的身旁和身后。命运被认为是父母权威的替代者。如果一个人不走运，那就意味着他不再为这一至高无上的力量所青睐；并且由于受到这种失去爱的威胁，他就会再一次服从于超我这一虚拟的父母权威——而在他走运时，则乐于忽略这一权威。如果人们持一种严格宗教意义上的观点，把命运仅仅视为神的意志的体现的话，上述情况就更显而易见了。以色列人曾经相信他们是上帝的宠儿，当伟大的天父将一个接一个的不幸降临到他们头上时，他们从来没有怀疑过他们与上帝的关系，或者质疑过其权力和公正。相反，他们产生出先知，让先知斥责他们所犯的罪行，并从内疚中创造出具有极其严格训诫的犹太教体系。奇怪的是，原始人的表现则完全不同。如果他遇到了不幸，他不是责备自己，而是责备他的崇拜对象，责备它显然没有尽到责任，并且他不会自罚而是鞭打他的崇拜对象。

因而，我们了解到了内疚感的两个来源：一个源自对于某个权威的恐惧，另一个源自对后来出现的超我的恐惧。对权威的恐惧迫使我们抑制本能的满足；对超我的恐惧在此基础上，还坚持惩罚我们自己，因为被禁止的欲望的存在是瞒不过超我的。我们也了解到该如何去理解超我的严厉性，即良知的要求。严厉的超我纯粹地保持了外部权威的严厉，它接替并部分地取代了外部权威。现在我们可以看到，对本能的克制是如何与内疚感联系起来的。最初，对本能的克制是由于惧怕外部权威；一个人为了不丧失爱便放弃了某些本能的满足。如果一个人实现了这样的克制，他就可以说是服从于外部权威了，并且也不再有内疚感了。但是对于超我的恐惧，情形就不同了。在这里，对本能的克制是不够的，因为本能的欲念依然存在并且不能瞒过超我。因此，尽管克制了欲望，内疚感还会发生，这就在超我的建立过程中，或者说是良知的形成中，造成了一个很费事的条件。对本能的克制再也不会让人感到完全轻松自

由；虔诚的节欲也不再保证会得到爱的奖赏。外部不幸的威胁—爱的丧失和外部权威的惩罚—已经转换成了内心永久的不幸，转换成了内疚感所产生的焦虑。

这些相互关系极其复杂但又极其重要，因此，我不怕重复，将从另一个角度再来探讨这一问题。这些关系发生的先后顺序如下所述：首先，由于恐惧外部权威的攻击而产生了对本能的克制（这当然就是对失去爱的恐惧造成的结果，因为爱可以使人们免除这种惩罚性的攻击）。然后是内部权威的建立，由于对它的恐惧，即对良知的恐惧，产生了对本能的抑制。在第二种情况下，做坏事的企图和做坏事的行为是相当的，因此就有了内疚感和对惩罚的需要。良知的攻击性接替了外部权威的攻击性。到目前为止，事情无疑已经弄清楚了；但是不幸（从外部迫使本能的抑制，从而进一步增强良知）施加的影响又有什么样的地位呢？以及在最善良、最易于管教的人们身上，良知那惊人的严厉性又发挥着怎样的作用？我们对良心的这两种特性已作过解释，但是我们大概仍然觉得这些解释并未触及问题的实质，仍然还有一些问题尚未得到解释。最后，这里出现了一种观念，它完全属于精神分析领域，与人们的一般思维方式不同。这种观念可以使我们明白为什么我们研究的对象好像总是混乱和模糊不清的。它告诉我们首先是良知（说得更准确些，是恐惧—后来变成了良知）促使我们对本能进行克制，但是后来这种因果关系就颠倒了。每一种对本能的抑制现在都成为良知的一个动态源泉，并且每一种新的抑制都增强了后者的严厉和苛刻。如果我们能把这一说法与已知的关于良知的起因较好地统一起来，我们就不由得要赞成以下似非而是的论述，即良知是克制本能的结果，或者说这种（从外部强加我们的）对本能的抑制产生了良知，然后良知又要求进一步抑制本能。

这一论述和以前关于良心起因的说法之间的矛盾实际上并不太大，而且之后我们会发现有办法让矛盾变得更少。为了便于阐述，我们把攻击本能作为例子，并且假设这里所谈的抑制总是指对攻击性的抑制（这

当然只是暂时的假想）。于是，抑制本能对良知所产生的作用便是：我们抑制的攻击性都被超我接管，超我进而加强了（对自我）的攻击性。这一观点与良知最初的攻击性是外部权威的严厉性的延续因而与抑制无关的观点存在分歧。但是，如果我们为超我攻击性的最初部分假设一个不同的来源，这种分歧就不复存在了。比如，不管外部权威剥夺的是儿童哪一种本能的满足，它都使儿童不能满足其最初的、但也是最重要的各种本能，所以在儿童身上一定会对外部权威形成相当程度的攻击性。但是，他必须抑制这种报复性的攻击本能的满足，于是，借助大家所熟悉的种种机制，他找到了摆脱这一困境的途径。通过身份认同，他把这个无法攻击的权威融进自身。权威现已变成了他的超我，并接管了作为孩子原本要反抗的所有攻击性。儿童的自我必须满足于扮演倒霉的权威即父亲的角色，这样一来，父亲的地位就降低了。在这里，事情的真实情形常常是颠倒的："如果我是父亲，你是孩子，我将会对你更坏。"超我和自我之间的关系是尚未分化的自我和外在对象间真实关系的回归，只不过这种关系因为主体的欲望而遭到扭曲。这种情况具有典型性。但是根本区别则是超我最初的严厉性不代表或者说不完全代表一个人从父亲那里所体验到的或者归之于父亲的严厉性；它毋宁说是代表一个人自身对外部对象的攻击性。如果这个说法是正确的，我们就可以接前文观点断言，良知一开始是通过对攻击性冲动的压抑产生的，后来由于进一步的类似压抑而得到加强。

这两种观点哪一种是对的呢？先提出的那种观点从种系进化模式的角度看似乎是无懈可击的；而新提出的这种观点则以上述令人满意的方式使这一理论得到圆满的阐述。很显然，二者都说得通，直接观察的事实也证明了这一点。它们相互并不矛盾，甚至在某一点上它们是一致的，因为儿童的报复攻击性一部分是由他所预料的父亲的惩罚攻击性程度所决定的。然而经验表明，儿童所形成的超我的严厉性和他所受到的待遇的严厉性绝不是对应的。前者的严厉性似乎独立于后者的严厉性。一个在宽容的环境中长大的孩子可能会有非常严厉的良知。但是，夸大

这种独立性也是错误的；我们不难相信，严厉的教养也会对孩子超我的形成产生巨大影响。这就等于说，在超我的形成和良知的出现过程中，天生的气质因素和来自现实环境的影响是一起发挥作用的。这根本谈不上令人吃惊；相反，它是所有这些过程的一个普遍的病原性条件。[18]

可以断言，当一个孩子用极其强烈的攻击性和相应严厉的超我来对他最初的本能挫折作出反应时，这还是符合种系进化模式的，超出了今天能被理解的行为，这个原始社会的父亲无疑极其残忍暴戾。因此，如果我们从个体的发展转移到种系的进化，关于良知起源的两种理论间的差异就进一步缩小了。另一方面，我们就会注意到在这两个发展过程中存在一个重要的新的差异。我们无法摆脱这样一个设想，即人类的内疚感是从俄狄浦斯情结中萌生的，这种情况在兄弟联合起来杀死父亲的时候就存在了，在这种情况下，攻击性的行为不是被压抑而是被付诸实施—而对父亲的这种攻击性行为进行压抑，也被认为是儿童内疚感的原因。这时候，气愤填膺的读者如果作出如下抗议，我绝不会感到惊奇。“那么一个人是否杀死自己的父亲就无关紧要了—他在两种情况下都会产生内疚感。我们在这儿可以提出几点疑问，或者内疚感并非产生于对攻击性的压抑；或者杀父的故事是杜撰的，原始人的孩子与今天的孩子一样，并不经常杀父。此外，如果这个故事不是杜撰的，而是一段可信的历史，那么人们也会认为发生这样的事情是可能的—一个人感到内疚是因为他确实干了不该干的事情。而这样的例子，每天都有发生，精神分析却没作任何解释。”

读者的批评颇有道理，我们应弥补这一遗漏。这个问题并没有什么神秘之处。当一个人因做错一件事而内疚，这种情感应该称作悔恨更为合适。它只是与已经做过的行为有关，尽管它的前提良知—感到内疚的准备状态—在这一行为发生之前就已经存在了。因此，这种悔恨永远不会帮助我们发现良知和一般的内疚感的起源。日常情形通常是：本能的需要占了上风，战胜了相对无力的良知，获得了满足；一旦得到满足

后，本能需要就自然减弱，于是又恢复了之前与良知相对平衡的状态。因而，在现在的探讨中，精神分析法有理由把由悔恨产生内疚感的情况排除在外，不管这种情况出现得多么频繁，也不管它们实际上的重要性有多大。

但是，如果把人类的内疚感追溯到杀死原始社会的父亲，那也只不过是“悔恨”的一个例子。因此，我们是否该假设良知和内疚感在杀父之前尚不存在呢？那么在这种情况下，悔恨是从哪里产生的呢？毫无疑问，这个例子将会为我们拨开内疚感的迷雾，并且结束我们目前的尴尬局面。我相信这是能够做到的。这种悔恨是人对于父亲原生的矛盾情感的结果。他的儿子们恨他，但也爱他。在儿子们通过攻击行为满足了他们的憎恨之后，他们的爱就会在对这种行为的悔恨中体现出来。通过模仿父亲的自居作用，这种爱建立起超我，并赋予它父亲的权力，就好像是要惩罚他们对父亲的攻击性行为，它制定了旨在避免重现这种行为的种种限制。由于反对父亲的攻击性倾向在以后的世世代代中会反复出现，内疚感也就一直存在，每一次攻击性被压抑后，转到超我上，内疚感就会进而增强。现在，我想你们对于两件事可以说是完全清楚了：在良知的起源中，爱所发挥的作用，以及内疚感产生的不可避免性。一个人不论是否杀死了自己的父亲并不真正具有决定性的作用。不管在哪种情况下，一个人都必定会感到内疚，因为内疚感是矛盾心理斗争的表现。是爱神厄洛斯和破坏或死亡本能间的无止境斗争的表现。当人们面临共同生活的任务时，这一冲突就被煽动起来。只要家庭还是集体生活的唯一形式，这一冲突注定表现为俄狄浦斯情结，从而建立起良知并且产生最初的内疚感。当文明试图从家庭集体延伸到社会集体时，过去所决定的冲突形式，延续了下去，并且被强化，导致了内疚感的进一步加剧。由于文明所遵从的是内在性欲冲动，这种冲动要求把人类组成为一个密切联结的群体，所以它只能通过内疚感的不断增强而达到其目的。起初与父亲有关的事情，在与群体的关系中得以实现。如果说文明是从家庭向整个人类社会发展的必要过程，那么，由于来自矛盾心理的先天

的冲突，以及爱和死亡意愿之间无休止的斗争，文明将必然与日益增长的内疚感难分难解地联系在一起，而且这种内疚感也许会达到一个令人难以忍受的程度。人们不禁会想到伟大诗人对“天神们”尖锐的指控：

“你们把我们带到人世间，你让可怜的人儿感到内疚，然后让他遭受惩罚，因为在世间一切罪过终遭报应。”

当我们认识到只有少数人才能毫不费力地从他们自己混乱的感情中产生最深刻的认识，而其余的人必须历经痛苦、不确定的摸索，才能最终找到通往真理的道路，我们或许可以舒一口气。

Ⅷ

本书写到接近尾声时，作者必须请求读者原谅，原谅作者不是一个老练的向导，因此让读者走了一些乏味、单调的岔路和绕道。毫无疑问，作者本可以做得更好一些。在此，我设法作些改善，虽然似乎有点晚了。

首先，我猜想读者会认为我们对内疚感的讨论破坏了本书的框架：这些讨论占据了太多篇幅，而其他与这些关系不是很密切的论题就被挤到了一边。这可能扰乱了本项研究的结构；但它与本项研究的意图却是一致的，即呈现出内疚感是文明发展所面临的最重要的问题，并且表明我们为了文明所付出的失去幸福的代价正是由于内疚感的加强而造成的。[19]

这一命题，即我们研究的最终结论，似乎仍然有些奇怪，其原因大概可追溯到内疚感和我们的意识这一奇特的关系上，这种关系我们仍然不太理解。在我们视为正常的悔恨的一般情况下，内疚感可以很清晰地为意识所觉察到。实际上，我们习惯于说“内疚意识”，而不是说“内疚

感”。对精神病的研究为我们提供了认识正常状况的最有价值的线索，但它也使我们遇到了一些矛盾。精神病中有一种名为强迫观念性精神病，表现为病人的内疚感强加于意识；支配着该病的临床症状以及病人的生活，几乎不容其他任何东西出现在它旁边。但是在精神病的大多数情况中，内疚感则完全是无意识的，然而却并没有因此而减少其重要影响。当我们告诉病人他们有“无意识内疚感”时，他们不相信。为了让他们或多或少理解我们的说法，我们给他们说起对惩罚的无意识需要，内疚感就是通过这种需要表现的。但是内疚感与某种形式的精神病的关联不应被过分强调，因为即使在强迫观念性精神病中，某些类型的病人如果被阻止作出某些行为，他们也意识不到自己的内疚感，或只能把它感受为一种令人痛苦的不安，或是一种焦虑而已。终有一天，这些情况我们会弄清楚，但目前还不行。在这里，指出下述这一点或许有益：从根本上讲，内疚感只不过是焦虑的一种局部形式；在其后来发展阶段，它完全与对超我的恐惧融合在一起。同样，焦虑相对于意识，我们也发现了同样特别的变化形式。焦虑总是以某种形式掩藏在所有症状的后面，尽管有时候会控制着整个意识，而在别的时候，它则完全把自己隐藏起来—因为焦虑首先只是一种感觉，如果我们想要保持心理上的问心无愧—我们不得不谈论无意识焦虑，或者存在焦虑的可能性。因此，完全可以设想，文明所产生的内疚感本身也未被觉察到，它在很大程度上仍是无意识的，或者只是表现为一种不适，一种不满足感，人们因此转而寻找其他动机。至少宗教从来没有忽略过内疚感在文明中所发挥的作用，此外还有一点—这我之前并没有意识到—它们声称要把人类从这种内疚感（他们称之为原罪）中救赎出来。在基督教中，耶稣一个人的牺牲，承担起所有人的原罪，其他人因此得到救赎。从这种救赎方式我们可以推断原始内疚产生的时机，这一时机也标志着文明的开端。

以下对几个术语的解释尽管不是特别重要，但也未必完全多余，如“超我”“良知”“内疚感”“对惩罚的需要”和“悔恨”，因为这些词我们也许常常用得不太准确并且经常混淆。它们都适用于同一关系，只是指代

这一关系的不同方面。超我是我们假定的一个权威，良知是我们归于这个权威的一个功能—这一功能包括监管和评价自我的行为和意图，执行一种审查制度。内疚感即超我的严厉性，因此与良知的严厉性是等同的。它是自我对于这样被监视的一种感觉，是对自我的抗争与超我的要求之间的紧张状况的评估。对超我这一挑剔的权威的恐惧—存在于整个超我自我关系之下的恐惧，相当于对惩罚的需要—是自我这一方面的本能表现，自我在残酷的超我的影响下形成受虐倾向。它将其内在固有的破坏性本能的一部分用于与超我建立起爱的纽带。直到可以证明超我的存在时，我们才应当谈论到良知。至于说内疚感，我们必须说它是先于超我而存在的，因此也就先于良知而存在。在早期阶段，它是恐惧外部权威的直接表现，是对自我和外部权威之间的紧张状态的承认。它是对外部爱的需要和本能满足的欲望—对这种欲望的抑制产生了攻击性—之间冲突的直接产物。内疚感的这两个层次—一个来自对外部权威的恐惧，一个来自对内部权威的恐惧—的重叠在若干方面妨碍了我们对良知的认识。悔恨是在涉及内疚感的情形下自我的反应的一个总称。它包含了内疚感背后发挥作用的焦虑的原始感觉的材料形式；它本身是一种惩罚，而且可能包括对惩罚的需要。所以，悔恨也可能比良知产生得更早。

在此再回顾一下探讨过程中令我们一时困惑不解的矛盾同样有益无害。我们一度称内疚感是因未被实施攻击性行为而产生的，而另一时候又称内疚感是因为实施了攻击行为的结果—发生在历史之初的杀父行为之后的结果。我们设法找到解决这一矛盾的方法。因为内部权威超我的建立，这一情况发生了根本变化。在这之前，内疚感等同于悔恨，而“悔恨”这一名称应当用来指真正实施了攻击性行为之后产生的反应。在这之后，由于超我的无所不知，攻击企图和攻击行为之间的区别失去了意义。从此以后，内疚感不仅可以因为暴力行为的实施而产生（这一点众所周知），而且可以仅仅因为存在暴力行为的意图而产生（正如精神分析所发现的）。尽管有这一新的心理情况出现，但两种主要原始本

能之间矛盾心理的冲突，仍然会产生同样的效果。显然在这里我们极其想通过内疚感与意识之间的不同关系去解决这里所提出的问题。我们可能会认为对于某种邪恶行为的悔恨而产生的内疚感应当总是有意识的，而对某种邪恶冲动的感觉的内疚感却可能是无意识的。但事实并不那么简单：强迫观念性精神病强有力地反驳了这一观点。第二个矛盾关系到超我的攻击能量。一种观点认为这种攻击能量仅仅是外部权威的惩罚能量的延续，并使这种能量保存于心灵中；而另一种观点认为，它是由用来反对施加抑制的外部权威的、自身尚未使用的攻击能量所组成的。第一种观点似乎更适用于内疚感的历史，第二种观点则更适用于内疚感的理论。进一步的思考则可以圆满解决这一表面看来似乎不可调和的矛盾；两种观点共同的必要因素都涉及内化了的攻击性。再者，临床的观察实际上允许我们把归于超我的攻击性来源区分为两个；在特定情况下，其中一个发挥较强的作用，但通常他们都是共同发挥作用。

我认为，此处郑重地提出以下观点是个合适的时机，而早些时候我曾建议暂时接受这一观点。即任何一种挫折—本能满足的受阻—都会或可能导致内疚感的增强。最新的分析学著作均表现出对这种观点的偏好。如果我们认为这一观点仅适用于攻击性本能，那么我认为我们的理论就能大为简化，并且我们也很难找到与这一假想相矛盾的东西。那么我们该如何灵活、经济地解释当性爱要求未被满足时，内疚感增强这一现象呢？只要采用迂回的方法，还是可以解释的—假如我们设想性爱满足的受阻会引起对干涉这一满足的那个人的某种攻击性，并且这种攻击性本身接着不得不受到抑制。但如果是这样的话，那么由于被压抑并且转交给超我而转变成内疚感的，归根到底只是攻击性。我相信，如果精神分析关于内疚感的起源方面的发现仅限于攻击性本能的话，那么我们对许多过程就可以作出更为简单和清晰的解释。对临床材料的考察在这里没有给予我们任何明确的答复：因为正如我们的假设所讲，这两种本能几乎从来不以纯粹的、相互分离的形式出现。但是对极端病例的研究也许会指向我所期望的方向。通过将这一局限性的观点应用于压抑过

程，从而从中推论出它的基本优点，还是很具诱惑力的。正如我们所知，精神病的症状从其本质上看是对于未实现的性愿望的替代性满足。在我们的精神分析工作过程中，我们惊奇地发现，可能每一种精神病都隐蔽着一定量的无意识的内疚感，它反过来又利用精神病症状，作为一种惩罚，从而增强了这些症状。现在明确地阐述出下列主张似乎不无道理，即当一种本能受到压抑时，它的力比多因素就会转化为症状，它的攻击性因素就会转化为内疚感。即使这一论点只是接近于事实，但它还是值得我们去关注。

此外，本书的某些读者可能会有这样的感觉，就是关于厄洛斯和死亡本能之间的斗争规则讲得过多了些。这一规则旨在表示人类所经历的文明历程以及个体所经历的发展历程的特点。此外，据说它还揭示了一般有机生命体的秘密。如此一来，探究三种过程的相互关系似乎就很有必要。如果我们考虑到人类文明的进程和个人的发展过程都是重要的历程，因此一定带有最普遍意义上的生命本质，那么我们就有充分理由反复讨论上述斗争规则了。另一方面，斗争规则的普遍特性意味着仅仅证明其存在，对于区分这些过程毫无帮助，除非通过特定的条件来限制缩小它的范围。因此，我们只能满足于这样的断言，即文明的历程是生命历程的一种特殊修正形式，而生命历程是生命在面临由厄洛斯所确定、阿南刻（现实的迫切性）所设定的任务下经历的过程，这个任务就是通过力比多纽带将离散的个体凝聚到集体之中。然而，当我们集中关注人类文明与个体发展或成长过程之间的关系时，我们可以毫不迟疑地作出如下结论，即二者在本质上即便不是同一过程，也是极其相似的，因为二者涉及两个不同的对象。当然，人类文明与个体发展相比，属于较高等级的抽象，因此也就比较难以用具体的术语来描述，我们也不要过分追求二者之间的类比；但是考虑到这两个过程的目的的相似性——一个是创造一个由许多个体组成的群体，另一个是把个体融合到这样的群体中——我们对于二者使用的方法和导致的结果都如此相似，也就不会感到吃惊了。但是，这两个过程之间有一个特别重要的区别，在此不得不提。

在个人的发展过程中，旨在获得幸福的快乐原则仍是至高无上的。个体适应或融入集体，则似乎是达到幸福目的的一个几乎不可回避的前提条件。如果这一目的能够脱离那个条件而实现，也许会更好一些。换句话说，个人的发展过程似乎是两种趋势相互影响的结果：一种是对幸福的追求，我们通常称之为“利己的”，另一种是对集体中的伙伴关系的追求，我们称之为“利他的”。这两个术语都没有深入到问题的本质。如同我们所说的，在个人发展的过程中，重点在于利己的对幸福的追求；而另一种追求可以说带有“文化的”性质，则通常只满足于发挥限制的作用。在文明的发展过程中，情形就不同了。在这里，首要目标是让人类个体形成一个统一体。诚然，幸福的目的依然存在，但被推到了一个次要的位置上。甚至如果不必关注个人幸福的话，一个巨大的人类社会集体的创造将会变得极其成功。因而，个人的发展过程可能具有其独特的方面，这些方面为人类文明的发展所不容。只有当个人的发展把与集体的融合作为它的目的时，它才与人类文明的发展存在一致性。

正像行星在围绕恒星公转的同时，也围绕自己的轴自转一样，个体在参加人类发展过程的同时，也在走着自己的生活道路。但隐约看来，天体中各种力量的相互作用似乎凝固成一种永恒不变的秩序；而在有机生命领域里，我们却能看到各种力量是如何互相竞争、冲突，如何产生千变万化的结果的。同样地，个人幸福与人类同伴关系这两种追求在每个人身上不得不相互斗争；因此个人发展和文化发展这两个过程也必定相互抵触，彼此争夺地盘。但是，个人和社会间的斗争并不是厄洛斯与死亡这两个主要本能间也许是不可调和的矛盾的衍生物。它是力比多的充分利用问题上的争执，可以比之为自我与对象在力比多分配上的争夺。不论目前的文明如何压抑着个人生活，我们希望未来的文明中，这种自我与对象在力比多分配上的矛盾能够最终在个体身上得到调和。

文明的发展和个人的发展之间的类比可以作出进一步的有意义的延伸。我们完全有理由宣称，人类集体同样逐渐形成了超我，在这个超我

的影响下，文明的发展得以产生。任何一个熟知不同文明的人一定忍不住去详细探索这一意义上的类比。我在此仅提出几个突出的观点。一个时代文明的超我与个人的超我有着类似的起源。它建立在伟大领袖人物的人格所留下的影响基础之上—这些领袖天生具有强大的精神和智慧，或者说在他们身上表现出某种最强烈、最纯粹、往往也是最片面的人类追求的形式。在许多实例中，这一类比甚至进一步延伸下去：这些领袖人物，在其有生之年，经常（即便不总是）受到别人的嘲弄和虐待，甚至被残忍地处死—实际上，原始社会的那个父亲的命运就是如此：他直到被暴力处死之后很久才获得了尊敬。领袖人物的这种注定的命运，在基督耶稣身上体现得最为淋漓尽致—如果他不是一个虚构的人物，不是从原始事件的模糊记忆中创造出来的话。文化超我和个人超我的另一个相同点就是两者都建立起了严厉的理想要求；未达到这些要求将会遭到“良知的恐惧”的惩罚。于是，这里我们遇到了一个奇怪的现象，即我们在群体中所看到的相关精神过程比起在个体中看到的更为我们所熟悉，更加容易被意识到。在个人身上，超我的攻击性，只在紧张状态出现时，以谴责的形式清晰地呈现出来；而真正的要求本身却仍然保持在无意识的背景中。这些要求，如果带到意识中，我们就会发现它们与现行文化的超我的戒律是一致的。至此，群体的文化发展和个体的个人发展这两个过程呈现出规则的一致性。这样一来，超我的一些表现和特征在文化集体的行为中要比在个人行为中更容易被发现。

文化超我在形成它的理想后，就会树立起各种要求。在这些要求中，处理人们之间相互关系的则集体被冠以伦理学之名。人们总是赋予伦理学很高的价值，似乎希望伦理学发挥极其重要的作用。事实上，伦理学关注的是文明中最令人痛苦的处境。因而伦理学也被看作一种治疗的尝试—通过超我的训诫，取得迄今为止其他文化活动都无法取得的成效。正如我们所知，摆在我们面前的问题是，如何摆脱文明的最大障碍—人类具有互相攻击的气质上的倾向；正因为这个缘故，我们才尤其关心可能是文化超我的最新要求，即“爱邻居犹如爱自己”的训诫。对精神

病的研究和治疗引起我们对个人超我提出两种非议：在它严厉的戒律和禁令中，它很少考虑自我的幸福，因为它首先没有充分地估计本我在反对服从这些要求和戒律方面的本能的力量；其次，没有充分地估计现实的外部环境所造成的困难。因此，为了达到治疗的目的，我们常常必须反对病人的超我，并且试图降低它的要求。同样地，我们也可以反对文化超我的伦理要求。它也没有充分地考虑到人类的精神构造的实际情况。它发布了命令，却不询问人们是否能够服从它。相反，它设想一个人的自我从心理角度上能够完成任何被要求做到的事情，自我能绝对控制住本我。这种设想是错误的。即使在正常人身上，他的本我也只能在一定范围内得到控制。如果对一个人要求过多，在他身上就会产生一种反抗心理，或者引起精神病，或者使他不愉快。“爱邻居犹如爱自己”这一训诫是对人类攻击性最强有力的防备，并且是文化超我以非心理学方式行事的一个出色例子。这一训诫是不可能实现的；如此夸张的爱只能降低爱的价值，而不能摆脱人类相互攻击的困境。文明对此置若罔闻；它只是提醒着我们，一个训诫越是难以遵从，它就越值得去遵从。然而在今天的文明中，遵循这个训诫的人与漠视这个训诫的人相比，只能使自己处于不利的地位。如果对攻击性的防备可能引起像攻击性本身所引起的那么多的不愉快，那么攻击性对文明来说是怎样一个强大的障碍啊！这种情形下，我们所谓的“自然”伦理学，除了让人们获得一种认为自己比别人强的自恋的满足之外，一无是处。正是这时候，基于宗教的伦理学登场了，向人们承诺一个更美好的来世。我个人认为，只要美德在现世得不到酬报，伦理学的说教将是徒劳的。同时，真正改变人们与财产的关系，肯定要比任何伦理学要求更为有效；但是社会主义者对这一事实的认识，又因为对人类本性的一种理想主义的新的误读，而变得模糊不清、不切实际。

在我看来，试图在文化发展的现象中探索超我作用这种方法，还会有进一步的发现。我必须加紧结束本书的探索，可是还有一个问题是我几乎不能回避的。如果说文明的发展与个人的发展以同样的方式进行，

且进程如此相似，那么难道我们没有理由作出如下的诊断吗—在文化要求的影响之下，某些文明或者文明的某些阶段，可能整个人类文明，都变成了“精神病”？对于这些精神病的分析性的解剖很可能带来治疗性的建议，这些建议将会具有重大意义。我不认为把精神分析转用于文化集体这种尝试是荒谬的，或者断定它是徒劳的。但是，我们应当非常谨慎，并且不要忘记我们只是进行类比而已，无论是概念的类比还是与人类的类比，把它们从其所产生和演化的出发点强行拽出来都是危险的。再者，对集体的精神病诊断面临着一个特殊困难：在个人精神病例中，我们首先只需要把病人与假定的正常环境相比照，就能得到一点线索。而对于一个集体来说，因所有成员都患有同样的精神症状，因此不存在像个人精神病的可比照的背景环境，而必须从别处去寻找这样的背景。至于说把所获得的知识运用于治疗，由于谁也没有权力将这样一种治疗强加于集体，所以对社会精神病的最贴切的分析又有什么用呢？尽管存在这一切困难，我们仍然相信有一天会有人敢于对文化集体作出病理探究。

出于种种原因，我根本无意对人类文明作出任何评价。我一直小心避免受到如下狂热偏见的影响，即认为我们的文明是我们所拥有的或者可能获得的最宝贵的事物，并且认为文明之路将把我们带领到我们迄今难以想象到的完美高度。我至少可以心平气和地倾听批评家的这样一种观点，他认为，考虑到文明努力的目标及其使用的方式，人们一定会得出这样的结论，即整个文明的努力不值得这样劳心费力，其结果只会导致个人注定无法忍受的状态。我在这些方面知识匮乏，因此更易做到不偏不倚。我能确定的只有一件事，即人类的价值判断无疑会受到他的幸福愿望的引导，因此这些价值判断相当于努力用一些论据来支撑其幸福的幻想。如果有人指出人类文明具有必然性，并声称限制性生活、宣扬博爱的理想须以自然选择为代价，这是一种趋势，无法避免、无法偏离，我们最好是屈服这一趋势，就好像它是必然规律一样，那么我想我完全可以理解。另一方面，我也知道反对的观点是什么，即在人类的历

史进程中，像这些我们认为难以实现的理想追求，常常被抛到一边，而被其他追求所取代。因而，我不敢以先知的身份在我的同胞面前自居，我甘愿接受他们指责我不能给予他们任何慰藉：因为说到底，无论是最狂热的革命者还是最虔诚的信徒都一样，他们的根本需要都是安慰。

对我来说，人类的重大问题在于，其文明发展能否并在多大程度上控制住他们的攻击性和自我破坏本能对集体生活的干扰。从这方面看来，也许现在这个时代应该受到特别的注意。人类已经在很大程度上取得了对自然力量的控制，以致他们可以借助于自然的力量，毫不困难地自相残杀，直到只剩最后一个人。他们明白这一点，目前的不安、痛苦和焦虑的心情大部分就是由此产生的。现在我们期待着两个“天神”之一—永生的爱神厄洛斯，在与同样永生的对手死神的斗争中，能够坚持自己的立场。但谁又能预见结果又将如何呢？

[1]罗曼·罗兰。

[2]在《虔诚的海伦》一书中，威廉·布施在一个较低的层次上同样谈论到这一问题："忧愁的人有白兰地相伴。"

[3]歌德提醒世人说："世上一切皆可忍受，唯有长期的艳阳天。"然而或许这只是一种夸张的说法。

[4]力比多（libido）指人的一种本能需要，被认为是产生欲望的源泉，尤其是性欲。

[5]伏尔泰曾明智地提出：一个人除非具有特殊的气质为他指引生活中的兴趣所在，否则他所承担的普通工作就可以发挥这一作用。限于篇幅我无法充分说明工作在力比多的分配中所扮演的重要角色。没有什么其他生活方式比强调工作的重要性更能将个体和现实世界紧密相连了，个体的工作至少在现实世界和人类社会的一隅为他提供了稳妥的一席之地。使得大量自恋的、具有攻击性的，甚至情色的力比多成分可以转移到专业工作和与之相关的人际关系上，与工作在维护和辩解个人存在对社会所发挥的不可或缺的作用相比，这一作用的价值并不逊色。如果我们可以自由选择职业活动，也就是说，如果通过升华，可以将现有的爱好、持续不断或生来固有的本能冲动运用到工作中，就会在职业活动中获得特殊的满足。然而，人们很少会把工作视为通向幸福的途径，他们不像努力追求其他满足欲望的可能性途径那样去努力工作。大部分人工作只是因为迫不得已；人们对工作的厌恶成了最棘手的社会问题的根源。

[6]我感到我有必要指出前面论述中至少存在一个漏洞。讨论人类幸福的种种可能性时，不应该不考虑自恋与对象力比多的关系。我们需要知道一个人本质上独立自主对于有效利用力比多有着怎样的意义。

[7]精神分析的材料尽管不全面，不能对此作出肯定的解释，但关于人类这一伟大成就的起源至少可以作一个异想天开的猜测。原始人在接触到火时，他好像有一种用尿灭火以满足婴儿欲望的习惯。原始人把向上喷出的火舌视为男性生殖器的象征，现有传说毫无疑问地体现出这一点。排尿灭火—这个行为仍被后来的巨人如小人国中的格列佛、拉伯雷笔下的高康大所重复—因此是一种男性之间的性行为，是同性恋竞争中对男性性能力的享受。第一个放弃这种享受将火留下的人，将它随身带走，使它为己所用。通过灭掉自己性兴奋的欲火，他制服了自然力量之火。因此，这个伟大的文化征服是对他放弃满足本能欲望的奖赏。而且，似乎是男人指派女人看护好被俘虏在炉膛中的火，因为女人的身体构造使她不可能屈服于这种灭火欲望的诱惑。而且值得注意的是，心理分析的经验时常证明了野心、火和尿道性冲动之间的关系。

[8]性行为的生理周期保存了下来，但生理周期对性兴奋的心理作用却倒退了。这一变化很可能与嗅觉刺激的减弱有关，最初正是通过嗅觉刺激，女性月经周期会在男性身上产生一种心理效果。嗅觉刺激后来遭到视觉兴奋的压抑，其作用也被视觉兴奋取代。与间断性的嗅觉刺激不同，视觉兴奋则总是保持有效。月经期的禁忌就是来自这种"有机体性压抑"，这是一种对已被取代的人类发展前一阶段的防御，而所有其他的动机大概都处于次要地位。（参看戴利的著

作，《土著神话与阉割情节》第十三章，1927）当上一文化阶段的神灵变成下一文化阶段的恶魔时，上述过程就在不同程度上重复着。嗅觉刺激的减弱本身似乎是人类直立行走的结果。直立行走使得以前被隐藏起来的人类生殖器暴露出来，因而需要保护，也唤起了人类的羞耻感。因此，可以说文明的这一关键性过程是由于人类有了直立行走的姿势而开始的。从此，事情发展的顺序是：从嗅觉刺激的衰退和月经期间的性禁忌，到视觉刺激的优势和生殖器官的显露，然后就发展到持续的性兴奋，家庭的建立，从此人类就跨入了文明的大门。这只是一个理论上的推测，但它很重要，值得我们在那些与人类关系密切的动物身上去加以验证。
在人类对清洁的文明追求中，同样存在着一个明白无误的社会因素，尽管清洁后来被卫生学证明是正确的，但早在这一点被证实之前，人类就已经追求清洁了。对清洁的迫切要求来自人们清除排泄物的需要，排泄物当时就已经为人们的感官难以容忍。我们知道在保育院里，情形就大不相同了，排泄物并不会引起孩子们的恶心。粪便作为从他们体内排出的身体的一部分，对他们来说似乎颇有价值。这里的教养尤其强调促进儿童发展的下一阶段早日到来，在下一阶段，排泄物粪便就会被认为是无用、恶心、可恶、可憎的。体内排泄物如果不是那么臭气熏天的话，它的价值是不会这样被否定，以致遭到人直立行走后嗅觉刺激被压抑的同样命运。所以，肛门欲首先屈服于走向文明的“有机体性压抑”。对肛门欲的进一步转化负有责任的社会因素的存在，在这样的事实中得到证明：在人类进化过程中，每个人都很少觉得自己的排泄物恶心，他只是觉得别人的粪便恶心。所以说，一个人如果不讲卫生—不把自己的粪便隐藏起来的话，他就会触怒别人；他就没有体谅别人。这一情形在我们最强烈、最常听的咒骂声中体现出来。如果不是由于下述两个特点招致人们的蔑视，人类用他在动物界最忠实的朋友—狗来咒骂就让人费解了：一是，狗最重要的感官就是嗅觉，并且它对排泄物并不反感；二是，狗对性活动并不感到羞耻。

[9]上面阐述的观点有以下几方面的依据。人也是一种动物，与动物一样，具有明显的两性气质。个体的人相当于两个对称的一半的融合，根据某些研究者的看法，其中一半纯粹是男性的，另一半纯粹是女性的，而每一半原先也同样可能是两性的。性别是一个生物学的事实，在人的精神生活中扮演着极其重要的角色，却很难从心理的角度去把握它。我们习惯说每个人都表现出男性和女性的本能的冲动、需要和特征；尽管解剖学确实能够区分男性和女性的特征，心理学却不能。对于心理学来说，两性之间的差别消失了，变成了主动性和被动性之间的区别；我们也毫不犹豫地把男性与主动性，女性与被动性等同起来，然而这一观点在动物界绝没有得到普遍的证实，关于两性共存的理论仍然还有许多晦涩难解的问题，与本能理论尚未联系起来，这在我们看来，不能不算是精神分析的严重缺陷。尽管如此，如果我们假设每个人都试图在其性生活中寻求男性欲望与女性欲望的满足，也不排除这些欲望不能通过同一对象得到满足，且如果两种欲望不分开，不引入到合适的渠道的话，两者会彼此干涉。但另一问题又产生了，就是与性爱关系相联系的除了性本能自身的虐待狂部分以外，常常还有一种明显的攻击性倾向。面对这一复杂性，爱的对象往往不能理解和容忍，而农妇则对此表现出某种程度的理解和忍耐；她会抱怨说她的丈夫不再爱她了，因为他一个星期没打她了。然而，最深层的推测是前面在注解中所谈及的内容（第四章，46页）。大意是讲，由于人类采用了直立的姿势，并且嗅觉功能减弱，结果不仅他的肛门欲，而且他的整个性欲，都存在着沦为有机体压抑的牺牲品的危险，由于这一原因，一种让人难以理解的反感总是伴随着性功能，这种厌恶感妨碍了性的

充分满足，迫使其远离性目标，进入力比多的升华和转化境界。我知道布洛勒（“性阻力”，《心理分析与心理病态研究年鉴》第五卷，1913）曾经指出存在着这样一种对性生活的原始反感。一切精神病患者，还有许多其他人，反对“我们是在尿与粪便之间出生的”这一事实。生殖器难闻的气味，许多人无法忍受，他们的性交兴致因而遭到破坏。因此我们可能发现，伴随文明发展的性压抑的最深的根源，是有机体为了保护人直立行走后所形成的新的生活方式而对其早期动物式的生存进行的防御。奇怪的是，这一研究的结果正好与对性的陈腐世俗偏见相吻合。然而，研究结果也好，偏见也好，目前还只是一些可能性而已，尚缺乏科学确证。我们不要忘记，尽管嗅觉刺激作用的价值降低不容置疑，但有一些人，甚至在欧洲，认为对我们难以忍受的生殖器气味，是备受推崇的性刺激物，并拒绝清除它们[参看伊万·布劳克从调查中收集到的一些关于性生活中嗅觉的民间传说，它们发表于弗里德里希·克劳斯的《人类学》各卷中]。

[10]一位富有想象力的伟大作家，至少可以用开玩笑的方式说出那些会遭到谴责的真心话。例如，海涅承认：“我的性情最为平和。我的愿望是：有一间茅草屋顶的陋舍，但有舒适的床、精美的食品、最新鲜的牛奶和奶油，窗前有鲜花，门前有绿树，并且如果仁慈的上帝想让我完全幸福的话，他应允许我享受这样的快乐，看到六七个我的敌人吊在这些树上。在他们临死之前，由于内心的感动，我将饶恕他们生前对我做的一切坏事。的确，一个人应当饶恕他的敌人—但是在他被吊起之前绝不可能。”

[11]任何一个人，如果他年轻时曾饱尝贫困的痛苦，并且感受过富人们的蔑视和傲慢，毋庸置疑，他对于目前反抗财富不均及其一切后果的努力，绝对不会不理解或没有任何好感。当然，如果这样的反抗打着公正的名义，呼吁人人平等这一抽象要求，那么，其异议就太明显了：大自然赋予每个人不同的身体素质和心理能力，这样的不公正根本无法革除。

[12]厄洛斯永无休止的扩张性趋势与本能的守旧性之间对立明显，这一对立可以成为对下一步问题进行研究的出发点。

[13]歌德的《浮士德》一书中摩菲斯特这一人物，让我们看到了把罪恶根源与破坏本能画上等号的一个相当具有说服力的例子：“一切产生的事物/都应当被破坏/……/因此，你所称的一切罪行，/破坏—简而言之—邪恶/那才是我真正的本性。”这个魔鬼自认为他的敌人并不是至善，而是大自然生育和繁衍的力量，即厄洛斯：“从水中、土中（接上页）和空气中显露出来，/成千的胚芽破土而出，蓬勃生长/在干燥、潮湿、温暖和寒冷之中/如果我不是真的蕴藏着热情的火焰的话，/那我就没有什么特别的东西可以展示了。”

[14]我们现在的观点大致可以表述如下：每种本能的表现都有力比多的参与，但并非所有的表现都是力比多。

[15]或许为了更精确起见，我们应该加上一句：经过某一事件后，文明必将呈现的某种形式，仍然是一种猜测而已。

[16]任何一个反应敏锐的人都会理解并考虑到这样一个事实：这不仅仅是一个超我存在的问

题，而且是其相对力量和影响范围的问题，并且这是一个逐渐过渡的过程，这些问题在上面的概括性陈述中都得到了明确的区分。到目前为止，对良知和内疚的所有论述都是众所周知、毋庸置疑的。

[17]恶运在提升道德水准中发挥着作用，这一主题在马克·吐温的一篇有趣的短篇小说《我偷的第一个瓜》中得到揭示。这第一个瓜碰巧尚未成熟，我听到马克·吐温自己读着这个故事，读出标题后，他停顿下来，然后自问："是第一个吗？"这就说明了一切：第一个，而不是唯一一个。

[18]在《对总体人格的精神分析》（1927）一书中，弗兰兹·亚历山大准确地评价了两种主要的导致儿童患病的养育方法—过度严厉和过度娇宠，并与艾卡豪恩对少年犯罪的研究联系起来。"过度宽容和溺爱的父亲"是孩子形成过分严厉的超我的原因。因为在爱的影响下，他们没有发泄其攻击性的方法，只有把它转入内部。少年犯在缺乏爱的环境下长大，他们缺乏自我和超我之间的紧张状态，所以整个攻击性都能指向外部。所以如果不考虑假定存在的气质方面的因素，我们可以说严厉的良知起源于两个因素的相互作用：本能的挫折和被爱的体验，前者释放出攻击性；后者使攻击性转向内部并且把它交给超我。

[19]"因而良知确实使我们每个人都变成了懦夫……"今天年轻人所受的教育向他们掩盖了性欲将会在他们生活中所起的作用，但这并不是我们对这种教育的唯一谴责。这种教育的过错还在于，它没有使年轻人对他们注定会成为攻击性的对象有所准备。当教育用这样一种错误的心理导向把年轻人送入生活中时，就好像是给即将踏上极地考察征程的人们配备了一套夏装和一张意大利北部的湖泊地图。在这里很显然存在着对伦理道德要求的滥用。如果教育者们如此讲：这是人们为了自己和他人的幸福应该做的，但我们也应预计到人们可能不去这么做，那么这些道德要求的严厉性就不会那么有害了。但是相反，教育却使年轻人相信其他每个人都遵循这些道德戒律—每个人都具有德行。这也是为什么年轻人也应当具有德行的原因。

Sigmund Freud

Civilization and Its Discontents

TRANSLATED BY DAVID MCLINTOCK

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

1

It is impossible to resist the impression that people commonly apply false standards, seeking power, success and wealth for themselves and admiring them in others, while underrating what is truly valuable in life. Yet in passing such a general judgement one is in danger of forgetting the rich variety of the human world and its mental life. There are some individuals who are venerated by their contemporaries, but whose greatness rests on qualities and achievements that are quite foreign to the aims and ideals of the many. One may be inclined to suppose that these great men are appreciated after all only by a minority, while the great majority have no interest in them. However, it is probably not as simple as that, owing to the discrepancies between people's thoughts and actions and the diversity of their desires.

One of these outstanding men corresponds with me and in his letters calls himself my friend. I sent him a little piece of mine that treats religion as an illusion, and in his reply he said that he wholly agreed with my view of religion, but regretted that I had failed to appreciate the real source of religiosity. This was a particular feeling of which he himself was never free, which he had found confirmed by many others and which he assumed was shared by millions, a feeling that he was inclined to call a sense of 'eternity', a feeling of something limitless, unbounded–as it were 'oceanic'. This feeling was a purely subjective fact, not an article of faith; no assurance of personal immortality attached to it, but it was the source of the religious energy that was seized upon by the various churches and religious systems, directed into particular channels and certainly consumed by them. On the basis of this oceanic feeling alone one was entitled to call oneself religious, even if one rejected every belief and every illusion.

This opinion of my esteemed friend,* who himself once celebrated the magic of illusion in poetic form, caused me no small difficulty. I can discover no trace of this 'oceanic' feeling in myself. It is not easy to treat feelings scientifically. One may try to describe their physiological symptoms. Where this is not feasible–and I fear that the oceanic feeling will not lend itself to such a description–there is nothing left to do but to concentrate on the ideational content most readily associated with the feeling. If I have understood my friend correctly, what he has in mind is the same as the consolation that an original and rather eccentric writer offers his hero before his freely chosen death: 'We cannot fall out of this world.' It is a feeling, then, of being indissolubly bound up with and belonging to the whole of the world outside oneself. I would say that for me this is more in the nature of an intellectual insight, not of course without an emotional overtone, though this will not be wanting in other acts of thought that are similar in scope. Relying on my personal experience, I should not be able to convince myself of the primary nature of such a feeling. But this does not entitle me to dispute its actual occurrence in others. The only question is whether it is correctly interpreted and whether it should be acknowledged as the *fans et origo* of all religious needs.

I have nothing to suggest that would decisively con tribute to the solution of this problem. The idea that a person should be informed of his connection with the world around him through an immediate feeling that is used for this purpose from the beginning sounds so bizarre, and fits so badly into the fabric of our psychology, that we are justified in looking for a psychoanalytic–that is to say a genetic–derivation of such a feeling. The following train of thought then suggests itself. Normally we are sure of nothing so much as a sense of self, of our own ego. This ego appears to us autonomous, uniform and deafly set off against everything else. It was

psychoanalytic research that first taught us that this was a delusion, that in fact the ego extends inwards, with no clear boundary, into an unconscious psychical entity that we call the id, and for which it serves, so to speak, as a façade. And psychoanalysis still has much to tell us about the relation of the ego to the id. Yet externally at least the ego seems to be clearly and sharply delineated. There is only one condition–admittedly an unusual one, though it cannot be dismissed as pathological–in which this is no longer so. At the height of erotic passion the borderline between ego and object is in danger of becoming blurred. Against all the evidence of the senses, the person in love asserts that 'T' and 'you' are one and is ready to behave as if this were so. What can be temporarily interrupted by a physiological function must of course be capable of being disturbed by morbid processes also. Pathology acquaints us with a great many conditions in which the boundary between the ego and the external world becomes uncertain or the borderlines are actually wrongly drawn. There are cases in which parts of a person's own body, indeed parts of his mental life–perceptions, thoughts, feelings–seem alien, divorced from the ego, and others in which he attributes to the external world what has deafly arisen in the ego and ought to be recognized by it. Hence, even the sense of self is subject to disturbances, and the limits of the self are not constant.

A further consideration tells us that the adult's sense of self cannot have been the same from the beginning. It must have undergone a process of development, which understandably cannot be demonstrated, though it can be reconstructed with a fair degree of probability. The new-born child does not at first separate his ego from an outside world that is the source of the feelings flowing towards him. He gradually learns to do this, prompted by various stimuli. It must make the strongest impression on him that some sources of stimulation, which he will later recognize as his own physical

organs, can convey sensations to him at any time, while other things–including what he most craves, his mother's breast–are temporarily removed from him and can be summoned back only by a cry for help. In this way the ego is for the first time confronted with an 'object', something that exists 'out there' and can be forced to manifest itself only through a particular action. A further incentive to detach the ego from the mass of sensations, and so to recognize a 'world outside', is provided by the frequent, multifarious and unavoidable feelings of pain (or absence of pleasure), whose termination and avoidance is required by the absolute pleasure principle. A tendency arises to detach from the ego anything that may give rise to such un pleasurable experience, to expel it and so create an ego that is oriented solely towards pleasure and confronts an alien and menacing world outside. The limits of this primitive pleasure-oriented ego are inevitably corrected by experience. After all, some of the things that give us pleasure and that we are loath to forgo belong not to the ego, but to the object, and some of the torments that we wish to expel prove to be of internal origin and inseparable from the ego. We learn how to distinguish between the internal, which belongs to the ego, and the external, which comes from the world outside, through deliberate control of our sensory activity and appropriate muscular action. This is the first step towards establishing the reality principle, which will govern subsequent developments. The distinction between the internal and the external naturally serves a practical purpose, in that it provides protection against unpleasurable experiences and the threat of them. The fact that the ego employs exactly the same methods to expel certain unpleasurable sensations from within as it does to repel others from without becomes the starting point for significant pathological disorders.

In this way, then, the ego detaches itself from the external world. Or, to put it more correctly, the ego is originally all-inclusive, but later it separates

off an external world from itself. Our present sense of self is thus only a shrunken residue of a far more comprehensive, indeed all-embracing feeling, which corresponded to a more intimate bond between the ego and the world around it. If we may assume that this primary sense of self has survived, to a greater or lesser extent, in the mental life of many people, it would coexist, as a kind of counterpart, with the narrower, more sharply defined sense of self belonging to the years of maturity, and the ideational content appropriate to it would be precisely those notions of limitlessness and oneness with the universe–the very notions used by my friend to elucidate the 'oceanic' feeling. But have we any right to assume that what was originally present has survived beside what later evolved from it?

Undoubtedly! There is nothing surprising about such an occurrence, either in the mental sphere or in other spheres. Regarding the animal world, we adhere to the hypothesis that the most highly developed species have evolved from the lowest. Yet we find all the simple forms of life still existing today. The race of the great saurians has become extinct and made way for the mammals, but a genuine representative of this race, the crocodile, is still with us. The analogy may be too remote, and it is weakened by the fact that as a rule the lower species that survive are not the true ancestors of the more highly developed species of today. The intermediate stages have mostly died out and are known to us only through reconstructions. In the realm of the mind, however, the retention of the primitive beside what has evolved from it is so common that there is no need to cite examples to prove it. When this happens it is mostly the result of divergent developments. One portion (in quantitative terms) of an attitude, of an instinctual impulse, has remained unchanged, while another has developed further.

This brings us up against the more general problem of retention in the psychical sphere, which has so far hardly been studied, but is so fascinating

and significant that we may perhaps be permitted, though not for any adequate reason, to dwell on it for a while. Having overcome the error of thinking that our frequent forgetfulness amounts to the destruction of the trace left by memory and therefore to an act of annihilation, we now tend towards the opposite presumption–that, in mental life, nothing that has once taken shape can be lost, that everything is somehow preserved and can be retrieved under the right circumstances–for instance, through a sufficiently long regression. Let us try to understand, with the help of an analogy from another field, what this presumption implies. As an example let us take the development of the Eternal City. Historians tell us that in the earliest times Rome was *Roma quadrata*, an enclosed settlement on the Palatine Hill. The next phase was the *Septimontium*, a union of the settlements on the separate hills. After this it was the city bounded by the Servian Wall, and still later, after all the vicissitudes of the republican and the early imperial age, the city that the emperor Aurelian enclosed within his walls. We will not pursue the further transformations undergone by the city, but we cannot help wondering what traces of these early stages can still be found by a modern visitor to Rome–whom we will credit with the best historical and topographical knowledge. He will see Aureliah's wall virtually unchanged, save for a few gaps. Here and there he will find stretches of the Servian wall that have been revealed by excavations. Because he commands enough knowledge–more than today's archaeologists–to be able to trace the whole course of this wall and enter the outlines of *Roma quadrata* in a modem city plan. Of the buildings that once occupied this ancient framework he will find nothing, or only scant remains, for they no longer exist. An extensive knowledge of the Roman republic might at most enable him to say where the temples and public buildings of that period once stood. Their sites are now occupied by ruins–not of the original buildings, but of various buildings that replaced

them after they burnt down or were destroyed. One need hardly add that all these remnants of ancient Rome appear as scattered fragments in the jumble of the great city that has grown up in recent centuries, since the Renaissance. True, much of the old is still there, but buried under modem buildings. This is how the past survives in historic places like Rome.

Now, let us make the fantastic assumption that Rome is not a place where people live, but a psychical entity with a similarly long, rich past, in which nothing that ever took shape has passed away, and in which all previous phases of development exist beside the most recent. For Rome this would mean that on the Palatine hill the imperial palaces and the Septizonium of Septimius Severus still rose to their original height, that the castle of San Angelo still bore on its battlements the fine statues that adorned it until the Gothic siege. Moreover, the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus would once more stand on the site of the Palazzo Caffarelli, without there being any need to dismantle the latter structure, and indeed the temple would be seen not only in its later form, which it assumed during the imperial age, but also in its earliest, when it still had Etruscan elements and was decorated with terracotta antefixes. And where the Coliseo now stands we could admire the vanished Domus Aurea of Nero; on the Piazza of the Pantheon we should find not only the present Pantheon, be queathed by Hadrian, but the original structure of M. Agrippa; indeed, occupying the same ground would be the church of Maria sopra Minerva and the ancient temple over which it is built. And the observer would perhaps need only to shift his gaze or his position in order to see the one or the other.

It is clearly pointless to spin out this fantasy any further: the result would be unimaginable, indeed absurd. If we wish to represent a historical sequence in spatial terms, we can do so only by juxtaposition in space, for the same space cannot accommodate two different things. Our attempt to do

otherwise seems like an idle game; its sole justification is to show how far we are from being able to illustrate the peculiarities of mental life by visual means.

There is one objection that we must try to answer. Why did we choose to compare the past of a city with the psychical past? Even where the life of the psyche is concerned, the assumption that everything past survives is valid only if the mind has remained intact and its fabric has not suffered from trauma or inflammation. However, destructive factors that might be compared with such causes of disease, are not absent from the history of any city, even if it has had a less turbulent past than Rome or, like London, hardly ever been ravaged by an enemy. Even the most peaceful urban development entails the demolition and replacement of buildings, and so for this reason no city can properly be compared with a psychical organism.

We readily yield to this objection and, forgoing any striking contrast, turn to a more closely related object of comparison, the animal or human body. But here too we find the same phenomena. The earlier phases of development are not preserved at all, having been absorbed into the later ones, for which they supplied the material. The embryo cannot be discovered in the adult; the thymus gland of the child is replaced after puberty by connective tissue, but no longer exists as such; in the adults marrow-bone I can admittedly trace the outline of the child's bone, but this has disappeared through stretching and thickening before taking on its final form. The fact remains that the retention of all previous stages, together with the final shape, is possible only in the mind, and that we are not in a position to illustrate this phenomenon by means of any parallel.

Perhaps we go too far in making this assumption. Perhaps we should be content to say that the past *may* be retained in the life of the psyche and *need not* be destroyed. It may be that even in the psychical sphere some things that

are old are so obscured or consumed in the normal way of things, or in exceptional circumstances–that there is no longer any way of restoring and reviving them, or that their retention is linked to certain favourable conditions. This may be so, but we have no way of knowing. All we can do is hold on to the fact that in mental life the retention of the past is the rule, rather than a surprising exception.

Hence, if we are prepared to acknowledge that an 'oceanic' feeling exists in many human beings and inclined to trace it back to an early phase of the sense of self, a further question arises: what claim has this feeling to be regarded as the source of religious needs?

I do not find such a claim compelling. After all, a feeling can be a source of energy only if it is itself the expression of a strong need. To me the derivation of religious needs from the helplessness of the child and a longing for its father seems irrefutable, especially as this feeling is not only prolonged from the days of childhood, but constantly sustained by a fear of the superior power of fate. I cannot cite any childish need that is as strong as the need for paternal protection. The role of the oceanic feeling, which might seek to restore unlimited narcissism, is thus pushed out of the foreground. The origin of the religious temperament can be traced in clear outline to the child's feeling of helplessness. Some thing else may be concealed behind it, but for the time being this remains obscure.

I can imagine that the oceanic feeling subsequently became connected with religion. Being at one with the universe, which is the intellectual content associated with this feeling, strikes us as an initial attempt at religious consolation, as another way of denying the danger that the ego perceives as a threat from the outside world. I must confess yet again that I find it very hard to work with these almost intangible concepts. Another of my friends, whose insatiable thirst for knowledge has driven him to conduct the most

extraordinary experiments and finally made him virtually omniscient, has assured me that in practising yoga one can actually arouse new sensations and universal feelings in oneself by turning away from the outside world, by fixing one's attention on bodily functions, and by breathing in special ways. Such sensations and feelings he would interpret as regressions to ancient conditions in the life of the psyche that have long been overlaid. He sees in them a physiological justification, so to speak, for much of the wisdom of mysticism. This would suggest connections with many obscure psychical states such as trance and ecstasy. Yet I cannot help exclaiming, with the diver in Schiller's ballad:

Es freue sich, wer da atmet im rosigen Licht.
[Let him rejoice, whoever draws breath in the roseate light!]

---

* Romain Rolland.

2

In my piece entitled 'The Future of an Illusion' I was much less concerned with the most profound sources of religious sentiment than with what the common man understands by his religion, the system of teachings and promises that on the one hand explains to him, with enviable thoroughness, the riddles of this world, and on the other assures him that a careful providence will watch over his life and compensate him in a future existence for any privations he suffers in this. The common man cannot imagine this providence otherwise than as an immensely exalted father. Only such a being can know the needs of the children of men, be softened by their pleas and propitiated by signs of their remorse. All this is so patently infantile, so remote from reality, that it pains a philanthropic temperament to think that the great majority of mortals will never be able to rise above such a view of life. It is still more embarrassing to learn how many of those living today, who cannot help seeing that this religion is untenable, nevertheless seek to defend it, bit by bit, in pathetic rearguard actions. One would like to mingle with the believers, in order to confront those philosophers who think they can rescue the God of religion by replacing him with an impersonal, shadowy, abstract principle, and to remind them of the commandment: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' If some of the greatest spirits of the past did the same, we cannot appeal to their example here, for we know why they had to.

Let us return to the common man and his religion, the only one that deserves the name. The first thing that occurs to us is the well-known remark by one of our great poets and thinkers, which describes how religion relates to art and science:

Wet Wissenschafi und Kunst besitzt,
hat auch Religion;
Wer jene belden nicht besitzt,
der babe Religion!

[Whoever possesses science and art also has religion; whoever possesses neither of these, let him have religion!]

On the one hand these lines contrast religion with man's two highest achievements; on the other they state that, when it comes to the value they have in our lives, they can represent or stand in for one another. Even if we wish to deny the common man's claim to religion, we clearly lack the authority of the poet. We will try to get closer to an appreciation of his proposition by adopting a special approach. The life imposed on us is too hard for us to bear: it brings too much pain, too many disappointments, too many insoluble problems. If we are to endure it, we cannot do without palliative measures. (As Theodor Fontane told us, it is impossible without additional help.) Of such measures there are perhaps three kinds: powerful distractions, which cause us to make light of our misery, substitutive satisfactions, which diminish it, and intoxicants, which anaesthetize us to it. Something of this sort is indispensable.* Voltaire has distractions in mind when he ends his *Candide* with the advice that one should cultivate one's garden; another such distraction is scholarly activity. Substitutive satisfactions, such as art affords, are illusions that contrast with reality, but they are not, for this reason, any less effective psychically, thanks to the role that the imagination has assumed in mental life. Intoxicants affect our physical constitution and alter its chemistry. It is not easy to define the position that religion occupies in this series. We shall have to approach the

matter from a greater distance.

The question of the purpose of human life has been posed innumerable times; it has not yet received a satisfactory answer and perhaps does not admit of one. Some of those who have posed it have added that if life should turn out to have no purpose, it would lose my value it had for them. Yet this threat alters nothing. Rather, it seems that one is entitled to dismiss the question. The threat appears to rest upon the very human presumption of which we have so many other instances. No one talks about the purpose of the life of animals, unless it is that they are meant to serve human beings. Yet this too is untenable, for there are many animals that man can do nothing with–except describe, classify and study them–and countless animal species have escaped even this use by living and dying out before man set eyes on them.

Again, only religion has an answer to the question of the purpose of life. It can hardly be wrong to conclude that the notion that life has a purpose stands or falls with the religious system.

We will therefore turn now to the more modest question of what human beings themselves reveal, through their behaviour, about the aim and purpose of their lives, what they demand of life and wish to achieve in it. The answer can scarcely be in doubt: they strive for happiness, they want to become happy and remain so. This striving has two goals, one negative and one positive: on the one hand it aims at an absence of pain and unpleasurable experiences, on the other at strong feelings of pleasure. 'Happiness', in the strict sense of the word, relates only to the latter. In conformity with this dichotomy in its aims, human activity develops in two directions, according to whether it seeks to realize–mainly or even exclusively–the one or the other of these aims.

As we see, it is simply the programme of the pleasure principle that

determines the purpose of life. This principle governs the functioning of our mental apparatus from the start; there can be no doubt about its efficacy, and yet its programme is at odds with the whole world–with the macrocosm as much as with the microcosm. It is quite incapable of being realized; all the institutions of the universe are opposed to it; one is inclined to say that the intention that man should be 'happy' has no part in the plan of 'creation'. What we call happiness, in the strictest sense of the word, arises from the fairly sudden satisfaction of pent-up needs. By its very nature it can be no more than an episodic phenomenon. Any prolongation of a situation desired by the pleasure principle produces only a feeling of lukewarm comfort; we are so constituted that we can gain intense pleasure only from the contrast, and only very little from the condition itself.[*] Hence, our prospects of happiness are already restricted by our constitution. Unhappiness is much less difficult to experience. Suffering threatens us from three sides: from our own body, which, being doomed to decay and dissolution, cannot dispense with pain and anxiety as warning signals; from the external world, which can unleash overwhelming, implacable, destructive forces against us; and finally from our relations with others. The suffering that arises from this last source perhaps causes us more pain than any other; we are inclined to regard it as a somewhat superfluous extra, though it is probably no less ineluctable than suffering that originates elsewhere.

It is no wonder that, under the pressure of these possibilities of suffering, people are used to tempering their claim to happiness, just as the pleasure principle itself has been transformed, under the influence of the external world, into the more modest 'reality principle'; that one counts oneself lucky to have escaped unhappiness and survived suffering; and that in general the task of avoiding suffering pushes that of obtaining pleasure into the background. Reflection teaches us that we can try to perform this task by

following very different paths; all these paths have been recommended by various schools of worldly wisdom and trodden by human beings. Unrestricted satisfaction of all our needs presents itself as the most enticing way to conduct one's life, but it means putting enjoyment before caution, and that soon brings its own punishment. The other methods, which aim chiefly at the avoidance of unpleasurable experience, differ according to which source of such experience is accorded most attention. Some of them are extreme and others moderate; some are one-sided, and some tackle the problem at several points simultaneously. Deliberate isolation, keeping others at arm's length, affords the most obvious protection against any suffering arising from interpersonal relations. One sees that the happiness that can be attained in this way is the happiness that comes from peace and quiet. Against the dreaded external world one can defend oneself only by somehow turning away from it, if one wants to solve the problem unaided. There is of course another, better path: as a member of the human community one can go on the attack against nature with the help of applied science, and subject her to the human will. One is then working with everyone for the happiness of all. The most interesting methods of preventing suffering are those that seek to influence one's own constitution. Ultimately, all suffering is merely feeling; it exists only in so far as we feel it, and we feel it only because our constitution is regulated in certain ways.

The crudest, but also the most effective method of influencing our constitution is the chemical one–intoxication. No one, I think, fully understands how it works, but it is a fact that there are exogenous substances whose presence in the blood and tissues causes us direct feelings of pleasure, but also alters the determinants of our sensibility in such a way that we are no longer susceptible to unpleasurable sensations. Both effects not only occur simultaneously: they also seem closely linked. However, there must also be

substances in the chemistry of our bodies that act in a similar way, for we know of at least one morbid condition–mania–in which a condition similar to intoxication occurs, without the introduction of any intoxicant. Moreover, in our normal mental life there are oscillations between fairly easy releases of pleasure and others that are harder to come by, and these run parallel to a lesser or a greater susceptibility to unpleasurabte feelings. It is much to be regretted that this toxic aspect of mental processes has so far escaped scientific investigation. The effect of intoxicants in the struggle for happiness and in keeping misery at a distance is seen as so great a boon that not only individuals, but whole nations, have accorded them a firm place in the economy of the libido. We owe to them not only a direct yield of pleasure, but a fervently desired degree of independence from the external world. We know, after all, that by 'drowning our sorrows' we can escape at any time from the pressure of reality and find refuge in a world of our own that affords us better conditions for our sensibility. It is well known that precisely this property of intoxicants makes them dangerous and harmful. In some circumstances they are responsible for the futile loss of large amounts of energy that might have been used to improve the lot of mankind.

The complicated structure of our mental apparatus, however, admits of a good many other influences too. Just as the satisfaction of the drives spells happiness, so it is a cause of great suffering if the external world forces us to go without and refuses to satisfy our needs. One can therefore hope to free oneself of part of one's suffering by influencing these instinctual impulses. This kind of defence against suffering is no longer brought to bear upon the sensory apparatus; it seeks to control the inner sources of our needs. In extreme cases this is done by stifling the drives in the manner prescribed by the wisdom of the east and put into effect in the practice of yoga. If it succeeds, one has admittedly given up all other activity too–indeed,

sacrificed one's life–only to arrive, by a different route, at the happiness that comes from peace and quiet. We follow the same route when our aims are less extreme and we seek merely to *control* our drives. Control is then exercised by the higher psychical authorities, which have subjected themselves to the reality principle. At the same time the aim of satisfaction is by no means abandoned; a certain protection against suffering is obtained, in that failure to satisfy the drives causes less pain if they are kept in thrall than if they are wholly uninhibited. All the same, the possibilities of pleasure are undeniably diminished. The feeling of happiness resulting from the satisfaction of a wild instinctual impulse that has not been tamed by the ego is incomparably more intense than that occasioned by the sating of one that has been tamed. Here we have an economic explanation for the irresistibility of perverse impulses, perhaps for the attraction of whatever is forbidden.

Another technique for avoiding suffering makes use of the displacements of the libido that are permitted by our psychical apparatus and lend its functioning so much flexibility. Here the task is to displace the aims of the drives in such a way that they cannot be frustrated by the external world. Sublimation of the drives plays a part in this. We achieve most if we can sufficiently heighten the pleasure derived from mental and intellectual work. Fate can then do little to harm us. This kind of satisfaction–the artist's joy in creating, in fashioning forth the products of his imagination, or the scientist's in solving problems and discovering truths–has a special quality that it will undoubtedly be possible, one day, to describe in metapsychological terms. At present we can only say, figuratively, that they seem to us 'finer and higher', but their intensity is restrained when compared with that which results from the sating of crude, primary drives: they do not convulse our physical constitution. The weakness of this method, however, lies in the fact that it cannot be employed universally, as it is accessible only

to the few. It presupposes special aptitudes and gifts that are not exactly common, not common enough to be effective. And even to the few it cannot afford complete protection against suffering; it does not supply them with an armour that is proof against the slings and arrows of fortune, and it habitually fails when one's own body becomes the source of the suffering.*

It is already clear, in the case of this last method, that the purpose is to make oneself independent of the external world by seeking satisfaction in internal, psychical processes, but in the next one the same features are brought out even more strongly. Here the link with reality is loosened still further; satisfaction is derived from illusions, which one recognizes as such without letting their deviation from reality interfere with one's enjoyment. The sphere in which these illusions originate is the life of the imagination, which at one time, when the sense of reality developed, was expressly exempted from the requirements of the reality test and remained destined to fulfil desires that were hard to realize. Fore most among the satisfactions we owe to the imagination is the enjoyment of works of art; this is made accessible, even to those who are not themselves creative, through the mediation of the artist. It is impossible for anyone who is receptive to the influence of art to rate it too highly as a source of pleasure and consolation in life. Yet the mild narcosis that art induces in us can free us only temporarily from the hardships of life; it is not strong enough to make us forget real misery.

Another method, which operates more energetically and more thoroughly, sees reality as the sole enemy, the source of all suffering, something one cannot live with, and with which one must therefore sever all links if one wants to be happy, in any sense of the word. The hermit turns his back on the world and refuses to have anything to do with it. But one can do more than this: one can try to recreate the world, to build another in its place,

one in which the most intolerable features are eliminated and replaced by others that accord with one's desires. As a rule anyone who takes this path to happiness, in a spirit of desperate rebellion, will achieve nothing. Reality is too strong for him. He will become a madman and will usually find nobody to help him realize his delusion. It is asserted, however, that in some way each of us behaves rather like a paranoiac, employing wishful thinking to correct some unendurable aspect of the world and introducing this delusion into reality. Of special importance is the case in which substantial numbers of people, acting in concert, try to assure themselves of happiness and protection against suffering through a delusional reshaping of reality. The religions of mankind too must be described as examples of mass delusion. Of course, no one who still shares a delusion will ever recognize it as such.

This is not, I think, a complete list of the methods that human beings employ in trying to gain happiness and keep suffering at bay, and I am aware that the material can be arranged differently. There is one method that I have not yet mentioned–not because I have forgotten it, but because it will concern us later in another context. How could one possibly forget this particular technique in the art of living? It is distinguished by the most curious mixture of characteristics. Naturally it seeks independence from what may best be called fate, and to this end it transfers satisfaction to internal mental processes and makes use of the facility for libidinal displacement that has already been mentioned. But it does not turn away from the external world: on the contrary, it clings to the things of this world and obtains happiness through an emotional attachment to them. Nor is it content with the avoidance of unpleasurable experience, a goal that derives, as it were, from tired resignation; indeed, it bypasses this goal, pays no attention to it, and adheres to the original, passionate striving for the positive achievement of happiness. Perhaps it actually gets closer to this goal than any other method. I am

referring of course to the way of life that places love at the centre of everything and expects all satisfaction to come from loving and being loved. This kind of mental attitude comes naturally enough to us all; one manifestation of love, sexual love, has afforded us the most potent experience of overwhelming pleasure and thereby set a pattern for our quest for happiness. What is more natural than that we should go on seeking happiness on the path where we first encountered it? The weakness of this technique of living is obvious; if it were not, nobody would have thought of abandoning this route to happiness in favour of another. We never have so little protection against suffering as when we are in love; we are never so desolate as when we have lost the object of our love or its love for us. But this is not the last word on this particular technique of living, which is based on the value of love as a means of happiness: there is much more to be said about it.

Here one can bring in the interesting case in which happiness in life is sought mainly in the enjoyment of beauty, wherever it presents itself to our senses and our judgement–the beauty of human forms and gestures, of natural objects and landscapes, of artistic and even scientific creations. This aesthetic approach to the purpose of life affords little protection against the sufferings that threaten us, but it can make up for much. The enjoyment of beauty has a special quality of feeling that is mildly intoxicating. Beauty has no obvious use, nor is it easy to see why it is necessary to civilization; yet civilization would be unthinkable without it. The science of aesthetics investigates the conditions under which the beautiful is apprehended; it has not been able to clarify the nature and origin of beauty; as commonly happens, the absence of results is shrouded in a wealth of high sounding, empty verbiage. Unfortunately psychoanalysis too has scarcely anything to say about beauty. All that seems certain is its origin in the sphere of sexual feeling; it would be an ideal example of an aim-inhibited impulse. 'Beauty' and 'attractiveness' are

originally properties of the sexual object. It is notable that the genitals themselves, the sight of which is always exciting, are hardly ever judged beautiful; on the other hand, the quality of beauty seems to attach to certain secondary sexual characteristics.

Despite the incompleteness of my presentation, I venture to offer, even at this early stage, a few remarks to round off our present enquiry. The programme for attaining happiness, imposed on us by the pleasure principle, cannot be fully realized, but we must not–indeed cannot–abandon our efforts to bring its realization somehow closer. To reach this goal we may take very different routes and give priority to one or the other of two aims: the positive aim of gaining pleasure or the negative one of avoiding its opposite. On neither route can we attain all we desire. Happiness, in the reduced sense in which it is acknowledged to be possible, is a problem concerning the economy of the individual libido. There is no advice that would be beneficial to all; everyone must discover for himself how he can achieve salvation. The most varied factors will come into play and direct his choice. It is a question of how much real satisfaction he can expect from the external world, how far he is led to make himself independent of it, and, finally, how much strength he feels he has to change it in accordance with his wishes. Apart from the external conditions, what will be decisive here is the individuals mental constitution. The predominantly erotic person will give priority to his emotional relations with others; the narcissistic person, being more self-sufficient, will seek the most important satisfactions in his own internal mental processes; the man of action will not give up contact with the external world, on which he can test his strength. For the second of these types the nature of his gifts and the extent to which he is able to sublimate his drives will determine where he should lodge his interests. Any extreme decision will be penalized, in that it will expose the individual to the dangers that arise if

he has chosen one technique of living to the exclusion of others. Just as the prudent merchant avoids tying up all his capital in one place, so worldly wisdom will perhaps advise us not to expect all our satisfaction to come from one endeavour. Success is never certain; it depends on the coincidence of many factors, and perhaps on none more than the capacity of our psychical constitution to adapt its functioning to the environment and to exploit the latter for the attainment of pleasure. Any one who has been born with a particularly unfavourable instinctual constitution and who has not properly under gone the transformation and reordering of the components of his libido–a process that is indispensable for later achievements–will find it hard to derive happiness from his external situation, especially if he is faced with fairly difficult tasks. As a last technique for living, which at least promises him substitutive satisfactions, he may take refuge in neurotic illness; this usually happens early in life. Anyone who sees his quest for happiness frustrated in later years can still find consolation in the pleasure gained from chronic intoxication, or make a desperate attempt at rebellion and become psychotic.*

Religion interferes with this play of selection and adaptation by forcing on everyone indiscriminately its own path to the attainment of happiness and protection from suffering. Its technique consists in reducing the value of life and distorting the picture of the real world by means of delusion; and this presupposes the intimidation of the intelligence. At this price, by forcibly fixing human beings in a state of psychical infantilism and drawing them into a mass delusion, religion succeeds in saving many of them from individual neurosis. But it hardly does any more; there are, as we have said, many paths that can lead to such happiness as is within the reach of human beings, but none that is certain to do so. Not even religion can keep its promise. If the believer is finally obliged to speak of God's 'inscrutable decrees', he is

admitting that all he has left to him, as the ultimate consolation and source of pleasure in the midst of suffering, is unconditional submission. And if he is ready to accept this he could probably have spared himself the detour.

---

* On a more basic level Wilhelm Busch says the same in *Die Fromme Helene:* 'Whoever has cares has liquor too.'

* Goethe even reminds us: 'Everything in the world can be endured, except a succession of fine days.' However, this may be an exaggeration.

* Unless a special aptitude dictates the direction that a person's interest in life is to take, the ordinary professional work available to everyone can occupy the place assigned to it by Voltaire's wise advice. Within the scope of a short survey it is not possible to pay sufficient attention to the vital role of work in the economy of the libido. No other technique for the conduct of life binds the individual so firmly to reality as an emphasis on work, which at least gives him a secure place in one area of reality, the human community. The possibility of shifting a large number of libidinal components–narcissistic, aggressive, even erotic – towards professional work and the human relations connected with it lends it a value that is in no way inferior to the indispensable part it plays in asserting and justifying a person's existence in society. Special satisfaction comes from professional activity when this is freely chosen and therefore makes possible the use, through sublimation, of existing inclinations, of continued or constitutionally reinforced instinctual impulses. And yet people show scant regard for work as a path to happiness. They do not strive after it as they do after other possibilities of satisfaction. The great majority work only because they have to, and this aversion to work is the source of the most difficult social problems.

* I feel impelled to point out at least one of the gaps that have remained in the presentation given above. No consideration of the possibilities of human happiness should fail to take into account the relation between narcissism and object libido. We need to know what being essentially reliant on our own resources means for the economy of the libido.

3

Our study of happiness has so far taught us little that is not generally known. Even if we go on to ask why it is so difficult for people to be happy, the prospect of learning something new seems little better. We have already answered this question by pointing to the three sources of our suffering: the superior power of nature, the frailty of our bodies, and the inadequacy of the institutions that regulate people's relations with one another in the family, the state and society. Regarding the first two, our judgement cannot vacillate for long: it obliges us to acknowledge these sources of suffering and submit to the inevitable. We shall never wholly control nature; our constitution, itself part of this nature, will always remain a transient structure, with a limited capacity for adaptation and achievement. Recognition of this fact does not have a paralysing effect on us; on the contrary, it gives direction to our activity. Even if we cannot put an end to all suffering, we can remove or alleviate some of it; the experience of thousands of years has convinced us of this. Our attitude to the third source of suffering, the social source, is different. We refuse to recognize it at all; we cannot see why institutions that we ourselves have created should not protect and benefit us all. However, when we consider how unsuccessful we have been at preventing suffering in this very sphere, the suspicion arises that here too an element of unconquerable nature may be at work in the background–this time our own psyche.

When considering this possibility, we come up against a contention which is so astonishing that we will dwell on it for a while. It is contended that much of the blame for our misery lies with what we call our civilization, and that we should be far happier if we were to abandon it and revert to

primitive conditions. I say this is astonishing because, however one defines the concept of civilization, it is certain that all the means we use in our attempts to protect ourselves against the threat of suffering belong to this very civilization.

By what route have so many people arrived at this strange attitude of hostility to civilization? I think a deep, long-standing dissatisfaction with the state of civilization at any given time prepared the ground on which a condemnation of it grew up owing to particular historical causes. I think I can identify the last two of these; I am not sufficiently erudite to trace the causal chain back far enough into the history of the human race. Some such hostility to civilization must have been involved already in the victory of Christianity over paganism. After all, this hostility was very close to the devaluation of earthly life that came about through Christian teaching. The penultimate cause arose when voyages of discovery brought us into contact with primitive peoples and tribes. Owing to inadequate observation and the misinterpretation of their manners and customs, they appeared to the Europeans to lead a simple, happy life, involving few needs, which was beyond the reach of their culturally superior visitors. Subsequent experience has corrected several such judgements; the fact that these peoples found life so much easier was mistakenly ascribed to the absence of complicated cultural requirements, when in fact it was due to nature's bounty and the ease with which their major needs could be satisfied. The final cause is particularly familiar to us; it arose when we became acquainted with the mechanism of the neuroses that threaten to undermine the modicum of happiness enjoyed by civilized man. It was discovered that people became neurotic because they could not endure the degree of privation that society imposed on them in the service of its cultural ideals, and it was inferred that a suspension or a substantial reduction of its demands would mean a return to

possibilities of happiness.

There is an added factor of disappointment. In recent generations the human race has made extraordinary advances in the natural sciences and their technical application, and it has increased its control over nature in a way that would previously have been unimaginable. The details of these advances are generally known and need not be enumerated. Human beings are proud of these achievements, and rightly so. Yet they believe they have observed that this newly won mastery over space and time, this subjugation of the forces of nature–the fulfilment of an age-old longing–has not increased the amount of pleasure they can expect from life or made them feel any happier. We ought to be content to infer from this observation that power over nature is not the sole condition of human happiness, just as it is not the sole aim of cultural endeavours, rather than to conclude that technical progress is of no value in the economy of our happiness. By way of objection it might be asked whether it is not a positive addition to my pleasure, an unequivocal increment of my happiness, if I can hear, as often as I wish, the voice of the child who lives hundreds of miles away, or if a friend can inform me, shortly after reaching land, that he has survived his long and arduous voyage. Is it of no importance that medicine has succeeded in significantly reducing infant mortality and the risk of infection to women in childbirth, and in adding a good many years to the average life-span of civilized man? We can cite many such benefits that we owe to the much-despised era of scientific and technical advances. At this point, however, the voice of pessimistic criticism makes itself heard, reminding us that most of these satisfactions follow the pattern of the 'cheap pleasure' recommended in a certain joke, a pleasure that one can enjoy by sticking a bare leg out from under the covers on a cold winter's night, then pulling it back in. If there were no railway to overcome distances, my child would never have left his home town, and I should not need the

telephone in order to hear his voice. If there were no sea travel, my friend would not have embarked on his voyage, and I should not need the telegraph service in order to allay my anxiety about him. What is the good of the reduction of infant mortality if it forces us to practise extreme restraint in the procreation of children, with the result that on the whole we rear no more children than we did before hygiene became all important, but have imposed restraints on sexual life within marriage and probably worked against the benefits of natural selection? And finally, what good is a long life to us if it is hard, joyless and so full of suffering that we can only welcome death as a deliverer?

It seems certain that we do not feel comfortable in our present civilization, but it is very hard to form a judgement as to whether and to what extent people of an earlier age felt happier, and what part their cultural conditions played in the matter. We shall always tend to view misery objectively, that is to project ourselves, with all our demands and susceptibilities, into *their* conditions, and then try to determine what occasions for happiness or unhappiness we should find in them. This way of looking at things, which appears objective because it ignores the variations in subjective sensitivity, is of course the most subjective there can be, in that it substitutes our own mental state for all others, of which we know nothing. Happiness, however, is something altogether subjective. However much we recoil in horror when considering certain situations–that of the galley slave in ancient times, of the peasant in the Thirty Years War, of the victim of the Holy Inquisition, of the Jew waiting for the pogrom–it is none the less impossible for us to empathize with these people, to divine what changes the original insensitivity, the gradual diminution of sensitivity, the cessation of expectations, and cruder or more refined methods of narcotization have wrought in man's receptivity to pleasurable and unpleasurable feelings. In

cases where there is a possibility of extreme suffering, certain protective psychical mechanisms are activated. It seems to me fruitless to pursue this aspect of the problem any further.

It is time to consider the essence of the civilization whose value for our happiness has been called into question. We will refrain from demanding a formula that captures this essence in a few words before we have learnt anything from our investigation. We will content our selves with repeating that the word 'civilization' designates the sum total of those achievements and institutions that distinguish our life from that of our animal ancestors and serve the dual purpose of protecting human beings against nature and regulating their mutual relations. In order to understand more, we will bring together the individual features of civilization as they manifest themselves in human communities. In doing so we have no hesitation in letting ourselves be guided by linguistic usage or, as some would say, a 'feeling for language', trusting that in this way we shall do justice to inner perceptions that still refuse to be expressed in abstract terms.

The first stage is easy: we recognize as belonging to civilization all activities and values that are useful to human beings, by making the earth serviceable to them, by protecting them against violent natural forces, and so forth. About this aspect of civilization there can be scarcely any doubt. If we go back far enough, we find that the first civilized activities were the use of tools, the taming of fire, and the building of dwellings. Among these, the taming of fire stands out as a quite extraordinary and unprecedented achievement;[*] with the others man struck out on paths that he has continued to follow ever since, the stimulus to which is not hard to guess. With all his tools man improves on his own organs, both motor and sensory, or clears away the barriers to their functioning. Engines place gigantic forces at his disposal, which he can direct, like his muscles, wherever he chooses; the ship

and the aeroplane ensure that neither water nor air can hinder his movements. By means of spectacles he can correct the defects of his ocular lens; with the telescope he can see far into the distance; and with the microscope he can overcome the limits of visibility imposed by the structure of the retina. In the camera he has created an instrument that captures evanescent visual impressions, while the gramophone record does the same for equally fleeting auditory impressions; both are essentially materializations of his innate faculty of recall, of his memory With the help of the telephone he can hear sounds from distances that even the fairy tale would respect as inaccessible. Writing is in origin the language of the absent, the house a substitute for the womb–one's first dwelling place, probably still longed for, where one was safe and felt so comfortable.

What man, through his science and technology, has produced in this world, where he first appeared as a frail animal organism and where every individual of his species must still make his entry as a helpless babe–'oh inch of nature!'–all this not only sounds like a fairy tale, but actually fulfils all–no, most–fairytale wishes. All these assets he can claim as cultural acquisitions. Long ago he formed an ideal conception of omnipotence and omniscience, which he embodied in his gods, attributing to them whatever seemed beyond the reach of his desires–or was forbidden him. We may say, then, that these gods were cultural ideals. Man has now come close to reaching these ideals and almost become a god himself. Admittedly only in the way ideals are usually reached, according to the general judgement of humanity–not completely, in some respects not at all, in others only partly. Man has become, so to speak, a god with artificial limbs. He is quite impressive when he dons all his auxiliary organs, but they have not become part of him and still give him a good deal of trouble on occasion. However, he is entitled to console himself with the fact that this development will not have come to an

end in AD 1930. Distant ages will bring new and probably unimaginable advances in this field of civilization and so enhance his god-like nature. But in the interest of our investigation let us also remember that modem man does not feel happy with his god-like nature.

We acknowledge, then, that a country has a high level of civilization if we find that in it everything that can assist man in his exploitation of the land and protect him against the forces of nature–everything, in short, that is of use to him–is attended to and properly ordered. In such countries, rivers that threaten to flood the land must have their courses regulated and their waters channelled to areas of drought. The soil must be carefully tilled and planted with crops that it is suited to support; the mineral wealth below ground must be diligently brought to the surface and used to make the necessary tools and implements. Means of transport must be frequent, fast and reliable. Dangerous wild beasts must be exterminated, and the breeding of domestic animals must flourish. But we have other demands to make on civilization and, remarkably, we hope to find them realized in the very same countries. As though we wished to repudiate our first demand, we also welcome it as a sign of civilization if people devote care to things that have no practical value whatever, that indeed appear useless–for instance, when the urban parks that are needed as playgrounds and reservoirs of fresh air also contain flowerbeds, or when the windows of the houses are adorned with pots of flowers. We soon realize that what we know to be useless, but expect civilization to value, is beauty; we demand that civilized man should revere beauty where he comes across it in nature and create it, if he can, through the work of his hands. Yet our claims on civilization are far from exhausted. We also demand evidence of cleanliness and order. We do not think highly of the civilization of an English country town in Shakespeare's day when we read that there was a large dunghill in front of the door of his father's house at Stratford. We are

indignant and call it 'barbarous'–which is the opposite of 'civilized'–when we find the paths in the Vienna woods littered with discarded papers. Squalor of any kind seems to us incompatible with civilization, and we extend the demand for cleanliness to the human body too. We are amazed to read what a foul smell emanated from the person of the Roi Soleil, and we shake our heads when, on visiting Isola Bella, we are shown the tiny wash-basin that Napoleon used for his morning toilet. Indeed, we are not surprised if someone actually proposes the use of soap as a criterion of civilization. Much the same is true of order, which, like cleanliness, relates wholly to the work of man. But while we cannot expect cleanliness in nature, order is in fact copied from her; observation of the great astronomical regularities gave man not only the model for the introduction of order into his own life, but the first clues about how to do it. Order is a kind of compulsion to repeat, which, once a pattern is established, determines when, where and how something is to be done, so that there is no hesitation or vacillation in identical cases. The benefits of order are undeniable; it enables people to make the best use of space and time, while sparing their mental forces. One would be entitled to expect that it had established itself in human activities from the start and without any difficulty; and one may well be surprised that this is not so–that people show a natural tendency to be careless, irregular and unreliable in their work and must first be laboriously trained to imitate the celestial models.

Beauty, cleanliness and order plainly have a special place among the requirements of civilization. No one will maintain that they are as vitally important as control over the forces of nature and other factors that we shall become acquainted with later on, but neither will anyone wish to dismiss them as matters of minor importance. The fact that civilization is not concerned solely with utility is demonstrated by the example of beauty,

which we insist on including among the interests of civilization. The usefulness of order is quite patent; as for cleanliness, we must bear in mind that it is also required by hygiene, and we may presume that people were not entirely unaware of this connection even before the age of scientific prophylaxis. Yet utility does not wholly explain the striving for cleanliness: something else must be involved too.

No feature, however, seems to us to characterize civilization better than the appreciation and cultivation of the higher mental activities, of intellectual, scientific and artistic achievements, and the leading role accorded to ideas in human life. Foremost among these ideas are the systems of religion, on whose complex structure I have tried to throw some light elsewhere; next come philosophical speculations, and finally what may be called human ideals, the notions, formed by human beings, of the possible perfection of the individual person, the nation and humanity as a whole, together with the demands they set up on the basis of such notions. The fact that these inventions are not independent of one another, but closely interwoven, increases the difficulty not only of describing them, but of establishing their psychological derivation. If we assume, quite generally, that the mainspring of all human activities is the striving for the two confluent goals of utility and the attainment of pleasure, we have to agree that this applies also to the manifestations of civilization that we have mentioned here, though it is easy to see only in the case of scientific and artistic activity. There can be no doubt, however, that the others also answer to powerful human needs, perhaps to needs that have developed only in a minority of people. Moreover, one must not allow oneself to be misled by value judgements regarding one or other of these religions, philosophical systems and ideals; one may think to find in them the highest achievement of the human spirit or deplore them as aberrations, but one has to acknowledge that their very existence, and

especially their predominance, signifies a high level of civilization.

As the last and certainly not the least important characteristic of a civilization we have to consider how the mutual relations of human beings are regulated, the social relations that affect a person as a neighbour, employee or sexual object of another, as a member of a family or as a citizen of a state. Here it becomes particularly difficult to keep oneself free from certain ideal requirements and to grasp what pertains to civilization in general. Perhaps one may begin by declaring that the element of civilization is present as soon as the first attempt is made to regulate these social relations. If no such attempt were made, they would be subject to the arbitrary will of the individual; that is to say, whoever was physically stronger would dictate them in accordance with his interests and instinctual impulses. Nor would anything be changed if this strong individual came up against another who was even stronger. Communal life becomes possible only when a majority comes together that is stronger than any individual and presents a united front against every individual. The power of the community then pits itself, in the name of 'right', against the power of the individual, which is condemned as 'brute force'. The replacement of the power of the individual by that of the community is the decisive step towards civilization. Its essence lies in the fact that the members of the community restrict themselves in their scope for satisfaction; whereas the individual knew no such restriction. Hence, the next requirement of civilization is justice, that is the assurance that the legal order, once established, shall not be violated again in favour of an individual. This entails no judgement regarding the ethical value of such a system of law. The subsequent development of civilization seems to aim at a situation in which the law should no longer express the will of a small community–a caste, a social stratum or a tribe–that in its turn relates like a violent individual to other groups, which may be more

comprehensive. The ultimate outcome should be a system of law to which all–or at least all those who qualify as members of the community–have contributed by partly forgoing the satisfaction of their drives, and which allows no one–again subject to the same qualification–to become a victim of brute force.

Individual liberty is not an asset of civilization. It was greatest before there was any civilization, though admittedly even then it was largely worthless, because the individual was hardly in a position to defend it. With the development of civilization it underwent restrictions, and justice requires that no one shall be spared these restrictions. Whatever makes itself felt in a human community as an urge for freedom may amount to a revolt against an existing injustice, thus favouring a further advance of civilization and remaining compatible with it. But it may spring from what remains of the original personality, still untamed by civilization, and so become a basis for hostility to civilization. The urge for freedom is thus directed against particular forms and claims of civilization, or against civilization as a whole. It does not seem as though any influence can induce human beings to change their nature and become like termites; they will probably always defend their claim to individual freedom against the will of the mass. Much of mankind's struggle is taken up with the task of finding a suitable, that is to say a happy accommodation, between the claims of the individual and the mass claims of civilization. One of the problems affecting the fate of mankind is whether such an accommodation can be achieved through a particular moulding of civilization or whether the conflict is irreconcilable.

By allowing common feeling to tell us what features of human life may count as civilized, we have gained a distinct impression or overall picture of civilization, though at first without learning anything that is not generally known. At the same time we have taken care not to concur with the prejudice

that civilization is synonymous with a trend towards perfection, a path to perfection that is pre-ordained for mankind. Yet now we are faced with a view that perhaps leads somewhere else. The development of civilization appears to us as a peculiar process that humanity undergoes and in which some things strike us as familiar. We may characterize this process by citing the changes it brings about in well-known dispositions of the human drives, whose satisfaction is, after all, the economic task of our lives. Some of these drives are used up in such a way that in their place something appears that in an individual we describe as a character trait. The most curious example of this process is found in the anal eroticism of young human beings. Their original interest in the excretory function, in the organs and the products involved in it, is transformed as they grow older into a group of traits that we know as thrift, a sense of order and cleanliness, which, while valuable and welcome in themselves, may intensify and become predominant, thus producing what is called the anal character. How this happens we do not know, but there is no doubt that this view is correct. We have now found that order and cleanliness are essential requirements of civilization, though it is not altogether obvious that they are vitally necessary, any more than it is obvious that they are sources of pleasure. At this point we could not fail to be struck at first by the similarity between the process of civilization and the libidinal development of the individual. Other drives are induced to shift the conditions for their satisfaction, to direct them on to other paths; in most cases this coincides with *sublimation* (of the aims of the drives), with which we are familiar, but in some the two may still be kept apart. Sublimation of the drives is a particularly striking feature of cultural development, which makes it possible for the higher mental activities–scientific, artistic and ideological–to play such a significant role in civilized life. Yielding to a first impression, one is tempted to say that sublimation is a fate that civilization

imposes on the drives. But one would do better to reflect on the matter a little longer. Thirdly–and this seems the most important point–it is impossible to overlook the extent to which civilization is built up on renunciation, how much it presupposes the non-satisfaction of powerful drives–by suppression, repression or some other means. Such 'cultural frustration' dominates the large sphere of inter personal relations; as we already know, it is the cause of the hostility that all civilizations have to contend with. It will also make serious demands on our scientific work; in this connection we have much to explain. It is not easy to understand how it is possible to deprive a drive of satisfaction. It cannot be done without risk; if there is no economic compensation, one can expect serious disturbances.

However, if we want to know what value can be claimed by our conception of the development of civilization as a particular process, comparable with the normal maturation of the individual, we clearly have to address another problem and ask ourselves to what influences the development of civilization owes its origin, how it emerged and what has determined its course.

---

* Psychoanalytic material, while incomplete and impossible to interpret with any certainty, at least allows a surmise–a fantastic-sounding one–about the origin of this great human achievement. It is as though primitive man was in the habit, when confronted with fire, of using it to satisfy an infantile desire by urinating on it and so putting it out. Extant legends leave us in no doubt about the original phallic interpretation of the tongues of flame stretching upwards. Extinguishing a fire by urinating on it–an activity still resorted to by the latter-day giants Gulliver in Lilliput and Rabelais' Gargantua–was therefore like a sexual act performed with a man, an enjoyment of male potency in homosexual rivalry. Whoever first renounced this pleasure and spared the fire was able to take it away with him and make it serve his purposes. By damping down the fire of his own sexual excitement he had subdued the natural force of fire. This great cultural conquest would thus be the reward for forgoing the satisfaction of a drive. Moreover, it is as though the man had charged the woman with guarding the fire, now held prisoner on the domestic hearth, because her anatomy made it impossible for her to yield to such a temptation. It is remarkable too how regularly analytic findings testify to the link between ambition,

fire and urinal eroticism.

4

The task seems immense, and one may freely admit to being daunted by it. Here are the few conjectures I have been able to arrive at.

When primitive man had discovered that he had it in his own hands–quite literally–to improve his earthly lot by working, it could no longer be a matter of indifference to him whether someone else was working with him or against him. This other person now acquired for him the value of a fellow-worker, and it was useful to him if they both lived together. Even earlier, in his ape-like prehistory, man had taken to forming families, and members of the family were probably his first helpers. Presumably the founding of the family was linked with the fact that the need for genital satisfaction no longer made its appearance like a guest who turns up suddenly one day, then leaves and is not heard of again for a long time, but moved in as a permanent lodger. Hence, the male acquired a motive for keeping the female or–to put it more generally–his sexual objects around him, while the females, not wanting to be separated from their helpless young, had for their sake to remain with the stronger male.* In this primitive family we note the absence of one essential feature of civilization: the arbitrary power of the father, the head of the family, was absolute. In *Totem and Taboo* I tried to trace the route that led from this family to the next stage of communal living, which took the form of bands of brothers. On overpowering their father, the sons found that the group could be stronger than the individual. Totemic culture rests upon the restrictions they had to impose on one another in order to sustain this new state of affairs. Taboo observances constituted the first system of 'law'. There were thus two reasons why human beings should live together: one was the compulsion to work, which was created by external hardship; the other was

the power of love, which made the man loath to dispense with his sexual object, the woman, and the woman loath to surrender her child, which had once been part of her. Eros and Ananke (Love and Necessity) thus become the progenitors of human civilization too. The first consequence of civilization was that even fairly large numbers of people could now stay together in a community. And because these two powerful forces worked in concert, future developments could be expected to proceed smoothly towards better and better control of the external world and the extension of the community to take in more and more people. Moreover, it is not easy to see how this civilization could be anything but a source of happiness to its participants.

Before we go on to consider where a disturbance might arise, let us allow ourselves to be deflected by the recognition of love as a foundation for civilization; in this way we can ill a gap in our earlier discussion. We said that, since sexual (genital) love had afforded man the most potent experiences of satisfaction and had actually supplied him with the model for all happiness, this should have told him that he would do well to go on seeking his happiness in the sphere of sexual relations and place genital eroticism at the centre of his life. We went on to say that by doing this one made oneself dangerously dependent on part of the external world, the chosen love-object, that one was exposed to extreme suffering if one was spurned by it or lost it through infidelity or death. For this reason sages in every age have emphatically advised against this way of conducting one's life, but it has not yet lost its attraction for much of humankind.

A small minority of people are enabled by their constitution, in spite of everything, to find happiness through love, though this necessitates great psychical modifications of its function. These people make themselves independent of the concurrence of the object of their love by shifting the

main emphasis from being loved to their own loving; they protect themselves against the loss of the love object by directing their love not to individuals, but to everyone in equal measure, and they avoid the uncertainties and disappointments of genital love by deviating from its sexual aim and transforming the drive into an *aim-inhibited* impulse. What they thereby create in themselves–a state of balanced, unwavering, affectionate feeling–no longer bears much outward resemblance to the turbulent genital love-life from which it none the less derives. Perhaps St Francis of Assisi went furthest in exploiting love in this way to gain a feeling of inner happiness; moreover, what we recognize as one of the techniques for fulfilling the pleasure principle has frequently been associated with religion, with which it may be connected in those remote regions where the differentiation of the ego from the objects or the objects from one another is neglected. One ethical view, whose deeper motivation will presently become obvious, sees this readiness to love mankind and the world in general as the highest attitude to which human beings can attain. Even at this early stage we will not withhold our two main reservations: first, an undiscriminating love seems to us to forfeit some of its intrinsic value by doing its object an injustice, and, secondly, not all human beings are worthy of love.

The love that founded the family remains effective in civilization, both in its original form, in which direct sexual satisfaction is not renounced, and in its modified form as aim-inhibited affection. In both it continues to perform the function of binding together fairly large numbers of people, and it does so more intensively than would be possible on the basis of a common interest in work. The careless way in which the language uses the word 'love' can be justified historically. The word denotes not only the relation between a man and a woman, whose genital needs have led them to found a family, but also the positive feelings that exist within the family between parents and

children, and between siblings, though we are bound to describe the latter relation as aim-inhibited love or affection. This aim inhibited love was in fact once a fully sensual love, and it still is in the individual's unconscious. Both fully sensual and aim-inhibited love extend outside the family and create new bonds with people who were previously strangers. Genital love leads to the formation of new families, and aim-inhibited love to 'friendships', which become important for civilization because they avoid some of the restrictions of genital love, such as its exclusivity. But as it develops, the relation of love to civilization ceases to be unequivocal. On the one hand, love comes into conflict with the interests of civilization; on the other, civilization threatens love with substantial restrictions.

This rift seems unavoidable, but its cause is not at once discernible. It first manifests itself as a conflict between the family and the wider community to which the individual belongs. We have already noted that one of civilization's chief endeavours is to bring people together in large units. However, the family will not give up the individual. The closer the solidarity of the family, the more often its members tend to cut themselves of from other people and the harder it is for them to enter into the wider circle of life. The phylogenetically older mode of living together–the only one that exists in childhood–resists being superseded by the civilized one that was acquired later. Detaching oneself from the family is a task that faces every young person, and society often supports him in performing it with puberty and initiation rites. One has the impression that such difficulties attach to any psychical development, indeed to any organic development.

Moreover, women soon come into conflict with the cultural trend and exercise a retarding, restraining influence on it, even though it was they who first laid the foundations of civilization with the claims of their love. Women stand for the interests of the family and sexual life, whereas the work of

civilization has become more and more the business of the menfolk, setting them increasingly difficult tasks and obliging them to sublimate their drives–a task for which women have little aptitude. No person has unlimited quantities of psychical energy at his disposal, and so he has to accomplish his tasks through an expedient distribution of the libido. Whatever energy he expends on cultural aims is largely denied to the opposite sex: his constant association with men and his dependency on this association even estrange him from his duties as a husband and father. The woman therefore sees herself forced into the back ground by the claims of civilization and adopts a hostile attitude to it.

Civilization's tendency to restrict sexual life is no less clear than its other tendency–to extend the cultural circle. The first phase of civilization, the totemic phase, already involves the prohibition of incest in the choice of one's sexual object; this is perhaps the most drastic mutilation that man's erotic life has experienced through out the ages. Taboo, law and custom create further restrictions, affecting both men and women. Not all civilizations go to the same lengths; and the economic structure of society influences the degree of sexual freedom that remains. We already know that in this respect civilization follows the dictates of economic necessity, because it deprives sexuality of much of the mental energy that it consumes. Civilization thus behaves towards sexuality like a tribe or a section of the population that has subjected another and started exploiting it. Fear that the victims may rebel necessitates strict precautionary measures. A high point in such a development can be seen in our western European civilization. It is psycho logically quite justified to begin by prohibiting expressions of infantile sexuality, for there is no prospect of curbing the sexual appetities of adults unless preparatory measures have been taken in childhood. Yet civilized society cannot in any way be justified in going further and actually denying these phenomena,

which are easily demonstrable, indeed striking. The sexually mature individual finds that his choice of object is restricted to the opposite sex, and that most extra-genital gratifications are forbidden as perversions. The demand for a uniform sexual life for all, which is proclaimed in all these prohibitions, disregards all the disparities, innate and acquired, in the sexual constitution of human beings, thereby depriving fairly large numbers of sexual enjoyment and becoming a source of grave injustice. The result of such restrictions might be that in normal persons–those who are not constitutionally inhibited–all sexual interest would low, with no loss, into the channels still let open to it. But what is not outlawed–heterosexual genital love–is still limited by legitimacy and monogamy. Present-day civilization makes it clear that it will permit sexual relations only on the basis of a unique and indissoluble bond between a man and a woman, that it disapproves of sexuality as a source of pleasure in its own right and will tolerate it only as the device–for which a substitute has still to be found–for the increase of mankind.

This is of course an extreme view, and it is known to have proved impracticable, even for quite short periods. Only the weaklings have acquiesced in such a gross invasion of their sexual freedom; stronger spirits have insisted on a compensatory condition, which can be mentioned later. Civilized society has found itself obliged to turn a blind eye to many transgressions that by its own lights it should have punished. Yet one must not err in the opposite direction and assume that such a cultural attitude is altogether innocuous because it does not do all it sets out to do. After all, the sexual life of civilized man has been seriously damaged; at times one has the impression that as a function it is subject to a process of involution, such as our teeth and our hair seem to be undergoing as organs. One is probably entitled to suppose that its importance as a source of happiness–and therefore

as a means to fulfil our purpose in life–has perceptibly diminished. Now and then one seems to realize that this is not just the pressure of civilization, but that something inherent in the function itself denies us total satisfaction and forces us on to other paths. This may be wrong–it is hard to decide.*

Sigmund Freud

---

* The organic periodicity of the sexual process had been retained, but its influence on psychical sexual excitation was reversed. This change was most probably connected with the decline of the olfactory stimuli by which the menstrual process affected the mate psyche. Their role was taken over by visual excitations, which differed from the intermittent olfactory stimuli in that they could remain permanently effective. The taboo on menstruation stems from this 'organic repression', as a defence against a phase of development that has been surmounted; all other motivations are probably of a secondary nature. (Cf. C. D. Daly, 'Hindumythologie und Kastrationskomplex', *Imago* XIII, 1927.) This process is replicated at a different level when the gods of a past cultural period become the demons of the next. However, the decline of the olfactory stimuli itself seems to have resulted from man's decision to adopt an upright gait, which meant that the genitals, previously hidden, became visible and in need of protection, thus giving rise to a sense of shame. The beginning of the fateful process of civilization, then, would have been marked by man's adopting of an erect posture. From then on the chain of events proceeded, by way of the devaluation of the olfactory stimuli and the isolation of the menstrual period, to the preponderance of the visual stimuli and the visibility of the genitals, then to the continuity of sexual excitation and the founding of the family, and so to the threshold of human civilization. This is merely theoretical speculation, but it is sufficiently important to deserve to be precisely tested against the conditions of life obtaining among those animals that are closely related to man.

There is an unmistakable social factor in the cultural striving for cleanliness too, which was later justified on grounds of hygiene, but manifested itself before this connection was appreciated. The urge for cleanliness arises from the wish to get rid of excrement, which has become repugnant to the senses. In the nursery, as we know, things are different. Excrement does not arouse any disgust in the child; it seems valuable to him as a part of his body that has become detached. Upbringing here insists on accelerating the future course of development, which will make excrement worthless, disgusting, revolting and abominable. Such a reversal of values would be scarcely possible if this material excreted by the body were not condemned by its strong smell to share the fate that overtook the olfactory stimuli after man adopted an erect posture. Hence, anal eroticism first yields to the 'organic repression' that paved the way for civilization. Evidence of the social factor, leading to the further transformation of anal eroticism, is found in the fact that, all evolutionary progress notwithstanding, human beings hardly

find the smell of their own excrement offensive–only that of others. A person who lacks cleanliness–who does not hide his excrement–thereby offends others and shows them no consideration, and this is reflected in our strongest and commonest terms of abuse. It would also be incomprehensible that man should use the name of his most faithful friend in the animal world as a term of abuse, were it not for the fact that the dog incurs his contempt through two of its characteristics: as an animal that relies on smell it does not shun excrement, and it is not ashamed of its sexual functions.

* The following observations are offered in support of the supposition made above. Man too is an animal with an unequivocally bisexual disposition. The individual represents a fusion of two symmetrical halves; one of these, in the opinion of some investigators, is purely male, the other female. It is equally possible that each half was originally hermaphrodite. Sexuality is a biological fact that is immensely important in our psychical life, but it is hard to compre hend psychologically. We are in the habit of saying that every human being exhibits both male and female impulses, needs and properties, but while anatomy can distinguish between male and female, psy chology cannot. In the latter discipline the contrast between 'male' and 'female' pales into one between 'active' and 'passive'. We do not hesitate to equate 'active' with 'male' and 'passive' with 'female', but these equations are by no means universally confirmed by the study of animals. The theory of bisexuality is still shrouded in obscurity, and the fact that it has not been connected with that of the drives is bound to strike us as a serious flaw in psychoanalysis. Be that as it may, if we take it to be a fact that every individual seeks to satisfy both male and female desires in his or her sexual life, we are prepared for the possibility that these are not fulfilled by the same object and that they interfere with one another unless they can be kept apart and each impulse can be guided into the proper channel. A further difficulty arises because erotic relations are so often associated with a degree of direct aggression, quite apart from the sadistic component that properly belongs to them. Faced with such complications, the love-object will not always be as understanding and tolerant as the farmer's wife who complained that her husband no longer loved her because he had not beaten her for a week.

The surmise that goes deepest, however, is one that arises from my remarks in the footnote [section IV, p. 46], to the effect that, with man's adoption of an upright posture and the devaluation of his sense of smell, the whole of his sexuality–not just his anal eroticism–was in danger of becoming subject to organic repression, so that the sexual function has since been accompanied by an unaccountable repugnance, which prevents total gratification and deflects it from the sexual aim towards sublimations and displacements of the libido. I know that some time ago Bleuler ('Der Sexualwiderstand', *Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psy-chopathologische Forschungen* V [1913]) pointed to the existence of an original aversion to sexual life. All neurotics, and many others, object to the fact that *inter urinas et faeces nascimur* ('we are born between urine and faeces'). The genitals give off strong smells that are intolerable to many and spoil their enjoyment of sexual intercourse. Hence, the ultimate root of the sexual repression that accompanies cultural progress would seem to be the organic defence of the new way of life, ushered in by man's adoption of an upright gait, against his earlier animal existence. This result of scientific research coincides in a curious way with a banal prejudice that is often voiced. However, these are at present merely unconfirmed possibilities that lack any scientific corroboration.

And let us not forget that, in spite of the undoubted devaluation of olfactory stimuli, there are certain peoples, even in Europe, for whom the pungent genital odours we find offensive are valuable sexual stimuli, which they would be loath to forgo. (See the folkdoric findings of Iwan Bloch's questionnaire on 'the sense of smell in sexual life', published in various issues of the *Anthropophyteia* of Friedrich S. Krauss.)

5

Psychoanalytic work has taught us that it is precisely these frustrations of sexual life that those whom we call neurotics cannot endure. Neurotics create substitutive satisfactions for themselves in their symptoms, but these either create suffering in themselves or become sources of suffering by causing the subjects difficulties in their relations with their surroundings and society. The latter fact is easy to understand, but the former poses a fresh puzzle. However, civilization demands other sacrifices apart from that of sexual satisfaction.

We have viewed the difficulty of cultural development as a general difficulty of development by tracing it back to the inertia of the libido, to the latter's unwillingness to give up an old position for a new one. We are saying much the same thing when we derive the opposition between civilization and sexuality from the fact that sexual love is a relationship between two people, in which a third party can only be superfluous or trouble some, whereas civilization rests on relations between quite large numbers of people. When a love relationship is at its height, the lovers no longer have any interest in the world around them; they are self-sufficient as a pair, and in order to be happy they do not even need the child they have in common. In no other case does Eros so deafly reveal what is at the core of his being, the aim of making one out of more than one; however, having achieved this proverbial goal by making two people fall in love, he refuses to go any further.

Up to now we can well imagine a cultural community consisting of such double individuals, libidinally sated in themselves, but linked by the bonds of shared work and interests. If this were so it would not be necessary for civilization to rob sexuality of any of its energy. But this desirable state of

affairs does not exist, and never has. Reality shows us that civilization is not satisfied with the bonds that have so far been conceded to it; it seeks also to bind the members of the community libidinally to one another, employing every available means to this end, favouring any path that leads to strong identifications among them, and summoning up the largest possible measure of aim-inhibited libido in order to reinforce the communal bonds with ties of friendship. For the fulfilment of these objectives the restriction of sexual life becomes inevitable. Yet we lack any understanding of the necessity that forces civilization along this path and can account for its opposition to sexuality. There must be a disturbing factor that we have not yet discovered.

One of what have been called the ideal demands of civilized society may put us on the fight track. It runs: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'. It is famous the world over, and certainly older than Christianity, which puts it forward as its proudest claim, but assuredly not very old, for in historical times it still struck people as strange. We will approach it naively, as if we were heating it for the first time. We shall then be unable to suppress a sense of surprise and bewilderment. Why should we behave in this way? What good will it do us? But above all, how shall we manage to act like this? How will it be possible? My love is something I value and must not throw away irresponsibly. It imposes duties on me, and in performing these duties I must be prepared to make sacrifices. If I love another person, he must in some way deserve it. (I will disregard whatever use he may be to me, and whatever importance he may have for me as a sexual object: these two kinds of relationship have no relevance to the injunction to love my neighbour.) He deserves it if, in certain important respects, he so much resembles me that in him I can love myself. He deserves it if he is so much more perfect than myself that I can love in him an ideal image of myself. I must love him if he is my friend's son, for the pain my friend would feel if any harm befell him

would be my pain too; I should have to share it. But if he is a stranger to me and cannot attract me by any merit of his own or by any importance he has acquired in my emotional life, it becomes hard for me to love him. Indeed, it would be wrong of me to do so, for my love is prized by my family and friends as a sign of my preference for them; to put a stranger on a par with them would be to do them an injustice. Yet if I am to love him, with this universal love-just because he is a creature of this earth, like an insect, an earthworm or a grass-snake–then I fear that only a modicum of love will fall to his share, and certainly not as much as the judgement of my reason entitles me to reserve for myself. What is the point of such a portentous precept if its fulfilment cannot commend itself as reasonable?

On closer inspection I find still more difficulties. This stranger is not only altogether unlovable: I must honestly confess that he has a greater claim to my enmity, even to my hatred. He appears to have not the least love for me and shows me not the slightest consideration. If it is to his advantage, he has no hesitation in harming me, nor does he ask himself whether the magnitude of his advantage is commensurate with the harm he does me. Indeed, it need not bring him any advantage at all: if he can merely satisfy some desire by acting in this way, he will think nothing of mocking, insulting or slandering me, or using me as a foil to show off his power. The more secure he feels and the more helpless I am, the surer I can be of his behaving towards me like this. If he acts differently towards me, a stranger, and treats me with consideration and forbearance, I am in any case ready to repay him in like coin, without any injunction to do so. Indeed, if this grandiose commandment were to read: 'Love thy neighbour as thy neighbour loves thee', I should have no quarrel with it. There is another commandment that I find even more unintelligible and that causes me to rebel even more fiercely. It runs: 'Love thine enemies.' But on reflection I see that I am wrong to reject it as a still

greater presumption. Essentially it is no different.*

But now I seem to hear a dignified voice admonishing me: 'It is precisely because your neighbour is not lovable, but on the contrary your enemy, that you must love him as yourself.' I then understand this to be another instance of *Credo quia absurdum* ('I believe it because it is absurd').

Now, it is quite likely that my neighbour, if enjoined to love me as himself, will react exactly as I do and reject me for the very same reasons. I hope he will not have the same objective justification, but he will be of the same mind. However, there are differences in human behaviour that ethics classify as 'good' and 'evil', disregarding the fact that such differences are conditioned. While these undeniable differences remain, the fulfilment of these high ethical demands is detrimental to the purposes of civilization in that it proposes direct rewards for wrongful conduct. In this connection one cannot help recalling an incident that occurred in the French Chamber when capital punishment was being debated. One speaker pleaded passionately for its abolition and received tumultuous applause, until a voice called out from the body of the hall: 'Que messieurs les assassins commencent!' ['Let the murderers make the first move!']

The reality behind all this, which many would deny, is that human beings are not gentle creatures in need of love, at most able to defend themselves if attacked; on the contrary, they can count a powerful share of aggression among their instinctual endowments. Hence, their neighbour is not only a potential helper or sexual object, but also someone who tempts them to take out their aggression on him, to exploit his labour without recompense, to use him sexually without his consent, to take possession of his goods, to humiliate him and cause him pain, to torture and kill him. *Homo homini lupus* [Man is a wolf to man]. Who, after all that he has learnt from life and history, would be so bold as to dispute this proposition? As a rule, this cruel

aggression waits for some provocation or puts itself at the service of a different aim, which could be attained by milder means. If the circumstances favour it, if the psychical counter-forces that would otherwise inhibit it have ceased to operate, it manifests itself spontaneously and reveals man as a savage beast that has no thought of sparing its own kind. Whoever calls to mind the horrors of the migrations of the peoples, the incursions of the Huns, or of the people known as the Mongols under Genghiz Khan and Tamefiane, the conquest of Jerusalem by the pious Crusaders, or indeed the horrors of the Great War, will be obliged to acknowledge this as a fact.

It is the existence of this tendency to aggression, which we detect in ourselves and rightly presume in others, that vitiates our relations with our neighbour and obliges civilization to go to such lengths. Given this fundamental hostility of human beings to one another, civilized society is constantly threatened with disintegration. A common interest in work would not hold it together: passions that derive from the drives are stronger than reasonable interests. Civilization has to make every effort to limit man's aggressive drives and hold down their manifestations through the formation of psychical reactions. This leads to the use of methods that are meant to encourage people to identify themselves with others and enter into aim-inhibited erotic relationships, to the restriction of sexual life, and also to the ideal commandment to love one's neighbour as oneself, which is actually justified by the fact that nothing else runs so much counter to basic human nature. For all the effort invested in it, this cultural endeavour has so far not achieved very much. It hopes to prevent the crudest excesses of brutal violence by assuming the right to use violence against criminals, but the law cannot deal with the subtler manifestations of human aggression. There comes a point at which each of us abandons, as illusions, the expectations he pinned to his fellow men when he was young and can appreciate how

difficult and painful his life is made by their ill will. At the same time it would be unjust to reproach civilization with wanting to exclude contention and competition from human activity. These are certainly indispensable, but opposition is not necessarily enmity: it is merely misused as an occasion for the latter.

The communists think they have found the way to redeem mankind from evil. Man is unequivocally good and well disposed to his neighbour, but his nature has been corrupted by the institution of private property. Ownership of property gives the individual the power, and so the temptation, to mistreat his neighbour; who ever is excluded from ownership is bound to be hostile to the oppressor and rebel against him. When private property is abolished, when goods are held in common and enjoyed by all, ill will and enmity among human beings will cease. Because all needs will be satisfied, no one will have any reason to see another person as his enemy; everyone will be glad to undertake whatever work is necessary. I am not concerned with economic criticisms of the communist system; I have no way of knowing whether the abolition of private property is expedient and beneficial.[*] But I can recognize the psychological presumption behind it as a baseless illusion. With the abolition of private property the human love of aggression is robbed of one of its tools, a strong one no doubt, but certainly not the strongest. No change has been made in the disparities of power and influence that aggression exploits in pursuit of its ends, or in its nature. Aggression was not created by property; it prevailed with almost no restriction in primitive times, when property was very scanty. It already manifests itself in the nursery, where property has hardly given up its original anal form. It forms the basis of all affectionate and loving relations among human beings, with perhaps the one exception of the relation between the mother and her male child. Even if we do away with the personal right to own material goods, the prerogative that resides in

sexual relations still remains, and this is bound to become the source of the greatest animosity and the fiercest enmity among human beings who are equal in all other respects. If we remove this inequality too and allow total sexual freedom–thus doing away with the family, the germ-cell of civilization–it will admittedly be impossible to foresee on what new paths the development of civilization may strike out. But of one thing we can be certain: this indestructible feature of human nature will follow it wherever it leads.

It is clearly not easy for people to forgo the satisfaction of their tendency to aggression. To do so makes them feel uneasy. One should not belittle the advantage that is enjoyed by a fairly small cultural circle, which is that it allows the aggressive drive an outlet in the form of hostility to outsiders. It is always possible to bind quite large numbers of people together in love, provided that others are left out as targets for aggression. I once discussed this phenomenon, the fact that it is precisely those communities that occupy contiguous territories and are otherwise closely related to each other–like the Spaniards and the Portuguese, the North Germans and the South Germans, the English and the Scots, etc.–that indulge in feuding and mutual mockery. I called this phenomenon 'the narcissism of small differences'–not that the name does much to explain it. It can be seen as a convenient and relatively innocuous way of satisfying the tendency to aggression and facilitating solidarity within the community. The Jews of the diaspora have made valuable contributions to the cultures of the countries in which they have settled, but unfortunately all the massacres of Jews that took place in the Middle Ages failed to make the age safer and more peaceful for the Christians. After St Paul had made universal brotherly love the foundation of his Christian community, the extreme intolerance of Christianity towards those let outside it was an inevitable consequence. To the Romans, whose

state was not founded on love, religious intolerance had been quite foreign, though religion was a state concern and the state was steeped in religion. Nor was it quite fortuitous and incomprehensible that the Germanic dream of world-dominion should invoke anti-semitism as its complement. And it is under standable that the attempt to establish a new, communist culture in Russia should find psychological support in the persecution of the bourgeois. One only wonders, with some anxiety, what the Soviets will turn to when they have exterminated their bourgeoisie.

If civilization imposes such great sacrifices not only on man's sexuality, but also on his aggressivity, we are in a better position to understand why it is so hard for him to feel happy in it. Primitive man was actually better off, because his drives were not restricted. Yet this was counterbalanced by the fact that he had little certainty of enjoying this good fortune for long. Civilized man has traded in a portion of his chances of happiness for a certain measure of security. But let us not forget that in the primeval family only its head could give full rein to his drives; its other members lived in slavish suppression. In that primordial era of civilization there was therefore an extreme contrast between a minority who enjoyed its benefits and the majority to whom they were denied. As for today's primitive peoples, more careful study has shown that we have no reason whatever to envy them their instinctual life by reason of the freedom attaching to it; it is subject to restrictions of a different kind, which are perhaps even more severe than those imposed on modem civilized man.

When we rightly reproach the present state of our civilization with its inadequate response to our demand for a form of life that will make us happy, and with allowing so much suffering, which could probably be avoided–and when we strive, with unsparing criticism, to expose the roots of this inadequacy–we are exercising a legitimate right and certainly not revealing

ourselves as enemies of civilization. We may hope gradually to carry out such modifications in our civilization as will better satisfy our needs and escape this criticism. But perhaps we shall also become familiar with the idea that there are some difficulties that are inherent in the nature of civilization and will defy any attempt at reform. In addition to the tasks involved in restricting the drives–for which we are prepared–we are faced with the danger of a condition that we may call 'the psychological misery of the mass'. This danger is most threatening where social bonding is produced mainly by the participants' identification with one another, while individuals of leadership calibre do not acquire the importance that should be accorded to them in the formation of the mass. The present state of American civilization would provide a good opportunity to study the cultural damage that is to be feared. But I shall avoid the temptation to engage in a critique of American civilization; I do not wish to give the impression of wanting to employ American methods myself.

---

* A great writer can allow himself, at least in jest, to express psychologi cal truths that incur severe disapproval. Heine, for instance, confesses: 'I have the most peaceable disposition. My wishes are: a modest cottage with a thatched roof, but a good bed, good food, milk and butter, very fresh, flowers in front of the window, a few beautiful trees in front of the door; and if the good Lord wants to make me completely happy, he will grant me the pleasure of seeing six or seven of my enemies hanged from these trees. My heart will be moved, and before they die I will forgive them all the wrongs they did me in their lifetime. Yes, one must forgive one's enemies, but not before they are hanged.'

* Anyone who has tasted the misery of poverty in his youth and experienced the indifference and arrogance of propertied people, should be safe from the suspicion that he has no sympathy with current efforts to combat inequalities of wealth and all that flows from them. Of course, if this struggle seeks to appeal to the abstract demand, made in the name of justice, for equality among all men, the objection is all too obvious: nature, by her highly unequal endowment of individuals with physical attributes and mental abilities, has introduced injustices that cannot be remedied.

6

With none of my writings have I had such a strong feeling as I have now that what I am describing is common knowledge, that I am using pen and paper, and shall soon be using the services of the compositor and the printer, to say things that are in fact self-evident. For this reason I shall be glad to take the matter up if it appears that the recognition of a special, independent aggressive drive entails a modification of psychoanalytic theory regarding the drives.

It will be seen that this is not so, that it is merely a matter of focusing more sharply on a change of direction that took place long ago, and of following up its consequences. Of all the elements of analytic theory that have taken so long to develop, the doctrine of the drives is the one that has edged its way forward most laboriously. And yet it was so indispensable to the whole that some thing had to be put in its place. After I had at first been totally at a loss, my first clue came from a proposition by the poet-philosopher Schiller, to the effect that the mechanism of the world was held together by 'hunger and love'. Hunger could be taken to represent those drives that seek to preserve the individual creature, whereas love strives after objects, and its chief function, favoured in every way by nature, is to preserve the species. Thus at first ego-drives and object-drives con fronted one another. To denote the energy of the latter–and them alone–I introduced the term 'libido'; there was thus a contrast between the ego-drives and the libidinal drives of love, in the widest sense of the word, which were directed towards an object. One of these latter, the sadistic drive, admittedly stood out from the rest because its aim was so utterly devoid of love. More over, in some respects it was obviously attached to the ego-drives; it could not

conceal its close affinity to the drives that aim at domination and have no libidinal purpose. However, it proved possible to get over this discrepancy: after all, sadism was clearly part of sexual life, in which cruelty could replace tendemess. Neurosis appeared to be the result of a struggle between the interest of self-preservation and the demands of the libido, a struggle in which the ego had triumphed, but at the price of grave suffering and sacrifice.

Every analyst will admit that even today this does not sound like a long-discarded error. Yet a modification became indispensable when our research proceeded from what was repressed to the agent of repression, from the object-drives to the ego. The decisive step here was the introduction of the concept of narcissism–that is to say the recognition that the ego itself is occupied by libido, that it is in fact the libido's original home and remains to some extent its headquarters. This narcissistic libido turns towards objects, thus becoming object libido, and can change back again into narcissistic libido. The concept of narcissism made it possible to understand and analyse traumatic neurosis, together with many other conditions that are closely related to the psychoses, as well as the psychoses themselves. There was no need to abandon the interpretation of transference neuroses as attempts by the ego to fend of sexuality, but the concept of libido was endangered. Since the ego-drives too were libidinal, it seemed for a time inevitable that the libido should be allowed to merge with the energy of the drives generally, as C. G. Jung had earlier advocated. Yet there remained something like a certainty, as yet unexplained, that the drives could not all be of the same kind. My next step was taken in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920), when I was first struck by the compulsion to repeat and the conservative nature of the drives. Starting from speculations about the beginning of life and from biological parallels, I reached the conclusion that, in addition to the drive to preserve the living substance and bring it together in ever larger units,* there must be

another, opposed to it, which sought to break down these units and restore them to their primordial inorganic state. Beside Eros, then, there was a death drive, and the inter action and counteraction of these two could explain the phenomena of life. Now, it was not easy to demonstrate the activity of this supposed death drive. The manifestations of Eros were plain enough to see and hear; one might presume that the death drive operated silently inside the living being, working towards its dissolution, but this of course did not amount to a proof. A more fruitful idea was that a portion of the drive was directed against the external world and then appeared as a drive that aimed at aggression and destruction. In this way the drive was itself pressed into the service of Eros, inasmuch as the organism destroyed other things, both animate and inanimate, instead of itself. Conversely, any restriction of this outward-directed aggression would be bound to increase the degree of self-destruction, which in any case continued. At the same time one could surmise, on the basis of this example, that the two kinds of drive seldom–perhaps never–appeared in isolation, but alloyed with one another in different and highly varying proportions and so became unrecognizable to our judgement. In sadism, which has long been recognized as a partial drive of sexuality, one would be faced with a particularly strong alloy of the striving for love and the drive for destruction, just as its counterpart, masochism, would be a combination of inward-directed destruction and sexuality, through which the otherwise imperceptible striving became conspicuous and palpable.

The assumption of a death drive or a drive for destruction has met with resistance even in analytic circles; I am aware that there is a widespread tendency to ascribe anything that is thought to be dangerous or hostile about love to an original bipolarity in its own nature. The views I have developed here were at first put forward only tentatively, but in the course of time they have taken such a hold on me that I can no longer think in any other way. In

my view they are theoretically far more serviceable than any others one might entertain; they produce what we strive for in scientific work–a simple answer that neither neglects nor does violence to the facts. I recognize that we have always seen sadism and masochism as manifestations of the destructive drive, directed outwards or inwards and strongly alloyed with eroticism, but I can no longer understand how we could have ignored the ubiquity of non-erotic aggression and destruction and failed to accord it its due place in the interpretation of life. (The inward-directed craving for destruction mostly eludes our perception, of course, unless it is tinged with eroticism.) I can remember how I myself resisted the idea ora destructive drive when it first appeared in psychoanalytic literature, and how long it took me to become receptive to it. That others rejected it too, and still do, I find less surprising. 'For the little children do not like it' when there is talk of man's inborn tendency to 'wickedness', to aggression and destruction, and there fore to cruelty. For God created them in his own perfect image; one does not wish to be reminded of how hard it is to reconcile the existence of evil, which cannot be denied–despite the protestations of Christian Science–with His infinite power and goodness. The Devil would be the best excuse for God; he would take on the same exculpatory role in this context as the Jew in the world of the Aryan ideal. But even so, one can still demand that God be held responsible for the existence of the Devil and the evil he embodies. In view of these difficulties, it is advisable for each of us, at an appropriate point, to make a profound obeisance to man's deeply moral nature; this will help to make us generally popular, and much will be forgiven us.[*]

The name 'libido' can once more be applied to manifestations of the power of Eros, in order to distinguish them from the energy of the death drive.[†] It has to be admitted that the latter is much harder to grasp and can to some extent be discerned only as a residue left behind by Eros, and that it

escapes our notice unless it is revealed through being alloyed with Eros. It is in sadism, where it perverts the erotic aim for its own purposes while fully satisfying the sexual striving, that we have the clearest insight into its nature and its relation to Eros. Yet even where it appears without any sexual purpose, in the blindest destructive fury, there is no mistaking the fact that its satisfaction is linked with an extraordinarily high degree of narcissistic enjoyment, in that this satisfaction shows the ego how its old wish for omnipotence can be fulfilled. Moderated and tamed–aim-inhibited, as it were–the destructive drive, when directed towards objects, must provide the ego with the satisfaction of its vital needs and with control over nature. As its existence is posited essentially on theoretical grounds, one must also admit that it is not wholly proof against theoretical objections. But this is how things appear to us now, in the present state of our knowledge; future research and reflection will undoubtedly bring the decisive clarification.

For the rest, I take the view that the tendency to aggression is an original, autonomous disposition in man, and I return to my earlier contention that it represents the greatest obstacle to civilization. At one point in this investigation we were faced with the realization that civilization was a special process undergone by humanity, and we are still under the spell of this idea. We will now add that it is a process in the service of Eros, whose purpose is to gather together individuals, then families and finally tribes, peoples and nations in one great unit–humanity. Why this has to happen we do not know: it is simply the work of Eros. These multitudes of human beings are to be libidinally bound to one another; necessity alone, the advantages of shared work, will not hold them together. However, this programme of civilization is opposed by man's natural aggressive drive, the hostility of each against all and all against each. This aggressive drive is the descendant and principal representative of the death drive, which we have found beside Eros and

which rules the world jointly with him. And now, I think, the meaning of the development of civilization is no longer obscure to us. This development must show us the struggle between Eros and death, between the life drive and the drive for destruction, as it is played out in the human race. This struggle is the essential content of all life; hence, the development of civilization may be described simply as humanity's struggle for existence.* And this battle of the giants is what our nurse-maids seek to mitigate with their lullaby about heaven.

---

* The contrast that emerges here between the restless expansive tendency of Eros and the generally conservative nature of the drives is striking and could become the starting point for the study of further problems.

* Especially convincing is the equation of the principle of evil with the destructive drive in the person of Goethe's Mephistopheles: 'For everything that comes into being /Is worthy of destruction /…/ So, then, everything you call sin, / Destruction–in short, evil- / Is my true element.'

As his adversary, the devil himself names not the holy and the good, but nature's power to procreate, to multiply life–in other words, Eros: 'From air, water and earth/A thousand germs break forth, / In dry, wet, warm and cold!/Had I not reserved the flame for myself, / I should have nothing to call my own.'

† Our present view can be roughly expressed in the proposition that libido is involved in the manifestation of every drive, but not everything in this manifestation is libido.

* Probably we should add, to be more precise: 'in the shape it was bound to take on after a certain event that is still a matter for conjecture'.

7

Why do our relatives, the animals, show no sign of such a cultural struggle? We have no way of knowing. It is very likely that some of them–the bees, the ants, the termites–struggled for thousands of centuries until they evolved the state institutions, the distribution of functions, the restrictions on individuals, for which we admire them today. It is characteristic of our present condition that we feel we should not be happy in any of these animal states or the roles assigned in them to individuals. In the case of other animal species it may be that a temporary compromise was reached between the influences of their surroundings and the conflicting drives within them, so that any development was brought to a halt. It may be that in primitive man a fresh access of libido fanned fresh resistance on the part of the destructive drive. There are many questions to be asked, and as yet no answers.

Another question is closer to home. What means does civilization employ in order to inhibit the aggression it faces, to render it harmless and possibly eliminate it? We have already become acquainted with some of the methods, but not with the one that seems most important. We can study this in the development of the individual. What happens to him to render his aggressivity harmless? Something very curious, which we would not have suspected, but which is plain to see. The aggression is introjected, internalized, actually sent back to where it came from; in other words, it is directed against the individual's own ego. There it is taken over by a portion of the ego that sets itself up as the super-ego, in opposition to the rest, and is now prepared, as 'conscience', to exercise the same severe aggression against the ego that the latter would have liked to direct towards other individuals. The tension between the stem super-ego and the ego that is subject to it is

what we call a 'sense of guilt'; this manifests itself as a need for punishment. In this way civilization overcomes the dangerous aggressivity of the individual, by weakening him, disarming him and setting up an internal authority to watch over him, like a garrison in a conquered town.

Regarding the origin of the sense of guilt, the analyst's view differs from that of other psychologists, and he too finds it difficult to account for. In the first place, if we ask how a person comes to have a sense of guilt, the answer we receive cannot be gainsaid: one feels guilty (pious people would say 'sinful') if one has done something one recognizes as 'evil'. Ten we realize how little this tells us. After some hesitation we may add that even a person who has done no wrong, but merely recognizes in himself an intention to do wrong, may consider him self guilty–which raises the question of why in this case the intention is equated with the deed. Both cases presuppose that we have already recognized evil as reprehensible, as something that should not be carried out. How do we arrive at this judgement? We may reject the notion of an original–as it were, natural–capacity to distinguish between good and evil. Evil is often far from harmful or dangerous to the ego; it may even be some thing it welcomes and takes pleasure in. Here, then, is a pointer to an outside influence, which determines what is to be called good or evil. As a person's own feelings would not have led him in this direction, he must have a motive for submitting to this outside influence. This is easily dicovered in his helplessness and dependency on others; it can best be described as a fear of loss of love. If he loses the love of a person he depends on, he is no longer protected against various dangers; above all, he is exposed to the risk that this more powerful person will demonstrate his superiority by punishing him. At first, then, evil is something for which one is threatened with loss of love; it must therefore be avoided. Hence, it hardly matters whether one has already done some thing wrong or merely intends to; in either case the danger arises

only if the supervising authority finds out, and in either case the authority would behave in the same way.

This state of mind we call a 'bad conscience', but it really does not merit the name, for at this stage consciousness of guilt is clearly no more than a fear of loss of love, a 'social' anxiety. In a small child it can never be anything else, but for many adults too the only change is that the place once occupied by the father, or by both parents, has been taken over by the wider human community. Hence, adults regularly allow themselves to commit wrongful acts that hold out the promise of enjoyment, so long as they are sure that the authority will not learn of it or cannot hold it against them; their only fear is of being found out. This is the state of affairs that today's society generally has to reckon with.

Nothing much changes until the authority is internalized through the establishment of the super-ego. The phenomena of conscience are thereby raised to a new level; only now can one properly speak of conscience and a sense of guilt.[*] The fear of discovery is no longer an issue, nor is the difference between wrong-doing and the intention to do wrong, for nothing, not even one's thoughts, can be hidden from the super-ego. Of course, the real gravity of the situation has passed, for to the best of our belief the new authority, the superego, has no reason to ill-treat the ego, with which it is intimately linked. But the way it came into existence is still influential in ensuring the survival of what is past and has been surmounted, so that things remain essentially as they were at the beginning. The superego torments the sinful ego with the same anxieties and is on the look-out for opportunities to expose it to punishment by the external world.

At this second stage of development, the conscience exhibits a peculiarity that was absent at the first and is not easy to explain. The more virtuous a person is, the sterner and more distrustful is his conscience, so that

the very people who have attained the highest degree of saintliness are in the end the ones who accuse themselves of being most sinful. Virtue thus forfeits part of its promised reward; the compliant and abstinent ego does not enjoy the trust of its mentor and seemingly strives in vain to earn it. Now, it will at once be objected that these are artifically contrived difficulties, that a stricter and more vigilant conscience is the hallmark of a moral nature, and that if saints call themselves sinners, this is not without justification, in view of the temptations they are under to satisfy their drives, temptations to which they are particularly exposed, as it is well known that temptations are only increased by constant frustration, but diminished, at least for a time, by the occasional satisfaction. Another fact in the highly problematic field of ethics is that ill luck–that is to say, external frustration–greatly enhances the force of conscience in the super-ego. So long as things go well for a person, his conscience is lenient and indulges the ego in all kinds of ways. When a misfortune has befallen him he searches his soul, recognizes his sinfulness, pitches the demands of his conscience higher, imposes privations on himself, and punishes himself by acts of penance.* Whole peoples have behaved like this and still do. However, this is easily explained by reference to the original infantile phase of the conscience, which is not abandoned after the introjection into the super-ego, but persists beside and behind it. Fate is seen as replacing parental authority; if one suffers misfortune, this is because one is no longer loved by this supreme power, and under the threat of such loss of love, one again bows to the virtual parental authority of the super-ego, which one was happy to ignore while one's luck held. This becomes especially clear if one takes a strictly religious view and sees fate only as the expression of the divine will. The people of Israel had thought of itself as God's favourite child, and when the great Father let one misfortune after another rain down upon His people, it never doubted this relationship with God or questioned

His power and justice, but brought forth the prophets, who reproached it for its sinfulness, and created, from its consciousness of guilt, the exceedingly stem precepts of its priestly religion. It is curious how differently primitive man behaves. Having met with misfortune, he puts the blame not on himself, but on the fetish, which has clearly not done its duty, and whips it instead of punishing himself.

We thus know of two origins of the sense of guilt: one is fear of authority; the other, which came later, is fear of the super-ego. The former forces us to forgo the satisfaction of our drives; in addition to this, the latter insists on punishment, for the continuance of our for bidden desires cannot be hidden from the super-ego. We have also learnt how the severity of the super-ego–the requirements of conscience–can be understood. This severity simply perpetuates that of the external authority, which it supersedes and partly replaces. We now see how renunciation of the drives relates to consciousness of guilt. Initially this renunciation results from fear of the external authority; one renounces certain satisfactions in order to avoid losing its love. After renouncing them, one is, as it were, quits with the authority, and no sense of guilt should remain. Tings are different, however, when it comes to fear of the super-ego. To renounce the drives is no longer enough, for the desire persists and cannot be concealed from the super-ego. Despite one's renunciation, then, a sense of guilt will arise, and this is a great economic disadvantage in the institution of the super-ego, or, one might say, in the formation of conscience. Renunciation of the drives no longer has a fully liberating effect; virtuous abstention is no longer rewarded by the assurance of love; the threat of extemal unhappiness–loss of love, and punishment at the hands of the external authority–has been exchanged for an enduring inner unhappiness, the tension generated by the consciousness of guilt.

These interrelations are at once so complicated and so important that, at

the risk of repeating myself, I should like to tackle them from a different angle. The chronological sequence, then, would be as follows: first, renunciation of the drives, resulting from fear of aggression from the external authority (for this is what fear of the loss of love amounts to, love being a protection against this punitive aggression), then the setting up of the internal authority and the renunciation of the drives, resulting from fear of this authority, fear of conscience. In this second situation an evil deed is on a par with an evil intention; hence the consciousness of guilt and the need for punishment. The aggression of the conscience continues the aggression of the external authority. This much is probably already clear, but what room is let for the influence of misfortune–renunciation imposed from without–which reinforces the conscience, for the extraordinary severity of conscience that is found in the best and most tractable persons? We have already explained both these peculiarities of conscience, but we probably still have the impression that our explanations fail to go to the heart of the matter and leave some things unexplained. And here at last an idea comes in that belongs entirely to psychoanalysis and is foreign to our ordinary way of thinking. This idea is such as to enable us to understand why the subject was bound to strike us as so confused and lacking in transparency. For it tells us that although it is at first the conscience (or, rather, the fear that later becomes the conscience) that causes us to renounce the drives, this causal relation is later reversed. Every renunciation of the drives now becomes a dynamic source of conscience; every fresh renunciation reinforces its severity and intolerance; and if we could only bring it more into harmony with what we know about the emergence of conscience, we should be tempted to endorse the paradoxical statement that conscience results from the renunciation of the drives, or that this renunciation (imposed on us from without) creates the conscience, which then demands further renunciation.

The contradiction between this statement and what we have said about the genesis of the conscience is not so very great, and we can see a way of reducing it further. For greater ease of presentation let us take the example of the aggressive drive, and let us assume that we are dealing in every case with the renunciation of aggression. This is naturally to be taken only as a provisional assumption. The effect that the renunciation of the drives has on the conscience is such that any aggression whose satisfaction we forgo is taken over by the super-ego and increases the latter's aggression (towards the ego). This is not consistent with the view that the original aggression of the conscience continues the severity of the external authority and has therefore nothing to do with renunciation. The inconsistency is removed, however, if we assume a different origin for the super-ego's initial stock of aggression. A considerable measure of aggressivity must have developed in the child against the authority that deprives him of his first (and most significant) satisfactions, no matter what kind of deprivations were required. The child is obliged to forgo the satisfaction of this vengeful aggression. He helps himself out of this difficult economic situation by recourse to familiar mechanisms. By means of identification he incorporates this unassailable authority into himself; it now becomes the super-ego and takes over all the aggression that, as a child, one would have liked to exercise against it. The child's ego has to content itself with the sad role of the authority–the father–which has been so degraded. As so often happens, the original situation is reversed. 'If I were the father and you the child, I should treat you badly.' The relation between the super-ego and the ego amounts to the return, distorted by the subject's desire, of the real relations between the once undivided ego and an external object. This is typical too. The essential difference, however, is that the original severity of the super-ego is not–or not to such a great extent–the severity that one has experienced from him [the father] or attributes to him; it represents

rather one's own aggression towards him. If this is correct, one can actually maintain that conscience initially arose through the suppression of an aggressive impulse and continues to be reinforced by similar suppressions.

Which of these two views is correct–the earlier one, which we found genetically incontestable, or the newer one, which rounds of the theory in such a welcome fashion? Clearly both are justified, as is shown by the evidence of direct observation. They do not contradict each other; they even coincide at one point, for the vengeful aggression of the child will be determined partly by the amount of punitive aggression he expects from his father. Experience teaches us, however, that the severity of the super-ego that is developed by a child in no way replicates the severity of the treatment he has himself experienced. It appears to be independent of this: even with a very lenient upbringing, a child may develop a very stern conscience. Yet it would also be wrong to exaggerate this independence; it is not difficult to convince oneself that a strict upbringing also has a strong influence on the formation of the child's super-ego. This amounts to saying that, in the formation of the super-ego and the emergence of conscience, innate constitutional factors act in concert with influences from the real environment. This is not at all surprising; indeed, it is the universal aetiological condition for all such processes.*

One can also say that if a child reacts to the first great frustrations of the drives with excessive aggression and a corresponding severity of the super-ego, it is following a phylogenetic model and going beyond the reaction that would be justified today; for the primeval father was certainly terrible and could be credited with the utmost aggression. The differences between the two views of the genesis of conscience are thus reduced still further if one shits one's attention from individual to phylogenetic development. On the other hand, we become aware of a new and significant difference between

these two developmental processes. We cannot get away from the assumption that the sense of guilt stems from the Oedipus complex and was acquired when the brothers banded together and killed the father. On that occasion aggression was not suppressed, but acted out–the same aggression whose suppression in the child is supposed to be the source of his sense of guilt. At this point I should not be surprised if the exasperated reader were to exclaim, 'so it's immaterial whether one kills one's father or not–one acquires a sense of guilt in any case! Here one may take leave to voice a few doubts. Either it is not true that the sense of guilt derives from suppressed aggression, or else the whole story of the killing of the father is a fiction, and primeval children did not kill their fathers any more often than children do today. Besides, if it is not a fiction, but a plausible piece of history, it would be a case of something happening that everybody expects to happen–of someone feeling guilty because he really has done something that cannot be justified. And for such cases, which after all occur every day, psychoanalysis still owes us an explanation.'

This is true, and the matter must be remedied. Nor is there any great mystery about it. If one has a sense of guilt after committing a misdeed, and because one has committed it, this feeling ought rather to be called *remorse.* It relates only to a deed, although of course it presupposes that before the deed there was already a *conscience*, a readiness to feel guilty. Such remorse can therefore never help us to discover the origin of conscience and of the sense of guilt generally. What usually happens in these everyday cases is that a need generated by a drive acquires sufficient strength to prevail over a relatively weak conscience and achieve satisfaction; once satisfied, the need is naturally reduced, and the previous balance of forces is restored. Psychoanalysis is therefore right to exclude from the present discussion the case of a sense of guilt that stems from remorse, however common it is and

however great its practical importance.

But if man's sense of guilt goes back to the killing of the primeval father, this too was a case of 'remorse'. So should we suppose that conscience and a sense of guilt did not exist before the deed was done? Where did the remorse come from in this case? Undoubtedly this case should clear up the mystery of the sense of guilt and put an end to our embarrassments. And I believe it does. This remorse was the result of the primordial emotional ambivalence towards the father: his sons hated him, but they also loved him. Once their hate was satisfied by this act of aggression, their love manifested itself in the remorse they felt for the deed. Through identification with the father, this love established the super-ego, endowed it with the power of the father–as though to punish the act of aggression committed against him–and invented restrictions that would prevent its repetition. And since aggressivity towards the father recurred in succeeding generations, the sense of guilt remained too, and was reinforced whenever aggression was suppressed and transferred to the super-ego. Now, I think, we can at last grasp two things quite clearly: the part played by love in the emergence of conscience and the fateful inevitability of the sense of guilt. Whether one has killed one's father or refrained from doing so is not really decisive; in either case one is bound to feel guilty, for the sense of guilt is the expression of the conflict of ambivalence, the unending struggle between Eros and the destructive drive, the death drive. This conflict is fanned as soon as people are faced with the task of living together. So long as the family is the only form of communal life, the conflict is bound to express itself in the Oedipus complex, to establish the conscience and to create the primordial sense of guilt. When an attempt is made to extend the community, the conflict is continued in forms that depend on the past; it is reinforced, and leads to an increased sense of guilt. Because civilization obeys an internal erotic impulse that requires it to

unite human beings in a tightly knit mass, it can achieve this goal only by constantly reinforcing the sense of guilt. What began in relation to the father is brought to fruition in relation to the mass. If civilization is the necessary trend of development that leads from the family to humanity as a whole, it follows that the intensification of the sense of guilt, perhaps to a degree that the individual finds hard to endure, is indissolubly linked with it, as a consequence of the innate conflict of ambivalence, of the perpetual contention between love and the death-wish. One is reminded of the poet's poignant indictment of the 'heavenly powers':

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann überlasst iht ihn der Pein,
Denn jede Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

[You lead us into life, you let the poor man become guilty, then you deliver him to punishment, for all guilt is avenged on earth.]

And one may well breathe a sigh of relief when one recognizes that it is nevertheless given to a few human beings to produce the most profound insights, more or less effortlessly, from the maelstrom of their own feelings, while we others constantly have to grope our way forward through agonizing insecurity.

---

* Any perceptive person will understand and take into account the fact that the present synopsis makes sharp distinctions where the real transitions are more gradual, that it is not just a question of the existence of the super-ego, but of its relative strength and its sphere of influence. After all, what has so far been said about conscience and guilt is generally known and hardly disputed.

* The part played by misfortune in the promotion of morality is the subject of a delightful short story by Mark Twain, *The first melon I ever stole.* This first melon chanced to be unripe. I heard Mark Twain

read the story himself. After reading out the title he stopped and asked himself: 'Was it the first?' That said it all: the first was not the only one.

* In *Psychoanalyse der Gesamtpers8nlichkeit* (1927) Franz Alexander has accurately assessed the two main types of pathogenic methods of upbringing, over-strictness and over-indulgence, in connection with Aichhorn's study of delinquency. The 'excessively soft and indulgent' father will cause a child to form an excessively severe super-ego, because the child, influenced by the love it receives, has no other way of dealing with its aggression than by turning it inwards. In the delinquent who has been brought up without love there is no tension between the ego and the super-ego: all his aggression can be directed outwards. Hence, if one disregards any constitutional factor that may be presumed to exist, one can say that a strict conscience arises from the interplay of two influences on a person's life: the frustration of the drives, which unleashes aggression, and the experience of being loved, which turns this aggression inwards and transfers it to the super-ego.

8

Having reached the end of a road like the present one, the author must beg his readers' forgiveness for not being a more skilful guide and for not sparing them a number of dreary stretches and tiresome detours. It can undoubtedly be done better. I will now try, rather late in the day, to make some amends.

In the first place, I suspect, the readers will have the impression that the discussions of the sense of guilt distort the framework of this essay, in that they take up too much space and push the rest of the content, with which they are not always closely related, to one side. This may have disturbed the structure of the study, but accords entirely with its intention, which is to present the sense of guilt as the most important problem in the development of civilization and to show how the price we pay for cultural progress is a loss of happiness, arising from a heightened sense of guilt.*

Whatever still seems strange about this proposition, the final conclusion of our study, can probably be traced back to the quite peculiar relationship, which still is far from understood, between the sense of guilt and our consciousness. In the common instances of remorse that we regard as normal, the sense of guilt makes itself clearly perceptible to the consciousness; indeed, we often speak of a 'consciousness of guilt' instead of a 'sense of guilt'. From the study of neuroses, to which, after all, we owe the most valuable pointers to an understanding of what is normal, a number of contradictions emerge. In one of these disorders, obsessional neurosis, the sense of guilt forces itself stridently on the consciousness, dominating both the clinical picture and the patient's life, and allowing hardly anything else to appear beside it. In most other forms of neurosis, however, it remains quite unconscious, though the effects it produces are not for that reason any less

important. Patients do not believe us when we tell them they have an 'unconscious sense of guilt', and so, to make ourselves to some extent intelligible, we speak of an unconscious need for punishment, in which the sense of guilt expresses itself. How ever, its connection with one form of neurosis should not be overstated, for even in cases of obsessional neurosis there are some types of patient who are unaware of their sense of guilt, or who experience it only as a tormenting *malaise*, a kind of anxiety, when they are prevented from carrying out certain actions. One day we should be able to understand these things, but at present we cannot. At this point it might be useful to remark that the sense of guilt is fundamentally nothing other than a topical variety of anxiety; in its later phases it merges completely with *fear of the super-ego.* In the case of anxiety too we find the same extraordinary variations in its relation to consciousness. It is present in some way behind all the symptoms, though sometimes it seizes control of the whole of the consciousness, while at other times it is completely hidden, so that we have to speak of an unconscious anxiety or–if we wish to retain a clear psychological conscience, anxiety being initially only a feeling–of 'possibilities of anxiety'. Hence, it is quite conceivable that even the sense of guilt engendered by civilization is not recognized as such, but remains for the most part unconscious, or manifests itself as an unease, a discontent, for which other motivations are sought. The religions, at least, have never ignored the part that a sense of guilt plays in civilization. Moreover–a point I failed to appreciate earlier–they claim to redeem humanity from this sense of guilt, which they call sin. From the way in which this redemption is achieved in Christianity–through the sacrificial death of one man, who thereby takes upon himself the guilt shared by all–we drew an inference as to what may have been the original occasion for our acquiring this primordial guilt, which also marked the beginning of civilization.

It cannot be very important, though it may not be entirely superfluous, to elucidate the meanings of a few terms such as 'super-ego' , 'conscience' , 'sense of guilt' , 'need for punishment' and 'remorse' , which may often have been used too loosely and interchangeably. They all apply to the same relationship, while denoting different aspects of it. The super-ego is an authority that we postulate, and conscience a function that we ascribe to it, along with others–this function being to supervise and assess the actions and intentions of the ego, to exercise a kind of censorship. The sense of guilt, the harshness of the super-ego, is thus identical with the severity of the conscience; it is the ego's perception of being supervised in this way, its assessment of the tension between its own strivings and the claims of the super-ego. Fear of this critical authority–a fear that underlies the whole relationship and amounts to a need for punishment–is the manifestation of a drive on the part of the ego, which has become masochistic under the influence of the sadistic super-ego and devotes a portion of its inherent drive for internal destruction to establishing an erotic bond with the super-ego. One should not speak of conscience until the super-ego can be shown to exist. As for the sense of guilt, one has to admit that it predates the superego, and therefore the conscience. At this early stage it is a direct manifestation of the fear of external authority, an acknowledgement of the tension between the ego and this authority, a direct derivative of the conflict between the need for its love and the urge for the satisfaction of the drives, the inhibiting of which generates aggressivity. The superimposition of the two layers of the sense of guilt–the one due to fear of the external authority, the other to fear of the intemal authority–has greatly hampered our understanding of the relations that the conscience enters into. Remorse is a general term for the reaction of the ego in cases that involve a sense of guilt; it contains, in largely unaltered form, the emotional material of the anxiety that is at work behind the sense of

guilt. It is itself a punishment and may involve the need for punishment. Thus it too may pre-date conscience.

Nor can there be any harm in reviewing the contradictions that have temporarily confused us in the course of our investigation. At one point it was said that the sense of guilt resulted from an act of aggression that had not been carried out, while at another–and precisely at its historical inception, the killing of the father–it was said to derive from one that *had* been. We managed to find a way out of this difficulty. With the institution of the internal authority, the super-ego, the situation changed radically. Before this, the sense of guilt had been identical with remorse, a term that should properly be reserved for the reaction that follows the acting out of aggression. After this, thanks to the omniscient super-ego, the distinction between intended and fulfilled aggression lost its force. A sense of guilt might now result not only from a violent deed that was actually performed–as everyone knows–but also from one that was merely intended–as psychoanalysis has discovered. Despite the new psychological situation, the conflict of ambivalence between the two primal drives still produces the same effect. There is an obvious temptation to seek here the solution of the problem posed by the varying relation of the sense of guilt to consciousness. A sense of guilt that arises from remorse for an evil *deed* should always be conscious, whereas one that is prompted by the perception of an evil *impulse* might remain unconscious. Yet it is not as simple as that: obsessional neurosis emphatically contradicts this view. The second contradiction was that, according to one view, the aggressive energy that we ascribe to the super-ego merely perpetuates the punitive energy of the external authority and preserves it in the mind, whereas according to another view it is one's own unused aggression, directed against this inhibiting authority. The former view seems to accord more with the history, the latter more with the theory of the sense of guilt.

Detailed consideration has succeeded almost too well in resolving this apparently irreconcilable contradiction; what remains as the essential common factor is that both involve internalized aggression. Again, clinical observation actually allows us to distinguish between the two sources of aggression that we ascribe to the super-ego, but in any given case either the one or the other may produce the stronger effect, though as a rule they act in concert.

This is, I think, an appropriate place at which to enter a serious plea for a view whose provisional acceptance we recommended a short while back. In the latest analytic literature we find a predilection for the view that the sense of guilt is, or may be, intensified by any kind of frustration–if satisfaction of any drive is thwarted. I think we gain a substantial theoretical simplification if we take this to apply only to the *aggressive* drives. Little will be found to conflict with this assumption. For how are we to explain, dynamically and economically, a heightening of the sense of guilt that appears when there is an unsatisfied *erotic* demand? This seems possible, after all, only if we presume a circuitous route–if the prevention of erotic satisfaction provokes aggressivity towards whoever interferes with it, and if this aggressivity then has to be suppressed. But then only the aggression is converted into a sense of guilt by being suppressed and transferred to the super-ego. I am convinced that we shall be able to represent many processes more simply and transparently if the findings of psychoanalysis relating to the origin of the sense of guilt are restricted to the aggressive drives. In this case, examination of the clinical material does not yield an unambiguous answer: in accordance with our hypothesis, the two kinds of drive almost never appear in their pure form, mutually isolated. However, a study of extreme cases will no doubt point in the direction I anticipate. It is tempting to derive an initial advantage from this more restricted view by applying it to the process of repression. As

we have discovered, the symptoms of neuroses are essentially substitutive satisfactions for unfulfilled sexual desires. In our analytic work we have been surprised to find that perhaps every neurosis conceals a certain measure of unconscious guilt, and this in turn intensifies the symptoms by using them as a punishment. It now seems plausible to formulate the following proposition: when a drive is repressed, its libidinal elements are converted into symptoms and its aggressive components into a sense of guilt. Even if this thesis only approximates to the truth, it still merits our interest.

Some readers may feel that they have heard the formula of the struggle between Eros and the death drive too often. It was meant to characterize both the cultural process undergone by humanity and the development undergone by the individual; moreover, it was said to have revealed the secret of organic life in general. It seems imperative to investigate how these three processes relate to one another. Now, the recurrence of the formula is justified as soon as one considers that the development of human civilization and the development of the individual are both vital processes and must there fore partake of the nature of life in the most general sense. On the other hand, the very universality of this feature means that proof of its presence is of no help in differentiating these processes, unless it is narrowed down by particular conditions. Hence, we can be content only with the statement that the process of civilization is a special modification of the life process that is under gone by the latter under the influence of a task that is set by Eros at the instigation of Ananke (the exigency of reality)–the task of uniting discrete individuals in a community bound together by libidinal ties. However, if we focus our attention on the relation between the civilization of mankind and the development or upbringing of the individual, we shall conclude, without much hesitation, that the two processes are very similar in kind, if not indeed one and the same process, as it affects different kinds of object. Human

civilization naturally belongs to a higher order of abstraction than the development of the individual; it is therefore harder to apprehend in concrete terms, and the search for analogies should not be compulsively pursued to excess. Yet in view of the similarity of the aims–the one being to create a unified mass consisting of many individuals, the other to integrate the individual into such a mass–the similarity of the means used in the two processes and the similarity of the resultant phenomena will come as no surprise. There is one distinction between the two processes that is of such extraordinary significance that it must not remain unmentioned any longer. In the development of the individual, the programme of the pleasure principle, aimed at the attainment of happiness, remains paramount. Integration into a community, or adaptation to it, seems a scarcely avoidable condition; it has to be met if the goal of happiness is to be reached. Perhaps it would be better if this were possible without such a condition. In other words, the development of the individual seems to be a product of the interaction of two trends–the striving for happiness, which we commonly call 'egoistic', and the striving for fellowship within the community, which we call 'altruistic'. Neither term goes much below the surface. In the development of the individual, as we have said, the emphasis falls mostly on the egoistic striving for happiness, while the other process, which we may call 'cultural', is usually content with a restrictive role. In the process of civilization things are different: the aim of forming a unified whole out of individual human beings is all-important. True, the aim of happiness is still present, but it is pushed into the background; it is almost as though the creation of a great human community would be most successful if there were no need for concern with individual happiness. There may thus be particular features in the development of the individual that are not matched in the process of civilization; the former need coincide with the latter only in so far as its aim is to incorporate the

individual into the community.

Just as the planet still circles round its sun, yet at the same time rotates on its own axis, so the individual partakes in the development of humanity while making his own way through life. To our dull gaze, however, the play of forces in the heavens seems frozen in a changeless order, while in the field of organic life we can still see how the forces contend with one another, and how the conflict yields ever-changing results. In the same way the two strivings–for individual happiness and for human fellowship–have to contend with each other in every individual; so too the processes of individual and cultural development are bound to come into conflict and dispute each other's territory. But this struggle between the individual and society does not derive from the no doubt irreconcilable antagonism of the primal drives, Eros and death; it indicates a conflict in the economy of the libido, which may be compared with the conflict regarding the distribution of the libido between the ego and its objects. It admits of an eventual accommodation within the individual, such as we may hope for in the future of civilization, however oppressive it may be at present in the life of the individual.

The analogy between the development of civilization and that of the individual can be significantly extended. One can justifiably maintain that the community too evolves a super-ego and that the development of civilization takes place under its influence. Anyone who is conversant with different civilizations may find it tempting to pursue this equation in detail. I will confine myself to drawing attention to a few striking points. The super-ego of a cultural epoch has an origin not unlike that of the individual; it rests upon the impression let behind by the personalities of great leaders, people who were endowed with immense spiritual or intellectual power or in whom some human striving found its strongest and purest, and hence often most one-sided, expression. In many cases the analogy goes even further, in that in

their lifetime these figures were quite often, though not always, mocked and abused by others, or even cruelly done to death–just as indeed the primeval father did not attain divinity until long after he was done to death. The most poignant example of this fateful link is the figure of Jesus Christ–unless this figure is mythological and was called into being on the basis of an obscure memory of that primeval event. A further point of agreement is that both the cultural and the individual super-ego make stern ideal demands, and that failure to meet these demands is punished by 'fear of conscience'. Here, indeed, we encounter a curious phenomenon: the relevant mental processes, when seen in the mass, are more familiar, more accessible to our consciousness than they can ever be in the individual. In the individual only the aggression of the super-ego makes itself clearly heard, when tension arises, in the form of reproaches, while the demands themselves often remain unconscious in the background. When brought fully into consciousness, they are seen to coincide with the precepts of the current cultural super-ego. At this point there seems to be a regular cohesion, as it were, between the cultural development of the mass and the personal development of the individual. Some manifestations and properties of the super-ego can thus be recognized more easily by its behaviour in the cultural community than by its behaviour in the individual.

After developing its ideals, the cultural super-ego sets up its demands. Among these, the demands concerned with the mutual relations of human beings are collectively known as ethics. A high value has always been placed on ethics, as though it were expected to perform exceptionally important services. And indeed it does address itself to the subject that is easily recognized as the sorest point in any civilization. Ethics is thus to be viewed as an attempt at therapy, an endeavour to achieve, through a precept of the super-ego, what has not so far been achievable through other cultural

activities. As we know, the problem is how to remove the greatest obstacle to civilization, the constitutional propensity of human beings to mutual aggression, and for this very reason we have a special interest in what is probably the most recent commandment of the cultural super-ego: 'Love thy neighbour as thyself'. The study and treatment of neuroses lead us to level two reproaches against the individual super-ego: in the severity of its precepts and prohibitions it shows too little concern for the happiness of the ego, in that it fails to take sufficient account of the forces that oppose compliance with them, the instinctual strength of the id, and the difficulties that prevail in the real environment. For therapeutic purposes we are therefore often obliged to oppose the super-ego and attempt to lower its demands. We can make quite similar objections to the ethical demands of the cultural super-ego. This too is insufficiently concerned with the facts of man's psychical constitution; it issues a commandment without asking whether it can be obeyed. It assumes that it is psychologically possible for the human ego to do whatever is required of it, that the ego has absolute control over the id. This is an error. Even in people who are called normal, control of the id cannot be increased beyond certain limits. To demand more is to provoke the individual to rebellion or neurosis, or to make him unhappy. The commandment 'Love thy neighbour as thyself' is the strongest defence against human aggression and an excellent example of the unpsychological manner in which the cultural super-ego proceeds. It is impossible to keep this commandment; such a huge inflation of love can only lower its value, not remove the problem. Civilization neglects all this; it reminds us only that the harder it is to comply with a precept, the more merit there is in compliance. Yet in today's civilization, whoever adheres to such a precept puts himself at a disadvantage in relation to all who lout it. How potent an obstacle to civilization aggression must be if the defence against it can cause as much unhappiness as the

aggression itself! In this situation, what we call natural ethics has nothing to offer but the narcissistic satisfaction of being able to think one is better than others. This is where ethics based on religion enters the scene with its promises of a better life hereafter. I am inclined to think that, for as long as virtue goes unrewarded here below, ethics will preach in vain. I have no doubt, too, that a real change in people's relations to property will be of more help here than any ethical commandment; yet the recognition of this fact among socialists has been obscured and made impracticable by a new idealistic misreading of human nature.

An approach that tries to trace the role of a super-ego in the phenomena of cultural development seems to me to promise further discoveries. I must hasten to a close, but there is still one question I can hardly avoid. If the development of civilization so much resembles that of the individual and operates with the same means, is one not entitled to proffer the diagnosis that some civilizations or cultural epochs–possibly the whole of humanity–have become 'neurotic' under the influence of cultural strivings? The analytic dissection of these neuroses might be followed up by suggestions for therapy that would merit great interest. I could not say that such an attempt to apply psychoanalysis to the cultural community would be absurd or doomed to futility. But one would have to be very cautious, remembering that one was dealing only with analogies, and that with concepts, as with human beings, it is dangerous to wrench them out of the sphere in which they originated and have evolved. Moreover, the diagnosis of communal neuroses comes up against a special difficulty: in the individual neurosis the first clue we have is the contrast between the patient and his supposedly normal environment. When it comes to a mass of individuals, all affected by the same condition, no such background is present; it would have to be borrowed from elsewhere. And as for the therapeutic application of the knowledge one obtained, of what

use would even the most apposite analysis orasocial neurosis be, if no one had the authority to force the mass to undergo treatment? Yet despite all these difficulties we may be fairly sure that one day somebody will venture upon such a pathological study of cultural communities.

For a variety of reasons I have no wish whatever to offer an evaluation of human civilization. I have been careful to refrain from the enthusiastic prejudice that sees our civilization as the most precious thing we possess or can acquire, and believes that its path will necessarily lead us to heights of perfection hitherto undreamt of. I can at least listen, without bridling, to the critic who thinks that, considering the goals of cultural endeavour and the means it employs, one is bound to conclude that the whole effort is not worth the trouble and can only result in a state of affairs that the individual is bound to find intolerable. My impartiality is facilitated by my scant knowledge of such matters. There is only one thing that I know for certain: the value judgements of human beings are undoubtedly guided by their desire for happiness and thus amount to an attempt to back up their illusions with arguments. I should understand perfectly if someone were to stress the inevitability of human civilization and maintain, for instance, that the tendency to restrict sexual life, or to promote the humanitarian ideal at the expense of natural selection, were trends that could not be averted or deflected and that it was best to yield to them as if they were naturally ordained. On the other hand, I am familiar with the objection that in the course of human history such strivings, which we consider insurmountable, have often been cast aside and replaced by others. I therefore dare not set myself up as a prophet *vis-à-vis* my fellow men, and I plead guilty to the reproach that I cannot bring them any consolation, which is fundamentally what they all demand, the wildest revolutionaries no less passionately than the most well-behaved and pious believers.

The fateful question for the human race seems to be whether, and to what extent, the development of its civilization will manage to overcome the disturbance of communal life caused by the human drive for aggression and self-destruction. Perhaps in this context the present age is worthy of special interest. Human beings have made such strides in controlling the forces of nature that, with the help of these forces, they will have no difficulty in exterminating one another, down to the last man. They know this, and it is this knowledge that accounts for much of their present disquiet, unhappiness and anxiety. And now it is to be expected that the other of the two 'heavenly powers', immortal Eros, will try to assert himself in the struggle with his equally immortal adversary. But who can foresee the outcome?

---

* 'Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all…' That a modem upbringing conceals from the young person the role that sexuality will play in his life is not the only criticism that must be levelled against it. Another of its sins is that it does not prepare him for the aggression of which he is destined to be the object. To send the young out into life with such a false psychological orientation is like equipping people who are setting out on a polar expedition with summer clothes and maps of the North Italian lakes. This reveals a certain misuse of ethical demands. The severity of these would do little harm if the educators said, 'This is how people ought to be if they are to be happy and make others happy, but one must reckon with their not being like this.' Instead, the young person is led to believe that everyone else complies with these ethical precepts and is therefore virtuous. This is the basis of the requirement that he too should become virtuous.

MEDITATIONS

第一哲学沉思录

［法］勒内·笛卡尔　著

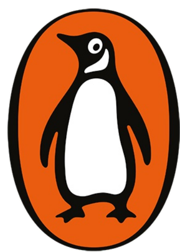
孙平华 赵金芳　译

中 国 出 版 集 团
中 译 出 版 社

第一哲学沉思录

（法）勒内·笛卡尔/著

孙平华　赵金芳/译



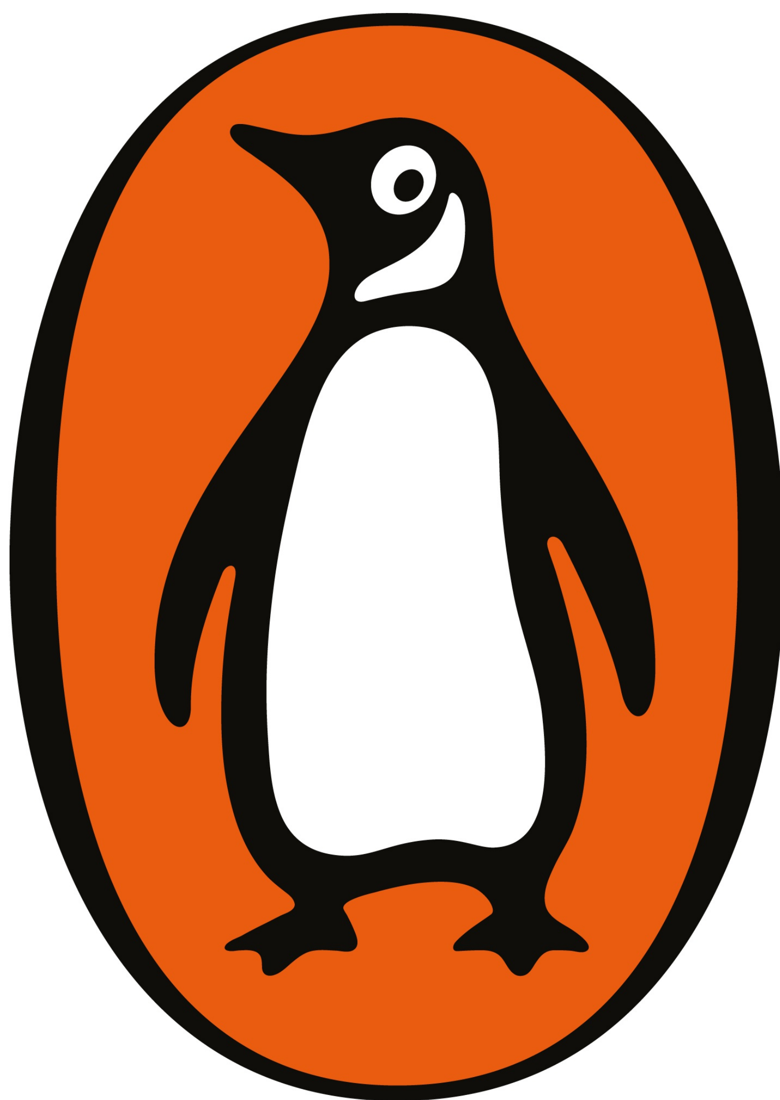
企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
Taken from Meditations and Other Metaphysical Writings
Published in Penguin Classics 1998
This selection published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

勒内·笛卡尔（René Descartes，1596—1650），生于法国安德尔-卢瓦尔省的图赖讷拉海（现名为笛卡尔，因笛卡尔得名），是法国著名的哲学家、数学家、物理学家。他对现代数学的发展作出了重要的贡献，因将几何坐标体系公式化而被认为是解析几何之父。他还是西方现代哲学思想的奠基人，是近代唯物论的开拓者且提出了“普遍怀疑”的主张。他的哲学思想深深影响了之后的几代欧洲人，开拓了所谓“欧陆理性主义”哲学。

笛卡尔的著名作品之一是《沉思录》。笛卡尔把《方法导论》中所描述的哲学再加以发挥，撰写成《第一哲学沉思》（Meditationes des primapilosophia）。为了慎重起见，他将手稿的样本分寄给当时著名的神学家和哲学家，以征求他们的意见。该书的对象是学术界的人士，用拉丁文写成，全名为《形而上学沉思，证明天主实有及灵魂的不死不减》（Meditationes de prima philosophia in quibus Deiexistentia et animae humanoe immertalitas demonstrantur）。笛卡尔将学者的疑难和自己的答辩一并附在书中于1641年出版，被后人称为《沉思录》。该书是笛卡尔的成熟之作，成为研究他的哲学思想的主要资料。

《沉思录》分为两部分，第一部分是笛卡尔对怀疑、人类的精神、上帝的存在、真理和错误、物质性东西以及灵魂和肉体的区别等六个问题的沉思。

第二部分是笛卡尔自己收集起来的反驳和他对这些反驳的答辩，字里行间展示了笛卡尔哲学的有趣之处。他十分留心被普遍接受的大量错误的概念，决定要达到恢复真理的目的，就需从零开始做起。因此开始

怀疑老师教给他的一切，包括所有最崇高的信仰，所有的常识观念，甚至外部世界的存在，连同自己的存在。

第一组反驳是由荷兰神学家卡特鲁斯提出的，他把自己的回答送给麦尔塞纳，希望他收集其他人的意见。结果，以麦尔塞纳为首的一批神学家向他提出了第二组反驳。第三组反驳是由英国哲学家霍布斯提出的。第四组反驳是杨森主义者阿尔诺提出的。第五组反驳是原子论者伽森狄提出的一长篇反驳，并且后来对笛卡尔的回答也作了反驳。第六组反驳是由麦尔塞纳集合起来的一批哲学家、几何学家和神学家们提出的。这些反驳之音和笛卡尔本人的答辩实际上是欧洲近代第一次公开的、直接的哲学论战。它们对于了解笛卡尔的哲学思想有着十分重要的意义。

前言

我在《谈引导理性和探求真理的方法》（以下简称《谈方法》）一书中曾简单探讨过有关上帝和人的头脑的问题。该书是于1637年用法文出版的。当时我无意深入探讨这两个问题，只是简单地介绍了一番，为的是从读者的反应中了解该如何展开进一步的探讨。我一向认为这两个问题非常重要，应该不止一次地去探讨；而在解释这两个问题上，我采取的方式又很新奇，不同于往常，因此我认为在一本法文书里详细探讨这两个问题，也没什么帮助，因为大家都能看懂，以免天赋不如我的人会以为他们应该效仿这一做法。

在《谈方法》里，我曾请凡是在我的书里看出什么值得反驳之处的人，费心把这些地方告诉我，但是，关于我书中谈到的问题，只有两点异议值得一提。我想在确切地解释这两点异议以前，简短地介绍下异议的内容。

第一个异议是：人类大脑反思自身，把自身看作思维之物，但不能由此推断大脑的本性或实质仅仅在于它是思维之物，“仅仅”这一词就把其他凡是有可能说得上也是属于灵魂的东西都排除掉了。我对这个异议的回答是：在那种情况下，我并不想按照问题的实质（因为那时我还没有谈到问题的实质），而仅仅是按照我自己的思路，把它们排除了。所以，我的意思是：我除了只知道我是一个在思维之物，或者说我是一个具有思维能力的东西之外，我那时还没发现有什么东西是属于我的本质的。不过接下来，我将指出我是怎么从我不知道别的什么东西属于我的本质这个事实，推断出事实上并没有什么别的东西是属于我的本质的。

第二个异议是：从我心里有一个比我完满的东西的观念这个事实不

能得出结论说这个观念比我完满，更不能说这个观念所代表的东西存在。我的回答是："观念"这个词在这里的意思是模棱两可的。它一方面可以被理解为实质性的，它本身是我的理智的一种活动，在这个意义上，不能说观念比我完满。或者，它可以被理解成意向性的，是观念所代表的事物，即使不能认定这个事物存在于我的理智之外，但就它的本质而言，它却可以比我完满。然而如何仅仅从我心里有比我完满的一个东西的观念这件事，就推断出这个事物的真实存在，接下来我将具体说明。

除了这两个异议以外，我还看到两篇长篇大论的文章。这两篇文章用无神论者的共同论点攻击我的结论，而不是攻击我所作的推理。由于这一类论据对于能正确理解我的观点的人不能产生什么影响，同时也由于很多人的判断违背常理，愚昧不堪，他们宁愿相信对事物先入为主的看法，不管这种看法有多么不正确、多么不合道理，也不愿相信后来才了解到的反驳，尽管反驳很准确而且真实可靠。在这里我不想对这些异议进行答辩，以免成为第一个解答这些异议的人。我想简要地说，所有由无神论者提出的反对上帝存在的东西，或者是因为错误地把人类的感情归因于上帝，或者就是自以为掌握了强大的能力和高妙的智慧，这样我们就能决定和了解上帝能做什么或者应该做什么了。因此，只要我们知道我们人类的头脑被认为是有限的，而上帝却被认为是无限的，不能被掌握的，他们的观点就不会给我们带来任何困难了。

现在，在理解了大家的意见之后，我再重新回到关于上帝和人的头脑的问题，同时也回到整个第一哲学的开端，但我既不希求普遍的认可，也不希求大量的读者。事实上，除非人们愿意并且能够和我一起进行严肃认真的沉思并且能够使思维脱离感官和偏见，我绝不劝人们读我的书，同时我也知道这样的读者为数不多。至于那些不屑于考虑我的论据的逻辑和内在联系并经常断章取义的人，他们读了我的书也不会从中获益。尽管他们也许会找到机会对很多地方吹毛求疵，但他们也不可能

轻易就提出意义重大，值得回应的反驳观点来。

然而，我甚至不能保证使这些剩下的读者们在初次阅读我的书时，能在方方面面都满意，我也不会自大地认为我能够预见到读者们所面临的所有问题。因而，我将在《沉思录》里首先阐明，正是按照这种想法，我终于认识了一些显明的真理，以便试试看我是否也能通过同样的理由让别人相信这个真理。在此之后，我再对那些博学多才的人提出的异议进行答辩。《沉思录》在出版前就寄给他们作评论了。他们提出了那么多各种各样的异议，我敢说别的人很难再提出什么更重要、没有涉及的反驳了。因此，我想重申，请读者们在费心看过所有那些异议和我对那些异议所作的答辩之后，再对《沉思录》这本书作出判断。

六个沉思之总结

第一个沉思指出，我们有理由怀疑一切，特别是物质性的东西，因为除了在科学里现有的那些根据之外，还找不出别的根据。虽然这种普遍怀疑的益处在初期阶段还不很明显，不过，它可以让我们摆脱各种各样的成见，给我们提供一条让灵魂脱离感官影响的捷径，并且最终让我们对后来发现的真实事物绝不可能再有什么怀疑，这对我们来说是非常重要的。

在第二个沉思里，只要对事物的存在有一点点怀疑，头脑就可以自由地假定它们都不存在，不过绝不能认为它自身在那段时间是不存在的。这也是很有益的，因为头脑用这个办法很容易把属于它自身的东西，也就是属于理智性的东西，与属于物质性的东西区分开来。

但是，既然有些读者可能会希望在这部分找到我对灵魂不灭的论证，我应该立刻警告他们，凡是我不能严格论证的东西，我是决不会写进书中的。所以，我不得不采用几何学家所使用的方法：先提出求证的命题的全部根据，然后再下结论。那么，在认识灵魂不灭之前，首要之务是形成关于灵魂的清晰的概念，这个概念要完全有别于有关物体的一切概念，这一点在《沉思录》中已经做到了。除此以外，还要求知道我们清楚、分明领会的一切东西本来就是按照我们所领会的那样都是真实的。这在第四个沉思以前还没有能够论证。另外，物质性质还必须有一个清楚的概念，这个概念一部分见于第二个沉思里，一部分见于第五个和第六个沉思里。应该从这一切里得出一个结论：凡是被清楚、分明地领会为不同实体性的东西，就如领会头脑和身体那样，实际上都是互相有别的：我在第六个沉思中作出了这个结论。在这个沉思中还证实了一点：我们把一切身体都领会为是可分割的，相比而言，头脑只能被领会

为是不可分割的。我们不能领会半个头脑的概念，而我们却能够领会哪怕是最小的身体部分。所以头脑和身体在性质上不仅不同，甚至在某种意义上是相反的。

不过我没有在这本书里更进一步谈这个问题，一方面因为这些阐述足以说明灵魂不会随着肉体的腐烂而灭亡，因此也足够给人们第二次生命的希望；同时也因为我们可以由之而推论出灵魂不灭首先取决于整个物理学界的解释。首先要知道的是，一切实体，也就是说，事物要想生存，必须被上帝创造，从本性来说，无一例外，它们是不可毁灭的，除非是创造它们的上帝终止存续，要把它们消灭掉，否则它们就永远存在。其次，我们要了解的是，从一般的意义来说，物体是一种实体，因此它也是永远不灭的；但是人的肉体，就其有别于其他物体这一点来说，它不过是由一些肢体和其他类似的一些多变的特点组合成的；而人的大脑不是像这样由多变的特点组合而成，它是一种单纯的实体，即使多变的特点发生变化，它也能领会不同的东西，希求不同的东西，感觉不同的东西，等等，因此，精神是不变的；而人的肉体，仅仅由于它的某些部分的形状改变，它就不再是同一肉体了。由此可见人的肉体可能确实很容易死灭，但是精神，从它的本性来说，是不灭的。

在第三个沉思里，我认为我相当详尽地解释了我的主要论点以证明上帝的存在。不过为了尽量地让读者的精神从感官摆脱出来，我不想用物质性的东西进行比较，因而也许还留有很多模糊不清的地方，对于这些模糊不清的地方，之后，我会在对反驳所作的答辩中将其澄清。比如在众多反驳中有这样一个反驳，在我们心里的一个至上完满的存在体的观念怎么会包含那么多的意图上的实在性，以致它必然应当来自一个至上完满的原因，这是相当难以理解的。在答辩里，我用了一个完美的机器作为类比来说明，这个机器的观念存在于某一个设计者的心里。这个观念的精巧必然有某个原因，那就是设计者的学识，或者从别人身上学的知识，因此同样道理，在我们心里上帝的观念的形成也是有一定原因

的，而这个原因就是上帝自己。

在第四个沉思里，凡是我们领会得非常清楚、分明的东西，都被证明是真的；同时我也解释了错误的本质；为了证实以前的观点，也为了更好地理解以后的，以上两点是我们必须知晓的。（同时需要指出的是：我在这里讨论的不是罪恶，换言之，就是在追求善恶之间所犯的错误，我在这里仅仅论述在分辨真假时所产生的错误；我也不打算涉及宗教信仰，或是日常行为方面的东西，而是只涉及理论上的真理，这些真理只有借助于自然之光才能为我们所认识。）

除了解释一般意义上的物质性，第五个沉思运用了新论断来论证上帝的存在，这里可能也会产生一些困难，但是这些困难我将在对异议所作的答辩里去解决。最后，在某种意义上，几何学论证的正确性本身取决于对上帝的认识这一观点是正确的。

最后，在第六个沉思中，我把理性和想象加以区分；并解释了这种区分的标准；证实了人的灵魂确实有别于肉体，却又和肉体紧密结合，形成一个整体；评估了由感官产生的一些错误；提出了避免错误的办法；最后介绍了可能推理出物质存在的各种理由。我认为这些论据对于证明它们已经证明的东西没有什么用，也就是说，确实有一个世界，人有肉体以及诸如此类的事情，这些都是任何一个正常人从来没有怀疑过的。然而，通过思考这些论据，对于上帝和我们的灵魂的认识问题，它们显然就没有那么清晰和有说服力了。因而，我们在精神上对上帝和我们的灵魂的认识理由是最可靠、最明显的理由。我在这六个沉思中唯一的目的就是证明这一点。因此，我在这里不再回顾其他很多问题，关于那些问题，我在《沉思录》里也讨论过了。

第一哲学沉思录

论上帝的存在和人的灵魂与

肉体之间的区别

第一个沉思

论可以怀疑的事物

几年前，我注意到，在幼年时期，我就把一大堆错误的事物当作真相了，并且根据这些错误的事物所建立起来的东西是多么不可靠。因此我曾一度认为，如果我想要在科学领域建立起某种坚定可靠、经久不变的东西，我就得把我历来信以为真的一切东西全部颠覆，再从最基本的东西重新开始。可是这个任务对我来说好像太大了，我也一直等待我能够到达一个成熟的年纪，在那个再合适不过的年纪完成这个任务。因此，我已经等得太久，从现在起，如果再不把我的余生用来展开工程，光是考虑来考虑去的话，那我就该受到责备。所以现在，我恰当地将思绪从一切顾虑中解放出来，安排一段时间使自己免于干扰，我要独自在尽可能长的时间里认真地、自由地来对我的旧见解进行一次总的清算。

可是，为了达到这个目的，没有必要去证明我的旧见解都是错误的——这可能是我永远完不成的工作。不过，理性使我们相信对于那些不是完全确定无疑的东西，我们不应该轻易相信，就像不要相信那些显然是错误的东西一样，如果我找到可以怀疑我的观念的理由，那就足以使我把它们全盘否定。然而，不需要把它们拿来一个个地检查了，因为那

将会是一件没完没了的工作。只要根基被破坏，在此基础上建立的东西就自然而然地随之而倒塌，所以我要首先质疑全部旧见解依靠的首要原则。

直到现在，凡是我当作最真实的东西，都是我从感官或通过感官得来的。不过，我有时觉得这些感官欺骗了我；为了小心谨慎起见，对于骗过我们的东西，哪怕就只有一次，也决不加以信任。

可是，虽然感官有时在细微的或遥远的东西上骗过我们，但是也许有很多别的东西，我们绝对不能怀疑，即使它们是来自感官；比如，我在这里，坐在炉火旁边，穿着室内长袍，两只手上拿着这张纸，以及诸如此类的事情。说真的，我怎么能否认这两只手和这个身体是属于我的呢，除非我认为自己和那些让坏脾气冲昏头脑的疯子有些相似？他们穷得叮当响，却以为自己是国王；他们一丝不挂，却以为自己身披黄袍；或者他们的脑袋是陶器做的、是空罐子，或者他们就是用玻璃做的。但是这些人是一群疯子，如果我也和他们做一样的事儿，我就和他们一样疯癫了。

很好。但是我不是一个习惯于晚上睡觉并在梦中做跟疯子一样的事的人，有时，甚至比疯子醒着时做出的事更荒唐。有多少次夜晚的平静使我相信熟悉的事物，比如，我夜里梦见我在这个地方，穿着衣服，在炉火旁边，虽然我是一丝不挂地躺在我的被窝里睡觉！但是，我现在确实用我瞪大的眼睛看到这张纸，我摇晃着的脑袋也并没有发昏，我故意小心地伸出这只手，感受这只手，睡梦中的人是不会感受到如此清晰的事物的。我在其他场合睡觉时也被类似的思想欺骗过。想到这里，我就明显地看到没有什么相当可靠的迹象使人能够分辨出清醒和睡梦来，这不禁使我大吃一惊，吃惊到几乎能够让我相信我现在是在睡觉。

那么让我们就假定我们是睡着了，假定所有这些情况，比如我睁开眼睛，摇晃脑袋，伸出手来等等，都是不真实的；让我们设想我们甚至

没有这样的手以及整个身体。但是我们必须承认，出现在我们梦里的那些东西就像某些熟悉的影像，它们只有模仿某种真实的东西才能被描绘。因此，至少那些一般的东西，比如眼睛、脑袋、手，以及整个身体，并不是想象出来的东西，而是真的、存在的东西。即使当画家们努力想象出最奇特的人鱼和人羊，他们也不能给它们加上完全新奇的性质，他们不过是把不同动物的肢体掺和拼凑起来。就算他们偶然想出什么新奇的东西，新奇到我们连类似的东西都没有看见过，从而让他们的作品表现出一种虚构的和错误的东西来，然而，至少他们绘画所用的颜色总应该是真实的吧。同样道理，就算这些一般的东西，例如眼睛、脑袋、手，以及诸如此类的东西都是幻想出来的，可是总得承认，至少一些其他的东西是真实的，它们更简单、更一般，由于这些东西的掺杂，不多不少正像某些真实的颜色掺和起来一样，就形成了存在于我们思维中的东西的一切形象，不管这些东西是真实的，还是虚构的。一般的物理性质和它的广延，以及具有广延性东西的形状、量或大小和数目都属于这一类东西；还有这些东西所处的地点、所占的时间，以及诸如此类的东西。

因此，我们从以上所说的这些将作出这样的结论也许是不会错的：物理学、天文学、医学，以及研究各种复合事物的其他一切科学都是可疑的；而算术、几何学，以及类似的其他科学，由于它们所对待的都不过是一些非常简单、非常一般的东西，不大考虑这些东西是否存在于自然界中，因而反而都含有某种确定无疑的东西。因为，不管我醒着还是睡着，二和三加在一起总是得五，正方形总不会有四个以上的边；像这样明显的一些真理，是不会让人怀疑的。

虽然如此，很久以来我心里就有一种想法：有一个上帝，他是全能的，就是由他把我现在自己喜欢的这个样子创造出来的。虽然上帝绝对没有创造天、地，没有创造带有广延性的物体，没有创造形状、大小和地点，可是，我怎么知道他仍然让人感觉这些东西似乎将按照现在的样

子存在着。还有，就像别人甚至在他们以为知道得最准确的事情上弄错一样，也可能是上帝有意让我每次在二加三上，或者在数一个正方形的边上，或者在判断什么更容易的东西（如果人们可以想出来比这更容易的东西的话）上弄错。但是，也许上帝不允许我被如此欺骗，因为他被人说成是至善的。尽管如此，如果说把我做成这样，让我总是弄错，这是和他的善良性相抵触的话，那么允许我有时弄错好像也是和他的善良相异的，但是我不能这样断言。

这里也许有人宁愿否认一个如此强大的上帝的存在而不去相信其他一切事物都是不确定的。不过我们目前还不要去反对他们，让我们假定上面所说的凡是关于一个上帝的话都是无稽之谈。假定我现在的境况要归于某种命运或宿命，或者归之于偶然，或者连续的事件抑或其他希望的方式。既然失误和弄错是一种不完满，那么肯定的是，他们给我的来源所指定的作者越是无能，我就越可能是不完满，以致我总是弄错。对于这样的一些论证，我无可答辩；但是最后我不得不承认，凡是我早先的信仰，没有一个是我现在不能怀疑的，这绝不是由于考虑不周或轻率，而是由于强有力的、经过深思熟虑的理由。因此，假如我想要找到确然可信的东西的话，我今后就不应该赞同这些信仰，就像对待那些明显错误的东西一样。

但是，仅仅知道这些还不够，我还必须把它们记住；因为这些旧的、平常的见解经常回到我的思维中来，它们跟我长时期相处的亲密习惯给了它们权利，让它们不由我的意愿而占据了我的心，差不多成了支配我的信念的主人。只要我把它们按照它们的实际情况那样来加以考虑，即像我刚才指出的那样，它们在某种方式上是可疑的，然而却是十分可能的，因而人们有更多的理由去相信它们而不去否认它们，那么我就永远不能把承认和信任它们的习惯破除。就是因为这个缘故，我想，如果我反过来千方百计地来骗我自己，假装所有这些见解都是错误的、幻想出来的，直到在把我的这些成见反复加以衡量之后，使它们不致让

我的主义偏向这一边或那一边，使我的判断今后不致为坏习惯所左右，不致舍弃可以导向认识真理的正路反而误入歧途，那我就做得更加慎重了。因为我知道这既不能产生危险，也不能造成错误，并且我不能夸大我的谨慎，因为现在的问题不在于行动，而仅仅在于认识。

因此，我要假定有某一个妖怪，而不是一个真正的上帝（他是真理的源泉），这个妖怪强大而狡猾，他用尽了力量来骗我。我要认为天、空气、地、颜色、形状、声音以及我们所看到的一切外界事物都不过是邪恶的精灵用来骗取我轻信的一些假象。我要把我自己看成是本来就没有手，没有眼睛，没有肉，没有血，什么感官都没有，但是，好像我对这些东西的信念都是错误的。我要坚决地保持这种想法；如果用这个办法我还认识不了什么真理，那么至少我将做我能做的。也就是说，我要小心翼翼，不去相信任何错误的东西，不让骗子强加给我任何东西，不管他多么强大，多么狡诈。可是，这个打算是非常艰苦吃力的，而且某一种惰性使我不知不觉地又回到我日常的生活方式中来。我就像一个囚犯，在睡梦中享受一种虚构的自由，而且随后开始怀疑他是真的睡了而害怕醒来时，他就和这些愉快的幻象串通起来。与此同时，我自己也不知不觉地重新掉进原先的信念中去，我害怕从这种迷迷糊糊的状态中清醒过来，害怕在这个休息的恬静之后随之而来的是辛勤工作，我生活的未来没有光明，反而在刚刚讨论过的无法摆脱这些难题的黑暗中。

第二个沉思

论人的精神的本性以及

精神比物体更容易认识

昨天的沉思给我带来了如此严峻的困难，以至于我今后再也不能把它们忘掉。可是我却看不出能用什么办法来解决它们；我就好像一下子掉进非常深的漩涡里似的，惊慌失措得既不能让脚在水底站稳，也不能

游上来让自己浮在水面。虽然如此，我将努力沿着我昨天已经走上的道路继续前进，再次检验同一个策略，躲开我能够想象出有一点点可疑的什么东西，就好像我知道它是绝对错误的一样。我还要在这条路上一直走下去，直到我碰到什么可靠的东西，或者，至少直到我确实知道在世界上就没有什么可靠的东西时为止。为了移动地球，阿基米德要寻找一个固定的支点。同样的，如果我有幸找到一件确切无疑的小事物，那么我就可以心怀更大的希望了。

因此我假定凡是我看见的东西都是假的。我相信，虚假记忆所代表的东西从来都没有存在过。我认为我没有感官，物体、形状、广延、运动和地点都是不真实的。除了世界上根本就没有什么可靠的东西外，也许再也没有别的了。

可是我怎么知道除了我刚才断定为不可靠的那些东西外，没有我们不能丝毫怀疑的什么别的东西呢？难道就没有上帝，或者什么别的力量，把这些想法放在我心里吗？当我自己也许就能够产生这些想法时？我为什么要这样想？那么至少我，难道我不是什么东西吗？可是我已经否认了我有感官和身体。尽管如此，我犹豫了，因为从这方面会得出什么结论来呢？难道我就是非依靠身体和感官不可，没有它们就不能生存吗？可是我曾说服我自己相信世界上什么都没有，没有天，没有地，没有精神，也没有物体；难道连我也不存在吗？然而，我确实存在，如果我曾说服我自己相信什么东西。可是有一个我不知道是什么的非常强大、狡猾的骗子，他总是用尽一切伎俩来骗我。因此，如果他骗我，那么毫无疑问我是存在的；而且他想怎么骗我就怎么骗我，只要我想到我是一个什么东西，他就总不会使我成为什么都不是。所以，在对每件事很好地加以思考后，最后必须作出这样的结论，而且必须把它当成确定无疑的，即“有我，我存在”这个命题，每次当我说出它来，或者在心里想到它的时候，这个命题必然是真的。

可是我还不大清楚，这个确实存在的我到底是什么，所以今后我必须小心，不要冒冒失失地把别的什么东西当成我，同时也不要在我认为比我以前所有的一切认识都更可靠、更明显的这个认识上弄错了。就是为了这个缘故，所以在我有上述这些想法之前，先要重新考虑我从前认为我是什么；并且要把凡是可以被我刚才讲的那些理由所削弱的东西，全部从我的旧见解中铲除出去，让剩下来的东西恰好是完全确定和不可动摇的。

那么我以前认为我是什么呢？毫无疑问，我是一个人。可是人是什么呢？我想说是一个有理性的动物吗？当然不；因为在这以后，下面的问题就会随之产生：什么是动物，什么是有理性的？这样一来我就将要从仅仅一个问题上不知不觉地陷入两个更困难的问题中去了，而我没有太多的闲暇浪费在像这样的一些细节上。可是，无论什么时候我思考我是什么，我都会思考从前在我心里自然生发出来的那些思想，我过去常常首先想到的是我有脸、手、胳臂，以及肢体组合成的这么一架整套机器，就像从一具尸体上看到的那样，这架机器，我曾称之为身体。我还曾想到我吃饭、走路、感觉、思维，并且我把我所有这些行动都归到灵魂上去；但是我还没有细想这个灵魂到底是什么；或者说，我把它想成未知的东西，它是那么微妙，好像一阵风，一股火焰，或者一股气，这个东西钻进我身体可以看见的部分里。至于物体，我决不怀疑它；我曾以为我把它的性质认识得非常清楚了，并且如果我试着描述我是如何构思它的，我就会这样解释它：物体，我是指一切能为某种形状所限定的东西；它能限制在某个地方，能充满一个空间，在那里，其他任何物体都被排挤出去；它能由触觉、视觉、听觉、味觉，或者嗅觉而被感觉到；它能以若干方式被移动，不过不是靠它自己移动，而是被接触它的东西所推动。因为我认为靠自己移动，无论如何都不属于物体的本性，像本身有自动、感觉和思维等能力的这样一些优越性，事实上，看到像这样一些功能出现在某些物体之中，我倒是非常奇怪的。

可是，现在我假定有某一个极其强大，并且如果可以这样说的话，极其恶毒、狡诈的人，他用尽他的力量和机智来骗我，那么我到底是什么呢？我能够说我具有一点点我刚才归之于物质的本质的那些东西吗？我在这上面进一步细想，在心里把这些东西想来想去，我没有找到其中任何一个是我可以说存在于心里的。重复这个过程而且像以前一样不能取得成功让人感觉很累。就拿灵魂的那些属性来说吧，首先两个是吃饭和走路。既然我真是没有身体，我也就真是既不能走路，也不能吃饭；另外一个是感觉，可是没有身体就不能感觉，除非是我以为以前我在梦中感觉到了很多东西，可是醒来之后我认出实际上并没有感觉。另外是思维。对，就是思维，现在我觉得思维是唯一不能跟我分开的。有我，我存在这是靠得住的，可是，多长时间？我思维多长时间，就存在多长时间。因为假如我停止思维，也许很可能我就同时停止了存在。我现在对不是必然真实的东西一概不接受，因此，严格来说，我只是一个在思维的东西，也就是说，一个精神，一个灵魂，一个理智，或者一个理性，这些名称的意义是我以前不知道的。那么我是一个真实的东西，真正存在着。可是，是一个什么样的东西呢？我说过：是一个在思维的东西。

还是什么呢？我想象，我不是由肢体拼凑起来的被称之为人体的那种东西；我不是一种稀薄、渗透到所有这些肢体里的空气；我不是风，不是火，不是水汽或呼气，也不是我所能想象出来的任何东西，因为我假定过这些都是不存在的。即使这个假定站得住脚，我仍然是一个东西。可是，能不能是这样的：由于我不认识而假定不存在的那些东西，同我所认识的我并没有什么不同？我一点也不知道。关于这一点我现在不去讨论，我只能对我认识的那些东西作判断：我已经认识到我存在着，现在我追问，我已经认识的这个我究竟是谁？可是关于我自己的认识，严格来说既不取决于我还不知道其存在的那些东西，也不取决于任何一个用想象虚构出来的东西，这一点我是非常确定的。“虚构”这个词让我警醒我的错误。因为，如果我把我想象成一个什么东西，那么实际

上我就是在虚构了，因为想象只是去深思一个物质性东西的形状或影像。然而，我已经确实知道了我存在着，同时也确实知道了所有那些影像，一般说来，凡是人们归之于物质本质的东西都很可能不过是梦罢了。其次，我意识到，如果我说我要发动想象力以便更清楚地认识我是谁，这和我说我现在是醒着，我看到某种实在和真实的东西，但是由于我看得还不够明白，我要故意睡着，好让我的梦给我把它更真实、更明显地提供出来一样，是同样不合道理的。这样一来，我认识到，凡是我能用想象的办法来理解的东西，都和我对自己的认识无关；认识到，要让精神把它的性质认识得十分清楚，那么就要让精神远离这些东西。

那么我究竟是什么呢？是一个在思维的东西。什么是一个在思维的东西呢？那就是说，一个在怀疑、在领会、在肯定、在否定、在愿意、在不愿意，也在想象、在感觉的东西。当然，如果所有这些东西都适用于我，那就不算少了。可是，为什么这些东西不属于我的本性呢？难道我不是几乎什么都怀疑，然而却了解某些东西，确认和肯定只有这些东西是真实的，否认一切别的东西，希望认识得更多一些，不愿意受骗，想象除自身之外的很多东西，并且注意到很多东西，好像这些东西来自感官。难道所有这一切就没有一件是和我一样，确实存在、同样真实的，尽管我总是睡觉，尽管使我存在的那个人用尽他所有的力量来骗我？这些东西里哪些是同我的思维有分别的，或者可以说是同我自己分得开的呢？因为事情本来是如此明显，是我在怀疑，在了解，在希望，没有什么比这更明显。事实上，我有能力去想象；因为即使可能出现这种情况（就像我以前曾经假定的那样），即我所想象的那些东西不是真的，可是这种想象的能力本身真实存在着，并且是我思维的一部分。因此，我就是那个在感觉事物，或者说，好像是通过感觉器官注意事物的东西；比如说，我已经看见了光，听到了声音，感到了热。这些现象是假的，因为我是在睡觉。可是，我确实似乎看见了，听见了，热了，这总是千真万确的吧；严格地说，这就是我心里叫作在感觉的东西，而在确切的意义上，这就是在思维。

从这里我就开始更清楚地认识了我是什么。可是，我似乎对于其影像是在我的思维中形成的、落于感官的那些有物质性的东西，比不落于想象的未知的自我认识得更清楚，虽然我认为可疑的、未知的、我以外的一些东西倒被我认识得比那些真实的、已知的、属于我自己本性的东西更明白、更容易，这实际上是一件非常奇怪的事情。不过我看出了这是怎么回事：我的精神喜欢漫游，还不能把自己限制在真理的界限之内。就让它这样吧，允许它再一次完全不受约束，这样一来，不久以后，当再一次对它强加限制时，我们就能够更容易地驾驭它了。

让我们考虑一下那些被普遍认为是我们了解得最清楚的东西，也就是我们摸到、看见的物体吧。我不是指一般意义上的物体——因为这种一般概念通常是比较模糊的，而是考虑一下一个特殊物体。以一块刚从蜂房里取出来的蜡为例：它还没有失去蜜的甜味，还保存着一点它从花里采来的香气；它的颜色、形状、大小是明显的；它是硬的、凉的、容易摸的，如果你敲它一下，它就发出一点声音。总之，凡是能够使人清楚地认识一个物体的东西，在这里边都有。可是，正如我说的，有人把它拿到火旁边：剩下的味道发散了，香气消失了，它的颜色变了，它的形状和原来不一样了，它的体积增大了，它变成液体了，变热了，摸不得了。尽管敲它，它再也发不出声音了。在发生了这个变化之后，原来的蜡就不存在了吗？必须承认它还继续存在；而且对这一点，任何人不能否认，没有人会往其他方面想。

那么以前在这块蜡上认识得那么清楚的是什么呢？当然不可能是通过感官所感到的什么东西，因为凡是落于味觉、嗅觉、视觉、触觉、听觉的东西都改变了，不过本来的蜡还继续存在。也许是我现在所想的这个东西，也就是蜡本身，并不是蜜的甜味，不是这种花的香味，不是这种白的颜色，也不是这种形状，不是这种声音，而仅仅是一个刚才在那些形式之下表现而现在又在另外一些形式之下表现的物体。可是，确切说来，我想象的这个东西是什么呢？让我们集中注意力，把凡是不属于

蜡的东西都去掉，看一看还剩些什么。当然剩下的只有延伸的、有伸缩性的、可以变动的东西。那么“有伸缩性的”“可以变动的”是指什么的？是不是我想象这块圆的蜡可以变成方的，可以从方的变成三角形的？不是这样。因为我理解它为可能接受无数像这样的改变，即使我不能用我的想象来一个个地认识无数的改变，因此这种理解不是来自于想象的能力。那么这个“广延”是什么意思呢？它不也是未知的吗？因为在蜡融化的时候它就开始增大，在蜡完全融化的时候它就变大了，而当热度再增加时它就变得更大了。如果我没有想到蜡能够在延伸中呈现更多的花样，多到出乎我的想象，我就不能正确地判断什么是蜡了。所以我必须承认我甚至连用想象都不能领会这块蜡是什么，只有我的理智才能够领会它。我说的是这块特别的蜡，至于一般的蜡，那就更明显了。那么只有精神才能领会的这个蜡是什么呢？它就是我看见的、摸到的、想象的那块蜡，就是我一开始认识的那块蜡。可是，要注意的是，感知，不是看，不是摸，也不是想象，从来不是，虽然它从前好像是这样，但是它仅仅是用精神去察看，这种察看可以是片面的、模糊的，像它以前那样，或者是清楚的、分明的，像它现在这样，这取决于我对组成它的那些东西注意的多少。

与此同时，我的精神是多么趋向于错误，我自己也觉得非常奇怪。因为即使我不言不语地在自己心里考虑这一切，我仍局限于这些语言上，几乎被普通言语所欺骗；因为如果人们把原来的蜡拿给我们，我们说我们看见蜡，而不是从颜色和形状上就判断这就是那块蜡。从这里，假如不是我从窗口看街上过路的人，并且说我看见了一些人，就如同说我看见蜡一样，那么我几乎就要断定说：人们认识蜡是用眼睛看，而不是光用精神去观察。可是我从窗口看见了什么呢？无非是一些帽子和大衣，而帽子和大衣遮盖下的可能是一些机器人。不过我判断这是一些真实的人，这样，单凭我心里的判断能力就了解了我以为是我眼睛看见的东西。

一个人要想对事物有更好的超出一般水平的认识，就应该把怀疑一般人说话的形式这件事当成可耻的事。让我们继续去考虑：我最初看到的，用外感官，或至少像他们说的那样，用常识，也就是说用想象力的办法来领会的蜡是什么，是否比我现在对它的领会更清楚、更完善呢？还是在经过认真调查它是什么及怎样认识它后，更好地认识它了呢？当然，连这个都怀疑起来，那是可笑的。因为在这初步的知觉里有什么是清楚、明显的，它包括什么不能明显落于最差的动物的感官里的东西吗？可是，当我把蜡从它的外表分离出来，把它看作似乎是赤裸裸的，没穿衣服的那样，当然，尽管我的判断里还可能存在某些错误，但，如果没有人的精神，我就不能正确理解蜡这个事物。

可是，关于这个精神，也就是说关于我自己，因为直到现在除了我是一个精神之外，我什么都不承认，我将要作何解释呢？我想说的是，关于好像那么清楚分明地领会了这块蜡的这个我，我将要说什么呢？我对我自己认识得难道不是更加真实、确切而且更加清楚、分明吗？因为，如果由于我看见蜡而断定蜡存在，那么由于我看见蜡因此有我存在这件事当然也就越发明显，因为，有可能我所看见的实际上并不是蜡；也有可能我连看东西的眼睛都没有；可是，当我看见或者当我想是看见（这是我不再加以区别的）的时候，这个在思维着的我倒不是个什么东西，这是不可能的。同样，如果由于我摸到了蜡而断定它存在，由此也可以推断我存在着；如果由我的想象或其他理由使我相信而断定它存在，我也总是得出同样的结论。我在这里所注意到的关于蜡的东西也适用于外在于我、在我以外的其他一切东西上。而且，如果说蜡在不仅经过视觉或触觉，同时也经过很多别的原因而被发现了之后，我对它的概念和认识好像是更加清楚、更加分明了，那么，我不是应该越发分明地认识我自己了吗？因为一切用以认识和领会蜡或别的物体的理由都更好地构建了我的精神的本性。但是，精神上也有许多别的东西，借助这些东西可以更分明地理解精神。别的东西如此之多，以至于不值得去考虑由身体到精神所散发的那些东西。

可是，我终于无助地回到了我原来想要回到的地方；现在我知道，我们只是通过精神，而不是通过感官或想象能力来领会物体，而且我们不是由于看见了它，或者摸到了它才认识它，而只是由于我们用思维领会它，那么显然我认识了对我来说没有什么比我的精神更容易认识的东西了。可是，因为几乎不可能这么快就破除一个旧见解；因此，我最好在这里暂时打住，以便经过这么长的沉思之后，把这一个新的认识深深地印到我的记忆中去。

第三个沉思

论上帝的存在

现在我要闭上眼睛，堵上耳朵，关闭我的一切感官，我甚至要把一切物质性的东西的影像都从思维里排除出去，但因为这么做是不可能的，所以或者至少我要把它们看作是无关紧要的，是假的和无意义的，这样一来，我就可以只和自己交流，更深入地理解我的内心世界。我要试着进一步了解、认识我自己。我是一个在思维的东西，这就是说，这个东西在怀疑、在肯定、在否定，知道的东西很少、不知道的很多，在愿意、在不愿意，也在想象、在感觉。就像我刚才说过的那样，即使我所感觉和想象的东西也许并不存在，我确实知道我称之为感觉和想象的这种思维方式，就其仅仅是思维方式来说，一定是存在和出现在我心里的。虽然只是寥寥数语，可是我认为已经把我真正知道的东西，或至少是直到现在觉得我知道了的东西，全部都说出来了。

现在我要更仔细地考虑一下在我心里是否也许还有我没有意识到的其他的东西。我确信我是一个思维着的东西，但是我不是因此也就知道了我需要具备什么，才能使我确实知道什么事情吗？在这个初步的认识里，只有我说的这个清楚、明了的认识。老实说，假如我用这种方法认识得如此清楚、分明的东西竟是假的，那么这个认识就不足以使我确实知道某些东西。从而，似乎我可以把“凡是我们领会得十分清楚、十分

分明的东西都是真实的”这一条定为总则。

虽然如此，我以前认为非常清楚、分明而接受的东西，后来我又都认为是可疑的。那些东西是什么呢？是地、天、星辰，以及那些通过我的感官所感到的其他东西。可是，我在这些东西里边曾领会得清楚、明白的是什么呢？当然不是别的，正是那些东西在我心里的观念或思维。并且现在我还不否认这些观念是在我心里。可是还有另外一件事情是我知道的，我甚至认为我之所以清楚地感知它是因为我相信它，然而，事实上，我并没有看出它，即有些东西在我以外，这些观念就是从那里发生的，并且和那些东西一模一样。我就是在这件事情上弄错了，或者，假如说我判断正确，那也绝不是由于我的感知能力。

可是，当我考虑数学和几何学中某种十分简单、十分容易的东西，比如“三加二等于五”诸如此类的其他事情的时候，我不至少也是把它们领会得清清楚楚，确定它们是真的吗？当然，假如从那以后，我认为可以对这些东西产生怀疑的话，那一定不是由于别的理由，而只是因我心里产生这样一种想法，即也许是某位上帝，他给了我这样的本性，让我甚至在我觉得通过亲眼看得最清楚的一些东西上弄错。但是每当这个上帝至高无上的能力的想法出现在我脑海里时，我都不得不承认，如果他愿意，他就很容易使我甚至在我认为自己认识得非常清楚的东西上弄错。从另一个方面来说，每当我回到自以为已经认识得十分清楚的东西上时，我对这些东西又是深信不疑，使我自己不由自主地说：让我被任何能欺骗我的人欺骗吧，但是，只要我认为我是什么东西，我就不会什么都不是；或者既然现在我存在这件事是真的，那么我没有存在过这种事就不可能是真的；他也绝不能使三加二之和多于五或少于五，或者诸如此类的事情，我都看作是自相矛盾的。既然我没有任何理由相信上帝是骗子，事实上，我不知道上帝是否存在，那么仅仅依赖于这个见解之上的怀疑理由当然是非常轻率的，并且，我要说，是形而上学的。可是，为了尽快排除这个理由，我应该检查一下上帝是否存在；如果他存

在，我也应检查一下他是否是骗子。只要这是未知的，我就看不出我能够把任何一件事情当作是可靠的。

现在，我必须在这里把我的全部思维分为几类，必须考虑哪些包含真理，哪些包含错误。有的思维就像事物的影像，“观念”这个词只适用于这类东西：比如我想起什么人、怪物、天空、天使，或者上帝本身。然而，另外一些思维有另外的形式，比如当我希望、我害怕、我肯定、我否定时，我总是把某种东西领会为我精神的主体，但是我把某些东西加到我的观念上，不仅仅是考虑中的东西的那些类似物。属于这一类思维的有些叫作意志或情感，另外一些叫作判断。

至于观念，如果只就其本身而不把它们牵涉到别的东西上去，严格说来，它们不能是假的；因为不管我想象一只山羊或一个怪物，在我想象上同样都是真实的。同样，也无须害怕在情感或意志里边会有虚假的东西；因为，即使我可以选择一些坏事情，或者甚至一些不存在的事情，但是不能因此就说我选择它们这件事就是假的。这样一来，就只需要判断了，而在判断这个阶段我应该小心谨慎以免弄错。在判断里可能出现的重要错误在于我认为我心里的观念判断和在我以外的一些东西一样或相似；因为，如果我把观念仅仅看成是我的思维的某些方式，并且不把它们牵涉到别的什么东西上去，这样我也不能弄错了。

在这些观念里，我认为有些观念是与生俱来的，有些是习得的，有些是由我自己捏造的。我这种能理解一个东西，一个真理，或一种思想的能力似乎是仅仅出自我的本性；但是，直到现在我认为，如果我现在听见了什么声音，看见了太阳，感觉到了热，这些感觉都是来自我以外的什么东西；最后，我觉得人鱼、马鹫以及诸如此类的其他一切怪物都是由我捏造出来的。可是也许我可以相信所有这些观念都是外来的，或者是天生的，或者它们都是由我捏造的；因为我还没有清楚地发现它们的真正来源。

我现在要问的主要问题是有关我认为来自于我以外的对象的观念，也就是说，有哪些理由使我相信这些观念和考虑中的东西是一样的。一方面我觉得这是自然告诉我的；而另一方面是我自己体会到这些观念是不以我的意志为转移的，因此，也不依赖我，因为它们时常违背我的意志出现。比如现在，不管我愿意也罢，不愿意也罢，我感觉到了热，而由于这个原因我认为热这种感觉或这种观念是由于一种不同于我的东西，即由于我旁边的火炉的热。除了判断这个外来东西不是把什么别的，而是把它的影像送出来印到我心里以外，我看不出有什么我认为更合理的了。

现在我必须看一看这些理由是否真的令人信服。当我说我觉得这是自然告诉我的，自然这一词所指的仅仅是某种即兴冲动使我相信这个事情，而不是某种自然理性使我认识这个事情是真的。这二者之间的区别很大，因为对于自然理性使我看到的事，我是一点都不用怀疑，就像从我怀疑这件事，就能够推论出我存在，以及类似的事情。因为没有另一种能力让我信任就像信任理性之光一样，并且能够告诉我结论是不真实的。对照而言，过去我经常认为，在善恶之间进行选择时，冲动使我走错方向，我不认为，在其他情况下，我应该更信任这种冲动。

然而，即使这些观念不以我的意志为转移，也不能证明它们必然是从别处来的。因为我刚才所说的那些冲动是在我心里，尽管它们不总是和我的意志一致，同样，也许是我心里有什么其他能力我还没有充分意识到，并且这些能力是观念的来源，直到现在，对我来说好像当我睡觉的时候，这些观念也在我心里形成而不依靠于它们所表现的对象。

最后，即使它们是由我之外的东西引起的，也不能因此就说它们一定应该和那些我之外的对象一样。事实上，在很多事例上我经常看到它们之间有很大的不同。比如对于太阳，我觉得我心里有两种截然不同的观念：一种是来源于感官的，应该放在我前面所说的来自外面的那一类

里；根据这个观念，我觉得它非常小。另外一个源自天文学推理，也就是说，从我与生俱来的某些概念里得出来的，或者是由我自己无论用什么方法制造出来的，根据这个观念，我觉得太阳比整个地球大很多倍。我对太阳所领会的这两个观念当然不能都和存在于我之外的太阳一样，理性使我相信直接来自它的外表的那个观念是和它最不一样的。

所有这些足以使我认识，我曾经相信有些在我之外的东西通过我的感官，或者用随便什么别的方法，把它们的观念或影像传送给我，这都不是可靠的判断，而仅仅是从一种盲目的冲动得出来的。

然而还有另外一种途径可以用来考虑一下，是否我心里的观点有一部分是在我之外存在的，比如，如果把这些观念看作只不过是思维的某些方式，那么我就认不出在它们之间有什么不同，都好像是以同样的方式由我产生的。可是，如果把一种观念看作是代表一个东西，其他观念又是代表其他的东西，那么显然它们彼此之间是非常不同的。因为的确，对我来说，代表实体的那些观念，无疑比仅仅代表样式或非本质的那些观念更多一点什么东西，并且本身包含着更多刻意的实在性。再者，我由之而体会到一个至高无上的、永恒的、无限的、不变的、全知的、全能的、他自己以外的一切事物的普遍创造者的上帝的那个观念，无疑在他本身里包含比代表有限的实体的那些观念更多的客观实在性。

现在，从自然理性的角度出发可以明显地得出，在充分的总的原因里一定至少在它的结果里有更多的实在性：因为结果如果不从它的原因里，那么能从哪里取得它的实在性呢？这个原因如果本身没有实在性，怎么能够把它传给它的结果呢？由此可见，不仅无中不能生有，同样地，也不能生出比较完满的东西，换句话说，本身包含更多实在性的东西，也不能是由比较不完满的东西制成的。这个真理无论是在现实的或形式的那种实在性的结果里，或者是在具有客观实在性的观念里，都是清楚、明显的。例如：从来都没有存在过的石头，如果它不是由一个东

西所产生，那个东西本身形式地或深入地具有进入石头的组织中的一切，那么石头现在就不能开始存在；同样地，热如果不是由在等级上、程度上，或者种类上至少是和它一样完满的一个东西产生，就不能在一个以前没有热的物体中产生。其他的东西也是这样。此外，热的观念或者石头的观念如果不是由于一个本身包含至少和我在热或者石头里所领会的同样多的实在性的什么原因把它放在我的心里，它也就不可能在我心里。虽然那个原因不能把它们现实的或形式的实在性的任何东西传授到我的观念里，但是不应该因此就想象那个原因不那么实在；因为观念的真实性是这样的，所以它的本性使它除了它从思维或精神所借过来的那种形式的实在性以外，自然不要求别的形式的实在性，而观念只是思维或精神的一个样态。一个观念之所以包含这样一个而不包含那样一个客观实在性，这无疑是来自什么原因，在这个原因里的形式实在性至少同这个观念所包含的客观实在性一样多。因为如果我们设想在观念里有它的原因里所没有的东西，那么这个东西就一定是从无中来的。然而一种东西，用它的观念而存在于理智之中的这种存在方式，不管它是多么不完满，总不能说它不存在，因而也不能说这个观念来源于虚无。

虽然我在我的观念里所考虑的实在性仅仅是客观的，我也不应该怀疑实在性会必然形式地存在于产生我的观念的原因里，也不应该认为这种实在性客观地存在于观念的原因里就够了；因为，正和这种存在方式是由于观念的本性而客观地属于观念一样，存在方式也由于观念的本性而形式地属于这些观念的原因，至少是属于观念的最原始、主要的原因。而且即使一个观念有可能产生另一个观念，可是这种现象也不可能是无穷无尽的，它最终必须达到一个第一观念，这个第一观念的原因就像一个样本或原型一样，在它里面包含着只存在于观念中的形式上的事实。这样，自然理性使我明显地看出，观念在我心里就像一些绘画或者图像一样，它们可能很容易减少衍生出它们的那些东西的完满性，却不能包含比自身更完满的东西。

越是深入地、仔细地考察所有这些事物，我就越是清楚、明白地看出它们是真的。不过最后我从这里得出什么结论来呢？这就是：如果我的某一个观念的客观实在性使我清楚地认识到它既不是形式地，也不是卓越地存在于我，从而我自己不可能是它的原因，那么结果必然是在世界上并不是只有我一个人，而是还有别的什么东西存在，它就是这个观念的原因；另外，如果这样的观念不存在于我，我就没有任何论据能够使我确实知道除了自己以外就没有任何别的东西存在；因为，我曾经仔细地寻找过，可是直到现在也没有找到任何别的论据。

在所有这些观念之中，除了代表我自己的那个观念在这里不可能有任何问题以外，还有一个代表上帝的观念，另外的一些代表物质性的、无生命的东西的观念，以及其他一些代表动物，最后，还有一些观念代表着和我一样的人。

至于代表其他的人，动物，或者天使的那些观念，我容易理解到它们是可以由我关于自己和物质性的东西，以及上帝所具有的其他一些观念混合而成的，尽管除了我以外，世界上根本就没有其他的人，没有动物，没有天使。

至于物质性的东西的观念，我并不认为在它们里边有什么大得不得了的东西使我觉得它们不是由我自己产生的。因为，如果我再仔细地考虑它们并且一个一个地检查它们，就像昨天考察蜡的观念那样，我注意到在那里只有很少的东西是我领会得清清楚楚的，比如大小或者长、宽、厚的广延；用这种广延的这几个词和界限形成的形状；不同形状形成的各个物体之间所保持的地位，以及这种地位的运动或变化；还可以加上实体、时间和数目。至于别的东西，像光、颜色、声音、气味、味道、热、冷，以及落于触觉的其他一些性质，它们在我的思维里边是那么模糊不清，我简直不知道它们到底是真的还是假的，也就是说，不知道我对于性质所领会的观念到底是不是什么实在东西的观念。

虽然我以前提出过，严格意义上的虚假或真正的虚假，只能出现在判断中，即当观念把什么都不是的东西表象为是什么东西的时候就会有物质上的虚假。比如，我对于冷的观念和热的观念很不清楚，也不太明白，以致按照它们的办法我不能分辨出到底是冷缺少热呢，还是热缺少冷，或者二者都是实在的性质，或者都不是；既然没有任何一个观念似乎不给我们展示什么东西，如果说冷实际上不过是缺少热，那么当作实在的、肯定的什么东西代表的观念就不应该不恰当地被叫作假的，其他类似的观念也一样；我当然没有必要把它们归之于别人而不归之于我自己。因为，如果它们确实是假的，就是说，它们并不代表的东西，那么自然的光明使我看出它们产生于无，也就是说它们之所以在我心里只是由于我的本性缺少什么东西，因为它并不是非常完满的。即使这些观念是真的，但它们所代表的实在性少到我甚至不能清楚地把它从虚无中分辨出来，那么我也看不出有什么理由使它们不能由我自己产生的。

至于我脑子里有关物质性的东西的一些清晰的观念，有些似乎是我能够从我自己的观念中得出来的，比如说，和我具有的实体的观念、时间的观念、数目的观念，以及诸如此类的其他东西的观念都是那样得来的。因为，我想到石头是一个实体，也就是说，一个本身有能力存在的东西，想到我是一个实体，虽然我领会得很清楚我是一个在思维着的而不能延展的东西，相反石头是一个可以延展而不能思维的东西，这样，在这两个概念之间有着明显的不同，可是，无论如何它们在表象实体这一点上似乎是一致的。同样，我想到我现在存在，并且除此之外我记得我从前也存在，我领会许多不同的思想，认识到这些思想的数目，在这时候我就在我心里得到时间和数目的观念，从此我就可以把这两种观念随心所欲地传给其他一切东西。至于物质性的东西的观念由之而形成的其他一些性质，即广延、形状、地位、变动等，它们固然不是形式地存在于我心里，因为我不过只是一个在思维的东西；然而，由于这仅仅是实体的某些样态，而且我自己也是一个实体，因此，它们似乎是能够真正地包含在我心里。

因而只剩下上帝的观念了，在这个观念里边，必须考虑一下是否有什么东西是能够来源于我自己的。用上帝这个名称，我是指一个无限的实体，它是不依存于别的东西的、至上明智的、无所不能的，依靠它我自己和其他一切存在之物（如果其他一切之物存在的话）得以被创造。这些观点我越认真考虑，就越不相信它们能够单独地来源于我。因此，从上面所说的一切中，必然得出上帝存在这一结论；虽然实体的观念在我心里就是由于我是一个实体，不过我是一个有限的东西，因而我不能有一个无限的实体的观念，除非这个观念来自于一个真正无限的实体。

我不应该想象我不是通过一个真正的观念，而仅仅是通过有限的东西的否定来领会无限的，就像我通过动和光明的否定来理解静和黑暗那样；因为相反，我明显地看到在无限的实体里边比在一个有限的实体里边具有更多的实在性，因此在我心里以某种方式首先有的是无限的概念而不是有限的概念，也就是说，首先有的是上帝的概念而不是我自己的概念。因为，假如在我心里我不是有一个比我的存在更完满的存在的观念，不是由于同那个存在体作了比较我才会看出我的本性的缺陷的话，我怎么可能认识到我怀疑和我希望，也就是说，我认识到我缺少什么东西，我不是完满无缺的呢？

不能说这个上帝的观念也许实质上是假的，因此可能是从无中得出它来的，就像我以前观察关于热和冷的观念以及诸如此类的其他东西的观念时所说的那样；相反，因为这个观念是非常清楚、非常明白的，它本身比任何别的观念都含有更多的客观实在性，所以自然没有一个观念比它更真实，能够更少被人怀疑为错的和假的了。我说，这个无上完满的、无限的存在体的观念是完全真实的。因为，虽然也许可以设想这样的一个存在体是不存在的，可是不能设想它的观念不给我表象任何实在的东西，就像我之前关于冷的讨论那样。这个观念也是非常清楚、非常明白的，因为凡是我的精神清楚明白地领会为实在和真实的，并且本身含有什么完满性的东西，都完全包含在这个观念里边了。虽然我不理解

无限，或者虽然在上帝里边有我所不能理解的、也许用思维绝对不能达到的无数事物，这都无碍于上面所说的这个事实是真的；因为我的本性是有限的，不能理解无限，这是由于无限的本性的缘故；只要我很好地领会这个道理，把凡是我领会得清清楚楚的东西，其中我知道有什么完满性，也许还有无数的其他完满性是我不知道的，都断定为形式地或卓越地存在于上帝里边，使我对上帝所具有的观念在我心里的一切观念中是最真实、最清楚、最明白的就够了。

可是也许我自身是比我自己所理解的更伟大一些，也许我身上归之于上帝本性的完满性是以某种方式潜在于我心中，虽然它们还没有出现，还没有以行动表现出来。事实上，我已经体验到我的认识逐渐增长，我看不出有什么能够阻止它越来越向无限方面增长。还有，既然我的知识获得增长，我看不出有什么阻止我按照这个办法获得上帝本性的其他一切完满性。最后，我也看不出这些完满性的能力（如果我已经具有的话）不足以产生相应的观念。

但是，这都是不可能的。因为，首先，即使我的认识真是每天都取得一些进步，我的本性里真是有很多潜在的东西还没有实现，可是所有这些优点绝对不属于，也不接近我具有的上帝的观念，因为在上帝的观念里，没有仅仅是潜在的东西，全部是现实存在的、实在的东西。甚至这一特征（逐渐增加）是对不完善的一个非常肯定的论述。而且，即使我的认识总是逐渐增加，但是我仍然认为它不可能达到无穷无尽，因为它永远不能达到一个不能再有所增加的那样高度的完满性。可是我把上帝看作是无限的，以至于在他所具有的至高无上的完满性上再也不能有所增加。最后，我清清楚楚地理解了这件事情：一个观念的客观的存在体不能由一个仅仅是潜在的存在而产生——这样的存在真正来说是没有的，它只能由一个形式的或现实的存在体产生。

对于愿意用理性思维仔细思考我上面所说的话的人，没有什么东西

不是显而易见的；可是，当我把注意力稍一放松，我的精神的眼睛就被感性东西的影像遮蔽起来，我就不容易记得我对于比我的存在体更完满的一个存在体所具有的观念为什么应该必然地被一个实际上更完满的存在体放在我的心里。这就是为什么我现在放下别的，只考虑具有上帝的这个观念的我自己，如果在没有上帝的情况下，我能不能存在。

我想要问：我是何时从谁那里得到我的存在呢？也许从我自己，或者从我的父母，或者从不如上帝完满的事物中得到我自己的存在；因为不能想象有比上帝更完满，或者和上帝一样完满的东西。

但是，如果是我自己创造了我的存在，我一定就会无惧无求，我也一定不缺少任何东西；因为，凡是在我心里有什么观念的东西，我自己都会给我，这样一来我就是上帝了。我不应该想象我缺少的东西也许比我已经有的东西更难取得；相反，也就认为我，也就是说，一个在思维的东西或实体，是从无中生出来的，这无疑地要比我去认识那些我不知道的、只不过是这个实体的一些偶性的很多东西要难得多。而这样一来，毫无疑问，如果我自己给了我的比我刚才说的更多，即如果我自己创造了我的产生和存在，那么我至少不会缺少比较容易取得的东西，即至少不会缺少我领会上帝的观念中所含有的任何东西，因为那些东西里边没有一件是我觉得更难取得的；如果有一种更难取得的东西，它一定会向我表现出来（假定我自己是我所具有的其他一切东西的来源的话），因为我会体验到我的能力只是停留于此。

我可以假定我过去也许一直是像我现在这样存在，我不会否认这个推理的效力，这样一来我就会接着假定没有必要探究到底是什么创造了我的存在。因为我的全部生存时间可以分为无数部分，而每一部分都绝对不依靠其余部分，这样，从不久以前我曾经存在过这件事上并不能得出我现在一定存在这一结论来，假如不是在这个时候有什么原因重新产生我，创造我，也就是说保存我。事实上，这对于凡是要仔细考虑时间

的性质的人都是非常清楚的：即一个实体，为了在它延续的一切时刻里被保存下来，需要同一的能力和同一的行动，这种行动是为了重新产生它和创造它所必要的，如果它还没有存在的话。因此，通过理性之光，我清楚地认识到，保存和创造只是从我们的思想方法上来看才显得不同，而从事实上来看两者并没有什么区别。

所以，我现在应该问我自己，我是否具有什么能力使现在存在的我将来还存在，因为，既然我无非是一个在思维的东西（或者至少既然一直到现在严格说来问题还只在于我自己的这一部分），如果我有这样的一种力量，我一定会毋庸置疑地意识到它。可是，我没有体会到任何这样的力量，因此我明显地认识到我依存于一个和我不同的什么存在体。

然而，也许我所依存的这个存在体并不是上帝，也许我是由我的父母，或者由不如上帝完满的什么其他原因产生的。不，不可能是这样。正如我以前已经说过的，显然在原因里一定至少和在它的结果里有一样多的实在性。因此，既然我是一个在思维的、心里怀有上帝的东西，不管最后归之于我的本性的原因是什么，必须承认它一定同样地是一个在思维的东西，本身具有我归之于上帝本性的一切完满性的观念。然后人们可以重新追问这个原因，它的存在是由于它本身呢，还是由于别的什么东西？如果是由于它本身，那么根据我以前说过的，其结果一定是上帝自己，因为它有了通过本身而存在的能力，那么它无疑地也一定有能力现实地具有它所领会的观念的一切完满性，也就是说，我所领会的是上帝里边的一切完满性。如果它的存在是由于它本身以外的什么原因，那么可以根据同样的道理重新再问：这第二个原因是由于它本身而存在的呢，还是由于别的什么东西而存在的？这样一步一步地，最终问到一个最后原因，这最后原因就是上帝。很明显，在这上面再无穷无尽地追问下去是没有用的，因为问题在这里不在于从前产生我的原因上，而在于现在保存我的原因上。

当然，也不能假定也许我的产生是由于很多原因共同的作用，我从这一个原因接受了我归之于上帝的那些完满性之一的观念，从另外一个原因接受了另外什么的观念，那样一来，所有这些完满性即使真的都存在于宇宙的什么地方，可是不能都结合在一起存在于一个唯一的地方，即上帝之中。相反的，上帝里边的一切东西的统一性，或单纯性，或不可分性，是我对上帝所领会的主要完满性之一；而上帝的一切完满性的各种统一和集合的观念一定不可能是由任何一个原因（由于这个原因，我同时也接受了其他一切完满性的观念）放在我心里的。因为，如果这个原因不让我同时知道它们是什么，它就不能让我把它们理解为联结在一起的、不可分的。

至于我的父母，关于他们，即使我过去所相信的都是真的，可是这并不等于是他们保存了我，也不等于他们把我做成是一个在思维的东西，因为他们不过是把某些部件放在这个物质里，而我在这个物质里发现了现在的我，也就是说，我的精神，我现在只把精神当作了我自己；所以关于他们，在这里是毫无问题的；可是必然得出这样的结论，即我存在和我心里有一个至上完满的存在体的观念，也就是说上帝也存在着这个事实，是非常明显的。

我只剩下去检查一下我是用什么方法获得了这个观念的。因为我不是通过感官把它接受过来的，而且它也从来不像可感知东西的观念那样，因为在可感知东西侵犯或者似乎侵犯我的外部器官。它也不是纯粹由我虚构出来的，因为很明显，我没有能力在上面加减任何东西。因此，可以说它和我自己的观念一样，是从我被创造那时起我与生俱来的。

如果上帝在创造我的时候把这个观念放在我心里，就如同工匠把标记刻印在他的作品上一样；这个标记也不必一定和这个作品有所不同。可是，只就上帝创造我这一点来说，非常可信的是，他是有些按照他的

形象产生的我，对这个形象（里面包含有上帝的观念），我是用我领会自己的那个功能去领会的，换句话说，当我对自己进行反省的时候，我不仅认识到我是一个不完满、依存于别人的东西，这个东西不停地希望比我更好、更伟大的东西，而且我同时也认识到我所依存的那个别人，在他本身里边具有我所希求的、在我心里有其观念的一切伟大的东西，不是不确定地、仅仅潜在地，而是实际地、现实地、无限地具有这些东西，而这样一来，他就是上帝。我在这里用来证明上帝存在的论据，它的全部效果就在于我认识到，假如上帝真不存在，我的本性就不可能是这个样子，也就是说，我不可能在我心里有一个上帝的观念；我再说一遍，恰恰是这个上帝，我在我的心里有其观念，也就是说，他具有所有这些高尚的完满性，对于这些完满性我们心里尽管有什么轻微的观念，却不能全部理解。他不可能有任何缺点；凡是标志着什么不完满性的东西，他都没有。这就足以明显地说明他不能是骗子，因为理智的自然之光告诉我们，欺骗必然是由于什么缺点而来的。

不过，在我把这件事更仔细地进行检查并对人们能够从其中取得的其他真理进行考虑之前，我认为最好是停下来一些时间专去深思这个完满无缺的上帝，思考一下他的属性，至少尽我的可以说是为之神眩目夺的、精神的全部能力去深思、赞美、崇爱这个灿烂的光辉之无与伦比的美。因为，信仰告诉我们，来世的至高无上的幸福就在于对上帝的这种深思之中，这样，我们从现在起就体验出，像这样的一个沉思，尽管它在完满程度上差得太远，却使我们感受到我们在此世所能感受到的最大满足。

第四个沉思

论真理和错误

这几天我已经慢慢习惯于把我的精神从感官里独立出来，同时我也认识到对于物质性的东西的认识有很少是准确的，我们所认识的更多的

东西是关于人的精神和关于上帝本身的，这样，我现在就毫无困难地把我的思维从考虑可感觉或可想象的东西上转到考虑完全脱离物质、纯粹精神的东西上去。关于人的精神，我对它有一个非常清晰的概念，既然它是一个在思维的东西，一个没有长、宽、厚的延展性，不着一点物质性的东西，我的这个观念当然比任何物质性的东西的观念都要清楚。而且当我考虑到我怀疑，也就是说我是一个不完全的、依存于别人的东西的时候，在我心里就十分清楚明白地出现了一个完全的、不依存于别人的存在体的观念，也就是上帝的观念。单从这个观念存在于我心里，或者具有这个观念的我是存在的这件事来看，我可以清楚地得出上帝是存在的，而且我所存在的每时每刻都依赖于上帝的存在，这个结论是如此得清晰明了，所以我认为不能有什么能比这件事更明确、更可靠地为人们所认识的了。因此，我觉得我已经发现了一条道路，上帝里边包含着科学和智慧的全部宝藏，通过对真实的上帝的沉思，我们能够认识宇宙间的其他事物。

因为，首先，我认识到它绝对不能骗我，因为凡是欺骗都包含着某种不完满性；尽管能够欺骗他人好像标志着什么机智和能力，但是想要欺骗他人却无疑是恶意和愚蠢的证明。因此，上帝绝对不会包含欺骗。

其次，我认识到在我自己的心里有某一种判断力，这种能力和我所具有的其他一切东西一样，无疑是我从上帝那里获得的。而且，因为上帝不想骗我，所以他肯定没有给我那样的一种判断力，让我在正当使用它的时候总是弄错。

因此，假如不是从这里得出我永远不会弄错的结论的话，那么对这个真理就再没有可怀疑的地方了；因为，如果凡是我所有的东西都是来自上帝的，如果他没有给我能够犯错的能力，那么就应该说，我决不应该弄错。当我单单想到上帝，并且将思绪集中在上帝身上的时候，我在心里并没发现什么错或假的原因；可是后来当我回到我自己身上来的时

候，我发现还是会犯无数错误的。而在仔细寻找产生这些错误的原因时，我注意到在我的思维中不仅出现一个实在的、肯定的上帝观念，或者说一个至上完满的存在体的观念，同时我的思维中也存在一个，姑且这样说吧，一个否定的虚无观念，也就是说与各种类型的完满性完全相反的观念；而我好像就是介乎上帝与这虚无之间，也就是说，我被放在至上存在体和非有存在体之间，就我是由一个至上存在体产生的而言，在我心里实在说来没有什么东西能够引导我犯错；但是，如果我是以某种方式由虚无或者非存在体构成的，也就是说，由于我自己并不是至上存在体，我处于一种无限缺陷的状态中，因此我会犯错误，这也没有什么可奇怪的了。这样一来，我认识到，错误就其作为错误而言，不取决于上帝，也不是真实的东西，而仅仅是一种缺陷，从而对于犯错误来说，我不需要有上帝专门为这个目的而给我什么能力，而是我之所以有时会犯错误，是由于上帝给予我分辨真和假的能力是有限的。

虽然如此，我对这个解释却不能完全满意；因为，错误并不是一种纯粹的否定，而是我缺少了我应该具备的某些知识。在当我考虑上帝的本质时，如果说他给了我某种不完满的，也就是说，缺少什么必不可少的完满性的功能的话，我认为这是不可能的；因为，工匠越是精巧熟练，从他的手里做出来的活计就越是完满无缺，这件事如果是真的，那么我们可以想象世间万物至高无上的创造者所产生的东西，有哪一种在其各个部分上不是完满、完全精巧的呢？当然，毫无疑问，上帝没有能把我创造得永远不能犯错；同时毫无疑问地上帝总是要呈现最好的东西。那么犯错相比起不犯错对我更有好处吗？

仔细考虑了一下之后，我首先想到的是，我理解不了为什么上帝做了某些事情，这我倒也不必为此而感到奇怪；同样的，我也没有任何理由因为我经历一些事情而不能理解上帝为什么以及怎样产生了它们，而怀疑上帝的存在。既然已经知道了我的本性是极其软弱、极其有限的，而相反的，上帝的本性是广大无垠、深不可测的，我再也用不着费事就

看出他的潜能里有无穷无尽的东西，因为这些东西的原因超出了我精神的认识能力。单单是这个理由就足以让我相信：人们带有目的所追溯的所有原因都不能用于物理的或自然的东西上去；因为，去探求和打算发现上帝的那些深不可测的目的，我觉得那简直是狂妄至极的事。

另外我还想到，当人们探求上帝的作品是否完满时，不应该单独拿一个事物孤立起来看，而应该把所有的事物都合起来看。因为，如果单独地观察一个物体，总是觉得某些方面不够完满；可是，如果把它看成是这个宇宙整体的一部分，它在它的本性上就是非常完满的。而且，自从我决定对一切事物抱有怀疑的态度以来，我仅仅肯定地认识了我的存在和上帝的存在；可是，自从我认识到了上帝的无限潜能之后，我就不得不承认上帝也产生了其他很多东西，或者至少他能够产生那些东西，因而我承认我存在也是作为一切存在的东西的整体的一个部分。

在这以后，更进一步审视我自己，并且研究我所犯的那些错误（只有这些错误才证明我是不完满的）时，我发现这是由于两个原因造成的，即我心里的认知能力和选择能力，或者把这种选择能力称为我的自由意志，也就是说，是由于我的智力和我的意志的共同作用而造成的。因为单单运用理智，我对任何东西都既不加以肯定，也不加以否定，我仅仅是领会我所能领会的东西的观念，这些观念是我能够加以判断的。可是如果从这个角度来观察一件事物，严格来讲，在它里边绝找不到什么错误。而且，虽然在世界上也许有无穷无尽的我不了解、不认识的东西，而我应该说我不了解这些东西，我对于这些东西，头脑里没有任何概念，但不能从严格意义上说，我被剥夺了这些东西，因为，事实上我想不出什么理由能够证明上帝本来应该给我比他已经给我的那些认知功能更大、更广一些的认知功能；并且不管我把上帝想成是多么精巧熟练的工匠，我也不应该因此就认为他应该把他本来可以放到几个作品里的完满性全部放到每一个作品里。

与此同时，我也不能埋怨上帝没有给我一个相当广泛、相当完满的自由意志或意志，因为事实上我体验出这个自由意志或意志是非常大、非常广的，什么界限都限制不住它。我觉得在这里很值得注意的是，在我心里没有一个能比这个自由意志更大、更完满的了。因为，举例来说，如果我考虑在我心里的领会功能，我认为它是很狭小、很有限的，而同时，给我提供另外一个功能的观念，这个观念要广阔得多，甚至是无限的；仅仅从我能形成观念这一事实，我就毫无困难地认识到这个观念是与上帝的本性相契合的。如果我用同样方式检查记忆，或者想象，或者其他功能，这些功能就我自己而言都是受到限制而且是非常有限的，而这些能力之于上帝则是无限的。我体验到，在我之内只有意志是大到我领会不到会有什么别的东西比它更有能力，比它更广的了。这使我认识到，我带有上帝的形象和上帝的相似性的，主要是意志。因为尽管上帝的意志比我的意志大得无法比拟，不论是在知识和能力方面，或者是在意志的对象方面，因为认知和能力在意志里结合到一起使意志更有力量、更有实效，意志无限地扩展到更多的东西上。如果严格的意义上来考察它，那么我觉得它就不是更有能力。因为它仅仅在于我们对同一件事能做或不能做（也就是说，肯定它或否定它，追寻它或逃避它），或者不如说，它仅仅在于为了确认或否认、追寻或逃避理智向我们提供的东西，我们做得就好像并不感觉到有什么外在的力量驱使我们似的。因为，为了自由，我没有必要在两个截然不同的问题上非要选择一个；而是，我越是倾向于这一个（无论是由于我明显地认识到在那里有善和真，或者由于上帝是这样支配了我的思想内部），我选择的就越自由，并且采取了这一个；而且，上帝的恩宠和自然的知识当然不是减少我的自由，而是增加也加强了我的自由。因此，当我没有任何理由迫使我倾向于这一边而不倾向于那一边时，我所感觉到的这种无所谓的态度不过是最低程度的自由。这种无所谓的态度与其说是在意志里表现出一种完满性，不如说是在知识里表现出一种缺陷；因为，如果我总是清清楚楚地认识什么是真，什么是善，我就决不会费事去掂算我到底应该

采取什么样的判断和什么样的选择了，这样我就会完全自由，决不会抱无所谓的态度。

从所有这些，我认识到，我错误的原因既不是意志的能力本身，它是我从上帝那里接受过来的，本质非常完满，涵盖了方方面面的东西，也不是理解的能力或领会的能力，因为，既然我用上帝给我的这个能力来领会，那么毫无疑问，凡是我所领会的，都是实事求是地去领会，我不可能由于这个缘故弄错。那么我的错误从哪里产生的呢？是从这里产生的，这就是因为意志比理智大得多、广得多，而我却没有把意志加以同样的限制，反而把它扩展到我所理解不了的东西上去，意志对这些东西既然是无所谓的，于是我就很容易陷于迷惘，并且把恶的当成善的，或者把假的当成真的。这就使我作出了错误的判断或选择。

举例来说，过去几天我仔细考察了这世界上是否存在什么东西，并且认识到仅仅由于我考察了这一问题，显然让我认识到我自己是存在的，于是我就不得不得出这样的结论，即我领会得如此清楚的事情是真的，不是由于什么外部的原因强迫我得出这样的结论，而仅仅是因为我的理智强大的倾向性，并且我越是觉得不那么无所谓，就越是自由地去相信。相反，目前我不仅知道我是一个在思维的存在，而且还注意到了物质性的本质，这使我怀疑我内在的思维本性，或者我的这个本性与这个物质性的本质的不同，怀疑这二者是否是一个东西。我现在假定我还不认识有任何理由使我相信后一种情况而不相信前一种情况。因此对于否认它或肯定它，或者甚至不去加以任何判断，我都保持着超然的态度。

而且这种超然之心不仅扩展到理智完全认识不到的东西上，而且一般也扩展到当我想要考虑到这些东西时却不能完全清楚地发现所有这些东西上。因为如果仅仅是一些猜测就会使我更倾向于某个方向，但是这一认识不过是一些猜测，而不是可靠的、无可置疑的理由，这就足以给

我机会去作出相反的判断。这几天我充分体验到，当我把我以前当作非常真实的一切事物都假定是假的，光是从这里我就看出了我们之所以对这些事物采取某种怀疑态度的原因。

可是，如果我未能清晰、明确地判断什么是真实的，只要我不作出判断，我的行为就是正确无误的。可是如果我决定去否定它或肯定它，那么我就不正确地使用我的自由意志了；如果我选择了不是真的东西，那么显然我是弄错了。即使我判断对了，这也不过是碰巧罢了，我仍然难免弄错，难免不正确地使用我的自由意志。因为，理性之光告诉我们，理智的认识永远必须先于意志的决定。自由选择意志的不当使用构成错误的形式，就来源于我自己产生的能力，而不是我从上帝那里接受过来的能力，也没有存在于那些依靠上帝来行使的能力。

我没有理由埋怨上帝没有给我一个更强的理解力，或者更强的理性之光。因为事实上理解不了这无穷无尽的事物，这对于有限理智体来说是自然而然的事情，是一个天生就是有限的本性。但是我有一切理由对上帝充满感激之情，而不应该认为上帝没能给予我什么，或者说上帝把本应该给我的东西从我这里拿走了，因为他从来没有欠过我什么，却对我如此慷慨。

我也没有理由埋怨他给了我一个比我理智范围更广大的意志力，因为意志力只在于一件事，就是它和它的主体就像是不可分似的，它的本性看来是这样的，什么都不能从它的身上拿走。而且，当然，它扩展得越广，我就越要感谢上帝给了我这个能力。最后，我也不应该埋怨上帝助长我发挥自己意志的行为，或者说因为我自己作出了一些错误的判断而埋怨上帝。因为这些行为既然是取决于上帝的，所以就是完全真实的、绝对善良的；在某种意义上，我能够做成这些行为比我不能做成这些行为，在我的本性上有着更多的完满性。至于缺陷，也就是谎言和错误的本质，它不需要上帝方面的什么帮助，因为它不是一个东西，也不

是一个存在体，而且假如把缺陷与上帝相互联系起来，把上帝看成缺陷出现的原因，那么它就不能叫作缺陷，而应该叫作否定。因为显而易见的是上帝给了赞同或者不赞同什么事的自由，却没有在我的理解力里面给我清晰、明了的洞察力，这也不是在上帝方面的一种不完满，而无疑地是在我的方面的不完满，是我没有使用好这个自由，因为是我在我领会得不清楚和糊里糊涂的一些事物上鲁莽地下了判断。可是，我看得出，上帝可以轻易地把我造就成不会犯错的人，尽管我一直是自由的，并且具备有限的认识。当我想要思考时，上帝给了我能够清楚感知并理解世间万物的能力，或者上帝可以只是简单给我灌输记忆，这样一来我对领会得不清楚、不明白的事物，永远不要下定什么判断，这样的一个决心深深地刻在我的记忆里，使我永远忘不了它。而且我看得出来，如果我把自己看成具备某些全体性（就好像世界上只有我自己似的），上帝会把我建造的比现在要完满得多。可是我不能因此就否认在某种意义上，宇宙的某几个部分难免出现错误比一切部分都出现错误，会有更大的完满性。而且上帝并没有想把我的角色放在最高贵、最完满的东西的行列里去，我也没有任何权利去埋怨。

加之，如果他没有给我由于我前面说过的第一个策略而不犯错误的能力，这种能力取决于我对于我所能够考虑的一切事物的一种清楚、明白的认识，他至少在我的能力里边留下了另一种策略，那就是下定决心在我没有把事情的真相弄清楚以前无论如何不去下判断。因为，虽然我认识到我的本性中的这种缺陷，即我不能把我的精力持续集中在一件事上，可是我仍然可以专心致志地做事并且时常反复地沉思，能够把它强烈地印到我的记忆中，使我每次在需要它的时候不能不想起它，并且由于这种办法能够养成不犯错误的习惯。

由于人的最大的、主要的完满性就在于此，我认为我从这个“沉思”里获益匪浅，因为我发现了虚假和错误的原因。而且当然，除了我所解释的那个原因以外不能还有其他原因了。因为每当我把我的意志限

制在我的认识范围之内，让它除了理智给它清楚、明白地提供出来的那些事物之外，不对任何事物下判断，这样我就不会弄错；因为凡是我领会得清楚、明白的，都毫无疑问的是实在的、肯定的东西，从而它不能是从无中生出来的，而是由上帝创造出来的。关于上帝，我要说的是，他既然是至上完满的，就决不能是错误的原因；因此我在这里可以肯定的是：这样的理解或者像这样一个判断是真实的。此外，今天我不但知道了必须避免什么才能不犯错误，而且也知道了我必须做什么才能认识真理。因为，如果我把我的注意力充分地放在凡是我领会得完满的事物上，并把这些事物从其他我一知半解的事物中区分出来，我自然会认识真理。这就是我今后将要认真加以注意的。

第五个沉思

论物质性东西的本质；

再论上帝的存在

关于上帝的属性以及我自己的本性，也就是说，我的精神的本性，我还剩下很多东西有待检查；不过我会另外再找机会去研究，因为（一旦在看出了必须去做什么或者必须不去做什么才能认识真理之后）目前我首要之务是把我自己从这几天所陷入的全部怀疑中解脱出来，甩掉那些怀疑，看看我对于物质性的东西是否有一个清晰的概念。

可是，在我检查我以外是否有这样的一些东西存在之前，（因为这些东西的观念是在我的思维之中的）我应该先考虑这些观念，看看哪些是清楚的，哪些是模糊的。

首先我清楚地想到哲学家通常称之为“连续量”的量，或者一种量的广延，或者说一个东西的长、宽、厚的广延。我可以在这种量里面举出许多不同的部分，在每一部分上加上各种大小、形状、位置和运动。最

后我可以给每个运动规定出它延续的不同时间。当我这样一般地加以考虑的时候，我不仅清楚地认识了这些东西，而且在我稍微加以注意的时候，我就认识到有关数目、形状、运动以及诸如此类的无数特点，这些特点的真实性不但表现得非常明显，而且和我的本性竟然也十分契合，以致当我开始发现这些特点时，我似乎并没有获知什么新的东西，而是想起了我从前已经知道了的东西，也就是说，发现了一些早已在我心里的东西，尽管我以前没有想到它们。

我认为目前最重要的是，我觉得在我心里对某些东西有无数观念，虽然这些观念只是存在于我的脑海里，可是不能就认为它们全然不存在；而且，虽然我从某些程度上是凭借自己的意志想到或是没有想到他们，但是它们并不是我凭空捏造的，而是有它们真实、不变的本性的。举例来说，当我想到一个三角形时，即使在我的思维以外也许世界上根本没有什么地方存在这样的一个形状，可是毕竟这个形状具备一些特定的属性、本质或者外形，它是不变的、永恒的，不是我凭空捏造的，也决不取决于我的精神，显而易见的是，我们可以推断出三角形的各种特性，比如，它的三个角之和等于两个直角之和，最大的角对最大的边，以及诸如此类的东西，这些东西，尽管在我从前第一次想到一个三角形时我绝对没有想到过，那么现在我认识得非常清楚、非常明白，不管我愿不愿意，它们都是三角形的特征，这并不是我凭空捏造的。

如果说也许三角形的这个观念是通过我的感官来到我心里的，因为我时不时地看到过一些三角形的物体，可是这不过是我自己反驳自己罢了，因为我在心里可以想到不可计数的其他形状来，这些形状是不会让人们觉得我是通过感官来认识的，不过这并不妨碍我能够推证出它们的本性的各种特点，就像我可以推证出三角形的本性的各种特点。这些东西当然一定都是真的，因为我把它们领会得非常清楚，因而它们一定是存在着的事物而不是全然的虚无；因为，显而易见的是，凡是真实的东西都是客观存在的事物。并且我前面已经充分证明过，凡是我认识得清

楚、分明的东西也都是真实的。虽然对这一点我没有加以证明，可是当我把它们领会得清楚、分明时，我的精神实质使得我不能不认为它们是真的。而且我记得，即使我全然把思绪集中在感官的对象上时，我仍然把我领会得清楚、明了的有关形状、数目和其他属于算数和几何学，或者总体归为纯粹而抽象的数学的东西列入真理之中。

那么现在，如果仅仅由于我可以从我的思维中得出什么东西的观念就断言凡是我清楚、分明地认识到是属于这个东西的都实际属于这个东西，那么难道我不可以由此得出关于上帝存在的一个论据和一个论证性的证明吗？当然我在我的心里觉察一个上帝的观念——也就是说，一个至上完满的存在体的观念——这个和我的大脑中形成的有关形状和数量的观念是一样的。我清楚明了地认识到一个现实的、永恒的存在性是属于它的本性，这和我清楚、明了地认识凡是我可以证明什么形状或什么数目是真正属于这个形状或这个数目的本性一样。从而，即使在前几个沉思里所断言的都不是真的，而在我心里，上帝的存在至少应该算是和我迄今所认为仅仅有关数目和形状的一切数学真理同样可靠。

然而，事实上乍看起来并不那么显而易见，好像有些诡辩的样子。因为，我已经习惯于把事物的存在和本质分开，我很容易相信上帝的存在是可以同他的本质分得开的，这样就能够把上帝领会为不是现实存在的。虽然如此，如果仔细想一想，我就明显地看出上帝的存在不能同他的本质分开，这和一个三角形的本质不能同它的三角之和等于两直角分开，或一座山的观念不能同一个谷的观念分开一样。因此，想到一个上帝（也就是说，想象一个至上完满的存在体）而它竟缺少存在性（也就是说，它竟缺少某种完满性），这和设想一座山而没有谷是同样不合适的。

可是，虽然事实上我能想象一个存在着的上帝，能设想一个有山谷的山，不过，既然仅仅由于我想到了一个带谷的山不能因此就说世界上

有山，同样，虽然我领会带存在性的上帝也不能因此就说有一个上帝存在，因为我的思维并不给事物强加什么必然性；而且，尽管并没有什么带翅膀的马，而我却想出来一个带翅膀的马，同样，尽管并没有什么上帝存在，我也许能够给上帝加上存在性。

这个反驳的外表掩盖下的逻辑错误就在于此。因为，从我不能领会一个不带谷的山这一事实，不能得出世界上根本没有山，也没有山谷这个结论，而只能得出山和山谷无论存在与否，都不可分这个结论；同样地，仅仅由于我不能把上帝领会成不带存在性，因此存在性和上帝是不可分的，因此上帝是存在的。不是因为我把事物想成怎么样事物就怎么样，并且把什么必然性强加给事物；而是相反地，是因为事物本身的必然性，即上帝的存在性，决定我的思维去这样领会它。因为我可以随便想象一个马不带翅膀或者带翅膀，可是我并不能随便领会一个没有存在性的上帝（也就是说，我不能随便领会一个缺少一种至上完满性的至上完满的存在体）。

我承认了上帝具备种种完满性，我便就真的必然要承认上帝存在，因为存在性就是各种各样的完满性之一，而这一点是不应该反驳的。而且事实上，我的第一个假定并不是必然的，同样，去想凡是四边形都能内切于圆，也不是必然的；如果我有这样的想法的话，那么我就不得不承认菱形也能内切于圆，因为菱形也是四边形，而这显然是不正确的。即使每当我想到一个第一的、至上的存在体，我不是非想到上帝不可，并且从我内心深处提出（姑且这样说）它的观念时，我必然要加给它各种各样的完满性，虽然我不能把这些完满性都一一列举出来，也不能去一一考虑在这其中的每一个完满性。这种必然性是如此的清晰、明了，足以使我（在我认识了存在性是一种完满性之后）得出结论说，这个第一的、至上的存在体是真正存在的。同样，我并不是非得想象一个什么三角形不可；不过，每当我要考虑仅仅由三个角组成的直线图形时，我就必须要把使三角之和不大于两直角这个结论的东西都加给它，即便也

许当时我没有特别考虑到这一点。但是当我检查哪一些图形能够内切于圆时，我根本不用考虑这些包含所有的四边形；相反，我不能捏造事实，因为我只能接受那些我能够理解得清晰、明了的东西。因此，在像上面这样的假定跟我与生俱来的真的观念之间有很大的差别，而这其中第一个并且主要的是上帝的观念。因为事实上我从很多方面都看出这个观念并不是凭空捏造的，这不是只属于我的思维的东西，而是一个真实、不变的本性的形象。首先，因为除了上帝以外我不能领会存在什么别的东西是必然属于他的本质的；其次，因为我不能理解会有两个或许多个跟他一样的上帝；而且既然肯定了现在有一个上帝存在，我看得清楚，他过去必然是完全永恒地存在过，将来也永恒地存在着；最后，我在上帝身上认识了其他许许多多的东西，而这些东西我既不能改变也不能削减。

但是，不管使用什么论据来证明，我也必须回到这一点上来：我只完全相信我能领会得清楚、分明的东西。而且在我能完全领会的东西当中，有一些是事实上每人都显然认识的，也有一些只有经过仔细考虑，经过更认真检查过的人才能发现；不过，这些东西一经被发现出来之后，大家都认为它们是靠得住的。举例来说，一切直角三角形，虽然起初很不容易看出用底边的平方等于其他两个边的平方之和，因为显然这个底边是和最大的角相对的，不过一旦认出了这一点之后，我们就相信二者同样都是真实的。至于上帝，如果我心里事先一点成见也没有，如果我的思维没有被不断出现的可感知的事物所干扰，那么我所认识的事物中我是最早、最容易认识上帝的了。因为，难道还有什么东西比我想有一个上帝，这么一个至上的、完满的存在体这件事，更清楚、明了的吗？因为光是在它的观念里就包含着必然的或永恒的存在性。为了很好地领会这个真理，虽然我费了不少精力，可是现在我不但从这里确实相信了一切在我看来是最可靠的东西。而且，除此之外，我也看出其他一切事物的可靠性也都是以它为基础的；如果没有这种认识就永远不可能完满地知道其他事物。

尽管我一旦非常清楚明了地理解了什么事物，我自然相信它是真的——这是我的本性使然，为了把这件事情弄清楚，我心里不能总是想到一个事物上去。当我不再去考虑促使我作出这样判断的理由时，我经常想起我之前所作出的早期判断。假如我不知道有一个上帝，就有可能出现别的理由使我很容易改变看法，这样一来，对不管什么事物我就永远不能有真实、可靠的知识，而只能有空泛的、靠不住的见解。举例来说，当我考虑三角形的性质时，作为几何学的内行，我显然知道三角形三角之和等于两直角，而且当我运用我的思维证明它的时候，我不可能不相信这一点；可是假如我不知道有一个上帝的存在，只要我的注意力稍微离开证明，虽然我记得我是清清楚楚地理解了它的三角之和等于两直角，我还是很可能会怀疑它的真实性的。因为我可以说服我自己：大自然使我生来就很容易能够在我以为理解得最明显、最可靠的东西上弄错，特别是那些我认为是真实、可靠的事物，后来又因为别的理由的出现使我把这些事物判断成是绝对错误的。

可是当我认识到有一个上帝之后，同时我也认识到一切事物都取决于他，而他并不是骗子，从而我断定凡是我领会得楚楚、分明的事物都是真的，虽然我不再去想我是根据什么理由把一切事物断定为真实的，只要我记得我是把它清楚、分明地理解了，就不能给我提出任何相反的理由使我再去怀疑它，这样我对这个事物就有了一种真实、可靠的知识。这个认识也可以推广到我记得以前曾经证明过的其他一切事物，比如推广到几何学的真理以及其他类似的东西上去。剩下的反驳我的观点是什么呢？是因为我的本性如此，使我老是弄错？可是我已经知道对于认识得清楚、了解了的事物中，我是不会弄错的。是因为我从前把很多东西认为是真实、可靠的，而以后我认识到它们是错的吗？可是这些东西没有一个是我认识得清楚、明白的，而且那时我还不知道使我确实认识真理的这条规律，我是由于一些理由相信了它们，而以后我看出那些理由还不如我当时想象得那么有说服力。还能再有什么可反驳我的吗？是因为也许我睡着了（就像我以前反驳过我自己的那样），或者是因为

我现在的这些想法和我们想象是睡着了时做的梦一样不真实呢？可是，即使我睡着了，凡是明明白白出现在我心里的都是绝对真实的。

因此我非常清楚地认识到，一切知识的可靠性和真实性都取决于对于真实的上帝这个唯一的认识，因而在我认识上帝以前，我是不能完满知道其他任何事物的。而现在我既然认识了上帝，我就有办法取得关于无穷无尽的事物的完满知识，不仅取得关于上帝的那些东西的知识，同时也取得属于几何学家研究范围的物质性质的那些东西。

第六个沉思

论物质性东西的存在以及

论人的灵魂和肉体之间的真正区别

我仍然需要考虑一下是否存在物质性的东西了。不错，既然人们把物质性的东西看成是数学论证的对象，既然我用这种方式把它们领会得十分清楚、分明，这就表明物质性的东西是存在的。因为毫无疑问，凡是我能够领会得清楚、分明的东西，上帝都有能力创造出来，而且我从来没有断定过他有什么做不出来的东西，除非是由于我不能很好地领会。再说，我的想象力是能够让我相信物质的东西存在的。因为当我仔细考虑什么是想象时，我看出它不过是认知功能对向它直接呈现的物体的某种运用，因而这个物体是存在的。

为了把这一点弄得非常明白，我首先看出想象和纯粹理解活动之间的区别。举例来说，当我想象一个三角形时，我不仅领会到这是一个由三条线相连为边组成的形状，而且与此同时，我也仿佛看见这三条线出现在面前，而这正是我所说的想象。如果我要想一个千边形，我当然知道这是一个由一千个边组成的形状，和我了解一个三角形是仅仅由三个边组成的形状同样容易，但是我却不能像我想一个三角形的三个边那样

想一个千边形的一千个边，也不能用眼睛看到这一千个边出现在我面前。而且虽然当我想物质性的东西时，我总是倾向于使用我的想象，于是在我领会一个千边形时，我模模糊糊地表象出一个什么形状；不过这个形状显然并不是一个千边形，因为这个形状跟我想一个万边形或一个有非常多的边的形状时所表象出来的形状没有什么不同，而且决不能用它来发现千边形和别的多边形之间的差别。如果问题在于考虑一个五边形，我当然可以跟一个千边形一样，去理解它的形状，不需要使用想象力；可是我也可以使我的眼睛看到五个边的每一个，以及所组成的图形构成的面积，用这样的办法来想象这个形状。这样我就清清楚楚地认识到我需要特别集中精力来想象，而我不需要特别集中精力去理解；从特别集中精力中显然可以看出想象同纯粹理解活动之间是有差别的。

此外我认为想象力与理解力并不相同，并且对我的本性或对我的精神的本质，也并不是必不可少的；因为，即使我没有这种想象的能力，无疑我仍然会和现在的情况没有什么两样，从而可以断言，它并不取决于我的精神，而是取决于我精神之外的其他东西。而且我也很快地明白，如果说有什么物体存在，而我的精神和它联结得非常紧密，随时都可以调用这种能力，那么就可以用这种方式去想象物质性的东西了。因此，这种思维方式与纯粹的理解活动就不相同了：当理解事物时，精神活动总是回到观念的本身，探寻观念内的问题；而在想象时，它转向物体，并且在物体上考虑某种符合观念本身，或者通过感官来获得观念。我说，我很容易领会到，如果真有相应的物体，想象便是这样产生的，而且，由于我找不到什么别的办法来说明想象是怎么形成的，所以我便推想或许物体本来是存在的；可是，这只能说是“或许”。尽管我仔细检查，从我想象中的这种关于物体本性的清楚观念里，我仍然看不出能够得出任何结论，以证明这类物体存在的必然性。

可是，除了作为数学对象的物质性质以外，我经常想象许多其他的东西，比如颜色、声音、味道、疼痛以及诸如此类的东西，虽然这些事

物对我来说不是很清晰。而且因为通过感官我就能更好地觉察这些东西，并且通过原有的记忆，这些东西就好像直接出现在我的想象之中了。因此，在探究这些东西的同时，我觉得也应该考虑一下什么是感官，看看从我称之为感觉的这种思维方式接收到我的心里来的这些观念里，是不是能得出什么可靠的证据来证明物质性东西的存在。

首先我要提醒自己，我以前通过感官得来的东西有哪些是真的，我是根据哪些理由才相信的；其次，我要检查一下，为什么从那以后，我对这些东西发生疑问的理由；最后我要考虑一下我现在认为它们应该是什么。

因此首先我感觉到我有一个头、两只手、两只脚以及其他组成部分，这在我看来是我自己的一部分或者是我的全部。此外，我感觉到这个肉体存在于其他很多物体之间，它有能力感受到其他物体给它带来的不同种类的舒适和不舒适感觉。我通过某一种愉快或满足欲望的感觉而判断出舒适，通过某一种痛苦的感觉而判断出不舒适。在愉快和痛苦之外，我的肉体内部还能感觉到饥饿、口渴以及其他类似的饮食之欲，我也感觉到对于喜、哀、怒以及其他类似情绪的某些物质性的倾向。在外部，除了物体的大小、形状和运动之外，我还在物体里感觉出软硬、干湿以及其他触摸起来的特性。此外，我在那里感觉出明暗、颜色、声音、气味和滋味，这样便使我把天、地、海以及总而言之其他一切物体都彼此分辨出来。

鉴于出现在我思维里的所有这些具有特性的观念，而且这些观念是我真正、直接感受到的，于是我相信我感觉到了一些从我的思维中直接产生的东西，它们最初源自于这些观念，而这种说法也是合理的。因为这些想法事先没有经过我的同意就产生了，因此不管什么东西，如果它没有通过我的感官表现出来，尽管我很希望能够感受到它，我也感觉不到它；而当它表现在我的感觉器官之一的时候，我根本不可能不感觉到

它。而且因为我通过感官得来的那些观念比起我沉思时所能虚构的任何观念，或者比起我认为印在我的记忆里的任何观念都要生动得多，明显得多，甚至都以其特有的方式表现得清楚得多，看来它们不能是从我心里产生的，所以它们必然是由一些别的什么东西在我心里引起的。既然除了那些观念给我的认识以外，我对那些东西什么认识都没有，那么除非是那些和它们相似的东西，此外我就不能再想到其他的东西了。因为，我也知道我在运用理性之前总是先使用感性，并且我认识到我自己形成的那些观念不如我通过感官得来的观念那么明确，何况那些观念经常也是由我通过感官得来的观念而构成的，所以我便相信在我头脑中的观念都是通过感官得来的。

因此我相信，由于某种特殊权利，这个肉体比其他任何物体都更紧密地属于我，是有道理的。因为，事实上我决不能像分开其他物体一样同我的肉体分开。我可以感受到我的一切饮食之欲和我的一切情感，也能感受到外界对我的各种情感。最后，我也能感受到我身体中每一部分的愉快和痛苦，而对于在其他物体上产生的愉快和痛苦我却全然感受不到。可是，为什么某种莫名的痛苦之感会引起心里的悲伤，感官上愉快之感就引起思维上快乐？或者为什么这种胃的莫名紧张之感（我把它叫作饿）让我想要吃东西，喉咙发干让我想要喝水，以及其他类似的情况为什么会存在呢？这除了是自然这样告诉我的，我找不出别的道理来。因为在胃的紧张和想要吃东西之间，以及引起痛苦的东西的感觉和这个感觉引起悲伤思想之间，没有任何关系（至少，在我了解的范围内没有任何关系）。同样道理，有关我的感官对象所了解的其他东西，也是自然教会我的；在我考量其他的原因以证明这一点之前，我对此是坚信不疑的。

可是以后，许多经历逐渐破坏了我对感官的信任。因为我多次看到，有些塔我远看好像是圆的，而近看却是方的；耸立在塔顶上的巨大塑像从塔底下看却是小小的塑像。无数其他类似的情况使我相信，我根

据外部感官所下的判断是有错误的。不仅如此，就连根据内部感官所下的判断也一样。因为，对于我来说，还有比痛苦更有切肤之感的东西么？可是从前有些把胳臂或腿截去了的人对我说有时他们还感觉到已经截去了的那部分疼，这使我有理由想到，虽然我感觉到我某一个肢体疼，我也不能肯定它疼。除了这些怀疑的理由以外，最近以来我还加上其他两个更为普遍的理由。第一，我醒着时从来没有相信我感觉过我在睡着时有时也以为能感觉的东西；而且，因为我不相信我在睡着时好像感觉的东西是从外部的世界得来的，所以我看不出对于我为什么应该更信任在我醒着时好像感觉的那些东西。第二，既然我还不认识，或者不如说我假装不认识我的存在的创造者，我看不出有什么能够阻止我就是这样由自然构成的，使我甚至在给我表现得最真实的那些东西上弄错。关于以上使我相信可感觉的东西的真实性的那些理由，我可以比较容易地回答这些问题。因为自然给了我很多在道理上使我弄不通的东西，我认为我不应该过于相信自然告诉我的事。而且，虽然我由感官得来的那些观念并不取决于我的意志，我却不认为因此就不应该断言那些观念是从不同于我的东西得出来的，因为也许在我这方面有什么功能是产生这些观念的原因，虽然一直到现在我还不认识它。

可是现在既然我开始更好地认识了我自己，开始更清楚地发现了我的来源的创造者，那么我认为我不应该糊里糊涂地接受感官好像告诉我的一切事物；不过我也不认为我应该把什么都统统拿来怀疑。首先，因为我知道凡是我清楚、分明地领会的东西都能像我所领会的那样是上帝产生的，所以只要我能清楚、分明地领会一个东西，而不牵涉到别的东西，这样就足以确定这一个东西是跟那一个东西有分别或不同的，因为它们是可以分开放置的，至少由上帝的全能把它们分开放置；至于什么力量把它们分开，使我把它们断定为不同的东西，这倒没有关系。结果，就是因为这样，我确实认识到我存在，同时除了我是一个在思维着的东西之外，我又看不出有什么别的东西必然属于我的本质，所以我确实有把握断言我的本质就是由这个构成的，也就是说我是一个在思维的

东西。而且，虽然也许（或者不如说的确像我将要说的那样）我有一个肉体，我和它非常紧密地结合在一起；不过，因为一方面我对我自己有一个清楚、分明的观念，即我只是一个在思维的东西，这个东西不能伸展，而另一方面，我对于肉体有一个分明的观念，即它只是一个能伸展的东西却不能思维，所以肯定的是：这个我，也就是说我的灵魂，是完全、真正跟我的肉体有分别的，灵魂可以没有肉体而存在。

还有，我发现我自身还有几种不同的思维能力，即想象的功能和感觉的功能，没有它们，我虽然能清楚、分明地全部领会我，但是光能理解它们而没有我的存在，也就是说，没有一个它们所附之于其上的理智性实体，我就不能理解它们了。因为，在这些功能的形式概念里包含着某种理智作用。这样，我便理解到它们跟我不相同，物体的模式、风格和物体本身不一样。我也认识到一些其他功能，就像改换地方、采取各种姿势以及类似的其他功能，这些功能和之前提到的几个功能一样，如果没有它们可以依附的实体就不会被人领会，因此，没有这个实体它们就不能存在。可是，显而易见的是，如果这些功能真的存在，那么它们就必然依附于物质性的或有广延的实体之上，而不是依附于一个理智性的实体之上，因为这些功能的准确定义里面确实包含有某种延伸性质，但是却并没有包含理智。

此外，我有某种受动的感觉功能，也就是说，接受和认识可感知东西的观念的功能；可是，如果在我心里或者在别人心里没有一种能动的功能以形成和产生这些观念，那么我就不能使用这种受动的功能。既然我不过是一个在思维的东西，那么这种能动的功能不可能在我心里，而那些观念的存在并不以我的理解为先决条件，甚至经常和我的意愿相反；因此它一定是在不同于我的什么实体里，在那个实体里正式地包含着（如同我以前指出的那样）能动地存在于由这个功能所产生的观念里的全部实在性。这个实体要么是一个物体，也就是说一个形式地、实际地包含了凡是能动地并且通过表象在这些观念里的物质性的东西；要么

是上帝本身，或者别的什么比物体更高贵的造物，在这个造物里卓越地包含着同样的东西。可是，既然上帝不是骗子，那么显然他不会自己直接地，也不会通过什么造物的媒介把这些东西的观念送给我。因为，上帝既然没有给我任何功能来认识这样的事情，相反的，这样便使我更加倾向于相信观念是物质性的东西发出的，或者来自物质性的东西，那么如果事实上这些观念不是来自或产生于物质性的东西而是来自于别的原因，我就看不出怎么能辩解它不是一个骗局。因此，必须承认有物质性的东西存在。虽然如此，它们也许并不完全像我们通过感官所感受到的那样，因为感官的知觉在很多方面是非常模糊不清的；不过至少必须承认凡是我领会得清楚、分明的东西也都包含在这里面了，也就是说，一般说来，那些凡是我清楚地领会的东西也都包含在纯粹的数学之中了。

不过，至于其他东西，有些仅仅是个别的（比如太阳是不是这么大、这样的形状等等）或者被我们领会得不那么清楚、不那么分明的东西（就像光、声音、痛苦以及诸如此类的东西），虽然它们是十分可疑、十分靠不住的，但是可以肯定的是上帝不是骗子，因而他没有允许在我的见解里能有任何错误，这样我就认为能够断言在我心里有确实可靠的办法认识它们，除非上帝又同时给我纠正错误的功能。首先，毫无疑问，凡是自然告诉我的东西都含有某种真实性。因为一般来说，自然，我指的不是别的，而是上帝本身，或者上帝在各造物里所建立的秩序和安排。至于我的本性，我不是指别的东西，而是指上帝所给我的一切东西的总和。

可是没有再比这个自然告诉我的更明白、更显著的了，那就是我有一个肉体，当我感觉痛苦的时候，它就不舒服；当我感觉饿或渴的时候，它就需要吃或喝，等等。因此我决不怀疑在这上面的真实性。

自然也用疼、饿、渴等等感觉告诉我，我不仅像一个舵手住在他的船上一样，存在于我的肉体里，而且除此而外，我和它非常紧密地联结

在一起，融合、掺和得像一个整体一样地结合在一起。因为，假如不是这样，那么当我的肉体受了伤的时候，我（这个仅仅是一个在思维的我）就不会因此感觉到疼，而只会用理智去知觉这个伤，就如同一个舵手用视觉去察看是不是在他的船上有什么东西坏了一样；同样的，当我的肉体需要饮食的时候，我就会直截了当地认识这件事，而不会产生那种模糊的饥渴感觉。因为事实上，所有这些饥、渴、疼等等感觉不过是某些模糊的思维方式，并且就像这样，它们是来自并且取决于精神和肉体的混合。

此外，自然告诉我，我的身体周围还存在着许多别的物体，在这些物体中我应该趋就一些而同时躲避另一些。而且当然，从我感觉的不同种类的颜色、气味、滋味、声音、冷热、软硬等，我确有把握地断言，在产生这些与之对应的不同感官知觉的物体里，彼此之间也是不一样的，即便他们的时间彼此不一样，他们之间也是彼此类似的。而且在不同的感官知觉之间，有些使我舒服，有些使我不舒服，所以我可以得出一个完全可靠的结论，即我的身体（或者就我是由肉体和灵魂组合成的而言，不如说整个的我自己）是能够感受到环境周围的有利的影响和不利的影响的。

可是除此之外，也有许多别的东西，这些东西好像是自然教会我的，但是实际上我并非从自然中领会了这些东西，而是从我的某种随意判断认识了这些东西，这种情况经常容易发生，这样会很轻易导致虚假的因素。举例来说，就如同这个地方没有什么能够触动我感官的东西，我认为一个特定的空间空无一物；又比如说，在一个热的物体里有跟我心里的热的观念相似的什么东西；在一个白的或黑的物体里有我所感觉到的同样的白或黑；在一个苦的或甜的物体里有我所感觉到的同样的味道或滋味，以及其他类似的东西。星体、塔以及其他一切距离远的物体都是像它们在离我们的眼睛很远的地方所表现的那样的形状和大小等等。

可是，为了在这方面把什么东西都领会得清清楚楚，当我说自然告诉我什么东西时，我应该准确地规定一下这个定义。因为我在这里对自然所采用的意义是狭义上的自然定义，比我把上帝给我的一切东西的总体称之为自然的意义狭小，因为那种包罗万象的总体包括了很多只属于精神的东西。我在这里说的自然，不是指那些东西。举例来说，通过自然之光我理解到事情一旦做出来了就不再返回去，以及其他许许多多类似的事情，在这里我就不再考察这一类东西了。

同时，也还有只属于物体的东西，那些东西在这里也不包括在自然的名称之下，比如物体具有重量的性质，以及诸如此类的很多东西，我也并不讨论这些东西。我在这里所讨论的东西也仅仅是指上帝所给的、作为精神和肉体的总和的那些东西。

这个自然确实告诉我躲避给我引起痛苦之感的东西，趋就给我引起愉快之感的东西；可是，除此之外，除非经过精神加以仔细、成熟的检查，我看不出它还告诉我，我们从这些不同的感官知觉里应该对于在我们之外的东西作出什么结论。因为，我认为认识这一类事物的真实性，这只是精神的作用，而不是通过精神与肉体的结合体。比如，星星给我眼睛的印象虽然并不比蜡烛的小小火焰给我的印象大，可是在我心里却绝没有一种实在的或自然的功能使我相信星星并不比蜡烛的火焰大，不过我自幼年起就是一直这样判断的，没有任何合理的根据。虽然在我挨近火的时候感觉到热，在我挨得太近的时候感觉到疼，却没有任何理由可以让我相信火里有什么跟热一样的东西和我所感受到的疼是一样的，我不过是有理由相信火里有什么东西，姑且不管这个东西是什么吧，它能给我带来热或者疼的感觉。同样，在有些空间里虽然我找不出什么能刺激和触动我的感官的东西，可是我不应该因此就断言这些空间里绝对没有物体。不过我看出，不管是在这方面或者在其他许多类似的事情方面，我经常是把自然的秩序给弄坏、弄乱了，这是因为，感官的这些感觉或知觉被放在我里边仅仅是为了警告我的精神什么东西对总和体（精

神是这个总和体的一部分）是有好处或者坏处的，到这里为止，它们本来是相当清楚、相当分明的，可是我却把它们当成好像是非常可靠的、我可以由之而直接认识在我之外的规律一样来使用了，而关于物体的本质或本性，它们能告诉我的却都是非常不清楚的。

可是，我前面已经检查得足够充分了，尽管上帝是至善的，我有时在这一类的判断上仍会有错。在有关自然告诉我应该趋就或躲避的东西上以及在有关自然放在我里边的内部感觉上，到现在还出现困难，因为我有时看出错误，这样我就直接被我的自然所欺骗。举例来说，有人受到了食物美味的欺骗，吞下了藏在食物中的毒药。在上面的例子中，人受到自然的驱使，去追求任何味道可口的东西，并没有让人吃他所不知道的毒药。因而我只能由这件事得出这样的结论，即这个自然不能全能地、普遍地认识所有的事物。这当然是没有什么奇怪的，因为人既然是一种有限的自然物，就只能有有限完满性的认识。

不过我们有时也在我们直接由自然得到的那些东西上弄错，就像有时病人希望吃喝可能对他们有害的东西一样。在上面的例子中，人们可能会得出这样的结论，引起他们弄错的是因为他们的本性已经紊乱了。可是这样却不能解决什么问题，因为一个病人也和健康的人一样，同样也是上帝的造化；这样一来，如果说那些生病的人被上帝赋予了具有欺骗性的本性，这是非常有争议的了。就像一个由轮子和摆装组成的钟表一样，当这个钟表做得不好，不能完全满足钟表工匠的希望来指示好时间时，也是同样准确地遵守自然的一切规律的；同样的，如果我把人的肉体看成是由骨骼、神经、筋肉、血管、血液和皮肤组成的一架机器一样，即使里边没有精神，也并不妨碍它以跟现在完全一样的方式来运作，这时它不是由意志指导，因而也不是由精神协助，而仅仅是由它的各个器官的安排来运作。因此我很容易认识到，既然这个身体，比如说，是水肿病患者，他自然就由于喉咙发干感到难受，喉咙发干习惯地给精神渴的感觉，因而趋向于引动他的神经和其他部分让他要求喝水，

这样一来就增加他的病痛，害了他自己，这和他没病时由于喉咙发干而喝水以适应身体的需要是同样自然的。虽然我看到一个钟表被造这个钟表的人指定了它的用途，我可以说，如果这个钟表走得不准，那是因为它违反了它的本性，这和我把人体这架机器看成是上帝做成的，使它在自身里有它应有的一切运动，虽然我有理由意识到，如果它的喉咙发干，没有按照它的本性的秩序办事，喝了有害于保持它健康的东西，是一样的。可是我认识到，用后一种方式去解释本性和用前一种方式解释本性很不相同。因为后一种方式不是一种单纯的称号问题，它完全取决于我的思维，是我的思维把一个病人和一座做坏了的钟表拿来跟我关于一个健康的人和一个做好了的钟表的观念相比较，而且它决不意味着任何存在于它所指的东西里的东西；相反，用前一种方式来解释本性，我是指某种真正存在于那些东西里的东西，可以说它并不是没有真实性的。

可是，从一个水肿病患者的身体本质来看，当然这不过是一种外部的名称问题，这是因为它的本性坏了，因为人们说在不需要喝水的情况下，它的喉咙仍然发干，可是这个命名显然是人们随便添加上去的。虽然如此，可是从整个的总和来看，即从精神或灵魂和肉体的结合来看，这就并不是一个单纯的命名问题了，实际上纯粹是一个本性上的错误，当口渴时喝水对身体是非常有害的。这样一来，还有待于去检查的就是，像这样的人的本性既然是虚伪的、骗人的，善良的上帝为什么没有能够阻止这件事情。

我首先看出精神和肉体有很大差别，这个差别在于，就其性质来说，肉体永远是可分的，而精神完全是不可分的。因为事实上，当我考虑我的精神（也就是说，作为仅仅是一个在思维的东西的我自己）的时候，我在精神上不能分出各个部分来，我认识到我自己是一个单一、完整的东西。而且尽管整个精神似乎和整个肉体结合在一起，可是当一只脚或者一只胳臂或别的什么部分从我的肉体截去的时候，肯定从我的精

神上并没有截去什么东西。愿望、感觉、领会等功能，其作为精神的一部分也没有被截去，因为只有这唯一的一个思维来从事于愿望、感觉、领会等活动。可是物质性的或者有广延的东西就完全相反；因为凡是物质性的、有广延的东西，都能通过我的思维被分成不同的部分。如果我还没有从别处知道，那么这一点就足以告诉我人的精神或灵魂是和肉体完全不同的。

其次，我还看出精神并不直接受到肉体各个部分的影响，它仅仅受到大脑或者甚至大脑的一个最小的部分之一，即行使他们称之为“共同感官”这种功能的那一部分的影响，每当那一部分以同样方式感受时，就使精神感觉到同一的东西，虽然这时候肉体的其他部分可以有不同的感受，这种情况已经被无数的经验所证明了，在这里就不必一一细说了。

此外我还看出，物体的性质是这样的，即它的任何一个部分不能被有隔开一定距离的部分推动，除非尽管这个离得较远的部分不动，它可以被其他别的东西所移动。举例来说，在一条完全抻开的绳子上有甲、乙、丙、丁四个部分，如果丁这段被拉动了，那么在另一端的甲也会跟着一块儿动起来，它动的方式与抻动中间的乙部分或者丙部分同时丁保持不动的方式一样。和这个情况相同的是，当我觉得脚上疼的时候，物理学告诉我，这个感觉是通过分布在脚上的神经传来的，这些神经就像绳子一样从脚上一直通到大脑里，当它们在脚上被抻动的时候，同时也抻动了大脑里边这些神经的起点和终点的那个地方，并且在那里刺激起来为了使精神感觉疼而制定的某一种运动，就好像疼是在脚上似的。可是因为这些神经要从脚上通到大脑里，就一定经过腿、臀部、腰部、背和颈，所以也有这样的可能，即虽然它们在脚上的末端并没有被抻动，而仅仅抻动它们经过腰或颈的某些部分，也会在大脑里刺激起一些和脚上受伤所接到的同样运动，然后精神也将必然觉得脚上疼，就好像脚上受了伤似的。我们的感官的其他各种知觉，情况也应该是这样的。

最后我看出，在影响着思维的大脑中产生的任何一个活动都只能引起某一个感觉，这样一来，能够想到的最佳的安排方式就是这个运动在它能够引起一切感觉之间，只能引起使精神感到最真正、对于维持人体的健康最通常有用的那个感觉。经验使我们认识到，自然所赋予我们的一切感觉就是像我刚才说的那样，因而在这些感觉里边表现出来的无非都是产生它们的上帝的能力和善心。这样，例如当脚上的神经比平时更强烈地动起来的时候，这些神经的运动经过脊椎一直到大脑，在大脑那里给精神一个信号使精神感觉到什么东西，比如在脚上的疼痛，精神就因此受到刺激，尽可能驱除疼的原因，把这个原因当成是对于脚非常危险、非常有害的东西。上帝可以把人的本性建立成这样的，即同样是这个运动，它在大脑里使精神感觉到其他不同的东西，举例来说，这个运动或许在大脑里，或许产生在脚上了，也许在脚和大脑之间别的什么地方，也许不管它是什么别的东西，不过所有这些都比不上它使精神感觉到那样好地有助于保存肉体的东西了。同样，当我们需要喝水的时候，它就在喉咙里发干，这就运动它的神经，用神经运动大脑里面的一些部分，这个运动使精神有渴的感觉，因为在这个过程中，没有别的比知道我们需要喝水来保存我们的健康更有用的东西了。其他情况也一样。

从以上这些就可以明显地看出，尽管有上帝的至善，由精神和肉体组合而成的人的本性，有的时候不可避免地显示出欺骗性。因为如果有什么原因不是在脚上，而是从脚一直到大脑抻起来的神经的某一个部分上，或者甚至在大脑里，刺激起来通常和脚不舒服时所刺激起来的是同样运动，那么人们将感觉到疼，就和疼是在脚上一模一样，感官就自然地要受骗了；因为既然在大脑里的一个同样运动只能在精神里引起一个同样的感觉，而这个感觉是脚受伤了的一个原因所刺激比在别处的原因所刺激的时候多得多，那么这个运动把脚疼而不是什么别的部分疼带给精神，这样说总算是更合理一些吧。而且喉咙发干不是像平常那样总是由于喝水对于身体的健康是必要的原因，而是有时由于什么完全相反的原因，就像患水肿病人所遭遇的那种情况，即使是这样，喉咙发干在这

地方骗人也总比相反地当身体没有不舒服时骗人要好得多。其他情况也一样。

当然，这个考虑对我有很大好处，不仅体现在使我认识到我的本性可能犯的各种错误上，同时也体现在使我避免错误或者改正错误上。因为在对身体是否合适这一方面，我的各个感官告诉我的多半是真实的而不是虚假的，并且我总是使用多种感官来检查一种事物。而且，除此之外，我还能运用记忆，我的记忆把当前的一些认识和过去的一些认识关联起来，我也能利用我的理智，我的理智已经发现了我的各种错误的一切原因，那么从今以后我就不必害怕我的感官最经常告诉我的那些东西是假的了。而且我应该把我这几天的一切怀疑都抛弃掉，把它们都当作是言过其实、荒谬绝伦的东西，特别是把有关我过去不能把清醒和梦境分别开来的那种非常普遍不肯定的态度抛弃掉，因为我现在从这上面看出一种非常显著的区别，这个区别在于我们的记忆决不能像它习惯于把我们醒着时所遇到的那些事情连接起来那样，把我们的各种梦互相连接起来，把它们跟我们生活的连续性连接起来。而且事实上，假如有人在我醒着时突然出现在我面前又突然不见了，就像我在睡着时所见到的情景那样，我看不出他是从什么地方来的，也看不出他到什么地方去了，那么我就把他看成是在我大脑里形成的一个怪影或者一个幽灵，和我睡着时在大脑里形成的那些怪影或者幽灵一样，而不会把他看成是一个真人，这也并不是没有道理的。可是，当我知觉到一些东西，我清清楚楚地认识到它们是从什么地方来的，它们在什么地方，它们出现在我面前的时间，并且我能把我对它们产生的感觉毫无间断地同我生活的其余部分连接起来，那么我就完全可以肯定我是在醒着的时候而不是梦中知觉到它们。而且，如果在唤起我所有的感官、我的记忆和我的理智去检查这些东西之后，这些东西之中的任何一个告诉我的都没有任何东西跟其余的那些所告诉我的不一致，那么我就决不应该怀疑这些东西的真实性。因为，从上帝不是骗子这件事得出来的必然结果是，我在这方面并没有受骗。然而，由于事情的必然性经常迫使我们在我们得抽出时间在

把这些事情加以非常仔细地检查之前去决定，那么就必须承认人生是有可能经常在那些个别的事情上犯错误的；并且最后，必须承认我们的本性存在着缺陷和弱点。

反驳和答辩（节选）

第一组反驳

（a）请问：一个观念的存在是否需要原因？或者请你告诉我，观念，到底是什么东西。就其客观地存在于理智之中而言，观念本身是被思考的东西吗？但是，客观地存在理智之中又是什么意思？如果我理解的没错的话，这就是按照一个对象的方式完成理智的行为；实际上，这无非是对其命名的调整，并没有给这个观念本身增加什么实在的东西。因为，就像被看见一样，在我心里不过是看的动作向我延伸，同样，被思维或者被客观地放在理智之中，这本身就是把思维终止或者使它停下；这在事物本身上用不着什么运动和改变，甚至用不着事物存在。我要问了，一个现实并不存在，或者说仅仅是一个缥缈的名字的“存在”需要什么原因呢？

虽然如此，这个伟大的人物说：当一个观念包含一个特定的客观实际性而非其他时，它无疑地要有什么原因。恰恰相反，什么原因也没有！因为客观实在性是一个纯粹的称号，它在现实上并不存在。可是，一个原因所给予的影响是实在的、现实的；现实不存在的东西并不能有原因，从而既不能取决于也不能产生任何真正的原因，也决不要求原因。因此，我有一些观念，可是这些观念没有原因，也绝对说不上存在一个比我更大的，本身无限的原因了。

（b）虽然人们同意，一件自然而然就在那里的东西，就已经暗示着它的存在，可是这不等于说这种存在性在大自然里就现实地是什么东西，而仅仅是，“存在”这个概念无可分割地和这个“至上存在体”联系到了一起。你无法由此推断出上帝的存在是实实在在的一件东西，除非你

假定上帝是存在了的“至上存在体”。那样一来，它将包含一切完满性，甚至也包括了“现实存在”的完满性。

对第一组反驳的答辩

（a）我原先在什么地方曾经提及过，就其客观地存在于理智之中而言，观念就是领会或想到的东西本身。对于这句话，他故意理解的和我所说的有所不同，以便给我机会再清楚地解释一下。他说：客观地在理智之中，这就是按照对象化的方式来确定理智的行为，这无非是对其命名，并没有给观念本身增加什么实在的东西等等。大家应该注意到，他的意思是这件事情本身是在理智之外；这也是为什么他说那无非是对其命名。但是我所说的观念从来就不是理智之外的，所以，客观地存在只意味着它是以对象习惯在那里存在着的方式而存在于理智之中的。就好像如果有人问我，太阳，存在于我的客观理智中，对它而言会发生什么？最好的回答便是，除了他被外部的东西命名之外，什么也没发生，即它以一个对象的方式完结了我的理智的活动。但是如果人们问我，太阳的观念是什么，那么这又是什么东西呢？而人们回答说这就是被思维的那个东西本身，就其是客观地在理智之中而言，没有人会把它理解为就是太阳本身，就其是这个外部的名称在理智之中而言。而“客观地在理智之中”也并不意味着以一个对象的方式完结的活动，而是意味着以这些东西经常在那里的方式而在理智之中，这样一来太阳的观念就是太阳本身存在于理智之中，不是形式地，就像它在天上那样，而是客观地，也就是说以对象经常存在的方式而在理智之中。不错，这种存在的方式比什么东西存在于理智之外的方式要不完满得多，可是这并不是一个纯粹的什么都不是，就像我从前说过的那样。

当这位学识渊博的神学家说上面的说法有歧义时，他好像是想要提醒我刚刚说过的话，以免我不小心忘记。他说，首先以观念的形式存在于理智之中的这样一个东西并不是一个实体，也就是说，不是存在于理

智之外的什么东西。这话不错。然后他又说，这并不是虚构的东西，或者说一个由理论推论出来的存在体，而是被清楚领会的一个实在的东西；通过这几句话，他完全接受了我所提出的东西。不过他接着说：这个东西仅仅是被领会的，而在现实上并不存在（也就是说，它仅仅是一个观念，而不是在理智之外的什么东西），它可以被领会，但是它不能被什么原因所引起，也就是说，它存在于理智之外这一点，并不需要原因。这一点我承认，不过为了被领会，它当然需要原因，而这就是问题所在。

比如，如果有人在心里有一个什么非常精巧机器的观念，人们有理由问是什么让人产生了这种想法；如果有人说这个机器在理智之外根本不存在，它也不能被什么原因所引起或者被领会的，这种说法是不会令人满意的；因为人们在这里问的唯一问题就是这个东西之所以被领会的原因是什么。有人说理智本身就是它的原因，因为它是自己活动的原因，这样的回答似乎也不尽人意。因为人们对于这一点并不怀疑，而争论的焦点只是在机器里面的客观人工技术的原因。因为这个观念会有这样一个而不是那样一个客观人工技术，它无疑要有一个原因。而具体技术在这个观念方面是和在上帝的观念的客观实在性或完满性方面是一致的。人们可以给这个技术指定各种原因；可能是某个实在的、相似的机器，这个观念就是模仿这个机器做成的；或者是在那个具有这个观念的人的理智之中的、对于机械的丰富的知识，或者也许是那个人的一个巧妙创造，能够在没有背景知识的情况下发明这个机器。必须指出，任何技巧（仅仅是客观地在这种观念之中）都必然要，或形式或卓越地，存在于它的原因之中，不管这种原因是什么。同样，关于上帝的观念的客观实在性也应该以同样的方式被理解。但是假如上帝不是真实存在的话，那么这个全部的实在性或者完满性能够在什么地方呢？

这位才华超众的人已经看到了所有这些事情；这就是为什么他十分合理地问道：为什么是这个观念而不是那个观念含有这种客观实在性；

对于这个问题他首先回答说：一切观念都和我说过的关于三角形的观念一样，即，即使也许世界上任何地方都没有三角形，可是这并不妨碍有三角形的某一种确定不移的性质，或形式，或本质；这种性质是不需要原因的。不过他意识到，他所判断的并不能令人满意；因为，即使三角形的性质是不变的、永恒的，这并不能停止人们追问它的观念为什么在我们心中。因此他接着说：不过如果你们硬要我说出一个道理，我将告诉你们这是因为我们理智的本身就是不完满的，等等。不过这一回答，好像就意味着，那些想在这里反对我的人拿不出令人信服的东西来回应。显而易见的是，我们精神的不完满性才是上帝的观念在我们心中的缘故，并不比这样一件事更有道理，即我们想象一个非常精巧的机器而不去想象一个不完满的机器是由于对机器的无知。刚好相反，如果有人有一个关于机器的观念，在这个观念里含有人们可能想象出来的全部技巧，那么人们就有理由以此推论出这个观念是从一个原因产生的，在这个原因里确实的、有全部可想象的技巧，虽然这种技巧仅仅是客观的而不是事实上存在于这个观念之中的。同样道理，既然我们在心里有上帝这样一个观念，在这个观念里含有人们所能领会到的全部完满性，那么人们就可以由此轻易地得出结论，说这个观念取决于并产生于某些原因，这个原因本身真正地含有全部此种完满性，即上帝实际存在的这种完满性。

（b）我的论据是：只要是我们能够清楚地、分明地领会，属于什么东西的常住不变的、真正的本性，或本质，或形式的事物，那么就可以真正地说，这是属于这个事物的；可是，在我们足够仔细地追问上帝是什么的时候，我们能够清楚、明白地意识到他的存在是属于他真正、常住不变的本性，所以我们能够真正地肯定他的存在；至少这个结论的得出是符合前提的。不过这个大前提现在不能否定，因为大家已经在这上面达成了共识，即：凡是我们清楚、分明地理解或领会的东西都是真实的。剩下的问题就只有小前提了，我承认这方面是有不少困难的。首先，因为我们是如此习惯于在其他一切东西里把存在同本质加以区别，

却不大注意存在性怎么属于上帝的本质而不属于其他东西的本质；其次，由于我们不习惯把那些属于什么的、真实的、常住不变的本质的东西同那些仅仅由于我们理智的幻想而归之于它的东西加以区别，那么，虽然我们相当清楚地看出存在性是属于上帝的本质，我们却不能由此而得出结论说上帝存在，因为我们不知道他的本质是否是常住不变的、真实的，或者他的本质是否仅仅是由我们的精神虚构的、捏造的。

不过，为了排除这个困难的第一部分，必须在可能的存在性和必然的存在性之间加以区别，并且指出可能的存在性是包含在我所清楚、分明地领会的一切东西的概念或观念里，而必然的存在性只是包含在上帝的观念里。只要是仔细地考虑在上帝的观念同其他一切观念之间的区别的人，会毫无疑问地看出以下的事实，即：虽然我们仅仅把其他东西领会为是存在的，但这并不意味着它们确实存在，而只说明它们有能力存在；因为我们领会到，现实的存在性与这些东西的其他特性间的关联不是必然的，而从我们清楚地领会现实的存在性是必然地、永远地和上帝其他属性联结在一起的，随之而来的必然是上帝存在。

为了排除困难的另外一个部分，必须注意不包含真实、常住不变的本性而只包含虚构、由理智组合成的那些观念，他们可以被理智本身，不仅用它的思维，而且用一种清楚、分明的活动，加以分割；这样一来，不能被理智这样分割的东西就无疑地不是由它组合而成的。举例来说，当我想象一个带翅膀的马，或者一个现实存在的狮子，或者在一个正方形里画出的三角形时，我很容易领会到，我也可以完全相反地想出来一个没有翅膀的马，一个不存在的狮子，一个不带正方形的三角形，从而这些东西没有真实的、常住不变的本性。如果我想出来一个三角形，或一个正方形（我在这里不去说狮子和马，因为它们的本质还没有完全被认识），那么当然，凡是我认为属于三角形这个观念的东西，比如它的三角之和等于二直角，等等，我都将真实地肯定它是一个三角形，并且凡是我认为属于正方形这个观念的东西都是属于正方形的；因

为，对于领会一个三角形，虽然我可以把思维限制到无论如何我只能领会三角之和等于二直角，我却不能用一种清楚、分明的活动，也就是说清楚并理解我所说的，去从它身上否定这个东西。还有，如果我考虑一个画在正方形里边的三角形，不是为了把只属于三角形的东西归给正方形，或者把属于正方形的东西归给三角形，而是仅仅为了检查由二者的结合而产生的东西，那么由三角形和正方形组合起来的这个图形的本性就不会不如只是正方形或者只是三角形的本性真实、不变。这样一来我就可以一点不错地确认正方形并不比里边的三角形的两倍小，对于属于这个组合成的图形的本性的其他东西来说，道理是一样的。

可是，如果我考虑一个非常完满的物体的观念，这里包含着存在性，这是因为在事实上存在，同时也在理智中存在，比只是在理智中存在有更大的完满性，我就不能由此断言这个非常完满的物体存在，而只能说有存在的能力。因为我清楚地认识到这个观念是由我的理智本身作出来的，理智把一切物体性的完满性都结合在一起了；同样，存在性并不从包含在物体的本性中的其他完满性中得出来，相反，我们既可以肯定它们存在，也可以否定它们存在。由于在检查物体的观念时，我在物体里边看不出有任何力量足以使它自己产生自己或者自己保存自己，我就可以很肯定地断言必然的存在性（问题在这里只在于这种存在性），尽管它是多么完满，和它属于一个没有谷的山的本性，或者属于一个比二直角更大的三角形的本性是一样的不合适的。

如果现在我们问的，不是关于一个物体，而是关于一个不拘泥于任何形式的东西，它本身具有一切完满性，是否存在性应该被算在这些完满性里，我们应该在最开始的时候就怀疑这样的事情。由于我们有限的思维只习惯于把那些完满性分别考虑，也许无法瞬间注意到他们之间必然的紧密联系。可是，如果我们仔细地考查一下，即：存在性是否，以及什么样的存在性适合于“至上存在体”，我们就会清楚、分明地认识到如下事实。首先，可能的存在性至少对它是合适的，就像我们具有清晰

观念的其他东西一样，甚至对那些由我们的精神幻想组合而成的东西都适合一样；现在如果我们认知到他强大的力量，我们无法想到它的存在性是可能的，除非，与此同时我们能够认知它是依靠自己力量存在的。我们就会由此断言它实实在在地存在，它曾经是完全永恒地存在。非常明显的，自然之光告诉我们，能够依靠自己力量存在的，就会永远存在；这样，我们将认识到必然的存在性是包含在一个“至上存在体”的观念里，不是由于理智的虚构，而是由于它属于这样一个存在体的真实、不变的本性而存在；我们也将很容易认识到，这个“至上存在体”不可能在他自身内不包含上帝观念里的其他一切完满性，因此，它们都是由于其本性，不是由于理智的任何虚构而联结在一起的，并且存在于上帝之中。

第二组反驳

（a）你认识到你是一个在思维着的东西，可是你不知道这个在思维着的东西是什么。你怎么知道这不是一个物体，由于它的各种不同的运动和接触而做出我们称之为思维的这种行动呢？因为，虽然你认为你已经抛弃掉了一切种类的物体，但是你可能在这里犯了一个错误，即，你并没有把你自己抛弃掉，而你自己也很可能只是一个物体。你如何证明一个物体不能思维，或者某些物体性的运动不是思维的本身呢？为什么你认为已经抛弃掉的肉体的全部系统，或者这个系统的某几个部分，比如说大脑那些部分，不能有助于做成我们称之为思维的那些种类的运动呢？你说，我是一个在思维着的东西：可是你怎么知道你不也是一个物体性的运动或者一个被移动的物体呢？

（b）既然你还不确切地知道上帝的存在，而且你不能肯定你是那种确定的东西，或者说你对任何事物有任何清楚、明确的认知，除非你能预先明确、清楚地知晓上帝的存在，由此推演，你无法清楚地知道你是一个思考着的东西，按照你的说法，这种认识取决于对一个存在的上

帝的清楚认识，而这种认识你还没有在你确定清楚地认识你是什么的那些地方证明过。

此外，一个无神论者清楚、分明地知道三角形三角之和等于二直角，但是他决不信上帝存在，并完全否认它的存在，他说，假如上帝存在，那就会有一个至上的存在体和一个至上的善，也就是说，一个无限；然而，在一切种类的完满性上，这种无限排除一切其他完满性，不仅排除一切种类的存在体和善，而且也排除一切种类的非存在体和恶。鉴于仍然有许多存在体和许多善，也仍然有许多非存在体和许多恶，我们认为你应该给予回应才好，使不信神的人再没有可反驳的，再没有什么可被用作他们不信神的借口。

（c）你如何知道，自己在清楚、分明认识的东西上从来没被蒙蔽，而且也不会被蒙蔽？多少次我们看到有人在他们认为比太阳还清楚的一些事物上受蒙蔽？由此可见，需要把清楚、分明的认识这条原则解释得非常清楚、分明，使但凡有理智之人不会在他们认为知道得清楚、分明的事物上受蒙蔽。

（d）当你对前一组反驳作出回应时，你得出的结论似乎不正确，结论如下：那些被我们清楚、分明地理解，属于什么事物常住不变的、真实的本性，可以被真正地理解为是属于这事物的；但当我们足够仔细地观察了上帝是什么之后，我们清楚、分明地理解他的存在是属于他真正、常住不变的本性。于是你可以得出如下结论：在我们足够仔细地观察了上帝是什么之后，我们能够确认这个真理，即上帝的存在是属于他的本性的。这并不等于说上帝事实上存在，而只能说他应该存在，如果他的本性是可能的或者不相矛盾的话。也就是说，上帝的本性或本质不能领会为没有存在性，鉴于这种本质存在，他就实际上存在。这和其他的某些论证不谋而合：如果在上帝的存在上没有矛盾，那么上帝存在就是肯定的；而在上帝之存在上没有矛盾。但问题在于小前提，即：上帝

之存在没有矛盾，那些不同意的人中有些持怀疑态度，另外一些就干脆否认。

（e）从灵魂与肉体的区别上似乎不能得出灵魂是不可毁灭的或不死的这个结论来；若是灵魂的本性因肉体生命的长短而受到限制呢？若是上帝曾赋予自身力量和存在性使它同肉体一起完结呢？

对第二组反驳的答辩

（a）你们又问：我如何论证物体不能思维。如果我回答说我还没有谈到这个问题，就请你们谅解我，因为要到第六个沉思时我才会谈这个问题。我是用如下几句话论述的：我能够清楚、分明地领会一个东西而不牵涉到别的东西，就足以确定这一个东西和那一个东西有所不同，等等，后面不远的地方又谈道：

虽然我有一个肉体，我和它非常紧密地结合在一起，不过，一方面我对我自己有一个清楚、分明的观念，即我只是一个在思维的东西而没有延伸空间，而另一方面，我对于肉体有一个清楚、分明的观念，即它只是一个有延伸空间的东西而不能思维，所以肯定的是这个我，也就是我的精神或我的灵魂，即我之所以为我的那个东西，是完全、真正跟我的肉体有分别的，它可以没有肉体而存在。

在这上面可以加上一句：凡是能够思维的就是精神，或者就叫作精神。由于身体和精神是实际上有分别的，那么任何身体都不是精神。所以任何物体都不能思维。

在这上面我看不出有什么是你们可以否认的；是因为你觉得我们清楚地领会一个东西而不牵涉到另外一个东西就不足以知道它们实际上是有分别的吗？要是那样的话，你应该提供一些能够分辨真正不同的标准，但我很肯定，你给不出来。你们又会说什么呢？如果两个东西能够

不依托于对方而存在，他们就真的有分别了吗？可是我再问你们，你们怎么知道一个东西可以不依托另一个而存在？如果这是一个分别的标准，人们应该知道它。也许你们会说：感官使你们知道，因为你们看见两个东西彼此分离，不依附，或者你们摸到了它，等等。可是对感官的信任比对理智的信任更不可靠；同一个东西可能以不同的方式给我们的感官表现出各种不同的形式，或者在几个地方表现为几种样子，这样它就被当作是两个。最后，如果你们还记得我在第二个沉思的末尾说过的关于蜡的话，你们就会知道物体本身不能真正地被感官认识，而只能被理智认识；因此，感觉一个东西而不牵涉到另一个东西无非是一个东西的观念，即这个观念和另外一个东西的观念不是同一的。我们只能从这样一个事实来理解，一个东西在不受另一个东西的影响下可以被感知，而且只有一个东西在不牵涉到另一个东西也能被领会的情况下才能被认识。这样一来，关于“真正的区分”的标准就应该还原到我的标准上才是靠得住的。

（b）当我说我们不能确切地认识上帝，除非我们预先知道他的存在时，我声明，我谈论的只是那些不用考虑前提条件就能推导出结论的知识。但是逻辑学家还没有把原理的知识称作科学知识的习惯。但当我们发觉我们是在思维着的东西时，这是一个第一概念，这个概念并不是从任何三段论式推论出来的。即使有人说：我思维，所以我存在，他因思维而得出存在这个结论并不是根据三段论式，而是从一种不言自明的简单精神洞察出来的。从以下的事实看，事情是很明显的，如果他是从一种三段论式推论出来的，他必须预先认识这个大前提：思维的东西都存在。然而，他是从他不存在就不能思维这个事实体会到这一点的。由个别的认识推论出广泛通用的命题，这是我们精神的本性。

（c）我们一旦认为清楚地领会了一件事情，我们就自然地相信它。如果这种信念坚强到我们永远没有任何理由怀疑那些像这样相信的东西的程度的话，那么就没有任何东西要去进一步追寻了，我们已经有

了我们希望的一切。如果也许有人硬说我们如此强烈相信其真实性的东西在上帝眼里或者在天使眼里是有偏差的，并且因此说他是完全错误的，这跟我们有什么关系呢？既然我们根本不相信，也没有丝毫有力的证据，我们为什么要在意这样一个绝对的错误？我们坚信一个信念，坚信到不可动摇的程度，那么这个信念就成了非常可靠的真理。

但人们可能会怀疑是否有人有像这样的可靠性，或者某种坚定不移的信念。

当然，人们不能对于模糊不清的东西有什么信念，即使是一点点的模糊不清也不行；因为不管是什么样的模糊不清都是使我们对这些东西产生怀疑的原因。对于由感觉得来的东西也不能有信念，因为我们经常发现感官会出现偏差，就像一个水肿病人口渴或者有黄疸病的人看雪是黄色的，那个人看雪清楚、分明的程度不比我们差，而我们看雪却是白色的。因此，如果人们能够有信念，那仅仅是精神领会得清楚、明白的东西。

可是，在这些东西里边，有一些是那么清楚，同时又是那么简单，以致我们不可能认为它们不是真的。例如，当我思维时我存在；做了的事情无法回到没做的状态；以及诸如此类的东西。对于这些东西，我们显然是有十足把握的。因为如果我们不想那些东西，我们就不能怀疑它们；但如果我们不相信它们是真的，我们就决不会想到它们，就像我刚才说的那样。所以如果不同时相信它们是真的，我们就不能怀疑它们，也就是说，我们永远没办法怀疑它们。

我们时常遇到有些人在他们以为比看见太阳还清楚的一些事物上弄错，这也没有什么用处；因为，不管是我们或者任何人都没有看见过这样的事情发生在那些能够单独从他们理智知觉中得出全部清楚、分明性的人的身上，只看见过这样的事情发生在那些从感官或者从什么错误的偏见中得出全部清楚、分明性的人的身上。

想要假装认为这样的事情在上帝或者天使看来是错误的，也没什么用，因为我们知觉的明显性决不允许我们去相信如此假装的人。

还有一些其他东西，我们不能怀疑它们，因为我们的理智，根据我们已有的理解能力，对它们领会得十分清楚；但是，我们可能忘记那些原因，并且记住从这些原因推论出的结论，人们问道，对于这些结论，在我们记得它们是从一些非常明显的原则推论出来的时候，是否能够有一个坚定不移的信念；因为这个记忆必须设定，以便这些结论能够被称之为结论。我回答说，只有那些认识上帝到如此程度，以致他们知道由上帝给予的理解功能只能以真理作为对象的人，才能够对于这些结论有一个坚定不移的信念；不过其他人不能够有这样的信念。

（d）当批评我由一个三段论式构建的结论时，你们好像犯了一个错误。因为，为了得出你们所要的结论，大前提应该是这样的：凡是被我们清楚、分明地领会为属于某事物本性的东西，都能真正地被说成或者被肯定为是属于这个事物的本性。这样一来，这个大前提除了无用的、多余的重复以外，没有包含什么东西。可是我的论据的大前提是这样的：凡是被我们清楚、分明地领会为属于某事物本性的东西，都能真正地被说成或者被肯定为是属于这个东西的。这就是说，如果“是动物”属于人的本性，那么可以肯定人是动物；如果三角之和等于二直角属于三角形的本性，那么就可以肯定三角形三角之和等于二直角；如果存在属于上帝的本性，那么就可以肯定上帝存在，等等。小前提是这样的：而存在是属于上帝的本性的。从这里显然必须得出像我所说的那样的结论，即：所以我们可以真正地肯定说上帝存在，而不是像你们所想那样：所以我们可以真正地肯定说存在是属于上帝本性的。

这样，为了能够使用你们提出的特例，你们本来应该否认大前提，说我们清楚地理解什么是属于东西的本性，不能因此就被说成是或被肯定是属于这个东西，除非是它的本性是可能的，或者不矛盾的。不过，

我请你们看一看这个特例的缺点。因为，要么是你们用可能这个词，像一般人所做的那样，指的是凡是与人类思想不相矛盾的东西，在这种意义上，上帝的本性，按照我所描写的方式来说，显然是可能的，因为在上帝的本性身上，除了我们清楚、分明地领会为应该属于他的东西以外，我并没有假定什么东西，这样我就没有假定什么与思想或人类概念相矛盾的东西；要么是你们假想出什么其他的可能性，从对象本身来说，这种可能性如果与前一种可能性相矛盾，就决不能被人类理智所认识，从而它就和否定人的认识中的其他一切东西一样，没有什么力量来迫使我们去否定上帝的本性或者上帝的存在。因为，如果把上帝的本性是可能的这件事加以否定，虽然从概念或从思想方面来说没有什么不可能，可是相反，凡是包含在上帝本性的这个概念里的东西都是如此地互相衔接，以致如果说其中有某一个不属于上帝的本性，这对我们来说似乎是矛盾的；因此，如果上帝的本性是可能的这件事可以去否定，那么同样道理，也可以去否定一个三角形三角之和等于二直角是可能的，或者现实在思维的人存在是可能的；尤有甚者，人们甚至可以否定凡是我们由感觉知觉到的一切东西都是真的。那样一来，人类的一切知识都将既无丝毫理由，又无任何根据而被完全推翻。

（e）至于你们补充说，从灵魂与肉体之间的区别不能得出灵魂不死这个结论来，因为虽然有区别，可是人们可以说上帝把灵魂做成这样一种性质，使它的延续时间和肉体的生命的延续时间同时完结，我承认我没有什么可答辩的，因为我没有那么大的胆量去企图用人类的推理力量来规定一个只取决于上帝的纯粹意志的东西。自然的认识告诉我们精神是与物体有别的，精神是一种实体；同时，人的肉体，就其与其他物体有别而言，不过是由某一种外形的肢体以及诸如此类的偶性组合而成；最后，肉体的死亡仅仅取决于形状的某种分解或改变。然而，我们没有任何论据也没有任何例证使我们相信，像精神这样一个实体的死亡或毁灭必须遵循这样一个微不足道的原因，如形状的改变，而形状的改变不过是一个样态，更何况这个样态又不是精神的样态，而是与精神实

际上有别的肉体的样态。我们甚至没有任何论据或例证可以使我们相信有些实体是可以被毁灭的。这就足以得出结论说，人的精神或灵魂，按其能够被自然哲学所认识的程度来说，是不死的。

可是如果有人问道，是否也许上帝用他的绝对能力，规定了人的灵魂会因它与之联合的肉体的毁灭而同时停止存在？这只能由上帝自己来回答。既然他现在向我们启示这样的事不会发生，关于这件事我们不应该再有任何怀疑了。

证明方式是双重的：一个是由分析法或决定法做的，一个是由综合法或组合法做的。

分析法指出一条一件事物由之而被有条不紊地发现出来的真正道路，同时也指明结果如何取决于原因；这样，如果读者们愿意遵循这个方法并且仔细注视它所包含的一切东西，他们就会把这样证明了的东西理解得同样完满，就跟他们自己发现了它一样成为他们自己的东西。不过这种证明不足以使顽固的、不用心的读者信服；因为，如果一不经心漏掉了它所提出的一点点小事情，它的结论的必然性就不会出现；人们没有习惯大量检查那些本身足够明确的东西，虽然那是最应该注意的东西。

综合法则相反，它走的是一条完全不同的道路，好像从结果里检查原因一样（虽然它所包含的证明经常也是由原因检查结果），它固然清楚地证明在结论里所包含的东西，并且使用了一长串的定义、要求、公理、定理和问题，以便如果否认它的什么结论的话，它就指出这些结论是怎样包含在前提里边的，这样它就会使读者们（不管他们是多么顽固不化）不得不同意，不过它不像另外那种方法那样，使那些希望学习的人感到完全满足，因为事物是用什么方法发现的，它不告诉你。

几何学方式证明上帝的存在和人的精神

与肉体之间的区别的依据

一、关于思维这一词，我是指凡是像这样存在于我们的心里，使我们对之有直接认识的东西。这样一来，凡是意志的活动、理智的活动、想象的活动和感官的活动都是思维。可是我加上“直接”这个词，这是为了把附加和取决于我们思维的东西排除在外。举例来说，出于意愿的运动虽然真正来说是以意志为其原则的，但是它本身并不是思维。

二、关于观念这一词，我是指我们的每个思维的这样一种形式，由于这种形式的直接知觉，我们对这些思维才有认识。因此，当我理解我所说的话时，除非肯定在我心里具有关于用我的言词所意味着的东西的观念，我用言词什么都表明不了。因此，仅仅是任意描绘出来的影像，我不把它们称之为观念；相反，这些影像，当它们是由肉体任意描绘出来的时候，也就是说，当它们是大脑的某些部分描绘出来的时候，我不把它们称之为观念，而只有当它们通知到大脑的这一个部分的精神本身的时候，我才把它们称为观念。

三、关于一个观念的客观实在性，我是指用观念表象的东西的实体性或存在性，就这个实体性是在观念里边而言。同样，人们可以说一个客观的完满性，或者一个客观的技巧等等。因为凡是我们领会为在观念的对象里边的东西都是客观地或者通过表象存在于观念本身里。

四、当这些东西在观念的对象里边就如同我们所领会那个样子时，这些东西就叫作形式地存在于观念的对象里；当这些东西在观念里边实际上不是像我们所领会的那个样子，而是如此的伟大以致它们能够用它们的优越性来弥补这个缺点时，它们就叫作卓越地存在于观念的对象里。

五、凡是被别的东西作为其主体而直接寓于其中的东西，或者我们所领会的（也就是说，在我们心中有其实在的观念的某种特性、性质或

属性的）某种东西由之而存在的东西，就叫作实体。因为实体是这样的一种东西，在它里边形式地或卓越地存在着我们所知觉的，或者客观地在我们某一个观念里边的东西；除此而外，严格说来我们对实体没有其他概念，因为自然的光明告诉我们“无”不能有任何实在的属性。

六、思维直接寓于其中的实体，在这里就叫作精神。我所指的是精神不是灵魂，因为灵魂这个名称是有歧义的，人们可能会用它来指代物质性的东西。

七、作为广延以及以广延为前提的偶性（如形状、位置、地点的运动等等）的直接主体，叫作物体或肉体、身体。不过，如要知道叫作精神的实体是否同时就是叫作物体的实体，或者是否它们是两个不同的实体，这留待以后再去研究。

八、我们把理解为至上完满的、我们了解其中没有包含着任何缺点或对完满性有限制的东西的实体就叫作上帝。

九、当我们说某种属性包含，或者在其概念里在一个东西的本性时，我们可以说如果这个事物是真实的，那么它所包含的事物也是真实的。

十、当两种实体之间，不以另一个的存在为前提而存在的，这两种实体就是相互区别的。

第三组反驳

反驳

因为从我思维或从我有一个观念，可以推论出我是有思维的，因为我思维和我是在思维的，二者是一个意思。从我是在思维的，得出我存在；因为思维的东西并非什么都不是。不过，我们的著者在这里加上

了“也就是说，一个精神，一个灵魂，一个理智，一个理性”，从这里我就产生出来一个疑问。因为我认为：说我是在思维的，因而我是一个思维，或者说，我是有理智的，因而我是一个理智，这样的推理是不正确的。因为我也可以用同样的推理说：我是在散步，因而我是一个散步。笛卡尔先生把有理智的东西和理智当作一回事了；或者至少他说在理解的东西和理智是一个东西。可是所有的哲学家都把主体跟它的功能和行为，也就是说，跟它的特性和本质区别开来。因为这跟东西本身的存在和它的本质不是一回事；因此一个在思维的东西可以是精神、理性或者理智的主体，从而是物体性的东西，可是他提出来的倒是与此相反的东西而没有加以证明。虽然如此，笛卡尔先生想要建立的结论，其根据好像就在于此。

在同一地方，他说道：“我认识到了我存在，现在我追问，我认识了我存在这个我究竟是谁。可是，非常可靠的是，关于我自己的这个概念和认识，严格来说不取决于我还不知道其存在的那些东西。”

他说得非常正确：对我存在这个命题的认识之取决于我思维这个命题是非常可靠的；可是对我思维这个命题的认识是从哪里来的呢？不错，这无非是来自：没有主体，我们就不能领会其任何行为，就像没有一个在思维的东西就不能领会思维，没有一个在知道的东西就不能领会知道，没有一个散步的东西就不能领会散步一样。

答辩

我曾经说的“也就是说，一个精神，一个灵魂，一个理智，一个理性……”，我用这几个名称不是指单独的功能，而是指能有思维功能的东西，就像人们习惯于用前头两个所指的，以及人们经常用后头两个所指的那样。这是我经常而且用非常明显的词句解释过的，我看不出有什么可疑的地方。

在散步和思维之间，没有什么关系；因为散步除了行动本身之外，从来不指别的，而思维有时指行动，有时指功能，有时指寓于这个功能之内的东西。

我并没有说理智和在理解的东西是一回事，也没有说，如果把理智当作一种功能，而仅仅是当理智被当作在理解的东西的时候，我才说它们是一回事。我坦率地承认，为了说明一个东西或一个实体，我要把凡是不属于它的东西都要从它身上剥掉，我尽可能使用了简单、抽象的词句；而相反，这位哲学家为了说明同一的实体，却使用了另外的一些非常具体、非常复杂的词句，比如主体、物质以及物体，以便尽可能地不把思维和物体（或身体）分别开来。

我并不害怕他所使用的方法，也就是说把几种东西连接在一起，比我所使用的方法（即用以尽可能地分辨每一个东西）更能有效地认识真理。但是不要再多说空话了，还是让我们看看问题的所在吧。

他说："一个在思维的东西可以是物体性的，可是他提出来的倒是与此相反的东西，而没有加以证明。"这是不对的，我没有提出相反的东西，我也绝对没有把它当作根据，我不过是完全未置可否，一直把它留到第六个沉思才对它加以证明。

后来，他说得很好："没有主体，我们就不能领会其任何行为，就仿佛没有一个在思维的东西，就不能进行思维一样，因为在思维的东西不是无。"不过他接着说，"从这里似乎应该得出这样一个结论，即一个在思维的东西是某种物体性的东西"，这就毫无道理，不合逻辑，甚至跟通常说话的方式相反了。因为一切行为的主体当然是指实体说的（或者，如果他愿意的话，是指物质，即抽象的物质）；不过不能因此就说它们是物体。

反驳

而且，当笛卡尔说上帝的观念和灵魂的观念是与生俱来的，我想知道那些正在熟睡而没有做梦的人是否在思考。如果他们没有，那么他们在那个时候则没有观念。因此，没有任何观念是与生俱来的，而任何与生俱来的都是当下存在的。

答辩

当我们说有些观念是与生俱来的，这并不意味着这种观念时时伴随着我们，依照那样的说法，没有任何观念是与生俱来的了。我们这里仅指我们自身有产生观点的能力。

第四组反驳

（a）假如有人知道半圆上的圆周角是直角，从而用这个角和圆的直径做成的三角形是直角三角形，可是，他怀疑并且还不确定，并且由于一些诡辩误导了他的思维，他会否认由直角三角形的斜边做成的正方形等于由两条直角边做成的两个正方形之和，按照笛卡尔先生的意见，他好像应该坚持他的错误见解。因为他会说，我清楚、分明地领会这个三角形是直角三角形，但是我怀疑由它的斜边做成的正方形等于由它的两条直角边做成的两个正方形之和。因此，由直角三角形的斜边做成的正方形等于由两个直角边做成的两个正方形之和是不属于这个三角的本质的。

另外，虽然我否认由它的斜边做成正方形等于由两个直角边做成的两个正方形之和，不过我确实知道它是直角的，而且这个三角形的一个角是直角这件事在我的心中一直是清清楚楚的，就是上帝自己都不能使它不是直角三角形。

从而，我所怀疑的，我甚至可以否认的，一直存在于我心中的这个观念并不属于它的本质。

此外，由于我知道凡是我清楚、分明地领会的东西，都能像我领会的那样由上帝产生，所以只要我能够清楚、分明地领会一个东西而用不着一个别的东西，就足以确定这一个东西和那一个东西有分别，因为上帝可以把它们分开。可是我清楚、分明地领会这个三角形是直角三角形，用不着我知道由它的斜边做成的正方形等于由它的两直角边做成的两个正方形之和；因此，有可能是由三角形的斜边做成的正方形不等于由它的两直角边做成的两个正方形之和，至少是上帝可以使它这样。

我看不出在这里能够回答什么，除非这个回答的人不是清楚、分明地领会直角三角形的性质。可是我怎么知道我认识我的精神的性质比他认识这个三角形的性质认识得更好呢？因为，他之确知半圆的圆周三角形有一个直角（这是直角三角形的概念），和我之确知我思维所以我存在是同样的。

所以，跟那个认为这个三角形的斜边上做成的正方形等于两直角边上做成的两个正方形之和并不是这个三角形（他所清楚、分明认识的直角三角形）的本质这件事上弄错的人完全一样，也许我也在我认为除了我是一个在思维着的东西以外，没有什么别的东西是属于我的本性（我清楚、分明地知道我是一个在思维着的东西）这件事上弄错，因为也许我是一个有广延的东西这件事也是属于我的本质的吧？

（b）我只剩下一个疑虑了，那就是，对于他所说的话，只有由于上帝存在，我们才肯定我们清楚明白地领会的东西是真的，他怎么辩护才能免于陷入循环论证。因为，我们之所以肯定上帝存在，只因为我们对这件事领会得非常清楚、非常明白，因此，在我们肯定上帝存在之前，我们必须先肯定凡是我们领会得清楚、分明的东西都是真的。

有一件事情我之前想不起来了，现在把它提出来，那就是，就他是一个在思维的东西而言，不管什么东西，如果他对这个东西没有认识，就不能存在于他的内心。这个命题我认为是错误的，而笛卡尔先生认为

是非常正确的。因为在他的内心，就其是一个在思维的东西而言这句话，在他的内心里面的“他”，就精神之有别于肉体而言，除了指他的精神，不指别的东西。但是，有谁看不出来，在精神里能够有很多东西，而精神本身对这些东西毫无认识？举例来说：一个在母亲肚子里的小孩子的精神当然有思维的能力或功能，可是他对它没有认识。类似这样的东西还有很多，我就不讲了。

对第四组反驳的答辩

（a）虽然如此，我们这位博学的朋友强调说：虽然我可以对我自己不用物体的概念而取得什么概念，可是不能由此得出结论说这个概念是完全的、全部的，从而我可以确知当我从我的本质排除物体时，我没有弄错。他用内接于半圆的三角形的例子来说明我们能够很清楚、分明地领会这是直角三角形，虽然我们不知道或者甚至否认在它的斜边上的正方形等于两个直角边上的正方形。虽然如此，我们不能由之而得出我们能够作出一个直角三角形而其斜边上的正方形不等于两个直角边上的正方形之和。

不过，就这个例子来说，它在许多方面跟所提出的东西不同；因为，第一，虽然也许对于一个三角形，我们可以把它理解为一个实体，这个实体的形状是三角的，可是有着斜边上的正方形等于两个直角边上的正方形之和这个特点肯定不是一个实体，从而这两个东西的任何一个都不能被理解为完全的东西。精神和肉体也是这样。甚至这个特点也不能称之为东西，按照我说过这足以使我能够领会一个东西（指一个完全的东西）而用不着领会另外一个东西等等的意思，下面的话是非常容易理解的：再说，我在里边找到一些功能，等等。因为，我并没有说这些功能是东西，不过我特别想在东西（也就是说实体）与这些东西的方式（也就是说这些实体的功能）之间作出分别。

第二，虽然我们用不着知觉到它的斜边上的正方形等于两个直角边

上的正方形之和，就能够清楚、明白地领会内接于半圆的三角形是直角三角形，可是我们不能这样清楚地领会一个三角形的斜边上的正方形等于两个直角边上的正方形之和，而用不着同时领会这个三角形是直角的；不过我们用不着肉体就清楚、分明地领会精神，反过来也一样，我们用不着精神就清楚、分明地领会肉体。

第三，虽然内接于半圆的三角形的概念或观念可以不包含斜边上的正方形等于两个直角边上的正方形之和，可是这个概念或观念不能是这样的，即我们不能领会能够在斜边上的正方形和两个直角边上的正方形之间，没有一个比例关系是属于这个三角形的。从而，当我们不知道这个比例关系是什么的时候，除了我们清楚地领会的那个比例关系不属于它以外，我们不能否认任何一个别的比例关系。不过，在它们两个之间的相等的比例关系上来理解这一点，这是绝对办不到的。但是，在肉体的概念里边不包含任何属于精神的东西；反过来，在精神的概念里边也不包含任何属于肉体的东西。

因此，虽然我说过只要我用不着一个别的东西就能够清楚、分明领会一个东西就足够了，等等，不能因此就作出这个小前提：可是我清楚、分明地领会到这个三角形是直角三角形，虽然我怀疑或者否认它的斜边上的正方形等于两直角边上的正方形之和，等等。因为第一，在斜边上的正方形和两直角边上的正方形之间相等的比例关系并不是一个完全的东西；第二，这个相等的比例关系只有在一个直角三角形中我们才能清清楚楚地理解到。第三，如果我们否认在一个三角形的斜边上的正方形和它的两直角边上的正方形之间的比例关系，我们就不能清清楚楚地领会这个三角形。

（b）最后，我已经在我对第二组反驳的答辩中……清楚地指出，当我说我们确知我们非常清楚、非常明白地领会的东西之所以都是真的是因为上帝存在，而我们确知上帝存在是因为我们对上帝存在领会得非

常清楚、非常分明。我这样说并没有陷入循环论证中，我是把我们事实上领会得非常清楚的东西同我们记得以前曾领会得非常清楚的东西区别开来。之所以这样是因为，首先我们确信上帝的存在，因为我们注意到那些证明上帝存在的理由；不过在这以后，还需要我们记得曾经把一个东西领会得清清楚楚以便确知它是真的，如果我们不知道上帝存在，不知道他不可能是骗子，这就不行。

关于是否任何东西都不能存在于我们的精神里（就精神只是一个在思维的东西而言），假如精神本身对那个东西没有实现认识的话，这个问题，我认为非常容易解决，因为当我们这样认为它的时候，我们看得很清楚，就精神只是一个在思维着的东西而言，除了思维或者完全取决于思维的东西之外，没有什么东西存在于它里边，否则就不属于精神；而在我们心中不可能有任何思维（在它存在于我们心中的同时）是我们对之没有一种现实认识的。因此我不怀疑精神渗入到一个小孩子的身体里就开始思维，从这时起他就知道他思维，虽然他以后不记得他思维什么，因为他所思维的东西没有刻印在他的记忆里。

不过需要注意的是，我们对于我们的精神的行为或活动有一种现实的认识而并不总是对于它的功能才有现实的认识，除非是潜在的。因此，当我们打算使用什么功能的时候，如果这个功能是在我们的精神里，我们立刻就得到关于它的现实认识。就是因为这个缘故，如果我们不能得到关于它的这种现实认识，我们就可以确定无疑地否认它在那里。

第五组反驳

（a）每当你说出或在心里想到“有我，我存在”这个命题时，它就必然是真的。不过我看不出你为什么需要费那么多的事，既然你已经确实知道你存在，既然你能够从你别的什么行动上得出同样的结论，既然自然的光明明显地告诉我们，凡是起作用的东西，都有，或都存在。

（b）你接着又说如果事物的一部分有可能出现错误会比所有的部分都一样不出现错误更完满，这就好比说，一个国家，如果一部分公民作恶多端反而比所有的公民都是遵纪守法的公民要完美。这样一来就可以得出，既然统治者希望他的臣民都是遵纪守法的公民，那么宇宙的创造者在创造世间万物的各个部分时会让他们免于犯错误，并且也应该这样做。尽管你可以说与容易犯错误的部分相比，那些不会犯错误的东西才显得更为完美，这是很偶然的事情。同样地，与邪恶之人相比善良之人的品格在某些程度上大放光彩，这也是偶然才大放光彩的。这样，要是有些公民作恶才能显示出另外一部分公民的良好品德，这显然是不合适的。如果为了显示部分不会犯错的更完满而把另一部分创造得容易出现错误，这显然是不应该的。

如果上帝是为你在这个世界中选择一个特定的角色，而这个角色既不是最完美的也不是最重要的，你说你没有权利去抱怨这件事。但是，这样的回答却不能帮助我们解答这个问题，也就是说，比起一个不完满的角色，上帝为什么不在各种完满的角色中为你挑选一个级别比较低的呢？如果一个统治者并没有委任所有的公民以高位，相反地却把一部分人安排在中层，一部分人安排在基层，这没有什么不对的。如果一个统治者不仅仅把一些人安排在最基层位置，还把一些人安排在违法作乱的位置上，那么这个统治者就会遭到人们的诟病了。

（c）然后，对于你对你自己的观念，尤其是讨论第二个沉思时已经说过了的，我没有更多的话说。因为，在那上面，大家看得很清楚，你绝不是对你自己有一个清楚、分明的概念；相反，似乎你对你自己根本没有概念。因为虽然你肯定知道你在思维，可是你并不知道在思维的你是什么东西，因而尽管你清清楚楚地知道了这一个活动，但主要的你还不知道，即你还不知道这个实体是什么，而思维只是这个实体的许多活动之一。从而我觉得我很可以用一个瞎子来比喻。瞎子感觉到热，听人说热是来自太阳的，因而会以为对于太阳有一个清楚、明白的观念；

这样，假如有人问他太阳是什么，他就会回答说这是一个发热的东西。

但是你将会说，我在这里并不是只说我是一个在思维的东西，我还说我是一个没有广延的东西。不过，先不要说这是一件你并没有证明的事，虽然这在我们之间还是问题；我请你告诉我，你由此对你自己就有一个清楚、分明的概念吗？你说你不是一个有广延的东西；当然我由此就知道了你不是什么，但不知道你是什么。为了对于某一个东西有一个清楚、分明的概念，也就是说，有一个真实、自然的概念，难道不是必须正面地认识那个东西本身是什么，也就是，姑且这样说，肯定地认识那个东西吗？光知道它不是什么就够了吗？谁要是仅仅知道布塞法勒不是一个苍蝇，他对于布塞法勒就算有一个清楚、分明的概念吗？

然而，为了不在这上面有什么更多的纠缠，我只请问你：你说你是一个没有广延的东西，那么你不是渗透到全身去吗？当然我不知道你要怎么回答，因为虽然在一开始我认为你仅仅是在大脑里，这不过是仅仅由于猜测，而不是真正相信这是你的意见。我的猜测是根据你不久以后所说的那句话。你说：灵魂并不直接接受肉体一切部分的感染，而仅仅接受大脑的感染，或者也许大脑最小的那些部分之中的一个部分的感染。不过这并不能使我完全肯定你究竟是在大脑里，还是在大脑的一部分里，因为你可以是散布在全身里而只能在一部分里感觉到，正好像我们平常所说的：灵魂散布在全身，然而它只能通过眼睛去看。

（d）关于你必须发送到全身来传达感觉和运动的那些精气，我认为也是那样，且不说不可能理解你怎么把运动印到那些精气上，假如你是在一个点里，假如你不是一个物体，或者假如你没有一个物体用来整个地接触和推动它们的话。因为，假如你说它们是自动的，而你只是指引它们的运动，你要记得你在某一个地方曾说过物体不能自动，因此我们可以推论你是它运动的原因。然后请你给我们解释，没有某种专注，没有从你这方面的某种驱动，这种指引怎么进行？没有能动和被动的相

互关联，怎么能够对一个东西或其驱动有压力呢？既然自然的光明告诉我们只有物体才能触动和被触动，那么没有物体怎么能有这个触动呢？

对第五组反驳的答辩

（a）当你说我从我的任何一个行动中都本来可以毫无差异地得出同一的结论时，你完全弄错了，因为这些行动中没有一个是我完全清楚的，我是指这种抽象的可靠性，除了思维以外，在这里，问题只在于这种抽象的可靠性。因为，举例来说，我散步，所以我存在，这个结论是不正确的，除非我具有的、作为内部认识的是一个思维，只有关于思维，这个结论才是可靠的，关于身体的运动就不行，它有时是假的，就像在我们的梦中出现的那样，虽然那时我们好像是在散步，这样从我想我是在散步这件事我就可以推论出我的精神（是它有这种思想）的存在，而不能推论出我的身体（是它在散步）的存在。其他一切也都是这样。

（b）你在这里到处不恰当地把好犯错误当成正面的不完满性，而这不过是（主要是有关上帝的）对存在于造物之中的更大的完满性的否定。把一个国家的公民们拿来同宇宙的各部分作比较也套不上；因为一些公民们是不好的，对于国家来说，是一件肯定的事；可是人是好犯错误的，也就是说，人并不具有一切种类的完满性，这跟宇宙是好的，不能同日而语。不过，拿下面这样两种人来作比较更好一些：有人希望人的身体满都是眼睛以便他表现得更美一些（由于对他来说没有比眼睛更美的部分），另一个人认为在世界上不应该有不犯错误的创造物，也就是说，不应该有完满无缺的创造物。

（c）你所说的关于太阳的观念，一个天生的瞎子是单独用他对于热的认识做成的，这是不难反驳的；因为这个瞎子对太阳虽然没有想一个明亮的、发光的东西那样的观念，可是他总还有一个发热的东西的清楚、明白的观念吧。你把我拿来同这个瞎子相比，这是毫无道理的。首

先因为对一个在思维的东西的认识比对一个发热的东西的认识要延伸到远得多的范围，它甚至比我们对于任何别的东西所有的认识更广阔，就像我在别处已经指出过的那样；其次也因为没有人能证明这个瞎子对太阳所形成的观念并不包含人们对太阳所能认识的一切东西，只不过是那个有视觉器官的人除此而外还认识它的形状和它的光。可是对你来说，关于精神，你不但不比我认识得更多，而且你并没有看到我在那里所看到的全部东西。因此不如说是你，是你像一个瞎子，而从你那方面来说，我最多只能被称为近视眼或者目光短浅的人，和其他的人一样。

（d）即使思想与整个肉体融为一体，思想也无须随着肉体的伸展而伸展，因为思想不是肉体伸展的必须因素，却是思想的必须因素。因此，即使思想能够移动肉体，却不是构成肉体的必须要素。

第六组反驳

（a）第六个问题来自判断的无所谓或者自由。按照你的学说，它远不是使自由意志更高贵，更完满，而是相反，你是把它的不完满放在无所谓里，因此，什么时候只要理智清楚、分明地认识必须相信的、必须做的，或必须不做的事物，意志就绝不是无所谓的。因为，难道你没有看见当上帝创造这个世界而不创造别的世界，或者当他什么世界都不创造时，你用这些原则完全破坏了上帝的自由，从上帝的自由上你去掉了无所谓吗？虽然这是由于信仰让我们相信上帝曾经在创造一个世界或者很多世界或者甚至连一个世界也不创造，他是完全永恒地无所谓的。有谁能怀疑上帝对一切事情什么应该做，什么不应该做不是永远看得非常清楚？因此，不能说对事物的非常明白的认识和对这些事物的清楚的知觉，排除了自由意志的无所谓，这种无所谓，如果它对于人的自由不符合，对上帝的自由就绝不符合，因为事物的本质，就连数目的本质也一样，是不可分的、常住不变的；从而无所谓包含在上帝的自由意志的自由里并不比包含在人的自由意志的自由里少。

（b）第七个问题是面。你说一切感觉都发生在面上或者通过面而发生。因为我们看不出来为什么它不可以是被知觉到的物体的一部分，或者是空气的一部分，或者是水汽的一部分，甚至是这些东西任何的外表；我们还不很理解你怎么可以说没有实在的偶性（不管它们是属于什么物体或实体的）能够被上帝的全能从它们的主体分开并且没有主体而存在，而在祭台上的圣体中这样的事确确实实地存在。虽然如此，我们的博士们在看见是否在你向我们答应的那本《物理学》里你将充分证明所有这些东西之前，是没有理由感到烦恼的；不错，他们很难相信那本《物理学》能够把这些东西给我们提出得如此明白以致我们应该接受它们而抛弃掉古人教导我们的东西。

（c）你给第五组作的答辩引起第八个问题。真的，几何学的真理或者抽象的真理，就像你在那个地方所提到的那样，怎么能够是常住不变的、永恒的，而同时却是取决于上帝的呢？因为，它们是在什么种类的原因上取决于上帝的呢？他怎么能够把三角形的性质消灭掉？或者他怎么能使二乘四等于八从来就不是真的，或者一个三角形没有三个角？从而，这些真理或者只取决于理智，当理智在思维的时候；或者取决于事物本身的存在性；或者是独立的。因为，上帝能使这些本质或真理之中的任何一个从来就不存在，这似乎是不可能的。

（d）第九个问题是，你说不应该信任感官，理智的可靠性比感官的可靠性大得多，因此我们认为这个问题是非常重要的。因为，如果理智本身只有从安排得很合适的感官搬过来的可靠性而没有别的可靠性，这怎么能够做到呢？事实上，难道我们看不见，如果首先不是一个别的感官把它从错误中挽救出来，它就不能改正我们的任何一个感官的错误吗？举例来说，一根棍子插在水里，由于折光作用而表现为折断了，谁来改正这个错误？是理智吗？绝不是，而是触觉。其他的感官也一样。从而，如果一旦你的一切感官都安排得很合适，而且它们总是给我们报告同样的东西，你就把用感官的办法获得的、一个人所自然地做得到的

最大的可靠性认为是可靠的吧；如果过于信任你的精神的推理，你肯定会经常弄错；因为时常发现我们的理智在它认为毫无可疑之处的一些东西上骗了我们。

（e）以上这些就是我们的主要问题。对这几个问题，也请你加上什么可靠的规则和一些肯定有效的标记，以便我们按照它们得以靠得住地认识到，在我们领会一件事物到这样的程度，即完全用不着别的东西，真的是一个东西完全与另外一个东西不同，以致它们能够分开存在，至少由于上帝的全能能够把它们分开，也就是说，一句话，请你告诉我们，我们怎么才能清楚、分明、真切地认识我们的理智所形成的这个区别不是建立在我们的精神之上，而是建立于事物本身。因为，当我想到上帝的广大无垠而不想到他的正义时，或者当我们想到他的存在性而不想到圣子或圣灵时，也就是说，离开三位一体的其他两位，我们就不能完整地领会这个存在性，或者上帝本身存在吗？而这个存在性是一个不信教的人可以有和你否认物体有精神或思维同样多的理由否认它的神圣性的。这和有人错误地得出结论说，圣子和圣灵在本质上是和圣父有分别的，或者他们可以和他分开一样，人们永远不会向你让步，认为思维，或者不如说人类精神，是实在与物体有分别的，尽管你清楚地领会这一个而用不着另一个，尽管你承认一个而否认另一个甚至你可以承认用你的精神的任何一个抽象作用能够这样做。但是，当然，如果你能充分地解答所有这些问题，你就可以肯定再没有什么东西能够使我们的神学家们不安了。

最后，既然我们不认识肉体的能力和运动能够做什么，因为你自己承认没有人能知道，除非是由于上帝的特别启示，上帝都是给一个主体里放进了或能放进什么，那么你从哪里能够知道上帝没有把这种能力和特性如思维、怀疑等等放进什么物体里呢？

对第六组反驳的答辩

（a）至于意志的自由，毫无疑问，上帝的自由和人的自由大不相同；因为如果说上帝的意志对已有的或者将要有的一切东西亘古以来就不是无所谓的，这是说不通的，因为我们想象不出有任何代表善或真的观念，什么应该相信的观念，或者什么应该做或者不应该做的观念在上帝的意志规定他自己这样做之前就存在于他的理智之中。而且我在这里并不是谈一种时间上的在先，而更重要的，我是说这样的一种观念不可能由于一种次序的在先或者性质的在先，或者像经院哲学中所说的那样，经过推理的道理在先，而在上帝的意志规定之先存在，以便善的观念迫使上帝不得不选择这一个而不选择另外一个。举例来说，上帝愿意把世界创造在时间里，并不是因为他看到世界被创造在时间里比创造在永恒里好，他愿意让一个三角形的三角之和等于二直角也并不是因为他认识到这只能是这样，等等。而是，相反，就是因为他愿意把世界创造在时间里，所以它比创造在永恒里好；同样，就是因为他愿意一个三角形的三角之和必然等于二直角，所以它现在就是这样，并且不可能不是这样；其他一切事情也都是如此。而且这并不妨碍人们说圣人们的功绩是他们得到永恒的天福的原因，因为圣人们的功绩并不是他们规定上帝愿意做什么的原因，它们不过是上帝永恒地愿意它们成为一个结果的原因。这样，在上帝那里的一种完全无所谓是他的全能的一个非常大的证明。然而在人这里可不是这样，由于人已经找到了上帝所建立和规定的善意和真理的性质，而且人的意志只能自然地趋向于好的东西，那么显然，人越是明显地认识好和真，就越能自由地接受好和真，只有在人不知道什么是更好的或者更真的，或者至少当他看得不够清楚，不能不怀疑的时候，他才抱无所谓的态度；这样一来，合适于人的自由的无所谓就跟合适于上帝的自由的无所谓完全不一样。而且说事物的本质是不可分的，这也毫无用处，因为首先，没有什么本质同样地既合适于上帝又合适于创造物；最后，无所谓并不属于人的自由的本质，因为，不仅仅是当我们对于善和真的无知使我们抱无所谓的态度时我们是自由的，而且主要也是当我们对一件事物的清楚、分明的认识推动和迫使我们去追

求时我们是自由的。

（b）为了全面驳斥那些承认实在的偶性的人的意见，我认为我所提出的那些理由就够了，用不着再提别的理由。因为，首先，没有接触就没有感觉，除了物体的面没有什么能被感觉。然而，假如有实在的偶性，那么这些偶性一定是和这个仅仅作为一个样态的面不是一回事；因此，假如有实在的偶性，这些偶性也不能被我们感觉。但是，谁曾相信过它们之存在仅在于他认为它们被他感觉到？

其次，如果说实在的偶性是存在的，因为凡是实在的东西都能同任何别的主体分开存在，那是一件说不通的事，完全没有可能。能够分开存在的是实体，而不是偶性。光说实在的偶性不能由自然的力量而只能由上帝的全能同它们的主体分开，这是毫无用处的；因为由自然的力量做成和由上帝平常的能力做成完全是一回事，而上帝平常的能力和上帝特别的能力没有什么不同，这种能力，由于不在事物里面加上任何东西，因此不改变事物的性质，所以，如果凡是可以由自然的力量没有主体而存在是一个实体的话，那么凡是由于上帝的能力（无论它有多么特别）没有主体而存在的东西，也必须用实体这个名称来称呼。老实说，我承认一个实体可以是另外一个实体的偶性；不过在发生这样的事的时候，采取一个偶性的形式的并不是实体，而是样态或方式。举例来说，当一件衣服穿到一个人身上的时候，成为偶性的不是衣服，而是被穿。对于促使哲学家们建立一些实在的偶性的主要理由是，他们认为没有实在的偶性，我们就不能解释我们感官的知觉是怎么做成的，因此我答应在写《物理学》的时候细致地解释我们的每一个感官被它的对象所触动的方式。这并不是我想要在这上面或者在任何别的东西上面让人们相信我的话，而是因为我相信我在我的《折光学》里所解释的视觉能够用作对于其余感官的足够证明。

（c）很显然，对于认为上帝无限的人来说，没有什么不是取决于

上帝的，不仅包括存在的一切，甚至命令或法律，而且包括决定什么是善或真的原因。否则，就像之前说的那样，上帝不会对创造他所创造出的东西完全无所谓。因为，如果好的理由或现象是先在于他事先安排的，那么他一定规定他去做更好的。但是，恰恰相反，因为他规定他自己去做出世界上的东西是因为这个理由，就像在《创世记》里所说的那样，它们是非常好的，也就是说，它们的好，其理由取决于他愿意把它们做成这样。而且用不着问这个好以及其他一切真理，无论是数学的或形而上学的，在什么种类的原因上取决于上帝；因为，原因的种类既然是由那些也许没想到因果关系这个理由的人建立的，因而当他们没有给它起什么名称时，就没有什么可奇怪的了。虽然如此，他们还是给它起了一个名称，因为他可以被叫作动力因；和君主的意志可以说成是法律的动力因一样，虽然法律本身并不是一个自然的存在体，而仅仅是（就像他们在经院里说的那样）一个精神上的存在体。问上帝怎么能一直使二乘四等于八，等等，也同样没有用，因为我承认我们无法知道；不过另一方面，我知道得很清楚，不取决于上帝，什么都不能存在，不管是哪一种存在体，以及把某些东西安排得使人们不可能知道它们可以是另外一个样子而不是现在这个样子，这对他来说是非常容易的，如果由于我们不知道并且我们看不出我们应该知道的什么别的东西，而怀疑我们知道得很清楚的一些东西，这是完全违反理性的。因此，不要以为永恒的真理取决于人的理智或者事物的存在，而是仅仅取决于上帝的意志；上帝，作为一个至上的立法者，永恒地安排了并且制定了这些真理。

（d）要明白感官的可靠性是什么，就要把感官分为三个阶段。在第一个阶段里应该考虑的只是外在对象直接在物体性的感官之内所引起的东西；这只能是这个官能的分子的运动以及由这个运动产生的形状和地位的改变。第二个阶段包含直接在精神上产生的一切东西，这是由于精神与物体性的官能结合所产生的，而物体性的官能是受它的对象所推动和感染的，就像疼痛、痒、饿、渴、颜色、声音、滋味、气味、热、冷以及其他类似的感觉，就像我们在第六个沉思里所说的那样，它们来

自精神和肉体的结合，或者（姑且这样说）混合。最后，第三个阶段包含我们的全部判断，我们从幼年时期起在感官运动时对周围事物所习惯于作出的判断。

举例来说，当我们看见一根棍子时，不要想象是从棍子上飞到空中的一些飞舞的、人们普遍称为“有意种类”的细小的图像进到我的眼睛里；这不过是从这根棍子反射出来的光线刺激出来视神经里的什么运动，通过它达到了大脑，（就像我已经大量地在《折光学》里讲到的那样）我们和兽类共同的是大脑的这种运动，这种运动是感觉的第一阶段做成的。由第一阶段接着就进入第二个阶段，它只包括被这根棍子所反射的颜色和光的知觉。并且它是这样产生的：精神跟大脑连接得十分紧密，以致它甚至感觉到并且好像被在它里边的运动所触动似的；这就是必须归之于感官的全部东西，如果我们想要把感官准确地同理智分开的话。因为，虽然从我感到其印象的这种颜色的感觉上我判断在我之外的这根棍子是有颜色的，而从这个颜色的广延、从它的终止点以及从它的地位与我大脑的各部分的关系上，我决定有关这个棍子的大小、形状和距离的什么东西，尽管人们习惯于把它归之于感官，而在这方面我把它归之于感觉的第三个阶段，可是显然它是只取决于理智的；我甚至在《折光学》里指出：大小、距离和形状只有经过推理才能知觉，推理把它们彼此分开。但是在这里只有这一个不同，即对于出现在我们的感官的一切东西所作的新的、不是习惯作出的一些判断，我们把它们归之于理智，同时，对于我们从幼年起关于可感觉的东西，在这些东西在我们的感官上所产生的印象的机会上习惯于作出的那些判断，我们把它们归之于感官；其理由是：习惯使我们推理和把那些东西判断得非常仓促（或者不如说使我们记起我们以前作过的一些判断），我们区分不出这种方式的判断和我们感官的单纯的感知或知觉来。

由此，显然是，当我们说理智的可靠性比感官的可靠性大时，我们的话只意味着由于我们所做的一些新的观察，我们的年纪越大，我们作

的判断就比自从我们幼年以来没有经过反复思考而作的判断可靠；这是丝毫不能怀疑的，因为，确实是，这里不是第一阶段的感觉，也不是第二阶段的感觉，因为在这两个阶段里不可能有错误，因此，当人们说，一根棍子插在水里，由于折光作用而表现为折断了时，这就跟人们说一个小孩子判断它是折断了以同样方式显现给我们；这也和按照自从我们幼年以来所习惯的成见一样，我们也这样判断。但是，我不能同意他们接下来的话，即：这个错误不是由理智来改正，而是由触觉来改正；因为，虽然触觉使我判断为一根棍子是直的，而且自从我们幼年以来就习惯于这样判断，因此这也可以叫作感觉，可是这并不足以改正视觉的错误，而是除此之外，需要有什么理由来告诉我们在这个地方相信我们在摸了它以后作的判断，而不相信视觉似乎给我带来的判断，这个理由不是我们自从幼年以来就有的，因而不能归之于感官，只能单独归之于理智。从而，就是在这个例子里，改正感官的错误的只有理智，没有可能提出任何一个例子来说明错误是来自相信精神的活动而不相信感官的知觉。

（e）实际上，我从来没有看见过，也没有了解过人的肉体能思维，而是看到并且了解到同一的人们，他们既有思维，同时也有肉体。而且我认识到这是由于思维的实体和物体性的实体组合到一起而造成的，因为，单独考虑思维的实体时，我一点都没有看到它能够属于物体，而在物体的本性里，当我单独考虑它时，我一点没有找到什么东西是能够属于思维的。但是，相反，把各种样态都拿来检查一下，不管是物体的还是精神的，我看不出有一个样态，它的概念不是完全依附于事物的概念本身，而这个概念就是事物的样态。同样，从我们经常看见两个东西结合在一起这件事，我们不能因此就推论说它们是一个东西；但是，从我们有时看见两个东西之一而没有另一个东西的时候，我们就很可以结论说两个东西是不同的。不要让上帝的能力阻止我们得出这个结论；因为，认为我们清楚、分明地领会为两个东西的一些东西是由一个在本质上同一的东西做成的而绝不是组成的，这和认为可以把一点分别

都没有的东西分开，同样是说不通的。从而，如果说上帝把思维的功能放到某些物体里（就像他事实上把它放在人的肉体里那样），他什么时候愿意，什么时候就可以把它们分开，这样一来，思维实际上是可以与这些物体有分别的。

René Descartes

Meditations

TRANSLATED BY DESMOND M. CLARKE

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Preface to the Reader

I have already briefly discussed questions about God and the human mind in the *Discourse on the Method for Guiding One's Reason and Searching for Truth in the Sciences*，published in French in 1637．I did not intend to discuss them in detail in that book，but simply to provide an introduction and to learn from readers' reactions how they should be presented subsequently．I thought that these questions were so important that they should be discussed more than once，and that the way in which I explain them is so novel and so different from what is usually done that it was unhelpful to teach it in greater detail in a book written in French and available to be read by everyone，lest minds even less gifted than mine might believe that they should follow the same path.

Although I asked in the *Discourse* that anyone who found anything objectionable in my writings should kindly bring it to my notice，only two objections worth mentioning were raised concerning these questions，to which I will now reply briefly before undertaking a more detailed explanation.

The first objection is：from the fact that the human mind reflecting on itself does not perceive itself as anything other than a thinking thing，it does not follow that its nature or essence consists merely in the fact that it is a thinking thing，where the word‘merely’excludeseverything else that might also be said to belong to the nature of the soul．I reply to this objection that，in that context，Ididnotwishtoexcludeotherthingswithrespect to the

truth of the question（which I was not discussing at that stage）but merely with respect to my own perception. Thus what I meant was：I did not discover anything clearly that I knew belonged to my essence except that I was a thinking thing or a thing that possesses in itself a thinking faculty. I will show below how，from the fact that I do not know anything else that belongs to my essence，it follows that nothing else does in fact belong to it.

The other objection is：from the fact that I have within me an idea of something which is more perfect than me，it does not follow that the idea itself is more perfect than me and，much less，that the reality which the idea represents exists. I reply that the word'idea'is equivocal here. It can be understood either materially，as an operation of the intellect and，in this sense，it cannot be said to be more perfect than me. Or it can be understood intentionally，as the thing represented by the idea and，even if this thing is not assumed to exist outside the mind，it may be more perfect than me with respect to its essence. But how，from the fact that I have an idea of something which is more perfect than me，it follows that this thing really exists，will be explained in detail below.

Apart from those two objections，I also saw two fairly long pieces that challenged my conclusions rather than my reasoning on these questions，by means of arguments borrowed from standard atheists'sources. Since such arguments cannot have any influence on those who understand my reasons，and since many people's judgements are so perverse and foolish that they are more convinced by the first views they hear，no matter how false and unreasonable they are，than by a true and sound refutation which they hear later，I do not wish to reply to these objections here lest I be the first to

report them. I will say simply, in general terms, that all the things commonly invoked by atheists to challenge the existence of God always depend either on falsely attributing human affections to God, or on arrogating so much power and wisdom to our minds that we try to determine and comprehend what God can and should do. Therefore, as long as we remember that our minds should be considered finite but that God is in finite and incomprehensible, they will not pose any difficulty for us.

Now that I have finished examining the judgements of others, I return to the same questions of God and the human mind and to the beginnings of the whole of First Philosophy, but without waiting for popular approval or a wide readership. Indeed, I would not encourage anyone to read these pages unless they are willing and able to meditate with me seriously and to detach their minds from the senses and simultaneously from all prejudices, and I know that there are few such readers. As for those who do not bother to understand the order and interconnection of my arguments but try to snipe at individual sentences, as they usually do, they will derive little benefit from reading this book. They may find an opportunity to cavil in many places, but they will not easily raise any objection that is signi ficant or deserves a response.

However, I do not even promise to satisfy the remaining readers on all questions on their first reading, and Iam not so arrogant as to believe that I can anticipate everything with which readers may find some difficulty. For that reason I initially expound, in the *Meditations*, precisely those thoughts by which I think I have reached a certain and evident knowledge of the truth in order to test if I might be able to convince others by the very same reasons

that convinced me. After that, I will reply to the objections of some eminently intelligent and learned people to whom these *Meditations* were sent for comments before they were printed. Their objections were so numerous and varied that I dare hope that no objection–at least no signi ficant objection–will easily occur to anyone else which they have not already raised. Therefore I repeat that readers should not pass judgement on the *Meditations* until they have taken the trouble to read through these objections and my replies.

Summary of the Following Six Meditations

The First Meditation introduces reasons why we can have doubts about everything，especially about material things，as long as we have no other foundations for the sciences apart from those that we have had to date． Although the usefulness of such an extensive doubt may not be apparent initially，it is extremely useful because it frees us from all prejudices， provides the easiest way to detach the mind from the senses and eventually makes us such that we cannot subject to further doubt the things that we later discover to be true.

In the Second Meditation the mind，by exercising its own freedom， assumes that nothing exists if its existence can be even slightly doubted，and realizes that it is impossible that it does not exist itself during that time． This is extremely bene ficial because it thereby distinguishes what belongs only to itself，that is to an intellectual nature，and what belongs to the body.

But since some readers may expect to find arguments about the immortality of the soul in this section，I should warn them immediately that I tried to write nothing that I was unable to demonstrate rigorously． Therefore I could not follow any method apart from that used by geometers，which is to write down first everything on which some proposition that is sought depends before deriving any conclusion from it． Now，the first and principalprerequisite for knowing the soul's immortality is that we form as clear a concept of the soul as possible，and one which is

clearly distinct from every concept of body. That is what has been done in this Meditation. Furthermore，we also need to know that all those things which we clearly and distinctly understand are true in the way in which we have understood them. It was impossible to prove this before the Fourth Meditation. One also needs a clear concept of bodily nature，which is partly in the Second Meditation itself and partly in the Fifth and Sixth Meditations. From these one ought to conclude that all those things which are conceived clearly and distinctly as distinctsubstances–andmindandbodyaresoconceived–are truly substances that are really distinct from each other，and I came to that conclusion in the Sixth Meditation. That is also con firmed in the same place by the fact that we can understand body only as divisible whereas，in contrast，we can understand the mind only as indivisible. Nor can we conceive of half a mind，as we can of even the smallest body. Thus their natures are recognized as being not only distinct but even in some sense opposites.

However，I have not discussed this question any further in this book，both because these considerations are enough to show that the annihilation of the mind does not follow from the corruption of the body and thus to provide mortals with hope for an afterlife，and because the premises from which one can conclude that the mind really is immortal presuppose an explanation of the whole of physics. First one needs to know that all substances–that is，things which，in order to exist，have to be createdby God–are without exception incorruptible by their nature，and they can never cease to exist unless they are reduced to nothingness by the same God if he stops maintaining their existence. Then we need to acknowledge that even body，considered in general，is a substance and therefore can never perish either.

But the human body，insofar as it is distinct from other bodies，is constituted merely by a certain combination of parts and other variable features of the same sort；the human mind，however，is not composed of variable features in this way，but is a pure substance and even if all its variable features change so that it understands different things，wills different things，senses different things，and so on，the mind itself does not thereby become a different mind．The human body，however，does become a different body by the mere fact that the shape of some of its parts is changed．It follows that the body may indeed perish very easily but that the mind is by its own nature immortal.

In the Third Meditation I think I have explained in sufficient detail my principal argument for proving the existence of God．However，since，in order to detach my readers' minds as much as possible from the senses，I did not wish to use any comparisons drawn from bodily things，many obscurities may have remained but I hope they will later be resolved completely in the Replies to Objections．One example，among others，is this：how does the idea of a supremely perfect being which is found in us contain so much intentional reality that it is impossible for it not to result from a supremely perfect cause？ This is illustrated，in the Replies，by analogy with a very perfect machine，the idea of which is in the mind of somedesigner．Just as the intentional arti fice of this idea must have some cause，namely the knowledge of the designer or of someone else from whom they got it，so likewise the idea of God that we have must have God himself as its cause.

In the Fourth Meditation，everything that we clearly and distinctly

perceive is proved to be true，and I also explain at the same time what is the essence of falsehood．These must be known both in order to con firm earlier arguments and to understand what comes later．（Meantime one should note that there is no discussion there about sin，that is，a mistake made in pursuing good and evil，but merely of mistakes that occur in deciding truth and falsehood．Nor does it apply to anything related to religious belief or to human conduct，but only to theoretical truths，which are known by means of the natural light of reason.）

In the Fifth Meditation，apart from what is explained about bodily nature in general，there is a new argument to demonstrate God's existence．Here，too，there may be some difficulties，which are resolved later in the Replies to Objections．Finally，it is shown in what sense it is true that even the certainty of geometrical demonstrations depends on knowledge of God.

Lastly，in the Sixth Meditation，the intellect is distinguished from the imagination；the criteria for this distinction are explained；the mind is proved to be really distinct from the body，but it is shown to be so closely joined with it that together they form a single entity；all the errors that usually arise from the senses are reviewed；ways by which errors may be avoided are presented；and finally，all the reasons from which the existence of material things may be deduced are introduced．I do not think that these arguments are very useful on account of the fact that they prove what they establish–namely，that there really is a world，that human beings have bodies，and similar things–for no one of sound mind has ever seriously doubted these things．Rather，by considering these arguments，they are recognized as being less sound and clear than those by which we acquire

knowledge of our own mind and of God. Thus the latter are the most certain and evident of all the arguments that can be known by human intelligence. My only objective in these Meditations was to prove that one thing. Therefore I will not review here the various other questions which also happen to be discussed as they arise in the Meditations.

Meditations on First Philosophy

in which God's existence and the distinction between the human soul and the body are demonstrated

First Meditation

Things which can be called into Doubt

Some years ago I noticed how many false things I had accepted as true in my childhood，and how doubtful were the things that I subsequently built on them and therefore that，once in a lifetime，everything should be completely overturned and I should begin again from the most basic foundations if I ever wished to establish anything firm and durable in the sciences. But that task seemed enormous，and I waited to reach such a mature age that no more appropriate age for learning would follow. Thus I waited so long that，from now on，I could be blamed if I wasted in further deliberation whatever time remains for me to begin the project. Therefore today I appropriately cleared my mind of all cares and arranged for myself some time free from interruption. I am alone and，at long last，I will devote myself seriously and freely to this general overturning of my beliefs.

To do this it is not necessary to show that they are allfalse–something I might never be able to accomplish！But since reason already convinces us that we should withhold assent just as carefully from whatever is not

completely certain and indubitable as from what is clearly false，if I find some reason for doubt in each of my beliefs，that will be enough to reject all of them．However，they need not all be reviewed individually，for that would be an in finite task；as soon as foundations are undermined everything built on them collapses of its own accord，and therefore I will challenge directly all the first principles on which everything I formerly believed rests.

Everything that I accepted as being most true up to now I acquired from the senses or through the senses．However，I have occasionally found that they deceive me，and it is prudent never to trust those who have deceived us，even if only once.

But despite the fact that the senses occasionally deceive us about things that are very small or very far away，perhaps there are many other things about which one surely cannot have doubts，even if they are derived from the senses；for example，the fact that I am here，sitting by the fire，wearing a dressing gown，holding this page in my hand and other things like that．Indeed，how could I deny that these hands or that this body is mine，unless perhaps I think that I am like some of those mad people whose brains are so impaired by the strong vapour of black bile that they con fidently claim to be kings when they are paupers，that they are dressed up in purple when they are naked，that they have an earthenware head，or that they are a totally hollowedout shell or are made of glass．Butthose people are insane，and I would seem to be equally insane if I followed their example in any way.

Very well．But am I not a man who is used to sleeping at night and having all the same experiences while asleep or，sometimes，even more improbable experiences than insane people have while awake？ How often

does the nocturnal quietness convince me of familiar things，for example，that I am here，dressed in my gown，sitting by the fire，when I am really undressed and asleep in my bed？ But at the moment I certainly see this sheet of paper with my eyes wide open，the head I shake is not asleep，I extend and feel this hand，carefully and knowingly；things which are as clear as this would not occur to someone who is asleep．As if I do not remember having been deluded by similar thoughts while asleep on other occasions！When I think about this more carefully，I see so clearly that I can never distinguish，by reliable signs，being awake from being asleep，that I am confused and this feeling of confusion almost con firms me in believing that I am asleep.

Let us assume therefore that we are asleep and that those things are not true–that I open my eyes，move my head，extend my hand–and that we do not even have such hands nor this whole body．But it must be admitted that the things we see while asleep are like certain familiar images，which can be painted only as copies of things which are real．Therefore at least these general things–eyes，head，hands，the whole body–exist as real things rather than as some kind of imaginary things．For clearly even painters，when they try to imagine the most unusual sirens or satyrs，cannot assign natures to them which arecompletely new；rather，they simply mix up the parts of different animals．Even if they happen to think up something so novel that nothing like it was ever seen before–so that it is therefore very clearly fictitious and false–nonetheless，at least the colours from which they paint it must surely be real．In a similar way even if these general things–the eyes，the head，the hands and so on–were imaginary，it must still be admitted that at least some other things are real，that they are even more

simple and general and that it is from them, as if from true colours, that all those images of things in our thought, both true and false, are constructed. Physical nature in general and its extension seem to be of this kind; likewise, the shape of extended things; also quantity, or their size and number; similarly the place in which they exist, the time through which they last, and similar things.

Thus we might conclude reasonably from these considerations that physics, astronomy, medicine, and all other disciplines that involve an examination of composite things are indeed doubtful; but that arithmetic, geometry, and other such disciplines that discuss only very simple and general things, and are not concerned with whether or not they exist in nature, contain something that is certain and beyond doubt. For whether I am awake or asleep, two and three added together make five and a quadrilateral figure has no more than four sides. It seems impossible that one could ever suspect that such clear truths are false.

However, there is an ancient belief somehow fixed in my mind that God can do everything and that I was created by him with the kind of existence I enjoy. Buthow do I know that, although he created absolutely no earth, no sky, no extended things, no shape, no magnitude, no place, he still arranged that all these things would appear to exist, as they currently do? Besides, just as other people are sometimes mistaken about things that they think they know perfectly, is it not possible that God may have caused me to be mistaken in a similar way when I add two and three together, or think about the number of sides in a quadrilateral figure, or something even simpler if that can be imagined? But perhaps God did not

allow me to be deceived like that，for he is said to be good in the highest degree；however，if it is inconsistent with God's goodness for him to create me in such a way that I am always mistaken，it would seem to be equally foreign to his goodness to allow me to be occasionally mistaken．But this last claim cannot be made.

There may be some people who would prefer to deny the existence of such a powerful God rather than believe that everything else is uncertain． But let us not contradict them and let us assume that everything said about God above is fictitious．Assume that I have arrived at my present condition by fate，by chance，by some uninterrupted series of events，or by any other means one wishes．Since to be deceived and mistaken seems to be some kind of imperfection，the less powerful the author they assign to my origin，the more likely it is that I was made in such a way that I am always mistaken．I have no reply to such arguments，but I am forced to concede eventually that there is nothing among my former beliefs that cannot be doubted and that this is so not as a result of levity or lack of reflection but for sound andconsidered reasons．Therefore，I should carefully withhold assent in future from those beliefs just as much as from others that are clearly false，if I wish to discover anything that is certain.

But it is not enough simply to know this；I must try to keep it in mind．For familiar beliefs return constantly and，almost in spite of me， they seize hold of my judgement as if it were bound to them by established custom and the law of familiarity．And I shall never overcome the habit of relaxing in them and believing them as long as I think they are as they are in fact，namely，in some way doubtful（as has been shown）and yet，

despite that，very probable and such that it would be much more reasonable to believe them than to deny them．Therefore，I think I shall not act badly if，having turned my will around in exactly the opposite direction，I deceive myself and pretend for a while that these beliefs are completely false and imaginary until at length，as if I were balanced by an equal weight of prejudices on both sides，no bad habit would any longer turn my judgement from the correct perception of things．For I know that no danger or error will result from this in the mean time，and that I cannot exaggerate my cautiousness since I am concerned here not with doing things but merely with knowing them.

Therefore，I will suppose that，not God who is the source of truth but some evil mind，who is all powerful and cunning，has devoted all their energies to deceiving me. I will imagine that the sky，air，earth，colours，shapes，sounds and everything external to me are nothing more than the creatures of dreams by means of which an evil spirit entraps my credulity．I shall imagine myself as if Ihad no hands，no eyes，noflesh，no blood，no senses at all，but as if my beliefs in all these things were false．I will remain resolutely steady in this meditation and，in that way，if I cannot discover anything true，I will certainly do what is possible for me，namely，I will take great care not to assent to what is false，nor can that deceiver–no matter how powerful or cunning they may be–impose anything on me．But this is a tiring project and a kind of laziness brings me back to what is more habitual in my life．I am like a prisoner who happens to enjoy an imaginary freedom in his dreams and who subsequently begins to suspect that he is asleep and，afraid of being awakened，conspires silently with his agreeable illusions．Likewise，I spontaneously lapse into my earlier beliefs

and am afraid of being awakened from them，in case my peaceful sleep is followed by a laborious awakening and I live in future，not in the light，but amid the inextricable darkness of the problems just discussed.

Second Meditation

The Nature of the Human Mind, and that it is better known than the Body

I was thrown into such serious difficulties in yesterday's Meditation that I can no longer forget them；however，I cannot see how they can be resolved either．In fact，I am so tossed about，as if I had fallen suddenly into a deep whirlpool，that I can neither put my foot on the bottom nor swim to the surface．However，I will work my wayup and test once more the same strategy on which I embarked yesterday，that is，setting aside everything which is subject to the least doubt as if I had found that it was completely false．I will follow this strategy until I discover something that is certain or，at least，until I discover that it is certain only that nothing is certain．Archimedes looked for only one firm and immovable point in order to move the whole earth；likewise，I could hope for great things if I found even the smallest thing that is certain and unmoved.

Thus I will assume that everything I see is false．I believe that，among the things that a deceptive memory represents，nothing ever existed；I have no senses at all；body，shape，extension，motion，and place are unreal．Perhaps that is all there is，that there is nothing certain.

How do I know that，apart from all the things I have just listed，there

is not something else about which there is not even the least opportunity for doubting？ Is there not some God，or whatever I might call him，who puts these very thoughts into me？ Why should I think that，when I myself may perhaps be the author of those thoughts？ Is it not true then，at the very least，that I myself am something？ However，I have already denied that I have any senses or any body．I still cannot make any progress，for what follows from that？ Am I so tied to a body and senses that I am incapable of existing without them？ Nonetheless I convinced myself that there is nothing at all in the world，no sky，no earth，no minds，no bodies；is it not therefore also true that I do not exist？ However，I certainly did exist，if I convinced myself of something．There is some unidenti fied deceiver， however，all powerful and cunning，who is dedicated to deceiving me constantly．Therefore，it is indubitable that I also exist，if he deceives me． And let him deceive me as much as he wishes，he will still never bring it about that I am nothing as long as I think I am something． Thus，having weighed up everything adequately，it must finally be stated that this proposition‘I am，I exist’is necessarily true whenever it is stated by me or conceived in my mind.

However，I do not yet understand sufficiently who this‘I’is who now necessarily exists． I must be careful in future that I do not perhaps carelessly substitute something else in place of me，thereby being mistaken in the very knowledge that I claim is the most certain and evident of all．I shall therefore meditate once again about what I formerly believed I was before I began to think along these lines，and from that concept I will subtract anything that can be weakened，however slightly，by these arguments，and thus eventually there will remain precisely only that which is certain and

unshakeable.

Up to the present，then，what did I think I was？ A human being，surely．But what is a human being？ Will I not say：a rational animal？No，because then the following questions would arise：what is an animal？and what is rational？ Thus I would lapse from one question into two more difficult questions，and I do not have so much free time that I wish to spend it on such subtleties．But I will look instead at what used to come into my mind spontaneously and naturally whenever，formerly，I wondered about what I was．What used to occur to me first was that I had a face，hands，arms and this whole machine of limbs，which is also observed in a corpse and which Iused to call a body. It also occurred to me that I was nourished，that I walked，sensed and thought；I referred these actions to the soul．Now，what this soul was，either I did not consider or else I imagined it was some unknown thing，which was subtle，like wind，fire or ether，and which was infused into the more observable parts of me．As regards the body，however，I had no doubts．I thought I knew its nature clearly and，if I ever tried to describe how I conceived it in my mind，I would have explained it as follows：by a body I understand anything that can be limited by some shape，can be circumscribed in a place，and can so fill a space that every other body is excluded from it．It can be perceived by touch，sight，hearing，taste or smell and can be moved in various ways–however，not by itself but by whatever else touches it．For I thought that it did not belong in any way to the nature of body to have a power to move itself，any more than it has the power of sensing or thinking．In fact，I was surprised to find such powers in certain bodies.

But what will I say now about myself，when I suppose there is some very powerful and，if I may say so，evil deceiver who is committed to deceiving me in everything possible？ May I claim to have even the least of all those things I just said belonged to the nature of the body？ I consider them，think about them，reflect on them，but nothing occurs to me；it is tiring to repeat the process with the same lack of success as before．What about the things，then，that I attributed to the soul？ To be nourished or to walk？ Since I no longer have a body，these are only fictions．To sense？ But even this cannot be done without a body and I seemed to sense many things whiledreaming that I later realized I had not sensed．To think？ That's it．It is thought．This alone cannot be detached from me．I am，I exist；that is certain．But for how long？ As long as I think，for it might possibly happen if I ceased completely to think that I would thereby cease to exist at all．I do not accept anything at present that is not necessarily true．I am，therefore，precisely only a thinking thing，that is，a mind，soul， intellect or reason–words the meaning of which was formerly unknown to me．But I am a genuine thing and I truly exist．But what kind of thing？ I just said：a thinking thing.

What else？ I shall imagine that I am not the collection of limbs that is called a human body，nor some subtle air that is infused into those limbs；I am not a wind； fire，vapour or breath，nor anything that I imagine，for I have supposed that those things do not exist．That supposition stands but， nonetheless，I am still something．Is it possible that these very things， which，I am supposing，do not exist because I have no knowledge of them，are not in fact distinct from the me that I knew？ I do not know，and I am not discussing that issue for the moment．I can make a judgement only

about those things that I do know. I know that I exist，and I am asking who is this‘I’whom I know. I can be quite sure that knowledge of this‘I’，in that precise sense，does not depend on things that I did not know existed，nor therefore on any of those things that I construct in my imagination. This verb‘to construct’warns me about my mistake. For I would really be constructing if I imagined myself to be something，because imagining is only the contemplation of the shape or image of a physical thing. However，I already knowthat I exist and，at the same time，that it is possible that all those images and，in general，whatever pertains to the nature of bodies may be merely dreams. Having recognized that，it seems to be just as foolish to say，‘I imagine，in order to understand more clearly what I am，’as to say，‘I am now clearly awake and I see something true，but because I do not yet see it clearly enough I shall fall asleep so that my dreams will represent it to me more truly and clearly.’Thus I know that none of those things that I can understand with the help of my imagination is relevant to what I know of myself，and that the mind must be turned away carefully from those things so that it can perceive its own nature as distinctly as possible.

But what，then，am I? A thinking thing. And what is that? A thing which doubts，understands，affirms，denies，wills，does not will，and which also imagines and senses. That is obviously a fair number of things，if they all apply to me. Am I not the very one who was just doubting almost everything，who still，however，understands something，who affirms that this one thing is true，who denies the rest，who wishes to know more，who does not wish to be deceived，who imagines many things even despite myself and who notices many things as if they came from the senses?

Which of these is not as true as the fact that I exist，even if I am constantly asleep and even if whoever created me deludes me as much as they can？ Which of these is distinct from my thought？ Which of them can be said to be distinct from myself？ For the fact that it is I who doubt，who understand，who will，is so obvious that there is nothing which could make it more evident. In fact，I am also identical with the‘I’whoimagines because even if it happened，as I supposed，that none of the things I imagined were any longer true，the power of imagining itself truly exists and is part of my thought. Thus I am the same subject who senses，or who notices physical things as if through the senses；for example，I already see light，hear sound and feel heat. Those are false，because I am asleep. But I certainly seem to see，to hear and to get warm. This cannot be false. This is what is meant，strictly speaking，by me having a sensation and，understood precisely in this way，it is nothing other than thinking.

From these considerations I begin to know somewhat better what I am. However，it still seems to me–and I cannot prevent myself from thinking–that physical things，the images of which are formed in my thought and which the senses themselves explore，are much more distinctly known than the unknown me who is outside the scope of the imagination，although it really is surprising that I understand more distinctly things which I realize are doubtful，unknown and foreign to me than what is true，what is known and，ultimately，what is myself. But I see what the problem is. My mind likes to wander and is not yet willing to stay within the boundaries of the truth. Let it be and allow it once again to be completely unconstrained so that soon afterwards，when the constraints are reimposed，it will find it easier to be directed.

Consider those things that are commonly thought to be understood most distinctly，namely bodies which we touch and see–not bodies in general，because such general perceptions are usually inclined to be moreconfused–but a single body in particular．For example，let us take this wax．It has just been extracted from the honeycomb．It has not yet completely lost the taste of honey and it still retains some of the scent of theflowers from which it was collected．Its colour，shape and size are obvious．It is hard，cold，easy to touch and，if tapped with a finger，it emits a sound．Thus it has everything that seems to be required for a body to be known as distinctly as possible．But notice that，as I speak，it is moved close to the fire．It loses what remains of its taste，its smell is lost，the colour changes，it loses its shape，increases in size，becomesaliquid，becomeshotandcanbarelybetouched．Nor does it still emit a sound if tapped．But does the same wax not remain？ It must be agreed that it does；no one denies that，no one thinks otherwise.

What was it about it，then，which was understood so distinctly？ Certainly none of those things that I reached through the senses，for whatever fell within the scope of taste，smell，sight，touch or hearing has already changed．The wax remains．Was it perhaps what I now think，namely，that the wax itself was not really that sweetness of honey，nor the fragrance offlowers，nor that whiteness，shape or sound，but the body，which a short time ago presented itself to me with those modes and which now appears with different modes？ But what exactly is this thing that I imagine？ Let us pay attention and，having removed whatever does not belong to the wax，let us see what remains．It is nothing but something that is extended，flexible and changeable．But what do the

words‘flexible’and‘changeable’mean？ Is it what I imagine，namely，that this wax can change shape from being roundto square or from square to triangular？ Not at all．For I understand that it is capable of innumerable similar changes，even though I cannot review whatever is innumerable in my imagination and therefore this understanding does not result from the faculty of imagining．What is meant by‘extended’？ Is it not the case that even its very extension is unknown？ For melting wax increases in volume，increases further when it boils and increases further again if the temperature rises further．Nor could I correctly judge what this wax is unless I thought it could assume many more variations in extension than I have ever grasped in my imagination．I have to concede，then，that I cannot in any way imagine what this wax is，but that I can perceive it only with my mind．I say this about a particular piece of wax；it is even clearer about wax in general．What，then，is this wax that can be perceived only by the mind？ It is the same wax that I see，touch，imagine，and finally the same wax that I thought was there from the beginning．But what should be noticed is that perceiving it is not a case of seeing，touching or imagining，nor was it ever such although it seemed that way earlier，but it is an inspection of the mind alone，which may be either imperfect and confused as it was earlier，or clear and distinct as it is now，depending on whether I pay more or less attention to what it is composed of.

Meanwhile，I am surprised at how much my mind is inclined to errors．For although I think about these things to myself，silently and without speaking，I am still restricted to these words and am almost deceived by ordinary language．For we say that we see the wax itself if it ispresent，not that we judge that it is there from its colour and shape．From

this way of talking I might conclude immediately that the wax is therefore known by how the eye sees and not by an inspection of the mind alone，had I not looked out of the window at people passing on the street below and said，in the same customary way as in the case of the wax，that I saw the people themselves．But what do I see apart from hats and coats，under which it may be the case that there are automata hidden？ Nonetheless，I judge that they are people．In this case，however，what I thought I saw with my eyes I understand only by the faculty of judging，which is in my mind.

But whoever wishes to know things better than they are commonly known should be ashamed to find reasons for doubt in commonly used ways of talking．Let us continue，then，by considering whether I perceived what wax is more perfectly and clearly when I first looked at it and thought I knew it by means of the external senses or，at least，by the socalled common sense，that is，the faculty of imagining；or do I know it better now，having carefully investigated both what it is and how it is known？ It would surely be foolish to doubt this，for what was distinct in the first perception？What did it include that was not apparently available to any animal whatsoever？ However，when I distinguish the wax from its external forms and consider it as if it were bare and without its clothes on，then，although there may still be a mistake in my judgement，I cannot perceive the wax correctly without a human mind.

What shall I say，however，about this mind itself，or about myself，for I do not yet admit that there is anythingin me apart from a mind？What，I ask，am I，who seem to perceive this wax so distinctly？ Do I not

know myself much more truly and certainly and also more clearly and distinctly？ For if I judge that the wax exists from the fact that I see it，it would certainly follow much more clearly，from the fact that I see it，that I myself exist．For it may be the case that what I see is not really wax；it might even be true that I have no eyes，by which to see anything；but obviously it cannot be the case，while I see or while I seem to see（something that，so far，I have not distinguished from seeing），that I myself am nothing as long as I am thinking．Likewise，if，from the fact that I touch it，I judge that the wax exists，it follows again that I exist．If I judge the same from the fact that I imagine it or for any other reason，clearly the same conclusion follows．Now what I notice about the wax may be applied to everything else that exists outside me．Besides，if the perception of the wax was more distinctly seen after it became known to me not only by sight and touch but from many other causes，must I not grant that I now know myself much more distinctly，because all the reasons that could assist in perceiving the wax or any other body establish the nature of my mind better．But there are also so many other things in the mind itself，by which knowledge of the mind can be made more distinct，that it hardly seems worth considering those that emanate from the body to the mind.

Here at last I have returned unaided to where I wished to be．I know now that even bodies are not perceived by the senses or the faculty of imagining，but are perceived only by the mind，and that they are not perceived bybeing touched or seen but only by being understood，and therefore I know clearly that there is nothing that can be perceived by me more easily or more clearly than my own mind．However，since the habit of old views cannot be changed so quickly，it is appropriate that I rest here

so that this new knowledge may be lodged more deeply in my memory by the length of my meditation.

Third Meditation

The Existence of God

I will now close my eyes，block my ears and shut down all my senses．I will erase from my thought all images of physical things or，since this is almost impossible，I will regard them as nothing，as false and empty，addressing only myself and looking more deeply into myself．I will try to make myself gradually better known and more familiar to myself．I am a thinking thing，that is，something which is doubting，affirming， denying，understanding a few things，not knowing many，willing，not willing，even imagining and sensing．As I already mentioned，even if the things that I sense or imagine happened not to exist，I am still certain that the modes of thinking that I call sensations and imaginings，insofar as they are simply certain modes of thinking，are in me．And in these few things I have listed everything that I know or，at least，what I have so far noticed that I know.

I will now look about more carefully to see if there happen to be other things in me which I have not yetexamined．I am certain that I am a thinking thing．Do I not therefore also know what is required in order for me to be certain of anything，namely，that there is nothing in this first thought other than a certain clear and distinct perception of what I claim？ Evidently that would not be enough to make me certain about something if it could ever happen that what I perceived clearly and distinctly in this way could be

false. It seems，therefore，that I could establish as a general rule that everything that I perceive very clearly and distinctly is true.

However，I have in the past accepted as completely clear and distinct many things that I later discovered were doubtful. What kinds of things were they？ The earth，sky，stars and all the other things that I used to perceive by means of the senses. But what was it that I used to perceive clearly about them？ It was that the very ideas or thoughts of those things were presented to my mind. Even now I still have no doubt that these ideas are in me. But there was something else that I used to claim，and I even thought that I perceived it clearly as a result of believing it whereas，in fact，I did not perceive it clearly：that was，that some things existed outside me from which those ideas originated and which they resembled in every way. But I was either mistaken in that or，at least，if I judged correctly，it did not result from my faculty of perceiving.

However，when I used to think of something very simple and easy in arithmetic or geometry–for example，that two and three together make five，or other things like that–did I not see at least those things sufficiently clearly to claim that they are true？ Indeed，I subsequentlydecided that I should doubt them simply because it occurred to me that some God may have endowed me with such a nature that I could be deceived even about things that seemed most evident. For whenever this preconceived belief about the supreme power of God occurs to me，I cannot avoid conceding that，at least if he wishes，it is easy for him to make me err even about things that I think I see most clearly with my mind's eye. On the other hand，whenever I turn to those things that I think I perceive very clearly，I am so completely

convinced by them that I spontaneously say：let me be deceived by whoever can deceive me，but it will never happen that I am nothing as long as I think I am something，that it could ever be true that I never existed when it is already true that I am，or even perhaps that two and three added together are more or less than five，and similar things in which I recognize a manifest contradiction. Certainly，since I have no reason to think there is such a deceptive God and，in fact，I do not even know yet if any God exists，any reason for doubting which depends exclusively on that belief is a veryflimsy and，I would say，a metaphysical reason for doubting. In order to remove even this reason as soon as possible，I should examine whether God exists and，if he exists，whether it is possible that he is a deceiver. As long as this is unknown，I cannot see how I can ever be certain of anything else.

Now，order seems to require that I classify all my thoughts into certain kinds and that I find out in which kinds truth or falsehood are properly found. Some thoughts are like the images of things，and the term‘idea’applies in a strict sense to them alone：for example，whenI think of a person，a chimera，the sky，an angel or God. Other thoughts，however，also have additional forms；for example，when I will，fear，affirm，or deny，I always grasp something as the subject of my thoughts but I include in my thought something more than a resemblance of the thing in question. Some of these thoughts are called volitions or emotions，and others are called judgements.

When ideas are considered only in themselves，since I do not refer them to anything else they cannot，strictly speaking，be false；for whether I imagine a goat or a chimera，it is no less true that I imagine one thing

rather than the other. Likewise, there is no danger of falsehood in volitions as such, or in emotions; for although I can choose what is evil or even what does not exist, it does not follow that it is not true that I choose them. That leaves only judgements and this is where I have to be careful not to be mistaken. The principal error, however, and the one most likely to occur here consists in the fact that I judge that the ideas, which are in me, resemble or correspond to things which are outside me. For if I consider the ideas merely as certain modes of my thought, and if I do not refer them to anything else, they can hardly provide me with any material for error.

Among these ideas, some seem to be innate, some acquired and some seem to have been fabricated by me. The fact that I understand what a thing is, what truth is and what thought is, seems to result from my own nature alone. However, up to now I have thought that, when I hear a noise, see the sun, or feel the fire, these result from certain things which are external to me. Finally, sirens, hippogriffs and the like are fabricated by me. Perhaps, however, I can think that they are all adventitious, or all innate, or all fabricated, for I have not yet seen clearly what is their true origin.

But the main question I wish to ask here is about ideas that I think originate from things which are external to me, namely: what reason would persuade me to believe that those ideas are similar to the things in question? I do indeed seem to be taught this by nature; and I also experience the fact that these ideas do not depend on my will nor, therefore, on me, because they are often present against my will. For example, I now feel heat whether I want to or not, and therefore I think that the sensation or idea of

heat comes to me from something that is distinct from me，namely，from the heat of the fire beside which I am sitting．The most natural thing for me to judge is that the external thing sends me its own likeness rather than something else.

I will now see whether these reasons are convincing enough．When I say here that I was taught this by nature I only mean that I am led to believe it by some spontaneous impulse and not that I have been shown that it is true by some natural light．There is a big difference between the two．For whatever is shown to me by the natural light of reason–for example，that from the fact that I doubt it follows that I exist，and similar things–cannot in any way be doubtful，because there cannot be another faculty which I trust as much as that light and which could teach me that the conclusion is not true．By contrast，I have often judged in the past that I was pushed in the wrong direction by natural impulses in situations of choosingwhat is good，and I cannot see that I should put more trust in the same natural impulses in other situations.

However，even if these ideas do not depend on my will，that does not prove that they originate from external things．For just as those impulses about which I just spoke seem to be distinct from my will even though they are within me，so likewise it is possible that there is some other faculty，of which I am not yet sufficiently aware and which is the origin of those ideas，in the same way as it always seemed to me up to now that，when I was dreaming，ideas were formed in me without any assistance from external things.

But finally，even if they originated from things that are distinct from

me，it does not follow that they must resemble them. In fact，I seem to have found in many cases that there is often a great disparity between them. For example，I find I have two different ideas of the sun. One idea，which seems to have been acquired from the senses and is a paradigm example of an adventitious idea，makes the sun appear very small. The other idea，however，is derived from astronomical reasoning–that is，from certain notions which are either innate in me or are fabricated by me in some way–and it makes the sun appear to be several times greater than the earth. They cannot both be truly similar to the same sun that exists outside me，and reason convinces me that the one that seems to have originated more directly from the sun resembles it the least.

All these considerations are enough to show that，to date，I believed that there are some things outside me which send me their ideas or images through the senseorgans or by some other means，as a result of some blind impulse rather than as a result of a judgement that is certain.

But there is also another way to find out if，among the things of which I have ideas，some exist outside me. Insofar as those ideas are simply certain modes of thinking，I do not see any inequality between them and they all seem to originate in me in the same way. But insofar as one idea represents one thing and another represents something else，it is clear that they are very different from each other. For undoubtedly those that represent substances to me are something more and，so to speak，contain more intentional reality than those that represent only modes or nonessential features of substances. Again，the idea by which I understand a supreme God，who is eternal，in finite，allknowing，omnipotent and the creator of everything that is outside

himself，clearly contains more intentional reality than those ideas that represent finite substances.

Now，it is evident by the natural light of reason that there must be at least as much reality in an efficient and total cause as in the effect of that cause. For I ask：where could the effect get its reality from，apart from its cause？ And how could the cause give it that reality unless it also possessed it？ It follows from this that something cannot be made from nothing and，likewise，that something which is more perfect–in other words，that which contains more reality in itself–cannot be made from that which is less perfect. But this is no less evidently true in the case of effects，the reality of which is actual or formal，than in the case of ideas when only their intentionalreality is considered. Thus not only is it impossible，for example，that some stone which previously did not exist could now begin to exist unless it was produced by something which contained，either formally or eminently，all the reality which is produced in the stone；in the same way，heat cannot be produced in something that was not previously hot except by something that is at least of the same order of perfection as heat，and so on for other examples；but it is also true that there cannot be an idea of heat or of a stone in me unless it was put there by some cause in which there is at least as much reality as I conceive in heat or a stone. Although the cause in question does not transfer any of its actual or formal reality to my idea，it should not for that reason be considered as less real，for the reality of the idea is such that，in itself，it requires no more formal reality than what is borrowed from my thought，of which it is a mode. But when an idea contains one particular intentional reality rather than another，it must surely get this from some cause in which there is at least as much formal

reality as is contained intentionally in the idea. For if we claimed that an idea contained something that was not in its cause, it would therefore get it from nothing. But however imperfect may be the mode of being by which a thing exists intentionally in the mind by means of an idea, clearly it is still not nothing and therefore it cannot come from nothing.

Nor should I suppose that, because I am considering only the intentional reality of my ideas, it is not necessary for that same reality to be contained formally in the causes of those ideas and that it is enough for it to befound there intentionally. For just as the intentional mode of being belongs to ideas because of their nature, so likewise the formal mode of being belongs naturally to the causes of ideas or, at least, to their principal and primary causes. And although it is possible for one idea to generate another, this does not lead to an in finite regress. Eventually one has to reach some first idea, the cause of which is like an archetype that contains all the formal reality which is found only intentionally in the idea. Thus it is evident to me by the natural light of reason that my ideas are like images of some kind that can easily fall short of the perfection of the things from which they are derived, but they cannot contain something that is greater or more perfect than themselves.

However, I recognize all these things as true more clearly and distinctly as I examine them further and in greater detail. What may I finally conclude from this? It is that, if the intentional reality of any one of my ideas is so great that I am certain that I do not contain this reality in myself either formally or eminently and, therefore, that I myself cannot be its cause, it follows necessarily that I am not alone in the world and that

something else also exists，which is the cause of that idea．However，if I find no such idea in myself，then clearly I have no argument that makes me certain of the existence of something distinct from myself because I have examined everything very carefully and，so far，I have not been able to find any other argument.

Now among my ideas–apart from the idea that represents me to myself and about which there can be no question at this point–there is one that represents God，there are some that represent physical and inanimate things，others that represent animals and，finally，there are ideas that represent other people similar to myself.

As regards the ideas that represent other people，animals or angels，I understand easily that they could be fabricated from ideas that I have of myself，of physical things and of God，even if there were no people，animals or angels in existence.

As regards ideas of physical things，there is nothing in them that is so great that it seems incapable of having been derived from myself．For if I look into them further and examine them one by one in the same way as I examined the idea of wax yesterday，I notice that there is very little about them that I perceive clearly and distinctly．There is magnitude，or extension in length，width and depth；there is shape，which results from the termination of magnitude；there is the position that differently shaped things adopt in relation to each other；and there is motion or change of position．To these may be added substance，duration and number．The rest，such as light and colours，sounds，odours，tastes，heat and cold，and other tactile qualities–I think about these only in a very confused and

obscure way，with the result that I do not even know if they are true or false，that is，whether the ideas I have of them are or are not ideas of real things.

Although I mentioned a little earlier that falsehood understood in a strict sense，or formal falsehood，can occur only in judgements，there is still clearly some kind of material falsehood in ideas when they represent what is not a thing as if it were a thing．For example，the ideas I have of heat and cold are so lacking in clarity and distinctness that I cannot learn from them whether cold is merely a privation of heat or heat is a privation of cold，or whether both of them are real qualities or whether neither of them is．Since there can be no ideas that do not seem to be ideas of things，if it really is the case that cold is nothing but a privation of heat，then the idea that represents it as if it were a real and positive thing is rightly said to be false and the same applies to other similar ideas．Ideas of this kind are such that it is clearly unnecessary that I assign them some cause apart from myself．For if indeed they are false–that is，they do not represent things of any kind–I know by the natural light of reason that they originate from nothing，that is，that the only reason I have them is that there is something de ficient in my nature，because it is obviously imperfect．Even if they are true，they represent such an insubstantial reality to me that I can barely distinguish it from a nonreality and therefore I still do not see why they could not originate from me.

Insofar as some features of our ideas of physical things are clear and distinct，they seem to have been partly borrowed from the idea of myself–for example，from the ideas of substance，duration and number and，possibly，others of the same kind. For when I think that a stone is a

substance，that is，the kind of thing that can exist on its own，and when I also think of myself as a substance then，even though I conceive of myself as thinking and not extended but think of the stone as not thinking and extended，and hence there is the greatest difference between the two concepts，they still seem to agree insofar as they are both substances． Likewise，when I perceivethat I exist at present and remember that I have existed for some time，and when I have different thoughts and understand how many of them there are，I acquire the ideas of duration and number， which I can subsequently transfer to anything else． All the other features of which the ideas of physical things are constructed，namely extension， shape，position and motion，are not formally contained in me since I am nothing but a thinking thing. However，they are merely modes of a substance，whereas I am a substance，and therefore it seems possible for them to be in me eminently.

Thus the idea of God is the only one left about which to ask the question：does it contain something that could not have originated from me？ By the word'God'I understand some in finite substance，which is independent，supremely intelligent and supremely powerful，and by which both I，and everything else that exists（if anything else exists），were created． All these ideas are surely such that，the more carefully I examine them，the less likely it seems that they could have originated from myself alone． Therefore one should draw the conclusion from what has been said that God necessarily exists． And even though I have an idea of a substance from the very fact that I am a substance myself，it would not，however，be an idea of an in finite substance because I am finite，unless it originated from some substance that is genuinely in finite.

Nor should I think that I do not perceive the in finite by means of a true idea but merely by the negation of the finite，in the way in which I perceive rest and darkness by the negation of motion and light．On the contrary，Iunderstand clearly that there is more reality in an in finite substance than in a finite substance and therefore the perception of the in finite occurs in me in some way prior to that of the finite，that is，the perception of God is prior to the perception of myself．Indeed，how would I understand that I doubt，that I desire–that is，that I lack something and am not completely perfect–if I had no idea of some more perfect being by comparison with which I could recognize my own de ficiencies？

Nor can it be said that this idea of God may be materially false and may therefore come from nothing，as I have just observed about the ideas of heat and cold and others like that. On the contrary，since this idea has the highest clarity and distinction and contains more intentional reality than any other idea，there is no other idea which of itself is more true or in which there is less suspicion of falsehood．This idea of a supremely perfect and in finite being is，I claim，true to the highest degree because，although I could perhaps pretend that such a being does not exist，I cannot pretend that the idea of such a being represents nothing real to me，as I claimed earlier about the idea of cold．It is also clear and distinct to the highest degree because whatever I perceive clearly and distinctly as real and true，and as containing some perfection，is completely included in it．Nor does it matter that I do not comprehend the in finite or that there are innumerable other things in God that I do not comprehend and which may be completely outside the scope of my thought. It is the nature of the in finite not to be comprehended by me，who am finite．In order for the idea I have of God to

be the most true，and the most clear and distinct of all myideas，it is enough if I understand it and if I judge that all those things that I perceive clearly and which involve some perfection–and perhaps even innumerable others of which I am ignorant–are in God formally or eminently.

But perhaps I am something greater than I myself understand，and all those perfections that I attribute to God are in me in some way potentially，even if they have not yet appeared and been transformed from potency to act．I already experience the fact that my knowledge increases slightly，and I see nothing to prevent it from thus increasing more and more to in finity．Nor do I see why，with my knowledge thus increased，I could not acquire with its assistance all the other perfections of God nor why，finally，the potentiality for those perfections，if I already have it，would not be enough to produce the corresponding ideas.

But none of this is possible．In the first place，if it were true that my knowledge increased gradually and if there are many things in me in potency which are not yet actualized，none of that is relevant to the idea of God in which there is absolutely nothing in potency．Even this feature–to increase gradually–is a most certain argument for imperfection．Besides，even if my knowledge always increased more and more，nevertheless I understand that it would never be actually in finite because it would never reach a point at which it could not become greater still. I think of God，however，as actually in finite，so that nothing can be added to his perfection．Finally，I perceive that the intentional being of an idea can be produced not by a merely potential being，which，strictlyspeaking，is nothing，but only by a formal or actual being.

There is evidently nothing in all this that is not evident to whoever examines it carefully by the natural light of reason. However，when I examine it less carefully and when the images of sensible things blind the eye of the mind，I do not easily remember why the idea of a being more perfect than myself originates necessarily from some being which is more perfect in reality；and therefore I would like to inquire further whether I myself，who have this idea，could exist if no such being existed.

From whom，then，would I derive my existence？ It would be from myself，or from my parents，or from some other beings which are less perfect than God，for nothing can be thought or imagined that is more perfect than，or even as perfect as，God.

But if I derived my existence from myself，there would be nothing that I would either doubt or wish for，nor would I lack absolutely anything. For I would have given myself every perfection of which I have some idea and thus I would be God himself. Nor should I think that those things which I lack are perhaps more difficult to acquire than those I already possess. On the contrary，it was evidently much more difficult for me–that is，for a thing or substance which thinks–to emerge from nothingness than to acquire knowledge of many things that are unknown to me and that are merely non-essential attributes of that substance. Certainly，if I derived the greater of those two from myself，I would not have denied myself at least those items of knowledge that are easier to acquire，nor even any of those that I perceive arecontained in the idea of God，for it does not seem more difficult to do any of that. And if there were some things that were more difficult to do，they would surely also seem to me to be more difficult，at least if I derived

whatever else I have from myself，for I would experience the limits of my powers in that situation.

I do not escape the force of these arguments by assuming that I may have always existed as I do now，as if it would follow from that assumption that there is no need to look for the author of my existence．For a lifetime can be divided into innumerable parts that do not depend on each other in any way．The fact that I existed a short while ago does not imply that I must exist at present unless some other cause recreates me，as it were，in the present moment or，in other words，conserves me．It is clear to anyone who thinks about the nature of time that the same power and action is obviously required to conserve anything during the individual moments of its duration as would be required to create it for the first time，had it not already existed．Thus there is only a distinction of reason between conservation and creation，and this is one of the things that are evident by the natural light of reason.

Therefore，I should now ask myself：have I some power by which I can bring it about that I，who exist at present，will still exist a short time in the future？ Since I am only a thinking thing or，at least，I am discussing only those features of that part of me which is speci fically a thinking thing，if I had such a power I would undoubtedly be aware of it．But I do not experience any such power，and therefore I know very evidently that I depend on some being which is distinct from me.

However，perhaps that being is not God．Perhaps I was produced either by my parents or by some other causes that are less perfect than God．Hardly．As I have already said，it is clear that there must be at least as

much reality in a cause as in its effect．Therefore，since I am a thinking thing and I have some idea of God，whatever cause is eventually assigned to me，it must be agreed that it is a thinking thing and that it includes an idea of all the perfections that I attribute to God．One can ask about that cause in turn：does it derive its existence from itself or from something else？ If it derives its existence from itself，it is obvious from what has already been said that it is itself God because，since it derives the power to exist from itself，it undoubtedly also has the power of possessing actually the perfections of which it has an idea，that is，all the perfections that I conceive of in God．If，however，it derives its existence from something else，then the question arises again in the same way about that，whether it derives its existence from itself or from something else，until finally one arrives at the ultimate cause，which is God．It is clear enough that there cannot be an in finite regress here，especially since I am not concerned at this stage with the cause that produced me in the past but much more with the cause that maintains me in existence at present.

Nor is it plausible that there may have been many partial causes which cooperated to produce me，and that I got the idea of one of the perfections that I attribute to God from one cause and，from another，the idea of a second perfection，so that all these perfections occur somewhere in the world although they are not all joinedtogether in the same being，which is God．On the contrary，the unity，simplicity，or the inseparability of all those attributes that are found in God is one of the principal perfections that I understand is present in him．And it is certain that the idea of the unity of all these perfections could not have been produced in me by some other cause unless I had the ideas of his other perfections from the same source；nor

could it have made me understand them as joined together and inseparable，unless it also made me understand what those perfections were.

Finally，as regards parents，even if I assume that everything I ever believed about them is true，it would still not mean that they maintain me in existence；nor is there any way in which they have created me insofar as I am a thinking thing．They have only put certain dispositions in the matter in which I–that is，my mind，which is all I mean by‘I’at this point– find myself at present．Thus there can be no question about them in this context．Instead it must absolutely be concluded from the mere fact that I exist and that I have some idea of a most perfect being–that is，of God–that it is very clearly demonstrated that God also exists.

It only remains for me to examine how I received this idea from God．I did not derive it from the senses，nor did it ever arrive unexpectedly as the ideas of sensible things usually do when external objects impinge，or seem to impinge，on the sense organs．Nor was it fabricated by me，for it is clear that I can neither add to it nor subtract anything from it．Thus it follows that it is innate in me，just as the idea of myself is innate in me.

Evidently it is not surprising if God，in creating me，endowed me with this idea so that it would be，as it were，the artisan's trademark imprinted on his work．Nor is it necessary that the mark be distinct from the work itself．From the mere fact that God created me，however，it is very probable that I was made in some way in his image and likeness and that this likeness，in which the idea of God is contained，is perceived in me by means of the same faculty by which I perceive myself．In other words，when I turn my mind's eye towards myself I understand not only that I am an

incomplete and dependent being and that I aspire inde finitely towards what is greater or better; I also understand, at the same time, that he on whom I depend is greater than all those things, not just inde finitely and potentially, but that he contains them all to an in finite degree in himself and is thus God. The whole force of this argument consists in the fact that I recognize that it is impossible for me to exist with the kind of nature I have, that is, having in myself the idea of God, if God did not truly exist. I mean the God of whom I have an idea, that is, who has all those perfections that I cannot comprehend but is such that I can reach him in some way through my thought and is clearly immune from all defects. It follows clearly enough that he cannot be a deceiver, since it is evident by the natural light of reason that every fraud and deception results from some defect.

But before I examine this last issue in greater detail and also inquire into other truths that can be derived from it, I should pause here for a brief while to contemplate God himself, to consider his attributes and to contemplate and adore the beauty of this immense lightinsofar as the eye of my darkened mind can tolerate it. Just as we believe by faith that the greatest happiness of the next life consists simply in the contemplation of this divine majesty, likewise we experience that we derive the greatest joy of which we are capable in this life from the same contemplation, even though it is much less perfect.

Fourth Meditation

Truth and Falsehood

In recent days I have become so used to leading my mind away from the

senses and have noted carefully that so little is perceived reliably about physical things，and that much more is known about the human mind and even more again about God，that already I have no difficulty in turning my thoughts away from things that can be imagined to those that are purely intelligible and independent of all matter. Clearly I have a much more distinct idea of the human mind–insofar as it is a thinking thing，is not extended in length，breadth and depth，and includes in itself nothing that is physical–than of any physical thing. When I consider that I doubt or that I am an incomplete and dependent thing，a clear and distinct idea occurs to me of a complete and independent being，that is，of God. And from the fact alone that I have this idea or that I exist while having this idea，I conclude so clearly that God also exists and that each moment of my whole existence depends on him that I do not think that anythingcan be known by human intelligence more evidently or more clearly. I now seem to see a way by which knowledge of other things can be reached from this contemplation of the true God in whom are hidden all the treasures of the sciences and of wisdom.

First of all，I realize that it is impossible that God would ever deceive me. All deception or fraud involves some imperfection，and although being able to deceive seems to be some kind of evidence in favour of cleverness or power，it is undoubtedly true that the wish to deceive is evidence of malice or foolishness and therefore it cannot belong to God.

Next，I experience a certain faculty of judgement in myself，which，just like everything else that is in me，I received from God. Since God does not wish me to be mistaken he obviously did not give me a faculty such

that，when I use it correctly，I could ever be mistaken.

There would be no further doubt about this，except that it seems to follow that I can never be mistaken；for if everything I possess comes from God and if he did not give me a faculty for making mistakes，it seems as if I could never be wrong about anything．And thus，as long as I think only about God and focus completely on him，I find no cause of error or falsehood in myself．But as soon as I turn back to myself，however，I find that I am subject to innumerable errors．When I look for a cause of these errors，I find that I have not only a real and positive idea of God or of a supremely perfect being but I also have，if I may so describe it，a certain negative idea of nothingness or of what is removed as far as possible from every perfection；and I am like some kind of intermediate beingbetween God and nothingness，or I am so constituted between the supreme being and nonbeing that，insofar as I was created by the supreme being，there is nothing in me by which I can be mistaken or led into error，but insofar as I also participate in some way in nothingness or in nonbeing–thatis，insofarasImyself amnotthesupreme being and I lack so many things–it is not surprising，then，if I make mistakes．Thus I certainly recognize that error as such is not something real that depends on God but is merely a defect；therefore，in order to be mistaken，I do not need some faculty that God gave me for that purpose but I happen to make mistakes by the mere fact that the faculty of judging truly，which I got from God，is not in finite.

However，that does not satisfy me completely．For error is not a pure negation；it is a privation or lack of some knowledge that somehow I should have．And when I consider the nature of God it does not seem possible that

he gave me some faculty that is not perfect in its own right or that lacks some perfection that it should have. If it is true that artisans who are more skilled produce more perfect artifacts, what could have been made by the supreme creator of everything that would not be complete in every way? There is also no doubt that God could have created me so that I am not mistaken, nor is there any doubt either that he always wills what is best. Therefore, is it better for me to be mistaken rather than not mistaken?

As I think more about this, it occurs to me first that I should not be surprised if I do not understand the reason for some things that are done by God, and that I shouldnot doubt his existence because I happen to experience some things and do not comprehend why or how he does them. Since I already know that my nature is very weak and limited and that the nature of God is immense, incomprehensible and in finite, I also know from this that there are innumerable things of which I do not know the causes. For this reason alone, I think there is no role in physics for that whole class of causes which are usually sought in purposes, because I think that I cannot investigate God's purposes without temerity.

It also occurs to me that when we inquire whether God's works are perfect, we should not consider some particular creature on its own but the whole universe of things. For although something may perhaps rightly seem to be very imperfect when it is considered in isolation, it is very perfect when considered as part of the world. Since I decided to doubt everything, I have so far come to know with certainty only that I myself exist and that God exists; however, once I have recognized the immense power of God, I cannot deny that there are many other things created by him or which, at

least，could be created by him，so that I acquire the status of a part in the universe of things.

When I come to look at myself more closely and investigate what kinds of mistake I make（which in themselves indicate some kind of imperfection in me），I notice that they depend on two causes acting simultaneously，namely on the faculty of knowing，which I have，and on the faculty of choosing or on freedom of the will–in other words，on the intellect and will together. By using the intellect I merely perceive the ideas about which I canmake a judgement，and this can contain no error in the strict sense when it is considered precisely from this point of view. There may exist innumerable things of which I have no idea，but I should be described simply as lacking them in a negative sense rather than as being deprived of them in any strict sense，because I cannot think of any reason to show that God ought to have given me a superior faculty of knowing than the one he gave me. And no matter how skilled I think an artisan may be，I do not think for that reason that they have to put all the perfections into each individual item of work that they are capable of putting into others.

At the same time，I cannot complain that I did not receive from God a sufficiently extensive and perfect will or freedom of choice，for I clearly experience that it is not con fined by any limits. What I think is very noteworthy is that there is nothing else in me that is so perfect and so great that I cannot think of it as being even greater still or more perfect. If，for example，I consider my faculty of understanding，I recognize immediately that it is very limited and finite and，at the same time，I form the idea of another similar faculty which is much greater–in fact，the greatest

possible，and in finite–and from the mere fact that I can form this idea I perceive that it belongs to the nature of God. Likewise，if I examine the faculty of remembering or imagining，or any other faculty，it is clear to me that I understand all of them as limited and restricted in my own case but as unlimited in God. I experience the will alone，or freedom of choice，as being so extensive in my own case that I conceive the idea of none greater，

so that it is principally because of thisfaculty that I understand myself as being in some sense the image and likeness of God. For although the will is incomparably greater in God than in me–both because of the knowledge and power that accompany it and make it stronger and more efficacious，and because of its object，insofar as it extends to many more things than my will–when it is considered formally and in a strict sense，however，it does not seem to be greater. For the will consists in this alone，that we can either do or not do something（that is，affirm or deny something，seek or avoid it）；or rather，it consists in this alone that we bring ourselves to affirm or deny，to seek or avoid，whatever is proposed to us by our intellect in such a way that we feel that we are not determined by any external force. Nor is it true that，in order to be free，I must be capable of moving in either direction；on the contrary，the more I am inclined in one direction the more freely I choose it，either because I clearly recognize it as being true and good or because God so disposes my innermost thoughts. Surely neither divine grace nor natural knowledge ever diminishes freedom；instead，they increase and strengthen it. But the indifference I experience when I am not moved one way or another by any consideration is a lower degree of freedom，and it does not indicate a perfection in our freedom but merely some kind of defect or something lacking in our knowledge. For if I always saw clearly what is true and what is good，I would never deliberate about

what judgement to make or what to choose and thus，although I would obviously be free，I could never be indifferent.

I see from these considerations that the cause of my errors is not the power of willing，which I receive fromGod，when considered on its own，because this power is as extensive as possible and is perfect in its kind. Nor is it the power of understanding because，whatever I understand，it is certain that I understand it correctly，for the ability to understand comes from God and it cannot contain the ability to be mistaken. Where do my errors originate，then？ They result from this alone：since the will extends further than the understanding，I do not restrain it within the limits of the understanding but apply it even to things that I do not understand. Given that it is indifferent to those things，it is easily deflected from what is true or good and in that way I make mistaken judgements or bad choices.

For example，when I considered in recent days whether anything in the world exists and when I noticed that，from the fact that I thought about it，it follows clearly that I exist，I still was unable not to judge that whatever I understood so clearly was true. This was not because I was coerced into that conclusion by some external force，but because a strong inclination of the will followed from a great light in the understanding and，as a result，I believed it much more spontaneously and freely insofar as I was less indifferent to it. Now，however，I not only know that I exist，insofar as I am some kind of thinking thing，but I also notice an idea of physical nature；this makes me doubt whether the thinking nature which is in me，or rather which I myself am，is distinct from this physical nature or whether both are identical，and I think that my understanding has not yet any reason

to persuade me one way or another. For that reason I am certainly indifferent with respect to affirming or denyingeither alternative or， indeed， with respect to making no judgement on the question.

This indifference extends not only to things that are not known at all by the understanding but generally to anything that is not understood clearly enough at precisely the time at which the will deliberates about it. Even when probable conjectures lead me in one direction，the mere knowledge that they are only conjectures，and that they are not reasons which are certain and indubitable，is enough to push my assent in the opposite direction. I have experienced enough of this in recent days，when I supposed that all the things were false that I had previously believed to be absolutely true，simply because I realized that it was possible for me somehow to doubt them.

However，when I do not perceive what is true with sufficient clarity and distinction，as long as I refrain from making a judgement it is clear that I act correctly and that I am not mistaken. But if I affirm or deny in those circumstances，then I do not use my freedom of choice correctly. If I opt for the side that is false，I am evidently mistaken；if，however，I choose the opposite，I land on the truth by chance but I do not thereby avoid fault because it is evident by the natural light of reason that the perception of the understanding should always precede the determination of the will. It is this incorrect use of freedom of choice that constitutes the privation which is the essence of error；this privation，I say，is in the use of the will itself insofar as it originates in me，but not in the faculty that I received from God nor even in the use of that faculty insofar as it depends on God.

Nor have I any reason to complain that God has not provided me with a greater power of understanding or that he did not give me a greater natural light than he did, because it is natural for a finite understanding that there are many things which it does not understand and it is natural for a created understanding to be finite. Instead I ought to be grateful to him who never owed me anything for having been so generous to me, rather than think that he failed to give me, or has taken away, those things that he never gave me.

Nor may I complain because he gave me a will that is wider in scope than my understanding. Since the will consists in a single thing that is, as it were, indivisible, it seems as if its nature is such that nothing could be taken away from it. And, clearly, the wider its scope, the more grateful I should be towards the donor.

Finally, I should not complain that God cooperates with me in making those acts of will, or those judgements, in which I am mistaken. Those actions are completely true and good insofar as they depend on God and, as far as I am concerned, it is a greater perfection to be able to perform those acts than not to be able to do so. But a privation, which alone is the essence of falsehood and fault, does not need God's cooperation because it is a non-entity; if it is referred to God as its cause, it should not be called a privation but merely a negation. It is clearly not an imperfection in God that he gave me the freedom to assent or not assent to certain things of which he did not put a clear and distinct perception in my understanding. But it is undoubtedly an imperfection in me that I do not use this freedom well and that I make judgements about things that I do not understand correctly. I

see，however，that God could easily have arranged that I would be incapable of ever making a mistake，even though I remain free and have limited knowledge. He could have given my understanding a clear and distinct perception of everything that I would deliberate about，or else he could simply impress on my memory–so firmly that I could never forget it–that I should never make a judgement about anything that I had not understood clearly and distinctly. I readily recognize that，if I were some kind of totality [and if there were nothing else in the world apart from me]，I would be more perfect than I am at present，had God made me in that way.
But I cannot for that reason deny that，in the whole universe of things，it is in some sense a greater perfection that some of its parts are immune from error while others are not，than if all its parts were exactly similar. I have no right to complain that God chose to give me a role in the world that is not the principal and most perfect of all.

Besides，even if I cannot avoid error by the first strategy，which relies on the clear perception of everything about which I have to deliberate，I can at least do so by the other strategy，which presupposes only that I remember to abstain from making a judgement when the truth about something is not clear. For although I experience in myself the weakness of not being able always to concentrate on one and the same item of knowledge，I can still arrange，by an attentive and frequently repeated meditation，to remember this rule as often as I need it and in that way I could acquire a certain habit of not making mistakes.

Since that is the greatest and principal human perfection，I do not consider that I accomplished little in today's meditation in which I

investigated the cause of error and falsehood．If it is clear that there cannot be any other cause than the one I explained，then as long as I restrict the will in such a way that，in making judgements，it extends only to those things that the understanding shows it clearly and distinctly，it is evidently impossible for me to be mistaken because every clear and distinct perception is certainly something and，consequently，cannot come from nothing but necessarily has God for its author–God，I say，the supremely perfect being for whom it is repugnant to be a deceiver–and hence the perception is undoubtedly true．Today I have learned not only what I must avoid in order never to be mistaken，but I have also learned what must be done to reach the truth．I will certainly reach it if I consider only the things that I understand perfectly enough and if I separate them from all other things which I apprehend in a confused and obscure way．I shall do this diligently in future.

Fifth Meditation

The Essence of Material Things. Another Discussion of God's Existence

There are still many things to consider about the attributes of God and about my own nature or my mind．But I will consider them some other time perhaps，because nothing seems more urgent（once I have recognized whatshould be avoided and what should be done to reach the truth），than to try to emerge from the doubts into which I fell in recent days and to see if I can have any certainty about material things.

In fact，before inquiring whether any such things exist outside me，I should consider their ideas insofar as they are in my thought and see which

ideas are distinct and which are confused.

I have a distinct image of quantity，which philosophers usually call continuous quantity，or of its extension or，preferably，of the extension of a quanti fied thing in length，breadth and depth．I also pick out various parts in it and assign to these parts various magnitudes，shapes，positions and local motions，and I assign various durations to the local motions．All these things，considered in this general way，are not the only things that are clearly perceived and known；by paying attention，I also perceive innumerable particular things about shapes，number，motion and so on，the truth of which is so open and so accommodated to my nature that，when I first discover it，I seem not so much to learn something new as to remember things I already knew or to notice for the first time things that were in my mind for a long time even though I had not previously turned my attention to them.

I think that what deserves most consideration at this stage is that I find I have innumerable ideas of certain things which，even if they do not exist anywhere outside me，still cannot be said to be nothing．Although I think about them to some extent by choice，they are not，however，invented by me and they have their own true andimmutable natures．For example，when I imagine a triangle，even if it were true that no such figure exists or has ever existed anywhere outside my thought，it still clearly has some determinate nature or essence or form，immutable and eternal，which was not constructed by me and does not depend on me．This is clear from the fact that various properties of the triangle can be demonstrated；for example，that its three angles are equal to two right angles，that the longest

side is subtended by the biggest angle，and similar properties．Even if I never thought of them previously when I imagined a triangle，I now know them clearly independently of whether I wish to or not and therefore they were not invented by me.

If I were to say that the idea of a triangle may have reached me through the sense organs，because I occasionally saw bodies with triangular shapes，that is beside the point．For I can think of innumerable other shapes about which there can be no suggestion that I ever got to know them through the senses and，despite that，I can demonstrate various properties about them just as in the case of the triangle．All these properties are obviously true since they are known clearly by me，and therefore they are something and not simply nothing–for it is obvious that everything that is true is something，and I have already demonstrated above that everything that I know clearly is true．And even had I not demonstrated it，the nature of my mind is certainly such that I still would be incapable of not assenting to them，at least as long as I perceive them clearly．I also remember that，even earlier，when I was completely immersed in the objects of the senses，I always held that the most certain of all werethe truths of this type，namely，whatever I knew clearly about shapes or numbers and other truths that pertain to arithmetic or geometry or，in general，to pure and abstract mathematics.

Now if it follows，from the fact alone that I can produce an idea of something from my thought，that everything that I perceive clearly and distinctly as belonging to it does really belong to it，could I not also derive an argument to demonstrate God's existence？ Certainly I find in myself an

idea of God–that is，of a supremely perfect being–just as much as I find an idea of any shape or number. I understand that it belongs to God's nature that he always exists，as clearly and distinctly as I understand that whatever I demonstrate about any shape or number belongs to the nature of that shape or number. Therefore，even if everything on which I meditated in recent days were not true，I should attribute to God's existence at least the same degree of certainty that I have attributed to mathematical truths until now.

However，it is clear that this is not completely perspicuous at first sight and it seems to be some kind of logical trick. Because I am used to distinguishing existence from essence in everything else，I easily believe that it is also possible to separate existence from the essence of God and，in that way，that one could think about God as not existing. But it is clear to whoever thinks about it more carefully that existence can no more be separated from God's essence than one can separate，from the essence of a triangle，that the three angles are equal to two right angles，or than one could separate the idea of a valley from the idea of a mountain. Thus to think of God（thatis，a supremely perfect being）as lacking existence（that is，lacking some perfection）is just as contradictory as to think of a mountain that lacks a valley.

However，even if I can think of God only as existing and of a mountain only with a valley，still the following must surely be true：just as it does not follow that there is any mountain in the world from the fact that I think of a mountain with a valley，likewise from the fact that I think of God as existing it does not seem to follow that God exists. My thought imposes no necessity on things and，since I can think of a horse with wings even though no horse

has wings，perhaps I could likewise attribute existence to God even though no God exists.

There is a logical mistake concealed here. From the fact that I cannot think of a mountain without a valley it does not follow that a mountain and valley exist somewhere，but only that mountain and valley，whether they exist or not，cannot be separated from one another. Likewise，from the fact that I can think of God only as existing，it follows that existence is inseparable from God and therefore that he really does exist. It is not that my thought makes this happen or imposes any necessity on any thing；on the contrary，the necessity of the reality itself，namely of God's existence， makes me think this way. I am not free to think of God without existence（that is，of a supremely perfect being without the highest perfection）in the same way that I am free to imagine a horse either with or without wings.

Nor should it be objected at this point that I have to assume that God exists once I have supposed that he has all perfections，but that the first assumption was notnecessary，just as it is unnecessary for me to believe that all quadrilateral shapes can be inscribed in a circle；however，if I were to make the latter assumption，then I would have to concede that a rhombus can be inscribed in a circle–which is clearly false. Although it is not necessary that I ever get to thinking about God，whenever I choose to think about the first and highest being and，as it were，to draw out the idea of God from the treasury of my mind，I must necessarily attribute all perfections to him，even if I do not enumerate them all at the time or consider each one of them individually. This necessity is so clear that

subsequently，when I realize that existence is a perfection，I must conclude correctly that the first and highest being exists. Likewise，it is not necessary that I ever imagine any triangle but，whenever I decide to think about a rectilinear figure which has only three angles，it is necessary that I attribute to it those properties from which it is correctly deduced that its three angles are not greater than two right angles–even if I do not advert to this at the time. But when I consider which figures are inscribed in a circle，it is not at all necessary to think that they include all quadrilaterals. In fact，I cannot even imagine that，as long as I wish to admit only what I understand clearly and distinctly. Therefore there is a big difference between false propositions like that and the true ideas that are innate in me，among which the idea of God is the primary and principal one. For I clearly understand in many ways that the idea of God is not something fictitious which depends on my thought，but that it is the image of a true and immutable nature. Firstly，for example，because there is nothing else that I can think of，apart from God alone，to the essence of which existence belongs. Secondly，because I cannot understand two or more similar Gods and I assume that one such God exists，I see clearly that it is necessary both that he existed from all eternity and will remain for eternity. Finally，I perceive many other things in God which are such that I cannot change them or take anything away from them.

But whatever argument I eventually use to prove something，I am always brought back to this：the only things that clearly convince me are those that I perceive clearly and distinctly. And even if，among the things that I perceive in this way，some are obvious to everyone while others are discovered only by those who look at them more closely and examine them

more carefully，once they are discovered，however，the latter are considered no less certain than the former. For example，even if the fact that the square on the hypotenuse of a rightangled triangle is equal to the squares on the other two sides is not as apparent as the fact that the hypotenuse subtends the largest angle，once it is seen clearly it is not believed any less. In the case of God，however，I would surely know him prior to and more easily than anything else if I were not submergedinprejudicesandif theimagesof sensiblethings did not besiege my thought from every direction；for what is more clear than this，that the supreme being exists or that God–to whose essence alone existence belongs–exists？ Besides，although I had to pay careful attention to perceive this，I am now not only as certain of this as of anything else that seems very certain to me，but I also notice that the certainty of other things depends on this in such a way that，without it，nothing can ever be known perfectly.

Although my nature is such that，as long as I perceive something very clearly and distinctly，I am unable not to believe that it is true，my nature is also such that I cannot fix my mind's eye always on the same thing in order to perceive it clearly，and the memory of an earlier judgement often returns when I am no longer considering the reasons why I made that judgement. Thus other reasons could occur to me，if I were ignorant of God，which would easily make me change my mind and in that way I would never have true and certain knowledge about anything but merely unstable and changeable opinions. Thus，for example，when I think about the nature of a triangle，it seems most evident to me，as someone imbued with the principles of geometry，that its three angles are equal to two right angles，and I am unable not to believe that it is true as long as I think about its

demonstration. But as soon as I have turned my mind's eye away，even though I still remember that I perceived it as clearly as possible，it easily happens that I doubt its truth–at least，if I am ignorant of God. For I can convince myself that I was so created by nature that I am sometimes mistaken about things that I think I perceive as clearly as possible，especially when I remember that I have often accepted many things as true and certain that I subsequently judged were false when new considerations were introduced.

But once I perceived that God exists and have also understood，at the same time，that everything else depends on him and that he is not a deceiver，I concluded that all those things that I clearly and distinctly perceive are necessarily true. And even if I no longer consider thereasons on account of which I made that judgement about its truth，no contrary reason can be found–as long as I remember having perceived it clearly and distinctly–that would make me doubt it. Instead，I have a true and certain knowledge of it. Nor does this apply to this one thing alone，but to all the other things that I remember having demonstrated at some time，for example，in geometry and so on. What counterarguments remain now? That I was made in such a way that I am often mistaken? But I already know that I cannot be mistaken in those things that I understand clearly. Perhaps I formerly accepted many things as true and certain that I subsequently discovered were false? But I did not perceive any of those things clearly and distinctly and，ignorant of this rule of truth，I may have believed them for other reasons that I later found were less reliable. What should be said，then? That I may be dreaming（as I objected to myself a while ago），or that all the things that I am thinking about now are no more true than what occurs to me when I am asleep? But even that does not

change anything because surely，if I am dreaming，on condition that something is evident to my understanding it is entirely true.

Thus I see clearly that the certainty and truth of all knowledge depends only on the knowledge of the true God in such a way that，before I knew him，I was incapable of knowing anything else perfectly. But now countless things can be known and be certain for me，both about God and other intellectual things，and also about as much of physical nature as falls within the scope of pure mathematics.

Sixth Meditation

The Existence of Material Things, and the Real Distinction between Mind and Body

I still have to consider whether material things exist．Indeed，I already know that they are at least capable of existing insofar as they are the object of pure mathematics，because I perceive them clearly and distinctly．For there is no doubt that God is capable of producing everything that I am capable of perceiving in this way，and I never thought that there was anything he was incapable of producing unless it was incapable of being perceived distinctly by me．Besides，it seems to follow that they do exist，from the faculty of imagining that I am conscious of using when I turn to such material things．The reason is that，if one considers very carefully what the imagination is，it seems to be nothing but a certain application of the cognitive faculty to a body that is intimately present to that faculty and that therefore exists.

To clarify that，I will first consider the difference between imagination

and pure understanding．When I imagine a triangle，for example，I do not merely understand that it is a figure bounded by three lines but，at the same time，I also see those three lines with my mind's eye as if they were present，and that is what I call imagining．However，if I wish to think about a chiliagon，I understand equally well that it is a figure that consists of one thousand sides，just as I understand that a triangle is a figure that consists of three sides；but I cannot imagine athousand sides in the same way，that is，I cannot see them as if they were present．Even if I represent to myself some very confused figure on that occasion，because of my habit of always imagining something whenever I think of a physical thing，it is clear nevertheless that it is not a chiliagon，because it is not in any way different from what I would also represent to myself if I were to think about a myriagon or any other figure with many sides，and it is useless for knowing the properties by which a chiliagon differs from other polygons．However，if we were discussing a pentagon，I could understand its shape too，just like that of a chiliagon，without the aid of the imagination．But by applying my mind's eye simultaneously to its five sides and to the area they enclose，I am also able to imagine it．I notice clearly in this example that，in order to imagine，I need a characteristic effort of the mind that I do not use in order to understand．This new effort of the mind shows clearly the difference between the imagination and pure understanding.

I also think that the power of imagining which I have，insofar as it differs from the power of understanding，is not required for my essence，that is，for the essence of my mind because，even if I did not have it，I would undoubtedly remain who I am now．It seems to follow that the imagination depends on something that is distinct from me．I understand

easily that，if some body existed to which my mind were so united that it could apply itself to it at will as if it were inspecting it，it would be possible to imagine things through that physical body．Thus this way of thinking differs from pure understanding only in the sense that the mind，when it understands，turns back on itself in some way and reflects on one of the ideas that are inside itself；however，when it imagines，it turns towards a body and sees something in it that resembles the idea that had been understood by itself or perceived by sensation．I can easily understand，I say，that the imagination can take place in that way if such a body exists．Since no other equally satisfactory way of explaining it occurs to me，I hypothesize that such a body probably exists．However，it exists only probably and，despite my careful examination，I still do not see how，from the distinct idea of a physical nature which I find in my imagination，I can derive an argument that concludes necessarily that some body exists.

However，I am used to imagining，besides the physical nature which is the object of pure mathematics，many other things，such as colours，sounds，tastes，pain and the like，although none of them distinctly．Since I perceive them better by sensation–from which they seem to come to the imagination with the aid of memory–if I wish to discuss them properly，I have to discuss sensation too and see if，from those things which are perceived in the type of thinking that I call sensation，I can derive an argument for the existence of physical things that is certain.

I shall first remind myself at this point of those things which，having been perceived by sensation，I formerly thought were true，and of the reasons why I thought they were true．I shall then review the reasons why I

subsequently raised doubts about them． And finally，I shall consider what I should believe about them now.

First of all，I sensed that I had a head，hands，feet andthe other members which compose the body that I considered as a part of myself or，perhaps，as myself in its entirety． I sensed that this body was surrounded by many other bodies by which it could be affected in various bene ficial or harmful ways，and I judged the bene ficial things by a certain sensation of pleasure and the harmful things by a sensation of pain． Besides pain and pleasure，I also sensed in myself hunger，thirst and other such appetites，and certain bodily inclinations towards happiness，sadness，anger and other similar passions． Outside myself，apart from the extension of bodies，their shapes and motions，I also sensed in them hardness，heat and other tactile qualities． In addition，I had sensations of light，colours，sounds，odours and tastes，by the variety of which I distinguished from one another the sky，the earth，the seas and other bodies.

Given the ideas of all those qualities which were presented to my thought and which were the only things that，strictly speaking，I sensed immediately，it was evidently reasonable to believe that I sensed various things which were clearly distinct from my thought，namely the bodies from which those ideas originated． For I experienced that those ideas would come to me without any consent on my part，so that I was both unable to sense any object，even if I wished to，unless it was present to my sensory organs and I was incapable of not sensing it when it was present． Since the ideas perceived by sensation were much stronger and more vivid and，in their own way，more distinct than any of those that I formed myself，it seemed

impossible–when meditating carefully and intentionally on those that I noticed were impressedon my memory–that they originated from myself. Therefore，the only remaining option was that they originated from other things. Because I had no knowledge of those things apart from the very ideas that I got from them，nothing else could have occurred to me except that the ideas resembled the things. And because I also recall that I began using my senses before my reason，and since I saw that the ideas that I formed were not as vivid as those that I perceived by sensation and that，in most cases，they were composed of parts of the latter，I easily convinced myself that I had absolutely nothing in my mind which did not originate in sensation.

It was also reasonable for me to judge that the body which，by some special right，I called my own belongs to me more than any other body. For I was unable ever to be separated from it，as I could be from other bodies；I sensed all my appetites and passions in it and for it；and finally，I was aware of pain and the titillation of pleasure in its parts，but not in other bodies that were situated outside me. Why does a certain sadness of the mind follow from some unknown sensation of pain，and a certain happiness from a sensation of pleasure？ Or why does the unknown tightening of the stomach that I call hunger advise me to eat food and a dryness of the throat advise me to take a drink，and so on for all the others？ I clearly had no explanation except that I was taught this by nature. There is obviously no other connection（at least，none that I can understand）between the stomach tightening and the decision to take food，or between the sensation of something that causes pain and the thought of sadness that results from it. All the other things that Ijudged about the objects of the senses seemed to

be taught by nature. I was convinced of this before I weighed up any of the reasons that could prove it.

Later，however，many experiences undermined little by little all my faith in the senses. For in some cases towers that seemed round from a distance appeared，close up，to be square，and very high statues standing on top of the towers did not seem tall to an observer on the ground. In countless other similar things I discovered that the judgements of the external senses were mistaken. And not only the judgements of the external senses，but also those of the internal senses. For what can be closer to me than pain？ But I once heard，from those who had had a leg or arm amputated，that they still seemed to feel pain in the part of their body that was missing. Likewise，it did not seem certain in my own case that I had a pain in some limb even if I felt a pain in it. I recently added to these reasons for doubting two other much more general ones. The first was that I never believed I sensed anything while awake that I was not also able to think I sensed occasionally while I was asleep；and since I do not believe that the things I seem to sense while asleep come to me from external things，I did not see why I should give any more credence to things that I seem to sense while awake. The second reason was that，as long as I did not know or，at least，as long as I pretended not to know the author of my origin，I saw nothing to prevent me from being so constituted by nature that I was mistaken even about those things that seemed most true to me. As regards the reasons by which I was formerly convinced of the truth of sensible things，it was not difficult for me to reply tothem. It seemed as if nature pushed me towards many things from which reason dissuaded me，and therefore I did not think that I should put much faith in what nature taught

me．And despite the fact that the perceptions of the senses do not depend on my will，I did not think that I should conclude，for that reason，that they derived from things that are distinct from me；there may perhaps be some faculty in me，even if it is unknown to me，by which they are produced.

However，now that I begin to know better both myself and the author of my origin，I do not think that all the things that I seem to acquire from the senses must be accepted with temerity；but at the same time，it is not necessary that all of them be called into doubt.

Firstly，I know that everything that I understand clearly and distinctly can be made by God in the same way that I understand them；therefore it is enough that I can understand one thing，clearly and distinctly，without another in order to be certain that one thing is distinct from the other，because it is possible for them to be separated，at least by God．It is irrelevant by what power the separation is realized in order for them to be considered distinct．Therefore from the fact alone that I know that I exist and that，at the same time，I notice absolutely nothing else that belongs to my nature apart from the single fact that I am a thinking thing，I correctly conclude that my essence consists in this alone，that I am a thinking thing．And although I may（rather，as I shall say soon：I certainly）have a body that is joined very closely to me，since I have on the one hand a clear and distinct idea of myself insofar as I am a thinking，nonextended thingand，on the other hand，I have a distinct idea of the body insofar as it is merely an extended，nonthinking thing，it is certain that I am really distinct from my body and that I can exist without it.

Besides，I find in myself faculties for thinking in certain special

ways，such as faculties for imagining and sensing；I can understand my whole self clearly and distinctly without them but cannot，conversely， understand them without myself，that is，without the intellectual substance in which they inhere，for they include in their formal concept some kind of understanding．I conclude from this that they are distinguishable from me as modes are from a thing．I also acknowledge some other faculties，such as the ability to change place，to assume various shapes，and the like，which cannot be really understood，any more than the previous faculties，without some substance in which they inhere and without which they likewise cannot exist．But it is evident that if they do indeed exist， thenthesefacultiesmustbeinaphysicalorextended substance and not in an intellectual substance，because the clear and distinct concept of these faculties clearly includes some extension but no intellection.

There is also in me a certain passive faculty for sensing，or for receiving and knowing the ideas of sensible things，but I would not be able to use it in any way unless there also existed an active faculty，either in me or in something else，for producing or causing those ideas．Now it is clear that this cannot be located in me because it evidently presupposes no understanding，whereas those ideas are produced when I am not cooperating and even in spite of me．It follows，therefore，that thisfaculty must be in some substance which is distinct from me；and since it must contain as much reality，formally or eminently，as is found intentionally in the ideas produced by that faculty（as I mentioned above），this substance is either a body or a physical nature which formally contains everything that the ideas contain intentionally，or else it obviously must be God or some other creature more noble than a body which contains them eminently．But God is

not a deceiver; it is perfectly obvious, therefore, that he does not send these ideas to me directly from himself. Nor does he send them indirectly by means of some creature which contains the intentional reality of the ideas, not formally but only eminently. He obviously gave me no faculty to recognize such an arrangement; on the contrary, he gave me a strong tendency to believe that these ideas are emitted by physical things, and therefore I cannot see how he can be understood as not being a deceiver if they originated from anything except physical things. Therefore, physical things exist. They may not all exist, however, in exactly the same way that I perceive them in sensation, since sensory perception is very obscure and confused in many cases. But at least they include all those things that I understand clearly and distinctly–in other words, all those things that, conceived in a general way, are included in the subject matter of pure mathematics.

As regards other things, which are either only particular things (for example, that the sun has a certain size or shape, etc.) or which are less clearly understood (for example, light, sound, pain and similar things), although they are very doubtful and uncertain, the very fact thatGod is not a deceiver and therefore that there can be no falsehood in my beliefs, unless I have another faculty provided by God to correct it, provides me with a secure hope of finding the truth even about those things. There is evidently no doubt that everything that I am taught by nature has some truth in it–for by'nature'in this context, understood in a general way, I understand nothing but God himself or the coordinated system of created things that was established by God. Nor do I understand my own nature in particular as anything other than the complex of all those things that were

given me by God.

However，there is nothing that my nature teaches me more persuasively than that I have a body that is being harmed when I feel pain，that needs food or drink when I suffer hunger or thirst，and so on. Therefore，I should not doubt that there is some truth in this.

Nature also teaches by means of the sensations of pain，hunger，thirst，etc.，that I am not present to my body only in the way that a pilot is present to a ship，but that I am very closely joined to it and almost merged with it to such an extent that，together with it，I compose a single entity. Otherwise，when my body is injured I（who am nothing but a thinking thing）would not feel pain as a result；instead I would perceive such an injury as a pilot perceives by sight if some part of the ship is damaged. Likewise，when my body needs food or drink，I would understand this more clearly and would not have confused sensations of hunger and thirst. For these sensations of thirst，hunger，pain，etc.，are undoubtedly mere confused ways of thinking that result from the union and，as it were，the thorough mixing together of mind and body.

Moreover，I am also taught by nature that various other bodies exist in the vicinity of my body，and that I should seek some of them and avoid others. Certainly，from the fact that I perceive very different colours，sounds，odours，tastes，heat，hardness and the like，I conclude correctly that there are some differences between the bodies from which those various sensory perceptions arise that correspond to them，even if they do not，perhaps，resemble them. Besides，from the fact that some of those perceptions are agreeable to me while others are disagreeable it is obviously

certain that my body，or preferably，my entire self insofar as I am composed of a body and mind，can be affected by various bene ficial or harmful bodies in my environment.

But there are many other things such that，although I seemed to be taught them by nature，I learned them not really from nature but from a certain habit of judging carelessly，and it can easily happen therefore that they are false：for example，that every space is empty，if there is nothing obviously there that would affect my senses；that，for example，there is something in a warm body that resembles exactly the idea of heat that I have；that in something white or green there exists the same whiteness or greenness that I perceive，in something bitter or sweet the same taste，and so on for the others；that stars and towers and all other remote bodies have exactly the same size and shape that they present to my senses，and other similar things.

But in order not to perceive anything here that is not sufficiently distinct，I should de fine more carefully what exactly I understand when I say that I am taughtsomething by nature．For here I mean nature in a narrower sense than the complexity of everything that I was given by God，for this complexity includes many things that belong only to the mind；for example，I perceive that it is impossible for what was done to be undone，and all the other things that are known by the natural light of reason，and I am not concerned with them at this point.

There are also many things that belong only to the body，for example that it tends downwards and similar things，and I am not concerned with them either．I am concerned here only with those things that were given me

by God insofar as I am composed of a mind and body.

Nature in this sense，therefore，teaches me toflee from things that cause a sensation of pain and to seek those that cause a sensation of pleasure，and so on. But it does not seem to teach us to draw any conclusion from these sensory perceptions，without a prior examination by the understanding of the things that are external to us，because it seems that we can learn the truth about them by using the mind alone and not by using the composite of mind and body. Thus although a star does not affect my eye any more than theflame of a small fire，nevertheless that does not provide any real or positive inclination to believe that it is not greater，despite the fact that I have unreasonably judged in this way from my youth. And although I feel heat when I approach the fire，and I also feel pain when I go too near it，there is really no reason to convince me that there is something in the fire that resembles that heat any more than there is something in it that resembles the pain；but there is reason to believeonly that there is something in it，whatever it turns out to be，which causes those sensations of heat and pain in us. And although there may be nothing in a given space that affects our senses，it does not follow that there is no body there. But I see in these and many other cases that I have got used to perverting the order of nature. For sensory perceptions，strictly speaking，were given by nature only to signify to the mind what is bene ficial or harmful for the composite of which it is a part and，to that extent，they are sufficiently clear and distinct；but I use them as if they were guaranteed rules for the immediate discovery of the essence of external bodies，whereas they provide only very obscure and confused perceptions of them.

However，I have already adequately examined above how，despite God's goodness，it can happen that my judgements are false．But a new difficulty arises at this point about the very things that nature presents as things to be sought or avoided，and even about the internal sensations in which I seem to have detected mistakes–for example，when someone is deluded by the agreeable taste of some food and swallows poison which is concealed in it．But in that case one is urged by nature only to seek whatever has the agreeable taste and not the poison about which nature is completely ignorant．One can draw no conclusion from this，except that this nature is not omniscient．That is not surprising because，since a human being is limited，it deserves only limited perfections.

Still，it is not unusual for us to be mistaken about things to which nature inclines us，for example，in the case of those who are ill and who desire food or drink that very soon afterwards is harmful for them．One couldsay perhaps，in this case，that they are mistaken because their nature is disordered．But this does not resolve the problem，because someone who is sick is one of God's creatures just as much as someone who is healthy；therefore it seems to be just as objectionable if those who are sick were given a deceptive nature by God．A clock made with wheels and weights observes all the laws of nature just as precisely when it is made poorly and fails to show the correct time as when it satis fies the artisan's intentions in every respect．Likewise，I think of a human body as somekindof machinemadefrombones，nerves，muscles，veins，blood and skin so that，even if there were no mind in it，it would still have all the motions which it has at present and which do not result from the control of the will and，therefore，from the mind．Consequently，I can easily acknowledge

that it would be equally natural for it（if it suffered from dropsy，for example）to experience the same dryness of the throat that the sensation of thirst usually brings to the mind，and for its nerves and other parts of the body to be so affected that it would take a drink which would aggravate its sickness，as to be moved by a similar dryness of the throat to take a drink which is bene ficial for it when it is not affected by such a sickness．When I consider the anticipated use of the clock，however，I could say that it deviates from its nature when it does not show the correct time；likewise，considering the machine of the human body as being adapted to the motions that usually occur in it，I could think that it also deviates from its nature if its throat is dry when a drink is not conducive to its conservation．But I am sufficiently aware that this last way of understanding natureis very different from the other one．This latter understanding is simply a name，which results from my thought when I compare someone who is sick and a badly made clock with the idea of someone who is healthy and a clock that is well made，and it is completely extrinsic to the things to which it is applied．But by the former concept of nature I understand something which is really found in things and which，therefore，has some truth in it.

When the nature of a body suffering from dropsy is described as‘corrupted’，because it has a dry throat but does not need a drink，this is certainly a case of arbitrarily attaching a name to it．But when it is a question of the composite，or of a mind united with such a body，it is not simply a case of arbitrarily naming something；it is a genuine mistake of nature that it is thirsty when a drink is harmful to it．Therefore，we need to ask here how God's goodness fails to prevent nature，understood in the latter sense，from being deceitful.

First of all，I perceive that there is a big difference between the mind and the body insofar as the body，by its nature，is always divisible whereas the mind is evidently indivisible．When I reflect on the mind（or on myself insofar as I am simply a thinking thing），I certainly cannot distinguish any parts in myself；instead I understand myself to be a completely uni fied and integral thing．And even though the whole mind seems to be united with the whole body，if however a foot，an arm，or any other part of the body is cut off，I know that nothing is thereby taken away from the mind．Nor can the faculties of willing，sensing，understanding，etc.，be said to be parts of the mind，because it is one and the same mind thatwills，senses and understands．In contrast，I cannot think of any physical or extended body that I cannot divide easily in my thought；for that reason alone，I understand that it is divisible．That would be enough to teach me that the mind is completely different from the body if I did not already know it adequately from other considerations.

Secondly，I perceive that the mind is not affected immediately by all the parts of the body but only by the brain or，perhaps，only by one small part of the brain，namely the part in which the common sense is said to be．Whenever this part is in the same state，it presents the same thing to the mind even though the other parts of the body may be in different states．This is proved by many experiences that need not be reviewed here.

I also perceive that the nature of the body is such that no part of it can be moved by another part at a certain distance from it，unless it can also be moved in the same way by any of the parts in between，even when the more remote part does nothing．For example，in a cord A B C D，if one end of it

D is pulled，the other end A will be moved in the same way as if one of the intermediate parts，B or C，had been pulled and the end D had remained unmoved. In a similar way，when I feel a pain in my foot，physics teaches me that that sensation occurs by means of the nerves that are spread through the foot and are stretched from the foot to the brain like cords；when they are pulled in the foot，they also pull the inner parts of the brain where they terminate，and they stimulate a certain motion there，which was established by nature to affect the mind with a feeling of what seems like a pain in the foot. Since these nerves have to pass through the leg，thethigh，the loins，the back and the neck to reach from the foot to the brain，it can happen that，even if that section of the nerves which is in the foot is not affected but only some other intermediate section，evidently the very same motion occurs in the brain as when the foot is hurt，from which it will necessarily follow that the mind feels the same pain. The same thing must occur in the case of other sensations.

Finally，I perceive that any of the motions that occur in the part of the brain that affects the mind immediately trigger only one particular sensation in it；therefore the best arrangement that could be imagined here would be for it to trigger the speci fic sensation which，among all the sensations that it could possibly trigger，is conducive most often and to the greatest extent to the conservation of human health. Experience shows，however，that all the sensations with which we are endowed by nature are of this kind；therefore nothing can be found in them that does not bear witness to the power and goodness of God. Thus，for example，when the nerves in the foot are moved violently and more than usual，their motion，passing through the spinal cord to the inner parts of the brain，gives a signal to the

mind to sense something，namely a pain that seems to be in the foot，by which it is stimulated to remove its cause，insofar as that is possible，as something harmful to the foot．Human nature could have been so constituted by God that the very same motion in the brain would make the mind aware of something else–for example，the motion itself as it occurs in the brain，in the foot，or in any of the intermediate places between the foot and the brain，or of somethingcompletely different．But nothing else would have been as conducive to the conservation of the body．Likewise，when we need a drink，that gives rise to a certain dryness in the throat，which moves its nerves and，as a result，the interior of the brain．This motion affects the mind with a sensation of thirst，because there is nothing in this whole interaction that is more useful for us to know than that we need a drink for the conservation of our health，and likewise for other cases.

It is perfectly clear from these considerations that，despite the immense goodness of God，human nature，insofar as it is composed of a mind and body，cannot avoid being deceptive occasionally．For if some cause that is not in the foot，but in some other part of the body through which the nerves are stretched from the foot to the brain or even in the brain itself，causes the very same motion which is usually caused by a damaged foot，pain will be felt as if it were in the foot．Thus the sense is naturally deceived because，
since the same motion in the brain must always trigger the same sensation in the mind and since it results much more frequently from some cause that harms the foot rather than from anything else，it is reasonable that it would always signal to the mind a pain in the foot rather than in any other part of the body．If it happens occasionally that dryness of the throat arises，not as it usually does because a drink is conducive to the health of the body but from

some other contrary cause（as happens in the case of dropsy），it is much better that it would mislead in that case rather than always mislead when the body is healthy，and likewise for other examples.

This consideration is extremely helpful，not only for me to notice all the errors to which my nature is subject，but also to enable me to avoid them easily or to correct them．Clearly，I know that all the senses tell me much more frequently what is true rather than false about those things that pertain to the welfare of the body，and I can almost always use more than one of the senses to examine the same thing．I can also use my memory，which links present sensations with previous sensations，as well as my understanding，which has already looked into all the causes of error．Therefore，I should no longer fear that those things are false which my senses reveal to me on a daily basis．The hyperbolic doubts of recent days should be rejected as ridiculous，especially the extreme doubt that arose from my failure to distinguish between being asleep and being awake．I realize now that there is a very big difference between them，because dreams are never joined by memory with all the other activities of life，as happens with those that occur while we are awake．Evidently if，while I am awake，someone appeared to me suddenly and then immediately disappeared，as happens in dreams，in such a way that I did not see either where they came from or where they went to，I would reasonably judge that they were a ghost or an image depicted on my brain and not a genuine human being．But when things occur in such a way that I see distinctly where they come from，where and when they occur，and when the perception of them is linked with the rest of my life without any interruption，then I am perfectly certain that they occur to me while I am awake and not while asleep．Nor should I have even the slightest

doubt about theirtruth if，having called upon all my senses，my memory and my understanding to examine them，I get no report from any of them which conflicts with the others. For from the fact that God is not a deceiver it follows that，in such cases，I am completely free from error. But the urgency of things to be done does not always allow us time for such a careful examination；it must be granted，therefore，that human life is often subject to mistakes about particular things，and the weakness of our nature must be acknowledged.

Objections and Replies (Selections)

First Objections

（a）What cause，I ask，does an idea require？ Or what is an idea？ Is it the thing itself which is thought about，insofar as it is in the intellect intentionally？ What does it mean to be in the intellect intentionally？ One time I learned that it means：to determine an intellectual act itself by means of an object. That is evidently nothing in the thing itself but involves naming it by reference to something outside it. Just as for something to be seen is nothing more than an act of seeing，which is located in me，so likewise being thought or being in the intellect intentionally is having a thought of the mind that remains in and terminates in itself. This can occur even if the thing in question is not changed or moved，and even if it does not exist. I am asking，then： what is the cause of something which does not actually exist and which is nothing but a mere name？

However，our great author says：'When an idea contains one particular intentional reality rather than another，it must surely get this from some cause.'On the contrary，from no cause！For intentional reality is merely a name，and does not actually exist. A cause has a real and actual influence on something：but that which does not actually exist does not receive that influence，and therefore it neither receives nor needs the real influence of acause. Thus I have ideas，but not their cause–much less one

that is greater than me and is in finite.

（b）Even if it is granted that a supremely perfect being，by its very nature，implies existence，it still does not follow that such an existence is something that is actually present in the nature of things，but only that the concept of existence is inseparably linked with the concept of a supreme being．You cannot deduce from this that the existence of God is something actual，unless you presuppose that God is a supreme being who actually exists．If that were true，it would actually include all perfections，including the perfection of real existence.

Replies

（a）What I wrote，however，was：an idea is the thing itself which is thought，insofar as it is in the intellect intentionally．He pretends to understand these words in a way that is obviously different from the way I understand them，in order to give me an opportunity of explaining them more clearly．He says：‘To be in the intellect intentionally is to determine an intellectual act itself by means of an object，which is nothing in the thing itself but involves naming it by reference to something outside it.’One should notice that he refers here to the thing itself as if it were located outside the intellect；that is why saying that it is in the intellect intentionally merely involves naming an object by reference to something outside it．But I was speaking about an idea that is never outside the intellect and，consequently，‘intentional being’means simply to bein the intellect in the way in which objects are usually there．Thus，for example，if anyone asks what happens to the sun as a result of being in my intellect intentionally，it is best to reply

> that nothing happens to it apart from its being named by reference to something outside itself，that is，that，as an object，it directs an operation of the intellect. But if someone asks about the idea of the sun，what is it？ and if the reply is that it is the thing thought about insofar as it is in the intellect intentionally，no one will understand that to be the sun itself insofar as it is named after something outside itself.‘To be in the intellect intentionally’will not mean，in that case，to direct the intellect's operations as an object，but to be in it in the way in which objects of the intellect usually are there，so that the idea of the sun is the sun itself existing in the intellect–not，however，formally，asitdoesintheheavens，but intentionally，that is，in the way in which objects are usually in the intellect. This mode of existing is evidently much less perfect than that by which things exist outside the intellect but，clearly，it is not nothing as a result，as I have already written.

When the very learned theologian says that these words involve an equivocation，it seems as if he wants to warn me about something that I have just noted，lest I happen to forget it. He says，in the first place，that a thing existing in this way in the intellect by means of an idea is not an actual entity，that is，it is not something which is located outside the intellect. And that is true. Then he also says that it is‘not something fictitious，or a being of reason，but something real which is understood distinctly’. In these words he concedes everything that Iassumed. He adds，however，‘that it is only conceived and does not actually exist（that is，because it is only an idea，and not something located outside the intellect）；it can be conceived but cannot in any way be caused.’In other words，it does not require a cause in order to exist outside the intellect. I

agree with that，but it obviously requires a cause in order to be conceived and that is the only issue at stake here.

For example，if someone had in their intellect the idea of some machine that had been thought with great arti fice，it would be appropriate to ask right away：what is the cause of this idea？ It would not be enough to say that the machine does not exist outside the intellect and，therefore，that it cannot be caused and can only be conceived．For the only question being asked is：what is the cause of its being conceived？ Nor would it be enough to answer that the intellect itself is its cause，namely as the cause of its own operation．There is no disagreement about that here；the only point in contention concerns the cause of the intentional arti fice which the idea contains because，in order for this idea of a machine to contain one intentional arti fice rather than another，it must derive it from some cause．The same issue arises with respect to the intentional arti fice of this idea and the intentional reality of the idea of God．There are various possible causes of the intentional arti fice of this machine．The cause may be some actual machine，similar to this one，which was previously seen，as a result of which the idea resembling it was formed；or it may be an extensive knowledge of mechanics that is present in the intellect；or it may be a great intellectual creativity by which theintellect can invent such an idea even without prior knowledge of mechanics．It should also be noted that all the arti fice，which is merely intentional in the idea，must necessarily be in its cause，whatever that turns out to be，either formally or eminently．The intentional reality which is in the idea of God should be understood in the same way．But where will this be，except in a really existing God？

But my acute reader sees all this and therefore concedes that it is legitimate to ask：why does this idea contain this particular intentional reality rather than some other？ And he replies to this question， firstly：‘What I wrote about the idea of a triangle applies in the same way to all ideas；that is，even if a triangle did not exist anywhere，it still has some determinate nature or essence，or an immutable and eternal form.’But，he says，‘that is not to postulate a cause.’However，he well realizes that this is unsatisfactory；for if the nature of a triangle is also immutable and eternal， we are still just as entitled to ask the question why we have the idea of a triangle. For that reason，he added：‘if you persist in demanding an explanation，it is located in the imperfection of our intellect，etc..’In answering in that way he seems to mean only that those who choose to disagree with me have no plausible answer to the question. For it is obviously no more probable that the imperfection of our intellect is the cause of our having an idea of God，than that a lack of expert knowledge of mechanics is the cause of our imagining some very complicated machine rather than some other machinewhichislessperfect.Onthecontrary， itisobvious that if someone has an idea of a machine that contains every conceivable arti fice，one can conclude much morereasonably that the idea derives from some cause in which every conceivable arti fice really existed， even if it exists only intentionally in the idea. For the same reason，since we have an idea of God that contains every conceivable perfection，one can conclude very evidently that the idea depends on some cause in which all that perfection is also found，namely，in God who really exists.

（b）My argument was as follows：whatever we understand clearly and distinctly as belonging to the true and immutable nature，essence，or

> form of something，can be truly predicated of it．But when we have examined with sufficient care what God is，we understand clearly and distinctly that it belongs to his true and immutable nature that he exists．Therefore，we can then truly predicate of him that he exists．The conclusion at least follows correctly，in this case，from the premises．Now the major premise cannot be denied either，since it was already agreed earlier that‘everything that we understand clearly and distinctly is true.’Only the minor premise remains，and I agree that there is a signi ficant difficulty in this．In the first place，we are so used to making a distinction in everything else between existence and essence that we do not realize adequately the extent to which existence belongs to the essence of God more than in the case of other things．Secondly，if we do not distinguish what belongs to the true and immutable essence of something from what can be predicated of it only by a figment of the intellect，then even if we realize adequately that existence belongs to the essence of God，we fail to draw the conclusion that God exists because we do not knowwhether his essence is immutable and true or merely one of our figments.

But in order to remove the first part of this difficulty，we need to distinguish between possible existence and necessary existence，and we should note that possible existence is contained in the concept or idea of everything that is clearly and distinctly understood．However，necessary existence is contained only in the idea of God．Whoever is careful in paying attention to this difference between the idea of God and all other ideas will undoubtedly realize that，although we understand all other things only as if they existed，it does not follow that they exist but simply that they are

capable of existing. For we understand that it is not necessary for actual existence to be combined with their other properties. But from the fact that we understand actual existence to be combined necessarily and always with the other attributes of God, it certainly does follow that God exists.

To remove the second part of the difficulty, it should be noted that ideas that do not contain true and immutable natures–but are merely fictitious natures which are invented by the intellect–are capable of being divided by that same intellect, not only by abstraction but by a clear and distinct mental operation. Thus any idea that cannot be divided in this way by the intellect was certainly not composed by it in the first place. For example, when I think about a winged horse, an actually existing lion or a triangle drawn inside a square, I easily understand that I can also think, conversely, about a horse without wings, a nonexisting lion, or a triangle without a square, and so on, and therefore these ideas do not have true andimmutable natures. However, if I think about a triangle or a square (I will not use the examples of a lion or a horse, because their natures are not completely clear to us), then certainly I can assert truthfully of the triangle whatever I understand as being contained in the idea of a triangle–for example, that its three angles are equal to two right angles, etc. Likewise, I can claim that whatever I find contained in the idea of a square is true. And even though I am able to understand a triangle while abstracting from the fact that its three angles are equal to two right angles, I still cannot deny, by means of a clear and distinct operation, that it has that property–that is, if I understand correctly what I am saying. Besides, if I think about a triangle drawn inside a square and avoid attributing to the square what belongs only to the triangle, or tothetrianglewhatbelongstothesquare, andif Iexamine only

those properties which result from the combination of the two figures，its nature would not be any less true and immutable than the nature of a triangle or a square considered separately．Thus it would be appropriate to claim that the square is not less than twice the area of the triangle drawn inside it，and other similar things，which belong to the nature of this composite figure.

However，if I thought that existence is contained in the idea of a supremely perfect body，because to exist both in reality and in the intellect is a greater perfection than to exist only in the intellect，I could not thereby conclude that such a supremely perfect body exists but only that it is capable of existing．For I am well able to recognize that such an idea was constructed by my own intellect，by combining together all physical perfections at thesame time，and that existence does not result from those other perfections；on the contrary，one can just as easily affirm or deny the existence of them．Indeed，while examining the idea of a body I perceive no power in it by which it can produce itself or conserve itself in existence；from this I conclude validly that necessary existence，about which alone there is a question here，no more belongs to the nature of a body，no matter how perfect it is，than it belongs to the nature of a mountain that it does not have a valley or to the nature of a triangle that it has angles which together are greater than two right angles.

However，if we now ask not about a body but about something else（whatever it happens to be）that possesses all possible perfections at the same time，whether existence should be included among them，we shall initially have doubts about it．Our mind，which is finite，is used to thinking about those perfections only separately and therefore it may not

notice immediately how they are necessarily combined together．But if we examine carefully whether existence–and what kind of existence–belongs to a supremely perfect being，we shall be able to perceive the following clearly and distinctly．Firstly，that at least possible existence belongs to it just as it belongs to all other things of which we have distinct ideas，even to those which are invented by a figment of our intellect．Then if we acknowledge its immense power，we cannot think that its existence is possible unless，at the same time，we acknowledge that it can exist by its own power，and we shall conclude from this that it really exists and that it existed from eternity．For it is very well known by the natural light of reason that anything which is capableof existing by its own power always exists．We shall thus understand that necessary existence is contained in the idea of a supremely powerful being，not by a figment of our intellect，but because it belongs to the true and immutable nature of such a being that it exists．We shall also easily perceive that such a supremely powerful being is incapable of not having in itself all the other perfections that are contained in the idea of God and，therefore，without any figment of our intellect and by their own nature，they are combined together and they exist in God.

Second Objections

（a）So far，you acknowledge that you are a thinking thing but you do not know what this thinking thing is．What if it were a body，which，by its various movements and interactions，produces what we call thought？ Although you think you have excluded every kind of body，you may have been mistaken because you hardly excluded yourself and you may be a body．How do you demonstrate that a body

cannotthinkorthatbodilymovementsarenotthatthought？ But the whole system of your body，which you think you have excluded，or some parts of it–for example，the brain–could cooperate to produce those movements that we call thought. I am a thinking thing，you say；but do you know that you are not a bodily movement or a body that is moved？

（b）Since you are not yet certain of the existence of God，and since you cannot say that you are certain of anything or that you know anything clearly and distinctly unless you first know certainly and clearly that God exists，it follows that you cannot yet know clearly and distinctly that you are a thinking thing since，according to you，such knowledge depends on a clear knowledge of God's existence，which you have not yet proved at the point where you conclude that you know clearly what you are.

Besides，an atheist knows clearly and distinctly that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. However，they are so far from supposing God's existence that they openly deny it because，they argue，if God existed he would be the supreme being，the supreme good，that is，he would be in finite. But in every class，the in finite excludes every other perfection，that is，every entity and good and，even more，every non-entity and evil；since there are many things，beings，goods，nonbeings and evils，we think you should answer this objection properly so that the impious have nothing left to rely on.

（c）But how do you know you are certain that you are not deceived，and that you cannot be deceived，about things that you think you know clearly and distinctly？ How often have we found someone deceived

about things that they believed they knew more clearly than the sun? Thus this principle of clear and distinct knowledge ought to be so clearly and distinctly explained that no one of sound mind could ever be deceived about things that they believe they know clearly and distinctly.

（d）When you reply to the theologian，you seem to go astray in the conclusion，which you express as follows：‘Whatever we understand clearly and distinctly asbelonging to the true and immutable nature of something can be truly predicated of it．But when we have examined with enough care what God is，we understand clearly and distinctly that it belongs to his nature that he exists.’You should conclude：‘therefore when we have investigated carefully enough what God is，we can assert truthfully that it belongs to the nature of God that he exists.’It does not follow from this that God truly exists，but only that he must exist if his nature is possible or if it is not selfcontradictory．In other words，the nature or essence of God cannot be conceived without existence and therefore，given his essence，he truly exists．This is equivalent to the argument that others have expressed as follows：‘If it is consistent to claim that there is a God，then it is certain that he exists．But it is consistent to claim that he exists.’However，there is a question about the minor premise，which is：‘But it is consistent for him to exist.’Those who disagree claim either to doubt or to deny that.

（e）Besides，it does not seem to follow from the distinction of the mind from the body that the mind is incorruptible and immortal．What if its nature were limited by the duration of the life of the body，and if God granted it only enough strength and existence to coincide with the life of

the body？

Replies

（a）You also ask：how do I demonstrate that a body cannot think？ But forgive me if I reply that this question doesnot arise at that stage，for the first occasion on which I dealt with it was in the Sixth Meditation，in the following words：‘it is enough that I can understand one thing，clearly and distinctly，without another in order to be certain that one thing is distinct from the other’and so on．And a little later：

Although I have a body that is joined very closely to me, since I have on the one hand a clear and distinct idea of myself insofar as I am a thinking, nonextended thing and, on the other hand, I have a distinct idea of the body insofar as it is merely an extended, nonthinking thing, it is certain that I (that is, a mind) am really distinct from my body and that I can exist without it.

It is easy to add to this：‘Anything that can think is a mind or is called a mind；but since mind and body are really distinct，no body is a mind．Therefore it is impossible for a body to think.’

I do not see what you can deny in this．Is it that it is not enough that we understand one thing clearly without another in order to recognize that they are really distinct？ In that case，you should provide some more certain criterion of a real distinction，for I am con fident that it is impossible to produce one．What will you say，then？ Are two things really distinct if

each can exist without the other？ But I ask in reply：how do you know that one thing can exist without the other？ If this is to be a criterion for a distinction，it must be knowable．Perhaps you will say that this can be known by using the senses because you can see or touch one thing when the other is absent，andso on．But the testimony of the senses is less reliable than that of the intellect，and it can happen in various ways that one and the same thing appears in different forms or in several places in different ways and，as a result，it is taken for two things．Also，if you remember what was said about the wax towards the end of the Second Meditation，you will realize that even bodies are not，strictly speaking，perceived by the senses but only by the intellect，so that to sense one thing without another is nothing other than to have an idea of one thing and to understand that that idea is not identical with the idea of the other thing．This can be understood only from the fact that one thing is perceived without the other，and it cannot be understood clearly unless the idea of each thing is clear and distinct．Thus，if your criterion for a real distinction provides any certainty，it is reducible to mine.

（b）When I said that we are unable to have knowledge that is certain unless we first know that God exists，I explicitly claimed that I was speaking only about knowledge of those conclusions that we can remember when we no longer consider the premises from which we deduced them．But knowledge of principles is not usually called‘scienti fic knowledge’by logicians．However，when we advert to the fact that we are thinking things，that is a primary notion，which is not deduced from a syllogism．Even if someone says，‘I think，therefore I am or I exist，’they do not deduce existence from thinking by using a

syllogism，but they recognize it by means of a simple mental insight as something that is selfevident. This isevident from the fact that，if they deduced it by using a syllogism，they would first have to have known the major premise，‘that everything which thinks is or exists’. But they learn that much more from the fact that they experience，in themselves，that it is impossible to think without existing. The nature of our mind is such that it generates general propositions from its knowledge of particulars.

（c）Once we think that something is perceived correctly by us，we are spontaneously convinced that it is true. If this conviction is so strong that we could never have any reason to doubt what we are convinced of in this way，then there is nothing further to inquire about；we have everything that we could reasonably hope for. Why should we be concerned if someone happens to pretend that the very thing，about the truth of which we are so firmly convinced，appears false to God or to an angel and therefore that it is false，absolutely speaking？ Why should we care about such an absolute falsehood，for we do not believe in it at all and have not the slightest evidence to support it？ We are assuming a conviction that is so firm that it cannot be changed in any way，and such a conviction is evidently the same thing as the most perfect certainty.

But there may be a doubt whether anyone has such a degree of certainty，or such a firm and unchangeable conviction.

It is clear that such certainty is not available in the case of things that we perceive（even to the slightest extent）obscurely and confusedly；for such

obscurity，of whatever kind，is a sufficient reason to doubt them. Nor is itavailable in the case of things which，however clear，are perceived only by sense；for we have often noticed that mistakes can arise in sensations–for example，when a person with dropsy drinks，or when snow appears yellow to someone with dropsy and they do not see it less clearly and distinctly than we do when it looks white to us. It follows then that this degree of certainty，if it is achieved at all，is realized only in the case of those things that are perceived clearly by the mind.

Among the latter，however，some are so clear and simple that we can never think about them without believing that they are true；for example，that while I am thinking，I exist；that those things which have once been done cannot be undone；and similar things about which it is manifestly possible to have such certainty. For we cannot have any doubt about them unless we think about them，but we cannot think about the very same things without believing that they are true，which is what was supposed. Therefore，we cannot doubt them without at the same time believing that they are true；in other words，we can never doubt them.

Nor is this an objection，that we have often found that others‘were deceived about things that they believed they knew more clearly than the sun’. For we have never seen this happen，nor could anyone see it happen，to those who derived the clarity of their perception from the intellect alone；we saw it happen only to those who derived their certainty either from the senses or from some false prejudice.

Likewise it is no objection if someone pretends that those things appear false to God or an angel，because theevidence of our perception does not

allow us to believe whoever pretends such things.

There are other things that are perceived very clearly by our intellect when we consider adequately the reasons on which our knowledge of them depends and are such that we are consequently unable to doubt them at the time. However, we are capable of forgetting those reasons and, meanwhile, remembering the conclusions drawn from them and the question arises whether we still have a firm and unchangeable conviction about those conclusions when we remember that they were derived from evident principles; for we have to assume such a recollection in order for them to be called conclusions. I reply that such certainty is available only to those who know God in such a way that they understand that it is impossible for him to have given them a faculty of understanding that would not lead towards the truth. But it is not possible for others to have the same certainty.

（d）You seem to make a mistake yourself when you criticize the conclusion of the syllogism that I constructed. In order to get the conclusion that you want, the major premise would have to be formulated as follows: 'Whatever we understand clearly as belonging to the nature of something can be affirmed truthfully to belong to its nature.' However, in this form it contains nothing more than a useless tautology. But my major premise was as follows: 'Whatever we understand clearly as belonging to the nature of something can be affirmed truthfully of that thing.' Thus if being an animal belongs to the nature of a human being, then a human being can be said to bean animal. If having three angles equal to two right angles belongs to the nature of a triangle, then it can be affirmed that a triangle has three angles equal to two right angles. If

existing belongs to the nature of God，then it can be affirmed that God exists，and so on. The minor premise，however，was as follows：‘But it belongs to the nature of God that he exists.’From which it follows evidently，‘Therefore，it can be affirmed truthfully of God that he exists’，and not，as you wished，‘Therefore，we can truthfully affirm that it belongs to the nature of God that he exists.’

Thus，in order to use the quali fication that you introduce，you would have to deny the major premise and say：‘Whatever we understand clearly as belonging to the nature of something may not therefore be affirmed of that thing unless its nature is possible or is not inconsistent.’But I suggest that you notice how weak this quali fication is. Either you understand the term‘possible’，as everyone commonly does，to mean‘what is not inconsistent with human conceptions’and，in that sense of the term，it is evident that the nature of God as I have described it is possible；for I assumed that there was nothing in it that we did not perceive clearly and distinctly should belong to it，and thus it could not be inconsistent withourconceptions.Alternatively，youmaywellimagine that there is some other kind of possibility on the part of the object itself；if that is not consistent with the previous meaning，it cannot in any way be known by the human intellect and therefore it is just as capable of overthrowing everything else that is known to human beings as of contradicting the nature or existence of God. If wecan deny that the nature of God is possible even though we find no impossibility on the part of the concepts–on the contrary，all the things that are contained in the concept of that divine nature are so interconnected that to deny that any of them belongs to God seems confused；if that were so，we could deny by a similar argument that the

three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles or that someone who is actually thinking exists． And it would be even more justi fiable to deny that anything we have learned through the senses is true． Thus all human knowledge would be removed but without any justi fication.

（e）I confess that I cannot refute your supplementary objection，that the immortality of the soul does not follow from the distinction of the soul from the body，because one could say that the soul was made by God in such a way that its duration is terminated at the same time as that of the body． Nor do I assume so much that I could try to determine by the power of human reason any of those things that depend on the free will of God． Our natural knowledge teaches that the mind is distinct from the body and that it is itself a substance；that the human body，insofar as it differs from other bodies，is composed only of the con figuration of its parts and other similar nonessential features；and finally，that the death of the body depends merely on some division or change of shape． We have no reason or precedent to convince us that the death or annihilation of a substance，such as the mind，must follow such a trivial cause as a change of shape，which is nothing more than a mode；indeed，it is not a mode of a mind but of a body，which is really distinct from the mind． Nor have we any reason or precedent to convince us that any substance can perish． That is enough to conclude that the mind，insofar as it can be known by natural philosophy，is immortal.

But if you were asking about the absolute power of God，whether he may have decreed that human souls would be limited to the same length of

time within which the bodies to which he united them are destroyed，God alone can reply to that.

There are two kinds of demonstration，namely，by analysis and by synthesis.

Analysis shows the true way by which a thing was discovered methodically and，as it were，a priori，so that if the reader wishes to follow it and to pay enough attention to everything，they will understand the thing as perfectly and will make it their own as if they had discovered it themselves．It includes nothing，however，by which a less attentive or resistant reader would be compelled to believe，for if they fail to pay attention to even the slightest detail of what is involved，the necessity of the conclusion will escape them.

In contrast，synthesis operates in the opposite and，as it were，an a posteriori manner（although the proof itself is often more a priori in this than in the former method），and demonstrates the conclusion clearly and uses a long series of de finitions，postulates，axioms，theorems and problems，so that if any one of the consequences is denied，it shows immediately that it was contained in the antecedents and in this way it compels assent fromthe reader no matter how resistant or stubborn they may be．But it is not as satisfactory as analysis，nor does it satisfy the minds of those who are anxious to learn because it does not teach the way in which something was discovered.

Reasons which prove the existence of God，and the distinction of the soul from the body，arranged in a geometrical format

I．By the term‘thought’，I mean everything which is in us in such a way that we are immediately conscious of it．Thus all operations of the will，intellect，imagination，and the senses are thoughts．But I added the word‘immediately’to exclude whatever follows from thoughts；for example，although a voluntary motion has some thought as its principle，it is not itself a thought.

II．By the word‘idea’，I understand the form of any thought by the immediate perception of which I am conscious of the thought itself．Hence I cannot express anything in words and understand what I am saying without，by that very fact，being certain that I have an idea of whatever is meant by those words．Thus I do not apply the term‘ideas’only to the images which are depicted in the imagination；in fact，I do not call them ideas at all here，insofar as they are depicted in the bodily imagination，that is，in some part of the brain，but only insofar as they inform the mind itself when it turns towards that part of the brain.

III．By‘the intentional reality of an idea’，I understand the reality of a thing that is represented by an idea insofaras it is in the idea．In the same way one can talk about an intentional perfection，or an intentional arti fice，and so on．For anything that we perceive in the objects of our ideas is in the ideas themselves intentionally.

IV．Things are said to be formally in the objects of our ideas when they occur there in the same way that they are perceived；and they are said to exist eminently in the objects when they do not occur there in the same way，but in a way which is so great that it can provide a substitute for the way in which we perceive them.

V．Something is called a substance if it is a subject in which resides，or by which exists，everything that we perceive，that is，every property，quality or attribute of which we have a real idea．Nor do we have any idea of the substance itself in a strict sense，except that it is the thing in which whatever we perceive exists either formally or eminently，or whatever is present intentionally in one of our ideas，for it is known by the natural light of reason that no real attribute can belong to nothing.

VI．The substance in which thought inheres immediately is called‘mind’；I speak here of a mind rather than a soul，because the term‘soul’is equivocal and is often used in reference to a physical thing.

VII．The substance that is the immediate subject of local extension and of the nonessential features that presuppose extension–such as shape，position，local motion，etc.–is called a‘body’．But whether it is one and the same substance that is called mind and body，or whether they are two different substances，will be investigated later.

VIII．The substance that we understand as supremelyperfect，andinwhichweconceiveof nothingthatinvolves any defect or limitation of perfection，is called God.

IX．When we say that something is contained in the nature of something or in its concept，that is the same as saying that it is true of that thing or that we can affirm it of that thing.

X．Two substances are said to be really distinct when each of them can exist without the other.

Third Objections

Objection

Now from the fact that I think or that I have an image，when I am either awake or dreaming，it follows that I am a thinking being；for‘I think’and‘I am thinking’mean the same thing．From the fact that I am a thinking thing it follows that I exist，because that which thinks is not nothing．But when the text goes on to add，‘that is，a mind，soul，intellect or reason’，a doubt arises．It does not seem to be sound reasoning to say，I am thinking，therefore I am a thought；nor，I am understanding，therefore I am an understanding．For in the same way I could say，I am walking，therefore I am the act of walking. Thus Mr Descartes is taking the thing that understands as if it were identical with understanding，which is an act of the intellect，or at least he is identifying the thing that understands with the understanding，which is a faculty of the intellect．But all philosophers distinguish a subject from its faculties and acts，that is，from its properties and itsessences；an entity is one thing，its essence is something else．It is possible therefore that a thinking thing is the subject of the mind，of reasoning，or of understanding，and therefore is something physical．The opposite is assumed but not proved．But this inference is the basis of the conclusion which，it seems，Mr Descartes wishes to establish.

In the same place he says，I know that I exist，and asks what is this‘I’whom I know？ It is very certain that knowledge of this，understood in this precise way，does not depend on things that I do not yet know.

It is very certain that knowledge of this proposition，‘I exist’，depends

on this one，‘I think’，as he correctly taught us．But what is the source of our knowledge of the proposition‘I think’？ Certainly not anything other than this，that we are incapable of thinking of any act whatsoever without its subject；for example，of dancing without a dancer，or knowing without a knower，of thinking without a thinker…

Reply

When I said，‘that is，a mind，soul，intellect or reason，etc.’，I did not understand those words as referring to mere faculties but to the things that were endowed with a faculty of thinking．This is what everyone understands by the first two terms and what is often understood by the second two．I explained this so explicitly，in so many places，that it seemed as if there was no room for doubt.

Nor is there any equivalence here between walkingand thinking．For walking is usually taken to be only the action itself，whereas thought is sometimes understood as an action，sometimes as a faculty and sometimes as the thing in which it is a faculty.

Besides，I do not claim that the understanding and the thing that understands are identical or indeed that the thing that understands is the same as the intellect，if the word‘intellect’is used to refer to the faculty，but only if it refers to the thing itself that understands．I admit that I used the most abstract words I could find in order to signify the thing or substance that I wanted to strip of everything that does not belong to it，in the same way as，in contrast with me，this philosopher uses the most concrete words possible，‘subject’，‘matter’and‘body’，to signify the thinking thing itself

so that it is not separated from the body.

I am not afraid that his method of combining many things together may appear to many people to be more appropriate for discovering the truth than mine，in which I distinguish particular things as much as I can．But let us stop talking about words and concentrate on the reality.

‘It may be，’he says，‘that the thinking thing is something physical；the opposite is assumed，not proved.’But I did not assume the opposite nor did I use it in any way as a premise；instead I explicitly left it undecided until the Sixth Meditation，where it was proved.

He then says，correctly，that we cannot conceive of any act without its subject；for example，we cannot conceive of thought without a thinking thing because whatever thinks is not nothing．But then，without any reason and contrary to all logic and the standard use of language，he adds：it seems to follow from this that the thinking thing is physical．The subjects of all actions are indeed understood under the category of substance（or even，if he wishes，under the category of‘matter’，that is，metaphysical matter），but they are not therefore understood under the category of‘body’.

Objection

Besides，when Descartes says that the ideas of God and of our soul are innate in us，I want to know if the souls of those who are fast asleep and not dreaming are thinking．If they are not，then they have no ideas during that time．Therefore no idea is innate because whatever is innate is always present.

Reply

When we say that some idea is innate in us， we do not think that it is always present to us； in that sense no idea would be innate． We mean only that we have within us a power to produce the idea in question.

Fourth Objections

（a） If someone is certain that they know that the angle in a semicircle is a right angle and therefore that the triangle formed by this angle and the diameter of a semicircle is a rightangled triangle，they may， nonetheless，doubt or may not have grasped with certainty that the square onthe base of the triangle is equal to the squares on the sides， and they may even deny it because they are misled by some fallacy． If they use the same reasoning as that proposed by our illustrious author， it seems as if they are con firmed in their false conviction. For example，someone says：I clearly and distinctly perceive that this triangle is rightangled，but I still doubt whether the square on the base is equal to the squares on the sides． Therefore it is not essential to the triangle that the square on the base is equal to the squares on the sides.

Besides，even if I deny that the square on the base is equal to the squares on the sides，I am still certain that it is a rightangled triangle，and the knowledge that one of its angles is a right angle remains clear and distinct in my mind． Since that is the case，even God cannot bring it about that it is not rightangled.

Therefore anything that I can doubt，and that can even be removed

while I retain the idea of the triangle， does not belong to its essence.

Moreover， since I know that everything that I understand clearly and distinctly can be made by God in the way in which I understand it， it is enough for me to be able to understand clearly and distinctly one thing without another to be certain that one is distinct from the other， because they could be separated by God． But I understand clearly and distinctly that this triangle is rightangled， without understanding that the square on the base is equal to the squares on the sides． Therefore it is at least possible for God to make a rightangled triangle in which the square of the base is not equal to the squares of the sides.

I do not see what can be said in reply to this， except that the speaker in question does not perceive the rightangled triangle clearly and distinctly． But how do I succeed in perceiving my own mind more clearly and distinctly than they perceive the nature of a triangle？ For they are just as certain that the triangle in the semicircle has one right angle， which is the de finition of a rightangled triangle， as I am certain， from the fact that I am thinking， that I exist.

However， they are mistaken in thinking that it does not belong to the nature of this triangle， which they know clearly and distinctly is right-angled， that the square on its base， etc． Likewise， why may I not be mistaken in thinking that nothing else belongs to my nature， which I know clearly and distinctly is a thinking thing， apart from the fact that I am a thinking thing？ It may perhaps belong to my nature that I am an extended thing.

（b）I have one more difficulty. How does he avoid committing the fallacy of a vicious circle when he says that we are certain that what is perceived clearly and distinctly is true only because God exists？ But we can be certain that God exists only because we perceive it clearly and distinctly. Therefore before we are certain that God exists we have to be certain that whatever we perceive clearly and distinctly is true.

There is something else that I forgot. It seems false to me–something that our illustrious author claims as certain–that there can be nothing in him insofar as he is a thinking thing of which he is not aware. However，he understandsthephrase‘himself，insofarasheisa thinkingthing’to mean only his mind insofar as it is distinct from his body. But is there anyone who does not see that there may be things in the mind of which the mind is not aware？ The mind of an infant in its mother's womb has the power of thinking；but it is not aware of it. There are innumerable similar examples，which I will not mention.

Replies

（a）However，our learned friend argues at this point：even though I am capable of having some knowledge of myself without any knowledge of the body，it does not follow that this knowledge is complete and adequate，so that I could be certain of not being mistaken when I exclude the body from my essence. He explains the argument by reference to a triangle inscribed in a semicircle. We can understand clearly and distinctly that it is a rightangled triangle even if we are unaware，or even if we deny，that the square on its base is equal to the squares on its sides but we cannot infer that it is possible to have a

[rightangled] triangle in which the square on the base is not equal to the squares on the sides.

However，this example differs in many ways from what I proposed. First of all，although a triangle might be taken concretely to be a substance，the property of having the square on the base equal to the squares on the sides is certainly not a substance. Therefore neither of these may be understood as complete things in the same sense in which the mind and body are complete；nor can either of them be called a thing in the sense in which Isaid，'It is enough that I can understand one thing（that is，a complete thing）without another …etc.，'and this is clear from the words which follow：'besides，I find in myself faculties，etc.'I did not call these faculties things，but I distinguished them carefully from things or substances.

Secondly，although we can understand clearly and distinctly that a triangle in a semicircle is rightangled without realizing that the square on its base is equal to the squares on its sides，we cannot，however，understand clearly，in a similar way，a triangle in which the square on the base is equal to the squares on the sides without realizing，at the same time，that it is rightangled. In contrast，we are capable of perceiving clearly and distinctly the mind without the body and the body without the mind.

Thirdly，although it is possible to have a concept of a triangle inscribed in a semicircle in such a way that the equality between the square on the base and the squares on the sides is not included in the concept，it is not possible to have this concept in such a way that one does not understand that there is some relation between the square on the base and the squares on the sides in

this triangle. Therefore, as long as one does not know what that relation is, one cannot deny anything about it except whatever we understand clearly as not belonging to the triangle. This could never include the relation of equality. However, there is nothing at all included in the concept of a body that belongs to the mind, and there is nothing in the concept of the mind that belongs to the body.

Thus, although I said that'it is enough that I understand clearly and distinctly one thing without another, etc.,' it is not possible to continue as follows: 'But I clearly and distinctly understand this triangle,' and so on. The reason is, first of all, that the relation between the square on the base and the squares on the sides is not a complete thing. Secondly, the relation of equality is understood clearly only in a rightangled triangle. Thirdly, no one can understand the triangle distinctly if they deny the relation between the squares on the base and the sides.

(b) I did not use a vicious circle when I said that we are certain that what we perceive clearly and distinctly is true only because God exists, and that we are certain that God exists only because we perceive it clearly. I have explained this adequately in my reply to the Second Objections, …by distinguishing between what we actually perceive clearly and what we remember having perceived clearly some time earlier. For we are certain, initially, that God exists because we consider the reasons that prove it. Subsequently, however, it is enough that we remember that we perceived something clearly in order to be certain that it is true. That would not be enough unless we knew that God exists and that he does not deceive.

As regards the claim that there can be nothing within the mind insofar as it is a thinking thing of which it is not aware； that seems to be selfevident to me，because we cannot understand anything in the mind，understood in this way，which is not a thought or which does not depend on thought． Otherwise it would not belong to the mind insofar as it is a thinking thing，and we cannot have any thought in us of which we are not aware at the time wehave it． For this reason I do not doubt that the mind begins to think and，at the same time，to be aware of its thinking as soon as it is put into the body of an infant，even if subsequently it does not remember it because the impressions of those thoughts do not survive in its memory.

But it should be noted that，although we are always actually aware of the acts or operations of our mind，we are not always aware of our mental faculties or powers，except potentially． Thus，for example，when we are engaged in using some faculty，we are actually aware of the faculty immediately if the faculty in question is in the mind． It follows that，if we fail to become aware of it，we can deny that it is in our mind.

Fifth Objections

（a）You establish that this claim，‘I am，I exist，’is true whenever you assert it or think about it． But I do not see why you need so much complexity since you had other reasons for being certain，and it was true，that you exist． You could have concluded the same thing from any of your other actions，since we know by the natural light of reason that whatever acts must exist.

（b）When you say，later on，that the universe of things is in some way

> more perfect if some of its parts are liable to error than if they are all alike，that is the same as claiming that the perfection of a republic would be somehow greater if some of its citizens were evil than if they wereall good．It follows that，just as it seems obvious that a ruler should prefer if all the citizens were good，it likewise seems as if the author of the universe should have arranged that all its parts would be created immune to error and would be so．Although you can say that the perfection of those who are immune to error appears greater in comparison with those who are liable to error，that is true only by accident．Likewise，the virtue of good people，although it shines out in some way in comparison with those who are evil，shines out only by accident．Thus，just as it is not desirable that some citizens should be evil in order to show up those who are good，it seems，likewise，that it ought not to have been arranged that some parts of the universe would be subject to error so that those who are immune to error would appear better.

You say that you have no right to complain if God chose a certain role for you in the world which was not the most perfect or the primary one of all．But that does not resolve the doubt about why it was not enough for him to give you the lowest role among those which were perfect，rather than one which was imperfect．For although it does not seem wrong if a ruler does not appoint all citizens to the highest offices and，instead，has some in middlerank offices and others again in lower offices，a ruler would still be criticized if they not only assigned some citizens to the lowest offices but also assigned depraved functions to others.

（c） As regards your idea of yourself，there is nothing to add to what I have already said，especially about the SecondMeditation．For it becomes clear there that，far from having a clear and distinct idea of yourself，you seem to have none at all. The reason is this：although you recognize that you are thinking，you do not know what kind of thing you，who are thinking，are．Since this operation alone is known，the most important thing，namely the substance that operates，is still hidden from you．Hence the following comparison comes to mind：you could be said to resemble a blind person who，when they feel heat and are advised that it comes from the sun，think they have a clear and distinct idea of the sun in the sense that，if anyone asks what the sun is，they can reply：it is a thing that produces heat.

But you go on to add that，not only are you a thinking thing，but you are not an extended thing．However，I shall overlook the fact that this was said without proof when it was still in question and I shall ask，firstly：do you then have a clear and distinct idea of yourself？ You say you are not extended；you say what you are not，rather than what you are．In order to have a clear and distinct idea or，what amounts to the same thing，to have a true and genuine idea of something，is it not necessary to know the thing positively and，as I would say，affirmatively，and is it enough to know that it is not something else？ Thus，would it be a clear and distinct idea of Bucephalus if someone knew only that Bucephalus is not afly？

But rather than insist on this point，I prefer to ask：as a thing which is not extended，then，are you not spread thoughout the body？ I do not know what your answer might be because，even though I acknowledged from

thebeginning that you were only in the brain，I discovered that by conjecture rather than by following your views directly. I based my conjecture on the following phrase，which is found later，where you say that you are not affected by all parts of the body but only by the brain or by one small part of it. It was not at all clear whether you were therefore only in one part of the brain or whether you were in the whole body but were affected only by one part of it，in the same way as we commonly say that the soul is spread throughout the body but，despite that，it sees only through the eye.

（d）I make the same claim about the animal spirits that you have to transmit in order to feel，to receive messages，or to move. Let us leave aside the fact that we cannot understand–if you yourself are at a particular point–how you are able to impress a motion on them unless you are a body or unless you have a body with which you could touch them and at the same time start them moving. For if you say that they move themselves and that you merely direct their motion，remember that you denied elsewhere that a body can move itself；one could therefore conclude that you are the cause of their motion. You would also have to explain to us how such direction works without some exertion and therefore some motion on your part. How can there be any pressure on something and on its motion，without mutual contact between the mover and what is moved？ How can we have contact without a body（something which is so clear by thenatural light of reason），since‘nothing can touch or be touched without a body.’

Replies

（a）When you say that I could have concluded the same thing from any of

my other actions apart from thinking，you depart a long way from the truth because the only action of which I am completely certain（with the metaphysical certainty that is at issue here）is my thinking. For example，I cannot argue：I walk，therefore I exist，except to the extent that being conscious of my walking is a thought. The inference is certain only when applied to thought but not when applied to the motion of the body，which is something nonexistent in dreams during which，nonetheless，it seems to me that I am walking. Thus from the fact that I think I am walking，I infer most properly the existence of the mind that thinks this thought but not the existence of the body that walks. The same applies to other actions.

（b）You assume here and elsewhere that the fact that we are subject to error is a positive imperfection when（especially with respect to God）it is merely the negation of a greater perfection in creatures. Nor is the analogy appropriate between the citizens of a republic and the parts of the universe. The evil of its citizens，when referred to a republic，is something positive；but the fact that human beings are subject to error or that they do not have every perfection is not something positive when referred to the good of the universe. It would be more appropriate to suggest an analogy between someone who wanted to have the whole human body covered with eyes so that itwould appear more beautiful（because it seems to them that the eye is the most beautiful part of the body），and someone who thinks that there should be no creatures in the universe who are subject to error，that is，who are not completely perfect.

（c）It is easy to refute what you say about the idea of the sun that a blind person gets from its heat alone．For the blind person can have a clear and distinct idea of the sun as something that heats，even if they do not have a similar idea of the sun as a thing that illuminates．Nor is the comparison valid between me and the blind person．In the first place，knowledge of a thing that thinks is much more extensive than knowledge of anything that heats and，in fact，it is much more extensive than what we know about anything else，as was shown in the appropriate place．Secondly，no one can argue that the idea of the sun that the blind person acquires does not contain everything that can be perceived about the sun except those who，endowed with sight，are also aware of its light and shape．But not only do you not know more about the mind than me–you do not even know what I know；in this context，therefore，you are more like the blind person and I，together with the whole human race，could at most be said to be oneeyed.

（d）Even if the mind were united to the whole body it would not necessarily follow that it is extended throughout the body，because it is not essential to it to be extended but only to think …Nor，therefore，is it necessary for it to be a body，even if it has the power to move a body.

Sixth Objections

（a）The sixth difficulty arises from the indifference attributed to judgement and liberty．You deny that indifference belongs to the perfection of the will and claim that it belongs only to its imperfection，so that there is no indifference whenever the mind perceives clearly what should be believed，or what should or should not be done．If this is accepted，

do you not see that you destroy God's freedom by taking away the indifference of his freedom when he creates this particular world rather than some other world or none at all？ However，it is an article of faith that God was eternally indifferent about creating one particular world，or many worlds，or no world at all．At the same time，who would doubt that God always perceived what was to be done or not done with the clearest understanding？ Therefore，a very clear perception and understanding does not remove the indifference of the will.

（b）We do not understand why，as you claim，there are no real accidents in any body or substance that could exist by God's power without any subject and that，in fact，do exist in that way in the Eucharist． However，there is no reason for our professors to be upset until they see whether that is demonstrated in your physics，which we look forward to seeing．They are reluctant to believe that this question will be presented there so clearly that they will be both enabled and obliged to accept it，and to reject the traditional view.

（c）How is it possible for the truths of geometry and metaphysics，such as those you mention，to be immutable and eternal but not be independent of God？ What kind of causality is involved in their dependence on God？ Could he not then have arranged things so that the nature of a triangle did not exist？ And I would like to know：how could he have arranged eternally that it is not true that twice four is eight，or that a triangle does not have three angles？ Either these truths depend completely on an intellect while it is thinking them or on things that exist；or else they are independent，since God does not seem capable

of having arranged that any of those essences or truths did not exist eternally.

（d）The ninth difficulty concerns us greatly，when you claim that we should distrust the operations of the senses，and that intellectual certainty is much greater than the certainty of sensation．What happens，however，if the intellect has no certainty unless it got it originally from welldisposed senses and if，indeed，it cannot correct the error of any sense unless some other sense first corrects that error？ A stick in water seems to be bent as a result of refraction，despite the fact that it is straight．What corrects that mistake？ Is it the intellect？ Not at all–it is the sense of touch．The same applies to other cases． Thus if you employ all the senses when they are appropriately disposed and if they always report the same thing，you will achieve the highest certainty of which human beings are capable；but this will often escape you if you put your trust in the operation of the mind，because it is often mistaken about things that it believed were completely indubitable.

（e）Could you also provide us with a reliable rule，and with criteria which are certain，that would make us certain when we understand one thing without another so completely that it is certain that one is so distinct from the other that it is capable of subsisting separately，at least by the power of God？ In other words，how can we know certainly，clearly and distinctly，that an intellectual distinction was not made by the intellect itself but that it derives from the things themselves？ For when we think about the immensity of God without thinking about his justice or when we think about his existence without thinking about the Son and

the Holy Spirit，do we not perceive that existence，or that God exists，completely without the other persons of the Trinity？ Someone who has no faith could deny the existence of the Son or the Holy Spirit in the same way as you deny that mind or thought belong to the body. Just as it is invalid to conclude that the Son or Holy Spirit is essentially distinct from God or could exist apart from God so，likewise，no one will concede to you that human thought or the human mind is distinct from the body even though you conceive of one without the other or deny one of the other，even though you do not think that this results from any mental abstraction on your part…

Finally，as long as we do not know what bodies and their motions can do，and since you confess that no one can know everything that God was able to give and what he gave to a particular subject unless God himself reveals it to us，who could know that God has not placed in certain bodies a power and property of doubting，thinking，etc.？

Replies

（a）As regards freedom of the will，the kind of freedom that God has is very different from ours. It is selfcontradictory to claim that God's will was not eternally indifferent with respect to everything that has happened or that will ever happen，because one cannot imagine any good or truth，anything to be believed or to be done or omitted，the idea of which was in the mind of God prior to his will determining that it should be such. Nor am I speaking here of temporal priority；it was not even prior in order or in nature，or in what is called‘reasoned reason’in such a way that the idea of good would impel God to choose

one thing rather than another. For example, he did not choose to create the world in time because he saw that this would be better than creating it eternally; nor did he will that the three angles of a triangle should be equal to two right angles because he knew that it was impossible to have it otherwise, and so on. On the contrary, it was because he decided to create the world in time that this is better than if it had been created eternally; and it was because he willed that the three angles of a triangle should be necessarily equal to two right angles that this is consequently true and that it is impossible for it to be otherwise. And so on for other examples …Thus the supreme indifference of God is the strongest evidence for his omnipotence. But in the case of human beings, since they find that the nature of every good and every truth has already been determined by God and that their wills cannot tend towards anything else, it is clear thatthey will embrace what is good or true more willingly and therefore more freely insofar as they perceive it clearly, and that they are never indifferent except when they do not know what is better or more true or when they do not see the distinction between them so clearly that they are unable to have any doubt. Thus the indifference that applies to human freedom is very different from that which applies to divine freedom. Nor is it relevant here that the essences of things are said to be indivisible because, firstly, no essence can apply univocally to God and to human beings. Secondly, indifference is not essential to human freedom, for we are not free only when ignorance of what is right makes us indifferent; we are much more free when a clear perception impels us to pursue something.

(b) In order to reject the reality of accidents it seems to me unnecessary to

look for any reasons apart from those that I have already presented. Firstly, every sensation occurs through touch and therefore nothing can be sensed apart from the surface of bodies. But if there were real accidents, they would have to be something other than the surface of bodies (which is nothing but a mode). Therefore, if there are any such accidents, they cannot be sensed.

Secondly, it is completely contradictory to claim that there are real accidents, because whatever is real can exist apart from any other subject and whatever is capable of existing separately in this way is a substance rather than an accident. Nor is it relevant that real accidents are said to be incapable of being separated from their subjects'naturally', and that this can happen only by God's power. For something to happen naturally is the same as happening by the ordinary power of God, and this does not differ in any way from his extraordinary power and does not add anything extra to things. Thus if everything that can exist naturally without a subject is a substance, it follows that anything that can exist without a subject even by the extraordinary power of God, however great it is, must also be called a substance. I acknowledge that one substance can be related to another substance in an accidental way; however, when this happens, it is not the substance itself which has the form of an accident but it is merely the manner in which it is related to the other substance. For example, when clothing is accidentally related to a human being, it is not the clothing itself, but being clothed, which is an accident. However, the main reason that motivated philosophers to postulate real accidents was that they thought that, without them, sensory perception could not be explained. For that reason I promised, in my physics, to provide a detailed exposition of each of the

senses. Not that I wish anyone to believe me about any of these things; rather, given what I had already written in the Dioptrics, I thought that careful readers would easily be able to anticipate what I can offer about the other senses.

(c) It is evident to those who consider the immensity of God that there cannot be anything at all that does not depend on him, not only anything that subsists but even any order or law, or any reason for what is good or true. Otherwise, as indicated a little earlier, God would nothave been completely indifferent in creating what he created. For if there had been some essence of goodness prior to his creative command, that would have determined God to do what is best; instead, he determined himself with respect to what should be done at that time and it is for that reason, as it says in Genesis, that'they are very good'. In other words, the reason why they are good depends on the fact that he chose to make them in that way. Nor is there any reason to inquire about what type of cause is involved in the way in which this goodness and other truths, both mathematical and metaphysical, depend on God. Given that the classi fication of causes was established by those who may not have considered this type of cause, it would hardly be surprising if they failed to give it a special name. Despite that, however, they did provide a name for it; it can be called an efficient cause in the same way in which a king can be the efficient cause of a law, even though the law is not something physical but is only what is called a moral entity. Nor is there any need to ask how God could have brought it about that, from eternity, twice four would not be equal to eight, and so on. I confess that we cannot understand

that. But，since I do understand well that there cannot be any kind of entity that does not depend on God and that it is easy for God to arrange certain things so that we human beings cannot understand how they could be other than they are，it would be unreasonable for us to doubt something that we understand well simply because we do not understand something else that we know is beyond our comprehension. Therefore，it should not be thought that eternal truths depend on the human intellect or onother existing things；they depend on God alone who，as the supreme legislator，instituted them from eternity.

（d）In order to understand the certainty of sensation properly，one must distinguish three levels，as it were，of sensation. When the bodily organ is merely affected by external objects，that belongs to the first level；and this can be nothing more than the motion of particles of that sensory organ and the change in shape or position which results from that motion. The second level includes everything that follows immediately in the mind from the fact that it is united with this bodily organ；this includes perceptions of pain，pleasure，thirst，hunger，colours，sound，taste，smell，heat，cold and so on，which in the Sixth Meditation were said to arise from the union and，as it were，the merging of the mind with the body. The third level includes all the judgements that we have been accustomed to make about external things since our earliest years，on the occasion of motions in a bodily organ.

For example，when I see a stick one should not imagine that various‘intentional species’fly from the stick to my eye，but simply that rays of light are reflected from the stick and trigger certain motions in the optic

nerve and，as a result，in the brain（as I explained at sufficient length in the Dioptrics）. The first level of sensation consists in this motionof thebrain，whichwehaveincommonwithbrute animals. The second level follows from this，and includes only the perception of the colour or light which is reflected from the stick；this arises from the fact that the mind is so closely joined with the brain that it is affected by motions that occur in the brain. Nothing more than this should beincluded in sensation if we wish to distinguish it carefully from the intellect. However，if I judge that the stick，which is located outside me，is coloured as a result of the sensation of colour by which I am affected；likewise，if from the extension of the colour，and from its boundary and its position in relation to parts of my brain，I reason about the size of the stick，its shape and its distance from me；even though this is commonly attributed to sensation and I have classi fied it under the third level of sensation，it is evident that it depends on the intellect alone. And I have demonstrated in the Dioptrics that size，distance and shape can be perceived only by reasoning from one of these properties to another. The only difference is that we attribute to the intellect the things that we now judge for the first time as a result of some new observation，whereas we refer to sensation the judgements that we have made since our earliest years，in exactly the same way as we still do，about things that affected our senses or whatever we have concluded from them by inference. The reason for this is that we reason and judge so quickly，as a result of habit or，rather，we remember judgements that we made earlier about similar things，that we fail to distinguish these operations from a simple sensory perception.

It is clear from this that when we say that‘intellectual certainty is much

greater than the certainty of sensation’，that means simply that the judgements which we make in our maturity as a result of new observations are more certain than those we made uncritically in our earliest years；and that is undoubtedly true．It is obvious that the first or second levels of sensation are not at issue in this context，because there can be no falsehood in those.When it is said，then，that a stick appears bent in water as a result of refraction，that is the same as saying that it appears to us in such a way that an infant would judge that it is bent and that we ourselves would judge likewise if we followed the prejudices that we acquired from our earliest years．But if one adds here that this mistake is corrected not by the intellect but by the sense of touch，I cannot accept that．For even though we judge that the stick is straight by touching it，and thus by judging in the manner to which we have become accustomed since childhood and which is consequently called‘sensation’，that is not sufficient to correct the visual mistake．We also need some reason to decide to believe the judgement based on touch rather than the judgement based on sight and，since this reason was not present in our infancy，it is attributed to the intellect rather than to sensation．Thus even in this very example，it is only the intellect that corrects the mistake of sensation，nor can anyone identify any other case in which error arises from trusting our intellect rather than sensation.

（e）In fact，I have never seen or perceived human bodies thinking；all I have perceived is that the same human beings are endowed with both a body and with thought．I saw clearly that this is realized by the composition of a thinking thing with a bodily thing，as follows：by examining the thinking thing in isolation，I discover nothing in it that pertains to a body，in the same way that no thought is found in a body

when considered on its own．On the contrary，by examining all the modes of body and mind I found no mode the concept of which does not dependon the concept of the thing of which it is a mode．From the fact that we often see two things joined together，it does not follow that they are one and the same thing；however，from the fact that we sometimes observe one of them without the other，it certainly does follow that they are distinct．The power of God should not prevent us from making this inference，for it is just as conceptually impossible for things that are perceived clearly as two distinct things to become one and the same，intrinsically and without any composition，as for things to become separated that are in no way distinct．Therefore，if God gave the power of thinking to certain bodies（and he surely did so in the case of human bodies），then he is able to separate that power from those bodies and thus it is still really distinct from them.

FEAR AND TREMBLING

恐惧和战栗

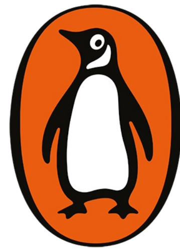
［丹麦］索伦·克尔凯郭尔　著
张卓娟　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

恐惧和战栗

（丹）索伦·克尔凯郭尔/著

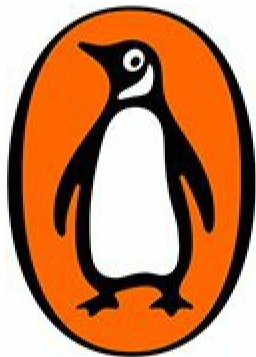
张卓娟/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

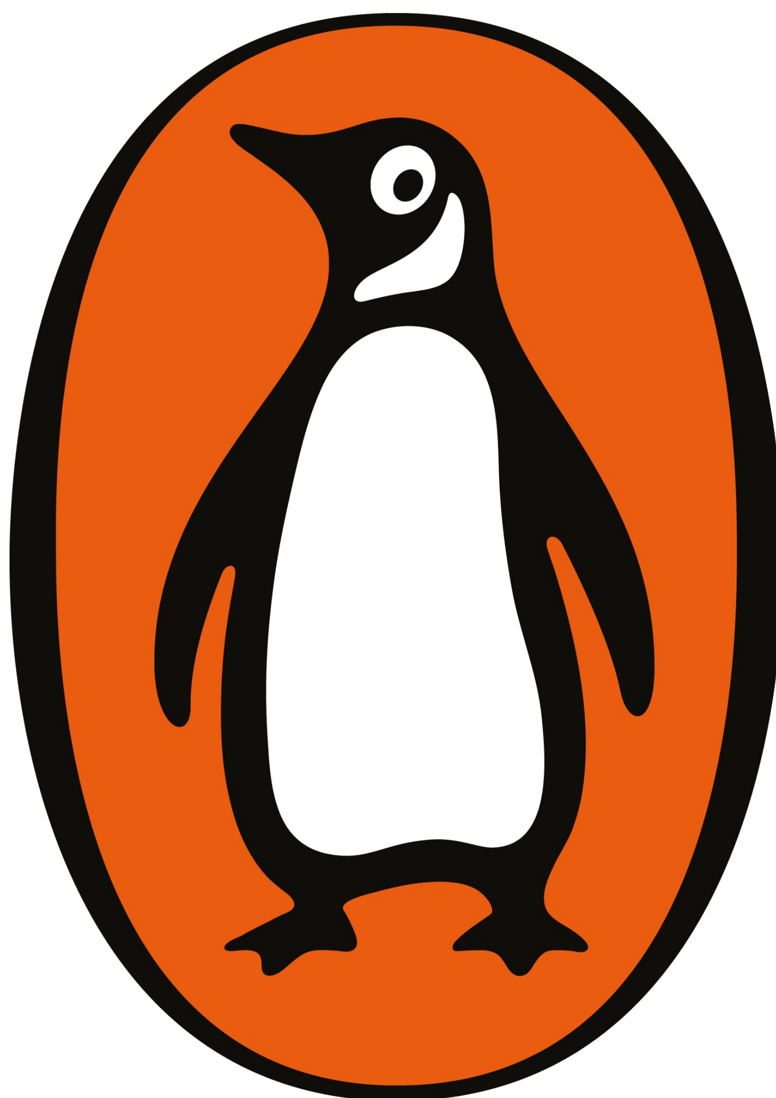
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
Taken from Penguin Classics edition of Fear and Trembling,
Translated and introduced by Alastair Hannay

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

索伦·克尔凯郭尔（1813—1855），丹麦人，享年四十二岁，在他短暂的一生里，创作了二十多部宗教哲学巨著。他用丹麦语写作，和安徒生是同一时代的人，却没有像安徒生那样享有盛名。在他身前，其著作知者甚少，但在二十世纪，在他去世多年之后，他的作品逐渐得到关注，并引起了一场影响深远的思想革命，产生了一种新的哲学思想，即存在主义。在当代思想家看来，克尔凯郭尔是一位伟大的天才，他被公认为存在主义哲学之父，其哲学家地位可以和尼采相提并论，还被誉为与弗洛伊德齐名的后精神分析大师。

克尔凯郭尔这位天才度过了短暂、孤独、不为人知的一生。他在幼年时期就被父亲不断地灌输宗教思想，就连他的名字—克尔凯郭尔（Kierkegaard）—都打上了宗教的烙印，因为它在丹麦语中有教堂园地和墓地的意思。这种严格的宗教教育使这位哲学家深受“要敬畏上帝”这样的思想的影响。正是这种思想使他在辛苦追求女友雷金娜·奥尔森（Regine Olsen）三年，并已经举行了订婚仪式之后，又解除了婚约，因为他内心感到上帝不认可这个婚姻。这之后不久，克尔凯郭尔开始了他的写作生涯，以“沉默的约翰尼斯”（John the Silent）这个假名于1843年发表了一部影响深远的哲学巨著—《恐惧和战栗》。克尔凯郭尔写该书的目的是想要理解当上帝考验亚伯拉罕，让他把儿子带到摩利亚山去献祭时，亚伯拉罕所感到的焦虑，想要理解亚伯拉罕在信仰和伦理相悖时所感到的恐惧和战栗。很多人认为《恐惧和战栗》是哲学性的，但也有专家认为该著作是自传性的，把它看作克尔凯郭尔努力度过失去未婚妻雷金娜这一难关的一种方式。若从自传的意义上解读《恐惧和战栗》中讨论的故事，那么，克尔凯郭尔就是其中的亚伯拉罕，而雷金娜就是其中的以撒。

《恐惧和战栗》以圣经里亚伯拉罕杀子故事为线索，来探讨信仰和伦理的冲突。对于上帝要求亚伯拉罕杀死儿子以撒做祭品这个任务，亚伯拉罕可以选择完成它或是忘记它。但是他选择笃信上帝，放弃自己最珍贵的东西—儿子，去完成这项艰巨无比的任务。他选择不告诉妻子撒拉，默默地带着儿子以撒踏上了三天半的行程。在到达上帝指定的献祭地点之后，他默默地劈柴点火，捆住以撒，痛苦却又决绝地对儿子拔刀相向。正在此时，上帝派的天使飞来，拦住亚伯拉罕，告诉他说这是上帝对他的考验。经受了这一残酷考验之后，亚伯拉罕被上帝授命为他世间的代理人，他的世世代代都受到神的庇佑。

在克尔凯郭尔看来，亚伯拉罕向上帝祭献儿子体现了信仰和伦理之间的悖论，人们在面对这样的悖论时，感受到的必然是恐惧和战栗。而勇敢面对这个悖论使亚伯拉罕被视为既是谋杀者又是信仰伟人。在对这个悖论的探讨中，克尔凯郭尔提出了三个问题：可以从目的论意义上暂时停止从伦理角度看问题吗？对上帝有一种绝对的义务吗？亚伯拉罕对撒拉、以利亚撒和以撒隐瞒自己的目的，这在伦理上合乎情理吗？其实这三个问题本质上就是信仰和伦理之间的悖论问题。亚伯拉罕在面对这个悖论时，进行了双重运动—“无限放弃的运动”（他无限决绝地放弃了以撒，准备杀子）和“信仰的运动”（他同时又认为他献出以撒是表现出对儿子和对上帝的爱，凭此信仰他将不一定会失去以撒，上帝会让他重新得到儿子）—因此，他被视为是伟大之人、信仰之父。克尔凯郭尔将基督徒分为了无限放弃骑士（放弃伦理自我，放弃普遍性的基督徒）和信仰骑士（相信上帝的允诺，相信上帝不会拿走一切，相信自己凭借信仰可以重新得到一切的基督徒）两类。他用他敏锐的辩证智慧带领读者思考亚伯拉罕献祭儿子、阿伽门农痛苦弃绝爱女、人鱼诱惑纯洁美女等故事中所体现的信仰价值与伦理价值以及审美价值之间的冲突，思考个人的个体性服从于伦理的普遍性，与个体性因更高的目的而高于普遍性之间的不同，从而理解亚伯拉罕作为信仰骑士区别于仍处于伦理范围之内的悲剧英雄的神圣之处。

笔者在翻译《恐惧和战栗》这部天才巨著时，诚惶诚恐，也可以说翻译过程充满着“恐惧和战栗”。首先，笔者查阅了关于克尔凯郭尔的传记，同时查阅了圣经里关于亚伯拉罕和与他有关的人物的各种故事，以及《恐惧和战栗》中所涉及的各种典故，力求达到对原著的精确理解。但是，原著是丹麦文，后来被翻译成德文和英文，半个世纪以来，对原著的英文翻译有数个版本，但都显得有些晦涩难懂。因此，笔者在翻译阿拉斯泰尔·汉内的这个英译本时，为了更准确地翻译出原著意思，还参阅了其他英译本。在此基础上，笔者殚精竭虑地翻译了半年多，也在翻译过程中经受了书中伟大的思想的洗涤。阅读《恐惧和战栗》可以引发读者对我们这个信仰缺失的时代、对个体性存在的问题进行深刻的思考，从而获益匪浅。

还有一点要说明的是，由于原作者为了对被称为信仰之父的亚伯拉罕的故事作严谨而又充满激情的表述，有时在文中用了大量的排比长句，甚至有一处长达几页。笔者在尽量避免拘泥于原句句式和翻译腔的同时，也尽量译成排比长句，以求最大限度地达到翻译所讲求的“信、达、雅”标准。

译文中错误和疏漏之处在所难免，真诚欢迎读者批评指正。

恐惧和战栗

塔奎尼·苏培布斯在他的花园里借罂粟花所说的话，他儿子领会了，但那个信使却没明白。

——哈曼

前言

我们当今这个时代，人们无论是在商业界还是思想界都在进行一场十足的清仓大甩卖。一切都可以如此廉价地售卖，使人开始思考最终是否会有人想出价。每个认真记录并指引人们关注现代哲学重要趋势的思索者，每一个讲师，临时抱佛脚的应考者，学生，每个处在研究哲学边缘或主流的人，都不愿止步于怀疑一切事物。他们都要更进一步地走下去。或许，询问他们认为自己正去往何处有些不合时宜，尽管我们可以出于客气恭敬，理所当然地认为他们的确已经怀疑一切事物，否则说继续前行就会有些奇怪。他们都已做了这一初步的工作，并且可能轻而易举地做完了，以至于他们觉得没有必要解释如何做的。因为，对于如何着手完成这样庞大的任务，即便是那种真诚地想在此问题上渴求一点启迪的人，也没有找到任何解释，连一个指明方向的引导或一个小小的日常方法都没有。“但是，笛卡尔是做了的，对吧？”笛卡尔，一个受人崇敬、谦恭诚实的思想家，他的著作人人读了都深受震撼感奋。他确实言出必行，言行一致。这样的事情在我们这个时代十分罕见。笛卡尔是一个在信仰上绝不会怀疑的人。正如他自己一再表明的那样，[“但是我们必须记着已经说过的话，并且要谨记只能依赖于良知，只要这良知不违背上帝的旨意……最重要的是，我们要铭记一条绝对正确的真理，那就

是，上帝给我们所显示的旨意，与任何其他事物相比，都是无可比拟的确定无疑。即便我们的理智之光似乎极为清楚确凿地揭示出与上帝指示相反的事物，我们也应当服从神圣的权威，而不是相信自己的判断”（《哲学原则》第二十八原则和第七十六原则）。]笛卡尔并没有大叫着“着火了！着火了！”以使怀疑成为每个人的义务，因为他是一位安静而又孤独的思想者，绝非一个大声喊叫的街头守夜人。他很谦虚，知道自己的方法只对自己有意义，而这方法一部分来源于自己早期笨拙的求知过程。[“因此，我的意图并不是要在这儿传授一种每个人都要遵循以便能更好地提高理性的最好方法，而是仅仅表明我是如何致力于运用自己的理性……但是当我刚全部修完课程时（关于沉默的约翰尼斯的额外添加的故事，即，关于他的青春的课程），照例说可以被认为是进入了有学问者级别时，我的观点却完全改变了。因为我发现自己深受许多怀疑和错误困扰，局促不安，由此感到自己努力求学的结果是除了越来越发现自己的无知以外一无所获”（《关于如何在科学中管理理性和寻求真理的方法谈》）]—我们相信那些古希腊人是知道一些哲学知识的，他们付出了怎样的努力来把怀疑当成终生的任务啊！怀疑可不是一种数天或数周就可以习得的技能。这些久经沙场的哲学战士在面对所有诱骗时保持了稳定的怀疑态度，无畏地否定了感性意识和思想的确定性，刚正不阿地反抗自私的焦虑感和同情心的诱惑，他们取得了怎样的成就啊！—而这就是当今人们的起点。

今天的人们不会停止对信仰的追求，他们仍会继续前行。或许，询问他们去往何处会有些鲁莽唐突，但我猜想实际上每个人都有信仰，否则谈论追求信仰就定然是奇怪的，我的这种想法表明我是个文雅有教养的人。不过，古时候的情况不同。因为那时，信仰是一项终生的任务，不是一种三天两日就可习得的技能。当老兵抵达人生的尽头时，他已经经历过英勇的战斗，保持了自己的信仰。他的心依然年轻，不会忘记那些曾经使他经受锻炼的恐惧和战栗，这些恐惧和战栗尽管成年人可以控制，却没有人可以完全克服—除非他得以抓住最早的机会去进一步追

求。我们这个时代在这些可敬人物所抵达的地方起步，为了更进一步走下去。

本书的作者绝对称不上是哲学家，他还没有理解哲学的体系，他也不知道这个体系是否真正存在，或者该体系是否已经完善。就他不大聪明的头脑而言，能想到每个人要有多强大的头脑才能拥有如此众多的思想已是足够。即便一个人能够把信仰的全部内容都变成概念的形式，那也不意味着他已经领悟了信仰，懂得了如何得到信仰或信仰如何接近了他。本书的作者绝不是哲学家，他是个有高雅情趣的诗人（要是用诗意的好听的词说的话），他偶尔是个抄写员，但他既不建立体系，也不对体系抱有希望；他既不致力于体系的任何东西，也不受体系的束缚。他写作是因为这对他而言是一种奢侈，他的作品写得越是适合阅读和引人注目，就越少有人买来读。在这样一个为了科学而摈弃激情的时代，他很容易预知自己的命运—在这样的时代里，想要拥有读者的作者必须小心翼翼地写作，以使自己的作品能成为餐后小睡前的轻松读物，而且一定要在世人面前表现得像求职广告中礼貌的园丁那样，手托礼帽，并带有前任雇主的推荐信，向深受尊敬的公众自荐。他预知自己的命运会被人完全忽视，他还有个可怕的不祥预感，就是自己将屡受狂热的批判责难。更让他不寒而栗的是，某位有进取心的记录人，或断章取义、囫囵吞枣之人，为了拯救科学知识，总愿意像托普对《人类的毁灭》所做的那样，为了“保留好的品位”，豪迈地把他的作品切割开来，断章取义，而且会像那个致力于为标点符号科学作贡献的人那样无情地把作者的话按五十个字一句号、三十五个字一分号来分隔断开。我愿拜倒在任何试图寻找体系的搜查者面前解释，这不是体系，它也与体系毫无关系。因为研究体系很难成为高塔，我要祝福体系和丹麦所有致力于构建这种综合多用体系的人好运，繁荣昌盛。

此致

敬礼！

沉默的约翰尼斯

序幕

从前有个人，他在孩提时代就听说过那个美丽的故事，那个动人的故事讲的是关于上帝如何考验亚伯拉罕，而亚伯拉罕如何经受住了考验，保持了信仰，又出乎意料地第二次得到儿子的事情。他长大成人后，又读了那个故事，这次却是怀着更大的钦佩之情，因为他在孩提时代看生活的那种虔诚的单纯在有了生活经历后已变得复杂，不再单纯。他年龄越大就越会经常想起那个故事。不过，他对它的热情和兴趣越来越大，对它的理解却越来越少。最后，他忘了一切他物，心里只有一个愿望，就是亲眼见到亚伯拉罕，他也只有一个渴求，就是亲眼见证那个故事里发生的事情。他想看到的并不是那些美丽的东方地区，不是上帝应许之地的尘世光彩，不是那对对上帝满怀敬畏并在老年得到上帝赐福的夫妇，也不是那位年老可敬族长的画像，以及上帝赐予以撒的青春活力—若是在贫瘠的荒野，那个故事同样也会发生。他渴望的是在亚伯拉罕和他的儿子以撒那三天的旅程里，可以陪伴在他们身边，满怀悲伤的亚伯拉罕要骑驴走在他的前面，以撒要走在他的旁边。他想亲身经历亚伯拉罕举目远望看见摩利亚山，以及他抛下毛驴，和以撒独自上山的那些重要时刻。因为他一心想着的不是精细新颖的想象，而是思想上的战栗。

此人绝不是个思想家，除了追求信仰之外，他不觉得有必要去超越信仰继续深究下去。在他看来，能被人当作信仰之父永恒纪念，并且，拥有强大得让人羡慕的信仰，即便是无人知晓这一点，也肯定是一件无比光荣的事。

此人也绝不是经书评注诠释者，他根本不懂希伯来文，要是他懂得希伯来文，也许他就会很容易地理解亚伯拉罕的故事。

一

“这些事之后所发生的事是，上帝的确引诱了亚伯拉罕，对他说：……现在，带上你的儿子，你最爱的唯一的儿子以撒，到摩利亚之地去，在那儿，把他作为燔祭献到我将指示给你的山上。”

一个清晨，亚伯拉罕早早起床，给毛驴装上鞍子，带着以撒离开了帐篷。但是，他们走下山谷的时候，撒拉一直从窗户那儿注视着他们，直到看不见为止。他们骑着毛驴默默地走了三天，到了第四天早上，亚伯拉罕依旧一言不发，但他举目远眺，看见了摩利亚的那座山。他留下仆人，独自带着以撒向山上走去。但亚伯拉罕心中暗想：“我绝不会对以撒隐瞒将把他带向何方。”他静静地站着，并把手放在以撒的头上为他祈福；以撒弯腰接受他的祝福。亚伯拉罕带着慈父的表情，温柔地凝视着他，说着鼓励的话。但是以撒不能理解他，他的灵魂无法得到提升。他紧紧抱着父亲的腿，在他脚下恳求，他为他年轻的生命求情，为他美好的前途求情；他在哀求中同父亲一起回忆在家里时所经历的欢乐、悲伤和孤独。接着，亚伯拉罕扶起儿子，一边拉着他的手和他一起走，一边说着满是安慰和劝勉的话。但是以撒不能理解他。亚伯拉罕爬上了摩利亚的那座山，以撒依旧没有理解他。接着，他有片刻扭过脸去不看以撒。但是当以撒又看到他的脸时，发现他已神情大变：他用狂野的目光凝视着他，样子恐怖。他一把抓住以撒的胸膛，把他掷在地上，说道：“傻孩子，你真以为我是你的父亲吗？我是个上帝崇拜者。你以为这是上帝的命令吗？不，这是我自己的愿望。”以撒于是在地上瑟瑟发抖，他痛苦地喊道：“天堂里的上帝饶了我吧，亚伯拉罕的上帝可怜可怜我吧！假若人间没有我的父亲，那么你就做我的父亲吧！”不过，亚伯拉罕却悄声自言自语说：“感谢上帝！毕竟他把我视为凶残之人比

对您失去信仰要好。”

*

当孩子要断奶时，母亲会把乳房弄黑，因为不让孩子吃奶时，若乳房看起来很诱人是件憾事。这样弄黑的话，孩子会相信乳房已改变，但母亲其实没变，她还是目光慈爱，温柔依旧。那些不需要用更糟糕的方法给孩子断奶的人是多么幸运啊！

二

一天清晨，亚伯拉罕早早起床。他拥抱了撒拉，他的衰老但依然被他视作新娘的撒拉。撒拉又亲吻了以撒，这个为她洗去耻辱，带来永远的骄傲和希望的儿子。之后，他们骑驴默默地走着，亚伯拉罕的双眼总是紧盯着地面。直到第四天，他抬头远望，看见了摩利亚的那座山，但他接着又盯着地面。之后，他默默地架起柴堆，绑住以撒；又默默地拔出了刀子。接着他看见了上帝选定的用以替代以撒的公羊。于是他献祭了那只公羊然后回家了……从那以后，亚伯拉罕变老了。他无法忘记上帝曾向他索要以撒这一切。以撒像往常一样茁壮成长；但亚伯拉罕的眼神已变得黯淡无光，再也看不到快乐的神情了。

*

当孩子长大快要断奶时，母亲处女般地把乳房掩藏起来，于是孩子便没有了母亲。那没有以别的方式失去母亲的孩子是多么幸运啊！

三

一天清晨，亚伯拉罕早早起床。他亲吻了撒拉，这年轻的母亲；撒拉又亲吻了以撒，那带给她永恒欢乐喜悦的儿子。亚伯拉罕心事重重地骑着驴上路了。他想起了夏甲，想起了被自己赶入沙漠的夏甲的儿子。

他爬上了摩利亚的那座山，然后拔出了刀子。

那是个静谧的夜晚，亚伯拉罕独自骑驴出去。当骑到摩利亚的那座山跟前时，他扑倒在地，祈求上帝宽恕自己愿意献祭儿子以撒的罪过，宽恕自己作为父亲已忘记对儿子职责的罪过。他更加频繁地独自骑驴出去，但再也找不到内心的平静。他领悟不了为什么自己愿意将自己的最爱献祭给上帝会是一种罪，而且为了这个最爱他是乐意无数次奉献自己的生命的。而倘若这是一种罪，倘若他不是如此爱以撒的话，那么，他是无法理解这可能是可以被宽恕的。因为还有什么罪比这更可怕啊？

*

当孩子快要断奶时，母亲也是不无悲伤的。因为她知道孩子和自己日渐分离，那个开始在自己肚里，后来又被搂在乳房旁的孩子再也不可能和自己如此亲近了。因而，母子一起承受这短暂的悲伤。那和孩子保持亲近不必再悲伤的人是多么幸运啊！

四

一天清早，亚伯拉罕的家里，为动身所作的一切准备已经就绪。亚伯拉罕告别了撒拉后，忠实的仆人以利亚撒一路追随着他，直到他不得不返回为止。亚伯拉罕和以撒骑着驴步调一致地走着，来到了摩利亚的那座山跟前。尽管亚伯拉罕镇定平静地为献祭作好了一切准备，但当他转身抽取刀子时，以撒看到他痛苦地攥紧左手，并且一阵战栗传遍他全身—不过，亚伯拉罕还是拔出了刀子。

之后，他们又回到家里。撒拉跑去迎接他们，但以撒已经失去了信仰。关于此事，他们只字不提，以撒也没有把自己看到的告诉任何人，亚伯拉罕也不曾怀疑过有任何人看到此事。

*

当孩子快要断奶时，母亲在手边准备好更好的食品，这样可以避免孩子夭折。那身边准备有更好食品的母亲是多么幸运啊！

我们现在所谈的这个人以诸如此类的方式思考着那些事件。每次他从去摩利亚那座山的旅途回到家，他都会疲倦地瘫倒，双手紧握，说道："亚伯拉罕无比伟大；然而，有谁能理解他呢？"

亚伯拉罕颂

如果一个人没有永恒的意识，如果一切归根结底只是狂野火热的骚动力，只是一种能产生一切伟大或渺小之物的翻滚着的昏暗模糊的激情；如果藏匿于一切事物之下的是深不可测的无尽的空虚，那么，生活除了是绝望以外还能是什么？倘若如此的话，如果没有神圣的纽带把人类联系在一起，如果一代人在另一代人之后崛起，就像森林里年复一年堆积的层层树叶，如果一代人取代另一代人就像林子里的鸟叫声一样此起彼伏，如果人类经历这世界就像轮船航过海洋或大风掠过沙漠一样，只是一时兴致下无思无果的活动；如果永恒的湮没忘却就像野兽总是潜伏着，饥饿地等候着猎物，而又没有一种力量可以从它的爪中夺走猎物，那么生活该会是多么空虚和无可慰藉啊！但因为此原因，生活并不是那样的。而正如上帝创造了男人和女人一样，他也塑造了英雄和诗人或演讲家。诗人或演讲家没有英雄的技能，他只能钦佩、爱戴、欣赏英雄。然而，他，像英雄一样，也是快乐的；因为英雄可以说是他所迷恋的自己的更好本性的体现；他很开心英雄并不是自己，很开心自己对英雄的爱戴表现为真正的钦佩。他是回忆之神灵，只能回忆发生的一切事，除了赞美英雄所做的事，他什么也不能做。他对英雄的回忆和赞美里没有自我，只有羡慕。他追寻自己心里的愿望，但当他找到了自己追寻的对象时，就四处游荡，挨家挨户地演讲和歌颂自己发现的英雄，只为了使所有的人都像他那样钦佩英雄，像他那样为英雄而骄傲。这就是

他的成就，他的卑微的使命，这就是他为英雄之殿所提供的忠诚服务。如果他对英雄的爱是真诚的，如果他日日夜夜都与那会使人遗忘英雄的阴谋诡计作斗争，那么他已完成了他的任务，他和英雄融为一体了，英雄反过来也一样忠实地爱他，因为诗人可以说是英雄的更好本性的体现，虽然这种存在肯定就像记忆一样无力无效，但也像记忆一样被理想化和美化。因此，任何伟大的人都不会被忘却：即便是误解之云将英雄遮盖，不管需要多久，英雄的仰慕者终将出现，而且他对英雄的忠诚愈久弥坚。

不！这个世界上任何曾经伟大的人都不会被忘却。但是每个人都有自己的伟大之处，每个人的伟大之处都与自己所热爱之物的伟大之处相称。爱自己者因为自身而伟大，爱戴他人者因为他对他人的献身而伟大，而爱上帝者则是这些伟大之人中最伟大的。他们都终将被记住，但每个人所达到的伟大程度是与自己期望成正比的。因而，有人因期望可能的事物而变得伟大，有人因期望永恒的事物而变得伟大，但期望不可能之事物者则是最伟大的。他们都终将被记住，但每个人所达到的伟大程度是和自己与之奋斗的事物成正比的。因而，与世界斗争者因为征服了世界而变得伟大，与自我斗争者因为战胜自我而伟大，但与上帝斗争者则是最伟大的。所以，世界上总有斗争，人与人之间的斗争，一人与成千上万人之间的斗争，但与上帝斗争的人则是最伟大的。所以，地球上总有斗争：有人靠自己的力量征服一切，有人靠无力无助征服上帝。有人靠自己获得了一切，有人对自身的力量很自信，奉献了一切，而那坚信上帝者则是他们中最伟大的。有的人在力量方面伟大，有的人在智慧方面伟大，有的人伟大在充满希望，有的人伟大在充满爱，但亚伯拉罕比他们都要伟大。他的伟大在于他的表现为无能为力的力量，在于他大智若愚的智慧，在于他表面上看似疯狂的希望，在于他实质上是自我憎恨的爱。

亚伯拉罕是靠信仰的力量离开父辈的土地来到应许之地成为异客

的。他摈弃了一样东西，带走了另一样东西。他摈弃的是世俗的庸俗理解，带走的是他的信仰。否则，他肯定不会离去的，而且离开故土也肯定是不理智的。他是因为信仰才来到应许之地做异客的。这里没有什么可以让他追忆珍贵过往的，但新奇的一切诱惑着他的灵魂，使他充满忧郁的渴望。而他就是上帝所拣选的，上帝对他深感满意。是的，的确如此！要是他被上帝放弃，不再受上帝的荣光和恩典的庇佑，他或许会对此有更好的理解。实际上，这一切更像是对他和他的信仰的一种嘲笑。曾经也有人离开自己深爱的家园流亡在外。他没有被忘记，反映他痛苦地寻求和找到所失去的悲歌也不会被忘记。而亚伯拉罕没有作悲伤之歌，哀怨是人之常情，与哭泣者同哭泣也是人之常情，但是更伟大的是拥有信仰，更有福气的是注视拥有信仰的人。

是信仰使亚伯拉罕接受了一个应允，即在整个地球上他的民族世世代代都会受到庇护。时光流逝，那个可能性存在，亚伯拉罕拥有信仰；时光流逝，那个可能性减少了，亚伯拉罕依然保有信仰。曾经也有人怀有期望。时光流逝，夜晚临近，他没有忘记他的期望，因此他也不会被忘记。接着他感到悲伤，但他的悲伤没有像生活那样欺骗他，悲伤为他做了所有能做的一切；而他在甜蜜的悲伤中，依然保有他带着失望的期望。与悲伤者一起悲伤，是人之常情。但是更伟大的是拥有信仰，而更幸运的是凝视拥有信仰的人。我们没有看到和听到亚伯拉罕表达悲伤的歌曲。时光流逝，亚伯拉罕并没有忧伤地掐指算日，度日如年，也没有满腹疑心地打量着撒拉，担心她是否正在变老；他没有试图阻止太阳的脚步，使光阴停滞，以便撒拉不会变老并能像他期望的那样永伴自己左右；他也没有对着撒拉抚慰地唱着悲歌。亚伯拉罕老了，撒拉在当地被人嘲笑。而亚伯拉罕依然是上帝所拣选之人，依然承继着那个希望，即他在地球上的后裔将会得到神的庇佑赐福。那么，倘若他没被上帝所拣选，情况不会更好吗？成为上帝所选之人意味着什么呢？是不是意味着年轻时的愿望要被否定，只是为了在年老时艰难地实现它呢？不过，亚伯拉罕相信上帝的应许并且坚守着那份应许。倘若亚伯拉罕动摇过，他

就会放弃了它。他就可能会对上帝说："也许您终究没有实现那个应许的意愿；那么我就放弃我的愿望吧，它曾经是我唯一的愿望，是赐给我的欢乐。我的灵魂是正直诚实的，您拒绝兑现给我的应许，我对此心中毫无怨恨。"那样的话，他不会被忘记，他也会作为楷模拯救很多人，但他不会成为信仰之父。因为放弃愿望很伟大，更伟大的是放弃之后又坚持它；抓住永恒的东西很伟大，更伟大的是放弃永恒之后坚守那暂时性的东西。但那之后，最适当的时机到了。倘若亚伯拉罕没有坚守信仰，那么撒拉定会死于悲伤，而亚伯拉罕也会因为哀伤变得呆滞，不能理解应许的实现，反而会把它当作青年时的梦想微笑了之。但是亚伯拉罕笃信神，因而他永葆青春。这是因为一个总是希望得到最好的东西的人会变老并且会被生活所欺骗；一个总是为最坏情况作好准备的人会未老先衰；但拥有信仰的人则能永葆青春。那么让我们尽情颂扬亚伯拉罕的故事吧！因为撒拉尽管已上了年纪，但心态依然年轻到足以渴求做母亲的愉悦；而亚伯拉罕虽然白发苍苍，但也拥有盼望做父亲的年轻心态。从表面上看，信仰的奇妙之处在于亚伯拉罕和撒拉年轻到足以如愿以偿，得到儿子；从更深意义上看，信仰的奇妙之处在于亚伯拉罕和撒拉年轻到足以去希望，也在于信仰使他们保持了愿望并通过保持愿望保持了青春。亚伯拉罕接受应许的实现，他是从信仰上去接受它，而他也按照自己所被应许的和所信仰的那样得偿所愿；相比之下，当年的摩西用权杖敲击磐石，但他对信仰并没有信心。

所以，当撒拉在金婚之日扮成新娘时，亚伯拉罕家里充满了欢乐欣喜。

但是这种欢乐并不能一直保持；亚伯拉罕还要被考验一次。他和那个创造一切的微妙之力作斗争，和那个从不休息一直保持警惕的对手作斗争，与那个比万物都长寿的老人—也就是时间本身作斗争。也就是说，他与时间本身作斗争，并且保持了自己的信仰。但现在，这种斗争的所有恐怖都集中于这一时刻。"上帝引诱亚伯拉罕，对他说……现在

带上你的儿子，你唯一最钟爱的儿子以撒，到摩利亚之地去；把他作为燔祭献到我将指示给你的山上。”

所以一切欢愉都丧失了，而且比不曾有过这一切欢乐还要恐怖。这样看来，上帝只是在戏弄亚伯拉罕！他通过创造奇迹使荒诞之事成真，现在又要看到它被毁灭。这确实是一种愚弄！但起初当那个应许被宣布时，亚伯拉罕并没有像撒拉那样大笑。但现在，一切都要丧失了！七十年忠贞不渝的期望，以及信仰使他们得偿所愿所带来的短暂欢乐，都失去了。是谁从这老人手中夺取心爱之物，是谁还要求老人亲自毁了它？是谁让这个白发男人，显得那么孤苦绝望，是谁还要求他亲自做这事？难道没有对这位可敬的白发老人的同情之心吗？难道也没有对这无辜孩子丝毫的怜悯之心吗？然而，亚伯拉罕是上帝拣选之人，是上帝要对他进行考验。现在一切都将失去！那个将被人类珍藏的美好记忆，即那个对亚伯拉罕子孙后代的允诺，只是上帝一时的兴致，是上帝一种转瞬即逝的念头，而现在亚伯拉罕必须让自己杜绝这种想法。那光辉的珍宝，和亚伯拉罕心中的信仰一样长久，比以撒年岁还要长很多年，是亚伯拉罕生命的果实，在祷告中神圣、斗争中成熟，是亚伯拉罕祷念的祝福，这果实现在将被过早摘掉，也将失去意义。因为如果以撒要被献祭的话，它还能有什么意义呢？那是个悲伤却又神圣的时刻，此时，亚伯拉罕该告别他所珍爱的一切，此时他应再次抬起他那可敬的头颅，此时他的面容应该像上帝的面容那样光芒四射，此时他应全神贯注地祝福以撒，以给他带来终生的快乐—但这一刻终究没有到来！因为，是的，亚伯拉罕的确会告别以撒，但他会是留下的人；死亡会使他们分离，但以撒将会是受难者。老人是不会在心怀祈福时把手放在以撒身上的，但是厌倦生命之心会使他凶残地把手放在以撒身上。是上帝在考验他。是的，唉，唉，那个给亚伯拉罕带来这个消息的信使啊！谁会敢当这样悲惨消息的使者？然而，正是上帝要考验亚伯拉罕。

但是，亚伯拉罕拥有信仰，他对现世有信仰。是的，如果他的信仰

只是对来世的信仰，那么为了更快离开这个他并不属于的世界抛弃一切会容易得多。但如果有这样的信仰的话，亚伯拉罕的信仰也是不属于这种的，因为这种信仰不是真正的信仰，而仅是信仰的一种最为遥远渺茫的可能性。这种信仰的对象只是最遥远的地平线上一种模糊的概念，但该信仰又因绝望作祟，与目标之间有着巨大的深渊相隔。但是亚伯拉罕的信仰是为了今生现世的。他相信他会在自己的土地上变老，受到他的人民的尊敬和他的家族的祝福，以撒也永远不会忘记他。他视以撒为掌上明珠，满心爱着他，这种爱仅仅用他忠实地履行了父亲爱儿子的义务这样的字眼来描述是不够的，正如上帝的召唤令里所说的那样："你最钟爱的儿子。"雅各有十二个儿子，他只爱其中一个；亚伯拉罕却只有一个，他深爱着儿子。

但是，亚伯拉罕拥有信仰而且深信不疑。信仰要使他做荒谬反常之事，他也深信。如果他对信仰有了怀疑的话，那他可能会做别的事情来完成上帝给的任务，他会做某种伟大而光荣的事；因为亚伯拉罕怎么可能做除了伟大光荣之事以外的事呢？如果他有了怀疑的话，他会大步走向摩利亚山，砍些木柴，点燃之后，拔出刀子，他会对上帝呼喊："请不要藐视这个献祭，我很清楚，它不是我拥有的最好的东西；因为一个垂老之人与一个充满希望的孩子相比算什么呢，但这是我能献祭的最好的东西了。请不要让以撒知道此事，以使他在青春岁月里可以过得心安。"他会将刀刺向自己的胸膛。那样，他会受世人景仰，永垂青史。不过，受人景仰是一回事，做一颗能够救人脱离痛苦的引导星则是另一回事。

但是，亚伯拉罕有信仰。他没有为自己祷告求情，以求打动上帝。只有在上帝宣告对所多玛城和蛾摩拉城进行正义的惩罚时，亚伯拉罕才挺身而出，为此祈祷。

我们可以在圣经经文中读到："上帝引诱亚伯拉罕说：亚伯拉罕，

你在哪儿？但亚伯拉罕回答说：我在这里。”你，正在阅读本文与我交流的读者朋友，这种情况下你会这么做吗？当你远远看见势不可挡的命运之神向你渐行渐近，难道你会不对群山说“把我藏起来”、对山坡说“把我遮挡住”吗？或者，如果你更坚强的话，难道你的双脚不会曳地前行，不会好像渴望重走老路吗？当你被上帝这样召唤时，你是回答还是不回答？也许你会轻声低语地应答？亚伯拉罕没有这样。他是欣喜地、无畏地、满怀信任地大声回答“我在这里”。我们在圣经中接着会读到：“亚伯拉罕一大清早就起身了。”他匆忙前行，仿佛要赶赴什么庆典似的。他在清晨抵达上帝指定的在摩利亚山上的那个地点。他没有对撒拉谈及此事，也没有对以利亚撒言语。毕竟，谁又能理解他呢？这样的考验本身不就是严格要求他宣誓缄默保密吗？“他劈好柴，绑上以撒，点燃柴堆，拔出刀来。”我的听众啊，许多父亲失去过儿子，他们觉得这就像失去了世上最宝贵的东西，就像对未来的所有希望都被剥夺了一样。然而，没有哪个儿子像以撒对亚伯拉罕而言那样前程远大，意义非凡。许多父亲失去过孩子，但那是上帝，万能的上帝的不可更改的神秘莫测的意志使然，而亚伯拉罕的情况并非如此。对他而言一个更大的考验在等着他；和那把刀一同放在他手里的还有以撒的命运。他站在那儿，这个老人和他的儿子，他唯一的希望，站在一起！但他没有迟疑，也没有痛苦地左顾右盼，更没有用他的祷告质疑上天。他知道这是万能的主在考验他，也知道这是上帝能向自己要求的最艰难的牺牲，但是他更知道，当这种要求是上帝的指示时，没有他作不到的牺牲—于是他拔出刀来。

是谁给了亚伯拉罕之臂以力量啊，是谁使他的右臂高举着不至于无助地下落啊！任何人见此情景都会瘫倒在地的。是谁赋予亚伯拉罕的灵魂以力量啊，以使他的眼睛不致昏暗而看不见以撒或那只羔羊！任何目睹此景的人都会变得盲目丧失理智的。尽管那些见此情景瘫倒或失去理智的人很少，更少见的却是那些能够如实公正地讲述此事的人。我们知道，我们都知道，这只是个考验。

亚伯拉罕若是在摩利亚山巅时信仰有任何动摇，或是四顾而犹豫不决，又或是他在拔刀之前偶然间看到了那只白羊，那只上帝允许他用来替代以撒作祭祀用的羊羔，那么他就会回家，一切都会像以前一样，他还会有撒拉，他的儿子以撒也还会活着。但那样会改变一切！因为他的退缩会被视为一种逃跑，他的获救会成为偶然，他的名誉会被玷污，他的未来也会受到诅咒。那样的话，他见证的就不是自己对主的信仰或是上帝的仁慈怜悯，而是摩利亚山之旅的可怕。亚伯拉罕是不会被人们忘记的，摩利亚山也一样。但是它不会像诺亚方舟在洪水中的停靠地—亚拉腊山—那样被人们歌颂，而是会被看作恐怖耻辱之山，因为亚伯拉罕是在这儿动摇了信仰。

可敬的父亲亚伯拉罕啊！当你从摩利亚山之旅回到家中，尽管有所失去，但你不需要赞美之词来安慰，因为实际上你赢得了一切也保住了以撒。不是这样吗？上帝不再把他从你身边夺走，你和他幸福地在帐篷中就餐，正如来世你也会永远这样做一样。可敬的父亲亚伯拉罕啊！那些岁月之后数千年已流逝，但你不需要后世的崇拜者来与遗忘之力争夺人们对你的记忆；因为每一种语言都将你纪念—而你也给你的钦慕者带来了无与伦比的回报。你使他在来世在你的胸膛得到永恒的幸福，而对今生的他而言，你用你的惊世行为征服了他的眼睛和心灵。可敬的父亲亚伯拉罕啊！你是人类的第二父亲！你是第一个见证了那种为了与上帝奋斗，而藐视与凶猛自然元素之间可怕斗争所体现出的巨大激情的人，你理解那种至高无上的激情，是那种异教徒也会崇拜的神圣纯洁而又谦卑的激情的第一位理解者—请原谅那个想赞美你而又没能正确地赞美你的人。他赞美你时言语谦逊，这是他心之所愿；他赞美之词简短，这是适宜的；但他永远不会忘记你等了一百年才在苍老之年出人意料地等到了儿子的出生，也不会忘记在上帝让你保留儿子之前你不得不拔刀对着儿子。他更不会忘记在一百三十年里你对信仰一直忠贞不渝，不曾脱离。

问题

源自内心的引言

一条关于外部可见世界的古谚语说：“只有劳作者才能得食物。”奇怪的是，这说法并不适用于它所根植的世界，因为外部世界是受不完美规律制约的。在这儿经常发生的是，不劳作者得食物，安逸睡大觉者比苦劳者所得的更多。在这外部世界里，所有者拥有一切，一切都受冷漠法则主宰。指环精灵听从戴它的人，不管他是努拉丁还是阿拉丁。拥有世上财富的人得到了财富，不管是用什么方法。精神世界则与此不同。这儿流行的是永恒的神圣法则。雨不会既落在正义上又打在非正义上，在这儿阳光并不会善与恶都普照；在这里只有劳作者才得食，只有明白痛苦者才能得到内心安宁，只有下过地狱者才能拯救爱人，只有拔刀者才能保有以撒。那不愿劳动者不能得到食物，但会受到迷惑，就像神迷惑俄耳甫斯一样。神用幻影替换俄耳甫斯所深爱的人，神迷惑他是因为他是个心肠温柔却不勇敢的人，还因为他是个七弦竖琴手，不是个男子汉。

在这种精神世界里，有亚伯拉罕做父亲或有长达一千七百年的贵族血统没有用。这儿不劳动的人就像传说中的以色列处女一样，只会孕育风，而劳作者则会产生自己的父亲。

传统智慧冒昧地试图把外部世界所抱怨的冷漠法则引入到精神世界里。这种智慧认为知道大真理就足够了，不需要其他的努力。但因此它不得食，当一切都变成金子时，它就会饿死的。它还知道什么呢？希腊历史上曾有成千上万人以及无数后代知道米堤亚得斯所获得的所有胜利，但只有一人为此失眠。同样，亚伯拉罕的故事也被世世代代的人传

诵，又有多少人为之难以安眠呢？

亚伯拉罕的故事的卓越非凡之处就在于，不管我们对它的理解多么贫乏，它都会永远光辉灿烂。不过，也可以这么说，只有当我们愿意为理解这故事“辛苦劳动并承担重负”时，才可以理解它。但是，人们不愿意辛苦动脑，却想理解它。有人赞美亚伯拉罕，但又是怎样赞美他的呢？“亚伯拉罕的伟大在于他非常热爱上帝，以至于他愿意献出自己最好的东西”，这种赞美使这故事显得平凡无奇。这是非常正确的，但是“最好的”是个模糊的说法。一个人可以从语言和思想上轻易地认同亚伯拉罕的伟大，这样想的人可以悠然地吹吹烟斗，听人讲述亚伯拉罕故事的人也可以悠闲地舒展双腿。如果基督在路上碰到的那个富裕的年轻人卖掉自己所有的财产送给穷人，我们会像称赞所有伟大的行为一样称赞他，但我们如果不动脑费神的话就会连他也不能理解。然而即便他把自己最好的东西赠予别人，他也不能成为亚伯拉罕。在亚伯拉罕的故事里剩下的是痛苦；因为尽管我没有义务把钱给别人，但是父亲对儿子有最崇高最神圣的义务。而痛苦对柔弱者是件危险的事情，因此尽管人们想要谈论亚伯拉罕，他们却会忘记故事中留下的痛苦。所以他们谈论该故事，而且在讨论中将以下两个词对等：以撒和最好的东西。人们交谈甚欢。如果听众中有人正受失眠之苦，那么就可能产生最可怕最深刻而又悲喜交加的误解。这个听众回家后，他会想要做亚伯拉罕做过的事情，因为儿子的确是他拥有的最好的东西。而倘若那个讲述该故事的教士听说此事，他可能会走向那个人，动用自己作为神职人员的所有权威，对他大声喊叫：“你这个可憎之人，社会渣滓，是什么让你鬼迷心窍到想要谋杀自己的儿子？”而这位教士，在宣讲亚伯拉罕事迹时从没表现得激情澎湃，此刻他会为自己怒喝那个可怜的人时的义愤所惊讶，他会对自己深感满意，因为他从未讲得如此痛切、如此有激情。他会对自己和妻子说：“我是个演说家，我所需要的是机会；礼拜日我宣讲亚伯拉罕的时候，当时一点也不觉得动情陶醉。”倘若这位宣讲者所剩的善辩才智不多的话，那么当那个要杀死儿子的罪人冷静而又带有尊严地

回答说“这实际上就是你周日所说教的呀”时，他一定会无言以对。一个教士怎么会产生这样的思想？然而他的确这样传道宣讲了，错误之处只在于他并没有理解自己所说的话。为什么某些诗人不描写这样的情景而要写那些充满垃圾废话的喜剧和小说呢？在此悲剧和喜剧在这绝对无限之处相遇。那传教士的言语本身无疑是够可笑的，但其所造成的后果可以说是更加的可笑；当然产生这样的后果也是相当自然的事情。或许，假设那个罪人没有抗议而接受了传教士的谴责训斥；或许假定那热忱的传教士开心地回了家，开心是因为知道了自己的传教效果不是局限于讲道坛，而最重要的是，自己的工作显然还有不可抵抗的引导灵魂的力量；因为礼拜日那天他激励了教众，而星期一他又像身背火焰剑的小天使降临到那个罪人面前，而那个罪人依从自己说教的行为正好使那个古老的说法黯然失色，那个说法是，世人从不践行传教士所宣讲的。[1]

不过，反过来说，倘若那个罪人未被说服，那么他的境况会很悲剧。他无疑会被处以死刑或送进疯人院；总而言之，他和所谓的现实之间的关系会不妙，尽管从另一种意义上说，我认为思考亚伯拉罕的故事使他快乐：因为思考者不会麻木，不会毁灭。

怎样解释这个传教士自相矛盾的言辞呢？是不是因为亚伯拉罕获得了“伟大的人”这一称号的所有权利，所以他所做的一切都是伟大的，而如果别人做相同的事，则是一种罪过，一种奇耻大罪？倘若如此，我不愿参与这种轻率愚蠢的颂扬。如果信仰不能使这种为了信仰情愿谋杀自己儿子的行为成为一种神圣的行为，那么就让人们像谴责任何其他人一样谴责亚伯拉罕吧。如果一个人没有勇气把这点看透彻，没有勇气说亚伯拉罕是个谋杀犯，那么与其浪费时间对他作不当的称颂，不如去努力获得这种勇气。亚伯拉罕所做的，从伦理道德的角度来说，是他愿意杀害以撒；用宗教的语言来描述，是他愿意献祭以撒。但存在于这种矛盾中的正是那种的确令人无眠的痛苦，然而没有那种痛苦，亚伯拉罕就不是亚伯拉罕他自己。又或许，亚伯拉罕根本就没有做故事里所讲的事，

或许在他那个时代的情境里，他做的是和故事里讲的很不相同的事情。那么，让我们忘了他吧，因为何苦要费力劳神地去记住那已不能复制或变成现在的过去呢？或许那讲述者忘了讲某些伦理上的东西，比如他忘了讲以撒是亚伯拉罕的儿子这一事实。因为如果把信仰当作虚无直接去除的话，那么剩下的就只是一个残酷的赤裸裸的事实，即亚伯拉罕情愿杀死以撒；而这对任何没有信仰的人来说，是很容易效仿的。这儿没有信仰指的是没有那使人在杀人时感到为难的信仰。

就我个人而言，我不缺少勇气去透彻全面地思考一个想法。截至目前，还没有什么想法令我害怕。倘若我遇到一种令我惧怕的想法，我希望我至少能够诚实地说："这种想法使我害怕又令我激动不安，所以我不想去思考它。"如果我这样说是错误的，我无疑会受到惩罚。如果我承认亚伯拉罕是个谋杀犯这个评判是正确的，我不能确定我是否能够平息自己心中对亚伯拉罕的崇敬；但如果我自己有这样的评判，我可能会保持沉默，因为这样的想法是不能传给别人的。但是，亚伯拉罕绝不是虚幻的，他的名声不是不劳而获的；他的名誉也不是命运的随意安排偶然得来的。

那么，要毫不保留地谈论亚伯拉罕而又不冒使某人出轨仿效他做同样的事这种风险，这可能吗？如果我不敢开诚布公地评论亚伯拉罕，我就干脆对他不作评论，而且最重要的是，我不会贬低他，以免他因此成为弱者的陷阱。倘若一个人视信仰为人生主旨，也就是说他纯粹地视信仰为信仰，那么我想，在当今我们这个很难说在信仰方面有所进步或超越的时代，他就可能敢于谈论信仰而不会冒前面所提到的那样的风险。再说，一个人也只有在信仰方面才可以达到接近亚伯拉罕的高度，而不是靠杀子来模仿他。如果一个人把爱变成一种转瞬即逝的情绪，把爱看成对某人感到欣喜激动，那么当他谈论爱的成就和事迹时就等于给弱者设下了陷阱。当然人人都有一时的情感，但人们若因这些情感而做那些可怕却又被爱情神圣化不朽化的事情，一切就会丧失，这一切包括爱的

壮举和那些被情感所误导而为情所困的人们。

那么，谈论亚伯拉罕是可以的。伟大之人的伟大之处被正确理解的时候，是绝不会有什么坏处的。它就像一把双刃剑，既可杀人，又可救人。如果命中注定我要评论亚伯拉罕的话，我会首先说明亚伯拉罕是一个多么虔诚，对上帝满怀敬畏的人，他配得上“上帝所选的”这个称号。只有这样的人才会经受这样的考验，但谁是这样的人呢？接着，我会描述亚伯拉罕如何深爱以撒。为了达到这个目的，我会乞求所有善良之神的帮助，以使我的溢美之词像父亲对儿子的爱一样炽烈，我希望把这种爱描述得令这片领土上没有一个父亲敢说自己这样深爱过儿子。不过，要是一个父亲没有像亚伯拉罕那样爱儿子，那么，所有献出以撒的念头就会是一种诱惑。仅此一点，我们就已经足以谈论好几个周日，因此不必着急。如果谈论内容符合主题的话，结果会是，一些父亲如果真的作到了像亚伯拉罕一样慈爱，就会很开心，不想再听更多，而只满足于一时的开心。倘若有人在听了亚伯拉罕事迹的伟大之处和可怕之处之后，竟然冒险也走上了那条路的话，我会骑上马和他一同前往。在抵达摩利亚山之前的每一个驿站，我都会向他说明，他依然可以转身回去，他可以后悔没有理解会被召唤来经受这种性质的矛盾的考验，可以承认自己缺乏勇气，说“如果上帝想要以撒的话，上帝必须自己把他带走”。我深信，这样的人是不会被上帝抛弃的，他会像其他人一样得到庇佑，尽管不是时时得到庇佑。即便是在信仰盛行的时代，难道这样的人不会受到这样的评判吗？我认识一个人，他要是够慷慨的话，是可以救我一命的。他坦率地告诉我：“我很清楚我能做什么，但我不敢。我担心在最后时刻我缺乏力量，还担心我会为此后悔。”他不够慷慨，但谁会因此而不再爱他呢？

说到此处，而且在我已经打动了听众，使他们至少意识到一些关于信仰和其伴随的巨大激情之间的辩证斗争之后，若听众有这样的错误想法：“嗯，他的信仰如此深重坚定，我们只要抓住他衣服的后摆紧紧跟

随他就够了”，并将之归咎于我的话，我是不会感到内疚的。因为我会补充说：“我绝对没有什么信仰。我只不过是个本性上比较精明之人罢了。我总是在把信仰付诸行动方面有困难。尽管克服这种困难使精明之人在信仰方面比没有这种困难的简单普通之人到达的程度要高，我并不认为这有什么重要价值。”

爱情，有诗人做它的传教士，人们偶尔会听到一个知道如何捍卫它称颂它的声音；但是人们却听不到关于称颂信仰的一言半语，谁来赞美这种信仰的激情？哲学的赞美者就更多了。神学坐在窗边涂脂抹粉来寻求哲学的青睐恩宠，向它大献殷勤。人们以为，理解黑格尔很难，而理解亚伯拉罕却是小事一件；超越黑格尔是个奇迹，而超越亚伯拉罕则轻而易举。我本人已花费了不少时间来理解黑格尔哲学，并且认为我已多少理解了它。我还冒昧地认为，该哲学的某些部分，尽管我付出很多努力也不能理解，其原因是黑格尔自己也没有完全弄清楚。我理解黑格尔哲学可以说是一切都自然而然，轻而易举，没有怎么劳神。但是当我思考亚伯拉罕时，我几乎可以说是彻底迷糊崩溃了。我无时不意识到亚伯拉罕生活中的那个巨大的矛盾或者说是悖论。不管我带着多大的激情试图去进入它，理解它，我感到总是被击退，丝毫也不能进步。我拼尽全力想去瞥一眼，但总是瞬间就崩溃无力了。

我并不是不了解世间所崇尚的伟大和高尚慷慨。我的心灵深处感受得到它的吸引力，我满怀谦恭之心深信英雄所追求的事业也是我的事业。当我思虑英雄的奋斗时，不禁对自己大喊：“现在你的事业正处在危急之时。”我可以把自己想象成英雄，但我不能把自己想象成亚伯拉罕；当我把自己想象到亚伯拉罕那个高度时，我会跌落下来，因为我面对的是一个悖论。然而我绝不是认为信仰是低下的；相反它的地位是最至高无上的。同时，我认为哲学给我们提供哲学以外的东西并且轻视信仰，这是哲学的不诚实不厚道。哲学不能也不应该给我们阐述信仰，它应该理解它自身，并明白在不减损贬低什么的情况下它究竟要给人们提

供什么。哲学最不应该做的就是通过欺骗使人们认为某事物虚无而摈弃它。我不是不熟知生活的诸多困惑与危险，我不害怕它们，我勇敢上前，无畏地面对。我也不是不熟悉恐怖之事。我的记忆是我忠实的伴侣，而我的想象，不像我自己，而像一个勤劳的女仆，她白天静静地勤劳工作，晚上则会甜美地和我闲聊她的工作，以至于我不得不关注她，即便她并不总是像她所描绘的风景，鲜花或牧歌田园那样。我已直面过恐惧，我不会因为害怕逃走。但我深知，不管我多么勇敢地面对它，我的勇气不是信仰的勇气，而且根本不能与之相提并论。我不能做到闭上双眼，充满信任地投身于荒诞之事，这对我而言是不可能的，当然我并不据此赞美我自己。我深信，上帝就是爱；这种想法的正确性对我而言是清新素朴和抒情诗般深情的。当它浮现在我脑海里时，我就难以言表地高兴；当它不见踪影时，我思念它比情人思念挚爱时还强烈。但是我没有信仰，我缺乏这种勇气。上帝的爱，对我而言，不管是从直接的还是相反的意义上来说，与整个现实都是相差悬殊，不可比较的。我没有因此而怯懦到呜咽和呻吟的地步，但我也没有阴险低下到否认信仰是一种层次要高得多的东西。我完全可以以自己的方式继续生活，我可以过得很快乐很满足，但我这种快乐不是信仰带来的快乐，而且与之相比甚至可以叫作不快乐。我不会因小事烦扰上帝，我不关心小事。我仅关注我之所爱，保持我爱的火焰无瑕而又纯粹。信仰深信上帝的关爱无微不至，上帝对最小的事也关注。今生今世我满足于和左手联姻，信仰却谦恭到要求右手的地步。而那确实是谦恭，我没有，也绝不会否认这种谦恭。

　　但是我好奇我们这个时代的人是否真的能够将信仰付诸行动？除非我搞错了，这一代人倾向于以能做他们认为连我都做不到的事为傲，那就是不完美或叫半途而废。以非正常的方式谈论伟大之人伟大之事，好像几千年是巨大遥远的距离似的，人们经常这样做，但这却是违背我的本性的。我更愿意以正常的方式谈论它，好像它就发生在昨天似的，只让伟大本身成为或被赞扬或被谴责的距离。如果我是一个假扮的悲剧英

雄（因为更高的层次我也达不到），被召唤去完成像去摩利亚山那样非凡的旅程，我很清楚我会做什么。我不会怯懦到待在家里不愿出门，我也不会在路上休憩或磨蹭拖延，也不会忘带刀子以便拖延时间。我肯定我会准时到那儿，并且将一切准备就绪。我甚至会提前很早到达，以便早点结束那一切。但是我也知道我还会做些什么。我飞身上马的那一刻，我会对自己说："现在一切都失去了。上帝索要以撒，我将要献祭以撒，和他一起献上的还有我所有的欢乐—然而，上帝就是爱，对我而言他还将依然如此。"因为在世俗世界里上帝和我无法交谈，我们没有共同语言。也许，我们这个时代里会有人非常愚蠢，非常羡慕伟大之人，以至于认为，或使我认为，倘若我真的那样做了，我就做了比亚伯拉罕做的还更伟大的事，因为我表现出的无比绝望难道不比亚伯拉罕的偏执狭隘要更理想化和富有诗意吗？然而这种想法是大错特错了，因为我的无比绝望替换掉了信仰。我作不到超越无限运动去寻找自我和追求心灵的安宁。我也作不到像亚伯拉罕那样爱以撒。当然我坚决地动手付诸行动这一事实可能证明了我的勇气。从人性的角度讲，我全身心地爱他是个前提条件，没有这个前提条件整件事就变成了邪恶行为。然而我并不会像亚伯拉罕那样爱他，因为那样的话，我会在最后时刻退缩停住，尽管我并没有因为退缩迟迟才到达摩利亚山。而且我的行为还会破坏玷污整个故事，因为要是我重新得到以撒，我会感到茫然尴尬。重新在以撒身上得到快乐，这对亚伯拉罕是最容易的事，对我而言却很难；因为一个人在倾注了全部灵魂，自愿并自行负责地做了自己能力范围内无比弃绝的事[2]之后，他再拥有以撒只能是一种痛苦。

但是亚伯拉罕做了什么？他到达得不早也不晚。他骑上毛驴，沿着那条道慢慢前行。整个路途中，他都怀有信仰，他相信上帝不会向他要走以撒，然而他依然愿意献上以撒，如果上帝会真的想要他的话。他凭借荒诞偏执坚持信仰，因为不存在人的估计和推测的问题。而上帝向他要以撒之后下一刻竟又取消这要求肯定是荒诞的。他爬上山，即便在他手中的刀子闪着寒光的那一刻，他依然保有信仰，坚信上帝不会强要以

撒。当然他对事情的结果感到惊讶，但通过这一双重行动，他又回到最初，所以他可以比第一次更欢乐地得到以撒。让我们再进一步分析看看，我们假设以撒实际上被献祭了。亚伯拉罕仍有信仰。他的信仰不是他以后会在来世某个时间得到快乐，而是他会在今世得到受庇佑的幸福。上帝会给他一个新的以撒，使被献祭的以撒复活。他依靠荒诞偏执坚持信仰，因为他早已停止一切正常人会进行的推测。我们清楚，悲痛会使人心智失常，而且这确实令人悲伤；同时我们也明白，有一种叫意志力的东西，它如此强大，可以逆风行驶，与风竞力，足以拯救一个人的理智，即便这个人已经有些古怪（这儿我绝对没有贬低之意）。但是一个人能够失去理智和理解力，以及这个由理智做经纪人打理的有限俗世，然后又凭借荒诞之力重新得回这有限世界，这样的事令我惊骇无比。但我并不因此说它低下或没有价值，正相反，它是唯一的奇迹。人们普遍以为，信仰所能产生的绝不是艺术品，而是只有笨拙之人才会要的粗糙俗气的制品，然而事实远非如此。信仰的辩证法是所有辩证法中最精细最出色的。它有一种提升的作用，对此我只能形成一种概念，但不能详细说清楚。我可以做蹦床跳，跳得极高，我有走钢丝演员那样的后背，这在儿时就已形成，因此这样跳对我来说很容易。一、二、三，我可以倒立着走来走去，但下一步我就无能为力了，因为我不能制造奇迹，我只能为之惊叹。是的，要是亚伯拉罕跨上毛驴的时候对自己说："现在要失去以撒了。我何不在家里直接把他献祭，权当我走过那漫漫长路到了摩利亚。"那样我就不需要亚伯拉罕了。但事实是，现在我会对他的名字鞠七次躬，对他的英勇事迹鞠七十次躬。因为他没有那样做，我可以通过他重新得到以撒时的欢乐，那衷心的欢乐，他不需要时间和准备就可以调整自己来接受当下及其带来的欢乐这一点来证明。假如亚伯拉罕的情况不是这样，他很可能还是爱上帝的，但是他不会拥有信仰；因为不坚持对上帝的信仰而爱上帝的人反映的是自己，而笃信地爱着上帝的人反映的是上帝。

亚伯拉罕站在这个至高点上。他忽视的这个最后阶段叫无限弃绝阶

段。他的确更进一步，达到了信仰。一切对信仰的讽刺，如那可怜的冷漠者的想法，认为“肯定没有必要也不值得提前担心”，那可怜的带有侥幸之心的想法，认为“谁知道会发生什么，也许终究不会有事的”，这些曲解信仰的想法属于生活中的卑劣可怜者，而无限弃绝者无比地蔑视他们。

我对亚伯拉罕无法理解；从某种意义上说，我从他那儿可以学到的只有惊叹。如果有人想象一个人可以通过思考这个故事的结果得到感动，从而有了信仰，那他就是自欺欺人，他也试图从信仰的第一阶段就欺骗上帝，试图从这个悖论中获取人生智慧。可能有人会成功，因为我们这个时代不愿意停止于信仰，这个时代在把水变成美酒后不愿停止制造奇迹；它更进一步，把美酒又变成了水。

难道，不管怎样，止步于信仰不是最好吗？难道人人都想更进一步走得更远不令人不安吗？当如今的人们以种种形式宣称不愿止步于爱时，他们正去向哪里呢？他们会走向世俗聪明、斤斤计较和算计，走向毫无价值、卑劣可鄙，走向一切使人的神圣起源（神授说）受到质疑的东西吗？难道一个人坚守信仰，并小心不要摔倒不更好吗？因为信仰运动必须要凭借荒诞之力持续地进行下去，但要注意，是用这样一种方式，这种方式不会使人失去有限的事物，反而会使他完整地得到它。就我个人而言，我确实可以描述信仰运动，但我不能够完成这些行动。当一个人学习游泳动作时，他可以悬吊在天花板上，我们说他在描述游泳动作还行，但不能说他是在游泳；同理，我可以描述信仰的动作，但当我被扔进水里，尽管我可以说是在游泳（因为我不是蹚水者），我做的是其他的动作，是无限性的动作；而信仰则是相反的动作：在完成了无限性的动作之后，它作的是有限性的动作。能那样完成那些动作，能制造奇迹的人是多幸运多可敬啊，我会永不疲倦地敬佩他。不管他是亚伯拉罕还是亚伯拉罕家里的仆人，是一个哲学教授还是贫穷的女佣，对我而言都绝对是无关紧要的，我只关注他们的行动。但我的确观察他们，

以使自己不被自己或别人愚弄。无限弃绝骑士很容易辨认，他们步态轻快而又勇猛。但戴有信仰之珠宝的人却很容易使人迷惑或失望，因为他们从外表上看有一种和贪图享受的中产阶级非常相似的庸俗之气，而这是被无限弃绝和信仰所骄傲地鄙视的。

坦率地说，我在自己的经验中还没有发现任何可靠的有信仰之士的例子，尽管我不会因此否认可能很多人都是这样的例子。不过，我已经为了找到一个这样的人白白努力了好几年。人们一般周游世界是为了游览河流山川，看新发现的星星、羽毛艳丽的小鸟、奇怪的鱼、奇异怪诞的人种；他们陷入一种动物似的麻木无觉状态，只是呆视着一切，他们以为自己看到了值得重视的事物。我不关注这些。但是如果我知道哪儿住着个信仰骑士，我会徒步漫游去见他，因为我对这样的奇人绝对会无比地关心投入。我会一刻不停地陪在他身边，目不转睛地观察他如何进行信仰活动。我会把自己看作终生需要扶持养护的人，会把自己的时间一分为二，以便一边观察他，一边自己也练习那些动作，这样我就可以全身心地崇拜他。如前所述，我还没有发现一个这样的人；不过，我依然可以很清楚地想象这样的一个人。在我的想象中，他来了，来到我面前。我与他相识时，有人介绍我给他认识。我第一眼看到他时，我把他推开，往后跳一步，拍手惊呼："我的上帝啊！是这个人吗？真的是他吗？他看起来就像个收税者。"然而的确是他。我靠近他，无比仔细地观察他的哪怕最细微的动作，以便看到某些来自无限的、细小的，显示出不一致性的光学传真信息，我观察他的一瞥一笑、一举一动，以及喜怒哀乐的表情，这些行为若与有限性不一致，就暴露出了无限性。没有！我从头到脚地仔细观察他，以便找到某些泄露出无限性的裂缝或破绽来。没有！他的言行是彻彻底底一致的。他的站姿如何？蓬勃有力，完全属于有限性的特点，没有哪个周日下午前往弗雷斯堡闲逛的市民的步态比他更稳健的了。他完全属于这个尘世，没有哪个小资产阶级比他更属于这个世俗世界。一个人很难从他身上发现无限弃绝骑士那种超然离群的怪异和高人一等的气质。他参与各种日常活动，并从这所有活动

中获得乐趣。当你看到他正忙于某事时，他的投入执着状态和任何凡俗之人全神贯注做某事时是一样的。他专心于工作。看到他工作的样子你会想到他像一个全身心忙于意大利式簿记的记账员似的，对细节一丝不苟。他礼拜日也休息。他常去教堂。你在他身上看不到任何神圣之光或与凡人不可比拟、格格不入之处。不认识他的人要把他和教众区别开来是不可能的；因为尽管他唱赞美诗时感情充沛、精神饱满，但那至多证明他有健康的双肺而已。下午时分，他会去林间散步。他为见到的一切感到喜悦：蜂拥的人群，新的交通工具公共汽车，动听的水声。在海边小道上碰见他的人会以为他是个正在享受一时放纵的店主。这就是他的娱乐方式；他不是个诗人，而我还曾经徒劳地想从他身上捕获那种富有诗意的非凡之处。傍晚来临时他回家去，步伐依然如邮递员走路那样不知疲倦。路上他想到妻子一定为他特别准备了热乎乎的小菜等他归来，比如说配有蔬菜的烤羊头之类。倘若他遇见一个投缘的人，他会带着饭店经营者似的热情津津乐道地和他谈论这道菜，一直走到东大门。碰巧的是，他身无分文，却坚信他妻子已准备好了那道佳肴等着他。如果她真准备好了那道菜的话，那么看他吃饭一定会是个让上等人羡慕、让普通人刺激的奇观，因为他的胃口比以扫的还要大。若他的夫人没有准备那道菜，不可思议的是，他依然会狼吞虎咽，胃口奇好。在路上，他经过了一个建筑工地，在那儿又遇见了一个人。他们交谈片刻，片刻间，他建立起了一座高楼，他具有办成此事的所有能力。那个陌生人离开他的时候在想："那人一定曾是个资本家。"而我钦佩的骑士则想着："是的，就那件事而言，我肯定办得到。"他在一个打开的窗户边休息，同时俯瞰着他所居住的街区广场，观察一切正在发生的事情：一只老鼠从板下溜过排水沟，正在嬉戏的儿童。他泰然自若地看着这一切，冷静恬淡如十六岁的女孩。然而，他绝不是什么天才；我曾想从他身上窥探到天才身上所具有的不同寻常的无可比拟性，但这是徒劳的。晚上他会抽烟袋，看他这样你会发誓说他就像对面那位茫然呆坐着的干酪商。他漫不经心无忧无虑地生活在这世上，像个没有用的家伙，然而他购买他生

活中的每一刻，他以最昂贵的价格买适宜的时间，因为他做任何事情都靠那股荒诞极端的劲儿。然而，是的，这却激怒了我，当然我不为别的，只是出于羡慕而生气。只是这个人已经而且是每时每刻都在作具有无限性的运动。他带着无限弃绝的情感饮尽生活中深深的悲哀，他知道无限者的幸福，他已感受到了那放弃一切，放弃世间最宝贵的东西的痛苦。而对他而言，有限者生活的味道也一如不知有更好味道之人所感到的一样美好，因为他在有限性的生活中并没有感到受挫、害怕的迹象；而且他依然有安全感并能享受生活，好像有限生活是一切事物中最确定最可靠的一样。然而，他所体现的完全世俗的样子却依靠荒诞成了一种新的创造物。他放弃一切，接着又靠荒诞之力重新赢回一切。他不断地作着无限者的运动，但是他作得如此精准平稳，他又不断地从中得到有限性，而且没有人会怀疑什么。人们说，对跳舞者而言最难做到的是，以一种轻松而毫不费劲的方式直接跳出某个姿势，而且能在那一跳中保持该姿势。可能没有哪个舞蹈者能做到这一点，但这个骑士却能。大多数人灰溜溜地完全生活在世俗的喜怒哀乐中，他们就像板凳队员一样旁观着，不能加入到跳舞者的队伍中。无限弃绝骑士也是舞蹈者，他们的动作有腾空跳跃的高度。他们做向上的动作，然后又跳下来，这同样是快乐的消遣，看起来也很优美。但是他们下落时，却不能立即形成那个姿势。他们会摇晃踌躇一瞬间，这动摇表明他们终究是这世界上的异客。他们的摇晃程度取决于他们的技术，但可能多少都是显而易见的，即便是最娴熟的骑士也掩藏不了那摇晃动作。人们不需看他们在空中时的样子，只需看到他们落地和刚刚落地时的样子就可以认出他们。但是要能够以这样的方式落地，即在落地时立即看起来像是在站立行走一样，要把充满朝气活力的跳跃转变成行走，还能表现出行走者的崇高和庄严，这是只有信仰骑士才能做得到的事，而且这是唯一的奇迹。

不过，这种奇迹却有着很容易欺骗人的表象，因此我要举个具体的例子来描述信仰骑士的那些动作，以显示出其与现实的联系。而这是一切的关键。一个小伙子爱上了一位公主，这爱情是他生活的全部内容之

所在。然而这是一种不可能有结果的，不会从理想转变成现实的恋爱。[3]当然，那不幸的奴隶，那生活如沼泽地里的青蛙的人会惊叫："这样的爱是愚蠢的；那有钱酒商的寡妇一样是很好的很般配的选择。"让那些青蛙在沼泽里聒噪吧。无限弃绝骑士是不会这样做的，他不会为了一切世俗的虚荣而放弃爱情。他也绝不是轻佻的傻子。他会首先确定爱她确实是自己生活的实质，因为他的心灵太健全、太骄傲，而不能浪费一丁点儿在迷醉之类的错事上。他也不怯懦，他不怕爱潜入蔓延到他最隐秘最深藏的思想深处，不怕它盘绕住自己意识的每一根纽带和神经。如果爱变得不快乐，他会永远也不能脱身。当他任爱兴奋着自己的每根神经时，他感到幸福的狂喜。然而他的心灵却无比庄严肃穆，就像一个饮尽了一杯毒酒，感受毒液渗透到每一滴血的人所感受到的那样—因为这是生死攸关的一刻。当他已经这样吸收了全部的爱，全身心地沉浸于其中后，他将不缺乏勇气去尝试一切，也敢冒一切风险。他反思自己人生的境况，他的敏锐的思想就像训练有素的鸽子一样听他召唤，服从他的每一个信号。他一挥竿，它们即四散飞去。但是现在，当鸽子们都作为悲伤的信使飞回来，向他解释这爱情不可能时，他变得很沉静。他把它们打发开去，独自一人，进行他的运动。如果我在这儿说的会有任何意义的话，那这运动必须是正常进行的。[4]因为，接下来首先，骑士会有力量来把他生活的全部内容和现实的意义集中到一个唯一的愿望上。如果一个人缺乏这种力度和强度的专注性，那他的心从一开始就会溃散分裂，他就绝不可能进行他的运动。他就会在生活中行事谨慎精明，就像那些资本家那样，把资金投放在各种证券上，以便这个赔了的话那个可以赚—简而言之，他不是个骑士。其次，骑士会把自己反思的所有结果集中于一种意识行为。如果他缺乏这个专注力，他的心神会从一开始就分散，那他就不会有时间进行他的运动。他会一直疲于奔命，忙于各种差使，永远不会进入永恒。因为当他刚要接近永恒时，他总会发现忘带了什么东西，因而必须返回。在下一刻他会认为进入永恒是可能的，那也是很真实的。只是有了这些考虑，一个人永远也不会去

进行那个运动。反而会因为这些思虑而越来越深地陷入泥沼。

所以说骑士会作那个运动，但是是什么运动？他想忘记整件事吗？因为在忘记此事中也需要有一种专注。不！骑士是不会做自我矛盾的事的。一个人忘却生活的全部实质内容而又保持不变，这本身就是自相矛盾的。他不想变成另一个人，因为那样做毫无伟大可言。只有低等物种才会忘却自己，变成某种新东西。因而蝴蝶已完全忘记自己曾是毛毛虫，也许后面它还会全然忘记自己曾是个蝴蝶以便变成一条鱼。而高级生物绝不会忘记自我，不会变成某种不是曾经的自己的东西。所以，这位骑士会记住一切，但这记忆恰恰是种痛苦。然而，在这无限弃绝中，他与存在达成了和解。对他而言，他对那位公主的爱会变成一种永恒的爱的表现，还会逐渐获得一种宗教的特征，会美化成为一种对永恒存在的爱，这种爱虽然无法实现，依然以一种现实无法予以剥夺的永远有效的永恒意识使他得到平和。愚蠢而年轻的人总爱说，对人而言一切都是可能的，但那是一个巨大的错误。从精神上来说，一切都是可能的，但在有限世界里很多事物是不可能的。但是，这种不可能却被骑士通过精神上的表现变为可能，不过，他是通过放弃这种不可能性来在精神上表现它的。那个本来会带他走向现实但因为不可能而夭折的欲望，现在已转入内心，不过并没有因此丧失或被忘记。有时是他的愿望在无意识下唤醒那段记忆，有时是他自己主动唤醒它，因为他太骄傲，而不愿让那曾经是自己生活的全部内容的事成为一件转瞬即逝的一时的风流韵事。他保持着这种爱情的青春，而这爱也随着岁月流逝增长，并日益美丽。此外，他也不需要作有限的干预来使其增长。从他作那项运动那一刻开始，他就已失去了公主。他不需要看到所爱之人时所感到的情欲上的快感，也不需要在有限的意义上不断地与她告别，因为他对她的记忆是永恒的。他很清楚，那些渴望再见彼此一面来道别的恋人们有理由那样渴望，有理由认为那是他们最后一次见面，因为他们很快就会忘记对方。他已洞悉了一个深刻的秘密，那就是，一个人在爱另一个人的同时也要独立自给自足。他已不再从有限的意义上关心公主在做什么，这恰恰证

明他已经在作那无限弃绝运动。在这里，我们有机会发现一个人所作的无限运动是真的还是假的。曾经有一个人以为自己作了那无限意义上的运动，但随着时间流逝，公主做了某件别的事，比方说，她嫁给了一位王子，他的心顿时就失去了弃绝的适应力和达观。他于是知道自己没有正确地作那无限运动；因为一个真正作了无限弃绝的人是独立自主的。而该骑士却不会取消自己的弃绝决定，他将他的爱保持住，一如刚开始时那样青春，他从未放弃过它，恰恰是因为他作了无限弃绝运动。那位公主所做的不会打扰他内心的平静。只有低等秉性的人才会从别人身上找自己行为的法则，才会从外在找自己行动的前提。当然，从另一方面来说，如果公主和他情投意合，那么会有美丽的爱情故事展开。接着她会自己进入骑士的级别，进入该级别不需要选票，任何有勇气自荐的人都可以加入；她会进入这个通过不区分男女这一事实来证明其不朽性的骑士级别。她也会把她的爱情保鲜，她也会克服痛苦，即便她没有，如同歌里所唱的那样："躺在贵族夫君身旁。"这两人会永远和谐共处，而且他们之间具有如此的前定和谐。假如那样的时刻会来临，不过不是在一个关乎有限性的时刻（因为在有限世界里，他们会变老），假如他们适时表达爱情的时刻会来临的话，那么，倘若他们一开始就结合，他们就能恰好在那个他们本应开始的地方开始。理解这一点的人，不管是男人还是女人，永远不会受骗，因为只有低等秉性的人才会想象自己被骗了。一个没有这种自傲的女孩实际上并不理解爱的意义，但如果她有这种自傲，世上所有的阴谋诡计都欺骗不了她。

一个人在无限弃绝中会有平和与安宁；任何愿意无限弃绝的人，任何没有通过自我轻视而贬低自己的人—这比过于骄傲还可怕得多—都可以自我训练去作这种运动。这种无限弃绝运动使人在痛苦中得到与存在的协调平和。无限弃绝就像一个古老传说中所说的那件衬衫。里面的丝线在泪水中纺成，在泪水中漂白，衬衫也是在泪水中缝制的，但这衬衫给人的保护却比钢铁的还好。这个故事的一个缺陷是第三方可以制成衬衫。生活的秘密是每个人必须自己缝制它；了不起的是男人也可以做得

和女人的一样好。如果无限弃绝运动正确进行的话，会得到平和与宁静，以及痛苦中的安慰。我可以很轻松地写一整本书来描述仅仅是我自己在此运动中出现的各种各样的误解，错误的姿势，懒散马虎的动作。人们很少相信精神，然而进行此运动恰恰需要精神。重要的是，它不是一种对必要性的残忍的克制约束的单方面结果，这种单方面克制的情况出现得越多，此项运动正常与否就越值得怀疑。因而，如果一个人认为那种冷酷的毫无结果的必然性必定存在的话，那么他就是相信没有人能够在自己真正死去之前经历死亡，这，在我看来，好像是极端唯物主义。然而，在我们这个时代，人们不怎么关心作纯粹的运动。假设某个想学跳舞的人说："到现在为止，数百年来一代又一代的人都在学这些舞蹈动作，是时候我利用这些，直接从四对方舞开始了。"人们大概会有些嘲笑他，但在精神世界里，这样的态度却是十分合理的。那么，教育是什么呢？我认为教育是一个人学习如何把握自我、超越自我的课程，而对于不愿学习此课程的人来说，就是生活在最文明的时代对他也没有什么用。

无限的弃绝是达到信仰之前的最后阶段，没有作这一运动的人不能说拥有信仰；因为，只有在无限的弃绝中，我才完全清楚了自己的永恒有效性，唯有如此，一个人才可以说靠信仰把握了存在。

现在，我们让前面那个场合里提及的信仰骑士出场吧。信仰骑士做的和那个骑士做的完全一样：他无限地放弃了对他生活的全部—爱情—的追求，他在痛苦中得到调解平和。但接着奇迹发生了，他又多作了一个比其他都精彩得多的运动，因为他说："不管怎样，我相信我会得到她；也就是说，凭着荒诞，凭着对上帝而言一切皆有可能这一事实，我深信我会得到她。"这里，荒诞并不属于理解的合理领域内的一种区别，它不同于不可能、意外、无法预见。在那位骑士进行弃绝行动的那一刻，从正常人性的角度讲，他深知那一不可能性，那是理解的结果，他完全能够想明白它。然而，从无限的意义上讲，它却是可能的，也就

是说，通过放弃它（它即有限的可能性）；但是，接受这种拥有的可能性同时也是一种放弃。不过，对于理解而言，拥有这可能性绝非荒诞；因为，理解在它具有主宰地位的有限世界里断定，这种拥有曾经是且依然是一种不可能性，在这一点上，理解依然正确。信仰骑士同样清楚地意识到这一点；因此，能拯救他的只有荒诞，而靠信仰他领悟了这一点。于是，他承认那不可能性，但同时又相信那荒诞的可能性。因为要是他想说拥有信仰，却没有全心全意地承认那不可能性，那他就是在欺骗自我；而既然他甚至没达到无限的弃绝这一程度，那么他说自己有信仰的宣言就会在哪里都没有说服力。

因此，正是因为信仰以弃绝为前提条件，信仰才绝不是唯美的感情，而是某种高得多的东西。它不是内心的自发的倾向，而是存在的悖论。因而，若一个面临重重困难的少女确信自己的愿望会实现，这绝不意味着她的自信是对信仰的确信，即便她是由信基督教的父母抚养成人的，而且可能还去牧师那里接受了整整一年的信仰指导。她坚信的是自己的天真无邪，这种信心使她显得本性崇高，给她一种超自然的力量，以至于她可以像魔术师那样施展出存在范围内的有限力量，甚至打动石头，令其哭泣；而当她困惑恐慌时，她则可以跑向希律王，也可以跑向彼拉多，用她的哀求打动整个世界。她的信心总是那么可爱，人们可以从她那里学到很多。但有一件事情是不可能从她那里学到的，那就是如何作那些运动，因为，她的信心不敢在弃绝的痛苦中直面那不可能性。

由此，我明白了，要进行无限的弃绝运动需要力量、精力和精神自由；我还意识到，这是可以做到的。接下来的一步使我惊讶头晕，因为一个人在作了无限的弃绝运动之后，接着要依靠荒诞得到一切，要完完全全地实现自己的愿望，那是需要超人的力量的；那就是一个奇迹。但至少我可以认识到这一点，那就是，那个少女的信心，与认识到不可能却依然不可动摇的信仰相比，只不过是轻浮与轻率罢了。每当我要作这一运动的时候，我都感到头晕眼花，同时我又无比地敬佩它，但又感到

巨大的恐惧不安。因为我在想，诱惑上帝意味着什么呢？然而，不管哲学为了混淆概念会怎样努力地使我们相信它有信仰，不管神学怎样想廉价地出卖信仰，这项运动就是信仰运动而且会持续如此。

无限弃绝并不需要信仰，因为在弃绝中我获得的是我永恒的意识，而这是一种纯粹的哲学运动，为此，必要时我会冒险做到，我可以通过自我训练做到；因为每当我达不到某种有限的事物时，我会忍饥挨饿地坚持，直到能作那项运动；因为我永恒的意识是我对上帝的爱，对我而言，那是高于一切的东西。弃绝运动不要求有信仰，但要得到比永恒的意识哪怕多一丁点儿的东西则要求有信仰，因为这正是悖论。这些运动经常被混淆。据说要放弃一切需要信仰；不错，听说更奇怪的是，人们抱怨说他们已失去了信仰，当查看他们所处位置时，才发现他们才来到需要进行无限弃绝运动的地点。通过弃绝我放弃了一切，这是一项我独自进行的运动。当我不作此运动时，那是因为我怯懦软弱，缺乏热情，没有意识到每个人被赋予的崇高尊严的意义，也没有意识到做自己的检察官这一崇高尊严的重要性，它是比做整个罗马共和国总检察长还要高得多的尊严。我靠自己进行这项运动，我因此获得的是我永恒的意识，以及我与自己对永生者的爱之间的一种神圣的和谐一致。凭借信仰，我不放弃一切，相反，凭借信仰我得到一切。就像人们所说的那样，有像芥菜种子一样信仰的人可以撼动高山。要放弃整个暂时性来获得永恒，这需要人具有纯粹的勇气。但我的确得到了它，而且不能为了永恒放弃它，因为那样就会是一种自相矛盾。但是要依靠荒诞去抓住全部暂时性需要有一种相悖而又谦卑的勇气，而这种勇气是信仰的勇气。依靠信仰，亚伯拉罕没有放弃以撒，还是依靠信仰，他又得到了以撒。前面所说的那个富裕的年轻人，借助他的弃绝，本应捐赠了一切，但是他一旦这样做了，信仰骑士会对他说："依靠荒诞，你会重新得到每一分钱，要相信这一点！"这些话对那个曾经富裕的年轻人绝非无关紧要之言，因为倘若他是因厌烦无聊而放弃他的所有，那他的弃绝就是可怜而又令人遗憾的。

这里，一切的关键是暂时性和有限性。我能够靠自己的力量放弃一切，然后在痛苦中找到平和安宁。我可以忍受一切，即便是那魔鬼，那比恐怖的骷髅还可怕的魔鬼，即便是疯狂本人在我眼前举着傻子的服装，并且我能从它的表情看出它必让我穿上这傻人之服；只要我认为，我对上帝的爱应战胜我心里的一切，它比我世俗的幸福更重要，我就依然能够保住我的灵魂。一个人在最后时刻，依然能够集中全部身心把目光投向那所有美好东西的来源地—天堂，这一瞥是他和他所追寻的人—上帝—都理解的。这凝望意味着他还忠实于他的爱。然后，他会平静地穿上那服装。缺乏这种浪漫主义的人已经出卖了他的灵魂，不管他是用它换了一个王国还是微不足道的一点银子。但是我靠自己的力量不能够得到哪怕是一丁点儿属于有限性的东西，因为我总是不停地在费力放弃一切。我靠自己的力量能够放弃那位公主，我绝不会因此抱怨或闷闷不乐，我会在痛苦中找到快乐、平和与安静。但是我却不能靠自己的力量重新得到她，因为我正好用尽了所有的力量来放弃对她的追求。但是，通过信仰，那位令人赞叹的骑士说，通过信仰，你会靠荒诞之力得到她。

唉，这种运动是我作不了的！只要我一开始作这运动，一切就会逆转，我就会逃回到弃绝的痛苦中。在生活中我会游泳，但我太重了，做不了这神秘的漂浮。以这样一种方式存在，即我对存在的反作用力每时每刻都表现为最美丽最安全的和谐，我做不到。然而，能得到公主一定是荣耀的，我每时每刻都这样说，而那个不这样说的弃绝骑士是个骗子，他不是只有一个愿望，他没有通过痛苦使这个愿望常青。有些人可能觉得没有了这个愿望，刺痛变迟钝会很舒服很方便，但这样的人绝不是骑士。一个有生来自由灵魂的人若发现自己如此，会鄙视自己的，而且绝不会允许自己的灵魂受到欺骗。不过，得到公主一定是很美好的，不过，只有信仰骑士才是快乐的，才是有限世界的继承者，而那弃绝骑士则是个陌生人和外来人。这样，要以这种方式得到公主，要日日夜夜在她的陪伴下生活在幸福快乐中（当然，我们得让弃绝骑士也可能得到

公主，即便他已清楚地意识到他们未来幸福的不可能性）；这样，要以这种方式靠荒诞之力每时每刻快乐幸福地生活着，每时每刻都看到利剑高悬于挚爱的人的头顶，同时感到的不是弃绝痛苦中的宁静，却是靠荒诞得来的快乐，那是很美妙的。做到这一点的人，是伟大的，而且是唯一伟大的人，想到这一点，我就很激动，我对伟大的崇拜之情从来都是毫不吝啬、慷慨激昂的。

那么，如果我这一代人中每个坚持信仰的人都是真正了解了生活的恐怖，领会了道勃所说的话（一个在暴风雨之夜独自手持上膛的枪在弹药库边站岗的士兵会有奇怪的想法）的意思的人；如果所有不愿在信仰上止步的人都是有这样的灵魂之力，能够理解并留出时间独自思考他们所希望的是不可能的这一思想的人；如果所有坚持信仰的人都是已经在痛苦中调和平复了自我并已适应痛苦的人；如果每个不愿在信仰上止步的人下一步（要是他们没有做到上述几步，那么他们也就不必在信仰上自寻麻烦了）会实现奇迹，靠荒诞之力理解全部存在的人，那么，我正在写的话，就是一个最渺小卑微、只能作弃绝运动的成员，对同代人所说的最崇高的赞颂。但是为什么他们不愿止步于信仰，为什么我们却又有时会听说人们羞于承认自己有信仰呢？这是我所不能理解的。如果我能设法作到这项运动的话，自那以后我会驾着四轮马车奋力前行的。

情况真是这样吗？我在生活中所看到的所有资产阶级庸俗之气，那些我用自己的行为，而不是言语去谴责的种种风气，真的不是他们表面上所显示的那样吗？它真的是那奇迹吗？这当然是可以想象得到的，因为我们的信仰英雄的确和它惊人地相似，我们的信仰英雄并非讽刺者或幽默家，而是具有某种高得多的品质的人。我们这个时代大量地讨论讽刺和幽默，尤其是那些在此方面从未成功却知道如何解释一切的人爱谈论它们。我对讽刺和幽默这两种爱好并非完全不懂，还略多于我对德语和德国-丹麦的概略了解。因此我知道这两种爱好从本质上与信仰的激情不同。讽刺和幽默是反映自身性的，因而属于无限的弃绝范畴，其灵

活性应归结于个人与现实的不可比较性。

最后一项运动，信仰的悖谬运动，不管它是义务还是别的什么，是我做不到的，尽管实际上我极想做到。一个人是否有权作出这样的断言必须取决于他自己；他是否能够在这方面达成心平气和的妥协一致，这是他和永生者，即人们信仰的对象，上帝，之间的问题。不过，每个人都能作的是无限弃绝运动，对任何认为自己做不到的人，我个人会毫不犹豫地称其为懦夫。而信仰就是另一回事了。但是，任何人都没有权利使别人以为信仰是什么卑下或容易的事，而实际上它是世上最伟大，最困难的事。

有些人以另一种方式理解亚伯拉罕的故事。他们赞美上帝的仁慈，因为他再次把以撒给了亚伯拉罕，整件事只是个考验而已。考验，这个词可以意味着很多的东西，也可以意味着很少东西，但是整件事在讲述中却是说时迟那时快，很快就结束了。在讲述的故事中，人们骑上了插翅的飞马，在同一瞬间人们就到了摩利亚山，在同一瞬间人们就看到了那公羊。人们忘记了亚伯拉罕骑的是一头毛驴，那毛驴只能慢悠悠地走着，忘了他经历了三天的路程，忘了他需要时间来砍些木柴，捆缚以撒，还要把刀子磨锋利。

然而人们还是歌颂亚伯拉罕！那演讲者完全可以在宣讲前十五分钟还在睡觉，那听众不妨在整个宣讲过程中睡觉，因为一切都进行得很顺利，演讲者和听讲者都没有什么麻烦。假如某个在场的人无法入睡，很难受，他可能会回家，在一个角落坐下，然后想："整件事瞬间就结束了，如果你等一分钟，你就会看到那公羊，然后考验就结束了。"倘若那演讲者在这种情况下遇见他，我想，他会庄严地走向他，对他说："可怜的人啊，你竟让自己的灵魂沉沦于这样的愚蠢！不会发生什么奇迹，整个人生就是一场考验。"他说得越是热情洋溢，就越激烈，也就对自己愈发满意，他注意到自己在谈论亚伯拉罕时没有血脉偾张涨

红了脸，而此时却能感到额头上青筋直冒。当那被他说教的罪人平静而又有尊严地说“但那就是你上周日所讲的啊”时，也许他会张口结舌，目瞪口呆。

那么，让我们要么完全忘掉亚伯拉罕，要么就学会应对我们在想到亚伯拉罕生活的重要意义—那怪异荒谬的悖论—时所感到的恐怖惊慌吧，这样我们就可能明白，像其他时代一样，我们这个时代，如果有信仰，是值得高兴的。如果亚伯拉罕不是虚无、幽灵，或人们用来消磨时间的浮夸炫耀的言谈，那么那个罪人想要效仿他就绝对没有错，问题的关键在于要认识到亚伯拉罕的行为的伟大，以便他可以判断自己是否有经受这样考验的意愿和勇气。那个演讲者行为中滑稽可笑的自我矛盾之处是他一方面自己使亚伯拉罕显得无关紧要，另一方面他又禁止别人这样做。

那么，我们是否不应该敢于谈论亚伯拉罕？我想不是的，我们应该敢于这样做。假如我自己要谈论亚伯拉罕的话，我首先要描述那考验的痛苦，为了达到此目的，我会像蚂蟥一样，吸尽亚伯拉罕作为父亲所承受的痛苦中的所有惧怕、悲痛和折磨，以便能描写出他尽管饱受痛苦依然还坚持信仰。我会提醒人们那旅途持续了三天半；是的，那三天半肯定比我与亚伯拉罕相隔的两千年还要长。接下来我还会提醒他们的是，我认为，每个人都可以在开始做这样的事之前改变主意，在任何时刻都可以退缩返回。如果有人做此事的话，我不认为有危险，也不担心在人们身上激发起想要经受亚伯拉罕所经受的那样的考验的欲望。但是，如果有人想推销亚伯拉罕故事的廉价版本，接着又严禁人们去做亚伯拉罕所做的事，那就真是可笑之极。

为了领悟信仰是多么怪异惊人的一种悖论，是一种可以使谋杀变成神圣的令上帝满意的行为的悖论，是一种把以撒又还给亚伯拉罕的悖论，是一种没有人能理解的悖论，因为信仰正是从思维停止的地方开

始，我现在打算提炼出亚伯拉罕故事中内在的辩证因素，并将其以问题的形式描述出来。

问题一　可以从目的论的角度暂时停用伦理吗？

伦理就其本身而论是具有普遍性的，作为普遍性的东西它适用于每个人，从另一个角度而言，也可以说，它在所有时刻都适用。它是自身内在固有的，没有任何外在的东西是它的目的，而它本身则是它以外所有东西的目的，以上所述的就是伦理所包含的所有内容了。每个直接被视为具有身体的和精神的两方面生命的个人，是有普遍性的目的的。每个人的伦理任务就是在其中不断地表达自我，消除自己的个别性以变成具有普遍性的人。一旦个人想要坚持自己的独特个性，直接与普遍性作对，他就是犯罪了，而只有认识到这一点，他才能重新与普遍性达成和谐一致。在具有普遍性之后，每当单个个体有坚持自己的个体性的冲动时，他就处于诱惑中，他只有通过忏悔地把他的个体性上交给普遍性才能把自己从诱惑中解救出来。如果这就是我们对一个人和他的存在所能说的最高层次的东西，那么伦理和一个人的永恒幸福，是完全相同的。一个人的永恒幸福也就是他所有时刻的永恒的目的。那样的话，说一个人放弃那个目的（也就是说，从目的论意义上暂停那个目的）就是自相矛盾的，既然一个人暂停那个目的就意味着丧失它，而其实，这个意义上所说的被暂停的东西并不是丧失了，而是被保存在某种更高的东西里，后者正好是它的目的。

如果是这样的话，那么黑格尔在他写的“善与良心”中所说的就是对的。他在其中讨论的是，人仅仅被看作单一的个体，他认为这种界定是“恶的道德形式”，是应该在道德目的论中被废除掉的，这样，停留在此阶段的个人不是处于罪孽中，就是处于诱惑中。然而，黑格尔谈论信仰时却犯了个错误，他错在当亚伯拉罕应该被传到低等法庭判定为谋杀

者时，他没有大声清楚地抗议亚伯拉罕作为信仰之父所享受的荣耀。

因为信仰就是这样的悖论，它意味着个体性比普遍性要高一等。不过，要注意，是以这样的方式高于普遍性，即，信仰运动是自我重复的，结果是，个体在具有普遍性后，把自己作为凌驾于普遍性之上的个体分离开来。如果这不是信仰，那么我们就丧失了亚伯拉罕，而且，正因为信仰一直存在于这世上，就意味着信仰从未在这世上存在过。因为如果伦理的东西（也就是道德的东西）是最高的，人身上剩下的除了邪恶意义上的东西（即必须用普遍性表现的个体性）以外没有什么不可比较的了，那么，除了那些希腊哲学家所界定的范畴或任何可以从那些希腊人的范畴里演绎出的范畴以外，我们就不需要什么其他的范畴了。这一事实是黑格尔本不应该隐瞒的，因为他毕竟是研究过希腊哲学的。

人们常听那些不作研究只专注于陈词滥调的人说，基督教世界阳光闪耀，而异教徒的世界则是黑暗笼罩的。这种说法总让我觉得奇怪，因为任何有适度深刻思想的人，任何足够认真的艺术家都依然希望在希腊思想的永恒青春中恢复青春活力。他们这样说的原因可能是他们不知道说什么，只知道他们得说点什么。说异教徒没有信仰没有什么错，但若这样说要想有什么意义的话，说的人一定要把他所说的信仰是什么意思，解释得更清楚点，否则的话，他也将落入陈腔滥调的俗套之中。在不了解信仰是什么概念的情况下去解释一切存在，包括信仰，是很容易的，而且，作了此类解释还指望别人钦佩的人也不算是作了最糟糕的估计，[5]因为正如布瓦洛所言：“傻瓜总能找到更大的傻瓜来钦佩自己。”

信仰就是这样的悖论，它意味着个人作为个体性高于普遍性，比后者更合乎情理，它不是从属于后者而是高于后者。不过，要注意，是以这样一种方式，那个曾经作为个人从属于普遍性的独特个体，现在借助普遍性变成了与绝对处于一种绝对的关系中的作为个体的个人，因而成了高于普遍性的个体。这种精神态度是不可调解或改变的，因为所有调

解都恰恰需要借助普遍性来完成；它是而且永远将是一个悖论，靠思想无法理解的悖论。然而信仰就是这样的悖论，要不然（我想请读者永远记住这些推理启示，尽管我自己每次把它们讲清楚都很复杂很冗长）——要不然，正因为信仰一直存在于这世上，就意味着信仰从未在这世上存在过。而换言之，我们也就丧失了亚伯拉罕。

某些个人确实容易把这个悖论与诱惑混淆起来。但是人们不应因此对这一点保持隐晦。很多人也确实对悖论有种自然的排斥厌恶，但那绝不能成为他们把信仰变成别的东西以便自己也可以拥有信仰的理由。而那些的确拥有信仰的人应该准备提供某些区别悖论和诱惑的标准。

亚伯拉罕的故事里包含了这样一个目的论意义上的对伦理的暂时中止。我们从不缺乏为这个故事找类比的敏锐的知识分子和高级学者。他们找这些类比的智慧都源于同一个很好的原理，那就是，基本上一切都是一样的。如果人们研究得更仔细一点儿，我很怀疑，除了后来那个说明不了什么的类比，他们是否能在全世界找到一个真正的类比。因为事实一直是这样：亚伯拉罕代表了信仰，信仰在他身上得到合适的表达，因为他的生活不仅是人们能想象得到的最为矛盾荒谬的，而且悖谬得简直不可思议。他靠荒谬怪诞行事，因为他作为个体却高于普遍性的东西，这就是荒诞。这个悖论是不能调整改变的，因为他一旦开始这样做，他就得承认他处于受诱惑的状态中，这样的话，他就永远不会走到牺牲以撒的那一步，或者，假如他献祭了以撒，他一定会愧疚地返回普遍性。他是靠荒诞重新得到以撒的，因此亚伯拉罕绝不是悲剧性的英雄，而是不同的一种人，他要么是个谋杀者，要么是一个坚持信仰的人。亚伯拉罕身上缺的就是那可以拯救悲剧英雄的中间特质。这就是为什么我可以理解一个悲剧英雄，却无法理解亚伯拉罕，尽管在某种疯狂的意义上我对他的钦佩超越了对所有其他人的钦佩。

亚伯拉罕和以撒的关系，从伦理的角度讲，可以这样简单描述：父

亲对儿子的爱超过对自己的爱。然而，伦理在自己的范畴里有几个不同的层次。让我们看看在亚伯拉罕的故事里能不能找到对伦理的更好、更高层次的表达，这样就可以从伦理上解释他的行为，从伦理上为他中止对儿子伦理上的义务作辩护，而同时又不因此逾越伦理自己的目的论范畴。

当一件关乎整个国家的大业受到阻碍时，当该国家大业因为上天的不悦而被中止时，当愤怒的天神用平静来嘲笑一切努力时，当算命者严肃地完成任务，悲哀地宣告神灵要求一个年轻姑娘做祭品时，那么父亲就得英雄般地献祭自己的女儿。他会高尚大度地隐藏起痛苦，尽管他可能希望自己是个“敢于哭泣的低下的人”，而不是那行事举止都必须有庄严国王风范的国王。尽管他心中有抑制不住的孤独的苦痛，而且他在他的子民中只有三个心腹知己，但很快全国人民都会知道他的痛苦、他的英勇行为，知道他为了全民的福祉，献出了那个女孩，他的女儿，他那可爱的还是少女的女儿这一事实。啊，她有多么迷人的胸脯，多么美丽的脸庞，多么漂亮的金发！女儿会用眼泪打动父亲，而父亲会转过脸去不看她，这英雄的父亲会举起刀子。当此消息传到老家，所有希腊的美丽少女都会激动得涨红了脸；而假如那女儿已订婚，她的爱人不会生气，反而会为参与分担了父亲的行为而感到自豪，因为那少女从情感上是属于他和她父亲的，但对他而言这感情更温柔珍贵。

当那在紧急时刻拯救以色列的勇敢士师耶弗他用同一个誓言把自己和上帝连在一起时，那么，他就要英雄般地把那少女的欢欣，他所挚爱的女儿的欢乐，变成悲伤，而所有以色列人将会和她一起为她的少女年华悲叹。但是所有生来自由的男人都会理解耶弗他，所有刚毅的女人都会钦佩他，而所有的以色列少女都会想要像他的女儿一样去献身；因为如果耶弗他立下誓言而又不守诺的话，他凯旋又有什么意义？难道这胜利不会被再次从人民那里夺走？

当一个儿子忘了他的职责时，当国家把正义之剑交托给那父亲时，当法律要求父亲出手惩罚罪人时，那么父亲就必须英勇地忘记有罪之人是自己的儿子。他会高尚大度地隐藏自己的痛苦，但是全国所有的人，包括那有罪的儿子，都因此而钦佩这位父亲。每次罗马法被阐释的时候，人们会记起，很多人把它解释得更学术更精深，但谁也没有布鲁托斯用英勇行为阐释得更光荣。

然而，要是阿伽门农是在他的舰队顺风全速驶向目的地时已派遣了去接依菲琴尼亚来献祭的信使；要是耶弗他在没有受制于任何决定他的民族命运的诺言的情况下，对自己的女儿说："从现在起为你的短暂青春哭泣两个月吧，之后我会把你献祭给上帝"；要是布鲁托斯有一个正直的儿子，他还依然传唤执法吏将儿子执行死刑，谁会理解他们呢？如果这三人在回答你为什么这样做这个问题时，都说"这是一场考验，我们在经受考验"，那么会有人因此对他们理解得更好些吗？

在那关键时刻，当阿伽门农、耶弗他和布鲁托斯英勇地克服了痛苦，勇敢地放弃了挚爱之人，只好作出那外在的牺牲时，世上绝不会有哪个灵魂高尚的人不为他们的痛苦流下同情的泪水，绝不会有哪个灵魂高尚的人不为他们的壮举流下感佩的泪水。但是，如果在那关键时刻，这三个人为他们那借以忍受痛苦的英雄之气加上"它是绝不会发生的"这几个字的话，那么谁会理解他们呢？如果他们又解释性地说"我们靠荒诞相信此事不会发生"，谁会因此对他们理解得更好些呢？因为谁会很难理解它是荒诞的呢？但是，谁会理解一个人能因此相信它呢？

悲剧英雄和亚伯拉罕之间的区别是很明显的。悲剧英雄仍处于伦理的范围之内。他使某一伦理的表达在更高层次的伦理表达中找到其目的；他把父子或父女之间的伦理关系降低成一种和道德观念之间有辩证关系的感情。那么，这里就不可能有从目的论角度上暂时中止伦理本身这样的问题。

亚伯拉罕的情况是不同的。他的行为完全跳出了伦理的范围，而有了伦理之外更高的目的，为此目的他暂时中止了伦理。我们怎样才能把亚伯拉罕的行为与普遍性联系起来呢？除了发现亚伯拉罕的行为逾越了普遍性之外，我们如何找到二者之间任何其他的关联点呢？亚伯拉罕做的事不是为了拯救一个国家，不是为了支持国家的意图，也不是为了平息天神的愤怒。要是有天神愤怒这个可能，那他也只可能是对亚伯拉罕感到愤怒，而且，亚伯拉罕的整个行为与普遍性完全无关，它纯粹是个人的艰巨行为。因此，尽管悲剧英雄凭借体现道德规范的行为而伟大，亚伯拉罕则纯粹是因为个人优点而伟大。在亚伯拉罕的生活中，除了父亲应该爱儿子，没有比这更高的伦理体现了。在这里，道德生活意义上的伦理是完全不可能的。就普遍性的体现程度而言，它的确潜伏在以撒身上，隐藏在以撒心里，因此它必须借助以撒的嘴喊出来："别这样做，你在毁灭一切。"

那么亚伯拉罕为什么要这样做呢？为了上帝，也为了他自己，这两个目的是完全一样的。他为了上帝这样做，是因为上帝要求他证明他的信仰；他为了自己这样做以便能提供信仰的证据。两者的统一可以用人们常用来描述此关系的话很好地表达出来：它是一个考验，一种诱惑。但这一种诱惑是什么意思呢？我们通常所说的诱惑是某种阻止人履行义务的东西，但这里的诱惑是那会阻止亚伯拉罕执行上帝意志的伦理本身。那么，义务又是什么呢？义务恰恰是上帝意志的表现。

在这里，我们发现为了理解亚伯拉罕，需要一个新的范畴。这种与神的关系是异教徒所不知道的。悲剧英雄不会和上帝建立私人的关系，但对他而言，伦理就是神圣者，因此这里的悖论可以在普遍性中得到调解。

亚伯拉罕的悖论则是不能调解的，这句话也可以这样说，他不能谈论这悖论。因为只要我一说话，我就会表达出普遍性，当我不这样做的

时候，就没有人能理解我。因此亚伯拉罕一旦用普遍性表达自己，他就得说他的处境是一种考验，因为对于凌驾于他所违反的普遍性之上的普遍性，他没有更高层次的表达了。

因此，尽管亚伯拉罕使我钦佩，他也使我感到惊骇。为了义务而否定自我、牺牲自我的人通常会为了抓住无限而放弃有限；这样的人足够自信。悲剧英雄放弃了确定的东西是为了获得更确定的东西，旁观者会自信地看着他。但是，那放弃普遍性去获得某种更高层次的但没有普遍性的东西的人，他在做什么呢？有没有可能它远非一场考验？如果它不是一场考验，但那个人弄错了，以为它是考验，那有什么可以拯救他？他承受了悲剧英雄所受的所有苦痛，毁了他世上所有的欢乐，抛弃了一切，也许同时他还禁止自己享受那崇高的欢乐，而这种珍贵的欢乐是他愿意付出任何代价去获得的。旁观者根本不能理解他，也不会自信地注视着他。也许那信徒打算做的事是不可能实现的，毕竟那是难以想象的。或者，如果那件事是可能的，但那个人误解了天神，那么，什么可以拯救他？那悲剧英雄，他需要眼泪，他也获得了眼泪；是的，那干枯的已经不能为阿伽门农哭泣的羡慕的眼睛在哪儿呢？那灵魂如此迷惑以至于竟敢为亚伯拉罕流泪的人在哪儿呢？悲剧英雄在时间里的某个确定时刻完成了他的伟绩，但是随着时间的推移，他还获得了某种同样重要的东西：他拜访满心悲伤的人，那人因叹息抽泣而喘不上气来，思绪悲伤泪流不止；他出现在他面前，解开了他悲伤的心结，松开了他的紧身外套，他使这个痛苦之人在他这个悲剧英雄的痛苦中忘了自己的痛苦，哄得他流出热泪。但是没有人能为亚伯拉罕哭泣。人们接近他时总是带着神圣的恐惧，就像以色列人走近西奈山时的感受一样。那么，要是那位在矗立于奥立士平原的高耸入云的摩利亚山爬行的孤独的老人，不是一个在深渊上步履稳健的梦游者，而山脚下有人看到他在那儿，担心得发抖，但出于尊敬与恐惧，甚至连对他喊叫也不敢—要是他被分心怎么办，要是他已犯了错误怎么办？—谢谢！再次感谢那向被生活苦痛折磨得已经无力保护自我、赤身露体的人伸出援助之手的人，他为他从言语

上提供了遮羞叶来遮蔽他的不幸。也谢谢你，伟大的莎士比亚！你能表现一切，一切你都可以描述得无比精确，可是，为什么你从未表达这种痛苦？也许是因为你把它留给了自己，就像一个人不能忍受世人提起自己至爱之人的名字一样。因为诗人以一个他自己不能说的小秘密为代价购买了语言的力量，用来讲述别人的所有可怕秘密。诗人不是使徒，他只能靠魔鬼的力量来驱赶魔鬼。

但现在，当出于目的论的原因伦理被中止了，那个中止伦理的人如何存在呢？他是作为与普遍性相对立的个体而存在着。那么这意味着他是有罪吗？因为从罪的概念上讲，这就是罪的形式。同样道理，一个孩子意识不到自己的存在所以没有罪这一事实本身并不意味着，从概念上讲，它的存在是没有罪的，或者说，这一事实并不意味着伦理不对这孩子在所有时刻有伦理要求。如果人们否认这种形式能以非罪的方式（在成人身上）不断重复，那么就相当于已经对亚伯拉罕作出了定罪的评判。那么，亚伯拉罕是怎样存在的呢？他靠坚持信仰存在。这就是那个悖论。这一悖论使他身处绝境而又无法向别人解释清楚。这个悖论就是，他把自己作为个体置于与绝对者的绝对关系中。但是，他这样做合理吗？他的理由还是那个悖论；因为，如果他就是那悖论，他凭借的不是做某种具有普遍性的人，而是做具有个体性的人。

那么，个体如何确保自己的作为是合乎情理的？要把个体的整个存在调整到与国家或社会的思想观念相一致是一件相当容易的事情。如果一个人这样做了，他无疑很容易调解改变。那样的话，他就根本不会遇到那个悖论，即个人的个体性比普遍性更高这一悖论，我也可以用毕达哥拉斯的一个论点来适当地描述这一悖论，即奇数比偶数更完美。如果在我们这个时代有人碰巧听到了关于那个悖论的回答，它一定是这样说的："那要以结果来评判。"一个英雄，在已经变成了同辈人进行流言蜚语的丑闻对象后，在意识到自己是一个无人能理解的悖论后，无畏地对着他的同代人大喊："未来会证明我是正确的！"这样的呐喊现如今不常

听到了，因为我们这个时代的缺点是产生不了英雄，这个时代的优势就是几乎产生不了多少讽刺漫画。在我们这个时代，无论何时我们听到“这要根据结果来判断”这句话，我们都可以立即知道我们有幸和谁在谈话。这样说话的一族成员众多，如果要给他们起一个共同的名字，我会叫他们“讲师”。他们活在自己的思想里，生活安稳无忧，他们在井然有序的国家里有稳固的职位和可靠的前程；他们和生存的动荡之间隔着千百年的距离，他们不害怕像动乱之类的事情会再次发生；因为警方和报刊会对此说什么呢？他们毕生的工作就是判断伟大之人，根据结果来评判伟人。这种对伟大的评判行为泄露出一种傲慢与可怜相混合的奇怪样子。傲慢是因为他们认为自己有下判决的使命，可怜是因为他们觉得自己的生活和伟人的生活一丁点儿都不相关。毫无疑问，任何头脑哪怕稍具一点儿高等思维的人在走近伟大之人时，都不会变得完全像湿冷的软体动物那样，看不到这样一个事实，即自从创世纪以来，结果通常就是最后出现，而且一个人要真想从伟人那儿学到点儿什么，他恰恰必须注意那开端。如果任何行将评判伟人的人应该要根据结果评判自己，他是绝不会开始评判这一行动的。即便结果可能会使全世界欢呼雀跃，那对英雄也没什么用；因为他是只有在整件事情结束之后才能知道结果的，他不是靠事情的结果而是靠事情的开端才成为英雄的。

更进一步来说，无论如何，结果（就其作为对无限性问题的有限性回答而言）在辩证方面，和英雄的存在是完全不相容、不一致的。否则，用亚伯拉罕通过奇迹重新得到以撒这一事实来证明他采取与普遍性相对的个体性立场是合理的，这可以吗？假如亚伯拉罕真的把以撒献祭了，那是否会意味着他那样做就不那么合理了呢？

但是，是结果激起了我们的好奇心，这就像一本书的结尾令人好奇一样；我们不想知道其中的任何恐惧、不安和矛盾。我们和结果进行一种在美学意义上的调情，结果就像彩票中奖一样来得既不可预料，又轻而易举；我们在得知结果后，感觉受到启迪。然而，连因抢劫寺庙而带

着锁链做苦力的强盗也不如这样掠夺圣人的罪犯卑劣低下，甚至连为了三十块银子而出卖其主人的犹大也没有比这样出售伟大的人更为可鄙。

以无人性的方式讨论伟大，使伟大在遥远的距离里褪色成模糊的轮廓，或者是描绘伟大却没有突出其里面的人性成分，从而使伟大不再是伟大，是违背我的精神的。因为使我伟大的不是在我身上发生了什么事，而是我所做的事。而且没有人会认为一个人变得伟大是因为他中了彩票大奖。即便是一个出身卑微的人，我也会要求他不要对自己如此残忍，以致他只敢远远地想象国王的城堡，模糊地憧憬着它的宏伟，想要抬高它的同时又想要通过很卑鄙的方式抬高它而毁了它。我还会要求他在国王的城堡那儿也要有尊严有自信地走近它。他不应该如此残暴以致想要通过从街上直接冲进国王的城堡而无礼地冒犯所有人。他那样做会比国王损失得还多；相反，他应该在带着快乐自信的热情去遵守每个礼节中找到愉悦的感觉，这正好可以使他光明正大。当然，这只是个类比，因为这里提及的区别只是对精神距离的一种很不完美的描述。我请每个人都不要如此不人道地妄自菲薄，以致不敢涉足那些宫殿，在那些地方居住的不仅是对那些被拣选之人的记忆，还有被拣选之人他们自己。他不应该无礼地挤上前去并把和他们的亲属关系强加到他们身上。他应该每次在他们面前鞠躬都感到高兴，但也要表现得坦率自信，并总是表现得要比清洁女工重要，因为如果他自己不想要那样表现，他就永远也进不去那儿。能帮助他的正是伟大之人被考验时所经受的恐惧悲伤。否则的话，如果他身上还有一点点骨气和热血，他们就只会使他产生合理的羡慕。而且任何只有在远距离看时才伟大的东西，任何人们想要用空洞的语言来提升的东西，都会自己化为乌有。

在这世上，有没有人曾经像那位蒙福的妇女—上帝之母—圣母玛利亚一样伟大呢？然而，我们如何谈论她呢？如果我们说她备受喜爱青睐，这并不会使她伟大，而且要是倾听者和说话者一样不从人性角度思考问题这事不算奇怪的话，那么，每个年轻姑娘肯定都会问，为什么我

没有备受喜爱恩宠？即便我没有什么别的话可说，我也绝不会把此问题看作愚蠢的问题而置之不理，因为就偏爱而言，从抽象意义上考虑，每个人都对此有同等的权利。她们忽略的是悲伤、恐惧和悖论。我的思想和一般人的一样纯粹，任何能够以这种方式思考的人的思想必然也会纯粹；不然的话，可怕的事情就要到来。因为一个人一旦有过这些想象，他就再也不能摆脱它们了，而且如果他违背这些想象，与它们对抗，它们就会用安静的愤怒对他进行报复，而这是比凶狠的评论家喧嚣的抨击还要可怕的。玛利亚确实是奇迹般地生下了那个孩子，但这是发生“在月经之后”，而这是个充满恐惧、悲痛和矛盾的时间。无疑，那天使是个起到辅助作用的神灵，但是他可不是个乐于助人体贴的神，他没有四处奔走去跟以色列的其他少女说：“不要鄙视玛利亚，她身上正在发生着特别的事情。”那天使只是来到玛利亚身边，而又无人能够理解她。有哪个妇女遭受过更大的羞辱轻蔑呢？难道不是这样吗？上帝总是在庇佑一个人的同时又诅咒他。这就是那个神灵对玛利亚的解释。对我而言，说圣母玛利亚绝不是个衣着华丽闲坐着和圣子玩耍的好夫人是令我不愉快的，而人们草率不负责任地这样解读她，就更令我生气了。不过，当她说“我是主的使女”时，她是伟大的。我认为要解释她为什么成了圣母是不难的。她不需要世俗的崇敬，正如亚伯拉罕不需要我们的眼泪一样，因为她不是女英雄，而他也并非英雄，但他们都变成了比英雄更伟大的人。不过，他们不是靠解除了不幸、痛苦和矛盾，而正是因为有了它们而变得更伟大。

当诗人把英雄呈现给众人以供崇拜时，敢于说“为他哭泣吧，他配得上眼泪”，这的确是伟大的；而配得上那配流泪的人的眼泪也是伟大的。诗人敢控制众人，敢训斥人们去检查自己是否配得上为英雄流泪，因为弱者啜泣时不值钱的泪水是对神圣英雄的贬低侮辱，他这样做也是伟大的。但是比这些更伟大的是，信仰骑士甚至敢于对要为他洒泪的高尚之人说：“不要为我哭泣，但要为你自己哭泣。”

我们感动了，渴望回到那些美丽的时代，这甜美温柔的渴望引领我们往想要的目标前进，去看基督在应许之地漫步。我们忘记了恐惧、苦难和悖论，可是，不会弄错是如此容易的事吗？想到这个行走于众人之间的人就是上帝，这不可怕吗？坐下和他一同就餐这不恐怖吗？成为使徒是如此容易的吗？但是，那结果，一千八百年，那是一种帮助。那一千八百年帮助了那种自欺欺人的可鄙欺骗。我没有勇敢到愿意生活在发生这样的事件的时代，但因此我不会严厉地评判当时那些弄错的人，也不会鄙夷那些明白了真相的人。

但现在，我要回到亚伯拉罕。在结果出来之前的那段时间里，要么亚伯拉罕每时每刻都被视为谋杀者，要么我们面对一个高于一切调解的悖论。

因此，亚伯拉罕的故事包含了一种从目的论意义上对伦理的暂停。作为个体，他成了高于普遍性的人。这就是一个悖论，一个不可能被调解的矛盾。他如何进入这个悖论和他如何停留在这个悖论之中是一样的无法说明，令人费解。如果亚伯拉罕的处境不是这样的，那么他就连悲剧英雄都不是，而是一个谋杀者。那样的话，想要继续称他为信仰之父，想要跟那些只关注言语的人谈论此事，就是欠考虑的。一个人可以凭自己的力量成为悲剧英雄，却不能成为信仰骑士。当一个人踏上了那成为悲剧英雄的无可否认的艰苦之路，有很多人可以给他提供忠告，但走上信仰那狭窄道路的人却没有人能够给出建议，没有人理解。信仰是个奇迹，但没有人是被排除在信仰之外的，人人都可以拥有信仰；因为将人的一切统一成一体的是激情，[6]而信仰就是激情。

问题二　对上帝有一种绝对的义务吗？

伦理是普遍性的，其本身又是神圣的。因此，从根本上讲，每种义务都是对上帝的义务，这样说是正确的。但是，如果人们就此只能说这

些，那么就相当于同时也说了我实际上对上帝没有义务。这种义务通过谈及上帝才成为对上帝的义务，但我并不是在义务本身中和上帝建立关系。因而，爱自己的邻居是一种义务；它之所以是义务是因为涉及上帝，但在履行此义务时，我进入的并不是和上帝的关系，而是和我爱的邻居的关系。如果基于这个关联，我就说爱上帝是我的义务，那我说的实际上只是无谓的同义反复，这种说法是就把上帝从完全抽象意义上理解为一种神圣存在—即普遍性，也是义务—而论的。那样的话，人的整个存在就是完全自我闭合的球体，而伦理则立即成了它的界线和内容。上帝就变成了一个无形的消没的点，一种无力的思想，但上帝的力量只是存在于伦理中，而伦理即存在的内容。所以，如果某个人想到要从上述以外的任何其他意义上爱上帝的话，那他就只是在玩奢侈，就是在爱一个幻影，如果那幻影有力量说话，它会对他说："留在你属于的地方，我没有要求你的爱。"如果某个人想到要以别的方式爱上帝的话，这种爱会受怀疑，就像卢梭提到那些爱异教徒卡菲尔人而不爱自己邻居的人时所说的那样。

假设以上解释是正确的，假设在人类生活中没有无从比较性，而任何显现出来的不可通约的东西都是找不出结论的某种偶然，那么，就以这种思想来看存在而论，黑格尔就是对的。但是，黑格尔在谈论信仰和论及允许亚伯拉罕被视为信仰之父时却是错误的。因为在后者中，他对亚伯拉罕和信仰都作了评判。根据黑格尔哲学，外在高于内在。有一个例子常被用来阐释这一点。在这个例子中，小孩是内在的，成人是外在的；这就是为什么小孩是由外在的东西决定的，而成人，作为外在性的存在，相反，则恰恰是由内在的东西所决定的。信仰，正相反，是一种矛盾，在信仰这种悖论中，内在性要高于外在性，或者，用我们前面所用过的一个说法来说，奇数要比偶数好。

那么，在这种生活的伦理观中，一个个体的任务就是要迫使自己放弃内在的决定因素，并且把这些内在决定因素以外在的方式表现出来。

每当他对此畏缩不前，每当他想坚持留在或重新退回到感情、情绪等内在性因素的领地时，他就犯了罪，他就处于一种考验中。信仰的悖论就在于，有一种与外在性不可比较的内在性，这儿要强调一下，这种内在性和前面提到的（小孩的内在性）不完全相同，是一种新的内在性。这一点不容忽视。现代哲学已经干脆爽快地容许自己用直接性的东西来代替“信仰”。如果我们那样做的话，那么否认信仰一直存在就是荒谬可笑的。那样的话，信仰就与感情、情绪、风格、歇斯底里之类相当简单普通的东西为伍了。哲学做得正确的地方是它说了人不应该止步于那些普通的东西，即人应该追求比情感之类的那些普遍的内在性因素要更高的东西。但是哲学没有理由用那样的话来说信仰。在信仰出现之前进行的是一种无限运动，只有在那之后，信仰才凭借荒诞，（出人意料地）登场了。关于这一点，我不需要借此声称我拥有信仰，也可以理解得很清楚。如果信仰仅仅是哲学所理解的那样，那么苏格拉底自己早已经超越了信仰，并且是超越了很多，而不是相反，即，他没有到达信仰这个高度。从智力方面说，他作了无限运动，他不懂的是无限弃绝。这项任务本身是人类的力量能完成的，尽管当今的人们对此持不屑态度。但只有这项任务被完成，只有人在其中筋疲力尽，排空自己，才可以到达信仰出现的地方。

那么，信仰的悖论就在于，个体是高于普遍性的，用现在很少听到的一个理论上的区别来说，个体依靠自己与绝对者的关系来决定其与普遍性的关系，而不是通过自己与普遍性的关系来决定其与绝对者的关系。也可以这样表述信仰的悖论：有一种对上帝的绝对的义务存在，因为在这种义务关系中，个人把自己作为单一的个体与绝对者绝对地联系起来。当现在的人们说爱上帝是一种义务时，是从一种与上述很不相同的意义上来说的；因为如果这种义务是绝对的，那么伦理就被还原成相对的。不过，由此一点并不能推理出伦理就要被彻底废除。只是伦理有了一种相当不同的表达，一种似非而是的表达，比如，对上帝的爱会引起信仰骑士用相反的方式表达自己对邻居的爱，而用正常的方式爱邻

居，从伦理上来说，是他的义务。

如果情况并非如此，信仰在存在中便没了位置；那样的话，信仰就是一种诱惑，而亚伯拉罕也失去伟大的地位了，因为他对它屈服了。

这个悖论不容许有调节的余地：因为它恰恰是建立于个体就只是个个体这个基础之上的。个体一旦想要用普遍性表达他的绝对义务，从普遍性角度上意识到自己的绝对义务，他就会认识到自己处于一场诱惑中（即经受对信仰的考验）。而且，如果他实际上抵制这诱惑，他就不会履行那所谓的绝对义务；而如果他不抵抗它，他就犯了罪，即便他的行为是履行了他的绝对义务。那么，亚伯拉罕应该做什么呢？倘若他想要对某人说："我爱以撒胜过爱这世上的一切，那就是为什么要献祭他对我是那么的困难。"听者肯定会摇摇头说："那么你为什么要把他献祭呢？"或者，如果听者是个有感知力的人，也许他甚至可能看透了亚伯拉罕，意识到他正泄露出一种与他的行为非常矛盾的感情。

在亚伯拉罕的故事中，我们看到的正是这样的一个悖论。从伦理上讲，他和以撒的关系是父亲就应该爱儿子。然而，在对上帝的绝对关系对比下，这个伦理关系被还原成了相对的。对"为什么"这个问题，除了说它是一个考验、一个诱惑以外，亚伯拉罕没有答案。而这，如前所述，是两种视角的统一：他这样做是为了上帝，也是为了他自己。在常见用法中，这二者也是互相关联的。例如，当我们看见一个人在做与普遍性不一致的事情时，就会说他几乎不是为了上帝才那样做的，那样说所隐含的意思就是他是为了自己而做的。信仰的悖论已经失去了中间术语，即普遍性。一方面，它体现了极端利己主义（为了自己做这可怕的事）；另一方面，它又是一种对最绝对的献身的表达（为了上帝而做它）。信仰本身是不能被调解成普遍性的东西的，因为那样的话，它就会被毁了。信仰就是这样一种悖论，个人很难使自己被人理解。我们可以想象也许该个人能使另一个处于相同境况的人理解自己。要不是现在

的人们想尽办法要混进伟大之列，这样的见解就会是难以想象、无法接受的。一个信仰的骑士根本就帮不了另一个信仰骑士。一个人要么通过承受那悖论而变成信仰骑士，要么他永远不变成信仰骑士。合作关系在这里是无法想象的。要是有任何对牺牲以撒的理念更精确的解释，那这个解释就是，那个要这样做的个体只能给自己的解释。假设一个人可以从一般意义上，精确地解决如何理解献祭以撒这个问题（这无论如何会是个最可笑的自我矛盾，也就是说，一个正好站在普遍性之外的个体，正要作为一个普遍性之外的个体去行动的时候，被带到了普遍性的范畴下），这个人永远也不能通过别人的帮助来确信这个解释是合理的，只有作为个体的他自己才可以做到这一点。所以，即便某个人非常怯懦卑鄙以致想要靠别人承担责任来成为一个信仰骑士，他也绝不会成功；因为只有一个人作为单一的个体，才可以成为骑士，这就是骑士身份的伟大之处。对此，我可以理解得很清楚，虽然我因为缺乏勇气没有达到骑士级别；不过，我同时也深知它的恐怖之处，对此，我理解得就更清楚了。

众所周知，关于对上帝的绝对义务，《路加福音》（14:26）中有一段精彩的教义："如果任何人到我这里来，若不恨自己的父亲，母亲，妻子，儿女，兄弟，姐妹和自己的生命，就不能做我的信徒。"这是一种冷酷无情的话，谁能听得下去？因此，很少听到这句话。然而，避而不谈这句话，这样的沉默只不过是一种无济于事的逃避。不过，学神学的学生知道，这句话出现在《新约全书》中，而且，在这个那个的注释段落中，他找到了这样的信息：去恨，在这句话和其他文章中，意味着（从弱化的意义上说）爱得少一些，少重视一点，不尊敬，以及不在乎。然而，这些词所出现的上下文似乎并没有证实这种高雅的解释。因为在后面诗节中，讲了这样的一个故事：一个人想盖一座高楼，但他先估计了一下自己的能力，看能否做成这件事，唯恐自己以后成了笑柄。这故事和后面引用的诗节之间的紧密联系似乎恰恰显示了，对这些词人们应该从最恐怖的意义上去理解，以使每个人都审视一下自己盖那

座楼的能力。

如果这个虔诚又温和的注释家，这个以为自己可以通过这样减价的方式把基督教偷运进这个世界的人，可以成功地使任何人都相信，从语法上、语言学上以及类比意义上，这就是那段话的意思，那么，我们就希望他这样做的同时也能设法使那同一个人相信，基督教是世界上最可怜的事情之一。因为那段教义，出现在最抒情的段落之一，而且是永恒有效性意识最明显的那段教义，除了有喧哗的言辞之外什么也没有，而那夸张的言辞除了表明人们不应那么和蔼、那么体贴，而应更加冷漠以外，没有任何意义。那教义似乎要告诉我们某种恐怖的事情，结果非但没有带来恐怖，却是胡言乱语，因此它不值得我们支持。

那些言辞是恐怖的，然而我确信，人们可以理解它们，但理解它们的人不一定有勇气去实践它们。但是我们要有足够的勇气承认该教义的存在，承认它的伟大，即便我们自己缺乏勇气去实践它。能这样做的人不会发现自己被排除在外，参与不到后面那个美丽的故事中。因为该故事从某种意义上毕竟对没有勇气开始建造那高楼的人是一种安慰。但我们必须要诚实，不能把缺乏勇气理解成谦逊，因为，其实相反，它是一种骄傲，而信仰的勇气才是唯一谦逊的勇气。

现在，我们不难看出，如果那段话要有意义，就必须逐字逐句地理解。是上帝要求绝对的爱。但是任何人，在要求另一个人的爱的时候，都会认为，这种爱必须靠后者对迄今为止自己所珍视的东西变得冷淡来证明，要求这种爱的人不仅是一个利己主义者，而且是个愚蠢之人，他要求这样一种爱就意味着他的生活就与他所渴望的这种爱紧密相连，而这就相当于同时签下了自己的死刑执行令。举例来说，一个丈夫要求妻子离开她的父母，如果他认为妻子为了他而变成一个冷淡懒惰的女儿等等就是对自己有特殊的爱的证明，那么他就是傻瓜中的傻瓜。要是他有任何爱的概念的话，他会想要发现，她在作为女儿和姐妹对他人的爱是

完美的，而他若发现这一点后，也会因此确信他的妻子爱他胜过爱这世上任何其他人。因此可见，一个人身上可能会被认为是利己主义和愚蠢象征的东西，在注释家的帮助下可以把它看作称得上是神的概念的体现。

但是如何恨他们？在这儿，我不作人类爱与恨的区分，这不是因为我多么反对这种区分，这种至少是热烈情绪的区分，而是因为它是利己主义的，而且在这里不合适。不过，如果我把这个问题看作一种悖论，那么我就理解了它，也就是，我会以人们用以理解悖论的方式来理解它。绝对的义务会要求人们做伦理禁止的事情，不过绝不会使信仰骑士停止爱。这一点亚伯拉罕可以证明。他准备献祭以撒的那一刻，他所做的事情的从伦理上表述就是：他恨以撒。但是如果他真的恨以撒，他就可以确定上帝不会向他要以撒；因为亚伯拉罕和该隐不同。他一定全身心地爱着以撒。当上帝索要以撒时，亚伯拉罕一定，如果可能的话，更加爱以撒。而且，只有在这种条件下，他才能献出以撒，因为，的确，正是他的对以撒的爱和对上帝的爱形成矛盾对比，才使他的行为成为一种牺牲。但这个悖论里的不幸和痛苦之处是，从人性的角度讲，他很难使自己被人理解。只有当他的行为和他的感情形成了绝对的矛盾的那一刻，只有那时，他才献祭以撒，他的行为才叫牺牲。但是，他的行为的现实就是他之所以属于普遍性的因素，就那方面而言，他是并且一直是一个谋杀者。

而且，人们对《路加福音》那段话一定要这样理解：信仰骑士对普遍性（也就是伦理）里任何能救自己的东西也没有更高层次的表达方式。因此，倘若教会要求它的一个成员作这样的牺牲，那么我们所能得到的就是一个悲剧英雄。因为教会的概念和国家的概念没有质上的不同，这是就个人可以通过普通媒介理解教会而论，也是就个人如果进入了悖论，就不能领悟教会的概念而言。他也不从悖论境况中跳出来，但他在其中必然会不是找到福音，就是找到诅咒。一个教会英雄在他的行

动中表现出普遍性，教会里没有人，即便是他的父母等人，也会理解不了他。但是，他不是信仰骑士，他的回答也和亚伯拉罕的不一样：他不会说那是他正经受的一个诱惑考验。

我们一般会避免引用像上述《路加福音》里那段话那样的文字。因为担心人们会失去约束、随心所欲，害怕个人一旦产生个体就应表现得像个个体这样的想法，最糟糕的事情就会发生。而且，作为一个个体而存在被认为是最简单的事情，人们需要被迫去变成的是普遍性的存在。我既没有这样的担忧，也不同意这样的看法，但是是基于同一个原因的。任何已认识到作为个体来存在是最可怕的事情的人不会害怕说这样也是最伟大的。但是他这样说的时候，他的言辞一定不能给随心所欲的人形成一种陷阱，相反，要有助于那个人成为普遍性的存在，尽管他的话能给伟大留下空间。不敢提及像《路加福音》里那段话那样文字的人也不敢提起亚伯拉罕。认为作为个体而存在是件很容易的事的人暗示了一种很是可疑的间接的自我承认。因为真正有自尊、关注自己灵魂的人会深信，在这整个世界里独自生活在自我监督管制下的人，比闺房少女生活得还要严格和隐僻。当然，可能有些人需要强迫，他们如果放任自流会像桀骜难驯的野兽，这一点无疑是对的。但是一个人恰恰必须通过他知道如何恐惧而战栗地说话这一事实来证明自己不属于那一类人。而且出于对伟大的崇敬，他的确应该说话，以免因害怕不良后果而使这伟大被忘记，当然，如果一个人以一种知道伟大及它的恐怖的方式说话，这最终就不会发生；如果一个人不知道伟大的恐怖之处，他也就不知道它的伟大之处。

接着，让我们更仔细地考虑信仰之悖论里的苦难和恐惧。悲剧英雄为了表达伦理的普遍性而放弃自我；信仰骑士为了成为个体的存在而放弃普遍性。如上所述，一切都取决于人是处于怎样的境况和立场。认为作为个体存在很容易的人肯定永远也不会是信仰骑士，因为流浪者和游民不是有信仰的人。与此相反，信仰骑士明白属于普遍性世界是光荣

的。他知道把自己转变成普遍性存在的个体是美丽而善良的，这样的人可以说是重塑了一个整洁优雅的自我版本，尽可能干净无瑕，尽可能易于每个人理解；信仰骑士还知道，当一个人在普遍性中变得易于他自己理解，以便自己理解普遍性，以便每个理解自己的人又反过来通过自己而理解普遍性，并且双方都为在普遍性中获得的安全感而欢庆，这是令人心旷神怡的事情。信仰骑士还知道，一个人生来就有普遍性作为自己的家园，作为他的永久友好居住地，这个家园会在他想逗留的时候立即张开双臂接收他，这是很美好的。但是信仰骑士同时也知道，在更高处有一条孤独的崎岖之路，狭窄而又陡峭；他知道，生来就孤独地存在于普遍性之外，独自行走而碰不见一个旅行者是十分可怕的。他很清楚自己的位置，知道自己和人们的关联。从正常人性角度讲，他是疯子，无法使自己被任何人理解。而其实，说他是“疯子”是最温和的表达。如果他不被人如此看待，他就是个伪君子；他在那条路上爬得越高，他就变成越发可怕的伪君子。

信仰骑士知道，放弃自己而向普遍性屈服投降是激励人的，要这样做需要勇气，而且正是因为这样做是为了普遍性，其中还有一定的安全感。信仰骑士知道，被每个高尚之人理解，而且是以一种旁观者由此也变得高尚的方式被理解，是光荣的。这一点他知道，但感到自己似乎受到约束，他希望这是他被指派的任务。同样，亚伯拉罕一定也时不时地希望他的任务就是以一种符合父亲标准的方式爱以撒，这是所有人都可以理解的爱的方式，是会流芳千古的爱的方式。他一定还希望他的使命就是把以撒献给普遍性，以激励父亲们去效仿辉煌行为。他一定还为下面这样的想法感到恐怖，即对他而言，这样的希望仅仅是诱惑而且必须被当作诱惑对待；因为他明白自己走的是一条孤寂之路，明白自己除了正被考验之外，没有为普遍性做什么。又或者，亚伯拉罕为普遍性做了什么事？让我从人性的角度，真正人性的角度，谈论它！他用了七十年才老来得子。别人很快就得到并享受了很久的快乐，他花了七十年才得到。这是为什么呢？因为他在受检测和考验。那不是疯狂和异常吗？但

是亚伯拉罕坚持了信仰，只有撒拉动摇了信仰，让他接受夏甲做妾，但这也是为什么他不得不把她驱走的原因。他后来有了以撒，接着他又要被考验了。他知道表现普遍性是光荣的，和以撒一起生活是美好的。但这不是他的使命。他知道为了普遍性牺牲这样的一个儿子是高贵的行为，他自己会从中找到安宁，而每个人也会在他们对这个行为的称颂中找到寄托，这就像元音依靠辅音一样，但这不是他的使命—他在受考验。那个叫拖延者的罗马著名将军通过拖延战术阻挠了敌人，然而相比之下，亚伯拉罕是怎样的拖延者呢？！而他不是在拯救国家。亚伯拉罕的父亲一百三十岁才生的他啊，这是一百三十年生命的结果，谁能忍受得了这样的拖延？亚伯拉罕的同龄人—如果可以这样称呼他们的话—能不会这样说吗："亚伯拉罕身上永远有一种拖延在发生；当他终于得到了儿子—那也花费了够长的时间—他却想要把他献祭给上帝。所以他不是疯了吗？要是他至少能解释他为什么要那样做就好了，但是，不，他总是解释说那是个'考验'？"亚伯拉罕也不能给出进一步的解释，因为他的生活就像是一本被神没收了的书，永远也不会变成公共财产。

这就是亚伯拉罕故事的恐怖之处。任何看不到这一点的人可以确定绝不是信仰骑士。但是的确能看出这一点的人不会否认，与信仰骑士的缓慢爬行似的步伐相比，即便是经受最大考验的悲剧英雄行走时步伐也像舞蹈步伐。看出这一点而又意识到自己没有勇气理解它的人，至少能些许理解到那个信仰骑士所获得的荣耀：那骑士变成了上帝的知己，主的朋友，而且从人类的角度说，他得以称天堂的上帝为"你"，而即便是悲剧英雄也只能用第三人称称呼上帝。

悲剧英雄很快就可以成就，他的斗争也很快就能结束；他作了无限运动，现在在普遍性中获得安全。但是信仰骑士却无法入睡、无法休息，因为他不断地经受着考验，而且他随时都有可能充满忏悔地返回到普遍性中来，这种可能性也可以像真相一样是一种诱惑考验。他无法从任何人那儿得到关于此事的启示，否则他就会处于那悖论之外。

因此，信仰骑士首先要拥有的是把他所违反的整个伦理集中于一个因素的激情；他可以确定自己真的全身心地爱着以撒。[7]如果他做不到这一点，他就处于诱惑的考验中。接下来，他还要有足够的激情能在转瞬之间完整地唤起这种确信，还要使它像第一步里一样有效。如果他做不到，他就不能开始，因为那样的话，他一定会不断地从头开始。悲剧英雄也专注于他在目的论意义上所超越的伦理，但在这方面，他有普遍性作支持。而信仰骑士却只有自己，恐怖之处就在于此。大多数人让自己的义务一次持续一天，但是那样的话，他们的专注绝达不到如此的激情，他们对义务的意识也绝达不到如此的强烈。普遍性从某种意义上也许可以帮助悲剧英雄获得这一点，但是信仰骑士却一切都只能靠自己。悲剧英雄在行动中可以在普遍性中找到安宁，信仰骑士却永远处于紧张之中。阿伽门农放弃依菲琴尼亚，从而在普遍性中找到安宁，接着他就可以开始献祭依菲琴尼亚的行动。要是阿伽门农没有作这运动，要是在那关键时刻，他没有充满激情的专注，而是一心想着听到的关于他应该要好几个女儿，或者也许离奇的事情可能会发生的无聊闲谈，那么自然他就不会是个英雄而只是个可怜的人。亚伯拉罕也具有那英雄的专注，尽管因为他在普遍性中没有支柱，在他这种情况下要有这种专注要困难得多；但他多作了一个运动，借助于此他全身心地专注于创造奇迹。倘若亚伯拉罕没有这样做，他也就会只是个阿伽门农，只要他能解释得出他愿意献出以撒这事如何在没有有利于普遍性的情况下是合理的。

个人是否真的处于诱惑考验中，或是否真是信仰骑士，只有他自己可以判断。不过，基于悖论制定出一些即便是不处于悖论中的人也能理解的标准还是有可能的。真正的信仰骑士永远是绝对孤立的，而假骑士则是宗派主义的。后者试图跳出悖论的狭窄道路，变成一个廉价的悲剧英雄。悲剧英雄表现了普遍性并为此献身。宗派主义者，相反，拥有自己的私人剧院，也就是，有几个好朋友和同志，他们可以像《金色鼻烟盒》里的小吏代表很好地代表正义一样代表普遍性。但是，信仰骑士就是那悖论，他是个个体，绝对只有自己的一个个体，没有其他联系或复

杂因素。这是那弱小的宗派主义者所不能忍受的恐怖之处。而那宗派主义侏儒并没有从这恐怖之处意识到自己无法达到这种伟大，并因此而坦率地承认这一点（这是我会情不自禁赞同的，因为我自己也会这样做），这可怜可鄙之人以为他可以通过和其他同类合伙一起成就那伟大。但这是不会起作用的，因为精神世界不容忍欺骗。十二个宗派主义者手拉手联合起来，他们对等待信仰骑士的种种孤独的诱惑考验一无所知，信仰骑士不敢回避这些诱惑考验，正因为他知道如果自己贸然强进情况就会更恐怖。那些宗派主义者的喧嚣和吵嚷声震得彼此都要聋了，他们用尖叫来抵抗恐惧，这样像周日出游的欢呼的人群会以为他们正冲向天堂，以为他们和信仰骑士走的是同一条道路，而信仰骑士其实是在与世隔绝的寂静中，担负着可怕的责任孤独前行。

信仰骑士只能依赖他自己，他感受到不能使别人理解自己的痛苦，但他并没有那种虚荣的想要指引他人的欲望。这痛苦能使他确信自己走在正确的道路上，他太认真，因而不会有虚荣的欲望。假的信仰骑士因为迅速精通指引人之术很容易泄露他的真实身份。他没有领悟的一点是，如果另一个人想要走相同的路，他必须是完全的单独的个体，不需要任何人的建议，更不需要从急于把自己的建议强加于人的人那儿获得建议。同样在这里，忍受不了做不被人理解的烈士的人跳离这条道路，选择了一条方便之路，在这条路上有世人对他们精通此道表达钦佩。真正的信仰骑士是个见证者，绝不是个教师，他的深刻人性就在于此。这深刻人性比那对别人祸福的愚蠢的关心要更有价值，因为那对别人的关心是以同情的名义而受人尊敬，但它其实只不过是虚荣心而已。因此，一个只想做见证人的人会承认，没有哪个人，即便是最卑贱的人，需要他人的同情，或是应该被贬低以使他人抬高自己。但是，因为他自己赢得的东西并不是廉价地轻易得来的，所以他也不会廉价地卖掉它；他也不是小气到接受人们的钦慕后，回报给他们的是轻蔑的沉默，他知道，真正伟大的东西是人人同样都可以得到的。

所以，要么存在对上帝的绝对的义务，那样的话，它就是如前所述的悖论，即作为个体的个人高于普遍性，并且作为个体与绝对者[8]处于一种绝对的关系中；要么，信仰就因为一直存在而从未存在过，或者换言之，亚伯拉罕就丧失了其伟大地位，而人们就必须以那高雅的注释家的方式去解释《路加福音》十四节那段话，并用同样的方式解释相应的和类似的段落。

问题三　亚伯拉罕对撒拉、以利亚撒和以撒隐瞒自己的目的，这在伦理上合乎情理吗？

伦理本身是有普遍性的东西；而作为有普遍性的东西，它是有无蔽性的。而个人，作为直接的、有感觉、有精神和灵魂的存在物，则是隐藏的。因此，他的伦理任务就是从这隐藏状态中打开自我，在普遍性中显露自己，变得无隐蔽性。这样，每当他想要保持隐蔽性状态，他就犯了罪，处于诱惑的考验中，他只有通过显露自我才能从中脱离出来。

如此，我们发现自己再次回到同一地点。如果没有一种基于个体高于普遍性的隐蔽性，那么亚伯拉罕的行为就不可辩护，因为他无视那些直接的伦理因素。但是，如果有这样的一种隐藏性，那么，我们就面临一个悖论，一个无法调解的悖论，这正是因为，这悖论是以个人作为个体高于普遍性这一点为基础的，而那普遍性正是用以调解的媒介。黑格尔派哲学认为，不存在合乎情理的隐藏性，也不存在合乎情理的不能通约性或者无从比较性，因而这和它对无蔽性的要求是一致的，但是它想把亚伯拉罕视为信仰之父和谈论信仰则不是很公平合理。因为信仰不是最开始的直接性，而是后来的直接性。最开始的直接性是美学性的，在这里黑格尔哲学很可能是正确的。但是，信仰不是美学性的，或者如果说它是，那么就可以说，信仰因为一直存在而从未存在。

这里最好从纯美学的角度来研究一下整个问题，并为此开始美学探

究，我想请读者暂时全情投入这一研究，而同时我自己也相应地改变我的描述方式。我想更仔细一点研究的范畴是有趣的事物，这一范畴在今天我们这个时代（正因为我们生活在人类事务的转折点上）已经变得非常重要，因为它实际上就是危机范畴。因此，人们不应该在自己全力热爱过这一范畴之后，像有些人那样，因为自己经历过它，超越了它，就蔑视它。但是我们也对此过于贪婪，因为，可以确定的是，要变成有趣的人或过有趣的生活，这和你擅长做什么没有关系，它是一种重大的特权，这种特权，像精神世界的所有特权一样，只有通过深重的痛苦来获得。例如，苏格拉底是在这世上生活过的最有意思的人，他所过的生活是所有生活中最有意思的生活，但是这种存在是神分配给他的，而且既然他不得不为之奋斗，他对麻烦和痛苦而言绝不是陌生人。亵渎这样的存在的人不会成为认真生活的人，然而，现如今，这样的例子并不少见。更进一步来说，有趣这一范畴是一个边界范畴，它是美学和伦理学之间的边界。因为这个原因，我们在探究中必须不断地扫视伦理学领地，为了使我们的探究有重要性，我们必须带着真正的审美情感来领会问题。我们现在这个时代，伦理学很少考虑这些事宜。原因应该是伦理学体系里没有容纳它们的合适空间。那么，人们在专题论文里作这样的研究应该是没问题的，而且，如果人们不想写得冗长啰唆，也可以写得言简意赅却达到同样的目的，只要人们能用好谓语，因为一两个谓语便可揭示出整个世界。伦理学体系里能没有像谓语这样的小词语的一点儿空间吗？

亚里士多德在他的不朽名作《诗学》里写道："的确，故事的两个部分，即命运突变[突转，（悲剧情节的关键）]和发现，与这些事有关。"当然，在这里，我只关心第二个特点，即发现。有发现这个问题的地方就暗示着先前有一种隐藏存在。所以，正如发现是戏剧性生活中解决矛盾性、放松性的因素，隐藏就是生活之剧中制造紧张的因素。亚里士多德在同一章里关于悲剧中命运突转和认知两者之间是否有冲突撞击的不同价值的讨论，以及他对单一发现和双重发现的论述，我在此不

加以探讨，尽管他的讨论中体现出真诚和安静的专注，这对早已厌倦那些学者们百科全书似的肤浅的人而言是特别有吸引力的。这里，一个更为概括的评论就够了。在希腊悲剧中，隐藏（而后发现）是一种史诗般的幸存，这种幸存是以戏剧化行为隐蔽起来这样的命运为基础，它也从这种命运中获得了它的模糊神秘的起源。这就是为什么希腊悲剧所产生的效果类似于那种眼睛缺乏力量的大理石雕像给人的印象。希腊悲剧是盲目的。因此，要想正确地欣赏它，需要进行一定的抽象处理。一个儿子杀了父亲，但他后来才知道他杀的人是自己的父亲。一个姐姐正要牺牲弟弟，但在一个决定性时刻才发现他的身份。我们这个反思性的时代不大可能对这种性质的悲剧感兴趣。现代戏剧已经放弃了宿命这个理念，并且从戏剧性方面解放了自己。它仔细观察，也彻底检查自己，还从戏剧意识角度考虑命运。隐藏和显露因而成了英雄的自由行为，他为自己的行为负责。

发现和隐藏在现代戏剧里同样作为必要因素存在。要举这样的例子就会扯远了。我很谦恭地认为，在我们这个时代，每个人在美学上都如此肆意骄奢，如此有能力，如此激奋，以至于他们就如同亚里士多德所说的松鸡那样，那松鸡只要听到公鸡的声音或公鸡在头顶飞过的响声就很兴奋，他们对一种概念也可以很轻易地作出想象。我设想，我们这个时代每个人只要听到“隐藏”这一单词，就能从袖子里抖落出一打浪漫故事和喜剧故事来。因此，我在这里只简要地直接给出一个相当宽泛概括的评论。如果做隐藏的人，也就是说，把引起戏剧性因素引入喜剧的人，藏了某种无意义的东西，我们就会得到喜剧。但是，如果那藏匿者明白隐藏的概念，他就可能接近于变成悲剧英雄。这儿我就举一个喜剧例子吧。一个男人化了妆、戴上假发，他渴望在美丽异性那儿获得青睐。他确信，化妆和假发无疑会使自己令人难以抗拒，所以会有很多成功。他捕获了一位姑娘，正处在幸福的顶点。现在，让我们看看故事的实质意义。如果他能承认自己的欺术，一旦他显露出自己普通，实际上甚至秃顶的样子，难道他不会失去他迷人的魅力吗？难道他不会再次失

去所爱之人吗？隐藏是他的自由行为，而美学使他为此行为负责。但是美学这个学科绝不是秃头的伪君子的朋友，而会使他受人嘲笑。既然我们这里不把喜剧包括在探究的兴趣课题之内，这个例子就足以表明我的意思。

我的探究步骤是辩证地研究隐藏在美学和伦理学上扮演的角色，目的是揭示美学性的隐藏和悖论之间的绝对不同。

先举几个例子吧。一个姑娘和某人悄悄恋爱了，不过双方都还没向对方坦白这份爱。姑娘的父母强迫她嫁给另一个人（她甚至可能考虑到应尽的孝道而服从）。她服从了父母的意愿。她隐藏起自己的爱，“为了不使对方难过，没有人会知道她的痛苦”。或者另一个故事版本：一个小伙子身处两难之境：只要说出那个字，他就可以得到他魂牵梦萦的对象。但是，这个小小的字却会危害到，是的，甚至（谁知道呢）毁了整个家庭。于是，他高尚地选择继续隐藏自己的情感，“绝不能让那女孩知道，这样她也许能在另一个人那儿找到幸福”。这两个人都对各自所爱之人隐瞒了感情，他们互相隐瞒，这是多么可怜啊！否则的话，一个非凡的更优秀的结合就可能产生。他们的隐藏行为是自由行为，甚至从美学意义上讲他们也为此行为负责。不过，美学是一个可敬的多愁善感的学科，它知道的修理东西的方式比物业经理助理知道的还多。那么，它做什么呢？它做一切可能之事来帮助相爱之人。机缘巧合，那相恋双方的规划婚姻里的伴侣得知了对方的高尚决定。接着进行了种种解释。他们得到了彼此，而且作为额外收获，还进入了真英雄的行列。而尽管他们甚至都没有时间去好好考虑他们英雄般的决定，美学还是把他们当作似乎已经为这个决定勇敢地奋斗了多年来对待。因为美学不怎么在乎时间问题，不管是严肃认真还是玩笑，时间在美学里都一样快速地飞逝。

但是，伦理学既不知道这样的巧合，也不懂得多愁善感。它也没有

时间飞逝的概念。这样的话，事情就有了不同的一面。你不能和伦理学争辩，因为它运用的是纯粹的范畴。它也不诉诸于经验。因为经验在所有可笑的事情里也许是最可笑的，它远不能使人智慧，如果一个人不懂得任何比经验更高等的东西的话，那么，经验很快就会使他发疯。伦理学也没有什么巧合偶然，所以不需要对事情作种种解释。它不玩弄尊严，它把责任的重担压在英雄孱弱的双肩，它谴责英雄想要在他的行为中扮演上帝是一种傲慢放肆，但也谴责他想要通过他承受的痛苦来这样做。它命令人相信现实，嘱咐人要有勇气反抗现实的所有磨难，而不是反抗他自己承担责任时所受的苍白的痛苦；它警告要提防把信仰置于理性的精明计算之中，这计算比古代的神谕还不牢靠。它警告不要不合时宜的慷慨大度。让现实决定需要显示勇气的场合吧。不过，伦理学同时也会提供所有可能的帮助。如果在那二人之间有某种更深刻的东西在涌动，如果他们有看到这任务，并开始着手行动的认真态度，那么无疑他们会产生某种东西。但是伦理学不会帮助他们。因为他们对它隐瞒了一个秘密，一个他们自己要承担责任的秘密，伦理学觉得受到了冒犯。

所以说，美学要求隐秘行为并回报这种行为；而伦理学要求显露，要求公开隐秘，并惩罚隐秘行为。

但是，有时候，即便是美学也要求公开要求显露。当那被美学幻想所俘虏的英雄认为自己可以通过沉默救另一个人时，美学要求沉默并褒奖它。但当英雄的行为干涉到另一人的生活时，美学则又要求公开隐秘。现在我谈论的是悲剧英雄。这里我们思考一下欧里庇得斯的《奥利斯的依菲琴尼亚》。阿伽门农正准备献祭依菲琴尼亚那一情节。此刻美学要求阿伽门农保持沉默，因为从别人那儿寻求安慰不符合英雄的身份，而且出于对女人的担心，他也应该尽可能长久地对她们隐瞒。但是，从另一方面来说，英雄，正因为要当英雄，才必须受到克吕泰墨斯特拉（阿伽门农的妻子）和依菲琴尼亚的泪水的考验。美学怎么办？它有个权宜之计。它让站在旁边的一个老仆人把一切透露给了克吕泰墨斯

特拉。那么一切就顺理成章了。

但是，伦理学里没有巧合，没有随时待命的老仆人。美学的理念一旦运用到现实里就会自相矛盾。因此，伦理学要求公开披露。[9]那悲剧英雄没有成为美学幻想的俘虏，他自己完成了告诉依菲琴尼亚她的命运这个任务，这个行为正好显示了伦理勇气。在这方面，悲剧英雄是伦理学的宠儿，她对他甚为满意。但如果他保持沉默，也许是因为他这样做可以使别人好过些，又或许是这样可以使他自己好过些。但悲剧英雄知道他不受后一个动机的影响。他保持沉默是因为他要作为个体承担责任，他忽视任何外界的议论。但是，作为悲剧英雄，他不能这样做。因为正是由于他一贯表现普遍性，伦理学才爱他。他的英雄行为需要勇气，而他那勇气的一部分本身就是不躲避争论。但是一个人的眼泪是一种为了自己个人利益的可怕争辩，而无疑有那种不为任何事物所动却可能被眼泪所撼动的人。那个剧本里有让依菲琴尼亚哭泣的情节。实际上，像耶弗他的女儿一样，她应该被允许哭泣两个月，而且不是孤独地哭泣，而是在她父亲的脚边。她应该使出浑身解数哭泣，不是用橄榄枝，而是用自己缠住父亲的腿（cf.v.1224）。美学要求公开透露秘密，但是是通过巧合的方式；伦理学也要求公开秘密，它却是在悲剧英雄身上得到满足。

尽管伦理对公开秘密的要求很严格，但不可否认的是，保密和沉默，作为内在情感的决定因素，的确使一个人伟大。当埃莫离开塞琪时，他对她说："如果你保持沉默，你将生一个圣婴，但是如果你透露了这个秘密，你就会只生个凡人。"悲剧英雄这种伦理学的宠儿，是有纯粹人性的人，我可以理解这种人，他一切的所作所为都是公开的。但是如果我进一步思考，就会碰到那个悖论，神圣者和魔鬼；因为沉默就是这两者。沉默是魔鬼的陷阱；一个人沉默越多，魔鬼就变得越可怕；但是沉默又是神灵与个人之间的默契交融。

然而，在我们回到亚伯拉罕的故事之前，我想介绍几个具有诗意的角色。通过对他们施加辩证的力量，我将把他们置于绝境，同时借助绝望对他们的蹂躏，我阻止他们静止不动，这样，处于痛苦中的他们也许有可能揭示出点什么，给人启迪。[10]

亚里士多德在他的《政治学》里，讲了一个在特尔斐（希腊古都）发生的由一桩婚事引发的一场政治骚乱。一位新郎，因为占卜师预言他会在即将结婚之际遭遇不幸，于是他在就要去迎接新娘时，突然改变了计划，不打算进行婚礼了。这种情节就是我所需要的。[11]在特尔斐，这肯定是引人潸然泪下的。如果一个诗人描述此事，他肯定可以指望引人同情。在生活中经常被流放的爱情在此还要被剥夺上天之助的机会，难道这不可怕吗？难道婚姻是天作之合这条古谚语在此要蒙羞了吗？在通常情况下，是有限运动的考验和苦难，它们像恶鬼幽灵一样试图拆散恋人们，而爱情本身则有上天这个神圣同盟帮助，会战胜一切敌人。此处发生的则是上天本身要拆散它自己促成的联姻。谁能猜到会这样？新娘是最难预料到这样的事的。片刻之前，她还盛装端坐在闺房，可爱的女仆已经精心地打扮好她，准备向世人证明她们的手艺。打扮新娘的过程给她们带来的不只是开心，甚至还有羡慕；她们开心的是她们已不可能变得更加羡慕，因为新娘已经美丽得无以复加了。独坐在闺房时的她已经从一个美女变成了另一个美女，所有可以用的适合她的美的装扮之术都用上了。但是，还缺了一样这些女仆们没有想到的东西，它是一个面纱，比女仆们用来遮盖她的面纱还要更精美，更轻柔而且更有遮蔽性。这是一种女仆所不知道的也不知如何帮她穿的婚纱，是的，连新娘自己也不知道如何获得它和穿上它。它是一种看不见的、友好的力量，这种力量以在新娘不知情的情况下装扮她，包裹住她为乐趣。因为新娘所看见的是新郎在经过走向神庙的路，看到门在他身后关上，她变得更加镇静和喜悦，因为她只知道他现在更加属于自己了。庙门打开，他走了出来，但她端庄文雅地垂下眼睛，因此她没有看见他神色不安。但是他却看见上天嫉妒新娘的美丽和自己的幸运。庙门打开了，女仆们看到

新郎走了出来，但她们没有看到他神色不安，她们正忙于把新娘接过来。接着，她文雅谦恭地走了出来，而同时又像被伴娘簇拥的王后，伴娘像通常那样对新娘鞠躬行礼。这样，她站在她那可爱的队列之首等待—却只有一瞬间，因为那庙就在附近—新郎走了过来，却又走过了她的门口。

但我就此打住。因为我不是个诗人，我只辩证地分析事物。首先必须要记住，是在关键时刻，英雄才得知将要发生的事，所以他是清白而无可责备的，他并没有轻浮而不负责任地要和爱人联姻。其次，在他面前的，或确切地说，与他作对的，是神谕，所以他不像那些受狂妄自负所控制的微弱的恋人们。此外，更不用说，这神谕使他同新娘一样难过，甚至可以说他更难过，因为毕竟他是她的不幸的起因。的确，占卜师只是为他预言了灾难，但没说这灾难是否是一种会同时影响到他们的婚姻幸福的灾难。那么他该怎么办？（1）他是否应保持沉默并举行婚礼？同时想着“也许这灾难不会立即发生，无论如何，我对爱人是真诚的，我也不怕使自己难受；但我必须保持沉默，否则连这短暂的时刻也会丧失”。这听起来可行，但实际上绝非如此，因为他若这样做就是侮辱了他的爱人。他的保持沉默从某种意义上说就使她有罪，因为她若知道真相，她绝不会同意这样的联姻。所以，在艰苦时刻，他要承受的不仅是灾难不幸，还有保持沉默的责任以及她对他沉默不语隐瞒秘密所感到的义愤。（2）他是否应保持沉默而且不结婚？那样的话，他就必须进行欺骗，以使自己废除与她的关系。美学可能赞同这样做。那么那灾难就可以像真实故事里那样发生，不过，在最后时刻，会有解释，尽管这解释已经太迟了，因为从美学上必须让他死，除非美学能找到废除那宿命预言的方式。然而，这行为尽管高尚，但它是对那姑娘及其爱情的侮辱和犯罪。（3）他该说出实情吗？当然，我们不应忘记，英雄若认为放弃爱情的重要性和一笔不成功的生意的重要性没有区别，这样未免有些过于诗人气质了。如果他说了实情，那么，整件事就会变成像阿克塞尔和沃尔伯格那样的不幸爱情故事。他们会变成一对上天自己拆散的

恋人。不过，在眼下这个例子中，这个拆散要从不同的角度来看待，因为它也是个人的自由行为的结果。对这个例子的辩证分析的最难之处在于该不幸只会影响新郎。那么，这两人，不像阿克塞尔和沃尔伯格那样，可以找到一种表达他们痛苦的共同语言，因为那两人对彼此同等亲近，上天从双方的角度均匀平等地拆散这段姻缘。[12]如果这个例子里的情况亦是如此，那么就可以找到一个出路。因为既然上天没有用可见的力量来拆散他们，而是留给他们自己作决定，那么我们很容易可以想象到他们会藐视天庭和它所预言的灾难，最终结合在一起。

然而，伦理学会要求他说出实情。那样的话，他的英雄主义的本质就在于他放弃了美学上的高尚慷慨这一事实。而这在此几乎不能被认为含有任何与隐瞒有关的虚荣的掺和物，既然他一定很清楚是他使那个女孩难过。但是，这种英雄主义实际上基于这样一个事实：他本可以有机会拥有真爱却取消了这种假设（他真挚地爱她，为了她而不是为自己而保持沉默。—英译者注）；因为否则的话，我们就会有足够的英雄，尤其是在我们这个无比精通于伪造的时代，这个时代擅长跳过中间环节伪造最高标准的赝品。

但是，既然我超越不了悲剧英雄，为什么要有上述的概述呢？因为这概述有可能揭示前面所述的悖论。这都取决于我们的英雄与占卜师所说的话之间的关系，这话无论如何将决定他的生活。那占卜师的话是公开性的宣告还是私人性的呢？故事的场景是在希腊；占卜师的话是所有人都可以理解的—我不仅仅是说每个人可以从词法上理解那话的内容，而是说每个人可以领会占卜师所传达的是上天的决定。所以占卜师的话不仅英雄可以理解，而且每个人都可以理解，这样他的话表达的就绝不是和神灵之间的私人性质的关系。他可以做他想做的，但是被预言的事终将会发生，不管是通过做任何事情还是通过克制自己不做任何事情他都不能更接近神灵，也不能变成神灵怜悯或愤怒的对象。所预言的结果对任何人和英雄而言都是易于理解的，也没有只有英雄才可以读懂的秘

密代码。所以他要是想要说出实情的话，他完全可以说得很清楚，因为他可以使自己得到理解；而如果他想要保持沉默，那也是因为他想要通过做单一的个体，成为高于普遍性的人，想要用各种关于她如何会很快忘记悲伤的奇怪幻想来欺骗自己，等等。然而，如果上天的意志不是由占卜师来向他宣告的，如果上天的意志以一种私密的方式让他知道，如果这意志将自己置于一种和他相当私密的关系中，那么我们就遇上了那悖论—假设有这样的一种东西（既然我这里的反思呈现出一种进退两难的形式）—那么，不管他可能有多么想要说出实情，他也不能说。他非但没有在沉默中享受快乐，反而承受了痛苦。然而对他而言，这痛苦正是使他确信自己做了正确的事情的东西。所以，他沉默的原因并不是他想把自己作为单一的个体置于与普遍性的绝对关系中，而是把自己作为单一的个体置于与绝对的绝对关系中。在我看来，他这样做也会找到平静安宁，但是，伦理的要求会不断地搅扰他高尚的沉默。人们只是很渴望美学可以从它多年前停止的地方起步，从对高尚的幻想开始。一旦它这样做了，它就会和宗教联手协作，因为宗教是唯一能够将美学从它与伦理的冲突中拯救出来的力量。伊丽莎白女王就是为了国家，通过签署了埃塞克斯死亡令的方式牺牲了她对他的爱。这是一个英雄主义行为，即便里面涉及因为他没有送给她戒指这样的事引起的一点个人抱怨。其实，我们知道，他的确送了她戒指，但是这戒指被某个恶意的宫女隐瞒了。据说（如果我没弄错的话），伊丽莎白得知此事后，咬着一根手指，静坐了十天，一言不发，于是郁郁而终。这对于知道如何撬开人们嘴巴窥探真相的诗人而言是个好素材；否则的话，它至多对芭蕾舞大师有用，的确，现如今的诗人常常把自己与芭蕾舞大师混淆起来。

接着，我想简述一下涉及着魔之人的事物。为此我将利用一下《艾格尼丝和雄性人鱼》的传说。雄性人鱼是一个从隐蔽的深渊中跃出的诱惑者，在疯狂的欲望控制下，他抓住和毁了那朵静立于海岸边无辜的美丽鲜花，它当时正低头做沉思状倾听着大海的咆哮。目前诗人们就是这样阐释这个传说的。让我们作个改变吧。那雄性人鱼是个诱惑者。他呼

唤艾格尼丝，并用他的甜言蜜语从她那儿骗得了她心中的秘密。她从雄性人鱼身上找到了她所寻求的东西，找到了她凝视大海深处所要找的东西。艾格尼丝愿意追随他而去。那雄性人鱼已将她抱入怀中，艾格尼丝则充满信任地用胳膊缠绕住着他的脖子；她全身心地将自己献给了这个更强的人。他已经到了海边，弯腰准备带着他的猎物潜入海中。就在那时，艾格尼丝再次注视着他，那目光不是充满畏惧，不是充满怀疑，不是带着对自己姣好外表的骄傲，也没有沉醉于欲望之中，而是带着绝对的信任，绝对的谦恭，就像她自视为的一朵低下的鲜花；她带着绝对的信任把自己全部的命运托付于他。看！大海不再咆哮，它的狂野的吼声已静下来，大自然的激情—它是这人鱼的力量—遗弃了他，大海变得一片死寂。而艾格尼丝依然那样注视着他。于是人鱼崩溃了，他抵抗不了纯真无邪的力量，他的原有本性背叛了他，他不能够引诱艾格尼丝。于是他又带她回了家，他对她解释说他只是想给她看看大海在平静时有多美丽，而艾格尼丝也相信他说的话。接着他独自返回，大海又狂暴怒吼着，但更加汹涌澎湃的是人鱼的绝望之心。他能够引诱艾格尼丝，他能够引诱成百上千个艾格尼丝，他可以迷住任何女孩，但是艾格尼丝已战胜了他，人鱼已失去了她。只有作为捕获的战利品她才能属于他；而他不能忠实于任何姑娘，因为他只是个人鱼。在此，我冒昧地在这人鱼身上作了一点改变。[13]实际上，我也对艾格尼丝作了些许改变。在那传说中，艾格尼丝也绝不是没有罪过。而且，一般来说，想象一个姑娘在一件引诱之事中绝对地无可责备，是一种胡说，一种对女性的轻视和侮辱。用一种有点现代化的说法来说，在那传说中，艾格尼丝是一个渴求“有趣之事”的女性，每个这样的女人总是确信海面上有雄性人鱼；而人鱼们密切关注这类人，他们会像鲨鱼追踪猎物一样对此类人尾随不放。因此，认为（或者，这是否是人鱼散布的一种谣言？）所谓的文化修养可以保护女孩不受引诱是十分愚蠢的。不，不是这样的，生活是更公正合理的；只有一种保护手段，那就是纯真无邪。

现在，我们将赋予人鱼人类的意识，同时假设他作为人鱼存在意味

着一种人的前生（预先存在），因为这前生他的生活变得纠缠混乱。没有什么可以阻止他成为英雄；因为他现在所做的事都是调解性的。他被艾格尼丝拯救了，引诱者已被彻底击垮了，他已屈服于纯真的力量，他再也无力诱惑人了。但是立即有两种力量试图控制他：忏悔（独自忏悔）和对艾格尼丝忏悔。如果独自忏悔控制住了他，那么他可以保持隐蔽，如果对艾格尼丝忏悔控制住了他，那么他就被暴露了。

然而，如果只是忏悔掌控住了他，而他又保持隐秘的话，那么他必定会使艾格尼丝不快乐；因为艾格尼丝无比纯真地爱着他，即便在她看来他似乎在那一瞬间变了似的，不管他隐藏得多么好，说他只是想让她看看大海的平静之美，即便在那个时刻，她依然相信他。但是，就情感而言，人鱼自己甚至变得更不开心。因为他怀着多重情感爱着艾格尼丝，而且还要承受新的负疚感。无疑，忏悔的魔性一面会对他解释说，这正是对他的惩罚（因为他前生的过错），并说这惩罚越折磨他就越好。

如果他屈服于这种魔性因素，他可能会再次尝试救助艾格尼丝，他会用从某种意义上诉诸邪恶的方式来救一个人。他知道艾格尼丝爱他。如果他能从艾格尼丝那儿挣脱她对自己的爱，那么，从某种意义上来说，她就得救了。但是如何做到这一点呢？人鱼很明智，他不会认为开诚布公地坦白可以引起她对自己的厌恶。那么他也许会尝试去激起她所有的负面情绪，去蔑视她，嘲笑她，讥笑她的爱，可能的话，他还会煽动她的自尊心。他还会不遗余力地折磨自己，因为这是魔性深深的自我矛盾之处，从某种意义上，在一个魔鬼身上比一个肤浅微不足道之人身上有多得多的善。艾格尼丝越自私，他欺骗她就越容易（只有没有经验之人才会认为欺骗纯真之人是容易的；生活是深刻的，实际上精明之人觉得精明人之间彼此互相欺骗是最容易的），但是人鱼承受的痛苦也就更可怕。他的欺骗设计得越狡猾，艾格尼丝就越不会羞怯地对他隐瞒自己的痛苦；她会用尽办法，不是为了赶走他，而是为了折磨他，这些办

法也不是没有效果。

借助魔性之力，人鱼渴望成为一个作为个体却高于普遍全体的个人。魔鬼拥有和神圣者相同的特点，即个体可以与之建立一种绝对的关系。这就是那类似之处，就是我们所讨论的悖论的对应物。因此，它和悖论有一定的相似性，这相似性容易令人误解。因而，那人鱼显然有事实证明他的沉默是合理的，即正因为沉默，他承受了一切痛苦。当然，毫无疑问，他是可以说出实情的。如果他说出来的话，他就可以成为一个悲剧英雄，在我看来，是一个宏伟堂皇的悲剧英雄。也许只有很少的人可以理解其中的堂皇之处。[14]那样，他就可以有勇气把自己从能够通过诡计使艾格尼丝快乐的自我欺骗中解脱出来；从人性的角度说，他就会有勇气击败艾格尼丝。这里，我要从心理学的角度来作探讨。我们使艾格尼丝越自私，人鱼的自我欺骗就越有效，的确，实际上，人鱼凭借他的魔鬼的精明，从人的角度讲，不仅救了艾格尼丝，还使她显露出最非凡的一面，这也不是不可想象的。因为魔鬼知道如何逼迫即便是最软弱的人，使其显出力量，而他也可能用自己的方式表现出对一个人最善良的意图。

那人鱼处于辩证的一极。如果他从愧悔的魔性一面中解脱出来，那么会有两条可能的道路。他可以控制自己，继续隐藏，但不能依赖他的精明来这样做。那样的话，他不能作为单一的个体与魔鬼建立绝对关系，但可以在悖论的对立面—神灵会拯救艾格尼丝—得到心安。（这就是中世纪会作的推理，根据那时的观念，人鱼显然已致力于献身修道院。）或者，另一条路是，他可以通过艾格尼丝得救。但是这绝不能理解为意味着艾格尼丝的爱将来可能把他从一个诱骗者改变过来（这是美学进行拯救的方式，它总是避开主要问题，即人鱼生活的连续性）；从那方面讲，他已得救。只要他显露自己公开实情，他就会得救。因此他娶了艾格尼丝。但是他必须依然求助于那个悖论。因为，当个体出于内疚感脱离普遍性，他只有凭借变成与绝对者建立绝对关系的个体来回归

普遍性。在此，我要插入一个评论，这评论比我们之前任何地方所论述的都要更进一步。[15]罪不是第一直接性，它是后来的直接性。在罪的范畴，个人已经高于普遍性（根据魔鬼的悖论这一方面而言），因为普遍性想要强迫一个缺乏必要条件的人去表现普遍性其实是它本身的自我矛盾。要是哲学，像其他的自负狂妄的学科那样，以为有人可能真的想在实践中遵循它的准则戒律，就会出现一个古怪的滑稽剧。忽视罪的伦理学是个完全无用的学科，但是它一旦要肯定罪为当然的基本条件，它又因此而超越了自身的范畴。哲学告诉我们说，直接性的东西应该被中止。这确实是对的，但它不正确的地方是，罪，理所当然的就是直接性的东西，就像信仰理所当然就是直接性的东西一样。

只要我在这个范围内讨论，一切就都很顺畅，但实际上此处所说的一切也绝对解释不了亚伯拉罕。他没有通过罪变成单一的个体；相反，他是上帝所拣选的正义的人。所以，任何对亚伯拉罕所作的类比只有在那个体能够实现普遍性之后才能出现，而接着悖论又重复出现了。

因此，我可以理解人鱼的行为，却不能理解亚伯拉罕。因为人鱼求助于悖论是为了实现普遍性。如果他继续隐藏，努力承受悔悟的种种痛苦，他就会变成魔鬼，而且会正因如此而归于虚无。如果他继续隐藏，但却并不怀有通过自己受悔恨之枷锁的奴役的折磨，来解救艾格尼丝这样狡猾的想法，那么，他会得到安宁平和，但却失去了世界。如果他公开自己，让自己通过艾格尼丝得救，那么他就是我所能想象得到的最伟大的人。只有美学才会不负责任地认为它可以通过让一个迷失的人得到一个纯真姑娘的爱并由此得救，来歌颂爱情的力量。只有美学才会看错并认为那姑娘是英雄人物，而人鱼不是英雄。所以人鱼不能属于艾格尼丝，除非他在作了无限运动，即悔悟运动之后，又靠荒诞之力作了更进一步的运动。他自身的力量足以作悔悟运动，但为此他用尽了所有的力量，因而他靠自己的力量回归和把握现实是不可能的。如果一个人缺乏足够的激情去作这二者中任何一种运动的话，如果他虚度人生，有些许

悔悟，同时又想着剩下的一切都会很简单，那么他就已经永远地放弃了活在理想中的努力，那么他就可以很容易地达到，并帮助别人达到最高境界，即用这样的想法欺骗自己和他人：精神世界就像一种卡片游戏，人人都在其中作弊行骗。因此，我们可以通过反思以下这一点多么奇怪来自娱自乐：即正是在我们这个人人都成就最高事物，达到最高境界的时代，对灵魂不朽的怀疑竟然如此普遍，既然连仅仅，但真正地作了无限运动的人都很难说是个怀疑者。对于激情所作的结论是唯一可靠的，也就是说，是唯一令人信服的。幸运的是，这样的生活比聪明人想要的生活要更仁慈，更忠贞。这种生活不排斥任何人，即便是最卑微的人；它也不欺骗任何人，因为在精神世界里，唯一被欺骗的人是那些欺骗自己的人。如果我允许自己下判断的话，一般人认为，也是我自己认为，进修道院不是最高级最伟大的事。但是我也绝不会因此就认为，如今没有人进修道院这一事实意味着我们都比那些在修道院找到安宁的深刻而又诚挚的人要更伟大。现如今有多少人有激情去思考这一点并诚实地评判自己呢？仅仅想到花时间在良心上，让良心昼夜不停警惕地找出每一个秘密想法，以至于当一个人没有时时刻刻在靠人身上最高尚最神圣之力来作运动时，他可以痛苦恐惧地发现每个人生活中的阴暗的情感，[16]并靠恐惧本身，如果没有其他方式的话，来引诱出这些阴暗的情感，而与之相反的是，当一个人和其他人生活在一起，他很容易忘记，也很容易避免这一切，又以很多方式得以支撑下去，并有机会重新开始—仅仅这个想法，如果带着适当的尊重去领会，我认为这想法本身就可以磨炼我们这个自以为已获得最高成就的时代里的很多人。然而，在我们这个自认为已达到顶峰的时代，尽管实际上没有哪个时代像我们这个时代有这么多滑稽可笑的人，人们并不担忧这些事情。的确，很难理解为什么我们这个时代还没有孕育出，没有自发地孕育出，自己的英雄，很难理解魔鬼肆无忌惮地上演着那可怕的戏剧，这戏剧使整代人发笑而他们却不知道他们在笑自己。的确，当人们在二十岁时就已达到最高点，取得最高成就，这样的存在除了可笑之外，还有什么价值呢？而

自从人们不再进修道院以后，这个时代又想出什么更崇高的运动呢？坐在首座，却又胆怯地使人们认为他们已取得最高成就，甚至阴险地劝他们不要尝试任何次等的事情，难道这不是一种可鄙的世俗，可怜的谨慎与懦弱吗？一个已经在修道院作了修行运动的人只有一种运动没有做，那就是荒诞的运动。如今我们这个时代有多少人理解荒诞是什么呢？有多少人是以放弃一切或得到一切的方式生活着呢？又有多少人诚实到足以知道自己是什么，能做什么和不能做什么呢？如果有这样的人，他们最常存在于文化修养不怎么高的人群中和妇女中，难道不是这样吗？正如着魔的人总是自我显露却不理解自己一样，我们这个时代以一种透视的方式暴露出自己的缺陷，因为它总是在要求滑稽之事。如果这真是我们这个时代所需要的，也许剧院可能需要一种新的戏剧，在这种剧中，某人为爱而死被当作喜剧来处理。或者，如果那真的要发生，如果这个时代真的目睹了这样的事，如此，它可能借助发笑获得信仰精神力量的勇气，获得停止蹩脚地扼杀自己好的冲动，停止嫉妒地扼杀别人好的冲动的勇气，难道这对我们这个时代不是更好吗？这个时代真的需要一个热心者的可笑表演来作笑料吗？或者它真正需要的难道不是这样一个热诚人物来提醒它记起已忘记的东西吗？

如果因为悔悟的情感没有被唤醒，我们需要一个主题类似但更感人的故事，我们可以为此使用《托比特传》中的一个故事。年轻的托比亚斯想要娶拉贵尔和艾德娜的女儿撒拉。但是这个姑娘被一种悲剧的宿命所笼罩。她已被许给七个丈夫，他们全都死于新婚之房。从我个人的剧本视角而言，这是该故事的一个瑕疵。因为一个姑娘七次徒劳地想嫁出去，尽管她每次差点就成功了，就像一个七次期末考试都失败但差点就及格的学生一样，想到这一点就会觉得这故事有某种难以抗拒的滑稽之处。当然，《托比特传》的重点在别处，而这使七那个大数字很重要，而且在某种意义上甚至有助于达到悲剧效果。它使年轻的托比亚斯显得更加高尚，部分原因是他是他父母的独生子（6.14），另一部分原因是阻碍物是如此的惊人。所以必须省略这个特点。而撒拉，则是一个从未

恋爱过的女孩，她依然怀有一个年轻姑娘对幸福的念想，拥有巨大的以生活作抵押的冒险精神，拥有追求幸福的权力，即全心全意地爱一个男人。然而她却是最不幸福的人，因为她知道那爱着她的邪恶的魔鬼总会在新婚之夜杀死新郎。我已读到过很多悲伤的故事，但我怀疑还能否找到我们在这个姑娘生命中所发现的如此深重的悲伤。不过，当不幸来自于外部事物时，人终究是可以找到一定的安慰的。如果生活没能带给一个人使他幸福的事物，想到他本可以得到它依然是一种慰藉。但是时间也驱散不了、治愈不了的深不可测的悲伤，是意识到即便在一生中做了一切也无济于事。一个希腊作家在说到“……因为可以肯定，还没有人完全逃过爱情，也没有人可以逃过爱情，只要有美存在，只要有发现美的眼睛”[Pantos gar oudeis Erota epfugen i feuksetai mechri an kallos i kal ofthalmoi Bleposin参看朗格的《田园诗集》（cf.Longi Pastoralia）]这些话时，以他的单纯幼稚隐藏掩盖了无比多的东西。有很多女孩在爱情中变得不幸福，但她们是从幸福变得不幸福的；撒拉则是在变得不幸福之前就已经是处于不幸福状态了。一个人找不到可以献身的人就够痛苦了，而找到这样的人又不能献身则是难以言状的痛苦。一个女孩将自己交付给某人后，人们说她就不再是自由的了，但撒拉从未自由过却也从未将自己交给任何人。一个女孩将自己交给爱人却被爱人欺骗了是够悲惨的了，但撒拉在交出自己之前就已受骗。当托比亚斯终于要娶撒拉时，后面会隐含着多少悲伤之事啊！会有多么令人激动的婚礼仪式，多么多的准备啊！没有哪个姑娘受过撒拉那样的欺骗。因为她被骗去了那最圣洁的东西，那即便是最贫穷的姑娘也拥有的绝对财富，她被骗去了那种无忧的、无穷的、恣意的、无拘无束的、自我奉献的爱情。所以，首先得有一个净化涤罪的过程，即把鱼的心脏和肝脏放在炽热的余烬上烘烤的过程。想想这母亲如何与女儿告别啊，这女儿自己被骗走了一切，接下来也要骗走自己母亲的最美丽的财产。我们就读读那故事吧。艾德娜准备好了新房，把撒拉叫进来，然后悲伤地哭了，女儿也流泪了，她对女儿说：“我的孩子，不要灰心。主宰天地的主会用欢乐换去

你的悲苦。女儿，不要灰心，要振作起来。”现在，婚礼时刻到了。如果我们能够忍受接下来故事里的悲伤，就让我们继续读下去。“但是当门被关上，他们单独在一起时，托比亚斯从床上站起来，他说：‘妹妹，起来，让我们祈祷主怜悯我们。’”（8.4）

如果一个诗人读了这个故事要写它，我敢打赌他百分之九十九会把重点放在年轻的托比亚斯身上。这种在如此明显的危险中还甘愿冒生命危险所体现出的英雄主义—那个故事在另一处又提醒我们那明显的危险，因为在婚礼的第二天早上，拉贵尔对艾德娜说：“派个女仆去看看他是否还活着，如果他死了，我们好埋了他，这样别人也不会知道。”（8.13）—这种英雄主义一定会是那个诗人要强调的主题。但是，我要冒昧地提出另一个主题。的确，托比拉斯表现得很勇敢、很坚决，也很有骑士风范，但是任何没有勇气做那件事的男人都是懦夫，他既不知道爱是什么，也不知道怎样做男子汉，更不知道什么是值得为之活着的。这样的人甚至还没有领会给予比接受更好这个小秘密，更是一点也不懂那个大秘密，即接受要远比给予困难，也就是说，如果一个人有勇气在没有某必需品的情况下也可以将就继续生活，那么在需要帮助的时刻也不会是懦夫。不，撒拉才是英雄！我渴望走近她，就像我从未走近过任何别的姑娘一样，或者说，就像我很想从思想上走近我所读到过的任何人一样。因为，想想当一个人没有任何过错却从一开始就残疾了，从一出生就是人类失败的样品时，他得要有对上帝怎样的爱才会想要被治愈啊！允许爱人如此的冒险行为却还要自己承担责任，这样的人在伦理上得要有怎样的成熟啊！得要有怎样的谦恭才能面对又一个为自己这样冒险的爱人啊！得要有对上帝怎样的信仰才能在随后的时刻不怨恨被自己所亏欠了一切的丈夫啊！

让撒拉做个男人，那样魔性的一面就容易出来。骄傲高尚的本性可以忍受一切，就是忍受不了一样东西，它忍受不了同情。因为同情暗示着一种侮辱，他只能忍受由一种更高的力量所施加的同情，他自己绝不

能成为同情的对象。如果他有罪，他可以忍受惩罚而不感到绝望，但是他不能忍受的是，从娘胎里一生出来就被选作同情的对象，被当作同情喜欢闻的芳香。同情有个奇怪的辩证法：这一刻它要求内疚，下一刻它又想要赶走内疚。所以说，一个人的不幸越是精神方面的，那么命中注定被同情就越可怕。但是撒拉没有内疚，她是被扔给所有不幸的猎物，除此之外，还要承受同情的折磨，因为即便是我，这个对她的钦佩多于托比亚斯对她的爱的人，即便是我在提到她的名字时也总是要说“可怜的姑娘！”让一个男人取代撒拉的位置吧，让他知道，如果他要爱一个女孩，地狱的幽灵就会在新婚之夜到来并杀掉她，那么他很可能会选择魔性的一面，他会自我封闭起来，用一种魔鬼的方式在心里说：“谢谢，我可不喜欢仪式和大惊小怪的忙乱，我也不是绝对需要爱的欢愉，我不妨做个喜欢看姑娘在新婚之夜死去的蓝胡子鬼怪。”人们一般很少听到人性中的魔性一面，尽管这个领域，尤其是在我们这个时代，是一个很需要探索的领域，尽管一个观察者，一旦他和魔鬼建立一定的和谐关系，就可以，至少在某些方面，用几乎任何人作为例子。对于这方面的探索，莎士比亚是个而且会永远是个英雄。那个可怕的魔鬼，莎士比亚所塑造的最具魔性的人物，而且是塑造得无与伦比的成功的人物，格罗斯特（后来又叫理查德三世），是什么东西使他成为魔鬼的？显而易见，是他不能忍受从小就堆积在他身上的同情这个事实使他成了魔鬼。他在《理查德三世》第一幕中的独白比所有道德体系都有价值，因为没有哪个道德体系暗示了存在的种种恐怖及这些恐怖的性质。

我，是上天随意制造的劣质品，

没有可以在漂亮的女子面前昂首阔步的外表，

我，被骗走了好看的身体和面容，甚至没有正常的比例，

我是畸形的，未发育好的，早产的，

我一瘸一拐如此难看，

以至于在我停下不走时，旁边的狗都对我吠叫……

像格罗斯特这样性格的人是不能靠使他们与社会观念相和谐来拯救的。伦理学实际上只会嘲笑他们，这正如，如果伦理学对撒拉说：“为什么你不表现出普遍性，像大家一样去结婚？”这是它在取笑她一样。这种本性的人从最初就处于悖论中，而且他们绝非不如他人完美；只是他们要么会在这魔性的悖论中受尽诅咒，要么会在神性的悖论中得到救赎。而从很久远的时候人们就喜欢认为，女巫、侏儒、妖怪等都是畸形的，而且不可否认，当我们看到一个丑陋畸形的人时，会倾向于把他的外表和道德败坏联系起来。但这是多么巨大的不公正啊！因为情况实际上应该正相反。是生活本身毁坏了他们，这就像继母使继子女堕落一样。从一开始就被置于普遍性之外，不管是先天的还是历史条件使然，这就是人的魔性的起源，而个体本身在这方面是无可责备的。所以，那个坎伯兰郡的犹太人，尽管他做善事，也是个身负魔性的人。因而，人性中的魔性一面也可以以对人的蔑视这种形式表现出来，请注意，这种蔑视，并不使一个人表现得很蔑视人；相反，他的长处在于他知道自己比所有评判自己的人要好—在所有这类事情上，诗人们应该是第一个作出反应，发出警报的人。只有上帝知道现在年轻一代的拙劣诗人在读些什么！毫无疑问他们的研究是局限于死记硬背那些韵文。只有老天知道他们存在的价值是什么！此刻我真不知道他们除了有教化意味地给我们提供关于灵魂不朽的证据以外，还有什么用处，以至于我们可以像巴格森说我们城里的诗人科德维一样安全地对他们作同样的评论：“如果他都可以永垂不朽的话，那么我们就都可以不朽。”以上所述的关于撒拉的一切，几乎是带着创造诗歌的风格而写的，因此实际上对人们只是有想象方面的吸引力，但是如果一个人出于对心理学的兴趣来探索以下这句古语的意思，就会明白上述关于撒拉的描述的全部意义：“没有一点疯狂，就没有伟大的天才。”[17]因为这儿的癫痴就是天才在生活中所要

承受的痛苦，是神灵嫉妒的表现，如果我可以这么说的话，而天才的天赋则是神灵宠爱的表现。因而，天才从一开始就是找不到普遍性的方向的，从一开始就被置于悖论中，不论是他在对自己局限性的绝望中—在他看来，这局限性使他从全能变成无能—试图寻求一种魔性带来的自信，因此不会在上帝或人们面前承认这种局限性，还是通过对神灵的爱从宗教方面给自己以自信，他都处于这悖论中。在这里，有些心理学话题，在我看来，似乎可以供人开心地研究一辈子，然而我们却很少听到关于它们的讨论。比如说，疯狂和天才有什么关系？我们能从这二者中的一个构建出另一个吗？在何种意义和到何种程度上，天才能够控制自己的疯狂呢？因为不用说，在一定程度上他的确是自己疯狂状态的主人，否则的话他就真的是个疯子。但是，要作这样的评论需要有高度的独创性和爱心，因为要对优秀人物作评论是很困难的。如果一个人在对这种困难给予适当注意的情况下，去浏览某个极负盛名的天才作家的作品，可以想象得到，尽管需要很多努力，他可能会偶尔发现些什么。

关于个体想要通过隐藏和沉默来保全普遍性这一点，我想再探讨一个例子。为此，我将举《浮士德》传说这个例子。浮士德是一个怀疑者，[18]一个走向死亡的精神方面的变节者。这就是诗人们如何看待这个传说的，而且，尽管每个时代都有自己的浮士德这一点被一再重复，诗人们依然一个接一个固执地沿着相同的老路走下去。让我们作一点小改变吧。浮士德是一个杰出的怀疑者；但是他有同情的本性。即便在歌德对浮士德的诠释中，我也找不到对怀疑与自己进行秘密对话的心理学角度的更深的见解。在我们这个时代，当每个人都确实经历过怀疑时，却还没有哪个诗人往此方向迈出一步。所以我想我愿意给他们提供皇家证券，让他们在上面写下他们在此方面的“所有”经历—因为他们所写的不可能超过左页边的空白那么点儿地方。

只有当人们这样把浮士德转向他自身时，那时怀疑才能显得有诗意，也只有那时他自己才真正地发现怀疑的所有痛苦。那么，他就知道

了是精神在支撑着生活，但他也知道了人们生活中的安全感和快乐并不是由精神的力量所支持的，而是可以很容易地被解释为不思考的幸福。作为一个怀疑者，他是超越这一切的，如果有人想骗他，使他认为自己已经超越了怀疑，他会很容易看穿这欺骗。一个已经在精神世界作修行运动的人，因而也是作了无限运动修行的人，他可以从言辞立即判断出说话者是一个经历丰富的人还是个擅长讲故事的闵希豪生。帖木尔能够用他的匈奴人所做的事，浮士德可以用他的怀疑做到—吓得人们惊慌失措，使他们脚下的世界摇晃颤抖，惊得人们四散逃跑，引得四面八方都传来惊恐的尖叫。如果他那样做了，他依然不是帖木尔，因为有思想的授权，他在某种意义上有权这样做。但是浮士德有同情的本性，他热爱生活，他的灵魂不懂得妒忌，他看到自己无法控制那无疑已引发的山崩似的愤怒，他并不渴望赫洛斯特拉托斯[19]式的荣誉—他保持沉默，他比那隐藏腹中有罪的爱情之果的姑娘更小心翼翼地把怀疑在灵魂中隐藏着，他竭尽全力与别的人步伐一致，但是他内心里所发生的事则自己在内心把它毁灭掉，这样，他就把自己变成了普遍性的牺牲品。

有时，当有些古怪反常之人掀起怀疑的旋风，我们会听到这样的抱怨："要是他保持沉默多好。"浮士德也代表了这一想法。任何了解靠精神生活意味着什么的人也明白对怀疑的饥饿意味着什么，明白怀疑者对精神食粮的饥饿就像对每天要吃的面包的渴望一样强烈。尽管浮士德所承受的所有痛苦都可能很好地证明了他并不受骄傲的控制，但我仍然要采用一个我很容易想出的预防策略。正如里米尼的格里高利因为支持对婴儿的诅咒而被叫作婴儿折磨者一样，我也很想叫我自己为英雄折磨者，因为当涉及折磨英雄时，我是很有发明创造性的。浮士德看见玛格丽特—不是在他已选择了人生的欢愉之后，因为我的浮士德绝不选择欢愉—他不是在靡菲斯特那个魔鬼的凹面镜中见到玛格丽特，而是在她最纯真可爱最冰清玉洁的时候，因为他的心中保持着对人类的爱，所以他可以很轻易地就爱上了她。但是他是个怀疑者，他的怀疑已经毁了他的现实。因为我的浮士德是如此理想化的一个人，他不是那种科学的怀疑

者；这些科学的怀疑者每学期在讲台上进行一个小时的怀疑，但是在其他时间可以做任何别的事情，而当他们的确在怀疑时，也没有靠精神的帮助或靠精神的力量。他是一个怀疑者，而怀疑者对精神营养的渴望和对每天的面包的渴望是一样的。但是他仍然忠于自己的决定，保持沉默，他不对任何人说起自己的怀疑，甚至也没有对玛格丽特说起他对她的爱。

不用说，浮士德是一个太过于理想化的人，以至于不能满足于下述的这种闲聊，即，如果他发言的时候，仅仅引起了一场普通的讨论，或者整件事毫无结果，不了了之，等等诸如此类的闲聊。（这里，显而易见，任何诗人都会看出，我们的剧情里潜藏着滑稽成分，这滑稽成分就是把浮士德与我们这个时代的那些追求怀疑的低俗小丑相提并论所体现的讽刺性。那些低俗小丑往往追求怀疑，却用的是表面论据。比如，一个医生的学历证书这样一个事物，为了证明他们真的怀疑了，或者为了发誓他们已怀疑了一切，或者为了通过他们在路上碰见了一个怀疑者这个事实来证明它—这些精神世界的快递员和短跑能手匆忙地从这个人这儿得来一点关于怀疑的暗示，又从那个人那儿搜集到一些关于信仰的线索，然后就根据会众想要细沙还是爱好粗沙去尽力发挥利用那些信息。）浮士德太理想化了，而不能穿着拖鞋四处走动。任何缺乏无限激情的人，都不是追求理想主义的人，而任何真正怀有无限激情的人早已将灵魂脱离了这样的垃圾废话。他保持沉默以牺牲自己—否则他就开口谈论，同时很清楚自己的谈论会将一切都变成困惑。

他保持沉默，因此伦理学谴责他。它说：“你必须承认普遍性，而且你必须把你承认普遍性这一点说出来，你不准同情普遍性。”当我们有时严厉地评判一个怀疑者的言辞时，不应该忘了这一点。我自己并不倾向于宽和地评判这种行为，但像所有情况一样，这一切取决于那些运动是否正常进行。如果事情出了差错，那么怀疑者，尽管因说出怀疑而给世界带来各种不幸，依然比这些可怜的喜好甜食之士要好得多，这些

人每样都尝试，但每样都浅尝辄止，他们还没有弄懂怀疑就已打消怀疑，因此他们通常是无法驾驭无法管理的怀疑之所以爆发的直接原因—如果怀疑者一旦说话，他就使人对一切迷惑，把一切抛入混乱状态，因为如果这并没有发生，他也只是事后才发现，而后果在一个人行动时或在其责任问题上并没有什么用。

如果他在自担风险的情况下保持沉默，他可能真的会高尚地行事，但是，他同时又给他的其他痛苦增加了一些诱惑考验。普遍性会永远在折磨他，永远在对他说："你本应该说出来的，你怎么能确定终究不是某种隐秘的骄傲促使你作出保持沉默的决定？"

但是，如果怀疑者可以作为特别的单一个体与绝对者处于绝对关系中，那么，他就获得了保持沉默的授权。但是那样的话，他就必须把怀疑转变成内疚。因此他就处于悖论中。但是那样，他就治愈了怀疑，尽管他可能又会有另一个怀疑。

就连《新约全书》也赞同这样的沉默。该书中有些篇章甚至赞美讽刺，只要讽刺是被用于隐藏好的一面。然而，这只是一种讽刺活动，它和其他一些活动一样，都是以主观性高于现实为基础的。如今没有人想知道这一点；关于讽刺，人们一般只想知道黑格尔所说的，尽管奇怪的是，黑格尔对此所知甚少，甚至还带有一点怨恨地反对它，但这一点，我们这个时代有理由不放弃，因为它最好要警惕讽刺。在登山宝训里有这样的话："当你禁食的时候，要往头上涂油梳头，要洗脸，不要让人看出来你在禁食。"这段话清楚地表明了这样的真理，即，主观性与现实是不可通约不可比较的，甚至表明了主观性有欺骗的权利。如今那些四处游荡含糊不清地谈论教会思想的人，只要读一读《新约全书》，就可能会产生别的思想。

但是，现在让我们再回到亚伯拉罕—他是如何做的？因为我还没有忘记，读者也许也乐意记起，这就是我前面所有讨论的意图所在。不是

为了借此使亚伯拉罕更令人容易理解，而是为了使他的令人费解显得更全面。因为，正如我前面所说的，我无法理解亚伯拉罕，我只能崇拜他。我也提到过，我所描述的所有阶段没有一个含有对亚伯拉罕的类比，我之所以详细论述它们，只是为了从它们自己领域的角度表明，它们与亚伯拉罕情况的差异之处就如同未知陆地的界限。它们和亚伯拉罕的情况之间如果有类比的话，那一定是在关于罪的悖论中，但这又属于另一个领域，因而不能解释亚伯拉罕，而且，解释它本身比解释亚伯拉罕要容易得多。

因此，亚伯拉罕没有说出隐情，他既没有对撒拉和以利亚撒说，也没有对以撒说，他越过了这三个伦理权威，因为，对亚伯拉罕而言，对伦理的表达并不高于对家庭生活的表达。

然而，在一个人知道自己靠保持沉默可以救助另一个人的情况下，美学是允许，实际上是要求这个人保持沉默的，这就已足以证明亚伯拉罕不处于美学的范围内。他的沉默绝不是表示他有救以撒的意图，从总体而言，他为了自己和上帝而牺牲以撒的整项任务就是对美学的冒犯，因为美学可以轻易理解我牺牲自己，但理解不了我为了自己而牺牲另一个人。美学意义上的英雄是沉默的英雄。然而，伦理学则谴责他，因为他是靠偶然的个性来保持沉默的。是他作为人的预知先见使他决定自己应该保持沉默。这却是伦理学所不能原谅的。因为人的所有这样的知识都只是一种幻觉。而伦理学要求一种无限运动，即要求显露自我，要求公开。所以，美学意义上的英雄可以说出隐情但不会这样做。

真正的悲剧英雄为了普遍性牺牲自己和自己的一切，他的行为和所有情感都属于普遍性，他是显露的、公开的，在这种自我开示中他是伦理学的宠儿。而这并不符合亚伯拉罕的情况：他不为普遍性做任何事，而且他是隐蔽自我的。

现在，我们该说说这悖论了。要么个人作为个体能与绝对者处于绝

对关系中（那样的话，伦理的东西就不是至高无上的），要么亚伯拉罕就输了—他既不是一个悲剧英雄，也不是一个美学英雄。

这里，悖论可能看起来是一切中最容易最方便的事了。但是，我必须重申，任何对此深信不疑的人都不是信仰骑士，因为不幸和痛苦是唯一可以想象得到的合理理由，而且不能从一般意义上去想象它们，因为如果那样的话，悖论就不存在了。

亚伯拉罕保持沉默，但是他不能说出来，这沉默中存在着不幸与痛苦。因为如果我开口说了，却不能使自己被理解，那么即便我日夜不停地说，也等于我没说。这就是亚伯拉罕的处境。他可以说他想说的任何事情，但是有一件事他不能说，而既然他不能说，也就是说，不能以一种别人能理解的方式来说，那么他就不说。讲话带给人的慰藉就是它可以把我转变成合乎普遍性的人。现在亚伯拉罕可以说任何语言所能表达的关于他如何爱以撒的话。但是这不是他脑子里所想的事，他所想的是更深刻的事，即他要献祭以撒，因为那是个考验。没有人可以理解后者，因此每个人只能误解前者。这种悲痛是悲剧英雄根本不知道的。因为首先，悲剧英雄有这样的慰藉：一切反对观点都得到了适当的考虑，他也给了每个人反驳他的机会，这些包括克吕泰墨斯特拉、依菲琴尼亚、阿基里斯、合唱团、每个活着的生命，每种发自内心的声音，每种聪明的、惊慌的、控诉的、同情的人的想法。他可以确定每种可以说出来反对他的话都已经被说出来了，都已被严厉无情地说出来了—相比之下，与整个世界抗争是一种舒服的事，与自己作斗争才是可怕的事。他不必担心自己忽视了什么，以致事后会像爱德华四世在得知克拉伦斯的死讯时那样惊呼：

谁向我替他求情？谁在我盛怒之时，

跪在我脚下，请我听从建议？

谁说到了兄弟之情？谁说到了爱？

悲剧英雄不知道孤独的可怕责任。其次，他还有可以与克吕泰墨斯特拉、依菲琴尼亚一同哭泣和哀悼的慰藉—眼泪和哭泣有平息缓和的作用，但是，无可言说的叹息才是折磨。阿伽门农可以快速地集中精神，确定自己要行动，而且他有时间去安慰和宽慰别人。亚伯拉罕却是不能这样做的。当他的心被打动了，当他的话可以对全世界表达宽慰的时候，他却不敢提供宽慰，因为难道撒拉、以利亚撒和以撒不会对他说："你为什么想要这么做？你毕竟是可以克制自己，不那样做的呀。"如果他在悲痛之中，在他迈出最后一步之前，他想释放情感的重压，拥抱他所珍爱的一切，那么这可能会产生最可怕的后果，即撒拉、以利亚撒和以撒会生他的气，并认为他是个伪君子。他不能说什么，人类的语言无以表达他的思想和情绪。尽管他自己懂得世上所有的语言，尽管他所爱之人也理解这些语言，他依然不能说什么，他说的是一种神圣的语言—他"用不止一个舌头说"。

我非常理解这种痛苦。我钦佩亚伯拉罕。我不担心有人会受这个故事诱惑而不负责任地想要成为那种独一无二的个体。但我也坦率承认，我自己缺乏那样做的勇气，而且，尽管不管在多晚的后来，我要是有可能走那么远，我都乐意放弃更进一步的可能。亚伯拉罕时刻都可以阻止自己，他可以为这作为诱惑的整件事感到后悔。那样，他就可以说了，那样，每个人都会理解他了，但那样他就不再是亚伯拉罕了。

亚伯拉罕不能说。本可以解释一切的话，即它是一场考验—不过，请注意，一场以伦理为诱惑的考验—却是他不能说的话（即无法以一种能使自己被理解的方式来说）。任何身处此境的人都是出自普遍性领域的移民。然而，下一步的事是他更加不能言说的。因为，正如前面已说得很清楚的那样，亚伯拉罕作的是两种运动。他作无限弃绝的运动，并放弃了以撒，因为这是一件私事，所以没有人可以理解。但接着他作

的，而且每时每刻都在作的是，信仰运动。这是他的欣慰之处。因为他说："不过它不会发生，或者如果它发生的话，主会凭借荒诞赐予我一个新的以撒的。"悲剧英雄至少最终知道故事的结尾。依菲琴尼亚听从父亲的决定，她自己作了无限弃绝运动，然后他们达成了一种相互理解。她能理解阿伽门农，因为他所做的事表现普遍性。而如果阿伽门农对她说"尽管神要求把你作为祭品献祭，但凭借荒诞我认为，他也可能并没有索要你"，那么他会立即变得令她无法理解。如果他能靠人的正常推算这样说，那么依菲琴尼亚肯定会理解他。但那就会意味着阿伽门农并没有作无限弃绝运动，那么他就不是一个英雄，而那预言家的话也就不过是一个旅行家的奇闻，整件事情也就变成了一场轻松的歌舞剧。

所以亚伯拉罕没有说什么。他所说的唯一一句话被保留了下来，即他对以撒的唯一回答，这也足以证明他先前没有说什么。以撒问亚伯拉罕供燔祭的羔羊在哪里。"亚伯拉罕说：我的儿子，上帝会为自己提供燔祭的羔羊的。"

这里我要更仔细地思考亚伯拉罕这最后的话。如果没有这句话，整件事就会缺点什么。而如果这句话有所不同，一切就可能陷入混乱。

我经常思考这样一个问题，不管一个悲剧英雄的最终是痛苦还是行动，他是否应该有一句最终的结语呢？在我看来，这取决于他属于哪个生活领域，取决于他的生活有何等程度的思想意义，取决于他的痛苦或行为在多大程度上与精神相关。

不用说，在最后高潮时刻，悲剧英雄，像别人一样，是能够说一些话的，甚至是一些恰当的话。但问题是，他说这些话这个行为是否适宜。如果他生活的意义在于一种外在的行为，那么，他没有什么可说的，因为他所说的一切都只是闲谈，它只能削弱他所产生的影响力，而相反，悲剧的仪式则要求他不管是在行动方面，还是在痛苦方面，都要在沉默中完成他的任务。为了不扯远离题，我干脆用我们最直接最贴切

的例子。如果阿伽门农他自己，而不是卡尔克斯那个随军预言家，不得不对依菲琴尼亚拔刀相向，他若在最后时刻想说出一些话，只会降低自己的人格，贬损自己的形象。每个人都知道他的行为的意义，虔诚、同情、情感，以及流泪等整个过程也完成了，而且，他的生活与精神无关，即，他既非精神导师，也不是精神见证者。然而，如果悲剧英雄生活的意义在于精神方面，那么最终话语的缺乏则会削弱他的影响力。他最后应该说的不是某种适宜的话，不是一点雄辩的华丽言辞，而是某种能够传达这样的信息的话：在关键时刻，他圆满完成了自己。这种知性的悲剧英雄应该允许自己有可笑的人们经常追求的东西，即应当有最后的话并且保留下来。我们期待他有任何其他悲剧英雄所有的同样的高贵举止，但此外，我们还期待某句话。所以，如果一位知性的悲剧英雄在痛苦（死亡）中完成了他的英雄主义，那么靠他所说的最后话语将使他在死亡之前就已经永垂不朽，而普通悲剧英雄则只有在死后才永垂不朽。

我们可以以苏格拉底为例。他就是一位智慧的知性的悲剧英雄。他听说了自己的死刑。听到的那一刻他死了。如果你不能领会死亡需要所有的精神力量来完成，不能理解英雄总是在死亡之前就已死去，你在对人生的认识方面就不会走得很深远。因此，作为英雄，苏格拉底被要求保持镇定自若，但是作为有知识的英雄，他则被要求在最后时刻有足够的精神力量去圆满地实现自我。所以，他不能像普通悲剧英雄那样，在最后时刻专注于使自己直面死亡；他必须非常迅速地作此运动，以至于在同一时刻，他已经有意识地超越了这种斗争，转而去继续展示自我。要是苏格拉底在死亡的危急时刻沉默不语，他就会削弱自己人生的影响，而且使人疑心讽刺的弹力在他身上并不是一种原本自然的宇宙性的力量，而只是一种游戏，该游戏的弹性是他在关键时刻要根据相反标准来利用的，以使他悲惨寒酸地支撑下去。[20]

如果有人认为可以通过类比为亚伯拉罕找到适宜的话来在最后时刻

说，那么其实我在前面所简短讨论的并不适用于亚伯拉罕；但如果有人认为，鉴于亚伯拉罕作为信仰之父在精神方面有着绝对的意义，他有必要在最后时刻通过说点什么，而不是通过对以撒拔刀，来展示自我的信仰，那么，我上述的讨论还是适用的。至于他说什么，我是无法预先有什么概念的。但他说了之后，我肯定会理解它，不过只是在某种意义上从他的话理解他，我并不能借此比先前更接近他。如果我们没有从苏格拉底那里得到最后之言，我可能可以设身处地为他编一句，而要是我自己做不到这一点，诗人也会做到的。但是没有哪个诗人可以跟上亚伯拉罕，解读亚伯拉罕。

在我继续仔细思考亚伯拉罕的最后之语之前，我必须请大家注意到亚伯拉罕说这最后之语的困难。如前所述，这悖论里的不幸与痛苦就在于这沉默—亚伯拉罕不能说什么。[21]鉴于这一点，要求他说话就是一种自我矛盾，除非我们想让他又脱离那个悖论，即在最后时刻，他中止悖论，因此他也不再是亚伯拉罕，而且会前功尽弃。要是亚伯拉罕在关键时刻对以撒说“是你将被献祭”，这就只会是个弱点。因为如果他可以说的话，他早就应该说了，这种情况的缺点在于他缺乏将整个过程的痛苦都想全想透的精神上的成熟度和专注力，而且他将其中的某些痛苦搁置一边，以致他实际上经历的痛苦超过了他想到的痛苦。而且，他这样的言辞会使他脱离悖论，如果他真想对以撒说的话，他必须得把自己的处境转变成精神诱惑那种处境。否则，他终究是什么也不能说，而如果他那样做的话，他就会连悲剧英雄也不是了。

然而，不管怎样，亚伯拉罕最后的话被保留了下来，只要我能理解那悖论，我就也可以理解亚伯拉罕的整个存在在那句话里的体现。首先，他什么也没有说，他就是以这种方式来说自己不得不说的话。他对以撒的回答具有讽刺的形式，因为说了某些话而又什么也没说，总是一种具有讽刺性的事。以撒问亚伯拉罕是因为他推测亚伯拉罕知道。所以如果亚伯拉罕回答说“我什么也不知道”，他说的就不是真话。他不能说

什么，因为他所知道的他不能说。所以他回答说：“我的儿子，上帝自己会准备羔羊做燔祭品。”这里，我们看到了前面所描述的亚伯拉罕灵魂中所进行的双重运动。要是亚伯拉罕仅仅是放弃了以撒，不再做什么，他就会在这最后的话中不说真话。因为他知道是上帝要求献祭以撒，而且他知道就在此刻自己准备好了献祭他。所以我们可以看出，亚伯拉罕在作了这一运动之后，就已时刻不停地进行下一运动了，即依靠荒诞作信仰运动。因此他没有讲假话，因为凭借荒诞，上帝毕竟还是有可能做出相当不同的事来的。尽管他没有说假话，但他也没说什么，因为他说的是外国话。当我们考虑到是亚伯拉罕自己将献祭以撒，这一点就更加显而易见。要是任务有所不同，要是主命令亚伯拉罕将以撒带到摩利亚山，以便用自己的闪电击中以撒，用那种方式收他做祭品，那么，就亚伯拉罕所说的话的直接意义上来说，他那样神秘莫测地说话就可能是对的，因为，在那种情况下，他自己也不会知道会发生什么事情。但是，因为那任务是派给亚伯拉罕的，是他自己必须行动，所以他必须知道在关键时刻他将做什么，因而也必须知道以撒将要被献祭。如果他并不是清楚确定地知道这一切，他就没有作那无限弃绝运动，这样的话，他说的话就的确不是假的。但同时他也就远非真正的亚伯拉罕，他都不如悲剧英雄伟大，实际上，他就成了一个不能对任何事作决定的优柔寡断的人，因此也就会永远说话跟打谜语一样令人费解。但这样的踌躇犹豫者纯粹是对信仰骑士的拙劣模仿，犹如东施效颦一般。

显然，人们又似乎理解了亚伯拉罕，但只能以理解那个悖论的方式理解他。至于我个人，我在某种程度上可以理解亚伯拉罕，但同时我也清楚地意识到我缺乏说的勇气，同样也缺乏像他那样行动的勇气。但我绝不是据此说他所做的是微不足道的，因为正相反，他所做的是绝无仅有的奇迹。

那么，悲剧英雄的同时代人怎么看悲剧英雄？他们认为他是伟大的，他们钦佩他、景仰他。而那可敬的高尚者的集合体，即每代人指派

的对上一代人作评判的陪审团，也都达成了相同的裁决。但是没有人可以理解亚伯拉罕。可是想想他的成就！他坚持忠实于他之所爱。但是热爱上帝的人不需要眼泪，也不需要景仰，他在爱中忘记了苦难，而且忘记得非常彻底，以至于事后倘若上帝自己没有记起它，他的痛苦就没有一点儿痕迹了。而上帝是秘密看着的，他知道亚伯拉罕所受的苦痛，数着他流过的泪滴，而且什么也不会忘记。

所以说，要么存在着这样一个悖论，即作为独特个体的个人与绝对者处于一种绝对关系中，要么亚伯拉罕丧失了（他的伟大）。

后记

从前，在荷兰，调味品香料市场价格一度低迷，商人们为了抬高价格让人把几船货物倒入海中。那是一种可以原谅的，也许是必要的欺骗策略。在精神世界是否也需要类似这样的策略？我们真的如此深信我们已经达到了最高点，以至于除了虔诚地相信我们还没有走那么远，还没有达到那高度，以便我们至少有可以消磨时间的东西以外，就没有剩下可以做的事了吗？这是否是现代人所需要的一种自我欺骗？这代人是否应该在自我欺骗的精湛技巧方面受到教育和培训？又或者，难道说这个时代在自我欺骗之术上不是已然精于此道了？又或者说难道它最需要的不是那种无畏而又刚正廉洁地唤起人们注意任务的诚挚精神—这种诚挚精神小心地保护着任务，它不是把人们吓得想要仓促冲向那最高的任务要去完成它，而是使任务令所有人看起来年轻美丽而迷人，但同时又很难，对高尚之人是一种激励，既然本性高尚之人的热情只会受到困难的激励？不管一代人会从另一代人那里学到什么，他们绝无法从前辈身上学到那种真正的人性因素。在这一方面，每一代人都重新开始，和前一代人有着相同的任务，但也不会超越前一代人，如果后一代人没有躲避自己的任务，自欺欺人的话。这种真正的人性因素就是激情，在这种激

情中，一代人完全理解另一代人，也理解自己。因而没有哪代人从另一代人那里学会了如何去爱，每一代人都要从头开始，后代的任务绝不比前一代的少，而如果某个人不愿意像前辈们那样止步于爱，而想要更进一步，走得更远，那么那纯粹是愚蠢无聊之谈。

但是，一个人的最高激情是信仰。在这方面，没有哪代人和前一代人有什么不同的起点。每代人都完全重新开始，而后代也不会超越前代，如果后者忠于自己的使命而没有背叛它。这听起来让人觉得厌倦是这代人不能说的话，因为的确是这代人要完成这任务，而这与前一代人有相同的任务这一事实是无关的，除非某个特别的一代或这一代人里某些特别的个人极为自大，以至于占据了只属于统治万物的神灵的位置，而神灵又有足够的忍耐心不厌烦此事。如果这代人开始做这类的事情，那就是反常错误的，那么，对此而言一切存在都是颠倒的，这就不足为奇了，因为肯定谁也没有童话故事里的那个裁缝所看到的世界更颠倒了—那裁缝在他一生中曾来到天堂，从天堂的位置俯瞰这世界。如果这一代人只关注自己的任务使命，一代人所能追求的至高无上的使命，那么他们就不会感到厌倦，因为这任务对一个人一辈子总是足够了。当假日里的孩子在中午之前玩遍了所有游戏，然后不耐烦地问：“没有人能想出新的游戏吗？”这是否说明他们比同时代或前一代的能持续一整天玩自己熟悉的游戏的孩子们要更成熟更先进呢？又或者这恰恰证明这些孩子缺乏我想称之为玩游戏时本来应有的认真精神？

信仰是一个人身上至高无上的激情。每一代人中的很多人可能都走不到信仰那么高那么远的境界，但没有一个人走得更远，没有人超越信仰。在我们这个时代是否有很多人没有发现这一点，对此我暂不作出结论。我只能参考我自己的经历，我不隐瞒自己在信任方面还有很长的路要走这一事实，但也不因此想要通过把信仰描述得很平凡很没有意义，描述得像人们希望尽快结束的童年的一场小病那样，来自欺欺人或背叛信仰这伟大之事。但是即便是对那没有达到信仰境界的人而言，生活也

有足够的任务，而当他热爱这些任务时，生活也绝不会被虚度，尽管这样的生活与那种理解和抓住了最伟大的事的生活是不可比拟的。但是任何到达信仰的人（不管是天赋非凡者还是头脑简单者都一样）都不会停在那儿原地不动。要是有人说他止步于信仰，他甚至会大为惊讶，就像若有人说一个恋人在爱情上停滞不前，那个恋人会感到义愤一样，因为那恋人会回答说："我绝不是在我的爱情中静止不动，我的整个生命都在这爱情中。"然而他也是不会走得更远，也不会走向别处。因为当他发现这一点时，他对此会有另一个不同的解释。

"人必须更进一步，人必须更进一步。"这种继续向前的需要和冲动是自古以来就有的。以"晦涩"闻名的希腊哲学家赫拉克利特把他的思想保存于他的著作中，把他的著作存放于戴安娜神庙中（因为他的思想是他生命的盔甲，因此他将它们悬挂于女神之庙中），晦涩的赫拉克利特说："人绝不可能两次踏入同一条河流。"[22]赫拉克利特有一个弟子，他没有止步于此，而是更进一步说："人甚至一次也不能踏进同一条河流。"[23]可怜的赫拉克利特竟有这样的一个弟子！该弟子这一改进把赫拉克利特的原理变成了否定运动的埃利亚学派的论点，而那弟子想要做的只是做一个走得更远的赫拉克利特的徒弟，而不是回到赫拉克利特已经抛弃的观点上。

[1]过去人们说："可惜的是，世上事并不像传教士所布道宣讲的那样。"但是有一天我们能够说："世间事不像传教士所讲的那样是多么幸运啊，因为生活中至少有些意义，而说教布道里则毫无意义。"我们说这样的话的那一刻可能会到来，尤其是在哲学的帮助下。

[2]即献祭以撒之事。——译者注

[3]当然，任何其他的个人倾注了全部身心想要实现却不能实现的兴趣点都可以引起无限弃绝运动。但我选择了恋爱故事来作例子，是因为这样的兴趣无疑很容易理解，因而我就不必说些很少有人会切实感兴趣的介绍性的话了。

[4]这要求激情。一切具有无限性的运动都是靠激情发生的。反思不能产生运动。是生活中持续不断的跳跃解释了什么是运动，而中间调停不过是一种虚拟的幻想，它是黑格尔认为可以解释一切的东西，同时又是黑格尔唯一从不曾解释的东西。甚至要明白人们所熟知的苏格拉底作的理解和不理解之间的划分也需要激情；自然，要作真正的苏格拉底似的运动，即无知的运动，则更需要激情。我们今天所缺乏的正是激情，而不是反思。因此，从某种意义上讲，我们这个时代的人太固执于生命而不愿死去，因为去死是最非凡的跳跃之一。有一段诗文总是很吸引我，作者在用五六句诗表达了自己对生活中所有简单而美好的事物的愿望后，以这样一句作了结尾：跳入永恒是一种幸福。

[5]即，作了此类解释还指望别人钦佩的人也不算是最糟糕的自以为是者。——译者注

[6]莱辛曾在某文章中从纯美学的视角说过类似的话。在该文章中，他实际上想表明悲伤也能通过智慧的话语来表达。为此，莱辛引用了不幸的英国国王爱德华二世在某个特别场合所说的话。作为对比，他还引用了狄德罗写的一个农妇的故事和该农妇所说的话。他接着写道："那也是机智，而且还是农妇的机智，当然，那是情势所迫产生的。因此人们不应该从说话者是优秀的人，是受过良好教育的、智商高的和风趣的这样的事实中为那痛苦和悲伤的机智的表达找借口，因为激情使人人再次平等……对此我们可以找到的解释是，在同样的情况下，很可能人人都会说出同样的话来。那个农妇的思想很可能是王后在那情境下也会说的，正如那国王在那个场合所说的话，一个农民当时也能并且无疑也会说出来。"

[7]这里我要再次解释悲剧英雄和信仰骑士所遇到的冲突的区别。悲剧英雄可以凭借他把伦理义务转变成一个愿望这一事实来确信自己身上还完全存有（对儿子、女儿等的）伦理义务。因而阿伽门农可以说：这就是我没有违反我作为父亲的义务的证据，也就是，我（对依菲琴尼亚）的义务是我唯一的愿望。那么，这里，我们看到愿望和义务彼此相一致。如果我的愿望正好与我的义务一致，或者我的义务和我的愿望相符合，我的命运该多好啊；大多数人的生活使命就是完全忠实于自己的义务，并且凭激情把义务转换成自己的愿望。悲剧英雄为了履行义务而放弃愿望。对信仰骑士而言，义务和愿望也是完全相同的，但是却被要求两者都放弃。所以当他顺从地放弃愿望时，他找不到安宁，因为他放弃的毕竟是他的义务。如果他既忠实于义务，又忠实于愿望，那他就不会变成信仰骑士，因为绝对的义务恰恰要求他放弃二者（他的愿望和义务相同）。悲剧英雄获得的是对义务，但不是绝对的义务的更高等的表达。

[8]即上帝。——译者注

[9]公开透露被隐藏的秘密。——译者注

[10]这些运动和立场也是可以从美学的角度处理的话题。但是从美学角度对信仰和追求信仰的生活进行讨论可以达到何种程度，我暂且不下结论。因为我总是喜欢感谢那些对我有帮助的人，在此我谨表达一下我对莱辛的感激，因为我从他在《汉堡剧评》中写的一个基督教戏剧里得到了一些启示。但是他着重写的是那种生活的纯神性的一面（完美胜利），因此他感到绝望。如果他更关注那种生活的人性的一面，也许他会得出不同的结论（旅人神学）。的确，他所说的很简要，有些部分还有些含糊难以捉摸，但是我见到莱辛的作品总是很开心，所以我立即抓住这机会好好研读。莱辛不仅是德国最博学的智者之一，他治学严谨准确，这样我们在引用他的作品时，可以很放心，不用担心用了不可靠汇编里不准确或捏造的引用，一知半解的语句，或者担心宣传他写的什么新颖的东西而又发现那其实是古人早已描述得更好的东西，因此感到吃惊和受到愚弄；此外，他还有一种非凡的天赋，就是善于解释他所理解的东西。而且仅此而已，他不会解释自己不理解的东西。现在的人们经常更进一步，还要解释自己不懂的东西。

[11]根据亚里士多德所说，该灾难的经过如下：为了复仇，新娘家人把一个神庙花瓶放置到新郎家里的家庭用品中，这样新郎就被谴责为神庙强盗。但这并不重要，因为这里的问题不是新娘家人在报复时所采用的方法是聪明还是愚蠢，这娘家人的存在只是因其对英雄的辩证学有影响才有了理论上的意义。而且，尽管新郎想通过不结婚来避免危险，结果却反而正好陷入危险中，这一事实就够宿命的了；而他的生活从两重意义上与神圣者形成了联系，一重是通过占卜师所说的话，另一重是通过被谴责为神庙盗贼，这一事实也是很宿命的。

[12]在此，我们可以从另一个方向来进行辩证分析运动。上天预言了一场因婚姻而起的个人灾难，所以他不妨放弃婚姻但不必因此放弃那姑娘，他可以和她处于一种浪漫关系中，这也会很令恋人们满意的。然而，这样做对那姑娘是一种侮辱，因为他没有用普遍性[即婚姻。——译者注]来表达他对她的爱，而诗人和伦理学家的任务都是捍卫婚姻。从整体而言，如果诗歌要注意分析它的人物角色的宗教方面和内在情感，它可以驾驭比它现在所忙于的主题更重大的主题。以下就是诗歌反复给我们讲述的故事：一男子为他曾爱过的或者从未真正爱过的女孩所困，因为他现在已经视另一个女孩为理想爱人。人在生活中犯错误，这街道是对的，但房屋错了，因为理想爱人就住在街对面二楼—这就是人们所认为的合适的诗歌话题。一个恋人犯了错误，他借着烛光看见了喜爱之人，以为她长着黑色头发，但是瞧，仔细看，她是金发—然而，她的姐姐才是理想爱人。这就是人们所认为的诗歌的主题。在我看来，任何这样的人在现实生活中是令人无法忍受的无礼蠢人，他一旦试图摆诗歌的架子就应该立即被嘘下舞台。只有激情与激情的碰撞才构成诗歌里的冲突，而同一激情里的关于细节琐事的喧闹则不能形成诗意的碰撞。举个例子，在中世纪，当一个女孩坠入情网，但接着被说服，认为世俗爱情是一种罪，因而喜欢天国爱情，这样我们就有了诗意的冲突；而这女孩也是富于诗意的，因为她生活在理想之中。

[13]其实，还有探讨这个传说的另一种方式。那人鱼不想引诱艾格尼丝，尽管之前他已引诱了

很多姑娘。他不再是个人鱼，或者，如果你愿意叫他为人鱼的话，他是个可怜的人鱼，已经悲伤地坐在海底有一段时间了。不过，他知道（正如传说里讲的）一个纯真姑娘的爱可以拯救自己。但是他对姑娘们感到良心不安，不敢接近她们。后来，他看见了艾格尼丝。当他隐身于芦苇中时，他已多次看到她在海滩上行走。她的美，她的安静与泰然自若征服了他；但是他的灵魂充满了悲伤，心中没有了汹涌的欲望。当人鱼的叹息和芦苇的飒飒声融为一体时，她侧耳倾听，然后她一动不动，陷入幻想梦境之中。她比任何女人都迷人，而且像一个美丽的拯救天使一样给了他信心。人鱼鼓起勇气，走近艾格尼丝，赢得了她的爱，他希望因此得到救赎。但是，艾格尼丝可不是个安静的姑娘，实际上她很喜欢大海的咆哮，当时海边的悲叹声之所以使她喜欢是因为这悲叹声使她心中的咆哮更加猛烈。她愿意和她所爱的人鱼远走他乡，狂野地奔向那无穷无限之处，所以她故意怂恿煽动人鱼。她蔑视他的谦恭，于是他的骄傲自尊醒了。大海咆哮着，浪涛澎湃，人鱼抱住艾格尼丝跳进大海深处。他从未如此狂野，也从未如此满怀欲望，因为他希望借助这个姑娘得到解救。不久，他厌倦了艾格尼丝，但是她的尸体从未被发现，因为她已变成了一条美人鱼，她用她的歌声引诱男人。

[14]有时美学用它通常的卖弄方式来探讨类似的主题。那人鱼通过艾格尼丝得救，他们结婚了，一切皆大欢喜。那是个幸福的婚姻！确实，这样处理十分方便容易。但是，如果要伦理学来发表婚礼致辞的话，我想，就会是不同的情形了。美学给人鱼披上爱的外衣，这样一切都被忘记了。认为婚礼上的事就像拍卖，一切都按它在落锤时的样子来决定，那也是够轻率鲁莽的。美学所关心的是恋人们得到彼此，其余的都无关紧要。要是它能够看到事后会发生什么就好了！但是它没有时间关心那个，它立马又全力以赴在撮合另一对恋人了。在所有科学分支中，美学是最没有信仰的。任何真正爱美学的人在某种意义上都变得不快乐；而任何从未爱过美学的人是而且永远是个牲畜（或傻子）。

[15]截至目前，我一直小心地避免讨论罪及其现实问题。一切讨论都以亚伯拉罕为中心，而对他我们仍然可以在直接的范畴里进行讨论，至少在我自己可以对他进行理解的范围内讨论。但是一旦罪这个因素出现，伦理学就因悔悟这个问题而遭受挫败。悔悟是伦理的最高表现形式，但正因为此原因，它也是伦理最深刻的自我矛盾之处。

[16]我们这个严肃的时代不相信这个，然而，值得注意的是，即便是在异教信仰中，更随和的和不那么沉溺于反思的，这两个作为希腊存在概念里“了解自己”的典型代表，都用自己的方式暗示，如果一个人探索自己的内心深处，他首先发现的是邪恶的性情。我几乎不用说我说的是毕达哥拉斯和苏格拉底。

[17]所有伟大的天才都有一点疯狂癫痴。——译者注

[18]如果我们不愿用一个怀疑者来做例子，一个类似的人物也可以。比如说，一个讽刺家，他锐利的眼光看透了生活的滑稽可笑，他通过像轮胎一样势不可挡的神秘理解力探知病人的需求。他知道他掌控笑的力量；如果他动用这种力量，他肯定会胜利，而且，他也确信自己会幸福。他不仅知道会有某种声音反对自己，还知道他自己比那声音更强大；他知道还可以使人们暂时显得严肃，但也知道，秘密地，他们渴望和他一同欢笑；他知道使一个女士说话时暂时将

扇子举到眼睛前面依然是可能的，但他也知道扇子后面她在发笑，他知道那扇子不是完全不透明的，他知道人们可以在它上面做隐形的题字，他知道当一个女士用扇子打他，那是因为她已理解了他，他绝无错误地知道笑意如何悄悄溜进一个人的心里并秘密地住下来，知道它一旦留下来会如何埋伏等待。让我们想象一下稍作改变后的这样一个阿里斯多芬尼斯，这样的一个伏尔泰，因为他也是富有同情心的人，他热爱生活，热爱人们，并且知道，即便年轻的、得到拯救的一代人可能从对笑的谴责中获得教益，然而在他自己这个时代，对笑的谴责对很多人来说会意味着毁灭。所以他保持沉默并尽可能地忘记如何去笑。但是他敢保持沉默吗？也许很多人不明白我所指的困难。他们会很可能认为他保持沉默是很高尚很令人钦佩的。那根本不是我所想的。我认为如果任何这样的人没有保持沉默的高尚大度，那他就是生活的变节者。所以我要求他有这样的慷慨大度。但是如果他有的话，他就敢保持沉默。伦理学是一种危险的科学，而且阿里斯多芬尼斯很可能纯粹是出于伦理的考虑才决定让笑声来评判他这个被误导的时代。美学上的高尚大度对于解决人是否应保持沉默这个问题是无济于事的。它的账户没有冒此类风险的信用栏目。如果他保持沉默，他必定会陷入悖论。—但是还有一种故事方案：比如，假设某人拥有一种对一个公众英雄的生活的解释，但是这种解释是一种令人悲叹的解释，然而整个一代人都对这个英雄充满信赖，根本不疑心会有任何这样的事。

[19]赫洛斯特拉托斯：古希腊人，他为了出名，在公元前356年纵火烧毁了著名的亚尔德米斯神庙。——译者注

[20]关于苏格拉底的哪一句话可以被视为最后关键性的话，人们有不同意见，因为苏格拉底已经被柏拉图以多种方式诗意地发挥美化了。我对此作如下建议：当他被判处死刑的那一刻，他死了，并用那句著名的回答完成了自我实现，他的回答是，他对自己被法庭以三票的微弱多数票判处死刑感到惊讶。在他对轻率的市井之语或蠢人之语的评论中也找不到他对自己被判死刑的评论中所体现出的莫大的讽刺性玩笑语气了。

[21]如果此处有任何类比的问题，毕达哥拉斯死亡的情形可以提供一个类比的例子。在他的最后时刻，他必须将他一直保持的沉默贯彻到底，使之圆满结束，所以他说："被杀死也比说出来要好。"参见《戴奥真尼斯》第八卷，第三十九段。

[22]他比较一条河流中的存在，说："人不能两次走进同一条河流。"参见柏拉图的《克拉图鲁斯》第四百零二节；《柏拉图全集》第三卷，第一百五十八页。

[23]参见泰尼曼的《哲学史》第一卷，第二百二十页。

Søren Kierkegaard

Fear and Trembling

TRANSLATED BY ALASTAIR HANNAY

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Fear and Trembling

What Tarquin the Proud said in his garden with the poppy blooms was understood by the son but not by the messenger.

HAMANN

Preface

Not just in commerce but in the world of ideas too our age is putting on a veritable clearance sale. Everything can be had so dirt cheap that one begins to wonder whether in the end anyone will want to make a bid. Every speculative score-keeper who conscientiously marks up the momentous march of modern philosophy, every lecturer, crammer, student, everyone on the outskirts of philosophy or at its centre is unwilling to stop with doubting everything. They all go further. It would perhaps be malapropos to inquire where they think they are going, though surely we may in all politeness and respect take it for granted that they have indeed doubted everything, otherwise it would be odd to talk of going further. This preliminary step is one they have all of them taken, and presumably with so little effort as to feel no need to drop some word about how; for not even someone genuinely anxious for a little enlightenment on this will find such. Not a gesture that might point him in the right direction, no small dietary prescription for how to go about such a huge task. 'But Descartes did it, didn't he?' A venerable, humble, honest thinker whose writings surely no one can read without being most deeply stirred — Descartes must have done what he has said and said what he has done. A rare enough occurrence in our own time! Descartes, as he himself repeatedly insists, was no doubter in matters of faith. ('[B]ut we must keep in mind what has been said, that we must trust to this natural light only so long as nothing contrary to it is revealed by God himself ... Above all we should impress on our memory as an infallible rule that what God has revealed to us is incomparably more certain than anything else; and that we

ought to submit to the Divine authority rather than to our own judgement even though the light of reason may seem to us to suggest, with the utmost clearness and evidence, something opposite' [from Principles 28 and 76 of Prin-ciples of Philosophy].) Descartes has not cried 'Fire!' and made it everyone's duty to doubt, for Descartes was a quiet and lonely thinker, not a bellowing streetwatch; he was modest enough to allow that his method was important only for himself and sprang partly from his own earlier bungling with knowledge. ('Thus my design here is not to teach the Method which everyone should follow in order to promote the good conduct of Reason, but only to show in what manner I have endeavoured to conduct my own ... But so soon as I had achieved the entire course of study [that is, of his youth — Johannes de silentio's interpolation] at the close of which one is usually received into the ranks of the learned, I entirely changed my opinion. For I found myself embarrassed with so many doubts and errors that it seemed to me that the effort to instruct myself had no effect other than the increasing discovery of my own ignorance' [Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason and Seeking the Truth in the Sciences].) — What those old Greeks, whom one must also credit with a little knowledge of philosophy, took to be the task of a whole lifetime, doubt not being a skill one acquires in days and weeks; what the old veteran warrior achieved after keeping the balance of doubt in the face of all inveiglements, fearlessly rejecting the certainties of sense and thought, incorruptibly defying selfish anxieties and the wheedling of sympathies — that is where nowadays everyone begins.

Today nobody will stop with faith; they all go further. It would perhaps be rash to inquire where to, but surely a mark of urbanity and good breeding on my part to assume that in fact everyone does indeed have faith, otherwise

it would be odd to talk of going further. In those old days it was different. For then faith was a task for a whole lifetime, not a skill thought to be acquired in either days or weeks. When the old campaigner approached the end, had fought the good fight, and kept his faith, his heart was still young enough not to have forgotten the fear and trembling that disciplined his youth and which, although the grown man mastered it, no man altogether outgrows — unless he somehow manages at the earliest possible opportunity to go further. Where these venerable figures arrived our own age begins, in order to go further.

The present author is no philosopher, he has not understood the System, nor does he know if there really is one, or if it has been completed. As far as his own weak head is concerned the thought of what huge heads everyone must have in order to have such huge thoughts is already enough. Even if one were able to render the whole of the content of faith into conceptual form, it would not follow that one had grasped faith, grasped how one came to it, or how it came to one. The present author is no philosopher, he is poetice et eleganter [to put it in poetic and well-chosen terms], an occasional copyist who neither writes the System nor makes any promises about it, who pledges neither anything about the System nor himself to it. He writes because for him doing so is a luxury, the more agreeable and conspicuous the fewer who buy and read what he writes. In an age where passion has been done away with for the sake of science he easily foresees his fate — in an age when an author who wants readers must be careful to write in a way that he can be comfortably leafed through during the after-dinner nap, and be sure to present himself to the world like the polite gardener's boy in the Advertiser who, hat in hand and with good references from his previous place of employment, recommends himself to a much-esteemed public. He foresees his fate will be

to be completely ignored; has a dreadful foreboding that the scourge of zealous criticism will more than once make itself felt; and shudders at what terrifies him even more, that some enterprising recorder, a paragraph swallower who to rescue learning is always willing to do to others' writings what, to 'preserve good taste', Trop nobly did to The Destruction of the Human Race, will slice him into sections as ruthlessly as the man who, in the service of the science of punctuation, divided up his speech by counting the words and putting a full-stop after every fifty and a semi-colon after every thirty-five. No, I prostrate myself before any systematic bag-searcher; this is not the System, it hasn't the slightest thing to do with the System. I wish all good on the System and on the Danish shareholders in that omnibus; for it will hardly become a tower. I wish them good luck and prosperity one and all.

Respectfully
Johannes de silentio

Attunement

There was once a man; he had learned as a child that beautiful tale of how God tried Abraham, how he withstood the test, kept his faith and for the second time received a son against every expectation. When he became older he read the same story with even greater admiration, for life had divided what had been united in the child's pious simplicity. The older he became the more often his thoughts turned to that tale, his enthusiasm became stronger and stronger, and yet less and less could he understand it. Finally it put everything else out of his mind; his soul had but one wish, actually to see Abraham, and one longing, to have been witness to those events. It was not the beautiful regions of the East, nor the earthly splendour of the Promised Land, he longed to see, not the God-fearing couple whose old age God had blessed, not the venerable figure of the patriarch stricken in years, not the youthful vigour God gave to Isaac — it would have been the same if it had taken place on a barren heath. What he yearned for was to accompany them on the three-day journey, when Abraham rode with grief before him and Isaac by his side. He wanted to be there at that' moment when Abraham raised his eyes and saw in the distance the mountain in Moriah, the moment he left the asses behind and went on up the mountain alone with Isaac. For what occupied him was not the finely wrought fabric of imagination, but the shudder of thought.

This man was no thinker, he felt no need to go further than faith. To be remembered as its father seemed to him to be surely the greatest glory of all, and to have it a lot to be envied even if no one else knew.

This man was no learned exegete, he knew no Hebrew; had he known

Hebrew then perhaps it might have been easy for him to understand the story of Abraham.

I

And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him ... Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

It was early morning. Abraham rose in good time, had the asses saddled and left his tent, taking Isaac with him, but Sarah watched them from the window as they went down the valley until she could see them no more. They rode in silence for three days; on the morning of the fourth Abraham still said not a word, but raised his eyes and saw afar the mountain in Moriah. He left the servants behind and went on alone up the mountain with Isaac beside him. But Abraham said to himself: 'I won't conceal from Isaac where this way is leading him.'He stood still, laid his hand on Isaac's head to give him his blessing, and Isaac bent down to receive it. And Abraham's expression was fatherly, his gaze gentle, his speech encouraging. But Isaac could not understand him, his soul could not be uplifted; he clung to Abraham's knees, pleaded at his feet, begged for his young life, for his fair promise; he called to mind the joy in Abraham's house, reminded him of the sorrow and loneliness. Then Abraham lifted the boy up and walked with him, taking him by the hand, and his words were full of comfort and exhortation. But Isaac could not understand him. Abraham climbed the mountain in Moriah, but Isaac did not understand him. Then he turned away from Isaac for a moment, but when Isaac saw his face a second time it was changed, his gaze was wild, his mien

one of horror. He caught Isaac by the chest, threw him to the ground and said: 'Foolish boy, do you believe I am your father? I am an idolater. Do you believe this is God's command? No, it is my own desire.' Then Isaac trembled and in his anguish cried: 'God in heaven have mercy on me, God of Abraham have mercy on me; if I have no father on earth, then be Thou my father!' But below his breath Abraham said to himself: 'Lord in heaven I thank Thee; it is after all better that he believe I am a monster than that he lose faith in Thee.'

*

When the child is to be weaned the mother blackens her breast, for it would be a shame were the breast to look pleasing when the child is not to have it. So the child believes that the breast has changed but the mother is the same, her look loving and tender as ever. Lucky the one that needed no more terrible means to wean the child!

II

It was early morning. Abraham rose in good time, embraced Sarah, the bride of his old age, and Sarah kissed Isaac, who had taken her disgrace from her, was her pride and hope for all generations. So they rode on in silence and Abraham's eyes were fixed on the ground, until the fourth day when he looked up and saw afar the mountain in Moriah, but he turned his gaze once again to the ground. Silently he arranged the fire-wood, bound Isaac; silently he drew the knife. Then he saw the ram that God had appointed. He sacrificed that and returned home ... From that day on, Abraham became old, he Could not forget that God had demanded this of him. Isaac throve as before; but Abraham's eye was darkened, he saw joy no more.

*

When the child has grown and is to be weaned the mother virginally covers her breast, so the child no more has a mother. Lucky the child that lost its mother in no other way!

III

It was early morning. Abraham rose in good time, kissed Sarah the young mother, and Sarah kissed Isaac, her delight, her joy for ever. And Abraham rode thoughtfully on. He thought of Hagar and of the son whom he had driven out into the desert. He climbed the mountain in Moriah, he drew the knife.

It was a tranquil evening when Abraham rode out alone, and he rode to the mountain in Moriah: he threw himself on his face, he begged God to forgive his sin at having been willing to sacrifice Isaac, at the father's having forgotten his duty to his son. He rode more frequently on his lonely way, but found no peace. He could not comprehend that it was a sin to have been willing to sacrifice to God the best he owned; that for which he would many a time have gladly laid down his own life; and if it was a sin, if he had not so loved Isaac, then he could not understand that it could be forgiven; for what sin was more terrible?

When the child is to be weaned the mother too is not without sorrow, that she and the child grow more and more apart; that the child which first lay beneath her heart, yet later rested at her breast, should no longer be so close. Thus together they suffer this brief sorrow. Lucky the one who kept the child so close and had no need to sorrow more!

IV

It was early morning. Everything had been made ready for the journey in Abraham's house. Abraham took leave of Sarah, and the faithful servant Eleazar followed him out on the way until he had to turn back. They rode together in accord, Abraham and Isaac, until they came to the mountain in Moriah. Yet Abraham made everything ready for the sacrifice, calmly and quietly, but as he turned away Isaac saw that Abraham's left hand was clenched in anguish, that a shudder went through his body — but Abraham drew the knife.

Then they turned home again and Sarah ran to meet them, but Isaac had lost his faith. Never a word in the whole world is spoken of this, and Isaac told no one what he had seen, and Abraham never suspected that anyone had seen it.

*

When the child is to be weaned the mother has more solid food at hand, so that the child will not perish. Lucky the one who has more solid food at hand!

In these and similar ways this man of whom we speak thought about those events. Every time he came home from a journey to the mountain in Moriah he collapsed in weariness, clasped his hands, and said: 'Yet no one was as great as Abraham; who is able to understand him?'

Speech in Praise of Abraham

If there were no eternal consciousness in a man, if at the bottom of everything there were only a wild ferment, a power that twisting in dark passions produced everything great or inconsequential; if an unfathomable, insatiable emptiness lay hid beneath everything, what would life be but despair? If it were thus, if there were no sacred bond uniting mankind, if one generation rose up after another like the leaves of the forest, if one generation succeeded the other as the songs of birds in the woods, if the human race passed through the world as a ship through the sea or the wind through the desert, a thoughtless and fruitless whim, if an eternal oblivion always lurked hungrily for its prey and there were no power strong enough to wrest it from its clutches — how empty and devoid of comfort would life be! But for that reason it is not so, and as God created man and woman, so too he shaped the hero and the poet or speech-maker. The latter has none of the skills of the former, he can only admire, love, take pleasure in the hero. Yet he, too, no less than the hero, is happy; for the hero is so to speak that better nature of his in which he is enamoured, though happy that it is not himself, that his love can indeed be admiration. He is the spirit of remembrance, can only bring to mind what has been done, do nothing but admire what has been done. He takes nothing of himself, but is jealous of his charge. He follows his heart's desire, but having found what he sought he wanders round to everyone's door with his song and his speech, so that all can admire the hero as he does, be proud of the hero as he is. That is his achievement, his humble task, this his faithful service in the hero's house. If he remains thus true to his love, if he

struggles night and day against the wiles of oblivion, which would cheat him of his hero, then he has fulfilled his task, he is united with the hero who in his turn has loved him just as faithfully, for the poet is so to speak the hero's better nature, ineffectual certainly as a memory is, but also transfigured as a memory is. Therefore no one who was great will be forgotten: and however long it takes, even if a cloud of misunderstanding should take the hero away, his lover still comes, and the more time goes by the more faithfully he sticks by him.

No! No one shall be forgotten who was great in this world; but everyone was great in his own way, and everyone in proportion to the greatness of what he loved. For he who loved himself became great in himself, and he who loved others became great through his devotion, but he who loved God became greater than all. They shall all be remembered, but everyone became great in proportion to his expectancy. One became great through expecting the possible, another by expecting the eternal; but he who expected the impossible became greater than all. They shall all be remembered, but everyone was great in proportion to the magnitude of what he strove with. For he who strove with the world became great by conquering the world, and he who strove with himself became greater by conquering himself; but he who strove with God became greater than all. Thus there was strife in the world, man against man, one against thousands, but he who strove with God was greater than all. Thus there was strife upon earth: there was he who conquered everything by his own strength, and he who conquered God by his powerlessness, There was one relied upon himself and gained everything, and one who, secure in his own strength, sacrificed everything; but greater than all was the one who believed God. There was one who was great in his strength, and one who was great in his wisdom, and one who was great in

hope, and one who was great in love; but greater than all was Abraham, great with that power whose strength is powerlessness, great in that wisdom whose secret is folly, great in that hope whose outward form is insanity, great in that love which is hatred of self.

It was by his faith that Abraham could leave the land of his fathers to become a stranger in the land of promise. He left one thing behind, took another with him. He left behind his worldly understanding and took with him his faith. Otherwise he would surely not have gone; certainly it would have been senseless to do so. It was by his faith that he could be a stranger in the promised land; there was nothing to remind him of what was dear, but the novelty of everything tempted his soul to sad longing. And yet he was God's chosen, in whom the Lord was well pleased! Yes, indeed! If only he had been disowned, cast out from God's grace, he would have understood it better. As it was it looked more like a mockery of himself and his faith. There was once another who lived in exile from the beloved land of his fathers. He is not forgotten, nor his songs of lament in which in sorrow he sought and found what he had lost. From Abraham we have no song of lament. It is human to complain, human to weep with one who weeps, but it is greater to have faith and more blessed to behold the believer.

It was faith that made Abraham accept the promise that all nations of the earth should be blessed in his seed. Time went by, the possibility was still there, and Abraham had faith; time went by, it became unlikely, and Abraham had faith. There was once another who held out an expectation. Time went by, the evening drew near, he was not so pitiful as to forget his expectation; therefore he too should not be forgotten. Then he sorrowed, and the sorrow did not deceive him as life had done; it did all it could for him and in the sweetness of sorrow he possessed his disappointed expectation. It is

human to sorrow with the sorrower, but greater to have faith and more blessed to behold the believer. From Abraham we have no song of sorrow. As time went by he did not mournfully count the days, he did not cast suspicious glances at Sarah, fearing she was growing old; he did not stay the march of the sun, so that Sarah should not grow old and with her his expectation; he did not soothingly sing to Sarah his mournful lay. Abraham became old and Sarah was mocked in the land, and still he was God's chosen and heir to the promise that in his seed all nations of the earth would be blessed. Would it not be better, then, were he not God's chosen? What is it to be God's chosen? Is it to be denied in youth one's youthful desire in order to have it fulfilled in great travail in old age? But Abraham believed and held firm to the promise. Had Abraham wavered he would have renounced it. He would have said to God: 'So perhaps after all it is not your will that it should happen; then I will give up my desire, it was my only desire, my blessed joy. My soul is upright, I bear no secret grudge because you refused it.' He would not have been forgotten, he would have saved many by his example, yet he would not have become the father of faith; for it is great to give up one's desire, but greater to stick to it after having given it up; it is great to grasp hold of the eternal but greater to stick to the temporal after having given it up. But then came the fullness of time. Had Abraham not had faith, then Sarah would surely have died of sorrow, and Abraham, dull with grief, instead of understanding the fulfilment, would have smiled at it as at a youthful dream. But Abraham believed, and therefore he was young; for he who always hopes for the best becomes old, deceived by life, and he who is always prepared for the worst becomes old prematurely; but he who has faith, retains eternal youth. All praise then to that tale! For Sarah, though stricken in years, was young enough to covet the pleasure of motherhood; and Abraham, though grey of

head, was young enough to want to be a father. Outwardly the wonder of faith is in Abraham and Sarah's being young enough for it to happen according to their expectations; in a deeper sense the wonder of faith lies in Abraham and Sarah's being young enough to wish, and in faith's having preserved their wish and through it their youthfulness. He accepted the fulfilment of the promise, he accepted it in faith, and it happened according to expectation and according to faith; for Moses struck the rock with his rod but he did not believe.

So there was rejoicing in Abraham's house when Sarah was bride on their golden-wedding day.

But it was not to remain so; Abraham was to be tried once more. He had fought with that subtle power that invents everything, with that watchful opponent that never takes a nap, with that old man who outlives everything — time itself. He had fought with it and kept his faith. Now all the horrors of the struggle were to be concentrated in one moment. 'And God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him ... Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.'

So all was lost, more terrible than if it had never been! So the Lord was only making sport of Abraham! Through a miracle he had made the preposterous come true, now he would see it again brought to nothing. Foolery indeed! But Abraham did not laugh at it, as Sarah had laughed when the promise had first been proclaimed. All was lost! Seventy years' faithful expectation, the brief joy at faith's fulfilment. Who is it then that snatches the staff from the old man, who is it that demands that the old man himself should break it? Who is it that makes a man's grey hairs forlorn, who is it that demands that he himself should make them so? Is there no compassion for

this venerable greybeard, none for the innocent child? And yet Abraham was God's chosen, and it was the Lord who put him to this test. All was now surely lost! The glorious memory of the human race, the promise in Abraham's seed, it was only a whim, a fleeting thought of the Lord's, which Abraham himself must now eradicate. That glorious treasure, as old as the faith in Abraham's heart, many many years older than Isaac, the fruit of Abraham's life, hallowed with prayers, ripened in struggle — the blessing on Abraham's lips, this fruit was now to be plucked out of season and have no meaning; for what meaning could there be in it if Isaac was to be sacrificed! That sad yet still blessed hour when Abraham should take leave of everything he held dear, when he should raise his venerable head one time more, when his countenance should be radiant as the Lord's, when he should concentrate his whole soul in a blessing with the power to give Isaac joy all his days — that moment was not to come! For, yes, Abraham would indeed take leave of Isaac, but it was he that was to remain; death would divide them, but Isaac was to be its victim. The old man was not to lay his hand upon Isaac in blessing, but weary of life was to lay it upon him in violence. And it was God who tried him. Yes. Woe, woe to the messenger who came before Abraham with such tidings! Who would have dared be the emissary of such sorrow? Yet it was God who tried Abraham.

But Abraham had faith, and had faith for this life. Yes, had his faith only been for a future life it would indeed have been easier to cast everything aside in order to hasten out of this world to which he did not belong. But Abraham's faith was not of that kind, if there is such, for a faith like that is not really faith but only its remotest possibility, a faith that has some inkling of its object at the very edge of the field of vision but remains separated from it by a yawning abyss in which despair plays its pranks. But it was for this

life that Abraham believed, he believed he would become old in his land, honoured among his people, blessed in his kin, eternally remembered in Isaac, the dearest in his life, whom he embraced with a love for which it was but a poor expression to say that he faithfully fulfilled the father's duty to love the son, as indeed the summons put it: 'the son whom thou lovest.' Jacob had twelve sons and he loved one; Abraham had just one, the son he loved.

But Abraham had faith and did not doubt. He believed the ridiculous. If Abraham had doubted — then he would have done something else, something great and glorious; for how could Abraham have done other than what is great and glorious? He would have marched out to the mountain in Moriah, chopped the firewood, set light to the fire, drawn the knife — he would have cried out to God: 'Do not scorn this sacrifice, it is not the best I possess, that I well know; for what is an old man compared with the child of promise, but it is the best I can give. Let Isaac never come to know, that he may comfort himself in his young years.' He would have thrust the knife into his own breast. He would have been admired in the world and his name never forgotten; but it is one thing to be admired, another to be a guiding star that saves the anguished.

But Abraham had faith. He did not beg for himself in hope of moving the Lord; it was only that time when the just punishment had been proclaimed upon Sodom and Gomorrah that Abraham came forward with his prayers.

We read in those Holy Scriptures: 'And God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: Abraham, where are you? but Abraham answered: here I am.' You, to whom my speech is addressed, was that the case with you? When you saw, far off, the heavy fate approaching, did you not say to the mountains, 'hide me', to the hills, fall on me'? Or if you were stronger, did your feet nevertheless not drag along the way? Did they not hanker, as it

were, to get back into the old tracks? When you were called, did you answer, or did you not? Perhaps softly and in a whisper? Not so Abraham, gladly, boldly, trustingly he answered out loud 'here I am'. We read further: 'And Abraham rose up early in the morning.' He hurried as though to some celebration, and he was at the appointed place, the mountain in Moriah, early in the morning. He said nothing to Sarah, nothing to Eleazar. After all, who could have understood him? Hadn't the test by its very nature exacted an oath of silence from him? 'And [he] clave the wood, he bound Isaac, he kindled the fire, he drew the knife.' My hearer! Many a father has felt the loss of his child as the loss of the dearest thing he has in the world, to be bereft of every hope for the future; yet no son was the child of promise in the sense that Isaac was for Abraham. Many a father has lost his child, but then it was God, the unchangeable and inscrutable will of the Almighty, it was his hand that took it. Not so with Abraham. For him a harder trial was reserved; along with the knife the fate of Isaac was put into Abraham's own hand. And he stood there, the old man with his only hope! But he did not doubt, he did not look in anguish to left or right, he did not challenge heaven with his prayers. He knew it was God the Almighty that tried him, he knew it was the hardest sacrifice that could be demanded of him; but he also knew that no sacrifice was too hard when God demanded it — and he drew the knife.

Who gave strength to Abraham's arm, who kept his right arm raised so that it did not fall helplessly down! Anyone who saw this would be paralysed. Who gave strength to Abraham's soul, so that his eye did not become too clouded to see either Isaac or the ram! Anyone who saw this would become blind. And yet rare enough though they may be, those who are both paralysed and blind, still more rare is he who can tell the story and give it its due. We know it, all of us — it was only a trial.

Had Abraham doubted as he stood on the mountain in Moriah, had he looked about in indecision, if before drawing the knife he had accidentally caught sight of the ram and God had allowed him to offer it in place of Isaac — then he would have gone home, everything would have been as before, he would have had Sarah, he would have kept Isaac, and yet how changed! For his withdrawal would have been a flight, his deliverance an accident, his reward dishonour, his future perhaps damnation. Then he would have borne witness, not to his faith or to God's mercy, but to how dreadful was the journey to the mountain in Moriah. Abraham would not be forgotten, nor the mountain. Yet it would not be mentioned like Ararat, where the Ark came to land, but as a horror, for it was here that Abraham doubted.

Venerable Father Abraham! When you journeyed home from the mountain in Moriah you needed no speech of praise to console you for what was lost; for in fact you gained everything and kept Isaac. Was it not so? The Lord never again took him from you, you sat happily at table with him in your tent, as you do in the hereafter in all eternity. Venerable Father Abraham! Thousands of years have slipped by since those days, but you need no late-coming lover to snatch your memory from the power of oblivion; for every mothertongue commemorates you — and still you reward your lover more gloriously than anyone. You make him blessed hereafter in your bosom, you captivate his eye and his heart in the here and now with the marvel of your deed. Venerable Father Abraham! Second father to the human race! You who first saw and bore witness to that tremendous passion that scorns the fearful struggle with the raging elements and the forces of creation in order to struggle with God instead, you who first knew that supreme passion, the sacred, pure, and humble expression of the divine madness which the pagans admired — forgive him who would speak in your praise if he did not do it

correctly. He spoke humbly, seeing it is his heart's desire; he spoke briefly, as is fitting; but he will never forget that you needed a hundred years to get the son of your old age, against every expectation, that you had to draw the knife before keeping Isaac; he will never forget that in one hundred and thirty years you got no further than faith.

Problemata

Preamble from the Heart

An old proverb pertaining to the outward and visible world says: 'Only one who works gets bread.' Oddly enough, the saying doesn't apply in the world to which it most properly belongs, for the outward world is subject to the law of imperfection; there it happens time and again that one who gets bread is one who does not work, that one who sleeps gets it in greater abundance than one who labours. In the outward world everything belongs to whoever has it, the outward world is subject to the law of indifference and the genie of the ring obeys the one who wears it, whether he be a Noureddin or an Aladdin, and whoever holds the world's treasures does so however he came by them. It is otherwise in the world of spirit. Here there prevails an eternal divine order, here it does not rain on the just and the unjust alike, here the sun does not shine on both good and evil, here only one who works gets bread, and only one who knows anguish finds rest, only one who descends to the underworld saves the loved one, only one who draws the knife gets Isaac. He who will not work does not get bread, but will be deluded, as the gods deluded Orpheus with an airy figure in place of the beloved, deluded him because he was tender-hearted, not courageous, deluded him because he was a lyre-player, not a man.

Here it is no help to have Abraham as one's father, or seventeen centuries of noble ancestry; of anyone who will not work here one can say what is written about Israel's virgins, he gives birth to wind — while the one who works will give birth to his own father.

Conventional wisdom aims presumptuously to introduce into the world of spirit that same law of indifference under which the outside world groans.

It believes it is enough to have knowledge of large truths. No other work is necessary. But then it does not get bread, it starves to death while everything is transformed into gold. And what else does it know? There were many thousands in the Greece of the time, countless others in later generations, who knew all the victories of Miltiades, but there was only one who lost sleep over them. There were countless generations that knew the story of Abraham by heart, word for word. How many did it make sleepless?

Now the story of Abraham has the remarkable quality that it will always be glorious no matter how impoverished our understanding of it, but only — for it is true here too — if we are willing to 'labour and be heavy laden'. But labour they will not, and yet they still want to understand the story. One speaks in Abraham's honour, but how? By making it a commonplace: 'his greatness was that he so loved God that he was willing to offer him the best he had.' That is very true, but 'best' is a vague expression. In word and thought one can quite safely identify Isaac with the best, and the man who so thinks can very well puff at his pipe as he does so, and the listener can very well leisurely stretch out his legs. If the rich young man whom Christ met on the road had sold all his possessions and given them to the poor, we would praise him as we praise all great deeds, but we would not understand even him without some labour. Yet he would not have become an Abraham even had he given away the best he had. What is left out of the Abraham story is the anguish; for while I am under no obligation to money, to a son the father has the highest and most sacred of obligations. Yet anguish is a dangerous affair for the squeamish, so people forget it, notwithstanding they want to talk about Abraham. So they talk and in the course of conversation they interchange the words 'Isaac' and 'best'. Everything goes excellently. Should someone in the audience be suffering from insomnia, however, there is likely

to be the most appalling, most profound, tragi-comic misunderstanding. He goes home, he wants to do just like Abraham; for the son is certainly the best thing he has. Should that speaker hear word of this, he might go to the man, summon all his clerical authority, and shout: 'Loathsome man, dregs of society, what devil has so possessed you that you wanted to murder your own son?' And this priest, who had felt no signs of heat or perspiration while preaching about Abraham, would be surprised at the righteous wrath with which he fulminates against that poor man; he would be pleased with himself, for never had he spoken with such pungency and fervour before. He would say to himself, and his wife: 'I'm an orator, all I've needed was the opportunity; when I spoke about Abraham on Sunday I didn't feel at all carried away.' If the same speaker still had some slight excess of wit to spare he would surely lose it were the sinner to reply coolly and with dignity: 'It was in fact what you yourself preached on Sunday.' How could a priest get such an idea into his head? And yet he did so, and the mistake was only that he hadn't known what he was saying. Why doesn't some poet take up situations like these instead of the stuff and nonsense that fills comedies and novels? The comic and the tragic converge on each other here in absolute infinity. The priest's speech was no doubt laughable enough in itself, but became infinitely more so in its consequence, and yet that was quite natural. Or suppose the sinner had acceded without protest to the priest's reprimand; or that zealous cleric had gone happily home, happy in the knowledge that his effectiveness was not confined to the pulpit but was above all evident in the irresistible power of his ministry to souls, inspiring the congregation on Sunday while on Monday, like a cherub with flaming sword, confronting him who by his deed would put that old proverb to shame which says that the world never practises what the priest preaches.[1]

Should the sinner, on the other hand, not be convinced, his situation would be tragic enough. He would no doubt be executed or sent to the madhouse; in short he would have come into an unhappy relation to socalled reality, though in another sense I should think that Abraham made him happy: for he who labours does not perish.

What explains a contradiction like this speaker's? Is it because Abraham has acquired proprietary rights to the title of great man, so that whatever he does is great, and if anyone else does the same it is a sin, a crying sin? If so, I have no wish to take part in such mindless praise. If faith cannot make it into a holy deed to murder one's own son, then let the judgement fall on Abraham as on anyone else. If one hasn't the courage to think this thought through, to say that Abraham was a murderer, then surely it is better to acquire that courage than to waste time on undeserved speeches in his praise. The ethical expression for what Abraham did is that he was willing to murder Isaac; the religious expression is that he was willing to sacrifice Isaac; but in this contradiction lies the very anguish that can indeed make one sleepless; and yet without that anguish Abraham is not the one he is. Or perhaps Abraham simply didn't do what the story says, perhaps in the context of his times what he did was something quite different. Then let's forget him, for why bother remembering a past that cannot be made into a present? Or perhaps something to do with the ethical aspect slipped that speaker's mind, the fact that Isaac was the son. For if you simply remove faith as a nix and nought there remains only the raw fact that Abraham was willing to murder Isaac, which is easy enough for anyone without faith to imitate; without the faith, that is, which makes it hard.

For my own part I don't lack the courage to think a thought whole. No thought has frightened me so far. Should I ever come across one I hope I will

at least have the honesty to say: 'This thought scares me, it stirs up something else in me so that I don't want to think it.' If that is wrong of me I'll no doubt get my punishment. If I had conceded the truth of the judgement that Abraham was a murderer, I am not sure that I would have been able to silence my reverence of him. But if that is what I myself thought, then I would presumably keep quiet, for thoughts like that are not to be intimated to others. However, Abraham is no illusion; he hasn't slept himself to fame; he does not owe his celebrity to any whim of fate.

Can one speak unreservedly of Abraham, then, without risking that someone will go off the rails and do likewise? Unless I dare to speak quite openly I will simply keep quiet about Abraham, and above all not diminish him so that by that very fact he becomes a snare for the weak. If one makes faith the main thing — that is, makes it what it is — then I imagine one might dare speak of it without that risk in this day of ours which can hardly be said to outdo itself in faith, and it is only in respect of faith that one achieves resemblance to Abraham, not murder. If one makes love into a fleeting mood, into a pleasurable agitation in a person, then one lays traps for the weak when talking of the achievements of love. Of course everyone has momentary feelings, but if those were to be used as reasons for doing the terrible things that love has hallowed as immortal deeds everything would be lost, both the achievement and those misled in this way.

It should be all right, then, to speak about Abraham. The great can never do harm when grasped in their greatness. It is like a two-edged sword, bringing death and salvation. If it should fall to my lot to speak of him, I would begin by showing what a devout and God-fearing man Abraham was, deserving to be called God's chosen. Only such a person is subjected to such a trial; but who is such a person? Next I would describe how Abraham loved

Isaac. To that end I would beg the support of all good spirits in making my speech as fervent as is the love of a father for his son. I would hope to describe it in such a way that not many a father in the realm would dare maintain that he loved his son thus. Yet if he did not love as Abraham, all thought of offering Isaac would be a temptation. Here we already have plenty to speak of for several Sundays, so there is no need to rush. The result, if the speech does justice to the theme, will be that some fathers will simply not want to hear more, but be happy for the time being if they have really succeeded in loving as Abraham did. Should one of them after having caught the greatness of Abraham's deed, but also the appallingness of it, venture out on the road, I would saddle my horse and ride along with him. At every stop before we came to the mountain in Moriah I would explain to him that he could still turn back, could rue the misunderstanding that he was called to be tried in a conflict of this nature, could confess that he lacked the courage, so that if God wanted Isaac God must take him himself. It is my conviction that such a person will not be disavowed, but can be blessed along with all others, though not in time. Even in times of faith would such a person not be judged in this way? I knew someone who once could have saved my life had he possessed magnanimity. He said plainly: 'I see well enough what I could do, but I don't dare. I'm afraid that later I shall lack strength, that I shall regret it.' He was not magnanimous, but would anyone cease to love him on that account?

Having spoken thus, and moved my audience so that they appreciated at least something of the dialectical struggle of faith and its gigantic passion, I would not be guilty of the error they might impute to me by thinking: 'Well, he has faith in such a high degree it's enough for us just to hold on to his coat-tails.' For I would add: 'By no means have I faith. I am a shrewd fellow by

nature, such as always have great difficulty making the movement of faith, though I wouldn't attach any importance in itself to a difficulty which, by overcoming it, brings a shrewd fellow no further than the most ordinary and simple-minded person has already reached without the difficulty.'

Love, after all, has its priests in the poets, and occasionally one hears a voice that knows how to keep it in shape; but about faith one hears not a word, who speaks in this passion's praises? Philosophy goes further. Theology sits all painted at the window courting philosophy's favour, offering philosophy its delights. It is said to be hard to understand Hegel, while understanding Abraham, why, that's a bagatelle. To go beyond Hegel, that is a miracle, but to go beyond Abraham is the simplest of all. I for my part have devoted considerable time to understanding the Hegelian philosophy, believe also that I have more or less understood it, am rash enough to believe that at those points where, despite the trouble taken, I cannot understand it, the reason is that Hegel himself hasn't been altogether clear. All this I do easily, naturally, without it causing me any mental strain. But when I have to think about Abraham I am virtually annihilated. I am all the time aware of that monstrous paradox that is the content of Abraham's life. I am constantly repulsed, and my thought, for all its passion, is unable to enter into it, cannot come one hairbreadth further. I strain every muscle to catch sight of it, but the same instant I become paralysed.

I am not unacquainted with what has been admired as great and magnanimous in the world; my soul feels an affinity with it, and is in all humility convinced that it was in my cause too that the hero strove; as I contemplate his striving I exclaim to myself: 'Jam tua res agitur' [Now it's your affair that's at stake]. The hero I can think myself into, but not Abraham; when I reach that height I fall down since what I'm offered is a paradox. Yet I

by no means think that faith is therefore something inferior, on the contrary that it is the highest, at the same time believing it dishonest of philosophy to offer something else instead and to slight faith. Philosophy cannot and should not give us an account of faith, but should understand itself and know just what it has indeed to offer, without taking anything away, least of all cheating people out of something by making them think it is nothing. I am not unacquainted with life's needs and dangers, I do not fear them, and I go to meet them undaunted. I am not unfamiliar with horror, my memory is a faithful wife and my imagination, unlike myself, a diligent maid who sits quietly all day at her work and in the evening can speak so prettily for me that I just have to look at it even if it isn't always landscapes or flowers or pastoral idylls she paints. I have seen horror face to face, I do not flee it in fear but know very well that, however bravely I face it, my courage is not that of faith and not at all to be compared with it. I cannot close my eyes and hurl myself trustingly into the absurd, for me it is impossible, but I do not praise myself on that account. I am convinced that God is love; this thought has for me a pristine lyrical validity. When it is present to me I am unspeakably happy, when it is absent I yearn for it more intensely than the lover for the beloved; but I do not have faith; this courage I lack. God's love is for me, both in a direct and inverse sense, incommensurable with the whole of reality. I am not coward enough to whimper and moan on that account, but neither am I underhand enough to deny that faith is something far higher. I can very well carry on living in my manner, I am happy and satisfied, but my happiness is not that of faith and compared with that is indeed unhappy. I do not burden God with my petty cares, details don't concern me, I gaze only upon my love and keep its virginal flame pure and clear; faith is convinced that God troubles himself about the smallest thing. In this life I am content to

be wedded to the left hand, faith is humble enough to demand the right; and that it is indeed humility I don't, and shall never, deny.

But I wonder whether all my contemporaries really are capable of making the movement of faith? Unless I am much mistaken they are more inclined to pride themselves for doing what they don't even think me capable of, i. e. the imperfect. It is against my nature to do what people so often do, talk inhumanly about the great as though some thousands of years were a huge distance; I prefer to talk about it humanly as though it happened yesterday and let only the greatness itself be the distance that either exalts or condemns. If — in the guise of tragic hero, for higher than that I cannot come — I were summoned to such an extraordinary royal progress as that to the mountain in Moriah I know very well what I would have done. I would not have been coward enough to stay at home, nor would I have rested on the way or dawdled, or forgotten the knife to create some delay; I am fairly certain I would have been there on the dot, with everything arranged — I might even have come too early instead, so as to have done with it quickly. But I also know what else I would have done. The moment I mounted the horse I would have said to myself: 'Now everything is lost, God demands Isaac, I sacrifice him, and with him all my joy — yet God is love and for me continues to be so.' For in the temporal world God and I cannot talk together, we have no common language. Perhaps someone or other in our time would be foolish enough, envious enough of the great, to want to suppose, and have me suppose, that had I actually done this I would have done something even greater than Abraham, for wouldn't my immense resignation be far more idealistic and poetic than Abraham's narrow-mindedness? And yet this is the greatest falsehood, for my immense resignation would be a substitute for faith. Nor could I have made more than the infinite movement in order to find

myself again and rest once more in myself. Neither would I have loved Isaac as Abraham did. The fact that I made the movement resolutely might demonstrate my courage humanly speaking, that I loved him with all my soul is a precondition without which the whole affair becomes an act of wickedness, and yet I would not have loved as Abraham loved; for then I would have held back at the very last minute, though without this meaning that I'd arrive late at the mountain in Moriah. Further-more my behaviour would have vitiated the whole story, for I would have been at a loss had I got Isaac back again. What Abraham found the easiest of all would for me be hard, to find joy again in Isaac! For he who with all the infinity of his soul, proprio motu et propriis auspiciis [on his own accord and on his own responsibility], has made the infinite movement and can do no more, that person only keeps Isaac with pain.

But what did Abraham do? He came neither too early nor too late. He mounted the ass, he rode slowly down the path. All along he had faith, he believed that God would not demand Isaac of him, while still he was willing to offer him if that was indeed what was demanded. He believed on the strength of the absurd, for there could be no question of human calculation, and it was indeed absurd that God who demanded this of him should in the next instant withdraw the demand. He climbed the mountain, even in that moment when the knife gleamed he believed — that God would not demand Isaac. Certainly he was surprised by the outcome, but by means of a double movement he had come back to his original position and therefore received Isaac more joyfully than the first time. Let us go further. We let Isaac actually be sacrificed. Abraham had faith. His faith was not that he should be happy sometime in the hereafter, but that he should find blessed happiness here in this world. God could give him a new Isaac, bring the sacrificial offer back to

life. He believed on the strength of the absurd, for all human calculation had long since been suspended. That sorrow can make one demented may be granted and is hard enough; that there is a strength of will that hauls close enough to the wind to save the understanding, even if the strain turns one slightly odd, that too may be granted. I don't mean to decry that. But to be able to lose one's understanding and with it the whole of the finite world whose stockbroker it is, and then on the strength of the absurd get exactly the same finitude back again, that leaves me aghast. But I don't say on that account that it is of little worth; on the contrary it is the one and only marvel. It is commonly supposed that what faith produces is no work of art but a crude and vulgar effort only for clumsier natures; yet the truth is quite otherwise. The dialectic of faith is the most refined and most remarkable of all dialectics, it has an elevation that I can form a conception of but no more. I can make the great trampoline leap in which I pass over into infinitude, my back is like the tight-rope walker's, twisted in my childhood, and so it is easy for me. One, two, three, I can go upside down in existence, but the next is beyond me, for the marvel I cannot perform but only be amazed at. Yes, if only Abraham, the instant he swung his leg over the ass's back, had said to himself: 'Now Isaac is lost, I could just as well sacrifice him here at home as journey the long road to Moriah' — then I wouldn't need Abraham, whereas now I bow to his name seven times and to his deed seventy. For that is not what he did, as I can prove by the fact that he received Isaac back with joy, really heartfelt joy, that he needed no preparation, no time to adjust himself to finitude and its joy. Had it not been thus with Abraham he may well have loved God, but he would not have had faith; for he who loves God without faith reflects on himself, while the person who loves God reflects on God.

At this extremity stands Abraham. The last stage he loses sight of is

infinite resignation. He really does go further and comes to faith, for all these caricatures of faith, the pitiable, lukewarm apathy that thinks 'There's surely no need, it's not worth worrying before the time', the miserable hope that says 'Who knows what may happen, it's possible certainly' — these distortions belong to life's wretchedness, and these infinite resignation has already infinitely scorned.

Abraham I cannot understand; in a way all I can learn from him is to be amazed. If one imagines one can be moved to faith by considering the outcome of this story, one deceives oneself, and is out to cheat God of faith's first movement, one is out to suck the life-wisdom out of the paradox. One or another may succeed, for our age does not stop with faith, with its miracle of turning water into wine; it goes further, it turns wine into water.

Would it not be best all the same to stop with faith, and is it not disturbing that everyone wants to go further? When people nowadays — as is in fact variously announced — will not stop with love, where is it they are going? To worldly wisdom, petty calculation, to paltriness and misery, to all that can put man's divine origin in doubt? Would it not be better to remain standing at faith, and for the one who stands there to take care not to fall? For the movement of faith must be made continually on the strength of the absurd, though in such a way, be it noted, that one does not lose finitude but gains it all of a piece. I for my part can indeed describe the movements of faith, but I cannot perform them. When learning how to make swimming movements, one can hang in a belt from the ceiling; one may be said to describe the movements all fight but one isn't swimming; likewise I can describe the movements of faith but when I am thrown into the water, although I may be said to be swimming (for I'm not among the waders), I make other movements, I make the movements of infinity, while faith does

the opposite, having performed the movements of infinity it makes those of finitude. Lucky the one who can make those movements, he performs a marvel, and I shall never tire of admiring him. Whether it is Abraham or the servant in Abraham's house, whether a professor of philosophy or a poor serving-maid is for me absolutely immaterial, I look only at the movements. But those I do indeed look at and let myself be fooled neither by myself nor by anyone else. The knights of infinite resignation are readily recognizable, their gait is gliding, bold. But those who wear the jewel of faith can easily disappoint, for their exterior bears a remarkable similarity to what infinite resignation itself as much as faith scorns, namely the bourgeois philistine.

In my own experience I frankly admit to having found no reliable examples, though I would not deny on that ground that possibly every other person is one. Still, I have tried now in vain for several years to track one down. People commonly travel the world over to see rivers and mountains, new stars, garish birds, freak fish, grotesque breeds of human; they fall into an animal stupor that gapes at existence and they think they have seen something. I am not concerned with this. But if I knew where such a knight of faith lived I would journey to him on foot, for this marvel concerns me absolutely. I would not let him slip one instant, but watch every minute how he makes the movements; I would consider myself maintained for life and divide my time between looking at him and practising the movements myself, thus devoting all my time to admiring him. As I said, I haven't found such a one; still, I can very well imagine him. Here he is. The acquaintance is struck, I am introduced. The moment I first set eyes on him I thrust him away, jump back, clasp my hands together and say half aloud: 'Good God! Is this the person, is it really him? He looks just like a tax-gatherer.' Yet it is indeed him. I come a little closer, watch the least movement in case some small,

incongruous optical telegraphic message from the infinite should appear, a glance, expression, gesture, a sadness, a smile betraying the infinite by its incongruity with the finite. No! I examine him from top to toe, in case there should be some crack through which the infinite peeped out. No! He is solid through and through. His stance? Vigorous, it belongs altogether to finitude, no smartly turned-out townsman taking a stroll out to Fresberg on a Sunday afternoon treads the ground with surer foot; he belongs altogether to the world, no petit bourgeois belongs to it more. One detects nothing of the strangeness and superiority that mark the knight of the infinite. This man takes pleasure, takes part, in everything, and whenever one catches him occupied with something his engagement has the persistence of the worldly person whose soul is wrapped up in such things. He minds his affairs. To see him at them you would think he was some pen-pusher who had lost his soul to Italian book-keeping, so attentive to detail is he. He takes a holiday on Sundays. He goes to church. No heavenly glance or any other sign of the incommensurable betrays him; if one didn't know him it would be impossible to set him apart from the rest of the crowd; for at most his hearty, lusty psalm-singing proves that he has a good set of lungs. In the afternoon he takes a walk in the woods. He delights in everything he sees, in the thronging humanity, the new omnibuses, the Sound — to run across him on Strandveien you would think he was a shop-keeper having his fling, such is his way of taking pleasure; for he is not a poet and I have sought in vain to prise out of him the secret of any poetic incommensurability. Towards evening he goes home, his step tireless as a postman's. On the way it occurs to him that his wife will surely have some special little warm dish for his return, for example roast head of lamb with vegetables. If he were to meet a kindred spirit, he could continue as far as Østerport so as to converse with him about this dish

with a passion befitting a restaurateur. As it happens he hasn't a penny and yet he firmly believes his wife has that delicacy waiting for him. If she has, to see him eat it would be a sight for superior people to envy and for plain folk to be inspired by, for his appetite is greater than Esau's. If his wife doesn't have the dish, curiously enough he is exactly the same. On the road he passes a buildingsite and meets another man. They talk together for a moment, he has a building raised in a jiffy, having all that's needed for that. The stranger leaves him thinking: 'That must have been a capitalist,' while my admirable knight thinks: 'Yes, if it came to that I could surely manage it.' He takes his ease at an open window and looks down on the square where he lives, at everything that goes on — a rat slipping under a board over the gutter, the children at play — with a composure befitting a sixteen-year-old girl. And yet he is no genius; I have tried in vain to spy out in him the incommensurability of the genius. He smokes his pipe in the evening: to see him you would swear it was the cheesemonger opposite vegetating in the dusk. Carefree as a devil-may-care good-for-nothing, he hasn't a worry in the world, and yet he purchases every moment that he lives, 'redeeming the seasonable time' at the dearest price; not the least thing does he do except on the strength of the absurd. And yet, and yet — yes, it could drive me to fury, out of envy if for no other reason — and yet this man has made and is at every moment making the movement of infinity. He drains in infinite resignation the deep sorrow of existence, he knows the bliss of infinity, he has felt the pain of renouncing everything, whatever is most precious in the world, and yet to him finitude tastes just as good as to one Who has never known anything higher, for his remaining in the finite bore no trace of a stunted, anxious training, and still he has this sense of being secure to take pleasure in it, as though it were the most certain thing of all. And yet, and yet

the whole earthly form he presents is a new creation on the strength of the absurd. He resigned everything infinitely, and then took everything back on the strength of the absurd. He is continually making the movement of infinity, but he makes it with such accuracy and poise that he is continually getting finitude out of it, and not for a second would one suspect anything else. It is said that the dancer's hardest task is to leap straight into a definite position, so that not for a second does he have to catch at the position but stands there in it in the leap itself. Perhaps no dancer can do it — but that knight does it. The mass of humans live disheartened lives of earthly sorrow and joy, these are the sitters-out who will not join in the dance. The knights of infinity are dancers too and they have elevation. They make the upward movement and fall down again, and this too is no unhappy pastime, nor ungracious to behold. But when they come down they cannot assume the position straightaway, they waver an instant and the wavering shows they are nevertheless strangers in the world. This may be more or less evident, depending on their skill, but even the most skilled of these knights cannot hide the vacillation. One doesn't need to see them in the air, one only has to see them the moment they come and have come to earth to recognize them. But to be able to land in just that way, and in the same second to look as though one was up and walking, to transform the leap in life to a gait, to express the sublime in the pedestrian absolutely — that is something only the knight of faith can do — and it is the one and only marvel.

Yet this marvel can so easily deceive. I will therefore describe the movements in a particular case which can illustrate the respective relationships to reality, for it is these that everything turns on. A young lad falls in love with a princess, the content of his whole life lies in this love, and yet the relationship is one that cannot possibly be brought to fruition, be

translated from ideality into reality.[2] The slaves of misery, the frogs in life's swamp, naturally exclaim: 'Such love is foolishness; the rich brewer's widow is just as good and sound a match.' Let them croak away undisturbed in the swamp. This is not the manner of the knight of infinite resignation, he does not renounce the love, not for all the glory in the world. He is no trifler. He first makes sure that this really is the content of his life, and his soul is too healthy and proud to squander the least thing on getting drunk. He is not cowardly, he is not afraid to let his love steal in upon his most secret, most hidden thoughts, to let it twine itself in countless coils around every ligament of his consciousness — if the love becomes unhappy he will never be able to wrench himself out of it. He feels a blissful rapture when he lets it tingle through every nerve, and yet his soul is as solemn as his who has emptied the cup of poison and feels the juice penetrate to every drop of blood — for this moment is life and death. Having thus imbibed all the love and absorbed himself in it, he does not lack the courage to attempt and risk everything. He reflects over his life's circumstances, he summons the swift thoughts that like trained doves obey his every signal, he waves his rod over them, and they rush off in all directions. But now when they all return as messengers of sorrow and explain to him that it is an impossibility, he becomes quiet, he dismisses them, he remains alone, and he performs the movement. If what I say here has any meaning the movement must take place properly.[3] For the knight will then, in the first place, have the strength to concentrate the whole of his life's content and the meaning of reality in a single wish. If a person lacks this concentration, this focus, his soul is disintegrated from the start, and then he will never come to make the movement, he will act prudently in life like those capitalists who invest their capital in every kind of security so as to gain on the one what they lose on the other — in short, he is not a

knight. Secondly, the knight will have the strength to concentrate the whole of the result of his reflection into one act of consciousness. If he lacks this focus his soul is disintegrated from the start and he will then never have time to make the movement, he will be forever running errands in life, never enter the eternal; for at the very moment he is almost there he will suddenly discover that he has forgotten something and so must go back. The next moment he will think it possible, and that is also quite correct; but through such considerations one never comes to make the movement; rather with their help one sinks ever deeper into the mire.

So the knight makes the movement, but what movement? Does he want to forget the whole thing? Because in that too there is a kind of concentration. No! for the knight does not contradict himself, and it is a contradiction to forget the whole of one's life's content and still be the same. He has no inclination to become another, seeing nothing at all great in that prospect. Only lower natures forget themselves and become something new. Thus the butterfly has altogether forgotten that it was a caterpillar, perhaps it can so completely forget in turn that it was a butterfly that it can become a fish. Deeper natures never forget themselves and never become something other than they were. So the knight will remember everything; but the memory is precisely the pain, and yet in his infinite resignation he is reconciled with existence. His love for the princess would take on for him the expression of an eternal love, would acquire a religious character, be transfigured into a love for the eternal being which, although it denied fulfilment, still reconciled him once more in the eternal consciousness of his love's validity in an eternal form that no reality can take from him. Fools and young people talk about everything being possible for a human being. But that is a great mistake. Everything is possible spiritually speaking, but in the finite world there is

much that is not possible. This impossibility the knight nevertheless makes possible by his expressing it spiritually, but he expresses it spiritually by renouncing it. The desire which would convey him out into reality, but came to grief on an impossibility, now bends inwards but is not lost thereby nor forgotten. At times it is the unconscious workings of the desire in him which awaken the memory, at others it is he himself that awakens it, for he is too proud to want to let the whole content of his life seem to have been but a fleeting affair of the moment. He keeps this love young, and it grows with him in years and beauty. On the other hand, he needs no finite occasion for its growth. From the moment he made the movement the princess is lost. He needs none of this erotic titillation of the nerves at the sight of the loved one, etc., nor does he need in a finite sense to be continually making his farewell, for his memory of her is an eternal one, and he knows very well that those lovers who are so eager to see one another one more time to say farewell are right to be eager, right to think it will be the last time; for as soon as may be they will have forgotten one another. He has grasped the deep secret that even in loving another one should be sufficient unto oneself. He pays no further finite attention to what the princess does, and just this proves that he has made the movement infinitely. Here we have the opportunity to see whether the movement in the individual is proper or not. There was a person who also believed he had made the movement, but time went by, the princess did something else, she married, say, a prince, and his soul lost the resilience of resignation. He knew then that he had not made the movement correctly; for one who has infinitely resigned is enough unto himself. The knight does not cancel his resignation, he keeps it, just as young as in the first instance, he never lets it go, simply because he has made the movement infinitely. What the princess does cannot disturb him, it is only lower natures who have the

law for their actions in someone else, the premisses for their actions outside themselves. If, on the other hand, the princess is similarly disposed there will be a beautiful development. She will then introduce herself into that order of knighthood whose members are not admitted by ballot but which anyone can join who has the courage to admit him- or herself, that order of knighthood which proves its immortality by making no distinction between man and woman. She too will keep her love young and sound, she too will have overcome her agony, even though she does not, as the song says, 'lie by her lord's side'. These two will then be suited to each other in all eternity, with such a strict-tempoed harmonia praestabilita [pre-established harmony] that were some moment to come, a moment with which they were nevertheless not concerned finitely, for in the finite world they would grow old — were such a moment to come which allowed their love its expression in time, then they would be in a position to begin precisely where they would have begun had they been united from the beginning. The one, whether man or woman, who understands this can never be deceived, for it is only lower natures who imagine they are deceived. No girl who lacks this pride really knows what it is to love, but if she is so proud, then all the world's stratagems and ingenuity cannot deceive her.

In infinite resignation there is peace and repose; anyone who wants it, who has not debased himself by — what is still worse than being too proud — belittling himself, can discipline himself into making this movement, which in its pain reconciles one to existence. Infinite resignation is that shirt in the old fable. The thread is spun with tears, bleached by tears, the shirt sewn in tears, but then it also gives better protection than iron and steel. A defect of the fable is that a third party is able to make the material. The secret in life is that everyone must sew it for himself; and the remarkable thing is

that a man can sew it just as well as a woman. In infinite resignation there is peace and repose and consolation in the pain, that is if the movement is made properly. I could easily fill a whole book with the various misunderstandings, awkward positions, and slovenly movements I have encountered in just my own slight experience. People believe very little in spirit, yet it is precisely spirit that is needed to make this movement; what matters is its not being a one-sided result of dira necessitas; the more it is that the more doubtful it always is that the movement is proper. To insist that a frigid, sterile necessity is necessarily present is to say that no one may experience death before actually dying, which strikes me as crass materialism. Yet in our time people are less concerned with making pure movements. Suppose someone wanting to learn to dance said: 'For hundreds of years now one generation after another has been learning dance steps, it's high time I took advantage of this and began straight off with a set of quadrilles.' One would surely laugh a little at him; but in the world of spirit such an attitude is considered utterly plausible. What then is education? I had thought it was the curriculum the individual ran through in order to catch up with himself; and anyone who does not want to go through this curriculum will be little helped by being born into the most enlightened age.

Infinite resignation is the last stage before faith, so that anyone who has not made this movement does not have faith; for only in infinite resignation does my eternal validity become transparent to me, and only then can there be talk of grasping existence on the strength of faith.

Let us now have the knight of faith make his appearance in the case discussed. He does exactly the same as the other knight, he infinitely renounces the claim to the love which is the content of his life; he is reconciled in pain; but then comes the marvel, he makes one more

movement, more wonderful than anything else, for he says: 'I nevertheless believe that I shall get her, namely on the strength of the absurd, on the strength of the fact that for God all things are possible.' The absurd is not one distinction among others embraced by understanding. It is not the same as the improbable, the unexpected, the unforeseen. The moment the knight resigned he was convinced of the impossibility, humanly speaking; that was a conclusion of the understanding, and he had energy enough to think it. In an infinite sense, however, it was possible, through renouncing it [as a finite possibility]; but then accepting that [possibility] is at the same time to have given it up, yet for the understanding there is no absurdity in possessing it, for it is only in the finite world that understanding rules and there it was and remains an impossibility. On this the knight of faith is just as clear; all that can save him is the absurd; and this he grasps by faith. Accordingly he admits the impossibility and at the same time believes the absurd; for were he to suppose that he had faith without recognizing the impossibility with all the passion of his soul and with all his heart, he would be deceiving himself, and his testimony would carry weight nowhere, since he would not even have come as far as infinite resignation.

Faith is therefore no aesthetic emotion, but something far higher, exactly because it presupposes resignation; it is not the immediate inclination of the heart but the paradox of existence. Thus that a young girl in the face of all difficulties rests assured that her desire will be fulfilled in no way means that her certainty is that of faith, even if she has been brought up by Christian parents and perhaps gone for a whole year to the pastor. She is convinced in all her childlike simplicity and innocence. This assurance too ennobles her nature and gives her a preternatural dimension, so that like a worker of wonders she can charm the finite powers of existence and make even stones

weep, while on the other hand in her distraction she can just as well run to Herod as to Pilate and move the whole world with her pleas. Her conviction is ever so lovable, and one can learn much from her, but one thing one does not learn from her, how to make movements. Her certainty does not dare look the impossibility in the eye in the pain of resignation.

I can see then that it requires strength and energy and freedom of spirit to make the infinite movement of resignation; I can also see that it can be done. The next step dumbfounds me, my brain reels; for having made the movement of resignation, now on the strength of the absurd to get everything, to get one's desire, whole, in full, that requires more-than-human powers, it is a marvel. But at least I can see this, that the young girl's conviction is mere frivolity compared with a faith that is unshakeable even when it sees the impossibility. Whenever I want to make this movement I turn giddy, at the same moment I admire it absolutely and yet in that same instant an immense anxiety seizes my soul, for what is it to test God? And yet this is the movement of faith and remains that, however much philosophy, in order to confuse concepts, will have us suppose that it has faith, however much theology wants to sell it at a bargain price.

Resignation does not require faith, for what I win in resignation is my eternal consciousness, and that is a purely philosophical movement, which I venture upon when necessary, and which I can discipline myself into doing, for every time something finite out-distances me I starve myself until I make the movement; for my eternal consciousness is my love of God, and for me that is higher than anything. Resignation does not require faith, but it requires faith to get the slightest more than my eternal consciousness, for that [more] is the paradox. The movements are often confused. It is said that faith is needed in order to renounce everything; yes, even more strangely one hears

people complain that they have lost faith and on consulting the scale to see where they are, we find curiously enough that they have come no further than the point where they should be making the infinite movement of resignation. Through resignation I renounce everything, this movement is one I do by myself, and when I do not do it that is because I am cowardly and weak and lack the enthusiasm and have no sense of the importance of the high dignity afforded to every human being, to be his own censor, a dignity greater by far than to be Censor General for the whole Roman Republic. This movement is one that I make by myself, so what I win is myself in my eternal consciousness, in a blessed compliance with my love for the eternal being. Through faith I don't renounce anything, on the contrary in faith I receive everything, exactly in the way it is said what one whose faith is like a mustard seed can move mountains. It takes a purely human courage to renounce the whole of temporality in order to win eternity, but I do indeed win it and cannot in all eternity renounce that, for that would be a self-contradiction; but it takes a paradoxical and humble courage then to grasp the whole of temporality on the strength of the absurd, and that courage is the courage of faith. Through faith Abraham did not renounce his claim on Isaac, through his faith he received Isaac. That rich young man, by virtue of his resignation, should have given everything away, but once he had done so the knight of faith would have to say to him: 'On the strength of the absurd you shall get every penny back, believe that!' And these words should by no means be a matter of indifference to the once rich young man; for if he gave his possessions away because he was bored with them, then his resignation was in a sorry state.

Temporality, finitude is what it all turns on. I am able by my own strength to renounce everything, and then find peace and repose in the pain; I

can put up with everything even if that demon, more horrifying than the skull and bones that put terror into men's hearts — even if madness itself were to hold up the fool's costume before my eyes and I could tell from its look that it was I who was to put it on; I can still save my soul so long as it is more important for me that my love of God should triumph in me than my worldly happiness. A man can still, in that last moment, concentrate his whole soul in a single glance towards the heaven from which all good gifts come, and this glance is something both he and the one he seeks understand; it means he has nevertheless remained true to his love. Then he will calmly put on the costume. He who lacks this romanticism has sold his soul, whether he received a kingdom for it or a paltry piece of silver. But by my own strength I cannot get the least little thing of what belongs to finitude; for I am continually using my energy to renounce everything. By my own strength I can give up the princess, and I shall be no sulker but find joy and peace and repose in my pain, but with my own strength I cannot get her back again, for all that strength is precisely what I use to renounce my claim on her. But by faith, says that marvellous knight, by faith you will get her on the strength of the absurd.

Alas, this movement is one I cannot make! As soon as I want to begin it everything turns around and I flee back to the pain of resignation. I can swim in life, but for this mysterious floating I am too heavy. To exist in such a way that my opposition to existence expresses itself every instant as the most beautiful and safest harmony, that I cannot. And yet it must be glorious to get the princess, I say so every instant and the knight of resignation who doesn't say it is a deceiver, he has not had just one desire and he has not kept his desire young in its pain. Some might find it convenient enough that the desire is no longer alive, that the smart of pain has dulled; but such people are no

knights. A free-born soul who caught himself at this would despise himself and make a fresh start, and above all not allow himself to be deceived in his soul. And yet it must be wonderful to get the princess, and yet it is only the knight of faith who is happy, only he is heir apparent to the finite, whereas the knight of resignation is a stranger, a foreigner. To get the princess in this way, to live in joy and happiness, in her company day in and day out — we have to allow, of course, that the knight of resignation, too, may get the princess, even though he has clearly perceived the impossibility of their future happiness — thus to live joyfully and happily in this way every moment on the strength of the absurd, every moment to see the sword hanging over the loved one's head and yet find, not repose in the pain of resignation, but joy on the strength of the absurd — that is wonderful. The one who does that, he is great, the only great one, the thought of it stirs my soul, which was never sparing in its admiration of greatness.

Now if everyone in my generation unwilling to stop at faith is really someone who has understood life's horror, has grasped Daub's meaning when he says that a soldier standing guard alone with a loaded gun by a powder magazine on a stormy night gets strange thoughts; if all those unwilling to stop at faith really are people who possess the strength of soul to grasp, and give themselves time to be alone with, the thought that what they wished was impossible; if all who are unwilling to stop at faith have really reconciled themselves in pain and been reconciled by pain; if all those unwilling to stop at faith have in addition (and unless they have done all this other they need not trouble themselves in matters of faith) performed that marvel, grasped the whole of existence on the strength of the absurd — then what I am writing is a speech in the highest praise of my generation by the least in it, by the one who could only make the movement of resignation. But why will they not

stop at faith, why do we sometimes hear of people blushing to admit they have faith? That I cannot grasp. Should I ever come so far as to manage this movement, I'd drive thereafter with a coach-and-four.

Is it really the case, can all the bourgeois philistinism I see in life, and which I allow only my deeds and not my words to condemn, really be not what it seems? Is it really this marvel? That is certainly conceivable, for our hero of faith did indeed bear a striking resemblance to it, for our hero of faith was not even an ironist and humorist but something still higher. A lot is said in our time about irony and humour, particularly by people who have never succeeded in practising them but who nevertheless know how to explain everything. I am not altogether unfamiliar with these two passions, I know a little more about them than is to be found in German and German-Danish compendia. Therefore I know that these two passions differ essentially from the passion of faith. Irony and humour reflect also upon themselves and so belong in the sphere of infinite resignation, they owe their resilience to the individual's incommensurability with reality.

The last movement, the paradoxical movement of faith I cannot perform, be it a duty or whatever — though in fact I would be most willing to do it. Whether anyone has the right to say this must be up to him; it is a matter between him and the eternal being who is the object of faith whether he can reach an amicable agreement in this respect. What everyone can do, on the other hand, is perform the infinite movement of resignation, and I for my part would not think twice about pronouncing anyone a coward who thinks he can't. With faith it is another matter. But what no one has the right to do is let others suppose that faith is something inferior or that it is an easy matter, when in fact it is the greatest and most difficult of all.

Some understand the story of Abraham in another way. They praise

God's mercy for giving him Isaac once again, the whole thing was just a trial. A trial — that can say a lot or little, yet the whole thing is as quickly done with as said. One mounts a winged horse, that very instant one is on the mountain in Moriah, the same instant one sees the ram. One forgets that Abraham rode on an ass, which can keep up no more than a leisurely pace, that he had a three-day journey, that he needed time to chop the firewood, bind Isaac, and sharpen the knife.

And yet one praises Abraham! The speaker might just as well sleep until fifteen minutes before speaking, his hearer might just as well sleep throughout the speech, since it all goes so smoothly, without trouble from either side. Should someone present be suffering from insomnia, that person might go home, sit down in a corner, and think: 'It's all over in a second, if you'll just wait a minute you'll see the ram and the trial is over.' Were the speaker to meet him in that state then I imagine he would advance on him in all his dignity and say: 'Wretch, that you can let your soul sink into such folly; there is no miracle, and all life is a trial.' The more effusive the speaker became the more heated he would grow and the better pleased with himself, and while he had noticed no congestion of the blood when speaking about Abraham, he could now feel the vein swelling on his forehead. He might perhaps be struck dumb were the sinner, calmly and with dignity, to reply: 'But that's what you preached last Sunday.'

So let us either forget all about Abraham or learn how to be horrified at the monstrous paradox which is the significance of his life, so that we can understand that our time like any other can be glad. if it has faith. If Abraham is not a nonentity, a ghost, a piece of pomp one uses to pass time away, the mistake can never lie in the sinner's wanting to do like him; rather it is a question of seeing the greatness of Abraham's deed, so that the person may

judge for himself whether he has the inclination and courage to be tried in such a thing. The comic contradiction in the speaker's behaviour was that he made Abraham into something insignificant and yet would forbid the other from carrying on in the same manner.

Should one perhaps not dare to speak about Abraham? I think one should. If I myself were to talk about him I would first depict the pain of the trial. For that I would suck all the fear, distress, and torment out of the father's suffering, like a leech, in order to be able to describe all that Abraham suffered while still believing. I would remind people that the journey lasted three days and well into the fourth; yes, those three-and-a-half days should be infinitely longer than the two thousand years separating me from Abraham. Then I would remind them that everyone, as I believe, should feel able to change their mind before beginning on such a thing, that it is possible at every moment to retract and turn back. If one does this I see no danger; nor am I afraid of arousing a desire in people to be put to the test like Abraham. But if one wants to market a cut-price version of Abraham and then still admonish people not to do what Abraham did, then that's just laughable.

What I intend now is to extract from the story of Abraham its dialectical element, in the form of problemata, in order to see how monstrous a paradox faith is, a paradox capable of making a murder into a holy act well pleasing to God, a paradox which gives Isaac back to Abraham, which no thought can grasp because faith begins precisely where thinking leaves off.

Problema Ⅰ

Is There a Teleological Suspension of the Ethical?

The ethical as such is the universal, and as the universal it applies to everyone, which can be put from another point of view by saying that it applies at every moment. It rests immanently in itself, has nothing outside itself that is its telos [end, purpose] but is itself the telos for everything outside, and when that is taken up into it, it has no further to go. Seen as an immediate, no more than sensate and psychic, being, the single individual is the particular that has its telos in the universal, and the individual's ethical task is always to express himself in this, to abrogate his particularity so as to become the universal. As Soon as the single individual wants to assert himself in his particularity, in direct opposition to the universal, he sins, and only by recognizing this can he again reconcile himself with the universal. Whenever, having entered the universal, the single individual feels an urge to assert his particularity, he is in a state of temptation, from which he can extricate himself only by surrendering his particularity to the universal in repentance. If that is the highest that can be said of man and his existence, then the ethical and a person's eternal blessedness, which is his telos in all eternity and at every moment, are identical; for in that case it would be a contradiction to say that one surrendered that telos (i. e. suspended it teleologically) since by suspending the telos one would be forfeiting it, while what is said to be suspended in this sense is not forfeited but preserved in something higher, the latter being precisely its telos.

If that is the case, then Hegel is fight in his 'Good and Conscience'

where he discusses man seen merely as the single individual and regards this way of seeing him as a 'moral form of evil" to be annulled in the teleology of the ethical life, so that the individual who stays at this stage is either in sin or in a state of temptation. Where Hegel goes wrong, on the other hand, is in talking about faith, in not protesting loudly and clearly against the honour and glory enjoyed by Abraham as the father of faith when he should really be remitted to some lower court for trial and exposed as a murderer.

For faith is just this paradox, that the single individual is higher than the universal, though in such a way, be it noted, that the movement is repeated, that is, that, having been in the universal, the single individual now sets himself apart as the particular above the universal. If that is not faith, then Abraham is done for and faith has never existed in the world, just because it has always existed. For if the ethical life is the highest and nothing incommensurable is left over in man, except in the sense of what is evil, i.e. the single individual who is to be expressed in the universal, then one needs no other categories than those of the Greek philosophers, or whatever can be logically deduced from them. This is something Hegel, who has after all made some study of the Greeks, ought not to have kept quiet about.

One not infrequently hears people who prefer to lose themselves in clichés rather than studies say that light shines over the Christian world, while paganism is shrouded in darkness. This kind of talk has always struck me as strange, since any reasonably deep thinker, any reasonably serious artist will still seek rejuvenation in the eternal youth of the Greeks. The explanation may be that they know not what to say, only that they have to say something. There is nothing wrong with saying that paganism did not have faith, but if this is to mean anything one must be a little clearer what one means by faith, otherwise one falls back into those clichés. It is easy to

explain the whole of existence, faith included, and he is not the worst reckoner in life who counts on being admired for having such an explanation: for it is as Boileau says: 'un sot trouve toujours un plus sot, qui l'admire' ['a fool can always find a greater fool who admires him'].

Faith is just this paradox, that the single individual as the particular is higher than the universal, is justified before the latter, not as subordinate but superior, though in such a way, be it noted, that it is the single individual who, having been subordinate to the universal as the particular, now by means of the universal becomes that individual who, as the particular, stands in an absolute relation to the absolute. This position cannot be mediated, for all mediation occurs precisely by virtue of the universal; it is and remains in all eternity a paradox, inaccessible to thought. And yet faith is this paradox. Or else (these are implications which I would ask the reader always to bear in mind, though it would be too complicated for me to spell them out each time) — or else faith has never existed just because it has always existed. And Abraham is done for.

That the individual can easily take this paradox for a temptation is true enough. But one should not keep it quiet on that account. True enough, too, that many people may have a natural aversion to the paradox, but that is no reason for making faith into something else so that they too can have it; while those who do have faith should be prepared to offer some criterion for distinguishing the paradox from a temptation.

Now the story of Abraham contains just such a teleological suspension of the ethical. There has been no want of sharp intellects and sound scholars who have found analogies to it. Their wisdom amounts to the splendid principle that basically everything is the same. If one looks a little closer I doubt very much whether one will find in the whole world a single analogy,

except a later one that proves nothing, for the fact remains that Abraham represents faith, and that faith finds its proper expression in him whose life is not only the most paradoxical conceivable, but so paradoxical that it simply cannot be thought. He acts on the strength of the absurd; for it is precisely the absurd that as the single individual he is higher than the universal. This paradox cannot be mediated; for as soon as he tries Abraham will have to admit that he is in a state of temptation, and in that case he will never sacrifice Isaac, or if he has done so he must return repentantly to the universal. On the strength of the absurd he got Isaac back. Abraham is therefore at no instant the tragic hero, but something quite different, either a murderer or a man of faith. The middle-term that saves the tragic hero is something Abraham lacks. That is why I can understand a tragic hero, but not Abraham, even though in a certain lunatic sense I admire him more than all others.

Abraham's relation to Isaac, ethically speaking, is quite simply this, that the father should love the son more than himself. Yet within its own compass the ethical has several rankings; let us see whether this story contains any such higher expression of the ethical which might explain his behaviour ethically, justify him ethically for suspending the ethical duty to the son, yet without thereby exceeding the ethical's own teleology.

When an enterprise involving a whole nation is prevented, when such an enterprise is brought to a halt by heaven's disfavour, when divine wrath sends a dead calm which mocks every effort, when the soothsayer performs his sad task and proclaims that the deity demands a young girl as a sacrifice — then it is with heroism that the father has to make that sacrifice. Nobly will he hide his grief though he could wish he were 'the lowly man who dares to weep' and not the king who must bear himself as befits a king. And however

solitarily the pain enters his breast, for he has only three confidants among his people, soon the entire population will be privy to his pain, but also to his deed, to the fact that for the well-being of the whole he was willing to offer that girl, his daughter, this lovely young maiden. Oh, what bosom! What fair cheeks! What flaxen hair! And the daughter will touch him with her tears, and the father avert his face, but the hero will raise the knife. And when the news of this reaches the ancestral home all the beauteous maidens of Greece will blush with animation, and were the daughter a bride the betrothed would not be angered but proud to have been party to the father's deed, because the maiden belonged to him more tenderly than to the father.

When that bold judge, who saved Israel in the hour of need binds God and himself in one breath with the same promise, then it is with heroism that he is to transform the young girl's jubilation, the beloved daughter's joy, to sorrow, and all Israel will grieve with her maidenly youth; but every free-born man will understand Jephthah, every stout-hearted woman admire him, and every maiden in Israel will want to do as his daughter; for what good would it be for Jephthah to triumph by making his promise but fail to keep it? Would the victory not be taken once more from the people?

When a son forgets his duty, when the State entrusts the father with the sword of judgement, when the laws demand punishment at the father's hand, then it is with heroism that the father must forget that the guilty one is his son. Nobly will he hide his pain, but in the nation there will be not one, not even the son, who fails to admire the father, and every time the laws of Rome are interpreted it will be recalled that many interpreted them more learnedly but none more gloriously than Brutus.

On the other hand, if it had been while his fleet was being borne by wind under full sail to its destination that Agamemnon had sent that messenger

who brought Iphigenia to the sacrifice; if unbound by any promise that would decide the fate of his people Jephthah had said to his daughter: 'Sorrow now for two months henceforth over the short day of your youth, for I shall sacrifice you'; if Brutus had had a righteous son and still called upon the lictors to execute him — who would understand them? If to the question, why did you do it?, these three had replied: 'It is a trial in which we are being tested', would one then have understood them better?

When at the decisive moment Agamemnon, Jephthah, and Brutus heroically overcome their pain, have heroically given up the loved one, and have only the outward deed to perform, then never a noble soul in the world will there be but sheds tears of sympathy for their pain, tears of admiration for their deed. But if at that decisive moment these three men had added to the heroism with which they bore their pain the little words 'It won't happen', who then would understand them? If in explanation they added: 'We believe it on the strength of the absurd', who then would understand them better? For who would not readily understand that it was absurd? But who would understand that for that reason one could believe it?

The difference between the tragic hero and Abraham is obvious enough. The tragic hero stays within the ethical. He lets an expression of the ethical have its telos in a higher expression of the ethical; he reduces the ethical relation between father and son, or daughter and father, to a sentiment that has its dialectic in its relation to the idea of the ethical life. Here, then, there can be no question of a teleological suspension of the ethical itself.

With Abraham it is different. In his action he overstepped the ethical altogether, and had a higher telos outside it, in relation to which he suspended it. For how could one ever bring Abraham's action into relationship with the universal? How could any point of contact ever be discovered between what

Abraham did and the universal other than that Abraham overstepped it? It is not to save a nation, not to uphold the idea of the State, that Abraham did it, not to appease angry gods. If there was any question of the deity's being angry, it could only have been Abraham he was angry with, and Abraham's whole action stands in no relation to the universal, it is a purely private undertaking. While, then, the tragic hero is great through his deed's being an expression of the ethical life, Abraham is great through an act of purely personal virtue. There is no higher expression of the ethical in Abraham's life than that the father shall love the son. The ethical in the sense of the ethical life is quite out of the question. In so far as the universal was there at all it was latent in Isaac, concealed as it were in his loins, and it would have to cry out with Isaac's mouth: 'Don't do it, you are destroying everything.'

Then why does Abraham do it? For God's sake, and what is exactly the same, for his own. He does it for the sake of God because God demands this proof of his faith; he does it for his own sake in order to be able to produce the proof. The unity here is quite properly expressed in the saying in which this relationship has always been described: it is a trial, a temptation. A temptation, but what does that mean? What we usually call a temptation is something that keeps a person from carrying out a duty, but here the temptation is the ethical itself which would keep him from doing God's will. But then what is the duty? For the duty is precisely the expression of God's will.

Here we see the need for a new category for understanding Abraham. Such a relationship to the divine is unknown to paganism. The tragic hero enters into no private relationship with God, but the ethical is the divine and therefore the paradox in the divine can be mediated in the universal.

Abraham cannot be mediated, which can also be put by saying he cannot

speak. The moment I speak I express the universal, and when I do not no one can understand me. So the moment Abraham wants to express himself in the universal, he has to say that his situation is one of temptation, for he has no higher expression of the universal that overrides the universal he transgresses.

Thus while Abraham arouses my admiration, he also appals me. The person who denies himself and sacrifices himself for duty gives up the finite in order to grasp on to the infinite; he is secure enough. The tragic hero gives up what is certain for what is still more certain, and the eye of the beholder rests confidently upon him. But the person who gives up the universal to grasp something still higher that is not the universal, what does he do? Can this be anything but temptation? And if it were something else but the individual were mistaken, what salvation is there for him? He suffers all the pain of the tragic hero, he brings all his joy in the world to nothing, he abandons everything, and perhaps the same instant debars himself from that exalted joy so precious to him that he would buy it at any price. That person the beholder cannot at all understand, nor let his eye rest upon him with confidence. Perhaps what the believer intends just cannot be done, after all it is unthinkable. Or if it could be done and the individual had misunderstood the deity, what salvation would there be for him? The tragic hero, he needs tears and he claims them; yes, where was that envious eye so barren as not to weep with Agamemnon, but where was he whose soul was so confused as to presume to weep for Abraham? The tragic hero has done with his deed at a definite moment in time, but in the course of time he achieves something no less important, he seeks out the one whose soul is beset with sorrow, whose breast cannot draw air for its stifled sighs, whose thoughts, weighed down with tears, hang heavy upon him; he appears before him, he breaks the spell of grief, loosens the corset, coaxes forth the tear by making the sufferer forget

his own suffering in his. Abraham one cannot weep over. One approaches him with a horror religiosus [holy terror] like that in which Israel approached Mount Sinai. What if the lonely man who climbs the mountain in Moriah, whose peak soars heaven-high over the plains of Aulis, is not a sleepwalker who treads surefootedly over the abyss, while someone standing at the foot of the mountain, seeing him there, trembles with anxiety and out of respect and fear dares not even shout to him — what if he should be distracted, what if he has made a mistake? — Thanks! And thanks again, to whoever holds out to one who has been assaulted and left naked by life's sorrows, holds out to him the leaf of the word with which to hide his misery. Thanks to you, great Shakespeare!, you who can say everything, everything, everything exactly as it is — and yet why was this torment one you never gave voice to? Was it perhaps that you kept it to yourself, like the beloved whose name one still cannot bear the world to mention? For a poet buys this power of words to utter all the grim secrets of others at the cost of a little secret he himself cannot utter, and a poet is not an apostle, he casts devils out only by the power of the devil.

But now when the ethical is thus teleologically suspended, how does the single individual in whom it is suspended exist? He exists as the particular in opposition to the universal. Does this mean he sins? For this is the form of sin looked at ideally, just as the fact that the child does not sin because it is not conscious of its own existence as such does not mean that, looked at ideally, its existence is not that of sin or that the ethical does not make its demands of the child at every moment. If this form cannot be said to repeat itself in a way other than that of sin, then judgement has been delivered upon Abraham. Then how did Abraham exist? He had faith. That is the paradox that keeps him at the extremity and which he cannot make clear to anyone else, for the

paradox is that he puts himself as the single individual in an absolute relation to the absolute. Is he justified? His justification is, once again, the paradox; for if he is the paradox it is not by virtue of being anything universal, but of being the particular.

How does the single individual assure himself that he is justified? It is a simple enough matter to level the whole of existence down to the idea of the State or to a concept of society. If one does that one can no doubt also mediate; for in this way one does not come to the paradox at all, to the single individual's as such being higher than the universal, which I can also put pointedly in a proposition of Pythagoras's, that the odd numbers are more perfect than the even. Should one happen to catch word of an answer in the direction of the paradox in our time, it will no doubt go like this: 'That's to be judged by the outcome.' A hero who has become the scandal of his generation, aware that he is a paradox that cannot be understood, cries undaunted to his contemporaries: 'The future will show I was right!' This cry is heard less frequently nowadays, for as our age to its detriment produces no heroes, so it has the advantage that it also produces few caricatures. Whenever nowadays we hear the words 'That's to be judged by the outcome' we know immediately with whom we have the honour of conversing. Those who speak thus are a populous tribe which, to give them a common name, I shall call the 'lecturers'. They live in their thoughts, secure in life, they have a permanent position and sure prospects in a well-organized State; they are separated by centuries, even millennia, from the convulsions of existence; they have no fear that such things could happen again; what would the police and the newspapers say? Their lifework is to judge the great, to judge them according to the outcome. Such conduct in respect of greatness betrays a strange mixture of arrogance and pitifulness, arrogance because they feel

called to pass judgement, pitifulness because they feel their lives unrelated in even the remotest manner to those of the great. Surely anyone with a speck of erectior ingenii [nobility of mind] cannot become so completely the cold and clammy mollusc as to lose sight altogether, in approaching the great, of the fact that ever since the Creation it has been accepted practice for the outcome to come last, and that if one is really to learn something from the great it is precisely the beginning one must attend to. If anyone on the verge of action should judge himself according to the outcome, he would never begin. Even though the result may gladden the whole world, that cannot help the hero; for he knows the result only when the whole thing is over, and that is not how he becomes a hero, but by virtue of the fact that he began.

But in any case the outcome in its dialectic (in so far as it is finitude's answer to the infinite question) is totally incompatible with the existence of the hero. Or are we to take it that Abraham was justified in relating himself as the single individual to the universal by the fact that he got Isaac by a marvel? Had Abraham actually sacrificed Isaac, would that have meant he was less justified?

But it is the outcome that arouses our curiosity, as with the conclusion of a book; one wants nothing of the fear, the distress, the paradox. One flirts with the outcome aesthetically; it comes as unexpectedly and yet as effortlessly as a prize in the lottery; and having heard the outcome one is improved. And yet no robber of temples hard-labouring in chains is so base a criminal as he who plunders the holy in this way, and not even Judas, who sold his master for thirty pieces of silver, is more contemptible than the person who would thus offer greatness for sale.

It goes against my nature to speak inhumanly of greatness, to let its grandeur fade into an indistinct outline at an immense distance, or represent it

as great without the human element in it coming to the fore — whence it ceases to be the great; for it is not what happens to me that makes me great, but what I do, and there is surely no one who thinks that anyone became great by winning the big lottery prize. Even of a person born in humble circumstances I ask that he should not be so inhuman towards himself as to be unable to think of the king's castle except at a distance and by dreaming of its grandeur indistinctly, wanting to exalt it and simultaneously destroying its grandeur by exalting it in such a debasing way. I ask that he be human enough to approach and bear himself with confidence and dignity there too. He should not be so inhuman as shamelessly to want to violate every rule of respect by storming into the king's salon straight from the street — he loses more by doing that than the king; on the contrary he should find pleasure in observing every rule of decorum with a glad and confident enthusiasm, which is just what will make him frank and open-hearted. This is only an analogy, for the difference here is only a very imperfect expression of the spiritual distance. I ask everyone not to think so inhumanly of himself as to dare not set foot in those palaces where not just the memory of the chosen lives on but the chosen themselves. He should not push himself shamelessly forward and thrust upon them his kinship with them, he should feel happy every time he bows before them, but be frank and confident and always something more than a cleaning woman; for unless he wants to be more than that he will never come in there. And what will help him are exactly the fear and distress in which the great are tried, for otherwise, at least if there is a drop of red blood in him, they will merely arouse his righteous envy. And whatever can only be great at a distance, whatever people want to exalt with empty and hollow phrases, that they themselves reduce to nothing.

Was there ever in the world anyone as great as that blessed woman, the

mother of God, the Virgin Mary? And yet how do people speak of her? To say she was favoured among women doesn't make her great, and if it were not for the odd fact that those who listen can think as inhumanly as those who speak, surely every young girl would ask, why am I not favoured too? And had I nothing more to say I should by no means dismiss such a question as stupid; for as regards favours, abstractly considered, everyone is equally entitled. What is left out is the distress, the fear, the paradox. My thought is as pure as the next man's and surely the thought of anyone able to think in this way will be pure; if not, something dreadful is in store; for a person who has once called these images to mind cannot be rid of them again, and if he sins against them, then in their quiet wrath, more terrifying than the clamour often voracious critics, they will wreak their awful vengeance on him. No doubt Mary bore the child miraculously, but it went with Mary 'after the manner of women', and such a time is one of fear, distress, and paradox. No doubt the angel was a ministering spirit, but he was not an obliging one who went round to all the other young girls in Israel and said: 'Do not despise Mary, something out of the ordinary is happening to her.' The angel came only to Mary, and no one could understand her. Yet what woman was done greater indignity than Mary, and isn't it true here too that those whom God blesses he damns in the same breath? This is the spirit's understanding of Mary, and she is not at all — as it offends me to say, though even more so that people have mindlessly and irresponsibly thought of her thus — she is not at all the fine lady sitting in her finery and playing with a divine child. Yet for saying notwithstanding, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord', she is great, and it seems to me that it should not be difficult to explain why she became the mother of God. She needs no worldly admiration, as little as Abraham needs our tears, for she was no heroine and he no hero, but both of

them became greater than that, not by any means by being relieved of the distress, the agony, and the paradox, but because of these.

Great indeed it is when the poet presents his tragic hero for popular admiration and dares to say: 'Weep for him, for he deserves it'; for there is greatness in meriting the tears of those who deserve to shed them; great indeed for the poet to dare hold the crowd in check, dare discipline people into testing their own worthiness to weep for the hero, for the waste-water of snivellers is a degradation of the holy. But greater than all these is that the knight of faith dares to say even to the noble person who would weep for him: 'Do not weep for me, but weep for yourself.'

One is stirred, one harks back to those beautiful times, sweet tender longings lead one to the goal of one's desire, to see Christ walking about in the promised land. One forgets the fear, the distress, the paradox. Was it so easy a matter not to be mistaken? Was it not a fearful thought that this man who walked among the others was God? Was it not terrifying to sit down to eat with him? Was it so easy a matter to become an apostle? But the outcome, eighteen centuries, that helps; it helps that shabby deception wherein one deceives oneself and others. I do not feel brave enough to wish to be contemporary with such events, but for that reason I do not judge harshly of those who were mistaken, nor think meanly of those who saw the truth.

But now I return to Abraham. In the time before the outcome either Abraham was a murderer every minute or we stay with the paradox which is higher than all mediation.

So Abraham's story contains a teleological suspension of the ethical. He has, as the single individual, become higher than the universal. This is the paradox which cannot be mediated. How he got into it is just as inexplicable as how he stayed in it. If this is not how it is with Abraham, then he is not

even a tragic hero but a murderer. To want to go on calling him the father of faith, to talk of this to those who are only concerned with words, is thoughtless. A tragic hero can become a human being by his own strength, but not the knight of faith. When a person sets out on the tragic hero's admittedly hard path there are many who could lend him advice; but he who walks the narrow path of faith no one can advise, no one understand. Faith is a marvel, and yet no human being is excluded from it; for that in which all human life is united is passion,[4] and faith is a passion.

Problema II

Is There an Absolute Duty to God?

The ethical is the universal and as such, in turn, the divine. It is therefore correct to say that all duty is ultimately duty to God; but if one cannot say more one says in effect that really I have no duty to God. The duty becomes duty to God by being referred to God, but I do not enter into relation with God in the duty itself. Thus it is a duty to love one's neighbour; it is a duty in so far as it is referred to God; yet it is not God that I come in relation to in the duty but the neighbour I love. If, in this connection, I then say that it is my duty to love God, I in fact only utter a tautology, in so far as 'God' is understood in an altogether abstract sense as the divine: i. e. the universal, i. e. duty. The whole of human existence is in that case entirely self-enclosed, as a sphere, and the ethical is at once the limit and completion. God becomes an invisible, vanishing point, an impotent thought, and his power is to be found only in the ethical, which fills all existence. So if it should occur to someone to want to love God in some other sense than that mentioned, he is merely being extravagant and loves a phantom which, if it only had the strength to speak, would say to him: 'Stay where you belong, I don't ask for your love.' If it should occur to someone to want to love God in another way, this love would be suspect, like the love referred to by Rousseau when he talks of a person's loving the Kaffirs instead of his neighbour.

Now flail this is correct, if there is nothing incommensurable in a human life, but any incommensurability were due only to some chance from which nothing followed so far as existence is looked at in light of the Idea, then

Hegel would be right. But where he is wrong is in talking about faith or in letting Abraham be looked on as its father; for in this latter he has passed sentence both on Abraham and on faith. In the Hegelian philosophy das Äussere (die Entäusserung) [the outer, the externalization] is higher than das Innere [the inner]. This is often illustrated by an example. The child is das Innere, the man das Äussere; which is why the child is determined precisely by the outer, and conversely the man as das Äussere by the inner. Faith, on the contrary, is this paradox, that interiority is higher than exteriority, or to recall again an expression we used above, that the odd number is higher than the even.

In the ethical view of life, then, it is the individual's task to divest himself of the determinant of interiority and give it an expression in the exterior. Whenever the individual shrinks from doing so, whenever he wants to stay inside, or slip back into, the inner determinant of feeling, mood, etc., he commits an offence, he is in a state of temptation. The paradox of faith is this, that there is an interiority that is incommensurable with the exterior, an interiority which, it should be stressed, is not identical with the first [that of the child], but is a new interiority. This must not be overlooked. Recent philosophy has allowed itself without further ado to substitute the immediate for 'faith'. If one does that it is ridiculous to deny that faith has existed through all ages. Faith in such a case keeps fairly ordinary company, it belongs with feeling, mood, idiosyncrasy, hysteria and the rest. So far philosophy is right to say one should not stop at that. But there is nothing to warrant philosophy's speaking in this manner. Prior to faith there is a movement of infinity, and only then enters faith, nec opinate [unexpectedly]; on the strength of the absurd. This I am very well able to understand, without claiming thereby to have faith. If faith is no more than what philosophy

passes it off as then Socrates himself already went further, much further, rather than the converse, that he didn't come that far. He made the movement of infinity intellectually, His ignorance is the infinite resignation. That task is in itself a match for human strength, even if people nowadays scorn it; yet it is only when this has been done, only when the individual has exhausted himself in the infinite, that he reaches the point where faith can emerge.

Then faith's paradox is this, that the single individual is higher than the universal, that the single individual (to recall a theological distinction less in vogue these days) determines his relation to the universal through his relation to the absolute, not his relation to the absolute through his relation to the universal. The paradox can also be put by saying that there is an absolute duty to God; for in this tie of obligation the individual relates himself absolutely, as the single individual, to the absolute. When people now say that it is a duty to love God, it is in a sense quite different from the above; for if this duty is absolute the ethical is reduced to the relative.It doesn't follow, nevertheless, that [the ethical] is to be done away with. Only that it gets a quite different expression, the paradoxical expression, so that, e. g., love of God can cause the knight of faith to give his love of his neighbour the opposite expression to that which is his duty ethically speaking.

Unless this is how it is, faith has no place in existence; and faith is then a temptation, and Abraham is done for, since he gave in to it.

This paradox does not allow of mediation: for it rests precisely on the single individual's being only the single individual. As soon as this individual wants to express his absolute duty in the universal, becomes conscious of it in the latter, he knows he is in a state of temptation, and then, even if he otherwise resists the temptation, he does not come to fulfil that so-called absolute duty, and if he does not resist it he sins even if realiter

[independently of his inclination, wishes, state of mind] his act is the one that was his absolute duty. Thus what could Abraham have done? If he had wanted to say to someone: 'I love Isaac more than everything in the world, and that's why it is so hard for me to sacrifice him', the person would surely have shaken his head and said: 'Then why sacrifice him?', or if he was a perceptive fellow perhaps he might even have seen through Abraham, realized that he was betraying feelings which stood in flagrant contradiction with his deed.

In the story of Abraham we find just such a paradox. Ethically speaking his relation to Isaac is this, that the father is to love the son. This ethical relationship is reduced to the relative as against the absolute relation to God. To the question, why?, Abraham has no other answer than that it is a trial and a temptation, which, as remarked above, is what makes it a unity of being for both God's sake and his own. These two are also correlative in ordinary usage. Thus when we see someone do something that doesn't conform with the universal, we say, 'He can hardly be doing that for the sake of God', meaning by this that he did it for his own sake. The paradox of faith has lost the intermediate term, i. e. the universal. On the one hand it contains the expression of extreme egoism (doing this dreadful deed for his own sake) and on the other the expression of the most absolute devotion (doing it for God's sake). Faith itself cannot be mediated into the universal, for in that case it would be cancelled. Faith is this paradox, and the single individual is quite unable to make himself intelligible to anyone. One might suppose the single individual could make himself understood to another individual who is in the same situation. Such a view would be unthinkable were it not that nowadays people try in so many ways to sneak their way into greatness. The one knight of faith simply cannot help the other. Either the single individual becomes a

knight of faith himself by putting on the paradox, or he never becomes one. Partnership in these regions is quite unthinkable. If there is any more precise explanation of the idea behind the sacrifice of Isaac, it is one that the individual can only give to himself. And supposing one could settle, even with some exactitude, in universal terms, how to understand the case of Isaac (which would in any case be the most absurd self-contradiction, namely that the single individual who stands precisely outside the universal be brought in under universal categories, when he is expressly to act as the single individual outside the universal), the individual could still never be assured of [the truth of] this explanation by others, but only by himself as the single individual. So even if someone were so cowardly and base as to want to be a knight of faith on someone else's responsibility, he would never become one; for only the single individual becomes one, as the single individual, and this is the knight's greatness, as I can well understand without being party to it, since I lack courage; though also his terror, as I can understand even better.

As everyone knows, Luke 14.26 presents a remarkable teaching on the absolute duty to God: 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' This is a hard saying, who can bear to hear it? And for that reason it is heard very seldom. Yet this silence is only a futile evasion. The student of theology learns, however, that these words occur in the New Testament, and in one or another exegetical aid he finds the information that misein [to hate], both here and in some other passages, is used per meiosin [by adopting a weaker sense] to mean: minus diligo [love less], posthabeo [give less priority to], non colo [show no respect to], nihil facio [make nothing of]. The context in which these words occur seems, however, not to corroborate this tasteful explanation. For in the next verse

[but one] there is a story about someone who plans to erect a tower but first makes some estimate of his capacity to do so, lest he be the object of ridicule later. The close link between this story and the verse quoted seems to suggest precisely that the words are to be taken in as terrifying a sense as possible in order that everyone should examine his own ability to erect the building.

If this pious and tender-minded exegete, who thinks he can smuggle Christianity into the world by haggling in this way, should succeed in convincing anyone that grammatically, linguistically, and kata analogian [by analogy] this was the meaning of the passage, then it is to be hoped that in so doing he also manages to convince the same person that Christianity is one of the most miserable things in the world. For the teaching which in one of its most lyrical outpourings, where the sense of its eternal validity swells up most strongly, has nothing to offer but a sounding phrase that signifies nothing and suggests only that one is to be less kind, less attentive, more indifferent; the teaching which, just as it seems to want to tell us something terrible, ends up in drivel rather than terror — that teaching is certainly not worth standing up for.

The words are terrible, but I feel sure they can be understood without the person who understands them necessarily having the courage to do as they say. And yet there must be honesty enough to admit what is there, to confess to its greatness even if one lacks the courage oneself. Anyone who manages that will not exclude himself from a share in the beautiful story, for in a way it contains a kind of comfort for the man who lacks courage to begin building the tower. But he must be honest and not pass off this lack of courage as humility, since on the contrary it is pride, while the courage of faith is the only humble courage.

One now sees readily that if the passage is to have any sense, it must be

understood literally. It is God who demands absolute love. Anyone who, in demanding a person's love, thinks this must be proved by the latter's becoming lukewarm towards all that was hitherto dear to him, is not simply an egoist but a fool, and anyone demanding such a love would simultaneously sign his own death-warrant in so far as his life is bound up in this love he craves. A husband requires his wife to leave her father and mother, but were he to regard it as proof of her special love for him that for his sake she became a lukewarm, indolent daughter, etc., then he would be an idiot among idiots. Had he any notion of what love was, he would want to discover — and should he discover it see in this an assurance that his wife loved him more than any other in the kingdom — that she was perfect in her love as daughter and sister. So what would be considered a sign of egoism and stupidity in a person, one is supposed with the help of an exegete to regard as a worthy conception of the deity.

But how then hate them? I shall not take up the human love/hate distinction here, not because I have so much against it, since at least it is a passionate distinction, but it is egoistic and so does not fit here. If I regard the requirement as a paradox, on the other hand, then I understand it, i. e. understand it in the way one can understand a paradox. The absolute duty can then lead to what ethics would forbid, but it can by no means make the knight of faith have done with loving. This is shown by Abraham. The moment he is ready to sacrifice Isaac, the ethical expression for what he does is this: he hates Isaac. But if he actually hates Isaac he can be certain that God does not require this of him; for Cain and Abraham are not the same. Isaac he must love with all his soul. When God asks for Isaac, Abraham must if possible love him even more, and only then can he sacrifice him; for it is indeed this love of Isaac that in its paradoxical opposition to his love of God makes his

act a sacrifice. But the distress and anguish in the paradox is that, humanly speaking, he is quite incapable of making himself understood. Only in the moment when his act is in absolute contradiction with his feeling, only then does he sacrifice Isaac, but the reality of his act is that in virtue of which he belongs to the universal, and there he is and remains a murderer.

Furthermore, the passage in Luke must be understood in such a way that one grasps that the knight of faith has no higher expression whatever of the universal (as the ethical) which can save him. Thus if we imagine the Church were to demand this sacrifice of one of its members, then all we have is a tragic hero. For qualitatively the idea of the Church is no different from that of the State, inasmuch as the individual can enter it by common mediation, and in so far as the individual has entered the paradox he does not arrive at the idea of the Church; he doesn't get out of the paradox either, but must find either his blessedness or his damnation inside it. An ecclesiastical hero expresses the universal in his deed, and no one in the Church, not even his father or mother, etc., will fail to understand him. But he is not the knight of faith, and has also a different answer from Abraham's; he doesn't say it is a trial or a temptation in which he is being tested.

One as a rule refrains from citing texts like the one in Luke. There is a fear of letting people loose, a fear that the worst will happen once the individual enjoys carrying on like an individual. Moreover living as the individual is thought to be the easiest thing of all, and it is the universal that people must be coerced into becoming. I can share neither this fear nor this opinion, and for the same reason. No person who has learned that to exist as the individual is the most terrifying thing of all will be afraid of saying it is the greatest. But then he mustn't say it in a way that makes his words a pitfall for somebody on the loose, but rather in a way that helps that person into the

universal, even though his words can make some small allowance for greatness. The person who dares not mention such passages dares not mention Abraham either, and to think that existing as the individual is an easy enough matter implies a very dubious indirect admission with regard to oneself; for someone who really respects himself and is concerned for his own soul is assured of the fact that a person living under his own supervision in the world at large lives in greater austerity and seclusion than a maiden in her lady's bower. That there may be some who need coercion, who if given free rein would riot in selfish pleasure like unbridled beasts, is no doubt true, but one should show precisely by the fact that one knows how to speak with fear and trembling that one is not of their number. And out of respect for greatness one should indeed speak, lest it be forgotten for fear of the harm which surely won't arise if one speaks as one who knows it is the great, knows its terrors, and if one doesn't know these one doesn't know its greatness either.

Let us then consider more closely the distress and fear in the paradox of faith. The tragic hero renounces himself in order to express the universal; the knight of faith renounces the universal in order to be the particular. As mentioned, it all depends on how one is placed. Someone who believes it is a simple enough matter to be the individual can always be certain that he is not the knight of faith; for stragglers and vagrant geniuses are not men of faith. Faith's knight knows on the contrary that it is glorious to belong to the universal. He knows it is beautiful and benign to be the particular who translates himself into the universal, the one who so to speak makes a clear and elegant edition of himself, as immaculate as possible, and readable for all; he knows it is refreshing to become intelligible to oneself in the universal, so that he understands the universal and everyone who understands him

understands the universal through him in turn, and both rejoice in the security of the universal. He knows it is beautiful to be born as the particular with the universal as his home, his friendly abode, which receives him straightaway with open arms when he wishes to stay there. But he also knows that higher up there winds a lonely path, narrow and steep; he knows it is terrible to be born in solitude outside the universal, to walk without meeting a single traveller. He knows very well where he is, and how he is related to men. Humanly speaking he is insane and cannot make himself understood to anyone. And yet 'insane' is the mildest expression for him. If he isn't viewed thus, he is a hypocrite and the higher up the path he climbs, the more dreadful a hypocrite he becomes.

The knight of faith knows it gives inspiration to surrender oneself to the universal, that it takes courage to do so, but also that there is a certain security in it, just because it is for the universal; he knows it is glorious to be understood by every noble mind, and in such a way that even the beholder is thereby ennobled. This he knows and he feels as though bound, he could wish this was the task he had been set. Thus surely Abraham must have now and then wished that the task was to love Isaac in a way meet and fitting for a father, as all would understand and as would be remembered for all time; he must have wished his task was to sacrifice Isaac for the universal, so as to inspire fathers to illustrious deeds — and he must have been well nigh horrified by the thought that for him such wishes were merely temptations and must be treated as such; for he knew it was a solitary path he trod, and that he was doing nothing for the universal but only being tested and tried himself. Or what was it Abraham did for the universal? Let me speak humanly about it, really humanly! It takes him seventy years to get the son of his old age. What others get soon enough and have long joy of takes him

seventy years. And why? Because he is being tested and tried. Is that not insanity? But Abraham believed, and only Sarah wavered and got him to take Hagar as his concubine — but for that reason he also had to drive Hagar away. He gets Isaac and now he is to be tried once again. He knew it was glorious to express the universal, glorious to live with Isaac. But this is not the task. He knew it would have been a kingly deed to sacrifice such a son for the universal, he himself would have found repose in that, and everyone would have 'reposed' in their praise of his deed, just as the vowel 'reposes' in its quiescent letter; but this is not the task — he is being tried. That Roman general famous under the name of Cunctator halted the enemy by his delaying tactics, yet what kind of delayer is Abraham by comparison? But he isn't saving the State. This is the sum of one hundred and thirty years. Who can bear it? Should his contemporaries — if they can be called that — not say: 'There is an eternal procrastinating with Abraham; when he finally gets a son — and that took long enough — he wants to sacrifice him; he must be demented; and if only he could explain why he wanted to do that, but no, it's always a "trial"'? Nor could Abraham offer any further explanation, for his life is like a book put under divine seizure and which will never become publici juris [public property].

This is what is terrible. Anyone who doesn't see this can always be quite certain he is no knight of faith; but anyone who does see it will not deny that the step of even the most tried tragic hero goes like a dance compared with the slow and creeping progress of the knight of faith. And having seen it and realized he does not have the courage to understand it, he must at least have some idea of the wonderful glory achieved by that knight in becoming God's confidant, the Lord's friend, and — to speak really humanly — in addressing God in heaven as 'Thou', while even the tragic hero only addresses him in the

third person.

The tragic hero is soon finished, his struggle is soon at an end; he makes the infinite movement and is now safe in the universal. But the knight of faith is kept awake, for he is under constant trial and can turn back in repentance to the universal at any moment, and this possibility can just as well be a temptation as the truth. Enlightenment as to which is something he can get from no one; otherwise he would be outside the paradox.

The knight of faith has therefore, first and foremost, the passion to concentrate the whole of the ethical that he violates in one single thing; he can be sure that he really loves Isaac with all his soul.[5] If he cannot be that, he is in a state of temptation. Next, he has the passion to evoke this certainty intact in a twinkling and in as fully valid a way as in the first instance. If he cannot do this he doesn't get started, for then he must constantly start again from the beginning. The tragic hero, too, concentrates in one single thing the ethical that he teleologically violates, but in this thing he has resort to the universal. The knight of faith has only himself, and it is there the terrible lies. Most people let their ethical obligations last a day at a time, but then they never reach this passionate concentration, this energetic awareness. The tragic hero can in a sense be helped by the universal in acquiring these, but the knight of faith is alone about everything. The tragic hero acts and finds his point of rest in the universal, the knight of faith is kept in constant tension. Agamemnon gives up his claim to Iphigenia, thereby finds his point of rest in the universal, and now proceeds to give her in sacrifice. If Agamemnon had not made the movement, if in the decisive moment, instead of a passionate concentration, his soul had been lost in common chatter about his having several daughters, and vielleicht das Ausserordentliche [perhaps something extraordinary] could happen — then naturally he would not be a

hero but a case for charity. Abraham has the hero's concentration too, even though in him it is much more difficult since he has no resort at all to the universal, but he makes one movement more through which he concentrates his soul back upon the marvel. If Abraham hadn't done that he would only have been an Agamemnon, provided it can be explained how his willingness to sacrifice Isaac can be justified other than by its benefiting the universal.

Whether the individual is now really in a state of temptation or a knight of faith, only the individual can decide. Still, it is possible on the basis of the paradox to construct certain criteria which even someone not in it can understand. The true knight of faith is always absolute isolation, the false knight is sectarian. The latter involves an attempt to leap off the narrow path of the paradox in order to become a tragic hero on the cheap. The tragic hero expresses the universal and sacrifices himself for it. The sectarian Master Jackel has instead his private theatre, [i. e.] several good friends and companions who represent the universal about as well as the public witnesses in The Golden Snuffbox represent justice. The knight of faith, on the other hand, is the paradox, he is the individual, absolutely nothing but the individual, without connections and complications. This is the terror that the puny sectarian cannot endure. Instead of learning from this that he is incapable of greatness and plainly admitting it, something I cannot but approve since it is what I myself do, the poor wretch thinks he will achieve it by joining company with other poor wretches. But it won't at all work, no cheating is tolerated in the world of spirit. A dozen sectarians link arms, they know nothing at all of the lonely temptations in store for the knight of faith and which he dare not shun just because it would be more terrible still were he presumptuously to force his way forward. The sectarians deafen each other with their clang and clatter, hold dread at bay with their shrieks, and a

whooping Sunday-outing like this thinks it is storming heaven, believes it is following the same path as the knight of faith who, in cosmic isolation, hears never a voice but walks alone with his dreadful responsibility.

As for the knight of faith, he is assigned to himself alone, he has the pain of being unable to make himself intelligible to others but feels no vain desire to show others the way. The pain is the assurance, vain desires are unknown to him, his mind is too serious for that. The false knight readily betrays himself by this instantly acquired proficiency; he just doesn't grasp the point that if another individual is to walk the same path he has to be just as much the individual and is therefore in no need of guidance, least of all from one anxious to press his services on others. Here again, people unable to bear the martyrdom of unintelligibility jump off the path, and choose instead, conveniently enough, the world's admiration of their proficiency. The true knight of faith is a witness, never a teacher, and in this lies the deep humanity in him which is more worth than this foolish concern for others' weal and woe which is honoured under the name of sympathy, but which is really nothing but vanity. A person who wants only to be a witness confesses thereby that no one, not even the least, needs another person's sympathy, or is to be put down so another can raise himself up. But because what he himself won he did not win on the cheap, so neither does he sell it on the cheap; he is not so pitiable as to accept people's admiration and pay for it with silent contempt; he knows that whatever truly is great is available equally for all.

So either there is an absolute duty to God, and if so then it is the paradox described, that the single individual as the particular is higher than the universal and as the particular stands in an absolute relation to the absolute — or else faith has never existed because it has existed always; or else Abraham is done for; or else one must explain the passage in Luke 14 in the way that

tasteful exegete did, and explain the corresponding passages likewise, and similar ones.

Problema III

Was it Ethically Defensible of Abraham to Conceal his Purpose from Sarah, from Eleazar, from Isaac?

The ethical is as such the universal; as the universal it is in turn the disclosed. Seen as an immediate, no more than sensate and psychic being, the individual is concealed. So his ethical task is to unwrap himself from this concealment and become disclosed in the universal. Thus whenever he wants to remain in concealment, he sins and is in a state of temptation, from which he can emerge only by disclosing himself.

We find ourselves again at the same point. Unless there is a concealment which has its basis in the single individual's being higher than the universal, then Abraham's conduct cannot be defended, since he disregarded the intermediate ethical considerations. If, however, there is such a concealment, then we face the paradox, which cannot be mediated, just because it is based on the single individual's being, in his particularity, higher than the universal, and it is precisely the universal that is the mediation. The Hegelian philosophy assumes there is no justified concealment, no justified incommensurability. It is therefore consistent in its requirement of disclosure, but it isn't quite fair and square in wanting to regard Abraham as the father of faith and to speak about faith. For faith is not the first immediacy but a later one. The first immediacy is the aesthetic, and here the Hegelian philosophy may well be right. But faith is not the aesthetic, or if it is, then faith has never existed just because it has existed always.

It will be best here to look at the whole matter in a purely aesthetic way

and for that purpose embark on an aesthetic inquiry, which I would ask the reader for the time being to enter wholeheartedly into, while I for my part will adapt my presentation accordingly. The category I would like to examine a little more closely is that of the interesting, a category that especially today (just because we live in discrimine rerum [at a turningpoint in human affairs]) has acquired great importance, for really it is the category of crisis. Therefore one should not, as sometimes happens, when one has been oneself enamoured of it pro virili [with all one's strength], disdain the category because it has passed one by; but neither should one be too greedy for it, for what is certain is that to become of interest, for one's life to be interesting, has nothing to do with what you can turn your hand to but is a fateful privilege which, like every privilege in the world of spirit, can only be purchased in deep pain. Thus Socrates was the most interesting person that has lived, his life the most interesting that has been led, but that existence was allotted to him by the deity, and since he had to work for it he was no stranger to trouble and pain. Taking such an existence in vain ill-becomes someone who takes life seriously, and yet such attempts are nowadays not infrequently observed. The category of the interesting is, moreover, a borderline one, it marks the boundary between the aesthetic and the ethical. For that reason in our inquiry we must be constantly glancing over into the territory of ethics, while to give our inquiries weight the problem must be grasped with genuine aesthetic feeling. These days ethics rarely considers such things. The reason is supposed to be that there is no room for them in the System. But then doing so in monographs should be all fight; and besides, if one doesn't want to be long-winded about it one can achieve the same results by being brief, so long as one has the predicate in one's power; for a predicate or two can reveal a whole world. Is there no room in the System for little words like these?

Aristotle says in his immortal Poetics: 'duo men oun tou muthou meri, pert taut' esti, peripeteia kai anagnorisis' (cf. Ch. Ⅱ) ['... indeed two parts in the myth, namely sudden change of fortune [the reverse (on which the plot of a tragedy turns)] and recognition, concern these things']. Naturally only the second feature, anagnorisis, recognition, concerns me here. Whenever there is recognition there is eo ipso a question of prior concealment. Just as the recognition is the resolving factor, or the element of relaxation in the life of drama, so is concealment the element of tension. What Aristotle says earlier in the same chapter in respect of the consequences for the worth of tragedy of the question whether peripeteia and anagnorisis clash, as well as of the 'single' and 'double' recognition, I cannot go into here, even though the sincerity and quiet absorption of Aristotle's discussion have an inevitable attraction for one long since tired of the superficial omniscience of the synopticists. A general observation must suffice. In Greek tragedy concealment (and therefore recognition) is an epic survival based on a fate in which the dramatic action disappears from view, and from which it acquires its obscure and enigmatic origin. This is why the effect produced by a Greek tragedy bears a resemblance to the impression given by a marble statue that lacks the power of the eye. Greek tragedy is blind. Hence it takes a certain abstraction to appreciate it. A son murders his father, but not until later learns it is his father. A sister is about to sacrifice her brother, but at the decisive moment discovers that is who it is. Tragedy of this nature is less apt to interest our reflective age. Modern drama has given up the idea of Fate, has in dramatic respects emancipated itself; it observes, it looks in upon itself, takes fate up into its dramatic consciousness. Concealment and disclosure then become the hero's free act, for which he is responsible.

Recognition and concealment are also an essential part of modern

drama. It would take us too far to give examples. I am courteous enough to assume that everyone in this so aesthetically voluptuous age, so potent and aroused that conception occurs as easily as with the partridge which, Aristotle says, needs only to hear the voice of the cock or its flight overhead — to assume that at the mere sound of the word 'concealment' everyone can easily shake a dozen romances and comedies from his sleeve. I can therefore be brief and offer straightaway a fairly broad observation. If the person doing the hiding, i. e. the one who puts the dramatic yeast into the play, hides something nonsensical, we have comedy. But if the concealer is related to the idea, he may come close to being a tragic hero. To give just one example of the comic. A man puts on make-up and wears a wig. The same man wants to have success with the fair sex, and is sure enough of conquests with the help of the make-up and wig, which there is no doubt make him irresistible. He captures a girl and is on the pinnacle of joy. But now for the point. If he can admit his deception, will he not lose all of his powers of fascination once he is revealed as a quite ordinary, in fact even bald-headed male? Doesn't he have to lose the loved one again? Concealment is his free action, for which aesthetics holds him responsible. But that discipline is no friend of bald hypocrites, and will leave him to the mercy of our laughter. Let that suffice as a hint of what I mean, since we cannot include comedy in the terms of this investigation.

My procedure here must be to let concealment pass dialectically between aesthetics and ethics, for the point is to show how absolutely different the paradox and aesthetic concealment are from one another.

A few examples. A girl is secretly in love, though neither party has openly confessed its love to the other. Her parents force her to marry another (she may even be motivated out of considerations of duty). She obeys. She

hides her love 'so as not to make the other unhappy, and no one will ever know what she suffers'. — Or a young lad is in a position, just by dropping one word, to possess the object of his craving and restless dreams. But that little word will compromise, yes, even, who knows, ruin an entire family. He nobly chooses to stay in concealment, 'the girl must never know, so that she can perhaps find happiness with another'. What a pity that these two, both concealed from their respective loved ones, are also concealed from one another! For otherwise a remarkable higher unity might have been brought about. — Their concealment is a free act, for which even aesthetically they are responsible. However, aesthetics is a respectful and sentimental discipline which knows more ways of fixing things than any assistant house-manager. So what does it do? It does everything possible for the lovers. By means of a coincidence the respective partners in the projected marriages get wind of the other party's noble decision. Explanations follow. They get each other and as a bonus the rank of real heroes as well; for notwithstanding they have had no time even to sleep on their heroic resolutions, aesthetics sees it as if they had bravely fought for their goal over many years. For aesthetics doesn't bother much about time; it goes just as quickly whether in jest or earnest.

But ethics knows nothing either of this coincidence or this sentimentality. Nor does it have such a rapid concept of time. Thus the matter acquires a different complexion. You can't argue with ethics, because it uses pure categories. It doesn't appeal to experience, which of all laughable things is perhaps the most laughable and, far from making a man wise, if he knows nothing higher it will sooner make him mad. Ethics has no coincidence, so no explanations follow; it doesn't flirt with thoughts of dignity, it puts an enormous burden of responsibility on the hero's frail shoulders; it condemns as presumptuous his thought of wanting to play providence in his action, but

also condemns him for wanting to do likewise with his suffering. It enjoins the belief in reality and the courage to contend with all its tribulations, rather than with those bloodless sufferings he has taken on himself by his own responsibility; it warns against putting faith in the calculating shrewdness of reason, more treacherous than the oracles of the ancients. It warns against all misplaced magnanimity. Let reality decide the occasion, that is the time to show courage. But then ethics, too, will offer every possible assistance. If something deeper had been stirring in those two, however, if there had been a seriousness to see the task, to set about it, then no doubt something would have come of them. But ethics cannot help them. Ethics is offended because they are keeping a secret from it, a secret they have incurred on their own responsibility.

Thus aesthetics called for concealment and rewarded it. Ethics called for disclosure and punished concealment.

Sometimes, however, even aesthetics calls for disclosure. When the hero held captive in the aesthetic illusion believes he can save another by his silence, aesthetics calls for silence and rewards it. But when the hero's action involves interfering in another person's life, it calls for disclosure. Now I am talking of the tragic hero. Consider for a moment Euripides's Iphigenia in Aulis. Agamemnon is about to sacrifice Iphigenia. Now aesthetics calls for Agamemnon's silence, in so far as it would be unworthy of the hero to seek another's consolation, just as he should keep it quiet as long as possible for the women's sake. On the other hand the hero, to be that, aesthetics do? It has a way out; it has an old servant standing by who discloses everything to Clytemnestra. And now everything is as it should be.

Ethics, however, has no coincidence, and no old servant standing by. The aesthetic idea contradicts itself as soon as it is applied in reality. Ethics

therefore demands disclosure. The tragic hero demonstrates exactly this ethical courage by, not himself being captive to the aesthetic illusion, taking it upon himself to tell Iphigenia her fate. In this the tragic hero is the beloved son of ethics, in whom she is well pleased. If he remains silent, it may be because by doing so he makes it easier for others, or it could also be because it makes it easier for himself. But the tragic hero knows he is free of the latter incentive. In keeping silent here he would be assuming responsibility as an individual, inasmuch as he is impervious to any argument from outside. But this, as tragic hero, he cannot do; for it is just in so far as he continues to express the universal that ethics loves him. His heroic action requires courage, but part of that courage is that he shirks no argument. Now tears, certainly, are a terrible argumentum ad hominem, and there are no doubt those whom nothing else touches but who can still be stirred by tears. The play lets Iphigenia weep, in fact like Jephthah's daughter she should have been allowed two months to weep, not in solitude but at her father's feet, to use all her art 'which is but tears', and twine herself instead of the olive branch about his knees (cf. v. 1224). Aesthetics required disclosure but availed itself of a coincidence; ethics required disclosure and found satisfaction in the tragic hero.

For all the strictness of the ethical requirement of disclosure, it cannot be denied that secrecy and silence, as determinants of inner feeling, really make for greatness in a man. When Amor leaves Psyche he says to her, 'You will give birth to a child who will be divine if you say nothing, but human if you betray the secret.' The tragic hero, the darling of ethics, is a purely human being, and he is someone I can understand, someone all of whose undertakings are in the open. If I go further I always run up against the paradox, the divine and the demonic; for silence is both of these. It is the

demon's lure, and the more silent one keeps the more terrible the demon becomes; but silence is also divinity's communion with the individual.

Before coming back to the story of Abraham, however, I would like to present some poetic personages. By exercising the power of dialectic over them I shall keep them at extremes, and by waving the scourge of despair over them I should prevent them from standing still, so that in their anguish they might perhaps bring something or other to light.[6]

Aristotle tells in his Politics of a political disturbance in Delphi, arising from a marriage. The bridegroom, for whom the augurs had predicted a misfortune as a result of his forthcoming marriage, at the crucial moment, when he is to fetch the bride, suddenly changes his plans — he won't go through with the wedding. That is all I need.[7] In Delphi this surely did not pass off without tears. If a poet took it up he could doubtless count on arousing sympathy. Is it not terrible that the love so often excluded in life should here also be deprived of the aid of heaven? Isn't the old proverb that marriages are made in heaven here put to shame? Usually it is the trials and tribulations of finitude which, like evil spirits, would separate the lovers, while love itself has heaven on its side and this holy alliance overwhelms all foes. Here it is heaven itself that separates what heaven, after all, has joined together. Who would have guessed? The young bride least of all. A moment earlier she was sitting in her room in all her beauty, and the sweet young maids had adorned her with such care that they would be prepared to justify their handiwork before the whole world, that it gave them more than happiness, it even made them envious — yes, even happy that they couldn't be even more envious, since she could not have been more beautiful. Sitting there alone in her room she was then transfigured from one beauty to another; for all that a woman's art could accomplish had been turned virtuously to the

embellishment of virtue. But there still lacked something the young girl had not dreamed of, a veil, finer, lighter, and yet more concealing than the one in which the young maids had enveloped her, a bridal gown no maid had knowledge of or could help her with, even the bride herself did not know how to put it on. It was an unseen, friendly influence which takes satisfaction in adorning a bride and wraps itself around her without her knowledge, for all she saw was the bridegroom walking by on his way to the temple. She saw the door close after him, and she became even more calm and blissful, for she knew that he now belonged to her more than ever. The temple door opened, he stepped out, but demurely she turned her gaze down and so did not see that his face was troubled. Yet he saw that heaven must be jealous of the bride's loveliness and of his good fortune. The temple door opened, the young maids saw the bridegroom step out, but they did not see that his face was troubled, for they were busy about bringing the bride. Then she came forward in all her maidenly modesty, and yet like a mistress surrounded by her cortege of young maids of honour, who curtsied before her as a young maid always curtsies before a bride. Thus at the head of her lovely troupe she stood and waited — it was but a moment, for the temple was close by — and the bridegroom came, but he passed by her door.

But here I break off. I am not a poet, I only practise dialectics. One should note first of all that it is at the crucial moment that the hero learns what is in store, so he is pure and blameless, hasn't bound himself irresponsibly to the loved one. Second, it is a divine utterance he has before him, or rather against him, so he is not ruled like those feeble lovers and sweethearts by conceit. Further, it goes without saying that this utterance makes him just as unhappy as the bride, indeed rather more so since after all he is the occasion. True, the augurs only predicted a misfortune for him, but

the question is whether the misfortune is not of such a nature as to affect also their marital happiness. So what is he to do? (I) Is he to remain silent and get married and think 'Perhaps the misfortune won't come right away, and anyway I have been true to my love and not afraid to make myself unhappy; but I must remain silent, otherwise even the brief moment is lost.' This sounds plausible but is in fact by no means so, for in this he insults the girl. By keeping silent he has in a way made her guilty, for had she known the truth she would never have given her consent to such a union. So in the hour of need he will have to bear not only the misfortune but also the responsibility for not having said anything, as well as her righteous anger at his not having said anything. (2) Is he to remain silent and not get married? In that case he must enter into a deception in which he annihilates himself in his relation to her. Aesthetics might approve of this. The catastrophe could then be fashioned as in the real story except that at the last moment there would be explanations, though too late since aesthetically it will be necessary to let him die, unless that discipline can see its way to revoking the fateful prophecy. Yet, noble as this conduct may be, it involves an insult to the girl and the reality of her love. (3) Is he to speak? Naturally one mustn't forget that our hero is a little too poetic for the giving up of his love to have no importance except as an unsuccessful business venture. If he speaks, then the whole thing becomes an unfortunate love-story in the vein of Axel and Valborg. They will be a couple whom heaven itself puts asunder. Nevertheless in the present case this separation is to be conceived somewhat differently, since it, too, is also the result of the free acts of the individuals. For what is so very difficult with the dialectic in this case is that the misfortune is to affect only him. These two, then, do not find a common expression of their suffering, as do Axel and Valborg, whom heaven separates equally from each other because they are

equally close to each other.[8] If that were the case here, a way out could be found. For since heaven uses no visible power to separate them, but leaves it to them, one could well imagine that they ended united in defiance of heaven together with its misfortune.

Ethics, however, will require him to speak. The essence of his valour in that case is to be found in his giving up his aesthetic high-mindedness, which here could hardly be thought to contain any admixture of the vanity connected with concealment, since it must be clear to him that he still makes the girl unhappy. The reality of this heroism is based, however, on its having had and cancelled its presupposition [that he genuinely loved her and kept quiet for her sake and not his — translator's addition]; for otherwise we would get heroes enough, particularly in our own time which has acquired a matchless proficiency in the forgery that does the highest by skipping over what lies in between.

But why this sketch if I nevertheless come no further than the tragic hero? Because it might still throw light on the paradox. That all depends on our hero's relationship to that utterance of the augur's, which in one way or another is going to decide the course of his life. Is this utterance publici juris [public property] or is it a privatissimum [private matter]? The scene is laid in Greece; an augur's utterance is intelligible to all — I don't mean just in the sense that the individual can grasp the content lexically, but that the individual can understand that what an augur is conveying to him is a decision of heaven's. So the augur's utterance is intelligible not just to the hero but to everyone and results in no private relation to the divine. Turn where he will, what was prophesied will happen, and neither by doing anything nor by refraining from doing anything will he come into a closer relationship with the divine, become an object either of divine mercy or of

divine wrath. The outcome will be as understandable to anyone as to the hero, and there is no secret writing that only the hero can read. So should he want to speak he can perfectly well do so, for he can make himself understood; and if he wants to remain silent it is because he wants, by virtue of being the single individual, to be higher than the universal, wants to delude himself with all manner of phantasies about how she will soon forget this sorrow, etc. On the other hand, if the will of heaven had not been announced to him by an augur, if it had been made known to him in some quite private way, if it had placed itself in a quite private relationship to him, then we are with the paradox — supposing there is such a thing (since my reflections here have the form of a dilemma) — then he could not speak however much he might wish to. He would not enjoy his own silence but suffer the pain, yet for him just this would be the assurance he needed that he did right. So the reason for his silence would not be a wish to place himself as the single individual in an absolute relation to the universal, but to be placed as the single individual in an absolute relationship to the absolute. In this, so far as I can tell, he would also be able to find repose, whereas the requirements of the ethical would be constantly disturbing his high-minded silence. One only wishes that aesthetics might try to start where for so many years it has ended, with the illusion of high-mindedness. As soon as it did so it would work hand in hand with religion, for that is the only power capable of rescuing the aesthetic from its conflict with the ethical. Queen Elizabeth sacrifices to the State her love for Essex by signing his death-warrant. That was a deed of heroism, even if some private resentment had a hand in it because he hadn't sent her the ring. We know that he did send it, but it was held back through the malice of some lady-in-waiting. Elizabeth is said, ni fallor [if I am not mistaken], to have been informed of this, and sat for ten days with one finger in her mouth,

biting it without saying a word, and then she died. That would be something for a poet who knew how to wrench open the mouth; otherwise it would be of use at best to a ballet master, with whom nowadays the poet no doubt too often confuses himself.

I now want to follow this by a sketch along the lines of the demonic. For this I shall use the legend of Agnete and the Merman. The merman is a seducer who rises up from concealment in the depths, and in wild desire grasps and breaks the innocent flower standing in all its charm by the shore, pensively bending its head to the ocean's roar. That is what the poets have so far made of it. Let us make a change. The merman was a seducer. He has called out to Agnete, with his smooth talk has coaxed from her her secret thoughts. She has found in the merman what she was seeking, what she gazed down to find in the depths of the sea. Agnete is willing to follow him down. The merman has taken her into his arms, Agnete twines hers about his neck trustingly and with all her soul she abandons herself to the stronger one. He is already at the sea-edge, bending over the water to dive down with his prey. Then Agnete looks at him again, not fearfully, not questioningly, not proud of her good luck, not intoxicated with desire, but in absolute faith, with absolute humility, like the humble flower she deemed herself to be; with absolute confidence she entrusts to him her entire fate. — And look! The ocean roars no more, its wild voice is stilled, nature's passion — which is the merman's strength — deserts him, the sea becomes dead calm. And still Agnete is looking at him in this way. Then the merman collapses, he is unable to resist the power of innocence, his element becomes unfaithful to him, he cannot seduce Agnete. He leads her home again, he explains to her that he only wanted to show her how beautiful the sea is when it is calm, and Agnete believes him. Then he turns back alone, and the ocean rages, but more wildly

still rages the merman's despair. He can seduce Agnete, he can seduce hundreds of Agnetes, he can charm any girl — but Agnete has triumphed and the merman has lost her. Only as his prize can she become his; he cannot belong faithfully to any girl, for he is only a merman. I have allowed myself a slight modification[9] in the merman. In fact I have slightly altered Agnete too. In the legend Agnete is by no means guiltless — and in general it is nonsense and sheer coquetry as well as an insult to the female sex to imagine a seduction where the girl is in no way, in no way at all, to blame. In the legend Agnete is, to modernize my expression somewhat, a woman who hankers for 'the interesting', and one such can always be certain there is a merman in the offing; for mermen keep a weather-eye open for the likes of these and they make for them like a shark for its prey. It is therefore very foolish to suppose (or is it a rumour spread abroad by the merman?) that socalled refinement protects a girl from seduction. No, life is more just and fair; there is only one means of protection, it is innocence.

We will now give the merman a human consciousness, and let his being a merman indicate a human preexistence in the consequences of which his life has become entangled. There is nothing to prevent his being a hero; for the step he now takes is reconciliatory. He is saved by Agnete, the seducer is crushed, he has bowed to the power of innocence, he can never seduce again. But immediately two powers claim control of him: repentance [alone] and repentance with Agnete. If repentance alone takes possession of him he remains concealed, if repentance and Agnete take possession of him he is disclosed.

Now in so far as repentance alone grips the merman and he remains concealed, then he must certainly make Agnete unhappy; for Agnete loved him in all her innocence, she believed him that moment when even to her he

seemed changed, however well he concealed it, and said he only wanted to show her the beautiful calm of the sea. However, as far as passion is concerned, the merman himself becomes even more unhappy; for he loved Agnete with a multiplicity of passions and has a new guilt to bear besides. The demonic side of repentance will now no doubt explain to him that this is precisely his punishment, and the more it torments him the better.

If he gives in to this demonic possibility, he may make one more attempt to save Agnete, in the way one can in a sense save someone by resort to evil. He knows Agnete loves him. If he can only tear this love away from her she will in a way be saved. But how to do that? The merman has too much sense to reckon that a candid confession will arouse her disgust. Then perhaps he will try to arouse all dark passions in her, scorn her, mock her, hold her love up to ridicule, if possible stir up her pride. He will spare himself no torment, for this is the deep contradiction in the demonic and in a sense there dwells infinitely more good in a demonic than in a superficial person. The more selfish Agnete is, the more easily she will be deceived (only those with very little experience think it easy to deceive innocence, life is very profound and it is the astute who find it easiest to trick one another), but all the more terribly the merman will suffer. The more ingeniously contrived his deception the less will Agnete bashfully hide her own pain from him; she will use every means, not without effect, not, that is, to shake him loose but to torment him.

By means of the demonic the merman would thus aspire to be the single individual who as the particular is higher than the universal. The demonic has that same property as the divine, that the individual can enter into an absolute relationship to it. This is the analogue, the counterpart to the paradox we are discussing. It therefore bears a certain resemblance to it that can prove misleading. Thus the merman apparently has the proof of the justification of

his silence that it is because of it that he suffers all his pain. However, there is no doubt that he can speak. So he can be a tragic hero, to my mind a tragic hero on the grand scale, if he does speak. Perhaps only few will understand what the grandeur consists in.[10] He will then have the courage to free himself of all self-deception about being able to make Agnete happy by his art; he will have the courage to crush Agnete, humanly speaking. Here I will just add a psychological observation. The more selfish we make Agnete, the more effective the self-deception will be, indeed it is not inconceivable that with his demonic astuteness a merman might in reality not only have, humanly speaking, saved Agnete but brought something exceptional out of her. A demon knows how to torture powers out of even the weakest person, and in his way he can have the best intentions towards a human being.

The merman stands at a dialectical extremity. If he is saved from the demonic side of repentance two paths are possible. He can hold himself back, remain in hiding, but not depend on his astuteness. In that case he does not come as the single individual into an absolute relation to the demonic, but finds repose in the counter-paradox that the divine will save Agnete. (This is how the movement would have been made in the Middle Ages, for on its conception the merman has obviously dedicated himself to the monastery.) Or else he can be saved through Agnete. Now this must not be understood as meaning that Agnete's love might save him from being a seducer in the future (that is an aesthetic rescue attempt, which always avoids the main issue, namely the continuity in the merman's life); in that respect he is already saved. He will be saved in so far as he is disclosed. So he marries Agnete. But he must still resort to the paradox. For when through his own guilt the individual has come out of the universal, he can only return to it on the strength of having come, as the particular, into an absolute relation to the

absolute. Here I will insert a comment which takes us further than anything that has been said anywhere in the foregoing.[11] Sin is not the first immediacy, sin is a later immediacy. In sin the individual is already in terms of the demonic paradox higher than the universal, because it is a contradiction on the part of the universal to want to impose itself on someone who lacks the conditio sine qua non [the necessary condition]. Should philosophy, amongst its other conceits, imagine that someone might actually want to follow its precepts in practice, a curious comedy would emerge. An ethics that ignores sin is an altogether futile discipline, but once it postulates sin it has eo ipso [thereby] gone beyond itself. Philosophy tells us that the immediate is to be superseded [ophœvet, German aufgehoben]. True enough, but what is not true is that sin, any more than faith, is without further ado the immediate.

Everything goes smoothly so long as I move in these spheres, but in fact not even what is said here helps to explain Abraham. He did not become the single individual through sin; on the contrary he was that righteous man who is God's chosen. So any analogy with Abraham will only surface after the individual has become capable of accomplishing the universal, and now the paradox is repeated.

I can therefore understand the movements of the merman, but I cannot understand Abraham. It is to realize the universal that the merman has recourse to the paradox. If he stays hidden and dedicates himself to all the torments of repentance, he becomes a demon, and as such is brought to nothing. If he stays hidden but entertains no clever thoughts about being able to extricate Agnete at the cost of his own torment in the bondage of repentance, he will no doubt find peace but is lost to the world. If he discloses himself, lets himself be saved through Agnete, then he is the greatest human

being I can imagine. It is only aesthetics which irresponsibly thinks it can praise the power of love by letting the lost man be loved by an innocent girl and saved thereby. Only aesthetics mistakes what it sees and thinks the girl rather than the merman is the hero. So the merman cannot belong to Agnete before, after making the infinite movement of repentance, he has made one more movement, that on the strength of the absurd. His own strength suffices for the movement of repentance, but it calls for absolutely all his energies, and it is therefore impossible for him by his own strength to return and grasp reality. If one lacks sufficient passion to make either movement, when one scrimps through life, repenting a little and thinking the rest will take care of itself, one has given up living in the idea once and for all, and then it is very easy to reach, and help others reach, the highest; i.e. delude oneself and others with the notion that the world of spirit is like Gnavspil [a card game], where everyone cheats. So one can amuse oneself by reflecting how strange it is that just in an age when everyone can reach the highest there should be such widespread doubt about the immortality of the soul; since even someone who has only, but genuinely, made the movement of infinity can scarcely be called a doubter. The conclusions of passion are the only reliable, i. e. the only convincing, ones. Fortunately life is in this case more kindly, more faithful, than the wise would have it. It excludes no one, not even the humblest; it tricks nobody, for in the world of spirit the only people who are tricked are those who trick themselves. It is the general opinion, and as far as I dare be my own judge, also my own, that entering the monastery is not the highest. But I by no means believe on that account that the fact that nobody goes into monasteries today means that we are all greater than those profound and earnest souls who found repose there. How many people are there now with the passion to think this thought and then judge themselves honestly?

The very idea of thus taking time on one's conscience, of giving conscience time to search out with its sleepless perseverance every secret thought, so that unless one is making the movement every instant on the strength of what is noblest and most holy in a human being one can discover with anguish and horror,[12] and call forth by anguish itself if by nothing else, the dark passions which after all lie concealed in every human life, whereas living in society with others one so easily forgets, so easily avoids, is in so many ways held above all this, gets the chance to start again — this very idea, grasped with decent respect, I would have thought could in itself chasten many an individual in this age of ours which thinks it has already reached the highest. Yet such things worry people little in this age that thinks it has reached the heights, though no age has fallen so much victim to the comic than ours. Indeed it is hard to grasp why it hasn't already given birth, by a generatio œquivoca [spontaneous generation], to its hero, that demon who will stage without scruple that horrifying play that reduces the whole age to laughter and to unconsciousness of the fact that it is laughing at itself. Indeed what more is life worth than to be laughed at when people have already reached the highest by the time they are twenty? And yet what higher movement has the age come up with since people gave up entering monasteries? Is it not a contemptible worldliness, a circumspection and pusillanimity that sits at the head of the table, cravenly making people think they have reached the highest, and even slyly dissuading them from trying anything less? A person who has made the monastery movement has only one movement to go, that of the absurd. How many nowadays understand what the absurd is, how many live in such a way as to have renounced or gained everything, how many are even simply honest enough to know what they are and what they can and cannot do? And is it not true that if there are such, they are mostly to

be found among the less educated and in part among women? Just as a demonic person always reveals himself without understanding himself, our age betrays its own defects in a kind of clairvoyance, for it is always calling for the comical. If that was really what it needed then perhaps the theatre would need a new play in which someone's dying for love was treated as comedy. Or would it not be better for our age if that were really to happen, if it were actually to witness such an occurrence, so that it might acquire the courage to believe in the power of spirit, the courage to stop abjectly stifling its better impulses, stop jealously stifling them in others — with laughter? Does the age really need a ridiculous Erscheinung [appearance, show] of an enthusiast in order to have something to laugh at? Or does it not rather need such an enthusiastic figure in reality to remind it of what it has forgotten?

If one wants a scenario along similar lines but more moving because the passion of repentance is not awakened, one can use a story from the Book of Tobit. The young Tobias wishes to marry Sarah, the daughter of Raguel and Edna. But the girl is surrounded in tragedy. She has been betrothed to seven men all of whom have died in the bride's house. For my scenario this is a flaw in the story, since there is something almost irresistibly comical in the thought of a girl's seven vain attempts to get married, although so near success, as near as a student who fails his finals seven times. The Book of Tobit places the accent elsewhere and that makes the high number important and in a certain sense even contributes to the tragic effect. It enhances the young Tobias's high-mindedness, partly because he is his parents' only son (6.14), partly because the deterrent obtrudes the more strongly. So this feature must be omitted. Sarah, then, is a girl who has never been in love, who still nurtures a young girl's notion of bliss, her immense mortgage in life, her Vollmachtbrief zum Glücke [authorization for happiness] — to love a

man with all her heart. And yet she is the most unhappy of all, for she knows that the evil demon that loves her will kill the bridegroom on the wedding night. I have read of much sorrow, but I doubt if anywhere there is a sorrow as deep as that residing in the life of that girl. Nevertheless when the misfortune comes from outside there is a certain consolation. If life fails to bring a person what would make him happy, it is still a comfort that he could have received it. But the unfathomable sorrow which no time can disperse, no time heal, is to know that it would be no use even if life were to do everything! A Greek author conceals so infinitely much in his crude naïveté when he says: 'pantos gar oudeis Erota epfugen i feuksetai mechri an kallos i kal ofthalmoi Bleposin' ['... for certainly no one has yet altogether escaped love, and none shall so long as there is beauty and eyes to see'] (cf. Longi Pastoralia). Many a girl has been made unhappy in love, but she became unhappy; Sarah was so before she became it. It is hard enough that one should not find the one to whom one can devote oneself, but unspeakably hard to be unable to devote oneself. A young girl surrenders herself to someone and then she is said no longer to be free, but Sarah was never free and yet never surrendered herself to anyone. It is hard enough that a girl should surrender herself to someone and be deceived by her love, but Sarah was deceived before she surrendered herself. What world of sorrow is not contained in what follows, when at length Tobias wishes to marry Sarah! What wedding-rites, what preparations! No girl was ever cheated as Sarah. She was cheated of the most blessed of all things, the absolute wealth which even the poorest girl possesses, cheated of the secure, unbounded, unfettered, unbridled self-surrender of devotion. For first there had to be the ritual of purification by placing the heart of a fish and its liver on glowing embers. And what a mother's leave-taking of the daughter who, just as she herself has

been cheated of everything, must also cheat her own mother of her most beautiful possession. One just reads the narrative. Edna prepared the chamber and brought Sarah into it and wept, and she received the tears of her daughter — and said to her, 'My child, take heart. The Lord of heaven and earth may exchange your sorrow for joy. Daughter, take heart.' And now the moment for the wedding. We read on, if we can for tears: 'But when the door was shut and they were together, Tobias rose from the bed and said, "Rise up, sister, and we will pray that the Lord may have mercy on us"' (8.4).

Were a poet to read this story and use it, I wager a hundred to one he would place all the emphasis on the young Tobias. The heroism of being willing to risk his life in such obvious danger, of which the narrative reminds us once again, for the morning after the wedding Raguel says to Edna: 'Send one of the maids to see if he is still alive, so that, if not, we can bury him and no one will know it' (cf. 8. 13) — this heroism would have been the theme for the poet. I venture to propose another. Certainly Tobias acted gallantly, resolutely, and chivalrously, but any man who lacks courage to do that is a milksop who knows neither what love is nor what it is to be a man, nor what is worth living for. He has not even grasped the little mystery that it is better to give than to receive, and has no inkling of what the great mystery is, namely that it is much harder to receive than to give, that is if one has had the courage to go without and did not prove a coward in the hour of need. No, Sarah is the heroine. Her I would like to draw close to as I have drawn close to no other girl, or been tempted to draw close in thought to anyone of whom I have read. For what love for God it takes to want to be healed when one has been crippled from the start for no fault of one's own, an unsuccessful specimen of humanity from the very beginning! What ethical maturity to take on the responsibility of allowing the loved one such an act of daring! What

humility before another person! What faith in God that in the next instant she should not hate the man to whom she owed everything!

Let Sarah be a man and the demonic will not be far away. A proud and noble nature can endure everything, but one thing it cannot endure, it cannot endure pity. Pity implies an indignity that for such a person can only be inflicted from above, for in himself he can never become an object of pity. If he has sinned he can endure the punishment without despairing, but to be singled out from his mother's womb as an object of pity, a sweet fragrance in pity's nostrils, that he cannot bear. Pity has a curious dialectic; one moment it calls for guilt, the next it wants to do away with it, and so to be predestined to pity is the more dreadful the greater the individual's misfortune lies in the direction of the spiritual. But no guilt attaches to Sarah, she is thrown as a prey to every suffering and on top of that has to be tortured by human sympathy, for even I who admire her more than Tobias loves her, even I cannot mention her name without exclaiming 'The poor girl!' Let a man take Sarah's place, let him know that if he is to love a girl an infernal spirit will come and murder her on the wedding night, then he would certainly be likely to choose the demonic, shut himself up in himself and say in his heart, as does the demonic nature, 'Thanks, I am no friend of ceremony and fuss, I don't at all insist on the pleasures of love, I can just as well be a Bluebeard who gets his pleasure seeing girls die on their wedding night.' One generally hears very little about the demonic, in spite of this territory's having a peculiarly valid claim to discovery in our time, and notwithstanding that once he knows how to establish a certain rapport with the demon an observer can, at least in some respect or other, use almost anyone as an example. In this respect Shakespeare is and will always remain a hero. That horrid demon, the most demonic figure Shakespeare ever portrayed, and did so incomparably,

Gloucester (later Richard Ⅲ), what made him a demon? Obviously that he could not endure the pity that had been piled on him from childhood. His monologue in the first act of King Richard Ⅲ is worth more than all moral systems, none of which bears a hint of the terrors of existence and of their nature.

I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ...

Natures like Gloucester's cannot be saved by mediating them into an idea of society. Ethics really only makes fun of them, just as it would make a mockery of Sarah if it were to say to her, 'Why don't you express the universal and get married?' Such natures are aboriginally in the paradox, and they are by no means less perfect than others; it is only that they are either damned in the demonic paradox or delivered in the divine. Now people have been pleased to think from time immemorial that witches, gnomes, trolls, etc. are misshapen creatures, and it is undeniable that we all have a tendency when we see a misshapen person directly to link this idea with that of moral perversion. But what colossal injustice! It should really be the other way around. It is life itself that has corrupted them, as a stepmother makes degenerates of her stepchildren. To be put outside the universal from the

start, by nature or by historical circumstance, that is the beginning of the demonic, and the individual can hardly be blamed for that. So Cumberland's Jew is also a demon notwithstanding his beneficence. Thus the demonic can also express itself in contempt for men, a contempt which it should nevertheless be noted does not make the demonic person himself act contemptuously; on the contrary his strength is his knowledge that he is better than all who pass judgement on him. — On all such matters the poets should be the first to make a stir. God knows what books our young versifiers are reading these days! Their studies are no doubt confined to learning rhymes by rote. Heaven knows what importance they have in life! Just now I couldn't honestly tell you whether they are good for anything but to give us edifying proof of the immortality of the soul, to the extent at least that one can safely say of them what Baggesen says of the city's poet, Kildevalle: 'if he is immortal then we all are'. — What has been said here about Sarah, almost in the style of a poetic production, appealing therefore in effect only to the imagination, finds its full significance if out of psychological interest one probes the meaning of the old saying: 'nullum unquam exstitit magnum ingenium sine aliqua dementia' ['there was never great genius without some madness']. For the dementia here is the genius's suffering in life, is the expression, if I may say so, of divine jealousy, while genius itself is the mark of divine favour. Thus the genius is disorientated from the start in relation to the universal and put into relation to the paradox, whether, in despair over his own limitation, which in his own eyes turns his omnipotence into impotence, he seeks a demonic reassurance and therefore will not admit the limitation to either God or man, or he reassures himself religiously in love for the divine. There are psychological topics here to which it seems to me one could happily devote a lifetime, and yet we so rarely hear a word about them. How

is madness related to genius? Can the one be constructed out of the other? In what sense and to what extent is the genius master of his own madness? For it goes without saying that to some degree he is indeed its master, otherwise he would really be mad. Performing such observations requires, however, a high order of ingenuity as well as love, since performing observations on people of superior talent is extremely difficult. If one bears this in mind in reading some of those authors most celebrated for their genius, it is conceivable that one might just, once in a while, though only with great effort, find out something.

I would like to consider one more case of an individual wanting to save the universal by his concealment and silence. I shall take the legend of Faust. Faust is a doubter,[13] an apostate of the spirit who goes the way of the flesh. This is how the poets see it, and although it is repeated over and over again that every age has its Faust, poets still doggedly follow one another down this same beaten path. Let us make a slight change. Faust is a doubter kat'eksochen [in an eminent sense]; but he has a sympathetic nature. Even in Goethe's understanding of Faust I miss a deeper psychological insight into the secret conversations which doubt has with itself. Nowadays, when indeed all have experienced doubt, no poet has as yet made a move in this direction. I could think of offering them Royal Securities to write on, to put down 'all' they have experienced in this regard — for it is unlikely that what they have to say will take more than the left-hand margin.

Only when one turns Faust back in on himself in this way — only then can the doubt appear poetically, only then does he himself genuinely discover in reality all its sufferings. Then he knows it is spirit that sustains life, but he also knows that the security and happiness people live in are not supported by the power of spirit but can be readily explained as unreflective bliss. As a

doubter, as the doubter, he is above all that, and if someone wants to deceive him into supposing that he had put doubt behind him, he easily sees through that. One who has made a movement in the world of spirit, hence an infinite movement, can tell at once from the spoken line whether the speaker is a man of experience or a Münchhausen. What a Tamerlane could do with his Huns, Faust knows he can do with his doubt — frighten people out of their wits, make the very world shake under their feet, send people scattering in every direction, and cause the cry of alarm to sound from every quarter. And if he does that he is still not a Tamerlane, for having the warrant of thought he is in a sense authorized to act in this way. But Faust has a sympathetic nature, he loves life, his soul knows no envy, he sees he would be unable to prevent the landslide that would no doubt be set in motion, he has no wish for Herostratic honour — he remains silent, he hides his doubt in his soul more assiduously than the girl the fruit of her sinful love beneath her heart, he tries as well as he can to walk in step with others, but as far as what goes on inside him, that he consumes internally and in this way he makes himself a sacrifice to the universal.

Sometimes, when some eccentric raises the whirlwind of doubt, one hears the complaint: 'If only he had kept quiet.' Faust too represents this notion. Anyone with any idea of what it means to live on spirit knows also what the hunger of doubt means, and that the doubter hungers just as much for the daily bread of life as for the sustenance of spirit. Even though all the pain Faust suffers can be a fairly good argument for its not being pride that possesses him, I shall nevertheless avail myself of a small precautionary device which is easy enough for me to come by, who, just as Gregory of Rimini was called tortor infantium because he subscribed to the damnation of infants, might be tempted to call myself tortor heroum — I am very inventive

when it comes to torturing heroes. Faust sees Marguerite — not after he has chosen the life of pleasure, since my Faust doesn't choose pleasure at all — he sees Marguerite not in Mephistopheles's concave mirror but in all her lovable innocence, and because his soul has preserved its love for humankind he can also very well fall in love with her. But he is a doubter, his doubt has destroyed reality for him. So ideal is my Faust that he is not one of those scientific doubters who doubt for an hour every term at the lectern but can otherwise do anything, as indeed they do without the help of spirit or on its strength. He is a doubter, and the doubter hungers as much for his daily slice of joy as for the nourishment of spirit. But still he stays true to his decision, is silent, and talks to no one of his doubt, nor to Marguerite of his love.

It goes without saying that Faust is too ideal a figure to be satisfied with the tattle that if he spoke he would only set a more general discussion in motion, or that the whole affair would blow over without consequences, or perhaps this or perhaps that. (Here, as will be obvious to any poet, lies the dormant comedy in our scenario, bringing Faust into ironical relation to those slapstick fools who nowadays chase after doubt, produce an external argument, e. g. a doctor's certificate, to show that they have really doubted, or take an oath that they have doubted everything, or else prove it by the fact that on their journey they met up with a doubter — those express couriers and sprint-experts in the world of spirit who in all haste gather a little hint of doubt from this person and a little hint of faith from that, and then wirtschafte [do business] as best they may depending on whether the congregation wants fine sand or coarse sand.) Faust is too ideal a figure to walk about in slippers. No one who lacks an infinite passion is ideal and anyone who does have an infinite passion has long since saved his soul from such rubbish. He is silent so as to offer himself — or else he talks, well knowing that he will put

everything into confusion.

He is silent, so ethics condemns him. It says: 'You must acknowledge the universal, and you do that by speaking, and you dare not take pity on the universal,' This is something one should not forget when one sometimes judges a doubter severely for speaking. I myself am not inclined to judge such conduct leniently, but here as everywhere it is a question of the movements occurring properly. If things go wrong, then a doubter, even if by speaking he should bring all manner of misfortune upon the world, would still be far preferable to these miserable sweet-tooths who try a taste of everything and would cure doubt without being acquainted with it, and are therefore as a rule the immediate cause of outbreaks of ungoverned and unmanageable doubt. — If he speaks he confuses everything, for if nothing happens he only finds that out afterwards, and the consequence can be of no help either in the moment of acting or in questions of responsibility.

If he is silent on his own responsibility, he may indeed be acting magnanimously, but to his other pains there is added a little temptation. The universal will be forever plaguing him and saying, 'You should have spoken, how can you be certain that it wasn't after all some hidden pride that prompted your decision?'

If on the other hand the doubter can be the single individual who as the particular stands in an absolute relation to the absolute, then he receives authorization for his silence. But then he must make guilt of his doubt. But then he is in the paradox. But then his doubt is cured, even though he can acquire another.

Even the New Testament would approve such a silence. There are passages in the New Testament even extolling irony, so long as it is the better side that it is used to conceal. However, this movement is just as much a

movement of irony as any other movement based on subjectivity's being higher than reality. This is something no one nowadays wants to know; generally people want to know no more about irony than Hegel has said about it, though curiously enough he had rather little understanding of it and indeed bore a grudge against it which our age finds good reason not to give up, seeing that for it irony is simply something it must guard itself against. The Sermon on the Mount says: 'But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast.' The passage gives clear testimony to subjectivity's incommensurability with reality, indeed even to its having the right to deceive. If only those people who wander about these days with vague talk of the idea of the congregation would read the New Testament, they might come upon other ideas.

But now Abraham. How did he act? For I have not forgotten, and the reader may now be pleased to recall, that this was the point to which the whole preceding discussion was intended to lead. Not to make Abraham more intelligible thereby, but in order that his unintelligibility might be seen more in the round, for, as I have said, I cannot understand Abraham, I can only admire him. It was also mentioned that none of the stages described contained an analogue of Abraham, they were elaborated only so as to indicate, from the point of view of their own sphere, the boundary of the unknown land by the points of discrepancy. If there should be any question of an analogy here it would have to be the paradox of sin, but that again belongs to another sphere and cannot explain Abraham, and is itself far easier to explain than Abraham.

So Abraham did not speak. He spoke neither to Sarah, to Eleazar, nor to Isaac. He passed over these three ethical authorities. Because for Abraham

the ethical had no higher expression than that of family life.

Aesthetics allowed, in fact demanded, silence of the individual when by remaining silent he could save another. This is already enough to show that Abraham does not lie within the circumference of aesthetics. His silence is not at all to save Isaac, as in general the whole task of sacrificing Isaac for his own and God's sake is an outrage aesthetically. Aesthetics can well understand that I sacrifice myself, but not that I should sacrifice another for my own sake. The aesthetic hero was silent. Ethics condemned him, however, because it was on the strength of his accidental particularity that he remained silent. His human prescience was what determined that he should be silent. This ethics cannot forgive. All such human insight is only an illusion. Ethics demands an infinite movement which requires disclosure. So the aesthetic hero can indeed speak but will not.

The genuine tragic hero sacrifices himself and everything he has for the universal; his action, every emotion in him belongs to the universal, he is revealed, and in this disclosure he is the beloved son of ethics. This does not apply to Abraham. He does nothing for the universal and he is concealed.

We are now at the paradox. Either the individual as the particular can stand in an absolute relation to the absolute, and then the ethical is not the highest, or Abraham is done for, he is neither a tragic hero nor an aesthetic hero.

Here again the paradox might seem the easiest and most convenient thing of all. However, I must repeat that anyone who remains convinced of that is not the knight of faith, for distress and anguish are the only justification conceivable, even though they cannot be conceived in general, for if they could the paradox would be cancelled.

Abraham is silent — but he cannot speak, therein lies the distress and

anguish. For if when I speak I cannot make myself understood, I do not speak even if I keep talking without stop day and night. This is the case with Abraham. He can say what he will, but there is one thing he cannot say and since he cannot say it, i. e. say it in a way that another understands it, he does not speak. The relief of speech is that it translates me into the universal. Now Abraham can say the most beautiful things any language can muster about how he loves Isaac. But this is not what he has in mind, that being the deeper thought that he would have to sacrifice Isaac because it was a trial. This no one can understand, and so no one can but misunderstand the former. Of this distress the tragic hero knows nothing. In the first place he has the consolation that all counter-arguments have been done justice to, that he has been able to give Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, Achilles, the Chorus, every living being, every voice from the heart of humankind, every intelligent, every anxious, every accusing, every compassionate thought an opportunity to stand up against him. He can be sure that all that it is possible to say against him has been said, unsparingly, mercilessly — and to contend with the whole world is a comfort, but to contend with oneself dreadful. — He need have no fear of having overlooked something, of later having to cry out like King Edward IV at the news of the death of Clarence:

> Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
> Kneeled at my feet and bid me be advised?
> Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?

The tragic hero knows nothing of the terrible responsibility of solitude. Moreover, he has the comfort of being able to weep and wail with Clytemnestra and Iphigenia — and sobbing and crying give relief, while

groans that cannot be uttered are torture. Agamemnon can rally himself quickly to the certainty that he will act, and he therefore still has time to bring comfort and courage. This Abraham cannot do. When his heart is stirred, when his words would convey a blessed consolation for the whole world, he dare not console, for would not Sarah, would not Eleazar, would not Isaac say to him, 'Why do you want to do this, you can after all refrain'? And if in his distress he should want to unburden his feelings and embrace everything dear to him before taking the final step, then this might have the most frightful consequence that Sarah, that Eleazar, that Isaac would be offended in him and believe him a hypocrite. Talk he cannot, he speaks no human language. Though he himself understood all the tongues of the world, though the loved ones understood them too — he still could not talk — he speaks a divine tongue — he 'speaks with tongues'.

This distress I can well understand. I can admire Abraham. I have no fear that anyone should be tempted by this story to want irresponsibly to be the single individual. But I also confess that I myself lack the courage for that, and that I would gladly renounce any prospect of coming further if only it were possible for me to come that far, however late in the day. Abraham can refrain at any moment, he can repent the whole thing as a temptation. Then he can speak, then all will understand him — but then he is no longer Abraham.

Abraham cannot speak. What would explain everything, that it is a trial — though note, one in which the ethical is the temptation — is something he cannot say (i. e. in a way that can be understood). Anyone so placed is an emigrant from the sphere of the universal. And yet what comes next he is even less able to say. For, as was made sufficiently clear earlier, Abraham makes two movements. He makes the infinite movement of resignation and

gives up his claim to Isaac, something no one can understand because it is a private undertaking. But then he further makes, and at every moment is making, the movement of faith. This is his comfort. For he says, 'Nevertheless it won't happen, or if it does the Lord will give me a new Isaac on the strength of the absurd.' The tragic hero does at least get to the end of the story. Iphigenia bows to her father's decision, she herself makes the infinite movement of resignation and they now understand one another. She is able to understand Agamemnon because his undertaking expresses the universal. If on the other hand Agamemnon were to say to her, 'Even though the deity demands you as a sacrifice, it's still possible that he didn't — on the strength of the absurd', he would instantly become unintelligible to her. If he could say it on the strength of human calculation, then Iphigenia would surely understand him. But that would mean that Agamemnon had not made the infinite movement of resignation, and then he would not be a hero, and then the seer's utterance is just a traveller's tale and the whole incident a piece of vaudeville.

So Abraham did not speak. Only one word of his has been preserved, his only reply to Isaac, which we can take to be sufficient evidence that he had not spoken previously. Isaac asks Abraham where the lamb is for the burnt offering. 'And Abraham said: My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.'

This last word of Abraham's I shall consider here a little more closely. If it had not occurred the whole incident would lack something. If it had been a different word everything might dissolve in confusion.

I have often pondered on how far a tragic hero, whether suffering or action provides the consummation of his heroism, ought to have a final remark. So far as I can see it depends on what sphere of life he belongs to, on

the extent to which his life has intellectual significance, on how far his suffering or action stand in relation to spirit.

It goes without saying that at the moment of consummation the tragic hero, like anyone else, is capable of a few words, even a few appropriate words. But the question is whether it is appropriate for him to say them. If the significance of his life consists in an outward act, then he has nothing to say, since everything he says is essentially idle chat which can only weaken the impact he makes, while the rites of tragedy require on the contrary that he fulfil his task in silence, whether in action or suffering. So as not to go too far afield I shall simply draw on our nearest example. If Agamemnon himself, and not Calchas [the seer], had had to draw the knife on Iphigenia he would only have demeaned himself by wanting to say a few words at the last moment. Everyone knew the significance of his deed, the whole process of piety, pity, feeling, and tears was done with, and besides, his life had no relation to spirit, i. e. he was not a teacher or a witness to the spirit. If on the other hand the significance of the hero's life tends towards spirit, the lack of a remark will weaken the impact he makes. It is not something appropriate he should be saying, not some bit of rhetoric, but something that will convey that he is consummating himself in the decisive moment. An intellectual tragic hero of this kind should allow himself what people often aspire to frivolously, namely having and keeping the last word. We expect of him the same exalted bearing as becomes any tragic hero, but on top of that we expect some word. So if an intellectual tragic hero consummates his heroism in suffering (in death), in this final word he will become immortal before he dies, while the ordinary tragic hero only becomes immortal after his death.

Socrates can be used as an example. He was an intellectual tragic hero. He hears his death-sentence. That instant he dies. Unless you grasp that it

requires all the strength of spirit to die, that the hero always dies before his death, you will not come particularly far in your observations on life. So as a hero Socrates is required to stay calm and at ease, but as an intellectual hero he is required to have sufficient spiritual strength at the final moment to fulfil himself. So he cannot, like the ordinary tragic hero, concentrate on keeping himself face to face with death; he has to make this latter movement so quickly that in the same instant he is consciously above that conflict and continues to assert himself. Had Socrates been silent in the crisis of death he would have weakened the effect of his life, aroused a suspicion that the resilience of irony was not, in him, a primitive strength, but only a game whose flexibility he had to exploit in the decisive moment, according to an opposite standard, pathetically to sustain himself.[14]

What I have been briefly hinting at here doesn't really apply to Abraham, to the extent that one supposes one might find by analogy some appropriate word for Abraham; but it applies to the extent that one sees the necessity of Abraham's fulfilling himself at the final moment not by drawing the knife silently but by having something to say, seeing that as the father of faith he has absolute significance in terms of spirit. As to what he is to say, I can form no idea in advance. Once he has said it I can no doubt understand it, even in a sense understand Abraham in what is said, yet without thereby coming any nearer him than in the foregoing. If we'd had no remark from Socrates I could have put myself into his position and made one, and if I couldn't do that myself, a poet would have managed. But no poet can reach Abraham.

Before going on to consider Abraham's last word more closely, I must first draw attention to the difficulty of Abraham's coming to say anything at all. The distress and anguish in the paradox consisted, as explained above,

precisely in the silence; Abraham cannot speak.[15] To that extent then it is self-contradictory to demand that he should speak, unless one wants him out of the paradox again, so that in the decisive moment he suspends it, whereby he ceases to be Abraham and brings to naught all that went before. Were Abraham, at the decisive moment, to say to Isaac, 'It is you who are to be sacrificed', this would only be a weakness. For if he could speak at all he should have done so long before, and the weakness then consists in his not having the maturity of spirit and concentration to imagine the whole of the pain beforehand but having pushed some of it aside so that the actual pain proves greater than the imagined one. Besides, with talk of this kind he would fall out of the paradox, and if he really wanted to talk to Isaac he would have to transform his own situation into that of a temptation. Otherwise, after all, he could say nothing and if he does so transform his situation he isn't even a tragic hero.

Nevertheless a last word of Abraham's has been preserved, and so far as I can understand the paradox I can also understand Abraham's total presence in that word. First and foremost he doesn't say anything, and that is his way of saying what he has to say. His answer to Isaac has the form of irony, for it is always irony to say something and yet not say it. Isaac asks Abraham because he assumes Abraham knows. Now if Abraham had replied, 'I know nothing', he would have uttered an untruth. He cannot say anything, since what he knows he cannot say. So he replies, 'My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.' Here one sees the double movement in Abraham's soul, as it has been described in the foregoing. Had Abraham simply renounced his claim to Isaac and done no more, he would have uttered an untruth. He knows that God demands the sacrifice of Isaac, and he knows that precisely at this moment he himself is ready to sacrifice him. So, after

having made this movement Abraham has at every instant been performing the next, making the movement on the strength of the absurd. To that extent he utters no untruth, for on the strength of the absurd it is after all possible that God might do something quite different. He utters no untruth then, but neither does he say anything, for he speaks in a foreign tongue. This becomes still more obvious when we consider that it was Abraham himself who was to sacrifice Isaac. If the task had been a different one, if the Lord had commanded Abraham to take Isaac out on the mountain in Moriah, and then let his own lightning strike Isaac and take him as a sacrifice in that way, Abraham would in a straightforward sense be right to talk as enigmatically as he did, for in that case he himself could not have known what would happen. But as the task is given to Abraham, it is he who must act, so he must know at the decisive moment what he is about to do, and accordingly must know that Isaac is to be sacrificed. If he doesn't definitely know that, he hasn't made the infinite movement of resignation, in which case his words are not indeed untrue, but then at the same time he is very far from being Abraham, he is less significant than a tragic hero, he is in fact an irresolute man who can resolve to do neither one thing nor the other, and who will therefore always come to talk in riddles. But such a Haesitator [waverer] is simply a parody of the knight of faith.

Here too it can appear that one can understand Abraham, but only as one understands the paradox. For my part I can in a way understand Abraham, but I see very well that I lack the courage to speak in this way, as much as I lack the courage to act like Abraham. But I do not at all say that what he did is inconsiderable on that account, since on the contrary it is the one and only marvel.

And what did contemporaries think of the tragic hero? That he was

great, and they looked up to him. And that noble assembly of worthies, the jury that every generation appoints to pass judgement on its predecessor, came to the same verdict. But none could understand Abraham. And yet think what he achieved! To remain true to his love. But he who loves God has no need of tears, needs no admiration, and forgets his suffering in love, indeed forgets so completely that afterwards not the least hint of his pain would remain were God himself not to remember it; for God sees in secret and knows the distress and counts the tears and forgets nothing.

So either there is a paradox, that the single individual as the particular stands in an absolute relation to the absolute, or Abraham is done for.

注释

【1】 In olden days people said, 'What a shame things in the world don't go in the way the priest preaches.' But the time may be coming, not least with the help of philosophy, when we shall be able to say, 'How fortunate that things in the world don't go in the way the priest preaches, since at least there's a little meaning to life, but none in his sermon.'

【2】 Of course any other interest whatever in which an individual concentrates the whole of life's reality can, when it proves unrealizable, give rise to the movement of resignation. But I have chosen falling in love to illustrate the movements because this interest will no doubt be more readily understood and thus it relieves me of the need to make all the introductory comments which would be of direct interest to only a few.

【3】 This requires passion. Every movement of infinity occurs with passion, and no reflection can bring about a movement. That's the perpetual leap in life which explains the movement, while mediation is a chimera which in Hegel is supposed to explain everything and besides is the only thing he has never tried to explain. Passion is needed even to make the familiar Socratic distinction between what one does and what one doesn't understand; naturally even more so in making the genuinely

Socratic movement, that of ignorance. What we lack today is not reflection but passion. For that reason our age is really in a sense too tenacious of life to die, for dying is one of the most remarkable leaps, and a small verse has always greatly attracted me, because having wished himself all the good and simple things in life in five or six lines previously, the poet ends thus: 'ein seliger Sprung in die Ewigkeit' [a blessed leap into eternity].

【4】 Lessing has somewhere made similar remarks from a purely aesthetic point of view. In the passage in question he actually wants to show that sorrow too can express itself with wit. To that end he quotes the words spoken on a particular occasion by the unfortunate English king, Edward Ⅱ. As contrast he quotes from Diderot: a story of a farmer's wife and a remark of hers, and then continues: 'That too was wit, and the wit of a peasant at that: but the situation made it inevitable. Consequently one mustn't try to find the excuse for the witty expression of pain and of sorrow in the fact that the person who uttered them was superior, well-educated, intelligent, and witty as well, for the passions make all men again equal ... the explanation lies in the fact that in the same situation probably everyone would have said the same thing. The peasant woman's thought is one a queen might just as well have had, just as what the king said on that occasion could, and no doubt would, have been said by a peasant.'

【5】 I will explain once more the difference in the collision as between the tragic hero and the knight of faith. The tragic hero assures himself that the ethical obligation [to his son, daughter, etc.] is totally present in him by virtue of the fact that he transforms it into a wish. Thus Agamemnon can say: this is my proof that I am not violating my paternal obligation, that my duty [to Iphigenia] is my only wish. Here, then, wish and duty match one another. Happy my lot in life If my wish coincides with my duty, and conversely; and most people's task in life is exactly to stay under their obligation, and by their enthusiasm to transform it into their wish. The tragic hero renounces what he wishes in order to accomplish his duty. For the knight of faith, wish and duty are also identical, but the knight of faith is required to give up both. So when renouncing in resignation what he wishes he finds no repose; for it is after all his duty [that he is giving up]. If he stays under his obligation and keeps his wish he will not become the knight of faith; for the absolute duty requires precisely that he give up [the duty that is

identical with the wish]. The tragic hero acquires a higher expression of duty, but not an absolute duty.

【6】 These movements and attitudes could also be handled aesthetically. But I leave it open how far faith and the life of belief in general can be handled in that way. I will only — since I always like to thank those to whom I owe something — express my gratitude to Lessing for the few hints of a Christian drama to be found in his Hamburgische Dramaturgie. But he has focused on the purely divine side of that life (the consummated victory), and has therefore despaired. Perhaps if he had paid more attention to the human side he would have come to a different conclusion. (Theologia viatorum [wayfarer's theology].) What he says is undeniably very brief, partly evasive, but as I am always very glad of the chance of Lessing's company I seize on it immediately. Lessing was not just one of the most erudite minds Germany has produced; he was not just unusually exact in his learning, so that one can safely rely on him and his autopsy without fear of being tricked by inaccurate and concocted quotations, half-understood phrases taken from unreliable compendia, or of being put off-balance by a foolish advertising of novelties that the ancients have stated far better; he had in addition a most unusual gift for explaining what he himself had understood. There he stopped. Nowadays one goes further and explains more than one has understood.

【7】 According to Aristotle the course of the catastrophe is as follows. In order to avenge itself, the [bride's] family plants a vase from the temple among the bridegroom's household belongings and he is condemned as a temple-robber. But this is immaterial, for the question is not whether the family is clever or stupid in the manner of its taking revenge; the family is of only theoretical interest in as much as it impinges on the dialectic of the hero. Besides, there is fatefulness enough in the fact that, though intending to avoid the danger by not marrying, he plunges right into it, together with the fact that his life comes into twofold contact with the divine, first in the utterance of the augur and second by his being condemned as a temple-robber.

【8】 Here one might trace the dialectic movements in a different direction. Heaven predicts a personal misfortune due to the marriage, so he could just as well give up the marriage yet needn't give up the girl on that account, but live in a romantic relationship with her which was more than satisfactory for the lovers. This, however, amounts to insulting the girl, for in his love for her he doesn't

express the universal, and it was the task both of the poet and of the ethicist to defend marriage. On the whole, were poetry to attend to the religious aspect and to the inner feeling of its characters, it would command themes of much greater importance than those it now occupies itself with. Here is the story poetry is repeatedly giving us: a man is stuck with a girl he once loved, or maybe never really loved because he has now seen another who is the ideal. A man makes mistakes in life, it was the right street but the wrong house, for on the second floor just over the way lives the ideal — that's what people consider the proper subject of poetry. A lover makes a mistake, he saw his loved one by candlelight and thought she had dark hair, but look, on closer inspection she was blonde — however, the sister, there's the ideal. That's what people think poetry is about. In my view any such man is an impudent fool who can be unbearable enough in life but should be instantly booed off the stage when he tries to put on airs in poetry. Only the clash of passion against passion provides a poetic collision, not this rummaging about in the particulars of the same passion. In the Middle Ages, for example, when a girl has fallen in love and then been convinced that earthly love is a sin and prefers a heavenly love, here we have a poetic collision; and the girl too is poetic, for her life is in the idea.

【9】 There is still another way of treating this legend. The merman does not want to seduce Agnete, even though he has seduced many previously. He is no longer a merman, or is if you will a pitiable merman who has now already for some time been sitting sorrowfully on the sea-bed. However, he knows (as indeed the legend has it) that he can be saved by an innocent girl's love. But he has a bad conscience about girls and dare not approach them. Then he sees Agnete. Already, many times, as he lay hidden in the reeds, he has seen her walking along the shore. Her beauty, her quiet self-possession captivate him; but his soul is filled with sadness, no wild desire rages there. And when the merman blends his sigh with the whispering of the reeds she turns her ear towards it Then she stands still and falls into reverie, more delectable than any woman and yet beautiful as an angel of deliverance, who inspired the merman with confidence. The merman plucks up courage, he approaches Agnete, he wins her love, he hopes for his deliverance. But Agnete was no quiet girl, she was in fact very taken with the roaring of the ocean and what pleased her about the sad sighing by the sea was that it made the roar in her breast grow stronger. She would be off and away, rush wildly out into the infinite with the merman,

whom she loves — so she eggs the merman on. She scorned his humility and now the pride reawakens. And the sea roars and the waves foam, and the merman embraces Agnete, and dives with her into the depths. Never had he been so wild, never so full of desire; for with this girl he had hoped for his deliverance. Before long he became tired of Agnete, but her body was never found; for she became a mermaid, who tempted men with her songs.

【10】 Aesthetics sometimes treats a similar theme with its usual captiousness. The merman is saved through Agnete and all ends in a happy marriage. A happy marriage! Very handy, to be sure. On the other hand if ethics is to give the wedding speech I imagine things would go differently. Aesthetics throws the cloak of love over the merman and so everything is forgotten. It is also rash enough to suppose that things happen at a wedding as they do at an auction, where everything is sold in the condition it is in when it comes under the hammer. All it cares for is that the lovers get one another, the rest is of no concern. If only it could see what happens afterwards! But it hasn't time for that, straightaway it is in full swing again snapping together another couple. Aesthetics is the most faithless of all sciences. Anyone who has truly loved it will in a way become unhappy; while anyone who has never done so is and will remain a pecus [ox, or blockhead].

【11】 Up to this point I have carefully avoided all consideration of the question of sin and its reality. Everything has been centred on Abraham, and he can still be reached with the categories of immediacy, at least so far as I can understand him. But once sin makes its appearance ethics comes to grief precisely on the question of repentance. Repentance is the highest ethical expression but for that very reason the most profound ethical self-contradiction.

【12】 This is not credited in our serious age, and yet remarkably enough even in the typically flightier and less consistently reflective age of paganism the two representatives of the Greek gnothi sauton [know thyself] way of thought have, each in his own manner, intimated that if one probes one's own depths what one uncovers is first and foremost the disposition to evil. I need hardly remark that I am thinking of Pythagoras and Socrates.

【13】 If one would rather not use a doubter, a similar figure would do. An ironist, for example, whose sharp eye has taken radical measure of the ludicrousness of life, who through a secret

understanding with the forces of life ascertains what the patient needs. He knows he commands the power of laughter; should he wish to wield it he would be sure of victory and, what is even better, of his happiness. He knows some voice is going to raise itself against him, but also that he himself is the stronger; he knows people can still be brought for a moment to appear serious — but also that, privately, they long to laugh with him; he knows that it is still possible to bring a woman for a moment to hold up her fan before her eyes when she speaks, but he also knows that behind the fan she is laughing, he knows the fan is not completely opaque, he knows one can make invisible inscriptions on it, he knows that when a woman strikes at him with the fan it is because she has understood him, he knows infallibly how laughter creeps into a person and dwells there secretly, and how once lodged there it lies in ambush and waits. Let us suppose such an Aristophanes, such a Voltaire, slightly altered, for he is also of a sympathetic nature, he loves life, loves people, and knows that even if a young, saved generation might benefit from the rebuke of laughter, in his own age for many it would mean rack and ruin. So he keeps silent and as far as possible forgets to laugh himself. But does he dare keep silent? Perhaps many will fail to see the difficulty I am referring to. They will probably consider it admirably high-minded of him to keep silent. That is not at all what I think. I believe that if any such person has not the magnanimity to keep silent he is a traitor to life. So I require this magnanimity of him. But if he has it he dares to keep silent. Ethics is a dangerous science and it may well have been out of purely ethical considerations that Aristophanes decided to let laughter pass judgement on his misguided age. Aesthetic magnanimity cannot help. Its account has no credit column for the taking of such risks. If he is silent he must enter the paradox. — Still another scenario: suppose, for example, someone is in possession of an explanation of a public hero's life, but one that explains it in a deplorable light, and yet a whole generation rests secure in this hero and has no suspicion of anything of the sort.

【14】 Which of Socrates's remarks is to be regarded as the decisive one can be a matter of controversy, since Socrates has been in so many ways poetically volatilized by Plato. I suggest the following: the death-sentence is announced to him, that instant he dies and fulfils himself in the famous rejoinder that he was surprised to have been condemned with a majority of three votes. He could have found no more ironic jest in some market-place flippancy or fool's inanity than in this comment on the

death-sentence which condemns him from life itself.

【15】 In so far as there is any question of an analogy [here], the circumstances of the death of Pythagoras provide one. In his last moments Pythagoras had to consummate the silence he had always maintained, and so he said, 'It's better to be killed than to speak.' cf. Diogenes, 8th Bk. §39.

Epilogue

Once when the spice market in Holland was a little slack, the merchants had some cargoes dumped at sea to force up the price. That was a pardonable, perhaps necessary, stratagem. Is it something similar we need in the world of spirit? Are we so convinced of having reached the heights that there is nothing left but piously to believe we still haven't come that far, so as at least to have something to fill the time with? Is it this kind of trick of self-deception the present generation needs, is it to a virtuosity in this it should be educated, or has it not already perfected itself sufficiently in the art of self-deception? Or is what it needs not rather an honest seriousness which fearlessly and incorruptibly calls attention to the tasks, an honest seriousness that lovingly fences the tasks about, which does not frighten people into wanting to dash precipitately to the heights, but keeps the tasks young and beautiful and charming to behold, and inviting to all, yet hard too and an inspiration to noble minds, since noble natures are only inspired by difficulty? However much one generation learns from another, it can never learn from its predecessor the genuinely human factor. In this respect every generation begins afresh, has no task other than that of any previous generation, and comes no further, provided the latter hasn't shirked its task and deceived itself. This authentically human factor is passion, in which the one generation also fully understands the other and understands itself. Thus no generation has learned from another how to love, no generation can begin other than at the beginning, the task of no later generation is shorter than its predecessor's, and if someone, unlike the previous generation, is unwilling to

stay with love but wants to go further, then that is simply idle and foolish talk.

But the highest passion in a human being is faith, and here no generation begins other than where its predecessor did, every generation begins from the beginning, the succeeding generation comes no further than the previous one, provided the latter was true to its task and didn't betray it. That this sounds wearying is not of course for the generation to say, for it is indeed the generation that has the task and it has nothing to do with the fact that the previous generation had the same task, unless that particular generation or the individuals in it presumed to occupy the position to which only the spirit that governs the world, and which has the endurance not to grow weary, is entitled. If that is the kind of thing the generation begins to do, it is perverted, and what wonder then if the whole of existence should look perverted to it? For surely no one has found life more perverted than the tailor in the fairy-tale who got to heaven in his lifetime and from there looked down on the world. So long as the generation only worries about its task, which is the highest it can attain to, it cannot grow weary. That task is always enough for a human lifetime. When children on holiday get through all their games by noon and then ask impatiently, 'Can't anyone think of a new game?', does this show that they are more developed and advanced than children of the same or a previous generation who could make the games they already know last the whole day? Or does it not rather show that those children lack what I would call the good-natured seriousness that belongs to play?

Faith is the highest passion in a human being. Many in every generation may not come that far, but none comes further. Whether there are also many who do not discover it in our own age I leave open. I can only refer to my own experience, that of one who makes no secret of the fact that he has far to

go, yet without therefore wishing to deceive either himself or what is great by reducing this latter to a triviality, to a children's disease which one must hope to get over as soon as possible. But life has tasks enough, even for one who fails to come as far as faith, and when he loves these honestly life won't be a waste either, even if it can never compare with that of those who had a sense of the highest and grasped it. But anyone who comes to faith (whether he be greatly talented or simple-minded makes no difference) won't remain at a standstill there. Indeed he would be shocked if anyone said this to him. Just as the lover would be indignant if someone said he had come to a standstill in his love, for he would reply, 'I'm by no means standing still in my love, for I have my life in it.' And yet he too doesn't come any further, not to anything else. For when he finds that out he has another explanation.

'One must go further, one must go further.' This need to go on is of ancient standing. Heraclitus the 'obscure' who reposited his thoughts in his writings and his writings in the Temple of Diana (for his thoughts had been his armour in life, which he therefore hung up in the temple of the goddess), the obscure Heraclitus has said, 'One can never walk through the same river twice.'[1] The obscure Heraclitus had a disciple who didn't remain standing there but went further and added, 'One cannot do it even once.'[2] Poor Heraclitus to have such a disciple! This improvement changed the Heraclitian principle into an Eleatic doctrine denying movement, and yet all that disciple wanted was to be a disciple of Heraclitus who went further, not back to what Heraclitus had abandoned.

注释

【1】 'Chai potamou roi apeikadzon ta onta legei hos dis es ton auton potamon ouk embaiis.' cf.

Plato's Cratyllus §402, Ast. 3rd B. Pag. 158.

【2】 cf. Tennemann Gesch. d. Philos. Ister B. Pag. 220.

AN ATTACK ON AN ENEMY OF FREEDOM

驳自由之敌

［古罗马］西塞罗 著

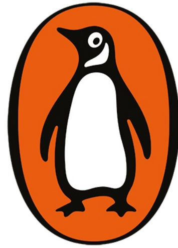
孙平华 钱金美 译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

驳自由之敌

[英] 奥斯卡·王尔德/著

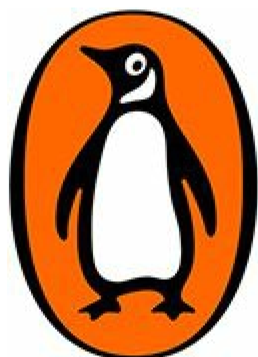
孙平华　钱金美/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

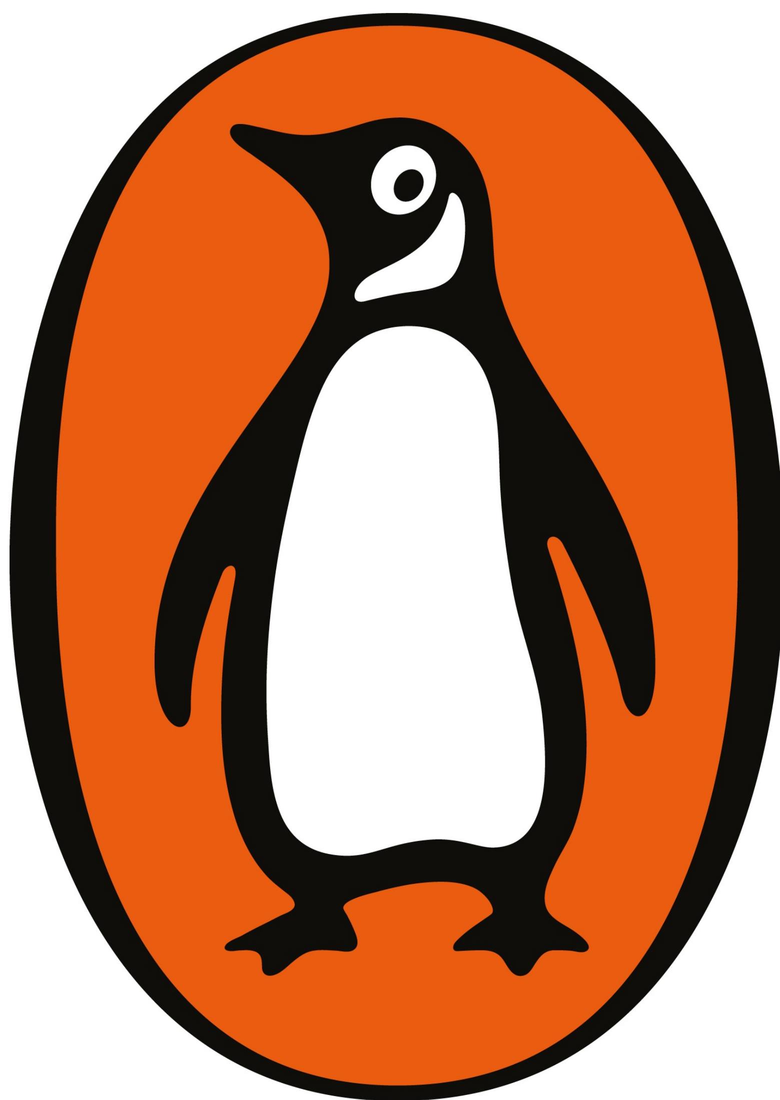
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
Selected Works first published in Penguin Classics 1960
Selected Political Speeches first published in Penguin Classics 1969
These extracts published in Penguin Books 2005

Taken from the Penguin Classics editions Selected Works and Selected Political
Speeches, translated and edited by Michael Grant

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

西塞罗（全名马库斯·图留斯·西塞罗，Marcus Tullius Cicero，公元前106—前43），古罗马时期著名的演说家、政治家、教育家，古典共和思想最优秀的代表。曾先后在著名的修辞学家、法学家和斯多噶派哲学家所办的学校接受教育。起初，西塞罗从事律师工作，由于非常善于雄辩，所代理的案件几乎没有失败过。接着便步入政界，凭借自己善辩的口才而活跃于政界，并步步高升。公元前75年担任西西里行省的财政官，公元前57年担任市政官，次年为大法官，公元前63年担任执政官，成为图留斯家族中的第一个执政官。西塞罗在政治上拥护共和制，反对独裁统治。公元前44年恺撒被刺身亡，他极力拥护恺撒的继承人屋大维，并且连续发表了14篇著名的演说来抨击安东尼。公元前43年，安东尼、屋大维和雷必达结成“后三头同盟”，安东尼派人杀死了西塞罗。

西塞罗在政治和法律方面的代表作有《论国家》《论法律》；在哲学方面的著作有《论至善和至恶》《论神性》；在教育方面的著作有《论演说家》《论雄辩家》。不过，西塞罗最著名的是他众多的演说辞，如：《为马尔塞鲁辩护》《为普兰西乌辩护》《为米洛辩护》《为斯考鲁斯辩护》，以及本书中的两篇“反腓力辞”等。西塞罗的演说词汇丰富，句式考究，句中从属子句有一定的排列顺序，并且局部之间要求对称，句尾音调抑扬顿挫，以此来增强句子的说服力。除此之外，他在演说中采用对比、讽刺和夸张等修辞以激起听众的感情，并且善于利用直接向对手致辞、提问等方法，使其陷入被动之中。

西塞罗在恺撒死后，为批判安东尼连续发表的14篇演讲，统称为“反腓力辞”。“反腓力辞”是一个借用的名称。公元前4世纪雅典演说家德谟斯提尼曾发表一系列著名演说来反对马其顿国王腓力，这些演说

辞被称为“反腓力辞”。本书中的这两篇演说辞是14篇“反腓力辞”中的前两篇。这两篇演说辞不仅反映了西塞罗的政治路线，比如：他极力拥护共和制，对刺杀恺撒的布鲁特斯大加赞扬；此外，西塞罗演说的技巧和特点在这两篇演说辞中都得到了淋漓尽致的体现，演说中运用了大量反问、对比、反讽以及夸张的修辞，例如，对自己和安东尼缺席元老院会议原由的对比、对安东尼演说技巧的反讽等。不管是对听众还是读者来讲，这两篇演说辞都有很大的冲击力和说服力，其威力丝毫不亚于军队，使其政敌安东尼在通往独裁之路上遇到众多困难，不过也为自己招来杀身之祸。由此可见西塞罗演说辞中技巧之高超、言辞之犀利、情感之深沉。即使在今天，西塞罗演说辞也以其独特的魅力为众人所推崇。

反腓力辞之一：驳马克·安东尼

众位元老院议员，我认为在这种情况下我有必要对当前政局中的一些情况作出评论。但在此之前，我要简单地解释一下我离开以及再次返回罗马的原因。

只要国家仍有望回到你们的掌控和权威之下，作为执政官和元老院议员，我决心坚守自己的岗位。因此，自从我们被召集到忒路斯神庙集会的那天起，我便从未离开，也从未将视线从公共事务上转移。在神庙中，我尽自己所能去为和平做准备。对于雅典人所创古老先例的成员们，我在演说中运用了当年希腊用来平息内乱的言辞提醒他们，并建议大家永远忘记所有的内部纷争。

马克·安东尼那天的演讲精彩绝伦，他的本意也是善良的。事实上，正是他和他的孩子们让我们伟大的同胞有了实现和平的可能。接下来的事情与开端的方向一致。他邀请政治首脑到自己的家中商讨国事，并向元老院提出优秀的建议。那个时候，除了众所周知的事情以外，并没有从盖厄斯·恺撒的记事本中发现其他事情。安东尼非常坦率地回答了所有问题。有流放者被召回吗？他说，有一个被召回了，除此之外再无其他人。有没有豁免税务？他回答，没有。他甚至希望我们接受杰出的赛维厄斯·苏佩修斯的提议：从三月中旬起，不再实施恺撒的任何法令或其施加的任何恩惠。不过，我想说说马克·安东尼那项特别的法令，其他众多优秀的法令就先略过。毫无疑问，在他的管理之下，篡夺君权的独裁政权被彻底废除了。他希望元老院能够通过自己提出的法令草案。在草案被宣读之后，我们以极大的热情接受了他的提议，并投票对他表示高度的赞扬。我们的前途看起来一片光明，因为我们不仅摆脱了曾经奴役我们的暴政，也从对暴政的恐惧中解脱出来。虽然过去常有

受法律认可的独裁者，但近来的独裁专政给人们留下了无法磨灭的记忆。然而马克·安东尼废除了整个独裁政府，向全国人民有力地证明了他希望这是一个自由的国家。

此外，几天后，在盗用马里厄斯这个名字逃亡的奴隶被处死并拖走后，元老院也从杀戮的危险中解放出来。所有这些行动都是安东尼和他的同僚一起完成的，后来的一些事则是多拉贝拉独自实施的，但我确信，要不是他的同僚不在，这些事也会由两个人共同完成。那时，一个最危险的问题正潜入这座城市并逐渐扩散。那些曾为恺撒组织和举办葬礼的人正在广场上为其建造墓碑。每天都有越来越多的无赖和像他们一样的奴隶聚集在一起，威胁和破坏着城里的住宅和神庙。但是当多拉贝拉摧毁那可憎的石碑后，这些放肆无礼的戴罪奴隶以及与他们为伍的那些可恶的、臭名昭著的自由民便步入了穷途末路。他的行动如此坚决果断，我对这一行动和后续行动之间的差别感到震惊。

6月1日是我们集会的固定日期，你们在这里就能发现所有的事情是如何改变的。任何事都不再通过元老院就直接实施，许多重要措施直接由人民议会通过，而其他措施居然不咨询议会的意见甚至违背其意愿。当选的执政官称他们根本不敢踏入元老院半步。同样地，尽管执政官在公共集会以及私下交谈中对那些解放者们赞赏有加，但解放者们却恰恰被那些他们曾经解放的城市所驱逐。除此之外，退役军人们要求拥有老兵的权利。元老院对此非常担心，因为那些人不仅想要保留已有的利益，并且在受到怂恿之后又觊觎新的权益。

我发现，听说这些事情的发生远比亲眼目睹其发生要让我好过一些。再者，我被赋予特殊使命而出游。正是这样，我离开了罗马并且打算在接下来的1月1日返回，因为这似乎是元老院有可能举行集会的最早日子。

元老院的议员们，这些就是我离开的原因。现在我要简单说明一下

我回来的理由，我的返回无疑更加使人意外。我避开了布林迪西和去往希腊的一般路线——这是唯一的明智之法，并在6月1日抵达了锡拉库扎，因为我听说从那里进入希腊的通道畅通无阻。虽然我与这座城市有着最紧密的联系，但是我却不愿意在那里多耽搁一晚，尽管它也希望我留下来。因为我担心如果我多逗留的话，我对那里朋友的突然造访会引起某些怀疑。因此，我继续前行到达利吉姆的一个海角地区留科佩拉，在那里乘船前往希腊。

但是没走多远一阵南风就把我的船吹回登船之处。那时候已是深更半夜，我待在朋友的家里，与帕布利厄斯·华勒流斯在一起。第二天，正当我在那里等待，希望会有利于出行的海风时，一些利吉姆人来探望我，他们中有些人刚刚从罗马回来。我从他们那里第一次得知了马克·安东尼的演说。读完这篇演说之后我非常高兴，第一次开始考虑要返回罗马。不久之后就传来了布鲁特斯和卡修斯的宣言，在我看来这是公平的典范，或许因为我尊重他们更多的是因为他们是国家领导而不仅仅是我的朋友。但是，传达好消息的信使们往往喜欢添油加醋，以便使他们的好消息更受欢迎。因此，那些人还告诉我有一项协议即将缔结；8月1日将会召开元老院全体会议；安东尼会抛弃他那些邪恶的顾问，并辞去他在高卢行省的职务，重新效忠于元老院。

听到这些消息，我是那么地渴望回国，任何船桨和大风都无法满足我急切的心情，并不是我觉得自己无法及时到达，而是迫不及待地想要向元老院表示祝贺。在尽快赶到韦利亚之后，我见到了布鲁特斯，但这次见面让我感到悲伤。因为对我来说，在布鲁特斯离开这个城市之际我却想要回去，我可以在那里安稳地生活而他却不能，这样的事实让我感到羞愧不已。然而，我发觉他并没有像我一样沮丧，因为他为自己崇高而伟大的行为感到骄傲，他也不抱怨自己的命运，更多的是为你们的命运感到担忧。

正是在他那里，我第一次听说了卢修斯·皮索8月1日在元老院的演讲。布鲁特斯说那些本该支持皮索的人大都没有支持他，不过他认为皮索所做的努力无疑是非常崇高的。这是最权威的观点，也是我根据后来与我交谈过的人所做的正面评价得出的结论。因此，我急忙赶回去对他施以援手。但我并不是要去成就些什么，因为我从没有这样的期望，事实上也没有做成过什么。但如今，很多违背自然规律和命运常理的事情似乎随时都有可能发生。因此，为了以防那注定的厄运降临在我身上，我现在就表达出自己对祖国的感情，并以此为证表明我将永远致力于为国家谋取福利。

好了，众位议员，这些就是我离开又回到罗马的原因，相信我的解释能让你们满意。不过现在，我觉得有必要在谈论政事之前就安东尼昨天对我的不公平待遇表示抗议。我是他的朋友，而且由于他曾经帮助过我，我一直在维护我们的友谊。但我不明白他强拉硬拽着让我参加昨天的元老院会议时，为什么表现得那么不满。难道只有我一个人缺席吗？还是出席人数比以往都少？又或者是会上讨论的事情已经严重到有必要像过去那样连病人也要抬去参加商议？难道说汉尼拔已经兵临城下了？还是说我们正在讨论的是与皮拉斯的和平问题？而根据历史记载，在这种情况之下，年迈失明的阿皮乌斯是自己去元老院参加会议的。但是，这次会议的目的是讨论公开谢恩仪式的相关事宜，这样的事情从来都不缺乏参会议员，也无需安保措施来确保议员们的出席，因为他们热切地想要对接受这份荣誉的人表达自己的善意。同样地，当胜利成为讨论的话题时，情况也是如此。在这种情形下，执政官对议员们根据自己的意愿决定是否参加会议漠不关心。

我知道这种惯例，况且当时我旅行疲惫，身体欠佳。因此，出于友谊，我差人通知了安东尼。结果正如你们所听到的那样，他竟然说要带人来把我的房子拆掉。他这样显然是脾气恶劣、口无遮拦的表现。到底是什么样的过错竟需如此苛刻的惩罚？他竟然在议员们面前说要动用政

府的力量去拆掉一栋房子，并且这个房子是在元老院的支持下利用公款建造的。从未有人对一名元老院的议员实施如此严厉的处罚。事实上，曾有过的惩罚也只有没收财产或罚款而已。此外，如果他知道我在会议上将要发表的意见，相信他绝不会坚持如此强硬的态度。众位议员，你们可能没有料到我会支持你们昨天极不情愿通过的那项法令，因为它将谢恩仪式和祭奠死者的祭祀混淆在一起，在国家的宗教仪式中掺杂了亵渎神明的程序，因此变成了为纪念死者而颁布的谢恩法令。这个人是谁并不重要，就算是仅凭一己之力将国家从专制统治中拯救出来的著名之士——布鲁特斯本人，并且即使他的后代在近五百年里也传承了这一崇高的英雄主义，也没什么能使我将任何已故之人和不朽的神明相提并论，并为其举行公开的谢恩仪式，因为本应通过祭祀就可让其获得相应的荣耀。但是，如果这个国家发生了重大灾难，譬如战争、瘟疫或饥荒，那么罗马人民就会认为我的投票是正当的，因为虽然有些灾难已经发生了，而另一些也有可能即将降临。然而事实上，关于昨天的法令，我能做的也只有请求神明宽恕那些无论如何都不同意这一举措的罗马人民，同时也宽恕极不情愿通过这项法令的元老院。

接下来，我可以对我们国家政治上一些其他的弊端发表看法吗？我认为我有自由（并且始终应该有自由）捍卫我的观点，视死如归，永不改变。只要我能来到这个地方，就会不顾一切危险，畅所欲言。

元老院的议员们，我多么希望自己能参加8月1日的元老院会议啊！并不是说我参加这个会议有多大的用处，但至少也不会像当时那样——只有一个执政官在履行自己的职责，为国效力。最得罗马民心的执政官们竟然不支持卢修斯·皮索那着实优秀的提案，多么悲哀啊！难道罗马人民推选我们成为执政官就是为了这种悲哀的结果吗？难道我们享受着国家给予的高官厚禄却可以完全置国家的利益于不顾吗？没有任何一位前任执政官在言辞，甚至是神情上对卢修斯·皮索予以支持。

该死！你们一定要自愿为奴吗？我承认一定程度的奴性向来是无法避免的。我也承认，我的批判没必要不加区别地针对每一位执政官，因为我能分得清哪些人保持沉默可以被原谅，而哪些人有义务开口讲话。我很遗憾地告诉大家，后者已经遭到了罗马人民的怀疑，而这更多不是因为他们的恐惧——虽然恐惧本身是可耻的，而是因为不管出于什么原因——当然是出于各种原因，他们在其位却不谋其政。

因此，我首先要向皮索表达我最深的谢意。他没有因为为国家谋福利受到阻碍而气馁，而是想着自己有责任为国家做些什么。元老院的议员们，接下来我再谈谈我的另外一个观点。我觉得你们可能不太敢对我即将向你们提出的观点和做法予以支持，但我请你们继续仁慈地听下去，就像到现在为止你们一直在听的那样。

首先，我认为我们应当保留恺撒的法令。我这么说并不是因为我赞成这些法令。有谁会赞成呢？当然没有！我这样说是因为我认为和平安定非常重要。我希望马克·安东尼今天能够在场，但是他的顾问团最好别来！不过我想他有权身体不适，虽然他昨天不允许我身体不适。如果安东尼在这里，他会跟我说，确切地说，他会对你们这些元老院的议员说他采取了什么措施来捍卫恺撒的法令。而我想说的是：安东尼依仗自己的权威提出的那些恺撒草草记录在他杂乱的备忘录、随笔和记事本上的法令，甚至有些都不是恺撒本人撰写而是引用的法令我们就要通过，而那些恺撒刻在铜器上用以维护国家议会的法令和明确的法律却要完全被无视吗？我个人认为，没有什么可以成为恺撒法令中不可更改的成分，就像恺撒提案中被采纳成为法律的那些一样。但是，从另一方面来讲，如果他曾对某人作出承诺，但自己却没有能力兑现，那么这也得视为不可改变的事情吗？事实上，恺撒一生中作出的很多承诺都没有履行。人们在他死后发现，恺撒众多没有实现的诺言甚至超过了他有生之年所作的所有贡献。

但是，我绝不打算改变，甚至是触及这些承诺。相反地，我极力捍卫他那些优秀的法令。例如，我衷心希望那些在奥普斯神庙所筹集的钱还在那里。虽然这些钱沾满了鲜血，不过因为现在已经不能物归原主了，所以我们还可以好好利用这些钱。但是如果恺撒的法令对这些钱财作出相关规定，那只好忍受其被浪费掉。

毫无疑问，对于一个位高权重的官员来说，他所倡导的法令就会成为最重要的法律。比如，一提及盖厄斯·格拉古的法令，人们就会想起塞姆普罗尼阿斯法，一说起苏拉法令，人们就会想到高奈留法。或者想一下庞培第三次担任执政官——那时通过了什么法令？当然是庞培自己的法律了。如果让恺撒来谈谈他在罗马公民生活中的法令，他会回答说自己引进了许多一流的法律。但另一方面，他把自己的那些笔记要么当作是临时的、需要修改的，要么就根本不整理出来，就算是整理出来也不会将其当作自己的法令。不过，这一点正是我在某些情况下所认可和默认的。但是只要恺撒的那些法律涉及最重要的问题，我绝不容忍将其废除。

就拿这条法律来说，它规定前执法官在其执政行省出任总督的任期不得超过一年，而前任执政官任期则不超过两年。这条法律非常有用，意义重大，也正是罗马在其鼎盛之时所需要的东西。如果这项法律都被废除了，还何谈恺撒法令的保留？再者，那条有关第三种陪审员的法案否定了恺撒所有有关陪审员的司法法令。你既说要捍卫恺撒的法令，又为何要将他的法律废除？那些恺撒匆匆写在笔记本上帮助自己记忆的东西——不管它们多么不公平、无用——都必须被视为法令，而那些在百人会议上通过投票的提案却不包含在法令之中，这究竟是什么逻辑？

新的第三种审判员究竟是什么？“它是由百人队队长组成的”，安东尼说。朱利叶斯法案以及之前的庞培法案、奥勒留法案已经授予了他们担任陪审员的权利，难道不是吗？的确如此，但这不仅仅针对百夫长，

也包括骑士。所以，昔日那些极其勇敢并且威望极高的军队指挥官们，他们至今一直都可以担任陪审员一职。“但是，这些人都不是我所说的。”他接着说道，“我想让每一位曾经担任过百人指挥官的人都能成为一名陪审员。”不过，就算是将这个原则应用于每一位骑士——毕竟骑士相比百夫长更为尊贵一些——也毫无说服力。因为当你任命一个陪审员的时候，最好的依据就是他的财产和地位。“但是，我对这些限制一点兴趣都没有。事实上，我希望能从另一些人中任命陪审员，比如‘云雀军团’中的士兵。否则的话，那些拥护我们的人会觉得我们在欺骗他们。”安东尼说。但是对于你想纳入审判席的那些对象来说，这是怎样的一种侮辱啊（虽然他们自己没有意识到这点）！因为这条法律意味着第三种陪审员中有人不敢作出公正判决。哦，天哪！制定这条法律的人犯下了多么严重的一个错误啊！事实上，那些出身平凡的陪审员会努力使自己摆脱低微的地位，他们认为只有作出最严格的审判才能使自己从原本普通的陪审员晋升为更高一级的陪审员。

另外一条已经公布的法律规定：那些实施暴力或犯下叛国罪的人有权向议会申请上诉。我想问你，这究竟是一条法律，还是废除其他所有法律的法律？不过，不管怎么样，当下还有谁在意这条法律的保留与否呢？事实上，现在根本没有一个人会因为触犯那些法律（暴乱罪或叛国罪）而受到审判。并且，我认为将来也不会有，因为很显然那些手持武器的罪犯根本不会被带上法庭。

但是，据我们所知，这项法案很受欢迎。如果你的想法真的很受欢迎，这的确是一件很美好的事情。但就我们的现状而言，罗马公民一致认为国家政治上的需要才是最重要的。因此，我很不理解为什么你对提出一项本质上不受大家欢迎，并且必定会败坏你声誉的法案如此热情。一个人因为对罗马人民犯下了暴乱罪和叛国罪被定罪后，随后却又让他可以再次犯下同样的罪行，还有比这样的法案更可耻的吗？但是，我们没有必要在这项法案上继续浪费口舌，因为很明显，它真正所担心的根

本就不是能否上诉；它的目标，也就是你推出这项法案的目标是防止任何人受到法律的制裁。有谁见过一个原告会傻到将自己置身于被告花钱雇来为自己辩护的众敌之中，或者有谁见过一个法官会冒着被别人收买的一伙恶棍伤害的危险而判处一个人有罪。

不，这项法案的真正目的并不是赋予人们上诉的权利。相反地，这废除了两个非常有益的法律和法庭。换句话说，它能直接诱导年轻人发动暴乱、扰乱治安、危害社会。当审判暴乱罪和叛国罪的这两个法庭被废除后，我们根本不敢想象这会让那些激烈的护民官作出什么样的毁灭性举动。此外，这项法案也废除了恺撒所制定的法律，后者规定：禁止犯下了这两种罪行的罪犯在审讯期间进食。毫无疑问，如果这些罪犯可以申请上诉，那不就等于直接宣布废除恺撒的这些法令了吗？众位议员们，就我个人而言，我绝对不会支持恺撒的法令，但是为了国家的团结，我们应该好好地维持这些法令。因此，我不主张在这个时候废除恺撒的法律，这不仅包括他生前所提出的，也包括你们现在所看到的那些在他死后公布的。

诚然，是一位死者召回了那些流亡犯；也是一位死者授予了人民公民权，这不仅仅是针对个人，也面向整个民族和行省；同样地，也是一位死者通过无数的赦免取消了众多税收。虽然这些法案都是在恺撒一人的权威（无可否认，这权威举足轻重）之下保证实施并且出自他本人之手，可是即便如此，我还是愿意来捍卫这些法案。恺撒曾亲自当着我们的面宣读、公布并提出这些议案。他极力倡导这些有关行省和法庭的法律，因为他认为这与我们国家的利益息息相关。如果我们都同意这一点，那又怎么能同时要求废除这些法律呢？当法律被公布的时候（就像恺撒的那些一样），如果我们愿意，至少还有机会来抱怨一下。但是，对于那些只能根据传闻才知道已经被通过的法律，我们连抱怨的机会都没有。安东尼提出的那些法律没有任何事先的公示就得以通过，我们甚至连草案初稿都没见过。

的确，元老院的议员们，如果我们有好的保民官，那么我或者你们中的任何一个人根本没必要担心一些不好的法律会被采纳。事实上，我们的确拥有这样的保民官，他们随时准备否决那些不好的提议，履行他们的神圣职责来保卫国家。所以，我们也应该无所畏惧。安东尼问：“这个否决指什么？你们所说的神圣职责又是什么？”自然是否决权和那些对国家安全至关重要的职责。安东尼说：“我们觉得那些一点都不重要，那都是过时的、愚蠢的。我们应该在广场的讲坛设禁，封闭它的所有入口，并派军队在多处驻守。”

我猜想，以这种方式确定的结果将会成为法律。然后，你会命人在铜碑上刻上这些法律条文“根据法律，执政官有权向人民提出这个问题”。但是，这和我们从祖先那里继承的提出问题的权利一样吗？后面继续刻着“并且人民有权通过提案”。什么样的人民？那些被隔离在外的人民吗？凭借什么样的权利？是那些被武装暴力废除的权利吗？

这些评论都可以当成以后的指导，因为作为一个朋友就应该对那些可以避免的不幸事先提出警告。如果这些不幸一直没有发生，那么我的评论自会受到驳斥。但是，现在我所谈论是不久将正式公布的议案。你可以提出任何提案，没有人能够阻止你。但就我而言，我认为自己有责任指出那些可能存在的缺点，并要求你来废除它，也就是说，我会批判武装暴力并要求你来消灭它。

多拉贝拉，我提出这些建议完全是出于对国家的热爱，希望你们执政官不要对此感到生气。不过，我不认为你会生气，因为我知道你的脾气很好。但是，据说你的同僚——马克·安东尼生气了。因为他沉溺于当前的情境之中，认为自己很幸运（说的委婉一点吧！我觉得如果他能像他的祖父和舅舅那样担任执政官，那么他会更幸运）。我明白，当一个手持武器之人对你发起进攻，特别是他的武器可以使自己免于受罚之时，这确实让人感到很不快。但是，我要提出一个约定，虽然它看起来

对我很公平，不过我相信安东尼不会反对。约定的内容是：如果我对他的私生活或道德品行作出了任何侮辱性的评论，我对他将我视为死敌没有任何异议。另一方面，如果我只是遵循自己处理政务之时的习惯，坦白地说出自己对一些国家事务的看法时，首先，我希望他不要因此迁怒于我；其次，如果他非要迁怒于我，我希望这种不满仅限于两个公民之间。正如他所声称的那样，如果有必要他一定会雇佣武装警卫来保护自己，但是千万不要让他们伤害那些正在对国家事务发表观点的人。还有比这更好的建议吗？不过，就像他的一些朋友对我所说的那样，任何违背了他意愿的言辞都会让他感到不快，即使对他没有任何侮辱。那么，我们对此也无可奈何，只能忍受我们朋友这样的性情了。但是，安东尼的这些亲信还告诉我："作为恺撒的反对者，你不会得到像他的岳父庇索那么多的宽容。"同时他们也警告我，这个警告我永远不会忘记："用生病作为缺席元老院会议的理由对你来说根本没用，除非是死亡这个更好的借口。"

多拉贝拉，我亲密的朋友。天知道，当我看到你坐在那里的时候，我根本无法对你们俩所犯的错误保持沉默。你们每个人都是心怀崇高理想的尊贵之士。我不会和那些极易受骗的人一样认为你所追求的是钱财，因为那向来都是拥有极高地位和声誉之人所藐视的东西。我更不相信你所追求的是通过暴力获得财富或者是不为罗马人民所容忍的权力。相反地，我深信你们所追求的是同胞的热爱和良好的声誉。这样的声誉是通过高尚的行为和为国家作出巨大贡献所赢得的，是被国家领导和普通民众所认可的。多拉贝拉，我想更加深入地讨论崇高行为回报这一主题，因为我看到近年来你对这个问题的理解与别人相比，并不是很深刻。

你还能想起此生中比那天更愉快的日子吗？在回家之前，你清理了广场的讲坛，驱散了那群亵渎神明的恶棍，惩罚了那些罪魁祸首，拯救这座城市于焚毁和屠杀的危难之中。所有人，不管他们是什么等级、什

么家族都向你表示赞扬和祝贺。事实上，更有一些忠诚的公民以你的名义向我表示感谢和祝贺，因为他们相信你的行为受到了我的影响。多拉贝拉，请你回头想想！剧院里所有观众抛开以往对你的敌意，全都为你喝彩的时候，这是不是说明你那时的行为已经化解了他们以前对你的种种怨恨呢？

但是，在赢得如此美誉之后，你竟然冷漠地将其放置一边。多拉贝拉，这着实让我感到十分的悲痛！

至于你——马克·安东尼，虽然你现在不在这里，但我还是对你有一个请求。元老院在忒路斯神庙开会的那天应该是你最愉快的日子吧！虽然在随后的几个月里有很多人都（当然，这些人和我不同）认为你很愉快，不过再也没有什么比那天更能让你幸福吧！那天你发表的有关国家团结的演讲是多么精彩绝伦啊！当你抛开对另一位执政官的敌意，忘却你作为罗马的占卜官时所宣布的不利于他选举的征兆，也就是当你第一次接受他作为你的同僚时，你将自己襁褓中的儿子作为人质送到卡皮托利山，是你，让众多退伍军人不再为自己的处境担心。事实上，也是你，让整个国家从焦虑中解放出来。不管是元老院，还是罗马人民有谁不觉得那是最愉快的一天呢？那天所聚集的罗马人民比以往任何公共集会都要多。在那个时刻，我们似乎终于可以肯定那些最英勇的公民为我们带来了自由，他们的目标似乎也已实现，自由终会为大家带来和平。

在接下来的第一天、第二天、第三天以及随后的每一天，你一直在为国家作新的贡献，而其中最伟大的一项就是你对独裁者头衔的废除。你让恺撒这个名字成为恶贯满盈的代名词。在过去，根据曼利厄斯家族的规定，鉴于马库斯·曼利厄斯所犯的罪行，禁止任何曼利厄斯家族的人取名为马库斯。同样的道理，出于大家对这位独裁者的厌恶，你废除了独裁者这一头衔。

但是，在你为国家作出了这些杰出的贡献后，又发生了什么呢？你

是不是对自己获得的这些好运、荣誉和声望感到后悔？为什么变化如此之快？我绝不相信金钱就是你堕落的缘由。别人想说什么就让他们说吧，我们可以选择不相信他们。况且，我从来没有发现你的品格有什么卑劣之处。的确，有时候一个人堕落是受到了周围人的影响，但我很清楚你意志坚强，不会受其影响。我只是遗憾，虽然你是无罪之身，但还是不免遭人怀疑。

但是比起这些莫须有的罪名，我更担心你可能会无视通往光荣的正确之路。你真的认为自己所拥有的权力高于其他任何人，别人都畏惧你而不是敬爱你，这就是荣誉吗？如果这是你的真实想法，那么在这个问题上你就大错特错了。因为真正的荣誉是别人对你爱国之情的赞赏，是别人对你的尊敬和热爱；相反地，让别人感到害怕和讨厌恰好是虚弱和危险的表现。这在那部戏里表现得淋漓尽致，戏中有人说"倘若他们害怕，那让他们憎恨也无妨"。正是这一想法使他走向了毁灭。马克·安东尼，如果你能时刻以你的祖父为榜样，结果将会大有不同。你曾多次听我详细地讲述他的事迹，你觉得他会通过武装力量来震慑人民从而使自己永垂不朽吗？当然不会！对他而言，自己的生命以及事业的飞黄腾达与其他人的自由同样重要，并且他让人更为敬重的一点是将别人的自由看得更为重要一些。现在我不想再谈论他那些辉煌的成就，我想说的是，虽然他的生命最终以悲剧收尾，被卢修斯·秦纳残忍地杀害，但是相比于残暴的秦纳，他的结局要更好一些。

不过，我觉得自己所说的话对你没有任何作用。如果连盖厄斯·恺撒的结局都不能对你有所启示，不能让你期待人民的热爱而不是恐惧，那么任何人的话都对你没有影响。那些羡慕恺撒的人都受到了极大的误导。因为，当一个人被残暴地杀害而凶手不仅没有受到惩罚反而获得了至高的荣誉时，那么任何人也就没有幸福可言了。所以我恳求你，不要再执迷不悟了。想想你的祖辈们，好好来治理我们的国家吧！让我们的同胞因为你的存在而感到愉快，因为没有人民的爱戴，幸福、声望和安

全根本无从谈起。

罗马同胞已经对你们提出了很多警告，但我仍担心这不会引起你们足够的重视。想想无数市民们在观看角斗表演时的呐喊，想想那些广为流传的口号，想想庞培雕像前那些无尽的欢呼，想想反对你们的那两名保民官吧！这些都充分表明了罗马人民万众一心，众志成城。还有，想想那些阿波罗赛会上的掌声，或者我应该称之为全体罗马人民的证词和审判，这些难道都不能引起你们的重视吗？虽然有的人因为武装暴力的阻止不能到场，但事实上他们到了，因为他们活在罗马人民的心中，这是多么光荣的一件事啊！不过，你们真的以为那些掌声是献给戏剧家阿基厄斯的吗？是他那部悲剧在第一次表演后迟来了六十年的奖励吗？当然不是！人们的掌声和鼓励都是献给布鲁特斯的。虽然他不能出席这个展示着他名字的赛会，但是见证了那场华丽表演的罗马人民仍然在他不在场的情况下表达了对他深深的感谢，并且以热烈的掌声和不断欢呼来纪念这位不能与他们同在的解放者。

我自己一直都鄙视为那些沽名钓誉之人所响起的掌声。同样地，即使这些掌声来自全体人民，同时来自最高阶层、中间阶层和最低阶层；当那些过去常常随波逐流的政客忽然作出一反常态的事情之时，这时的掌声在我看来根本不是赞赏，而是一种裁定。

如果你觉得这无关紧要——虽然事实上很重要，那么你是不是也认为罗马人民迫切渴望奥鲁斯·希尔提厄斯恢复健康也是微不足道的？罗马人民如此敬爱他，他的朋友如此关心他，他的家人如此珍爱他，这是多么荣耀的事情啊！现今在他生病之际，历史上还有谁能像他一样让所有人为其担心，为之牵挂？从来没有人享受过这种待遇。难道你从没想过，那些深切地关心着自己心中执政官生命健康的人也会想到你吗？

元老院的议员们，我已经得到了我返回罗马想要的奖赏，因为我今天向你们所表达的观点保证了今后无论发生了什么，大家都会了解我的

决心。并且，谢谢大家仔细、和善的聆听。在对我和你们都没有危险的情况下，如果我还可以进一步发表自己的看法，那么我将竭尽全力来利用这些机会。如果没有机会，我将尽自己最大的努力来为国家服务。此外，我认为我已经活得很久了，不管是从时间的流逝还是名誉的获得来说。如果我还可以活得更久一些，那么像之前一样，我不会为自己，相反地，会为了你们，为了罗马而活。

驳自由之敌（反腓力辞之二：驳马克·安东尼）

众位元老院议员，为什么我的命运会是这样？在过去的20年里，每一个国家的敌人同时也都视我为敌。不用我说出他们的名字，你们都知道我说的是谁，不过他们所受到的惩罚比我所希望的还要严厉。

安东尼，你正在步那些人的后尘。但让我吃惊的是那些人的遭遇竟然没有使你心生怯意。当那些人将我和罗马同时视为敌人的时候，我并没有太过惊讶，因为他们没有将我单独列出作为他们的敌人。或者说，出于爱国的原因，我主动将他们每一个人视为敌人。但我从来没有伤害过你，即使是在言语上也没有。然而，在毫无根据的情况下，你却狠狠地羞辱了我。就算是喀提林本人也没有这么可恶，即使是帕布利厄斯·克劳狄厄斯也没有这么疯狂。很显然，你觉得只有与我断绝关系才可以结交那些声名狼藉的家伙。

你在采取这一行动时是不是非常蔑视我？然而就我现在的生活、名声和品格而言，我不认为其中有什么能被你所诟病。当然，安东尼也不相信自己能在元老院里成功地将我贬低，这是因为虽然元老院经常会赞扬那些为国家作出贡献的杰出人物，但事实上元老院真正赞美过的人只有一个。那人使元老院绝境逢生，而我恰好就是此人。也许，安东尼是想在演讲方面与我一争高低？但如果是这样的话，他是多么的慷慨啊！因为他为我提供了这样一个主题——既能为自己辩护，又可以将他批判，难道还能有比这更丰富、更具有吸引力的主题吗？当然不是！很明显事实是这样：只有与我为敌，他才有机会向那些和他一样的人证明自己是罗马的敌人。

在对安东尼的其他指控作出回应之前，我想在“是我破坏我们之间

友谊”这个问题上谈谈自己的想法，因为我认为这是最严重的指责。他对我曾在诉讼中发表对他不利的讲话表示不满。但是，我当然得支持我熟悉的朋友，反驳那些和我没有关系的人。况且，我朋友诉讼对手的支持者只是贪图他的美色，并不是看重他的品行。由于那位支持者通过一些不齿的行为来操控投票，导致我的朋友没有得到公正的结果，所以我才不得不参与这场诉讼。但是，我知道你提起这件事的原因。你想提醒所有人你是前奴隶——昆塔斯·法迪厄斯的女婿，你的孩子是一个前奴隶的外孙，从而使你在底层社会左右逢源。

此外，你声称为了得到我的教诲常来我家拜访。如果你真的那么做了，你的名声和道德会比现在高很多，但是你没有。即使你自己想这么做，盖厄斯·斯克里波尼厄斯·库里奥也决不允许你这样做。接着，你又说为我着想，放弃担任占卜官候选人。这纯属胡扯八道，简直太厚颜无耻了。那时候，整个占卜团都希望我能担任占卜官一职，并且庞培和昆塔斯·霍腾西厄斯将我提名为候选人（只允许两个人来提名）。除非你发动革命，否则你根本不可能成为候选人。况且那个时候库里奥也不在意大利，你根本无法成为一名占卜官。就算你后来参加竞选，如果没有库里奥的帮助你连一个部落的选票都没有。事实上，他那些朋友还是疯狂地为你拉选票，最后竟因实施暴力而在法庭上被判罪。

虽然你不承认，但你确实帮了我。当然，我一直都承认你所说的那些事实。不过对我来说，承认自己蒙受你的恩情要比让那些不知原委的人把我当作一个忘恩负义的人要好得多。然而，你对我的帮助就是——你没有在布隆迪西杀我——不是吗？不过，我认为你根本就不敢杀我，因为我已经奉命要返回意大利。下达这道命令的正是那位征服者，而你恰好如自己所期望的那样成为了他的众匪之首，你敢违背他的命令吗？

不过，就算假设你可以杀我。众位元老院议员们，这就是那些帮匪之徒所谓的帮助。他们无权处决某人，因此便吹嘘放过他一马。如果这

是一种真正的恩惠，那么那些在得到恺撒饶命之后却反过来将其杀掉的人就不该被视为伟大之人，但是你自己为什么要将他们视为崇高之士呢？事实上，虽然这种行为与恐怖犯罪仅一步之遥，但绝不能被当作是一种恩惠。当你对我施以此种“恩惠”的时候，我不会因为你没有杀我而感到喜悦，反而对你可以这样做却又能免于惩罚而感到悲伤。

不过，就让我们把这当成一种恩惠吧，就算是一个匪徒所能给予的最大恩惠。但是，你为什么将我称作忘恩负义之人？难道我对我们国家的衰落表示不满是错的吗？你把这当作忘恩负义的一种表现。我承认，我的抱怨里充满了悲伤与不幸。但是如果一个人和我一样位居于此，担任着元老院和罗马人民所授予的职位，都会有这样的反应。况且，我的言语向来都是有所节制、非常友好，决不会侮辱别人的。当然，我在对你抱怨的时候也是有所节制，没有半点侮辱的意思。

安东尼，罗马现在剩下的这些东西最终都会因为你而消失，因为所有事情在你的家里都会标上价码，多么肮脏的一系列交易啊！你自己也承认那些出于你自己的利益而通过的法律甚至都没有正式提出过。作为一名占卜官，你却从没有占卜过；作为一名执政官，你却废除了其他官员的否决权。你竟然用武装护卫队来保卫自己。你嗜酒如命，好色成性，没有一天不是在这种最放荡的生活中度过的。

尽管如此，我还是努力克制自己，只对我们国家的事务进行谨慎的抱怨，从没有谈论过你的私事。一直以来，我都把我们之间的冲突当成我和马库斯·李锡尼·克拉苏之间的冲突一样（常常是事关国家大事的冲突），而不是与一名穷凶极恶的角斗士两人之间的战斗。

因此，今天我要让他理解在那种情况下我给予了他多大的一个恩惠。这个家伙公开宣读了一封信，并且说是我寄给他的。很显然，他根本不知道怎么为人处世，不了解别人怎么接人待物。即使是那些对绅士行为一无所知的人，有谁会因为跟自己朋友意见不合，就利用朋友曾寄

给他的信并且公开宣读这些信件呢？这种行为会对人际关系造成严重的破坏，它意味着将那位不在场的朋友逐出交际圈。因为那些信里会有一些轻率、无礼的言辞，而这些如果公之于众就会显得没有品位，并且信中所提到的一些重要问题根本不适合广泛流传。安东尼的这种行为证明了他是一个野蛮无礼之人。

不过，我们来看看，他是多么愚不可及啊！请回答我下面的问题吧，伟大的辩手！（至少在西厄斯·穆斯特拉和纳米修斯·提罗看来，他是一名伟大的辩手。他们俩现在正手持长剑出现在元老院里。如果你能告诉我在他们俩被指控犯下了杀人罪后你是怎么使他们无罪释放的，我也会承认你是一名伟大的辩手。）不过，如果我否认自己曾寄过那封信给你，你有什么证据来证明是我寄给你的？难道用笔迹吗？的确，你对笔迹的了解十分有用。然而，你所做的一切都将是枉然，因为这封信是由一个秘书代写的。你的辩论老师是多么幸运的一个人啊！你交给了他一大笔学费（我稍后会提醒你），但是在他离开以后，你还是一个彻头彻尾的傻子！因为不会有任何演说者，事实上，根本不会有任何人用那些毫无根据的理由来指控对手，并且不能对其作出更进一步的辩解。但是，我并不否认那封信里面的内容正是我的原意。不过我在承认这一点的时候，我也确信你不是一个没有教养的人，而是一个十足的疯子。因为我的信里充满了谦卑与和善，甚至可以被当作行为举止的楷模，而你对其内容的指责竟是：我没有说你的坏话；我把你当作一位罗马公民、一位正派人士，而不是一个恶棍和罪犯来与你交流。

虽然在这种挑衅之下我也有权念出你的信，但我不想这么做。在那封信里你请求我准予你召回某些流放者，并且保证没有我的允许你绝不会让他们回来。我的确同意了你的请求，因为我根本不能阻止你那狂妄无礼的行为。事实上，即使是元老院的命令、全体人民的意见和所有法律对你来说都没有约束力。但是，恺撒实际上已经通过了一条法律，允许你信中所提到的人重返祖国，你为什么还要征求我的同意？毫无疑

问，虽然这个问题已经通过立法解决了，但安东尼认为我应该以我的名誉对此作保，毕竟他不能赢得人民的信任。

众位元老院议员们：我有很多事例可以用来为自己辩护，并且谴责安东尼。但关于前者，我希望在我为自己辩护的时候你们能够宽容一点。第二个问题是对我自己提出的，我保证在驳斥安东尼的时候，自己所讲的事情会让你们印象深刻。同时，我也请求你们注意这一点：我的职业。事实上我一生都是一个演说者，我相信这已经向你们证明了我是一个有节制之人，并非一个极端主义者。所以，当我回答他对我的谴责的时候，请不要相信我会忘了自己是谁。我不会把他当作一名执政官，因为他并没有把我当作一名执政官，一名执政官级别的人。此外，不管是从他的生活作风、工作方法还是选举方式来看，他根本就不是一名真正的执政官。相反地，毫无疑问我曾是一名执政官。

你们可以从他对我担任执政官时的批判看出他想成为什么样的执政官。但是众位议员们，我的执政官职位表面上是我自己的，事实上它是你们的。因为，我所作的每一个决定，实行的每一项政策，采取的每一个行动都是根据元老院的审议、权威和法则来实施的。安东尼，当你在这些人面前诋毁我的行为的时候，你所展示的是一种多么奇怪的智慧啊！——很显然与你的辩论才能一样奇怪。难道你不知道我的那些行为是经过这些人共同的判定才得以实施的吗？除了你和帕布利厄斯·克劳狄斯厄斯外，没有人污蔑过我的执政。并且克劳狄厄斯的命运——那同样降落在库里奥身上的命运，也将会降落在你的头上，因为让他们死去的原因现在正在你的家里。[1]

虽然安东尼对我的执政表示不满。但是，首先就拿最近刚过世的帕布利厄斯·赛维留斯·瓦提·伊索里库斯来说，他是那个时期的执政官，并且很欣赏我的执政。除此之外，永远在人民心中占有举足轻重地位的昆塔斯·卢泰修斯·卡图鲁斯也对我表示赞许。不仅如此，卢修斯·李锡尼·

卢库勒斯和他的兄弟马库斯、马库斯·李锡尼·克拉苏、昆塔斯·霍腾西厄斯、老盖厄斯·斯克里伯尼厄斯·库里奥、盖厄斯·卡尔普米厄斯·庇索、曼尼厄斯·阿奇利厄斯·格拉布里奥、曼尼厄斯·阿米里厄斯·雷必达、卢修斯·沃尔卡奇厄斯·图路斯、盖厄斯·马西厄斯·菲古卢斯，以及那时的两位执政官德修斯·朱尼厄斯·西拉努斯、卢修斯·李锡尼·穆瑞纳也对此持肯定态度。马库斯·波西厄斯·加图也和这些执政官的观点一样，对我赞赏有加。然而，他在临死之前所担心的众多事情中，尤其不看好你担任执政官。我的另外一个强有力的支持者就是庞培。他从叙利亚回来后，第一次和我见面便与我相拥并对我表示祝贺，他说正是由于我担任执政官才能让他再次看到罗马这个国家。但是，我为什么要提到这些人呢？整个元老院都曾以热烈的掌声来庆祝我担任执政官，没有一个人不感谢我，就像我是他们的再生父母一样。他们都认为是我拯救了他们的财产和生命、他们的孩子和他们的国家。

然而，由于我刚才提到的那些伟人都已经不在了，所以我们还是谈谈依然健在的那个时期的两位执政官。其中一位是卓越的政治家卢修斯·奥里利厄斯·科塔，他对你所批判的那些行为大加赞扬，并提议大家应该对我致以最深的感谢。这项提议也得到了我刚才所提到的那些执政官们的认可，事实上得到了整个元老院的认可。自这个城市建立以来，除了我以外还没有其他人获得这样的荣誉。第二位就是你的舅舅卢修斯·朱利叶斯·恺撒。那时，他批判自己姐姐的丈夫也就是你的继父，他的演说是那么得有力、庄严和坚定！你应该把他当作导师和顾问，你一生中作的所有决定都应该向他请教。但是，你没选他，却事事以你的继父为榜样。虽然我和卢修斯·恺撒没有亲戚关系，但在我担任执政官的时候我还是会向他请教政务。你虽是他姐姐的儿子，可你什么时候向他请教过政事呢？

到底谁才是安东尼的顾问呢？很显然，是那些我们不知道他们生日的人。安东尼没有出席今天的元老院会议，这是为什么呢？因为他正在

自己家里举行生日晚会，为谁而设的呢？不用我说出名字，肯定不是某个福米奥，就是哪个格纳所或者是巴里奥[2]。这是一个多么让人厌恶的好色之徒啊！一个多么令人讨厌的骗子啊！安东尼，你从不向你的那位近亲、那位让人尊敬的元老院议员卢修斯·恺撒请教政务，反而听取那些穷困潦倒的寄生虫们的意见，这是怎么回事呢？

我明白了，你担任执政官便对大家有益，而我担任则有害。如果你敢在神庙作出这样的论断，那简直就是无耻下流到了极点。作为执政官，我曾经在这里与元老院议员共商国是。在元老院最荣耀的时候，它拥有至高无上的权力；而现在，这座神庙里到处都是你派来的那些手持武器的恶棍、流氓。而你竟然如此的厚颜无耻（事实上没有什么事情是你干不出来的）地说在我担任执政官的时候，通往卡皮托利圣山的路上到处都是武装的奴隶！你是不是想说，我以武力来威胁元老院通过我那些不正当的法令？多么愚蠢的家伙啊！如果你知道真相，那你怎么还敢在这样的会议上说出如此鲁莽的话来？又或者，你根本就不知道，因为你心里就从来没有好事。

当元老院在神庙举行会议的时候，每一个罗马骑士，每一个出身高贵的青年（除了你外），每一个清楚自己罗马公民身份的人（不管是哪个等级的）都聚集在通往神庙的路上。他们每一位都报上自己的名字，但是由于人数太多，没有足够的记录人员或签名簿来登记所有人的名字。

那个时候，由于同谋的揭露和那些被当作证词公之于众的亲笔信，那些邪恶的叛国者不得不承认他们曾企图摧毁这个国家。从信中可以看出他们打算残害罗马人民、掠夺意大利、发动反动革命战争。在这个关键的时刻，所有人都会响应号召保卫祖国，尤其是在那个时候元老院和罗马人民拥有这样一位领袖。如果现在也有一位像那样的领袖，那些反动者的下场也将是你的下场。

安东尼对我拒绝交出他继父的尸体来下葬表示极大的不满，但是即使是帕布利厄斯·克劳狄厄斯也没有因此指责我。毫无疑问，我是克劳狄厄斯的敌人。但我觉得很遗憾，你竟然比他错得更加离谱。你为什么要提醒我们你曾在继父家里成长？难道你担心我们会怀疑你本性难移？还是想以此为证说明你为什么会变得如此可恶？

事实上，你的演讲简直毫无逻辑可言，你所说的从头到尾不仅没有联系而且自相矛盾，你对自己的反驳比对我的还要多。你承认你的继父参与了那滔天大罪，但你又抱怨他因此受到惩罚。不过，这场辩论的结果就是对我予以表扬，而对整个元老院加以斥责。因为虽然是我逮捕了罪犯，但是惩罚他们的却是元老院。所以，我们这位“雄辩者”根本就不知道他正在表扬自己想要批判的对手，侮辱了在座的听众。

我不会把这称之为放肆无礼，那一直是他引以为豪的一种品质。不过安东尼并不想成为一个愚蠢之人，但是当武装人员将我们团团包围，并且手握长剑驻守在协和神庙的时候，他却谈起了卡皮托利山，真是愚不可及啊！苍天在上！就是在我担任执政官的时候，在这座协和神庙里作出了那些拯救我们国家、让我们能安全至今的决策。

接着，他又批判元老院，批判当时与元老院结盟的骑士阶层。当他的以提利亚士兵将正在开会的我们包围时，他谴责每一个阶层、每一位公民。你并不是因为肆无忌惮才说出了这些不知羞耻的论断，而是你根本不知道自己所说的话是自相矛盾的。说实话，你简直愚蠢到不能再愚蠢了，因为一个神志正常的人怎么会先手执武器摧毁自己的国家，而后又指责别人拿起武器来拯救国家呢？

曾经有一度你想让自己变得机智风趣，但是天知道，这根本与你不相适宜。你在这方面的失败尤其应该受到谴责，因为你本可以从那位专业的女戏子也就是你的妻子身上学到一些。你曾因我说过“让武器向托加袍投降”[3]而嘲笑我。但是，那个时候情况的确如此，难道不是吗？

不过，因为你的武器取得了胜利，让我们来考虑一下到底哪个更好：是捍卫罗马自由之人战胜了那些匪盗之徒的武器更好，还是现在你用武器将自由摧毁更好？我的诗就是我的答案。不过我想说你既不懂我的诗，也不懂其他文学作品。相反地，我不但谨记着我对国家和人民的责任，也利用闲暇时间来进行各种文学创作。但是，我的作品都是为了让年轻人从中获益、为国家辉煌的前途所着想。不过，这是另外一个话题了。还是让我们回到那些更为重要的问题上吧！

你说，因为我的提议帕布利厄斯·克劳狄厄斯被泰特斯·安尼厄斯·米洛处死了。但是，如果当你手持长剑在万众瞩目之下将他追赶到广场上，他才被杀死，人们会怎么想？如果他没有藏在书店的楼梯底下反抗你，你或许已经将他杀死了。就算你没有告诉大家是我煽动你这么做的，我也会承认我支持你当时的做法。但是至于米洛，我根本就没有机会对他的行动予以支持，因为他在任何人猜到他要做什么之前就已经付诸实践了。你说是我煽动他的，那也就是说要是没有一个敦促者他就不能实施一项爱国行动。你说当这一行动完成之时，我为此庆祝。但是在全国都为此感到高兴的时候，为什么我要成为这唯一的哀悼者。当然，对克劳狄厄斯之死的调查并不是一个非常明智而谨慎的计划。因为，如果之前有关谋杀所设立的司法程序是有效的，那么设立新的法律来处理这个案件就没有任何意义。无论如何，谋杀已经发生了，也对其进行了调查。不过，即使是在这件事情备受大家关注的时候也没有人因此指控我，你竟然在事隔多年之后以此来指责我。

接着，你又对我作出轻率而又冗长的指控。你说是我让恺撒疏远庞培，因此导致了内战。你所犯的错误不仅是对事实的扭曲，更重要的是连时间都搞错了。的确，在杰出的马库斯·卡尔普米厄斯·彼布卢斯担任执政官期间，我曾不遗余力地想让庞培离开恺撒。但是恺撒更为成功一些，因为他让庞培和我疏远起来。当庞培全心全意加入恺撒阵营的时候，我又怎么能使他们分开呢？如果这时我还对此抱有希望，那就愚蠢

至极了；如果我还试图说服庞培，那就太不合时宜了。不过，我的确曾两次劝导庞培来反对恺撒。如果你一定要指责我，这倒可以成为你的理由。第一，我建议他不要让恺撒在高卢续任五年；第二，我建议他不要承认在自己缺席时恺撒所获得的执政官候选人资格。如果这两次中有一次成功，那我们也就不必承受现在的苦难了。

但是相反地，庞培带着自己和罗马的所有军队投奔了恺撒。只是在这发生以后，他才开始理解我在很久之前所做的预言，但是为时已晚。同样是在这个时候，我意识到我们国家马上就要遭受一场浩劫。这也就是为什么从那时起我一直呼吁和平、和谐与和解。很多人都知道我说过："庞培，要是你没有与恺撒结盟，或者，要是你没有与恺撒闹翻，那该多好啊！但是你坚定的个性决定了前者，你的英明决定了后者。"安东尼，这是我一直给庞培和我们国家提出的建议，如果这个建议被采纳了，那么我们的国家现在依然会繁荣昌盛。但是你却不会，因为你会被你无耻、肮脏的行为所毁灭。

不过，这些都已经是陈年往事了。现在，你又指控恺撒之死是我造成的。众位元老院议员们：我担心此时看上去似乎我犯下一桩可叹的过错，即在一项针对我的事件中，导致一位虚假的控诉人的诞生——无论我是否当得起，他都对我充满赞扬。有谁听过我也是这项光荣行动的参与者呢？再说，有哪位参与者隐瞒了自己的名字呢？如果真是我所说的隐瞒，那为什么大家会立即知道他们每个人的名字呢？相信我，就算有些人没有参与这件事也会吹嘘自己参与过，而不是说，有人参与了却想要掩盖这个事实。参与这件事的人很多，有的人默默无闻，有的人很年轻，他们都不是那种能保守别人身份秘密之人。所以，如果我真的参与了，但是却没有人知道我参与过，这究竟是为什么呢？

此外，就算我们认为这个行动的发起者需要别人的激励才能解放自己的祖国，难道是我鼓励那两位布鲁特斯的吗？他们两个人每天都会在

自己家里看到卢修斯·朱尼厄斯·布鲁特斯的雕像，而另外一个还能看到盖恩斯·瑟维菲厄斯·阿哈拉的塑像。有这样的祖先，这些活着的布鲁特斯家族人根本不需要外人的建议，因为他们自己家里一直都有为他们提供意见之人。同样，盖厄斯·卡修斯·郎吉努斯也属于这样的家族，他不能容忍一个贵族甚至任何人拥有过高的权力。很显然，他的确需要我这样的顾问！但是，在他还没有现在这些杰出的顾问之前，卡修斯就认为如果恺撒将船泊在河岸的这一边而非另一边，他便打算在居努斯河口西里西亚执行这个任务。同样地，当恢复自由这一任务受到威胁之时，格奈乌斯·多米提乌斯难道需要我来鼓励他吗？他尊贵的父亲之死、他母舅之死以及他自己怎么被剥夺了公民权利这些痛苦的记忆难道不足以激励着他来完成这项光荣的任务吗？至于盖厄斯·却波尼乌斯，难道也是我说服他的吗？他与恺撒那么亲近，我甚至根本不敢冒险去建议他。不过正是由于他们之间的亲密关系使我们国家和人民更加感激他。因为对他来讲，罗马人民的自由比他个人的友谊更重要。他本可以和恺撒一起实行独裁统治，而他却选择推翻独裁统治。又或者，是我建议卢修斯·提留斯·基伯尔这么做的？当然不是，在他完成了这一任务之后，我对他肃然起敬，因为在这之前我没有信心认为他会参与这一行动。我之所以敬仰他更多的是因为他不顾自身的利益，全心全意只为罗马着想。然后是两位赛维留斯，我不知道该叫他们卡斯卡[4]还是阿哈拉？你认为他们需要我的建议吗？难道他们不是因为热爱自己的祖国吗？列举出剩下的所有人会花费太多的时间，因为人数众多。这不仅仅是他们个人的荣誉，也是整个罗马的荣誉。

但是，请看看，这个狡猾的人是怎么证明我是他们的同谋的。他说："在恺撒被杀之后，布鲁特斯立即挥舞着他那沾满鲜血的匕首，并喊着西塞罗的名字向他祝贺国家恢复了自由。"但是，就凭他选择喊我的名字而不是其他人名字这一点就能断定我是同谋吗？这根本不是他喊我名字的原因，他所做的事情和我所做的事情非常相似，所以他喊我的名字以表明他以我为榜样。

安东尼，你多么愚蠢啊！你难道不理解这一点吗？如果想要杀掉恺撒（就如你所指责的那样）就是犯罪，那么如果因为他的死而感到高兴便也是犯罪了，因为一种行为的倡导者和在这件事被实施后对其表示赞同之人没有任何差别。不管是我希望完成这件事还是在它实施后表现出很愉快都是一样的。但是，除了那些拥护他为独裁统治者的人，所有人都希望他被杀死，所有人也都会因他被杀死而感到高兴，所以每个人都有罪。每个人都在恺撒被杀这件事上有一定的作用，虽然有些人计划不周、勇气不足、缺少机会，但是每个人都想要杀掉恺撒。

就让我们听一下他，更确切地说，听一下这个胆小鬼的胡言乱语吧！他说："每当我提到布鲁特斯的名字时，心中都充满了对他的尊敬之情。在布鲁特斯手持沾满鲜血的匕首时，他大喊西塞罗的名字，由此可知西塞罗是他的同谋。"所以，就因为你怀疑我可能做了某些事就认定我是一个罪犯，况且那个手持血淋淋匕首的人是你提到的自己"非常尊敬"之人。你说的这些话已经够愚蠢了，但是你的行为和想法更加愚蠢。执政官啊！你一定要考虑清楚，因为你必须对布鲁特斯家族之人，对盖厄斯·卡修斯、格奈乌斯·多米提乌斯、盖厄斯·却波尼乌斯以及其他剩下之人的行为作出最终的评判。好好休息吧！别再醉话连篇了。或许，必须得用一个火炬才能让你从昏睡中清醒。难道你真的不清楚参与这件事的那些人究竟是谋杀犯，还是让恢复国家自由的解放者吗？

请集中精力，哪怕只有一小会儿！让你的头脑好好运转一下，就像你清醒着一样。我承认我是他们的朋友，但你更愿意将我称为他们的同谋。但是，我还是不想看到任何折中的解决方法。如果这些人没有解放罗马人民、拯救国家，那么，我会认为他们比刺客、比杀人犯还要可恶。如果我们认为弑杀国父要比弑杀自己的父亲更加穷凶极恶，那他们连弑父者都不如。

所以，聪明而又周到的人啊！如果他们是弑父者，你为什么在元老

院会议和罗马人民的集会上对他们尊敬有加？为什么在马库斯·布鲁特斯离开城市10多天后，提议让他得到豁免1？为什么在阿波罗赛会上人们会对他赞不绝口？为什么这么多行省赋予布鲁特斯和盖厄斯荣耀，要为他们指派额外的财务官和使者？这些事情都是你做的，很显然你并1.作为保民官不允许离开罗马10天以上。

没有将他们当作杀人犯。鉴于没有其他折中的可能，所以你无疑是将他们当作解放者来看待的。因此，这究竟是怎么回事？我并没有让你难堪，不是吗？我觉得你很擅长处理这种情况带给你的困境。不过，我最后的结论是：你并没有将布鲁特斯和其他相关人等当作罪犯，这也就是你在无意识地宣告他们应该得到最丰厚的奖赏。

因此，我必须重新组织我的演讲。我应该写信给这些人，告诉他们如果有任何人向他们问起你对我的指控是否属实，请他们不要否认这一点。因为如果我是他们的共谋，而他们又隐藏了这个事实，这恐怕会有损他们的声誉；但是，如果是他们想要邀请我，却遭到我的拒绝，这样也会使我的声誉大为受损。上天为证！除了罗马，世上还有哪个国家的人有过这样的壮举？再也没有比这更加光荣、更加伟大的行为了，他们会流芳百世！所以，如果你认为我是特洛伊木马，与这件事的主谋一起合谋，我没有任何异议。相反，不管你出于什么动机，我都要感谢你，因为事关这一伟大的行动，我认为你要强加给我的污点不是别的正是一种荣耀。

你吹嘘说你将这些人赶走并驱逐出去。但是，他们福泽无边。世上没有那么荒凉和野蛮的地方，人们定会欢迎他们的到来并为此感到愉快。世界上的人，不管他们的文明程度多低，都懂得这些人能够为他们带来幸福。他们的光荣事迹将被一代又一代的作家永远传颂。

我祈求你，把我也列入这些英雄的行列吧！但是，我担心有一件事你不会赞同。如果我是他们中的一员，我不仅让我们的国家摆脱了这一

个独裁者，也摆脱了独裁统治。如果正如你所断定的那样，我是这部作品的作者，那么相信我，我绝不会满足于仅完成了这一项任务，我会完成整个剧本[5]。

如果想让恺撒死是一种罪，那么想想你自己的处境吧，安东尼！众所周知，你和盖厄斯·却波尼乌斯在那波制定了一个类似的计划，正是由于这个计划，却波尼乌斯才在恺撒被杀的时候让你置身事外。如此看来，我对你是友好的。我赞美你曾有过的善意，我感谢你没有将计划外泄，我原谅你没有参与实施。这项任务需要另外一个人来完成。

但是，如果有人用法官卢修斯·卡修斯·朗吉努斯的名言“那么谁会受益呢”来控告你，你就要小心一点，因为你可能会受到牵连。的确如此，之前你便注意到这会使那些不愿意成为奴隶的人受益。然而，这一行动对谁最有益呢？是你自己。你不仅摆脱了奴隶这一身份，甚至可以说成为了一个独裁统治者。你利用奥普斯神庙里的钱财还清了你的巨额债务；你篡改这些账本浪费了无数的钱财；你将恺撒家里无数的财产转移给自己。那些在你家里伪造的虚假票据和你所模仿的笔迹为你提供了多么大的一笔财富啊！你的家简直就是一个专门伪造文件的作坊，一个黑市，在那里进行与土地和城市有关的可耻交易，免除了大量的税务。

唯有恺撒之死才能将你从你债务人的毁灭之中解救出来。你看起来很紧张，是不是在暗自担心会受到牵连？不会的，我向你保证：你不必担心，没有人会相信你有这样的行为。我们国家有完成这一光荣任务的伟大之人。我并没有说你参与其中，只是说你对此感到高兴而已。

现在，我对你最严重的指控已经作出回答。接下来，我必须对其他指控也作出回应。你指责我曾出现在庞培的军营，指责我在那段时间的所做所为。的确，就像我之前所说的那样——如果那个时候大家接受了我的建议，现在的你就会是一个可怜之人，而我们大家都可以享受自由，我们国家也不会损失那么多的军队和指挥官。当我预见现在所要发

生的事情之时，我和其他忠诚的公民一样感到十分悲伤，如果他们也有我那样的预见的话。众位元老院议员，我很悲伤，我为我们的共和国即将灭亡而感到悲伤，那可是你们众位议员以及我的顾问们曾竭力保护的共和国啊！在这种情况下，我还不至于因为无知而担心自己是否能继续存活下去。虽然我现在还活着，但是我的生活却充满了痛苦，失去生命对我来说也就意味着结束所有的麻烦。不过，我希望那些杰出之士能够继续活下去，他们是罗马的荣耀，是我们的执政官、执法官、优秀的元老院议员，是我们高贵之士的希望，是忠诚的罗马人民所组成的军队。对我来说，任何能够使我们人民团结的和平都比那些让他们自相残杀的战争要好得多。事实上，不管实现和平的环境有多么恶劣，如果这些人现在还活着，至少我们会觉得共和国仍与我们同在。

如果我的这一观点得到广泛的认可，如果我想要保住他们生命的那些人并没有在对他们的武装力量过分乐观的情况下与我为敌，一定会出现这样的结果：元老院不能容你，甚至整个罗马也不能容你。

你驳斥我，认为是我的演讲使庞培疏远了我，这简直太荒谬了！他对我的关心比其他任何人都多。庞培和我之间的交流，以及他对我的请教比世界上其他任何人都要频繁。对于两个在政务上观点如此不同的人来说，能成为这么亲密的朋友实非易事。我们两人都熟知彼此的想法和观点。我最关心的就是让我们的罗马同胞们活下去，只有这样我们随后才有机会来考虑他们的公民权利。相反地，庞培所关注的是他们当下的权利。但是不管怎样，我们之间的分歧在可容忍的范围之内。并且，因为我们双方都专注于自己的具体目标，所以分歧更是在可容忍的范围之内。

那些和庞培一起从法塞利亚撤退到帕福斯的人很了解这位杰出的人物对我的看法。当他提到我的名字时都是赞美的话语，并为我们没有在一起而感到十分遗憾。他自己也承认，他对未来抱有很高的希望，而我

对未来拥有更准的预测。但是，你在承认我是庞培朋友的同时，又怎么能无耻地以他的名义指控我？别忘了，你甚至买下了他那些被充公的财物。

不过不管怎样，我们还是不要再讨论这场你在其中极为幸运的战争了。并且，我也不会回复你对我在军营时所讲的那些笑话的指控。那里生活的确不易，但是无论环境有多恶劣，人们——只要他们还是人——便会偶尔放松一下。安东尼不但批判我的悲伤，就连我讲的笑话也要批判！不过这也恰好证明了我在这两方面都很有节制。

你说没有人给我留下任何遗产[6]。我多么希望你的这个指控是对的啊！因为这意味着我的很多朋友和亲戚现在都还健在。但是，我想知道你怎么会有这个想法，事实上别人留给我的遗产加起来已经超过了两千万赛斯特斯[7]。我承认在这方面你一直都比我幸运，因为我所继承的东西都来自于我的朋友，他们认为留给我的这些财产可以抚慰我的悲伤，如果可以起到这种作用的话。但是，你竟然是卢修斯·鲁伯里厄斯·卡西纳斯的财产继承人，你跟他素未谋面，连他究竟是黑是白都不知道啊！他一定是非常喜欢你才会将你立为继承人吧。他甚至越过他朋友昆塔斯·富菲乌斯（一位非常值得尊敬的骑士）的儿子，直接将你立为他的财产继承人。鲁伯里厄斯一直对外宣称富菲乌斯的儿子将会是他的财产继承人，而他竟然没有出现在其遗嘱之中。相反地，你却成为他的财产继承人，可是他之前从来也没见过你，甚至没跟你说过一句话啊！如果方便的话，请你告诉我，你的另一位恩主卢修斯·忒赛留斯长什么样子，身高是多少，来自哪里，哪个部族？你会回答说“我什么都不知道，除了他所拥有的那些财产”。难道这一回答就足以让他剥夺自己兄弟的财产继承权而改立你为继承人吗？此外，还有很多人，他们几乎和安东尼没有任何关系，而安东尼却将他们真正的继承人加以驱逐，从他们手里攫取了大量的钱财，就像自己是他们的继承人一样。

让我觉得惊讶的还有另外一个原因，你连自己父亲的继承人都不是，就敢厚颜无耻地提到遗产继承这个问题。

愚蠢的家伙啊！难道这些就是你在另外一个人的别墅里一天又一天地练习辩论所找到的论证吗？不过，正如你最亲密的朋友所说的那样，你练习辩论只是为了清除宿醉而不是使你的思维更加机智。在那些酒徒朋友的支持下，你就像开玩笑一样为自己找了一位演说老师，并允许他以任何方式来反驳你。而他肯定也是一个十分搞笑的家伙，但是由于你和你的朋友是他反驳的对象，他也不能抱怨缺乏反驳你们的实例。

请看一下你和你祖父之间的区别吧！他在深思熟虑之后会提出与自己情况相关的论证，而你呢，只会说一些无关紧要的话语。就这样，你的辩论老师竟然还从你那里得到了丰厚的报酬。众位元老院议员们，请听听他给国家造成的损失吧！他给了这位辩论老师——赛克斯都·克劳狄厄斯1250英亩的土地，并且免除了税务。安东尼，你让罗马人民为你支付了这笔巨额学费，但是最后除了把自己学成一个傻瓜外，你还学到其他东西了吗？你这个毫无原则的家伙！难道这也是你在恺撒的记事本中找到的指令吗？不过关于列奥蒂尼这片土地和坎帕尼亚的那些土地，我稍后会提到。这些全是安东尼从罗马人民手中掠夺的，他将这些土地赠给那些品行低下之人，任由他们玷污。

对于他的指控我已经作出了充分的回答。现在，我必须来说一下我们这位道德家和改革家本人了。不过，我并不打算一次把所有故事都讲完。这样的话，如果我又回到某个争论之中就不必再重复自己说过的话了。由于他的罪行和错误简直罄竹难书，所以这对我来说没有任何困难。

安东尼，你想让我们从你童年时期的行为开始说起吗？我想是的，就让我们从头开始吧。你还记得你少年时期的破产吗？你肯定会说那是你父亲的错误。这的确是作为子女的自我辩护！你自年少时便鲁莽无

知。当时洛斯基乌斯法案为破产者指定了特殊座位，不论其破产是因为运气不佳还是行为不端，但是你去剧院后却坐在了为骑士们预留的第十四排座位之中。接着，你穿上了成年男子的托袈，或者就你的所作所为而言，更确切地说应该是女人的托袈。起初，你只是一个普通的男妓，靠这个收取固定的费用，并且价格奇高。但是，没有多久库里奥出现了，他将你从这个行当中赎回。就像有人说的那样，让你拥有了妻子般的地位，使你俨然成为了一个拥有持久稳定婚姻的妇女。从来没有一个男子像你那样完全是因为主人库里奥的淫欲才被买来的。多少次，他的父亲将你扔出家门，甚至派人驻守在门外防止你进入。但是，在黑夜的帮助之下，淫欲的促使之下，钱财的驱使之下，你甚至会爬上房顶进去。

那个家庭根本不能容忍这样不耻的勾当。你知道吗？我对我现在所说的事情一清二楚。那个时候库里奥的父亲躺在床上老泪纵横，而他的儿子也泪眼婆娑地跪在我脚下，祈求我帮助你，并让我为他辩护，否则他就得给他父亲600万赛斯特斯保证金。那个年轻人深爱着你，他发誓要离开这个国家，因为他不能忍受与你分离。那时，我为那个显赫的家庭解决了无数的问题或者说为所有问题画上了句号。我说服这位父亲来偿还儿子的债务，并用自己的一部分财产来让这个年轻人重获社会地位，因为他的头脑和性格都是极好的。但是，我也劝导他行使自己作为父亲的合法权威来阻止库里奥与你亲近，甚至阻止他与你见面。当你回想起我所做的这些事之后，只有一样东西能给你挑战和侮辱我的勇气，那就是你所拥有的强有力的武器，就是我们今天在元老院看到的那些。

不过关于安东尼那堕落、淫逸的生活我就说到这里，因为有的事情我觉得说出来真是有失体面。就演说的自由而言，安东尼比我更有优势，因为他所做的那些事情对一位值得尊敬的对手来说是不屑于提起的。所以，我现在简单地谈一下他在这之后的生活。我们会很自然地想到他在国家遭受内战之苦时的所作所为以及他现在的行为举止。众位议

员们，你们和我一样都知道这些事情，甚至比我了解得更清楚。不过，我还是恳请你们继续仔细地听下去，因为在这种情况下仅仅了解这些事情是不够的，它们必须被重新提起，这样才能使我们对其有深切的感受。

但是由于时间有限，我就长话短说。安东尼现在向我示好，然而在帕布利厄斯·克劳狄厄斯担任保民官的时候，他与克劳狄厄斯是亲密的朋友，是克劳狄厄斯所有阴谋的煽动者。事实上，安东尼的一个阴谋就是在克劳狄厄斯家中计划的，他很清楚我说的是哪一个。接着，他不顾元老院的权威、不顾国家的利益、不顾上天的旨意去了亚历山大里亚。不过在伽比纽斯的领导之下，他的行为似乎没有任何不当之处。接下来，我们来想想安东尼返回的本质和情景吧。在他回家之前，他从埃及到了最远的高卢。回家？我说的是回家吗？那时，其他人还有家；但是你——安东尼——根本就没有家。家？除了塞米努，这世上根本没有你的容身之处。不过那个地方也是你和同伙所共有的，就像西萨波矿一样。

离开高卢后，你参加了财务官的竞选。我敢断定在那种情况下你在见我之前先去见拜见了你的父亲。因为在这之前我就已经收到恺撒的一封信，他在信中让我接受你所陈述的理由，所以我甚至不允许你对我表以谢意。在那之后，你对我尊敬有加，我也帮助你获得了财务官候选人的资格。也就是在那个时候，在罗马人民的赞成之下你想要杀掉帕布利厄斯·克劳狄厄斯。这完全是你自己的想法，和我一点关系都没有，你认为只有杀掉他才能补偿我因你而遭受的苦难。不过，现在你为什么又说米洛是在我的怂恿之下杀死了克劳狄厄斯？即使是在你自告奋勇要去做这件事的时候，我也并没有给你任何鼓励。我认为，如果你真的做了这件事，也不过是因为自己想要获得荣誉而已，并不是受我的影响。

就这样，你成为了财务官。但是在没有元老院法令的允许下，在没

有抽签也没有任何法律认可的情况下，你立即投向了恺撒的怀抱。那里是身陷绝境之人唯一的避难所，你觉得只有那个地方才能使你摆脱贫穷和债务，才能免于因罪受罚。恺撒慷慨的赏赐和你的掠夺让你补偿了自己的损失——如果你所贪污的那些公款被你立即挥霍后也能称为一种补偿的话。接着，你又百般祈求想要成为保民官。也许，你想成为保民官的目的只是为了模仿你的情人吧！

元老院的议员们，请你们了解这一点。我想说的并不是安东尼那些令人作呕的不当行为给他自己造成的各种丑闻，而是他以邪恶和无礼的手段对我们所有人、我们的财富以及我们整个国家所造成的伤害。我们所有灾难的根源都与他的罪行相关。当卢修斯·科尼利厄斯·伦图卢斯和盖厄斯·克劳狄厄斯·马凯鲁斯在1月1日担任执政官后，罗马共和政府就岌岌可危。众位元老院议员都想要保住这个国家，如果恺撒头脑正常的话，你们甚至愿意满足他的愿望。但是，安东尼却在这时将自己的保民官职位卖给别人并臣服于另外一人。此外，他利用职务之便处处对你们进行阻挠。也就是说，安东尼已经放肆到将自己的脖子置于刀斧之下，而这刀斧已经处置过众多比他所犯之罪还要轻的人。那时，元老院还可以自行做主，现在那些受人尊敬但已经去世的议员们还是其中的一员。元老院为了惩罚你，根据古老的传统颁布了这项法令，这是针对那些罗马公敌所设立的。你竟然如此鲁莽，在众位元老院议员面前批判我。要知道元老院曾宣布，我是国家的拯救者，而你是国家的敌人。

虽然我现在并没有提起你在那时所犯的罪行，但这并不表示它们被忘记了。只要这世界上还有人在，只要罗马这个名字还在（它会永存于世，除非被你摧毁），那么你那致命的否决[8]就会永远存在于人们的记忆之中。在元老院的会议记录中，没有一点儿偏见和夸张。你一个年轻人投了否决票，使得整个元老院不能通过一项关乎国家安全的法令。并且，这样的事情你做了不止一次，做过很多次。此外，你拒绝与元老院进行任何谈判。在这种关键的时刻，你的这一举动并不亚于你想让整个

国家陷入混乱和废墟之中。不管是国家首领的请求、长者的警告还是整个元老院都不能阻止你提出这项法令，因为你早已被别人贿赂和收买。

所以，在多次劝导无果后，大家别无他法，只能对你进行严厉的打击。只有极少数人受到过这种打击，并且无一生还。于是，元老院命令执政官以及其他权力机构拿起武器来反抗你，而你只能躲在恺撒背后。

恺撒企图发动革命。但是，是你——安东尼——让恺撒有了向自己祖国开战的借口。恺撒在作出他那疯狂的决定和行为时唯一的借口就是：元老院无视保民官的否决权，这是对保民官应有权利的否定，安东尼的权利受到了侵犯。虽然任何一个拿起武器反抗自己国家的人都没有正当的理由，事实上我也并不是想说这些理由非常虚伪、无足轻重。因为我想说的并不是恺撒，而是你——安东尼。是你为这个最可怕的战争提供了理由，这一点不容否认。

如果你已经知道我接下来要说什么，那么你就明白你的命运将非常悲哀；如果你不知道，那就更加悲哀了。现有的书面记录证明了这些事情的发生，而且这些事情会永远留在我们子孙后代的记忆之中。那里面记录着执政官们被驱逐出意大利；同他们一起被驱逐的还有庞培，而他一人的荣光就足以照亮我们整个国家；只要身体还能忍受，所有的前执政官都纷纷撤退，所有的执法官、前执法官、保民官，大部分元老院议员、大批年轻人，总而言之，所有的罗马人都被驱逐出自己的家园。

正如种子是大树和植物的根源一样，你就是那场最可怕战争的种子。元老院的议员们，你们正在为在战争中惨遭覆灭的三个部队而悲伤，是安东尼杀了他们啊！你们正在为罗马的那些伟人感到哀痛，是安东尼夺走了他们的生命啊！元老院权威被摧毁，是安东尼毁了它啊！从那时开始，我们所看到的每一个不幸（还有什么是我们没见过的呢？）都是他造成的，再无其他任何可能。就如同特洛伊人眼中的海伦一样，他给我们国家带来了战争、伤害和毁灭。

他在保民官剩下的任期中的表现和刚开始没什么区别。当罗马共和国还存在的时候，在元老院认为那些不可能犯下的罪行中，他一样都没有落下。并且，请注意他所犯下的罪中之罪，虽然他让许多不幸的人恢复了荣誉，却唯独将他的叔叔排除在外。如果他是一个严厉之人，为什么不对每一个人都严厉？如果他是一个仁慈之人，为什么对自己的亲人不仁慈？

在他恢复公民权利的那些人中，我只想说一下他那位被判定犯有赌博罪的同伴利慈尼乌斯·丹提库卢。我只能这样想：安东尼认为虽然他的同伴聚在赌桌旁，但肯定没有犯罪。不过，他真正的目的是免除自己的赌债，赦免丹提库卢罪行的这一法令只是托词而已。安东尼，现在你能向罗马人民说出你恢复他公民权利的正当理由吗？一般人可能会这样反驳：丹提库卢是在没有出庭的情况下被起诉定罪的；这个案件根本没有论据来证实；法律没有就掷骰子作出司法审判的规定；或者说这是屈打成招的结果；又或者，就像你叔叔案例中最后的反驳一样，法庭作出这样的判决是因为收受贿赂。但是，根本不是这样，这些都不是你的理由。你声称丹提库卢是一个好人，对国家有用。虽然这与案情没有任何关系，不过如果你说的这一点是事实，我也不会反对你，毕竟赌博并不是多么严重的罪行。但是，你所说的话没有一个字是真的。丹提库卢被定罪不仅仅是因为赌博，他竟敢在讲坛上肆意赌博，简直是罪大恶极。如果一个人为这样的恶棍恢复权利，那这也证明了他自己的品格大有问题。

接着，我们看一下安东尼在担任保民官期间的其他行为。恺撒去西班牙后，将意大利托付给安东尼，安东尼对其任意践踏。他的那些旅程和他所到达的那些城镇很值得我们进行深入探讨。不过，我意识到我现在所讲的问题大家都很清楚并且经常议论。我也知道我对自己现在所说的和将要说的事情的了解甚至没有当时任何一个在意大利的人清楚，因为我那时候并不在意大利。虽然我要说的肯定没有你们所知道的多，但

是请允许我讲一些特定的细节。

世界上怎么会有人作出这样卑鄙无耻的事情？身为人民的保民官，他竟然坐着一辆女式马车出行。在他前面，侍从们头戴月桂花环一路前行。队伍中，有一个坐着露天式轿子的女戏子。城中那些高贵之士被迫前来迎接他，并向女戏子问好。他们并没有用她那闻名遐迩的戏名来称呼她，而是称其为伏鲁尼娅。在这之后是一辆四轮马车，车上全是那些拉皮条的，是安东尼那些令人讨厌的朋友。接下来是被他忽略的母亲，她和她那堕落儿子的情人待在一起，就像婆婆一样。可恶的女人，她的生育给大家带来了多大的灾难啊！就这样，安东尼在很多城镇，事实上是在整个意大利都留下了他那无耻的印记。

众位元老院议员们，对他的其他行为进行谴责确实是一件困难而艰巨的事情。他参加过战争，身上沾满了敌人的鲜血，不过那些敌人是与他势不两立的罗马人。如果犯罪也能交上好运的话，他就是那个幸运的人。但是，我并不想冒犯那些老兵——因为这些士兵的情况和安东尼完全不一样（他们只是追随自己的领导，而你却是主动追随别人），所以对于这场战争的性质我不会说什么，不会让你有任何机会来煽动他们反抗我。

作为一个征服者，你带着你的军团从帖撒利回到布隆迪西。但是，你竟然在布隆迪西没有杀掉我，多么仁慈啊！我承认，你本可以杀了我的。不过，那时你身边的人全都认为必须宽恕我。甚至你自己的军团也对我尊敬有加，因为他们记得是我拯救了他们的国家。爱国之情是多么伟大啊！不过，就让我们假设：如果你没从我这里掠夺的东西就可以当作你给我的礼物；那么你没有剥夺我的生命其实也是对我的一种恩惠了。但是，在听了你对我的所有侮辱之后，我几乎忘记了你对我的恩惠，但是我并没有忘记。此外，你知道我会以什么方式来还击你，所以你才会肆无忌惮地侮辱我。

到达布隆迪西对你而言就意味着你可以与你的女戏子尽情地拥抱、热吻。什么？这是谎话吗？不能否认，那些有损自己名誉的事情的确很痛苦，难道不是吗？不过，如果在那些城镇居民面前你没有感到羞耻，难道在自己的老兵面前你也不觉得羞耻吗？哪一个在布隆迪西的士兵没有见过她？哪一个士兵不知道她远道而来向你祝贺？哪一个士兵不为太晚发现自己追随的领导是一个卑劣之人而感到悲伤？

此外，这个女戏子又陪着你去了意大利。你派重兵把守你所经过的那些镇子，到处都是残忍、不幸的景象。在罗马，你自己也从那个可悲之人沦落成黄金、白银还有美酒的掠夺者。最重要的是，恺撒的朋友对你青睐有加，在恺撒不知情的情况下（他当时在亚历山大里亚）便任命你为骑兵统领。那个时候，你觉得自己有权和西庇亚住在一起，并且把那些用于国家比赛的赛马交给了另外一个戏子瑟古厄斯。安东尼那时并没有选择住在他现在费尽周折才得到的房子里，而是住在马库斯·庇索的房子里。我对他的那些法令，那些掠夺物，那些因继承或霸占而得的遗产都不予置评，是需求迫使他这么做的。除此之外，他毫无选择。因为他还没有从卢修斯·鲁伯里厄斯和卢修斯·忒塞留斯那里得到丰厚的遗产，也没有成为庞培和其他人的财产继承人。他不得不过着强盗般的生活，因为他一无所有，除非他抢到东西。

不过，他的这一类恶行就先说到这里。我们还是来看看他那些更加卑鄙无耻的丑行吧。在西庇亚的婚礼上，安东尼——你用尽你角斗士般的力气胡吃海喝，结果因为喝了太多的酒，第二天在大庭广众之下呕吐不止。那场景简直太恶心了，即使是听到也会让人觉得恶心。如果在一个私人宴会上你还像在那场婚礼上一样，到处都是你那硕大的酒杯，所有人都会认为这是十分可耻的。但是，在罗马人民的集会上，一个担任公职之人，一个骑兵统领却吐得到处都是，可本来对他而言就算是打嗝也是不得体的。他也承认这是他非常失礼的一个行为。现在我们来看看他那些比这更加可恶的罪行吧！

恺撒从亚历山大里亚返回，他认为自己是个幸运之人，但我认为一个给自己国家带来不幸的人根本不能被称作是一个幸运之人。他在朱庇特神庙前竖起了长矛，而庞培的财产——一想到这里我就悲痛不已，即使是眼泪流尽了，悲伤还是深深地印在心底——哎！庞培的财产被那些拍卖者无情地拍卖了。

整个共和国都为此忧伤。虽然奴隶制已被忘却，但是恐惧让人们觉得自己仍然是一个奴隶，即使是这样，罗马人民还是深深地为此哀悼。所有人都在等着看会不会有一些疯狂的无耻之徒胆敢悖逆上天和人类的意愿来参加这个罪恶的拍卖。虽然也有一些人聚在长矛周围，但也仅此而已。只有安东尼一个人胆敢参加拍卖，只有他！只有他一个无耻到犯下这样的罪行，而其他人不管有多无耻也都因为心有所怯而没有参加拍卖。不过，安东尼你是不是太愚蠢了，或者说疯狂更合适一些，你竟然没有意识到购买这些被没收的财物，并且是购买庞培的财物会使你不仅现在而且永远成为罗马人民咒骂的对象，成为诸神和所有人憎恨的对象。这个房子的主人曾凭借他的勇猛让其他国家对罗马更加敬畏，凭借他的公正让其他国家对罗马更加热爱，而你这个贪婪的人竟然无耻地立即占有了他的房子。

安东尼在突然得到这个伟大之人的财物后便沉溺于快乐之中，就像戏剧中那些一夜暴富的穷人一样。但是，正如一些诗人写的那样“不义之财，来去匆匆”。不过让人难以相信的是：他不是在几个月内而是几天之内就挥霍掉了庞培的大笔财产，这简直是一个“奇迹”。那栋房子里有大量的美酒，众多精美无比的银器，价值不菲的长袍，大气而又优雅的家具——庞培虽然生活并不奢侈，却正当地拥有不少财产。但是，所有的这些东西在几天之内便一件都不剩了。就算卡里狄斯她真的存在，也只是一个动物而已。我敢发誓，即使是大海也很难将这些分散在各处的大量财物以那样的速度吞没。

所有东西都没有上锁、没有封印也没有登记。房子里所有的东西都被当作礼物送给那些无赖之徒。那些男戏子和女戏子也得到了他们想要的一切。房子里到处都是赌徒和醉汉。一连好几天，房子里很多地方肆无忌惮的喝酒狂欢在持续不断。安东尼的好运也只是暂时的，输的钱渐渐多了起来。而那些曾经属于庞培的精美床单，现在竟然在奴隶们的阁楼里，在他们的床上！

希望你们不会对这一大笔财产以这样的速度被花掉而感到惊讶。像安东尼这样肆意挥霍，不只是一个人的遗产——即使是像庞培那样充裕的遗产，就算是整个城市和整个国家的遗产也能很快被花光。不仅如此，他还占有了房子和花园！安东尼，你简直是厚颜无耻到了极点！你怎么敢踏进那个房子，跨过那道最为神圣的门槛？你怎么敢让住在那里的门神看到你那张无耻的嘴脸？长久以来，人们都会在看到或经过这栋房子时流下悲伤的眼泪。你竟然敢住在这里，难道不觉得羞耻吗？

虽然你十分愚蠢，但我敢肯定，这里没有什么东西能给你带来快乐。当你在走廊里看到这些船只[9]的时候，你根本不可能把这栋房子当成自己的。这点毫无疑问！虽然你麻木不仁，但你还知道自己是谁，知道自己的朋友和财产，所以，我相信不管你是醒着还是睡了都不会感到安心。虽然你会因为喝酒而神志不清，但是当他在你梦里出现的时候，你一定会被惊醒；同样地，当你清醒的时候，他那反复出现的身影定会让你思绪更加混乱。

我为那座房子的墙壁和屋顶感到悲哀，因为在这之前，它们所见证的都是严格的礼节——美好、高尚的传统与美德。众位议员，正如你们所了解的那样，庞培不管是在国内还是国际事务的处理上都是值得称颂的，不管是在私人生活还是公共事务方面都享有很高的声誉。但是，如今他家里的每个餐厅都变了酒馆，每个卧室都成了妓院。不过，安东尼现在可能会对这些都予以否认。他现在已经变聪明了，这点不需要证

明，因为他已经变得节俭了。按照十二铜牌法令，他让他的女戏子收拾好她的东西，并且让她归还了自己的钥匙，然后把她赶了出去。多好的一个公民啊！多么值得人尊敬啊！他和女戏子分手了，这是他一生中做的最光荣的一件事。

他经常使用“我，执政官安东尼”这个短语。其实这就相当于在说“我，纵欲的执政官”或者“我，罪恶的执政官”，因为这就是“安东尼”的意义。如果这个名字还有一点尊严，我想是因为你的祖父也许有时会称自己“执政官，安东尼”。但事实上，他从来没有这么做过。你的叔叔也是如此，他是我的同僚。难道只有你一个人叫安东尼吗？

不过，我想略过这些过错，因为它们与你在摧毁我们国家时所扮演的角色没有直接关系。我们还是来谈谈后者——内战吧！内战的起因、发生和后果都是你造成的。但是你在战争中却无足轻重，因为你胆小如鼠，或者更恰当点说你只专注于自己的淫欲。但是，你也曾品尝甚至痛饮罗马人民的鲜血。你曾在法塞利亚的前线杀死了尊贵的卢修斯·多米提乌和众多从战场中逃亡的人。即使是恺撒也很有可能会饶恕他们，因为他的确曾经饶恕过其他一些人。但是，你却将他们赶尽杀绝。

然而，在取得了这些重要和辉煌的成就后，战争还在持续。为什么你不追随恺撒到阿非利加继续征战？我们来看看恺撒从阿非利加回来后赐给你的职位和头衔吧！当他是统帅的时候，你是他的财务官；他是独裁者的时候，你是他的骑兵统领。事实上，这场战争是你发起的，恺撒的每一个暴行都是你怂恿的，在一场场连续的抢劫中，你也一直都是他的同伙。你自己认为恺撒在遗嘱中会将你当作养子[10]，而他那个时候在做什么呢？他在采取措施对付你，你在拍卖中因为买房子、花园以及其他财物所欠的钱，恺撒都要求你如数返还。

你的回答在刚开始异常可恶，不过，我承认有些地方是公平合理的，我不想让人觉得我对你有偏见。“恺撒要钱是因为我吗？难道我不

是因为他才要钱的？或者说没有我的帮助他能在这场战争中获胜吗？当然不是，没有我他不可能赢。是我！为他发动内战提供借口；是我！提出了那些邪恶的法令；是我！不但竭力反对罗马人民的执政官和将军，而且反对整个元老院和罗马人民，反对天上的诸神、祭坛和我们祖先的家园——实际上是反抗整个罗马。恺撒不是独自一人完成征服的，为什么共苦的人不能同甘呢？”的确很合理，但这个理由不能击中要害，因为恺撒是比较强的那一个。所以，为了平息你的不满，他派了士兵去见你和你的保证人。

接着，突然就出现了你那份惊人的财产清单。所有人都在嘲笑那份清单的长度，嘲笑那些各种不同的财物，因为那里面没有一个（除了密塞努的土地）可以称得上是他自己的。不过，这场拍卖本身的场景就十分惨淡。那里有庞培的一些长袍，有的上面甚至还有污点，一些磨损变形的银质杯盘，几个衣衫褴褛的奴隶。剩下的东西也寥寥无几。不过，如果没有任何东西留下来，我们的悲伤可能会少一些。

但是，卢修斯·鲁伯里厄斯·卡西纳斯的继承人以恺撒的一道法令来反对这场拍卖。安东尼这个挥霍者陷入了尴尬之中，无处可躲。就在这个特殊的时刻有消息传出：在恺撒家中逮捕了安东尼派去的一名手持匕首的杀手。恺撒以此为由在元老院公开指责你。但是因为你实在太穷了，他宽限你在几天之内还债，接着便去了西班牙。即使这样，你也没有和他一起出行。一个如此优秀的角斗士竟然这么早就退休了？一个人如果在支持自己这一方时（同样也意味着支持自己）都表现得如此恐惧，那么别人肯定不会对他有所畏惧了。

最终在过了一段时间后，安东尼的确去了西班牙。但正如他所想的那样，他没能安全抵达。那么，多拉贝拉是怎么到达那里的？安东尼，你要么就别使用这个借口，要是使用了，就应该坚持到底。恺撒曾三次与自己的同胞为敌，分别是在帖撒利、阿非利加和西班牙。多拉贝拉参

加了这些所有的战斗，并且在西班牙负伤。如果你想知道我的看法，我希望他没有参加这些战斗。虽然他最初的决定应该受到谴责，不过他至少应该因为自己的坚持而受到表扬。但是，你呢？那个时候，庞培的儿子们正在杀出一条回家之路，这无疑让所有效忠于恺撒的人都焦虑不堪。换句话说，庞培的儿子们正在竭力恢复他们家神的神龛，他们神圣的炉灶、家园以及他们家族的守护神，这些都是被你夺走的东西。当他们不得不使用武力来夺回属于自己的合法财产时谁最应该成为他们的主要目标呢？（虽然在这种不当的行为中根本没有公正可言）这个人就是——你！他们财产的占有者。所以这是你与他们之间的战争，难道不是吗？但是多拉贝拉却不得不因此在西班牙作战，而你却在那波，在主人的餐桌前呕吐。

接着你从那波返回。事实上，你是想知道我为什么突然中断旅行返回罗马。对此我已经向元老院作出解释。如果可以的话，我想在新年到来之前就为国效力。你问我是怎么回来的。首先，我是在白天到达的，而不是黑夜。其次，我是穿着我自己的靴子和托迦袍回来的，而不是穿着高卢便鞋和斗篷。不过，我看到你似乎对我怒目相视。但是如果你知道我为你的无耻而感到羞愧——相反地，你自己却没有——你就应该对我友好一点。在我的所见所闻之中，没有任何一个人所犯的所有罪行比这更加无耻。你——曾经的骑兵统领，而今为了竞选下一届执政官竟然穿着高卢便鞋和斗篷访遍了高卢的所有城镇，这简直和乞丐没什么两样。当我们是执政官候选人的时候，也会在这些城镇拉选票，不过那时候要得到任命靠的是选票而不是个人的施舍。

看看这个人有多轻浮！那天在3点钟的时候，他到达罗马，来到了达萨科萨卢拉。然后便躲在一个破旧的小酒馆里喝酒，一直喝到晚上。接着一辆双轮马车快速将他带到市里，他蒙着脸到了自己的家里。守门人问他：“你是谁？”他答道：“我是安东尼的信使。”随即被带到一个女人面前，并且交给她一封信。这个女人便是他回来的原因。看了信后，

她哭了起来，因为这是一封情书，主要内容是他不再跟那个女戏子有瓜葛，只爱她一个人。当她哭得越来越厉害的时候，这个软心肠的家伙再也忍不住了。他揭开自己的头巾，双手抱住了她的脖子。多么无耻的家伙啊！就算是再无耻的词也不足以形容他。仅仅为了让自己突然出现在这女人面前，他便让整个城市在晚上陷入恐惧之中，让意大利陷入长久的烦恼之中。在她看到一个男妓这样的行为后，定会觉得惊喜万分。

在家里你可以声称是为了爱情，但是在其他地方你却有一些更加邪恶的意图：为了阻止鲁西乌斯·普兰库斯出售你的抵押品。一位保民官曾在一个公共集会上买下了你，但是你却回答说：“我来这里是为了我的私人财产。”所有的人都把这当作一个天大的笑话。[11]

不过，这些小事就说到这里，我们还是回到那些更重要的问题上吧！当恺撒从西班牙回来后，你不远千里去见他，并且速去速回，因为这样会让恺撒觉得虽然你不勇敢但至少精力充沛。不知怎么地，你再次和他重归于好。不过，恺撒就是那样的人，对于那些因为濒临破产而陷于绝望之中的无耻之徒，他都愿意与其成为亲密的朋友。你在这些方面表现得非常出色，所以他任命你为执政官，作为他的同僚。人们只能向多拉贝拉表示同情，恺撒一直鼓励多拉贝拉参加竞选，但是最后却欺骗了他。大家都知道你和恺撒在这个问题上背叛了多拉贝拉。恺撒让他成为执政官的候选人，并允诺让他赢得选举，却背弃之前的承诺将职位收为己有，而你也在其中推波助澜。

1月1日，我们大家被迫来到元老院。多拉贝拉对安东尼进行了批判，比我现在的更加全面和强烈。天啊！安东尼在愤怒之中都说了什么啊！恺撒在他东去之前便表明要任命多拉贝拉为执政官。不过，他们竟然否认言行一向如此的人是一个独裁者。但是，在恺撒这样说过之后，这位杰出的占卜官安东尼宣布，他作为一名祭司可以利用占卜征兆阻止或废除选举。并且，他宣称自己将会这么做。大家看看，他真是蠢得让

人难以置信啊！安东尼，占卜官的职位让你有权实施这些行为。但是就算不是占卜官，仅仅作为执政官，你也有权那么做。事实上，执政官的权力难道不是更大吗？我们占卜官只被授予报告预兆的权力，而执政官和其他行政官员实际上却有观察天象的权力。

很好，就算是因为你缺乏经验而搞砸了这件事吧。我们不能期待从一个永远糊里糊涂的人那里得到正确的判断。不过，请大家看看他有多无知。几个月之前，他曾在元老院宣布他要么利用占卜征兆阻止议会选举多拉贝拉，要么换种方式这么做。现在，除了那个已经正式开始观察天象的人，还有谁能够预言占卜中的不足？不过在选举中这样做是不合法的，如果有任何人事先观察了天象，那么他必须在选举开始之前进行报告而不是之后。安东尼既无知又无耻，他的行为所展现的无知已经达到了极点，就像他对一个占卜官职责的无知一样。所以，让我们回忆一下从他担任执政官的那天起，一直到3月15日所发生的事情。没有一个仆人能够如此谦虚，如此卑微。他自己什么事情都不会做，每件事都得求别人。你可以看到他将头缩回自己的轿子后面请求同僚[12]的帮助。

多拉贝拉选举的日子到了，最先投票的权利是由抽签决定的，安东尼对此没有任何异议。抽签结果出来后，安东尼保持沉默。于是，第一等级的人投票，公布投票结果；然后，第二等级的人投票——这一切很快就结束了，比我讲这个故事还要快。当前面这些程序结束后，再接着，就是我们这位杰出的占卜官——你们可能会认为他是盖厄斯·莱留斯本人——宣布："会议推迟到另外一天。"多么荒谬啊！多么鲁莽啊！你没有看到，也没有领悟到，更没有听到任何预兆。你没有说你之前一直在观察天象，今天也没有。所以这个问题就在于这是你在很久之前也就是1月1日时所预言过的。换句话说，你肯定是在报告假的预兆。你利用宗教来约束罗马人民。作为占卜官你向占卜官报告假的预兆，作为执政官你向执政官报告假的预兆。希望那些可怕的恶果不要降临在罗马人民身上，只降临在你的身上。

这就是我要说的全部事情，否则再说下去就有可能看起来在否定多拉贝拉的行为，不过占卜团肯定在某个时间会得知此事。大家看看这个人有多么蛮横无理！只要你安东尼自己乐意，多拉贝拉的执政官选举就是不合法的。接着，你又改了主意，认为占卜征兆的程序在这次选举上根本没有任何问题！如果你所说的占卜官报告没有意义，那也就相当于承认，你在说延期的时候不是清醒的。但若这些话有某种意义，那么作为我的占卜官同僚，我想请问你这些话是什么意思。

不过，我绝对不会在这次演说中故意略去安东尼众多功绩中那极为优秀的一个行为。所以，我们来谈一下牧神节吧！众位元老院议员，大家请看。他无法隐藏内心的焦虑，你们看到他看起来有多烦恼了吗？他脸色惨白，汗流不止。不过没关系，只要他没有生病，他就会像在木诺西乌柱廊那里一样。他是怎么在牧神节为自己那可耻的行为辩护的？我很希望能听到这个辩护，顺便了解一下他在给自己辩论老师缴纳了那一大笔学费和列奥蒂尼的土地后，有什么样的成果。

你的同僚正身穿紫袍，头戴花环就座于讲坛的金色椅子之上。你爬上讲坛，走向恺撒的椅子——虽然你就像卢佩库斯牧神一样，不过你也应该记得你是一名执政官——然后拿出一顶王冠。整个讲坛此时都发出一阵叹息。这个王冠是从哪里得来的？肯定不是你在地上捡到的吧！当然不是，这是你从自己家里带来的。这是一项有预谋的犯罪。然后，你将王冠戴在他的头上，人们为之悲叹。然而，他又将王冠拿下，人们为之鼓掌。

所以，罪人，你独自一人已经准备好在集会上倡导在罗马建立独裁统治，希望你的同僚能成为你的君主，并且要将罗马人民置于独裁统治的水深火热之中。你甚至像一个乞丐一样趴在他的脚下试图让他对你有所怜悯。你在祈求什么呢？成为他的奴隶吗？不过就你自己而言，这个祈求倒是很合适，因为从童年开始你便屈服于所有发生在你身上的事

情。对你一个人来说，要转变为奴隶制很简单，不过，我们自己、全体罗马人民都没有授予你这样的权利。

你赤身裸体时所发表的那个演讲是多么雄辩机智啊！不过，还有什么行为能比这更加可耻，更应受到最严厉的惩罚？你是一个在恐惧中等待主人鞭打的奴隶吗？如果你还有一点感觉，那你现在肯定能感到鞭打，因为我对这些事情的解释定会让你血流不止。虽然这并不是我的本意，但我这样解释也许会贬低那些伟大的解放者。不过，你的恶行着实让人心痛，我必须说出我的观点。当看到那个拒绝王冠的人被杀，并且是在众人的一致希望下被杀后，让人惊讶的是那个献给他王冠的人却还存活于世。更让人吃惊的是，他竟然让人在牧神节的公共记录中写下："在人民的命令之下，执政官安东尼授予永久的独裁者——恺撒王权。恺撒予以拒绝。"

因此，在你仇恨罗马，仇恨光明，整日和那些鸡鸣狗盗之徒喝酒之时，我并没有对你破坏国家和平感到意外。因为对你来说，没有什么地方是安全的。你能在那些拥有法律和法庭的地方找到容身之处吗？不能，因为这些正是你竭尽全力想要通过暴政废除和替代的东西。这难道不是塔奎纽斯被驱逐，斯普利乌·卡修斯、斯普利乌·买利厄斯、马库斯·曼利厄斯被处死的原因吗？然而在几百年过去后，安东尼却犯下了在罗马拥立国王这一邪恶的罪行。

还是让我们回到占卜这个话题吧！恺撒打算在3月15日的元老院会议上处理这个问题。安东尼，我必须问你在当时想要说什么。我听说你那天去元老院主要是为了反驳我，因为我曾断言你的占卜预兆报告是虚假的——占卜预兆除非被宣布无效，否则就必须严格遵守。不过上天保佑才使得那天本来要进行的事情没有发生。恺撒之死打消了你关于预兆的念头了吗？

但是，在我讨论这个话题之前，我必须谈一下其他事情。在那个光

荣的日子里，你惊慌逃窜，偷偷躲在家里，因为良心的不安让你感到死亡在向你靠近。那些关心你生命安全的人照看着你，因为他们希望你行为理智。我对未来的预言一向准确无误，但却总被大家忽略。在卡皮托利山上，当我们那些尊贵的解放者希望我去劝说你为共和政府效力时，我便告诉他们，在你害怕的时候，你会允诺所有事情，但是当你不再害怕的时候，你就会恢复本性。因此，当其他一些前任执政官频繁出入于你的家里时，我依然坚持自己的观点。并且，那天以及之后的第二天我都没有见你。因为我相信忠诚的罗马公民不会和一个没有原则的敌人达成任何协议，也不会和他结成同盟。

两天后，我十分不情愿地来到忒路斯神庙，因为士兵们封锁了所有的通道。这天对你来说多么重要啊！虽然你突然间与我为敌，不过我还是为你感到遗憾，因为你随后的行为有愧于你良好的声誉。天知道，只要你能坚持你那天所表现出的态度，你也会成为一个英雄。并且，在那种情况下我们可以通过那位出身高贵的人质——马库斯·班巴里奥的孙子——得到所期盼的和平。

在恐惧的指导下，你行为举止良好，俨然是一位好公民。但是，恐惧缺乏持久性。相反地，一直伴随你的是狂妄嚣张，用不了多久你便会再一次走向罪恶，因为只有在你害怕的时候它才会消失。事实上，那时人们（除我以外）都对你赞扬有加，而你却无耻地主持了那位暴君的葬礼——如果那个仪式可以被称作葬礼的话。你在葬礼上宣读了庄重的悼词，作出了悲怆的道德呼吁。你点燃火把，火化了恺撒的尸体，同样也是这把火烧毁了卢修斯·贝利努斯的房子。安东尼，你发动那些大多是奴隶的流氓破坏我们的家园，使得我们不得不亲自来对抗这些暴行。

不过，似乎是你清理了火葬堆的那些烟灰。随后，你在卡皮托利山上、在元老院面前提出了优秀的决议。我指的是那些宣布从3月15日起，不再张贴免税或者其他类似特权的公告。至于那些赦免，以及那些

流放的人，你知道你自己说了什么。不过，在这之中最值得称赞的就是你为这个国家永远地废除了独裁者这个头衔。因为你感觉到人们近来对独裁者的恐惧，以及对其无比的仇视，所以决定将其永远废除。

至此，对于其他人来说，国家似乎稳稳地建立了起来，不过我并不这样想，因为我认为由你掌舵的船一定会出事故。难道我错了吗？一个人能长时间伪装自己吗？元老院的议员们，你们都亲自看到了接下来所发生的事情。卡皮托利山上到处都张贴着公告，出售免税权，不仅仅面向个人，而且面向整个国家；公民权不再授予个人而是授予整个行省。如果这些决议长期有效，我们的国家势必走向衰败。众位议员，你们已经失去了所有的行省，并且他在自己开设的市场内大幅度削减税收。他是在削弱整个罗马帝国啊！

奥浦斯神庙账本中所记载的那7亿塞特拉斯现在在哪里？虽然这笔钱财是不义之财，但是如果这些钱不能归还给它的主人，至少它还可以使我们免除财产税。不过，安东尼你能不能解释一下：为什么在3月15日的时候，你负债400万塞特拉斯，而在4月1日的时候便还清了所有债务？

此外，你很清楚自己的众多法令都是通过钱财收买别人才得到支持的。不过，那些张贴在卡皮托利山上的法令中的确有一条十分优秀。这与罗马人民的好朋友——戴奥塔鲁斯国王相关。尽管所有人都处于悲伤之中，但是在看到这条法令时都忍不住大笑。因为没有人像恺撒恨戴奥塔鲁斯那样恨过别人。他对戴奥塔鲁斯的恨就像他对元老院、罗马骑士、马西利亚人以及每一个他认为热爱罗马和罗马人民的人的恨一样。在恺撒的一生中，不管是当着戴奥塔鲁斯的面还是在他缺席的时候，他从没有公平、友好地对待戴奥塔鲁斯。但是，你却想让我们相信在恺撒死了之后，戴奥塔鲁斯得到了他的青睐。戴奥塔鲁斯作为主人招待恺撒，与他待在一起。但是恺撒召见他，让他上缴金钱，并安排一名希腊

人在他的执政区任职。除此之外，恺撒还剥夺了元老院附赠给戴奥塔鲁斯的管辖之地——亚美尼亚。但是，你现在却想让我们相信恺撒活着时占有的东西在他死后却归还了出来。

请大家注意一下他是怎么表述的。很明显，他有时将这次归还描述成“公正”的，有时候是“并非不公正”。多么特殊的阐释啊！虽然我没有和戴奥塔鲁斯在一起，但我永远为他辩护。不过，我们为戴奥塔鲁斯作出的任何辩护在恺撒看来似乎都是不公正的。

安东尼那个女人的房间里曾进行过很多交易，现在也仍在继续。也正是在这个房间里，戴奥塔鲁斯派遣他的使者在谈判后签署了一千万赛斯特斯的付款保证书。这些使者都很善良，但是有点胆小、缺乏经验，也没有询问我和国王其他一些朋友的意见。关于这个付款保证书，我建议你仔细考虑一下该怎么处理。因为，当戴奥塔鲁斯听闻恺撒的死讯后，便主动出击，依靠自己的力量拿回了属于自己的东西，根本没有考虑恺撒有可能留下来的任何备忘录。戴奥塔鲁斯是明智的，因为他知道这样做永远是合法的，即当偷取他人财产的暴君被杀死后，那些受害者有权拿回自己被侵占的财产。所以，没有一个律师，就算是现在代表你的专属律师也不会说你是戴奥塔鲁斯的债权人，因为在这份合约执行前他已经拿回了属于自己的东西。他并没有从你的手里买到那些东西，因为在你能把他自己的那些财产卖给他之前，他已经拿回了那些东西。他确实是个不简单的人物！不过另一方面，我们的确有点可鄙，因为我们对自己憎恨之人的一些行为予以支持。

对于那些无数的备忘录以及众多所谓的恺撒亲笔签名，我不发表任何看法。不过，我们可以看看制造这些东西的伪造犯，他们公开出售这些备忘录、签名，就像这些东西是角斗士表演简介一样。因此，安东尼现在居住的地方堆积了大量的金钱，这些钱只能用秤来称，因为根本数不过来。但是，贪婪也让他犯下了很多无知的过错。例如，他最近张贴

了一个免除克里特最富有群体的税务的告示。这个告示宣布："当马库斯·布鲁特斯执政期结束的时候，"克里特将不再是一个行省。不过，安东尼你的理智呢？难道就真的没有什么可以约束你吗？恺撒怎么可能会颁布一条这样的法令——"在布鲁特斯任期结束的时候"豁免克里特的税务？因为在恺撒活着的时候，布鲁特斯和克里特根本就没有这样的关系。不过，众位元老院议员，不要认为因为这个原因这条法令就不会被出售，事实上，它已经让你们失去了克里特行省。只要一件东西有人买，安东尼随时都准备将其出售。

安东尼，至于你提出那条召回流亡犯的法律，是不是也是恺撒颁布的呢？我并不是想迫害任何身处困境之人，只是有以下几点抱怨。首先，这批新召回的流亡犯对于那些被恺撒单独列出、认为他们应该被召回的人来说是一种侮辱。其次，我不明白为什么你不能对所有人一视同仁，因为剩下的人最多三四个而已。我不明白为什么你没有给予身处同样困境的人以同样的怜悯，为什么不能对你的叔叔以及其他一些人一视同仁？当你为别人制定法律的时候，为什么要将自己的叔叔排除在外。而另一方面，你却敦促他去竞选监察官之位！事实上，正是这一点激起了人们的嘲讽和抗议。不过，你既然这么支持他，为什么不亲自主持那场竞选呢？难道是因为有位保民官在那之前宣布将会有不祥之兆？当占卜涉及你自身利益的时候，征兆便没有任何作用；但是，当涉及到朋友的利益的时候，你就变得小心翼翼了。接着，当你的叔叔在竞选"七人委员会"候选人的时候，你再一次背离了他。不要告诉我们这是因为你受到一些可怕敌人的威胁，你不敢违背他们的意愿，担心自己会有生命危险。如果你还忠于自己的家族，你就应该像尊敬父亲一样尊敬他，但是，你却多次对他进行侮辱。

更无耻的是，在你找到新欢之后，你便将他的女儿，也就是你的堂妹安东尼娅赶出家门。在此之前你曾四处张望，但作出了另一种安排。对此你还不满意，甚至控告她犯下通奸之罪，然而世界上再也没有哪个

女人比她更清白了。你简直已经丧心病狂到了极点，就算是这样你还不满意。在1月1日元老院全体会议上，当然你的叔叔也出席了那次会议，你竟然厚颜无耻地宣布就是因为多拉贝拉与你的堂妹，也就是你的妻子通奸，所以你才将他视为敌人。要说出你的哪一个行为是最可恶的确实很难。是你厚颜无耻地在元老院里作出这样指控？是你不择手段地反对多拉贝拉？还是你无礼地在她父亲面前说出这些话语？又或者是你残忍地用这些肮脏的言语来污蔑这位不幸的女人？

但是，还是让我们回到那些被当成是恺撒亲笔签署的法令上吧。安东尼，你怎么证明这些是恺撒的法令？元老院为了和平已经批准了恺撒的一些法令，当然是那些真的，而不是你所声称的那些。不过，这些法令是从哪里来的？又是依仗谁的权威提出来的？如果它们是伪造的，为什么会被批准？如果是真的，为什么要花钱来通过这些法令？元老院已经作出了这样的决定，自6月1日起，元老院议员将会在一个顾问委员会的帮助之下对恺撒的法令进行调查。什么委员会？你曾经召集过这个委员会的成员吗？你所等待的那个6月1日，无疑是你从退伍士兵殖民城邦返回的日子，因为你会带着军队再次返回。

在你四五月的那次旅途中，你甚至想要在加普亚建立一个殖民城邦，多么辉煌的一件事情啊！但是，我们都知道你是怎么离开那里的，或者说你差点不能离开，不过，你还是口口声声地威胁加普亚。我希望你能把你所说的那些话付诸实践，这样“差点”这个词就可以删掉了。你的确取得了很大的进步！不过我不想谈论你那些丰盛的晚宴和疯狂的酗酒，这不仅仅是你的损失，也是我们的损失。即使是之前为了将土地分发给士兵，免除坎帕尼亚的税务，我们也认为这对国家的利益造成了很大的冲击。但是，事实上你却将那里的土地分给了和你一起吃喝玩乐、一起赌博的朋友。元老院的议员们啊！他甚至将那些男男女女的戏子们都安置在加普亚。让人同样厌恶的是他对列奥蒂尼土地的处理。那里曾经土壤肥沃，作物收成良好，就像坎帕尼亚一样，为罗马作出了很大的

贡献，是罗马必不可少的一个地方。但是，你竟然将1875英亩的土地送给了你的医生。有些人可能会问道：如果他真的将你的脑子医治好了，你会给他多大一块土地啊？此外，你又将1250英亩的土地送给了你的辩论老师。如果他真的让你成为一个演说家，那你究竟会给他多少土地啊？

不过，我们还是回到你的旅行，以及它对意大利所造成的影响这个话题上吧！你在恺撒曾经建立了殖民城邦的地方——卡西努姆，重新建立了一个由退伍士兵组成的殖民城邦。你写信给我，询问我对在加普亚建立殖民城邦的意见，不过我给你的答复和有关卡西努姆问题的答复一样。你问我在一个已经建立了殖民城邦的地方再建一个殖民城邦是不是合法，我回复说，在遵循占卜预兆、已经正式建立了一个殖民城邦的地方再建立一个新的殖民城邦是不合法的，不过我也指出可以让新的殖民者居住在旧殖民城邦。尽管如此，你对占卜的所有规定置若罔闻，就算几年之前刚刚在卡西努姆建立了一个殖民城邦，你还是在这里重新建立了一个。你甚至提高了你的标准，用犁头划出了界线。但是你的犁头几乎划过加普亚的城门，严重地侵犯了那个最繁荣的殖民城邦的领地。

刚违反了宗教规定，你便又迫不及待地违反其他规定，因为你又觊觎马库斯·特伦替厄斯·瓦罗在卡西努姆的财产。不过，马库斯·瓦罗是一个非常虔诚、十分高尚之人，你这样做究竟是出于法律还是道德的制裁？你的回答肯定和你当初掠夺卢修斯·鲁伯里厄斯的继承人、卢修斯·忒塞留斯的继承人，以及其他众多继承人财产的理由一样。那么，既然现在你是在拍卖上得到这些财产的，我们承认拍卖有这样的权利，不过我们认为书面说明也有一定的权利。比如，这些证据能够证明财产是恺撒的，而不是你的；又如，它们能够证明你是一个债务人，而不是免除你的债务。

至于瓦罗在卡西努姆的农场，谁说它已经被卖了？有人看见拍卖时

的长矛，还是听到了拍卖者的叫喊？你说你派了一个人去亚历山大里亚从恺撒那里购买这片土地。你迫不及待，根本无法等到恺撒归来。不过，没有一个人听说过瓦罗有任何财产被充公，也没有任何人的福利能比瓦罗的更引起大家的关注。如果事实是恺撒写信命你将这些土地还回去，那么我们简直找不到合适的词来形容你这些暴行。只要你把我们能看见的那些士兵都调走一会儿，只要你那样做了，你很快就会明白无论恺撒拍卖的理由是什么，你自己的无耻之举完全在另外一个水平上。因为只要这些士兵一撤走，你就将发现自己会被扔到瓦罗家门外。不仅房子的主人会驱逐你，他的每一个朋友、邻居、访客和仆人也肯定会驱赶你。

你日复一日地在瓦罗的别墅里放纵自己。从早上7点开始，就一直饮酒、赌博、呕吐。这个房子如此不幸，拥有这样一个“邪恶的主人”。

但是，安东尼怎么能被称作是它的主人呢？我们还是叫他占有者吧。就这样，这个房子有了一个邪恶的占有者，马库斯·瓦罗选择这个地方不是为了放纵而是为了退隐、学习。这些墙壁曾经见证了那些机智的讨论、高贵的思想、杰出的著作，罗马人民的法律、我们祖先的历史、智慧的真理以及所有的知识。但是，当你成为这里的房客后——我不会把你称作房主，房子里充满了酒徒的喧嚣，小路上洒满了酒，就连墙壁上也有酒滴下来。在那里总能看见出身自由的青年与男妓厮混不止，家庭妇女与妓女纠缠不休。

人们从卡西努姆、阿奎努姆、英特拉纳前来向他致敬，但是他不允许任何人进门拜访。不过这样做也十分合适，因为像他这么堕落的人根本配不上这一职位的徽章。当他经过阿奎努姆前往罗马的时候，因为这里人口众多，所以有很多人前来欢迎他。但是，他坐在一个封闭的轿子里穿过街道，就像那里面抬着死人一样。毫无疑问，阿奎努姆这些人的行为确实很愚蠢，但是他们就住在安东尼经过的路边。而阿纳尼亚的那

些人呢？相反地，他们住的离他经过的地方很远，但他们以为安东尼是执政官因此前来欢迎他。不过，让人难以置信的是他竟然对这些问候没有任何回应。虽然我不在现场，但是我可以保证所有的人当时都注意到了这一点。更让人难以置信的是，他身边有两个阿纳尼亚人——穆斯特拉和拉珂。前者照看他的剑，后者管理他的酒杯。

根本不用我来提醒，你们都知道他曾经威胁和侮辱昔狄西尼人和普特利人，而这都是因为他们选择了卡修斯家族和布鲁特斯家族来做自己的保护人。不过，他们的选择完全是出于积极的肯定、正确的判断、友好的感觉以及自己的情感，而不是因为武力和暴力的威胁。而你和米纽修斯·巴西鲁斯，以及其他像你们这样的人都是用这种方式来强迫别人选你们，否则没人会自愿选择你们来做他的保护人，即使是依附者，你们也不在选择之内。

与此同时，当你不在的时候，你的同僚[13]推翻了讲坛上那座让你一直尊敬有加的墓碑，这一天对他来说意义非凡。当你得知这件事后，竟然晕厥过去。当时和你在一起的人都知道这件事。我并不清楚随后发生的事情，但我认为是恐惧和武装暴力让你晕厥的。因为，你让你的同僚从天堂坠落，使他不像原来的自己，不过要是说你让他成为第二个你却言之过甚。

你重返罗马使整个城市陷入骚动之中。因为我们都记得卢修斯·科尼厄斯·秦纳的大权在握、苏拉的高压统治，而之后恺撒的独裁统治也仍然记忆犹新。那时候，也可能有刀剑，但是它们仍在剑鞘之中，并且数量也不多。然而你的队伍却是十分野蛮的，你的追随者都处于战争的命令之下，手握出鞘刀剑，肩扛轻便盾牌。不过，众位熟悉这些场景的元老院议员也都对此习以为常。

尽管我们尽自己最大的努力去参加原定在6月1日的元老院会议，却因突然受到威胁，不得不缺席会议。不过，安东尼对此欣喜若狂，因为

他认为元老院根本没有存在的必要，也不希望我们任何人出席会议，随即便开始实施那些滔天罪行。他曾因为自己的个人利益而为恺撒的法令辩护，也曾为了颠覆这个国家的体制而废除恺撒的法律，尽管那些法律是好的。例如，他延长了行省官员的任期。虽然他应该保护恺撒的法令，但是事实上却将那些有关国家事务和私人事务的法律通通予以废除。现今，在国家事务中最为重要的就是法律，在私人事务中最为有效的则是遗嘱。然而，他却将两者都废除了。他在有或者没有通告的情况之下便将法律废除；而他所废除的遗嘱就算是最低等的公民也应该遵守。他从庞培的花园和西皮奥的别墅里将恺撒留给继承人——罗马人民——的那些雕像、绘画通通都搬走了。

不过，安东尼你如此怀念恺撒，你热爱这个已经死去的人，对吗？然而，他所获得的最大荣耀也就是神榻、塑像、山形墙和他的祭司而已。正是因为这些荣耀，就像朱庇特、玛尔斯、奎利努斯有自己的祭司一样，安东尼就是朱利叶斯的祭司。不过，安东尼你并没有就职，没有承担起一个祭司的责任，这是为什么呢？你尽可以选择一个时间，选一个人来安排你就职。我们是你的同僚，没人会拒绝你。不过，无论是恺撒这个独裁者的祭司，还是一个死者的祭司都同样令人厌恶。

现在，我得问你一个问题：你难道不知道今天是什么日子吗？你难道不知道昨天是罗马广场赛会的第四天吗？你亲自向人民集会提议：为了表示对恺撒的尊敬，应该将赛会延长一天。但是，为什么我们现在没有身着节日盛装？为什么要忽略你的法律所授予恺撒的荣耀？很显然，你也打算作出让步，你认为这个神圣的日子应该被额外的感恩节日所玷污，而不是被神榻玷污。不过，你要么完全废除宗教仪式，要么就一成不变地保留下来。

你问我是不是喜欢这些神榻、山形墙和神圣的祭司，我一个都不喜欢。但是作为恺撒法令的维护者，你却没有理由来解释为什么你只维持

了其中的一些而忽略了另一些，除非你打算承认你这样做是出于自己的利益而非恺撒的荣耀。请你回答这些问题，我很期待你的雄辩。我知道你的祖父是一个出色的雄辩家，不过，你肯定在演讲时拥有比他更多的自由，因为他从来不会将自己的想法完全赤裸裸地表达出来！但是，你这个头脑简单的家伙，竟然让我们都对你的想法一清二楚！对此你能让我作答吗？你敢开口吗？事实上，我怀疑在我这么长的演讲中，你是否有勇气来回答其中的任何一个指责。

不过，过去的就让它过去吧，我们来谈谈此时此刻我正在说话时你的那些行为吧！为自己辩护吧，如果你可以的话。请解释一下为什么元老院被这些士兵包围？为什么我的听众中有你那帮手握刀剑的匪徒？为什么要关上协和神庙的大门？为什么要让世上最野蛮的以提利亚人手持弓箭来到讲坛？安东尼说："我这么做都是自我防卫。"不过，一千人的死亡难道要比一个人死亡更好吗？况且，那一个人要是没有武装护卫就不能在自己的团体中存活下去。但是，我可以告诉你武装护卫并不是真正的保护。你所需要的保护不是来自武器，而是出自同胞们对你的关爱和友善。因为罗马人民将会夺取你的武器并在你面前将其毁掉。我希望在那发生之前，我们仍然健在。不过，不管你怎么对我们，相信我，这些办法都不是长久之计。你的妻子并非吝啬之人，当然这句话并没有任何不敬的意思，不过她对罗马人民的第三次分期付款[14]已经拖了很久。

我们国家并不缺少管理政务之人。不管他们在哪里，他们都是保卫国家的中流砥柱，是我们罗马的中流砥柱。罗马虽然为自己复了仇，但是还没有完全恢复。不过，那些尊贵的青年们随时都准备好保卫我们的祖国。他们也许想要退隐一些时日，但是罗马最终会将他们召回。

和平之名美丽动人，和平本身幸福美好。但是和平与奴役这两者有很大的不同：和平是人们安享自由；而奴役是万恶之首，应当被废除，

如果有必要，即使是以战争，甚至是以死亡为代价也在所不惜。虽然我们的解放者们已经退出了我们的视线，但是他们英勇的行为成了我们学习的榜样。他们的功绩前所未有。卢修斯·朱尼厄斯·布鲁特斯发动了反对塔奎因国王的战争，而那个时候王权在罗马是合法的；斯普利乌·卡修斯·维塞林厄斯、斯普利乌·买利厄斯、马库斯·曼利厄斯·卡庇托林努斯因为被怀疑谋夺王权而被处死。但是，这是人们第一次举起刀剑杀掉那个不仅仅觊觎王权，并且就像国王一样实行统治的人。他们的行为本身就极其高贵，并且为我们树立了榜样。很显然，即使是广阔无垠的天堂也无法容纳他们所取得的荣耀。况且，承认这是一次高贵的胜利本身就是非常丰厚的奖赏，但是我相信，没有人会反对他们已经赢得了更大的荣耀——永垂不朽！

安东尼，你应该记得你永远废除独裁的那一天！你回想一下，那个时候元老院和罗马人民是多么喜悦啊！可是将这与你和你的朋友们现在忙于的交易相比，你就会意识到收获和荣誉的不同。正如有些疾病或味觉上的迟钝会让人们无法品尝食物一样，同样的道理，荣耀对于放荡之人、守财奴和罪犯都没有吸引力。

不过，如果荣耀都不能激励你表现得体一点，那么恐惧是不是同样也不能让你停止那些令人讨厌的行为？我知道你不惧怕法庭。如果这是因为无辜，那么你应该被赞扬；但如果是因为你依靠武力，那你就会害怕另外一些人。难道你不知道因为武力而无视法律的人必定会畏惧另外一类人吗？如果你是因为自己有随从保护而不害怕罗马的勇士和忠诚的公民，那么相信我，你的拥护者不会长久地支持你。日夜担心自己的追随者会对自己不利，这还能被称为一种生活吗？并且就恩惠而言，恺撒曾经赐给那些杀手的恩惠比你赐给别人的更多。

不过，你和恺撒没有任何可比性。恺撒集天赋、手段、博闻强记、修养、执着、智慧和勤勉于一身。虽然他发动战争给我们国家带来了灾

难，但他在战争中所取得的成就依然是伟大的。多年来他旨在谋取王位和王权，付出了无尽的努力、克服了无数的困难才实现了自己的目标。他利用娱乐演出、公共建设、分发食物和宴会来笼络那些无知的大众，他用丰厚的奖赏来保持朋友对自己的忠心，而对于自己的敌人，他会施以怜悯从而获得他们的支持。他恩威并施，让一个自由的国度变成了奴役之国。

安东尼，只有你的统治之欲可以和恺撒相比，在其他每个方面，你都无法与他相提并论。虽然恺撒给我们国家带来了伤害，但是至少也有一定好处。比如，罗马人民现在已经知道他们应该相信谁，应该将自己的命运托付给谁，而又该警惕谁。你没有想过这些事情吗？那些勇士已经明白杀死一个暴君是一个极为高尚的行为，将会得到丰厚的回报和无限的荣誉。你难道不懂这件事的重要性吗？在人们不能容忍恺撒的时候，他们还会容忍你吗？相信我吧，这次他们会迫不及待、争先恐后地来做这件事。缺乏耐心的他们甚至不会等到时机成熟便来实施这一行动。

最后，安东尼，请你想想自己的国家吧！想想生你养你的人，而不是现在和你一伙的那些人。你可以对我为所欲为，但我请求你不要再与国家为敌，不过，决定权都在你手里。至于我，我知道自己该怎么做。我年轻的时候在捍卫我们的国家，现在就算我老了，也不会抛弃她。我既然藐视喀提林的武士，自然也不会害怕你的。相反，如果我的死亡能换回我们国家的自由，能让长期遭受苦难的罗马人民得到最终的解脱，我很乐意献出自己的生命。大概在20年之前，如果我在这座神庙里说过死亡不能提前降临到一个执政官头上，那么在我年老的时候再说这话便包含更多的道理。各位元老院议员们，在我获得了众多荣誉之后，在我做了这些事情以后，我甚至有点向往死亡。现在我只有两个愿望：第一，如果我的死亡能够让罗马人民获得自由，那将是不朽的诸神对我最大的恩赐；第二，所有人的命运都应该与他对国家的贡献相一致。

[1]富尔维亚（Fulvia），曾先后是帕布利厄斯·克劳狄厄斯、库里奥和安东尼的妻子。

[2]福米奥和格纳所分别是特伦斯（公元前195—前159）所著的两部喜剧《福米奥》（Phorrnio）和《阉人》（Eunuch）中的食客。巴里奥是普劳图斯（公元前254—前184）所著的《撒谎者》（The Cheat）中的皮条客。

[3]出自西塞罗备受争议之诗《在他执政之期》（On his Consulate），后面一句是“让荣誉归属于诚实之士”（let laurel yield to honest worth）。

[4]帕布利厄斯·卡斯卡是第一个举起反抗恺撒大旗之人，他的弟弟是盖厄斯。

[5]即杀掉安东尼。

[6]如果一个朋友的遗嘱里没有提到某人，这被视为对其的一种轻蔑。那些不能收取费用的律师特别希望能得到这种回报。

[7]古罗马时候的货币。——译者注

[8]公元前49年1月2日，安东尼和另外一个保民官否决了元老院的一个提议，该提议认为除非恺撒在一个指定的时间之前交出他的军队领导权，否则将宣布他是一个公敌。8天后，恺撒越过卢比孔河。

[9]公元前67年，庞培在与海盗作战时捕获的。

[10]当安东尼知道在恺撒的公开遗嘱中将继承权留给屋大维，只任命安东尼为第二继承人后，很受打击。

[11]这个笑话就是大家都知道安东尼一贫如洗，这在罗马人看来是一种耻辱。

[12]恺撒。

[13]多拉贝拉，现任执政官。

[14]她的三次分期付款分别是她的三个丈夫（37页的脚注）。

Cicero

An Attack on an Enemy of Freedom

TRANSLATED BY MICHAEL GRANT

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The First Philippic against Mark Antony

Senators, before I offer the views on the political situation which the circumstances seem to me to demand, I will briefly indicate to you the reasons, first why I left Rome, and then why I turned back again.

As long as it still seemed possible to hope that you had resumed your control and authority over the government, I felt determined, as consul and Senator, to remain at my post. And so, from the day when we were summoned to meet in the Temple of Tellus, I made no journeys and never lifted my eyes from public affairs. In that temple I did all that was within my power to lay the foundations of peace. I reminded members of the ancient precedent created by the Athenians – making use in my oration of the Greek term which that state then employed to calm down civil strife – and I moved that every memory of our internal discords should be effaced in everlasting oblivion.

Mark Antony made a fine speech on that day, and his intentions were excellent. It was, indeed, he and his children who made it possible for peace to be established with the greatest of our fellow-citizens. What followed was in harmony with these beginnings. He held consultations on the national situation at his home, and invited the political leaders to attend. He offered admirable recommendations to the Senate. At that stage nothing was disinterred from Gaius Caesar's notebooks except matters that were generally known already. In his reply to every question Antony was completely direct.

Were any exiles recalled? One, he said, and nobody else. Were any tax-exemptions granted? None, he replied. He even wanted us to accept the proposal of the illustrious Servius Sulpicius that no announcement should be posted of any decree or favour attributed to Caesar which had originated subsequently to the Ides of March. Of the many other excellent measures of Mark Antony I will say nothing, because I want to pass immediately to one particular admirable step that he took. The dictatorship, which had come to usurp virtually monarchical powers, was completely eliminated from the Roman constitution by his agency; we did not even debate the question. He brought us a draft of the decree he wanted the Senate to adopt, and when this was read out we accepted his proposal with the utmost enthusiasm, and passed a highly complimentary vote of thanks in his honour. The prospect ahead of us now seemed brilliant. For we had won liberation from the tyranny under which we had been labouring and, what is more, from all fears of similar tyranny in the future. Although there had often been legitimate dictators in the past, men could not forget the perpetual dictatorship of recent times, and by abolishing the entire office Mark Antony gave the state a mighty proof that he wanted our country to be free.

And then again, only a few days later, the Senate was delivered from the peril of a massacre when the runaway slave who had appropriated the name of Marius was executed and dragged away on a hook. All these deeds were performed jointly with his colleague; other things, later, were done by Dolabella alone, but I am sure that if his colleague had not been away these also would have been matters for collaboration. For during this period a most pernicious trouble was insinuating itself into the city and gaining strength day by day. The same men who had organized that travesty of a burial were now

building a funeral monument in the Forum. Every day an increasing number of ruffians, together with their equally degraded slaves, menaced the dwellings and temples of the city with destruction. But these impudent criminal slaves, and their loathsome and infamous counterparts who were free, met their deserts from Dolabella when he pulled that accursed column down. So determined was his action that I am amazed by the contrast between that day and all the others which have followed.

For by the first of June, the date fixed for our meeting, you can see how everything had been transformed. Nothing was any longer done through the Senate, many significant measures were passed through the Assembly of the people – and others, what is more, without even consulting the Assembly, and against its wishes. The consuls elect declared they did not dare come into the Senate at all. The liberators of our country, too, were excluded from the very city which they had rescued from servitude – though the consuls simultaneously kept on praising them at public meetings and in private talk. Moreover, ex-soldiers claiming veteran rights, on whose behalf this Senate had shown great solicitude, were being egged on to cherish hopes of new plunder in addition to what they already possessed.

I came to the conclusion it was less disagreeable to hear of these things than to see them for myself; and, besides, I was entitled to go travelling on a special mission. This being so, I left Rome with the intention of being back by the first of the following January – which seemed the earliest likely date for a meeting of this body.

And so those, Senators, were the circumstances which prompted my

departure. I will now indicate briefly the motives behind my return – which no doubt gives greater cause for surprise. After avoiding Brundisium and the usual route to Greece – as it was only sensible to do – I arrived on the first of August at Syracuse, since the crossing from there to Greece was well spoken of. But although I was associated with that city by the closest ties, I could not allow it to detain me for more than a single night, despite its desire to do so, because I was afraid that my sudden arrival among my friends there might arouse suspicion if I lingered. And so I proceeded with a fair wind to Leucopetra, which is a promontory in the district of Rhegium, and there I embarked to cross over to Greece.

But I had not gone very far when a southerly gale blew me back to my embarkation point. It was the middle of the night, and I stopped at the house of my friend and associate Publius Valerius. On the next day, while I was waiting there in the hope of a favourable wind, a number of citizens of Rhegium came to see me, including newcomers from Rome. They supplied my first news of Mark Antony's speech, which pleased me so much that after reading it I first began to consider the idea of returning to Rome. A little later the manifesto of Brutus and Cassius arrived, and it seemed to me – perhaps because I esteem them as national figures even more highly than as personal friends – a model of fair-mindedness. But bearers of good news have the habit of inventing additional points to give their message an even better welcome than it would otherwise receive, and so my informants added that an agreement was about to be reached, that there would be a well-attended meeting of the Senate on the first of August, and that Antony was going to drop his bad advisers, renounce his governorship of the Gallic provinces, and resume his allegiance to the authority of the Senate.

On hearing this I felt so enthusiastic to come back that no oars and no winds were speedy enough to satisfy my impatience – not that I imagined I would fail to return in time, but I was eager not to waste a moment in offering the government my congratulations. I made a quick passage to Velia, where I saw Brutus; though I found this a sorrowful meeting. I for my part was overcome by shame at the idea of returning to the city which Brutus had just left, and consenting to live there in security when he could not do the same. However, I did not find him as upset as I was myself. For he was exalted by the consciousness of his superb and magnificent deed. And he had no complaints to make about his own fate – but many about yours.

It was he who gave me my first information about Lucius Piso's speech in the Senate on August the first. Piso had received little support, Brutus said, from the people who ought to have backed him. And yet in Brutus’ opinion – which is the most authoritative view you could have – and according also to the complimentary comments of everyone I have spoken to since then, his effort was evidently a noble one. And so I hastened back to lend him my aid. My purpose was not so much to accomplish anything concrete, for such a thing I neither expected nor, in fact, achieved. But this is a time when many things contrary to the order of nature and even against the ordinary course of fate seem likely to happen at any moment, and, in case the doom that is common to all of us should come my way, I wanted to bequeath our country the sentiments I am now expressing, as a testimonial of my eternal devotion to its welfare.

Well, those, Senators, were the motives for my two successive courses of action, and I trust I have explained them to your satisfaction. And now,

before I begin to speak about the political question, I feel obliged to enter a brief protest about the injustice Antony did me yesterday. I am his friend, and, because of a service he rendered me, I have always insisted on maintaining that this is so. Then why, I should like to know, did he show such unpleasantness in endeavouring to drag me to yesterday's Senate meeting? Was I the only absentee? Were the numbers of those present lower than on many previous occasions? Did the matter under discussion attain the degree of gravity which has some-times in the past meant that even sick men had to be carried to meetings? Are you telling me that Hannibal himself was at the gates? Or perhaps we were considering the question of peace with Pyrrhus – since that, tradition records, was the debate for which the great Appius, blind and old, had himself carried into the Senate. But no: the motion was about public thanks-givings, and that is a subject for which Senators are not usually in short supply. Securities need not be called for to guarantee their attendance, since this is ensured by their eagerness to show goodwill to the proposed recipients of the honour; and the same applies when a Triumph is being discussed. On such occasions the consuls can afford to be so indifferent that a Senator is virtually free to attend or not as he pleases.

I knew that this was the practice; and I was tired after my journey, and not very well. So for friendship's sake I sent a message to inform Antony. Whereupon he declared, in your hearing, that he would come to my house with a demolition squad. This was a remarkably ill-tempered and immoderate way to talk. Whatever sort of an offence did he suppose he was penalizing by this harsh declaration, in the presence of the Senators, of his intention to use state employees to demolish a residence that had been erected at state expense in accordance with a decision of the Senate? Never has compulsion

been applied to a Senator by any sanction as severe as that. Indeed, the only known penalties are a security or a fine. Besides, had he known the opinion I should have expressed if I had in fact attended, I am sure he would have wanted to relax the rigour of his coercive attitude quite a bit!

For you cannot imagine, gentlemen, that the decree you yesterday passed so unwillingly would have had my support. For that decree involved the confusion of a thanksgiving with a sacrifice in honour of the dead, and the insertion of sacrilegious procedures into the state religion – for such was the effect of proclaiming a thanksgiving in honour of a man who was no longer alive. The question of his identity is neither here nor there. Even if he were that famous Brutus himself, the man who by his own hand liberated the country from the tyranny of royal rule, whose descendants have maintained the same tradition of active heroism for very nearly five hundred years, still nothing would induce me to equate a dead human being with the immortal gods by awarding him a public thanksgiving when he should instead have had honours rendered to him in his grave. No, the vote I should have cast would have been one capable of justification to the Roman people in case some outstanding catastrophe such as a war or a plague or a famine overtook the country. For some of these disasters have already actually come about; while the rest, I fear, are impending. But as it is, all I can do about yesterday's decree is entreat the gods to pardon the people of Rome, who in any case do not like the measure – and to pardon the Senate that only passed it with reluctance.

Well, as regards our other political ills, am I permitted to offer my observations? For I regard myself at liberty （and always shall） to fight in

defence of my own position, and to think nothing of death; and that will always be my attitude. Only give me free access to this place, and I am prepared to express my thoughts whatever the risk.

Well, gentlemen, I wish after all it had been possible for me to attend on August the first! Not that it would have been any use, but then at least there would not have been, as there was, only one isolated consul whose behaviour lived up to his own high rank and his country's needs. How sad that the men who had received Rome's greatest favours failed to support Lucius Piso in his truly admirable motion! Was it for this meagre result that the people of Rome made us consuls? Were we supposed to enjoy the highest position that the state is able to confer, and yet remain entirely oblivious of the national interests? For not one single former consul supported Lucius Piso either by word of mouth or even by the expression on his face!

Curse it, do you have to be voluntary slaves? I grant you that a measure of servility may formerly have been unavoidable. And I am also prepared to concede that my criticism need not apply to every consular speaker indiscriminately. For I distinguish between certain people whose silence I excuse and others who I feel are under an obligation to speak out. The latter category, I regret to say, has incurred suspicion in the eyes of the Roman people. This is not so much because they are frightened, though such a thing would certainly be shameful, but because for whatever reasons – and these are various – they have fallen short of what their eminent status demands.

First of all, therefore, I want to express the warm gratitude I feel towards Piso, who was undeterred by the practical limitations of what he could

achieve for his country, and thought only of what his duty demanded that he should attempt. And then, as to my next point, Senators, I realize you may not feel sufficiently intrepid to support the point of view and course of action which I am now going to urge upon you. Nevertheless, I ask you to continue to listen with the same goodwill that you have shown me up to this point.

To begin with, then, I hold that the acts of Caesar ought to be retained. I say this not because I approve of them: for who could do that? No, I say it because I attach supreme importance to peace and tranquillity. I wish Mark Antony were here today （though I should prefer his advisers to remain elsewhere!）. But I suppose he has the right to be unwell – even if yesterday he did not allow it to myself. If he were here, he would tell me, or rather he would tell you, Senators, what line he adopts as regards the justification of Caesar's acts. The point is this: are the acts we are being asked to ratify the ones that are jotted down in scrappy memoranda and handwritten scrawls and notebooks produced on the sole authority of Antony – or rather not even produced but merely quoted – whereas the acts that Caesar himself engraved on brass tablets, with the intention of preserving the national Assembly's directions and definitive laws, are to be totally disregarded? My own view is that nothing forms such an indissoluble part of Caesar's acts as the laws which were adopted on Caesar's proposal. But if, on the other hand, he once made some promise or other to some-body, does that also really have to be regarded as irrevocable, even though he was never able to give effect to it himself? It is true that in his lifetime he offered many promises which he did not, in fact, fulfil. But these promises of his which have been dug up after his death are so immensely numerous that they exceed the entire total of the favours he actually dispensed for services rendered, or as free gifts, during all

the years of his life.

All the same, it is not by any means my intention to tamper with any of those items; I do not even propose to touch them. On the contrary, I am an enthusiastic defender of his excellent acts. For example, I sincerely wish that the funds he collected in the Temple of Ops were still there this day. Blood-stained that money certainly was, but since it cannot be restored to its owners we could make good use of it today. However, let us put up with its dissipation – if it is a fact that this is what his acts laid down.

But surely the most important of all the acts of a civil officer of state, conducting the government through the powers vested in his person, are the laws which were passed on his initiative. Look for the acts of Gaius Gracchus; you will find the Sempronian laws. Consider the acts of Sulla; the Cornelian laws are what you see. Or think of the third consulship of Pompeius – what acts did that produce? Surely his legislation again. If you asked Caesar himself to describe his acts at Rome and in civil life, he would answer that he had sponsored many first-rate laws. But his handwritten notes, on the other hand, he would either regard as provisional and liable to emendation, or he would omit to produce them at all, or even if he produced them he would not wish for their inclusion among his acts. However, that is a point on which I am prepared, in certain instances, to give way and turn a blind eye. But the most important aspect of the matter relates to his laws, and in so far as they are concerned I am by no means ready to tolerate the annulment of Caesar's acts.

Take, for example, that exceptionally salutary and valuable law, frequently longed for in the happy days of the Republic, which provides that

former praetors should not govern provinces for longer than a year, and former consuls for not more than two. Suppress this law, and how can you still speak of preserving Caesar's acts? And then again this bill that has been published about a third panel of judges – surely it rescinds Caesar's entire legislation relating to those panels. If you are going to abolish Caesar's laws how on earth can you say you defend his acts? For it is totally illogical to suggest that everything he jotted down in a notebook to help his memory, however unjust and useless, must be regarded as part of his acts, whereas what he actually had passed by the people, voting in its Assembly of Centuries, is not going to be included among them at all.

But let us see what this new third panel is. It consists of centurions, Antony says. Well, they were authorized to serve as judges, were they not, by a Julian law, and before that by Pompeian and Aurelian laws. So they did serve: and not only in cases concerning a centurion but a Roman knight as well – and so it has come about that gentlemen of great valour and repute, former commanders of troops, have served as judges in the past and still do so to this day. ‘But those are not the men I am concerned with,’ he continues. ‘I want everyone who has ever commanded a unit of a hundred men to be a judge.’ Even if you applied this principle to everyone who had served as a knight, which is after all a more distinguished rank, the argument would still be totally unconvincing. For when you appoint a judge it is perfectly proper to be guided by considerations of property and rank. ‘But such qualifications do not interest me,’ answers Antony. ‘Indeed, I am proposing that judges should be taken from another category also: from private soldiers of the Legion of the Lark. For without such a measure our supporters are sure they will suffer victimization.’ But what an insult to these people whom （though

nothing was further from their thoughts） you are proposing to mobilize as judges! For what your law implies is that the third panel is going to consist of members who will not dare to produce impartial verdicts. But, heavens, what a miscalculation on the part of the people who thought up the law! For what in fact will happen is that people of no standing who are now to be included among the judges will try to force themselves up out of their obscurity by producing the strictest possible decisions – calculating that these can get them promoted to grander panels instead of the undistinguished one to which, quite rightly, they had been allotted.

Another bill that has now been published rules that men convicted of violence and treason shall have the right to appeal to the Assembly. But, I ask you, is this a law at all – is it not rather a law to end all laws? And anyway, who cares nowadays whether this bill is persevered with or not? For there is not, in fact, one single person today awaiting trial under the laws concerned with those offences. And I do not suppose that there will be anyone in the future either – since acts perpetrated by people under arms will clearly never be brought into court!

But the measure, we are told, is a popular one. What a good thing it would be if you really had something popular in mind! For in our present circumstances, Roman citizens are unanimous in their estimate of the country's political needs. So I cannot understand your enthusiasm to propose a law which, far from being a source of popularity, is bound to earn you discredit. For it is in the highest degree discreditable that a man who has committed violence and treason against the Roman people, and suffered condemnation for those offences, should forthwith be allowed to relapse into

precisely the same violent behaviour which was responsible for his conviction. However, it is a waste of time to go on arguing about the proposed law. For obviously its real concern is not with the question of appeal at all. Its object, and your object in bringing it forward, is to prevent any and every prosecution under the laws in question. For how could one ever find a prosecutor idiotic enough to secure a conviction and thus expose himself to hostile crowds on someone else's payroll, or a judge rash enough to pronounce a sentence which will get him dragged before a gang of bribed toughs?

No, the bill is not really designed to give a right of appeal. What it does instead is to hand over two particularly useful laws and courts to suppression. In other words it offers young men a clear invitation to become riotous, seditious, pernicious citizens. One hesitates to think of the ruinous excesses to which rabid tribunes will be encouraged to go when these two courts for violence and treason are no more. Besides, the measure will also have the effect of superseding the laws of Caesar which rule that men convicted of the two offences in question become outlaws banned from water and fire. Because, surely, to allow people condemned for these crimes to appeal is tantamount to declaring that these acts of Caesar are abolished. Although I personally was never in favour of his acts, gentlemen, I nevertheless maintained that for unity's sake they ought to be kept intact. That is why I maintain that nothing should be done at this juncture to annul the laws he sponsored in his lifetime – or even, for that matter, the ones you now see published and posted after his death.

It is true that exiles are recalled from banishment – by a man who is

dead. A dead man, again, has conferred citizenship, not merely on individuals but on entire nations and provinces. A dead man has wiped out national revenues, by unlimited grants of ex-emption. And yet, even so, I assert my willingness to defend these measures, even when they are only guaranteed by a single individual's authority （a substantial authority, admittedly） and produced from his own house. But, if this is accepted, how on earth can we simultaneously urge the suppression of laws which Caesar himself read out in our presence and published and proposed, laws about provinces and about courts which he was well content to sponsor and considered indispensable to our national interests? When laws are publicly announced, as those were, at least we are afforded a chance to complain if we want to. But when we merely have to rely on hearsay to discover that a law has been passed at all, no such opportunity exists. And the laws produced by Antony were passed with-out any prior advertisement whatever: we were not even shown a preliminary draft.

There is no reason, it is true, Senators, why I myself, or any of you, need have the slightest fear of bad laws being adopted so long as good tribunes are available. And we do possess such tribunes, men ready to apply their veto, ready to use their sacred office in defence of the constitution. Obviously we ought, then, to lack the slightest grounds for apprehension. ‘But what is this veto,’ asks Antony, ‘what sacred office are you talking about?’ The answer is that the right of veto, and the office to which I refer, are institutions fundamental to the security of the state. ‘That does not impress us at all,’ Antony comments. ‘We regard it as old-fashioned and stupid. What we shall do is to barricade the Forum and close all its entrances; detachments of armed men will be posted at numerous points.’

And then, I suppose, what is transacted in that fashion will be law. And you will give orders to have bronze tablets engraved with the legal formula ‘the consuls by right of law put the question to the people’. But how can you call this the same right of putting the question which our forefathers handed down to us? The formula continues, ‘and the people by right of law passed the measure’. Which people? The ones who were shut out? And what right of law? The law which armed violence has obliterated out of existence?

These observations are intended as guidance for the future – since it is the duty of a friend to offer advance warning against things that can still be avoided. If these unfortunate occurrences never materialize, then my comments will automatically be refuted. The bills I am talking about are ones which are going to be published in due form, and there is nothing to stop you from proposing whatever you like. But as for myself, I consider it my duty to forecast possible flaws and ask you for their removal – to denounce, in other words, armed violence, and to demand its elimination!

When patriotic motives impel me, Dolabella, to offer such suggestions, I am justified in hoping that you consuls will not take it amiss. I do not imagine that you yourself will be angry, since I know what a good-tempered man you are. But people are commenting that your colleague Mark Antony, as he luxuriates in his present position which he regards as so fine （though I would hold him more fortunate, to put it mildly, if he modelled his consulship on those of his grandfathers and his maternal uncle）, has taken offence. Now it is far from agreeable, I can see, when a man who has something against you holds a weapon in his hand – especially now that swords can be used with such impunity. But I will propose a pact: it seems to me a fair

arrangement and I do not believe Antony will turn it down. That is to say, if I utter one single insulting remark about his private life or his morals I shall not object to him treating me as a bitter enemy. But if, on the other hand, I merely adhere to the custom of my entire political career and pronounce my frank opinion about national issues, first of all I beg him not to be indignant with me, and next, if that plea fails, I at least urge that his indignation should only be that of one fellow-citizen against another. Let him by all means employ an armed guard if this is needed, as he claims, for self-defence; but do not let their weapons be used on people who are expressing their views on public affairs. Now, what could be a fairer request than that? However, if any and every speech which goes against his wishes causes him to take umbrage even though it may contain not a trace of an insult – and some of his friends have told me that this is what happens – then we shall just have to put up with our friend's disposition and leave it at that. But these same henchmen of Antony also advise me, ‘You as an opponent of Caesar will not be allowed the same indulgence as Piso, who was the father of his wife.’ And at the same time they give me a word of warning which I do not propose to neglect, and it is this: being ill has not served me as an excuse for absence from the Senate – but I shall have a better excuse if I am dead!

You are my intimate friend, Dolabella; and, when I see you sitting there, heaven knows I find it impossible to keep silent about the mistake that you are both making. Each of you is a nobleman with lofty aims, and I must part company with those who maintain, in their excessive credulity, that it is money you are after; for that is something which men of true greatness and renown have always despised. I refuse to believe that what you want is wealth acquired by violent means, or the sort of power that Romans would

find intolerable. Yours, I am convinced, is the very different ambition of gaining the love of your fellow-citizens and winning a splendid reputation. Such a reputation means praise won by noble actions and by great services to one's country, and endorsed by the testimony of national leaders and the whole population. And I would be prepared to enlarge further, Dolabella, on this subject of the rewards won by splendid deeds, did I not see that in these recent times you yourself have shown that you appreciate this very matter even better than anyone else.

For you can surely remember no happier occasion in all your life than the day on which, before returning home, you cleaned up the Forum, dispersed that concourse of blasphemous scoundrels, punished the ringleaders for their loathsome designs, and rescued the city from incendiarism and the menace of massacre. All members of the community, whatever their rank or class or station, pressed forward to compliment and congratulate you. Indeed, loyal citizens were even thanking and congratulating me as your proxy; because they believed your deed had been instigated by myself. Cast your mind back, I urge you, Dolabella, to that unanimous demonstration in the theatre when the entire crowd of spectators, dismissing from their minds what they had held against you previously, revealed that your recent action on their behalf had made them put aside all recollection of their earlier grudges.

And so it distresses me deeply, Dolabella, that after winning such great respect you should now be prepared to cast this all aside with complete equanimity.

And as for you, Mark Antony, you are not with us now, but I have an

appeal to address to you all the same. That one day, on which the Senate met in the temple of Tellus, must surely have happier memories for you than all the subsequent months in which so many people （greatly differing from me） have accounted you fortunate. For what a splendid speech you made about national unity! When you renounced your hostility towards your fellow-consul and forgot the unfavourable auspices which you yourself as an augur of Rome had declared to be an impediment to his election: when you accepted him for the first time as your colleague, and sent your infant son to the Capitol as a hostage, your words freed the ex-soldiers from all apprehensions about their position, and indeed delivered our entire nation from its anxieties. Never has there been more rejoicing than there was on that day, both in the Senate and among the whole people of Rome – which was gathered together in numbers such as had never been seen at any public meeting before. At that juncture it finally and definitely seemed true that the action of those most valiant citizens had brought us our liberty, because their wish had come true, and the outcome of liberation was peace.

And then again on the next day and the second and the third and those that followed, you daily continued to confer some fresh gift upon your country; and the greatest of all these benefits was your abolition of the title of dictator. For that was the time when you （of all people） branded the dead Caesar's memory with ineradicable infamy. In a bygone age the crime of a single Marcus Manlius caused the Manlian family to decree that no patrician Manlius should ever again bear the first name of Marcus. And now, by the same token, the detestation felt for a single dictator caused you to suppress the name of dictator altogether.

But then, after these outstanding services that you had contributed to the nation, whatever can have happened? Did you regret the good fortune and illustriousness and glory and renown you had won? I wonder how that sudden transformation came about. I cannot bring myself to suspect you were corrupted by financial considerations. Let people say what they like, one is not forced to believe them: and I have never found anything squalid or mean in your character. It is true that the people in a man's home some-times deprave him – but I know very well that you are a strong-minded person. I am only sorry that your freedom from guilt is not equalled by your freedom from suspicion.

But what frightens me more than such imputations is the possibility that you yourself may disregard the true path of glory, and instead consider it glorious to possess more power than all your fellow-citizens combined – preferring that they should fear you rather than like you. If that is what you think, your idea of where the road of glory lies is mistaken. For glory consists of being regarded with affection by one's country, winning praise and respect and love; whereas to be feared and disliked, on the other hand, is unpleasant and hateful and debilitating and precarious. This is clear enough from the play in which the man said, ‘Let them hate provided that they fear’. He found to his cost that such a policy was his ruin. It would have been so much better, Mark Antony, if you had kept the record of your grandfather before your eyes. You have heard me speak of him at length and on numerous occasions. Do you think he would have regarded his claim to immortality as being best served by terrorizing people with armed gangs? No, what life and good fortune meant to him was to be the equal of everybody else in freedom, but their superior in his honourable way of life. About his glorious successes I

shall say nothing now; but I want to record my conviction that the last tragic day of his life was preferable to the tyranny of Lucius Cinna who brutally slew him.

However, I see no hope of influencing you by what I say. For if the end that befell Gaius Caesar does not persuade you that it is better to inspire affection than terror, no words that anyone could utter will have the slightest effect or success. People who say Caesar was enviable are profoundly misguided. For no one can be said to have a happy life when its violent termination brings his slayers not merely impunity but the height of glory. So change your ways, I entreat you. Remember your ancestors – and govern our country in such a way that your fellow-citizens will rejoice that you were born. For without that there is no such thing as happiness, or renown, or security.

Your fellow-Romans have furnished you both with ample warnings, and it worries me that they fail to impress you sufficiently. Think of the clamour raised by countless citizens at gladiatorial shows, think of all the versified popular slogans, think of those endless acclamations in front of the statue of Pompeius, think of the two tribunes who are against you! Surely these are sufficient indications that every Roman speaks with a single voice! And then again did you attach no importance to the applause at Apollo's Games? – or rather I should call it the testimony and judgement of the entire Roman people. What an honour for the men who were prevented by armed violence from being present in person – though they were present in the hearts and emotions of the people of Rome! Or did you really suppose that all that approval was meant for the playwright Accius – that his tragedy was winning

a belated prize sixty years after its first performance? No, Brutus was the man for whom the cheering and the prize were intended. He could not himself attend the games that were displayed in his name, but the Romans who witnessed that sumptuous show paid their tribute to him in his absence, and sought to comfort the sadness which they felt because their liberator was not with them by incessant cheers and shouts of sympathy.

Personally I have always despised applause of this kind – when its recipients are the sort of men who will do anything to win popularity. All the same, when the cheering comes unanimously from the highest and middle and lowest classes of the community alike, and when the politicians who used to bow to the popular will are suddenly found going in the opposite direction, that seems to me to constitute not merely applause but a verdict!

Or if you regard that as a trivial matter – although it is actually most significant – do you also attach no importance to the proof you have seen of Rome's loving solicitude for the health of Aulus Hirtius? It was already a very notable fact that Roman people esteem him as they do, that unique affection is lavished on him by his friends, that his family hold him so exceptionally dear. But now, in his illness, is there anyone in the memory of mankind who has been the object of such profound anxiety among all good citizens, and of such universal alarm? Nobody has ever been favoured with such demonstrations before. And so does it not occur to you that the people who are so deeply concerned for the lives of those they hope will serve the state may start having thoughts about your own lives as well?

Senators, the rewards I hoped to gain from my return are now mine. For the views I have expressed to you today are a guarantee that, whatever may

happen in the future, my determination shall be on record: Moreover, you have given me an attentive and sympathetic hearing. If, without peril to myself and you, I am allowed further opportunities to speak, I shall use them as often as I can. If not, I shall work to the best of my ability for the welfare not of my own self but of our country. Meanwhile, I can say that my life has now lasted long enough, by the measure of years and fame alike. If an additional span is now to be vouchsafed to me, I shall again not devote it to my own interests, but it will be placed, as before, at the disposal of yourselves and Rome.

An Attack on an Enemy of Freedom （The Second Philippic against Mark Antony）

Members of the Senate: Why is this my fate? I am obliged to record that, for twenty years past, our country has never had an enemy who has not, simultaneously, made himself an enemy of mine as well. I need mention no names. You remember the men for yourselves. They have paid me graver penalties than I could have wished.

Antony, you are modelling your actions on theirs. So what happened to them ought to frighten you; I am amazed that it does not. When those others were against me as well as against Rome I was less surprised. For they did not seek me out as an enemy. No, it was I who, for patriotic reasons, took the initiative against every one of them. But you I have never injured, even in words. And yet, without provocation, you have assailed me with gross insults. Catiline himself could not have been so outrageous, nor Publius Clodius so hysterical. Evidently you felt that the way to make friends, in disreputable circles, was by breaking off relations with me.

Did you take this step in a spirit of contempt? I should not have thought that my life, and my reputation, and my qualities – such as they are – provide suitable material for Antony's contempt. Nor can he have believed, surely, that he could successfully disparage me before the Senate. Accustomed

though it is to complimenting distinguished Romans for good service to the state, the Senate has praised only one man for actually rescuing it from annihilation: and that is myself. But perhaps Antony's ambition was to compete with me as a speaker? If so, how extremely generous of him to present me with such a subject – justification of myself, criticism of him: the richest and most promising theme imaginable! No, the truth is clearly this. He saw no chance of proving to people like himself that he was Rome's enemy, unless he became mine too.

Before I reply to his other accusations, I should like to say a few words in answer to one particular complaint, namely that it was I who broke our friend-ship. Because I regard this as a very serious charge. He has protested that I once spoke against him in a lawsuit. But surely I was obliged to support my close friend against someone with whom I had no connexion. Besides, the backer of my friend's opponent was only interested in him from a discreditable interest in his youthfulness, and not because the young man was really promising. Since his supporter had procured an unfair result through a scandalous exercise of the veto, I had no choice but to intervene. However, I think I know why you brought the matter up. You wanted to ingratiate yourself with the underworld, by reminding everybody that you are the son-in-law of an ex-slave, Quintus Fadius; in other words, a former slave is the grandfather of your children.

Yet you allege that you constantly visited my house, in order to receive my tuition. If you had, your reputation and your morals would have benefited. But you did not! Even if you had wanted to, Gains Scribonius Curio would never have let you. Then you claim that you retired from the

election to the augurship in my favour. That is sheer effrontery: monstrous, shameless, and unbelievable. In those days, when the entire Board of Augurs was pressing me to become a member, and my nominators （only two being allowed） were Pompey and Quintus Hortensius, you were completely destitute. There was only one hope of safety which you could see, and that was revolution. At that juncture you stood no chance whatever of becoming an augur; for Curio was out of Italy. Later, when you came up for election, you could not have secured the votes of a single tribe without Curio. So energetic, indeed, was the canvassing of his friends on your behalf, that they were condemned in the courts for the use of violence!

You did me a favour, you object. Certainly; I have always admitted the instance that you quote. It seemed to me less undesirable to admit my obligation to you than to let ignorant people think me ungrateful. However, the favour was this, was it not? – that you did not kill me at Brundisium. But I do not see how you could have killed me. For I had been ordered to Italy by the conqueror himself – the very man whose chief gangster you were congratulating yourself on having become.

Nevertheless, let us imagine that you could have killed me. That, Senators, is what a favour from gangsters amounts to. They refrain from murdering someone; then they boast that they have spared him! If that is a true favour, then those who killed Caesar, after he had spared them, would never have been regarded as so glorious – and they are men whom you yourself habitually describe as noble. But the mere abstention from a dreadful crime is surely no sort of favour. In the situation in which this ‘favour’ placed me, my dominant feelings ought not to have been pleasure because you did

not kill me, but sorrow because you could have done so with impunity.

However, let us even assume that it was a favour; at any rate the best favour that a gangster could confer. Still, in what respect can you call me ungrateful? Were my protests against the downfall of our country wrong, because you might think they showed ingratitude? I admit that there was no lack of grief and misery in my complaints. But a man in my position, the position conferred on me by the Senate and people of Rome, could not help that. And my words were restrained and friendly, never insulting. Surely that is real moderation – to protest about Antony and yet refrain from abuse!

For what was left of Rome, Antony, owed its final annihilation to yourself. In your home everything had a price: and a truly sordid series of deals it was. Laws you passed, laws you caused to be put through in your interests, had never even been formally proposed. You admitted this yourself. You were an augur, yet you never took the auspices. You were a consul, yet you blocked the legal right of other officials to exercise the veto. Your armed escort was shocking. You are a drink-sodden, sex-ridden wreck. Never a day passes in that ill-reputed house of yours without orgies of the most repulsive kind.

In spite of all that, I restricted myself in my speech to solemn complaints concerning the state of our nation. I said nothing personal about the man. I might have been conducting a case against Marcus Licinius Crassus （as I often have, on grave issues） instead of against this utterly loathsome gladiator.

Today, therefore, I am going to ensure that he under-stands what a

favour I, on that occasion, conferred upon himself. He read out a letter, this creature, which he said I had sent him. But he has absolutely no idea how to behave – how other people behave. Who, with the slightest knowledge of decent people's habits, could conceivably produce letters sent him by a friend, and read them in public, merely because some quarrel has arisen between him and the other? Such conduct strikes at the roots of human relations; it means that absent friends are excluded from communicating with each other. For men fill their letters with flippancies which appear tasteless if they are published – and with serious matters which are quite unsuitable for wide circulation. Antony's action proves he is totally uncivilized.

But just see how unbelievably stupid he is as well. Try to answer my next point, you marvel of eloquence! （At least that is what you seem to Seius Mustela and Numisius Tiro, who stand here in full view of the Senate at this very moment, sword in hand: and even I shall admit that you are an eloquent orator after you explain to me how, when they were charged with assassination, you could get them acquitted.） However, to resume – what if I denied that I had ever sent you that letter? You would be left without an answer: you could not find a shred of evidence to convict me. By the handwriting? It is true that you have found your knowledge of handwriting very lucrative. All the same, your efforts would be pointless, because the letter was written by a secretary. What a lucky man your teacher of oratory was! You paid him very handsomely （as I shall remind you later）, and yet when you left his hands you were still a complete fool. To charge one's opponent with something which, in the face of a blank denial, he cannot press home to the slightest effect is of no service whatever to any speaker; indeed to anyone with any sense at all. Nevertheless I do not deny authorship. And

when I say that, I am also saying that you are not ill-behaved but a lunatic. For my whole letter was replete with dutiful kindness – it was a veritable model of how to behave. Your criticism concerning its contents merely amounts to this: that I do not express a bad opinion of you; and that I address you as a Roman citizen and a decent man, instead of as a bandit and a criminal.

Now I do not propose to produce your letter, though under this provocation I should be entitled to: the letter in which you begged me to consent to someone's return from exile, and promised that you would not bring him back unless I agreed. And I did agree. For it was not for me to stand in the way of your outrageous behaviour, seeing that this is uncontrollable even by the authority of this Senatorial Order, and universal public opinion, and the whole body of the law. But what was the point of making me such a plea, when Caesar had actually passed a law authorizing the return of the very man with whom your letter was concerned? No doubt Antony was eager that I should get the credit! – seeing that even he was not going to win any credit, since the matter had already been settled by legislation.

Senators: in self-defence, and in denunciation of Antony, I have no lack of material. But as regards the former of those themes, I have an appeal to make: while I speak in my own defence I urge you to be indulgent. The second matter I shall look after on my own account – I shall ensure that what I am going to say against Antony impresses itself upon your attention. At the same time I beg this of you. My whole career as a speaker, indeed my whole life, has, I believe, demonstrated to you that I am a moderate man and not an

extremist. So do not suppose that I have forgotten myself when I reply to this man in the spirit in which he has challenged me. I am not going to treat him as a consul, for he did not treat me as a former consul, as a man of consular rank. Besides, he is no true consul at all. He does not live like one; he does not work like one; and he was never elected to be one. Whereas a former consul I unquestionably am.

You can see what sort of a consul he claims to be by the way in which he criticizes my tenure of that office. Yet my consulship, Senators, though it can be called mine, was in plain fact yours. For everything I decided, every policy I carried out, every action I took, derived from this Senatorial Order – from its deliberations, its authority, and its rulings. What a strange kind of wisdom you show, Antony – eloquence is evidently not your only quality – when you abuse me before the very men whose corporate judgement inspired those actions of mine! The only people who have ever abused my consulship are Publius Clodius and yourself. And his fate – the fate which also overtook Curio – will be yours: for what brought death to both of them is now in your home![(1)]

So Antony disapproves of my consulship. But – to name first the most recently deceased of the ex-consuls of that time – Publius Servilius Vatia Isauricus thought well of it. Quintus Lutatius Catulus, who will always carry weight among our countrymen, like-wise bestowed upon me his approval. So did Lucius Licinius Lucullus and his brother Marcus, and Marcus Licinius Crassus, Quintus Hortensius, Gaius Scribonius Curio the elder, Gaius Calpurnius Piso, Manius Acilius Glabrio, Manius Aemilius Lepidus, Lucius Volcacius Tullus, Gaius Marcius Figulus, and the two consuls designate at

the time, Decimus Junius Silanus and Lucius Licinius Murena. And Marcus Porcius Cato felt the same as those of consular rank: he too praised my activities as consul. Your consulship, on the other hand, was the worst of the many things which death spared Cato. Another very strong supporter of mine was Pompey. When we first met after his return from Syria, he embraced me, offered his congratulations, and declared that it was through my services that there was still a Rome for him to see. But why do I mention individuals? A very full house of the Senate so warmly applauded my consulship that there was not a man there who did not thank me as if I had been his father. Their possessions, their lives, their children's lives, their country – they owed all these, said every one of them, to me.

However, since Rome has lost all the great men whom I have mentioned, let us pass to the two ex-consuls of that time who are still with us. For those very actions which you denounce, that brilliant statesman Lucius Aurelius Cotta proposed that I should be accorded a most generous vote of thanks. And this proposal was adopted – by those very ex-consuls whose names I have just recorded, and indeed by the whole Senate. This was an honour which, ever since the city's foundation, had been awarded to no civilian before me. On that occasion your uncle Lucius Julius Caesar attacked his sister's husband, your stepfather; and he spoke with great eloquence, solemnity, and firmness. In all your activities throughout your whole life, your inspiration, your teacher, ought to have been Lucius Caesar. But instead of your uncle, the man on whom you preferred to model yourself was your step-father. When I was consul I consulted Lucius Caesar, though we were not related. You are his sister's son: but when did you ever consult him on state affairs?

Who, indeed, are Antony's advisers? Evidently people whose birthdays have not come to our attention. Antony is not attending the Senate today. Why? He is giving a birthday-party on his estate. For whom? I shall name no names. No doubt it is some comic Phormio or other, some Gnatho or Ballio. (2) What a disgusting, intolerable sensualist the man is, as well as a vicious, unsavoury crook! How is it possible, Antony, that you should consistently fail to consult that admi-rable leading Senator Lucius Caesar, who is your close relation, while instead you prefer to rely on the advice of this collection of down-and-out spongers?

I see; *your* consulship is beneficent, *mine* was destructive. Your impudence must be equal to your debauchery if you dare make that assertion in the very place where, as consul, I consulted the Senate, which once, in its glory, presided over the whole world: namely, in this temple of Concord, now crammed – by your agency – with delinquents bristling with weapons. And yet you had the effrontery, the unlimited effrontery, to claim that, when I was consul, the road up the Capitoline Hillwas packed with armed slaves! Do you really mean to suggest that I was applying violent pres-sure upon the Senate in order to force through those decrees of mine – in other words, that they were discreditable? You poor fool, to utter such impertinences before men of this calibre! – if the facts are known to you: or perhaps they are not, since all that is good is completely foreign to your mind.

When the Senate met in this temple, every single Roman knight, every young man of aristocratic birth – except yourself – every man （of whatever class） who was conscious of his Roman citizenship, gathered together on the road to the Capitol; each of them gave in his name. So many were they

that no number of secretaries or writing tablets could have been enough for the registration of the entire multitude of them.

For that was the very moment when evil men were confessing that they had planned to assassinate their country. The revelations of their own accomplices had forced them to this admission. So had their own handwriting, and the almost audible testimony of their own letters. To murder the citizens of Rome – that was the intention which emerged; to ravage Italy; revolution! At such a time, no one could fail to hear the call to defend the common cause – especially as the Senate and Roman people, in those days, possessed a leader. If they had his like as a leader now, the fate that descended upon those anarchists would be yours also.

Antony protests that I refused to give up his stepfather's body for burial. But even Publius Clodius never brought that charge. I was the enemy of Clodius – justifiably: but your faults, I regret to see, are blacker even than his. Why did it occur to you, I wonder, to remind us of your upbringing in your stepfather's home? I suppose you were afraid that we should be sceptical of nature's unaided effects; that we should need this evidence of upbringing before we could understand why you had turned out so criminally.

Really, your speech was demented, it was so full of inconsistencies. From beginning to end, you were not merely incoherent but glaringly self-contradictory: indeed you contradicted yourself more often than you contradicted me. You admitted that your stepfather was involved in that terrible crime, and yet you complained because he had been punished for what he did. But the effect of that argument was to praise my part in the matter, and to blame what was wholly the Senate's part. For whereas it was I

who arrested the guilty men, it was the Senate which punished them. So our masterly speaker here does not realize he is praising the man he is trying to attack, and is abusing those who sit here listening to him!

I will not call this effrontery – which is in any case a quality he proudly claims. But Antony has no desire to be stupid, and he must be the most stupid man alive to talk of the Capitoline road at this moment – when armed men are actually standing here among our benches, are stationed with their swords in that same temple of Concord, heaven bear me witness, where my consulship saw decisions which saved our nation and brought us in safety to this day.

Go on, criticize the Senate, criticize the knights who were at that time its partners. Assail every class and every citizen with your accusations, provided you admit that at the present moment this meeting of ours here is picketed by your Ituraean police. Unscrupulous-ness is not what prompts these shameless statements of yours; you make them because you entirely fail to grasp how you are contradicting yourself. In fact, you must be an imbecile. How could a sane person first take up arms to destroy his country, and then protest because someone else had armed himself to save it?

At one point you tried to be witty. Heaven knows this did not suit you. And your failure is particularly blameworthy, since you could have acquired some wit from that professional actress known as your wife. 'Let gown be mightier than sword'(3) were the words of mine that you mocked. Well, that was so in those days, was it not? But since then your swords have won. Let us consider which was the better: the time when gangsters' weapons were overcome by men defending Roman freedom, or now, when your weapons

have struck that freedom down. As far as my poem is concerned that is the only answer I have to give. I will merely add briefly that you understand neither this poem nor any other literature. I, on the other hand, though I have not neglected my duty to our country or to my friends, have nevertheless employed my leisure hours in literary productions of many kinds. All that I have written, the whole of my effort, has been intended for the benefit of young people and for the greater glory of Rome. However, that is another matter. Let us turn to questions of more importance.

It was upon my initiative, you said, that Publius Clodius was killed by Titus Annius Milo. But what would people have thought if he had been killed when, sword in hand, *you* chased him into the Forum, with the whole of Rome looking on? If he had not stopped you by hiding under the stairs of a bookshop and barricading them, you would have finished him off. Now I admit that I viewed your attempt with favour; yet even you do not claim that I prompted you. But as for Milo, I did not have an opportunity even to favour his attempt, since he had completed the job before anyone suspected what he was going to do. You say I prompted him. So presumably Milo was not the sort of man who could perform a patriotic action without a prompter! I celebrated the deed when it was done, you point out. But when the whole nation was rejoicing, why should I be the only mourner? Certainly, the inquiry into Clodius's death was not very judiciously designed. For when an established legal procedure for murder was available, the creation of a new law to deal with the case was pointless. Anyway, that is what was done, and the inquiry took its course. At the time, when the matter was under active consideration, no one brought this charge against me. It remained for you to perpetrate the fabrication after all these years!

Your next impudent accusation – made at considerable length – is that I was responsible for alienating Pompey from Caesar, and that by so doing I caused the Civil War. Your mistake in saying this is not wholly factual, but chronological; and this is a significant point. It is true that, during the consulship of the admirable Marcus Calpurnius Bibulus, I made every possible attempt to separate Pompey from Caesar. But Caesar was more successful: for he alienated Pompey from me. And when Pompey had wholeheartedly joined Caesar, how could I endeavour to set them apart? I should have been foolish to hope for such a thing – and impertinent to attempt persuasion. Yet there were two occasions on which I advised Pompey against Caesar. Blame me for them, if you can. First, I advised him not to renew Caesar's five-year term in Gaul; secondly, I urged him not to allow Caesar's candidature for the consulship *in absentia*. If I had been successful on either occasion, our present miseries would never have befallen us.

But instead Pompey made a present to Caesar of all his own resources, and all the resources of Rome. Only then did he belatedly begin to understand what I had foreseen long before. But by that time I had also come to realize that a criminal attack on our country was imminent. That is why, from then onward, I never ceased to urge peace, harmony, and arrangement. Many people knew what I was saying: ‘If only, Pompey, you had either avoided joining Caesar or avoided breaking with him! Your strength of character demanded the former course, and your wisdom the latter!’ That, Antony, was the advice I consistently gave in regard to Pompey and the crisis of our Republic. If this advice had prevailed, the Republic would still be flourishing: but you would not be, for your scandalous, down-at-heels, infamous behaviour would have brought you down.

However, these are old stories. Your new story is this: I was responsible for the killing of Caesar. Now, Senators, I am afraid I may look guilty, at this point, of a deplorable offence: namely the production, in a case against myself, of a sham prosecutor – a man who will load me with compliments whether I am entitled to them or not. For among the company who did that most glorious of deeds, my name was never once heard. Yet not a name among them remained secret. Secret, do I say? Every one of them was instantly known far and wide! It was much more likely, believe me, that men should have boasted of complicity, though they had nothing to do with the deed, than that having been accomplices they should have desired to conceal the fact. There were quite a number of them; some obscure, some youthful – not the sort of people who would keep anyone's identity quiet. So, if I had been involved, how on earth could my participation have remained unknown?

Besides – if we really need to assume that the prime movers in that operation needed prompting to free their country! – was it for me to inspire the two Brutuses? Every day, in their own homes, each of them had the statue of Lucius Junius Brutus to gaze upon – and one of them had Gaius Servilius Ahala as well. These living Brutuses, with these ancestors, needed no outside advisers from other houses: they had advisers ready to hand within their own homes. Gaius Cassius Longinus, too, belongs to a clan incapable of tolerating not only autocracy but even excessive power in any single individual. Yet apparently he needed me as his instigator! On the contrary, even before his present distinguished associates were avail-able, Cassius had proposed to perform this same task in Cilicia at the mouth of the Cydnus, if only Caesar, after deciding to moor his ships on one bank of the river, had not moored them on the other instead. And then again, when the recovery of freedom was

at stake, what need had Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus of me to inspire him? Inspiration enough for Domitius was the memory of how his noble father and his uncle had died – and how he himself had been deprived of his rights as a citizen. As for Gaius Trebonius, far from persuading him, I should not even have ventured to advise him – so close were his ties with Caesar. The existence of those ties increases the debt of gratitude which our country owes Trebonius: for one man's friendship seemed to him of less importance than the freedom of the Roman people – he could have shared autocracy, but he preferred to strike it down. Or was I Lucius Tillius Cimber's counsellor? No, my admiration for him after he had done the deed was a great deal stronger than my confidence, beforehand, that he would do it; I admired him all the more because he disregarded the personal favours he had received: he thought only of Rome. And then the two Serviliuses – whether to call them Cascas[(4)] or Ahalas I do not know. Do you suppose they needed my advice to urge them on? They had their love for their country. To enumerate all the rest would take too long; it reflects great credit on themselves, and great glory on Rome, that they were so many!

But remember, please, how this astute man demonstrated my complicity. ‘When Caesar had been killed,’ said he, ‘Brutus immediately brandished aloft his bloodstained dagger and called out Cicero's name, congratulating him on the recovery of national freedom.’ But this choice of myself, above all others – why must it indicate my foreknowledge? Consider instead whether the reason why Brutus called upon me was not this. The deed which he had done resembled the deeds which I had done myself: that is why he singled me out – to proclaim that he had modelled himself on me.

What a fool you are, Antony. Do you not under-stand this? If wanting Caesar to be killed （as you complain that I did） is a crime, then it is also criminal to have rejoiced when he was dead. For between the man who advises an action and the man who approves when it is done there is not the slightest difference. Whether I wished the deed to be performed or am glad after its performance, is wholly immaterial. Yet, with the exception of the men who wanted to make an autocratic monarch of him, all were willing for this to happen – or were glad when it had happened. So everyone is guilty! For every decent person, in so far as he had any say in the matter, killed Caesar! Plans, courage, opportunities were in some cases lacking; but the desire nobody lacked.

Just listen to the fatuity of this man – this sheep, rather. Here were his words: ‘Brutus, whose name I mention with all respect, called out Cicero's name while he was holding the bloodstained dagger: from which you must understand that Cicero was an accomplice.’ So, just because you suspect that I suspected something you call me a criminal, yet the man who brandished a dripping dagger is mentioned by you ‘with all respect’! Very well, use this imbecile language if you must; and your actions and opinions are even more brainless. In the end, Consul, you will have to make up your mind! You must pronounce your final judgement on the cause of the Brutuses, Cassius, Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus, Gaius Trebonius, and the rest. Sleep off your hangover – breathe it out. Perhaps a torch might be administered, to sting you out of your snoring over this far from unimportant matter. Will you never understand that you *must* decide which description to apply to the men who did that deed: are they murderers or are they the restorers of national freedom?

Concentrate, please – just for a little. Try to make your brain work for a moment as if you were sober. I confess I am their friend – you prefer to call me their associate. And yet even I refuse to see any compromise solution. If these men are not liberators of the Roman people and saviours of the state, then even I assert that they are worse than assassins, worse than murderers. Indeed, on the assumption that even the murder of one's own father is less horrible than to kill the father of one's country, even parricides are better than they are.

Well, then, you wise and thoughtful man, what do you say to this: if they are parricides, why, in the Senate and Assembly, do you refer to them with respect? You will also have to explain why you yourself proposed Marcus Brutus's exemption from the laws[(5)] when he remained outside the city for more than ten days; why, at the Games of Apollo, he received such a complimentary reception; and why he and Cassius were given provincial commands, and supernumerary quaestors and legates were assigned to them for the purpose. This was all your doing! So evidently you do not regard them as murderers. It follows – since no compromise is possible – that you must regard them as liberators. What is the matter? I am not embarrassing you, am I? For I doubt if you are quite competent to grasp the sort of dilemma in which this places you. Anyway, what my conclusion amounts to is this: by not regarding Brutus and the rest as criminals, you have automatically proclaimed that they deserve the most glorious rewards.

So I must redesign my speech. I shall write to these men and say that, if anyone asks whether your charge against me is true, they must offer no denials. For, if I was their accomplice and they conceal the fact, I am afraid

this may discredit them; whereas if I was invited to join them and refused, this will reflect the gravest discredit on me. For heaven will bear witness that Rome – that any nation throughout the whole world – has never seen a greater act than theirs! There has never been an achievement more glorious – more greatly deserving of renown for all eternity. So if you pen me in a Trojan horse of complicity with the chief partners in that deed, I do not protest. Thank you, I say – whatever your motives. For where so outstanding an action is concerned, I account the unpopularity, which you hope to unload upon me, as nothing beside the glory.

You have driven these men away and expelled them, you boast. Yet they are blessed beyond measure. There is no place in the world too deserted and too barbarous to welcome them and delight in their presence. All people on earth, however uncivilized, are capable of understanding that life could offer no more outstanding happiness than a sight of these men. Writers will continue, for generation after generation throughout time everlasting, to immortalize the glory of their achievement.

Enrol me among such heroes, I beg of you! Though I am afraid that one thing may not be to your liking. If I had been among their number I should have freed our country not only from the autocrat but from the autocracy. For if, as you assert, I had been the author of the work, believe me, I should not have been satisfied to finish only one act: I should have completed the play! (6)

If it is a crime to have wanted Caesar to be put to death, consider your own situation, Antony. Everyone knows that at Narbo you formed a similar plan with Gaius Trebonius: it was because of this plot, while Caesar was

being killed, that we saw Trebonius taking you aside. You see – my intentions to you are friendly. I am praising you for the good intention you once had! For not having reported the plot, I thank you; for not having carried it out, I excuse you. That task needed a man.

But suppose that someone prosecutes you; that he applies the test of the jurist Lucius Cassius Longinus: ‘who benefited thereby?’. Then you will have to take care, for you might be implicated. True, you used to observe, once upon a time, that such an act would benefit all who were unwilling to be slaves. Nevertheless, whom did its performance benefit most of all? Yourself! You, who, far from being a slave, are an autocratic ruler: you, who employed the treasure in the Temple of Ops to wipe off your gigantic debts, who after manipulating these same account-books squandered countless sums, who transferred enormous possessions from Caesar's house to your own. What an immensely profitable output of fake memoranda and forged handwritings your home produces! The place is a forger's workshop, a black market: whole properties and cities, mass exemptions from tribute and taxation are the wares of its truly scandalous trade.

Nothing short of Caesar's death could have rescued you from your debtor's ruin. You look rather worried. Are you secretly nervous that you may be implicated? No, I can set your fears at rest: no one will ever believe such a thing of you. You are not the man to perform a patriotic act. Our country has great men, and they did that noble deed. I do not say you took part. I only say you were glad.

Now I have answered your most serious accusations. Well, I must reply to the others. You have complained about my presence in Pompey's camp,

and about my conduct throughout that period. True, at that time – and I have said this before – if my advice and authority had prevailed, you would be a poor man today, and we should be free; and our country would not have lost so many armies and commanders. For when I foresaw what has now happened, I confess that I mourned as sadly as all other good citizens, if they had possessed my foresight, would likewise have mourned. I grieved, Senators, I grieved that our Republic, which your and my counsels had once preserved, was moving towards rapid annihilation. In such circumstances I was not uneducated and ignorant enough to be overcome by fears whether I personally should survive. For my life, while it was still mine, was full of anguish; whereas its loss would mean an end of all troubles. But I wanted life to remain for the magnificent men who were Rome's glory – all those who have served as consul and praetor, the fine Senators, the flower and promise of our nobility, the armies of good Romans. So for me any peace that could unite our citizens seemed preferable to a war that tore them apart. And indeed, however hard the circumstances of peace, if those men were only living today, at least the Republic would still be with us.

If this view of mine had prevailed, and if the very men whose lives I sought to preserve had not, in their military over-optimism, set themselves against me, one of many results would certainly be this: you would never still be in the Senate. You would not even be at Rome!

You object that my speech alienated Pompey from me. That is absurd. He had more affection for me than for anyone. There was no one in the world whom he talked to and consulted more often. Indeed it was a splendid thing that two men with so widely differing views on government policy should

remain such close friends. Each of us knew, equally well, the thoughts and opinions of the other. My first concern was to keep our fellow-Romans alive: by so doing, we could give ourselves time to think later on about their civic rights. Pompey, on the other hand, was preoccupied with their rights in the immediate present. Nevertheless, our disagreement was tolerable – the more so because we both concentrated on our own specific objectives.

But what Pompey, with his outstanding and almost superhuman gifts, thought about myself is well known to those who accompanied him on his retreat from Pharsalus to Paphos. He never mentioned my name except in complimentary terms and with an abundance of friendly regrets that we were not together. He also admitted that, whereas his had been the higher hopes, the more accurate prophet had been myself. But how can you have the effrontery to taunt me with Pompey, when you have to admit that I was his friend: whereas you, on the other hand, were the purchaser of his confiscated property!

However, let us say no more about that war – in which you fared only too well. Nor have I any answer to give you about the jokes which you say I made while I was in camp. Life was certainly anxious there. Yet however grim circumstances are, human beings, if they really are human, occasionally relax. Antony criticizes my gloom, and he criticizes my jokes! Which proves that I showed moderation in both.

No one left me any legacies,[(7)] you said. I only wish that the charge were justified, for then more of my friends and relations would be alive today. But I wonder how that idea came into your mind. For men have made me bequests amounting to more than twenty million sesterces. True, I admit that

in this respect you have been more fortunate than I have. For all who have made me their heirs have been my friends. That has been their way of soothing my grief with some mitigating benefit – if it could be regarded as such. But you inherited from Lucius Rubrius Casinas: whom you had never seen! He must indeed have loved you dearly, seeing that you do not even know whether he was black or white. He passed over in your favour the sons of that very worthy knight, his friend Quintus Fufius. Rubrius had constantly announced, in public, that Fufius's son was to be his heir. And yet he did not even mention him in his will! Instead, you were the man he made his heir – you whom he had never seen or, at any rate, had never spoken to. And tell me this, please, if it is not too much trouble: what did your other benefactor Lucius Turselius look like? How tall was he, where did he come from, what was his tribe? ‘I know nothing,’ you will answer, ‘except what properties he owned.’ Was that sufficient cause for him to disinherit his brother and make you his heir? But there were many others too, equally remote from any connexion with him, from whom Antony grabbed huge sums of money, ejecting the true heirs, and behaving as if he himself were the inheritor.

And there is another reason too why I am surprised, particularly surprised, that you should have had the impudence even to mention matters of inheritance. For you did not come into your own father's property!

Fool! Were these the arguments you were trying to hunt out when you spent day after day in another man's country house, practising oratory? Though your oratorical practice, as your closest friends point out, is intended to work off your hangovers rather than to sharpen your brain, you have facetiously appointed a teacher of oratory – the appointment carried by the

supporting votes of your fellow-drinkers – and you have allowed the man to speak against you in any way he likes. He is certainly an amusing enough fellow. But, since you and your friends are his targets, he cannot complain of any lack of material!

Note the contrast between yourself and your grand-father. He, with deliberation, produced arguments relevant to his case; you just pour out irrelevancies. And yet what a salary your teacher of rhetoric has drawn from you. Listen to this, Senators: take note of the wounds inflicted upon our nation. To this elocution trainer – Sextus Clodius – he handed over 1,250 acres of land, taxfree. You made the people of Rome defray this enormous charge, Antony, with no other result than to make you learn to be the idiot that you are. You unprincipled rogue! Was this one of the directions you found in Caesar's notebooks? However, about this estate at Leontini I will say something later; also about other properties in Campania – all of them lands which Antony has wrenched from Rome, and polluted by the utterly degraded characters of the men to whom he has given them.

I have said enough in answer to his charges. Now some attention must be given to our moralist and reformer himself. However, I do not propose to tell the whole story at once: so that if I have to return to the fray, I shall not need to repeat myself. In view of the extraordinary quantity of his crimes and vices, that presents no difficulty.

Would you like us to consider your behaviour from boyhood onwards, Antony? I think so. Let us begin then at the beginning. Your bankruptcy, in early adolescence – do you remember that? Your father's fault, you will say. Certainly; and what a truly filial self-defence! But it was typical of your

impudence to go to the theatre and sit in one of the fourteen rows reserved for knights, when the Roscian Law assigned special seats for bankrupts – and meant this to apply whether it was bad luck or bad conduct had caused the bankruptcy. Then you graduated to man's clothing – or rather it was woman's as far as you were concerned. At first you were just a public prostitute, with a fixed price: quite a high one, too. But very soon Curio intervened and took you off the streets, promoting you, one might say, to wifely status, and making a sound, steady, married woman of you. No boy bought for sensual purposes was ever so completely in his master's power as you were in Curio's. On countless occasions his father threw you out of the house. He even stationed guards to keep you out! Nevertheless, helped by nocturnal darkness, urged on by sensuality, compelled by the promised fee – in, through the roof, you climbed.

The household found these repulsive goings on completely unendurable. I wonder if you realize that I have a very thorough knowledge of what I am speaking about. Cast your mind back to the time when Curio's father lay weeping in his bed. The son, likewise in tears, threw himself at my feet and begged me to help you – and to defend himself against a demand, which he expected from his own father, for six million sesterces. The young man loved you so passionately that he swore he would leave the country because he could not bear to be kept apart from you. In those days, within that renowned family, there were troubles without number which I helped to mitigate – or rather, brought to an end altogether. I persuaded the father to pay his son's debts. I persuaded him to sacrifice part of his property to restore the position of this young man, whose promise of brain and character was so brilliant. But I also persuaded him to use all his legal authority as a father to prevent Curio

from associating with you or even meeting you. When you remembered all these interventions of mine, only one thing can have given you the nerve to provoke and abuse me in the way you have, and that is your reliance on the brute force of arms: the weapons which we see in the Senate today.

But about Antony's degradations and sex-crimes that is as far as I will go. For there are some things which it would be indecent for me to describe. As far as free speaking goes you have the advantage of me! – since you have done things which a respectable opponent cannot even mention. So instead I will now turn briefly to the remaining portion of this man's life. For our thoughts will naturally run on to what he did during the national miseries of the Civil War – and what he is doing today. You know those things, Senators, as well as I do, and indeed much better. Yet continue, I beg of you, to listen to them carefully. For in such cases knowledge about events is not enough. There is also need to be reminded of them: only thus will they be fully felt.

However, since I must allow myself time to reach the end of these happenings, I must cut short the middle part of the story. Well, Antony now recounts his kindnesses towards me. All the same, when Publius Clodius was tribune, the two men were intimate friends. Antony was the firebrand who started all Clodius's fires. Indeed, one of his projects – he knows very well which one I mean – was actually located in Clodius's home. Then Antony went to Alexandria: in defiance of the Senate, and of patriotism, and of the will of heaven. But he was under a man with whom he could do no wrong – Aulus Gabinius. Then consider the nature and circumstances of Antony's return. Before he came home, he went from Egypt to farthest Gaul. Home, did I say? At that time, other men still possessed homes: but you, Antony,

had none at all. Home? You had no piece of ground of your own in the whole world, except at Misenum; and that you only shared with partners, as though it were a company affair like the Sisapo mines.

From Gaul you came to stand for the quaestorship. On that occasion, I dare you to claim that you went to your father before you came to me! I had already received a letter from Caesar asking me to accept your excuses; so I did not even allow you to thank me. After that, you treated me with respect, and I helped you in your candidature for the quaestorship. That was the time when, with the approval of Rome, you tried to kill Publius Clodius. Now, though this was entirely your own idea, and owed nothing to my initiative, nevertheless you proclaimed the conviction that only his murder could ever repay me for the injuries I had suffered from you. This makes me wonder why you say Titus Annius Milo killed Clodius on my instigation. For, when you spontaneously proposed to me that you should perform the same action, I had given you no encouragement. If you went through with the deed, I wanted you yourself, and not my influence upon you, to have the glory.

Well, you became quaestor; and instantly – without benefit of Senate's decree, drawing of lots, or legal sanction – you ran off to Caesar. For that seemed to you the only place on earth where destitution, debt, and crime could find shelter: the only refuge for ruined men. There, through Caesar's generosity and your own looting, you reimbursed your losses – if you can call it reimbursement when you immediately squander what you have embezzled! So then, beggared again, you hastened to apply for a tribuneship. Your aim in acquiring it, presumably, was to model yourself on your lover.

Now listen, I beg you, Senators, I do not mean to the personal and

domestic scandals created by Antony's disgusting improprieties, but to the evil, godless way in which he has undermined us all, and our fortunes, and our whole country. At the root of all our disasters you will find his wickedness. When Lucius Cornelius Lentulus Crus and Gaius Claudius Marcellus became consuls on the first of January, the Republican government was tottering and on the verge of collapse. You, members of the Senate, wanted to support the government; you also desired to meet the wishes of Caesar himself, if he was in his right mind. Yet Antony had sold and subjected his tribuneship to another man, and he exploited the office for your obstruction. That is to say, to the axe which had struck down many men for lesser crimes he had the audacity to expose his own neck. In those days the Senate was still its own master; those honourable members who are now dead were still among its number. That Senate, Antony, employed for your censure the decree reserved, by ancestral custom, for Roman citizens who are the enemies of Rome. And yet, as audience for your criticisms of me, you have the impertinence to select the Senate – that very body which pronounced me to be its saviour, and you the enemy of the state!

Your criminal action at that time has not been mentioned lately; but what you did has not been forgotten. So long as there are human beings in the world, so long as the name of Rome remains upon the earth – and that means everlastingly, barring destructive action by yourself – that pestilential veto(8) of yours will be remembered. In the Senate's proceedings there had not been the slightest sign of bias or impetuosity. Yet you, a single young man, imposed your veto, and thus prevented the entire Senatorial Order from passing a measure on which the safety of our nation depended. And this you did not once, but repeatedly. Furthermore, you rejected all efforts to open

negotiations with you about upholding the authority of this House. Yet the matter at stake was nothing less than your itch to plunge the whole country into anarchy and desolation. The pleas of the nation's leaders, the warnings of your elders, a crowded Senate, none of them sufficed to deter you from this measure you had been bribed and bought into proposing.

Next, therefore, after many attempts to dissuade you, there was no alternative; you had to be dealt the blow which few had received before – and which none had survived. So this Senatorial Order directed the consuls, and other powers and authorities, to take up arms against you. You only escaped those arms by sheltering behind Caesar's.

Caesar's intentions were wholly revolutionary. But the man who gave him his principal excuse for attacking his country was yourself. For that was the only pretext he claimed, the only reason he put forward for his maniacal decision and action: he quoted the Senate's disregard of a veto, its abolition of a tribune's entitlement, its encroachment on Antony's rights. I say nothing of the falsity and frivolity of these charges – though no man can possibly be justified in taking up arms against his own nation. But I am not speaking of Caesar. You, Antony, were the man who provided the pretext for this most catastrophic of wars: you cannot deny it.

If what I am now going to say is known to you already, then your fate is sad indeed: and sadder still if it is not. Now, there exist written records, to be recollected without possibility of oblivion by remotest posterity until the end of time, proving that these things happened. That the consuls were expelled from Italy; that they were accompanied by the man whose glory illuminated our nation – Pompey; that all former consuls whose health enabled them to

share in that disastrous retreat, all praetors and expraetors, tribunes of the people, a great part of the Senate, the flower of our young manhood, in a word all the components of the entire Roman state, were uprooted and driven from their homes.

Just as seeds are the origins of trees and plants, so, with equal certainty, you were the seed of that most grievous war. Senators, you are mourning three armies of Roman soldiers slain in battle: Antony killed them. You are sorrowing for great men of Rome: Antony robbed you of them. The authority of your Order has been destroyed: Antony destroyed it. For every evil which we have seen since that time – and what evils have we not seen? – he is responsible. There can be no other conclusion. He has been our Helen of Troy! He has brought upon our country war, and pestilence, and annihilation.

The rest of his tribuneship resembled the beginning. Of all the misdeeds which the Senate, while the Republic was still with us, had rendered impossible there was not one which he left undone. And note the crimes within his crime. Though he rehabilitated many who were in trouble, there was no mention of his uncle among them. But if he was severe, why was he not severe to everyone? and if merciful, why not merciful to his own kinsmen?

Among those whose civil rights he restored I will only mention Licinius Lenticula, his fellow-dicer – a man convicted for gambling. I can only suppose Antony protested that his partner at the tables must not be a convict! But his real aim was to utilize the law cancelling Lenticula's sentence as a cloak for the cancellation of his own gaming debts. Now, Antony, what reasons justifying his reinstatement did you quote to the people of Rome?

The normal sort of argument would run like this: that Lenticula had been absent when the prosecution was instituted against him; that the case went undefended, that the law provided no judicial procedure to deal with dicing, that armed violence had been used to procure his downfall, or as a final objection what was said in your uncle's case – that the court's decision had been influenced by bribery. But not at all. Those were not your excuses. What you urged was that Lenticula was a good man, useful to his country. Well, that was irrelevant. All the same, I should excuse you on that count if your plea were only true, for the mere fact of having been convicted is of no great importance. But there is not a word of truth in it. Lenticula has been condemned under the law which relates to dicing: he is the sort of person who would not hesitate to throw dice in the Forum itself – a thoroughly criminal type. The man who can restore the rights of such a ruffian reveals a great deal about his own character.

Then consider another aspect of Antony's tribune-ship. When Caesar, on his way to Spain, had given him Italy to trample upon, the journeys Antony made and the towns he visited are well worth looking into. I realize I am speaking of matters which are thoroughly well known and widely talked about. I am also aware that the events of which I am, and shall be, speaking are better known to anyone who was in Italy at that time than to myself who was absent. Nevertheless, although what I tell you will undoubtedly fall short of what you know already, allow me to recall certain particulars.

For never, anywhere in the world, have there been stories of such depraved and discreditable misconduct. He travelled about in a lady's carriage, did this tribune of the people. In front of him marched attendants

crowned with laurel-wreaths. Among them, carried in an open litter, went an actress. The respectable citizens of the country towns, compelled to come and meet him, greeted her, not by her well-known stage name, but as Volumnia. Next followed a repulsive collection of his friends: a four-wheeler full of procurers. Only then came his neglected mother, following, like a mother-in-law, her debauched son's mistress. Poor woman! Her capacity for child-bearing has indeed been catastrophic. In such fashion a wide variety of country towns, indeed the whole of Italy, was branded by Antony with the marks of his degraded behaviour.

To censure his other actions, Senators, is difficult and delicate. He fought in the war. He wallowed in the blood of Romans who were in every way his opposites. He was fortunate, if there can ever be good fortune in criminality. But since we do not want to offend the old soldiers – though the soldiers’ case and yours, Antony, are wholly unlike （they followed their leader, you went to seek him out） – nevertheless I shall give you no opportunity to incite them against me. For concerning the character of the war I shall say nothing.

From Thessaly to Brundisium you returned as conqueror with your legions. At Brundisium you refrained from killing me. How very kind of you! For you could have killed me, I admit. Though the men who were with you at that time unanimously maintained I must be spared. For even your own legionaries revered me: so great is man's love for their country, which they remembered that I had saved. However, let us concede that you gave me as a present what you did not take away from me; you did not deprive me of my life, which I therefore retain as a gift from your-self. After hearing all your

insults I nearly forgot my gratitude, though not quite. And there was something particularly impudent about your abuse, because you knew how I would be able to retaliate!

Arrival at Brundisium for you meant envelopment in the embraces of your little actress. Well, is that a lie? It is distressing, is it not, to be unable to deny something that is disreputable to admit. But if the townsmen caused you to feel no shame, did not your own veteran army? For every single soldier who was at Brundisium saw her. Every one of them knew she had come all those days' journey to congratulate you: every man grieved to have found out so late in the day the worthlessness of the leader he had followed.

Again you toured Italy, with this actress by your side. In the communities through which you passed, amid scenes of brutality and misery, you planted your soldiers as settlers. At Rome you cut a deplorable figure as a robber of gold and silver – and of wine. As a climax, unknown to Caesar （who was at Alexandria）, Caesar's friends were kind enough to make Antony his Master of Horse. At that juncture he felt entitled to live with Hippias; and to hand over race-horses, intended for the national games, to another actor Sergius. At that time Antony had chosen to live, not in the house which he so discreditably retains now, but in Marcus Pupius Piso's home. His decrees, his looting, his legacies inherited and grabbed I will pass over in silence. Need compelled him: he did not know which way to turn. Those substantial inheritances from Lucius Rubrius Casinas and Lucius Turselius had not yet come to him; not yet had he become the unexpected 'heir' to Pompey, and many more. He had nothing except what he could plunder; he was obliged to live like a bandit.

But about these examples of the tougher sorts of rascality, I shall speak no more. Let us turn instead to meaner kinds of misbehaviour. With those jaws of yours, and those lungs, and that gladiatorial strength, you drank so much wine at Hippias's wedding, Antony, that on the next day you had to be sick in full view of the people of Rome. It was a disgusting sight; even to hear what happened is disgusting. If you had behaved like that at a private dinner party, among those outsize drinking cups of yours, everyone would have regarded it as disgraceful enough. But here, in the Assembly of the Roman People, was a man holding public office, a Master of the Horse – from whom even a belch would have been unseemly – flooding his own lap and the whole platform with the gobbets of wine-reeking food he had vomited up. He admits that this was one of his filthier actions: let us now return to his grander misdeeds.

Well, Caesar returned from Alexandria, a fortunate man – as he seemed to himself at least: though in my view no one who brings misfortune upon his country can be called fortunate. The spear was set up before the temple of Jupiter Stator; and Pompey's property – the very thought brings unhappiness! for even when the tears no longer flow the sorrow remains deeply fixed in my heart – Pompey's property, I say, was subjected to the pitiless voice of the auctioneer.

On that single occasion the nation forgot its slavery, and mourned. Men felt slaves, because fear gripped them all, yet, even so, the people of Rome lamented freely enough. Every man waited to see if there would be some depraved madman, repulsive to heaven and humanity, who would dare to take part in that criminal auction. Though some of the men round that spear

would have stopped at nothing else, no one had audacity enough for this – no one except Antony alone! One person, only one, was shameless enough to perpetrate the act which all others, however great their effrontery, had shunned in horror. But, Antony, were you too totally witless – or is not insanity the appropriate word? – to realize this: that in your station of life to become a purchaser of confiscated property, and of Pompey's property at that, would earn you the curses and loathing of the Roman people, the detestation of all gods and all human beings, now and for evermore? And then, think of the arrogance with which this debauchee took instant possession of the estate! The estate of a man who through his valour had made Rome more greatly feared, and by his justice had made her more greatly loved, by all the other nations upon earth.

So, abruptly seizing that great man's property, Antony wallowed in its midst. In his mighty satisfaction he gloated, like the character in a play who was poor and has suddenly become rich. But as some poet wrote, ‘ill-gotten gains will soon be squandered’. And the unbelievable – almost miraculous – fact is that he squandered Pompey's substantial fortune, not in a few months, but in a few days! In that house there were large quantities of wine, heavy pieces of the finest silver-ware, costly robes, ample and elegant furniture – all the splendid and abundant property of a man who, though not luxurious, had none the less been nobly endowed with possessions. Of these, within a few days, nothing was left! Charybdis, if she ever existed, was but a single animal. I swear that such a number of objects so widely scattered in so great a variety of places could hardly have been swallowed up, at such a speed, by the Ocean itself.

Nothing was locked up, nothing sealed, nothing listed. Whole store-rooms were disposed of as gifts, to unmitigated scoundrels. Actors and actresses grabbed everything they wanted. The place was packed with gamblers, crammed with inebriates. For days on end, in many parts of the house, the orgies of drinking went on and on. Gaming losses piled up; Antony's good luck did not always hold. On view were the richly worked counterpanes which had belonged to Pompey – now they were in the garrets of slaves, and on their beds!

So let it not surprise you that these riches were consumed with such speed. A profligacy so boundless as Antony's could have rapidly devoured not just a single man's patrimony, even one so abundant as Pompey's, but whole cities and whole kingdoms. And then the mansion and the parks that he took over! Your impudence, Antony, was preposterous. How could you have the effrontery to enter that house, to pass its most sacred threshold, to let the household gods of such an abode see you flaunting your degraded features? This was a home which no one, for many days and months, could gaze upon or pass by without weeping. As you linger on within its rooms, are you not overcome with shame?

You are brainless, I know: yet surely, even so, none of the things that are there can bring you enjoyment. When you look at those beaks of ships[9] in the hall, you cannot possibly imagine that the house you are entering is your own! That would be out of the question. For all your lack of sense and sensibility, still you are aware of what you yourself are, you know your own people and possessions. So I do not believe that, waking or sleeping, you can ever feel easy in your mind. Drink-sodden and demented though you are, the

appearance in your dreams of that great man must surely rouse you in terror; and when you are awake, too, his recurring image must unhinge your mind still further.

I pity the very walls and roof of that house. For never before had the place witnessed anything but strict propriety – fine, high-minded tradition and virtue. As you know very well, Senators, Pompey was as praise-worthy in his domestic as in his international dealings; as admirable in his home life as in public affairs he was renowned. Yet nowadays, in his home, every dining-room is a taproom, every bedroom a brothel. Antony may deny this nowadays. Be tactful; do not investigate! For he has become economical. He has told that actress of his to gather up her own property and hand back his keys, as the Twelve Tables ordain – and he has driven her out. What a reputable citizen! What solid respectability! Here is the most honourable action of his whole life; he has divorced his actress.

How he harps on the phrase: ‘I, the consul Antony.’ That amounts to saying, ‘I, the consul, debauchee’, or ‘I, the consul, criminal’. For that is the significance of ‘Antony’. If there were any dignity in the name, I presume that your grandfather, too, would sometimes have called himself ‘the consul, Antony’. But he never did. So would your uncle, who was my colleague. Or has there been no Antony but yourself?

However, I pass over these offences, for they had no direct connexion with the part you played in ruining our country. I return to the latter – to the Civil War, which owed its birth, its rise, and its performance to yourself. True, your role in the war was insignificant. That was because you were frightened, or rather preoccupied with your sexual interests. But you had

tasted Roman blood; indeed you had drunk deeply of it. At Pharsalus you were in the front rank. It was you who killed that fine nobleman, Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus – as well as many others, fugitives from the battle-field. Caesar would perhaps have spared them, as he spared others. But you, on the other hand, hunted them down for your slaughter.

However, after these grand and glorious achievements, the war was still by no means ended. So why did you not follow Caesar to Africa? And then, when Caesar had returned from Africa, let us note the position and rank which he assigned to you. As general he had made you quaestor, when he was dictator you had become his Master of the Horse. You had begun the war. Every atrocity had been instigated by yourself; in each successive robbery you had been his associate. We have it on your own authority that his will adopted you as his son.(10) Yet what did he now do? He took action against you – the sums you owed for the house, and for its parks and the other property you acquired in the auction, were all demanded back from you by Caesar.

Your initial reply was vigorous enough: and, I admit – for I do not want to seem prejudiced against you – reasonably fair and just. 'So Caesar claims money from me? Could I not just as reasonably claim money from him – or did he win the war without my help? No: nor could he have. It was I who provided him with the pretext for the Civil War, I who proposed those subversive laws, who forcibly resisted not merely the Roman people's consuls and generals, but the entire Senate and Roman people and the gods and altars and homes of our fathers – indeed Rome itself. Caesar did not conquer for himself alone; why should those who shared the work not share the plunder

too?’ Reasonable enough. But reason was beside the point, for Caesar was the stronger. So he silenced you, and you and your guarantors received a visit from his soldiers.

And then, suddenly, out came that spectacular list of yours. Everyone laughed at the size of the list – at the varied and extensive catalogue of possessions, none of which （except a part of the Misenum property） the seller could call his own. But the auction itself was a melancholy sight. Few of Pompey's robes were now to be seen, and even they were covered with stains; a certain amount of his silver plate appeared in battered condition; and there were some Seedy-looking slaves. So the remains were meagre enough. If nothing at all had survived, our grief would have been less.

However, the heirs of Lucius Rubrius Casinas prevented the auction, and they were backed by a decree from Caesar. Antony, the wild spender, was embarrassed – he had nowhere to turn. And that was the precise moment of the arrest in Caesar's house （so the report went） of an assassin, dagger in hand – sent by you, Antony: and Caesar charged you openly with this in the Senate. Next, however, after allowing you a few days for payment – since you were so poor – he departed for Spain. Even then you did not follow him. So early a retirement, for so good a gladiator? A man who showed such timidity in standing up for his party （and that means standing up for himself） need surely inspire no fear in others!

In the end, some time afterwards, Antony did leave for Spain. But he proved unable to reach that country safely, he maintains. Then how did Publius Cornelius Dolabella get there? Either you ought not to have backed the cause you did, Antony, or, having done so, you ought to have stood up for

your side to the end. Three times Caesar fought against his fellow-citizens: in Thessaly, in Africa, and in Spain. Dolabella took part in all these campaigns; in the Spanish war he was wounded. If you want to know my view, I wish he had not been there. Yet however blameworthy his initial decision, at least he deserves praise for consistent adherence thereafter. But what about yourself? That was the time when Pompey's sons were fighting to make their way home – a matter, surely, which concerned all Caesar's partisans. In other words, Pompey's sons were struggling to recover the shrines of their household gods, their sacred hearth and home, and the guardian spirits of their family – all of which you had seized. When, in order to recover what was theirs by law, they were obliged to use force, who would most justly （though indeed among such grievous wrongs to speak of justice is impossible） – who, I say, would be their principal target? The answer is, yourself, the taker of their property. So it was your battle, was it not, that Dolabella had to fight in Spain: while you stayed at Narbo, vomiting over your hosts' tables.

And your return from Narbo! Antony actually wanted to know why I returned from my journey so suddenly. Now I have recently explained to the Senate the reasons for my return. I wanted, if I could, to be of service to the state even before the New Year. You ask how I returned. First, I arrived by daylight, not after dark. Secondly, I came in my boots and toga, not in Gallic sandals and a cloak. I see your eyes fixed upon me: in anger, it appears. But you ought, instead, to harbour friendly feelings if only you knew how ashamed I am – unlike yourself – of the depths to which you have fallen. Of all the offences that I have seen or heard of as committed by any single person this is the most deplorable. You, who claimed to have been Master of the Horse, who were standing for one of next year's consulships – or rather

begging for one of them as a personal favour – off you went, in your Gallic sandals and mantle, speeding through the towns of Cisalpine Gaul: the towns in which, when we were candidates for consulships, we used to seek votes – in the days when these appointments went by votes and not by personal favour.

Note the frivolity of the man. When, at about three o'clock, he approached Rome and came to Red Rocks, he dived into a wretched little wine-shop, and, hiding there, drank and drank until evening. Then a two-wheeler took him rapidly into the city and he arrived at his house with his head veiled. ‘Who are you?’ said the porter. ‘A messenger from Antony,’ he replied. He was immediately taken to the lady for whose sake he had come, and he handed her a letter. As she read the contents, she wept; for it was amorously written – and the gist was that he had given up the actress and transferred all his love to this other lady. And as her weeping increased, this soft-hearted fellow could bear the sight no longer, but uncovered his head and threw his arms round her neck. Depraved character! No other epithet is adequate for this creature who plunged the city into terror by night, plunged Italy into a series of nerve-racking days, merely in order to make his sudden appearance before this woman. What a surprise this must have been to her: to see such behaviour from a male prostitute.

At home, then, you could lay claim to a love affair. But elsewhere there was an even nastier affair for you: to prevent Lucius Munatius Plancus from selling up your sureties. A tribune brought you before a public meeting, and you replied: ‘I have come here on a matter concerning my private property.’ This was regarded by everyone as an excellent joke.(11)

However, that is enough about trivialities; let us turn to more significant matters. When Caesar came back from Spain, you travelled a long way to meet him. You went quickly, and you returned quickly: Caesar could therefore note that, if not brave, you were at least energetic. Somehow or other you got on friendly terms with him again. Caesar was like that. He was extremely ready to offer his intimate friendship to anyone whom he knew to be corrupt and unbalanced, penniless, and hopelessly in debt. In these respects your credentials were excellent. So he gave orders that you should be made consul – with himself, moreover, as your colleague. One can only feel sympathy with Publius Cornelius Dolabella, who had been urged to stand, brought forward, and then fobbed off. Everyone knows how deceitfully both of you treated Dolabella in this matter. Caesar induced him to be a candidate for the consulship, and then, after promising and virtually granting him election, blocked the proceedings and transferred the post to himself. And you supported this treachery.

The first of January arrived. We were made to attend the Senate. Dolabella attacked Antony – with much greater fullness and preparation than I do now. And heavens, the things that Antony himself said in his rage! Caesar indicated his intention, before his forthcoming departure for the east, of ordering that Dolabella should become consul in his own place. And yet they deny that the man who was always acting and speaking like that was a totalitarian monarch! Well, after Caesar had said that, this splendid augur Antony announced that his priesthood empowered him to employ the auspices in order to obstruct or invalidate the proceedings of the Assembly. And he declared that this is what he would do. But first note the man's unbelievable stupidity. For your priestly office of augur, Antony, was what

you relied upon for entitlement to perform those actions. Yet, as consul alone, without the added possession of your augurship, your entitlement would still have been just as good. Indeed, was your consulship not actually a better qualification? For we augurs are only empowered to report omens, whereas the consuls and other state officials have the right actually to watch the heavens.

Very well, you bungled the matter through inexperience. We cannot expect good judgement from someone who is never sober. But just observe the man's impudence. Many months earlier he had declared in the Senate that he would either use the auspices to prevent the Assembly from meeting to elect Dolabella, or alternatively would act as he finally did. Now, who on earth can divine what flaws there are going to be in the auspices, except the man who has already formally set about watching the heavens? Which cannot legally be done during an election – and if anyone has been watching the heavens previously, he is obliged to make his report not after but before the election has begun. But Antony is as ignorant as he is shameless: the insolence his actions display is as unbounded as his ignorance of what an augur ought to do. And yet cast your minds back to his consulship, from that day onwards until the fifteenth of March. No servant was ever so humble and abject. He could do nothing himself; everything had to be begged for. You could see him poking his head into the back of his litter asking his colleague[(12)] for the favours Antony wanted to market.

So the day of Dolabella's election arrived. The right of the first vote is settled by lot; Antony said nothing. The result of this ballot was announced. He remained silent. The first class was called to vote, its vote announced;

then the six centuries which voted next, then the second class – all this in a shorter time than it takes to tell the story. Then, when the proceedings were over, came our brilliant augur's announcement – you would say he was Gaius Laelius himself: ‘the meeting is adjourned until another day’. What monstrous impudence! You had neither seen, nor understood, nor heard, any omen whatever. You did not even claim to have watched the heavens; you do not today. So the flaw in question was the one which you had foreseen and foretold as long ago as the first of January! In other words, you undoubtedly falsified the auspices. You employed religion to constrain an Assembly of the Roman People. You announced unfavourable omens, augur to augur, consul to consul: and you did so fraudulently. May the calamitous consequences fall not upon Rome, but upon your own head.

That is all I shall say, in case I should seem to be invalidating the actions of Dolabella – which must, at some time, be referred to our Board of Augurs. But mark the man's audacious arrogance. As long as it is your pleasure, Antony, the election of Dolabella as consul was irregular. Then you change your mind: the procedure in regard to the auspices had nothing wrong with it after all! If an augur's report in the terms you employed has no meaning, then admit that when you demanded an adjournment you were drunk. If, on the other hand, the words have any meaning at all, then I request you, as my fellow-augur, to tell me what their meaning is.

But I must make sure that this survey of Antony's numerous exploits does not by accident omit one outstandingly brilliant action. So let us turn to the festival of the Lupercalia. Look, Senators! He cannot hide his anxiety. Do you see how upset he looks – pale, and sweating? Never mind, so long as he

is not sick, as he was in the Minucian Colonnade. How does he defend his scandalous behaviour at the Lupercalia? I should like to hear – and thereby learn the results of that generous fee and those lands at Leontini, which he gave his teacher of oratory.

Upon the dais on a golden chair, wearing a purple robe and a wreath, was seated your colleague. You mounted the dais. You went up to Caesar's chair – Lupercus though you were, you should have remembered you were consul too – and you displayed a diadem. From all over the Forum there were groans. Where did the diadem come from? You had not just found one on the ground and picked it up. No, you had brought it from your own house! This was crime, deliberate and premeditated. Then you placed the diadem on his head: the people groaned. He took it off – and they applauded.

So, criminal, you were ready, alone among all that gathering, to propose that there should be a king and autocrat at Rome; to transform your fellow-consul into your lord and master; and to inflict upon the Roman people this ultimate test of its capacity to suffer and endure. You even tried to move him to pity – when you hurled yourself at his feet as a suppliant. What were you begging for? To become his slave? For your-self alone that would be a fitting plea, seeing that from boyhood onwards there was nothing which you had not allowed to be done to you. For your own person, adjustment to slavery was easy. But from ourselves, and from the people of Rome, you had no such mandate.

What glorious eloquence that was – when you made that speech with no clothes on! Offensive misbehaviour could go no further. Nothing could have been more thoroughly deserying of the severest possible punishment. Are you

a slave, cowering in expectation of the lash? If you have any feelings at all, you must be feeling the lash now: and my account of these events must surely be drawing blood. Far be it from me to detract from the glory of our noble liberators. Yet such is my grief that I must speak out. Seeing that the man who rejected the diadem was killed, and was, by general consent, killed justly, it is appalling that the man who made him the offer should still be alive. In the public records, what is more, under the heading of the Lupercalia, he even caused the following entry to be made: ‘At the bidding of the people, Antony, consul, offered Caesar, perpetual dictator, the kingship: Caesar refused.’

So I feel no surprise when you disturb the peace, when you shun Rome and the very daylight itself, when you drink with thieving riffraft from early in one day until dawn of the next. For you, no refuge can be safe. Where could you possibly find a place in any community owning laws and lawcourts – since these are precisely what you have done your utmost to abolish and to replace by tyranny? Was this why Tarquin was expelled, why Spurius Cassius Vecellinus and Spurius Maelius and Marcus Manlius Capitolinus were slain: to allow Antony, centuries after they were dead, to commit the forbidden evil of setting up a king at Rome?

Let us return to the auspices, the subject on which Caesar intended to address the Senate on the fifteenth of March. Antony, I must ask you this: what would you then have said? You came here today （or so I heard） primed to rebut my assertion that the auspices – which unless declared invalid require scrupulous obedience – were employed by you in a fraudulent manner. However, that day's business was eliminated – by our national

destiny. Did Caesar's death also eliminate your opinion concerning the auspices?

But now I have come to that time which I must discuss before the subject upon which I had embarked. On that glorious day, you fled panic-stricken – your criminal conscience certain of impending death. You slunk surreptitiously home. Men interested in your survival looked after you; for they hoped you would behave sanely. My prophecies of the future have always fallen upon deaf ears. Yet how completely right they have proved! On the Capitol, when our noble liberators desired me to go to you and urge you to uphold the Republican government, I told them this: that as long as you were still frightened you would promise anything, but as soon as your fears ceased you would be yourself again. When, therefore, the other former consuls were continually in and out of your house, I held to my opinion. And I did not see you on that day or the next. For I believed that good Romans could come to no understanding, could have no association, with a totally unprincipled enemy.

After two days had passed, I came to the Temple of Tellus – reluctantly enough even then, since armed men locked all its approaches. What a day that was for you, Antony! Even though you have abruptly turned against me, yet I am sorry for you – because you have subsequently done so little justice to your own good fame. If only you had been able to maintain the attitude you showed on that day, heaven knows, you would have been a hero! And the peace, which was pledged on that occasion by the cession of an aristocratic hostage – the young grandson of Marcus Fulvius Bambalio – would be ours.

Fear made you a good citizen. However, as an instructor of good behaviour, fear lacks permanency; and your unscrupulousness – which never leaves you unless you are afraid – soon perverted you into evil ways again. And indeed even at that time, when people （other than myself） had an excellent opinion of you, your manner of presiding over the tyrant's funeral – if funeral that ceremony can be called – was outrageous. For you were the man who pronounced that grandiose eulogy, that lachrymose appeal to morality. You lit the torches which charred the very body of Caesar, which burnt down the house of Lucius Bellienus. You, Antony, unleashed against our homes those ruffians, slaves most of them, whose ferocity we had to repel with our own hands.

And yet you seemed to have wiped off the soot. For upon the Capitol, in the days that followed, the resolutions that you proposed before the Senate were excel-lent. I mean those declaring that, from the fifteenth of March onwards, there should be no publication of any announcement conferring exemptions from taxes, or similar favours. As regards these exemptions, and the men in exile, you yourself remember what you said. But the finest thing of all was that you abolished from the constitution, for ever, the title of dictator. On account of men's recent fears of dictators you decided to abolish, once and for all, the whole institution: so tremendous was the hatred of this tyranny which had apparently taken hold of you.

So to other men the government seemed securely established – though to me things looked differently, for with you at the helm I expected all manner of shipwreck. Was I wrong? Could a man, for very long, remain unlike himself? Members of the Senate, what happened next you saw for yourselves.

Announcements were posted up all over the Capitol: tax exemptions were put on sale, not merely to individuals but to whole peoples. Citizenship was granted not to single persons only but to entire provinces. If these decisions are going to stand, it means the downfall of our state. Senators, you have lost complete provinces. In his own domestic market, this man has slashed the revenues of Rome. He has slashed the Roman empire itself.

Those seven hundred million sesterces, recorded in the account-books of the Temple of Ops – where are they now? The origins of that treasure store were tragic enough. Nevertheless, if the money was not going to be returned to its rightful owners, it could be used to save us from property-tax. But how do you account for the fact, Antony, that whereas on the fifteenth of March you owed four million sesterces, you had ceased to owe this sum by the first of April?

Your people sold countless concessions: and you were well aware of them. Nevertheless, the decrees posted up on the Capitol did include one excellent measure. This concerned a very good friend of Rome, King Deiotarus. Yet all who saw the document could not help laughing, in spite of their grief. For no man has ever hated another so much as Caesar hated Deiotarus. He felt quite as much hatred for Deiotarus as he felt for this Senate, and the Roman knights, and the citizens of Massilia, and every other person in whom he discerned a love for the Roman nation and its people. In his lifetime Caesar never treated Deiotarus fairly or kindly, either to his face or in his absence. Yet we are invited to believe that, when Caesar was dead, Deiotarus gained his favours! When they were together, and Deiotarus was his host, Caesar had summoned him, demanded an account of his resources,

planted a Greek agent in his principality, and deprived him of Armenia, which the Roman Senate had added to his kingdom. And now we are asked to believe that what the living Caesar had confiscated, the dead Caesar gave back.

And the way in which he is stated to have expressed himself! At one point, apparently, he described this restoration as ‘fair’; at another as ‘not unfair’. A peculiar way of putting the matter! I was not with Deiotarus, but I always supported him; whereas Caesar never once said that anything we asked for on his behalf seemed to him fair.

A bond for ten million sesterces was negotiated at Antony's house in the women's suite – where a lot of selling went on, and goes on still. The negotiators were the envoys of Deiotarus. They were good men, but timid and inexperienced. I and the king's other friends were not asked for our views. About this bond, I suggest that you should consider carefully what you are to do. For, when he heard of Caesar's death, the king himself – with no thought for any memorandum Caesar might have left – recovered what belonged to him of his own accord, by the strength of his own hand. Deiotarus was wise. He knew that this had always been the law: that when tyrants who had stolen things were killed, the men whose property they had stolen take them back. So no jurist, not even the man whose only client is yourself and who is now representing you, will say that there is a debt on that bond for what Deiotarus had recovered before the bond was executed. For he did not buy these possessions from you: before you could sell him his own property, he took it himself. He was a man! How contemptible, on the other hand, are we, who uphold the actions of someone whose memory we hate.

Of the countless memoranda, the innumerable alleged examples of Caesar's handwriting which have been brought forward, I shall say nothing. We can view their forgers, selling their efforts as openly as though these were programmes of gladiatorial shows. Today, as a result, the house where Antony lives is piled high with such enormous heaps of money that they have to be weighed out instead of counted. But this greed has its blind spots. For example one of the recently displayed notices exempts from taxation the wealthiest communities of Crete. This notice decrees that Crete shall cease to be a province ‘when the governorship of Marcus Junius Brutus comes to an end’. But where is your sanity, Antony? Are you fit to be at large? How could there possibly be a decree by Caesar exempting Crete ‘when the tenure of Brutus comes to an end’, seeing that in Caesar's lifetime Brutus had not yet even formed this connexion with Crete at all? However, do not suppose, Senators, that this consideration prevented the decree from being put on sale – indeed it has resulted in your losing your Cretan province! There was never a thing, provided a buyer was available, that Antony was not ready to sell.

And this law, Antony, which you posted up about recalling exiles – I suppose Caesar composed that too? Far be it from me to persecute anyone who is in trouble. My only complaints are these. First, that the men recalled from exile because Caesar had singled them out as especially deserving have been discredited by this new batch. Secondly, I cannot see why you do not treat everyone alike. Not more than three or four are now left unrecalled, and I do not understand why men whose plight is the same do not qualify for the same degree of your indulgence: I refer to your uncle and those whom you have treated like him. When you legislated about the others, you refused to include him. Yet at the same time you encouraged him to stand for election as

censor! Indeed, you even encouraged his election campaign – thus arousing universal ridicule and protest. But, having done so, why did you refrain from holding his election? Was it because a tribune had announced an ill-omened flash of lightning? When you personally are involved, the auspices are immaterial. Your scruples are reserved for when your friends are concerned. And then, while your uncle was standing for membership of the Board of Seven, you deserted him again. Do not tell us that this was because of objections by some formidable member to whom you could not say no, for fear of your life! If you had any family loyalty, you ought to have respected Gaius Antonius like a father. Instead, you loaded him with insults.

What is more, you threw his daughter out of the house – Antonia your cousin. You had looked around and made an alternative arrangement. And not content with that, though no woman could have been more blameless, you even charged her with adultery! You could hardly have sunk further. Yet you were still not satisfied. On January the first, at a full meeting of the Senate at which your uncle was present, you had the audacity to declare that this was why you regarded Publius Cornelius Dolabella as an enemy: because you had learnt of his adultery with your wife and cousin. It would be difficult to say which was the most outrageous – your audacity in making such allegations before the Senate; your unscrupulousness in directing them against Dolabella; your indecency in speaking in such terms before her father; or your brutality in employing against that poor woman such filthy, godforsaken language.

But let us return to the documents supposed to be in Caesar's handwriting. How did you verify them, Antony? To preserve the peace, the

Senate had confirmed Caesar's acts – the acts which were truly his, not those which Antony alleged were his. Now, where do all these memoranda spring from? On whose authority are they produced? If they are forgeries, why are they approved? If genuine, why does money have to be paid for them? The decision had been taken that, from the first of June onwards, you should examine Caesar's acts, with the assistance of an advisory board. What was this board, and which of its members did you ever convene? And as for your awaiting the first of June, no doubt that was the day when you returned from your tour of the exsoldiers' settlements: for you brought an armed guard to surround you.

That trip of yours in April and May, when you have even tried to found a settlement at Capua, what a splendid affair it was! We all know how you escaped from that town – or rather very nearly did not escape. And you are still uttering threats against Capua. I wish you would try to put them into practice: then that 'very nearly' could be struck out. Your progress was truly magnificent. Of your elaborate banquets and frantic drinking I say nothing; all that only damaged yourself. But we were damaged too. Even when, at an earlier date, the Campanian territory had been exempted from taxation, we regarded this as a grave blow to our national interests – although, on that occasion, soldiers were its recipients. But when you distributed land there, the beneficiaries were your fellow-diners and fellow-gamblers. Members of the Senate, these latest settlers in Campania were nothing but actors and actresses. Equally objectionable was the settlement at Leontini; seeing that at one time the crops in that area, like those of Campania, were renowned for their fertile and abundant contribution to the Roman domains of which they formed an integral part. You gave your doctor 1,875 acres. Whatever vast

sum, one may ask, would you have given him if he had cured your mind? Your oratorical trainer received 1,250: what on earth would the total have been if he had succeeded in making a speaker of you?

But let us return to your journey, and to its effects on Italy. You founded a settlement of ex-soldiers at Casilinum, where Caesar had founded one before. About Capua, you had written asking for my advice; but I should have sent the same reply about Casilinum. You inquired whether it was legal to plant a new settlement where there was one already. I replied that the establishment of a new settlement, where there existed an earlier one duly founded in accordance with the auspices, was not legitimate – though I also pointed out that new settlers could be added to the old foundation. In spite of this, you had the arrogance to upset all the provisions of the auspices and plant a settlement at Casilinum, even though another settlement had been established there only a few years previously. You raised your standard; you marked out the boundaries with a plough. Indeed, your ploughshare nearly grazed the very gate of Capua, and the territory of that most flourishing settlement suffered grievous encroachment at your hands.

Fresh from this violation of religious observance, you rushed elsewhere: for you had designs on the property of the devout and high-principled Marcus Terentius Varro at Casinum. But what was the legal or moral sanction for this project? The same, you will say, as had enabled you to displace from their estates the heirs of Lucius Rubrius Casinas and Lucius Turselius – and countless others too. Now, if you had occupied these properties as a result of an auction, we may allow auctions their proper rights. We may concede rights also to written instructions, provided that they were Caesar's and not

yours – and provided that they recorded you as a debtor, instead of releasing you from your debts!

As for Varro's farm at Casinum, who claims that this was ever sold at all? Did anyone ever see the auctioneer's spear or hear his voice? You sent someone to Alexandria, you say, to buy the place from Caesar. It was too much to expect that you should await his return! But no one ever heard that any part of Varro's property had been confiscated; and yet there was no man whose welfare was of more general concern. Now, if the truth is that Caesar wrote ordering you to hand the estate back, no words are fit to describe the outrage that you perpetrated. Just call off, for a spell, those armed men whom we see all round us. Do that, and you will very soon learn this lesson: whatever the justification for Caesar's auctions, your own deplorable conduct is on quite another level – for, once the armed men are gone, you will find yourself thrown outside Varro's gates. And it will not be the owner alone who expels you. Not one of his friends, his neighbours, his visitors, or his agents will fail to take a hand.

Day after day, at Varro's mansion, you continued your disgusting orgies. From seven in the morning onwards, there was incessant drinking, gambling, and vomiting. What a tragic fate for that house; and ‘what an ill-matched master’!

Though how could Antony be described as its master? Let us call him occupant. Well then, he was an occupant who matched it ill. For Marcus Varro had chosen this place not for indulgence, but for retirement and study. Those walls had witnessed noble discussions, noble thoughts, noble writings; laws for the Roman people, the history of our ancestors, the principles of all

wisdom and all learning. When you, on the other hand, became the lodger – for house-holder I will not call you – the house rang with the din of drunkards, the pavements swam with wine, the walls dripped with it. On view were young free-born Roman youths consorting with paid boys; Roman matrons with prostitutes.

From Casinum, from Aquinum, from Interamna, came men to greet Antony. But no one was allowed in. And that was entirely proper, for in his degradation the emblems of office were a complete anomaly. When he left for Rome and approached Aquinum, quite a large crowd came to meet him, since the town has a considerable population. But he was carried through the streets in a covered litter, like a dead man. The people of Aquinum had no doubt been foolish to come; yet they did live beside the road on which he was passing by. What about the men of Anagnia? They, on the other hand, lived away from his path. But they too came down to greet him, on the supposition that he was consul. The incredible fact is – though I as a neighbour can vouch that everyone noticed it at the time – he did not return a single greeting. This was especially remarkable since he had with him two men of Anagnia, Mustela to look after his swords and Laco in charge of his drinking cups.

There is no need to recall to you the threats and insults with which he assailed the population of Teanum Sidicinum and harassed the inhabitants of Puteoli. This was because they had adopted Cassius and the Brutuses as their patrons. Their choice had been dictated by enthusiastic approval, sound judgement, friendly feelings, and personal, affection – not by force and violence, which compelled others to choose you and Minucius Basilus, and others like you, whom no one could voluntartly choose as their patrons. Even

as dependants you would be undesirable.

Meantime, while you were away, your colleague[13] had a great day when he overturned, in the Forum, the funeral monument which you had persistently treated with reverence. When you were told of this, you fainted: everyone who was with you agrees that this is so. What happened afterwards I do not know. I suppose terror and armed violence had the final word. For you pulled your colleague down from heaven; you made him quite unlike himself – to say you made him your own replica would be going too far.

And that return of yours to Rome! The whole city was in an uproar. Lucius Cornelius Cinna's excess of power, Sulla's domination we remembered; Caesar's autocratic monarchy was fresh in our memories. In those days there had been swords perhaps, but they had stayed in their sheaths, and there were not many of them. Your procession, on the other hand, was totally barbaric. Your followers were in battle order, with drawn swords, and whole litter-loads of shields. And yet, Senators, familiarity with such spectacles has inured us to the shock.

The decision had been taken that the Senate should meet on the first of June, and we did our best to attend. But we encountered intimidation and were abruptly forced to retire. Antony, however, feeling no need of a Senate, missed none of us; on the contrary, our departure pleased him. Without delay he embarked on his extraordinary exploits. He, who had defended Caesar's memoranda for his own personal profit, suppressed Caesar's laws – good laws, too – in order to upset the constitution. He lengthened the tenures of provincial governorships. Instead of protecting Caesar's acts, as he should have, he annulled them: those relating to national and private affairs alike.

Now in the national sphere nothing has greater weight than a law; while in private affairs the most valid of all things is a will. Antony abolished both – laws, with or without notice; wills, although even the humblest citizens have always respected them. The statues, the pictures, which Caesar, along with his gardens, had bequeathed to the people of Rome as his heirs – now they all went to Pompey's gardens, or Scipio's mansion: removed by Antony.

And yet, Antony, you are so attentive to Caesar's memory; you love the dead man, do you not? Now, the greatest honours he ever received were the sacred couch, the image, the gable, the priest for his worship. Because of these honours, on the analogy of the priesthoods of Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus, Antony is the priest of the divine Julius. Yet you delay, Antony, to assume these duties: you have not been inducted. Why? Choose a day, choose someone to induct you. We are colleagues; no one will refuse. Loathsome man! – equally loathsome as priest of a tyrant, or priest of a dead human being!

And now I have to ask you a question: *Do you not know what day this is?* Yesterday, in case it escaped your notice, was the fourth day of the Roman Games in the Circus. Now you yourself moved in the Assembly a proposal that a fifth day also should be added to these Games in Caesar's honour. Why, then, are we not in our official robes? Why do we allow the honour which your law conferred on Caesar to be neglected? You were prepared to concede, apparently, that this holy day should be polluted by the addition of a thanks-giving, but not by a sacred couch ceremony. But you should either disregard religious observances altogether, or maintain them invariably.

You ask whether I like this couch, gable, priest of the divinity. I like none of them. But you, who defend the acts of Caesar, cannot possibly justify the maintenance of some of them and the neglect of others. Unless, that is, you are prepared to admit that your own profit, rather than Caesar's honour, is your guide. Come, answer these arguments! I look forward to your eloquence. I knew your grandfather; he was a very fine orator. And you certainly speak with even greater freedom than he did. For he never made a public speech naked! – whereas you, straightforward fellow that you are, have let us all have a look at your torso. Are you going to let me have a reply? Are you even going to venture to open your mouth? Indeed, I wonder whether in the whole of my long speech you will find anything at all which you can pluck up the courage to answer.

But let us leave the past. Your behaviour today, at the present day and moment at which I am speaking – defend that if you can! Explain why the Senate is surrounded by a ring of men with arms; why my listeners include gangsters of yours, sword in hand; why the doors of the temple of Concord are closed; why you bring into the Forum the world's most savage people, Ituraeans, with their bows and arrows. I do these things in self-defence, says Antony. But surely a thousand deaths are better than the inability to live in one's own community without an armed guard. A guard is no protection, I can tell you! The protection you need is not weapons, but the affection and good-will of your fellow-citizens. The people of Rome will seize your weapons and wrench them from you. I pray that we shall not perish before that is done! But however you behave towards ourselves, believe me, these are methods which cannot preserve you for long. Your wife – she is no miser, and this reference implies no disrespect – is already taking too long to pay the

Roman people her third instalment.[14]

Our country does not lack men to place in charge of its affairs. Wherever they are, they are our national defence, indeed our very nation. Rome has avenged itself: but it has not yet recovered. However, that there are young noblemen ready to leap to its defence is beyond doubt. They may choose to retire for a spell, seeking quiet, but Rome will call them back.

The name of peace is beautiful – and peace itself is a blessing. Yet peace and slavery are very different things. Peace is freedom tranquilly enjoyed, slavery is the worst of all evils, to be repelled, if need be, at the cost of war and even of death. Even if those liberators of ours have withdrawn from our sight, they have left behind them the example of their deeds. They achieved what no one had ever achieved before. Lucius Junius Brutus made war against Tarquin, who was king at a time when kingship was lawful at Rome. Spurius Cassius Vecellinus, Spurius Maelius, and Marcus Manlius Capitolinus were killed because of the suspicion that they aimed at autocratic monarchy. But here, for the first time, are men raising their swords to kill one who was not merely aiming at monarchy, but actually reigning as monarch. Their action was super-humanly noble in itself, and it is set before us for our imitation: all the more conspicuously, because heaven itself is scarcely immense enough to hold the glory which this deed has made theirs. The consciousness of a noble achievement was reward enough; yet no one, I believe, should spurn that further reward which they have also won – immortality.

The day you ought to remember, Antony, is that day on which you abolished the dictatorship for ever. Let your memory dwell on the rejoicing

of the Senate and people of Rome on that occasion. Contrast it with the haggling with which you and your friends busy your-selves now. Then you will realize that gain is a different thing from glory. Just as there are diseases, or dull-nesses of the senses, which prevent certain people from being able to taste food: so, by the same token, debauchees, misers, and criminals are unattracted by glory.

However, if the hope of being praised cannot entice you to behave decently, is fear equally incapable of scaring you out of your repulsive behaviour? I know the lawcourts cause you no alarm. If that is due to innocence, you are to be commended. But if the reason is your reliance upon force, do you not understand this: that the man whose imperviousness to judicial processes is due to such a cause has pressing reason to feel terrors of quite another kind? For if you are not afraid of brave men and good Romans – seeing that armed satellites keep them away from your person – believe me, your own supporters will not stand you for very much longer. To be afraid of danger from one's own people night and day is no sort of a life; and you can hardly have men who owe you more, in terms of benefactions, than some of Caesar's killers owed to him.

However, you and he are not in any way comparable! His character was an amalgamation of genius, method, memory, culture, thoroughness, intellect, and industry. His achievements in war, though disastrous for our country, were none the less mighty. After working for many years to become king and autocrat, he surmounted tremendous efforts and perils and achieved his purpose. By entertainments, public works, food-distributions, and banquets, he seduced the ignorant populace; his friends he bound to his

allegiance by rewarding them, his enemies by what looked like mercy. By a mixture of intimidation and indulgence, he inculcated in a free community the habit of servitude.

Your ambition to reign, Antony, certainly deserves to be compared with Caesar's. But in not a single other respect are you entitled to the same comparison. For the many evils which Caesar inflicted upon our country have at least yielded certain benefits. To take a single example, the people of Rome have now discovered what degrees of confidence they can repose in this or that person. They have discovered who are fit to be entrusted with their fortunes, and who, on the other hand, need to be shunned. Do these facts never occur to you? Do you never understand the significance of this: that brave men have now learnt to appreciate the noble achievement, the wonderful benefaction, the glorious renown, of killing a tyrant? When men could not endure Caesar, will they endure you? Mark my words, this time there will be crowds competing to do the deed. They will not wait for a suitable opportunity – they will be too impatient.

Antony: some time, at long last, think of your country. Think of the people from whom you come – not the people with whom you associate. Let your relationship with myself be as you please: but your country I pray you to make your friend once again. However, your behaviour is a matter for yourself to decide. As for mine, I will declare how I shall conduct myself. When I was a young man I defended our state: in my old age I shall not abandon it. Having scorned the swords of Catiline, I shall not be intimidated by yours. On the contrary, I would gladly offer my own body, if my death could redeem the freedom of our nation – if it could cause the long-suffering

people of Rome to find final relief from its labours. For if, nearly twenty years ago, I declared in this very temple that death could not come prematurely to a man who had been consul, how much greater will be my reason to say this again now that I am old. After the honours that I have been awarded, Senators, after the deeds that I have done, death actually seems to me desirable. Two things only I pray for. One, that in dying I may leave the Roman people free – the immortal gods could grant me no greater gift. My other prayer is this: that no man's fortunes may fail to correspond with his services to our country!

---

(1) Fulvia, successively the wife of Publius Clodius, Curio, and Antony.

(2) Phormio and Gnatho were parasites in the Phormio and Eunuch respectively, comedies by Terence （*c*． 195-159 BC）. Ballio was the pimp in *The Cheat* by Plautus （*c.* 254-184 BC）.

(3) A quotation from Cicero's much maligned poem *On his Consulate*. The verse went on: ‘let laurel yield to honest worth.’

(4) Publius Servilius Casca, who struck the 昀 rst blow against Caesar, and his brother Gaius.

(5) As city-praetor he was not allowed to be away from Rome for more than ten nights.

(6) i. e. killed Antony too.

(7) It was regarded as a slight not to be mentioned in a friend's will. Lawyers, who were not allowed to accept fees, particularly expected this sort of reward.

(8) On 2 January 49 bc, Antony and another tribune had vetoed a proposal in the Senate that unless Caesar disbanded his army before a named date he should be declared a public enemy. Caesar crossed the Rubicon eight days later.

(9) Captured by Pompey in his campaign against the pirates in 67 BC.

(10) It had been a blow for Antony when Caesar's published will reserved this distinction for Octavian, appointing Antony as one of the secondary heirs only.

(11) The joke was that Antony was notoriously impoverished, a disgrace according to Roman ideas.

(12) Caesar, his fellow-consul.

(13) Dolabella, now consul.

(14) Her three instalments were her three husbands （参见此处）.

THE LAMP OF MEMORY

记忆之灯

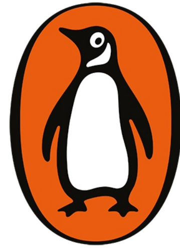
［英］约翰·罗斯金　著
刘涵　译

中国出版集团
中 译 出 版 社

记忆之灯

（英）约翰·罗斯金/著

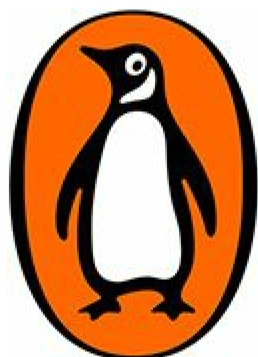
刘涵/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

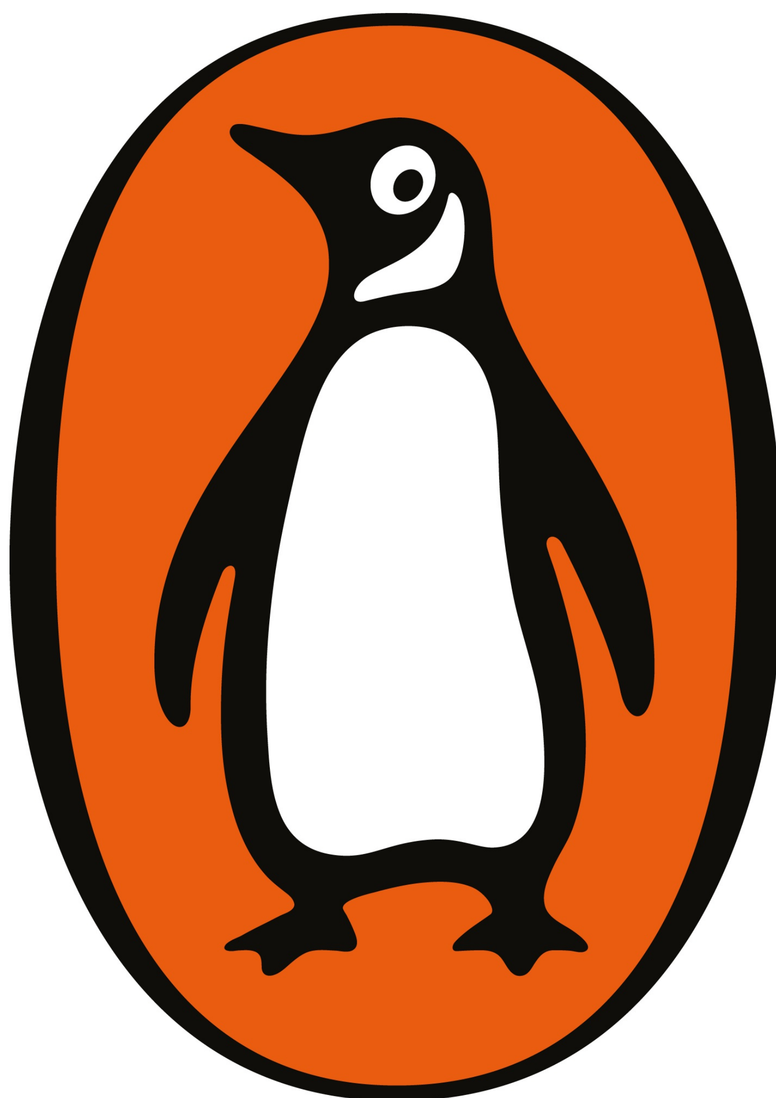
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
'The Lamp of Memor y' first published in The Seven Lamps of Architecture , 1849
'Cambridge School of Art: Inaugural Address' first published 1858' Of Kings' Treasuries' first published in Sesame and Lilies: Two Lectures, 1865' Traffic' first published in The Crown of Wild Olive: Four Lectures on I ndustry and War in 1866
This collection first published 2008

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

约翰·罗斯金（John　Ruskin，1819—1900）是英国维多利亚时代最伟大的艺术及社会评论家。他在知识界的影响力从十九世纪后半叶开始一直延续到今天，可谓影响深远，跨越时代。

罗斯金的一生著述甚丰，其作品涵盖了广阔的领域，体裁也多种多样，然而，罗斯金最具影响力的作品大多集中在艺术及社会评论方面。他最为重要的艺术评论大多出自《现代画家》（1843—1960）和《建筑七灯》（1849）两部著作。作为艺术评论家，他的作品改变了维多利亚时代人们对于艺术的认知，同时他还是“哥特复兴”（Gothic Revival）建筑运动及“前拉斐尔派”（Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood）艺术运动的主要幕后推手。作为社会评论家，他支持改变穷人们的生活窘况，颂扬手工艺劳动的尊严、道德及美学价值，反对工厂劳动的日益机械化，因为他认为这种劳动既枯燥乏味又毁灭灵魂。因此，罗斯金也成为十九世纪“艺术与工艺运动”（Arts&Crafts Movement）的精神领袖。

此书收录了罗斯金在不同时期的四篇重要作品。它们分别是“记忆之灯”“剑桥艺术学校：开学致辞（1858）”“国王的宝藏”“交易”。

“记忆之灯”是出版于1849年的《建筑七灯》中的一篇。罗斯金在书名中以“灯”冠之是为了表明它们是自己所理解的、建筑的七条原则。“记忆之灯”探讨的主要议题是建筑在文化传承方面所应当扮演的角色。罗斯金认为好的建筑应当犹如一座历史的丰碑，向子孙后代永远地传递建造它的那个时代的文化信息。从十九世纪六十年代起，罗斯金开始大量出席各种讲座及演讲活动。本书所收录的后三篇文章就是他在这一时期的演讲词。在“剑桥艺术学校：开学致辞（1858）”中，罗斯金论

述了艺术教育的原则。他认为在大众的、通用的艺术学校里面，学生首先要学会的是观察，是提高鉴赏力，是对艺术的热爱，而非从事艺术创作。“国王的宝藏”最早出现在1865年出版的《芝麻与百合》中，是其中的第一篇。这篇演讲连同第二篇“王后的花园”一起，阐明了男人和女人各自的天性及所应承担的责任。罗斯金在“国王的宝藏”中重点探讨了建立并资助公共图书馆的意义所在，并且论述了为什么要阅读经典及如何阅读经典等重要的议题。“交易”是罗斯金在1864年于布拉福德市政厅的演讲。他在演讲中集中讨论了品味和道德的关系。他认为品味不是道德的一部分或是道德的表征，而是道德的全部。罗斯金的作品犹如一座巨大的宝库，然而到底能从其中挖掘到什么，则在很大程度上取决于我们读者自身所具备的禀赋。

翻译是件无比艰辛而又孤独的工作，如同一个人在漆黑的夜里行走在漫长而崎岖的道路上。所幸的是，在这孤独的夜路之上有一位伟大的思想者与我相伴而行，他就是约翰·罗斯金。他手中擎着那永不熄灭的灯盏，用充满睿智的言语照亮了我前进的路程。就像罗斯金在这本书开始时所说的那样：“在我的一生中，有些时刻值得以特别感激的心情去回味。那时，喜悦异常的丰满，教诲也异常的清澈。”——翻译《记忆之灯》的过程就是这样的时刻。

记忆之灯

在我的一生中，有些时刻值得以特别感激的心情去回味。那时，喜悦异常的丰满，教诲也异常的清澈。那是几年前的一个傍晚，我漫步在流经法国东部汝拉省尚帕尼奥勒村的爱恩河河畔的松林中。这里充满了阿尔卑斯山的庄严，却丝毫没有它的荒凉；这里，大地蕴藏着的巨大能量似乎正要显现，绵延起伏的松岗透露出深沉而高贵的和谐；这里，群山奏出交响乐的第一个音符，不久便抬高了调门，如惊涛般拍散在了阿尔卑斯山的群峰之上，然而群山的力量是有节制的；绵延的、长满牧草的山脊层层叠加，像是来自大海的怒涛，涌过平静的水面，发出长长的叹息。在这广袤的单调中弥漫着深深的柔情。中部山脉的破坏力连同他严肃的表情都不见了。柔软的汝拉牧场没有古老冰川冰刨石塞的侵蚀印记；没有成堆的碎石瓦砾破坏汝拉森林的美丽容颜；也没有苍白的、肮脏的，或是暴怒的河流在她的岩石间粗鲁地撕扯、蜿蜒。清澈的、绿色的溪水在熟悉的河床中流淌，耐心地、一个一个地打着旋涡。在静谧的松树的遮盖下，一簇簇的花朵年复一年地冒出头儿，我不知道这世界上还有什么比它们更快乐。那时正值春天，花团锦簇，争相斗艳；尽管空间足够，它们还是把叶子挤压成了各种奇形的怪状，只为了紧紧地挨在一起。银莲花星星点点，三五成群，如天上的星云一般；酢浆草成群结队，如同五月节向童贞女马利亚致敬的游行队伍一样塞满了石灰岩上黑色的垂直裂缝，它们洁白如雪，边上盘绕着像葡萄树枝蔓一样轻快而可爱的常春藤；一眨眼的工夫，紫罗兰便会喷涌而出，而报春花也在有阳光的地方绽放开来；在较为开阔一点的地方，野豌豆、雏菊、瑞香、宝石蓝色的远志的花蕾及野草莓的花儿都沉浸在浓重、温暖、琥珀色的地衣那金黄色的温柔乡里了。我走出松林，来到山涧边上：涧水的隆隆轰鸣声从脚下突然冒了上来，与松枝上画眉鸟的鸣唱混合在了一起；山涧

的对面是灰色的石灰岩峭壁，一只猎鹰在峭壁的边缘缓缓滑翔，翅膀几乎碰到了岩壁，松树的影子倒映在它闪闪发光的羽毛上；而在它身下数百英尺的地方，绿色的河水正打着旋涡，泛着令人晕眩的点点金光欢快地流淌着，水中的浪花同天上的猎鹰一起飞翔。感受这种孤独和严肃的美丽是不能掺杂任何私心杂念的。我清楚地记得，当自己试图要更为确切地捕捉到这种令人难忘的美丽背后的根源时——比如暂时把它想象成新大陆原始森林的景象，便瞬间感到头脑空白，身体冰凉。花朵顷刻间失去了光彩，河水停止了歌唱，群山变得压抑而荒芜。幽暗森林中的枝干仿佛在沉痛地诉说，诉说它们先前的力量其实是他人的赐予，而不朽的光辉和持续的重生再造则是诞生于它们珍贵的记忆。那些不断开放的花朵和永不停息的河流被人类的忍耐、勇敢和美德的深色所浸染；在夜空的映衬下，黑色群山的峰顶更是受到了人们的膜拜，因为它们向东投下的长长阴影笼罩住了朱克斯的铁墙及格朗松的四方要塞。

我们应当以最严肃的态度对待建筑，因为她是这种神圣影响的集中体现和守护者。没有了建筑我们可以生存，可以祈祷，却将失去记忆。与一个民族所记载的内容和不朽的大理石所承载的内涵相比，一切历史是多么的冰冷，一切意象又是多么的了无生气！——几块石头的堆砌就会省却我们长篇累牍的含混记述！雄心勃勃的巴别塔的建造者告诉我们，只有两件东西可以征服人类的健忘——诗歌和建筑。而后者在某种意义上包括了前者，而且事实上更为强大，因为它如实地记载了人们生活的全部——人们的所思所感、所创所造、所见所闻。荷马的时代为黑暗所包围，有关他的个性也是众说纷纭，然而伯里克利的时代则清晰得多：毋庸讳言，与古希腊甜美的歌手和士兵历史学家相比，我们从其破碎的雕塑中学到了更多的东西。如果了解历史确有裨益，青史留名又是乐事一件的话（因为这样可以为我们当前的努力注入力量，为现在的坚持提供耐心），那么对于一个民族的建筑来说，我们就肩负着两项责任，而其重要性怎么说也不为过：第一，使当代的建筑彪炳史册；第二，将过去时代的建筑作为最珍贵的遗产加以保护。

就第一项责任来说，记忆确实可以称得上是建筑的第六盏明灯，因为只有具有纪念意义或是不朽的价值，民用和家居建筑才会变得真正完美。之所以如此，是因为带着这样一种观念，建筑会建造得更为牢固；而且建筑装饰会由于其隐喻性和历史性的内涵而显得栩栩如生。

就家居建筑而言，这种观念一定存在着某种局限性，因为无论是人心还是人力都会有所不及。不过我还是认为，某个民族建造房屋仅供一代人居住的做法是罪恶的。在善良人居住的房屋中有一种圣洁，而这种圣洁不是在其废墟上新建住宅就可以获得重生。我认为善良的人们通常会感受到这一点。由于在这幢房子里度过了欢乐和有尊严的一生，因此他们会在生命即将结束的时候感到悲伤，认为这幢见证，或是参与了他们所有的荣誉、欢乐或是痛苦的房子，这个自己在人世间的居所，连同它所承载的所有有关自己的记录，所有他们曾经爱过、拥有过的物质财富，所有他们曾经留下过的印记，就要在自己葬身墓地之后被扫除干净；人们对它不怀敬意，没有感情，孩子们也认为它一无是处；尽管在教堂里竖立着自己的墓碑，家里却不再有自己温暖的栖身之所；他们所有曾经珍视的东西都被厌弃，曾经为他们提供保护和慰藉的房子被夷为平地。我认为一位善良的人会对此感到恐惧；更进一步来说，一位善良的儿子，一位高贵的子嗣，会因为如此对待他父亲的房子而感到恐惧。我认为，如果人们真的像人一样地活着，那么他们的房子就会成为一座座庙宇——我们不敢对它们加以伤害，而居住其中会使我们变得神圣；如果每个人只是为了自己建造房屋，为了满足他自己的，那一点点的，改变生活的需求的话，那么他们的亲情必定会奇怪地瓦解，对家庭的赐予和父母的教诲则会莫名其妙地知恩不报，莫名地意识到自己背叛了父辈的荣誉，或者自己的生命不足以使这幢房子对于孩子们来说成为神圣之所。我看到可怜的石灰和黏土的凝固物正如霉菌一样从我们首都周边的，受尽蹂躏的原野上迅速生长；我看到用木板和假冒石材建成的，如甲壳一样的建筑物，它们形体单薄、摇摇欲坠、毫无根基；我看到一排排阴郁的、千篇一律的小房子，它们彼此雷同却又毫无关联，形单影只

却又似曾相识。看着它们，我感觉到的不仅仅是憎恨一瞥后淡漠的厌恶，不仅仅是对被玷污了的景色的痛惜，而且还痛苦地预感到，当我们这个民族的伟大的根系松散地扎根在这片土壤的时候，它们一定已经深度地溃烂了；那些让人丧气，令人羞愧的房屋显示出巨大而且不断蔓延的，普遍的不满情绪。这些房子告诉我们，每个人的居住目标都定在了比他们当前更好的自然环境当中，每个人过去的生活都成了嘲笑的对象；人们都希望建造新房离开旧居，希望忘却过往的岁月；人们不再能感觉到家庭所带来的舒适、和平以及信仰；挣扎的、不安的人们所居住的拥挤的房子与阿拉伯人或是吉卜赛人的帐篷的唯一区别就是，它们不够健康敞亮，地点不够令人满意；人们牺牲了自由却未能换来安宁，牺牲了稳定却未能换来变动所带来的奢华。

这一罪恶并非微不足道，并非影响有限；它是带来其他错误和厄运的不祥之兆、传染之源和孕育的温床。当人们不再爱家，不再尊敬这个栖身之所，就表明他们已经羞辱了它，并且从未承认过基督教信仰中真正的普世价值。事实上，真正超越异教徒偶像崇拜的正是这一价值，而并非一颗虔诚之心。我们的上帝不仅仅活在天堂，还活在家中；他在每个人的居所里都有一座圣坛；因此，当我们轻慢地搬动圣坛，倒掉灰烬的时候，就要多加小心了。一个民族的家居建筑要如何建造，就其耐久性和完整性来说，与单纯的视觉愉悦，知性的骄傲或是文雅而挑剔的想象力毫不相干。它是一种道德责任，一旦缺失就要受到惩罚，因为如何对待建筑取决于微妙而平衡的责任心——一种仔细、耐心、喜爱和坚持到底的决心；一种希望建筑能够跨越一般的国家革命的时期或是整个的区域利益转换的时期的观念。这是最起码的；但是，如果可能的话，人们最好把建造房屋提升到终身事业的高度，这一高度是最初的条件而不是最终的成就；人们建造房屋要尽力而为，使它屹立不倒；要通过房子给子孙后代展示自己的过去及生活的历练。这样的房子建好后，我们就拥有了真正的家居建筑，它是所有其他方面要求的基础。真正的家居建筑，无论大房子还是小房子，都会一视同仁、考虑周到；真正的家居建

筑会赋予世俗环境下的狭小空间以尊严，而人们正是依赖这种尊严才能够安居乐业。

我注意到这种光荣、骄傲、平和的泰然自若，这种安居乐业的永恒智慧，很有可能就是所有时代中最伟大智慧的主要源泉之一，而且毫无疑问，它们是古代意大利和法国伟大建筑的最重要源头。时至今日，这两个国家中最美丽的城市所吸引人们的，不是其孤立存在的、富丽堂皇的宫殿，而是它们在辉煌时期遗留下的，珍贵而优雅的房屋装饰，即便这些房屋小之又小。威尼斯最为精美的建筑是位于其大运河起始地段的一幢小房子。这幢房子上下共三层，二层三扇窗户，三层两扇。许多最为精美的建筑都位于较为狭窄的运河两岸，面积并不比这座大。意大利北部最为有趣的十五世纪的建筑中有这样一幢小房子，它并不临街，位于维琴察市场的后面；它始建于1481年，外墙上镌刻着这样的铭文：Il.n’est.rose.sans.épine.——它是无刺的玫瑰；这幢房屋同样上下三层，每层三扇窗户，窗户之间是华丽的花叶装饰；中间阳台的下面起支撑作用的是展开双翅的雄鹰的造型，两边的阳台下面则支撑的是站立在丰饶角上的，长翅膀的狮身鹫首兽。认为房子建得好则必须建得大完全是现代人的想法，这种观念与认为绘画中的人物必须比真实生活中的人物大才会让这幅画具有历史感一样，如出一辙。

我希望普通住宅建得坚固耐久，赏心悦目；里里外外都让人倍感愉悦；至于房屋之间的风格和样式要近似到何种程度，我会在其他标题下另行讨论；但是无论如何，房屋之间要存在差异，而这种差异要能适应并表现出每个人的性格和职业特点，及部分的个人历史。我认为，房屋的首建者拥有这项权利，并且应当受到后代的尊重；房屋建造中要预留一些未经雕琢的石材，以便日后在上面记录下房屋主人的生平和房屋的变迁，如此一来，这一居所便具有了纪念碑的性质，进而演化成为更加系统的说教。这一良好的风俗古已有之，而现如今仍有一些瑞士人和德国人保留了这一传统，作为对上帝恩赐的答谢，因为正是上帝允许自己

建造并拥有了这样一处安静的栖身之所。下面这些镌刻在一幢乡间别墅外墙上的甜美文字正可以作为本段的结束语。这幢别墅建成不久，位于格林德瓦村和下游的冰川之间，为绿色的牧场所环抱——

Mit herzlichem Vertrauen

怀着真诚的信仰

Hat Johannes Mooter und Maria Rubi

约翰内斯·莫特和玛利·露比

Dieses Haus bauen lassen.

建造了这幢房子。

Der liebe Gott woll uns bewahren

仁慈的上帝保佑我们

Vor allem Unglück und Gefahren,

免于不幸和危险，

Und es in Segen lassen stehn

并且祝福我们

Auf der Reise durch diese Jammerzeit

经过悲伤的旅途

Nach dem himmlischen Paradiese,

来到美好的天国，

Wo alle Frommen wohnen,

所有虔诚的信徒都齐聚于此，

Da wird Gott sie belohnen

因为上帝将会奖赏他们

Mit der Friedenskrone

和平的冠冕

Zu alle Ewigkeit.

直到永远。

公共建筑传承历史的作用应当更为明确。哥特式建筑的优点之一就是——我所谓的“哥特式”是与其古典含义相较而言最为广义的含义——它记录的丰富性几乎无穷无尽。哥特式建筑细微和繁复的雕刻装饰为所有应当为人所知的民族情感或是成就提供了表达的方式，这种表达可能是象征性的，也可能是直白的。事实上，装饰本身并不足以表达如此崇高的特性；即便是最富思想性的历史时期的装饰也会给想象留下很大的，自由发挥的空间，否则就不得不在装饰中重复地使用代表民族风貌或象征的符号。即使仅仅在表面的装饰物中放弃哥特式建筑精神所独具的多样性与力量也是不明智的；在其他重要的建筑构件方面更是如此——例如圆柱的柱头或凸饰，束带层，以及为大家所公认的浅浮雕等。最粗陋的，能够讲述一个故事或是记录下一个事实的作品也要胜过最富丽堂皇却言之无物的装饰。伟大的城市建筑上所有的装饰物都应当传达某种智慧的思考。对于历史的真实再现在现代社会遇到了困难，这种困

难相当讨厌却挥之不去；这就是难以驾驭的服饰：然而，通过足够大胆和富于想象力的处理及对于象征符号的坦率的使用，就可以克服所有这些困难；这恐怕不仅仅可以使得雕塑本身获得满意的效果，而且可以使得它在整个建筑作品的所有构成要件中成为伟大并且富于表现力的一分子。以威尼斯道奇宫的柱头装饰为例，按说历史应当交由宫廷画师去表现，然而道奇宫拱廊的每颗柱头却都被赋予了含义。紧挨大门的，作为整个宫殿基石的那根大柱头象征着"抽象的公正"；上面是一尊"所罗门的裁决"的雕塑，其服务于装饰性目的的处理方式令人赞叹。如果整个雕塑都是由这些人物组成，那么他们就会中断柱子的角线，削弱它的力量；于是在这些人物中间便升起一根粗大的，带有棱纹的树干（事实上它与这些人物毫不相干，位于刽子手和求情的母亲之间），起到支撑并延续角柱的作用，而上面的树叶则荫蔽并装点着整个雕塑。下端的柱头在其叶饰的包围中是一位端坐王位的正义的化身——罗马皇帝图拉真，他正在为一个寡妇讨回公道，此外还有亚里士多德，以及一两个其他的，因为破损而难以分辨的人物。旁边的另一些柱头按照顺序依次代表各种美德和恶行，象征了对于民族和平和强盛的保护或是破坏，其中最后一根柱头代表了信仰，上面镌刻着"Fides optima in Deo est"——真理与上帝同在；柱头的另一侧是一个人在膜拜太阳。之后的一两根柱头上面梦幻般地装饰了鸟儿的图样。接下来是一系列柱头，描绘了各色水果、民族服饰及来自威尼斯治下的各国的动物。

现在先不谈更为重要的公共建筑，我们不妨想象一下以历史的和象征性的雕塑装饰自己在印度的房屋：首先房子要建得牢固；然后雕刻上反映我们在印度的战争的浮雕，再辅之以具有东方韵味的叶饰或是镶嵌上东方的宝石；接下来，在更为重要的装饰雕塑中展现印度的风土人情，并且强调地表现出印度教崇拜中的诸神灵对于十字架的臣服。这样一件作品难道不胜过一千本历史书吗？然而，如果我们不具备进行如此装饰所必需的创造力，或是我们不乐意像欧陆诸民族一样喜欢谈论自己，即便是以大理石代言的话（这可能是我们为自己不善此道所能找到

的最为高尚的托词），那么至少在建筑物的耐久性方面我们仍然责无旁贷。由于这一问题与对于各种装饰方式的选择密切相关，所以有必要进一步地探讨。

人类的善意和决心很少能够超越自己这一代人而恩泽后世。他们也许指望着后辈侧耳倾听，专心致志，也许为了博得他们的赞誉而操劳：他们可能盼望着后辈承认那些未被承认的美德，并且要求他们对于现行的错误还以公道，但是所有这一切纯属出于自私的目的，丝毫没有考虑或是照顾到后辈的利益——我们欣然煽动他们对我们阿谀奉承，并且高兴地利用他们的权威支持我们当下颇具争议的诉求。为了子孙后代牺牲自我，为了还未出生的债主厉行节约，为了后人乘凉而栽树，或是为了将来的人们能居住而兴建城市，我认为所有这些想法都从未真正地成为被人们所公认的，努力工作的动机。这并不是说我们可以免除这些职责；除非我们人生在世的用处不仅仅惠及同伴还能泽被后世，否则我们的存在便难以为继。上帝已经赐予了我们生活的土地；这是一笔巨大的遗产。它不仅仅属于我们，而且属于我们的子孙后辈，以及名字已经出现在《创世记》当中的先人们；我们没有权利，无论是通过作为或是不作为，使他们蒙受不必要的惩罚，或是剥夺他们应当获得的，我们有权力传承下去的利益。上帝为人类劳动指定的条件之一就是，果实的丰满程度与播种和收获之间的时间成正比；因此，通常来说，我们将目标锁定得越远就越不会盼望着亲眼看见自己的劳动果实，而我们所获取的成功就越是广泛和丰富。人类并不能像使后辈受益那样，使同辈获得好处；在所有发出人类声音的布道坛中，坟墓的发声最有说服力。

考虑将来并不意味着给当前带来损失。相反，人类的一举一动都会因为未雨绸缪而变得更为可敬、优雅和壮丽。在所有的品质当中，远见，平静的和自信的耐心将人与人区分开来，使得某些人更亲近上帝；没有什么行为或艺术不能用这一方法来验证其高贵。因此，当我们建造房屋的时候，要抱着使其屹立万代的想法。不要让建筑仅仅满足于当下

的欢愉和使用；要让它成为我们子孙后代借以感谢我们的作品。当我们一层层地堆砌石头的时候，要想一想，正是因为我们的双手触摸过它们，所以总有一天这些石头会被奉为神明；总有一天，当人们看到这幢建筑，这一劳动的结晶时会说：“看，这就是我的祖上为我们修建的。”的确，一幢建筑最耀眼的光辉不是来自它的石头，也不是来自装饰它的黄金。它的光辉之处在于其年龄，在于其丰富而深刻的内涵，其严肃的外表，神秘的同情心，以及我们在其墙垣上感到的，一直以来被涌动的人性浪潮所不断冲刷的赞许或谴责。建筑见证了历史的变迁，静静地与其他稍纵即逝的事物形成了对照。通过季节交替、时代流转，王朝的衰落和肇始，变换的沧海和桑田，建筑凭借其优美的造像在一个跨越古今的时代里获得了力量，将被遗忘的和即将来临的世纪连接在一起，并且，正如它聚集了人们的共通情感一样，部分地形成了民族身份的认同。正是在那金色的时间斑点上，我们要寻找真正的光明，色彩以及建筑的可贵之处；只有当一幢建筑获得了这种特点，博得了如此声誉，因人们的功绩而变得神圣，其墙垣见证了痛苦，其立柱在死亡的幽灵中屹立，它的存在才会比周围自然界的物体更为长久，才会像语言和生命一样鲜活起来……

我们不再讨论修复的问题了。这种事从始至终就是一句谎言。正如你可以将尸体做成标本一样，你也可以将一幢建筑制成模型，就像标本里保留有骨架一样，你的模型里面也可能会有旧墙的外壳，这样做的优点我既看不到，也不关心：然而旧建筑却毁掉了。这样做比它坍塌成一堆瓦砾，或是化成一坨烂泥还要来得更为彻底和无情：与重建的米兰相比，荒凉的尼尼微能够给予我们的更多。据说，有的时候确实有修复的必要！没错。请仔细审视一下这种必要，按照它自身的逻辑理解一下。其实这是一种摧毁的必要。你可以接受这种摧毁的必要，将整幢建筑推倒，把石头扔到被遗忘的角落里，如果你愿意的话，将它们敲成铺路的碎石，制成盖房的灰浆；但是要诚实地做这件事，不要在它们的旧址上重建一处谎言取而代之。如果在此种必要来临之前仔细研究一下，或许

就可以规避。近代的原则（我相信这一原则，至少在法国，被泥瓦匠们系统地加以贯彻，如当地的市政官员为了给流浪汉们提供工作便把圣旺教堂推倒重建）就是首先对这些建筑不闻不问，然后对其加以修复。保护好你们的纪念碑吧，那样就不需要对它们进行修复。请及时地在房顶上放几块铅板，及时地清理排水槽中的落叶和枝条，这样就会使得房顶和墙壁免于毁坏。请诚惶诚恐地照看一幢老建筑，尽可能地保护它，不惜一切代价地使它免于破损。要像清点皇冠上的珠宝一样清点老建筑的石头；像对待被围困的城市的城门一样，派人看守；在松动的地方用铁箍加以固定；在下垂的地方用木料加以支撑；不要管辅助措施是否好看：拄拐杖总比没有腿强；并且要小心翼翼地、虔诚地、持续地做这件事，那么数代人之后的人们就仍然可以在它的庇护下走完一生。建筑的末日终会来临；但是要让它来得光明正大，不要让令人汗颜的、假冒的赝品代替它被人最后铭记。

对于更为荒唐和无知的破坏就是说了也白说；我的话不会传到那些人的耳朵里[1]，然而，不管他们听到与否，我都要说出真理，这就是，我们是否应当保护古旧建筑并不涉及自身利益或是情感因素。无论怎样我们都没有权利碰触它们，它们不属于我们。它们部分地属于其修建者，部分地属于我们的后代。故去的人仍然对它们拥有权利：他们为此而劳作，并且试图通过这些建筑永远地传达诸如对于功绩的表彰，宗教情感的传递，或是其他什么信息，这些我们都无权抹杀。我们自己修建的建筑可以自由地摧毁；但是对于其他人付出了力量、财富和生命才得以完成的建筑，其权利并不会因为他们的故去而丧失；对于他们留下的建筑的使用权并不仅仅属于我们。它属于他们所有的后代。我们为了当下的便利就将这样的建筑推倒，而此后可能引起千百万人的悲痛，给他们带来伤害。我们无权制造这样的悲伤和损失。阿夫朗什大教堂是属于我们这些悲伤的，在它的地基上徘徊的人，还是属于那些将它摧毁的暴民们呢？无论什么建筑都不属于那些对它们施暴的人。他们现在是暴民，而且一直是；无论他们是出于一时激愤，还是出于蓄意的破坏；无

论他们是人数众多，还是身居要职；毫无缘由地毁坏东西的人就是暴民，而建筑总是被毫无缘由地毁坏。一幢漂亮的建筑一定无愧于它所占据的土地，并且一直如此，除非中部非洲和美洲拥挤得像英格兰的米德尔塞克斯郡那样。无论出于怎样的因由，这种毁坏都是站不住脚的。也有一种情况可视为正当，当然不是现在，那就是躁动不安、充满渴求的当下占据了我们头脑中本属于过去和未来的位置。自然的静谧正逐渐地离我们远去；成千上万的人们的生活中充斥了无休无止的狂热。曾几何时，与他们漫长的旅途相伴的是寂静的天空和沉睡的大地；这个国家的脉搏正在剧烈地跳动，沿着钢铁的血脉传遍它的机体，每时每刻都变得更为炙热，更为迅速。所有的活力都通过律动的血管集中到了中心城市；走过狭窄的桥梁，对如绿色海洋一般的乡村视而不见，我们被涌动的人潮推向了城市的大门。在城市中，唯一能够替代森林和原野的，就是来自古代建筑的影响力。不要为了整齐的广场，围了篱笆或是种了树的人行道，抑或是漂亮的街道和宽敞的码头，等等，而抛弃古代建筑，因为所有这些都不能给你的城市带来骄傲。把这些留给大众吧；但要记住在不安的墙垣的环绕中确实有一些人，他们会要求到其他的地方走一走；会要求一些不同的形式一饱眼福。就像但丁，他经常会坐在一个夕阳照得到的地方，欣赏佛罗伦萨大教堂的穹顶在深邃的天空中勾画出的轮廓线；再比如皇宫的主人们，他们每天会透过宫殿卧室——他们先辈休息之处——的窗子，眺望维罗纳昏暗街道的交会之处。

剑桥艺术学校：开学致辞（1858）

我想有兴趣为劳工建立一所艺术学校的人们大体上可以分为两类：第一类，是那些主要是想让劳工们变得更快乐、更聪明、状况更好的人们；第二类，是那些想让劳工们生产出更好、更具价值的产品的人们。当然，这两个目标可以并行不悖；不过，我们更关注的是达到这两个目标的动机是什么，因为我们完成目标所需要的精神实质有着很大的不同。我曾经说过，这一不同足可以将所有如此计划的推动者分成两类：一类人的中心目的为慈善，一类人的中心目的为商业；一类人希望劳工自发地获取更多的知识，另一类人则希望劳工能为我们生产出更具价值的商品，以便能与其他国家进行竞争。

这种动机的不同一定会导致工作方法的差别。慈善家们关注的不仅仅是工匠，而且是广义上的劳动者。通过给予劳动者新的娱乐方式和新的思想，慈善家们希望尽一切可能改善他们的习惯，增进整个劳动群体的幸福感。一所目标如此宽泛而且有些模糊的学校所采取的艺术教育原则，是，而且应当是，与那些仅在自己行业内对工匠进行特殊培养的学校所采取的原则大为不同。我认为这种差异并没有引起我们足够的注意，或是在办学计划当中予以考虑。我觉得，迄今为止，我们一直模糊地认为绘画艺术，从某种程度上说，可以以一种普遍的方式教给所有的人，并且使他们都受益；而且之后的每一班技工都可以将这种普遍的知识，根据要求应用于自己的行业，然而，情况并非如此。一位木雕师，根据自己的职业，与一位瓷器画师学习绘画的方式会有很大的不同；宝石匠与铁匠也同样有这样的差别。一定要引导他们在各自不同的作品当中，以自然的形式呈现出不同的特点。教一位铁匠观察桃子上的绒毛是没有用的，同样，教给一位木雕师如何制造朦胧的效果也是没用的。就他们各自的领域而言，这些东西只会白白地占据他们的大脑，而他们则

不能集中力量，清楚明白地追求，在他们所能利用的材质上可以表现出来的艺术特质。

现在，我认为，要在单独的一所学校里面，传授给学生各个行业特定的艺术原则是根本不可能的。这种特定的艺术原则只有通过在某种特定的工作中的多年的工作经验才能够获得。每一种材料的力量，对它进行处理时的诸多困难等，与其说是教会的不如说是凭经验获得的；只有通过不断的接触和熔炉旁边持续的试验，金匠才会发现控制黄金的办法，玻璃工才会知道如何摆弄水晶；只有通过观察及在本行业的师傅实际操作的时候打下手，学徒们才会学会高效操作的秘诀，或是认识到原有设计的真正局限之处。因此，我认为，在类似这所刚刚建立的学校中，应当放弃所有针对特定行业的教学计划，因为要使这样的教学发挥效用，就必须具备相应的材料，便利设施，以及师傅的实践经验，而这些我们都不具备。所有特定的艺术教学一定要在为其行业专门建立的学校中实施：当我们的技工对这些事情更为明悉之后，正如我在有关艺术的政治经济学的讲座中所说过的一样，以一种积极的和务实的形式建立各个行业的同业公会就是完全必要的了。同业公会的目的是为了搞清楚适合他们自己行业的艺术原则，要针对各种材料和新发明的程序方法做试验，而且要教导它们行业内的学徒。另外还有很多其他的功能我就不在此一一论述了。我们不能期望，我重复一遍，目前在这样一所学校里实现这一切：不放弃这样的期望，我们就不会得到满意的结果；而且我们要致力于教给技工们，不管他是干什么的——是农户的雇工或是厂商的工人，是机修工、发明家、店员、水手或是农夫——尽我们的一切可能，教给他们唯一的，也是同样的东西——观察。这并非无足轻重，观察可能是所有要教给学生的最为重要的东西。教给你阅读——这有什么用，如果你不知道所读的是真还是假？教给你写或是说——说有什么用，如果你无话可说？教给你如何思考——不，会思考又有什么用，如果你没有什么好思考的？但是教给你去观察，就等于同时让你懂得了如何正确地使用语言和进行思考。在表达对于光明的渴望时，祈祷和赞美

诗的常见套话堕落成了单调乏味的隐喻，模糊地扭曲成为其他替代的语言——先是借助拉丁文解释；然后用英文阐明；接着又用拉丁文答疑解惑；再用英文加以澄清；再后来又借助光束、光线、太阳、恒星、灯盏等来表达，直到有时我们希望，至少从宗教的角度来看，根本就不存在光明或是黑暗这类词语。只有此时人们才模糊地认识到观察的重要性。尽管如此，使得人们忍受这种无休止的纠缠的主要动因是真实存在的；不同的是人们最缺少也最应求索的东西不是光明而是观察。如果你不知道如何使用光，那么拥有光的多少就没有意义，它只会骚扰而不会帮助你的眼睛。另外，在这个世界上，我们经常想要在黑暗中看到东西——这是所有人的天赋权利——无论是通过什么样的光我们都想看到事物本来的样子。我保证，如果我们可以得到一点点，哪怕只一点点就好，《天方夜谭》当中苦行僧人的油膏，用以展示给我们世界的真相而不是世上的财宝的话，不久我们就会改变这个世界。

不管这些东西正确与否，毫无疑问，在这样一所学校里，我们的当务之急是培养学生学会观察而不是学会动手；尽量让学生清楚而真实地观察到自然的物体对于他们来说大有裨益。我们不应该过分追求学生再现这些物体的能力。这种能力，可以或多或少地通过练习获得，而这种练习对于观察的精确性而言毫无助益；而且观察的精确性也可以通过练习获得，而这种练习同样也无助于提高学生再现物体的能力。例如，花很长的时间练习点染单一的色调对于绘画能力很有帮助；然而这种手法的练习对于培养学生确定某个物体的真正色调却没有丝毫的帮助。仅仅用一个小时的时间，通过精心的指导和恰当的修改，学生就会更为透彻地了解色彩的运用，而且会获得对于在绘画中所描摹事物的更敏锐的感知。在练习中，他擦来抹去，使色彩变明再变暗，用笔刮擦然后涂抹，耐心地、努力地与色彩运用的要求保持一致，尽管这样做可能会毁掉整张画或是让它完全不像样。当然，对于老师和学生而言，有一点很有诱惑力，就是要尽力获得看得到的结果——在实际绘画中表现出美丽的，可信的或是有卖点的东西，但是我见到过的学校越多就越是有理由质疑

那些产生出太多浮华而完整的学生作品的学校。我们仔细检查一下就会发现，一件浮华的作品往往是遵照某种约定俗成的规则完成的，而学生对这些规则盲目地遵照执行却并不知其所以然；他的作品是对真相的再现，而绘画的作者并未亲身观察到这一真相；此类画作的创作手法单调乏味，死气沉沉；它们的明暗处理似是而非、中规中矩，却又漏洞百出。如果学生仅仅学会了各种绘画的技巧，那么他的画作中就一定充斥了谬误和各种问题。因此，建立一所真正大众的，或是通用的艺术学校是非常必要的。在这所学校里，老师们不会试图掩盖这种谬误或是容忍它发生，相反会让学生利用时间获取最为宝贵的理解和心灵的感悟，而不是手上的技巧。

各位请注意，除非你能全身心地投入其中，否则绘画或是制图过程本身就会变得毫无价值。一位爱好者或是工匠的绘画——只要他不是艺术家，就没有什么价值。这样一幅作品作为纪念品、礼物或是记录事实的手段可能是弥足珍贵的；然而作为艺术品，爱好者的画作通常毫无价值；而我们的重要目标之一就是要让学生们明白并且感受到这一点，进而防止他们试图将自己本来毫无价值的作品，通过某种肤浅的、虚伪的、抓人眼球的、骗人钱财的方式装扮得像一幅真正好的作品。

对于那些来自上流社会的学生，我们的主要职责就是使得他们成为好的艺术品鉴人而非艺术家；因为即便是给我一个月，而非一个小时的时间，来给你们讲解我们国内上流社会和中产阶级对于艺术的高明的品鉴能力的缺乏状况的林林总总，也是不可能的。这不是说这种品鉴能力没有手上的训练就可以获得：没有哪个不会画画的人对绘画会有透彻的鉴赏力；而是仅仅应当把绘画作为一种能使得他专注于眼前的艺术品的微妙之处的方式，或是使得他能够记录下必要的自然真相并与之相比较的方式。而且我认为对于呈现给他的艺术品要进行严格的筛选。研究一位大师直至理解他为止，要胜过对于一千个人表面上的熟悉。批评的力量并不在于你知道多少画家的名字或是创作方式，而在于你是否能够洞

悉几位画家的卓越之处。

相反，如果我们的教学更为明显地倾向于操作，那么我们就没有必要费力地提升学生的鉴赏能力。在诸多现存的艺术形式当中，学生知道的越少越好。我们应当主要培养他们对于自然的敏感性；如果可能的话，甚至要通过某种程度上对于他们的鉴赏力不利的方式发展他们的想象力。我们宁可学生的作品粗浅清晰，也不要完美无瑕；宁可欢快愉悦，也不要谨小慎微。

顺着这一思路，我们开始讨论第二个问题，也就是有关商业的问题；就是说，在工匠们接受了训练之后，如何才能让他们创作出最好、最珍贵的作品，以使我们能与其他国家展开竞争，或是在我们自己国内开拓出新的商业领域。

可能我们很多人都认为，足够的学校教育就可以达到这一目的；足够多的讲座可以达到这一目的；到国外取经学习可以达到这一目的；或是耐心、时间、金钱以及美好的愿望可以达到这一目的。呜呼，不幸的是，上面这些中没有一项，或是所有这些方面都加起来，也不会达到这一目的。如果你需要真正好的作品，比如在全世界得到认可的作品，那么途径就只有一条，而且并非捷径。你可能会为达此目的设立悬赏，但是你会发现悬赏其实并不管用。你可能会派人学习相反的风格样式，但是你会发现风格样式并不是关键所在。你可能会在我们王国范围内的每所学校里宣讲艺术的原则，而你会发现依照这些原则也不能达此目的。你可能会耐心地等待时代的进步，而你会发现艺术其实并不会随时代而变迁。或是，你可能会不耐烦地利用当代的发明促其形成，而你会发现无论是螺丝钉还是明轮翼都不会将艺术的战车推向前进。没有什么方法可以获得好的艺术品，我重复一遍，只有一条——最简单同时也最困难——享受艺术。查看一下各个民族的历史，你就会发现这一伟大的事实清楚明白地写在上面——只有享受艺术的民族才能产生好的艺术品；他

们对待艺术就像对待面包一样，以其充饥；就像对待阳光一样，沐浴其中；他们为之欢呼雀跃，为之手舞足蹈；他们为之争吵，为之战斗，为之忍饥挨饿；事实上，他们对待艺术的态度同我们完全相反：我们拿艺术卖钱，他们则葆有艺术的永恒价值。

对于我们这样一个商业民族来说这确实是一种严重的困难。我们从事这一行业的主要动机本身使得这一行业变得不可能。要使艺术品畅销的首要和绝对的条件是生产它而不是为了销售；相反，则是下定决心，一旦拥有就什么价格都不卖。努力使艺术品广受欢迎而价格低廉，让它成为国外市场的好商品；那么国外市场总会拿出更好的商品。制作艺术品时自己感到愉悦就好，甚至于要下定决心不去讨好其他任何人；接下来你立刻就会发现所有的人都喜欢它。请你注意，这样做存在一个难以逾越的困难：我们为愉悦自己而生产，然而自身却不懂得愉悦。举一个最简单的例子，我们都能理解的，在服装艺术方面。近来我们在丝绸服饰的样式方面大吵大闹，要与法国里昂竞争，要将伦敦打造成巴黎。没错，我们可以一直这样尝试：但只要我们并不是真的喜欢丝绸服饰的样式，就永远都不会有所斩获。而事实上我们确实不喜欢。当然，所有的女士都希望自己的裙子合身而且漂亮；但是我却没有发现有谁，纯粹是出于对于丝绸服饰本身的喜爱而欣赏其美丽；检测有无这种欣赏的方法就是要看，她们是否希望该服饰穿在别人身上也同样的合身、好看。穿着漂亮所带来的快乐，甚至于是看到其他人穿着漂亮而感到的快乐——我猜想在座的听众一定是如此的无私——无论这种快乐是大是小，与美丽所带来的愉悦，与丝绸的褶皱与颜色的华丽和优雅所带来的愉悦是大为不同的。我刚刚获得了一条确凿的证据，证明现代人的这种感觉有多么欠缺。为了研究保罗·委罗内塞的一幅作品，夏天的时候我在都灵住了一段时间。他的这幅画描绘了示巴女王会见所罗门王的故事。画中最显著的特点之一就是丝质服饰的富丽堂皇：特别是有一条白色的锦缎，上面织有金色的图案，而这正是我到都灵去主要要临摹的东西之一。你可能对此感到奇怪，但我要顺便说一句，像所有好的学生和好的画家一

样，我也有欣赏服装式样的癖好。弗拉·安吉利科、佩鲁基诺、约翰·贝里尼、乔尔乔涅、提香、丁托列托、委罗内塞、达·芬奇等，无论他们属于哪个流派，也无论在其他方面有多么不同，他们都喜欢服装式样；而且，越是高贵的画家就越是在服装式样方面处理得当。

前面我说过，在都灵停留时我研究了这条白色锦缎。在公共画廊里经常有这样的情况，就是最好的画作却摆放在最不起眼的位置；然而，这幅委罗内塞的画不仅高高挂起，而且就挂在进出画廊必经的门的上方，所以参观者不可能轻易漏掉它，尽管他们可能欣赏不了。为了工作方便，我在门的旁边架起一座高台。由于这座高台有一定的高度并且位于角落，因此我能够观察到参观者们看到这幅画时的表情，而他们却看不到我。我觉得这幅画具备所有艺术品借以吸引大众眼球的要素。它画幅很大；颜色艳丽，题材喜闻乐见。整幅画上大概有二十个人物，主要人物有真人大小：所罗门的形象，尽管是在阴影里，是到目前为止我所知道的，在所有意大利艺术品当中，其最能完美地展现出这位聪明睿智、仪表堂堂的年轻国王的形象；示巴女王是委罗内塞描绘过的最可爱的女性形象之一；所有其他次要人物也都魅力不凡，充满想象；整幅画作如此完美，以至于有一天我在高台上花了两个小时也没能丝毫不差地描摹出两条锦缎褶皱的曲线。有很多来自英国的旅行者走过这间屋子；即便有时他们自己没有看到，也无一例外地被侍从带到了这幅画前。对这幅我花了六个星期仅仅是研究了两个人物的画作，我发现，平均而言，每个英国旅行者花了半分钟或四十五秒进行参观，当然他们对意大利没有偏见，至于该看什么都是发自内心；更有甚者，行动迅速的或时髦的旅行者们，他们匆匆来此就是为了走马观花，所以仅仅是扫了一眼，就立刻转过头去观赏悬挂在右边的一幅糟糕的山水画，画中是一堵着力绘制的白墙以及一条绿色的、没有光泽的护城河。给我印象最深的是，没有一位女士停下来观赏委罗内塞绘制的服装。毫无疑问这些服装要比大广场上商店里卖的服装漂亮得多，然而却没人注意它们。有的时候会有某位相貌出众，明眸善睐的女孩走进来，我通常会一直关注她，

心想——“拜托，至少你得看一看示巴女王穿的是什么衣服。”但是没有——她会漫不经心地走过，微微抬一抬头，似乎在说：“这间屋子里没什么值得可看的——除了我自己。”然后就穿门而过，一走了之。

事实上，我们并不在乎绘画：确实不在乎。我们之所以参观皇家艺术学院的展览是为了获得谈资和消遣空闲的时间；出于各种原因，我们当中的富人们会买上一两幅画作，有时是为了装点走廊的角落，有时是为了烘托晚餐前客厅的谈话气氛，有时是因为某个画家很受追捧，间或是因为他穷困潦倒，还经常有这种情况，就是我们有意搜集各种类型的绘画，就像我们搜集矿石或蝴蝶的标本一样，当然，在最好，也是最少见的情形下，我们购买画作是出于对它们的喜爱；而这种喜爱也不过是与喜爱一把漂亮的扶手椅或是一只新做成的玻璃水瓶如出一辙。对于绘画真正的热爱，得到一幅作品时的喜悦之情，恐怕有此感觉的人只是凤毛麟角。

我们的冷漠并不容易消除；即便是冷漠应当消除，我们也应当恰如其分地欣赏绘画作品，而好的作品也确有所增加，因为如此一来一定会增加的——接下来则会出现另外一个问题。可能今晚在座的各位当中有人听说过我经常会自相矛盾——我倒是非常希望自己如此，因为我还从来没见过哪个需要解决的重要问题，不是像一个二次方程一样，需要至少一个肯定以及一个否定的答案。通常来讲，任何重要的事物都是三方面的，四方面的，或是多方面的；所以人们要坚持自己的观点就要严肃地沿着这个多边形巡查。拿我自己来说，至少要自我否定三次，我才会认为已经掌握了某个问题并且感到满意，因此，今晚我还要自我否定一次。我刚刚说过，如果我们不能在艺术中感到快乐就不能得到好的艺术；接下来我要说，同样确信无疑的，如果我们不能在艺术中拒绝快乐的话，就不可能得到好的艺术。我们必须首先爱艺术，然后要对我们的爱加以节制。

这听起来奇怪；而我敢保证这是千真万确的。事实上，如果有什么事儿听起来不怪，通常它的真实性就值得怀疑；因为所有的真理都是奇妙的。举一个物理方面的例子，听起来一样自相矛盾。假定你在给一个小学生讲解天文学上的地球怎样在自己的轨道上保持平稳运行的道理；你会这样对他说——难道不是吗？——地球总是有被太阳吸引的趋势；同时它又总是存在飞离太阳的趋势。在小学生理解地球运动的方式之前，这两种明显矛盾的说法够他消化一段时间了。而与此类似，当我们将艺术置于其真正的和有用的轨道时，它就会一边在闪闪发光的愉悦的诱惑下行进，另一边则带着做点有益工作的，坚定的道德目的而前行。如果艺术家的工作没有乐趣，他就会消失在太空中，死于寒冷：如果他仅为乐趣而工作，就会因为拥抱太阳而化为灰烬。总之，后面这一条就是所谓宿命，我不是说这最可怕，而是说迄今为止艺术多受此折磨，世界上的伟大民族也多遭此磨难。

一方面你能清楚地看到，历史上只有在艺术中获得快乐的民族才能产生出艺术，同样你会毫无疑问地，甚至是更为清楚地看到，那些仅仅是为了获得快乐而追求艺术的民族，他们的力量和生命总是被艺术消耗殆尽。当你审视世界上伟大民族的丰功伟绩的时候，这一事实一定让你震撼。你一定会严肃地提出这样一个疑问，即便是在今天，我们应当在多大程度上追求那似乎只会腐蚀我们灵魂，麻木我们机体的快乐呢？我一直以来都在抱怨英国蔑视艺术；但是，如果更公平一点的话，我似乎应当抱怨的是她对于艺术的畏惧而非蔑视。有史以来，什么是给各民族带来毁灭的根源呢？是瘟疫、饥荒、地震或是火山爆发吗？所有这些都不曾战胜过一个伟大的民族，使他的名字在地球上消失，然而，在每一次民族走向衰败的时间和地点，你都会看到其他的，发挥作用的原因，这就是奢华、娇弱、耽于享受、艺术精良以及花样翻新的行乐。那么，什么才是我们应该从古代历史当中汲取的，从古典著作中获得的，送给年青一代人的经验教训呢？这就是——朴素的生活、语言和举止，其可以给予一个民族以力量；奢华的生活，精妙的语言以及优雅的举止会削

弱并且摧毁一个民族。当人们一无所有，寡欲少求的时候，就会勇敢而高尚：当他们嘲笑所有奢华的艺术，而在其他民族看来是野蛮人的时候，他们的刀剑就会所向披靡，统治就会无边无际。当让他们对于高雅的品位变得敏感，对于快乐的追求变得迅捷之后，他们那曾经紧握铁棒的手指就会即刻松开金色的权杖。在这点上我没有丝毫的夸张；怎样强调这一真理及其普适性都不为过。野蛮和朴素的民族从来都比擅长艺术的民族更具美德，更具优势。看一看波斯人是怎样推翻吕底亚人的；雅典人怎样推翻波斯人的；斯巴达人怎样推翻雅典人的；然后整个优雅的希腊是怎样被更为粗野的罗马人推翻的；罗马人又在变得优雅之后怎样被哥特人驯服的：在中世纪的转折点上，正是这一小撮山地牧羊人宣告了欧洲的解放，践行了基督教的美德，证明了它的教义，而他们没有艺术，没有文学，几乎没有语言，却能在条顿骑士团的围攻下屹立不倒，在罗马森严的等级中出淤泥而不染……

因此，综上所述，如果要在英国促进艺术的发展就必须做两件事：首先，要享受艺术的乐趣；其次，要让艺术服务于某种严肃的目的。我所谓的严肃并不一定专指艺术的道德层面，而是指除了应当摈弃的自私、轻率或是懒惰以外，还要兼顾艺术的实用性。在前面的演说中，我确实曾经想要探索出几条能让艺术严肃地、实实在在地服务于我们文化事业的路径，至少我是这样认为的。我曾经希望告诉大家仍然有多少伟大的自然现象还没有通过艺术的方式由我们记录下来；有多少欧洲的重大历史事件正是由于未经记载而正在被人们所遗忘，而我们所要做的不过是一点点真诚的、简单的、辛苦的而又充满爱心的绘画；又有多少最为难忘的历史事件没能发挥它们一半的教育作用，仅仅是因为画家们在对其进行再现的时候，不是忠于历史事实而是凭空想象，不是为了还原历史真相，而是为了给自己的国家歌功颂德。我曾经希望告诉大家有多少最美好的心灵冲动在轻率和耽于声色中迷失，就是因为我们缺少可供凝视的、更为纯粹的美丽，缺少高贵的思想与炽热的、神圣的人类激情相结合；最后，我们失去了多么巨大的，宗教信仰的力量，就是因为我

们的艺术没能以某种理性的、真实的和可信的方式去表现那些神圣的历史事件，因为它们清晰可见、易于理解地发生了，所以也应该当得到清晰可见、易于理解地再现，但是至今，我仍然不敢提出所有这一切的希望。在仔细斟酌之后，我感到还不是时候将它们公之于众，然而我想，这一时刻不久就将来临；目前，我们只能对人类的自负、虚荣和空抱幻想提出批评，他们只会在口头上去冒险地追求更高的、各门艺术可能为人类储藏着的、上天的恩赐。现在还没有必要这样做：我们要拜托大家的是，一定要认真地和坦率地努力学习那些逐渐向我们开放的课程；一定要严肃对待这些课程并且是出于严肃的目的，不可将其视为儿戏。最后，我呼吁所有即将入学的同学们清楚地认识到，要将艺术作为业余的艺术爱好加以追求：它可以给你带来快乐，就如同读书使你愉悦一样——但是你从来都没想过将阅读作为业余的艺术爱好；它可以给你带来快乐，就如同学习物理带给你快乐一样，但是你不可能将物理学称为业余的艺术爱好。如果你决意仅仅将艺术视为一场游戏或是一件乐事，那么请赶快放弃艺术，因为你这样做于己无益，而且会使得我们对艺术的追求在他人眼中看来变得肮脏龌龊。毫无疑问，与其你在画廊里闲逛说笑，还不如永远都不进去；与其你攥着画笔仅仅是为了显示陶醉于自己的小聪明，那就还不如从未将其拿起；毫无疑问，与其你的本领仅够在伟大的作品中寻找瑕疵，比如对某个合理的着色妄加推测或是对某个精湛的细节处理说三道四，那还不如对绘画完全没有兴趣，一无所知。最重要的是，只要这些学校的教学面向的是大学低年级学生，我就会为此而申辩。任何以体力劳动为生计的人们都不大可能认为自己学习某某艺术仅仅为了消遣，但是业余艺术爱好者则不同。这一点最重要，而且，这是教给他们什么是绘画的真谛的重中之重。我们不要强求他们创作出好的作品，而要让他们在见到他人好的作品时能够慧眼识珠。好的作品，就其严格意义来说，我之前也说过，是业余艺术爱好者力所不及的；好的作品，无论从什么角度上来说，对其创作者自身或是对其他人都是具有价值的，而他必须从一开始就清楚自己能做什么，什么不能

做；什么是可以得到的，什么是得不到的；只有掌握了高贵的、严格的、无所不能的和永恒的艺术法则，他才能创作出好的作品。我这不是在吓唬谁，有谁能够被吓得到，就说明他已经了不起了；除非希望羞辱了我们而理解又让我们战战兢兢，否则，我们的希望就是奢望，理解就是曲解。更进一步说，请恕我直言，你们在这里，所主要要教给年轻人的东西，恐怕他们做不到的要比能做到的更多；因此，要让他们看到，在自然界中有多少东西是不能描摹的，在人类中有多少品格是不能仿效的。只有当他认识到自己所有的作品不过是难以传达的美丽的虚弱标记，不过是进行度量的无力的手段，而同时带着越发的仰慕看到上帝在人类中的天才和普通人之间划定的巨大而难以跨越的鸿沟的时候，才能说他在艺术方面接受了教育。所有人类在通常情况下所能达到的艺术成就，不过是来自对于自然景观本身的、纯粹的喜爱，以及神圣的和忘我的崇敬。这种崇敬，当更为伟大的人出现在他面前的时候，会表现为高贵的自惭形秽和兴奋得浑身颤抖。

国王的宝藏

“你们每人都会得到一块芝麻饼，——以及十英镑。”

琉善《渔民》

今晚，我首先要请求各位的谅解，因为我的演讲题目有些含混不清。实际上我既不会谈论大权在握的国王，也不会谈论代表财富的宝藏；而是要谈一谈另外一种，不是通常意义上的王权和物质财富。我本想先抓住大家的注意力，（就像有的时候，有些人想方设法地带朋友去参观一幕他所得意的景致一样）先把最想要给大家看的东西隐藏起来，然后再在这种漏洞百出的小花招的掩护下蜿蜒前行，最后突然间把大家带到最漂亮的景点。我曾经听擅长演讲的人们说，讲话人不开宗明义而是带着大家兜圈子的做法，会弄得听众们疲惫不堪。因此，我现在就要把这小小的面具扯下，直截了当地告诉大家，我所要讲的是蕴藏在书籍中的宝藏，以及我们找到这些宝藏的路径或是失去它们的缘由。您可能会说这个题目太严肃了，太宽泛了。没错，它太宽泛了，所以我不会试图去探究它所有的内容。我只会呈现给大家一些自己有关阅读的简单的想法。随着我们教育手段的日益扩展，大众的思想在日益改变，而相应的文学水平也在普及与提高之中，这些想法就日复一日地、重重地积压在我的心头。

碰巧我与很多学校的不同层次的学生有一些联系。我从他们家长那里也收到了不少有关孩子教育的信件。在这堆信件当中，有一点让我震惊，这就是孩子的家长们，特别是妈妈们，最为优先考虑的是所谓“社会地位”的问题。在信中，他们常说“适合某某社会地位的教育”。据我所知，他们从来不追求某种自身良好的教育，他们甚至也鲜少提及教育

抽象的正确性。他们所跪地祈求的教育，就是一种“能让我儿子穿上一件好的外套，能让他自信地在双铃门前摁响来访者的门铃，并且最终也能让他住上安装有双铃门的房子”的教育——总之一句话，就是能让“生活进步”的教育—除此之外，别无他求。家长们似乎从来没有想过还有这样一种教育存在，这就是，教育本身就是生活的进步；他们没有想过除此之外的任何教育都是迈向死亡；而且，如果方法得当的话，这种基本的教育可能比他们想象的更容易获得或是给予；如果方法不妥的话，无论付出多高的代价，拿出多少的爱心，也不可能得到。

确实，在英国——这个世界上最为忙碌的国家，人们的头脑当中，最为流行和有效的观念是“生活的进步”。人们对此已经最为坦率地承认了，并且将其作为鼓励年轻人奋斗的、最为合适的动机而加以推动。下面请您同我一起思考一下，这个观念实际上包括什么及应当包括什么。

实际上，在目前，“生活的进步”就意味着在生活中出类拔萃；获得一种为其他人所认可的、可敬的或是有名望的地位。通常来说，我们不会认为这种进步就仅仅意味着赚到了钱，而是要让别人知道自己赚到了钱；不是实现了什么伟大的目标，而是让他人看到自己实现了这一目标。一句话，我们要的是，得到别人喝彩时的满足感。这种愿望，对于高贵的人们来说是最无足轻重的弱点，而对于意志薄弱的人们来说，则是首要的缺陷。总体而言，它对普通人的影响力最为强大。这就如同热衷于享乐往往会导致最可怕的灾难一样，一个民族最伟大的成就往往可以追溯到其对于赞美的热爱。

我在这里不是要谴责或是维护这种冲动，而是想要大家感觉到它是如何左右了我们的所作所为，特别是在今天这个时代。这是一种虚荣心的满足。这种虚荣心是我们辛勤劳作的动力，是我们安静休息的止痛膏。因为这种虚荣心与生命的活力紧密相关，所以当它受伤时总会被说成是（而且真正是）生命活力的丧失，我们称之为“坏疽”，这个词原本

是用来形容我们身体上坏死的且不可治愈的组织。尽管一些人可能会像医生那样认识到这种热情对于我们健康和精力的种种影响，可我还是相信，大多数诚实的人们都知道并且会立刻承认，它的主要作用是为我们的所作所为提供动机。水手通常不会仅仅因为自己比别人更善于在船上操作就想要成为一名船长，他想成为船长是因为希望能被称为船长；牧师通常不会仅仅因为自己比其他人能更为坚定地带领主教管区克服重重困难就想成为一名主教，他要成为一名主教，从根本上来说是因为他想被称为“大人”；国君通常不会仅仅因为自己比其他人戴上王冠能更好地服务于国家就想扩大或占有一个王国，而是，简而言之，他这样做是为了想要被尽可能多的人称为“陛下”。

这就是“生活的进步”的主旨所在。对于我们所有的人来说，根据我们目前所处的地位，它的力量被主要运用于此种进步的附带结果上，就是促使我们进入到所谓的“上流社会”。我们要进入上流社会，不是为了占有它，而是为了现身其中。我们所理解的“上流”，主要就是它的与众不同。

我想暂停一下，问一个你们可能认为是不相干的问题可以吗？如果不弄清楚听众们是支持还是反对我的观点，我就不敢没完没了地讲下去。开始讲的时候我并不在乎，但是讲过一会儿之后，我就必须知道大家的想法。现在，我马上就想知道你们是不是觉得我把人们一般行为的动机估计得太低了。今晚，我下定决心，为了使大家觉得更可信而把这些动机尽量地低估；因为每当我在有关政治经济学的著作当中，把一点点的诚实或是慷慨，或是其他什么可以称作是“美德”的东西，当作是人类行为动机的时候，人们就会回应我说，“你不要指望那些东西，它们不是人类的本性，除了嫉妒和贪婪以外人类没有其他共通的品质；只有偶尔在商业以外的什么事儿上，人们才会有点其他的情感。”所以，今晚我就从低层次的动机开始谈起，但是我必须知道你们是否同意我的观点。我要问一下，有谁同意，人们追求进步最强烈的动机通常是希望得

到表扬，而真心诚意地履行职责完全是次要的。请同意的举一下手。（大概十一二个人举起了手——听众们可能是拿不准我是认真的还是在开玩笑，还有可能是羞于表达自己的观点。）我是认真的——我真的想知道你们的想法；当然，同样的问题我也可以反过来问。请那些认为履行职责是首要的动机，而希望得到表扬是次要动机的人举起手来好吗？（据说只有一个坐在我身后的人举了手。）很好，看来大家同意我的观点，你们认为我并没有把人类动机估计得太低。现在，我不再麻烦大家回答更多的问题了。我大胆地假设一下你们都承认履行职责至少是第二位或是第三位的动机。在大多数人要求进步的愿望当中，尽管你们认为做点儿有用的事，或是得到点儿真正的美德是第二位的，然而它们确实是现实存在并且可以间接获得的。大家都承认，那些稍微诚实的人要取得地位和职权，至少在某种程度上是为了获得做善事的权力；他们希望结交通情达理和见多识广的人，而不是那些傻瓜和无知之徒，不管他们是否确实与通情达理的人们为伍。最后，不用赘述什么有关"朋友的珍贵"，以及"伙伴的影响"之类的老生常谈，你们也一定会承认，毫无疑问，我们是否真心地希望拥有真正的朋友和聪明的伙伴——能否拥有他们与我们作出选择时的认真和谨慎程度成正比——决定了我们是否可以生活得快乐和充实。

即使在择友方面既有意愿又有意识，我们当中又有几个人具备这样的才能呀！或是，至少对于大多数人来说，可供我们择友的范围是多么的有限呀！几乎我们所有的交往都是由运气或是需要所决定的；并且局限在一个狭窄的圈子里。我们不能结交想要结交的人；而那些我们已经结交了的，又不会在我们最需要他们的时候出现在身旁。所有更高一级的人类智慧的圈子，对于下面的人们来说，也只会短暂地和部分地开放。如果运气好的话，我们可能瞄上一眼某位伟大的诗人，听到他说话的声音；或是对某位科学家提出一个问题，然后得到他和蔼的回答。我们可能勉强地与一位内阁大臣谈上十分钟的话，而得到的虚伪回答却还不如沉默不语；或是有时我们能够抓住机会，尽管这样的机会少之又

少，在公主行进的路上投出一束鲜花，或是得到女王陛下亲切的一瞥。我们所觊觎的这些片刻机遇，尽管只是如此而已，却会花掉我们数年的时光、热情和精力；而与此同时，却有一个社会群体持续地对我们开放，只要我们愿意，那里的人们就会一直同我们交谈，不管我们是何地位、是何职业——用他们能想到的最好的词语同我们倾心交谈。这个社会群体中的人物数目庞大、脾气温和，而且能够一天到晚地陪伴在我们左右——国王和政治家们耐心地走来走去，不是同意你的觐见而是期待你的造访！——他们就守候在那些布置朴素的，狭窄的前厅里，在我们的书架上——而我们对他们却不理不睬——可能一天下来也没有听他们说上一句话！

你们可能会告诉我，或是在心里这样想：我们之所以冷漠地对待这一群高贵的，恳求我们听他们诉说的人们；之所以满怀热情地追随那样一群可能是卑贱的，鄙视我们或是没什么可赐教的人们，是因为我们真正想要熟悉的是他们活生生的面容，是他们本人，而不是听他们所说的话。事实并非如此！假设你们不可能目睹他们的真容——假设在你们和政要的密室之间，或是在你们和国王的会客厅之间拉上一道屏风，而你们不能跨过这道屏风，难道你们不是很乐意倾听他们的谈话吗？此时我们将屏风变小，折成两折而不是四折，而你们可以隐藏在两块装订书籍的封皮的后面，整天地倾听；不是在听闲话，而是在听最为睿智的人们所作的，深思熟虑的、斩钉截铁的、精挑细选的演说；这种倾听的方式，听这种万人敬仰的枢密院里的高谈阔论，你们怎么会不屑一顾呢？

可能你们会说，我这样做是因为活着的人谈论的是正在发生的事儿，而我只对这些事儿感兴趣。不，情况不像你说的那样，因为活着的人在他们的著作中所讲的当下的事儿要比他们漫不经心的谈话好得多。我也承认，如果你喜爱的是那些一时流行的、短命的，而非传播缓慢且耐久的作品的话——准确来讲应该叫作书籍，那么这种动机确实能够影响到你，因为所有的书籍都可以分为两类：一时之书与永恒之书。请注

意这之间的区别，它不光涉及书籍的质量。不仅仅是坏书难以流传，而好书却可以。这是一种类型的区别。好书既可以流行一时也可以传诵万代；同样，坏书也可以是一时的坏书，或是永远的坏书。在继续讲下去之前，我有必要首先对这二者加以界定。

一时的好书——我不讲坏书——就是将某个你不可能与之对话的人的有用或者是令人愉快的谈话刊印出书。它们通常很实用，告诉你应当懂点儿什么；又通常很耐读，就像一位聪明的朋友与你面谈。这些一时之书包括欢快的游记，幽默机智的问题讨论，生动或是伤感的小说故事，确凿的，由那些历史亲历者们讲述的纪事等。这些书籍随着教育的普及而数量大增，是现在这个时代所特有的财富。我们对这些书应当满怀感激，并且，应当因为没能很好地利用它们而满怀羞愧，但是，如果我们让这些书篡夺了真正的书的地位的话，那么这种利用就糟糕至极了，因为严格来说，它们不能叫作书，只不过是印刷精良的书信或是报纸。我们朋友的来信可能在今天读来会让人感到欢喜或是有必要，然而是不是值得将其长期保留却还有待商榷。在吃早餐时读读报纸是完全可以的，但可以肯定的是我们不能一整天都读报纸。因此，一封长信尽管装订成册，并且生动地讲述了去年某地的客栈、道路以及天气，或是告诉你一个有趣的故事，或是描述了某某事件发生时的真实环境，不管它偶尔会有多么大的参考价值，也不能叫作真正意义上的“书”，或是从真正意义上去“读”。书从根本上来讲不是说出来的，而是写出来的；写这种书的目的不仅仅在于交流，而是为了传世。谈话类的书印刷出来仅仅是因为它的作者不能对成千上万的人同时讲话；如果能的话，他会这样做的——这样的书不过是他的扩音器而已。你不能和远在印度的朋友交谈；如果能的话，你会的；于是你选择了写，那不过是为了传声的方便，但是写一本书不仅仅是为了扩大音量或是传递声音，而是要使你的声音不朽。作家要说一些他认为是对的、有用的，或者是对读者而言既有所帮助又能带来美的愉悦的东西。据他所知，因为此事无人曾经谈及，也没有人能谈此事，所以他对此就一定要说上两句，而且说的时候

嗓音要尽可能的清晰而甜美，所有细节都要交代得清清楚楚。他发现在自己的生命中这件事或是某一方面的事是他了然于胸的；这是他沐浴阳光、停留人世所得到的真知灼见。于是，他会欣然命笔，可能的话会将其镌刻在岩石之上；说："这是我最好的作品；过去我像其他人一样，吃饭、饮酒、睡觉、有爱有恨；我的生命曾经虚无缥缈，但现在不是了；如果说我有什么值得您铭记的话，那么就是这部作品。"这就是他的"作品"；他凭借一己之力以及或多或少的灵感，刻写下了如此的铭文，或者叫作经典著作。这，才能叫作"书"。

可能你们会这样想：没有哪本书是这样写成的吧？

可我要问问你们，你们是相信有诚实或是仁慈存在呢，还是认为智者根本就不具备诚实或是仁慈的品德呢？我希望没有人会悲观到有后面这样的想法。那么，智者的作品，无论它多么微不足道，只要是以诚实和仁爱的态度写就的话，就称得上是书或是艺术品，然而，它总是与其他粗制滥造、拖沓冗长、矫揉造作的作品搅和在一起。不过，只要你能正确地阅读，就会轻易地发现其中有价值的作品，那些才是真正的书。

各个时代最伟大的人们都写下过此类书籍：他们是伟大的领袖，伟大的政治家和伟大的思想家。这些书都可供你们选择。生命是短暂的，你们也知道这一点。你们可曾为这短暂的一生以及它的潜在价值做过规划呢？你们知道吗，如果你们读了某些书就不能再读另外一些书——今天所失去的，明天是无法弥补的。这样一来，如果你们可以同国王和王后交谈的话，你们还会跑去和女佣或是马夫闲聊天吗？如果你们有机会走进这样一间永恒的殿宇，里面站满了上流社会的精英，海阔天空，群星璀璨—他们来自于各个国度、各个时代，你们还会自鸣得意地，怀着希望得到别人尊重和钦佩的想法，同饥渴的平民百姓一起挤来挤去，一会儿争夺这里的入场券，一会儿又跑到那里当听众吗？你们随时可以进到那里去；在那里你们可以如己所愿地获得友谊和地位；一旦进到那

里，除非你们自己犯错，就永远都不会被驱逐；通过在那里结识的精英，你们自身的高贵将毫无疑问地接受检验；你们力争在生活中爬上社会高位的动机将会得到已经处于社会高位的、掌握真理的、心怀诚挚的逝去者们的度量。

我不得不说，“你们所渴望的地位”也就是你们准备好要获得的地位；请大家注意，这座历史的殿宇不同于所有活在其中的贵族——它只对劳动和美德开放。富贵不能淫，声名不能屈，诡计不能诱的守护人在守卫着极乐世界大门。进一步讲，卑鄙下流之徒永远都进不去。在寂静的巴黎圣日耳曼区的帘幕上面写着这样简短的提问：“你有资格进来吗？你想要与贵族为伍吗？先让你自己高贵起来吧，这样你才会如愿以偿。你想同智者交谈吗？先学会理解谈话的内容，你才会听懂谈话。还有其他要求吗？——没有了。如果你不起身迎接我们，我们是不会俯身屈就你的。活着的贵族会对你彬彬有礼，活着的哲学家会不厌其烦地向你解释他的思想；但是在这里，我们既不会冒充贵族，也不想多费唇舌；如果你想要从我们的思想中获得快乐，分享我们的情感；如果你想要感受到我们的存在，你就必须上升到我们的高度。”

这是你必须做的，我认为这很重要。简言之，如果你想位列其中的话，就必须爱这些人。有野心是不管用的，他们藐视你的野心。你必须爱他们，并且在以下两个方面展现你的爱。

第一，诚心向他们讨教，进入到他们的思想中去。注意，是进入到他们的思想，而不是在他们的表述中寻找你自己的思想。如果写书的人还没有你聪明，那就不要读他的书了；如果他比你聪明，他的所思所想会在很多方面与你不同。

第二，在谈起一本书的时候，我们常常这样说：“这本书真棒——它和我想的一样！”然而正确的感觉应该是，“真奇怪呀！我怎么从来没有想到过，不过我觉得它说得对；或是，如果我现在不明白，希望将来

可以搞得懂。”不管这样是不是有点卑躬屈膝，但至少可以肯定的是，你理解了作者的思想，而不是发现了自己的思想。如果你认为自己有资格对书中的思想作出评价的话，你可以稍后作出；不过你首先要明了它的思想。同时，如果这是一位有分量的作者的话，你就一定要清楚自己不可能立刻就理解他的全部思想；而且，无论如何你都不可能在短期内理解他的全部思想。这倒不是因为他闪烁其词，文采不够；而是因为他不可能将所有的思想和盘托出；更为奇怪的是，他也不愿意这样做。他会采取以一种隐藏的、寓言的方式表达思想，为的就是想看看，你是否真的想要得到它。我不大明白他们这样做的原因，也不明白为什么智者们会将他们的思想深藏于心，保持残忍的缄默。他们是通过奖励的方式而不是帮忙的方式给你思想；在你得到它之前，他们一定要确信你有此资格。这就像以物理形态存在着的智慧——黄金一样。你我都希望地球的魔力能将所储藏的黄金立刻运上山顶，于是国王及其子民就会知道他们所要的黄金就在那儿；不用忍受挖掘的艰辛、焦虑、运气和漫长的等待就可以将其取走，而且想铸造多少金币就铸造多少，然而大自然的安排并非如此。她将黄金藏在地下的狭窄缝隙里，没有人知道在哪儿。你可能徒劳而无所获；然而却必须奋力才能有所得。

这与人类的最高智慧是一样的。当你拿到一本好书的时候，你必须问自己，“我会像一位澳大利亚矿工那样去挖掘它吗？我的镐头和铁锹是否井然有序，我的状态是否良好，我的袖子是否挽到了胳膊肘，我的呼吸是否均匀、情绪是否高涨呢？”接下来，保持这种状态时间长一点，尽管你会感到疲惫，因为这非常有用。你正在寻找的宝藏是作家的思想，他的话语就如同岩石，你想要理解它就必须将其碾碎、熔炼。你的镐头就是你的细心、智慧和学识；你的熔炉就是自己善于思索的心灵。不要奢望不假以那些挖掘的工具和燃烧着的烈火就可以得到伟大作家的思想；经常是只有最锋利、最精巧的斧凿，最耐心的熔解才会让你得到一丁点儿的宝藏。

首先，我可以认真且负责任地告诉你们（我确信自己所说的是对的），你们必须要养成密切关注词语的习惯，要确实搞懂它们的含义，一个音节一个音节地，一个字母一个字母地搞清楚。因为，尽管仅仅是因为符号功能中的字母与符号功能中的声音相对立，对于书籍的研究才叫作“文学”（其实应当叫作“字母学”，因为literature源于litters，意为lettered），而精通文学的人，这已经得到了多数国家的认可，才被叫作文人（直译过来应当叫作“字母人”：a man of letters），而不是书人（a man of books）或是字人（a man of words），你却仍然可以将这一偶然得到的术语（a man of letters）与这样一个事实相联系：——你有可能读遍大英博物馆的所有藏书（假定你活得足够长久的话），却还是一个彻头彻尾的“文盲”（illiterate），一个没有受过教育的人；但是如果你一个字一个字地读上十页好书——就是说达到了真正精确的理解——那么从今往后，在某种程度上说，你就是一个受过教育的人。受过和没受过教育的全部差异，仅就理解力的层面而言，就体现在这一精确性上。一位受过良好教育的绅士可能不懂多种语言——除了自己的母语其他都不会说——可能只读过很少几本书，但是他能精确地掌握他所懂的语言；他能正确地读出每个单词的读音；最为重要的是，他熟稔这些单词的族谱；看上一眼当今大众所使用的词汇，他就知道它们真正的传承和古老的血统；他记得所有这些单词的祖先、亲戚、旁支，以及在何种程度上，它们被某一时代、某一国度的贵族阶层所接受，从而登上了大雅之堂。相反，一位没受过教育的人可能会凭借记忆使用多种语言，而且都会说，但是他对其中单词的含义却不甚了解——对自己的母语也是如此。一位智慧和判断力程度一般的水手能够设法在大多数的港口靠岸；然而只要他一张嘴，以某种语言说出话来，就能立刻被识破没有文化：同样，说话的腔调，或是在句中表达方式的变化等，都可以让一位学者立即现形。对于这一点，受过教育的人都已经深切地感受到，并且完全地认可了。因此，在文明国度的议会里，即便是说错一处重音或是一处音节，都会让人永远抬不起头来。

这样做是对的；但令人遗憾的是，我们对精确性的要求还不够，还没有将其应用于严肃的目的。没错，一个拉丁文音节的错误会在下议院里面引发嘲笑；但是我们却对一个英文词义的误用连眉头都不皱一下。大家要留心单词的重音，更要注意它们的含义，这样即使较少的词语也能满足工作的要求。当每个单词都被含混不清地使用的时候，我们可以精心选取一些单词加以澄清，这样就会起到四两拨千斤的功效。确实，如果使用单词时不加小心，有时就会铸成大错。现在欧洲就有这样一些在我们身边不停聒噪的、若隐若现的、戴了面具的单词。过去这些词语的数量并不大，但是现在，由于到处都充斥了浅显、污秽、笨拙、有传染性的"信息"，或是干脆叫作谎言，而且学校里面只教给学生教义问答手册和成语而不是活生生的语言，因此使得这些词语的数量大增。没有人能理解这些单词，但是每个人都在使用它们；而且大多数人还都会为之战斗，为之生，甚至为之死；幻想着它们是这个意思，那个意思，或是其他什么他们所喜爱的东西。这些词语披着变色龙的斗篷——"地狮"的斗篷，它们的颜色就如你想象中土地的颜色一样：它们埋伏在地上会随时一跃而起，将你撕得粉碎。从来没有像这些戴面具的词语一样凶残的猎食者、狡猾的外交官和致命的投毒人；它们是所有人类思想不忠的管家：人类把最钟爱的想象力和天赋都交给了戴假面具的词语来照看；它最终却以无穷的力量控制了人类——没有它的帮忙你就无法交流。

像英语这样来源混杂的语言，会赋予人们一种致命的、模棱两可的力量，因为无论愿意与否，人们总可以使用希腊或是拉丁词汇敬畏地表达某一思想；同样也可以使用撒克逊或是其他的常见词语粗俗地表达这一思想。比方说，如果，我们要么保留、要么拒绝将希腊文中的"biblos"或"biblion"作为"书"的正确表达方式——而不是在我们希望赋予某一思想尊严的时候就使用它，而在其他的场合则将其翻译成英文的话，那么就会对因为这"字"代表了"权力"而已经习惯了靠"字"的形式来生活的人们，产生多么非凡和有益的影响啊。如果在这种地方，比如说

《使徒行传》第十九章第十九节，我们保留了希腊的表达方式，而没有翻译过来，人们就会这样读——“平素行邪术的，也有许多人把书拿来，堆积在众人面前焚烧。他们计算书价，便知道共合五万块钱”，这样对于很多淳朴的普通人来说是多么有益心智啊！

或是，如果，从另一方面来讲，我们把应当保留的部分翻译了过来，总是说《圣书》（The Holy Book），而不是《圣经》（Holy Bible），尽管这样可能会使这本书为更多的人所接受，然而，“凭神的命，自古就有了天，凭神的命，天被保留到现在”[2]，这样的话是不能用摩洛哥山羊皮装订起来作为礼物送人的；是不能在蒸汽引犁或是汽压机的帮助下播种在路边的；尽管如此，每天还是有人把它呈送给我们，然后遭到我们傲慢的拒绝；每天还是有人向我们传播，然后被我们迅速地扼杀。

因此，请再次考虑一下，当人们出于善意想要把词语说得更有力的时候，就在翻译希腊文“ναταnδivω”时使用声音洪亮的拉丁词“下地狱”（damno）；而当人们想要把词语说得更温柔一些的时候，就使用温和的“定罪”（condemn）来替换它；这样会对普通英国人产生怎样的影响呢？尽管没什么文化的牧师会在翻译《希伯来书》第十一章第七节，“拯救了自己的房屋，定了世界的罪”（The saving of his house, by which he damned the world），以及《约翰福音》第八章第十、十一节，“妇人，没有人定你的罪吗？她说，主啊，没有。耶稣说，我也不定你的罪：去吧，别再犯错了”（Woman, hath no man damned thee？She saith, No man, Lord.Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee：go and sin no more）的时候会吓得倒退，可是他在布道时所说的——“不信主的人将被定罪”（He that believeth not shall be damned）是多么的出色呀。欧洲各个国家已经为了思想的分歧付出了血流成河的代价，在捍卫各自思想的时候，多少最高贵的灵魂已如秋风扫落叶般被抛弃在疯狂的废墟中——尽管在他们的心中，自己的离去是出于崇高的理想。不过，分裂的

欧洲已经采用了ecclesia，它这个来自希腊文，专指市民议会的词，用以特别地敬称出于宗教目的而召开的“教友会”；当然还有其他的一些并行不悖的词语，比如在粗俗的英语中使用“priest”（牧师）来代替“presbyter”（长老）。

这样看来，为了正确地使用词语，你们必须养成这样的习惯。我们语言中的每一个单词几乎最初的时候都来源于其他的语言——撒克逊语、德语、法语、拉丁语或希腊语等（这还没有算上东方的和原始的方言土语）。很多的词汇都经历了这样的演化——最初是希腊语，接下来是拉丁语，然后是法语或德语，最后才演化成英语。在每个民族的唇齿之间流传的过程当中，这些词汇的意义和用法发生了一定的改变；但是其深层次的和本质性的意义却保留了下来，这一点是所有优秀的学者，即便是今天，在使用的过程中都能感觉得到的。如果你不认识希腊字母，就请去学；不管你年轻还是年老，是男孩儿还是女孩儿，如果想要认真地阅读（当然，这就意味着你有空闲的时间可供支配），就要学会希腊字母；然后要设法搞到所有这些语言的好的字典，无论什么时候对某个单词搞不清楚，都要耐心地穷追猛打，直到搞清楚为止。开始的时候要仔细研读一下马克斯·穆勒的讲义；然后，不放过任何一个看上去可疑的单词。阅读是件严肃的事儿，不过你会发现，即使是开始的时候也饶有趣味，而在结束的时候则会带来无尽的享受。同时，你在人格方面的收获，比如思维能力和精确性的提高，将会十分巨大。

请注意，这并不是意味着要求大家掌握或是试图掌握希腊文、拉丁文或法文。要想彻底掌握任何一门语言都需要付出终身的努力，但是，你可以轻而易举地查明一个英文单词含义的演变历程，以及在优秀作家的作品中仍然使用着的，这些单词的含义。

现在，为了举例说明，请允许我为你们从一本真正的书中仔细地读几行，看一看能从中读出些什么。我要挑选一本大家所熟知的书。我们

对这里面的英文单词都再熟悉不过了，然而对其中绝大多数的单词却从未认真读过。下面这几行诗选自弥尔顿的《利西达斯》——

“最后一个来，最后一个走，

加利利湖的领航员。

随身带了两把硕大的金属钥匙，

（金的开启，铁的迅速关闭，）

他摇晃着主教的冠冕，严厉地说，

“我本可以将你赦免，年轻的牧羊人，

可我受够了，他们为了填饱肚子而

匍匐，拥挤，并且攀爬进羊圈！

除了在剪毛人的宴会上你争我抢，

推开尊贵的客人，

对于其他很少计算；

瞎眼的馋嘴！自己从来不知道握有

羊钩，或是学会点儿什么其他的，

属于忠诚的牧人的技艺！

他们有何顾虑？有何所需？有人催问牧羊人；

他们听闻后，便在肮脏的麦秆做成的刺耳的风

笛上吹出呕哑啁哳的，

单调轻佻的歌曲；

饥饿的群羊腹内空空，翘首期盼，

但肚里冷风嗖嗖，瘴气吸满，

他们内脏腐烂，传染蔓延；

更有恶狼突施冷箭

每日悄无声响，大肆吞咽。”

让我们思考一下这个段落，研究一下其中的措辞。

首先，弥尔顿不仅仅赋予了圣彼得完全的主教职能，而且还让他行使了新教徒通常最为反对的职责。这难道不是很奇怪吗？他的“戴上了主教冠”（mitred）的头发！弥尔顿并不热爱主教，在这里却为什么给圣彼得“戴上了主教冠”呢？“他随身携带着两把大金属钥匙。”这钥匙是代表了罗马主教所拥有的权力吗？或者说，弥尔顿在这里仅仅是为了诗歌的视觉效果而描写金属钥匙的闪光，从而提升诗歌的表达效果呢？

这不可能。伟大的人物从来不拿生与死的原则问题开玩笑：只有小人物才这么干。弥尔顿所说的就是他真实意思的表达；并且是着力表达的——在表达的时候凝聚了他全部的精神力量。尽管弥尔顿不喜欢冒牌的主教，却喜爱真正的主教；在他的意念当中，这里的湖中领航人正是真正主教权力的代表。因为弥尔顿真心实意地这样说过：“我将把天国的钥匙交给你。”尽管是清教徒，弥尔顿也不会因为曾经的坏主教就将这句话从书中删去；而且，为了理解弥尔顿，我们必须先要理解这首诗；将这首诗看作是一件敌对教派的武器，用怀疑的眼光去看待它或是

对它嘀嘀咕咕是不行的。这是一首庄严且具普世意义的诗歌，所有的教派都应牢记在心。如果我们作一下对照的话，或许你就能理解得更好了。很清楚，弥尔顿在这里对于真正的主教权力的坚持是为了让我们更为深切地感觉到什么是被滥用了的主教权力；或是通常来讲，什么是被牧师们所滥用了的权力和等级；因为他们“为了填饱肚子，匍匐、拥挤，并且攀爬进羊圈”。

千万不要以为，弥尔顿使用这三个词是和其他不严谨的作家一样，为了填补诗中的空缺。这三个词缺一不可，恰到好处——“匍匐”“拥挤”以及“攀爬”，没有比它们更好的措辞了，多一个词也加不进去。因为这三个词全面地概括了三种类型，三种性格的人，他们通过欺诈的手段攫取教会的权力。第一种是那些“匍匐”进羊圈的人；他们不在乎职位或是声名，而是为了获取秘密的影响力，于是做什么事都神神秘秘、奸诈狡猾。他们赞同任何卑躬屈膝的仪式或是行为，为的是能够密切地洞悉，并且在不知不觉中操控人们的思想。然后是那些“拥挤”（即硬闯）进羊圈的人；他们通过天生的傲慢，强有力的辩词，以及无畏且固执的专断获得了对普通民众发号施令的权威。最后是那些“攀爬”的人；他们出于个人的野心而付出自私的努力，通过坚定而高效的劳作和学习，获得了高位的礼遇和职权，成为“世袭的主人”，而不是“群众的楷模”。

现在我们接着看——

“除了在剪毛人的宴会上你争我抢，

对于其他很少计算，

瞎眼的馋嘴——”

我再次停下来，因为这个词很奇怪；你可能会认为这是一个由于诗人不小心或是学问不够而用错的暗喻。

其实不然：这个大胆而简洁有力的措辞正是为了引起我们的注意并且记住它。这两个单音节词（英文为单音节词：blind mouths）所代表的正是它们所对应的反面人物，也就是教会中没有履行自己的职责的主教和牧师。

因为“主教”意味着“能看得到的人”。

而“牧师”则意味着“能提供食物的人”。

最不配做主教的人就是瞎眼的人。

最不配做牧师的人就是长着一张馋嘴的人——不给他人提供食物反而等待被他人喂食。

把这两种相反的方面放到一起就是“瞎眼的馋嘴”。我们应当进一步地阐明这一思想。几乎所有教会中的罪恶都起源于主教们不思光明而争夺权力。他们一味追求权威而不司瞭望之职。尽管他们可以积极地劝诫和训斥；然而他们真正的职权并不是统治：国王的职责才是统治；主教的职责是照看羊群；一只一只地点数；对它们的情况了若指掌。如果他没有清点过自己羊群的身体，显然就不可能道出它们的灵魂。因此，主教要做的第一件事就是使自己处于这样一种位置——任何时候，他都能够获知自己辖区内的每一个生灵从童年起的历史及当前的状态。在那条偏僻街道的尽头，比尔和南希正彼此打得满地找牙！——主教对此获悉了吗？关注他们了吗？关注过他们吗？他能够详细地告诉我们比尔是怎么养成了殴打南希头部的习惯吗？如果不能，他就不是主教，哪怕是他的主教冠高得像斯尔兹伯里大教堂的尖顶；他不是主教——他总是想着掌舵指挥，而不是站立在桅顶上去瞭望；他什么也看不到。“然而”，你会说，“在小街道里照看比尔可不是他的职责。”什么！难道你认为他仅仅应当照看那些毛色亮泽的肥羊吗？而与此同时，（听听弥尔顿是怎么说的）“饥饿的群羊腹内空空，翘首期盼，更有恶狼突施冷箭”（主教对

此一无所知），“每日悄无声响，大肆吞咽”。

“但是我们眼中的主教不是这样的。”可能不是；但是圣保罗眼中的主教以及弥尔顿眼中的主教是这样的。他们可能是正确的，我们也可能是正确的；但是一定不要以为把我们自己的想法强加给他们的言词，就是在读这本或那本书了。

我接着读：

“但肚里冷风嗖嗖，瘴气吸满。”

这句是为了回应那句俗话——“如果穷人的躯体得不到照看，那么就照看他们的灵魂；让他们有精神的食粮。”

弥尔顿说：“他们没有所谓的精神食粮；他们只有满肚子的冷风。”起先你可能以为这是个粗俗的比喻，晦涩难懂，但是同样，这个说法用词精准。拿起你的拉丁或是希腊语词典，查找一下“神灵”（spirit）的含义。它恰恰是拉丁语中“气息”（breath）的缩写，大体上与希腊语中的“风”（wind）相当。同样一个词还用在“风随心所欲地吹”；还用在“每个诞生于神灵的人都是如此”；这是说诞生于气息；因为它意指上帝的气息，包括灵魂和躯体。我们可以在自己的词汇，如“灵感”（inspiration也指吸气）和“死亡”（expire也指呼气）中发现气息的真正含义。现在，群羊可以呼吸到两种气息，——上帝的气息和人的气息。上帝的气息对于他们来说是健康的、充满活力的、和平的，这就如同空气之于山间的羊群一样；但是人的气息——就是弥尔顿在这里所指的精神，——对于他们来说就是疾病和传染，如同沼泽中的瘴气一样。他们的内脏由于瘴气而腐烂；身体肿胀，就像腐烂后产生臭气的尸体一样。荒谬的宗教说教确实有此功效；最初的、最后的以及最致命的标志就是“肿胀”。皈依了的孩子们教导他们的父母；皈依了的罪犯教导诚实的人；皈依了的傻瓜，半辈子都生活在白痴和麻木的状态，突然间

醒过来认识到上帝的存在，就幻想自己变成了他享有特权的子民和信使；每个教派的宗派主义者们都认为他们自己才是正确的，而其他教派是错误的，不论这个教派是大是小，是天主教还是新教，是高教会派还是低教会派；而且，突出的表现是，每个教派中都有人认为人们只要想得对而不需要做得对就可以得救，只要说话而不需要行动就可以得救，只要祈祷而不需要工作就可以得救——所有这些人都受到了真正的毒害；他们没有血肉的尸身只剩下腐败的臭气和一张皮：魔鬼将这张臭皮囊像风笛一样吹起——腐败，并且正在腐败——“肚里冷风嗖嗖，瘴气吸满。”

最后，让我们回到先前讨论过的，有关钥匙的权力的诗句，因为此时我们应该能够领会了。大家要注意，在对这一权力的解读方面弥尔顿和但丁存在着不同：仅此一次，但丁的思想显得更为薄弱一些。他认为两把都是开启天堂大门的钥匙；一把是金的，一把是银的。圣彼得将两把钥匙交给了看门的天使；而且但丁很难确定门前三级台阶的材质以及两把钥匙所代表的含义。弥尔顿认为其中一把金钥匙是用来开启天堂大门的；另一把铁钥匙是用来打开监狱大门的，那里关着邪恶的教师，他们“偷走了智慧之门的钥匙，然而却连自己也进不去”。

我们已经看到了，主教和牧师的职责就是照看和喂食；对于履行了这样责任的人，有如此说法：“浇灌别人的人，自己也将得到浇灌。”但是反过来说也成立。不浇灌别人的人，自己也必将枯干；没有照看别人的人，将会被关到视线之外——关进永久的牢房。那所监牢的大门此时打开着，今后也是如此，想要进天堂的人首先要活在地上。上帝对于以使徒形象示人的，强壮的天使所发布的命令就是：“抓住他，绑住他的手脚，然后将他扔出去。”这里的“他”就是牧师，因为他不愿帮助别人，拒绝接受真理，决意奉行谎言；所以他被戴上比他所打造的镣铐更多的镣铐，被驱逐到比他误导他人所能达到的更远的地方，直到最后，铁笼子的栏杆将他完全罩住，“金的开启，铁的迅速关闭”。

我觉得我们已经从这些诗句中读出了些东西，然而还有更多的东西有待发现；但就举例而言，我们所呈现出的，这种能够称得上是“阅读”的，逐字逐句进行分析的方式，已经做得足够好了；我们关注每一个重读和词语，总是将自己置于作者的位置，放弃我们自己的个性，寻求进入他的个性当中去，为的就是能够言之凿凿地说，“这就是弥尔顿的想法”，而不是“我是这样想的，我按照自己的方式理解弥尔顿”。通过这一过程你会逐步地减少在其他场合对于“我是这样想的”的倚重程度。你会开始将你的所思所想看得无关紧要——你对于某事的想法可能不是最清晰的，也不是最明智的——事实上，除非你是个非同凡响的人，你是不大可能有什么“思想”的；在任何严肃的问题上[3]，你都缺乏表达思想的资本——没有权利去“想”，只可能努力地去学习更多的既成事实。而且，极有可能在你的一生当中（除非，我说过，你是个非同凡响的人）都不会在任何事上面拥有发表“观点”的合法权利，除非这件事直接由你掌控。毫无疑问，你通常都会发现什么是必须做的，以及如何做这些事情。你有房子要收拾，货品要销售，田地要耕犁，沟渠要疏浚吗？通常对于如何处理这些事并不存在分歧；但是，如果要求你对于如何处理这些事拿个“主意”的话，那就危险了。而且，除了你自己的营生以外，总会有那么一两件事，一定需要你拿个主意。流氓和欺骗行为是令人反感的，一经发现就会立刻遭到驱逐；贪婪和喜爱争吵即便是在孩子们的身上也是危险的倾向，在成人和国家身上则是致命的缺点；说到底，主宰人间与天堂的上帝喜爱积极、谦虚和友善的人，痛恨懒惰、骄傲、贪婪和残忍的人；在这些大是大非的事情方面你必须作出选择，而且毫不动摇。至于其他方面，比如说宗教、政治、科学、艺术等，你会发现，总的来说，你一无所知，也不会作出什么判断；尽管你可能是一个受过良好教育的人，你能作出的最好选择，就是保持沉默，每天都努力让自己变得更聪明些，理解更多其他人的思想。如果你能按照上面我所说的，诚恳地去做的话，你就会发现其实即使是最具智慧的人们的思想也不过是提出了相关的疑问而已。他们将困难描述得清晰可见，给你

展示出悬而未决的因由，这就是通常来讲，他们能为你所做的一切！而且，如果他们确实能够“用动听的音乐渗入我们的思考，用神圣的质疑让我们悲伤”的话，那么对他们、对我们来说都是好事一件。我刚刚读给大家的这句诗并非出自一流的或是最具智慧的作家，他不过是机敏地看到了他能看到的事，因此，发现他诗句的全部含义并不困难；但是对于那些更为伟大的作家的作品，你并不能看穿它们的含义；甚至连他们自己也不能完全了解，因为它的含义实在太宽广了。假设我要你们找出莎士比亚，而不是弥尔顿，对于教会权威的看法是什么，或者但丁的看法是什么的话，你们中有谁，现在能说出他们中任意一位对于这一问题的，哪怕是一丁点儿的看法呢？你们曾经将《查理三世》中有关主教们的那一幕与克兰麦大主教的性格相比较过吗？你们将对于圣·弗朗西斯和圣·多米尼克的描写与对于让维吉尔为之侧目的那个人的描写——“钉在十字架上的罪人，受到可耻的、永远的放逐；”或是对但丁在其身边站着的那个人的描写，“我站在那里像是修道士聆听奸诈的凶手忏悔”比较过吗？我相信，莎士比亚和但丁比我们绝大多数的人都更了解人类！他们两个都曾经处于世俗和宗教权力斗争的中心。我们猜测，他们一定有自己的观点，但是他们的观点哪儿去了呢？把它带上法庭吧！将莎士比亚或是但丁的信条写成文章，将其推上宗教法庭接受审判吧！

即便是花了很长的时间，我再说一遍，你也不会理解这些伟大人物的真实意图和教义；但是只要稍微地、老老实实地对他们加以研究，你就会认识到自己先前的所谓“判断”不过是冒险的偏见——它随波逐流，与人们所摒弃的思想杂草缠绕在一起；而且，你会看到大多数人们的头脑不过是崎岖的荒野，未经照料、顽固不化，一半儿寸草不生，一半儿又荆棘蔓延，并且长满了邪恶臆断的，随风飘散的毒草。你所要做的第一件事就是，对他们也包括对你自己，急切而轻蔑地将所有这些一把火烧光；将所有的丛林燃成有益身心的灰烬，然后耕犁、播种。要读懂真正的、值得珍藏一生的文学作品，就必须照此行事，“整饬你休耕中的土地，不要在荆棘中播种”。

忠实地聆听了伟大导师的教诲以后，你或许会进入到他们的思想，然而你还可以走得更远——进入到他们的心灵。起先你靠近他们的时候是为了一睹真容，所以必须同他们待在一起，这样才有可能最终分享他们正义而强大的激情。激情，或是“感觉”，我并不害怕这个词，更不害怕它所代表的事。最近人们对于感觉的抗议之声甚嚣尘上；但是，我要告诉你们，我们对于感觉的需求不是应当减少，而是应当增加。人与人之间，动物与动物之间的高贵与否，其区别就在于此——高贵的一方比另外一方更具感觉力。假如我们是块海绵，可能获得感觉并不容易；假如我们是一只蚯蚓，就随时有可能被铁锹斩为两段，这样一来太强的感觉则未必是件好事。作为人类，有感觉一定是好的；而且，只有拥有一颗敏感的心，我们才称得上是人类，而我们所能获得的荣誉正好与激情成正比。

你们一定记得我说过的那座伟大而纯粹的逝去者的殿堂，它不会允许“自大的或是粗俗的人进入”。你们是怎么理解我所说的“粗俗”的人呢？你们又是怎么理解“粗俗”的呢？对于这个问题的思考会使大家收获颇丰，简言之，所有粗俗的核心就是感觉的匮乏。朴素而无知的粗俗不过是未经开发和训练的身心的愚钝；但是真正的、根深蒂固的粗俗，则伴有可怕的冷漠，在其极端的状态下，会抛弃敬畏、愉悦、恐惧和怜悯，养成野兽的习性，犯下发指的罪行。正是迟钝的手脚、枯死的心灵、病态的习性和麻木不仁的良知让人变得粗俗；人们粗俗的程度与同情心的缺乏、反应的迟钝等这些是成正比的，而这一切的感觉又都来自于身体与灵魂，用一个最为精确的词，“触觉”或是“触角”。含羞草有这种触觉，纯洁的女人比其他生物都更有这种触觉；它是一种超越理性的、精细而丰富的感觉，是理性的向导和净化器。理性可以告诉我们什么是真；而只有上帝赐予的、人性的激情才能告诉我们什么是善。

我们于是来到那些逝去者的伟大的殿堂，不仅仅要从他们那里得知什么是真理，更主要的是要同他们一起感悟正义。现在，同他们一起感

悟吧，我们一定要见贤思齐；而且没有谁能不劳而获。就如同真正的知识需要节制和检验，而非突发奇想一样，真正的激情也需要节制和检验，而非一时冲动。一时性起得到的是虚无、谬误和背叛；如果你向它们缴械投降，就会被带到遥远的荒野，在空洞的热情中徒劳地求索，直到你迷失了方向，激情耗尽。这倒不是说人性中有什么感觉自身是有错的，而是说没有节制的感觉就会出错。感觉的崇高之处就在于它的力量和公正；而当它虚弱并且产生于琐碎的事由的时候就是错误的。有一种低级的惊讶，就比方说当一个孩子看到魔术师抛出金球时的惊讶，这是很低级的，我想你们同意我的说法。你们想过没有，当所有人都受到感召去观看制造出金球的上帝之手在夜空中将金球抛出的情景时，他们的惊讶还是低劣的，或是缺乏感觉的吗？有一种低级的好奇心，比方说一个孩子打开一扇禁止打开的门，或是一个仆人窥伺他主人的生意——还有一种高尚的好奇心，直面危险，追问沙丘那边伟大河流的源头，海的那边伟大陆地的所在——还有一种更为高尚的好奇心，探寻生命河流的源头和天堂福地的所在，这些是“天使们意欲窥伺”的东西。因此，当你沉浸于一个低级的故事所讲述的灾难，此时所产生的焦虑就是可耻的；但是，当你注视着，或是应当注视着，一个饱受磨难的国家的生活和她多舛的命运时，你所产生的焦虑难道不是更加高尚了吗？呜呼！在今天的英国，应当受到谴责的是我们感觉的狭隘、自私和琐碎；我们将自己的感觉消耗在了鲜花和掌声中，在狂欢中，在宴饮中；在虚假的争斗和快乐的傀儡戏表演中；而与此同时，我们却看着高尚的民族被杀戮，一个接着一个，既不费力气也没有眼泪。

我说过感觉的“琐碎”和“自私”，然而说成感觉的“不公正”或是“非正义”就已经足够了；因为，要将绅士同粗俗的人区别开来，将高贵的民族（曾有过这样的民族）与暴民区别开来，下面一点就是最好的试金石——看看他们的感情是否坚定而公正，是否是正当的思忖和公平考虑的结果。你可以说服暴民做任何的事情；总体而言，他们的感情可能是，而且通常是，慷慨和正义的；然而这种感情缺乏根基，很难把握；你可

以肆意地取笑或是挑逗他们做什么事；大多数暴民的思考方式是传染式的——他们接受一个观点就像得了场感冒，当病情发作的时候，芝麻粒儿大的事儿也会传得沸沸扬扬；当病状过后，就是天大的事儿也会撂爪就忘，但是绅士，或是高贵民族的激情是正义的、有节制的和持久的。一个伟大的民族，比如说，不会竭尽全民之才智，消耗数月之功，来权衡某个恶棍所犯谋杀案的罪证；而且不会在长达两三年的时间里，一直眼睁睁地看着自己的孩子们每天成千上万地彼此杀戮，却仅仅考虑如此情形会对棉花的价格产生怎样的影响，而不去过问战争的哪一方是非正义的。伟大的民族也不会因为可怜的孩子们仅仅是偷了六只胡桃就把他们关进监狱；不会允许偷了成千上万金钱的破产者们鞠躬道歉就算了事，还有一些银行家靠穷人们的存款发家致了富，仅仅写上一句“由于不可控的原因，请您恩准”就关门歇业；不会允许那些跳上在中国海上来回游弋的军舰，依靠大炮打通鸦片贸易而发了横财的人们收购大片的土地，他们为了自身的利益就将马路劫匪的命令由原来的“要钱还是要命”变成了“钱命我都要”。同样，一个伟大的民族也不会允许地主们为了每星期多赚六便士就用瘴气的热病和肮脏的瘟疫把那些无辜穷人的生命肆意摧残；然后假惺惺地、涕泪俱下地辩论是否应该虔诚地拯救、悉心地呵护杀人犯们的生命。而且，一个伟大的民族如果已经认定绞刑是对于杀人犯最为恰当的惩处的话，就一定会本着仁慈之心将杀人犯按其罪恶的轻重加以区别对待；并且不会像一群严寒折磨下的幼狼一样对着不幸的发疯的男孩的血迹发出狂吠，或是像满头银发的、呆傻的奥赛罗一样，派遣一位王室的使者对某个人彬彬有礼地说“这让我极为困惑”，而这个人，正在当着父亲们的面刺杀他们的女儿，正在冷血地杀死高贵的青年，其效率比一个乡下屠夫春天的时候屠杀绵羊还要高。最后，一个伟大的民族不会嘲笑上天及它的权力。它不会一边假装相信对金钱的热爱是所有罪恶的根源，另一边却宣称自己在所有主要的、国家的需求和考量方面，都是受到了金钱的驱使并且乐此不疲。

朋友们，我不知道为什么有人要谈论读书。我们需要比读书更为敏

锐的修养；但无论如何，可以肯定的是，我们读不了书。一个心智在如此状态下的民族是不可能读书的。他们不会理解任何伟大作家的任何一句话。此时此刻，英国的公众完全不可能理解任何有思想的作品——他们在贪婪的精神错乱中已经丧失了思考的能力。幸运的是，我们的疾病还仅仅是停留在思考能力的缺乏上，还没有到内在天性泯灭的程度；当有什么东西击中我们的要害时，我们还会发出真实的呐喊；尽管什么东西都得"花钱"买的观念已经深入地传染到了我们行为处事的方方面面，尽管当我们扮演乐善好施的撒马利亚人的时候，不忘在掏出两便士的同时说上一句，"我再来的时候，你要还给我四便士。"在我们的内心深处还是保留有高贵的激情。我们在工作中、在战争中，甚至在那些不公正的家庭情感纠纷中（我们对于一个小的个人过错就大发雷霆，而对于一个影响巨大的公共失误却无动于衷）都显示出这一激情。我们仍旧终日辛勤劳作，尽管我们将赌徒的愤怒也算作是劳动者的耐心；我们仍然勇敢无畏、慷慨赴死，尽管不能辨识战争的真正原因；我们仍然至死爱着自己的父母兄弟，就像海怪和岩鹰一样。一个民族有如此高贵的激情就还有希望。只要它将生命攥在手中，愿意为了荣誉而将其牺牲（即便是愚蠢的荣誉），为了爱而将其牺牲（即便是自私的爱），为了事业而将其牺牲（即便是卑微的事业），就有希望。仅仅是希望而已，因为这种本能的、莽撞的美德难以为继。没有哪个自己是暴民的民族能够生生不息，无论它的内心多么慷慨。它必须约束自己的激情，而且引导它，否则将来某一天，激情就会反过来用毒蝎般的鞭子约束这一民族。总之，一个只知道赚钱的、暴民的民族是不可能长久的：它鄙视文学、鄙视科学、鄙视艺术、鄙视自然、鄙视同情，一心一意地忙于赚钱，这样的民族是不可能生存下去而免受责罚的。你们觉得我所说的话太过刺耳或是激烈了吗？请你们再多一点耐心。我会一条一条地证明给你们看我所说的是对的。

第一条我要说的是，我们鄙视文学。作为一个国家，我们把书籍当回事儿了吗？我们在公共及私人的图书馆上的开销与在马匹上的开销比

起来孰多孰少呢？如果有谁在自己的图书馆上大笔地花钱，你们就一定会说他疯了——是个藏书狂，可是你们从来不把谁叫作藏马狂，即便是每天都有人毁于自己的马匹，而从没听说过有谁因为自己的书籍而破产。或者，说得再通俗些，联合王国的，公共的和私人的书架上的藏品，与它的酒窖中的藏品比较起来，哪个能带来更多的收益呢？与在奢华宴饮方面的花费相比，我们在文学方面的支出又处于何种地位呢？我们说精神的食粮就像身体的食粮一样：一本好书所能提供的食物是难以穷尽的；它为我们生命中最好的时光提供了给养；然而又有多少人会在盯着一本最好的书许久以后，以一条大比目鱼的价格将其买下呢？尽管曾经有人为了买一本书而节衣缩食，可是我想，到最后，他们中的大多数，在藏书上的花费还是要比自己在晚宴上的花费少。更为可悲的是，就连有过这样历练的人也很少；因为，只有通过劳作和节俭而获得的珍贵之物才会愈发显得珍贵。假使我们在公共图书馆上的花费能赶得上公共晚宴一半的开销的话，或是书籍的价格能赶得上手镯价格的十分之一的话，那么即便是愚蠢的男男女女们可能有时也会觉得读书确有裨益，就像大快朵颐和珠光宝气一样能给他们带来享受。正是由于文学的廉价使得那些哪怕是聪慧的人们也忘了，如果一本书值得读，就一定值得买。不值一读的书是没有什么价值的；同样，如果我们不对一本书一读再读、一爱再爱的话，它也是不会发挥作用的；而且要在书中做标记，只有如此，我们才能在需要的时候找到相关的章节，就像一个士兵能在军火库里找到他需要的武器，或是一个家庭主妇能在储藏间中拿到她所需的香料一样。面粉做成的面包固然不错；但是在一本好书里面，如果你想吃的话，也有甜如蜂蜜的面包；如果一个家庭买不起这种仅需一次付钱就可终生享用的大麦面包的话，那么它一定很穷。我们自诩是富有的国家，可我们却翻阅着彼此从流通图书馆借出来的书，这是多么龌龊和愚蠢的行为呀！

第二，我说过我们鄙视科学。“什么！”你们惊叫道，“我们不是在所有的探索发现方面都属一流吗[4]，难道全世界不都被我们的发明所具

有的理性或非理性搞得晕头转向吗？”没错；不过你们觉得那是国家的作为吗？那些是凭借个人的热情和金钱完成的，而不是国家的作为。我们确实相当乐意从科学中获益；我们会迅速而急切地啃光所有在科学这根骨头上长出来的肉；但是当科学家向我们要一根骨头或是一块面包皮的时候，那就是另一回事儿了。我们公开地为科学做过什么事吗？为了船只航行的安全我们被迫需要了解什么是时间，于是我们花钱建造天文台；每年我们要在议会里不情愿地、费尽周折地，才会为大英博物馆做点什么事；闷闷不乐地认为那里不过是保存鸟类标本，逗孩子们开心的地方。如果有谁自己买了望远镜，辨别出了另一个星云，我们就会像母鸡一样咯咯地叫个没完，仿佛是我们自己下了蛋；如果一万个打猎的乡绅中有一个突然间发现，土地除了用来做猎杀狐狸的场所以外，原来也可以用来干别的事，而且他自己亲自挖洞，告诉我们哪儿有黄金，哪儿有煤炭，那么我们就会觉得他干了点儿有用的事儿，并且非常恰当地授予了他爵士的称号：然而仅凭这一位乡绅知道如何给自己找点正事干的偶然所为，就能让我们脸上有光吗？（如果考虑一下的话，那么其他乡绅对其所作所为的否定就不啻为在我们的脸上抹黑。）如果你还怀疑这些例子的普遍性的话，下面这个事例就值得我们全体去思考，因为它表明了我们对于科学的，所谓的热爱。两年前有一组产自索伦霍芬的化石标本要在巴伐利亚出售；这是一组现存最好的标本，其中有很多标本独一无二且保存完整，而且还有一个标本是某一物种存在过的唯一例证（那块化石代表了一个整个的、未知的生物王国）。这组化石，如果由私人购买的话，市场价值将可能达到一千或是一千二英镑，而卖给我们英国的价格是七百英镑；但这样的出价却遭到了我们的拒绝，要不是欧文教授不惜时间，忍受煎熬地亲自向议会说明情况，并且在当下要到了四百英镑后表示剩下的三百英镑由他个人负责筹集的话，整套化石此时此刻正躺在慕尼黑的博物馆里呢。尽管议员们最终毫无疑问会还给欧文教授三百英镑，可他们却为此极为恼怒，对此事一直不闻不问；只是在等着有什么研究成果出现的时候才会跳出来高谈阔论一番。我请求大家

从数学的角度考虑一下这件事到底意味着什么。我们年度的公共支出（其中三分之一用于购买军需设备）至少是五千万英镑。现在是七百英镑对五千万英镑，也就是七便士对两千英镑的比例。大家假想一下，有这样一位绅士，他的收入无从知晓，但是我们可以从他每年花费两千英镑修葺花园的围墙和雇用仆人来推算出他的财富。他宣称自己热爱科学；某天一个仆人急切地跑过来告诉他，有一组独一无二的化石，能够提供新的生命纪元的线索，总共花七便士就可以得到它；然而，这位热爱科学的，每年花两千英镑装点花园的绅士，却在他的仆人苦等了几个月后回答说："好吧！我先给你四便士，其余的三便士你自己先垫上，等到明年再还给你！"

第三，我说过你们鄙视艺术！"什么！"你们又要嚷了，"我们的艺术展览品不是有几英里长吗？我们不是买一幅画就花掉成千上万英镑吗？我们的艺术学校和机构不是比以前任何时候都多吗？"是的，没错，但是所有这些都是为了商业的目的。你们会欣然地卖掉一幅油画就像卖掉煤炭一样，卖掉瓷器就像卖掉钢铁一样；可能的话你们会从任何一个国家的嘴里抢夺面包；如果不行的话，你们的人生理想就像鲁德门的学徒一样站在世界的各个交通要道上，对着每一个过往的行人大喊，"你们要买点儿什么？"你们对自己的本领和周围的环境一无所知；在湿润的、平坦的和肥沃的粘土地上幻想着能够像在深褐色的葡萄藤包围中的法国人，或是在火山岩壁下站立着的意大利人一样拥有迅捷的艺术想象力；——幻想着艺术可以像记账一样一学就会，而学会后会有更多的账来记。你们对于绘画的关心程度远远逊于贴在冷冰冰的墙上的广告。墙上总会有张贴广告的地方，却从来没有给绘画作品留出空间。你们不知道自己的国家都有什么绘画作品（有声望的作品），也不知道它们的真伪，以及这些画作是不是保存良好。在其他国家，当你们看到世界上最高贵的绘画作品在被遗弃的废墟中腐烂时（例如，在威尼斯，奥地利人的枪炮就曾经故意瞄准藏有这些绘画的宫殿射击），你们表现得无动于衷；而且当你们听到所有欧洲的杰出画作明天都会被装进沙袋垒

成奥地利人的碉堡时，你们所感到的烦恼比在一天的狩猎中错失了一两对猎物所带来的烦恼还要少。这就是你们国民对于艺术的热爱。

第四，你们鄙视自然；就是说鄙视所有自然风景所带来的深沉的、神圣的情感。法国的革命者们将法国的大教堂变成了马厩；而你们已经将地球上的大教堂变成了跑马场。你们对于快乐的理解就是坐着火车在大教堂的走廊里兜圈子，而且吃光它们祭坛上的贡品[5]。你们已经在沙夫豪森的瀑布上架设了铁路桥。你们已经在泰尔的礼拜堂边上的，卢塞恩的峭壁上开凿了隧洞；你们已经毁掉了日内瓦湖的克莱恩斯水岸；现在英国所有的寂静的山谷都让你们填满了爆破的火焰；没有哪一寸英国的土地没有被你们践踏上煤炭的灰烬[6]——没有哪个外国的城市，由于你们的到访，而没有在其古老而美丽的街道和快乐的花园当中留下如恶性麻风病所造成的，白色溃疡一样的新建旅馆和香水商店：就连过去你们自己的诗人所虔诚地热爱着的阿尔卑斯山，在你们看来也成了游乐场里的一根根抹了肥皂水的滑竿，你们爬上去再滑下来，“快乐地尖叫着”。尖叫过后，再也发不出什么人类的声音以表达快乐了，于是你们就在阿尔卑斯山寂静的山谷中放上几枪，然后跑回家。此时你们脸上泛出自负的红晕，一边夸夸其谈一边心满意足地打着饱嗝。就其深刻的内在意义而言，我认为有两幅丑态是我所见过的，人性中最为可悲的景象。其一就是英国的暴民们在夏蒙尼山谷发射锈迹斑斑的榴弹炮来自娱自乐；其二就是瑞士苏黎世的葡萄采摘者们对上天的恩赐表达感激的方式：他们三五成群地聚集在“葡萄园的塔楼”里，然后从早到晚，慢悠悠地拿着马枪装弹射击。对于责任的认识模糊不清是可悲的；然而更为可悲的是这种对于快乐的理解。

最后，你们鄙视同情心。我不需要多费唇舌，这一点不证自明。在这里我只是从报纸上选取一个剪下的段落（因为我有剪报的习惯，并且把剪下来的文章塞进抽屉里）；这篇文章来自今年（1865）早些时候的《晨报》；【……】它所讲述的这件事现在每天都会发生；只不过碰巧

这件事是从一位验尸官的角度来交代的。我将以红色的字体把这一段刊印出来。请相信，这些事实就是用红色墨水写在一本书里的，我们所有的人，有文化的和没有文化的，总有一天都可以在这本书里读到属于我们的那一页。

“助理验尸官理查兹先生在斯皮特尔菲尔兹区的，基督教堂街的白马客栈，就现年五十八岁的迈克尔·柯林斯的死因进行了质询。证人玛丽·柯林斯，一个表情悲戚的妇女说，她与死者和他的儿子住在基督教堂街，柯布大院二号的一间屋内。死者是一位靴子‘翻修匠’。证人出门收购旧鞋；死者和他的儿子将旧鞋翻新，然后证人再把靴子卖掉，换取微薄的收入。死者和他的儿子常常夜以继日地工作，为的是能挣到钱买点儿面包和茶叶，并支付房租（每周两先令），以确保全家生活在一起。在上周五的晚上，死者从凳子上站起来开始哆嗦。他扔下靴子说，‘这双靴子在我死后要由别人完成了，我干不了了。’屋里没有生火，他接着说，‘要是能暖和点儿就好了。’证人于是拿了两双翻新好了的靴子到店里卖，但是两双靴子只能卖十四便士，店里的人说，‘我们必须有赚头。’证人买了十四便士的煤、一点茶叶和面包。他的儿子一宿没睡‘翻新’靴子挣钱，但死者还是在周六早晨离世了。这家人从来没吃饱过。——验尸官说：‘我觉得你们应该去救济院才对。’证人说：‘我们待在自己家里更舒服些。’一位陪审员问他们家里有什么能提供舒适的东西，因为他只在房间的角落里看到一点稻草，房间的窗户还是破的。证人开始哭了，并且说他们有一床被子和其他一些小东西。死者说过他绝不会去救济院。夏天的时候是旺季，他们有时一个星期能挣十先令。他们一般会把钱节省下来，因为下星期很有可能就挣不到这么多钱了。冬天的时候他们挣得还不到夏天的一半。这三年以来他们的境况越来越糟——科尼利厄斯·柯林斯说，他从1847年就开始帮助爸爸挣钱了。他们通常都工作到深夜，所以两个人都几乎累瞎了眼睛。证人的眼睛上蒙了一层薄翳。五年前死者曾向教区申请过救助。救助官员给了他一块四磅重的面包，然后告诉他，如果再来的话将会“得到石头”。[7]

死者对此颇为反感，从此再没有找过他们。这家人过得越来越差，直到上周五，他们甚至连半便士一根的蜡烛都买不起了。死者于是躺在稻草上，说自己活不过明天了。一位陪审员说：‘你们就快要饿死了，应当搬进救济院一直住到夏天。’证人说：‘如果搬进去我们会死掉的。因为夏天我们搬出来的时候就会像是从天而降一样。没有人认识我们，我们甚至连住的地方都没有。只要有吃的我就能工作，我的视力也会变好些。’G.P.沃克医生说死者是死于过度饥饿导致的晕厥。死者没有被褥。四个月以来除了面包他什么都没吃过。他的身体里面已经没有一丁点儿油水了。他没有病，但是如果之前接受过医药救治的话，他可能不会死于晕厥或昏厥。在验尸官对此令人痛心的事件作出评论后，陪审团得出以下结论：‘死者死于饥饿和生活必需品的缺乏所引起的精力衰竭；而且未得到有效的医疗救助。’”

你们会问：“为什么证人不去救济院呢？”是这样的，穷人们似乎对救济院有着富人们所没有的成见，因为那些从政府领取养老金的人大量地进入了救济院。只有富人的救济院才不会有救济的概念，对他们来说救济院应当叫作娱乐院。[8]穷人们似乎更愿意独立地去死；可能，如果我们把穷人的救济院建得足够漂亮舒适，或是干脆把救济金发放到穷人的家中去，并且拿出一小部分公共财政的支出补贴给他们的话，他们对于救济院的看法可能就会有所改变。同时，请注意下面的事实：我们的救济措施要么使得接受救助的人备感羞辱，要么让他们痛苦不堪，以至于他们宁死也不肯从我们手中接过救助；或是，还有第三种可能，就是我们听任穷人们不受教育、愚昧无知，以至于他们像野兽一样忍饥挨饿，疯狂而麻木，不知道该做什么，也不知道该要些什么。我说过你们鄙视同情心，不是吗？在一个基督教国家里根本就不应该出现那篇报道中所发生的事情，这同允许在大街上蓄意谋杀又有什么区别呢？“基督教。”我刚才说了。唉！即便我们是心智健康的非基督徒，这种事情也是不该发生的。恰恰是我们想象中的基督教帮助我们犯下了如此罪行；因为我们陶醉、沉溺于自己信仰中的低级的感官刺激；像所有其他的东

西一样，在想象中将其扮靓。我们的基督教颇具戏剧效果，它有管风琴和教堂的侧廊，晨钟与暮鼓——在基督教里，我们常常采用绘画的方式，在有关撒旦题材的绘画中，比如罗伯特、浮士德的故事等，将对魔鬼的嘲笑与同魔鬼的嬉戏相结合；我们在花饰窗格所营造的背景气氛中唱诗，在变化多端的、模仿的祈祷声中艺术地改变“Dio”的发音：（而第二天当我们为了没文化的，满嘴脏话的人们的便利，为了践行第三条戒律的意义而散发小册子的时候，）这个我们引以为荣的，靠煤气点亮，靠煤气获得灵感的基督教，就会从对它提出异议的异教徒的接触中缩回其长袍的褶边。还是用清楚明白的英语和行动做点儿普通的基督徒应行的正义之事吧；还是将基督教的律法作为生活的准则，并且在此之上订立国家的法律或愿景吧——我们清楚地知道自己的信仰是为了什么！你们从焚香的烟雾中获得神启的速度可能比从现代英国宗教中获得的真实行动和热情来得更快，但是你们最好驱散烟雾，离开琴管：把它们，以及哥特式的窗户、彩绘的玻璃等统统留给道具管理员；你们要在健康的呼气中排出甲烷气体的幽灵，并且照看一下倒在你们台阶下的，像得了麻风病的乞丐拉撒路一样的穷人们。只有人人伸出帮助之手的教会才是真正的教会，才是唯一神圣的、母性的教会。它过去是如此，将来也不会改变。

所有这些喜好，所有这些美德，我重复一遍，你们，在国家的层面上，都加以鄙视。没错，你们当中有人确非如此；正是凭借着他们的工作，他们的力量，他们的生命，他们的死亡，你们才得以生存，然而你们却从未对他们表达感谢。如若不是那些你们轻蔑或是忘记了的人们，你们是不可能拥有财富、快乐和骄傲的。警察们整夜在黑暗的小巷里来回巡视，监视你们在那儿犯下的罪行；他们随时都有可能肝脑涂地，或是落下终生的残疾，然而却从未接受过感谢；水手们与大海的怒涛搏击；安静的学生们对着他们的书籍或是药水瓶苦思冥想；普通工人们，在没有荣誉，甚至没有面包的境况下，在你们乘着马车，漫无目的地闲逛，一骑绝尘的时候，履行着他们的职责：英国是靠这些人生存的；但

是他们并不是国家的全部；他们只不过是它的躯体和神经组织，本能而机械地作出反应，而真正的头脑却缺失了。我们的国家愿景和目标仅仅是寻欢作乐；我们的国家宗教不过是教会仪式的表演和对让人昏昏欲睡的真理（或伪真理）的宣教，这样做是为了让暴民们能够安静地工作，而我们可以继续寻欢作乐；就如同伴随热病出现的焦干的喉咙和恍惚的眼神一样，这种享乐的必要性正在紧紧地同我们绑在一起——它毫无意识、毫无节制，并且残忍至极。疾病这个词（英文：disease=dis+ease）多么形象地表达出了我们英国式的勤奋和享乐方式的全部道德状态呀！

当人们忙于正经事的时候，他们的快乐便来自工作，这就像绚丽的花瓣出自结出硕果的花朵——当人们忠实地为他人提供帮助并且献出爱心的时候，他们所有的情感就会变得平和、深沉、持久而生机勃勃，就像人身体的自然脉动一样。现在，由于我们没有什么真正的事业，所以便将全部的力气投入到了错误的赚钱行当中去；由于我们没有什么真正的情感，便将虚情假意装扮起来加以玩弄。我们如此做法不是像孩子那样摆弄玩偶，出于天真无邪，而是像偶像崇拜的犹太人一样，罪恶地、秘密地将图画挂于墙上的洞穴之中，必须挖掘才能探明。我们不行正义之事，却在小说中和舞台上假装正义；我们摧毁掉自然界中的美丽，然后在哑剧中以魔幻的形变取而代之；而且（我们的人性当中迫切地需要某种形式的敬畏和悲伤）对于我们同伴所应当抱有的高尚的同情心，应当同他们一起洒下的纯净的泪水，已经让我们变换成了治安法庭上对于不幸遭遇的幸灾乐祸，和靠收集坟墓上的夜露聊以自乐。

对这些事情的真正意义进行估量是困难的；这些事实足够骇人听闻；然而国家在这些事情方面所犯的错误可能并不像起初看上去那样严重。我们每天允许或是引起数以千计的人死亡，但是我们并无恶意；我们纵火烧了房子，毁掉了农民的田地，然而如果我们发现有谁受到了伤害，我们也会抱有歉意。我们的内心仍然善良，仍然有美德，只不过同孩子们的善良和美德差不多。查莫斯曾经拥有很大的公权力，曾被某个

有关“公众舆论”的严重事件搞得焦头烂额。在其漫长生命临终之时，他发出了不耐烦的慨叹，“公众不过是一个体型巨大的婴儿！”我之所以会将所有这些更为严肃的，有关思想方面的问题同对于读书方法的探讨相联系，是因为我看到的，我们国家的过失和痛苦越多，就越明白这些过失和痛苦其实是源自我们像孩子一样的无知状态，以及在最为普通的思考习惯方面的教育的缺失。它不是，我重复一下，我们应当哀悼的恶行、自私或是头脑的愚钝；而是一种我们看不到摸不着的，学童式的莽撞，与真正学童的区别仅仅是在于它不接受老师的教诲。

在距离我们最近的一位伟大画家的作品中，有这样一幅可爱的，但被人们忽视了的画作，它当中描绘了这样一种有好奇心的人。这幅画画的是位于柯克比·朗斯代尔的教堂墓地，包括那里的小溪、山谷、丘陵及远处层层叠叠的早晨的天空。一群学童不顾及这里的风景也不考虑长眠于此的死者，将他们的书本码放在一座坟丘上面，然后用石头将它们打倒。同样，我们也在与能使我们受到教育的、逝去者的文字戏耍，并且充满敌意地、草率地将它们拒于千里之外；而不去想，那些被风吹散的书页其实不仅仅是堆积在了坟头，更是堆积在了被施了魔法的墓穴的封印之上——而且，这里就是通往熟睡着的，国王们的，伟大城市的大门；如果我们能叫出他们的名讳，这些国王们将会苏醒并与我们同行。经常有这样的情况，就是我们虽然开启了大理石的墓门，却只能够在那些睡梦中的老国王们中间游荡，用手摸一摸他们的长袍，碰一碰他们额头上戴的皇冠；然而他们却一言不发，像是落满了灰尘的雕塑；这是因为我们不知道能够将他们唤醒的心灵的咒语——他们一旦听到这一咒语，就会带着自己过去曾有的权威起身与我们相见，仔细地端详我们，对我们作出判断；并且，就像堕入冥界的国王们接见新来者一样，说：“你也如我们一样归西了吗——也成为我们中的一员了吗？”于是这些国王们便戴着闪闪发光的、纹丝不动的王冠接见我们，说：“你也同我们一样有一颗纯净和强大的心灵了吗———你也成为我们中的一员了吗？”

强大的心灵，强大的思想——“宽宏大量”——能做到这一点，在生活中就是伟大的；朝这个方向努力，就是真正的“在生活中进步”——是生活自身的进步，而非生活的外在表现。朋友们，你们还记得那个古老的塞西亚人的风俗吗？当他们的一家之主离世的时候，人们会给他穿上最漂亮的衣服，让他坐上四轮马车，然后把他送到朋友们的家里；接下来朋友们会把他安置在桌子的上首，然后当着他的面大吃大喝。假定有人以简明的话语告诉你说，当你还活着的时候，就会缓慢地获得塞西亚人的荣誉，并且将来一定会享受到此种可怕的待遇。具体的提议是这样的：你将慢慢死去；你的血液将会日渐冷却，你的身体变得僵硬，你的心脏会像一组生了锈的铁阀门一样慢慢停止搏动。你的活力将会离你远去，透过地表沉入冰川；但是，一天天地，你的身体将会被装扮得越发喜庆，装进更高级的马车，胸口上别了更多的勋章，头上戴了更多的王冠，只要你乐意的话。人们会在你面前鞠躬，在你周围凝视叫喊，簇拥着你在街上走来走去；为你营建宫殿，将你置于餐桌的上首，彻夜地与你宴饮；你的灵魂会稍作停留，从而知道他们都做了什么，感觉到肩膀上所披的金色外衣的分量，以及颅骨上被所戴王冠勒出的皱纹——就是这些了。你会接受死亡天使这一口头的提议吗？你认为，我们中的，哪怕是最为卑微的人会接受吗？然而我们每个人，在某种程度上，确实想得到这些；我们中的很多人，甚至会全盘接受这一恐怖的提议。每一个接受它的人都渴望在生活中进步，然而却不知道生活是什么；他们光想着得到更多的马匹、更多的仆人、更多的财产、更多的公众荣誉等，而不是更高尚的个人灵魂。只有心灵变得更为柔软，血液变得更为温暖，头脑变得更为灵活，精神正在进入充满生机的和平当中去的人，才称得上在生活中取得了进步。只有那些如此生活着的人们才是这世上真正的贵族或国王——他们，只有他们才是。其他所有的君主国家，即便是真的有国王，他们也不过是继承王位后的实际结果而已。如果更差一点的话，他们要么是招摇过市的王公贵族——到处炫富，浑身珠光宝气——但仍然不过是国家的玩偶；要么他们根本就不是王族成员，而是暴君，

或仅仅是国家愚昧的，现实和生动的体现。正因为如此，我才在别的场合对君主政体说过这样的话：“看得到的政府是某些国家的玩具，另一些国家的疾病，一些国家的羁绊，更多国家的累赘。”

当听到在有思想的人们当中仍然有人提及王权的说法，为此我极为震惊，不知道该说什么好。他们的意思似乎是在说，国家是私人的财产，可以买卖，或是像绵羊一样可以获取———用绵羊的肉喂国王，它们的毛也归国王所有；似乎阿基里斯怒斥卑劣的国王时所说的“吃人”可以作为所有君主的，不变的和恰当的绰号；而且扩大国王的领土就如同增加个人的土地财产一样无可厚非！不管多么强有力的国王，只要有如此想法他就不再是一个国家的真正君主了，正如牛虻不可能成为一匹马的领袖一样；它们吸马儿的血，可能会使它发疯，却不能驾驭它。他们，他们的朝廷和他们的军队，如果你擦亮眼睛就能看得到，不过是夏日里一群沼泽地里的大蚊子，擎着刺刀一般的吸管，吹着乐队一般的号角；尽管成群结队的蚊虫在暮色中如闪光的薄雾一般看上去很漂亮，却不见得有益健康。而与此同时，真正的国王们，即便是真在统治，也会很低调，并且痛恨统治；他们中的很多人会作出“拒绝称帝”的决定；如果不是这样的话，一旦那些暴民觉得情势有机可乘，便会毫不犹豫地取而代之，成为“伟大的帝王”。

如果有一天，现实中的国王对自己统治的评估不是看他国家的地理边界，而是看他统治的力量的话，那么他就可能成为真正的君主。特伦特河在这儿割去一块角地，或是莱茵河在那儿圈走一处城堡，这些都是无关紧要的事。作为君主，你能否肯定地对一个人说“去”他就去了；而对另外一个人说“来”他就来了，这才是至关重要的。你能否指挥你的臣民就像指挥特伦特河一样——能够命令他们何去何从，这才是最重要的。作为君主，你的臣民是恨你，因你而死，还是爱你，为你而生，这才是最重要的。你可以依靠民众的数量而不是英里数来丈量你的疆域；你可以用计算纬度的办法计算一下受民众爱戴的程度，看一看它距离异

常温暖和无垠的赤道有多近，而不是离开它有多远。

计算一下吧！——不，你算不出来。有谁能够算出来下面两种权力的区别呢？一种权力属于那些“既亲为又亲授”的人们，他们无论在人间还是在天堂的王国里都是最伟大的人物；另一种权力属于那些只知道破坏和消耗的人们，他们的权力不过是相当于飞蛾和铁锈的作用。怪哉！请想一想，飞蛾的国王们为飞蛾积累财宝；铁锈的国王们，他们锈蚀人民的力量就如同铁锈之于盔甲，为铁锈积累财宝；强盗的国王们为强盗积累财宝；然而，又有几位国王曾经积累过无须守卫的财宝——甚至盼望着光顾它们的盗贼越多越好呢？绣花的长袍早晚要撕裂；头盔和宝剑定会黯然失色；宝石和黄金迟早要散尽——然而有三种国王一直在收集这些东西。假如有第四种国王，他曾经从古代晦涩难懂的著作中得知，这世上还有第四种财宝。这种财宝，黄金和宝石不可与其匹敌，以纯金对其加以度量亦不可行——它是一张漂亮的，用雅典娜的梭子织就的罗网；一副在神火中，由伍尔坎倾力打造的盔甲；一块从太阳的红心中开采出来，放置在神谕的悬崖上的黄金——它是绣有神秘绘画的薄纱，不可刺穿的甲胄，和可供饮用的黄金！有三位伟大的天使：行动、辛劳和思考的天使，在向我们召唤，在我们门前的立柱旁等待，用她们长有羽翼的力量带领我们，用她们如炬的慧眼指引我们，走上一条无人知晓的、贪婪的秃鹫没办法看到的路径。想象一下吧，我们难道不是需要这样一位，听信了这些话语，而且最终为他的人民收集到并且奉献出了这第四种财宝——智慧，的国王吗？

想一想，那该会是一项多么了不起的事业呀！以我们当下的民族智慧，这将是多么的不可思议呀！我们应当将农民们调动起来读书而不是练习刺杀！——发给他们薪资，以具备优秀的领导才能的思想家的团队，而不是刺杀者的团队，对他们进行组织、训练，并且持之以恒。我们不但要在射击场上还要在阅览室里娱乐民众；我们不但要对铅弹击中标靶进行奖励还要对发现真理予以表彰。说白了，我们要将文明国度

中，资本家的财富用来支持文学而不是战争，这在某些人看来，是多么荒诞不经的想法呀！

请大家少安毋躁。下面我给大家从我自己写的一本书里面读几句话。这本书是我写的唯一一本可以称得上是书的书。我想，在我所有的作品中，它是最确定无疑的具有恒久价值的（如果确有价值的话）一本。

“在欧洲，财富在以一种极为可怕的形式运作着，这就是，资本家的全部财富都用来支持非正义的战争。正义的战争并不需要如此多的钱财来支持；因为大多数参与正义战争的人们是不要酬劳的；但是对于非正义的战争，人们的身体和灵魂都需要靠金钱来购买；此外，他们在这样的战争中会使用最好的武器，这也使得此类战争的花费高昂到极点；这还没有把国家间卑鄙的恐惧和愤怒的猜忌所造成的损失算在内，这些国家缺乏使得它们的民众获得哪怕是一个小时的心灵的平和所需的仁慈或是诚实；就像现在，法国和英国每年都彼此购买大约价值一千万英镑的恐惧（这是一种相当低产的作物，一半是荆棘一半是山杨树叶；它依靠教唆贪婪而不是传授真理的，现代政治经济学家所谓的‘科学’来播种、收割和储存）。而且，所有接受援助的非正义的战争，要么是靠从敌方掠夺财富，要么就是靠从资本家那里获得贷款。这些贷款会通过随后的，对人民的征税获得偿付，而人民似乎并不能左右事态的发展，只有意志坚定的资本家才是战争的始作俑者；但是，引发战争的真正根源是整个国家的贪婪，这使得它丧失信仰、真诚及公正，于是，早晚有一天，会给自己国家的每个人都带来惩罚和灾难。”

请注意，实际上，法国和英国是在购买彼此的恐慌；这两个国家每年都会购买价值一千万英镑的恐惧。可以试想一下，如果它们不是每年花一千万英镑购买恐慌，而是下定决心和平共处，每年购买价值一千万英镑的知识，每个国家，每年都把这一千万英镑花在兴建皇家图书馆、

皇家艺术品展览馆、皇家博物馆、皇家公园，以及其他休闲场所上的话，那么这样一来，对于英法双方不是都有好处吗？

要看到这一局面还有待时日。我希望在不久的将来，皇家或是国家图书馆就可以在每一个较大的城市兴建，其中要收藏皇家系列的图书；每一个图书馆都要有同一系列的图书，它们是每一种类中最好的、精选的图书，以尽可能完美的方式为建立一套全国系列的图书作准备；这些图书的正文要印刷在大小一样的纸张上，要留出足够宽的空白页边，并且要将书籍分成若干合理的卷册，手感轻盈，装帧也需极尽精美牢固；而且这些图书馆要一天到晚随时开放，允许所有干净利落的人进入；要实行严格的规章以保证这种清洁和宁静。

我可以为你们制订出其他的规划来，比如说对于艺术展览馆、自然历史博物馆，以及很多其他珍贵的，我认为是必需的场馆的规划；但是，我们对于图书馆的规划是最容易办到，同时也是最为迫切的，而且这一规划将为我们所谓的英国体质提供重要的滋补——它最近浑身浮肿，呈现出病态的干渴和饥饿，急需更健康的饮食。你们已经废除了不列颠的《谷物法》；可否尝试一下确立新的谷物法，以便购入更好的面包——那种施了魔法的，由古老的阿拉伯谷物——芝麻，所做成的面包，因为那芝麻能够打开大门——不是强盗的大门，而是国王宝藏的大门。

交易

在布拉德福市政厅的演说

【1864年4月21日】

约克郡的朋友们，你们邀请我到这山里来，是为了让我就你们将要建立的交易所谈谈自己的看法，但是，我认真地、严肃地请求你们的谅解，因为我不会讲有关交易所的事。我对这一话题一无所知或是知之甚少。尽管不是有意为之，我还是会谈一谈其他的事情；你们邀请我来谈一个话题，而我却自作主张地谈另外一个话题，所以我不配得到你们的原谅。因为讲自己不感兴趣的题目是不会达到预期效果的，所以一开始，我就不得不直白地和遗憾地告诉各位，我对你们的交易所不感兴趣。

如果当初我接到你们发给我的邀请函时这样回复，“我不来，我对布拉德福的交易所不感兴趣”的话，你们一定会生我的气，因为你们并不了解我如此生硬而冷漠地拒绝邀请到底是为了什么。因此，我来了，希望你们能耐心地让我解释一下为什么。以前，在这样的及很多类似的场合，我会抓住机会向和蔼可亲的听众发表演讲，而现在却总是默不作声。

总之，我对交易所不感兴趣——因为你们不感兴趣；而且因为你们清楚地知道我不可能让你们感兴趣。请看一看整件事情的基本情况吧，尽管你们可能认为我忘了，可是你们作为商人却知道得一清二楚。你们将要花费三万英镑建造交易所，这对于你们来说无足轻重；购买一件新外套，就其花费而言，对于我来说的重视程度，都要远远高于你们对于新建一座交易所的重视程度，但是你们还是想让自己的钱花得其所。你

们知道建筑可以有多种古怪的样式；你们不想因此成为别人的笑柄；你们听说，除了别的以外，我还是一位有声望的建筑学上的帽商；于是你们邀请我来，想让我讲一讲当下的潮流；以及，什么是当下，我们商店里最新、最受欢迎的建筑尖顶的式样。

好吧，请恕我直言，仅仅靠听取别人就某一个案发表的建议就能拥有好的建筑是不可能的。所有好的建筑都是民族生活和性格的体现，它产生于普遍和热切的民族品味或是对于美的追求。我想让各位想一想这里“品味”这个词的意义；因为我关于好的品味根本上来说就是一种道德品质的说法，是最饱受人们争议的话题。“错，”很多反对我的人说，“品味是一回事，道德是另一回事。告诉我们什么是漂亮，我们愿闻其详；但是请不要让我们听你的说教——即便是你会说教，其中的道理也未必对。”

因此，请允许我，对我的这一旧的信条加以说明。品味不仅仅是道德的一部分或是它的表征——它是道德的全部。对于任何活着的人来说，如果要了解他的品位，首要、最终和最贴近的提问就是，“你喜欢什么？”告诉我你喜欢什么，我就会知道你是什么样的人。走到街上去，问一问你第一个见到的男人或女人，他们的“品味”是什么；如果他们直率地回答了你的问题，你就可以彻底地了解他们。“你，我衣衫褴褛、步履蹒跚的朋友，你喜欢什么？”“一个烟斗和四分之一品脱的杜松子酒。”我了解你了。“你，可爱的，步履轻盈、头戴利落软帽的女士，你喜欢什么？”“整洁的壁炉，干净的茶几，对面坐着我的丈夫，怀里抱着我的婴儿。”好，我也了解你了。“你，头发金黄、目光温柔的小女孩儿，你喜欢什么？”“我的金丝雀，还有在长满风信子的树林里奔跑。”“你，两手脏兮兮的、低着额头的小男孩儿，你喜欢什么？”“用石头打麻雀，扔铜钱的游戏。”好了，我对他们都了解了。我们还有什么要问的吗？

“不，”可能你会回答，“我们还不如问一问这些人都干了些什么，而不是他们都喜欢什么。如果他们行为端正的话，那么他们即使是喜欢错误的东西也不要紧；如果他们行为不端的话，那么他们即使是喜欢好的东西也于事无补。行动最重要；如果一个人不喝酒，那么他喜欢喝酒也没有关系；同样，一个小女孩儿不好好学习，那么她对金丝雀再好也没用；如果一个小男孩儿去上主日学校，那么他喜欢用石头扔麻雀也没什么大不了的。”的确，在短时间内，暂时看来，这样说是对的。如果人们下定决心做正确的事，那么他们最终就会喜欢上做这件事，但是只有当他们已经喜欢上做这件事的时候，才会处于一种正确的道德状态；而一旦他们不喜欢这事而去做它，就会处于一种不道德的状态。如果某人总是想着壁橱里的酒瓶子，那么他的身体就是不健康的，尽管他奋力地抑制着自己的渴望；相反，如果某人真心地喜欢早晨喝水，晚上喝酒，而且每一样都在喝的时间和数量上恰到好处，那么他就是健康的。真正教育的全部目标就是不仅仅让人们做正确的事，还要喜欢做正确的事——不仅仅勤劳，还要热爱劳动——不仅仅博学，还要热爱知识——不仅仅纯洁，还要热爱纯净——不仅仅公道，还要追逐、渴望着正义。

你们可能会问：“对于，诸如绘画、雕塑、家具、建筑等的外部装饰的喜爱也是一种道德品质吗？”是的，毫无疑问，如果这是一种健康而固定的喜爱的话。只有对好的绘画或是雕塑的品位才称得上是一种道德品质，而不包括对于所有绘画和雕塑的品位。这里我们不得不再一次定义“好”这个词。我所谓的“好”并不是指聪明，或是博学，或是完成的难度大。比如说，坦尼尔斯画了一幅酒鬼们在赌桌上争吵的场面的画；这就是一幅很聪明的画，在此类题材的绘画中无出其右者；但是这仍旧是一幅非常低级和邪恶的画作。因为这幅画表达的是一种对于道德败坏的事物，进行长时间的苦思冥想所带来的快乐，而这种快乐具有一种“粗野的”或“不道德的”品质。从深层次的角度看，这是一种“坏品位”——是对于魔鬼的品位。而另一方面，比如说，一幅提香的画，或是一尊希腊的雕塑，或是一枚希腊的钱币，或是一张特纳的风景画等，

传达的则是一种对于好的和完美的事物，进行长时间的苦思冥想所带来的快乐。这是一种完全高尚的道德品质——是对于天使的品位。所有艺术所带来的快乐，所有对于艺术的热爱，都会转变成对于那些配得上爱的事物的单纯的爱。这种“配得上”是一种我们称作“可爱”（loveliness）的品质——我们应当发明一个反义词，可恨（hateliness），来指那些应当受到痛恨的事物；我们选择爱这或是爱那，并不是什么无关痛痒、可有可无的事情；而是一种决定了我们所有本质的关键因素。我们喜欢什么决定了我们是什么样的人，也标志着我们是什么样的人；传授其品味就不可避免地要形成其性格。

有一天我在舰队街走过，心里正想着这个事儿的时候，突然看到书店橱窗里展出的一本书。书名是这样的——《论在社会各阶级中传播品味的必要性》。“天哪，”我心想，“这位探讨社会阶级问题的朋友，如果你已经将品味传播开了，那么哪来的社会各阶级呢？我认为，爱你所爱的人一定跟你同属一个阶级。这一点毋庸置疑。如果你愿意的话，可以让他转行干其他的工作；但是，由于置身其中的环境发生了变化，他会和你一样厌恶这个工作。你可能发现一位拾荒者或是小商贩喜欢读《新兴门监狱日志》，而且喜欢听‘啪！黄鼠狼走开了’这首儿歌，但是，你能让他喜欢读但丁的诗歌并且聆听贝多芬的交响乐吗？但愿你乐意对他进行教导；如果你真的成功了，那么他就会变成一位绅士，而且再也不会重操旧业，回到街上去叫卖了。”

如果今晚我有时间的话，我会证明给你们看，一个民族受到邪恶或虚弱影响的话，就一定会明白而永恒地通过糟糕的艺术或艺术的缺乏表现出来；一个民族的美德，无论大小，都会通过拥有这美德的人们创造的所有艺术彰显出来。这里，我就以你们英国人持久和耐心的勇气这一美德为例，作一说明。在当今的英国只有一种艺术与之有关——这就是炼铁。你们都很了解如何浇铸和锻造铁器。那么，在你们生起的烈焰所熔化的矿石中，在你们建造的熔炉边所锻造的铁块中，在那些铁板之

上，你们的勇气和忍耐不是被永远地写就了吗？这种美德不单单是用钢笔写就，而且是镌刻在铁卷之上。再举一个有关罪恶的例子——嫉妒的罪恶。这一罪恶不但属于英国，欧洲，全世界，而且属于所有在宇宙苍穹中，带着地狱的气息转动发光的大千世界。嫉妒心将竞争带进商业，将背叛带进议会，将无耻带进战争——是它让你们身披铠甲，利剑出鞘；是它使得你们和你们的邻国丧失了赖以生存的基础；是它，到了最后，使得你们两个伟大民族的人民大众——他们自诩是世界文明的先锋，身体力行地、机关算尽地实现了，切维厄特丘陵地区野蛮的边境骑兵曾经做过的事——

“他们用钢铁的手套

切开肉片

通过头盔的裂缝饮尽鲜血；”——

难道这种民族的羞耻和心灵的卑鄙不是清清楚楚地写在你们的盔甲上，恰恰是自己右手亲自打造的，每一颗铆钉上的吗？

朋友们，我不知道这事是应当被视为更可笑还是更悲哀，抑或是既可笑又悲哀。假如，不是各位邀请我，而是某位绅士以个人的名义邀请我。这位绅士家住在郊区的一幢房子里，他的庭院与邻居的庭院仅以一排果树的围墙隔开；他邀请我来是为了向我咨询一下如何布置他的客厅。我环视四周，发现屋里的墙面上缺少装饰；我想如果贴上这样或是那样的壁纸可能比较合适——天花板上这里或是那里可能需要一点湿壁画——窗户上需要挂上锦缎的窗帘或是什么类似的东西。“啊，”我的雇主说道，“锦缎的窗帘，没错！这真是太好了，不过你知道现在我还买不起这类的东西！”“可是你的收入相当高呀！”“嗯，是的，”我的朋友说道，“但是你知道吗，现在我几乎把所有的收入都花在买捕兽夹上了。”“捕兽夹！捕谁呀？”“哎呀，当然是墙那边的那个家伙啦；我们是

非常好的朋友，最重要的朋友；但是我们不得不把捕兽夹放在墙的两侧；没有这些捕兽夹和弹簧枪我们是不可能友好相处的。最糟糕的是，我们都是聪明人；每天我们都会发现对方布置了新的夹子或是炮管儿之类的东西；总共算起来，我们每年都要花一千五百万英镑买夹子；而且我不知道怎样才能把这一数目削减下来。”对于两位绅士来说这是多么滑稽的生活状态呀！但是对于两个国家来说，这就不光是滑稽的问题了。如果疯人院里只住了一个疯子，那是很滑稽的；如果你们圣诞节的哑剧里只有一个小丑，那也是滑稽的；但是如果整个世界的人都变成了小丑，用自己的鲜血而不是朱砂将身体染红，那可就不是什么滑稽的事儿了。

请注意，我知道很多这种事情都是在做游戏，并且是出于自愿。你们不知道怎样做才能让自己激动万分：猎狐和打板球并不能伴随你度过这漫漫人生。当你们还是学童的时候，你们就喜欢玩玩具枪，而来复枪和安氏炮不过是比玩具枪制作得更精良而已：但最糟糕的是，你们儿时的游戏，对于麻雀来讲可不是游戏；你们现在的游戏，对于小鸟一般的弱国来说也不是游戏；而对于那些黑鹰，如果我没说错的话，你们是不大敢向它们开火的。

我必须回到演讲的主题。请相信我，无须更多的例证，自始至终，每一个国家的罪恶或是美德都书写在其艺术之中了：早期希腊的军事才能；晚期意大利的淫荡；托斯卡纳的预言宗教；威尼斯光辉灿烂的人性力量，如此等等。今晚我没有时间对此一一加以论述（以前我曾经在别处论及此事）；但是我会以一种更为认真的态度将这一原则应用到我们自身。

我注意到，在所有建在曾经的荒山上的新建筑中，大部分的教堂与学校是同工厂和住宅混建在一起的；而且我注意到，教堂和学校的建筑大都是哥特式的，而住宅和工厂则一概不是哥特式的。请允许我问一

下，这到底是为什么呢？因为，请记住，这是一种当代才有的现象。哥特式建筑发明之初，不单单教堂是哥特式的，民房也是如此；在意大利风格取代了哥特式风格之后，教堂和民房又都变成了意大利式的。如果安特卫普大教堂有一座尖顶，那么布鲁塞尔的市政厅就一定有一座钟楼；如果伊尼戈·琼斯建了一座意大利风格的白厅，那么克里斯托弗·霍恩爵士就一定要建一座意大利风格的圣保罗大教堂，但是现在，你们在一种建筑风格的房子里面生活却在另外一种建筑风格的教堂里祈祷。你们这样做是为了什么呢？我是不是可以理解为，你们想要将建筑的风格变回哥特式的，所以就拿教堂作实验，因为在教堂建筑方面出了错无关紧要呢？或是说，我是不是可以这样理解，你们认为哥特式是一种极端神圣和美丽的建筑风格，所以就像上等的乳香只能与圣体盒一起使用一样，哥特式的建筑风格也只能服务于你们的宗教仪式？如果你们确实是这样想的，尽管这初听起来似乎很得体、很虔诚，然而你们会发现，说到底，这件事恰好说明了你们将自己的生活同宗教分割开来。

想一想吧，这个事实有着多么广泛的意义；要记住，不仅仅是你们，现如今所有的英国人都是如此行事。

你们都已经习惯了把教堂叫作“上帝的房子”。我见过，在很多教堂门口的上方都雕刻着这样的铭文：“这里是上帝的居所而且是天堂之门。”那么，请留意一下，这句铭文是从哪儿来的，是在什么地方第一次说起的。曾经有个男孩儿离开家，步行了很长的路去拜访他的叔叔：他必须穿过一座渺无人烟的荒山；这就像你们自己的孩子去拜访他家住卡莱尔的叔叔时，不得不穿越一片荒野一样。第二或是第三天，你们的孩子走到了位于霍斯和布拉夫之间的某个地方，在黄昏时分走到了沼泽地中间。地上多是石块和泥沼；那天晚上他一步也走不动了，于是他便在沃恩赛德山躺下来睡觉，在那儿他最多能找到几块石头垫在头下——这地方太荒凉了，除了石头以外什么都没有。就在那儿，在辽阔夜空的笼罩下，他这样躺着，做了一个梦；梦里他看见地上矗立起一把梯子一

直伸向天空，天使们通过梯子上下往来。从梦中醒来后，他说道，“这个地方多么可怕呀；不过，这里就是上帝的房子，这里就是天堂的大门。”这个地方，注意；不是这个教堂；不是这座城市；甚至不是这块他留作纪念的石头——他曾经枕着睡觉的那块打火石。但是，是这个地方；这个狂风肆虐的沃恩赛德山坡；这块坑洼的，流水侵蚀、飞雪拍打的高山沼泽地；任何一个上帝放下梯子的地方！你们怎样才能知道这地方会是在哪儿呢？或者说，尽管你们已经随时待命出发，你们怎样才能确定它的位置呢？你们知道下一次的闪电会落在哪儿吗？你们确实部分地知道；因为你们能够引导闪电；但是你们对于圣灵的降临却无从引导，它就如同那闪电一样从东方划向西方。

长久以来，人们一直对于这句有力的铭文进行傲慢的曲解，认为它仅仅是指教堂所发挥的作用。其实，这只不过是我们退化到粗俗的犹太教教义之中的、不可胜数的例证之一。我们管教堂叫作“庙宇”，可是，你们清楚地知道它们并不是庙宇。它们从来没有，也永远不会有什么与庙宇有关的东西。它们是“会堂”——“聚会的地方”——你们大家聚集在一起的地方；如果你们不这样称呼它，就会再次误解另一处强有力的经文——“你，当你祈祷的时候，不要像那些伪君子一样；因为他们喜欢在教堂里祈祷”“他们在众目睽睽下祈祷。但是你，当你祈祷的时候，要进入密室，关上门，向你的圣父祷告，”——就是说，不是在教堂的圣坛或是侧廊里，而是“秘密地”祷告。

现在，你们感到，我在跟你们说这些话的时候——我知道你们会感到——好像我企图要剥夺你们教堂的荣誉。其实并非如此；我是想向你们表明，你们的住房和你们的群山一样拥有荣誉；这并不是说教堂不神圣——而是说整个世界都是神圣的。我想要你们感到，在各种各样的思想中隐藏了多么草率、多么固执、多么具有传染性的罪孽。受这些思想的影响，你们将教堂称作唯一的“圣地”，而将你们的家园称为“渎神之所”；而且，为了将自己同异教徒区分开来，你们便将家中的诸神扔到

地上，却不是在诸多虚弱的家庭守护神当中，确认你们全能的上帝为自己唯一的家庭守护神。

“但是所有这一切与我们的交易所又有什么关系呢？”你们会不耐烦地问我。亲爱的朋友，这与交易所有着千丝万缕的联系；因为要解决外在的和细小的问题，首先就要解决内在的和巨大的问题；如果你们是因为对我曾经写过的东西感兴趣而邀请我来这里演讲的话，那么你们就一定知道，我对于建筑的论述都是为了说明这一点。我的那本，我称之为《七盏明灯》的书，就是要证明某些正确的情绪状态和道德感受是所有好的建筑建造出来，无一例外所依靠的魔力。《威尼斯的石头》那本书从始至终只有一个目的，就是要证明威尼斯的哥特式建筑出现于，并且其所有的特点都表明了，一种纯净的民族信仰和家庭美德；而威尼斯文艺复兴时期的建筑则出现于，并且其所有特点都表明了，一种隐藏的民族的背信和家庭的堕落。现在，你们问我使用什么风格建造交易所最好，我怎么回答呢，我知道有两种建筑的风格，但是我要问问你们——你们是想作为基督徒还是想作为异教徒兴建交易所呢？进一步来讲——你们是想作为诚实的基督徒还是诚实的异教徒兴建呢？你们能彻底地、毫不掩饰地告诉我是前者还是后者吗？你们不喜欢被问及如此无礼的问题，但是我不得不问；因为这些问题比建交易所本身还要重要得多；而且，如果这些问题马上就能得到回答的话，建交易所的事立刻就可以敲定了。但是，在我继续追问之前，我必须请求你们允许我阐明一点。

在过去的著作中，我一直致力于证明，好的建筑，从根本上来说，是具有宗教精神的——是虔信和美德的产物，而与异教徒和堕落的人们无关，但是在这一论述过程当中，我不得不同时证明，好的建筑并不是教会的建筑。人们认为宗教只是神职人员的事而与自己无关，所以一听到有什么与“宗教”有关的事，就立刻想到这一定要靠教士完成；因此我不得不采取一种介于两种错误观点之间的立场，以看上去似乎有些自相矛盾的方式与它们对抗。好的建筑是善良和虔信的人们的作品；因此，

你们说，至少有些人会说：“好的建筑从根本上来讲，一定是僧侣的作品，而非俗人的创造。”错了——彻底错了；好的建筑一直以来都是出自平民百姓，而非教会人士。“什么，”你们会说，“那些光辉绚烂的大教堂——欧洲的骄傲——难道不是它们的建造者们创造了哥特式建筑吗？”非也；相反，正是他们破坏了哥特式建筑。哥特式建筑形成于贵族的城堡和市民的街道。它是由勤劳的公民和尚武的国王们，以其思想、双手和权力打造的。而在僧侣们的手里，哥特式建筑成了帮助他们宣扬迷信的工具：当迷信演变成为一种美丽的疯狂，当欧洲的精英们在修道院里日渐憔悴、美梦破灭，暴跳如雷却在圣战中一败涂地的时候——通过这种邪恶信仰产生的暴怒和徒劳的战争，哥特式建筑进入到了它最为美丽，最为怪诞，而最终最为愚蠢的梦境；并且在那些梦境中迷失了自我。

现在，我希望，当我要谈及今晚的核心思想的时候，你们不至于对我产生误解。我再次重申，每一座伟大的国家建筑都是其伟大的国家宗教的结果和体现。这些建筑不能东一座，西一座——要么它们到处都是，要么一座也没有。这些建筑不是牧师们的专利——不是神学教条的明证——也不是牧师们发明的象形文字；它们是一个受到坚定的、共同的目标所鼓舞的民族的强有力的语言，这个民族坚定且共同地宣誓，效忠于一个不容置疑的上帝所制定的明晰的律法。

迄今为止，欧洲的建筑出现过三种截然不同的流派。我谈欧洲，是因为亚洲和非洲的建筑完全属于其他的种族和气候条件，所以这里讨论的问题与它们无关；不过，顺便说一句，我可以肯定地告诉你们，在埃及、叙利亚和印度被认为是好的建筑的因由，同样适用于对于博斯普鲁斯海峡这边的欧洲的建筑进行评判。我们欧洲人曾经有过三种伟大的信仰：在古希腊，我们崇拜智慧和力量之神；在中世纪，我们崇拜审判和抚慰之神；在文艺复兴时期，我们崇拜自豪与美丽之神。我们曾经有过的这三种信仰都已经成为历史，现在，我们英国人又有了第四种信仰及

我们自己的神，对此我有问题要问你们，然而，我必须首先解释一下这三种旧的信仰。

首先，我重申，希腊人从根本上来说崇拜智慧之神；无论什么东西与他们的信仰产生了矛盾——对于犹太人来说就是一块绊脚石，而对于希腊人来说就是愚蠢。

希腊人的第一个有关神性的观念来自“天”（day）这个词，就是天神，天启者朱庇特。这在我们英文单词“Di-umal”和“Di-vine”——天之神（the God of Day）中依稀可见。雅典娜是朱庇特的女儿，但更是智慧之神的女儿，她周身充满了智慧。我们只是凭借最近的研究才开始弄明白隐蔽在雅典娜身上的象征符号之下的深层含义，在这儿我可以简要地介绍一下。在有关雅典娜的最好的雕塑中大都可以看到这样的形象：她手擎着宙斯盾，身披着缝有蛇形吊穗儿的斗篷，左臂折叠作出保护的动作；而她盾牌上面的戈尔贡则主要象征了阴森的恐怖和悲伤（她能将看到她眼睛的人变成石头）——这些都是最外在和表面的知识。正是这种苦涩、冷酷和悲痛的知识，将成年人和儿童的心灵区别开来。恐怖、纷争、危险和蔑视产生于知识的残缺；而力量和和平则来自完美的知识，它正是由获得了神启的雅典娜所赋予的，其标志就是她头上所戴的、象征和平的橄榄枝、和手中所握的、象征力量的无坚不摧的长矛。

这就是古希腊人对于最纯粹的神性的认识；他们每一处生活的习惯，每一种艺术的形式都来源于这种对于光明的、平静的和无法抗拒的智慧的追寻；这使得他们，作为人，每时每刻都决心行正确之事，勇气之事；[9]他们做事情从来都不会心血来潮或是抱定最终的希望；因为他们知道失败将无法得到安慰，而罪孽也不可能得到赦免，所以他们总是秉持坚决而又自我克制的意志力行事。于是古希腊的建筑便呈现出一种准确的、明快的、清晰的形象，和一种从容不迫的气质。

其次，是欧洲的伟大的基督教信仰。从根本上来说它是一种起安慰

作用的信仰。它的主要教义就是罪孽的赦免；正因为如此，在基督教的某些发展阶段才会经常出现这样的情形，就是罪孽和疾病本身在某种程度上被加以颂扬，似乎越是有可供治愈的罪孽和疾病，就越是能显示出治愈过程的神圣。这一教义在艺术中所造成的实际影响就是，人们对于罪孽和疾病的不断的沉思，以及对于从罪孽和疾病中获得净化时的状态的不断的冥想；因此我们便在一种忧郁和渴望相混合的情绪下构思我们的建筑。它一半是严苛，一半是华丽；它服从于我们所有的需求和想象，并且，就像我们自身有强有弱一样，它也同我们一起或强或弱。所有的建筑都是如此，当卑劣的人们修建它的时候，它就是最卑劣的；当高贵的人们修建它的时候，它就是最高贵的。

现在请注意，这两种信仰——古希腊的和中世纪的信仰——都由于它们自身主要目的的谬误而消亡了。古希腊对于智慧的信仰消亡于一种对其错误的热爱与追求——其智慧已成为科学的羁绊。中世纪对于安慰的信仰消亡于一种错误的安慰——通过谎言赦免罪孽。正是出卖赦罪符才终结了中世纪的信仰；而且更进一步讲，正是中世纪末期对于赦罪符的出卖才标志着基督教的虚伪。在纯净的基督教中，只有结束罪孽才能赦免罪孽；然而虚伪的基督教却通过向罪孽妥协将其赦免。这当中有很多向罪孽妥协的方法。我们英国人，无论是在低教会派还是在高教会派中，都有偷偷购买赦罪符的、漂亮的小手段，比起约翰·泰臣曾经的勾当要狡猾得多了。

第三种是对于快乐的信仰。整个欧洲都置身于奢华之中，最终以死亡结束。先是每个沙龙都举办的假面舞会，然后是每个广场都竖起来的断头台。所有这三种崇拜都诞生于恢宏的庙宇之中。希腊人崇拜智慧，于是修建了帕特农神庙——贞洁女的庙宇。中世纪的人们崇拜安慰，于是也修建了贞洁女的庙宇——然而供奉的是救赎女神。文艺复兴运动者崇拜各式的美，于是修建了凡尔赛宫和梵蒂冈宫。那么最后，请你们告诉我，我们崇拜什么，我们修建了什么呢？

大家知道，我们总是在谈论真实的、活跃的、持续的和民族的信仰；人们在有生之年借此信仰而行动；而不是在死后将其作为谈资。确实有一种名义上的宗教，我们拿出十分之一的财产来供奉它，花七分之一的时间来打理它；还有一种实用的、严肃的宗教，为它我们投入了十分之九的财产和七分之六的时间。我们对于这种名义上的宗教争论不休，但是对于这种实用的宗教却是意见一致；我想你们一定同意，我把这种实用宗教的当家女神大致地描述为“进步女神”或是“不列颠市场女神”。雅典人有“市场雅典娜”；不过她在雅典诸神中处于从属的地位，而我们的不列颠市场女神则是我们的主神。当然，你们所有的宏大建筑也都是为她而建。你们已经很久没有修建过伟大的主教堂了；如果此时我建议在周围的这些山冈之上选择一处修建主教堂，并把它打造成为像雅典卫城那样的建筑，那么你们一定会耻笑我。你们的铁路路基要比巴比伦的城墙更为宽阔；你们的铁路站房要比以佛所的庙宇更为宽敞，而且数不胜数；你们的烟囱，要比教堂的尖顶牢固得多，昂贵得多！你们的港口码头；你们的货栈；你们的交易所！——所有这一切都是你们为“进步”女神而修建的；她已经塑造了你们的建筑，只要你们崇拜她，她将继续如此；因此，你们现在来问我如何给她建造庙宇简直就是徒劳无益；因为你们比我知道得更多。

事实上，依据某些理论，确实有可能为交易所设计出令人信服的、好的建筑——就是说，如果确实有什么有关交易的、代表性的英雄事迹，能够雕刻在你们建筑的外墙之上的话，因为，你们知道，所有美丽的建筑必须装饰以雕塑或是绘画；而你们必须有适合雕塑或是绘画的题材。而且迄今为止，世界各国已经形成了共识，就是雕塑或是绘画的唯一合适的题材就是某种类型的英雄主义。即使是在瓦罐和酒壶上，希腊人也会刻画上一幅赫拉克勒斯杀死狮子，或是阿波罗杀死毒蛇，或是酒神巴克斯杀死忧郁的巨人和失魂落魄的俗人的画儿。在他们的庙宇中，希腊人会描绘其伟大的勇士为建立国家而战斗的场景，或是诸神勇斗妖魔的场面。基督徒会在他们的房子里和庙宇中雕刻上天使战胜魔鬼的情

形；或是以生命为代价扭转乾坤的殉道者，我想，这个题材对于我们的交易所并不合适。上帝非但没有明令他的追随者们可以在建筑的外墙上刻上有关交易的雕塑，相反，还强烈地表示，并不喜欢他们在建筑的内部从事交易的活动。然而在交易活动中似乎确实存在着英雄主义；所有的商业活动都可能是在出售圣灵，而不是亵渎神灵。我一直以来都很奇怪，为什么人们从来都不认为英雄主义是一种给人们提供食物或是衣服的活动；相反却认为英雄主义就是强占人们的粮食并且剥光他们的衣服。在所有的时代，武力的滥用都被看作英雄的行为；但是卖衣服，不管是新还是旧，从来都没有被认为具有什么崇高的性质。我不明白，为饥饿者提供食物，为衣不蔽体者提供衣服怎么就会成为卑劣的勾当，何况有时这些活动规模巨大，受益者甚众。如果有谁能够创造性地把征服的观念与做买卖结合起来就好了！这样的话，假定在某个地方有某个冥顽不化的种族拒绝接受舒适的生活，而某人就会以为其提供强制性的舒适而感到自豪！[10]而且，这不就是传说中的，以礼物而不是兵戎“占领一个国家”吗？人们应当把田地中播种耕耘看作是与抢夺丰收果实一样的胜利；应当争论谁去建设村庄而非谁去占领村庄。所有形式的英雄主义，不都是在做这些前人栽树后人乘凉的事儿吗？你们还拿不准谁最强大吗？毫无疑问，铁锹和刀剑一样有力。谁最明智呢？策动战争之外，还有更明智的活动。谁最勇敢呢？人们总是要与大自然搏斗，它比人类更强大，几乎像人类一样残忍。

军人职业中唯一绝对的、旁人难以做到的英雄行为就是他们做事只有很少的报酬，而且是固定的收入；而你们掮客和商人，以及其他某些似乎是忙于慈善营生的人们，则喜欢从买卖中多多赚钱——而且是发横财。我永远都不能理解为什么一位游侠会不计报酬地置身险地，而一位游贩却总要唯利是图；为什么人们会不求回报地以身犯险，却从不愿意把缎带卖得更便宜点；为什么人们会狂热地发动圣战去收复一位死去神灵的坟墓，却从来不愿意出趟门满足某位生者的订单；为什么人们愿意赤脚走到任何什么地方为自己的信仰祈祷，却总是非有巨额的贿赂不会

对其加以奉行；为什么人们愿意自掏腰包派发免费的福音书，却从不会提供免费的鱼和面包。

如果你们依据军队的原则行事，只为获取固定的工资收入而经商，并且为国家提供给养；就像士兵以最好的火药为人民服务一样，你们也为人们提供最好的食物和最好的布料；那么我就会在你们交易所的墙上雕刻一些值得观赏的东西。目前，我只能建议在交易所的雕带上悬挂上钱包；并且为了粘贴票据的方便，把它立柱的底座建得宽阔一些。在交易所最里面的密室里竖起一尊不列颠市场女神的雕像，建议在她头顶插上松鸡的羽毛作为装饰，以显示出为正义而战的勇气和对于猎物的兴趣；然后，再在雕像的脖颈处刻上金色的铭文，“她不像松鸡一样孵蛋”。[11]接下来，可以用织工的卷轴作为她的长矛；再在她的盾牌上雕刻以不是圣乔治的十字，而是剪了一半毛的米兰公猪，和位于田野中间的，富庶的革尼撒勒城，并且辅之以铭文，“这里是最好的市场”；[12]她皮质的甲胄要在胸前折叠成钱包的形状，上面撕开三十个投币口，以便从此塞进钱去，每个投币口代表每个月中的一天。我敢肯定，经过如此装饰，人们对你们的交易所和其中的女神一定赞赏有加。

我要指出的是，你们的女神具有某些奇怪的特征。她与伟大的希腊和中世纪的诸神在以下两个方面存在着根本的不同：第一，她被赋予的力量所能持续的时间；第二，这一力量的影响范围。

首先，看一看她的力量所能持续的时间吧。

就像基督教的安慰圣灵（或是安慰者）不断地增加安慰一样，古希腊的智慧女神也会不断地释放出更多的智慧。毫无疑问，他们的安慰和智慧是没有限度的，也是不会中途停止的，但是对于你们的市场女神来说，这正是最为重要的问题所在。发展进步——但是去向何方呢？聚敛钱财——但是多少是够呢？你们只要不断地敛财——而从不花钱吗？果真如此的话，但愿你们喜爱自己的女神，因为即便是没有向她朝拜，我

也过得和你们一样富裕。可是如果你们不去花钱，自然有别人会去花的，而且肯定会。正是基于此（在诸多类似的错误中此项最甚），我曾经大胆地宣称，你们所谓的政治经济学其实并不是什么科学；因为，换句话说，它忽略了对于商业中的最重要的分支的研究——对于消费的研究。因为最终来讲，你们必须花掉挣到的钱。你们收获了谷物之后，是要把英国埋在谷粒堆下面，还是最终会把它们吃掉呢？你们挣得了黄金之后，是用它盖你们的房顶，还是用它铺你们的街道呢？这当然也是一种花钱的方式，但是，如果你们仅仅是为了储存更多的黄金，我愿意给你们更多的黄金；如果你们能告诉我拿黄金干什么用，那么我就会给你们所有想要的黄金——要多少给多少。你们将会得到成千上万的金条；千百万堆积如山的黄金：你们有地方存放它们吗？你们会在皮利翁金山上再堆上一座奥林匹斯银山，然后压得奥萨山看上去就像是一团让人厌恶的肉瘤吗？你们会觉得从这样的山上流淌下来的雨水和露珠会比从上帝为你们而造的，满是玄武岩和苔藓的山峦上流淌下的雨水和露珠更为神圣吗？这样说来你们所要占有的并不是黄金呀！那是什么呢？美钞吗？不，也不是。那是什么呢？大写的一后面的零吗？不，你们不可以练习写零，而且想写多少就写多少！每天早晨，在大账本上写上一个小时的零，到了晚上的时候就对自己说，我今天的身价比昨天又多了许多零。这样行吗？那么，请以财神普路托斯的名义告诉我，你们到底想要什么？不是黄金，不是美钞，不是大写的一后面的零，还会是什么呢？这样，你们就会不得不回答说："不，我们想要的，也许说不太清楚，是金钱的价值吧。"好吧，那么这价值是什么呢？就让你们的进步女神找到它，并且学着在那里驻留吧。

第二，还有一个有关这位进步女神的问题需要问，这就是她力量的影响范围。

雅典娜和圣母马利亚是全世界的雅典娜和圣母马利亚，她们可以教化所有的人，安慰所有的人，但是，仔细查看一下你们的进步女神的力

量的本质，就会发现，作为女神，她并不保佑所有的人取得进步，而只是保佑某些人取得进步。这一点区别很重要，甚至于很致命。请想一想，这位女神所召唤并且力主的，同时也是你们理想中的，人民的生活状态是怎样的。上次来的时候，我问过你们这一理想的生活状态是什么，可是你们没有回答我。现在，我可以告诉你们什么是这一理想的生活状态了吗？

你们理想中的生活状态就是，我认为，要生活在一个惬意的、绵延起伏的世界上，地下随处都埋藏着铁矿和煤矿。在每一处舒适的坡地上都建有一座漂亮的公馆，它带有两座厢房，还有马厩和马车库，一所大小适中的庄园，一个大花园和几间温室，还有一辆乘坐舒适的马车在灌木丛下面穿行。在这幢公馆里面，生活着受到你们女神眷顾的忠实信徒；他们是一位英国绅士以及他优雅的夫人和漂亮的孩子们；这位绅士总是能给夫人提供化妆间和珠宝，给女儿们提供漂亮的舞裙，给儿子们提供猎犬，给自己提供在苏格兰高地的狩猎权。在坡地的底部是一座工厂；它至少有四分之一英里长，两端各有一台蒸汽机，中间还有两台；竖起的烟囱足有三百英尺高。工厂里长期雇用着八百至一千名工人，他们从不喝酒、从不罢工，每个星期天都去做礼拜，而且说起话来总是彬彬有礼。

概括地、就其主要的特征来说，难道这不就是你们为自己设计的生活吗？如果从上面看过去，这一生活确实非常美好；然而如果从下面看过来，就根本谈不上什么美好了。因为，请注意，对于某个家庭来说，这一神灵确实是进步女神，而对于其他一千个家庭来说，她则是退步女神。“不对，”你们会说，“所有的人都有机会。”没错，就像是每个人都有中奖的机会一样，每个人也都有抓空的机会。“哎呀！抓阄的时候凭借的不是技能和智慧，而是撞大运呀。”那又如何！当权力已经由拳头的力量变为头脑的力量的时候，你们还认为“弱肉强食，胜者为王”的古老法则是公正的吗？你们不欺压弱势的妇女和儿童，难道就可以利用男

人们的愚蠢吗？“那倒不是，不过最后一点，活儿一定得有人干，而且一定会有人高高在上，也一定会有人屈居底部。”就算如此，我的朋友们，活儿当然得有人干，干活儿的工头当然也得有；可是如果你们还对我写过的文章有一点点印象的话，那么就一定知道，工头们并不适合这个时代，因为他们一直在坚持统治的必要性，而对于自由则是冷嘲热讽。我请求大家注意，作为工头或是工作的管理者，与从工作中获利之间，存在着很大的不同。这就像是，你是一支军队的将军，却并不见得就应该取得军队所缴获的财宝或是土地，（如果它是为财宝和土地而战的话）同样，你是一国之君，却并不见得就应该消费掉整个国家的劳动果实。相反，真正的国王都无一例外地反其道而行之，他们都尽量少地取得国家的财富。这一点是检验真正的王权无可争辩的试金石。那个戴着王冠的人生活得简单、勇敢、朴素吗？如是之，他可能就是一位国王。他的身上戴满了宝石，桌上摆满了美味佳肴吗？如果是，他就一定不是一位国王。他有可能成为所罗门那样的国王，但条件是他要同人民共享荣耀。所罗门不仅仅用黄金搭建自己的宫殿，而且用它修建耶路撒冷。即便如此，这些光辉灿烂的王国也大都消失在历史的尘芥堆中了，只有真正的、高贵的劳动者管理着忠诚的劳动者的王国才会生存下去；他们共克时艰，一同建立真正的王朝。因此，你们即便是国家的君主，也并不意味着就可以为自己聚敛属于国家的财富；同样，即便你们是国家某地的统治者，掌控着某地的全部财富——土地、工厂、矿山等，也并不意味着就可以为自己牟取所有来源于此地的物产。

你们会告诉我，不要鼓吹反对这些事情了，因为你改变不了什么的。是的，朋友们，我改变不了什么；但是你们能，而且你们应该这样做；或是有其他什么人能够而且愿意这样做。即便是好的东西也不可能拥有持久的力量，更何况是这些罪恶的东西，它们会以胜利者的姿态延续其罪恶吗？当然不会，所有的历史都表明，它们办不到。改变一定会到来；然而这改变是朝向成长还是奔向死亡则取决于我们。你们认为，帕特农神庙会在岩石上成为废墟，博尔顿小修道院会在牧场上变为瓦

砾；而你们的工厂则会成为地球上所有建筑的典范，它们的轮子会永不停息，对吗？你们认为“人来人亦往”，而你们的工厂总会屹立不倒，对吗？错了；改变一定会到来，它可能好也可能坏，而决定权在你们的手中。

我知道所有这些不公平都不是人们有意为之。同时我还知道，你们都希望自己的工人们生活得好；你们为他们做了很多，而且如果知道自己的行善于己无害的话，还愿意为他们做得更多。我知道，尽管所有这些不公平和苦难都是由于一种扭曲的责任感所造成，你们还是在努力行善；然而不幸的是，你们并不知道自己的善举所针对的对象应该是谁。而且，我们的心灵都已经被现代经济学家的那句亵渎神灵的花言巧语所蒙蔽，他们说，“为我们自己而努力奋斗，最终就是为他人谋幸福。”朋友们，我们的耶稣基督可没有说过这样的话；而且我确信，这样做天理难容。实际上，应该反过来说，“为他人而努力奋斗，最终就是为自己谋幸福；”但是眼睛仅仅盯着这个问题还不够，因为异教徒们都已经超越了这种眼界。听一听一个异教徒对此是怎么说的；听一听柏拉图在他最后写下的文字当中是怎么说的——也许不是最后的文字（对此我们无从知晓），然而可以肯定的是，这一定是他在告别人世之前所说的话——他竭尽全力对自己一生的思想进行完整的总结，并且以想象中的，伟大神灵的口谕的方式传达出来，但是他的体力和意志没能坚持到最后，所以他的话没有说完就永远地中断了。

柏拉图的话出现在一本叫作《柯里西亚斯》的对话录的结尾处。在书中他描绘了雅典早期的状况，一部分是基于真实的情况，一部分则是来自想象。书中还讲述了传说中的亚特兰蒂斯的起源、社会秩序和宗教。在描绘亚特兰蒂斯起源的时候，他构想出人类最初的完美及最终的堕落，这与我们的圣经传统相类似——神的儿子们与人类的女儿们通婚，因为柏拉图认为最早的种族实际上是神的儿女；然后他们最终走向堕落，直到“通过他们的印记已经不能辨认出是神的孩子”。柏拉图说，

这就是故事的结局；的确，“历经数代，当神性还在他们身上完整保存的时候，他们便顺从于神圣的律法，对所有同他们一样具有神性的人们显示出仁爱；因为他们的最高精神忠诚而真切，同时充满了智慧；所以他们彼此之间以礼相待，把握生命中的所有机缘；他们抛弃一切除了美德以外的东西，对于日常事务很少在意，并且对于黄金和财产从不挂心；因为他们知道，如果博爱和美德可以精进，所有这些东西都会一同增长；然而专注于物质财富的不懈追求只会让你失去它，一同失去的还有你的爱心和美德。基于这样的推理及内心存留的神性，他们收获了一切我们曾经谈到过的伟大成就；但是当他们的神性开始减弱并且最终熄灭，与流行的世俗相融合并且被它冲淡的时候，人性最终超越了神性，于是他们不再能抵制财富的诱惑，堕入到了扭曲的、低级的生活当中去，失去了他们最为美好的荣誉；然而对于那些不能明辨是非，一心只想追逐快乐的、被蒙蔽的人们来说，他们看上去似乎既高贵又幸福，因为他们拥有过多的不义之财和权力。因此，依靠律法治国的众神之神——他目睹了一个曾经正义的民族陷入不义之境，所以要对他们施以惩戒，为的是让他们能够幡然悔悟、自我约束——便将所有的神灵召集到了自己的住所——这里是这天堂的中心，俯瞰着大地；然后对他们说”——

柏拉图的话没有说完就停止了。这位最为智慧的异教徒在最后几句话中谈到了对于财富的偶像崇拜；这是你们的偶像——它金光闪闪，高耸入云，巍然屹立在英格兰的绿色原野上，就像杜拉平原上竖立起的尼布甲尼撒王的金像一样：在所有被禁止的偶像崇拜当中，这座偶像是我们的圣主和信仰所最为反对的；它是，在任何时代和民族，那些被认为是能够传达上帝旨意的人们所全体反对的。如果你们继续将那座禁神奉为自己的主要神灵的话，那么用不了多久，你们就会失去艺术，失去科学，失去快乐。灾难即将来临；或是，比灾难更糟糕的是，世界会缓慢地腐朽和枯萎，并且最终堕入地狱。但是，如果你们能够树立某种可以为之奋斗的，真正的人生观念——一种对你们、对所有人都有益的人生

观念的话；如果你们能够确定某种诚实和朴素的生存秩序的话；如果你们能够踏上并且探索那些前人开辟的，欢快的、僻静的、通往和平的智慧之路的话[13]——然后，将个人财产升华为“公共福利”（英文：wealth+common=commonwealth）的话，那么你们所有的艺术、文学、日常的劳作、家庭的温暖和公民的责任就会融合在一起，在崇高的和谐中共同增长。如此，你们就知道应该如何兴修好的建筑了；你们就会不仅仅是用石头，而且是用血肉之躯兴修好的建筑；庙宇就不再是用双手建成，而是用心灵筑就；只有这种被鲜血浸染的大理石才会真正的永垂不朽。

[1]肯定不会！——从来没有听说过有谁比我的废话还要多，有谁比我更乐意蹚浑水；我认为，结尾的这一段是第六章中最好的，也是整本书中最好的一段文字，但同时也是最徒劳无益的。

[2]《彼得后书》，第三章第五至七节。

[3]现代“教育”在很大程度上意味着教给了人们，在所能想到的对自己来说重要的方面，进行错误思考的本领。

[4]我既然这样写了就说明答案是否定的；我们已经完全将北极领域内的探索任务交由大陆国家来完成了，因为我们穷得买不起船只。

[5]我的意思是指世界各地的美景——瑞士、意大利、德国南部等——这些地方才是真正的大教堂——才是我们应当虔诚祈祷的地方；然而我们只在乎走马观花：在它们最为圣洁的地方大吃大喝。

[6]由于空气中的烟灰从几英里以外随风吹落下来，所以约克郡里士满地区的河岸变得一片漆黑。几年前看到这一景象时，我深感震惊。

[7]这句对于百无一用的劳工所说的话在措辞上与某一篇文章惊人地相似，我想大家对这篇文章可能有点印象。它也放在我的抽屉里。我想把这篇文章与这里引用的这个段落放在一起，可能会更好地说明一些问题。这篇文章也是我从《晨报》上剪下来的，发表的日期也是在1865年3月10日，星期五。文章内容是这样的：“C夫人巧妙地摆出体面和优雅的架势以尽其地主之谊。在她的沙龙里挤满了亲王、公爵、侯爵和伯爵——事实上，参加的人等与梅特捏公主和朱茵·德·路易斯夫人所举办的聚会中的男宾们是一样的。一些英国的贵族和国会议员也到场了，他们似乎对这里伤风败俗的活泼生动和纸醉金迷欣赏有加。二楼的餐桌上摆满了各类时令的美味佳肴，这些都是供给四点来此就餐的客人的（大约有二百人）。为了让您对巴黎上流社会的大餐有所了解，我在这里把当晚的菜单抄录如下。首先是酒类：精选伊甘堡葡萄酒、约翰内斯堡雷司令、拉斐特葡萄酒、托凯葡萄酒、品质最好的香槟等，供宾客们彻夜畅饮。晚宴过后是更为火爆的舞会，一直持续到第二天清晨七点，直到人们跳完恶魔一般的圆圈舞和地狱一般的康康舞为止。（然后是早餐——“晨光刚刚睁开了她的眼睛，清新的草坪还模糊不清。”）下面是菜单：‘清炖鸡汤，搭配十六样开胃菜，塔列朗馅饼，凉拌酸辣鲑鱼，贝尔维牛里脊肉片，米兰香烤三味，野味儿肉冻、松露火鸡、鹅肝酱、不韦松小龙虾、威尼斯沙拉、各色果冻、曼奇尼蛋糕、巴黎的和巴黎式美食。冰奶酪、菠萝、甜点。’”

[8]请注意这个说法，想一想，一位穷苦的老妇人每个星期从国家领取一先令的救济，她会感到多么的羞辱呀——然而相反，是不会有谁会为领取一年一千英镑的养老金而感到羞耻的。

[9]认为美是古希腊人崇拜或是追求的主要目标的观点是错误的。建立在深谋远虑基础之上的正确和力量才是他们孜孜以求的目标：古希腊艺术的首要特征不是美丽，而是结构设计：多利安人的阿波罗崇拜以及雅典人的处女崇拜都表明了他们对于神圣的智慧和纯洁的倾慕。对于民众的影响力仅次于这些神灵的诸神还有酒神狄俄尼索斯和谷神克瑞斯，他们赐予人类以力量和生

命；此外还有代表英雄的大力神赫拉克利斯。在古希腊的辉煌时期并没有对于维纳斯的崇拜：缪斯诸女神主要是司教授真理及其和谐之职。

[10]我并没有开玩笑，尽管听起来像是俏皮话。（1873）

[11]《耶利米书》，第十七章，第十一节（最好的文本在七十子希腊文本《圣经》和拉丁文《圣经》中）。“那不按正道得财的，好像松鸡抱不是自己下的蛋；到了中年，那财都必离开他，他终究成为愚顽人。”

[12]说完整了就是，“我们已经把猪带来了”。（1873）

[13]我猜测希伯来的圣歌仅仅是充满激情的反复吟唱，并没有如此丰富的想象力；然而，我们还是可以在读英文的时候浮想联翩、受益匪浅。

John Ruskin

The Lamp of Memory

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The Lamp of Memory

Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed, now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness, of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forest; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers send their rude and changeful ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulae; and there was the

oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges - ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by grey cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose

against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron walls of Joux, and the four-square keep of Granson.

It is as the centralization and protectress of this sacred influence, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! — how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world: there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality: it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles: and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians. And if indeed there be any profit in our knowledge of the past, or any joy in the thought of being remembered hereafter, which can give strength to present exertion, or patience to present endurance, there are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate: the first, to render the architecture of the day, historical; and, the second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritances, that of past ages.

It is in the first of these two directions that Memory may truly be said to be the Sixth Lamp of Architecture; for it is in becoming memorial or monumental that a true perfection is attained by civil and domestic buildings;

and this partly as they are, with such a view, built in a more stable manner, and partly as their decorations are consequently animated by a metaphorical or historical meaning.

As regards domestic buildings, there must always be a certain limitation to views of this kind in the power, as well as in the hearts, of men; still I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins: and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honourably, they would be grieved, at the close of them, to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honour, their gladness, or their suffering, — that this, with all the record it bare of them, and of all material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon — was to be swept away, as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them; that all that they ever treasured was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples — temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our fathers' honour, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain

build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up, in mildewed forwardness, out of the kneaded fields about our capital — upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone — upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar — not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gipsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change.

This is no slight, no consequenceless evil; it is ominous, infectious, and fecund of other fault and misfortune. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonoured both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety, of the pagan. Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight, it is no question

of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy, how, and with what aspect of durability and of completeness, the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised. It is one of those moral duties, not with more impunity to be neglected because the perception of them depends on a finely toned and balanced conscientiousness, to build our dwellings with care, and patience, and fondness, and diligent completion, and with a view to their duration at least for such a period as, in the ordinary course of national revolutions, might be supposed likely to extend to the entire alteration of the direction of local interests. This at the least; but it would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement, than their attainments at the termination, of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they had been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

I look to this spirit of honourable, proud, peaceful self-possession, this abiding wisdom of contented life, as probably one of the chief sources of great intellectual power in all ages, and beyond dispute as the very primal source of the great architecture of old Italy and France. To this day, the interest of their fairest cities depends, not on the isolated richness of palaces, but on the cherished and exquisite decoration of even the smallest tenements of their proud periods. The most elaborate piece of architecture in Venice is a small house at the head of the Grand Canal, consisting of a ground floor with two storeys above, three windows in the first, and two in the second. Many of

the most exquisite buildings are on the narrower canals, and of no larger dimensions. One of the most interesting pieces of fifteenth-century architecture in North Italy, is a small house in a back street, behind the marketplace of Vicenza; it bears date 1481, and the motto, *Il. n'est. rose. sans. épine.*; it has also only a ground floor and two storeys, with three windows in each, separated by rich flower-work, and with balconies, supported, the central one by an eagle with open wings, the lateral ones by winged griffins standing on comucopiae. The idea that a house must be large in order to be well built, is altogether of modern growth, and is parallel with the idea, that no picture can be historical, except of a size admitting figures larger than life.

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without; with what degree of likeness to each other in style and manner, I will say presently, under another head; but, at all events, with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history. This right over the house, I conceive, belongs to its first builder, and is to be respected by his children; and it would be well that blank stones should be left in places, to be inscribed with a summary of his life and of its experience, raising thus the habitation into a kind of monument, and developing, into more systematic instructiveness, that good custom which was of old universal, and which still remains among some of the Swiss and Germans, of acknowledging the grace of God's permission to build and possess a quiet resting-place, in such sweet words as may well close our speaking of these things. I have taken them from the front of a cottage lately built among the green pastures which descend from the village of Grindelwald to the lower glacier: —

'Mit herzlichem Vertrauen
Hat Johannes Mooter und Maria Rubi
Dieses Haus bauen lassen.
Der liebe Gott woll uns bewahren
Vor allem Unglück und Gefahren,
Und es in Segen lassen stehn
Auf der Reise durch diese Jammerzeit
Nach dem himmlischen Paradiese,
Wo alle Fromrnen wohnen,
Da wird Gott sie belohnen
Mit der Friedenskrone
Zu alle Ewigkeit.'*

In public buildings the historical purpose should be still more definite. It is one of the advantages of Gothic architecture, — I use the word Gothic in the most extended sense as broadly opposed to dassical, — that it admits of a richness of record altogether unlimited. Its minute and multitudinous sculptural decorations afford means of expressing, either symbolically or literally, all that need be known of national feeling or achievement. More decoration will, indeed, be usually required than can take so elevated a character; and much, even in the most thoughtful periods, has been left to the freedom of fancy, or suffered to consist of mere repetitions of some national bearing or symbol. It is, however, generally unwise, even in mere surface ornament, to surrender the power and privilege of variety which the spirit of Gothic architecture admits; much more in important features — capitals of columns or bosses, and string courses, as of course in all confessed basreliefs. Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic

buildings, without some intellectual intention. Actual representation of history has in modern times been checked by a difficulty, mean indeed, but steadfast; that of unmanageable costume: nevertheless, by a sufficiently bold imaginative treatment, and frank use of symbols, all such obstacles may be vanquished; not perhaps in the degree necessary to produce sculpture in itself satisfactory, but at all events so as to enable it to become a grand and expressive element of architectural composition. Take, for example, the management of the capitals of the ducal palace at Venice. History, as such, was indeed entrusted to the painters of its interior, but every capital of its arcades was filled with meaning. The large one, the corner stone of the whole, next the entrance, was devoted to the symbolization of Abstract Justice; above it is a sculpture of the Judgment of Solomon, remarkable for a beautiful subjection in its treatment to its decorative purpose. The figures, if the subject had been entirely composed of them, would have awkwardly interrupted the line of the angle, and diminished its apparent strength; and therefore in the midst of them, entirely without relation to them, and indeed actually between the executioner and interceding mother, there rises the ribbed trunk of a massy tree, which supports and continues the shaft of the angle, and whose leaves above overshadow and enrich the whole. The capital below bears among its leafage a throned figure of Justice, Trajan doing justice to the widow, Aristotle 'che die legge,' and one or two other subjects now unintelligible from decay. The capitals next in order represent the virtues and vices in succession, as preservative or destructive of national peace and power, concluding with Faith, with the inscription 'Fides optima in Deo est.' A figure is seen on the opposite side of the capital, worshipping the sun. After these, one or two capitals are fancifully decorated with birds, and then come a series representing, first the various fruits, then the national costumes, and then the animals of the various countries subject to Venetian rule.

Now, not to speak of any more important public building, let us imagine our own India House adorned in this way, by historical or symbolical sculpture: massively built in the first place; then chased with basreliefs of our Indian battles, and fretted with carvings of Oriental foliage, or inlaid with Oriental stones; and the more important members of its decoration composed of groups of Indian life and landscape, and prominently expressing the phantasms of Hindoo worship in their subjection to the Cross. Would not one such work be better than a thousand histories? If, however, we have not the invention necessary for such efforts, or if, which is probably one of the most noble excuses we can offer for our defciency in such matters, we have less pleasure in talking about ourselves, even in marble, than the Continental nations, at least we have no excuse for any want of care in the points which insure the building's endurance. And as this question is one of great interest in its relations to the choice of various modes of decoration, it will be necessary to enter into it at some length.

The benevolent regards and purposes of men in masses seldom can be supposed to extend beyond their own generation. They may look to posterity as an audience, may hope for its attention, and labour for its praise: they may trust to its recognition of unacknowledged merit, and demand its justice for contemporary wrong. But all this is mere selfishness, and does not involve the slightest regard to, or consideration of, the interest of those by whose numbers we would fain swell the circle of our flatterers, and by whose authority we would gladly support our presently disputed claims. The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publidy recognized motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties; nor is our part fitly sustained

upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath. And this the more, because it is one of the appointed conditions of the labour of men that, in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit; and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have laboured for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success. Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.

Nor is there, indeed, any present loss, in such respect, for futurity. Every human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, 'see! this our fathers did for us.' For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of

mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations: it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gift ed with even so much as these possess, of language and of life…

Do not let us talk then of restoration. The thing is a Lie from beginning to end. You may make a model of a building as you may of a corpse, and your model may have the shell of the old walls within it as your cast might have the skeleton, with what advantage I neither see nor care: but the old building is destroyed, and that more totally and mercilessly than if it had sunk into a heap of dust, or melted into a mass of clay: more has been gleaned out of desolated Nineveh than ever will be out of rebuilt Milan. But, it is said, there may come a necessity for restoration! Granted. Look the necessity full in the face, and understand it on its own terms. It is a necessity for destruction. Accept it as such, pull the building down, throw its stones into neglected comers, make ballast of them, or mortar, if you will; but do it honestly, and do not set up a Lie in their place. And look that necessity in the face before it comes, and you may prevent it. The principle of modern times,

(a principle which, I believe, at least in France, to be *systematically acted on by the masons,* in order to find themselves work, as the abbey of St Ouen was pulled down by the magistrates of the town by way of giving work to some vagrants,) is to neglect buildings first, and restore them afterwards. Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them. A few sheets of lead put in time upon a roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a water-course, will save both roof and walls from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at *any* cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city; bind it together with iron where it loosens; stay it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid: better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly, and rever ently, and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow. Its evil day must come at last; but let it come declaredly and openly, and let no dishonouring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral offices of memory.

Of more wanton or ignorant ravage it is vain to speak; my words will not reach those who commit them[1], and yet, be it heard or not, I must not leave the truth unstated, that it is again no question of expediency or feeling whether we shall preserve the buildings of past times or not. *We have no right whatever to touch them*. They are not ours. They belong partly to those who built them, and partly to all the generations of mankind who are to follow us. The dead have still their right in them: that which they laboured for, the praise of achievement or the expression of religious feeling, or whatsoever else it might be which in those buildings they intended to be permanent, we have no right to obliterate. What we have ourselves built, we are at liberty to throw down; but what other men gave their strength and wealth and life to accomplish, their right over does not pass away with their death; still less is

the right to the use of what they have left vested in us only. It belongs to all their successors. It may hereafter be a subject of sorrow, or a cause of injury, to millions, that we have consulted our present convenience by casting down such buildings as we choose to dispense with. That sorrow, that loss, we have no right to inflict. Did the cathedral of Avranches belong to the mob who destroyed it, any more than it did to us, who walk in sorrow to and fro over its foundation? Neither does any building whatever belong to those mobs who do violence to it. For a mob it is, and must be always; it matters not whether enraged, or in deliberate folly; whether countless, or sitting in committees; the people who destroy anything causelessly are a mob, and Architecture is always destroyed causelessly. A fair building is necessarily worth the ground it stands upon, and will be so until Central Africa and America shall have become as populous as Middlesex: nor is any cause whatever valid as a ground for its destruction. If ever valid, certainly not now, when the place both of the past and future is too much usurped in our minds by the restless and discontented present. The very quietness of nature is gradually withdrawn from us; thousands who once in their necessarily prolonged travel were subjected to an influence, from the silent sky and slumbering fields, more effectual than known or confessed, now bear with them even there the ceaseless fever of their life; and along the iron veins that traverse the frame of our country, beat and flow the fiery pulses of its exertion, hotter and faster every hour. All vitality is concentrated through those throbbing arteries into the central cities; the country is passed over like a green sea by narrow bridges, and we are thrown back in continually closer crowds upon the city gates. The only influence which can in any wise *there* take the place of that of the woods and fields, is the power of ancient Architecture. Do not part with it for the sake of the formal square, or of the fenced and planted walk, nor of the goodly street nor opened quay. The pride

of a city is not in these. Leave them to the crowd; but remember that there will surely be some within the circuit of the disquieted walls who would ask for some other spots than these wherein to walk; for some other forms to meet their sight familiarly: like him who sat so often where the sun struck from the west, to watch the lines of the dome of Florence drawn on the deep sky, or like those, his Hosts, who could bear daily to behold, from their palace chambers, the places where their fathers lay at rest, at the meeting of the dark streets of Verona.

Notes

1. No, indeed! — any more wasted words than mine throughout life, or bread cast on more bitter waters, I never heard of. This closing paragraph of the sixth chapter is the best, I think, in the book, — and the vainest. [1880.]

---

* *Mit herzlichem Vertrauen … alle Ewigkeit*: 'With heartfelt trust | Have Johannes Mooter and Maria Rubi | Had this house built. | The dear God will shield us | From all misfortune and danger | And let it stand in blessedness | On this journey, through this time of sorrow | To the heavenly Paradise | Where all good people dwell, | There will God reward them | With the Crown of Peace | To all eternity.'

Cambridge School of Art: Inaugural Address (1858)

I suppose the persons interested in establishing a School of Art for workmen may in the main be divided into two classes, namely, first, those who chiefly desire to make the men themselves happier, wiser, and better; and secondly, those who desire to enable them to produce better and more valuable work. These two objects may, of course, be kept both in view at the same time; nevertheless, there is a wide difference in the spirit with which we shall approach our task, according to the motive of these two which weighs most with us — a difference great enough to divide, as I have said, the promoters of any such scheme into two distinct classes; one philanthropic in the gist of its aim, and the other commercial in the gist of its aim; one desiring the workman to be better informed chiefly for his own sake, and the other chiefly that he may be enabled to produce for us commodities precious in themselves, and which shall successfully compete with those of other countries.

And this separation in motives must lead also to a distinction in the machinery of the work. The philanthropists address themselves, not to the artisan merely, but to the labourer in general, desiring in any possible way to refine the habits or increase the happiness of our whole working population, by giving them new recreations or new thoughts: and the principles of Arteducation adopted in a school which has this wide but somewhat indeterminate aim, are, or should be, very different from those adopted in a school meant for the special instruction of the artisan in his own business. I do not think this distinction is yet firmly enough fixed in our minds, or calculated upon in our plans of operation. We have hitherto acted, it seems to me, under a vague impression that the arts of drawing and painting might be,

up to a certain point, taught in a general way to every one, and would do every one equal good; and that each class of operatives might afterwards bring this general knowledge into use in their own trade, according to its requirements. Now, that is not so. A wood-carver needs for his business to learn drawing in quite a different way from a china-painter, and a jeweller from a worker in iron. They must be led to study quite different characters in the natural forms they introduce in their various manufacture. It is no use to teach an iron-worker to observe the down on a peach, and of none to teach laws of atmospheric effect to a carver in wood. So far as their business is concerned, their brains would be vainly occupied by such things, and they would be prevented from pursuing, with enough distinctness or intensity, the qualities of Art which can alone be expressed in the materials with which they each have to do.

Now, I believe it to be wholly impossible to teach special application of Art principles to various trades in a single school. That special application can be only learned rightly by the experience of years in the particular work required. The power of each material, and the difficulties connected with its treatment, are not so much to be taught as to be felt; it is only by repeated touch and continued trial beside the forge or the furnace, that the goldsmith can find out how to govern his gold, or the glass-worker his crystal; and it is only by watching and assisting the actual practice of a master in the business, that the apprentice can learn the efficient secrets of manipulation, or perceive the true limits of the involved conditions of design. It seems to me, therefore, that all idea of reference to definite businesses should be abandoned in such schools as that just established: we can have neither the materials, the conveniences, nor the empirical skill in the master, necessary to make such teaching useful. All specific Art-teaching must be given in schools established by each trade for itself: and when our operatives are a little more

enlightened on these matters, there will be found, as I have already stated in my lectures on the political economy of Art, absolute necessity for the establishment of guilds of trades in an active and practical form, for the purposes of ascertaining the principles of Art proper to their business, and instructing their apprentices in them, as well as making experiments on materials, and on newly invented methods of procedure; besides many other functions which I cannot now enter into account of. All this for the present, and in a school such as this, I repeat, we cannot hope for: we shall obtain no satisfactory result, unless we give up such hope, and set ourselves to teaching the operative, however employed — be he farmer's labourer, or manufacturer's; be he mechanic, artificer, shopman, sailor, or ploughman — teaching, I say, as far as we can, one and the same thing to all; namely, Sight.

Not a slight thing to teach, this: perhaps, on the whole, the most important thing to be taught in the whole range of teaching. To be taught to read — what is the use of that, if you know not whether what you read is false or true? To be taught to write or to speak — but what is the use of speaking, if you have nothing to say? To be taught to think — nay, what is the use of being able to think, if you have nothing to think of? But to be taught to see is to gain word and thought at once, and both true. There is a vague acknowledgment of this in the way people are continually expressing their longing for light, until all the common language of our prayers and hymns has sunk into little more than one monotonous metaphor, dimly twisted into alternate languages, — asking first in Latin to be illuminated; and then in English to be enlightened; and then in Latin again to be delivered out of obscurity; and then in English to be delivered out of darkness; and then for beams, and rays, and suns, and stars, and lamps, until sometimes one wishes that, at least for religious purposes, there were no such words as light or darkness in existence. Still, the main instinct which makes people endure

this perpetuity of repetition is a true one; only the main thing they want and ought to ask for is, not light, but Sight. It doesn't matter how much light you have if you don't know how to use it. It may very possibly put out your eyes, instead of helping them. Besides, we want, in this world of ours, very often to be able to see in the dark — that's the great gift of all; — but at any rate to see no matter by what light, so only we can see things as they are. On my word, we should soon make it a different world, if we could get but a little — ever so little — of the dervish's ointment in the *Arabian Nights*, not to show us the treasures of the earth, but the facts of it.

However, whether these things be generally true or not, at all events it is certain that our immediate business, in such a school as this, will prosper more by attending to eyes than to hands; we shall always do most good by simply endeavouring to enable the student to see natural objects clearly and truly. We ought not even to try too strenuously to give him the power of representing them. That power may be acquired, more or less, by exercises which are no wise conducive to accuracy of sight: and, *vice versâ* accuracy of sight may be gained by exercises which in no wise conduce to ease of representation. For instance, it very much assists the power of drawing to spend many hours in the practice of washing in flat tints; but all this manual practice does not in the least increase the student's power of determining what the tint of a given object actually is. He would be more advanced in the knowledge of the facts by a single hour of well- directed and well-*corrected* effort, rubbing out and putting in again, lightening, and darkening, and scratching, and blotching, in patient endeavours to obtain concordance with fact, issuing perhaps, after all, in total destruction or unpresentability of the drawing; but also in acute perception of the things he has been attempting to copy in it. Of course, there is always a vast temptation, felt both by the master and student, to struggle towards visible results, and obtain something

beautiful, creditable, or saleable, in way of actual drawing: but the more I see of schools, the more reason I see to look with doubt upon those which produce too many showy and complete works by pupils. A showy work will always be found, on stern examination of it, to have been done by some conventional rule; — some servile compliance with directions which the student does not see the reason for; and representation of truths which he has not himself perceived: the execution of such drawings will be found monotonous and lifeless; their light and shade specious and formal, but false. A drawing which the pupil has learned much in doing, is nearly always full of blunders and mishaps, and it is highly necessary for the formation of a truly public or universal school of Art, that the masters should not try to conceal or anticipate such blunders, but only seek to employ, the pupil's time so as to get the most precious results for his understanding and his heart, not for his hand.

For, observe, the best that you can do in the production of drawing, or of draughtsmanship, must always be nothing in itself, unless the whole life be given to it. An amateur's drawing, or a workman's drawing — anybody's drawing but an artist's, is always valueless in itself. It may be… most precious as a memorial, or as a gift , or as a means of noting useful facts; but as Art, an amateur's drawing is always wholly worthless; and it ought to be one of our great objects to make the pupil understand and feel that, and prevent his trying to make his valueless work look, in some superficial, hypocritical, eye-catching, penny-catching way, like work that is really good.

If, therefore, we have to do with pupils belonging to the higher ranks of life, our main duty will be to make them good judges of Art, rather than artists; for though I had a month to speak to you, instead of an hour, time would fail me if I tried to trace the various ways in which we suffer, nationally, for want of powers of enlightened judgment of Art in our upper and middle classes. Not that this judgment can ever be obtained without

discipline of the hand: no man ever was a thorough judge of painting who could not draw; but the drawing should only be thought of as a means of fixing his attention upon the subtleties of the Art put before him, or of enabling him to record such natural facts as are necessary for comparison with it. I should also attach the greatest importance to severe limitation of choice in the examples submitted to him. To study one good master till you understand him will teach you more than a superficial acquaintance with a thousand: power of criticism does not consist in knowing the names or the manner of many painters, but in discerning the excellence of a few.

If, on the contrary, our teaching is addressed more definitely to the operative, we need not endeavour to render his powers of criticism very acute. About many forms of existing Art, the less he knows the better. His sensibilities are to be cultivated with respect to nature chiefly; and his imagination, if possible, to be developed, even though somewhat to the disadvantage of his judgment. It is better that his work should be bold, than faultless: and better that it should be delightful, than discreet.

And this leads me to the second, or commercial, question; namely, how to get from the workman, after we have trained him, the best and most precious work, so as to enable ourselves to compete with foreign countries, or develop new branches of commerce in our own.

Many of us, perhaps, are under the impression that plenty of schooling will do this; that plenty of lecturing will do it; that sending abroad for patterns will do it; or that patience, time, and money, and goodwill may do it. And, alas, none of these things, nor all of them put together, will do it. If you want really good work, such as will be acknowledged by all the world, there is but one way of getting it, and that is a difficult one. You may offer any premium you choose for it — but you will find it can't be done for premiums. You may send for patterns to the antipodes — but you will find it can't be

done upon patterns. You may lecture on the principles of Art to every school in the kingdom — and you will find it can't be done upon principles. You may wait patiently for the progress of the age — and you will find your Art is unprogressive. Or you may set yourselves impatiently to urge it by the inventions of the age — and you will find your chariot of Art entirely immovable either by screw or paddle. There's no way of getting good Art, I repeat, but one — at once the simplest and most difficult — namely, to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it-that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread; basked in it, as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it; did, in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it — they made it to keep, and we to sell.

And truly this is a serious difficulty for us as a commerrial nation. The very primary motive with which we set about the business, makes the business impossible. The first and absolute condition of the thing's ever becoming saleable is, that we shall make it without wanting to sell it; nay, rather with a determination not to sell it at any price, if once we get hold of it. Try to make your Art popular, cheap — a fair article for your foreign market; and the foreign market will always show something better. But make it only to please yourselves, and even be resolved that you won't let anybody else have any; and forthwith you will find everybody else wants it. And observe, the insuperable difficulty is this making it to please ourselves, while we are incapable of pleasure. Take, for instance, the simplest example, which we can all understand, in the art of dress. We have made a great fuss about the patterns of silk lately; wanting to vie with Lyons, and make a Paris of London. Well, we may try for ever: so long as we don't really enjoy silk

patterns, we shall never get any. And we don't enjoy them. Of course, all ladies like their dresses to sit well, and be becoming; but of real enjoyment of the beauty of the silk, for the silk's own sake, I find none; for the test of that enjoyment is, that they would like it also to sit well, and look well, on somebody else. The pleasure of being well dressed, or even of seeing well-dressed people — for I will suppose in my fair hearers that degree of unselfishness — be that pleasure great or small, is quite a different thing from delight in the beauty and play of the silken folds and colours themselves, for their own gorgeousness or grace.

I have just had a remarkable proof of the total want of this feeling in the modern mind. I was staying part of this summer in Turin, for the purpose of studying one of the Paul Veroneses there — the pre-sentation of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Well, one of the most notable characters in this picture is the splendour of its silken dresses: and, in particular, there was a piece of white brocade, with designs upon it in gold, which it was one of my chief objects in stopping at Turin to copy. You may, perhaps, be surprised at this; but I must just note in passing, that I share this weakness of enjoying dress patterns with all good students and all good painters. It doesn't matter what school they belong to, — Fra Angelico, Perugino, John Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci — no matter how they differ in other respects, all of them like dress patterns; and what is more, the nobler the painter is, the surer he is to do his patterns well.

I stayed then, as I say, to make a study of this white brocade. It generally happens in public galleries that the best pictures are the worst placed; and this Veronese is not only hung at considerable height above the eye, but over a door, through which, however, as all the visitors to the gallery must pass, they cannot easily overlook the picture, though they would find great difficulty in examining it. Beside this door, I had a stage erected for my work,

which being of some height and rather in a corner, enabled me to observe, without being observed myself, the impression made by the picture on the various visitors. It seemed to me that if ever a work of Art caught popular attention, this ought to do so. It was of very large size; of brilliant colour, and of agreeable subject. There are about twenty figures in it, the principal ones being life size: that of Solomon, though in the shade, is by far the most perfect conception of the young king in his pride of wisdom and beauty which I know in the range of Italian art; the queen is one of the loveliest of Veronese's female figures; all the accessories are full of grace and imagination; and the finish of the whole so perfect that one day I was upwards of two hours vainly trying to render, with perfect accuracy, the curves of two leaves of the brocaded silk. The English travellers used to walk through the room in considerable numbers; and were invariably directed to the picture by their laquais de place, if they missed seeing it themselves. And to this painting — in which it took me six weeks to examine rightly two figures — I found that on an average, the English traveller who was doing Italy conscientiously, and seeing everything as he thought he ought, gave about half or three-quarters of a minute; but the flying or fashionable traveller, who came to do as much as he could in a given time, never gave more than a single glance, most of such people turning aside instantly to a bad landscape hung on the right, containing a vigorously painted white wall, and an opaque green moat. What especially impressed me, however, was that none of the ladies ever stopped to look at the dresses in the Veronese. Certainly they were far more beautiful than any in the shops in the great square, yet no one ever noticed them. Sometimes when any nice, sharp-looking, bright-eyed girl came into the room, I used to watch her all the way, thinking — 'Come, at least *you'll* see what the Queen of Sheba has got on.' But no — on she would come carelessly, with a little toss of the head,

apparently signifying, 'nothing in *this* room worth looking at — except myself,' and so trip through the door, and away.

The fact is, we don't care for pictures: in very deed we don't. The Academy exhibition is a thing to talk of and to amuse vacant hours; those who are rich amongst us buy a painting or two, for mixed reasons, sometimes to fill the comer of a passage — sometimes to help the drawing-room talk before dinner — sometimes because the painter is fashionable — occasionally because he is poor — not unfrequently that we may have a collection of specimens of painting, as we have specimens of min erals or butterflies — and in the best and rarest case of all, because we have really, as we call it, taken a fancy to the picture; meaning the same sort of fancy which one would take to a pretty arm-chair or a newly-shaped decanter. But as for real love of the picture, and joy of it when we have got it, I do not believe it is felt by one in a thousand.

I am afraid this apathy of ours will not be easily conquered; but even supposing it should, and that we should begin to enjoy pictures properly, and that the supply of good ones increased as in that case it *would* increase — then comes another question. Perhaps some of my hearers this evening may occasionally have heard it stated of me that I am rather apt to contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so. I never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times: but once must do for this evening. I have just said that there is no chance of our getting good Art unless we delight in it: next I say, and just as positively,

that there is no chance of our getting good Art unless we resist our delight in it. We must love it first, and restrain our love for it afterwards.

This sounds strange; and yet I assure you it is true. In fact, whenever anything does not sound strange, you may generally doubt its being true; for all truth is wonderful. But take an instance in physical matters, of the same kind of contradiction. Suppose you were explaining to a young student in astronomy how the earth was kept steady in its orbit; you would have to state to him — would you not? — that the earth always had a tendency to fall to the sun; and that also it always had a tendency to fly away from the sun. These are two precisely contrary statements for him to digest at his leisure, before he can understand how the earth moves. Now, in like manner, when Art is set in its true and serviceable course, it moves under the luminous attraction of pleasure on the one side, and with a stout moral purpose of going about some useful business on the other. If the artist works without delight, he passes away into space, and perishes of cold: if he works only for delight, he falls into the sun, and extinguishes himself in ashes. On the whole, this last is the fate, I do not say the most to be feared, but which Art has generally hitherto suffered, and which the great nations of the earth have suffered with it.

For, while most distinctly you may perceive in past history that Art has never been produced, except by nations who took pleasure in it, just as assuredly, and even more plainly, you may perceive that Art has always destroyed the power and life of those who pursued it for pleasure only. Surely this fact must have struck you as you glanced at the career of the great nations of the earth: surely it must have occurred to you as a point for serious questioning, how far, even in our days, we were wise in promoting the advancement of pleasures which appeared as yet only to have corrupted the souls and numbed the strength of those who attained to them. I have been

complaining of England that she despises the Arts; but I might, with still more appearance of justice, complain that she does not rather dread them than despise. For, what has been the source of the ruin of nations since the world began? Has it been plague, or famine, earthquake-shock or volcano-flame? None of these ever prevailed against a great people, so as to make their name pass from the earth. In every period and place of national decline, you will find other causes than these at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminacy, love of pleasure, fineness in Art, ingenuity in enjoyment. What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather for our youth from ancient history? Surely this — that simplicity of life, of language, and of manners gives strength to a nation; and that luxuriousness of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners bring weakness and destruction on a nation. While men possess little and desire less, they remain brave and noble: while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and are in the sight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway illimitable: but let them become sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and, that instant, the fingers, that had grasped the iron rod, fail from the golden sceptre. You cannot charge me with any exaggeration in this matter; it is impossible to state the truth too strongly, or as too universal. For ever you will see the rude and simple nation at once more virtuous and more victorious than one practised in the arts. Watch how the Lydian is overthrown by the Persian; the Persian by the Athenian; the Athenian by the Spartan; then the whole of polished Greece by the rougher Roman; the Roman, in his turn refined, only to be crushed by the Goth: and at the turning point of the Middle Ages, the liberty of Europe first asserted, the virtues of Christianity best practised, and its doctrines best attested, by a handful of mountain shepherds, with out art, without literature, almost without a language, yet remaining unconquered in

the midst of the Teutonic chivalry, and uncorrupted amidst the hierarchies of Rome…

Now, therefore, the sum of all is, that you who wish to encourage Art in England have to do two things with it: you must delight in it, in the first place; and you must get it to serve some serious work, in the second place. I don't mean by serious, necessarily moral: all that I mean by serious is in some way or other useful, not merely selfish, careless, or indolent. I had, indeed, intended before closing my address, to have traced out a few of the directions in which, as it seems to me, Art may be seriously and practically serviceable to us in the career of civilization. I had hoped to show you how many of the great phenomena of nature still remained unrecorded by it, for us to record; how many of the historical monuments of Europe were perishing without memorial, for the want of but a little honest, simple, laborious, loving draughtsmanship; how many of the most impressive historical events of the day failed of teaching us half of what they were meant to teach, for want of painters to represent them faithfully, instead of fancifully, and with historical truth for their aim, instead of national self-glorification. I had hoped to show you how many of the best impulses of the heart were lost in frivolity or sensuality, for want of purer beauty to contemplate, and of noble thoughts to associate with the fervour of hallowed human passion; how, finally, a great part of the vital power of our religious faith was lost in us, for want of such art as would realize in some rational, probable, believable way, those events of sacred history which, as they visibly and intelligibly occurred, may also be visibly and intelligibly represented. But all this I dare not do yet. I felt, as I thought over these things, that the time was not yet come for their declaration: the time will come for it, and I believe soon; but as yet, the man would only lay himself open to the charge of vanity, of imagination, and of idle fondness of hope, who should venture to trace in words the course of the

higher blessings which the Arts may have yet in store for mankind. As yet there is no need to do so: all that we have to plead for is an earnest and straightforward exertion in those courses of study which are opened to us day by day, believing only that they are to be followed gravely and for grave purposes, as by men, and not by children. I appeal, finally, to all those who are to become the pupils of these schools, to keep clear of the notion of following Art as dilettantism: it ought to delight you, as your reading delights you — but you never think of your reading as dilettantism. It ought to delight you as your studies of physical science delight you — but you don't call physical science dilettantism. If you are determined only to think of Art as a play or a pleasure, give it up at once: you will do no good to yourselves, and you will degrade the pursuit in the sight of others. Better, infinitely better, that you should never enter a picture gallery, than that you should enter only to saunter and to smile: better, infinitely better, that you should never handle a pencil at all, than handle it only for the sake of complacency in your small dexterity: better, infinitely better, that you should be wholly uninterested in pictures, and uninformed respecting them, than that you should just know enough to detect blemishes in great works, — to give a colour of reasonableness to presumption, and an appearance of acuteness to misunderstanding. Above all, I would plead for this so far as the teaching of these schools may be addressed to the junior Members of the University. Men employed in any kind of manual labour, by which they must live, are not likely to take up the notion that they can learn any other art for amusement only; but amateurs are: and it is of the highest importance, nay, it is just the one thing of all importance, to show them what drawing really means; and not so much to teach them to produce a good work themselves, as to know it when they see it done by others. Good work, in the stern sense of the word, as I before said, no mere amateur can do; and good work, in sense, that is to say,

profitable work for himself or for any one else, he can only do by being made in the beginning to see what is possible for him, and what not; — what is accessible, and what not; and by having the majesty and sternness of the everlasting laws of fact set before him in their infinitude. It is no matter for appalling him: the man is great already who is made well capable of being appalled; nor do we even wisely hope, nor truly understand, till we are humiliated by our hope, and awe-struck by our understanding. Nay, I will go farther than this, and say boldly, that what you have mainly to teach the young men here is, not so much what they can do, as what they cannot; — to make them see how much there is in nature which cannot be imitated, and how much in man which cannot be emulated. He only can be truly said to be educated in Art to whom all his work is only a feeble sign of glories which he cannot convey, and a feeble means of measuring, with ever enlarging admiration, the great and untraversable gulf which God has set between the great and the common intelligences of mankind: and all the triumphs of Art which man can commonly achieve are only truly crowned by pure delight in natural scenes themselves, and by the sacred and self-forgetful veneration which can be nobly abashed, and tremblingly exalted, in the presence of a human spirit greater than his own.

Of Kings' Treasuries

'You shall each have a cake of sesame, — and ten pound.'

LUCIAN: *The Fisherman.*

My first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of lecture has been announced: for indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth; but of quite another order of royalty, and another material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives, in taking a friend to see a favourite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But — and as also I have heard it said, by men practised in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavour to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purpose, — I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books; and about the way we find them, and the way we lose them. A grave subject, you will say; and a wide one! Yes; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education; and the answeringly wider spreading on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

It happens that I have practically some connection with schools for different classes of youth; and I receive many letters from parents respecting

the education of their children. In the mass of these letters I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a 'position in life' takes above all other thoughts in the parents' — more especially in the mothers' — minds. 'The education befitting such and such a *station in life*' — this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But, an education 'which shall keep a good coat on my son's back; — which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at doublebelled doors; which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house; — in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life; — this we pray for on bent knees — and this is all we pray for.' It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, is advancement in Life; — that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first — at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion — is this of 'Advancement in life.' May I ask you to consider with me, what this idea practically includes, and what it should indude?

Practically, then, at present, 'advancement in life' means, becoming conspicuous in life; obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for

applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity: the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it 'mortification,' using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although a few of us may be physicans enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called 'My Lord.' And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes no one else can as well serve the State, upon its throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as 'Your Majesty,' by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

This, then, being the main idea of 'advancement in life,' the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call 'getting into good society.' We

want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: I do not much care which, in beginning; but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity, — or what used to be called 'virtue,' — may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, 'You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business.' I begin, accordingly, tonight low in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About* a dozen hands held up — the audience, partly, not *being sure the lecturer is serious, and, partly, shy of expressing opinion*.) I am quite serious — I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up behind the lecturer*.) Very good: I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I

venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure for the sake of beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise, — and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, — will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers, in pursuit of little more than these;

while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, — kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it! — in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves, — we make no account of that company, — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this, — that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces; — suppose you could be put behind a screen in the states man's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were for bidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men; — this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters much better in their writings than in their careless talk. Yet I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings — books,

properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction — it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then, — I do not speak of the bad ones, — is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; rum fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; — all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather, last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a 'book' at all, nor, in the real sense, to be 'read.' A book is essentially not a talking thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of

permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would — the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; — this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' That is his 'writing'; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a 'Book.'

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness, or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments — ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men: -by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before; — yet have

you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

'The place you desire,' and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: — it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St Germain, there is but brief question: — 'Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? — no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our

feelings, if you would recognize our presence.'

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

(1) First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

(2) Very ready we are to say of a book, 'How good this is — that's exactly what I think!' But the fight feeling is, 'How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day.' But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure, also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; — nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any

trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, 'Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?' And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable — nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called 'literature,' and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact: — that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly 'illiterate,' uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, — that is to say, with real accuracy, — you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference

between education and non education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, — may not be able to speak any but his own, — may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modem canaille; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any, — not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person: so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English *meaning* should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched; and closely: let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen, and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in

Europe just now, — (there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious 'information,' or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at school instead of human meanings) — there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chameleon cloaks — 'ground-lion' cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man's fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend them with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas: whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him, — you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men's hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be awful; and Saxon or otherwise common words when they want it to be vulgar. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the 'Word' they live by, for the Power of which that Word tells them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form 'biblos,' or 'biblion,' as the right expression for 'book' — instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it into English everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix.19, we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read — 'Many of them also which

used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver'! Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain it, and always spoke of 'The Holy Book,' instead of 'Holy Bible,' it might come into more heads than it does at present, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store,[1] cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form 'damno,' in translating the Greek κατακρίνω, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temperate 'condemn' for it, when they choose to keep it gentle; and what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on — 'He that believeth not shall be damned'; though they would shrink with horror from translating Heb. xi.7, 'The saving of his house, by which he damned the world,' or John viii.10-11, 'Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee: go and sin no more.' And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood, and in the defence of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest-leaves — though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes — have nevertheless been rendered practically possible, mainly, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, 'ecclesia,' to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word 'priest' as a contraction for 'presbyter.'

Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language – of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek; (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these — that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old — girl or boy — whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of *Lycidas*: —

'Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
He shook his mitred locks, and stem bespake,
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.'

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His 'mitred' locks! Milton was no Bishoplover; how comes St Peter to be 'mitred'? 'Two massy keys he bore.' Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome? and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect?

Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too — is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and

head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, 'I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven,' quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, 'for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.'

Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; — especially those three, and no more than those – 'creep,' and 'intrude,' and 'climb'; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who '*creep*' into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occulfiy and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who 'intrude' (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who 'climb,' who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become 'lords over the heritage,' though not 'ensamples to the flock.'

Now go on: —

> 'Of other care they little reckoning make,
> Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
> *Blind mouths* — '

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look dose at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church — those of bishop and pastor.

A 'Bishop' means 'a person who sees.'

A 'Pastor' means 'a person who feeds.'

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed, — to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have 'blind mouths.' We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke: it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies, of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history, from childhood, of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out! — Does the bishop know all about it? Has he

his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop, — he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. 'Nay,' you say, 'it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street.' What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces — you think it is only those he should look after while (go back to your Milton) 'the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw' (bishops knowing nothing about it), 'daily devours apace, and nothing said'?

'But that's not our idea of a bishop.' Perhaps not; but it was St Paul's; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

I go on.

'But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.'

This is to meet the vulgar answer that 'if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food.'

And Milton says, 'They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind.' At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of 'spirit.' It is only a contraction of the Latin word 'breath,' and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for 'wind.' The same word is used in writing, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth'; and in writing, 'so is every one that is born of the Spirit'; born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words 'inspiration' and 'expire.' Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled, — God's breath,

and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath — the word which *he* calls spiritual — is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first and last, and fatalest sign of it, is that 'puffing up.' Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and, pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking tightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work; — these are the true fog children — clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bagpipes for the fiends to pipe with — corrupt, and corrupting, — 'swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.'

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who 'have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves.'

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed; and of all who do so it is said, 'He that watereth, shall be watered also himself.' But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself; and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight — shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, 'Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out,' issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as 'the golden opes, the iron shuts amain.'

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called 'reading'; watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, 'Thus Milton thought,' not 'Thus *I* thought, in mis-reading Milton.' And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own 'Thus I thought' at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance; — that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon: — in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any 'thoughts' at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters:[2] — no right to 'think,' but only to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a singular person) you will have no legitimate fight to an 'opinion' on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must

of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an 'opinion' on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objection able, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered; — that covetousness and love of quarrelling are dangerous dispositions even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations; — that, in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones; — on these general facts you are bound to have but one, and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know NOTHING, — judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a dear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for *in*decision, that is all they can generally do for you! — and well for them and for us, if indeed they are able 'to mix the music with our thoughts and sadden us with heavenly doubts.' This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest: he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out its full meaning; but with the greater men, you cannot fathom their meaning; they do not even wholly measure it themselves, — it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare's opinion, instead of Milton's, on this matter of Church authority? — or for Dante's? Have any of you, at this instant, the

least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in *Richard III* against the character of Cranmer? the description of St Francis and St Dominic against that of him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him, — 'disteso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno esilio': or of him whom Dante stood beside, 'come 'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin'? Shakespeare and Alighieri knew men better than most of us, I presume! They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess. But where is it? Bring it into court! Put Shakespeare's or Dante's creed into articles, and send it up for trial by the Ecclesiastical Courts!

You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own 'judgment' was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought; nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes, and venomous, wind-sown herbage of evil surmise; that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to this; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash-heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, 'Break up your fallow ground, and *sow not among thorns*.'

(II.) Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make; — you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or 'sensation.' I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not

less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another, — between one animal and another, — is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, it is good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

You know I said of that great and pure society of the Dead, that it would allow 'no vain or vulgar person to enter there.' What do you think I meant by a 'vulgar' person? What do you yourselves mean by 'vulgarity'? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a dreadful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy, — of quick understanding, — of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the 'tact' or 'touch-faculty,' of body and soul: that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures; — fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason; — the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true: — it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

We come then to that great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is just. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that

without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge, — not the first thought that comes, so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion, — not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls; and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business; — and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand, — the place of the great continents beyond the sea; — a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven, — things which 'the angels desire to look into.' So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day; — sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches: in revellings and junketings; in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, without an effort or a tear.

I said 'minuteness' and 'selfishness' of sensation, but it would have been enough to have said 'injustice' or 'unrighteousness' of sensation. For as in

nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this, — that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be — usually are — on the whole, generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching an opinion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on; — nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder; and for a couple of years see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring no wise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds of thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors 'under circumstances over which they have no control, ' with a 'by your leave'; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of 'your money or your life, ' into that of 'your money *and* your life.' Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords; and then debate, with drivelling tears, and diabolical sympathies,

whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its murderers. Also, a great nation having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or greyhaired clodpate Othello, 'perplexed i' the extreme,' at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their fathers' sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of *all* evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated, in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love.

My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing, — so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should 'pay' has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our two pence and give them to the host, without saying, 'When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence,' there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts' core. We show it in our work — in our war, — even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are

polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle; and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honour (though a foolish honour), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity, — it cannot with existence, — go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

(I.) I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad — a bibliomaniac. But you never call any one a horsemaniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet

how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it? Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half so costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling: whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed, which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

(II.) I say we have despised science. 'What!' you exclaim, 'are we not foremost in all discovery,[3] and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?' Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done in *spite* of the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to

know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for their own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him: but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to *us*? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some *dis*credit to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to mediate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thou sand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred: but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich Museum at this moment, if Professor Owen had not, with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself became answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you,

arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes, (a third of it for military apparatus,) is at least 50 millions. Now £700 is to £50,000,000 roughly, as seven pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose, then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park-walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for a sum of seven pence sterling; and that the gentleman who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, 'Well! I'll give you fourpence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra threepence yourself, till next year!'

(III.) I say you have despised Art! 'What!' you again answer, 'have we not Art exhibitions, miles long? and do we not pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?' Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could; not being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to every passer-by, 'What d'ye lack?' You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, fiat, fat fields of day, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs; — that Art may be learned, as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the walls for the bills to be read, — never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are

false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck — (in Venice you saw the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the fine pictures in Europe were made into sand-bags tomorrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags, in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

(IV.) You have despised Nature; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your *one* conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars.[4] You have put a railroad-bridge over the falls of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into[5] — nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops: the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide down again, with 'shrieks of delight.' When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers; and the Swiss vintagers of

Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by assembling in knots in the 'towers of the vineyards,' and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful, to have dim conceptions of duty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth.

Lastly. You despise compassion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer; here is one from a *Morning Post* of an early date this year (1865); […] it relates only one of such facts as happen now daily; this by chance having taken a form in which it came before the coroner. I will print the paragraph in red. Be sure, the facts themselves are written in that colour, in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day.

'An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr Richards, deputy coroner, at the White Horse Tavern, Christ Church, Spitalfields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased and his son in a room at 2, Cobb's Court, Christ Church. Deceased was a "translator" of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little indeed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (2s. a week), so as to keep the home together. On Friday-night-week deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, "Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more." There was no fire, and he said, "I would be better if I was warm." Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14d. for the two pairs, for the people at the shop said, "We must have our profit." Witness got 14 lb. of coal, and a little tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the "translations," to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat. — Coroner: "It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the workhouse." Witness: "We wanted the comforts of our little home." A juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the comer of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as ios. profit in the week. They then always saved towards the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse. — Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father

since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4 lb. loaf, and told him if he came again he should "get the stones."[6] That disgusted deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a halfpenny to buy a candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live fill morning. — A juror: "You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer." — Witness: "If we went in we should die. When we come out in the summer we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had food, for my sight would get better.' Dr G. P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion from want of food. The deceased had had no bedclothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but, if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting. The Coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict: "That deceased died from exhaustion from want of food and the common necessaries of life; also through want of medical aid." '

'Why would witness not go into the workhouse?' you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for of course everyone who takes a pension from Government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale:[7] only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears; perhaps if we made the play houses for them pretty and pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory peculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to the conditions. Meantime, here are the facts: we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they rather die than take it at our hands; or, for third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets. 'Christian,' did I say? Alas! If we were but wholesomely *un*-Christian, it would be impossible: it is our

imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing *it* up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival- the Christianity, which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our Satanellas, — Roberts, — Fausts; chanting hymns through traceried windows for background effect, and artistically modulating the 'Dio' through variation on variation of mimicked prayer: (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment; —) this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon, — we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modem English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ pipes, both: leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the doorstep. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

All these pleasures then, and all these virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride, would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night to watch the guilt you have

created there; and may have his brains beaten out, and be maimed for life, at any moment, and never be thanked; the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage; the quiet student poring over his book or his vial; the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spumed of all: these are the men by whom England lives; but they are not the nation; they are only the body and nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance, while the mind is gone. Our National wish and purpose are only to be amused; our National religion is the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity for this amusement is fastening on us, as a feverous disease of parched throat and wandering eyes — senseless, dissolute, merciless. How literally that word *D*is-Ease, the Negation and impossibility of Ease, expressed the entire moral state of our English Industry and its Amusements!

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower; — when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage; for the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of *some* kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept

with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things; the facts are frightful enough; — the measure of national fault involved in them is perhaps not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm; we set fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields, yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference to 'public opinion,' uttered the impatient exclamation, 'The public is just a great baby!' And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is that, the more I see of our national faults or miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought. It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dulness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master.

There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have pried their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So, also, we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will; little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been pried, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an

enchanted vault — nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery; because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them; — which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider us; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, 'Art thou also become weak as we — art thou also become one of us?' so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, 'Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we — art thou also become one of us?'

Mighty of heart, mighty of mind — 'magnanimous' — to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to 'advance in life,' — in life itself — not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you in plain words, as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honour, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast — crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your

soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull; — no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honour, and — not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood wanner, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only. All other king ships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties, — costly shows, set. off, indeed, with real jewels, instead of tinsel — but still only the toys of nations; or else they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, 'Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more. '

But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if Achilles' indignant epithet of base kings, 'people-eating, ' were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and the enlargement of a king's dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man's estate! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gadflies are the kings of a horse; they suck it, and may drive it

wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, band-mastered trumpeting, in the summer air; the twilight being, perhaps, sometimes fairer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make 'il gran rifiuto'; and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make its 'gran rifiuto' of *them*.

Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it, — not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there. But it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, 'Go,' and he goeth; and to another, 'Come,' and he cometh. Whether you can mm your people, as you can Trent — and where it is that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes, better than by miles; and count degrees of love-latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and infinite equator.

Measure! — nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who 'do and teach,' and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven — and the power of those who undo, and consume — whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth; and the Rust-kings, who are to their peoples' strength as rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robberkings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding- treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! Broidered robe, only to be

rent; helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered; — there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle; an armour, forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force; a gold to be mined in the very sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs; — deep-pictured tissue; — impenetrable armour; — potable gold! — the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of — Wisdom — for their people?

Think what an amazing business *that* would be! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom! That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise! — organise, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers! — find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as riflegrounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists of civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war!

Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand (if anything stand), surest and longest of all work of mine.

'It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men

who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides, which make such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with; as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the "science" of the modem political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person.'

France and England literally, observe, buy *panic* of each other; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand-thousand-pounds' — worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English?

It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

I could shape for you other plans, for art-galleries, and for natural

history galleries, and for many precious — many, it seems to me, needful — things; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread; — bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors; — doors not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

Notes

1. 2 Peter iii. 5-7.
2. Modem 'Education' for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them.
3. Since this was written, the answer has become definitely — No; we having surrendered the field of Arctic discovery to the Continental nations, as being ourselves too poor to pay for ships.
4. I meant that the beautiful places of the world — Switzerland, Italy, South Germany, and so on — are, indeed, the truest cathedrals — places to be reverent in, and to worship in; and that we only care to drive through them: and to eat and drink at their most sacred places.
5. I was singularly struck, some years ago, by finding all the river shore at Richmond, in Yorkshire, black in its earth, from the mere drift of soot-laden air from places many miles away.
6. This abbreviation of the penalty of useless labour is curiously coincident in verbal form with a certain passage which some of us may remember. It may perhaps be well to preserve beside this paragraph another cutting out of my store-drawer, from the *Morning Post*, of about a parallel date, Friday, March 10th, 1865: — 'The *salons* of Mme. C —, who did the honours with clever imitative grace and elegance, were crowded with princes, dukes, marquises, and counts — in fact, with the same *male* company as one meets at the parties of the Princess Metternich and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys. Some English peers and members of Parliament were present, and appeared to enjoy the animated and dazzlingly improper scene. On the second floor the supper tables were loaded with every delicacy of the season. That your readers may form some idea of the dainty fare of the Parisian demi-monde, I copy the menu of the supper, which was served to all the guests (about 200) seated at four o'clock. Choice Yquem, Johannisberg, Laffitte, Tokay, and champagne of the finest vintages were served most lavishly throughout the morning. After supper dancing was resumed with increased animation, and the ball terminated with a *chaîne diabolique* and a *cancan d'enfer* at seven in the morning. (Morning service — 'Ere the fresh lawns appeared, under the opening eyelids of the Morn. —') Here is the menu: — 'Consommé de volaille à la Bagration: 16 hors-dœvres variés.

Bouchées à la Talleyrand. Saumons froids, sauce Ravigote. Filets de bœuf en Bellevue, timbales milanaises, chaudfroid de gibier. Dindes truffées. Pâtés de foies gras, buissons d'écrevisses, salades vénétiennes, gelées blanches aux fruits, gâteaux mancini, parisiens et parisiennes. Fromages glacés. Ananas. Dessert. "'

7. Please observe this statement, and think of it, and consider how it happens that a poor old woman will be ashamed to take a shilling a week from the country — but no one is ashamed to take a pension of a thousand a year.

Traffic

Delivered in the Town Hall, Bradford

[*April 21, 1864*]

My good Yorkshire friends, you asked me down here among your hills that I might talk to you about this Exchange you are going to build: but, earnestly and seriously asking you to pardon me, I am going to do nothing of the kind. I cannot talk, or at least can say very little, about this same Exchange. I must talk of quite other things, though not willingly; — I could not deserve your pardon, if, when you invited me to speak on one subject, I *wilfully* spoke on another. But I cannot speak, to purpose, of anything about which I do not care; and most simply and sorrowfully I have to tell you, in the outset, that I do *not* care about this Exchange of yours.

If, however, when you sent me your invitation, I had answered, 'I won't come, I don't care about the Exchange of Bradford,' you would have been justly offended with me, not knowing the reasons of so blunt a carelessness. So I have come down, hoping that you will patiently let me tell you why, on this, and many other such occasions, I now remain silent, when formerly I should have caught at the opportunity of speaking to a gracious audience.

In a word, then, I do not care about this Exchange — because *you* don't; and because you know perfectly well I cannot make you. Look at the essential conditions of the case, which you, as business men, know perfectly well, though perhaps you think I forget them. You are going to spend £30,000, which to you, collectively, is nothing; the buying a new coat is, as to the cost of it, a much more important matter of consideration to me, than building a new Exchange is to you. But you think you may as well have the

right thing for your money. You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about; you don't want to do anything ridiculous; you hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural man-milliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion; and what is, in our shops, for the moment, the newest and sweetest thing in pinnacles.

Now, pardon me for telling you frankly, you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty. And I want you to think a little of the deep significance of this word 'taste'; for no statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is essentially a moral quality. 'No,' say many of my antagonists, 'taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty: we shall be glad to know that; but we need no sermons — even were you able to preach them, which may be doubted. '

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality; — it is the only morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, 'What do you like?' Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their 'taste' is; and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. 'You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?' 'A pipe, and a quartern of gin.' I know you. 'You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?' 'A swept hearth, and a dean tea-table; and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast.' Good, I know you also. 'You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?' 'My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths.' 'You, little boy with the dirty hands, and the low forehead, what do you like?' 'A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch

farthing.' Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

'Nay,' perhaps you answer; 'we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they *do* fight, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is fight. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday school.' Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is fight, in time to come they like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thinking of the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning, and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the fight things, but *enjoy* the right things: — not merely industrious, but to love industry — not merely learned, but to love knowledge — not merely pure, but to love purity — not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

But you may answer or think, 'Is the liking for outside ornaments, — for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture, a moral quality?' Yes, most surely, if a rightly set liking. Taste for any pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word 'good.' I don't mean by 'good,' clever — or learned — or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarrelling over their dice; it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is

an 'unmannered,' or 'immoral' quality. It is 'bad taste' in the profoundest sense — it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality — it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call 'loveliness' — (we ought to have an opposite word, hateliness, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

As I was thinking over this, in walking up Fleet Street the other day, my eye caught the title of a book standing open in a bookseller's window. It was — On *the necessity of the diffusion of taste among all classes*. 'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'my classifying friend, when you have diffused your taste, where will your classes be? The man who likes what you like, belongs to the same class with you, I think. Inevitably so. You may put him to other work if you choose; but, by the condition you have brought him into, he will dislike the work as much as you would yourself. You get hold of a scavenger or a costermonger, who enjoyed the Newgate Calendar for literature, and "Pop goes the Weasel" for music. You think you can make him like Dante and Beethoven? I wish you joy of your lessons; but if you do, you have made a gentleman of him: — he won't like to go back to his costermongering. '

And so completely and unexceptionally is this so, that, if I had time to-night, I could show you that a nation cannot be affected by any vice, or weakness, without expressing it, legibly, and for ever, either in bad art, or by want of art; and that there is no national virtue, small or great, which is not

manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce. Take, for instance, your great English virtue of enduring and patient courage. You have at present in England only one art of any consequence — that is, iron-working. You know thoroughly well how to cast and hammer iron. Now, do you think, in those masses of lava which you build volcanic cones to melt, and which you forge at the mouths of the Infernos you have created; do you think, on those iron plates, your courage and endurance are not written for ever, — not merely with an iron pen, but on iron parchment? And take also your great English vice — European vice — vice of all the world — vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell — the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonour into your wars — that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighbouring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath; so that at last, you have realized for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who lead the so-called civilization of the earth, — you have realized for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what was once true only of the rough Border riders of your Cheviot hills —

'They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd;' —

do you think that this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armour as the strength of the right hands that forged it?

Friends, I know not whether this thing be the more ludicrous or the more melancholy. It is quite unspeakably both. Suppose, instead of being now sent

for by you, I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit wall from his next door neighbour's; and he had called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing-room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare; I think such and such a paper might be desirable — perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling — a damask curtain or so at the windows. 'Ah,' says my employer, 'damask curtains, indeed! That's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just now!' 'Yet the world credits you with a splendid income!' 'Ah, yes,' says my friend, 'but do you know, at present I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps?' 'Steel-traps! for whom?' 'Why, for that fellow on the other side the wall, you know: we're very good friends, capital friends; but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both dever fellows enough; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gunbarrel, or something; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it altogether; and I don't see how we're to do with less.' A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic. Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one madman in it; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermilion, it is something else than comic, I think.

Mind, I know a great deal of this is play, and willingly allow for that. You don't know what to do with yourselves for a sensation: fox-hunting and cricketing will not carry you through the whole of this unendurably long mortal life: you liked pop-guns when you were schoolboys, and rifles and Armstrongs are only the same things better made: but then the worst of it is,

that what was play to you when boys, was not play to the sparrows; and what is play to you now, is not play to the small birds of State neither; and for the black eagles, you are somewhat shy of taking shots at them, if I mistake not.

I must get back to the matter in hand, however. Believe me, without farther instance, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art: the soldiership of early Greece; the sensuality of late Italy; the visionary religion of Tuscany; the splendid human energy of Venice. I have no time to do this to-night (I have done it elsewhere before now); but I proceed to apply the principle to ourselves in a more searching manner.

I notice that among all the new buildings which cover your once wild hills, churches and schools are mixed in due, that is to say, in large proportion, with your mills and mansions; and I notice also that the churches and schools are almost always Gothic, and the mansions and mills are never Gothic. May I ask the meaning of this? for, remember, it is peculiarly a modem phenomenon. When Gothic was invented, houses were Gothic as well as churches; and when the Italian style superseded the Gothic, churches were Italian as well as houses. If there is a Gothic spire to the cathedral of Antwerp, there is a Gothic belfry to the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels; if Inigo Jones builds an Italian Whitehall, Sir Christopher Wren builds an Italian St Paul's. But now you live under one school of architecture, and worship under another. What do you mean by doing this? Am I to understand that you are thinking of changing your architecture back to Gothic; and that you treat your churches experimentally, because it does not matter what mistakes you make in a church? Or am I to understand that you consider Gothic a pre-eminently sacred and beautiful mode of building, which you think, like the fine frankincense, should be mixed for the tabernacle only, and reserved for your religious services? For if this be the feeling, though it may seem at first as if

it were graceful and reverent, at the root of the matter, it signifies neither more nor less than that you have separated your religion from your life.

For consider what a wide significance this fact has; and remember that it is not you only, but all the people of England, who are behaving thus, just now.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church 'the house of God.' I have seen, over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, '*This* is the house of God and this is the gate of heaven.' Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle: he has to cross a wild hill-desert; just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies, to sleep, on Wharnside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head; — so wild the place is, he cannot get anything but stones. And there, lying under the broad night, he has a dream; and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are seen ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says, 'How dreadful is this place; surely this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' This Place, observe; not this church; not this city; not this stone, even, which he puts up for a memorial — the piece of flint on which his head was lain. But this *place*; this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow blighted! this *any* place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where that will be? or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You *do* know that, partly; you can guide the lightning; but you

cannot guide the going forth of the Spirit, which is as that lightning when it shines from the east to the west.

But the perpetual and insolent warping of that strong verse to serve a merely ecclesiastical purpose, is only one of the thousand instances in which we sink back into gross Judaism. We call our churches 'temples.' Now, you know perfectly well they are *not* temples. They have never had, never can have, anything whatever to do with temples. They are 'synagogues' — 'gathering places' -where you gather yourselves together as an assembly; and by not calling them so, you again miss the force of another mighty text — 'Thou, when thou prayest, shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the *churches'* [we should translate it], 'that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father,' — which is, not in chancel nor in aisle, but 'in secret.'

Now, you feel, as I say this to you — I know you feel — as if I were trying to take away the honour of your churches. Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honour of your houses and your hills; not that the Church is not sacred — but that the whole Earth is. I would have you feel what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches only 'holy,' you call your hearths and homes 'profane'; and have separated yourselves from the heathen by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognizing, in the places of their many and feeble Lares, the presence of your One and Mighty Lord and Lat.

'But what has all this to do with our Exchange?' you ask me, impatiently. My dear friends, it has just everything to do with it; on these inner and great questions depend all the outer and little ones; and if you have asked me down here to speak to you, because you had before been interested in anything I have written, you must know that all I have yet said about architecture was to

show this. The book I called *The Seven Lamps* was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. *The Stones of Venice* had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith, and of domestic virtue; and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption. And now, you ask me what style is best to build in, and how can I answer, knowing the meaning of the two styles, but by another question — do you mean to build as Christians or as infidels? And still more — do you mean to build as honest Christians or as honest Infidels? as thoroughly and confessedly either one or the other? You don't like to be asked such rude questions. I cannot help it; they are of much more importance than this Exchange business; and if they can be at once answered, the Exchange business settles itself in a moment. But before I press them farther, I must ask leave to explain one point clearly.

In all my past work, my endeavour has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious — the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing this, I have had also to show that good architecture is not *ecclesiastical*. People are so apt to look upon religion as the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything depending on 'religion,' they think it must also have depended on the priesthood; and I have had to take what place was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction. Good architecture is the work of good and believing men; therefore, you say, at least some people 'say, 'Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity.' No — a thousand times no; good architecture has always been the work

of the commonalty, *not* of the clergy. 'What,' you say, 'those glorious cathedrals — the pride of Europe — did their builders not form Gothic architecture?' No; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron's castle, and the burgher's street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of labouring citizens and warrior kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid of his superstition: when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade, — through that fury of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and, finally, most foolish dreams; and in those dreams was lost.

I hope, now, that there is no risk of your misunderstanding me when I come to the gist of what I want to say to-night; — when I repeat, that every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits of it here, bits there — you must have it everywhere or nowhere. It is not the monopoly of a clerical company — it is not the exponent of a theological dogma- it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God.

Now there have as yet been three distinct schools of European architecture. I say, European, because Asiatic and African architectures belong so entirely to other races and climates, that there is no question of them here; only, in passing, I will simply assure you that whatever is good or great in Egypt, and Syria, and India, is just good or great for the same reasons as the buildings on our side of the Bosphorus. We Europeans, then, have had three great religions: the Greek, which was the worship of the God of Wisdom and Power; the Mediæval, which was the worship of the God of

Judgment and Consolation; the Renaissance, which was the worship of the God of Pride and Beauty: these three we have had — they are past, — and now, at last, we English have got a fourth religion, and a God of our own, about which I want to ask you. But I must explain these three old ones first.

I repeat, first, the Greeks essentially worshipped the God of Wisdom; so that whatever contended against their religion, — to the Jews a stumbling-block, — was, to the Greeks — *Foolishness*.

The first Greek idea of deity was that expressed in the word, of which we keep the remnant in our words 'D*i*-umal' and 'D*i*-vine' — the god of *Day*, Jupiter the revealer. Athena is his daughter, but especially daughter of the Intellect, springing armed from the head. We are only with the help of recent investigation beginning to penetrate the depth of meaning couched under the Athenaic symbols: but I may note rapidly, that her ægis, the mantle with the serpent fringes, in which she often, in the best statues, is represented as folding up her left hand, for better guard; and the Gorgon, on her shield, are both representative mainly of the chilling horror and sadness (turning men to stone, as it were,) of the outmost and superficial spheres of knowledge — that knowledge which separates, in bitterness, hardness, and sorrow, the heart of the full-grown man from the heart of the child. For out of imperfect knowledge spring terror, dissension, danger, and disdain; but from perfect knowledge, given by the full-revealed Athena, strength and peace, in sign of which she is crowned with the olive spray, and bears the resistless spear.

This, then, was the Greek conception of purest Deity; and every habit of life, and every form of his art developed themselves from the seeking this bright, serene, resistless wisdom; and setting himself, as a man, to do things evermore rightly and strongly; I not with any ardent affection or ultimate hope; but with a resolute and continent energy of will, as knowing that for failure there was no consolation, and for sin there was no remission. And the

Greek architecture rose unerring, bright, dearly defined, and self-contained.

Next followed in Europe the great Christian faith, which was essentially the religion of Comfort. Its great doctrine is the remission of sins; for which cause, it happens, too often, in certain phases of Christianity, that sin and sickness themselves are partly glorified, as if, the more you had to be healed of, the more divine was the healing. The practical result of this doctrine, in art, is a continual contemplation of sin and disease, and of imaginary states of purification from them; thus we have an architecture conceived in a mingled sentiment of melancholy and aspiration, partly severe, partly luxuriant, which will bend itself to every one of our needs, and every one of our fancies, and be strong or weak with us, as we are strong or weak ourselves. It is, of all architecture, the basest, when base people build it — of all, the noblest, when built by the noble.

And now note that both these religions — Greek and Mediæval — perished by falsehood in their own main purpose. The Greek religion of Wisdom perished in a false philosophy — 'Oppositions of science, falsely so called.'[1] The Mediæval religion of Consolation perished in false comfort; in remission of sins given lyingly. It was the selling of absolution that ended the Mediæval faith; and I can tell you more, it is the selling of absolution which, to the end of time, will mark false Christianity. Pure Christianity gives her remission of sins only by *ending* them; but false Christianity gets her remission of sins by *compounding for* them. And there are many ways of compounding for them. We English have beautiful little quiet ways of buying absolution, whether in low Church or high, far more cunning than any of Tetzel's trading.

Then, thirdly, there followed the religion of Pleasure, in which all Europe gave itself to luxury, ending in death. First, *bals masqués* in every saloon, and then guillotines in every square. And all these three worships

issue in vast temple building. Your Greek worshipped Wisdom, and built you the Parthenon — the Virgin's temple. The Mediæval worshipped Consolation, and built you Virgin temples also — but to our Lady of Salvation. Then the Revivalist worshipped beauty, of a sort, and built you Versailles and the Vatican. Now, lastly, will you tell me what *we* worship, and what *we* build?

You know we are speaking always of the real, active, continual, national worship; that by which men act, while they live; not that which they talk of, when they die. Now, we have, indeed, a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time; but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote nine-tenths of our property, and six-sevenths of our time. And we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion: but we are all unanimous about this practical one; of which I think you will admit that the ruling goddess may be best generally described as the 'God dess of Getting-on,' or 'Britannia of the Market.' The Athenians had an 'Athena Agoraia,' or Athena of the Market; but she was a subordinate type of their goddess, while our Britannia Agoraia is the principal type of ours. And all your great architectural works are, of course, built to her. It is long since you built a great cathedral; and how you would laugh at me if I proposed building a cathedral on the top of one of these hills of yours, to make it an Acropolis! But your railroad mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon; your railroad stations, vaster than the temple of Ephesus, and innumerable; your chimneys, how much more mighty and costly than cathedral spires! your harbour-piers; your warehouses; your exchanges! — all these are built to your great God dess of 'Getting-on'; and she has formed, and will continue to form, your architecture, as long as you worship her; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to *her*; you know far better than I.

There might, indeed, on some theories, be a conceivably good architecture for Exchanges — that is to say, if there were any heroism in the

fact or deed of exchange, which might be typically carved on the outside of your building. For, you know, all beautiful architecture must be adorned with sculpture or painting; and for sculpture or painting, you must have a subject. And hitherto it has been a received opinion among the nations of the world that the only right subjects for either, were *heroisms* of some sort. Even on his pots and his flagons, the Greek put a Hercules slaying lions, or an Apollo slaying serpents, or Bacchus slaying melancholy giants, and earthborn despondencies. On his temples, the Greek put contests of great warriors in founding states, or of gods with evil spirits. On his houses and temples alike, the Christian put carvings of angels conquering devils; or of hero-martyrs exchanging this world for another: subject inappropriate, I think, to our direction of exchange here. And the Master of Christians not only left His followers without any orders as to the sculpture of affairs of exchange on the outside of buildings, but gave some strong evidence of His dislike of affairs of exchange within them. And yet there might surely be a heroism in such affairs; and all commerce become a kind of selling of doves, not impious. The wonder has always been great to me, that heroism has never been supposed to be in anywise consistent with the practice of supplying people with food, or dothes, but rather with that of quartering one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armour is an heroic deed in all ages; but the selling of clothes, old, or new, has never taken any colour of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base businesses, even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to them anyhow! so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort![2] and, as it were, '*occupying* a country' with one's gifts, instead of one's armies? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get

a barren field sown, as to get an eared field stripped; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should 'carry' them! Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You doubt who is strongest? It might be ascertained by push of spade, as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is bravest? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men; and nearly as merciless.

The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to be — that he is paid little for it — and regularly: while you traffickers, and exchangers, and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it — and by chance. I never can make out how it is that a *knight*-errant does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a *pedlar* — errant always does; — that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribands cheap; that they are ready to go on fervent crusades, to recover the tomb of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one; — that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel grafts, but never the loaves and fishes.[3]

If you chose to take the matter up on any such soldierly principle; to do your commerce, and your feeding of nations, for fixed salaries; and to be as particular about giving people the best food, and the best doth, as soldiers are about giving them the best gunpowder, I could carve something for you on your exchange worth looking at. But I can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendant purses; and making its pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills. And in the innermost chambers of it there might be a statue of Britannia of the Market, who may have, perhaps advisably, a partridge for her crest, typical at once of her courage in fighting for noble ideas, and of her interest in game; and round its neck, the inscription in golden letters, 'Perdix

fovit quæ non peperit.'[4] Then, for her spear, she might have a weaver's beam; and on her shield, instead of St George's Cross, the Milanese boar, semi-fleeced, with the town of Gennesaret proper, in the field; and the legend, 'In the best market,'[5] and her corslet, of leather, folded over her heart in the shape of a purse, with thirty slits in it, for a piece of money to go in at, on each day of the month. And I doubt not but that people would come to see your exchange, and its goddess, with applause.

Nevertheless, I want to point out to you certain strange characters in this goddess of yours. She differs from the great Greek and Medieval deities essentially in two things — first, as to the continuance of her presumed power; secondly, as to the extent of it.

1st, as to the Continuance.

The Greek Goddess of Wisdom gave continual increase of wisdom, as the Christian Spirit of Comfort (or Comforter) continual increase of comfort. There was no question, with these, of any limit or cessation of function. But with your Agora Goddess, that is just the most important question. Getting on — but where to? Gathering together — but how much? Do you mean to gather always — never to spend? If so, I wish you joy of your goddess, for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshipping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will — somebody else must. And it is because of this (among many other such errors) that I have fearlessly dedared your so-called science of Political Economy to be no science; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the most important branch of the business — the study of *spending*. For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn: — will you bury England under a heap of grain; or will you, when you have gathered, finally eat? You gather gold: — will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it? That is still one way of spending it. But if you keep it, that you may get more, I'll give

you more; I'll give you all the gold you want — all you can imagine — if you can tell me what you'll do with it. You shall have thousands of gold pieces; — thousands of thousands — millions — mountains, of gold: where will you keep them? Will you put an Olympus of silver upon a golden Pelion — make Ossa like a wart? Do you think the rain and dew would then come down to you, in the streams from such mountains, more blessedly than they will down the mountains which God has made for you, of moss and whinstone? But it is not gold that you want to gather! What is it? greenbacks? No; not those neither. What is it then — is it ciphers after a capital I? Cannot you practise writing ciphers, and write as many as you want! Write ciphers for an hour every morning, in a big book, and say every evening, I am worth all those noughts more than I was yesterday. Won't that do? Well, what in the name of Plutus is it you want? Not gold, not greenbacks, not ciphers after a capital I? You will have to answer, after all, 'No; we want, somehow or other, money's *worth*.' Well, what is that? Let your Goddess of Getting-on discover it, and let her learn to stay therein.

II. But there is yet another question to be asked respecting this Goddess of Getting-on. The first was of the continuance of her power; the second is of its extent.

Pallas and the Madonna were supposed to be all the world's Pallas, and all the world's Madonna. They could teach all men, and they could comfort all men. But, look strictly into the nature of the power of your Goddess of Getting-on; and you will find she is the Goddess — not of everybody's getting on — but only of somebody's getting on. This is a vital, or rather deathful, distinction. Examine it in your own ideal of the state of national life which this Goddess is to evoke and maintain. I asked you what it was, when I was last here; — you have never told me. Now, shall I try to tell you?

Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a

pleasant undulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coach-houses; a moderately-sized park; a large garden and hot-houses; and pleasant carriage drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favoured votaries of the Goddess; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family; he always able to have the boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be the mill; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with one steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language.

Is not that, broadly, and in the main features, the kind of thing you propose to yourselves? It is very pretty indeed, seen from above; not at all so pretty, seen from below. For, observe, while to one family this deity is indeed the Goddess of Getting-on, to a thousand families she is the Goddess of *not* Getting-on. 'Nay,' you say, 'they have all their chance.' Yes, so has every one in a lottery, but there must always be the same number of blanks. 'Ah! but in a lottery it is not skill and intelligence which take the lead, but blind chance.' What then! do you think the old practice, that 'they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can, ' is less iniquitous, when the power has become power of brains instead of fist? and that, though we may not take advantage of a child's or a woman's weakness, we may of a man's foolishness? 'Nay, but finally, work must be done, and some one must be at the top, someone at the bottom.' Granted, my friends. Work must always be, and captains of work must always be; and if you in the least remember the

tone of any of my writings, you must know that they are thought unfit for this age, because they are always insisting on need of government, and speaking with scorn of liberty. But I beg you to observe that there is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins; (if it fight for treasure or land;) neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the nation's work. Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this, — by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kinghood so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously? probably he is a King. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table with delicates? in all probability he is *not* a King. It is possible he may be, as Solomon was; but that is when the nation shares his splendour with him. Solomon made gold, not only to be in his own palace as stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But, even so, for the most part, these splendid kinghoods expire in ruin, and only the true kinghoods live, which are of royal labourers governing loyal labourers; who, both leading rough lives, establish the true dynasties. Condusively you will find that because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation; neither, because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord over the means of its maintenance — over field, or mill, or mine, — are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself.

You will tell me I need not preach against these things, for I cannot mend them. No, good friends, I cannot; but you can, and you will; or something else can and will. Even good things have no abiding power — and shall these evil things persist in victorious evil? All history shows, on the

contrary, that to be the exact thing they never can do. Change *must* come; but it is ours to determine whether change of growth, or change of death. Shall the Parthenon be in ruins on its rock, and Bolton priory in its meadow, but these mills of yours be the consummation of the buildings of the earth, and their wheels be as the wheels of eternity? Think you that 'men may come, and men may go, ' but — mills — go on forever? Not so; out of these, better or worse shall come; and it is for you to choose which.

I know that none of this wrong is done with deliberate purpose. I know, on the contrary, that you wish your workmen well; that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to such benevolence safely. I know that even all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty, each of you striving to do his best; but, unhappily, not knowing for whom this best should be done. And all our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modem economist, telling us that, 'To do the best for ourselves, is finally to do the best for others. ' Friends, our great Master said not so; and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves; but it will not do to have our eyes fixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter; hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato, — if not the last actually written (for this we cannot know), yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words — in which, endeavouring to give full crowning and harmonious close to all his thoughts, and to speak the sum of them by the imagined sentence of the Great Spirit, his strength and his heart fail him, and the words cease, broken off for ever.

They are at the dose of the dialogue called *Critias*, in which he describes, partly from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, the early state of Athens; and the genesis, and order, and religion, of the fabled isle of Atlantis;

in which genesis he conceives the same first perfection and final degeneracy of man, which in our own Scriptural tradition is expressed by saying that the Sons of God inter-married with the daughters of men, for he supposes the earliest race to have been indeed the children of God; and to have corrupted themselves, until 'their spot was not the spot of his children.' And this, he says, was the end; that indeed 'through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them yet was full, they were sub missive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great; so that, in *all meekness of wisdom, they dealt with each other*, and took all the chances of life; and despising all things except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and *bore lightly the burden* of gold and of possessions; for they saw that, if *only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them*; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it. And by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we have already told; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality; and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to endure the courses of fortune; and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honour; while to the blind hearts which could not discern the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon, the God of Gods, whose Kinghood is in laws, beholding a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the

gods into his dwelling place, which from heaven's centre overlooks whatever has part in creation; and having assembled them, he said' —

The rest is silence. Last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this idol of riches; this idol of yours; this golden image, high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura: this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own Master and faith; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophe will come; or, worse than catastrophe, slow mouldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for — life, good for all men, as for your selves; if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace;[6] — then, and so sanctifying wealth into 'commonwealth,' all your art, your literature, your daily labours, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better; temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimson-veined, is indeed eternal.

Notes

1. It is an error to suppose that the Greek worship, or seeking, was chiefly of Beauty. It was essentially of rightness and strength, founded on Forethought: the principal character of Greek art is not beauty, but design: and the Dorian Apollo-worship and Athenian Virgin-worship are both expressions of adoration of divine wisdom and purity. Next to these great deities, rank, in power over the national mind, Dionysus and Ceres, the givers of human strength and life; then, for heroic examples, Hercules. There is no Venus-worship among the Greeks in the great times: and the Muses are

essentially teachers of Truth, and of its harmonies.

2. Quite serious, all this, though it reads like jest. [1873.]

3. Please think over this paragraph, too briefly and antithetically put, but one of those which I am happiest in having written. [1873.]

4. Jerem. xvii. II, (best in Septuagint and Vulgate). 'As the partridge, fostering what she brought not forth, so he that getteth riches, not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool. '

5. Meaning, fully, 'We have brought our pigs to it.' [1873.]

6. I imagine the Hebrew chant merely intends passionate repetition, and not a distinction of this somewhat fanciful kind; yet we may profitably make it in reading the English.

GREAT IDEAS

伟大的思想

第2辑

中国出版集团
中译出版社

9 奥古斯丁：忏悔录 ［古罗马］奥古斯丁 著 任小鹏 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

10 论友谊 ［法］米歇尔·德·蒙田 著 高黎平 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

11 女权辩护 ［英］玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特 著 陶鑫 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

12 沉思录 ［古罗马］马可·奥勒留 著 袁蔚 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

13 伦敦夜行记 ［英］查尔斯·狄更斯 著 牛云平 丁振琴 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

14 空袭中的沉思 ［英］弗吉尼亚·伍尔芙 著 张子慧 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

15 时尚和死亡的对话 ［意］贾科莫·莱奥帕尔迪 著 史红丽 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

16 泰戈尔：民族主义 ［印度］泰戈尔 著 刘涵 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

目录

CONFESSIONS OF A SINNER

奥古斯丁：忏悔录

［古罗马］奥古斯丁　著

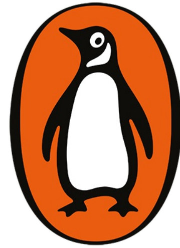
任小鹏　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

奥古斯丁：忏悔录

（古罗马）奥古斯丁/著

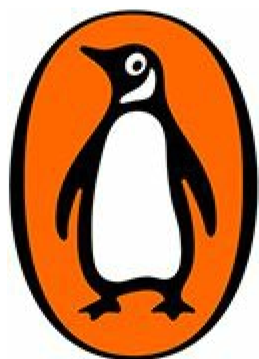
任小鹏/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.

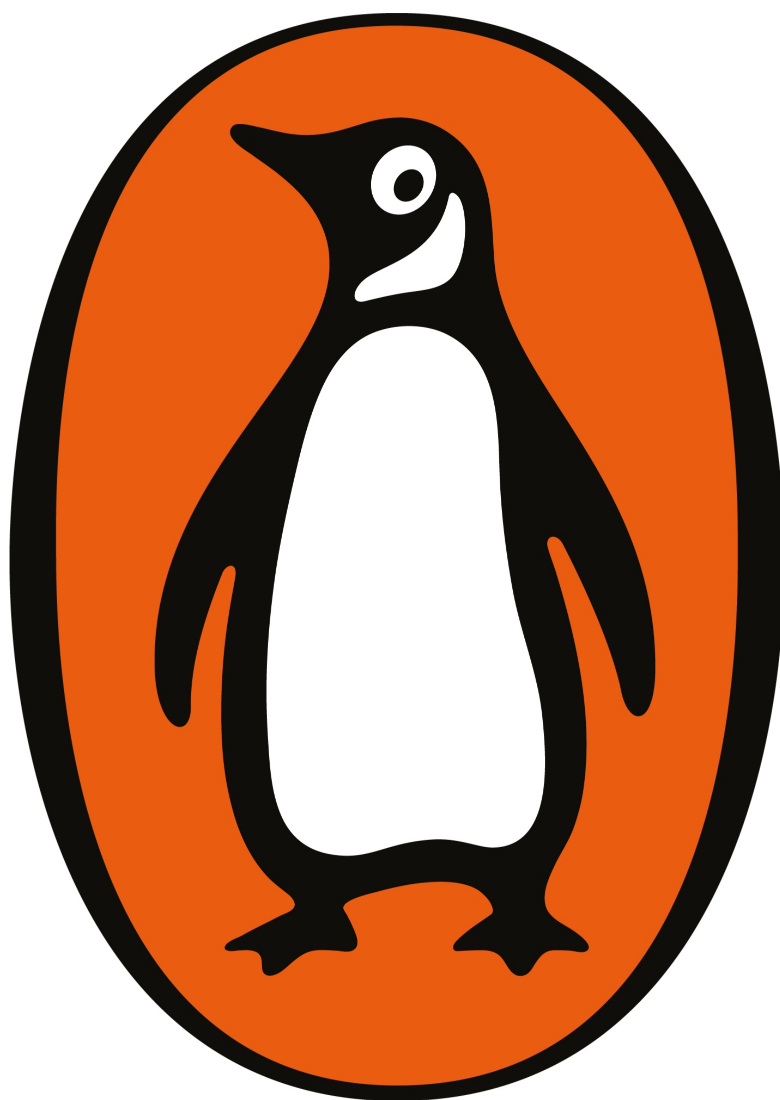


Penguin
Random House
North Asia

www. penguin. com.cn
Confessions first published in Penguin Classics 1961
This selection first published in Penguin Books 2004

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition Confessions,
translated by R. S. Pine -Coffin
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

奥古斯丁（Augustine，354—430），罗马教廷官方称其为“希波的奥古斯丁”（Augustine of Hippo），更有尊称为“圣奥古斯丁”。他是罗马帝国末期，也即基督教传播早期的神学家与哲学家，对于基督教教义有着卓越的贡献，曾担任北非城市希波的主教。他主张的“三一论”“救恩论”“圣礼观”等思想都成为了后来教会重要的思想源泉。

奥古斯丁生于罗马帝国统治下的北非的一个柏柏尔人家庭，他的父亲是一位脑中满是世俗的普通罗马税吏，他的母亲却是一位基督教徒，不过奥古斯丁却并未早早皈依基督教。年少的奥古斯丁十分聪慧，年少有为，很早便精通了雄辩术与修辞学。19岁时，奥古斯丁开始信仰摩尼教的善恶二元论，并一直持续了约10年时间。摩尼教由波斯先知摩尼创立于公元三世纪时，吸收了祆教、犹太教、基督教、佛教等教义，独创“二宗三际论”为其神学系统，即“善、恶二宗，过去、现在、未来三际”。

奥古斯丁在29岁时前往罗马教书，也因缘际会开始对摩尼教产生疑惑，并于次年开始跟随时任米兰主教的安波罗修学习基督教信仰与神学，直到33岁正式受洗皈依。从此，他开始猛烈攻击包括摩尼教在内的其他宗派，并成为基督神学届的核心人物。43岁的奥古斯丁出任希波的主教。

基督教诞生于公元一世纪，最初属于犹太教的异端，不过鉴于其包容性更强，所以发展扩张极为迅速。在夹缝中熬过了数百年的被迫害与清除之后，基督教终于成为了罗马帝国的国教。随着罗马帝国慢慢一分为二，基督教也慢慢分裂出东西两大教会，即西方的“天主教会”与东方

的“东正教会”，两大教会之间的分歧也是越来越大。16世纪时，在德国神父马丁·路德等人的强力推动下，发起了影响遍及欧洲的宗教改革，并在简化天主教教义与信仰的基础上创立“新教”。天主教、东正教与新教，是基督教的三大教派。但是，今天中国普遍所称的“基督教”一词，其实是指“新教”。而奥古斯丁时所信仰的基督教，应该是指天主教派。

《忏悔录》是一部忏悔形式的自传体文学作品，大约创作于奥古斯丁升任主教之后。全书共13卷，概述了奥古斯丁对其一生罪过的忏悔及皈依基督的心路历程，内容包括赞美天主、少年事迹、母亲病逝、思想斗争、信仰转变、一心皈依等要素。全书共分为两个部分，第1至9卷为自传的部分，第10至13卷为第二部分，其中第10卷审视著书时的思想状况，第11至13卷则为对《旧约圣经·创世纪》第一章的个人诠释。本书两个部分的内容之间并非十分连贯，所以有学者推测，奥古斯丁的本意可能是创作一部逐章诠释《圣经》的伟大作品，却因为种种原因只完成了《创世纪》一章，而第一部分的自传内容则类似于为这部书所作的“序”。这种假说十分合理。

忏悔，是基督教的仪式之一，是忏悔人向神父、牧师或耶稣基督真诚告解自己的罪过，祈求上帝宽恕。圣人奥古斯丁则在书中用文字向世人诠释了何为真正虔诚的忏悔，而当人们坦诚悔过之后，也必将得到上帝的谅解与搭救。《忏悔录》中的文字平白真诚、通俗易懂、强劲有力，而这种直抒胸臆、全篇心理独白的忏悔文体，直接开启了西方文学中一种独特的回忆录类型，影响了一众文学大师，包括托尔斯泰与卢梭等（他们两人也同样各自著有一本《忏悔录》）。当然，我们会怀疑奥古斯丁是否在书中夸大了自己年少时的罪过，也许他并没有自己文字里写的那么罪恶，至少他对自己母亲的尊敬与孝顺是遮掩不住的。他对自己往昔经历的憎恨，应该大多源于那段年月里的心无信仰及10年的摩尼教异端。直到他遇到领路人安波罗修，进入伟大的基督之门，他真的开始用全新的价值观审视自己过去的一切，然后回归正途。他将自己贬入

微尘，是对基督最大的尊敬。

通过品读奥古斯丁喃喃自语般文字，希望读者能够体会他的精神思想，这种虔诚其实无关宗教，是每个人对自己心灵的净化。

柴尔

第一卷

1

主啊！你是伟大的，任何赞美都当之无愧。你有无上的能力，无穷的智慧。主啊，人是你所造万物中的一分子，出于本性愿意赞美你。人全身带着死亡的标记，带着原罪的记号，这都提醒着他，你“不接纳骄傲的人”。但是，因为他是你所造的一部分，他仍愿意称颂你。一想到你，他就激动不已，如果不赞美你，他就无法获得满足。因为你造我们就是为了你自己，如不在你怀中安息，我们的心就不会安宁。

[……]

谁追寻主，谁就会赞颂主。因为凡追寻主的，就能寻见，寻见主的，就会赞颂主。主啊，我要追寻你，向你呼求，在我呼求的时候，我要相信你，因为你已经传授给了我们。主，我的信仰让我向你呼求，这信仰已经通过你道成肉身的爱子的感召和布道者的工作传递给了我。

6

我虽然是尘土，但请让我乞求你的怜悯，因为我是在向你的慈爱说话，而不是向那嘲笑我的人说话。或许你也会嘲笑我，但你会动恻隐之心，然后怜悯我。主啊，我想告诉你的是，我不知道自己从何处来到这通向死亡的生命中，或者说，这通向生命的死亡中？对我来说，这些都是隐藏着的。虽然我已记不起这一切，但我知道，从我来到这个世间的那刻起，你的仁慈便时刻准备护佑我。这是我父母告诉我的，我父亲播下种子，母亲孕育了我，你用他们的身体在有限的时间内使我成形。从此女性的乳汁哺育了我。

[……]

我歌颂你，天地的主宰，从我降生起，在我记忆尚且模糊的时候，我就赞美你。你允许人们通过观察别的婴儿来了解自己，并且从妇女的讲述中了解许多。我知道即使在那时，我已是一个活生生的人，在婴儿期行将结束时，我已经试图寻找向别人表达感情的方法了。主啊，这样一个活生生的造物如不是从你而来，他还能来自何处呢？这是任何一个人的技能所能造出来的吗？除你以外还有任何其他渠道可供存在和生命流注到我们身上吗？当然我们只可能把这归结为你，我们的造物主，对你而言，活着与存在并非不同，因为无限的生命与无限的存在是同为一。因为你是无限的，是亘古不变的。你的“今天”永无止境，而我们的“当下”因你而止步不前，因为时间，像其他事物一样存在于你的掌握。若非如此，就不会有时间的流逝。因为你的时间没有穷尽，时间因你而停留在“现在”。我们和我们的祖先在你的“当下”度过了无数的日子，并从中获得对人的生命和存在的准确衡量。未来的岁月也将照此流逝，但是你却亘古不易。在你的“今天”，你创造了明天和以后存在的一切，在你的“今天”，你创造了昨天和过去存在的一切。

如果有人对此表示不解，这与我何干？就让他们去探询其意义吧，让他们欣然地发问。但是他们可能对问题本身心满意足。因为对于他们来说，问题不得而解却找到你，比找到答案却未能找到你更有益处。

7

上帝啊，请听我说。人的罪真是邪恶啊！一个人说了这话，你就怜悯他，因为你造了他，但你没有造他身上的罪。

谁能让我记起儿时犯下的罪呢？在你的眼中没有一个人是无罪的，即使是刚刚出生才一天的婴儿也不例外。谁能展示我的罪呢？也许可以从婴儿身上看到我无从回忆的儿时的罪恶？那么，我儿时犯过什么罪

呢？我哭闹着要吸乳是不是罪恶呢？我现在已经年龄大了，不能再吃母乳了，但如果我哭闹着要我这个年龄的食物，一定会受到别人轻蔑的嘲笑和劝诫。所以这意味着我儿时的行为就应该受到斥责。因为我不懂斥责，斥责我的话就显得既不合情理，也不寻常。我们杜绝这些错误，并且在长大后将其摒弃，这足以证明那些行为是错误的，因为我从来没有看见一个人在清理错误时会有目的的抛弃好的方面。对于一个孩子来说，以下行为都不可能是正确的：哭着要可能会伤害他们的任何东西；对年长的人发脾气以为年长者需要服从他；尽其全力打击和伤害那些比他懂得更多的人，包括他自己的父母，因为父母不但不顺从他们，而且拒绝迎合那些只会伤害他的奇思怪想。这表明，如果说婴儿是无罪的，就是说婴儿不是缺乏伤害他人的意愿，而是没有能力。

[……]

主啊，我记不起我的幼年生活了，但是我相信别人告诉我的，通过观察其他婴儿，可以推断，我也像他们那样生活过。但是，尽管我的推断是正确的，我却不想把那段时间作为我现在度过的人生的一部分，因为那段生活晦暗模糊、记忆不清，而且，在这个意义上，它与我在母亲子宫里的时光没什么区别。但是，如果我生来有罪，并且在母胎时，我就有了罪。那么，主啊，我问你，我，你的仆人，在何时何地曾是无罪的呢？但是，我不会再谈论那段时光了，因为在我记忆中，它已经无处可寻，不会再困扰我了。

9

但上帝啊，我的主，现在我正经历一段痛苦和羞辱的时期。别人告诉我，一个男孩必须听老师的话，这才是正确合适的，只有这样才能学好语法，出人头地。这就是在世界上获得别人尊敬、为自己获得财富的途径。于是我被送到学校去读书。我年龄太小，不能领会学习的用处，如果我疏于学习，我就会挨打，因为传统上喜欢用责打来教育孩子。记

不清曾经有多少男孩为我们铺就了这条心酸的道路，并且我们也必须走过这条路，为亚当的子孙增添劳累和悲伤。

但是我们发现一些人向你祷告，主啊，并且我们效法他们做同样的事情，用我们唯一能够理解的方式来想象你，把你想象成某些能够倾听并帮助我们的大人物，尽管我们看不见你，听不到你，也触摸不到你。第一次向你祷告时我还很小，你是我的帮助者和避难所。我咿咿呀呀地向你祈求，尽管我还年幼，但我却很虔诚地祈求你不要让我在学校挨打。有时，为了我好，你不应允我的祷告，然后我的兄长甚至我的父母就会在我挨打时嘲笑我，他们当然不希望我受到伤害——在那些日子里挨打是我最大的恐惧。

[……]

11

在我还很小的时候就被告知，上帝屈尊来到我们这些骄傲的罪人中间，他给了我们永生的应许。作为一个望教者，我从出生起就经常被十字架的记号所祝福，并接受圣盐[1]的调理，主啊，我的母亲对你寄予了巨大的期望。我童年时曾因突犯胃病差点夭折。是你，我的主啊，在那时就守护着我，你看见我怀着多么热切强大的信仰，向我的母亲及我们全体的母亲——你的教会，乞求为我施行你的儿子基督——我的主、我的上帝的洗礼。我的生身之母深深地担忧，因为在她心中纯洁的信仰里，从我一出生起，她为使我获得永久的拯救比以往付出了更大的努力。要不是我很快康复，她就会急于看看我是否获准接受获救的圣事，并因承认你主耶稣，而得洁净，因你饶恕了我的罪。于是，我的受洗推迟了，总而言之，只要我继续活着，我必定会让自己重新沾染罪恶，受洗之后，沾染罪责后产生的负罪感就会更大、更危险。即便在那个年龄，我早已相信你，我的母亲和全家也都相信你，只有我父亲除外。但是，在我心中，他并没有超越我母亲的虔诚对我的影响，也没有因自己

依然不信仰基督而阻止我信仰基督。主啊，我母亲竭尽全力，让你做我的父亲，而不是他。在这种情况下，你帮助她扭转了对丈夫的态度，她原本一直很顺从丈夫的，因为顺从丈夫就是顺从你的律法，她因此表现出比丈夫更好的美德。

我的主啊，我问你——如果是你的旨意，我希望知道——我当时受洗被推迟的原因是什么？是否是为了我好，放松了让我免于犯罪的羁绊？或者，事实上并没有放松羁绊？要不然，为什么我时至今日还经常听见别人这样说："别管他，让他做吧，他不是还没有受洗吗？"但是当肉体的健康处于危险之中时，没有人会说："让他恶化下去，他还没有痊愈呢。"如果我马上被治愈，如果我和我的家人竭尽所能，确保我的灵魂一旦被拯救，我就会在你的庇护中获得安全，因为拯救是源于你的，这样不是更好吗？但是我母亲很清楚，我在成长过程中需要经历诸多风浪，但是她宁愿让不成形的泥土去接受敲打，而不是让那被盖上洗礼印章的、已完全的形象去接受敲打。

17

让我告诉你，我的主，我是怎样在各种愚蠢的妄想上滥用你给予我的心智的。我设立了一个很是困扰我的目标，如果我取得了成功，我会赢得赞誉；如果失败，我害怕蒙羞甚至挨打。我必须背诵朱诺[2]的一段话，这是她因无法阻止埃涅阿斯前往意大利，在痛苦和愤怒之下说的。我早已获悉朱诺没有真的说过这些话，但是我们不得不假装事实如此，并跟随诗人的幻想，把原来诗歌里表达的内容改编为散文。哪个孩子采用了最适合意义的文字，最恰当地表达了悲伤和愤怒的感情，表现了他所模仿的人物的威严，他就赢得了比赛。

主啊，这一切对我真正的生命而言有什么意义呢？为什么我的朗诵会比班上很多其他男孩赢得更多的赞誉呢？这一切都只不过是过眼云烟吗？还有别的方法可以用来训练我的智慧和口才吗？主啊，我原本可以

使用智慧和口才，用圣经上的语言来赞美你，那本是我心灵的支撑，可那时我却好像一株新生的葡萄枝，结出无意义的果实，仅供飞鸟啄食。向这些飞鸟、这些堕落天使献祭的方式可不止一种。

19

我小的时候就是站在这样一个世界的门槛上，面临着危险。我已经在准备应对各种挑战了，我接受一项训练，学会对语法错误深恶痛绝，而不是学会当自己犯了语法错误时，不要去嫉妒那些没犯错误的人。主啊，所有这一切，我都向你陈明，并向你忏悔。通过这些行为，我赢得了我所讨好的人的赞誉。因那时我以为，正确的生活方式就是如他们所愿地生活。我被蒙蔽了双眼，看不出邪恶的旋涡已经把我从你的眼前卷走。在你的眼中还有什么比那时的我更糟糕的呢？因为我甚至令那些我希望取悦的人头疼。我无数次地欺骗老师、家人和父母，因为我想玩游戏，或去看无益的表演，或是急于去模仿在舞台看到的场景。我甚至偷父母储藏室和餐桌上的东西，或是出于贪婪，或是为交换其他孩子所喜爱的玩具，他们也乐意与我交易。我与他们做游戏，为了当赢家，我经常搞欺骗，这仅仅是因为想赢的虚荣心浮上心头。当发现别人像我欺骗他们那样欺骗我时，我简直无法忍受，同他们激烈地争吵。同样，如果他们发现我搞欺骗并责备我时，我会勃然大怒，不愿退让。

这是儿童的天真无邪吗？主啊，不是这样的。但是我祈求你的原谅。长官和君主代替了家教和老师，胡桃和皮球及小鸟让位于金钱、地产和仆人，但是这些相同的激情依然保留下来，只是由生命的一个阶段进入到了下一个阶段，就像更严厉的惩罚代替了学校的戒尺。仅仅因为他们，所以你用小孩象征谦卑，我们的君王，你称赞说：“天国是属于他们的。”

20

主啊，即使你让我活不过童年，我也应该感谢你，因为你是我们的主，你是善的极致，宇宙的创造者和统治者。即便我只是作为一个小孩而存在，但我活着，我有感觉的能力，我有一种保护自身安全和完好的本能，保护我的存在，这是一个迹象，来自你这位独一的不可见者。我的内在感觉控制我身体的感觉，并保持它们完全的活力。而且即使在占据我思想的小事中，我也能因发现真理而快乐，我不喜欢被欺骗。我有良好的记忆力，我掌握了知识。我享受朋友的陪伴，并且远离痛苦、无知和悲伤。一个如此渺小的创造物得以拥有这么美好的品质，难道我还不应该感恩吗？但是它们都是上帝的礼物，不是给我自己的。他的礼物是好的，其总和就是我自己。因此，造我的上帝一定是善的，并且我身上所有的美善都是他的。我为着自己生命中的美善感谢他，赞美他，甚至为我童年中的美善也是如此。但是，我的罪在于，我不是从他那里，而是在我自己和其他受造物中，追寻享乐、美丽和真理，我因此陷入了痛苦、混乱和谬误。我的上帝是我的快乐，我的荣耀和我的信靠，我感谢你的赐予并祈求你为我保留它们。请继续保守我，使你的赐予增长并达致完美，我应该和你在一起，我的存在都是你赐予的。

第二卷

1

我现在必须回想我做过的极坏的事，那败坏了我灵魂的肉体之罪。主啊，我如此做不是我喜欢那些罪恶，而是为了爱你。因为爱你的爱，我将回顾那邪恶的过去。回忆是苦涩的，但是这将帮助我品尝你的甘甜，这甘甜不是欺骗性的，而是能带来真正的喜乐，并且永不消逝的。因为爱你的爱，我将从极大的堕落中重新找回自己，当我远离你时，这堕落将我撕碎，只有你是我本该追寻的，但我却因为许多不同的渴求而迷失了自己。我进入成年以后，因沉溺于地狱般的享乐而为欲望所驱使。我有勇无谋，迷失在纷繁复杂而又疯狂滋生的欲望中。在你看来，我的美丽褪去，我的灵魂腐烂发臭，然而我却满足于自身的状态，并力求取悦于人。

2

除了爱与被爱之外，我别无他求。但是我的爱超出了一个人对另一个人的感情，超出了友谊之光的纯度。肉体的欲望像泥沼，青春期的性欲在我身体里膨胀，冒出迷雾，遮蔽并暗淡了我的心灵，以致我不能从肉欲的阴暗中区别真爱的清晰光线。爱和肉欲在我体内混杂在一起。它们将我年轻的性情横扫至肉欲的悬崖边，企图将我淹没于罪恶的旋涡。你对我越来越愤怒，但我毫无意识。死亡的铁链已经发出响声，振聋发聩，这是你对我心灵骄傲的惩罚。我离你越来越远，你不约束我。我横冲直撞、不断摔跤，在淫乱的欲海中挣扎，你沉默不语。等到认识到你才是我真正的喜乐，这是一个多么漫长的过程啊！你在那时沉默，而我却偏行己路，渐行渐远，以自己的痛苦为骄傲，在疲惫中无法安息，播

下越来越多的种子，唯一收获的却只有悲伤。

[……]

3

在同一年中，我的学业被中断。我已经开始在附近的马都拉城[3]学习文法和雄辩术[4]，但是我被带回家，我的父亲，一个塔加斯特城普通公民，他的决定十分坚定，要省钱送我去更远的迦太基[5]。我不必将这一切向你陈明，我的上帝，然而当着你的面我要向我的同类讲述，告诉那些可能会拿起这本书来读的人，尽管人数很少。这是为了使我和读者都能够意识到我们在怎样的深渊中向你哭求。你的耳朵一定听见了那忧伤痛悔的心的哭求，这心持守着信仰而活着。

[……]

4

主啊，偷窃无疑会受到你的律法的惩罚，尽管他们都是罪人，但律法写在人们的心中并且不可能被擦掉。没有哪个小偷可以忍受另一个小偷对他的偷窃，即便他很有钱，而且另一个人是出于渴求的冲动。我之所以想偷窃，并去偷了，虽不是被匮乏驱使，无非是因为缺乏正义感，或是不喜欢正确的事情，并对做错事有一种贪婪的爱。我偷窃之前就已经拥有很多了，而且比那被偷的还好，我并不愿享受这些贪求而偷来的东西，而仅仅是享受犯罪和偷窃本身。我家葡萄园附近有一棵梨树，结满了果子，无论是看起来还是尝起来都很诱人。一个深夜，包括我在内的一群无赖去把果子都摇下来带走，我们在外继续游玩直到深夜，这是我们的恶习。我们带走了大量的梨，自己没有吃，而是扔给了猪。也许我们吃了一些，但是我们真正的快乐是做了被禁止的事情。

[……]

6

如果16岁的那天晚上我犯下的偷窃罪行是一个活生生的事实，我会对它说并问，到底我爱这可耻之事里面的什么？我毫无美善，因这是强盗行径。而我们所偷的梨是美的，因为它们是你所创造的，良善的天父，你是所有存在中最美的，是所有事物的创造者，是最高的善和我自己真正的善。那梨不是我闷闷不乐的心灵所渴求的。我有很多比这更好的东西，我偷梨只是为了偷窃。我把梨刚摘下来就扔掉了，我吃的只是我的罪，我品尝并享受着这种罪。如果这些梨中的任何一个经过我的口，那都是罪的味道。

[……]

那时，在偷窃中让我感到愉快的是什么呢？难道是用堕落的和邪恶的方式来模仿我主的能力？因为我没有真正的能打破他的律法，于是我享受表面上这样做，就像囚犯不惧怕惩罚的时候，在对权力持有虚弱的幻觉之下，通过做错事来为他制造一种虚幻的自由？这是一个奴隶，从主人那里逃跑，转而去追逐自己的影子！这多么令人厌恶啊！这是对生活多么拙劣的模仿！这是多么难以测度的死亡啊！除了那是错事以外，还能找到任何别的原因让我以做错事为乐吗？

第三卷

1

我去了迦太基，发现自己置身于一口嘶嘶作响的欲望大锅之内。我还没有坠入爱河，但是我渴求爱，并且当我感到失去了什么时，我会憎恨自己没有去热烈地满足这种需求。我环顾四周寻找爱的目标，因为我极度渴望爱上某物。我不喜欢脚下没有陷阱的人生，尽管我真正的需要是你，我的上帝，我心灵的食粮，我还没有意识到这种饥饿。我没有对不朽的食粮的需要，不是因为我已经拥有了，而是因为我越是饥饿，食粮越是不好吃。为此，我的灵魂病了，我得了溃疡，并且极力寻找一些物质的东西，也就是说，企图用世界的方法，来解决溃疡引起的瘙痒。但是物质是没有灵魂的，不能作为我爱的真正对象。渴求爱与被爱是我心中的欲望，如果能够享受爱我之人的肉体，对当时的我而言，那将是最美的事。

[……]

3

然而，你的仁慈总是在高处信实地庇护着我。我在堕落和渎神的好奇心中筋疲力尽。我离弃你，沉入怀疑主义的最底层，还模仿魔鬼式的崇拜。我的罪是给魔鬼的献祭，为了这一切你责罚我。我竟然冒犯你，在教堂举行你神秘的盛典之时，我竟充满肉欲的思想，并从中获得满足。因这一行为我理应被判处死刑，你用重重的鞭挞惩罚我。但是与我的罪相比，这惩罚算不得什么。主啊！你的慈爱是多么的无限，你是我所经之极危险之境的避难所，就是当我在高处走，却执意后退、更加远离你的时候。我喜欢我自己的方式，而不是你的，但我所爱的这种自由

是不负责任的自由。

除了这些追求以外，我也学习法律。这样的抱负是被尊崇的，我决定继续下去。我越是无耻，我就越有名，人们都瞎了眼，以致以其瞎眼为荣。那时我在雄辩学校名列前茅。我很满意自己高高在上的状态并且傲慢自大。尽管如此，主啊，你很清楚，我的行为比“破坏分子”安静很多，“破坏分子”是对喜欢恶作剧的人的称呼，这是当时流行的称号。我不参与他们突发的暴力行径，但我和他们在一起生活，我还有一些羞耻感，毕竟我不像他们。我与他们为伍，也经常从这种友谊中找到乐子，但是当他们做那些符合他们的称号的事情时，我也总会感到可怕。胆小的新人即便不招惹他们，他们也会捉弄他，无端地冒犯其尊严并以此为乐，并将其尴尬作为恶意玩笑的素材。如果这不是魔鬼自己的行为，也离魔鬼不远了。“破坏分子”是一个适合于他们的名字，他们放荡不羁，并完全伤害了他们自己。他们喜欢嘲笑和作弄别人，对别人设下魔鬼的秘密圈套，而这实则也是在嘲笑和作弄他们自己。

4

这些就是我在那个易动感情的年龄学习雄辩术时的同伴。我的抱负是成为一个优秀的演说家，为了满足人类虚荣心这个渎神且愚蠢的目的。西塞罗[6]的一部作品因着其中所宣扬的精神，成了我必修课的一本读物。几乎人人都崇拜他的作品。这本书的书名是《荷尔顿西乌斯》（Hortensuu），它建议读者学习哲学，它改变了我对人生的看法，使我转而向你祷告，主啊，它还给了我新的希望和理想。我所有空虚的梦在瞬间失去了魅力，我的心开始为永恒真理所搏动，这真理有迷惑人的激情。我开始从自己的沉沦中爬出来，希望重新回到你的身边。我不是用书作为我的磨刀石来使我变得伶牙俐齿。我之所以被它吸引不是因为形式而是内容，虽然母亲付给我的学费本来是要花在我的口才训练上的。我那时已经19岁了，她还供养我，因为父亲两年前已经去世。

[……]

但是，我心灵的光明，你知道在那个时候，尽管对保罗[7]的话我还一无所知，唯一让我高兴的事情就是西塞罗在书中建议不要简单崇拜哲学流派中的这个人或那个人，而是要爱智慧本身，无论它是什么，都要去探寻它、追求它、拥有它，并牢牢地将它占据。这些话使我感到万分激动并在我心中燃起了烈火。只是在这燃烧的热情中没有提到基督的名字。主啊，出于你的怜悯，从母亲哺育我时，我婴儿的内心就已经恭敬地吮吸了他的名字，你儿子的名字，我的救主。在我内心深处，他的名字保留着，无论有多少学问，多么正确清晰的表达，除非他的名字在里面，否则没有什么能够完全俘获我。

5

于是我下决心研究《圣经》，看一下这到底是什么书。我发现某些东西不是骄傲之人能够理解的，也不是小孩子可以掌握的。他的步伐是谦卑的，但是他所达到的高度是壮丽的。他被神秘所包裹，我不是有进入资格的人，也不是可以低头遵从他引导的人。但是当我第一次读《圣经》时，我有一种前所未有的感觉。对我来说，他们好像根本不值得与西塞罗庄严的散文相比，因为我太自负以致不能接受《圣经》的质朴，并且也没有足够的洞察力去穿透其深度。无疑，《圣经》的意义是随着孩子的成长而丰满起来的。但是我太骄傲了，以致不能把自己叫作小孩。我被自尊所填满，这使得我认为自己是一个伟大的人。

11

但是你从高天中伸手帮助我，从黑暗的深渊中将我的灵魂拯救。因为我的母亲，你虔诚的仆人，为了我向你哭诉，为我灵性的死亡比其他失去儿子肉身的母亲流了更多的眼泪。根据你给她的信仰精神，她视我如死亡一般。你听到她的哭泣，并没有因为她流泪而鄙视她，这些眼泪

落下来，浇灌着她在各地祈祷时脸所贴近的土地。你聆听她，不然我怎样解释你安慰她的梦，故而她同意与我一同居住并与我同桌吃饭呢？在这之前她是拒绝这样做的，因为她厌恶并回避我错误信仰导致的渎神行为。

她梦见她站在一把木尺上，一个闪着神圣光芒的青年向她走来，尽管她自己悲伤得难以承受，然而那青年却快乐地向她微笑。青年问她每天悲伤流泪的原因，之所以问她不是因为他不知道，而是因为他有一些事情要告诉她，而这些事是他在异象中看见的。当她告诉青年，她是为了她唯一的儿子所丧失的灵魂而流泪时，青年告诉母亲要留意观察，如果她仔细观察的话，她将看见她在哪里，我就在哪里。于是她照着青年的话去做，果然她看见我正站在她的旁边，在同一把尺子上。

这个梦会从哪里来，除非你听了她内心的祷告？你的善是有大能的。你看顾我们每一个人，好像在你的关心中没有其他人，你看顾每一个人时也在看顾所有人。无疑，正是因为相同的原因，当她告诉我那个梦，我试图把它解释为她不用为我某一天成为那个样子而绝望时，母亲毫不犹豫地回答说：“不！他没有说‘他在哪里，你就在哪里’，而是说‘你在哪里，他就在哪里’。”

[……]

12

我记得当时你给了她另一个关于她祷告的回答，有一些无关的事情我忘记了，而且我要省略很多，因为我急于略去其他的事情，我急于向你忏悔。

你通过你的一个教士给了她回答，那个主教一生都住在教堂，并且熟悉《圣经》经文。我的母亲请他来与我谈一谈，或许他可以驳斥我的

错误，把罪从我心中驱除，并用善来取代。当他发现合适的学生时他经常这样做，但是他拒绝为我这样做——这是一个明智的决定，我后来意识到这一点。他告诉我母亲我还没有达到接受这种教导的程度，因为就像母亲告诉主教的一样，我正因新近接受的异端思想而骄傲，并且用几个难题难倒了好些学问不高的人。主教说："让他一个人待着吧，你只要向上帝祷告就可以了，他在阅读中会发现自己的错误和不虔诚的。"

同时，他告诉母亲，当他还是孩子的时候，他那迷失方向的母亲把儿子交给了摩尼教。他不仅读遍了摩尼教的书籍，还把它们抄写下来，没有任何人与他争论或是规劝他，他便自我觉醒，意识到必须离开这个教派，后来就真的离开了。听了这些之后，母亲依然不能平静，还是泪如泉涌地苦苦哀求他与我谈一谈。最后主教都有点不耐烦了，说道："请走吧，就这样了，你流了这么多泪，你是不会失去你的儿子的。"

几年后，当我与母亲谈话时，她常说当时她是将这些话当作来自天国的信息来接受的。

第四卷

1

在接下来的9年中，从我19岁到28岁，我迷失了自己，反过来也误导了别人。我们是一样的骗子，并且我们利用各自不同的目标和野心进行欺骗，当我们详细解释那些所谓的人文思想时，这都是公开的，而在我们为所谓的宗教服务时却是秘密的。我们在公开场合很自信，私下里却很迷信，在任何地方都是空虚和无意义的。一方面我们追求无意义的流行盛名和观众的喝彩、诗歌的荣誉及比赛中转瞬即逝的花环。我们喜爱舞台上悠闲的消遣和不被约束的自我放纵。另一方面我们渴望通过向神圣选民的献祭，以净化这些低级的享乐，像他们说的那样，在他们肠胃的作坊中将这些东西加工成天使和神灵，使我们得到拯救。这就是我追求的目标，我和像我一样的朋友都在同样的幻象之下完成自己的事情，而且也与我犯同样的错误。

[……]

2

那时，我是一名讲授雄辩术的教师。对钱财的欲望征服了我，我又通过出售教人在论辩中取胜的技巧征服其他人。但是，主啊，你知道，我宁愿拥有最诚实的学生，即使当今诚实没有任何意义，我教会他们狡诈时并没有恶意，我从来不希望他们利用狡诈去伤害无辜的人；相反，如果时机合适，我希望他们去拯救有罪的人。我的上帝啊，你从远处看见我以这种背信弃义的理由失去了自己的立足之地，但是透过云雾，你依然看见我内心闪耀着美好信仰的火花。因为，虽然我在教导我的学生时，仅仅煽动他们做徒劳的设计，耍欺骗的伎俩，但是我竭尽全力踏踏

实实地教他们。

在这些日子里，我与一个女人同居，她不是我合法的妻子，而是一个情妇，我之所以选择她，是因为我不安的欲望可以在她身上得到慰藉。但是她是我的唯一，而且我很忠实于她。与她同居的经验使我发现，婚姻盟约的约束与性伴侣间讨价还价的制约不同，前者是为生儿育女而缔结的，而在后者关系中，孩子的出生是双方最不情愿的，尽管当真的有了孩子时，他们不得不爱他们。

12

如果这个世界的事物令你愉悦，为着它们赞美上帝吧，但要从它们那里转移你的爱，而把爱献给创造者，好让沉浸于这些美好的事情中的你不会令他不快。如果你的快乐在于灵魂，在上帝里爱他们吧，因为灵魂太脆弱了，唯有当灵魂紧紧抓住上帝，才能坚定不移。他们如果不这样做，就只能走自己的路而最终迷路。爱他们吧，并且在上帝里努力引导他们归向上帝吧。告诉他们："我们应该爱上帝，他创造了世界，并且上帝并不遥远。"他创造这个世界之后，并没有抛下这个世界不管。这个世界就是他创造的，而世界也是因他而存在的。哪里有真理，上帝就在哪里。他在我们内心的最深处，但是我们的心却远离他。仔细想想吧，叛逆的心灵，抓住这个创造你们的主。与他站在一起你就不会跌倒，在他里面安息，你就会感到平安。在你面前有什么样的障碍和陷阱？你的脚步把你引向何方？你所喜爱的美好事物都来自上帝，但是这些东西只有在你按照上帝的意愿来使用的时候才是美好的。如果抛开上帝而错误地去爱它们，它们就会理所当然地转为苦涩。你为什么选择游荡在这艰苦而辛劳的路上呢？在其上你找不到可安息的地方。在死亡的土地上你试图找到一份幸福的生活，可是幸福的生活不在那儿。没有生命的地方怎么让生活幸福呢？

我们的生命（Life）他自己来到这个世界，带走了我们的死亡。他

用他丰盛的生命扭转了死亡，他发出雷鸣般的声音让我们从这个世界回到他的天国。他从天上来到我们中间，先是进入童贞女马利亚的子宫，在那里，我们凡人的肉体与他结合，就永远也不会死亡。然后他如新郎走出洞房一般，又如勇士欣然奔向前程。他不是在路上徘徊而是奔跑，呼唤我们回到他身边，用他的言语和行为呼唤我们，通过他的生命和死亡，通过他降到地狱又升入天堂，来呼唤我们。他离开我们的视线，好让我们转向内心并在那里找到他。他离开我们，但是他又与我们在一起。他也许没有与我们相伴，但他却从未离开我们。他回到他从来没有离开过的地方，因为通过他，这个世界得以被造，他存在于这个世界，他来到这世界是为了拯救罪人。我的灵魂向他忏悔，他是医治者，因为过犯是针对他的。人类的子孙啊，你们心灵还要愚顽多久？你的生命来自天国，你们还不愿意随他上升而活吗？然而，如果你们还站在高位并且争闹声上达天庭，你们如何上升呢？从这些高处下来，这个时候你才会攀到上帝那儿。如果你们上升却又对抗上帝，就会跌落下来。

[……]

13

那时我不明白这个道理。我爱上了低级的美丽，这种美丽使我沉沦。我经常问我的朋友：“我们会爱上任何不美丽的东西吗？到底什么是美，美是由什么组成的？到底是什么在吸引我们，并超过我们所爱的事物？除非在它们里面有美丽和优雅，否则它们没有能力赢得我们的心。”当我看一个东西时，我发现，事物本身整体的美和与其他事物搭配所形成的和谐之美有所不同，就好比身体的一部分相对于整个身体，或者是鞋子相对于穿鞋的脚。这一观念从我心中迸发，就像水从泉中涌出一样。我的大脑被这种观念填满，我写了一本书，名叫《美与适宜》，我记得大约有两三卷。主啊，你知道有多少卷，但是我已经忘记了，因为这书很快就弄丢了，我再也没有找到。

14

主啊，我的上帝，是什么原因促使我把书献给罗马伟大的雄辩家希埃利乌斯[8]呢？我从来没有见过他，但我敬佩他学识上的赫赫名气，并且深深地被他的演讲所打动。甚至除此以外，别人对他的崇拜都能给我留下深刻的印象。人们对他赞不绝口，因为他实在非同寻常。他生在叙利亚，最初训练用希腊语演讲，后来成为著名的拉丁语演说家，在哲学上也很有造诣。

如果我们听见人们赞美一个素未谋面的人，我们会敬佩他，但这并不意味着仅仅听到对他的赞美就使得我们敬佩他。然而，一个人的热情会点燃另一个人同样的热情之火。我们听到别人称赞一个人时，只有相信那些赞语是真心话，我们才会仰慕他，换句话说，就是真心称赞的人会仰慕他自己称赞的那个人。

[……]

但是希埃利乌斯是我仰慕其才华的那种人，我很希望拥有那样的才华。我的骄傲使我到处漂游，随风飘荡。你像一个舵手一样引导我，但是你驾驶的航线超出了我的理解。我现在知道，并且可以坦然承认，我仰慕希埃利乌斯，与其说是因为别人称赞他，不如说是因为他那些受到称赞的成就。我了解到这一点，是因为那同样的一群人不但不会称赞他，反而毁谤他。他们可能同样会说出他的一些才能，但又会吹毛求疵，鄙视那些才能。如果他们这样做，我的感情就不会被激发，我的仰慕之情也不会被点燃。然而，他的品质没有变化，他本人也没有什么不同。唯一不同的是他们对待他的态度。

我们可以从中看出灵魂是软弱无力的，除非它抓住了坚固的真理之石。人们表达自己的意见，但那只是他们自己的意见，像一阵阵风把灵魂吹向这里、吹到那里，晕头转向。光被遮蔽住了，使真理不被看见，

尽管真理就在我们眼前。在我看来，带上我的书及我完成的工作，可以引起这位大人物的注意，这对我而言是非常重要的。如果他欣赏我的作品，我的热情会更加高涨。如果他发现了缺点，我那空虚又缺失上帝坚定真理的心，一定会遭受到严重的打击。然而，我在思考“美与适宜”的问题时深得其乐，我把这本书献给了他。尽管再没有别的人欣赏这本书，但我却引以为豪。

15

[……]

我挣扎着去接近你，但是你把我推了回来，让我品尝死亡的滋味。因为你拒斥骄傲的人。我居然在奇怪的疯狂中宣称，我就是来自你的本性，还有什么比这更狂妄的呢？我很善变，我自己知道。如果我想成为一个有学识的人，这只是意味着我想要精益求精。同样地，我宁愿认为你也是善变的，也不愿相信我与你不同。这就是你拒绝我并粉碎了我膨胀的骄傲的原因，那时，我的想象力继续停留在物质形式之上。尽管我谴责肉欲，我自己却是一个充满肉欲和血气的人。我像呼出的气息一样善变，无法再回到你身边。我四处漂泊，努力走向在你那儿并不存在的事物，或是在我自己或在我体内不存在的事物。这些事物不是通过你的真理而为我创造的，它们只是我愚蠢的想象力作用于具体物质的结果。尽管我不知道，我从上帝之城属于我的地盘中被驱逐出来，在上帝忠诚的孩子——我的同胞中流放。但是我只会空谈，并愚蠢地问他们：“如果像你们说的，上帝创造了灵魂，为什么灵魂会犯错？”主啊，于是过去我宁愿认为你不变的本质是被迫犯错，而不愿承认我自己是善变的，并且由于自由意志而犯错，那错误就是对我的惩罚。

[……]

16

我20岁的时候，拿到一本亚里士多德的《论十个范畴》。我迦太基的老师和被誉为著名学者的人提到这本书时，他们的脸上出现妄自尊大的表情，所以书名本身就足以让我目瞪口呆，就像我因一些奇妙的神秘而惊呆。那时我试图独自去阅读和理解这本书，虽然如今我问自己那样做我得到了什么益处。其他人告诉我，他们经历了重重困难才理解这本书，而且此前最博学的大师不仅给他们作了字面解释，还用大量图表来阐释。但是当我与他们讨论时，他们能够告诉我的不过是我通过自己的阅读已经发现了的东西。

[……]

我独立阅读和理解所有我能够找到的所谓自由学科的书籍，因为那时我一无是处，而且是一个有着肮脏野心的奴隶。我从中得到了什么呢？我阅读那些书时感到很愉悦，但却不知道书中确定无疑的事实的真正来源。我背对着光，我的脸朝向被它照亮的事物，于是我用来看光下的事物的眼睛却是黑暗的。不需要太多的努力和老师的指导，我就能理解所阅读的所有东西：辩论术、逻辑、地理、音乐及数学。哦，主啊，我的上帝，你是知道的，一个人理解迅速并且感知敏锐，是因为你给予他这些天赋。但是因为我没有把天赋奉献给你，我努力地将其大部分变成自己的能力，而不是为了你积蓄力量，我离开了你往远方去，挥霍你爱的赐予，并把它们换成了金钱。这么做坏处比益处大得多。如果不好好利用，能力对我有何益处呢？我拥有的能力，只有在我竭力教授给别人之后，我才意识到这些学科是很难掌握的，甚至对于勤奋、聪慧的学生也是一样，一个可以一贯地遵循我的教导的学生就可以被看作一名非常好的学者。

然而，如果我只是认为你，主，上帝，真理本身，是一个光明的、无限的身体，我只是其中掉出的一小块，那么我从阅读中能获得什么价值呢？这完全是歪曲真理！然而这曾经就是我的信仰。现在我可以毫不

脸红地承认，主啊，你对我的怜悯，我不会命令你来帮助我，就像那些日子我大言不惭地去亵渎你，像一只狗一样对你狂吠。我聪慧的价值是什么？它可以带着这些学科大步向前，而且，所有的书，它们所缠绕的问题，我可以不用任何人类导师的帮助就可以解开，在你爱的教义中，我迷失在最丑陋的错误和邪恶的渎神行为中。你虔诚的孩子理解这些比我缓慢，可这是他们大的缺点吗？他们并没有抛弃你，而是在你教堂的安全巢穴中长大，将对你的信心作为食物来哺育他们仁慈的翅膀，这信心将拯救他们。

上帝，我们的主啊，让你翅膀的庇护给我们希望，保护我们并支持我们。你将支持我们，从儿时直到我们的头发变白都支持我们。当你是我们的力量时，我们强壮，但是当力量是我们自己的时候，我们便软弱，在你里面我们的善永远得到护佑，当我们偏离至善时，我们就转向了邪恶。主啊，让我们最终能回到你的家中，不要让我们迷路。我们的善在你那里得到护佑，不会出现问题，因为那就是你自己。我们也不担心没有我们可以返回的家园。我们曾经从中失落，但是我们的家园是你的永恒，它永远不会失落，因为我们已经离开罪恶。

第五卷

1

主啊，请接受我的忏悔。他们是通过我的唇舌献上的祭物，因为是你亲手造了它，是你的灵使它感动承认你的名。请医治我的百骨，并让它们说：主啊，谁能像你呢？

如果一个人向你忏悔，他不吐露内心最深处的想法，似乎以为你不知道那些想法。心灵也许会封闭，却不能遮蔽你的视线。人的心可能是坚硬的，却不能阻挡你双手的触摸。无论何时，只要你愿意，你的仁慈或惩罚都能使人的心变得柔软，就像没有人能躲避阳光一样，没有人能够躲避你燃烧的热量。让我的灵魂赞美你，彰显你的爱。让它公开承认你的慈爱，让它赞美你的仁慈。你所创造的都不停息地齐声赞美你。人们向你祈祷，他们的灵魂赞美你。动物、无生命的事物也一样，也都因着我们对它们的思考而通过我们的口舌来赞美你。因为我们的心灵从你创造的事物中获得供给，让我们可以克服弱点并提升到你的高度，同时利用它们来帮助我们回归你的身边，是你使这些事物变得妙不可言。我们因你而得到重塑，并找到真正的力量。

3

在我的上帝面前，我将描述我29岁的时光。

有一个叫作福斯图斯的摩尼教[9]主教，最近到了迦太基。他简直就是一个从魔鬼那儿来的诈骗者，很多人都被他演讲时迷人的姿态所吸引。这自然是我所仰慕的，但是我开始学会去区别这仅仅是雄辩还是我渴望学习的真理。摩尼教徒对这个叫福斯图斯的人谈论了很多，而我只

想看看他要向我呈现什么学问，我并不关心他使用什么言辞来修辞。我已经听说他在所有高级学问中很擅长使用言辞，特别是在自由科学方面。

我曾读过许多科普书籍，现在对这些书依然记忆犹新。当我把这些知识与摩尼教单调的故事进行比较时，对我来说，二者之中的科学理论似乎更接近真理。因为他们的思想可延展至足够远，从而对他们周边的世界作出判断，虽然他们对世界之主一无所知。而你，主啊，你高高在上，以赞许的眼光观看卑微的众生，却从远处藐视骄傲的人。你只与那些内心谦卑的人亲近。而那些骄傲的人，虽然他们通过学习能够计算星星和海沙的数目，能够测量星座的位置和行星运行的轨迹，他们却找不到你。

[……]

6

大约有9年的时间，我的心摇摆不定。我是摩尼教的追随者，我极热切地期待着福斯图斯的到来。这个教派的教徒不能回答我提出的问题，但他们安慰我说，一旦福斯图斯到来，我就可以与他讨论，对于这些问题和我可能提出的更难的问题，他会毫不费力地给予一个明确的解答。

[……]

我对福斯图斯长久热切的期盼有了丰厚的回报，他确定了辩论题目并表现出好意。他很容易就能找到合适的词来展现他的思想，这让我惊喜。我不是唯一为此鼓掌的人，当然我鼓掌的次数可能比谁都多。但是我发现这很累人，当很多人聚在一起听他演讲时，我不能够接近他去请教我的问题，而且也不能在他的面前作友好的问答式交流。一旦有机

会，我和朋友们就会吸引他的注意，尽管那并不是适宜私人交谈的场合。我提出了我的一些疑问，但是很快发现除了一些文学基础知识外，他没有什么学识。他仅读过一点西塞罗的演讲、一两本塞内加[10]的书、一些诗歌，以及他的教友用很美的拉丁文写成的书。除了日常的演讲训练外，这些读物是他雄辩的基础，也是他增加魅力，完善他那吸引人的人格和充分运用精神力量的基础。

[……]

7

当我发现福斯图斯对那些我以为他精通的领域一无所知时，便不再期待他能解决那些困扰我的问题。当然，尽管他在这些事情上是无知的，他依然是一个十分虔诚的人，只可惜他是一个摩尼教徒。摩尼教的书充满了对天空、星辰、太阳和月亮故事长篇累牍的编造。我十分希望福斯图斯能把这些与我在其他书中学到的算数对比一下，从而我可以判断摩尼教的理论是否更可能是真理，或者至少同样可能是真理，但是我开始意识到他不能给我一个详细的解释。当我建议应该考虑这些问题并可以一起讨论时，他非常谦虚，并且拒绝了。他知道他无法回答我的问题，并且不羞于承认这一点，不像其他我不得不容忍的健谈者，当他无话可说时，他不会试图给我上课。他有一颗心，尽管他寻找你的方式是错误的，但他并非不慎重。他没有完全意识到他的局限性，并且不想仓促地加入一场辩论，因为这种辩论可能迫使他处于他无法维持也无法轻易退出的局面。我反而因此更喜欢他了，因为对于心智而言，谦逊和坦诚是很好的装备，胜过我希望拥有的科学知识。我发现他对所有困难和深奥的问题的态度都是一样的。

[……]

于是，不经意间，这个吸引了许多人的福斯图斯如今开始将我从困

境中解救出来。主啊，冥冥之中你指引的手没有丢弃我。我母亲日夜向你流泪，并为了我，将她的心血献上为祭，但是你引领我走在最奇妙的路上。主啊，是你引导了我，因为若一个人前进的步伐受到主的指引，他无疑会坚定不移。除了你的手之外，还有什么可以拯救我们，还有什么可以重新塑造你所创造的呢？

8

那时，在你的指引下，我被说服去罗马，在那儿教授我在迦太基所教的科目。

[……]

9

在罗马，我被疾病所击倒，几乎坠入地狱，背负着我对你犯下的罪，对自己犯下的罪，对其他人犯下的罪，一系列严重的罪行超过了原罪的总和，在罪里面我们和亚当都死了。那时你还没有在基督里宽恕我犯下的罪中的任何一条，在他的十字架上，你也还没有化解我因罪给你带来的敌意。如果你仅仅是我认为的一个幻象的话，那么你如何在十字架上化解这种敌意？到那时为止，我认为基督身体的死亡不是真的，而我自己灵魂的死亡却是真实的。因着对他死亡的怀疑，我的灵魂和生命是虚假的，而他身体的死亡却是真实的。

[……]

如果我死在那个国家，我母亲的心所受到的打击将永远也不会康复。言语无法表达她是多么爱我，她为我灵性的重生所承受的焦虑远远大于她生产我时的痛苦。如果我在那种情况下死去，无法想象她会怎样恢复过来，因我的死会刺透她那爱我的心。那么她经常做的恒久、迫切祷告的对象是谁呢？是你，除你以外没有别人。但是，你这位满有怜悯

的主啊，你会鄙视这守贞寡妇从内心深处发出的悔恨、卑微的声音吗？她总是乐于施舍，积极为你的圣徒们效劳，每天都要到你的祭坛献祭，从不间断。她每天早晚去教堂两次，毫无例外。她并不是去听那些空洞的故事和老妇人的闲言碎语，而是去听你的教导，并且你也能听到她的祷告。在你的恩典中，她成就了自身，你能拒绝帮助她吗？或者，当她不要求金银或任何转瞬即逝的好处，而是请求你拯救她儿子的灵魂，你会鄙视她的眼泪吗？主啊，你绝不会这么做的。不，你在那儿听她的祷告，并按照你的时间做你决定做的事情。你一定不会在梦境和答复中欺骗她。在她虔敬的心中牢牢地记住这些我在上文中曾经提到的和没有提到的梦境和答复，好像得到你亲手书写的手谕一样，在祈祷时念念不忘，反复地对你提及。因为你的慈爱永远长存，在你的应许中，你屈尊为这些免除了所有债务的人做一个负债者。

10

所以，是你医好了我的疾病。你使你仆人的儿子的身体恢复健康，让他可以活着从你那里接受另一个更好、更确定的健康。

[……]

12

我开始积极地教授文法和雄辩术，这是我来罗马的目的。起初我在家里教，我招收了一些之前就听说过我的学生，通过他们我开始小有名气。但是我开始意识到在罗马有困难，而这困难在非洲是不会有的。千真万确的是，我发现这里没有小流氓闹事，但却听说，有一群学生会不断地搞集体阴谋以逃避支付他们导师的费用，或是投身到另外一个老师门下。他们是相当无耻的，与喜爱金钱相比，正义对于他们一文不值。我内心憎恨他们，而且不是没有私心的憎恨，我认为，我憎恨他们，更多是因为我对他们难以忍受，而不仅是他们对教师所犯的错误。……我

依然憎恶这些偏执和思想扭曲的学生，但是我也爱他们，希望教导他们从而改变他们，让他们学会爱学习胜过爱金钱，并学会爱你，他们的上帝，因为你是真理、永不止息的善的源头和最圣洁的和平者。但是在这些日子里，我是因为害怕他们可能会给我带来伤害而讨厌他们，而不是因为你的缘故希望他们回归正路。

13

于是，当罗马的执政官收到一封来自米兰的信，要求为米兰找一位文法和雄辩老师，而且答应旅行的费用会由公共资金来负担的时候，我申请了这个职位，并且那些深陷在摩尼教的愚昧中的教友还推荐了我。尽管当时没有人知道，但这个旅行意味着我与他们的联系结束。最后执行官西马库斯安排了一场考试，他们认可了我的能力，并将我送去了米兰。

在米兰，我找到了你热心的仆人安波罗修主教，他因出众的品行而闻名于世。那时，他那极有天赋的唇舌不厌其烦地宣传你粮食的充裕、你圣油的喜乐和你让人清醒又沉醉的酒。我不知道，是你把我引向他，我以为是他引导我到了你那里。这位圣人作为主教，像父亲一样接待我，告诉我他是多么高兴我来了。我的心被他温暖，仅仅是这个人对我表示了友善，并非因为他是真理的教师，我已经对能在教会中找到这样的人感到绝望了。他向人们布道时，尽管带着不恰当的目的，我都仔细聆听。我当时的目的是凭自己去判断那些对他演讲能力的谈论是否正确，或是他的口才是否与我所听说的那样的好。于是，当我全神贯注地听他所使用的词时，我对主题就十分不感兴趣，甚至鄙视它。我对他迷人的演讲无比喜爱，虽然他是一位比福斯图斯更有学识的演讲者，但却没有那样流畅和风度翩翩。我仅仅说的是他的风格，但就内容来说，他却是举世无双的。福斯图斯在摩尼教的谬误中迷失了，而安波罗修则最确定无疑地教授关于拯救的教义。但你的仁慈不为罪人所知晓，正如当

时的我，虽然正无意间一步一步地走向你。

14

虽然我不难明白安波罗修所讲的内容，但我仅仅关注他表达的方式，那是我当时的唯一兴趣，因为我已经不再相信人类能够找到通向你的道路。与我所欣赏的演讲方式不可分割的是演讲的主题，我视其无足轻重，可也无法将这二者分开。我全神贯注地学习他的演讲方式，并且开始意识到他所说的真理和事实。尽管这是一个渐近的过程。最初打动我的是，他所讲的东西还是有道理的。于是我开始相信基督宗教，我曾经认为基督宗教不可能驳斥摩尼教，可特别当我听完一段《旧约》的解释后，就改变了之前的看法。当我从字面上理解时，这些字句是死的，但一旦我听到它们的灵性意义，我就开始为我的绝望而责备自己，起码在那之前，这种绝望曾使我以为无法面对那些憎恨、嘲弄上帝律法和先知的人。但是我没有感觉到我只需走基督宗教的道路，因为它已经有了有学识的人，准备为它担保并不会在回答反对意见时失声。另外，我认为我自己的信念不应该受到谴责，因为两边的观点势均力敌。我认为基督宗教方面没有被打败，但也没有获胜。

下一步，我竭尽全力找到一些证明摩尼教谬误的证据。如果我能够构想出一种精神实体，那么他们的观点就会在瞬间被推翻，被我的思想拒绝。但是我做不到如此。不过，我对物质世界和整个自然思考得越多，尽可能通过我们的身体来感知，我愈加细查各种理论，越多地开始认为大多数哲学家的观点可能是正确的。于是，把所有的事情都当作疑问来对待，像学园派通常的做法那样，在教义与教义之间不作判断，我至少已经下决心要离开摩尼教，我在游移不定中徘徊，我认为继续留在摩尼教是不正确的，因为我发现一些哲学家的见解更有道理。然而，我完全拒绝相信这些哲学家可以医治我生病的灵魂，因为他们忽略了拯救人的基督之名。我决定在基督大公教会保留慕道友的身份，这是我父母

所希望的，至少保留到我可以清晰地看见一束光引导我的脚步之前。

第六卷

1

主啊，我年轻时的希望，你这段时间在哪里？你为了躲避我而藏在哪里？难道不是你创造了我，使我与行走在大地上的野兽不同，也比天上的飞鸟更聪慧吗？然而，我在黑暗中走在危险的路上。我在自身之外的地方寻找你，在自己的心中也找不到你。我深入到海底。我丧失了所有信仰，并且对能够找到真理而感到绝望。

但是我母亲现在来到我这里，她的虔诚给了她力量，为追寻我而穿越陆地和海洋，用对你的坚定信仰来面对所有的危险。当船在危险中，是她安慰了全体船员的心，正是这些人在不习惯大海的乘客感到震惊时，转而安慰他们。她许诺他们将平安到达，因为你在异象中给了她应许。并且她发现我也处于严重的危险中，因为我对能寻找到真理感到绝望。我告诉她，我不是一个基督宗教徒，但是至少我不再是摩尼教徒了。可她没有高兴得跳起来，即便这个消息是出乎意料的。实际上，在这个程度上，她对我的担忧已经减轻了。在她向你的祷告中，她为我哭泣，好像我已经死了一样，但是她也知道你将唤醒我的生命。在她的心中，我被放在停尸架上，放到你的面前，等着你对这个寡妇的儿子说："年轻人，我吩咐你起来。"然后，他便起来开始说话，接着你把他重新还给他母亲。于是当她听到她日复一日的祷告和眼泪，在最后，在很大程度上得到了回报时，她没有感觉到涌动的喜乐，她的心跳也没有加快。因我已经从错误中被解救出来，虽然我还没有抓住真理。可事实却相反，她确信，如果你已经应许她一切，你也会将剩余的应许给她。她心中充满了对你的信心，她很平静地告诉我，在基督里，她相信，在她离世之前一定会看到我成为虔诚的基督宗教徒。这是她告诉我的。但

是对你，那所有怜悯之源泉，她流尽眼泪，更加热诚地祷告，只求你加快你的帮助并在黑暗中给我光明。她比以前更热切地去教堂，并全神贯注地听安波罗修讲道。对于她来说，安波罗修的话像她心里的活水，不断地涌流到永生。她将他看作上帝的天使般爱戴。因为她已经知道，通过他，我从原来的状态被引到目前这种不确定的摇摆状态。母亲确信我会走过这一状态，这种状态会把我从疾病引向健康，但是在我的前面还有更大的危险，这危险很像医生所说的危机。

5

从那时起，我开始相信基督宗教的教导。教会要求我们应该相信某些事物，即使它们未能得到证明，因为就算它们可以被证明，也不是所有人都能够理解，而且有些事物是根本无法被证明的。我想教会在这一事件上是完全诚实的，没有像摩尼教那样自负。摩尼教嘲笑那些通过信仰来认识事物的方式，轻率地对科学知识作出许诺，然后提出一个发明出来的荒谬体系，他们期望信徒们通过信任而相信，因为它们无法得到证明。主啊，于是，你把你最温柔、最仁慈的手放在我的心上，并使我的思想有条理，于是我开始意识到我相信无数看不见或不在场便看不到的事情——历史中的很多事情，许多关于某地某镇的事情我从未看见过，并相信许多朋友、医生或是他人的话。除非我相信这些事情，否则我们就要在人生中伴随绝对的虚无。最重要的是，这个信仰终于让我知道我的父母是谁，这信仰是如此确定和不可动摇，因为除非我相信被告知的内容，否则我绝不可能知道。通过这种方式，你使我认识到我不应该挑这些相信《圣经》的人的错误，你已经在地上的各民中建立了这样的伟大权威，而应该谴责那些不相信《圣经》的人们。而且我应该不在意这样一些人，他们问我为什么可以确信《圣经》是由一位从不说谎的真实的上帝通过圣灵赐给人们的。准确地说，我最需要相信这一点，因为在我读过的所有自相矛盾的哲学书中，误导人的假设无论引起怎样的争议，都没有一刻能够夺去我对你存在的信仰及你管理人类事务的权

利。尽管那时我对你了解甚少。

我认为你是存在的，我们的福祉掌握在你的手中。这一信念有时强，有时弱，但是，即便我既不知道我应该如何思考你的存在，也不知道哪条道路将我引向你或引导我回到你身边，我却一直坚持这一信念。于是，由于我们太软弱了，无法仅靠理性来发现真理，基于这一原因，我们需要你圣书的权威。我开始相信，你绝不会在任何地方都赋予《圣经》这样显著的权威性，除非你已经打算让我们通过它寻找你并相信你。那些早先让我觉得荒谬的章节，现在听到了很多合理的解释，我视它们为深刻的奥秘。并且对我来说，更正确的做法应该是，《圣经》的权威应该通过纯正的信仰被尊重和接受，因为所有人都可以轻松地阅读它，但同时它又深藏着巨大的奥秘，拥有深刻的含义。它平实的语言和简约的风格使得任何人都容易理解，而且也能吸引有学问的人的关注。通过这种方式，《圣经》在它的大网下收罗了所有的人，有些人安全地通过了狭窄的网眼来到你那里。他们的人数并不多，如果不是《圣经》高高在上的权威，又神圣谦虚地将人们聚集在一起，人数还会更少。

[……]

13

我一直不断地被敦促结婚，而且他们已经为我选择了另一半，女方也接受了。我母亲竭尽所能帮助我，这是她的希望，一旦我结了婚，就会接受洗礼的救赎之水来洗净我的罪。她每天都很高兴，我变得更适合接受洗礼了，我对信仰的接受，使她看到她的祷告有了结果，你的应许得以实现。在我的要求和她自己的期望下，她每天用心灵祈求你在梦中能给她一些关于我未来婚姻的启示，但是你没有这样做。她有一些模糊和奇特的梦想，这是她被这些思想占据的结果，当她告诉我这些时，她把这些当作无关紧要的事情，说的时候也不像往常受到你启示时那样有信心。她经常说，有一些让她不能用语言形容的感觉使她能够区分你的

启示和她自己的自然的梦。尽管如此，我婚礼的计划依然在进行，也征得了女孩的父母同意。她太年轻，离法定婚龄还有两年，但是我太喜欢她了，我愿意等待。

15

与此同时，我的罪恶越来越深重了。与我同居的女人被视为婚姻的障碍，被迫与我分开了，这一打击让我心如刀割，因为我仍深爱着她。她返回了非洲并发誓不再委身于任何其他男人，她留下了为我生的那个孩子。但是我太悲伤、太虚弱，我无法想象作为一个女人有此遭遇的情景。我需要等待那个已经答应与我结婚的女子两年，对此我有点不耐烦，因为我是情欲的奴隶，而不是真爱婚姻。我又找了一个情妇，没有结婚。这意味着我灵魂的疾病依然没有缓解，实际上是加重了，而且在无法解释的习惯的包庇下，会在婚姻的状态中延续下去。另外，当我第一个女人离开时，我受到的创伤没有愈合的迹象。最初，痛苦是尖刻而撕心裂肺的，然后伤口开始溃烂，而且痛苦变得更加迟钝，没有愈合的希望。

16

称赞和尊敬都是给你的，哦，怜悯之泉！当我的痛苦越来越深时，你越来越接近我。尽管我不知道，你的手已经作好了准备，要把我从泥潭中拉出来，并把我洗干净。除了对死亡和即将到来的末日审判的恐惧，没有什么可以阻止我在肉欲的泥潭中越陷越深。在我观念的转变中，这种惧怕从没有离开我的心。

[……]

我走过的路是多么的曲折啊！当我希望通过抛弃你而找到更好的东西时，我的灵魂将会遇到怎样的危险！无论我前后左右的路会通向哪

里，我躺在艰难的床上，只有在你那里，灵魂才得以安息。你把我们从让我们迷失的错误的痛苦中解救出来，让我们走你的道路，并安慰我们：“继续奔跑吧，我会支持你，我会引导你并护送你到达终点。”

第七卷

1

到这时，我那充满罪恶的青春结束了。我逐渐步入成熟期，但是我年龄越大，就越是可耻地自欺欺人。除了这些通常肉眼所见之物外，我不能想象出任何实体。但是，主啊，我不能想象你人体的形状，我反对这一观点，因为我已经开始学习哲学，并且我很高兴地发现，我们的灵性母亲，你的大公教会，也反对这一信念。但是我不知道还能怎样想你。

我只是一个男人，一个软弱的男人，但是我试图把你看作最高的神，唯一的上帝，真正的神。在我心里，我相信你永远不会衰亡、受损或变化，尽管我不知道这是为什么，我确定无疑地懂得，会衰亡的事物较之不会衰亡的事物更为低级，于是我毫不犹豫地把不会受到伤害的放到会受到伤害的上面，而且我看见保持不变的事物比不断变化的事物更好。我的心里充满对我想象的创造的苦涩抗议，这唯一的真理是我仅有的武器，我可以努力用它清除云集于我心智之眼前的所有不洁的意象。但是我难以清除掉它们，每一次眨眼，它们又在我眼前聚集，成群地在我眼前出现，挡住了我的视线，尽管我不会想象你人体的形状，但我无法让自己摆脱这样一种思想，即你是某种身体物质在空间的伸展，要么渗透在世界之中，要么在世界之外的空间无限扩散。我认为这一物质是某种不会衰亡或受伤或变化的东西，因此比可能遭受腐败、损坏或变化的任何物质要更好。我用这种方式来推理，因为如果我试图想象某种没有空间方位的东西，对我来说它就什么也不是，绝对的虚无，连虚空都算不上。如果一个身体从被它占据的空间中移走，那个空间就空空如也，不管是在地上、水中、空气中或是天空中，那里依然将保持空无的

状态。那儿什么也没有，就仅仅是一个空间而已。

[……]

于是我也想到你，我生命的生命，作为一个向四处延伸的多维的伟大存在，在无限的空间扩散，渗透整个的大千世界，并到达了世界之外没有界限的地方，于是地球和天空，以及所有创造物都被你填满，它们超不出你的范围，而你却没有极限。空气是覆盖大地的大气层，是一个物质的身体，但是却挡不住太阳光。阳光穿过它并穿透它，却没有破坏它或撕裂它，而是完全地填充它。用同样的方式，我想象你能够穿透物质的身体，不仅仅是空气和天空及大海，也包括地球，你可以穿透它们的所有部分，不论大小，故而它们因你的同在而被充满，你通过这种看不见的力量统管你创造的所有事物，内外统管。

这就是我坚持的理论，因为我不能用其他的方式想象你。但这个理论是错误的。如果它是正确的，就意味着地球的大部分将包含着你的大部分，而更小的部分则占更小的比例。任何事物都会因你的存在而充满，但是，通过这一方式，大象的身体比麻雀可以容纳更多的你，因为大象比麻雀大，而且会占据更多的空间。于是，你就被世界分成不同的部分，根据它的尺寸或大或小。这当然是很不正确的。但是那时你还没有照亮我的黑暗。

3

虽然我声称并坚定地相信，主啊，我的上帝，真正的上帝，你不仅创造了我们的灵魂，也创造了我们的身体，甚至创造了所有事物，无论是有生命的还是无生命的，尽管我相信你不会腐败、不会变异、也不会有任何程度的变化，我依然找不到对罪恶起源的明确的不繁复的解释。不管起源是什么，我找不到任何理论可以让我相信永恒不变的上帝是可变的。如果我相信这一点，我自己就会变成邪恶的成因，这正是我试图

去寻找的事情。于是我继续从容地寻找，因为我很确信摩尼教的理论是错误的。我由衷地反驳这些人，因为我可以看见他们探寻罪恶的起源时，自己却满身罪恶，他们宁愿认为你的本体受罪恶影响，也不愿意承认他们自己会犯罪。

我被告知我们犯罪是基于我们的自由意志选择这样做，并且承受罪恶是因为你的正义恰好要求我们这样做。我竭尽全力理解这一道理，但还未能理解得很清楚。我试图在深渊中提高我被深渊吞没的精神感知，但是却再次陷入深渊。我不断地尝试，但总是重新陷进去。有一件事情让我能够进入你的光明。我知道我有一个意志，像我知道我有生命一样确信。当我选择做什么或不做什么时，我很确信是我自己，而不是其他什么人，实施了这一意志行为。因此，我即将认识到我的罪恶之源就在于此。如果我做任何违背意愿的事情，对我来说意味着发生某事，而不是我做了某事，我不把它看作错误，而是一个惩罚。并且，因为我认为你是公正的上帝，因此我承认你的惩罚也一定公正。

然而，接着我会再次问自己："是谁造了我？当然是你，我的天父，你不仅是唯一的善，而且是善本身。那么，我怎样拥有一个可以选择做错事和拒绝做好事的意志，据此为我应该受到惩罚的原因提供一个合理的解释呢？是谁把这个意志给了我？当我的一切被上帝所创造，上帝本身是甜美的，是谁为我播下痛苦的种子？如果是魔鬼作祟，那么是谁创造了魔鬼？如果他曾经是一个好天使，由于自己的邪恶意志变成了魔鬼，他是怎样拥有让他成为魔鬼的邪恶意志的，难道不是由至善的造物主把他创造为天使的吗？"

[……]

12

我很清楚，即便会衰亡的事物也是善的。如果是最高的善，就不可

能腐败。除非他们在某些方式上是善的，否则不可能腐败，如果他们是最高的善，就不可能朽坏。另外，如果他们完全没有善，就不存在朽坏的可能。腐败是有害的，但是除非他的善消失了，不然他就不会有害处。因此，要么一定是朽坏没有害处——这不可能；要么是任何东西都因善被剥夺而朽坏——这是毫无疑问的。但是如果他们被剥夺了所有的善，就根本不会存在了。如果他们依然存在，但是不会永久朽坏，他们就会比以前更好，因为他们现在继续在不可朽坏的状态中存在。如果说失去了所有的善，事物会更善，还有什么比这更荒谬呢？

于是我们必须得出如下结论：如果事物被剥夺了所有的善，他们将全体消失。并且这意味着只要他们存在，他们就是善。因此，无论是什么，都是善的。罪恶，我也试图发现它的起源，罪恶不是实体，因为如果是实体的话，就不会是善。要么是善的最高秩序的不可朽坏之实体，要么就是一个易朽坏的实体，这实体除非它是好的，否则就会朽坏。于是，对我来说，这就变得明朗了，你所创造的所有都是好的，没有实体不是你造的。因为你没有将他们造成一样，任何一个事物都是好的并且总体上都是好的，我们的上帝创造的所有被造物都是非常好的。

17

我很惊奇，尽管我现在爱你而不是你的某种幻影，但我没有一直为上帝感到快乐。你的美善吸引我靠近你，但很快我自身的重量就把我从你身边拽走，我沮丧地再次坠入世俗的迷乱之中。我背负的是肉体的习性。但我仍然保留着对你的记忆，而且我无可置疑的认为你是我唯一的依靠，但只是我还做不到。肉身永远是灵魂的负累，世俗的牢笼压迫着沉浸在万事中的思想。我也确信人类从世界的基本层面看见了你不可见的本质、你永恒的力量、你的神性，这些都通过你的受造物而为人所知。我想知道我要怎样才能欣赏地球或天国的物质中的美，是什么让我能够对变化的事物作出正确的决定，并规定某物应该这样，另一个应该

那样。我想知道它是怎样的，我才能以这种方式判断事物，并且我意识到在我的思想之上，在变化的世界之上，存在着从不改变的真正永恒的真理。于是，我的思想逐渐从考虑物质转移到了灵魂，灵魂通过身体的感觉来感知事物，接着转移到灵魂内在的力量，身体的感觉将永恒的真实传递给灵魂。愚笨的动物是不会到达这个超越层面的。下一步是理性的力量，由肉体感觉交织而来的事实交由理性来判断。

这种理性的力量使我认识到自身也可能是变化的，它引导我思考它理解的来源。它将我的思想从常理中抽离，从加于其上的混乱意象中摆脱，所以，当它确信无疑地宣称永恒不变的事物比易变的事物更好时，它才发现照耀其全身的光究竟是什么，并明白如何才能认识到永恒不变之本体。除非由于某种原因，它认识到了永恒不变，否则它不可能确定永恒不变优于不喜欢易变。因此，在敬畏的瞬间，我的思想达到了洞见上帝本体的程度。于是，最后我确实看见了凭万物可感知的你不可见的本质。但是我没有力量凝视他们。在软弱中，我后退并回到自己的老路，除了那些我喜爱的和渴求的记忆之外，我什么也没有，就如同我闻到了美食的味道却尚未品尝一样。

18

我开始寻找获取足够力量的方式使我可以以你为乐，但是我找不到这一方式，直到我找到了上帝与人的中间人，耶稣基督，他是人，和人类一样，同时也作为上帝统治万物，受上帝永远的护佑，他向我发出召唤："我就是道路、真理和生命。"是他与我们的肉体结合起来。这肉体是我们太软弱而无法获得的粮食，因为道成肉身，所以你的智慧是喂养婴儿期的我们的乳汁，我不够谦卑，没有将耶稣基督作为我的上帝，也没有领会到人性的弱点所造成的教训。这教训就是你的话语，永恒的真理，超越你创造物的最高层次，提拔那些服从于他的人到他身边。他用造我们的泥土为他自己在这世界上搭建了一座低矮简陋的小屋，通过小

屋，他让那些服从他的人放下自己，来到他身边。他会治愈他们充满骄傲的心，并在这心里培育爱，让他们不再因为妄自尊大而误入歧途，但是当他们在脚下看到上帝本人时，那位以我们会死的肉身降卑来与享他的荣美的神，认识到他们自己的弱点。最后，他们在无力中匍匐在他的人性之前，然后随着神性的提升而提升。

第八卷

6

主啊，我的帮助者，我的救主，我现在要向你的圣名告知并忏悔，你是如何将我从紧紧束缚我的肉欲的禁锢和世俗事物的奴役中解放出来[……]

一天，由于某些原因，这些原因我记不起来了，内布利提乌斯没有和我们在一起，我和阿利比乌斯在我们的房子里接受一个来自非洲其他国家人的拜访，他叫蓬提齐亚努斯，在皇宫中担任要职。他向我们请教了一些事情，我们坐下谈了一会儿。碰巧他看见用来玩游戏的桌上放着一本书，就在我们的座位旁边。他拿起来，打开，并吃惊地发现书里面有使徒保罗的书信，他认为这是我当老师所用的一本书。于是他微笑地看着我，告诉我当他发现这本书，且在我眼前仅有这本书时，有多么的高兴，多么的惊喜。他是一个基督徒，是你忠实的仆人，我们的上帝。在教堂中，他跪在你的面前，日复一日地祷告，并牢记它们。当我告诉他我花了很大的精力学习保罗的书信时，他开始告诉我安东尼[11]的故事，安东尼是埃及的修士，他的名字在你的仆人中享有盛誉，但在这之前，我和阿利比乌斯从来没有听过他的名字。蓬提齐亚努斯认识到这一点后，更详细地给我们讲解，希望给我们这些无知的大脑注入一些知识，因为他很诧异我们没有听说过这个人。而我们则惊异于听到你最近做出的神奇事情，几乎就在我们的时代，在大公教会中，被那么多人所见证。实际上，我们三个人都很吃惊，我和阿利比乌斯因所听到的故事太奇妙而惊讶，而蓬提齐亚努斯吃惊是因为我们以前居然没有听说过。

从这以后，他继续告诉我们修道院里成群的修士的故事，他们的生

活方式散发着你的馨香，是荒漠中的绿洲。所有这些对我来说都是新闻。米兰也有一座修道院，在城墙外面，在安波罗修的带领下有很多的兄弟团契生活，但我们对这也是一无所知。蓬提齐亚努斯继续说着，我们默默地听着。最后他告诉我们，他和三个同伴在特里尔城的事情。有一天下午，皇帝在竞技场看表演，他们在城墙边的花园里散步。他们分成了两组，蓬提齐亚努斯和另一同伴一直一起，另外两个则自己分开了。他们继续散步，第二组来到一座房子前，房子是你的一些仆人的，他俩精神贫乏，但天国属于他们。在房子里面他们发现了一本关于安东尼的书。其中一人开始阅读，并且非常着迷，为故事所激动，甚至在他读完故事之前，他就开始考虑自己如何也能过上同样的生活，抛弃世间的职业，专心服侍你。他们都是朝廷的官员，在为国家服务。突然之间，他心里充满圣洁的爱。他对自己很愤怒并充满了悔恨，他看着他的朋友说："我们希望通过努力得到什么？我们期待什么？我们服务国家的目的是什么？我们在希望在宫廷里有比做国王的朋友更好的事情吗？尽管是这样，我们的位置一定岌岌可危并且暴露在危险之下？我们将会每次都遇到，仅仅达到另一个更大的危险。我们需要多久才能到达？但是只要我愿意，我可以在这个关键时刻成为上帝的朋友。"

他说了这些之后，又回到书里，遭受在他内心产生的新生命的痛苦煎熬。他继续阅读，在他心里，在那只有你可以看见的地方，正在发生变化。他的思想正在摆脱世俗，当时就表现了出来。因为他在阅读时，心潮澎湃，激动不已，最后哭了出来，因为他知道什么是正道并决定走正道。现在你的仆人对朋友说："我已经同我的抱负决裂了，我决定侍奉上帝。从这一刻起，此时此地，我要开始服侍他。如果你不遵循我的引导，就别挡着我的路。"另一个人回答说，他会与同志站在一起，因为侍奉上帝是荣耀的，并且回报也是巨大的。于是这两位你现在的仆人，在付出必要的代价造塔，也就是说，他们以失去他们拥有的一切为代价来跟随你。

这时蓬提齐亚努斯和一直与他散步的同伴从花园的另一端走过来，他们来到房子跟前，看着他们的朋友。既然找到他们，他们说回家的时间到了，日光都开始消退了。但是另外两个人告诉他们自己已经作出的决定和计划做的事情。他们解释是什么原因促使他们决定走这样的路，他们是怎样达成一致的，并且要求朋友如果不加入，至少不要成为他们的绊脚石。蓬提齐亚努斯说，他和另一个人不会改变他们原来的道路，但是他们为自己的生活状态而感动地流泪。他们祝贺他们并要求他们代为祷告。于是，他们回到宫殿，被系在大地上的心所重负，但是其他人留在小房子里，心系天国。这两个人都已经订婚，但当那两个女人听到所发生的事情，她们也决定为你守独身。

7

这是蓬提齐亚努斯告诉我的。但是当他说的时候，主啊，你让我审视我自己。我已经背过身去，拒绝看到我自己。你让我正视自己，让我看见自己是多么肮脏，多么扭曲和卑鄙，怎样的遍体疮痍。我全部都看见了，站在那里，呆若木鸡，但是没有什么地方可以供我逃避自己。如果我试图移开目光，我会看着蓬提齐亚努斯，他依然在讲述他的故事，这样一来你就让我再一次与自己面对面，迫使我与自己的目光相接，让我可以看见我的邪恶并厌恶它。我已经知道了自己的罪孽，但是我经常假装那是不一样的东西。我视而不见，并忘记了它。

但是现在，当我听到那两个人是怎样作出选择，把自己完全托付给你，从而得到拯救时，我的心越是被他们所温暖，与他们相比，我更加恨我自己。我们的生命已经过去了很多年——12年，除非是我记错了——从我19岁那年读西塞罗的《荷尔顿西乌斯》起，它激发了我学习哲学的愿望。但是我依然迟迟不愿意放弃这个世界的快乐，这种放弃可以使我在这个世界自由地寻找其他幸福，这种寻找，不要说是发现，可以使我得到奖赏，它胜过人间的财宝和王国领土，胜过所有肉体的快乐，

只要一点头就可以得到。作为一个年轻人，在犯错时我感到痛苦，特别是在青春期开始之时。我为了贞洁而向你祷告："请你赐予我贞洁和节制，但不是现在。"我很担心你会马上答应我的祷告，并立刻治愈我肉欲的疾病，这种欲望是我想被满足的，而不是想去压制的。我徘徊在摩尼教渎神迷信的邪恶之路上，不是因为我认为那是正确的，而是因为我信仰它胜过基督教，我没有认真考究基督教，而是抱着恶意直接反对。

[……]

蓬提齐亚努斯一直地说，我的良心就是这样被啮蚀。我被燃烧的羞耻所战胜，当他结束他的故事并完成他此行的任务之后，他走了，我陷入沉思。我提出各种控诉来反对我自己。我拷问我的灵魂并用理性痛斥它，为什么现在应该追随我自己，既然我要努力地追随你。但它进行了反击。我的灵魂不愿听从，但也不能提供任何理由。所有过去的辩解已经用尽，并证明是错误的。它沉默不语，像害怕失去生命一样害怕除掉恶习，但是正是这恶习要了它的命。

8

内在的自我像一幢被一分为二的房子，两方对峙。在我内心激烈交锋中，激起了对我灵魂的反对。我找到了阿利比乌斯。我的表情暴露了我内心的不安，我惊呼："我们到底怎么了？这个故事有什么意义？这些人没有接受像我们这样的教育，但他们站起身来直捣天国的大门，而我们这些饱学之士却匍匐在这个世界的血肉之下！这是因为他们走着我们引以为耻的那条道路吗？如果不跟上，会更糟糕吗？"

[……]

我们住的房子有一个小花园。我们可以自由地使用这个花园及其他房间，因为我们的东道主，也就是房主，不住在那里。我现在发现自己

被我胸中的烦乱驱使，我不得不躲在花园里，在那里没有人会打断这激烈的挣扎，在那里我是自己的竞争者，直到我得出结论为止。结论是你知道的，主啊，但是我却不知道。与此同时，这种疯狂能使我清醒。我将死亡，这死亡会把我带向新生。我知道我内里的罪，但是没有意识到自己很快就会向善。于是我走进花园，阿利比乌斯跟着我。他的出现没有打乱我的独处，在这种情况下他怎能让我一人独处？我们在离房子尽可能远的地方坐下。我暴怒得像发了狂似的，但我自己没有接受你的意愿进入你的圣约。在我的骨子里，我知道这是我应该做的。在我内心深处，我向天上赞美。为达到这一目标，我不需要战马或战船，我甚至不需要从房子走到我们坐的地方那么远，因为要走过这一段旅程，并平安到达，没有什么比意愿的行动更为需要了。但是这必须是一个坚决又全心投入的意愿的行动，而不是那些不断地盘旋在我脑中的站不住脚的愿望，以致它必须与其自身角力，一部分努力向上，一部分坠落大地。

[……]

11

这是我疾病的本质，我被它折磨着，比过去更强烈地谴责自己，因为我被自己的锁链所捆绑。我希望锁链可以一次性全部打烂，因为现在对我来说，这只是一件捆着我的小事情。它一直捆着我。主啊，你从来没有停止关注我的内心。在你严厉的仁慈中，你用害怕和羞耻之鞭抽打我，以免我再次放弃使得破旧的残留锁链不被打破，而是重新获得力量，并更加快速地遮蔽我的眼睛。在心里我不停地说："现在随它去吧，现在随它去吧！"仅仅说了这些，我就快要作出决定了。我即将作决定，但是我没有作成。尽管我没有退回到自己原来的状态。我站在决定的边缘，等着呼吸新鲜空气。我又试了一次，更接近我的目标了，那时依然又近了一点点，以至于我几乎可以伸手抓住它。但我还是没有达到。我不能伸手触及它或抓住它，因为我从自己应该死亡并获得新生的

台阶上退了下来。我低级的本能牢牢地抓住了我，比高级的本能更强，那高级的本能却是我没有尝试过的。我越接近我要转变的时刻，我就越害怕地退缩了。但是这没有把我拉回去，也没有扭转我的目标——仅仅让我进退两难。

[……]

12

我探索自己隐藏的灵魂深处，并从中揪出可鄙的秘密，当我在心中把它们聚集在一起时，我的心里发生了强大的风暴，我的眼泪奔涌而出。我站起来，离开阿利比乌斯，好让我可以流泪并为我心灵的污秽而哭泣，对我而言眼泪更适合在独处中流淌。我走得很远以避免尴尬，甚至他在的时候也不例外。他一定察觉到我的感情，因为我已经说了一些，他已经从我的哽咽的声音中知道了。于是我站起来，让他充满困惑地坐在那儿。不知怎么的，我扑倒在一棵无花果树下，任凭我的泪水流淌，这是你应当接受的献祭。我的上帝啊，我有太多的话要对你说，我说了很多话，虽不是这些原话，但是这些意思："主啊，你永远不会满意吗？我要一直接受你的惩罚吗？请忘记我长久以来的罪恶吧。"我仍然觉得自己被罪恶所捆绑。我继续在痛苦中哭求："我不断地说'明天，明天'，还要说多久？为什么不是现在？为什么不在现在就结束我的罪恶？"

我不断问自己这些问题，哭泣着，心中悲痛万分，这时我听见附近的房子里传来一个小孩子的歌声。我说不清是男孩还是女孩的声音，但是它一遍一遍重复着："拿起来读，拿起来读。"我抬起头，仔细地想这是不是孩子们在游戏时常常念诵的歌谣，可是我记不起这样的歌谣。我止住了涌流的泪，站起身来，告诉自己这只可能是神圣的命令，要我打开《圣经》，去读那随之映入眼帘的第一段经文。我听过安东尼的故事，我记得他是怎样偶然去教会听到福音，并把它作为对自己的劝

诫："去变卖你的所有，分给穷人；你要积攒财富于天上，然后还要来跟随我。"经过这一神圣的宣召，他马上皈依了你。

于是我快速返回阿利比乌斯坐的地方，因为我离开时把使徒保罗的书信留在那里了。我抓起那本书，打开它，默默地阅读那映入眼帘的第一段："不可荒宴醉酒，不可放荡纵欲，不可纷争嫉妒。总要披戴主耶稣基督，不要为肉体安排，去放纵私欲。"我不想再读下去，也不需要再读下去了。在那一瞬间，当我读完这句话时，好像一束信赖的光涌进我的内心，所有怀疑的黑暗被驱散了。

我用手指或其他的什么东西在书上作了标记，合上了书。当我告诉阿利比乌斯所发生的事情时，我的表情很平静。他也告诉我他的感受，当然那是我不知道的。他想看我所阅读的东西。我拿给他看，他接着读下去，我不知道接下来是什么，原来是："你们要接纳信心软弱的人。"阿利比乌斯把这句话用在他身上并这样告诉我。这条忠告足以给他力量，没有经过任何犹豫的痛苦，他就下定决心并以此作为自己的目标。这很适合他的道德品质，在这方面他比我强很多。

然后我进去告诉我的母亲，她简直喜出望外。当我们讲述事情的经过时，她胜利地欢呼并赞美你，你满有大能，你的大能足以使你所行的超出所有我们所求所想的。因为她看见你应允她的远远超过了她曾经泪眼汪汪地祷告和悲伤哀求的。你使我皈依你自己，我不再渴求妻子或把任何希望放在这个世界上，而是牢牢地把握信仰的原则，那些原则你已经在多年以前在梦中向她展现了。是你把她的悲伤变成了欢乐，是比她曾经最想要的欢乐更多的欢乐，也是比她曾经想在我的孩子中找到的更甜美、更纯洁的欢乐。

第九卷

2

知道你在注视着我，我想自己最好从兜售口舌的市场中平静地退下来，而不是突然间轰动地离开。那些对你的律法与安宁没有思考的年轻人，他们在法庭上仅仅是撒谎和疯狂地争辩，我打算不让他们在我的口中买到任何武器以装备他们的疯狂。幸运的是，快到暑假了，我决定忍耐并推迟到一个合适的时候离开。既然我已经被你救赎，我就不想再次出卖自己。这个计划是你知道的，而除了我最亲密的朋友之外没有人知道。我们相互约定不让太多的人知道，虽然当我们自“流泪谷”上升时，唱着高升的歌，你已经给了我们锋利的箭和燃烧的火炭来抵御狡诈的舌头，这舌头可能以忠告的名义，用他们所谓的爱将我们吞下去，像人们吃自己喜爱的食物一样。

[……]

6

当提交我的名字去受洗的时间到来时，我们离开乡下回到米兰。阿利比乌斯也在那时决定在你那里获得新生。他已经具备举行圣礼所需的谦卑，他的身体已经经过严格的纪律的考验，他甚至会赤脚行走在意大利冰冻的土地上，这是很少有人敢做的。我们也带上了阿德奥达多斯，因我的罪而生的亲生儿子。你给了他所有的天赋。尽管他才15岁，但很多有学问和受人尊敬的人在智力上都不及他。我承认他的天赋是源于你，主啊，我的上帝，你是万物的创造者，你拥有巨大的力量来重塑我们的缺陷，我自己除了罪之外什么也没有给予他。是你，而不是别人，让我们按照你的期望把他培养长大。这都是你的馈赠，我都一一承认。

[……]

我们使他成为我们的同伴，在你的恩典之下没有人比我们自己更年轻。我们已经准备好以你的方式开始学习成长。我们都受洗了，昔日所有的忧虑一扫而光。这些日子太短了，我沉迷在惊奇和快乐之中，默想着你拯救人类的远大计划。当我听到赞美诗和颂歌的时候，不禁潸然泪下，来自你教堂的甜美歌声深深地打动了我。音乐在我耳边回荡，真理在我心中涌出，我献身的情感激烈涌动着，我泪如泉涌。但是这都是欢喜的眼泪。

8

哦，上帝啊，你让心意相同的人生活在一起，并把一个来自我家乡名叫艾弗第乌斯的年轻人带来，让他加入我们。他在我们之前皈依我主和受洗，并受雇为政府官员，但是他放弃了为政府服务而追随你。他留下与我们一起，打算过敬虔的生活。我们讨论着在哪里最能侍奉你，接着便一起动身返回非洲。当我们还在梯伯河口的奥斯蒂亚城[12]的时候，我母亲就去世了。

还有很多的事情我不能在这本书中记下来，因为我要节省时间。我的上帝啊，对于那些我还没有提到的事情，我祈求你接受我的忏悔和感激。但是我不会遗漏一件关于我母亲——你的仆人——的事情。在肉身上，她让我来到这个世界上；在她心里，她让我出生在你永恒的光中。我应该述说的不是她的能力，而是你给她的天赋。她既不是她自己的创造者也不是自己的老师。是你创造了她，即使是她的父母也不知道自己的孩子长大是什么样的。是基督的教导，是你独生儿子的指引，在一个基督教家庭中，她在成长中一直顺从并尊重你，这个家庭是你众多好的基督教家庭之一，属于你的教会[……]

10

在她去世前不久——你早已知道她的去世之日，主啊，但我们不知道——我和母亲两个人逗留在奥斯蒂亚城，透过一个窗户可以看见院子里的花园。我们经过长途跋涉之后待在那里，那地方远离尘嚣，我们在作远航之前的休整。我相信我要说的是你预先所做的秘密工作。我们在一起单独谈话，我们的交谈宁静而快乐。我们忘记过去，努力把握未来。在你的真理面前，真理就是你自己，我们在思考圣徒的永生是什么样子，这种生命是眼睛未曾见过，耳朵未曾听过，人心也未曾想过的。但是当我们张开心灵之口，接受从你天上的生命之源流出的泉水，只要是我们的力量所及，我们就会洒上圣水，并在一定程度上理解这一伟大的奥秘。

我们的谈话让我们得出结论，任何的肉体快乐，不论是多么伟大的快乐，不论世俗之光向它照射怎样的华彩，除了圣徒喜乐的生活之外，没有什么能够与之相媲美，甚至根本不值一提。当爱的火焰在我们体内燃烧得越旺，提升我们使我们越来越接近永恒的上帝时，我们的思想会从在不同程度上徘徊在物质事物的范围，到达天国，太阳和月亮及星宿从天国照耀着大地。我攀登得越高，就越惊奇地思考和诉说你所创造的一切。最终我们回到自己的心灵，然后又超越它们回到那个永恒富足的地方，在那里你让以色列人食用你真理的粮食。在那里生命是智慧，所有我们知道的事物都是由其创造，包括已经形成的事物，也包括尚未形成的事物。但是那智慧不是被创造的，它一直是那样的，而且永远是那样——或者，我不该说“一直是”和“将是”，可简单地说“它是”，因为永恒不是在过去也不是在将来。当我们谈论永恒的智慧时，我们用心中所有的力量来渴求它并极力追求它，刹那间我们达到并触摸到它。然后在叹息中，带着我们心灵里的收获，返回到自己说话的声音中，这声音里的每一个词是有开头有结尾的——这与你的话语相当的不同，我们的主啊，你持守自己到永远，不会衰老，并给所有事物以新生。

[……]

这是我们谈话的大意，尽管我们没有用这么精确的语言来说，也没有像对你说的这样准确。但是你知道，主啊，那天我们说话时，世界上所有的快乐与我们所谈论的相比显得没有任何价值。我母亲说："儿子，对我来说在这个世界上我已经找不到任何更快乐的事情了。我仍可以做什么，或是我为什么在这个世界上，我都不知道，我在这世上已经没有其他的盼望了。我为什么希望在这个世界上活得长一点，只有一个原因，并且是唯一的原因，就是看见你在我死之前成为一个基督宗教徒。上帝应允了我的愿望，他的应许比这更多，因我现在看见你成为他的仆人，并轻视这世界所给你的幸福。我在这世界还有其他的祈求吗？"

11

我简直记不起我是怎样回答她的。从那天起大约过了5天，或是5天不到，母亲就发烧卧病在床了。一天，她在病中昏厥过去，并在短时间内失去了知觉。我们急忙赶到她身边，但是她很快就恢复了知觉，看着站在她身边的我和弟弟。她满脸疑惑地问："我在哪里？"她近距离看着我们，满脸悲伤，沉默不语，她说："你们要把母亲埋在这儿。"我什么也没有说，极力克制着眼泪，但是我弟弟说了一些话，大意是他希望母亲为了她的缘故死在自己的国家，而不是异国他乡。当她听到这些时，她面带忧色地看着弟弟，眼神中充满了对他这些世俗思想的责备。她转过来对我说："听听他在说些什么！"然后她对我们俩说："你们在什么地方埋葬母亲都没有关系。不要因为这事而让你们担忧！我所期望你们的是，不论在哪里，你应该在上帝的祭坛上想起我。"

[……]

母亲生病大约9天后，她56岁，我36岁时，她虔诚、全然献上的灵魂离开了肉体。

13

我的灵魂现在已经从那伤痛中康复了，也许我对这尘世的情感深感愧疚，我的眼中流出了另一种眼泪。主啊，那是我为你的使女所流的眼泪。那眼泪是从一颗惶恐的灵魂中流出的，这灵魂一想到每个与亚当同死的灵魂都要面对的种种危险就极度不安。尽管在她的灵魂离开肉体之前，她已经活在基督的里面，而且她的信仰和美好生活与你圣名的荣耀共鸣，但是，我不敢断言母亲从受洗得到新生的那时起，她口中没有说过一句与你诫命有抵触的话。你的儿子，就是真理本身，曾经说过：“凡是向弟兄发怒的、愚蠢的人，就必要遭受地狱之火的煎熬。”即使是值得颂赞的一生，如果抛开你的怜悯，当你审视他的时候，这也是有过失的。但是你不会无情地搜寻我们的缺点，因为我们希望并相信有一天我们会在你的身边找到一席之地。然而如果某人把他的功绩加以罗列，这功绩除了你的恩典之外还会有什么呢？但愿人能够明白他们只不过是人！他们所要夸耀的只是主！

为此，我的荣耀和我的生命，我心中的上帝，我要暂时抛开我母亲所做的所有善事。为那些，我感谢你，但是现在我为她的罪祷告。请你通过你那被钉十字架又坐在你的右边并为我们祈求的圣子来聆听，他是我们伤口的真正良药。我知道我的母亲总是表现出怜悯，并全心宽恕他人对她的冒犯。主啊，如果她在受洗之后这么长的时间里对你有所冒犯，请你宽恕她。我恳求你原谅她，不要追究她的责任。让你的仁慈隆重地欢迎你的判断吧。因你的话语是真实的，而且你已经答应怜悯那些值得怜悯的人。如果他们是值得怜悯的，这是你的馈赠。你要怜悯谁，就怜悯谁；你要恩待谁，就恩待谁。

[……]

让她与丈夫安息在一起。他是她的第一位丈夫，而且母亲没有再嫁。她服侍丈夫，把辛勤劳动得来的果实献给你，最后她为你赢得了

他。主啊，我的上帝，启发你的仆人，我的弟兄——他们都是你的孩子。我的主人，我用心和声音，以及笔来服侍你——启发这些读你书的人来纪念莫妮卡，你的仆人，在你的祭坛上和巴特利西乌斯，早于她而去的丈夫。尽管我不知道，但是通过他们的身体你把我带进了这种生活。让读者虔诚地纪念他们，他们不仅是我的父母，而且是我的弟兄和姐妹，在教会我们大公教的母亲那里，我们同属于你，我们的天父，我们将是永恒耶路撒冷的居民，他们在向这圣城的朝圣途中一路叹息，从他们启程直到他们回到你身边为止，比起我一个人，如果更多的人通过阅读我的《忏悔录》来祈祷的话，我母亲对我最后的遗愿能够得到更大的满足。

第十卷

2

哦，主啊，人类良知的最深处在你眼前是赤露敞开的。就算我不向你忏悔，我有什么能逃得过你的双眼呢？我只能遮蔽自己眼睛不看你，而不能在你面前隐藏自己。但是，我现在的痛苦证明我对自己是多么不满意，你是我的光和喜乐。你是我的爱和渴求，我以自己为耻并把自己抛在一旁，只是追随你，而且只有在你里面，才能让你和我都满意。

因此，主啊，我的所有在你面前是赤露敞开的。我宣称向你忏悔使我获益良多。我不是仅用舌头的语言和声音来忏悔，而是用我灵魂的声音和我的思想大声向你哭泣来忏悔。你的耳朵能够听到，当我充满罪恶时，如果我对自己不满，这忏悔就是对你忏悔；当我做了善事时，如果我不认为是自己的美德，这也是对你的忏悔。主啊，你赐福正义之人，但是你首先使罪人成为正义人士。所以我的忏悔是在你——我的上帝——的注视下默默地进行，同时又是大声的忏悔，因为即使我的口舌完全无声，我的心也在向你哭泣。我向人诉说的一切美言，你已经提前在我心里听见了，而且不论你在我心里听见的美言是什么，都是你早先对我说过的。

4

人们在听我说的过程中希望得到什么益处呢？当他们听到借着你的恩典我与你这么地接近，他们会愿意与我一起感谢你吗？当他们听见我因自己的罪的重负而与你相隔绝时，他们会为我向你祷告吗？如果这是他们的心愿，我要告诉他们我是谁。主啊，我的上帝，如果很多人因为我向你表示感谢，很多人都因我而向你祷告，我就得不到什么好处。让

那些我的真正的弟兄，按照你所教导的，爱我身上值得爱的品质，并让他们悲伤地在我身上发现那些按照你的教导而要责备的部分。这就是我希望自己真正的弟兄心里的感受。我不会对陌生人说话，也不会对"陌生的仇敌"说话，"他们做背信弃义的誓言，并举手发假誓。"我真正的弟兄是这样一些人，他们发现我的善就在心里高兴，而发现我的罪时就感到悲伤。他们是我真正的弟兄，因为不论他们看到的是我的善还是罪，他们都依然爱我。面对这样的人我才会敞露自己。让他们发现我身上的善而感到欣慰，发现罪时感到难过。那善是我在你里面借着你的恩典做的，而罪恶则是我自己的错误。这是你对我的惩罚。让我的弟兄为其中一个感到欣慰，为另一个感到难过。让感恩的旋律和悲伤的哭泣一起从他们的心中涌起，好像他们是在你面前燃烧的祭物的器皿。我向你祈求："主啊，悦纳他们在你圣殿前献上的馨香，为了你名的缘故，请依照你丰盛的慈爱来怜爱我们。请不要放弃你已经开始的工作，而要让依然不完美的我变得完美。"

于是，如果我继续忏悔，我忏悔的不是我的过去，而是现在，这就是忏悔带来的善果。我向你忏悔时内心很快乐，但是也有忧惧。有悲伤，却也有希望。但是我不仅仅向你忏悔，而且也为向那些相信你的人忏悔，他们分享我的快乐并和我一样，命定是要死亡。在你的王国中，他们是我的同路人，并陪伴我同走天路，不论他们是先行，或是将要走，或是与我一起走过生命之路。他们是你的仆人，也是我的弟兄。你拣选他们做你的儿子。你让我视他们为主人，如果我希望与你同活并享受你的恩典，就必须服侍他们。这是你的吩咐，而如果这仅是只言片语，而没有基督的榜样作为行动的示范，那么这种命令对我来说就没有什么意义。我在话语和行为上都遵从你的吩咐。我在你的翅膀的庇护下如此行事，如果不是把灵魂交给你，寻求你翅膀的庇护，让你知道我的弱点，我就会处于危险之中。我不过是一个孩子，但是我的天父永远活着，我有一个足够强大的保护者来拯救我。那生养我、看顾我的是同一位，对我来说，除了你，全能的神，以外没有良善，你与我同在且甚至

在我皈依你以前就与我同在了。于是我要按照你吩咐的去做，向我所侍奉的展示自己，不是曾经的自己，而是现在和将来的自己。但是，因为我不会检查我自己的行为，让我的言语按照它们的本意被理解。

30

你命令我要我继续让自己远离肉体的情欲，眼目的情欲和今生的骄傲；你命令我不要淫乱，虽然你并不禁止我结婚，但你建议我走一条更好的路。你给我恩典，我听从你的吩咐，甚至在圣礼之前我就开始禁欲。但是在我的记忆中，我说了很多，仍然还保留着以前习惯的印象。当我清醒时，这些习性对我有一些影响。但是当我进入睡梦中，它们不仅给我快乐，而且好像在行动上默认了。这种虚幻的想象强烈作用于我的灵魂和肉体，在睡梦中这幻想能够影响我，但是在现实中却不能。哦，主啊，我的上帝，我在睡觉时难道就不是我自己了吗，但是在我经历从醒到睡眠，或是从睡眠到醒时，我的情况是如此的不同。在睡眠中，我那可以抵制这种诱惑并保持坚定不动摇的理性哪里去了，在我闭上眼睛时被封闭起来了吗？它与身体的感觉一同入了睡吗？为什么我在梦中经常抵抗幻想的诱惑，因为我仍记得自己守贞洁的决定，并也遵守了，没有被这种东西诱惑？醒着与睡眠的差别如此之大，我睡觉时事情会以其他方式发生，当我醒着意识到的时候，我回到清晰的心智状态，因为这种不同，我就不用为此行为负责，尽管我对一些方式或是一些其他发生在我身上的事情感到遗憾。

哦，全能的上帝，你大能的双手有足够大的力量来治愈我灵魂的所有疾病。你给我更多的恩典就可以熄灭睡眠中挑逗我的火焰。哦，主啊，你会增加我的恩赐，让我的灵魂可以跟随我来到你身边，从被捆绑的阴谋中释放，并反对这种阴谋。通过你的恩典，我在睡梦中再也不会做出可耻的、不洁的行为，这行为被肉体的想象挑起，并导致身体被玷污。我不会再做，更不要说赞同它们了。对你来说，全能的主，“你有

足够的力量来展开你的计划，这超越了我们所有的希望和梦想”，让我不再受这种诱惑，哪怕是意念上的微小试探，这些会激起我感官欢娱的试探，为我抵挡吧，让我在梦中也保持纯洁的心灵，这对你来说不是什么困难的事情。这是你可以在人生的任何时候为我做的，甚至在人生的黄金期。但是现在我对我良善的上帝作此忏悔，坦言我仍旧被这种罪恶所搅扰。我心中带着敬畏，因你的赐予而喜乐，但是我为自己的匮乏而悲伤，相信你会在我身上完善你的怜悯，直到我获得完全的安宁，那就是当死亡被吞没在凯旋之中时，我要全身心地与你共享的安宁。

35

我必须说出另一种诱惑，这种诱惑更加危险，因为它更加复杂。除了我们肉体的欲望，使我们渴望满足自己的感官和快乐，并引导我们走向毁灭，如果我们远离你而成为它们的奴隶，思想也会受到特定的倾向去使用肉体的感觉，不是为了某种身体的自我放纵，而是满足自己的好奇心。这种无用的好奇的伪装以科学和学习为名，因为它源于我们对知识的渴求，用眼看是获得知识的主要方式，在圣经里这被称为：“眼目的情欲”。尽管，准确地说，看是眼睛的适当功能，我们用其他感觉的词，我们使用它们来获得知识。我们不会说“听听这是多么闪光”“闻闻这是多么的亮”“尝一下这是怎么发光的”，或是“摸摸这是怎么发光的”，我们说这些事物是因为我们看得见。我们不仅会说“看看这是怎样发光的”，当某物只可以被我们的眼睛感知时，我们也会说“看看它有多响”“看看闻起来怎么样”“看看味道怎么样”“看看坚硬程度如何”。于是，我说，通常的感官体验被叫作眼目的情欲，原因是，虽然视觉的功能主要属于眼睛，当用于发现知识时，我们也一样使用其他的感觉器官，可以类推。

我们可以很容易地区分享乐的动机和好奇的动机。当感觉需要快乐时，他们就寻找视觉上美丽的事物、和谐的声音、芬芳的香味，以及尝

起来美味且摸起来柔软的东西。但是，当他们的动机是好奇时，他们会寻找相反的事物，仅仅是为了证明，不是为了一种不快的体验，而是为了体验了解和发现的滋味。在看到一具破碎的尸体时，除了恐惧之外，还有什么愉悦感呢？然而人们会趋之若鹜地看那躺在地上的尸体，仅仅是为了体验其带给他们的悲伤和恐惧的感觉。他们甚至害怕那会给他们带来噩梦，好像当他们清醒时有某种东西迫使他们去看，又或者像是有什么东西像美丽的谣言一样吸引他们。对于其他的感觉也是一样，虽然再举例显得有点单调。在戏院里面怪异和奇特的表演满足人们不健康的好奇心，出于同样的原因，人们被引向探寻自然的秘密，这秘密与我们的生活没有关系。这种知识对他们没有价值，并且他们期望得到的仅仅是为了求知。这也是很奇怪的，这使得人们求助巫术，并出于为了让一些人走上邪路的目的而努力获取知识。这种情况甚至闯进了我们的信仰里，当我们要求从上帝那里看神迹奇事时，我们便把上帝放在了试探中，我们这么做不是为了得到拯救，而单单是喜欢一种体验。

[……]

我的人生充满了这种错误。我唯一的希望就是你无垠的慈爱。当我们的心变成储藏室，堆满这种没有价值的货物时，我的祈祷就因此经常被打断和分散。即使在你出现的时候，我们内心的声音也传到了你的耳朵，各种各样的琐碎思想闯进来，并打断祷告的伟大行动。

41

现在我开始思考自己的罪带来的可悲状态，根据诱惑的三种不同情况，我祈求你伸出援助之手拯救我。在我受伤的内心，我看见了你的光辉，这使我眩目。我问：谁可以接近这个荣耀？你的照管将我排除在外。你是掌管万物的真理。但是在我自私的渴望中，我不愿意失去你。与你在一起时，我想撒一个谎，就像当错误遮蔽一个人的双眼，使他看不到真理时，他不会承认自己明显的错误。这样一来，我失去了你，因

为你不会与谎言同在。

42

谁可以让我重归于你，我应该向天使求助吗？但是如果我寻求到了帮助，我应该祷告什么呢？我该使用什么样的圣礼呢？我听说很多人没有力量通过自己回到你那里，就通过这种方式来试一下，但是他们都以渴望奇怪幻象而告终，他们唯一的收获只是妄想。他们试图在所有自负和傲慢的知识中找到你。当他们应该悲痛捶胸顿足时，内心却被骄傲所填满。因为他们在心中聚集，他们吸引堕落天使，低空中的王子，他们与骄傲为友并与之联合。但是这种联合捉弄了他们，使用魔幻的技巧，我们所找的是可以洗净他们罪恶的中保，实际上不是中保，而是化作光明天使的魔鬼。这魔鬼不是血肉的生物，而是对骄傲肉体的强有力的诱惑。他们都是终将要死亡的人和罪人，而你，主啊，你是不朽的和无罪的，他们想与你和解。但是在上帝与人之间的中保必须在某种程度上与神一样，又与人一样。如果在这二者之间，他像人，那么他就会离神太远；如果在二者之间像神，又会离人太远。这两种情况他都无法成为中保。但是因为你隐藏了正义的宣告，你给了魔鬼一个特权来嘲弄那些骄傲的人，他装作一个中保。一方面这个中保像人，他是有罪的；另一方面，他假装像上帝，因为他没有穿着会朽坏的血肉外衣，他试图把自己作为不朽的代表。但是因为罪的果报就是死，他与人一样出于这个原因而会被宣判死亡。

43

但是有一个真正的中保，在你隐秘的怜悯中，你已经把他展现给了人们。你派遣他，让人们通过他的榜样学习谦卑。他是神与人的中保，耶稣基督，他是一个人，他出现在人间，在有罪和必死的人与不朽和公义的上帝之间。他像人，所以会死；他像神，所以公义。因为他正义的回报是生命与和平，他的到来是通过他与上帝结合的公义，通过选择去

分享他的死亡，使那些被他称义的罪人免于死亡。他被预示给古代的圣人们，让他们可以通过相信他即将来受难而得救。正如同我们因相信他在多年之前为我们受死而得救一样。因为作为人，他是我们的中保，但是作为上帝的圣言，他就不是上帝与人之间的中保，因为他与上帝平等，并与上帝同为上帝，与他一起同为一个上帝。

[……]

我的罪恶和被死亡加重的痛苦让我恐惧，我反复思考自己的问题，并几乎决定要去沙漠中寻求庇护。但是你阻止我这样做，并给我力量说："他替众人死了，为的是要使活着的人不再为自己活着，却为那替他们死而复活的主而活。"主啊，我把我所有的烦恼都抛给你，从现在开始我要默想你律法的奥妙。你知道我是多么软弱，我的知识是多么匮乏，教导我并医治我的软弱吧。你的独生子拥有一切知识和智慧，用他的血拯救了我。把我从仇敌的嘲笑中解救出来，我知道救赎的代价。我吃他的肉，饮他的血，并与其他人分享。因为贫乏，我渴望充饥，成为吃饱喝足的人。谁追寻主，谁就会赞美主。

第十一卷

3

让我聆听并理解这些话：起初，你创造了天地。摩西[13]写下这些话。他写下以后就到你那儿去了，留下了这个你对他说话的世界。他从此不在这儿了，我不能与他面对面。但是如果他在这儿，我会缠住他，并以你的名义，我会苦苦地求他为我解释这些话。我会竖起耳朵全神贯注地聆听从他嘴里发出的所有声音。如果他用希伯来语说，他的话只会穿耳而过，我的大脑里什么也不会留下。如果他说拉丁语，我会知道他说什么。但是，我怎样才能知道他说的是真的呢？如果我也知道，那么我就不用通过他得到这些知识了。然而在我思想的最深处，真理既不是希伯来文，也不是希腊文、拉丁文，或任何外国语言，它仍然会向我说话，虽然不是通过嘴唇和舌头形成的音节来向我说话。它可能会是低语："他说的是真理。"但是我马上就会确定。我会自信地对你的这个仆人说："你告诉我的是真理。"

于是，我不再质问摩西，因为你赐予他的话是真的，因为你用你自己的真理充满他。我祈求你，我的上帝，宽恕我的罪，并像赐予你的仆人摩西以恩典说那样的话，来赐予我恩典以理解这些话。

9

他是起始，上帝啊，在那时你创造了天地。通过这种奇妙的方式，你说话，并在你的话语里、你的儿子——你的力量、你的智慧、你的真理创造了他们。

谁可以理解这个奥秘，或是可以把它解释给其他人呢？这是什么

光？这柔和的光不时敲击着我的内心，促使我在敬畏中颤抖，然而也因它们的温暖燃烧我。我颤抖着感觉到我与它的不同，然而迄今为止我却与它相像，我因为它的火光而发亮。这是智慧之光，是智慧本身，时常地照耀着我，驱散笼罩我的阴云。但是当我软弱地远离这光时，这些云就重新在浓密黑暗的笼罩下包裹了我，这是我要承受的惩罚。我的力量因为痛苦而损耗，以致我不能持续被祝福。因此我将会活着，直到你宽恕了我的罪，并治愈我所有致命的疾病。你会把我从死亡的危险中解救出来，戴上你怜悯祝福的冠冕，满足我美好的愿望，像保存雄鹰的羽毛那样来保留我的青春。我们的拯救建立在某些东西的希望之上，在忍耐中我们等待你应许的实现。让这些能够听你话的人说出心声。我们相信你启示的话语，我要大声地说："主啊，你创造的是多么五彩缤纷！你创造他们的智慧是多么奇妙！"你创造天地时开始的是智慧，智慧也是开始。

13

一个思想变化无常的人，其思想总会因过去时间的观念迷失，他可能会好奇：你，全能的上帝，万物的创造者和掌管者，天地的造物主，为什么会在你伟大创造工程最后完工之前，空闲着并让无数的时光流逝？我对这些人的忠告是摇醒他们的迷梦并仔细思考，因为他们的惊奇是基于错误的观念。

你是创造者，是所有时间的源头，在你创造时间以前怎么会有无数的时间流逝掉呢？一直存在着的时间不是你创造的吗？如果过去的时间不存在，又怎么能消失呢？

你是一切时间的创造者。如果，在你创造天地之前没有时间，那么怎么能说你在虚度光阴呢？你一定是创造了那个时间，因为时间在被你创造之前，是不会流逝的。

[……]

14

因此正确地说，如果你没有创造什么，就没有时间，因为时间是你所创造的。并且时间不会与你一起永存，因为你永恒不变。否则，如果时间永恒不变，就不是时间了。

[……]

19

你，所有造物的统治者，是用什么方式向人们的心灵揭示未来的呢？你曾启示先知们。这未来对我们来说是不存在的，那么现在你是怎样为我们启示未来的呢？还是你启示的只是未来事物在目前的征兆？把不存在的事物启示给我们这是完全不可能的。你做这事的方法超出了我们的理解。我没有能力来理解这个奥秘，通过我自己的能力绝不可能。但是在你的力量中，我可以理解，当你给予我恩典来看时，你是我灵魂之眼的甜美之光。

[……]

25

我向你忏悔，主啊，我依然不明白时间到底是什么。而且我忏悔自己不知道在时间中说的是什么，我已经谈论时间有好长时间了，如果实际上时间不是一直在流逝的话，那么这么长的时间就不算长的时间。如果我不知道时间的话，我怎样知道这一点的呢？是我确定知道时间是什么，只是不知道如何用言语来表达我所知道的吗？我处在一种难过的状态中，因为我甚至不知道我到底不知道什么！

[……]

31

哦，主啊，我的上帝，你的神秘是何等的深奥！我的罪恶使得自己被远远地抛开在你安全的天国之外！医治我的双眼并让我在你的光辉中欢呼雀跃。如果有一颗心灵被赋予这种强大的力量，知道并可以预知所有的过去和将来，就像我熟悉许多赞美诗一样，这颗心灵将会令人惊奇地超越信仰。我们要对此保持敬畏，过去的岁月和将来的时间都瞒不过这颗心灵。这就像我唱赞美诗，我知道自己已经唱了多少，还有多少没有唱，我离开头已经多远，离结束还有多久。但是，这是不可思议的，宇宙的创造者，灵魂与肉体的创造者，仅仅以这种方式就知道所有的过去和未来。你的知识远比这更奇妙、更神秘。不像人的知识，只唱一些他熟悉的赞美诗，或是听其他人唱一些他熟悉的赞美诗。当他这样做时，他的情感发生了变化，他的感觉被划分，因为他一边要想未唱的歌词，一边又还要记着他所唱过的。对于你来说绝非如此，你是永恒的不变，真正永恒的思想创造者。从一开始，你就知道天地，在你的知识中天地没有变化。以同样的方式，在起初你创造了天地，在你的行动中也没有改变。一些人明白这个道理，另一些人却不明白。让他们所有的人都赞美你吧！你超越于万物之上，但你又住在谦卑人的心中。因你安慰劳苦重担之人，抬眼仰望你高台的人不会跌倒。

第十二卷

2

我的唇舌向在最高处的你庄严谦卑地忏悔，是你创造了天地，我所看见的天和我脚所踏的地，这塑造了我们身体的大地。是你，创造了这一切。主啊，但是哪里是天外之天？诗篇中说：“天外之天属于上帝，他将大地赐予人的子孙？”我们看不见的天国在哪里？与之相比我们所看见的只是大地，可天国在哪里呢？

[……]

3

毫无疑问，为什么我们说大地是“看不见且没有形状的”，那是没有光线的深渊，原因是大地没有形状。为什么你要写“黑暗统治着深渊”，这唯一的原因就是那里完全没有光。如果有光，除了在其之上，又能在哪里抛洒光辉呢？但既然没有光，黑暗的在场不就是光的缺席吗？因此黑暗统治着一切，因为上面一点光都没有，就好像沉默统治着没有声音的地方。无声的沉默不就是声音的缺席吗？

[……]

4

除了用熟悉话语，还能用什么让即使愚笨的大脑也可以理解呢？在构成这个世界的事物中，能找到什么比“大地”和“深渊”更能描述这种空虚混沌呢？因为它们处于创造物的最底层，相对高级的事物，有底层事物的美丽形式，光芒四射。为什么我不能假定“大地是无形又没有形式

的”这句话是要传达给人类的呢？而这恰是以一种他们可以理解的方式传达的。你创造不美丽的无形状的事物是为了让这个美丽的世界有形吗？

7

如果它开始就在那儿，为了做这些可见的、复杂形式的工具，那么它自己的起源是什么？只能把它的出现归结于你，所有的事物在你那里都有起源，不论它们存在的程度如何，虽然它们越不怎么像你，就离你越远——我这里不是说空间。这意味着，主啊，你不会像事物或环境一样改变，而是始终如一，恒久如一，并且一模一样，圣哉、圣哉、圣哉，主啊，全能的上帝，你在最初创造了事物，以你自己的方式，通过你的智慧，这智慧从你的本质而生，并且你从无中创造了有。

你创造了天地，但你并没有用你自己的本质来创造。如果你这样做，它们就会与你独生爱子平等了。对你来说，公义绝不会承认你本体以外的本体能与你平等。主啊，除你这位三位一体，一体三位的主，在你之外没有任何东西可以创造天地。因此，你必定是从无之中创造它们，一个是伟大的，一个是渺小的。没有什么是你不能做的。你是善的，所以你所造的都是善的，不管是伟大的天外之天，还是这个渺小的世界。你就是本身，除你以外什么也没有。于是，你从虚无中创造了天地，并将一个与另一个区分开来。一个与你接近，另一个与虚无接近。一个仅仅通过你来超越，另一个仅仅比虚无少一点。

13

主啊，这就是当我读到“起初，上帝创造了天地。地是不可见的，没有形状，黑暗统治着深渊”这些话时，解释你的《圣经》的方式。《圣经》上没有说你在哪一天创造了它们，但是我理解这个原因，“天”在这里意味着天外之天——那是智力的天国，在那里知识具有

优先权，可以立刻知道所有，而不是部分，不像从一个镜子中看到的模糊的反射，而是作为一个整体，是清晰的，是面对面的，不是首先、其次……就像我刚刚说过的，而是一次认识全部，远远不是时间的起落——而“地”则意味着不可见、无形的，它也不像时间那样由此及彼地变化，因为没有形式就什么也没有。天与地，按我的理解，意味着当《圣经》说“起初，上帝创造天地”时，没有提到日子，天就是天外之天，这天从一开始就被赋予了形式，而地是不可见的，也没有秩序，完全没有形式。实际上《圣经》在下一节经文中解释的就是这个意思。因为它说第二天苍穹被创造，那就叫作天，这给我们理解第一句说的天是指没有提到日子的天。

27

摩西留下的论述，你选择将其传给我们，这论述像泉水一样，内容丰富，因为它在限定的空间里流动。泉水比那没有支流但长度更长的河流流量更大，有更多的支流，并浇灌更多的土地。同样，从摩西之口，发出极为简短但又命定的话，这些话为一大群讲道者所用，从我们每个人中涌出真理的清泉，通过更冗长又迂回的短句，推出一个尽可能像他一样的，真正的关于创造的解释，一些人会选择这种或那种解释。

[……]

31

因为这个原因，尽管我听见有人说：“摩西的意思是这样的”或“摩西的意思是那样的”，我想更虔诚的说法是：“如果两种观点都是对的，为什么摩西不采用两种呢？如果有人从同一句话中读出了第三种或是第四种，或是任何一种真正的意思，为什么我们不应该相信摩西读出了所有的意思呢？只有一位上帝使摩西用最适合大多数人的头脑的方式写《圣经》，这些人都可以在里面看见真理，虽然在每一个情形中不是同

样的真理。”

就我而言，我坚决地声称并竭尽全力表示，如果要我写一本书，这书被最高权威认可，我宁愿用这种方式来写，一个读者可以在我的话中找到回应，不论他能够理解什么样的真理。我宁愿用这种方式来写，而不是明确地把一种简单的正确意见加在上面，尽管这些意见没有错误，但这会排斥其他意见。如果这是我为自己选择的，我的上帝，我不会这样轻率，好像假定一个像摩西一样伟大的人从你那里仅得到很少的恩赐。当他写这些话时，他完全意识到他们是默许的。他意识到了每个真理，那些我们可以从中推演出的真理，和那些我们尚不能推演但却可能发现的真理。

32

[……]

主啊，我的上帝，仅这些话我就写了这么多！如果我用这种篇幅来评论你的整部《圣经》，我需要多少耐心和时间啊！让我继续把自己的思想用于《圣经》，但是要简短一些。这样就可以让我满足于就给出一个解释，这个解释是被你点拨的，是正确的、确定的、好的，尽管我能知道还会有很多其他的解释。就让我在你面前带着坚定的信念作这样的忏悔，如果我给的解释与摩西的意思一致，那么我做的就是正确的、最好的。这就是我必须竭尽全力去做的。但是，如果我失败了，我至少要说，通过《圣经》的句子启示的你的真理，是与你愿意启示给摩西的是一样的。

第十三卷

1

我呼求你，上帝，我的怜悯，你创造了我，在我忘记你时，你没有忘记我。我请求你来到我的内心，激发我渴求你，准备我来接纳你。现在，当我呼求你，不要遗弃我，甚至在我呼求你之前你已经来帮助我。以各种各样的方式，一遍又一遍地，当我远离你时，你督促我来听你的声音，让我转向你，并一直亲自呼唤我，让我向你呼求帮助。你抹去我所有的罪恶行迹，为的是不要我遭受自己双手所做的应得的惩罚，这罪使得我远离你。甚至在我做之前，你已经考虑了我值得你赞赏的善行，以便回报你的手创造我之功劳。在我之前，你就存在了。我还未成型，你给了我存在。然而现在我存在了，这是出自你的美意，你提供了要创造怎样的我和创造我所需要的一切。你不需要我，我这个生物没有任何长处可以帮助你，我的主，我的上帝啊。我来服侍你不是由于这会减轻你的疲劳，也不是因为如果没有我的服侍你的能力就会减少。我不能像农民耕种土地那样地服侍你，因为即便我的耕作失败了，你的工作也会结出果实。我只能服侍你、敬拜你，以至能得到从你而来的善，若没有你，我就得不到善，因为我甚至不能再接受善。

3

在你创造之初，你说“*要有光，就有了光*”。

我想这些话可以被适宜地理解为关于灵魂的创造，因为它已经有了某种生命，可以获得你发出的光。但是，正像先前它由于自己的贫乏，不能向你说什么，于是没有这种生命来接受你的光，现在它既然存在了，它就不能说是因为自己的美德而接受了这一礼物。在这无形的世界

状态中，除非它变成光，否则就无法取悦于你。当它变成光后，不仅是简单的存在，而是注视并依附你，你这照耀它的光。它也通过这种方式获得你的恩典，仅仅是你的恩典，所赐予它的存在和所赐予的生命就生活在幸福中了。通过经历一种向善的变化，它被转向那不变的，不论是变得更好还是更坏，这变化都是朝向你的。只有你可以不变化，因为只有你是绝对的简单，存在与幸福的存在是一样的，因为你是你自己的至福。

5

当我读到你的圣灵运行在水面上，我模糊地看见你是三位一体的，我的上帝。是你，天父，在最初借着我们的智慧创造天地，这智慧是你的智慧，源于你，与你平等，与你永存，这就是，在你的圣子体内。关于天外之天我有很多要说，地是不可见、没有形状的，而深渊显示出灵的创造时是多么黑暗，在其外形的空无中，没有连续性和稳定性。这只有归向你生命本身，才能获得你的荣耀光辉的反射而获得美丽和生命。通过这种方式，天外之天就出现了，天外之天分为水上和水下的。当我说这些事物时，我采用“上帝”一词，上帝创造了它们，即天父在这“起初”里面创造，亦即在圣子里创造。但是，我相信的上帝是三位一体的上帝，我在他的《圣经》神圣的字句中寻找这一真理，并发现《圣经》说你的灵运行在水面上。这里就提到三位一体，我的上帝，圣父、圣子和圣灵，万物的创造者。

11

谁可以理解三位一体的全能之神呢？我们都谈论他，虽然可能我们谈论的并不是真的三位一体，因为很少有人在谈论三一神的时候知道自己说什么。人们为之互相争辩，观点不一，但是除非他们处在平静中，否则就只能得到一个虚无的幻象。

我希望人们考虑三个问题。这三个问题都是与人相关的。这问题与三位一体不同，但是我建议他们可把它视作一项头脑训练，我们可以检验自己并认识到这种差异是多么大。这三个问题是：存在、知识和意志，我可以说我是、我知道、我要。我是知道和意志的存在。对于我是和我要我也知道，并且我要存在，也要知道。在这三者中——存在、知识和意志——有一个不可分割的生命，一个生命，一个思想，一个存在。因此，尽管他们各不相同，但这种区别并没有割裂它们。这对于那些有能力理解的人来说并不难。实际上，他需要的不是越过自己来看。让他近距离地审视自己，估量一下，然后告诉我他发现了什么。

但当他在这三者中发现了一个共同的原则，并告诉我他的发现，他不能认为自己发现了在这之上永恒不变的本体，这本体永恒不变的存在，永恒不变的知道，永恒不变的意志。因为我们中没有任何人可以轻易地认为上帝是三位一体。因为这所有的三者——永恒不变的存在、永恒不变的知道、永恒不变的意志——都在上帝的里面。不论三者是否在三位一体中的一个位格里面，每一个都是三者重合的；或者不论这些假定是否是真的，其单一性与复杂性以一种奇妙的方式合二为一，虽然上帝是无限的，然而他是自己的结束又是自己本身，因此三位一体在他自己里面，并为他自己所知，又满足自己。那最高的存在，唯一的不变者，存在于无限的统一体中。这是一种神秘，无人能解释，我们中谁又可以断言他可以解释呢？

28

“你看着你所创造的一切，哦上帝，并发现它们非常好。”我们也看见所有这些事物，并知道它们很好。在每一次的工作中，你首先命令它们被创造，当它们被创造出来之后，你依次看着每一个事物，并认为它们都是好的。我计算过并发现《圣经》告诉我们七次你看见你所创造的是好的，当你在第八次去看你所有的受造物时，我们被告知你发现它

们不仅是好，而且是非常好，因为你立即把它们当作整体来看。每个分开的创造都是好的，但当他们被看为一个受造物时，他们不仅是好的，他们非常好。

这种说法可以用于所有美丽的事物。一个事物有若干部分，美丽蕴含在每一个部分中，整体的事物比单独的部分更漂亮，这都被恰当地组合并排列，组成一个整体，尽管每一部分就其作为单独的部分来说，本身就是一个美丽的事物。

35

哦，主啊，上帝，赐予我们平安吧，我们所有的一切都是你的馈赠。请赐予我们安宁，安息日的平安，永远没有夜晚的平安。因为这世界的秩序在其所有的美丽中都会消逝。当它们的存在达到极限时，所有美好的事物都将结束。它们已经被安排了有它们自己的早晨和夜晚。

37

在那永恒的安息日，你会在我们这里安息，就好像你现在在我们里面工作一样。我们要享受的安息是你的，就好像我们目前所做的工作是你的工作一样，只不过是通过我们来做。但是，主啊，你永远在工作，也永远在休息。你不是通过时间来看，也不是通过时间来运动，也不是在时间里休息，然而你创造了我们在时间中所看见的事物；你创造了时间本身，当时间停止时你就休息了。

38

我们能看见你创造的这些事物，因为它们存在。但是它们仅仅因为你看见它们而存在。在我们本身之外，我们看见它们存在，并且在我们自身里面，我们看见它们的美好。但是当你看到创造它们是正确的时候，你以同样的方式看见他们被创造。

我们只在瞬间之后，被激励做善事，即我们的心灵接受到圣灵的激发时，在这之前我们冲动地做坏事，因为那时我们已经离弃了你。但是你，唯一的神，良善的上帝，从来没有停止从善。通过你恩典的馈赠，我们做的一些工作是好的，但不是持久的。在那之后，当你把我们纳入你伟大的神圣存在时，我们希望可以找到安息。但是你是善本身，除了你自己不需要其他的善。你永远在安息中，因为你是自己的安息。

什么人可以教导其他人明白这个真理呢？什么天使可以教导其他的天使呢？什么天使可以教导人呢？我们必须问你，向你寻求答案。我们必须叩响你的门。只有这样我们才可以得到回答，并找到我们要寻求的结果。只有在那时，门才会向我们打开。

[1]在天主教中，盐是有特别的意义，盐加进水里制成圣水，很多仪式都会用到这种圣水。

[2]罗马诸神之一，朱庇特的妻子。

[3]即今阿尔及利亚的末达乌路赫（Mckourouch）。

[4]古希腊时期出现了民主制度，公共言论成为政治生活的一部分，因此演讲、辩论就很流行，于是出现了专门教授该技艺的老师，罗马也遗传了此风气。

[5]位于非洲北海岸，今突尼斯境内。

[6]西塞罗（公元前106—前43），古罗马著名政治家、演说家、雄辩家、法学家和哲学家。

[7]保罗（3—67），原名扫罗。保罗是亚伯拉罕的后裔，属于便雅悯支派的以色列人，早年参与迫害基督徒，据《圣经》记载，耶稣曾向他亲自显现。保罗是第一个去非犹太人中传播福音的基督徒，对于早期基督教会发展作出巨大贡献，可称为基督教的第一个神学家，《圣经》新约中很多书卷均是出自保罗之手。

[8]与奥古斯丁同时代的著名演说家。

[9]又称明教，是一个源自古代波斯宗教，为公元纪中叶波斯人摩尼（Mani）所创立。

[10]塞内加（公元4—65）是古罗马最重要的悲剧作家，他受斯多葛哲学影响，精于修辞和哲学，并曾担任过著名暴君尼禄的老师。他主张人们用内心的宁静来克服生活中的痛苦，宣传同情、仁爱。

[11]安东尼（公元250—约356），出生于埃及，长期在沙漠中修行，对后代的修道主义影响深远。

[12]梯伯河又称台伯河，位于意大利境内，奥斯蒂亚城位于梯伯河畔，是古罗马时期的著名商业和交通中心。

[13]摩西，公元前13世纪的犹太人先知，《圣经》旧约前五卷书的作者。

St Augustine
Confessions of a Sinner

TRANSLATED BY R. S. PINE-COFFIN

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Book I

1

Can any praise be worthy of the Lord's majesty? How magnificent his strength! How inscrutable his wisdom! Man is one of your creatures, Lord, and his instinct is to praise you. He bears about him the mark of death, the sign of his own sin, to remind him that you thwart the proud. But still, since he is a part of your creation, he wishes to praise you. The thought of you stirs him so deeply that he cannot be content unless he praises you, because you made us for yourself and our hearts find no peace until they rest in you.

[...]

Those who look for the Lord will cry out in praise of him, because all who look for him shall find him, and when they find him they will praise him. I shall look for you, Lord, by praying to you and as I pray I shall believe in you, because we have had preachers to tell us about you. It is my faith that calls to you, Lord, the faith which you gave me and made to live in me through the merits of your Son, who became man, and through the ministry of your preacher.

6

But, dust and ashes though I am, let me appeal to your pity, since it is to you in your mercy that I speak, not to a man, who would simply laugh at me. Perhaps you too may laugh at me, but you will relent and have pity on me. For all I want to tell you, Lord, is that I do not know where I came from when I was born into this life which leads to death - or should I say, this death which leads to life? This much is hidden from me. But, although I do not remember it all myself, I know that when I came into the world all the comforts which your mercy provides were there ready for me. This I was told by my parents, the father who begat me and the mother who conceived me, the two from whose bodies you formed me in the limits of time. So it was that I was given the comfort of woman's milk.

[...]

I do acknowledge you, Lord of heaven and earth, and I praise you for my first beginnings, although I cannot remember them. But you have allowed men to discover these things about themselves by watching other babies, and also to learn much from what women have to tell. I know that I was a living person even at that age, and as I came towards the end of infancy I tried to find signs to convey my feelings to others. Where could such a living creature come from if not from you, O Lord? Can it be that any man has skill to fabricate himself? Or can there be some channel by which we derive our life and our very existence from some other source than you? Surely we can only derive them from our Maker, from you, Lord, to whom living and being are not different things, since infinite life and infinite being are one and the same. For you are infinite and never change. In you 'today' never comes to an end: and yet our 'today' does come to an end in you, because time, as well as everything else, exists in you. If it did not, it would have no means of passing. And since your years never come to an end, for you they are simply 'today'. The countless days of our lives and of our forefathers' lives have passed by within your 'today'. From it they have received their due measure of duration and their very existence. And so it will be with all the other days which are still to come. But you yourself are eternally the same. In your 'today' you will make all that is to exist tomorrow and thereafter, and in your 'today' you have made all that existed yesterday and for ever before.
Need it concern me if some people cannot understand this? Let them ask what it means, and be glad to ask: but they may content themselves with the question alone. For it is better for them to find you and leave the question unanswered than to find the answer without finding you.

7

Hear me, O God! How wicked are the sins of men! Men say this and you pity them, because you made man, but you did not make sin in him.

Who can recall to me the sins I committed as a baby? For in your sight no man is free from sin, not even a child who has lived only one day on earth. Who can show me what my sins were? Some small baby in whom I can see all that I do not remember about myself? What sins, then, did I commit when I was a baby myself? Was it a sin to cry when I wanted to feed at the breast? I am too old now to feed on mother's milk, but if I were to cry for the kind of

food suited to my age, others would rightly laugh me to scorn and remonstrate with me. So then too I deserved a scolding for what I did; but since I could not have understood the scolding, it would have been unreasonable, and most unusual, to rebuke me. We root out these faults and discard them as we grow up, and this is proof enough that they are faults, because I have never seen a man purposely throw out the good when he clears away the bad. It can hardly be right for a child, even at that age, to cry for everything, including things which would harm him; to work himself into a tantrum against people older than himself and not required to obey him; and to try his best to strike and hurt others who know better than he does, including his own parents, when they do not give in to him and refuse to pander to whims which would only do him harm. This shows that, if babies are innocent, it is not for lack of will to do harm, but for lack of strength.

[...]

I do not remember that early part of my life, O Lord, but I believe what other people have told me about it and from watching other babies I can conclude that I also lived as they do. But, true though my conclusions may be, I do not like to think of that period as part of the same life I now lead, because it is dim and forgotten and, in this sense, it is no different from the time I spent in my mother's womb. But if I was born in sin and guilt was with me already when my mother conceived me, where, I ask you, Lord, where or when was I, your servant, ever innocent? But I will say no more about that time, for since no trace of it remains in my memory, it need no longer concern me.

9

But, O God my God, I now went through a period of suffering and humiliation. I was told that it was right and proper for me as a boy to pay attention to my teachers, so that I should do well at my study of grammar and get on in the world. This was the way to gain the respect of others and win for myself what passes for wealth in this world. So I was sent to school to learn to read. I was too small to understand what purpose it might serve and yet, if I was idle at my studies, I was beaten for it, because beating was favoured by tradition. Countless boys long since forgotten had built up this stony path for us to tread and we were made to pass along it, adding to the toil and sorrow of the sons of Adam.

But we found that some men prayed to you, Lord, and we learned from them

to do the same, thinking of you in the only way that we could understand, as some great person who could listen to us and help us, even though we could not see you or hear you or touch you. I was still a boy when I first began to pray to you, my Help and Refuge. I used to prattle away to you, and though I was small, my devotion was great when I begged you not to let me be beaten at school. Sometimes, for my own good, you did not grant my prayer, and then my elders and even my parents, who certainly wished me no harm, would laugh at the beating I got - and in those days beatings were my one great bugbear.

[...]

11

While still a boy I had been told of the eternal life promised to us by Our Lord, who humbled himself and came down amongst us proud sinners. As a catechumen, I was blessed regularly from birth with the sign of the Cross and was seasoned with God's salt, for, O Lord, my mother placed great hope in you. Once as a child I was taken suddenly ill with a disorder of the stomach and was on the point of death. You, my God, were my guardian even then, and you saw the fervour and strength of my faith as I appealled to the piety of my own mother and to the mother of us all, your Church, to give me the baptism of Christ your Son, who is my God and my Master. My earthly mother was deeply anxious, because in the pure faith of her heart, she was in greater labour to ensure my eternal salvation than she had been at my birth. Had I not quickly recovered, she would have hastened to see that I was admitted to the sacraments of salvation and washed clean by acknowledging you, Lord Jesus, for the pardon of my sins. So my washing in the waters of baptism was postponed, in the surmise that, if I continued to live, I should defile myself again with sin and, after baptism, the guilt of pollution would be greater and more dangerous. Even at that age I already believed in you, and so did my mother and the whole household except for my father. But, in my heart, he did not gain the better of my mother's piety and prevent me from believing in Christ just because he still disbelieved himself. For she did all that she could to see that you, my God, should be a Father to me rather than he. In this you helped her to turn the scales against her husband, whom she always obeyed because by obeying him she obeyed your law, thereby showing greater virtue than he did.

I ask you, my God - for, if it is your will, I long to know - for what purpose was my baptism postponed at that time? Was it for my good that the reins which held me from sin were slackened? Or is it untrue that they were slackened? If not, why do we continually hear people say, even nowadays, 'Leave him alone and let him do it. He is not yet baptized'? Yet when the health of the body is at stake, no one says 'Let him get worse. He is not yet cured.' It would, then, have been much better if I had been healed at once and if all that I and my family could do had been done to make sure that once my soul had received its salvation, its safety should be left in your keeping, since its salvation had come from you. This would surely have been the better course. But my mother well knew how many great tides of temptation threatened me before I grew up, and she chose to let them beat upon the as yet unmoulded clay rather than upon the finished image which had received the stamp of baptism.

17

Let me tell you, my God, how I squandered the brains you gave me on foolish delusions. I was set a task which troubled me greatly, for if I were successful, I might win some praise: if not, I was afraid of disgrace or a beating. I had to recite the speech of Juno, who was pained and angry because she could not prevent Aeneas from sailing to Italy. I had been told that Juno had never really spoken the words, but we were compelled to make believe and follow the flight of the poet's fancy by repeating in prose what he had said in verse. The contest was to be won by the boy who found the best words to suit the meaning and best expressed feelings of sorrow and anger appropriate to the majesty of the character he impersonated.

What did all this matter to me, my God, my true Life? Why did my recitation win more praise than those of the many other boys in my class? Surely it was all so much smoke without fire? Was there no other subject on which I might have sharpened my wits and my tongue? I might have used them, O Lord, to praise you in the words of your Scriptures, which could have been a prop to support my heart, as if it were a young vine, so that it would not have produced this crop of worthless fruit, fit only for the birds to peck at. For offerings can be made to those birds of prey, the fallen angels, in more ways than one.

It was at the threshold of a world such as this that I stood in peril as a boy. I was already being prepared for its tournaments by a training which taught me to have a horror of faulty grammar instead of teaching me, when I committed these faults, not to envy others who avoided them. All this, my God, I admit and confess to you. By these means I won praise from the people whose favour I sought, for I thought that the right way to live was to do as they wished. I was blind to the whirlpool of debasement in which I had been plunged away from the sight of your eyes. For in your eyes nothing could be more debased than I was then, since I was even troublesome to the people whom I set out to please. Many and many a time I lied to my tutor, my masters, and my parents, and deceived them because I wanted to play games or watch some futile show or was impatient to imitate what I saw on the stage. I even stole from my parents' larder and from their table, either from greed or to get something to give to other boys in exchange for their favourite toys, which they were willing to barter with me. And in the games I played with them I often cheated in order to come off the better, simply because a vain desire to win had got the better of me. And yet there was nothing I could less easily endure, nothing that made me quarrel more bitterly, than to find others cheating me as I cheated them. All the same, if they found me out and blamed me for it, I would lose my temper rather than give in.

Can this be the innocence of childhood? Far from it, O Lord! But I beg you to forgive it. For commanders and kings may take the place of tutors and schoolmasters, nuts and balls and pet birds may give way to money and estates and servants, but these same passions remain with us while one stage of life follows upon another, just as more severe punishments follow upon the school-master's cane. It was, then, simply because they are small that you used children to symbolize humility when, as our King, you commended it by saying that the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these.

20

And yet, Lord, even if you had willed that I should not survive my childhood, I should have owed you gratitude, because you are our God, the supreme Good, the Creator and Ruler of the universe. For even as a child I existed, I was alive, I had the power of feeling; I had an instinct to keep myself safe and sound, to preserve my own being, which was a trace of the single unseen Being from whom it was derived; I had an inner sense which watched over my bodily senses and kept them in full vigour; and even in the small things

which occupied my thoughts I found pleasure in the truth. I disliked finding myself in the wrong; my memory was good; I was acquiring the command of words; I enjoyed the company of friends; and I shrank from pain, ignorance, and sorrow. Should I not be grateful that so small a creature possessed such wonderful qualities? But they were all gifts from God, for I did not give them to myself. His gifts are good and the sum of them all is my own self. Therefore, the God who made me must be good and all the good in me is his. I thank him and praise him for all the good in my life, even my life as a boy. But my sin was this, that I looked for pleasure, beauty, and truth not in him but in myself and his other creatures, and the search led me instead to pain, confusion, and error. My God, in whom is my delight, my glory, and my trust, I thank you for your gifts and beg you to preserve and keep them for me. Keep me, too, and so your gifts will grow and reach perfection and I shall be with you myself, for I should not even exist if it were not by your gift.

Book II

1

I must now carry my thoughts back to the abominable things I did in those days, the sins of the flesh which defiled my soul. I do this, my God, not because I love those sins, but so that I may love you. For love of your love I shall retrace my wicked ways. The memory is bitter, but it will help me to savour your sweetness, the sweetness that does not deceive but brings real joy and never fails. For love of your love I shall retrieve myself from the havoc of disruption which tore me to pieces when I turned away from you, whom alone I should have sought, and lost myself instead on many a different quest. For as I grew to manhood I was inflamed with desire for a surfeit of hell's pleasures. Foolhardy as I was, I ran wild with lust that was manifold and rank. In your eyes my beauty vanished and I was foul to the core, yet I was pleased with my own condition and anxious to be pleasing in the eyes of men.

2

I cared for nothing but to love and be loved. But my love went beyond the affection of one mind for another, beyond the arc of the bright beam of friendship. Bodily desire, like a morass, and adolescent sex welling up within me exuded mists which clouded over and obscured my heart, so that I could not distinguish the clear light of true love from the murk of lust. Love and lust together seethed within me. In my tender youth they swept me away over the precipice of my body's appetites and plunged me in the whirlpool of sin. More and more I angered you, unawares. For I had been deafened by the clank of my chains, the fetters of the death which was my due to punish the pride in my soul. I strayed still farther from you and you did not restrain me. I was tossed and spilled, floundering in the broiling sea of my fornication, and you said no word. How long it was before I learned that you were my true joy! You were silent then, and I went on my way, farther and farther from you, proud in my distress and restless in fatigue, sowing more and more seeds whose only crop was grief.

[...]

3

In the same year my studies were interrupted. I had already begun to go to the near-by town of Madaura to study literature and the art of public speaking, but I was brought back home while my father, a modest citizen of Thagaste whose determination was greater than his means, saved up the money to send me farther afield to Carthage. I need not tell all this to you, my God, but in your presence I tell it to my own kind, to those other men, however few, who may perhaps pick up this book. And I tell it so that I and all who read my words may realize the depths from which we are to cry to you. Your ears will surely listen to the cry of a penitent heart which lives the life of faith.

[...]

4

It is certain, O Lord, that theft is punished by your law, the law that is written in men's hearts and cannot be erased however sinful they are. For no thief can bear that another thief should steal from him, even if he is rich and the other is driven to it by want. Yet I was willing to steal, and steal I did, although I was not compelled by any lack, unless it were the lack of a sense of justice or a distaste for what was right and a greedy love of doing wrong. For of what I stole I already had plenty, and much better at that, and I had no wish to enjoy the things I coveted by stealing, but only to enjoy the theft itself and the sin. There was a pear-tree near our vineyard, loaded with fruit that was attractive neither to look at nor to taste. Late one night a band of ruffians, myself included, went off to shake down the fruit and carry it away, for we had continued our games out of doors until well after dark, as was our pernicious habit. We took away an enormous quantity of pears, not to eat them ourselves, but simply to throw them to the pigs. Perhaps we ate some of them, but our real pleasure consisted in doing something that was forbidden.

[...]

6

If the crime of theft which I committed that night as a boy of sixteen were a living thing, I could speak to it and ask what it was that, to my shame, I loved

in it. I had no beauty because it was a robbery. It is true that the pears which we stole had beauty, because they were created by you, the good God, who are the most beautiful of all beings and the Creator of all things, the supreme Good and my own true Good. But it was not the pears that my unhappy soul desired. I had plenty of my own, better than those, and I only picked them so that I might steal. For no sooner had I picked them than I threw them away, and tasted nothing in them but my own sin, which I relished and enjoyed. If any part of one of those pears passed my lips, it was the sin that gave it flavour.

[...]

What was it, then, that pleased me in that act of theft? Which of my Lord's powers did I imitate in a perverse and wicked way? Since I had no real power to break his law, was it that I enjoyed at least the pretence of doing so, like a prisoner who creates for himself the illusion of liberty by doing something wrong, when he has no fear of punishment, under a feeble hallucination of power? Here was the slave who ran away from his master and chased a shadow instead! What an abomination! What a parody of life! What abysmal death! Could I enjoy doing wrong for no other reason than that it was wrong?

Book III

1

I went to Carthage, where I found myself in the midst of a hissing cauldron of lust. I had not yet fallen in love, but I was in love with the idea of it, and this feeling that something was missing made me despise myself for not being more anxious to satisfy the need. I began to look around for some object for my love, since I badly wanted to love something. I had no liking for the safe path without pitfalls, for although my real need was for you, my God, who are the food of the soul, I was not aware of this hunger. I felt no need for the food that does not perish, not because I had had my fill of it, but because the more I was starved of it the less palatable it seemed. Because of this my soul fell sick. It broke out in ulcers and looked about desperately for some material, worldly means of relieving the itch which they caused. But material things, which have no soul, could not be true objects for my love. To love and to have my love returned was my heart's desire, and it would be all the sweeter if I could also enjoy the body of the one who loved me.

[...]

3

Yet all the while, far above, your mercy hovered faithfully about me. I exhausted myself in depravity, in the pursuit of an unholy curiosity. I deserted you and sank to the bottom-most depths of scepticism and the mockery of devil-worship. My sins were a sacrifice to the devil, and for all of them you chastised me. I defied you even so far as to relish the thought of lust, and gratify it too, within the walls of your church during the celebration of your mysteries. For such a deed I deserved to pluck the fruit of death, and you punished me for it with a heavy lash. But, compared with my guilt, the penalty was nothing. How infinite is your mercy, my God! You are my Refuge from the terrible dangers amongst which I wandered, head on high, intent upon withdrawing still further from you. I loved my own way, not yours, but it was a truant's freedom that I loved.

Besides these pursuits I was also studying for the law. Such ambition was held to be honourable and I determined to succeed in it. The more unscrupulous I was, the greater my reputation was likely to be, for men are so blind that they even take pride in their blindness. By now I was at the top of the school of rhetoric. I was pleased with my superior status and swollen with conceit. All the same, as you well know, Lord, I behaved far more quietly than the 'Wreckers', a title of ferocious devilry which the fashionable set chose for themselves. I had nothing whatever to do with their outbursts of violence, but I lived amongst them, feeling a perverse sense of shame because I was not like them. I kept company with them and there were times when I found their friendship a pleasure, but I always had a horror of what they did when they lived up to their name. Without provocation they would set upon some timid newcomer, gratuitously affronting his sense of decency for their own amusement and using it as fodder for their spiteful jests. This was the devil's own behaviour or not far different. 'Wreckers' was a fit name for them, for they were already adrift and total wrecks themselves. The mockery and trickery which they loved to practise on others was a secret snare of the devil, by which they were mocked and tricked themselves.

4

These were the companions with whom I studied the art of eloquence at that impressionable age. It was my ambition to be a good speaker, for the unhallowed and inane purpose of gratifying human vanity. The prescribed course of study brought me to a work by an author named Cicero, whose writing nearly everyone admires, if not the spirit of it. The title of the book is Hortensius and it recommends the reader to study philosophy. It altered my outlook on life. It changed my prayers to you, O Lord, and provided me with new hopes and aspirations. All my empty dreams suddenly lost their charm and my heart began to throb with a bewildering passion for the wisdom of eternal truth. I began to climb out of the depths to which I had sunk, in order to return to you. For I did not use the book as a whetstone to sharpen my tongue. It was not the style of it but the contents which won me over, and yet the allowance which my mother paid me was supposed to be spent on putting an edge on my tongue. I was now in my nineteenth year and she supported me, because my father had died two years before.

[...]

But, O Light of my heart, you know that at that time, although Paul's words were not known to me, the only thing that pleased me in Cicero's book was his advice not simply to admire one or another of the schools of philosophy, but to love wisdom itself, whatever it might be, and to search for it, pursue it, hold it, and embrace it firmly. These were the words which excited me and set me burning with fire, and the only check to this blaze of enthusiasm was that they made no mention of the name of Christ. For by your mercy, Lord, from the time when my mother fed me at the breast my infant heart had been suckled dutifully on his name, the name of your Son, my Saviour. Deep inside my heart his name remained, and nothing could entirely captivate me, however learned, however neatly expressed, however true it might be, unless his name were in it.

5

So I made up my mind to examine the holy Scriptures and see what kind of books they were. I discovered something that was at once beyond the understanding of the proud and hidden from the eyes of children. Its gait was humble, but the heights it reached were sublime. It was enfolded in mysteries, and I was not the kind of man to enter into it or bow my head to follow where it led. But these were not the feelings I had when I first read the Scriptures. To me they seemed quite unworthy of comparison with the stately prose of Cicero, because I had too much conceit to accept their simplicity and not enough insight to penetrate their depths. It is surely true that as the child grows these books grow with him. But I was too proud to call myself a child. I was inflated with self-esteem, which made me think myself a great man.

11

But you sent down your help from above and rescued my soul from the depths of this darkness because my mother, your faithful servant, wept to you for me, shedding more tears for my spiritual death than other mothers shed for the bodily death of a son. For in her faith and in the spirit which she had from you she looked on me as dead. You heard her and did not despise the tears which streamed down and watered the earth in every place where she bowed her head in prayer. You heard her, for how else can I explain the dream with which you consoled her, so that she agreed to live with me and eat at the same table in our home? Lately she had refused to do this, because she loathed and shunned the blasphemy of my false beliefs.

She dreamed that she was standing on a wooden rule, and coming towards her in a halo of splendour she saw a young man who smiled at her in joy, although she herself was sad and quite consumed with grief. He asked her the reason for her sorrow and her daily tears, not because he did not know, but because he had something to tell her, for this is what happens in visions. When she replied that her tears were for the soul I had lost, he told her to take heart for, if she looked carefully, she would see that where she was, there also was I. And when she looked, she saw me standing beside her on the same rule.

Where could this dream have come from, unless it was that you listened to the prayer of her heart? For your goodness is almighty; you take good care of each of us as if you had no others in your care, and you look after all as you look after each. And surely it was for the same reason that, when she told me of the dream and I tried to interpret it as a message that she need not despair of being one day such as I was then, she said at once and without hesitation 'No! He did not say "Where he is, you are", but "Where you are, he is".'

[...]

12

I remember that in the meantime you gave her another answer to her prayers, though there is much besides this that escapes my memory and much too that I must omit, because I am in haste to pass on to other things, which I am more anxious to confess to you.

This other answer you gave her through the mouth of one of your priests, a bishop who had lived his life in the Church and was well versed in the Scriptures. My mother asked him, as a favour, to have a talk with me, so that he might refute my errors, drive the evil out of my mind, and replace it with good. He often did this when he found suitable pupils, but he refused to do it for me - a wise decision, as I afterwards realized. He told her that I was still unripe for instruction because, as she had told him, I was brimming over with the novelty of the heresy and had already upset a great many simple people with my casuistry. 'Leave him alone', he said. 'Just pray to God for him. From his own reading he will discover his mistakes and the depth of his profanity.'

At the same time he told her that when he was a child his misguided mother had handed him over to the Manichees. He had not only read almost

all their books, but had also made copies of them, and even though no one argued the case with him or put him right, he had seen for himself that he ought to have nothing to do with the sect; and accordingly he had left it. Even after she had heard this my mother still would not be pacified, but persisted all the more with her tears and her entreaties that he should see me and discuss the matter. At last he grew impatient and said 'Leave me and go in peace. It cannot be that the son of these tears should be lost.'

In later years, as we talked together, she used to say that she accepted these words as a message from heaven.

Book IV

1

During the space of those nine years, from the nineteenth to the twenty-eighth year of my life, I was led astray myself and led others astray in my turn. We were alike deceivers and deceived in all our different aims and ambitions, both publicly when we expounded our so-called liberal ideas, and in private through our service to what we called religion. In public we were cocksure, in private superstitious, and everywhere void and empty. On the one hand we would hunt for worthless popular distinctions, the applause of an audience, prizes for poetry, or quickly fading wreaths won in competition. We loved the idle pastimes of the stage and in selfindulgence we were unrestrained. On the other hand we aspired to be purged of these lowly pleasures by taking food to the holy elect, as they were called, so that in their paunches it might pass through the process of being made into angels and gods who would set us free. These were the objects I pursued and the tasks I performed together with friends who, like myself and through my fault, were under the same delusion.

[...]

2

During those years I was a teacher of the art of public speaking. Love of money had gained the better of me and for it I sold to others the means of coming off the better in debate. But you know, Lord, that I preferred to have honest pupils, in so far as honesty has any meaning nowadays, and I had no evil intent when I taught the tricks of pleading, for I never meant them to be used to get the innocent condemned but, if the occasion arose, to save the lives of the guilty. From a distance, my God, you saw me losing my foothold on this treacherous ground, but through clouds of smoke you also saw a spark of good faith in me; for though, as I schooled my pupils, I was merely abetting their futile designs and their schemes of duplicity, nevertheless I did my best to teach them honestly.

In those days I lived with a woman, not my lawful wedded wife but a mistress whom I had chosen for no special reason but that my restless passions had alighted on her. But she was the only one and I was faithful to her. Living with her I found out by my own experience the difference between the restraint of the marriage alliance, contracted for the purpose of having children, and a bargain struck for lust, in which the birth of children is begrudged, though, if they come, we cannot help but love them.

[...]

12

If the things of this world delight you, praise God for them but turn your love away from them and give it to their Maker, so that in the things that please you you may not displease him. If your delight is in souls, love them in God, because they too are frail and stand firm only when they cling to him. If they do not, they go their own way and are lost. Love them, then, in him and draw as many with you to him as you can. Tell them 'He is the one we should love. He made the world and he stays close to it.' For when he made the world he did not go away and leave it. By him it was created and in him it exists. Wherever we taste the truth, God is there. He is in our very inmost hearts, but our hearts have strayed from him. Think well on it, unbelieving hearts and cling to him who made you. Stand with him and you shall not fall; rest in him and peace shall be yours. What snags and pitfalls lie before you? Where do your steps lead you? The good things which you love are all from God, but they are good and sweet only as long as they are used to do his will. They will rightly turn bitter if God is spurned and the things that come from him are wrongly loved. Why do you still choose to travel by this hard and arduous path? There is no rest to be found where you seek it. In the land of death you try to find a happy life: it is not there. How can life be happy where there is no life at all?

Our Life himself came down into this world and took away our death. He slew it with his own abounding life, and with thunder in his voice he called us from this world to return to him in heaven. From heaven he came down to us, entering first the Virgin's womb, where humanity, our mortal flesh, was wedded to him so that it might not be for ever mortal. Then as a bridegroom coming from his bed, he exulted like some great runner who sees the track before him. He did not linger on his way but ran, calling us to return

to him, calling us by his words and deeds, by his life and death, by his descent into hell and his ascension into heaven. He departed from our sight, so that we should turn to our hearts and find him there. He departed, but he is here with us. He would not stay long with us, but he did not leave us. He went back to the place which he had never left, because he, through whom the world was made, was in the world and he came into the world to save sinners. To him my soul confesses and he is its Healer, because the wrong it did was against him. Great ones of the world, will your hearts always be hardened? Your Life has come down from heaven: will you not now at last rise with him and live? But how can you rise if you are in high places and your clamour reaches heaven? Come down from those heights, for then you may climb and, this time, climb to God. To climb against him was your fall.

[...]

13

I did not know this then. I was in love with beauty of a lower order and it was dragging me down. I used to ask my friends 'Do we love anything unless it is beautiful? What, then, is beauty and in what does it consist? What is it that attracts us and wins us over to the things we love? Unless there were beauty and grace in them, they would be powerless to win our hearts.' When I looked at things, it struck me that there was a difference between the beauty of an object considered by itself as one whole and the beauty to be found in a proper proportion between separate things, such as the due balance between the whole of the body and any of its limbs, or between the foot and the shoe with which it is shod, and so on. This idea burst from my heart like water from a spring. My mind was full of it and I wrote a book called Beauty and Proportion, in two or three volumes as far as I remember. You know how many there were, O Lord. I have forgotten, because by some chance the book was lost and I no longer have it.

14

O Lord, my God, what induced me to dedicate my book to Hierius, the great public speaker at Rome? I had never even seen him, but I admired his brilliant reputation for learning and had been greatly struck by what I had heard of his speeches. Even more than this I was impressed by the admiration which other people had for him. They overwhelmed him with praise, because

it seemed extraordinary that a man born in Syria and originally trained to speak in Greek had later become so remarkable a speaker in Latin, and had also such a wealth of knowledge of the subjects studied by philosophers.
We can admire persons whom we have never seen, if we hear them praised, though this does not mean that simply to hear their praises will make us admire them. But enthusiasm in one man will kindle the same fire in another, for we admire the person whose praises we hear only if we believe that they are sincerely uttered - in other words that the person who utters them genuinely admires the man whom he praises.

[...]

But Hierius was the kind of man in whom I admired qualities that I would have been glad to possess. In my pride I was running adrift, at the mercy of every wind. You were guiding me as a helmsman steers a ship, but the course you steered was beyond my understanding. I know now, and confess it as the truth, that I admired Hierius more because others praised him than for the accomplishments for which they praised him. I know this because those same people, instead of praising him, might have abused him. They might have spoken of the same talents in him but found fault with them and despised them. If they had done this, my feelings would not have been aroused nor my admiration kindled. Yet his qualities would have been the same and he himself would have been no different. The only difference would have been in their attitude towards him.
We can see from this that the soul is weak and helpless unless it clings to the firm rock of truth. Men give voice to their opinions, but they are only opinions, like so many puffs of wind that waft the soul hither and thither and make it veer and turn. The light is clouded over and the truth cannot be seen, although it is there before our eyes. I thought it a matter of much importance to myself to bring my book and the work I had done to the notice of this great man. If he had approved of them, my fervour would have been all the more ardent. If he had found fault, my heart, which was empty and bereft of God's firm truth, would have suffered a cruel blow. Yet I found pleasure in giving my mind to the problem of beauty and proportion, the work which I had dedicated to him. Although I found no others to admire it, I was proud of it myself.

[...]

I was struggling to reach you, but you thrust me back so that I knew the taste of death. For you thwart the proud. And what greater pride could there be than to assert, as I did in my strange madness, that by nature I was what you are? I was changeable, and I knew it; for if I wanted to be a learned man, it could only mean that I wanted to be better than I was. All the same I preferred to think that you too were changeable rather than suppose that I was not what you are. This was why you thrust me back and crushed my rearing pride, while my imagination continued to play on material forms. Myself a man of flesh and blood I blamed the flesh. I was as fickle as a breath of wind, unable to return to you. I drifted on, making my way towards things that had no existence in you or in myself or in the body. They were not created for me by your truth but were the inventions of my own foolish imagination working on material things. Though I did not know it, I was in exile from my place in God's city among his faithful children, my fellow citizens. But I was all words, and stupidly I used to ask them, 'If, as you say, God made the soul, why does it err?' Yet I did not like them to ask me in return, 'If what you say is true, why does God err?' So I used to argue that your unchangeable substance, my God, was forced to err, rather than admit that my own was changeable and erred of its own free will, and that its errors were my punishment.

[...]

16

When I was only about twenty years of age Aristotle's book on the 'Ten Categories' came into my hands. Whenever my teacher at Carthage and others who were reputed to be scholars mentioned this book, their cheeks would swell with self-importance, so that the title alone was enough to make me stand agape, as though I were poised over some wonderful divine mystery. I managed to read it and understand it without help, though I now ask myself what advantage I gained from doing so. Other people told me that they had understood it only with difficulty, after the most learned masters had not only explained it to them but also illustrated it with a wealth of diagrams. But when I discussed it with them, I found that they could tell me no more about it than I had already discovered by reading it on my own.

[...]

I read and understood by myself all the books that I could find on the so-called liberal arts, for in those days I was a good-for-nothing and a slave to sordid ambitions. But what advantage did I gain from them? I read them with pleasure, but I did not know the real source of such true and certain facts as they contained. I had my back to the light and my face was turned towards the things which it illumined, so that my eyes, by which I saw the things which stood in the light, were themselves in darkness. Without great difficulty and without need of a teacher I understood all that I read on the arts of rhetoric and logic, on geometry, music, and mathematics. You know this, O Lord my God, because if a man is quick to understand and his perception is keen, he has these gifts from you. But since I made no offering of them to you, it did me more harm than good to struggle to keep in my own power so large a part of what you had given to me and, instead of preserving my strength for you, to leave you and go to a far country to squander your gifts on loves that sold themselves for money. For what good to me was my ability, if I did not use it well? And ability I had, for until I tried to instruct others I did not realize that these subjects are very difficult to master, even for pupils who are studious and intelligent, and a student who could follow my instruction without faltering was reckoned a very fine scholar.

But what value did I gain from my reading as long as I thought that you, Lord God who are the Truth, were a bright, unbounded body and I a small piece broken from it? What utter distortion of the truth! Yet this was my belief; and I do not now blush to acknowledge, my God, the mercies you have shown to me, nor to call you to my aid, just as in those days I did not blush to declare my blasphemies aloud and snarl at you like a dog. What, then, was the value to me of my intelligence, which could take these subjects in its stride, and all those books, with their tangled problems, which I unravelled without the help of any human tutor, when in the doctrine of your love I was lost in the most hideous error and the vilest sacrilege? And was it so great a drawback to your faithful children that they were slower than I to understand such things? For they did not forsake you, but grew like fledglings in the safe nest of your Church, nourishing the wings of charity on the food of the faith that would save them.

O Lord our God, let the shelter of your wings give us hope. Protect us and uphold us. You will be the Support that upholds us from childhood till the

hair on our heads is grey. When you are our strength we are strong, but when our strength is our own we are weak. In you our good abides for ever, and when we turn away from it we turn to evil. Let us come home at last to you, O Lord, for fear that we be lost. For in you our good abides and it has no blemish, since it is yourself. Nor do we fear that there is no home to which we can return. We fell from it; but our home is your eternity and it does not fall because we are away.

Book V

1

Accept my confessions, O Lord. They are a sacrifice offered by my tongue, for yours was the hand that fashioned it and yours the spirit that moved it to acknowledge you. Heal all my bones and let them say Lord, there is none like you.

If a man confesses to you, he does not reveal his inmost thoughts to you as though you did not know them. For the heart may shut itself away, but it cannot hide from your sight. Man's heart may be hard, but it cannot resist the touch of your hand. Whenever you will, your mercy or your punishment can make it relent, and just as none can hide away from the sun, none can escape your burning heat.

Let my soul praise you, so that it may show its love; and let it make avowal of your mercies, so that for these it may praise you. No part of your creation ever ceases to resound in praise of you. Man turns his lips to you in prayer and his spirit praises you. Animals too and lifeless things as well praise you through the lips of all who give them thought. For our souls lean for support upon the things which you have created, so that we may be lifted up to you from our weakness and use them to help us on our way to you who made them all so wonderfully. And in you we are remade and find true strength.

3

In the sight of my God I will describe the twenty-ninth year of my age.

A Manichean bishop named Faustus had recently arrived at Carthage. He was a great decoy of the devil and many people were trapped by his charming manner of speech. This I certainly admired, but I was beginning to distinguish between mere eloquence and the real truth, which I was so eager to learn. The Manichees talked so much about this man Faustus that I wanted to see what scholarly fare he would lay before me, and I did not care what words he used to garnish the dish. I had already heard that he was very well versed in all the higher forms of learning and particularly in the liberal

sciences.

I had read a great many scientific books which were still alive in my memory. When I compared them with the tedious tales of the Manichees, it seemed to me that, of the two, the theories of the scientists were the more likely to be true. For their thoughts could reach far enough to form a judgement about the world around them, though they found no trace of him who is Master of it. You, Lord, who are so high above us, yet look with favour on the humble, look on the proud too, but from far off. You come close only to men who are humble at heart. The proud cannot find you, even though by dint of study they have skill to number stars and grains of sand, to measure the tracts of constellations and trace the paths of planets.

[...]

6

For almost the whole of those nine years during which my mind was unsettled and I was an aspirant of the Manichees, I awaited the coming of this man Faustus with the keenest expectation. Other members of the sect whom I happened to meet were unable to answer the questions I raised upon these subjects, but they assured me that once Faustus had arrived I had only to discuss them with him and he would have no difficulty in giving me a clear explanation of my queries and any other more difficult problems which I might put forward.

[...]

My long and eager expectation of Faustus's arrival was amply rewarded by the way in which he set about the task of disputation and the goodwill that he showed. The ease with which he found the right words to clothe his thoughts delighted me, and I was not the only one to applaud it, though perhaps I did so more than most. But I found it tiresome, when so many people assembled to hear him, not to be allowed to approach him with my difficulties and lay them before him in the friendly give-and-take of conversation. As soon as the opportunity arose I and some of my friends claimed his attention at a time when a private discussion would not be inappropriate. I mentioned some of my doubts, but soon discovered that except for a rudimentary knowledge of literature he had no claims to scholarship. He had read some of Cicero's speeches, one or two books of Seneca, some poetry, and such books as had

been written in good Latin by members of his sect. Besides his daily practice as a speaker, this reading was the basis of his eloquence, which derived extra charm and plausibility from his attractive personality and his ability to make good use of his mental powers.

[...]

7

As soon as it became clear to me that Faustus was quite uninformed about the subjects in which I had expected him to be an expert, I began to lose hope that he could lift the veil and resolve the problems which perplexed me. Of course, despite his ignorance of these matters he might still have been a truly pious man, provided he were not a Manichee. The Manichean books are full of the most tedious fictions about the sky and the stars, the sun and the moon. I badly wanted Faustus to compare these with the mathematical calculations which I had studied in other books, so that I might judge whether the Manichean theories were more likely to be true or, at least, equally probable, but I now began to realize that he could not give me a detailed explanation. When I suggested that we should consider these problems and discuss them together, he was certainly modest enough not to undertake the task. He knew that he did not know the answers to my questions and was not ashamed to admit it, for unlike many other talkative people whom I have had to endure, he would not try to teach me a lesson when he had nothing to say. He had a heart, and though his approach to you was mistaken, he was not without discretion. He was not entirely unaware of his limitations and did not want to enter rashly into an argument which might force him into a position which he could not possibly maintain and from which he could not easily withdraw. I liked him all the better for this, because modesty and candour are finer equipment for the mind than scientific knowledge of the kind that I wished to possess. I found that his attitude towards all the more difficult and abstruse questions was the same.

[...]

So it was that, unwittingly and without intent, Faustus who had been a deadly snare to many now began to release me from the trap in which I had been caught. For in the mystery of your providence, my God, your guiding hand did not desert me. Night and day my mother poured out her tears to you and

offered her heart-blood in sacrifice for me, and in the most wonderful way you guided me. It was you who guided me, my God, for man's feet stand firm, if the Lord is with him to prosper his journey. What else can save us but your hand, remaking what you have made?

8

It was, then, by your guidance that I was persuaded to go to Rome and teach there the subjects which I taught at Carthage.

[...]

9

At Rome I was at once struck down by illness, which all but carried me off to hell loaded with all the evil that I had committed against you, against myself, and against other men, a host of grave offences over and above the bond of original sin, by which we all have died with Adam. You had not yet forgiven me any of these sins in Christ nor, on his cross, had he dissolved the enmity which my sins had earned me in your sight. How could he dissolve it on the cross if he were a mere phantom, as I believed? In so far, then, as I thought the death of his body unreal, the death of my own soul was real; and the life of my soul, because it doubted his death, was as false as the death of his flesh was true.

[...]

If I had died in that state, my mother's heart would never have recovered from the blow. Words cannot describe how dearly she loved me or how much greater was the anxiety she suffered for my spiritual birth than the physical pain she had endured in bringing me into the world. I cannot see how she could ever have recovered if I had died in that condition, for my death would have pierced the very heart of her love. And what would have become of all the fervent prayers which she offered so often and without fail? They would have come to you, nowhere but to you. But would you, O God of mercy, have despised the contrite and humble heart of that chaste and gentle widow, so ready to give alms, so full of humble reverence for your saints, who never let a day go by unless she had brought an offering to your altar, and never failed to come to your church twice every day, each morning and night, not to listen

to empty tales and old wives' gossip, but so that she might hear the preaching of your word and you might listen to her prayers? Could you deny your help to her, when it was by your grace that she was what she was, or despise her tears, when she asked not for gold or silver or any fleeting, short-lived favour, but that the soul of her son might be saved? Never would you have done this, O Lord. No, you were there to hear her prayer and do all, in due order, as you had determined it was to be done. It could not be that you would have deceived her in the visions you sent her and the answers you gave to her prayers, both those that I have recorded and the others which I have not set down. All these signs she cherished in her faithful heart, and in her ceaseless prayers she laid them before you as though they were pledges signed by your hand. For, since your mercy endures for ever, by your promises you deign to become a debtor to those whom you release from every debt.

10

So it was that you healed my sickness. To the son of your servant you restored the health of his body, so that he might live to receive from you another far better and more certain kind of health.

[...]

12

I began actively to set about the business of teaching literature and public speaking, which was the purpose for which I had come to Rome. At first I taught in my house, where I collected a number of pupils who had heard of me, and through them my reputation began to grow. But I now realized that there were difficulties in Rome with which I had not had to contend in Africa. True enough, I found that there was no rioting by young hooligans, but I was told that at any moment a number of students would plot together to avoid paying their master his fees and would transfer in a body to another. They were quite unscrupulous, and justice meant nothing to them compared with the love of money. There was hatred for them in my heart, and it was not unselfish hatred, for I suppose that I hated them more for what I should have to suffer from them than for the wrong they might do to any teacher ... For their warped and crooked minds I still hate students like these, but I love them too, hoping to teach them to mend their ways, so that they may learn to

love their studies more than money and love you, their God, still more, for you are the Truth, the Source of good that does not fail, and the Peace of purest innocence. But in those days I was readier to dislike them for fear of the harm they might cause me than to hope that they would become good for your sake.

13

So, when the Prefect of Rome received a request from Milan to find a teacher of literature and elocution for the city, with a promise that travelling expenses would be charged to public funds, I applied for the appointment, armed with recommendations from my friends who were so fuddled with the Manichean rigmarole. This journey was to mean the end of my association with them, though none of us knew it at the time. Eventually Symmachus, who was then Prefect, set me a test to satisfy himself of my abilities and sent me to Milan. In Milan I found your devoted servant the bishop Ambrose, who was known throughout the world as a man whom there were few to equal in goodness. At that time his gifted tongue never tired of dispensing the richness of your corn, the joy of your oil, and the sober intoxication of your wine. Unknown to me, it was you who led me to him, so that I might knowingly be led by him to you. This man of God received me like a father and, as bishop, told me how glad he was that I had come. My heart warmed to him, not at first as a teacher of the truth, which I had quite despaired of finding in your Church, but simply as a man who showed me kindness. I listened attentively when he preached to the people, though not with the proper intention; for my purpose was to judge for myself whether the reports of his powers as a speaker were accurate, or whether eloquence flowed from him more, or less, readily than I had been told. So while I paid the closest attention to the words he used, I was quite uninterested in the subject-matter and was even contemptuous of it. I was delighted with his charming delivery, but although he was a more learned speaker than Faustus, he had not the same soothing and gratifying manner. I am speaking only of his style for, as to content, there could be no comparison between the two. Faustus had lost his way among the fallacies of Manicheism, while Ambrose most surely taught the doctrine of salvation. But your mercy is unknown to sinners such as I was then, though step by step, unwittingly, I was coming closer to it.

14

For although I did not trouble to take what Ambrose said to heart, but only to listen to the manner in which he said it - this being the only paltry interest that remained to me now that I had lost hope that man could find the path that led to you - nevertheless his meaning, which I tried to ignore, found its way into my mind together with his words, which I admired so much. I could not keep the two apart, and while I was all ears to seize upon his eloquence, I also began to sense the truth of what he said, though only gradually. First of all it struck me that it was, after all, possible to vindicate his arguments. I began to believe that the Catholic faith, which I had thought impossible to defend against the objections of the Manichees, might fairly be maintained, especially since I had heard one passage after another in the Old Testament figuratively explained. These passages had been death to me when I took them literally, but once I had heard them explained in their spiritual meaning I began to blame myself for my despair, at least in so far as it had led me to suppose that it was quite impossible to counter people who hated and derided the law and the prophets. But I did not feel that I ought to follow the Catholic path simply because it too had its learned men, ready to vouch for it and never at a loss for sound arguments in answer to objections. On the other hand I did not think that my own beliefs should be condemned simply because an equally good case could be made out for either side. For I thought the Catholic side unbeaten but still not victorious.
Next I tried my utmost to find some certain proof which would convict the Manichees of falsehood. If I had been able to conceive of a spiritual substance, all their inventions would at once have been disproved and rejected from my mind. But this I could not do. However, the more I thought about the material world and the whole of nature, as far as we can be aware of it through our bodily senses, and the more I took stock of the various theories, the more I began to think that the opinions of the majority of the philosophers were most likely to be true. So, treating everything as a matter of doubt, as the Academics are generally supposed to do, and hovering between one doctrine and another, I made up my mind at least to leave the Manichees, for while I was in this state of indecision I did not think it right to remain in the sect now that I found the theories of some of the philosophers preferable. Nevertheless I utterly refused to entrust the healing of the maladies of my soul to these philosophers, because they ignored the saving name of Christ. I therefore decided to remain a catechumen in the Catholic Church, which was what my parents wanted, at least until I could clearly see

a light to guide my steps.

Book VI

1

O God, Hope of my youth, where were you all this time? Where were you hiding from me? Were you not my Creator and was it not you who made me different from the beasts that walk on the earth and wiser than the birds that fly in the air? Yet I was walking on a treacherous path, in darkness. I was looking for you outside myself and I did not find the God of my own heart. I had reached the depths of the ocean. I had lost all faith and was in despair of finding the truth.

By now my mother had come to me, for her piety had given her strength to follow me over land and sea, facing all perils in the sure faith she had in you. When the ship was in danger, it was she who put heart into the crew, the very men to whom passengers unused to the sea turn for reassurance when they are alarmed. She promised them that they would make the land in safety, because you had given her this promise in a vision. And she found that I too was in grave danger because of my despair of discovering the truth. I told her that I was not a Catholic Christian, but at least I was no longer a Manichee. Yet she did not leap for joy as though this news were unexpected. In fact, to this extent, her anxiety for me had already been allayed. For in her prayers to you she wept for me as though I were dead, but she also knew that you would recall me to life. In her heart she offered me to you as though I were laid out on a bier, waiting for you to say to the widow's son, 'Young man, I say to you, stand up.' And he would get up and begin to speak, and you would give him back to his mother. So she felt no great surge of joy and her heart beat none the faster when she heard that the tears and the prayers which she had offered you day after day had at last, in great part, been rewarded. For I had been rescued from falsehood, even if I had not yet grasped the truth. Instead, because she was sure that if you had promised her all, you would also give her what remained to be given, she told me quite serenely, with her heart full of faith, that in Christ she believed that before she left this life she would see me a faithful Catholic. This was what she said to me. But to you, from whom all mercies spring, she poured out her tears and her prayers all the more

fervently, begging you to speed your help and give me light in my darkness. She hurried all the more eagerly to church, where she listened with rapt attention to all that Ambrose said. For her his words were like a spring of water within her, that flows continually to bring her everlasting life. She loved him as God's angel, because she had learnt that it was through him that I had been led, for the time being, into a state of wavering uncertainty. She had no doubt that I must pass through this condition, which would lead me from sickness to health, but not before I had surmounted a still graver danger, much like that which doctors call the crisis.

5

From now on I began to prefer the Catholic teaching. The Church demanded that certain things should be believed even though they could not be proved, for if they could be proved, not all men could understand the proof, and some could not be proved at all. I thought that the Church was entirely honest in this and far less pretentious than the Manichees, who laughed at people who took things on faith, made rash promises of scientific knowledge, and then put forward a whole system of preposterous inventions which they expected their followers to believe on trust because they could not be proved. Then, O Lord, you laid your most gentle, most merciful finger on my heart and set my thoughts in order, for I began to realize that I believed countless things which I had never seen or which had taken place when I was not there to see - so many events in the history of the world, so many facts about places and towns which I had never seen, and so much that I believed on the word of friends or doctors or various other people. Unless we took these things on trust, we should accomplish absolutely nothing in this life. Most of all it came home to me how firm and unshakeable was the faith which told me who my parents were, because I could never have known this unless I believed what I was told. In this way you made me understand that I ought not to find fault with those who believed your Bible, which you have established with such great authority amongst almost all the nations of the earth, but with those who did not believe it; and that I ought to pay no attention to people who asked me how I could be sure that the Scriptures were delivered to mankind by the Spirit of the one true God who can tell no lie. It was precisely this that I most needed to believe, because in all the conflicting books of philosophy which I had read no misleading proposition, however contentious, had been able, even for one moment, to wrest from me my belief in your existence and

in your right to govern human affairs; and this despite the fact that I had no knowledge of what you are.

My belief that you existed and that our well-being was in your hands was sometimes strong, sometimes weak, but I always held to it even though I knew neither what I ought to think about your substance nor which way would lead me to you or lead me back to you. And so, since we are too weak to discover the truth by reason alone and for this reason need the authority of sacred books, I began to believe that you would never have invested the Bible with such conspicuous authority in every land unless you had intended it to be the means by which we should look for you and believe in you. As for the passages which had previously struck me as absurd, now that I had heard reasonable explanations of many of them I regarded them as of the nature of profound mysteries; and it seemed to me all the more right that the authority of Scripture should be respected and accepted with the purest faith, because while all can read it with ease, it also has a deeper meaning in which its great secrets are locked away. Its plain language and simple style make it accessible to everyone, and yet it absorbs the attention of the learned. By this means it gathers all men in the wide sweep of its net, and some pass safely through the narrow mesh and come to you. They are not many, but they would be fewer still if it were not that this book stands out alone on so high a peak of authority and yet draws so great a throng in the embrace of its holy humility.

[...]

13

I was being urged incessantly to marry, and had already made my proposal and been accepted. My mother had done all she could to help, for it was her hope that, once I was married, I should be washed clean of my sins by the saving waters of baptism. She was delighted that, day by day, I was becoming more fitted for baptism, and in my acceptance of the faith she saw the answer to her prayers and the fulfilment of your promises. At my request and by her own desire she daily beseeched you with heartfelt prayers to send her some revelation in a vision about my future marriage, but this you would not do. She had some vague and fanciful dreams, which were the result of her preoccupation with these thoughts, and when she told me about them, she treated them as of no importance and did not speak with the assurance that

she always had when you sent her visions. She always said that by some sense, which she could not describe in words, she was able to distinguish between your revelations and her own natural dreams. All the same, the plans for my marriage were pushed ahead and the girl's parents were asked for their consent. She was nearly two years too young for marriage, but I liked her well enough and was content to wait.

15

Meanwhile I was sinning more and more. The woman with whom I had been living was torn from my side as an obstacle to my marriage and this was a blow which crushed my heart to bleeding, because I loved her dearly. She went back to Africa, vowing never to give herself to any other man, and left with me the son whom she had borne me. But I was too unhappy and too weak to imitate this example set me by a woman. I was impatient at the delay of two years which had to pass before the girl whom I had asked to marry became my wife, and because I was more a slave of lust than a true lover of marriage, I took another mistress, without the sanction of wedlock. This meant that the disease of my soul would continue unabated, in fact it would be aggravated, and under the watch and ward of uninterrupted habit it would persist into the state of marriage. Furthermore the wound that I had received when my first mistress was wrenched away showed no signs of healing. At first the pain was sharp and searing, but then the wound began to fester, and though the pain was duller there was all the less hope of a cure.

16

Praise and honour be yours, O Fountain of mercy! As my misery grew worse and worse, you came the closer to me. Though I did not know it, your hand was poised ready to lift me from the mire and wash me clean. Nothing prevented me from plunging still deeper into the gulf of carnal pleasure except the fear of death and your judgement to come. Through all my changing opinions this fear never left my heart.

[...]

What crooked paths I trod! What dangers threatened my soul when it rashly hoped that by abandoning you it would find something better! Whichever way it turned, on front or back or sides, it lay on a bed that was hard, for in

you alone the soul can rest. You are there to free us from the misery of error which leads us astray, to set us on your own path and to comfort us by saying, 'Run on, for I shall hold you up. I shall lead you and carry you on to the end.'

Book VII

1

By now my adolescence, with all its shameful sins, was dead. I was approaching mature manhood, but the older I grew, the more disgraceful was my self-delusion. I could imagine no kind of substance except such as is normally seen by the eye. But I did not think of you, my God, in the shape of a human body, for I had rejected this idea ever since I had first begun to study philosophy, and I was glad to find that our spiritual mother, your Catholic Church, also rejected such beliefs. But I did not know how else to think of you.

I was only a man, and a weak man at that, but I tried to think of you as the supreme God, the only God, the true God. With all my heart I believed that you could never suffer decay or hurt or change, for although I did not know how or why this should be, I understood with complete certainty that what is subject to decay is inferior to that which is not, and without hesitation I placed that which cannot be harmed above that which can, and I saw that what remains constant is better than that which is changeable. My heart was full of bitter protests against the creations of my imagination, and this single truth was the only weapon with which I could try to drive from my mind's eye all the unclean images which swarmed before it. But hardly had I brushed them aside than, in the flicker of an eyelid, they crowded upon me again, forcing themselves upon my sight and clouding my vision, so that although I did not imagine you in the shape of a human body, I could not free myself from the thought that you were some kind of bodily substance extended in space, either permeating the world or diffused in infinity beyond it. This substance I thought of as something not subject to decay or harm or variation and therefore better than any that might suffer corruption or damage or change. I reasoned in this way because, if I tried to imagine something without dimensions of space, it seemed to me that nothing, absolutely nothing, remained, not even a void. For if a body were removed from the space which it occupied, and that space remained empty of any body whatsoever, whether of earth, water, air, or sky, there would still remain an

empty space. Nothing would be there, but it would still be a space.

[...]

So I thought of you too, O Life of my life, as a great being with dimensions extending everywhere, throughout infinite space, permeating the whole mass of the world and reaching in all directions beyond it without limit, so that the earth and the sky and all creation were full of you and their limits were within you, while you had no limits at all. For the air, that is, the atmosphere which covers the earth, is a material body, but it does not block out the light of the sun. The light passes through it and penetrates it, not by breaking it or splitting it, but by filling it completely. In the same way I imagined that you were able to pass through material bodies, not only the air and the sky and the sea, but also the earth, and that you could penetrate to all their parts, the greatest and the smallest alike, so that they were filled with your presence, and by this unseen force you ruled over all that you had created, from within and from without.
This was the theory to which I held, because I could imagine you in no other way. But it was a false theory. For if it were true, it would mean that a greater part of the earth would contain a greater part of you, and a smaller part less in proportion. Everything would be filled with your presence, but in such a way that the body of an elephant would contain more of you than the body of a sparrow, because the one is larger than the other and occupies more space. So you would distribute your parts piecemeal among the parts of the world, to each more or less according to its size. This, of course, is quite untrue. But at that time you had not yet given me light in my darkness.

3

But although I declared and firmly believed that you, our Lord God, the true God who made not only our souls but also our bodies and not only our souls and bodies but all things, living and inanimate, as well, although I believed that you were free from corruption or mutation or any degree of change, I still could not find a clear explanation, without complications, of the cause of evil. Whatever the cause might be, I saw that it was not to be found in any theory that would oblige me to believe that the immutable God was mutable. If I believed this, I should myself become a cause of evil, the very thing which I was trying to discover. So I continued the search with some sense of relief, because I was quite sure that the theories of the Manichees were wrong. I

repudiated these people with all my heart, because I could see that while they were inquiring into the origin of evil they were full of evil themselves, since they preferred to think that yours was a substance that could suffer evil rather than that theirs was capable of committing it.

I was told that we do evil because we choose to do so of our own free will, and suffer it because your justice rightly demands that we should. I did my best to understand this, but I could not see it clearly. I tried to raise my mental perceptions out of the abyss which engulfed them, but I sank back into it once more. Again and again I tried, but always I sank back. One thing lifted me up into the light of your day. It was that I knew that I had a will, as surely as I knew that there was life in me. When I chose to do something or not to do it, I was quite certain that it was my own self, and not some other person, who made this act of will, so that I was on the point of understanding that herein lay the cause of my sin. If I did anything against my will, it seemed to me to be something which happened to me rather than something which I did, and I looked upon it not as a fault, but as a punishment. And because I thought of you as a just God, I admitted at once that your punishments were not unjust.

But then I would ask myself once more: 'Who made me? Surely it was my God, who is not only good but Goodness itself. How, then, do I come to possess a will that can choose to do wrong and refuse to do good, thereby providing a just reason why I should be punished? Who put this will into me? Who sowed this seed of bitterness in me, when all that I am was made by my God, who is Sweetness itself? If it was the devil who put it there, who made the devil? If he was a good angel who became a devil because of his own wicked will, how did he come to possess the wicked will which made him a devil, when the Creator, who is entirely good, made him a good angel and nothing else?'

[...]

12

It was made clear to me also that even those things which are subject to decay are good. If they were of the supreme order of goodness, they could not become corrupt; but neither could they become corrupt unless they were in some way good. For if they were supremely good, it would not be possible for them to be corrupted. On the other hand, if they were entirely without

good, there would be nothing in them that could become corrupt. For corruption is harmful, but unless it diminished what is good, it could do no harm. The conclusion then must be either that corruption does no harm - which is not possible; or that everything which is corrupted is deprived of good - which is beyond doubt. But if they are deprived of all good, they will not exist at all. For if they still exist but can no longer be corrupted, they will be better than they were before, because they now continue their existence in an incorruptible state. But could anything be more preposterous than to say that things are made better by being deprived of all good?
So we must conclude that if things are deprived of all good, they cease altogether to be; and this means that as long as they are, they are good. Therefore, whatever is, is good; and evil, the origin of which I was trying to find, is not a substance, because if it were a substance, it would be good. For either it would be an incorruptible substance of the supreme order of goodness, or it would be a corruptible substance which would not be corruptible unless it were good. So it became obvious to me that all that you have made is good, and that there are no substances whatsoever that were not made by you. And because you did not make them all equal, each single thing is good and collectively they are very good, for our God made his whole creation very good.

17

I was astonished that although I now loved you and not some phantom in your place, I did not persist in enjoyment of my God. Your beauty drew me to you, but soon I was dragged away from you by my own weight and in dismay I plunged again into the things of this world. The weight I carried was the habit of the flesh. But your memory remained with me and I had no doubt at all that you were the one to whom I should cling, only I was not yet able to cling to you. For ever the soul is weighed down by a mortal body, earth-bound cell that clogs the manifold activity of its thought. I was most certain, too, that from the foundations of the world men have caught sight of your invisible nature, your eternal power, and your divineness, as they are known through your creatures. For I wondered how it was that I could appreciate beauty in material things on earth or in the heavens, and what it was that enabled me to make correct decisions about things that are subject to change and to rule that one thing ought to be like this, another like that. I wondered how it was that I was able to judge them in this way, and I realized that above

my own mind, which was liable to change, there was the never changing, true eternity of truth. So, step by step, my thoughts moved on from the consideration of material things to the soul, which perceives things through the senses of the body, and then to the soul's inner power, to which the bodily senses communicate external facts. Beyond this dumb animals cannot go. The next stage is the power of reason, to which the facts communicated by the bodily senses are submitted for judgement.

This power of reason, realizing that in me it too was liable to change, led me on to consider the source of its own understanding. It withdrew my thoughts from their normal course and drew back from the confusion of images which pressed upon it, so that it might discover what light it was that had been shed upon it when it proclaimed for certain that what was immutable was better than that which was not, and how it had come to know the immutable itself. For unless, by some means, it had known the immutable, it could not possibly have been certain that it was preferable to the mutable. And so, in an instant of awe, my mind attained to the sight of the God who IS. Then, at last, I caught sight of your invisible nature, as it is known through your creatures. But I had no strength to fix my gaze upon them. In my weakness I recoiled and fell back into my old ways, carrying with me nothing but the memory of something that I loved and longed for, as though I had sensed the fragrance of the fare but was not yet able to eat it.

18

I began to search for a means of gaining the strength I needed to enjoy you, but I could not find this means until I embraced the mediator between God and men, Jesus Christ, who is a man, like them, and also rules as God over all things, blessed for ever. He was calling to me and saying I am the way; I am truth and life. He it was who united with our flesh that food which I was too weak to take; for the Word was made flesh so that your Wisdom, by which you created all things, might be milk to suckle us in infancy. For I was not humble enough to conceive of the humble Jesus Christ as my God, nor had I learnt what lesson his human weakness was meant to teach. The lesson is that your Word, the eternal Truth, which far surpasses even the higher parts of your creation, raises up to himself all who subject themselves to him. From the clay of which we are made he built for himself a lowly house in this world below, so that by this means he might cause those who were to be made subject to him to abandon themselves and come over to his side. He

would cure them of the pride that swelled up in their hearts and would nurture love in its place, so that they should no longer stride ahead confident in themselves, but might realize their own weakness when at their feet they saw God himself, enfeebled by sharing this garment of our mortality. And at last, from weariness, they would cast themselves down upon his humanity, and when it rose they too would rise.

Book VIII

6

O Lord, my Helper and my Redeemer, I shall now tell and confess to the glory of your name how you released me from the fetters of lust which held me so tightly shackled and from my slavery to the things of this world [...]

One day when for some reason that I cannot recall Nebridius was not with us, Alypius and I were visited at our house by a fellow-countryman of ours from Africa, a man named Ponticianus, who held a high position in the Emperor's household. He had some request to make of us and we sat down to talk. He happened to notice a book lying on a table used for games, which was near where we were sitting. He picked it up and opened it and was greatly surprised to find that it contained Paul's epistles, for he had supposed that it was one of the books which used to tax all my strength as a teacher. Then he smiled and looked at me and said how glad he was, and how surprised, to find this book, and no others, there before my eyes. He of course was a Christian and a faithful servant to you, our God. Time and again he knelt before you in church repeating his prayers and lingering over them. When I told him that I studied Paul's writings with the greatest attention, he began to tell us the story of Antony, the Egyptian monk, whose name was held in high honour by your servants, although Alypius and I had never heard it until then. When Ponticianus realized this, he went into greater detail, wishing to instil some knowledge of this great man into our ignorant minds, for he was very surprised that we had not heard of him. For our part, we too were astonished to hear of the wonders you had worked so recently, almost in our own times, and witnessed by so many, in the true faith and in the Catholic Church. In fact all three of us were amazed, Alypius and I because the story we heard was so remarkable, and Ponticianus because we had not heard it before.

After this he went on to tell us of the groups of monks in the monasteries, of their way of life that savours of your sweetness, and of the fruitful wastes of the desert. All of this was new to us. There was a monastery at Milan also, outside the walls, full of good brethren under the care of

Ambrose, but we knew nothing of this either. Ponticianus continued to talk and we listened in silence. Eventually he told us of the time when he and three of his companions were at Trêves. One afternoon, while the Emperor was watching the games in the circus, they went out to stroll in the gardens near the city walls. They became separated into two groups, Ponticianus and one of the others remaining together while the other two went off by themselves. As they wandered on, the second pair came to a house which was the home of some servants of yours, men poor in spirit, to whom the kingdom of heaven belongs. In the house they found a book containing the life of Antony. One of them began to read it and was so fascinated and thrilled by the story that even before he had finished reading he conceived the idea of taking upon himself the same kind of life and abandoning his career in the world - both he and his friend were officials in the service of the State - in order to become your servant. All at once he was filled with the love of holiness. Angry with himself and full of remorse, he looked at his friend and said, 'What do we hope to gain by all the efforts we make? What are we looking for? What is our purpose in serving the State? Can we hope for anything better at Court than to be the Emperor's friends? Even so, surely our position would be precarious and exposed to much danger? We shall meet it at every turn, only to reach another danger which is greater still. And how long is it to be before we reach it? But if I wish, I can become the friend of God at this very moment.'
After saying this he turned back to the book, labouring under the pain of the new life that was taking birth in him. He read on and in his heart, where you alone could see, a change was taking place. His mind was being divested of the world, as could presently be seen. For while he was reading, his heart leaping and turning in his breast, a cry broke from him as he saw the better course and determined to take it. Your servant now, he said to his friend, 'I have torn myself free from all our ambitions and have decided to serve God. From this very moment, here and now, I shall start to serve him. If you will not follow my lead, do not stand in my way.' The other answered that he would stand by his comrade, for such service was glorious and the reward was great. So these two, now your servants, built their tower at the cost which had to be paid, that is, at the cost of giving up all they possessed and following you.
At this moment Ponticianus and the man who had been walking with him in another part of the garden arrived at the house, looking for their friends. Now

that they had found them they said that it was time to go home, as the daylight was beginning to fade. But the other two told them of the decision they had made and what they proposed to do. They explained what had made them decide to take this course and how they had agreed upon it, and they asked their friends, if they would not join them, at least not to put obstacles in their way. Ponticianus said that he and the other man did not change their old ways, but they were moved to tears for their own state of life. In all reverence they congratulated the others and commended themselves to their prayers. Then they went back to the palace, burdened with hearts that were bound to this earth; but the others remained in the house and their hearts were fixed upon heaven. Both these men were under a promise of marriage, but once the two women heard what had happened, they too dedicated their virginity to you.

7

This was what Ponticianus told us. But while he was speaking, O Lord, you were turning me around to look at myself. For I had placed myself behind my own back, refusing to see myself. You were setting me before my own eyes so that I could see how sordid I was, how deformed and squalid, how tainted with ulcers and sores. I saw it all and stood aghast, but there was no place where I could escape from myself. If I tried to turn my eyes away they fell on Ponticianus, still telling his tale, and in this way you brought me face to face with myself once more, forcing me upon my own sight so that I should see my wickedness and loathe it. I had known it all along, but I had always pretended that it was something different. I had turned a blind eye and forgotten it.

But now, the more my heart warmed to those two men as I heard how they had made the choice that was to save them by giving themselves up entirely to your care, the more bitterly I hated myself in comparison with them. Many years of my life had passed - twelve, unless I am wrong - since I had read Cicero's Hortensius at the age of nineteen and it had inspired me to study philosophy. But I still postponed my renunciation of this world's joys, which would have left me free to look for that other happiness, the very search for which, let alone its discovery, I ought to have prized above the discovery of all human treasures and kingdoms or the ability to enjoy all the pleasures of the body at a mere nod of the head. As a youth I had been woefully at fault, particularly in early adolesence. I had prayed to you for chastity and said

'Give me chastity and continence, but not yet.' For I was afraid that you would answer my prayer at once and cure me too soon of the disease of lust, which I wanted satisfied, not quelled. I had wandered on along the road of vice in the sacrilegious superstition of the Manichees, not because I thought that it was right, but because I preferred it to the Christian belief, which I did not explore as I ought but opposed out of malice.

[...]

All the time that Ponticianus was speaking my conscience gnawed away at me like this. I was overcome by burning shame, and when he had finished his tale and completed the business for which he had come, he went away and I was left to my own thoughts. I made all sorts of accusations against myself. I cudgelled my soul and belaboured it with reasons why it should follow me now that I was trying so hard to follow you. But it fought back. It would not obey and yet could offer no excuse. All its old arguments were exhausted and had been shown to be false. It remained silent and afraid, for as much as the loss of life itself it feared the stanching of the flow of habit, by which it was wasting away to death.

8

My inner self was a house divided against itself. In the heat of the fierce conflict which I had stirred up against my soul in our common abode, my heart, I turned upon Alypius. My looks betrayed the commotion in my mind as I exclaimed, 'What is the matter with us? What is the meaning of this story? These men have not had our schooling, yet they stand up and storm the gates of heaven while we, for all our learning, lie here grovelling in this world of flesh and blood! Is it because they have led the way that we are ashamed to follow? Is it not worse to hold back?'

[...]

There was a small garden attached to the house where we lodged. We were free to make use of it as well as the rest of the house because our host, the owner of the house, did not live there. I now found myself driven by the tumult in my breast to take refuge in this garden, where no one could interrupt that fierce struggle, in which I was my own contestant, until it came to its conclusion. What the conclusion was to be you knew, O Lord, but I did

not. Meanwhile I was beside myself with madness that would bring me sanity. I was dying a death that would bring me life. I knew the evil that was in me, but the good that was soon to be born in me I did not know. So I went out into the garden and Alypius followed at my heels. His presence was no intrusion on my solitude, and how could he leave me in that state? We sat down as far as possible from the house. I was frantic, overcome by violent anger with myself for not accepting your will and entering into your covenant. Yet in my bones I knew that this was what I ought to do. In my heart of hearts I praised it to the skies. And to reach this goal I needed no chariot or ship. I need not even walk as far as I had come from the house to the place where we sat, for to make the journey, and to arrive safely, no more was required than an act of will. But it must be a resolute and whole-hearted act of the will, not some lame wish which I kept turning over and over in my mind, so that it had to wrestle with itself, part of it trying to rise, part falling to the ground.

[...]

11

This was the nature of my sickness. I was in torment, reproaching myself more bitterly than ever as I twisted and turned in my chain. I hoped that my chain might be broken once and for all, because it was only a small thing that held me now. All the same it held me. And you, O Lord, never ceased to watch over my secret heart. In your stern mercy you lashed me with the twin scourge of fear and shame in case I should give way once more and the worn and slender remnant of my chain should not be broken but gain new strength and bind me all the faster. In my heart I kept saying 'Let it be now, let it be now!', and merely by saying this I was on the point of making the resolution. I was on the point of making it, but I did not succeed. Yet I did not fall back into my old state. I stood on the brink of resolution, waiting to take fresh breath. I tried again and came a little nearer to my goal, and then a little nearer still, so that I could almost reach out and grasp it. But I did not reach it. I could not reach out to it or grasp it, because I held back from the step by which I should die to death and become alive to life. My lower instincts, which had taken firm hold of me, were stronger than the higher, which were untried. And the closer I came to the moment which was to mark the great change in me, the more I shrank from it in horror. But it did not drive me

back or turn me from my purpose: it merely left me hanging in suspense.

[...]

12

I probed the hidden depths of my soul and wrung its pitiful secrets from it, and when I mustered them all before the eyes of my heart, a great storm broke within me, bringing with it a great deluge of tears. I stood up and left Alypius so that I might weep and cry to my heart's content, for it occurred to me that tears were best shed in solitude. I moved away far enough to avoid being embarrassed even by his presence. He must have realized what my feelings were, for I suppose I had said something and he had known from the sound of my voice that I was ready to burst into tears. So I stood up and left him where we had been sitting, utterly bewildered. Somehow I flung myself down beneath a fig tree and gave way to the tears which now streamed from my eyes, the sacrifice that is acceptable to you. I had much to say to you, my God, not in these very words but in this strain: Lord, will you never be content? Must we always taste your vengeance? Forget the long record of our sins. For I felt that I was still the captive of my sins, and in my misery I kept crying "How long shall I go on saying 'tomorrow, tomorrow'? Why not now? Why not make an end of my ugly sins at this moment?"

I was asking myself these questions, weeping all the while with the most bitter sorrow in my heart, when all at once I heard the sing-song voice of a child in a nearby house. Whether it was the voice of a boy or a girl I cannot say, but again and again it repeated the refrain 'Take it and read, take it and read'. At this I looked up, thinking hard whether there was any kind of game in which children used to chant words like these, but I could not remember ever hearing them before. I stemmed my flood of tears and stood up, telling myself that this could only be a divine command to open my book of Scripture and read the first passage on which my eyes should fall. For I had heard the story of Antony, and I remembered how he had happened to go into a church while the Gospel was being read and had taken it as a counsel addressed to himself when he heard the words Go home and sell all that belongs to you. Give it to the poor, and so the treasure you have shall be in heaven; then come back and follow me. By this divine pronouncement he had at once been converted to you.

So I hurried back to the place where Alypius was sitting, for when I stood up

to move away I had put down the book containing Paul's Epistles. I seized it and opened it, and in silence I read the first passage on which my eyes fell: Not in revelling and drunkenness, not in lust and wantonness, not in quarrels and rivalries. Rather, arm yourselves with the Lord Jesus Christ; spend no more thought on nature and nature's appetites. I had no wish to read more and no need to do so. For in an instant, as I came to the end of the sentence, it was as though the light of confidence flooded into my heart and all the darkness of doubt was dispelled.

I marked the place with my finger or by some other sign and closed the book. My looks now were quite calm as I told Alypius what had happened to me. He too told me what he had been feeling, which of course I did not know. He asked to see what I had read. I showed it to him and he read on beyond the text which I had read. I did not know what followed, but it was this: Find room among you for a man of over-delicate conscience. Alypius applied this to himself and told me so. This admonition was enough to give him strength, and without suffering the distress of hesitation he made his resolution and took this good purpose to himself. And it very well suited his moral character, which had long been far, far better than my own.

Then we went in and told my mother, who was overjoyed. And when we went on to describe how it had all happened, she was jubilant with triumph and glorified you, who are powerful enough, and more than powerful enough, to carry out your purpose beyond all our hopes and dreams. For she saw that you had granted her far more than she used to ask in her tearful prayers and plaintive lamentations. You converted me to yourself, so that I no longer desired a wife or placed any hope in this world but stood firmly upon the rule of faith, where you had shown me to her in a dream so many years before. And you turned her sadness into rejoicing, into joy far fuller than her dearest wish, far sweeter and more chaste than any she had hoped to find in children begotten of my flesh.

Book IX

2

Knowing that you were watching me I thought it best to retire quietly from the market where I sold the services of my tongue rather than make an abrupt and sensational departure. I intended that young pupils who gave no thought to your law or your peace, but only to lies and the insane warfare of the courts, should no longer buy from my lips any weapon to arm their madness. Luckily there were now only a few days left before the autumn holidays, and I decided to bear with this delay and withdraw at the proper time. Now that I had been redeemed by you I had no intention of offering myself for sale again. This plan was known to you, but no man knew of it except our closest friends. We had agreed that it should not be made generally known, although, as we climbed up from the valley of tears, singing the song of ascent, you had given us sharp arrows and burning coals to use against any cunning tongues that might speak against us under the pretence of giving good advice and devour us with their love, just as men devour food for which they have a liking.

[...]

6

When the time came for me to hand in my name for baptism, we left the country and went back to Milan. It was Alypius's wish to be reborn in you at the same time. He was already endued with the humility which fits a man for your sacraments, and he had subjected his body to such stern discipline that he would even walk barefoot on the icy soil of Italy, a thing which few would venture to do. With us we took the boy Adeodatus, my natural son born of my sin. You had given him every gift. Although he was barely fifteen, there were many learned and respected men who were not his equals in intelligence. I acknowledge that he had his gifts from you, O Lord my God, who are the Creator of all and have great power to reshape our deformities, for there was nothing of mine in that boy except my sin. It was you too, and

none other, who had inspired us to bring him up as you would have him. These were your gifts and I acknowledge them.

[...]

We made him our companion, in your grace no younger than ourselves. Together we were ready to begin our schooling in your ways. We were baptized, and all anxiety over the past melted away from us. The days were all too short, for I was lost in wonder and joy, meditating upon your far-reaching providence for the salvation of the human race. The tears flowed from me when I heard your hymns and canticles, for the sweet singing of your Church moved me deeply. The music surged in my ears, truth seeped into my heart, and my feelings of devotion overflowed, so that the tears streamed down. But they were tears of gladness.

8

You, O God, who bring men of one mind to live together, brought a young man from our own town, named Evodius, to join our company. He had been converted and baptized before us, while he was employed as a government officer, but he had given up the service of the State and entered upon yours. He remained with us and we intended to live together in the devout life which we proposed to lead. We discussed where we could most usefully serve you and together we set out to return to Africa. While we were at Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, my mother died.

There are many things which I do not set down in this book, since I am pressed for time. My God, I pray you to accept my confessions and also the gratitude I bear you for all the many things which I pass over in silence. But I will omit not a word that my mind can bring to birth concerning your servant, my mother. In the flesh she brought me to birth in this world: in her heart she brought me to birth in your eternal light. It is not of her gifts that I shall speak, but of the gifts you gave to her. For she was neither her own maker nor her own teacher. It was you who made her, and neither her father nor her mother knew what kind of woman their daughter would grow up to be. It was by Christ's teaching, by the guidance of your only Son, that she was brought up to honour and obey you in one of those good Christian families which form the body of your Church [...]

10

Not long before the day on which she was to leave this life - you knew which day it was to be, O Lord, though we did not - my mother and I were alone, leaning from a window which overlooked the garden in the courtyard of the house where we were staying at Ostia. We were waiting there after our long and tiring journey, away from the crowd, to refresh ourselves before our sea-voyage. I believe that what I am going to tell happened through the secret working of your providence. For we were talking alone together and our conversation was serene and joyful. We had forgotten what we had left behind and were intent on what lay before us. In the presence of Truth, which is yourself, we were wondering what the eternal life of the saints would be like, that life which no eye has seen, no ear has heard, no human heart conceived. But we laid the lips of our hearts to the heavenly stream that flows from your fountain, the source of all life which is in you, so that as far as it was in our power to do so we might be sprinkled with its waters and in some sense reach an understanding of this great mystery.

Our conversation led us to the conclusion that no bodily pleasure, however great it might be and whatever earthly light might shed lustre upon it, was worthy of comparison, or even of mention, beside the happiness of the life of the saints. As the flame of love burned stronger in us and raised us higher towards the eternal God, our thoughts ranged over the whole compass of material things in their various degrees, up to the heavens themselves, from which the sun and the moon and the stars shine down upon the earth. Higher still we climbed, thinking and speaking all the while in wonder at all that you have made. At length we came to our own souls and passed beyond them to that place of everlasting plenty, where you feed Israel for ever with the food of truth. There life is that Wisdom by which all these things that we know are made, all things that ever have been and all that are yet to be. But that Wisdom is not made: it is as it has always been and as it will be for ever - or, rather, I should not say that it has been or will be, for it simply is, because eternity is not in the past or in the future. And while we spoke of the eternal Wisdom, longing for it and straining for it with all the strength of our hearts, for one fleeting instant we reached out and touched it. Then with a sigh, leaving our spiritual harvest bound to it, we returned to the sound of our own speech, in which each word has a beginning and an ending - far, far different from your Word, our Lord, who abides in himself for ever, yet never grows old and gives new life to all things.

[...]

This was the purport of our talk, though we did not speak in these precise words or exactly as I have reported them. Yet you know, O Lord, that as we talked that day, the world, for all its pleasures, seemed a paltry place compared with the life that we spoke of. And then my mother said, 'My son, for my part I find no further pleasure in this life. What I am still to do or why I am here in the world, I do not know, for I have no more to hope for on this earth. There was one reason, and one alone, why I wished to remain a little longer in this life, and that was to see you a Catholic Christian before I died. God has granted my wish and more besides, for I now see you as his servant, spurning such happiness as the world can give. What is left for me to do in this world?'

11

I scarcely remember what answer I gave her. It was about five days after this, or not much more, that she took to her bed with a fever. One day during her illness she had a fainting fit and lost consciousness for a short time. We hurried to her bedside, but she soon regained consciousness and looked up at my brother and me as we stood beside her. With a puzzled look she asked 'Where was I?' Then watching us closely as we stood there speechless with grief, she said 'You will bury your mother here.' I said nothing, trying hard to hold back my tears, but my brother said something to the effect that he wished for her sake that she would die in her own country, not abroad. When she heard this, she looked at him anxiously and her eyes reproached him for his worldly thoughts. She turned to me and said, 'See how he talks!' and then, speaking to both of us, she went on, 'It does not matter where you bury my body. Do not let that worry you! All I ask of you is that, wherever you may be, you should remember me at the altar of the Lord.'

[...]

And so on the ninth day of her illness, when she was fifty-six and I was thirty-three, her pious and devoted soul was set free from the body.

13

Now that my soul has recovered from that wound, in which perhaps I was guilty of too much worldly affection, tears of another sort stream from my

eyes. They are tears which I offer to you, my God, for your handmaid. They flow from a spirit which trembles at the thought of the dangers which await every soul that has died with Adam. For although she was alive in Christ even before her soul was parted from the body, and her faith and the good life she led resounded to the glory of your name, yet I cannot presume to say that from the time when she was reborn in baptism no word contrary to your commandments ever fell from her lips. Your Son, the Truth, has said: Any man who says to his brother, You fool, must answer for it in hell fire, and however praiseworthy a man's life may be, it will go hard with him if you lay aside your mercy when you come to examine it. But you do not search out our faults ruthlessly, and because of this we hope and believe that one day we shall find a place with you. Yet if any man makes a list of his deserts, what would it be but a list of your gifts? If only men would know themselves for what they are! If only they who boast would make their boast in the Lord! And so, my Glory and my Life, God of my heart, I will lay aside for a while all the good deeds which my mother did. For them I thank you, but now I pray to you for her sins. Hear me through your Son, who hung on the cross and now sits at your right hand and pleads for us, for he is the true medicine of our wounds. I know that my mother always acted with mercy and that she forgave others with all her heart when they trespassed against her. Forgive her too, O Lord, if ever she trespassed against you in all the long years of her life after baptism. Forgive her, I beseech you; do not call her to account. Let your mercy give your judgement an honourable welcome, for your words are true and you have promised mercy to the merciful. If they are merciful, it is by your gift; and you will show pity on those whom you pity; you will show mercy where you are merciful.

[...]

Let her rest in peace with her husband. He was her first husband and she married no other after him. She served him, yielding you a harvest, so that in the end she also won him for you. O my Lord, my God, inspire your servants my brothers - they are your sons and my masters, whom I serve with heart and voice and pen - inspire those of them who read this book to remember Monica, your servant, at your altar and with her Patricius, her husband, who died before her, by whose bodies you brought me into this life, though how it was I do not know. With pious hearts let them remember those who were not only my parents in this light that fails, but were also my brother and sister,

subject to you, our Father, in our Catholic mother the Church, and will be my fellow citizens in the eternal Jerusalem for which your people sigh throughout their pilgrimage, from the time when they set out until the time when they return to you. So it shall be that the last request that my mother made to me shall be granted in the prayers of the many who read my confessions more fully than in mine alone.

Book X

2

O Lord, the depths of man's conscience lie bare before your eyes. Could anything of mine remain hidden from you, even if I refused to confess it? I should only be shielding my eyes from seeing you, not hiding myself from you. But now that I have the evidence of my own misery to prove to me how displeasing I am to myself, you are my light and my joy. It is you whom I love and desire, so that I am ashamed of myself and cast myself aside and choose you instead, and I please neither you nor myself except in you.

So, O Lord, all that I am is laid bare before you. I have declared how it profits me to confess to you. And I make my confession, not in words and sounds made by the tongue alone, but with the voice of my soul and in my thoughts which cry aloud to you. Your ear can hear them. For when I am sinful, if I am displeased with myself, this is a confession that I make to you; and when I am good, if I do not claim the merit for myself, this too is confession. For you, O Lord, give your benediction to the just, but first you make a just man of the sinner. And so my confession is made both silently in your sight, my God, and aloud as well, because even though my tongue utters no sound, my heart cries to you. For whatever good I may speak to men you have heard it before in my heart, and whatever good you hear in my heart, you have first spoken to me yourself.

4

But what good do they hope will be done if they listen to what I say? Is it that they wish to join with me in thanking you, when they hear how close I have come to you by your grace, and to pray for me, when they hear how far I am set apart from you by the burden of my sins? If this is what they wish, I shall tell them what I am. For no small good is gained, O Lord my God, if many offer you thanks for me and many pray to you for me. Let all who are truly my brothers love in me what they know from your teaching to be worthy of their love, and let them sorrow to find in me what they know from your teaching to be occasion for remorse. This is what I wish my true brothers to

feel in their hearts. I do not speak of strangers or of alien foes, who make treacherous promises, and lift their hands in perjury. But my true brothers are those who rejoice for me in their hearts when they find good in me, and grieve for me when they find sin. They are my true brothers, because whether they see good in me or evil, they love me still. To such as these I shall reveal what I am. Let them breathe a sigh of joy for what is good in me and a sigh of grief for what is bad. The good I do is done by you in me and by your grace: the evil is my fault; it is the punishment you send me. Let my brothers draw their breath in joy for the one and sigh with grief for the other. Let hymns of thanksgiving and cries of sorrow rise together from their hearts, as though they were vessels burning with incense before you. And I pray you, O Lord, to be pleased with the incense that rises in your holy temple and, for your name's sake, to have mercy on me, as you are ever rich in mercy. Do not relinquish what you have begun, but make perfect what is still imperfect in me.

So, if I go on to confess, not what I was, but what I am, the good that comes of it is this. There is joy in my heart when I confess to you, yet there is fear as well; there is sorrow, and yet hope. But I confess not only to you but also to the believers among men, all who share my joy and all who, like me, are doomed to die; all who are my fellows in your kingdom and all who accompany me on this pilgrimage, whether they have gone before or are still to come or are with me as I make my way through life. They are your servants and my brothers. You have chosen them to be your sons. You have named them as the masters whom I am to serve if I wish to live with you and in your grace. This is your bidding, but it would hold less meaning for me if it were made known to me in words alone and I had not the example of Christ, who has shown me the way by his deeds as well. I do your bidding in word and deed alike. I do it beneath the protection of your wings, for the peril would be too great if it were not that my soul has submitted to you and sought the shelter of your wings and that my weakness is known to you. I am no more than a child, but my Father lives for ever and I have a Protector great enough to save me. For he who begot me and he who watches over me are one and the same, and for me there is no good but you, the Almighty, who are with me even before I am with you. So to such as you command me to serve I will reveal, not what I have been, but what I have become and what I am. But, since I do not scrutinize my own conduct, let my words be understood as they are meant.

30

It is truly your command that I should be continent and restrain myself from gratification of corrupt nature, gratification of the eye, the empty pomp of living. You commanded me not to commit fornication, and though you did not forbid me to marry, you counselled me to take a better course. You gave me the grace and I did your bidding, even before I became a minister of your sacrament. But in my memory, of which I have said much, the images of things imprinted upon it by my former habits still linger on. When I am awake they obtrude themselves upon me, though with little strength. But when I dream, they not only give me pleasure but are very much like acquiescence in the act. The power which these illusory images have over my soul and my body is so great that what is no more than a vision can influence me in sleep in a way that the reality cannot do when I am awake. Surely it cannot be that when I am asleep I am not myself, O Lord my God? And yet the moment when I pass from wakefulness to sleep, or return again from sleep to wakefulness, marks a great difference in me. During sleep where is my reason which, when I am awake, resists such suggestions and remains firm and undismayed even in face of the realities themselves? Is it sealed off when I close my eyes? Does it fall asleep with the senses of the body? And why is it that even in sleep I often resist the attractions of these images, for I remember my chaste resolutions and abide by them and give no consent to temptations of this sort? Yet the difference between waking and sleeping is so great that even when, during sleep, it happens otherwise, I return to a clear conscience when I wake and realize that, because of this difference, I was not responsible for the act, although I am sorry that by some means or other it happened to me.

The power of your hand, O God Almighty, is indeed great enough to cure all the diseases of my soul. By granting me more abundant grace you can even quench the fire of sensuality which provokes me in my sleep. More and more, O Lord, you will increase your gifts in me, so that my soul may follow me to you, freed from the concupiscence which binds it, and rebel no more against itself. By your grace it will no longer commit in sleep these shameful, unclean acts inspired by sensual images, which lead to the pollution of the body: it will not so much as consent to them. For to you, the Almighty, who are powerful enough to carry out your purpose beyond all our hopes and dreams, it is no great task to prescribe that no temptations of this kind, even

such slight temptations as can be checked by the least act of will, should arouse pleasure in me, even in sleep, prowhich we say that we see. Yet we not only say 'See how it shines' when we are speaking of something which only the eyes can perceive, but we also say 'See how loud it is', 'See how it smells', 'See how it tastes', and 'See how hard it is'. So, as I said, sense-experience in general is called the lust of the eyes because, although the function of sight belongs primarily to the eyes, we apply it to the other organs of sense as well, by analogy, when they are used to discover any item of knowledge.

We can easily distinguish between the motives of pleasure and curiosity. When the senses demand pleasure, they look for objects of visual beauty, harmonious sounds, fragrant perfumes, and things that are pleasant to the taste or soft to the touch. But when their motive is curiosity, they may look for just the reverse of these things, simply to put it to the proof, not for the sake of an unpleasant experience, but from a relish for investigation and discovery. What pleasure can there be in the sight of a mangled corpse, which can only horrify? Yet people will flock to see one lying on the ground, simply for the sensation of sorrow and horror that it gives them. They are even afraid that it may bring them nightmares, as though it were something that they had been forced to look at while they were awake or something to which they had been attracted by rumours of its beauty. The same is true of the other senses, although it would be tedious to give further examples. It is to satisfy this unhealthy curiosity that freaks and prodigies are put on show in the theatre, and for the same reason men are led to investigate the secrets of nature, which are irrelevant to our lives, although such knowledge is of no value to them and they wish to gain it merely for the sake of knowing. It is curiosity, too, which causes men to turn to sorcery in the effort to obtain knowledge for the same perverted purpose. And it even invades our religion, for we put God to the test when we demand signs and wonders from him, not in the hope of salvation, but simply for the love of the experience.

[...]

My life is full of such faults, and my only hope is in your boundless mercy. For when our hearts become repositories piled high with such worthless stock as this, it is the cause of interruption and distraction from our prayers. And although, in your presence, the voices of our hearts are raised to your ear, all kinds of trivial thoughts break in and cut us off from the great act of prayer.

41

I have now considered the sorry state to which my sins have brought me, according to the three different forms which temptation may take, and I have invoked your helping hand to save me. For in my wounded heart I saw your splendour and it dazzled me. I asked: Who can come close to such glory? Your watchful care has lost sight of me. You are the Truth which presides over all things. But in my selfish longing I did not wish to lose you. Together with you I wanted to possess a lie, much as a man will not utter so glaring a falsehood that it blinds his own eyes to the truth. And in this way I lost you, because you do not deign to be possessed together with a lie.

42

Whom could I find to reconcile me to you? Ought I to have sought the help of the angels? But if I had sought their help, what prayers should I have uttered? What rites should I have used? Many men, so I have heard, for lack of strength to return to you by themselves, have tried to do so by this means, but they ended by craving for strange visions, and their only reward was delusion. For they tried to find you in all the conceit and arrogance of their learning. They thrust out their chests in pride, when they should have beaten their breasts in mourning. And because they resembled them at heart, they attracted to their side the fallen angels, the princes of the lower air, their companions and associates in pride. But these allies tricked them, using magic craft, for while they sought a mediator who would cleanse them of their impurities, it was no mediator that they found. It was the devil, passing for an angel of light, and it was a potent lure for their proud flesh that he was not a creature of flesh and blood. For they were mortal men and sinners; but you, O Lord, to whom they wanted to be reconciled, are immortal and without sin. But a mediator between God and man must have something in common with God and something in common with man. For if in both these points he were like men, he would be far from God; and if in both of them he were like God, he would be far from men. In neither case could he be a mediator. But since, by the hidden pronouncements of your justice, you have given the devil licence to make a mockery of pride, he poses as a mediator. For in one point he is like man: he is sinful. And in the other he pretends to be like God: because he is not clothed with a mortal body of flesh and blood, he tries to represent himself as immortal. But since sin offers death for wages,

in common with men he has this reason to be condemned to die.

43

But there is a true Mediator, whom in your secret mercy you have shown to men. You sent him so that by his example they too might learn humility. He is the Mediator between God and men, Jesus Christ, who is a man, and he appeared on earth between men, who are sinful and mortal, and God, who is immortal and just. Like men he was mortal: like God, he was just. And because the reward of the just is life and peace, he came so that by his own justness, which is his in union with God, he might make null the death of the wicked whom he justified, by choosing to share their death. He was made known to holy men in ancient times, so that they might be saved through faith in his passion to come, just as we are saved through faith in the passion he suffered long ago. For as man, he is our Mediator; but as the Word of God, he is not an intermediary between God and man because he is equal with God, and God with God, and together with him one God.

[...]

Terrified by my sins and the dead weight of my misery, I had turned my problems over in my mind and was half determined to seek refuge in the desert. But you forbade me to do this and gave me strength by saying: Christ died for us all, so that being alive should no longer mean living with our own life, but with his life who died for us. Lord, I cast all my troubles on you and from now on I shall contemplate the wonders of your law. You know how weak I am and how inadequate is my knowledge: teach me and heal my frailty. Your only Son, in whom the whole treasury of wisdom and knowledge is stored up, has redeemed me with his blood. Save me from the scorn of my enemies, for the price of my redemption is always in my thoughts. I eat it and drink it and minister it to others; and as one of the poor I long to be filled with it, to be one of those who eat and have their fill. And those who look for the Lord will cry out in praise of him.

Book XI

3

Let me hear and understand the meaning of the words: In the Beginning you made heaven and earth. Moses wrote these words. He wrote them and passed on into your presence, leaving this world where you spoke to him. He is no longer here and I cannot see him face to face. But if he were here, I would lay hold of him and in your name I would beg and beseech him to explain those words to me. I would be all ears to catch the sounds that fell from his lips. If he spoke in Hebrew, his words would strike my ear in vain and none of their meaning would reach my mind. If he spoke in Latin, I should know what he said. But how should I know whether what he said was true? If I knew this too, it could not be from him that I got such knowledge. But deep inside me, in my most intimate thought, Truth, which is neither Hebrew nor Greek nor Latin nor any foreign speech, would speak to me, though not in syllables formed by lips and tongue. It would whisper, 'He speaks the truth.' And at once I should be assured. In all confidence I would say to this man, your servant, 'What you tell me is true.'

Since, then, I cannot question Moses, whose words were true because you, the Truth, filled him with yourself, I beseech you, my God, to forgive my sins and grant me the grace to understand those words, as you granted him, your servant, the grace to speak them.

9

He is the Beginning, O God, in which you made heaven and earth. In this wonderful way you spoke and created them in your Word, in your Son, who is your Strength, your Wisdom, and your Truth.

Who can understand this mystery or explain it to others? What is that light whose gentle beams now and again strike through to my heart, causing me to shudder in awe yet firing me with their warmth? I shudder to feel how different I am from it: yet in so far as I am like it, I am aglow with its fire. It is the light of Wisdom, Wisdom itself, which at times shines upon me, parting my clouds. But when I weakly fall away from its light, those clouds

envelop me again in the dense mantle of darkness which I bear for my punishment. For my strength ebbs away for very misery, so that I cannot sustain my blessings. And so I shall remain until you, O Lord, who have pardoned all my sins, also heal all my mortal ills. For you will rescue my life from deadly peril, crown me with the blessings of your mercy, content all my desire for good, restore my youth as the eagle's plumage is restored. Our salvation is founded upon the hope of something, and in endurance we await the fulfilment of your promises. Let those who are able listen to your voice speaking to their hearts. Trusting in your inspired words, I shall cry out: What diversity, Lord, in your creatures! What wisdom has designed them all! The Beginning is Wisdom and Wisdom is the Beginning in which you made heaven and earth.

13

A fickle-minded man, whose thoughts were all astray because of his conception of time past, might wonder why you, who are God almighty, Creator of all, Sustainer of all, and Maker of heaven and earth, should have been idle and allowed countless ages to elapse before you finally undertook the vast work of creation. My advice to such people is to shake off their dreams and think carefully, because their wonder is based on a misconception.

How could those countless ages have elapsed when you, the Creator, in whom all ages have their origin, had not yet created them? What time could there have been that was not created by you? How could time elapse if it never was?

You are the Maker of all time. If, then, there was any time before you made heaven and earth, how can anyone say that you were idle? You must have made that time, for time could not elapse before you made it.

[...]

14

It is therefore true to say that when you had not made anything, there was no time, because time itself was of your making. And no time is co-eternal with you, because you never change; whereas, if time never changed, it would not be time.

[...]

19

In what way, then, do you, Ruler of all that you have created, reveal the future to the souls of men? You have revealed it to your prophets. But how do you reveal the future to us when, for us, the future does not exist? Is it that you only reveal present signs of things that are to come? For it is utterly impossible that things which do not exist should be revealed. The means by which you do this is far beyond our understanding. I have not the strength to comprehend this mystery, and by my own power I never shall. But in your strength I shall understand it, when you grant me the grace to see, sweet Light of the eyes of my soul.

[...]

25

I confess to you, Lord, that I still do not know what time is. Yet I confess too that I do know that I am saying this in time, that I have been talking about time for a long time, and that this long time would not be a long time if it were not for the fact that time has been passing all the while. How can I know this, when I do not know what time is? Is it that I do know what time is, but do not know how to put what I know into words? I am in a sorry state, for I do not even know what I do not know!

[...]

31

O Lord my God, how deep are your mysteries! How far from your safe haven have I been cast away by the consequences of my sins! Heal my eyes and let me rejoice in your light. If there were a mind endowed with such great power of knowing and foreknowing that all the past and all the future were known to it as clearly as I know a familiar psalm, that mind would be wonderful beyond belief. We should hold back from it in awe at the thought that nothing in all the history of the past and nothing in all the ages yet to come was hidden from it. It would know all this as surely as, when I sing the psalm, I know what I have already sung and what I have still to sing, how far I am from the beginning and how far from the end. But it is unthinkable that you,

Creator of the universe, Creator of souls and bodies, should know all the past and all the future merely in this way. Your knowledge is far more wonderful, far more mysterious than this. It is not like the knowledge of a man who sings words well known to him or listens to another singing a familiar psalm. While he does this, his feelings vary and his senses are divided, because he is partly anticipating words still to come and partly remembering words already sung. It is far otherwise with you, for you are eternally without change, the truly eternal Creator of minds. In the Beginning you knew heaven and earth, and there was no change in your knowledge. In just the same way, in the Beginning you created heaven and earth, and there was no change in your action. Some understand this and some do not: let all alike praise you. You are supreme above all, yet your dwelling is in the humble of heart. For you comfort the burdened, and none fall who lift their eyes to your high place.

Book XII

2

Humbly my tongue confesses to you in the height of your majesty that it was you who made heaven and earth, the heaven I see and the earth I tread, from which, too, came this earthly body that I bear. It was you who made them. But where, O Lord, is the Heaven of Heavens, of which we hear in the words of the psalm: To the Lord belongs the Heaven of Heavens, the earth he gives to the children of men? Where is that other heaven which we cannot see and compared with which all that we see is merely earth?

[...]

3

Undoubtedly the reason why we are told that this earth was 'invisible and without form', a kind of deep abyss over which there was no light, is that it had no form whatsoever; and the reason why you commanded it to be written that 'darkness reigned over the deep' could only be that there was total absence of light. For if there had been light, where else would it have been but high above, shedding brilliance over all? But since as yet there was no light, what else was the presence of darkness but the absence of light? Darkness, then, reigned over all, because there was no light above, just as silence reigns where there is no sound. For what else is the presence of silence but the absence of sound?

[...]

4

How, then, could it be described in such a way that even dull minds could grasp it, except by means of some familiar word? And of all that goes to make up this world what can be found nearer to utter formlessness than 'earth' and 'the deep'? Since they are the lowest in the scale of created things, they have beauty of form in a lower degree than the other, higher things, which are

radiant in their splendour. Why, then, should I not assume that the words 'earth, invisible and without form' are meant to convey to men, in a way that they can understand, that formless matter which you created without beauty in order to make from it this beautiful world?

7

If it was to be there first, in order to be the vehicle for all these visible, composite forms, what can have been its own origin? It can only have derived its being from you, for all things have their origin in you, whatever the degree of their being, although the less they are like you, the farther they are from you - and here I am not speaking in terms of space. This means, then, that you, O Lord, whose being does not alter as times change but is ever and always one and the same, the very same, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, made something in the Beginning, which is of yourself, in your Wisdom, which is born of your own substance, and you created this thing out of nothing.

You created heaven and earth but you did not make them of your own substance. If you had done so, they would have been equal to your only-begotten Son, and therefore to yourself, and justice could in no way admit that what was not of your own substance should be equal to you. But besides yourself, O God, who are Trinity in Unity, Unity in Trinity, there was nothing from which you could make heaven and earth. Therefore you must have created them from nothing, the one great, the other small. For there is nothing that you cannot do. You are good and all that you make must be good, both the great Heaven of Heavens and this little earth. You were, and besides you nothing was. From nothing, then, you created heaven and earth, distinct from one another; the one close to yourself, the other close to being nothing; the one surpassed only by yourself, the other little more than nothing.

13

This then, my God, is how I interpret your Scripture when I read the words: 'In the Beginning God made heaven and earth. The earth was invisible and without form, and darkness reigned over the deep.' Scripture does not say on which day you made them, and I understand the reason for this to be that 'heaven' here means the Heaven of Heavens - that is, the intellectual heaven, where the intellect is privileged to know all at once, not in part only, not as if it were looking at a confused reflection in a mirror, but as a whole, clearly,

face to face; not first one thing and then another but, as I have said, all at once, quite apart from the ebb and flow of time - and 'earth' means the invisible, formless earth, also unaffected by the ebb and flow of time which always marks the change from this to that, since where there is no form there can be no this and no that. These, then, are the heaven and earth that are meant, as I understand it, when the Scripture says 'In the Beginning God made heaven and earth' without mention of day - heaven, that is, the Heaven of Heavens which was given form from the very beginning, and earth, that is, earth invisible and without order, which was utterly formless. In fact the Scripture explains in the very next sentence what earth is meant by this. And since it says that on the second day the firmament was made and that it was called heaven, it gives us to understand which heaven was meant by the first sentence, which makes no mention of days.

27

The account left by Moses, whom you chose to pass it on to us, is like a spring which is all the more copious because it flows in a confined space. Its waters are carried by a maze of channels over a wider area than could be reached by any single stream drawing its water from the same source and flowing through many different places. In the same way, from the words of Moses, uttered in all brevity but destined to serve a host of preachers, there gush clear streams of truth from which each of us, though in more prolix and roundabout phrases, may derive a true explanation of the creation as best he is able, some choosing one and some another interpretation.

[...]

31

For this reason, although I hear people say 'Moses meant this' or 'Moses meant that', I think it more truly religious to say 'Why should he not have had both meanings in mind, if both are true? And if others see in the same words a third, or a fourth, or any number of true meanings, why should we not believe that Moses saw them all? There is only one God, who caused Moses to write the Holy Scriptures in the way best suited to the minds of great numbers of men who would all see truths in them, though not the same truths in each case.'

For my part I declare resolutely and with all my heart that if I were

called upon to write a book which was to be vested with the highest authority, I should prefer to write it in such a way that a reader could find re-echoed in my words whatever truths he was able to apprehend. I would rather write in this way than impose a single true meaning so explicitly that it would exclude all others, even though they contained no falsehood that could give me offence. And if this is what I would choose for myself, I will not be so rash, my God, as to suppose that so great a man as Moses deserved a lesser gift from you. As he wrote those words, he was aware of all that they implied. He was conscious of every truth that we can deduce from them and of others besides that we cannot, or cannot yet, find in them but are nevertheless there to be found.

32

[...]

O Lord my God, how much I have written on so few words! What endurance I should need and how much time, if I were to comment upon the whole of your Scriptures at such length! Let me, then, continue to lay before you my thoughts upon the Scriptures, but more briefly; and in so doing let me be content to give one explanation only, the one which I see by your inspiration to be true and certain and good, even though many may occur to me in places where more than one is possible. Let me lay this confession before you in the firm belief that if the explanation I give accords with the meaning which Moses had in mind, I shall have done what is right and best. This is what I must try my utmost to do. But if I fail, let me at least say what your Truth wills to reveal to me by the words of Scripture, just as he revealed what he willed to Moses.

Book XIII

1

I call upon you, O God, my Mercy, who made me and did not forget me when I forgot you. I call you to come into my soul, for by inspiring it to long for you you prepare it to receive you. Now, as I call upon you, do not desert me, for you came to my aid even before I called upon you. In all sorts of ways, over and over again, when I was far from you, you coaxed me to listen to your voice, to turn my back on you no more, and to call upon you for aid when, all the time, you were calling to me yourself. You blotted out all my evil deeds, in order not to repay me with the punishment I deserved for the work of my hands, which had led me away from you; and even before I did them, you took into account all the good deeds by which I should deserve well of you, in order to recompense yourself for the work of your hands which made me. For before I was, you were: I was nothing, that you should give me being. Yet now I am; and this is because out of your goodness you provided for all that you have made me and all from which you have made me. You had no need of me, nor am I a creature good in such a way as to be helpful to you, my Lord and my God. It is not as though you could grow tired by working and I could serve you by preventing your fatigue, nor would your power be any the less if my service were lacking. I cannot serve you as a peasant tills the land, for your works bear fruit even if I fail to serve you with my husbandry. I can only serve you and worship you so that good may come to me from you, and but for you no good could come to me, for I should not even exist to receive it.

3

At the beginning of creation you said Let there be light; and the light began. I think these words are properly to be understood to refer to the spiritual creation, because it was already life of a certain kind, able to be given light by you. But just as, previously, it could make no claim on you, by its own deserts, to be the kind of life which could receive your light, so, now that it existed, it could not claim to receive this gift by its own merits. In its

formless state it would not have been pleasing to you unless it became light. And it became light, not simply by existing, but by fixing its gaze upon you and clinging to you, the Light which shone upon it. In this way it owes to your grace, and to your grace alone, both the gift of its very existence and the gift of a life that is lived in happiness. For, by undergoing a change, which bettered it, it was turned towards that which cannot change, either for better or for worse, that is, towards you. Only you can never change, because you alone are absolute simplicity, for whom to live is the same as to live in blessed happiness, since you are your own beatitude.

5

When I read that your Spirit moved over the waters, I catch a faint glimpse of the Trinity which you are, my God. For it was you, the Father, who created heaven and earth in the Beginning of our Wisdom - which is your Wisdom, born of you, equal to you, and co-eternal with you - that is, in your Son. I have had much to say of the Heaven of Heavens, of the earth invisible and without form, and of the deep, showing how its darkness was in keeping with the spiritual creation, which, in its formlessness, had no cohesion or stability. Such it would have remained unless, by being turned to God, from whom it already drew such life as it had, it had received beauty as well as life by the reflection of his glory. In this way the Heaven of Heavens came into being, that is, the heaven of the heaven which was later created between the waters above and the waters below. When I spoke of these things, I took the word 'God', who made them, to mean the Father and the 'Beginning', in which he made them, to mean the Son. But, believing that my God is a Trinity, I searched for this truth in the sacred words of his Scripture and found it where it says that your Spirit moved over the waters. Here, then, is the Trinity, my God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Creator of all creation.

11

Who can understand the omnipotent Trinity? We all speak of it, though we may not speak of it as it truly is, for rarely does a soul know what it is saying when it speaks of the Trinity. Men wrangle and dispute about it, but it is a vision that is given to none unless they are at peace.

There are three things, all found in man himself, which I should like men to consider. They are far different from the Trinity, but I suggest them as a subject for mental exercise by which we can test ourselves and realize how

great this difference is. The three things are existence, knowledge, and will, for I can say that I am, I know, and I will. I am a being which knows and wills; I know both that I am and that I will; and I will both to be and to know. In these three - being, knowledge, and will - there is one inseparable life, one life, one mind, one essence; and therefore, although they are distinct from one another, the distinction does not separate them. This must be plain to anyone who has the ability to understand it. In fact he need not look beyond himself. Let him examine himself closely, take stock, and tell me what he finds.
But when he has found a common principle in these three and has told me what he finds, he must not think that he has discovered that which is above them all and is unchangeable, that which immutably is, immutably knows, and immutably wills. For none of us can easily conceive whether God is a Trinity because all these three - immutable being, immutable knowledge, and immutable will - are together in him; whether all three are together in each person of the Trinity, so that each is threefold; or whether both these suppositions are true and in some wonderful way, in which the simple and the multiple are one, though God is infinite he is yet an end to himself and in himself, so that the Trinity is in itself, and is known to itself, and suffices to itself, the supreme Being, one alone immutably, in the vastness of its unity. This is a mystery that none can explain, and which of us would presume to assert that he can?

28

And you saw all that you had made, O God, and found it very good. We, too, see all these things and know that they are very good. In the case of each of your works you first commanded them to be made, and when they had been made you looked at each in turn and saw that it was good. I have counted and found that Scripture tells us seven times that you saw that what you had made was good, and when you looked for the eighth time and saw the whole of your creation, we are told that you found it not only good but very good, for you saw all at once as one whole. Each separate work was good, but when they were all seen as one, they were not merely good: they were very good.

The same can be said of every material thing which has beauty. For a thing which consists of several parts, each beautiful in itself, is far more beautiful than the individual parts which, properly combined and arranged, compose the whole, even though each part, taken separately, is itself a thing of beauty.

35

O Lord God, grant us peace, for all that we have is your gift. Grant us the peace of repose, the peace of the Sabbath, the peace which has no evening. For this worldly order in all its beauty will pass away. All these things that are very good will come to an end when the limit of their existence is reached. They have been allotted their morning and their evening.

37

In that eternal Sabbath you will rest in us, just as now you work in us. The rest that we shall enjoy will be yours, just as the work that we now do is your work done through us. But you, O Lord, are eternally at work and eternally at rest. It is not in time that you see or in time that you move or in time that you rest: yet you make what we see in time; you make time itself and the repose which comes when time ceases.

38

We see the things which you have made, because they exist. But they only exist because you see them. Outside ourselves we see that they exist, and in our inner selves we see that they are good. But when you saw that it was right that they should be made, in the same act you saw them made.

It was only after a lapse of time that we were impelled to do good, that is, after our hearts had received the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Before then our impulse was to do wrong, because we had deserted you. But you, who are the one God, the good God, have never ceased to do good. By the gift of your grace some of the works that we do are good, but they are not everlasting. After them we hope that we shall find rest, when you admit us to the great holiness of your presence. But you are Goodness itself and need no good besides yourself. You are for ever at rest, because you are your own repose.

What man can teach another to understand this truth? What angel can teach it to an angel? What angel can teach it to a man? We must ask it of you, seek it in you; we must knock at your door. Only then shall we receive what we ask and find what we seek; only then will the door be opened to us.

ON FRIENDSHIP

论友谊

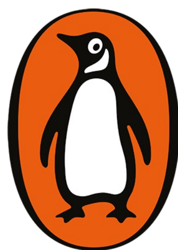
［法］米歇尔·德·蒙田　著
高黎平　译

中国出版集团
中　译　出　版　社

论友谊

（法）米歇尔·德·蒙田/著

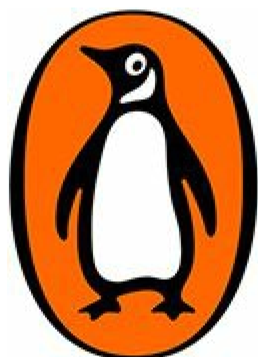
高黎平/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

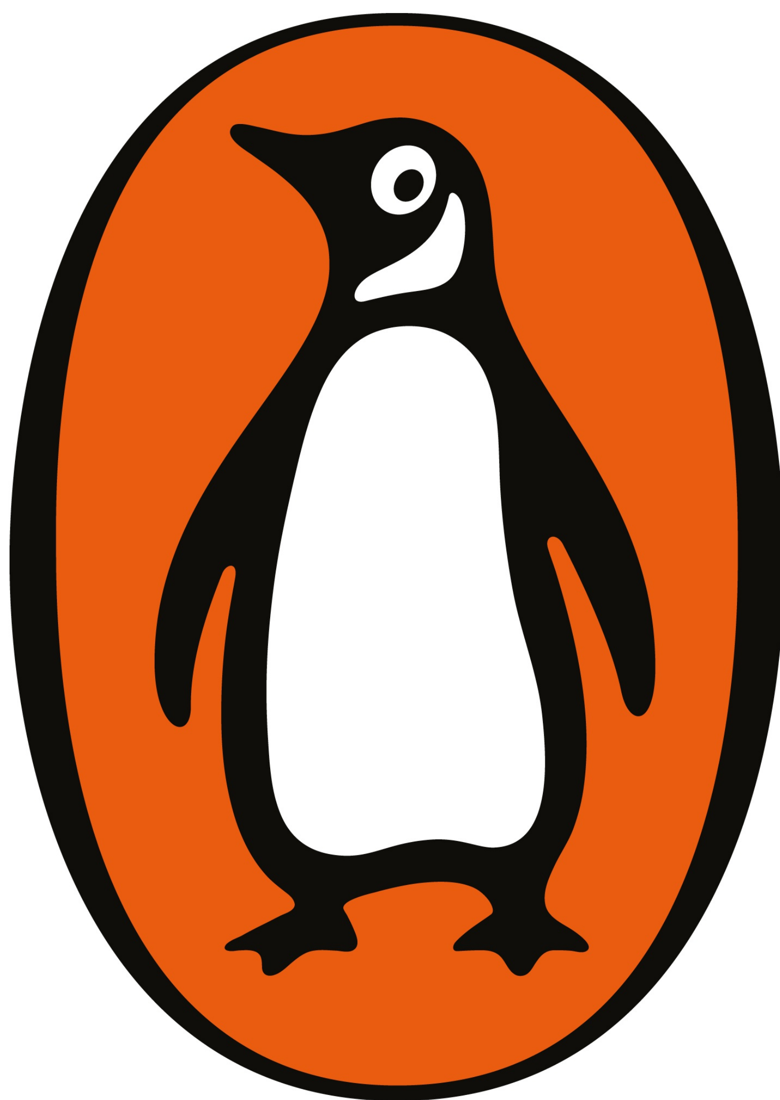
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com.cn
This translation first published in Penguin Classics 1991
This edition published in Penguin Books 2004

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of The Complete Essays,
translated and introduced by M. A. Screech
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

米歇尔·德·蒙田（1533—1592），文艺复兴时期法国作家、思想家、哲学家，出生于法国波尔多附近佩里戈尔的贵族家庭，早年学习拉丁文，成年后曾在波尔多法院任职十余年，当过国王的侍从，游历欧洲各地，还两次当选波尔多市市长。在法国陷入宗教战争的大背景下，蒙田辞去在法院的工作后回到乡下隐居。蒙田的隐居不是消极避世，而是闭门读书、写作，于1572年开始撰写《随笔录》（Essais）。此后20年蒙田对这部作品不断扩充、修改、再版，终其一生成就一部著作，留名后世。

蒙田以博学著称，三卷随笔用古法文写就，以对人类感情的冷峻观察和对西方文化的冷静研究，旁征博引许多古希腊、古罗马作家的论述，其中大量引用拉丁语等多种语言，主题繁杂，包括日常生活、传统习俗、人生哲理、宗教战争、教育问题等。他对自己的行为与思想进行描写和剖析，观察自我、观察内在。书中有多处前后不一致的观点，反应了蒙田不断变化的想法，他本人亦对此作了说明。

1580年，《随笔录》初版上市，大获成功；17世纪，蒙田的名声就已远播海外。但是《随笔录》的文章结构松散，洋洋洒洒，并不怎么符合17世纪上半叶的人们的口味，直到18世纪才重获欣赏，经历四百余年考验，最终证明了这是一部不朽的杰作。这部著作融汇了16世纪各种知识和百家思想，开创了随笔文学形式的先河，闪耀着人文思想的光。在《随笔录》的百篇作品中，《论友谊》撷取7篇，供读者品读。

“论友谊”阐释了什么是真正的友谊。蒙田在在波尔多法院任职期间与拉博埃希结为莫逆。但几年后挚友不幸离世，令蒙田大受打击。蒙田

对完美、神圣的友谊进行了赞颂，认为自古以来的四种爱——自然之爱、社会之爱、好客之爱和性欲之爱，都达不到这样的友谊。至于为何如此爱自己的挚友，蒙田的回答是："因为这是他，因为这是我。"

"依靠我们自己的能力来判断是非那简直是疯了"认为要深刻认识我们自己的无知与软弱，轻易相信与轻易不信一样都是愚蠢的行径。对于大自然的力量和教廷教规必须怀有敬意，虚荣心和好奇心都对思想有害。

"论谈话艺术"指出比起范例，从反例中能学到更多东西，"每天我都会从某人愚笨的行为举止中得到告诫和建议"；同理，谈话中的反对意见应正视，勇于接受别人的指正。谈话要有条理，如果做不到恰如其分地说话，就不要愚蠢的强辩。

"论闲散"简要描述了思想不能专注而带来的危害。思想并不是处在闲散状态就能令人带来轻松自在，恰恰相反，会令人颓唐，心境沉重，"当灵魂没有一个明确的目标，那么心灵便迷失方向"。

"论父亲对孩子的感情"提出父亲应以美德、能力、善行、谦和赢得孩子的尊敬，为培养孩子明智地使用财富，作出奉献，而不是一毛不拔，令孩子不得不有求于他。蒙田认为创作者对作品一样作出了奉献，其关系好比父子，甚至认为智慧的产物比肉体孕育的产物更为高尚。

"论适度"认为做任何事都要适度，好事做过分了就不再是好事了。然而为了达到适度的目的，人过分压抑精神和肉体合理的需求，"用来减损自己快乐的数量和质量时，人类的智慧真是一种愚昧的聪明"，正所谓过犹不及。

"直到死才能断定是不是幸福"给出了最终判定是否幸福的时限——一生。世事变幻无常，命运的力量顷刻间翻覆天地，在生命中的哪个时

刻都无法下定论，除了死亡时刻。“当评价人的一生时，我始终看其生命是如何结束的”，是否死得其所决定了一个人身后名声好坏。

蒙田随笔在西方文学史上占有重要地位，影响了弗朗西斯·培根、莎士比亚、卢梭等诸多作家和思想家。尼采谈到蒙田时这样说道：“世人对生活的热情，由于这样一个人的写作而大大提高了。”蒙田的随笔思想内涵丰富，富有哲理，平实易懂，不加雕饰，至今仍为世人所喜爱，源源不断地为现代人输送精神给养。

秦瑞宇

论友谊

1.我注视着我属下的一位画家在作画，突然觉得有一种超越他的欲望。他挑选了墙中央最好的一块地方，想充分施展一下自己的才华；然后，他用怪异图案填满了画周围的空白，这些怪异图案都是些荒诞不经的绘画，它们的诱人之处只在于千姿百态、新颖独特。事实上，这些散文若不是变形和怪异图案一起对各色各样奇形怪状的肢体做修修补补，配以纯粹偶然连贯的次序和比例，那么又算什么呢？

一个长着鱼尾巴的美丽姑娘。[1]

2.我可以设法达到那个画家第二阶段的水平，不过尚未达到他第一阶段较高的水平：我的绘画本领长进甚微，要不我就敢于着手画一幅色彩浓厚的装饰画，然后按照艺术的规则打磨润色、装饰美化。于是，我决定从埃蒂安·德·拉博埃西那儿借一幅“画”，它将给我其余的作品带来荣誉：我意思是这幅画就是他那篇题名为“论甘愿受奴役”的论文，而不是别人在不甚了解的情况下又给起名“反独裁”题目的那篇论文。还在很年轻的时候，他就写了这么一篇评论文以抨击专制并向自由致敬。这篇论文在具有评价能力的读者中长期传阅——颇受赞誉，备受推崇，因为它确实是一篇上乘之作，正如它看上去那样出色。然而，这远不是他所撰写的最佳之作。当他到了更加成熟的年龄，我认识了他，如果那时，他就已构思出像我这样的计划，写下自己所思所想的话，我们现在肯定会看到许多文学精品，以让我们近距离领略古典作品的壮丽；因为特别就天赋而言，我知道没有人能与他比肩。然而，除了这一篇之外，他就没有什么传世之作了——甚至那也是出于偶然：我认为当他完成后就再也没有看过它——以及给我们的内战弄得臭名昭著的关于《一月敕令》的《思考文集》：或许这部集子在其他地方还有一定的市场。这些就是

在他留给后人的文学作品中我所能重新看到的一切了，我是他的继承人，在他弥留之际，他非常钟情地将书籍和手稿——除了我出版过的他那部小册子之外——遗赠给我。

3.我对那篇论文尤为感激，因为它让我们初次结识彼此：在认识他之前我早就见过他，同时也第一次知道他的大名；因此，为了我们之间那可爱的友谊如上帝所乐见的那般长久，我们将之培养得那么完美无缺，可以肯定这种友谊在作品中几乎看不到，在当代人之间也根本无迹可寻。要建立这样的友谊需要许多偶然的条件，只有靠运气才能在三百年里实现一次。我们之间的伙伴关系胜过一切，这似乎是我们的本性使然——亚里士多德说过，好的立法者对友谊比对正义表现得更为关切。伙伴关系之间尽善尽美的极致在于友谊；因为以快乐或利益、以大众需要或个人需要铸就或培养起来的一切友谊，不太美好、也不太崇高——因而也就不太像“友谊”——因为除了友谊本身之外，它们还带有某种意图、目的和结果。它们也不符合自古以来的四种爱：自然之爱、社会之爱、好客之爱和性欲之爱。

4.子女对父亲，更多的是关于尊敬的问题；友谊是通过相互信赖培养起来的，而由于他们过分不平等，所以友谊就不存在；友谊还可能妨碍他们自然的义务：因为父亲所有私密的想法，由于担心招致不适当的亲近而无法与他们的子女分享，而且孩子们无法向父亲提出劝告乃至警告——这是构成友谊的重要义务之一。过去在一些民族中，孩子按风俗杀死父亲，而在另一些民族中，父亲按习惯杀死孩子，他们之所以这样做，都是为了避免一方给另一方构成障碍：自然而然，一方的生存取决于另一方的灭亡。

5.过去，有些哲学家对如此自然的亲情关系持藐视态度——那就亲眼目睹一下阿里斯底波吧：自从孩子们从他身上降生以来，他一直亏欠他们感情，正当受到这种感情压抑时，他开始倾诉说：就算我们怀上虱

子和虫子，那也得把他们生下来。还有一位哲学家，普罗塔戈试图劝他与他的兄弟言归于好，可是遭到反驳：“我们虽同母所生，可他不再与我有什么瓜葛。”

6.兄弟这个称呼真的是一个美丽的称呼，并且充满爱意：这就是我和拉博埃西结成兄弟情谊的原因所在。但是，随着分享财产或分割财产而来的是，一个人变富裕导致另一个人变贫穷，它会大大损害和削弱兄弟之情。兄弟们必须同舟共济，沿着同一航向奋力前行：他们势必常常相互冲撞和争抢。此外，为什么在他们之间一定存在真正完美、密不可分的关系呢？父子可能截然不同：兄弟也可能如此。“他是我的儿子，他是我同胞，可他很野蛮、很邪恶、很愚蠢！”到了他们因为法律和天然关系要保持亲情关系时，那就更少有自己的选择了，也更少有“甘心情愿的自由”了。我们甘心情愿的自由本身才能够恰当地产生感情和充满爱意的友谊，而非其他。这并不是说我无法分析别的因素所带来的影响，只是由于我有过最好的父亲，直至辞世前他依然是最宽容的父亲，他出身名门望族，这个家族就和睦而论堪为世代相传的楷模：

众所周知我对兄弟如父亲般的关爱。[2]

7.你不能把友谊与男女的爱情相提并论，即使这种爱情出于我们自己的选择，你也不能将它们归入同一个范畴。我必须承认爱情的火焰——

因为我不是不认识那位将甜蜜的辛酸与情

人的呵护糅合在一起的女神。[3]

更旺盛、更炽烈、也更热切。可它是一缕匆匆忙忙、变幻无常的火焰，上下起伏、飘忽不定；它是一缕狂热的火焰，易于遭到扑灭，只能照亮我们生活的一角。而对朋友的爱则是一股人间普遍的热情，温和平

静，又是一股永恒而稳定的热情，一切都那么轻柔坦荡，既不尖锐也不强烈。而且，性爱不过是一种我们对难以得到的东西的狂热渴望：

就像猎人追野兔，

度过严寒与酷暑，

越过崇山与峡谷，

猎物逃跑他追捕，

一旦抓住不珍护。[4]

8.爱情一进入友谊的领地（即各种念想同时起作用的地方），就变得衰弱无力。享受爱情就等于失去爱情：爱情的目标在于人的身体，因而受到满足的支配。相反，友谊的获得和我们的意愿是成正比的：因为友谊是关于思想的问题，随着我们的灵魂在实践友谊中被净化，友谊只有在我们享受它的时候才能喷涌而出，得到滋养并茁壮成长。在如此完美的友谊深处，那些变幻无常的爱情曾经在我的心中寻找到一席之地——更不必说在拉博埃西的心中了，他在他的诗篇中向大家坦白了太多太多。于是，友谊和爱情这两种情感进入我的内心，它们都意识到彼此的存在却从来不能相比，前者在高空自豪的翱翔中保持自己的航向，轻蔑地看着后者沿着下面的道路奔跑。

9.至于婚姻，作为一项交易除了准入是自由的之外（婚姻期限受到约束，绝非我们的意志所能支配），受其他意图束缚；在婚姻之内，人们不得不很快解开无数纠结缠蔓的死结，这些死结足以切断活生生的爱情之线，扰乱它的进程；而在友谊之中，除了友谊本身之外，既没有买卖也没有交易。再者，女人的确通常难以对支撑起神圣友谊的亲昵和相互信赖作出回报，她们的心灵似乎也没有坚定到足以承受得住这般长久紧绷的死结。实际上，如果不是因为如此，如果有可能使这样自愿又自

由的关系得到实现，在这种关系中不仅心灵充满乐趣，肉体也在其中得到愉悦——整个人全身心地投入其中——可以肯定地说这可爱的友谊将会更加充实也更加丰富。但是，尚无先例显示女性能达到如此的境界，并且参照古代哲学流派达成的共识，女性从不在此列。

10.希腊人的同性恋应该为我们的习俗所不容；因为当他们进行同性恋时，要求爱人间要有悬殊的年龄和有差异的偏好，所以这既不是完美的结合，也不是我们现在追求的和谐。“这种友谊的爱情算什么呢？为何没有人会爱上一个丑陋的年轻人或是一个英俊的老头子呢？”[5]因为在我提及它时，我想即使柏拉图学院描绘的肖像亦不能不与我的相符：维纳斯儿子在情人心中激起对青春美少年的最初迷恋（此时他们允许一切无度的热情可能产生的过分打情骂俏）只是建立在身体美的基础上，这是身体产生的假象（因为它不能建立在精神的基础上，因为精神尚未呈现出来，甚至正在孕育中，因太幼稚而难以萌芽）；假如有人疯狂地迷恋上一个青春少年，那么追求爱情的手段就是财富、礼物、加官晋爵和其他，这是为学院派所指责的低劣手段。假如爱情之火在更高尚者心中点燃，那么爱情的手段同样也是更高尚的：给对方哲学方面的指导，教对方学习尊敬宗教，教对方遵守法律并为国家利益而献身，宣扬英勇无畏、智慧和正义方面的榜样，有了这些榜样，求爱者要努力使自己因为优雅和美丽的心灵而值得被接受（他身体的美早已消逝），并希望通过这种精神上的交流促成更稳定更持久的结合。当这种搭配产生结果时——在适当的时期（他们不要求求爱者费工夫考虑许诺，却严格要求被爱者这样做，因为他必须从观察中对那种内心的，难以辨别和发现的美进行判断）——然后在被爱者的心中便产生一种以心灵美为媒介而构想出来的精神上的欲望。在他看来，这种美是卓越的：外表的美是次要的也是偶然的——这与求爱者的看法恰恰相反。由于这种原因，学院派哲学家们对被爱者持更加尊重的态度，并且表明上帝也是这么做的；他们严厉训斥诗人埃斯库罗斯在阿喀琉斯和帕特洛克罗斯的爱情中，赋予阿喀琉斯以求爱者的角色，让这个尚无胡须的青涩少年成了全希腊最

美的人。

11.一旦这种普遍的交流得以确立，就利用爱情更有价值的一面来履行义务，支配爱情。学院派哲学家们说：爱情会为个人生活和大众生活结出有用之果；爱情是国家的力量，在那些国家，爱情既是可以接受的风俗，也是对正义举动与自由的重要维护——哈莫迪和阿里斯托格同的爱情故事可以为证。这就是他们称爱情为神圣原因之所在。他们认为，只有暴君的暴行和人们的卑鄙行为才与爱情势不两立。然而，在说的都说了，做的都做了之后，我们可以向学院派哲学家们作出的唯一让步是，爱情原本就是以友谊为结果的恋爱——这一点完全符合斯多葛学派哲学家的爱情定义："爱情就是要努力将友谊建立在美的外表上。"[6]

12.我现在回到更加稳定也更加公平的友谊话题上："随着岁月的流逝，友谊中的人物变得坚强起来，如此的友谊才能被称之为友谊。"[7]

13.此外，我们通常所称的朋友和友谊，不过是由于某种机会或某种相配而结识的熟人和熟悉的关系，通过这种关系，我们的心灵相互支持。在我所谈论的友谊中，各种心灵在如此普遍的交流中融为一体，从而抹去了将它们结合在一起的接缝，连接得天衣无缝，无迹可觅。如果有人逼我说为什么我爱他，我觉得无法用言语来表达，只能回答说："因为那是他，因为这是我。"引发这种结合的媒介超出我所有的推理，也超出了我能够专门谈论的一切——大概是某种难以解释的命运之力量吧。

14.在我们彼此看到对方前，我们都在寻找对方——这是因为我们两个人已经从别人那里听到种种议论（这些议论给我们的情感带来了超乎寻常的冲击），而且，我相信，还因为上帝的某种天命：我们借由名声知晓彼此。初次见面碰巧是在一个拥挤不堪的城市节日场合，我们发现两人如此互相吸引，如此相互了解，如此联系在一起，从此我们再不会跟别人像跟我们之间那么亲密无间了。他用拉丁文写过一部优秀的

《讽刺文学》，该作品已出版，他通过这部作品为自己作了辩解，并且解释了我们之间的关系为何迅速发展到了完美境界。生命短暂，我们相识又晚（因为我们两个都长大成人——他比我大几岁）——没时间可以浪费在遵循松散而普通的友谊模式中，而这种模式需要经过长期的交往后进行深思熟虑。这种友谊除了自身之外别无法则可循；除了自身之外，也别无他物可比较。这样就不存在特别的顾虑——也不存在一而再再而三三而四的顾虑，更不存在没完没了的顾虑了——不过，倒是有一些难以理解的可贵之处：它们全都混淆在一起，这些东西捕获我的意志，促使我的意志钻进他的意志，然后在他的意志中消失；这些也捕获他的意志，促使他的意志钻进我的意志，而后在我的意志中消失，彼此都带着同样的渴望和仿效的心态。我说消失，是真心实意在说“消失”；我们都对自己毫无保留：不分彼此。

15.在罗马执政官（对底波里斯·格拉居斯定罪，迫害了他的那些亲信）面前，拉里乌斯最终问格拉居斯的最亲密朋友凯厄斯·布莱修斯：他到底为他都做了多少事。他回答道：“无所不为。”——“什么！无所不为？”拉里乌斯继续道，“如果他命令你放火燃掉我们的神殿，你会怎么办？”——布莱修斯反驳道：“他从来没叫我做这事呀。”拉里乌斯补充道：“但是，假使他已经命令你了。”他回答道：“那我就遵命。”[8]历史上人们断言，如果他真的是格拉居斯那么亲密无间的朋友，那么他就没有理由用最后那句鲁莽的话激怒执政官，而且绝不该放弃对格拉居斯希望他所做之事的信任。但是，指责他的回答像在煽风点火的那些人，并不完全明白友谊的奥妙，也无法接受凭他的影响以及学识，他可以对格拉居斯的想法了如指掌的前提。他们不是因为是同胞而成了朋友，不是为了做朋友而做朋友，不是因为都与国家敌对，都野心勃勃、勾心斗角而成了朋友。彼此完全将自己托付给对方之后，他们各自完全支配彼此的欲望，由品德来指引并由理智来引导（没有理智就不可能将他们维系在一起），布莱修斯的回答很恰当。如果他们的行为出现裂痕，那么依我看，他们既不是彼此的朋友，也不是他们自己的朋友。再者，如果

有人这样质问我：“假设你的意志命令你去杀死你女儿的话，你会杀死她吗？”那么我的回答听起来肯定跟他们的并无二致，我说我会。那并不证明我同意这么做了，因为我对我的意志并不存疑，也不怀疑朋友的意志。世上的一切争论都无法左右我对我的朋友的意图和决定的信任。没有一次他当我的面作出行动的决定——不论看起来是什么行动决定——而我不能即刻发现其动机的。我们就是如此地心有灵犀，以如此强烈的感情相互关注，抱相同的感情各自向对方赤诚袒露心扉，这样不仅我能像了解自己的思想一样了解他的思想，而且对把自己托付给他比托付给自己更为信任。

16.别让任何人将普通的友谊与这种友谊相提并论。我了解这些友谊——甚至其中最完美的——也了解其他的，可我得奉劝你们不要混淆它们的规定：你会自欺欺人。在其他友谊中你必须小心翼翼明智前进，将主动权掌握在手中：这种关系并非如此牢靠，所以没有理由怀疑这一点。“爱一个朋友，”奇洛说过，“就想着有一天你必然要憎恨他；恨他，想着你必然要爱他。”[9]这条训诫在那种至高无上的友谊中是如此令人厌恶，可相比你们会用到的亚里士多德经常重复的：“啊！我的朋友，没有一个是朋友！”[10]这句格言，这条训诫在践行司空见惯的友谊中倒是健康有益的。

17.各种付出和帮忙可以培养其他的友谊，可这些在这段崇高的友谊关系中简直不值一提：这是由于我们的意志已经浑然一体。我感觉到的友谊之爱并没有增加——无论斯多葛学派哲学家会怎么说——我也不会为得到了帮助而感到庆幸，正如我不会对我为自己做了好事儿欣喜一样：所以这样的朋友关系真的太完美了，让他们失去了付出的意识，憎恶和剔除他们之间各种形式的隔阂，诸如帮忙、义务、感恩、请求、感激等东西。他们的意志、财产、妻子、孩子、荣誉和生命，这一切都是共有的；根据亚里士多德最恰当的定义，他们之间的联系在于两个分身共有一个灵魂，[11]所以他们既不需借让也不需给予对方任何东西。这

就是为什么那些立法者禁止夫妻互赠礼物，以此把婚姻颂扬成想像中神圣的关系，期望能借此表明所有一切都必须属于他们俩，因此在两人之间没什么能够分开或割裂的。在我所谈论的这种友谊中，如果一方能给予另一方东西，其实是受惠的一方给他的朋友施以了恩惠。重要的是，他们各自都想给对方好处，结果是提供途径和机会的那一方其实更为慷慨大方，因为他给了朋友去帮他实现最大愿望的快乐。当哲学家戴奥真尼斯手头拮据时，他不说叫朋友给他一点钱，而说叫朋友还给他一点钱！[12]为了说明现实生活中这样的事如何发生，我只想引用古代的一个例子。

18.柯林斯人欧达米达斯有两个朋友：卡里色努斯和阿里休斯，前者是西西奥尼亚人，后者也是柯林斯人。当欧达米达斯在穷困潦倒中即将去世时，由于他的两个朋友很富有，所以他就立了如下遗嘱："我遗赠给阿里休斯：由他照顾我母亲并给她养老送终；我遗赠卡里色努斯：由他照看我女儿直到她结婚，并尽可能给她提供一套最齐备的嫁妆。假如他们当中有一个碰巧去世，那么我指定在世者替他履行我的遗嘱。"最初看到遗嘱的那些人嘲笑这份遗嘱；可是，当那两个继承人得知此遗嘱时，他们欣然地接受了该遗嘱。其中的卡里色努斯5天之后真的去世了；继承遗嘱的希望因而就落在了阿里休斯身上，他精心照料朋友托付的母亲；然后从五英担银子的财产中，他拿出两英担半给自己的独生女办婚礼，又拿出另两英担半给欧达米达斯的女儿，并在同一天为她们举办婚礼。[13]

19.这算是最完美的例子，除了一个条件：里面不止一个朋友。我刚才所谈论的完美友谊是不可分割的：每个人都将自己如此彻底地交给自己的朋友，再无剩余的东西去跟另外一个人分享：相反，他感到伤心的是自己分身乏术，不能一分为二，一分为三，甚至一分为四；他没有几个灵魂，也没有几个意志，否则也就能将它们全都送给他所爱的那个人。

20.普通的友谊是可以共同分享的。你可以爱一个朋友的英俊潇洒；爱另一个朋友的和蔼可亲；爱第三个朋友的宽宏大量；爱第四个朋友的慈父般深情厚谊；爱第五个朋友的兄弟般手足之情，等等。但是，在这段友谊中，爱占据灵魂并用至高无上的统治主导它：这种事情是无法复制的。如果两个朋友同时叫你帮助他们，那么你马上赶去帮哪一个呢？如果他们的请求发生冲突，那么谁又会先得到你优先的帮助呢？如果一个人叫你避而不谈对另一个人有益的事情，那么你如何摆脱这种尴尬的局面呢？唯有最高尚的友谊能够摆脱所有其他的束缚。我已发誓不对任何人透露的秘密，我可以不惧对誓言的违背去告诉他而不是别人：他就是我。两个人能拥有最高尚的友谊已经是一大奇迹，有人说三个人有最高尚的友谊，这是不知道这种友谊高不可攀。东西有可以相比的就不是最好的。如果有人提议说我在两个朋友中能像爱一个那样爱另一个，还提议说他们能够彼此相爱，并且就像我爱他们那样爱我，那么他就变成一个多面人，甚至变成一个同盟，这样的同盟是最多“个体”的同盟，也是最团结一致的同盟。这样的例子哪怕是一个在这世上也难以找到。

21.这个故事的其他部分与我刚才所说的如出一辙：当欧达米达斯因自己的需要而利用朋友们时，他就是将恩泽和实惠赠予了他们。他将继承人们的慷慨留给了他们自己，这份慷慨借由他们帮助他而送到他们自己的手里。毋庸置疑，相比起阿里休斯，友爱的力量在他的行为中表现得更为淋漓尽致。概而言之，这些行为超越了任何未曾尝试过的人的想象力。尤其令我肃然起敬的是一位年轻士兵的回答，赛勒斯问那个士兵愿出多少钱卖掉那匹为他在比赛中获奖的马：“为了一个王国，你愿意把马卖掉吗？”——“不卖，真的，陛下；可如果我能找到一个值得结交的人，那么为了得到一位朋友，我还是愿意将马送出。”[14]好一个“如果我能找到”的假设；因为你能轻而易举地找到泛泛之交。可对于我们这种友谊，这种可以让我们在其中毫无保留地交流最深最隐秘思想的友谊，毫无疑问我们的一切动机都必须是纯洁到极点的。

22.在那些只依靠目标来维系的关系中，我们只需提防出现特别影响目标实现的那些瑕疵。我的医生或律师信什么教与我无关：这种顾虑与他们对我的友好的服务毫不相干。在这种交易中，我与仆人们交流以相同方式来对待：我几乎不去调查我的男仆近不近女色，我想知道他是否勤奋工作；我对赶骡夫的关注不在于赌不赌钱，而在于赶不赶得好骡子，我对厨子的关注也不在于爱不爱骂人，而在于称不称职。告诉世人该怎么做（相当多的人那样做）并非我所关切的事，而我在这世上该怎么做就跟我不无关系了：

这就是我要做的事：做你该做的事。[15]

为了坐在桌旁能谈得融洽，我挑易相处的人而不挑聪明的人；上床睡觉，我先挑美女，后挑贞女；在社交谈话中，我挑有本领的人——即使是不诚实的人。诸如此类。

23.就像那位骑在木马上与自己的小孩玩耍的哲学家[16]被人看到此景，对那很吃惊的人所说的一样，在他自己有孩子之前不要作出评论，等他有相同的感受，会对此番举止作出恰当的评判：所以我多么希望我对着说话的那些人能明白我在说什么；不过，意识到这份友谊离一般的现实有多远——同时也意识到这份友谊有多稀罕——我不指望可以找到对此公正的评价，因为古人留给我们的这个主题的作品，与我所说的感情相比似乎微不足道。在这个例子中，这些结果胜过哲学上的那些至理名言。

当我的理智处于正常时，我不会用任何东西与一位令人快乐的朋友相比拟。[17]

24.在古代，米南德断言，哪怕一个人仅仅遇到过朋友的影子，他也是幸福的。[18]他这么说肯定是对的，尤其是如果他实际上品尝过友谊的滋味。事实上，如果我比较一下我的余生——尽管靠上帝的恩惠我

甜蜜舒适地生活，平静的心灵免受哀伤的打扰（除了这位朋友的死亡），自满自足于与生俱来的自然恩赐也再别无他求——要是把这种生活与我被赠予的跟那样一个男人成为朋友和伙伴的四年时光相比，这种生活不过是过眼烟云，也不过是一个漆黑沉闷的夜晚。

25.从我失去他的那一天起：

那是永远残酷却也永远值得纪念的一天。

（既然上帝这么明示），[19]

我只不过疲倦地苟且偷生。我得到的那些快乐并没给我带来慰藉：反而因为他的故去令我倍感伤心。每样东西我们都是各分一半：我感觉我正从他那儿窃取他的那一份：

曾与我分享一切的他离我而去时，

我想，我在享受快乐也是不对的。[20]

我已经如此习惯于在一切事物中成为二分之一

个，以至于我现在感觉我只不过是半个人。

既然不合时宜的打击

夺走了我灵魂的一部分，

我为何依旧徘徊在乐趣渐少，

残缺不全的生存中？

那一天就是我俩一起倒下的时间。[21]

26.无论做什么，想什么，我都怀念他——就像他肯定也会怀念我一样；因为正如他在能力和品德上远远超过我，他为友谊所做的努力也已胜过了我：

为如此亲爱的人忧伤

会有什么羞耻或限度？……

我是多么不幸的人啊！

失去这样一位好兄弟。

一切的欢乐随你消逝，

活着时你的爱呵护它；

你啊，我亲密的兄弟，

你的死毁灭我的快乐；

我的灵魂和你埋葬在一起。

因为失去了你，我已追溯

心中曾有过的思想和灵魂所体验过的快乐；

是否我再也不能和你说话，

再不也能听你说你做了些什么？

是否我再也看不到你，

兄弟，比生命更贵重的你？

但是无论如何，我一定永远爱你。[22]

27.让我们听听这个16岁的男孩说什么吧！

28.我已经发现，这部作品的出版已造成了不良的后果，因为出版它的人试图扰乱和改变国家政治局面，不在乎是否对其有利；而且他们已将这部作品列为他们自己的重要核心著作之一，因此我将收回将其放在这里的决定。为了在那些无法知道作者的观点或行为的人中，他的名誉就不受到损害，我告诉他们，他纯粹把这部作品当作年轻时撰写的习作；这只不过是一个稀松平常的主题，在成百上千本书中都提及过。我并不怀疑他相信自己所写的东西，因为他太讲良心了，即使是在一部轻松的作品中，他也不会说假话。此外我还知道，如果他有选择机会的话，他宁愿生在威尼斯，而不愿生在萨拉特。这种想法是对的。可是，他还有一条铭刻在心中的最高准则：服从并且最审慎地遵从与生俱来的法则。从来就没有一个公民比他更好，更希望自己国家安宁，更反对所处时代出现骚乱和异端。他只会用自己的力量将动乱扼杀，而不是提供资源去把他们鼓动起来。他的思想气质是按照前几个世纪的模子浇铸出来的，与我们的截然不同。

29.所以，我将用另一部作品取代那篇严肃的论文，那部作品与《甘愿受奴役》写于同一个时期，不过写得更加华丽，也更加幽默。

依靠我们自己的能力来判断是非那简直是疯了

1.我们把轻易相信任何事归因于头脑简单，把轻易被人说服归因于无知，这或许不无道理，因为我想曾经有人教过我，信任就像戳在我们灵魂上的印记：灵魂越柔软越少抵抗，就越容易将任何事印上：“正如放在天平的砝码必然要把天平压低一样，思想必然要屈服于确凿的证据。”[23]灵魂越空虚越少给它提供平衡物，那么在最初深信的压力下，其天平就越容易变得摇摆不定。这就是为什么小孩子、普通人、女人和病人更容易被牵着鼻子走。

2.另一方面，不断轻视某事并且指责它像是假的，就因为在我们看来它似乎并不像是真的，在这种情况下，就存在着一种愚蠢的自大。这在那些自认为能力在普通人之上的人当中算是小毛病了。

3.我从前常做这样的事。如果我听人讲鬼走路、预言、妖术、魔术以及我没法相信的某种传说——

梦、不可思议的恐怖、奇迹、巫婆、

塞萨利死者或符咒的夜间拜访[24]

——我常常为受如此愚蠢行为欺骗的人感到悲哀。现在我发现，我过去至少也一样令人同情。这并不是说经历随后向我展现了任何超越我原本相信的事（在我看来也不是因为缺乏什么好奇心），但是，理智已经教会我们，无论你这样指责什么东西是绝对错的和绝不可能的，那么你就是宣称了解新领域、上帝的意志和作为我们母亲的大自然的力量；理智还教会我们，世上没有什么比依赖我们自己的能力和潜力去给事情下结论的举动更愚蠢的事了。

4.如果我们不把这些法则运用到超越我们理解的事情中，那么在生活中，不知有多少怪异或令人惊讶的事！如果考虑到我们不得不穿过一团迷雾，只是为了弄明白我们已掌握的东西，我们肯定会发现，不是知识而是习惯令事物不再怪异；

因为生活已使人满足并令人感到厌倦，

现在已没有人再注视天堂闪光的神殿；

如果这样的东西新近呈现在我们面前，那么它们似乎跟其他东西一样令人难以置信；

假使现在第一次将它们

突然间呈现给凡人的话：

没什么称得上更为非凡；

国人不敢相信这些东西。[25]

从未真正见过河的人第一次遇到一条河，会误认为是海洋，因为我们认为，我们所知的最大东西是自然中同类物中最大的。

河流并不都是那么大，

可对没见过更大河流的人而言它是巨大的；

最大的树最大的人也由此而来；

各类我们所知的最大是我们自认为的最大。

“当我们习惯于看某事时，我们就会习以为常、见怪不怪；我们从不会查找与此相同的事的种种原因。”[26]使我们查找任何事物原因的不

在于其规模，而在于其新奇。

5.我们应更深入了解自己的无知和弱点，以更尊敬的态度评价大自然的无穷力量。有多少不可能的事被值得我们信赖的人证实：如果我们无法确信，那么我们至少应该保持怀疑。判定它们不可能无异于轻率地自以为是，自吹自擂我们知道极限在哪里。如果我们明白不可能与不寻常之间的差异，或者违背大自然进化的规则与违背人类共识之间的差异，那么就会遵守奇洛在《没有什么东西可超越》中所确定的规则，不要轻率地相信，不要轻率地不相信。

6.我们在佛罗莎特著作中看到，贝恩的富瓦伯爵次日清晨得知朱比洛思的加斯提约翰国王战败，他获取信息的手段让人嘲笑。据历史记载，霍诺留斯教皇在菲力普·奥古斯都国王在蒙特驾崩的当天，就为他举行公众安灵弥撒，并且命令意大利举国上下举行同样的安灵弥撒，因为见证人的权威并未高到足以令我们信服，所以当听到这件事时，我们也会发出嘲笑。

7.可是且慢。当普鲁塔克（且不管许多他声称引自古代的例子）说他本人相当肯定地知道，在图密善时代，安东尼历经七天行程在德国吃败仗的消息，并在罗马公然宣布该消息，战报当天就不胫而走；当恺撒坚持认为事件的消息实际上预见了事件本身时，这是很经常发生的事：如果我们假设他们是单纯的人，那么他们只不过是跟着聚众闹事，自己上当受骗，因为他们看事情不比我们清晰！[27]

8.当普利尼期望运用评价的手段时，有什么能比他的评价来得更仔细、更明确、更真切更不掺杂质的呢？（我并不在此讨论他卓尔不群的博学；我不大看重这方面：可就这两种品质而言，我们哪里能胜过他？）然而，任何一个小学生都能证实他在撒谎，并给他上一节自然课。

9.在布谢的作品中读到与圣西拉里的遗迹有关的奇迹时，我们会耸耸肩表示对此不屑一顾：他的权威并非大到足以剥夺我们向他挑战的自由。不过，对我来说，从此谴责所有类似的故事看起来十分鲁莽。像奥古斯丁这样一个大圣人发誓他见到了：[28]在米兰，一个盲童靠圣日尔韦和圣普罗塔修斯的遗物恢复了视力；在迦太基，一位新受洗的妇女在另一位妇女胸前画个十字，治好了她的癌症；他的好朋友赫斯珀洛斯从君主坟墓取来一小把土，驱走了骚扰他家的恶魔，并且用从教堂取来的土同样治好一个瘫痪病人；一个妇女在列队行进时接触过圣斯狄芬装有花束的遗物箱，之后她用箱里的花卉擦眼睛，结果恢复了不久前失去的视力——还有其他几个就发生在他眼前的奇迹。要是他和他称为目击者的两个神圣主教奥勒留和马克西姆斯在一起，那么我们还能责备他什么呢？责备他无知、头脑简单、轻信、故意欺骗、冒名顶替吗？在我们这个时代，还有什么人会如此鲁莽到认为自己可在美德、虔诚、学识、评价以及能力方面与他们相提并论呢？嗨！即使他们拿不出理由，他们也可以以其真正的威信令我信服呀。[29]

10.除了必然相随的荒谬鲁莽之外，在我们蔑视我们所不能理解的种种事物时所产生的严重后果里还存在着一种危险。因为只要你自以为是地设置了真理和谬误的界定，紧接着发现有必要相信一些比你所拒绝相信的更为古怪的东西，你就得被迫放弃这些界定。

11.现在依我看，在我们的良心上，在现今的宗教冲突中，带来数不胜数的混乱的，正是天主教徒可以随时将他们的一些教规牺牲掉的那种做法。当他们在一些有争议的教规上屈从于敌人时，他们相信他们这样做是恰当而且明智的。可是，他们看不到放弃和投降给敌方带来了什么好处，或者多大程度上能激励他继续进攻，除此之外，他们所选的那些似乎无足轻重的教规有时候却是极为重要的。

12.我们要么完全屈服于教会的权威，要么完全把自己从中解脱出

来。而不是我们自己来决定对信仰的皈依要到什么程度。

13.此外，我可能讲过这一点，因为我曾经分析过它；在过去，我使用过这种自由进行选择和挑选，以期忽略我们教规中的某些细节，因为它们似乎相当奇怪或空洞；然后，当我将这件事告诉一些读书人时，我发现，那些教规是建立在厚实而且绝对坚实的基础上，正是我们的无知和动物式的愚蠢，才使我们不敬畏它们。

14.为何我们无法记住在自己的判断中感觉到的所有矛盾呢？有多少东西昨天对我们来说是信条，而今天在我们看来却成了无稽之谈呢？

15.虚荣心和好奇心是我们灵魂的孪生灾难。好奇心使我们什么都想探听；而虚荣心又使我们对尚未解决或尚未确定的事妄下结论。

论谈话艺术

1.把惩罚一些人作为对其他人的警告，这是我们维护正义的一贯做法。因为就像柏拉图所说的那样，为已做错的事而惩罚人总是愚蠢之举：做过的事不可能更改。其意图是不让他们重蹈覆辙或者使其他人避免犯他们犯过的错误。[30]我们不想改变我们将要绞死的人；而想通过他改变其他人。我也是这样做的。我身上的毛病习惯成自然，而且无药可医，可因为好绅士就得成为公众仿效的楷模，所以我可能起到的是切勿仿效的模范带头作用：

你可知道阿不思儿子过得多悲惨

巴鲁斯又多可怜，这难道你不知？

这是一次珍惜遗产的极好教训呀。[31]

2.惩罚和指责我自己的不足之处可能教某人担心自己犯错误。（我自己最难能可贵的才能，与其说是来自于自我夸耀，倒不如说是源于自我批评）这就是我常常回顾这一点并且乐此不疲的原因之所在。然而，在漫无边际的交谈中，你在谈论自己时并非没有失误：指责自己将使你始终为人所相信；赞扬自己则令你永远不为人所相信。

3.可能有一些跟我性格一样的人，他们通过避免反面例子而不是学习正面榜样而变得更好。这是大加图说到下一句话时正思考的教训，他曾说智者从愚人那学到的东西比愚人从智者那学到的东西来得多；[32]也正如帕乌撒尼亚斯所说，古代七弦琴表演家常要学生去听一些生活在马路边的表演者演奏，以便学会厌恶不和谐的乐音和错误的节奏。[33]比起曾经吸引过我的仁慈的事例，我对残忍行为的憎恶更深切地激励我

做人要仁慈。要让我在马鞍上笔直地坐着，优秀的侍从武官可能力不胜任；可是看到一个律师或一个威尼斯人在户外骑马时，我就会坐得笔直。错误的说法比正确的说法能更好地纠正自己。每天我都会从某人愚笨的行为举止中得到告诫和建议。打击你的东西比取悦你的东西更多地影响到你，并且让你清醒。我们只能通过诸如倒退和冲突而不是和谐，通过变成不一样的而不是成为相同的来提升自己。在从正面实例中几乎学不到什么后，我使用日常生活中的反面实例，我看到别人令人生厌，就力求自己易于相处；看到别人软弱，让自己坚强；看到别人强硬，让自己温和。我还给自己设定了不做到就不罢休的目标。

4.在我看来，谈话是我们的思想最富成效也最为自然的运用。我发现练习谈话是生活中最妙趣横生的活动。这就是为什么，如果我现在被迫作出选择，我想我宁可失明也不可丧失说话能力或者听力。在他们的学院里，雅典人，甚至更多的罗马人，以极大的热情坚持这项练习。在我们现在这个时代，意大利人保留着这项练习的某些活动——这对他们颇有益处，这一点从他们与我们的智慧的比较中就能看出。研究书本是一项缺乏活力的迟缓的活动，而谈话则既提供学问又提供练习。如果我正与一个功底扎实的强手辩论，那么他一定会从侧面抨击我，左右开攻展开话锋；他的思想将大大提升我的思想。对抗、竞争和荣耀将推动我更上一层楼。在谈话中，最令人痛苦的地方就在于意见完美的和谐一致。

5.正如我们的思想通过与充满朝气、条理清晰的思想接触得以加强那样，无论如何夸大与卑贱而糟糕的思想不断交流和接触会给我们的思想造成的损失和危害都不为过。没有传染病像它那样具有传染性。经历让我懂得其价值究竟几何。我喜欢争论和讨论，不过只与几个人争论和讨论，并且是为了个人的目的：因为我认为，把争论和讨论当作一场大型的公开展示，炫耀你的智慧和措词，这对令人敬仰的人而言是一种有失身份的交易。

6.愚昧是一种不良的品性：而不能容忍愚昧还被闹得气急败坏（就像发生在我身上一样），这就成了另一种几乎更为粗鄙的愚昧了。而这就是现在我想自责的地方。

7.我轻松自在地开展讨论和争论。既然意见并未在我内心找到准备生根发芽的土壤，那就没有什么令我感到可怕的建议，也没有什么使我受伤的信条，无论这些意见与我的想法有多大差异。人类大脑适时产生的如此轻佻的奇思怪想无不发生在我身上。那些剥夺了我们对话语权判断的人，对奇怪的观点看上去很温和；我们也许不能把我们的赞许借给他们，可是我们确实可以把我们的耳朵借给他们。当天平上的一边小盘空空如也时，我将让另一边小盘由一个老太婆的梦来摇摆：如果我宁愿挑奇数而不挑偶数，或者挑星期四而不挑星期五；如果我宁愿桌位是十二号或十四号，而不愿是十三号；如果我宁愿在旅游中看到野兔绕开我走的路，而不愿看到它们横穿过去，并且让我的左脚先穿靴子，然后才是右脚，我认为这些都是可以原谅的。所有这些古怪的行为（在我们当中确有其例）至少值得一听。对我来说，它们只比一边空盘重，可它们确实也只比一边空盘重。同样，流行的无根无据的意见自然存在一定的分量，它总比没有意见要来得有分量。一个不愿意做更多思考的人或许会为了避开迷信的沼泽而跌入顽固的泥潭。

8.那么，相互矛盾的评价既不冒犯我，也不激怒我：它们只不过让我清醒，并给我提供锻炼的机会。我们通常回避别人的指正，可我们应该自告奋勇地接受别人的指正，尤其是当这种指正来自谈话而非来自演讲的时候。每当我们遇上对立面，我们期待的不是想了解这种对立，而是不论对错怎样才能摆脱这种对立面。对于对立面，我们不是伸出欢迎的双臂，而是指指点点。我能容忍朋友粗暴地对待我："你是白痴！你在胡言乱语！"在绅士当中，我喜欢人们真诚表达自己的意见，言为心声。我们切不该觉得忠言逆耳。我喜欢一种强韧的、亲密的、大丈夫之间的伙伴关系，这种友谊因为尖锐的充满活力的交流而感到喜悦，就好

比因为爱而导致流血的啃咬和抓挠而感到欢欣一样。如果谈话一味讲究礼貌和艺术，不具有争论性，那么这种谈话既不够激烈，也不够宽宏大量；“不可能存在没有辩驳的争论”。[34]

9.当我处于矛盾之中时，矛盾引发我的注意力而不激起我的愤怒。我会接近跟我闹矛盾的人：他马上就会指正我。因为真理的目标对我们二者来讲都是共同的。——他的回答会是什么呢？愤怒的感情已经影响了他的判断。紊乱的思绪已经赶在理智之前夺取了他的判断。——如果我们不得不在解决争论的问题上打赌，那么谈话肯定是个好主意；如果我们的失败有一种物质作标记让我们能在上面留个记录，我的仆人就能说：“去年您的无知和顽固20次就让您支付了100克朗。”

10.我迎接真理，抚弄真理，不论真理在谁的手上，我都会找到它；我雀跃地向真理投降，只要我一看到真理从遥远处向我靠近时，我就伸出被征服的双臂迎接它。假如人们不是用专横跋扈的态度并迂腐地皱起眉头去抨击它，我将用我的肩膀顶住车轮去帮助人们一起对我的作品开展批评：对我的作品，我经常更多出于礼貌的缘故作修改，而不是为了达到合理修改的目的，我宁愿通过我随时的让步来鼓励人们自由地批评我——是的，即使是在让我付出某种代价的时候。然而，在我们这个时代，要诱导人这样做可是一件难事。他们没有肚量去纠正别人，正是由于他们没有肚量容忍别人的纠正，彼此面对面谈话时总是遮遮掩掩。

11.我是如此乐于由别人来评价自己并认识自己，所以不论采取两种形式中的哪一种，对我而言都是道德中立的。我的想法经常如此自相矛盾并且自我指摘，因此如果有人驳斥我的思想，我只会乐于给予他们驳斥我的权力，对我来说那些驳斥就跟自我驳斥没什么两样。但是，我会与任何太专横的人争吵，如同我认识的一个人，如果你不接受他的意见，他就不高兴；如果你羞于遵从他的意见，他就会将之当作一种侮

辱。

12.苏格拉底始终对他的论点所引发的争议笑脸相迎。可以说，因为他的论点比较坚实，所以占优的一方总是他，他把他们作为新的胜利来欢迎：可恰恰相反，我们发现，没有什么会比下列事实让我们更容易受影响：确信自己的卓然不凡，确信我们对对手的轻蔑，确信弱者理所当然应该心甘情愿地接受修正他们错误的驳斥。

13.我常常诚挚地向那些粗暴待我的人而不是怕我的人求教。不得不应付钦佩我们和服从我们的人是一种无聊且有害的乐趣。安提斯泰尼命令他的儿子们决不要向任何赞扬他们的人表达谢意或表示感激。[35]在白热化的争论中，当我在对手强大的理性能力面前作出让步时，我为超越自己而感到非常骄傲，这种骄傲胜过我通过他的弱点取胜而得到过的满足。简而言之，我接受和认可任何攻击，不管它们多么微弱，只要它们来得坦荡直接，可我向来对以不当方式进行的攻击很不耐烦。我很少担心我们正讨论的内容；所有的意见对我来说都是相同的，而哪个提议获胜对我而言无关紧要。如果辩论以得当方式进行的话，我可以整天平静地进行争辩。我并不希望那么强有力和微妙的辩论成为我们的秩序——那种每天在牧羊人和营业员当中辩论都能找到的秩序从未在我们当中出现。如果他们误入歧途，则是由于这种辩论缺乏谦恭。我们同样也会误入歧途。不过，他们强烈的偏狭并没有使他们迷失方向，离题万里：他们的争论继续进行，彼此插嘴，互相攻击，但是切中要点。依我看，答中要点就算回答得很好。可当讨论变得一片混乱并且缺乏秩序时，我就会放弃论题，暴躁而浅薄地坚持形式，顽固、扭曲、专横地辩论——为此我事后不能不感到害臊。

14.带着善意去与傻瓜辩论是不可能的。这样，不只是我的判断会毁在这样一位粗暴的主人手里，一同受损的还有我明辨是非的能力。我们的争论应该被禁止，并且像其他文字罪一样受到处罚。因为争论总是

受到愤怒的支配和控制，还有什么恶行不是他们在相互之间唤醒并层层堆积起来的吗？首先，我们感觉到针对争论的敌意；然后，我们感觉到针对人的敌意。在辩论之中，我们如果只被教会如何驳斥论点，我们一方反驳另一方的辩论，结果就是消灭真理，废除真理。这就是为什么柏拉图在他的《论共和国》中禁止不适宜参与辩论的愚钝之人进行这项练习。[36]

15.你在探索什么？你究竟为什么准备与既无步调又无风格的人走这条路呢？如果我们撇开论题以便检验处理论题的方式，我们并没有做错——我不是指一种学院派装模作样的方式，而是一种以健全智力为基础的自然方式。可最后发生了什么呢？一个向东一个向西；他们在一大堆细枝末节的混乱中遗失了基本要点。混乱时刻过去之后，他们再也不明白自己在寻找什么。一个人差一点说到要害，另一个高谈阔论得太离谱，而再一个人则低调得太离谱。一个人紧扣一个词或一个对比不放；而另一个人则再也听不到对手的论点，却过多受到自己思路的限制：他想跟进的是自己的论点，而不是你的论点。另一个人意识到自己腰杆子太软了，害怕一切，否认一切，并且从一开始就混淆论点，或者就在辩论达到高潮时，他一反常态变得完全沉默、装模作样，这些都出于一种郁闷的无知、一种傲慢的蔑视，或是一种想要避免冲突的荒谬的谦虚。还有一个人并不在乎他要卸下多少防卫，只要他能击中你论说的要害。还有人字字必较，并且相信每个字都像理智那样有分量。这种人只不过是在发挥自己嗓音和肺部的超凡力量。然后，有人违心地总结经验；而有人则以毫无用处的介绍和离题的方式让你不愿听下去。还有人用纯粹的辱骂武装自己，选择一种毫无根据的“德国式争论”，以便让自己从带给他重压的与有识之士的交往和谈话中解脱出来。

16.最后还有一个人，除在辩证结论与逻辑公式的樊篱中使你受困攻外，他没有理智。当人们反思我们所利用的专业技能的用处时，谁不开始怀疑这些专业技能，并且怀疑我们是否能从中得到什么生活中实实

在在看得见的好处呢？“这样的博学无药可救。”[37]曾有人以逻辑获得智慧吗？逻辑的美丽诺言实现在哪儿？逻辑既不教人如何更好地过日子，也不教人怎样恰如其分地辩论。嘴臭女人的咯咯声比逻辑教授的公开辩论更聒噪。我宁愿我的儿子在小酒馆而不是大学这个聒噪的地方里学习说话。

17.带一个艺术教师来，并与他交谈吧。为何他没能使我们感觉到他“艺术”的高超呢？为何他也没能使妇女以及我们这些愚人为其坚实可靠的论点及其编排有序的修辞而心醉神迷呢？为何他无法以其意志征服并影响我们呢？为何一个出色掌握着知识和风格的人会将其尖锐的不加选择的论点与种种侮辱，以及愤怒混为一谈呢？让他脱掉他的学术头巾、他的长袍，也别讲拉丁语了！让他停止生硬地滥用亚里士多德的理论撞击我们的耳朵吧！嗨！更糟的是，你总把他误认为我们当中的一员。语言上造成混淆不清的绕弯子使我想起变戏法的种种伎俩：他们那巧妙的花招冲击了我们的感官，可决不能动摇我们的信仰。除了表演这样的杂耍之外，除了得到某种低劣平庸的东西之外，他们一无所获。他们也许更为人所知，可他们的荒谬可笑却丝毫没有减弱。

18.我像博学的人那样喜欢和尊敬学问。当学识利用得恰如其分时，它就会变成人类最高尚、最丰硕的收获。但是，有一类人（并且他们多得不计其数）使博学成了他们体现价值与成就的资本，他们为了记忆而放弃理解，“躲藏在别人的影子后面”，[38]离开了书本他们就一事无成。与其说我对愚昧厌恶，倒不如说我对这类人的博学（我敢说博学吗？）更厌恶。

19.在我的国家，在我有生之年，学校的知识已给人带来滚滚的财源，却难得改变人们的灵魂。如果知识遇上的灵魂都已变得愚钝，那么它就像一大块未加工、未消化的硬块，并使灵魂窒息；如果灵魂未受到束缚的话，知识趋于净化灵魂，剔除并荡涤灵魂的杂质。博学是一样东

西，其特性几乎不好也不坏：它对极有天赋的人来说是一件非常有用的附属品；而对其余的人而言却极其有害；更准确地说，博学这样东西，在使用时有很大的价值，可它容不得自身被廉价获取：一方面博学是一根高贵的权杖；另一方面博学又是愚人的装饰品。

20.继续我们的话题：除开让敌人知道根本不能与你匹敌之外，你还想要取得什么更大的胜利吗？用你的论点去引他进步吧，真理才是胜利者；以你的秩序和风格去这样做，你就会成为胜利者！

21.我相信，在柏拉图和色诺芬的眼里，苏格拉底与其说为了辩论而辩论，倒不如说是为了辩论家而辩论；与其说是为了教育欧西德莫斯和普罗泰戈拉他们辩术的不当，倒不如说是为了教育他们自身的不当。苏格拉底把握住手中的第一个主题，就树立一个实用的目标，不是把内容讲明白；即启迪他打算训练和培养的才智之士的思想。我们所捕捉的猎物只不过是狩猎的乐趣：如果我们的追捕拙劣又愚笨，我们就是不可原谅的：但如果我们只是没能杀死猎物，这又是另一回事了。因为我们生来就是要去追求真理：占有真理就是拥有更大的力量。真理并非（如德谟克利特所说）隐藏在万丈深渊：更准确地说，真理是在认识上帝的过程中不断升华。

22.这个世界只不过是一所调查研究的学校。问题并不是谁来敲钟，而是谁向校钟发起最精彩的冲锋。说什么是真理的人如同说什么不是真理的人一样都表现得很愚蠢：我们所在意的是你怎么说，而不是你说什么。我对形式和内容并重，给什么样的案子找什么样的律师，就像亚尔西巴德跟我们说过的那样。每天我都花时间阅读作家的作品，我不是关心他们的学问，也不是寻找他们的论题，而是看看他们如何处理论题，就像我力求与著名才智之士进行讨论一样，不是为了从论题中学到什么，而是为了达到明白论题的意图。

23.任何人都会说真心话：可极少人会把话说得有条理，说得很明

智，说得很恰当。因此出于无知的错误并不会得罪我：谬论才会得罪我。由于与我打交道者的无理要求，我时常中断讨论买卖的事，即便是有利于我的买卖。那些对我毕恭毕敬的人，就算他们有过失，我一年到头对他们也发不了一次的脾气，可当他们的观点成了愚昧的论述，或成了固执己见的荒谬借口和粗鄙自辩时，我们每天都会唇枪舌剑。尽管他们既不明白为什么也不理解他们所听到的，可是他们还是照答不误。这足以使你感到绝望。只有当我的脑袋猛撞在另一个人的脑袋上时，我才觉得头上撞出一块大肿块：比起我仆人们的轻率、无礼和直率的愚蠢，我会更容易原谅他们的疏忽大意。哪怕他们能做某事，还是让他们少做点！你满怀希望他们能热情高涨地投入工作：可在一个笨蛋身上一无所获，也没什么好指望的。

24.说是这样说，可如果我换一种态度对待这事，那又怎样呢？这或许很好：首先，这说明为什么我责备自己无法容忍这件事，认为它在对与错的人身上同样是缺点，因为在无法容忍有别自己的个性中，总有粗暴的坏脾气。其次，被世上的愚蠢所挑拨和激怒，是最愚蠢和最忍无可忍的事——并且不存在什么更稀奇古怪的事。因为这大概使你从原则上令自己懊恼，所以如果先哲专注于自己的话，他从来就不乏给自己流泪的机会。[39]七圣之一的迈森原来幽默得就跟提蒙和德谟克利特一样：当有人问到他自己一个人正在笑什么时，他回答说："我在嘲笑自己一个人在笑这件事。"

25.每天我都要作不知多少的说明和答复，这些以我的标准来判断是愚蠢的——要是以他人的标准，一定是更经常这样做！如果我闭口不谈这些，那么别人又该怎么做呢？！总而言之，我们不得不在生活中过日子，那就让河水在桥下流淌而别为之担心吧！或者至少我们不要为此感到难受！的确，为何我们遇到驼背的残疾人能不发怒，却因不能容忍神经错乱的人而勃然大怒呢？[40]这样的冷酷是有害的，因为它出于吹毛求疵的心态，而不出于那人过错。让我们始终牢牢记住柏拉图的格

言：“如果我觉得什么事出了毛病，那会不会因为我自己出了毛病呢？难道错的不会是我吗？我自己的批评难道不会反而指责的是自己？”智者和受鼓励者都会制止处罚人类最普遍常见的错误。处罚不仅是我们彼此的指责，它常常会变成针对我们自己的指责，而且在存有争议的事件中也成为我们的理由和论点：我们用自己的剑刺穿自己。正如第一个说这句话的人独到明智地写下的那样：“每个人觉得自己的大便闻起来气味都很香。”[41]

26.我们的眼睛看不到我们背后的任何东西。当我们一天百次嘲弄我们的邻居时，我们实际上在嘲弄自己；我们时常憎恨别人身上的毛病，可那些毛病在自己身上最为明显，而且由于令人难以置信地缺乏羞耻感和敏锐力，我们被身上这些毛病吓了一大跳。在昨天我就亲眼目睹了一个聪明的贵族在开玩笑，实际上那些笑话很中肯，是关于另一个贵族以愚蠢的方式向每个人大肆宣扬他的家庭结构和家族联盟，那些家族联盟一半以上是假的，当自己的出身越令人存疑的时候，这种人越倾向于编造这类蠢话：他也是，可如果他退后一步看看自己，那么他也许已经发现，他在乱传消息时没少放肆的言行，在着重炫耀妻子家族地位时没少令人讨厌。看到妻子被自己这样的丈夫捧得傲慢起来，如此傲慢多么危险啊！如果他们懂得拉丁文的话，我们应该对这样的人说：

这就是！如果她自己不够疯狂，那就怂恿她！[42]

27.我的意思不是说人就不该提出批评，除非人完美无缺；如果事情果真如此，那就没人提出批评。我的意思是，当我们对某件后来存疑的事情的评价而使某人遭到指控时，我们就不该免于内部法庭的质询。一个人无法克服自身的缺点，然而他自己却仍然试图除去长在别人身上的也许没那么恶毒和顽固的小嫩芽，对他来说这就是一件仁慈的善事。如果有人提醒我有某个缺点，我却回答说他也有同样的缺点，这个回答在我看来绝不恰当。那样做会带来什么不同呢？警告仍然是真实的、有

益的。如果我们有健康的鼻孔，那么我们的排泄物应该更是臭气冲天。苏格拉底相信，如果有一个人发现儿子及陌生人在一起犯暴力罪或伤害罪，那么这个人首先应该去投案自首，由法官判决后到刽子手那儿请求赎罪；其次应该把儿子供出；最后再把那个陌生人供出。[43]如果这条训诫要求太高的话，至少儿子的父亲应该在自己良心上谴责自己。

28.我们最初的评价严格地说就是我们的种种感觉，这些感觉只通过外部偶然感知东西。怪不得在一切有助于我们社会的要素中，表面现象和外表礼节就这么持久普遍地增加，其结果是，管理制度最完好最有效的部分就在于此。我们始终在与人打交道，人的本性又有惊人的物质特性。近年来，有些人希望为我们发起一场沉思的非物质崇拜运动，那些人不该感到惊讶，如果有人认为，要是非物质崇拜在我们当中不是作为一种门派或派系的标记和手段加以保留，而只是留存它自身，那么它肯定已从他们手中溜走，化为乌有。

29.这在讨论中也是一样的：发言人的庄重、学术礼服和级别，这些常常给空虚无聊的论点增添可信度。谁会相信有如此众多随行人员、如此不怒自威的君主其内在没有某种超凡脱俗的才能呢！谁又会相信一个肩负国家如此重大使命和职责的人，一个如此轻蔑如此自大的人，并不比一个从老远处就向他鞠躬、没有官衔的人来得聪明呢！这种人说出的话及其扭曲的嘴脸都受到人们的注视和揣摩，每个人力求赋予他们某种永恒美好的意义。如果他屈尊参加一般讨论，并且你向他表现出除赞同和敬畏之外的什么东西，那么他就会以经验的权威使你一败涂地：他听过这样的事；见过这样的事；也做过这样的事：他用种种事例让你彻底被打败。我想告诉这种人，外科医生的经验之果不在于详述其各种手术，也不在于提醒我们他治过4个瘟疫患者、3个痛风病人，除非他懂得如何从中提取素材以形成自己的判断，除非他懂得如何让我们相信其医学技能的实践已使其变得更聪明。所以在各种乐器的交响中，我们听不到诗琴、小竖琴和笛子的乐音，而听到整体的和声——这种和声效果是

整个乐团不同乐器齐奏产生的。

30.如果他们的使命和旅行已使他们得到提高，那么这应当体现在他们理解的结果中。讲述我们的种种经验是不够的：我们必须掂量经验，将经验归类；我们肯定还消化了经验并提取了经验，以便吸取它们所蕴含的道理并加以总结。从来就没有如此之多的书本经验！听一听经验之谈总是好处多多，收益多多，因为来自他们记忆宝库的经验为我们提供充分的指导，这种指导妙不可言，值得称赞：这必然在帮助我们生活方面具有极大的价值。可那不是此时此刻我们正寻求的：史料叙述者与搜集者并不值得称赞。

31.我厌恶言语和行动上的一切专制，我喜欢防范那些通过我们的各种感官欺骗我们的判断的微小事情；通过对特别社会阶层的人保持警惕的眼光，我已发现他们大多数人就像我们中的其他人一样：

在这高台上普通的感官绝非够用。[44]

32.或许我们尊重他们，并且对他们的认知比他们实际的情况要少，因为他们着手做得越多，暴露得也越多。搬运工的力量必须比其搬运的重担更大。尚未用尽浑身力量的人让你猜想是否他有所保留，还是已经达到了极限：屈服于重担之下的人暴露其局限性以及肩膀的虚弱。这就是为什么许多有学问的人比别人更能被看出缺乏足够的灵魂。他们可以当好农夫、好商人、好工匠：他们也就生而具有适合此类工作的力量。知识是一件很有分量的东西：他们埋头钻研知识。他们的精神器官既没有足够的能量也没有足够的技巧来展示这种高贵的物质，分配其力量，使用其力量，并使其力量有助于他们。知识只能驻扎在强大的天赋中：这种天赋十分罕见。苏格拉底说：当软弱无力的才智之士们处理哲学问题时，他们会有损哲学的尊严；当哲学覆盖在一张破罩子上时，似乎变得毫无价值，颇有瑕疵。[45]

33.这就是他们如何变得腐烂、迷糊：

戴上猩猩脸的假面具，

穿真丝袍男孩真逗趣，

留下裸露出的光屁股，

逗得桌上宾客乐呵呵。

34.那些人统治我们，发号施令，将世界握在自己手中，而对那些人来说一样的是：它不足以让他们拥有普通的智慧，也不足以能获得我们所能获得的东西。如果他们不是远在我们之上，那么他们就远在我们之下。因为他们许诺得越多，也就亏欠得越多；这就是为何在他们这种情况下保持沉默不仅是一种彬彬有礼、严肃庄重的举止，而且常常还是一种有益的举动。当美伽巴佐斯去阿贝勒斯的工作室看他时，他长时间保持沉默。可当他开始谈论艺术作品时，却受到粗鲁无礼的非难："当你保持沉默时，由于你办公室的锁链和你的随行人员，你似乎是一个伟大人物，可现在一听你说话，连学徒也看不起你。"[46]那些华丽的装饰和显赫的财产既无法容忍他平民百姓般的无知，也无法容忍他对绘画不得体的评论：他应当一直保持这种表面上所具有的鉴赏力，因为在我所处的时代，多少人以冷酷少语的姿态令他们愚蠢的灵魂看上去像是充满智慧和能力。

35.尊严和职责必然更多是依靠运气而非才干来获得，人们常常为此错误地责备君主们。相反，他们有如此的好运气是一个奇迹，实际上他们很难得有各种方式去享受这份运气。

对君主而言，其主要功绩就在于了解其臣民，[47]因为大自然并没赋予他们一双能够纵观天下芸芸众生的眼睛，这双眼睛既能明辨是非，又能洞察我们的内心，我们的内心是我们认识意志和良好品质的栖息

地。他们挑选我们时，不得不借助于摸索猜测：按我们的家族、财富、学问以及人们的意见——最无力的论据。要是有人能发现人们能运用公正评价与合理选择的手段，这样的人总能一举确立共和国的完美形式。

36.“是的。可他使这一大事得以圆满完成。”——这意味深长，可还是不够充分，因为我们正确地接受这样一条准则，准则写道：计划不必通过结果来评价。甚至在首领中腐败的辩护律师已令人高兴地改邪归正时，迦太基人还是惩罚了他们。古罗马人往往拒绝记载战绩辉煌的胜利，因为胜利不是靠指挥官的优秀品质，而是靠其好运。我们时常注意到，在这世上的活动中运气和品德相匹敌：运气向我们展示出其所具有的压倒一切的力量；因为无法使不称职者聪明起来，所以运气乐于用让他们走运的方式推翻我们的自以为是。运气喜欢来捣乱，同时支持那些进程完全与其步调一致的工作。这就是为什么我们每天都能看到我们当中最普通的人给最伟大的公共事业和个人事业带来胜利的果实。

37.波斯人西拉马尼斯回答了那些惊愕于他的事业如此糟糕、同时明白他的计划又是如此英明的人，其回答是，他只是其计划的主人，而运气才是成就事业的女主人：这话也能对相反情形的解释作出同样的回答。[48]

38.这世上大多数事都是本身偶然发生：

运气找到出路。[49]

39.这样的结果常常给大多数无能的领袖增加威信。我们的干涉其实不过是一种习惯，是传统和范例的结果，而不是理性的结果。曾经有一次大冒险让我十分震惊；然后，我从那些冒险的成功者身上懂得他们的动机是什么以及他们所使用的方法：除一般观念外，我什么也没找到。

40.实际上，如果不是为了炫耀的话，大多数的一般观念在实践中恐怕也是最可靠也最适合。如果大多数谦逊的理性都建立在坚实的基础上，那会如何呢？如果最卑贱的、最松懈的、最守旧的做法最适合我们所关切的事，那又会如何呢？如果我们要捍卫枢密院权威的话，我们就无须俗人参与枢密院，也不想高瞻远瞩以逾越最初的障碍。如果我们想维护枢密院的声誉，那么就得把它当作一个整体来看待。

41.我想暂时概述这件事，稍微讲述其最初的方面，然后我通常把主要细节的任务留给上帝。

将其余的事托付给上帝。

在我看来，好运与歹运是两种至高无上的力量。智慧在命运的角色扮演游戏中没有出场的机会。如果一个人认为能够把握原因与结果，并且自作主张亲自引导行动的进展，那么他所从事的事业必将徒劳无功，在战争的部署中尤为如此。从来就没有比我有时看到的实际情况更加谨慎的军事状况：或许因为我们惧怕会在途中迷失方向，所以为了迎接决战行动的高潮将自己留在预备队中！

42.我还想说，我们真正的智慧和成熟的反思多半是偶然发生的。我的意志和推理是以这样那样的方式激发的。他们的许多运动控制他们自己，而不受我控制。我的理性天天都屈从于机遇的刺激和鼓动：

他们心中的思想永远转动，

他们胸中的感情四处流动，

它们就像风前面的云一样。[50]

43.你看来会明白在我们的城市谁掌握最多的权力，谁把工作做得最好。你会发现他们通常并不聪明过人。妇女、儿童、疯子跟才华横溢

的君主一样统治过国家，这样的例子不是没有。修昔底德说过：粗放的人更常在这类事务中取得成功，比精细的人做得更好。[51]我们常常把他们走好运的行为归因于他们的智慧。

每个出类拔萃的人由其好运得以升迁；

然后我们就说他聪明。

44.这就是为何我坚决主张，我们一切活动的结果为我们的价值和能力所提供的证据少之又少。

45.现在我要说，这只够我们看出一个人青云直上，身居要职；即使在他离官卸职前三天我们才认识他，可他高尚和天才的观点不知不觉融入了我们的评价，并且我们让自己相信，通过气势与声誉的渐长，他在才能方面有所加强。我们对他的评价并不是以其价值为基础，而是（就像有一把算盘有多个计数器的情况一样）以其等级标志为基础。让他再碰一碰霉运，再摔一摔跤，并且再次淹没在人群中，然后我们大家感到惊奇：究竟什么使得他一飞冲天！我们便会问："这个人还是原来的那个人吗？当他高高在上时，他不知道更多这方面的问题吗？君主会对这一点点东西感到满意吗？"我们得到命运很好的眷顾，的确如此！

46.这就是我在我自己的时代多次见到的一些事。

47.什么！甚至是在戏剧中大人物的面具也有点影响了我们，蒙蔽了我们。我对君主最钦佩的就是那群崇拜者。一切都要卑躬屈从于我们的君主——除了我们的智慧。我的理智不是为卑躬屈从而造，虽然我的膝盖是。

48.当美兰提欧斯被问到他是如何看待狄阿尼索斯的悲剧时，他回答："我从来就不明白这件事，因为人们把它说得面目全非了！"那么，这也太过分了吧！在那些评价伟人言语的人中，大多数都会回答："我

从未听过他说的话：他的形象被尊严、伟大和崇高给模糊了。”[52]

49.有一天，当安提斯泰尼鼓动雅典人下令要像用马一样用驴犁田时，他被告知驴生来就不是干犁田这样的活。他反驳道：“这有什么关系。这件事完全取决于你们发布的命令：你们大多数人在指挥作战时所投入的无知无能者，无不突然变得百依百顺，被指挥得服服贴贴，因为正是你们才雇佣了他们呀！”[53]

50.与此相关的习惯是，如此众多的人尊崇他们当中选出来的君主。他们并不满足于尊敬他们：他们需要崇拜他们。一旦墨西哥人完成了国王登基大典，他们就不敢看国王的脸一眼，可虽然他们已将国王奉为王国的神明，但他们要国王发誓不仅得保留他们的宗教、他们的法律和他们的自由，得勇敢、公正以及和蔼，而且还得让太阳明亮地转动并且发出人们习惯的光芒，让云团在适当的季节消散，让河流在河道中流动，让土地长出人们所需的一切东西。[54]

51.我反对这种广为流传的风尚。当我看到一个人的能力伴随高官厚禄受公众喝彩时，我就非常怀疑这种能力。我们应该记住能力对一个人意味着：当他要说时就能说；能相机行事；能以主人的权力中断讨论或转换主题；能在毕恭毕敬、战战兢兢的朝臣面前，以摇头、微笑或以沉默的方式捍卫自己，挡回反对意见。

52.当某件琐事在餐桌上成为轻松讨论的话题时，一个富豪参与讨论，他以这样的一句话开场：“任何另有说法的人不是无知者就是说谎者。”还说了些诸如此类的话。你最好握紧你手中的匕首对该话题的哲学要点追根究底！

53.另有一条我感觉十分受用的告诫：在辩论和讨论中，我们觉得正确的话不一定立即被人接受。大多数人靠拾人牙慧致富。或许事情正是这样：某某人作了一番好评论，或给了一个好回答，或发表了一次简

明扼要的言论，把话说出来了却没有意识到它的力量。（我们抓不住我们所借用的东西，毫无疑问，这在我自己身上可以得到证实。）我们不应该一味地让步，不管它可能蕴涵什么美好的东西或真理。我们应该不是严厉地攻击它，就是在假装不了解它的情况下做点让步，以便彻底弄清，并发现它是如何在其作者身上栖息落脚的。我们可能正在帮他的利剑刺向其不可及之处，同时我们迎头撞上。有好几回，在唇枪舌剑的必然压力下，我已经作出了反击，这种反击意外切中目标。我以数量体现分量，让他们接受了。

54.在与一个能言善辩者辩论时，我喜欢抢先说出他的结论，省去他进行自我辩解的麻烦；当他的想法尚未成熟或正在形成时，我就先发制人对它们进行分析（他一旦思维形成条理就告诫我，并且威胁到我）。同样我还讲，我和我先前提过的那些人的做法截然不同：除他们所解释的之外，我们必须不作任何假设，也不理解任何东西。如果他们的判断是得当的但却是以一种放之四海而皆准的方式表述出来——“这是好的，那是坏的”——那么就找出它的正确是否是因为运气。给他们的定论一些条件限制：“它为什么好？它怎么好？”那些普遍的论断（我感觉很普通）一点名堂也没有。他们就像那些称赞一堆人或一群人的人；那些真正认识他们的人直呼其名，一个个评价他们。然而，这只是偶一为之的事。这解释了为什么：平均一天一次以上，我见过脑子愚钝的人试着通过指出他们正在阅读的书里某个绝妙的细节来扮聪明，可他们选错了重点，这是他们所心仪的地方，可是这没有表现出作家的出色，而是揭示了他们自己的无知。

55.当刚听了一整页关于维吉尔的内容时，你确实会拍案叫绝：“刚才这页写得真美啊！”狡猾的人就用这种方式。但是，为了保证能着手回顾优秀作家的细节描写，为了尝试准确地指出精选例子显示其自身的高超，通过接二连三的词汇斟酌、独特措辞、素材的选择以说明他情绪激昂之处，并不是很多人试着那样做。“我们不仅应该检验每个人说什

么，而且还应该检验他的观点，以及他为什么这么说”。[55]我天天都听到愚蠢的人口中蹦出并不愚蠢的话。他们甚至说出一些动听的话；让我们看一看他们是如何深刻理解这些话的吧！也让我们看一看他们从何处掌握这些话的吧！

56.此刻，如果你来为他们阐明并强化格言，那么他们立刻就会利用你的解释，并从你的身上抢走它：“这就是我所要说的，”或“这就是我对它的理解，恰如其分，”或“之所以我不这样说出格言，是因为我无法找到恰当的词汇。”——继续狂吹吧！我们甚至应该利用狡猾来惩罚这种狂妄自大的愚蠢。

57.赫格西亚斯的原则是我们既不该憎恨也不该非难而应该指引，这在其他地方是对的，可在这儿却不然。[56]要是一个人不知如何利用别人的帮助，根本不值得你的帮助，那么在帮助这种人的过程中既没有正义也没有善意可言。我喜欢让这种人在泥潭里陷得更深，甚至动弹不得——让他们陷得如此之深，以致有可能的话最终让他们意识到需要别人的帮助！

58.你不能靠一次警告治愈愚蠢和不理性的病症。关于这种治疗法，我们可适当提及赛勒斯对那个敦促他作战时给部队鼓舞士气的人所回答的话：一次精彩的长篇大论不可能使人在战场上变成英勇无畏的战士，这跟靠听一首优美的歌曲你就能成为一个好音乐家一样不可能。[57]学徒生涯必须经历，在出师独当一面之前，定要经过长期坚持不懈的学习。

59.只是对我们自己的亲人我们才有义务认真地纠正和指导；但是，给第一个过路人说教，或对我们遇上的第一个人宣读关于愚昧无知的演讲稿，这可是我厌恶的做法。在我参与的讨论中我很少这样做；我宁愿放弃这一切做法，而不愿借助如此冷淡又装模作样的演讲。在演讲和写作中，我的性情并不合适那些正在初学原理的人。但是，不管我在

交往中或当着第三者的面把事情评价成多么错误或荒唐，我从不暴跳如雷地用话语或手势来打断他们。

60.同时，讲理的人对自己感到满意可以说是合乎情理，要是愚蠢的人不讲理的人来得更为洋洋自得，那么没有哪种愚蠢更让我气愤了。要是智慧不准你自满自足，并且总是以不满和害怕为由把你撵走，而固执和鲁莽却让它们的主人充满快乐和自信，那可是一大灾难啊。就是人们当中最不聪明的人才看不起比他们强的人，总是从充满荣耀和快乐的争吵中凯旋。往往他们傲慢的话语和欢乐的神情为他们从旁观者眼中赢得胜利，那些路人通常不知如何判断也不能识别真正的优胜。动物般愚蠢最确凿的依据就是蛮横的固执己见。还有什么会比一头驴更肯定、更果断、更轻蔑、更深沉、更庄重、更严肃呢？

61.也许我们可以把那些短暂的有针对性的交流列入谈话和讨论这一类，在那当中朋友们之间洋溢着快乐和亲密，他们时而愉快地一起开玩笑，时而尖锐地彼此嘲讽。这是我乐观天性决定的相当适合我的一项运动；如果这项运动不像我刚描述的其他运动那样紧张严肃，那么它依旧热烈而巧妙，在莱库格斯看来也依旧有用。在我关注的地方，我贡献出更多的是自由氛围，而不是智慧，因而我在这里比在寻找素材的过程中来得更加幸福；可我是一个追求完美的人，因为不仅在激烈尖锐的时候，而且甚至在粗鲁无礼的时候，我都能容忍反击而不生气。当我突然受到攻击时，如果我无法立刻找到一个巧妙的应答，我不是浪费时间近于顽固地用含糊不清的无聊争论对攻击穷追不舍，而是随它去，愉快地掩住两耳，等待更好的反击机会。要知道，没有一个小贩能在每次讨价还价中都占到便宜。

62.当辩论失败时，大多数人会改变声音和措辞，他们不是在为自己挽回颓势，而是气急败坏地暴露自己的缺点和脆弱。在玩笑的刺激下，我们有时会掐断那些拴着对方缺点的秘密之弦，我们冷静时如果没

人招惹，我们绝不会去拨弄这一根根弦；我们彼此提醒对方失误不是没有益处的。有些别的身体运动，如法国式鲁莽野蛮的运动，我恨之入骨。对这样的运动我很敏感：在我一生中，我见过两个王室血统的王储就因为这些运动而命丧黄泉。它是一项为乐趣而战的丑陋运动。[58]

63.此外，当我要评价一个人时，我会问他到什么程度他自己会感到满意；对自己所说或所写的东西他会满意到什么程度。我请他不要找那些美妙的借口：例如“我原来说话写作只是玩玩而已”——

它只是半成品就从铁砧上拿掉。[59]

“在它身上我只花了一个小时；从那以后我再也没看它”——我说：“好吧，把这些东西都搁一边儿去。给我展示一下确实完全代表你的某种东西，就是某种你高兴拿来给人评价的东西。”然后我说：“你认为你作品最美的地方在哪里？是这种特征还是那种特征呢？是其优雅的风格、论题、你对素材的发现、你的评价、还是你的博学呢？”

64.我通常发现，之所以一些人在评价自己的作品跟评价别人的作品时同样有误，不仅是因为他们的感情使然，还因为他们对作品缺乏理解能力和分析能力。作品本身借由它的要素和运气，能以超出作者自己的理解和研究的范围的程度使作者受惠；作品能跑在作者之前。没有什么比起让我评价自己作品令我更无法拿捏：我给论文排名次——十分犹豫不决，几乎没有信心——时而信心全无，时而信心十足。

65.许多书由于论题而成为有用的书，书的作者并不引以为荣。就好作品而言，有些好书对其作者来说是一种耻辱。我可以写关于我们的宴请方式，关于我们的服装——而且我还能把它们写得非常优美；我能出版当朝执政君主的敕令和御函；我能出一本好书的节本（而且每部好书的节本都是一部愚蠢的节本），书籍本身可以偶然丢失。事情都像这样。子孙后代从这样的著述中得到的奇特帮助。可除了感到幸运，我还

能从这样的作品中获得什么荣誉呢？一大批名著就属于此类。

66.几年前，在拜读菲利普·德·康明斯——他肯定是一个非常优秀的作家——的著作时，我注意到如下这条不同寻常的格言：“我们应该小心翼翼地为主人提供殷勤的服务，免得他无法公正地赏你。”我该赞扬的不是他，而是他这句话的主题。不久前，我在塔西佗的作品中偶然看到这句话：“帮助只有在它们似乎可报答时才使人愉快。而太多帮忙让我们只能报以憎恶而非感激。”塞内加更激烈：“对无法报答感到耻辱的人会要他的恩人去死。”奎因图斯·西塞罗用一个更为轻松婉转的短语写道：“无法偿还欠你债务的人绝不可能爱你。”[60]

67.作家的主题适当的时候能显示出他是有学问的人还是记性好的人，可如果你想评价其内在什么品质最真实地体现他，什么品质最可敬（我的意思是他的内在力量和心灵美），那么你就必须知道什么真正是他的，什么肯定不是他的；在不属于他的这种特质中，在他作出的贡献中有多少我们得归因于他的选择、处理、修饰及其文学才能。假使他已经用了别人的东西，那么他将破坏自己的文风，这样的事太常发生了！当我们从一位现代诗人那儿偶然发现某个精彩绝伦的例子，或从一位布道者那儿碰巧遇上某次激烈的辩论时，像我们这样几乎没怎么看过书的人就会感到困难重重。在我们从一个学者那儿得知这个东西是他们原创的还是他们从别人那儿信手拈来的之前，我们不敢对他们妄加赞扬。可就算我知道了，我还是心存疑虑。

68.我刚刚一口气读完塔西佗的《历史》（这对我来说可是件稀罕事：我一次花一整个小时读一本书已经是20年前的事了。我这样做，只是出于一个贵族的推荐，这个贵族在法国因其自身德行、长久以来的才气以及被认为与其许多兄弟同甘共苦的善心而德高望重）。我不知道有什么作家，能把公众事件的记述与如此多对个人道德偏见的反思结合起来。并且在我看来（与他的看法恰恰相反）因为他有特别任务：关注当

代君主（那些人性格各异却都相当古怪且极端）的生涯，及其在臣民中主要因其残酷而引人瞩目的功绩，所以比起他报道战役和世界革命，他就有一个更引人关注、更妙趣横生的演说话题。因此，当他下笔仓促刻画那些干净的、高贵的死亡，好像害怕冗长啰嗦的报道会让我们厌倦时，我发现他无利可图。

69.这种历史态度颇有益处。公共事件的展开更多取决于命运的舵手，而个人事件的展开则取决于我们自己。塔西佗的作品与其说是对历史事件的陈述，不如说是对历史事件的评价；与其说其中包含报道，不如说其中蕴涵告诫。它不是一本用来阅读的书，而是一本用来研究和学习的书。该书富含大量箴言，以至于无论对与错它们都无处不在。它是伦理和政论的温床，用以供给在这个世界中身居统治高位的那些人，并对他们加以粉饰。他用实在而有力的道理为自己申辩，在警句般精巧的文体中，遵循他那个年代做作的文风。（他们十分喜欢一种高级文体，结果是当发现论题中缺乏机警或巧妙的成分时，他们便求助于富于机智、精细微妙的语句。）他与塞内加大同小异，可塞内加更尖锐，而塔西佗身上似乎更多人情味。塔西佗适合服务于一个病态不安的国家，像我们现在自己的国家一样：你往往会相信我们原来是他叙述和痛骂的主题。那些对他的善良和真诚抱怀疑的人，无疑暴露出对他的怨恨出自偏见。在处理罗马事务中，他颇有见地，并倾向于站在公正的立场上。我的确感到遗憾，除了更神秘之外，塔西佗把庞培写得同马略和斯库拉一样不好，但比起与他生活并对付他的人在其裁定中所提到的，塔西佗对他的评价更为冷酷。[61]真的，为力求控制局势，庞培既抱有野心，也希望复仇：甚至他的朋友担心胜利可能使他冲昏头脑，可他还不至于到了另外那两个人那种精神错乱的极端程度。他人生中没有什么东西向我们暗示专制和残酷的恐怖行径确实存在。此外，我们决不应该无端怀疑，而应该更重证据。所以，在这一点上我并不相信塔西佗。

70.他所写的那些确实是简单朴实、直截了当的报道，这些报道或

许可能因为它们与他最终的评价并不完全相符这一事实引起争辩，因为这种种评价是他所采取的不公平态度所导致；那些报道常常是他所无法加以证实的——他几乎拿不出有独到见解的证据。依据赋予他这样做的法律，他无须对清规戒律唯命是从，而且也无须为不了解宗教而辩解。这是他的不幸，而不是他的过错。

71.我一直在着重研究对他的评价：并不完全都清楚。例如，从寄给老迈体弱的底波里斯人组成的参议院那封信，我摘出这几句话："阁下，怎么啦？我应该写信给您，此刻我不应该写些什么给您吗？我知道，我每天都在接近死亡；假如我懂得写些什么的话，诸位男神和女神或许会让我的下场更可悲。"我无法明白为什么他把这些话如此确定运用于折磨底波里斯人良心的悔恨上。至少我看到这里时，我没发现是怎么回事。[62]

72.依我看，他似乎还有点委屈，当他被迫提及他曾经在罗马当过荣耀的地方官吏这件事时，他继续解释说，他没有提及地方官吏是不想为此自吹自擂。在我看来，这做法对一个像他那样的人来说似乎相当不真实：不敢全面谈论你自己就暴露出思想的一个缺陷。一个有正直而睿智的头脑能够作出肯定的和真实的评价，在各种情况下既引用别人身上的例子也引用自身的例子，直率地引用第三方也引用自己做见证人。为了支持真理和自由，我们应该逾越那些陈规陋习。我不仅敢于谈论自己，而且还敢于谈论自己以外的任何东西。当我写到别的什么东西时，我就会离题，让我的主题逃脱我。我不喜欢自己如此缺乏专注，我也不如此作茧自缚，以至于我无法剥离自己，像思考一个邻居或一棵树那样分隔开来思考自己。如果你无法看到自己的价值局限所在，或者如果你说的比看到的东西多，其中的错误是一样的。我们欠上帝的爱比欠自己更多。我们对他知之甚少，却不停讨论他，还要多谈。

73.如果塔西佗的作品将他个性的一切向我们和盘托出，那么他就

是一个非常伟大、正直、勇敢的人，他的德行就不具有迷信的色彩，而具有哲学的味道和宽宏大量的品质。你会发现他的一些证言相当轻率；例如他坚持认为当一个士兵的双手在搬一堆木头过程中由于寒冷而变得僵硬时，脱离其手臂，然后插在那儿麻木了。[63]在类似的例子中，我习惯对如此伟大见证人的威信心悦诚服。他还说，塞拉皮斯神赐下神力，维斯西巴安在亚历山大治愈一个双目失明的妇女，他用他的唾液涂在她的双眼上，同时施加其他魔法，他遵照记载重大事件的著名史学家的忠实榜样这样写，流行的谣传和看法都存在于民事之中。其任务在于对大众的信仰作复述，而不作解释。阐释它们的角色由作为良心导师的神学家和哲学家来担当。这就是为什么他的史学家同仁，作为当时的伟人，极其明智地说："我传递给别人的东西比我自己相信的多。我无法为我所怀疑的东西担保，我也无法忽略传统所告诉我的东西。"而另一个说："这些东西既不可确认也不可否认：我们必须坚持传统。"[64]塔西佗在对神迹的信仰逐渐衰落期间写道，他希望自己能给那些神迹提供一个立足点，所以在他的《编年史》中包罗许多如此尊古怀旧的体面人士所能接受的古老的内容。

74.这话说得多好。让他们将他们的历史传递给我们，是根据他们搜罗到的东西，而不是根据他们自己的估计。我是主题的主宰者，我处理主题，可我不为主题对任何人负责，也不对那些相信我所说的一切的人负责。有时我的思想表示出怀疑似是而非的论点，文字上的细微差别令我摇头叹息；但是，我写出来让他们碰碰运气。我知道一些人做这事获得好名声。我并不能一人评价他们。我全方位地描写自己，从起床到睡觉，从正面到反面，从右边到左边，包括我所有与生俱来的复杂性。甚至一直很强大的思想在它们工作运转和甄别分辨时也不总是管用。

75.这是通过我的记忆含含糊糊地呈现的塔西佗。对他的所有评价既不严密又有缺陷。

论闲散

1.正如人们看到荒芜的土地，要是富饶肥沃，便长满成千上万种无用的杂草，其结果是，如果我们要让土地发挥作用的话，我们就必须征服土地，忙于耕种，尤其播上为我所用的种子；就像人们有时可能看到留守的孤独妇女生下一大堆不成样子的孩子；除了接受精子，没有什么能让她们自己需要忙忙碌碌，以便生下优秀的后代：思想也是如此。如果我们不让思想忙碌于某种特别的耕作——用一条缰绳将其束缚，那么它便肆忌横行，在幻象的荒地上漫游：

就像当青铜盆里波动的水

反射阳光和月亮的笑脸时，

回照的微光高高地飞上空，

光线射在嵌镶的天花板上。[65]

2.那么，骚乱就带来疯狂和语无伦次的失常：

他们像在病人的梦中

构筑空虚的幻影。[66]

当灵魂没有一个明确的目标，那么心灵便迷失方向；正如人们所说，如果你无处不在，那么你就哪儿也不在。

无论谁哪儿都想住，那就哪儿也住不了。[67]

3.最近我到庄园隐居起来，决心尽我所能专心致志地独自一个静静

度过所剩无几的余生；在我看来，对我的思想所能起到的最大帮助就是让思想处在全然闲散的状态，照管好它自己，只关注它自己，平静地思考它自己。我希望我的思想从那以后能做起这些事情更为容易，然而随着时光的流逝，我的思想已变得成熟，并且已变得沉重。

4.我感觉到——

闲散总是带来思想的无常变化。[68]

相反的是，闲散像一匹脱缰的野马逃跑了，给自己带来的烦恼；远比过去要多；闲散使得思想接二连三混乱不堪地产生出众多假想的异兽和神奇的怪物，因此，为了方便我思索这些千奇百怪的东西，我开始将它们记录下来，以期及时让我的思想自感羞愧。

论父亲对孩子的感情

致埃斯狄萨克夫人，

1.夫人：除非奇特或新奇（这两个特性赋予任何事物以价值）吸引我，我决不轻易放下这部拙作的创作工作；可这部作品又是如此的奇异，并且与惯常作品迥然不同。

2.该作品起源于一种悲伤的幽默（这对我的自然天性来说又是一种极不相符的情绪），这种幽默出自几年前我自己陷入孤独的隐居生活所引起的懊恼，它最初进入我的脑海，这才使我疯狂地关注起写作。发现自己相当空虚，没有什么东西可写之后，我自告奋勇地将自己作为主题和论题。这本书是世上这类书中绝无仅有的一本，其观念充满野性且荒诞古怪。我这部作品因这古怪的特性值得关注，因为世上最好的工匠也不知如何用如此不着边际和琐碎的材料制作超群的作品。

3.此时此刻，夫人，我已决定画一幅自己的生活画，如果描绘不出我长期以来对您高尚的美德的敬意，那我肯定忽略了一个重要特征。在本章的开头，我尤其想这么做，因为在你所有的优秀品质中，最突出的是您对您孩子的爱。

4.人人都知道，当您的丈夫埃斯狄萨克撒手人寰，而您成了寡妇时，您正值青春年华；有多少相当值得尊敬的绅士向您求婚，对像您这样地位的法国贵妇人自然会这样；而您有着坚定不移的意志，多年来您历尽千辛万苦，承担起负责照顾孩子的事务（这些事务一直让您奔忙于法国的许多边远地区，至今脱不开身）的重担；您的智慧或好运使那些事务都很顺利。知道您的人都会立刻同意我的看法：我们找不到哪怕一个当今的例子能够比您的母爱更为令人动容。

5.夫人，我赞美上帝。您的爱有了如此美妙的结果，您的儿子埃斯狄萨克显现出光明的前途：当一个优秀儿子长大成人，他的责任和感恩将是对您的回报。可他现在还是个孩子，无法对从您身上得到的难以计算的母爱表示感激。所以我希望，如果这本书有一天会捧在他的手中，到我甚至无法开口说话的时候，他也会从我的书中学到一些东西——我可以诚实地为其中的内容作保，倘能如愿，这些东西将会成为有力的见证，使他能因此而认识到：在法国没有哪位绅士比他从母亲那里得到的教诲来得多，而且我还可以保证，将来他会承认你的这些美德，除此之外，没有别的行为可以确实有力地证明他的善良和高尚。

6.如果真有一种自然法则——换句话说，如果真有一种可以视为普遍永久印记在动物和人类身上的本能（尚存争议）——那么我敢说，在致力于自我保护和避免任何有害的事情之后，就是对自己后代的爱。这仿佛是大自然对万物繁衍所做的托付。若反过来看，孩子对父母的爱没有那么深就并不令人感到惊讶了。在此基础上，我们还可以加上从亚里士多德那儿得到的思考，[69]即任何对别人行善的人爱别人胜过他被别人爱；给予者比接受者感觉到更大的爱；创造者爱创造物比创造物——如果创造物真有感情的话——爱他来得更多。这一点显得尤为真实，因为每个人都把自己的存在看得很珍贵：而存在则在于运动和活动；因此，从某种意义上说，每个人，在某种程度上，都存在于其所做所为中：捐助者的行为既美好又高贵；另一方面，受助者的行为仅仅是实用的，高贵的行为比纯粹实用的行为更为可爱。高贵是持续不变的，常常给每个高贵行为的施予者以满足。然而，实用性会容易消失或减少，而且对实用性的记忆既不令人感到很舒心也不那么甜蜜。让我们付出最大代价的东西对我们来说最为亲切可爱——给予比接受让我们付出的代价更大。

7.因为上帝很乐于赋予我们某种无序推理的小聪明，所以我们不应该像动物那样奴隶般地屈从自然法则，而应该以我们的自由意志和判断

遵从自然法则，所以我们确实应该对自然法则的普遍权威作出某种让步，但不应该听任自己被自然法则残暴地摆布：唯有理性才能必然决定我们的前途。

8.对我来说，那些不依靠理性和判断而产生的偏好平淡得出奇。在讨论的主题中，当新生儿尚无心理活动，也没有让他们变得惹人喜爱的明显特征时，我无法为引发人们拥抱新生儿的那种情感找到合理的解释。而我从不乐意人们当我的面给新生儿喂奶。真切的合理的爱应该是天生的，然后随着我们对孩子的了解，这种爱不断加深；如果他们表现出他们应该得到这种爱，那么我们就应该用真正的父爱去呵护他们，因为我们的天性到那时就会与理性并行向前；如果他们不值得爱——我们就作出相同的回应——不管自然天性如何强大，我们都应该始终遵从理性。

9.实际上，相反的情况常常发生；我们自己都会感觉到，孩子的蹦蹦跳跳及其幼稚的恶作剧比他们成人后的活动更让我们触动，好像我们不是把他们当人来爱，而是把他们当玩具或宠物猴来爱。有些父亲会给还是孩童的子女大量玩具，可也会对他们一长大就要小钱花的行为表示不满。这甚至看上去，事实上，仿佛我们嫉妒地看着他们在这世上享受——他们能享受我们却要失去，这使我们变得吝啬，对孩子拳脚相向。让我们愤怒的是，他们会紧跟在我们后面，仿佛命令我们靠边站。因为事实清楚明白地摆在眼前，孩子们只能通过损耗我们的存在和生活来实现他们自己的。如果这会使我们感到恐惧的话，我们就不该当父亲。

10.我认为不让他们分享家庭的财产和成员利益既冷酷又不公正——当他们能承担起家务时，就将家务的全部知识传授给作为生活伙伴的他们——这并不减少我们的利益，同时我们无须在其身上节省以便为他将来的利益作准备，因为我们就是为了这一目的生孩子。看到一位老父亲，身体虚弱得只剩下半条命，把自己拥有绝对所有权的大笔财富塞

入烟囱角落，却不用来帮助和培养几个子女，让孩子们浪费最美好的时光，在公共事务上不追求进取和出人头地，这也是不公平的。绝望驱使他们寻找一些方法，哪怕是不正当的，以满足自我需要：在我这个年代，我见过几个出身名门的年轻人，深深沉溺于盗窃，以至于没有什么处罚可以让他们改邪归正。我认识一个年轻人，跟他关系很好，在他的兄弟，一位勇敢的非常值得尊敬的贵族的恳请下，我与他就这件事有过一次交谈。在回答中，这位年轻人相当直率地承认，父亲不折不扣的吝啬促使他作出如此卑鄙的行径。他还补充说，他现在已是深陷其中而不能自拔。他与其他几个人在早晨拜访一位女士，偷窃这位女士的戒指时被逮了个正着。这使我想起了我听说的有关另一个贵族的故事：这个贵族早已过惯了从事这一理想行当的生活，并且对其有了迫切的需要，结果是当他真的成为遗产的继承人，并决定金盆洗手时，他还是无法改邪归正，只要路过一个货摊，凡是他需要的东西照偷不误，宁可稍后要让人去付账。我认识几个人就是如此积习难改并行窃成性，以至于他们经常从自己的亲密伙伴那里偷东西，然后将偷来的东西返还。

11.我可能是一个爱吹牛的人，不过没有什么我不懂的恶习。我的性格比理性更令我对偷窃深恶痛绝：我从没有想过从什么人那儿偷什么东西。诚然，我所生活的那个社区与法国其余地区相比更斥责偷窃行为，可在我们这个年代，我们时有机会见过其他省的贵族被判诸多可怕的抢劫罪。恐怕我们必须把这样的堕落行为部分归因于他们父亲的过错。

12.如果无论谁再告诉我——像一个十分理智的贵族曾经告诉过我的那样——他想从他所有的存款中得到唯一实在的好处，就是他孩子的尊敬和奉承（因为现在这把年纪已使他丧失力量，那就成了他剩下的以防被每个人轻视怠慢的唯一良方，用以维护其在家中的威信——确实，根据亚里士多德的理论，不仅老年人，各种各样的弱者都对吝啬推崇备至）[70]——钱确实能带来些什么。可这种药用于医治的病的产生是应

该可以预防的。如果父亲只能通过让子女依赖于他的帮助来抓住他们的爱——如果这可以被称之为爱的话，那么他的确是个不幸的人。

13.我们应该让自己以美德和能力而受人尊敬，也以善行和谦和而受人爱戴。稀有木材的灰烬也有其价值，而我们也习惯于毕恭毕敬地保存伟人的遗骸及遗物。在体面过日子的情形下，也不会真正朽化，依然受到尊敬——尤其是对孩子们来说，他们的灵魂必须得到指引，不受需要和欲望的指使，也不受严苛和权力的命令，而需要理智的引导。

若你问我的看法，有赖权力的威信

比与爱结合的威信来得更坚固或更稳定，

那么我的回答是这种情况很不真实。[71]

14.我指责在培育温和思想中的所有暴行，因为温和的思想是为荣誉与自由而培养的。在严格和强制之下总是有某种卑屈的东西，而我认为你永远不能以武力得到你无法以理性、智慧和技能所得到的东西。

15.那就是我成长的方式。父母告诉我，我在童年时期只有两次尝过棍棒的滋味，而且只是轻轻的。我用同样的方式对待自己的亲生子女，尽管他们在断奶前都去世了。可是，唯一逃过厄运的女儿蕾奥娜已经6岁多（她母亲的温和就这样轻易感染了她），而我们没有用过话语——而且是和蔼可亲的话语——之外的任何东西教育她以及惩罚她幼稚的过错。即使我有时失望，那也有许多其他应该被责备的因素，而不用挑我教育方法的毛病，我知道这是正确又合乎天性的。

16.我还是对天生不易屈从别人、生存更自由的男孩更加谨慎：我很希望他们胸襟宽阔，真诚坦率。除了能让人的灵魂更为怯懦或更顽固，我从未见过鞭子能实现任何事情。

17.我们不是想得到子女的爱戴吗？我们不是不想他们希望我们死掉吗？——尽管无论何时这种可怕的想法都不可能是对的或可宽恕的："犯罪没有正当的理由"——那么，让我们理智地用我们所拥有并支配的任何东西来丰富他们的生活吧！我们不该这么年轻就结婚，以至于我们成年人的年纪几乎与孩子的年纪混淆起来。如此的不体面会使我们陷入重重困难——我特别指在贵族的家庭中，孩子们过的是一种休闲式的生活，而且正如我们所说，他们可以靠自己的收入生活。在其他情况下，即在生活等同于为金钱而奋斗的家庭中，众多孩子成为整个家庭的帮手；他们成了帮助家庭富裕的新方式、新手段。

18.我33岁结婚；而我赞成35岁结婚——这是亚里士多德的主张。柏拉图不赞成男人30岁前结婚；不过他嘲笑55岁之后才同床睡觉的配偶，并断定他们的后代不值得养育。[72]

19.正是泰勒士给定结婚的正确年龄；他的母亲在他年轻时就催促他结婚。但他说："太早了。"可在他年纪较大时，他又说："太迟了！"任何不凑巧的事都找不到凑巧的时间，那就相机行事吧！

20.古代高卢人认为，男人20岁前与女人结婚应受责备，特别建议那些想为战争而受训的人直到成年都得保持贞洁，因为跟女人睡觉会使人变得温顺柔弱，萎靡不振。

可现在与年轻的姑娘结婚，

幸福地生儿育女，

为人夫为人父，

付出的爱却使他虚弱。[73]

21.据希腊历史记载，塔伦图姆·德·依克斯、克里索、艾斯狄鲁斯、

迪奥庞普斯以及其他人，在整个奥林匹克运动会为赛跑、摔跤和其他比赛的身体调整期，不让自己有任何的性行为。[74]

22.突尼斯总督穆雷·哈桑（查理五世皇帝助其恢复王位的人）责怪父亲，因为他老是跟妻子在一起，并且称他父亲是一个阴气十足的产卵鱼，产下一堆孩子。

23.在西班牙印第安人居住的某一省份，男人只允许在40岁以后结婚，而姑娘却可以10岁就结婚。[75]

24.要是一个贵族只有35岁，就给一个20岁的儿子让路，这也未免太操之过急了吧：他还能在军队远征中或在其君主的宫廷里赢得声望。他需要有自己的钱；他可以让他儿子分上一份但不能忘了他自己。这种人可准确无误地说出父亲们常挂在嘴边的话："我不希望在我离开人世之前被剥得精光。"可是，父亲随着岁数的增加，疾病缠身使他身体变垮，体弱多病使其不再参加社交，如果他念念不忘一大堆的财产，他就是与自己和家人都过不去。要是他精明狡猾的话，他不想有被剥得精光后离开人世的那一天——不要剥到衬衫，留下既漂亮又暖和的浴袍。他对剩下的辉煌已经没有更多作用了：他应该将一切财富作为礼物送给那些按自然法则应该归属的人。

25.正确的做法是，按照自然法则，他应该让子女使用他被自然剥夺的东西：否则他的态度必然就有一种恶意与妒忌的成分。查理五世皇帝摆出的最好姿态就是，在模仿某些古代与他同级别的当政者中他认识到：理性清楚地命令我们，当衣服加重负担而妨碍到我们时，那就把它们脱掉；当我们的双腿无力支撑我们行走时，那就去死。一旦他开始感觉体力不支，体能不足，无法继续进行与他挣来的荣誉相关的事情时，他就得将财产、头衔和权力移交给儿子：

聪明足以为那匹疲倦的老马解下马具，

以免气喘吁吁地而马失前蹄让人取笑。[76]

26.这种无法及时意识到人有缺陷，也无法意识到老年自然使身体和精力极度衰落的缺陷——依我看，身体和精力一样衰落，除非精力事实上占有较大的份额——毁了世上多少伟人的一世英名。我一生见过并且熟知当朝执政的伟人，他们明显从原来的身强力壮到后来的惊人衰退，我知道这种情形是从他们在鼎盛时期声名显赫开始的。为了他们的荣誉，我总是衷心希望他们隐退，卸下公务与军务的担子，这种担子再也不是他们所要肩负的了。

27.曾经有一个贵族，我过去常常去他家，他是个鳏夫，年事已高，可仍旧精力充沛。他有几个女儿都出嫁了，一个儿子已经到了一定年纪可以参与社会活动，因此他的房子负担起了大量的支出，还要接待相当多的来客；这让他一点也高兴不起来，不仅是由于担心经济问题，更多是这把年纪的他，还得接受一种与我们迥然不同的生活方式。有一天，我自以为斗胆地跟他说，如果他能为年轻人腾出空间，把他的主要住宅交给儿子（因为它是唯一家具设备齐全的住宅），然后回到邻近自家的庄园，在那儿没人打扰他的休息，因为，鉴于孩子们的情况，没有其他办法能让他避免我们年轻人不适宜的陪伴。他采纳了我的建议，也很喜欢这样的生活。

28.这并不是说，我们应该把我们财产权当作一件具有约束力的礼物，而不能反悔。我现在够老了，足以扮演这样的角色，可以让年轻人使用我的房子和财产，不过如果他们给我惹麻烦的话我可以随时收回我的承诺。之所以我得让他们拥有房子和财产的使用权，是因为它们不再给予我快乐，可我得保留我所希望拥有的对家庭事务的权威，因为我总认为，对一位老父亲而言，培养他的子女管理家务事准是一份极大的幸福；那么他可以在他一生中看他们如何做事，并针对这些事情以他的亲身经历给予他们建议和指导，为把过往的荣誉和房子的安排交到继承人

手中亲自作准备，对他们未来的作为寄予希望。

29.为了这件事，我不想回避与他们交往；我希望尽可能在我年纪允许的情况下，亲近他们，以便观察他们，多分享他们的欢乐和喜悦。即使我并不参与他们的生活（因为我无法做到和他们一起生活却又不令我们的交往受阻，由于我那令人沮丧的年龄和压垮我的病痛——同时也不被迫改变我自己的原则和习惯），我希望至少生活在我房子的附近以接近他们——不必太讲究，而是最舒适地接近。（正如几年前我所看到的那样）并不是每任圣伊莱尔德普瓦捷的院长，在他悲伤烦心的影响下都落到这种孤独的地步，以至于当我走进他的房间时，他已经22年从未迈出房间一步；然而，除他胃部风湿病痛发作之外，他仍旧可以自由自在、舒适悠闲地走动。他甚至几乎不让任何人进去看他，哪怕一周一次；除给他送食品的贴身男仆每天只进出一次外，他始终都是一个人闭门待在那个房间里。他唯一的工作就是室内走动，读一本书（因为他有点偏好文学），固执地决定就要在这样的环境中告老——不久之后，他就是这样去世的。

30.我总试图与子女建立种种温和的关系，以此在他们内心激起一种对我主动的爱和真实的感情——某种在天性善良的子女身上容易得到的东西；当然，如果他们最终成了野蛮的畜牲（我们这个年代盛产这样的畜牲），那么你必然要恨他们，就像这样躲开他们。

31.我反对禁止子女叫“父亲”，却让他们使用别的更为恭敬的称呼的风俗，好像大自然没有给我们的威信提供足够的证明。我们将万能之神称为父亲，却蔑视让自己的孩子用此称呼我们。

32.不公平，甚至疯狂的是，以成天皱着眉头来表现严苛、蔑视的方式剥夺成年子女与他们父亲的亲密关系，并以此希望让他们害怕父亲并顺从父亲。这简直是一种徒劳无功的闹剧，使父亲令子女生厌作呕；更糟的是，还使父亲变得荒谬可笑。因为他们的子女充满着青春活力，

享受世上欢乐；他们以嘲笑的态度面对一个男人凶猛残暴的表情，不难想象，在这种男人的血管或心脏里没留下一滴父子之情的血液——子女们只是把父亲当作亚麻田里的稻草人看待！纵然我能让自己令人敬畏，我也宁愿让自己受人爱戴。

33.人到老年毛病多多，体弱无力；年老体迈遭到轻视，获得的最大恩赐却是家人的爱，老年的双臂不再令人害怕，再也指挥不动家人了。

34.我认识一个人，他年轻时飞扬跋扈。现在他年事渐高，尽管试图努力接受年老的事实，可他还是扇人巴掌，咬伤别人，发誓诅咒——简直法国脾气最火爆的大老爷；他小心翼翼、谨慎防范，可这都是他家人串通欺瞒的闹剧；家里人随意取用他最好的谷仓、地窖、甚至钱包里的东西：尽管他把钥匙都放在小袋子里，这袋子对他来说比眼珠子还亲。他乐于保持节俭，餐饭简单，而在他住宅里不同的秘密地方，都在挥霍、赌博，把他的怒气和小气当笑话讲。每个人都用警戒的眼神看他。如果某个不幸的仆人碰巧忠实于他，他会立刻向这个下人投去怀疑的目光——这是老年人常有的毛病。这人不知多少次对我夸口说他牢牢掌管着家庭，清楚地关注着他的家务事，家人对他服服帖帖，毕恭毕敬。

只是很多事他不知道！[77]

在我的熟人当中，没人比他拥有更多天赋和才能，还有律己品质，他却像失败地回到了孩提时代。这就是我把他从几个我所知道的例子中挑选出来的原因所在。

35.这个例子可能会引起一场学术辩论：像他现在这种状况是好是坏。在他面前，一切东西都得服从他；他在家里耍威风岂不是白耍：因为不曾有家人跟他作对；他们相信他所说的，可对他是既害怕又尊重，

正如他期望的那样！要是他辞退一个仆人，仆人得立刻卷铺盖走人——只是不出现在他的眼前而已。老人家就是这么步履蹒跚，思维混乱，以至于这个贴身男仆一整年生活在房子里，履行其职责，甚至都没有引起他的注意。在适当的时候，从远方寄来一封信，这是一封令人同情的信，一封表示顺从的信，信中充满着种种允诺：将来一定要做得更好；这个贴身男仆那时那刻发现老人家回心转意，又开始表现出赞赏的态度。

36.这个贵族要寄信，不合家里人心意就被扣下。他们隐瞒起这封信，之后有时编造理由以解释没有回音或回信。因为外来的信不会先到他的手里，所以他只看到他适合知道的信。如果他碰巧手里拿着信的话，他总要人把信念给他听，这样家人就当场编造一些谎言：有人写信骂他，也假装某人请求他原谅。简而言之，他看到的关于自己的事都是制造出来的假象，他们之所以会这样做，是因为不想让他发脾气恼火。

37.虽以不同的借口，可都为达到同样的目的，我见过相当多家庭以这种方式长期稳定地运转。

38.妻子总是跟丈夫意见不合。前者为了跟后者闹矛盾抓住任何的托词；而任何的借口都被当作充足的正当理由。我认识一个人，她过去常常窃取丈夫的批发货物——她跟她的忏悔神父说：“这都是为了能给予更多的施舍。”（能信任这么个信教的挥霍者么！）不管她们丈夫同意给予什么，都不称心，必须或以诡计或以暴力僭取，这么做总不光明正大。就像我所想起的情况一样，当她们代表子女行动起来反对某个可怜的老头子时，她们就抓住这个借口，得意洋洋地发泄一通情感，好像她们都是奴隶，准备随时共同密谋反对丈夫的家政大权。如果子女是朝气蓬勃的男孩和成年人，那么母亲就会联合起他们，威逼利诱笼络管家、会计和其他人。

39.没妻子又没孩子的老头儿较不容易遭此种不幸，一旦遭遇就会

更为残酷和辱没尊严。卡托老人在他那个时代早已说过：“有那么多的贴身男仆，就有那么多的敌人。”假如他那个年代的纯真与我们这个年代相比中间已经有一道难以填平的沟壑，我们就得考虑一下他岂不是在告诫我们：妻子、儿子和贴身男仆都是“那么多的敌人”。

40.衰老提供给我们一份份甜蜜的礼物，包括漫不经心、无知和不知上当受骗，这倒是一件好事。如果我们真要抵抗的话，尤其是现在当解决我们争端的法官通常都站在子女——以及被收买的人——那一边时，在我们身上又会发生什么呢？

41.欺骗行为可能逃得过我的视线，但是我极易上当受骗的德行却逃不过我自己的视线。能够将自己可怜的晚年托付给朋友的人真是三生有幸。我们会一直念叨朋友的好处，这种益处跟以契约为基础的亲情关系有着天壤之别！即使是我在畜牲之间所看到的朋友的对手，我也会向这种对手表示多么心悦诚服的尊敬啊！曾经体会过朋友的好处对我而言是好还是坏呢？肯定是好的。我对他的哀悼使我感到安慰和荣耀。能为他举行葬礼不是生命中一件无比虔诚、令人愉快的事吗？有任何得到的快乐可以与这失去的快乐相媲美吗？我已经决定让自己的思想变得专注而僵化，紧抱这种观念不放。

42.别人可能会骗我，可至少我不会自欺欺人地认为我能保护自己而不受别人欺骗；我也不会为想方设法使自己能这样做而绞尽脑汁。我只有在内心——不是在令人不安的、喧嚣的好奇中，而是在娱乐和坚持中——才能找到这类不忠行为的对策。每当我听说某些人处在这种状况时，我不关心他，而立马将目光转向自己以看一看我是怎么做的。触动他的每件事也都会触动我。发生在他身上的事是一次告诫，一次警报。每一天，每一时刻，我们说起别人的事，那些事情本应更可能发生在我们身上，如果我们学会扩展思路和反省自己的话。同样，许多作家为还击进攻者猛冲出来，将矛掷向敌人，这些矛可能正好被掷回，投中他

们。作家们就是以这种方式来捍卫自己，然而自己却受到了伤害。

43.当元帅德·蒙吕克先生生前跟我说起他儿子（一个真正勇敢的、前途极有希望的绅士，死在马德拉群岛上）的失利时，除了深深的后悔，他所感到的忧伤和心碎源自他觉得从未对儿子流露过自己的心思，也觉得失去了认识和品味儿子心意的机会，所有这些都因为他想要显露出一个父亲的威严；他从未告诉过儿子，他对儿子那无尽的爱，也从未告诉儿子，他对儿子的品德有着多么高的评价。他说过："可怜的儿子从我身上看到的一切，就是一张皱着眉头、满不在乎的脸；他死了，执信我不会爱他也不会给他应得的评价。为了他而存在我心里那份特殊的爱，我怀着这份爱的存在又为了谁！他是不是还没有能够从这份爱中体味到乐趣，也感觉不到所有充满感恩的亲情？我强迫自己，折磨自己，一直戴着这副愚蠢的假面具，从而失去了与儿子相依为命的天伦之乐——也失去了儿子的情谊，这种情谊对我必然变得冷淡：除了粗暴外，他从未从我这儿得到过什么东西；除了一张残暴的面孔外，他也从未从我这里了解到什么。"

44.我感觉这种悲伤是合情合理的、应该珍藏的：因为我从经验中充分认识到，当我们失去我们的所爱时，没有什么安慰比认识到记得告诉他们一切、享受与他们最完美最纯粹的沟通来得更加甜蜜。

45.我尽可能多地对我的家人敞开心扉，我充分准备好告诉他们或任何其他人，我打算对他们做什么，以及我对他们的评价是什么。我要赶紧展现自我，让别人认识自己，因为我不想他们因我而受任何方式的误导。

46.据恺撒说，在我们古代高卢人的特别习俗中有以下这么一条：儿子不出现在他们父亲面前，也从不敢跟父亲一起出现在大庭广众，直到他们开始携带武器为止，仿佛表明那时才是父亲与儿子的关系亲密无间的时候。[78]

47.然而，对这个时代我所见过对父亲式的谨慎的另一诟病是，当父亲的不但不满足于在他们的漫长一生中剥夺了子女们财产的自然份额，还在他们死后，将管理一切财产的权力留给寡妇，随他们高兴任意处置这些财产。我所认识的一个封建领主（王国最高级别的官员中），他每年可有望合法得到价值500英担的财产：然而50岁时在债务缠身的打击下，在还应该活着的时候他却死了，而他母亲尽管年事已高，可按他80岁寿终的父亲的遗嘱，她仍然享有全部财产的权利。

48.对我来说，这决不合乎情理。

49.尽管如此，我还是无法明白，一个事业兴旺发达的人去追求一个以大办嫁妆为由而增加其负担的女子对他有多大的好处：没有比受外债约束对一个家庭来说更具毁灭性。我的先辈都遵循这条极其适合他们的训诫；我也如此。

50.然而，那些警告我不要娶富婆的人，是由于恐惧她们可能对我们来说承担更少的义务却又更难搞定，但那些人因为他们无聊猜测反而错失了好事一桩。如果女人不讲道理，那么第一次强词夺理同第二次强词夺理一样让她不用付出代价。这样的女人大错特错时，她们会对自己格外满意；而对好女人来说，她们越富有就越和蔼可亲，就像美丽的女人更甘心情愿保持贞节一样。

51.让母亲掌管家务直到儿子达到足以承担家庭责任的法定年龄为止，这是合情合理的；可如果（考虑到女性的一般弱点）儿子们一旦达到法定承担家庭责任的年龄就比自己的妻子更聪明能干，那么父亲就没把他们教育好。不过，让母亲依赖儿子的意愿，这总是更别扭。儿子应该慷慨地赡养母亲，根据她们的家庭和年龄条件来维持她们的生活状况，特别是由于需求或贫困使得她们比男性更难以忍受：这副沉重的担子应该由儿子承担，而不应该由母亲。

52.总的来说，当我们去世时，分享我们财产最佳的办法是（我相信）遵循一般地方法规。法律比我们想得更为周全，所以让法律作出错误的选择比我们自己鲁莽冒险地这样做要来得好。财产并不真正属于我们个人，因为我们离开人世时，民法有权指定继承人。即使我们也有某种考虑，我认为，要证明我们剥夺任何人天生拥有的财产权，以及普通法律规定他可以拥有的东西，这要拿出十分明确的理由；使财产的归属变得反复无常，随心所欲，这肯定是对自由不合理的滥用。

53.命运是友好的，给我种种可能引导我因普法的规定而改变偏好的机会。我认识一些人，要是忠贞不渝地为他们效劳，那肯定是浪费时光：一言不慎可能抹杀十年功名。在他们离世之际，任何会对他们阿谀奉承的人确实侥幸！俗话说最后一勺舀得多：那并不是最经常最善意的关心，而是新近、眼前正做着的服务。

54.有些人把意志当作鞭子和胡萝卜来利用，以奖惩可能声称对遗产感兴趣的那些人的每一举动。但是，这是一个长期的问题；这一问题极为重大，不能时时加以改变：聪明的人能一劳永逸地解决这一问题——并且尊重公众合理的风俗习惯。

55.我们太偏爱男性的继承权；想到姓氏荒谬的亘古不变，也太过妄测小男孩的未来。有人可能轻易对我做过不公平的事，叫我靠一边去，因为不论人家教我做智力训练还是身体训练，我比我任何兄弟（实际上比我这个地方的所有小孩）都更不管用、更迟钝、更不愿学习。占卜常常欺取我们的信任而妨碍我们的继承，在此基础上的选择无不是一种疯狂的举动。如果我们能永远打破这种陈规陋习，并且纠正靠命运去选择继承人，那就可能不用考虑某些明显的身体残疾——终身残疾和不可医治的那类残疾——这一点在我们当中那些对美推崇备至的人看来是极其有害的。

56.柏拉图的立法者和公民之间有过一次愉快的对话，这样的对话

可能令我这几页熠熠生辉：“什么！”感觉他们的末日即将来临后，他们便说：“我们就不能随意把自己的财产遗赠给什么人？多么残酷啊！上帝，我们高兴给得较多还是给得较少，都取决于继承人在我们的家务中、在我们生病中、在我们年老时如何赡养我们，这难道不合法！”立法者作出这样的回答：“我尊敬的朋友，你们肯定很快就会去世，所以你们中的任何人都难以‘了解自己’（根据特尔斐的神谕）而且也难以了解什么是你的。我制定法律，并且坚持认为你并不属于你自己，你所享有的东西其实也不属于你自己。你和你的财产属于你的家庭，过去是这样，将来也是这样。我还想说的是，你的家庭和你的财产都属于共和国。因而，如果在你生病中或在老年时，某个奉承者试图说服你立不公正的遗嘱（或者如果你一发脾气而为之），我会阻止。出于对我们城市和你的家庭的普遍关心的尊重，我会制定法律，以便将个人利益必须合理服从大众利益的事公之于众。去吧，静静地、甘心情愿地到人类需要召唤你去的地方吧。我对所有的东西一视同仁，而且我通常保护所有的人，我也会保护你去世后所遗留下的财产。”[79]

57.还是言归正传吧。然而，女人无论如何不应该控制男人，而只应该自然掌握为母之道——除了对脾气暴躁而屈从女人的人的惩处，这在我看来是对的；可这并不适用于老太太，这是我们现在讨论的主题。正是这一事实的明确思考才使我们制订和维护继承法——但是没人曾见过这条法律——这种法律剥夺女性继承王位；尽管命运给予某些地方的权威胜过其他地方，可世界上几乎不存在像在这里一样法律条文不被引用的司法判断，也没得到理性的批准。

58.将我们对继承权的监管交由妻子们判断，并由她们在我们的儿子中作出选择是件危险的事情。这无论怎么说都是不合理的、怪诞荒谬的，因为她们经历怀孕时那些痛苦的滋味和身体的渴望都永远存在于她们心灵中。她们常常关注最柔弱的，或者倾注心力在那些（如果她们有的话）还环抱着她们脖子的那些小东西。因为女性没有足够的推理能

力，能根据事物优点对其选择和采纳，所以她们任由自己被引向唯有自然印象在起作用的地方——就像动物一样，只认还在吃奶的幼崽。

59.顺便说一下，经验清楚地向我们表明，我们如此重视的自然之爱根基很浅。为了一小笔钱，我们每天从女人的怀里拽出她们的孩子，让她们来看管我们的孩子。我们让她们把她们的婴儿托给某个恶劣的奶妈，而我们却不愿把自己的孩子托给这种奶妈，也不愿把自己的孩子托给雌山羊；那么，无论这样做对她们可能有什么伤害，我们不但禁止她们给她们的孩子喂奶，而且还不准她们照顾她们的孩子；她们必须全力以赴为我们的孩子服务。到那时我们便明白，在大多数情况下，习俗产生一种比自然的爱更令人困惑的私爱；她们对那些养子的生存比对她们亲生子女的生存更加忧心忡忡。

60.我之所以提到雌山羊，是因为当我的居住地的农妇无法给自己的婴儿喂奶时，就召唤山羊来帮忙；我现在有两个男仆，他们吃母奶决不超过一周。这些雌山羊从一开始就被饲养用来哺育人类的孩子；它们识别得出孩子开始哭泣的声音然后马上跑过来。它们拒绝给其他小孩喂奶，只喂正在喂养的那个。这个小孩对另一只雌山羊也同样拒绝。有一天，我看见一个失去自己的雌山羊的婴儿，父亲只能从邻居那儿借了一只：这孩子拒绝吃奶，然后就死了，当然是死于饥饿。

61.牲畜就跟我们一样轻易贬低母爱，并使母爱变得不纯洁。

62.希罗多德讲述过利比亚的某一地区，那里的男人不加选择地跟女人躺在一起，可一旦小孩会蹒跚学步，他就能在人群中认出自己的父亲，自然的本能引导他迈出第一串脚步。[80]但我相信常常会出差错。

63.现在，一旦我们考虑这一事实：爱自己的孩子只是因为我们生了他们，并把他们称为第二自我，我们便会明白，我们还从自己身上孕育出某些丝毫不逊色的东西。我们在自己灵魂中所产生的东西——我们

思想的产物以及我们才智的产物——是比身体更加高贵，也是比我们自己更加纯洁的产物。在其生长过程中，我们既当爹又当娘；这些“孩子们”让我们付出昂贵的代价，而如果它们有什么好处的话，就是给我们带来更多的荣誉。就其他孩子而言，他们的优良品质更多地属于他们自己，而不属于我们：我们的作用只占极少的分量；但是，至于这些孩子，他们的高雅、价值和美丽都属于我们。由于这种原因，他们跟我们更像是从同一个模子出来，与我们心心相印。柏拉图补充说，这样的孩子是不朽的，并使其父亲永生——正如在吕库尔戈斯、梭伦和米诺斯这些例子中，他们的孩子甚至将他们变成了神。[81]

64.由于我们的历史书籍充满了一般父爱的范例，所以在我看来，再去引用些别的什么例子就不合适了。

65.特里卡的好主教赫利奥多洛斯，宁愿放弃如此可敬的、收入不菲的、庄严尊贵的主教职位，而不愿毁掉他的“女儿”，她现在依然还活着——她是一个漂亮的姑娘，不过在着装方面，比神父的女儿可能更讲究更艳丽了点——并且很妖冶。

66.在古罗马，有一个骁勇善战的达官显人，名叫拉宾努斯；在他所有的能力中，他擅长每一类文学；我想，他是那个老拉宾努斯的儿子。老拉宾努斯是高卢战争中最重要的一位将领，先是为恺撒效劳，随后全力投靠庞培大帝，并为庞培大帝英勇奋战，直到恺撒在西班牙击败他为止。有些人嫉妒我现在所提到的小拉宾努斯；他大概在朝臣中也有仇敌，并且由于自己的直率和继承父亲对暴政的天生敌意，他特别受到当代君主的喜爱，这些我相信给他的书籍和写作增添了色彩。他的敌人在古罗马行政官面前告发了他，并且还给他定了罪名，同时命令将他已经出版的几本书焚毁。这就是书籍和博学引发死刑的先例；这种死刑随后被运用在罗马其他几个案例中。我们没有足够的手段和理由去实施酷刑，除非我们能让酷刑本身关注那些已经被大自然豁免了任何形式痛感

的东西，例如我们的声誉和我们思想的产物；除非我们把对身体的体罚折磨放在缪斯女神的教义和法典上进行。

67.拉宾努斯无法忍受如此的失落，也无法忍受比他所深爱的孩子们活得更长；他把自己活活监禁在家中地窖，躺在垃圾上；在那儿他为自己的死亡和埋葬作好准备。人们难以发现还有什么父爱会比这样的父爱更加动人。当他那位能言善辩的朋友凯西欧斯·西弗勒斯看到那些书被焚烧时，他大声喊道，他也应该跟那些书籍一起被活烧，因为在他的记忆中，他深深珍藏着书中的内容。

68.类似的不幸也发生在杰龙提斯·克得斯身上，他因在其书中称赞布鲁特斯和凯西欧斯遭到指控。那个专横、恶劣、腐败的上议院（堪比底波里斯更坏的主人）指责他的作品是火葬用的柴堆：这使得他十分高兴有自己的书籍相伴，因为书籍焚毁时，他也绝食身亡了。

69.卢坎是个好人，却遭到那个无赖尼禄的谴责；在卢坎生命的最后一刻，当大量的血从他血管里喷涌而出时（他鞭打医生命令他们将他杀死），当他的手脚已经冰凉、心脏开始渐渐变冷时，他记起的最后一件事就是他《内战记》里的诗句；他背诵这几句诗，当他念到最后几个词时，他与诗句一道离开人间。这不是在向他的孩子们作父亲般深情的告别吗？这岂不等于当我们去世时我们为孩子所留下的悼别和亲切的拥抱吗？这岂不是我们生命结束前回想起那些我们生前拥有过的、最亲切的往事的自然本能结果吗？

70.听说伊壁鸠鲁被严重的疝气发作折磨得卧床等死时，他只是在他传授给世人的哲学之美中找到安慰；[82]我们是否应该相信，他曾在那些出身名门、受过良好教育的孩子们身上（如果他曾经有过）找到等同于他在自己所创作的丰富作品中找到的快乐呢？如果他已经有过选择，在死后不是留下畸形的残疾小孩，就是一本愚蠢不得体的书——并非指他一个而是所有和他类似的贤人——那么他宁愿承受第一种悲剧，

不选择第二种。

71.如果某人强迫圣奥古斯都不是杀死自己的孩子（假使他有孩子），就是毁掉自己的作品（我们的宗教从中受益匪浅），那么他宁愿杀死孩子。可能这个例子对圣奥古斯都有些不敬。

72.我根本不能肯定，比起跟我妻子，我是否更愿意与缪斯女神生下一个健康完整的儿子。至于我头脑中浮现的这个孩子，我会像对待自己亲骨肉所做的那样，给他的东西我会无条件地给他，决不反悔；虽然我已做了这么一点好事，可是他不再由我处置；他可能知道许多我不再知道的事，他也可能记得连我自己都忘了的事；如有求于他的帮助，那好像向一个陌生人求助。我比他聪明，但他比我现在富有。

73.热爱诗歌的人，比起做罗马第一美少年的父亲，更满足于做《埃涅阿斯记》的父亲，很难说失去其中一个比失去另一个更可容忍。因为据亚里士多德说，在所有艺术家中最钟情于他的作品的就是诗人。[83]

74.难以置信的是，伊巴密浓达（他自夸他的诗歌是由两个“女儿”构成，这两个女儿总有一天会给她们父亲带来荣誉——他意指他两次战胜斯巴达人的伟大胜利）同意用两次胜利来交换两个全希腊最美丽的女儿；亚历山大和恺撒曾经希望他们能放弃他们在战争中立下的丰功伟绩，以拥有儿子和继承人的快乐作为回报，无论那些功绩多完美多伟大；实际上，我真的很怀疑，菲迪亚斯或其他杰出的雕刻家，喜欢跟亲生子女相处，胜过按照艺术法则长期精心制作的雕塑杰作。

75.至于那些极端疯狂的感情，有时激怒了对女儿充满爱的父亲们，有时也激怒了对儿子充满爱的母亲，类似的感情在其他父母身上也能找到：皮革马力翁的传说可以佐证，他雕刻了那座盖世无双的美女塑像，绝望地沉迷于对自己作品的疯狂爱恋中，神将美女复活：

他抚摸象牙塑像；

它开始变软；

它的坚硬消失了，

它在他的手中就范。[84]

论适度

1.好像我们触摸什么都会传染破坏：本身漂亮的好东西一经我们处理就变得腐烂恶化。我们甚至以这样的方式——如果我们太紧太用力地把美德紧抱在怀里，我们的行为就会使美德变得邪恶——握住美德。那些说美德不会过度（倘若美德过度，那么美德就不再是美德了）的人只不过是在玩弄文字游戏罢了。

疯狂之名出自圣人，而不公正之名出自公正，

若在美德本身后面努力过了头，他们连现在都不如。[85]

这是从哲学的角度所进行的一种仔细观察：人们可以既十分喜爱美德，又过度公正。上帝的话非常切中这种偏见：“别聪明过度，可你们要清醒明智。”[86]

2.我在大贵族中见过一位，为表现出虔诚向教，其做法超过了所有相同社会等级的人，从而伤害了自己的宗教名誉。[87]

3.我喜欢温和适度的性情。甚至当对做好事表现出一种不适度的热情时，即使不冒犯我，还是令我感到震惊，不知说什么好。帕乌撒尼亚斯的母亲（她是第一个控告，也是第一个用筑墙石砸死自己儿子的人）和卜斯杜缪斯（这个独裁者因为儿子年轻气盛，擅自冲在部队前面，成功打入敌人，却杀了儿子）似乎对我而言都不正常；他们好像很古怪。[88]我既不喜欢劝告也不喜欢仿效如此野蛮代价昂贵的美德：把箭射偏的弓箭手跟脱靶的弓箭手都一样没有射中目标；猛地陷入一片漆黑的地方和突然走近一股强光都让我的眼睛不适。

4在柏拉图的著作中，[89]卡里克利斯说过，哲学在其两个极端都是有害的；他劝我们不要超过有益的限度去钻研哲学：适度接受哲学才会既愉快又有益，不然最终可能导致一个人变得邪恶野蛮，变得蔑视宗教和公认的律法，成为社交的敌人，成为我们人类快乐的敌人，在治理城市、帮助别人和自己上变得毫无价值——成了一个你可以随意打其两耳光的人。他说的话不假，因为哲学过度就束缚了我们与生俱来的自由，并且用不合时宜的细微差别使我们偏离了那条大自然为我们探索出的美丽舒适的大道。

5.我们对妻子怀有的感情是完全合法的：然而，神学却约束这种感情，并对它加以抑制。在圣托马斯·阿奎那[90]指责近亲结婚时所引用的理由中，我想我曾经读过以下的内容：危险的是，对这样的妻子的爱情可能并非适度的，因为如果他们之间这种婚姻感情是充实且完整的话（这种婚姻感情应该如此），你就会继续给它添加更多亲情。毫无疑问，这样一种过度行为会使丈夫的爱超出理智范围。

6.那些诸如神学和哲学主导人类道德的学科，把万事万物都纳入它们的关注范围：没有什么活动是私人的或神秘到可以逃离这些学科的关注或评判。只有初学者才会批评这些学科的自由倾向。它们就好比那种女人，在交欢时什么都可以让人看，却又因为太害羞而不敢给医生看。因此，站在这些学科的立场，我想把以下的东西教给丈夫们——换句话说，要是有什么人还过于热情，甚至他们所享受的和妻子躺在一起的快乐也会被指责，如果那些快乐没有保持在适度范围内的话；这样你会放纵过头，就好比犯了法。在房事中，最初的热情怂恿我们所做的那些无耻爱抚，不仅对我们的妻子不合适，而且施加在她们身上也有害于她们。至少她们从其他方面学来了无耻！当我们需要她们时，她们总是能满足的。就这点而言，我顺其自然，简单行事。

7.婚姻既是宗教又是虔诚的结合：这就是为什么我们得自婚姻的快

乐必须是严肃的、节制的，并且与某种吸引力相结合；婚姻的感官刺激应该是既有几分明智又有几分责任。其主要目的是生育，所以就有一些人怀疑，当女人怀孕或变得老态龙钟时，当我们无望怀孕时，还追求性交是否妥当。在柏拉图看来，这就构成一种杀人罪。包括穆罕默德在内的所有人憎恨与怀孕的女人性交，也憎恨与仍然在月经期的女人性交。泽诺比雅为了怀孕接纳了丈夫；一旦怀上了，在她整个怀孕期她就让他在外自由行动；只是怀孕一结束，她才允许他再次性交。原有一场美好的、心灵高尚的婚姻等着你！[91]

8.原来就是从某位好色的诗人那儿，柏拉图听到了关于朱庇特有一天对他妻子如此用心接近的故事：朱庇特等不及她躺在床上，就把她按倒在地板上，却忘了他刚刚与其他神在天庭里刚刚作出的重大决定，还吹嘘他如此地享受这次性交，就像他初次背着她的父母夺去她的第一次一样。[92]

9.波斯国王们确实把他们的妻子作为宾客邀请到他们的欢庆宴会上，可是一旦他们喝得酒气冲天，情欲高涨，就把妻子送回宫邸，以便不让她们与自己有鱼水之欢以满足他们无度的胃口，反而派人去叫他们不需要尊重的其他女人。[93]

10.并不是每个人都能充分享受各种快乐和愉悦。伊巴密浓达有一个放荡不羁的男孩被关进监狱，佩洛披达斯为了达到自己的目的，恳求释放他；伊巴密浓达拒绝了他的要求，不过却应允一个同样请求释放他的妓女，还说释放他是帮情人的忙而不是给首领面子。当执政官索福克勒斯和伯里克利在一起时，索福克勒斯偶然看见一个英俊的青年走过，他对伯里克利说："一个多么英俊的男孩啊！"伯里克利说："对别人来说是很好，但对执政官来说不是，他必须手眼干净。"[94]

11.当王后埃略斯·维纳斯抱怨国王与其他女人干苟且之事时，他回答道：他是出于良心而为之，婚姻只是名誉和尊严的字眼，而不是放纵

和淫乱色欲的代名词。我们教会的老作家们都体面地提到一个拒绝丈夫的妻子，因为她不希望成为他淫乱的对象。[95]

12.简而言之，快乐不管怎么合乎体统，当这种快乐变得过分放纵时，就难以不被诟病。

13.尽管严重，可难道人不是一种悲惨的动物？由于人的自然属性，人几乎无法感受到纯粹且彻底的单一的快乐，甚至还得通过辩论来减少那种快乐；人还嫌自己不够悲惨，非得使用艺术手段和各种努力以使自己的悲惨程度加深。

我们以艺术手段使命运的悲惨之路变得更惨。[96]

14.用来减损自己快乐的数量和质量时，人类的智慧真是一种愚昧的聪明——就像女人用勤勉和得体来塑造自己的艺术气质，可因为她们的梳子和化妆品让我们心烦，所以我们也很难去感受她们的勤勉和得体。如果我能创立起一种哲学学派，我肯定会另辟蹊径——更加自然的路，真正平坦方便的路。我可能已使自己强大到足以知道何时止步停下。

15.让我们思考一下这样的事实：那些治疗我们心灵与身体的医生，好像在一起密谋，找不到治疗我们的其他方案，也找不到医治疾病的良药，而只能让我们忍受折磨、疼痛和苦难。还要忍受警戒、斋戒、穿上毛衬衫和到远方孤寂的地方充军、终身监禁、灾祸以及其他苦难，不一而足。不过，只是如果苦难真的存在并造成苦涩的疼痛，如果发生在流放勒斯玻斯岛上的伽利奥身上那样的事不会降临：罗马人听说，他正在那里享受乐趣，惩罚打击的手段竟然变成一种快乐，就在享受快乐之际，他奉命回到家中与妻子团圆，而且只准待在家里，以便让他真切地从情感上体验到这样的惩罚。[97]因为如果一个人的健康和幸福都被斋戒搞得一团糟，或者如果他发现鱼比肉更美味可口，那么斋戒就不再

是有益健康的良方，就像另一类医生开的药对喜欢服药的人没有什么药效一样。良药之所以起作用，就在于其苦口的滋味。通常习惯用大黄的体质会有损其药效；要治胃，良方就必须是某种能作用于胃的药物：在此“以毒攻毒”的常理不管用，因为在这种情况下只能以药治病。

16.这种观念有几分像所有宗教所普遍采纳的另一种老观念，这种老观念使我们以为我们可以通过谋杀和屠杀愉悦上帝和大自然。

17.甚至在我们的始祖时代，当阿姆拉斯征服伊斯特摩斯时，他为了父亲的魂灵让600个希腊青年献祭，让他们的血起到安抚的作用，为死者赎罪。[98]并且在我们现在新发现的土地上——跟我们的土地比起来那些是纯洁的处女地——处处都接受这种观念：他们的一切偶像都用人类的血来祭奠，并不缺乏令人恐惧的残酷例子。男人被活烧；当烧到一半时，他们被从火焰中拖出来，以便心脏和内脏可以挖出来；甚至包括妇女在内的其他人被活活剥皮：她们的皮肤，血淋淋的，被当作外套穿在其他人身上。还有不少关于坚贞的例子。为了那些即将牺牲做祭品的不幸者，老人、妇女和小孩提前好几天乞求施舍，以作为他们牺牲时的献金，并且亲自出现在大屠杀现场，与在场的所有人一起唱歌跳舞。墨西哥国王的特使们，为了让费尔南多·科特斯意识到他们主人的伟大，首先告诉科特斯：国号令有30个诸侯君主，每个君主都可以征召10万战士；他居住在天底下最坚固最美丽的城市。然后他们补充说：他每年都让5万男人为诸神献身。还真的听说国王与相邻的几大民族交战，不仅以此培养本国的年轻人，而且主要抓获战俘作为他的祭品。在另一个地方有个城市，在那儿他们以同时杀50个男人欢迎科特斯。我打算多说件事：科特斯征服了这些民族中的若干民族后，他们四处派信使找到他，并且寻求与其和解。他们以明智的方式给他提供以下三种礼物：“阁下，这里有5个奴隶；如果您是一个以血肉为食的残暴的神，那就把他们吃掉吧，我们将给您带更多的奴隶；如果您是一个善良的神，这里有羽毛和熏香；如果您是人，那就请您接受这些鸟和水果吧。”[99]

直到死才能断定是不是幸福

1.你必须始终等待一个人末日到来：

在他死亡和最后葬礼仪式前，

没有什么人能说他是不是幸福。[100]

孩子们都知道这样一个故事：克洛伊索斯国王被赛勒斯篡夺了王位，并被判处死刑，在等待执行时他大声呼喊："梭伦啊，梭伦！"这事被报告到赛勒斯那儿，赛勒斯问他这喊的是什么意思。克洛伊索斯向他解释说，梭伦曾给过他一个警告：无论命运对人们可能怎么微笑，直到你看到他们经历生命的最后一天为止，他们才能称得上幸福，因为世事千变万化、各不相同，稍有变幻都难以料定。而现在他正以自己的生命为代价对其加以应验。这就是为什么阿格西劳斯给一个人——这人说波斯王是幸福的，因为波斯王年纪轻轻就继承这么一大笔财产——这样的回答："是的，可当普里阿姆到了那把年纪时，他也没有不幸福。"[101]亚历山大大帝的后代，马其顿国王，在罗马却成了细木匠和代笔人；西西里岛的专制君主在科林斯却成了教书匠。庞培，大半个世界的征服者，一个统领三军的皇帝，却向埃及国王手下的一个小官员哀求，多活了五六个月的时间。在我们父辈的那个年代，米兰的第十个公爵路德维柯·斯福扎在意大利长期以来一直处于霸主地位，可人们却在罗锡城堡看着他作为囚犯死去——（最糟糕的是）他在那儿生活了十年之久。基督教帝国最伟大的国王遗孀，最美丽的皇后不也死在刽子手的刀下吗？[102]这样的例子不计其数。正是因为暴风骤雨似乎对着我们桀傲不驯的大楼的高顶勃然狂怒，也有天神妒忌凡间的大人物。

某种隐藏的力量显然推翻人们所做所为，

似要践踏辉煌的霸权和扈从坚韧的斧头，

与此同时，轻蔑嘲笑地将它们统揽手中。[103]

命运有时似乎正好埋伏在人生的最后一天，以展示其力量，这种力量将顷刻间推翻命运在数年间所建立的积累，让我们跟随拉贝里乌斯，并且大声喊出：“我活到这一天，是不该比我该有的寿命多活的一天。”[104]

2.梭伦的善意劝告可以用这种方式加以接受。可他是一个哲学家：至于这种情况，命运的眷顾和惩处谈不上幸福或不幸，显赫名声与高官重权实际上都是无关紧要的东西。所以，或许在我看来，他的期待超出这一点，他想告诉我们，人生的幸福（就像现在所做的一样，取决于天生高贵精神的安宁和满足，也取决于有规矩的人的决心和信心）决不可归因于任何人，直到我们已看到他在人生戏剧中的谢幕表演，这一表演无疑是最难的。在其余的演出中，他可能戴着演员的面具：那些精彩的哲学辩论可能只是做一做姿态；无论什么降临在我们头上，不可能马上就考验我们，还能让我们面不改色心不跳。可是，在死亡与毫无伪装的自我之间所表演的这最后一幕中，我们必须直截了当地说实话；我们必须在展示出心底真实的一面：

只有那时肺腑之言才真实。

撕掉那假面具：留下真实。[105]

这就是为何人生所有其他行为都必须在最后行动的试金石上磨砺。这块试金石就是主日，一切的审判日；它就是（一位古人说过）[106]评价我现在和过去一切岁月的一天。我的研究成果只有到盖棺才可定论。到那时，人们便会明白我的论点是否言由衷而发。

3.我注意到几个人，他们的死决定给他们的一生带来或好或坏的名

声。庞培的岳父西比奥死得磊落，为他挽回人们一直以来对他很差的评价。当被问到在夏比利亚、伊菲克拉底和伊巴密浓达他自己三人中，哪一个最值得尊敬时，伊巴密浓达回答道：

“在作出这种评价之前，你必须看到我们都去世。”（的确，如果任何人想掂量伊巴密浓达的价值，而又不知道他生命结束时的荣誉和伟大，那么对他的评价肯定会大打折扣。）

4.在我所处的时代，在我所知道的最可恶、最声名狼藉的人当中，有那么三个人，他们虽各有各的令人厌恶的一面，可他们的死却规规矩矩，无处挑剔：上帝最大的快乐莫过如此。

5.有些人死得其所，死得幸运。我认识一个人[107]，他的生命线是朝着飞黄腾达的方向发展，可这条生命线突然断了；他死得如此灿烂辉煌，以至于在我看来，他崇高的目标因为没有实现而更加伟大，他提出了目标，壮志未酬，人们对他的景仰超过他的期望。当他倒下时，他超越了他的人生历程所渴求的权力和声誉。

6.当评价人的一生时，我始终看其生命是如何结束的：我对我自己生命的结束最为关心的一点是，生命应该有一个美好的结局——换句话说，以一种悄然平静的方式告别人世。

[1]贺拉斯：《诗艺》第4行。（诗人可以凭自己的意愿创造出些妖怪形象，比如一个长着鱼尾巴的美女，也就是美人鱼。）

[2]贺拉斯：《歌集》第2卷，第2首，第6—7行（为适用于蒙田而加以改写）。

[3]卡图卢斯：《歌集》第66首，第17—18行。

[4]阿里奥斯托：《疯狂的罗兰》第10首，第7节。

[5]西塞罗：《图斯库勒论辩》第4卷，第33首，第70行。（在希腊哲学的同性恋者中，较老的人是爱情的施予者，而较年轻的、被深爱着的人则对他们的教诲表示钦佩或感谢。）

[6]西塞罗：《图斯库勒论辩》第4卷，第24首，第71行。

[7]西塞罗：《论友谊》第20首，第74行。

[8]西塞罗：《论友谊》第11首，第33—39行。

[9]奇洛让人不寒而栗的言论通常来自希腊七贤之一，毕阿斯。

[10]伊拉斯谟：《名言录》第7首，《史塔吉拉人亚里（士）多德》第28首。

[11]伊拉斯谟：《名言录》第7首，《史塔吉拉人亚里（士）多德》第19首。

[12]伊拉斯谟：《名言录》第3首，《愤世嫉俗者第欧根尼》第82首。

[13]来自萨摩萨塔的卢西恩：《论友谊》第22首。

[14]色诺芬：《居鲁士的教育》第8卷，第3首，第270行。

[15]特伦斯：《自我折磨》第1卷，第1首，第28行。

[16]阿格西莱（比较伊拉斯谟：《名言录》第1卷，《阿格西莱》第68首）。

[17]贺拉斯：《讽刺集》第1卷，第5首，第44行。

[18]普鲁塔克（阿米欧译）：《兄弟般的友谊》，82C—D。

[19]维吉尔：《埃涅阿斯纪》第5首，第49—50页。原文为拉丁文。

[20]特伦斯：《自我折磨》第1卷，第1首，第97—98行。

[21]贺拉斯：《歌集》第2卷，第17首，第5—9行。

[22]卡图卢斯，第68首，20f.；第65首，9f.（适用于本书）。

[23]西塞罗：《学院派哲学》第2卷，第2首，第127行。

[24]贺拉斯：《书信集》第2卷，第2首，第208—209行。

[25]卢克莱修，第2首，第1032—1035、1037—1038行。

[26]卢克莱修，第6首，第674—677行；西塞罗：《论自然神》第2卷，第38首，第96行。

[27]普鲁塔克：《普鲁斯·艾米利乌斯的生活》。其中提到恺撒令人费解。

[28]圣奥古斯丁：《上帝之城》第7卷，第8首。

[29]西塞罗：《图斯库勒论辩》第1卷，第21首，第49行（适用于本书）。

[30]柏拉图：《法律》第11首，934A—B。

[31]贺拉斯：《讽刺集》第1卷，第4首，第109—111行。

[32]伊拉斯谟：《名言录》第5卷，《老卡图》第39首。

[33]没有找到这件轶事。也许来自米利都的古典音乐家提摩太在练习中产生了一些困惑。《昆体良》第2卷，第3首，第3行。

[34]西塞罗：《论善恶》第1卷，第8首，第28行（托夸图斯支持伊壁鸠鲁的谈话方式）。

[35]普鲁塔克（阿米欧译）：《论不道德的羞耻》，81B。

[36]柏拉图：《论共和国》，539A—C。

[37]塞内加：《道德通信录》第59首，第15行；后见西塞罗：《论善恶》第1卷，第19首，第63行，批判伊壁鸠鲁的逻辑。

[38]塞内加：《道德通信录》第33首，第7行。

[39]赫拉克利特因为世界的荒唐而哭，常常与他相伴的德谟克利特因为世界的荒唐而笑。随后就有了关于Myson的名言。（伊拉斯谟：《名言录》第7首，MysonI）。

[40]普鲁塔克（阿米欧译）：《如何从敌人那里获益》，110E—F（柏拉图的名言被引用）。

[41]伊拉斯谟：《名言录》第3卷，第4首，第2行。

[42]特伦斯：《安德里亚》第4卷，第2首，第9行。

[43]柏拉图：《高尔吉亚》，480B—C。

[44]尤维纳利斯：《讽刺集》第8首，第73—74行。

[45]可能参考了柏拉图的《论共和国》第6首，495C—D。

[46]拉斯谟：《名言录》第6卷，《不同的恩惠》第32首。

[47]马提雅尔：《铭辞集》第8首，第15行。

[48]阿米欧在其《普鲁塔克传》序言中引用。

[49]维吉尔：《埃涅阿斯纪》第3首，第395行；后见贺拉斯：《歌集》第1卷，第4首，第9行。

[50]维吉尔：《农事诗》第1首，第420—422行。

[51]修昔底德从贾斯特斯的《利普修斯的社会》中引用（上文的其他部分），接下来他引用了普劳图斯的《说谎者》中的内容。

[52]普鲁塔克（阿米欧译）：《听觉是如何产生的》，64H。

[53]伊拉斯谟：《名言录》第7首，《安提西尼》第30首。

[54]洛佩斯戈马拉（弗米译）：《印度通史》第2卷，第77首。

[55]西塞罗：《论责任》第1卷，第41首，第147行。

[56]第欧根尼·拉尔修：《亚里斯提普的生活》。

[57]色诺芬：《塞勒斯的教育》第3卷，第3首，第49—50行。

[58]亨利二世死于马上枪术比赛，而亨利·博普雷欧伯爵因马上比武受伤而死。

[59]奥维德：《哀怨集》第1卷，第7首，第9行。

[60]菲利普科米纳第3卷，第8首；塔西佗：《年鉴》第4卷，第18首；塞内加：《道德通信录》第86首，第32行；西塞罗：《论请愿》第4首。

[61]塔西佗：《历史》第2卷，第38首。

[62]塔西佗：《年鉴》第6卷，第6首。

[63]塔西佗：《年鉴》第13卷，第35首；又见于第4卷，第71首（一些人把这视为是对耶稣基督治愈盲人的拙劣的模仿，见于马克福音8：23）。

[64]昆图斯库尔提乌斯，第4卷，第1首；李维，第8卷，第6首。

[65]维吉尔：《埃涅阿斯纪》第8首，第22行。

[66]贺拉斯：《诗艺》第7行。

[67]马提雅尔，第7卷，第73首。

[68]卢肯：《法赛利亚》第4首，第704行。

[69]亚里士多德：《尼各马科伦理学》第4卷，第7首，第4—6行。

[70]亚里士多德：《尼各马科伦理学》第4卷，第1首，第37行。

[71]特伦斯：《阿德菲》第1卷，第1首，第40—43行。

[72]亚里士多德：《政治》第7卷，第16首（37岁而不是35岁）；柏拉图：《共和国》第5首，460Aff.；对照提拉克鲁斯：《论众所周知的轻率》第6首，第44—47、52行。

[73]普鲁塔克：《泰勒斯的生活》；恺撒：《高卢战记》第6首（对照提拉克鲁斯：《论众所周知的轻率》第6首，47）；塔索：《耶路撒冷解放》第10首，第39—41行。

[74]提拉克鲁斯：《论众所周知的轻率》第15首，第26行，引用了柏拉图：《法律》第8首，839E—840A的内容。

[75]保罗·焦维奥围绕“穆里西斯”（穆雷·哈桑）而创作的《等待时机的历史学家》；洛佩斯·戈马拉：《印度通史》。

[76]贺拉斯：《书信集》第1卷，第1首，第8行。（“老马”指他的缪斯：由此就有下面故事的展开。）

[77]特伦斯：《阿德菲》第4卷，第2首，第9行。

[78]恺撒：《高卢战纪》第6卷，第18首。

[79]柏拉图：《法律》第6首，922D—924A。

[80]提拉克鲁斯：《论众所周知的轻率》第7首，第51行；希罗多德：《历史》第4首。

[81]柏拉图：《斐德》258C，涉及他的作品，他的思想产物；但由蒙田改写为《为了大流士的米诺斯》。

[82]西塞罗：《论善恶》第2卷，第30首，第96行。

[83]亚里士多德：《尼各马科伦理学》第4卷，第7首，第3行。

[84]奥维德：《变形记》第10首，243 ff.，引用第283—284行。

[85]贺拉斯：《书信集》第1卷，第6首，第15—16行。

[86]《圣经·罗马书》12：3，引自蒙田所读的拉丁文版《圣经》。

[87]或许是法国国王亨利三世。

[88]迪奥多罗斯，第6卷，第5首；第7卷，第19首。

[89]柏拉图：《高尔吉亚》484C—D。

[90]托马斯·阿奎那：《神学大全》，第2集，第2部，第154题，第9款。

[91]柏拉图：《法律》第8首，838Aff.；纪尧姆·波斯特尔《土耳其人的历史》；致泽诺比亚，提拉克鲁斯的《论众所周知的轻率》第9首，第88行。

[92]柏拉图：《法律》第3卷，公元前390年，后见于荷马：《伊利亚特》第14首，第294—341行。

[93]普鲁塔克（阿米欧译）：《婚姻的戒律》146E。

[94]普鲁塔克（阿米欧译）：《管理国事的训言》，167H；西塞罗：《论责任》第1卷，第11首，第144行，区别适度（节制）和有秩序的（正常的）行为。

[95]尤西比乌斯（潘菲洛斯）：《教会史》第4首。

[96]普罗佩尔提乌斯，第3卷，第7首，第32行。

[97]参议员朱尼厄斯·加利奥；塔西佗：《年鉴》第6卷，第3首。

[98]劳尼库斯·查尔克康狄拉斯（布莱斯·德·维吉尼尔译）：《希腊帝国衰落史》第7卷，第4首。

[99]全部引自弗兰西斯·科洛佩斯戈马拉《墨西哥人的历史》，安特卫普，1554年版（由阿·德·克拉巴里扎译为：《假充好汉的滑稽人物历史学家唐·费尔南多·科特斯》，罗马，1556年版）。

[100]奥维德：《变形记》第3首，第135行。

[101]普鲁塔克（阿米欧译）：《拉栖带梦人的名言》，P.211C。

[102]卢多维科·福尔扎在年被驱逐之前在洛什的地牢里待了8年；玛丽·斯图尔特（法国弗兰西斯二世的遗孀）于1587年被斩首。

[103]卢克莱修：第5首，第1233行。（权标和斧头是罗马城的标志。）

[104]麦格罗弼士：《农神节》第2卷，第7首。

[105]卢克莱修：第3首，第57行。

[106]塞内加：《道德通信录》第24首和26首。

[107]埃蒂安·德·拉博埃西。

Michel de Montaigne
On Friendship

TRANSLATED BY M. A. SCREECH

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

1
On friendship

1. I was watching an artist on my staff working on a painting when I felt a desire to emulate him. The finest place in the middle of a wall he selects for a picture to be executed to the best of his ability; then he fills up the empty spaces all round it with grotesques, which are fantastical paintings whose attractiveness consists merely in variety and novelty. And in truth what are these Essays if not monstrosities and grotesques botched together from a variety of limbs having no defined shape, with an order sequence and proportion which are purely fortuitous?

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.
[A fair woman terminating in the tail of a fish.][1]

2. I can manage to reach the second stage of that painter but I fall short of the first and better one: my abilities cannot stretch so far as to venture to undertake a richly ornate picture, polished and fashioned according to the rules of art. So I decided to borrow a 'painting' from Etienne de La Boëtie, which will bring honour to the rest of the job: I mean the treatise to which he gave the title On Willing Slavery but which others, not knowing this, very appropriately baptised afresh as Against One. He wrote it, while still very young, as a kind of essay against tyrants in honour of freedom. It has long circulated among men of discretion-not without great and well-merited esteem, for it is a noble work, as solid as may be. Yet it is far from being the best he was capable of. If, at the age when I knew him when he was more mature, he had conceived a design such as mine and written down his thoughts, we would now see many choice works bringing us close to the glory of the Ancients; for, particularly where natural endowments are concerned, I know nobody who can compare with him. Yet nothing of his survives apart from this treatise-and even that is due to accident: I do not think he ever saw it again once he let go of it-and some Considerations on

that Edict of January which our civil wars have made notorious: I may perhaps still find a place for it elsewhere. That is all I have been able to recover of his literary remains, I the heir to whom, with death on his lips, he so lovingly willed his books and his papers-apart from the slim volume of his works which I have had published already.
3. Yet I am particularly indebted to that treatise, because it first brought us together: it was shown to me long before I met him and first made me acquainted with his name; thus preparing for that loving-friendship between us which as long as it pleased God we fostered so perfect and so entire that it is certain that few such can even be read about, and no trace at all of it can be found among men of today. So many fortuitous circumstances are needed to make it, that it is already something if Fortune can achieve it once in three centuries. There seems to be nothing for which Nature has better prepared us than for fellowship-and Aristotle says that good lawgivers have shown more concern for friendship than for justice. Within a fellowship the peak of perfection consists in friendship; for all forms of it which are forged or fostered by pleasure or profit or by public or private necessity are so much the less beautiful and noble-and therefore so much the less 'friendship'-in that they bring in some purpose, end or fruition other than the friendship itself. Nor do those four ancient species of love conform to it: the natural, the social, the hospitable and the erotic.
4. From children to fathers it is more a matter of respect; friendship, being fostered by mutual confidences, cannot exist between them because of their excessive inequality; it might also interfere with their natural obligations: for all the secret thoughts of fathers cannot be shared with their children for fear of begetting an unbecoming intimacy; neither can those counsels and admonitions which constitute one of the principal obligations of friendship be offered by children to their fathers. There have been peoples where it was the custom for children to kill their fathers and others for fathers to kill their children to avoid the impediment which each can constitute for the other: one depends naturally on the downfall of the other.
5. There have been philosophers who held such natural bonds in contempt-witness Aristippus: when he was being pressed about the affection which he owed to his children since they had sprung from him, he began to spit, saying that that sprang from him too, and that we also engender lice and worms. And there was that other one whom Plutarch sought to reconcile with his brother but who retorted: 'He matters no more to me for coming out of the same hole.'

6. The name of brother is truly a fair one and full of love: that is why La Boëtie and I made a brotherhood of our alliance. But sharing out property or dividing it up, with the wealth of one becoming the poverty of the other, can wondrously melt and weaken the solder binding brothers together. Brothers have to progress and advance by driving along the same path in the same convoy: they needs must frequently bump and jostle against each other. Moreover, why should there be found between them that congruity and affinity which engender true and perfect friendship? Father and son can be of totally different complexions: so can brothers. 'He is my son, he is my kinsman, but he is wild, wicked or daft!' And to the extent that they are loving relationships commanded by the law and the bonds of nature, there is less of our own choice, less 'willing freedom'. Our 'willing freedom' produces nothing more properly its own than affection and loving-friendship. It is not that I have failed to assay all that the other kind can afford, having had the best father who ever was, and the most indulgent even into extreme old age, and coming as I do from a family renowned and exemplary from generation to generation in the matter of brotherly harmony:

et ipse
Notus in fratres animi paterni.

[And myself known for my fatherly concern for my brothers.][2]

7. You cannot compare with friendship the passion men feel for women, even though it is born of our own choice, nor can you put them in the same category. I must admit that the flames of passion-

neque enim est dea nescia nostri
Que dulcem curis miscet amaritiem

[for I am not unacquainted with that goddess who mingles sweet bitterness with love's cares][3] -

are more active, sharp and keen. But that fire is a rash one, fickle, fluctuating and variable; it is a feverish fire, subject to attacks and relapses, which only gets hold of a corner of us. The love of friends is a general universal warmth, temperate moreover and smooth, a warmth which is constant and at rest, all gentleness and evenness, having nothing sharp nor keen. What is more, sexual love is but a mad craving for something which escapes us:

Come segue la lepre il cacciatore
Al freddo, al caldo, alla montagna, al lito;
Ne piu l'estima poi che presa vede,
Et sol dietro a chi fugge affretta il piede.

[Like the hunter who chases the hare through heat and cold, o'er hill and dale, yet, once he has bagged it, he thinks nothing of it; only while it flees away does he pound after it.] (4)

8. As soon as it enters the territory of friendship (where wills work together, that is) it languishes and grows faint. To enjoy it is to lose it: its end is in the body and therefore subject to satiety. Friendship on the contrary is enjoyed in proportion to our desire: since it is a matter of the mind, with our souls being purified by practising it, it can spring forth, be nourished and grow only when enjoyed. Far below such perfect friendship those fickle passions also once found a place in me-not to mention in La Boëtie, who confesses to all too many in his verses. And so those two emotions came into me, each one aware of the other but never to be compared, the first maintaining its course in a proud and lofty flight, scornfully watching the other racing along way down below.

9. As for marriage, apart from being a bargain where only the entrance is free (its duration being fettered and constrained, depending on things outside our will), it is a bargain struck for other purposes; within it you soon have to unsnarl hundreds of extraneous tangled ends, which are enough to break the thread of a living passion and to trouble its course, whereas in friendship there is no traffic or commerce but with itself. In addition, women are in truth not normally capable of responding to such familiarity and mutual confidence as sustain that holy bond of friendship, nor do their souls seem firm enough to withstand the clasp of a knot so lasting and so tightly drawn. And indeed if it were not for that, if it were possible to fashion such a relationship, willing and free, in which not only the souls had this full enjoyment but in which the bodies too shared in the union-where the whole human being was involved-it is certain that the loving-friendship would be more full and more abundant. But there is no example yet of woman attaining to it and by the common agreement of the Ancient schools of philosophy she is excluded from it.

10. And that alternative licence of the Greeks is rightly abhorrent to our manners; moreover since as they practised it it required a great disparity of

age and divergence of favours between the lovers, it did not correspond either to that perfect union and congruity which we are seeking here. 'Quis est enim iste amor amicitiae? Cur neque deformem adolescentem quisquam amat, neque formosum senem?' [What is this 'friendship-love'? Why does nobody ever fall in love with a youth who is ugly or with a beautiful old man?][5] For even the portrayal of it by the Academy will not I think belie me when I say this about it: that the original frenzy inspired by Venus' son in the heart of the Lover towards the bloom of a tender youth (in which they allow all the excessive and passionate assaults which an immoderate ardour can produce) was simply based on physical beauty, a false image of generation in the body (for it could not have been based on the mind, which had yet to show itself, which was even then being born, too young to sprout); that if so mad a passion took hold of a base mind the means of pursuing it were riches, presents, favouritism in advancement to high office and such other base traffickings which the Academy condemned; if it lighted on a more noble mind its inducements were likewise more noble: instruction in philosophy; lessons teaching reverence for religion, obedience to the law and dying for the good of one's country; examples of valour, wisdom, justice, with the Lover striving to make himself worthy of acceptance by the graciousness and beauty of his soul (that of his body having long since faded) and hoping by this mental alliance to strike a more firm and durable match. When this suit produced its results-in due season (for while they did not require the Lover to devote time and discretion to this undertaking they strictly required it of the Beloved, since he had to reach a judgement about a kind of beauty which is internal, difficult to recognize and concealed from discovery)-there was then born in that Beloved the desire mentally to conceive through the medium of the beauty of the mind. For him this beauty was pre-eminent: that of the body, secondary and contingent-quite the opposite from the Lover. For this reason they held the Beloved in higher esteem and proved that the gods do so too; they severely rebuked the poet Aeschylus for having given, in the love of Achilles and Patroclus, the role of the Lover to Achilles, who was the fairest of all the Greeks, in the first verdure of unbearded youth.

11. Once this general communion had been established, with the more worthy aspect of it fulfilling its duties and predominating, they said that it produced fruits useful for private and public life; that it was the strength of those countries where it was the accepted custom and the main defence of right conduct and freedom-witness the loves of Hermodius and Aristogiton. That is

why they call it sacred and divine. By their reckoning only the violence of tyrants and the baseness of the people are opposed to it. Yet when all is said and done the only point we can concede to the Academy is that it was a love-affair which ended in friendship-which conforms well enough to the Stoic definition of love: 'Amorem conatum esse amicitiae faciendae ex pulchritudinis specie.' [Love is the striving to establish friendship on the external signs of beauty.][6]

12. I now return to a kind of love more equable and more equitable: 'Omnino amicitiae, corroboratis jam confirmatisque ingeniis et aetatibus, judicandae sunt.' [Such only are to be considered friendships in which characters have been confirmed and strengthened with age.][7]

13. Moreover what we normally call friends and friendships are no more than acquaintances and familiar relationships bound by some chance or some suitability, by means of which our souls support each other. In the friendship which I am talking about, souls are mingled and confounded in so universal a blending that they efface the seam which joins them together so that it cannot be found. If you press me to say why I loved him, I feel that it cannot be expressed except by replying: 'Because it was him: because it was me.' Mediating this union there was, beyond all my reasoning, beyond all that I can say specifically about it, some inexplicable force of destiny.

14. We were seeking each other before we set eyes on each other-both because of the reports we each had heard (which made a more violent assault on our emotions than was reasonable from what they had said, and, I believe, because of some decree of Heaven: we embraced each other by repute, and, at our first meeting, which chanced to be at a great crowded town-festival, we discovered ourselves to be so seized by each other, so known to each other and so bound together that from then on none was so close as each was to the other. He wrote an excellent Latin Satire, which has been published, by which he defends and explains the suddenness of our relationship which so quickly reached perfection. Having so short a period to last, having begun so late (for we were both grown men-he more than a few years older than I)-it had no time to waste on following the pattern of those slacker ordinary friendships which require so much prudent foresight in long preliminary acquaintance. This friendship has had no ideal to follow other than itself; no comparison but with itself. There is no one particular consideration-nor two nor three nor four nor a thousand of them-but rather some inexplicable quintessence of them all mixed up together which, having captured my will,

brought it to plunge into his and lose itself and which, having captured his will, brought it to plunge and lose itself in mine with an equal hunger and emulation. I say 'lose itself' in very truth; we kept nothing back for ourselves: nothing was his or mine.

15. In the presence of the Roman Consuls (who, after the condemnation of Tiberius Gracchus were prosecuting those who had been in his confidence) Laelius eventually asked Caius Blosius, the closest friend of Gracchus, how much he would have done for him. He replied: 'Anything.'-'What, anything?' Laelius continued: 'And what if he had ordered you to set fire to our temples?'-'He would never have asked me to,' retorted Blosius. 'But supposing he had,' Laelius added. 'Then I would have obeyed,' he replied.[8] Now if he really were so perfect a friend of Gracchus as history asserts, he had no business provoking the Consuls with that last rash assertion and ought never to have abandoned the certainty he had of the wishes of Gracchus. But those who condemn his reply as seditious do not fully understand the mystery of friendship and fail to accept the premiss that he had Gracchus' intentions in the pocket of his sleeve, both by his influence and by his knowledge. They were more friends than citizens; friends, more than friends or foes of their country or friends of ambition and civil strife. Having completely committed themselves to each other, they each completely held the reins of each other's desires; grant that this pair were guided by virtue and led by reason (without which it is impossible to harness them together) Blosius' reply is what it should have been. If their actions broke the traces, then they were, by my measure, neither friends of each other nor friends of themselves. Moreover that reply sounds no different than mine would be, if I were interrogated thus: 'If your will commanded you to kill your daughter would you kill her?' and I said that I would. For that is no witness that I would consent to do so, because I do not doubt what my will is, any more than I doubt the will of such a friend. All the arguments in the world have no power to dislodge me from the certainty which I have of the intentions and decisions of my friend. Not one of his actions could be set before me-no matter what it looked like-without my immediately discovering its motive. Our souls were yoked together in such unity, and contemplated each other with so ardent an affection, and with the same affection revealed each to each other right down to the very entrails, that not only did I know his mind as well as I knew my own but I would have entrusted myself to him with greater assurance than to myself.

16. Let nobody place those other common friendships in the same rank as this. I know about them-the most perfect of their kind-as well as anyone else, but I would advise you not to confound their rules: you would deceive yourself. In those other friendships you must proceed with wisdom and caution, keeping the reins in your hand: the bond is not so well tied that there is no reason to doubt it. 'Love a friend,' said Chilo, 'as though some day you must hate him: hate him, as though you must love him'.[9] That precept which is so detestable in that sovereign master-friendship is salutary in the practice of friendships which are common and customary, in relation to which you must employ that saying which Aristotle often repeated: 'O my friends, there is no friend!'[10]
17. In this noble relationship, the services and good turns which foster those other friendships do not even merit being taken into account: that is because of the total interfusion of our wills. For just as the friendly love I feel for myself is not increased-no matter what the Stoics may say-by any help I give myself in my need, and just as I feel no gratitude for any good turn I do to myself: so too the union of such friends, being truly perfect, leads them to lose any awareness of such services, to hate and to drive out from between them all terms of division and difference, such as good turn, duty, gratitude, request, thanks and the like. Everything is genuinely common to them both: their wills, goods, wives, children, honour and lives; their correspondence is that of one soul in bodies twain, according to that most apt definition of Aristotle's,[11] so they can neither lend nor give anything to each other. That is why those who make laws forbid gifts between husband and wife, so as to honour marriage with some imagined resemblance to that holy bond, wishing to infer by it that everything must belong to them both, so that there is nothing to divide or to split up between them. In the kind of friendship I am talking about, if it were possible for one to give to the other it is the one who received the benefaction who would lay an obligation on his companion. For each of them, more than anything else, is seeking the good of the other, so that the one who furnishes the means and the occasion is in fact the more generous, since he gives his friend the joy of performing for him what he most desires. When Diogenes the philosopher was short of money he did not say that he would ask his friends to give him some but to give him some back![12] And to show how this happens in practice I will cite an example-a unique one-from Antiquity.
18. Eudamidas, a Corinthian, had two friends: Charixenus, a Sicyonian, and

Aretheus, also a Corinthian. As he happened to die in poverty, his two friends being rich, he made the following testament: 'To Aretheus I bequeath that he look after my mother and maintain her in her old age; to Charixenus, that he see that my daughter be married, providing her with the largest dowry he can; and if one of them should chance to die I appoint the survivor to substitute for him.' Those who first saw his will laughed at it; but, when those heirs learned of it, they accepted it with a unique joy. One of them, Charixenus, did die five days later; the possibility of substitution was thus opened in favour of Aretheus, and he looked after the mother with much care; then, of five hundred weight of silver in his possession, he gave two and a half for the marriage of his only daughter and two and a half for the daughter of Eudamidas, celebrating their weddings on the same day.[13]

19. This example is a most full one, save for one circumstance: there was more than one friend. For the perfect friendship which I am talking about is indivisible: each gives himself so entirely to his friend that he has nothing left to share with another: on the contrary, he grieves that he is not two-fold, three-fold or four-fold and that he does not have several souls, several wills, so that he could give them all to the one he loves.

20. Common friendships can be shared. In one friend one can love beauty; in another, affability; in another, generosity; in another, a fatherly affection; in another, a brotherly one; and so on. But in this friendship love takes possession of the soul and reigns there with full sovereign sway: that cannot possibly be duplicated. If two friends asked you to help them at the same time, which of them would you dash to? If they asked for conflicting favours, who would have the priority? If one entrusted to your silence something which it was useful for the other to know, how would you get out of that? The unique, highest friendship loosens all other bonds. That secret which I have sworn to reveal to no other, I can reveal without perjury to him who is not another: he is me. It is a great enough miracle for oneself to be redoubled: they do not realize how high a one it is when they talk of its being tripled. The uttermost cannot be matched. If anyone suggests that I can love each of two friends as much as the other, and that they can love each other and love me as much as I love them, he is turning into a plural, into a confraternity, that which is the most 'one', the most bound into one. One single example of it is moreover the rarest thing to find in the world.

21. The rest of that story conforms well what I was saying: for Eudamidas bestows a grace and favour on his friends when he makes use of them in his

necessity. He left them heirs to his own generosity, which consists in putting into their hands the means of doing him good. And there is no doubt that the force of loving-friendship is more richly displayed in what he did than in what Aretheus did. To sum up, these are deeds which surpass the imagination of anyone who has not tasted them; they make me wondrously honour the reply of that young soldier when Cyrus inquired of him how much he would take for a horse which had enabled him to win the prize in the races: 'Would he sell it for a kingdom?'-'No, indeed, Sire; but I would willingly give it away to gain a friend, if I could find a man worthy of such an alliance.'[14] Not badly put, that, 'If I could find'; for you can easily find men fit for a superficial acquaintanceship. But for our kind, in which we are dealing with the innermost recesses of our minds with no reservations, it is certain that all of our motives must be pure and sure to perfection.

22. In those alliances which only get hold of us by one end, we need simply to provide against such flaws as specifically affect that end. It cannot matter to me what the religion of my doctor or my lawyer is: that consideration has nothing in common with the friendly services which they owe to me. And in such commerce as arises at home with my servants I act the same way: I make few inquiries about the chastity of my footman: I want to know if he is hard-working; I am less concerned by a mule-driver who gambles than by one who is an idiot, or by a cook who swears than by one who is incompetent. It is not my concern to tell the world how to behave (plenty of others do that) but how I behave in it:

> Mihi sic usus est; tibi, ut opus est facto, face.
> [This is what I do: do what serves you.][15]

For the intimate companionship of my table I choose the agreeable not the wise; in my bed, beauty comes before virtue; in social conversation, ability-even without integrity. And so on.

23. Just as that philosopher[16] playing with his children and riding astride a hobby-horse told the man who surprised him at it not to make comments before he had children of his own, judging that the emotions which would then arise in his soul would make him a good judge of such behaviour: so too I could wish that I were speaking to people who had assayed what I am talking about; but realizing how far removed from common practice is such a friendship-and how rare it is-I do not expect to find one good judge of it. For

the very writings which Antiquity have left us on this subject seem weak to me compared to what I feel. In this case the very precepts of philosophy are surpassed by the results:

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.
[Whilst I am in my right mind, there is nothing I will compare with a delightful friend.][17]

24. In Antiquity Menander pronounced a man to be happy if he had merely encountered the shadow of a friend.[18] He was certainly right to say so, especially if he had actually tasted friendship. For in truth if I compare all the rest of my life-although by the grace of God I have lived it sweetly and easily, exempt (save for the death of such a friend) from grievous affliction in full tranquillity of mind, contenting myself with the natural endowments which I was born with and not going about looking for others-if I compare it, I say, to those four years which it was vouchsafed to me to enjoy in the sweet companionship and fellowship of a man like that, it is but smoke and ashes, a night dark and dreary.
25. Since that day when I lost him,

quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum (sic, Dii, voluistis) habebo,
[which I shall ever hold bitter to me, though always honour (since the gods ordained it so),][19]

I merely drag wearily on. The very pleasures which are proffered me do not console me: they redouble my sorrow at his loss. In everything we were halves: I feel I am stealing his share from him:

Nec fas esse ulla me voluptate hic frui
Decrevi, tantisper dum ille abest meus particeps.
[Nor is it right for me to enjoy pleasures, I decided, while he who shared things with me is absent from me.][20]

I was already so used and accustomed to being, in everything, one of two, that I now feel I am no more than a half:

Illam meae si partem animae tulit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec charus aeque, nec superstes
Integer? Ille dies utramque
Duxit ruinam.

[Since an untimely blow has borne away a part of my soul, why do I still linger on less dear, only partly surviving? That day was the downfall of us both.] [21]

26. There is no deed nor thought in which I do not miss him-as he would have missed me; for just as he infinitely surpassed me in ability and virtue so did he do so in the offices of friendship:

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis?...
O misero frater adempte mihi!
Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
Quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.
Tu mea, tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater;
Tecum una tota est nostra sepulta anima,
Cujus ego interitu tota de mente fugavi
Haec studia atque omnes delicias animi.
Alloquar? audiero nunquam tua verba loquentem?
Nunquam ego te, vita frater amabilior,
Aspiciam posthac? At certe semper amabo.

[What shame or limit should there be to grief for one so dear? ...How wretched I am, having lost such a brother! With you died all our joys, which your sweet love fostered when you were alive. You, brother, have destroyed my happiness by your death: all my soul is buried with you. Because of your loss I have chased all thoughts from my mind and all pleasures from my soul...Shall I never speak to you, never hear you talking of what you have done? Shall I never see you again, my brother, dearer than life itself? But certainly I shall love you always.] [22]

27. Let us hear a while this sixteen-year-old boy.

28. Having discovered that this work of his has since been published to an evil end by those who seek to disturb and change the state of our national

polity without worrying whether they will make it better, and that they have set it among works of their own kidney, I have gone back on my decision to place it here. And so that the author's reputation should not be harmed among those who cannot know his opinions or his actions, I tell them that this subject was treated by him in his childhood purely as an exercise; it is a commonplace theme, pawed over in hundreds and hundreds of books. I have no doubt that he believed what he wrote, for he was too conscientious to tell untruths even in a light-hearted work. And I know, moreover, that if he had had the choice he would rather have been born in Venice than in Sarlat. Rightly so. But he had another maxim supremely imprinted upon his soul: to obey, and most scrupulously submit to, the laws under which he was born. There never was a better citizen, one more devoted to his country's peace or more opposed to the disturbances and novelties of his time. He would have used his abilities to snuff them out, not to provide materials to stir them up. The mould of his mind was cast on the model of centuries different from ours.

29. So instead of that serious work I will substitute another one, more gallant and more playful, which he wrote in the same season of his life.

NOTE

(1) Horace, Ars poetica 4. (Poets can create monsters at will; say a fair maid with the tail of a fish, that is, a mermaid.)

(2) Horace, Odes, II, ii, 6-7 (adapted to apply to Montaigne).

(3) Catullus, Epigrams, LXVI, 17-18.

(4) Ariosto, Orlando furioso, X, vii.

(5) Cicero, Tusc. disput., IV, xxxiii, 70. (In Greek philosophical homosexuality the older man was the Lover; the younger, the Beloved, showed admiration, or gratitude for instruction.)

(6) Cicero, Tusc. disput., IV, xxiv, 71.

(7) Cicero, De amicitia, XX, 74.

(8) Cicero, De amicitia, XI, 33-9.

(9) Chilo's chilling judgement was normally attributed to Bias, one of the Seven Sages of Greece.

(10) Erasmus, Apophthegmata, VII, Aristoteles Stagirites, XXVIII.

(11) Erasmus, ibid., VII, Aristoteles Stagirites, XIX.

(12) Erasmus, ibid., III, Diogenes Cynicus, LXXXII.

(13) From Lucian of Samosata, Toxaris, or, On friendship, XXII.

(14) Xenophon, Cyropaedia, VIII, iii, 270.

(15) Terence, Heautontimorumenos, I, i, 28.

(16) Agesilaus (Cf. Erasmus, Apophthegmata, I. Agesilaus, LXVIII).

(17) Horace, Satires, I, v, 44.

(18) Plutarch (tr. Amyot), De l'amitié fraternelle, 82C-D.

(19) Virgil, Aeneid, V, 49-50.

〔20〕 Terence, Heautontimorumenos, I, I, 97-8.
〔21〕 Horace, Odes, II, xvii, 5-9.
〔22〕 Catullus, LXVIII, 20f.; LXV, 9f. (adapted).

2

That it is madness to judge the true and the false from our own capacities

1. It is not perhaps without good reason that we attribute to simple-mindedness a readiness to believe anything and to ignorance the readiness to be convinced, for I think I was once taught that a belief is like an impression stamped on our soul: the softer and less resisting the soul, the easier it is to print anything on it: 'Ut necesse est lancem in libra ponderibus impositis deprimi, sic animum perspicuis cedere.' ['For just as a weight placed on a balance must weigh it down, so the mind must yield to clear evidence.'][1] The more empty a soul is and the less furnished with counterweights, the more easily its balance will be swayed under the force of its first convictions. That is why children, the common people, women and the sick are more readily led by the nose.

2. On the other hand there is a silly arrogance in continuing to disdain something and to condemn it as false just because it seems unlikely to us. That is a common vice among those who think their capacities are above the ordinary.

3. I used to do that once: if I heard tell of ghosts walking or of prophecies, enchantments, sorcery, or some other tale which I could not get my teeth into-

> Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
> Nocturnos lemures portentaque Thessala

[Dreams, magic terrors, miracles, witches, nocturnal visits from the dead or spells from Thessaly][2]

-I used to feel sorry for the wretched folk who were taken in by such

madness. Now I find that I was at least as much to be pitied as they were. It is not that experience has subsequently shown me anything going beyond my original beliefs (nor is it from any lack of curiosity on my part), but reason has taught me that, if you condemn in this way anything whatever as definitely false and quite impossible, you are claiming to know the frontiers and bounds of the will of God and the power of Nature our Mother; it taught me also that there is nothing in the whole world madder than bringing matters down to the measure of our own capacities and potentialities.
4. How many of the things which constantly come into our purview must be deemed monstrous or miraculous if we apply such terms to anything which outstrips our reason! If we consider that we have to grope through a fog even to understand the very things we hold in our hands, then we will certainly find that it is not knowledge but habit which takes away their strangeness;

jam nemo, fessus satiate vivendi,
Suspicere in coeli dignatur lucida templa;
[Already now, tired and satiated with life, nobody bothers to gaze up at the shining temples of the heavens:]

such things, if they were newly presented to us, would seem as unbelievable as any others;

si nunc primum mortalibus adsint
Ex improviso, ceu sint objecta repente,
Nil magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici,
Aut minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes.
[supposing that now, for the first time, they were suddenly shown to mortal men: nothing could be called more miraculous; such things the nations would not have dared to believe.] (3)

He who had never actually seen a river, the first time he did so took it for the ocean, since we think that the biggest things that we know represent the limits of what Nature can produce in that species.

Scilicet et fluvius, qui non est maximus, eii est
Qui non ante aliquem majorem vidit, et ingens
Arbor homoque videtur; et omnia de genere omni

Maxima quae vidit quisque, haec ingentia fingit.
[Just as a river may not be all that big, but seems huge to a man who has never seen a bigger one, so, too, for the biggest tree or biggest man; and the biggest thing of any kind which we know is considered huge by us.]

'Consuetudine oculorum assuescunt animi, neque admirantur, neque requirunt rationes earum rerum quas semper vident.' [When we grow used to seeing anything it accustoms our minds to it and we cease to be astonished by it; we never seek the causes of things like that.][4] What makes us seek the cause of anything is not size but novelty.

5. We ought to judge the infinite power of Nature with more reverence and a greater recognition of our own ignorance and weakness. How many improbable things there are which have been testified to by people worthy of our trust: if we cannot be convinced we should at least remain in suspense. To condemn them as impossible is to be rashly presumptuous, boasting that we know the limits of the possible. If we understood the difference between what is impossible and what is unusual, or between what is against the order of the course of Nature and what is against the common opinion of mankind, then the way to observe that rule laid down by Chilo, Nothing to excess, would be, Not to believe too rashly: not to disbelieve too easily.

6. When we read in Froissart that the Comte de Foix knew the following morning in Béarn of the defeat of King John of Castille at Juberoth, and when we read of the means he is alleged to have used, we can laugh at that; we can laugh too when our annals tell how Pope Honorius, on the very same day that King PhilipAugustus died at Mante, celebrated a public requiem for him and ordered the same to be done throughout Italy, for the authority of such witnesses is not high enough to rein us back.

7. But wait. When Plutarch (leaving aside the many examples which he alleges from Antiquity) says that he himself knows quite definitely that, at the time of Domitian, news of the battle lost by Antony several days' journey away in Germany was publicly announced in Rome and spread through all the world on the very day that it was lost; and when Caesar maintains that it was often the case that news of an event actually anticipated the event itself: are we supposed to say that they were simple people who merely followed the mob and who let themselves be deceived because they saw things less clearly than we do![5]

8. Can there be anything more delicate, clear-cut and lively than the

judgement of Pliny when he pleases to exercise it? Is there anything further from triviality? (I am not discussing his outstanding erudition; I put less store by that: but in which of those two qualities are we supposed to surpass him?) And yet every little schoolboy convicts him of lying and lectures him about the march of Nature's handiwork.
9. When we read in Bouchet about miracles associated with the relics of Saint Hilary we can shrug it off: his right to be believed is not great enough to take away our freedom to challenge him. But to go on from there and condemn all similar accounts seems to me to be impudent in the extreme. Such a great saint as Augustine swears that he saw:[6] a blind child restored to sight by the relics of Saint Gervaise and Saint Protasius at Milan; a woman in Carthage cured of a cancer by the sign of the cross made by a woman who had just been baptised; his close friend Hesperius driving off devils (who were infesting his house) by using a little soil taken from the sepulchre of our Lord, and that same soil, borne into the Church, suddenly curing a paralytic; a woman who, having touched the reliquary of Saint Stephen with a posy of flowers during a procession, rubbed her eyes with them afterwards and recovered her sight which she had recently lost-as well as several other miracles which occurred in his presence. What are we to accuse him of-him and the two holy bishops, Aurelius and Maximinus, whom he calls on as witnesses? Is it of ignorance, simple-mindedness, credulity, deliberate deception or imposture? Is there any man in our century so impudent as to think he can be compared with them for virtue, piety, scholarship, judgement and ability? 'Qui, ut rationem nullam afferent, ipsa authoritate me frangerent.' [Why, even if they gave no reasons, they would convince me by their very authority.][7]
10. Apart from the absurd rashness which it entails, there is a dangerous boldness of great consequence in despising whatever we cannot understand. For as soon as you have established the frontiers of truth and error with that fine brain of yours and then discover that you must of necessity believe some things even stranger than the ones which you reject, you are already forced to abandon these frontiers.
11. Now it seems to me that what brings as much disorder as anything into our consciences during our current religious strife is the way Catholics are prepared to treat some of their beliefs as expendable. They believe they are being moderate and well-informed when they surrender to their enemies some of the articles of faith which are in dispute. But, apart from the fact that

they cannot see what an advantage you give to an adversary when you begin to yield ground and beat a retreat, or how much that excites him to follow up his attack, the very articles which they select as being less weighty are sometimes extremely important ones.

12. We must either totally submit to the authority of our ecclesiastical polity or else totally release ourselves from it. It is not for us to decide what degree of obedience we owe to it.

13. Moreover I can say that for having assayed it; in the past I made use of that freedom of personal choice and private selection in order to neglect certain details in the observances of our Church because they seemed to be rather odd or rather empty; then, when I came to tell some learned men about it, I discovered that those very practices were based on massive and absolutely solid foundations, and that it is only our ignorance and animal-stupidity which make us treat them with less reverence than all the rest.

14. Why cannot we remember all the contradictions which we feel within our own judgement, and how many things which were articles of belief for us yesterday are fables for us today?

15. Vainglory and curiosity are the twin scourges of our souls. The former makes us stick our noses into everything: the latter forbids us to leave anything unresolved or undecided.

NOTE

(1) Cicero, Academica, II, ii, 127.
(2) Horace, Epistles, II, ii, 208-9.
(3) Lucretius, II, 1037-8; 1032-5.
(4) Lucretius, VI, 674-7; Cicero, De natura deorum, II, XXXVIII, 96.
(5) Plutarch, Life of Paulus Aemilius. The reference to Caesar is puzzling.
(6) St Augustine, City of God, XII, viii.
(7) Cicero, Tusc. disput., I, xxi, 49, adapted.

3
On the art of conversation

1. It is a custom of our justice to punish some as a warning to others. For to punish them for having done wrong would, as Plato says, be stupid: what is done cannot be undone. The intention is to stop them from repeating the same mistake or to make others avoid their error.[1] We do not improve the man we hang: we improve others by him. I do the same. My defects are becoming natural and incorrigible, but as fine gentlemen serve the public as models to follow I may serve a turn as a model to avoid:

> Nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius, utque
> Barrus inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
> Perdere quis velit

[You can see, can't you, how wretchedly Albus' son is living and how poor Barrus is? An excellent lesson in not squandering your inheritance.][2]

2. The act of publishing and indicting my imperfections may teach someone how to fear them. (The talents which I most esteem in myself derive more honour from indicting me than praising me.) That is why I so often return to it and linger over it. Yet, when all has been said, you never talk about yourself without loss: condemn yourself and you are always believed: praise yourself and you never are.
3. There may be others of my complexion who learn better by counter-example than by example, by eschewing not pursuing. That was the sort of instruction which the Elder Cato was thinking of when he said that the wise have more to learn from the fools than the fools from the wise;[3] as also that lyre-player in antiquity who, Pausanias says, used to require his students to go and listen to some performer who lived across the street so that they would learn to loathe discords and faulty rhythms.[4] My horror of cruelty thrusts me deeper into clemency than any example of clemency ever could draw me. A good equerry does not make me sit up straight in the saddle as

much as the sight of a lawyer or a Venetian out riding, and a bad use of language corrects my own better than a good one. Every day I am warned and counselled by the stupid deportment of someone. What hits you affects you and wakes you up more than what pleases you. We can only improve ourselves in times such as these by walking backwards, by discord not by harmony, by being different not by being like. Having myself learned little from good examples I use the bad ones, the text of which is routine. I strove to be as agreeable as others were seen to be boring; as firm as others were flabby; as gentle as others were sharp. But I was setting myself unattainable standards.

4. To my taste the most fruitful and most natural exercise of our minds is conversation. I find the practice of it the most delightful activity in our lives. That is why, if I were now obliged to make the choice, I think I would rather lose my sight than my powers of speech or hearing. In their academies the Athenians, and even more the Romans, maintained this exercise in great honour. In our own times the Italians retain some vestiges of it-greatly to their benefit, as can be seen from a comparison of their intelligence and ours. Studying books has a languid feeble motion, whereas conversation provides teaching and exercise all at once. If I am sparring with a strong and solid opponent he will attack me on the flanks, stick his lance in me right and left; his ideas send mine soaring. Rivalry, competitiveness and glory will drive me and raise me above my own level. In conversation the most painful quality is perfect harmony.

5. Just as our mind is strengthened by contact with vigorous and well-ordered minds, so too it is impossible to overstate how much it loses and deteriorates by the continuous commerce and contact we have with mean and ailing ones. No infection is as contagious as that is. I know by experience what that costs by the ell. I love arguing and discussing, but with only a few men and for my own sake: for to serve as a spectacle to the great and indulge in a parade of your wits and your verbiage is, I consider, an unbecoming trade for an honourable gentleman.

6. Stupidity is a bad quality: but to be unable to put up with it, to be vexed and ground down by it (as happens to me) is another, hardly worse in its unmannerliness than stupidity. And that is what at present I wish to condemn in myself.

7. I embark upon discussion and argument with great ease and liberty. Since opinions do not find in me a ready soil to thrust and spread their roots into, no

premise shocks me, no belief hurts me, no matter how opposite to my own they may be. There is no idea so frivolous or odd which does not appear to me to be fittingly produced by the mind of man. Those of us who deprive our judgement of the right to pass sentence look gently on strange opinions; we may not lend them our approbation but we do readily lend them our ears. When one scale in the balance is quite empty I will let the other be swayed by an old woman's dreams: so it seems pardonable if I choose the odd number rather than the even, or Thursday rather than Friday; if I prefer to be twelfth or fourteenth at table rather than thirteenth; if I prefer on my travels to see a hare skirting my path rather than crossing it, and offer my left foot to be booted before the right. All such lunacies (which are believed among us) at least deserve to be heard. For me they only outweigh an empty scale, but outweigh it they do. Similarly the weight of popular and unfounded opinions has a natural existence which is more than nothing. A man who will not go that far perhaps avoids the vice of superstition by falling into the vice of stubbornness.

8. So contradictory judgements neither offend me nor irritate me: they merely wake me up and provide me with exercise. We avoid being corrected: we ought to come forward and accept it, especially when it comes from conversation not a lecture. Whenever we meet opposition, we do not look to see if it is just but how we can get out of it, rightly or wrongly. Instead of welcoming arms we stretch out our claws. I can put up with being roughly handled by my friends: 'You are an idiot! You are raving!' Among gentlemen I like people to express themselves heartily, their words following wherever their thoughts lead. We ought to toughen and fortify our ears against being seduced by the sound of polite words. I like a strong, intimate, manly fellowship, the kind of friendship which rejoices in sharp vigorous exchanges just as love rejoices in bites and scratches which draw blood. It is not strong enough nor magnanimous enough if it is not argumentative, if all is politeness and art; if it is afraid of clashes and walks hobbled. 'Neque enim disputari sine reprehensione potest.' [It is impossible to debate without refuting.][5]

9. When I am contradicted it arouses my attention not my wrath. I move towards the man who contradicts me: he is instructing me. The cause of truth ought to be common to us both. - What will his answer be? The passion of anger has already wounded his judgement. Turbulence has seized it before reason can. - It would be a useful idea if we had to wager on the deciding of our quarrels, useful if there were a material sign of our defeats so that we

could keep tally on them and my manservant say: 'Last year your ignorance and stubborn-ness cost you one hundred crowns on twenty occasions.'

10. I welcome truth, I fondle it, in whosesoever hand I find it; I surrender to it cheerfully, welcoming it with my vanquished arms as soon as I see it approaching from afar. And provided that they do not set about it with too imperious and schoolmasterish a frown I will put my shoulder to the wheel to help along the criticisms that people make of my writings: I have often made changes more for reasons of politeness than to effect reasonable corrections, preferring to please and encourage people's freedom to criticize me by my readiness to give way - yes, even when it cost me something. Yet it is difficult to attract men to do that in our days. They have no stomach for correcting because they have no stomach for suffering correction, always dissembling when talking in each other's presence.

11. I take such great pleasure in being judged and known that it is virtually indifferent to me which of the two forms it takes. My thought so often contradicts and condemns itself that it is all one to me if someone else does so, seeing that I give to his refutation only such authority as I please. But I fall out with anyone who is too high-handed, like one man I know who laments the fact that he gave you advice if you do not accept it and takes it as an insult if you shy at following it.

12. Socrates always laughingly welcomed contradictions made to his arguments. It could be said that since his arguments were the stronger the advantage would always fall to him and that he welcomed them as matter for fresh triumphs: but we, on the contrary, find that there is nothing which makes us more susceptible than convictions about our own surpassing excellence, our contempt for our adversary, and about its being reasonable for the weaker to be willing to accept refutations which set him back on his feet and redress him.

13. I do truly seek to frequent those who manhandle me rather than those who are afraid of me. It is a bland and harmful pleasure to have to deal with people who admire us and defer to us. Antisthenes commanded his sons never to give thanks or show gratitude to anyone who praised them.[6] I feel far prouder of the victory I win over myself when I make myself give way beneath my adversary's powers of reason in the heat of battle than I ever feel gratified by the victory I win over him through his weakness. In short I admit and acknowledge any attacks, no matter how feeble, if they are made directly, but I am all too impatient of attacks which are not made in due form. I care

little about what we are discussing; all opinions are the same to me and it is all but indifferent to me which proposition emerges victorious. I can go on peacefully arguing all day if the debate is conducted with due order. It is not so much forceful and subtle argument that I want as order - the kind of order which can be found every day in disputes among shepherds and shop-assistants yet never among us. If they go astray it is in lack of courtesy. So do we. But their stormy intolerance does not make them stray far from their theme: their arguments keep on course. They interrupt each other. They jostle, but at least get the gist. To answer the point is, in my judgement, to answer very well. But when the discussion becomes turbulent and lacks order, I quit the subject-matter and cling irritably and injudiciously to the form, dashing into a style of debate which is stubborn, ill-willed and imperious, one which I have to blush for later.

14. It is impossible to argue in good faith with a fool. Not only my judgement is corrupted at the hands of so violent a master, so is my sense of right and wrong. Our quarrels ought to be outlawed and punished as are other verbal crimes. Since they are always ruled and governed by anger, what vices do they not awaken and pile up on each other? First we feel enmity for the arguments and then for the men. In debating we are taught merely how to refute arguments; the result of each side's refuting the other is that the fruit of our debates is the destruction and annihilation of the truth. That is why Plato in his Republic prohibits that exercise to ill-endowed minds not suited to it.[7]

15. You are in quest of what is. Why on earth do you set out to walk that road with a man who has neither pace nor style? We do no wrong to the subject-matter if we depart from it in order to examine the way to treat it-I do not mean a scholastic donnish way, I mean a natural way, based on a healthy intellect. But what happens in the end? One goes east and the other west; they lose the fundamental point in the confusion of a mass of incidentals. After a tempestuous hour they no longer know what they are looking for. One man is beside the bull's eye, the other too high, the other too low. One fastens on a word or a comparison; another no longer sees his opponent's arguments, being too caught up in his own train of thought: he is thinking of pursuing his own argument not yours. Another, realizing he is too weak in the loins, is afraid of everything, denies everything and, from the outset, muddles and confuses the argument, or else, at the climax of the debate he falls into a rebellious total silence, affecting, out of morose ignorance, a haughty disdain or an absurdly modest desire to avoid contention. Yet another does not care

how much he drops his own guard provided that he can hit you. Another counts every word and believes they are as weighty as reasons. This man merely exploits the superior power of his voice and lungs. And then there is the man who sums up against himself; and the other who deafens you with useless introductions and digressions. Another is armed with pure insults and picks a groundless 'German quarrel' so as to free himself from the company and conversation of a mind which presses hard on his own.

16. Lastly, there is the man who cannot see reason but holds you under siege within a hedge of dialectical conclusions and logical formulae. Who can avoid beginning to distrust our professional skills and doubt whether we can extract from them any solid profit of practical use in life when he reflects on the use we put them to? 'Nihil sanantibus litteris.' [Such erudition as has no power to heal.][8] Has anyone ever acquired intelligence through logic? Where are her beautiful promises? 'Nec ad melius vivendum nec ad commodius disserendum.' [She teaches neither how to live a better life nor how to argue properly.] Is there more of a hotchpotch in the cackle of fishwives than in the public disputations of men who profess logic? I would prefer a son of mine to learn to talk in the tavern rather than in our university yap-shops.

17. Take an arts don; converse with him. Why is he incapable of making us feel the excellence of his 'arts' and of throwing the women, and us ignoramuses, into ecstasies of admiration at the solidity of his arguments and the beauty of his ordered rhetoric? Why cannot he overmaster us and sway us at his will? Why does a man with his superior mastery of matter and style intermingle his sharp thrusts with insults, indiscriminate arguments and rage? Let him remove his academic hood, his gown and his Latin; let him stop battering our ears with raw chunks of pure Aristotle; why, you would take him for one of us-or worse. The involved linguistic convolutions with which they confound us remind me of conjuring tricks: their sleight-of-hand has compelling force over our senses but it in no wise shakes our convictions. Apart from such jugglery they achieve nothing but what is base and ordinary. They may be more learned but they are no less absurd.

18. I like and honour erudition as much as those who have it. When used properly it is the most noble and powerful acquisition of Man. But in the kind of men (and their number is infinite) who make it the base and foundation of their worth and achievement, who quit their understanding for their memory, 'sub aliena umbra latentes' [hiding behind other men's shadows],[9] and can

do nothing except by book, I loathe (dare I say it?) a little more than I loathe stupidity.

19. In my part of the country and during my own lifetime school-learning has brought amendment of purse but rarely amendment of soul. If the souls it meets are already obtuse, as a raw and undigested mass it clogs and suffocates them; if they are unfettered, it tends to purge them, strip them of impurities and volatilize them into vacuity. Erudition is a thing the quality of which is neither good nor bad, almost: it is a most useful adjunct to a well-endowed soul: to any other it is baleful and harmful; or rather, it is a thing which, in use, has great value, but it will not allow itself to be acquired at a base price: in one hand it is a royal sceptre, in another, a fool's bauble.

20. But to get on: what greater victory do you want than to teach your enemy that he cannot stand up to you? Get the better of him by your argument and the winner is the truth; do so by your order and style, then you are the winner!

21. I am persuaded that, in both Plato and Xenophon, Socrates debates more for the debater's than for debating's sake; more to teach Euthydemus and Protagoras their own absurdity than the absurdity of their sophists' art. He seizes hold of the first subject which comes to hand, as a man who has a more useful aim than to throw light on his subject as such: namely, to enlighten the minds which he accepts to train and to exercise. The game which we hunt is the fun of the chase: we are inexcusable if we pursue it badly or foolishly: it is quite another thing if we fail to make a kill. For we are born to go in quest of truth: to take possession of it is the property of a greater Power. Truth is not (as Democritus said) hidden in the bottom of an abyss: it is, rather, raised infinitely high within the knowledge of God.

22. This world is but a school of inquiry. The question is not who will spear the ring but who will make the best charges at it. The man who says what is true can act as foolishly as the one who says what is untrue: we are talking about the way you say it not what you say. My humour is to consider the form as much as the substance, and the barrister as much as his case, as Alcibiades told us to. Every day I spend time reading my authors, not caring about their learning, looking not for their subject-matter but how they handle it; just as I go in pursuit of discussions with a celebrated mind not to be taught by it but to get to know it.

23. Any man may speak truly: few men can speak ordinately, wisely, adequately. And so errors which proceed from ignorance do not offend me:

absurdity does. I have often broken off discussing a bargain, even one advantageous to me, because of the silly claims of those I was bargaining with. For their mistakes I do not lose my temper above once a year with any of those who are subject to my authority, but when the point is the stupidity of their assertions or the obstinacy of their asinine excuses and their daft defences, then we are daily at each other's throats. They understand neither why nor what they are told: they answer accordingly. It is enough to make you despair. It is only when my head bangs against another head that I feel a big bump: I can come to terms with the failings of my servants better than with their thoughtlessness, insolence and downright silliness. Let them do less, provided that they can do something! You live in hope of making their wills warm to their work: but there is nothing to get from a blockhead, nothing to hope for.

24. Yes, but what if I myself am taking things for other than they are? That may well be: that explains first of all why I condemn my inability to put up with it, holding it to be equally a defect in those who are right and those who are wrong, since there is always an element of tyrannical bad temper in being unable to tolerate characters different from your own. Secondly, there is in truth no greater silliness, none more enduring, than to be provoked and enraged by the silliness of this world-and there is none more bizarre. For it makes you principally irritated with yourself: that philosopher of old would never have lacked occasion for his tears if he had concentrated on himself.[10] One of the Seven Sages, Myson, was of the same humour as Timon and Democritus: when asked what he was laughing at all by himself, he replied, 'At the fact that I am laughing all by myself.'

25. How many statements and replies do I make every day which are silly by my norms-so even more frequently, to be sure, by the standards of others! If I bite my lips for them, what must the others be doing! To his family alliances, more than half of which were false, that kind of man being most inclined to launch out on such stupid subjects when his escutcheon is more dubious and least certain: yet he too, if he had stood back and looked at himself, would have discovered that he was hardly less extravagant in broadcasting and less boring in stressing the claims to precedence of his wife's family. What a dangerous arrogance with which a wife is seen to be armed at the hands of her very husband! If they understood Latin we ought to say to such people:

> Age! si haec non insanit satis sua sponte, instiga!

[That's the way! If she is not mad enough herself, egg her on!][11]

27. I do not mean that nobody should make indictments unless he is spotless; if that were so no one would make them. What I mean is that when our judgement brings a charge against another man over a matter then in question, it must not exempt us from an internal judicial inquiry. It is a work of charity for a man who is unable to weed out a defect in himself to try, nevertheless, to weed it out in another in whom the seedling may be less malignant and stubborn. And it never seems to me to be an appropriate answer to anyone who warns me of a fault in me to say that he has it too. What difference does that make? The warning remains true and useful. If we had sound nostrils our shit ought to stink all the more for its being our own. Socrates was convinced that if there was a man who, together with his son and a stranger, was found guilty of violence or injury, that man should begin with himself, first presenting himself to be sentenced by the judge and to beg for expiation at the hands of the executioner; next, he should present his son; then the stranger.[12] If that precept pitches it rather too high, at least he should be the first to be presented before his own conscience for punishment.
28. Our first judges are properly our senses, which perceive things only by their external accidents. No wonder then that in all the elements which contribute to our society there is such a constant and universal addition of surface appearances and ritual; with the result that the best and most effective part of our polities consists in that. We are always dealing with Man, whose nature is wondrously corporeal. Those who in recent years have wished to build up for us so contemplative and nonmaterial an exercise of worship should not be astonished if there are those who think that it would have slipped and melted through their fingers if it did not keep a hold among us as a mark, sign and means of division and of faction rather than for itself.
29. It is the same in discussion: the gravity, academic robes and rank of the man who is speaking often lend credence to arguments which are vain and silly. Who could believe that so redoubtable a lord with so great a retinue does not have within him some more-than-ordinary talent, or that a man who is entrusted with so many missions and offices of state, a man so disdainful and so arrogant, is not cleverer than another man who bows to him from afar and whom nobody ever employs! Not only the words of such people but their very grimaces are watched and put to their account, each man striving to give them some fine solid significance. If they condescend to join in ordinary

discussions and you show them anything but approval and reverence, they clobber you with the authority of their experience: they have heard this; they have seen that; they have done this: you are overwhelmed with cases. I would like to tell such men that the fruit of a surgeon's experience lies not in a recital of his operations nor in his reminding us that he has cured four patients of the plague and three of the gout, unless he knows how to extract from them material for forming his judgement and unless he knows how to convince us that he has been made wiser by the practice of his medical art. So, in a consort of instruments, we do not hear the lute, the spinet and the flute but a global harmony, the fruit resulting from the combination of the entire group.

30. If they have been improved by their missions and their travels that should appear in the products of their understanding. It is not enough to relate our experiences: we must weigh them and group them; we must also have digested them and distilled them so as to draw out the reasons and conclusions they comport. There never were so many writing history! It is always good and profitable to listen to them, for they furnish us with ample instruction, fine and praiseworthy, from the storehouse of their memory: that is certainly of great value in helping us to live. But we are not looking for that at the moment: we are trying to find out whether the chroniclers and compilers are themselves worthy of praise.

31. I loathe all tyranny, both in speech and action. I like to brace myself against those trivial incidentals which cheat our judgement via our senses; and by keeping a watchful eye on men of extraordinary rank I have discovered that they are, for the most part, just like the rest of us:

> Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
> Fortuna.
> [Common sense is rare enough in that high station.][13]

32. Perhaps we esteem them and perceive them for less than they are, because they undertake to do more and so reveal themselves more. The porter must be stronger and tougher than his load. The man who has not had to use all his strength leaves you to guess whether he has any more in reserve, whether he has been assayed to the ultimate point: the man who succumbs under the weight betrays his limitations and the weakness of his shoulders. That is why, more than other people, so many of the learned can be seen to have

inadequate souls. They could have been good farmers, good merchants, good craftsmen: their natural forces were tailored to such proportions. Knowledge is a very weighty thing: they sink beneath it. Their mental apparatus has not enough energy nor skill to display that noble material and to apportion its strength, to exploit it and to make it help them. Knowledge can lodge only in a powerful nature: and that is very rare. Feeble minds, said Socrates, corrupt the dignity of philosophy when they handle it; she appears to be useless and defective when sheathed in a bad covering.[14]

33. That is how they grow rotten and besotted, Humani qualis simulator simius oris,

> Quem puer arridens pretioso stamine serum
> Velavit, nudasque nates ac terga reliquit,
> Ludibrium mensis.

[Like an ape, that imitator of the human face, which a boy dresses up, for a laugh, in precious silken robes, leaving the cheeks of its backside bare to amuse the guests at table.]

34. It is the same for those who rule over us and give orders, who hold the world in their hands: it is not enough for them to have an ordinary intelligence, to be able to achieve what we can. They are far beneath us if they are not way above us. Since they promise more, they owe more too; that is why keeping silent is not, in their case, merely a courteous and grave demeanour; it is also more often a profitable and gainful one. For when Megabysus went to see Appelles in his studio, he long remained silent. But when he began to discourse on the works of art, he received this rude reprimand: 'While you kept silent you appeared to be a great Somebody because of your chains-of-office and your retinue, but now we have heard you talk the very apprentices in my workshop despise you.'[15] Those magnificent decorations, that grand estate would not tolerate ordinary plebeian ignorance in him, nor inappropriate comments on paintings: he should have maintained that outward presumed connoisseurship. For how many men in my time has a cold, taciturn mien served their silly souls as signs of wisdom and ability!

35. Of necessity dignities and offices are bestowed more by fortune than by merit: you often do wrong to blame kings for that. On the contrary, it is a wonder that they have such good luck, enjoying as they do so few ways of

finding out.

Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos,
[For a prince, the chief merit is to know his subjects,][16]

for Nature has not given them eyes which can extend over so many peoples, distinguishing pre-eminence and seeing into our bosoms, where is lodged the knowledge of our will and of our better qualities. They have to select us by fumbling guesses: by our family, our wealth, our learning and the voice of the people-the feeblest of arguments. Anyone who could discover the means by which men could be justly judged and reasonably chosen would, at a stroke, establish a perfect form of commonwealth.
36. 'Yes. But he brought this great matter to a successful conclusion.'-That means something, but not enough; for we rightly accept the maxim which says that plans must not be judged by results. The Carthaginians punished bad counsels in their captains even when they were put right by a happy outcome. And the Roman people often refused to mark great and beneficial victories because the qualities of leadership of the commander were inferior to his good luck. In this world's activities we often notice that Fortune rivals Virtue: she shows us what power she has over everything and delights in striking down our presumption by making the incompetent lucky since she cannot make them wise. She loves to interfere, favouring those performances whose course has been entirely her own. That is why we can see, every day, the simplest among us bringing the greatest public and private tasks to successful conclusions.
37. Siramnes the Persian replied to those who were amazed that his enterprises turned out so badly, seeing that his projects were so wise, by saying that he alone was master of his projects while Fortune was mistress of the outcome of his enterprises: they too could make the same reply to explain the opposite tendency.[17]
38. Most of this world's events happen by themselves:

Fata viam inveniunt.
[The Fates find a way.][18]

39. The outcome often lends authority to the most inept leadership. Our intervention is virtually no more than a habit, the result of tradition and

example rather than of reason. I was once astounded by the greatness of a venture; I then learnt from those who had brought it to a successful conclusion what their motives were and what methods they used: I found nothing but ordinary notions.

40. Indeed the most ordinary usual ones are also perhaps the most reliable and the most suitable in practice if not for show. What if the most lowly reasons are the most solidly based? What if the most humble, most lax and best-trodden ones are the most suited to our concerns? If we are to safeguard the authority of the Privy Council we do not need laymen participating in it nor seeing further than the first obstacle. If we want to maintain its reputation it must be taken on trust, as a whole.

41. My thought sketches out the matter for a while and dwells lightly on the first aspects of it: then I usually leave the principal thrust of the task to heaven.

> Permitte divis caetera.
> [Entrust the rest to the gods.]

To my mind Good Luck and Bad Luck are two sovereign powers. There is no wisdom in thinking that the role of Fortune can be played by human wisdom. What he undertakes is vain if a man should presume to embrace both causes and consequences and to lead the progress of his action by the hand; and it is especially vain in counsels of war. Never were there more military circumspection and prudence than I sometimes see practised among us: perhaps we fear that we shall get lost en route, and therefore keep ourselves in reserve for the climax in the final act!

42. I will go on to say that our very wisdom and mature reflections are for the most part led by chance. My will and my reasoning are stirred this way and that. And many of their movements govern themselves without me. My reason is daily subject to incitements and agitations which are due to chance:

> Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus
> Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat,
> Concipiunt.

[Their minds' ideas are ever turning round; the emotions in their breasts are driven hither and thither like clouds before the wind.][19]

43. Look and see who wield most power in our cities; who do their jobs best. You will find that they are usually the least clever. There have been cases when women, children and lunatics have ruled their states equally as well as the most talented princes. Coarse men more usually succeed in such things, says Thucydides, better than the subtle ones do.[20] We ascribe the deeds of their good fortune to their wisdom.

> Ut quisque fortuna utitur
> Ita praecellet, atque exinde sapere illum omnes dicimus.

[Each outstanding man is raised by his good fortune; we then say that he is clever.]

44. That is why I insist that, in all our activities, their outcomes provide meagre testimony of our worth and ability.

45. Now I was just about to say that it merely suffices for us to see a man raised to great dignity; even though we knew him three days before to be a negligible man, there seeps into our opinions, unawares, a notion of greatness, of talents, and we convince ourselves that by growing in style and reputation he has grown in merit. Our judgements of him are not based on his worth but (as is the case with the counters of an abacus) on the tokens of rank. Let his luck turn again, let him have a fall and be lost in the crowd again, then we all ask in wonder what had made him soar so high! 'Is this the same man?' we ask. 'Did he not know more about it when he was up there? Are princes satisfied with so little? We were in good hands, indeed we were!'

46. That is something I have seen many times in my own days.

47. Why, even the mask of greatness which is staged in our plays affects us somewhat and deceives us. What I worship in kings is the crowd of their worshippers. Everything should bow and submit to our kings-except our intelligence. My reason was not made for bending and bowing, my knees were.

48. When Melanthius was asked how Dionysius' tragedy appeared to him, 'I never saw it,' he replied. 'It was obscured by the words!' So, too, most of those who judge what the great have to say ought to answer: 'I never heard his words: they were too much obscured by his dignity, grandeur and majesty.'[21]

49. One day, when Antisthenes urged the Athenians to command that donkeys be used, as their horses were, to plough their fields, he was told that

donkeys were not born for such a service. 'That does not matter,' he retorted. 'It all depends on your issuing the order: for the most ignorant and incompetent men whom you put in command of your wars never fail to become suddenly most worthy of command, because it is you who employ them!'[22]

50. Related to this is the practice of so many people to sanctify the kings whom they have chosen from among themselves. They are not contented with honouring them: they need to worship them. The people of Mexico dare not look at the face of their king once they have completed the rites of his enthronement, but as though they had deified him by his royal state they make him swear not merely to maintain their religion, laws and liberties and to be valiant, just and debonair, he must also swear to cause the sun to run shining with its accustomed light, the clouds to break in due season, the rivers to flow in their courses and the earth to bring forth all things needful for his people.[23]

51. I am opposed to that widespread fashion and I most doubt a man's ability when I see it accompanied by great rank and public acclaim. We should remember what it means to a man to be able to speak when he wants to, to choose the right moment, to break off the discussion or switch the subject with the authority of a master, to defend himself against objections with a shake of the head, a little smile or with silence, in front of courtiers who tremble with reverence and respect.

52. A monstrously rich man, when some trivial matter was being aired casually over dinner, joined in the discussion and began with these very words: 'Anyone who says otherwise is either ignorant or a liar,' and so on. You had better follow up that philosophical thrust with a dagger in your hand!

53. Here is another warning, which I find most useful: in debates and discussions we should not immediately be impressed by what we take to be a man's own bons mots. Most men are rich with other men's abilities. It may well be that such-and-such a man makes a fine remark, a good reply or a pithy saying, advancing it without realizing its power. (That we do not grasp everything we borrow can doubtless be proved from my own case.) We should not always give way, no matter what beauty or truth it may have. We should either seriously attack it or else, under pretence of not understanding it, retreat a little so as to probe it thoroughly and to discover how it is lodged in its author. We may be helping his sword-thrust to carry beyond his reach,

running on to it ourselves. There have been times when, pressed by necessity in the duel of words, I have made counter-attacks which struck home more than I ever hoped or expected. I was counting their number: they were accepted for their weight.

54. When I am disputing with a man of strong arguments I enjoy anticipating his conclusions; I save him the bother of explaining himself; I make an assay at forestalling his ideas while they are still unfinished and being formed (the order and stretch of his intelligence warn me and threaten me from afar). Similarly, with those others I mentioned I do quite the opposite: we should suppose nothing, understand nothing but what they explain. If their judgements are apposite but expressed in universals-'This is good: that is bad'-find out whether it is luck which makes them apposite. Make them circumscribe and restrict their verdict a little: 'Why is it good? How is it good?' Those universal judgements (which I find so common) say nothing. They are like those who greet people as a mass or a crowd: those who have genuine knowledge of them greet them by name and distinguish them as individuals. But it is a chancy business. Which explains why, on average more than once a day, I have seen men with ill-founded minds trying to act clever by showing me some beautiful detail in the book they are reading, but choosing so badly the point on which they fix their admiration that instead of revealing the excellence of their author they reveal their own ignorance.

55. When you have just listened to a whole page of Virgil you can safely exclaim, 'Now that is beautiful!' The cunning ones escape that way. But to undertake to go back over the detail of a good author, to try to indicate with precise and selected examples where he surpasses himself and where he flies high by weighing his words and his locutions and his choice of materials one after another: not many try that. 'Videndum est non modo quid quisque loquatur, sed etiam quid quisque sentiat, atque etiam qua de causa quisque sentiat.' [We should not only examine what each one says, but what are his opinions and what grounds he has for holding them.][24] Day after day I hear stupid people uttering words which are not stupid. They say something good; let us discover how deeply they understand it and where they got hold of it. They do not own that fine saying or that fine reasoning, but we help them to use it. They are only looking after it. Perhaps they only produced it fortuitously, hesitantly: it is we who give it credit and value. You are lending them a hand. But why? They feel no gratitude towards you for it and become all the more silly. Do not support them; let them go their own way: they will

handle that material like a man who fears getting scalded: they dare not show it in a different light or context nor to deepen it. Give it the tiniest shaking and it slips away from them: then, strong and beautiful though it be, they surrender it to you. They have beautiful weapons, but the handles are loose! How often have I learnt that from experience!
56. Now, if you come and clarify and reinforce it for them, they immediately take advantage of your interpretation and rob you of it: 'That is what I was about to say,' or, 'That is how I understand it, exactly,' or, 'If I did not put it that way it was because I could not find the right words.'-Bluster on! We should use even cunning to punish such arrogant stupidity.
57. Hegesias' principle that we should neither hate nor blame but instruct is right elsewhere but not here.[25] There is neither justice nor kindness in helping a man to get up who does not know how to use your help and who is all the worse for it. I like to let them sink deeper in the mire and to get even more entangled - so deeply that, if possible, even they finally realize it!
58. You cannot cure silliness and unreasonableness by one act of warning. Of that sort of cure we can properly say what Cyrus replied to the man who urged him to give an exhortation to his troops at the moment of battle: that men are not made courageous warriors on the battlefield by a good harangue any more than you can become a good musician by hearing a good song.[26] Apprenticeships must be served, before you set hand to anything, by long and sustained study.
59. It is to our own folk that we owe this obligation to be assiduous in correcting and instructing; but to go preaching at the first passer-by or to read lectures on ignorance and silliness to the first man we come across is a practice which I loathe. I rarely do it during discussions in which I am involved; I prefer to let it all go by rather than to resort to such remote and donnish lecturing. My humour is unsuited, both in speaking and writing, to those who are learning first principles. But however false or absurd I judge things to be which are said in company or before a third party, I never leap in to interrupt them by word or gesture.
60. Meanwhile nothing in stupidity irritates me more than its being much more pleased with itself than any reasonableness could reasonably be. It is a disaster that wisdom forbids you to be satisfied with yourself and always sends you away dissatisfied and fearful, whereas stubbornness and foolhardiness fill their hosts with joy and assurance. It is the least clever of men who look down at others over their shoulders, always returning from the

fray full of glory and joyfulness. And as often as not their haughty language and their happy faces win them victory in the eyes of the bystanders who are generally feeble in judging and incapable of discerning real superiority. The surest proof of animal-stupidity is ardent obstinacy of opinion. Is there anything more certain, decided, disdainful, contemplative, grave and serious, than a donkey?

61. Perhaps we may include in the category of conversation and discussion those short pointed exchanges which happiness and intimacy introduce among friends when pleasantly joking together and sharply mocking each other. That is a sport for which my natural gaiety makes me rather well-suited; and if it is not as tensely serious as the other sport I have just described, it is no less keen and clever, nor, as it seemed to Lycurgus, any less useful. Where I am concerned I contribute more licence than wit, being more happy in that than in finding my material; but I am a perfect target, for I can put up with retaliation without getting angry not merely when sharp but even when rude. When I am suddenly attacked, if I cannot at once find a good repartee I do not waste time following up that thrust with vague boring contestations akin to stubbornness but I let it go by, cheerfully flapping down my ears and waiting for a better moment to get my own back. No huckster wins every haggle.

62. Most people, when their arguments fail, change voice and expression, and instead of retrieving themselves betray their weaknesses and susceptibility by an unmannerly anger. In the excitement of jesting we can sometimes nip those secret chords of one another's imperfections which we cannot even pluck without offence when we are calm; we warn each other profitably of each other's faults. There are other sports, physical ones, rash and harsh in the French manner, which I hate unto death. I am touchy and sensitive about such things: in my lifetime I have seen two princes of the blood royal laid in their graves because of them. It is an ugly thing to fight for fun.[27]

63. In addition when I want to judge another man I ask him to what extent he is himself satisfied; how far he is happy with what he has said or written. I want him to avoid those fine excuses: 'I was only playing at it' -

> Ablatum mediis opus est incudibus istud
> [It was taken off the anvil only half finished][28]

- 'I only spent an hour on it'; 'I have not seen it since'. - 'All right,' I say: 'let us

leave those examples. Show me something which does represent you entirely, something by which you are happy to be measured.' And then I say, 'What do you consider the most beautiful aspect of your work? Is it this quality or that quality? Is it its gracious style, its subject-matter, your discovery of the material, your judgement, your erudition?'

64. For I normally find that men are as wrong in judging their own work as other people's, not simply because their emotions are involved but because they lack the ability to understand it and to analyse it. The work itself, by its own momentum and fortune, can favour the author beyond his own understanding and research; it can run ahead of him. There is no work that I can judge with less certainty than my own: the Essays I place - very hesitantly and with little assurance - sometimes low, sometimes high.

65. Many books are useful for their subject-matter: their authors derive little glory from them. And there are good books which as far as good workmanship is concerned are a disgrace to their authors. I could write about our style of feasting, about our clothing - and I could write it gracelessly; I could publish contemporary edicts and the letters of princes which come into the public domain; I could make an abridgement of a good book (and every abridgement of a good book is a daft one) and then the book itself could chance to get lost. Things like that. From such compilations posterity would derive unique assistance: but what honour would I derive from them except for being lucky? A good proportion of famous books fall in that category.

66. When I was reading a few years ago Philippe de Commines - a very good author, certainly - I noted the following saying as being above average: 'We should be wary of doing such great services to our master that we render him unable to reward them justly.' I should have praised not him but his discovery of a topic. Not long ago I came upon this sentence in Tacitus: 'Beneficia eo usque laeta sunt dum videntur exolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur.' [Good turns are pleasing only in so far as they seem repayable. Much beyond that we repay with hatred not gratitude.] Seneca puts it forcefully: 'Nam qui putat esse turpe non reddere, non vult esse cui reddat.' [He for whom not to repay is a disgrace wants his benefactor dead.] Quintus Cicero, with a laxer turn of phrase, writes: 'Qui se non putat satisfacere, amicus esse nullo modo potest.' [He who cannot repay his debt to you can in no wise love you.][29]

67. An author's subject can, when appropriate, show him to be erudite or retentive, but if you are to judge what qualities in him most truly belong to

him and are the most honourable (I mean the force and beauty of his soul) you must know what is really his and what definitely is not; and in that which is not, how much we are indebted to him for his selection, disposition, ornamentation and the literary quality of what he had contributed. Supposing he has taken somebody else's matter and then ruined the style, as often happens! People like us who have little experience of books are in difficulties when we come across some fine example of ingenuity in a modern poet or some strong argument in a preacher. We dare not praise them for it before we have learned from a scholar whether that item is original to them or taken from another. Until I have done that I remain suspicious.

68. I have just read through at one go Tacitus' History (something which rarely happens to me: it is twenty years since I spent one full hour at a time on a book. I did it on the recommendation of a nobleman highly esteemed in France both for his own virtue and for that sustained quality of ability and goodness which he is seen to share with his many brothers). I know of no author who combines a chronicle of public events with so much reflection on individual morals and biases. And it appears to me (contrary to what appears to him) that, as he has the particular task of following the careers of the contemporary Emperors (men so odd and so extreme in their various characters) as well as the noteworthy deeds which they provoked in their subjects above all by their cruelty, he has a more striking and interesting topic to relate and discourse upon than if he had to tell of battles and world revolutions. Consequently I find him unprofitable when he dashes through those fair, noble deaths as though he were afraid of tiring us by accounts both too long and too numerous.

69. This manner of history is by far the most useful. The unrolling of public events depends more on the guiding hand of Fortune: that of private ones, on our own. Tacitus' work is more a judgement on historical events than a narration of them. There are more precepts than accounts. It is not a book to be read but one to be studied and learnt. It is so full of aphorisms that, apposite or not, they are everywhere. It is a seed-bed of ethical and political arguments to supply and adorn those who hold high rank in the governing of this world. He pleads his case with solid and vigorous reasons, in an epigrammatic and exquisite style following the affected manner of his century. (They were so fond of a high style that when they found no wit or subtlety in their subject-matter they resorted to witty subtle words.) He is not all that different from Seneca, but while he seems to have more flesh on him

Seneca is more acute. Tacitus can more properly serve a sickly troubled nation like our own is at present: you could often believe that we were the subject of his narrating and berating. Those who doubt his good faith clearly betray that they resent him from prejudice. He has sound opinions and inclines to the right side in the affairs of Rome. I do regret though that, by making Pompey no better than Marius and Scylla only more secretive, he judged him more harshly than is suggested by the verdict of men who lived and dealt with him.[30] True, Pompey's striving to govern affairs has not been cleared of ambition nor a wish for vengeance: even his friends feared that victory might make him go out of his mind, though not to the extremes of insanity of those other two. Nothing in his life suggests to us the menace of such express tyranny and cruelty. Besides we ought never to let suspicions outweigh evidence: so on this point I do not trust Tacitus.

70. That the accounts which he gives are indeed simple and straight can perhaps be argued from the very fact that they do not exactly fit his concluding judgements, to which he is led by the slant he had adopted; they often go beyond the evidence which he provides - which he had not deigned to bias in the slightest degree. He needs no defence for having assented to the religion of his day, in accordance with the laws which bade him to do so, and for being ignorant of the true religion. That is his misfortune not his fault.

71. What I have chiefly been considering is his judgement: I am not entirely clear about it. For example, take these words from the letter sent to the Senate by the aged ailing Tiberius: 'What, Sirs, should I write to you, what indeed should I not write to you at this time? I know that I am daily nearing death; may the gods and goddesses make my end worse if I know what to write.' I cannot see why he applies them with such certainty to a poignant remorse tormenting Tiberius' conscience. Leastways when I came across them I saw no such thing.[31]

72. It also seemed to me a bit weak of him when he was obliged to mention that he had once held an honourable magistracy in Rome to go on and explain that he was not referring to it in order to boast about it. That line seemed rather shoddy to me for a soul such as his: not to dare to talk roundly of yourself betrays a defect of thought. A man of straight and elevated mind who judges surely and soundly employs in all circumstances examples taken from himself as well as from others, and frankly cites himself as witness as well as third parties. We should jump over those plebeian rules of etiquette in favour of truth and freedom. I not only dare to talk about myself but to talk of

nothing but myself. I am wandering off the point when I write of anything else, cheating my subject of me. I do not love myself with such lack of discretion, nor am I so bound and involved in myself, that I am unable to see myself apart and to consider myself separately as I would a neighbour or a tree. The error is the same if you fail to see the limits of your worth or if you report more than you can see. We owe more love to God than to ourselves. We know him less, yet talk about him till we are glutted.
73. If Tacitus' writings tell us anything at all about his character, he was a very great man, upright and courageous, whose virtue was not of the superstitious kind but philosophical and magnanimous. You could find some of his testimony rather rash; for example he maintains that when a soldier's hands grew stiff with the cold while carrying a pile of wood they adhered to his load, broke away from his arms and stuck there dead.[32] In similar cases my custom is to bow to the authority of such great witnesses. When he says that, by favour of Serapis the god, Vespasian cured a blind woman in Alexandria by anointing her eyes with his saliva and also performed some additional miracle or other, he was following the dutiful example of all good historians who keep a chronicle of important happenings: included among public events are popular rumours and opinions. Their role is to give an account of popular beliefs, not to account for them: which part is played by Theologians and philosophers as directors of consciences. That is why his fellow-historian, great man as he was, most wisely said: 'Equidem plura transcribo quam credo: nam nec affirmare sustineo, de quibus dubito, nec subducere quae accepi.' [I do indeed pass on more than I believe. I cannot vouch for the things which I doubt, nor can I omit what I have been told by tradition.] And another says: 'Haec neque affirmare, neque refellere operae pretium est: famae rerum standum est.' [These things are neither to be vouched for nor denied: we must cling to tradition.][33] Tacitus, writing during a period in which belief in portents was on the wane, says that he nevertheless does not wish to fail to provide a foothold for them, and so includes in his Annals matters accepted by so many decent people with so great a reverence for antiquity.
74. That is very well said. Let them pass on their histories to us according to what they find received, not according to their own estimate. I, who am monarch of the subject which I treat and not accountable for it to anyone, do not for all that believe everything I say. Sometimes my mind launches out with paradoxes which I mistrust and with verbal subtleties which make me

shake my head; but I let them take their chance. I know that some men gain a reputation from such things. It is not for me alone to judge them. I describe myself standing up and lying down, from front and back, from right and left and with all my inborn complexities. Even minds of sustained power are not always sustained in their application and discernment.
75. That is, grosso modo, the Tacitus which is presented to me, vaguely enough, by my memory. All grosso-modo judgements are lax and defective.

NOTE

(1) Plato, Laws, XI, 934 A-B.
(2) Horace, Satires, I, iv, 109-11.
(3) Erasmus, Apophthegmata, V, Cato Senior, XXXIX.
(4) Anecdote not traced. Perhaps a confusion with the practice of the ancient musician Timotheus of Miletus. Cf. Quintilian, II, iii, 3.
(5) Cicero, De finibus, I, viii, 28 (Torquatus defending Epicurus' style of conversation).
(6) Plutarch (tr. Amyot), De la mauvaise honte, 81 B.
(7) Plato, Republic, 539 A-C.
(8) Seneca, Epist. moral., LIX, 15; then, Cicero, De finibus, I, xix, 63, criticizing Epicurean logic.
(9) Seneca, Epist. moral., XXXIII, 7.
(10) Heraclitus, the Sage who wept at the folly of the world; normally coupled with Democritus, who laughed at it. Followed by the most famous saying of Myson (Erasmus, Apophthegmata, VII, Myson, I).
(11) Terence, Andria, IV, ii, 9.
(12) Plato, Gorgias, 480 B—C.
(13) Juvenal, Satires, VIII, 73-4.
(14) Perhaps a reference to Plato, Republic, VI, 495 C-D.
(15) Erasmus, Apophthegmata, VI, Diversorum Graecorum, XXXII.
(16) Martial, Epigrams, VIII, 15.
(17) Cited by Amyot in his Prologue to Les Vies de Plutarque.
(18) Virgil, Aeneid, III, 395; then, Horace, Odes, I, ix, 9.
(19) Virgil, Georgics, I, 420-2.
(20) Thucydides, cited (with others of the above) from Justus Lipsius' Politici, as is the following, from Plautus' Pseudolus.
(21) Plutarch (tr. Amyot), Comment il faut ouïr, 64 H.
(22) Erasmus, Apophthegmata, VII, Antisthenes, XXX.
(23) Lopez de Gomara (tr. Fumée), Histoire générale des Indes, II, lxxvii.
(24) Cicero, De officiis, I, xli, 147.
(25) Diogenes Laertius, Life of Aristippus.
(26) Xenophon, Cyropaedia, III, iii, 49-50.
(27) Henry II was killed while jousting; Henry, Marquess of Beaupréau died of wounds received in a tournament.
(28) Ovid, Tristia, I, vii, 9.
(29) Philippe de Commines, III, xii; Tacitus, Annals, IV, xviii; Seneca, Epist. moral., LXXXVI, 32; Cicero, De petitione consultatus, ix.
(30) Tacitus, Histories, II, xxxviii.

〔31〕 Tacitus, Annals, VI, vi.

〔32〕 Tacitus, Annals, XIII, xxxv; then, IV, lxxi (seen by some as a parody of Christ's curing the blind man in Mark 8: 23).

〔33〕 Quintus Curtius, IX, i; Livy, VIII, vi.

4
On idleness

1. Just as fallow lands, when rich and fertile, are seen to abound in hundreds and thousands of different kinds of useless weeds so that, if we would make them do their duty, we must subdue them and keep them busy with seeds specifically sown for our service; and just as women left alone may sometimes be seen to produce shapeless lumps of flesh but need to be kept busy by a semen other than her own in order to produce good natural offspring: so too with our minds. If we do not keep them busy with some particular subject which can serve as a bridle to reign them in, they charge ungovernably about, ranging to and fro over the wastelands of our thoughts:

> Sicut aquae tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
> Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunae
> Omnia pervolitat late loca jamque sub auras
> Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.

[As when ruffled water in a bronze pot reflects the light of the sun and the shining face of the moon, sending shimmers flying high into the air and striking against the panelled ceilings].[1]

2. Then, there is no madness, no raving lunacy, which such agitations do not bring forth:

> velut aegri somnia, vanae
> Finguntur species.

[they fashion vain apparitions as in the dreams of sick men.][2]

When the soul is without a definite aim she gets lost; for, as they say, if you are everywhere you are nowhere.

> Quisquis ubique habitat, Maxime, nusquam habitat.

[Whoever dwells everywhere, Maximus, dwells nowhere at all.][3]

3. Recently I retired to my estates, determined to devote myself as far as I could to spending what little life I have left quietly and privately; it seemed to me then that the greatest favour I could do for my mind was to leave it in total idleness, caring for itself, concerned only with itself, calmly thinking of itself. I hoped it could do that more easily from then on, since with the passage of time it had grown mature and put on weight.
4. But I find -

> Variam semper dant otia mentis
> [Idleness always produces fickle changes of mind].[4]

- that on the contrary it bolted off like a runaway horse, taking far more trouble over itself than it ever did over anyone else; it gives birth to so many chimeras and fantastic monstrosities, one after another, without order or fitness, that, so as to contemplate at my ease their oddness and their strangeness, I began to keep a record of them, hoping in time to make my mind ashamed of itself.

NOTE

(1) Virgil, Aeneid, VIII, 22.
(2) Horace, Ars poetica, 7.
(3) Martial, VII, lxxiii.
(4) Lucan, Pharsalia, IV, 704.

5
On the affection of fathers for their children

For Madame d'Estissac

1. Madame: unless I am saved by oddness or novelty (qualities which usually give value to anything) I shall never extricate myself with honour from this daft undertaking; but it is so fantastical and presents an aspect so totally unlike normal practice that it may just get by.
2. It was a melancholy humour (and therefore a humour most inimical to my natural complexion) brought on by the chagrin caused by the solitary retreat I plunged myself into a few years ago, which first put into my head this raving concern with writing. Finding myself quite empty, with nothing to write about, I offered myself to myself as theme and subject matter. It is the only book of its kind in the world, in its conception wild and fantastically eccentric. Nothing in this work of mine is worthy of notice except that bizarre quality, for the best craftsman in the world would not know how to fashion anything remarkable out of material so vacuous and base.
3. Now, Madame, having decided to draw a portrait of myself from life, I would have overlooked an important feature if I had failed to portray the honour which I have always shown you for your great merits. I particularly wanted to do so at the head of this chapter, since of all your fine qualities one of the first in rank is the love you show your children.
4. Anyone who knows how young you were when your husband Monsieur d'Estissac left you a widow; the proposals which have been made to you by such great and honourable men (as many as to any lady of your condition in France); the constancy and firmness of purpose with which you have, for so many years and through so many difficulties, carried the weight of responsibility for your children's affairs (which have kept you busy in so

many corners of France and still besiege you); and the happy prosperity which your wisdom or good fortune have brought to those affairs: he will readily agree with me that we have not one single example of maternal love today more striking than your own.

5. I praise God, Madame, that your love has been so well employed. For the great hopes of himself raised by your boy, Monsieur d'Estissac, amply assure us that when he comes of age you will be rewarded by the duty and gratitude of an excellent son. But he is still a child, unable to appreciate the innumerable acts of devotion he has received from you: so I should like him, if this book should fall into his hands one day, to be able to learn something from me at a time when I shall not even have a mouth to tell it to him - something I can vouch for quite truthfully and which will be made even more vigorously evident, God willing, by the good effects he will be aware of in himself: namely, that there is no nobleman in France who owes more to his mother than he does, and that in the future he will be able to give no more certain proof of his goodness and virtue than by acknowledging your qualities.

6. If there truly is a Law of Nature - that is to say, an instinct which can be seen to be universally and permanently stamped on the beasts and on ourselves (which is not beyond dispute) - I would say that, in my opinion, following hard on the concern for selfpreservation and the avoidance of whatever is harmful, there would come second the love which the begetter feels for the begotten. And since Nature seems to have committed this love to us out of a concern for the effective propagation of the successive parts of the world which she has contrived, it is not surprising if love is not so great when we go backwards, from children to fathers. To which we may add a consideration taken from Aristotle,[1] that anyone who does a kindness to another loves him more than he is loved in return; that anyone to whom a debt is owed feels greater love than the one by whom the debt is owed; and that every creator loves what he has made more than it would love him if it were capable of emotions. This is especially true because each holds his being dear: and being consists in motion and activity; in a sense, therefore, everyone is, to some degree, within anything he does: the benefactor has performed an action both fair and noble: the recipient, on the other hand, has only performed a useful one, and mere usefulness is less lovable than nobility. Nobility is stable and lasting, furnishing the one who has practised it with a constant satisfaction. Usefulness, however, can easily disappear or

diminish, and the memory of it is neither so refreshing nor so sweet. The things which have cost us most are dearest to us - and it costs us more to give than to receive.

7. Since it has pleased God to bestow some slight capacity for discursive reasoning on us so that we should not be slavishly subject to the laws of Nature as the beasts are but should conform to them by our free-will and judgement, we should indeed make some concessions to the simple authority of the common laws of Nature but not allow ourselves to be swept tyrannously away by her: Reason alone must govern our inclinations.

8. For my part, those propensities which are produced in us without the command and mediation of our judgement taste strangely flat. In the case of the subject under discussion, I am incapable of finding a place for that emotion which leads people to cuddle new-born infants while they are still without movements of soul or recognizable features of body to make themselves lovable. And I have never willingly allowed them to be nursed in my presence. A true and well-regulated affection should be born, and then increase, as children enable us to get to know them; if they show they deserve it, we should cherish them with a truly fatherly love, since our natural propensity is then progressing side by side with reason; if they turn out differently, the same applies, mutatis mutandis: we should, despite the force of Nature, always yield to reason.

9. In fact, the very reverse often applies; we feel ourselves more moved by the skippings and jumpings and babyish tricks of our children than by their activities when they are fully formed, as though we had loved them not as human beings but only as playthings or as pet monkeys. Some fathers will give them plenty of toys when they are children but will resent the slightest expenditure on their needs once they have come of age. It even looks, in fact, as if we are jealous of seeing them cut a figure in the world, able to enjoy it just when we are on the point of leaving it, and that this makes us miserly and close-fisted towards them: it irritates us that they should come treading on our heels, as if to summon us to take our leave. Since in sober truth things are so ordered that children can only have their being and live their lives at the expense of our being and of our lives, we ought not to undertake to be fathers if that frightens us.

10. For my part, I find it cruel and unjust not to welcome them to a share and fellow-interest in our property - giving them full knowledge of our domestic affairs as co-partners when they are capable of it - and not to cut back on our

own interests, economizing on them so as to provide for theirs, since we gave them birth for just such a purpose. It is unjust to see an aged father, broken and only half alive, stuck in his chimney-corner with the absolute possession of enough wealth to help and maintain several children, allowing them all this time to waste their best years without means of advancement in the public service and of making themselves better known. They are driven by despair to find some way, however unjust, of providing for their needs: I have seen in my time several young men of good family so addicted to larceny that no punishment could turn them from it. I know one young man, very well connected, with whom I had a word about just such a matter at the earnest request of his brother, a brave and most honourable nobleman. In reply the young man admitted quite openly that he had been brought to such vile conduct by the unbending meanness of his father, adding that he had now grown so used to it that he could not stop himself. He had just been caught stealing rings from a lady whose morning reception he was attending with several others. It reminded me of a story I had heard about another nobleman who had so adapted himself to the exigencies of that fine profession that when he did become master of his inheritance and decided to give up this practice he nevertheless could not stop himself from stealing anything he needed when he passed by a stall, despite the bother of having to send somebody to pay for it later. I have known several people so trained and adapted to thieving that they regularly steal from their close companions things which they intend to return.
11. I may be a Gascon but there is no vice I can understand less. My complexion makes me loathe it rather more than my reason condemns it: I have never even wanted to steal anything from anyone. It is true that my part of the world is rather more infamous for theft than the rest of our French nation: yet we have all seen in our time, on several occasions, men of good family from other provinces convicted of many dreadful robberies. I am afraid that we must partly attribute such depravity to the fault of their fathers.
12. If anyone then tells me, as a very intelligent nobleman once did, that the only practical advantage he wanted to get from saving up all his money was to be honoured and courted by his children (since now that age had deprived him of strength that was the only remedy he had left against being treated with neglect and contempt by everybody, and so maintaining his authority over his family - and truly, not only old age but all forms of weakness are, according to Aristotle, great encouragements to miserliness)[2] - then there is

something in that. But it is medicine to cure an illness the birth of which ought to have been prevented. A father is wretched indeed if he can only hold the love of his children - if you can call it love - by making them depend on his help.

13. We should make ourselves respected for our virtues and our abilities and loved for our goodness and gentlemanliness. The very ashes of a rare timber have their value, and we are accustomed to hold in respect and reverence the very bones and remains of honourable people. In the case of someone who has lived his life honourably, no old age can be so decrepit and smelly that it ceases to be venerable - especially to the children, whose souls should have been instructed in their duty not by need and want, nor by harshness nor force, but by reason:

> et errat longe, mea quidem sententia,
> Qui imperium credat esse gravius aut stabilius
> Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur.

[if you ask my opinion, it is quite untrue that authority is firmer or more stable when it relies on force than when it is associated with affection.] (3)

14. I condemn all violence in the education of tender minds which are being trained for honour and freedom. In rigour and constraint there is always something servile, and I hold that you will never achieve by force what you cannot achieve by reason, intelligence and skill.

15. That was the way I was brought up. They tell me that I tasted the rod only twice during all my childhood, and that was but lightly. I owed the same treatment to the children born to me; they all die, though, before they are weaned. But Leonor, an only daughter who has escaped that calamity, has reached the age of six or more (her mother's gentleness readily predisposing her that way) without our having used in her upbringing and in the punishment of her childish faults anything but words - gentle ones at that. And even if my hopes for her turn out to be frustrated, there are other causes in plenty to blame for that without finding fault with my method of upbringing, which I know to be just and natural.

16. I would have been even more punctilious with boys, who are less born to serve and whose mode-of-being is freer: I would have loved to make their hearts overflow with openness and frankness. I have never seen caning achieve anything except making souls more cowardly or more maliciously

stubborn.
17. Do we want to be loved by our children? Do we want to remove any occasion for their wishing us dead? - though no occasion for so horrible a wish could ever be right or pardonable: 'nullum scelus rationem habet' [no crime has rational justification] - then let us within reason enrich their lives with whatever we have at our disposal. To achieve that we ought not to get married so young that our adult years almost become confounded with theirs. Such unseemliness can plunge us into many great difficulties - I mean especially in the case of the nobility, whose way of life is one of leisure and who can live, as we say, on their income. In other cases, where life is a struggle for money, the fellowship of a great many children is a help to the whole family; they are so many new ways and means of helping to enrich it.
18. I was thirty-three when I married; and I approve of thirty-five - the opinion attributed to Aristotle. Plato does not want any man to marry before thirty; he is also right to laugh at spouses who lie together after fifty-five, judging their offspring unworthy to live and eat.[4]
19. It was Thales who gave the right ages; his mother pressed him to get married when he was young: 'Too soon,' he said. When he was older: 'Too late!' Accept no time as opportune for any inopportune activity!
20. The Ancient Gauls reckoned it to be extremely reprehensible for a man to lie with a woman before he was twenty, particularly advising those who wanted to train for war to remain chaste well into adulthood, because sexual intercourse makes minds soft and deflects them.

> Ma hor congiunto a giovinetta sposa,
> Lieto homai de' figli, era invilito
> Ne gli affetti di padre e di marito.

[But now, married to a young wife, happy to have children, he was weakened by his love as father and husband.][5]

21. The history of Greece notes how Iccus of Tarentum, Chryso, Astylus, Diopompus and others deprived themselves of any sort of sexual activity during all the time they were getting their bodies in trim for the races, wrestling and other contests at the Olympic Games.[6]
22. Muley Hassan, the Dey of Tunis (the one whom the Emperor Charles V restored to his throne) was critical of his father's memory because he was always with his wives, calling him a weak effeminate spawner of children.

23. In a certain province in the Spanish Indies men were allowed to marry only after forty, yet girls could marry at ten.[7]
24. If a nobleman is only thirty-five it is too soon for him to make way for a twenty-year-old son: he has still got to achieve a reputation in military expeditions or at the Court of his monarch: he needs his cash; he should allow his son a share but not forget himself. Such a man can rightly give the answer which fathers often have on their lips: 'I have no wish to be stripped bare before I go and lie down'. But a father who is brought low by age and illness, whose weakness and ill-health deprive him of ordinary human fellowship, does wrong to himself and to his family if he broods over a great pile of riches. If he is wise, he has reached the period when he really ought to want to get stripped and lie down - not stripped to his shirt but down to a nice warm dressing-gown. He has no more use for all the remaining pomp: he should give it all away as a present to those whom it ought to belong to by Nature's ordinance.
25. It is right that he should let them use what Nature deprives him of: otherwise there is certainly an element of malice and envy. The finest gesture the Emperor Charles V ever made was when, in imitation of some ancient holders of his rank, he was able to recognize that reason clearly commands us to strip off our garments when they weigh us down and get in our way, and to go and lie down when our legs fail us. Once he began to feel deficient in the strength and energy needed to continue to conduct his affairs with the glory he had earned, he handed over his wealth, his rank and his power to his son:

> Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
> Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

[Be wise enough to unharness that tired old nag lest it ends up short-winded, stumbling while men jeer at it.][8]

26. This defect of not realizing in time what one is, of not being aware of the extreme decline into weakness which old age naturally brings to our bodies and our souls - to them equally in my opinion unless the soul actually has the larger share - has ruined the reputation of most of the world's great men. I have seen in my lifetime and intimately known great men in authority who had clearly declined amazingly from their former capacities, which I knew of from the reputation they had acquired in their better years. For their honour's sake I would deeply have wished that they had withdrawn to their estates,

dropping the load of public or military affairs which were no longer meant for their shoulders.

27. There was a nobleman whose house I used to frequent who was a widower, very old but still with some sap in him. He had several daughters to marry and a son already old enough to enter society, so that his house was burdened with considerable expenditure and quite a lot of outside visitors; he took little pleasure in this, not only out of concern for economy but even more because, at his age, he had adopted a mode of life far different from ours. In that rather bold way I have I told him one day that it would be more becoming if he made room for us youth, leaving his principal residence to his son (for it was the only one properly equipped and furnished) and withdrew to a neighbouring estate of his where nobody would trouble his rest, since, given his children's circumstances, there was no other way he could avoid our unsuitable company. He later took my advice and liked it.

28. That is not to say we should make a binding gift of our property and not be able to go back on it. I am old enough to have to play that role now, and would leave the young the use of my house and property but be free to withdraw my consent if they gave me cause. I would let them have use of them because they no longer gave me pleasure, but I would retain as much general authority over affairs as I wanted to, for I have always thought that it must be a great happiness for an old father to train his own children in the management of his affairs; he could then, during his lifetime, observe how they do it, offering advice and instruction based on his own experience in such things, and personally arranging for the ancient honour and order of his house to come into the hands of his successors, confirming in this way the hopes he could place in their future management of them.

29. To do this I would not avoid their company; I would like to be near so as to watch them and to enjoy their fun and festivities as much as my age permitted. Even if I did not live among them (as I could not do without embarrassing the company by the gloominess of my age and by my being subject to illnesses - and also without being forced to restrict my own rules and habits), I would at least like to live near them in some corner of my house - not the fanciest but the most comfortable. Not (as I saw a few years ago) a dean of St-Hilaire-de-Poitiers brought to such a pitch of solitude by the troublesome effects of his melancholy that, when I went into his room, he had not set foot outside it for twenty-two years; yet he could still move about freely and easily, apart from a rheumatic flux discharging into his stomach.

He would let scarcely anyone in to see him even once a week; he always stayed shut up in that room all by himself except for a valet who brought him his food once a day and who merely went in and out. His only occupation was to walk about reading a book (for he had some acquaintance with literature), obstinately determined as he was to die in those conditions - as soon afterwards he did.

30. I would try to have gentle relations with my children and so encourage in them an active love and unfeigned affection for me, something easily achieved in children of a well-born nature; of course if they turn out to be wild beasts (which our century produces in abundance) then you must hate them and avoid them as such.

31. I am against the custom of forbidding children to say 'Father' and requiring them to use some other, more respectful title, as though Nature had not sufficiently provided for our authority. We address God Almighty as Father and scorn to have our own children call us by that name.

32. It is also unjust, and mad, to deprive our grown-up children of easy relations with their fathers by striving to maintain an austere and contemptuous frown, hoping by that to keep them in fear and obedience. That is a quite useless farce which makes fathers loathsome to children and, what is worse, makes them ridiculous. Since youth and vigour are in their children's hands they enjoy the current favour of the world; they treat with mockery the fierce tyrannical countenance of a man with no blood left in his veins or his heart - scarecrows in a field of flax! Even if I were able to make myself feared I would rather make myself loved.

33. There are so many drawbacks in old age, so much powerlessness; it so merits contempt that the best endowment it can acquire is the fond love of one's family: its arms are no longer fear and commands.

34. I know one man who had a most imperious youth. Now that old age is coming upon him, despite trying to accept it as well as he can, he slaps and bites and swears - the stormiest master in France; he frets himself with cares and watchfulness: but it is all a farce which the family conspire in; the others have access to the best part of his granary, his cellar and even his purse: meanwhile he keeps the keys in his pouch, dearer to him than sight itself. While he is happy to keep so spare and thrifty a table, in various secret places in his house all is dissipation, gambling, prodigality and tales about his fits of temper and his precautions. Everybody is on the lookout against him. If some wretched servant happens to become devoted to him, suspicion is

immediately thrown on to him - a quality which old age is only too ready to ruminate upon. How many times has that man boasted to me of keeping his family on a tight rein, of the meticulous obedience and reverence he received because of it, and of the lucid watch he kept over his affairs:

Ille solus nescit omnia!
[He alone is unaware of the lot!][9]

No man of my acquaintance can claim more qualities, natural and acquired, proper for maintaining his mastery; yet he had failed completely, like a child. That is why I have picked him out as an example from several other cases that I know.

35. It would make a good scholastic debate: whether or not he is better off as he is. In his presence, all things defer to him; his authority runs its empty course: nobody ever resists him; they believe what he says, they fear and respect him ... as much as he could wish! Should he dismiss a servant he packs his bag and is off at once - but only out of his presence. Old people's steps are so slow and their senses so confused that the valet can live a full year in the house doing his duty without their even noticing it. At the appropriate time a letter arrives from distant parts, a pitiful one, a submissive one, full of promises to do better in the future; the valet then finds himself back in favour.

36. Does my Lord strike a bargain and send a missive which the family do not like? They suppress it, sometimes inventing afterwards reasons to explain the lack of action or reply. Since no letters from outside are ever brought to him first, he only sees the ones which it seems convenient for him to know. If he happens to get hold of any, he always has to rely on somebody else to read them for him, so they invent things on the spot: they are always pretending that someone is begging his pardon in the very letter that contains abuse. In short he sees his affairs only through some counterfeit image designed to be as pleasing to him as they can make it so as not to awake his spleen or his anger.

37. Under various guises, but all to the same effect, I have seen plenty of households run long and steadily in this way.

38. Wives are always disposed to disagree with their husbands. With both hands they grasp at any pretence for contradicting them; any excuse serves as full justification. I know one who used to rob her husband wholesale - in

order, she told her confessor, to 'fatten up her almsgiving'. (There's a religious spendthrift for you to trust!) Whatever their husbands agree to never provides them with enough dignity. To give it grace and authority they must have usurped it by ruse or by force, but always unjustly. When, as in the case I am thinking of, they are acting against some poor old man on behalf of the children, they seize on this pretext and are honoured for serving their own passions; and, as though they were all slaves together, readily plot against his sovereignty and government. If the children are male and grown-up, in the bloom of youth, then their mothers gang up with them and corrupt the steward, the bursar and everyone else by force or favour.

39. Old men without wives and children fall into this evil less easily but more cruelly and with less dignity. Cato the Elder already said in his time, 'So many valets: so many enemies.' Given the gulf separating the purity of his century from ours, just think whether he was not really warning us that wife, sons and valet are all 'so many enemies' in our case.

40. It is a good thing that decrepitude furnishes us with the sweet gifts of inadvertency, ignorance and a readiness to be cheated. If we were to resist, what would happen to us, especially nowadays when the judges who settle our quarrels are usually on the side of the children - and venal?

41. The cheating may escape my sight, but it does not escape my sight that I am very cheatable. Thrice and four times blessed is he who can entrust his pitiful old age into the hands of a friend. And shall we have ever said enough about the value of a friend and how totally different it is from bonds based on contracts! Even that counterpart to a friend which I see between beasts, how devoutly I honour it! Am I better or worse off for having savoured a friend? Better off, certainly. My regret for him consoles me and honours me. Is it not a most pious and pleasant task in life to be ever performing his obsequies? Can any pleasure possessed equal that pleasure lost? I would readily let myself be rapt insensible lingering over so caressing a notion.

42. Others may deceive me, but at least I do not deceive myself into thinking that I can protect myself against it; nor do I cudgel my brains for ways of making myself able to do so. Only in my own bosom can I find salvation from treachery like this - not in disquieting and tumultuous inquisitiveness but in diversion and constancy. Whenever I hear of the state that some other man is in, I waste no time over that but immediately turn my eyes on to myself to see how I am doing. Everything which touches him touches me too. What has happened to him is a warning and an alert coming from the same

quarter. Every day, every hour, we say things about others which ought more properly to be addressed to ourselves if only we had learned to turn our thoughts inward as well as widely outward. Similarly many authors inflict wounds on the cause they defend by dashing out against the attackers, hurling shafts at their enemies which can properly be hurled back at them.

43. The late Monsieur de Monluc, the Marshal, when talking to me of the loss of his son (a truly brave gentleman of great promise who died on the island of Madeira), among other regrets emphasized the grief and heartbreak he felt at never having revealed himself to his son and at having lost the pleasure of knowing and savouring him, all because of his fancy to appear with the gravity of a stern father; he had never told him of the immense love he felt for him and how worthy he rated him for his virtue. 'And all that poor boy saw of me,' he said, 'was a frowning face full of scorn; he is gone, believing I was unable to love him or to judge him as he deserved. Whom was I keeping it for, that knowledge of the special love I harboured for him in my soul! Should not he have felt all the pleasure of it, and all the bonds of gratitude? I forced myself, I tortured myself, to keep up that silly mask, thereby losing the joy of his company - and his goodwill as well, which must have been cold towards me: he had never received from me anything but brusqueness or known anything but a tyrannous facade.'

44. I find that lament to be reasonable and rightly held: for as I know only too well from experience when we lose those we love there is no consolation sweeter than the knowledge of having remembered to tell them everything and to have enjoyed the most perfect and absolute communication with them.

45. As much as I can I open myself to my own folk, and am most ready to tell them or anyone else what I intend towards them and what is the judgement I make on them. I hasten to reveal myself, to make myself known, for I do not want them to be misled about me in any way whatsoever.

46. According to Caesar, among the customs peculiar to our ancient Gauls there was the following: sons were not presented to their fathers and never dared to appear in public with them until they had begun to bear arms, as if to signify that the time had now come for the fathers to admit them to their intimate acquaintance.[10]

47. Yet another abuse of paternal discretion which I have seen in my time is when fathers are not content with having deprived their children of their natural share of the property during their long lifetime, but then go and leave authority over all of it after their death to their widows, free to dispose of it at

their pleasure. One lord I have known (among the highest officers of the Realm) could rightfully have expected to come into property worth fifty thousand crowns a year: yet he died in need, overwhelmed with debts at the age of fifty, while his mother, despite advanced senility, still enjoyed rights over the entire property under the will of his father, who himself had lived to be eighty.

48. To me that seems in no way reasonable.

49. For all that, I cannot see it helps much when a man whose affairs are prospering goes and seeks a wife who burdens him with a large dowry: no debt contracted outside the family is more ruinous to a household. My ancestors have all followed this precept, most fittingly; so have I.

50. Yet those who warn us against marrying rich wives out of fear that they might be less beholden to us and more difficult wrongly lose a real advantage for a frivolous conjecture. If a woman is unreasonable it costs her no more to jump over one reason than another. Such women are most pleased with themselves when they are most in the wrong: it is the injustice which allures them; whereas for good women it lies in their virtuous deeds: the richer they are the more gracious they are, just as beautiful women are more willingly and more triumphantly chaste.

51. It is reasonable to let mothers run affairs until the sons are legally old enough to assume the responsibility; but the father has brought them up wrongly if (considering the normal weakness of the female) he could not expect them to be wiser and more competent than his wife once they have reached that age. But it would be even more unnatural to make mothers depend on the discretion of their sons. They should be given a provision generous enough to maintain their state according to the condition of their family and their age, especially since want or indigence are far more difficult for them to bear with decorum than for males: that burden ought to be put on the sons rather than on the mother.

52. On the whole, the soundest way of sharing out our property when we die is (I believe) to follow local customary law. The Law has thought it out better than we have, so it is better to let the Law make the wrong choice than rashly hazard doing so ourselves. The property does not really belong to us personally, since without our leave it is entailed by civil law to designated heirs. And even though we have some discretion as well, I hold that it would take a great and very clear reason to justify our depriving anyone of what he was entitled to by the fortune of his birth and of what common law leads him

to expect; it would be an unreasonable abuse of that freedom to make it serve whims both frivolous and private.
53. Fate has been kind, sparing me opportunities which might have tempted me to change my predilection for the dictates of common law. I know people whom it would be a waste of time to serve long and dutifully: one word taken the wrong way can wipe out ten years of merit. Anyone able to butter them up when they are just about to go is lucky indeed! The latest action scoops the lot: it is not the best and most frequent services which prove efficacious but recent ones, present ones.
54. There are people who exploit their wills as sticks and carrots to punish or reward every action of those who may claim an interest in the inheritance. But this is a matter of long-lasting consequence; it is too weighty to be changed from moment to moment: wise men settle it once and for all - and have regard for the reasonable customs of the community.
55. We are a little too fond of male entail; we foresee a ridiculous eternity for our family name and attach too much weight to silly conjectures about the future based on the minds of little boys. Somebody might easily have been unjust to me, ousting me from my place because I was more lumpish, more leaden, more slow and more I will establish laws which make it known that private interests must reasonably yield to those of the community. Go, gently and willingly, whither human necessity bids you. It is for me, who favour all things equally and who take care of the people in general, to take care also of what you leave behind you.' (11)
57. To return to my subject, it seems to me right, somehow, that women should have no mastery over men save only the natural one of motherhood - unless it be for the chastisement of those who have wilfully submitted to them out of some feverish humour; but that does not apply to old women, the subject of our present discussion. It is the manifest truth of this consideration which has made us so ready to invent and entrench that Salic Law - which nobody has ever seen - which debars women from succeeding to our throne; and though Fortune has lent it more credence in some places than others, there is scarcely one jurisdiction in the world where that law is not cited as here, because of the genuine appearance of reason which gives it authority.
58. It is dangerous to leave the superintendence of our succession to the judgement of our wives and to their choice between our sons, which over and over again is iniquitous and fantastic. For those unruly tastes and physical cravings which they experience during pregnancy are ever-present in their

souls. They regularly devote themselves to the weakest and to the feeblest, or to those (if they have any) who are still hanging about their necks. Since women do not have sufficient reasoning-power to select and embrace things according to their merits they allow themselves to be led to where natural impressions act most alone - like animals, which only know their young while they are still on the teat.

59. Incidentally, experience clearly shows us that the natural love to which we attach such importance has very shallow roots. For a very small sum of money we daily tear their own children out of women's arms and get them to take charge of our own; we make them entrust their babes to some wretched wet-nurse to whom we have no wish to commit our own or else to a nanny-goat; then we forbid them not only to give suck to theirs no matter what harm it might do them but even to look after them; they must devote themselves entirely to the service of our children. And then we see that in most cases custom begets a kind of bastard love more distracted than the natural kind; they are far more worried about the preservation of those foster-children than of the children who really belong to them.

60. I mentioned nanny-goats because the village-women where I live call in the help of goats when they cannot suckle their children themselves; I have now two menservants who never tasted mothers' milk for more than a week. These nanny-goats are trained from the outset to suckle human children; they recognize their voices when they start crying and come running up. They reject any other child you give them except the one they are feeding; the child does the same to another nanny-goat. The other day I saw an infant who had lost its own nanny-goat as the father had only borrowed it from a neighbour: the child rejected a different one which was provided and died, certainly of hunger.

61. The beasts debase and bastardize maternal affection as easily as we do.

62. Herodotus tells of a certain district of Libya where men lie with women indiscriminately, but where, once a child can toddle, it recognizes its own father out of the crowd, natural instinct guiding its first footsteps.[12] There are frequent mistakes, I believe ...

63. Now once we consider the fact that we love our children simply because we begot them, calling them our second selves, we can see that we also produce something else from ourselves, no less worthy of commendation: for the things we engender in our soul, the offspring of our mind, of our wisdom and talents, are the products of a part more noble than the body and are more

purely our own. In this act of generation we are both mother and father; these 'children' cost us dearer and, if they are any good, bring us more honour. In the case of our other children their good qualities belong much more to them than to us: we have only a very slight share in them; but in the case of these, all their grace, worth and beauty belong to us. For this reason they have a more lively resemblance and correspondence to us. Plato adds that such children are immortal and immortalize their fathers - even deifying them, as in the case of Lycurgus, Solon and Minos.[13]
64. Since our history books are full of exemplary cases of the common kind of paternal love, it seemed to me not inappropriate to cite a few examples of this other kind too.
65. Heliodorus, that good bishop of Tricca, preferred to forgo the honour of so venerable a bishopric with its income and its dignity rather than to destroy his 'daughter', who still lives on - a handsome girl but attired perhaps with a little more care and indulgence than suits the daughter of a priest, of a clerk in holy orders - and fashioned in too erotic a style.
66. In Rome there was a figure of great bravery and dignity called Labienus; among other qualities he excelled in every kind of literature; he was, I think, the son of that great Labienus who was the foremost among captains who served under Caesar in the Gallic Wars, subsequently threw in his lot with Pompey the Great and fought for him most bravely until Caesar defeated him in Spain. There were several people who were jealous of the Labienus I am referring to; he also probably had enemies among the courtiers and favourites of the contemporary Emperors for his frankness and for inheriting his father's innate hostility towards tyranny, which we may believe coloured his books and writing. His enemies prosecuted him before the Roman magistrates and obtained a conviction, requiring several of the books he had published to be burnt. This was the very first case of the death-penalty being inflicted on books and erudition; it was subsequently applied at Rome in several other cases. We did not have means nor matter enough for our cruelty unless we also let it concern itself with things which Nature has exempted from any sense of pain, such as our renown and the products of our minds, and unless we inflicted physical suffering on the teachings and the documents of the Muses.
67. Labienus could not bear such a loss nor survive such beloved offspring; he had himself borne to the family vault on a litter and shut up alive; there he provided his own death and burial. It is difficult to find any example of

fatherly love more vehement than that one. When his very eloquent friend Cassius Severus saw those books being burnt, he shouted that he too ought to be burnt alive with them since he actively preserved their contents in his memory.
68. A similar misfortune happened to Greuntius Cordus who was accused of having praised Brutus and Cassius in his books. That slavish base and corrupt Senate (worthy of a worse master than Tiberius) condemned his writings to the pyre: it pleased him to keep his books company as they perished in the flames by starving himself to death.
69. Lucan was a good man, condemned by that blackguard Nero; in the last moments of his life, when most of his blood had already gushed from his veins (he had ordered his doctors to kill him by slashing them) and when cold had already seized his hands and feet and was starting to draw near to his vital organs, the very last thing he remembered were some verses from his Pharsalian War; he recited them, and died with them as the last words on his lips. Was that not saying farewell to his children tenderly and paternally, the equivalent of those adieus and tender embraces which we keep for our children when we die, as well as being an effect of that natural instinct to recall at our end those things which we held dearest to us while we lived?
70. When Epicurus lay dying, tormented they say by the most extreme colic paroxysms, he found consolation only in the beauty of the philosophy he had taught to the world;[14] are we to believe that he would have found happiness in any number of well-born, well-educated children (if he had had any) to equal what he found in the abundant writing which he had brought forth? And if he had had the choice of leaving either an ill-conceived and deformed child behind him or a stupid and inept book, would - not he alone but any man of similar ability - have preferred to incur the first tragedy rather than the other?
71. It would probably have been impious of Saint Augustine (for example) if someone had obliged him to destroy either his children (supposing he had had any) or else his writings (from which our religion receives such abundant profit) and he had not preferred to destroy his children.
72. I am not at all sure whether I would not much rather have given birth to one perfectly formed son by commerce with the Muses than by commerce with my wife. As for this present child of my brain, what I give it I give unconditionally and irrevocably, just as one does to the children of one's body; such little good as I have already done it is no longer mine to dispose

of; it may know plenty of things which I know no longer, and remember things about me that I have forgotten; if the need arose to turn to it for help, it would be like borrowing from a stranger. It is richer than I am, yet I am wiser than it.

73. Few devotees of poetry would not have been more gratified at fathering the Aeneid than the fairest boy in Rome, nor fail to find the loss of one more bearable than the other. For according to Aristotle, of all artists the one who is most in love with his handiwork is the poet.[15]

74. It is hard to believe that Epaminondas (who boasted that his posterity consisted in two 'daughters' who would bring honour to their father one day - he meant his two noble victories over the Spartans) would have agreed to exchange them for daughters who were the most gorgeous in the whole of Greece; or that Alexander and Caesar had ever wished they could give up the greatness of their glorious feats in war in return for the pleasure of having sons and heirs however perfect, however accomplished; indeed I very much doubt whether Phidias or any other outstanding sculptor would have found as much delight in the survival and longevity of his physical children as in some excellent piece of sculpture brought to completion by his long-sustained labour and his skill according to the rules of his art.

75. And as for those raging vicious passions which have sometimes inflamed fathers with love for their daughters, or mothers for their sons, similar ones can be found in this other kind of parenthood: witness the tale of Pygmalion who, having carved the statue of a uniquely beautiful woman, was so hopelessly ravished by an insane love for his own work that, for the sake of his frenzy, the gods had to bring her to life:

> Tentatum mollescit ebur, positoque rigore
> Subsedit digitis.

[He touches the ivory statue; it starts to soften; its hardness gone, it yields to his fingers.][16]

NOTE

(1) Aristotle, Nicomachaean Ethics, IX, vii, 4-6.
(2) Aristotle, Nicomachaean Ethics, IV, i, 37.
(3) Terence, Adelphi, I, i, 40-3.
(4) Aristotle, Politics, VII, xvi (age of thirty-seven not thirty-five); Plato, Republic, V, 460A ff.; cf. Tiraquellus, De legibus connubialibus, VI, §§ 44-7; 52.
(5) Plutarch, Life of Thales; Caesar, Gallic Wars, VI (cf. Tiraquellus, ibid., VI, § 47);

Torquato Tasso, Gierusalemme liberata, X, 39-41.

〔6〕 Tiraquellus, ibid., XV, § 26, citing Plato, Laws, VIII, 839E-840A.

〔7〕 Paolo Giovio, Historia sui temporis, on 'Muleasses' (Muley Hassan); Lopez de Gomara, Histoire générale des Indes.

〔8〕 Horace, Epistles, I, i, 8. (The 'old nag' is his Muse: hence the following development.)

〔9〕 Terence, Adelphi, IV, ii, 9.

〔10〕 Caesar, Gallic Wars, VI, xviii.

〔11〕 Plato, Laws, XI, 922 D-924 A.

〔12〕 Tiraquellus, De legibus connubialibus, VII, § 51; Herodotus, History, IV.

〔13〕 Plato, Phaedrus, 258 C, dealing with a man's writings, his 'brainchildren'; but Montaigne has transcribed Minos for Darius.

〔14〕 Cicero, De finibus, II, xxx, 96.

〔15〕 Aristotle, Nicomachaean Ethics, IX, vii, 3.

〔16〕 Ovid, Metamorphoses, X, 243 ff., citing 283-4.

6
On moderation

1. It is as though our very touch bore infection: things which in themselves are good and beautiful are corrupted by our handling of them. We can seize hold even of Virtue in such a way that our action makes her vicious if we clasp her in too harsh and too violent an embrace. Those who say that Virtue knows no excess (since she is no longer Virtue if there is excess within her) are merely playing with words.

> Insani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui,
> Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam

[The name of 'insane' is borne by the Sage and the name of 'unjust' is borne by the Just, if in their strivings after Virtue herself they go beyond what is sufficient.][1]

That is a subtle observation on the part of philosophy: you can both love virtue too much and behave with excess in an action which itself is just. The Voice of God adapts itself fittingly to that bias: 'Be not more wise than it behoveth, but be ye soberly wise.'[2]
2. I have seen one of our great noblemen harm the reputation of his religion by showing himself religious beyond any example of men of his rank.[3]
3. I like natures which are temperate and moderate. Even when an immoderate zeal for the good does not offend me it still stuns me and makes it difficult for me to give it a Christian name. Neither Pausanias' mother (who made the first accusation against her son and who brought the first stone to wall him up for his death) nor Posthumius (the Dictator who had his own son put to death because he had been carried away by youthful ardour and had fought - successfully - slightly ahead of his unit) seem 'just' to me: they seem odd.[4] I neither like to advise nor to imitate a virtue so savage and so costly: the archer who shoots beyond his target misses it just as much as the one who falls short; my eyes trouble me as much when I suddenly come up into a

strong light as when I plunge into darkness.
4. Callicles says in Plato[5] that, at its extremes, philosophy is harmful; he advises us not to go more deeply into it than the limits of what is profitable: taken in moderation philosophy is pleasant and useful, but it can eventually lead to a man's becoming vicious and savage, contemptuous of religion and of the accepted laws, an enemy of social intercourse, an enemy of our human pleasures, useless at governing cities, at helping others or even at helping himself - a man whose ears you could box with impunity. What he says is true, for in its excesses philosophy enslaves our native freedom and with untimely subtleties makes us stray from that beautiful and easy path that Nature has traced for us.
5. The affection which we bear towards our wives is entirely legitimate: yet Theology nevertheless puts reins on it and restrains it. Among the reasons which Saint Thomas Aquinas[6] cites in condemnation of marriages between relatives who are within the forbidden affinities I think I once read the following: There is a risk that the love felt for such a wife might be immoderate; for if the marital affection between them is full and entire (as it ought to be) and then you add on to it the further affection proper among kinsfolk, there is no doubt that such an over-measure would ravish such a husband beyond the limits of reason.
6. Those sciences which govern the morals of mankind, such as Theology and philosophy, make everything their concern: no activity is so private or so secret as to escape their attention or their jurisdiction. Only mere beginners criticize their freedom to do so: they are like the kind of women whose organs are as accessible as you wish for copulation but who are too bashful to show them to the doctor. On behalf of these sciences I therefore want to teach husbands the following - if, that is, there are any who are still too eager: even those very pleasures which they enjoy when lying with their wives are reproved if not kept within moderation; you can fall into licence and excess in this as in matters unlawful. All those shameless caresses which our first ardour suggests to us in our sex-play are not only unbecoming to our wives but harmful to them when practised on them. At least let them learn shamelessness from some other hand! They are always wide enough awake when we need them. Where this is concerned what I have taught has been natural and uncomplicated.
7. Marriage is a bond both religious and devout: that is why the pleasure we derive from it must be serious, restrained and intermingled with some

gravity; its sensuousness should be somewhat wise and dutiful. Its chief end is procreation, so there are those who doubt whether it is right to seek intercourse when we have no hope of conception, as when the woman is pregnant or too old. For Plato that constitutes a kind of homicide. There are whole peoples, including the Mahometans, who abominate intercourse with women who are pregnant, and others still during monthly periods. Zenobia admitted her husband for a single discharge; once that was over she let him run wild throughout her pregnancy, giving him permission to begin again only once it was over. There was a fine and noble-hearted marriage for you![7]

8. It was from some yearning sex-starved poet that Plato borrowed his story about Jupiter's making such heated advances to his wife one day that he could not wait for her to lie on the bed but tumbled her on the floor, forgetting the great and important decisions which he had just reached with the other gods in his celestial Court and boasting that he had enjoyed it as much as when, hidden from her parents, he had first taken her maidenhead.[8]

9. The kings of Persia did invite their wives as guests to their festivities, but once the wine had seriously inflamed them so that they had to let their lust gallop free, they packed them off to their quarters so as not to make them accomplices of their immoderate appetites, sending instead for other women whom they were not bound to respect.[9]

10. It is not every pleasure or favour that is well lodged in people of every sort. Epaminondas had a dissolute boy put in prison: Pelopidas, for his own purposes, begged for his freedom; Epaminondas refused but granted it to one of his whores who also begged for it, saying that it was a favour due to a mistress but not to a captain. Sophocles, when a Praetor with Pericles, happened to see a handsome youth go by: 'What a handsome boy,' said he to Pericles. 'That', said Pericles, 'would be all right coming from anyone but a Praetor, who must not only have pure hands but pure eyes.'[10]

11. When the wife of the Emperor Aelius Verus complained of his permitting himself affairs with other women, he replied that he acted thus for reasons of conscience, marriage being a term of honour and dignity not of wanton and lascivious lust. And our old Church authors make honourable mention of a wife who rejected her husband since she had no wish to be a partner to his lascivious and immoderate embraces.[11]

12. In short there is no pleasure, however proper, which does not become a matter of reproach when excessive and intemperate.

13. But, seriously though, is not Man a wretched creature? Because of his natural attributes he is hardly able to taste one single pleasure pure and entire: yet he has to go and curtail even that by arguments; he is not wretched enough until he has increased his wretchedness by art and assiduity.

Fortunae miseras auximus arte vias.
[The wretched paths of Fortune we make worse by art.][12]

14. Human wisdom is stupidly clever when used to diminish the number and sweetness of such pleasures as do belong to us, just as she employs her arts with diligence and fitness when she brings comb and cosmetics to our ills and makes us feel them less. If I had founded a school of philosophy I would have taken another route - a more natural one, that is to say a true, convenient and inviolate one; and I might have made myself strong enough to know when to stop.
15. Consider the fact that those physicians of our souls and bodies, as though plotting together, can find no other way to cure us and no other remedy for our illnesses of soul and body than by torment, pain and tribulation. Vigils, fasting, hair-shirts and banishments to distant solitary places, endless imprisonments, scourges and other sufferings have been brought in to that end: but only on condition that the suffering is real and should cause bitter pain, and that there should not befall what happened to a man called Gallio who was banished to the island of Lesbos: Rome was told that he was enjoying himself there and that what had been inflicted as a punishment was turning into a pleasure, at which he was ordered back to wife and home and commanded to stay put, so as to adapt the punishment to his real feelings.[13] For if a man's health and happiness were made keener by fasting, or if he found fish more tasty than meat, it would cease to be a salutary prescription: just as drugs prescribed by the other kind of doctor have no effect on anyone who swallowed them with pleasure and enjoyment. The bitter taste and the hardship are attributes which make them work. A constitution which could regularly stand rhubarb would spoil its efficacy: to cure our stomachs it must be something which hurts it: and here the usual axiom that 'contraries cure contraries' breaks down; for in this case illness cures illness.
16. This notion is somewhat like that other very ancient one which was universally embraced by all religions and which leads us to think that we can please Heaven and Nature by our murders and our massacres.

17. Even in our fathers' time Amurath, when he conquered the Isthmus, sacrificed six hundred Greek youths for the soul of his father, so that their blood might serve as a propitiation, expiating the sins of that dead man.[14] And in those new lands discovered in our own time, lands pure and virgin compared with ours, the practice is accepted virtually everywhere: all their idols are slaked with human blood, not without various examples of dreadful cruelty. Men are burned alive; when halfroasted they are withdrawn from the fire so that their hearts and entrails can be plucked out; others, even women, are flayed alive: their skin, all bloody, serves as a cloak to mask others; and there are no less examples of constancy and determination. For those wretches who are to be immolated, old men, women and children, beg for alms a few days beforehand as offertories at their sacrifice, and present themselves to the slaughter singing and dancing with the congregation. The ambassadors from the King of Mexico, to make Fernando Cortez realize the greatness of their master, first told him that he had thirty vassal-lords, each one of whom could muster a hundred thousand fighting men, and that he dwelt in the strongest fairest city under Heaven; they then added that he had fifty thousand men sacrificed to the gods every year. It is truly said that he cultivated war with some great neighbouring peoples not merely to train the youth of his country but chiefly to furnish prisoners of war for his sacrifices. In another place there was a town where they welcomed Cortez by sacrificing fifty men at the same time. And I will relate one more account: when Cortez had conquered some of these peoples they sent messengers to find out about him and to seek his friendship. They offered him three sorts of gifts in this wise: 'Lord, here are five slaves; if thou art a fierce god who feedest on flesh and blood, eat them and we shall bring thee more. If thou art a kindly god, here are feathers and incense; if thou art human, accept these birds and these fruits.'[15]

NOTE

（1） Horace, Epistles, I, vi, 15-16.

（2） Romans 12: 3, following the Vulgate Latin version in which Montaigne read his Bible.

（3） Perhaps King Henry III.

（4） Diodorus Siculus, XI, x; XII, xix.

（5） Plato, Gorgias, 484C-D.

（6） Thomas Aquinas, Summa theologica, II[a], II[ac], 154, art. 9.

（7） Plato, Laws, VIII, 838A ff.; Guillaume Postel, Histoire des Turcs; for Zenobia, Tiraquellus, De legibus connubialibus, IX, 88.

（8） Plato, Laws, III, 390 BC, after Homer, Iliad, XIV, 294-341.

〔9〕 Plutarch (tr. Amyot), Préceptes de mariage, 146E.

〔10〕 Plutarch (tr. Amyot), Instruction pour ceux qui manient les affaires d'Estat, 167 H; Cicero, De officiis, I, xl, 144, distinguishing between moderation (modestia) and orderly conduct (eutaxia).

〔11〕 E.g., Eusebius (Pamphilus), Ecclesiastical History, IV.

〔12〕 Propertius, III, vii, 32.

〔13〕 The Senator Junius Gallio; cf. Tacitus, Annals, VI, iii.

〔14〕 Related by Laonicus Chalcocondylas (tr. Blaise de Vigenère), Histoire de la décadence de l'empire grec, VII, iv.

〔15〕 All from Francisco Lopez de Gomara, Historia de Mexico, Antwerp, 1554 (tr. A. de Cravaliz as Historia del Capitano Don Fernando Cortes, Rome, 1556).

7
That we should not be deemed happy till after our death

1.

> Scilicet ultima semper
> Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
> Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.

[You must always await a man's last day: before his death and last funeral rites, no one should be called happy.][1]

There is a story about this which children know; it concerns King Croesus: having been taken by Cyrus and condemned to death, he cried out as he awaited execution, 'O Solon, Solon!' This was reported to Cyrus who inquired of him what it meant. Croesus explained to him that Solon had once given him a warning which he was now proving true to his own cost: that men, no matter how Fortune may smile on them, can never be called happy until you have seen them pass through the last day of their life, on account of the uncertainty and mutability of human affairs which lightly shift from state to state, each one different from the other. That is why Agesilaus replied to someone who called the King of Persia happy because he had come so young to so great an estate, 'Yes: but Priam was not wretched when he was that age.'[2] Descendants of Alexander the Great, themselves kings of Macedonia, became cabinet-makers and scriveners in Rome; tyrants of Sicily became school-teachers in Corinth. A conqueror of half the world, a general of numerous armies, became a wretched suppliant to the beggarly officials of the King of Egypt: that was the cost of five or six more months of life to Pompey the Great. And during our fathers' lifetime Ludovico Sforza, the tenth Duke of Milan, who for so long had been the driving force in Italy, was

seen to die prisoner at Loches - but (and that was the worst of it) only after living there ten years. The fairest Queen, widow of the greatest King in Christendom, has she not just died by the hand of the executioner?[3] There are hundreds of other such examples. For just as storms and tempests seem to rage against the haughty arrogant height of our buildings, so it could seem that there are spirits above us, envious of any greatness here below.

Usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quaedam
Obterit, et pulchros fasces saevasque secures
Proculcare, ac ludibrio sibi habere videtur.

[Some hidden force apparently topples the affairs of men, seeming to trample down the resplendent fasces and the lictor's unyielding axe, holding them in derision.][4]

Fortune sometimes seems precisely to he in ambush for the last day of a man's life in order to display her power to topple in a moment what she had built up over the length of years, and to make us follow Laberius and exclaim: 'Nimirum hac die una plus vixi, mihi quam vivendum fuit.' [I have lived this day one day longer than I ought to have lived.][5]

2. The good counsel of Solon could be taken that way. But he was a philosopher: for such, the favours and ill graces of Fortune do not rank as happiness or unhappiness and for them great honours and powers are non-essential properties, counted virtually as things indifferent. So it seems likely to me that he was looking beyond that, intending to tell us that happiness in life (depending as it does on the tranquillity and contentment of a spirit well-born and on the resolution and assurance of an ordered soul) may never be attributed to any man until we have seen him act out the last scene in his play, which is indubitably the hardest. In all the rest he can wear an actor's mask: those fine philosophical arguments may be only a pose, or whatever else befalls us may not assay us to the quick, allowing us to keep our countenance serene. But in that last scene played between death and ourself there is no more feigning; we must speak straightforward French; we must show whatever is good and clean in the bottom of the pot:

Nam verae voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur, et eripitur persona, manet res

[Only then are true words uttered from deep in our breast. The mask is ripped

off: reality remains.][6]

That is why all the other actions in our life must be tried on the touchstone of this final deed. It is the Master-day, the day which judges all the others; it is (says one of the Ancients)[7] the day which must judge all my years now past. The assay of the fruits of my studies is postponed unto death. Then we shall see if my arguments come from my lips or my heart.

3. I note that several men by their death have given a good or bad reputation to their entire life. Scipio, Pompey's father-in-law, redeemed by a good death the poor opinion people had had of him until then. And when asked which of three men he judged most worthy of honour, Chabrias, Iphicrates or himself, Epaminondas replied, 'Before deciding that you must see us die.' (Indeed Epaminondas would be robbed of a great deal if anyone were to weigh his worth without the honour and greatness of his end.)

4. In my own times three of the most execrable and ill-famed men I have known, men plunged into every kind of abomination, died deaths which were well-ordered and in all respects perfectly reconciled: such was God's good pleasure.

5. Some deaths are fine and fortunate. I knew a man[8] whose thread of life was progressing towards brilliant preferment when it was snapped; his end was so splendid that, in my opinion, his great-souled search after honour held nothing so sublime as that snapping asunder: the goal he aimed for he reached before he had even set out; that was more grand and more glorious than anything he had wished or hoped for. As he fell he surpassed the power and reputation towards which his course aspired.

6. When judging another's life I always look to see how its end was borne: and one of my main concerns for my own is that it be borne well - that is, in a quiet and muted manner.

NOTE

(1) Ovid, Metamorphoses, III, 135.

(2) Plutarch, tr. Amyot, Dicts notables des Lacedaemoniens, p. 211C.

(3) Ludovico Sforza, ousted in 1500, spent eight years in the dungeon at Loches; Mary Stuart (widow of Francis II of France) was beheaded in 1587.

(4) Lucretius, V, 1233. (The fasces and axes were Roman symbols of State.)

(5) Macrobius, Saturnalia, II, vii.

(6) Lucretius, III, 57.

(7) Seneca, Epist. moral., XXIV and XXVI.

(8) Etienne de La Boëtie.

A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

女权辩护

[英] 玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特　著

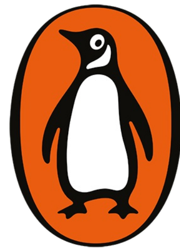
陶鑫　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

女权辩护

（英）玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特/著

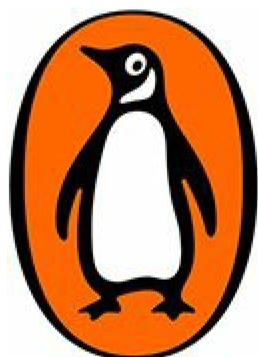
陶鑫/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

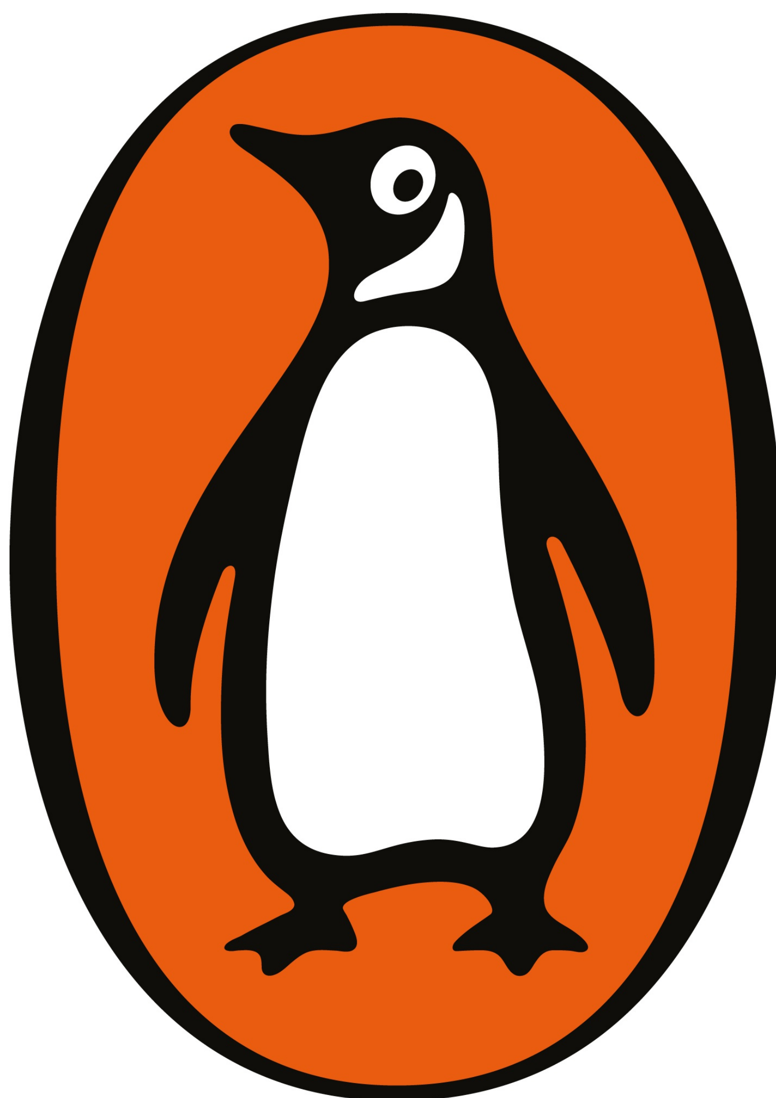
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www. penguin. com
First published 1792
Published in Penguin Classics 1975
This extract published in Penguin Books 2004
Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman
edited by Miriam Brody
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者
西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特（1759—1797），出身于一个普通市民家庭，她的家庭生活很不幸福，父亲酗酒成性，母亲愚蠢无能。玛丽从小没有享受家庭的温暖和接受过良好的家庭教育。她很早就自谋生路，做过小学教师、护理师和家庭女教师。艰辛的谋生之路磨炼了玛丽的意志，生活中男性和女性的各种不公现象激发了她写作的冲动。她一生写就了多篇小说和论文、一本旅行书简、一本法国大革命史、一本行为手册以及一本儿童文学。《女权辩护》（1792）是她最知名的作品。玛丽在这本书中表现出的超越普通女性的真知灼见，让她当之无愧地成为当代女性主义的先驱。

对普通大众—特别是女权主义者而言，沃斯通克拉夫特的一生要比她的作品更吸引人们的注意，这主要是由于她另类的生活方式。在与无政府主义运动的先驱者威廉·戈德温结婚之前，沃斯通克拉夫特还曾与两个男人有过两段不幸的爱情：其一是画家亨利希·菲斯利，其二是商人吉尔伯特·伊姆利。沃斯通克拉夫特与戈德温有一个女儿，即《弗兰肯斯坦》的作者玛丽·雪莱。38岁时，沃斯通克拉夫特死于产后并发症，遗留下几部未完成的手稿。

在沃斯通克拉夫特死后，戈德温出版了《〈女权辩护〉作者传》（1798），其中透露了她另类的生活方式。本为纪念妻子的戈德温，却在无意之间将她的名誉破坏了长达一个世纪之久。但是，随着20世纪初女权主义运动的兴起，沃斯通克拉夫特对性别平等的提倡以及对传统女性特质的批评开始变得日益重要。如今，她已被视作是女权主义哲学家的鼻祖之一，而女权主义者们也经常提到她的生活与作品。

在《女权辩护》中，她以实际生活中的各种鲜活事例，精辟地指出了女人温柔端庄的本质，并分析了致使男女不平等的各种陈规陋习。她指出社会上各种关于女性优点的意见造成了女性性格的软弱和无能，而女性的教育制度使女性处于一种“无知的奴隶式依附”状态。她主张女人应当以自己的理智赢得世人的敬重，而不是靠外表的装饰、性格的软弱博得男人的爱慕和同情。作为人类的女性，应当享有与男性相同的教育权和其他基本权利，而不应被视作社会的装饰品或婚姻交易中的财产。而要想从根本上改善女人的品格和风尚，就必须给予她们精神上的自由，培养她们的理性，让她们自由地思考，独立履行家庭责任，成为一个“人”。她的这些在当时看起来“离经叛道”的观点却成为很多女权主义者奋斗的准则。即使在现代，当我们重温这位伟大女性在200多年前写下的文字时，仍然不得不惊叹于她敏锐的洞察力和深刻的思索。

作者前言

我带着焦虑关切的心情审视历史和观察世界之后，产生了一种非常郁闷的悲愤感，让我的情绪十分低落。在不得不承认，造物主让人和人之间有巨大的差别，以及世界文明发展至今也是有失偏颇时，我不由得长叹一声。我曾经翻阅过很多本讨论教育问题的书，也耐心观察过父母的教育方式和学校的管理模式，但是结果如何呢？—我坚信，造成我强烈谴责的不幸境遇的主要原因，是对我的女性同胞教育问题的忽视；我还坚信，特别是女人，由于一个轻率结论导致的各种综合因素共同作用，使其陷入软弱和悲惨的境地。事实上，女人的行为举止显然证明了她们的思想是不健康的。就像生长在过于肥沃土壤里的花朵一样，为了美丽牺牲了力量和用途；而那些鲜艳的花朵，令那些评头论足的观赏者感到心满意足之后，在它们远未达到成熟期之前就凋谢了，无人问津。我通过阅读论述教育问题的书籍，认为这种华而不实的现象起因之一是一套错误的教育体制，写这些书的男人与其说把女性当作人来看，不如说把女性当作女人来看。他们热切渴望将女性变成迷人的情妇，而不是深情的妻子和理性的母亲。女人的理智被这种华而不实的论调蒙蔽太深，甚至现代社会的文明女性，除了极少数人之外，在应该拥有一种更为高尚的志向，并且通过自己的才能和品德赢得尊重的时候，却只是一门心思地试图激发别人对她们的爱慕。

因此，在讨论女人权利和行为的专著中，那些致力于改善女人权利和行为的著作不应忽略，特别是有些著作根本不讳言，女人虚伪的优雅已经使她们意志薄弱。有才华的作家创作的教科书和那些比较轻浮的作品一样具有相同的倾向。按照某些地区伊斯兰教的习俗，女人被看作是一种附属品，而不是人类的一部分。人们用差强人意的理由夸大男人和女人的差别，这种夸大的差别将男人区别于野兽，并把一根自然的权杖

交给一个软弱的人。

但是作为一个女人，我无意引导读者认为我有意热烈探讨这些关于女人品行和低劣地位等有争议的问题；但是既然这个话题出现在我的面前，我就不能避而不谈，否则我的主要论点就会遭到曲解，因此我要花一点时间简单论述我的观点。在自然界，女人大多体力上不如男人，这是显而易见的。这就是自然法则，而这条法则似乎并没有为了女人而被废除或取消。因此男人在体力上有一定的优势是不容置疑的，而且这是一种高贵的天赋特权！但是男人仍然不满足于这种天然的优越地位，他们竭力将女人的地位贬得更低，只是为了让女人变成一时诱人的玩物。而女人沉溺于男人在肉欲支配下对她们表达的爱慕之情，内心不会努力追求一种永恒的兴趣，也不会尝试成为这些以和她们交往为消遣的同胞们的朋友。

我意识到了一个明显的推论。我到处都能听到反对女人男性化的呼声，但是哪里有这样的女人呢？如果男人如此疾呼，只是为了打击女人对打猎、射击和赌博的热情的话，那我也会十分乐意加入男人的疾呼；但是如果是为了反对女人模仿，确切地说，获取男人的才能和性格的话，那么我想，那些以理性、冷静眼光看待女人的人会和我一样，希望女人日益男性化，因为这些才能和品德能够提升人类的品格，让女人成为更高尚的动物，进而被广泛地称为人。

讨论至此，自然我们的话题就要一分为二。首先，我要以一种宏观的视角，将女人当作人来讨论，她们和男人一样，被神安放到这个世界上施展她们的才华；然后我要更加详细地探讨她们独特的职责。

我还希望避免犯一个很多作家都犯过的错误，因为目前女人接受的教育，其实是针对贵妇的，如果我们不包括《桑德夫和莫顿》[1]里面一点零散的间接建议的话。但是我以更加坚定的语气告诉我的女同胞们，我将特别关注那些中产阶级的女人，因为她们似乎处在最自然的状态。

也许华而不实、道德败坏和爱慕虚荣的种子一直都是大人物播撒的。软弱而做作的人以一种不成熟、不自然的状态，超越了女性同胞的正常需求和感情，败坏了道德基础，将腐化堕落散布到社会大众中！这些人作为人类的一个阶级，是最需要别人怜悯的。有钱人的教育会让她们变得浮华而无助，而因为不用履行那些能提升人类品格的责任，她们正在发展的心灵无法得到锻炼。她们活着只是为了享乐，这种生活方式令她们很快就只能提供无聊的享乐了。

但是我的目的是分别探讨社会不同阶层的人和不同阶层中女人的道德品格，所以目前来看上述提示已经足够了。我只是指出了这个话题，因为我认为前言的精要就是对其所介绍的作品内容作一个大致的概括。

我希望我的女性同胞原谅，因为我把她们当作理智的人来看待，既不奉承她们迷人的魅力，也不认为她们处于一种永远也无法独立的幼稚状态。我真诚希望能指出什么是真正的尊严和人类的幸福。我希望说服女人努力争取身心两方面的力量，使她们相信：那些温柔的蜜语、敏感的心灵、细腻的情感和优雅的品位，都是软弱的同义词；而那些只配供人怜悯的人和爱情，很快就会成为人们鄙视的对象。

因此，我不愿意使用那些男人奉承我们或滋养我们奴隶般依赖性的甜言蜜语；我鄙视那些被认为是软弱女人特点的脆弱优雅的思维、精致细腻的情感和可爱顺服的行为；我希望指出品德比优雅更重要，我们追求的首要目标就是不论性别，培养人的品格，而所有的次要目标都应当用这个简单的标准来检验，这种追求是值得赞赏的。

这就是我计划的概述。如果我一想到这个问题就感受到强烈的情感，并因此表达我的信念的话，那么我的一部分读者必然也会感觉到我这样做是出于经验和思考。受到这个重大目标的激励，我就不屑于再推敲词语修饰文风了。我希望我的作品于人有益，真诚让我无法做作，因为我希望用论证的力量说服我的读者，而不是用华丽的词语令人炫目。

我不会浪费时间咬文嚼字，更不会编造一些言不由衷的矫情的夸大之词。我将关注事情的本质，而不是玩文字游戏！另外，我非常热切地希望女人能成为社会上更受尊敬的成员，因此我将极力避免用那些从散文进入小说，又从小说进入日常书信和对话中的华丽辞藻。

这些信手拈来的夸张的漂亮言辞损坏了品位，并且造成了一种背离朴实真理的病态娇弱；而泛滥的虚伪感情和夸大的情调扼杀了内心的自然情感，让家庭生活变得无趣。而家庭本应承担教导一个理性的不朽灵魂为更崇高的事业而奋斗的责任，并为这个教导的过程提供乐趣。

目前女性教育比以前更受关注，但是女人依然被看作是轻薄的人，遭到那些试图以讥讽或教育改善她们的作家的嘲弄和怜悯。应该承认，女人年轻的时候把大把的光阴都花在学习些许才艺上面，同时为了美貌的放荡观念和通过婚姻抬升自己地位（这是女人提升自己地位的唯一办法）的欲望而牺牲对身心的培养。这种欲望让女人变得跟牲畜一样，她们结婚之后，行为规范像孩童般幼稚：她们梳妆打扮，浓妆艳抹，她们还给造物主的创造物起诨名。这些软弱的人只配被男人当作性玩物！谁能指望她们明智地管理一个家庭，或者照顾自己带到这个世界上来的可怜孩子呢？

既然如此，如果我们可以从女人目前的行为，从目前普遍流行的对享乐的嗜好（这种嗜好代替了伟大志向和能够提升心灵的高尚感情）公正地推断出以下结论：女人一直以来接受的教育和文明社会的体制，加速了女人成为微不足道的欲望的对象—只不过是繁殖笨蛋的机器罢了！—如果指望女人有所成就，却不培养她们的理智，这种行为会让她们忽略自己应尽的责任，在韶华逝去之后变成荒唐而无益的人，那么我认为，理性的男人就会因为我试图说服女人变得更加男性化、更加受尊重而原谅我。

其实“男性化”只不过是个唬人的字眼而已，永远不必担心女人会获

得过多的勇气或坚毅，因为她们明显在体力方面不如男人，这让她们在生活的各个方面不得不对男人有一定的依赖。但是为什么要用那些认为品格有性别之分，并使简单的真理和性欲的狂想混淆不清的偏见，使这种不平衡更加严重呢？

女人这种做作的软弱导致了一种压制他人的倾向，并且让她们变得狡猾（狡猾是力量天然的对手），她们装出一副令人鄙夷的幼稚模样，即使这样能激起性欲，却也损伤了尊严。事实上，女人被那些女性品质的错误观点贬得太低，以致我在作出以上主张的时候，并不想要作奇谈怪论。让男人变得更贞洁，更节制吧，如果女人没有因此在同等比例上变得更聪明，那么显而易见，女人的智力确实比较低劣。似乎不用强调我现在说的是女性整体。有很多女性比她们的男性亲属更通情达理。既然在世间那些争夺外部平衡的永恒斗争中始终没有胜出，那么，思想作为一种内在力量自然更重要。有些女性在夫妻关系中无须贬低自己，因为智力永远处于统治地位。

关于两性品格流行观点的讨论

为了给男性专制寻找理由，确切地说是借口，人们想出很多精致的言论，来证明两性在修身养性的时候，应当以培养完全不同的性格为目标；确切地说，女人不能拥有心智的力量，而这种力量恰是修得真正的美德所必需的。但是似乎上帝只给人类指明了一条通向美德和幸福的道路，即让人类拥有灵魂。

既然女人并不是短命的虚度年华者，那为何要让她们深陷无知还美其名曰天真呢？男人不是用语言刻薄地挖苦我们任性的情欲和卑微的恶习，就是振振有词地抱怨我们的愚笨和善变。我会回应，看，这就是无知的必然结局！仅仅依傍偏见的思维必将永远多变；当这种偏见的思维不受约束时，它将带着毁灭性的力量蔓延。以她们的母亲为榜样，女人自小就明白，略微知晓一些人性的弱点、行事精明、性情温和、表面顺从和恪守凡庸礼节，就会得到男人的庇护。对于一个拥有美貌的女子来说，其他任何东西都不重要，因为她们生命中至少20年光阴可安享男人的保护。

弥尔顿[2]就是这样描写人类初始、脆弱的母亲[3]的；可是我还是不明白他说女人生当性情温柔、妩媚动人是什么意思，除非他真正以穆罕默德的口吻，意欲剥夺我们的灵魂，并暗示我们只不过是美貌和盲从的生物，在男人不能乘着思考的翅膀翱翔时取悦他们的感官。

那些劝告我们成为温顺家奴的人，多么粗野地侮辱了我们！例如他们经常热心地建议我们：要靠温柔顺从来取得支配权，这些言论多么愚蠢幼稚，一个堕落到用这种险恶手段取得支配权的人是多么渺小卑微——她是永生的人吗？“毫无疑问，”培根勋爵[4]）说，“人类肉体上和野兽

同类，如果他灵魂上不能和上帝同类，他就是低下卑微的东西！”男人试图通过让女人永远保持孩童般的幼稚来确保她们行为端正，在我看来，这是极其不明智的。卢梭希望男女两性都停止理性的探索，这似乎比较合乎情理。因为一旦男人品尝了智慧果[5]，女人必然也紧随其后；然而，她们的理智的培养并不健全，使得她们只能获得有害的知识。

孩童应当天真，我赞成这点；但这个词用在男人或女人身上，就成了软弱的委婉说法。因为如果女人注定能够获得人类的种种美德，并且通过智慧获得坚贞的性格—这种性格是我们寄托未来希望的最坚实的基础，那女人也必然有权面对光明之源泉，而不是被迫在微弱的星光下摸索前行。当然，弥尔顿和我的想法大相径庭。因为他只强调美貌的不容置疑性，虽然从下面两段诗中（我摘录下来以作对比），我们很难看出他思想的一致性，不过伟大的男人经常因为直觉犯这种矛盾的错误：

于是绝美的夏娃回答道：

我的主人，我任由你差遣，

你的命令，我完全无条件服从；

这原本就是上帝的安排；

上帝为你立法，而你是我的准则：

不求甚解即女人最满意的知识和荣耀。

这些正是我曾对孩子们说过的论点，只是我还补充说，你们的理智正在发展，你们必须尊重我的意见，直到它成熟到一定阶段，—之后你们应当独立思考，一切完全依靠上帝……

因此在讨论女人的言谈举止时，我们应当摒弃那些关于身体的世俗

言论，探寻我们应努力让她们成为什么样的人，以和上帝合作—如果这种说法不是太过分的话。

个人教育这个词目前还没有明确的定义，我对它的理解是：赋予孩子一种关注，使其见识增长，性情成形，学会控制蠢蠢欲动的情欲，并在身体成熟之前锻炼自己的理性思维；这样他们成年以后，就可以继续踏上思考和推理的重要征程，而不是从头开始。

为了避免误解，我必须声明，我不认为个人教育可以收到一些乐观学者声称的奇效。男人和女人一定会在很大程度上受到他们所在社会的舆论和行为规范的教育。每个时代都有一种主流的舆论导向，似乎是为了赋予这个时代一种不变的特征。因此我们可以断定，除非社会结构发生变化，否则我们无法期待教育能带来什么改变。然而考虑到我当前的目的，我只要声明一点就够了：无论环境对个人的才能产生什么影响，每个人都可以通过理性成为有道德的人；因为只有生来有恶的倾向的人，才是真正的坏人，那么，还有什么可以阻止我们成为无神论者呢？或者如果我们崇拜一个神，那这个神难道不是个魔鬼吗？

因此，我眼中最完备的教育就是对理智的锻炼，使人的品格和心灵得到最大限度的培养和发展。或者说教育是为了使个人获得能使其独立的优秀品德习惯。事实上，称呼那些并非通过独立思考而获得某些品质的人为高尚的人，是很荒唐的。这是卢梭描述男人的观点，我将其延伸到女性身上，并坚信，她们之所以有越轨行为，是因虚假的优雅，而非对男性品格的探求。但是她们过于沉醉于帝王般的崇拜，除非时代风貌发生改变，转而建立在更理性的基础上，否则也许无法说服她们，她们通过贬低自己获得的不合理权力其实是个祸害；或者让她们相信，必须回归本性，和男性站在平等的地位上才能保持纯洁爱情带来的宁静和满足。但我们必须等待这个时代的到来—也许要等到王公贵族们受到理智的启示后，推崇人的尊严而非幼稚状态，抛弃他们华而不实的世袭权。

如果那个时候女人还不放弃滥用美丽获得的为所欲为的权利—那确实证明她们在智力上不及男人。

也许有人会指责我傲慢自大，但我仍然要申明，我坚信：所有写过关于女性教育和行为举止这个话题的作家，从卢梭到格雷戈里博士[6]，都曾促使女人的性格更加虚伪和懦弱，否则她们不至于这样；也正因此，女人成了社会上更加无用的群体。我似乎可以更加温和地表达我的信念，但是我担心这样就成了虚伪的满腹牢骚，而不是强烈情感的真实表达，也无法展现我通过经验体会和反复思考得到的明确结论……在我看来，所有那些有意侮辱作为一半人类的女性群体，并使其牺牲所有坚贞品质以取悦于人的著作，我都将对其整体主旨予以反对。

但是，按照卢梭的逻辑，如果男人身体成熟之后，心智也在一定程度上获得了完善，为了保持男人和他妻子的一体性，做妻子的完全依赖丈夫的理智也许是有一定道理的；就像优雅的常青藤缠绕在支撑它的橡树上，构成力量和美貌相得益彰的整体。但是，天哪！丈夫们，以及他们的贤内助们，往往不过是大孩子，—哦，不，多亏了早年的放荡风流，这些丈夫连男子汉大丈夫的外形都没有，—正如让瞎子给瞎子带路，我们还需要上帝来告诉我们后果的严重性吗？

在如今这个腐败的社会状况下，有很多因素导致女性被奴役，通过束缚女人智力、折磨她们的感官而奴役女人。这其中之一，也许是最有害的因素，莫过于女人做事毫无头绪。

做事有条不紊是非常重要的能力，男人从小就养成了这种能力，因此行事缜密，而女人一般接受的是杂乱不堪的教育，因此很难会像男人那样，注意到这个问题。这种漫不经心、毫无条理的瞎猜（还有什么其他的词，可以更好地形容这种丝毫不经过理智推敲，肆意运用凭借本能得到的常识的行为？）使女人缺乏对事物的总结归纳能力。因此她们重复着昨天做过的事情，仅仅因为昨天她们也做了这件事。

这种在早期对理智的忽略，产生的后果比我们想象的要严重。因为这些意志坚强的女人学到的少得可怜的知识，鉴于各种原因，不如男人的有条理，况且这些知识更多地是纯粹通过对实际生活的观察得到的，她们很少会将个人观察到的现象和通过抽象经验而得到的结论作一番比较。她们更多地是通过从属地位和处理家务而获得社会交往，因此她们学习的都是零碎的点滴知识。另外由于学习对她们来说基本上只是次要的事情，所以她们不会以持之以恒的热情钻研任何一门学问，而这种热情是使人激发才智、保持头脑清醒不可或缺的因素。在目前的社会状况下，男人需要学习一点儿知识来维持绅士身份，而男孩们需要接受几年的教育。但是相对于锻炼理智，对于女人的教育更注重优雅体态的培养。女人因生育和恪守端庄的错误观念而精疲力竭，身体发育不良，无法展现某些优美的姿态。此外，她们年轻时没有通过竞争锻炼自己的才智；即使她们天资聪颖，由于没有从事过严肃的科学研究，这种天赋也很快因注重生活品质和衣着举止而渐渐消逝。她们一味追求结果和改进，从不追根溯源；那些规范行为的繁文缛节，其实只是简单原则的蹩脚替代品而已。

为了证明女性柔弱的外表是教育制度造成的，我们可以以军人为例：他们和女人一样，在头脑中的知识还未积累起来、原则还未得到强化时就进入社会。结果也是一样：他们从混乱的谈话中获得一点肤浅的知识，通过在社会上厮混见了些世面。人们经常将这种对风俗和习惯的了解，误认为是对人类情感的认识。但是这种随意观察得到的粗糙结论，从未经过理性的检验，也非通过比较理论和经验得来，能称得上是对人类情感的认识吗？士兵和女人一样，拘泥于那些微不足道的品德。若男女受的教育相同，两性之间还有什么区别呢？我现在看到的一切区别不过是由于男人拥有更多的自由，得以见更多世面罢了。

现在作一番政治评论也许有点偏离我要论述的主题，但是它是在我一系列思考中自然而然产生的，因此我不能避而不谈。

常备军中永远不可能有意志坚定、精力充沛的士兵；军队也许是纪律严明的机械化队伍，却很少有热情奔放、才华横溢的军人；至于深刻的洞察力，我敢断言在军队中和在女人中一样，极为罕见。我认为造成这种情况的原因是一样的。我们甚至可以更进一步断言，军人同样也特别注意外表，热爱跳舞、热闹场所、冒险和嘲弄别人。他们像美丽的女人一样，把阿谀奉承当作每天的主题；他们受的教导就是要取悦于人，他们活着就是为了取悦于人。但是在两性对比中他们并未丧失优势地位，因为人们仍然认为男人地位比女人优越。尽管除了我刚才所述以外，我们很难看到他们的优越性表现在哪里。

最大的不幸在于，他们在尚未进行道德修养之时就学会了一套表面的规矩；在未经过深思熟虑，对人性宏大理想的轮廓深入认识时就学会了人情世故。后果显而易见。他们满足于对一般人性的认识，就很容易产生偏见；他们人云亦云，盲目地屈从权威。所以即使他们有点理智，那也不过是一种出于本能的一知半解，以及对行为方式作出的判断，但是在追究根源或者分析观点时，就派不上用场了。

这种评论对女性是否适用呢？不但适用，我们还可以把这个观点更引申一步，因为他们都是受文明社会里建立起来的不合理差别所害，而失去了有利的地位。财富和世袭的荣耀，让人们认为女性一文不名，她们只是关注财产的多寡；游手好闲使社会上出现了一批既殷勤又粗暴的人，他们一边甘受情妇奴役，一边对自己的姐妹、妻子和女儿作威作福。确实，这样做只是为了让她们安守本分。女人心胸开阔，意志坚强，就不会盲目服从；但是，掌权者需要这种盲目服从，因此暴君和好色者竭力使女性处于蒙昧无知的状态是有道理的，因为暴君只需要奴隶，而好色者只需要玩物。好色者其实是危害最大的暴君；女人被她们的情人欺骗，正如年幼的君主被侍臣玩弄一样，还梦想着自己在统治着他们。

现在我主要谈谈卢梭，因为他对索菲亚[7]性格的塑造无疑非常扣人心弦，虽然在我看来极不自然。但是我要抨击的不是她性格的上层结构，而是形成她性格的基础，即那些使她所接受的教育得以建立的原则。不仅如此，虽然我极为钦佩这位才华横溢的作家的天赋，并且经常引用他的观点，但是在我读到他露骨撩人的奇谈怪论时，没有一点钦佩之情，取而代之的是无尽的愤怒。他对美德的侮辱让我眉头紧蹙，他优美的文笔带给我的微笑也因此荡然无存，我一点都不满意。这就是那位因大力倡导美德而主张摒弃一切和平手段，简直要把我们带回古代接受斯巴达式严格训练的作家吗？这就是那位热衷于歌颂激情的有益抗争、优秀品性的辉煌胜利，以及光辉灵魂自由翱翔的作家吗？当他描写他可心的人儿迷人的双脚和诱人的风姿时，这些伟大的情操多么苍白无力啊！但现在我暂且不谈这个问题，我不想严厉指责这种突然泛滥的自负感，我只想说，任何抱着善意态度观察社会的人，一定会对普通男女的爱情感到满意，因为这种爱情既不会因柔情万种而变得高贵，也不会因共同的知识渴求而得到加强。日常的家庭琐事足以提供愉悦的谈资，天真的抚爱缓解了无须运用智力或大量思考的劳作带来的辛劳；然而这种平凡的幸福景象在我们心中激起的情感，难道不是爱怜多于尊重吗？——这种情感跟我们看到儿童玩耍或动物嬉戏时的感受一样。但是在我们想到那些功德非凡的人在苦难中依旧战斗不止时，我们不得不肃然起敬，我们的思绪就被带到另一个世界，这里，理性战胜了感性。

因此女人或是被视为有道德的人，或是被视为软弱到必须完全依赖男人的优秀方可生存下去的人。

让我们来分析一下这个问题。卢梭宣称女人永远都不应该把自己看成是独立的人，必须在恐惧的支配下，发挥她天生的狡猾的才能，变成一个卖弄风姿的奴仆，这样才能更加吸引男人，成为情欲的对象，当男人需要放松时成为他更亲密的伴侣。卢梭自认为从天性中为自己的观点找到论据，甚至更进一步，旁敲侧击地暗示：人类一切品德的基石，即

真理和坚韧，应当有所限制地培养，因为从女人的性格看，服从才是她们需要一丝不苟永远铭记在心的最重要的一课。

简直一派胡言！何时才能出现一位伟人，以足够的力量将因傲慢和肉欲而笼罩在这个问题上的迷雾一扫而尽呢？虽然女人体质比不上男人，但她们的品质一定和男人相同，即使程度可能有别，否则品德将成为一个相对的概念。因此她们的行为应当建立在与男人相同的原则基础上，并具有同样的目标。

女人作为男人的女儿、妻子和母亲，和男人有父女、夫妻和母子的关系，她们的道德品质可以通过履行这些简单责任的方式来判断。但她们努力的目标，即她们伟大的目标，应当是展示她们的才华，树立自觉的高尚品德。她们可以努力使自己的道路充满乐趣；但是她们应该和男人一样，永远不能忘记：生活不会给不朽的灵魂带来永恒的快乐。我并不是暗示男人或女人应当沉迷于抽象的思考或模糊的观点中不能自拔，以致忘记了摆在他们面前的爱和责任，而这两者正是孕育生命成果的途径；相反，我极力推崇爱和责任，我甚至还主张，只有严肃认真地对待它们，才能从中获得最大的满足。

也许当时流行的认为女人因男人而生的观点来源于摩西[8]富有诗意的故事；但是据推测，在真正认真考虑过这个问题的人中，只有极少数相信夏娃真是亚当的一根肋骨，因此这个推论肯定是不成立的；或者至此我们只能承认，这个看法说明，男人从远古时期开始，就发现用实力来征服伴侣对自己有利，并且捏造事实证明女人应该乖乖把脖子伸到轭上，甘受压迫，因为她整个人就是为男人的方便和享乐而存在的。

不要对我所说的妄作结论，认为我意图颠倒世间万物的顺序。我已经承认，从身体的构造来看，男人似乎受上帝青睐，注定要比女人获得更大程度的美德。我这是针对男人整体来说的；但是我实在找不到理由表明男人和女人的品德在本质上有何不同。如果美德实际上只有一个永

恒不变的标准，那么如何区分不同美德的性质呢？因此如果我的推导过程没有纰漏，我必定坚决主张：所谓的不同美德都指向同一个简单的方向，正如上帝是唯一的一样。

如此说来，我们不应当将狡猾和智慧对立起来，将琐碎的操劳和巨大的努力对立起来，将美其名曰文雅的平淡无奇和只有伟大抱负才能激发的坚韧意志对立起来。

有人会告诉我，女人如果拥有这些精神力量，就会失去独特的魅力，并且他们可能会引用一位著名诗人的观点来驳斥我离经叛道的主张。因为蒲伯[9]曾以全体男性的名义说：

当她接触到我们所憎恨的一切事物的边缘时，

那我们的愤怒带来的后果将无法预料。

这个警句将男人和女人置于何种地位我不作评判，留待公正的人士去定夺。现在我只想说明，我实在不明白为何女人应当受制于爱情和淫欲，永远处于屈辱的地位，难道她们真的都该下地狱吗？

我知道对爱情发表不敬言论，是对情操和美好感情的严重背叛；但是我只是想从理性而非感性的角度，讲述一个简单的真理。企图说服世人放弃爱情，如同从塞万提斯[10]的作品中剔除堂·吉诃德一样，是不可能，也是违背常识的；但是努力抑制这种骚动的情欲，证明不应该允许它破坏较其更加优越的力量，或者任其篡夺理智的支配权，这种努力，也许是正当的。

青年时代是男女沉迷于爱情的时期；但是在无忧无虑尽情享乐的时候，应当为日后人生更重要的阶段作准备，那时理性思考将代替感性妄为。但是卢梭和那些步其后尘的男性作家们满怀热情地指出，整个女性教育应当只有一个目标，即取悦于男人。

请允许我和那些对人性有所了解却支持这个观点的人理论一番。他们是否认为婚姻会消除生活中的习俗呢？一生都被教导要取悦于人的女人很快就会发现，她的魅力就像残阳余晖，逐渐消逝；过了盛夏光年，青春不再，在和丈夫朝夕相处时，她已然不能在丈夫心中激起一丝涟漪。到那时她还会有足够的天赋自寻慰藉，挖掘她潜在的才能吗？或者我们是不是更有理由相信，她们会试图与别的男人寻欢，并且因为得到新的情人而被激情冲昏了头脑，忘记了她的爱情和自尊遭受的屈辱？当丈夫不再是至爱的时候—这个时候必然会到来—她取悦于人的欲望就会消退，或者变成痛苦的源泉；那时，也许作为所有感情中最转瞬即逝的爱情，就会被嫉妒或虚荣替代。

现在我要谈谈那些受到原则或偏见约束的女人。她们虽然对男女私通深恶痛绝，可是仍然希望别的男人对她们献殷勤，以此证明她们被残忍的丈夫冷落了；不然她们就会日复一日地幻想情投意合的夫妻所享受的幸福生活，直到变得满腹牢骚，身心俱疲。由此看来，取悦于人的绝妙艺术怎么会是一项非学不可的技巧呢？它只对情妇有用罢了。对于贞洁的妻子和认真的母亲来说，这种技巧不过是为品德锦上添花的方式，而丈夫的爱情不过是让她的工作更轻松、生活更幸福的慰藉。但是，无论她的丈夫是爱她还是冷落她，她首先应当使自己受人尊敬，而不是把所有的幸福寄托在一个和她拥有同样人性弱点的人身上。

尊敬的格雷戈里博士也犯了同样的错误。我尊重他的用心，但是完全不能赞同他那篇著名的《给女儿的赠言》。

他建议她们培养对衣着打扮的爱好，因为他断言女人天生爱打扮。他和卢梭都经常使用“天生”这个含糊不清的词，我不明白他们的意思。也许他们会告诉我，先身体而存在的灵魂本身就爱好打扮，并且把这种爱好带到一个新的肉体中，我会似笑非笑地听着，正如在人们对所谓的内在优雅高谈阔论时，我也是这种反应。但是如果他仅仅指运用这种天

生的能力就能产生这种爱好，我不能苟同。这种爱好绝不是天生的，和男人狂妄的野心一样，都是由权力欲催生的。

格雷戈里的主张远不止这些；他甚至推崇弄虚作假，建议天真无邪的女孩子隐藏自己的真实情感，不要兴高采烈地舞蹈，因为这时她的脚步会因激动而随心所欲，而她的举止应当庄重。按道理和常识来说，为什么女人不能承认她可以比别人多作一点锻炼呢？或者换句话说，不能承认她有健全的体魄；为什么要压制她天真活泼的天性，还在暗地里告诉她，男人会从她的一举一动中得出她意想不到的结论呢？随那些浪荡公子妄下结论去吧！我希望明智的母亲不要给女儿灌输这种不妥当的警告，以此来抑制女孩子年轻时应有的率性。“言为心声”，确实如此；一个比所罗门更聪明的人曾经说过，人的心地应当纯洁，不拘小节；即使是内心充满邪恶的人，如果谨慎小心，也不难做到这点。

女人应当努力净化心灵。但是，如果她们的理智没有接受训练，就会完全凭感情行事和娱乐；她们因缺乏高尚的追求而无法放下日常的无足轻重的虚荣，也不能抑制炽热的激情，这种激情如同一根芦苇，稍有风吹草动就会使它左右摇摆，在这样的情况下，她们的心灵能够纯洁吗？为了获得一个有道德的男人的感情，有必要弄虚作假吗？女人天生体质比男人弱；但是，为了赢得丈夫的感情，一个做妻子的，当她在履行作为女儿、妻子和母亲的责任时，已经通过思想和身体的双重锻炼保持了天生的体力和思想的健全，难道还必须降低身份，玩弄手段，伪装病态的孱弱，来确保丈夫对她的感情吗？软弱也许会让男人心生爱怜，满足男人自大的傲慢，但是一颗渴求并且理应受尊重的心灵不会满足于救世主般高傲的抚爱。抚爱代替不了夫妻之间的情谊。

我承认，在帝王的后宫里，这些卖弄风情的手段是必不可少的；因为必须要激发享乐主义者的趣味，才能防止他情绪消沉，表现冷漠；但是女人就如此胸无大志，欣欣然以此为乐？难道她们就这样无精打采地

在极度享乐和百无聊赖中虚度光阴，而不是坚持追求合理的快乐吗？难道她们不想去实践那些为人类赢得尊严的美德，而让自己受到重视吗？当然如果一个女人只是把生命消磨在穿着打扮上面，以此来取悦一个倦怠的男人，缓解他的顾虑，这样的女人是没有不朽灵魂的。男人完成生活中正经的工作后，当然愿意从她的微笑和小把戏中得到乐趣。

此外，注重增强体魄、锻炼心智的女人，通过经营家庭和修习各种美德，会成为她丈夫的朋友，而非卑微的依赖者。如果她因拥有这些高贵的品格而赢得了丈夫的赞赏，她就会发现没有必要隐藏自己的感情，或者不自然地装出冷漠的样子，以激发丈夫的情欲。追溯历史，我们就会发现杰出的女性既不是女人中最美丽的，也不是最温柔的。

大自然，或者更确切点说，上帝，把万事万物都安排得恰到好处；但是男人却总在试图捏造各种事情，破坏上帝的杰作。我现在指的是格雷戈里博士的那篇文章，他建议妻子永远不要让丈夫知道她的感受或爱情的深度。这种刺激肉欲的预防手段，既荒谬又无益。爱情究其本质来说，就是转瞬即逝的。试图找到使爱情永恒的秘诀，就如同寻找点金石或者万能药一样荒唐；即使找到这个秘诀，也对人类毫无裨益，甚至是有害的。社会最神圣的阶层就是友谊。一位精明的讽喻家说得好：真爱难求，真正的友情更难拥有。

这是一个显而易见的事实，没有什么高深的缘由，稍加研究便会明白。

爱情是人人皆有的情欲，在爱情中，偶然和感性代替了选择和理性，大多数人都体会过爱情；现在没有必要谈论那些比爱情高尚或低微的情感。这种感情，很自然地因悬念和困难而加强，使理智脱离常规，激情得到推崇；但是，婚姻的保障使爱情的狂热渐渐消退，达到一种有益的温度，只有那些不够明智的人，无法用冷静自然的友谊、相互尊重的信任代替盲目的赞美和肉欲的喜好，才会把这种健康平和的状态看成

是索然无味的。

这是，也必须是，自然而然的趋势。继爱情之后必定是友谊或冷淡。这种规律似乎和人类精神世界中普遍适用的支配规律完全一致。激情能够激发行动、启迪心灵；但是目的达到后，这种激情就会沦落为纯粹的性欲，变成个人和瞬时的满足，而满足的心也会安于享乐。一个男人在争夺王冠时，尚拥有一定的美德；但他成功加冕之后，往往都会变成骄奢的暴君；况且，如果男人在年老以后仍像情人般对待自己的妻子，这个年老昏聩的男人就是被幼稚的任性和溺爱的嫉妒所俘虏，他忽略了人生的重大责任，将本应施与孩子以取得他们的信任的爱抚，浪费在他的大孩子—妻子的身上。

为了履行人生的责任，一个家庭里的男女主人不应当继续热烈相爱，应该精力充沛地致力于塑造良好的道德品质。我的意思是不应当沉溺在那些扰乱社会规范的感情之中，把本来可以用在其他方面的心思用在彼此谈情说爱上。从未被一件事情吸引的心灵缺乏充沛的精力—而当它长期被某一事情吸引时，就会变得软弱。

错误的教育、狭隘的缺乏教养的心灵以及许多性别歧视，往往使女人比男人更忠贞不渝。但是现在，我暂时不讨论这个问题。我要进一步提出我的观点，并且声明，不幸福的婚姻往往对于家庭是有利的，而被冷落的妻子一般都是最优秀的母亲，我并不是故作悖论。如果女人的心胸再开阔一点，那么这一结论几乎就永远成了必然的结果。因为这通常看起来像是上天的安排：凡是我们从现时的享乐中得到的，都必须从生活的宝库—经验中去除；当我们摘下了鲜花，纵情于享乐之时，我们就不可能同时拥有辛勤耕耘和智慧浇灌带来的丰硕果实了。人生的道路在我们面前展开，我们必须选择向左走或向右走；一个穿梭于各种享乐场合虚度人生的人，不应当抱怨自己得不到智慧或可敬的品格。

让我们暂时假设灵魂不是永生的，人的存在只是为了活在当下—我

认为我们有理由抱怨，爱情就如孩童一时兴起的爱好一样，渐渐会变得索然无味，令人生厌。让我们吃喝玩乐谈恋爱吧，因为明天我们就会死去，这种说法实际上是合情合理的，也是人生的道理；除了傻瓜，谁愿意脱离现实去追求那个短暂的幻影呢？但是，当我们因观察到心智中不可思议的奇妙力量而心生敬畏时，我们就不屑于将希望和思想局限在这样一个相对平庸的活动范围之内，这种活动只是表面上看起来光辉而重要，因为它是跟无限的前景和崇高的理想联系在一起的，那我们还有什么必要在为人处世中虚假做作，我们还有什么理由去触犯神圣至高无上的尊严，来保全摧毁道德根基的虚伪幸福呢？为什么女人要被那套卖弄风情的技巧毒害心灵，以迎合好色之徒呢？为什么要阻止爱情蜕变为友情，或者在缺乏建立友情的根本条件时，蜕变为富有同情心的柔情呢？将真实的心境展露出来吧，让理性来教导情欲，让它服从必然性；或者让对道德和知识的崇高渴望把理智从情感中解脱出来，这些情感如果不加以控制，将使人生的杯子里装满更多的痛苦而非甘甜。

我指的并不是与天才相伴而生的浪漫感情，谁又能折断爱情的双翼呢？但是，这种伟大的情感只忠于感情，并且自由发展，人生中微不足道的享乐是无法与其比拟的。那些因持久而著称的感情往往都是不幸的。它们因缺乏感情和固有的忧郁而获得力量。他们对想象中的一种朦朦胧胧的"美"心存希冀；但是一旦得以接触并熟悉之后，男女之间的爱慕就可能会转变为厌倦，或者至少是冷淡，并给想象力以空间，开始新一轮的追求。根据这种观点，卢梭非常有风度地使自己精神上的情妇——艾洛伊斯，在生活日渐乏味的时候爱上了圣普乐，但这也不足以证明爱情的不朽。

格雷戈里博士关于美好爱情的忠告也出于同样的考虑。他建议女人，如果她已下定决心要结婚，就不要轻易产生爱情。但是他把这种和他以往忠告完全一致的决心看作是粗俗的，尽管它会支配她们的行为，格雷戈里还是真诚劝诫他的女儿们要隐藏这种决心，似乎拥有人性中正

常的情欲是不美好的。

多么崇高的道德说教！那些谨慎卑微的灵魂一定会赞成这种说教，他们无法将自己的眼界扩展到目前狭小的生活圈子以外。如果培养一个女人理智方面所有的能力，只是因为这些能力与她对男人的依赖有关；如果她一旦有了丈夫，就认为自己人生的目标已经达到，并且毫不羞耻地引以为荣，满足于这顶微不足道的王冠；那么就让她心甘情愿匍匐在男人脚下，从事动物界以内的活动吧；但是，如果她是为了她的崇高事业而奋斗，并且富有前瞻性，那就让她培养理性，不必停下来思考她注定要结婚的丈夫拥有何种性格。她不应过于担心眼前的幸福，要下定决心去获得那种能使理性的人变得高贵的品质；一个鲁莽粗野的丈夫也许会打击她的趣味，但扰乱不了她平静的内心。她不会为了适应丈夫的种种缺点来改造自己的灵魂，她会容忍这些缺点；丈夫的性格对她来说绝不是修得美德的障碍，仅仅是考验而已。

如果格雷戈里博士的评论只限定于对永恒爱情和志同道合感情的浪漫期待上，那么他应该想到，在想象力以牺牲理性为代价依然活跃时，我们的经验就会驱除掉那些让我们不会再抱有希望的建议。

我承认这种情况经常发生：有些女人抱着浪漫的不合实际的美好情感，她们整天无所事事，幻想着自己与丈夫幸福地生活在一起，她们的男人对她们炽热的爱慕与日俱增，直到永远。但是她们结婚了也许也和单身的时候一样，与期待有一个好男人相比，和一个不称职的丈夫在一起也未必更不快乐。我主张一种合理的教育，更确切地说，一个有教养的头脑，可以让女人过着有尊严的单身生活；但是说她应当放弃培养个人的情趣，避免遭受丈夫突然的破坏，这就未免有点本末倒置了。说实话，如果一个人不能超脱于人生的各种得失，如果他不能打开获得快乐的新源泉（这些快乐完全来源于个人思考的力量），那么还需要高尚的情趣做什么。有品位的人，无论单身还是已婚，无一例外都会厌恶各种

各样的事情，不仅仅是洞察人们的思想。我们的观点当然不能依据这个结论得出；但是就享乐的整体而言，情趣可以算作一种幸福吗？

问题是，情趣带来的更多的是痛苦还是快乐？这个问题的答案将会决定格雷戈里博士的劝告是否合理：他规定了一种奴隶制度，并且他没有试图用纯粹理性推导出来的对人类普遍适用的规则去教育有道德的人，是多么荒谬而专横。

举止温柔、宽容忍耐和逆来顺受，都是非常亲切的神圣品质，这些在高尚的诗篇中都被颂扬为上帝的品德；或者可以说，除了上帝宽厚怜悯和欣然宽恕的品质外，没有一种表现上帝仁行的品德能够更好地维系人类的感情。从这个角度看，“温柔”确实是结合了庄严伟大和谦逊屈就的所有特征；但是，在温柔只是顺从依赖的行事方式，只是急需保护的软弱爱情的后盾时，它表现出的是多么不同的状态；在爱情需要默默承受伤害时，温柔是宽容忍耐；在鞭打之下还要强颜欢笑，丝毫不敢作出反击。这幅图像描绘的卑怯景象，就是一个所谓杰出女人的肖像，而这是以社会公认的女性优秀品质为依据的，那些徒有虚名的理论家们竟然把女性的优秀品质和人类的优秀品质区分开。否则，他们[11]最好还是把那根肋骨归还原位，再造出一个将男人和女人融于一体的有道德的人，并且不要忘了赋予这个人所有的“谦卑的魅力”。

我们不清楚女人在没有婚嫁的情况下是如何生存的。因为尽管道德家们一致认为生命的演变似乎证明男人为更好地为未来作准备而受到各种情境的磨练，而他们却经常一致教导女人只要为当下着想即可。基于此，温柔、顺从以及阿谀奉承的感情被看作是女性最重要的美德。有位作家不顾不容违抗的自然法则，公然声称女人多愁善感就是男性化的表现。她生来就是男性的玩物，他的拨浪鼓，无论何时，在男人停止理性的探索需要娱乐时，它就必须在他的耳边当啷当啷地响。

确实，从广义上来说，劝人温柔和蔼是极为明智的。一个意志脆弱

的人是应当努力追求温柔的。但是当过度的宽容忍耐，变成是非颠倒时，温柔就不是一种美德了；不管在伴侣身上看到这种品德是如何恰当，这种伴侣将永远被视为低人一等，只会使人感到一种味同嚼蜡的温柔，并且很快变成轻蔑。再者，如果劝告真的能使那些天生朽木不可雕的人变得温柔，那么社会秩序一定会得到一定的改良；但是正如我们马上就可证明的那样，这种不分青红皂白的建议只会导致矫揉造作，在不断改进的道路上丢掷一块绊脚石，妨碍了性情的真正提高。女人牺牲了真正的美德换来的只是徒有表面的优雅，并没有得到什么好处，虽然就个人来说她们可能在短短几年内赢得帝王般的统治地位。

作为一个哲学家，我怀着愤怒的心情阅读了男人用来粉饰他们侮辱女性言辞的种种看似有理的言论；作为一个伦理学家，我想问诸如“美丽的不足”“可爱的弱点”这些奇怪的自相矛盾的联想到底是什么意思？假如只有一个道德标准，只有一种男人的原型，根据穆罕默德灵柩的世俗传说[12]，女人似乎命中注定就是介于人兽之间的生物；她们既不像野兽那样有万无一失的本能，也不被允许用理智的眼睛注视一个完美的榜样。她们是为爱而生，不应该以寻求别人的尊重为目的，否则她们就会因具有男性的特征而被主流社会排除在外。

我们不妨从另一个角度来看这个问题。顺从的、懒惰的女人就一定是最好的妻子吗？把我们的讨论限定在目前的状况下，我们可以看看这些软弱的女人如何履行她们的责任。这些女人因为获得了一些表面的成绩，就加深了对流行的成见，她们仅仅是为了丈夫的幸福而努力吗？她们浑身散发的魅力仅仅是为了愉悦丈夫吗？自幼就受消极服从观念熏陶的女人拥有足够的品行来相夫教子吗？事实完全不是这样。通过回顾女性历史，我不得不同意那位刻薄的讽刺家所言，认为女性是人类最软弱和受压迫最多的性别。历史除了揭示女人地位低下的特点之外，还告诉我们什么？而又有几个女人从高高在上的男人的可恶束缚中得到解脱呢？这种女人太少了，让我想到了关于牛顿的一个绝妙的猜想—牛顿大

概是一个精灵，偶然投入人世。顺着这条思路往下走，我不由想到了那些不走寻常路的杰出女性，本是男人的灵魂，却错投了女胎。假如认为在谈论灵魂时还区分性别是不合理的，那么女人处于劣势地位一定是因为身体构造和男人不同；或是上帝在捏土造人时，给的火候不一样。

正如我一如既往所坚持的那样，我避免对两性集体作任何直接的比较，或者根据目前的状况，坦率地承认女人不如男人，但是，我坚持认为男人使女人更加低劣，直到女人堕落到理性生物正常标准以下。让她们的才能有用武之地，她们的品德得以发展，然后再确定女性整体在知识领域应当占有的地位。再次声明，我不只是为那些少数杰出的女人寻求地位。

我们凡夫俗子很难预测，如果废除那些使我们举步维艰的专制主义，人类的发现和发展将会达到何种高度；但是，如果道德能够拥有更坚实的基础，那我无须拥有预知未来的天赋，就可以大胆预言女人要么成为男人的朋友，要么成为他们的奴隶。我们也就不会像现在这样，分不清她到底是一个有道德的人，还是一个介于人兽之间的生物。但是，如果那时她们看起来和禽兽一样，造出来就是供男人使用，那么他就会让她们安于缰绳束缚之下，而不再用空洞的赞扬来嘲笑她们了。或者，如果那时事实证明女性是有理性的，那么男人也就不会仅为了满足他的肉欲而阻碍她们的发展。他不会再用各种辞令来诱惑女人，使她们自己的理智盲目屈从于男人的控制。讨论女性教育问题时，他就不会叫嚣女人永远不应该拥有运用理智的自由，也不会建议那些像他一样修习人类道德品质的人，去做一个狡猾虚伪的人。

如果道德有永恒的根基，那么真理必然只有一个。任何牺牲真正意义上的品德来谋求眼前利益的人，以及那些以这种处事方式视为己任的人，都只是为了当下而活，他们不会成为一个负责人的人。

这就是为什么诗人创作下面这个诗句时应当摒弃他的嘲讽和不屑：

如果软弱的女人误入歧途，

那么名人们的责任比她们更大。

因为如果女人永远不运用自己的理智，永远不能独立，永远没有自己独立的思想，或者永远无法感受理性意志的尊严（理性意志只向上帝屈膝，并且常常忘记宇宙中除了它自己以及它热烈关注的完美模范之外，还包括其他东西），永远不去追求那些转化成美德时可以效仿的品质，尽管在程度上它会战胜那颗因其狂喜的心灵，那么毫无疑问，女人就会被困在坚不可摧的命运锁链上，无法挣脱。

我不想给人留下虚张声势的印象，因此如果我说当理智能够让女人清醒思考，如果她们真的有能力像理性生物那样处事，那么就不要把她们当奴隶对待，或者，像对待禽兽那样对待女人，在人类利用它们的时候，让它们完全受人类理智的支配；而是应当培养她们的心智，给她们以一定的有益而高贵的原则上的约束，通过让她们感觉到上帝是唯一可以依赖的对象，来获得自觉的尊严。像教育男人一样教育她们服从自然规律，而不是为了让女人更讨男人欢心而硬给道德加以性别区分。

再说，如果经验证明她们的智力、坚韧和刚毅都无法和男人达到同等程度，那么也应该让她们的品德在性质上与男人相同，虽然女人试图追求与男人同等程度的品德是徒劳无益的。这样男人的优越性即使不会表现得更明显，也会同样地清晰。真理是一项简单的原则，不容篡改，应当对于两性同样适用。现在规范的社会秩序也不会被颠覆，因为那时女性仅仅拥有理性给她安排的地位，玩弄手段不能带来男女平等，更不可能使男人屈从于女人。

这些观点也许可以称之为乌托邦般的幻想。感谢上帝让这些理论在我的灵魂上留下深刻的印记，并赋予我足够的智慧，让我敢于运用我的理智，直到我只依赖上帝来获得品德的提升。我愤怒地看待那些奴役女

性的错误观念。

我把男人作为我的同类来爱戴。但是无论他的权力是真正属于他的，还是从别处篡夺的，他都不能把它强加到我的头上，除非某个人的理智值得我尊重；即使是那样，我也是服从于理性，而不是人。事实上，一个负责任的人的行为必须受到他自己理智的支配，否则上帝的绝对地位从何而来呢？

我还有必要详述一下这些显而易见的真理，因为女性似乎已经被孤立起来；她们被剥夺了那些使人类受益的品德，却还被人用各种虚伪的优雅粉饰，使她们维持短暂的专制。爱情在她们的心中代替了所有其他更高贵的感情，她们唯一的目标就是使自己更加美丽，吸引男人的爱慕而非激起别人的尊重。而这个低劣的欲望，正如绝对君主体制里的奴隶性一样，毁灭了品格的所有力量。自由是美德之母，如果女人因为自己本身的原因成为奴隶，没有权利呼吸振奋人心的自由空气，她们就一定会像旅居异地的人一样郁郁寡欢，被看作是天然的美丽缺陷。应当铭记，只有她们是有缺陷的。

关于女性受统治的论点同样适用于男人。多数人总是受到少数人的奴役；那些丝毫不能辨别人类优秀品质的怪物却残暴地欺压着成千上万的同胞。为何拥有卓越才能的人要遭受如此的侮辱呢？皇帝们从整体上来看，在能力和品德方面，都比不上从普通百姓中选出来的同等数目的那些人，这难道没有得到大家普遍的赞同吗？但是他们曾经并将继续享有人们的尊崇，这种尊崇何尝不是对理性的侮辱呢？把一个尚在世的人供奉为神的国家不止一个。男人为了安享眼前的快乐而向强势力量屈服；女人不过是做了同样的事情。因此，除非我们能够证明一个卑躬屈膝地放弃人类应得权利的廷臣，不配做一个有道德的人，否则无法说明因为女性一直处在被奴役的地位，所以她们本质上就比男人低劣。

残暴的力量一直统治着我们的世界，政治科学仍处在襁褓中，这一

点从哲学家在传授对人类最有利的知识时有所顾忌就可看出，而正是这种知识决定了两性的区别。

关于这个话题我不想作更深入的探讨，我只是想得出一个明显的结论：当合理的政治体制得以传播自由之时，整个人类，包括女人，就会变得更为理智和高尚。

再论关于两性品格的流行观点

强壮的身体本来是英雄的优秀特性，但是现在却遭到了不公平的鄙视，甚至男人和女人都认为这无关紧要：女人这样认为，是因为它破坏了她们的阴柔气质和可爱娇弱，而这些正是她们谋得特权的源泉；男人这样认为，是因为强壮的体魄看起来和一位有身份的绅士的品格不符。

男人和女人都从一个极端滑到了另一个极端，这很容易证明。但是首先应当注意到的是，有种世俗的错误已经赢得了一些人的信任，并导致了一个错误的结论，错把结果当成了原因。

天资聪颖的人，往往因为潜心研究或不关注健康而伤害了自己的身体，他们激情的强烈程度和智慧的活力程度相对应的，以至于剑刃伤了剑鞘，毁了自己的身体，这个事实几乎是人人皆知的，于是一些肤浅的评论家就会由此推断：聪明人的体质都不好，或者用时兴的话来说，体质孱弱。但我相信，事实似乎正好相反；因为我经过孜孜不倦地调查发现，在大多数情况下，智慧的力量总是和强壮的体魄同在，我说的是天生的健全体质，而非从事体力劳动导致的头脑简单、四肢发达，干这种体力劳动时大脑不是处于呆滞状态就是仅仅用来支配双手。

普里斯特利博士[13]曾在他传记图表的前言中提到，大多数伟人的寿命都超过45岁。考虑到他们在钻研自己钟爱的科学的时候，毫无顾忌地倾注他们所有的精力，他们废寝忘食地燃烧着生命之灯；抑或，当他们沉浸在诗意的梦境里，幻想充满了整个情景，心灵受到了震撼，直到冥思引起的激情使身体颤动—这时他们幻想的东西，想象中的空中楼阁，才从他们疲惫的双眼中褪去—只考虑到这些，我们就可以推断这些人是拥有钢铁般体质的。莎士比亚不是用虚弱的手去抓住幻想的匕首，

而弥尔顿也不是颤颤巍巍地带领魔鬼远离阴森沉闷牢狱的禁闭。这些不是乱七八糟的呓语，也不是神经病的病态发泄，而是丰富饱满的幻想，这种幻想以一种“美好的疯狂”状态四处漫游，而不会频繁因身体而受限。

我知道这个结论将使我要谈论的内容比人们设想的还要更进一步；但是我信奉真理，并坚持我的第一个观点，我承认身体素质的差距确实给予男人一种天生的优越性；而这也正是男人优越性的唯一的有力证据。但我仍坚持认为，男人和女人的知识，正如他们的品德一样，应当拥有同样的本质，虽然程度可能有所差别。女人，既然被视为有道德有理性的人，就应当以同样的方式奋力追求人类的美德（或者说完满），而不应该在接受教育时，被当成一个想象中的半个人，如卢梭笔下所述的怪物那样。

但是如果体力是男人理所应当拿来夸耀的东西，女人为何如此执迷不悟，以自己的缺点为荣呢？卢梭曾经为她们提出了一个貌似可信的理由，而这个理由完全是由一个异想天开的人对感受美妙之后的印象加工后提出来的；他认为女人这样就可能真正有了一个屈服于天然欲望的托词，又不会违反她们浪漫谦逊的规范，从而满足了男人的自傲和放荡。

女人受到这些观点的蒙蔽，时不时会吹嘘她们的弱点，并利用男人的弱点来巧妙地获得权利；她们甚至会以不正当手段得到的权势为荣，因为她们就像土耳其的傲慢权贵一样，比君主拥有更多的实权；但是她们为了暂时的满足牺牲了品德，为了瞬间的胜利牺牲了一生的尊严。

如果将世界划分为若干个王国，将王国进一步划分成若干个家庭，而统治这个世界的法律是由理性力量制定的，那么女人以及暴君都不会拥有现在这么大的权力。但是进一步对比我们就会发现，在争权夺利的过程中，她们的品行堕落了，而整个社会充斥着淫荡的风气。大多数人被少数人踩在脚下。在此，我斗胆断言，除非女性接受更加合理的教

育，否则人类美德的发展和知识的进步还会持续遭受阻碍。如果承认女人不只是为了满足男人的欲望而生，也不是为了成为照料男人饮食起居的高级奴仆，那么那些真正关注女性教育的父母，他们所关心的首要问题即使不是加强孩子们的体质，至少也不要用“美丽”“女性的优点”等错误的观念来摧残她们的躯体；也不可以使女孩子受到这种致命观点的毒害，妄想通过各种推理过程，使缺点发生质变，变成优点。

……

即使女性天生比男性软弱已经得到证明，那请问她为何还要努力使自己变得比原来更软弱呢？这种观点是对常识的侮辱，并且带着情欲的味道。我们希望在这个开明的年代，质疑丈夫的神圣权利和质疑君主的神圣权利一样，不会带来危险。也许我们的信念不能让诸多吵闹的争论者满意，但是在任何流行偏见遭到攻击时，智者就会思考，任由那些没有头脑的心胸狭隘的人对改革肆意抨击。

那些试图培养女儿拥有真正高贵品格的母亲，一定不要在意无知者的嘲讽，采取一种和卢梭推荐方法相反的教育方案。因为卢梭是动用一切虚假动人的修辞和哲学诡辩推荐，他的诡辩使荒谬的言谈看起来合情合理，而他草率的结论即使没有说服力，也会迷惑那些无力反驳它们的人。

在整个动物世界中，几乎所有幼小的生物都需要不断锻炼，同样由此可知，儿童应当在各种无害的嬉戏打闹中度过童年时期，以此锻炼手脚，不需要大脑给出什么精细的指令，也不需要保姆一刻不离的照顾。实际上，孩子照顾自己，是其锻炼运用理智的第一项活动，正如用于娱乐当下的小发明会拓展想象力一样。但是这些自然的伟大构思，被错误的溺爱和盲目热情破坏。孩子没有一刻自主行动的自由，女孩尤其如此，因此逐渐养成了依赖性。这样，依赖性就成了孩子的天性。

为了保持个人美貌—女人的荣耀—她的四肢和能力所受的束缚比中国的裹脚布带来的约束更大。当男孩子在户外玩耍嬉闹时，女孩子只能听从宣判，过着久坐的生活，这种生活让她们肌肉衰竭，思维钝化。卢梭的意见，后来又得到了几个作者的拥护，认为女孩天生，也就是说从她们出生起，接受教育之前，天生就喜欢娃娃、打扮和聒噪，这些观点太愚蠢了，我懒得反驳。一个女孩，被判定要连续坐长达几个小时，听那些没文化的保姆无聊的闲谈，或是整天坐在母亲的化妆室里看她梳妆打扮，她要加入谈话很自然；她会模仿母亲或者阿姨，以她们打扮她的方式为布娃娃打扮聊以自娱，可怜天真的孩子，这种结果是再自然不过的了。最能干的人也很少能做到不受周围环境的影响；如果记录天才事迹的书页不可避免地会受到时代偏见的影响，那女性，像国王们一样，也总是通过错误的方式看待事情，就更应该理解了。

通过这种方式，我们就可以很容易为女性特别喜爱打扮找到理由，而无须假定这是为了取悦她们依赖的男人。简而言之，认为女孩天生就爱卖弄风骚是十分荒诞的；而认为一种和繁衍后代冲动相关的自然欲望早就存在，甚至早于不正当的教育方式，通过煽动想象力过早激发这种欲望的行为之前就已存在，实在是太不合理了。卢梭这样睿智的观察家要不是习惯了使理性屈从于好奇的心态，使真理顺从于他喜爱的悖论，是不会有这种观点的。

但是对于一个成功地为灵魂不朽激烈争辩的人来说，为心灵加上性别的区分是多么不符合他的原则啊。但是当真理成为假想的障碍，它是一道多么虚弱的屏障啊。卢梭尊重—近乎崇拜美德—但是他放纵自己，沉迷于情色。他的想象力经常使他的性欲之火熊熊燃烧。但是，为了调和他对自制、坚韧和其他英勇品德的尊重，一个像他那样的人是不可能冷静推崇这些美德的，他试图颠倒自然法则，并且提出一套暗藏危害、玷污至高智慧的学说。

他没有去观察现实生活中的例子，就试图通过他的那些荒谬故事证明女孩天生注重打扮自己，这些故事不配被我们鄙夷。

……

可以说我观察女孩子的童年时代的机会比卢梭多，我仍能想起自己的感受，并且总是不断地观察我周围的女孩子。我敢断定，如果女孩子没有因为一成不变的生活精神沮丧，没有因为虚伪的害羞而丢失天真无邪，那么她一定会蹦蹦跳跳，活泼精明，而且布娃娃永远不会吸引她的眼球，除非禁闭的生活剥夺了她的其他选择。总之，如果在自然造成任何差别之前，家长不向男孩和女孩灌输性别之差这个概念，那么男孩和女孩是可以很友好地在一起玩耍的。我还要进一步声明，在我的观察范围内，多数表现理性、智慧超群的女性都是得以无拘无束地发展的，这也是不可置疑的事实，正如有些优雅的女智者暗示的那样。

童年和青年时期不注意身体导致的恶果超出了我们的想象—身体的依赖自然就会导致精神上的依赖。如果女人把大部分时间都花在防御或忍受疾病折磨上，那她怎么能成为好妻子或好母亲呢？如果一个女人的行为动机，在早年的时候就被关于美貌的错误观念和多愁善感的虚伪描述所侵蚀，那我们就不能期待她能意志坚定地努力增强体质、免于沉溺于各种伤身的放纵行为。有时候大多数男人不得不忍受身体的不适，或者和恶劣天气抗争，但是优雅的女性，简直已经成了她们身体的奴隶，甚至不以为耻反以为荣。

我以前认识一位身体孱弱的时髦女性，她对于自己的虚弱体质和多愁善感的神经异常自豪。她认为，挑剔的口味和很小的食量是人类完美的高级状态，并以之为行为规范。我曾经看到这位可怜的虚荣女人把生活的一切责任抛到九霄云外，扬扬自得地躺在沙发上，吹嘘着她没有什么好胃口，以此证明身体虚弱导致了她多愁善感，或者是多愁善感让她身体虚弱；将她那套愚蠢可笑的理论说明白太难了。但是就在那时，我

看到她在侮辱一个可敬的老妇人，这个老妇人因为突然的横祸，不得不依赖这个女人卖弄的施舍，其实，老妇人境况尚佳的时候还帮过这个女人一把。如果一个人像西巴里特[14]人那样沉溺于奢靡享乐，其道德仍未丧尽，或者从未受到道德戒律的熏陶（这种道德戒律虽然可以防御罪恶，但是委实不能替代心灵培养），那她会变成这种软弱而堕落的人吗？

……

世界各地的女人都处于这种可悲的境地。因为要保持她们的天真，而天真只是无知的比较温和的说法，人们不让她们看到真理，而在她们的能力得到发展之前，就培养她们表现出一种虚伪的性格。女人从小就被教导，美貌是女人统治一切的权杖，心灵要以身体塑造自己，在囚困它的金丝鸟笼周围转悠，只为了表达对这座囚笼的溢美之词。男人有各种工作和追求来吸引他们的注意力，因此造就了他们心胸开阔的性格，但女人只关注一件事情（美貌），总是将精力耗费在自己身上最微不足道的地方，很少能将视野拓展到当前享乐以外去。男人的自大和情欲，以及女人自己如同暴君般统治下的欲望，使她们处在一种被奴役状态，一旦她们的理智从这种奴役中解放出来，我们也许就会惊奇地发现她们的弱点。

请允许我在这个问题上深入阐述。

《圣经》中有段寓言，描述魔鬼四处游荡寻找可以吞噬的人，如果我们认同这样一个邪恶灵魂的存在，那么败坏人类品行最有效的方法莫过于赋予一个人绝对的权利。

这个论点可以派生出几个分论点。出身、财富和一切使人无须运用智慧就可以凌驾于其同伴之上的外在优势，实际上都使之堕落到不如别人。根据其软弱程度，他们将被各种富有心计者玩弄，直到这些傲慢的

怪物失去所有的人性特征。而那一群如绵羊般盲从的人，心甘情愿地成为这种人的从众，这种奇怪的现象只能归咎于后者贪图眼前享乐的欲望和有限的智力水平。受着奴隶般依赖性的教育，精力因奢靡和懒惰而日渐衰竭，我们该从哪去寻找那种敢于挺身而出维护人权，或者为有道德的人寻求特权的人呢（这是有道德的人达到卓越的唯一途径）？人们受着君主和侍臣们的奴役，这种奴役阻碍了人类思想的发展，至今仍未被废除，世界从这种奴役中解放出来还遥遥无期。

因此男人在夸耀权势的时候，就不要再用那些暴君和贪婪的侍臣们用过的论调，错误地主张女人应该受奴役，因为她们一直被奴役着。但是，男人受合理法制的统治，享受着他的天赋自由，而如果女人不能与之同享自由，那就让男人鄙视女人吧。在那个光辉时代到来之前，男人在抨击女人的愚蠢时，请他们也不要忘记自己的愚钝。

确实，女人通过不正当的手段取得权力，或者通过心怀恶意做一些不道德的事来获得权力，她们显然丧失了理智她们的地位，不是变成卑鄙的奴隶，就是成为暴虐的君王。她们在争夺权力时丧失了所有的天真浪漫、心灵的尊严，她们表现得和那些我们观察到的以通过同样的方法取得权贵的男人一样。

现在到了变革女性行为方式的时候了，为她们争取失去的尊严，使她们作为人类的一部分，通过改造自己进而改变世界。到了将不容改变的道德和当地习俗划分界限的时候了。如果男人是半人半神，那我们为什么还要服侍他们？如果女性灵魂的尊严和禽兽一般值得质疑，如果她们的理性不足以指导她们的行为，而她们又不像禽兽一般拥有万无一失的本能，那她们毫无疑问成了所有生物里面最悲惨的了。她们就只好屈膝于命运的铁蹄之下，无奈地承认自己是上帝造出来的一个“美丽的缺陷”了。但是为上帝把大多数人都造成既负责任又不负责任的样子，寻求一些生硬的无可辩驳的理由，目的是为了证明上帝如此对待她们是正

确的，想必即使是最机智的诡辩家也会因此困惑不已。

……

真希望女人能对他们的丈夫倾注感情，这种感情赖以存在的基础应当和支撑忠诚的根基相同，天底下除此之外没有其他坚实的基础了—因为她们提防那种欺骗性的感情；感情很多时候都只是肉欲的傀儡。因此我认为，女人从幼年时期开始，就应当要么像东方王子那样被隔离，要么就接受恰当的教育，以培养她们独立思考和行事的能力。

为什么男人总是在这两种想法之间徘徊不决，并且期待不可能发生的事情呢？他们为什么期待一个奴隶有道德，期待一个受文明社会制度戕害变得软弱（如果我们不称之为邪恶）的人拥有道德呢？

我心里很清楚，要想彻底清除好色之徒培植的根深蒂固的偏见需要很长时间；同样，要想让女人相信在受到娇柔这个词的蛊惑时，刻意培养甚至装出一副软弱的样子的做法，是极其违反她们本质利益的；或是要想让世人相信，导致女人邪恶和愚蠢的毒瘤（如果有必要使用一些比较缓和的符合习惯的同义词），是对美—更确切地说是容貌美的色情崇拜，这些是需要一些时间的。因为一位德国作家曾经敏锐地观察到，漂亮的女人是情欲的对象，这一点得到了各类男人的一致赞同；而一个因为表现出了智慧的魅力而激发了更多崇高情感的有教养的女人，也许会受到那些以满足情欲为乐的男人的忽略或冷淡。我预料明显有人会反驳我—如果男人同他以前一样一直是个不完美的存在，那他沦为欲望的奴隶也无可厚非；而那些女人为了满足一种主要的欲望而谋取最大的权力，她们的堕落即使不是道德上使然，也必然是身体使然。

我承认，这个反对意见有一定道理；尽管有“像上帝那样纯洁”一样崇高的戒律，但男人的品德似乎并没有受到唯一能够限制这些品德的上帝的约束；而且他可以继续前进，而不去考虑沉溺于这种崇高的志愿是

否超出了他的范围。汹涌的波浪接到上帝指令："你只能前进到这里，不许再向前跑；你们骄傲的波涛必须要止步于此。"奔驰的行星受到自然力量的约束，在其轨道内运转，而这种力量也制约着翻腾的浪花，使之不能前进。物质始终都是要屈服于支配一切的伟大神灵的。但是不朽的灵魂，不受力学定律的束缚，奋力从物质的枷锁中挣脱出来。它和上帝合作，试图用制约宇宙的永恒定律（在某种程度上这些定律是我们无法想象的）来指导自己的行为时，不仅没有扰乱万物的秩序，反而帮助万物建立了秩序。

况且，如果女人接受的教育让她们依赖别人，也就是说让她们按照另外一个容易犯错的人的意志行事，而且盲从权威，那我们折腾到什么时候才能结束？那是不是应该把她们看作是拥有一块狭小领地的代理，而她们的行为是由一个不能免于谬误的高级法庭负责呢？

我们不难证明，这种代理会表现得跟受了恐吓的男人一样，迫使他的孩子和仆人都屈从于他暴虐的压迫下。既然女人会毫无缘由地屈从，她们在教导子女和管理仆人方面没有一贯的准则，她们对人是好是坏，完全凭一时兴起；她们无法承受枷锁的重负时，就会强行将之转嫁到更加弱小人的肩上，并恶意地以此为乐。当我们看到这一幕时，没有必要大惊小怪。

但是，我们假设一个被训练得服服帖帖的女人，嫁给了一个明智的男人。他决定她的判断力，却不会让她感觉到受压迫的奴隶性，正如理性可以间接影响一个人，这个男人折射出来的光辉能够使她得体地安排事情。但是她终究不能保全她的庇护者的性命，他也许会撒手西去，留给她一大家人要养活。

双重责任落在了她的肩上：她要以父亲和母亲双重的身份来教育子女，要培养他们的品行，还要保护他们的财产。但是，哎呀！她从来没有为自己想过，或者依照自己的意志行事。她只学会了取悦男人，优雅

地以他们为生；但是现在她被孩子所累，如何才能找到另外一个保护人—一个丈夫来扮演理性的角色呢？一个理性的男人（因为我们现在不是在说故事，而是从实际出发）也许会认为她是一个温顺可爱的人儿，但是世界上更有姿色的女人比比皆是，他为什么要为了爱情娶一个拖家带口的女人呢？那她要如何是好呢？她要么很轻易地成为一个卑鄙的企图通过结婚发财的男人的猎物，将子女应得的父亲的遗产拱手相送，变得十分凄惨；要么成为失意不满和盲目放纵的牺牲者。她无力教育子女，又无法赢得他们的敬重（如果一个人本身不值得尊敬，即使他身居要职，也不会得到人们的尊敬，这种说法并不是文字游戏）。她追悔莫及，却徒劳无益，于是在痛苦中郁悒而终。即使她不贫困，但魔鬼的毒牙插入了她的灵魂深处，青春时代放荡不羁的恶习带给她的无尽悔恨挥之不去，随她一起埋入地下。

我并没有渲染什么；相反，这种情形非常可能出现，每一个善于观察的人一定亲眼目睹过类似的场景。

当然我是理所当然地假定一切顺利，然而经验表明，盲人就算走在熟悉的路上，也可能会掉进水沟。但是我们可以假定（这并不是一个完全不可能的猜想）一个只会取悦他人的人，肯定能在讨好别人时得到快乐；这对于她天真的女儿来说，就算不是一个坏榜样，也是一个非常愚蠢的榜样啊！母亲会在卖弄风情时败下阵来，她们不但不能和女儿和睦相处，反而会对自己的女儿怒目相视，因为女儿成了她争风吃醋的对手，而且是最残酷的对手。而人们会拿女儿和她比较，使她相形见绌，她从未想过要在理性的长凳上占有一席之地，而现在她又被赶下了美丽的宝座。

要描述这样一个家庭主妇带给这个家庭的痛苦和轻微的罪恶，并不需要生动的笔墨或漫画家清晰的勾勒。但她也只是按照卢梭的那一套理论做了女人应该做的事情罢了。人们永远不会责备这样的女人有男性

化，或者行为超出了自己的范围；而且，她还遵守了他的另一条重要准则，即小心谨慎地保护她的名誉免遭玷污，因此被看作是优秀的女人。可是她哪一方面能称得上优秀呢？确实，她无须挣扎，就可以免于犯下滔天大恶，但是她怎样去履行自己的责任呢？责任！其实她整天梳妆打扮、照料自己虚弱的身子都来不及，更别谈责任了。

至于宗教，她从来不敢擅自作决定；就像一个依赖别人的人应该做的那样，她严格遵守那个看着她长大的教堂的规矩，虔诚地相信有更聪明的人已经把一切安排妥当；无疑，永不质疑是她的完美优点。因此她会按时交纳她那份1/10的薄荷和小茴香子[15]，她对上帝感恩戴德，庆幸自己不像其他女性那样。这就是良好教养带来的喜人结果！这就是男人伴侣应有的美德！

为了缓解我的情绪，我必须描述另一番景象。

现在我们假设有这样一个女人，拥有差强人意的智力水平（我作此假设，是因为不想把普通人排除在外），她的身体由于经常锻炼而充满活力，同时她的思想逐渐发展到深谙人生的道义责任，也知晓人类美德和尊严的意义。

通过履行应尽的义务，她养成了优秀的品质；她因爱而婚，却没有遗失小心谨慎；她的眼光不局限于夫妻幸福生活的琐事，因此得到丈夫的尊重，而无须通过玩弄卑劣把戏博取丈夫的欢心，试图挽救行将熄灭的爱情之火。当情人变成熟悉的枕边人，当友情和忍耐代替了狂热的爱情，爱情之火注定会熄灭。这是爱情的自然灭亡，家庭的安宁不会因挽救爱情的努力而破坏。我假设这个男人也是品德高尚的人，否则这个女人还需要更多的独立品质。

但是，命运拆散了这对璧人。她变成了寡妇，甚至生活上都捉襟见肘；但是，她并不悲惨！她自然会悲痛欲绝，但是时间抚平了悲伤，她

凄然地接受了命运的安排，一心扑在子女身上，比以前更加爱护他们，企盼将他们抚养成人，这种深情为她的母爱抹上了一丝神圣的英雄色彩。她希望，不仅她的子女看见了她的贤惠和劳作（他们现在是她一切慰藉的源泉，而他们的赞颂就是她的生命），而且她那因过度悲伤而心不在焉、同时又受到激发的想象力，还让她满怀希望，希望那双她用颤抖的双手合上的眼睛也能够看到，她如何克制了内心所有骚动的情欲，履行了她既做父亲又做母亲的双重责任。她因不幸而成了英雄，她在自然的情欲发展为爱情之前，就将其扼杀在摇篮里，并且在女人一生最丰满的阶段忘记了自己是女人—忘记了让人觉醒的热情带来的快乐，这种热情受到激发很可能会重新燃烧。她不会再想到取悦他人，而她自觉的尊严也使她不会因为她的行为应得的赞扬而骄傲。她的子女有她的爱，她最光明的希望绝非是那个坟墓，虽然她时常会幻想一下那个地方。

我想我看到了她的孩子们环绕左右，他们都来报答她的养育之恩。孩子们聪明伶俐的目光和她的目光相遇，他们红润的脸颊上挂满了健康天真的微笑，孩子长大后，他们对母亲感恩的照料减轻了她生活上的操劳。她亲眼看到自己根据原则努力培养的各种美德，成为他们的习惯，目睹了孩子们培养了坚强的性格，使他们在经受逆境考验时，时刻铭记母亲的榜样。

她在这样完成了人生的使命之后，静静地等待着死亡的到来，等待长眠于地下。她从坟墓中升入天堂的时候可以和上帝说：“看，你给了我1000银币，现在我有5000银币！”[16]

我想用几句话总结一下我刚刚所说的内容。在这里，我已经下了战书，我不承认美德有性格差别，就连谨慎端庄也不例外。真理，按照我的理解，对于男人和女人来说必然是相同的；但是在诗人和小说家的生动描绘下，幻想中的女性品格却以牺牲真理和正直为代价，使得品德成为一个相对的概念，仅以功利性为基础。而对于这种功利性，男人却自

命不凡，根据自己的利益，随心所欲地加以评判。

我承认，女性可能有很多不同的责任需要履行；但那都是人的责任，因此我坚决认为，指导履行这些责任的原则必须是一样的。

为了成为可敬的人，女人需要运用她们的理智，这是取得人格独立的唯一基础；我的意思是明确地说，就是指她们只能听从理性的权威，而不应该成为舆论谦卑的奴才。

在上流社会里，遇到一个拥有杰出能力，或有普通成就的人，是多么不易啊！在我看来个中缘由很简单，他们出生并生长的环境不正常。人的性格都是由个人或阶级所从事的活动塑造的。如果人的才智不因需要接受磨炼，那就永远处在不开化阶段，无法发展。这个说法对于女人也同样适用，因为她们很少做正经的事情，对于享乐的追求使她们养成了卑微的性格，这就是为什么贵妇的社交场合都如此无聊。同样的原因也导致她们缺乏坚定的意志，迫使她们涌向喧嚣的享乐和虚伪的激情，直到虚荣取代了一切社会情感，而在她们身上也丝毫看不到人性的痕迹。目前组织起来的市民政府带来了这样一种恶果：财富和女性的软弱都导致了人类的堕落，而且出于同样的原因；但是如果承认女人是有理性的人，就应该鼓励她们去追求那些属于她们的美德。因为一个理性的人，如果不通过自己的努力去争取什么，那他怎么能赢得大家的尊重呢？

关于使女人堕落的原因探讨

女人究竟是天生软弱，还是受到客观环境中各种因素的共同作用而堕落，我想，已经很明白了。但我只是想把这种立场，和我经常从那些拥护贵族政体的聪明人口中听到的结论作一对比。他们说，不要把普通民众太当回事，否则那些甘受驱使、阿谀奉承的奴隶就会意识到自己的重要性，抛开他们的镣铐。他们进一步发表评论：如果他们只需抬头就可甩掉束缚，一定是处处都受压迫；他们不追求自己应得的权力，而是甘心舔食着尘土，说道："我们尽情吃喝吧，因为明天我们就会死去[17]。"以此类推，女人堕落也同样是受贪图眼前享乐这一习性的驱使，最终她们没有足够的品德争取到自由，可她们对此却不屑一顾。我必须说得更清楚一些。

大家一致同意心灵的培养和性别无关，但女性在智力方面不如男人这个问题，却从未被人忽略过。女人只是拥有"绝对的可爱"，给予女人的理性却是微乎其微的；既然不承认她们拥有天才和判断力，我实在想不明白还有什么可以代表智慧了。

灵魂不灭的精义（如果我可以这样说的话）就在于人类理性的可完善性。因为，如果一个人生来完美，或当其步入成年时，一股知识的浪潮汹涌而至，使之豁然开朗，不致犯任何错误，那我就会怀疑在其肉体分解之后，灵魂是否还将存在。但是依目前的情况来看，凡是在人类道德这一问题上，在大家讨论之后仍然悬而未决且使知识渊博的思想家和洞察力非凡的智者都困惑不解的难题都是我建立灵魂不朽信仰的依据。因此理智归根结底是推动进步的一种原动力，更确切地说，是一种分辨真理的原动力。每个人都拥有一个理性的世界，可能理性程度因人而异，在某些人身上表现得比较明显。但如果理性是来自于神的力量，是

连接人和造物主的纽带，那么所有人的理性的性质一定是相同的。因为如果一个人不能通过运用理智的力量日趋完美，那他的灵魂又怎么会有上帝的印记呢？然而由于精心打扮而风姿绰约的女人，用迷人的外表来使男人开心，“他可以体面地和她谈情说爱”，但是女人的灵魂却不能拥有理智，男人总是挡在她和理智之间。人们总是认为她天生就应该通过一个巨大的媒介看世界，并且不容置疑。但是抛开这些奇怪的言论，将女人当作一个整体来看，可以把她看成任何东西，但不能是男人的一部分。让我们来探究一下，她到底有没有理性。暂时假定她有，那她不仅仅是为了安慰男人而存在，而女性也不会破坏人类的品格。

男人犯有这样的错误，也许是因为他们看待教育的视角不对。他们没有把教育当作帮助一个人走向完美的第一步，只是把它看作一种生活的准备。我必须称这种态度为感觉论的错误，在这种错误基础上建立起了一个关于女性作风的错误体系，这个体系剥夺了整个女性群体的尊严，将女人，不论美丑，和那些只能点缀大地的鲜花归为一类。这一直是男人们的论调，甚至连那些智慧超群的女人，因为害怕失去男人期待的那种女性气质，也对此应声附和。因此，严格来说，就是否认女性拥有理智；为了生存，女人的本能升华为聪明和狡猾，代替了理智。

归纳总结各种思想的能力，即从个别的例子中概括出全面的结论的能力，对于一个不朽的灵魂来说，是唯一能称为知识的能力。对现象只观察，不作任何解释，也许可以作为生活的常识保留，虽然是以极不完满的方式存在，但是当灵魂离开肉体时，我们还保留了什么为灵魂遮风挡雨？

人们不仅认为女性没有这种能力，而且作家们，除了极个别的人，还坚持说这种能力是和女性的性格不符的。如果男人能证明这个说法，我就承认女人是为男人而生。但是我要事先声明，这种深度的归纳总结的能力，对于男人女人来说都不常见。但是对这种能力的训练是真正意

义上的对智慧的培养；而所有原因共同导致在女性身上培养理智比在男性身上更加困难。

这个主张自然而然地把我引到了这一章的主要内容。现在我要谈谈那些导致女性堕落、使她们无法对观察的现象归纳总结的原因。

我不必从遥远的古代史料中追溯女性的历史，我只要承认女性一直以来，或是奴隶，或是暴君，并且这两种状态都同样阻碍了女性理智的发展就已足够。在我看来，似乎女性的各种愚蠢行径和恶劣行为都主要来源于心胸狭隘；而国民政府的制度也在培养女性理性的道路上设下了不可逾越的障碍，可是这是培养美德的唯一根基。富人们也面临着同样的障碍，因此他们也要承受同样的后果。

有句格言叫“需求乃发明之母”，这句格言也可应用到美德上。美德是后天培养的，并且必须以牺牲享乐为代价才能获得。如果一个人没有经历磨难，心胸狭隘，意志脆弱，如果没有现实的需要迫使他追求知识，谁愿意放弃唾手可得的快乐呢？为了生活所需操劳的人是幸福的，因为这种操劳可使他们不至于因懈怠而被那些耗费人精力的恶习所害。如果男人和女人从出生起就被放置在热带地区，正午炽热的阳光直射在他们身上，那么他们怎么能在思想上作好充分的准备，履行人生的责任呢，甚至去享受使他们飘然欲仙的爱情了呢？

从目前的社会状况来看，享乐已经成了女人生活的主要内容，长此以往，我们无法期待这些软弱的人能有什么作为。人们从最初一位女性那里继承了天然的缺陷，即凭借美貌来统治，为了维持她们的权利，放弃了运用智力能够带给她们天赋的权利，宁可选择做短命的女王，也不愿意费神于源自平等的清醒的快乐。她们因为地位低劣而意气风发（这话听起来非常矛盾），她们经常依仗自己是女人，而要求别人对之服服帖帖，虽然她们应当从经验中学会：那些以无可挑剔的恰到好处的态度，随意向女性表达无礼的崇拜，并以此为荣的男人，往往是最有可能

践踏和鄙视女人视若珍宝的弱点的男人。

……

我以关切的心情写道，啊，为什么女人要屈尊接受陌生人的这种勉强的殷勤和尊敬呢？这种殷勤和尊敬，与人性规范和文明礼貌规定的人与人之间的礼尚往来不同。为什么她们领会不了，当她们处在“美貌的特权如日中天”时，被男人像女王般供着，只是因为被虚伪的尊崇欺骗，直到她们放弃或不想再享有她们天生的权利？随后她们就会像鸟雀一样被关在笼子里，无所事事，偶尔修饰一下自己的羽毛，假装很有威严地从笼子的一头踱到另一头。确实，她们可以不劳而获，丰衣足食，但是她们为此牺牲了健康、自由和美德。然而，人世间有谁拥有足够坚强的意志，愿意放弃这些恩赐的特权呢？又有谁，能够拥有冷静理智的尊严，超越世俗舆论的束缚，敢于以人类本质的天赋权利为骄傲呢？当世袭的权利扼杀了人的感情，把理性消灭在萌芽状态时，作这种期待是徒劳无益的。

男人的激情就是这样把女性放到王位上，在人类变得更理智之前，我担心女人会继续利用这种不费吹灰之力就可得到的不容置疑的特权。她们会面带微笑，是的，她们笑得出来，尽管她们会听到这样的声音：

美丽的王国里没有中间道路，

女人不是奴隶，就是国王，

一旦不受崇拜必遭唾弃。

问题是她们首先得到的是崇拜，不会想到有朝一日会遭唾弃。

特别是路易十四，他在社会上树立了弄虚作假的风气，并用华而不实的方法，让整个国家跟着他受累。他狡诈地建立起一条专制枷锁，让

全体民众尊重他的王权，拥护他的统治，以获取个人私利。他用一种幼稚的殷勤奉承所有女性，使女人在他统治期间获得了贵如王公的地位，但这些对理智和美德都是致命的。

国王永远是国王，女人永远是女人。国王的权威和女人的色情是他们之间不变的主题和合理的交换物。我承认，对于情人，她应当如此，而她的敏感自然会让她竭力激发情感，但不是为了满足虚荣心，而是为了使心灵愉悦。我不认为这是卖弄风情；这是未加修饰的自然冲动。我反对的只是没有爱情的性爱征服欲。

……

女人因为接受一些微不足道的殷勤而一步步走向堕落，我为她们感到惋惜。男人认为向女人献出这种殷勤很合适，实际上，他们正是通过这种侮辱别人的方式维护他们自己的优越地位。向一个地位不如自己的人低头，并不是屈尊。当我看到一个男人迫不及待地万分庄重地帮女人拾起手帕或关上门时，其实这位女士仅需走一两步就可以自己办到，我不禁觉得这些礼节是那么滑稽可笑，我甚至忍不住要发笑。

适才有个疯狂的想法从我的心底涌现，飞入我的脑海，虽然它可能会让大家笑掉大牙，我还是不得不说。我诚挚地希望除了爱情激起的行为外，社会上没有两性的区别。我坚信这种区别是女性软弱性格的根源，这就是为什么女人勤学才艺的时候会忽略理智的培养，同样的原因也解释了为什么女人偏爱优雅的性格胜于英勇的品质。

人类，包括形形色色的人，都希望受到某种爱戴和尊敬，而普通人总是会走捷径来实现他们的愿望。对财富和美色的尊崇是最不容置疑和毫不含糊的，因此也最容易吸引庸俗民众的眼球。毫无疑问，一个人要想从普通人中脱颖而出，上升到显要地位，能力和美德是必需的，这自然就会导致一个臭名昭著的结果：中等阶层最富有美德和能力。男人至

少有在一个在岗位上有尊严地为自己努力的机会，这种努力能够真正地使一个有理性的人得到提升，使他拥有更高的社会地位。但是所有的女人，在她们的性格形成之前，处在和富人同样的境地，因为她们生来（我现在谈的是文明社会）就有一定性别上的特权。她们无偿享用这些特权，因此很少会有人想到去付出额外的努力，来赢得少数上层人的尊重。

我们何时听说过，出身贫贱的女人敢于凭借自己的伟大才干和勇敢品行来要求别人尊重自己呢？我们从哪里可以找到这种女人呢？……女人，所谓的上流社会的女士们，不能被当众驳斥，不能做体力活。如果她们具有任何品德的话，也只能是消极的品德，诸如耐心、温顺、好脾气和韧性等，这些品德和任何智慧的有效发挥都是不相容的。另外，因为女人生活起居大多数时候都是在一起，她们很少有绝对独处的时候，因此她们更多地是受到别人情感的影响，而不是自己感情的支配。要使愿望具有热情的力量，确保想象力扩大目标，使之变为自己最想要的东西，那么独处和思索是必需的。对于富人来说也是如此，他们不能充分考虑远大的理想来获得坚强的性格，而这种理想必须依靠热情的思索和冷静的调研才能得到，因此他们无法作出举足轻重的决定。

……

在中等阶级的社会里，男人在年轻时代是为了未来的职业作准备，但婚姻不是他们生活中的大事；而女人正好相反，她们没有什么其他计划来增加才能。吸引她们的不是事业、远大的计划和伟大的抱负；不，她们不会思考怎样建立这些宏伟的整体构架。要想在社会上有头有脸并且能肆意寻欢，她们必须寻求有利的婚姻。她们为了达到这个目标，耗费了自己的时间，并最终从事着“合法的卖淫”。男人一旦进入一个行业，就会把精力集中在未来的利益上（当精力完全集中于某一点时，思维就会变得强壮），并且因为他忙于工作，享乐对他来说只是暂时的休

息；而女人却将享乐当成人生的主要目标。实际上，她们从社会上所受的错误教育使得我们可以认为，贪图享乐控制了所有的女人，但是这如何说明灵魂有性别区分呢？若果真如此，我们就可以宣称法国所有的廷臣都不是男人，因为这种摧毁人性的专制制度造就了他们的性格，他们以自由、美德和人性为代价，追求享乐和虚荣。这些都是致命的欲望，它们一直统治的恰恰是整个人类！

女性教育的整体方针培养了女人贪图享乐的习惯，这使得她们在很多情况下，为人处世拘泥于琐碎的细节。比如，她们总是关注次要的事情；她们总是对各种冒险感兴趣，而不去履行自己的责任。

男人踏上征程时，一般都是有目标的。而女人则更关注一些偶然的遭遇，那些在路上发生的奇怪的事情以及自己给旅伴留下的印象。但她最关心的莫过于她身上穿着的华丽服饰，在她要奔赴一个新的地方，或者用一个恰当的法国人的说法，就是在她要制造一场轰动时，服饰就比以往任何时候都重要，更是成为她身体的一部分了。当一个人整天都关心这些细枝末节时，她还会有精神上的尊严吗？

简而言之，从整体上看，女人和富人一样，染上了文明社会所有的愚蠢和罪恶，却错过了文明社会的有益成果。我无须每次都说明，我是就女性的整体状况而言的，不考虑特殊情况。她们燃烧着欲火，却忽略了理性，结果她们成为感官的牺牲品，还美其名曰多愁善感，每次突然迸发的感情都可以让她们不能自持。因此文明社会的妇女被虚伪的教养毒害得如此深重，以致如果让她们处在一个更贴近自然的环境里，道德方面所能达到的水平也会比现在高得多。她们总是心神不定，左顾右盼，她们过度的敏感让她们自己不舒服，也让别人（用一个语气温和的词）觉得讨厌。她们应当用理智思考时，思维都转移到了能够刺激感情的那些事物上去了。她们的行为不坚定，想法也是左右摇摆，不是因为深思熟虑或渐进式发展的观点而踌躇，而是因为她们矛盾的情感而摇

摆。她们会一时兴起，对很多东西感兴趣，但是这种热情绝不会发展成精力集中的坚韧不拔的力量，并且很快就会冷却；等到热情自行消退，或者是碰上其他理性上毫无意义、转瞬即逝的热情，就产生了无所谓的态度。如果一个人对心灵的培养只关注如何激发感情，那这个人一定很悲惨！激发感情和加强感情之间应有区别。这样放纵感情去培养判断力，会有什么好结果呢？无疑，结果就是疯狂和愚蠢的混合物！

这种看法不仅仅适用于女性，不过，我现在只是将它用在女性身上。

小说、音乐、诗歌和献殷勤都会使女人成为感性动物，因此她们在培养才艺的时候，就会塑造出这样的性格。这些才艺是她们的社会地位促使其获得的唯一进步。这种被过分强调的多愁善感，自然不利于心灵其他方面能力的发展，而且妨碍了智力控制一切。一个有理性的人要想有利于人，或者满足于自己的地位，其智力必须要取得这种地位。因为大自然告诉我们，随着生命的发展，运用理智是能够克制情欲的唯一方法。

过分享乐会导致另外一种完全不同的结果。我时常会因为看到对精神毁灭的生动刻画而深受震撼，描述的是一个人总是充满渴求的欲望，但身体已伤，因为没有敏锐的感觉器官，因此感受不到任何事物的乐趣。然而，女人却完全变成了她们感官的奴隶，因为她们就是靠着敏感获取手头权利的。

道德学家们会假惺惺地主张：占人类半数的女人应当以一种无精打采的消极表现和愚蠢默认的态度处在这种状态，这就是我们大力推崇的状态。善良的导师们！我们是为何而生呢？也许人们会说，为了保持天真，他们想说的其实是保持一种幼稚的状态。女性从泥土中来，也自甘堕落其中，永远不翻身；要不是创造女人的必要性是使男性能够获得理智的高贵权利和辨别善恶的能力，那么女人根本不用来这个世界走上一

遭。

女人由于一种流行的意见沦入各种卑贱、忧虑和悲哀之中，这些情形不一而足，无法全部列举。这种意见认为女人生来就应当凭感官感知，而不是凭智力理论；认为她们必须靠美貌和软弱获得权力，即：

因缺陷而美丽，因软弱而可爱！

这种可爱的软弱使她们完全依赖男人，除了用不正当的权力谋得一些利益外，她们向男人寻求保护和忠告。她们漠视只有理性才能指明的责任，拒绝锻炼她们的心智，绞尽脑汁为自己的不足罩上优雅的外套，以求加强自己在好色之徒眼中的吸引力。这些没什么奇怪，尽管她们这么做只会使自己堕落到道德底线以下。

她们实在是软弱的人，她们必须得依靠男人获得慰藉。即使是碰到最不足挂齿的“危险”，她们也要缠着男人帮助自己，像个寄生虫似的黏住男人不放，可怜地乞求援助。于是她们的天生护花使者就会伸出手臂，提高嗓门保护这些瑟瑟发抖的小可爱们。但他们到底为女人排除了什么样的险情呢？也许是吼叫的老牛，或是窜逃的老鼠，一只大老鼠就已经是个重大灾难了。即使她们是温柔动人的，但就理性或常识来说，她们的行为怎么能使自己免受轻视呢？

这些恐惧如果不是装模作样的话，也许会带来一些惹人怜爱的状态；但这些状态恰恰是低能和愚蠢的一种表现。女人不知不觉地降低了一个有理性的人的身份—因为爱情和尊重是完全不同的概念。

我坚信，如果允许女孩子作适量的锻炼，不把她们关在密闭的房间里，直到她们的肌肉变得无力、消化系统遭到破坏的话，就绝不会有这些幼稚的现象。进一步说，假如社会不去培养，也许更确切地说是创造女孩子的胆怯，而是像对待男孩子的怯懦那样胆怯，我想很快我们就能

看到，女人会更有尊严。确实，那时称她们是男人生活道路上绽放的鲜花并不恰当；但是她们一定是社会上更有尊严的成员，并在自己理性的指引下，履行人生的重要责任。卢梭说：“用男人的教育方式来教导女人，她们和我们男人越相似，她们支配我们的权力就会越小。”这也正是我想说的。我不希望她们有支配男人的权力，只是希望她们有能力支配自己。

……

无知是品德脆弱的基础！然而，那些强烈支持男人拥有优越地位的作家们一直坚持认为，无知是女人与生俱来的特点；男人的优越不是指他们程度上比女性更高，而是他们拥有胡作非为的特权。虽然，为了使自己的论调更为温和，他们以骑士般的宽宏大量，极力证明不应当将男女两性作对比；男人生来是运用理智的，而女人生来是凭感觉的，将理性和感觉整合为一个完整的性格，就会得到灵和肉的结合，造就一个最完美的整体。

敏感究竟是什么？“感觉快，知觉快，灵敏度高。”这是约翰逊博士[18]给敏感下的定义。可是这个定义给我的感觉莫过于是在用最精致简练的语言说本能罢了。不论是在感觉上还是在实质上，我都看不出哪里提到了神的形象。即使提炼70次，反复推敲，它仍然是感觉；没有理智的存在；火永远也不能把铅炼成金子！

再回到我以前的论点上来：如果承认一个女人有不朽的灵魂，那么作为人生的一项任务，她就必须锻炼自己的理智。她为使现状更为完整（虽然一切现象都表明，现状只不过是庞大总体内部极小的一个部分），为了满足眼前的享乐而忽略了伟大目标时，她们就阻碍了天性的发展。除非她生下来就是为了繁殖后代，然后死亡腐烂；要不然就是承认各种禽兽都有灵魂（虽然不是理性的灵魂），运用本能和感觉是它们在此生所采取的一个步骤，为来世拥有理性作准备。因此它们将永远落

后于人类，因为人类从存在之初，就享有取得理性的能力，虽然我们并不知道原因。

我在像讨论一个公民或者一个父亲的特殊责任那样讨论女人的特殊责任时，就发现，我并非想暗示她们（我指的是大多数）应该走出家庭生活。但是社会的福利并非建立在个别杰出人士努力奋斗的基础上。而且如果社会组织方式更加合理，也许我们就不需要伟大的才干或是英雄的美德了。

在管理一个家庭和教育子女方面，理智（真正意义上的理智）特别重要—身心两方面都需要坚强有力。但是那些通过著述而费尽心机提倡把女人圈养在家里的男人们，却试图采用粗俗的欲望支配的观点（这种欲望因为过度享乐而变得十分挑剔），来削弱女性的体质，禁锢她们的思维。但是，即使他们通过一些邪恶的手段，成功地利用了女人的感情，说服了她们，使她们安心待在家里履行母亲和主妇的责任，我还是会慎重地反对某些指导女人纠正她们行为方式的主张，这些主张试图说服女人，让她们把这些所谓的重要责任当成是人生的主要职责，这种主张是有损理性的。可是，我根据经验判断，如果她们由于理智疏忽，对这些家务活不管不问，与她们在认真追求知识时（虽然我可以说，人类中绝大多数人永远不会求知不倦）表现出来的对家务活的漠然程度相同或者还要严重的话，我还是可以得出以下推论：理性乃是女人正确完成任何工作必不可少的因素，同时我还要重复一遍，敏感并不是理性。

……

另一个对我很有分量的观点，也许会引起任何一位体贴善良人士的共鸣。那些没有接受良好教育的女孩子，往往被父母残忍地抛弃。她的父母去世以后，没有给她们留下任何生活物资，因此她们不仅要依赖理性，还有依靠兄弟的养活。往最好的方面想，这些兄弟都是善良的人，他们把同一父母生育的孩子所应该享有的同等权利当作恩赐还给她们。

在这种不明显的屈辱环境下，一个温顺的女人可能能勉强舒适地维持一段时间。但是一旦她的兄弟结了婚—这个可能性是很大的—她就不再被看作是家庭的女主人，而是遭到横眉冷对，被当作可恶的入侵者，对于男主人和他的新欢的善心来说，是个不必要的负担。

很多在身心方面都很软弱的可怜人，没有工作能力，却耻于乞讨，又有谁能够描述她们在这种情况下遭受的痛苦呢？她兄弟的妻子，一个心肠冷酷、心胸狭隘的女人（这个说法并不会有失公允，因为现在的教育制度并不可能让女性豁达大度、视野开阔），因为丈夫对他的亲属表现出了一点善行而心生嫉妒。她的敏感也让她不近人情，因此当她看到自己子女的财产糟蹋在这个没有自立能力的小姑子身上时是很不悦的。

这些都是事实，我一次又一次亲眼看到这些情况发生。结果很明显：妻子用狡猾的手段暗中破坏她所不敢公然反对的惯常的兄妹之情；她甚至不惜用自己的泪水和抚摸，来打动丈夫，直到这个“间谍”被逐出家门，流落到社会上，毫无准备地面对社会的各种挑战；或者这位妻子表现出一种极大的慷慨—也许她认为这比较合乎时宜，给这个女人一小笔活命钱，让她带着这笔钱和一颗未经教化的心灵独自度过郁郁寡欢的日子。

这两个女人也许在理性和人性方面没什么差别，如果交换角色的话，可能表现出同样的自私；但是，如果她们接受的是另外一种教育的话，情况将会有天壤之别。妻子不会有以自我为中心的感觉，理性也会指引她不要期待丈夫的爱情，更不要在他的丈夫因爱情违反他的重要职责时，以这种爱情为骄傲。她会希望不仅仅是因为丈夫爱她，她才爱自己的丈夫，而是因为丈夫的品德而爱她；那个作姐妹的也可能会自己去努力，而不是寄人篱下，讨要嗟来之食。

我确实相信感情和理智一样是靠培养和对官能的锻炼（这点好像不太明显）获得的。我现在谈的不是转瞬即逝的感情，而是爱情。在男人

和女人的教育工作中最艰巨的一项任务，也许就是采用一种恰到好处的教育方式，使之既不限制他们理智的发展，让他们的内心洋溢着一种由青春期激发起来的活力带来的温情，也不要因为思考的问题都是与生活关系不大的研究而使感情逐渐冷淡。

至于女人，她们接受了周全的教育之后，或是成为优雅的淑女，多愁善感，天马行空，反复无常；或是成为优秀的家庭主妇。后者通常都是友好、真诚的人，精明有头脑，又不乏世俗的谨慎，虽然她们没有伟大的思想和高级的趣味，但是和那些优雅的多愁善感的淑女比起来，往往是这些品质让她们成为对社会更有用的人。知识的大门是向她们关闭的。当她们走出家庭或社区，她们就无所适从；思想没有寄托，因为虽然文学提供了丰富的娱乐资源，但是她们未试图去享受，还经常对之嗤之以鼻。那些更有教养的人的感情和品位对她们来说是非常荒唐的，即使是那些由于机缘巧合或者家庭关系而让她们深爱的人也不例外；至于那些泛泛之交，她们认为这些都是矫揉造作。

一个明智的男人之所以爱这样的女人，是因为她是女性；之所以尊重她，是因为她是一个可以信赖的仆人。他为了求清静，任由她去责骂奴仆，让她穿着最好材质做的衣服去教堂做礼拜。一个与她智力相当的男人也许就不会事事顺着她，因为他也许想要侵犯她的特权，他想要自己管理一些家务；但是女人，她们因未接受教化而心胸狭隘，她们天生自私自利，不会因深思而拥有宽广的胸襟，因此她们是不适合管理家庭的，因为一旦她们手头的权力泛滥，她们就会采取专制手段，来维持用大笔财富堆积起来的优越地位。这种恶行有时候会变本加厉，使家仆没有任何放松，不得不超负荷工作，为了让这个显要的女人享受豪宴，或者让她在和邻居夸耀衣服和排场时有谈资。当她照看孩子的时候，会给孩子们穿非常昂贵的衣服，无论这种疼爱是出于虚荣还是母爱，这对她的孩子来说都是百害无一利的。此外，有多少这样的女人整天闷闷不乐地打发着日子，或者至少一到晚上她们就郁郁寡欢。尽管她们的丈夫承

认她们是好管家和忠贞的妻子，但是他们还是会离家去寻找更心仪的—请允许我用一个意味深长的法语词—富有刺激性（piquant）的社交伙伴。这个有耐心的苦人儿，就像磨坊里蒙了眼睛的骡子一样，勤勤恳恳地完成了她的工作，却没有得到她应得的报酬，因为对她来说，丈夫的爱抚就是她的薪酬。而本来就没有什么资源的女人，绝对不会逆来顺受，接受这种被剥夺自然权利的行为。

相反，文雅的淑女接受的教育是，让她们用鄙夷的态度对待日常生活中的琐碎小事。虽然人们只不过让她学习一点比常识略高一筹的才艺而已；因为除非通过练习锻炼她的理智，否则她也不可能很精准地获得一些体力方面的才能。没有原则作基础，品位也是肤浅的；优雅必须来源于比模仿更为深刻的东西。但是，想象力开始沸腾，感情即使没有世故复杂，也会变得吹毛求疵；或者虽然她的心灵依然质朴（但却过于温和），却无法作出有见地的判断。

……

如果爱情是一种极致的美德，那就只教育女人去激发爱情即可，让她们尽情发挥自己的魅力去迷醉人们的感官吧。但是如果她们是有道德的人，那就应该给她们机会成为有智慧的人，让她们对男人的爱情仅仅成为热情洋溢的普遍大爱中的一部分，在普泽众生之后，升华为对上帝的感恩。

履行家庭责任需要很大的决心，还要有坚强的毅力，这种毅力需要比感情更加坚固的东西做后盾，无论感情是多么活跃和真挚。要做一个自律的榜样，一个有道德的人必须在行为上严格要求自己，而这是一个自幼受个人感觉影响的人所做不到的。任何在理性上想要有所作为的人，都必须有严格的行为规范。我们在履行最简单的责任时，经常不得不违背自己一时兴起的怜悯之心或慈悲情怀。严厉往往是感情最坚实和最高尚的证据；正是由于缺乏这种控制感情的力量，缺乏一种更高尚的

感情—这种感情让人意识到自己深爱的人的未来幸福比当下的享乐重要得多—很多溺爱的母亲对她们的孩子万般宠爱，却产生了究竟忽略和纵容哪一坏处最大的疑问；在我看来，后者遗害最深。

人类似乎相信孩子在童年时期应当由母亲来管教。但是现在，据我观察，多愁善感的女人最不适合这项工作，因为她们很容易被情绪左右，宠坏了孩子的性情。性情的管理是教育中最初和最重要的部分，需要根据理性作出冷静沉着的观察。孩子的行为规范既不是专制暴虐，也不是溺爱纵容，但是敏感的人往往不是陷入这个极端，就是走到那个极端，始终把握不好尺度。我曾经进一步推论得出结论，一个极富天赋的人是最不适合从事教育工作的，无论是公共教育还是家庭教育。这类极少数的人看问题好从大处着眼，很少有好脾气（如果曾经有过的话）。这种惯常性的乐天派脾气，即我们所说的好性情，也许很难和卓越的智力结合，正如它不会和强烈的感情兼容一样。有些人怀着好奇心和崇拜之情追随放荡不羁的天才，或者是带着冷静的赞许之情，吸收那些学富五车的智者为他们精心准备的指示，一旦发现天才暴躁易怒，智者郁郁寡欢，就不应该感到厌恶。因为活跃的想象力和深刻的洞察力与顺从的谦恭文雅是难以相容的，这种文雅至少会让一个人屈从于大众的意见和偏见，而不是勇敢地予以反驳。

但是在谈论教育或者礼仪时，我们可以不考虑那些智力卓群的人，让他们顺其自然吧；我们谈的是能力平平的普通大众，他们需要接受教育，会因周围环境的影响而近朱者赤。

我认为这些可敬的民众，无论男女，都不应当躺在奢侈和懒惰的温床上增强他们的情感，而牺牲他们的理智。因为，除非有一定的智力作基础，否则他们不可能成为有道德的人或是自由的人：一个靠财富或真正的智慧发家的贵族，永远都会让那些时而胆小怯懦时而凶恶勇猛的情感奴隶努力臣服。

……

女人很少能有足够认真的工作来平静她们的心情；四周琐碎的挂念或虚荣的追求耗尽了她们身心的精力，她们自然而然地只成为了感觉的对象。简言之，整个女性教育（社会教育）的宗旨就是要让那些状况最好的女人变得浪漫、不专一；让剩下的女人变得虚荣和刻薄。在目前的社会状况下，恐怕这种弊端很难克服。也许一种更远大的理想在社会上占主流趋势时，女人就会比较接近自然和理性，在她们变得日益高尚的同时，成为更有美德、更有益的人才。

但是我还是要大胆声明，当世界上大多数人的主要愿望是向世人炫耀摆阔时，女人的理智就永远得不到长足的发展，理性也就无法规范她们的行为，因为自然的情感和最有益的美德都成为这种愚蠢欲望的牺牲品。女孩结婚的目的，借用一个意味深长的俗话来说，就是为了荣华富贵，并且如此巧妙地控制自己的情感，除非一个家财万贯的男人来求婚，否则绝不坠入爱河。我要在另一章讨论这个话题，现在我只需点到为止。因为年轻女人总是过早患上成年人自私的精明，浇灭了她们青春的热情，从而日益堕落。

同样的来源传出了一种说法，年轻女孩应该把大多数时间用来做针线活；但是，这种活计把她们的思维限制在自己的穿着打扮上，因此比其他任何可选择的事情都更阻碍她们智力的发展。男人吩咐别人为他做衣裳，交代完了就不再提起；女人的衣服，无论是必需的还是装饰性的，都需要自己缝制，而且总是在絮絮叨叨地说这个话题，而她们的大脑也跟着双手运动。实际上削弱她们思维的不是那些必需的衣服，而是那些廉价的华丽服装。因为当一个处于社会底层的女人为她的丈夫和孩子缝制衣服时，她是在履行她的责任，这是她家务活的一部分；但是那些想要华丽衣服却又消费不起，只好自己缝制的女人，她们损失的不仅仅是时间。贫穷的女人必须工作才能拥有道德。中等阶层的女人如果不

盲目追求贵族阶层的时髦，不贪图闲适安逸的生活，那她们也许会雇用贫穷的女人，因为她们需要料理家务、教育子女和锻炼自己的心智。园艺、实验哲学和文学会为她们提供思考的内容和谈论的话题，这些在一定程度上可以锻炼她们的思维。虽然那些不会僵坐在椅子上一动不动地缝衣襟、织花边的法国妇女谈论的话题已经够肤浅了，但是我认为，她们的交谈远没有英国女人的无聊，她们整天把时间花在做各种帽子和所有用来装饰的玩意儿上面。因为这些事情而堕落的往往是体面、谨慎的女人，因为她们的动机仅仅是爱慕虚荣。那些利用自己的品位让自己感情更有诱惑力的放荡女人，心里想的更多。

我的这些论点都是从一个总的论点发展而来的，这个论点我以前提过，并且多次强调，因为说到男人、女人和职业，我们会发现思维塑造性格，对于人类和对于个人来说都是如此。女人的脑子里整天都是她自己的容貌，那她把外貌当作是最重要的事又有什么奇怪的呢？但是即使是长得容颜秀丽，一定程度的心灵自由也是必不可少的；这也许就是有些温柔的妻子除了性的吸引力之外，再没有其他魅力的原因吧。除此之外，需要久坐的工作让大多数女人体弱多病—而对于女性品质的错误观念使她们以这种柔弱为荣，虽然这种柔弱实则为一副枷锁，通过让女人不断关注自己的外表，而禁锢了心灵的发展。

那些高贵的女性很少亲自缝制衣服，因而她们只需运用自己的鉴赏力，而且她们在化完妆以后，不会再想那些华丽的服饰，因此拥有了一份闲适的淡定；而那些为了打扮而打扮的女人，很少会表现出这种淡然。实际上，我所作的关于中产阶级（在中产阶级，有才能的人最能大展拳脚）的评价，并不是对所有女人都适用。因为那些上流社会的女人，至少读过一些文学作品，而且和男人谈论过一些宏观问题，因此会比那些盲目模仿她们时髦和缺点，却无法享有她们优势的女人拥有更多的学识。而谈到美德，我说的是广义上的美德，我在下层社会中见到的最多。很多贫苦的女人，呕心沥血地养育子女，竭力维持着因男人的恶

行而濒临破碎的家庭；但是上层社会的淑女们懒惰成性，不会主动去培养自己的品格，有文化并不会使她们更优雅，反而更软弱。确实，我亲眼目睹了许多贫困的女人非常通情达理，她们没有接受教育的机会，却表现出英勇的行为，这些有力地证实了我的观点，无聊琐事只会让女人变成没有追求的人。男人占有了女人的身体，却任其心灵腐烂；因此肉体之爱让男人疲惫不堪（其实这是他最喜欢的娱乐活动）时，他就会想办法奴役女人—而谁又能预测需要多少世代的发展，才能使这些卑贱的奴隶的后代获得自由，拥有高尚的品德和富有创造性的思想呢？

在追溯那些我认为曾导致女性堕落的原因时，我将范围局限在那些对整个女性的道德和行为产生普遍影响的因素上，并且我认为，这些因素显然都是由于缺乏理智而导致的。至于这种不足到底是因为身体内在的还是偶然的智力缺陷导致的，迟早会为我们揭开谜底。因为我不想过度强调那些极少数受过男性教育、英勇非凡意志坚定的女性的例子。我只是补充一句，那些处在同样环境中的男人也获得了和这些女人相似的性格—我说的是普通的男人，那些聪颖过人的男人都是来自于某一个阶层，然而没有一个女性属于这个阶层。

各种关于良好声誉重要性的性别观念对道德的损害

我很早就意识到，那些不遗余力向女人灌输的有关行为举止的忠告和保持良好声誉的方法，都是华而不实的毒药，它们为道德包了一层外壳，却侵蚀了它的本质。何况，用这种徒有其表的标准来衡量人，必定会带来错误的结果，就如同影子一样，它的长短在很大程度上取决于太阳的高度和很多偶然性的因素。

……

如果女性不是常常被教导要孜孜不倦地保持她们表面性格的光鲜和美好，并把它们看作是女人的全部职责；如果人们不是总用规范行为和保持良好声誉的规矩来代替道德义务，我就没有必要对此话题展开论述，使之成为贯穿我所有作品的主要原则。但是，谈到良好声誉，注意力就被局限到一种品德上—贞洁。如果一个女人的声誉（用这种荒谬的方法来称谓）得到保全，那她就可以忽略所有的社会责任，甚至可以沉溺于玩乐和奢侈，将她的家庭带向毁灭；但是她仍然表现出一副道貌岸然的样子—因为她确实是一个值得尊敬的女人。

麦考莱夫人曾公正声明：“只有一种错误，体面的女人犯了之后不能免于惩罚。”她随后公正而仁慈地补充，“因此就导致了一种愚蠢的老生常谈，认为女人第一次犯了出卖贞操的错误，就会从根本上败坏她的声誉。但是造物主创造出的生物不可能这么脆弱。人类心灵的本质很高贵，不会这么容易受侵蚀。虽然女人在境遇和教育方面处于劣势，但是除非她们遭到同性恶毒的诅咒而流于绝望的境地，否则她们很少被完全抛弃。”

虽然女人将贞洁的声誉视为珍宝，但是男人却对它嗤之以鼻，这两种极端态度对道德危害都很大。

无疑，男人比女人更容易受到欲望的诱惑，而且他们的欲望往往因为肆意享乐和欲壑难填而更为堕落。奢侈的生活让人们在饮食上挑三拣四，使身体每况愈下；还导致了人们的贪食行为，这种行为过于粗俗，以致我们已经在这类人身上看不到任何礼貌得体的概念了。他们在别人面前肆无忌惮地纵情饕餮，事后还因为自己毫无节制造成的腹内胀痛牢骚满腹。有些女人，特别是法国女人，已经在这方面有失端庄了，因为她们会坦然自若地谈论消化不良。我们只希望杜绝那些以食腐为生的成群的夏虫，那些由游手好闲的人在财富的温床上滋养出来的，只有这样我们才不会因为看到这种粗俗的贪婪而心生厌恶。

我认为，有一条行为规范方面的准则，是可以制约其他所有准则这就是对人类抱有习惯性的尊重，防止我们因一时贪图享乐而招来同伴的憎恶。很多已婚女人和其他稍微上了年纪的人，经常因为懒惰成性而颜面尽失。虽然大家坚信外貌是联系两性的纽带，然而又有多少女人纯粹因为懒惰，或是贪图毫无意义的自我放纵，而遭致别人的厌恶呢？

那种让两性结合的堕落腐化的欲望，有更致命的后果。天性应当是品位的唯一标准，欲望的永恒量尺—然而好色之徒多么粗暴地侮辱了天性。我们暂且不论高尚的爱情。为了保证人类的传宗接代，天性，在这一方面和所有其他方面一样，将对欲望的满足规定为维持人类繁衍生息必要的自然法则，因此抬高了肉欲的地位，并让肉欲掺杂了一些理智和感情的成分。为纯粹的动物本能加上一些为人父母的感情，可以使这种本能更加尊贵；男人和女人为了孩子经常相聚，对孩子共同的感情激发了相互之间的关心和感情。女人因此有了比打扮自己更加崇高的责任，为了履行职责，她们不会心安理得地沦为无耻淫欲的奴隶。而现在相当多的女人都是这种奴隶，更准确点说，她们就是所有贪食者的常备佳

肴。

也许有人会反驳我，虽然这种堕落情节恶劣，但它不过影响了一部分甘于奉献的女人，她们为了挽救其余的女人而牺牲自己。但是这种允许小部分罪恶存在的以追求更大利益的说法，和其他所有错误的主张一样，很容易得到证实。它们的危害远不止于此，因为女性中比较贞洁的人，她们的道德品质和心灵安宁都受到了这种女人的破坏。她们认为这些女人犯的罪行不可饶恕；她们坚决认为这些女人通过各种手段引诱她们的丈夫，导致她们的儿子放荡堕落，并且逼他们（正派的女人不要惊讶）也在某种程度上作同样的勾当。因为我要大胆断言，所有导致女性软弱和堕落（正如我刚才详细阐述）的因素，都是出自同样一个主要的原因—男人贞洁观念的匮乏。

这种放荡行为的流毒甚广，它使性欲堕落到只有靠淫荡的刺激才能为之兴奋的程度。但是他们辜负了造物主充满慈爱的良苦用心，脑子里完全被容貌占据。这些沉迷于美色的无耻之徒，他们的行为日渐放荡，甚至开始对女人的柔情吹毛求疵。在意大利和葡萄牙，男人甚至会穿梭于各种暧昧场所，去寻求比女性柔情更有吸引力的刺激。

为了让这类男人如意，女人整体变得日益放荡，尽管程度不同，但是她们心甘情愿和男人发生没有感情的性交，使两性都变得堕落，因为这种行为影响了男人的品位。而各个阶层的女人，必然会为了满足男人已败坏的品位，而调整自己的行为，以追求享乐和权势。女人因此在身体和心灵上都变得不堪一击，但是如果她们考虑到她们存在的重大目标之一—生育并抚养孩子，就不会变得如此软弱，她们现在已经没有足够的能力来履行做母亲的首要责任；父母之情使本能变得高贵，而女人却因为淫荡而愿意牺牲为人父母的权利，她们或是打掉腹中尚在发育的胎儿，或是在孩子出生之后将之抛弃。一切事物中的自然法则都值得尊重，很少有人能够破坏自然的法则而免于惩罚。那些特别吸引好色之徒

的软弱女人是不配做母亲的，虽然她们可能会怀孕。那个有钱的好色之徒，在女人堆里寻欢作乐，到处散播堕落和痛苦，在他想要传宗接代时，却只能从妻子那里得到一个继承了两人缺点的发育不良的孩子。

人们将现代的人文精神和古代的野蛮行为作对比时，总是强调古人有一种把养不起的孩子抛弃到野外的野蛮风俗。但是那些对此愤愤不平的情感丰富的男人，也许正因为自己混乱的男女关系，造成了一种非常具有破坏性的不育现象和广为扩散的无耻风尚。毫无疑问，造物主从来无意让女人通过满足性欲而破坏他让人类拥有性欲的真正目的（即繁衍后代）！

我前面已经提过，男人应当对他们引诱过的女人负责，这将成为改善女人行为方式的一种手段，同时也可以阻止这种对人口和道德都有毁灭性打击的恶行进一步发展。还有一种同样明显的方法，就是将女人的注意力转移到贞洁这项真正的美德上来。因为这种一边对好色之徒放荡情欲的受害者和她们自己的愚蠢嗤之以鼻，一边又对他们笑脸相迎的女人，也许会有洁白如雪花的名声，但是就端庄来说，她们是不会赢得多少人尊重的。

另外，在她费尽心思打扮自己，只是为了吸引男人的眼球，得到他们尊敬的赞叹和称之为天真奉承的无聊崇拜时，也许她会自诩纯洁，但实际上她已经沾染了同样的愚蠢。因为如果女人真正因为美德本身而尊崇美德，她们就不会从虚荣中寻求补偿，以弥补为了保全声誉而必须去履行的自我克制，她们也不会和蔑视声誉的男人有任何来往。

男人和女人之间是相互腐化、共同进步的。我相信这是一个不容置疑的真理，适用于一切美德。贞洁、端庄、公德心以及一系列高贵的品德，都是社会道德和幸福得以建立的基础，应当得到所有人的认同和培养，否则培养这些品德就没有什么意义。为了不让邪恶或懒惰的人为自己破坏某种神圣的责任寻找托辞（他们会称这种责任为女性的责任），

更明智的办法就是让大家知道造物主并没有区分两性的品德。因此不贞的男人双重地违反了造物主的意图，他不仅让女人无法生育，而且伤害了自己的身体，虽然他不会像女人犯罪那样为世人所不齿。这些都是生理上的后果，道德上的危害就更令人警醒；因为公民、丈夫、妻子、父亲、母亲和一家之主的责任仅仅成为寻求一己私利的关系时，道德就已名存实亡。

既然如此，那为何哲学家们还要期待公德心呢？公德心必须靠私德来培育，要不然就会成为女人为保护声誉，男人为维持声誉而表现的虚情假意。这种感情没有道德和高尚品行的支撑，而高尚的品行把对某种责任的惯常性破坏视为对整个道德法则的破坏。

社会上既定的不合理差别造成的有害影响

人们对财产的尊重，就像有毒的喷泉一样，带来了很多灾祸和罪恶，使这个世界在一个爱好思考的人眼里是一派萧条荒凉的景象。因为正是在文明高度发达的社会里，害虫和毒蛇才会潜藏在茂密的丛林中；还有死气沉沉的气氛孕育的耽于享乐，使得一切优秀的性情在发展成为美德之前就夭折了。

一个阶级压迫另一个阶级，所有的人都指望凭借自己的财富获得尊重，一旦有了财富，就可以拥有只有才能和美德才配享有的尊重。那些忽略了人类应当履行责任的人，却仍被当作半个神一样供着。宗教和美德被一层礼仪的幕布分开了，可是人们还在惊讶，这个世界严格意义上来说已经腐化成骗子和压迫者的巢穴了。

有一句朴实的格言精辟地道出了真理：魔鬼专门指使游手好闲的人为自己干活。世袭的财富和头衔除了带来习惯性的懒惰，还能带来什么呢？因为人的天性如此，只有通过锻炼自己的天赋，才会合理使用它们，可是除非出于某种需要首先迫使他采取行动，他才会运用自己的天赋。同样，美德也只有通过履行相关的责任才能获得；但是一个人听尽了甜言蜜语忘乎所以，甚至丧失人性的时候，他是不会感受到这些神圣责任的意义的。社会上必须建立更多的平等，否则道德将永远不会有进展。如果人类的一半因为命运而被困在深渊里，那么即使这种道德的平等性以岩石为根基也不会有稳固的基础，因为这些人会不断通过无知或骄傲来将它毁坏。

在女人在某种程度上脱离男人而独立之前，指望女人有美德是徒劳无益的；同样，也不能指望女人拥有自然感情的力量，让她们成为贤妻

良母。她们完全依赖丈夫时就会变得狡猾、卑鄙、自私；而那些因哈巴狗样逢迎奉承的爱情而满足的男人，也不会有什么细腻的情感，因为爱情不是商品。不管怎么理解这句话的意义，如果寻求的爱情没有同样的感情作为回报，爱情的羽翼就会立即被折断。但是，男人因为财富而变得软弱，而女人似乎是以个人魅力为生时，我们怎么能期待他们会履行那些需要努力和自制才能使他们高尚的责任呢？世袭的财产使人心变得复杂，那些一出生就受财产牵绊的不幸受害者—如果我可以这么说的话—很少会运用他们身体或精神的力量，他们只能通过一个媒介来观察万物，而这个媒介还是假的，因此他们无法辨别真正的美德和幸福包括什么。一个人被地位的帷幕遮蔽了双眼，并且因此戴着面具耀武扬威，愚蠢而又无所事事地拖着没有知觉的四肢，从一个放浪场所晃到另外一个，转动着茫然无神的眼珠，眼神明显告诉我们：这是个没有思想的躯壳，这种人的观点必然是谬误的。

因此我想推导出下面的结论，如果社会不迫使男人和女人分别履行各自的责任，并使之成为人们获得同胞赞同的唯一途径（这种赞同是每一个人或多或少都希望得到的），那么这个社会一定组织得不够完善。结果，对财富和美色的推崇成了真正的东北风，摧毁了爱情和美德的娇嫩花蕊。造物主英明地将感情和责任结合，从而使劳作变得甜蜜，并且赠与理智只有心灵才能给予的活力。但是，如果仅仅因为爱情是某种性格合适的标志而表现出虚情假意，却不去履行爱情应尽的责任，那么这种爱情不过是邪恶和愚蠢不得不向美德和事物的真正本质作出的空洞恭维罢了。

为了证明我的观点，我只需要作如下陈述：一个女人因自己的美貌而受人追捧，而她又因为沉溺于这些赞美不能自拔，以致忽视了自己作为母亲不可推卸的职责时，她就是自甘堕落，因为她疏于培养一种同样能够让她有价值和幸福感的感情。真正的幸福，我指的是在目前不完善状态下能够得到的所有的满足感和道德上的幸福，必须来源于有节制的

感情，而感情是包含责任的。男人没有意识到由于他们一味鼓励女人取悦他人，而给她们造成的深重苦难和因此纵容的可怕的软弱。他们没有考虑到他们这样做，让女人为具有色情概念的美貌而牺牲了一生的幸福和尊严，造成天然责任和人为责任走的对立，而实际上二者是和谐一致的。

如果一个男人看到自己的妻子在哺乳孩子时，觉得还不如淫荡的行为带给他的快乐多，而他也不是因为早年的不羁行径变得极不正常，那他一定就是铁石心肠。但是金钱让女人抛弃了哺乳孩子这种加强婚姻关系、把尊严和爱慕的回忆结合起来的自然道路。女人为了保持容颜美丽，得到那顶使她短期内对异性有某种统治权的花环，而忽略了在丈夫心中留下深刻的印象，而当他们两鬓斑白、热情退却时，这种印象会比动人的处女魅力唤起更多的温柔回忆。一个通情达理感情丰富的女人具有的女性关怀是让人感动的，孩子的父亲一直兢兢业业地履行应尽的职责，而女人和她的孩子则以高尚的尊严来回报他的抚爱，这种景象让人肃然起敬，赏心悦目。当我看到无病呻吟的庄严和卑躬屈膝的礼节以炫耀代替家庭感情的时候，我深感厌恶，我的感情确实很奇怪（其实我已经竭力避免太做作的感情了），以至于我不得不转向其他的场面，将注意力转移到自然中随处可见的令人眼前一亮的绿色景致上，以获得解脱。于是我兴奋地看到了一个女人在照顾她的孩子，完成她应尽的责任，也许只有一个女仆替她承担辛劳的家务劳作。我看见她把自己和孩子都收拾得很整齐，迎接晚上归来的疲惫不堪的丈夫，他看到的是孩子微笑的脸庞和干净整洁的家。我的心俨然已经融入了这个家庭，在熟悉的脚步声引起一阵欢乐的骚动时，我的心甚至也会产生共鸣，怦怦跳动。

当我的善意因为凝视这幅不加任何修饰的图画而得到满足时，我曾经想：这样的一对夫妇因为各自都履行了自己应尽的责任，因此相互依存又各自独立，他们拥有了生活能够赋予他们的一切。如果他们积攒了

一定的财富，脱离了赤贫状态，不必为他们花的每一笔钱左右掂量；有了足够的钱，他们不必考虑让人心胸狭隘的拮据的家庭经济计划，我断言（其实我的想法很简单），我不知道这个家庭还需要什么才能成为世界上最幸福、最值得尊重的境况，除非需要有一点文学鉴赏的品位，为社交谈话增加一点变化和趣味，还额外需要一笔钱接济穷人、购买书籍。在人们内心充满怜悯之情，脑子里一积极安排各种有用的计划时，却有一个一本正经的小人儿不停地拽着胳膊，不让伸手拿出那个几乎瘪下去的钱包，同时还悄悄地说一些关于正义第一的深谋远虑的大道理，实在让人不悦。

虽然财产和继承的荣誉对于人类的性格有毁灭性的打击，但是女人因此而受到的伤害和束缚比男人更大（如果她们确实受其影响），因为男人仍然可以通过成为军人和政客，在一定程度上展现他们的才能。

……

不合理的等级制度让文明成为祸害，它把世人分成骄奢淫逸的暴君和狡猾嫉妒的寄生虫，这种分法让这两种人几乎同等地陷入堕落。因为尊重与履行人生的责任无关，却由地位决定。当人们没有完成分内职责时，就不会有足够深厚的感情来巩固美德，而有美德的人自然能够得到爱情作为回报。男人仍然可以悄悄地钻一些空子，为了自己敢想敢做；而女人的任务就艰巨得多，因为她要战胜很多女性特有的困难，而克服它们需要超出常人的力量。

一个真正仁慈的立法者，总是会努力使每一个品德高尚的人都能从中获益，这样私德就会促进公德的建设，而有秩序的整体会因为所有的部分都趋向于一个共同的中心而得到加强。但是对女人来说，私德或公德的区分确是有问题的，因为卢梭和很多男性作家都坚决声称女人应当一生都受到礼法严格的约束。但是如果她完全有能力依照一个更高尚的动机行事，如果她是不朽灵魂的继承者，那她为何还要屈从于礼法，而

且是盲目的礼法呢？糖必须永远要用维持生命的血液来制造吗？当原则是更可靠的保证时，难道人类的一半就注定要像悲惨的非洲黑奴一样，只是为了让男人的生命之杯更加甜蜜，而屈从于残酷荼毒她们身心的偏见吗？这又何尝不是间接否认女人的理智呢？因为如果天赋不发挥任何作用，那就只是嘲弄。

女人和男人一样，因财富带来的轻松享乐而变得软弱和奢侈；除此之外，还使她们成了外貌的奴隶。她们必须把自己打扮得花枝招展，这样男人才可能把自己的理智施舍给她们，带领步履蹒跚的女人走向正途。如果她们胸怀大志，就必须用狠毒的伎俩来统治她们的暴君，因为她们没有权利，也就没有必须承担的义务。在本书下一部分我要讨论关于女性的法律，这些法律将男人和他妻子的结合视为荒谬之事；然后由于轻率转变为只认为男人是有责任的，女人就被置于无足轻重的位置。

那些履行了应尽职责的人都是独立的人。我将详细阐述女人，她们的首要责任就是将自己视为理性的人；按重要性来说，其次就是把自己视作公民，公民的责任包含甚广，做母亲的责任也包括在内。女人生活中的地位免除了她们的这种责任，让她们仅仅变成一具玩偶，必然也导致她们堕落。或者她们把注意力从只为自己光滑的肉体寻找合体光鲜的衣服，转移到更重要的事情上去时，她们的大脑也只会被某种温柔的柏拉图式的理想爱情占据；或者实际上用阴谋行为来保持她们思维的活跃。因为她们在忽略家庭责任之时，就没有能力像士兵一样占领阵地，前进或后撤，或者在议会中辩论，以防自己的思维因被锈蚀而倒退。

我知道，卢梭为了证明女性的低劣，曾兴高采烈地大喊：她们怎么能离开育婴室奔赴战场呢！有些道德学家曾经证明：军营是培养最英勇品质的地方。尽管我认为，要想证明很多造就了所谓英雄的战争是合理的，即使是最聪明的诡辩家也会感到为难吧。我并不打算批评性地看待这个问题，因为国家在被蚕食、森林被战火和刀枪夷为平地之时，我也

会经常把这种野心勃勃的怪事当作是文明社会的首选自然方式，因此我也不将战争称为祸害；但是肯定的一点是，现在的战争体制与所有的美德都没有丝毫联系，战争再也不是培养坚强意志的学校，而是训练阴险手腕和软弱性格的地方。

但是在目前社会高度发达的状况下，如果防御型战争，唯一的无可非议的战争，被认为是正义和光荣的，在这类战争中，美德能够展现它的面貌，并且在净化山顶空气的呼啸寒风中日益成熟，那么古代真正的英雄主义也许会再次激起女性内心的激情。但是公正儒雅的读者，无论您是男人还是女人，请不要惊慌，因为尽管我把现代军人的性格和有教养的女人对比，我并非规劝她们将手中的卷线杆换成火枪，虽然我真心希望看到刺刀能够变成修剪树枝的钩刀。我只是厌倦了财富浊流带来的罪恶和愚蠢，这支浊流玷污了自然感情的清澈溪流，所以我对未来重新设想了一番，希冀有朝一日未来社会可以是这样的组成：男人必须履行作为一个公民的责任，否则他就会遭到鄙视；他在公民生活的任何部门任职时，他的妻子也是一个积极的公民，她也应当集中精力来料理家务，教育子女，帮助邻居。

但是要使她真正成为道德高尚、有用的人，假如她履行了自己的公民责任，她就不需要民法的特别保护；她不要在丈夫在世时仰仗他的恩惠过活，或去世后指望他的遗产来赡养；因为如果一个人自己就身无分文，他如何能慷慨解囊？或是自己没有自由，如何能拥有高尚的道德？在目前的情况下，一个对丈夫忠贞不渝的妻子，如果她既不生育也不培养子女，她就不配称作妻子，也无权享有公民之名。但是既然自然权利被剥夺，责任当然也就无从谈起了。

女人的思想和身体都非常虚弱，以致只有在追求空虚的享乐或制作一些轻浮的时装时才能集中精力，这时女人一定会被看作仅仅是男人放荡的慰藉。一个有思想的人，当看到清晨无数的马车载着脸色苍白的女

人在大都市的街道上飞快横冲直撞时，还有什么比这幅景象更让他郁闷呢！我一直和约翰逊博士的意见一样，希望把她们中的一些人放置在一个小工坊中，那里有半打的孩子仰望着她们倦怠的面容等着养活。如果潜在的力量不能很快让她们的眼睛充满健康的活力；她们以前只会浮现出笑靥而现在却变得苍白的脸庞，因为运用理智也爬上了几道皱纹，如果这样的脸庞不能让她们恢复品德上业已丧失的尊严，更确切地说，无法让品德获得本质上真正的尊严的话，那我确实是大错特错了。美德不是来源于空想，更不是来源于财富滋生的消极懈怠。

此外，贫穷甚至比罪恶还要可耻时，道德岂不是更加可耻吗？为了避免误解，尽管我认为平民阶层的普通女人是受宗教和理性的感召而履行妻子和母亲的责任，但我仍然禁不住扼腕叹息：没有一条道路可供上流社会的女人选择，以追求更广泛的计划，实现有为和独立。我下文要讨论一个问题，在这里我只是提一下，这可能会招来大家的耻笑，因为我真的认为女性应该有自己的国会代表，而不是对专横统治的逆来顺受，在政府审议中没有任何直接参与的权利。

但是，因为这个国家现在的整个代议制度不过是专制者统治的便利手段，她们就无须抱怨，因为她们和很多辛勤工作的机械工人一样，被别人代表着，甚至这些工人在无法养活孩子的时候还要掏钱来维持王室奢侈的花销。那些用血汗来维持王子的豪华马群，或是修饰那些目中无人、恬不知耻的贵妇的华盖的人，他们是如何被代表的呢？对生活必需品征收税，让一群无所事事的王子和公主带着愚蠢的炫耀，在目瞪口呆的群众面前招摇过市，这场检阅让他们付出了如此高昂的代价，而他们却以几乎崇敬的心情瞻仰着检阅队伍。这只是哥特般的奇观，有点像在白厅[19]前对骑马哨兵的检阅，野蛮而毫无意义。每当我看到这种情形，心中便不由地轻蔑又愤怒。

一个人对这种景象印象深刻时，他的思维一定会是一种奇怪的迷惑

状态！但是在美德将这些愚蠢行为的残留消除之前，类似的愚蠢行为还会毒害所有群众。因为同样性质的事情在一定程度上会在社会群体中盛行；富人的浮华奢靡，穷人心怀嫉恨的恶意抱怨，都会败坏代表一个文明社会的美德，或者仅仅允许美德作为文化人穿着的花哨衣服上的一条花纹出现。

在上层社会，一切责任都是由代理去执行的，就好像责任是可以放弃的一样，有钱人因此懒惰成性，不得不去追求虚荣的享乐，这一切对下层人民来说极有诱惑力，不计其数的拜金者不惜牺牲一切来步他们的后尘。最神圣的职务被看成是挂名的差事，因为它们是靠走关系得到的，并且只是为了使一个人能够结识好朋友。女人尤其如此，她们都希望能够成为贵妇。而贵妇就是成天无所事事，只是无精打采地到处游荡，去哪她们也不在意，因为她们自己也不知道。

也许有人会这样问：除了悠闲自得地到处闲逛，女人还需要在社会中做什么呢？你总不能罚她们去喂养傻瓜和记录那些无聊的琐事吧？不。女人当然可以去学习救死扶伤的本领，成为医生或护士。她们也可以去接生，这似乎是比较合乎礼法的，但是我担心我们词典中“接生婆”这个词很快就会被男助产士代替，因而我们语言中证明过去女性遵循礼法的证据也将会被抹去。

她们也可以钻研政治，把她们的仁慈建立在最广泛的基础上。因为如果仅仅把历史当作是一本传记来看，而不去关注时代特征、政治发展和政治手腕，那么阅读历史就和看传奇小说一样毫无裨益。简单说来，如果不把历史当作人类的历史来读，那就毫无益处。历史也不是个别人物的传记，他们被放在名誉殿堂的神龛里，被漆黑一片奔腾向前的时间洪流吞噬，这股洪流将面前的一切都卷入无形的空洞，这个空洞就是“永恒”。既然是“形”，那我们不妨称之为“无形之形”吧。

如果女人能够接受更加系统的教育，她们也可以从事各行各业的工

作，也许这样就可以将很多女人从私下或合法的卖淫中解救出来。男人在政府中有了一官半职而无视其应尽的责任时，女人也不会因为无法自足而和他们结婚。她们更不会为了维持基本生计这种最值得称赞的目的，而堕落到像那些靠卖淫为生的被抛弃的可怜虫一样的地位。因为那些女帽商和女裁缝们，不就认为是比娼妓略高一点的等级吗？现在接受女人的少数行业并非是高尚的工作，而只是一些卑贱的行业；有的女人接受了高级点的教育，有能力担任教育孩子的女教师，但是她们没有受到作为孩子老师应有的待遇，虽然即使是牧师老师也不会永远受到应得的礼遇，成为孩子眼中可敬的人，因此也就无从谈起什么个人生活的舒适了。但问题是那些像上层女性一样受过教育的女人，从来没有计划过要去担任那些让她们感到羞辱的职位，即使是因生活所迫她们不得不去做。她们认为这些职位是对自己身份的侮辱。她们对人类感情知之甚少，因而有必要告诉她们，再没有什么事情能比生活中的沦落这样能加重她们痛苦的感受了。

这种女人中有一些人可能会因为一种恰到好处的谨慎态度而克制自己不去结婚，而另外一些人可能就没有能力以这种可悲的方法逃脱奴役。如果政府无力鼓励诚实、独立的女性从事体面的工作而养活她们，那么这个政府难道不是一个失职的政府，对它半数公民的幸福置之不理吗？但是为了让女人的个人品德服务于社会公益，无论她们是单身还是已婚，都必须能使她们在国家中过着文明的生活；否则我们将不断看到一些可敬的女人，因为受到不应该有的鄙视，神经变得异常脆弱和痛苦，像“耕犁下夭折的百合花”一样枯萎。

这是一个可悲的事实，这也就是文明带来的“福祉”！最值得尊敬的女人受到的压迫最深重，她们因为一直被当作下贱的人对待，而最终真的堕落成为下贱的人，除非她们拥有理智，拥有远高于一般人（两性都包括在内）的理智。有多少女人就这样悲惨地耗尽了光阴，本来她们可以成为医生，也可以经营农场、管理商店，靠她们自己的勤劳谋生，而

无须因多愁善感尝尽苦涩的泪水，抬不起头来，这种多愁善感最初增加了她们的风采，现在却消耗了她们的美貌。不仅如此，我还怀疑怜惜和爱情是不是像诗人宣扬的那样有密切的联系，因为我很少看到女人的无依无靠能激起很多人的同情，除非她们仍然秀色可餐；所以也许怜悯只是爱情的软弱侍女，否则它就是情欲的先兆。

依靠履行责任来自谋生计的女人，跟多才多艺的女人相比，多么令人尊敬啊！这才是我所说的“美”啊！我深深地体会到美德之魅力，和恰到好处的和谐，一个自律的人的情欲因为这种和谐得到规范，因此将这些美德和女人世俗的美进行对比时，我感到很惭愧；但是又有多少女人愿意从令人晕眩的享乐漩涡中退出，或是从善良女子陷入其中就会变得愚蠢和懒散的宁静中脱身呢？一想到愿意以此求得尊严的女人实在寥寥无几，我就不禁失望叹息。

然而，她们以自己的弱点为荣，她们必须永远受别人庇护，远离操劳和一切让心灵更加高贵的辛苦劳动。如果这是生命的安排，如果她们心甘情愿变得微不足道、受人鄙夷，轻松美妙地“虚度生命”的话，那她们也不要指望在自己容颜已老的时候，得到别人的重视，因为最鲜艳的花朵注定要受到赞美，然后被采摘它们的双手漫不经心地撕成碎片。我抱着最单纯的善意，曾经多么希望通过各种方式让我的女同胞牢记这个真理；但是我担心她们不会倾听那些用昂贵代价换来的经验教训已经说服了很多内心焦躁急切的人的道理，她们也不会为了得到人类的权利而放弃地位和性别的特权，而那些不履行人生责任的人是没有资格获得这些权利的。

有些作家认为无论人身处何职，或者用什么样虚假的感情来保护自己，都应该对人类抱有同情心，我认为这样的作家值得称赞。我也因此愿意说服有理智的人，让他们意识到我的某些说法的重要性，并劝说他们冷静地衡量我的这些观点的整体要旨。我作为他们的同胞，以一个女

性的名义，呼吁他们理性地思考，要求他们心中有一点同情心。我恳求他们伸出援手，解放他们的伴侣，使女性成为真正的配偶！

男人只需要慷慨地折断我们的枷锁，愿意让我们享有合理的伙伴关系，而不是奴隶般的屈从，他们就会发现女人是更敏锐的女儿，更热情的姐妹，更忠贞的妻子，更理智的母亲—总之，更好的公民。这时我们一定会真心实意地爱他们，因为我们要学会尊重我们自己；而一个值得尊重的男人的平静内心也就不会被他无聊虚荣的妻子所打扰，也不会把一个从未享受过母爱的婴儿送到一个陌生人的怀抱。

论国民教育

……

很明显，我对国民教育的评价都是一些提示而已；但是我主要希望实现：有必要让两性在一起接受教育，使双方趋于完美；有必要让孩子住在家里，这样他们才能学会热爱家庭；不过为了支持而不是扼杀公共感情，他们应当被送到学校，和同龄人待在一起，因为只有和同龄人公平竞争，我们才能形成对自己的公正评价。

为了让人类更有道德，当然也是让人类更幸福，男女两性都必须依据同样的准则来行动；但是如果这种合理性只适用于一个性别，那又如何能期待实现这一点呢？同样，要想让社会契约真正达到公平状态，使这些本身就可以改善人类命运的富有启示的原则得到推广，我们就必须允许女人将她们的品德建立在知识的基础上，这几乎是不可能的，除非女人和男人拥有同样的抱负，接受同样的教育。现在女人因为愚昧和低级的欲望而沦于卑微的地位，她们不配和男人相提并论；不然她们就像魔鬼一样，狡猾地蠕动着爬上智慧之树，得到的只是足以将男人引入歧途的东西。

各国的历史告诉我们，不能将女人局限在家庭琐事上面，因为除非她们的心胸比较开阔，否则她们是不会履行家庭责任的。她们处在无知状态时，同样会成为享乐的奴隶，正如她们是男人的奴隶一样。但是也不能把她们关在伟大事业的大门外，尽管她们无法理解这些事业，狭隘的心胸也经常使之遭受损失。

上层社会男人的玩乐思想，甚至他们的美德，总是会赋予某种女人支配他们的大权。这些软弱的女人，在幼稚的激情和自私的虚荣影响

下，对很多事物抱有一种错误的认识。而那些本应该启发她们见识的男人，却反而用她们的眼光来看待这些事物。那些充满幻想的男人，还有那些掌握着人类事务支配大权的乐观男人，一旦扎入女人堆里就没有了自持力。我实在没有必要为那些不了解历史的读者，引用无数因受宠的女人私下通奸而导致罪恶和压迫的例子，更不需要提那些虽然出于好意却笨拙又愚蠢的干涉行为所造成的危害了。因为在处理事情时，对付一个恶棍比敷衍一个傻瓜要好得多，因为这个恶棍行事有一定的计划；但任何有道理的计划都会比一时兴起的愚蠢更容易被人看穿。那些卑鄙愚蠢的女人对拥有理智的聪明男人有支配权，这是众所周知的，我只是举一个例子而已。

谁能描绘出比卢梭更高尚的女性性格呢？虽然就总体来看，他总是竭力贬低女性。他为何如此焦虑呢？当然是为了给他对愚蠢的特雷莎的爱情辩护，软弱和美德使卢梭对她心生爱慕。卢梭不能把她提升到女性的一般水平，所以他殚精竭虑将女人压低得跟她一样。他发现她是适合自己的卑微的伴侣，男人的傲慢驱使他决心在自己选择相处一辈子的人身上发现一些高贵的品质；他称她为“神圣的天真的人”，但是她在他生前死后的行为难道没有清楚表明他如此称呼她是个多么荒唐的错误吗？不仅如此，他的心里也会痛苦地悲叹，他由于身体虚弱再也不能把她当作一个女人来对待时，她对他的爱情也就消散了。

她做出这样的行为也很正常，因为他们之间没有什么共同的感情，一旦性关系破裂了，他还能用什么留住她呢？她的感情是局限于男性，但不是仅限于一个男人的，要想挽留她的感情，需要理性把感觉转移到更广阔的人性渠道上去。很多女人并没有足够的心思去关心一个女人，或是跟一个男人交朋友。但是性别的弱点让女人必须依赖男人的才能，对男人产生了一种猫一样的感情，让妻子在丈夫身边满足地喵喵叫，其实对任何一个喂饱并抚摸她的男人，她都会做同样的事。

但是男人却经常对这种爱情很满足，并以一种野蛮的方式把它占为己有。但是如果他们能够拥有更加高尚的品德，那他们在和情妇闹够了之后，一定会希望在火炉旁和一位朋友促膝长谈。

除此之外，为了给感官享受增加多样性和趣味性，理智必不可少，因为如果在品德和理智不能赋予兽欲人文特征时，一个人仍然拥有爱情，那这个人一定处在智力标尺的下端；但是理智总会占主导地位。因此总体上来说，如果女人的智力不上升到与男人同等的水平上，有些优秀的女人就会像希腊的高级妓女一样，将有能力的男人聚集到她们周围，吸引很多公民背叛家庭。但是如果这些人的妻子更有理智，或者因为运用理智和想象力（它们是品位的合理源泉）更具魅力的话，他们也许不会这样做。一个有才能的女人，如果她不是非常丑陋的话，往往会获得很大的权利，她的地位因为同类的软弱而得到提升。男人经过理性思考，具有美德和谨慎时，他们也希望女人拥有这些品德，而女人只有通过和男人相同的方法才能获得它们。

法国和意大利的女人将自己局限在家庭生活中了吗？虽然她们至今也无权参与政治，但是难道她们没有通过不正当的方法获得巨大的控制权，使得她们曾经玩弄过的男人随自己一同堕落吗？总之，不管我从哪个方面来看这个问题，理智和经验告诉我，唯一能够带领女人完成她们独特责任的方法，就是将她们从各种束缚中解放出来，允许她们享有人类与生俱来的权利。

女人一旦获得自由，将会很快变得聪明和有德行，而男人也会更聪明更有道德，因为这种进展是相互的，否则人类一半的成员会因为自己被迫受到的不公而向压迫者展开报复，而男人的美德也会被他踩在脚下的虫蚁所蚕食殆尽。

让男人作出自己的选择吧。男人和女人是天造地设的一对，虽然二者的存在并不是为了合成一体，如果男人不让女人变得更好，女人就会

让男人堕落。

我这里说的是提高和解放全体女性同胞，因为我知道少数女人出于偶然或是因为天生的兴趣爱好，获得了一些超越其他女人的知识，她们总是表现得傲慢自大；但仍有些女人，获得了知识，也没有摒弃谦逊，她们从来不会自恃有点学识而鄙视她们曾经努力在内心驱除的无知愚昧。而任何关于女性学习的忠告所引起的尖叫，特别是那些漂亮女人发出的尖叫，往往是出于嫉妒。当一个比较有教养的女人竭力转向理性交谈时，那些漂亮女人就会发现，即使是她们含情脉脉的双眸和轻浮淫荡的卖弄风情，也不会在整个夜晚一直引起男人注意。在这种情况下，大家的共同慰藉就是：这样的女人很少能找到丈夫。我见过愚蠢的女人用各种各样的挑逗手段—一个描写这种花招的意味深长的词语—来打断一段富有理性的谈话，正是这样的谈话让男人忘记了她们是美丽的女人。

我们承认，拥有非凡才能的人确实很容易产生令人讨厌的傲慢自负情绪，这也是人之常情。但是当那些被讥讽为学识渊博的女人学习了一点点知识就被认为是非凡之举时，那女人的才能已经枯竭到何种低下的程度了？何况这些女人的学识也只够令她们沾沾自喜，同时让她的同代人和有些异性心生嫉妒而已。不仅如此，不是还有很多女人因为有一点理性而遭到最严厉的指责吗？我注意到了一些大家都知道的事实，我经常听到有些女人被人嘲弄，各种微笑的缺点都暴露了，仅仅因为她们在照顾婴儿的时候，采取了一些医生的建议，没有采用常规的方法。我甚至还听到有人对改革的残酷厌恶进一步加剧，把一个通情达理的女人污蔑为不称职的母亲，原因是她很聪明，一直关心着孩子们的健康，但是在她的照顾下，一个孩子因为婴儿期不可避免的事故而夭折了。她的熟人指责她，认为这是新奇想法—关于舒适和清洁的新奇想法带来的后果。那些自命经验丰富的人，一直固守某种偏见，根据最明智的医生的观点，这种偏见曾让人类大量死亡，但是他们却对这个不幸事件幸灾乐祸，因为它证实了他们的偏见。

确实，如果仅仅从这个角度来考虑的话，对于女人的国民教育也是至关重要的，因为人类已经为莫洛克[20]偏见作出了多大的牺牲啊！而男人的放荡不羁又如何以各种方式毁灭着孩子？很多女人因为男人的爱慕和他人的无知而放弃自己应尽的责任，她们缺乏天然的情感，这种缺乏让人的童年比野兽的幼年还要危险。但是男人至今还不愿意将女人放在合适的位置，使她们获得足够的理智，至少明白应当如何养育婴儿。

这个事实让我最受震撼，因此我下面大部分的讨论都将与此相关，因为任何剥夺女人母性特征的倾向都会让女人丧失其女性特征。

但是现在我们自然无法指望这些软弱的母亲能够合理照顾孩子的身体，如果孩子没有受到父亲罪恶的影响，那么这种照顾是给良好体质打下基础所必不可少的；同样也无法期待这些母亲能明智地引导孩子的性情，这样他长大之后就不必努力挣脱他的母亲—他的第一任导师直接或间接教给他的东西。除非孩子的心灵具有超乎寻常的活力，否则他的一生都将带有女人的愚蠢。母亲的弱点会遗传给她的孩子。如果女人受教育要依赖她们丈夫的判断力作决定，结果必然如此，因为提高理性不能半途而废，任何人都不可能总是靠模仿作出明智的举动，在每一种生活环境下都有特殊情况，这时候需要运用判断力来调整普遍规律。一个能在某一方面恰当思考的人很快就会拓展他的知识领域；而拥有足够判断力来管教孩子的女人也不会一味地屈从于丈夫，更不会安心屈从于将女人看得一文不名的社会律法。

在公立学校里，为了防止无知造成的错误，应当教给女人解剖学和药理学，不仅让她们能合理照顾自己的身体，同时还能让她们成为孩子、父母和丈夫的理性的护士；因为那些固执成性的老女人，对人体构造毫不知晓，就按照自己的所谓秘方给病人治疗，正是因为她们的错误，使人类死亡数字不断攀升。如果仅仅从家庭角度来看，让女人熟知心理分析，也是很合适的。采取的方法是让男人和女人共同学习每一门

课程，引导她们观察人文科学发展过程中人类理智的进步，同时绝不能忽略道德学和人类政治史的学习。

男人被称作小宇宙，每一个家庭都可以被称作一个国家。确实，很多国家都是靠侮辱人类品格的手段统治的，而那些深谙人事的贤德人士的观点也因为缺乏公正的宪法和平等的法律而纠缠不清，使这些人更加质疑竭力争取人权的合理性。这样，道德在国家的水库中受到了污染，它释放出罪恶的支流去腐蚀政体的各个组成部分；法律应当是统治社会的力量，而不是那些执行法律的人，如果用更高尚或者准确来说更加公平的原则来规范法律，那么责任也许会成为每个人的行为准则。

另外，通过锻炼身体和心灵，女人会获得母性性格所必需的精神活力，这种活力和坚毅融为一体，而坚毅则是将坚决的行为和固执反常的弱点区分开来的品质。建议懒惰的人行事坚决是很危险的，因为他们很快就会变得很严厉，为了给自己减少麻烦，会严厉惩罚犯错的人。而如果他们有耐心、有毅力地运用理智，也许这些错误就可以避免了。

但是坚毅的前提是心智的力量，而心智的力量可以通过懒惰的顺从获得吗？通过寻求建议，而不是运用理智就获得吗？通过战战兢兢地服从而不是锻炼我们所有人都亟需的忍耐力获得吗？我想得出的结论是很显而易见的。让女人成为理智的人和自由的公民，她们很快就会成为优秀的妻子和母亲—当然是在男人不忽略他们自己作为丈夫和父亲的责任的前提下。

正如我刚才简单提及的，在讨论结合公共教育和私立教育可能带来的好处时，我主要谈论那些和女性世界密切相关的观点，因为我觉得女人是受压迫的群体。但是因压迫产生的罪恶而滋生的坏疽不会仅局限于患病的部位，而是会蔓延到整个社会。所以每当我希望女人变成更有道德的人时，我的心就会因为期待伟大的事业在各地得到弘扬而激动不已，而只有美德才能把这种伟大的事业传播开来。

女人的无知导致的数例蠢行；结束语：论女性习俗的变革必然期望带来的道德进步

很多蠢行—无论是违反常理的越权还是渎职—在某种程度上都是女性所独有的，但这些蠢行都是因为无知或偏见导致的。我只指出那些看起来特别有损于她们道德品质的事情。在批评她们时，我特别希望能证明男人出于各种动机，竭力使女人在智力和身体上永远软弱下去，从而阻碍了女人履行她们特有的责任。当女人脆弱的身体使她们无法哺育自己的孩子，脆弱的心灵使她们宠坏了孩子的性情时，能说女人的这种状态是自然状态吗？

……

第二节

狭隘的教育常常会导致女人软弱性格的另外一种情形，即心灵的浪漫扭曲，用多愁善感来形容最为贴切。

无知女人容易受她们感情的支配，她们接受的教育只是让她们从爱情中寻求幸福，提高感官享受，并且采取形而上学的爱情观念，这种观念让她们不知羞耻地忽略人生的责任，并且在这种高尚的优雅中不断堕入真正的罪恶中。

这些女人迷恋于愚蠢小说家们编造的白日梦，这些小说家们对人性知之甚少，却总是粗制滥造一些老掉牙的故事，描写一些淫荡的场面，其中充满了各种多愁善感的字眼，这些字眼同样也导致人们趣味低下，并且忽略日常的责任。我不谈理智，因为它从未被人利用，它沉睡的力量未被激发，就像潜伏着的火的微粒，被认为存在于所有物质之中。

事实上，女人没有任何政治权利，而结了婚以后，除了刑事案件外，她们不享有作为公民存在的权利，因此她们的注意力自然而然就从整个社会的利益转移到了琐碎的小事上，虽然任何社会成员如果不将个人责任和公共利益联系起来，就一定无法完美地履行他的个人责任。女人生活中的大事就是取悦于人，她们由于政治和法律上的压迫无法参与重要的事务，于是多愁善感成了大事。如果她们能够更广泛地运用理智，就不会在情感中越陷越深。

但是受困于无足轻重的琐事，她们自然而然地被那种为无知轻浮的人量身定制的庸俗读物中的观点所左右，她们无法把握任何重要的东西，所以如果她们发现读史非常枯燥，并认为富于理智的演讲和论文非常无聊而且几乎无法理解，这又有什么值得惊奇的呢？她们必须依靠那些小说来消遣。不过我反对读小说，是把小说和那些锻炼理智、控制幻想的作品作对比来说的。我认为不论读什么都比什么都不读要好，因为稍微思考一下，心灵就一定会得到充实并获得一点力量。另外，即使是纯粹幻想的作品，也会让读者的情趣得到提升，超越粗俗的性欲满足，心灵对这种满足完全没有兴趣。

这个观点来源于经验，因为我认识几个优秀的女性，特别是其中一个，她是非常优秀的女人—达到了她狭隘的心胸所允许的最优秀的状态，她关心她的女儿（她有3个女儿），不准她们看小说。她是一个富有的上层人物，所以她请了好几个老师来教孩子，还有一个家仆似的女教师来注意她们的一举一动。她们从老师那里学会了如何用法语和意大利语表达桌子、椅子等，但是因为摆在她们面前的几本书远远超过了她们的接受能力，或者说信仰的接受能力，所以她们既没有获得思想，也没有获得情感。在她们不需要背诵单词的时候，她们就把时间消磨在穿着打扮、相互争吵或者是偷听女仆的谈话上，直到她们到了出嫁的年龄，找到伴侣为止。

与此同时，她们的母亲—这位寡妇，也忙于和有头有脸的人保持联系，正如她所说的，要多认识一点人，以免她的几个女儿因缺少合适的人介绍而无法进入上层社会。这些年轻的淑女们，成了不折不扣的粗俗人，带着乖戾的脾性走入了社会，她们脑子里满是自命不凡的想法，鄙夷地看着那些穿着和排场比不上她们的人。

至于爱情，造物主或者说她们的育婴者已经费心教给她们这个词的自然含义；由于她们没有什么可谈论的话题，也缺乏优雅的感情，当她们自由谈论婚姻时，只能用一些很不优雅的词句来表达她们粗俗的愿望。

这些女孩也是受了小说的毒害吗？我差点忘了她们中间某个人性格上有阴影，她装出一种近乎愚蠢的单纯样，面带傻笑毫不害羞地说出极其粗俗无礼的评价和问题，她在与世隔绝的时候就已经完全明白了这些词的意义，只是不敢在施加高压的母亲面前谈起。正如她炫耀的那样，她们接受的是模范教育，每天早餐前诵读她们日常诵读的章节，从来不会去读那些愚蠢的小说。

这只是一个例子而已，但是我还记得有很多其他的女人，没有适当接受循序渐进的教育，也不允许作出自由的选择，她们简直是畸形发展的孩子；或者有的女人在同社会接触中获得了一些所谓的常识，其实也就获得了她们独立生活时清楚看待平常事物的方法。但是那些称得上智力的本事，即获取普遍或抽象概念的能力，或者甚至是获得中间概念的能力，都谈不上。她们的思维处在沉睡状态，她们在没有受到那些感官事物或者事件刺激时就会情绪低落，或是痛哭或是睡觉。

因此，我劝告女性同胞们不要读那些肤浅的作品时，是想建议她们多读些更好的作品。我的这个想法恰好和一位智慧的男人吻合，他的女儿和侄女，在他的照顾下采取了完全不同的教育方式。

他的侄女智力超群，在托给他照顾之前曾沉溺于读各种读物。他努力并且成功地引导她阅读历史和道德文集；但是他的女儿，被溺爱子女的软弱母亲惯坏了，对每件需要努力用功去做的事情都很反感，于是他就让她读小说。他曾经这样解释自己的做法，只要她因读小说感受到了一点乐趣，他就能在这个基础上对她进行教育，错误的观点总比什么想法也没有要好得多。

确实，女性的思维一直被人们完全忽视，这就使她们只能从这些污秽的源泉中获得知识，直到有些才能出众的女人从读小说中学会了鄙视这样的书籍为止。

我想，纠正女性对小说的偏爱的最好办法就是嘲弄它们：但不是没有取舍地嘲弄，因为这样效果不大；但是如果一个明智的人带着幽默感给年轻女孩子读上几篇，并同时用语调将之与历史中的动人故事和英雄气概作恰当对比，指出小说是如何愚蠢而可笑地丑化了人类的天性，也许合理的意见就能代替浪漫情怀了。

但是大部分男人和女人在一个方面是相似的，而且同样地缺乏品位和庄重。无知的女人为了声誉不得不保持贞洁，因此任由想象力沉醉在当代小说家描绘的不合理的淫荡画面中，认为历史上严肃庄重的事迹和妇女的优美形象平淡无奇，对之不屑一顾。而男人干脆将腐朽的品位带入生活，抛弃质朴迷人的美德和庄重体面的理性，追求色情之乐。

此外，阅读小说还让女人，特别是上层社会的淑女，喜欢在谈话中用强烈的措辞和极端的表达；虽然她们放荡虚伪的生活让她们无法培养出任何强烈的真实情感，但是她们如簧的巧舌却总能用矫揉造作的声调蹦出热情的语言，而且芝麻粒大的事情都能带来突然的磷光，而这些磷光只不过是对黑暗中热情之火的模仿罢了。

第三节

造物主在弱者脑子里刻下的作为自卫原则的无知和错误的狡猾，让女人非常热衷于梳妆打扮，而这种热爱自然会导致各种虚荣，甚而超出了争强好胜和宽宏大量的限度。

卢梭认为取悦于人的有形手段在于装饰美化，我同意他的看法。也正因如此，我要提防女孩子染上软弱女人所常有的对于穿着的钟爱，让她们不要停留在有形部分。不过，女人们幻想她们可以长期受人宠爱，而不诉诸理智，或者换句话说，不诉诸取悦于人的道德艺术，她们是多么软弱啊！但是当这种道德艺术（如果使用艺术这个词不至于亵渎上帝的话）所指的优美并不是行为的动机，而是美德的结果时，这种道德艺术永远不可能和无知并存。两性中故作矜持的放荡之徒喜好的无知调戏和高级优雅在本质上有很大不同。

对于外表装饰的强烈爱好，在蛮荒时代就曾经出现过，不过当时打扮自己的是男人而不是女人。现在允许女人在这一方面和男人处在同一水平，社会文明至少已经前行了一步。

因此我认为，穿着打扮对于人类来说很自然，虽然人们一直认为这是女性的嗜好。但是我应该把我的观点说得更明确点。思维还未完全发展，不能从思考中获取快乐时，就会十分注意打扮自己的身体；而志趣也只会表现在文身或涂脂抹粉上面。

这种最初的爱好至今依然存在，甚至奴隶制度地狱般的枷锁都不能扼杀这些黑人英雄从他们父母那里继承下来的对于美貌的野蛮渴望，因为一个奴隶辛辛苦苦攒下的积蓄一般都花在便宜花哨的衣服上了。我还真没有见过哪个善良的男仆或女仆不爱修饰。他们的衣服就是他们的财产。而我用类比同理推证，女性过分爱好打扮也是出于同样的原因—心灵培养的匮乏。男人相遇会谈论事业、政治或者文学，但是正如斯威夫特[21]所言："女人们多么自然地就会伸手去抚摸彼此衣服的裙摆和褶纹啊。"这也很自然，因为她们没有感兴趣的事业，没有文学的品位，而

且她们认为政治枯燥无趣，没有把精力转到提升整个人类、增进共同幸福的伟大事业上来，因此缺乏对人类的博爱。

另外，男人偶然或主动选择走上不同的追求权势和名誉的道路，虽然因为同行是冤家，他们相互争斗，但是他们还是不会和大多数男人发生冲突。可是女人之间的关系却与此大相径庭，因为女人总是相互竞争。

她们出嫁以前的任务就是取悦男人，结婚之后仍然本能地以锲而不舍的顽强精神做着同样的事情。即使是有道德的女人在社交中也从来不会忘记自己是女人，因为她们总是努力让自己讨人喜欢。女人的美貌和男人的才智似乎都同样渴望将人群的目光吸引到自己身上；而憎恨同代人的才智也是众所周知的。

女人把所有的志向局限于美貌上面，对美貌的兴趣又加重了她们的虚荣心，结果导致女人间无休止的争风吃醋，这又有什么大惊小怪的呢？她们都在进行同一场竞争，如果她们不以怀疑甚至嫉妒的眼光对待彼此，也许她们就会拥有常人无法企及的德行。

对于打扮、享乐和权利的过度追捧，是野蛮人的欲望。这种欲望占据了他们尚未开化的心灵，他们没有开发智力，更没有学会如何思考，如何运用能力将一连串抽象的思维联系起来，进而总结出原则。而女人，从她们的教育和文化生活的现状来看，也处在同样的境地。我想，这是个无可争辩的事实。当一个人从来没有权利按照自己的理智自由行动时，嘲笑甚至是讥讽她们的愚蠢是既荒谬又残忍的；因为受教导要盲目服从权威的人，都会努力巧妙地躲避权威，这是合情合理的，也是必然的。

如果能证明女人应当完全服从男人，我就会立即承认，女人的责任就是培养对服饰的喜好，以取悦别人；并为了保全自己，养成狡猾的毛

病。

但是建立在无知基础上的品德肯定会一直摇摇欲坠，正如沙滩上的房子无法经受暴风雨的捶打。做这个推断几乎都是毫无必要的。如果要用权威强迫女人变得有道德（这本身就是一个矛盾的说法），那就把她们禁闭在闺房，并用猜忌的眼光看待她们。不要担心她们的心灵会受到伤害，因为能够忍受如此待遇的心灵是用柔软材料做成的，这些材料拥有足够的活力使她们的身体拥有生命。

柔软的材料无法铭记永恒的记号，

最便于辨认的只是黑色、棕色或白色。

最痛苦的创伤当然很快就会愈合，女人仍旧可以生儿育女，让人类的世界得以生存。她仍会精心打扮去取悦男人—这就是某些著名的作者所认为的：女人注定要实现的目标。

第四节

人们认为女人应当比男人更重感情、更仁慈，这可以从她们强烈的依恋和瞬间的同情心看出来。但是这种出于无知的依赖性爱情却没有任何高贵成分，而且很可能转变为自私的或是孩童或是野兽般原始的感情。我认识很多软弱的女人，她们把感情完全灌输到丈夫身上；而她们的仁慈实在微不足道，倒不如说是转瞬即逝的同情心而已。一个优秀的演说家说过，仁慈不仅需要“一个敏感的耳朵，还需要投入智慧和感情”。

但是这种独占的爱情虽然使人堕落，却不能拿来当作女性低劣地位的证明，因为这是狭隘观点的必然结果。即使是拥有远见卓识的女人，如果她们把注意力集中在烦琐的小事和个人的计划上，也很少会作出什么英雄事迹，当然她受到爱情激励的时候除外！然而爱情是一种崇高的

感情，就如天才一样，百年罕见。因此我同意一个道德学家的观点，他断言“女人很少能像男人那样慷慨大方”；而她们经常为了狭隘的感情而牺牲公正和仁慈，这种感情明显地让她们显得更为低劣，特别是因为这些感情通常都是由男人激起的。不过我仍然相信如果女人不是从出生起就饱受压迫的话，随着理智的发展，她们的心胸也会宽广起来。

我知道轻微的敏感加上极度的软弱就会对异性产生强烈的依恋，而理智可以促进友谊；因此我承认男人比女人拥有更多的友谊，而且男人的正义感更强。女人独占的爱情看起来确实很像加图[22]对他国家的那种极其没有正义感的感情。他主张消灭迦太基，不是为了挽救罗马，而是为了增强他的虚荣心。一般来说，仁慈也是为了同样的原则—虚荣而牺牲的，因为真正的责任是相互支撑的。

此外，当女人沦为不公正的奴隶时，她们怎么可能会公正或慷慨呢？

第五节

人们充满正义感地坚持认为，养育子女，为下一代的身心健康打下良好的基础，是女人独特的责任，因此让她们变得无能的愚蠢一定是有悖常理的。我坚信，她们的头脑可以，而且应当容纳更多的知识，否则她们将永远无法成为理智的母亲。很多人注重马匹的繁殖，却忽略马厩的管理，这些人如此缺乏理智和感情，真是难以想象！他们认为对育婴室稍加留意就会降低自己的身份；可是有多少孩子完全是因为母亲的无知而夭折！但是如果他们能够有幸逃脱死亡的厄运，也没有因不人道的忽视或盲目的溺爱而毁灭，那么又有多少孩子的心灵能得到合理的培育呢？人们认为孩子在家就会变得乖戾暴躁，为了打消他的锐气，家长把他送到学校；而为了在一大群孩子中建立秩序，学校必须采取各种各样的措施，这些措施几乎将所有的罪恶种子都播撒到了这片强行开垦的土地上。

如果孩子受到合理的管教，那么他们永远不应该也不会感到受约束。我经常将这些可怜孩子的挣扎，和活泼的小马驹绝望的蹦跶作对比，我曾看到一匹小马在海滩上接受驯服，每当它试图甩掉骑马人的时候，它的双蹄只会在沙中越陷越深，直到它最后无可奈何地屈服。

我发现当我用仁慈和一贯的态度对待马—我喜爱的动物—的时候，它们常常都很驯服，因此我怀疑那些粗暴的驯马手段能不能真正伤到它们。但是我坚信绝不能在不理智地情况下允许一个孩子放肆之后还强制他听话；因为在对待孩子时，任何违反公正和理智的行为都会削弱他们的智力。经验让我作出推断，他们的性格塑成期非常早，甚至在7岁以前就形成了道德品行的基础，这期间孩子的母亲被认为是唯一的管教者。以后最常见的情况就是教育的一半的责任就是纠正孩子们的错误，而如果过于急于求成，效果常常很不完满；其实如果他们的母亲更理智一些，他们就绝对不会犯这样的错误。

另一个表现妇女愚蠢的突出事例绝不能忽略。她们在孩子面前对待仆人的态度，让孩子们认为仆人应该伺候他们，应该忍受他们的臭脾气。孩子应当总是将接受男人或女人的帮助当作一种恩惠；作为独立的第一节课，应该以他们的母亲为榜样用事实教育他们，不要让别人服侍自己，因为在自己身体健康时让别人服侍自己是对人性的侮辱；不要引导他们表现出一副自命不凡的样子，而应该让他们首先感觉到自己的弱点从而意识到人类生来平等。可是使我愤怒的是我常常听到家长趾高气昂地使唤仆人，叫他们过来伺候小孩子睡觉，又一次次地将他们打发走，因为少爷或小姐还想赖在妈妈身边多待一会。这样奴隶般地伺候这个小祖宗，就会让孩子身上所有令人讨厌的脾气都发作了，就这样宠坏了这个孩子。

总之，大多数的母亲都会把自己的孩子完全交给仆人照顾；或是因为是自己的孩子，就把他们当神仙供着。但是据我一贯的观察，那些把

自己的孩子奉为神仙的女人，很少对仆人表现出一般的仁慈，或是对其他人的孩子表现出哪怕是一丁点的疼爱。

这些无知独占的感情和个人看待事物的方式，使女人在发展方面总是停滞不前，还让很多女人为了孩子呕心沥血，结果却削弱了他们的体质，宠坏了他们的脾气，同时还让一个比较理性的父亲可能采用的任何教育方式无效，因为如果没有母亲的合作，一个管教孩子的父亲总是会被当成暴君。

一个体格健全的女人在履行母亲的责任时，仍然可以一丝不苟地保持个人容貌的整洁，必要时帮助管理家庭，或用读书和毫无区别地同男人和女人交谈的方法来提升自己的理智。因为造物主非常英明地将一切事情安排得井井有条，如果女人哺乳她们的孩子，她们就会保持自身的健康，并且在每个孩子出生的前后都会有一段间隔，因此我们很少会见到满屋子都是孩子的状况。如果她们遵循行为规划，不将光阴虚度在追求时髦服装的奇怪念头上面，那么照料家务和孩子不会让她们和文学作品完全隔离，也不会妨碍她们以一种有助于加强心智的坚定态度爱好一门科学，或者学习一种能够培养情操的优雅艺术。

但是，为了炫耀华丽服饰的走亲访友、打牌和舞会，更不要提清晨无聊地奔忙于琐事，使女人忽略了她们的责任，并因此变得微不足道，还因此变得讨人喜欢，按照这个词目前的意义来说，是讨所有男人的喜欢，除了自己的丈夫。因为提到一场没有运用什么感情的享乐，我们不能说它促进了理智的发展，虽然人们错误地称这种享乐为见过世面。这种毫无意义的交际，让人的内心变得冷漠以及想要逃避责任，甚至当这种交际不再能带给人快乐的时候，它由于习惯仍旧必不可少。

除非更多的公平得以在社会上建立，等级得以废除，女人得以解放，否则我们是不会看到女人拥有深厚感情的，我们也不会看到高尚的家庭幸福，无知和堕落的人无法体味到这种幸福质朴的庄严。同样，只

有在人们更看重女人的思想而不是容貌之时，教育的艰巨任务才能真正有序地开始。因为指望愚蠢无知的女人成为优秀的母亲，就如同盼望莠草上结出谷粒，或是荆棘上长出无花果，是一样的。

第六节

现在我的讨论进入到结束语阶段了，我没有必要告诉聪明的读者，关于这个话题的探讨仅仅局限于提出一些简单的原则，并扫除那些让这些简单的原则变得晦涩难懂的废话。但是，因为并不是所有的读者都是洞悉一切的人，所以必须允许我稍加解释，以便让那些有理性的人完全明白这个问题—我说的是那些怠惰的有理性的人，这些人轻信别人的意见，并且为了免去自己思索的麻烦而顽固地坚信不疑。

道德学家曾达成一致意见，认为品德若没有自由来培育，就永远得不到应有的力量。这是他们针对男人的评论，我把它拓展到整个人类。我坚持认为，在一切情形下，道德都应当固定在不变的基础上；而一个服从除了理性以外的其他任何权威的人，就不能称之为有理性或是有道德的人。

为了让女人成为社会上真正有用的人，我主张应当大范围培养她们的理智，引导她们获得一种建立在知识基础上的合理的爱国之情，因为很明显，我们很少会对自己不了解的东西感兴趣。为了让这种一般性的知识得到应有的重视，我已经努力说明：除非理智让心胸开阔，否则个人的责任永远不可能合理履行，而公德不过是私德的总和而已。但是社会上既定的各种区别，把品德的坚固黄金捶打得仅仅成为掩盖罪恶的金箔，而让公德和私德受到了伤害；因为财富比美德更能为人赢得尊重时，人们就会追求财富而不是道德；女人的外表受到抚爱，幼稚的傻笑表现了她内心的空虚时，女人的心灵就会荒芜。然而真正的感官之乐是来源于心灵的—有什么感情能和起源于相互爱慕、并由相互尊重而维持的感情相媲美呢？那些冷酷或狂热的肉欲爱抚，相对于纯洁感情和崇高

想象的适度表露相比，不是孕育着死亡的罪恶又是什么呢？是的，当充满幻想的放荡之徒鄙视女人的理智时，让我告诉他正是他漠视的心灵赋予一切热烈的感情以生命，只有这种感情才能带来快乐，虽然这种快乐转瞬即逝。我还要告诉他，没有道德的性爱关系，正如烛台上的蜡烛一样，必然会熄灭，产生让人难以忍受的厌恶。为了证明这一点，我只需指出，那些把人生大部分时间浪费在和女人厮混、带着强烈的饥渴与她们寻欢作乐的男人，对女人怀着最粗鄙的看法。道德，你是快乐真正的提炼者！如果愚蠢的人要把你从地球上吓走，以便毫无节制地放任他们的肉欲，那些懂得情趣的好色之徒为了给激情增添一点趣味，一定会爬上天堂把你请回来！

现在的女人因为无知而变得愚蠢恶毒，我想这是无须争辩的事实。似乎从我的论述之中可以得到以下结论：人们也许可以期待，一场妇女作风的“变革”，会带来有助于提高整个人类的最有益的效果，至少是有这种可能性。因为婚姻被称作使人类区别于禽兽的可爱的慈悲之源，而财富、懒惰和愚蠢在两性之间造成的腐败交往对道德造成了普遍的危害，这比人类所有其他的罪恶共同对道德造成的危害还大。最圣洁的责任因淫乱的情欲而牺牲，男人在婚前同女人过多的亲密接触，学会了将爱情当作一种自私的满足—不仅将爱情和尊重分开，而且把爱情和仅仅以掺杂了一点点人性的习惯为基础的感情分开。正义和友情也公然受到挑战，纯洁的感情受到破坏，这种感情自然而然地引导人们享受毫不做作的感情表露，而不是矫揉造作的姿态。但是那些敢于毫不掩饰地表露出的高贵质朴的感情，对好色之徒没有任何吸引力，尽管这种感情是一种魅力，通过加强婚姻的纽带，让温暖爱情的结晶得到来自父母的关注；在父母拥有友情之前，孩子是永远不可能得到恰当教育的。品德会飞离一个内部分崩离析的家庭，任由一群魔鬼驻留。

丈夫和妻子之间没有什么共同情感，家庭里面无法建立相互信任时，男人和女人之间就不可能拥有纯粹的感情，他们的追求不同必然也

会出现这种情况。那种孕育柔情的亲密关系不会，也不可能存在于邪恶人之间。

所以我坚决认为，那种男人们强烈坚持的男女之间的差别是很武断的。我一直在思考一个观点，几个我曾与之谈论过这个话题的理智男人承认，这个观点是有理有据的。简单说来就是这样，在男性中很少存在的贞洁和他们对廉耻之心的抛弃，很可能造成两性的共同堕落。不仅如此，作为女性特征的端庄，经常不过是掩盖放荡之心的虚伪面纱，而不是纯洁的自然反应，除非廉耻之心普遍得到尊重。

我坚信，大部分女人的愚蠢行为产生于男人的专制，而狡猾（我承认狡猾目前是女性性格的一部分）是由压迫造成的，我也曾多次努力证明这个论点。

举个例子，异教徒不也千真万确地被刻画成是一伙奸诈的人吗？我是否可以强调这个事实以证明：当理智以外的任何力量遏制了人类的精神自由时，人们就会弄虚作假，自然也就会出现各种形形色色的伎俩？巴特勒[23]对异教徒的讽刺将这样一幅景象摆在我们面前：对礼法的苛求已经到了让人拘谨的程度，而所有关于琐事的幼稚忙碌和自命不凡的庄严嘴脸，把他们的外貌和内心都塑造成一副呆板的卑鄙小人形象。我是针对整体而言的，因为我知道在各个宗教派系里，有不少教徒拥有能为人性增光的优秀品质。但是我敢断言，如同女人对家庭持有偏见一样，在异教徒社区，一定会流行一种对于自己教派的狭隘偏见，虽然他们在其他方面值得敬佩；而且我认为他们和女人一样胆怯谨慎，鲁莽顽固，这些特质经常为异教徒和女人的努力蒙羞。压迫让他们在性格上形成了很多特点，和人类中受压迫的半数人的特点完全吻合。因为异教徒就和女人一样，喜欢聚在一起思考，相互征求意见，直到通过一些错综复杂的小伎俩，来达到一些琐碎的目的，这难道不是人人皆知的吗？在异教徒和女人的世界里，他们同样注意保护自己的声誉，并且是出于同

样的原因。

我主张女人应该和男人一样争取权利，但是我并未试图掩盖她们的过失，我只是证明这些过失是她们接受的教育和社会地位产生的自然结果。因此我们有理由相信，当她们在身体、道德和公民地位上获得自由时，就会改变自己的性情，并且避免自己的罪恶和愚蠢。

让女人享受权利，她就可在品德上效仿男人；她得以解放的时候，就一定会变得更加完美，否则就证实了将软弱的女人束缚在她职责上的权威是正确的。如果是后者的话，同俄国一起开辟一个贩卖鞭子的新行业倒是权宜之计：这将是一位父亲在女婿成婚之日送给他的礼物，而丈夫也需要通过这种方法维持家庭的秩序。他只要挥舞这根权杖，就能拥有统治权，不会违反任何公正，他是家庭唯一的主人，因为家中只有他拥有理智—这是宇宙的主人赋予人神圣不容废除的尘世间的统治权。如果女人承认了自己的这种地位，就不享有任何天生的权利；而根据同样的规则，也无须承担任何义务，因为权利和义务是不可分割的。

哦，你们这些有理智的男人，何不变得公正起来？不要关注女人犯的错比关注你们所饲养的马或驴的恶习还要严厉—既然你们剥夺了女人理性的权利，那就允许她们有无知的特权吧；否则如果你们期待从造物主没有给予理智的人身上寻找美德，那你们真是连埃及的监工都比不上。

[1]英国作家托马斯·戴所作的一本关于儿童教育的小说，桑德夫和莫顿是书中主人公。——译者注

[2]弥尔顿（John Milton，1608—1674），英国杰出诗人、政论家、革命家，17世纪英国资产阶级革命参加者。——译者注

[3]即夏娃，《圣经》中第一个女人。——译者注

[4]培根（Francis Bacon， 1561—1626），英国杰出哲学家、科学家、历史学家。——译者注

[5]参见《圣经·创世记》第2、3章。——译者注

[6]格雷戈里博士（Dr.Gregory，1724—1773），苏格兰有名的医学家，写有许多医学著作和一篇《给女儿的赠言》。——译者注

[7]索菲亚（Sophia）是卢梭名著《爱弥儿》中的女主人公。——译者注

[8]摩西，《圣经》故事中古代犹太人的领袖。——译者注

[9]蒲伯（Alexander Pope，1688—1744），18世纪英国启蒙运动时期著名诗人。——译者注

[10]塞万提斯（Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra，1547—1616），西班牙伟大作家。堂·吉诃德是其名著《堂·吉诃德》中的主人公。——译者注

[11]参看卢梭和史韦登伯格的著作。——译者注

[12]指伊斯兰教徒死后，送葬时女人不能扶灵柩的风俗。——译者注

[13]普里斯特利博士（Dr.Priestley，1733—1804），英国科学家、哲学家，当时英国进步组织“革命协会”的领导者。——译者注

[14]西巴里特（Sgbarite），意大利南部古城，据传当地居民喜爱奢侈享乐，因此引申为不务正业、安于享乐的人的别名。——译者注

[15]基督教实行的什一税，每年缴纳货物的1/10，作为信徒上缴给教堂的年赋。——译者注

[16]见《圣经·新约》“马太福音”25章14—30节。——译者注

[17]见《圣经·旧约》“以赛亚书”22章13节。——译者注

[18]塞缪尔·约翰逊（Samuel Johnson，1709—1784），英国文学家，《英文字典》（Dictionary of the English Language）编纂者。——译者注

[19]英国伦敦的一条宽阔大道，因为政府办公机构聚集而成名。——译者注

[20]莫洛克（Moloch）是古代腓尼基人信奉的火神，索要儿童作为祭品。——译者注

[21]乔纳森·斯威夫特（Jonathan Swift，1667—1745），英国著名的讽刺作家。——译者注

[22]加图（Cato，公元前234—前149），古罗马政治家、爱国者。公元前175年出使迦太基，发现迦太基的强大，故主张消灭这个城市。——译者注

[23]巴特勒（Alban Butler，1711—1773），天主教徒，传记作家。——译者注

Mary Wollstonecraft
A Vindication of the Rights of Woman

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Author's Introduction

After considering the historic page, and viewing the living world with anxious solicitude, the most melancholy emotions of sorrowful indignation have depressed my spirits, and I have sighed when obliged to confess that either Nature has made a great difference between man and man, or that the civilization which has hitherto taken place in the world has been very partial. I have turned over various books written on the subject of education, and patiently observed the conduct of parents and the management of schools; but what has been the result? — a profound conviction that the neglected education of my fellow-creatures is the grand source of the misery I deplore, and that women, in particular, are rendered weak and wretched by a variety of concurring causes, originating from one hasty conclusion. The conduct and manners of women, in fact, evidently prove that their minds are not in a healthy state; for, like the flowers which are planted in too rich a soil, strength and usefulness are sacrificed to beauty; and the flaunting leaves, after having pleased a fastidious eye, fade, disregarded on the stalk, long before the season when they ought to have arrived at maturity. One cause of this barren blooming I attribute to a false system of education, gathered from the books written on this subject by men who, considering females rather as women than human creatures, have been more anxious to make them alluring mistresses than affectionate wives and rational mothers; and the understanding of the sex has been so bubbled by this specious homage, that the civilized women of the present century, with a few exceptions, are only anxious to inspire love, when they ought to cherish a nobler ambition, and by their abilities and virtues exact respect.

In a treatise, therefore, on female rights and manners, the works which have been particularly written for their improvement must not be overlooked, especially when it is asserted, in direct terms, that the minds of women are enfeebled by false refinement; that the books of instruction, written by men of genius, have had the same tendency as more frivolous productions; and that, in the true style of Mahometanism, they are treated as a kind of subordinate beings, and not as a part of the human species, when improvable reason is allowed to be the dignified distinction which raises men above the

brute creation, and puts a natural sceptre in a feeble hand.

Yet, because I am a woman, I would not lead my readers to suppose that I mean violently to agitate the contested question respecting the quality or inferiority of the sex; but as the subject lies in my way, and I cannot pass it over without subjecting the main tendency of my reasoning to misconstruction, I shall stop a moment to deliver, in a few words, my opinion. In the government of the physical world it is observable that the female in point of strength is, in general, inferior to the male. This is the law of Nature; and it does not appear to be suspended or abrogated in favour of woman. A degree of physical superiority cannot, therefore, be denied, and it is a noble prerogative! But not content with this natural pre-eminence, men endeavour to sink us still lower, merely to render us alluring objects for a moment; and women, intoxicated by the adoration which men, under the influence of their senses, pay them, do not seek to obtain a durable interest in their hearts, or to become the friends of the fellow-creatures who find amusement in their society.

I am aware of an obvious inference. From every quarter have I heard exclamations against masculine women, but where are they to be found? If by this appellation men mean to inveigh against their ardour in hunting, shooting, and gaming, I shall most cordially join in the cry; but if it be against the imitation of manly virtues, or, more properly speaking, the attainment of those talents and virtues, the exercise of which ennobles the human character, and which raise females in the scale of animal being, when they are comprehensively termed mankind, all those who view them with a philosophic eye must, I should think, wish with me, that they may every day grow more and more masculine.

This discussion naturally divides the subject. I shall first consider women in the grand light of human creatures, who, in common with men, are placed on this earth to unfold their faculties; and afterwards I shall more particularly point out their peculiar designation.

I wish also to steer clear of an error which many respectable writers have fallen into; for the instruction which has hitherto been addressed to women, has rather been applicable to ladies, if the little indirect advice that is scattered through ‘sandford and Merton'be excepted; but, addressing my sex in a firmer tone, I pay particular attention to those in the middle class, because they appear to be in the most natural state. Perhaps the seeds of false refinement, immorality, and vanity, have ever been shed by the great. Weak,

artificial beings, raised above the common wants and affections of their race, in a premature unnatural manner, undermine the very foundation of virtue, and spread corruption through the whole mass of society! As a class of mankind they have the strongest claim to pity; the education of the rich tends to render them vain and helpless, and the unfolding mind is not strengthened by the practice of those duties which dignify the human character. They only live to amuse themselves, and by the same law which in Nature invariably produces certain effects, they soon only afford barren amusement.

But as I purpose taking a separate view of the different ranks of society, and of the moral character of women in each, this hint is for the present sufficient; and I have only alluded to the subject, because it appears to me to be the very essence of an introduction to give a cursory account of the contents of the work it introduces.

My own sex, I hope, will excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flattering their fascinating graces, and viewing them as if they were in a state of perpetual childhood, unable to stand alone. I earnestly wish to point out in what true dignity and human happiness consists. I wish to persuade women to endeavour to acquire strength, both of mind and body, and to convince them that the soft phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste, are almost synonymous with epithets of weakness, and that those beings who are only the objects of pity, and that kind of love, which has been termed its sister, will soon become objects of contempt.

Dismissing, then, those pretty feminine phrases, which the men condescendingly use to soften our slavish dependence, and despising that weak elegancy of mind, exquisite sensibility, and sweet docility of manners, supposed to be the sexual characteristics of the weaker vessel, I wish to show that elegance is inferior to virtue, that the first object of laudable ambition is to obtain a character as a human being, regardless of the distinction of sex; and that secondary views should be brought to this simple touchstone.

This is a rough sketch of my plan; and should I express my conviction with the energetic emotions that I feel whenever I think of the subject, the dictates of experience and reflection will be felt by some of my readers. Animated by this important object, I shall disdain to cull my phrases or polish my style. I aim at being useful, and sincerity will render me unaffected; for wishing rather to persuade by the force of my arguments, than dazzle by the elegance of my language, I shall not waste my time in rounding periods, or in

fabricating the turgid bombast of artificial feelings, which, coming from the head, never reach the heart. I shall be employed about things, not words! and, anxious to render my sex more respectable members of society, I shall try to avoid that flowery diction which has slided from essays into novels, and from novels into familiar letters and conversations.

These pretty superlatives, dropping glibly from the tongue, vitiate the taste, and create a kind of sickly delicacy that turns away from simple unadorned truth; and a deluge of false sentiments and over stretched feelings, stifling the natural emotions of the heart, render the domestic pleasures insipid, that ought to sweeten the exercise of those severe duties, which educate a rational and immortal being for a nobler field of action.

The education of women has of late been more attended to than formerly; yet they are still reckoned a frivolous sex, and ridiculed or pitied by the writers who endeavour by satire or instruction to improve them. It is acknowledged that they spend many of the first years of their lives in acquiring a smattering of accomplishments: meanwhile, strength of body and mind are sacrificed to libertine notions of beauty, to the desire of establishing themselves – the only way women can rise in the world – by marriage. And this desire making mere animals of them, when they marry they act as such children may be expected to act – they dress; they paint, and nickname God's creatures. Surely these weak beings are only fit a the seraglio! Can they be expected to govern a family with judgement, or take care of the poor babes whom they bring into the world?

If, then, it can be fairly deduced from the present conduct of the sex, from the prevalent fondness for pleasure, which takes place of ambition and those nobler passions that open and enlarge the soul, that the instruction which women have hitherto received has only tended, with the constitution of civil society, to render them insignificant objects of desire – mere propagators of fools! – if it can be proved that in aiming to accomplish them, without cultivating their understandings, they are taken out of their sphere of duties, and made ridiculous and useless when the short – lived bloom of beauty is over, I presume that rational men will excuse me for endeavouring to persuade them to become more masculine and respectable.

Indeed the word masculine is only a bugbear; there is little reason to fear that women will acquire too much courage or fortitude, for their apparent inferiority with respect to bodily strength, must render them in some degree dependent on men in the various relations of life; but why should it be

increased by prejudices that give a sex to virtue, and confound simple truths with sensual reveries?

Women are, in fact, so much degraded by mistaken notions of female excellence, that I do not mean to add a paradox when I assert that this artificial weakness produces a propensity to tyrannize, and gives birth to cunning, the natural opponent of strength, which leads them to play off those contemptible infantile airs that undermine esteem even whilst they excite desire. Let men become more chaste and modest, and if women do not grow wiser in the same ratio it will be clear that they have weaker understandings. It seems scarcely necessary to say that I now speak of the sex in general. Many individuals have more sense than their male relatives; and, as nothing preponderates where there is a constant struggle for an equilibrium without it has naturally more gravity, some women govern their husbands without degrading themselves, because intellect will always govern.

The Prevailing Opinion of a Sexual Character Discussed

To account for, and excuse the tyranny of man, many ingenious arguments have been brought forward to prove, that the two sexes, in the acquirement of virtue, ought to aim at attaining a very different character; or, to speak explicitly, women are not allowed to have sufficient strength of mind to acquire what really deserves the name of virtue. Yet it should seem, allowing them to have souls, that there is but one way appointed by Providence to lead mankind to either virtue or happiness.

If then women are not a swarm of ephemeron triflers, why should they be kept in ignorance under the specious name of innocence? Men complain, and with reason, of the follies and caprices of our sex, when they do not keenly satirise our headstrong passions and grovelling vices. Behold, I should answer, the natural effect of ignorance! The mind will ever be unstable that has only prejudices to rest on, and the current will run with destructive fury when there are no barriers to break its force. Women are told from their infancy, and taught by the example of their mothers, that a little knowledge of human weakness, justly termed cunning, softness of temper, outward obedience, and a scrupulous attention to a puerile kind of propriety, will obtain for them the protection of man; and should they be beautiful, everything else is needless, for at least twenty years of their lives.

Thus Milton describes our first frail mother; though when he tells us that women are formed for softness and sweet attractive grace, I cannot comprehend his meaning, unless, in the true Mahometan strain, he meant to deprive us of souls, and insinuate that we were beings only designed by sweet attractive grace, and docile blind obedience, to gratify the senses of man when he can no longer soar on the wing of contemplation.

How grossly do they insult us who thus advise us only to render ourselves gentle, domestic brutes! For instance, the winning softness so warmly and frequently recommended, that governs by obeying. What childish expressions, and how insignificant is the being – can it be an

immortal one? – who will condescend to govern by such sinister methods? ‘Certainly,' says Lord Bacon,‘man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature!' Men, indeed, appear to me to act in a very unphilosophical manner, when they try to secure the good conduct of women by attempting to keep them always in a state of childhood. Rousseau was more consistent when he wished to stop the progress of reason in both sexes, for if men eat of the tree of knowledge, women will come in for a taste; but, from the imperfect cultivation which their understandings now receive, they only attain a knowledge of evil.

Children, I grant, should be innocent; but when the epithet is applied to men, or women, it is but a civil term for weakness. For if it be allowed that women were destined by Providence to acquire human virtues, and, by the exercise of their understandings, that stability of character which is the firmest ground to rest our future hopes upon, they must be permitted to turn to the fountain of light, and not forced to shape their course by the twinkling of a mere satellite. Milton, I grant, was of a very different opinion; for he only bends to the indefeasible right of beauty, though it would be difficult to render two passages which I now mean to contrast, consistent. But into similar inconsistencies are great men often led by their senses:

> To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd.
> My author and disposer, what thou bid'st
> Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
> God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
> Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

These are exactly the arguments that I have used to children; but I have added, your reason is now gaining strength, and, till it arrives at some degree of maturity, you must look up to me for advice, – then you ought to think, and only rely on God [...]

In treating therefore of the manners of women, let us, disregarding sensual arguments, trace what we should endeavour to make them in order to co-operate, if the expression be not too bold, with the Supreme Being.

By individual education, I mean, for the sense of the word is not precisely defined, such an attention to a child as will slowly sharpen the senses, form the temper, regulate the passions as they begin to ferment, and set the understanding to work before the body arrives at maturity; so that the man may only have to proceed, not to begin, the important task of learning to

think and reason.

To prevent any misconstruction, I must add, that I do not believe that a private education can work the wonders which some sanguine writers have attributed to it. Men and women must be educated, in a great degree, by the opinions and manners of the society they live in. In every age there has been a stream of popular opinion that has carried all before it, and given a family character, as it were, to the century. It may then fairly be inferred, that, till society be differently constituted, much cannot be expected from education. It is, however, sufficient for my present purpose to assert that, whatever effect circumstances have on the abilities, every being may become virtuous by the exercise of its own reason; for if but one being was created with vicious inclinations, that is positively bad, what can save us from atheism? or if we worship a God, is not that God a devil?

Consequently, the most perfect education, in my opinion, is such an exercise of the understanding as is best calculated to strengthen the body and form the heart. Or, in other words, to enable the individual to attain such habits of virtue as will render it independent. In fact, it is a farce to call any being virtuous whose virtues do not result from the exercise of its own reason. This was Rousseau's opinion respecting men; I extend it to women, and confidently assert that they have been drawn out of their sphere by false refinement, and not by an endeavour to acquire masculine qualities. Still the regal homage which they receive is so intoxicating, that until the manners of the times are changed, and formed on more reasonable principles, it may be impossible to convince them that the illegitimate power which they obtain by degrading themselves is a curse, and that they must return to nature and equality if they wish to secure the placid satisfaction that unsophisticated affections impart. But for this epoch we must wait – wait perhaps till kings and nobles, enlightened by reason, and, preferring the real dignity of man to childish state, throw off their gaudy hereditary trappings; and if then women do not resign the arbitrary power of beauty – they will prove that they have less mind than man.

I may be accused of arrogance; still I must declare what I firmly believe, that all the writers who have written on the subject of female education and manners, from Rousseau to Dr Gregory, have contributed to render women more artificial, weak characters, than they would otherwise have been; and consequently, more useless members of society. I might have expressed this conviction in a lower key, but I am afraid it would have been the whine of

affectation, and not the faithful expression of my feelings, of the clear result which experience and reflection have led me to draw[...] My objection extends to the whole purport of those books, which tend, in my opinion, to degrade one-half of the human species, and render women pleasing at the expense of every solid virtue.

Though, to reason on Rousseau's ground, if man did attain a degree of perfection of mind when his body arrived at maturity, it might be proper, in order to make a man and his wife one, that she should rely entirely on his understanding; and the graceful ivy, clasping the oak that supported it, would form a whole in which strength and beauty would be equally conspicuous. But, alas! husbands, as well as their helpmates, are often only overgrown children, – nay, thanks to early debauchery, scarcely men in their outward form, – and if the blind lead the blind, one need not come from heaven to tell us the consequence.

Many are the causes that, in the present corrupt state of society, contribute to enslave women by cramping their understandings and sharpening their senses. One, perhaps, that silently does more mischief than all the rest, is their disregard of order.

To do everything in an orderly manner is a most important precept, which women, who, generally speaking, receive only a disorderly kind of education, seldom attend to with that degree of exactness that men, who from their infancy are broken into method, observe. This negligent kind of guesswork – for what other epithet can be used to point out the random exertions of a sort of instinctive common sense never brought to the test of reason? – prevents their generalizing matters of fact; so they do today what they did yesterday, merely because they did it yesterday.

This contempt of the understanding in early life has more baneful consequences than is commonly supposed; for the little knowledge which women of strong minds attain is, from various circumstances, of a more desultory kind than the knowledge of men, and it is acquired more by sheer observations on real life than from comparing what has been individually observed with the results of experience generalized by speculation. Led by their dependent situation and domestic employments more into society, what they learn is rather by snatches; and as learning is with them in general only a secondary thing, they do not pursue any one branch with that persevering ardour necessary to give vigour to the faculties and dearness to the judgement. In the present state of society a little learning is required to

support the character of a gentleman, and boys are obliged to submit to a few years of discipline. But in the education of women, the cultivation of the understanding is always subordinate to the acquirement of some corporeal accomplishment. Even when enervated by confinement and false notions of modesty, the body is prevented from attaining that grace and beauty which relaxed half – formed limbs never exhibit. Besides, in youth, their faculties are not brought forward by emulation; and having no serious scientific study, if they have natural sagacity, it is turned too soon on life and manners. They dwell on effects and modifications, without tracing them back to causes; and complicated rules to adjust behaviour are a weak substitute for simple principles.

As a proof that education gives this appearance of weakness to females, we may instance the example of military men, who are, like them, sent into the world before their minds have been stored with knowledge, or fortified by principles. The consequences are similar; soldiers acquire a little superficial knowledge, snatched from the muddy current of conversation, and from continually mixing with society, they gain what is termed a knowledge of the world; and this acquaintance with manners and customs has frequently been confounded with a knowledge of the human heart. But can the crude fruit of casual observation, never brought to the test of judgement, formed by comparing speculation and experience, deserve such a distinction? Soldiers, as well as women, practise the minor virtues with punctilious politeness. Where is then the sexual difference, when the education has been the same? All the difference that I can discern arises from the superior advantage of liberty which enables the former to see more of life.

It is wandering from my present subject, perhaps, to make a political remark; but as it was produced naturally by the train of my reflections, I shall not pass it silently over.

Standing armies can never consist of resolute robust men; they may be well-disciplined machines, but they will seldom contain men under the influence of strong passions, or with very vigorous faculties; and as for any depth of understanding, I will venture to affirm that it is as rarely to be found in the army as amongst women. And the cause, I maintain, is the same. It may be further observed that officers are also particularly attentive to their persons, fond of dancing, crowded rooms, adventures, and ridicule. Like the fair sex, the business of their lives is gallantry; they were taught to please, and they only live to please. Yet they do not lose their rank in the distinction

of sexes, for they are still reckoned superior to women, though in what their superiority consists, beyond what I have just mentioned, it is difficult to discover.

The great misfortune is this, that they both acquire manners before morals, and a knowledge of life before they have from reflection any acquaintance with the grand ideal outline of human nature. The consequence is natural. Satisfied with common nature, they become a prey to prejudices, and taking all their opinions on credit, they blindly submit to authority. So that if they have any sense, it is a kind of instinctive glance that catches proportions, and decides with respect to manners, but fails when arguments are to be pursued below the surface, or opinions analysed.

May not the same remark be applied to women? Nay, the argument may be carried still further, for they are both thrown out of a useful station by the unnatural distinctions established in civilized life. Riches and hereditary honours have made cyphers of women to give consequence to the numerical figure; and idleness has produced a mixture of gallantry and despotism into society, which leads the very men who are the slaves of their mistresses to tyrannize over their sisters, wives, and daughters. This is only keeping them in rank and file, it is true. Strengthen the female mind by enlarging it, and there will be an end to blind obedience; but as blind obedience is ever sought for by power, tyrants and sensualists are in the right when they endeavour to keep woman in the dark, because the former only want slaves, and the latter a plaything. The sensualist, indeed, has been the most dangerous of tyrants, and women have been duped by their lovers, as princes by their ministers, whilst dreaming that they reigned over them.

I now principally allude to Rousseau, for his character of Sophia is undoubtedly a captivating one, though it appears to me grossly unnatural. However, it is not the superstructure, but the foundation of her character, the principles on which her education was built, that I mean to attack; nay, warmly as I admire the genius of that able writer, whose opinions I shall often have occasion to cite, indignation always takes place of admiration, and the rigid frown of insulted virtue effaces the smile of complacency which his eloquent periods are wont to raise when I read his voluptuous reveries. Is this the man who, in his ardour for virtue, would banish all the soft arts of peace, and almost carry us back to Spartan discipline? Is this the man who delights to paint the useful struggles of passion, the triumphs of good dispositions, and the heroic flights which carry the glowing soul out of itself? How are

these mighty sentiments lowered when he describes the pretty foot and enticing airs of his little favourite! But for the present I waive the subject, and instead of severely reprehending the transient effusions of overweening sensibility, I shall only observe that whoever has cast a benevolent eye on society must often have been gratified by the sight of humble mutual love not dignified by sentiment, or strengthened by a union in intellectual pursuits. The domestic trifles of the day have afforded matters for cheerful converse, and innocent caresses have softened toils which did not require great exercise of mind or stretch of thought; yet has not the sight of this moderate felicity excited more tenderness than respect? – an emotion similar to what we feel when children are playing or animals sporting; whilst the contemplation of the noble struggles of suffering merit has raised admiration, and carried our thoughts to that world where sensation will give place to reason.

Women are therefore to be considered either as moral beings, or so weak that they must be entirely subjected to the superior faculties of men.

Let us examine this question. Rousseau declares that a woman should never for a moment feel herself independent, that she should be governed by fear to exercise her natural cunning, and made a coquettish slave in order to render her a more alluring object of desire, a sweeter companion to man, whenever he chose to relax himself. He carries the arguments, which he pretends to draw from the indications of nature, still further, and insinuates that truth and fortitude, the corner-stones of all human virtue, should be cultivated with certain restrictions, because, with respect to the female character, obedience is the grand lesson which ought to be impressed with unrelenting rigour.

What nonsense! When will a great man arise with sufficient strength of mind to puff away the fumes which pride and sensuality have thus spread over the subject? If women are by nature inferior to men, their virtues must be the same in quality, if not in degree, or virtue is a relative idea; consequently their conduct should be founded on the same principles, and have the same aim.

Connected with man as daughters, wives, and mothers, their moral character may be estimated by their manner of fulfilling those simple duties; but the end, the grand end, of their exertions should be to unfold their own faculties, and acquire the dignity of conscious virtue. They may try to render their road pleasant; but ought never to forget, in common with man, that life yields not the felicity which can satisfy an immortal soul. I do not mean to

insinuate that either sex should be so lost in abstract reflections or distant views as to forget the affections and duties that lie before them, and are, in truth, the means appointed to produce the fruit of life; on the contrary, I would warmly recommend them, even while I assert that they afford most satisfaction when they are considered in their true sober light.

Probably the prevailing opinion that woman was created for man, may have taken its rise from Moses'poetical story; yet as very few, it is presumed, who have bestowed any serious thought on the subject ever supposed that Eve was, literally speaking, one of Adam's ribs, the deduction must be allowed to fall to the ground, or only be so far admitted as it proves that man, from the remotest antiquity, found it convenient to exert his strength to subjugate his companion, and his invention to show that she ought to have her neck bent under the yoke, because the whole creation was only created for his convenience or pleasure.

Let it not be concluded that I wish to invert the order of things. I have already granted that, from the constitution of their bodies, men seemed to be designed by Providence to attain a greater degree of virtue. I speak collectively of the whole sex; but I see not the shadow of a reason to conclude that their virtues should differ in respect to their nature. In fact, how can they, if virtue has only one eternal standard? I must therefore, if I reason consequentially, as strenuously maintain that they have the same simple direction as that there is a God.

It follows then that cunning should not be opposed to wisdom, little cares to great exertions, or insipid softness, varnished over with the name of gentleness, to that fortitude which grand views alone can inspire.

I shall be told that woman would then lose many of her peculiar graces, and the opinion of a well-known poet might be quoted to refute my unqualified assertion. For Pope has said, in the name of the whole male sex:

> Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
> As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

In what light this sally places men and women I shall leave to the judicious to determine. Meanwhile, I shall content myself with observing, that I cannot discover why, unless they are mortal, females should always be degraded by being made subservient to love or lust.

To speak disrespectfully of love is, I know, high treason against sentiment and fine feelings; but I wish to speak the simple language of truth,

and rather to address the head than the heart. To endeavour to reason love out of the world would be to out-Quixote Cervantes, and equally offend against common sense; but an endeav our to restrain this tumultuous passion, and to prove that it should not be allowed to dethrone superior powers, or to usurp the sceptre which the understanding should ever coolly wield, appears less wild.

Youth is the season for love in both sexes; but in those days of thoughtless enjoyment provision should be made for the more important years of life, when reflection takes place of sensation. But Rousseau, and most of the male writers who have followed his steps, have warmly indicated that the whole tendency of female education ought to be directed to one point – to render them pleasing.

Let me reason with the supporters of this opinion who have any knowledge of human nature. Do they imagine that marriage can eradicate the habitude of life? The woman who has only been taught to please will soon find that her charms are oblique sunbeams, and that they cannot have much effect on her husband's heart when they are seen every day, when the summer is passed and gone. Will she then have sufficient native energy to look into herself for comfort, and cultivate her dormant faculties? or is it not more rational to expect that she will try to please other men, and, in the emotions raised by the experience of new conquests, endeavour to forget the mortification her love or pride has received? When the husband ceases to be a lover, and the time will inevitably come, her desire of pleasing will then grow languid, or become a spring of bitterness; and love, perhaps, the most evanescent of all passions, gives place to jealousy or vanity.

I now speak of women who are restrained by principle or prejudice. Such women, though they would shrink from an intrigue with real abhorrence, yet, nevertheless, wish to be convinced by the homage of gallantry that they are cruelly neglected by their husbands; or, days and weeks are spent in dreaming of the happiness enjoyed by congenial souls, till their health is undermined and their spirits broken by discontent. How then can the great art of pleasing be such a necessary study? it is only useful to a mistress. The chaste wife and serious mother should only consider her power to please as the polish of her virtues, and the affection of her husband as one of the comforts that render her task less difficult, and her life happier. But, whether she be loved or neglected, her first wish should be to make herself respectable, and not to rely for all her happiness on a being subject to like

infirmities with herself.

The worthy Dr Gregory fell into a similar error. I respect his heart, but entirely disapprove of his celebrated Legacy to his Daughters.

He advises them to cultivate a fondness for dress, because a fondness for dress, he asserts, is natural to them. I am unable to comprehend what either he or Rousseau mean when they frequently use this indefinite term. If they told us that in a pre-existent state the soul was fond of dress, and brought this inclination with it into a new body, I should listen to them with a half- smile, as I often do when I hear a rant about innate elegance. But if he only meant to say that the exercise of the faculties will produce this fondness, I deny it. It is not natural; but arises, like false ambition in men, from a love of power.

Dr Gregory goes much further; he actually recommends dissimulation, and advises an innocent girl to give the lie to her feelings, and not dance with spirit, when gaiety of heart would make her feet eloquent without making her gestures immodest. In the name of truth and common sense, why should not one woman acknowledge that she can take more exercise than another? or, in other words, that she has a sound constitution; and why, to damp innocent vivacity, is she darkly to be told that men will draw conclusions which she little thinks of? Let the libertine draw what inference he pleases; but, I hope, that no sensible mother will restrain the natural frankness of youth by instilling such indecent cautions. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and a wiser than Solomon hath said that the heart should be made clean, and not trivial ceremonies observed, which it is not very difficult to fulfil with scrupulous exactness when vice reigns in the heart.

Women ought to endeavour to purify their hearts; but can they do so when their uncultivated understandings make them entirely dependent on their senses for employment and amusement, when no noble pursuits set them above the little vanities of the day, or enable them to curb the wild emotions that agitate a reed, over which every passing breeze has power? To gain the affections of a virtuous man, is affectation necessary? Nature has given woman a weaker frame than man; but, to ensure her husband's affections, must a wife, who, by the exercise of her mind and body whilst she was discharging the duties of a daughter, wife, and mother, has allowed her constitution to retain its natural strength, and her nerves a healthy tone, – is she, I say, to condescend to use art, and feign a sickly delicacy, in order to secure her husband's affection? Weakness may excite tenderness, and gratify the arrogant pride of man, but the lordly caresses of a protector will not

gratify a noble mind that pants for and deserves to be respected. Fondness is a poor substitute for friendship!

In a seraglio, I grant, that all these arts are necessary; the epicure must have his palate tickled, or he will sink into apathy; but have women so little ambition as to be satisfied with such a condition? Can they supinely dream life away in the lap of pleasure, or the languor of weariness, rather than assert their claim to pursue reasonable pleasures, and render themselves conspicuous by practising the virtues which dignify mankind? Surely she has not an immortal soul who can loiter life away merely employed to adorn her person, that she may amuse the languid hours, and soften the cares of a fellow-creature who is willing to be enlivened by her smiles and tricks, when the serious business of life is over.

Besides, the woman who strengthens her body and exercises her mind will, by managing her family and practising various virtues, become the friend, and not the humble dependent of her husband; and if she, by possessing such substantial qualities, merit his regard, she will not find it necessary to conceal her affection, nor to pretend to an unnatural coldness of constitution to excite her husband's passions. In fact, if we revert to history, we shall find that the women who have distinguished themselves have neither been the most beautiful nor the most gentle of their sex.

Nature, or, to speak with strict propriety, God, has made all things right; but man has sought him out many inventions to mar the work. I now allude to that part of Dr Gregory's treatise, where he advises a wife never to let her husband know the extent of her sensibility or affection. Voluptuous precaution, and as ineffectual as absurd. Love, from its very nature, must be transitory. To seek for a secret that would render it constant, would be as wild a search as for the philosopher's stone, or the grand panacea; and the discovery would be equally useless, or rather pernicious, to mankind. The most holy band of society is friendship. It has been well said, by a shrewd satirist,‘that rare as true love is, true friendship is still rarer'.

This is an obvious truth, and, the cause not lying deep, will not elude a slight glance of inquiry.

Love, the common passion, in which chance and sensation take place of choice and reason, is, in some degree, felt by the mass of mankind; for it is not necessary to speak, at present, of the emotions that rise above or sink below love. This passion, naturally increased by suspense and difficulties, draws the mind out of its accustomed state, and exalts the affections; but the

security of marriage allowing the fever of love to subside, a healthy temperature is thought insipid only by those who have not sufficient intellect to substitute the calm tenderness of friendship, the confidence of respect, instead of blind admiration, and the sensual emotions of fondness.

This is, must be, the course of nature. Friendship or indifference inevitably succeeds love. And this constitution seems perfectly to harmonize with the system of government which prevails in the moral world. Passions are spurs to action, and open the mind; but they sink into mere appetites, become a personal and momentary gratification when the object is gained, and the satisfied mind rests in enjoyment. The man who had some virtue whilst he was struggling for a crown often becomes a voluptuous tyrant when it graces his brow; and, when the lover is not lost in the husband, the dotard, a prey to childish caprices and fond jealousies, neglects the serious duties of life, and the caresses which should excite confidence in his children are lavished on the overgrown child, his wife.

In order to fulfil the duties of life, and to be able to pursue with vigour the various employments which form the moral character, a master and mistress of a family ought not to continue to love each other with passion. I mean to say that they ought not to indulge those emotions which disturb the order of society, and engross the thoughts that should be otherwise employed. The mind that has never been engrossed by one object wants vigour, – if it can long be so, it is weak.

A mistaken education, a narrow uncultivated mind, and many sexual prejudices, tend to make women more constant than men; but, for the present, I shall not touch on this branch of the subject. I will go still further, and advance, without dreaming of a paradox, that an unhappy marriage is often very advantageous to a family, and that the neglected wife is, in general, the best mother. And this would almost always be the consequence if the female mind were more enlarged; for, it seems to be the common dispensation of Providence, that what we gain in present enjoyment should be deducted from the treasure of life, experience; and that when we are gathering the flowers of the day, and revelling in pleasure, the solid fruit of toil and wisdom should not be caught at the same time. The way lies before us, we must turn to the right or left; and he who will pass life away in bounding from one pleasure to another, must not complain if he acquire neither wisdom nor respectability of character.

Supposing, for a moment, that the soul is not immortal, and that man

was only created for the present scene, – I think we should have reason to complain that love, infantine fondness, ever grew insipid and palled upon the sense. Let us eat, drink, and love, for tomorrow we die, would be, in fact, the language of reason, the morality of life; and who but a fool would part with a reality for a fleeting shadow? But, if awed by observing the improbable powers of the mind, we disdain to confine our wishes or thoughts to such a comparatively mean field of action, that only appears grand and important, as it is connected with a bound-less prospect and sublime hopes, what necessity is there for falsehood in conduct, and why must the sacred majesty of truth be violated to detain a deceitful good that saps the very foundation of virtue? Why must the female mind be tainted by coquettish arts to gratify the sensualist, and prevent love from subsiding into friendship, or compassionate tenderness, when these are not qualities on which friendship can be built? Let the honest heart show itself, and reason teach passion to submit to necessity; or, let the dignified pursuit of virtue and knowledge raise the mind above those emotions which rather embitter than sweeten the cup of life, when they are not restrained within due bounds.

I do not mean to allude to the romantic passion, which is the concomitant of genius. Who can clip its wing? But that grand passion not proportioned to the puny enjoyments of life, is only true to the sentiment, and feeds on itself. The passions which have been celebrated for their durability have always been unfortunate. They have acquired strength by absence and constitutional melancholy. The fancy has hovered round a form of beauty dimly seen; but familiarity might have turned admiration into disgust, or, at least, into indifference, and allowed the imagination leisure to start fresh game. With perfect propriety, according to this view of things, does Rousseau make the mistress of his soul, Eloisa, love St Preux, when life was fading before her; but this is no proof of the immortality of the passion.

Of the same complexion is Dr Gregory's advice respecting delicacy of sentiment, which he advises a woman not to acquire, if she have determined to marry. This determination, however, perfectly consistent with his former advice, he calls indelicate, and earnestly persuades his daughters to conceal it, though it may govern their conduct, as if it were indelicate to have the common appetites of human nature.

Noble morality! and consistent with the cautious prudence of a little soul that cannot extend its views beyond the present minute division of existence. If all the faculties of woman's mind are only to be cultivated as they respect

her dependence on man; if, when a husband be obtained, she have arrived at her goal, and meanly proud, rests satisfied with such a paltry crown, let her grovel contentedly, scarcely raised by her employments above the animal kingdom; but, if struggling for the prize of her high calling, she look beyond the present scene, let her cultivate her understanding without stopping to consider what character the husband may have whom she is destined to marry. Let her only determine, without being too anxious about present happiness, to acquire the qualities that ennoble a rational being, and a rough inelegant husband may shock her taste without destroying her peace of mind. She will not model her soul to suit the frailties of her companion, but to bear with them; his character may be a trial, but not an impediment to virtue.

If Dr Gregory confined his remark to romantic expectations of constant love and congenial feelings, he should have recollected that experience will banish what advice can never make us cease to wish for, when the imagination is kept alive at the expense of reason.

I own it frequently happens, that women who have fostered a romantic unnatural delicacy of feeling, waste their lives in imagining how happy they should have been with a husband who could love them with a fervid increasing affection every day, and all day. But they might as well pine married as single, and would not be a jot more unhappy with a bad husband than longing for a good one. That a proper education, or, to speak with more precision, a well-stored mind, would enable a woman to support a single life with dignity, I grant; but that she should avoid cultivating her taste, lest her husband should occasionally shock it, is quitting a substance for a shadow. To say the truth, I do not know of what use is an improved taste, if the individual be not rendered more independent of the casualties of life; if new sources of enjoyment, only dependent on the solitary operations of the mind, are not opened. People of taste, married or single, without distinction, will ever be disgusted by various things that touch not less observing minds. On this conclusion the argument must not be allowed to hinge; but in the whole sum of enjoyment is taste to be denominated a blessing?

The question is, whether it procures most pain or pleasure? The answer will decide the propriety of Dr Gregory's advice, and show how absurd and tyrannic it is thus to lay down a system of slavery, or to attempt to educate moral beings by any other rules than those deduced from pure reason, which apply to the whole species.

Gentleness of manners, forbearance and long suffering, are such amiable

Godlike qualities, that in sublime poetic strains the Deity has been invested with them; and, perhaps, no representation of His goodness so strongly fastens on the human affections as those that represent Him abundant in mercy and willing to pardon. Gentleness, considered in this point of view, bears on its front all the characteristics of grandeur, combined with the winning graces of condescension; but what a different aspect it assumes when it is the submissive demeanour of dependence, the support of weakness that loves, because it wants protection; and is forbearing, because it must silently endure injuries; smiling under the lash at which it dare not snarl. Abject as this picture appears, it is the portrait of an accomplished woman, according to the received opinion of female excellence, separated by specious reasoners from human excellence. Or, they kindly restore the rib, and make one moral being of a man and woman; not forgetting to give her all the‘submissive charms' .

How women are to exist in that state where there is neither to be marrying nor giving in marriage, we are not told. For though moralists have agreed that the tenor of life seems to prove that man is prepared by various circumstances for a future state, they constantly concur in advising woman only to provide for the present. Gentleness, docility, and a spaniellike affection are, on this ground, consistently recommended as the cardinal virtues of the sex; and, disregarding the arbitrary economy of nature, one writer has declared that it is masculine for a woman to be melancholy. She was created to be the toy of man, his rattle, and it must jingle in his ears whenever, dismissing reason, he chooses to be amused.

To recommend gentleness, indeed, on a broad basis is strictly philosophical. A frail being should labour to be gentle. But when forbearance confounds right and wrong, it ceases to be a virtue; and, however convenient it may be found in a companion – that companion will ever be considered as an inferior, and only inspire a vapid tenderness, which easily degenerates into contempt. Still, if advice could really make a being gentle, whose natural disposition admitted not of such a fine polish, something towards the advancement of order would be attained; but if as might quickly be demonstrated, only affection be produced by this indiscriminate counsel, which throws a stumblingblock in the way of gradual improvement, and true melioration of temper, the sex is not much benefited by sacrificing solid virtues to the attainment of superficial graces, though for a few years they may procure the individuals regal sway.

As a philosopher, I read with indignation the plausible epithets which men use to soften their insults; and, as a moralist, I ask what is meant by such heterogeneous associations, as fair defects, amiable weaknesses, etc.? If there be but one criterion of morals, but one architype for man, women appear to be suspended by destiny, according to the vulgar tale of Mahomet's coffin; they have neither the unerring instinct of brutes, nor are allowed to fix the eye of reason on a perfect model. They were made to be loved, and must not aim at respect, lest they should be hunted out of society as masculine.

But to view the subject in another point of view. Do passive indolent women make the best wives? Confining our discussion to the present moment of existence, let us see how such weak creatures perform their part. Do the women who, by the attainment of a few superficial accomplishments, have strengthened the prevailing prejudice, merely contribute to the happiness of their husbands? Do they display their charms merely to amuse them? And have women who have early imbibed notions of passive obedience, sufficient character to manage a family or educate children? So far from it, that, after surveying the history of woman, I cannot help agreeing with the severest satirist, considering the sex as the weakest as well as the most oppressed half of the species. What does history disclose but marks of inferiority, and how few women have emancipated themselves from the galling yoke of sovereign man? So few that the exceptions remind me of an ingenious conjecture respecting Newton – that he was probably a being of superior order accidentally caged in a human body. Following the same train of thinking, I have been led to imagine that the few extraordinary women who have rushed in eccentrical directions out of the orbit prescribed to their sex, were male spirits, confined by mistake in female frames. But if it be not philosophical to think of sex when the soul is mentioned, the inferiority must depend on the organs; or the heavenly fire, which is to ferment the clay, is not given in equal portions.

But avoiding, as I have hitherto done, any direct comparison of the two sexes collectively, or frankly acknowledging the inferiority of woman, according to the present appearance of things, I shall only insist that men have increased that inferiority till women are almost sunk below the standard of rational creatures. Let their faculties have room to unfold, and their virtues to gain strength, and then determine where the whole sex must stand in the intellectual scale. Yet let it be remembered that for a small number of distinguished women I do not ask a place.

It is difficult for us purblind mortals to say to what height human discoveries and improvements may arrive, when the gloom of despotism subsides, which makes us stumble at every step; but, when morality shall be settled on a more solid basis, then, without being gifted with a prophetic spirit, I will venture to predict that woman will be either the friend or slave of man. We shall not, as at present, doubt whether she is a moral agent, or the link which unites man with brutes. But should it then appear that like the brutes they were principally created for the use of man, he will let them patiently bite the bridle, and not mock them with empty praise; or, should their rationality be proved, he will not impede their improvement merely to gratify his sensual appetites. He will not, with all the graces of rhetoric, advise them to submit implicitly their understanding to the guidance of man. He will not, when he treats of the education of women, assert that they ought never to have the free use of reason, nor would he recommend cunning and dissimulation to beings who are acquiring, in like manner as himself, the virtues of humanity.

Surely there can be but one rule of right, if morality has an eternal foundation, and whoever sacrifices virtue, strictly so called, to present convenience, or whose duty it is to act in such a manner, lives only for the passing day, and cannot be an accountable creature.

The poet then should have dropped his sneer when he says:

If weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they.

For that they are bound by the adamantine chain of destiny is most certain, if it be proved that they are never to exercise their own reason, never to be independent, never to rise above opinion, or to feel the dignity of a rational will that only bows to God, and often forgets that the universe contains any being but itself and the model of perfection to which its ardent gaze is turned, to adore attributes that, softened into virtues, may be imitated in kind, though the degree overwhelms the enraptured mind.

If, I say, for I would not impress by declamation when Reason offers her sober light, if they be really capable of acting like rational creatures, let them not be treated like slaves; or, like the brutes who are dependent on the reason of man, when they associate with him; but cultivate their minds, give them the salutary sublime curb of principle, and let them attain conscious dignity by feeling themselves only dependent on God. Teach them, in common with

man, to submit to necessity, instead of giving, to render them more pleasing, a sex to morals.

Further, should experience prove that they cannot attain the same degree of strength of mind, perseverance, and fortitude, let their virtues be the same in kind, though they may vainly struggle for the same degree; and the superiority of man will be equally clear, if not clearer; and truth, as it is a simple principle, which admits of no modification, would be common to both. Nay the order of society, as it is at present regulated, would not be inverted, for woman would then only have the rank that reason assigned her, and arts could not be practised to bring the balance even, much less to turn it.

These may be termed Utopian dreams. Thanks to that Being who impressed them on my soul, and gave me sufficient strength of mind to dare to exert my own reason, till, becoming dependent only on Him for the support of my virtue, I view, with indignation, the mistaken notions that enslave my sex.

I love man as my fellow; but his sceptre, real or usurped, extends not to me, unless the reason of an individual demands my homage; and even then the submission is to reason, and not to man. In fact, the conduct of an account able being must be regulated by the operations of its own reason; or on what foundation rests the throne of God?

It appears to me necessary to dwell on these obvious truths, because females have been insulated, as it were; and while they have been stripped of the virtues that should clothe humanity, they have been decked with artificial graces that enable them to exercise a shortlived tyranny. Love, in their bosoms, taking place of every nobler passion, their sole ambition is to be fair, to raise emotion instead of inspiring respect; and this ignoble desire, like the servility in absolute monarchies, destroys all strength of character. Liberty is the mother of virtue, and if women be, by their very constitution, slaves, and not allowed to breathe the sharp invigorating air of freedom, they must ever languish like exotics, and be reckoned beautiful flaws in nature. Let it also be remembered, that they are the only flaw.

As to the argument respecting the subjection in which the sex has ever been held, it retorts on man. The many have always been enthralled by the few; and monsters, who scarcely have shown any discernment of human excellence, have tyrannized over thousands of their fellow-creatures. Why have men of superior endowments submitted to such degradation? For, is it not universally acknowledged that kings, viewed collectively, have ever been

inferior, in abilities and virtue, to the same number of men taken from the common mass of mankind – yet have they not, and are they not still treated with a degree of reverence that is an insult to reason? China is not the only country where a living man has been made a God. Men have submitted to superior strength to enjoy with impunity the pleasure of the moment; women have only done the same, and therefore till it is proved that the courtier, who servilely resigns the birthright of a man, is not a moral agent, it cannot be demonstrated that woman is essentially inferior to man because she has always been subjugated.

Brutal force has hitherto governed the world, and that the science of politics is in its infancy, is evident from philosophers scrupling to give the knowledge most useful to man that determinate distinction.

I shall not pursue this argument any further than to establish an obvious inference, that as sound politics diffuse liberty, mankind, including woman, will become more wise and virtuous.

The Same Subject Continued

Bodily strength from being the distinction of heroes is now sunk into such unmerited contempt that men, as well as women, seem to think it unnecessary; the latter, as it takes from their feminine graces, and from that lovely weakness, the source of their undue power; and the former, because it appears inimical to the character of a gentleman.

That they have both, by departing from one extreme run into another, may easily be proved; but first it may be proper to observe that a vulgar error has obtained a degree of credit, which has given force to a false conclusion, in which an effect has been mistaken for a cause.

People of genius have very frequently impaired their constitutions by study or careless inattention to their health, and the violence of their passions bearing a pro portion to the vigour of their intellects, the sword's destroying the scabbard has become almost proverbial, and superficial observers have inferred from thence that men of genius have commonly weak, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, delicate constitutions. Yet the contrary, I believe, will appear to be the fact; for, on diligent inquiry, I find that strength of mind has in most cases been accompanied by superior strength of body, – natural soundness of constitution, – not that robust tone of nerves and vigour of muscles, which arise from bodily labour, when the mind is quiescent, or only directs the hands.

Dr Priestley has remarked, in the preface to his biographical chart, that the majority of great men have lived beyond forty-five. And considering the thoughtless manner in which they have lavished their strength when investigating a favourite science, they have wasted the lamp of life, forgetful of the midnight hour; or, when lost in poetic dreams, fancy has peopled the scene, and the soul has been disturbed, till it shook the constitution by the passions that meditation has raised, – whose objects, the baseless fabric of a vision, faded before the exhausted eye, – they must have had iron frames. Shakespeare never grasped the airy dagger with a nerveless hand, nor did Milton tremble when he led Satan far from the confines of his dreary prison. These were not the ravings of imbecility, the sickly effusions of distempered brains, but the exuberance of fancy, that ‘in a fine frenzy' wandering, was not

continually reminded of its material shackles.

I am aware that this argument would carry me further than it may be supposed I wish to go; but I follow truth, and still adhering to my first position, I will allow that bodily strength seems to give man a natural superiority over woman; and this is the only solid basis on which the superiority of the sex can be built. But I still insist that not only the virtue but the knowledge of the two sexes should be the same in nature, if not in degree, and that women, considered not only as moral but rational creatures, ought to endeavour to acquire human virtues （or perfections) by the same means as men, instead of being educated like a fanciful kind of half being – one of Rousseau's wild chimeras.

But if strength of body be with some show of reason the boast of men, why are women so infatuated as to be proud of a defect? Rousseau has furnished them with a plausible excuse, which could only have occurred to a man whose imagination had been allowed to run wild, and refine on the impressions made by exquisite senses; that they might for-sooth have a pretext for yielding to a natural appetite without violating a romantic species of modesty, which gratifies the pride and libertinism of man.

Women, deluded by these sentiments, sometimes boast of their weakness, cunningly obtaining power by playing on the weakness of men; and they may well glory in their illicit sway, for, like Turkish bashaws, they have more real power than their masters; but virtue is sacrificed to temporary gratifications, and the respectability of life to the triumph of an hour.

Women, as well as despots, have now perhaps more power than they would have if the world, divided and subdivided into kingdoms and families, were governed by laws deduced from the exercise of reason; but in obtaining it, to carry on the comparison, their character is degraded, and licentiousness spread through the whole aggregate of society. The many become pedestal to the few. I, therefore, will venture to assert that till women are more rationally educated, the progress of human virtue and improvement in knowledge must receive continual checks. And if it be granted that woman was not created merely to gratify the appetite of man, or to be the upper servant, who provides his meals and takes care of his line, it must follow that the first care of those mothers or fathers who really attend to the education of females should be, if not to strengthen the body, at least not to destroy the constitution by mistaken notions of beauty and female excellence; nor should girls ever be allowed to imbibe the pernicious notion that a defect can, by any chemical

process of reasoning, become an excellence.

[...]

But should it be proved that woman is naturally weaker than man, whence does it follow that it is natural for her to labour to become still weaker than nature intended her to be? Arguments of this cast are an insult to common sense, and savour of passion. The divine right of husbands, like the divine right of kings, may, it is to be hoped, in this enlightened age, be contested without danger; and though conviction may not silence many boisterous disputants, yet, when any prevailing prejudice is attacked, the wise will consider, and leave the narrow-minded to rail with thoughtless vehemence at innovation.

The mother who wishes to give true dignity of character to her daughter must, regardless of the sneers of ignorance, proceed on a plan diametrically opposite to that which Rousseau has recommended with all the deluding charms of eloquence and philosophic sophistry, for his eloquence renders absurdities plausible, and his dogmatic conclusions puzzle, without convincing, those who have not ability to refute them.

Throughout the whole animal kingdom every young creature requires almost continual exercise, and the infancy of children, conformable to this intimation, should be passed in harmless gambols that exercise the feet and hands, without requiring very minute direction from the head, or the constant attention of a nurse. In fact, the care necessary for self-preservation is the first natural exercise of the understanding as little inventions to amuse the present moment unfold the imagination. But these wise designs of nature are counteracted by mistaken fondness or blind zeal. The child is not left a moment to its own direction – particularly a girl – and thus rendered dependent. Dependence is called natural.

To preserve personal beauty – woman's glory – the limbs and faculties are cramped with worse than Chinese bands, and the sedentary life which they are condemned to live, whilst boys frolic in the open air, weakens the muscles and relaxes the nerves. As for Rousseau's remarks, which have since been echoed by several writers, that they have naturally, that is, from their birth, independent of education, a fondness for dolls, dressing, and talking, they are so puerile as not to merit a serious refutation. That a gift, condemned to sit for hours together listening to the idle chat of weak nurses, or to attend

at her mother's toilet, will endeavour to join the conversation, is, indeed, very natural; and that she will imitate her mother or aunts, and amuse herself by adorning her lifeless doll, as they do in dressing her, poor innocent babe! is undoubtedly a most natural consequence. For men of the greatest abilities have seldom had sufficient strength to rise above the surrounding atmosphere; and if the pages of genius have always been blurred by the prejudices of the age, some allowance should be made for a sex, who, like kings, always see things through a false medium.

In this manner, may the fondness for dress, conspicuous in woman, be easily accounted for, without supposing it the result of a desire to please the sex on which they are dependent. The absurdity, in short, of supposing that a girl is naturally a coquette, and that a desire connected with the impulse of nature to propagate the species, should appear even before an improper education has, by heating the imagination, called it forth prematurely, is so unphilosophical, that such a sagacious observer as Rousseau would not have adopted it, if he had not been accustomed to make reason give way to his desire of singularity, and truth to a favourite paradox.

Yet thus to give a sex to mind was not very consistent with the principles of a man who argued so warmly, and so well, for the immortality of the soul. But what a weak barrier is truth when it stands in the way of an hypothesis! Rousseau respected – almost adored virtue – and yet he allowed himself to love with sensual fondness. His imagination constantly prepared inflammable fuel for his inflammable senses; but, in order to reconcile his respect for self-denial, fortitude, and those heroic virtues, which a mind like his could not coolly admire, he labours to invert a law of nature, and broaches a doctrine pregnant with mischief, and derogatory to the character of supreme wisdom.

His ridiculous stories, which tend to prove that girls are naturally attentive to their persons, without laying any stress on daily example, are below contempt.

[...]

I have, probably, had an opportunity of observing more girls in their infancy than J. J. Rousseau. I can recollect my own feelings, and I have looked steadily around me; yet, so far from coinciding with him in opinion respecting the first dawn of the female character, I will venture to affirm, that

a girl, whose spirits have not been damped by inactivity, or innocence tainted by false shame, will always be a romp, and the doll will never excite attention unless confinement allows her no alternative. Girls and boys, in short, would play harmlessly together, if the distinction of sex was not inculcated long before nature makes any difference. I will go further, and affirm, as an indisputable fact, that most of the women, in the circle of my observation, who have acted like rational creatures, or shown any vigour of intellect, have accidentally been allowed to run wild, as some of the elegant formers of the fair sex would insinuate.

The baneful consequences which flow from inattention to health during infancy and youth, extend further than is supposed – dependence of body naturally produces dependence of mind; and how can she be a good wife or mother, the greater part of whose time is employed to guard against or endure sickness? Nor can it be expected that a woman will resolutely endeavour to strengthen her constitution and abstain from enervating indulgences, if artificial notions of beauty, and false descriptions of sensibility, have been early entangled with her motives of action. Most men are sometimes obliged to bear with bodily inconveniences, and to endure, occasionally, the inclemency of the elements; but genteel women are, literally speaking, slaves to their bodies, and glory in their subjection.

I once knew a weak woman of fashion, who was more than commonly proud of her delicacy and sensibility. She thought a distinguishing taste and puny appetite the height of all human perfection, and acted accordingly. I have seen this weak sophisticated being neglect all the duties of life, yet recline with self-complacency on a sofa, and boast of her want of appetite as a proof of delicacy that extended to, or, perhaps, arose from, her exquisite sensibility; for it is difficult to render intelligible such ridiculous jargon. Yet, at the moment, I have seen her insult a worthy old gentlewoman, whom unexpected misfortunes had made dependent on her ostentatious bounty, and who, in better days, had claims on her gratitude. Is it possible that a human creature could have become such a weak and depraved being, if, like the Sybarites, dissolved in luxury, everything like virtue had not been worn away, or never impressed by precept, a poor substitute, it is true, for cultivation of mind, though it serves as a fence against vice?

[...]

Women are everywhere in this deplorable state; for, in order to preserve their innocence, as ignorance is courteously termed, truth is hidden from them, and they are made to assume an artificial character before their faculties have acquired any strength. Taught from their infancy that beauty is woman's sceptre, the mind shapes itself to the body, and roaming round its gilt cage, only seeks to adore its prison. Men have various employments and pursuits which engage their attention, and give a character to the opening mind; but women, confined to one, and having their thoughts constantly directed to the most insignificant part of themselves, seldom extend their views beyond the triumph of the hour. But were their understanding once emancipated from the slavery to which the pride and sensuality of man and their short-sighted desire, like that of dominion in tyrants, of present sway, has subjected them, we should probably read of their weaknesses with surprise. I must be allowed to pursue the argument a little further.

Perhaps, if the existence of an evil being were allowed, who, in the allegorical language of Scripture, went about seeking whom he should devour, he could not more effectually degrade the human character, than by giving a man absolute power.

This argument branches into various ramifications. Birth, riches, and every extrinsic advantage that exalt a man above his fellows, without any mental exertion, sink him in reality below them. In proportion to this weakness, he is played upon by designing men, till the bloated monster has lost all traces of humanity. And that tribes of men, like flocks of sheep, should quietly follow such a leader, is a solecism that only a desire of present enjoyment and narrowness of understanding can solve. Educated in slavish dependence, and enervated by luxury and sloth, where shall we find men who will stand forth to assert the rights of man, or claim the privilege of moral beings, who should have but one road to excellence? Slavery to monarchs and ministers, which the world will be long in freeing itself from, and whose deadly grasp stops the progress of the human mind, is not yet abolished.

Let not men then in the pride of power, use the same arguments that tyrannic kings and venal ministers have used, and fallaciously assert that woman ought to be subjected because she has always been so. But, when man, governed by reasonable laws, enjoys his natural freedom, let him despise woman, if she do not share it with him; and, till that glorious period arrives, in des canting on the folly of the sex, let him not overlook his own.

Women, it is true, obtaining power by unjust means, by practising or

fostering vice, evidently lose the rank which reason would assign them, and they become either abject slaves or capricious tyrants. They lose all simplicity, all dignity of mind, in acquiring power, and act as men are observed to act when they have been exalted by the same means.

It is time to effect a revolution in female manners –time to restore to them their lost dignity – and make them, as a part of the human species, labour by reforming themselves to reform the world. It is time to separate unchangeable morals from local manners. If men be demi-gods, why let us serve them! And if the dignity of the female soul be as disputable as that of animals – if their reason does not afford sufficient light to direct their conduct whilst unerring instinct is denied – they are surely of all creatures the most miserable! and, bent beneath the iron hand of destiny, must submit to be a fair defect in creation. But to justify the ways of Providence respecting them, by pointing out some irrefragable reason for thus making such a large portion of mankind accountable and not accountable, would puzzle the subtilest casuist.

[...]

It were to be wished that women would cherish an affection for their husbands, founded on the same principle that devotion ought to rest upon. No other firm base is there under heaven – for let them beware of the fallacious light of sentiment; too often used as a softer phrase for sensuality. It follows then, I think, that from their infancy women should either be shut up like Eastern princes, or educated in such a manner as to be able to think and act for themselves.

Why do men halt between two opinions, and expect impossibilities? Why do they expect virtue from a slave, from a being whom the constitution of civil society has rendered weak, if not vicious?

Still I know that it will require a considerable length of time to eradicate the firmly rooted prejudices which sensualists have planted; it will also require some time to convince women that they act contrary to their real interest on an enlarged scale, when they cherish or affect weakness under the name of delicacy, and to convince the world that the poisoned source of female vices and follies, if it be necessary, in compliance with custom, to use synonymous terms in a lax sense, has been the sensual homage paid to beauty: – to beauty of features; for it has been shrewdly observed by a

German writer, that a pretty woman, as an object of desire, is generally allowed to be so by men of all descriptions; whilst a fine woman, who inspires more sublime emotions by displaying intellectual beauty, may be overlooked or observed with indifference, by those men who find their happiness in the gratification of their appetites. I foresee an obvious retort – whilst man remains such an imperfect being as he appears hitherto to have been, he will, more or less, be the slave of his appetites; and those women obtaining most power who gratify a predominant one, the sex is degraded by a physical, if not by a moral necessity.

This objection has, I grant, some force; but while such a sublime precept exists, as, ‘Be pure as your heavenly Father is pure'; it would seem that the virtues of man are not limited by the Being who alone could limit them; and that he may press forward without considering whether he steps out of his sphere by indulging such a noble ambition. To the wild billows it has been said, ‘Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. ' Vainly then do they beat and foam, restrained by the power that confines the struggling planets in their orbits, matter yields to the great governing Spirit. But an immortal soul, not restrained by mechanical laws and struggling to free itself from the shackles of matter, contributes to, instead of disturbing, the order of creation, when, co-operating with the Father of spirits, it tries to govern itself by the invariable rule that, in a degree, before which our imagination faints, the universe is regulated.

Besides, if woman be educated for dependence, that is, to act according to the will of another fallible being, and submit, right or wrong, to power, where are we to stop? Are they to be considered as viceregents allowed to reign over a small domain, and answerable for their conduct to a higher tribunal, liable to error?

It will not be difficult to prove that such delegates will act like men subjected by fear, and make their children and servants endure their tyrannical oppression. As they submit without reason, they will, having no fixed rules to square their conduct by, be kind, or cruel, just as the whim of the moment directs; and we ought not to wonder if sometimes, galled by their heavy yoke, they take a malignant pleasure in resting it on weaker shoulders.

But, supposing a woman, trained up to obedience, be married to a sensible man, who directs her judgement without making her feel the servility of her subjection, to act with as much propriety by this reflected light as can be expected when reason is taken at secondhand, yet she cannot ensure the

life of her protector; he may die and leave her with a large family.

A double duty devolves on her; to educate them in the character of both father and mother; to form their principles and secure their property. But, alas! she has never thought, much less acted for herself. She has only learned to please men, to depend gracefully on them; yet, encumbered with children, how is she to obtain another protector – a husband to supply the place of reason? A rational man, for we are not treading on romantic ground, though he may think her a pleasing docile creature, will not choose to marry a family for love, when the world contains many more pretty creatures. What is then to become of her? She either falls an easy prey to some mean fortune-hunter, who defrauds her children of their paternal inheritance, and renders her miserable; or becomes the victim of discontent and blind indulgence. Unable to educate her sons, or impress them with respect, – for it is not a play on words to assert, that people are never respected, though filling an important station, who are not respectable, – she pines under the anguish of unavailing impotent regret. The serpent's tooth enters into her very soul, and the vices of licentious youth bring her with sorrow, if not with poverty also, to the grave.

This is not an overcharged picture; on the contrary, it is a very possible case, and something similar must have fallen under every attentive eye.

I have, however, taken it for granted, that she was well disposed, though experience shows, that the blind may as easily be led into a ditch as along the beaten road. But supposing, no very improbable conjecture, that a being only taught to please must still find her happiness in pleasing; what an example of folly, not to say vice, will she be to her innocent daughters! The mother will be lost in the coquette, and, instead of making friends of her daughters, view them with eyes askance, for they are rivals – rivals more cruel than any other, because they invite a comparison, and drive her from the throne of beauty, who has never thought of a seat on the bench of reason.

It does not require a lively pencil, or the discriminating outline of a caricature, to sketch the domestic miseries and petty vices which such a mistress of a family diffuses. Still she only acts as a woman ought to act, brought up according to Rousseau's system. She can never be reproached for being masculine, or turning out of her sphere; nay, she may observe another of his grand rules, and, cautiously preserving her reputation free from spot, be reckoned a good kind of woman. Yet in what respect can she be termed good? She abstains, it is true, without any great struggle, from committing gross crimes; but how does she fulfil her duties? Duties! in truth she has

enough to think of to adorn her body and nurse a weak constitution.

With respect to religion, she never presumed to judge for herself; but conformed, as a dependent creature should, to the ceremonies of the Church which she was brought up in, piously believing that wiser heads than her own have settled that business; and not to doubt is her point of perfection. She therefore pays her tithe of mint and cumin – and thanks her God that she is not as other women are. These are the blessed effects of a good education! These are the virtues of man's helpmate!

I must relieve myself by drawing a different picture.

Let fancy now present a woman with a tolerable understanding, for I do not wish to leave the line of mediocrity, whose constitution, strengthened by exercise, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind, at the same time, gradually expanding itself to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity consist.

Formed thus by the discharge of the relative duties of her station, she marries from affection, without losing sight of prudence, and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, she secures her husband's respect before it is necessary to exert mean arts to please him and feed a dying flame, which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendship and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection. This is the natural death of love, and domestic peace is not destroyed by struggles to prevent its extinction. I also suppose the husband to be virtuous; or she is still more in want of independent principles.

Fate, however, breaks this tie. She is left a widow, perhaps, without a sufficient provision; but she is not desolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has softened sorrow into melancholy resignation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondness, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a sacred heroic cast to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye sees her virtuous efforts from whom all her comfort now must flow, and whose approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abstracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope that the eyes which her trembling hand closed, may still see how she subdues every wayward passion to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the mother of her children. Raised to heroism by misfortunes, she represses the first faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and in the bloom of life forgets her sex – forgets the pleasure of an awakening passion, which might again have been inspired and returned. She no longer thinks of

pleasing, and conscious dignity prevents her from priding herself on account of the praise which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brightest hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often strays.

I think I see her surrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets hers, whilst health and innocence smile on their chubby cheeks, and as they grow up the cares of life are lessened by their grateful attention. She lives to see the virtues which she endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed into habits, to see her children attain a strength of character sufficient to enable them to endure adversity without forgetting their mother's example.

The task of life thus fulfilled, she calmly waits for the sleep of death, and rising from the grave, may say – ‘Behold, Thou gavest me a talent, and here are five talents.'

I wish to sum up what I have said in a few words, for I here throw down my gauntlet, and deny the existence of sexual virtues, not excepting modesty. For man and woman, truth, if I understand the meaning of the word, must be the same; yet the fanciful female character, so prettily drawn by poets and novelists, demanding the sacrifice of truth and sincerity, virtue becomes a relative idea, having no other foundation than utility, and of that utility men pretend arbitrarily to judge, shaping it to their own convenience.

Women, I allow, may have different duties to fulfil; but they are human duties, and the principles that should regulate the discharge of them, I sturdily maintain, must be the same.

To become respectable, the exercise of their under standing is necessary, there is no other foundation for independence of character; I mean explicitly to say that they must only bow to the authority of reason, instead of being the modest slaves of opinion.

In the superior ranks of life how seldom do we meet with a man of superior abilities, or even common acquirements? The reason appears to me clear, the state they are born in was an unnatural one. The human character has ever been formed by the employments the individual, or class, pursues; and if the faculties are not sharpened by necessity, they must remain obtuse. The argument may fairly be extended to women; for, seldom occupied by serious business, the pursuit of pleasure gives that insignificancy to their character which renders the society of the great so insipid. The same want of firmness, produced by a similar cause, forces them both to fly from themselves to noisy pleasures, and artificial passions, till vanity takes place of

every social affection, and the characteristics of humanity can scarcely be discerned. Such are the blessings of civil governments, as they are at present organized, that wealth and female softness equally tend to debase mankind, and are produced by the same cause; but allowing women to be rational creatures, they should be incited to acquire virtues which they may call their own, for how can a rational being be ennobled by anything that is not obtained by its own exertions?

Observations on the State of Degradation to which Woman is Reduced by Various Causes

That woman is naturally weak, or degraded by a concurrence of circumstances, is, I think, clear. But this position I shall simply contrast with a conclusion, which I have frequently heard fall from sensible men in favour of an aristocracy: that the mass of mankind cannot be anything, or the obsequious slaves, who patiently allow themselves to be driven forward, would feel their own consequence, and spurn their chains. Men, they further observe, submit everywhere to oppression, when they have only to lift up their heads to throw off the yoke; yet, instead of asserting their birthright, they quietly lick the dust, and say, ‘Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.' Women, I argue from analogy, are degraded by the same propensity to enjoy the present moment, and at last despise the freedom which they have not sufficient virtue to struggle to attain. But I must be more explicit.

With respect to the culture of the heart, it is unanimously allowed that sex is out of the question; but the line of subordination in the mental powers is never to be passed over. Only ‘absolute in loveliness', the portion of rationality granted to woman is, indeed, very scanty; for denying her genius and judgement, it is scarcely possible to divine what remains to characterize intellect.

The stamen of immortality, if I may be allowed the phrase, is the perfectibility of human reason; for, were man created perfect, or did a flood of knowledge break in upon him, when he arrived at maturity, that precluded error, I should doubt whether his existence would be continued after the dissolution of the body. But, in the present state of things, every difficulty in morals that escapes from human discussion, and equally baffles the investigation of profound thinking, and the lightning glance of genius, is an argument on which I build my belief of the immortality of the soul. Reason is, consequentially, the simple power of improvement; or, more properly

speaking, of discerning truth. Every individual is in this respect a world in itself. More or less may be conspicuous in one being than another; but the nature of reason must be the same in all, if it be an emanation of divinity, the tie that connects the creature with the Creator; for, can that soul be stamped with the heavenly image, that is not perfected by the exercise of its own reason? Yet outwardly ornamented with elaborate care, and so adorned to delight man, ‘that with honour he may love' , the soul of woman is not allowed to have this distinction, and man, ever placed between her and reason, she is always represented as only created to see through a gross medium, and to take things on trust. But dismissing these fanciful theories, and considering woman as a whole, let it be what it will, instead of a part of man, the inquiry is whether she have reason or not. If she have, which, for a moment, I will take for granted, she was not created merely to be the solace of man, and the sexual should not destroy the human character.

Into this error men have, probably, been led by viewing education in a false light; not considering it as the first step to form a being advancing gradually towards perfection; but only as a preparation for life. On this sensual error, for I must call it so, has the false system of female manners been reared, which robs the whole sex of its dignity, and classes the brown and fair with the smiling flowers that only adorn the land. This has ever been the language of men, and the fear of departing from a supposed sexual character, has made even women of superior sense adopt the same sentiments. Thus understanding, strictly speaking, has been denied to woman; and instinct, sublimated into wit and cunning, for the purposes of life, has been substituted in its stead.

The power of generalizing ideas, of drawing comprehensive conclusions from individual observations, is the only acquirement, for an immortal being, that really deserves the name of knowledge. Merely to observe, without endeavouring to account for anything, may(in a very incomplete manner) serve as the common sense of life; but where is the store laid up that is to clothe the soul when it leaves the body?

This power has not only been denied to women; but writers have insisted that it is inconsistent, with a few exceptions, with their sexual character. Let men prove this, and I shall grant that woman only exists for man. I must, however, previously remark, that the power of generalizing ideas, to any great extent, is not very common amongst men or women. But this exercise is the true cultivation of the understanding; and everything

conspires to render the cultivation of the understanding more difficult in the female than the male world.

I am naturally led by this assertion to the main subject of the present chapter, and shall now attempt to point out some of the causes that degrade the sex, and prevent women from generalizing their observations.

I shall not go back to the remote annals of antiquity to trace the history of woman; it is sufficient to allow that she has always been either a slave or a despot, and to remark that each of these situations equally retards the progress of reason. The grand source of female folly and vice has ever appeared to me to arise from narrowness of mind; and the very constitution of civil governments has put almost insuperable obstacles in the way to prevent the cultivation of the female understanding; yet virtue can be built on no other foundation. The same obstacles are thrown in the way of the rich, and the same consequences ensue.

Necessity has been proverbially termed the mother of invention; the aphorism may be extended to virtue. It is an acquirement, and an acquirement to which pleasure must be sacrificed; and who sacrifices pleasure when it is within the grasp, whose mind has not been opened and strengthened by adversity, or the pursuit of knowledge goaded on by necessity? Happy is it when people have the cares of life to struggle with, for these struggles prevent their becoming a prey to enervating vices, merely from idleness. But if from their birth men and women be placed in a torrid zone, with the meridian sun of pleasure slanting directly upon them, how can they sufficiently brace their minds to discharge the duties of life, or even to relish the affections that carry them out of themselves?

Pleasure is the business of woman's life, according to the present modification of society; and while it continues to be so, little can be expected from such weak beings. Inheriting in a lineal descent from the first fair defect in nature – the sovereignty of beauty – they have, to maintain their power, resigned the natural rights which the exercise of reason might have procured them, and chosen rather to be short-lived queens than labour to obtain the sober pleasures that arise from equality. Exalted by their inferiority (this sounds like a contradiction), they constantly demand homage as women, though experience should teach them that the men who pride themselves upon paying this arbitrary insolent respect to the sex, with the most scrupulous exactness, are most inclined to tyrannize over, and despise the very weakness they cherish.

[...]

Ah! why do women – I write with affectionate solicitude – condescend to receive a degree of attention and respect from strangers different from that reciprocation of civility which the dictates of humanity and the politeness of civilization authorize between man and man? And why do they not discover, when ‘in the noon of beauty's power', that they are treated like queens only to be deluded by hollow respect, till they are led to resign, or not assume, their natural prerogatives? Confined, then, in cages like the feathered race, they have nothing to do but to plume themselves, and stalk with mock majesty from perch to perch. It is true they are provided with food and raiment, for which they neither toil nor spin; but health, liberty, and virtue are given in exchange. But where, amongst mankind, has been found sufficient strength of mind to enable a being to resign these adventitious prerogatives – one who, rising with the calm dignity of reason above opinion, dared to be proud of the privileges inherent in man? And it is vain to expect it whilst hereditary power chokes the affections, and nips reason in the bud.

The passions of men have thus placed women on thrones, and till mankind become more reasonable, it is to be feared that women will avail themselves of the power which they attain with the least exertion, and which is the most indisputable. They will smile – yes, they will smile, though told that:

> In beauty's empire is no mean,
> And woman, either slave or queen,
> Is quickly scorned when not adored.

But the adoration comes first, and the scorn is not anticipated.

Louis XIV, in particular, spread factitious manners, and caught, in a specious way, the whole nation in his toils; for, establishing an artful chain of despotism, he made it the interest of the people at large individually to respect his station, and support his power. And women, whom he flattered by a puerile attention to the whole sex, obtained in his reign that prince-like distinction so fatal to reason and virtue.

A king is always a king, and a woman always a woman. His authority and her sex ever stand between them and rational converse. With a lover, I grant, she should be so, and her sensibility will naturally lead her to

endeavour to excite emotion, not to gratify her vanity, but her heart. This I do not allow to be coquetry; it is the artless impulse of nature. I only exclaim against the sexual desire of conquest when the heart is out of the question.

[...]

I lament that women are systematically degraded by receiving the trivial attentions which men think it manly to pay to the sex, when in fact, they are insultingly supporting their own superiority. It is not condescension to bow to an inferior. So ludicrous, in fact, do these ceremonies appear to me that I scarcely am able to govern my muscles when I see a man start with eager and serious solicitude to lift a handkerchief or shut a door, when the lady could have done it herself, had she only moved a pace or two.

A wild wish has just flown from my heart to my head, and I will not stifle it, though it may excite a horselaugh. I do earnestly wish to see the distinction of sex confounded in society, unless where love animates the behaviour. For this distinction is, I am firmly persuaded, the foundation of the weakness of character ascribed to woman; is the cause why the understanding is neglected, whilst accomplishments are acquired with sedulous care; and the same cause accounts for their preferring the graceful before the heroic virtues.

Mankind, including every description, wish to be loved and respected by something, and the common herd will always take the nearest road to the completion of their wishes. The respect paid to wealth and beauty is the most certain and unequivocal, and, of course, will always attract the vulgar eye of common minds. Abilities and virtues are absolutely necessary to raise men from the middle rank of life into notice, and the natural consequence is notorious – the middle rank contains most virtue and abilities. Men have thus, in one station at least, an opportunity of exerting themselves with dignity, and of rising by the exertions which really improve a rational creature; but the whole female sex are, till their character is formed, in the same condition as the rich, for they are born – I now speak of a state of civilization – with certain sexual privileges; and whilst they are gratuitously granted them, few will ever think of works of supererogation to obtain the esteem of a small number of superior people.

When do we hear of women who, starting out of obscurity, boldly claim respect on account of their great abilities or daring virtues? Where are they to

be found? ... Women, commonly called ladies, are not to be contradicted, in company, are not allowed to exert any manual strength; and from them the negative virtues only are expected, when any virtues are expected – patience, docility, good humour, and flexibility – virtues incompatible with any vigorous exertion of intellect. Besides, by living more with each other, and being seldom absolutely alone, they are more under the influence of sentiments than passions. Solitude and reflection are necessary to give to wishes the force of passions, and to enable the imagination to enlarge the object, and make it the most desirable. The same may be said of the rich; they do not sufficiently deal in general ideas, collected by impassioned thinking or calm investigation, to acquire that strength of character on which great resolves are built.

[...]

In the middle rank of life, men, in their youth, are prepared for professions, and marriage is not considered as the grand feature in their lives; whilst women, on the contrary, have no other scheme to sharpen their faculties. It is not business, extensive plans, or any of the excursive flights of ambition, that engross their attention; no, their thoughts are not employed in rearing such noble structures. To rise in the world, and have the liberty of running from pleasure to pleasure, they must marry advantageously, and to this object their time is sacrificed, and their persons often legally prostituted. A man when he enters any profession has his eye steadily fixed on some future advantage (and the mind gains great strength by having all its efforts directed to one point), and, full of his business, pleasure is considered as mere relaxation; whilst women seek for pleasure as the main purpose of existence. In fact, from the education, which they receive from society, the love of pleasure may be said to govern them all; but does this prove that there is a sex in souls? It would be just as rational to declare that the courtiers in France, when a destructive system of despotism had formed their character, were not men, because liberty, virtue, and humanity, were sacrificed to pleasure and vanity. Fatal passions, which have ever domineered over the whole race!

The same love of pleasure, fostered by the whole tendency of their education, gives a trifling turn to the conduct of women in most circumstances; for instance, they are ever anxious about secondary things;

and on the watch for adventures instead of being occupied by duties.

A man, when he undertakes a journey, has, in general, the end in view; a woman thinks more of the incidental occurrences, the strange things that may possibly occur on the road; the impression that she may make on her fellow-travellers; and, above all, she is anxiously intent on the care of the finery that she carries with her, which is more than ever a part of herself, when going to figure on a new scene; when, to use an apt French turn of expression, she is going to produce a sensation. Can dignity of mind exist with such trivial cares?

In short, women, in general, as well as the rich of both sexes, have acquired all the follies and vices of civilization, and missed the useful fruit. It is not necessary for me always to premise, that I speak of the condition of the whole sex, leaving exceptions out of the question. Their senses are inflamed, and their understandings neglected, consequently they become the prey of their senses, delicately termed sensibility, and are blown about by every momentary gust of feeling. ‘Civilized' women are, therefore, so weakened by false refinement, that, respecting morals, their condition is much below what it would be were they left in a state nearer to nature. Ever restless and anxious, their over-exercised sensibility not only renders them uncomfortable themselves, but troublesome, to use a soft phrase, to others. All their thoughts turn on things calculated to excite emotion and feeling, when they should reason, their conduct is unstable, and their opinions are wavering – not the wavering produced by deliberation or progressive views, but by contradictory emotions. By fits and starts, they are warm in many pursuits; yet this warmth, never concentrated into perseverance, soon exhausts itself; exhaled by its own heat, or meeting with some other fleeting passion, to which reason has never given any specific gravity, neutrality ensues. Miserable, indeed, must be that being whose cultivation of mind has only tended to inflame its passions! A distinction should be made between inflaming and strengthening them. The passions thus pampered, whilst the judgement is left unformed, what can be expected to ensue? Undoubtedly, a mixture of madness and folly!

This observation should not be confined to the fair sex; however, at present, I only mean to apply it to them.

Novels, music, poetry, and gallantry, all tend to make women the creatures of sensation, and their character is thus formed in the mould of folly during the time they are acquiring accomplishments, the only improvement

they are excited, by their station in society, to acquire. This overstretched sensibility naturally relaxes the other powers of the mind, and prevents intellect from attaining that sovereignty which it ought to attain to render a rational creature useful to others, and content with its own station; for the exercise of the understanding, as life advances, is the only method pointed out by nature to calm the passions.

Satiety has a very different effect, and I have often been forcibly struck by an emphatical description of damnation; when the spirit is represented as continually hovering with abortive eagerness round the defiled body, unable to enjoy anything without the organs of sense. Yet, to their senses, are women made slaves, because it is by their sensibility that they obtain present power.

And will moralists pretend to assert that this is the condition in which one-half of the human race should be encouraged to remain with listless inactivity and stupid acquiescence? Kind instructors! what were we created for? To remain, it may be said, innocent; they mean in a state of childhood. We might as well never have been born, unless it were necessary that we should be created to enable man to acquire the noble privilege of reason, the power of discerning good from evil, whilst we lie down in the dust from whence we were taken, never to rise again.

It would be an endless task to trace the variety of meannesses, cares, and sorrows, into which women are plunged by the prevailing opinion, that they were created rather to feel than reason, and that all the power they obtain must be obtained by their charms and weakness:

> Fine by defect, and amiably weak!

And, made by this amiable weakness entirely dependent, excepting what they gain by illicit sway, on man, not only for protection, but advice, is it surprising that, neglecting the duties that reason alone points out, and shrinking from trials calculated to strengthen their minds, they only exert themselves to give their defects a graceful covering, which may serve to heighten their charms in the eye of the voluptuary, though it sink them below the scale of moral excellence.

Fragile in every sense of the word, they are obliged to look up to man for every comfort. In the most trifling danger they cling to their support, with parasitical tenacity, piteously demanding succour; and their natural protector

extends his arm, or lifts up his voice, to guard the lovely trembler – from what? Perhaps the frown of an old cow, or the jump of a mouse; a rat would be a serious danger. In the name of reason, and even common sense, what can save such beings from contempt; even though they be soft and fair.

These fears, when not affected, may produce some pretty attitudes; but they show a degree of imbecility which degrades a rational creature in a way women are not aware of – for love and esteem are very distinct things.

I am fully persuaded that we should hear of none of these infantine airs, if girls were allowed to take sufficient exercise, and not confined in dose rooms till their muscles are relaxed, and their powers of digestion destroyed. To carry the remark still further, if fear in girls, instead of being cherished, perhaps, created, were treated in the same manner as cowardice in boys, we should quickly see women with more dignified aspects. It is true, they could not then with equal propriety be termed the sweet flowers that smile in the walk of man; but they would be more respectable members of society, and discharge the important duties of life by the light of their own reason. ‘Educate women like men,'says Rousseau, ‘and the more they resemble our sex the less power they will have over us.' This is the very point I aim at. I do not wish them to have power over men; but over themselves.

[...]

Ignorance is a frail base for virtue! Yet, that it is the condition for which woman was organized, has been insisted upon by the writers who have most vehemently argued in favour of the superiority of man; a superiority not in degree, but offence; though, to soften the argument, they have laboured to prove, with chivalrous generosity, that the sexes ought not to be compared; man was made to reason, woman to feel: and that together, flesh and spirit, they make the most perfect whole, by blending happily reason and sensibility into one character.

And what is sensibility? ‘Quickness of sensation, quickness of perception, delicacy.' Thus is it defined by Dr Johnson; and the definition gives me no other idea than of the most exquisitely polished instinct. I discern not a trace of the image of God in either sensation or matter. Refined seventy times seven they are still material; intellect dwells not there; nor will fire ever make lead gold!

I come round to my old argument: if woman be allowed to have an

immortal soul, she must have, as the employment of life, an understanding to improve. And when, to render the present state more complete, though everything proves it to be but a fraction of a mighty sum, she is incited by present gratification to forget her grand destination, nature is counteracted, or she was born only to procreate and rot. Or, granting brutes of every description a soul, though not a reasonable one, the exercise of instinct and sensibility may be the step which they are to take, in this life, towards the attainment of reason in the next; so that through all eternity they will lag behind man, who, why we cannot tell, had the power given him of attaining reason in his first mode of existence.

When I treat of the peculiar duties of women, as I should treat of the peculiar duties of a citizen or father, it will be found that I do not mean to insinuate that they should be taken out of their families, speaking of the majority [...] But the welfare of society is not built on extraordinary exertions; and were it more reasonably organized, there would be still less need of great abilities, or heroic virtues.

In the regulation of a family, in the education of children, understanding, in an unsophisticated sense, is particularly required – strength both of body and mind; yet the men who, by their writings, have most earnestly laboured to domesticate women, have endeavoured, by arguments dictated by a gross appetite, which satiety had rendered fastidious, to weaken their bodies and cramp their minds. But, if even by these sinister methods they really persuaded women, by working on their feelings, to stay at home, and fulfil the duties of a mother and mistress of a family, I should cautiously oppose opinions that led women to right conduct, by prevailing on them to make the discharge of such important duties the main business of life, though reason were insulted. Yet, and I appeal to experience, if by neglecting the understanding they be as much, nay, more detached from these domestic employments, than they could be by the most serious intellectual pursuit, though it may be observed, that the mass of mankind will never vigorously pursue an intellectual object, I may be allowed to infer that reason is absolutely necessary to enable a woman to perform any duty properly, and I must again repeat, that sensibility is not reason.

[...]

Another argument that has had great weight with me must, I think, have

some force with every considerate benevolent heart. Girls who have been thus weakly educated are often cruelly left by their parents without any provision, and, of course, are dependent on not only the reason, but the bounty of their brothers. These brothers are, to view the fairest side of the question, good sort of men, and give as a favour what children of the same parents had an equal right to. In this equivocal humiliating situation a docile female may remain some time with a tolerable degree of comfort. But when the brother marries – a probable circumstance – from being considered as the mistress of the family, she is viewed with averted looks as an intruder, an unnecessary burden on the benevolence of the master of the house and his new partner.

Who can recount the misery which many unfortunate beings, whose minds and bodies are equally weak, suffer in such situations – unable to work, and ashamed to beg? The wife, a cold-hearted, narrowminded woman – and this is not an unfair supposition, for the present mode of education does not tend to enlarge the heart any more than the understanding –is jealous of the little kindness which her husband shows to his relations; and her sensibility not rising to humanity, she is displeased at seeing the property of her children lavished on an helpless sister.

These are matters of fact, which have come under my eye again and again. The consequence is obvious; the wife has recourse to cunning to undermine the habitual affection which she is afraid openly to oppose; and neither tears nor caresses are spared till the spy is worked out of her home, and thrown on the world, unprepared for its difficulties; or sent, as a great effort of generosity, or from some regard to propriety, with a small stipend, and an uncultivated mind, into joyless solitude.

These two women may be much upon a par with respect to reason and humanity, and, changing situations, might have acted just the same selfish part; but had they been differently educated, the case would also have been very different. The wife would not have had that sensibility, of which self is the centre, and reason might have taught her not to expect, and not even to be flattered by, the affection of her husband, if it led him to violate prior duties. She would wish not to love him merely because he loved her, but on account of his virtues; and the sister might have been able to struggle for herself instead of eating the bitter bread of dependence.

I am, indeed, persuaded that the heart, as well as the understanding, is opened by cultivation, and by –which may not appear so clear –

strengthening the organs. I am not now talking of momentary flashes of sensibility, but of affections. And, perhaps, in the education of both sexes, the most difficult task is so to adjust instruction as not to narrow the understanding, whilst the heart is warmed by the generous juices of spring, just raised by the electric fermentation of the season; nor to dry up the feelings by employing the mind in investigations remote from life.

With respect to women, when they receive a careful education, they are either made fine ladies, brimful of sensibility, and teeming with capricious fancies, or mere notable women. The latter are often friendly, honest creatures, and have a shrewd kind of good sense, joined with worldly prudence, that often render them more useful members of society than the fine sentimental lady, though they possess neither greatness of mind nor taste. The intellectual world is shut against them. Take them out of their family or neighbourhood, and they stand still; the mind finding no employment, for literature affords a fund of amusement which they have never sought to relish, but frequently to despise. The sentiments and taste of more cultivated minds appear ridiculous, even in those whom chance and family connections have led them to love; but in mere acquaintance they think it all affectation.

A man of sense can only love such a woman on account of her sex, and respect her because she is a trusty servant. He lets her, to preserve his own peace, scold the servants, and go to church in clothes made of the very best materials. A man of her own size of understanding would probably not agree so well with her, for he might wish to encroach on her prerogative, and manage some domestic concerns himself; yet women, whose minds are not enlarged by cultivation, or the natural selfishness of sensibility by reflection, are very unfit to manage a family, for, by an undue stretch of power, they are always tyrannizing to support a superiority that only rests on the arbitrary distinction of fortune. The evil is sometimes more serious, and domestics are deprived of innocent indulgences, and made to work beyond their strength, in order to enable the notable woman to keep a better table, and outshine her neighbours in finery and parade. If she attend to her children, it is in general to dress them in a costly manner; and whether this attention arise from vanity or fondness, it is equally pernicious.

Besides, how many women of this description pass their days, or at least their evenings, discontentedly. Their husbands acknowledge that they are good managers and chaste wives, but leave home to seek for more agreeable – may I be allowed to use a significant French word – piquant society; and

the patient drudge, who fulfils her task like a blind horse in a mill, is defrauded of her just reward, for the wages due to her are the caresses of her husband; and women who have so few resources in themselves, do not very patiently bear this privation of a natural right.

A fine lady, on the contrary, has been taught to look down with contempt on the vulgar employments of life, though she had only been incited to acquire accomplishments that rise a degree above sense; for even corporeal accomplishments cannot be acquired with any degree of precision unless the understanding has been strengthened by exercise. Without a foundation of principles taste is superficial; grace must arise from something deeper than imitation. The imagination, however, is heated, and the feelings rendered fastidious, if not sophisticated, or a counter poise of judgement is not acquired when the heart still remains artless, though it becomes too tender.

[...]

Yet if love be the supreme good, let woman be only educated to inspire it, and let every charm be polished to intoxicate the senses; but if they be moral beings, let them have a chance to become intelligent; and let love to man be only a part of that glowing flame of universal love, which, after encircling humanity, mounts in grateful incense to God.

To fulfil domestic duties much resolution is necessary, and a serious kind of perseverance that requires a more firm support than emotions, however lively and true to nature. To give an example of order, the soul of virtue, some austerity of behaviour must be adopted, scarcely to be expected from a being who, from its infancy, has been made the weathercock of its own sensations. Whoever rationally means to be useful must have a plan of conduct; and in the discharge of the simplest duty, we are often obliged to act contrary to the present impulse of tenderness or compassion. Severity is frequently the most certain as well as the most sublime proof of affection; and the want of this power over the feelings, and of that lofty, dignified affection which makes a person prefer the future good of the beloved object to a present gratification is the reason why so many fond mothers spoil their children, and has made it questionable whether negligence or indulgence be most hurtful; but I am inclined to think that the latter has done most harm.

Mankind seem to agree that children should be left under the

management of women during their child- hood. Now, from all the observation that I have been able to make, women of sensibility are the most unfit for this task, because they will infallibly, carried away by their feelings, spoil a child's temper. The management of the temper, the first, and most important branch of education, requires the sober steady eye of reason; a plan of conduct equally distant from tyranny and indulgence: yet these are the extremes that people of sensibility alternately fall into; always shooting beyond the mark. I have followed this train of reasoning much further, till I have concluded, that a person of genius is the most improper person to be employed in education, public or private. Minds of this rare species see things too much in masses, and seldom, if ever, have a good temper. That habitual cheerfulness, termed good humour, is, perhaps, as seldom united with great mental powers, as with strong feelings. And those people who follow, with interest and admiration, the flights of genius; or, with cooler approbation suck in the instruction which has been elaborately prepared for them by the profound thinker, ought not to be disgusted, if they find the former choleric, and the latter morose; because liveliness of fancy, and a tenacious comprehension of mind, are scarcely compatible with that pliant urbanity which leads a man, at least, to bend to the opinions and prejudices of others, instead of roughly confronting them.

But, treating of education, or manners, minds of a superior class are not to be considered, they may be left to chance; it is the multitude, with moderate abilities, who call for instruction, and catch the colour of the atmosphere they breathe. This respectable concourse, I contend, men and women, should not have their sensations heightened in the hot-bed of luxurious indolence, at the expense of their understanding; for, unless there be a ballast of understanding, they will never become either virtuous or free: an aristocracy, founded on property or sterling talents, will ever sweep before it the alternately timid and ferocious slaves of feeling.

[...]

Women have seldom sufficient serious employment to silence their feelings; a round of little cares, or vain pursuits frittering away all strength of mind and organs, they become naturally only objects of sense. In short, the whole tenor of female education (the education of society) tends to render the best disposed romantic and inconstant; and the remainder vain and mean. In

the present state of society this evil can scarcely be remedied, I am afraid, in the slightest degree; should a more laudable ambition ever gain ground they may be brought nearer to nature and reason, and become more virtuous and useful as they grow more respectable.

But, I will venture to assert that their reason will never acquire sufficient strength to enable it to regulate their conduct, whilst the making an appearance in the world is the first wish of the majority of mankind. To this weak wish the natural affections, and the most useful virtues are sacrificed. Gifts marry merely to better themselves, to borrow a significant vulgar phrase, and have such perfect power over their hearts as not to permit themselves to fall in love till a man with a superior fortune offers. On this subject I mean to enlarge in a future chapter; it is only necessary to drop a hint at present, because women are so often degraded by suffering the selfish prudence of age to chill the ardour of youth.

From the same source flows an opinion that young gifts ought to dedicate great part of their time to needle – work; yet, this employment contracts their faculties more than any other that could have been chosen for them, by confining their thoughts to their persons. Men order their clothes to be made, and have done with the subject; women make their own clothes, necessary or ornamental, and are continually talking about them; and their thoughts follow their hands. It is not indeed the making of necessaries that weakens the mind; but the frippery of dress. For when a woman in the lower rank of life makes her husband's and children's clothes, she does her duty, this is her part of the family business; but when women work only to dress better than they could otherwise afford, it is worse than sheer loss of time. To render the poor virtuous they must be employed, and women in the middle rank of life, did they not ape the fashions of the nobility, without catching their ease, might employ them, whilst they themselves managed their families, instructed their children, and exercised their own minds. Gardening, experimental philosophy, and literature, would afford them subject to think of and matter for conversation, that in some degree would exercise their understandings. The conversation of Frenchwomen, who are not so rigidly nailed to their chairs to twist lappets, and knot ribands, is frequently superficial; but, I contend, that it is not half so insipid as that of those Englishwomen whose time is spent in making caps, bonnets, and the whole mischief of trimmings, not to mention shopping, bargain-hunting, etc.; and it is the decent, prudent women, who are most degraded by these practices; for

their motive is simply vanity. The wanton who exercises her taste to render her passion alluring, has something more in view.

These observations all branch out of a general one, which I have before made, and which cannot be too often insisted upon, for, speaking of men, women, or professions, it will be found that the employment of the thoughts shapes the character both generally and individually. The thoughts of women ever hover round their persons, and is it surprising that their persons are reckoned most valuable? Yet some degree of liberty of mind is necessary even to form the person; and this may be one reason why some gentle wives have so few attractions beside that of sex. Add to this, sedentary employments render the majority of women sickly – and false notions of female excellence make them proud of this delicacy, though it be another fetter, that by calling the attention continually to the body, cramps the activity of the mind.

Women of quality seldom do any of the manual part of their dress, consequently only their taste is exercised, and they acquire, by thinking less of the finery, when the business of their toilet is over, that ease, which seldom appears in the deportment of women, who dress merely for the sake of dressing. In fact, the observation with respect to the middle rank, the one in which talents thrive best, extends not to women; for those of the superior class, by catching, at least, a smattering of literature, and conversing more with men, on general topics, acquire more knowledge than the women who ape their fashions and faults without sharing their advantages. With respect to virtue, to use the word in a comprehensive sense, I have seen most in low life. Many poor women maintain their children by the sweat of their brow, and keep together families that the vices of the fathers would have scattered abroad; but gentlewomen are too indolent to be actively virtuous, and are softened rather than refined by civilization. Indeed, the good sense which I have met with, among the poor women who have had few advantages of education, and yet have acted heroically, strongly confirmed me in the opinion that trifling employments have rendered woman a trifler. Man, taking her body, the mind is left to rust; so that while physical love enervates man, as being his favourite recreation, he will endeavour to enslave woman: – and, who can tell, how many generations may be necessary to give vigour to the virtue and talents of the freed posterity of abject slaves?

In tracing the causes that, in my opinion, have degraded woman, I have confined my observations to such as universally act upon the morals and

manners of the whole sex, and to me it appears clear that they all spring from want of understanding. Whether this arise from a physical or accidental weakness of faculties, time alone can determine; for I shall not lay any great stress on the example of a few women who, from having received a masculine education, have acquired courage and resolution; I only contend that the men who have been placed in similar situations, have acquired a similar character – I speak of bodies of men, and that men of genius and talents have started out of a class, in which women have never yet been placed.

Morality Undermined by Sexual Notions of the Importance of a Good Reputation

It has long since occurred to me that advice respecting behaviour, and all the various modes of preserving a good reputation, which have been so strenuously inculcated on the female world, were specious poisons, that encrusting morality eat away the substance. And, that this measuring of shadows produced a false calculation, because their length depends so much on the height of the sun, and other adventitious circumstances.

[...]

The leading principles which run through all my disquisitions, would render it unnecessary to enlarge on this subject, if a constant attention to keep the varnish of the character fresh, and in good condition, were not often inculcated as the sum total of female duty; if rules to regulate the behaviour, and to preserve the reputation, did not too frequently supersede moral obligations. But, with respect to reputation, the attention is confined to a single virtue – chastity. If the honour of a woman, as it is absurdly called, be safe, she may neglect every social duty; nay, ruin her family by gaming and extravagance; yet still present a shameless front – for truly she is an honourable woman!

Mrs Macaulay has just observed, that ‘there is but one fault which a woman of honour may not commit with impunity.' She then justly and humanely adds – ‘This has given rise to the trite and foolish observation, that the first fault against chastity in woman has a radical power to deprave the character. But no such frail beings come out of the hands of Nature. The human mind is built of nobler materials than to be easily corrupted; and with all their disadvantages of situation and education, women seldom become entirely abandoned till they are thrown into a state of desperation, by the

venomous rancour of their own sex.'

But, in proportion as this regard for the reputation of chastity is prized by women, it is despised by men: and the two extremes are equally destructive to morality.

Men are certainly more under the influence of their appetites than women; and their appetites are more depraved by unbridled indulgence and the fastidious contrivances of satiety. Luxury has introduced a refinement in eating, that destroys the constitution; and, a degree of gluttony which is so beastly, that a perception of seemliness of behaviour must be worn out before one being could eat immoderately in the presence of another, and afterwards complain of the oppression that his intemperance naturally produced. Some women, particularly French women, have also lost a sense of decency in this respect; for they will talk very calmly of an indigestion. It were to be wished that idleness was not allowed to generate, on the rank soil of wealth, those swarms of summer insects that feed on putrefaction, we should not then be disgusted by the sight of such brutal excesses.

There is one rule relative to behaviour that, I think, ought to regulate every other; and it is simply to cherish such an habitual respect for mankind as may prevent us from disgusting a fellow-creature for the sake of a present indulgence. The shameful indolence of many married women and others a little advanced in life, frequently leads them to sin against delicacy. For, though convinced that the person is the band of union between the sexes, yet, how often do they from sheer indolence, or, to enjoy some trifling indulgence, disgust?

The depravity of the appetite which brings the sexes together, has had a still more fatal effect. Nature must ever be the standard of taste, the gauge of appetite – yet how grossly is nature insulted by the voluptuary. Leaving the refinements of love out of the question; nature, by making the gratification of an appetite, in this respect, as well as every other, a natural and imperious law to preserve the species, exalts the appetite, and mixes a little mind and affection with a sensual gust. The feelings of a parent mingling with an instinct merely animal, give it dignity; and the man and woman often meeting on account of the child, a mutual interest and affection is excited by the exercise of a common sympathy. Women then having some necessary duty to fulfil, more noble than to adorn their persons, would not contentedly be the slaves of casual lust; which is now the situation of a very considerable number who are, literally speaking, standing dishes to which every glutton

may have access.

I may be told that great as this enormity is, it only affects a devoted part of the sex – devoted for the salvation of the rest. But, false as every assertion might easily be proved, that recommends the sanctioning a small evil to produce a greater good; the mischief does not stop here, for the moral character, and peace of mind, of the chaster part of the sex, is undermined by the conduct of the very women to whom they allow no refuge from guilt; whom they inexorably consign to the exercise of arts that lure their husbands from them, debauch their sons, and force them, let not modest women start, to assume, in some degree, the same character themselves. For I will venture to assert, that all the causes of female weakness, as well as depravity, which I have already enlarged on, branch out of one grand cause – want of chastity in men.

This intemperance, so prevalent, depraves the appetite to such a degree, that a wanton stimulus is necessary to rouse it; but the parental design of Nature is forgotten, and the mere person, and that for a moment, alone engrosses the thoughts. So voluptuous, indeed, often grows the lustful prowler, that he refines on female soft ness. Something more soft than women is then sought for; till, in Italy and Portugal, men attend the levees of equivocal beings, to sigh for more than female languor.

To satisfy this genus of men, women are made systematically voluptuous, and though they may not carry their libertinism to the same height, yet this heartless intercourse with the sex, which they allow themselves, depraves both sexes, because the taste of men is vitiated; and women, of all classes, naturally square their behavigur to gratify the taste by which they obtain pleasure and power. Women becoming, consequently, weaker, in mind and body, than they ought to be, were one of the grand ends of their being taken into the account, that of bearing and nursing children, have not sufficient strength to discharge the first duty of a mother; and sacrificing to lasciviousness the parental affection, that ennobles instinct, either destroy the embryo in the womb, or cast it off when born. Nature in everything demands respect, and those who violate her laws seldom violate them with impunity. The weak enervated women who particularly catch the attention of libertines, are unfit to be mothers, though they may conceive; so that the rich sensualist, who has rioted among women, spreading depravity and misery, when he wishes to perpetuate his name, receives from his wife only an half-formed being that inherits both its father's and mother's

weakness.

Contrasting the humanity of the present age with the barbarism of antiquity, great stress has been laid on the savage custom of exposing the children whom their parents could not maintain; whilst the man of sensibility, who thus, perhaps, complains, by his promiscuous amours produces a most destructive barrenness and contagious flagitiousness of manners. Surely nature never intended that women, by satisfying an appetite, should frustrate the very purpose for which it was implanted?

I have before observed, that men ought to maintain the women whom they have seduced; this would be one means of reforming female manners, and stopping an abuse that has an equally fatal effect on population and morals. Another, no less obvious, would be to turn the attention of woman to the real virtue of chastity; for to little respect has that woman a claim, on the score of modesty, though her reputation may be white as the driven snow, who smiles on the libertine whilst she spurns the victims of his lawless appetites and their own folly.

Besides, she has a taint of the same folly, pure as she esteems herself, when she studiously adorns her person only to be seen by men, to excite respectful sighs, and all the idle homage of what is called innocent gallantry. Did women really respect virtue for its own sake, they would not seek for a compensation in vanity, for the self-denial which they are obliged to practise to preserve their reputation, nor would they associate with men who set reputation at defiance.

The two sexes mutually corrupt and improve each other. This I believe to be an indisputable truth, extending it to every virtue. Chastity, modesty, public spirit, and all the noble train of virtues, on which social virtue and happiness are built, should be understood and cultivated by all mankind, or they will be cultivated to little effect. And, instead of furnishing the vicious or idle with a pretext for violating some sacred duty, by terming it a sexual one, it would be wiser to show that Nature has not made any difference, for that the unchaste man doubly defeats the purpose of Nature, by rendering women barren, and destroying his own constitution, though he avoids the shame that pursues the crime in the other sex. These are the physical consequences, the moral are still more alarming; for virtue is only a nominal distinction when the duties of citizens, husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, and directors of families, become merely the selfish ties of convenience.

Why then do philosophers look for public spirit? Public spirit must be

nurtured by private virtue, or it will resemble the factitious sentiment which makes women careful to preserve their reputation, and men their honour. A sentiment that often exists unsupported by virtue, unsupported by that sublime morality which makes the habitual breach of one duty a breach of the whole moral law.

Of the Pernicious Effects which Arise from the Unnatural Distinctions Established in Society

From the respect paid to property flow, as from a poisoned fountain, most of the evils and vices which render this world such a dreary scene to the contemplative mind. For it is in the most polished society that noisome reptiles and venomous serpents lurk under the rank herbage; and there is voluptuousness pampered by the still sultry air, which relaxes every good disposition before it ripens into virtue.

One class presses on another, for all are aiming to procure respect on account of their property; and property once gained will procure the respect due only to talents and virtue. Men neglect the duties incumbent on man, yet are treated like demi-gods. Religion is also separated from morality by a ceremonial veil, yet men wonder that the world is almost, literally speaking, a den of sharpers or oppressors.

There is a homely proverb, which speaks a shrewd truth, that whoever the devil finds idle he will employ. And what but habitual idleness can hereditary wealth and title produce? For man is so constituted that he can only attain a proper use of his faculties by exercising them, and will not exercise them unless necessity of some kind first set the wheels in motion. Virtue likewise can only be acquired by the discharge of relative duties; but the importance of these sacred duties will scarcely be felt by the being who is cajoled out of his humanity by the flattery of sycophants. There must be more equality established in society, or morality will never gain ground, and this virtuous equality will not rest firmly even when founded on a rock, if one-half of mankind be chained to its bottom by fate, for they will be continually undermining it through ignorance or pride.

It is vain to expect virtue from women till they are in some degree independent of men; nay, it is vain to expect that strength of natural affection which would make them good wives and mothers. Whilst they are absolutely

dependent on their husbands they will be cunning, mean, and selfish; and the men who can be gratified by the fawning fondness of spaniel-like affection have not much delicacy, for love is not to be bought; in any sense of the words, its silken wings are instantly shrivelled up when anything beside a return in kind is sought. Yet whilst wealth enervates men, and women live, as it were, by their personal charms, how can we expect them to discharge those ennobling duties which equally require exertion and self-denial? Hereditary property sophisticates the mind, and the unfortunate victims to it – if I may so express myself – swathed from their birth, seldom exert the locomotive faculty of body or mind, and thus viewing everything through one medium, and that a false one, they are unable to discern in what true merit and happiness consist. False, indeed, must be the light when the drapery of situation hides the man, and makes him stalk in masquerade, dragging from one scene of dissipation to another the nerveless limbs that hang with stupid listlessness, and rolling round the vacant eye, which plainly tells us that there is no mind at home.

I mean therefore to infer that the society is not properly organized which does not compel men and women to discharge their respective duties by making it the only way to acquire that countenance from their fellow – creatures, which every human being wishes some way to attain. The respect consequently which is paid to wealth and mere personal charms is a true north-east blast that blights the tender blossoms of affection and virtue. Nature has wisely attached affections to duties to sweeten toil, and to give that vigour to the exertions of reason which only the heart can give. But the affection which is put on merely because it is the appropriated insignia of a certain character, when its duties are not fulfilled, is one of the empty compliments which vice and folly are obliged to pay to virtue and the real nature of things.

To illustrate my opinion, I need only observe that when a woman is admired for her beauty, and suffers herself to be so far intoxicated by the admiration she receives as to neglect to discharge the indispensable duty of a mother, she sins against herself by neglecting to cultivate an affection that would equally tend to make her useful and happy. True happiness – I mean all the contentment and virtuous satisfaction that can be snatched in this imperfect state – must arise from well – regulated affections, and an affection includes a duty. Men are not aware of the misery they cause, and the vicious weakness they cherish, by only inciting women to render themselves

pleasing; they do not consider that they thus make natural and artificial duties clash by sacrificing the comfort and respectability of a woman's life to voluptuous notions of beauty when in nature they all harmonize.

Cold would be the heart of a husband, were he not rendered unnatural by early debauchery, who did not feel more delight at seeing his child suckled by its mother than the most artful wanton tricks could ever raise, yet this natural way of cementing the matrimonial tie, and twisting esteem with fonder recollections, wealth leads women to spurn. To preserve their beauty, and wear the flowery crown of the day, which gives them a kind of right to reign for a short time over the sex, they neglect to stamp impressions on their husbands' hearts that would be remembered with more tenderness when the snow on the head began to chill the bosom than even their virgin charms. The maternal solicitude of a reasonable affectionate woman is very interesting, and the chastened dignity with which a mother returns the caresses that she and her child receive from a father who has been fulfilling the serious duties of his station is not only a respectable, but a beautiful sight. So singular, indeed, are my feelings – and I have endeavoured not to catch factitious ones – that after having been fatigued with the sight of insipid grandeur and the slavish ceremonies that with cumbrous pomp supplied the place of domestic affections, I have turned to some other scene to relieve my eye by resting it on the refreshing green everywhere scattered by Nature. I have then viewed with pleasure a woman nursing her children, and discharging the duties of her station with perhaps merely a servant-maid to take off her hands the servile part of the household business. I have seen her prepare herself and children, with only the luxury of cleanliness, to receive her husband, who, returning weary home in the evening, found smiling babes and a clean hearth. My heart has loitered in the midst of the group, and has even throbbed with sympathetic emotion when the scraping of the well-known foot has raised a pleasing tumult.

Whilst my benevolence has been gratified by contemplating this artless picture, I have thought that a couple of this description, equally necessary and independent of each other, because each fulfilled the respective duties of their station, possessed all that life could give. Raised sufficiently above abject poverty not to be obliged to weigh the consequence of every farthing they spend, and having sufficient to prevent their attending to a frigid system of economy which narrows both heart and mind, I declare, so vulgar are my conceptions, that I know not what is wanted to render this the happiest as

well as the most respectable situation in the world, but a taste for literature, to throw a little variety and interest into social converse, and some superfluous money to give to the needy and to buy books. For it is not pleasant when the heart is opened by compassion, and the head active in arranging plans of usefulness, to have a prim urchin continually twitching back the elbow to prevent the hand from drawing out an almost empty purse, whispering at the same time some prudential maxim about the priority of justice.

Destructive, however, as riches and inherited honours are to the human character, women are more debased and cramped, if possible, by them than men, because men may still in some degree unfold their faculties by becoming soldiers and statesmen.

[...]

The preposterous distinctions of rank, which render civilization a curse, by dividing the world between voluptuous tyrants and cunning envious dependents, corrupt, almost equally, every class of people, because respectability is not attached to the discharge of the relative duties of life, but to the station, and when the duties are not fulfilled the affections cannot gain sufficient strength to fortify the virtue of which they are the natural reward. Still there are some loopholes out of which a man may creep, and dare to think and act for himself; but for a woman it is an herculean task, because she has difficulties peculiar to her sex to overcome, which require almost superhuman powers.

A truly benevolent legislator always endeavours to make it the interest of each individual to be virtuous; and thus private virtue becoming the cement of public happiness, an orderly whole is consolidated by the tendency of all the parts towards a common centre. But the private or public virtue of woman is very pro- blematical, for Rousseau, and a numerous list of male writers, insist that she should all her life be subjected to a severe restraint, that of propriety. Why subject her to propriety – blind propriety – if she be capable of acting from a nobler spring, if she be an heir of immortality? Is sugar always to be produced by vital blood? Is one half of the human species, like the poor African slaves, to be subjected to prejudices that brutalize them, when principles would be a surer guard, only to sweeten the cup of man? Is not this indirectly to deny woman reason? for a gift is a mockery, if it be unfit for use.

Women are, in common with men, rendered weak and luxurious by the relaxing pleasures which wealth procures; but added to this they are made slaves to their persons, and must render them alluring that man may lend them his reason to guide their tottering steps aright. Or should they be ambitious, they must govern their tyrants by sinister tricks, for without rights there cannot be any incumbent duties. The laws respecting woman, which I mean to discuss in a future part, make an absurd unit of a man and his wife; and then, by the easy transition of only considering him as responsible, she is reduced to a mere cipher.

The being who discharges the duties of its station is independent; and, speaking of women at large, their first duty is to find themselves as rational creatures, and the next, in point of importance, as citizens, is that, which includes so many, of a mother. The rank in life which dispenses with their fulfilling this duty, necessarily degrades them by making them mere dolls. Or should they turn to something more important than merely fitting drapery upon a smooth block, their minds are only occupied by some soft platonic attachment; or the actual management of an intrigue may keep their thoughts in motion; for when they neglect domestic duties, they have it not in their power to take the field, and march and counter-march like soldiers, or wrangle in the senate to keep their faculties from rusting.

I know that, as a proof of the inferiority of the sex, Rousseau has exultingly exclaimed, How can they leave the nursery for the camp! And the camp has by some moralists been proved the school of the most heroic virtues; though I think it would puzzle a keen casuist to prove the reasonableness of the greater number of wars that have dubbed heroes. I do not mean to consider this question critically; because, having frequently viewed these freaks of ambition as the first natural mode of civilization, when the ground must be torn up, and the woods cleared by fire and sword, I do not choose to call them pests; but surely the present system of war has little connection with virtue of any denomination, being rather the school of finesse and effeminacy than of fortitude.

Yet, if defensive war, the only justifiable war, in the present advanced state of society, where virtue can show its face and ripen amidst the rigours which purify the air on the mountain's top, were alone to be adopted as just and glorious, the true heroism of antiquity might again animate female bosoms. But fair and softly, gentle reader, male or female, do not alarm thyself, for though I have compared the character of a modern soldier with

that of a civilized woman, I am not going to advise them to turn their distaff into a musket, though I sincerely wish to see the bayonet converted into a pruning-hook. I only re-created an imagination, fatigued by contemplating the vices and follies which all proceed from a feculent stream of wealth that has muddied the pure rills of natural affection, by supposing that society will some time or other be so constituted, that man must necessarily fulfil the duties of a citizen, or be despised, and that while he was employed in any of the departments of civil life, his wife, also an active citizen, should be equally intent to manage her family, educate her children, and assist her neighbours.

But to render her really virtuous and useful, she must not, if she discharge her civil duties, want individually the protection of civil laws; she must not be dependent on her husband's bounty for her subsistence during his life, or support after his death; for how can a being be generous who has nothing of its own? or virtuous who is not free? The wife, in the present state of things, who is faithful to her husband, and neither suckles nor educates her children, scarcely deserves the name of a wife, and has no right to that of a citizen. But take away natural rights, and duties become null.

Women then must be considered as only the wanton solace of men, when they become so weak in mind and body that they cannot exert themselves unless to pursue some frothy pleasure, or to invent some frivolous fashion. What can be a more melancholy sight to a thinking mind, than to look into the numerous carriages that drive helter-skelter about this metropolis in a morning full of pale-faced creatures who are flying from themselves! I have often wished, with Dr Johnson, to place some of them in a little shop with half a dozen children looking up to their languid countenances for support. I am much mistaken, if some latent vigour would not soon give health and spirit to their eyes, and some lines drawn by the exercise of reason on the blank cheeks, which before were only undulated by dimples, might restore lost dignity to the character, or rather enable it to attain the true dignity of its nature. Virtue is not to be acquired even by speculation, much less by the negative supineness that wealth naturally generates.

Besides, when poverty is more disgraceful than even vice, is not morality cut to the quick? Still to avoid misconstruction, though I consider that women in the common walks of life are called to fulfil the duties of wives and mothers, by religion and reason, I cannot help lamenting that women of a superior cast have not a road open by which they can pursue

more extensive plans of usefulness and independence. I may excite laughter, by dropping a hint, which I mean to pursue, some future time, for I really think that women ought to have representatives, instead of being arbitrarily governed without having any direct share allowed them in the deliberations of government.

But, as the whole system of representation is now, in this country, only a convenient handle for despotism, they need not complain, for they are as well represented as a numerous class of hard-working mechanics, who pay for the support of royalty when they can scarcely stop their children's mouths with bread. How are they represented whose very sweat supports the splendid stud of an heir-apparent, or varnishes the chariot of some female favourite who looks down on shame? Taxes on the very necessaries of life, enable an endless tribe of idle princes and princesses to pass with stupid pomp before a gaping crowd, who almost worship the very parade which costs them so dear. This is mere gothic grandeur, something like the barbarous useless parade of having sentinels on horseback at Whitehall, which I could never view without a mixture of contempt and indignation.

How strangely must the mind be sophisticated when this sort of state impresses it! But, till these monuments of folly are levelled by virtue, similar follies will leaven the whole mass. For the same character, in some degree, will prevail in the aggregate of society; and the refinements of luxury, or the vicious repinings of envious poverty, will equally banish virtue from society, considered as the characteristic of that society, or only allow it to appear as one of the stripes of the harlequin coat, worn by the civilized man.

In the superior ranks of life, every duty is done by deputies, as if duties could ever be waived, and the vain pleasures which consequent idleness forces the rich to pursue, appear so enticing to the next rank, that the numerous scramblers for wealth sacrifice everything to tread on their heels. The most sacred trusts are then considered as sinecures, because they were procured by interest, and only sought to enable a man to keep good company. Women, in particular, all want to be ladies. Which is simply to have nothing to do, but listlessly to go they scarcely care where, for they cannot tell what.

But what have women to do in society? I may be asked, but to loiter with easy grace; surely you would not condemn them all to suckle fools and chronicle small beer! No. Women might certainly study the art of healing and be physicians as well as nurses. And midwifery, decency seems to allot to them though I am afraid the word midwife, in our dictionaries, will soon give

place to accoucheur, and one proof of the former delicacy of the sex can be effaced from the language.

They might also study politics, and settle their benevolence on the broadest basis; for the reading of history will scarcely be more useful than the perusal of romances, if read as mere biography; if the character of the times, the political improvements, arts, etc., be not observed. In short, if it be not considered as the history of man; and not of particular men, who filled a niche in the temple of fame, and dropped into the black rolling stream of time, that silently sweeps all before it into the shapeless void called – eternity. – For shape, can it be called, ‘that shape hath none'?

Business of various kinds, they might likewise pursue, if they were educated in a more orderly manner, which might save many from common and legal prostitution. Women would not then marry for a support, as men accept of places under Government, and neglect the implied duties; nor would an attempt to earn their own subsistence, a most laudable one! sink them almost to the level of those poor abandoned creatures who live by prostitution. For are not milliners and mantua- makers reckoned the next class? The few employments open to women, so far, from being liberal, are menial; and when a superior education enables them to take charge of the education of children as governesses, they are not treated like the tutors of sons, though even clerical tutors are not always treated in a manner calculated to render them respectable in the eyes of their pupils, to say nothing of the private comfort of the individual. But as women educated like gentlewomen, are never designed for the humiliating situation which necessity sometimes forces them to fill; these situations are considered in the light of a degradation; and they know little of the human heart, who need to be told, that nothing so painfully sharpens sensibility as such a fall in life.

Some of these women might be restrained from marrying by a proper spirit of delicacy, and others may not have had it in their power to escape in this pitiful way from servitude; is not that Government then very defective, and very unmindful of the happiness of onehalf of its members, that does not provide for honest, independent women, by encouraging them to fill respectable stations? But in order to render their private virtue a public benefit, they must have a civil existence in the State, married or single; else we shall continually see some worthy woman, whose sensibility has been rendered painfully acute by undeserved contempt, droop like ‘the lily broken down by a plowshare'.

It is a melancholy truth; yet such is the blessed effect of civilization! The most respectable women are the most oppressed; and, unless they have understandings, far superior to the common run of understandings, taking in both sexes, they must, from being treated like contemptible beings, become contemptible. How many women thus waste life away the prey of discontent, who might have practised as physicians, regulated a farm, managed a shop, and stood erect, supported by their own industry, instead of hanging their heads surcharged with the dew of sensibility, that consumes the beauty to which it at first gave lustre; nay, I doubt whether pity and love are so near akin as poets feign, for I have seldom seen much compassion excited by the helplessness of females, unless they were fair; then, perhaps, pity was the soft handmaid of love, or the harbinger of lust.

How much more respectable is the woman who earns her own bread by fulfilling any duty, than the most accomplished beauty! – beauty did I say! – so sensible am I of the beauty of moral loveliness, or the harmonious propriety that attunes the passions of a well-regulated mind, that I blush at making the comparison; yet I sigh to think how few women aim at attaining this respectability by withdrawing from the giddy whirl of pleasure, or the indolent calm that stupefies the good sort of women it sucks in.

Proud of their weakness, however, they must always be protected, guarded from care, and all the rough toils that dignify the mind. If this be the fiat of fate, if they will make themselves insignificant and contemptible, sweetly to waste 'life away', let them not expect to be valued when their beauty fades, for it is the fate of the fairest flowers to be admired and pulled to pieces by the careless hand that plucked them. In how many ways do I wish, from the purest benevolence, to impress this truth on my sex; yet I fear that they will not listen to a truth that dear bought experience has brought home to many an agitated bosom, nor willingly resign the privileges of rank and sex for the privileges of humanity, to which those have no claim who do not discharge its duties.

Those writers are particularly useful, in my opinion, who make man feel for man, independent of the station he fills, or the drapery of factitious sentiments. I then would fain convince reasonable men of the importance of some of my remarks; and prevail on them to weigh dispassionately the whole tenor of my observations. I appeal to their understandings; and, as a fellowcreature, claim, in the name of my sex, some interest in their hearts. I entreat them to assist to emancipate their companion, to make her a helpmeet

for them.

Would men but generously snap our chains, and be content with rational fellowship instead of slavish obedience, they would find us more observant daughters, more affectionate sisters, more faithful wives, more reasonable mothers – in a word, better citizens. We should then love them with true affection, because we should learn to respect ourselves; and the peace of mind of a worthy man would not be interrupted by the idle vanity of his wife, nor the babes sent to nestle in a strange bosom, having never found a home in their mother's.

On National Education

[...]

My observations on national education are obviously hints; but I principally wish to enforce the necessity of educating the sexes together, to perfect both, and of making children sleep at home that they may learn to love home; yet to make private support, instead of smothering, public affections, they should be sent to school to mix with a number of equals, for only by the jostlings of equality can we form a just opinion of ourselves.

To render mankind more virtuous, and happier of course, both sexes must act from the same principle; but how can that be expected when only one is allowed to see the reasonableness of it? To render also the social compact truly equitable, and in order to spread those enlightening principles, which alone can ameliorate the fate of man, women must be allowed to found their virtue on knowledge, which is scarcely possible unless they be educated by the same pursuits as men. For they are now made so inferior by ignorance and low desires, as not to deserve to be ranked with them; or, by the serpentine wrigglings of cunning, they mount the tree of knowledge, and only acquire sufficient to lead men astray.

It is plain from the history of all nations, that women cannot be confined to merely domestic pursuits, for they will not fulfil family duties, unless their minds take a wider range, and whilst they are kept in ignorance they become in the same proportion the slaves of pleasure as they are the slaves of man. Nor can they be shut out of great enterprises, though the narrowness of their minds often make them mar, what they are unable to comprehend.

The libertinism, and even the virtues of superior men, will always give women, of some description, great power over them; and these weak women, under the influence of childish passions and selfish vanity, will throw a false light over the objects which the very men view with their eyes, who ought to enlighten their judgement. Men of fancy, and those sanguine characters who mostly hold the helm of human affairs, in general, relax in the society of women; and surely I need not cite to the most superficial reader of history the

numerous examples of vice and oppression which the private intrigues of female favourites have produced; not to dwell on the mischief that naturally arises from the blundering interposition of well-meaning folly. For in the transaction of business it is much better to have to deal with a knave than a fool, because a knave adheres to some plan; and any plan of reason may be seen through much sooner than a sudden flight of folly. The power which vile and foolish women have had over wise men, who possessed sensibility, is notorious; I shall only mention one instance.

Whoever drew a more exalted female character than Rousseau? Though in the lump he constantly en- deavoured to degrade the sex. And why was he thus anxious? Truly to justify to himself the affection which weakness and virtue had made him cherish for that fool Theresa. He could not raise her to the common level of her sex; and therefore he laboured to bring woman down to hers. He found her a convenient humble companion, and pride made him determine to find some superior virtues in the being whom he chose to live with; but did not her conduct during his life, and after his death, clearly show how grossly he was mistaken who called her a celestial innocent? Nay, in the bitterness of his heart, he himself laments that when his bodily infirmities made him no longer treat her like a woman, she ceased to have an affection for him. And it was very natural that she should, for having so few sentiments in common, when the sexual tie was broken, what was to hold her? To hold her affection whose sensibility was confined to one sex, nay, to one man, it requires sense to turn sensibility into the broad channel of humanity. Many women have not mind enough to have an affection for a woman, or a friendship for a man. But the sexual weakness that makes woman depend on man for a subsistence, produces a kind of cattish affection, which leads a wife to purr about her husband as she would about any man who fed and caressed her.

Men are, however, often gratified by this kind of fondness, which is confined in a beastly manner to themselves; but should they ever become more virtuous, they will wish to converse at their fireside with a friend after they cease to play with a mistress.

Besides, understanding is necessary to give variety and interest to sensual enjoyments, for low indeed in the intellectual scale is the mind that can continue to love when neither virtue nor sense give a human appearance to an animal appetite. But sense will always preponderate; and if women be not, in general, brought more on a level with men, some superior women like

the Greek courtesans, will assemble the men of abilities around them, and draw from their families many citizens, who would have stayed at home had their wives had more sense, or the graces which result from the exercise of the understanding, and fancy, the legitimate parents of taste. A woman of talents, if she be not absolutely ugly, will always obtain great power – raised by the weakness of her sex; and in proportion as men acquire virtue and delicacy, by the exertion of reason, they will look for both in women, but they can only acquire them in the same way that men do.

In France or Italy, have the women confined themselves to domestic life? Though they have not hitherto had a political existence, yet have they not illicitly had great sway, corrupting themselves and the men with whose passions they played? In short, in whatever light I view the subject, reason and experience convince me that the only method of leading women to fulfil their peculiar duties is to free them from all restraint by allowing them to participate in the inherent fights of mankind.

Make them free, and they will quickly become wise and virtuous, as men become more so, for the improvement must be mutual, or the injustice which one-half of the human race are obliged to submit to retorting on their oppressors, the virtue of man will be wormeaten by the insect whom he keeps under his feet.

Let men take their choice. Man and woman were made for each other, though not to become one being; and if they will not improve women, they will deprave them.

I speak of the improvement and emancipation of the whole sex, for I know that the behaviour of a few women, who, by accident, or following a strong bent of nature, have acquired a portion of knowledge superior to that of the rest of their sex, has often been overbearing; but there have been instances of women who, attaining knowledge, have not discarded modesty, nor have they always pedantically appeared to despise the ignorance which they laboured to disperse in their own minds. The exclamations then which any advice respecting female learning commonly produces, especially from pretty women, often arise from envy. When they chance to see that even the lustre of their eyes, and the flippant sportiveness of refined coquetry, will not always secure them attention during a whole evening, should a woman of a more cultivated understanding endeavour to give a rational turn to the conversation, the common source of consolation is that such women seldom get husbands. What arts have I not seen silly women use to interrupt by

flirtation – a very significant word to describe such a manoeuvre – a rational conversation, which made the men forget that they were pretty women.

But, allowing what is very natural to man, that the possession of rare abilities is really calculated to excite overweening pride, disgusting in both men and women, in what a state of inferiority must the female faculties have rusted when such a small portion of knowledge as those women attained, who have sneeringly been termed learned women, could be singular? – sufficiently so to puff up the possessor, and excite envy in her contemporaries, and some of the other sex. Nay, has not a little rationality exposed many women to the severest censure? I advert to well-known facts, for I have frequently heard women ridiculed, and every little weakness exposed, only because they adopted the advice of some medical men, and deviated from the beaten track in their mode of treating their infants. I have actually heard this barbarous aversion to innovation carried still further, and a sensible woman stigmatized as an unnatural mother, who has thus been wisely solicitous to preserve the health of her children, when in the midst of her care she has lost one by some of the casualties of infancy, which no prudence can ward off. Her acquaintance have observed that this was the consequence of new-fangled notions – the new-fangled notions of ease and cleanliness. And those who pretending to experience, though they have long adhered to prejudices that have, according to the opinion of the most sagacious physicians, thinned the human race, almost rejoiced at the disaster that gave a kind of sanction to prescription.

Indeed, if it were only on this account, the national education of women is of the utmost consequence, for what a number of human sacrifices are made to that Moloch prejudice! And in how many ways are children destroyed by the lasciviousness of man? The want of natural affection in many women, who are drawn from their duty by the admiration of men, and the ignorance of others, render the infancy of man a much more perilous state than that of brutes; yet men are unwilling to place women in situations proper to enable them to acquire sufficient understanding to know how even to nurse their babes.

So forcibly does this truth strike me that I would rest the whole tendency of my reasoning upon it, for whatever tends to incapacitate the maternal character, takes woman out of her sphere.

But it is vain to expect the present race of weak mothers either to take that reasonable care of a child's body, which is necessary to lay the

foundation of a good constitution, supposing that it do not suffer for the sins of its fathers; or to manage its temper so judiciously that the child will not have, as it grows up, to throw off all that its mother, its first instructor, directly or indirectly taught; and unless the mind have uncommon vigour, womanish follies will stick to the character throughout life. The weakness of the mother will be visited on the children. And whilst women are educated to rely on their husbands for judgement, this must ever be the consequence, for there is no improving an understanding by halves, nor can any being act wisely from imitation, because in every circumstance of life there is a kind of individuality, which requires an exertion of judgement to modify general rules. The being who can think justly in one track will soon extend its intellectual empire; and she who has sufficient judgement to manage her children will not submit, fight or wrong, to her husband, or patiently to the social laws which make a nonentity of a wife.

In public schools women, to guard against the errors of ignorance, should be taught the elements of anatomy and medicine, not only to enable them to take proper care of their own health, but to make them rational nurses of their infants, parents, and husbands; for the bills of mortality are swelled by the blunders of self-willed old women, who give nostrums of their own without knowing anything of the human frame. It is likewise proper, only in a domestic view, to make women acquainted with the anatomy of the mind, by allowing the sexes to associate together in every pursuit, and by leading them to observe the progress of human under standing in the improvement of the sciences and arts – never forgetting the science of morality, or the study of the political history of mankind.

A man has been termed a microcosm, and every family might also be called a state. States, it is true, have mostly been governed by arts that disgrace the character of man, and the want of a just constitution and equal laws have so perplexed the notions of the worldly wise, that they more than question the reasonableness of contending for the fights of humanity. Thus morality, polluted in the national reservoir, sends off streams of vice to corrupt the constituent parts of the body politic; but should more noble, or rather more just, principles regulate the laws, which ought to be the government of society, and not those who execute them, duty might become the rule of private conduct.

Besides, by the exercise of their bodies and minds women would acquire that mental activity so necessary in the maternal character, united with the

fortitude that distinguishes steadiness of conduct from the obstinate perverseness of weakness. For it is dangerous to advise the indolent to be steady, because they instantly become rigorous, and to save themselves trouble punish with severity faults that the patient fortitude of reason might have prevented.

But fortitude presupposes strength of mind, and is strength of mind to be acquired by indolent acquiescence? By asking advice instead of exerting the judgement? By obeying through fear, instead of practising the forbearance which we all stand in need of ourselves? The conclusion which I wish to draw is obvious. Make women rational creatures and free citizens, and they will quickly become good wives and mothers – that is, if men do not neglect the duties of husbands and fathers.

Discussing the advantages which a public and private education combined, as I have sketched, might rationally be expected to produce, I have dwelt most on such as are particularly relative to the female world, because I think the female world oppressed; yet the gangrene, which the vices engendered by oppression have produced, is not confined to the morbid part, but pervades society at large; so that when I wish to see my sex become more like moral agents, my heart bounds with the anticipation of the general diffusion of that sublime contentment which only morality can diffuse.

Some Instances of the Folly which the Ignorance of Women Generates; with Concluding Reflections on the Moral Improvement that a Revolution in Female Manners Might Naturally Be Expected to Produce

There are many follies in some degree peculiar to women – sins against reason of commission as well as of omission – but all flowing from ignorance or prejudice. I shall only point out such as appear to be particularly injurious to their moral character. And in animadverting on them, I wish especially to prove that the weakness of mind and body, which men have endeavoured, impelled by various motives, to perpetuate, prevents their discharging the peculiar duty of their sex; for when weakness of body will not permit them to suckle their children, and weakness of mind makes them spoil their tempers, is woman in a natural state?

[...]

Section II

Another instance of that feminine weakness of character, often produced by a confined education, is a romantic twist of the mind, which has been very pro- perly termed sentimental.

Women subjected by ignorance to their sensations, and only taught to

look for happiness in love, refine on sensual feelings, and adopt metaphysical notions respecting that passion, which lead them shamefully to neglect the duties of life, and frequently in the midst of these sublime refinements they plump into actual vice.

These are the women who are amused by the reveries of the stupid novelists, who, knowing little of human nature, work up stale tales, and describe meretricious scenes, all retained in a sentimental jargon, which equally tend to corrupt the taste, and draw the heart aside from its daily duties. I do not mention the understanding, because never having been exercised, its slumbering energies rest inactive, like the lurking particles of fire which are supposed universally to pervade matter.

Females, in fact, denied all political privileges, and not allowed, as married women, excepting in criminal cases, a civil existence, have their attention naturally drawn from the interest of the whole community to that of the minute parts, though the private duty of any member of society must be very imperfectly performed when not connected with the general good. The mighty business of female life is to please, and restrained from entering into more important concerns by political and civil oppression, sentiments become events, and reflection deepens what it should, and would have effaced, if the understanding had been allowed to take a wider range.

But, confined to trifling employments, they natural- ly imbibe opinions which the only kind of reading calculated to interest an innocent frivolous mind inspires. Unable to grasp anything great, is it surprising that they find the reading of history a very dry task, and disquisitions addressed to the understanding intolerably tedious, and almost unintelligible? Thus are they necessarily dependent on the novelist for amusement. Yet, when I exclaim against novels, I mean when contrasted with those works which exercise the understanding and regulate the imagination. For any kind of reading, I think better than leaving a blank still blank, because the mind must receive a degree of enlargement and obtain a little strength by a slight exertion of its thinking powers; besides, even the productions that are only addressed to the imagination, raise the reader a little above the gross gratification of appetites, to which the mind has not given a shade of delicacy.

This observation is the result of experience; for I have known several notable women, and one in particular, who was a very good woman – as good as such a narrow mind would allow her to be, who took care that her daughters (three in number) should never see a novel. As she was a woman of

fortune and fashion, they had various masters to attend them, and a sort of menial governess to watch their footsteps. From their masters they learned how tables, chairs, etc., were called in French and Italian; but as the few books thrown in their way were far above their capacities, or devotional, they neither acquired ideas nor sentiments, and passed their time, when not compelled to repeat words, in dressing, quarrelling with each other, or conversing with their maids by stealth, till they were brought into company as marriageable.

Their mother, a widow, was busy in the meantime in keeping up their connections, as she termed a numerous acquaintance, lest her girls should want a proper introduction into the great world. And these young ladies, with minds vulgar in every sense of the word, and spoiled tempers, entered life puffed up with notions of their own consequence, and looking down with contempt on those who could not vie with them in dress and parade.

With respect to love, Nature, or their Nurses, had taken care to teach them the physical meaning of the word; and, as they had few topics of conversation, and fewer refinements of sentiment, they expressed their gross wishes not in very delicate phrases, when they spoke freely, talking of matrimony.

Could these girls have been injured by the perusal of novels? I almost forgot a shade in the character of one of them; she affected a simplicity bordering on folly, and with a simper would utter the most immodest remarks and questions, the full meaning of which she had learned whilst secluded from the world, and afraid to speak in her mother's presence, who governed, with a high hand; they were all educated, as she prided herself, in a most exemplary manner, and read their chapters before breakfast, never touching a silly novel.

This is only one instance; but I recollect many other women who, not led by degrees to proper studies, and not permitted to choose for themselves, have indeed been overgrown children; or have obtained, by mixing in the world, a little of what is termed common sense; that is, a distinct manner of seeing common occurrences, as they stand detached; but what deserves the name of intellect, the power of gaining general or abstract ideas, or even intermediate ones, was out of the question. Their minds were quiescent, and when they were not roused by sensible objects and employments of that kind, they were low-spirited, would cry, or go to sleep.

When, therefore, I advise my sex not to read such flimsy works, it is to

induce them to read something superior; for I coincide in opinion with a sagacious man, who, having a daughter and niece under his care, pursued a very different plan with each.

The niece, who had considerable abilities, had, before she was left to his guardianship, been indulged in desultory reading. Her he endeavoured to lead, and did lead to history and moral essays; but his daughter, whom a fond weak mother had indulged, and who consequently was averse to everything like application, he allowed to read novels; and used to justify his conduct by saying, that if she ever attained a relish for reading them, he would have some foundation to work upon; and that erroneous opinions were better than none at all.

In fact, the female mind has been so totally neglected, that knowledge was only to be acquired from this muddy source, till from reading novels some women of superior talents learned to despise them.

The best method, I believe, that can be adopted to correct a fondness for novels is to ridicule them: not indiscriminately, for then it would have little effect; but, if a judicious person, with some turn for humour, would read several to a young girl, and point out both by tones, and apt comparisons with pathetic incidents and heroic characters in history, how foolishly and ridiculously they caricatured human nature, just opinions might be substituted instead of romantic sentiments.

In one respect, however, the majority of both sexes resemble, and equally show a want of taste and modesty. Ignorant women, forced to be chaste to preserve their reputation, allow their imagination to revel in the unnatural and meretricious scenes sketched by the novel writers of the day, slighting as insipid the sober dignity, and matron graces of history, whilst men carry the same vitiated taste into life, and fly for amusement to the wanton, from the unsophisticated charms of virtue, and the grave respectability of sense.

Besides, the reading of novels makes women, and particularly ladies of fashion, very fond of using strong expressions and superlatives in conversation; and, though the dissipated artificial life which they lead prevents their cherishing any strong legitimate passion, the language of passion in affected tones slips for ever from their glib tongues, and every trifle produces those phosphoric bursts which only mimic in the dark the flame of passion.

SectionIII

Ignorance and the mistaken cunning that Nature shar- pens in weak heads as a principle of self-preservation, render women very fond of dress, and produce all the vanity which such a fondness may naturally be expected to generate, to the exclusion of emulation and magnanimity.

I agree with Rousseau that the physical part of the art of pleasing consists in ornaments, and for that very reason I should guard gifts against the contagious fondness for dress so common to weak women, that they may not rest in the physical part. Yet, weak are the women who imagine that they can long please without the aid of the mind, or, in other words, without the moral art of pleasing. But the moral art, if it be not a profanation to use the word art, when alluding to the grace which is an effect of virtue, and not the motive of action, is never to be found with ignorance; the sportiveness of innocence, so pleasing to refined libertines of both sexes, is widely different in its essence from this superior gracefulness.

A strong inclination for external ornaments ever appears in barbarous states, only the men not the women adorn themselves; for where women are allowed to be so far on a level with men, society has advanced, at least, one step in civilization.

The attention to dress, therefore, which has been thought a sexual propensity, I think natural to mankind. But I ought to express myself with more precision. When the mind is not sufficiently opened to take pleasure in reflection, the body will be adorned with sedulous care; and ambition will appear in tattooing or painting it.

So far is this first inclination carried, that even the hellish yoke of slavery cannot stifle the savage desire of admiration which the black heroes inherit from both their parents, for all the hardly earned savings of a slave are commonly expended in a little tawdry finery. And I have seldom known a good male or female servant that was not particularly fond of dress. Their clothes were their riches; and, I argue from analogy, that the fondness for dress, so extravagant in females, arises from the same cause – want of cultivation of mind. When men meet they converse about business, politics, or literature; but, says Swift, ‘how naturally do women apply their hands to each other's lappets and ruffles' . And very natural is it – for they have not any business to interest them, have not a taste for literature, and they find politics dry, because they have not acquired a love for mankind by turning

their thoughts to the grand pursuits that exalt the human race, and promote general happiness.

Besides, various are the paths to power and fame which by accident or choice men pursue, and though they jostle against each other, for men of the same profession are seldom friends, yet there is a much greater number of their fellow-creatures with whom they never dash. But women are very differently situated with respect to each other – for they are all rivals.

Before marriage it is their business to please men; and after, with a few exceptions, they follow the same scene with all the persevering pertinacity of instinct. Even virtuous women never forget their sex in company, for they are for ever trying to make themselves agreeable. A female beauty, and a male wit, appear to be equally anxious to draw the attention of the company to themselves; and the animosity of contemporary wits is proverbial.

Is it then surprising that when the sole ambition of woman centres in beauty, and interest gives vanity additional force, perpetual rivalships should ensue? They are all running the same race, and would rise above the virtue of morals, if they did not view each other with a suspicious and even envious eye.

An immoderate fondness for dress, for pleasure, and for sway, are the passions of savages; the passions that occupy those uncivilized beings who have not yet extended the dominion of the mind, or even learned to think with the energy necessary to concatenate that abstract train of thought which produces principles. And that women from their education and the present state of civilized life, are in the same condition, cannot, I think, be controverted. To laugh at them then, or satirize the follies of a being who is never to be allowed to act freely from the light of her own reason, is as absurd as cruel; for, that they who are taught blindly to obey authority, will endeavour cunningly to elude it, is most natural and certain.

Yet let it be proved that they ought to obey man implicitly, and I shall immediately agree that it is woman's duty to cultivate a fondness for dress, in order to please, and a propensity to cunning for her own preservation.

The virtues, however, which are supported by ignorance must ever be wavering – the house built on sand could not endure a storm. It is almost unnecessary to draw the inference. If women are to be made virtuous by authority, which is a contradiction in terms, let them be immured in seraglios and watched with a jealous eye. Fear not that the iron will enter into their souls – for the souls that can bear such treatment are made of yielding

materials, just animated enough to give life to the body.

> Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
> And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

The most cruel wounds will of course soon heal, and they may still people the world, and dress to please man – all the purposes which certain celebrated writers have allowed that they were created to fulfil.

SectionⅣ

Women are supposed to possess more sensibility, and even humanity, than men, and their strong attachments and instantaneous emotions of compassion are given as proofs; but the clinging affection of ignorance has seldom anything noble in it, and may mostly be resolved into selfishness, as well as the affection of children and brutes. I have known many weak women whose sensibility was entirely engrossed by their husbands; and as for the humanity, it was very faint indeed, or rather it was only a transient emotion of compassion. Humanity does not consist ‘in a squeamish ear' , says an eminent orator. ‘It belongs to the mind as well as the nerves. '

But this kind of exclusive affection, though it degrades the individual, should not be brought forward as a proof of the inferiority of the sex, because it is the natural consequence of confined views; for even women of superior sense, having their attention turned to little employments, and private plans, rarely rise to heroism, unless when spurred on by love! and love, as an heroic passion, like genius, appears but once in an age. I therefore agree with the moralist who asserts,‘that women have seldom so much generosity as men'; and that their narrow affections, to which justice and humanity are often sacrificed, render the sex apparently inferior, especially, as they are commonly inspired by men; but I contend that the heart would expand as the understanding gained strength, if women were not depressed from their cradles.

I know that a little sensibility, and great weakness, will produce a strong sexual attachment, and that reason must cement friendship; consequently, I allow that more friendship is to be found in the male than the female world, and that men have a higher sense of justice. The exclusive affections of women seem indeed to resemble Cato's most unjust love for his country. He

wished to crush Carthage, not to save Rome, but to promote his vain-glory; and, in general, it is to similar principles that humanity is sacrificed, for genuine duties support each other.

Besides, how can women be just or generous, when they are the slaves of injustice?

Section V

As the rearing of children, that is, the laying a foundation of sound health both of body and mind in the rising generation, has justly been insisted on as the peculiar destination of women, the ignorance that incapacitates them must be contrary to the order of things. And I contend that their minds can take in much more, and ought to do so, or they will never become sensible mothers. Many men attend to the breeding of horses, and overlook the management of the stable, who would, strange want of sense and feeling! Think themselves degraded by paying any attention to the nursery; yet, how many children are absolutely murdered by the ignorance of women! But when they escape, and are destroyed neither by unnatural negligence nor blind fondness, how few are managed properly with respect to the infant mind! So that to break the spirit, allowed to become vicious at home, a child is sent to school; and the methods taken there, which must be taken to keep a number of children in order, scatter the seeds of almost every vice in the soil thus forcibly tom up.

I have sometimes compared the struggles of these poor children, who ought never to have felt restraint, nor would, had they been always held in with an even hand, to the despairing plunges of a spirited filly, which I have seen breaking on a strand; its feet sinking deeper and deeper in the sand every time it endeavoured to throw its rider, till at last it sullenly submitted.

I have always found horses, animals I am attached to, very tractable when treated with humanity and steadiness, so that I doubt whether the violent methods taken to break them, do not essentially injure them; I am, however, certain that a child should never thus forcibly be tamed after it had injudiciously been allowed to run wild; for every violation of justice and reason, in the treatment of children, weakens their reason. And, so early do they catch a character, that the base of the moral character, experience leads me to infer, is fixed before their seventh year, the period during which women are allowed the sole management of children. Afterwards it too often

happens that half the business of education is to correct, and very imperfectly is it done, if done hastily, the faults, which they would never have acquired if their mothers had had more understanding.

One striking instance of the folly of women must not be omitted. The manner in which they treat servants in the presence of children, permitting them to suppose that they ought to wait on them, and bear their humours. A child should always be made to receive assistance from a man or woman as a favour; and, as the first lesson of independence, they should practically be taught, by the example of their mother, not to require that personal attendance, which it is an insult to humanity to require, when in health; and instead of being led to assume airs of consequence, a sense of their own weakness should first make them feel the natural equality of man. Yet, how frequently have I indignantly heard servants imperiously called to put children to bed, and sent away again and again, because master or miss hung about mamma, to stay a little longer. Thus made slavishly to attend the little idol, all those most disgusting humours were exhibited which characterize a spoiled child.

In short, speaking of the majority of mothers, they leave their children entirely to the care of servants; or, because they are their children, treat them as if they were little demigods, though I have always observed, that the women who thus idolize their children, seldom show common humanity to servants, or feel the least tenderness for any children but their own.

It is, however, these exclusive affections, and an individual manner of seeing things, produced by ignorance, which keep women for ever at a stand, with respect to improvement, and make many of them dedicate their lives to their children only to weaken their bodies and spoil their tempers, frustrating also any plan of education that a more rational father may adopt; for unless a mother concur, the father who restrains will ever be considered as a tyrant.

But, fulfilling the duties of a mother, a woman with a sound constitution, may still keep her person scrupulously neat, and assist to maintain her family, if necessary, or by reading and conversation with both sexes, indiscriminately, improve her mind. For Nature has so wisely ordered things, that did women suckle their children, they would preserve their own health, and there would be such an interval between the birth of each child, that we should seldom see a houseful of babes. And did they pursue a plan of conduct, and not waste their time in following the fashionable vagaries of dress, the management of their household and children need not shut them

out from literature, or prevent their attaching themselves to a science, with that steady eye which strengthens the mind, or practising one of the fine arts that cultivate the taste.

But, visiting to display finery, card-playing, and balls, not to mention the idle bustle of morning trifling, draw women from their duty to render them insignificant, to render them pleasing, according to the present acceptation of the word, to every man, but their husband. For a round of pleasures in which the affections are not exercised, cannot be said to improve the understanding, though it be erroneously called seeing the world; yet the heart is rendered cold and averse to duty, by such a senseless intercourse, which becomes necessary from habit eyen when it has ceased to amuse.

But, we shall not see women affectionate till more equality be established in society, till ranks are confounded and women freed, neither shall we see that dignified domestic happiness, the simple grandeur of which cannot be relished by ignorant or vitiated minds; nor will the important task of education ever be properly begun till the person of a woman is no longer preferred to her mind. For it would be as wise to expect com from tares, or figs from thistles, as that a foolish ignorant woman should be a good mother.

Section Ⅵ

It is not necessary to inform the sagacious reader, now I enter on my concluding reflections, that the discussion of this subject merely consists in opening a few simple principles, and clearing away the rubbish which obscured them. But, as all readers are not sagacious, I must be allowed to add some explanatory remarks to bring the subject home to reason – to that sluggish reason, which supinely takes opinions on trust, and obstinately supports them to spare itself the labour of thinking.

Moralists have unanimously agreed, that unless virtue be nursed by liberty, it will never attain due strength – and what they say of man I extend to mankind, insisting that in all cases morals must be fixed on immutable principles; and, that the being cannot be termed rational or virtuous, who obeys any authority, but that of reason.

To render women truly useful members of society, I argue that they should be led, by having their understandings cultivated on a large scale, to acquire a rational affection for their country, founded on knowledge, because it is obvious that we are little interested about what we do not understand.

And to render this general knowledge of due importance, I have endeavoured to show that private duties are never properly fulfilled unless the understanding enlarges the heart; and that public virtue is only an aggregate of private. But, the distinctions established in society undermine both, by beating out the solid gold of virtue, till it becomes only the tinsel-covering of vice; for whilst wealth renders a man more respectable than virtue, wealth will be sought before virtue; and, whilst women's persons are caressed, when a childish simper shows an absence of mind – the mind will lie fallow. Yet, true voluptuousness must proceed from the mind – for what can equal the sensations produced by mutual affection, supported by mutual respect? What are the cold, or feverish caresses of appetite, but sin embracing death, compared with the modest overflowings of a pure heart and exalted imagination? Yes, let me tell the libertine of fancy when he despises understanding in woman – that the mind, which he disregards, gives life to the enthusiastic affection from which rapture, short-lived as it is, alone can blow! And, that, without virtue, a sexual attachment must expire, like a tallow candle in the socket, creating intolerable disgust. To prove this, I need only observe, that men who have wasted great part of their lives with women, and with whom they have sought for pleasure with eager thirst, entertain the meanest opinion of the sex. Virtue, true refiner of joy! – if foolish men were to fright thee from earth, in order to give loose to all their appetites without a check – some sensual weight of taste would scale the heavens to invite thee back, to give a zest to pleasure!

That women at present are by ignorance rendered foolish or vicious is, I think, not to be disputed; and, that the most salutary effects tending to improve mankind might be expected from a revolution in female manners, appears, at least, with a face of probability, to rise out of the observation. For as marriage has been termed the parent of those endearing charities which draw man from the brutal herd, the corrupting intercourse that wealth, idleness, and folly, produce between the sexes, is more universally injurious to morality than all the other vices of mankind collectively considered. To adulterous lust the most sacred duties are sacrificed, because before marriage, men, by a promiscuous intimacy with women, learned to consider love as a selfish gratification – learned to separate it not only from esteem, but from the affection merely built on habit, which mixes a little humanity with it. Justice and friend ship are also set at defiance, and that purity of taste is vitiated which would naturally lead a man to relish an artless display of

affection rather than affected airs. But that noble simplicity of affection, which dares to appear unadoyned, has few attractions for the libertine, though it be the charm, which by cementing the matrimonial tie, secures to the pledges of a warmer passion the necessary parental attention; for children will never be properly educated till friendship subsists between parents. Virtue flies from a house divided against itself – and a whole legion of devils take up their residence there.

The affection of husbands and wives cannot be pure when they have so few sentiments in common, and when so little confidence is established at home, as must be the case when their pursuits are so different. That intimacy from which tenderness should flow, will not, cannot subsist between the vicious.

Contending, therefore, that the sexual distinction which men have so warmly insisted upon, is arbitrary, I have dwelt on an observation, that several sensible men, with whom I have conversed on the subject, allowed to be well founded; and it is simply this, that the little chastity to be found amongst men, and consequent disregard of modesty, tend to degrade both sexes; and further, that the modesty of women, characterized as such, will often be only the artful veil of wantonness instead of being the natural reflection of purity, till modesty be universally respected.

From the tyranny of man, I firmly believe, the greater number of female follies proceed; and the cunning, which I allow makes at present a part of their character, I likewise have repeatedly endeavoured to prove, is produced by oppression.

Were not dissenters, for instance, a class of people, with strict truth, characterized as cunning? And may I not lay some stress on this fact to prove, that when any power but reason curbs the free spirit of man, dissimulation is practised, and the various shifts of art are naturally called forth? Great attention to decorum, which was carried to a degree of scrupulosity, and all that puerile bustle about trifles and consequential solemnity, which Butler's caricature of a dissenter brings before the imagination, shaped their persons as well as their minds in the mould of prim littleness. I speak collectively, for I know how many ornaments in human nature have been enrolled amongst sectaries; yet, I assert, that the same narrow prejudice for their sect, which women have for their families, prevailed in the dissenting part of the community, however worthy in other respects; and also that the same timid prudence, or headstrong efforts, often disgraced the exertions of both.

Oppression thus formed many of the features of their character perfectly to coincidence with that of the oppressed half of mankind; for is it not notorious that dissenters were, like women, fond of deliberating together, and asking advice of each other, till by a complication of little contrivances, some little end was brought about? A similar attention to preserve their reputation was conspicuous in the dissenting and female world, and was produced by a similar cause.

Asserting the rights which women in common with men ought to contend for, I have not attempted to extenuate their faults; but to prove them to be the natural consequence of their education and station in society. If so, it is reasonable to suppose that they will change their character, and correct their vices and follies, when they are allowed to be free in a physical, moral, and civil sense.

Let woman share the rights, and she will emulate the virtues of man; for she must grow more perfect when emancipated, or justify the authority that chains such a weak being to her duty. If the latter, it will be expedient to open a fresh trade with Russia for whips: a present which a father should always make to his son-in-law on his wedding day, that a husband may keep his whole family in order by the same means; and without any violation of justice reign, wielding this sceptre, sole master of his house, because he is the only thing in it who has reason: – the divine, indefeasible earthly sovereignty breathed into man by the Master of the universe. Allowing this position, women have not any inherent fights to claim; and, by the same rule, their duties vanish, for fights and duties are inseparable.

Be just then, O ye men of understanding; and mark not more severely what women do amiss than the vicious tricks of the horse or the ass for whom ye provide provender – and allow her the privileges of ignorance, to whom ye deny the fights of reason, or ye will be worse than Egyptian taskmasters, expecting virtue where Nature has not given understanding.

MEDITATIONS

沉思录

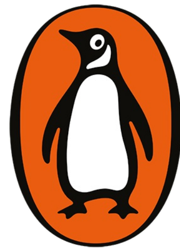
［古罗马］马可·奥勒留　著
袁蔚　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

沉思录

（古罗马）马可·奥勒留/著

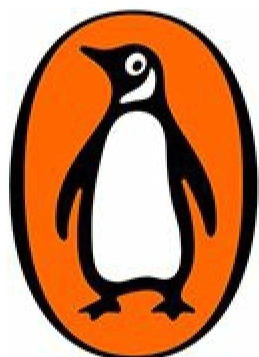
袁蔚/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

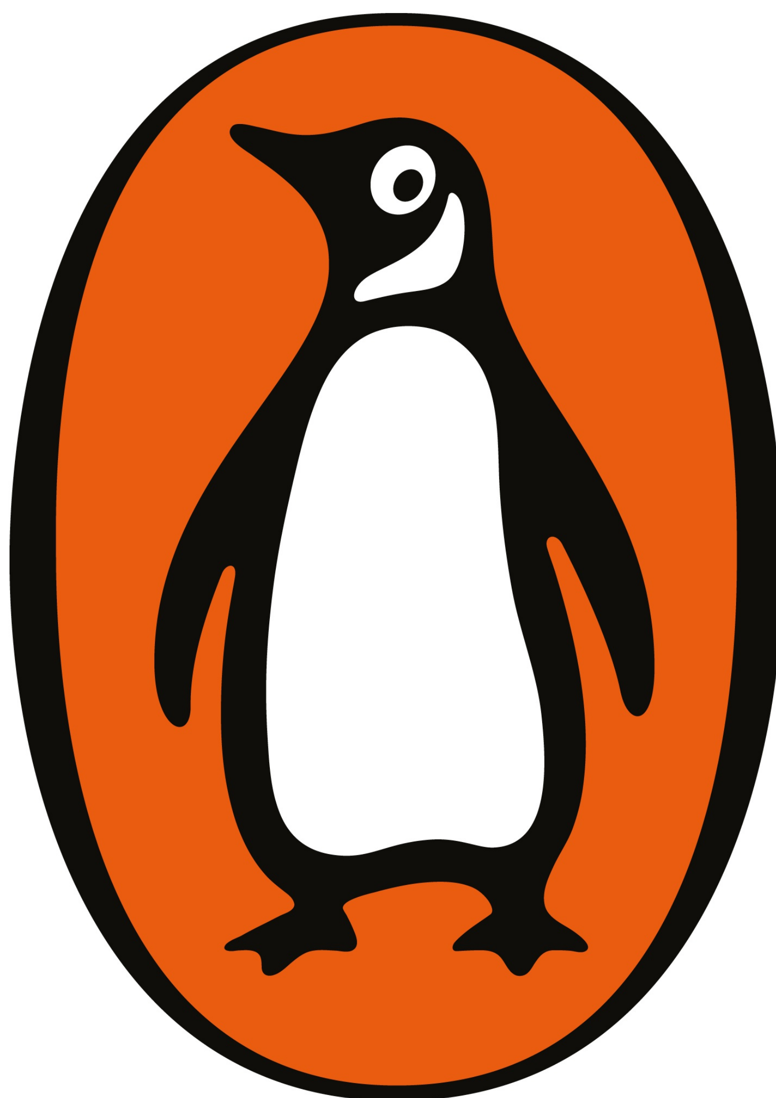
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com.cn
This translation first published in Penguin Classics 1964
This edition published in Penguin Books 2004

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of Meditations, translated and introduced by Maxwell Staniforth
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

马可·奥勒留（Marcus Aurelius，121—180），出身罗马贵族，古罗马“五贤帝”时代最后一位皇帝。他也是晚期斯多葛学派的最后一位哲学家，自幼修习希腊和拉丁文学，对修辞、法律和绘画也颇有研究。柏拉图在《理想国》中说：“除非哲学家成为我们这些国家的国王，……使政治权力和聪明才智合而为一……否则……对国家甚至我想对全人类都将祸害无穷。”马可·奥勒留看起来似乎是实现了柏拉图的理想，他是西方历史乃至世界历史上唯一一位皇帝哲学家。但他并不是柏拉图所说的哲学王，攀上权力巅峰的人生背后更多的是无力与无奈。马可·奥勒留主政的时代，罗马帝国早已江河日下，不复昔日荣光，洪水、地震等自然灾害频发，与东方安息人及北方马科曼尼人的战乱以及内部叛乱不断，社会矛盾重重，帝国动荡不安。奥勒留无力化解当时的社会矛盾，但身为皇帝，他仍尽心尽力地恪守使命，应对危机，消除灾害，上马征战，扑灭叛乱与反叛之火。

奥勒留生命的最后十年，大部分时间都是在帝国的边疆或军营里度过。在鞍马劳顿的间隙，他的头脑常常会暂时屏蔽战场上的血肉厮杀、刀光剑影，思绪飘忽到遥远的天际，去思考宇宙和人生的终极问题。或者在营帐内昏暗的灯光下陷入沉思，向自己的内心倾诉，规划一个理想世界的蓝图。这部十二卷的《沉思录》就是奥勒留在戎马倥偬之际，以箴言形式记录下的自己与心灵的对话。在书中，他坦率地吐露内心的苦恼，思考在混乱纷争的世界中如何做一个高尚、正直的人，站在斯多葛派哲学的立场上探讨了自然与社会、自然与人生、理性与欲望、自我与他人的关系。虽然奥勒留所处的时代注定了他不可能成为凯撒、奥古斯都那样具备雄才大略、开疆拓土的统治者，但他留下的这部《沉思录》使人感受到德行的美好与存在的尊严，引导人们担负起人生的职责，努

力追求精神富足的生活，传承千年仍具有击中人心、提升灵魂的力量。

奥勒留的《沉思录》有斯多葛学派哲学思想的鲜明印记。斯多葛学派认为每个人都是宇宙理性的一小部分，每个人都像是一个“小宇宙”，乃是“大宇宙”的缩影。他们因此相信宇宙间有公理存在，此公理建立在亘古长存的人类理性与宇宙理性之上，不会随时间、空间而改变。斯多葛学派强调，所有的自然现象，如生老病死，都是在遵守大自然不变的法则，因此人必须学习顺应接受自己的命运。没有任何事物是偶然发生的，每件事发生都有其必要性，当命运来敲你的门时，抱怨是没有用的。

过去我们受教条主义影响，未作深入辨析，将《沉思录》里的箴言断章取义后进行发挥，认为它的核心价值观是一种悲观、充满负能量的宿命论思想，从而加以否定和批判。不可否认，奥勒留的《沉思录》表达了人应该顺应宇宙理性或者命运的思想，但同时他也在这本书里对如何认识自我、担当责任进行了透彻的思考，试图找到人在自然、社会中最恰当的位置。他说：“纵然你能活上三千年，甚至三万年，你也要记住：人唯一能失去的生命就是他现在拥有的生命”（卷二14节），告诫人们生命短暂，一个人只拥有现在，应珍惜光阴。书中也有不少劝导人们自我修炼的金句，如“受到外界环境困扰时，要泰然自若；内心产生行为冲动时，要公平公正”（卷九31节）；“只要道路清晰可见，就心怀善意大步前行，不要回头。……倘若阻力继续出现，始终沿着正义指引的方向，尽量审慎地前进。”（卷十12节）书中还反复强调社会交往应树立平等、尊重、宽容的理念，为塑造健康心理，形成和谐友爱的人际关系提供了启示。奥勒留说：犯错之人与我情同手足，“对于同胞手足，我既不会生气，也不会与之起争执，因为我们天生就该合作，犹如一个人的双手、双脚、上下眼皮或者两排牙齿。”（卷二1节）

十九世纪的法国哲学家欧内斯特·勒南（Ernest Renan）曾这样评价

道："马可·奥勒留的书，没有教条作为基础，永远保持着活力。无论是无神论者，还是对宗教抱有最虔诚信仰的人，都可从中获得启迪与陶冶。"他超越种族、国家的博大胸怀与哲学思考，时至今日仍帮助着无数的人在纷繁世界中获得心灵的静谧与安顿。

刘芳

卷一

1.从祖父维鲁斯身上，我首先学会了谦恭有礼和心平气和。

2.从别人对父亲的描述和我对他的回忆中，我学会了谦逊的勇敢。

3.母亲为我树立了典范：虔诚宽仁，不仅在行为上，更从思想上避免冷酷无情；生活简朴，与有钱人的习惯截然不同。

4.遵从曾祖父的劝告，我放弃了学校教育，择名师授业于家，并且认识到求学应该不吝惜金钱。5.我的导师劝诫我，要不偏不倚地对待赛场中蓝方或绿方[1]的御车手，对待角斗场上手执轻盾或重盾[2]的角斗士；他还勉励我不要对工作心怀畏惧，要克制自己的欲望，注重自己的基本需求，专注自己的工作，绝不听信流言蜚语。

6.感谢狄奥格奈特，他让我懂得不能沉溺于琐事；不能轻信术士和魔法师关于符咒、驱魔术之类的无稽之谈；不要染指斗鸡或其他类似的消遣；不要对耿直忠言愤懑不已；要熟读哲学著作，先读巴克切斯的作品，继之以坦达西斯和马西安的作品；年少就要开始写作；要贴身睡在简陋的木板床上安之若素，并热衷于施行希腊哲学中其他的清规戒律。

7.卢斯提库斯使我认识到：我的性格需要锤炼和呵护，绝不让自己被引入歧途，像个诡辩者那样，热衷于编造投机取巧的论著，创建说教或写作虚构的禁欲主义或利他主义短文。他还让我避开修辞学、诗歌，避免用矫揉造作的言辞，不要在家中穿着华服装模作样，或者作出别的没有品位的事情；而应该学习用清新自然的书信体文风，就像他在西努埃萨写给我母亲的信件那样。如果有人一怒之下与我发生口角，但凡他有想和解的表示，我应当准备随时与之冰释前嫌。还有，读书务求甚

解，不能满足于懂得大概意思，也不能轻易被如簧巧舌说服。在他的帮助下，我还逐渐了解了埃皮克提图所著的《回忆录》。这本书是老师从自己的藏书里拿出来送给我的。

8.阿波罗尼斯教导我：凡事要乾坤独断，切莫心存侥幸，始终不忘理性地思考问题。他还教导我以不变应万变，沉着应对突如其来的急剧苦痛、丧子之痛和慢性病的折磨。精力最充沛的人也需兼具放松心态的能力，他自己就是个活榜样。他的论著向来条理清晰，堪称典范。然而，他却显然把丰富的实践经验和教授哲学的天赋看成自己最微不足道的成就。他还教会我如何面对友人的虚情假意，既不有损自尊又不给别人留下冷漠的印象。

9.承蒙塞克司图斯先生的教诲，我学会了善良仁慈，以家长式权威治家，懂得了合乎自然的生活真谛，浑然天成的尊严，真诚为朋友利益着想，对待门外汉和空想家要耐心和蔼。他对任何人都以礼相待，在人际交往中，这种有礼貌的举止比任何恭维话都更有效地增添他的人格魅力，同时也使在场的所有人都对他怀有十足的敬意。在确定自己生活要义并使之系统化的时候，他的方法不仅全面而且有条不紊。他从不流露愤怒或者其他强烈情绪，他脸上不露声色，内心却充满柔情。他总是以平和内敛的方式表示赞许，从不炫耀自己渊博的学识。

10.批评家亚历山大提醒我不要吹毛求疵。人们语法不好，说话带着乡音，发音错误，纠正他们时态度不要严厉，最好以巧妙的方式建议他们使用某一恰当的表达方法，例如，通过回答他们的问题，对其观点表示默许，或者就某一话题本身（而不是措词）展开友好讨论，或者用其他适当的方式加以提醒。

11.我的导师佛隆托使我认识到：心怀恶意、诡计多端、口是心非皆是绝对权力的伴生物；而我们那些达官显贵偏偏大多缺乏普通人的情感。

12.柏拉图主义者亚历山大告诫我，说话和写信切忌频繁使用“我太忙了”这样的字眼，除非确有必要。他认为，任何人都不应该以忙于急务为借口，逃避对社会应尽的义务。

13.斯多葛派哲学家卡图卢斯劝告我，即便友人的批评颇为不近情理，也不要轻视它，而应该竭力设法挽回对方的好感；要衷心地高声赞扬我的导师们，就像当年在多米提乌斯提起雅特洛多图斯时那样；要培养跟子女的真挚情感。

14.从我的兄弟塞维鲁斯身上，我学会了热爱家人、热爱真理、热爱正义。在他的帮助下，我逐渐熟悉了特拉塞亚、卡托、赫尔维狄乌斯、狄昂、布鲁图斯，也逐渐熟悉了这样的概念：一个建立在全民平等、言论自由基础之上的社会和一个以维护臣民自由为第一要务的君主制。他让我懂得要以公平客观的态度评价哲学，乐善好施、慷慨大方、乐观向上，要对友情深信不疑。我还记得，他批评别人不拐弯抹角，对朋友不隐瞒自己的好恶，总是直言相告。

15.马克西姆斯自制力强，意志坚定，无论是身体欠佳还是身陷不幸总是开朗达观，堪为我的榜样。他品格高贵、富于魅力，二者极好地融为一体。他不声不响地守职尽责，从不大惊小怪。他让每个人坚信，他心口如一，认为正确的事情就必定付诸行动。他从不困惑或胆怯，从不手忙脚乱、拖拖拉拉，做任何事情都心中有数。他不会任凭自己垂头丧气或是强作欢颜，也不会被愤怒、嫉妒或其他情绪所左右。他心地善良，富有同情心，待人真诚，给人一派谦谦君子的印象，这种气质是天生的，绝非后天教诲而成。人们在他面前从不觉得低人一等，也没人胆敢挑战他的卓尔不群。他也颇具幽默感，为人和蔼可亲。

16.父亲[3]身上的优秀品质令我十分敬仰。他宽厚仁慈，决策谨慎，一旦决定就恪守不移，对虚名浮利毫不动心；他勤于政务，坚忍不拔，从善如流；他始终不渝地坚持论功行赏；他治国如高超的御手，深谙张

弛之道；他压抑了一切青春的欲望，不遗余力。

父亲意识到社交生活必须有其自身要求，他的朋友没有义务陪他吃饭或陪他出巡，每逢人家有约在先，无法陪王伴驾，他从不计较。讨论国事时，每个呈报御前的议题，必经过耐心缜密的研究。他从不仅凭粗略的第一印象草率行事。他的友情隽永持久，既不变化无常，也不滥用无度。他在任何场合都很有分寸，兴致盎然又颇具远见，能不露声色地将自己的部署逐一完善到每个细节。他对帝国的需求殚精竭虑，审慎地节省各种资源，并且忍受着由此带来的种种非议。面对神灵，他不盲目崇仰；面对同胞，他既不屈尊取悦，也不极力拉拢，而是遵循自己平和稳重的一贯风格，藐视昙花一现、新奇花哨的事物。面对命运给他带来的物质享受，他不自鸣得意，也不惴惴不安。能够得到时，他坦诚享用；不能得到时，他也不以为憾。

父亲身上断然见不到诡辩者的吹毛求疵、谄媚者的唐突无礼、迂腐者的顾虑重重。世人公认他的人格成熟而完美，阿谀奉承难动其心，自驭及驭人都得心应手。此外，父亲对真正的哲学家深怀敬意；而对冒牌的哲学家，他尽管不作品评，但也不愿意向其讨教。在社交场合，他和蔼可亲，风度翩翩，毫无矫揉造作之感。他合情合理地关注自身的健康，从不渴望延年益寿，也不设法修饰容颜，但他却绝非漫不经心。相反，他保养得非常成功，所以很少需要医生诊治，很少服用、涂抹药物。对于他人出众的才能，如擅长雄辩，精通法律、伦理等，父亲总是及时加以推许，从不嫉妒；并尽量给以机会，使其在各自领域获得声名。父亲的所作所为皆尊崇以往的诏令，但他从不谋求民众对此的认可。同样，他厌恶烦躁不安和变化无常，固执地偏爱同样的地方，追求同样的东西。每次偏头痛剧烈发作后，他便争分夺秒地处理日常政务，不但精神焕发而且能自如地行使自己的权力。父亲的私密文件不多，仅有的几份也都是专论国事的。对展示辉煌、兴建公共建筑、发放补助等事宜，他有着很强的判断力和约束力，总是更为关注这些措施的必要性

而非由此引起的赞颂。他从不在不适当的时间沐浴，也不痴迷大兴土木。他对膳食、服装的款式和颜色、身边侍从的气质从不挑剔。父亲的服装来自他在洛里姆的乡间宅地，他的日用品大都来自出生地拉努维姆。那则关于他在塔斯丘伦对待那个心怀歉疚的管家的著名轶事，是他为人处事的写照。无礼、粗鲁或者气势汹汹都违背他的本性。他从不会像俗话说的那样，怒气冲冲到冒汗的地步。对于每一件事，他总是不慌不忙、冷静、有条不紊、果断、前后一致地加以分析和权衡。对苏格拉底的记载同样适用于父亲，他有能力允许或否定自己的一些嗜好，而大多数人因自身的贪求而无力拒绝。性格刚毅到如此收放自如的程度，充分说明父亲是一个完美而不屈不挠的人，正如卧病在床的马克西姆斯所表现出的一样。

17.我要感谢神灵，赐予我慈爱的祖父母、伟大的双亲、善良的姐姐、所有的良师、战友、亲人和益友。感谢神灵，我从未与他们有过任何争执。尽管本人的脾气秉性很可能导致这类事情的发生，但幸运的是，上天没有让我经受这样的考验。我还要感谢神灵，早早终结了我祖父的妃子对我的抚养职责，保全了我的无邪之心。我并不急于长大成人，而是希望从容不迫地成长。我还要感谢上苍，承蒙父皇的教诲，我戒除了一切浮华做派，懂得了宫廷生活可以没有忠诚的护卫、华丽的朝服、耀眼的灯火、栩栩如生的雕塑和其他奢华的排场。但凡国事当头，需要表率，帝王可以把生活降低到平民百姓的水准，却丝毫无损于他应有的声望和威严。神灵还赐予我这样一位兄弟[4]：一方面，他的天性长期考验着我的自律能力，另一方面他对我的敬爱又温暖着我的心。还有我的孩子们，他们个个心智健全，身体健康。承蒙神佑，使我在修辞学、诗歌和其他学科造诣有限，倘若我不太费力就能学问精进，我可能会耗费时间专研学问。神灵作证，只要一有机会，我便提升导师们的品级地位，使之达到我认为他们心中想要的程度，而不是以年资尚浅为由，让他们空等日后的升迁。感谢神灵，使我与阿波罗尼斯、卢斯提库斯、马克西姆斯相识。他们使我屡屡对自然生活的真谛产生清晰的认

识。他们对我的关照、帮助和启发，使我没有理由不去追求自然生活。假如我离此目标还很远，那也怪我自己没有用心聆听神灵的启示——不，是神灵的指引——而这些我早已听上述几位哲人指点过。

感谢神灵，我的身体长期忍受这样的生活方式而没有垮掉。我从未卷入与贝妮迪克塔或西奥多托斯之流的纠葛之中，并从后续发生的事件中全身而退。虽然我和卢斯提库斯经常意见不一，但我从未把事情激化到令我懊悔的地步。母亲虽然去世早，但最后的岁月是和我一起度过的。再有，每逢我想救人于贫困或危难之时，从未有人告诉我缺乏必要的手段，而我本人也从未遇到同样需要别人伸出援手的境况。我要感谢神灵，赐予我一位贤妻，她是如此恭顺，如此充满爱心，如此纯真自然。感谢神灵不断赐予我的孩子们称职的导师，并在梦中赐我良方，特别是治好了我在卡耶塔和赫里萨患上的吐血症和眩晕病。最后，承蒙神佑，虽然我痴迷哲学，却不曾沦为某些诡辩家的猎物，也没有把精力全都用于在书桌旁啃书本、研究逻辑法则或苦读自然科学。

所有这一切美好的事情，“没有神灵和命运的帮助，是不可能办到的。”

写于格兰河畔的夸地。

卷二

1.每日伊始都要这样告诫自己：今天或许会碰到好管闲事之人、忘恩负义之人、傲慢无礼之人、背信弃义之人、心怀鬼胎之人和自私自利之人。这一切皆源于他们善恶不分。而我早已深谙善恶之本，善之高尚及恶之卑劣，也深知犯错之人的本性，他与我情同手足（并非血缘关系，而指同样被赋予理性和些许神性的同胞）。所以，这些行为伤害不了我，因为谁也不能把我牵连到堕落的事件中去。对于同胞手足，我既不会生气，也不会与之起争执，因为我们天生就该合作，犹如一个人的双手、双脚、上下眼皮或者两排牙齿。相互阻碍有违大自然的法则。激怒或者厌恶不正是一种阻碍的表现吗？

2.区区血肉之体，悠悠几缕气息，加上统领全局的理性，这就是我（忘掉你的书本，别再渴求它们，那根本不是你的才能）。作为一只脚迈进死神门槛的人，莫要留恋血肉之躯，它那黏稠的血液、骨骼、复杂的神经、静脉和动脉。也莫要留恋那几缕气息。气息是什么？无非一缕气流，连每次呼出来再吸进去的空气都不相同。唯有第三者——理性，那才是你必须全神贯注的主宰。既然你已经两鬓斑白，就不要再把理性当作奴仆，在私利一次次驱动下，将它像木偶般扯来扯去，也不要再怒气冲冲地指责命运，抱怨今天，哀叹明天。

3.天意笼罩着整个神界。即便是无常的偶然性也在大自然的版图中占有一席之地。也就是说，天意已经将其编织进纷繁复杂的花毯之中。天意乃万物之源，且与必然性和宇宙的福祉息息相关。你本身只是那个宇宙的一部分。人性的任何组成部分，若由普遍本性授之，皆是好的组成部分。再者，维系整个世界存在的是变化，不仅基本元素在变化，而且由这些元素构成的更为庞大的结构也在变化。明白这番道理就能知

足，就能永远把它们奉为准则。忘却对书的渴求吧。唯有如此，当大限来临时，你才不会低声抱怨，而是以优雅的风度，怀着对神灵由衷的感激迎接它。

4.好好反思一下你的那些蹉跎岁月吧，神灵是如何一再放宽你的时限，而你却没有好好利用。现在应该认识宇宙的本质，你就是宇宙的一部分；认识主宰万物的力量的本质，你就是这种力量的产物。现在应该懂得生命有时限，好好把握生命，才能增进自己的领悟，否则时光流逝，一去不还。

5.遇事要像个罗马人，更要像个男人一样时时刻刻决心以应有的尊严和仁爱之心，独立公正地去面对。抛开其他的私心杂念吧。只要你把每个行动当作最后的机会，摒弃任性的想法，摒弃感情上对理性命令的畏缩，摒弃自我表现的欲望，摒弃自我崇拜，摒弃对自己命运的不满，你就能做到这一点。要知道人只需掌控很少的东西，便可以平静虔诚地度过余生；只要他听从这为数不多的忠告，神灵就别无他求。

6.你错待了自己，我的灵魂；一切来得太快，已没有时间更改。生命只有一次；你已来日无多，却依然漠不关心自己的荣誉，将幸福寄望于他人的灵魂[5]。

7.外面的牵挂使你分心吗？那就给自己留一方净土，在那里可以增加对善的认识，学会克制内心的躁动。还要警惕另一种错误：有些人的愚蠢在于终日忙碌却漫无目标，不知自己的一切努力、一切想法，都为了什么。

8.一个人因对别人的想法漠不关心而遭受不幸，这种情形很难看到。然而，如果他对自己的意愿也漠不关心，那么不幸注定是对他的回报。

9.永远记住什么是普遍本性，什么是自己的本性，以及两者之间有什么样的关系。整体是那么的宏大，而部分是如此的渺小。记住，没人能阻止你按照普遍本性说话行事，因为你就是它的一部分。

10.当泰奥弗拉斯托斯比较各种罪恶的时候（至今它们都被普遍认为具有可比性），他坚信这样一个哲学真理，即欲望之罪比激情之罪更应受到惩罚。因为激情对理性的背离至少看起来带有一丝不安，让人感到一些羁绊；而欲望之罪则纯粹由满足感所驱使，意味着更多的自我放纵和缺乏男子气的倾向。况且，实践经验和哲学理论都支持这种论点，即带来满足感的罪行比带来痛苦的罪行应该受到更为严厉的谴责。一种情形是当事人因遭受不公而被迫失去自制力，另一种情形则是在欲望的驱使下主动犯错。

11.无论做事、说话还是思考问题，都要铭记：终止生命的权力始终掌握在自己手中。倘若真有神灵，你无需害怕离开人间，因为神灵会保佑你不受伤害。倘若神灵不存在，或者即便存在也不理人间俗事，那么在一个无神灵无天意的世界里，生活对我又有何意义？所幸的是，神灵确实存在，而且挂念人间之事。他们赐予我们力量，使我们免于陷入彻底的罪恶。纵然生活中其他方面存在罪恶，神灵也已经替我们未雨绸缪，赐予每个人避免罪恶的力量。如果神不会使一个人堕落，又怎么会让他的生活堕落？普遍本性不会对这种危险熟视无睹，也不会疏于防范和补救。本性既不缺乏能力也不缺乏手段，断不可能被引入歧途，任凭好运和恶运不问青红皂白地降临到有德君子和无耻小人身上。不过，好人与坏人同样会遇到这样的命运：生存和死亡，荣耀和耻辱，快乐和痛苦，富有和贫穷。凡此种种，不一而足。它们既不能使我们高尚也不能使我们堕落，因此它们也就没有好坏之分。

12.我们的思维能力使我们认识到万事万物都会飞快地消失：它们的形体消失在空间里，对它们的记忆消失在时间里。我们还应该认识到

所有感官对象的实质，尤其那诱惑人的快乐、使人害怕的痛苦，或是那起劲地鼓动人自命不凡的声音。认清它们多么低贱卑劣，多么利欲熏心，它们的消亡多么迅速。我们应该明辨那些因真知灼见而广受赞誉的人的真正价值。我们还应该理解死亡的本质。只要我们静下心来对死亡好好思考一番，剖析一下我们对死亡的种种想象，我们很快就会明白，死亡不过是一种自然过程（只有孩童才会惧怕自然过程）。更确切地说，不只是一种过程，而且是对自然作出的一种积极贡献。我们还可以认识到人与神灵是如何沟通的，这种沟通是通过身体的哪一部分来实现的，这部分消失之后又会怎样。

13.没有比这更悲哀的事情了：想搞清世间万物，就像诗人吟唱的那样，“探索地球的深处”，好奇地窥探他人灵魂深处的秘密，却丝毫不明白我们唯一要做的只是守住内心的神灵，忠贞不二地为其效力。这种效力需要保持其纯净，免受激情的诱惑，切忌漫无目标，切忌对神和世人的杰作心怀不满。这是因为，前者的杰作由于卓越不凡而值得我们崇敬，后者的杰作由于手足情分而值得我们善待。有时或许也出于同情，同情世人对善恶的无知。因为这种缺陷与黑白不分一样有害。

14.纵然你能活上三千年甚至三万年，你也要记住：人唯一能失去的生命就是他现在拥有的生命。除此之外，他没什么可失去的。这就意味着最长的生命与最短的生命其实没有两样。这是因为，眼下正在经历的这一分钟同样属于每个人，但它一旦逝去便不再为我们所有。所以我们失去的仅仅限于这飞逝的瞬间。既然谁都无法失去已经逝去的或即将到来的，他怎么能被夺走他并不拥有的东西呢？因此，有两件事应当牢记在心：其一，自时间伊始，宇宙万物便以同样的方式周而复始，这种景象你看上一百年、两百年，或是永远看下去，其实根本没有区别。其二，当最长寿的人和最短命的人死去时，他们的损失分毫不差。这是因为，人唯一能被剥夺的东西便是现在。既然现在才是人拥有的一切，他就不会失去他未曾拥有的东西。

15.世人显然对犬儒主义者莫尼姆斯的论断持有异议。他认为：“事物取决于人们对它的看法。”然而如果我们承认他这一论断的实质也包含一定的真理，那么这一论断的价值同样是显而易见的。

16.对于肉体凡胎的人来说，他所犯的最严重的错误是把自己变成（如果能够做到的话）宇宙中的某种毒瘤或脓肿。抱怨客观环境始终是违背大自然的，因为每个人的天性都是大自然的一部分。第二个错误是，人们生气的时候常常会冷落或者恶意反对自己的同胞。第三个错误是，向快乐或痛苦屈服。第四个错误是，掩藏真情实感，虚情假意，言行不一。第五个错误是，做事随心所欲，没有明确目标，无谓浪费精力，缺乏应有思考。哪怕最微小的活动也应有目标。对于有理性的人来说，这一目标应该符合最古老的城邦和国家的法律、理性。

17.在人的一生中，他的时间只是短暂的瞬间，他的存在只是一种不停的流淌，他的感觉只是一种昏暗的微光，他的肉体只是蠕虫的一种食物，他的灵魂只是一种动荡的旋涡，他前途暗淡，名誉难料。总之，他肉体的一切犹如湍急的流水，他的灵魂犹如梦境般飘渺。人生如战争，它是在陌生土地上的短暂停留，声誉之后便是遗忘。如此说来，人从何处才能找到指引方向的力量？人能而且只能从一处找到答案：哲学。成为哲人，就是要保持内心的神性纯洁无瑕、完好无损，这样他才能超越所有的快乐和痛苦，做事目标明确，不弄虚作假，不依赖他人的作为或不作为，接受每一份分配物，把它看成和自己是出自同一来源的。最后，当然也是最重要的，要欣然等待死亡的来临，那只不过是组成每一生命的各种元素的一种简单分解过程。只要这种不停的组合和再组合对元素本身无害，为何要用不信任的眼光看待生命整体的变化和分解呢？这不过是大自然的一种规律罢了，而大自然的规律是没有邪恶的。

卷三

1.岁月蹉跎，来日无多。我们要考虑的还不止这些。即使人能够延年益寿，我们也必须考虑，他的大脑是否还有能力理解事物，是否还有能力进行沉思以便理解神灵和世俗事物。人的衰老，刚开始时不会表现为呼吸器官、消化功能或者感觉器官、脉搏跳动等诸方面的损失。但是，充分运用各项器官的能力，正确评估职责要求的能力，应付可能发生的各种问题的能力，判断是否大限将至的能力，以及娴熟运用智力进行决策的能力，都已经开始衰退了。我们必须赶紧奋力前行。这不仅因为每过一个小时，我们便离死亡更近一步，而且因为我们的认知和理解能力在那以前就已经开始走下坡路了。

还有一个值得我们关注的事情：即便是在大自然的运行中发生的偶然事件也有其优美和迷人之处。比如，一块面包在烤箱里烤制的时候，上面会出现一些裂纹。这种瑕疵虽然不是制作中有意为之，倒也出现得合情合理，而且还能激发人的食欲。再比如，熟透了的无花果会开裂。快要掉落的橄榄有一种临近腐败的状态，但它却给果实增添一种特殊的美感。同样，垂了头的玉米秆、狮子发怒时褶皱的皮肤、野猪嘴边滴落的白沫，凡此种种虽然本身看上去不悦目，但却是大自然运行的结果，为增添大自然的迷人魅力作出了自己的贡献。

2.因此，对一个感觉敏锐、对宇宙的运行有着深邃洞察力的人来说，几乎所有事情，即便只是其他事物的副产品，似乎也都能给他带来额外的愉悦。对那些龇牙咧嘴的活生生的狮子老虎，这样的人会认为，它们像艺术家或雕塑家对它们的模仿一样值得欣赏。凭借自己审慎的鉴赏力，这样的人不仅能看到青年诱人的可爱，而且懂得欣赏老年男女的成熟魅力。并非所有人都会被此类事物所吸引，只有对大自然及其杰作

真正怀有亲近感的人才会被它们打动。

3.希波克拉底治愈了很多病患，但他自己却死于疾病。迦勒底人预言了很多人的死亡，但他们自己也没逃脱死亡的追逐。亚历山大、庞贝和凯撒大帝毁灭一座座城池，在战场上砍杀过成千上万的士兵和战马，可是大限来临时同样撒手人寰。赫拉克利特无休止地猜测大火将耗尽宇宙，到头来他自己却身患水肿，浑身沾满牛粪而死。德谟克利特死于寄生虫，苏格拉底死于另一种害虫。那么，这一切寓意何在？其寓意便是：你登船，远航，抵达港口，然后登岸。进入来世吗？神灵无处不在，甚至更遥远的远方也不例外。进入最终的无知觉状态吗？这样你就摆脱了痛苦和快乐的羁绊，不再受缚于这尘世的航船，这船比它的驾驭者卑鄙何止万倍。因为一方是理性和神圣，而另一方不过是肉体与腐败。

4.莫把有生之年浪费在猜测左邻右舍上，除非这种猜测能使双方有所受益。揣摩别人的行为、动机、言谈、想法和打算，总之，揣摩任何会分散你的精力，使你不能忠诚于内心神灵的事物，都意味着你丧失了做一些其他事情的机会。所以，务必要让你的思绪远离那些无聊而杂乱无章的猜想，尤其是那种多管闲事、不够厚道的想法。人应该习惯于这样一种思维：当突然被问到“你此刻在想什么”的时候，能坦然而毫不犹豫地给出答案。由此可以证明他的思想单纯而友善，与社会人的身份相称，对感官刺激、妒忌、羡慕、猜疑，或其他自己羞于承认的情感不感兴趣。这种力争上游的人，堪当神灵的祭司和使者，因为他把内心的力量发挥到极致：享乐不辱其名，痛苦不伤其身，羞辱不移其情，邪恶不动其心。他参加的是所有比赛中最伟大的一项，即为摆脱情欲的操控而抗争。他的秉性纯粹正直，全心全意地迎接命运的降临。除非为了公众利益，很少去揣测别人的想法、说法和做法。他严格控制自己的活动，只关心自己的事情，专注宇宙大网中自己这根细丝，确保自己的行为是高尚的，坚信发生在自己身上的一切必定是最好的，因为指导他自己的

命运之神必定按照更高层的指令行事。他不会忘记所有理性生物共有的手足之情，也不会忘记关怀每一个人正是人性的一种体现。他懂得不应该顺从世俗的观念，而是要追随那些与大自然和谐相处的人们的观点。对于那些生活不太有序的人，他时常提醒自己，要记住他们在家和在外、白天和晚上所展现的不同品质，要记住他们经常交往的社会阶层。这些人对自己评价都不高，那么就更不值得他来赞许。

5.在行动上，你应积极主动，手脚麻利，但也要考虑公众的利益；应深思熟虑，但不要优柔寡断。在感情上，你不要自命不凡地过于精雕细刻，不要喋喋不休，也不要多管闲事。在内心神灵的主宰下，你应该是一个充满阳刚之气、成熟稳健的人，一个政治家，一个罗马人，一个执政官。你应该是一个坚守立场，像一名在人生战场上待命撤退的战士，随时欢迎接替者。你应该是一个功劳无需自我宣扬，也无需他人评说的人。这就是内心快乐的秘密，不依赖外来帮助，也不祈求他人恩赐安宁的秘密。我们必须自己挺立于天地之间，而不是被别人扶植起来。

6.假如世俗生活能给你比正义、真理、自制和勇气更美好的东西（也就是说，在你的行为符合理性法则时能心境安宁，在无法控制的命运从天而降时能心境安宁），或者假如你能认清更加崇高的理想，那么你就全心全意地奔向它，并且为发现了自己的追求而欢欣鼓舞。然而，如果在你看来没有比你内心的神灵更美好的东西可以抑制你的每一次冲动，权衡你的每一个想法，弃绝（苏格拉底语）肉体对你的诱惑，公开宣布你效忠神灵、体恤民众，如果你通过比较发现其他一切都很卑微渺小，那么你就不应允许自己从事任何相反的追求。因为你一旦犹豫不决、改变方向，就再也不能坚守自己选择的理想了。其他任何雄心壮志都不能与理智和公民义务所具有的美好相提并论。哪怕是全世界的掌声、权力、财富和快乐，也无法与之相比。这些东西，也许暂时令我们颇觉适意，但它们很快就能占领上风、使人失去平衡。要我说，你干脆就选择最高的理想，并坚守下去。也许你会说：“可是，对我最有利的

便是我的最高理想。”假如你作为一个具有理性的人，它对你最有利，那就坚守下去。但如果你仅仅作为一个动物，它对你也最有利，那就不妨直说，并谦卑地维持你的观点，只要确保你已经正确地探究过这个问题。

7.永远不要看重靠违背诺言、丧失自尊、仇恨、猜疑、诅咒他人、伪善等手段而获得的好处，也不要试图得到别人掩藏起来的东西。如果人优先考虑的是自己的思想、内心的神灵和对神灵的供奉，他就不会装腔作势，满腹牢骚，既不渴望独处也不追求热闹。最大的好处在于，他的生命将摆脱不停的追逐和躲避。他不在意自己的灵魂在尘世的躯体中存在的时间是长是短。此刻若是大限来临，他会从容向前，一如完成其他事情那样，淡然而有条不紊。生命中，他别无牵挂，只专注于不让自己的思想误入歧途，不要走上与有理性的公民背离的道路。

8.受过训诫和净化的心灵，不会有腐败的污渍、不洁的污点、生脓的毒疮。死亡不会在中途匆匆带走他的生命，如同演员未及演出结束便中途退场。他既不是卑微的奴仆，也不是纨绔子弟。他不依靠别人，也不离群索居。他无需躲闪，也不逃避任何责任。

9.要尊重你自己形成意见的能力。仅凭这种能力，你内心的舵手便能使你避免产生与天性不符、与理性人的天性不符的意见。这种能力能使你变得审慎细心，能使你跟同胞愉快相处，能使你与神的意志取得一致。

10.抛开其他一切，牢记下面的真理。记住，人只活在当下，活在这飞逝的瞬间。人生命的其余时间不是已经逝去，便是还未来临。这个尘世的生命微不足道，生活在地上的一个微不足道的角落。即便是最长久的身后之名，也同样微不足道。况且，有无这种身后之名，还要仰仗一代代很快凋零、同样微不足道的人们。他们对自己都不甚了解，更何况对那个早已逝去的生命呢。

11.除上所述，另有箴言一则。当一个事物出现在你面前时，你要在脑海中对它形成清晰的印象，至少要记住它的轮廓。这样才能辨明其基本特征，并透过分散的特征看清真实的整体结构。自己弄清这一事物本身，弄清组成这一事物并由这一事物再次分解的元素。没有比这种能力更能发展你的头脑了。它使你能系统而精确地审视生命中的每一种体验，将其分类，确定其目的、对宇宙的价值、对至尊之城（其他的城池都是至尊之城的住户）的成员——人类的价值。举例说明，比如我此刻脑海中出现的印象。它是什么，由什么构成，能存在多久？它需要我作出什么样的道德反应？是亲切、坚毅、率真、真诚、诚实、自立还是其他品质？面对各种情况，都要学会说：这是神的意愿；或者，这是命运的安排，是复杂网络中的一根细丝，是偶然事件的巧合；又或者，这是与我同宗同种的同胞手足的所作所为，只是他对本性的要求还茫然无知。而我自己却不能承认这样的无知，所以要本着源于本性的手足之情，与他和睦相处，如若不涉及是非善恶的问题，我同时还必须根据事情的是非曲直作出公正的判断。

12.在你完成一项任务之前，如果你能始终热情饱满、精力充沛、充满仁爱地严格遵循理性的原则，如果你能抛弃一切次要追求，保持内心纯洁诚实的神性（如同此刻就面对神的召唤），如果你能坚持谨守，不为任何事情停留，也不因任何事情畏缩，但求自己每一个行为都与自然契合，每次讲话能大胆地讲述实情，那么你的人生将是美好的。而且，无人能阻挡你按这一方针行事。

13.要像外科医生总是把柳叶刀和解剖刀放在手边以备不时之需那样，你要时刻铭记自己的准则以便理解有关神灵和俗世的事情。即便在最琐碎的行动中也不要忘记这二者之间的紧密联系，因为不参照神灵的事情，世俗的事情就不可能处理好，反之亦然。

14.不要再误导自己。你再也不会阅读那些笔记，罗马人和希腊人

的陈年往事，或者特意为晚年收藏的作品精选。努力向前，直至尽头，抛开一切奢望。假如你对自己还有一丝尊敬，就要尽可能拯救自己。

15.他们完全不懂下列词汇的含义：偷窃、播种、购买、平静和明白职责。这需要用一种与肉眼不同的眼光来理解。

16.肉体、灵魂和思想：肉体负责感知，灵魂是行动的源泉，而思想则制定准则。然而，被圈着的公牛也会有感知能力。野兽、同性恋者、尼禄和法拉里斯也不会仅凭冲动行事。就连那些不信奉神灵的人、背叛祖国的人、背地里干尽坏事的人，也有思想指引他们走上负责的大路。记住：其他一切都是各色人等的共有特点。君子的非凡之处在于他以赞许的态度迎接命运给他编织的每一个经历；在于他拒绝玷污心中的神灵，拒绝用杂念打扰心中的神灵；在于他决意维护神灵的安宁，庄重得体地遵循神灵的教诲，承诺不说不实之词、不行不义之事。他过着简朴而自尊的幸福生活，即便因此遭到世人的怀疑，他也不对任何人心生怨恨。他仍然坚定不移地走向生命的终点，在使命驱使下纯洁安详地到达终点，完美和谐地领受命运的分派，心甘情愿地离开。

卷四

1.若内心的主宰力量忠实于自然之道，它就能根据环境提供的各种可能与机遇随时调整自己。它不要求先决条件，为达目的也愿意妥协，并能将各种阻碍自己前进的事物转化为对自己有用的东西。好比垃圾堆上燃起的篝火，原本也许会湮灭成微弱的火光，但是它的烈焰迅速蔓延至整堆垃圾，烧尽整堆垃圾，升腾起更高的火焰。

2.从事任何事业都不可随意，不可无视那些确保其能正确执行的原则。

3.人们向往归隐荒野、海滨或崇山峻岭。这实在是人们心里珍藏的梦想。不过，这样的梦想对于一个哲人来说毫无价值，因为他若愿意可随时归隐于心。人无法寻找比自己的灵魂更宁静、更不受打扰的隐退之所了。更重要的是，他自身就具备这样的条件，只需凝神静思便能立即获得内心的宁静。这种宁静不过是井然有序的内心世界的别称而已。那么经常采用这种归隐方法吧，用它来不断更新自己。制定简练的生活准则，但要包含基本原则。时常温习它们，就可以平息一切烦恼，使你无忧无虑地回到应尽的职责中去。

说到底，你为何烦恼？因为人类的不端行为？要记住这一信条：一切理性生物天生要相互依存；容忍也是正义的一部分；人非有意为恶。想想看，无数的仇视、猜疑、憎恨、冲突都已随知情者灰飞烟灭，你就不要再烦恼了。

或许，是宇宙对你的安排让你烦心？再回忆一下两难推理法吧：“若非英明的神意，便是一团微粒。”想想看，大量的证据证明世界犹如一座城池。你是否因身体不适而感到痛苦？想想看，思想只有离开

肉体时才认识到自己的力量，与生活中的顺畅与艰难完全无关。总之，想一下你所学到并领会的所有关于痛苦与快乐的知识。

又或许，是泡沫般虚幻的声望使你分心？记住，遗忘就在你的眼前迅速开始；记住，我们身前身后都是永恒的深渊；记住，那些喝彩的回声是多么空洞，那些自称是仰慕者的评价是多么反复无常而缺乏水准，世俗声望的传播范围又是多么狭小。整个大地不过是一个小点，而我们居住的地方又是其中极小的一个角落。那么能有多少人赞美你？而他们又是怎样的人呢？

所以，归隐到自己内心那一方小天地吧。最要紧的是，绝不要抗争或较劲，而要做自己的主人，像个男子汉，像个人，像个公民，像个凡人那样面对生活。真理如云，不如经常思考以下两条：其一，事物永远不可能触及灵魂，只是迟钝地站在灵魂之外，唯有无端的猜想才会引起灵魂的不安；其二，所有看得见的事物时刻都在变化，并终将不复存在；想想自己身上发生的无数变化。整个宇宙都在变，生活本身即是你对它的看法[6]。

4.如果人类普遍具有思考能力，那么也就普遍具有理性，由此我们也就成为理性生物。因此可以断定，告诫我们“应该做什么”或“不应该做什么”的理性也同样具有普遍性。这就是一种普世法则。反过来，它说明我们都是同胞，享有共同的公民资格，而这个世界就是一个城市。世上还有其他的公民资格可供全人类分享吗？正是从这共同的世界中产生了思维、理性、法律本身。要不然，还能从何而来？我身上土性的部分来自土地，水性的部分来自水，风来自风，而炙热的火性则来自火（因为无中不能生有，也不能归于无），所以思想必定也有来源。

5.死亡，如同出生，是大自然的一个秘密。同样的元素组合在一起，再分解开来，全然没有值得羞愧的地方。对于具有理性思维的生物来说，这既不反常，也没有违背人生的法则。

6.什么样的人行什么样的事，这是必然的。如果希望世事不是这样，就如同希望无花果树不产生浆汁一样不现实。无论如何都要记住：你和他很快就会去世，而你们的大名也将很快被人遗忘。

7.抛开“我被冤屈”的念头，冤屈感自然也会随之消失。拒绝受伤的感觉，伤痛也会消失。

8.不能腐蚀人的，也就不会腐蚀他的生活，不会对他造成任何损害，无论是外在的还是内在的。

9.集体权宜的法则促成了这种情况的发生。

10.任何事情的发生都有其合理性。仔细观察一下，就会发现此话千真万确。一桩桩事件之间，不仅存在先后顺序，还存在一种公道合理的秩序，好像有一只手让它们各就各位似的。那么，你不妨继续观察下去，让善意伴随着你的每一个举动。无论你做什么，都要注意这一点。

11.莫要仿效骄傲自大者的看法，也不要让他们的看法支配你的思想，而要按照事物的本来面貌观察事物。

12.时刻谨记以下两点：其一，只听从理性（我们的主宰和立法者）的建议，做有利于公共福祉的事情；其二，假如有人当场纠正你，并能说服你你的判断有误，你就应该重新考虑自己的决定。但是这种改变的出发点，必须是正义、公益，或其他类似的利益。这必须是唯一的考虑，而不是为了追求享受或声望。

13.“你有理性吗？”“有。”那为什么不用它呢？如果理性发挥了作用，夫复何求？

14.你生来便是宇宙的一部分。你将消失在赐予你生命的宇宙中。更准确地说，你将再次化入宇宙的创造者理性之中。

15.许多香灰落在同一个祭坛上：有的早些，有的晚些，但这没有任何区别。

16.你只要回归到原本的教义中，回归到对理性的崇敬中，用不了一周，那些现在将你归入野兽和猴子之流的人们便会尊你为神。

17.活着的时候不要以为还有千年可活。死亡近在咫尺。趁着还有时间和能力，好自为之吧。

18.—个人只要不理会别人说什么、做什么、想什么，只关心自己的行为是否公正虔诚，他就必然拥有充裕的时间和安逸的心境。有德之人从不窥探别人的污点，只会坚定不移地朝自己的目标努力。

19.为身后之名而血脉偾张的人没有思考过下面的事实：所有记得他的人不久都会离开人世，随着时间的推移，他们的后代也会离去，即使在传递之际曾闪闪发亮，最终记忆的火光也将熄灭。何况，即便那些人都能长生不死，他们的记忆也不会消亡，这对你又有何意义？对坟墓中的你显然毫无意义。即便在你的有生之年，赞美之词，除非能对某些目的有所帮助，可对你又有何用？所以，如果你一心想知道未来人们对你的评价，必定会不合时宜地拒绝现在大自然所赋予你的一切。

20.但凡称得上美的事物，其美皆源于自身，无需旁求。赞美却不是这样，它既不能使事物变得更坏，也不能使其变得更好。即便是极为平常的美，比如自然物体或艺术品，也是如此。真正的美还需要别的条件吗？当然不需要。有法律、真理、仁慈或谦虚，就已足够。这些美德会因赞美而增色，或因谴责而受损吗？绿宝石会因为没人欣赏而有损其美吗？黄金、象牙、紫色呢？七弦竖琴或短剑呢？玫瑰花蕾或小树苗呢？

21.如果人死后灵魂真能不灭，那么自时间伊始，我们头上的天空

如何能容纳这么多的灵魂？而地面又如何能容纳自古至今这么多肉体？肉体入土之后很快会腐烂变质，为后面的肉体腾出了空间。同样地，升入空中的灵魂停留一段时间之后也会产生变化，弥漫开来，继而转化成火，重回宇宙的创造理性之中。这样，腾出的空间便可以接纳其他灵魂。这便是信奉灵魂不灭者的答案。况且，我们不能光计算人类肉体的数量，还要包括每天被我们和其他动物吞噬的所有生物。以这种方式消亡，从某种意义上说是被葬在动物或人的体内，并为它们提供营养。如果这样的话，这个数量该有多么庞大！不过，随着它们被融入血液，再转变成空气或火，这样，所需的空间就都具备了。

我们又是如何发现这些真相的呢？就是通过区别问题和根源。

22.绝不要让自己过分激动。一旦冲动发生，首先要保证它符合正义的要求。一旦形成某种看法，首先要使自己确信其正确。

23.世界啊，我始终亦步亦趋追随您伟大的和谐。只要对您合乎时宜，对我就恰逢其时。大自然啊，您四季生产的作物便是我的收获。万物皆源于此，长于此，归于此。当诗人高喊："伟大的刻克洛普斯之城！"时，但愿我们不必一起高呼"伟大的神灵之城！"

24.圣人说："假如懂得知足，就该少些作为。"也许这样更好：只做非做不可的事情，只做理性要求公民必须做的事情，只按照它所要求的去做。这样，你会产生一种做事少而精的满足感。其实，我们的言行大都可有可无，省去一些不仅节约了时间还省去了烦恼。因此，人每走一步都应自问："这件事非做不可吗？"而且，我们不仅要抑制无聊的行为，还要抑制无聊的想法，这样不必要的事情就不会发生。

25.考验一下自己是否能像有德之人那样生活。他们满足于宇宙对他的安排，只求为人公正，处事仁慈。

26.“这一切[7]你都看到了吗？”现在这样想想：你的角色应该是性情安详、为人质朴单纯。是别人做错了吗？错误在于他自身。你遇到什么事情了吗？很好，这就是普遍的命运对你的安排，这种安排早在时间伊始便已注定。它和发生的其他事情一样，都是特意为你编织的命运之网的一部分。总之，生命短暂，遵从理性和正义的指引，珍惜如梭的时光吧。放松心情，但要有节制。

27.宇宙要么井然有序，要么是杂乱无章、随意拼凑起来、勉强成形的一团混沌。不过，你身上是否也存在着某种有序，同时从更大的整体看来却又无序？自然的各个部分尽管千差万别，可是它们之间是否又关联一体呢？

28.—颗黑暗的心！一颗任性妇人之心；一颗残暴之心，一颗野兽之心；幼稚、愚蠢而虚伪；一颗贪婪之心，一颗暴君之心。

29.如果说不了解宇宙中存在什么的人就是不懂得宇宙，那么不了解宇宙中发生什么的人同样也不懂得宇宙。这样的人是一个从理性王国自我放逐的流亡者，是一个失去自己洞察力的睁眼瞎，是一个自身没有生活来源、依附他人生活的贫民。当他拒绝接受自己的命运（毕竟，命运也是产生了他自己的大自然的一种产物），从而割裂、割断其与我们共同的自然法则的联系时，他便是世界的一个累赘。当他将自己的灵魂与全体理性生物共有的灵魂割断，任其漂泊时，他便是从整体截去的一段残肢。

30.—位哲人无衫，另一位无书，还有一位衣衫仅遮住一半身体，他说：“虽无面包果腹，我依然坚守理性。”对我来说，虽然学无所成，但依然坚持不辍。

31.要热爱自己所学的专业，从中汲取养分。像全心侍奉神灵的人那样度过余生，从此既不做他人的主人，也不为他人的奴仆。

32.让我们回想一下维斯帕先统治的时代。你看到了什么？男人和女人忙于婚配、抚养子女、患病、垂死、争斗、吃喝、讨价还价、耕作、阿谀奉承、自吹自擂、相互妒忌、筹划诡计、诅咒谩骂、怨天尤人、谈情说爱、积存钱财、觊觎王位。如此这般的生活，今天踪影全无。再看看图拉真统治的时代。那样的生活，今天同样不复存在。同样再看看其他时代和人物的记录，你会看到他们每一个人经过短暂的奋斗，都已逝去并化作各种元素。特别是，回想一下那些你所熟知的人。他们不是满足于坚定履行上天赋予的职责，而是追慕虚荣。在这种情况下，我们有必要提醒自己，对任何事物价值的追求，都取决于事物本身的实际价值。所以，想要避免受挫，切忌过分沉溺于那些并不最为紧要的事情。

33.曾经风行一时的用语如今已经废弃不用。曾经家喻户晓的名字如今也成了陈年古语。卡米卢斯、恺撒、沃勒塞斯、利奥拉图斯，还有更近一些的斯奇比奥和加图、奥古斯都，甚至哈德良和安东尼纳斯。一切都已成为历史传说，不久便会被人忘却。即便是那些曾熠熠生辉的人物也会如此。至于其他人，他们刚刚吐出最后一口气便如同荷马所说的那样："同样消失在世人眼中，成了传闻。"不朽的英名究竟是什么呢？不过是空洞虚无的东西。那么，我们应该追求什么呢？只能是：公正的思想、无私的行为、真实的话语，把世间发生的一切看作命中注定，预料之中，来自同一源泉。

34.心甘情愿地把自己交给命运之神克洛索，任凭她编织你的生命之线。

35.我们都是这一天的造物，记忆者和被记忆者都一样。

36.仔细观察世间万物如何源源不断地产生于变化之中。认识到大自然最崇高的幸福蕴藏于事物的变化之中，变化的事物依其本性又形成新的事物。可以说，世间万物都是孕育新事物的种子。如果认为只有种

在土地里或子宫里的才是种子，这样的人成不了哲学家。

37.你将不久于人世，却依旧不能专心致志，不能摆脱烦躁，还不能对外界危害漠不关心，对所有人怀有仁慈之心，也不相信秉公做事才是唯一的智慧。

38.悉心观察指引着智者行为的力量，看看他们在避免什么，又在追求什么。

39.对你而言，邪恶并非来自他人的心灵，也非源于你自己身体构成的任何变化。那么，它从何而来？它来自你心中对邪恶的评估。拒绝评估，便会万事大吉。让这种评估者的声音保持沉默吧，哪怕紧靠它的可怜的躯体被划破或灼烧，化脓或坏死。不要让这种声音评价善恶，无论对好人还是坏人。这是因为，无论人们是否遵从自然法则，只要事情公正地发生在他们身上，就既不会阻碍也不会促进自然之道。

40.要始终把宇宙看作一个拥有单一物质和单一灵魂的鲜活有机体。好好观察一切事物是如何服从于这一整体特有的洞察力，如何在这一整体的驱使下运动，如何在每一事件的因果关系中发挥作用的。一根根的线是如此错综复杂地交织在一个网络里。

41.“一个受着肉体拖累的可怜的灵魂。”埃皮克提图如是说。

42.处在改变过程中不是件坏事。同样，成为改变的结果也算不上是件好事情。

43.时间是一条河流，不可抗拒地带走一切神的创造。一个事物刚一出现便匆匆而逝，另一个事物接踵而至，但照样要被时间的河水卷走。

44.一切事都是平常而熟悉的，如同春天的玫瑰和夏天的果实。疾

病、死亡、诽谤、阴谋，以及其他给蠢人带来快乐和烦恼的事情，也是如此。

45.后面的事情总与前面的事情紧密相关。它们并非是先后发生的一连串孤立事件，而是密切联系着的。而且，正如现存的事物都彼此和谐地联系在一起，将要发生的事情也表现出同样惊人的相互关联，而绝非一种单纯的接续过程。

46.要永远铭记赫拉克利特的名言："土之死乃水之生，水之死乃气之生，气复生火，如此循环往复。"还要记住他的话："徒步旅行者忘记了脚下的路通往何方"，"人总是跟自己最亲近的伙伴过不去"（主宰宇宙的理性），"尽管天天碰到，却依然当作陌生的事物"，"我们说话做事不能像睡着的人那样"（因为睡着的人的确会想象自己是在说话做事），也不能"像孩童模仿家长说话一样"。也就是说，不能盲目地信赖传统的格言。

47.假如一位神祇对你说："明天，或者最迟后天，你将离开人世。"除非你是最绝望无助的人，否则你不会特别介意这一天究竟是后天还是明天。因为，这二者又有什么区别呢？同样，也不要认为多年以后来临还是明天来临有多大区别。

48.要时常记起那些已故的医生，他们曾经为患者的病痛绞尽脑汁。要时常记起那些占星家，他们曾经十分严肃地预言人的命运。要时常记起那些哲学家，他们曾经不厌其烦地论述着死亡和不朽的命题。要时常记起那些杰出的指挥官，他们曾经杀敌无数。要时常记起那些暴君，他们曾经极其狂傲地操纵着生死予夺的大权，俨然把自己当作永生的神灵。还要时常记起已经毁灭的赫利凯、庞贝、赫库兰尼姆和不计其数的其他城市。然后，再逐一回忆自己熟悉的人，他们是如何在短短的时间内一个埋葬了另一个，自己又被第三个埋葬的。总之，看看尘世的生活是如此的短暂而琐碎：昨日还是一滴精液，明日就化作一撮灰。所

以，听从自然的召唤度过飞逝的尘世时光，然后心甘情愿地长眠于地下，如同一颗橄榄恰逢其时地落在地上，给养育它的大地带去祝福，向赐予它生命的树干表达感激。

49.要像那被海浪一次次拍打的岬角：屹立在水中，直至四周喧嚣的波浪重新恢复平静。“我是如此不幸，这样的事情竟然降临到我头上！”绝不要这样想。你不妨说：“我多么幸运，事情过去了，我却没感受到痛苦，现在没有使我动摇，未来也不会使我灰心。”事情可能发生在任何人身上，可并非人人都能摆脱痛苦。因此，为何要把它看成是一种不幸，而不是一种幸运呢？任何事情只要不违背人的本性，又怎么能称为不幸？只要没有违背本性的意志，又怎么能说违背了人的本性？好了，你已经了解本性的意志了。难道你所经历的事情会阻碍你实现人性的追求：成为一个正直、宽容、有节制、明智、审慎、诚实、自尊而独立的人？因此，以后每当有事使你感到痛苦时，记住这样一条准则：不要说“这是一种不幸”，而要说“经受住它的考验是一种幸运”。

50.想想那些贪生怕死的人吧，这是除了哲学之外，能帮助人漠视死亡的一种有效方法。比起英年早逝的人，这些人又得到了什么好处呢？这些人，无一例外都于某时某地被掩埋入土。克迪斯亚卢斯、费比乌斯、尤利安、雷比达等，他们见证了无数人走向坟墓，到头来自己也未能幸免。他们能拖延的时间毕竟不长，在这种情况下苟延残喘，既连累了众人，又弄惨了自己的身体。所以，要漠视死亡，看看身后时间的深渊，永无尽头的将来。在这种情况下，长寿的内斯特和仅活三天的婴儿又有什么不同呢？

51.始终要走近路，近路是本性之路，以追求言行的完全公正为目标。这种目标能使你避免焦虑和冲突，远离妥协和诡计。

卷五

1.清晨看见第一缕阳光，尽管不愿意起床，心里也要这样想：“我要起来去工作。”去做天生应该做的事情，这是我降临人世的目的，难道应该有怨言吗？难道我的人生目的就是暖洋洋地盖着毯子睡觉吗？“可是这样多么舒适！”那么，你生来就是为了舒服，而不是为了工作，为了奋斗？看看那些植物、麻雀、蚂蚁、蜘蛛和蜜蜂吧。它们都在忙于工作，都在为紧凑的世界秩序贡献自己的力量。可你却要拒绝人的分内工作，不立刻听从自然的召唤吗？“可人也得休息呀。”这我同意，可是本性规定休息要有限度，正如吃饭、喝水要有限度一样。而你已经超过了这些限度，远远超出足够的程度。另一方面，没有行动，就不可能有收获。

你并不真心爱自己。如果你真爱自己，你一定会热爱自己的本性，热爱本性的意愿去做。爱岗敬业的手艺人愿意穷其精力埋头苦干，达到不洗脸、不吃饭的程度。而你对自己的本性缺乏尊重，远不如雕刻者尊重其雕刻，舞蹈者尊重其舞蹈，守财奴珍视其财宝，或者虚荣者爱慕其荣耀。那些人全心全意地投入，为追求更高的境界而甘愿废寝忘食。为社会服务在你眼中就这么没有价值，不值得为之奉献吗？

2.啊，能摆脱并遗忘所有让人烦心的念头，转瞬之间得到彻底的安宁，这是多么让人欣慰的事情呀！

3.保留你合于本性的言行，哪怕可能招致批评和非议也不要放弃它们。只要有善行可做、有良言可说，就绝不放弃这样的权利。批评你的人自有他们的道理和动机。你的注意力不能被他们分散，要始终直视前方，按自己的本性和普遍本性行事（这两者其实是一回事）。

4.我遵循自然之道前行，直至倒地安息。我吐出最后一口我每天吸入的气息，然后倒在这片土地上。这片土地，使我父亲获得了种子，使我母亲获得了血液，使我乳母获得了哺育我的乳汁。这片土地，年复一年地供我一日三餐，虽被如此滥用，却依然忍受着我的践踏。

5.你绝不可能以机敏著称。那就认命吧。但你还可以拥有很多别的优点，你总不能说："我对这些不感兴趣。"好好培养那些你完全能够做到的美德，比如：真诚和尊严，勤劳和清醒。不要牢骚满腹。要生活节俭，为人体贴、周到而又坦率。要言辞温和，举止威严。看看，眼前你就可以拥有这么多优点。你可不能以天生无能或天资笨拙为借口，选择在那不太高尚的层面继续徘徊。难道缺少先天条件，你就一定要牢骚满腹、极度吝啬、溜须拍马，一定要抱怨身体欠佳，一定要卑躬屈膝、乱夸海口、喜怒无常？肯定不是。你早就应该改正这些缺点了，这样除了理解力有些迟钝之外，你在其他方面就无可指责了。即使理解力迟钝这一点，也可以通过练习得到纠正，只要你不再轻视它，或者自甘迟钝。

6.有这样一种人，他们帮了你一点忙，便迫不及待地向你邀功请赏。还有一种人，虽然不像前者那样过分，但是暗地里认为你欠他的人情，并且把自己的功劳记得清清楚楚。然而，还有一种人，我们不妨说，他们完全意识不到自己的贡献，就像那长葡萄的藤蔓，理所应当地结出了果实，却不求更多的回报，就像跑完比赛的赛马、追逐到猎物的猎犬、酿制了蜂蜜的蜜蜂一样。同样，这种人做了好事也不会大肆宣扬，而是接着去做下一件，如同葡萄藤来年夏季会继续结出硕果一样。

"照你这么说，我们都应该这样默默无闻地做事情吗？"正是。而且，我们要有意识地这么要求自己。俗话说得好："意识到自己的行为具有社会性正是一个公民的标志。""那么，希望社会能意识到自己的行为，这也是公民的标志吗？"没错。但是你误解了这句箴言的意思，从而把自己等同于我前面描述的那些人，他们同样也被一种似是而非的理

性误导了。要正确理解这句箴言的真正含义，这样你就不用担心它会诱使你忘记自己的社会责任了。

7.雅典人这样祈祷：“下雨吧，下雨吧。尊贵的宙斯，请把雨水降临到雅典的田地和平原上吧。”要么就根本不要祈祷，要祈祷就应该这样简洁明了。

8.正如我们所说：“医神艾斯库雷普开过骑马锻炼、冷水浴或赤脚走路这样的处方。”同样地，普遍本性也开出了疾病、断肢、损伤或其他残疾的处方。前者是为了患者的健康而采用一种特定的治疗方法，后者则是为了我们的命运而遭遇的特定事件。实际上，我们不妨说是“遇到了”不幸，如同石匠们说，砌成石墙或金字塔的方形石块是“遇到了”彼此。这种相互整合是宇宙的普遍规律。无数个体组成一个大写的个体，这就是世界。无数的原因组成一个大写的原因，这就是命运。即使普通百姓也懂得这些，他们会说：“事情落到了他的身上。”事情的确是落到了他的身上。也就是说，这是专门为他开的处方。那么，让我们接受诸如此类的事情吧，就像我们接受医神的处方那样。良药通常苦口，但是为了健康，我们也会欣然吞下。同样，我们也应该把执行和完成自然的命令看作是为了身体的健康：即便降临的命运再苦涩，为了宇宙的健康，为了宙斯神的福祉和善举，我们依然要高高兴兴地承受。若非为了整个世界的福祉，神绝不会将此降临给个人。自然不会让其治下的臣民遭受任何灾难，除非是专门为了使其受益。所以，基于下面两个原因，你应该心甘情愿地接受自己身上发生的事情。原因之一，你身上发生的事情是特别为你定制的，与你息息相关，是纷繁复杂的原始因果关系中的一部分。原因之二，每一个人的命运都关系到宇宙主宰者的兴衰、成败，甚至存亡。在原因或其他元素的链接中，任何一环脱落，哪怕是很微小的一环，都会伤及整体。每当你感到不满时，你都是在你有限的能力范围内，对整体造成这样的损害和割裂。

9.如果戒律有时得不到施行，不要痛苦，不要沮丧，更不要绝望。每次失败后再重新开始。只要在多数情况下自己总体上具有男人应有的风范，就应该心怀感激。但要真心热爱你所回归的戒律：对待自己的人生哲学不能像小学生对待老师那样，而是要像眼痛病人对待蛋黄涂剂和海绵，或者别的病人对待膏药和洗剂一样。唯有如此，你对理性的遵从才能成为私人的慰藉，而不会沦为公开的卖弄。要记住，哲学只以你自己本性的意志为意志，而你却把其他有违本性的东西当作自己的意志。“没错，可是还有什么事情能让人倍感愉悦呢？”以愉悦为诱因不就是为了迷惑你吗？好好想想吧：难道高尚的灵魂不更令人愉悦吗？难道公正、朴素、仁慈和虔诚不让人更加倍感愉悦吗？当你进行严密而流畅的推理和认知时，还有什么比这样的智力活动更令人愉快的？

10.真理总是隐藏在朦胧晦涩之中，以至许多声名显赫的哲学家[8]都曾断言无法探知。甚至斯多葛派哲学家也承认获得真理困难重重，承认我们思考得出的结论都有可能出错。确实，哪里有绝对不出错的人呢？我们不妨把目光转向更客观的事物，看看它们是多么瞬息万变，又毫无用处，因为每个肆意挥霍的人、放荡的妇人、犯罪的人都可能得到它们。再看看你同伴的性格：连他们之中脾气最随和的人都让你难以忍受，更别说容忍自己有多困难了。因此，在这种昏暗的泥潭之中，在存在与时间之河不停歇地流淌之中，在强加的变化之中，我想不出有什么东西更值得高度珍视和郑重追寻。没有。我们所要做的便是勉励自己静候它的自然消亡，同时不要因其姗姗来迟而心烦意乱，而要从以下两方面寻求安慰：其一，我们从未发生过违背本性的事情；其二，避免违背心中神灵的力量就掌握在我自己手中，因为世上没人能强迫我去违背。

11.我该如何运用灵魂的力量呢？每走一步都要这样自省，然后自问：“灵魂与我身上所谓的主宰部分如何相处呢？此时此刻，我拥有的是谁的灵魂呢？孩童的、少年的、妇人的、暴君的、不会说话的公牛的，还是野兽的？”

12.可以这样[9]来验证时下流行的“财富”概念。如果一个人把财富界定为审慎、节制、正义和坚韧，那么，他就不会留意那种关于“许多财富”的老掉牙的笑话，因为这种笑话没有一点意义。反过来，假如他对财富的构成也持有庸俗的看法，他就必然欣赏说笑者的诙谐，毫不费力能领会其中的妙处。实际上，大部分人都抱有这样的价值观，不会拒绝听这样的俏皮话，听了也不生气。如果把财富只理解为物质财产或其他奢侈、讲排场的东西，我们的确应该承认这则笑话是一种恰当而机智的见解。因此，现在考验就来了：问问自己，假如我们内心对事物的描绘赋予了“财富多到使其拥有者无处容身的地步”这一嘲讽现实的意义，那么我们是否还应该看重它们，并将其视为“财富”。

13.我是由因缘和物质构成的。两者皆不能消逝转化为无，正如它们都不是从无而来一样。所以说，我的各个组成部分有朝一日都会转变为宇宙中其他的部分，其他部分再依次转变为另外的部分，如此循环直至无穷。我本身也是通过同样的过程来到人世，我的父母也是如此，往前再循环到无穷。（纵然世界本是由无穷的循环所主宰，“无穷”一词本身也会消失。）

14.理性，还有推理，在属性和运作方式上都具有自给自足的功能。它们来源于自身，自己产生原始的动力，并且径直奔向自己选定的目标。由此产生的行为被称为“一往无前”，是说其运行的路线不偏离正道。

15.除非事物从属于人，否则就不能合理地称其为人所有。它们不需要人，因为人的本性既不能保障它们，也不会因它们而变得完美。所以，它们不可能代表人生的首要目标，甚至也算不上实现这一目标的“有效”途径。况且，假如人的自然传承中包括这样的事物，就不可能同时又蔑视和抛弃它们，那种没有它们照样能成功的能力也就没有值得赞扬的理由。倘若它们的确很好，不能完全拥有它们也不见得就不好。

实际上，类似的事物，人类失去得越多，获得的美德就越多。

16.你的心灵会和你平时的思想一样，因为思想会将灵魂染上自己的颜色。那么，沉浸在这样的思考中吧，比如：如果能生活，就一定存在好的生活；如果在宫廷生活，即使在宫廷中也一定存在好的生活。或者这样想：每一事物产生的目的决定它的发展；它的发展指向它的最终状态，最终状态又暗示着它的主要优点。所以说，理性人的首要优点，是与人友好相处。友好相处是产生我们的目的，这在很久以前就已经明确了。（低等事物为高等事物而存在，而高等事物为彼此而存在，这难道不是显而易见的吗？有生命的比无生命的高级，而理性生物则更高一等。）

17.追求得不到的东西是愚蠢，然而愚蠢的人却不可能不进行这样的追求。

18.如果其本性没有使某人具备承受能力，事情就不会发生在他的身上。别人与你的经历毫无差别。不过，抑或他还不完全明白所发生的事情，抑或他更渴望展示自己的勇气，他坚定不移，无所畏惧。真是怪事，无知和虚荣竟然比智慧更强大！

19.外在的事物丝毫不能触及人的灵魂。它们不知晓通往灵魂的路径，也没有能力动摇或者改变灵魂。只有灵魂自身的力量才能使其动摇或改变。灵魂有自己的判断标准，并用这些标准安排它控制下的外界事物。

20.—方面，仁爱对我影响很深，使我注定要善待、宽容我的同胞。另一方面，就他人对我正当行为的束缚而言，仁爱就像太阳、风，或野兽一样对我漠不关心。的确，别人也许能束缚我的某些行为，但无法阻止我的意志和性情，因为意志和性情能使我有所保留而始终保护自己，使自己适应各种情况。心灵能克服一切限制行动的障碍，将其转化

成实现主要目标的促进力量。这样一来，任何障碍都能变成助力，路上遇到的层层关卡也会变成推动前进的手段。

21.在宇宙中有至高无上的东西。它使其他一切都处于从属地位，它将自己置于其他一切之上。同样，在你的内心也有至高无上的东西。在你内心，它与前者一样，使其他一切都处于从属地位，它指引着你的人生。

22.对城市无害的东西也不会有害于市民。当假设有危害时，要遵循这样的原则："如果城市不会受到危害，我也一样不会受到危害。"然而，一旦城市真的受到危害，决不要迁怒于加害者，而要找出他错在哪里。

23.要时常想想，现存的一切事物和将要出现的一切事物，从我们眼前经过和消逝的速度是多么迅速。存在这条大河，一直奔流不息，它的活动一直在变化，它的缘起缘落无穷地在转化，几乎没有一个事物静止不动。同时，无穷也出现在过去和未来：一切都将消逝于这一深渊。如此说来，一个人如果总是愤忿、困扰或烦躁，似乎他的苦恼会持续很久，那么他就是愚不可及。

24.想想世间万物，自己只是其中微乎其微的一部分；想想古往今来的时间长河，属于自己的只是那么转瞬即逝的一段；想想恢宏的天命，自己的命运只是其中微不足道的一部分。

25.有人错待我吗？让他自己留意吧，他清楚自己的脾气和所作所为。而我，只是接受普遍本性要我接受的东西，做自己本性要我做的事情。

26.无论是痛苦还是快乐，都不要让情感影响至高无上的、独立自主的灵魂。务必不要让灵魂受它们的影响。心灵必须固守自己的领地，

使情感不能超越应有的范围。万一感情（通过任何完整的生物都怀有的同情）弥漫到心灵，也不必试图压抑肉体的感受。只是，主宰心灵的理智不要妄自猜测情感的善与恶。

27.与神灵一起生活。与神灵一起生活，意味着要时刻向神灵展示自己的灵魂；满足于神灵的赐予，全心全意实现那个内心神灵的意愿，那个自身微粒的意愿。那微粒就是心灵与理性，为宙斯所赐，供每个人掌管和引导自己的行动。

28.有腋臭和口臭的人让你感到恼火吗？你这样有何益处？但凡长了这样的口腔和腋窝，就必然会发出这种气味。“不论怎样，这人毕竟还有理性，他只要想想就完全会明白自己遭嫌弃的原因。”那好吧。可你自己也是有理性的人，用你的理性去影响他，使之产生同样的理性，详细地为他讲解，耐心地提出劝告。如果他肯听，你就治愈他。没有必要感情用事，让那些戏子和妓女去感情用事吧。

29.如果你想今后继续生活在世上，这并非不可能。如果人家不允许，就放弃这生命的躯壳，只是不要感觉受了虐待。“茅屋起火则弃之。”无需小题大做。然而，如果没有类似的事情迫使我离开，我依然是自己的主人，什么都无法阻止我自己的选择，即按照本性对一个有理性的社会成员的要求去生活。

30.宇宙的理性具有社会性。不管怎样，它创造出低等事物以服务于高等事物，并把高等事物联系在一起形成相互依赖的关系。注意观察，有些事物隶属于别的事物，其他一些事物则彼此相联，所有事物都各得其所，更为高级的事物则彼此和谐相处。

31.从前你是怎样侍奉神灵，对待父母、兄弟、妻子、儿女、老师、朋友、亲戚和仆役的呢？有诗云：“决不说一句刻薄话，绝不委屈一个人。”迄今为止，上述这些关系中，哪些能真正引起你对这句诗的

共鸣呢？想想你所经历的一切，所忍受的一切。深思之后要明白，你的生命篇章已经结束，你的服务之旅走到了尽头。想想自己看到过的美景，藐视过的痛苦与欢乐，你所不屑的众多荣耀，以及以德报了多少怨。

32.没有本领、没有学问的人怎么可能困扰行家和圣人呢？什么人才真正称得上是行家和圣人呢？只有这样的人，他懂得万物的开始与结束，懂得无处不在的理性以特定的周期管理着宇宙，直至时间的终点。

33.转瞬之间，你将化为尘土或白骨，只留下一个名字，甚至连一个名字也没有留下，纵然彼时名字也不过是空洞的回响而已。人们毕生倾心追求的不过是虚荣、腐朽和垃圾。人们好比打成一团的小狗，或者争吵不休的孩童，刚才还笑容满面，转眼便泪水涟涟。信任和宽容、正义和真理，都“从广袤的大地飞上了高高的奥林匹斯山”。那么，是什么让你还留在这里？感官对象变化无常、转瞬即逝，感觉器官迟钝又易被误导，不幸的灵魂不过是血液里升腾起的蒸汽[10]，举世的赞誉不过是幻梦一场。那该怎么办？振作起来，等待结局，不管这一结局是消亡还是转化。那么，你认为大限来临前我们需要做什么呢？只有心怀敬畏、向神灵祈福；只有善待人们；只有忍受和克制；还要记住：除了区区肉体和气息之外，一切都不属于你，不在你的掌控之中。

34.稳步前行，沿着笔直的大道去思考和行动，你今后的岁月将一帆风顺。人的灵魂和其他理性生物的灵魂一样，与神灵的灵魂有两点共同之处：它永远不会被外来力量挫败；它的善包括品格和行为的端正，以及对一切欲望的控制。

35.假如这件事不是我的过错，也不是因我的过错而起，而社会也不会因此而变得更糟，那何必再为此耗费心思？它怎么可能危害社会呢？

36.不要过于草率地相信第一印象。向需要帮助的人们伸出援助之手，只要你力所能及而他们也值得你帮助。不过，要是他们并非在道德上栽了大跟头，你就不要认为他们真正受到了伤害，因为那并非是一个善举。但在这种情况下，应该像一个老头在临终前总不断回忆他童年的拨浪鼓，尽管他知道那不过是一只拨浪鼓[11]。

我的朋友，当你站在讲台上大喊大叫拉选票的时候，是否忘记了它的终极价值？“我知道，可是这些人如此重视它。”这不是证明你和他们一样愚蠢吗？

无论被流放到多么偏僻荒凉的地方，我始终都是命运的宠儿。所谓命运的宠儿，即是获得命运之神恩赐的人，这些恩赐是良好的性情，善良的动机和善意的行为。

卷六

1.宇宙的物质灵活而顺从。主宰物质的理性无意为恶，因为理性本身没有恶意，不会蓄意伤害，也不会构成伤害。万事万物皆依照它的指令产生，并获得完满。

2.只要自己行为端正，就决不要在意自己被冻得发僵，还是置身温暖的火旁；睡眼蒙眬，还是刚从梦中醒来；遭到谩骂还是受到赞扬；濒临死亡，还是忙于其他事务（因为就连死亡也是人生事务的一部分，对我们的要求无非是“确保眼前的任务圆满完成”）。

3.要透过表面看本质：绝不要让事情的本质特征或价值逃过你的眼睛。

4.一切有形物体的变化都非常迅速：要么升华（假如宇宙的物质确是一个统一体），要么消散。

5.理性这一主宰，对各种环境、目的及其所需的材质了如指掌。

6.避免模仿就是最好的报复。

7.有神灵常驻心间，就能把你一次次为公众效力的快乐和舒畅传递下去。

8.我们理性的主宰，可反省和主导自身。它不仅能按照自己的意愿塑造自身，而且能使任何事情朝着自己选定的方向发展。

9.在普遍本性指导下，一切事物皆会各展所长。世上再无与之分庭抗礼的其他本性，无论这种本性是从外部包含她，还是被她从内部所包

含，甚至是独立于她而存在。

10.世界要么是一个由聚合与分散无序组成的大杂烩，要么是一个由秩序和天意组成的统一体。如果是前者，我为何想继续生活在如此毫无意义的混沌之中？为何还要在意而不把风度留到最终归于尘土的时候？何必再劳心费神？因为不管我做什么，幻灭迟早都会落到我的头上。如果事实恰恰相反，那我就要心怀崇敬，立场坚定，全心全意信赖那主宰。

11.如因形势所迫，内心的宁静被打破，要抓紧时间恢复自制力。只要可能，就不要继续受其干扰。经常回归和谐，你就能更多地拥有和谐。

12.假如你同时拥有一位继母和一位生母，你会对前者履行应尽的义务，但却会经常求助于后者。同样地，你也同时拥有宫廷和哲学。不断用哲学充实自己。这样，即使是宫廷生活和置身其中的自己，彼此都会变得较能忍受了。

13.当肉和其他珍馐美味摆在你面前，你会想：这是死去的鱼、家禽或猪；这种法勒纳斯的名酒产自葡萄的汁液；我的紫袍是用羊皮以某种贝类的血染色而成；交配不过是器官的摩擦和精液的喷射。这样的想法触及事物的根源，洞穿并揭示出事物真实的本质。对待整个生活也应该保持同样的警觉。当一件事物的表象十分可信时，要揭开它的真相，研究它的细节，撕掉它华丽的外衣。自命不凡是最大的欺骗。认为自己正在从事最值得称赞的事，没有比这更具有欺骗性了。注意克拉底斯本人是如何评价色诺克拉底的。

14.平庸之辈大都喜欢初级的事物。这类事物，比如木料与石材、无花果树、葡萄藤与橄榄树，往往是靠无机聚合或自然过程而存在。开化程度稍高一些的人会被诸如鸟群和牛群这样具有活动能力的事物所吸

引。更高层次的人则欣赏具有理性的灵魂。不过，这种理性并不是普遍理性，而仅仅是指拥有一定技能或其他才能，甚至仅仅指拥有大量奴隶。但是一个人若是重视灵魂的理性、普遍性和社会性，他就不会再看重其他的东西，而只专注于保持自己的心境以及一切行为的理性与社会性，并且和同伴一起为此目标而共同奋斗。

15.—个事物匆匆产生，另一个事物匆匆消亡。即便一个事物正在产生的过程中，它的某些部分也已经不复存在。连续不断的变化更新着宇宙的结构，正如永不停歇的时间使这个世界万古常新。在这奔流不息的河流中，没有稳定的立足点。面对飞逝而过的诸多事物，还有什么值得人们珍惜的呢？这就好比把感情寄托在身边飞过的麻雀身上，在看见它的同时便不见了它的踪影。人的生命无非是空气的吸入，血气的蒸发。正如我们每时每刻都在吸入空气，只是为了再把它呼出去；或者正如你往日出生时获得了呼吸的能力，也只是为了有朝一日将其归还原主。这二者根本没有实质区别。

16.蒸发不值得珍视，我们和植物都具有这种功能。呼吸也是如此，我们和森林里、田野间的动物都会。感观认知能力、脉搏的跳动、群居的本能、汲取营养的过程，这一切其实并不比排泄过程更精彩。那么，我们应该珍惜什么呢？众人的掌声？不是，当然也不是平庸之辈的交口称赞。除去虚妄的名声，还有什么值得珍惜的呢？我个人的看法是这样的：弄清我们自然构造的作用，无论它们在运动还是不在运动都应如此。毕竟，这才是一切训练和技能的目的。每一项技能都是为了使产品能更好地服务于生产它的目的。农夫照料葡萄藤，马夫驯马，狗场管理员训练猎犬，都是出于这一目的。家庭教师和学校老师的工作也是出于同样的目的。这就是我们在寻找的值得珍视的东西。一旦真正认同它，你就不会再被其他目标所诱惑。放弃你怀有的其他雄心壮志吧。否则，你永远也不会成为自己的主人，永远也不会独立于他人，永远也抵御不了欲念的驱使。你肯定会以艳羡、妒忌、猜疑的目光看待可能夺走

那些东西的人，并对拥有你所觊觎的那些珍宝的人图谋不轨。如果认为这些东西必不可少，这种念头肯定会引起内心的混乱，往往会使你抱怨神灵。然而，如果尊重自己的理智，则能让你心平气和，与人无争，与神灵和谐相处。也就是说，欣然接受神灵的任何赐予和命令。

17.各种元素在我们上下、周围旋转着。而美德却不这样运动，她更为神圣，她以常人无法理解的方式沉着地前进着。

18.人们的行为方式是多么奇怪呀！他们会吝于赞美生活在他们之中的同代人，而自己却贪婪地渴望得到后世的赞誉，哪怕那些人与他们过去从未谋面，将来也不会谋面。这种人甚至还要抱怨没有得到自己祖先的赞扬！

19.不要因为一件事情对你来说很难，就认为它非人力所能办到。反之，假如一件事人既能做又适合做，就应当认为它一定是你力所能及的事。

20.当我们在竞技场上被对手的指甲划伤或是磕破头时，我们不会抗议或生气，也绝不会事后疑心人家心怀歹意。但是，我们确实会对他加以小心，不是对他怀有敌意或者猜忌他，而是心平气和地与他保持距离。那么，在生活中的其他场合也应如此。让我们原谅竞争伙伴的种种不是吧。我们总可以做一些简单的回避，不带丝毫猜疑或敌意。

21.只要有人能指出并证明我的想法或做法不对，我会很乐于改正。我追求的是真理，而真理绝不会伤害任何人。唯有固执地自欺欺人和愚昧无知才会害人。

22.我只做我必须做到的事情。我不会为其他任何事情分神，因为那些不是无生命、无理性的事，就是会导致误入歧途的事。

23.对非理性生物和客观事物，要慷慨善良、宽容大度，因为你有

理性而它们没有。从另一方面说，人是有理性的，因此要以伙伴之心待之。凡事皆可向神灵求助；只是不要顾忌祈祷时间的长短，三小时足矣。

24.马其顿的亚历山大之死和他的马倌之死没有丝毫区别。他们要么一同被宇宙同一衍生原则所接纳，要么就一同被分解成原子微粒。

25.想一想，我们每个人同时发生着多少精神和肉体上的事情。这样你就不会感到惊讶：比这数目大得多的事物（实际上是我们称之为宇宙的那个巨大统一体里的一切事物），都可以同时存在。

26.假如有人要你拼读出安东尼纳斯这个名字，你会大声拼出每一个字母，让听众生气也让你自己跟着生气吗？相反，为何不心平气和地依次拼出这几个字母呢？请记住，在生活中，每一项职责同样也由多项独立成分所组成。要仔细留意每个成分，不要大惊小怪，也不要以怒对怒，要确保分配给你的任务能按部就班地完成。

27.不允许人们追求属于自己的正当权益，这是多么野蛮的行为！然而，如果别人犯错时你对他怒发冲冠，你的行为在某种意义上讲就属于这一性质。说到底，他们只是在追求自己显而易见的权益。你说他们错了吗？如果是这样，那就告诉他们，解释给他们听，而不要怒火中烧。

28.死亡是对感官知觉的一种解脱，是对食欲冲动的一种解脱，是对思维旅程的一种解脱，是对肉体所服劳役的一种解脱。

29.羞愧啊，身体还在坚持，灵魂却在生命之路上徘徊不前。

30.当心不要对君王过分施加影响，也不要受君王影响太深，因为这样的事情很可能发生。要保持简朴、善良、纯洁、庄重、谦逊的本色，要与正义和虔诚为伴，要为人和蔼、宽厚仁爱、坚定地忠于职守。

要始终尽自己最大的努力去达到哲学对你的要求。要崇敬神灵，要救助同胞。人生短暂，尘世的存在只不过是为了结出一枚果实：内心圣洁，外行无私。各方面都要做安东尼纳斯的信徒，记住他始终坚持用理性约束行为，他在任何场合都能沉着冷静，保持他个人的圣洁；他面容安详，态度亲切；他轻视虚名，热衷于掌握事实；他遇事悉心研究，直到透彻理解方才罢休；他容忍不公正的指责，从不反唇相讥；他从不草率行事，不与散播谣言者为友；他对各种人、各种举止的判断精确，但从不吹毛求疵；他完全脱离了神经紧张、疑神疑鬼、过分敏感等情况；他对房屋、床铺、衣着、膳食和仆人要求不高，容易满足；他兢兢业业，颇具耐心；由于饮食节俭，他可以从早到晚忙于工作，甚至不到习惯的时间不去如厕；他对待友情坚定不移、始终如一，能容忍对自己意见最直言不讳的反对，能够欢迎任何人提出更好的意见；他对神灵的崇敬，不掺杂丝毫迷信的色彩。铭记所有这一切，当你的最后时刻来临时，你的良心会像他一样清白。

31.现在，你要恢复清醒的知觉，找回真实的自己。从沉睡中醒来，认清困扰你的不过是梦魇。用你看待梦魇的方法，来看待自己清醒的眼睛所看到的一切。

32.我由肉体和灵魂构成。对肉体而言，一切都无关紧要，因为它无法分清彼此。对灵魂而言，唯一要紧的是自己的行为，它们都要置于自己的掌控之中。而且，即便在这些行为中，它也只关心现在发生的。一旦它们过去了，或者还停留在未来之中，它们便立刻变得无足轻重了。

33.手脚疼痛算不上反常，只要它们还能发挥作用。同样，疼痛并不违背人的本性，只要他还能从事自己的工作。既然符合本性，也就不会造成伤害。

34.强盗、变态者、弑亲者、暴君对自己享有的一切是多么异乎寻

常的高兴呀！

35.注意，就连最平庸的工匠多少也能满足无技能的雇主的要求，然而却坚守行规毫不让步。建筑师或医生对行规的尊重，竟然更甚于对自己与神灵共有的准则的尊重，这难道不可悲吗？

36.在宇宙中，亚洲和欧洲只不过是两个小角落，浩渺海洋只不过是一滴水，圣山阿陀斯不过是一个小土丘，现在只不过是永恒中的一个针尖。一切都很渺小，易变，易消亡。一切皆源起一处，直接源于或派生于至高无上的普遍理性。甚至连狮子的血盆大口、致命的毒药、其他有害的东西，乃至荆棘、沼泽，统统都是其他高尚美好事物的产物。因此，不要认为它们和你所崇敬的东西格格不入，而要记住万物同源。

37.看到眼前的事物即是看到了现在的一切，即是看到了时间伊始就已存在的一切，即是看到了直至世界尽头将要存在的一切。这是因为，一切皆同宗同源。

38.时常想一想把宇宙万物联系在一起的纽带，以及万物之间的相互依存。可以说，万物相互交织，相互影响；它们之间井然有序的因果关系来自于张力作用和所有物质的统一。

39.调整自己以适应命中注定的环境，真心关爱命运所赐予的你周围的同胞。

40.—种工具、仪器或器皿只要能发挥应有的作用就很不错，尽管它们的制造者并不在场。可是，就大自然形成的东西而言，创造它们的力量依然蕴含其中，并且还会继续蕴含其中。进一步而言，假如你尊崇大自然，并确保遵循大自然的意愿生活、做事，那么一切事物皆能如你所愿。宇宙也是以同样的方式让万物皆如其所愿的。

41.要是你认为你无法掌控的事物对你非好即坏，那么当你错过一

件事或者遇到另一件事的时候，你必定会对神灵愤愤不平，并且对那些你认为或怀疑造成你失败和不幸的人充满仇恨。事实上，我们就是由于过分看重这类事情而冤枉了很多人。然而，只要我们把是非观念严格置于我们自己能力范围之内，就没有理由指责神灵或是敌视他人。

42.我们都在为同一个目标而共同奋斗。有人心知肚明地自觉工作，而有人则毫不知情（我想，正如赫拉克利特说过的“他们在睡梦中仍在工作”，为宇宙的进程贡献自己的力量）。有人承担这部分工作，有人承担那部分工作。但没有一丁点工作是由极力阻挠和破坏自然趋势，对现状十分不满的人来完成的，尽管宇宙也需要这种人。那么，你就要考虑自己将与何人为伍。因为无论如何，统管全局的人会让你有用武之地，接纳你为他的助手或同伴。只是要注意，你的角色可不是那种可悲的角色，可不是克律西波斯所说的舞台丑角的差事[12]。

43.太阳想过要承担降雨的工作吗？阿斯克勒庇俄斯想过要承担德墨忒耳的工作吗？还有那些星星？尽管各不相同，还不是齐心协力地朝着同一个目的努力吗？

44.如果众神要一起讨论我和我的命运，那么这种讨论是好的，因为很难设想神灵的讨论会不明智。毕竟，他们有什么伤害我的动机呢？对神灵自身或对他们最为在意的宇宙来说又有何益处呢？即便他们不特别顾及我，至少也会顾及宇宙。因此，我理应欢迎并乐意接受任何可能的结果。当然，万一他们什么都不顾及（这种想法大为不敬），那么让我们停止献祭、祈祷、宣誓，以及其他所有能够使我们感知神灵与我们同在的行为。即便如此，即便他们当真不在乎我们凡人的命运，我仍然能够照顾好自己，照管好自己的利益。每一个生灵的利益也都与它自己的身体和本性相一致。我自己的本性是理智而平民化的本性。我拥有城市，也拥有国家。作为马可，我拥有罗马；而作为人类一员，我拥有宇宙。因此，对这些共同体有益的东西，才是对我唯一有益的东西。

45.发生在个人身上的一切对整体也都是有益的。对我们来说，这一理由本身就已足够充分。不过，如果你仔细想想，你也会发现：一般说来，对个人有益的东西，对其同胞也有益。（尽管，此处“有益”一词具有更为通俗的意义，即还包括道德意义上不好不坏的事物。）

46.马戏团和其他娱乐场所千篇一律地上演着同样的演出，这种演出单调乏味、令人厌倦。其实整个生活也同样如此。不管是在上坡路上还是在下坡路上，经历的事情总是千篇一律。其原因和结果都一样。这种状况还要持续多久？

47.要经常思考已故的各种国籍、各种职业的民众，甚至要追溯到腓力斯逊、福玻斯、奥里更尼安的时代。然后再把思路从最近的转到众多其他人身上。想想我们怎样才能追随众多早已长眠的伟大演说家、众多可敬的智者——赫拉克利特、毕达哥拉斯、苏格拉底——那些早期的英雄，那些后世的船长与国王，以及跟随他们的欧多克斯、喜帕恰斯、阿基米德和其他众人。他们头脑机敏，具有崇高的精神，孜孜不倦，足智多谋，意志坚定。他们还曾模仿迈尼普斯及其学派，开心地讲述关于人生短暂易逝的笑话。经常想想那些早已故去的人们，他们如今的境况为什么更加糟糕，尤其是那些姓名早已被人遗忘的人？此生只有一件事弥足珍贵：那就是真实公正地度过人生，即使对不诚实和不公平的人也要有恻隐之心。

48.当你想吃有兴奋作用的药物来提神时，想一想朋友身上的优点：有人很能干，有人很谦逊，还有人很慷慨，等等，不一而足。看看我们身边的人所展现的种种美德，没有比这更有效的治疗忧郁的灵丹妙药了。因此，要经常以他们为榜样。

49.你会抱怨自己体重过轻，还不到300磅吗？那么为何要抱怨寿命过短，没有活得更长呢？既然你对所能得到的物质数量感到满意，也应该对时间数量感到满意。

50.争取说服人们。然而如果为了正义的需要，也可违背他们的意愿。但假如有人用武力阻碍你，就要采取另一种做法了。毫无痛苦地接受现实，然后把阻碍转化为培养其他美德的机会。记住，你的尝试始终要有所保留，不要知其不可为而为之。那应该怎么做呢？只要尝试就可以了。这样你就成功了，你的人生目标也就实现了。

51.有野心的人认为，能从别人的活动中受益。贪图享乐的人认为，能从自己的感受中受益。而有理性的人则认为，能从自己的行动中受益。

52.你不必对眼前的事情形成看法，也不必扰乱你内心的平静。事情本身没有能力强迫你作出任何判断。

53.要习惯仔细倾听别人的谈话，要尽力从说话人的立场来理解他的谈话。

54.对蜂房没有好处的东西，绝不会对蜜蜂有好处。

55.假如船员胆敢中伤舵手，或者病人中伤医生，那他们还会听其他人的话吗？怎见得那个其他人就能保证水手的安全，或者病人的健康呢？

56.那么多和我一同出生的人已经离开了这个世界！

57.对于患黄疸病的人来说，蜂蜜似乎是苦的。对于被疯狗咬伤的人来说，水是可怕的。对年幼的孩童来说，一个小球仿佛就是无价之宝。那么，我为何还要发怒呢？难道可以认为错误思想对人的影响不如黄疸病的胆汁和狂犬病的病毒？

58.无人能阻止你按照自己的本性生活，无事能违背普遍理性的规律在你身上发生。

59.人们尽力讨好的那些人都是可怜虫！他们追求的目标是那样的可悲，他们采取的方式也是那样的可悲！时间将很快覆盖一切！甚至此刻它就已经覆盖了许多！

卷七

1.什么是恶？恶是你已经见过无数次的东西。同样，每当遇到其他事情的时候，立即提醒自己：这种情形你已经司空见惯了。你会发现相同的事情无处不在，它们充斥着古代、近代、当代的全部历史，如今又充斥着我们的城市和家园。这种事情毫无新奇可言，一切都是转瞬即逝的老生常谈。

2.只有当产生原则的最初认识逐渐消失时，原则才会失去活力，只能靠你来继续煽动，使它重新燃起火焰。我完全有能力对事物产生正确的看法。掌握了这种能力，我就无需感到不安（对于那些我无法理解的事情，我根本就不放在心上）。一旦学会它，你就可以屹立于天地之间。崭新的人生就在你的手中。你只需再次根据最初的印象和早期的视角看待事物，生活便会翻开新的篇章。

3.空洞的盛装游行，舞台剧，成群的牛羊，持矛士兵的争斗，扔向恶狗群中的骨头，撒向鱼池的面包屑，负重劳作的蚂蚁，惊慌失措、四散奔逃的老鼠，颤动的拉线木偶，这就是生活。置身其中，你必须心平气和，不带有一丝轻蔑地表明态度，但要始终意识到，雄心壮志乃是人的最大价值。

4.交谈时，要仔细留意正在说什么。行动时，要仔细留意正在做什么。对于后者，要立刻弄清做这事的意图是什么。对于前者，则要弄清说这话的含义是什么。

5.我的理解力能否胜任这项工作？如果能，我就将它作为大自然赐予我的工具运用到工作中。如果不能，我要么让位给更能胜任的人（如果我的职责允许的话），要么在助手的帮助下全力以赴，他将借助我的

灵感，及时有效地为公众效力。我所做的一切，无论是凭一己之力或是和别人联手，都必须以服务公众和社会和谐为唯一宗旨。

6.多少曾经被高度赞颂的人如今已经被人遗忘，多少赞颂者自己也早已从我们的视线中消逝！

7.不要认为接受帮助是可耻的事情。你的任务是完成既定使命，犹如突围中的战士。假如因为腿瘸，你无法独自爬上城垛，有了战友的帮助，不就可以上去了吗？

8.切莫为未来而烦恼。即便以后不得不面对未来，也要用应对今天的理智武器来应对未来。

9.所有的事物互相交织一起，神圣的纽带将它们连在一起，互相孤立的事物几乎没有。万事万物相互配合，共同作用，构成了统一的宇宙。世界秩序是由多样性构成的统一体：神灵是统一体，遍及万物；所有生命是统一体；所有法律是统一体（即所有会思考的生灵所共有的理性）；所有真理是统一体。正如我们所信仰的那样，要是只有一条供相同种类和理性的存在通往完美的路，那就好了。

10.每一颗微小的物质都会很快化为普遍物质的一部分，每一种因果关系都会很快再次回归到普遍理性之中，对一切事物的记忆也将很快湮灭于永恒的深渊之中。

11.对于有理性思维的人而言，符合本性的行为就是符合理性的行为。

12.是自己站起来，还是被人扶起来？

13.在由多种成分组成的某一体系中，具有理性的部分起着相同的作用，这与各肢体在有机统一体中所起的作用相仿。它们都是为了相互

协作而存在。假如你经常对自己说：“我是整个复杂的理性事物的‘一肢’。”这种看法就会对你产生更强的印象。如果你认为自己仅仅是一个“局部”，那说明到目前为止你还没有从内心产生对人类的热爱，也没有体验到为他们行善的快乐。你行善只是应付差事而已，还没有把它当作是对自己有益的事情。

14.将要发生的事情，就让我这身躯可能受到影响的部分去承受吧。只要愿意，就让它们抱怨吧。至于我，只要不把它当成邪恶，我就不会觉得痛苦。而且，也没有任何东西能迫使我把它当成邪恶。

15.无论世人如何评说、如何行事，我都将保持本色。如同金块、祖母绿、紫色长袍始终坚持的那样：“任凭世人如何评说、如何行事，我仍然是一块祖母绿，保持着自己的本色。”

16.主宰我们的理性绝不会受自扰之害。例如，它绝不会引发内心的激情。如果别人能以恐惧和痛苦刺激理性，那就由他去吧。但是理性自己却绝不允许自己的判断误导自己陷入这样的情绪之中。如果可能，理性会尽量让肉体为自己操心，免受伤害。如果肉体已受伤害，那就让它说出来。可是，灵魂却毫发无伤，因为它自己就能了解恐惧和痛苦，并且能判断是否存在恐惧和痛苦。你无法强迫它作出判断。主宰我们的理性能够自给自足，除了自己为自己创造的事物之外别无他求。由于同样的原因，它不会经受干扰和阻碍，除非这些干扰和阻碍是它自身所为。

17.根据词源，幸福是“内心万能的神灵”[13]的意思，也就是指万能的理性主宰。那么，空虚的幻想，你在此有何贵干？看在神灵的份上，走开吧，就像你来时一样。我不需要你。我知道，是长期的习惯使你来到这里。我并无恶意，只是请你离开。

18.我们总是害怕变化。可是，没有变化，何来万物？还有什么是

大自然更为珍视，并使其自身更为特别的呢？木柴不发生变化，你怎能洗上热水澡？食物不发生变化，你怎能汲取营养？没有变化，有用的东西从何而来？难道你看不出来，你自身也同样发生着变化，这些变化对你、对大自然同样必不可少？

19.所有的物体都要穿过普遍物质，如同出入激流一样。它们与整体相互聚合、相互协作，就像人体的各个部分彼此协作一样。多少个克律西波斯、苏格拉底、埃皮克提图已被时光淹没！不论对待什么人，处理什么事，你都要牢记这一点。

20.只有一件事困扰着我：我担心自己要做的事非人力所及，或者必须以其他某种方式去做，或者须得在将来某日去做。

21.你很快就会忘记这个世界，而这个世界也很快就会忘记你。

22.爱那些犯错或误入歧途的人是人类独有的特征。你要意识到他们是你的兄弟，意识到他们犯错是由于无知而非故意，意识到不久之后你们都将不复存在，更重要的是要意识到，由于主宰你的理智毫发无伤，你本身并没受到伤害。一旦意识到这些，爱便会油然而生。

23.大自然用普遍物质就像用蜡一样，做成了一匹小马，随即将其打碎后又做了一棵树，接着又做了一个人，然后还做成其他的东西。它们的生命周期都很短暂。至于模具本身，打碎它并不比把它拼凑起来更困难。

24.怒气冲冲的容颜完全有违本性。倘若经常如此，美貌便开始枯萎，最终消失殆尽，不复重生。你必须设法认识到这种行为并不理智。因为如果我们丧失了洞察缺点的能力，活着还有什么意义呢？

25.只消片刻工夫，大自然这个宇宙处置者便会让你看到的一切面目全非，用旧物质产生新事物，新事物而后又将产生新事物，不断更新

使宇宙永葆青春。

26.当别人冒犯你的时候，你首先要想到，这是否涉及善恶问题。一旦弄清楚，惊诧和愤怒便会化作怜悯。这是因为，你对善的看法并不比他高明，或者至少和他有相似之处。在这种情况下，你显然应该原谅他。否则，从另一方面讲，你已经变得不关心这种行为是善是恶了。这样的话，那就更容易原谅别人的愚昧。

27.不要沉浸在贪婪的梦里。还是想想已经拥有的神灵的主要恩赐吧。然后再怀着感激之情想想，假如你还未拥有这些恩赐，你会多么渴望得到它们。同时也要谨记，不要因喜欢它们而过分珍视它们，以防它们一旦失去，就会打破你内心的平静。

28.归隐于心。主宰我们的理性只要求我们行为端正以获得内心的宁静，此外别无他求。

29.抛开那些异想天开的念头。不要再做激情的傀儡。将时间限制在眼前。学会按每一经历的本来面目认识它们，无论这些经历是自己的还是别人的。将感官对象按根源和内容加以分类。想想自己的最后时刻。邻人的不端留给他自己去。

30.集中精力关注正在说的话，全神贯注地考虑正在做的事和谁正在做。

31.树立质朴自重的光辉形象，作出对正邪范围以外的事情漠不关心的样子。热爱人类，走神灵指引的路。圣人云：“一切从法。”虽然他指的是微粒，但那又何妨？对我们而言，记住万物确实从法就足够了。尽管只有三个单词，但已经够了。

32.关于死亡：如果世界是由微粒聚合而成，死亡即是消散；如果世界是个统一体，死亡则是灭绝或蜕变。

33.关于痛苦：痛苦如果达到无法忍受的程度就会终结我们的生命；生命若是继续存在，则说明痛苦还可以忍受。高高在上远离肉体的心灵始终保持着平静，主宰我们的理性毫发无伤。至于被痛苦伤害的部分，如果可能，让它们自己表达悲伤吧。

34.关于名声：看看追逐她的那些人的心灵吧，看看他们的野心和可恶行径吧。再想想，今生今世，今天的事物很快便被明天的事物埋葬，就像一层流沙很快被另一层覆盖。

35.“如果一个人拥有伟大的思想和开阔的视野去沉思古往今来，他会把人生看作是举足轻重的大事吗？”“不，他不会。”“所以，他就不会认为死亡是件可怕的事了？”“不会。”（出自柏拉图）

36.行善举却遭诟病，这就是王子们的宿命。（出自安提泰尼）

37.遗憾的是，五官一味地听从心灵的指挥，任其处置，而心灵却不听从自己的指挥和处置。

38.“不要对事物的进程而烦恼；它们不理会你的烦恼。”

39.“让永生的神灵快乐，同样也让我们自己快乐。”

40.“人的生命犹如成熟待收的玉米，留下这个，砍倒那个。”

41.“如果上天不肯眷顾我和我那两个儿子，那必定有充分的理由。”

42.“正义和好运都与我同在。”

43.“不与痛哭的人一起流泪，脉搏的跳动也不会加快。”

44.“我可以公正地回答他：我的朋友，如果你认为一个有价值的人应当把时间花在掂量生与死的前景上，那你就错了。采取任何行动之

前，他只需考虑一件事情：即他的行为是正确还是错误，他像个好人还是像个坏人。”（出自柏拉图）

45.“先生们，事情的真相是这样的。一个人一旦决定表明立场，不是因为这样做似乎对他最为有利，就是因为要服从命令。而我相信，他必然要留下来面对险境，在耻辱面前已将自己的生死或其他事情置之度外。”（出自柏拉图）

46.“我的朋友，我恳求你好好想一想，高尚和善良也许不等于让自己和朋友远离危险；好好想一想，一个纯粹的人是否应该把能活多久这样的问题从自己脑海中消除，而不是不惜一切地贪生怕死。让他把那个问题交给神灵决定吧。女人告诉我们没人能逃脱宿命，要相信她们是正确的。让他专心思考下一个问题吧：如何才能最好地度过自己的一生。”（出自柏拉图）

47.仰望环绕的群星，仿佛自己置身其中。经常想象元素的那些变化和重组的舞蹈。这种想象能涤清我们世俗生活的污垢。

48.柏拉图有句话说得精辟。他说，论述人性的人应该站在高高的瞭望塔上眺望人间百态。他会看到有关是战是和的各种集会、农业耕作、繁衍交配、离别、出生、死亡、喧嚣的法庭、人迹罕至的蛮荒之地、陌生的各色人等、欢宴、哀悼、讨价还价。观察这纷繁混杂的景象和矛盾对立所产生的和谐秩序。

49.回首往昔，看到一个个王朝兴衰更迭，你就能预见到未来。未来的模式依旧，甚至连细枝末节也都一样，因为它不可能偏离宇宙稳健前行的步伐。因此，看待四十年后的人生和四万年后的人生，别无二致。此外，你还有什么可看的呢？

50.“凡是生于土的必定归还于土；诞生于天国的种子也将回归天

国。”——即通过原子结构的瓦解和元素的扩散来实现。

51.“撇开美酒珍馐和绝色佳人，命运的潮水能逃离死亡吗？”

“神灵送来了阵阵微风，我们应该以无怨无悔的心灵摇着橹去迎接。”

52.“竞技场上的奸诈诡计越来越多。”没错，但是却看不到越来越多的公益精神、自我谦虚、临场应变、对他人疏忽的宽容。

53.只要一个人的行为能够符合人神共有的理性，就没什么可担心的。当能够效力的机会出现，而且已经付诸行动、进展顺利并完全符合我们人的规则时，我们就不必担心会受到伤害。

54.你随时随地都有能力虔诚地接受当天发生的事情，公正地对待当天的同伴，一丝不苟地关注当天的印象，以防它们未经检验而混入你的内心世界。

55.面对能支配别人的种种本能，要做到目不斜视，心无旁骛地认准本性指给你的目标：普遍本性通过环境说话，而你自己的本性则通过使命感说话。人的行为要符合与生俱来的本性，其他造物要服务于理性生物（这和低级事物是为高级事物的利益而存在这一普遍规律相一致），而后者则是为了相互服务。因此，人的本性的首要特征是对同类怀有责任感。其次是有抵御肉体低声诱惑的义务。这是因为人的理性与智慧具有一种特定功能，那就是筑起一道藩篱，保护其运转不被那些动物般的感觉和冲动所征服。理智必须占据统治地位，决不能向束缚低头。这是天经地义的，因为本性产生理智就是为了让其统领全局，物尽其用。第三是理性生物的本性应该使其具备谨慎行事、防止欺诈的能力。让理性这一舵手坚守以上三项原则，将我们引向笔直的航程，并且坚信这一航程将会自己出现。

56.假设你今天离开人世，你的生命篇章便就此结束。从今以后，把未来的时间当成不受约束的盈余，依照本性的要求生活下去。

57.只热爱那已经编织进你命运图案的东西，还有什么比它更符合你的需要？

58.当你身处困境的时候，想想那些以愤怒、震惊、尖叫面对类似危机的人们。如今他们身在何处？无处可寻。那为何还要步他们的后尘？不如把别人的情绪留给它们的主人或仆从，而你则集中精力争取把事情向好的方向转化。这样，你就能充分利用它，把它作为劳动材料为你效劳。每一次行动，都要以自己满意为努力和动机的唯一目标。记住，促使你行动的事情本身对这二者并不重要。

59.反观自省。那里有善的源泉：不断探究，善便不断涌出。

60.无论是动还是静，你的仪态举止要坚定有力，不要歪歪扭扭。镇静得体的神态反映着内心世界。因此，全身都应该如此。不过，务必不要矫揉造作。

61.生活的艺术更像摔跤而非舞蹈，因为它同样需要站稳脚跟，以防突如其来的袭击。

62.如果渴望赢得人们的赞赏，你就要始终了解他们的性格及其做人原则的本质，研究他们的看法和动机。这样，你就不会责怪他们无心的冒犯，或者企盼得到他们的赞许。

63.有人曾说：“没有人会故意放弃真理。”正义、自制、仁慈及其他美德也是如此。没有比这些更值得常记于心间的了。它们会帮助你在人际交往中拥有更大的亲和力。

64.当你感到疼痛的时候，要及时提醒自己这并不是件丢脸的事

情，而且无论是从理性还是从社会性的角度来说都无损于掌舵的理智。在多数情况下，伊壁鸠鲁的话都十分有道理。他说：“疼痛绝非是不可忍受或永无止境的，只要你记住它是有限的，并且不要任意夸大其辞。”还要记住，尽管我们还没意识到，但是很多令我们不快的事情其实在本质上跟疼痛是一回事。比如，没精打采的感觉、高烧的体温、失去食欲。每当要开口抱怨的时候，就告诉自己这么做就是在向痛苦低头。

65.如果有人作出不近人情的事情，注意不要步其后尘。

66.我们如何知晓泰格拉斯的人品也许不如苏格拉底呢？我们完全可以说，苏格拉底之死更体面，与智者的辩论更为巧妙，熬过寒冷的长夜更坚强，英勇地拒绝执行命令逮捕萨拉米斯的利昂[14]，昂首阔步走在大街上[15]（尽管此事的真实性有待证实）。然而，真正值得思考的问题是，他的灵魂究竟怎样？他是否真如人们看到的那样待人公正，对神灵虔诚，此外别无他求？他是否真的对别人的缺点不怨恨，对别人的愚昧不苟同？他是否真的听天由命，不把命运看作反常的事情或无法忍受的苦难，也不允许肉体的经历影响自己的心灵？

67.大自然没有把心灵和肉体完全混为一谈，以致使心灵无法确定自己的边界，主宰自己的领域。尽管没有获得承认，但心灵完全可能像神灵一样神圣。这一点要时刻铭记在心。还要记住，幸福生活所需不多。你也许没有掌握辩证法或物理学，但决不能对获得自由、自尊、无私、顺应天意失去。

68.在不受打扰的宁静中度过余生，拒绝向胁迫屈服，哪怕全世界的要求震耳欲聋，哪怕野兽把可怜的肉体躯壳撕得粉碎。即便如此，也不能阻止心灵获得平静、正确评估周围发生的事情、及时利用得到的资源。所以，判断力会对事件说：“这就是你的本质，无论谣言怎样粉饰你。”而效劳会对机遇说：“我寻找的正是你。”此刻发生的事情往往是

运用理性和兄弟情谊的绝好机会。总之，这样处事，对人或神灵都是很恰当的。因为，没有一件事情的发生是专门针对人或者神灵的。这种事情的到来，不是什么新奇棘手的难题，而是一个用得上的老朋友。

69.把生命中的每一天都当成最后一天来过。既不紧张不安、不无动于衷，也不装腔作势。这就是完美性格的写照。

70.尽管神灵能够永生，但他们不会因为要永远忍受代代世人及其不端行为而心怀不满。不仅如此，神灵甚至会竭尽所能地关怀他们。那么，没有长性的你会失去耐心吗？你自己就是罪犯中的一员呀。

71.能避免自己的罪恶而不去避免，反而徒劳地尽力避免他人的罪恶，这是多么荒唐可笑的事情。

72.无论理智与社会功能发现了什么轻率或不友善的事情，它都能合情合理地宣布其低于自身。

73.当你做了件好事使别人从中受益，为何还要像个傻瓜一样奢求更多：众人的喝彩，或者某种形式的回报？

74.没人会对接受好处感到厌倦。只是，好处要来自契合本性的行为。那么，对通过给予好处的行为来接受这样的好处，永远也不要感到厌倦。

75.普遍本性的冲动是为了创造一个井然有序的世界。由此可以断定，现在发生的一切事情必定遵循某种逻辑顺序。如若不然，那么普遍本性的冲动的首要目的，就会是非理性的目的。记住这点，将帮助你更冷静地面对很多事情。

卷八

1.假如有人说，自己的一生，哪怕是成人之后，一直过着哲学家的生活。那绝对是无稽之谈。记住这一点，你就不会产生自鸣得意的情绪。实际上，即使现在，哲学显然对于你和很多其他人来说仍然非常遥远。因此，你的思想还处在一种混乱状态，想赢得哲学家的头衔就更加不易了。况且，你的身份地位也时常会产生不利的影响。一旦了解了真相，你就应该抛开在人前表现的想法，满足于依照本性的要求生活。学会理解她的意志，心无旁骛。迄今为止，你一直在徒劳地漫无目的地寻找着高尚的生活。它既不存在于诡辩的逻辑中，也不存在于财富、名声、世俗的享受或其他事物中。那么，秘诀究竟在哪儿？在于遵循人的本性行事。如何才能做到？用严格的原则约束自己的冲动和行为。哪些原则？关于是非善恶的原则。比如，唯有能使人变得公正、自律、勇敢、独立的事物才是对人有益的，反之则对人有害。

2.做任何事之前先问自己：这件事对我会产生怎样的后果？我会后悔吗？我将不久于人世，一切都将被人遗忘。同时，如果这件事情适合一个有理性和社会性的人去做，而他与神灵共处同样的法律之下，夫复何求？

3.亚历山大、恺撒、庞贝与第欧根尼、赫拉克利特、苏格拉底相比，有什么不同？后面几位关注事物的根源及构成，他们的主导思想如出一辙。至于其他几位，他们有太多的烦恼，无穷的束缚！

4.你也许会伤心，但人们将一如既往地前进。

5.第一条规则是保持精神世界不受打扰。凡事都得遵守大自然的法则，很快你就消失得无影无踪，就像哈德良和奥古斯都一样。第二条规

则是遇事要勇敢面对，弄清事情的本质，莫忘以成为有德之人为己任。按本性行事，不要畏缩，陈述自己认为最公正的看法，但要彬彬有礼、谦虚中肯、真心诚意。

6.普遍本性的使命是改组、变换、交换、将一种状态转化为另一种状态。变化无处不在。我们无需害怕意外，因为万物都遵循着古老的习惯，就连分配它们的方式都未改变。

7.只要在自己追求的道路上一帆风顺，本性就会觉得心满意足。对具有理性的本性而言，这意味着不赞成带有误导性或含混不清的印象，不放任非社会行为的冲动，约束所有的欲望，限制对力所能及之事的拒绝，以同等的热情迎接大自然分派给你的每个任务。这些分派的任务是大自然的一部分，如同树叶的本性是植物本性的一部分一样，只是植物的本性没有感情也没有理性，容易遭受挫折，而人的本性不但不会被挫败，还具有智慧和正义，因为它公平地赋予每个人恰当的时间、生命、因果报应、活力和经验（虽然不能指望每个人的每一方面都绝对的公平，但大致比较起来，整体上还算公平）。

8.你不可企望自己成为学者。你能做到的是克制傲慢的态度，你能做到的是从快乐和痛苦中超脱出来，你能抵御名望的诱惑，也能对愚昧无知和忘恩负义的人耐住性子，甚至会喜欢他们。

9.不要再让任何人，包括你自己，听见你对宫廷生活破口大骂。

10.懊悔是对失去某个有利时机感到悔恨。高尚的事物总是很有用的，也必定是每个高尚的人所关注的。然而，高尚的人从来不后悔放过了享受的机会。由此可以断定，享受既不高尚也对人无益。

11.问问自己，这东西的样子这么特别，其中到底是什么？其实质、结构和内容各是什么？到底有什么功能？能存在多久？

12.当你难以摆脱睡意的时候，就提醒自己，要履行对社会的责任就是要遵从人性的法则和自己的本性，而睡觉则是我们和非理性的野兽共有的行为。再者，遵从本性才是更恰当、更合适、更令人愉快的行为方式。

13.如果有可能，养成好习惯，去发掘每种印象的本质特点，它对自我的影响，以及它对逻辑分析的反应。

14.无论遇见谁，都要先问问自己，此人的是非观是什么？如果他对快乐、痛苦及其根源的认识，对名誉和耻辱的看法，对生与死的态度，都属于某种类型，那么发现他的行为和他的信念一致时，我就不会感到惊讶或愤慨，我会告诉自己，他这么做是别无选择。

15.无花果树结出无花果，没人会觉得诧异。同理，对世间正常发生的事情，如果我们大惊小怪或者愤慨不已，则应该为此感到羞愧。要是医生发现病人发烧就大惊小怪，要是船长碰到逆风就惊诧不已，他们都应该感到脸红。

16.转变思想、听从纠正，并不意味着丧失独立性。因为这种转变是你的主动行为，是依据自己的冲动、自己的判断力和自己的思考而作出的决定。

17.假如你有选择权，为何要做这种事？如果选择权在别人手中，你又能责怪谁呢？责怪神灵吗？责怪原子微粒吗？怪谁都很荒谬。所有怪罪别人的想法都不恰当。如果有可能，就去纠正犯错误的人。如果不行，就纠正错误的行为。如果还不行，那相互指责又有什么意义呢？毫无意义的事情是不值得做的。

18.死去的并未退出这个世界。它会继续存在下去，发生变化，分解成微小的颗粒，即分解为组成宇宙和我们自身的元素。元素本身也在

发生着同样的变化，但却毫无怨言。

19.任何事物，不论是一匹马还是一株藤，它们的诞生皆有使命。这并不奇怪。就连太阳神本身都会告诉你：“我来是有使命要完成。”天上其他诸神也是如此。那么，你的诞生是为着什么使命呢？是为了享乐吗？人们能容忍这种思想吗？

20.大自然始终记着一个宗旨。这个宗旨包括事物的始末及持续时间。她就像个掷球者。球向上会变得更好吗？球向下或落地之后，会变得更糟吗？泡沫聚集在一起时得到了什么？破灭之后又会失去什么？对蜡烛，道理也是一样。

21.将血肉之躯从里向外翻转过来，再看看是什么样的景象。人变老、生病、腐烂又会变成什么样子。赞扬者和被赞扬者的生命同样短暂易逝，纪念者和被纪念者也是如此。对于广博的地球而言，他们占据的不过是沧海一粟。即便如此，他们也不能彼此和睦相处。而整个地球也只是宇宙中最微不足道的一个点。

22.无论对一个物体、一种行为、一项原则，还是别人的话，你都应该全神贯注。

你觉得失望理所当然，因为你宁可坐等明日上天赐福，也不愿今天积极争取。

23.我做任何事，都是为了服务人类。发生在我身上的任何事，我都会以对神灵及普遍之源的敬意接受它。一切环环相扣的命运都出自普遍之源。

24.沐浴让你想到了什么？油垢、汗渍、尘土、油腻腻的脏水，以及所有令人作呕的东西。这就像生活的方方面面，其中每一种物质都是如此。

25.死神从露西拉身边夺走了维鲁斯，继而又带走了露西拉；从瑟孔达身边夺走了马克西姆斯，继而又带走了瑟孔达；从埃皮梯恩查努斯身边夺走了戴奥提莫斯，继而带走了埃皮梯恩查努斯；从安东尼纳斯身边夺走了福斯娜，继而带走了安东尼纳斯。这样的事情总在重演。塞勒掩埋了哈德良，自己也被后人掩埋。古代的那些显贵、那些有先见之明的人、那些骄傲的人，如今他们身在何处？机敏者如沙哈克斯、柏拉图主义者德米特里厄斯、尤德蒙，以及其他类似的人，都只活了一天，都早已作古。有的人刚走便被人遗忘，有的人则变成了传说，还有的人甚至淡出了传说。想一想，你复杂的身体有朝一日也会分解消散，维持生命的呼吸也必然会停止，或转移、转化到别处。

26.人的真正乐事是实现人的使命。人的使命不外乎善待同类、超越感官刺激、辨别表象与事实、研究普遍本性及其作用。

27.我们要面对三种关系：其一，与容纳我们的皮囊的关系；其二，与神圣的万物之源的关系；其三，与我们身边同胞的关系。

28.无论对于我们的肉体还是对于我们的灵魂，痛苦必定是邪恶。如果是前者，就由肉体自己来说吧。只是灵魂始终拒绝认为痛苦是邪恶，以此保持内心世界晴朗无霾，平静安宁。这是因为一切决定、冲动、前进或是后退的举动皆由内而发，邪恶绝不可能从外面强行侵入。

29.忘掉不切实际的幻想，经常对自己说：“只有我才能保证邪恶、贪婪和一切混乱的想法在我心中找不到容身之处，只有我才能洞悉天地万物之本质，并以与之相称的方式对待它们。”牢记这一权力，这是本性赐予你的礼物。

30.不论是在元老院讲演，还是与个别人谈话，用词都要得体，不要花哨浮夸。讲话要合乎情理，言而有益。

31.想想奥古斯都的朝廷：妻子、女儿、孩童、祖先、姐妹、阿格里帕、宗族、亲属、朋友、阿雷夫斯、米西奈斯、医护人员、祭司，整个朝廷，统统烟消云散。再看看其他已经湮灭的记录：不光是个人的毁灭，而是整个家族的覆灭，例如庞贝家族。我们在墓碑上看到这样的铭文："此家族中的最后一位。"想想他的祖先为了死后留下一位继承人所耗费的心血。然而到头来，某人必须成为这最后一位，又一个家族覆灭了。

32.你的每一个行为，都应该为完整的人生作出贡献。如果每一行动都能做到这一点，只要它做了，你就应该感到心满意足，因为这是无法阻挡的事情。你也许会说："受到外界的干扰。"即便如此，这些干扰也不会影响到你意图的公正、慎重、合理。"不，现实中某种行动是可以阻挡的。"也许吧，不过只要你能以良好的心态面对挫折，明智地接受出现的替代条件，就能找到同样符合前面提到的完整人生的替代办法。

33.谦逊地接受，得体地放弃。

34.你也许见过断手、断脚、身首异处的头颅。如果一个人拒绝命运的安排，脱离伙伴，或者做事只图一己私利，他就是尽其所能使自己落得这样的下场。于是，你就沦为大自然统一体的弃儿。尽管你生来就是其中的一员，但你却亲手把自己与整体割离开来。即便如此，还是有一个美好的想法：你依然有能力让自己重新回到整体。神灵从来没有如此偏爱过其他生灵，被分离之后还允许他重归整体。看神灵以自己的仁慈美化着人类：他将权力交给世人，不仅首先使他不与整体分离，而且后来一旦分离，还能重回整体，恢复以往的身份。

35.—切由理性事物构成的大自然，使每个理性生命都具备各种本领。我们从她手中得到的本领之一，便是如她一样能够转变遇到的每个阻碍或对抗，将其纳入命运的轨道，同化为自身的一部分。因此，一个

理性的生命有能力将障碍转化成为己所用的材料，借以向自己的奋斗目标前进。

36.千万不要急于去想象整个人生，这样会让自己很困惑。就是说，不要把一生可能遇到的各种不幸都想个遍。相反地，每当遭遇不幸，要问问自己：“这件事中让我无法容忍、难以承受的是什么？”然后，你会发现自己羞于承认失败。还要记住，压在你心头的不是未来或过去的重负，而始终都是现在的负重。就连这份负重也有可能减轻，只要你严格限制它，并且对连这种小事都无法承受的脆弱心理采取严厉的措施。

37.潘瑟和佩尔加蒙至今还端坐在维鲁斯的墓旁吗？卡布里亚斯和戴奥梯莫斯至今还端坐在哈德良的墓旁吗？荒唐之极！就算他们还端坐在那里，死者能感觉到吗？即便能感觉到，他们会高兴吗？况且，就算死者高兴，能指望悼念者长生不老吗？他们不是一样注定要变老，并离开人世吗？到那时，悼念者都不存在了，被悼念者还能怎么样呢？这一切不过是一堆恶臭腐烂的尸体罢了。

38.圣人克里托说过：“你要是长着眼睛能看，就自己看吧。”

39.在理性生命的结构中，我没有发现植有反抗正义的道德，倒发现植有反抗享受的自制力。

40.忘掉你凭空想象痛苦的念头，这样你的自我才能立于刀枪不入的境地。“自我——那是什么？”它就是你的理性。“可是，我身上不全是理性。”也许是这样。在这种情况下，至少要让理性不给自己带来痛苦。另外，如果你的其他部分有麻烦，就让那部分自己去操心好了。

41.对于维持肉体活力的本性来说，任何感官上的挫折都是有害的，任何努力遇到的挫折也是如此。植物的本性照样会有自己的挫折与

危害。同样，心灵受到的挫折也会对心灵的本性造成伤害。将这一切应用到你自己身上。痛苦或者快乐对你有影响吗？感官会注意到。在你努力的过程中，是否曾经畏缩不前？如果付出的努力只许成功不许失败，那么作为理性生命，这种挫折对你的确有害。然而，一旦你认可了普遍的必然性，你就不会受到伤害，也不会觉得沮丧。在心灵自己的领地内，没人能让它受挫。烈火、刀剑、压迫、污蔑等等都不能伤害到它。“地球，一旦成为真实的球形，便永远是球体。”

42.我从来不会有意伤害别人，更没有理由伤害自己。

43.每个人都应该有自己的幸福。对我而言，幸福就是具有健全的自我主导能力——理性，就是不躲避人类及人类的兴衰变迁，就是能够以仁慈的眼光审视并接受一切事物，并根据各自的表现分别对待。

44.充分利用今天。追求明日赞扬的人们忘记了：与耐心经受巨大考验，不比他们短寿的当代人相比，子孙后代没有任何不同。既然如此，子孙后代的评说或对你怀有的看法，对你来说有什么要紧的呢？

45.带上我，随你将我抛弃在哪里。我内心依然拥有灵性，安详而满足，只要它还能感受，并以恰当的方式行事。我的灵魂会受到折磨，堕落下去，变成一个畏首畏尾的懦弱之辈，无精打采地哀求别人。这真的有这么重要吗？真会出现这样的后果吗？

46.人类只可能经历符合自身条件的事情，如同公牛、葡萄藤、石头只会经历符合它们本性的事情一样。既然发生的事情对他们来说都习以为常、合乎自然，那有什么可抱怨的？你和他们共有的大自然绝不会让你经历无法忍受的事情。

47.假如外界的事情使你感到苦恼，那么这痛苦并非来自事情本身，而是源于你对它的判断。你有能力随时消除这种痛苦。如果痛苦的

根源是你自身的性格，那就着手改变你的道德观念。有谁会阻止你呢？如果你的苦恼在于没能采取明确理智的行动准则，那为何不采取，反而妄自烦恼呢？“因为中途遇到不可逾越的障碍。”既然这样，不必担心，不作为的责任不在你。“可是，不完成这件事情，生活便失去了意义。”唉，那就愉快地永别人生吧，得体地承认失败，像其他行为不受约束的人一样走向死亡。

48.记住一旦你更高的自我回归本位，冷静地拒绝做违背自己意愿的事，它就将立于不败之地，即便这种对抗完全不合理性。那么，当它经过理性思考、慎重作出决定时，就更加不可战胜！因此，脱离了激情的心灵堪称堡垒，没有比这更坚固的堡垒可以庇护人类、抵御攻击的了。认识不到这一点就是无知；认识到了，却不寻求它的庇护，则是一种不幸。

49.对最初形成的印象一定要加以辨别。那些印象告诉你，某人在讲你的坏话。这就是它们要传递的信息。它们没有进而说明这一信息已经对你造成伤害。我看见自己的孩子病了，我的眼睛告诉我的，但并没有表明孩子有生命危险。所以，要牢记最初的印象，不要添枝加叶，你就不会有危险。即便要加，至少也要添加对万能的普世秩序的认识，因为万物皆要遵从这一秩序。

50.你的黄瓜味道很苦？扔掉它。你走的路上有欧石南吗？那就走别的路好了。这就够了。不要进而抱怨：“世上怎么会有这种东西呢？”本性的学生只会嘲笑你，就好比在木匠或是鞋匠的铺子里挑剔人家的产品有刨花或碎屑，会遭到他们的耻笑一样。不过，至少他们还有地方放置垃圾，而大自然却没有这样的闲地方。她的方法神奇之处就在于：尽管有这种自我限制，她却能把所有破旧磨损、老而无用的东西转化成自己的一部分，再重新打造成新的产物，这样就永远不需要外部供给新鲜的原料，也不需要丢弃垃圾的地方。她自己的空间、自己的原

料、自己的手艺就已经足够了。

51.行动拖拖拉拉、说话语无伦次、观点模糊不清、内心深受束缚、感情过于外露、生活没有闲暇，这些现象都应该避免。殉难、损毁、诅咒，这些怎能削弱一个人保持内心纯洁、清醒、温和、公正的能力呢？人可能会站在一泓清泉旁边破口大骂，然而泉眼中依然汩汩涌出清澈、有益于健康的泉水；他甚至会把污泥和赃物投入水中，可是泉水会很快将其溶解冲走，不留一丝污渍。何不让自己拥有长流不息的清泉呢？只要时刻以恻隐、质朴、谦逊之心守护好自己做主的权利就行。

52.—个人不懂得宇宙的本性，就不会明白自己身在何处；不懂得宇宙的意志，他就不懂得自己的本质，也不懂得宇宙的本质。让他发现不了这些道理，他甚至无法对自己的存在给出合理的解释。他们既不知道自己身在何处，也不知道自己的本质，却刻意寻找或者回避民众喧嚣的喝彩声，对这样的人，我们应该如何评价呢？

53.如果一个人一小时之内咒骂自己三次，你会希望得到这种人的夸奖吗？你愿意取悦那种对自己都不满意的人吗？几乎后悔自己做过的所有事情，这样的人能对自己满意吗？

54.你的呼吸参与空气的循环，同样让你的思维也参与圣灵的交流。有一种精神力量可供他汲取，这种力量无处不在，就如同他呼吸的空气一样。

55.人类平常的不端行为伤害不了宇宙，一个人特定的不端行为也伤害不了同胞。这种不端行为伤害不了别人，只能伤害犯过者自己。而且他只要愿意，就能从中解脱出来。

56.我邻居的意愿如同他的身体和呼吸一样，与我毫不相干。无论我们相互之间多么默契，各自仍然具有独立的权利。否则，他的不端行

为便会成为我的罪恶。神灵不希望这样的事情发生，以防别人恣意毁掉我的幸福。

57.人们看到，太阳将光和热撒向四方，自己却从不枯竭。这种普照是一种自我扩展。实际上，日光之名，来源于“可扩展”一词。想要了解日光的性能，就去观察黑暗房间里从狭窄小缝中透过的光线。日光延长成一条直线，直至碰上某一固体挡住了它的去路。它便停留在那儿，既不落下，也不离开。思想也应该像阳光一样发射和扩散永不枯竭，只扩展自己，碰到障碍物不是一味地横冲直撞，不是绝望地离开，而是站稳立场，照亮它所停留的物体。不让日光穿过，就是自己不要日光。

58.怕死的人要么害怕失去所有的感觉，要么对新感觉有恐惧。实际上，你要么什么都感觉不到，也就没有邪恶；要么，如果你能感觉到任何新鲜事物的话，就会脱胎换骨，生命也就不会停止。

59.人为彼此而存在。所以，要么提升他们，要么就容忍他们。

60.箭矢以一种方式飞行，而思想则以另一种方式传播。即使当思想摸索着谨慎行事、从不同角度寻找解决问题的方法时，它也是径直前行，直奔目标的。

61.仔细研究一下别人心灵的主导原则，并允许他也研究你心灵的主导原则。

卷九

1.不义是一种罪恶。大自然创造理性生命，是要让他们相互受益，依其所值帮助同胞，而不是伤害他们。违背大自然的这一意愿，就等于对最古老的神灵行恶。不诚实也是一种罪恶，也是对这一神灵行恶。大自然是存在的本性，而存在意味着所有生灵有着同源关系。真理是这一大自然的别名，是一切真实事物的原创者。如果说蓄意撒谎是一种罪恶，因为欺骗是不义行为，那么无心的谎言也是一种罪恶，因为它是大自然的和谐曲调中一个刺耳的音符，在井然有序的宇宙中引起大逆不道的混乱。之所以说它大逆不道，是因为人允许自己陷入了与真理对立的境地，尽管不是有意为之；是因为他严重忽视了大自然赋予他的能力，因而不再能够分辨。

同样地，视追求快乐为善，视躲避痛苦为恶，也是一种罪恶。这必将导致世人的抱怨，说大自然对待善恶赏罚不明，因为坏人经常享有快乐和得到快乐的手段，而痛苦和带来痛苦的事情却落在好人头上。而且，人若害怕痛苦，恰恰说明他害怕命中注定的事情要发生。这种行为本身也是一种罪恶。一味追求快乐的人必然不会停止不义之举，这显然也是有罪的。不，大自然自己并未分出彼此（如果她分出彼此，她就不会让痛苦与快乐同时存在），她的追随者也应该与她志趣相投，表现出同样的中立态度。痛苦和快乐、生与死、荣誉与耻辱，都为大自然公平使用，凡是不能以同样公平的态度看待它们的人，显然也是有罪的。说到它们为大自然公平使用，我是指神灵创造的生灵一代一代都依次有过同样的经历。这正是最初感动天意的原始冲动的产物：取一些未来存在的胚芽，赋予它们自我实现、变异和延续的能力，从宇宙的开端发展成如今井然有序的体系。

2.具有高尚情操的人，宁愿离开人世也不愿说假话、两面三刀、生活奢靡、为人傲慢。可是，既然这些都已经体验腻了，下一个最好的办法便是立刻结束生命。否则的话，难道你真的铁了心要生活在邪恶之中？以往的经历还未说服你逃离瘟疫吗？受感染的心灵是一种瘟疫，它比我们周围有害健康的、混乱的气体要危险得多。作为动物，一个侵害我们的生命；而作为人，另一个侵害我们的人性。

3.不要蔑视死亡，应该微笑着迎接它，因为死亡也是大自然意志的体现。青春和暮年，成长和成熟，长牙、长胡须、生华发，怀孕生子，乃至生命季节带给我们的一切其他自然过程，都是大自然意志的体现，我们的消亡也是如此。所以，一个有思想的人绝不会以草率、急躁和不屑一顾的态度对待死亡。他会将死亡视为又一个自然进程，等候它的到来。就像等待婴儿从你妻子的子宫分娩出一样，期待着弱小的灵魂从躯壳中滑出的那一刻。

不过，假如你的心灵需要更为简单的安慰，那么想一想即将告别的社会和你不必再周旋的人。没有比这更好的死亡慰藉了。并不是说你一定会讨厌他们，恰恰相反，你有责任关爱他们，以宽容之心容忍他们。但是切莫忘记，自己离开的这群人奉行的原则与自己大相径庭。或许只有一件事能留住你的生命，那就是和志趣相投者的深厚情谊。一旦你想到与格格不入的人周旋是多么的疲倦，你就会大声疾呼：“死神，快来吧，免得我也将自己忘记。”

4.犯罪者是对自己犯罪；作恶者是对自己作恶，用自己的行动使自己更坏。

5.一个人犯罪，不只是因为做了不该做的事，还常常因为没有做应该做的事。

6.只要你现在的看法基于信念，你现在的行为基于无私，你现在的

性情满足于你从外界得到的一切，这就足够了。

7.忘掉幻想，克制冲动，遏制欲望，让至上的理性主宰一切。

8.有一种生命准则遍布于一切非理性的生命之中，有一种心灵准则遍布于一切理性生命之中。这如同地球形成了世间万物，又如同能看能呼吸的我们大家，都看见了同样的光，呼吸着同样的空气。

9.物以类聚。土性的东西受土吸引，水性的东西互相交流，气性的东西也是如此。因此需要设置壁垒将它们强行分开。火焰由元素燃烧而成，总是趋向天空。即便在地上，火焰也总是迫不及待地与同类相聚，以至于任何材质，只要足够干燥，都能轻易点燃，因为它只有少量成分可以阻燃。同样，普遍理性的各个组成部分也相互吸引，甚至更为强烈。由于普遍理性是天地万物中的高级存在，它渴望聚合的程度也相应地更为强烈。这种聚合的本能首先表现在非理性生物身上，比如蜜蜂群飞，牛在一起吃草，鸟儿成群筑巢，动物成双交配。由于它们都已经具有了灵魂，在这些相对高级的生命形式身上，团聚的欲望达到了强烈的程度，而这是石头或木棍所不具备的。至于理性生物，他们有政治社团、同志之谊、家庭生活、公共集会、战争期间各种条约和休战。在更高一级的秩序中，甚至相隔甚远的物体（比如繁星）也存在一定程度的统一。因此，随着事物等级的升高，即使远隔天涯的事物也能产生同胞之情。

现在来看看实际发生的情况。恰恰是我们智能生物，忘记了这种渴望统一的热情。只有在我们身上看不到汇合的潮流。尽管人可以逃跑，却仍然会被逮到，扣住不放。对他而言，大自然太过强大。留心观察，你会发现：找一块与同类无关的土，与找一个与同伴无丝毫联系的人相比，前者要快得多。

10.万物皆能结果。人类、神灵、整个宇宙，都在适当的时节结

果。这种说法通常特指葡萄藤之类的东西，不过这无关紧要。理性同样能为自己和世界结出硕果，因为众多由它孕育出的美好事物身上都带有理性的印记。

11.如果有可能，就好好教导他们。如果不行，也要记着，要耐心地保持这种仁慈之心。此时就是你仁慈之心的用武之地。神灵自己也会向这种人展示仁慈，有时甚至放纵他们，在他们追求健康、财富、声望的时候，助他们一臂之力。这些你也能做到。有谁会阻止你呢？

12.努力劳作，但不要怀着受害者的心态，也不要贪图别人的同情和赞赏。而只要想着一件事：那就是无论你做还是不做都要无愧于一个有理性的公民。

13.今天，我摆脱了所有的困惑。更确切地说，我让困惑摆脱了我。因为它们并非来自外界，而是来自内心。他们就在我自己的观念里。

14.世间万物的经历都是平庸无奇的，持续时间都是短暂易逝的，内容都是污秽不堪的。无论从哪方面看，现在的情形和已经入土的历代先辈们看到的情形，都一模一样。

15.事实完全置身在外。事实就是事实，再无其他。事实对自己一无所知，也不对自己发表任何看法。那么发表看法的是谁呢？是我们的导师和主宰——理性。

16.—个具有理性和社会性的人，是不会受自己情绪的影响而变得更好或是更坏的。他只受自己意志的左右。这就像他的外在行为，无论好坏，都是意志而非情感的产物。

17.对于抛出去的石头而言，下落并非邪恶，上升也并非高尚。

18.洞悉批评者内心最深处的思想，你会明白自己最害怕什么样的批评者，并且看到他们能否批评他们自己。

19.一切皆在变化之中。你自己也在不停地转变，有的部位会腐烂。整个宇宙都是如此。

20.不要介入别人的不端行为。

21.—项活动被中断，一个冲动或想法中断或死亡，这些都没有邪恶。回想一下自己的成长历程：孩童时期、少年时期、青年时期、暮年时期，每次转变都是某种死亡。这有那么可怕吗？想想你先是在祖父抚养下，后来在母亲抚养下，再后来在父亲抚养下的生活，追溯那段岁月里发生在你身上的无数差异、变化和中断，然后问问自己："它们有那么可怕吗？"那么，生命的停止、中断、改变也就不过如此了。

22.赶快去研究它们吧：你自己的心灵、宇宙的心灵、你邻居的心灵。研究你自己的心灵，能使其公正；研究宇宙的心灵，能使你不忘自己的根本；研究邻居的心灵，能使你弄清它是愚昧无知还是学识渊博，或许还能让你看到它与自己的相似之处。

23.作为一个单位，你有助于社会整体的完整。同样的，你的每个行为也应有助于社会生活的完整。凡是与这一社会目的无直接间接关系的行为，都会分解社会生活，破坏它的完整。有些社会公民竭力脱离大众，这种行为与分裂者的行为别无二致。

24.孩童式的拌嘴，孩童式的游戏，"微弱的气息支撑着躯体"。啊，荷马史诗中的鬼魂在现实中有了更为逼真的形象！

25.首先要找到原始成因的本性与性质，将其与成形的材质区分开来，加以研究。然后再确定其作用可能持续的时间。

26.因为你不愿让你的导师和主宰——理性——发挥应有的作用，所以你不得不承受无数的灾难。好了，别再这样了！

27.当身边的人向你发泄不满，恶毒攻击你，或者大呼小叫地伤害你时，要接近他们，洞察他们的灵魂，看看他们究竟是怎样一种人。你会发现，自己煞费苦心去赢得他们的好感是多么不明智。尽管如此，善待他们依然是你的职责，因为自然已经使他们成为你的朋友。连神灵自己都在以各种方式，托梦或靠神谕，帮助他们实现自己既定的目标。

28.上上下下[16]、一代一代，宇宙遵循亘古不变的周期循环往复。也许是普遍心灵左右着相继发生的每件事情。倘若果真如此，就接受这样的结果吧。或许，存在着一种原始的意愿，它产生了随之而来的一切。每件事情都是另一事情的起源。换句话说，事物要么是单独的个体，要么由它们构成一个不可分割的整体。倘若这个整体便是神灵，那就万事大吉。倘若这个整体是无目的的巧合，至少你不必也无目的。

不久我们都将归于尘土。然后尘土也会发生变化。再后来，这种变化中产生的物质还会不断地发生变化。一切又将各就各位，直至世界的尽头。让心灵停留在变化和改造的汹涌波涛之上，就等于懂得了要藐视世间的一切事物。

29.原始动因如同洪水中的河流，裹挟着世间万物滚滚向前。那些玩弄政治，并让自己相信是在本着哲学精神行事的小人是多么卑鄙可耻。乳臭未干的小儿，甚至还不会擦鼻涕呢！已经成年的你，又能怎么样？此时此刻，还是听从本性的要求，抓住出现的机会，别再东张西望、在意别人是否注意你。不要幻想柏拉图式的理想国出现。如果付出的一点努力结果不错，就应该感到满足，把结果看成很大的成功。谁能指望改变人们的信念？难道不改变信念就只能得到不情愿的臣服和虚假的赞同吗？没错。现在，接着来与我谈谈亚历山大、菲利普、法莱雷奥斯的德米特里吧。倘若他们果真懂得大自然的意志，并教育自己按她的

意志行事，那是他们自己的事情。但是倘若他们只是做做样子，任何朝廷都无法强迫我效仿他们。哲学是一个谦逊的职业，一切崇尚简单质朴、坦诚无欺。绝不要企图引诱我故作自命不凡之状。

30.站在高处俯瞰芸芸众生：他们举行各种神秘的仪式，他们的潜水者在时而暴风骤雨，时而风平浪静的大海中穿梭，他们来往聚散，变化无常。再想想前世和来世人们的生活，甚至今天边远地区夷蛮族群的生活。总之，想想现在有那么多的人不知道你的大名，还有更多的人将很快把你忘记，那么多的人或许现在赞美你，转脸便会谩骂你。所以说，怀念、荣耀，以及其他一切，都是毫无价值的东西。

31.受到外界环境困扰时，要泰然自若；内心产生行为冲动时，要公平公正；总而言之，你的愿望和行为既要具有社会性，还要符合自己的本性。

32.很多困扰你的烦心事，其实都是无关紧要的。你既然能产生妄想，就完全能将它们消除，让自己的思想延伸到更广阔的领域，纵横驰骋在宇宙之间，冥想无尽的永恒，留心世间万物的瞬息万变，对比生死之间的短暂瞬间与生前死后的永世。

33.片刻之后，你眼前的一切都将灰飞烟灭。这一过程的见证者不久也会踏上同样的旅途。所以说，最年长的祖父和夭折在襁褓之中的婴儿有什么分别呢？

34.仔细观察指导人们行动的本能，他们为之奋斗的目标，他们喜爱并看重事物的理由。总之，要勾勒出他们赤裸裸的灵魂。而他们却还在想象自己的赞美或指责具有帮助或伤害别人的力量。真是痴心妄想！

35.损失无非是一种变化，而变化是大自然的一桩乐事。按照她的布置，万事万物从世界伊始，便以现在同样的方式存在，并将和其他类

似事物一样，一直到时间的尽头。你怎能说这一切都不正确，并将永远如此，你怎能说天上的神灵也无力扭转局面，世界将被迫陷于无尽的灾难之中？

36.我们大家的身体注定将要腐烂，化作水汽、泥土、骨骼和恶臭。我们所珍视的大理石无非是地球的胼胝，黄金和白银无非是地球的沉积物，我们穿的衣服不过是地球的些许毛发，珍贵的紫色无非是鱼身上的淤血，其他事物也是如此。就连维系我们生命的呼吸也一样，终究要一个接一个相继消逝。

37.受够了这种悲惨的生活方式，这些没完没了的牢骚，这些哗众取宠的鬼把戏。为何你非要如此焦虑不安？现在发生的一切并非史无前例，究竟是什么让你如此烦恼？它的形式？那就好好审视一下。它的内容？也要仔细研究一下。除了形式和内容，再无其他。虽然为时已晚，还是要让自己成为一个神灵眼中更淳朴更高尚的人。只要悟出此道，活三年和活一百年一样美好。

38.他犯罪，伤害的是他自己。不过，或许他终归没有犯罪。

39.天地万物必定出自同一智慧之源，然后各就各位形成统一的整体。这样一来，出于整体的利益，各个组成部分都不会抱怨自己的命运。如若不然，世界就只能是原子微粒，并由它们混乱地聚合与消散。因此，何必如此烦恼？告诉主宰你的理性：“怎么，你已经死了，在腐烂？这就是你发挥的作用吗？难道你已经沦落到和野兽一样的水准，和其他的兽类一起啃食牧草吗？”

40.神灵要么拥有法力，要么没有。倘若没有，为何还向他们祈祷？倘若有，与其祈求得到或分享某物，何不祈求不畏惧它、贪恋它或为它感到悲伤？显然，倘若神灵向凡人伸出援手，他们可以这样来帮助他。你也许会说：“这些都是神灵早就赋予我的能力。”既然如此，靠自

己的力量成为一个不受束缚的人，而不是像奴仆和乞丐一样祈求不该拥有的东西，那不是更好吗。再者，谁告诉你神灵从不帮助我们实现能力所及的事情？像这样祈祷吧，你会看到结果的。换作他人，也许会祈求：“让我拥有这个女人。”而你应该祈祷：“让我不要渴望拥有她。”别人祈祷：“让我摆脱某个人吧。”你却祈祷：“让我不要渴望摆脱他。”别人祈求：“不要让我失去宝贵的孩子。”你不如祈求免除失去孩子的恐惧。总之，就像这样去祈祷，看看会有什么结果。

41.伊壁鸠鲁说：“我生病的时候，从不谈论肉体的不适，也不和我的客人讨论类似的话题，而是继续谈论自然哲学的原理。我着重阐述的是心灵如何既参与肉体各部位的活动又能保持自身的从容淡定，坚持追求本该拥有的美德。”他又说：“我也不给医生吹嘘自己能耐的机会。我的生活只不过是一如既往，平静而幸福。”因此，当你身体欠佳，或是处于任何困境时，要像伊壁鸠鲁那样。绝不要因为发生事情就放弃一直坚持的哲学，也不要参与那些愚昧无知、未受教化的人的无稽之谈（这是所有学派一至认同的准则）。全神贯注地完成眼前的任务，关注你为完成任务所用的工具。

如果有人出言不逊，冒犯了你，马上问问自己：“没有粗鲁之人，这个世界能存在吗？”不能。因此不要要求不可能的事情。那人不过是那些粗鄙之人中的一员，他们的存在对这个世界来说是必不可少的。无论何时，只要碰到无赖行径、两面三刀或者其他不端行为，就要顺着这个思路去想。你只需提醒自己，这种人必不可少，你对他的情绪便会立刻缓和下来。如果你能及时回想起大自然赋予我们应对这种缺陷的特殊才能，这对你也很有帮助。她已经给我们准备了解药：比如，以温柔对待粗鲁，还有医治其他疾病的其他良药。一般说来，你有机会使犯错者认识到自己的错误。因为每个犯错的人，都是由于缺乏正确的目标才犯错的。再说，你又受到什么损害呢？这些冒犯你的人没做任何伤害你心灵的事情；只有在心灵里，邪恶或对自身有害的东西才能成为现实。说

到底，粗野之人行为粗鲁，这有什么不对或者让人吃惊的地方呢？与其责备他们倒不如责怪自己，是你自己没有预见到他们的冒犯行为。借助理性的力量，你拥有一切手段来估计到他们的行为。你自己忘记了，现在却对人家的冒犯行为感到吃惊。当你对别人背信弃义、忘恩负义的行为感到愤慨时，首先要想想自己。如果你相信了这种人的忠诚，或是好心帮助了他，而这种帮助并非毫无保留，认为这一行为本身就是最好的回报，那么，错误显然在你身上。既然帮助了别人，还指望得到什么呢？做了符合本性的事情而不求回报，这难道还不够吗？就好比眼睛能看见东西就要求报答，脚能走路也要求报答。眼睛和脚恰恰是因为各自的功能才存在，各司其职是它们的本分。同样，人生来就是为了行善，他做善事或者为公共福祉效力，只是尽了自己的本分，而且他本身得到了补偿。

卷十

1.啊，我的灵魂，你不愿永远善良真诚，完整坦诚，比包裹着你的肉体更加清晰地呈现在人们面前？你不愿永远体验充满关爱和柔情的心灵的甜蜜？你不愿永远充实，毫不匮乏，一无所求，既不渴求给你带来享受的人和物，也不希望延长享受他们的时光，不向往任何地方或国家、怡人的气候，不与佳人为伴吗？你何时才能安于现状，心满意足，相信一切皆属于你，皆为神灵所赐，现在和将来都会与你同在？为确保这生机勃勃的完美世界的安全和福祉，它们愿意授予你这一切。这世界多么高尚、公平、美好，它赋予万物生机，支持保护它们，等到它们消亡时再将它们聚集到自己的怀抱里，让其他更多同类涌现出来。你不愿永远成为神灵和人类的伙伴，对他们无怨无悔，也不使他们对你产生不满吗？

2.注意自己特殊本性的要求，要像完全臣服于大自然主宰的人一样。履行职责，接受命运，只要它能确保不伤害你的自然本性。还应该注意自然本性的需求，一一满足它们，只要它们能确保不伤害理性的本性（理性也直接意味着社会性）。遵守这些规则，不要在其他事物上枉费精力。

3.无论发生什么事情，大自然也许已经使你具备了面对它的能力，也许没有。一旦发生不幸，只要能够承受，就不要心生怨恨，就要以大自然赐予的能力去承受它。如果它超出了你的能力，依然不要心生怨恨，因为虽然它打败了你，但它自身也将不复存在。但要记住，其实自然已经让你具备了承受一切的能力，只要你将承受不幸当成对自身有益而且是职责所在的事情，你自己就会断定，它是可以承受、可以忍受的。

4.如果有人出了差错，要温和地提醒他，指出他的错误。如果说服不了他，就责怪自己吧，或者谁也不要指责。

5.你可能遭遇的一切，从时间伊始就已为你准备就绪。在错综复杂的因果关系中，你的生命之线一直就与某个特定事件交织在一起。

6.无论宇宙是由一团混乱的微粒组成，还是自然长成，我的第一信念是，我是大自然主宰下的宇宙整体的一部分。我的第二信念是，我和同类之间有着同胞关系。只要我铭记这两点，无论这个整体分配给我什么，作为其中的一部分，我首先不会感到委屈，因为有益于整体的事物绝不可能对局部有害，而整体也不会接纳对自己无益的事物（这也适用于每一个自然有机体；不过，宇宙的本性还具有更深一层的特征，即没有任何外因能迫使自己产生对自己有害的事物）。牢记自己是这一整体的一部分，我就会欣然接受任何可能的命运安排。其次，由于我和我的同类有着同胞关系，我不会作出任何有损于他们共同福祉的事情。相反，我会永远有意地为这些同胞着想，对他们有利的冲动就要鼓励，对他们不利的事情就要避免。这样一来，我的生活也会一帆风顺。这就如同我们想到的那些公务人员的生活那样一帆风顺。他们一贯服务于自己的同胞，并随时迎接自己的城市分派的任何使命。

7.整体的各个部分，我指的是宇宙自然包含的一切事物，迟早都会衰败。更准确地说，都会改变形态。一旦这种不可避免的改变在本质上对局部肯定有害，那么这个整体就无法继续正常运转。这是因为，这些局部始终都在形态上发生这样那样的变化，而且都在以各自的方式走向衰败。那么，是大自然有意加害自己的组成部分，使得它们不仅容易而且不可避免地受到伤害吗？或者，她对发生的一切并不知情？这两种猜测都不可信。就算我们把大自然本身完全排除在外，转而用正常的自然秩序来解释这一问题。如果我们认为这种局部的易变性很正常，同时又把这种易变看作非自然事件而感到震惊或愤恨，这种看法仍然荒谬。如

果考虑到局部的变化不过是分解回它们原来的结构成分，这种看法就更加荒谬。说到底，如果分解不是组成元素的简单分解，那一定是肉体微粒转化为土的形态，精神微粒转化为气的形态，这样它们就能被普遍理性重新吸收（无论是定期被火焰吞噬，还是通过永无止境的变化周期不断更新自己）。但是记住，我们不能把这些微粒，不论是肉体的还是精神的，想象成我们出生时得到的那些微粒。我们现在整个身体结构的增加，得益于昨天或前天摄入的肉类和呼吸的空气。所以，承载这些变化的，早已不是我们母亲最初生下的身体，而是此后我们所接纳的物质（事实上，即便我们承认出生时就带有相当多先天的易变微粒，我也不认为这会影响我上述的观点）。

8.如果你认为自己配得上这些称赞，例如，善良、谦逊、真诚、敏锐、正直、高尚，就不要辜负它们。如果不小心失掉它们，要赶紧找回来。但要记住，“敏锐”就意味着能够思考鉴别出事物的细枝末节，并审慎地关注它们，“正直”意味着心甘情愿接受自然给你的一切，而“高尚”意味着理智的升华，它超越了或舒适或难受的肉体活动，也超越了极度的虚荣、死亡和其他使你分心的事物。不要辜负这些称赞，也不要热衷于别人对你的赞美，这样，你就会与众不同，你的人生也将与众不同。继续现在这种状态，被现在的生活所折磨、所玷污，那是傻瓜和懦夫的行为。就像武士在角斗场被野兽撕扯得血迹斑斑、遍体鳞伤，却仍然恳求把自己关起来，等到翌日再带着满身伤痕，被投入场中，丢给同样的獠牙和利爪。不如登上这个由形容词构成的小木筏吧，要是你能做到，就待在上面，只当被送到了福佑之岛。如果感到摇摇晃晃，控制不住自己的方向，就振作精神冲向宁静的避风港，在那儿你就能把握住自己。抑或就彻底告别人生，不在盛怒之下，而是简单、自由、低调地离开人世，这样看上去你的人生结束了，但至少人生中还有一件值得赞扬的事情。永远将这些形容词牢记在心，这会帮你记住神灵。还要牢记，神灵不愿受到恭维，而是希望有理性的万物都能像他们一样。另外还要记住，无花果树有无花果树的使命，狗有狗的使命，蜜蜂有蜜蜂的使

命，人也如此。

9.日复一日，你周围尽是那些插科打诨、争吵斗嘴、胆小怯懦、散漫懒惰、卑躬屈膝的现象，这会让你忘却那些神圣的箴言。你没有深刻领会却漫不经心地丢弃了它们。你的使命要求你，在观察每件事物、进行每个行动时，不但要充分考虑环境的客观要求，还要充分运用自己的思维能力。此外，还要保持一切细节尽在掌握的自信（供备用，但绝不能忘记）。你永远不想得到一个真正诚实高贵的人所拥有的幸福吗？不想弄清每个事物最深层的本质，它在世界秩序中的位置，它自然存在的条件，它的组成结构，它的归属，以及谁有能力给予或收回它吗？

10.蜘蛛逮到苍蝇就觉得了不起。一个人捕到一只野兔，第二个人网到一条小鱼，第三个人俘获野猪、熊或是萨尔马提亚人，[17]也会自以为了不起。倘若深究一下原则性问题，这些行为岂不是与强盗无异？

11.养成习惯，定期观察宇宙的变化过程，一丝不苟地关注它，深入研究这门学问。没有比这更能提高智力的了。这是因为，当人意识到自己随时可能被迫放弃一切，离开同伴的时候，他就会抛开肉体，按照大自然的安排，以自己的行动全心全意地效力于正义事业。不再浪费精力去考虑别人会对自己说什么，想什么或做什么。能做到两件事就足矣：在日常行为中正派，对命运的安排满意。将烦心的事情、分心的事情统统搁置一边。唯一的雄心壮志就是在守法的大道上径直前行，由此成为神灵的追随者。

12.既然使命摆在你眼前，又何需猜测？只要道路清晰可见，就心怀善意大步前行，不要回头。如果不是这样，那就等待一下，听从最好的建议。倘若阻力继续出现，始终沿着正义指引的方向，尽量审慎地前进。获得正义就是无上的成功，因为人们通常会铩羽而归。

13.每天伊始都要自问：“别人正义、公正的行为对我有何影响？”没

有。记住，那些人自以为是地愿意赞美或贬损别人，在生活中、睡觉时、饭桌旁也是一样。回想一下他们的所作所为，他们回避或追求的事物，他们的偷窃和掠夺行径。他们干这些时，并不是用手和脚，而是用他们最为宝贵的东西，那就是信仰的源泉、谦逊、真理、法律以及内心神灵这一宝贵财产，只要一个人想这样做。

14.面对大自然这一万物之源和归宿，一个谦顺、有教养的人会大声恳求："如您所愿赐予，如您所愿收回。"但是在说这话时，不能哗众取宠，而要怀着纯粹的恭顺和善意。

15.如今你来日无多。那就如同置身山巅一样去度过它们吧。命运将人抛向何方并不重要，假如他无论身在何处，都将世界视为一座城市，将自己视为城市的公民。让人们有机会认识并了解一个遵循万物之法生活的纯粹的人。倘若有人看不惯，任凭他们将他除掉。这比像他们那样生活更好。

16.不要再浪费时间讨论高尚的人应该是什么样子。去做那样的人。

17.不断思考所有时间和所有存在，从而领悟到每个独立的事物和所有存在相比不过是一粒沙，和所有时间相比也只是拧紧一下螺丝的瞬间。

18.要认识一切实物的本性，观察每个事物现在还经历的变化和分解过程，已经处在其中的衰败和消散的过程，以及等待它的其他命运。

19.他们进餐、就寝、交媾、排泄，诸如此类。这都是一伙什么人呀！那么自以为是，那么傲慢无礼，那么专横跋扈，暴虐无道，那么目空一切，百般挑剔！刚才他们还在对那么多的人献媚拍马。为了同样的目的，用不了多久，他们还会这么做！

20.大自然创造万物众生，是为了他们的福祉，而且从他们诞生的那一刻起便已造福于他们。

21.“土地爱上了从天而降的阵雨，神圣的天国也沉浸于爱河之中。”这就是说，宇宙真的热爱创造一切事物的使命。因此，我对宇宙的回答必定是：“只要是您热爱的，我也热爱。”（这是不是跟人们通常说的某事物“乐于发生”是同一个意思？）

22.你可以继续生活在这里，毕竟你已经非常适应这里的习俗了。你也可以移居到你自由选择的任何其他地方。再不然就一死了之，这也意味着你使命的终结。除此之外，再无别的选择。所以随遇而安吧。

23.你应该明白，无论身在何处，你都能够拥有绿色田野般的宁静。在山上、在海边、在任何你想去的地方，情况都和这里一样。柏拉图有同样的观点，他曾说，生活在城墙之中“犹如在高山上的羊圈里给羊群挤奶”。

24.我的主宰理性对我意味着什么？此时此刻我理解它吗？我会如何使用它？它缺乏判断力吗？它是否脱离了伙伴之谊？它是否受肉体影响太深，还在回想肉体的多变与摇摆不定？

25.仆人挣脱了主人就是逃跑。对我们而言，我们的主人就是法律。因此，犯法的人就是逃犯。然而，悲伤、愤怒、恐惧都是对某种事物的排斥，这种事物不论过去，现在还是将来都是由主宰宇宙的力量来规定的。也就是说，由法来规定的。法规定，一切生灵皆有权益[18]。所以，屈服于恐惧、悲伤或愤怒，便是逃跑。

26.男人在子宫里下种之后便扬长而去。然后另一个因缘接手，开始工作，使其发育成为一个完美的婴儿。这是多么奇妙的转变！这个男子咽下食物，某种其他因缘再次接手，把食物转化成感觉、动作以及，

简言之，生命、精力和其他各种各样的产物。想想这些过程是多么奇妙。观察其中发挥作用的力量，就像观察让事物向上或向下运动的力量一样。当然并非用眼睛观察，但一样能看得清晰。

27.经常回想一下，今天的生活就是以往生活的重复。你会注意到这也预示了将来要发生的事情。再看看很多戏剧和场景，它们都是如此地相似，那是因为你已经从亲身经历和过去的历史中熟悉了它们。例如，哈德良皇帝的整个朝廷，安东尼纳斯皇帝的朝廷，还有菲利普、亚历山大、克罗伊斯[19]的朝廷。演出都一样，只是演员不同罢了。

28.如果看到有人烦恼或者愤怒，就想象一下宰牲屠刀下又踢又叫的猪。如果看到另外一个人独自卧病在床，默默哀叹着我们对他的束缚。这种情形也好不到哪里去。唯有理性生命具备主动适应环境的能力，而适应本身则是世间万物必须服从的苛刻要求。

29.无论处理什么事情，每走一步都要停下来问自己："是不是因为害怕丧失它，我才会畏惧死亡？"

30.如果别人的错误冒犯了你，就反省一下自己是否也有同样的毛病。你是不是也从财富、享受、名声以及类似的东西中受益？想到这里，你的怒气很快就会烟消云散，因为他的行为不过是重压之下的反应，否则他还能怎么做呢？或者，如果你有能力，就设法把他从压力下解救出来。

31.看见萨特隆就想起了已故的苏格拉底派学者欧迪奇和许门，看见幼发拉底河就想起埃夫蒂希翁和西尔法努斯，看见阿尔齐弗隆就想起特罗佩奥福鲁斯，看见西弗勒斯就想起克里托和色诺芬，看见自己就想起在你之前的那些帝王。所以，每个人都应该想想和自己相对应的人，然后再想想："他们现在身在何处？"无处可寻或者无处不在。于是，你渐渐习惯将尘世的一切视为蒸汽或者虚无。而且，你还应该记住，世事

一旦改变就不可挽回。既然如此，何苦还要挣扎较劲，何不以恰当得体的方式度过短暂的人生？想想你都永远拒绝了什么物质和可能，因为只要你的理性学会用适当的哲学眼光看清人生的真谛，你所经受的苦难不过是对自己理性的磨练。耐心一些，直到你对它们习以为常，就如同强健的胃能够消化吸收各种食物，或者明亮的火焰能够把投入其中的一切化作热能和烈焰一样。

32.不要让任何人有权理直气壮地指责你不守诚信或不善良。即便有人这么想，也要确保他们的想法毫无根据。这完全取决于你自己，试想谁能阻止你做一个善良诚实的人呢？如果你不能这样生活，就只能决心一死了之。因为这种情况下，即使理性本身也不允许你继续存在。

33.对你拥有的物质应该如何评价或处置才最恰当呢？不管怎样，你都有权对它们评价或处置。但是不要假装做不了主。你的这些烦恼会无休无止，直至一个人以所能得到的物质履行自己天职对你的意义，就像他的享乐对骄奢淫逸者的意义一样（的确，我们每次按照正当的、与生俱来的本能行事，都应该看作是一种享乐，而现在这样的机会无处不在）。诚然，滚轮并不总是能够随意滚动，水不能，火不能，其他受自己本性或非理性灵魂主宰的事物也都不能。有诸多因素制约着它们。但是，心灵和理性却能跨越一切障碍，因为本性使它们具备这样的能力，而意志也促使它们这么做。想象一下，理性是如何不费吹灰之力跨越每一个障碍的，就如同火焰上窜、石头下落或者滚轮滚下斜坡一样。除此之外，别无所求。不管怎样，干扰只能影响身体（即无生命的事物），否则就不能压垮或伤害我们，除非我们抱有成见和丧失理智。如若不然，它们将危及主体。尽管纵观宇宙，我们知道，灾难的发生往往牵涉到受害者自身的某种堕落。但就人而言，只要他能正确利用逆境，我们甚至可以断言他会因祸得福，变得更高尚，更值得赞扬。总之，永远不要忘记，不能伤害城市的事情必定不能伤害城里真正的公民，不能伤害法律的事情必定不能伤害城市。我们所说的厄运并不伤害法律，因而也

不能伤害城市或公民。

34.真正的原则一旦被人铭记在心，即便是最常见的事情都足以让他回想起遗憾和恐惧的无用。例如：

“人类的孩子是什么？无非是被风吹落的树叶。”

这些树叶就是你们心爱的孩子。树叶也是民众，是那些尖声喝彩、大声咒骂或者暗地讥讽的具有潜在说服力的声音。从此你的声望将落入这些树叶的手中。它们都是“春天的花朵”，大风将它们吹落，不久森林又在它们原来的地方添上新绿。短暂是每个人的标记，而你却追逐或避开它们，仿佛它们将万世永生。不久以后，你将闭上双眼，而那些送你入土的人，很快也会有人为他们流下泪水。

35.健康的眼睛能看清所有可见的物体，而不会要求只看绿色，因为那样只能说明视觉有了问题。同样，健康的听觉和嗅觉应该对各种声音和气味都很敏感，健康的胃能够接纳各种肉类，就好比碾子会碾碎任何谷物一样。同样，健康的心灵也应该对于任何事情都有所准备。“让我的孩子获得赦免吧。”或者“让我的每一个行为获得举世的赞美吧。”提出这种要求的心灵，就如同只想看见绿色的眼睛，只想吃到柔软食物的牙齿一样。

36.—个人临终前，如果有人在他床边高兴地为即将失去他而欢呼，他就是一个十分幸运的人了。就算此人品德高尚、聪明睿智，到头来就不会有人这样小声嘀咕吗？“总算摆脱了主人，我们又能自由地呼吸了！其实他对我们从来不疾言厉色，但我总觉得他背地里瞧不起我们。”德高望重者的命运尚且如此，至于我等之辈，很多朋友都有充足的理由高兴地摆脱我们！当大限来临时，想想这些吧。“那些我为之辛劳、为之祈祷和为之牵挂的亲密伙伴，竟然都盼着我离开，从而获得解脱。这就是我要告别的世界。这种情况下谁还会渴望延年益寿？”想到

这些，你的离开就要轻松得多。然而，不要因此在临终前减少对他们的仁慈，要保持惯有的友好、善意和仁慈，不要把离开当成悲伤的事情，而要把你的离开就看作是灵魂轻松飘离肉体的无痛终结。从前，大自然把你和这些人连在一起，变成他们中的一员。如今，她松开了这一纽带。于是，我被松开，脱离自己的亲族，毫无抵抗，毫无强迫。死亡只是大自然的又一个方式而已。

37.对于每一个行动，不论执行者是谁，都要养成习惯问问自己："他做这件事的目的是什么？"就从自己开始，首先要问自己这个问题。

要记住，主宰我们的是深藏于我们内心的神秘力量。那里有劝导，有真实的生命，也可以说有我们自己。绝不要幻想，这种力量会被外面包裹的肉体和附着的器官所困扰。它们只是附在身体上生长，就如同木匠的斧子一样只是工具罢了。失去推动或者遏制它们的介质，它们就像离开了织匠的梭子，离开了作家的笔，或者没有车夫的鞭子一样毫无用处。

卷十一

1.理性的灵魂具有以下这些特性。她会自我思考，自我分析，根据自己的意愿塑造自己，享受自己的成果（树上结的果实，和动物产子一样，是供他人享用的），无论生命在何时终结，她总能完美地完成自己的使命。而舞蹈、戏剧或是其他类似的东西则不然，一旦中途被打断，演出就不完整了。灵魂无论何时被终止，都能心满意足地完成使命，并能够宣称："我完全主宰自己的人生。"而且，她能够随意包容整个宇宙，包括它自身的结构和外层空间，一直延伸到永远，接受并理解伟大的周期性重生，因此懂得后世子孙看到的世界并不新奇，就像我们的父辈看到的世界并不比我们现在看到的多。而且，一个年近四十的人，只要具有一些领悟力，由于事物的相似性，他实际上就已经预见到过去和将来可能发生的一切事情。最后，热爱他人、真诚、谦虚、尊重自我甚于一切，这些都是理性的灵魂具有的优点。尊重自己甚于一切，这也是法律的特性之一。由此可以断定，理性原则和正义原则是完全一致的。

2.面对歌舞或者竞技表演的诱惑，你很快就会无动于衷了，只要你把美妙的乐曲分解成几个音节，再依次问问自己："我抵御不了这些吗？"你会不愿意承认。对舞者的每一动作和姿态、运动员的每一表现也同样如法炮制。总之，除了美德及其内涵之外，永远记住，直奔它们的组成部分，通过拆分，就能摆脱迷恋。现在，再把这种方法运用到整个生活中去。

3.如果不管何时接到脱离肉体的命令，灵魂都能随时准备就绪，面对毁灭、消散，或是生存下去。这样的灵魂是多么幸福。不过，是否准备就绪必须取决于它自己。这绝非是像那些基督徒[20]那样因要抗命而起的念头，而是经过了严肃的深思熟虑。而且为了让人信服，不要有任

何豪言壮语。

4.我做过无私的事情吗？如果有，我已经得到了回报。要时常这么想，并且坚持下去。

5.你有什么本事？善良。除非具有哲学家的洞察力，能看透宇宙的本性和人的特性，否则你又如何能够凭善良取得成功呢？

6.戏剧最初采用悲剧的形式来表现人生的变迁，以提醒我们不幸事件的发生是多么合情合理。而且，既然悲剧在舞台上能给我们带来快乐，在现实生活这一更广阔的舞台上我们就无权因为不幸事件的发生而感到悲伤。这些戏剧告诉我们，尽管人的行为会带来不可避免的后果，尽管人们会痛苦地脱口而出："啊，西塞隆山[21]！"但是他们依然承受得起。而且，悲剧作家笔下经常能诞生一些颇有裨益的词句，特别是这些：

"如果上天不眷顾我和我那两个儿子，那必定有充足的理由。"

还有：

"不要为事情的发展进程劳神费心。"

或者：

"生命的收获与收割玉米别无二致。"

还有很多诸如此类的名言警句。

除了悲剧，还有语言犀利如学校教师的旧喜剧[22]，它以其独特的直言不讳，无情鞭挞了人性的傲慢（第欧根尼在某种程度上也采用了同样的手法）。然而，后来的中期喜剧[23]和最终的新喜剧[24]很快就衰落为矫揉造作的摹拟剧[25]。诚然，正如我们所知，这些后来的剧作家也

曾说过一些名言警句。可是，他们诗歌和戏剧的眼界和立意又有多大分量呢？

7.显然，你现在碰到的生活条件用于哲学实践再合适不过了。

8.从临近树枝上断开的树杈，必然与整棵树木分离。同样，与同伴分离的人也就脱离了整个社会。只不过，树枝是被人砍下来的，人则是出于憎恨与厌恶而疏远自己的邻居，他并不知道他同时也就脱离了整个社会。尽管如此，仰仗着创造伙伴之谊的宙斯的仁慈，我们依然有能力与邻里重修旧好，融入其中，为整体社会的融合再尽一份力量。一旦这种分离的行为经常发生，分离者就很难再回归整体并重修旧好了。一根从头到尾陪伴树木成长、一直分享树木生命的枝杈，跟砍断之后嫁接起来的枝杈，有着天壤之别。正如园丁所说，出于同一棵树，却不是出于同一灵魂。

9.虽然有人可能阻止你走理性之路，但他绝不能干扰你理智的行为。要确信他们同样不能摧毁你对他们的仁慈之心。你还要同样坚守以下两种立场：决策行事要坚定，同时对试图阻挠或者干扰你的人要温和。因他们而恼怒，与放弃自己的行动方针和被逼投降，都是极为软弱的表现。这两种情形都属于擅离职守。一种是由于缺乏勇气，另一种是由于疏远自己天生的兄弟和伙伴。

10.任何自然的表现形式都远胜于艺术，因为每一种艺术都只是对自然的模仿。至高无上的大自然，比一切凡人都更完美更全面，比他们的技艺更超群。而且，艺术只不过是以高于事物的眼光创造出的低级作品，这与大自然的手法如出一辙。从这里我们能看到正义之源，其他美德都取决于此。如果我们一心追求具有次要价值的事物，并甘心停留在上当受骗、刚愎自用、反复无常的状态，我们就永远无法获得真正的正义。

11.凡是让你苦恼或者愤怒继而想追求或者回避的事情，往往不会自己找上门，而是你主动招惹的。尽量不要对它们进行评判，这样它们就不会轻举妄动，你也就不会追求或者躲避它们了。

12.只要灵魂既不向外张扬拼命追求，也不向内收缩，既不零星地散布自己，也不凹陷垮塌下去，而是沐浴在展示世人和她本色的光辉之中，她就能保持自己完美的球形。

13.有人会嘲笑我吗？那是他的事情。我要做的事是，不做可以让他嘲笑的事情，不说可以让他嘲笑的话。他会不会恨我？那也是他的事情。我要做的事是，和所有的人友好和睦地相处，随时指出这个人错误在哪里，既不对他反唇相讥，也不故作宽容，而是像老福基翁[26]那样心胸坦荡、宽宏大量（我们姑且假设他的话不是纯粹的谎言）。这才是人应该具有的正确精神。他绝不应让神灵看到自己对自己的遭遇心怀不满或喊冤叫屈。只要你遵循正确的做人准则，随时接受大自然认为恰当的东西，就像一个尽力促进世界福祉的纯粹的人那样，邪恶又怎么可能伤害到你呢？

14.他们鄙视对方却又互相讨好。每人都想胜过对方，却在其面前表现得畏首畏尾、卑躬屈膝。

15.假如有人说："我决心对你知无不言，言无不尽。"这话听起来多么空洞，多么虚伪。哎呀，伙计，何必如此费事？这种事情不言自明，根本无须开场白。它就写在你的额头上，回荡在你的语调里，闪耀在你的眼神里，宛如深爱的恋人只需秋波一送，对方便已心知肚明。真诚和善良自有其毋庸置疑的味道，能让遇到它的人立刻就能不由自主地意识到它的存在。伪装的直率是一把隐藏的匕首。狼一般虚情假意最为卑劣，也最应该避之而唯恐不及。真正善良、真诚、好心的人，相由心生，没人看不出来。

16.任何灵魂，只要对无关紧要的事情采取漠不关心的态度，就能够完美地过上高尚生活。为此，首先要仔细查看事物的组成因素，然后再看事物本身。你还要记住，我们对它们看法如何，它们自己毫无责任，它们并未主动接近我们，它们依然处于静止状态，是我们对它们形成看法，并把这些看法铭记在心。事实上，我们完全能够不在心中留下任何印记，至少也能够迅速删除无意留下的任何印记。你还要记住，你没有多少时间来关注这些事情，我们的赛跑马上就要开始了。如果事情不总是尽如你意，也不要觉得委屈。只要它们符合本性，就该感到欣慰，就不要提出异议。如果它们不符合本性，那就找出自己本性要求你做的事情，并且全力以赴地去做。人总有理由去寻求自己的利益。

17.思考每一个事物的起源、构成、变化、变化之后的状态；发生变化对它并无丝毫损害。

18.当你被冒犯时，首先，要听取别人的意见。牢记自己和同伴之间的亲密关系。这是公认的做法，因为我们为彼此而生。还有另一个原因，我天生就是他们的领袖，如同公羊天生就要领导羊群，公牛天生就要领导牛群。或者回到最初的法则，因为世界不仅仅是微粒，它必定要受大自然的主宰，低级事物必然要为高级事物而存在，高级事物必然要为彼此而存在。

其次，要想想他们的性格，居家就寝时的表现，尤其是他们的思维方式所施加的压力以及随之而来的自恃。正是这种自恃导致他们作出如此行径。

第三，如果他们的行为正当，你就不应该生气。反之，就只能是无心所致，无意为之。正如“无人会故意犯错”，同样无人会故意使他人得不到应得的待遇。倘若有人指责他们不公正、忘恩负义、小气吝啬，或者其他对邻居的不端行为，要观察他们是否愤怒。

第四，你自己也会以各种方式冒犯别人，跟他们毫无区别。诚然，你能够避免某些错误，但是出错总是难免的。即使出于对自己名声的顾忌或其他卑鄙的动机，你没有效仿他们的卑劣行径，情况也是如此。

第五，你没有十足的把握判定人家就是行为不端。要知道人的行为动机并非总像表现出来的那样。对别人的行为，通常还要了解很多东西才能作出正确的判断。

第六，如果你气急败坏，快要失去耐心，就告诉自己这种尘世生活是短暂的，不久我们都会长眠地下。

第七，并不是这些人的行为令我们恼火，那是他们自己的理性应该关注的事情；我们恼火的原因是我们自己给这些人的行为添加了色彩。去掉色彩、去掉所有认为他们十恶不赦的想法，怒气便会立刻烟消云散。去掉色彩有什么作用呢？想想看，至少不会使你蒙羞。因为，如果道德上蒙羞不算一种罪恶，你就会作出很多作奸犯科的事情，比如抢劫和其他恶行。

第八，怒气和烦恼，比让我们生气和烦恼的事情本身更有害。

第九，仁慈之心难以抗拒，只要它是出自真心，不带虚假笑容和口是心非。只要你始终以仁慈之心对待冒犯你的人，有机会就对他好言相劝，最放肆无理的行径也无法对你造成伤害。如果他要对你恶语相加，你就悄悄地把他拉到一边，对他说：“不要这样，我的孩子。我们天生不该如此。你伤害不了我，只会伤害你自己。”彬彬有礼地用平实的语言向他说明理由，告诉他连蜜蜂和其他群居动物都不会像他这样行事。但是，不要使用讽刺挖苦或者挑剔的语言，而要怀有真情实感和一颗远离怨恨的心。既不要像学校老师的那种做派，也不要想博取旁观者的仰慕。尽管有他人在场，也要仿佛只有你和他单独相处。

牢记住这九条建议，就当是缪斯女神赐予你的礼物。既然你的生命还在继续，那就学着成熟起来。在避免与人斗气时，还要小心提防谄媚者。谄媚和冒犯别人一样违背公共福祉，二者皆会导致祸害。每当怒气上冲，就这样想：发脾气绝非男子气概的表现，而温柔平和的人不仅更显得有人情味而且更具男子气概。只有这种人，而非他怒气冲冲、心怀不满的伙伴，才能证明自己的强大、勇敢和阳刚。愤怒和悲伤一样都是软弱的表现，它们只会给人带来伤害，让人屈从于失败。

此外，如果愿意，就把下面的话当作第十份礼物。这份礼物直接来自缪斯女神的上司本人。指望坏人永远不做坏事是不明智的，就等于期待不可能发生的事情发生一样。容忍他们冒犯别人，却指望他们不冒犯你，这种想法不仅荒谬而且武断。

19.灵魂的舵手有四项毛病，你必须时常留心提防，一旦发现要立即制止。你要一一对它们这样说："这种想法毫无必要""这人会暗中破坏伙伴之谊""这不是我内心的真实想法"（记住，不说自己的真实想法是最不合时宜的事情）。还有第四条，当你想作自我批评的时候，想道："这样将证明我内心的神性曾经被迫臣服于卑鄙腐朽的肉体的粗俗想法"。

20.尽管你身体里气性和火性的微粒天生具有上冲的倾向，但仍然臣服于宇宙的法则，受制于它们所组成的机体。另一方面，你身体里水性和土性的微粒，尽管也有下沉的趋势，但是也被托住，处于一种感到不自然的状态。因此，连微粒都遵守宇宙的法则，一旦被送到某个位置，必然停留在那儿，直至解散的信号将它们再次召回。那么，你身体中只有一个部分不服从命令，在既定领域内制造摩擦，而它竟然是你的思想，这难道不令人悲哀吗？不要它作出极端的行为，只要求它符合自己的本性。但它不肯听从，反而向相反的方向奔跑。这种奔向不公、放纵、愤怒、悲伤或是恐惧的行为不就是故意背离本性吗？一旦灵魂的舵

手对发生的事情感到不满，它就立刻擅离职守。它存在的目的是为了表现神圣，为了表达对神灵的崇敬，同样也是为了正义。而作为宇宙的伙伴关系的一部分，前两者必须置于正义之前。

21.如果人生没有始终如一的统一目标，它就不会保持一贯和统一。但仅有这种说法还不够，还要补充说明人生目标应该是什么。意见的统一并不体现在那些我们通常认为好的事情上，而是体现在某种特定的事物上：即那些关系到社会福祉的事情上。所以，我们给自己确定的人生目标应该是有利于同胞和社会的。无论谁指引他朝着这一方向努力，都会把这种统一贯彻到他的一切行为之中，从而实现一贯性。

22.别忘了乡下耗子遇见城里耗子的寓言[27]，那次相见给他带去多少不安和焦虑。

23.苏格拉底的名字对于普通人而言，就是吓唬孩童的“妖怪”。

24.斯巴达人在公共场合看演出的时候，总是让客人坐在阴凉的地方，而自己随便坐哪儿都行。

25.苏格拉底曾经以这样的理由拒绝佩尔狄卡斯朝廷的邀请，他说：“我不想带着耻辱走进坟墓。"意思是，他不会接受偿还不起的恩惠。

26.以弗所人的经文有一条劝世良言，要人们经常回顾过去道德生活的典范。

27.毕达哥拉斯学派的人每天早上都要凝视上苍，以此提醒他们自己那些物体在始终如一、按时按点地履行着自己的使命，同时也让他们自己记住天空井然有序、纯净无瑕、袒露无疑的质朴。毕竟，轻纱遮不住繁星。

28.想想苏格拉底，妻子披着他的毯子走后，他只能以羊皮裹身。想想朋友们看见他这副打扮都尴尬地躲着他，而他对朋友们是怎么说的。[28]

29.在读书写字的时候，你只有学会遵守规则之后才会制定规则。生活中更是如此。

30.“天生奴性十足，理性与你无缘。”

31.“……我在心中朗声大笑。”

32.“他们只知道挑衅美德，并对美德恶言相向。”

33.“傻瓜才会在冬天寻找无花果；错过了时节才寻找孩子的人也是如此。”

34.埃皮克提图曾经说过：“一边亲吻孩子一边小声嗫嚅着明天也许他就会死去。”人们对他说：“这是不祥的言辞。”他回答道：“绝对不是。只是说明一种自然行为。能说收割成熟的玉米也是不祥之兆吗？”

35.“绿色葡萄，累累熟果，葡萄干。一步一个变化，不是变成其他，而是变成未来。”

36.埃皮克提图写道：“没人能剥夺你的自由意志。”

37.他还说，我们应该演化出某种恰当的制度来表示赞许。对于冲动，我们必须小心对待，使它们不断修正，摆脱自私自利，根据是非曲直秉公办事。欲望也该极度受到限制，厌恶也应该仅限于我们能够掌控的事情。

38.他还说：“这里争论的不是琐事，而是明智与荒谬的问题。”

39.苏格拉底会问：“你想要哪种人的灵魂，通情达理的还是不讲道理的？”

“通情达理的人。”

“通情达理的人是健全的，还是有病的？”

“健全的。”

“那为何不去寻找他们？”

“因为我们已经找到了。”

“既然如此，为何还要争来斗去？”

卷十二

1.你祈求今后获得的所有祝福现在就能实现，只要你不拒绝它们。你只需彻底告别过去，将未来交给天意，设法把眼下的时间恰当地引入神圣和正义的轨道：神圣是指满怀爱心接受命运的安排，那是大自然专门为你匹配的命运；正义是指说话直截了当，真实坦诚，做事尊重法律和所有人的权利。不能允许蓄意害人、误解别人，或者诽谤他人的行为阻挠自己，也不允许肉欲成为绊脚石。受折磨的部分将会照料自己。大限临近，如果你能忘掉一切，只专注于灵魂的舵手和内心闪光的神性，如果能放下早晚会有一死的恐惧，转而担心至今未能按照本性的原则生活，你还来得及成为无愧宇宙赐予你生命的真正的人，而不是成为自己家乡的陌生人，对每天发生的事情都不知所措，就像遇到奇迹时始终不知该相信哪一个那样。

2.神灵审视着人的内心世界，剔除一层层物质的包裹、外壳和渣滓。他只通过思想，同人们心中发源于他的部分接触。你也如此这般地训练自己，能省去很多分心的事情。一个既然不在意肉体躯壳的人，还会为服饰、住宅、名声，或者生活中其他外在表现和布景而烦恼吗？

3.你由三部分构成：肉体、呼吸、心灵。前两项属于你，仅仅因为你有责任照料它们。只有最后一项才真正属于你。那么，如果你能从真正的自我，也就是说从你的理智，摒除别人的一切言行，摒除自己过去的一切言行，摒除你对未来的一切焦虑，摒除影响肉体及其伙伴呼吸的，你无法掌控的一切东西，摒除像旋涡一样在你周围打转的一切外部事物，这样，你那远离这些命中注定之事的心灵，就有能力独立生活，行正事，认天命，说真话。如果你能从自己的主宰理性中摒除一切附着物，摒除未来或过去发生的一切，像恩培多克勒所说的那样，学会

当"一个自得其乐的彻头彻尾的球体"，只关心你目前的生活、现世的人生，那么你将平静仁慈、与内心的神性和谐一致地度过余生，直至大限来临。

4.我经常感到惊奇，明明人人都爱自己甚于别人，但他们却重视别人的评价甚于自己。假如神灵或是智者站在旁边，吩咐他内心有什么想法和动机就应当立刻公之于众，他肯定一天都忍受不了。因此，他人的评价在我们心目中的分量，比自我评价要重得多。

5.神灵把一切筹划得天衣无缝，如此仁慈的他唯独会忽略了这件事吗？那就是，即使那些德高望重的人，那些与神灵关系最密切的人，那些因杰出贡献和献身精神而与神灵关系密切的人，死后都不能重生，并且注定要彻底消失。不过，如果他们果真命该如此，可以肯定的是，但凡需要改变计划，神灵一定自有安排，但凡符合大自然的意志，大自然早就安排好了。如若不然（假如事实也的确不是如此），你就可以相信这件事情本不该如此。因此你肯定能看出，你提出这样无聊的问题，就是在指责神灵。如果这些问题不是极端高尚与正义，我们怎能这样把它们与神灵联系在一起呢？如果它们是极端的高尚与公正，神灵在安排宇宙时又怎能允许发生这样不公或不合情理的疏漏呢？

6.即便看起来成功无望，也要坚持练习。左手因疏于练习而在其他方面显得不够灵活，但是却能比右手更有力地抓住缰绳，这正是勤于练习的结果。

7.要冥想死神来临时自己的肉体和灵魂应该处于怎样的状态，冥想生命之短暂以及生前、死后永恒的无尽深渊，冥想物质世界的脆弱。

8.剥去事物的外壳，勘察最深层的本源；注意行为背后的动机；研究痛苦、快乐、死亡、荣耀的实质；看看人类的不安完全是咎由自取；看看麻烦绝不可能出自他人之手，麻烦和其他事物一样，都是我们主观

意念的产物。

9.运用原则时，要学职业拳师，而不要学剑客。剑客放下刀剑之后，还得重新捡起来；而拳师绝不会没有手，他要做的只是攥紧拳头。

10.想想事物的构成，将其分解为内容、形式和目的。

11.神灵赐予人类的恩惠何其丰厚。只做神灵赞许的事情，接受神灵分配的一切！

12.不要因世间的秩序而责怪神灵，因为无论是有意还是无心，他们都没有做错。也不要责怪人类，他们实属无心犯过。抛开所有兴师问罪的念头。

13.对生活中发生的一切都感到震惊，这是多么荒唐可笑又稀奇古怪的事情！

14.劫数不可阻挡，规律不可侵犯，老天尚且慈悲，否则天地便沦为毫无意义、不受管束的混沌世界。如果命运无法抗拒，为何还要奋力抗争？如果上天慈悲，你要竭尽所能对得起神灵的救助。如果世界漫乱不堪，在狂风暴雨的汪洋之中，你应心存感激，因为你还拥有心灵的舵手。如果海水吞没了你，就让污水吞没你的肉体、呼吸和其他一切，但是永远无法颠覆心灵。

15.灯笼的火焰闪耀着明亮的光芒直至熄灭，而真理、智慧、正义却在你的生命湮灭之前消失在你心里吗？

16.如果感觉有人做了错事，就这样想："我凭什么断定人家做得不对呢？"况且，即便他真的错了，难道他就不可能已经自责过吗？否则他的指甲为什么明显地抓破了自己的面容呢？指望流氓不再做坏事就好比希望无花果的汁液不带酸味，希望婴儿不啼哭，希望马儿不嘶叫，或

者希望生活中其他不可避免的事情永远不发生。请问，他性格如此，怎么能作出别样的事呢？如果你觉得这太让人生气，那就改变它吧。

17.不对的事绝不要做。不是真话绝不要说。要控制自己的冲动。

18.看问题始终要看整体。找到真正给你留下印象的东西，把它解剖成原因、内容、目的、持续的时间。

19.趁着还来得及，努力发觉自己内心比本能更高尚、更神圣的东西。本能只能驱动你的情感，把你像木偶一样拉扯。那么，此时此刻它们之中到底是什么让我的理智变得阴沉暗淡？是恐惧、妒忌、欲望，还是别的什么？

20.首先，要避免随意或者漫无目的的行为。其次，要确保自己的每一个行为都只以公益为目的。

21.记住，很快你就会化作虚无，很快你眼前的一切连同生活中不可缺少的东西都将不复存在。万事万物生来都要变化、终止、消亡，这样其他事物才有可能出现。

22.万事皆出自你的主观意念，而你的主观意念则出自你自己。愿意的话就放弃它，你立刻就绕过了海岬，一切风平浪静。那是一片宁静的海洋，一个无潮的避风港。

23.无论何种行动适时地进入尾声，此时的终止对行动本身毫无损害，行动实施者也不会因此而变得更糟。所以，如果生活（无非是我们行为的总和）也适时终止，它的终止对生活毫无损害，也不会对适时终结全部行动的人产生不利影响。只是，恰当的时间和期限则由本性决定。假如不由人的本性决定，比如，年事偏高，那么就会由大自然她自己决定。大自然不断更新自己，以便让宇宙能永葆青春和活力。服务于这一整体意图的一切事物，永远会呈现一派欣欣向荣的景象。同样，生

命的终结对人类无害。因为死亡不受他左右，也绝非为了追逐私利，所以死亡不会让他受辱。相反，死亡甚至可以说是件好事，因为对宇宙而言，这是件恰逢其时、有益，与其他事物都不矛盾的事情。所以，人类只要听从神灵的安排，在思想上与他保持一致，就会在神灵的推动下前行。

24.有三条忠告值得你铭记心间。第一条忠告有关行为：绝不要肆意妄为，或者作出违背正义的事情。你一定要记住，所有外部事情，无不是机缘巧合或者天意的结果。你不能指责偶然性，也不能指责天意。第二，好好思考一下世间万物的本质，从最初的种子到灵魂的产生，再到最终的回归。事物由什么物质构成，又将分解成什么物质。第三，想象一下自己突然被送入云端，将地面上人类的活动尽收眼底：置身于周围众多神灵之中，凡间的景象会令你不屑一顾。何况，无论将你托高多少次，你依然会看到同样的景象，单调而短暂。偏偏这些景象就是我们到处夸耀的东西！

25.一旦驱散你看到的景象，你就脱离了危险。那么，是谁不让你这样做呢？

26.如果你对事情感到不满，说明你已忘记：违背大自然意愿的事情是不会发生的；你的不当行为不是你自己造成的；无论过去、现在、将来，这是事物发生的唯一方式。你还忘记了同胞之间兄弟般的亲密感情，忘记了这种兄弟之情并非出自血缘关系或者人类种子，而是源于一种共同的智慧。这种智慧体现在每个人身上就是神灵，是神性的释放。你忘记了一切并非理所当然为人类所有，因为甚至包括他的孩子、他的肉体和灵魂，统统来自同一个神灵。你还忘记了，万事万物皆取决于意念，眼下正在流逝的瞬间就是人类能够拥有或失去的全部。

27.思考一下那些从不节制欲望的人和那些登上荣耀、灾难、骂名或者其他机遇之巅的人。然后想想：“他们现在身在何处？”早已灰飞烟

灭，成为了传说，或许连传说都没有。好好想想那些数不胜数的例子：在自己宅邸的法比乌斯·卡特利卢斯、在自家花园的卢修斯·卢柏斯、在巴亚的斯德丁尼阿斯、在卡普里的台比留、贝利亚斯·鲁弗斯，以及一切在傲慢驱使下卖力追求事物的例子。他们的努力多么卑鄙可耻！以正义、节制和对神灵的忠诚为宗旨才符合哲学家的身份。要始终保持淳朴，因为谦恭的外表下膨胀起来的傲慢是最让人无法容忍的。

28.有人固执地问我："你在何处见过神灵，为何对他们的存在这么肯定，还如此崇拜他们？"我的回答就是："首先，肉眼就能看到他们[29]。其次，我也从未见过自己的灵魂，但我依然崇敬它。对神灵也是如此，我每天的经历都证明着他们的力量，所以我确信他们的存在，我崇敬他们。"

29.为了过上健康安全的生活，要培养透彻的洞察力，以发掘事物的本质、内容和根源；要全心全意地投入正义的事业，不说假话；除此之外，还要积累善行直到没有空隙和裂缝为止，这样你才能体会到生活的乐趣。

30.阳光是完整的，尽管被墙、高山和众多其他事物所阻断。物质是完整的，尽管被划分成无数不同的、各具独特性的生命机体。灵魂是完整的，尽管它按照数不胜数的不同比例分布于数不胜数的生物体内。即便是别具思维能力的灵魂，尽管看不见，同样也是完整的。一切有机体的其他部分，比如呼吸，则是物质的，不具备感知能力，彼此没有亲和性，仅仅是靠统一的引力才聚集在一起。然而，思维因其自身的特性，会自发地趋向同类并与之融合。因此，统一的本能是无法挫败的。

31.你为何要渴望延年益寿，是为了体验感官刺激、满足欲望，还是为了促进或中止成长的过程？或者为了运用说话和思维的能力？这些事情真的值得你贪恋吗？如果认为它们都不值一顾，那就坚决争取实现终极目标，即追随理性和神灵。然而你要记住，珍视这一目标，就不要

有任何不满情绪，不要认为死亡夺走了你的其他一切。

32.我们每个人得到的时间，只是无限永恒之中极其微不足道的一部分。眨眼之间，它便消失在永恒之中。你所得到的物质，与全世界相比也是极其微不足道的一部分；你的灵魂，同样也是全世界灵魂中极其微不足道的一部分；你所走过的土地跟整个世界相比极其渺小。在你仔细思考这些事物时，打定主意依照自己本性的指引做事，承受自然赐予你的一切。除此之外，一切都毫无意义。

33.我灵魂的舵手如何发挥作用？一切皆源于它。其他一切，无论我能否掌控，都是累累白骨和空气。

34.—想到把快乐看作善、把痛苦看作恶的人都能做到藐视死亡，没有比这更能激发对死亡的蔑视了。

35.当人在冥冥之中注定的那个时刻发现了自己唯一的美德，他不在意自己做得太多还是太少，只要所做之事严格符合理性的要求，他凝视世界的时间长短对他已无关紧要的时候，死亡本身已不再让他感到恐惧。

36.人啊，你享有这个伟大的世界之城的公民权利，五年还是一百年，对你又有什么意义？那个城市制定的所有法律，对所有人一视同仁。那你的悲伤又从何而来？驱逐你的并非不公正的法官或者无道的暴君，而是将你带到这里的同一个大自然，就像演员被雇佣他的经理开除一样。“可是，五幕的演出我只演了三幕。”那就只演三幕好了，你的生命剧本来就只有三幕。它的落幕时刻，是由过去让你出生、现在让你死亡的人来决定的。这些决定非你所能左右。那么，微笑着上路吧，他也会微笑着送你上路的。

[1]指古罗马竞技场上参赛双方的战车御手身着的服饰颜色。罗马人对这种比赛的热情是无限的。获胜的选手会赢得大笔奖金，并成为公众的偶像。

[2]在角斗士比赛中，色雷斯人一方的选手佩带圆形轻盾，萨姆尼人佩带椭圆形重盾。

[3]此处不是指他的亲生父亲，而是指他的养父，古罗马皇帝安东尼·皮乌斯。

[4]此处指路奇乌斯·西安尼斯·康茂德，即后来的路奇乌斯·维鲁斯。他与马可一起被皇帝安东尼·皮乌斯收养，并与他并列为共治皇帝，还娶了马可的女儿卢西拉。起初他是个勇敢而有才干的人，后来变得懦弱而自我放纵。在对波斯的战争中，他作为罗马军队的司令官，表现懒惰无能，仅凭手下将军们的才干才得以免受耻辱。他带领军队从东方回来时，还带回了瘟疫，并随后蔓延到了整个帝国。维鲁斯于公元169年去世——据说，死于下毒者之手。

[5]意指他人赞成或是反对你的行为。

[6]生活本身就是你认为的那样。哈姆雷特（第二幕，第二场）说："世上的事情本无善恶之分，都是世人的看法把它们这样区分。"在此，马可用两个希腊词更为简洁地表达这种思想，字面意思为"生活（即）观念"。

[7]指最近突然遇到的令人不愉快的事情。

[8]这一段落出现了语义含混的词"财富"，街上的人将其理解为世俗的占有物，而不是生活中真正美好的品德。另一方面对于哲学家而言，这个词自然是指后面的含义；于是，当说到"财富多到无处容身的地步"时，他会觉得困惑。

[9]此处指所谓的"怀疑论者"或皮浪学派的哲学家，该学派由艾里斯的皮洛创建。他们主张人的认识只能反映事物的表象，而不是本质，因此搁置判断才是对待事物的唯一态度。

[10]按照斯多葛派的观点，构成人灵魂的圣火的微粒是有鲜血滋养的。

[11]"老头"假装和小孩的想法一样，认为拨浪鼓是珍贵的宝物。马可说，我们同样应该同情他人的不幸，即便无上的智慧告诉我们，他们并非真在受罪。

[12]即为了更清晰地衬托高尚而扮演卑贱的角色。包括道德意义上不好不坏的事物。

[13]这是希腊语"幸福"的意思。

[14]公元前403年雅典的民主政治被推翻，继之以三十人僭主集团的恐怖统治时期。在这期间，很多无辜的人被处死。苏格拉底等人接到要逮捕诚实的市民——萨拉米斯的利昂的命令，他坚决拒绝执行。

[15]这是阿里斯托芬对苏格拉底的嘲笑之一（见喜剧《云》第362页）。

[16]上上下下，即连续由火变成气，气变成水，水变成土，然后再反向循环。

[17]萨尔马提亚人是位于西徐亚/斯基泰（Scythians）西部的一个多部落联盟，根据希罗多德《历史》中提到的传说，萨尔马提亚人是斯基泰人与神话中的亚马逊女战士的后裔。约在公元前五世纪从中亚细亚迁移至乌拉尔山，最终定居在俄罗斯南部、乌克兰和巴尔干东部。在罗马帝国时期，罗马的军队中曾大量雇用萨尔马提亚人作为辅助骑兵征战四方。——译者注

[18]希腊语法律（nomos）应该来源于一个动词，意思是分配（nemein）。

[19]亚历山大大帝是古代马其顿帝国的国王，世界古代史上著名的军事家和政治家。十八岁随父菲利普出征，二十岁继承王位。雄才大略，足智多谋，建立了版图跨越欧亚大陆的马其顿帝国。克罗伊斯是里底亚最后一代国王，以财富甚多闻名。——译者注

[20]如果这些是原话，而非后世添加，那马可仅仅在此提到一次基督徒。但是，C.R.海恩斯在Loeb版《沉思录》中指出，此从句与结构不符，语法也不通。只能是一个旁注，极似强塞进原文的一个注解。

[21]古希腊三大悲剧作家之一索福克勒斯的作品《俄狄浦斯王》中，国王痛苦地醒悟到自己的罪过，自残的眼睛血流如注，他呼喊着："啊，西塞隆山！西塞隆山！你为何要庇护我？为何不杀掉我？"他的母亲正是在西塞隆山里生下了他。

[22]伯里克利时代三位伟大的雅典诗人被称为古希腊喜剧的三大作家，他们是：克拉提诺斯、欧波利斯、阿里斯托芬。只有阿里斯托芬的作品传世；根据历史学家格罗特的记载，若非亲眼所见，"无法想象古代喜剧对神灵、宪政、政治家、哲学家、诗人、普通公民甚至雅典妇人惊人而犀利的肆意讽刺"。

[23]阿里斯托芬之后，古典戏剧遭到法律的严禁，作家们纷纷放弃昂贵的合唱队；因而为中期喜剧让出了道路（公元前400—前388）。中古时期的喜剧没有合唱队，而保留人物——士兵、守财奴、政妓——代替现实生活中的人成为讽刺对象。这一时期的主要作家据说有欧布洛斯、安提法奈斯、亚历克西斯。

[24]希腊臣服于马其顿帝国之后，新喜剧兴起，是中古时期喜剧的进一步发展。政治从舞台上消失了，虚构人物的情爱纠纷成为首要的主题。这一批作家中的佼佼者是米南德，他写了近百部喜剧，公认被罗马诗人普劳图斯和特伦斯所效仿。

[25]希腊和罗马正规的喜剧总是不如摹拟剧受百姓欢迎。摹拟剧是由单个演员通过肢体语言和动作来进行表演，而合唱队则担任旁白的工作。索弗龙的摹拟剧长期深受希腊人喜爱；在罗马，这种娱乐形式盛行于奥古斯都皇帝及其继任者执政时期，并最终取代了正规的戏剧。

[26]福基翁是雅典的将军和政治家，被控叛国罪并被人民判处死刑。当被问到还有什么临终遗言时，他回答道："我只想说，我不恨雅典人。"

[27]马可以此来提醒哲学家不要以自己内心的平静去交换花花世界的烦躁不安。

[28]没有关于这则轶事的文字记载。但是我们知道苏格拉底一直不懈地避免被他妻子的粗暴态度激怒。据第欧根尼·拉尔修，苏格拉底曾经被问到是否无法容忍妻子不断的斥责，他回答说："你会觉得自家的鹅嘎嘎的叫声无法忍受吗？"对方回答："当然不会，因为鹅给我下蛋，还给我孵小鹅。"苏格拉底笑了笑："同样，我妻子也给我生儿育女呀。"马可经常要求自己同样具有好脾气，能容忍别人，他可能是借用苏格拉底的例子指出二人的相似之处。

[29]斯多葛派的学者认为群星是神性的体现。

Marcus Aurelius

Meditations

TRANSLATED BY MAXWELL STANIFORTH

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Book One

1. Courtesy and serenity of temper I first learnt to know from my grandfather Verus.

2. Manliness without ostentation I learnt from what I have heard and remember of my father.

3. My mother set me an example of piety and generosity, avoidance of all uncharitableness — not in actions only, but in thought as well — and a simplicity of life quite unlike the usual habits of the rich.

4. To my great-grandfather I owed the advice to dispense with the education of the schools and have good masters at home instead — and to realize that no expense should be grudged for this purpose.

5. It was my tutor who dissuaded me from patronizing Green or Blue[1] at the races, or Light or Heavy[2] in the ring; and encouraged me not to be afraid of work, to be sparing in my wants, attend to my own needs, mind my own business, and never listen to gossip.

6. Thanks to Diognetus, I learnt not to be absorbed in trivial pursuits; to be sceptical of wizards and wonderworkers with their tales of spells, exorcisms, and the like; to eschew cockfighting and other such distractions; not to resent outspokenness; to familiarize myself with philosophy, beginning with Bacchius and going on to Tandasis and Marcian; to write compositions in my early years; and to be ardent for the plank-and-skin pallet and other rigours of the Greek discipline.

7. From Rusticus I derived the notion that my character needed training and care, and that I must not allow myself to be led astray into a sophist's enthusiasm for concocting speculative treatises, edifying homilies, or imaginary sketches of The Ascetic or The Altruist. He also taught me to avoid rhetoric, poetry, and verbal conceits, affectations of dress at home, and

other such lapses of taste, and to imitate the easy epistolary style of his own letter written at Sinuessa to my mother. If anyone, after falling out with me in a moment of temper, showed signs of wanting to make peace again, I was to be ready at once to meet them half-way. Also I was to be accurate in my reading, and not content with a mere general idea of the meaning; and not to let myself be too quickly convinced by a glib tongue. Through him, too, I came to know Epictetus's Dissertations, of which he gave me a copy from his library.

8. Apollonius impressed on me the need to make decisions for myself instead of depending on the hazards of chance, and never for a moment to leave reason out of sight. He also schooled me to meet spasms of acute pain, the loss of my son, and the tedium of a chronic ailment with the same unaltered composure. He himself was a living proof that the fieriest energy is not incompatible with the ability to relax. His expositions were always a model of clarity; yet he was evidently one who rated practical experience and an aptitude for teaching philosophy as the least of his accomplishments. It was he, moreover, who taught me how to accept the pretended favours of friends without either lowering my own self-respect or giving the impression of an unfeeling indifference.

9. My debts to Sextus include kindliness, how to rule a household with paternal authority, the real meaning of the Natural Life, an unselfconscious dignity, an intuitive concern for the interests of one's friends, and a good-natured patience with amateurs and visionaries. The aptness of his courtesy to each individual lent a charm to his society more potent than any flattery, yet at the same time it exacted the complete respect of all present. His manner, too, of determining and systematizing the essential rules of life was as comprehensive as it was methodical. Never displaying a sign of anger nor any kind of emotion, he was at once entirely imperturbable and yet full of kindly affection. His approval was always quietly and undemonstratively expressed, and he never paraded his encyclopaedic learning.

10. It was the critic Alexander who put me on my guard against unnecessary fault-finding. People should not be sharply corrected for bad grammar, provincialisms, or mispronunciation; it is better to suggest the proper expression by tactfully introducing it oneself in, say, one's reply to a question

or one's acquiescence in their sentiments, or into a friendly discussion of the topic itself (not of the diction), or by some other suitable form of reminder.

11. To my mentor Fronto I owe the realization that malice, craftiness, and duplicity are the concomitants of absolute power; and that our patrician families tend for the most part to be lacking in the feelings of ordinary humanity.

12. Alexander the Platonist cautioned me against frequent use of the words 'I am too busy' in speech or correspondence, except in cases of real necessity; saying that no one ought to shirk the obligations due to society on the excuse of urgent affairs.

13. Catulus the Stoic counselled me never to make light of a friend's rebuke, even when unreasonable, but to do my best to restore myself to his good graces; to speak up readily in commendation of my instructors, as we read in the memoirs of Domitius and Athenodotus; and to cultivate a genuine affection for my children.

14. From my brother Severus I learnt to love my relations, to love the truth, and to love justice. Through him I came to know of Thrasea, Cato, Helvidius, Dion, and Brutus, and became acquainted with the conception of a community based on equality and freedom of speech for all, and a monarchy concerned primarily to uphold the liberty of the subject. He showed me the need for a fair and dispassionate appreciation of philosophy, an addiction to good works, open-handedness, a sanguine temper, and confidence in the affection of my friends. I remember, too, his forthrightness with those who came under his censure, and his way of leaving his friends in no doubt of his likes and dislikes, but of telling them plainly.

15. Maximus was my model for self-control, fixity of purpose, and cheerfulness under ill-health or other misfortunes. His character was an admirable combination of dignity and charm, and all the duties of his station were performed quietly and without fuss. He gave everyone the conviction that he spoke as he believed, and acted as he judged right. Bewilderment or timidity were unknown to him; he was never hasty, never dilatory; nothing found him at a loss. He indulged neither in despondency nor forced gaiety,

nor had anger or jealousy any power over him. Kindliness, sympathy, and sincerity all contributed to give the impression of a rectitude that was innate rather than inculcated. Nobody was ever made by him to feel inferior, yet none could have presumed to challenge his pre-eminence. He was also the possessor of an agreeable sense of humour.

16. The qualities I admired in my father[3] were his lenience, his firm refusal to be diverted from any decision he had deliberately reached, his complete indifference to meretricious honours; his industry, perseverance, and willingness to listen to any project for the common good; the unvarying insistence that rewards must depend on merit; the expert's sense of when to tighten the reins and when to relax them; and the efforts he made to suppress pederasty.

He was aware that social life must have its claims: his friends were under no obligation to join him at his table or attend his progresses, and when they were detained by other engagements it made no difference to him. Every question that came before him in council was painstakingly and patiently examined; he was never content to dismiss it on a cursory first impression. His friendships were enduring; they were not capricious, and they were not extravagant. He was always equal to an occasion; cheerful, yet long-sighted enough to have all his dispositions unobtrusively perfected down to the last detail. He had an ever-watchful eye to the needs of the Empire, prudently conserving its resources and putting up with the criticisms that resulted. Before his gods he was not superstitious; before his fellow-men he never stooped to bid for popularity or woo the masses, but pursued his own calm and steady way, disdaining anything that savoured of the flashy or new-fangled. He accepted without either complacency or compunction such material comforts as fortune had put at his disposal; when they were to hand he would avail himself of them frankly, but when they were not he had no regrets.

Not a vestige of the casuist's quibbling, the lackey's pertness, the pedant's over-scrupulosity could be charged against him; all men recognized in him a mature and finished personality, that was impervious to flattery and entirely capable of ruling both himself and others. Moreover, he had a high respect for all genuine philosophers; and though refraining from criticism of the rest, he preferred to dispense with their guidance. In society he was affable and gracious without being fulsome. The care he took of his body was

reasonable; there was no solicitous anxiety to prolong its existence, or to embellish its appearance, yet he was far from unmindful of it, and indeed looked after himself so successfully that he was seldom in need of medical attention or physic or liniments. No hint of jealousy showed in his prompt recognition of outstanding abilities, whether in public speaking, law, ethics, or any other department, and he took pains to give each man the chance of earning a reputation in his own field. Though all his actions were guided by a respect for constitutional precedent, he would never go out of his way to court public recognition of this. Again, he disliked restlessness and change, and had a rooted preference for the same places and the same pursuits. After one of his acute spasms of migraine he would lose no time in taking up his normal duties again, with new vigour and complete command of his powers. His secret and confidential files were not numerous, and the few infrequent items in them referred exclusively to matters of state. He showed good sense and restraint over the exhibition of spectacles, construction of public buildings, distribution of subsidies, and so forth, having always more in view the necessity for the measures themselves than the plaudits they evoked. His baths were not taken at inconvenient hours; he had no mania for building; he was quite uncritical of the food he ate, of the cut and colour of the garments he wore, or of the personableness of those around him. His clothes were sent up from his country seat at Lorium, and most of his things came from Lanuvium. His well-known treatment of the apologetic overseer at Tusculum was typical of his whole behaviour, for discourtesy was as foreign to his nature as harshness or bluster; he never grew heated, as the saying is, to sweating-point; it was his habit to analyse and weigh every incident, taking his time about it, calmly, methodically, decisively, and consistently. What is recorded of Socrates was no less applicable to him, that he had the ability to allow or deny himself indulgences which most people are as much incapacitated by their weakness from refusing as by their excesses from appreciating. To be thus strong enough to refrain or consent at will argues a consummate and indomitable soul — as Maximus also demonstrated on his sick-bed.

17. To the gods I owe good grandparents, good parents, a good sister, and teachers, comrades, kinsmen, and friends good almost without exception; and that I never fell out with any of them, in spite of a temperament that could very well have precipitated something of the sort, had not circumstances

providentially never combined to put me to the proof. To them, too, I owe it that the responsibility of my grandfather's mistress for my upbringing was brought to an early end, and my innocence preserved; and that I was not impatient to reach manhood, but contented myself with an unhurried development. I thank heaven also that under my father the Emperor I was cured of all pomposity, and made to realize that life at court can be lived without royal escorts, robes of state, illuminations, statues, and outward splendour of that kind, but that one's manner of life can be reduced almost to the level of a private gentleman's without losing the prestige and authority needful when affairs of state require leadership. The gods, too, gave me a brother[4] whose natural qualities were a standing challenge to my own self-discipline at the same time as his deferential affection warmed my heart; and children who were neither intellectually stunted nor physically misshapen. It was the gods who set a limit to my proficiency in rhetoric, poetry, and other studies that might well have absorbed my time, had I found it less difficult to make progress. They saw to it that at the first opportunity I raised my tutors to such rank and station as I thought they had at heart, instead of putting them off with prospects of later advancement on the plea of their youth. To the gods I owe my acquaintance with Apollonius, Rusticus, and Maximus. To them, too, my vivid and recurrent visions of the true inwardness of the Natural Life; indeed, for their part, the favours, helps, and inspirations I have received leave my failure to attain this Natural Life without excuse; and if I am still far from the goal, the fault is my own for not paying heed to the reminders — nay, the virtual directions — which I have had from above.

To the gods it must be ascribed that my constitution has survived this manner of life so long; that I never got entangled with a Benedicta nor a Theodotus, and also emerged from other subsequent affairs unscathed; that although Rusticus and I frequently had our differences, I never pushed things to a point I might have regretted; and that the last years of my mother's life, before her early death, were spent with me. Furthermore, that on occasions when I thought of relieving somebody in poverty or distress, I was never told that I had not the necessary means; as also that I myself never had occasion to require similar help from another. And I must thank heaven for such a wife as mine, so submissive, so loving, and so artless; for an unfailing supply of competent tutors for my children; and for remedies prescribed for me in dreams — especially in cases of blood-spitting and vertigo, as happened at Caieta and Chrysa. Finally, that with all my addiction to philosophy I was yet

preserved from either falling a prey to some sophist or spending all my time at a desk poring over textbooks and rules of logic or grinding at natural science.

For all these good things 'man needs the help of Heaven and Destiny'.

Among the Quadi, on the River Gran.

注　释

〔1〕 The colours of the rival charioteers in the Circus. Roman enthusiasm for these races was unbounded; successful drivers earned large fortunes and became popular idols.

〔2〕 In one form of gladiatorial combat (the 'Thracian') the opponents were armed with light round bucklers; in another (the 'Samnite') they carried heavy oblong shields.

〔3〕 Not his natural father Annius Verus, but the emperor Antoninus Pius, his adoptive father.

〔4〕 This was Lucius Ceionius Commodus, afterwards known as Lucius Verus. He was adopted by Antoninus Pius along with Marcus, with whom he was associated as co-emperor and whose daughter Lucilla he married. Originally a man of courage and ability, Verus degenerated into weakness and self-indulgence. As commander of the Roman armies in the Parthian war he proved indolent and incapable, and was only saved from disgrace by the skill of his generals. When he returned with his legions from the East, they carried back the seeds of a pestilence which spread with terrible effect throughout the Empire. Verus died in 169 — as some said, by the hand of a poisoner.

Book Two

1. Begin each day by telling yourself: Today I shall be meeting with interference, ingratitude, insolence, disloyalty, ill-will, and selfishness — all of them due to the offenders' ignorance of what is good or evil. But for my part I have long perceived the nature of good and its nobility, the nature of evil and its meanness, and also the nature of the culprit himself, who is my brother (not in the physical sense, but as a fellow-creature similarly endowed with reason and a share of the divine); therefore none of those things can injure me, for nobody can implicate me in what is degrading. Neither can I be angry with my brother or fall foul of him; for he and I were born to work together, like a man's two hands, feet, or eyelids, or like the upper and lower rows of his teeth. To obstruct each other is against Nature's law — and what is irritation or aversion but a form of obstruction?

2. A little flesh, a little breath, and a Reason to rule all — that is myself. (Forget your books; no more hankering for them; they were no part of your equipment.) As one already on the threshold of death, think nothing of the first — of its viscid blood, its bones, its web of nerves and veins and arteries. The breath, too; what is that? A whiff of wind; and not even the same wind, but every moment puffed out and drawn in anew. But the third, the Reason, the master — on this you must concentrate. Now that your hairs are grey, let it play the part of a slave no more, twitching puppetwise at every pull of self-interest; and cease to fume at destiny by ever grumbling at today or lamenting over tomorrow.

3. The whole divine economy is pervaded by Providence. Even the vagaries of chance have their place in Nature's scheme; that is, in the intricate tapestry of the ordinances of Providence. Providence is the source from which all things flow; and allied with it is Necessity, and the welfare of the universe. You yourself are a part of that universe; and for any one of nature's parts, that which is assigned to it by the World-Nature or helps to keep it in being is good. Moreover, what keeps the whole world in being is Change: not merely change of the basic elements, but also change of the larger formations they

compose. On these thoughts rest content, and ever hold them as principles. Forget your thirst for books; so that when your end comes you may not murmur, but meet it with a good grace and with unfeigned gratitude in your heart to the gods.

4. Think of your many years of procrastination; how the gods have repeatedly granted you further periods of grace, of which you have taken no advantage. It is time now to realize the nature of the universe to which you belong, and of that controlling Power whose offspring you are; and to understand that your time has a limit set to it. Use it, then, to advance your enlightenment; or it will be gone, and never in your power again.

5. Hour by hour resolve firmly, like a Roman and a man, to do what comes to hand with correct and natural dignity, and with humanity, independence, and justice. Allow your mind freedom from all other considerations. This you can do, if you will approach each action as though it were your last, dismissing the wayward thought, the emotional recoil from the commands of reason, the desire to create an impression, the admiration of self, the discontent with your lot. See how little a man needs to master, for his days to flow on in quietness and piety: he has but to observe these few counsels, and the gods will ask nothing more.

6. Wrong, wrong thou art doing to thyself, O my soul; and all too soon thou shalt have no more time to do thyself right. Man has but one life; already thine is nearing its close, yet still hast thou no eye to thine own honour, but art staking thy happiness on the souls of other men.[1]

7. Are you distracted by outward cares? Then allow yourself a space of quiet, wherein you can add to your knowledge of the Good and learn to curb your restlessness. Guard also against another kind of error: the folly of those who weary their days in much business, but lack any aim on which their whole effort, nay, their whole thought, is focused.

8. You will not easily find a man coming to grief through indifference to the workings of another's soul; but for those who pay no heed to the motions of their own, unhappiness is their sure reward.

9. Remembering always what the World-Nature is, and what my own nature is, and how the one stands in respect to the other — so small a fraction of so vast a Whole — bear in mind that no man can hinder you from conforming each word and deed to that Nature of which you are a part.

10. When Theophrastus is comparing sins — so far as they are commonly acknowledged to be comparable — he affirms the philosophic truth that sins of desire are more culpable than sins of passion. For passion's revulsion from reason at least seems to bring with it a certain discomfort, and a half-felt sense of constraint; whereas sins of desire, in which pleasure predominates, indicate a more self-indulgent and womanish disposition. Both experience and philosophy, then, support the contention that a sin which is pleasurable deserves graver censure than one which is painful. In the one case the offender is like a man stung into an involuntary loss of control by some injustice; in the other, eagerness to gratify his desire moves him to do wrong of his own volition.

11. In all you do or say or think, recollect that at any time the power of withdrawal from life is in your own hands. If gods exist, you have nothing to fear in taking leave of mankind, for they will not let you come to harm. But if there are no gods, or if they have no concern with mortal affairs, what is life to me, in a world devoid of gods or devoid of Providence? Gods, however, do exist, and do concern themselves with the world of men. They have given us full power not to fall into any of the absolute evils; and if there were real evil in life's other experiences, they would have provided for that too, so that avoidance of it could lie within every man's ability. But when a thing does not worsen the man himself, how can it worsen the life he lives? The World-Nature cannot have been so ignorant as to overlook a hazard of this kind, nor, if aware of it, have been unable to devise a safeguard or a remedy. Neither want of power nor want of skill could have led Nature into the error of allowing good and evil to be visited indiscriminately on the virtuous and the sinful alike. Yet living and dying, honour and dishonour, pain and pleasure, riches and poverty, and so forth are equally the lot of good men and bad. Things like these neither elevate nor degrade; and therefore they are no more good than they are evil.

12. Our mental powers should enable us to perceive the swiftness with which

all things vanish away: their bodies in the world of space, and their remembrance in the world of time. We should also observe the nature of all objects of sense — particularly such as allure us with pleasure, or affright us with pain, or are clamorously urged upon us by the voice of self-conceit — the cheapness and contemptibility of them, how sordid they are, and how quickly fading and dead. We should discern the true worth of those whose word and opinion confer reputations. We should apprehend, too, the nature of death; and that if only it be steadily contemplated, and the fancies we associate with it be mentally dissected, it will soon come to be thought of as no more than a process of nature (and only children are scared by a natural process) — or rather, something more than a mere process, a positive contribution to nature's well-being. Also we can learn how man has contact with God, and with which part of himself this is maintained, and how that part fares after its removal hence.

13. Nothing is more melancholy than to compass the whole creation, 'probing into the deeps of earth', as the poet says, and peering curiously into the secrets of others' souls, without once understanding that to hold fast to the divine spirit within, and serve it loyally, is all that is needful. Such service involves keeping it pure from passion, and from aimlessness, and from discontent with the works of gods or men; for the former of these works deserve our reverence, for their excellence; the latter our goodwill, for fraternity's sake, and at times perhaps our pity too, because of men's ignorance of good and evil — an infirmity as crippling as the inability to distinguish black from white.

14. Were you to live three thousand years, or even thirty thousand, remember that the sole life which a man can lose is that which he is living at the moment; and furthermore, that he can have no other life except the one he loses. This means that the longest life and the shortest amount to the same thing. For the passing minute is every man's equal possession, but what has once gone by is not ours. Our loss, therefore, is limited to that one fleeting instant, since no one can lose what is already past, nor yet what is still to come — for how can he be deprived of what he does not possess? So two things should be borne in mind. First, that all the cycles of creation since the beginning of time exhibit the same recurring pattern, so that it can make no difference whether you watch the identical spectacle for a hundred years, or

for two hundred, or for ever. Secondly, that when the longest- and the shortest-lived of us come to die, their loss is precisely equal. For the sole thing of which any man can be deprived is the present; since this is all he owns, and nobody can lose what is not his.

15. There are obvious objections to the Cynic Monimus's statement that 'things are determined by the view taken of them'; but the value of his aphorism is equally obvious, if we admit the substance of it so far as it contains a truth.

16. For a human soul, the greatest of self-inflicted wrongs is to make itself (so far as it is able to do so) a kind of tumour or abscess on the universe; for to quarrel with circumstances is always a rebellion against Nature — and Nature includes the nature of each individual part. Another wrong, again, is to reject a fellow-creature or oppose him with malicious intent, as men do when they are angry. A third, to surrender to pleasure or pain. A fourth, to dissemble and show insincerity or falsity in word or deed. A fifth, for the soul to direct its acts and endeavours to no particular object, and waste its energies purposelessly and without due thought; for even the least of our activities ought to have some end in view — and for creatures with reason, that end is conformity with the reason and law of the primordial City and Commonwealth.

17. In the life of a man, his time is but a moment, his being an incessant flux, his senses a dim rushlight, his body a prey of worms, his soul an unquiet eddy, his fortune dark, and his fame doubtful. In short, all that is of the body is as coursing waters, all that is of the soul as dreams and vapours; life a warfare, a brief sojourning in an alien land; and after repute, oblivion. Where, then, can man find the power to guide and guard his steps? In one thing and one alone: Philosophy. To be a philosopher is to keep unsullied and unscathed the divine spirit within him, so that it may transcend all pleasure and all pain, take nothing in hand without purpose and nothing falsely or with dissimulation, depend not on another's actions or inactions, accept each and every dispensation as coming from the same Source as itself — and last and chief, wait with a good grace for death, as no more than a simple dissolving of the elements whereof each living thing is composed. If those elements themselves take no harm from their ceaseless forming and re-forming, why

look with mistrust upon the change and dissolution of the whole? It is but Nature's way; and in the ways of Nature there is no evil to be found.

注　释

〔1〕 That is, on whether others decide to approve or censure your actions.

Book Three

1. The daily wearing away of life, with its ever-shrinking remainder, is not the only thing we have to consider. For even if a man's years be prolonged, we must still take into account that it is doubtful whether his mind will continue to retain its capacity for the understanding of business, or for the contemplative effort needed to apprehend things divine and human. The onset of senility may involve no loss of respiratory or alimentary powers, or of sensations, impulses and so forth; nevertheless, the ability to make full use of his faculties, to assess correctly the demands of duty, to coordinate all the diverse problems that arise, to judge if the time has come to end his days on earth, or to make any other of the decisions that require the exercise of a practised intellect, is already on the wane. We must press on, then, in haste; not simply because every hour brings us nearer to death, but because even before then our powers of perception and comprehension begin to deteriorate.

Another thing we should remark is the grace and fascination that there is even in the incidentals of Nature's processes. When a loaf of bread, for instance, is in the oven, cracks appear in it here and there; and these flaws, though not intended in the baking, have a rightness of their own, and sharpen the appetite. Figs, again, at their ripest will also crack open. When olives are on the verge of falling, the very imminence of decay adds its peculiar beauty to the fruit. So, too, the drooping head of a cornstalk, the wrinkling skin when a lion scowls, the drip of foam from a wild boar's jaws, and many more such sights, are far from beautiful if looked at by themselves; yet as the consequences of some other process of Nature, they make their own contribution to its charm and attractiveness.

2. Thus to a man of sensitiveness and sufficiently deep insight into the workings of the universe, almost everything, even if it be no more than a by-product of something else, seems to add its meed of extra pleasure. Such a man will view the grinning jaws of real lions and tigers as admiringly as he would an artist's or sculptor's imitation of them; and the eye of discretion will enable him to see the mature charm that belongs to men and women in old age, as well as the seductive bloom that is youth's. Things of this sort will not

appeal to everyone; he alone who has cultivated a real intimacy with Nature and her works will be struck by them.

3. Hippocrates cured the ills of many, but himself took ill and died. The Chaldeans foretold the deaths of many, but fate caught up with them also. Alexander, Pompey, and Julius Caesar laid waste whole cities time and again, and cut down many thousands of horse and foot in battle, but the hour came when they too passed away. Heraclitus speculated endlessly on the consumption of the universe by fire, but in the end it was water that saturated his body, and he died in a dung-plaster. Democritus was destroyed by vermin; Socrates by vermin of another kind. And the moral of it all? This. You embark; you make the voyage; you reach port: step ashore, then. Into another life? There are gods everywhere, even yonder. Into final insensibility? Then you will be out of the grip of pains and pleasures, and thrall no longer to this earthen vessel, so immeasurably meaner than its attendant minister. For the one is a mind and a divinity; the other but clay and corruption.

4. Do not waste what remains of your life in speculating about your neighbours, unless with a view to some mutual benefit. To wonder what so-and-so is doing and why, or what he is saying, or thinking, or scheming — in a word, anything that distracts you from fidelity to the Ruler within you — means a loss of opportunity for some other task. See then that the flow of your thoughts is kept free from idle or random fancies, particularly those of an inquisitive or uncharitable nature. A man should habituate himself to such a way of thinking that if suddenly asked, 'What is in your mind at this minute?' he could respond frankly and without hesitation; thus proving that all his thoughts were simple and kindly, as becomes a social being with no taste for the pleasures of sensual imaginings, jealousies, envies, suspicions, or any other sentiments that he would blush to acknowledge in himself. Such a man, determined here and now to aspire to the heights, is indeed a priest and minister of the gods; for he is making full use of that indwelling power which can keep a man unsullied by pleasures, proof against pain, untouched by insult, and impervious to evil. He is a competitor in the greatest of all contests, the struggle against passion's mastery; he is imbued through and through with uprightness, welcoming whole-heartedly whatever falls to his lot and rarely asking himself what others may be saying or doing or thinking

except when the public interest requires it. He confines his operations to his own concerns, having his attention fixed on his own particular thread of the universal web; seeing to it that his actions are honourable, and convinced that what befalls him must be for the best — for his own directing fate is itself under a higher direction. He does not forget the brotherhood of all rational beings, nor that a concern for every man is proper to humanity; and he knows that it is not the world's opinions he should follow, but only those of men whose lives confessedly accord with Nature. As for others whose lives are not so ordered, he reminds himself constantly of the characters they exhibit daily and nightly at home and abroad, and of the sort of society they frequent; and the approval of such men, who do not even stand well in their own eyes, has no value for him.

5. In your actions let there be a willing promptitude, yet a regard for the common interest; due deliberation, yet no irresolution; and in your sentiments no pretentious over-refinement. Avoid talkativeness, avoid officiousness. The god within you should preside over a being who is virile and mature, a statesman, a Roman, and a ruler; one who has held his ground, like a soldier waiting for the signal to retire from life's battlefield and ready to welcome his relief; a man whose credit need neither be sworn to by himself nor avouched by others. Therein is the secret of cheerfulness, of depending on no help from without and needing to crave from no man the boon of tranquillity. We have to stand upright ourselves, not be set up.

6. If mortal life can offer you anything better than justice and truth, self-control and courage — that is, peace of mind in the evident conformity of your actions to the laws of reason, and peace of mind under the visitations of a destiny you cannot control — if, I say, you can discern any higher ideal, why, turn to it with your whole soul, and rejoice in the prize you have found. But if nothing seems to you better than the deity which dwells within you, directing each impulse, weighing each impression, abjuring (in the Socratic phrase) the temptations of the flesh, and avowing allegiance to the gods and compassion for mankind; if you find all else to be mean and worthless in comparison, then leave yourself no room for any rival pursuits. For if you once falter and turn aside, you will no longer be able to give unswerving loyalty to this ideal you have chosen for your own. No ambitions of a different nature can contest the title to goodness which belongs to reason and

civic duty; not the world's applause, nor power, nor wealth, nor the enjoyment of pleasure. For a while there may seem to be no incongruity in these things, but very quickly they get the upper hand and sweep a man off his balance. Do you then, I would say, simply and spontaneously make your choice of the highest, and cleave to that. 'But what is best for myself is the highest,' you say? If it is best for you as a reasonable being, hold fast to it; but if as an animal merely, then say so outright, and maintain your view with becoming humility — only be very sure that you have probed the matter aright.

7. Never value the advantages derived from anything involving breach of faith, loss of self-respect, hatred, suspicion, or execration of others, insincerity, or the desire for something which has to be veiled and curtained. One whose chief regard is for his own mind, and for the divinity within him and the service of its goodness, will strike no poses, utter no complaints, and crave neither for solitude nor yet for a crowd. Best of all, his life will be free from continual pursuings and avoidings. He does not care whether his soul in its mortal frame shall be his to possess for a longer or a shorter term of years; this very moment, if it be the hour for his departure, he will step forth as readily as he performs any other act that can be done in self-respecting and orderly fashion. No other care has he in life but to keep his mind from straying into paths incompatible with those of an intelligent and social being.

8. In a mind that is disciplined and purified there is no taint of corruption, no unclean spot nor festering sore. Such a man's life fate can never snatch away unfulfilled, as it were an actor walking off in mid-performance before the play is finished. There is nothing of the lackey in him, yet nothing of the coxcomb; he neither leans on others nor holds aloof from them; and he remains answerable to no man, yet guiltless of all evasion.

9. Treat with respect the power you have to form an opinion. By it alone can the helmsman within you avoid forming opinions that are at variance with nature and with the constitution of a reasonable being. From it you may look to attain circumspection, good relations with your fellow-men, and conformity with the will of heaven.

10. Letting go all else, cling to the following few truths. Remember that man

lives only in the present, in this fleeting instant: all the rest of his life is either past and gone, or not yet revealed. This mortal life is a little thing, lived in a little corner of the earth; and little, too, is the longest fame to come — dependent as it is on a succession of fast-perishing little men who have no knowledge even of their own selves, much less of one long dead and gone.

11. To these maxims add yet another. When an object presents itself to your perception, make a mental definition or at least an outline of it, so as to discern its essential character, to pierce beyond its separate attributes to a distinct view of the naked whole, and to identify for yourself both the object itself and the elements of which it is composed, and into which it will again be resolved. Nothing so enlarges the mind as this ability to examine methodically and accurately every one of life's experiences, with an eye to determining its classification, the ends it serves, its worth to the universe, and its worth to men as the members of that supreme City in which all other cities are as households. Take, for example, the thing which is producing its impression upon me at this moment. What is it? Whereof is it composed? How long is it designed to last? What moral response does it ask of me; gentleness, fortitude, candour, good faith, sincerity, self-reliance, or some other quality? In every instance learn to say, This comes from God; or, This is one of Fate's dispensations, a strand in the complex web, a conjunction of fortuities; or again, This is the work of a man who is of the same stock and breed and brotherhood as I am, but is ignorant of what Nature requires of him. I myself, however, can plead no such ignorance, and therefore in accordance with Nature's law of brotherhood I am to deal amiably and fairly with him — though at the same time, if there be no question of good or evil involved, I must aim my shafts at the proper merits of the case.

12. If you do the task before you always adhering to strict reason with zeal and energy and yet with humanity, disregarding all lesser ends and keeping the divinity within you pure and upright, as though you were even now faced with its recall — if you hold steadily to this, staying for nothing and shrinking from nothing, only seeking in each passing action a conformity with nature and in each word and utterance a fearless truthfulness, then shall the good life be yours. And from this course no man has the power to hold you back.

13. As surgeons keep their lancets and scalpels always at hand for the sudden demands of their craft, so keep your principles constantly in readiness for the understanding of things both human and divine; never in the most trivial action forgetting how intimately the two are related. For nothing human can be done aright without reference to the divine, and conversely.

14. Mislead yourself no longer; you will never read these notebooks again now, nor the annals of bygone Romans and Greeks, nor that choice selection of writings you have put by for your old age. Press on, then, to the finish; cast away vain hopes; and if you have any regard at all for self, see to your own security while still you may.

15. They do not know all that is signified by such words as 'stealing', 'sowing', 'purchasing', 'being at peace', 'seeing one's duty': this needs a different vision from the eye's.

16. Body, soul, and mind: the body for sensation, the soul for the springs of action, the mind for principles. Yet the capacity for sensation belongs also to the stalled ox; there is no wild beast, homosexual, Nero, or Phalaris but obeys the twitchings of impulse; and even men who deny the gods, or betray their country, or perpetrate all manner of villainy behind locked doors, have minds to guide them to the clear path of duty. Seeing, then, that all else is the common heritage of such types, the good man's only singularity lies in his approving welcome to every experience the looms of fate may weave for him, his refusal to soil the divinity seated in his breast or perturb it with disorderly impressions, and his resolve to keep it in serenity and decorous obedience to God, admitting no disloyalty to truth in his speech or to justice in his actions. Though all the world mistrust him because he lives in simple, self-respecting happiness, he takes offence at none, but unswervingly treads the road onward to life's close, where duty bids him arrive in purity and peace, unreluctant to depart, in perfect and unforced unison with fate's apportionment.

Book Four

1. If the inward power that rules us be true to Nature, it will always adjust itself readily to the possibilities and opportunities offered by circumstance. It asks for no predeterminate material; in the pursuance of its aims it is willing to compromise; hindrances to its progress are merely converted into matter for its own use. It is like a bonfire mastering a heap of rubbish, which would have quenched a feeble glow; but its fiery blaze quickly assimilates the load, consumes it, and flames the higher for it.

2. Take no enterprise in hand at haphazard, or without regard to the principles governing its proper execution.

3. Men seek for seclusion in the wilderness, by the seashore, or in the mountains — a dream you have cherished only too fondly yourself. But such fancies are wholly unworthy of a philosopher, since at any moment you choose you can retire within yourself. Nowhere can man find a quieter or more untroubled retreat than in his own soul; above all, he who possesses resources in himself, which he need only contemplate to secure immediate ease of mind — the ease that is but another word for a well-ordered spirit. Avail yourself often, then, of this retirement, and so continually renew yourself. Make your rules of life brief, yet so as to embrace the fundamentals; recurrence to them will then suffice to remove all vexation, and send you back without fretting to the duties to which you must return.

After all, what is it that frets you? The vices of humanity? Remember the doctrine that all rational beings are created for one another; that toleration is a part of justice; and that men are not intentional evildoers. Think of the myriad enmities, suspicions, animosities, and conflicts that are now vanished with the dust and ashes of the men who knew them; and fret no more.

Or is it your allotted portion in the universe that chafes you? Recall once again the dilemma, 'if not a wise Providence, then a mere jumble of atoms', and consider the profusion of evidence that this world is as it were a city. Do the ills of the body afflict you? Reflect that the mind has but to detach itself and apprehend its own powers, to be no longer involved with the movements

of the breath, whether they be smooth or rough. In short, recollect all you have learnt and accepted regarding pain and pleasure.

Or does the bubble reputation distract you? Keep before your eyes the swift onset of oblivion, and the abysses of eternity before us and behind; mark how hollow are the echoes of applause, how fickle and undiscerning the judgements of professed admirers, and how puny the arena of human fame. For the entire earth is but a point, and the place of our own habitation but a minute corner in it; and how many are therein who will praise you, and what sort of men are they?

Remember then to withdraw into the little field of self. Above all, never struggle or strain; but be master of yourself, and view life as a man, as a human being, as a citizen, and as a mortal. Among the truths you will do well to contemplate most frequently are these two: first, that things can never touch the soul, but stand inert outside it, so that disquiet can arise only from fancies within; and secondly, that all visible objects change in a moment, and will be no more. Think of the countless changes in which you yourself have had a part. The whole universe is change, and life itself is but what you deem it.[1]

4. If the power of thought is universal among mankind, so likewise is the possession of reason, making us rational creatures. It follows, therefore, that this reason speaks no less universally to us all with its 'thou shalt' or 'thou shalt not'. So then there is a world-law; which in turn means that we are all fellow-citizens and share a common citizenship, and that the world is a single city. Is there any other common citizenship that can be claimed by all humanity? And it is from this world-polity that mind, reason, and law themselves derive. If not, whence else? As the earthy portion of me has its origin from earth, the watery from a different element, my breath from one source and my hot and fiery parts from another of their own elsewhere (for nothing comes from nothing, or can return to nothing), so too there must be an origin for the mind.

5. Death, like birth, is one of Nature's secrets; the same elements that have been combined are then dispersed. Nothing about it need give cause for shame. For beings endowed with mind it is no anomaly, nor in any way inconsistent with the plan of their creation.

6. That men of a certain type should behave as they do is inevitable. To wish it otherwise were to wish the fig-tree would not yield its juice. In any case, remember that in a very little while both you and he will be dead, and your very names will quickly be forgotten.

7. Put from you the belief that 'I have been wronged', and with it will go the feeling. Reject your sense of injury, and the injury itself disappears.

8. What does not corrupt a man himself cannot corrupt his life, nor do him any damage either outwardly or inwardly.

9. The laws of collective expediency required this to happen.

10. Whatever happens, happens rightly. Watch closely, and you will find this true. In the succession of events there is not mere sequence alone, but an order that is just and right, as from the hand of one who dispenses to all their due. Keep up your watch, then, as you have begun, and let goodness accompany your every action — goodness, that is, in the proper sense of the word. In all your operations pay heed to this.

11. Do not copy the opinions of the arrogant, or let them dictate your own, but look at things in their true light.

12. At two points hold yourself always in readiness: first, to do exclusively what reason, our king and lawgiver, shall suggest for the common weal; and secondly, to reconsider a decision if anyone present should correct you and convince you of an error of judgement. But such conviction must proceed from the assurance that justice, or the common good, or some other such interest will be served. This must be the sole consideration; not the likelihood of pleasure or popularity.

13. Have you reason? 'I have.' Then why not use it? If reason does its part, what more would you ask?

14. As a part, you inhere in the Whole. You will vanish into that which gave you birth; or rather, you will be transmuted once more into the creative Reason of the universe.

15. Many grains of incense fall on the same altar: one sooner, another later — it makes no difference.

16. You have only to revert to the teachings of your creed, and to reverence for reason, and within a week those who now class you with beasts and monkeys will be calling you a god.

17. Live not as though there were a thousand years ahead of you. Fate is at your elbow; make yourself good while life and power are still yours.

18. He who ignores what his neighbour is saying or doing or thinking, and cares only that his own actions should be just and godly, is greatly the gainer in time and ease. A good man does not spy around for the black spots in others, but presses unswervingly on towards his mark.

19. The man whose heart is palpitating for fame after death does not reflect that out of all those who remember him every one will himself soon be dead also, and in course of time the next generation after that, until in the end, after flaring and sinking by turns, the final spark of memory is quenched. Furthermore, even supposing that those who remember you were never to die at all, nor their memories to die either, yet what is that to you? Clearly, in your grave, nothing; and even in your lifetime, what is the good of praise — unless maybe to subserve some lesser design? Surely, then, you are making an inopportune rejection of what Nature has given you today, if all your mind is set on what men will say of you tomorrow.

20. Anything in any way beautiful derives its beauty from itself, and asks nothing beyond itself. Praise is no part of it, for nothing is made worse or better by praise. This applies even to the more mundane forms of beauty: natural objects, for example, or works of art. What need has true beauty of anything further? Surely none; any more than law, or truth, or kindness, or modesty. Is any of these embellished by praise, or spoiled by censure? Does the emerald lose its beauty for lack of admiration? Does gold, or ivory, or purple? A lyre or a dagger, a rosebud or a sapling?

21. If souls survive after death, how has the air above us found room for them

all since time began? As well ask how the earth finds room for all the bodies interred through immemorial ages. There, after a short respite, change and decay make way for other dead bodies. Similarly, souls transferred to the air exist for a while before undergoing a change and a diffusion, and are then transmuted into fire and taken back into the creative principle of the universe; and thus room is made for the reception of others. Such will be the answer of any believer in the survival of souls. Moreover, we must reckon not only the number of human corpses so buried, but also that of all the creatures daily devoured by ourselves and the other animals. What multitudes, perishing in this way, are in a manner of speaking buried in the bodies of those whose nutriment they furnish! And yet, by their assimilation into the blood and afterwards by the subsequent transmutation into the air or fire, all the needful space becomes available.

How do we discover the truth of all this? By distinguishing between the matter and the cause.

22. Never allow yourself to be swept off your feet: when an impulse stirs, see first that it will meet the claims of justice; when an impression forms, assure yourself first of its certainty.

23. O world, I am in tune with every note of thy great harmony. For me nothing is early, nothing late, if it be timely for thee. O Nature, all that thy seasons yield is fruit for me. From thee, and in thee, and to thee are all things. 'Dear city of God!' may we not cry, even as the poet cried 'Dear city of Cecrops!'

24. 'If thou wouldst know contentment, let thy deeds be few,' said the sage. Better still, limit them strictly to such as are essential, and to such as in a social being reason demands, and as it demands. This brings the contentment that comes of doing a few things and doing them well. Most of what we say and do is not necessary, and its omission would save both time and trouble. At every step, therefore, a man should ask himself, 'Is this one of the things that are superfluous?' Moreover, not idle actions only but even idle impressions ought to be suppressed; for then unnecessary action will not ensue.

25. Test for yourself your capacity for the good man's life; the life of one

content with his allotted part in the universe, who seeks only to be just in his doings and charitable in his ways.

26. You have seen all that?[2] — now look at this. Your part is to be serene, to be simple. Is someone doing wrong? The wrong lies with himself. Has something befallen you? Good; then it was your portion of the universal lot, assigned to you when time began; a strand woven into your particular web, like all else that happens. Life, in a word, is short; then snatch your profit from the passing hour, by obedience to reason and just dealing. Unbend, but be temperate.

27. Either a universe that is all order, or else a farrago thrown together at random yet somehow forming a universe. But can there be some measure of order subsisting in yourself, and at the same time disorder in the greater Whole? And that, too, when oneness of feeling exists between all the parts of nature, in spite of their divergence and dispersion?

28. A black heart! A womanish, wilful heart; the heart of a brute, a beast of the field; childish, stupid, and false; a huckster's heart, a tyrant's heart.

29. If he who knows not what is in the universe is a stranger to the universe, he is no less so who knows not what takes place in it. Such a man is an exile, self-banished from the polity of reason; a sightless man, having the eyes of his understanding darkened; a pauper dependent on others, without resources of his own for his livelihood. He is an excrescence on the world, when he dissociates and dissevers himself from the laws of our common nature by refusing to accept his lot (which after all is a product of the self-same Nature which produced yourself); he is a limb lopped from the community, when he cuts his own soul adrift from the single soul of all rational things.

30. One philosopher goes shirtless; another bookless; a third, only half-clad, says, 'Bread have I none, yet still I cleave to reason.' For my part, I too have no fruit of my learning, and yet cleave to her.

31. Give your heart to the trade you have learnt, and draw refreshment from it. Let the rest of your days be spent as one who has whole-heartedly committed his all to the gods, and is thenceforth no man's master or slave.

32. Think, let us say, of the times of Vespasian; and what do you see? Men and women busy marrying, bringing up children, sickening, dying, fighting, feasting, chaffering, farming, flattering, bragging, envying, scheming, calling down curses, grumbling at fate, loving, hoarding, coveting thrones and dignities. Of all that life, not a trace survives today. Or come forward to the days of Trajan; again, it is the same; that life, too, has perished. Take a similar look at the records of other past ages and peoples; mark how one and all, after their short-lived strivings, passed away and were resolved into the elements. More especially, recall some who, within your own knowledge, have followed after vanities instead of contenting themselves with a resolute performance of the duties for which they were created. In such cases it is essential to remind ourselves that the pursuit of any object depends for its value upon the worth of the object pursued. If, then, you would avoid discouragement, never become unduly absorbed in things that are not of the first importance.

33. Expressions that were once current have gone out of use nowadays. Names, too, that were formerly household words are virtually archaisms today; Camillus, Caeso, Volesus, Dentatus; or a little later, Scipio and Cato; Augustus too, and even Hadrian and Antoninus. All things fade into the storied past, and in a little while are shrouded in oblivion. Even to men whose lives were a blaze of glory this comes to pass; as for the rest, the breath is hardly out of them before, in Homer's words, they are 'lost to sight alike and hearsay'. What, after all, is immortal fame? An empty, hollow thing. To what, then, must we aspire? This, and this alone: the just thought, the unselfish act, the tongue that utters no falsehood, the temper that greets each passing event as something predestined, expected, and emanating from the One source and origin.

34. Submit yourself to Clotho[3] with a good grace, and let her spin your thread out of what material she will.

35. All of us are creatures of a day; the rememberer and the remembered alike.

36. Observe how all things are continually being born of change; teach

yourself to see that Nature's highest happiness lies in changing the things that are, and forming new things after their kind. Whatever is, is in some sense the seed of what is to emerge from it. Nothing can become a philosopher less than to imagine that seed can only be something that is planted in the earth or the womb.

37. Very soon you will be dead; but even yet you are not single-minded, nor above disquiet; not yet unapprehensive of harm from without; not yet charitable to all men, nor persuaded that to do justly is the only wisdom.

38. Observe carefully what guides the actions of the wise, and what they shun or seek.

39. For you, evil comes not from the mind of another; nor yet from any of the phases and changes of your own bodily frame. Then whence? From that part of yourself which acts as your assessor of what is evil. Refuse its assessment, and all is well. Though the poor body, so closely neighbouring it, be gashed or burned, fester or mortify, let the voice of this assessor remain silent; let it pronounce nothing to be bad or good if it can happen to evil men and good men alike — for anything that comes impartially upon men, whether they observe the rules of Nature or not, can neither be hindering her purposes nor advancing them.

40. Always think of the universe as one living organism, with a single substance and a single soul; and observe how all things are submitted to the single perceptivity of this one whole, all are moved by its single impulse, and all play their part in the causation of every event that happens. Remark the intricacy of the skein, the complexity of the web.

41. 'A poor soul burdened with a corpse,' Epictetus calls you.

42. To be in process of change is not an evil, any more than to be the product of change is a good.

43. Time is a river, the resistless flow of all created things. One thing no sooner comes in sight than it is hurried past and another is borne along, only to be swept away in its turn.

44. Everything that happens is as normal and expected as the spring rose or the summer fruit; this is true of sickness, death, slander, intrigue, and all the other things that delight or trouble foolish men.

45. What follows is ever closely linked to what precedes; it is not a procession of isolated events, merely obeying the laws of sequence, but a rational continuity. Moreover, just as the things already in existence are all harmoniously coordinated, things in the act of coming into existence exhibit the same marvel of concatenation, rather than simply the bare fact of succession.

46. Always remember the dictum of Heraclitus, 'Death of earth, birth of water; death of water, birth of air; from air, fire; and so round again.' Remember also his 'wayfarer oblivious of where his road is leading', his 'men ever at odds with their own closest companion' (the controlling Reason of the universe), and his 'though they encounter this every day, they still deem it a stranger'. Again, 'we are not to act or speak like men asleep' (for indeed men in their sleep do fancy themselves to be acting and speaking), nor 'like children at their parents' word'; that is, in blind reliance on traditional maxims.

47. If a god were to tell you, 'Tomorrow, or at best the day after, you will be dead,' you would not, unless the most abject of men, be greatly solicitous whether it was to be the later day, rather than the morrow — for what is the difference between them? In the same way, do not reckon it of great moment whether it will come years and years hence, or tomorrow.

48. Remind yourself constantly of all the physicians, now dead, who used to knit their brows over their ailing patients; of all the astrologers who so solemnly predicted their clients' doom; the philosophers who expatiated so endlessly on death or immortality; the great commanders who slew their thousands; the despots who wielded powers of life and death with such terrible arrogance, as if themselves were gods who could never die; the whole cities which have perished completely, Helice, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and others without number. After that, recall one by one each of your own acquaintances; how one buried another, only to be laid low himself and

buried in turn by a third, and all in so brief a space of time. Observe, in short, how transient and trivial is all mortal life; yesterday a drop of semen, tomorrow a handful of spice or ashes. Spend, therefore, these fleeting moments on earth as Nature would have you spend them, and then go to your rest with a good grace, as an olive falls in its season, with a blessing for the earth that bore it and a thanksgiving to the tree that gave it life.

49. Be like the headland against which the waves break and break: it stands firm, until presently the watery tumult around it subsides once more to rest. 'How unlucky I am, that this should have happened to me!' By no means; say rather, 'How lucky I am, that it has left me with no bitterness; unshaken by the present, and undismayed by the future.' The thing could have happened to anyone, but not everyone would have emerged unembittered. So why put the one down to misfortune, rather than the other to good fortune? Can a man call anything at all a misfortune, if it is not a contravention of his nature; and can it be a contravention of his nature if it is not against that nature's will? Well, then: you have learnt to know that will. Does this thing which has happened hinder you from being just, magnanimous, temperate, judicious, discreet, truthful, self-respecting, independent, and all else by which a man's nature comes to its fulfilment? So here is a rule to remember in future, when anything tempts you to feel bitter: not, 'This is a misfortune,' but 'To bear this worthily is good fortune.'

50. Philosophy aside, an effectual help towards disregarding death is to think of those who clung greedily to their lives. What advantage have they over those who died young? In every case, in some place at some time, the earth now covers them all; Cadicianus, Fabius, Julianus, Lepidus, and the rest, who saw so many to their graves, only to be seen to their own at last. Brief, after all, was the respite they enjoyed; dragged out in such conditions, and with such attendants, and in so wretched a body. Set no store by it, then; look at the abyss of time behind it, and the infinity yet to come. In the face of that, what more is Nestor with all his years than any three-days babe?

51. Ever run the short way; and the short way is the way of nature, with perfect soundness in each word and deed as the goal. Such an aim will give you freedom from anxiety and strife, and from all compromise and artifice.

注　释

〔1〕　Life itself is but what you deem it. Hamlet (Act Ⅱ, scene 2) says: 'There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.' Marcus here expresses this thought more succinctly in two Greek words, meaning literally 'life [is] opinion'.

〔2〕　The unpleasant side of some recent encounter.

〔3〕　Clotho, one of the three Fates, is she who spins the thread of men's lives; Lachesis decides their destiny; Atropos slits the thread when they must die.

Book Five

1. At day's first light have in readiness, against disinclination to leave your bed, the thought that 'I am rising for the work of man'. Must I grumble at setting out to do what I was born for, and for the sake of which I have been brought into the world? Is this the purpose of my creation, to lie here under the blankets and keep myself warm? 'Ah, but it is a great deal more pleasant!' Was it for pleasure, then, that you were born, and not for work, not for effort? Look at the plants, the sparrows, ants, spiders, bees, all busy at their own tasks, each doing his part towards a coherent world-order; and will you refuse man's share of the work, instead of being prompt to carry out Nature's bidding? 'Yes, but one must have some repose as well.' Granted; but repose has its limits set by nature, in the same way as food and drink have; and you overstep these limits, you go beyond the point of sufficiency; while on the other hand, when action is in question, you stop short of what you could well achieve.

You have no real love for yourself; if you had, you would love your nature, and your nature's will. Craftsmen who love their trade will spend themselves to the utmost in labouring at it, even going unwashed and unfed; but you hold your nature in less regard than the engraver does his engraving, the dancer his dancing, the miser his heap of silver, or the vainglorious man his moment of glory. These men, when their heart is in it, are ready to sacrifice food and sleep to the advancement of their chosen pursuit. Is the service of the community of less worth in your eyes, and does it merit less devotion?

2. O the consolation of being able to thrust aside and cast into oblivion every tiresome intrusive impression, and in a trice be utterly at peace!

3. Reserve your right to any deed or utterance that accords with nature. Do not be put off by the criticisms or comments that may follow; if there is something good to be done or said, never renounce your right to it. Those who criticize you have their own reason to guide them, and their own impulse to prompt them; you must not let your eyes stray towards them, but keep a

straight course and follow your own nature and the World-Nature (and the way of these two is one).

4. I travel the roads of nature until the hour when I shall lie down and be at rest; yielding back my last breath into the air from which I have drawn it daily, and sinking down upon the earth from which my father derived the seed, my mother the blood, and my nurse the milk of my being — the earth which for so many years has furnished my daily meat and drink, and, though so grievously abused, still suffers me to tread its surface.

5. You will never be remarkable for quick-wittedness. Be it so, then; yet there are still a host of other qualities whereof you cannot say, 'I have no bent for them.' Cultivate these, then, for they are wholly within your power: sincerity, for example, and dignity; industriousness, and sobriety. Avoid grumbling; be frugal, considerate, and frank; be temperate in manner and in speech; carry yourself with authority. See how many qualities there are which could be yours at this moment. You can allege no native incapacity or inaptitude for them; and yet you choose to linger still on a less lofty plane. Furthermore, is it any lack of natural endowments that necessitates those fits of querulousness and parsimony and fulsome flattery, of railing at your ill-health, of cringing and bragging and continually veering from one mood to another? Most assuredly not; you could have rid yourself of all these long ago, and remained chargeable with nothing worse than a certain slowness and dulness of comprehension — and even this you can correct with practice, so long as you do not make light of it or take pleasure in your own obtuseness.

6. There is a type of person who, if he renders you a service, has no hesitation in claiming the credit for it. Another, though not prepared to go so far as that, will nevertheless secretly regard you as in his debt and be fully conscious of what he has done. But there is also the man who, one might almost say, has no consciousness at all of what he has done, like the vine which produces a cluster of grapes and then, having yielded its rightful fruit, looks for no more thanks than a horse that has run his race, a hound that has tracked his quarry, or a bee that has hived her honey. Like them, the man who has done one good action does not cry it aloud, but passes straight on to a second, as the vine passes on to the bearing of another summer's grapes.

'According to you, then, we should rank ourselves with things that act

unconsciously?' Exactly; yet we should do so consciously; for, as the saying goes, 'awareness that his actions are social is the mark of a social being'. 'But also, surely, the wish that society itself should be equally aware of it?' True, no doubt; yet you miss the meaning of the aphorism, and so put yourself in the same class as the persons I have just described, who likewise are misled by a specious kind of reasoning. Apprehend the true significance of the saying, and you need never fear that it will betray you into omitting any social duty.

7. The Athenians pray, 'Rain, rain, dear Zeus, upon the fields and plains of Athens.' Prayers should either not be offered at all, or else be as simple and ingenuous as this.

8. Just as we say, 'Aesculapius has prescribed horseback exercise, or cold baths, or going barefoot', so in the same way does the World-Nature prescribe disease, mutilation, loss, or some other disability. In the former case, prescribing meant ordering a specific treatment, in the interests of the patient's health; similarly in the latter, certain specific occurrences are ordered, in the interests of our destiny. We may, in fact, be said to 'meet with' these misfortunes in the same sense as masons say that the squared stones in walls or pyramids 'meet with' each other when they are being fitted closely together to make the unified whole. This mutual integration is a universal principle. As a myriad bodies combine into the single Body which is the world, so a myriad causes combine into the single Cause which is destiny. Even the common people realize this when they say, 'It was brought upon him.' It was indeed brought upon him; that is, it was prescribed for him. Let us accept such things, then, as we accept the prescriptions of an Aesculapius; for they, too, have often a harsh flavour, yet we swallow them gladly in hope of health. The execution and fulfilment of Nature's decrees should be viewed in the same way as we view our bodily health: even if what befalls is unpalatable, nevertheless always receive it gladly, for it makes for the health of the universe, and even for the well-being and well-doing of Zeus himself. Had it not been for the benefit of the whole, he would never have brought it upon the individual. It is not Nature's way to bring anything upon that which is under her government, except what is specifically designed for its good. There are two reasons, then, why you should willingly accept what happens to you: first, because it happens to yourself, has been prescribed for yourself,

and concerns yourself, being a strand in the tapestry of primordial causation; and secondly, because every individual dispensation is one of the causes of the prosperity, success, and even survival of That which administers the universe. To break off any particle, no matter how small, from the continuous concatenation — whether of causes or of any other elements — is to injure the whole. And each time you give way to discontent, you are causing, within your own limited ability, just such a breakage and disruption.

9. Do not be distressed, do not despond or give up in despair, if now and again practice falls short of precept. Return to the attack after each failure, and be thankful if on the whole you can acquit yourself in the majority of cases as a man should. But have a genuine liking for the discipline you return to: do not recur to your philosophy in the spirit of a schoolboy to his master, but as the sore-eyed recur to their egg-and-sponge lotion, or as others to their poultice or their douche. In this way your submission to reason will not become a matter for public display, but for private consolation. Bear in mind that, while philosophy wills only what your own nature wills, you yourself were willing something else that was at variance with nature. 'Yes, but what other thing could have been more agreeable?' — is not that the inducement wherewith pleasure seeks to beguile you? Yet consider: would not nobility of soul be more agreeable? Would not candour, simplicity, kindness, piety? Nay more; when you reflect on the precision and smoothness with which the processes of ratiocination and cognition operate, can there be anything more agreeable than the exercise of intellect?

10. As for truth, it is so veiled in obscurity that many reputable philosophers[1] assert the impossibility of reaching any certain knowledge. Even the Stoics admit that its attainment is beset with difficulties, and that all our intellectual conclusions are fallible; for where is the infallible man? Or turn from this to more material things: how transitory, how worthless are these — open to acquisition by every profligate, loose woman, and criminal. Or look at the characters of your own associates: even the most agreeable of them are difficult to put up with; and for the matter of that, it is difficult enough to put up with one's own self. In all this murk and mire, then, in all this ceaseless flow of being and time, of changes imposed and changes endured, I can think of nothing that is worth prizing highly or pursuing seriously. No; what a man must do is to nerve himself to wait quietly for his

natural dissolution; and meanwhile not to chafe at its delay, but to find his sole consolation in two thoughts: first, that nothing can ever happen to us that is not in accordance with nature; and second, that power to abstain from acting against the divine spirit within me lies in my own hands, since there is no man alive who can force such disobedience upon me.

11. To what use am I now putting the powers of my soul? Examine yourself on this point at every step, and ask, 'How stands it with that part of me men call the master-part? Whose soul inhabits me at this moment? A child's, a lad's, a woman's, a tyrant's, a dumb ox's, or a wild beast's?'

12. The popular conception of 'goods' can be tested in this way.[2] If the things a man identifies in his own mind with 'goods' are such things as prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude, then, given that preconception, he will have no ears for the old jest about 'so many goods', for it will lack any point. On the other hand, if he shares the vulgar notion of what constitutes 'goods', he will readily appreciate the joker's quip, and have no difficulty in seeing its aptness. The majority do, in fact, entertain this idea of values, and they would never take offence at the witticism or refuse to hear it; indeed, we must accept it as an apt and clever observation if we take it to refer to wealth or things which conduce to luxury or prestige. So now for the test: ask yourself whether we do right to set store by things and think of them as 'goods', if our mental picture of them is such as to give meaning to the gibe that 'the owner of so many goods has no room left to ease himself'.

13. I consist of a formal element and a material. Neither of these can ever pass away into nothing, any more than either of them came into being from nothing. Consequently every part of me will one day be refashioned, by a process of transition, into some other portion of the universe; which in its turn will again be changed into yet another part, and so onward to infinity. It is the same process by which I myself was brought into existence, and my parents before me, and so backward once more to infinity. (The phrase 'infinity' may pass, even if the world be in fact administered in finite cycles.)

14. Reason, and the act of reasoning, are self-sufficient faculties, both inherently and in the method of their operation. It is from sources in themselves that they acquire their initial impetus; and they travel straight

forward to their own self-appointed goals. Actions of this kind accordingly receive the name of 'straightforwardness', in reference to the undeviating line they follow.

15. Unless things pertain to a man, as man, they cannot properly be said to belong to him. They cannot be required of him; for his nature neither promises them, nor is perfected by them. Therefore they cannot represent his chief end in life, nor even the 'good' which is the means to that end. Moreover, had man's natural heritage included such things, it could not at the same time have included contempt and renunciation of them; nor would the ability to do without them have been any cause for commendation; nor, supposing them to be really good, would failure to claim a full share of them be compatible with goodness. As it is, however, the more a man deprives himself, or submits to be deprived, of such things and their like, the more he grows in goodness.

16. Your mind will be like its habitual thoughts; for the soul becomes dyed with the colour of its thoughts. Soak it then in such trains of thought as, for example: Where life is possible at all, a right life is possible; life in a palace is possible; therefore even in a palace a right life is possible. Or again: The purpose behind each thing's creation determines its development; the development points to its final state; the final state gives the clue to its chief advantage and good; therefore the chief good of a rational being is fellowship with his neighbours — for it has been made clear long ago that fellowship is the purpose behind our creation. (It is surely evident, is it not, that while the lower exist for the higher, the higher exist for one another? And while the animate is higher than the inanimate, the rational is higher still.)

17. To pursue the unattainable is insanity, yet the thoughtless can never refrain from doing so.

18. Nothing can happen to any man that nature has not fitted him to endure. Your neighbour's experiences are no different from your own; yet he, being either less aware of what has happened or more eager to show his mettle, stands steady and undaunted. For shame, that ignorance and vanity should prove stronger than wisdom!

19. Outward things can touch the soul not a whit; they know no way into it, they have no power to sway or move it. By itself it sways and moves itself; it has its own self-approved standards of judgement, and to them it refers every experience.

20. In one way humanity touches me very nearly, inasmuch as I am bound to do good to my fellow-creatures and bear with them. On the other hand, to the extent that individual men hamper my proper activities, humanity becomes a thing as indifferent to me as the sun, the wind, or the creatures of the wild. True, others may hinder the carrying out of certain actions; but they cannot obstruct my will, nor the disposition of my mind, since these will always safeguard themselves under reservations and adapt themselves to circumstances. The mind can circumvent all obstacles to action, and turn them to the furtherance of its main purpose, so that any impediment to its work becomes instead an auxiliary, and the barriers in its path become aids to progress.

21. In the universe, reverence that which is highest: namely, That to which all else ministers, and which gives the law to all. In like manner, too, reverence the highest in yourself: it is of one piece with the Other, since in yourself also it is that to which all the rest minister, and by which your life is directed.

22. What is not harmful to the city cannot harm the citizen. In every fancied case of harm, apply the rule, 'If the city is not harmed, I am not harmed either.' But if the city should indeed be harmed, never rage at the culprit: rather, find out at what point his vision failed him.

23. Reflect often upon the rapidity with which all existing things, or things coming into existence, sweep past us and are carried away. The great river of Being flows on without a pause; its actions for ever changing, its causes shifting endlessly, hardly a single thing standing still; while ever at hand looms infinity stretching behind and before — the abyss in which all things are lost to sight. In such conditions, surely a man were foolish to gasp and fume and fret, as though the time of his troubling could ever be of long continuance.

24. Think of the totality of all Being, and what a mite of it is yours; think of

all Time, and the brief fleeting instant of it that is allotted to yourself; think of Destiny, and how puny a part of it you are.

25. Is one doing me wrong? Let himself look to that; his humours and his actions are his own. As for me, I am only receiving what the World-Nature wills me to receive, and acting as my own nature wills me to act.

26. Let no emotions of the flesh, be they of pain or pleasure, affect the supreme and sovereign portion of the soul. See that it never becomes involved with them: it must limit itself to its own domain, and keep the feelings confined to their proper sphere. If (through the sympathy which permeates any unified organism) they do spread to the mind, there need be no attempt to resist the physical sensation; only, the master-reason must refrain from adding its own assumptions of their goodness or badness.

27. Live with the gods. To live with the gods is to show them at all times a soul contented with their awards, and wholly fulfilling the will of that inward divinity, that particle of himself, which Zeus has given to every man for ruler and guide — the mind and the reason.

28. Do unsavoury armpits and bad breath make you angry? What good will it do you? Given the mouth and armpits the man has got, that condition is bound to produce those odours. 'After all, though, the fellow is endowed with reason, and he is perfectly able to understand what is offensive if he gives any thought to it.' Well and good: but you yourself are also endowed with reason; so apply your reasonableness to move him to a like reasonableness; expound, admonish. If he pays attention, you will have worked a cure, and there will be no need for passion; leave that to actors and streetwalkers.

29. It is possible to live on earth as you mean to live hereafter. But if men will not let you, then quit the house of life; though not with any feeling of ill-usage. 'The hut smokes; I move out.' No need to make a great business of it. Nevertheless, so long as nothing of the kind obliges me to depart, here I remain, my own master, and none shall hinder me from doing what I choose — and what I choose is to live the life that nature enjoins for a reasonable member of a social community.

30. The Mind of the universe is social. At all events, it has created the lower forms to serve the higher, and then linked together the higher in a mutual dependence on each other. Observe how some are subjected, others are connected, each and all are given their just due, and the more eminent among them are combined in mutual accord.

31. How have you behaved in the past to the gods, to your parents, your brothers, wife, children, teachers, tutors, friends, relatives, household? In all of these relationships, up to the present time, can you fairly echo the poet's line, 'Never a harsh word, never an injustice to a single person?' Call to mind all you have passed through, and all you have been enabled to endure. Reflect that the story of your life is over, and your service at an end; bethink you of all the fair sights you have seen, the pleasures and the pains you have spurned, the many honours disdained, the many considerations shown to the inconsiderate.

32. How comes it that souls of no proficiency nor learning are able to confound the adept and the sage? Ah, but what soul is truly both adept and sage? His alone, who has knowledge of the beginning and the end, and of that all-pervading Reason which orders the universe in its determinate cycles to the end of time.

33. In a brief while now you will be ashes or bare bones; a name, or perhaps not even a name — though even a name is no more than empty sound and reiteration. All that men set their hearts on in this life is vanity, corruption, and trash; men are like scuffling puppies, or quarrelsome children who are all smiles one moment and in tears the next. Faith and decency, justice and truth are fled 'up to Olympus from the wide-wayed earth'. What is it, then, that still keeps you here? The objects of sense are mutable and transient, the organs of sense dim and easily misled, the poor soul itself a mere vapour exhaled from the blood,[3] and the world's praise, in such conditions, a vain thing. What then? Take heart, and wait for the end, be it extinction or translation. And what, think you, is all that is needful until that hour come? Why, what else but to revere and bless the gods; to do good to men; to bear and forbear; and to remember that whatsoever lies outside the bounds of this poor flesh and breath is none of yours, nor in your power.

34. Press on steadily, keep to the straight road in your thinking and doing, and your days will ever flow on smoothly. The soul of man, like the souls of all rational creatures, has two things in common with the soul of God: it can never be thwarted from without, and its good consists in righteousness of character and action, and in confining every wish thereto.

35. If the thing be no sin of mine, nor caused by any sin of mine, and if society be no worse for it, why give it further thought? How can it harm society?

36. Do not fall a too hasty prey to first impressions. Assist those in need, so far as you are able and they deserve it; but if their fall involves nothing morally significant, you must not regard them as really injured, for that is not a good practice. Rather, in such cases be like the old fellow who pretended at his departure to beg eagerly for the slave-girl's top,[4] though knowing well that it was nothing more than a top.

When you are crying for votes on the platform, my friend, are you forgetting the ultimate worth of it all? 'I know; but these people set such store by it.' And does that justify you in sharing their folly?

No matter to what solitudes banished, I have always been a favourite of Fortune. For Fortune's favourite is the man who awards her good gifts to himself — the good gifts of a good disposition, good impulses, and good deeds.

注　释

〔1〕 The reference is to the so-called 'Sceptic' or Pyrrhonian school of philosophers, founded by Pyrrho of Elis. They maintained that our perceptions can only show us things as they appear, and not as they are, and that a suspension of judgement is therefore the only correct attitude to anything.

〔2〕 This paragraph turns on the ambiguous meaning of the word 'goods'. The man in the street understands it to signify worldly possessions, rather than those virtues of character which are the true 'goods' in life. To a philosopher, on the other hand, the word would naturally convey this latter sense; and he would accordingly be puzzled by a reference to someone 'having so many goods that he has no room to relieve himself anywhere'.

〔3〕 According to the Stoic belief, the particle of divine fire which constitutes man's soul is nourished by the blood.

〔4〕 The 'old fellow' made a kindly pretence of sharing the child's notion that its top was a precious and desirable treasure. In the same way, says Marcus, we should be sympathetic to the distress of others, even when our superior knowledge tells us that they have suffered no real harm.

Book Six

1. Matter in the universe is supple and compliant, and the Reason which controls it has no motive for ill-doing; for it is without malice, and does nothing with intent to injure, neither is anything harmed by it. By its ordinances all things have their birth and their fulfilment.

2. If you are doing what is right, never mind whether you are freezing with cold or beside a good fire; heavy-eyed, or fresh from a sound sleep; reviled or applauded; in the act of dying, or about some other piece of business. (For even dying is part of the business of life; and there too no more is required of us than 'to see the moment's work well done'.)

3. Look beneath the surface: never let a thing's intrinsic quality or worth escape you.

4. All material objects swiftly change: either by sublimation (if the substance of the universe be indeed a unity), or else by dispersion.

5. Reason, the controller, has a perfect understanding of the conditions, the purpose, and the materials of its work.

6. To refrain from imitation is the best revenge.

7. Let your one delight and refreshment be to pass from one service to the community to another, with God ever in mind.

8. Our master-reason is something which is both self-awakened and self-directed. It cannot only make itself what it will, but also impose the aspect of its choice on anything which it experiences.

9. All things come to their fulfilment as the one universal Nature directs; for there is no rival nature, whether containing her from without, or itself contained within her, or even existing apart and detached from her.

10. Either the world is a mere hotch-potch of random cohesions and dispersions, or else it is a unity of order and providence. If the former, why wish to survive in such a purposeless and chaotic confusion; why care about anything, save the manner of the ultimate return to dust; why trouble my head at all; since, do what I will, dispersion must overtake me sooner or later? But if the contrary be true, then I do reverence, I stand firmly, and I put my trust in the directing Power.

11. When force of circumstance upsets your equanimity, lose no time in recovering your self-control, and do not remain out of tune longer than you can help. Habitual recurrence to the harmony will increase your mastery of it.

12. If you had a stepmother at the same time as a mother, you would do your duty by the former, but would still turn continually to your mother. Here, you have both: the court and philosophy. Time and again turn back to philosophy for refreshment; then even the court life, and yourself in it, will seem bearable.

13. When meat and other dainties are before you, you reflect: This is dead fish, or fowl, or pig; or: This Falernian is some of the juice from a bunch of grapes; my purple robe is sheep's wool stained with a little gore from a shellfish; copulation is friction of the members and an ejaculatory discharge. Reflections of this kind go to the bottom of things, penetrating into them and exposing their real nature. The same process should be applied to the whole of life. When a thing's credentials look most plausible, lay it bare, observe its triviality, and strip it of the cloak of verbiage that dignifies it. Pretentiousness is the arch deceiver, and never more delusive than when you imagine your work is most meritorious. Note what Crates has to say about Xenocrates himself.

14. The vulgar confine their admiration chiefly to things of an elementary order, which exist by virtue of mere inorganic cohesion or processes of nature; things of timber and stone, for example, or groves of figs and vines and olives. Minds of a somewhat higher degree of enlightenment are attracted by things that have animation, such as flocks and herds. A further step in refinement leads to admiration of the rational soul: rational, however, not yet

in the sense of being part of the universal Reason, but simply as possessing certain skills in handicraft or other such talents — or even merely as owning large numbers of slaves. But the man who values a soul that is rational and universal and social no longer cares for anything else, but aims solely at keeping the temper of his own soul and all its activities rational and social, and works together with his fellows to this end.

15. One thing hastens into being, another hastens out of it. Even while a thing is in the act of coming into existence, some part of it has already ceased to be. Flux and change are for ever renewing the fabric of the universe, just as the ceaseless sweep of time is for ever renewing the face of eternity. In such a running river, where there is no firm foothold, what is there for a man to value among all the many things that are racing past him? It would be like setting the affections on some sparrow flitting by, which in the selfsame moment is lost to sight. A man's life is no more than an inhalation from the air and an exhalation from the blood; and there is no true difference between drawing in a single breath, only to emit it again, as we do every instant, and receiving the power to breathe at all, as you did but yesterday at your birth, only to yield it back one day to the source from which you drew it.

16. Transpiration is not a thing to be prized; we share it with the plants. Nor is respiration; we share that with the beasts of field and forest. Nor the perceptions of the senses, nor the twitchings of impulse, nor the instinct for gregariousness, nor the process of nutrition — which is in fact no more wonderful than that of excretion. So what, then, are we to value? The clapping of hands? No; and not the clapping of tongues either, which is all that the praise of the vulgar amounts to. Excluding then the delusions of fame, what is there left to be prized? In my judgement, this: to work out, in action and inaction alike, the purpose of our natural constitutions. That, after all, is the object of all training and all craftsmanship; for every craft aims at adapting a product to the end for which it was produced. The husbandman tending his vine, the groom breaking in his horse, the kennelman training his hound, all have this purpose in view. The labours of tutors and teachers, too, are directed to the same end. Here then is the prize we are looking for. Once make this truly your own, and no other objective will tempt you. Abandon all the other ambitions you cherish, or else you will never be your own master, never be independent of others or proof against passion. You will be bound to

look with envy, jealousy, and suspicion at anyone who might rob you of those things, and to intrigue against anyone who happens to possess the treasure you covet for yourself. The belief that things of that kind are indispensable is sure to make for turmoil within, and too often leads on to murmuring against the gods as well; whereas a respect and esteem for your own understanding will keep you at peace with yourself, at one with mankind, and in harmony with the gods; gladly acquiescent, that is, with whatever they dispense or ordain.

17. Above, below, and around us whirl the elements in their courses. But virtue knows no such motions: she is a thing more divine, moving serenely onward in ways past understanding.

18. How strange are the ways of men! They will spare no word of praise for their contemporaries, who live in their very midst, and yet they covet greatly for themselves the praise of future generations, whom they have never seen and never will see. Almost as well grumble at not having praise from one's ancestors!

19. Because a thing is difficult for you, do not therefore suppose it to be beyond mortal power. On the contrary, if anything is possible and proper for man to do, assume that it must fall within your own capacity.

20. When an opponent in the gymnasium gashes us with his nails or bruises our head in a collision, we do not protest or take offence, and we do not suspect him ever afterwards of malicious intent. However, we do regard him with a wary eye; not in enmity or suspicion, yet good-temperedly keeping our distance. So let it be, too, at other times in life; let us agree to overlook a great many things in those who are, as it were, our fellow-contestants. A simple avoidance, as I have said, is always open to us, without either suspicion or ill will.

21. If anyone can show me, and prove to me, that I am wrong in thought or deed, I will gladly change. I seek the truth, which never yet hurt anybody. It is only persistence in self-delusion and ignorance which does harm.

22. I do that which it is my duty to do. Nothing else distracts me; for it will

be either something that is inanimate and irrational, or somebody who is misled and ignorant of the way.

23. Be generous and liberal in your attitude to irrational creatures and to the generality of material things, for you have reason and they have none. Human beings, on the other hand, have reason; so treat them in a spirit of fellowship. In all things call upon the gods for help — yet without too many scruples about the length of your prayers; three hours so spent will suffice.

24. In death, Alexander of Macedon's end differed no whit from his stable-boy's. Either both were received into the same generative principle of the universe, or both alike were dispersed into atoms.

25. Think of the number of things, bodily and mental, that are going on at the same moment within each one of us; and then it will not surprise you that an infinitely greater number of things — everything, in fact, that comes to birth in this vast One-and-All we call the universe — can exist simultaneously therein.

26. If you were asked to spell the name Antoninus, would you rap out each letter at the top of your voice, and then, if your hearers grew angry, grow angry yourself in turn? Rather, would you not proceed to enumerate the several letters quietly one by one? Well then; remember that here in life every piece of duty is likewise made up of its separate items. Pay careful attention to each of these, without fuss and without returning temper for temper, and so ensure the methodical completion of your appointed task.

27. How barbarous, to deny men the privilege of pursuing what they imagine to be their proper concerns and interests! Yet, in a sense, this is just what you are doing when you allow your indignation to rise at their wrongdoing; for after all, they are only following their own apparent concerns and interests. You say they are mistaken? Why then, tell them so, and explain it to them, instead of being indignant.

28. Death: a release from impressions of sense, from twitchings of appetite, from excursions of thought, and from service to the flesh.

29. Shame on the soul, to falter on the road of life while the body still perseveres.

30. Be careful not to affect the monarch too much, or to be too deeply dyed with the purple; for this can well happen. Keep yourself simple, good, pure, serious, and unassuming; the friend of justice and godliness; kindly, affectionate, and resolute in your devotion to duty. Strive your hardest to be always such a man as Philosophy would have you to be. Reverence the gods, succour your fellow-mortals. Life is short, and this earthly existence has but a single fruit to yield — holiness within, and selfless action without. Be in all things Antoninus's disciple; remember his insistence on the control of conduct by reason, his calm composure on all occasions, and his own holiness; the serenity of his look and the sweetness of his manner; his scorn of notoriety, and his zeal for the mastery of facts; how he would never dismiss a subject until he had looked thoroughly into it and understood it clearly; how he would suffer unjust criticisms without replying in kind; how he was never hasty, and no friend to tale-bearers; shrewd in his judgements of men and manners, yet never censorious; wholly free from nervousness, suspicion, and oversubtlety; how easily satis fied he was in such matters as lodging, bed, dress, meals, and service; how industrious, and how patient; how, thanks to his frugal diet, he could remain at work from morning till night without even attending to the calls of nature until his customary hour; how firm and constant he was in his friendships, tolerating the most outspoken opposition to his own opinions, and welcoming any suggested amendments; what reverence, untainted by the smallest trace of superstition, he showed to the gods. Remember all this, so that when your own last hour comes your conscience may be as clear as his.

31. Come back now to your sober senses; recall your true self; awake from slumber, and recognize that they were only dreams that troubled you; and as you looked on them, so look now on what meets your waking eyes.

32. A body and a soul comprise myself. To the body all things are indifferent, for it is incapable of making distinctions. To the mind, the only things not indifferent are its own activities, and these are all under its control. Even with them, moreover, its sole concern is with those of the present moment; once they are past, or when they still lie in the future, they themselves at once

come to be indifferent.

33. Pain of hand or foot is nothing unnatural, so long as hand and foot are doing their own work. Likewise no pain is contrary to the nature of man, as man, so long as he is doing man's work. And if it accords with nature, it cannot be an evil.

34. In what extraordinary pleasures do robbers, perverts, parricides, and tyrants find their enjoyment!

35. Notice how common artificers will meet the wishes of an unskilled employer up to a certain point, but none the less stand fast by the rules of their trade and refuse to depart from them. Is it not deplorable that a builder or a physician should have more respect for the canons of his craft than man has for his own, which he shares with the gods?

36. In the universe Asia and Europe are but two small corners, all oceans' waters a drop, Athos a puny lump of earth, the vastness of time a pin's point in eternity. All is petty, inconstant, and perishable. All proceeds from the one source, springing either directly or derivatively from the universal sovereign Reason. Even the lion's open jaws, the deadly poison, and all other things that do hurt, down to the bramble-bush and the slough, are by-products of something else that is itself noble and beautiful. Do not think of them, then, as alien to That which you reverence, but remember the one origin that is common to them all.

37. To see the things of the present moment is to see all that is now, all that has been since time began, and all that shall be unto the world's end; for all things are of one kind and one form.

38. Think often of the bond that unites all things in the universe, and their dependence upon one another. All are, as it were, interwoven, and in consequence linked in mutual affection; because their orderly succession is brought about by the operation of the currents of tension, and the unity of all substance.

39. Adapt yourself to the environment in which your lot has been cast, and

show true love to the fellow-mortals with whom destiny has surrounded you.

40. All is well with a tool, instrument, or utensil when it serves the use for which it was made, though in this case its maker is not present. But with things formed by Nature, the power that fashioned them is still within them, and remains in them. All the more, then, should you have it in reverence, and be assured that if only you live and act according to its will, you have all things to your liking. That is the way in which the universe, too, has all things to its liking.

41. If you suppose anything over which you have no control to be either good or bad for you, then the accident of missing the one or encountering the other is certain to make you aggrieved with the gods, and bitter against the men whom you know or suspect to be responsible for your failure or misfortune. We do, in fact, commit many injustices through attaching importance to things of this class. But when we limit our notions of good and evil strictly to what is within our own power, there remains no reason either to bring accusations against God or to set ourselves at variance with men.

42. All of us are working together for the same end; some of us knowingly and purposefully, others unconsciously (as Heraclitus, I think, has remarked that 'even in their sleep men are at work' and contributing their share to the cosmic process). To one man falls this share of the task, to another that; indeed, no small part is performed by that very malcontent who does all he can to hinder and undo the course of events. The universe has need even of such as he. It remains for you, then, to consider with whom you will range yourself; for in any case he who directs all things will find some good use to make of you, and give you your place among his helpmates and fellow-labourers. Only, have a care that yours is not that sorry function which, according to Chrysippus, is performed by the clown's part on the stage.[1]

43. Does the sun think to do the rain's work? Or Asclepius that of Demeter? And how is it with the stars? Are they not all different, yet all work in concert to the one end?

44. If the gods took counsel together about myself, and what should befall me, then their counsel was good. For it were hard to conceive of divinity

counselling unwisely. After all, what incentive would they have to work my hurt? Where would be the gain, either to themselves, or to the universe which is their chief care? Even if they took no special thought for myself, at least they took thought for the universe; and I ought to welcome and feel kindly disposed towards anything that happens as a result. If, of course, they took no thought for anything at all — an impious thing to believe — why then, let us make an end of sacrifice and prayer and vow, and all other actions whereby we acknowledge the presence of living gods in our midst. Yet even so, and even if it is true that they care nothing for our mortal concerns, I am still able to take care of myself and to look to my own interests; and the interest of every creature lies in conformity with its own constitution and nature. My own nature is a rational and civic one; I have a city, and I have a country; as Marcus I have Rome, and as a human being I have the universe; and consequently, what is beneficial to these communities is the sole good for me.

45. All that befalls the individual is for the good of the whole. That by itself is warrant enough for us; but if you look closely you will also notice that, as a general rule, what is good for one man is good for his fellow-men as well. ('Good', though, must be taken here in the more popular sense, as inclusive of things that are morally indifferent.)

46. As the performances in the circus or in other places of entertainment tire one with their perpetual repetition of the same sights, the monotony of which makes the spectacle a weariness, so it is with the whole experience of life: on our upward and downward path all things prove to be ever the same — causes and effects alike. How long then...?

47. Often ponder in your mind the multitudes of the dead of every calling and nation, down even to Philistion and Phoebus and Origanion. From these latest, let your thoughts pass to the hosts of others; think how we must follow whither so many great orators are gone before, so many reverend sages — Heraclitus, Pythagoras, Socrates — the heroes of early days, the captains and the kings of after-ages, and with them Eudoxus, Hipparchus, Archimedes, and many another; keen wits, sublime spirits, men unwearied, resourceful, and resolute; those too who made a merry jest of the transience and brevity of this mortal life in the fashion of Menippus and his school. Muse often on

these men, all long since laid low in death. How, pray, are they the worse for it now — more especially those whose very names have been forgotten? In this life one thing only is of precious worth: to live out one's days in truthfulness and fair dealing, and in charity even with the false and unjust.

48. When you would have a cordial for your spirits, think of the good qualities of your friends: this one's capability, that one's self-effacement, another's generosity, and so forth. There is no surer remedy for dejection than to see examples of the different virtues displayed in the characters of those around us, exhibiting themselves as plenteously as can be. Wherefore keep them ever before you.

49. Do you make a grievance of weighing so many pounds only, instead of three hundred? Then why fret about living so many years only, instead of more? Since you are content with the measure of substance allowed you, be so also with the measure of time.

50. Try to move men by persuasion; yet act against their will if the principles of justice so direct. But if someone uses force to obstruct you, then take a different line; resign yourself without a pang, and turn the obstacle into an opportunity for the exercise of some other virtue. Your attempt was always subject to reservations, remember; you were not aiming at the impossible. At what, then? Simply at making the attempt itself. In this you succeeded; and with that, the object of your existence is attained.

51. The man of ambition thinks to find his good in the operations of others; the man of pleasure in his own sensations; but the man of understanding in his own actions.

52. You are not compelled to form any opinion about this matter before you, nor to disturb your peace of mind at all. Things in themselves have no power to extort a verdict from you.

53. Accustom yourself to give careful attention to what others are saying, and try your best to enter into the mind of the speaker.

54. What is no good for the hive is no good for the bee.

55. If the crew took to vilifying their steersman, or the patients their doctor, is there any other they would listen to instead; and how would such another be able to ensure the safety of the sailors, or the health of the sick?

56. How many who came into this world with me have already left it!

57. To a man with jaundice, honey seems bitter; to one bitten by a mad dog, water is a thing of horror; to little children, a ball is a treasure of great price. Why then do I give way to anger? For can it be supposed that a man's erroneous thinking has any less effect on him than the bile in jaundice, or the virus in hydrophobia?

58. No one can stop you living according to the laws of your own personal nature, and nothing can happen to you against the laws of the World-Nature.

59. What sorry creatures are the men folk seek to please! What sorry ends they pursue, and by what sorry means! How quickly time shall cover all things! How many has it covered even now!

注　释

〔1〕 i.e. to provide that element of baseness against which nobility shows up more clearly.

Book Seven

1. What is evil? A thing you have seen times out of number. Likewise with every other sort of occurrence also, be prompt to remind yourself that this, too, you have witnessed many times before. For everywhere, above and below, you will find nothing but the selfsame things; they fill the pages of all history, ancient, modern, and contemporary; and they fill our cities and homes today. There is no such thing as novelty; all is as trite as it is transitory.

2. Principles can only lose their vitality when the first impressions from which they derive have sunk into extinction; and it is for you to keep fanning these continually into fresh flame. I am well able to form the right impression of a thing; and given this ability, there is no need to disquiet myself. (As for things that are beyond my understanding, they are no concern of my understanding.) Once learn this, and you stand erect. A new life lies within your grasp. You have only to see things once more in the light of your first and earlier vision, and life begins anew.

3. An empty pageant; a stage play; flocks of sheep, herds of cattle; a tussle of spearmen; a bone flung among a pack of curs; a crumb tossed into a pond of fish; ants, loaded and labouring; mice, scared and scampering; puppets, jerking on their strings — that is life. In the midst of it all you must take your stand, good-temperedly and without disdain, yet always aware that a man's worth is no greater than the worth of his ambitions.

4. In talk, mark carefully what is being said, and when action is afoot, what is being done. In the latter case, look at once to see what is purposed; and in the other, make certain what is meant.

5. Is my understanding equal to this task, or not? If it is, I apply it to the work as a tool presented to me by Nature. If not, then either I make way — if my duty permits it — for someone more capable of doing the business, or else I do the best I can with the help of some assistant, who will avail himself of my

inspiration to achieve what is timely and serviceable for the community. For everything I do, whether by myself or with another, must have as its sole aim the service and harmony of all.

6. How many whose praises used once to be sung so loudly are now relegated to oblivion; and how many of the singers themselves have long since passed from our sight!

7. Think it no shame to be helped. Your business is to do your appointed duty, like a soldier in the breach. How, then, if you are lame, and unable to scale the battlements yourself, but could do it if you had the aid of a comrade?

8. Never let the future disturb you. You will meet it, if you have to, with the same weapons of reason which today arm you against the present.

9. All things are interwoven with one another; a sacred bond unites them; there is scarcely one thing that is isolated from another. Everything is coordinated, everything works together in giving form to the one universe. The world-order is a unity made up of multiplicity: God is one, pervading all things; all being is one, all law is one (namely, the common reason which all thinking creatures possess) and all truth is one — if, as we believe, there can be but one path to perfection for beings that are alike in kind and reason.

10. Swiftly each particle of matter vanishes into the universal Substance; swiftly each item of causation is reassumed into the universal Reason; swiftly the remembrance of all things is buried in the gulf of eternity.

11. To a reasoning being, an act that accords with nature is an act that accords with reason.

12. To stand up — or be set up?

13. In a system comprising diverse elements, those which possess reason have the same part to play as the bodily limbs in an organism that is a unity; being similarly constituted for mutual cooperation. This reflection will impress you more forcibly if you constantly tell yourself, 'I am a "limb"

(melos) of the whole complex of rational things.' If you think of yourself as a 'part' (meros) only, you have as yet no love from the heart for mankind, and no joy in the performance of acts of kindness for their own sake. You do them as a bare duty, and not yet as good offices to yourself.

14. Come what will upon such parts of me as can be affected by its incidence; they may complain of it if they will. As for myself, if I do not view the thing as an evil, I take no hurt. And nothing compels me to view it so.

15. Whatever the world may say or do, my part is to keep myself good; just as a gold piece, or an emerald, or a purple robe insists perpetually, 'Whatever the world may say or do, my part is to remain an emerald and keep my colour true.'

16. The master-reason is never the victim of any self-disturbance; it never, for example, excites passions within itself. If another can inspire it with terror or pain, let him do so; but by itself it never permits its own assumptions to mislead it into such moods. By all means let the body take thought for itself to avoid hurt, if it can; and if it be hurt, let it say so. But the soul, which alone can know fear or pain, and on whose judgement their existence depends, takes no harm; you cannot force the verdict from it. The master-reason is self-sufficient, knowing no needs except those it creates for itself, and by the same token can experience no disturbances or obstructions unless they be of its own making.

17. Happiness, by derivation, means 'a good god within';[1] that is, a good master-reason. Then what, vain Fancy, are you doing here? Be off, in heaven's name, as you came; I want none of you. I know it is long habit that brings you here, and I bear no ill-will; but get you gone.

18. We shrink from change; yet is there anything that can come into being without it? What does Nature hold dearer, or more proper to herself? Could you have a hot bath unless the firewood underwent some change? Could you be nourished if the food suffered no change? Is it possible for any useful thing to be achieved without change? Do you not see, then, that change in yourself is of the same order, and no less necessary to Nature?

19. All bodies pass through the universal substance, as it were into and out of a rushing stream; cohering and cooperating with the whole, as do our physical members with one another. How many a Chrysippus, a Socrates, an Epictetus has been engulfed by time! Remember this when you have to do with any man or thing whatsoever.

20. One thing alone troubles me: the fear that I may do something which man's constitution disallows, or would wish to be done in some other way, or forbids till a future day.

21. Soon you will have forgotten the world, and soon the world will have forgotten you.

22. It is man's peculiar distinction to love even those who err and go astray. Such a love is born as soon as you realize that they are your brothers; that they are stumbling in ignorance, and not wilfully; that in a short while both of you will be no more; and, above all, that you yourself have taken no hurt, for your master-reason has not been made a jot worse than it was before.

23. Out of the universal substance, as out of wax, Nature fashions a colt, then breaks him up and uses the material to form a tree, and after that a man, and next some other thing; and not one of these endures for more than a brief span. As for the vessel itself, it is no greater hardship to be taken to pieces than to be put together.

24. An angry look on the face is wholly against nature. If it be assumed frequently, beauty begins to perish, and in the end is quenched beyond rekindling. You must try to realize that this shows the unreasonableness of it; for if we lose the ability to perceive our faults, what is the good of living on?

25. Only a little while, and Nature, the universal disposer, will change everything you see, and out of their substance will make fresh things, and yet again others from theirs, to the perpetual renewing of the world's youthfulness.

26. When anyone offends against you, let your first thought be, Under what conception of good and ill was this committed? Once you know that,

astonishment and anger will give place to pity. For either your own ideas of what is good are no more advanced than his, or at least bear some likeness to them, in which case it is clearly your duty to pardon him; or else, on the other hand, you have grown beyond supposing such actions to be either good or bad, and therefore it will be so much the easier to be tolerant of another's blindness.

27. Do not indulge in dreams of having what you have not, but reckon up the chief of the blessings you do possess, and then thankfully remember how you would crave for them if they were not yours. At the same time, however, beware lest delight in them leads you to cherish them so dearly that their loss would destroy your peace of mind.

28. Withdraw into yourself. Our master-reason asks no more than to act justly, and thereby to achieve calm.

29. Do away with all fancies. Cease to be passion's puppet. Limit time to the present. Learn to recognize every experience for what it is, whether it be your own or another's. Divide and classify the objects of sense into cause and matter. Meditate upon your last hour. Leave your neighbour's wrongdoing to rest with him who initiated it.

30. Fix your thought closely on what is being said, and let your mind enter fully into what is being done, and into what is doing it.

31. Put on the shining face of simplicity and self-respect, and of indifference to everything outside the realms of virtue or vice. Love mankind. Walk in God's ways. 'All under law,' quoth the sage; and what though his saying had reference to atoms alone? For us, it suffices to remember that all things are indeed under law. Three words, but enough.

32. Of Death. Dispersion, if the world be a concourse of atoms: extinction or transmutation, if it be a unity.

33. Of Pain. If it is past bearing, it makes an end of us; if it lasts, it can be borne. The mind, holding itself aloof from the body, retains its calm, and the master-reason remains unaffected. As for the parts injured by the pain, let

them, if they can, declare their own grief.

34. Of Fame. Take a look at the minds of her suitors, their ambitions and their aversions. Furthermore, reflect how speedily in this life the things of today are buried under those of tomorrow, even as one layer of drifting sand is quickly covered by the next.

35. 'If a man has greatness of mind, and the breadth of vision to contemplate all time and all reality, can he regard human life as a thing of any great consequence?' — 'No, he cannot.' — 'So he won't think death anything to be afraid of?' — 'No.' (From Plato.)

36. 'It is the fate of princes to be ill spoken of for well-doing.' (From Antisthenes.)

37. It is a shame for the features to order and dispose themselves obediently as the mind directs, while the same mind refuses to order and dispose itself.

38. 'Vex not thy spirit at the course of things;

They heed not thy vexation.'

39. 'To the deathless gods and likewise to ourselves give joy.'

40. 'Like ears of corn the lives of men are reaped;
This one is left to stand, and that cut down.'

41. 'If Heav'n care nought for me and my two boys,
There must be some good reason even for this.'

42. 'Right and good fortune both are on my side.'

43. 'No tears with those who wail, no quickening of the pulse.'

44. 'I might fairly reply to him, You are mistaken, my friend, if you think that a man who is worth anything ought to spend his time weighing up the prospects of life and death. He has only one thing to consider in performing

any action: that is, whether he is acting rightly or wrongly, like a good man or a bad one.' (From Plato.)

45. 'The truth of the matter is this, gentlemen. When a man has once taken up his stand, either because it seems best to him or in obedience to orders, there I believe he is bound to remain and face the danger, taking no account of death or anything else before dishonour.' (From Plato.)

46. 'But I beg you, my friend, to think it possible that nobility and goodness may be something different from keeping oneself and one's friends from danger, and to consider whether a true man, instead of clinging to life at all costs, ought not to dismiss from his mind the question how long he may have to live. Let him leave that to the will of God, in the belief that the womenfolk are right when they tell us that no man can escape his destiny, and let him devote himself to the next problem, how he can best live the life allotted to him.' (From Plato.)

47. Survey the circling stars, as though yourself were in mid-course with them. Often picture the changing and rechanging dance of the elements. Visions of this kind purge away the dross of our earth-bound life.

48. Plato has a fine saying, that he who would discourse of man should survey, as from some high watchtower, the things of earth; its assemblies for peace or war, its husbandry, matings, and partings, births and deaths, noisy law courts, lonely wastes, alien peoples of every kind, feasting, mourning, bargaining — observing all the motley mixture, and the harmonious order that is wrought out of contrariety.

49. Look back over the past, with its changing empires that rose and fell, and you can foresee the future too. Its pattern will be the same, down to the last detail; for it cannot break step with the steady march of creation. To view the lives of men for forty years or forty thousand is therefore all one; for what more will there be for you to see?

50. 'All born of earth must unto earth return;
    All growths of heav'nly seed to heav'n revert.'
— by the disintegration, that is, of their atomic structure and the dispersion of

their uncaring elements.

51. 'What, turn aside with meats and drinks and charms
The tides of Destiny, and so 'scape Death?'

'The gales that blow from God must needs be faced
With labouring oars and uncomplaining hearts.'

52. 'More crafty in the ring,' no doubt — but not more public-spirited, more self-effacing, more disciplined to circumstance, more indulgent to a neighbour's oversights.

53. If a deed can be accomplished to accord with that reason which men share with gods, there is nothing to fear. Where a chance of service presents itself, by some action that will go smoothly forward in obedience to the laws of our being, we need look for no harm.

54. In your power at all times and places there lies a pious acceptance of the day's happenings, a just dealing towards the day's associates, and a scrupulous attention to the day's impressions, lest any of them gain an entrance unverified.

55. Cast no side-glance at the instincts governing other men, but keep your eyes fixed on the goal whereto nature herself guides you — the World-Nature speaking through circumstance, and your own nature speaking through the calls of duty. The acts of man should accord with his natural constitution; and while all other created things are constituted for the service of rational beings (in accordance with the general law by which the lower exists for the good of the higher), these latter are constituted to serve one another. Chief of all features in a man's constitution, therefore, is his duty to his kind. Next after that comes his obligation to resist the murmurs of the flesh; for it is the particular office of his reason and intellect to maintain such a fence around their own workings that they are not overborne by those of the senses or the impulses, both of which are animal in quality. Mind demands the premier place, and will not bow to their yoke; and rightly so, since nature has formed it to make use of all the rest. And thirdly, the constitution of a rational being should make him incapable of indiscretion, and proof against imposture. Let

but Reason, the helmsman, steer a straight course, holding fast by these three principles, and be sure it will come by its own.

56. Take it that you have died today, and your life's story is ended; and henceforward regard what further time may be given you as an uncovenanted surplus, and live it out in harmony with nature.

57. Love nothing but that which comes to you woven in the pattern of your destiny. For what could more aptly fit your needs?

58. In any predicament, have before your eyes the case of other men who greeted a like crisis with indignation, astonishment, and outcry. Where are they now? Nowhere. Then why wish to follow their example? Rather, leave another's humours to their own master or servant, and give all your attention to turning the event itself to some good account. In this way you will be making the best use of it, and it will serve you as working material. In every action let your own self-approval be the sole aim both of your effort and of your intention; bearing in mind that the event itself which prompted your action is a thing of no consequence to either of them.

59. Dig within. There lies the well-spring of good: ever dig, and it will ever flow.

60. Also let your bodily carriage be firm, and without contortions, whether in motion or at rest. As the mind reveals itself in the face, by keeping the features composed and decent, so the same should be required of it in respect of the whole body. All this, however, must be ensured without any sort of affectation.

61. The art of living is more like wrestling than dancing, in as much as it, too, demands a firm and watchful stance against any unexpected onset.

62. Always get to know the characters of those whose approval you wish to earn, and the nature of their guiding principles. Look into the sources of their opinions and their motives, and then you will not blame any of their involuntary offences, or feel the want of their approbation.

63. 'No soul', it has been said, 'forfeits truth wilfully.' And the same holds good for justice, self-control, kindliness, or any other virtue. Nothing needs to be kept in mind more constantly than this; it will help you to greater gentleness in all your dealings with people.

64. When in pain, always be prompt to remind yourself that there is nothing shameful about it and nothing prejudicial to the mind at the helm, which suffers no injury either in its rational or its social aspect. In most cases the saying of Epicurus should prove helpful, that 'Pain is never unbearable or unending, so long as you remember its limitations and do not indulge in fanciful exaggerations.' Bear in mind also that, though we do not realize it, many other things which we find uncomfortable are, in fact, of the same nature as pain: feelings of lethargy, for example, or a feverish temperature, or loss of appetite. When inclined to grumble at any of these, tell yourself that you are giving in to pain.

65. When men are inhuman, take care not to feel towards them as they do towards other humans.

66. How do we know that Telauges may not have been a better man than Socrates? It is all very well to argue that Socrates died a finer death, or disputed more acutely with the sophists, or stood up more hardily to the rigours of a frosty night; that he spiritedly resisted the order to arrest Leon of Salamis,[2] or 'stalked the streets in majesty'[3] (though the truth of this last may well be questioned) — but the real point to consider is, What kind of a soul did he have? Did he ask nothing more than to be found just towards men and pure before the gods? Did he avoid either resentment at the vices of others or submission to their ignorance? Did he accept what destiny assigned to him, not looking on it as something unnatural, nor suffering it as an unbearable affliction, nor allowing his mind to be influenced by the experiences of the flesh?

67. Nature has not blended mind so inextricably with body as to prevent it from establishing its own frontiers and controlling its own domain. It is perfectly possible to be godlike, even though unrecognized as such. Always keep that in mind; and also remember that the needs of a happy life are very few. Mastery of dialectics or physics may have eluded you, but that is no

reason to despair of achieving freedom, self-respect, unselfishness, and obedience to the will of God.

68. Live out your days in untroubled serenity, refusing to be coerced though the whole world deafen you with its demands, and though wild beasts rend piecemeal this poor envelope of clay. In all that, nothing can prevent the mind from possessing itself in peace, from correctly assessing the events around it, and from making prompt use of the material thus offered; so that judgement may say to the event, 'This is what you are in essence, no matter how rumour paints you,' and service may say to the opportunity, 'You are what I was looking for.' The occurrence of the moment is always good material for the employment of reason and brotherliness — in a word, for the practices proper to men or gods. For not a thing ever happens but has its special pertinence to god or man; it arrives as no novel intractable problem, but as an old and serviceable friend.

69. To live each day as though one's last, never flustered, never apathetic, never attitudinizing — here is the perfection of character.

70. The gods, though they live for ever, feel no resentment at having to put up eternally with the generations of men and their misdeeds; nay more, they even show every possible care and concern for them. Are you, then, whose abiding is but for a moment, to lose patience — you who are yourself one of the culprits?

71. How ridiculous not to flee from one's own wickedness, which is possible, yet endeavour to flee from another's, which is not.

72. Whatever the reasoning and social faculty finds unthinking or unbrotherly, it can reasonably pronounce inferior to itself.

73. When you have done a good action, and another has had the benefit of it, why crave for yet more in addition — applause for your kindness, or some favour in return — as the foolish do?

74. No man tires of receiving benefits. But benefit comes from doing acts that accord with nature. Never tire, then, of receiving such benefits through the

very act of conferring them.

75. Universal Nature's impulse was to create an orderly world. It follows, then, that everything now happening must follow a logical sequence; if it were not so, the prime purpose towards which the impulses of the World-Reason are directed would be an irrational one. Remembrance of this will help you to face many things more calmly.

注　释

〔1〕 This is the meaning of eudaimonia, the Greek word for happiness.

〔2〕 During the reign of terror by the Thirty which succeeded the overthrow of democracy at Athens in 403 BC, many unoffending persons were put to death. When Socrates, with four others, was commanded to arrest an honest citizen, Leon of Salamis, he sturdily refused to carry out the tyrants' bidding.

〔3〕 One of Aristophanes's many gibes at Socrates (Clouds, 362).

Book Eight

1. It will tend to avert complacency if you remember that any claim to have lived as a philosopher all your life, or even since reaching manhood, is now out of the question; indeed, it is as evident to many others as it is to yourself that even today philosophy is still far beyond you. Consequently your mind remains in a state of confusion, and it grows no easier to earn the title of philosopher; also, your station in life militates constantly against it. Once all this is seen in its true light, you should banish any thoughts of how you may appear to others, and rest content if you can make the remainder of your life what nature would have it to be. Learn to understand her will, and let nothing else distract you. Up to now, all your wanderings in search of the good life have been unsuccessful; it was not to be found in the casuistries of logic, nor in wealth, celebrity, worldly pleasures, or anything else. Where, then, lies the secret? In doing what man's nature seeks. How so? By adopting strict principles for the regulation of impulse and action. Such as? Principles regarding what is good or bad for us: thus, for example, that nothing can be good for a man unless it helps to make him just, self-disciplined, courageous, and independent; and nothing bad unless it has the contrary effect.

2. Of any action, ask yourself, What will its consequences be to me? Shall I repent of it? Before long I shall be dead and all will be forgotten; but in the meantime, if this undertaking is fit for a rational and social being, who is under the same law as God himself, why look for more?

3. Alexander, Caesar, Pompey — what were they beside Diogenes, Heraclitus, Socrates? These last looked at things and their causes and what they are made of; and their master-spirits were cast in one mould. But the others — what a host of cares, what an infinity of enslavements!

4. You may break your heart, but men will still go on as before.

5. The first rule is, to keep an untroubled spirit; for all things must bow to Nature's law, and soon enough you must vanish into nothingness, like

Hadrian and Augustus. The second is to look things in the face and know them for what they are, remembering that it is your duty to be a good man. Do without flinching what man's nature demands; say what seems to you most just — though with courtesy, modesty, and sincerity.

6. Universal Nature's task is to shuffle, transpose, interchange, remove from one state and transfer to another. Everywhere there is change; and yet we need fear nothing unexpected, for all things are ruled by age-long wont, and even the manner of apportioning them does not vary.

7. Every nature finds its satisfaction in the smooth pursuance of its own road. To a nature endowed with reason, this means assenting to no impression that is misleading or obscure, giving rein to no impulse towards actions that are not social, limiting all desires or rejections to things that lie within its own power, and greeting every dispensation of Nature with an equal welcome. For these dispensations are as truly a part of her as a leaf's nature is part of the plant's; save that the leaf's is part of a nature which has no feelings or reason, and is capable of being frustrated, while man's nature is part of one which not only cannot be frustrated, but also is endowed with both intelligence and justice, since it assigns to all men equally their proper share of time, being, causation, activity, and experiences. (Do not look to find this equality, though, in any exact correspondence between one man and another in every particular, but rather in a general comparison of them both in their entirety.)

8. You cannot hope to be a scholar. But what you can do is to curb arrogance; what you can do is to rise above pleasures and pains; you can be superior to the lure of popularity; you can keep your temper with the foolish and ungrateful, yes, and even care for them.

9. Let no one, not even yourself, ever hear you abusing court life again.

10. Repentance is remorse for the loss of some helpful opportunity. Now, what is good is always helpful, and must be the concern of every good man; but an opportunity of pleasure is something no good man would ever repent of having let pass. It follows, therefore, that pleasure is neither good nor helpful.

11. Ask yourself, What is this thing in itself, by its own special constitution? What is it in substance, and in form, and in matter? What is its function in the world? For how long does it subsist?

12. When it is hard to shake off sleep, remind yourself that to be going about the duties you owe society is to be obeying the laws of man's nature and your own constitution, whereas sleep is something we share with the unreasoning brute creation; and furthermore, that obedience to one's own nature is the more proper, the more suitable, and indeed the more agreeable course.

13. If possible, make it a habit to discover the essential character of every impression, its effect on the self, and its response to a logical analysis.

14. No matter whom you meet, always begin by asking yourself, What are his views on the goodness or badness of things? For then, if his beliefs about pleasure and pain and their causes, or about repute and disrepute, or life and death are of a certain type, I shall not be surprised or scandalized to find his actions in keeping with them; I shall tell myself that he has no choice.

15. Nobody is surprised when a fig-tree brings forth figs. Similarly, we ought to be ashamed of our surprise when the world produces its normal crop of happenings. A physician or a shipmaster would blush to be surprised if a patient proves feverish, or a wind contrary.

16. To change your mind and defer to correction is not to sacrifice your independence; for such an act is your own, in pursuance of your own impulse, your own judgement, and your own thinking.

17. If the choice is yours, why do the thing? If another's, where are you to lay the blame for it? On gods? On atoms? Either would be insanity. All thoughts of blame are out of place. If you can, correct the offender; if not, correct the offence; if that too is impossible, what is the point of recriminations? Nothing is worth doing pointlessly.

18. That which dies does not drop out of the world. Here it remains; and here too, therefore, it changes and is resolved into its several particles; that is, into the elements which go to form the universe and yourself. They themselves

likewise undergo change, and yet from them comes no complaint.

19. Everything — a horse, a vine — is created for some duty. This is nothing to wonder at: even the sun-god himself will tell you, 'There is a work that I am here to do,' and so will all the other sky-dwellers. For what task, then, were you yourself created? For pleasure? Can such a thought be tolerated?

20. Nature always has an end in view; and this aim includes a thing's ending as much as its beginning or its duration. She is like the ball's thrower. Is the ball itself bettered by its upward flight? Is it any worse as it comes down, or as it lies after its fall? What does a bubble gain by holding together, or lose by collapsing? The like is true of a candle, too.

21. Turn this mortal body inside out, and now see the appearance it presents. See what it comes to in old age, or sickness, or decay. How fleeting are the lives of him alike who praises and him who is praised; of the rememberer and the remembered; how small their little corner of this terrestrial zone — and even there they are not all at peace with one another. Nay, the whole earth is itself no more than the puniest dot.

22. Give it the whole of your attention, whether it be a material object, an action, a principle, or the meaning of what is being said.

This disappointment serves you right. You would rather hope for goodness tomorrow than practise it today.

23. In what I do, I am to do it with reference to the service of mankind. In what befalls me, I am to accept it with reference to the gods, and to that universal source from which the whole close-linked chain of circumstance has its issue.

24. What do the baths bring to your mind? Oil, sweat, dirt, greasy water, and everything that is disgusting. Such, then, is life in all its parts, and such is every material thing in it.

25. Death robbed Lucilla of Verus, and later claimed Lucilla too. Death took Maximus from Secunda, then Secunda herself; Diotimus from Epitynchanus, and Epitynchanus after him; Faustina from Antoninus, and Antoninus in his

turn. So it is ever. Celer buries Hadrian, and is buried himself. Those noble minds of old, those men of prescience, those men of pride, where are they now? Keen wits like Charax, Demetrius the Platonist, Eudaemon, and others like them; all enduring but for a day, all now long since dead and gone; some forgotten as soon as dead, some passed into legend, some faded even out of legend itself. Bethink you then how either this complex body of your own must also one day be broken up in dispersion, or else the breath that animates it must be extinguished, or removed and translated elsewhere.

26. A man's true delight is to do the things he was made for. He was made to show goodwill to his kind, to rise above the promptings of his senses, to distinguish appearances from realities, and to pursue the study of universal Nature and her works.

27. We have three relationships: one to this bodily shell which envelops us, one to the divine Cause which is the source of everything in all things, and one to our fellow-mortals around us.

28. Pain must be an evil either to the body — in which case let the body speak for itself — or if not, to the soul. But the soul can always refuse to consider it an evil, and so keep its skies unclouded and its calm unruffled. For there is no decision, no impulse, no movement of approach or recoil, but must proceed from within the self; and into this self no evil can force its way.

29. Erasing all fancies, keep on saying to yourself, 'It lies in my own hands to ensure that no viciousness, cupidity, or turmoil of any kind finds a home in this soul of mine; it lies with me to perceive all things in their true light, and to deal with each of them as it merits.' Remember this authority, which is nature's gift to you.

30. Both in the senate and when addressing individuals, use language that is seemly but not rhetorical. Be sane and wholesome in your speech.

31. Think of the court of Augustus: wife, daughter, children, grandsires, sister, Agrippa, kindred, connexions, friends, Areius, Maecenas, medical attendants, priests — an entire court, all vanished. Turn to other records of eclipse; extinctions not of individuals but of whole stocks — the Pompeys,

for example — and the inscription we see on memorials, 'The last of his house.' Think of all the pains taken by their predecessors to leave an heir after them; and yet in the end someone must be the last, and one more whole race has perished.

32. Your every separate action should contribute towards an integrated life; and if each of them, so far as it can, does its part to this end, be satisfied; for that is something which nobody can prevent. 'There will be interferences from without,' you say? Even so, they will not affect the justice, prudence, and reasonableness of your intentions. 'No, but some kind of practical action may be prevented.' Perhaps; yet if you submit to the frustration with a good grace, and are sensible enough to accept what offers itself instead, you can substitute some alternative course which will be equally consistent with the integration we are speaking of.

33. Accept modestly; surrender gracefully.

34. You have perhaps seen a severed hand or foot, or a head lying by itself apart from its body. That is the state to which a man is doing his best to reduce himself, when he refuses to accept what befalls him and breaks away from his fellows, or when he acts for selfish ends alone. Then you become an outcast from the unity of Nature; though born a part of it, you have cut yourself away with your own hand. Yet here is the beautiful thought: that it still lies in your own power to reunite yourself. No other part of creation has been so favoured by God with permission to come together again, after once being sundered and divided. Behold, then, his goodness, with which he has dignified man: he has put it in his power, not only initially to keep himself inseparate from the whole, but afterwards, if separated, to return and be reunited and resume his membership as before.

35. When the Nature of all things rational equipped each rational being with his powers, one of the faculties we received from her hand was this, that just as she herself transmutes every obstacle or opposition, fits it into its place in destiny's pattern, and assimilates it into herself, so a rational being has power to turn each hindrance into material for himself, and use it to set forward his own endeavours.

36. Never confuse yourself by visions of an entire lifetime at once. That is, do not let your thoughts range over the whole multitude and variety of the misfortunes that may befall you, but rather, as you encounter each one, ask yourself, 'What is there unendurable, so insupportable, in this?' You will find that you are ashamed to admit defeat. Again, remember that it is not the weight of the future or the past that is pressing upon you, but ever that of the present alone. Even this burden, too, can be lessened if you confine it strictly to its own limits, and are severe enough with your mind's inability to bear such a trifle.

37. Are Pantheia or Pergamus still sitting to this day by the tomb of Verus? Chabrias or Diotimus by Hadrian's? Ridiculous! And supposing they were, would the dead be sensible of it? Or if sensible, pleased? Moreover, even if the dead themselves were pleased, could the mourners, for their part, be expected to go on living for ever? Were not they likewise doomed to become old men and old women, and to pass away in their turn? — and then what could the mourned do, when their mourners were no more? And all this for nothing more than a bagful of stench and corruption.

38. In the words of Crito the sage, 'If thou hast eyes to see, then see.'

39. In the constitution of a rational being, I find no virtue implanted for the combating of justice, but I do find self-control implanted for the combating of pleasure.

40. Subtract your own notions of what you imagine to be painful, and then your self stands invulnerable. 'My self — what is it?' Your reason. 'But I am not all reason.' So be it; in that case, at least let your reason forbear to give pain to itself, and if another part of you is in trouble, let its thoughts about itself be its own concern.

41. To the nature of the vital force animating our bodies, any frustration of the senses is an evil, and so is the frustration of any endeavour. The nature of a plant has likewise its own frustrations and its evils; and in the same way, any frustration of the mind is an evil to the nature of the mind. Apply all this to your own case. Does a pain affect you, or a pleasure? The senses will see to that. Have you been baulked in an endeavour? It is true that if it was made

without any allowance for possible failure, such frustration is indeed an evil to you as a rational being. However, once you accept that universal necessity, you can suffer no harm and no frustration. Within its own domain, there is nobody who can frustrate the mind. Fire, sword, oppression, calumny, and all else are powerless to touch it. 'The globe, once orbed and true, remains a sphere.'

42. I, who have never wilfully pained another, have no business to pain myself.

43. To each his own felicity. For me, soundness of my sovereign faculty, reason; no shrinking from mankind and its vicissitudes; the ability to survey and accept all things with a kindly eye, and to deal with them according to their deserts.

44. Make the best of today. Those who aim instead at tomorrow's plaudits fail to remember that future generations will be nowise different from the contemporaries who so try their patience now, and nowise less mortal. In any case, can it matter to you how the tongues of posterity may wag, or what views of yourself it may entertain?

45. Take me and cast me where you will; I shall still be possessor of the divinity within me, serene and content so long as it can feel and act as becomes its constitution. Is the matter of such moment that my soul should be afflicted by it, and changed for the worse, to become a cowering craven thing, suppliant and spiritless? Could anything at all be of such consequence as that?

46. No event can happen to a man but what is properly incidental to man's condition, nor to an ox, vine, or stone but what properly belongs to the nature of oxen, vines, and stones. Then if all things experience only what is customary and natural to them, why complain? The same Nature which is yours as well as theirs brings you nothing you cannot bear.

47. If you are distressed by anything external, the pain is not due to the thing itself but to your own estimate of it; and this you have the power to revoke at any moment. If the cause of the trouble lies in your own character, set about

reforming your principles; who is there to hinder you? If it is the failure to take some apparently sound course of action that is vexing you, then why not take it, instead of fretting? 'Because there is an insuperable obstacle in the way.' In that case, do not worry; the responsibility for inaction is not yours. 'But life is not worth living with this thing undone.' Why then, bid life a good-humoured farewell; accepting the frustration gracefully, and dying like any other man whose actions have not been inhibited.

48. Remember that your higher Self becomes invincible when once it withdraws into itself and calmly refuses to act against its will, even though such resistance may be wholly irrational. How much more, then, when its decision is based on reason and circumspection! Thus a mind that is free from passion is a very citadel; man has no stronger fortress in which to seek shelter and defy every assault. Failure to perceive this is ignorance; but to perceive it, and still not to seek its refuge, is misfortune indeed.

49. Never go beyond the sense of your original impressions. These tell you that such-and-such a person is speaking ill of you; that was their message; they did not go on to say it has done you any harm. I see my child is ill; my eyes tell me that, but they do not suggest that his life is in danger. Always, then, keep to the original impressions; supply no additions of your own, and you are safe. Or at least, add only a recognition of the great world-order by which all things are brought to pass.

50. Is your cucumber bitter? Throw it away. Are there briars in your path? Turn aside. That is enough. Do not go on to say, 'Why were things of this sort ever brought into the world?' The student of nature will only laugh at you; just as a carpenter or a shoemaker would laugh, if you found fault with the shavings and scraps from their work which you saw in the shop. Yet they, at least, have somewhere to throw their litter; whereas Nature has no such out-place. That is the miracle of her workmanship: that in spite of this self-limitation, she nevertheless transmutes into herself everything that seems worn-out or old or useless, and re-fashions it into new creations, so as never to need either fresh supplies from without, or a place to discard her refuse. Her own space, her own materials and her own skill are sufficient for her.

51. Dilatory action, incoherent conversation, vague impressions; a soul too

inwardly cramped; a soul too outwardly effusive; a life without room for leisure — avoid such things. Martyrdom, mutilation, execration; how can they affect the mind's ability to remain pure, sane, temperate, just? A man may stand by a clear spring of sweet water and heap abusive words upon it, yet it still goes on welling up fresh and wholesome; he may even cast in mire and filth, but it will quickly dissolve them and wash them away, and show no stain. How be lord yourself of such a perennial fountain? By safeguarding the right to be your own master every hour of the day, in all charity, simplicity and modesty.

52. Without an understanding of the nature of the universe, a man cannot know where he is; without an understanding of its purpose, he cannot know what he is, nor what the universe itself is. Let either of these discoveries be hid from him, and he will not be able so much as to give a reason for his own existence. So what are we to think of anyone who cares to seek or shun the applause of the shouting multitudes, when they know neither where they are nor what they are?

53. Would you wish for the praise of one who thrice an hour calls down curses on his own head? Would you please one who cannot even please himself? And how can a man be pleased with himself, when he repents of well-nigh everything he does?

54. As your breathing partakes of the circumfluent air, so let your thinking partake of the circumfluent Mind. For there is a mental Force which, for him who can draw it to himself, is no less ubiquitous and all-pervading than is the atmosphere for him who can breathe it.

55. The general wickedness of mankind cannot injure the universe; nor can the particular wickedness of one man injure a fellow-man. It harms none but the culprit himself; and he can free himself from it as soon as he so chooses.

56. My neighbour's will is of no greater concern to my will than his breath or his flesh. No matter how much we are made for one another, still each man's self has its own sovereign rights. Otherwise my neighbour's wickedness would become my evil; and God has not willed this, lest the ruin of my happiness should lie at another's disposal.

57. The sun is seen to pour down and expend itself in all directions, yet is never exhausted. For this downpouring is but a self-extension; sunbeams, in fact, derive their very name from a word signifying 'to be extended'. To understand the property of a sunbeam, watch the light as it streams into a darkened room through a narrow chink. It prolongs itself forward in a straight line, until it is held up by encountering some solid body which blocks its passage to the air beyond; and then it remains at rest there, without slipping off or falling away. The emission, and the diffusion, of thought should be the counterpart of this: not exhausting, but simply extending itself; not dashing violently or furiously against the obstacles it encounters, nor yet falling away in despair; but holding its ground and lighting up that upon which it rests. Failure to transmit it is mere self-deprivation of light.

58. He who fears death either fears to lose all sensation or fears new sensations. In reality, you will either feel nothing at all, and therefore nothing evil, or else, if you can feel any new sensations, you will be a new creature, and so will not have ceased to have life.

59. Men exist for each other. Then either improve them, or put up with them.

60. An arrow travels in one fashion, but the mind in another. Even when the mind is feeling its way cautiously and working round a problem from every angle, it is still moving directly onwards and making for its goal.

61. Enter into the ruling principle of your neighbour's mind, and suffer him to enter into yours.

Book Nine

1. Injustice is a sin. Nature has constituted rational beings for their own mutual benefit, each to help his fellows according to their worth, and in no wise to do them hurt; and to contravene her will is plainly to sin against this eldest of all the deities. Untruthfulness, too, is a sin, and against the same goddess. For Nature is the nature of Existence itself; and existence connotes the kinship of all created beings. Truth is but another name for this Nature, the original creator of all true things. So, where a wilful lie is a sin because the deception is an act of injustice, an involuntary lie is also a sin because it is a discordant note in Nature's harmony, and creates mutinous disorder in an orderly universe. For mutinous indeed it is, when a man lets himself be carried, even involuntarily, into a position contrary to truth; seeing that he has so neglected the faculties Nature gave him that he is no longer able to distinguish the false from the true.

Again, it is a sin to pursue pleasure as a good and to avoid pain as an evil. It is bound to result in complaints that Nature is unfair in her rewarding of vice and virtue; since it is the bad who are so often in enjoyment of pleasures and the means to obtain them, while pains and events that occasion pains descend upon the heads of the good. Besides, if a man is afraid of pain, he is afraid of something happening which will be part of the appointed order of things, and this is itself a sin; if he is bent on the pursuit of pleasure, he will not stop at acts of injustice, which again is manifestly sinful. No; when Nature herself makes no distinction — and if she did, she would not have brought pains and pleasures into existence side by side — it behoves those who would follow in her footsteps to be like-minded and exhibit the same indifference. He therefore who does not view with equal unconcern pain or pleasure, death or life, fame or dishonour — all of them employed by Nature without any partiality — clearly commits a sin. And in saying that nature employs them without partiality, I mean that every successive generation of created things equally passes through the same experiences in turn; for this is the outcome of the original impulse which in the beginning moved Providence — by taking certain germs of future existences, and endowing them with productive powers of self-realization, of mutation, and of

succession — to progress from the inception of the universe to its present orderly system.

2. A man of finer feelings would have taken leave of the world before ever sampling its falsehood, double-dealing, luxury, and pride; but now that all these have been tasted to satiety, the next best course would be to end your life forthwith. Or are you really resolved to go on dwelling in the midst of iniquity, and has experience not yet persuaded you to flee from the pestilence? For infection of the mind is a far more dangerous pestilence than any unwholesomeness or disorder in the atmosphere around us. Insofar as we are animals, the one attacks our lives; but as men, the other attacks our manhood.

3. Despise not death; smile, rather, at its coming; it is among the things that Nature wills. Like youth and age, like growth and maturity, like the advent of teeth, beard, and grey hairs, like begetting, pregnancy, and childbirth, like every other natural process that life's seasons bring us, so is our dissolution. Never, then, will a thinking man view death lightly, impatiently, or scornfully; he will wait for it as but one more of Nature's processes. Even as you await the baby's emergence from the womb of your wife, so await the hour when the little soul shall glide forth from its sheath.

But if your heart would have comfort of a simpler sort, then there is no better solace in the face of death than to think on the nature of the surroundings you are leaving, and the characters you will no longer have to mix with. Not that you must find these offensive; rather, your duty is to care for them and bear with them mildly; yet never forget that you are parting from men of far other principles than your own. One thing, if any, might have held you back and bound you to life; the chance of fellowship with kindred minds. But when you contemplate the weariness of an existence in company so discordant, you cry, 'Come quickly, Death, lest I too become forgetful of myself.'

4. The sinner sins against himself; the wrongdoer wrongs himself, becoming the worse by his own action.

5. A man does not sin by commission only, but often by omission.

6. Enough if your present opinion be grounded in conviction, your present action grounded in unselfishness, and your present disposition contented with whatever befalls you from without.

7. Erase fancy; curb impulse; quench desire; let sovereign reason have the mastery.

8. A single life-principle is divided amongst all irrational creatures, and a single mind-principle distributed among the rational; just as this one earth gives form to all things earthy, and just as all of us who have sight and breath see by the self-same light and breathe of the self-same air.

9. All things that share the same element tend to seek their own kind. Things earthy gravitate towards earth, things aqueous flow towards one another, things aerial likewise — whence the need for the barriers which keep them forcibly apart. The tendency of flames is to mount skyward, because of the elemental fire; even here below, they are so eager for the company of their own kind that any sort of material, if it be reasonably dry, will ignite with ease, since there is only a minority of its ingredients which is resistant to fire. In the same way, therefore, all portions of the universal Mind are drawn towards one another. More strongly, indeed; since, being higher in the scale of creation, their eagerness to blend and combine with their affinities is proportionately keener. This instinct for reunion shows itself in its first stage among the creatures without reason, when we see bees swarming, cattle herding, birds nesting in colonies, and couples mating; because in them soul has already emerged, and in such relatively higher forms of life as theirs the desire for union is found at a level of intensity which is not present in stones or sticks. When we come to beings with reason, there are political associations, comradeships, family life, public meetings, and in times of war treaties and armistices; and among the still higher orders, a measure of unity even exists between bodies far separated from one another — as for example with the stars. Thus ascent in the ranks of creation can induce fellow-feeling even where there is no proximity.

Yet now see what happens. It is we — we, intelligent beings — who alone have forgotten this mutual zeal for unity; among us alone the currents are not seen to converge. Nevertheless, though man may flee as he will, he is still caught and held fast; Nature is too strong for him. Observe with care, and

you will see: you will sooner find a fragment of earth unrelated to the rest of earth than a man who is utterly without some link with his fellows.

10. Everything bears fruit; man, God, the whole universe, each in its proper season. No matter that the phrase is restricted in common use to vines and such like. Reason, too, yields fruit, both for itself and for the world; since from it comes a harvest of other good things, themselves all bearing the stamp of reason.

11. Teach them better, if you can; if not, remember that kindliness has been given you for moments like these. The gods themselves show kindness to such men; and at times, so indulgent are they, will even aid them in their endeavours to secure health, wealth, or reputation. This you too could do; who is there to hinder you?

12. Work yourself hard, but not as if you were being made a victim, and not with any desire for sympathy or admiration. Desire one thing alone: that your actions or inactions alike should be worthy of a reasoning citizen.

13. Today I have got myself out of all my perplexities; or rather, I have got the perplexities out of myself — for they were not without, but within; they lay in my own outlook.

14. Everything is banal in experience, fleeting in duration, sordid in content; in all respects the same today as generations now dead and buried have found it to be.

15. Facts stand wholly outside our gates; they are what they are, and no more; they know nothing about themselves, and they pass no judgement upon themselves. What is it, then, that pronounces the judgement? Our own guide and ruler, Reason.

16. A rational and social being is not affected in himself for either better or worse by his feelings, but by his will; just as his outward behaviour, good or bad, is the product of will, not of feelings.

17. For the thrown stone there is no more evil in falling than there is good in

rising.

18. Penetrate into their inmost minds, and you will see what manner of critics you are afraid of, and how capable they are of criticizing themselves.

19. All things are in process of change. You yourself are ceaselessly undergoing transformation, and the decay of some of your parts, and so is the whole universe.

20. Leave another's wrongdoing where it lies.

21. In the interruption of an activity, or the discontinuance and, as it were, death of an impulse, or an opinion, there is no evil. Look back at the phases of your own growth: childhood, boyhood, youth, age: each change itself a kind of death. Was this so frightening? Or take the lives you lived under your grandfather and then under your mother and then your father; trace the numerous differences and changes and discontinuances there were in those days, and ask yourself, 'Were they so frightening?' No more so, then, is the cessation, the interruption, the change from life itself.

22. Your own mind, the Mind of the universe, your neighbour's mind — be prompt to explore them all. Your own, so that you may shape it to justice; the universe's, that you may recollect what it is you are a part of; your neighbour's, that you may understand whether it is informed by ignorance or knowledge, and also may recognize that it is kin to your own.

23. As a unit yourself, you help to complete the social whole; and similarly, therefore, your every action should help to complete the social life. Any action which is not related either directly or remotely to this social end disjoints that life, and destroys its unity. It is as much the act of a schismatic as when some citizen in a community does his utmost to dissociate himself from the general accord.

24. Childish squabbles, childish games, 'petty breaths supporting corpses' — why, the ghosts in Homer have more evident reality!

25. First get at the nature and quality of the original cause, separate it from

the material to which it has given shape, and study it; then determine the possible duration of its effects.

26. The woes you have had to bear are numberless because you were not content to let Reason, your guide and master, do its natural work. Come now, no more of this!

27. When those about you are venting their censure or malice upon you, or raising any other sort of injurious clamour, approach and penetrate into their souls, and see what manner of men they are. You will find little enough reason for all your painstaking efforts to win their good opinion. All the same, it still remains your duty to think kindly of them; for Nature has made them to be your friends, and even the gods themselves lend them every sort of help, by dreams and by oracles, to gain the ends on which their hearts are set.

28. Upwards and downwards,[1] from age to age, the cycles of the universe follow their unchanging round. It may be that the World-Mind wills each separate happening in succession; and if so, then accept the consequences. Or, it may be, there was but one primal act of will, of which all else is the sequel; every event being thus the germ of another. To put it another way, things are either isolated units, or they form one inseparable whole. If that whole be God, then all is well; but if aimless chance, at least you need not be aimless also.

Soon earth will cover us all. Then in time earth, too, will change; later, what issues from this change will itself in turn incessantly change, and so again will all that then takes its place, even unto the world's end. To let the mind dwell on these swiftly rolling billows of change and transformation is to know a contempt for all things mortal.

29. The primal Cause is like a river in flood; it bears everything along. How ignoble are the little men who play at politics and persuade themselves that they are acting in the true spirit of philosophy. Babes, incapable even of wiping their noses! What then, you who are a man? Why, do what nature is asking of you at this moment. Set about it as the opportunity offers, and no glancing around to see if you are observed. But do not expect Plato's ideal commonwealth; be satisfied if even a trifling endeavour comes off well, and

count the result no mean success. For who can hope to alter men's convictions; and without change of conviction what can there be but grudging subjection and feigned assent? Oh yes; now go on and talk to me of Alexander, and Philip, and Demetrius of Phaleron. If those men did in truth understand the will of Nature and school themselves to follow it, that is their own affair. But if it was nothing more than a stage-role they were playing, no court has condemned me to imitate their example. Philosophy is a modest profession, all simplicity and plain dealing. Never try to seduce me into solemn pretentiousness.

30. Look down from above on the numberless herds of mankind, with their mysterious ceremonies, their divers voyagings in storm and calm, and all the chequered pattern of their comings and gatherings and goings. Go on to consider the life of bygone generations; and then the life of all those who are yet to come; and even at the present day, the life of the hordes of far-off savages. In short, reflect what multitudes there are who are ignorant of your very name; how many more will have speedily forgotten it; how many, perhaps praising you now, who will soon enough be abusing you; and that therefore remembrance, glory, and all else together are things of no worth.

31. When beset from without by circumstance, be unperturbed; when prompted from within to action, be just and fair: in fine, let both will and deed issue in behaviour that is social and fulfils the law of your being.

32. Many of the anxieties that harass you are superfluous: being but creatures of your own fancy, you can rid yourself of them and expand into an ampler region, letting your thought sweep over the entire universe, contemplating the illimitable tracts of eternity, marking the swiftness of change in each created thing, and contrasting the brief span between birth and dissolution with the endless aeons that precede the one and the infinity that follows the other.

33. A little while, and all that is before your eyes now will have perished. Those who witness its passing will go the same road themselves before long; and then what will there be to choose between the oldest grandfather and the baby that died in its cradle?

34. Observe the instincts that guide these men; the ends they struggle for; the

grounds on which they like and value things. In short, picture their souls laid bare. Yet they imagine their praises or censures have weight to help or hurt. What presumption!

35. Loss is nothing else but change, and change is Nature's delight. Ever since the world began, things have been ordered by her decree in the selfsame fashion as they are at this day, and as other similar things will be ordered to the end of time. How, then, can you say that it is all amiss, and ever will be so; that no power among all the gods in heaven can avail to mend it; and that the world lies condemned to a thraldom of ills without end?

36. The substance of us all is doomed to decay; the moisture and the clay, the bones, and the fetor. Our precious marble is but a callosity of the earth, our gold and silver her sediment; our raiment shreds of hair, our purple a fish's gore; and thus with all things else. So too is the very breath of our lives — ever passing as it does from this one to that.

37. Enough of this miserable way of life, these everlasting grumbles, these monkey antics. Why must you agitate yourself so? Nothing unprecedented is happening; so what is it that disturbs you? The form of it? Take a good look at it. The matter of it? Look well at that, too. Beyond form and matter, there is nothing more. Even at this late hour, set yourself to become a simpler and better man in the sight of the gods. For the mastering of that lesson, three years are as good as a hundred.

38. If he sinned, the harm is his own. Yet perhaps, after all, he did not.

39. Either things must have their origin in one single intelligent source, and all fall into place to compose, as it were, one single body — in which case no part ought to complain of what happens for the good of the whole — or else the world is nothing but atoms and their confused minglings and dispersions. So why be so harassed? Say to the Reason at your helm, 'Come, are you dead and in decay? Is this some part you are playing? Have you sunk to the level of a beast of the field, grazing and herding with the rest?'

40. The gods either have power or they have not. If they have not, why pray to them? If they have, then instead of praying to be granted or spared such-

and-such a thing, why not rather pray to be delivered from dreading it, or lusting for it, or grieving over it? Clearly, if they can help a man at all, they can help him in this way. You will say, perhaps, 'But all that is something they have put in my own power.' Then surely it were better to use your power and be a free man, than to hanker like a slave and a beggar for something that is not in your power. Besides, who told you the gods never lend their aid even towards things that do lie in our own power? Begin praying in this way, and you will see. Where another man prays 'Grant that I may possess this woman,' let your own prayer be, 'Grant that I may not lust to possess her.' Where he prays, 'Grant me to be rid of such-and-such a one,' you pray, 'Take from me my desire to be rid of him.' Where he begs, 'Spare me the loss of my precious child,' beg rather to be delivered from the terror of losing him. In short, give your petitions a turn in this direction, and see what comes.

41. 'When I was sick,' says Epicurus, 'I never used to talk about my bodily ailments. I did not,' he says, 'discuss any topics of that kind with my visitors. I went on dealing with the principles of natural philosophy; and the point I particularly dwelt on was how the mind, while having its part in all these commotions of the flesh, can still remain unruffled and pursue its own proper good. Nor,' he adds, 'did I give the doctors a chance to brag of their own triumphs; my life merely went on its normal way, smoothly and happily.' In sickness, then, if you are sick, or in trouble of any other kind, be like Epicurus. Never let go your hold on philosophy for anything that may befall, and never take part in the nonsense that is talked by the ignorant and uninstructed (this is a maxim on which all schools agree). Concentrate wholly on the task before you, and on the instrument you possess for its accomplishment.

42. When you are outraged by somebody's impudence, ask yourself at once, 'Can the world exist without impudent people?' It cannot; so do not ask for impossibilities. That man is simply one of the impudent whose existence is necessary to the world. Keep the same thought present, whenever you come across roguery, double-dealing or any other form of obliquity. You have only to remind yourself that the type is indispensable, and at once you will feel kindlier towards the individual. It is also helpful if you promptly recall what special quality Nature has given us to counter such particular faults. For there are antidotes with which she has provided us: gentleness to meet brutality, for

example, and other correctives for other ills. Generally speaking, too, you have the opportunity of showing the culprit his blunder — for everyone who does wrong is failing of his proper objective, and is thereby a blunderer. Besides, what harm have you suffered? Nothing has been done by any of these victims of your irritation that could hurtfully affect your own mind; and it is in the mind alone that anything evil or damaging to the self can have reality. What is there wrong or surprising, after all, in a boor behaving boorishly? See then if it is not rather yourself you ought to blame, for not foreseeing that he would offend in this way. You, in virtue of your reason, had every means for thinking it probable that he would do so; you forgot this, and now his offence takes you by surprise. When you are indignant with anyone for his perfidy or ingratitude, turn your thoughts first and foremost upon yourself. For the error is clearly your own, if you have put any faith in the good faith of a man of that stamp, or, when you have done him a kindness, if it was not done unreservedly and in the belief that the action would be its own full reward. Once you have done a man a service, what more would you have? Is it not enough to have obeyed the laws of your own nature, without expecting to be paid for it? That is like the eye demanding a reward for seeing, or the feet for walking. It is for that very purpose that they exist; and they have their due in doing what they were created to do. Similarly, man is born for deeds of kindness; and when he has done a kindly action, or otherwise served the common welfare, he has done what he was made for, and has received his quittance.

注　释

〔1〕 Upwards and downwards; i.e. changing successively from fire to air, air to water, water to earth, and then back again in the reverse order.

Book Ten

1. O soul of mine, will you never be good and sincere, all one, all open, visible to the beholder more clearly than even your encompassing body of flesh? Will you never taste the sweetness of a loving and affectionate heart? Will you never be filled full and unwanting; craving nothing, yearning for no creature or thing to minister to your pleasures, no prolongation of days to enjoy them, no place or country or pleasant clime or sweet human company? When will you be content with your present state, happy in all about you, persuaded that all things are yours, that all comes from the gods, and that all is and shall be well with you, so long as it is their good pleasure and ordained by them for the safety and welfare of that perfect living Whole — so good, so just, so beautiful — which gives life to all things, upholding and enfolding them, and at their dissolution gathering them into Itself so that yet others of their kind may spring forth? Will you never be fit for such fellowship with gods and men as to have no syllable of complaint against them, and no syllable of reproach from them?

2. Pay heed to what your particular nature requires of you, like one who is wholly under great Nature's governance. Do it and accept it, provided always that it promise no harm to your physical nature. Yet pay heed also to the requirements of that physical nature, and give assent to them all, unless they in turn promise harm to the rational nature (and by the rational is directly implied the social as well). Observe these rules, without wasting pains on other things.

3. Whatever befalls, Nature has either prepared you to face it or she has not. If something untoward happens which is within your powers of endurance, do not resent it, but bear it as she has enabled you to do. Should it exceed those powers, still do not give way to resentment; for its victory over you will put an end to its own existence. Remember, however, that in fact Nature has given you the ability to bear anything which your own judgement succeeds in declaring bearable and endurable by regarding it as a point of self-interest and duty to do so.

4. If a man makes a slip, admonish him gently and show him his mistake. If you fail to convince him, blame yourself, or else blame nobody.

5. Whatever may happen to you was prepared for you in advance from the beginning of time. In the woven tapestry of causation, the thread of your being had been intertwined from all time with that particular incident.

6. No matter whether the universe is a confusion of atoms or a natural growth, let my first conviction be that I am part of a Whole which is under Nature's governance; and my second, that a bond of kinship exists between myself and all other similar parts. If I bear these two thoughts in mind, then in the first place, being a part, I shall not feel aggrieved by any dispensation assigned to me from the Whole; since nothing which is beneficial for any whole can ever be harmful to a part, and in this case there is nothing contained in this Whole which is not beneficial to itself. (The same, indeed, could be said of every natural organism; but the nature of the universe has the further distinction that there is no cause outside itself which could ever compel it to produce anything harmful to itself.) In the remembrance, then, that I am a part of such a Whole, I shall cheerfully accept whatever may be my lot. In the second place, inasmuch as there is this bond of kinship between myself and my fellow-parts, I shall do nothing that might injure their common welfare, but keep those kindred parts always purposefully in view, directing every impulse towards their good and away from anything that runs counter to it. Thus doing, I cannot but find the current of my life flowing smoothly; as smoothly as we may imagine that of some public man whose actions are consistently serviceable to his fellow-townsfolk, and who is ready to welcome whatever task his city may assign him.

7. All parts of the Whole — by which I mean everything naturally comprehended in the universe — must in time decay; or to speak accurately, must suffer a change of form. If by its nature this change, besides being inevitable, were to be a positive evil to them, the smooth working of the Whole could never go on; for its parts are always heading towards some change of form or other, and are all constitutionally liable to decay in their respective ways. Did Nature, then, deliberately mean to inflict injury on things which are parts of herself, making them not simply liable to evil but

inescapably doomed to it; or can it be that such things happen without her knowledge? Neither supposition merits any credence. Even supposing we leave Nature herself out of account altogether, and explain all this in terms of the normal order of creation, it is still absurd to say that this mutability of the parts of the Whole is normal if at the same time we are to feel as astonished or resentful at it as though it were some unnatural occurrence; the more so, since all that the parts are doing is merely to dissolve back into the constituents of their original composition. For after all, if dissolution is not simply a mere dispersion of the elements of which I am compounded, it must be a change of the grosser particles into earth-form, and the spiritual into air-form, so that they can all be re-absorbed into the universal Reason (no matter whether this is to be periodically consumed in flames, or to keep on perpetually renewing itself through eternal cycles of change). Observe, however, that these particles, gross and spiritual, must not be imagined to be those which we received at birth; seeing that our entire present structure has derived its increment from meats eaten and air breathed no longer ago than yesterday or the day before. What will undergo these changes, therefore, is not something our mother bore originally, but something we have received since. (Even if we admit that birth does, in fact, implicate us in great measure with these intrinsically mutable particles, I do not think it affects what I have said.)

8. If you claim for yourself such epithets as good, modest, truthful, clear-minded, right-minded, high-minded, be careful not to belie them; and if you should happen to forfeit them, lose no time in recovering them again. But remember that 'clear-mindedness' ought to suggest to you a discriminating consideration of each separate detail and a watchful attention to it; 'right-mindedness' a willing acceptance of all that Nature allots you; and 'high-mindedness' an elevation of the intellect above the workings of the flesh, be they smooth or harsh, and above vainglory, death or any other such distractions. Live up to these designations — though without craving to have them applied to you by others — and you will be a different man and enter upon a different life. To go on in your present state, continuing to be torn and soiled by an existence like this, is the way of a fool and a faint-heart; it smacks of the swordsman who has been mangled by beasts in the arena and covered with blood and bruises, and yet still pleads to be kept till the morrow, when he will only be flung again, wounds and all, to the same teeth and

claws. So step on board this little raft of attributes, and if you can contrive it, stay there as though transported to the Isles of the Blest. But if you feel yourself drifting and unable to hold your course, pluck up heart and make for some quiet haven where you will be able to hold your own; or even bid farewell to life altogether, not in a passion but simply, freely, and unassumingly, with at least this one success in life to your credit, a seemly departure from it. In order to keep those attributes ever in mind, it will help greatly not to forget the gods; to remember that what they desire is not to be flattered but that everything which has reason should become like themselves; and also to recollect that a fig-tree is that which does a fig-tree's work, a dog that which does a dog's, a bee a bee's — and a man a man's.

9. Day by day the buffoonery, quarrelling, timidity, slothfulness, and servility that surround you will conspire to efface from your mind those hallowed maxims it apprehends so unphilosophically and dismisses so carelessly. What duty requires of you is to observe each single thing and perform each action in such a manner that, while the practical demands of a situation are fully met, the powers of thought are at the same time fully exercised; and also to maintain (in reserve, but never lost to sight) the self-confidence of one who has mastered every relevant detail. Are you never going to attain to the happiness of a real integrity and dignity? Of an understanding which comprehends the inmost being of each thing, its place in the world-order, the term of its natural existence, the structure of its composition, and to whom it belongs or who has the power of bestowing or withdrawing it?

10. A spider is proud of catching a fly; so is one man of trapping a hare, or another of netting a sprat, or a third of capturing boars or bears or Sarmatians. If you go into the question of principles, are these anything but robbers one and all?

11. Make a habit of regularly observing the universal process of change; be assiduous in your attention to it, and school yourself thoroughly in this branch of study; there is nothing more elevating to the mind. For when a man realizes that at any moment he may have to leave everything behind him and depart from the company of his fellows, he casts off the body and thenceforward dedicates himself wholly to the service of justice in his personal actions and compliance with Nature in all else. No thought is wasted

on what others may say or think of him or practise against him; two things alone suffice him, justice in his daily doings and contentment with all fate's apportionings. Every care, every distraction is laid aside; his only ambition is to walk in the straight paths of law, and by so doing to become a follower of God.

12. What need for guesswork when the way of duty lies there before your eyes? If the road be clear to see, go forward with a good will and no turning back; if not, wait and take the best advice you can. Should further obstacles arise, advance discreetly to the limit of your resources, always following where justice seems to point the way. To achieve justice is the summit of success, since it is herein that failure most often occurs.

13. Begin the day by asking yourself, Can the just and right conduct of another make any difference in myself? It cannot. Men who are arrogantly ready with their praise or censure, remember, are the same in their private lives, in bed and at board; recall the things they do, the things they avoid or run after, and the thieveries and depredations they commit — not indeed with hands and feet, but with that most precious of all their possessions, which, if a man but will it so, is the source of faith, modesty, truth, law, and the good estate of the divinity within him.

14. To Nature, whence all things come and whither all return, the cry of the humble and well-instructed heart is, 'Give as thou wilt, take back as thou wilt;' yet uttered with no heroics, but in pure obedience and goodwill.

15. Now your remaining years are few. Live them, then, as though on a mountain-top. Whether a man's lot be cast in this place or in that matters nothing, provided that in all places he views the world as a city and himself its citizen. Give men the chance to see and know a true man, living by Nature's law. If they cannot brook the sight, let them do away with him. Better so, than to live as they live.

16. Waste no more time arguing what a good man should be. Be one.

17. Let your mind constantly dwell on all Time and all Being, and thus learn that each separate thing is but as a grain of sand in comparison with Being,

and as a single screw's-turn in comparison with Time.

18. Realize the nature of all things material, observing how each of them is even now undergoing dissolution and change, and is already in process of decay, or dispersion, or whatever other natural fate may be in store for it.

19. Eating, sleeping, copulating, excreting, and the like; what a crew they are! How pompous in their arrogance, how overbearing and tyrannical, how superciliously censorious of others! A moment ago, how many feet they were licking — and for such ends! — a moment more, and they will be doing the same again.

20. For every man and every thing, that which Nature brings makes for their own good; moreover, makes for their good at the precise moment when it is brought.

21. 'Earth is in love with the showers from above,
And the all-holy Heaven itself is in love'

— that is, the universe is truly in love with its task of fashioning whatever is next to be; and to the universe, therefore, my response must be, 'As thou lovest, so I too love.' (Is not the same notion implied in the common saying that such-and-such a thing 'loves to happen'?)

22. Either you go on living here, to which custom has sufficiently seasoned you by now; or you remove elsewhere, which you do of your own free election; or you die, which means that your service is at an end. Other choice there can be none; so put a good face on it.

23. Let it be clear to you that the peace of green fields can always be yours, in this, that, or any other spot; and that nothing is any different here from what it would be either up in the hills, or down by the sea, or wherever else you will. You will find the same thought in Plato, where he speaks of living within the city walls 'as though milking his flocks in a mountain sheepfold'.

24. What is my master-reason to me? What am I making of it at this moment? To what use am I putting it? Is it showing itself devoid of sense? Is it

becoming divorced and dissevered from the ties of fellowship? Has it grown so involved and so identified with the flesh as to reflect that flesh's veerings and vacillations?

25. A servant who breaks loose from his master is a runaway. For us, our master is law; and consequently any law-breaker must be a runaway. But grief, anger, or fear are all of them rejections of something which, in the past or the present or the future, has been decreed by the power that directs the universe — in other words, by Law, which allots to every creature its due.[1] To give way to fear or grief or anger, therefore, is to be a runaway.

26. A man drops seed into the womb and passes on; thereafter another cause takes it up, sets to work, and brings to perfection a baby — what a transformation! The same man puts food down his throat, and once more some other cause takes it over and converts it into sensation and motion and, in short, into life, vigour, and other products both many and various. Consider these processes, which are wrought out in such mysterious ways; and discern the power at work there, in the same way as we discern the forces which attract objects earthwards or upwards — not with the eye, that is, and yet no less clearly.

27. Reflect often how all the life of today is a repetition of the past; and observe that it also presages what is to come. Review the many complete dramas and their settings, all so similar, which you have known in your own experience, or from bygone history: the whole court-circle of Hadrian, for example, or the court of Antoninus, or the courts of Philip, Alexander, and Croesus. The performance is always the same; it is only the actors who change.

28. When you see a man showing annoyance or resentment at anything, think of a pig kicking and squealing under the sacrificial knife. Another who takes to his couch in solitude, silently lamenting over our thraldom, is in no better case. Reasonable beings alone are granted the power of a willing conformity with circumstance; the bare conformity by itself stern necessity exacts from every created thing.

29. Whatever you take in hand, pause at every step to ask yourself, 'Is it the

thought of forfeiting this that makes me dread death?'

30. When another's fault offends you, turn to yourself and consider what similar shortcomings are found in you. Do you, too, find your good in riches, pleasure, reputation, or such like? Think of this, and your anger will soon be forgotten in the reflection that he is only acting under pressure; what else could he do? Alternatively, if you are able, contrive his release from that pressure.

31. Let the sight of Satyron call up a vision of the dead Socraticus, or Eutyches, or Hymen; the sight of Euphrates bring to mind Eutychion or Silvanus; a look at Alciphron suggest the memory of Tropaeophorus; a glance at Severus, that of Crito or Xenophon; when you see yourself, think of the emperors who preceded you. Thus, with every man, imagine his counterpart; and then go on to the reflection, 'Where are they all now?' Nowhere — or anywhere. In this way, you will grow accustomed to looking on all that is mortal as vapour and nothingness; and the more so, if you will also remember that things once changed are for ever past recall. Then why struggle and strain, instead of being content to live out your little span in seemly fashion? Think what materials and possibilities for good you are rejecting; since what are all your tribulations but exercises for the training of your reason, once it has learnt to see the truths of life in a proper philosophic light? Be patient, then, until you have made them familiar and natural to yourself, in the same way as a strong stomach can assimilate every kind of diet, or a bright fire turn anything that is cast upon it into heat and flame.

32. Let no one have the right to say truthfully of you that you are without integrity or goodness; should any think such thoughts, see that they are without foundation. This all depends upon yourself, for who else can hinder you from attaining goodness and integrity? If you cannot live so, you need only resolve to live no longer; for in that case not even reason itself could require your continuance.

33. What is the very best that can be said or done with the materials at your disposal? Be it what it may, you have the power to say it or do it; let there be no pretence that you are not a free agent. These repinings of yours will be endless until such time as the doing of a man's natural duty with whatever

materials come to hand means as much to you as his pleasures mean to the voluptuary. (Indeed, every exercise of our proper natural instincts ought to be esteemed a form of pleasure; and the opportunities for this are everywhere present.) A roller, to be sure, has not always the privilege of moving at will, nor has water, nor fire, nor anything else that is under the governance of its own nature or of a soul without reason; for there are many factors which intervene to prevent it. But a mind and a reason can make their way through any obstacles, as their nature enables them and their will prompts them to do. Figure to yourself how reason finds a way past every barrier as effortlessly as fire mounts upward, or a stone falls, or a roller descends a slope; and be content to ask no more. Interferences, in any case, must either affect the body alone — which is but an inanimate thing — or else be impotent to crush or injure us unless assisted by our own preconceptions and the surrender of reason itself. If it were otherwise, their effect on the subject would be harmful; and though we know that throughout the rest of creation the occurrence of any mishap involves some worsening of its victim, yet in the case of a man we may even say that he becomes better and more praiseworthy by the right uses which he makes of adversity. In short, never forget that nothing can injure the true citizen if it does not injure the city itself, and nothing can injure the city unless it injures law. What we call mischances do no injury to law, and therefore cannot harm either city or citizen.

34. When true principles have once been etched into the mind, even the briefest commonplace will suffice to recall the futility of regrets or fears; such as, for example,

'What are the children of men, but as leaves that drop at the wind's breath?'

Just such leaves were those beloved children of yours; leaves, too, are the multitudes, those would-be-convincing voices that scream their plaudits, hurl their curses, or sneer and scoff in secret; leaves, again, are all they into whose hands your fame shall fall hereafter. One and all, they 'flower in the season of springtime', the gales lay them low, and anon the forest puts forth new verdure in their room. Impermanence is the badge of each and every one; and yet you chase after them, or flee from them, as though they were to endure

for all eternity. A short time, and your eyes will close; and for the man who bears you to your grave, too, the tears will soon enough be falling.

35. The business of a healthy eye is to see everything that is visible, not to demand no colour but green, for that merely marks a disordered vision. Likewise hearing and scent, if healthy, should be alert for all kinds of sounds and odours, and a healthy stomach for all manner of meats, like a mill which accepts whatever grist it was fashioned to grind. In the same way, then, a healthy mind ought to be prepared for anything that may befall. A mind crying 'O that my children may be spared,' or 'O that the world might ring with praises of my every act,' is an eye craving for greenery, or a tooth craving for softness.

36. No man is so fortunate but that some who stand beside his death-bed will be hailing the coming loss with delight. He was virtuous, let us say, and wise; even so, will there not be one at the end who murmurs under his breath, 'At last we can breathe freely again, without our master! To be sure, he was never harsh with any of us; but I always felt that he had a silent contempt for us'? Such is the fate of the virtuous; as for the rest of us, what a host of other good reasons there are to make not a few of our friends glad to be rid of us! Think of this when you come to die; it will ease your passing to reflect, 'I am leaving a world in which the very companions I have so toiled for, prayed for and thought for, themselves wish me gone, and hope to win some relief thereby; then how can any man cling to a lengthening of his days therein?' Yet do not on that account leave with any diminished kindness for them; maintain your own accustomed friendliness, good-will, and charity; and do not feel the departure to be a wrench, but let your leave-taking be like those painless deaths in which the soul glides easily forth from the body. Before, Nature had joined you to these men and made you one with them; now she looses the tie. I am loosed, then, as from my own kinsfolk; yet all unresisting, and all unforced; it is simply one more of Nature's ways.

37. At every action, no matter by whom performed, make it a practice to ask yourself, 'What is his object in doing this?' But begin with yourself; put this question to yourself first of all.

38. Remember, it is the secret force hidden deep within us that manipulates

our strings; there lies the voice of persuasion, there the very life, there, we might even say, is the man himself. Never confuse it in your imagination with its surrounding case of flesh, or the organs adhering thereto, which save that they grow upon the body, are as much mere instruments as the carpenter's axe. Without the agency that prompts or restrains their motions, the parts themselves are of no more service than her shuttle to the weaver, his pen to the writer, or his whip to the wagoner.

注　释

〔1〕 The Greek word for law (nomos) was supposed to be derived from a verb meaning to allot (nemein).

Book Eleven

1. The properties of a rational soul are these. She can contemplate herself, analyse herself, make of herself what she will, herself enjoy the fruit she bears (whereas the fruit produced by trees, like its counterpart produced by animals, is enjoyed by others), and always have her work perfectly complete at whatever moment our life reaches its appointed limit. For, unlike dances or plays or such like, where if they are suddenly cut short the performance as a whole is left imperfect, the soul, no matter at what stage arrested, will have her task complete to her own satisfaction, and be able to say, 'I am in the fullest possession of mine own.' Moreover, she can encompass the whole universe at will, both its own structure and the void surrounding it, and can reach out into eternity, embracing and comprehending the great cyclic renewals of creation, and thereby perceiving that future generations will have nothing new to witness, even as our forefathers beheld nothing more than we of today, but that if a man comes to his fortieth year, and has any understanding at all, he has virtually seen — thanks to their similarity — all possible happenings, both past and to come. Finally, the qualities of the rational soul include love of neighbours, truthfulness, modesty, and a reverence for herself before all else; and since this last is one of the qualities of law also, it follows that the principle of rationality is one and the same as the principle of justice.

2. You can soon become indifferent to the seductions of song or dance or athletic displays if you resolve the melody into its several notes, and ask yourself of each one in turn, 'Is it this that I cannot resist?' You will flinch from admitting it. Do the same to each movement or attitude of the dancers, and similarly with the athletes. In short, save in the case of virtue and its implications, always remember to go straight for the parts themselves, and by dissecting these achieve your disenchantment. And now, transfer this method to life as a whole.

3. Happy the soul which, at whatever moment the call comes for release from the body, is equally ready to face extinction, dispersion, or survival. Such

preparedness, however, must be the outcome of its own decision; a decision not prompted by mere contumacy, as with the Christians,[1] but formed with deliberation and gravity and, if it is to be convincing to others, with an absence of all heroics.

4. Have I done an unselfish thing? Well then, I have my reward. Keep this thought ever present, and persevere.

5. What is your trade? Goodness. But how are you to make a success of it unless you have a philosopher's insight into the nature of the universe, and into the particular constitution of man?

6. Drama in its earliest phase took the form of Tragedy, which by its presentation of the vicissitudes of life reminds us how naturally things of that kind can happen, and that, since they move us to pleasure on the stage, we have no right to be aggrieved by their occurrence on the larger stage of reality. For in these plays we are shown that, though actions must have their inevitable consequences, men can still endure them, despite the anguished 'Ah, Cithaeron!'[2] that breaks from their lips. Moreover, there are helpful sayings to be found here and there in the tragic writers; notably,

> If Heav'n care nought for me and my two boys,
> There must be some good reason even for this,

or again,

> Vex not thy spirit at the course of things,

or,

> Like ears of corn the lives of men are reaped, and many another of the kind.

After tragedy came the Old Comedy,[3] with a tongue unsparing as a schoolmaster's, but administering a wholesale rebuke to pride by its very outspokenness (which to some extent was adopted by Diogenes for the same

purpose). But later, look at the aims of the Middle Comedy:[4] and eventually of the New Comedy,[5] which was so soon to decline into the mere artificiality of the Mime.[6] To be sure, even these later writers have a few good things to say, as we all know; but what does the whole scope and intention of all their output of poetry and drama amount to?

7. Manifestly, no condition of life could be so well adapted for the practice of philosophy as this in which chance finds you today!

8. A branch severed from an adjoining branch necessarily becomes severed from the whole tree. A man, likewise, who has been divided from any of his fellows has thereby fallen away from the whole community. But whereas the branch is lopped by some other hand, the man, by his feelings of hatred or aversion, brings about his own estrangement from his neighbour, and does not see that at the same time he has cut himself off from the whole framework of society. Nevertheless it is in our power, by grace of Zeus the author of all fellowship, to grow back and become one with our neighbour again, so playing our part once more in the integration of the whole. Yet if such acts of secession are repeated frequently, they make it difficult for the recusant to achieve this reunion and restitution. A branch which has been partner of the tree's growth since the beginning, and has never ceased to share its life, is a different thing from one that has been grafted in again after a severance. As the gardeners say, it is of the same tree, but not of the same mind.

9. Though men may hinder you from following the paths of reason, they can never succeed in deflecting you from sound action; but make sure that they are equally unsuccessful in destroying your charitable feelings towards them. You must defend both positions alike: your firmness in decision and action, and at the same time your gentleness to those who try to obstruct or otherwise molest you. It would be as great a weakness to give way to your exasperation with them as it would be to abandon your course of action and be browbeaten into surrender. In either event the post of duty is deserted; in the one case through lack of courage, and in the other through alienation from men who are your natural brothers and friends.

10. Any form of nature always outrivals art, since every art is no more than

an imitation of the natural. This being so, that supreme Nature which is more perfect and all-inclusive than any other cannot fail to be preeminent in the artist's craft. Furthermore, it is only with an eye on something higher that the arts produce their inferior works; and this is what Nature herself also does. Here, then, we find the origins of justice; for all the other virtues depend on this. We can never achieve true justice while we set our hearts on things of lesser value, and are content to remain credulous, headstrong, and inconstant.

11. It may be that the things you fret and fume to pursue or avoid do not come to you, but rather you go to them. Let your judgements of them, then, remain in suppression; they for their part will make no move, and so you will not be seen pursuing or avoiding them.

12. The soul attains her perfectly rounded form when she is neither straining out after something nor shrinking back into herself; neither disseminating herself piecemeal nor yet sinking down in collapse; but is bathed in a radiance which reveals to her the world and herself in their true colours.

13. Will anyone sneer at me? That will be his concern; mine will be to ensure that nothing I do or say shall deserve the sneer. Will he perhaps hate me? Again, his concern. Mine, to be in friendship and charity with all men, ready to show this very man himself where he is mistaken, and to do so without recrimination or ostentatious forbearance, but — if we may assume that his words were not mere cant — as frankly and generously as Phocion of old.[7] That is the right spirit for a man to have within him; he should never be seen by the gods in the act of harbouring a grudge or making a grievance of his sufferings. What ill can touch you if you follow the proper laws of your being and accept moment by moment whatever great Nature deems opportune, like a true man who is bent on furthering by any and every means the welfare of the world?

14. They despise and yet fawn on one another; each would outstrip the other, and yet cowers and cringes before him.

15. How hollow and insincere it sounds when someone says, 'I am determined to be perfectly straightforward with you.' Why, man, what is all this? The thing needs no prologue; it will declare itself. It should be written

on your forehead, it should echo in the tones of your voice, it should shine out in a moment from your eyes, just as a single glance from the beloved tells all to the lover. Sincerity and goodness ought to have their own unmistakable odour, so that one who encounters this becomes straightway aware of it despite himself. A candour affected is a dagger concealed. The feigned friendship of the wolf is the most contemptible of all, and to be shunned beyond everything. A man who is truly good and sincere and well-meaning will show it by his looks, and no one can fail to see it.

16. The good life can be achieved to perfection by any soul capable of showing indifference to the things that are themselves indifferent. This can be done by giving careful scrutiny first to the elements that compose them, and then to the things themselves; bearing also in mind that none of them is responsible for the opinion we form of it. They make no approaches to us, they remain stationary; it is we who produce judgements about them, and proceed to inscribe these, so to speak, in our minds; despite the fact that it is perfectly in our power either to inscribe nothing at all, or at least to delete promptly anything that may have inscribed itself unawares. Moreover, you must remember that there will not be much more time in which to give heed to these matters, and that our race will soon be run. Do not be aggrieved, then, if things are not always to your liking. As long as they are in accord with nature, be glad of them, and do not make difficulties; if they are not, then find out what your own nature itself enjoins, and make the best of your way towards that; for a man is always justified in seeking his own good.

17. Consider where each thing originates, what goes into its composition, what it is changing into, what it is going to be after the change, and that it will be no whit the worse for it.

18. When offended. Counsel the First. Remember the close bond between myself and the rest of mankind. This obtains, because all of us were born for one another; or to give a different reason, because I was born to be their leader, as the ram is made to lead the flock or the bull the herd; or again — to go back to the first principles — because the world, if it is not mere atoms, must be governed by Nature, and in that case the lower orders of creation must exist for the higher and the higher must exist for one another.

A Second. Think of their characters, at board and in bed and so forth;

and in particular, of the pressure which their own ways of thinking exert upon them, and the consequent self-assurance with which they commit these acts of theirs.

A Third. If what they are doing is right, you have no claim to be annoyed; if it is not, it can only be unintentional and unwitting. For just as 'no soul ever wilfully foregoes truth,' so none ever wilfully denies another the treatment he is entitled to; witness their indignation if anyone accuses them of injustice, ingratitude, meanness, or any other sort of misdemeanour towards their neighbours.

A Fourth. You yourself offend in various ways, and are no different from them. You may indeed avoid certain faults, yet the inclination is there nevertheless, even if cowardice or a regard for your reputation or some such ignoble motive has restrained you from imitating their misdeeds.

A Fifth. You have no assurance that they are doing wrong at all, for the motives of men's actions are not always what they seem. There is generally much to learn before any judgement can be pronounced with certainty on another's doings.

A Sixth. Tell yourself, when you feel exasperated and out of all patience, that this mortal life endures but a moment; it will not be long before we shall one and all have been laid to rest.

A Seventh. It is not the deeds of these men — which are the concern of their own directing reason — that are the source of our annoyance, but the colour we ourselves put upon them. Eliminate this, consent to withdraw all thoughts of their heinousness, and anger disappears at once. How effect such erasure? By the reflection that you, at least, have been left undisgraced. For, were it not that nothing is bad but moral disgrace, you would be guilty of a host of malpractices yourself — robbery, and every other sort of villainy.

An Eighth. Our anger and annoyance are more detrimental to us than the things themselves which anger or annoy us.

A Ninth. Kindness is irresistible, so long as it be genuine and without false smiles or duplicity. The most consummate impudence can do nothing, if you remain persistently kind to the offender, give him a gentle word of admonition when opportunity offers, and at the moment when he is about to vent his malice upon you bring him round quietly with 'No, my son; it was not for this that we were made. I shall not be hurt; it is yourself you are hurting.' Point out courteously and in general terms how this is so, and how even bees and other gregarious animals do not behave as he does — but do it

without any sarcasm or fault-finding, in real affection and with a heart free from rancour; not in the manner of a school-master, nor yet for the admiration of the bystanders, but, even though others may be present, as if you and he were alone in private.

Keep these nine counsels in your memory, as so many gifts from the Muses; and while life is still with you, begin at last to be a man. Yet in guarding yourself against anger with others, be no less careful to avoid any toadying; one is as much against the common welfare as the other, and both lead to mischief. In moments of anger, let the thought always be present that loss of temper is no sign of manliness, but that there is more virility, as well as more natural humanity, in one who shows himself gentle and peaceable; he it is who gives proof of strength and nerve and manliness, not his angry and discontented fellow. Anger is as much a mark of weakness as is grief; in both of them men receive a wound, and submit to a defeat.

In addition, take this, if you will, as a tenth gift; this time from the very leader of the Muses himself. To expect bad men never to do bad things is insensate; it is hoping for the impossible. To tolerate their offences against others, and expect none against yourself, is both irrational and arbitrary.

19. There are four aberrations of your soul's helmsman which you must constantly guard against, and suppress whenever detected. Say to them one by one, 'This is a thought which is not necessary,' 'This is one which would undermine fellowship,' 'This is not the voice of my true self' (for to speak anything but your true sentiments, remember, is of all things the most misplaced), and, fourthly, when you are tempted into self-reproach, 'This would prove the divine element in me to have been discomfited and forced to its knees by the ignoble and perishable flesh with its gross conceptions.'

20. Although the natural propensity of any aerial and igneous particles in your composition is to soar upwards, nevertheless in obedience to the ordinances of the Whole these are held down under restraint within the body they compose. On the other hand, all the earthy and fluid particles in you, despite their tendency to sink downwards, are held up, and made to occupy a position which is not natural to them. Thus even these particles obey the laws of the Whole; when assigned to a position, they perforce remain there until the signal for dissolution recalls them once again. Is it not grievous, then, that the only part of you which is not obedient, and chafes at its appointed sphere,

should be the thinking part? Nothing violent is demanded of it, nothing but what accords with its own nature; yet it will not submit, but breaks away in the contrary direction — for what are all its movements towards injustice, intemperance, anger, grief, or fear, but wilful divergences from nature? When once the helmsman of the soul exhibits resentment at anything which happens to it, that instant it quits its post; for it was no less made for holiness and for reverence for the gods than for justice, and these, being part of the idea of the fellowship of the universe, must come even before justice.

21. If a man's life has no consistent and uniform aim, it cannot itself remain consistent or uniform. Yet that statement does not go far enough unless you can also add something of what the aim should be. Now, it is not upon the whole range of the things which are generally assumed to be good that we find uniformity of opinion to exist, but only upon things of a certain kind: namely, those which affect the welfare of society. Accordingly, the aim we should propose to ourselves must be the benefit of our fellows and the community. Whoso directs his every effort to this will be imparting a uniformity to all his actions, and so will achieve consistency with himself.

22. Remember the country mouse's encounter with the town mouse,[8] and the flurry and agitation into which it threw him.

23. Socrates' name for the beliefs of the man in the street was 'bogies' to scare children.

24. The Spartans used to seat their guests out of the sun at all public spectacles, and themselves sat where they could.

25. Socrates gave as his reason for declining an invitation to the court of Perdiccas, 'I have no wish to go down to my grave with ignominy'; implying that he would accept no favour which he could not repay.

26. The scriptures of the Ephesians contain an exhortation to practise frequent remembrance of some bygone example of virtuous life.

27. The Pythagoreans enjoin contemplation of the heavens every morning, to remind themselves how changelessly and punctually those bodies perform

their appointed task, and also to put them in mind of orderliness, purity and naked simplicity — for no veil clothes a star.

28. Think of Socrates, wrapped in the sheepskin after Xantippe had walked off with his cloak, and what he said to his friends when they recoiled in embarrassment at seeing him so arrayed.[9]

29. In reading and writing, you cannot lay down rules until you have learnt to obey them. Much more so in life.

30. 'Slavish by nature, reason is not for thee.'

31. '... then laughed my heart within me.'

32. 'Virtue they will but abuse, and taunt her with bitter reviling.'

33. 'The fool looks for figs in winter; so is he who looks for children when the season is past.'

34. 'While you are kissing your child,' Epictetus once said, 'murmur under your breath, tomorrow it may be dead.' 'Ominous words,' they told him. 'Not at all,' said he, 'but only signifying an act of nature. Would it be ominous to speak of the gathering of ripe corn?'

35. 'Green grape, ripe cluster, raisin; every step a change, not into what is not, but what is yet to be.'

36. 'The robber of your free will,' writes Epictetus, 'does not exist.'

37. He says, too, that we ought to evolve some proper system for our use of the assent. In regard to the impulses, we must take care to keep them always subject to modification, free from self-interest, and duly proportioned to the merits of the case. Desires also should be restrained to the utmost, and aversions confined to matters under our own control.

38. 'There is no triviality at issue here,' he says, 'but a plain question of sanity or insanity.'

39. 'Which is it your will to have?' Socrates would ask. 'Souls of reasonable or unreasonable men?' 'Reasonable.' 'Reasonable men who are sound, or sick?' 'Sound.' 'Then why not go seek for them?' 'Because we already have them.' 'In that case, then, why all your strife and contention?'

注　释

〔1〕 If these words are authentic and not a later insertion, they are the only reference which Marcus makes to the Christians. C. R. Haines, however, in the Loeb edition of the Meditations, points out that the clause is 'outside the construction, and in fact ungrammatical. It is in the very form of a marginal note, and has every appearance of being a gloss foisted into the text.'

〔2〕 In Sophocles' tragedy Oedipus Rex the king, in the agonized realization of his guilt and with the blood streaming from his self-mutilated eyeballs, cries, 'Ah, Cithaeron, Cithaeron, why didst thou harbour me? Why didst thou not take me and slay me out of hand?' It was on the mountain ranges of Cithaeron, near Thebes, that he had been exposed at birth by his mother Jocasta.

〔3〕 The three great Attic poets of what is called the 'Old Comedy', in the age of Pericles, were Cratinus and his younger contemporaries Eupolis and Aristophanes. The works of all but Aristophanes are lost; and in the words of the historian Grote, if we had not these before us, 'it would have been impossible to imagine the unmeasured and unsparing licence of attack assumed by the Old Comedy upon the gods, the institutions, the politicians, philosophers, poets, private citizens and even the women of Athens.'

〔4〕 Towards the end of Aristophanes' career the licence of the Old Comedy was restricted by law, and writers also began to dispense with the costly services of a chorus; thus making way for the Middle Comedy (c. 400—388 BC), from which the chorus has disappeared and in which stock types — the soldier, the miser, the courtesan — take the place of living individuals as the subjects of ridicule. The leading authors of this period, after Aristophanes himself, are said to have been Eubulus, Antiphanes, and Alexis.

〔5〕 The New Comedy arose after Athens had become subject to the power of Macedonia, and was a further development of the Middle. Politics were excluded from the stage, and the amorous intrigues of fictitious characters became the chief theme. In this class of writers the outstanding figure is Menander, who wrote upwards of a hundred comedies and was confessedly imitated by the Roman poets Plautus and Terence.

〔6〕 Both in Greece and Rome regular comedy was always less enjoyed by the populace than the Mimes, in which the action was portrayed by the movements and gestures of a single performer while a chorus recited the accompanying text. The mimes of Sophron (c. 420 BC) long remained a favourite amusement of the Greeks; and at Rome this type of entertainment became so popular under Augustus and his successors that in the end it virtually superseded the legitimate theatre.

〔7〕 An Athenian general and statesman, accused of treachery and condemned to death by the people. Asked if he had any last words to say, he replied: 'Only that I have no grudge against the Athenians.'

〔8〕 Thus Marcus warns the philosopher not to exchange the quiet of his own soul for the perturbations of the world.

〔9〕 No record of this incident has been found. We know, however, that Socrates consistently refused to be provoked by Xantippe's asperities. According to Diogenes Laertius, he was once asked if he did not find her continual upbraidings intolerable. 'Do you find the cackling of your geese intolerable?' he said. 'No,' was the reply, 'for they provide me with eggs and young goslings.' 'And so

does she provide me with children,' smiled Socrates. Marcus may be referring to some similar instance of the good-natured tolerance which he so frequently enjoins upon himself.

Book Twelve

1. All the blessings which you pray to obtain hereafter could be yours today, if you did not deny them to yourself. You have only to have done with the past altogether, commit the future to providence, and simply seek to direct the present hour aright into the paths of holiness and justice: holiness, by a loving acceptance of your apportioned lot, since Nature produced it for you and you for it: justice, in your speech by a frank and straightforward truthfulness, and in your acts by a respect for law and for every man's rights. Allow yourself, too, no hindrance from the malice, misconceptions or slanders of others, nor yet from any sensations this fleshly frame may feel; its afflicted part will look to itself. The hour for your departure draws near; if you will but forget all else and pay sole regard to the helmsman of your soul and the divine spark within you — if you will but exchange your fear of having to end your life some day for a fear of failing even to begin it on nature's true principles — you can yet become a man, worthy of the universe that gave you birth, instead of a stranger in your own homeland, bewildered by each day's happenings as though by wonders unlooked for, and ever hanging upon this one or the next.

2. God views the inner minds of men, stripped of every material sheath and husk and dross. Acting through his thought alone, he makes contact solely with that in them which is an outflow from himself. School yourself to do likewise, and you will be spared many a distraction; for who that looks past this fleshly covering will ever harass himself with visions of raiment, housing, reputation, or any of the rest of life's costume and scenery?

3. You are composed of three parts: body, breath, and mind. The first two merely belong to you in the sense that you are responsible for their care; the last alone is truly yours. If, then, you put away from this real self — from your understanding, that is — everything that others do or say and everything you yourself did or said in the past, together with every anxiety about the future, and everything affecting the body or its partner breath that is outside your own control, as well as everything that swirls about you in the eddy of

outward circumstance, so that the powers of your mind, kept thus aloof and unspotted from all that destiny can do, may live their own life in independence, doing what is just, consenting to what befalls, and speaking what is true — if, I say, you put away from this master-faculty of yours every such clinging attachment, and whatever lies in the years ahead or the years behind, teaching yourself to become what Empedocles calls a 'totally rounded orb, in its own rotundity joying', and to be concerned solely with the life which you are now living, the life of the present moment, then until death comes you will be able to pass the rest of your days in freedom from all anxiety, and in kindliness and good favour with the deity within you.

4. I often marvel how it is that though each man loves himself beyond all else, he should yet value his own opinion of himself less than that of others. Assuredly if some god or sage counsellor were to stand beside him and bid him harbour no thought or purpose in his heart without straightway publishing it abroad, he could not endure it for so much as a single day. So much more regard have we for our neighbours' judgement of us than for our own.

5. Can the gods, who have contrived all else so well and so benevolently, have overlooked this one thing, that even eminently virtuous men, men in the closest correspondence with the divine and living in intimate union with it through their good works and devotion, should know no re-birth after their death, but be doomed to utter extinction? However, should this indeed be their lot, rest assured that if there had been need for some different plan, it would have been so ordained; had it accorded with Nature, Nature would have brought it to pass. Therefore, from its not being so (if in truth it is not), you may have all confidence that it ought not to be so. Surely you can see that in raising idle questions like this you are indicting the deity? For should we even be joining issue with the gods in this way, unless they were supremely good and just? And if they are, how could they ever have permitted anything to be unfairly or unreasonably neglected in their dispositions for the universe?

6. Practise, even when success looks hopeless. The left hand, inept in other respects for lack of practice, can grasp the reins more firmly than the right, because here it has had practice.

7. Meditate upon what you ought to be in body and soul when death overtakes you; meditate upon the brevity of life, and the measureless gulfs of eternity behind it and before, and upon the frailty of everything material.

8. Look at the inmost causes of things, stripped of their husks; note the intentions that underlie actions; study the essences of pain, pleasure, death, glory; observe how man's disquiet is all of his own making, and how troubles come never from another's hand, but like all else are creatures of our own opinion.

9. In the management of your principles, take example by the pugilist, not the swordsman. One puts down his blade and has to pick it up again; the other is never without his hand, and so needs only to clench it.

10. See what things consist of; resolve them into their matter, form, and purpose.

11. How ample are the privileges vouchsafed to man — to do nothing but what God will approve, and accept everything God may assign!

12. No blame for the order of things can lie with the gods, since nothing amiss can be done by them, either willingly or otherwise; nor yet with men, whose misdoings are none of their own volition. Abstain then from all thoughts of blame.

13. How ludicrous and outlandish is astonishment at anything that happens in life!

14. There is a doom inexorable and a law inviolable, or there is a providence that can be merciful, or else there is a chaos that is purposeless and ungoverned. If a resistless fate, why try to struggle against it? If a providence willing to show mercy, do your best to deserve its divine succour. If a chaos undirected, give thanks that amid such stormy seas you have within you a mind at the helm. If the waters overwhelm you, let them overwhelm flesh, breath, and all else, but they will never make shipwreck of the mind.

15. Does the lantern's flame shine with undimmed brilliance until it is quenched, yet shall truth, wisdom, and justice die within you before you yourself are extinguished?

16. At the impression that somebody has done wrong, reflect, 'What certainty have I that it is wrong?' Furthermore, even if it is, may he not already have reproached himself for it, fully as much as though his nails had visibly rent his features? To wish that a rogue would never do wrong is like wishing that fig-trees would never have any sour juice in their fruit, infants never cry, horses never neigh, or any other of life's inevitabilities never come to pass. How, pray, could he act otherwise, with the character he has? If you find it so vexatious, then reform it.

17. If it is not the right thing to do, never do it; if it is not the truth, never say it. Keep your impulses in hand.

18. Always look at the whole of a thing. Find what it is that makes its impression on you, then open it up and dissect it into cause, matter, purpose, and the length of time before it must end.

19. Try to see, before it is too late, that you have within you something higher and more godlike than mere instincts which move your emotions and twitch you like a puppet. Which of these is it, then, that is clouding my understanding at this moment? Fear, jealousy, lust, or some other?

20. Firstly, avoid all actions that are haphazard or purposeless; and secondly, let every action aim solely at the common good.

21. Soon enough, remember, you yourself must become a vagrant thing of nothingness; soon enough everything that now meets your eye, together with all those in whom is now the breath of life, must be no more. For all things are born to change and pass away and perish, that others in their turn may come to be.

22. Everything is but what your opinion makes it; and that opinion lies with yourself. Renounce it when you will, and at once you have rounded the foreland and all is calm; a tranquil sea, a tideless haven.

23. When an operation, no matter of what sort, is brought to a close at the right moment, the stoppage does it no harm and the agent himself is no worse for discontinuing his action. So if life itself — which is nothing but the totality of all our operations — also ceases when the time comes, it takes no hurt by its mere cessation, nor is he adversely affected who thus brings the whole series of his operations to its timely conclusion. But the proper hour and term are fixed by nature: if not by a man's own nature — as, for example, through old age — then at all events by great Nature herself, by whose continuous renewing of her every part the universe remains for ever young and vigorous. Whatever serves the purpose of the Whole is kept always fair and blooming. It follows, then, that the ending of his life can be no evil to a man — for, being a thing outside his control and innocent of all self-seeking, there is nothing in it to degrade him — nay, it is even a good, inasmuch as for the universe it is something opportune, serviceable and in keeping with all else. Thus, by following the way of God and being at one with him in thought, man is borne onward by the divine hand.

24. There are three counsels worth keeping in mind. The first concerns actions: these should never be undertaken at random, nor in ways unsanctioned by justice. You must remember that all outward events are the result of either chance or providence; and you cannot reprimand chance or impeach providence. In the second place, think well what everything is, from earliest seed to birth of soul and from soul's birth to its ultimate surrender; what the thing is compounded of, and what it will dissolve into. Thirdly, imagine yourself suddenly carried up into the clouds and looking down on the whole panorama of human activities: how the scene would excite your contempt, now that you could discern the multitude of aerial and heavenly beings who throng around them. Furthermore, reflect that no matter how often upborne in this way, you would still behold the same sights, in all their monotony and transience. Yet these are the things of which we make such a boast!

25. Once dismiss the view you take, and you are out of danger. Who, then, is hindering such dismissal?

26. When you let yourself feel resentment at a thing, you forget that nothing

can come about except in obedience to Nature; that any misconduct in the matter was none of yours; and moreover, that this is the only way in which things have always happened, will always happen, and do always happen. You are forgetting, too, the closeness of man's brotherhood with his kind; a brotherhood not of blood or human seed, but of a common intelligence; and that this intelligence in every man is God, an emanation from the deity. You forget that nothing is properly a man's own, for even his child, his body, his soul itself, all come from this same God; also, that all things depend upon opinion; also, that the passing moment is all that a man can ever live or lose.

27. Ponder the lives of the men who have set no bounds to their passions, the men who have reached the very summits of glory, disaster, odium, or any other of the peaks of chance; and then consider, 'Where are they all now?' Vapour, ashes, a tale; perhaps not even a tale. Contemplate the numerous examples: Fabius Catullinus on his estate, Lucius Lupus in his gardens, Stertinius at Baiae, Tiberius at Capri, Velius Rufus; any instance at all of what pride can set its heart upon. How ignoble are all their strivings! How much more befitting a philosopher it were to aim at justice, temperance and fealty to the gods — yet always with simplicity, for the pride that swells beneath a garb of humility is of all things the most intolerable.

28. To those who insist, 'Where have you ever seen the gods, and how can you be so assured of their existence, that you worship them in this way?' my answer is, 'For one thing, they are perfectly visible to the eye.[1] For another, I have never seen my own soul either, but none the less do I venerate that. So it is with the gods; it is experience which proves their power every day, and therefore I am satisfied that they exist, and I do them reverence.'

29. For a life that is sound and secure, cultivate a thorough insight into things and discover their essence, matter, and cause; put your whole heart into doing what is just, and speaking what is true; and for the rest, know the joy of life by piling good deed on good deed until no rift or cranny appears between them.

30. Sunlight is all one, even when it is broken up by walls, mountains, and a host of other things. Substance is all one, even when it is parcelled out among the numberless living bodies of different sorts, each with its own special

qualities. Soul is all one, even when it is distributed among countless natures of every kind in countless differing proportions. Even soul that is gifted with the additional quality of thought, though apparently divisible, is likewise all one. For the other parts of all those organisms — their breath, for example — are material things, incapable of sensation, which have no affinity with each other and are only kept together by the unifying pressure of gravitation. But thought, by its very nature, tends spontaneously towards anything of its own kind and mingles with it; so that the instinct for unity is not frustrated.

31. Why do you hunger for length of days? Is it to experience sensations and desires, or increase or cessation of growth? Is it to make use of the powers of speech or thought? Does any of these things seem really worth coveting? Then if you think them beneath your notice, press on towards the final goal of all — which is the following of reason and of God. But to prize this, you must remember, is incompatible with any feelings of resentment that death will rob you of the others.

32. How small a fraction of all the measureless infinity of time is allotted to each one of us; an instant, and it vanishes into eternity. How puny, too, is your portion of all the world's substance; how insignificant your share of all the world's soul; on how minute a speck of the whole earth do you creep. As you ponder these things, make up your mind that nothing is of any import save to do what your own nature directs, and to bear what the world's Nature sends you.

33. How is my soul's helmsman going about his task? For in that lies everything. All else, within my control or beyond it, is dead bones and vapour.

34. Nothing will more encourage a contempt for death than the reflection that even men who accounted pleasure a good and pain an evil have nevertheless been able to despise it.

35. When a man finds his sole good in that which the appointed hour brings him; when he cares not if his actions be many or few, so they accord with strict reason; when it matters nought to him whether his glimpse of this world be long or fleeting — not death itself can be a thing of terror for him.

36. O man, citizenship of this great world-city has been yours. Whether for five years or fivescore, what is that to you? Whatever the law of that city decrees is fair to one and all alike. Wherein, then, is your grievance? You are not ejected from the city by any unjust judge or tyrant, but by the selfsame Nature which brought you into it; just as when an actor is dismissed by the manager who engaged him. 'But I have played no more than three of the five acts.' Just so; in your drama of life, three acts are all the play. Its point of completeness is determined by him who formerly sanctioned your creation, and today sanctions your dissolution. Neither of those decisions lay within yourself. Pass on your way, then, with a smiling face, under the smile of him who bids you go.

注　释

〔1〕 The Stoics believed the stars to be divine.

NIGHT WALKS

伦敦夜行记

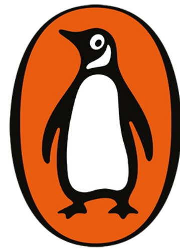
［英］查尔斯·狄更斯　著
牛云平　丁振琴　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

伦敦夜行记

（英）查尔斯·狄更斯/著

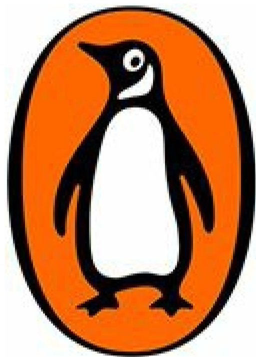
牛云平　丁振琴/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

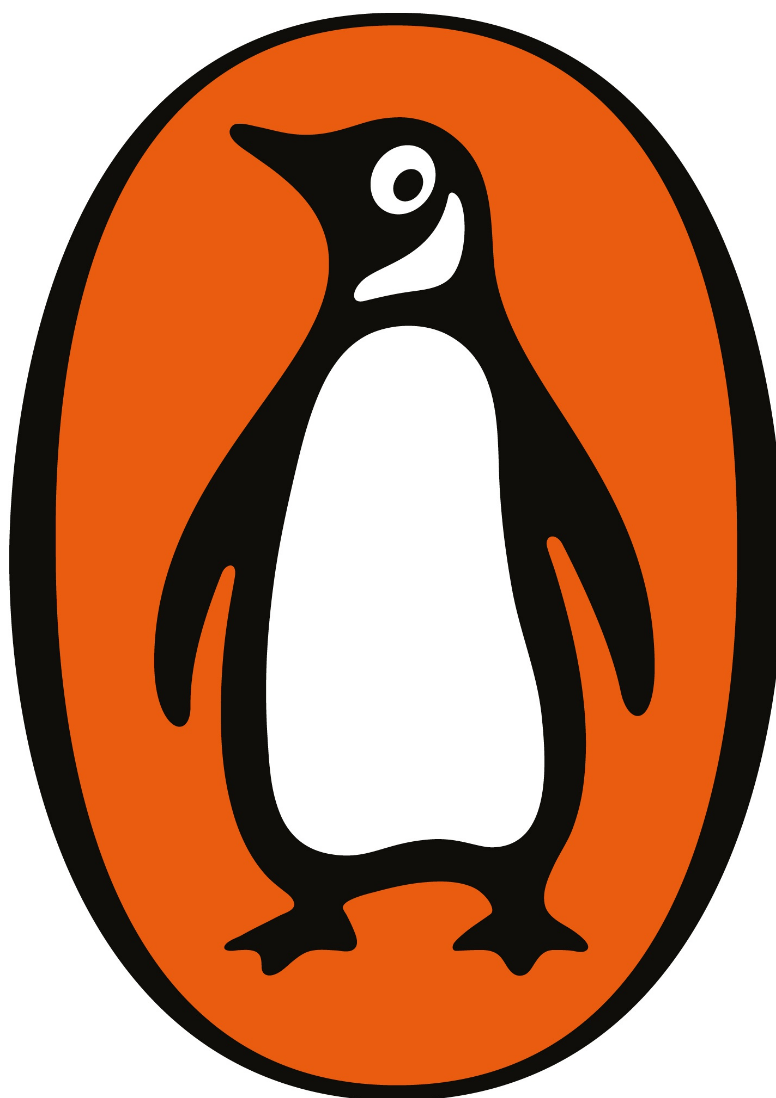
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin
Random House
North Asia

www.penguin.com
Taken from Selected Journalism 1850-1870 published by Penguin Classics
This selection published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

查尔斯·狄更斯（Charles Dickens，1812—1870）是英国最伟大的小说家之一，享誉世界的代表作有《匹克威克外传》（1836—1837）、《雾都孤儿》（1837—1839）、《尼古拉斯·尼克贝》（1838—1839）、《圣诞颂歌》（1843）、《董贝父子》（1848）、《大卫·科波菲尔》（1849—1850）、《艰难时世》（1854）、《小杜丽》（1857）、《双城记》（1859）、《远大前程》（1860—1861）等。其文风幽默浑厚、雅俗共赏，因而蜚声天下，迄今不衰。

狄更斯生于朴茨茅斯市郊区，父亲是当地海军工厂附属海军会计处的一名职员。他童年时家境小康、生活幸福。但因父母持家无方，狄更斯十二岁时被迫辍学、到漆鞋厂做童工。这段经历，加上因父亲两度负债入狱、举家随之搬到狱中生活的经历，成为他终生不释的创痛。他作品中的孤弃儿主角、怨忿自怜之情、童话式情节、小人物的悲惨生活等莫不与此有关。然而，狄更斯天生颖悟、酷爱读书、勤奋过人，成就了以后的事业。1829年起，他进入报业，开始了高产、高质的写作生涯。事业的成功为他带来了丰厚的收入，1842年起，他携全家多次周游欧美，积累了大量创作素材。至1870年去世，他著有约十六部重要长篇小说、四部短篇故事集，以及近十部剧本、诗歌、纪实作品。

1850年至1870年，狄更斯先后编辑出版了周刊《家常话》和《一年四季》。《家常话》以普通大众，特别是正在崛起的中产阶级为主要读者群，发表重大社会价值类、重要信息类和娱乐类三大类文章，致力于揭露政府的腐败和渎职、力倡推进医疗卫生事业、呼吁创建面向全民的全国性公共教育体系。这些文章纪实性强、通俗易读，深受社会关注、影响强大。《一年四季》以刊登小说类作品为主，但继续了《家常话》

的许多主题。从1860年至1869年，他在《一年四季》上陆续发表了题为《非商务旅客》的系列笔记体和回忆体小说。

本书八篇短文均出自《家常话》和《非商务旅客》。这些短文或浓墨重彩、或轻描淡写地展现了十九世纪中期英国社会的斑驳万象：夜幕下伦敦城中的罪恶与堕落、充满冒险的发财梦、浮躁的下层民众、庞大的海军工业、贫困的伦敦东区、恶劣的工作与生活条件、诈伪的彩票店、狂热的彩民、铺张的葬仪……不一而足。

翻译是一种跨越时空的旅行和洞隐烛微的观察。在狄更斯那随意而锐利的笔锋引领下，这一观察再次揭示：第一，在对华发动鸦片战争前夕，英国内政并非蒸蒸日上，而是同样的矛盾重重、危机潜伏；第二，该时期的英国国力正在上升，但比起前工业化时期，其国民的综合素质并无明显的飞跃；第三，在个体的生存现实面前，自由、平等、博爱等宏大口号不过是蚊蝇的回声；第四，历史不会重复，但故事始终在发生。

伦敦夜行记

数年前，我因心事烦扰，曾短暂失眠。连续几晚，我都整夜在街上巡游。倘若我只是虚弱地躺在床上尝试各种入睡方法，也许得很长时间才能克服病症。所幸我用了一种积极疗法，很快就战胜了失眠症：刚躺下就起床、出门，日出时再筋疲力尽地回家来。

那几晚，我从做业余流浪汉的亲身经历中颇长了些见识。为了挨过长夜，我到处游荡，因而懂得了那些有着同样遭历的夜巡人，他们一年到头夜夜都这般度过。

时值三月，天气潮湿、阴冷。太阳到五点半才会出来，从午夜十二点半之后，夜幕就显得漫长无限。而我，就在此时投入暗夜。

在我们流浪汉心目中，大都市的躁动不宁及其入睡前的翻腾滚动乃是首批娱乐节目之一。它的表演要持续两个小时左右。待到那些营业到深夜的酒馆熄了灯，侍者将店里最后一批吵闹不休的醉汉推到了街上，我们一下就少了许多无眠的同伴。不过，此后我们会遇到一二车辆和三两行人。幸运时，还能骤然看到一名警察咔咔地疾行而来，随之就是一场打斗。但这种消遣通常都难得一见。草市街[1]是伦敦市管理最差的地方，除了草市街上、自治区[2]的肯特街周围，以及老肯特路的部分路段，别处都一派寂静，罕见激烈事件发生。可是，伦敦好像在效仿它的居民似的，在断气前总要抽搐、抖动几下。一切似乎都已安静下来，可要是有一辆出租马车嘎嘎地飞驰而过，随后肯定还会出现五六辆。流浪汉们甚至观察到，那些酩酊醉客好像也带着磁力，彼此相吸：每当我们看到一个醉汉晃晃荡荡地朝某个商店的百叶窗走去，就知道，不出五分钟，另一个醉汉必会晃晃荡荡地出现在他面前，两人不是兄弟般地搂在

一起，就是仇人般地大打出手。这类普通的醉鬼通常是些胳膊纤瘦、毛发蓬乱、唇色青灰的金酒酒徒[3]。我们偶尔也会遇到另一类样貌较为体面、身着脏污丧服的醉汉。这类醉鬼十分罕见，二者的比例是五十比一。街道经历夜晚，也经历白天；有些普通人会意外得些财产，也会意外畅饮一番。

这些忽隐忽现的火花最终渐渐消退、慢慢熄灭—清醒生活的最后几粒真正的火星儿从某个很晚才收的馅饼摊或烤土豆摊飘落—伦敦市就会随之沉入梦乡。此时，流浪汉满心向往的就是有同伴存在的迹象：一个亮灯的地方、一点儿动静，以及表明还有人在活动—不，哪怕只是还醒着—的任何事物。流浪汉的眼睛在寻找窗户里的光亮。

雨声滴答，走过大街小巷的流浪汉不停地走啊走啊，眼前除了错综无限的街巷，一无所见。只是偶尔会在某个转角处看到两个警察正在交谈，或是一名警官或巡官正在关照他的部下。夜间，有些时候—但这种时候极少—流浪汉会注意到，有个人头正鬼鬼祟祟地从前面不远处的门口朝外窥视。走上前去就会发现，有个人正紧贴着门站得笔直，试图藏匿在门口的暗影当中，显然没有跟别人作伴儿的意思。流浪汉和这位先生像着了魔一般，在可怕而适时的沉默中彼此从头到脚打量一番，而后一言不发、满腹狐疑地各自走开。滴答、滴答、滴答，雨水从壁架和墙顶上滴落，从管子和喷嘴上溅落。不久，流浪汉的身影就投在了通往滑铁卢大桥[4]的石铺路面上。在流浪汉心目中，去滑铁卢大桥花半便士[5]对收费员道声“晚安”，顺便瞥一眼他身旁的炉火，这是很值得的。那旺盛的炉火、漂亮的厚大衣、上好的羊毛围脖，加上收费员本人，看上去令人备感舒适。此外，他精神饱满、头脑清醒地将一枚枚半便士铜币放到跟前的金属桌子上，发出嘎啦嘎啦的声响，就像一个公然对抗黑夜及夜幕下所有忧思的挑战者，毫不介意黎明在即，令人备感愉悦。桥上阴郁可怖，所以桥头处很需要这样鼓舞人心的事物。我巡游的那些夜晚，还没人用绳子把那个被剁成碎块的人缒下桥栏。他还活着，且那时已经

极适宜地安睡着，无梦相扰，不去忧虑自己的结局。但泰晤士河显得十分骇人：两岸的建筑被蒙裹在漆黑的寿衣里；河面的反光宛似发自水底深处，恰如自杀者的幽灵正擎着它们在指示自己溺死的地点。狂野的月亮和云团躁动不宁，好像罪人在床上辗转难安。伦敦市的巨大阴影似乎沉沉地压在泰晤士河上。

大桥和两座大剧院的间距不过几百步之遥，所以过桥便是剧院。夜晚的剧院，灯火尽熄、黑暗狰狞，人面消失、虚席连片，犹如两口巨大的枯井，荒凉死寂。此时此刻，这种种物事当中，除了尤里克的骷髅[6]，恐怕没有一样能够自知自觉。某夜，教堂尖塔在三月的凄风冷雨中敲响四点时，我穿过其中一片宏旷荒漠的边界，进到了里面。我手拿一盏昏暗的提灯，沿着熟悉的路径，摸索到了舞台跟前，隔着乐池向对岸的虚空望去。此时的乐池犹如一个瘟疫猖獗期挖下的宽大墓穴，对岸则像一个辽阔而阴沉的洞穴，枝形吊灯如同其他物什一样已然僵死，在雨雾弥漫的空旷里，触目可见的只有层层的裹尸布。我的脚下便是我上次看戏所在的地方。上次在这里，我观看了那不勒斯的农民们不顾沸腾而来的火山岩浆在葡萄树间跳舞的场面。而现在，这里趴着一条粗蛇般的消防水龙。它警惕地匍匐着，一俟吐着信子的火蛇窜出就会即刻飞扑过去。一个幽灵般的守门人举着黯淡的莫烛在远处的楼座区一晃而过。我退步上了舞台，将灯举过头顶，照向卷起的幕布，只见那幕布不再是绿色，而变成了乌黑色。往上是一个黑暗的穹顶，其中模糊地现出一具船只残骸的模样，上面还带着帆篷与绳索。我想，我的感受可能恰如一个潜水者在海底的感受。

凌晨时分，大街小巷已经了无动静。我去新门监狱[7]转了转，找到了些可供沉思的素材。我摸了摸监狱那粗糙的石墙，想象了一下睡梦中的囚犯，然后隔着布满尖钉的便门望了一眼门房，看了看值班狱卒映在白墙上的火光和灯光。这个时间也很适合在那扇邪恶的欠债犯之门外面逗留。门紧紧地关着，比任何别的门关得都牢。对许多人而言，这扇门

就是死亡之门[8]。在那些乡下来客冒险使用一英镑伪币的时期，多少不幸的男男女女—其中许多人都很无辜—面对着可怕的基督教圣墓堂的尖塔[9]，被绞死在刑台上，离开了这个矛盾重重的无情世界！我怀疑，如今的夜晚，那些老经理人懊悔的幽灵有没有重访英格兰银行的营业室？或者，那营业室里是否如同老贝利街上这个衰落的刑场一样寂静？

接下来很轻易地就能走到英格兰银行，一路哀悼着美好的旧时代、叹惋着罪恶的现时代，于是我就这么做了。我还像真的流浪汉那样围着英格兰银行游荡了一圈，考虑了一下里面的财富，也考虑了一下银行外那些守着火炉打盹儿的值夜卫兵。随后，我去了比林斯格特鱼市场，希望能遇到些赶早市的人。但事实证明，我去得太早了。所以我就越过伦敦大桥，下到萨里区一侧的泰晤士河边，穿行在大酒厂的楼房间。酒厂里煞是热闹，那弥漫的烟汽、谷物的气味以及肥壮的货车马匹在食槽前吃草时发出的咯吱声，都是我绝妙的同伴。在它们中间待过之后，我感到精神抖擞、心情焕朗，于是再次上路，奔向下一个目标—老王座法庭监狱[10]，而且决定在到达监狱墙下时，想一想可怜的贺拉斯·肯齐和人患干腐病。

人患干腐病是一种怪病，病因不明。它将贺拉斯·肯齐送进了老王座法庭监狱，又从那里将他脚前头后地送了出来。肯齐正值盛年，相貌堂堂、家境富裕、性格和善，深受朋友们欢迎。他的婚姻门当户对，儿女健康漂亮。然而，他却像某些漂亮的房屋或漂亮的船只那样，患上了干腐病。人患干腐病的首要外部症状表现为下述倾向：偷偷地东游西荡、不明所以地站在街角处、有人碰上就说要四处走走、到处溜达而不是待在一处、不做具体事情而打算在明天或后天履行各种抽象的责任。如果有人发现了这些外部症状，通常都会将其与以前的某种模糊印象联系起来，认为病人只是生活得有点痛苦。观察者无暇反复琢磨这些现象，进而怀疑病人是否患上了可怕的“干腐病”。等病人的面貌变得有点邋遢、衰败，可实际又并不贫穷、肮脏、中毒或患病，他才会发觉：病

人感染的是干腐病。随后，病人会在早晨散发出烈酒的气味；之后，挥霍钱财；之后，日夜都散发出烈酒的气味；之后，对一切都满不在乎；之后，四肢震颤、嗜睡多梦、困苦潦倒，最终粉身碎骨。染病者的症状与染病木材的症状一般无二。干腐病的扩散速度如同高额复利计息法，根本算不过来。一旦发现一块木板感染了该病，那么整栋房屋就要完了。这情况就发生在不幸的贺拉斯·肯齐身上，他不久前刚靠一笔捐款得以下葬。熟人们还没说完"他的家庭那么富有、生活那么舒适、前途那么光明—可是，唉，真让人担心，他竟沾染上了干腐病！"这句话呢，哎呀！他就整个地被干腐病吞没，变成了一抔坟土。

那静寂的狱墙与这个极普通的故事有着紧密的联系。在那些流浪的夜晚，离开老王座法庭监狱之后，我接着就去伯利恒皇家医院附近逛逛。这样做的部分原因是，它就在我去往威斯敏斯特[11]的沿途；另有部分原因是，我脑海里有种对黑夜的奇想，只有看着伯利恒医院的墙壁和圆顶，这想象才能发挥到极致。我的奇想是：到了晚上，睡梦中的正常人难道和精神病人有什么两样吗？在生命中的每一晚，我们这些在医院外面的人都会做梦，这难道不正和医院里面的精神病人多多少少地情形相似吗？在夜晚，我们难道不正像他们在白天那样，荒谬地以为自己同大大小小的国王与王后、皇帝与皇后，与各式各样的名人显要有着关联吗？到了夜晚，我们难道不正像他们在白天那样，将事件、人员、时间和地点混成一团吗？我们有时为自己的纷乱睡梦所扰，对吧？我们有时急于说明或解释这些梦境，正如他们有时急于说明或解释自己在清醒时的幻觉，对吧？上次我在某家同类医院中遇到了一位精神病患者，他对我说："先生，我经常会飞起来。"我有些羞愧地想，我也会飞—在晚上。在同一家医院，一位女患者说："维多利亚女王常常来与我共进午餐。我和女王陛下身着睡袍，吃的是桃子和通心面。王夫殿下也盛情驾临。他穿着陆军元帅制服，是骑着马来的。"我想起自己曾（在夜晚）多次举办了盛大的皇室宴会，餐桌上放着数不清的美味佳肴，我在那尊贵的场合多么举止得体、气度非凡！想起这些，难道我能不羞愧得脸红

吗？真奇怪，那全知的伟大主人将睡眠称为每一天生命的死亡，却未将睡梦称作每一天健全心智的精神错乱。

这样想着，我已将伯利恒皇家医院抛在了身后，再次朝泰晤士河走去。片刻之间，我便到了威斯敏斯特桥上，用一双流浪汉的眼睛贪赏着英国国会的外墙。我知道它是一所完美的庞大机构，并且深信：所有的周边国家和未来时代都会对它赞羡备至。但如果国会的工作效率也偶尔提高一下，也许就更好了。我拐进了旧宫院[12]，在皇家法院待了十五分钟，低声念叨着这些法院令多少人无法入眠，令那些不幸的原告感到深夜是多么悲惨、可怕。接下来的十五分钟，阴郁的威斯敏斯特大教堂[13]成了我的好伙伴。教堂里那些黑暗的拱门和立柱中间埋葬着多少杰出的亡者！每一世纪的来客都超拔无匹，令上一世纪叹为观止。实际上，在那些流浪的夜晚，我甚至还去过一些公墓。守墓人定时在墓地中巡逻，并转动一个指示器那磨得光溜溜的手柄，指示器就会记录下他们触动手柄的时间。一个古老的城市埋葬着数量多么惊人的亡者！倘若他们在生者入眠时全都死而复生、出来活动，所有的街巷里、道路上该拥挤到什么程度！生者要想出门来，会连插针的缝隙都找不到。这是一幕多么骇人的景象！不仅如此，连城外都会弥山遍野、密密麻麻，全是那无量数的亡者。只有上帝才会知道，这支连天匝地的大军向外周绵延到多远。

深夜时分，教堂的钟声突然敲响，流浪汉会误认为是同伴来了，发出一声欢呼。然而，在这死寂的中夜，你会分外清晰地听到，声波一圈一圈地荡漾开来、扩散出去，渐远渐轻，或许（像哲人所言）一直淡入那无尽的太空。这时，你才意识到自己的错误，更深邃的孤寂感随之袭来。有一次，我离开威斯敏斯特大教堂后，转弯朝北走去，到达圣马丁教堂那巨大的台阶下时，三点的钟声恰好敲响了。突然，一样东西从我脚前站了起来，同时发出了一声孤独无依的叫喊。它是受到了钟声的惊吓而叫起来的，那种叫声我闻所未闻。我再向前一步就要踩上它了。我

们相对而立，彼此惊惧。原来是个眉毛浓密、长有髭须的年轻人，约有二十岁。他一只手紧攥着披在身上的几件破衣烂衫，从头到脚都在颤抖，牙齿咔咔作响。他紧盯着我—是迫害者？是恶魔？是鬼魂？管我是什么呢—就像一只受惊之犬，那哀号着的嘴巴似乎要向我猛咬。他一边尖叫、准备扑咬，一边后退。我想给这个凶恶的可怜人一点钱，就伸出一只手去安抚他，按住了他的肩膀。可他一下就甩掉了外衣，扭身闪开，恰如《新约》中的那个年轻人[14]。我独自站在那里，手里拎着他的褴褛衣衫。

逢集的早晨，考文特花园市场[15]就成了流浪汉的好伙伴。一辆辆装满了卷心菜的大马车就像是在举行盛会：菜农家的男人们和儿子们就睡在马车底下；这一带人家的凶犬看管着整个市场-花园地区。然而，就我所知，在这里鬼鬼祟祟地游来荡去的孩子乃是伦敦市最糟糕的夜景之一：他们在筐子里睡觉，为争抢被抛弃的禽畜杂肉而打斗，一看到任何可以下手偷盗的东西就飞奔而去，钻到拉车和手推车下躲避巡警；他们总是光着脚跑在这个露天市场的铺砌路面上，阵雨似地发出沉闷的啪啪声。你不由得开始比较：那些人们竭力改良、精心照顾的土地出产的农产品会逐渐腐烂，所有这些（除了被人驱赶之外）无人关心的野孩子显然也在逐渐腐烂，这是多么怪异、多么令人心痛的现实！

在考文特花园市场附近，有家很早就开的咖啡馆，那是流浪汉的又一个伙伴，而且是个温暖的伙伴，这就更好了。咖啡馆还供应大块的面包。面包是那个头发蓬乱的汉子在咖啡馆的一间内室里做出来的。他此时还没穿外套，也没太睡醒，在给顾客送来面包和咖啡之后，就坐在隔扇后面又睡着了，鼾声时塞时通、千变万化，很快就进入了梦乡。这家咖啡馆是弓街[16]附近最早的建筑物之一。一天凌晨，我游荡进了咖啡馆，在桌边坐下来，边喝咖啡边思考着接下来往哪去。一个男人走了进来。他身着鼻烟色的高领长大衣，脚上穿着鞋子，头上戴着帽子。我深信，他此外什么都没穿。他从帽子里拿出一大块凉的肉馅布丁。布丁非

常大，把帽子撑得鼓鼓的。为了取出布丁，他把帽子的衬里全都翻了出来。肉馅布丁显然是这位神秘顾客的标志。他一到，睡意蒙蒙的汉子就端上来一品脱[17]热茶、一小条面包、一套大刀叉和餐盘。汉子离开隔间后，这位主顾就直接把布丁放在桌面上，不是拿刀切开它，而是掌心朝下一下刺穿它，就像刺死一个不共戴天的仇敌；之后抽出刀来，在袖子上擦擦，然后用手指撕碎布丁，统统吃掉。这个吃布丁的人是我夜游期间遇到的最像鬼怪的人，至今记忆犹新。我只去过那家咖啡馆两次，两次都看到他直挺挺地大步走进来（应该说，他刚从墓穴爬出来，随即就要回去），取出布丁，刺穿它，擦擦利刃，消灭布丁。其身形令人联想到灰白色的死尸，但那张马脸分外绯红。我第二次看见他时，他嘶哑地问那个爱打盹的汉子："今天晚上我的脸红吗？""嗯，很红。"汉子直言不讳。那幽灵就说："我母亲就是个贪杯的红脸女人。她进了棺材之后，我使劲看了看她，就变成了红脸膛。"不知怎地，那个肉馅布丁自此变得令人作呕，我就再也不去跟他碰面了。

不逢集或者想换换路线时，我就到火车站去。凌晨的邮车到站时，这里会热闹一番。但像世间的大多数伙伴一样，它只能陪我一小会儿：站台灯突然亮起来，搬运员从栖身处冒出来，出租马车、手推车吱吱嘎嘎地到达预定地点（邮局的大拉车已经到位）。最后，铃声响起，火车随即哐哐响着到站。但没有乘客上下车，也没行李可搬运，于是所有车、人都迅速散去。这些火车邮局有着巨大的网络，仿佛是拖着网在国土上打捞尸体。它们的车门倏地打开，喷出一股煤油灯的臭气、一个疲惫的职员、一个穿着红大衣的警卫，以及他们装满信件的背包。火车引擎喘息着、呻吟着、大汗淋漓，像是在边擦额头边诉说："瞧我这一路跑的！"不到十分钟，灯火尽熄，我又成了孤单的流浪汉。

不过，此时，附近的大路上有人赶着牛群走来了。牛儿（通常都会像牛儿那样）想拐进石墙之中，挤进铁栏间那六英寸宽的空隙，（也通常都会像牛儿那样）低下头去，将货物抛向想象中的恶犬，给它们自己

及其所有忠诚的看护人惹来一大堆多余的麻烦。此时，清醒的煤气灯也知道白昼将至，神色开始暗淡下来。大街上已经出现了三三两两的劳动者。夜间，醒时生活随着最后一个馅饼摊的最后一点火花而熄灭；现在，它则随着街角处第一批早点摊的炉火而复苏。这样，白昼的步伐越来越大；最后，它一个飞跃，来临了。而我也已身疲体倦，能够入睡了。在此时转身回家的路上，我曾认为，在夜晚那真正的荒原上，无家可归的流浪者茕然游荡，乃是伦敦最无趣的事情。而今我意识到，情况并非如此。我本就十分清楚，各式各样的罪恶与不幸都在何处，如果我乐意，就会找到它们；但我选择了规避，故此在无数漫长的街道上，我的流浪才能那般形单影只。

（牛云平　译）

迷失金融城

在我年龄和个头都还很小的时候，有一天在伦敦金融城里迷路了。某某（某某的魂灵啊，我忘记你的名字了，请原谅！）带我去观赏圣吉尔斯[18]教堂的外景，作为对我的隆重款待。我脑子里满是许多与那座宏伟的宗教建筑有关的浪漫想法，并且坚信：各种乞丐在工作日都装作瞎子、跛子、肢体残缺者、聋哑人或有其他身体疾病者，可每到周日就抛开伪装，换上节日盛装，到他们庇护人的殿堂来参加圣仪。我约略认为，班姆菲尔德·摩尔·卡鲁[19]的现任继承人会在这种场合担当俗人委员一类的角色，坐在一个高高地挂着红帘子的厢席里。

时值春季，我这些稚嫩的念头随着季节抽出了新枝，搞得我的父母和保护人都头疼不已。于是，某某主动提出带我去看看圣吉尔斯教堂的外景。（我如今猜测）他们认为，那样很可能就会熄灭我的幻想之火，让我的头脑清醒过来。早饭之后，我俩出发了。我至今记得，某某那天的打扮很醒目：下穿质地良好、乳白色的条绒马裤，打着高帮斜纹布绑腿；上穿缀着闪亮纽扣的绿色外套，戴着条蓝色围巾，露着一圈极大的衬衫领子。我现在认为，那时他肯定（跟我一样）刚从肯特郡的蛇麻草地上走出来不久。但当时我将他奉为时尚之典范、礼仪之楷模—简直就是现世的哈姆雷特，只不过没有后者那棘手的家务事罢了。

我俩边走边聊，满意地观赏了圣吉尔斯教堂的外貌。尖塔上那面飘扬的旗子尤其让人激动不已。现在推想，我们随后就沿着河岸大道[20]走向了诺桑伯兰府[21]，去欣赏府门顶上那尊闻名遐迩的狮像。我记得很清楚，总之，就在我满怀敬畏和赞羡地仰望那头大名鼎鼎的动物时，某某不见了。

我迷路了！惶恐倏地攫取了我幼小的心灵。今日回想，那骤然惊惧仍历历如昨。我敢肯定，即便我那时发觉自己是在北极迷了路，而不是迷失在那条雄狮傲视之下的狭窄、拥挤、令人不安的街道上，心中惊悸也不过如此。然而，我边哭边沿街奔跑了几个来回，就将乍现的恐惧抛在了脑后。随后，我怀着一种凄凉的自尊感走进了一个庭院，在台阶上坐下，开始考虑如何度过一生。

我相信，我幼小的脑子里根本没有想到要问路回家。或许那时的我还很喜欢迷路后那种凄凉的自尊感呢。但是，我如今切实地相信，当我为未来规划宏大蓝图时，根本就没有注意到那最简短、最显见的人生道路。我猜，我当时只有八九岁，还非常幼稚。

我兜里有一先令零四便士，小指上戴着一枚白镴戒指，戒指上镶着一小块红玻璃。这件首饰是我的爱恋对象在我生日那天送给我的。我俩发誓要结婚，但也预料到双方家庭将会阻碍我们的结合。她（当时六岁）属于卫斯理宗，我则虔信英国国教[22]。就在我生日那天，我的教父—他是个既懂得自己职责所在又能履行职责的人—送给了我半克朗[23]，我花得还剩下这一先令零四便士。

有这些宝贝在身，我决定去碰碰运气。我想，我一旦发了迹，就驾着六匹马拉的大车回家去娶我的新娘子。想着这幅胜利的图景，我又哭了几声。可很快我就擦干眼泪，出了庭院，按计划踏上了征途。我的计划是：首先（作为某种仪式）前往市政大厅看看那对巨人像[24]，从他们身上汲取力量，相信自己的冒险可能会一帆风顺。如果这一招落空，就转而到金融城里转转看能否寻到威廷顿[25]式的发财机会。如果这一招也失利，就去参军当鼓手。

于是，我开始一路打听着去往市政厅。我当时莫名其妙地认为，“市政厅”就是“石造的”厅，或“有巨石的”厅。我非常精明地觉得，如果我打听通往巨人像之路，会被人笑话，所以就不能提巨人像的事。

我至今记得，只剩我孤身一人时，街道显得多么宽阔无边！房屋显得多么高大！一切都多么威严而神秘！到了圣殿关石门[26]前，我目不转睛地盯着它看了半个小时，但还是没看完就继续前进了。我在书上读到过，圣殿门顶上放着许多示众的人头。因此，这个石门虽然是件威严的建筑杰作和实用典范，但似乎也是个凶恶的古老地方。我最终离开那里之后，呀！一下就看到了圣邓斯坦教堂上的巨人像[27]！那些亲切的怪物敲钟的情形，谁看到后还能走得开呢？在他们几次敲响一刻钟的当儿，我到那家玩具店看了看—在我写下这篇文字的此刻，这家玩具店还在那儿，只是已面貌一新了—一个多小时之后，我从那个迷人的地方脱身，来到了高高耸立的圣保罗大教堂[28]前。我怎么能错过它那伟岸的穹顶呢？怎么才能将目光从它的金色十字架上移开呢？去市政厅看巨人像的路途真是遥远啊，而且行进速度很缓慢。

终于，我来到了他们面前，满怀恐惧和崇敬地注视着他们。他们看上去比我预想的要和蔼些，总体说来脸色比较灿烂，可是非常高大。我估计他们的底座大约有四十英尺[29]高，要是他们下来走在石板路上，会是两个庞然大物。我思考着这些，对着两个巨人出神（我估计，孩童们见到他们大抵都会如此的）。尽管知道这些雕像并非血肉之躯，我仍旧认为他们有生物特征—例如，他们知道我在那儿，并在偷偷地注意我。我累极了，就钻到马高格下面的角落里，躲过了他的视野，睡起了觉。

一个大觉之后，我突然惊醒了，感觉那两个巨人好像在咆哮，却转而发现原来是金融城的喧闹声。周围一切如故，与我睡前一模一样：豆茎啦、仙女啦、公主啦、龙啦，统统都没有，也没见任何新的人生转机。我饿了，就想去买些食物回这儿来吃掉，然后继续按计划寻找威廷顿式的发财机会。

我坦然自若地在面包店买了一便士的面包卷，可在好几家美食店前

探头探脑地徘徊了一番，却未能鼓足勇气进门。最后，我在一家美食店的橱窗里看到一堆熟香肠，旁边的标签上写着："日耳曼小鬼，一便士"。这下，我知道想买什么了，就勇敢地走进去说："请问你们能不能卖给我一个日耳曼小鬼？"他们卖给了我。我兜里揣着那根纸包着的香肠回到了市政厅。

两个巨人仍然待在那儿，偷偷地假装没有注意我。于是，我就在另一个角落里坐下来，眼前只有一条竖着耳朵的狗。是条黑狗，一只眼上面有一撮白毛，脚爪上有一块块白色和褐色的杂毛。它想和我玩耍：它围着我蹦来跳去、在我身上蹭鼻子、从我身旁窜过、摇头晃脑地假装倒着跑，显得友善而滑稽，仿佛它根本不计较个人形象、只为逗我开心似的。那时，我看着这条狗，想到了威廷顿，感到机会就要来了。我不断地说："嘿，小狗！""可怜的家伙！""好狗狗！"，逗引着它。我满意地认为，此后它就永远成为我的狗了，并会帮我谋求发财之道。

这让我感到了宽慰（迷路后我不时地会哭一鼻子），就将那个日耳曼小鬼香肠从口袋里掏出来，准备吃午餐。我先咬下一小口扔给狗，它向那侧一扑就吞吃掉了，就像吞药片似的。我咬第二口的时候，它紧盯着我的脸，等着我再扔给它一块；而我这时在考虑该给它起个什么名字。我觉得，在此情此景之下，"美妙运气"这个名字不错，含义很丰富。如今回想，我那时正为想出了这么个好名字而得意非凡，可"美妙运气"却开始极其凶狠地朝我狂吠起来。

我奇怪地想：它怎能这么没羞没耻？可它才不管这一套呢，反而吼叫得更凶了。它嘴里淌着口水，眼睛闪着红光，鼻子湿漉漉的，脑袋使劲地歪向一边，一边冲我吠叫，一边围着我在石铺地面上鬼鬼祟祟而充满恐吓地转悠，最后突然嗖地一下咬住那个日耳曼小鬼，从我手里扯出去，叼着它跑掉了。它再也没有回来帮我谋求发财之道。我现在已经四十岁了，从那一刻至今，再也没有见过我忠诚的"美妙运气"。

我非常孤独。与其说那是由于我失掉了好吃的日耳曼小鬼香肠（当时我还没听说过有加了大量胡椒粉的马肉这种美食），不如说是因为“美妙运气”那么残忍地令我失望。我曾相信，它除了不会说话，会作出一切友好的举动；没准它甚至也能学会说话呢。我又哭了一会儿，心想：如果我的爱恋对象跟我一块儿迷路该多好，她能和我做伴儿呀。不过，我马上就想到，她可不能参军当鼓手，于是就擦干眼泪，吃掉了面包。从市政厅出来后，我遇到了一个卖牛奶的妇女，就从她那儿买了一便士的牛奶喝掉了。吃喝之后，我的精神头又来了，就开始在金融城漫游，寻找威廷顿式的发财之道。

如今我每次进金融城，都悲哀地感到自己真是个有文化的可怜人。可那时，我只是个迷路的孩子，在那里游逛的时候，想到大英商界和金融城市长，心中满是崇敬。如今在那里游逛的时候，我会嘲笑那些庄重的礼服，并愤慨地认为，金融城市政府是当今世上最严重的恶作剧之一。孩提时的我哪里会懂得今日金融城里那总是遭遇失望的无数大众？他们总是希望在那里遇到个伙伴、得到些钱，却总是希望落空。孩提时的我哪里听说过那个大好人、金融城里的朋友？他要为那么多的人做那么多的事；他要让这个人担任国内的某个职务，让那个人担任国外的某个职务；他要搞定这个人的债权人，为那个人的儿子谋个生计，并确保另一个人拿到酬金；他要“投身于”这家伟大的股份制企业中去，要进入那家人寿保险公司的董事会；然而，他从来不做这些预报了的事情。孩提时的我哪里会了解那个号称是绅士、摩西宗阿拉伯人[30]和其他人的朋友的人？他通常出现在各种赛场上，主要居住在红狮广场一带；他无法减少纸币的总量，身边却恰巧放着一桶醒目的上等雪利酒、一只梳妆盒和一幅提香[31]的《维纳斯》，难道拥有这些物品的他乐意补足差额？孩提时的我哪里会听说那个人呢？在那个单纯的时代，他向那些一脸严肃的秃顶人士吐露机密（这机密从未碰巧证明有丝毫的正确性），后者又神秘兮兮地在饭桌边把这秘密透露给了屏息以待的听众。没有。我是否已懂得他是个可怕的贪婪的家伙、不值一提的骗子、一个纯属虚

构的名人？没有。我是否听说过他与金融市场上的资金紧绌有关、与统一公债的沉闷状况有关、与黄金出口有关、与众人面前的拦路石—小麦的度量单位蒲式耳[32]—有关？没有。我对下面这些名词的意思可有丝毫概念？—假公济私、操纵市场、伪造账目、虚构红利、美化事物等。丝毫都没有。我难道没有发现，哈德逊先生本人不正明摆着是头瞪着眼的死金牛犊吗？无从发现。在我眼里，金融城就是一个巨大的商场，遍地都是宝石、贵金属、大酒桶、大捆包，充满了荣誉、慷慨、进口水果、进口香料。每位商人兼银行家都是菲茨沃伦先生[33]和水手辛巴德[34]的复合体。每当风向适合航往巴巴里，而且船长也在家，史密斯、佩恩和史密斯[35]就会将家仆们（包括那名坏脾气的厨师）召集起来，让他们备好自己的船上用品。格林和哈利法克斯[36]二人曾在钻石之谷中经历了巨大困难。霸菱兄弟[37]见识过了大鹏鸟蛋[38]，并随沙漠商队旅行过。罗思柴尔德[39]曾坐在巴格达的市场上售卖各式各样的货物；一位戴着面纱、骑着驴子的女士爱上了他，她来自苏丹[40]的后宫。我就这样在城里漫游，就像一个梦境中的孩童。我盯着那些英国商人，坚定地相信一切都那么神奇，心中溢满激昂之情。我走近府第，又远离府第—走进庭院和小广场，又走出庭院和小广场。我隔着缝隙窥视一下账房外的走廊，然后跑掉。我那羞怯的脚步声单调地回荡在南海公司总部的庭院里。我接着逛到了奥斯丁修会中，好奇地想，过去那些修道士怎么会喜欢这个地方呢？我就这样一直在游逛，不停地凝视着那些英国商人，不厌其烦地浏览着那些商号。为了说清各个地方，我编造了这些故事，并虔诚地相信它们，正如我虔诚地相信金融城本身。我至今尤为清楚地记得，当我发现自己来到了皇家交易所◆◆◆伦敦金融城的皇家交易所（Royal Exchange）位于康喜尔街（Cornhill Street）和针线街（Threadneedle Street）交会于银行交叉点（Bank junction）的一段，平面图呈梯形。交易所始建于1565年，后经两次大火烧毁和两次重建，现有建筑于1844年第三次建成，使用至今。1939年，这里完成了作为交易所的使命。如今的皇家交易所乃是一个奢侈品购物中心。——译者注

◆◆◆，看到那些坐在船只海报下面衣着破烂的人时，我内心认定：他们是财迷精，将全部家产都投到了船上，去买金砂或类似的东西，此时正等着各自的船长回来告诉他们将要起航了。我观察到，他们都在大声嚼着脆饼干。我觉得他们那么做是为了预防晕船。

到处游逛是件开心事，但却仍旧没有产生威廷顿式的结果。市长官邸里正在准备午餐，我隔着一个装有窗栅的厨房窗子偷偷朝里望去，看到了那些戴着白帽子正在忙碌的男厨师。我的心开始咚咚跳起来，盼望着市长大人，或者市长夫人，或者他们的某个女儿、年轻的市长千金，会从楼上的某个房间朝外看，并命人把我带进去。可是，什么都没发生。我这样窥视了一段时间之后，一名厨师朝我喊道（窗子开着）：“小子，走开！”我吓了一跳，看到他长着黑黑的络腮胡子，我立刻就乖乖地走开了。

随后，我来到了东印度大楼，问一个小孩那是什么地方。他不作回答，只是做鬼脸，并拉扯我的头发，整番举动毫不文雅、毫无礼貌。我对东印度大楼十分崇敬，这可能让詹姆斯·霍格爵士[41]本人非常满意。我毫不怀疑地认为，它是地球表面上最卓越、最高尚、最清廉，事实上最公正无私、在各方面都最惊人的机构。我那时已懂得誓言的内涵，差点发誓说东印度公司就是一整块完美无瑕的贵橄榄石。

那些去印度的男孩子们，一到印度就开始抽起形如翻卷的拉铃绳的烟斗来，而毫不感到难受。他们的结局就是脚上头下地栽进某个雕花玻璃糖罐里。一路想着这些，我来到了那些赴印装备店。在那里，我读到了奔赴印度的年轻人必备物品的各类清单。我看到“一对手枪”这一条时，想到：能够踏上赴印征程是一桩多大的幸事！但这里仍然看不到哪个英国商人有将我带回他家的意思。只有一个烟囱清洁工例外—他打量着我，好像认为我很适合他那一行，可我赶紧跑开了。

一整天我都深受男孩子们的折磨。现在想来，尽管我当时并没有冒

犯他们，但他们不是追着我转过街角，就是把我逼进门口的死角，非常野蛮地对待我。有个男孩子兜里装着半截黑铅笔，就在我白帽子的帽顶上写上了他母亲的名字和（他声称的）地址：“布劳斯夫人·沃平区烟草塞街木腿道”。那字迹我怎么也擦不掉。

我记得，在遭受这般迫害之后，我在一个小小的教堂墓地里休息了一会儿。我考虑了整个事件，觉得如果我和我的爱恋对象能够立刻被埋葬在那儿，就会让我得到解脱。可是，在打了个盹、喝了点水、吃了个小面包，特别是看了一幅画之后，我又精神抖擞了。

如今想来，我那时肯定是游荡到了古德曼菲尔德剧院或者邻近的什么地方。那幅画上画的是某出戏里的一幕场景，附近的某家剧院正在上演这出戏。不过，那家剧院现在已经没了。那幅画使我想去那家剧院看看那出戏。威廷顿计划显然无法实现了，我于是决定：看完戏后，一路打听找到军营，敲开营房的大门，告诉他们我知道他们想招鼓手，而我就是去当鼓手的。我想那时肯定是曾听人说过，而我自己也相信，每个军营大门后面都有个兜里装着一先令[42]的哨兵在日夜值守。我还相信，要是哪个男孩被人以任何方式成功劝诱而同意参军，立即就会当上鼓手，除非他的父亲交纳四百英镑的赔偿金。

我找到了那家剧院。它的外貌我记不清了，只记得剧院的正面用土黄色草草地涂着两个显示忠诚的词首字母“G.R.”。我跟一大群人一起在楼座门外等着开门。那群人中大部分都是水手，他们和身边的其他观众一样，都来自社会底层。他们的言谈不堪入耳，但我对其糟粕不甚了了，所以也没有产生令我堕落的恶劣影响。我至今都在怀疑，与这类群体过从多久就能带坏一个受过我这样教育、像我这般纯洁的孩子？

无论在楼座门外还是在剧院之中，每当我发觉有人注意我的样貌，就假装在寻找某个带着我来却跟我分开了的大人，并对那个想象中的人物点头微笑。这个办法很有效。我手里攥着枚六便士的硬币，准备交

费。门开了，门闩吱嘎乱响，人群中的妇女一阵尖叫，我像一根稻草那样，跟着人流前进。我那枚六便士硬币被收费处那鸽巢似的洞口飞快地吞了进去。在我眼里，那洞口就像个嘴巴。我爬上了观众较少的上层楼梯，（像所有别人那样）一路狂奔，要占个好位置。我到达楼座后端时，那里还没几个人。那些座位看上去高得可怕，活像是一组跳台，要将我头朝下抛入楼下的正厅里去。在极度惊恐之中，我紧紧抓住了一个座位。然而，有位带着个年轻女伴的和善面包师向我伸出了手。于是我们三人一起翻过座位，来到了第一排的角落里。面包师很喜欢他的女伴，整晚看戏期间都不停地亲吻她。

我刚刚坐好，突然有件事重重地压在了我的心上，极其可怕地折磨着我的心灵。我得把它讲清楚。那晚是一场义演—那位喜剧演员的义演。他又矮又胖，长着一张非常宽大的脸，戴着一顶（我那时觉得）有史以来最小最可笑的帽子。为了让他的朋友们和观众满意，这位喜剧演员宣布，他先骑着一头驴子唱支幽默的歌曲，然后再把这头非凡的驴子作为奖品，颁发给抽中大奖者。所有获准入场的池座观众和楼座观众都有机会参加这次抽奖。我交那枚六便士硬币的时候，得到了一个号码—47号。如果这个号码被抽中，我就会赢得那头驴子，那到底该怎么办呢？！我一想到这儿，就冒出了恐惧的冷汗。

想着我可能出现的好运气，我浑身战栗。万一47号被抽中，我将根本无法隐瞒该号码属于我这一事实，因为我让面包师看了这个号码，更何况我的困窘也会立即表明被抽中的是我。然后，我想象着自己被叫上舞台，领取那头驴子。我想象着，当全场的人看到大奖落到了我这样一个小家伙的头上，会发出怎样的一阵尖叫！我该怎么把驴子牵出剧院呢？—他肯定不愿意走。要是他大声叫唤起来，我该怎么办？要是他尥蹶子乱踢，我会落个什么下场？要是他驮着我倒退到舞台门里去，赖着不出来呢？我感到，如果我赢得了这头驴，那位喜剧演员一俟我走近就会把我放到驴背上去。然后，要是我把他带出了剧院，该对他做什么

呢？我该怎么喂养他？把他拴在哪儿？我一个人迷路已经够糟的了，而带着一头驴迷路就是一场天大的灾难，大到超出了我的想象。

第一段戏演完了，可我的脑海里忧惧盘旋，根本无法安心赏戏。海船上场了—海报上将它称作一艘真正的战舰—庞大的船体在巨浪滔天的大海上剧烈颠簸着。即便这么恐怖的风暴场面也不能令我忘掉那头驴。水手们拿着望远镜和喊话喇叭在船上东倒西歪地到处乱跑（他们在那艘战舰上显得非常高大），看上去真是一幅可怕的画面。同样可怕的是，舵手很可能已经无可避免地背叛了船员们，因为他一边喊着“我们迷路了！快上救生艇！快上救生艇！雷电击中了主桅！”，一边在我眼皮子底下将主桅从插槽里拔出来，扔下船去。然而，在那头驴子引发的恐惧面前，就连这些震撼人心的情节都显得苍白无色。后来，那个（极好的）好水手得到了好运，那个（极坏的）坏水手从一块形状奇特、貌似折梯之类东西的岩石上跳入了海中。甚至在这时，我仍在泪眼婆娑中看到了那头驴子的可怖身影。

终于，那一刻到来了。小提琴手们开始演奏那首幽默曲子，那头令我无限畏惧的动物咔嗒咔嗒地出现在舞台上，背上驮着那位喜剧演员。我根据驴蹄发出的声响推断，他新钉了掌。他身披彩带（我指的是驴子），坚持要将尾巴对着观众。喜剧演员就从他背上跳下，转过身来，倒骑在驴背上，在雷鸣般的掌声中连唱了那首歌曲三遍。在此期间，我一直害怕得焦躁不安。池座中有两个面色苍白、身上溅满街中泥污的观众受邀起身，到舞台上去监督抽签过程，其他观众对他们报以一阵哄笑。这时，我本可乞求他们、恳求他们对我大发慈悲，不要抽到47号。

不过，我的痛苦很快就解脱了。一位坐在我身后的先生的号码被抽中了，就下楼去领奖。他穿着法兰绒短上衣，戴着条黄色围巾，在风暴刮起之前就吃掉了两条炸鳎鱼和所有衣袋里的坚果。这位先生似乎很熟悉那头驴，在他出场之前就认识他，而且对他的一系列活动都兴趣盎

然。用一个好理解的词儿来描述他吧—他几乎是凑在我的耳边，自言自语地“赶”着那头驴。每当驴出了什么差错，他就说：“过雷（来），小驴宝贝儿。过雷（来）！”他试图骑上驴背，可被摔在了地上，逗得观众们（包括我本人）开怀大笑。不过，等他再站起来，却娴熟地骑着驴子下台了，而且不久就十分平静地回到了自己的座位上。盘桓已久的沉重忧惧涣然冰释，我平静了下来，踏踏实实地欣赏了其余的表演。我记得，那出戏里面有不少舞蹈场面，有带着镣铐跳的，有在玫瑰丛里跳的。有一场舞蹈中，舞者旁边有一个美若天仙的小姑娘，跟她一比，我的爱恋对象黯然失色、平凡无奇。在最后的一场戏中，她又出现了，这次扮作一个男孩（戴盔穿甲），数次被剧中其他人物所保护。我如今在一定程度上认为，当时的剧情是：一个男爵想把她淹死，但数次被那位喜剧演员、一个鬼魂、一只纽芬兰犬和一口教堂大钟阻止。此外，我如今只记得，我当时很纳闷那个男爵打算去哪里；还有，他在一阵火星儿中到了那儿。火星儿熄灭的同时，灯也全熄了。这让我感到，整出戏—船啦、驴啦、男男女女啦、美若天仙的小姑娘啦，一切一切—都是一个引爆了的奇妙烟花，爆炸过后，只余尘灰与黑暗。

我出了剧院来到大街上时，天色已经很晚。天上没有月亮，也没有星星，大雨倾盆。人群四散之后，我一个人孤单地走着，记忆中那个鬼魂和那个男爵的面目非常丑陋。我感到难以名状的孤寂。此时，我的小床和那些亲爱的、熟悉的面容才第一次浮现在眼前。白天里，我从未想到过家人会多么悲痛，从未想到过我的母亲，从未想到过任何别的事情。我只是在自我调整，以适应所处的境遇，并到处寻找发财机会。

我意识到，如果一个男孩只会哭泣、只会到处乱跑，嘴里嚷着“哎呀，我迷路了！”，那么他根本不可能想去当兵。我放弃了一路打听去兵营的念头—或者说，那个念头离我而去—开始到处乱跑，最后发现了一个在岗哨上值班的巡夜人。如今回想，我很惊诧，他当时竟然还醒着。我倾向于认为，他是身体太虚弱，无力喝醉酒了。

这位可敬的人士将我带到了最近的哨所—说是他带着我，实际是我带着他。因为回想起我们二人那时在雨中穿行的情景，肯定形成了一幅画面，恰如一幅幼儿牵着老人的小插图。他吓人地咳嗽着，每走近一面墙时，都要靠上去歇一会儿。我俩终于到达了哨所—一个寂静慵懒的温暖地方，四壁上挂着几件大衣和拨浪鼓状的物件。他们派一个患有麻痹病的人去寻找我的家人，我随后就靠在炉火边睡着了，好大的一觉！等我醒过来，映入眼帘的是我父亲的脸。这就是我那次迷路的全部经过。我小时候，他们常常说我是个与众不同的孩子。现在想来，他们说得没错。或许我还是个与众不同的大人。

记忆中的某某啊，原谅我带给了你忧虑吧！即便是现在，每当我站在那尊雄狮的下面，都会看到你仓皇地沿着大街奔来跑去，听不进去别人的安慰。从那时至今，我曾多次迷路，而且游逛得越来越远。但愿我那些次迷路带给别人的烦恼，少于我这次迷路带给你的烦恼！

（牛云平　译）

查塔姆造船厂

在泰晤士河和梅德韦河[43]上有一些偏僻的码头，夏季时，我常在那里闲逛。面对流水，人就会浮想联翩。而我，最爱面对着潮汐强劲的河流遐想无限。我喜欢看这样的景象：大船离岸而去或者满载而归；那些矮小的蒸汽机拖船自信满满地喷着烟汽，拖着大船在海平线上来来往往，一派忙碌；一队驳船挂着棕色或红褐色的船帆，那色彩似乎是从沿岸熟透的树上采下来的；笨重、陈旧的运煤船载着少量的压舱物，迎着潮水困难地行进着；浅色的螺旋桨推进三桅帆船和纵帆船傲慢地直线行进，别的船则耐心地抢风绕行；船身小巧、挂着巨大白帆的快艇和小帆船急促地来来往往，为种种消遣或商业任务奔忙着—就像那些小人物，为了自己的琐事而大吵大闹。我眼望着这些物事，却丝毫不必思考它们，甚至不必看到它们，除非当时情景恰合我的心情。我也不必听到潮水的飞溅声、拍击声及其在我脚下起伏的声音，不必听到远处的起锚机发出的叮当声，或是更远处蒸汽轮船的轮桨发出的嗡嗡声。这一切，连同我身下那咯吱作响的码头、淤泥中的高水位线和低水位线、沉陷的堤道、坍塌的河岸、歪斜的断树残桩，都会融入我驰骋的思绪之中。那些断树残桩似乎颇以自己的容貌为傲，倾身顾盼着它们在水面上的倒影。在湿地上吃草的牛羊、在我周围盘旋和点水的海鸥、从丰收的田野上（远离射程）起飞回巢的乌鸦和捕鱼归来的苍鹭，也均可出入我的遐思。那只苍鹭忧郁地高飞着，仿佛天空配不上它似的。在流水的帮助下，感觉范围之内的一切事物都会与之外的一切交汇融合，宛如一支无从确切描述的乐曲，催人入眠。

在其中一个码头附近，有一座古老的堡垒（在那里，我能用放大镜看到诺尔灯船[44]），从里面冒出了一个男孩。在他的帮助下，我原本贫乏的知识大为扩充。他岁数不大，面相聪颖，皮肤被夏日的骄阳烤成

了土褐色，长着土褐色的卷发。我发现，在这个男孩身上，除了一只正在消散的青肿眼眶外（我很细心地没问他何故如此），没有一样东西不彰显着勤学好问、乐读善思的习惯。正是从他那儿，我学会了识别位于任意距离之外的海关船只，懂得了那溯流返航的东印度公司大商船在海关官员登船检查时所遵行的全套程式和礼仪。要不是他，我或许永远不会知道“哑痖”一词，如今我已很了解这种病了。要是当初不曾在他的脚前坐过，我或许终生都不会知道，那种帆上印有白马标记的驳船乃是运石灰的船。同样，我也是从他那听到了关于啤酒的种种重大机密。其中有一条是：他警告我不要喝某个厂家生产的啤酒，因为那些啤酒供过于求，已经酸坏了。可这位年轻的智者并不认为那厂家生产的麦芽酒也坏掉了。他还教我触摸湿地上的蘑菇，并温和地责备我，嫌我无知地认为蘑菇里装满了盐。他传授知识的方式细致周到、合乎情境。他在我身旁坐下来，斜靠在岸边，先向河里丢一块小石头或砂砾，随后就开始发神谕般地讲起来，似乎他的话是从河面上扩散着的波纹的圆心冒出来的。他毫无例外，总是以此方式开始给我授讲新知。

这个男孩—我不知他的姓名，就管他叫“堡垒精灵”—是我新近认识的。那天微风吹拂，河水在我俩周围跃动，充满了生机。我在金黄色的田野上看了一番正被运送的禾捆，然后来到了河边。那个红脸膛的农夫望着在自家稻谷堆上的凹陷处忙碌着的雇工，告诉我说，他上周如何收割了二百六十英亩的长秆稻，那是他这一辈子活计干得最棒的一周。整个乡间充满了优美的形态和色彩，一派安宁、丰裕气象。这丰收景象似乎还乘着满载黄色谷物的驳船，沿河而下，飘洒一路馨香，去装扮那从无稼穑的海洋。

就在这一背景下，“堡垒精灵”对着一块漂浮在水面上的铁电池发表了评论。那块铁电池新近才出现在那里。从他的评论中，我了解到他对造船学的看法，还得知他想成为一名工程师。我发现他的才干足以胜任皮托先生[45]和布拉塞先生[46]的所有工程合同中的所有项目：他很会制

作混凝土、熟悉铁的性能，而且在枪炮制造和操作方面造诣高超。他谈起打桩术和造闸法时，我一句话也插不上。他容忍了我的无知沉默，令我感激不尽。在讲这些话的过程中，他朝远处岸上的某个地点望了好几次，并且带着含糊、神秘的敬畏提到“那个厂子”。与他分手后，我思考着他的教导，突然想起“那个厂子”是我国一家大型国有造船厂。它就隐藏在风车群后斜坡下的庄稼地中间，似乎是在和平时期谦恭地躲开了人们的视线，不想给任何人带来麻烦。既然“那厂子”如此谦恭，我就决定增进对它的了解。

近观之下，“那厂子”的谦恭美德留给我的美好印象并未遭到破坏。厂子里回荡着铁锤砸铁的声音。隔河注目，巨大的工棚或长廊下，正在建造庞大的军舰，似乎效率颇高。尽管如此，但“那厂子”毫不张扬，而是舒服地隐藏在布满了庄稼地、蛇麻草地和果园的山坡下；它宽大的烟囱静静地—几乎是懒惰地—冒着烟，就像个正在抽烟的巨人。一台剪切机停在厂子旁边，身形庞大却温驯友善，就像只机械长颈鹿。停放在附近武器码头上的大炮显得一派纯真，就像一只只玩具。在大炮上方执勤的哨兵身着红色军服，有规律地移动着，就像个玩具小人。在火热的阳光照耀下，他身上反着光，使他有可能被误认为是另一个一模一样的持枪小人，枪里装的子弹是—铅制的。

我过了河，登上了浮动平台。在我之前，一堆漂浮在水上的垃圾和杂草曾试图登上梯阶，未果，便转而挤进了一个角落。我发现，那里的路灯杆实为大炮，那些建筑装饰实为炮弹。就这样，我来到了“那个厂子”跟前。巨大的折叠门就像一只硕大的专利保险箱[47]，又紧又牢地把它关在了里面。我被这些大门吞下，送入了“厂子”的消化道。乍一看，“厂子”里非常整洁，似乎已经放假，待到战事再起才会重新开工。尽管它貌似十分平静，但就在其整洁的仓库外面，滚落着一些用来制绳的大麻纤维。那可并不像是干草散落在了白净的石头上。

“叮！”“咣！”“咚！”“砰！”“轰！”“嘎吱！”“咣！”“砰！”“叮当！”“砰！”“咚！”“砰！”“咔哒！”“砰砰砰！”这究竟是怎么回事？！原来是（或曰很快就成为）装甲舰阿基琉斯。在船身上有一千二百个人正在忙碌：他们有的站在船舷外的鹰架上，有的在船头上，有的在船尾上，有的在龙骨下，有的在甲板中间，有的在船舱里；里里外外都是人。在船身最狭窄的曲折处，只要足以转动身体，他们就爬进去。一千二百名锻工、测量员、捻缝工、军械士、铁匠、金属工、木匠，一千二百名弄出“叮！”“咣！”“咚！”“嘎吱！”“叮当！”“咔哒！”“砰砰砰！”声响的人！建造中的阿基琉斯战舰周身发出震耳欲聋的声响。然而，在那可怕的一天到来时，竣工后的阿基琉斯战舰将整个投入使用，并发出惊天动地的巨响。与之相比，此时此刻的这一切喧嚣不过是一声序曲，根本不值一提。正在安装中的甲板排水孔此时就像是干燥的导管，而当那可怕的一天到来时，它们将红浆飞泻。这些被烟雾和火焰笼罩的模糊身影正在甲板间躬身忙碌，而比起未来那天被另一种烟雾和火焰笼罩着在甲板间忙碌的身影，却根本不值一提。战舰边的这些蒸汽发动机能让它来回移动，能推动数吨的钢板滑行，宛如推动着许多树叶那样轻快。而到了那一天，如果它们待在舰边，片刻之间就会被撕成碎片。想想铁箱、木柜组成的阿基琉斯战舰这个庞然大物在水上航行的情景吧！想想有什么狂风巨浪能摧毁它？！想想由里而外穿透船侧钢板、随处可见的炽热红点吧！我此时就看到，这儿有一个、那儿一个、还有那儿！侧板外面的高台上站着两个人，他们赤裸臂膀，手拿大锤，一看到红点就照之猛砸，直砸至红点变黑变平。这时，我发现一只铆钉已经牢牢钉实。每一块钢板上都有许多这种铆钉，整条船上的铆钉成千上万。想想我站在船上欣赏其全貌有多困难吧！船上耸立着成群的大铁罐和橡木柜，因此，这条战舰内部，时刻都有什么在结束，也时刻都有什么在开始。即使它的一半被毁坏了，另一半也足够使用、完好无损。然后，我沿船侧折返，下到软泥中，到船坞那潮湿的底部，从那撑托着战舰的止滑木和支柱组成的地下丛林深处，仰视那庞大无边的船体向高处的光亮突展出

去，而向我所在的底部则越来越窄。这样地爬下攀上非常费劲，让人觉得这根本不可能是一艘船，而恍然以为是某个古代圆形露天剧场（如维罗纳[48]的那座）中建起的一座巍峨大厦，几乎装满了整个剧场！然而，如果没有旁边那些工坊，没有那些机械动力，这一切事物都会是什么呢？！那些机械动力能刺穿4.5英寸厚的钢板为铆钉打洞，按照战舰设计图用液压力将钢板修整成上宽下窄的形状，并用猛禽鸟喙状的刀子将钢板多余的部分削去，完全达到了设计图上那极端精细的要求。这些力大无穷的机器由一张面庞所留意，由一只手所操纵。在我看来，它们有着与“那个厂子”一样的谦恭品德。“听话的巨兽，按照这些等距排列的粉笔记号，把这块铁从头咬到尾。每个记号都要咬透。”巨兽看着眼前的材料，扬起笨重的脑袋，答道：“我并不想这么做。但是，如果必须做的话—！”坚硬的金属扭动着出来了，巨兽那嘎吱嘎吱响着的牙齿把它咬得滚烫。工作完成！“尽职的巨兽，看一下这块铁。你要沿着上面标出的这条越来越细的任意曲线，将它的边角削去。来，看看吧。”（沉浸在幻想中的）巨兽低下笨重的脑袋，像约翰逊博士[49]那般，贴近了去看那条标记线—贴得非常近，因为它有点近视眼。“我并不想这么做。但是，如果必须做的话—！”巨兽再次贴近看了看，瞄准。一条弯曲的铁板翻卷而出，就像一条火烫的紧紧盘扭着的蛇，滚落在灰烬当中。铆钉的制作就像是有趣的纸牌游戏，玩家是一个成人和一个小孩。他们将又红又烫的麦芽糖[50]浇进一个教皇琼牌戏圆形筹码盒[51]里，立刻就有铆钉从机器窗口落了出来。但那些庞大机器奏出跟这个大船厂乃至这个伟大国家同样的调子：“我们并不想这么做。但是，如果必须做的话—！”

战舰旁边放着一些锚，与战舰相比，显得非常小。它们是用来装在舰上的。像阿基琉斯战舰这么一个庞然大物怎能被这么小的锚固定住呢？这种航海技艺太神秘了，我要向那位博学的男孩求教。就我而言，我倒是联想到了将大象拴在帐篷桩上，或将动物园里的大河马拴在我的衬衫别针上的情景。在那边的河里，一条旧船的残骸旁边，躺着阿基琉

斯战舰的两根中空的桅杆。我发现，光这两条桅杆的体积就已非常可观了，战舰的其他器具也同样庞大。我不禁疑心，为什么独独它的锚那么小？

对于这一点，我没有时间多做考虑。我要去看那些生产英国海军全部军用船桨的工场。我觉得工场的厂房非常高大，工作也非常漫长！那厂房很快就让我大失所望，因为工作都是在一间阁楼里完成的。而那漫长的工作—这是什么？两台大轧布机？一大群蝴蝶在它们上空盘旋？轧布机里有什么东西能够吸引蝴蝶呢？

走近些后，我看清楚了，那不是轧布机，而是两台复杂的机器。机器上装着各种刀、锯和平刨。它们把这里切得又平又直，把那里割得一溜斜歪；一会儿锯出一个深槽，一会儿又分毫不锯。这一切动作都是根据机器下放置的木材，按照预定的要求进行的。每根木材都要制成船桨，并早在它们离开遥远的森林故乡、起航来英格兰之前，就已经为此目的进行了初步加工。我也看清了那些“蝴蝶”其实并非蝴蝶，而是刨花木屑。它们受了机器强力的刺激，从木材上跳起来，并在机器旋转造成的气流冲击下，迅速而不规则地运动着，盘旋起舞、上下翻飞，情状恰似人想象中飞舞的蝴蝶。忽地，机器的噪声和动作戛然而止，“蝴蝶”纷纷坠地而亡。从我进来至此刻，一只船桨已经做好，只差手柄还未成形。我目光所及，心思乍动，那支桨就已经被送到了一台车床上。只一转、一刻！手柄已成。船桨已成。

整套机械那精湛之美和效率之高本无须解说，但今天恰逢一次突出展示。因特殊用途，需制造一副非常规型号的船桨，而且必须手工制作。就在这台精湛、灵巧的机器旁，在地上那个迅速增大的船桨堆旁，一个人用斧头造出了这对特制船桨。他旁边没有“蝴蝶”飞舞，他只是从容不迫地凿一凿、刻一刻，仿佛是个异教徒，正在为他的人生终点准备船桨，且要将这对桨作为礼物带给卡戎[52]，让他用在渡船上。就这

样，那汉子（大约三十岁）勤奋地执行着任务。他擦拭额头的汗水时，就让机器制造标准桨。制桨的木材在机器上旋转着，切削下来的薄薄的宽木带随着分秒流逝，很快就集了一大堆。那使斧头的汉子还没做完一上午的工作，就可能已被那一大堆刨花埋住了。

看过这一奇妙景象之后，我又回到了船舰旁边，因为这个"厂子"最吸引我的就是船舰制造。我注意到，船台上晾着些半成品木墙板。它们将木与铁的价值比较问题悬置起来，带着傲慢自负的神情等待时机。在这些卓越的木墙板的旁边，有标签标出了它们的名字及其在枪炮制造中的功用—要是这种做法能推广应用到人类身上，将非常有助于人们在社交场合放松自在、心满意足。在一块下垂曲线优美却不太坚固的厚木板的帮助下，我大胆地登上了一艘（钉着铁螺钉的）运输船。这条船刚从承造商的厂子开进来，准备接受检查、获得认可。这艘船非常令人满意：布局简洁合理，十分便于军用；照明、通风、清洁设施完备；还周密地考虑到了妇孺之需。我在观览过程中，突然冒出一个念头：我愿意花一大笔钱，在船厂钟声敲响午夜时上船来，独自待到早晨。因为我相信，肯定会有一大群顽固刻板的老军官来到船上，悲伤地挥舞他们那纯洁的肩章，痛惜时代的变迁。然而，看过了这些当代造船厂中那惊人的运作方式与操作方法，我们便能更加透彻地懂得，在没有这些造船厂的时代，那些驾船出海、进行海战、控制海权的先人是多么可敬！意识到这一点后，我见到一条废船残骸时情绪极高。那条旧船的船身暗淡无光，打满了补丁，铜件上布满了绿锈。我对它脱帽致敬。一个脸上毛茸茸的年轻技师军官恰巧从此经过，他看到了我敬的礼，并窃为己有。我肯定，他由衷地欢迎我的敬礼。

被那些蒸汽动力圆锯、垂直锯、水平锯和各种动作古怪的锯（在想象中）切成碎片之后，我进入了这次考察的闲逛阶段，进而到达了我这一非商业性活动的核心环节。

我在“那个厂子”里到处漫步时，到处都能见到它那安静、谦恭品质的迹象。它那些红砖垒成的办公室和房屋显得非常庄重，毫不夸耀，有着一副“所做工作不值一提”的沉着外表。在英格兰之外，我从未见过这般迹象。除了偶然的几下回声，人行道的白色铺路石上没有丝毫迹象透露阿基琉斯战舰及其一千二百名敲击者（他们可都是在真砸实干）的存在。倘若不是空中传来几声微弱的回响，让人联想到锯末和刨花，你会觉得造桨作业和运转着的锯都在数英里之外。在这儿底下，有一个巨大的水库，木材浸泡在不同温度的液体中。这是干燥处理工艺的步骤之一。水库上面是一条支柱撑起的矿道，矿道上有一辆中国法师魔法车。木材浸泡完成后，这辆车就将它们吊起来，然后平稳地运到预定地点进行堆放。我小时候（那时我已经很熟悉这个造船厂了[53]）常常想，我很愿意扮作中国法师，并因而由一个仁慈的国家授予我那辆魔法车。如今，我仍然觉得，我很乐意试试在那魔法车里写书会有何效果。坐在魔法车里就彻底地与世隔绝了，而且在木材堆中滑来滑去会是一种很方便的国外旅行方式—从北美洲的丛林、洪都拉斯[54]那积水的沼泽、深郁的松林，到挪威的冰霜、热带的高温、雨季和雷雨狂风，全都经历一遍。在船厂竭力规避夸耀、以免显山露水的整体氛围中，这些珍贵的木材被堆置于幽僻之处，尽可能地毫不起眼，不对任何人召唤：“来看看我吧！”然而，这些木材是从全世界的树木里精选出来的，长度要选、宽度要选、直度要选、弯度要选，每一项都是依照造船之需挑出来的。那里还散落着许多歪七扭八、形状古怪的木材，可在造船工匠眼里，它们都非常宝贵。我漫步走过这些木丛，来到中间的一片空地上。工匠们正在那里检查一批刚刚运到的木材。在河流和风车的背景映衬下，这是一幅多么安恬的画面！哪里像是战争期间？就如同当今的美利坚诸国，哪里像是一个联邦？

我漫步走过制绳处，被旋织进入一种祥和的懒散之中。我的生命之索仿佛在此旋转过程中被拆解散开，让我回望到了很早很早的从前，望到了我的场场噩梦都是一种无休无止的编绳过程—那些恐怖的梦境缘何

而起？甚至到我成年之后都仍然解释不清。那些极细极长的丝线搓编成股，这些股又在我的眼前紧紧编织在一起，令我尖声惊叫。随后，我穿过许多储存着帆、帆桅、缆索、船载小艇等物件的宁静仓库。我坚定地认为，有某个腰带上挂着一大串钥匙、被压弯了腰的人物掌管着它们，他像蓝胡子[55]那样，在需要某样物件时，就找出一把钥匙来，打开某个仓库的门。那些长长的库房似乎漠然无知，就让电池组来发送命令吧，那一扇扇百叶窗、一扇扇门将在瞬间大开，冲出一支全副武装的舰队，蒸汽腾腾、风帆满满，铺满古老的梅德韦河面，驶向大海，舰上所载值得观瞻。快活的斯图亚特[56]让荷兰人沿梅德韦河攻入，而他那些不那么快活的水手却饿死在大街上。就这样，我又逛回到了梅德韦河，正在涨潮的河水露出一副急切万分的神情，要冲进那个一千二百名敲砸者正在其中服侍阿基琉斯战舰的干船坞，不俟他们完成工作就连船带人一起掠走。

直至最后，“那厂子”仍然一脸宁静。我经过一小片树林回到了大门口。那片树林遮蔽了一处最奇特的荷兰人登陆点。一名造船工匠那落叶点缀的影子消失在小树林的远端，那可能就是俄国人彼得[57]本人的影子呢。于是，这个巨型专利保险柜的大门终于在我身后关上了，我又上了小船。看着船桨在水中出没，不知为何，我想起了牛皮大王毕斯托尔和他的同伙[58]，想起了“那个厂子”里那些安静的巨兽，以及它们说的“我们并不想这么做。但是，如果必须做的话—！”嘎吱。

（牛云平　译）

沃平[59]救济院

我那天无所事事，就去了伦敦东区[60]。我从考文特花园出发，朝都市的那个区域走去。经过东印度公司大楼时，我无意间想起了蒂普苏丹[61]和查尔斯·兰姆[62]。随后，我经过了那个小小的木刻海军少尉[63]，亲热地拍了拍这位老熟人穿着及膝短裤的一条腿。随后，我经过了阿尔盖德水泵[64]，经过了撒拉逊人头像[65]（而且可耻地在他那黑黝黝的脸上贴了好几张广告单来丑化他），逛进了他的老邻居黑（或灰）牛（或狗）[66]那空荡荡的庭院，不知这动物于何时辞世，也不知那些车舆流散到了何处。随后，我从那里出来，重新踏进铁路时代。随后，我经过了白礼堂教堂[67]，走进了商业路[68]—这对一个非商务旅客[69]而言很不适宜。我欢快地踩着那条大街上的遍地烂泥，尽情地观赏着制糖商的大片房屋、穷街陋巷两侧狭小后院里的小小桅杆和风向标、毗邻大街的运河与码头、沿着石路轰隆隆前进着的东印度公司大篷货车、手头拮据的大副们典当了那么多六分仪和象限仪的当铺。我真想便宜地买它几个，可惜这些仪器我丝毫都不会用。最终，我拐出商业路，开始向右前进，朝沃平走去。

我打算到沃平老阶梯[70]去坐船，去那里转转，原因并不是我相信（因为我并不相信）那个年轻女子坚贞如一。她用那些美丽的陈辞滥调，告诉她那航海的情人：自从送给他那个标着他名字的烟盒之后，她对他一如既往。我觉得，恐怕他从这种约定中得到的通常是最坏的结果，而且彻底上了当。

我要去沃平，是因为一位东区的违警罪法庭推事在晨报上说，在沃平妇女救济院的妇女都是一类货色，救济院本身的存在就是一桩丑闻和耻辱；他还讲了其他许多难听的话。我去那里，是因为我想看看事实到

底如何。要知道，那些东区违警罪法庭推事并不都是伦敦东区最睿智的人，他们或许是在调查该地区圣乔治教堂[71]的奇装异服和怪模怪样时推出上述论断的。这种调查通常是在毫不混乱的思想状态下进行的。他们向有关各方和无关各方详询所涉事由；其最终的解决对策就是：咨询原告，问他觉得应该怎样处置被告，然后听取被告本人对自己的处理建议。

在离沃平尚远时，我主动迷了路，以一种土耳其人式的心情，弃身于褊街狭巷之中，任宿命以某种方式指引我到达预想的地点，倘若这在冥冥之中已然注定。大约一个小时之后，我终止了这命运的指引，决定费神看一看路，发现自己正置身于一架平旋桥上，桥下的脏水里有几绺深色的头发。在我上方对面，站着一个人，依稀像个小伙子。他毛发蓬松、脸色蜡黄，身上又脏又亮又粘，也许是他那肮脏的老父亲—泰晤士河的小儿子，或者就是那个淹死者本人。我和他中间隔着一根花岗石柱，柱子上贴着那死者的讣告，就像戴着一枚大顶针。

我就向这个幽灵打听，此地叫什么名字？他阴森森地龇牙作笑，喉间似乎发出了汩汩的水声：

“贝克先生的陷阱。”

在此类情境下，我向来十分警惕，要听得懂话里的机锋。我一边在心里琢磨此话的含义，一边密切注视着他—他抱着那几绺头发上方的一根铁横梁舔吮起来。我脑中灵光一闪，意识到贝克先生就是该地区的现任验尸官。

“人们都来这儿寻短见。”我说，同时将目光投向那几绺头发。

“苏？”那幽灵讶然盯了我一眼，答道，“没错！还有波莉。也有埃米莉。还有南希。还有简。”他每说一个名字就舔一下那根铁梁。“还有

无素（数）银（人）。英（扔）掉帽子或头经（巾），跑几步，在这头槽（朝）下，她们就这么了。总系（是）在这头槽（朝）下，她们都系（是）。好像一点不。”

“你是说，在半夜一点左右？”

“哈！”那幽灵说，“她们可不挑系（时）候。两点也行。三点。一晚上。你只好好听！”说到这儿，那幽灵把身形靠在铁横梁上，讥讽地咯咯笑了。“可系（是），得有银（人）来。要系（是）没警擦（察），没啥男银（人），能听到扑通一僧（声），她们就不在这头槽（朝）下。”

根据我对这番话的理解，我本人就算个男人，或曰各色人群中的一员。我用普通人的谦恭语气问道：

“常常有人把她们捞出来，对吧？而且治好了她们？”

“我可没听学（说）气（治）好，”幽灵说。不知为何，他对这个词非常反感。“她们被送进求（救）济院，放进乐（热）浴缸，就醒了。我可没听学（说）气（治）好。”他说，“那系（是）胡学（说）！”话音刚落，他就不见了。

他显然已有不逊之意，而我也巴不得清静独处，尤其是他乱蓬蓬的脑袋那么一扭，表明“求济院”已经近在咫尺。于是，我离开了贝克先生那可怕的陷阱（其中放的诱饵就是一层浮渣，很像是清洗过乌黑烟囱的滑腻废水），鼓足勇气拉响了救济院的门铃。在这里，我是个完全陌生的不速之客。

来开门的是一位欢快机敏、身形小巧、手拿一串钥匙的女总管。她答应了我的来访请求。我注意到她那敏捷活泼的小小身材和聪慧的眼睛之后，开始怀疑那个违警罪法庭推事所言是否属实。

（女总管暗示）访客应该先看最差的地方。欢迎观看这里的一切。凡目所见，即为一切。

这是唯一的准备工作，我们随后就进入了“丑陋的病房”。这些病房位于一座老房子里，这座老房子被挤在一个石铺庭院的一角，与救济院那更现代更敞亮的主体部分保持着相当距离。病房所在的老房子极端落伍——就是几间粗制滥造、条件简陋的讨厌阁楼而已，唯一的通道就是几段又陡又窄、极其难走的楼梯，要将病人抬上楼或将死人运下楼可得费尽老劲。

在这些悲惨的房间里，这边的床架上，那边的地板上（我的理解是，她们是为了换个姿势），躺满了被各种程度的痛苦和疾病折磨着的妇女。她们的服色、姿态和状况都一致无二。只有那些专心观察过这种场面的人才能讲出这千篇一律外表下隐藏着的万般神情。这个人形微微蜷着，侧着身子，似乎已永远舍弃了这个世界；那个漠然不动的脸孔同时呈现出铅色和黄色，从枕头上消极地望着上空；那张枯槁的嘴巴有点下垂，那只露在被单外的手那么迟钝、冷淡，那么轻，又那么重；每张简陋的床上都是如此。可当我在一张床边驻足，对躺在上面的人说了一句那么简单的话之后，她本有的灵魂就浮到了脸上，令这间“丑陋的病房”变得与外面的完好世界一般多姿多彩。这里的人们似乎都不乐意活下去，可谁也不发牢骚。所有能够说话的人都说：这里已经为她们做了所能做的一切；院方的照料慷慨而耐心；她们苦难深重，但并无所求；这些恶劣的病房是同类用房里最干净、最美好的了，如果管得不好，不到一周就会成为传染病院。

我跟随那位脚步轻快的女总管上了另一段惨无人道的楼梯，来到一个略好些的阁楼间，这是给白痴和低能儿住的。这里至少有采光，而前一类病房的窗户就像中小学生的鸟笼的侧面。这儿的炉火上罩着一个结实的格栅，将炉前地面隔开了，两边坐着两位老女士，似乎正在举行某

种仪式。她们虚弱地保持着庄严的姿态，那显然是出于仅存的一点自傲。自傲是我们这奇妙人性的一部分。很明显，她们彼此嫉妒，把全部时间（有些人也是如此，但他们的火焰没有被遮拦）都用于在内心诋毁对方和轻蔑地观看周围人等。在这对谑仿乡下贵妇的女士中，有一位极其健谈，而且表达了想参加礼拜日仪式的强烈愿望。她描述说，若能获得这一殊荣，她将会从中得到最大的乐趣和慰藉。她讲得非常精彩，浑身洋溢着愉悦、友好之情，我不由得开始思考，那位东区违警罪法庭推事应该重新调查此案例。不过，我后来得知，她上一次参加礼拜时偷偷带着一根小棍子，在轮流应答过程中突然拿出棍来痛打会众，制造了一起混乱。

就这样，这两位老太太整日隔栅而坐—否则，她们就会扑向对方的帽子—相互猜忌着，凝视着一个不断发病的世界：除了女舍监，屋里的所有人都会犯病。女舍监是一个上了年纪的穷女人，身体健全，上唇巨大，抱着两臂站在那里，似乎在压抑和节省自己的力气。她两眼缓缓转动着，在伺机抓住谁或控制谁。这位民间要人（我很遗憾地认出，她属于我可敬的朋友甘普太太[72]那一类型，只是块头小些）说："她们常常分（犯）病，心（先）生。她们常常无因（缘）无故就摔倒了，好像拉车的马从月亮上掉下来似的，心（先）生。而且有一个倒了，另一个也跟着倒，有时候一下摔倒四五个。哎呦呦！又是打滚又是撕扯，老听（天）！—这个您（年）轻妇女，在这边，病得很厉害。"

她一边说，一边把那个妇女的脸转了过来。那妇女坐在地上，在那些饱受折磨的病人面前沉思着。她的脸上、脑中都没有招人厌恶的东西。周围的那许多各种癫痫和癔病患者看上去病情更重，但舍监却说她是最严重的。我对她说了几句话之后，她仍然仰脸坐着，沉思着。一束正午的阳光照进来，落在她身上。

—这个年轻妇女以及其他这些遭受着剧烈痛苦的妇女，当她们或坐

或躺，茫然而迟钝地沉思时，是否在那阳光下的尘埃里，有一刹那想到了健康的人们、健康的事物？这个在夏季如此冥想着的年轻妇女，是否想到在某个地方有树木和花草，甚至有高山和大海？不说那么远的了，这个年轻妇女是否曾模糊地想到那个年轻妇女—那个不在此地、也永远不会来此地的年轻妇女，她被人追求、爱抚与热爱，有丈夫、生儿育女、生活在自己的家里，永远不会懂得遭到这种打骂和撕扯是什么滋味？上帝保佑，这个年轻妇女那时会不会自暴自弃、摔倒在地，就像一匹拉车的马儿从月亮上掉落？

在如此无望的地方，传来了婴儿的咿呀声。那些声音合成了一种声响，我分不清它令我愉悦还是疼痛。这声响是在提醒，这个疲倦的世界并非疲倦透顶，而是在不断地自我更新。就在不久之前，这名年轻妇女还是一个儿童；在不久之后，一个儿童有可能成为她这个样子。然而，那位机警的女总管活跃的脚步和眼神引领我经过了那两位乡下贵妇（婴孩们的声音扰乱了她们的高贵姿态），进入了隔壁的儿童室。

这里有许多婴孩和好几位漂亮的年轻母亲，也有丑陋的年轻母亲、愠怒的年轻母亲、冷淡的年轻母亲。不过，那些婴儿并没有任何难看的表情，他们柔软的脸庞非常可爱，有可能像是皇太子和长公主呢。我很欣幸地委托糕饼师的丈夫为我做了一件颇富诗意的事：以最高效率为我和一个红头发的贫儿做块蛋糕并投进烤箱。吃过蛋糕之后，我感觉好多了。要是没有这块点心，我真不知道自己的状态是否适合去看“那些犟人”。接下来，那位敏捷、小巧的女总管要带我去探访的就是她们。她竟在这个岗位上适应自如！此时此刻，我已对她充满由衷的敬佩。她引领我一路走去。

“犟人们”正在一个窗户开向院子的小房间里捡麻絮。她们背对窗户，排成一排坐在长凳上，面前是一张桌子，桌上放着她们的活计。年龄最大的“犟人”约有二十岁，最小的约有十六岁。在这类非商务旅行

中，我至今也没弄明白，倔犟的习惯为何会影响人的扁桃体和悬雍垂。不过，我历来都注意到，凡是“犟人”，不管男女，无论阶层—从贫民儿童学校的贫儿到中央刑事法院[73]的法官—嗓音都一样，他们的扁桃体和悬雍垂都有着病态的优势。

“五磅！俺可捡不了五磅！”“犟人首领”说，一边用脑袋和下巴给自己打着拍子。“比俺们现在捡的多多啦！就彻冲（这种）地方、彻冲（这种）条件！”

（这是在承认，她们得到了微妙的暗示：工作量很可能要增加。毫无疑问，她们的工作量并不大，因为当时还不到两点，可一名“犟人”已经完成了当天的任务，正闲坐在那堆麻絮后面。她的头跟那堆麻絮一模一样。）

“总管，蛰（这）冤（院）子很飘（漂）亮，湿（是）不？”二号“犟人”说，“腰湿（要是）乃（哪）个姑娘说拘（句）啥，警察揪（就）来了。”

“然后你就无缘无故地净（进）了监狱！”首领说，同时猛扯麻絮，好像那是女总管的头发。“可哪嗬（儿）都比彻嗬（这儿）强；那样的话，就谢天谢地啦！”

麻絮头抱着两臂，领着“犟人们”大笑起来。她不主动发起什么，但却是那群未参与这场舌战的散兵游勇的指挥官。

“如果哪儿都比这儿强，”我那位机敏的向导极其镇静地说，“你本来有个好地方可呆，却离开了那儿，这很遗憾。”

“哦，从（总）管，哪里？俺没在好地方待过。”“首领”回答说，又扯了一下麻絮，表情丰富地看了一眼对手的额头。“可别那么说，那都是胡说！”

麻絮头又带着散兵游勇上来了，笑了几声，撤了。

“俺没间（见）过，”“犟人二号”喊道，“俺在一个低（地）方呆了死（四）年—俺不想栽（在）不湿（适）合俺的低（地）方呆—哼！不栽（在）不值得尊京（敬）的人家待—哼！俺发先（现）乃（那）家人表免（面）衣滔（一套）杯的（背地）衣滔（一套），酸湿（算是）有星（幸）还湿（是）没星（幸）—哼！腰湿（要是）我没边淮（变坏）没毁了，栽（在）很答（大）程都商（度上），乃（那）可不湿（是）他们的挫（错）—哈！”

她说这番话期间，麻絮头再次带领她的散兵放了几下冷枪，撤退了。

非商务旅行者大着胆子说，他估计“犟人首领”和“犟人一号”就是被送到违警罪法庭推事那儿去的两名妇女？

“对！”首领说，“就是俺们！奇怪的是，警察现菜（在）还没来，俺们就说起来了。彻嗬（这儿）没警察就不能昌（张）嘴。”

“犟人二号”（悬雍垂大幅振动着）笑了起来，那些散兵群起效仿。

“要是谁能把俺弄到哪个地方或扯（者）到国外，”首领斜视着旅行者声明道，“俺肯定会感激不尽。彻（这）个好透了的救济院让俺恶心，俺受够了，是的，俺有理由彻（这）么说。”

二号也是如此，也受够了。麻絮头也是如此，也受够了。散兵们也是如此，也受够了。

非商务旅行者冒昧地提示说，他觉得，若两位“犟人”领袖的自我描述准确真实，听了她们的这番表白，那些想找谦恭可靠的年轻佣人的淑女或绅士，哪个都不大可能乐意聘用她们二位中的任何一位。

“那待在彻啲（这儿）啥都不是，又有啥好处？”首领说。

旅行者认为，也许值得一试。

“没用，啥好处都没有。”首领说。

“一丁点儿好出（处）都没有。”二号说。

“要是谁能把俺弄到哪个地方或扯（者）到国外，俺肯定会感激不尽。”首领道。

“俺也湿（是）。”二号道，“保争（证）感激不金（尽），俺灰（会）的。”

于是麻絮头站了起来，宣布了一个彻头彻尾的新主意，并说，她知道其新奇程度非同凡响，一说出来绝对会令毫无心理准备的在座诸位大惊失色：要是谁能把她弄到哪个地方或者到国外，她肯定感激不尽。然后，就像她随之指挥道“女士们，一起唱！”似的，所有的散兵都开始说起同样的话来。我和女总管随即离开了她们，开始在许多只因年老体弱而入院的妇女当中穿行。可是，在此穿行过程中，不论何时，只要我朝任一扇俯瞰庭院的窗口望下去，都会看到麻絮头以及其他所有“犟人”正在隔着她们那扇低处的窗户搜寻我。每次我刚一露头，她们马上就会看到我，从不失手。

十分钟之后，我再也不相信金色的青春时光、强盛的中年时期、矍铄的老年时段等神话。十分钟之后，所有的女性之光似乎都已被风吹灭；关于女性，天穹之下再无任何物事可资夸耀，唯余几粒微弱闪烁、行将死灭的灯花。

有一点非常特别：救济院里这些暗淡的老妇人们遵循着一种颇为通行的待客仪式。凡是知道有客来访而且并未卧床休息的老妇人，都会蹒

跚到一个长凳跟前，坐到她常坐的位子上，加入到一排暗淡老妇人的队伍中，与一张狭长桌子对面的那排暗淡老妇人隔桌相望。并没有人规定她们必须如此排列，这乃是她们的“待客”之道。她们通常并不主动彼此交谈，也不看访客，什么都不看，只是沉默地坐在那里嚅动着嘴巴，就像一群乏味的老母牛。有些房间里，我能高兴地看到几株绿色植物；在别的房间里，有一位作为护士的、单独的“犟人”正忙碌着。跟别的“犟人”分开之后，她在这个岗位上干得很好。这些病房，无论是活动室、卧室，还是活动室兼卧室，都被精细地打扫得又干净又明亮。我同大多数类似的旅行者一样，见过很多这类场所，但还从未见过哪一家救济院这般整洁明亮。

那些卧床不起的病人极富耐心、极端依赖枕头下的书籍，也极其信仰上帝。她们都很在意相互之间的和谐，却没人在乎有无希望康复。总而言之，应当说，患有许多病症、病得比别人都严重在这里被视为一项殊荣。从一些窗子望出去，能看到泰晤士河生机勃勃地奔流不息，阳光明朗。可我没看到一个人向窗外眺望。

在一个大病房里，在火炉旁的两张特别的扶手椅上，坐着两位九旬开外的老妇人，宛似那群老妇的正副统领。其中那位年纪较小的刚过九十，耳朵聋了，但聋得并不厉害，能设法听到别人讲话。她年轻时曾养育过一个小孩，那个孩子如今也已经成了一个老妇人，比她还要虚弱，也住在这间房子里。女总管跟她说到这一点时，她完全理解总管的意思，脑袋和食指以各种姿势动作了一番，指出了她那个曾经的小孩。扶手椅上那位年纪较大的老妇人面前放着一张有插图的报纸（她却并没有读）。她已经九十三岁了，目明耳聪，身体健康，而且惊人地健谈。她的丈夫不久前刚去世，她本人住进来还不到一年。这位可怜人本可在马萨诸塞州的波士顿市得到特别待遇，在自己的房间里得到照料，并渐渐过上舒适的户外生活。在英格兰，一位在救济院外艰难地度过了九十多年的妇女，能在多大程度上过上类似的生活呢？不列颠经过无数乱局之

后，顺应天意，崛起于蔚蓝大海之中，其守护天使何曾在那备受称颂的《大宪章》[74]中明确禁止这一点？

那位动作敏捷的女总管再无物事可示，我此行的目标也已达到。与她在大门口握手告别时，我告诉她：我认为正义女神未能很好地令她发挥作用，而那些东区的智者也并非绝对正确。

我踏上了归途，边走边与自己就那些“丑陋的病房”展开了辩论。它们不应该存在。在现场看过之后，没有哪个正派、仁慈的人会质疑这一点。可是这个联合教区该怎么办呢？对那些病房进行必要的改造会花费几千英镑的资金，而该联合教区已经在资助三个救济院了。为了存活下去，这些教区的居民们努力工作；他们需缴纳的扶贫济困税金已经达到了合理承受度的上限。该救济组织中的一个贫困教区每人要缴纳五先令六便士[75]。与此同时，富裕的汉诺威广场圣乔治教区[76]每人却只需缴纳约七便士，帕丁顿教区[77]每人只需缴纳约四便士，威斯敏斯特市圣詹姆斯教区每人只需缴纳约十便士！唯有通过均摊济贫税，才能解决现有方法未能解决的问题。我这些记录一次非商务旅行的文字篇幅有限，无法展现更多有待解决或者解决得不好的问题。然而，那些东区智者们必须先看看北区、南区和西区的情况，而后才能合情合理地对此发表长篇大论；他们应该每天早晨先到圣殿区[78]一带的商店和住宅转转，先自问“这些穷人还能承受多大压力？—他们中的许多人艰苦度日，免于落入救济院”，而后才能坐到所罗门的宝座[79]之上。在归途中，我还沉思着一件事。因为我最终离开“贝克先生的陷阱”那一带之前，曾敲开了东区圣乔治教堂救济院的大门，发现那是一个能给该地区带来高度荣誉的机构，由一位非常睿智的院长管理得井井有条。在那里，我注意到，顽固的自负和愚蠢能带来多大的间接损害。“我刚刚看到的老年男女贫民就是在这间大厅里聚合来参加礼拜仪式的，对吧？”——“是的。”——“他们有没有在乐器的伴奏下唱赞美诗呢？”—“他们很想那样，他们极有兴趣这么做。”——“一件乐器也弄不到吗？”——“是这

样，本来可以免费得到一架钢琴。可是这些令人遗憾的纷争[80]——”啊！身穿漂亮长袍的基督教朋友，你当时若不理睬那些唱歌的人，让会众自己唱，这样做会更好，而且好得多！你应当比我更清楚这一点。但我觉得我曾读到过，从前他们就是这样做的；读到过，“他们唱了一支赞歌之后”，（并没有穿漂亮长袍的）某人上了橄榄山[81]。

一想到这件恼人的琐事，我就心痛不已。我在这个城市的街道上一路走着，每一块石头似乎都在对我呼喊：“老兄，转过来！看看该做些什么？”于是我诱使自己变换了思绪，让心里好过些。可是，我真的做到了吗？我至今都想不起来。我的脑中满是潦倒的穷人，乃至于思绪的变化终究只是从一千个贫民变成了一个贫民。

“先生，打扰一下。”他说。那是在另一个场合，这个贫民把我拉到一边，神秘地说，“我可过过好日子。”

“听你这样说，我觉得真遗憾。”

“先生，我要投诉院长。”

“明确说吧，在这里，我毫无权力。即便我有的话—”

“但是，先生，请允许我说说这事。就是一个曾过过好日子的人对您讲几句话而已。先生，院长和我都是共济会会员[82]。我不停地给他打手势，可因为我处境不幸，他却不肯给我口令！”

（牛云平　译）

东方的小星

昨夜，一直在翻看著名的木刻集《死亡之舞》[83]；今日，又想起画集中那些冷冰冰的古老的木刻画，心中竟生出一种阴森恐怖且乏味无聊的感觉。与此同时，在我的前方，正走着一个瘦如骷髅的人物，手里拄着的棍子不断敲击地面，发出刺耳的“嘎”“嘎”声。不过，这个“骷髅”不是在画中，他/她没有任何煞费苦心的装扮—他/她没有弹着洋琴，没有戴着花冠，没有拿着羽毛，没有穿着长袍，没有跟着队列，没有举着酒杯，没有吃着美食，没有玩着骰子，更没有数着金钱。我眼前的这个“骷髅”衣不蔽体，食不果腹，正挣扎着向前挪动脚步，像是在跳一曲坚韧不屈的死亡之舞。

这一幕发生在十一月的一个雨天，地点是伦敦东部莱特克里夫与斯特普尼两个小村庄接界的地方，混浊的泰晤士河从这里缓缓流过。河两边肮脏的街道和陋巷纵横交错，如迷宫一般；破破烂烂的房子大都隔成单间，专门出租。这里荒凉偏僻，到处都是腌臜的污泥、褴褛的衣衫和辘辘的饥肠。住在这儿的人大都没有工作，即使个别人有幸得到一份工作，也不会长久，失业犹如家常便饭。毕竟，无论从哪个方面来说，他们都算不上是熟练技工。他们是最最普通的靠体力吃饭的人—码头搬运工、滨水区小工、煤炭装卸工、道砟抬运工等，都是些做苦工的人。但不管怎样，这一群可怜的人儿还是活着，并且不断地繁衍着。

且看我眼前的这个“骷髅”，他/她好像正在跟谁开一个荒唐至极的玩笑。他/她把好几份早已被风雨撕扯得支离破碎的议会选举提案贴在很多面墙上，还用粉笔把候选人的得票情况写在一座破败不堪的房子的窗户遮板上。“骷髅”恳请拥有自由独立之身的穷人们要珍视当前的党政制度和国家的繁荣富足（看来两者对他们来说都非常重要），选举议员时

不要只投一个政党代表的票；一党执政容易滋生腐败，若同时选举两党的代表为议员，则有助于建设一个永远兴旺昌盛的国家。想必天底下再没有比“骷髅”的这种修士想法更具讽刺性的了！

我不由开始琢磨此候选人和彼候选人以及人民群众的“赐福者”—此政党和彼政党所承诺的那些深谋远虑的规划。他们承诺，将会遏止成千上万英国人（谁知道到底有多少人？）在道德上的沦丧和体质上的衰退；将会为想工作想活下去的社区居民提供有效就业；将会均衡税率、开垦荒地、为想移居外地的人们提供帮助；最重要的是，他们承诺将会救助并重用未来的新人，以便使整个国家从日渐衰败走向步步强大。心里思索着这些看似充满希望的规划，我拐进了一条狭窄的街道，想去看看那儿的人家的生活。

这条街道的一侧是一堵残墙，显得光线非常昏暗。几乎每座房子的大门都敞开着。我走进其中的一座，敲了敲起居室的门，问道：“可以进来吗？”“想进就进来吧，先生。”

屋里的女主人（看起来是来自北爱尔兰地区）刚拿起一些长条木柴—大概是从废旧的码头设施或船只上拆下来的—塞进了原本空洞洞的炉子里，炉子上架着两口正等待烧开的铁锅，分别盛着一些鱼和一些土豆。木柴燃起来了，借着这火光我看到了屋里简陋的陈设：一张桌子，一把坏掉的椅子，还有几件廉价的破旧陶器摆放在壁炉台上。和女主人又说了好几分钟的话之后，我才看到屋角的地板上还有一堆极其难看的棕色物件。若不是以前见过，我可能真的无法相信这会是“床”。床上乱糟糟地蜷缩着个什么东西，我问女主人：“那是什么？”

“那是个小可怜儿，先生。她病得很厉害，已经很长时间了，一点儿也不见好。她总是白天睡不醒，晚上又睡不着。都是因为铅，先生。”

“因为什么？”

“因为铅，先生，肯定是因为在铅厂上工。女的在那儿上工，一天可以赚十八便士；但是得特别早去申请，而且还得够幸运，人家想要你你才有机会去。她是铅中毒了，先生。有的人刚上班不久就铅中毒了，有的过一段时间才会中毒，还有的，不过是少数，一直都不会有事儿。这全在人的体质，先生，有的人体质好，有的人体质弱。她的体质就属于那种容易铅中毒的，而且一中毒还就特别严重，先生；她的脑子都不中用了，总是头痛得厉害。天天就这样，不见好，倒也不见坏，先生。”

正说着，病中的年轻姑娘痛苦地呻吟起来。女主人俯下身，取下裹在姑娘头上的布带；接着，又推开后门，让阳光透进来，好晒晒这条用以减轻头痛的布带。从敞开的后门，我看到了这家人的后院，那是我所见过的最狭小最贫困的后院。

“铅中毒后，她就成了这样，白天黑夜地头痛，先生。这可怜的孩子，头痛把她害惨啦。上帝知道，我丈夫是个干体力活的人；四天了，他天天去街上转，现在肯定也正在街上转呢；他想找点活儿干，可就是找不到；家里没有柴火，没有吃的—除了锅里的那点儿，什么吃的也没有了；救济金又少，两个星期才不到十个先令。上帝保佑啊！我们这儿又黑又冷，穷得没法儿过啦！”

我本应该给他们一些钱，但我早就决定这次探访过程中不给予任何人任何物质上的帮助；因为我想做个试验：看看如果不给钱，这些穷苦的人会有什么样的反应。如果他们真的像我想象的那样淳朴善良，到时候再给也不晚。经过仔仔细细的观察，我敢肯定这家人一丁点儿都没有奢望我给他们钱。能有个人听他们说一说自己的痛苦他们已经很感激了；同情就是给他们的最大的安慰。他们绝不会伸手跟人乞讨，更不会因为我没给钱而感到一丝的惊讶、失望或憎恨。

女主人已成家的女儿从楼上的屋里走下来，加入了我们的谈话。她当天清晨去铅厂找工作了，但没能成功。她有四个孩子；她的丈夫也是码头搬运工，当时正在外面四处找活干，但估计跟她的父亲一样也不会找到。这个已婚女儿大概生长在英格兰，天生丰满漂亮，活泼开朗。她和她的母亲一样，虽然穿的衣服很破旧，但看得出来，她们都很尽力把自己收拾得干净整洁。她了解那些不幸的铅中毒病人的所有痛苦，了解铅中毒的方方面面，包括铅中毒的症状及病情的发展情况—这一切对她来说都太熟悉了。她说，一走进铅厂的门，那股气味就足以把人熏倒，但她还是想再去那儿应聘；除此之外，还能有什么办法呢？如果能长期在那儿上班，每天挣十八便士，就算有一天铅中毒了、不能动了，也比现在看着孩子们挨饿强啊。

再次环顾这个小屋，又看到屋角那个黑乎乎脏兮兮的用作床的橱柜。它几乎顶住了后门，看起来非常不协调。有段时间，一直是那个生病的年轻姑娘一个人夜里睡在那儿，白天躺在那儿。现在，天冷了，可毯子啊，被子啊，又都当到非法经营的当铺里去了，再当回来是不能了。为了取暖，到晚上的时候，女主人、她的丈夫，还有另外两个孩子只能和那个生病的可怜姑娘一起挤着睡在这个棕色的物件上。

尽管一分钱也没给他们，可这个穷苦的人家依然对我心存感激。临走时，他们满含着真诚的谢意跟我道别："上帝保佑您，先生。谢谢您来看我们。"

走过几条街道，我又叩响了另一座房子里一间起居室的门。开门往里看时，只见一个男人、她的妻子，还有四个孩子正围坐在一个脸盆凳旁吃晚饭，那脸盆凳便是这家人的餐桌，晚饭也只有面包和一些喝完茶后剩下的茶叶。他们的身旁是一个壁炉，炉膛里的炭渣发出微弱的火光；房间里有一个带顶棚的床架，上面架着一张床，床上只有一条被子；房间的前后两面墙上分别有一扇可以通风的窗户，但现在为了驱寒

却都紧紧地关着；屋里有一股令人作呕的气味。男主人在我进来时没有站起身；我们聊天时，他也一直都坐在那儿。不过，我进屋摘下帽子时，他倒是很有礼貌地冲我点了点头；说到能否问他一两个问题时，他也很爽快地答应了。

男主人的妻子一看就是个聪敏的女人，反应很快，见来了人儿，立刻起身站在丈夫的身旁。丈夫抬头求助般地呆望着妻子。事情很快就搞清楚了，原来丈夫的耳朵有点儿聋，尽管才三十岁左右，头脑反应已经很慢很迟钝了。

“他是干哪行儿的呀？”

“先生问你是干哪行儿的，约翰？”

“我是造锅炉的。”男人一边回答，一边万分茫然地打量着自己的四周，好像在寻找一个莫名其妙就消失不见了的锅炉。

“他不是技工，您知道的，先生，”妻子补充道，“他只是个干体力活儿的。”

“还上着班呢吗？”

丈夫又抬头看妻子，向她求助。“先生问你还上着班呢吗，约翰？”

“上班！”眼前这个苦闷的锅炉制造工突然大喊起来，像受到了惊吓一般瞪大眼睛看着妻子。接着，又慢慢地把目光转向我，说道：“没班上。”

“哎，确实没班上！”可怜的妻子摇头说道，目光依次投向四个孩子，最后又落在丈夫身上。

“上班！”锅炉制造工看看我，看看空中，又看看坐在自己膝前的二

儿子，好像还在寻找那个消失不见了的锅炉。“真希望能上班啊！三个星期了，一天班都没上过。”

“那你们靠什么生活啊？”

听这样一问，这位曾经的锅炉制造工脸上隐约露出了一抹对妻子的钦佩之情。他一边伸出胳膊，让我看他那已经穿得露线了的外衣袖子，一边指着他的妻子，回答说：“靠我媳妇干活儿。”

我想不起造锅炉这样的工作都到哪儿去了，也想不起那位丈夫对这个问题所作过的猜想了。我只记着他当时的神态和表情都说明造锅炉的工作再也回不来了。

男主人的妻子很不简单，她开朗乐观，非常乐意帮丈夫来支撑这个家。她做的是廉价成衣的缝制工作，具体点说，是缝制双排扣男夹克。她把手头的一件衣服铺开在床上给我看—那床是这间房子里唯一能铺得下这件衣服的家具。她跟我解释自己已经缝了多少，还有多少需要机器最后来完成。按照她的计算，扣除针线等配料，每加工一件夹克能挣十个半便士；她一般情况下不到两天就能做完一件。

只是她没有办法直接从货主那里取货，货到她手上还得经过二道贩子，自然人家也不是白做的，还要从中扣钱。那为什么还非要经过二道贩子呢？为什么？是这样的：衣服拿走就有可能收不回来，这个风险由二道贩子来承担，他们取货时要交押金，比如说两英镑。她如果有足够的钱交押金，就可以直接从货主那里拿货，二道贩子也就不能再从中扣钱了。但实际情况是，她手里根本就没有钱，只能眼睁睁地看着二道贩子从中获利，自己的工钱因此缩水，只剩下十个半便士。她非常机敏地解释着这一切，没有丝毫哀叹，没有半句抱怨，那语气中甚至还带着些骄傲。解释完毕，她把衣服叠好，重新坐回丈夫身边，继续他们那顿只有干面包的晚餐。这家人的晚餐着实太简陋，没有餐桌，只能用脸盆凳

代替；没有杯碗，只能用又脏又旧的瓶罐代替。这位妻子的穿着也很破旧，肤色也不好看，明显是缺乏营养，也需要好好梳洗打扮。尽管如此，她的身上却有着一种高贵的尊严，她是全家人的靠山，就像锚一样牢牢抓住丈夫这艘遇难的小船，使其得以安全靠岸。我起身要离开时，锅炉制造工的双眼再次慢慢转向他的妻子，似乎只有在妻子那儿才存有最后一线希望去找回那早已消失不见的锅炉。

这家人只申请过一次堂区[84]政府的救济金，那时丈夫受了工伤，实在无法工作。自那以后，他们就再也没有申请过。

往前走了没多远，我又来到位于一楼的一间屋里。女主人在我进门时满含歉意地连声说着“屋里太脏了，太乱了。”那天是星期六，女主人正在洗孩子们的衣服。她把一口锅架在炉子上烧着热水，而热水里泡着的正是孩子们的脏衣服。在这个家里，除了这口锅，再没有别的容器可以用来洗衣服了。在这个家里，没有陶盆、铁盆、木盆或木桶，只有一两个残旧的陶罐和破损的瓶子，还有几个当凳子用的破箱子。屋子的一个角落里堆着已用得所剩无几的一点儿煤屑，旁边是一个没有门的柜子，里面扔着几件破衣烂衫。屋子的另一个角落里放着一张老旧的摇摇晃晃的法国式铁架床，床上仰面躺着一个男人，身上穿着一件褴褛的双排扣夹克，头上戴着一顶运煤工人的粗油布帽子。屋子里到处都黑乎乎的，墙壁更是污浊一片，乍看上去，还以为是故意刷成了黑色呢。

女主人一边洗着衣服，一边说着抱歉的话。我站在她对面，注意到她连一块肥皂都没得用。我假装什么也没看见，故作随意地再次环顾这间小屋，又看到了几件刚进门时没能看到的东西：半磅面包孤零零地放在一个空荡荡的纱橱里；一件破旧的红色衬裙很随便地挂在门后的把手上；几块锈铁零零散散地扔在地上，看上去像是一段炉灶烟筒和一些已经用坏了的什么工具。一个大点儿的孩子站在那儿，正盯着这些废铁块儿在看。还有两个小点儿的孩子坐在紧挨着炉子的一个破箱子上，其中

一个长得非常漂亮可爱，另一个时不时地探过头来亲他/她一下。

和刚刚在另外一家见到的那位妻子一样，这位女主人也是衣衫褴褛，面色萎黄，让人心生怜惜。然而，她姣好的身材，活泼的性格，还有脸颊上隐隐约约的笑靥，无不让我联想起多年以前在伦敦艾德菲剧院出演音乐剧《维多琳娜》的著名女星菲兹威廉夫人[85]。

“可以问一下你丈夫是做什么的吗？”

“他是运煤工人，先生”，女主人一边说着，一边扭头瞥了一眼躺在床上的丈夫，无奈地叹了口气。

“他失业了吗？”

“啊，是的，先生！他一直都很难，很难找到活儿干；现在，是彻底没活儿干了。”

“都是因为这双腿，”躺在床上的丈夫开口说道，“我要把裤腿卷起来让您看看。”说着便动手去卷裤腿。

“你们还有再大点儿的孩子吗？”

“还有一个女儿和一个儿子。女儿是做针线活儿的，现在正在上班；儿子就干些自己力所能及的活儿，现在正在外面找工作呢。”

“他们也住在这儿吗？”

“他们睡这儿。因为没有钱再去租房，他们晚上只能回这儿来住。房租对我们来说太贵了。现在，法律规定的房产税涨了，房租也跟着涨，一个星期六便士。我们已经拖了一个星期没交了。房东很生气，说要把我们赶出去；有时候就来踹门，把门晃得吱嘎乱响，怪吓人的。也不知道接下来会怎样。”

躺在床上的丈夫这时候插进来，凄苦地说道：“看我这双腿，肿得这么厉害，皮肤都有点儿涨破了。我还经常做举腿的动作呐。哎，不管怎么说，还算管点儿用吧。”

他低着头看了一会儿自己的那双腿（这双腿已经变得畸形了，腿上的皮肤也差不多已完全失去了光泽），忽然好像想起了这双腿在这个家里是不受欢迎的，于是赶紧把裤腿放了下来。那双腿就仿佛是一张早已过时的老地图或毫无价值的设计图一样，没有人愿意去查阅，去参考。这位丈夫无可奈何地躺回床上，拿帽子盖住脸，再也一动不动。

“你的大儿子和大女儿睡在那个衣柜上吗？”

“是的。”女主人回答说。

“和弟弟妹妹一起睡在那儿？”

“是的。我们得挤在一起取暖。我们的被子太少了。”

“除了纱橱里的那半块面包，你们还有别的吃的吗？”

“没有了。另一半我们在早上已经吃完了，就着白水。我不知道接下来会怎样。”

“接下来有可能会好一些吗？”

“要是我大儿子今天能挣到钱的话，他一定会拿回来的。那我们晚上就有吃的了；而且，说不定我们还能交点儿房租。要是没挣到，我不知道接下来会怎样。”

“情况很糟糕哦。”

“是的，先生。生活很难，很难。您要走啦！小心啊，台阶坏了！

再见，先生！”

这些穷苦的人们得不到任何救济；但他们也不会去济贫院，因为他们对那儿充满了恐惧[86]。

在又一间出租屋里，我看到的是一位非常体面的妇女，还有五个孩子，其中最小的那个还不到一岁。这位妇女是本堂区医生的一个病人；为此，她的丈夫便在这家医院里干活儿。堂区间联合济贫院破天荒允许给她和她的家庭提供救济—每星期四个先令，外加五个面包。我想，当各位议员以及公众的“赐福者”—政党领导人最终达成协议，实现了均衡税率的承诺后，说不定她还可以多拿六个便士。到时候，她或许会合着这份“喜悦”，“欢欣”地跳上一曲“死亡之舞”吧。

此时此刻，我无法再继续探访下去了，我实在不忍再看到那些孩子们的眼神。我可以让自己硬着心肠去看大人们所遭受的痛苦，但当我看到那些孩子们时，我的心软了。他们是那么年幼，那么饥饿，神情却是那么严肃，那么宁静，我真的无法再看下去了。想到他们住在条件无比恶劣的巢穴里，忍受着病痛，濒临着死亡，我倒真希望他们可以毫无痛苦地离开人世。然而，他们不能，他们正在遭受着病痛和死神的折磨。一想到这些，我真的是心软了，再也不忍看下去了。

我沿着泰晤士河往前走，来到莱特克里夫村；又经由这里的一条岔路，回到了铁路边上。这时，我的眼睛被铁路对面的一块牌子吸引住了，那牌子上赫然刻着“东伦敦儿童医院”的字样。此时此刻，再没有什么能比看到这样几个字更能让我的内心感到安慰了。我横穿铁路，径直走进了这家医院。

这里看起来原本好像是个造船厂或者仓库。里面条件极端简陋，设备异常简朴。每层楼的地板上都有活板门，每个活板门上都吊着很多东西；陈旧的地板由于踩踏和推拉重物已变得坑坑洼洼；房间和梁柱的设

计很是蹩脚；楼梯上下也不方便；因此要想顺顺畅畅地去每个病房看看就显得不那么容易。但是，这里通风很好，收拾得又干净，让人备感亲切和愉悦。医院里有三十七张病床，床上躺着的尽是些可爱无比的孩子，有的大一些，有的还不到一岁。由于饥饿，这些孩子们都面色苍白，形容消瘦。但是我看到，在这里，孩子们的痛苦得到了温柔的抚慰。这里的小病号们每个人都有一个顽皮可爱的昵称；照料他们的是一位十分温婉秀气的女士，她轻柔地帮孩子们撸起袖子，给我看他们那骨瘦如柴软弱无力的小胳膊。每次在她这样做的时候，孩子就会用自己那瘦弱无肉的小手亲热地抚弄她手指上戴着的一枚结婚戒指。

病床上一个刚刚几个月大的婴儿格外引人瞩目，他/她十分漂亮，犹如拉斐尔[87]画笔下的小天使。只是他/她小小的头颅上因为脑积水缠满了绷带，同时还患有严重的支气管炎。孩子时不时会不由自主地发出一声痛苦的呻吟；但这呻吟里没有焦躁不安，也没有抱怨不满。孩子双颊和下巴的线条柔美无瑕，仿佛浓缩了所有婴儿的美丽；那双又大又亮的眼睛更是可爱非凡。我站在他/她的床脚前，这双明亮的大眼睛便开始和我对望，眼神里充满了好奇与渴望—正是我们都熟悉的婴儿所特有的那种眼神。这双眼睛就那样执著地凝望着我，即使那小小的身躯因为痛苦的呻吟而颤动时，孩子的视线都没有从我眼睛上移开。孩子仿佛是在恳求我，要我把收容他/她、照料他/她的这家小医院的故事讲给我能遇到的每个善良的人听。我伸出自己历经沧桑的大手握住那只贴着下巴紧握着的未经世事的小手，心中暗暗承诺，我一定会把这个故事讲给我能遇到的每个善良的人听。

当年，是一对年轻夫妇—都是非常有修养的人—买下这栋楼，并把它改建成了现在这家令人称道的医院。这对夫妇从不张扬，只是静静地守在这里。事实上，他们便是这家医院的负责人兼医生。两个人无论是在内科还是外科方面都有着非常丰富的实践经验；丈夫曾经是伦敦一家大医院的外科住院医师；妻子曾经是医学专业的学生，她勤奋好学，通

过了严格的考试，并在霍乱流行期间做过护士，负责照料一些穷困的病人。

凭着他们的资历，这对夫妇完全可以另谋高就。他们风华正茂，成就卓然，品位高雅，气质超群，与周围的邻居没有多少共同语言，与这里肮脏污浊的环境更是格格不入。然而，他们毅然选择了这里。他们的房间位于二楼，即使坐在餐桌前也能听到哪个孩子因为疼痛而哭喊。在这家简陋的小医院里，除了孩子们的病床，你还能看到钢琴、书籍、绘画工具以及其他一些只有文雅之士才可能拥有的宝贝。为了节省空间，这些宝贝都堆放在一处，只有哪一件被用到时，才会单独收拾出来，就像旅客排队上船一样，只能一个一个地来。医院的药剂师原本对这儿并不感兴趣，是这对夫妇的人格魅力以及他们所从事的这项事业本身的磁力把他吸引到了这里。药剂师住在餐厅内的一个小凹室里，他的洗漱用具只能放在餐具柜里。

他们很满足，因为他们把身边所有有用的东西都能充分地利用起来！他们很自豪，因为他们可以用自己的力量把楼内的空间分隔成一个个便利的小间，让白天的诊室摇身变成晚上的吸烟室；不仅如此，他们的候诊室里居然还放着一个朋友送的取暖炉呐！他们对医院周围的环境—如果能够摆脱掉楼后面那个令人不愉快的煤场的话—也很赞赏！他们还有一辆婴儿车，说也是一个朋友送的，非常有用。事实上，是我送的。楼梯下面有一个不大不小的角落正好作这辆婴儿车的车房。他们收集了很多很多的彩色图片—有的已经剪贴好，有的还没有—用以装饰病房。他们还有一只非常迷人的木刻小鸟，头上顶着漂亮得难以置信的羽冠，当你用手往上拨它的头时，小鸟就会忽地把头低下去。我去探访的那天上午，他们举行了一个小小的典礼，把这只小鸟立为医院的公共雕塑。医院里还有一只长相非常滑稽的杂种小狗，名字叫“卷毛儿”。“卷毛儿”经常在病床间穿梭着跑来跑去，小病号们对它都很熟悉。这只让孩子们精神振作的滑稽小狗是在医院门口发现的，当时它显然已经饿得

不行了，医院里的人就把它带进来，给它吃的。自此，小狗便在这里安了家。不知哪个孩子，大概因为仰慕“卷毛儿”天资聪颖，给它脖子上戴了一个脖套，上面写着“不要以貌取‘狗’。”我看到这个不卑不亢的呼吁时，“卷毛儿”正站在一个男孩的枕头边上快活地摇着尾巴。

今年一月份刚开业时，人们都以为这家医院是专门有人出钱为他们筹建的；因此把医院提供的医疗服务视为自己应享受的权利，生气时还故意找碴儿抱怨。不过，他们很快就了解了事实真相，对医院的感激之情开始与日俱增。但依然不遵守医院的探视规则，那些母亲们想什么时候来看孩子就什么时候来，父亲们则星期天想什么时候来就什么时候来。这些父母们还有一个不合理的（不过在我看来也是可同情可理解的）做法：孩子病入膏肓时，他们通常要把孩子带离医院，回到自己那个条件恶劣的家里。有一次，一个男孩儿因为炎症严重而奄奄一息，父母便在一个雨夜把他从医院带回了家。这个男孩儿后来又被送回来了，并且经过一番艰难的治疗后居然痊愈了。不管怎样，现在这个男孩儿很快乐。我看到他时，他正在高高兴兴地享受自己的午餐。

食物不足和居住环境不卫生是这些孩子们生病的主要原因，因此治疗的主要方法就是补充营养，保持卫生和居室通风。对于已经出院的小病人，医院依然不忘照顾他们，经常邀请他们来吃饭；还有一些被饥饿折磨的孩子，尽管从来都不是这家医院的病人，也经常得到他们的邀请。这对医生夫妇不仅熟悉自己的病人及其家庭的状况，对周围很多邻居的性格特点和生活境遇也很了解，因为所有这些信息他们都有记录。这些穷苦的人们一步一步陷入越来越深的贫困境地时，通常会隐藏事实，甚至对这对医生夫妇也不肯透露，直到最后陷入绝境。

这家医院的护士都很年轻，年龄多在十九岁到二十四岁之间。尽管医院的条件有限，但护士们仍然有一间属于她们自己的舒适的小饭厅，这在很多条件良好的医院里都办不到。不过，能让这群年轻的女孩儿们

坚定地留在这里的真正原因是：她们喜欢这些孩子，同情这些孩子的不幸遭遇—这是多么美丽的事实啊！技术最好的那位护士就来自附近的社区，家庭境况和邻居们一样贫苦，她尤其知道这项工作是多么重要。她原本是一位技术不错的裁缝，在这家医院一年的收入还比不上做衣服几个月的收入。医院的那位女负责人觉得有义务跟她说明做裁缝比在这里做护士要更有前景。但当有一天跟她说起这事儿时，这位女护士坚定地说“不”，她说在哪儿也比不上在这儿让她觉得自己更有价值，更开心；她一定要和这些孩子们待在一起。于是，她真的留下来了。我继续往前移动脚步，这时看到一位护士正在帮一个男婴洗漱。这位护士长得很喜兴，很招人喜欢，我于是停下来去逗弄她正照料的那个男婴。小家伙长得普普通通，圆头圆脑；此时，正紧皱着眉头，用一双湿滑的小手抓着自己的鼻子，身子裹在一个小毯子里，双眼神情严肃地盯着我。突然，这位小绅士踢了一下小脚，对着我笑了。与此同时，护士那张美丽的脸庞上也漾起了欣慰的微笑。看到这样的笑容，我之前那颗疼痛的心有些释然了。

几年前，在巴黎曾上演过一部非常感人的戏剧，名字叫《孩子们的医生》。就在我要离开这家医院时，突然发现我们的这位男医生可不正是“孩子们的医生”吗？那随意系着的黑色领带，宽松的双排扣黑色大衣，忧郁的表情，飘逸的黑发，那睫毛，那胡须，不折不扣，完完全全正是那位巴黎艺术家在舞台上刻画的理想医生形象的化身。但据我所知，还没有哪位传奇作家有胆量来描绘一下在伦敦东部这家儿童医院安家的这对年轻夫妇的家庭和生活。

我离开莱特克里夫村，在斯特普尼火车站乘车来到了芬丘奇街总站。我相信，不管是谁，只要按照这条路原路返回的话，都必将看到我刚刚所经历过的这一切。

（丁振琴　译）

业余警察在巡逻

我有一个癖好，即便是毫无目的的漫步，也一定要有一个目的地。每次离开我在考文特花园的临时住所前，我会给自己规定好，一旦出了门，中途就不能再改变路线，也不能半途而废，没到达目的地之前绝不能返回；这就像不能骗人，不能违背和别人的约定一样。这一天，我的目的地是莱姆豪斯[88]。按照事先和自己约定好的规则，我于中午时分，准时从家里出发了。

每次出来漫步，我都习惯把自己想象成是正在值班的高级警员，而漫步便是在“巡逻”了。遇到街上有流氓恶棍时，我会在心里想象如何抓住他们，并把他们赶出伦敦城。如果我真的能够抓住一个流氓恶棍，我一定会把他赶出去，并且告诉他别想再看到伦敦城。

正在“巡逻”时，我看到三个身形庞大、粗壮有力的绞刑师正走在回家的路上。我敢肯定，他们的家在特鲁里街的某个院子里，地方狭小转不开身；但他们住在那儿，就像我住在我的寓所一样，不会受到任何人的侵扰。看到他们，我心里突然生出了一个想法。我想象着自己作为一名警员，应该把这个想法恭恭敬敬地呈给新上任的首席司法行政长官—我完全相信他是一位可信赖的、能胜任的人民公仆。这时候，我不由想起：多少次，警察报告书里总是带有成见地给我胡乱扣帽子，我虽忍无可忍，却也只能把气咽到肚子里；多少次，警察告诉那值得尊敬的地方法官说某个犯人的同伙就住在某条街或某个院儿里，没有人敢从那儿走；那值得尊敬的地方法官一旦听说了那条街或那个院儿的恶名，便经常—比如说每隔两周—拿那条街或那个院儿当“教材”来教导大家。

现在，假设我们的首席司法行政长官给伦敦的各个警察分局发一则

通知，要求他们立即将所有地区所有被吹嘘得那样可怕的街道或院落的名字全都报上来；假设我们的首席司法行政长官在通知中还有一条警告："如果那样的地方真的存在，证明警察无能，要受到惩罚；如果那样的地方不存在，只是以讹传讹，证明警察懒惰，没去澄清事实，而是纵容这样的谣言，属于渎职行为，也要受到惩罚。"这样的通知发下去，结果会怎样呢？是谣言还是事实，只需用一点点常识去检验，答案便会清清楚楚。如果不厌其烦地告诉大家——直到大家都视其为平凡如旧闻如醋栗一样——像这样的历史上最为昂贵的警察制度在当前的伦敦，在拥有蒸汽技术、照相技术和电报技术的今天，依然存在，那我们和古老的斯图亚特王朝[89]还有什么区别？噢，如果各个政府部门都如此滞后的话，那么两年后我们可能退步到"大瘟疫"[90]时代，一百年后我们可能退步到"德鲁伊教徒"[91]的远古时代了！我的那个想法原来会给社会带来如此大的损害。

想到这儿，我不由自主地加快了脚步，结果不小心撞倒了一个骨瘦如柴的孩子。当时，这个可怜的孩子正一手提着破旧的裤子，一手抓着蓬乱的头发，赤着脚吧嗒吧嗒地在泥泞的石头路上跑。我停下脚步，把这个流着眼泪的小可怜儿扶起来，给了他一张钞票。立刻，我们被包围了。我估计差不多得有五十人，有男的也有女的。他们衣衫褴褛，饥肠辘辘，冷饿交加，浑身哆哆嗦嗦。他们先是讨钱，见我不给，就开始扭打着、翻滚着、吵闹着、尖叫着去抢那个孩子手里的钞票。他们像恶狼一样，凶狠地争抢着，那张钞票一会儿被这个抢去，一会儿又被那个夺走；很快，我便看不到那张钞票落到哪里去了。眼前尽是一片令人厌恶的混战场面，一片飘荡着的破衣烂衫，一片挥舞着的胳膊和腿，一片飞扬着的烂泥。至于那个刚刚被我撞倒的孩子，我在扶起他之后，就已经把他拉到了路边儿上。这一场钞票争夺战发生在围着板围和栅栏的一堆建筑物废墟上；确切点说，是在圣殿关石门[92]附近。

突然，从这群争抢者中出人意料地冒出了一名真正的警察，其他人

立刻吓得四下逃散。这名警察东打一拳，西踢一脚，左抓一把，右挠一下，一个人也没抓住。见所有人都吓跑了，他这才摘下帽子，从里面抽出一块儿手帕，擦了擦脑门儿上的汗；之后，又把手帕塞进帽子，把帽子重新戴回头上。他那副样子，就好像是刚刚尽了一份重要的道义上的责任。的确如此，只是这一份责任他是为自己尽的—他抢得了那张别人不敢不放下的钞票。我看看他，再看看泥地上留下的那些杂乱的痕迹，不由想起了地质学家在悬崖壁上辨认出的那些古老久远的雨滴印儿和先人的脚印儿。我情不自禁地陷入了沉思：假设此时此刻这些带有杂乱痕迹的泥巴能够石化，假设这些石化了的泥巴能够在这里完好无损地久存一万年；那么一万年后，不借助历史的帮助，仅凭人类自己的智慧，我们的后人能否从这些痕迹中推断出下面这样惊人的结论：有一个国度，表面看来美丽优雅，可就在她的首都城市，却有一群挨饿受冻的孩子被她残酷地遗忘了；这个国度实力强大，并为其海权和陆权而自豪无比，却从不曾动用自己的实力去抓住并挽救那些孩子。

我来到了老贝利街[93]，沿着这条街往远处看，便是新门监狱[94]。我发现这座监狱看起来有点儿不协调。事实上，这一天似乎处处都弥漫着不协调的氛围。圣保罗大教堂[95]可谓是非常漂亮的建筑，可在我看来，还是有一点儿不协调。似乎教堂顶上的那个十字架太高，距离下方的那个金球太远了似的。

我转身向东走去，离开了土美菲路和老贝利街，离开了绞刑、游街鞭刑（把罪犯拖在马车后面，一边游街，一边用鞭子抽打）、火刑、柴把、监狱、颈手架、烙铁，也离开了祖先留下的那些美丽的建筑—可惜已被粗暴地拆毁了，幸好天上的星辰还依然如旧。我继续“巡逻”，发现了一个奇怪的现象：这一带的街区好像被一根无形的线隔成了很多块—这一块是银行和货币兑换行，那一块是航运公司和航海用具商店；这一块是几乎闻不到任何气味的杂货商店，那一块则是腥味浓烈的肉摊儿；不过最吃香的要数那些小针织品店，里面陈列的每一件商品都明码标

价，就像已经被谁预定了或指定了要买似的。

在杭兹迪奇教堂[96]这儿，往东迈一步和往西迈一步，景象便截然不同。就像司各特[97]描述的卡农盖特街[98]一样，在那条街的尽头有一条不算宽的沟，欠债人只要迈过去，就算是进了荷里路德避难所[99]，即使法警就在眼前，也不用担心会被捕；但在沟的另一侧，就是另外一种情景了。在杭兹迪奇教堂这儿，往西迈一步，你可以看到货真价实的上着法国抛光漆的红木桌子或五斗橱，往东迈一步，你看到的则是像抹了一层护唇膏似的廉价的仿制品；往西迈一步，你可以看到规模很小但完全独立自足的面包店，往东迈一步，你看到的则是松松垮垮的只会跟人讨钱的懒汉。接下来，我的“巡逻路线”主要是围绕着白教堂[100]及其附近的炼糖厂一带。这里的建筑层层叠叠，很是宏伟壮观，像极了利物浦码头的大型仓库。离开这条路线后，我又向右边走去，经过左边那个死角转弯处时，突然看到一个幽灵般的身影，这个身影在伦敦的其他街道上也不陌生。

但不知为什么，经常在伦敦街头漫步的人们近来都没有看到过这个女人。今天我看到她，发现她的背因为脊椎的疾患更驼了，简直是在弯着腰；她的头也歪到了一侧肩膀的后边，几乎快垂到自己的手腕儿上了。谁都熟悉她的拐杖，她的披巾，她的篮子；谁都知道她除了脚下的路别的什么都看不见，只能摸索着向前走；谁都了解她从不乞讨，从不停下自己的脚步，永远都在漫无目的地朝着某个地方走去。但是没有人知道她靠什么生活，从哪里来，又要到哪里去，为什么要这样走个不停。我还记得，她那裸露的胳膊肤色蜡黄，瘦得只剩一把骨头和包在外面的一层羊皮纸般的肉皮。如今，这双胳膊似乎又有了一些变化—那皮肤看上去显得更斑驳了。她以前似乎总是绕着河岸大道[101]转，绕一圈大概有半英里长的样子。可今天，她怎么离开“轨道”，往东走了这么远？而且又在往回返。她究竟走了多少路啊？在这一带，她应该是罕见的一大奇观。这一点，从一条狗对她的反应上便可以看出来。那是一条

长得不太对称的杂种狗，尾巴长得尤其滑稽。当时，这条狗正慢慢地走着，尾巴翘着，耳朵竖着，和它的“同胞们”（如果我可以用这个词的话）一样，令人觉得友好和善。这条狗在一家猪肉店稍作停顿，然后和我一样，慢步往东行进；它的面容和蔼慈善，嘴巴馋涎欲滴，仿佛在默想那肉的可口美味。就在此时，它看到了这个半弓着身子正向自己靠近的“包裹”。它虽没有受到什么惊吓，但还是有些惊奇—这个“包裹”居然会走路。它停下脚步，把耳朵竖得更直一些，又稍稍往前走一点儿，眼睛瞪得又大又圆，鼻头又湿又亮，嘴里发出一声短短的低沉的“汪”。我在一边看着，不由得心惊胆战。“包裹”继续靠近，狗“汪汪”地叫起来，转身想要逃开；可似乎又想到了“身为一条狗，怎能临阵脱逃”的道理，于是又转回身来，再一次面对那个不断向自己靠近的“包裹”。过了好大一会儿，狗似乎想起，这个“包裹”什么地方应该有一张脸吧？这一次，它孤注一掷，决定冒一下险，找找看看。于是，狗慢慢走近“包裹”，慢慢绕着“包裹”转了一圈，终于在一个不应该的地方找到了那张人脸。狗恐惧地嗥叫一声，便飞快地朝着东印度码头[102]方向逃去。

现在，我“巡逻”到了商业路[103]一带。想到斯特普尼火车站就在附近，我不由加快了脚步，因为火车站的另一侧不远处就是我那颗“东方的小星”，我要顺路去看一看那颗“小星”是否依然在明亮地闪烁。

“东方的小星”是我给伦敦东部一家儿童医院起的名字。再次来到这里，我发现这颗“小星”果然依旧明亮，这家医院果然依旧发挥着重要作用。医院里的床位都满了。我上次见到的那个天使般美丽的婴儿已经永远地睡去了，他/她躺过的那张床上现在是一张新面孔。看得出来，我上次离开后，又有很多好心人来过这里。医院的墙上装饰了好多好多布娃娃，让人看了很是愉快。那些娃娃们伸着手臂，睁着大眼睛，展示着自己漂亮的裙子。不知道“卷毛儿”看到这些娃娃，会有怎样的反应。不过，“卷毛儿”的兴趣好像主要在小病号们身上。它就像是一名医生，在病床间走来走去，身旁还跟着一条小狗—大概是朋友，仿佛它的实习助

手一样。“卷毛儿”急切地领我去看一个漂亮的小姑娘。小姑娘看起来非常健康，实际上却因为膝部患癌刚刚做了截肢手术。“卷毛儿”摇着尾巴在她的床单上蹭来蹭去，似乎在向我暗示：你看，亲爱的先生，这个截肢手术很不容易，但非常成功！小姑娘拍拍“卷毛儿”，微笑着开口说：“这条腿给我带来很多麻烦，我很高兴把它弄走了。”我们又来到另一个小女孩儿的病床前，小女孩儿张开嘴，让我们看她异常肿胀的舌头。这时候，“卷毛儿”正卧在一张桌子上，和小女孩儿一般高；它满含同情地伸出自己的舌头，神情严肃地看着小女孩儿，眼神里充满了理解和怜爱。我从没有见过哪条狗能像“卷毛儿”这样有风度、有修养，真想把手伸进口袋，拿出一基尼钱，用纸包好，放进它的嘴里。

离开儿童医院，我来到了莱姆豪斯教堂附近，这将是我“巡逻”的最后一站。我发现离这儿不远处有几家“铅厂”。“铅厂”这个名字吸引了我，这个名字在我的脑海里仍记忆犹新。第一次作为“非商务旅客”探访东伦敦儿童医院及其附近地区时曾听人说起“铅厂”。经过了解，这里的铅厂和当时听人说起的那些“铅厂”没有什么不同。于是，我决定去看一看。

接待我的是一对聪颖灵敏的兄弟，他们和自己的父亲一起经营这家铅厂。兄弟俩非常欢迎我来参观，而且表示我可以随意看，我便仔细地“巡逻”了一下这家铅厂。铅厂工作的主要目的是将铅锭转化成白铅粉。这个转化要通过铅本身的一种连续的化学变化而慢慢地逐渐地来实现。但整个加工过程别开生面，非常有趣；最有意思的要数其中的一个准备环节：把铅锭分别埋进很多个罐子里—每个罐子里还要放一定数量的酸类物质，再把所有罐子一层一层地全部埋到鞣皮下，存放约十个星期。

我爬上一架又一架梯子，穿过一块又一块木板，登上一个又一个高台；到最后，我都不知道我是像小鸟呢，还是更像砌砖工人。不管怎

样，我终于可以在一个立足处停下来了。脚下是一排又一排的大阁楼；站在这里可以清楚地俯看其中一个阁楼里的景象，阳光也透过阁楼顶上砖瓦的缝隙斑驳地照着里面。有许多女人正在那里上上下下地忙碌着；每个上来的女人都扛着一个已经放好了铅和酸的罐子，准备把它埋在冒着热气的鞣皮下。一层罐子放满后，便在上面小心翼翼地盖上木板，再在木板上面小心翼翼地盖上鞣皮；然后，开始放第二层罐子……每一层都设有木管儿，保证通风良好。阁楼里的罐子快放满时，我从自己站的地方下来，走进这个阁楼里面。我发现那鞣皮的温度高得惊人，铅和酸混合发出的味道非常难闻，尽管在这个阶段可能还不至于有毒。在有的阁楼里，罐子已经挖出来了，那儿的鞣皮的热度还要高得多，味道也更刺鼻，更怪异。每一层楼都有很多这样的大阁楼；有的里面放满了罐子，有的里面只放了一半，还有的里面则完全空着；身体强壮、动作敏捷的女人们上上下下里里外外地忙碌着。这情景就像是在一个土耳其富翁家里，听说苏丹或巴夏[104]要来，富翁那些忠诚的后宫佳丽们便赶紧上楼忙着把家里的金银财宝藏起来。

和绝大多数的矿粉或颜料粉一样，白铅粉的加工程序也很繁杂，搅拌、离析、洗涤、研磨、滚搓、挤压，一道工序都不能少。毫无疑问，这其中有些环节对人体健康是非常有害的，其主要危险在于吸入铅微粒或皮肤与铅直接接触。为了消除这些危险因素，铅厂为工人们配发了很好的口罩（用法兰绒和棉布缝制而成，更新成本较低，而且还可以用香皂清洗）、防护手套以及宽大的长外衣。厂房尽可能多地安装了窗户，安装的位置也很合理，因此通风条件非常好。根据以往的经验，也出于对铅中毒的担心，这家铅厂还首创了一项安全措施，即经常轮换在最危险的环节工作的工人。据说，这项安全措施非常有效。在最危险的环节工作的工人们穿戴独特而神秘，个个蒙着口鼻，穿着宽宽大大的长外衣。这样一来，就更符合我前面用的那个比喻了—土耳其富翁的后宫佳丽。

这令人伤脑筋的白铅粉，经过埋存、挖掘、加热、冷却、搅拌、离析、洗涤、研磨、滚搓、挤压等程序，终于到了最后一个环节—高温烘烤。蒙着口鼻，穿着长外衣，犹如土耳其富翁的后宫佳丽的女工们在一个很大的石制烘房里站成一排，像在帮厨师传菜一样，一个传一个地将烤盘放到烘箱里。这个时候的烘箱（或者叫炉窖）还是冷的，看起来有房子那么高，里面有很多临时立脚处，站满了男工和女工；他们敏捷地传递着烤盘，迅速地将烤盘在炉窖里放好。另一个刚用过的烘箱（或者叫炉窖）现在已经快冷却下来了，里面的烤盘也差不多全都取出来了，铅厂负责人把顶上的一扇门打开，以便我这个来访者可以从上面观看烘箱（炉窖）里面的情形。我刚一探头，就忍不住立刻缩了回来；那炙热的气息，那刺鼻的气味，让我有一种要窒息的感觉。这么看来，铅加工过程中，最危险的环节便是进入炉窖里面工作—尽管此时炉窖的门已经打开，新鲜的空气已经进来。

但可以看得出，铅厂负责人的的确确做了很多细心周到的工作，以期将铅中毒的危险降到最低。

厂内有专供女工洗浴的浴室（我原以为只是毛巾比较多而已）；还有专门用于挂衣服、吃饭的房间；房间里有很好的炉灶，那炉火烧得正旺。厂家还配备了一名女服务员来给女工们帮忙，并监督她们在触摸食物前一定不要忘记把手洗干净。此外，还为她们配备了一名经验丰富的医疗护理人员；一旦谁有铅中毒的先兆症状，便可以得到及时的妥善的治疗。我看见女工们的房间时，她们的茶壶以及其他喝下午茶的用具都已经摆好了，很有家的样子。这些女工们比男工更能承受这份工作，她们当中有几个已经在这儿干了好几年了；绝大多数女工都很强壮很泼辣。当然，另一方面，她们大多数人也都很任性很随意，上班时想来就来，不想来就不来。

美国的发明家们好像说过：不久的将来，白铅粉的加工冶炼有可能

完全由机器来完成。那么，越早越好。和陪我参观的那对坦诚的兄弟告别时，我跟他们说他们没有什么需要隐瞒的，也没有什么可指责的。至于其他，诸如铅中毒的问题，诸如工人们的种种说法，我想完全可以用我在“东方的小星”那篇文章里提到的那位爱尔兰妇女的话来总结：“有的人刚上班不久就铅中毒了，有的过一段时间才会中毒，还有的，不过是少数，一直都不会有事儿。这全在人的体质，先生，有的人体质好，有的人体质弱。”

我要顺原路回家，不再“巡逻”，我“下班”了。

（丁振琴　译）

赛马彩票店

6月14日（星期天）的一份体育报上刊登了二十九条有关赛马胜负预测的广告。每一位“预言家”都宣称，对即将到来的“赛马会”上的每一场赛事，他们都有精准信息透露，信息透露费从一英镑一先令到二先令六便士不等。每一位“预言家”都宣称，自己的预测信息毋庸置疑、无可匹敌，因为有赛马训练站的权威人物（不用说都是些言而无信的人，但那又怎么样呢？）为他提供消息。每一位“预言家”都十分清楚，经他启迪过的彩民必须要赢；他们千方百计地维护着自己的信誉，生怕把战场丢给了别人。他们似乎都是大慈善家，其中的一位“圣人”声称，当他老练的目光扫过苦苦奋斗的芸芸众生，当他亲眼看见在生活的道路上有的人辛辛苦苦、孜孜不倦地朝着某个确定目标缓慢前行，有的人莽莽撞撞、昏头昏脑地朝着未知的目标急速前冲，他心中便不由生出一种强烈的愿望—要为这芸芸众生点一盏指路明灯；与此同时，他也非常苦恼，因为他每天都亲眼看见劳苦大众把钱白白浪费在毫无意义的地方。另一位“贤人”，似乎略有不及，在宣告自己重新复出时只说道：“战无不胜的预言家又回来啦！”还有一位“道德家”，干脆借《新约圣经》中的主要信条来宣扬自己的“赌马必胜计”，称自己预测必胜的赛马是“被上帝挑中的少数”，自己提供的预测信息则是“上帝的忠告”。还有一位，一方面承认由于自己在前不久的预测中出了点儿“小错”，以致给大家带来了“灾难”；一方面又认为这没有必要作太多解释（尽管他已经作了太多解释），因为他曾成功地探出赛马场上最为隐秘的信息，这足以证明他的预测能力是绝无仅有的，那么偶尔犯点儿小错应该是可以原谅的。所有这些“预言家”的广告都来得及时迅捷，仿佛他们正骑在马背上时突发灵感，来不及下马便赶紧掏出纸笔，把这新鲜的灵感记录下来，用以启迪芸芸众生，重回黄金时代。

赛马赌博如此兴旺火热，举国上下如饥似渴般一头扎进去的傻瓜不计其数，这让人深感忧虑。尤其需要一提的是，赛马赌博的沉迷者中有很多是头脑灵活、年纪尚轻的小伙子，他们清楚地知道自己无论如何也不可能去向莎士比亚学习，于是便找一些胡编乱造的理由来让自己沉迷于赛马赌博。还有一些人，居然认为这被“预言家”们无情劫掠的赛马赌博有可能成为一个无比灿烂辉煌的行业，在我们看来，这简直是一个无比荒唐可笑的想法。不过，或许此想法亦有其合情入理、讨人喜欢的一面，比如说，它有可能湮没人们对那些“预言家”的所有憎恨，如果赛马赌博的恶作剧就此停止的话。

然而，让人遗憾的是，这恶作剧没有就此停止。有那么多匹“被上帝挑中的赛马”，有那么多条“上帝的忠告”，赌马者们坚信自己必将快快乐乐地投入财神的怀抱。打工仔啊、童仆啊，无不意识到能否发财原来完全取决于自己；于是无不行动起来，赶紧去买一则自己能买得起的“赌马必胜计”，然后投身赌博，等待发财。这些具有运动家品格的赌马者们从“征服一切的预言家”手中买来“致富法宝”后，发现还需要有一个便利的场所。在这个场所里，应该有赛马名单及最新投注赔率表；在这个场所里，他们可以把自己的钱（或者从别人那儿借来的钱）投注在经由“预言家”预测必胜的幸运的赛马上。于是，赛马彩票店应运而生，且眨眼间便如雨后春笋般涌现在每一条街道上。所有的赛马彩票店都需要有几个对折本作“账簿”，还需要有几张赛马的彩色图片作宣传，当然，那图片越是陈旧越是脏兮兮便越好。就这样，把几张彩图往橱窗里一摆，再把一本“账簿”往柜台上一放，一切就绪，一个装备完好的彩票店或庄家就算成了。

有的彩票店可能由烟草店或其他什么店改建而成；有的可能一开始就是一家彩票店。有的装修简陋，为了节省资金从“预言家”手中购买“赌马必胜计”，连柜台都省掉了，在屋角处隔出一个挺有官气的隔间，再放张桌子便苟且了事；有的装潢豪华，店内配有上着法国抛光漆

的红木桌椅及其他高档的办公室设备。每家彩票店的店长也不尽相同，从彩票店墙上的小窗户偶尔可以看到，有的店长还没有脱离贫困，依旧穿着破旧的衣衫，或正与心怀敬仰的客户喝着杜松子酒，或正站在店内一个隐秘的地方，透过那扇小窗，悄悄审视着门外那些等待买彩票的狂热的彩民们；有的店长看起来地位尊贵，有一种居高临下的优越感，就像“政府官员”一样，戴着一只单片眼镜，仔细地查看着店里的“账簿”。有的彩票店降下身份，投注标准可低至一先令[105]；有的则拒收低于半个克朗的投注；还有的为了抬高身份，把自己和较便宜的彩票店区分开，故意抬高投注标准，从五先令、七先令六便士、半个金币[106]、甚至到一英镑（这样高的投注标准的确比较少见）不等。有的彩票店的彩票就是一小片软塌塌的纸板，上面草草地印着一个表格，内容的填写更是乱七八糟；有的彩票店的彩票则是高雅别致、制作精良的卡片，上面漂漂亮亮地写着“贵族俱乐部出纳员收”。如果你下注的那匹赛马“傻子”在“幸运杯”赛马会上一举夺冠，赢得“幸运奖杯”，你便可以凭着这张彩票，根据上面具体标明的奖金支付日期（通常是赛马会结束后的第二天），去找那位重要人物—出纳员—领取两英镑十五先令的大奖。然而，不管什么样的彩票店，只要它是彩票店，就一定会有人来来往往，乐此不疲—英格兰身手快捷的年轻人，聪明绝顶的年轻人，时刻都在密切关注着赛马会的年轻人，就一定会走进来；然后，像一个头脑简单、茫然不能自已的傻瓜一样乖乖地把钱交出来；再然后，他们便欢天喜地等待着，一直都坚信自己能中大奖，直到最后得知自己赌输了（这是注定的），也只能无奈地舔舔那只把钱交出去的手。

我们这儿附近的彩票店虽地处市中心，但也不能代表彩票店的大本营，因为彩票店实在是太多了，整个伦敦城及其周围的郊区处处都充斥着“彩票店”这个家喻户晓的名字。不过，要是想了解彩票店的话，倒不用走太远的路，因为我们周围街坊上就有很多很多家彩票店。前两天，经过特鲁里街剧院附近一条常走的脏兮兮的大街时，发现那里又新开了一家彩票店，名字起得很是吉利，叫“快乐先生”。

“快乐先生”彩票店规模很小，十分引人注目。这家彩票店就像戏剧《罗密欧与朱丽叶》中提到的那家药店一样，里面几乎没有任何家具设备，只是胡乱地弄了一下，能够将就着卖卖彩票收收钱而已。这家彩票店在阿斯科特赛马会即将举行之时突然出现，且生意红火，我们不由怀疑“快乐先生”可能精心策划了一笔投机买卖：借着赛马会的良机尽情敛财，赛马会一结束，说得难听一点，便溜之大吉。尽管“快乐先生”彩票店从外表看着就让人觉得不可信，但依然会有人来店里买彩票，这一点毋庸置疑。这不，正当我们站在马路对面打量这家彩票店时（估计彩票店就是在这天早上才刚刚开张的），就看到两个报童、一个公司职员、一个年轻的肉商、还有一个刚刚开业的面包店店主走进彩票店，与“快乐先生”做起了交易。这些彩民看起来对“快乐先生”可是没有丝毫戒心。

我们也决定在“快乐先生”这里赌一把，看看结果到底会怎样。于是，我们穿过马路，走进“快乐先生”彩票店，瞟了一眼店里挂着的各种单子—就在此时，又有一位具有运动家风格的彩民（一个挎着蓝包的小伙子）从“快乐先生”这里买了一注彩票—便跟“快乐先生”说我们要买一注“西部让步赛”的彩票，赌“托福纳”这匹赛马，下注半克朗（这个注钱不算低）。把赌金交给“快乐先生”时，我们假装对“托福纳”“西部让步赛”等很了解的样子；但事实上，不得不承认，我们对这两个名称一无所知，完全凭空想象“托福纳”是一匹赛马，“西部让步赛”是一个彩票的名称。“快乐先生”表情认真严肃，什么都没问便接过了赌金，登录了赌注，从围着办公桌的栏杆上方把一张脏兮兮的小纸板递给了我们。如果“托福纳”赢了，我们将凭着这个小纸板，在赛后的第二天来领奖；我们还仔细看了一下，奖金是英币七先令六便士。这时，一个机灵鬼悄悄跟我们说，何不借此机会试探一下“快乐先生”，看看他的钱箱里到底有没有足够的钱。于是，我们又递给“快乐先生”一枚金币，请他帮我们换成零钱。“快乐先生”接过金币后，立刻埋下头，在小隔间里假装翻抽屉；很快，便听到了他的回话：没有零钱了，所有的银币都在上午换成

金币了。说这话时，“快乐先生”的喉咙里就像有什么东西噎着似的。说完话，“快乐先生”又很快露出头来，从接待室喊来一个男孩儿，让他出去换零钱—那男孩儿好像刚刚见过，看起来非常狡诈的样子。我们跟“快乐先生”说，如果他能找给我们半个金币（既然有那么多金币）的话，我们可以把赌金增加到半个金币，就不用再麻烦了。然而，“快乐先生”再次把头埋进小隔间，说那男孩儿已经跑出去了，相信他一定能把零钱换回来；又补充说刚跟那男孩儿一说，他即刻就没影儿了，一点儿都不麻烦。于是，我们只好在“快乐先生”的店里等那男孩儿回来。这时，我们注意到店里还有一个神秘莫测的女人，一直一动不动地盯着外面的大街—我们猜测她大概是“快乐先生”的老婆吧。正猜着，那男孩儿回来了。我们从他手里接过零钱，隐约看到他的鼻子似乎抽动了一下，好像因为神不知鬼不觉地骗了我们所以备感得意似的；但是我们并不敢确定，这个男孩儿实在太狡诈。

赛马会的第二天，我们拿着彩票凭证又来到“快乐先生”彩票店，发现这里已是一片混乱。店里挤满了人，大多数都是穿着油乎乎脏兮兮衣服的嗜赌如命的小伙子；他们正吵闹着要找“快乐先生”。而坐在“快乐先生”的位子上的正是那个狡诈的男孩儿；他一个人坐在那里，十分的镇定沉着。他说“快乐先生”上午十点钟有急事出去了，要到晚上很晚的时候才能回来；“快乐先生”的老婆因为身体健康的缘故出城了，要到冬天才回来。“‘快乐先生’明天回来吗？”人群中有人大声地问。“他明天也不回来，因为明天是星期天，他星期天要去教堂的”，那狡诈的男孩儿说。听着那有点儿口齿不清的回答，连赌输了的人们都忍不住笑起来了。“那他星期一回来吗？”一个卖菜的年轻小伙子不顾一切地大声问道。“星期一？”那男孩儿想了想，说：“我想他星期一也不会回来，星期一他要去一个促销会。”听到这儿，几个小伙子开始讥讽那个从容不迫镇定自若的男孩儿，“什么去‘促销会’啊？是去‘骗人会’吧。”另有几个蜂拥而上，挤进小隔间，有的大笑着，有的咒骂着。这时，一个童仆发现了“快乐先生”的赌注登录册—那是“快乐先生”留下来的唯一物件。

只听他大声喊道："这个小册子不错啊！"我们擅自翻看了一下那本小册子，发现的确是"不错"："快乐先生"总共收了大约十七英镑，即便抛除那些必要的开销，他还能赚十一到十二英镑。不用说，"快乐先生"自然会被什么"促销会"绊住脚，再也不会回来了。我们再一次也是最后一次路过"快乐先生"的彩票店时，发现彩票店已不复存在，取而代之的是一家"鞋靴制造厂"。当时天色已近黄昏，一位年轻的先生从"新新酒店"走出，来到这家曾经的彩票店门前，发狂般地拉着门铃。那门铃的把手儿已差不多快被完全拽出来了，就像正在弹奏乐曲的风琴突然停住了一样。一个灰不溜秋、满身灰尘的男人把门打开一条缝，年轻的先生跟他详细地询问起"快乐先生"的情况。那个男人说他什么都不知道，谁都不认识，对"快乐先生"更是闻所未闻，一无所知。希望这个上当受骗的可怜虫听了那个男人的回答后，心能够踏实下来了。他赌出去的钱，是再也不能够从"快乐先生"那里赢回来了。

但总体来说，也不是所有彩民都会成为"快乐先生"们的猎物。哦，绝对不会！我们还有比较守信的彩票店；我们还有"赌场商人道德联合会"来专门惩治像"快乐先生"那样的坏蛋。"赌场商人道德联合会"其实是一家为商人利益服务的机构，其简介封面上还有一幅关于赛马的木刻画。在此，我们愿意忠实地一字不差地为大家呈现该机构的简介内容。

"'赌场商人道德联合会'相关负责人郑重声明：城市新增赌场并非为了与已有的诚信经营的赌场相抗衡，而是要本着公平竞争的原则，为公众提供更安全更可信的投资渠道，敬请广大公众多多关照。"

"'赌场商人道德联合会'，正如其名所示，是'商人（从事商务活动人员）的协会'。该机构亲眼看见由于一些赌场破产（原因特点及资产规模都差不多）而致使处于弱势地位的赌民经常遭受财产上的损失，而该机构可以监管商人以及投机倒把的小贩公正、诚实地投资经营。因此，'赌场商人道德联合会'理应受到公众的支持。"

“该联合会的经理认为，公众对于赌场的憎恨（这对于那些努力诚信经营以赢得公众信任的赌场尤为不利）大多源于赌场的客观环境。很多赌场装修布置得过于富丽堂皇、华而不实，其所需费用显然与赌场的合法盈利不相符合；而有的赌场则恰好相反，外观显得过于贫困潦倒，让人觉得其经营者只想一味收赌金，根本没有能力兑奖。”

“还有的赌场设法避免这两种极端，决意不让自己看上去有一点儿像要投机的样子，结果却适得其反，更让人觉得是在惺惺作态，更让人觉得有可能无法‘在赛后的第二天兑奖’”。

“‘赌场商人道德联合会’将在一家信用极好名望极高的赌场开展业务。该赌场位于市中心，其经营者与联合会经理曾签下协议，共同承诺绝不失信于广大民众。”

“所有比赛项目的市场投注赔率都由联合会总经理设定，所有发行的彩票都由总经理亲自签名，所有投注的资金……”

有了这个联合会，商人们自然相信可以放心大胆地把钱投注在自己最喜欢的赛马上；而他们的家人，就像古老的家庭故事中所讲述的一样，自然相信可以过上幸福美满的生活了。

现在，毫无疑问，赛马赌博已蔚然成风，且愈演愈烈；之所以会这样，社会因素起着非常重要的作用。尽管我们对不同的意见尊重之至，但我们坚决认为对赌博进行法律干预的呼吁是错误的。首先，一直以来，我们的法律除了压制公众的文娱活动外，很少对其加以关注，而现在突然要制定一条这样的法规，显然不是明智之选。假使我们的教育立法一直以来都非常关心公众的文娱活动，非常真诚地希望公众的文娱活动越来越丰富越来越好，那么情况可能会有所不同。不过，即使如此，制定赌博法规也有转嫁责任的极大嫌疑。其次，尽管我们的议会中不乏许多诚实正直的议员，许多非常非常诚实正直的议员，许多不但诚实正

直且博学多才的议员，他们站在自己的位子上，滔滔不绝地跟广大公众讲什么是对的，什么是错的，什么是真的，什么是假的。他们的说教也许很有教化作用，但我们依然斗胆敢说，我们不赞成议会当前就赌博问题所制定的种种规范及所采取的解决办法；我们深信，如果这些规范及解决办法没有做到真正的公正公平，那么议会在道义上的权威将遗失殆尽。无疑，全国上下所有人都知道有一些“侠肝义胆”的“预言家”在过去很长一段时间里曾到处宣扬他们的“赌马必胜计”，为广大赌民预测哪匹赛马能使他们中大奖！无疑，不论我们在政治主张上有多大分歧，我们都知道，不止一位“预言家”与体育报上刊登的那位“圣人”一样—“当老练的目光扫过苦苦奋斗的芸芸众生，心中便不由生出一种强烈的愿望—要为这芸芸众生点一盏指路明灯”；“预言家”们借着这盏“指路明灯”，庄严地宣称“黑马”将是胜者；然后，直到卖出了他们的“必胜计”，又突然改口，宣称“白马”可能是胜者，“棕马”可能是胜者，或者“灰马”很有可能是胜者。无疑，不论我们多么不情愿承认，我们都知道，国家的政治诚信已经受到了影响，并已被腐蚀；什么“选举”，什么“政府”，不过是鲁莽草率的赌马彩票店罢了—那里的“预言家”们反复无常，与彩民们玩弄伎俩，且尽可能地拖长时间以使更多彩民上当受骗，之后便出尔反尔，将自己的预言置诸一旁，丝毫不计后果；那里的“预言家”们用自己老练的目光扫视整体形势后，宣称每一匹赛马均有成为胜者的可能。

哦，不！针对赛马赌博这件事情制定法规有可能使其变得公正些，但绝对不会产生什么奇迹；对此，我们深信不疑。家长和雇主必须承担更多的义务，必须了解受自己监护或管理的人员的日常习惯及时常出入的地方；当有新的诱惑来临时，更需要深入了解他们的各种情况。有关单位应该明文规定，学生学徒不得参与赌博，否则严惩不贷。若果然有学生学徒参与赌博，地方法官可以抓几个典型，宣判他们有罪，将他们关进劳教所，并施以严厉处罚，这必将起到杀一儆百的作用。公司职员、政府雇员一旦被发现参与赌博，应当立即开除；有那么多勤勤恳恳踏踏实实的年轻人可以替代他们呐。至于那些与赌马彩票店有关系，的

确已查实声誉很坏的人等—不论是不是通缉犯—警察一个都不应放过；我们相信，这样必然能够将很多大骗子公之于众，使民众不再上当。如果家长和雇主们态度坚决，尽职尽责，而不是闪烁其词，将责任推给一条不可依赖的法规，以上这些防范措施应该足矣。当然，还是会有一些漏网之鱼小黠大痴，自取毁灭；但毕竟大部分平民百姓受到了一定的约束，而这的确需要家长和雇主们确实履行自己的责任。

（丁振琴　译）

死亡交易

几年前，很多颇具理性的人们开始清楚地意识到，英国人在丧葬礼俗方面已陷入一种非常可悲的局面。在葬礼上嚣张炫耀、挥霍浪费已渐渐成为一种风气；而这种做法不但不能为死者的名誉增光添彩，还会给生者带来极大的耻辱，因为它将人生中最庄严肃穆的时刻与虚伪的仪式、可耻的负债、铺张的浪费及极度的不负责任紧密联系在一起。对这件事情越是考察得仔细，越是考察到社会底层，便越是觉得这些丧葬礼俗荒谬丑恶；不仅其本身是这样，其后果亦然。任哪一个社会阶层都逃不过去。中产阶级在举办葬礼时互相攀比，排场摆的越大，越显得体面；而那些丧事承办者们便趁机胡作非为，大捞一把。这种风气已蔓延至穷困的社会底层；对于他们来说，举办葬礼所需的费用与收入完全不成比例，足以让他们倾家荡产。为了支付这笔费用，他们只好联合起来，组成所谓的“互助会”。但很多“互助会”的管理者是诡诈狡猾的流氓恶棍，经常欺负这些穷苦的弱者，用非常残酷的手段欺骗他们，压榨他们；还有一些“互助会”，因为对那些最坏最邪恶的“互助会”构成一种新的诱惑，以致引发了一种新的以金钱为目的的谋杀，其罪恶深重至极，即使最为严厉的语言都不足以斥责这种罪孽。一切就绪，丧葬礼俗的邪恶、虚伪及荒谬，俨然已到了无以复加的地步。于是，这滑稽可笑的真相便全部暴露无遗了。无数残忍贪婪之士自称可以提供各种丧葬用品，实则一件也不曾拥有；他们只是真正丧葬用品提供商和殡仪服务员的中间人，他们从丧葬用品商那里租来各种设备，然后就像救火时挨个儿递水桶那样再把这些设备一个传一个地租出去；自然，每个中间人都可以从这份“黑色交易”中大捞一笔。此外，大家都想方设法要把逝者埋葬在本已很拥挤的城镇中，这很明显会给生者带来多么可怕的后果；再加上城镇里的墓地非常有限，墓地所有人又个个贪得无厌，这便又导致了一

种有伤风化、恐怖至极的做法，这种做法令我们常人十分憎恶，同时也令我们这个时代以及我们的国家非常丢脸。综上所言，这种贻笑大方的丧葬礼俗可以说已经可悲到了极点。

若不是丧葬礼俗的荒谬可悲已凸显得如此明显，我们恐怕也还正在这个极端堕落的旋涡中苦苦挣扎。现在，我们完全相信，中产阶层中有很多人已通过相关议会文件了解到了丧葬礼俗中的这些恶行，他们不会再将这种坏习俗继续保持下去了；相反，他们将把这种坏习俗作为严正的训谕，告诫最最亲密的下一代人不要将自己的死，自己的葬礼变成腐蚀他人身心的工具。这样的例子，在很多知名人士中并不少见。已故的苏塞克斯公爵为国家利益着想，表明自己过世后，希望以私人形式葬于肯萨尔绿色公墓，不希望举行国葬，亦不希望下葬于温莎堡王室墓地。已故的罗伯特·皮尔[107]爵士要求过世后葬在德雷顿墓园。已故的孀居王后[108]曾就自己的葬礼写下这样的话：“在上帝的御座前，我们每个人都是一样的，我的死亦不足称道；因此，我死后，请不要为我举行盛大奢华的葬礼；请尽可能不要公开，尽可能以私人形式将我的遗体安葬于温莎堡圣乔治教堂。我尤其不希望举行国葬；我静静地死去，亦希望静静地下葬，希望能够远离世界的虚荣和奢华。请不要对我的遗体进行解剖和防腐处理；我希望越简单省事便是越好。”这番话写得令人钦佩令人感动，实在是社会各阶层举办葬礼的最好典范。

这些先例在人们的丧葬礼俗常识中尚属鲜为人知，再加上我们正处于新旧历史交替的时期，那原本已黯淡下去的国葬仪式又开始死灰复燃，美其名曰是为了对已故的威灵顿公爵[109]表示敬意，为了对所有那些在英国历史上留下辉煌记忆的风云人物表示敬意！

在这里，我们想真诚地奉告各位读者：国葬仪式的恢复，不是也不可能是一种荣耀；越是真正伟大的人物，其葬礼越是简单平凡；国葬仪式助长了各种腐化的“死亡交易”，自始至终都不是丧葬礼俗的好榜样。

所有民众，不论其政治主张如何，都明白那些“实权人物”是否曾参与“国葬交易”—是否力图保全国葬仪式，是否视国葬仪式为宝贝，是否充分利用国葬仪式为自己谋利，是否舍不得国葬仪式悄然离去。关于这个问题，我们在这里不想过多讨论。

但国葬仪式的死灰复燃却唤醒了民众借死亡做交易的风气，这种交易与现实格格不入，是那么愚蠢无知，那么荒谬可笑。以下是我们从《泰晤士报》的广告栏摘取的若干例子，以供广大读者评鉴。

首先，关于观看葬礼的席位及观看葬礼时可享用的茶点。某广告称，二楼设有观看葬礼的场所，宽敞舒适，可以举办由钢琴现场伴奏的豪华宴会，这个我们暂不去细看；我们先来看看那“高雅得体”的“每日启事”的内容：“威灵顿公爵葬礼专供红酒”，供不应求，如有需要，请马上订购；“威灵顿公爵葬礼专供蛋糕”，美味可口，由××糕点师专门烘焙；“葬礼寿衣”，由××裁缝师专门缝制；“远近驰名的柠檬饼干”，最能有效缓和悲痛情绪，每磅一先令四便士……接下来，我们逐个看看报纸上刊登的这十几条广告—这众人可以赚钱的大好良机。

路德门山—这里设施齐全、装备完善，可供观看威灵顿公爵盛大壮观、肃穆庄严、震撼人心的出殡仪式。若想拥有开阔的视野、便利的条件、舒适的空间，敬请抓紧时间，查看预定尚余座位。

观看葬礼，有床位提供—出租。位于三楼，共三个房间，两个窗口，视野开阔，可供观看出殡仪式。收费十基尼，含茶点。单个席位，最低收费十五先令，含床位和早餐。

观看公爵葬礼—一流的视野，可供十五人观看，提供床位和起居室，干净舒适，价格合理。

出租葬礼观看席位和窗口—位于河岸大道，库茨银行附近，位置绝

佳。二楼窗口，收费八英镑；三楼窗口，收费五英镑十先令；四楼窗口，收费三英镑十先令；另有两扇玻璃橱窗，各收费七英镑。

威灵顿公爵葬礼观看席位—位置绝佳，可观看整个出殡仪式，视野一览无余。位于老贝利街附近。注：从这里可看到圣保罗大教堂及圣殿关石门。

观看已故威灵顿公爵葬礼—出租，位于三楼，两个窗口，有壁炉，设施齐全，条件便利。团体观看，价格优惠。前排观看座位，每位一基尼。视野所及范围：皮卡迪利大街—帕尔摩街。

观看威灵顿公爵葬礼—二楼三楼出租，可按房间或观看窗口租用，尤其适合家庭观看。设施齐全，舒适便利，视野绝佳。一楼亦设有舒适便利的观看席位，最低价格一基尼。适于室内观看。

观看公爵葬礼—价格优惠。二楼设有两个房间，有观景阳台，可直接通向河岸大道。大房间可容纳十五人。小房间八基尼起租。

观看公爵葬礼—橱窗出租，约三十个座位，共二十五基尼。二楼亦设有两大观看窗口。其中一个视野颇佳，视野所及范围可从圣殿关石门直到圣保罗大教堂，收费三十五基尼。此外，还有几个单人观看座位，每位一基尼。

观看威灵顿公爵出殡仪式—位于查林十字路，科克斯普尔街，位置得天独厚，尚余空位若干，价格合理。因座位紧俏，需尽快预定。另：楼顶亦设有座位若干，视野颇好。

观看已故威灵顿公爵葬礼—出租，位于河岸大道，位置绝佳，三楼，收费十英镑；四楼，收费七英镑十先令，每层各设有两个观看窗口；前排座位抢先预订中，每位一基尼。

观看公爵葬礼—出租，二十五基尼，专为上流社会家庭开设，视野广阔，位置绝佳，二楼房间，设有安全阳台及会客室。可容纳二十人，视野开阔无遮挡。若人员不足二十人，可酌情减价。设施齐全，条件便利。

此外，我们要特别注意下面这则广告：

T.C.敬请各位牧师注意—河弯街专门为各位牧师预留了席位，敬请各位牧师入场时着白法衣。第一排四个席位，每位一英镑；第二排四个席位，每位十五先令；第三排四个席位，每位十二先令六便士；第四排四个席位，每位十先令；第五排四个席位，每位七先令六便士；第六排四个席位，每位五先令。所有剩余席位的价格分别是：四十先令，三十先令，二十先令，十五先令和十先令。

这位商人真是富有想象力，他安排二十四位牧师分坐六排，希望以此在自己的橱窗里营造一个神圣而动人的画面，这种创意似乎非常不错；且还能让人觉得他眷顾到了丧礼场合的庄严肃穆的特点。

同类的广告有许多许多，上述几则是随意摘来的，其中很多关于视野范围的描述并不真实，无非是想吸引那些愿意掏腰包的先生们来和自己志趣相投的人儿完成一次集会。为了这样的集会，他们已做好了充分的准备：茶点、红酒、白酒、食物、水果、盘子、杯子、各种瓷器，以及其他许多不胜枚举的小玩意儿；而最最重要的是，他们对这样的集会全部都是热情高涨、激情满怀。我们仔细观察这些人群，时不时地会大吃一惊，尤其当我们看到那件所谓的艺术品时。话说这件艺术品上刻有一句话“渴盼夜晚到来，渴盼布鲁奇王子到来”[110]，旁边还注有传奇故事，讲述的是这位正被大家悼念着的英雄—威灵顿公爵如何评价这件艺术品：英雄以他特有的语气语调评论说“很好，的确很好。”哦，艺术！你也来参与“死亡交易”啦！

接下来，我们再来看看有关逝者亲笔信的广告。私人印章的神圣性、私人信件的私密性，对于“死亡交易者”来说，毫无意义；在他们的字典里，根本就没有这样的词汇。现在，就让我们停下来，听一听送殡的喇叭如何向全世界公开这位逝者独有的亲笔信！

威灵顿亲笔—公爵接连写下的两封回信，绝对真迹（1843），颇具特色；另外还有那两封来信等，

称得上文学珍品，售价十五英镑。

威灵顿亲笔—转让威灵顿公爵亲笔信两封。一封写于沃尔默城堡，时间：1834年10月9日；另一封写于伦敦，时间：1843年5月17日。邮戳及公爵印章均完整无缺。

威灵顿—出售威灵顿公爵便笺三封，有公爵印章、信封。系公爵亲笔书写，非平版印刷；每封便笺长度约2¼页。在迄今已公开的公爵亲笔信中，当属最具公爵特色的真迹。售价：两封三十英镑，一封二十英镑，不讲价。

转让—某退役军官欲转让已故英雄威灵顿公爵的亲笔信和便笺，共五封，其中有三封系公爵当年被称为阿瑟·韦尔兹利爵士时所写。另有一大信封。所有信函、便笺及信封均盖有公爵印章。可现场购买，亦可来信进行交易。

公爵信函—出售公爵亲笔信两封，货真价实，内容风趣幽默，颇具特色。

威灵顿公爵—公爵写给某位女士的亲笔信，颇具公爵风格，有印章、信封。出价高者优先。现场交易。

陆军元帅威灵顿公爵—已故威灵顿公爵家族成员，现有公爵给其所

写的亲笔信一封，内容涉及军务，长达六页，保存完好。售价三十英镑。

陆军元帅威灵顿公爵亲笔—转让颇具特色的公爵亲笔信一封，信中公爵曾提及自己将活到一百岁，写于1847年，有信封，印章及家族饰章均保存完好。售价十英镑。

威灵顿公爵—出售威灵顿公爵亲笔信，写于1831年公爵夫人刚刚去世之际；另有两个公爵亲笔书写的信封，邮票、印章均保存完整。

威灵顿公爵—公爵亲笔公务信函，信封、印章、邮戳等均保存完整。信函风格彬彬有礼、独具特色。请按所示地址来现场交易。售价十五英镑。

陆军元帅威灵顿公爵—出售公爵亲笔信两封，一封系公爵六十一岁时所写，另一封系七十二岁时所写，笔迹独具公爵风格，内容涉及重要话题。确保货真价实，敬请放心。

威灵顿公爵—公爵写给某位女士的一封信函，该信函部分由打印机打印而成，部分由公爵亲笔书写，奇特异常，实属绝品，值得珍藏。出价最高者优先。

出售陆军元帅威灵顿公爵亲笔信六封—系有人慷慨解囊，赠与了某位身陷贫困的女士，信封、印章均完好无缺。

威灵顿公爵——一位女士欲转让公爵亲笔信一封，写于今年6月18日，恰逢滑铁卢战役[111]周年纪念日，也是公爵度过的最后一个滑铁卢战役周年纪念日，因此倍加珍贵。信函写于阿普斯利公爵宅第[112]，信封、印章均保存完好。

一位牧师，欲转让已故公爵写给自己的亲笔信两封，系公爵私人慈

善行为的极好见证，有信封，出价最高者优先（可买一封，亦可买两封），本月18日前有效。若有特殊情况，价格可商量。

威灵顿公爵——一位悲痛的孀妇，现有威灵顿公爵亲笔信一封，写于1830年，有信封，上面写有收信人姓名和地址，还有公爵冠冕形印章，欲低价出售。

一位先生，欲出售已故威灵顿公爵写给自己的十分宝贵的亲笔便笺一封，写于1850年3月27日，售价二十英镑，有信封，上面的公爵印章及骑士桥地区[113]邮戳均完好无损，清晰可见。该信函充分展现了常人难以见到的公爵贵族笔迹及独特文风。

转让威灵顿公爵晚年所写的亲笔信一封，该信系公爵于临终前一两天时在沃尔默城堡写成，独具特色，印章、邮戳等均清晰可见。该信极有可能是已故公爵留下的最后一封亲笔信，故颇具收藏价值。出价最高者优先。欲见此物，请速申请。

伟大的公爵—出售伟大的英雄公爵的亲笔信一封，写于1851年3月27日。另有珍妮·林德[114]的漂亮亲笔信一封，写于1852年6月20日。出价最高者优先。来信请注明出价。

林德小姐的亲笔信似乎一直躲在暗处徘徊不前，直到出殡的队伍走近，才羞答答走向前来加入了这个行列，还占了个很惹人注目的位置。真不知道我们最应该推崇的是哪一条：有关林德小姐的这则广告设计得如此精妙；有关“极有可能是已故公爵留下的最后一封亲笔信”的广告做得是那样感人，那样巧妙，那样快捷高效，让人觉得卖家是要在出于英雄责任感写下这封信的那双老手尚未在坟墓里枯萎前将信售出；那位急于出售、宣扬“公爵私人慈善行为的极好见证”的牧师—不知他是否曾身着白法衣出现在T.C.的橱窗里且坐在前排—是那样虔诚；那位将“六封信封、印章均完好无缺的亲笔信”赠与身陷贫困的某位女士的好心人是

那样慷慨大方。

最后，我们再来看看已故者留下的那些宝贵的遗物—与已故者生前生活息息相关的物品，就像哈迪爵士[115]一直戴在胸前的纳尔逊勋爵[116]的小画像一样。这些遗物很是珍贵，若没有现金支付，广告商是万万不肯脱手的。

已故威灵顿公爵遗物—转让著名已故公爵的一绺头发。确保无假。出价最高者优先。来函申请，请预付邮资。

威灵顿公爵——一位孀居女士藏有已故威灵顿公爵头发一绺，系女王加冕当日早上剪下。现欲转让。来函申请，请预付邮资。

已故威灵顿公爵珍贵遗物——一位女士藏有著名已故公爵的许多头发，系1841年剪下，现欲出售其中一部分，售价二十五英镑。卖家将提供有效证明及遗物来源，确保无假。来函索取，请预付货款。

出售威灵顿公爵遗物—已故威灵顿公爵的已故著名理发师的儿子，现住斯特拉斯菲尔德赛，存有公爵的少量头发，系当年其父从公爵头上剪下。现欲转让，若有心收藏英格兰大英雄的这份遗物，请来信申请、注明出价。

已故威灵顿公爵遗物—出售公爵前些年穿过的马甲一件，保存完好，提供有效证明，确保无假。

下面的这一件更是非同寻常，堪称公爵遗物中的精粹；且据广告所言，人证物证俱全，哪怕是最生性多疑的人也不可能对其真实性有半点儿怀疑，想必这件遗物更是价值非凡。

威灵顿公爵纪念物—现有一本诗集《拿破仑之死》，作者：亚历山达罗・曼佐尼[117]，附法语译文，译者：埃德蒙・安吉琳，于威尼斯。

当年公爵乘马车途径肯特郡时将此书撕毁并扔在地上，恰巧一位路人亲眼看见了公爵撕书扔书的全过程，这位路人将书的碎片收集起来，并将它们一一拼好。若想收藏此纪念品，请与我们联系。

最后，还有一部辉煌灿烂、生气蓬勃的文学作品；我们敢说，任何一位有身份有地位的先生若是没有收藏这本书，那他的书房绝对算不上藏书齐全。

威灵顿公爵与罗伯特·皮尔爵士——转让公爵著作一部，内容有关政治经济和自由贸易。该书生动有趣、才华满溢、价值不凡，1830年一经出版，便几乎被罗伯特·皮尔爵士全部买下，现仅剩一本，欲购从速，请来函申请。

考虑到读者的缘故，我们暂且只引用这么多吧。事实上，像这样的广告有太多太多，如果一直引用下去的话，恐怕这整本书都会被广告占满了。

我们认为，国葬仪式扰乱了人心，给广大民众带来了不良影响，误导大家在葬礼上讲排场、多花钱，认为只有这样才能表示对逝者的敬重；而事实上，这恰恰是一种陋习。为了社会各阶层的利益，这种陋习急需革除；而国葬仪式不但对此于事无补，还助长了这种陋习的蔓延。此外，国葬仪式本身以形式替代实质，显然是虚假做作、刻意雕琢、陈腐污浊的，简直就是一场矫揉造作、虚张声势的恶作剧；这场恶作剧不但使得死亡那种令人敬畏的庄严肃穆消失殆尽，还助长了厚颜无耻的投机商在逝者的棺材盖上做生意、发死亡财的风气。我们毫不怀疑，即使威灵顿公爵只是带着军事指挥官的荣誉，在全国民众的无声的敬意中静静地下葬，依然会有人对他的信件及其他遗物广而告之并高价出售；但与此同时，我们也深信，如果威灵顿公爵的遗体能够静静地下葬，至少那些投机商们不会借势撒欢，在葬礼上举行什么“商品交易会”“殡仪员欢庆会”等玩意儿。如果侍从办公室[118]及宗谱纹章院[119]不停止这种奢

靡的国葬仪式，民众就不可能心境平和，停止在葬礼上花重金求虚荣的风气。这两者之间有着难以逾越的鸿沟，非凡人之手造就，亦非凡人之手可以填平。如若不然，难道还能有人相信下面这样的事情不成：“法国某政府要员”星期二晚上还在哀悼国家英雄—大将军拿破仑；星期三下午，英雄尚未下葬之时，便开始与休谟先生[120]—威灵顿公爵的私人医生谈笑风生？

本文写于举行国葬的当晚，因为日志的特点就是要及时记录所见所闻。前面我们已经表明，我们认为国葬是一个错误；在此，我们仅希望大家能够坐下来平心静气地思考一下这个问题。国葬仪式所带来的害处很容易想象，但国葬仪式能给大家带来什么益处却很难想象得出，至于国葬仪式能否给威灵顿公爵的下一代带来一丝满足，能否为威灵顿公爵这个响当当的名字增加一点光彩，则更加难以想象。如果有人认为国葬仪式是全英国人民的普遍愿望，那一定只是某些名人达士的错觉，普通民众的想法却被忽略了。希望位高权重的政府要员们能尽快将两者的想法都重视起来，只有这样才有可能是为全国人民考虑。当然，可以肯定地说，我们的期待没有错；换句话说，葬礼上一切都进行得很好，英国人民没有愧对多年来赢得的民族声誉，少数表现得有损民族声誉的蠢人理应感到羞耻。不过，在这里，我们依然要说，我们希望国葬仪式能够在今天—1852年11月18日，乘着那辆在伦敦大街上招摇过市的俗丽的彩车，走向自己的坟墓。我们完全尊重不同的意见，但与此同时，我们也深信，随着历史车轮的前行，国葬仪式会变得默默无闻、宽大仁慈；那俗丽的丧礼彩车—那有资格穿过盛装的圣殿关石门，圣殿关石门也应该开放接纳的丧礼彩车—亦会被历史湮没。到那时，我们会惊奇地发现：历史没有忘记威灵顿公爵那忠实、谦逊、持重、真诚的高尚品德；历史会铭记，为自己忠诚热爱着的国家作出最后一次贡献，结束虚伪奢靡的丧葬仪式的人物正是阿瑟·韦尔兹利—威灵顿公爵。

（丁振琴　译）

[1]草市街（Haymarket）位于伦敦市中心的繁华地段西区内，十七世纪末以前曾是买卖干草、草料的农贸市场，十八世纪以后逐渐发展为著名的娱乐区，街道两侧剧院、酒店林立。——译者注

[2]指萨瑟克（Southwark），泰晤士河南岸地区，伦敦的自治区。——译者注

[3]在十八世纪中叶，金酒（Gin）价格低廉，是包括妇女、幼儿在内的穷人们面对无力改变的悲惨现实，麻醉自我、借以忘忧的主要手段。——译者注

[4]滑铁卢桥是一座位于泰晤士河上的大桥，原本由斯特兰德桥梁公司出资建造，1811年始建，1817年初次建成使用，正值滑铁卢战役两周年纪念日。为纪念英荷普联军的胜利，此桥被命名为滑铁卢桥。该桥为收费大桥，行人收费标准为半便士/人次。十九世纪四十年代该桥成为许多寻短见者首选的自杀地点。1878年大桥收归国有，收费站随之取消。——译者注

[5]便士：一种旧时英国硬币，12便士=1先令，240便士=1英镑。——译者注

[6]在莎士比亚名剧《哈姆雷特》中，掘墓人挖出了一个据说是尤里克的骷髅，哈姆雷特手拿这骷髅回忆说，尤里克是他父王家里的小丑，他小时候经常骑在尤里克背上玩耍。因此，尤里克这个角色在《哈姆雷特》剧中是以骷髅形式出场的，尤里克的骷髅乃是演出该剧的必备道具。——译者注

[7]新门监狱是伦敦市内一座著名的监狱，位于新门大街与老贝利大街交界处。据说初建于1188年，使用至1902年，并于1904年拆除。——译者注

[8]1783年，伦敦城的绞刑架从泰伯恩行刑场搬到了新门监狱的这扇小门外。公开绞刑在此执行，常常吸引大批看客。1868年停止公开绞刑，改在新门监狱内执行。——译者注

[9]圣墓堂（Church of St.Sepulchre）与新门监狱隔街相对，教堂尖塔的钟声常常意味着死刑的迫近。——译者注

[10]位于伦敦市萨瑟克区的一座欠债人专用监狱，中世纪时始建，1880年拆除。——译者注

[11]伦敦所辖的自治市，英国议会所在地。——译者注

[12]旧宫院（Old Palace-yard）在国会大厦西侧。旧宫院再向西不远就是威斯敏斯特教堂的东端。可以步行穿过这个院子，进入国会大厦。——译者注

[13]威斯敏斯特大教堂是皇室财产，是历代英国国王加冕的圣地，也是许多王室成员举行婚礼的场所，还是历代皇家陵园。陵园里还埋葬着牛顿、达尔文等许多英国伟人。本文作者狄更斯去世后也安葬于此。迄今为止，已有约3300人安葬在这里。——译者注

[14]此处典故出自《新约·马可福音》（14：51—52）。在叛徒犹大带人来抓耶稣时，其他门徒

都逃走了，但有一个少年人，赤身披着一块麻布，跟随耶稣。众人要抓他，他甩掉麻布，赤身逃走了。随后，耶稣被带走了。——译者注

[15]考文特花园市场是伦敦市一个传统的菜果花卉市场，已有三百多年历史。——译者注

[16]考文特花园市场中的一条街道。——译者注

[17]（英制）品脱：容量或体积单位，约合0.568升。——译者注

[18]圣吉尔斯（Saint Giles，约650—约710）是希腊基督教隐士，据传生于雅典，后在今法国南部隐居，被认为是穷人、残疾人、精神病人、铁匠、动物和森林等事物的保护者。——译者注

[19]班姆菲尔德·摩尔·卡鲁（Bamfylde Moore Carew，1693—约1758），英国有名的流氓、浪子，擅长伪装，自称是乞丐之王。——译者注

[20]该道路英文为Strand，又译斯特兰德街，街上有许多著名的旅馆和剧院。——译者注

[21]诺桑伯兰府位于河岸大道上，是诺桑伯兰公爵的府第，建于十七世纪早期，1874年拆除，在原址上修成了诺桑伯兰大道。——译者注

[22]十六世纪，英国王权在与罗马教廷的斗争中实施了宗教改革，建立了本国的民族教会，一般译为英国国教，又译英格兰圣公会。卫斯理宗原为英国国教中的一派，形成于十八世纪三四十年代，主张因信称义，倡导严格遵照圣经过道德的宗教生活，因此又称“循道宗”或“监理宗”。——译者注

[23]克朗为英国旧币制单位硬币，1克朗=5先令=60便士，半克朗=2先令6便士。——译者注

[24]伦敦市政厅门前的两个木雕巨像。巨人名为高格（Gog）和马高格（Magog），被认为是伦敦金融城的守护神。——译者注

[25]指英国民间故事《迪克·威廷顿和猫》中的主人公迪克·威廷顿。迪克是个孤儿，听说伦敦金融城里连街道都铺满了黄金，就去那里谋求发财之道。他失望地发现，实际情况并非如此。他又冷又饿地蜷缩在一位富商菲茨沃伦先生的府第前睡着了。仁慈的菲茨沃伦先生发现了他，还雇他当了洗碗工。迪克因为住处经常有老鼠出没，就挣钱买了一只猫来驱鼠。一天，菲茨沃伦先生要远航到某个港口去做黄金生意，就问他的家仆们是否愿意送给他些什么东西带上船。迪克极不情愿地把自己的猫送给了他。菲茨沃伦先生一直待迪克很好，但他家的厨师却非常凶暴，迪克忍无可忍，决定逃跑。可他要逃离金融城的时候，却听到城里圣玛丽勒博教堂的钟声敲响了，似乎在说：“威廷顿你不要慌，三次当上大市长。”于是，迪克返了回去，发现菲茨沃伦先生的船已经返航了。北非巴巴里国王的王宫里老鼠猖獗，迪克那只擅长捕鼠的猫就被高价卖给了巴巴里国王，迪克从此成了有钱人。他开始与菲茨沃伦先生合伙做生意，后来又娶了菲茨沃伦先生的女儿爱丽丝，而且最终像钟声预言的那样，三次成为金融城的市长。
这个民间故事的原型是理查·威廷顿（Richard Whittington，约1354—1423），一位中世纪英国商

人、政治家。少年时，威廷顿作为幼子，因无权继承父亲财产，被送往金融城学做绸布生意，很快成长为一名成功巨商，并与英国王室来往密切。他数次被任命或选举为金融城市长，并成为国会议员和伦敦地区司法长官。同时，威廷顿热心公益，生前、身后都大笔捐助了医疗、卫生、监狱、图书馆、教堂等事业。——译者注

[26]圣殿关是伦敦金融城的西部边界，向东在金融城内的路段是河湾街（Fleet Street，又音译为弗利特街，也有人错译为舰队街），向西是通往威斯敏斯特市的河岸大道。这里的石门自1670年前后建成后，门顶上经常陈列着叛国者的首级示众。——译者注

[27]这座教堂上有一组报时钟表，表的上方有两个手拿长棍的巨人雕像，据称是高格和马高格。每到整点和每隔一刻钟，巨人像就会用木棍敲击面前悬挂的两口钟，同时转动头部。——译者注

[28]圣保罗大教堂是英国国教伦敦教区的主教座堂，坐落于伦敦金融城中最高处的卢德门山上。现存巴洛克风格的建筑始建于1675年，于1697年年底投入使用，以其壮观的圆形屋顶而驰名于世，是伦敦最著名的标志性建筑之一。——译者注

[29]1英尺约合0.3048米；40英尺约合12.2米。——译者注

[30]摩西宗阿拉伯人（Mosaic Arabs）是英国政治家、小说家本雅明·迪斯累利（Benjamin Disraeli，1804—1881）发明的对犹太人的称呼。迪斯累利出身于犹太家庭，但少时受洗成为英国国教徒，在维多利亚女王统治下曾于1868年和1874—1880年间两度出任英国首相，大力推行对外侵略和殖民扩张政策，建立了强大的殖民帝国。他也是迄今唯一一个具有犹太血统的英国首相。他借其小说《恩底弥翁》（Endymion）中的人物希德尼娅之口，不无骄傲地称犹太人为摩西宗阿拉伯人，宣扬种族主义思想。——译者注

[31]提香·韦切利奥（Tiziano Vecellio，1490—1576）是文艺复兴时期最重要的威尼斯派画家，其作品充满生机和理想色彩，富于热情，享有“西方油画之父”的美誉，在西方艺术史上有着伟大而深远的影响。——译者注

[32]蒲式耳是英国粮食度量单位，其度量工具在不同地区和不同时期都存在大小不一致的复杂情况。——译者注

[33]菲茨沃伦是《迪克·威廷顿和猫》故事中的人物，详见前文“威廷顿”条注释。——译者注

[34]水手辛巴德的故事讲的是，在中世纪的巴士拉地区，生活着一个叫辛巴德的虚构人物。他通过在东非和南亚沿海地区的七次航海发了大财。——译者注

[35]史密斯—佩恩—史密斯于十九世纪合伙成立了一家英国私人合资银号。该银号为早期银行业巨头，资财无数，影响巨大。——译者注

[36]格林和哈利法克斯于十八世纪合伙成立了一家英国私人合资银号。该银号为早期银行业巨

头，财富丰厚，一度岁入九万英镑。——译者注

[37]霸菱兄弟于1762年创建了伦敦第一家商业银行，为银行业中的名门。但1995年，这家有着二百三十三年悠久历史的银行因其雇员李森的巨额投机投资而破产。——译者注

[38]阿拉伯神话中，传说有一种食肉的白色大鹏鸟，它下的蛋也硕大无朋。在《马可·波罗游记》《天方夜谭》《水手辛巴德》等东方故事中都提到了这种巨鸟。欧洲人过去曾认为这种鸟确实存在，后来则称“大鹏鸟蛋”为虚幻之物。——译者注

[39]日耳曼—犹太血统的罗思柴尔德家族是著名欧洲银行世家，于十七世纪晚期进入银行业和金融业，其财富在十八世纪达到巅峰。据信，当时该家族拥有的私人财富为世界有史以来的第一位、近现代历史上的第一位，至今无人超越。——译者注

[40]苏丹是伊斯兰国家最高统治者的称号。——译者注

[41]詹姆斯·霍格爵士（Sir James Hogg，1790—1876）是英国律师、国会议员，曾两度担任东印度公司董事长。——译者注

[42]有许多年，英国军队的日饷都是一先令，所以成语“接受国王的一先令”意为同意参军。十八和十九世纪，英国陆军和皇家海军在招募期间，都会付给新兵一先令作为定金。当时的征兵员运用各种诡计，特别是通过请喝烈酒的方式，将一先令定金强塞给毫无戒心的人。由于工作条件艰苦而危险，皇家海军还雇用了抓丁队，通过偷袭、威胁、抓打等各种残暴手段，在大街上强征各种年龄段的水手、平民入伍。抓来的壮丁统统被塞给一先令定金。拿了定金的人要当着太平绅士的面宣誓入伍，然后才能正式成为新兵。如果他在宣誓前不再想当兵，就得交纳一定数额的“解除兵役赔偿金”。到十九世纪四十年代，赔偿金的金额已高达一英镑（合二十先令），绝大多数新兵都交不起。——译者注

[43]梅德韦河是泰晤士河的最后一条大支流，几乎全部位于肯特郡内。——译者注

[44]诺尔是位于泰晤士河口内的一个沙洲的名称，泰晤士河在此注入北海。诺尔沙洲是通往伦敦港航道上的一处天险，因此，1732年这里出现了世上第一艘灯船，警示出入伦敦港的船只。——译者注

[45]皮托（全名Samuel Morton Peto，1809—1889）是十九世纪英国企业家和土木工程师。他的公司建造了伦敦市内的许多重要建筑和纪念碑，他还签了许多合同，承建当时正迅速扩张的铁路线路。——译者注

[46]布拉塞（全名Thomas Brassey，1805—1870）是十九世纪英国土木工程承包商、建材生产商。在十九世纪，全世界的，特别是欧洲、澳洲、南北美洲和印度的大部分铁路都是由他承建的。不仅如此，他还建造了与那些铁路相关的码头、桥梁、高架桥、车站、隧道、给排水系统等设施。除铁路工程外，他还积极参与发展轮船、矿业、火车厂、越洋电报等事业。——译者注

[47]十九世纪初，技术与经济的发展给欧洲人带来了大量财富，保险柜行业应运而生。英国、美国、法国等国的发明家兼商人陆续研发了具有防火、防盗等功能的保险柜，并获得了各种专利。例如，后来成为保险柜行业巨头的英国发明家Charles Chubb和Jeremiah Chubb兄弟，他们发明的防盗保险柜于1835年获得了专利权。——译者注

[48]维罗纳是意大利古城，处于多条贸易通道的交会处，为欧洲重要城市。以其雄伟的圆形露天竞技场/剧场驰名。这里的圆形剧场建成于西元30年，规模仅次于罗马斗兽场和加普亚圆形剧场，至今保存完好，为世界现存的第三大圆形剧场。剧场长139米，宽110米，有44级大理石梯阶，能容纳2.5万多名观众。这里每年夏季都举行歌剧演出，是莎士比亚剧作中罗密欧和朱丽叶的故乡，为著名旅游景点，2000年被联合国教科文组织列入世界遗产目录。——译者注

[49]即塞缪尔·约翰逊（Samuel Johnson，1709—1784），著名英国作家、诗人、文学批评家、编辑和词典学家，他独力纂成的《英语大辞典》（A Dictionary of the English Language）于1755年出版，为他赢得了卓著声誉。他从小就视力不好，左眼尤差。随着年龄的增长，他的视力每况愈下，但他从不使用眼镜。他逝世后葬于威斯敏斯特大教堂。——译者注

[50]即熔化的铁水。——译者注

[51]教皇琼游戏是十八世纪维多利亚时期流行于英国的家庭纸牌游戏。该游戏在传统纸牌上配有一个圆形木盒，从圆心处向外放射状分隔出八个面积相同的扇区，形成八个容量相同的格子，供玩家盛放筹码。也有的圆盒将圆心处开辟为一个盛放整副扑克的圆格。此外，也有用金属制作的筹码盒。——译者注

[52]卡戎（Charon），希腊神话中在冥河上摆渡亡魂去往阴间的神。——译者注

[53]原文创作于十九世纪六十年代初期，英国正试图控制东亚，美国正值内战（1861—1865）期间。因父亲工作所需，作者狄更斯五岁时（1817年）随父搬家到查塔姆的皇家海军会计处（Royal Navy Pay Office）工作，在此地生活了七年。——译者注

[54]中美洲北部国家，玛雅文化所在地。该国北临加勒比海，南濒太平洋，热带气候，全境以山地和高原为主，森林、水利资源都很丰富，森林覆盖率达百分之七十，盛产木料、金属矿。——译者注

[55]蓝胡子是法国民间传说中的人物。据说，他是个极其富有的贵族，但长着令人恐惧的蓝色胡须。在他的前几任妻子莫名其妙地失踪后，当地再也没人敢把女孩嫁给他。有一天，他到一位邻居家做客，并请求娶她两个女儿中的一个为妻。两个女儿听说后吓坏了，互相推诿，谁都不肯嫁给他。但最终他说服那个小女儿同意了这门亲事，住进了他的城堡。婚后不久，蓝胡子声称要出门一段时间，就把家里所有的钥匙交给了新婚妻子，说她可以任意使用这些钥匙，打开任何房间的门，取用里面的财富。此外，他还交给她一把城堡底下一间小屋的钥匙，并叮嘱说，无论如何都不能开那个小屋的门。妻子答应后，他就走了。可是这位妻子忍不住强烈的好奇心，在举办一次家庭宴会期间，偷偷进了那个小屋，发现了那里隐藏的可怕秘密：地板上满

是血迹，蓝胡子前几任妻子的尸体赫然挂在墙上。她吓坏了，手中的钥匙一下掉进了血泊之中。她逃离了这间小屋，但钥匙上的血污却怎么都洗刷不掉。她把这个惊天秘密告诉了姐姐，姐妹俩决定逃跑。但第二天早上蓝胡子突然回来了。他发现了钥匙上的血污，知道妻子背叛了誓言，一怒之下，要当场杀死她。妻子请求先做祈祷再赴死，蓝胡子答应了。于是姐妹俩把自己锁进了城堡顶上的房间，等待她们的两个兄弟前来营救。蓝胡子撞开门，正要对她们痛下杀手，两兄弟赶到，杀掉了蓝胡子，救出了两姐妹。蓝胡子无嗣，妻子就继承了他的全部家产，她将其中一部分分给姐姐作嫁妆，一部分分给了两兄弟，其余部分用作她自己的嫁妆，嫁给了一位可敬的绅士，开始了幸福的新生活。——译者注

[56]“快活的斯图亚特”指英格兰、苏格兰及爱尔兰王查理二世（CharlesII，1630—1685），他属于斯图亚特家族，因其放荡的个人生活和享乐主义的朝廷体制，被称为“快活王”（Merry Monarch）。1664—1667年，英国与荷兰进行了第二次英荷战争，1666年9月10日，伦敦发生大火，城市焚毁，英国经济遭受重创，荷兰舰队趁机于1667年6月在泰晤士河口发动了“突袭梅德韦”行动（Raidon the Medway），歼灭了驻泊泰晤士河的英国舰队，破坏了船厂。1667年7月，英国被迫签订《布雷达合约》。——译者注

[57]指俄国沙皇彼得大帝（1672—1725）。1697年至1698年，彼得大帝化名到西欧旅行，考察和学习西欧发达的科技、文化，其中包括荷兰和英国的先进造船术。他天资颖悟、勤奋好学、手艺纯熟，深受师傅的赞誉，在荷英两国的造船厂亲自动手，建造过运行良好的战舰。——译者注

[58]毕斯托尔（Pistol）是莎士比亚名剧《亨利五世》中的角色，亨利五世的随从，极擅吹牛，但实则胆小如鼠。他的同伙有惯于虚张声势的巴道夫和寡言少语的尼姆，二人同样是懦夫加小偷。——译者注

[59]沃平（Wapping）位于伦敦金融城东部，南临泰晤士河。1986年，传媒大王默多克将其新闻总部从英国报业中心河湾街（FleetStreet）搬至此区。——译者注

[60]伦敦东区（East End）位于伦敦金融城城墙以东，泰晤士河以北，为港口区。十九世纪晚期，伦敦地区人口数量激增，这里成为拥挤不堪的贫民和移民区，导致“伦敦东区”逐渐成为一个贬义词。此后的一个多世纪，“伦敦东区”成为贫困、拥挤、疾病和犯罪的代名词。如今，这里的人文环境已经有所改观，但某些区域仍然是全英国最贫困的地区。——译者注

[61]蒂普苏丹（Tippoo Sahib，或Tipu Sahib，1749—1799），印度南部迈索尔王朝的统治者。英国入侵前，他是全印度最强大的国王，曾对英国在南部印度的利益构成了最大威胁。他在位期间曾同英国殖民者（特别是东印度公司）展开了长期英勇战争，但终被英国殖民者和几个邻邦国王联手打败和杀害，一度繁荣强盛的迈索尔王国随之落入了英国人之手。——译者注

[62]查尔斯·兰姆（Charles Lamb，1775—1834），英国散文家，生于英国伦敦，一生平凡而不幸。兰姆家境贫寒，1796年，他的姐姐因劳累过度而出现了精神病，杀死了母亲。从此，他为照顾姐姐，使她免于流落到疯人院而终生未娶。1792—1825年，他在东印度公司任职，工作之

余，他创作过诗歌、莎剧论文、故事、随笔等，文风富有个性、亦庄亦谐。他的代表作有《莎士比亚故事集》（1807）、《伊利亚随笔》（1823）、《伊利亚续笔》（1833）等。——译者注

[63]木刻海军少尉是位于利登豪街（Leadenhall Street）的所罗门·吉尔斯仪表店的标记之一。木雕不大，站在店门口的墙壁上，穿着海军制服，双手捧着一只很大的六分仪。——译者注

[64]阿尔盖德水泵（Aldgate Pump）是伦敦金融城内一个历史悠久的水泵，位于阿尔盖德大街（Aldgate High Street）、芬丘奇街（Fenchurch Street）、利登豪街交会处。该水泵原本抽取地下水源，作为公共饮水设施使用。水泵上有个狼头形状的水嘴，据说是为了纪念在伦敦金融城内射杀最后一只狼而造。——译者注

[65]“撒拉逊人”一词源自阿拉伯文sharqiyyin（“东方人”），拉丁文则写作Saracen。古罗马人本来用该词指称生活在罗马帝国阿拉伯行省（包括今约旦、西奈半岛和沙特阿拉伯西北部）沙漠一带的非阿拉伯游牧民。到中世纪时，该词词义扩大，陆续将阿拉伯人也包括在内，到十一世纪末期，该词已经成了“穆斯林”的同义词。撒拉逊人头像（Saracen’s Head）在英国曾是惯用的旅馆标志。——译者注

[66]在英国，许多旅店、酒店都有几百年的历史。许多旅店位于罗马道路两边，多为马车旅店。它们的早期顾客大都不识字，所以店家设计出了各种各样的图像符号作标志，让顾客记住自己，创建口碑。这种做法蔚成传统，沿用至今。撒拉逊人头像就是一例。以牛、鸡、狗、猪、马、虎、狐狸、狼、狮子等家畜和野生动物加上某种（些）颜色为标志的办法也很流行。——译者注

[67]白礼堂教堂（Whitechapel Church）位于伦敦东区，初建于14世纪早期，原是一个为远离教区的基督教徒们设立的小礼拜堂。后经数次重建和毁坏，终于1952年被彻底拆除，其原址现为一个公园。这里的白礼堂大街和白礼堂路原本是在从伦敦金融城出城向东通往科尔切斯特（Colchester）的古罗马人通道，道路两侧马车旅店林立。以此小礼拜堂和罗马人通道为基础发展起来的白礼堂区长期以来都是伦敦最具代表性的贫民区，人口肤色不一、成分复杂，环境脏乱、治安极差。十九世纪八十年代，这里曾发生了恶名昭著的连环谋杀悬案，神秘的凶手被称为“开膛手杰克”，但至今没有破案。——译者注

[68]伦敦东区的一条路，为东印度公司在十九世纪早期所建，西连伦敦金融城，东接金丝雀码头（Canary Wharf），长约3.2千米。——译者注

[69]非商务旅客（the Uncommercial Traveller）是狄更斯杜撰的人物。1859年他自办了一份刊物《一年四季》（All the Year Round），并于1860年1—10月在该刊上发表了十七篇、一个称作“非商务旅客”的文章系列。在其后的十年时间里，狄更斯陆续借用此角色续写了多篇文章，所有这些文章在他死后，于1875年以《非商务旅客》为名结集出版。在狄更斯笔下，此“非商务旅客”酷爱旅行，不仅去欧洲大陆和美洲，而且喜欢在伦敦本地游逛。他不仅观光，而且对其发现进行研究和报道。借此患有失眠症的虚构人物之口，狄更斯揭示了维多利亚时代伦敦的种种

黑暗面。——译者注

[70]沃平老阶梯位于沃平大街（Wappping High Street）南侧，是沃平地区通往泰晤士河岸线的阶梯之一，仅在退潮时露出，青苔遍布，泰晤士河在此涨潮落潮，能带来一些诸如古老陶片之类的浮货。这里曾经是水产交易市场，肯特郡的渔夫们带着从拉姆斯盖特捕获的水产到这里来卖。这里也曾是绞死海盗船长基德（Captain Kidd）的地方。——译者注

[71]东区圣乔治教堂（St.George-in-the-East）建于1714—1729年，1729年投入使用，其周边地区称为圣乔治教区。1855年教区委员会成为该教区的地方政府，1927年撤销。教区委员会于每年复活节由本地的纳税人选举产生，教区委员会负责每年推选本堂区的俗人委员，掌管本教区的世俗事务。这些俗人委员可能会与教堂及教区牧师（rector）意见相左。1859年5月—1860年7月，圣乔治教堂爆发了这样的冲突，称为“仪式暴乱”（Ritualism Riot）。1842年，布莱恩·金（Bryan King，1811—1895）被任命为圣乔治教区牧师，他到任时，发现该教区委员会推选的俗人委员是不顺从国教者和非国教教徒，从此展开了一场长期的斗争。他决定改变原来简陋、单调的礼拜仪式，以吸引更多信众：给圣坛披上祭服，放上点燃的蜡烛；让唱诗班穿上长袍哼唱圣歌和应答祷文；牧师穿白色法衣而不是黑色长袍讲道，等等。1857年，有人送给金几件白绿相间的丝质无袖长袍，在分送圣餐时穿用。他起初非常犹豫，但后来开始穿用。这些服饰虽是现在通行的做法，但在当时，在十九世纪中期，那些成分复杂、生活贫困的东区会众对此带有中产阶级调子的“时髦”行为深恶痛绝，双方冲突不断升级，最后发展成为会众暴乱：连续数月，一到周日，成千上万的会众就带着狗涌入该教堂，抽烟、放火、乱扔帽子、起哄，在牧师布道时大声诘问、奚落牧师，在唱诗班唱圣歌时高唱《统治吧，大不列颠》和《上帝保佑女王》等别的歌曲。教堂外也同时发生着类似的暴乱，导致牧师不得不靠警察护送才能从边门回到住宅。金牧师请求从政府得到更有效的保护，但教区委员会的活动促使英国议会上下两院都漠视了他的请求。最后受到起诉的不是暴乱者，反倒是牧师一派。——译者注

[72]甘普太太是狄更斯于1843—1844年发表的小说《马丁·瞿述伟》中的一名护工。她从月嫂到装殡工，什么都干，可她放纵、贪杯，从来不放过任何享受主家好处的机会，而且习惯性地带着一把黑色的破伞。她的形象深入人心，维多利亚时代的人们甚至用“甘普”一词来指称伞。——译者注

[73]英格兰和威尔士中央刑事法院位于伦敦市中心的老贝利街，其原形为十六世纪的伦敦金融城市长和郡长会议厅，毗邻新门监狱，为理查德·威廷顿爵士所捐赠。到1834年为止，该法院已受理过十万多起刑事案件，包括所有死刑案件。后经数次毁坏和重建，1834年更名为中央刑事法院，建筑实体及其运转由伦敦金融城政府出资维护。中央刑事法院为全国性法院，负责受理较重大的刑事案件，庭审对公众开放。可在此开庭的法官有高等法院法官、巡回法院法官和刑事法院兼职法官。该法院的最高常任法官被称为伦敦市首席法官（Recorder of London），其副手被称为伦敦市司法行政官（Common Serjeant of London），地位很高。高等法院的一些重要法官是显赫的终身贵族。——译者注

[74]《大宪章》于1215年由英国贵族与英国国王初次订立，以约束王权、保障贵族的政治权

利，从此开创了宪法政治，影响远播。其中明确保护了寡妇的财产权。——译者注

[75]在旧时英国货币单位中，1镑=20先令；1先令=12便士。5先令6便士合66便士。——译者注

[76]汉诺威广场圣乔治教堂（St George’s, Hanover Square）是1711年规定建造的五十座安妮女王诸教堂之一，位于伦敦金融城西侧的威斯敏斯特市内梅菲尔区（Mayfair）。教堂所处为上流社会地区，于是成为名门望族常用的婚礼举行地。1886年12月2日，后来成为美国总统的西奥多·罗斯福就在此结婚。——译者注

[77]帕丁顿教区也位于威斯敏斯特市内。——译者注

[78]圣殿区（the Temple）是圣殿教堂所在的教区，主体部分在伦敦金融城内，西部的一小部分在威斯敏斯特市内，南临泰晤士河，西临萨里街（Surrey Street），北临河岸大道（Strand）和河湾街（Fleet Street），东临圣衣会街（Carmelite Street）和白衣修士街（Whitefriars Street）。该教区为本市乃至全国著名的法律中心。——译者注

[79]据基督教《圣经》记载，所罗门是联合王国的第三任国王、大卫王之子，是智慧、神通、财富、荣耀、权威、美德的象征，流传下来三千句箴言和一千零五首诗歌。他的宝座是用象牙所制，外包精金，有六层台阶，有金脚凳与之相连。每层台阶都有两头石雕狮子站立，宝座两旁有扶手，扶手附近也各有一头石雕狮子。所罗门的宝座高踞一切之上，象征他有着高高在上的威权，他坐在其上进行审判。——译者注

[80]参见前文“东区圣乔治教堂”条注释。——译者注

[81]此处的“某人”指耶稣。这是《马太福音》（26：30）和《马可福音》（14：26）中记载的典故：耶稣及其十二门徒吃过最后的晚餐，唱了赞美诗，往橄榄山去。在一个叫客西马尼的地方，耶稣去远处祈祷时，门徒们都疲惫地睡着了，他去了三次、回来三次，可门徒们谁都没有醒来。等他第三次回来后不久，叛徒犹大就带人来把他抓走了。——译者注

[82]共济会（Freemasonry），字面意思是自由石匠工会，是一个带宗教色彩的秘密兄弟会组织，在世界各地有不同的存在形式，宣扬博爱、慈善、美德，思索人类生存的意义。共济会起源不明，但据信最初为中世纪时石匠们自发形成的组织，其基本徽章是由石匠常用工具—圆规（在上）和直角尺（在下）组成的图案，有的徽章图案上在圆规和直角尺之间还有一个字母G，代表共济会的法典。有记载表明，现代共济会出现于十八世纪早期的英国伦敦，是一个由白人贵族、高级神职人员、上层资产阶级等社会精英人物组成的封闭社团组织，并于十八世纪三十年代传播到了北美殖民地。英王乔治三世、乔治四世、乔治六世、爱德华七世、爱德华八世都是共济会会员；另外，如孟德斯鸠、牛顿、莫扎特、贝多芬、歌德、乔治·华盛顿、托马斯·杰斐逊、本杰明·富兰克林、富兰克林·罗斯福、亨利·福特、托马斯·爱迪生、马克·吐温、爱因斯坦、温斯顿·丘吉尔等许多欧美政要和科学文化界名人也都是共济会会员。后来，共济会放弃专走上层路线的做法，开始吸收普通公民入会，在世界各地现有六百多万会员；其活动也越来越公开化，除了内部表明各级别的暗语及手势仍旧保密之外，其余活动基本上全部公开。——

译者注

[83]木刻集《死亡之舞》的作者是（小）霍尔拜因（Hans Holbein, the Younger，1497—1543），德国肖像画家和装饰艺术家，英王亨利八世御前画师。——译者注

[84]堂区，即行政堂区，是英格兰乡村的基层行政单位。——译者注

[85]菲兹威廉夫人，全名范妮·伊丽莎白·菲兹威廉（Fanny Elizabeth Fitzwilliam），是英国十九世纪著名演员爱德华·菲兹威廉（Edward Fitzwilliam）的妻子，曾在伦敦艾德菲剧院出演约翰·巴克斯通（John Buckstone）的音乐剧《维多琳娜》（Victorine），扮演剧中人物伊利斯（Elise）；该剧作者约翰·巴克斯通和狄更斯是好朋友。——译者注

[86]十九世纪时，英国国内有近百万人失业，急需政府予以救济。但在自由资本主义发展的鼎盛时期，资产阶级藐视人权，认为贫困是由于“个人懒惰”所致，因而应由“个人负责”。1834年，英国政府制定的《济贫法》便是以这样的思想观念为指导的。这部法律规定，在各地建立济贫院，凡无生活来源、需要社会救济者必须进入济贫院。但是被救济者在济贫院内被迫从事繁重体力劳动，里面的生活条件又极为恶劣。实际上，济贫院不是在“救济穷人”，而是在“惩治穷人”，其最终目的是为了摆脱济贫税负担和为资本主义生产提供充足的劳动力来源。因此，穷人一般都很害怕进济贫院。——译者注

[87]拉斐尔（Raphael，1483—1520），意大利文艺复兴时期画家，建筑师，主要作品有梵蒂冈宫中的壁画《圣礼的辩论》和《雅典学派》，其他代表作有《西斯庭圣母》《基督显圣容》等。——译者注

[88]位于伦敦东部，有很多的贫民区。——译者注

[89]指1371年至1714年间统治苏格兰和1603年至1714年间统治英格兰和爱尔兰的王朝。——译者注

[90]指1665年发生在伦敦的黑死病。——译者注

[91]指凯尔特民族的神职人员，而凯尔特人是一个公元前五世纪至公元一世纪散居在不列颠、爱尔兰、欧洲、小亚细亚等地的民族。——译者注

[92]旧时伦敦城的入口，位于一所法学院前，是叛国者和其他罪犯首级示众之处。——译者注

[93]老贝利（Old Bailey）也用来指位于老贝利街的英国中央刑事法庭。——译者注

[94]位于新门大街和老贝利街的交角处，是伦敦的一所著名监狱，1904年被拆毁。——译者注

[95]位于新门大街和纽钱吉街的交角处，以其壮观的圆形屋顶而闻名，是英国古典主义建筑的代表。——译者注

[96]位于杭兹迪奇街。——译者注

[97]司各特（Scott，1771—1832），苏格兰小说家、诗人，历史小说首创者，浪漫主义运动的先驱。——译者注

[98]位于苏格兰首府爱丁堡，是那里的一条重要街道。——译者注

[99]指爱丁堡的荷里路德宫周围地区，直到荷里路德公园一带。历史上曾为欠债人的避难所。荷里路德宫曾是苏格兰王室的居所，现在仍是英女王来到苏格兰的皇室住所。——译者注

[100]位于伦敦东部。——译者注

[101]位于伦敦中西部的一条大街。——译者注

[102]位于伦敦东部的一个港区。——译者注

[103]位于伦敦东区的一条路。——译者注

[104]土耳其古代对大官的尊称。——译者注

[105]在英国旧币制中，一先令相当于十二便士，二十先令为一英镑。——译者注

[106]在英国旧币制中，一个金币的面值通常为一英镑。——译者注

[107]罗伯特·皮尔（Robert Peel，1788—1850），英国首相（1834—1835，1841—1846），保守党创始人，任内政大臣时建立首都警察队（1829）。——译者注

[108]指阿德莱德王后（1792—1849），其丈夫威廉四世于1837年去世，从而成为英国自十八世纪以来第一位孀居王后。文中引用部分乃阿德莱德王后1841年在病榻上所写。——译者注

[109]威灵顿公爵（1769—1852），本名为阿瑟·韦尔兹利，英国陆军元帅、首相（1828—1830），以在滑铁卢战役（1815）中指挥英、普联军击败拿破仑而闻名，有“铁公爵”之称。——译者注

[110]这是威灵顿公爵在滑铁卢战役中说的一句话。当时，威灵顿公爵的部队眼看要被打败，公爵正焦急地等待普鲁士王子布鲁奇元帅率军来援助。另，之所以渴盼夜晚到来，是因为夜幕降临后，暂时不用打仗。——译者注

[111]滑铁卢战役发生于1815年6月18日，由法军对英普军在比利时小镇滑铁卢决战。威灵顿公爵指挥英、普联军大胜拿破仑，终结了拿破仑帝国。——译者注

[112]是威灵顿公爵和他的继承者们居住过的地方。——译者注

[113]骑士桥地区位于伦敦中部，主要是住宅区，没有什么办公场所，非常安静。——译者注

[114]珍妮·林德（1820—1887）是瑞典著名女高音歌唱家，在欧洲大陆享有盛誉，被称为“瑞典夜莺”。——译者注

[115]全称为托马斯·马斯特曼·哈迪爵士（1769—1839），英国皇家海军军官。曾在海军上将纳尔逊勋爵（旗舰司令）手下任旗舰舰长。据英国记者鲁宾·珀西（Reuben Percy）（本名托马斯·伯雷（Thomas Byerley，？—1826）在《文学娱乐教育之镜》（The Mirror of literature, amusement, and instruction）第34卷记载，纳尔逊勋爵曾将自己的一枚小画像送给托马斯·哈迪，哈迪爵士便一直将此画像佩戴于胸前，并表明自己过世后，希望这枚画像能依旧陪伴自己，与自己的遗体埋葬在一起。——译者注

[116]全称为霍雷肖·纳尔逊勋爵（1758—1805），英国海军上将、世界著名海军统帅，被誉为“英国皇家海军之魂”。——译者注

[117]亚历山大·曼佐尼（1785—1873），意大利诗人、小说家，十九世纪意大利浪漫主义文学的代表。——译者注

[118]英国皇室下设的一个部门，主要负责礼仪、国事访问、授权仪式、皇家招待会、皇室婚礼及葬礼等。——译者注

[119]英国皇室下设的一个部门，主要负责各种仪式、宗谱调查、家谱记录等。——译者注

[120]全名为约翰·罗伯特·休谟（1781？—1857），曾是威灵顿元帅麾下的一名军医，也是威灵顿公爵的私人医生。——译者注

Night Walks

Charles Dickens

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Night Walks

Some years ago, a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, for a series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a long time to conquer, if it had been faintly experimented on in bed; but, it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of getting up directly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights, I finished my education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of it brought me into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The month was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half-past five, the night perspective looked sufficiently long at half-past twelve: which was about my time for confronting it.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of us houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late publichouses turned their lamps out, and when the potmen thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street; but stray vehicles and stray people were left us, after that. If we were very lucky, a policeman's rattle sprang and a fray turned up; but, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided. Except in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Kent-street in the Borough, and along a portion of the line of the Old Kentroad, the peace was seldom violently broken. But, it was always the case that London, as if in imitation of individual citizens belonging to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one cab rattled by, half-a-dozen would surely follow; and Houselessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically attracted towards each other: so that we knew when we saw one drunken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would stagger up before five minutes were out, to fraternise or fight with it. When we made a divergence from the regular species of drunkard, the thin-armed, puff-faced, leadenlipped gin-drinker, and

encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent appearance, fifty to one but that specimen was dressed in soiled mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day; the common folk who come unexpectedly into a little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, worn out - the last veritable sparks of waking life trailed from some late pieman or hot-potato man - and London would sink to rest. And then the yearning of the houseless mind would be for any sign of company, any lighted place, any movement, anything suggestive of any one being up - nay, even so much as awake, for the houseless eye looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain, Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, save at a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation, or the sergeant or inspector looking after his men. Now and then in the night - but rarely - Houselessness would become aware of a furtive head peering out of a doorway a few yards before him, and, coming up with the head, would find a man standing bolt upright to keep within the doorway's shadow, and evidently intent upon no particular service to society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly silence suitable to the time, Houselessness and this gentleman would eye one another from head to foot, and *so,* without exchange of speech, part, mutually suspicious. Drip, drip, drip, from ledge and coping, splash from pipes and water-spouts, and by-and-by the houseless shadow would fall upon the stones that pave the way to Waterloo-bridge; it being in the houseless mind to have a halfpenny worth of excuse for saying 'Good night' to the toll-keeper, and catching a glimpse of his fire. A good fire and a good great-coat and a good woollen neck-shawl, were comfortable things to see in conjunction with the toll-keeper; also his brisk wakefulness was excellent company when he rattled the change of halfpence down upon that metal table of his, like a man who defied the night, with all its sorrowful thoughts, and didn't care for the coming of dawn. There was need of encouragement on the threshold of the bridge, for the bridge was dreary. The chopped-up murdered man, had not been lowered with a rope over the parapet when those nights were; he was alive, and slept then quietly enough most likely, and undisturbed by any dream of where he was to come. But the river had an awful look, the buildings on the banks were muffled in black shrouds, and the reflected lights seemed to originate deep in the water, as if

the spectres of suicides were holding them to show where they went down. The wild moon and clouds were as restless as an evil conscience in a tumbled bed, and the very shadow of the immensity of London seemed to lie oppressively upon the river.

Between the bridge and the two great theatres, there was but the distance of a few hundred paces, so the theatres came next. Grim and black within, at night, those great dry Wells, and lonesome to imagine, with the rows of faces faded out, the lights extinguished, and the seats all empty. One would think that nothing in them knew itself at such a time but Yorick's skull. In one of my night walks, as the church steeples were shaking the March winds and rain with strokes of Four, I passed the outer boundary of one of these great deserts, and entered it. With a dim lantern in my hand, I groped my well-known way to the stage and looked over the orchestra - which was like a great grave dug for a time of pestilence - into the void beyond. A dismal cavern of an immense aspect, with the chandelier gone dead like everything else, and nothing visible through mist and fog and space, but tiers of winding-sheets. The ground at my feet where, when last there, I had seen the peasantry of Naples dancing among the vines, reckless of the burning mountain which threatened to overwhelm them, was now in possession of a strong serpent of engine-hose, watchfully lying in wait for the serpent Fire, and ready to fly at it if it showed its forked tongue. A ghost of a watchman, carrying a faint corpse candle, haunted the distant upper gallery and flitted away. Retiring within the proscenium, and holding my light above my head towards the rolled-up curtain - green no more, but black as ebony - my sight lost itself in a gloomy vault, showing faint indications in it of a shipwreck of canvas and cordage. Methought I felt much as a diver might, at the bottom of the sea.

In those small hours when there was no movement in the streets, it afforded matter for reflection to take Newgate in the way, and, touching its rough stone, to think of the prisoners in their sleep, and then to glance in at the lodge over the spiked wicket, and see the fire and light of the watching turnkeys, on the white wall. Not an inappropriate time either, to linger by that wicked little Debtors' Door - shutting tighter than any other door one ever saw - which has been Death's Door to so many. In the days of the uttering of forged one-pound notes by people tempted up from the country, how many hundreds of wretched creatures of both sexes - many quite innocent - swung out of a pitiless and inconsistent world, with the tower of yonder Christian

church of Saint Sepulchre monstrously before their eyes! Is there any haunting of the Bank Parlour, by the remorseful souls of old directors, in the nights of these later days, I wonder, or is it as quiet as this degenerate Aceldama of an Old Bailey?

To walk on to the Bank, lamenting the good old times and bemoaning the present evil period, would be an easy next step, so I would take it, and would make my houseless circuit of the Bank, and give a thought to the treasure within; likewise to the guard of soldiers passing the night there, and nodding over the fire. Next, I went to Billingsgate, in some hope of market-people, but it proving as yet too early, crossed London-bridge and got down by the waterside on the Surrey shore among the buildings of the great brewery. There was plenty going on at the brewery; and the reek, and the smell of grains, and the rattling of the plump dray horses at their mangers, were capital company. Quite refreshed by having mingled with this good society, I made a new start with a new heart, setting the old King's Bench prison before me for my next object, and resolving, when I should come to the wall, to think of poor Horace Kinch, and the Dry Rot in men.

A very curious disease the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had carried Horace Kinch inside the wall of the old King's Bench prison, and it had carried him out with his feet foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair-looking houses or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of the Dry Rot in men, is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties to-morrow or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion 'Dry Rot,' when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance: a certain slovenliness and deterioration, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this, succeeds a smell as of strong waters, in the morning; to that, a looseness respecting money; to that, a stronger smell as of

strong waters, at all times; to that, a looseness respecting everything; to that, a trembling of the limbs, somnolency, misery, and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood, so it is in men. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoted. Thus it had been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, ‘So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him - and yet, it is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot!’ when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.

From the dead wall associated on those houseless nights with this too common story, I chose next to wander by Bethlehem Hospital; partly, because it lay on my road round to Westminster; partly, because I had a night fancy in my head which could be best pursued within sight of its walls and dome. And the fancy was this: Are not the sane and the insane equal at night as the sane lie a dreaming? Are not all of us outside this hospital, who dream, more or less in the condition of those inside it, every night of our lives? Are we not nightly persuaded, as they daily are, that we associate preposterously with kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and notabilities of all sorts? Do we not nightly jumble events and personages and times and places, as these do daily? Are we not sometimes troubled by our own sleeping inconsistencies, and do we not vexedly try to account for them or excuse them, just as these do sometimes in respect of their waking delusions? Said an afflicted man to me, when I was last in a hospital like this, ‘Sir, I can frequently fly.’ I was half ashamed to reflect that so could I - by night. Said a woman to me on the same occasion, ‘Queen Victoria frequently comes to dine with me, and her Majesty and I dine off peaches and maccaroni in our nightgowns, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort does us the honour to make a third on horseback in a Field-Marshal’s uniform.’ Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing royal parties I myself had given (at night), the unaccountable viands I had put on table, and my extraordinary manner of conducting myself on those distinguished occasions? I wonder that the great master who knew everything, when he called Sleep the death of each day’s life, did not call Dreams the insanity of each day’s sanity.

By this time I had left the Hospital behind me, and was again setting towards the river; and in a short breathing space I was on Westminster-

bridge, regaling my houseless eyes with the external walls of the British Parliament - the perfection of a stupendous institution, I know, and the admiration of all surrounding nations and succeeding ages, I do not doubt, but perhaps a little the better now and then for being pricked up to its work. Turning off into Old Palace-yard, the Courts of Law kept me company for a quarter of an hour; hinting in low whispers what numbers of people they were keeping awake, and how intensely wretched and horrible they were rendering the small hours to unfortunate suitors. Westminster Abbey was fine gloomy society for another quarter of an hour; suggesting a wonderful procession of its dead among the dark arches and pillars, each century more amazed by the century following it than by all the centuries going before. And indeed in those houseless night walks - which even included cemeteries where watchmen went round among the graves at stated times, and moved the tell-tale handle of an index which recorded that they had touched it at such an hour - it was a solemn consideration what enormous hosts of dead belong to one old great city, and how, if they were raised while the living slept, there would not be the space of a pin’s point in all the streets and ways for the living to come out into. Not only that, but the vast armies of dead would overflow the hills and valleys beyond the city, and would stretch away all round it, God knows how far.

When a church clock strikes, on houseless ears in the dead of the night, it may be at first mistaken for company and hailed as such. But, as the spreading circles of vibration, which you may perceive at such a time with great clearness, go opening out, for ever and ever afterwards widening perhaps (as the philosopher has suggested) in eternal space, the mistake is rectified and the sense of loneliness is profounder. Once - it was after leaving the Abbey and turning my face north - I came to the great steps of St. Martin’s church as the clock was striking Three. Suddenly, a thing that in a moment more I should have trodden upon without seeing, rose up at my feet with a cry of loneliness and houselessness, struck out of it by the bell, the like of which I never heard. We then stood face to face looking at one another, frightened by one another. The creature was like a beetle-browed hairlipped youth of twenty, and it had a loose bundle of rags on, which it held together with one of its hands. It shivered from head to foot, and its teeth chattered, and as it stared at me - persecutor, devil, ghost, whatever it thought me - it made with its whining mouth as if it were snapping at me, like a worried dog.

Intending to give this ugly object money, I put out my hand to stay it - for it recoiled as it whined and snapped - and laid my hand upon its shoulder. Instantly, it twisted out of its garment, like the young man in the New Testament, and left me standing alone with its rags in my hands.

Covent-garden Market, when it was market morning, was wonderful company. The great waggons of cabbages, with growers' men and boys lying asleep under them, and with sharp dogs from market-garden neighbourhoods looking after the whole, were as good as a party. But one of the worst night sights I know in London, is to be found in the children who prowl about this place; who sleep in the baskets, fight for the offal, dart at any object they think they can lay their thieving hands on, dive under the carts and barrows, dodge the constables, and are perpetually making a blunt pattering on the pavement of the Piazza with the rain of their naked feet. A painful and unnatural result comes of the comparison one is forced to institute between the growth of corruption as displayed in the so much improved and cared for fruits of the earth, and the growth of corruption as displayed in these all uncared for (except inasmuch as ever-hunted) savages.

There was early coffee to be got about Covent-garden Market, and that was more company - warm company, too, which was better. Toast of a very substantial quality, was likewise procurable: though the towzled-headed man who made it, in an inner chamber within the coffeeroom, hadn't got his coat on yet, and was so heavy with sleep that in every interval of toast and coffee he went off anew behind the partition into complicated cross-roads of choke and snore, and lost his way directly. Into one of these establishments (among the earliest) near Bowstreet, there came one morning as I sat over my houseless cup, pondering where to go next, a man in a high and long snuff-coloured coat, and shoes, and, to the best of my belief, nothing else but a hat, who took out of his hat a large cold meat pudding; a meat pudding so large that it was a very tight fit, and brought the lining of the hat out with it. This mysterious man was known by his pudding, for on his entering, the men of sleep brought him a pint of hot tea, a small loaf, and a large knife and fork and plate. Left to himself in his box, he stood the pudding on the bare table, and, instead of cutting it stabbed it, overhand, with the knife, like a mortal enemy; then took the knife out, wiped it on his sleeve, tore the pudding asunder with his fingers, and ate it all up. The remembrance of this man with the pudding remains with me as the remembrance of the most spectral person

my houselessness encountered. Twice only was I in that establishment, and twice I saw him stalk in (as I should say, just out of bed, and presently going back to bed), take out his pudding, stab his pudding, wipe the dagger, and eat his pudding all up. He was a man whose figure promised cadaverousness, but, who had an excessively red face, though shaped like a horse's. On the second occasion of my seeing him, he said huskily to the man of sleep, 'Am I red to-night?' 'You are,' he uncompromisingly answered. 'My mother,' said the spectre, 'was a red-faced woman that liked drink, and I looked at her hard when she laid in her coffin, and I took the complexion.' Somehow, the pudding seemed an unwholesome pudding after that, and I put myself in its way no more.

When there was no market, or when I wanted variety, a railway terminus with the morning mails coming in, was remunerative company. But like most of the company to be had in this world, it lasted only a very short time. The station lamps would burst out ablaze, the porters would emerge from places of concealment, the cabs and trucks would rattle to their places (the post-office carts were already in theirs), and, finally, the bell would strike up, and the train would come banging in. But there were few passengers and little luggage, and everything scuttled away with the greatest expedition. The locomotive post-offices, with their great nets - as if they had been dragging the country for bodies - would fly open as to their doors, and would disgorge a smell of lamp, an exhausted clerk, a guard in a red coat, and their bags of letters; the engine would blow and heave and perspire, like an engine wiping its forehead and saying what a run it had had; and within ten minutes the lamps were out, and I was houseless and alone again.

But now, there were driven cattle on the high road near, wanting (as cattle always do) to turn into the midst of stone walls, and squeeze themselves through six inches' width of iron railing, and getting their heads down (also as cattle always do) for tossing-purchase at quite imaginary dogs, and giving themselves and every devoted creature associated with them a most extraordinary amount of unnecessary trouble. Now, too, the conscious gas began to grow pale with the knowledge that daylight was coming, and straggling work-people were already in the streets, and, as waking life had become extinguished with the last pieman's sparks, so it began to be rekindled with the fires of the first street-corner breakfast-sellers. And so by faster and faster degrees, until the last degrees were very fast, the day came,

and I was tired and could sleep. And it is not, as I used to think, going home at such times, the least wonderful thing in London, that in the real desert region of the night, the houseless wanderer is alone there. I knew well enough where to find Vice and Misfortune of all kinds, if I had chosen; but they were put out of sight, and my houselessness had many miles upon miles of streets in which it could, and did, have its own solitary way.

Gone Astray

When I was a very small boy indeed, both in years and stature, I got lost one day in the City of London. I was taken out by Somebody (shade of Somebody forgive me for remembering no more of thy identity!), as an immense treat, to be shown the outside of Saint Giles's Church. I had romantic ideas in connexion with that religious edifice; firmly believing that all the beggars who pretended through the week to be blind, lame, one-armed, deaf and dumb, and otherwise physically afflicted, laid aside their pretences every Sunday, dressed themselves in holiday clothes, and attended divine service in the temple of their patron saint. I had a general idea that the reigning successor of Bamfylde Moore Carew acted as a sort of church-warden on these occasions, and sat in a high pew with red curtains.

It was in the spring-time when these tender notions of mine, bursting forth into new shoots under the influence of the season, became sufficiently troublesome to my parents and guardians to occasion Somebody to volunteer to take me to see the outside of Saint Giles's Church, which was considered likely (I suppose) to quench my romantic fire, and bring me to a practical state. We set off after breakfast. I have an impression that Somebody was got up in a striking manner - in cord breeches of fine texture and milky hue, in long jean gaiters, in a green coat with bright buttons, in a blue neckerchief, and a monstrous shirt-collar. I think he must have newly come (as I had myself) out of the hop-grounds of Kent. I considered him the glass of fashion and the mould of form: a very Hamlet without the burden of his difficult family affairs.

We were conversational together, and saw the outside of Saint Giles's Church with sentiments of satisfaction, much enhanced by a flag flying from the steeple. I infer that we then went down to Northumberland House in the Strand to view the celebrated lion over the gateway. At all events, I know that in the act of looking up with mingled awe and admiration at that famous animal I lost Somebody.

The child's unreasoning terror of being lost, comes as freshly on me now as it did then. I verily believe that if I had found myself astray at the North Pole instead of in the narrow, crowded, inconvenient street over which

the lion in those days presided, I could not have been more horrified. But, this first fright expended itself in a little crying and tearing up and down; and then I walked, with a feeling of dismal dignity upon me, into a court, and sat down on a step to consider how to get through life.

To the best of my belief, the idea of asking my way home never came into my head. It is possible that I may, for the time, have preferred the dismal dignity of being lost; but I have a serious conviction that in the wide scope of my arrangements for the future, I had no eyes for the nearest and most obvious course. I was but very juvenile; from eight to nine years old, I fancy.

I had one and fourpence in my pocket, and a pewter ring with a bit of red glass in it on my little finger. This jewel had been presented to me by the object of my affections, on my birthday, when we had sworn to marry, but had foreseen family obstacles to our union, in her being (she was six years old) of the Wesleyan persuasion, while I was devotedly attached to the Church of England. The one and fourpence were the remains of half-a-crown presented on the same anniversary by my godfather - a man who knew his duty and did it.

Armed with these amulets, I made up my little mind to seek my fortune. When I had found it, I thought I would drive home in a coach and six, and claim my bride. I cried a little more at the idea of such a triumph, but soon dried my eyes and came out of the court to pursue my plans. These were, first to go (as a species of investment) and see the Giants in Guildhall, out of whom I felt it not improbable that some prosperous adventure would arise; failing that contingency, to try about the City for any opening of a Whittington nature; baffled in that too, to go into the army as a drummer.

So, I began to ask my way to Guildhall: which I thought meant, somehow, Gold or Golden Hall; I was too knowing to ask my way to the Giants, for I felt it would make people laugh. I remember how immensely broad the streets seemed now I was alone, how high the houses, how grand and mysterious everything. When I came to Temple Bar, it took me half an hour to stare at it, and I left it unfinished even then. I had read about heads being exposed on the top of Temple Bar, and it seemed a wicked old place, albeit a noble monument of architecture and a paragon of utility. When at last I got away from it, behold I came, the next minute, on the figures at St. Dunstan’s! Who could see those obliging monsters strike upon the bells and go? Between the quarters there was the toyshop to look at - still there, at this

present writing, in a new form - and even when that enchanted spot was escaped from, after an hour and more, then Saint Paul’s arose, and how was I to get beyond its dome, or to take my eyes from its cross of gold? I found it a long journey to the Giants, and a slow one.

I came into their presence at last, and gazed up at them with dread and veneration. They looked better-tempered, and were altogether more shiny-faced, than I had expected; but they were very big, and, as I judged their pedestals to be about forty feet high, I considered that they would be very big indeed if they were walking on the stone pavement. I was in a state of mind as to these and all such figures, which I suppose holds equally with most children. While I knew them to be images made of something that was not flesh and blood, I still invested them with attributes of life - with consciousness of my being there, for example, and the power of keeping a sly eye upon me. Being very tired I got into the corner under Magog, to be out of the way of his eye, and fell asleep.

When I started up after a long nap, I thought the giants were roaring, but it was only the City. The place was just the same as when I fell asleep: no beanstalk, no fairy, no princess, no dragon, no opening in life of any kind. So, being hungry, I thought I would buy something to eat, and bring it in there and eat it, before going forth to seek my fortune on the Whittington plan.

I was not ashamed of buying a penny roll in a baker’s shop, but I looked into a number of cooks’ shops before I could muster courage to go into one. At last I saw a pile of cooked sausages in a window with the label ‘Small Germans, A Penny.’ Emboldened by knowing what to ask for, I went in and said, ‘If you please will you sell me a small German?’ which they did, and I took it, wrapped in paper in my pocket, to Guildhall.

The giants were still lying by, in their sly way, pretending to take no notice, so I sat down in another corner, when what should I see before me but a dog with his ears cocked. He was a black dog, with a bit of white over one eye, and bits of white and tan in his paws, and he wanted to play - frisking about me, rubbing his nose against me, dodging at me sideways, shaking his head and pretending to run away backwards, and making himself goodnaturedly ridiculous, as if he had no consideration for himself, but wanted to raise my spirits. Now, when I saw this dog I thought of Whittington, and felt that things were coming right; I encouraged him by saying, ‘Hi, boy!’ ‘Poor fellow!’ ‘Good dog!’ and was satisfied that he was to

be my dog for ever afterwards, and that he would help me to seek my fortune.

Very much comforted by this (I had cried a little at odd times ever since I was lost), I took the small German out of my pocket, and began my dinner by biting off a bit and throwing it to the dog, who immediately swallowed it with a one-sided jerk, like a pill. While I took a bit myself, and he looked me in the face for a second piece, I considered by what name I should call him. I thought Merrychance would be an expressive name, under the circumstances; and I was elated, I recollect, by inventing such a good one, when Merrychance began to growl at me in a most ferocious manner.

I wondered he was not ashamed of himself, but he didn't care for that; on the contrary he growled a good deal more. With his mouth watering, and his eyes glistening, and his nose in a very damp state, and his head very much on one side, he sidled about on the pavement in a threatening manner and growled at me, until he suddenly made a snap at the small German, tore it out of my hand, and went off with it. He never came back to help me seek my fortune. From that hour to the present, when I am forty years of age, I have never seen my faithful Merrychance again.

I felt very lonely. Not so much for the loss of the small German, though it was delicious (I knew nothing about highly-peppered horse at that time), as on account of Merrychance's disappointing me so cruelly; for I had hoped he would do every friendly thing but speak, and perhaps even come to that. I cried a little more, and began to wish that the object of my affections had been lost with me, for company's sake. But, then I remembered that *she* could not go into the army as a drummer; and I dried my eyes and ate my loaf. Coming out, I met a milkwoman, of whom I bought a pennyworth of milk; quite set up again by my repast, I began to roam about the City, and to seek my fortune in the Whittington direction.

When I go into the City, now, it makes me sorrowful to think that I am quite an artful wretch. Strolling about it as a lost child, I thought of the British Merchant and the Lord Mayor, and was full of reverence. Strolling about it now, I laugh at the sacred liveries of state, and get indignant with the corporation as one of the strongest practical jokes of the present day. What did I know then, about the multitude who are always being disappointed in the City; who are always expecting to meet a party there, and to receive money there, and whose expectations are never fulfilled? What did I know then, about that wonderful person, the friend in the City, who is to do so

many things for so many people; who is to get this one into a post at home, and that one into a post abroad; who is to settle with this man's creditors, provide for that man's son, and see that other man paid; who is to 'throw himself' into this grand Joint-Stock certainty, and is to put his name down on that Life Assurance Directory, and never does anything predicted of him? What did I know, then, about him as the friend of gentlemen, Mosaic Arabs and others, usually to be seen at races, and chiefly residing in the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square; and as being unable to discount the whole amount of that paper in money, but as happening to have by him a cask of remarkable fine sherry, a dressing-case, and a Venus by Titian, with which he would be willing to make up the balance? Had I ever heard of him, in those innocent days, as confiding information (which never by any chance turned out to be in the remotest degree correct) to solemn bald men, who mysteriously imparted it to breathless dinner tables? No. Had I ever learned to dread him as a shark, disregard him as a humbug, and know him for a myth? Not I. Had I ever heard of him as associated with tightness in the money market, gloom in consols, the exportation of gold, or that rock ahead in everybody's course, the bushel of wheat? Never. Had I the least idea what was meant by such terms as jobbery, rigging the market, cooking accounts, getting up a dividend, making things pleasant, and the like? Not the slightest. Should I have detected in Mr. Hudson himself, a staring carcase of golden veal? By no manner of means. The City was to me a vast emporium of precious stones and metals, casks and bales, honour and generosity, foreign fruits and spices. Every merchant and banker was a compound of Mr. Fitz-Warren and Sinbad the Sailor. Smith, Payne, and Smith, when the wind was fair for Barbary and the captain present, were in the habit of calling their servants together (the cross cook included) and asking them to produce their little shipments. Glyn and Halifax had personally undergone great hardships in the valley of diamonds. Baring Brothers had seen Rocs' eggs and travelled with caravans. Rothschild had sat in the Bazaar at Bagdad with rich stuffs for sale; and a veiled lady from the Sultan's harem, riding on a donkey, had fallen in love with him.

Thus I wandered about the City, like a child in a dream, staring at the British merchants, and inspired by a mighty faith in the marvellousness of everything. Up courts and down courts - in and out of yards and little squares - peeping into counting-house passages and running away - poorly feeding

the echoes in the court of the South Sea House with my timid steps - roaming down into Austin Friars, and wondering how the Friars used to like it - ever staring at the British merchants, and never tired of the shops - I rambled on, all through the day. In such stories as I made, to account for the different places, I believed as devoutly as in the City itself. I particularly remember that when I found myself on ‘Change, and saw the shabby people sitting under the placards about ships, I settled that they were Misers, who had embarked all their wealth to go and buy gold-dust or something of that sort, and were waiting for their respective captains to come and tell them that they were ready to set sail. I observed that they all munched dry biscuits, and I thought it was to keep off sea-sickness.

This was very delightful; but it still produced no result according to the Whittington precedent. There was a dinner preparing at the Mansion House, and when I peeped in at a grated kitchen window, and saw the men cooks at work in their white caps, my heart began to beat with hope that the Lord Mayor, or the Lady Mayoress, or one of the young Princesses their daughters, would look out of an upper apartment and direct me to be taken in. But, nothing of the kind occurred. It was not until I had been peeping in some time that one of the cooks called to me (the window was open) ‘Cut away, you sir!’ which frightened me so, on account of his black whiskers, that I instantly obeyed.

After that, I came to the India House, and asked a boy what it was, who made faces and pulled my hair before he told me, and behaved altogether in an ungenteel and discourteous manner. Sir James Hogg himself might have been satisfied with the veneration in which I held the India House. I had no doubt of its being the most wonderful, the most magnanimous, the most incorruptible, the most practically disinterested, the most in all respects astonishing, establishment on the face of the earth. I understood the nature of an oath, and would have sworn it to be one entire and perfect chrysolite.

Thinking much about boys who went to India, and who immediately, without being sick, smoked pipes like curled-up bell-ropes, terminating in a large cut-glass sugar basin upside down, I got among the outfitting shops. There, I read the lists of things that were necessary for an India-going boy, and when I came to ‘one brace of pistols,’ thought what happiness to be reserved for such a fate! Still no British merchant seemed at all disposed to take me into his house. The only exception was a chimney-sweep - he looked

at me as if he thought me suitable to his business; but I ran away from him.

I suffered very much, all day, from boys; they chased me down turnings, brought me to bay in doorways, and treated me quite savagely, though I am sure I gave them no offence. One boy, who had a stump of black-lead pencil in his pocket, wrote his mother's name and address (as he said) on my white hat, outside the crown. MRS. BLORES, WOODEN LEG WALK, TOBACCO-STOPPER ROW, WAPPING. And I couldn't rub it out.

I recollect resting in a little churchyard after this persecution, disposed to think upon the whole, that if I and the object of my affections could be buried there together, at once, it would be comfortable. But, another nap, and a pump, and a bun, and above all a picture that I saw, brought me round again.

I must have strayed by that time, as I recall my course, into Goodman's fields, or somewhere thereabouts. The picture represented a scene in a play then performing at a theatre in that neighbourhood which is no longer in existence. It stimulated me to go to that theatre and see that play. I resolved, as there seemed to be nothing doing in the Whittington way, that on the conclusion of the entertainments I would ask my way to the barracks, knock at the gate, and tell them that I understood they were in want of drummers, and there I was. I think I must have been told, but I know I believed, that a soldier was always on duty, day and night, behind every barrack-gate, with a shilling; and that a boy who could by any means be prevailed on to accept it, instantly became a drummer, unless his father paid four hundred pounds.

I found out the theatre - of its external appearance I only remember the loyal initials G. R. untidily painted in yellow ochre on the front - and waited, with a pretty large crowd, for the opening of the gallery doors. The greater part of the sailors and others composing the crowd, were of the lowest description, and their conversation was not improving; but I understood little or nothing of what was bad in it then, and it had no depraving influence on me. I have wondered since, how long it would take, by means of such association, to corrupt a child nurtured as I had been, and innocent as I was.

Whenever I saw that my appearance attracted attention, either outside the doors or afterwards within the theatre, I pretended to look out for somebody who was taking care of me, and from whom I was separated, and to exchange nods and smiles with that creature of my imagination. This answered very well. I had my sixpence clutched in my hand ready to pay; and

when the doors opened, with a clattering of bolts, and some screaming from women in the crowd, I went on with the current like a straw. My sixpence was rapidly swallowed up in the money-taker's pigeon-hole, which looked to me like a sort of mouth, and I got into the freer staircase above and ran on (as everybody else did) to get a good place. When I came to the back of the gallery, there were very few people in it, and the seats looked so horribly steep, and so like a diving arrangement to send me, headforemost, into the pit, that I held by one of them in a terrible fright. However, there was a good-natured baker with a young woman, who gave me his hand, and we all three scrambled over the seats together down into the corner of the first row. The baker was very fond of the young woman, and kissed her a good deal in the course of the evening.

I was no sooner comfortably settled, than a weight fell upon my mind, which tormented it most dreadfully, and which I must explain. It was a benefit night - the benefit of the comic actor - a little fat man with a very large face and, as I thought then, the smallest and most diverting hat that ever was seen. This comedian, for the gratification of his friends and patrons, had undertaken to sing a comic song on a donkey's back, and afterwards to give away the donkey so distinguished, by lottery. In this lottery, every person admitted to the pit and gallery had a chance. On paying my sixpence, I had received the number, fortyseven; and I now thought, in a perspiration of terror, what should I ever do if that number was to come up the prize, and I was to win the donkey!

It made me tremble all over to think of the possibility of my good fortune. I knew I never could conceal the fact of my holding forty-seven, in case that number came up, because, not to speak of my confusion, which would immediately condemn me, I had shewn my number to the baker. Then, I pictured to myself the being called upon to come down on the stage and receive the donkey. I thought how all the people would shriek when they saw it had fallen to a little fellow like me. How should I lead him out - for of course he wouldn't go? If he began to bray, what should I do? If he kicked, what would become of me? Suppose he backed into the stage-door, and stuck there, with me upon him? For I felt that if I won him, the comic actor would have me on his back, the moment he could touch me. Then if I got him out of the theatre, what was I to do with him? How was I to feed him? Where was I to stable him? It was bad enough to have gone astray by myself, but to go

astray with a donkey, too, was a calamity more tremendous than I could bear to contemplate.

These apprehensions took away all my pleasure in the first piece. When the ship came on - a real man-of-war she was called in the bills - and rolled prodigiously in a very heavy sea, I couldn’t, even in the terrors of the storm, forget the donkey. It was awful to see the sailors pitching about, with telescopes and speaking trumpets (they looked very tall indeed aboard the man-of-war), and it was awful to suspect the pilot of treachery, though impossible to avoid it, for when he cried - ‘We are lost! To the raft, to the raft! A thunderbolt has struck the mainmast!’ - I myself saw him take the main-mast out of its socket and drop it overboard; but even these impressive circumstances paled before my dread of the donkey. Even, when the good sailor (and he was very good) came to good fortune, and the bad sailor (and he was very bad) threw himself into the ocean from the summit of a curious rock, presenting something of the appearance of a pair of steps, I saw the dreadful donkey through my tears.

At last the time came when the fiddlers struck up the comic song, and the dreaded animal, with new shoes on, as I inferred from the noise they made, came clattering in with the comic actor on his back. He was dressed out with ribbons (I mean the donkey was) and as he persisted in turning his tail to the audience, the comedian got off him, turned about, and sitting with his face that way, sang the song three times, amid thunders of applause. All this time, I was fearfully agitated; and when two pale people, a good deal splashed with the mud of the streets, were invited out of the pit to superintend the drawing of the lottery, and were received with a round of laughter from everybody else, I could have begged and prayed them to have mercy on me, and not draw number forty-seven.

But, I was soon put out of my pain now, for a gentleman behind me, in a flannel jacket and a yellow neckkerchief, who had eaten two fried soles and all his pocketsfull of nuts before the storm began to rage, answered to the winning number, and went down to take possession of the prize. This gentleman had appeared to know the donkey, rather, from the moment of his entrance, and had taken a great interest in his proceedings; driving him to himself, if I use an intelligible phrase, and saying, almost in my ear, when he made any mistake, ‘Kum up, you precious Moke. Kum up!’ He was thrown by the donkey on first mounting him, to the great delight of the audience

(including myself), but rode him off with great skill afterwards, and soon returned to his seat quite calm. Calmed myself by the immense relief I had sustained, I enjoyed the rest of the performance very much indeed. I remember there were a good many dances, some in fetters and some in roses, and one by a most divine little creature, who made the object of my affections look but commonplace. In the concluding drama, she re-appeared as a boy (in arms, mostly), and was fought for, several times. I rather think a Baron wanted to drown her, and was on various occasions prevented by the comedian, a ghost, a Newfoundland dog, and a church bell. I only remember beyond this, that I wondered where the Baron expected to go to, and that he went there in a shower of sparks. The lights were turned out while the sparks died out, and it appeared to me as if the whole play - ship, donkey, men and women, divine little creature, and all - were a wonderful firework that had gone off, and left nothing but dust and darkness behind it.

It was late when I got out into the streets, and there was no moon, and there were no stars, and the rain fell heavily. When I emerged from the dispersing crowd, the ghost and the baron had an ugly look in my remembrance; I felt unspeakably forlorn; and now, for the first time, my little bed and the dear familiar faces came before me, and touched my heart. By daylight, I had never thought of the grief at home. I had never thought of my mother. I had never thought of anything but adapting myself to the circumstances in which I found myself, and going to seek my fortune.

For a boy who could do nothing but cry, and run about, saying, ‘O I am lost!’ to think of going into the army was, I felt sensible, out of the question. I abandoned the idea of asking my way to the barracks - or rather the idea abandoned me - and ran about, until I found a watchman in his box. It is amazing to me, now, that he should have been sober; but I am inclined to think he was too feeble to get drunk.

This venerable man took me to the nearest watchhouse; - I say he took me, but in fact I took him, for when I think of us in the rain, I recollect that we must have made a composition, like a vignette of Infancy leading Age. He had a dreadful cough, and was obliged to lean against a wall, whenever it came on. We got at last to the watch-house, a warm and drowsy sort of place embellished with great-coats and rattles hanging up. When a paralytic messenger had been sent to make inquiries about me, I fell asleep by the fire, and awoke no more until my eyes opened on my father’s face. This is literally

and exactly how I went astray. They used to say I was an odd child, and I suppose I was. I am an odd man perhaps.

Shade of Somebody, forgive me for the disquiet I must have caused thee! When I stand beneath the Lion, even now, I see thee rushing up and down, refusing to be comforted. I have gone astray since, many times, and farther afield. May I therein have given less disquiet to others, than herein I gave to thee!

Chatham Dockyard

There are some small out-of-the-way landing-places on the Thames and the Medway, where I do much of my summer idling. Running water is favourable to day-dreams, and a strong tidal river is the best of running water for mine. I like to watch the great ships standing out to sea or coming home richly laden, the active little steam-tugs confidently puffing with them to and from the sea-horizon, the fleet of barges that seem to have plucked their brown and russet sails from the ripe trees in the landscape, the heavy old colliers, light in ballast, floundering down before the tide, the light screw barks and schooners imperiously holding a straight course while the others patiently tack and go about, the yachts with their tiny hulls and great white sheets of canvas, the little sailing-boats bobbing to and fro on their errands of pleasure or business, and - as it is the nature of little people to do - making a prodigious fuss about their small affairs. Watching these objects, I still am under no obligation to think about them, or even so much as to see them, unless it perfectly suits my humour. As little am I obliged to hear the plash and flop of the tide, the ripple at my feet, the clinking windlass afar off, or the humming steam-ship paddles further away yet. These, with the creaking little jetty on which I sit, and the gaunt high-water marks and low-water marks in the mud, and the broken causeway, and the broken bank, and the broken stakes and piles leaning forward as if they were vain of their personal appearance and looking for their reflection in the water, will melt into any train of fancy. Equally adaptable to any purpose or to none, are the pasturing sheep and kine upon the marshes, the gulls that wheel and dip around me, the crows (well out of gunshot) going home from the rich harvest-fields, the heron that has been out a-fishing and looks as melancholy, up there in the sky, as if it hadn't agreed with him. Everything within the range of the senses will, by the aid of the running water, lend itself to everything beyond that range, and work into a drowsy whole, not unlike a kind of tune, but for which there is no exact definition.

One of these landing-places is near an old fort (I can see the Nore Light from it with my pocket-glass), from which fort mysteriously emerges a boy, to whom I am much indebted for additions to my scanty stock of knowledge.

He is a young boy, with an intelligent face burnt to a dust colour by the summer sun, and with crisp hair of the same hue. He is a boy in whom I have perceived nothing incompatible with habits of studious inquiry and meditation, unless an evanescent black eye (I was delicate of inquiring how occasioned) should be so considered. To him am I indebted for ability to identify a Custom-house boat at any distance, and for acquaintance with all the forms and ceremonies observed by a homeward-bound Indiaman coming up the river, when the Custom-house officers go aboard her. But for him, I might never have heard of ‘the dumbague,’ respecting which malady I am now learned. Had I never sat at his feet, I might have finished my mortal career and never known that when I see a white horse on a barge’s sail, that barge is a lime barge. For precious secrets in reference to beer, am I likewise beholden to him, involving warning against the beer of a certain establishment, by reason of its having turned sour through failure in point of demand: though my young sage is not of the opinion that similar deterioration has befallen the ale. He has also enlightened me touching the mushrooms of the marshes, and has gently reproved my ignorance in having supposed them to be impregnated with salt. His manner of imparting information, is thoughtful, and appropriate to the scene. As he reclines beside me, he pitches into the river, a little stone or piece of grit, and then delivers himself oracularly, as though he spoke out of the centre of the spreading circle that it makes in the water. He never improves my mind without observing this formula.

With the wise boy - whom I know by no other name than the Spirit of the Fort - I recently consorted on a breezy day when the river leaped about us and was full of life. I had seen the sheaved corn carrying in the golden fields as I came down to the river; and the rosy farmer, watching his labouring-men in the saddle on his cob, had told me how he had reaped his two hundred and sixty acres of long-strawed corn last week, and how a better week’s work he had never done in all his days. Peace and abundance were on the country-side in beautiful forms and beautiful colours, and the harvest seemed even to be sailing out to grace the never-reaped sea in the yellowladen barges that mellowed the distance.

It was on this occasion that the Spirit of the Fort, directing his remarks to a certain floating iron battery lately lying in that reach of the river, enriched my mind with his opinions on naval architecture, and informed me

that he would like to be an engineer. I found him up to everything that is done in the contracting line by Messrs. Peto and Brassey - cunning in the article of concrete - mellow in the matter of iron - great on the subject of gunnery. When he spoke of pile-driving and sluice-making, he left me not a leg to stand on, and I can never sufficiently acknowledge his forbearance with me in my disabled state. While he thus discoursed, he several times directed his eyes to one distant quarter of the landscape, and spoke with vague mysterious awe of ‘the Yard.’ Pondering his lessons after we had parted, I bethought me that the Yard was one of our large public Dockyards, and that it lay hidden among the crops down in the dip behind the windmills, as if it modestly kept itself out of view in peaceful times, and sought to trouble no man. Taken with this modesty on the part of the Yard, I resolved to improve the Yard’s acquaintance.

My good opinion of the Yard’s retiring character was not dashed by nearer approach. It resounded with the noise of hammers beating upon iron; and the great sheds or slips under which the mighty men-of-war are built, loomed business-like when contemplated from the opposite side of the river. For all that, however, the Yard made no display, but kept itself snug under hill-sides of cornfields, hop-gardens, and orchards; its great chimneys smoking with a quiet - almost a lazy - air, like giants smoking tobacco; and the great Shears moored off it, looking meekly and inoffensively out of proportion, like the Giraffe of the machinery creation. The store of cannon on the neighbouring gun-wharf, had an innocent toy-like appearance, and the one red-coated sentry on duty over them was a mere toy figure, with a clock-work movement. As the hot sunlight sparkled on him he might have passed for the identical little man who had the little gun, and whose bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead.

Crossing the river and landing at the Stairs, where a drift of chips and weed had been trying to land before me and had not succeeded, but had got into a corner instead, I found the very street posts to be cannon, and the architectural ornaments to be shells. And so I came to the Yard, which was shut up tight and strong with great folded gates, like an enormous patent safe. These gates devouring me, I became digested into the Yard; and it had, at first, a clean-swept holiday air, as if it had given over work until next war-time. Though indeed a quantity of hemp for rope was tumbling out of store-houses, even there, which would hardly be lying like so much hay on the

white stones if the Yard were as placid as it pretended.

Ding, Clash, Dong, BANG, Boom, Rattle, Clash, BANG, Clink, BANG, Dong, BANG, Clatter, BANG BANG BANG! What on earth is this! This is, or soon will be, the Achilles, iron armour-plated ship. Twelve hundred men are working at her now; twelve hundred men working on stages over her sides, over her bows, over her stern, under her keel, between her decks, down in her hold, within her and without, crawling and creeping into the finest curves of her lines wherever it is possible for men to twist. Twelve hundred hammerers, measurers, caulkers, armourers, forgers, smiths, shipwrights; twelve hundred dingers, clashers, dongers, rattlers, clinkers, bangers bangers bangers! Yet all this stupendous uproar around the rising Achilles is as nothing to the reverberations with which the perfected Achilles shall resound upon the dreadful day when the full work is in hand for which this is but note of preparation - the day when the scuppers that are now fitting like great dry thirsty conduit-pipes, shall run red. All these busy figures between decks, dimly seen bending at their work in smoke and fire, are as nothing to the figures that shall do work here of another kind in smoke and fire, that day. These steam-worked engines alongside, helping the ship by travelling to and fro, and wafting tons of iron plates about, as though they were so many leaves of trees, would be rent limb from limb if they stood by her for a minute then. To think that this Achilles, monstrous compound of iron tank and oaken chest, can ever swim or roll! To think that any force of wind and wave could ever break her! To think that wherever I see a glowing red-hot iron point thrust out of her side from within - as I do now, there, and there, and there! - and two watching men on a stage without, with bared arms and sledge-hammers, strike at it fiercely, and repeat their blows until it is black and flat, I see a rivet being driven home, of which there are many in every iron plate, and thousands upon thousands in the ship! To think that the difficulty I experience in appreciating the ship's size when I am on board, arises from her being a series of iron tanks and oaken chests, so that internally she is ever finishing and ever beginning, and half of her might be smashed, and yet the remaining half suffice and be sound. Then, to go over the side again and down among the ooze and wet to the bottom of the dock, in the depths of the subterranean forest of dog-shores and stays that hold her up, and to see the immense mass bulging out against the upper light, and

tapering down towards me, is, with great pains and much clambering, to arrive at an impossibility of realising that this is a ship at all, and to become possessed by the fancy that it is an enormous immovable edifice set up in an ancient amphitheatre (say, that at Verona), and almost filling it! Yet what would even these things be, without the tributary workshops and the mechanical powers for piercing the iron plates - four inches and a half thick - for rivets, shaping them under hydraulic pressure to the finest tapering turns of the ship's lines, and paring them away, with knives shaped like the beaks of strong and cruel birds, to the nicest requirements of the design! These machines of tremendous force, so easily directed by one attentive face and presiding hand, seem to me to have in them something of the retiring character of the Yard. 'Obedient monster, please to bite this mass of iron through and through, at equal distances, where these regular chalk-marks are, all round.' Monster looks at its work, and lifting its ponderous head, replies, 'I don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done--!' The solid metal wriggles out, hot from the monster's crunching tooth, and it *is* done. 'Dutiful monster, observe this other mass of iron. It is required to be pared away, according to this delicately lessening and arbitrary line, which please to look at.' Monster (who has been in a reverie) brings down its blunt head, and, much in the manner of Doctor Johnson, closely looks along the line - very closely, being somewhat near-sighted. 'I don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!' Monster takes another near-sighted look, takes aim, and the tortured piece writhes off, and falls, a hot tighttwisted snake, among the ashes. The making of the rivets is merely a pretty round game, played by a man and a boy, who put red-hot barley sugar in a Pope Joan board, and immediately rivets fall out of window; but the tone of the great machines is the tone of the great Yard and the great country: 'We don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!'

How such a prodigious mass as the Achilles can ever be held by such comparatively little anchors as those intended for her and lying near her here, is a mystery of seamanship which I will refer to the wise boy. For my own part, I should as soon have thought of tethering an elephant to a tentpeg, or the larger hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens to my shirt-pin. Yonder in the river, alongside a hulk, lie two of this ship's hollow iron masts. *They* are large enough for the eye, I find, and so are all her other appliances. I wonder why only her anchors look small.

I have no present time to think about it, for I am going to see the workshops where they make all the oars used in the British Navy. A pretty large pile of building, I opine, and a pretty long job! As to the building, I am soon disappointed, because the work is all done in one loft. And as to a long job - what is this? Two rather large mangles with a swarm of butterflies hovering over them? What can there be in the mangles that attracts butterflies?

Drawing nearer, I discern that these are not mangles, but intricate machines, set with knives and saws and planes, which cut smooth and straight here, and slantwise there, and now cut such a depth, and now miss cutting altogether, according to the predestined requirements of the pieces of wood that are pushed on below them: each of which pieces is to be an oar, and is roughly adapted to that purpose before it takes its final leave of far-off forests, and sails for England. Likewise I discern that the butterflies are not true butterflies, but wooden shavings, which, being spirited up from the wood by the violence of the machinery, and kept in rapid and not equal movement by the impulse of its rotation on the air, flutter and play, and rise and fall, and conduct themselves as like butterflies as heart could wish. Suddenly the noise and motion cease, and the butterflies drop dead. An oar has been made since I came in, wanting the shaped handle. As quickly as I can follow it with my eye and thought, the same oar is carried to a turning lathe. A whirl and a nick! Handle made. Oar finished.

The exquisite beauty and efficiency of this machinery need no illustration, but happen to have a pointed illustration to-day. A pair of oars of unusual size chance to be wanted for a special purpose, and they have to be made by hand. Side by side with the subtle and facile machine, and side by side with the fast-growing pile of oars on the floor, a man shapes out these special oars with an axe. Attended by no butterflies, and chipping and dinting, by comparison as leisurely as if he were a labouring Pagan getting them ready against his decease at threescore and ten, to take with him as a present to Charon for his boat, the man (aged about thirty) plies his task. The machine would make a regulation oar while the man wipes his forehead. The man might be buried in a mound made of the strips of thin broad wooden ribbon torn from the wood whirled into oars as the minutes fall from the clock, before he had done a forenoon's work with his axe.

Passing from this wonderful sight to the Ships again - for my heart, as to

the Yard, is where the ships are - I notice certain unfinished wooden walls left seasoning on the stocks, pending the solution of the merits of the wood and iron question, and having an air of biding their time with surly confidence. The names of these worthies are set up beside them, together with their capacity in guns - a custom highly conducive to ease and satisfaction in social intercourse, if it could be adapted to mankind. By a plank more gracefully pendulous than substantial, I make bold to go aboard a transport ship (iron screw) just sent in from the contractor's yard to be inspected and passed. She is a very gratifying experience, in the simplicity and humanity of her arrangements for troops, in her provision for light and air and cleanliness, and in her care for women and children. It occurs to me, as I explore her, that I would require a handsome sum of money to go aboard her, at midnight by the Dockyard bell, and stay aboard alone till morning; for surely she must be haunted by a crowd of ghosts of obstinate old martinets, mournfully flapping their cherubic epaulettes over the changed times. Though still we may learn from the astounding ways and means in our Yards now, more highly than ever to respect the forefathers who got to sea, and fought the sea, and held the sea, without them. This remembrance putting me in the best of tempers with an old hulk, very green as to her copper, and generally dim and patched, I pull off my hat to her. Which salutation a callow and downy-faced young officer of Engineers, going by at the moment, perceiving, appropriates - and to which he is most heartily welcome, I am sure.

Having been torn to pieces (in imagination) by the steam circular saws, perpendicular saws, horizontal saws, and saws of eccentric action, I come to the sauntering part of my expedition, and consequently to the core of my Uncommercial pursuits.

Everywhere, as I saunter up and down the Yard, I meet with tokens of its quiet and retiring character. There is a gravity upon its red brick offices and houses, a staid pretence of having nothing worth mentioning to do, an avoidance of display, which I never saw out of England. The white stones of the pavement present no other trace of Achilles and his twelve hundred banging men (not one of whom strikes an attitude) than a few occasional echoes. But for a whisper in the air suggestive of sawdust and shavings, the oar-making and the saws of many movements might be miles away. Down below here, is the great reservoir of water where timber is steeped in various

temperatures, as a part of its seasoning process. Above it, on a tramroad supported by pillars, is a Chinese Enchanter's Car, which fishes the logs up, when sufficiently steeped, and rolls smoothly away with them to stack them. When I was a child (the Yard being then familiar to me) I used to think that I should like to play at Chinese Enchanter, and to have that apparatus placed at my disposal for the purpose by a beneficent country. I still think that I should rather like to try the effect of writing a book in it. Its retirement is complete, and to go gliding to and fro among the stacks of timber would be a convenient kind of travelling in foreign countries - among the forests of North America, the sodden Honduras swamps, the dark pine woods, the Norwegian frosts, and the tropical heats, rainy seasons, and thunder-storms. The costly store of timber is stacked and stowed away in sequestered places, with the pervading avoidance of flourish or effect. It makes as little of itself as possible, and calls to no one 'Come and look at me!' And yet it is picked out from the trees of the world; picked out for length, picked out for breadth, picked out for straightness, picked out for crookedness, chosen with an eye to every need of ship and boat. Strangely twisted pieces lie about, precious in the sight of shipwrights. Sauntering through these groves, I come upon an open glade where workmen are examining some timber recently delivered. Quite a pastoral scene, with a background of river and windmill! and no more like War than the American States are at present like an Union.

Sauntering among the ropemaking, I am spun into a state of blissful indolence, wherein my rope of life seems to be so untwisted by the process as that I can see back to very early days indeed, when my bad dreams - they were frightful, though my more mature understanding has never made out why - were of an interminable sort of ropemaking, with long minute filaments for strands, which, when they were spun home together close to my eyes, occasioned screaming. Next, I walk among the quiet lofts of stores - of sails, spars, rigging, ships' boats - determined to believe that somebody in authority wears a girdle and bends beneath the weight of a massive bunch of keys, and that, when such a thing is wanted, he comes telling his keys like Blue Beard, and opens such a door. Impassive as the long lofts look, let the electric battery send down the word, and the shutters and doors shall fly open, and such a fleet of armed ships, under steam and under sail, shall burst forth as will charge the old Medway - where the merry Stuart let the Dutch come, while his not so merry sailors starved in the streets - with something worth

looking at to carry to the sea. Thus I idle round to the Medway again, where it is now flood tide; and I find the river evincing a strong solicitude to force a way into the dry dock where Achilles is waited on by the twelve hundred bangers, with intent to bear the whole away before they are ready.

To the last, the Yard puts a quiet face upon it; for I make my way to the gates through a little quiet grove of trees, shading the quaintest of Dutch landing-places, where the leaf-speckled shadow of a shipwright just passing away at the further end might be the shadow of Russian Peter himself. So, the doors of the great patent safe at last close upon me, and I take boat again: somehow, thinking as the oars dip, of braggart Pistol and his brood, and of the quiet monsters of the Yard, with their 'We don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!' Scrunch.

Wapping Workhouse

My day's no-business beckoning me to the East-end of London, I had turned my face to that point of the metropolitan compass on leaving Covent-garden, and had got past the India House, thinking in my idle manner of Tippoo-Sahib and Charles Lamb, and had got past my little wooden midshipman, after affectionately patting him on one leg of his knee-shorts for old acquaintance' sake, and had got past Aldgate Pump, and had got past the Saracen's Head (with an ignominious rash of posting bills disfiguring his swarthy countenance), and had strolled up the empty yard of his ancient neighbour the Black or Blue Boar, or Bull, who departed this life I don't know when, and whose coaches are all gone I don't know where; and I had come out again into the age of railways, and I had got past Whitechapel Church, and was - rather inappropriately for an Uncommercial Traveller - in the Commercial Road. Pleasantly wallowing in the abundant mud of that thoroughfare, and greatly enjoying the huge piles of building belonging to the sugar refiners, the little masts and vanes in small back gardens in back streets, the neighbouring canals and docks, the India vans lumbering along their stone tramway, and the pawnbrokers' shops where hard-up Mates had pawned so many sextants and quadrants, that I should have bought a few cheap if I had the least notion how to use them, I at last began to file off to the right, towards Wapping.

Not that I intended to take boat at Wapping Old Stairs, or that I was going to look at the locality, because I believe (for I don't) in the constancy of the young woman who told her sea-going lover, to such a beautiful old tune, that she had ever continued the same, since she gave him the 'baccer-box marked with his name; I am afraid he usually got the worst of those transactions, and was frightfully taken in. No, I was going to Wapping, because an Eastern police magistrate had said, through the morning papers, that there was no classification at the Wapping workhouse for women, and that it was a disgrace and a shame, and divers other hard names, and because I wished to see how the fact really stood. For, that Eastern police magistrates are not always the wisest men of the East, may be inferred from their course of procedure respecting the fancy-dressing and pantomime-posturing at

St.George's in that quarter: which is usually, to discuss the matter at issue, in a state of mind betokening the weakest perplexity, with all parties concerned and unconcerned, and, for a final expedient, to consult the complainant as to what he thinks ought to be done with the defendant, and take the defendant's opinion as to what he would recommend to be done with himself.

Long before I reached Wapping, I gave myself up as having lost my way, and, abandoning myself to the narrow streets in a Turkish frame of mind, relied on predestination to bring me somehow or other to the place I wanted if I were ever to get there. When I had ceased for an hour or so to take any trouble about the matter, I found myself on a swing-bridge looking down at some dark locks in some dirty water. Over against me, stood a creature remotely in the likeness of a young man, with a puffed sallow face, and a figure all dirty and shiny and slimy, who may have been the youngest son of his filthy old father, Thames, or the drowned man about whom there was a placard on the granite post like a large thimble, that stood between us.

I asked this apparition what it called the place? Unto which, it replied, with a ghastly grin and a sound like gurgling water in its throat:

'Mr. Baker's trap.'

As it is a point of great sensitiveness with me on such occasions to be equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation, I deeply considered the meaning of this speech, while I eyed the apparition - then engaged in hugging and sucking a horizontal iron bar at the top of the locks. Inspiration suggested to me that Mr. Baker was the acting coroner of that neighbourhood.

'A common place for suicide,' said I, looking down at the locks.

'Sue?' returned the ghost, with a stare. 'Yes! And Poll. Likewise Emily. And Nancy. And Jane;' he sucked the iron between each name; 'and all the bileing. Ketches off their bonnets or shorls, takes a run, and headers down here, they doos. Always a headerin' down here, they is. Like one o'clock.'

'And at about that hour of the morning, I suppose?'

'Ah!' said the apparition. '*They* an't partickler. Two 'ull do for *them*. Three. All times o' night. On'y mind you!' Here the apparition rested his profile on the bar, and gurgled in a sarcastic manner. 'There must be somebody comin'. They don't go a headerin' down here, wen there an't no Bobby nor gen'ral Cove, fur to hear the splash.'

According to my interpretation of these words, I was myself a General Cove, or member of the miscellaneous public. In which modest character I

remarked:

‘They are often taken out, are they, and restored?’

‘I dunno about restored,’ said the apparition, who, for some occult reason, very much objected to that word; ‘they’re carried into the werkiss and put into a ‘ot bath, and brought round. But I dunno about restored,’ said the apparition; ‘blow *that*!’ - and vanished.

As it had shown a desire to become offensive, I was not sorry to find myself alone, especially as the ‘werkiss’ it had indicated with a twist of its matted head, was close at hand. So I left Mr. Baker’s terrible trap (baited with a scum that was like the soapy rinsing of sooty chimneys), and made bold to ring at the workhouse gate, where I was wholly unexpected and quite unknown.

A very bright and nimble little matron, with a bunch of keys in her hand, responded to my request to see the House. I began to doubt whether the police magistrate was quite right in his facts, when I noticed her quick active little figure and her intelligent eyes.

The Traveller (the matron intimated) should see the worst first. He was welcome to see everything. Such as it was, there it all was.

This was the only preparation for our entering ‘the Foul wards.’ They were in an old building squeezed away in a corner of a paved yard, quite detached from the more modern and spacious main body of the workhouse. They were in a building most monstrously behind the time - a mere series of garrets or lofts, with every inconvenient and objectionable circumstance in their construction, and only accessible by steep and narrow staircases, infamously ill-adapted for the passage up-stairs of the sick or down-stairs of the dead.

A-bed in these miserable rooms, here on bedsteads, there (for a change, as I understood it) on the floor, were women in every stage of distress and disease. None but those who have attentively observed such scenes, can conceive the extraordinary variety of expression still latent under the general monotony and uniformity of colour, attitude, and condition. The form a little coiled up and turned away, as though it had turned its back on this world for ever; the uninterested face at once lead-coloured and yellow, looking passively upward from the pillow; the haggard mouth a little dropped, the hand outside the coverlet, so dull and indifferent, so light, and yet so heavy; these were on every pallet; but when I stopped beside a bed, and said ever so

slight a word to the figure lying there, the ghost of the old character came into the face, and made the Foul ward as various as the fair world. No one appeared to care to live, but no one complained; all who could speak, said that as much was done for them as could be done there, that the attendance was kind and patient, that their suffering was very heavy, but they had nothing to ask for. The wretched rooms were as clean and sweet as it is possible for such rooms to be; they would become a pest-house in a single week, if they were ill-kept.

I accompanied the brisk matron up another barbarous staircase, into a better kind of loft devoted to the idiotic and imbecile. There was at least Light in it, whereas the windows in the former wards had been like sides of school-boys' bird-cages. There was a strong grating over the fire here, and, holding a kind of state on either side of the hearth, separated by the breadth of this grating, were two old ladies in a condition of feeble dignity, which was surely the very last and lowest reduction of self-complacency, to be found in this wonderful humanity of ours. They were evidently jealous of each other, and passed their whole time (as some people do, whose fires are not grated) in mentally disparaging each other, and contemptuously watching their neighbours. One of these parodies on provincial gentlewomen was extremely talkative, and expressed a strong desire to attend the service on Sundays, from which she represented herself to have derived the greatest interest and consolation when allowed that privilege. She gossiped so well, and looked altogether so cheery and harmless, that I began to think this a case for the Eastern magistrate, until I found that on the last occasion of her attending chapel she had secreted a small stick, and had caused some confusion in the responses by suddenly producing it and belabouring the congregation.

So, these two old ladies, separated by the breadth of the grating - otherwise they would fly at one another's caps - sat all day long, suspecting one another, and contemplating a world of fits. For, everybody else in the room had fits, except the wards-woman; an elderly, ablebodied pauperess, with a large upper lip, and an air of repressing and saving her strength, as she stood with her hands folded before her, and her eyes slowly rolling, biding her time for catching or holding somebody. This civil personage (in whom I regretted to identify a reduced member of my honourable friend Mrs. Gamp's family) said, 'They has 'em continiwal, sir. They drops without no more

notice than if they was coach-horses dropped from the moon, sir. And when one drops, another drops, and sometimes there'll be as many as four or five on 'em at once, dear me, a rolling and a tearin', bless you! - this young woman, now, has 'em dreadful bad.'

She turned up this young woman's face with her hand as she said it. This young woman was seated on the floor, pondering in the foreground of the afflicted. There was nothing repellant either in her face or head. Many, apparently worse, varieties of epilepsy and hysteria were about her, but she was said to be the worst here. When I had spoken to her a little, she still sat with her face turned up, pondering, and a gleam of the mid-day sun shone in upon her.

- Whether this young woman, and the rest of these so sorely troubled, as they sit or lie pondering in their confused dull way, ever get mental glimpses among the motes in the sunlight, of healthy people and healthy things? Whether this young woman, brooding like this in the summer season, ever thinks that somewhere there are trees and flowers, even mountains and the great sea? Whether, not to go so far, this young woman ever has any dim revelation of that young woman - that young woman who is not here and never will come here; who is courted, and caressed, and loved, and has a husband, and bears children, and lives in a home, and who never knows what it is to have this lashing and tearing coming upon her? And whether this young woman, God help her, gives herself up then and drops like a coach-horse from the moon?

I hardly knew whether the voices of infant children, penetrating into so hopeless a place, made a sound that was pleasant or painful to me. It was something to be reminded that the weary world was not all aweary, and was ever renewing itself; but, this young woman was a child not long ago, and a child not long hence might be such as she. Howbeit, the active step and eye of the vigilant matron conducted me past the two provincial gentlewomen (whose dignity was ruffled by the children), and into the adjacent nursery.

There were many babies here, and more than one handsome young mother. There were ugly young mothers also, and sullen young mothers, and callous young mothers. But, the babies had not appropriated to themselves any bad expression yet, and might have been, for anything that appeared to the contrary in their soft faces, Princes Imperial, and Princesses Royal. I had the pleasure of giving a poetical commission to the baker's man to make a

cake with all despatch and toss it into the oven for one red-headed young pauper and myself, and felt much the better for it. Without that refreshment, I doubt if I should have been in a condition for ‘the Refractories,’ towards whom my quick little matron - for whose adaptation to her office I had by this time conceived a genuine respect - drew me next, and marshalled me the way that I was going.

The Refractories were picking oakum, in a small room giving on a yard. They sat in line on a form, with their backs to a window; before them, a table, and their work. The oldest Refractory was, say twenty; youngest Refractory, say sixteen. I have never yet ascertained in the course of my uncommercial travels, why a Refractory habit should affect the tonsils and uvula; but, I have always observed that Refractories of both sexes and every grade, between a Ragged School and the Old Bailey, have one voice, in which the tonsils and uvula gain a diseased ascendency.

‘Five pound indeed! I hain’t a going fur to pick five pound,’ said the Chief of the Refractories, keeping time to herself with her head and chin. ‘More than enough to pick what we picks now, in sich a place as this, and on wot we gets here!’

(This was in acknowledgment of a delicate intimation that the amount of work was likely to be increased. It certainly was not heavy then, for one Refractory had already done her day’s task - it was barely two o’clock - and was sitting behind it, with a head exactly matching it.)

‘A pretty Ouse this is, matron, ain’t it?’ said Refractory Two, ‘where a pleeseman’s called in, if a gal says a word!’

‘And wen you’re sent to prison for nothink or less!’ said the Chief, tugging at her oakum as if it were the matron’s hair. ‘But any place is better than this; that’s one thing, and be thankful!’

A laugh of Refractories led by Oakum Head with folded arms - who originated nothing, but who was in command of the skirmishers outside the conversation.

‘If any place is better than this,’ said my brisk guide, in the calmest manner, ‘it is a pity you left a good place when you had one.’

‘Ho, no, I didn’t, matron,’ returned the Chief, with another pull at her oakum, and a very expressive look at the enemy’s forehead. ‘Don’t say that, matron, cos it’s lies!’

Oakum Head brought up the skirmishers again, skirmished, and retired.

‘And *I* warn’t a going,’ exclaimed Refractory Two, ‘though I was in one place for as long as four year - *I* warn’t a going fur to stop in a place that warn’t fit for me - there! And where the family warn’t ’spectable characters - there! And where I fort’nately or hunfort’nately, found that the people warn’t what they pretended to make theirselves out to be - there! And where it wasn’t their faults, by chalks, if I warn’t made bad and ruinated - Hah!’

During this speech, Oakum Head had again made a diversion with the skirmishers, and had again withdrawn.

The Uncommercial Traveller ventured to remark that he supposed Chief Refractory and Number One, to be the two young women who had been taken before the magistrate?

‘Yes!’ said the Chief, ‘we har! and the wonder is, that a pleeseman an’t ’ad in now, and we took off agen. You can’t open your lips here, without a pleeseman.’

Number Two laughed (very uvularly), and the skirmishers followed suit.

‘I’m sure I’d be thankful,’ protested the Chief, looking sideways at the Uncommercial, ‘if I could be got into a place, or got abroad. I’m sick and tired of this precious Ouse, I am, with reason.’

So would be, and so was, Number Two. So would be, and so was, Oakum Head. So would be, and so were, Skirmishers.

The Uncommercial took the liberty of hinting that he hardly thought it probable that any lady or gentleman in want of a likely young domestic of retiring manners, would be tempted into the engagement of either of the two leading Refractories, on her own presentation of herself as per sample.

‘It ain’t no good being nothink else here,’ said the Chief.

The Uncommercial thought it might be worth trying.

‘Oh no, it ain’t,’ said the Chief.

‘Not a bit of good,’ said Number Two.

‘And I’m sure I’d be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad,’ said the Chief.

‘And so should I,’ said Number Two. ‘Truly thankful, I should.’

Oakum Head then rose, and announced as an entirely new idea, the mention of which profound novelty might be naturally expected to startle her unprepared hearers, that she would be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad. And, as if she had then said, ‘Chorus, ladies!’ all the Skirmishers struck up to the same purpose. We left them, thereupon, and began a long

walk among the women who were simply old and infirm; but whenever, in the course of this same walk, I looked out of any high window that commanded the yard, I saw Oakum Head and all the other Refractories looking out at their low window for me, and never failing to catch me, the moment I showed my head.

In ten minutes I had ceased to believe in such fables of a golden time as youth, the prime of life, or a hale old age. In ten minutes, all the lights of womankind seemed to have been blown out, and nothing in that way to be left this vault to brag of, but the flickering and expiring snuffs.

And what was very curious, was, that these dim old women had one company notion which was the fashion of the place. Every old woman who became aware of a visitor and was not in bed hobbled over a form into her accustomed seat, and became one of a line of dim old women confronting another line of dim old women across a narrow table. There was no obligation whatever upon them to range themselves in this way; it was their manner of 'receiving.' As a rule, they made no attempt to talk to one another, or to look at the visitor, or to look at anything, but sat silently working their mouths, like a sort of poor old Cows. In some of these wards, it was good to see a few green plants; in others, an isolated Refractory acting as nurse, who did well enough in that capacity, when separated from her compeers; every one of these wards, day room, night room, or both combined, was scrupulously clean and fresh. I have seen as many such places as most travellers in my line, and I never saw one such, better kept.

Among the bedridden there was great patience, great reliance on the books under the pillow, great faith in GOD. All cared for sympathy, but none much cared to be encouraged with hope of recovery; on the whole, I should say, it was considered rather a distinction to have a complication of disorders, and to be in a worse way than the rest. From some of the windows, the river could be seen with all its life and movement; the day was bright, but I came upon no one who was looking out.

In one large ward, sitting by the fire in arm-chairs of distinction, like the President and Vice of the good company, were two old women, upwards of ninety years of age. The younger of the two, just turned ninety, was deaf, but not very, and could easily be made to hear. In her early time she had nursed a child, who was now another old woman, more infirm than herself, inhabiting

the very same chamber. She perfectly understood this when the matron told it, and, with sundry nods and motions of her forefinger, pointed out the woman in question. The elder of this pair, ninety-three, seated before an illustrated newspaper (but not reading it), was a bright-eyed old soul, really not deaf, wonderfully preserved, and amazingly conversational. She had not long lost her husband, and had been in that place little more than a year. At Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, this poor creature would have been individually addressed, would have been tended in her own room, and would have had her life gently assimilated to a comfortable life out of doors. Would that be much to do in England for a woman who has kept herself out of a workhouse more than ninety rough long years? When Britain first, at Heaven's command, arose, with a great deal of allegorical confusion, from out the azure main, did her guardian angels positively forbid it in the Charter which has been so much besung?

The object of my journey was accomplished when the nimble matron had no more to show me. As I shook hands with her at the gate, I told her that I thought Justice had not used her very well, and that the wise men of the East were not infallible.

Now, I reasoned with myself, as I made my journey home again, concerning those Foul wards. They ought not to exist; no person of common decency and humanity can see them and doubt it. But what is this Union to do? The necessary alteration would cost several thousands of pounds; it has already to support three workhouses; its inhabitants work hard for their bare lives, and are already rated for the relief of the Poor to the utmost extent of reasonable endurance. One poor parish in this very Union is rated to the amount of FIVE AND SIXPENCE in the pound, at the very same time when the rich parish of Saint George's, Hanover-square, is rated at about SEVENPENCE in the pound, Paddington at about FOURPENCE, Saint James's, Westminster, at about TENPENCE! It is only through the equalisation of Poor Rates that what is left undone in this wise, can be done. Much more is left undone, or is ill-done, than I have space to suggest in these notes of a single uncommercial journey; but, the wise men of the East, before they can reasonably hold forth about it, must look to the North and South and West; let them also, any morning before taking the seat of Solomon, look into the shops and dwellings all around the Temple, and first ask themselves 'how much more can these

poor people - many of whom keep themselves with difficulty enough out of the workhouse - bear?'

I had yet other matter for reflection as I journeyed home, inasmuch as, before I altogether departed from the neighbourhood of Mr. Baker's trap, I had knocked at the gate of the workhouse of St. George's-in-the-East, and had found it to be an establishment highly creditable to those parts, and thoroughly well administered by a most intelligent master. I remarked in it, an instance of the collateral harm that obstinate vanity and folly can do. 'This was the Hall where those old paupers, male and female, whom I had just seen, met for the Church service, was it?' - 'Yes.' - 'Did they sing the Psalms to any instrument?' - 'They would like to, very much; they would have an extraordinary interest in doing so.' - 'And could none be got?' - 'Well, a piano could even have been got for nothing, but these unfortunate dissensions —' Ah! better, far better, my Christian friend in the beautiful garment, to have let the singing boys alone, and left the multitude to sing for themselves! You should know better than I, but I think I have read that they did so, once upon a time, and that 'when they had sung an hymn,' Some one (not in a beautiful garment) went up unto the Mount of Olives.

It made my heart ache to think of this miserable trifling, in the streets of a city where every stone seemed to call to me, as I walked along, 'Turn this way, man, and see what waits to be done!' So I decoyed myself into another train of thought to ease my heart. But, I don't know that I did it, for I was so full of paupers, that it was, after all, only a change to a single pauper, who took possession of my remembrance instead of a thousand.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' he had said, in a confidential manner, on another occasion, taking me aside; 'but I have seen better days.'

'I am very sorry to hear it.'

'Sir, I have a complaint to make against the master.'

'I have no power here, I assure you. And if I had—'

'But, allow me, sir, to mention it, as between yourself and a man who has seen better days, sir. The master and myself are both masons, sir, and I make him the sign continually; but, because I am in this unfortunate position, sir, he won't give me the countersign!'

A Small Star in the East

I had been looking, yesternight, through the famous 'Dance of Death,' and to-day the grim old woodcuts arose in my mind with the new significance of a ghastly monotony not to be found in the original. The weird skeleton rattled along the streets before me, and struck fiercely; but it was never at the pains of assuming a disguise. It played on no dulcimer here, was crowned with no flowers, waved no plume, minced in no flowing robe or train, lifted no winecup, sat at no feast, cast no dice, counted no gold. It was simply a bare, gaunt, famished skeleton, slaying his way along.

The borders of Ratcliff and Stepney, eastward of London, and giving on the impure river, were the scene of this uncompromising dance of death, upon a drizzling November day. A squalid maze of streets, courts, and alleys of miserable houses let out in single rooms. A wilderness of dirt, rags, and hunger. A mud-desert, chiefly inhabited by a tribe from whom employment has departed, or to whom it comes but fitfully and rarely. They are not skilled mechanics in any wise. They are but labourers, - dock-labourers, water-side labourers, coal-porters, ballast-heavers, such-like hewers of wood and drawers of water. But they have come into existence, and they propagate their wretched race.

One grisly joke alone, methought, the skeleton seemed to play off here. It had stuck election-bills on the walls, which the wind and rain had deteriorated into suitable rags. It had even summed up the state of the poll, in chalk, on the shutters of one ruined house. It adjured the free and independent starvers to vote for Thisman and vote for Thatman; not to plump, as they valued the state of parties and the national prosperity (both of great importance to them, I think); but, by returning Thisman and Thatman, each naught without the other, to compound a glorious and immortal whole. Surely the skeleton is nowhere more cruelly ironical in the original monkish idea!

Pondering in my mind the far-seeing schemes of Thisman and Thatman, and of the public blessing called Party, for staying the degeneracy, physical and moral, of many thousands (who shall say how many?) of the English race; for devising employment useful to the community for those who want but to work and live; for equalising rates, cultivating waste lands, facilitating

emigration, and, above all things, saving and utilising the oncoming generations, and thereby changing ever-growing national weakness into strength: pondering in my mind, I say, these hopeful exertions, I turned down a narrow street to look into a house or two.

It was a dark street with a dead wall on one side. Nearly all the outer doors of the houses stood open. I took the first entry, and knocked at a parlour-door. Might I come in? I might, if I plased, sur.

The woman of the room (Irish) had picked up some long strips of wood, about some wharf or barge; and they had just now been thrust into the otherwise empty grate to make two iron pots boil. There was some fish in one, and there were some potatoes in the other. The flare of the burning wood enabled me to see a table, and a broken chair or so, and some old cheap crockery ornaments about the chimney-piece. It was not until I had spoken with the woman a few minutes, that I saw a horrible brown heap on the floor in the corner, which, but for previous experience in this dismal wise, I might not have suspected to be 'the bed.' There was something thrown upon it; and I asked what that was.

''Tis the poor craythur that stays here, sur; and 'tis very bad she is, and 'tis very bad she's been this long time, and 'tis better she'll never be, and 'tis slape she does all day, and 'tis wake she does all night, and 'tis the lead, sur.'

'The what?'

'The lead, sur. Sure 'tis the lead-mills, where the women gets took on at eighteen-pence a day, sur, when they makes application early enough, and is lucky and wanted; and 'tis lead-pisoned she is, sur, and some of them gets lead-pisoned soon, and some of them gets lead-pisoned later, and some, but not many, niver; and 'tis all according to the constitooshun, sur, and some constitooshuns is strong, and some is weak, and her constitooshun is lead-pisoned, bad as can be, sur; and her brain is coming out at her ear, and it hurts her dreadful; and that's what it is, and niver no more, and niver no less, sur.'

The sick young woman moaning here, the speaker bent over her, took a bandage from her head, and threw open a back door to let in the daylight upon it, from the smallest and most miserable back-yard I ever saw.

'That's what cooms from her, sur, being lead-pisoned; and it cooms from her night and day, the poor, sick craythur; and the pain of it is dreadful; and God he knows that my husband has walked the streets these four days, being a labourer, and is walking them now, and is ready to work, and no

work for him, and no fire and no food but the bit in the pot, and no more than ten shillings in a fortnight; God be good to us! and it is poor we are, and dark it is and could it is indeed.'

Knowing that I could compensate myself thereafter for my self-denial, if I saw fit, I had resolved that I would give nothing in the course of these visits. I did this to try the people. I may state at once that my closest observation could not detect any indication whatever of an expectation that I would give money: they were grateful to be talked to about their miserable affairs, and sympathy was plainly a comfort to them; but they neither asked for money in any case, nor showed the least trace of surprise or disappointment or resentment at my giving none.

The woman's married daughter had by this time come down from her room on the floor above, to join in the conversation. She herself had been to the lead-mills very early that morning to be 'took on,' but had not succeeded. She had four children; and her husband, also a water-side labourer, and then out seeking work, seemed in no better case as to finding it than her father. She was English, and by nature of a buxom figure and cheerful. Both in her poor dress and in her mother's there was an effort to keep up some appearance of neatness. She knew all about the sufferings of the unfortunate invalid, and all about the lead-poisoning, and how the symptoms came on, and how they grew, - having often seen them. The very smell when you stood inside the door of the works was enough to knock you down, she said: yet she was going back again to get 'took on:' What could she do? Better be ulcerated and paralyzed for eighteen-pence a day, while it lasted, than see the children starve.

A dark and squalid cupboard in this room, touching the back door and all manner of offence, had been for some time the sleeping-place of the sick young woman. But the nights being now wintry, and the blankets and coverlets 'gone to the leaving shop,' she lay all night where she lay all day, and was lying then. The woman of the room, her husband, this most miserable patient, and two others, lay on the one brown heap together for warmth.

'God bless you, sir, and thank you!' were the parting words from these people, - gratefully spoken too, - with which I left this place.

Some streets away, I tapped at another parlour-door on another ground-floor. Looking in, I found a man, his wife, and four children, sitting at a

washing-stool by way of table, at their dinner of bread and infused tea-leaves. There was a very scanty cinderous fire in the grate by which they sat; and there was a tent bedstead in the room with a bed upon it and a coverlet. The man did not rise when I went in, nor during my stay, but civilly inclined his head on my pulling off my hat, and, in answer to my inquiry whether I might ask him a question or two, said, 'Certainly.' There being a window at each end of this room, back and front, it might have been ventilated; but it was shut up tight, to keep the cold out, and was very sickening.

The wife, an intelligent, quick woman, rose and stood at her husband's elbow; and he glanced up at her as if for help. It soon appeared that he was rather deaf. He was a slow, simple fellow of about thirty.

'What was he by trade?'

'Gentleman asks what are you by trade, John?'

'I am a boilermaker;' looking about him with an exceedingly perplexed air, as if for a boiler that had unaccountably vanished.

'He ain't a mechanic, you understand, sir,' the wife put in: 'he's only a labourer.'

'Are you in work?'

He looked up at his wife again. 'Gentleman says are you in work, John?'

'In work!' cried this forlorn boilermaker, staring aghast at his wife, and then working his vision's way very slowly round to me: 'Lord no!'

'Ah, he ain't indeed!' said the poor woman, shaking her head, as she looked at the four children in succession, and then at him.

'Work!' said the boilermaker, still seeking that evaporated boiler, first in my countenance, then in the air, and then in the features of his second son at his knee: 'I wish I *was* in work! I haven't had more than a day's work to do this three weeks.'

'How have you lived?'

A faint gleam of admiration lighted up the face of the would-be boilermaker, as he stretched out the short sleeve of his threadbare canvas jacket, and replied, pointing her out, 'On the work of the wife.'

I forget where boilermaking had gone to, or where he supposed it had gone to; but he added some resigned information on that head, coupled with an expression of his belief that it was never coming back.

The cheery helpfulness of the wife was very remarkable. She did slopwork; made pea-jackets. She produced the pea-jacket then in hand, and

spread it out upon the bed, - the only piece of furniture in the room on which to spread it. She showed how much of it she made, and how much was afterwards finished off by the machine. According to her calculation at the moment, deducting what her trimming cost her, she got for making a peajacket tenpence half-penny, and she could make one in something less than two days.

But, you see, it come to her through two hands, and of course it didn't come through the second hand for nothing. Why did it come through the second hand at all? Why, this way. The second hand took the risk of the given-out work, you see. If she had money enough to pay the security deposit, - call it two pound, - she could get the work from the first hand, and so the second would not have to be deducted for. But, having no money at all, the second hand come in and took its profit, and so the whole worked down to tenpence half-penny. Having explained all this with great intelligence, even with some little pride, and without a whine or murmur, she folded her work again, sat down by her husband's side at the washing-stool, and resumed her dinner of dry bread. Mean as the meal was, on the bare board, with its old gallipots for cups, and what not other sordid makeshifts: shabby as the woman was in dress, and toning down towards the Bosjesman colour, with want of nutriment and washing, - there was positively a dignity in her, as the family anchor just holding the poor shipwrecked boilermaker's bark. When I left the room, the boilermaker's eyes were slowly turned towards her, as if his last hope of ever again seeing that vanished boiler lay in her direction.

These people had never applied for parish relief but once; and that was when the husband met with a disabling accident at his work.

Not many doors from here, I went into a room on the first floor. The woman apologised for its being in 'an untidy mess.' The day was Saturday, and she was boiling the children's clothes in a saucepan on the hearth. There was nothing else into which she could have put them. There was no crockery, or tinware, or tub, or bucket. There was an old gallipot or two, and there was a broken bottle or so, and there were some broken boxes for seats. The last small scraping of coals left was raked together in a corner of the floor. There were some rags in an open cupboard, also on the floor. In a corner of the room was a crazy old French bedstead, with a man lying on his back upon it in a ragged pilot jacket, and rough oil-skin fantail hat. The room was

perfectly black. It was difficult to believe, at first, that it was not purposely coloured black, the walls were so begrimed.

As I stood opposite the woman boiling the children's clothes, - she had not even a piece of soap to wash them with, - and apologising for her occupation, I could take in all these things without appearing to notice them, and could even correct my inventory. I had missed, at the first glance, some half a pound of bread in the otherwise empty safe, an old red ragged crinoline hanging on the handle of the door by which I had entered, and certain fragments of rusty iron scattered on the floor, which looked like broken tools and a piece of stove-pipe. A child stood looking on. On the box nearest to the fire sat two younger children; one a delicate and pretty little creature, whom the other sometimes kissed.

This woman, like the last, was woefully shabby, and was degenerating to the Bosjesman complexion. But her figure, and the ghost of a certain vivacity about her, and the spectre of a dimple in her cheek, carried my memory strangely back to the old days of the Adelphi Theatre, London, when Mrs. Fitzwilliam was the friend of Victorine.

'May I ask you what your husband is?'

'He's a coal-porter, sir,' - with a glance and a sigh towards the bed.

'Is he out of work?'

'Oh, yes, sir! and work's at all times very, very scanty with him; and now he's laid up.'

'It's my legs,' said the man upon the bed. 'I'll unroll 'em.' And immediately began.

'Have you any older children?'

'I have a daughter that does the needle-work, and I have a son that does what he can. She's at her work now, and he's trying for work.'

'Do they live here?'

'They sleep here. They can't afford to pay more rent, and so they come here at night. The rent is very hard upon us. It's rose upon us too, now, - sixpence a week, - on account of these new changes in the law, about the rates. We are a week behind; the landlord's been shaking and rattling at that door frightfully; he says he'll turn us out. I don't know what's to come of it.'

The man upon the bed ruefully interposed, 'Here's my legs. The skin's broke, besides the swelling. I have had a many kicks, working, one way and another.'

He looked at his legs (which were much discoloured and misshapen) for a while, and then appearing to remember that they were not popular with his family, rolled them up again, as if they were something in the nature of maps or plans that were not wanted to be referred to, lay hopelessly down on his back once more with his fantail hat over his face, and stirred not.

'Do your eldest son and daughter sleep in that cupboard?'

'Yes,' replied the woman.

'With the children?'

'Yes. We have to get together for warmth. We have little to cover us.'

'Have you nothing by you to eat but the piece of bread I see there?'

'Nothing. And we had the rest of the loaf for our breakfast, with water. I don't know what's to come of it.'

'Have you no prospect of improvement?'

'If my eldest son earns anything to-day, he'll bring it home. Then we shall have something to eat to-night, and may be able to do something towards the rent. If not, I don't know what's to come of it.'

'This is a sad state of things.'

'Yes, sir; it's a hard, hard life. Take care of the stairs as you go, sir - they're broken, - and good day, sir!'

These people had a mortal dread of entering the workhouse, and received no out-of-door relief.

In another room, in still another tenement, I found a very decent woman with five children, - the last a baby, and she herself a patient of the parish doctor, - to whom, her husband being in the hospital, the Union allowed for the support of herself and family, four shillings a week and five loaves. I suppose when Thisman, M.P., and Thatman, M.P., and the Public-blessing Party, lay their heads together in course of time, and come to an equalisation of rating, she may go down to the dance of death to the tune of sixpence more.

I could enter no other houses for that one while, for I could not bear the contemplation of the children. Such heart as I had summoned to sustain me against the miseries of the adults failed me when I looked at the children. I saw how young they were, how hungry, how serious and still. I thought of them, sick and dying in those lairs. I think of them dead without anguish; but to think of them so suffering and so dying quite unmanned me.

Down by the river's bank in Ratcliff, I was turning upward by a side

street, therefore, to regain the railway, when my eyes rested on the inscription across the road, ‘East London Children’s Hospital.’ I could scarcely have seen an inscription better suited to my frame of mind; and I went across and went straight in.

I found the children’s hospital established in an old sail-loft or storehouse, of the roughest nature, and on the simplest means. There were trap-doors in the floors, where goods had been hoisted up and down; heavy feet and heavy weights had started every knot in the well-trodden planking: inconvenient bulks and beams and awkward staircases perplexed my passage through the wards. But I found it airy, sweet, and clean. In its seven and thirty beds I saw but little beauty; for starvation in the second or third generation takes a pinched look: but I saw the sufferings both of infancy and childhood tenderly assuaged; I heard the little patients answering to pet playful names, the light touch of a delicate lady laid bare the wasted sticks of arms for me to pity; and the claw-like little hands, as she did so, twined themselves lovingly around her wedding-ring.

One baby mite there was as pretty as any of Raphael’s angels. The tiny head was bandaged for water on the brain; and it was suffering with acute bronchitis too, and made from time to time a plaintive, though not impatient or complaining, little sound. The smooth curve of the cheeks and of the chin was faultless in its condensation of infantine beauty, and the large bright eyes were most lovely. It happened as I stopped at the foot of the bed, that these eyes rested upon mine with that wistful expression of wondering thoughtfulness which we all know sometimes in very little children. They remained fixed on mine, and never turned from me while I stood there. When the utterance of that plaintive sound shook the little form, the gaze still remained unchanged. I felt as though the child implored me to tell the story of the little hospital in which it was sheltered to any gentle heart I could address. Laying my world-worn hand upon the little unmarked clasped hand at the chin, I gave it a silent promise that I would do so.

A gentleman and lady, a young husband and wife, have bought and fitted up this building for its present noble use, and have quietly settled themselves in it as its medical officers and directors. Both have had considerable practical experience of medicine and surgery; he as housesurgeon of a great London hospital; she as a very earnest student, tested by severe examination, and also as a nurse of the sick poor during the

prevalence of cholera.

With every qualification to lure them away, with youth and accomplishments and tastes and habits that can have no response in any breast near them close begirt by every repulsive circumstance inseparable from such a neighbourhood, there they dwell. They live in the hospital itself, and their rooms are on its first floor. Sitting at their dinner-table, they could hear the cry of one of the children in pain. The lady's piano, drawing-materials, books, and other such evidences of refinement are as much a part of the rough place as the iron bedsteads of the little patients. They are put to shifts for room, like passengers on board ship. The dispenser of medicines (attracted to them not by self-interest, but by their own magnetism and that of their cause) sleeps in a recess in the diningroom, and has his washing apparatus in the sideboard.

Their contented manner of making the best of the things around them, I found so pleasantly inseparable from their usefulness! Their pride in this partition that we put up ourselves, or in that partition that we took down, or in that other partition that we moved, or in the stove that was given us for the waiting-room, or in our nightly conversion of the little consulting-room into a smoking-room! Their admiration of the situation, if we could only get rid of its one objectionable incident, the coal-yard at the back! 'Our hospital carriage, presented by a friend, and very useful.' That was my presentation to a perambulator, for which a coach-house had been discovered in a corner down-stairs, just large enough to hold it. Coloured prints, in all stages of preparation for being added to those already decorating the wards, were plentiful; a charming wooden phenomenon of a bird, with an impossible top-knot, who ducked his head when you set a counter weight going, had been inaugurated as a public statue that very morning; and trotting about among the beds, on familiar terms with all the patients, was a comical mongrel dog, called Poodles. This comical dog (quite a tonic in himself) was found characteristically starving at the door of the institution, and was taken in and fed, and has lived here ever since. An admirer of his mental endowments has presented him with a collar bearing the legend, 'Judge not Poodles by external appearances.' He was merrily wagging his tail on a boy's pillow when he made this modest appeal to me.

When this hospital was first opened, in January of the present year, the people could not possibly conceive but that somebody paid for the services

rendered there; and were disposed to claim them as a right, and to find fault if out of temper. They soon came to understand the case better, and have much increased in gratitude. The mothers of the patients avail themselves very freely of the visiting rules; the fathers often on Sundays. There is an unreasonable (but still, I think, touching and intelligible) tendency in the parents to take a child away to its wretched home, if on the point of death. One boy who had been thus carried off on a rainy night, when in a violent state of inflammation, and who had been afterwards brought back, had been recovered with exceeding difficulty; but he was a jolly boy, with a specially strong interest in his dinner, when I saw him.

Insufficient food and unwholesome living are the main causes of disease among these small patients. So nourishment, cleanliness, and ventilation are the main remedies. Discharged patients are looked after, and invited to come and dine now and then; so are certain famishing creatures who were never patients. Both the lady and the gentleman are well acquainted, not only with the histories of the patients and their families, but with the characters and circumstances of great numbers of their neighbours: of these they keep a register. It is their common experience, that people, sinking down by inches into deeper and deeper poverty, will conceal it, even from them, if possible, unto the very last extremity.

The nurses of this hospital are all young, - ranging, say, from nineteen to four and twenty. They have even within these narrow limits, what many well-endowed hospitals would not give them, a comfortable room of their own in which to take their meals. It is a beautiful truth, that interest in the children and sympathy with their sorrows bind these young women to their places far more strongly than any other consideration could. The best skilled of the nurses came originally from a kindred neighbourhood, almost as poor; and she knew how much the work was needed. She is a fair dressmaker. The hospital cannot pay her as many pounds in the year as there are months in it; and one day the lady regarded it as a duty to speak to her about her improving her prospects and following her trade. ‘No,’ she said: she could never be so useful or so happy elsewhere any more; she must stay among the children. And she stays. One of the nurses, as I passed her, was washing a baby-boy. Liking her pleasant face, I stopped to speak to her charge, - a common, bullet-headed, frowning charge enough, laying hold of his own nose with a slippery grasp, and staring very solemnly out of a blanket. The melting of the

pleasant face into delighted smiles, as this young gentleman gave an unexpected kick, and laughed at me, was almost worth my previous pain.

An affecting play was acted in Paris years ago, called ‘The Children’s Doctor.’ As I parted from my children’s doctor, now in question, I saw in his easy black necktie, in his loose buttoned black frock-coat, in his pensive face, in the flow of his dark hair, in his eyelashes, in the very turn of his moustache, the exact realisation of the Paris artist’s ideal as it was presented on the stage. But no romancer that I know of has had the boldness to prefigure the life and home of this young husband and young wife in the Children’s Hospital in the east of London.

I came away from Ratcliff by the Stepney railway station to the terminus at Fenchurch Street. Any one who will reverse that route may retrace my steps.

On an Amateur Beat

It is one of my fancies, that even my idlest walk must always have its appointed destination. I set myself a task before I leave my lodging in Covent-garden on a street expedition, and should no more think of altering my route by the way, or turning back and leaving a part of it unachieved, than I should think of fraudulently violating an agreement entered into with somebody else. The other day, finding myself under this kind of obligation to proceed to Limehouse, I started punctually at noon, in compliance with the terms of the contract with myself to which my good faith was pledged.

On such an occasion, it is my habit to regard my walk as my beat, and myself as a higher sort of police-constable doing duty on the same. There is many a ruffian in the streets whom I mentally collar and clear out of them, who would see mighty little of London, I can tell him, if I could deal with him physically.

Issuing forth upon this very beat, and following with my eyes three hulking garrotters on their way home, - which home I could confidently swear to be within so many yards of Drury-lane, in such a narrow and restricted direction (though they live in their lodging quite as undisturbed as I in mine), - I went on duty with a consideration which I respectfully offer to the new Chief Commissioner, - in whom I thoroughly confide as a tried and efficient public servant. How often (thought I) have I been forced to swallow, in police-reports, the intolerable stereotyped pill of nonsense, how that the police-constable informed the worthy magistrate how that the associates of the prisoner did, at that present speaking, dwell in a street or court which no man dared go down, and how that the worthy magistrate had heard of the dark reputation of such street or court, and how that our readers would doubtless remember that it was always the same street or court which was thus edifyingly discoursed about, say once a fortnight.

Now, suppose that a Chief Commissioner sent round a circular to every division of police employed in London, requiring instantly the names in all districts of all such much-puffed streets or courts which no man durst go down; and suppose that in such circular he gave plain warning, ‘If those places really exist, they are a proof of police inefficiency which I mean to

punish; and if they do not exist, but are a conventional fiction, then they are a proof of lazy tacit police connivance with professional crime, which I also mean to punish' - what then? Fictions or realities, could they survive the touchstone of this atom of common sense? To tell us in open court, until it has become as trite a feature of news as the great gooseberry, that a costly police-system such as was never before heard of, has left in London, in the days of steam and gas and photographs of thieves and electric telegraphs, the sanctuaries and stews of the Stuarts! Why, a parity of practice, in all departments, would bring back the Plague in two summers, and the Druids in a century!

Walking faster under my share of this public injury, I overturned a wretched little creature, who, clutching at the rags of a pair of trousers with one of its claws, and at its ragged hair with the other, pattered with bare feet over the muddy stones. I stopped to raise and succour this poor weeping wretch, and fifty like it, but of both sexes, were about me in a moment, begging, tumbling, fighting, clamouring, yelling, shivering in their nakedness and hunger. The piece of money I had put into the claw of the child I had overturned was clawed out of it, and was again clawed out of that wolfish gripe, and again out of that, and soon I had no notion in what part of the obscene scuffle in the mud, of rags and legs and arms and dirt, the money might be. In raising the child, I had drawn it aside out of the main thoroughfare, and this took place among some wooden hoardings and barriers and ruins of demolished buildings, hard by Temple Bar.

Unexpectedly, from among them emerged a genuine police constable, before whom the dreadful brood dispersed in various directions, he making feints and darts in this direction and in that, and catching nothing. When all were frightened away, he took off his hat, pulled out a handkerchief from it, wiped his heated brow, and restored the handkerchief and hat to their places, with the air of a man who had discharged a great moral duty, - as indeed he had, in doing what was set down for him. I looked at him, and I looked about at the disorderly traces in the mud, and I thought of the drops of rain and the footprints of an extinct creature, hoary ages upon ages old, that geologists have identified on the face of a cliff; and this speculation came over me: If this mud could petrify at this moment, and could lie concealed here for ten thousand years, I wonder whether the race of men then to be our successors on the earth could, from these or any marks, by the utmost force of the human

intellect, unassisted by tradition, deduce such an astounding inference as the existence of a polished state of society that bore with the public savagery of neglected children in the streets of its capital city, and was proud of its power by sea and land, and never used its power to seize and save them!

After this, when I came to the Old Bailey and glanced up it towards Newgate, I found that the prison had an inconsistent look. There seemed to be some unlucky inconsistency in the atmosphere that day; for though the proportions of St. Paul's Cathedral are very beautiful, it had an air of being somewhat out of drawing, in my eyes. I felt as though the cross were too high up, and perched upon the intervening golden ball too far away.

Facing eastward, I left behind me Smithfield and Old Bailey, - fire and faggot, condemned hold, public hanging, whipping through the city at the cart-tail, pillory, branding-iron, and other beautiful ancestral landmarks, which rude hands have rooted up, without bringing the stars quite down upon us as yet, - and went my way upon my beat, noting how oddly characteristic neighbourhoods are divided from one another, hereabout, as though by an invisible line across the way. Here shall cease the bankers and the money-changers; here shall begin the shipping interest and the nautical-instrument shops; here shall follow a scarcely perceptible flavouring of groceries and drugs; here shall come a strong infusion of butchers; now, small hosiers shall be in the ascendant; henceforth, everything exposed for sale shall have its ticketed price attached. All this as if specially ordered and appointed.

A single stride at Houndsditch Church, no wider than sufficed to cross the kennel at the bottom of the Canongate, which the debtors in Holyrood sanctuary were wont to relieve their minds by skipping over, as Scott relates, and standing in delightful daring of catchpoles on the free side, - a single stride, and everything is entirely changed in grain and character. West of the stride, a table, or a chest of drawers on sale, shall be of mahogany and French-polished; east of the stride, it shall be of deal, smeared with a cheap counterfeit resembling lip-salve. West of the stride, a penny loaf or bun shall be compact and self-contained; east of the stride, it shall be of a sprawling and splay-footed character, as seeking to make more of itself for the money. My beat lying round by Whitechapel Church, and the adjacent sugar-refineries, - great buildings, tier upon tier, that have the appearance of being nearly related to the dock-warehouses at Liverpool, - I turned off to my right, and, passing round the awkward corner on my left, came suddenly on an

apparition familiar to London streets afar off.

What London peripatetic of these times has not seen the woman who has fallen forward, double, through some affection of the spine, and whose head has of late taken a turn to one side, so that it now droops over the back of one of her arms at about the wrist? Who does not know her staff, and her shawl, and her basket, as she gropes her way along, capable of seeing nothing but the pavement, never begging, never stopping, for ever going somewhere on no business? How does she live, whence does she come, whither does she go, and why? I mind the time when her yellow arms were naught but bone and parchment. Slight changes steal over her; for there is a shadowy suggestion of human skin on them now. The Strand may be taken as the central point about which she revolves in a half-mile orbit. How comes she so far east as this? And coming back too! Having been how much farther? She is a rare spectacle in this neighbourhood. I receive intelligent information to this effect from a dog - a lop-sided mongrel with a foolish tail, plodding along with his tail up, and his ears pricked, and displaying an amiable interest in the ways of his fellow-men, - if I may be allowed the expression. After pausing at a pork-shop, he is jogging eastward like myself, with a benevolent countenance and a watery mouth, as though musing on the many excellences of pork, when he beholds this doubled-up bundle approaching. He is not so much astonished at the bundle (though amazed by that), as the circumstance that it has within itself the means of locomotion. He stops, pricks his ears higher, makes a slight point, stares, utters a short, low growl, and glistens at the nose, - as I conceive with terror. The bundle continuing to approach, he barks, turns tail, and is about to fly, when, arguing with himself that flight is not becoming in a dog, he turns, and once more faces the advancing heap of clothes. After much hesitation, it occurs to him that there may be a face in it somewhere. Desperately resolving to undertake the adventure, and pursue the inquiry, he goes slowly up to the bundle, goes slowly round it, and coming at length upon the human countenance down there where never human countenance should be, gives a yelp of horror, and flies for the East India Docks.

Being now in the Commercial Road district of my beat, and bethinking myself that Stepney Station is near, I quicken my pace that I may turn out of the road at that point, and see how my small eastern star is shining.

The Children’s Hospital, to which I gave that name, is in full force. All its beds are occupied. There is a new face on the bed where my pretty baby

lay, and that sweet little child is now at rest for ever. Much kind sympathy has been here since my former visit, and it is good to see the walls profusely garnished with dolls. I wonder what Poodles may think of them, as they stretch out their arms above the beds, and stare, and display their splendid dresses. Poodles has a greater interest in the patients. I find him making the round of the beds, like a housesurgeon, attended by another dog, - a friend, - who appears to trot about with him in the character of his pupil dresser. Poodles is anxious to make me known to a pretty little girl looking wonderfully healthy, who had had a leg taken off for cancer of the knee. A difficult operation, Poodles intimates, wagging his tail on the counterpane, but perfectly successful, as you see, dear sir! The patient, patting Poodles, adds with a smile, ‘The leg was so much trouble to me, that I am glad it’s gone.’ I never saw anything in doggery finer than the deportment of Poodles, when another little girl opens her mouth to show a peculiar enlargement of the tongue. Poodles (at that time on a table, to be on a level with the occasion) looks at the tongue (with his own sympathetically out) so very gravely and knowingly, that I feel inclined to put my hand in my waistcoat-pocket, and give him a guinea, wrapped in paper.

On my beat again, and close to Limehouse Church, its termination, I found myself near to certain ‘Lead-Mills.’ Struck by the name, which was fresh in my memory, and finding, on inquiry, that these same lead-mills were identified with those same lead-mills of which I made mention when I first visited the East London Children’s Hospital and its neighbourhood as Uncommercial Traveller, I resolved to have a look at them.

Received by two very intelligent gentlemen, brothers, and partners with their father in the concern, and who testified every desire to show their works to me freely, I went over the lead-mills. The purport of such works is the conversion of pig-lead into white-lead. This conversion is brought about by the slow and gradual effecting of certain successive chemical changes in the lead itself. The processes are picturesque and interesting, - the most so, being the burying of the lead, at a certain stage of preparation, in pots, each pot containing a certain quantity of acid besides, and all the pots being buried in vast numbers, in layers, under tan, for some ten weeks.

Hopping up ladders, and across planks, and on elevated perches, until I was uncertain whether to liken myself to a bird or a bricklayer, I became conscious of standing on nothing particular, looking down into one of a series

of large cocklofts, with the outer day peeping in through the chinks in the tiled roof above. A number of women were ascending to, and descending from, this cockloft, each carrying on the upward journey a pot of prepared lead and acid, for deposition under the smoking tan. When one layer of pots was completely filled, it was carefully covered in with planks, and those were carefully covered with tan again, and then another layer of pots was begun above; sufficient means of ventilation being preserved through wooden tubes. Going down into the cockloft then filling, I found the heat of the tan to be surprisingly great, and also the odour of the lead and acid to be not absolutely exquisite, though I believe not noxious at that stage. In other cocklofts, where the pots were being exhumed, the heat of the steaming tan was much greater, and the smell was penetrating and peculiar. There were cocklofts in all stages; full and empty, half filled and half emptied; strong, active women were clambering about them busily; and the whole thing had rather the air of the upper part of the house of some immensely rich old Turk, whose faithful seraglio were hiding his money because the sultan or the pasha was coming.

As is the case with most pulps or pigments, so in the instance of this white-lead, processes of stirring, separating, washing, grinding, rolling, and pressing succeed. Some of these are unquestionably inimical to health, the danger arising from inhalation of particles of lead, or from contact between the lead and the touch, or both. Against these dangers, I found good respirators provided (simply made of flannel and muslin, so as to be inexpensively renewed, and in some instances washed with scented soap), and gauntlet gloves, and loose gowns. Everywhere, there was as much fresh air as windows, well placed and opened, could possibly admit. And it was explained that the precaution of frequently changing the women employed in the worst parts of the work (a precaution originating in their own experience or apprehension of its ill effects) was found salutary. They had a mysterious and singular appearance, with the mouth and nose covered, and the loose gown on, and yet bore out the simile of the old Turk and the seraglio all the better for the disguise.

At last this vexed white-lead, having been buried and resuscitated, and heated and cooled and stirred, and separated and washed and ground, and rolled and pressed, is subjected to the action of intense fiery heat. A row of women, dressed as above described, stood, let us say, in a large stone bake-house, passing on the baking-dishes as they were given out by the cooks,

from hand to hand, into the ovens. The oven, or stove, cold as yet, looked as high as an ordinary house, and was full of men and women on temporary footholds, briskly passing up and stowing away the dishes. The door of another oven, or stove, about to be cooled and emptied, was opened from above, for the uncommercial countenance to peer down into. The uncommercial countenance withdrew itself, with expedition and a sense of suffocation, from the dull-glowing heat and the overpowering smell. On the whole, perhaps the going into these stoves to work, when they are freshly opened, may be the worst part of the occupation.

But I made it out to be indubitable that the owners of these lead-mills honestly and sedulously try to reduce the dangers of the occupation to the lowest point.

A washing-place is provided for the women (I thought there might have been more towels), and a room in which they hang their clothes, and take their meals, and where they have a good fire-range and fire, and a female attendant to help them, and to watch that they do not neglect the cleansing of their hands before touching their food. An experienced medical attendant is provided for them, and any premonitory symptoms of lead-poisoning are carefully treated. Their teapots and such things were set out on tables ready for their afternoon meal, when I saw their room; and it had a homely look. It is found that they bear the work much better than men: some few of them have been at it for years, and the great majority of those I observed were strong and active. On the other hand, it should be remembered that most of them are very capricious and irregular in their attendance.

American inventiveness would seem to indicate that before very long white-lead may be made entirely by machinery. The sooner, the better. In the meantime, I parted from my two frank conductors over the mills, by telling them that they had nothing there to be concealed, and nothing to be blamed for. As to the rest, the philosophy of the matter of lead-poisoning and workpeople seems to me to have been pretty fairly summed up by the Irish-woman whom I quoted in my former paper: ‘Some of them gets lead-pisoned soon, and some of them gets lead-pisoned later, and some, but not many, niver; and ‘tis all according to the constitooshun, sur; and some constitooshuns is strong and some is weak.’

Retracing my footsteps over my beat, I went off duty.

Betting-Shops

In one sporting newspaper for Sunday, June the fourteenth, there are nine-and-twenty advertisements from Prophets, who have wonderful information to give - for a consideration ranging from one pound one, to two-and-sixpence - concerning every 'event' that is to come off upon the Turf. Each of these Prophets has an unrivalled and unchallengeable 'Tip,' founded on amazing intelligence communicated to him by illustrious unknowns (traitors of course, but that is nobody's business) in all the racing stables. Each, is perfectly clear that his enlightened patrons and correspondents *must* win; and each, begs to guard a too-confiding world against relying on the other. They are all philanthropists. One Sage announces 'that when he casts his practised eye on the broad surface of struggling society, and witnesses the slow and enduring perseverance of some, and the infatuous rush of the many who are grappling with a cloud, he is led with more intense desire to hold up the lamp of light to all.' He is also much afflicted, because 'not a day passes, without his witnessing the public squandering away their money on worthless rubbish.' Another, heralds his re-appearance among the lesser stars of the firmament with the announcement, 'Again the Conquering Prophet comes!' Another moralist intermingles with his 'Pick,' and 'Tip,' the great Christian precept of the New Testament. Another, confesses to a small recent mistake which has made it 'a disastrous meeting for us,' but considers that excuses are unnecessary (after making them), for, 'surely, after the unprecedented success of the proofs he has lately afforded of his capabilities in fishing out the most carefully-hidden turf secrets, he may readily be excused one blunder.' All the Prophets write in a rapid manner, as receiving their inspiration on horseback, and noting it down, hot and hot, in the saddle, for the enlightenment of mankind and the restoration of the golden age.

This flourishing trade is a melancholy index to the round numbers of human donkeys who are everywhere browzing about. And it is worthy of remark that the great mass of disciples were, at first, undoubtedly to be found among those fast young gentlemen, who are so excruciatingly knowing that they are not by any means to be taken in by Shakespeare, or any sentimental gammon of that sort. To us, the idea of this would-be keen race being preyed

upon by the whole Betting-Book of Prophets, is one of the most ludicrous pictures the mind can imagine; while there is a just and pleasant retribution in it which would awaken in us anything but animosity towards the Prophets, if the mischief ended here.

But, the mischief has the drawback that it does not end here. When there are so many Picks and Tips to be had, which will, of a surety, pick and tip their happy owners into the lap of Fortune, it becomes the duty of every butcher's boy and errand lad who is sensible of what is due to himself, immediately to secure a Pick and Tip of the cheaper sort, and to go in and win. Having purchased the talisman from the Conquering Prophet, it is necessary that the noble sportsman should have a handy place provided for him, where lists of the running horses and of the latest state of the odds, are kept, and where he can lay out his money (or somebody else's) on the happy animals at whom the Prophetic eye has cast a knowing wink. Presto! Betting-shops spring up in every street! There is a demand at all the brokers' shops for old, fly-blown, coloured prints of race-horses, and for any odd folio volumes that have the appearance of Ledgers. Two such prints in any shop-window, and one such book on any shop-counter, will make a complete Betting-office, bank, and all.

The Betting-shop may be a Tobacconist's, thus suddenly transformed; or it may be nothing but a Bettingshop. It may be got up cheaply, for the purposes of Pick and Tip investment, by the removal of the legitimate counter, and the erection of an official partition and desk in one corner; or, it may be wealthy in mahogany fittings, French polish, and office furniture. The presiding officer, in an advanced stage of shabbiness, may be accidentally beheld through the little window - whence from the inner mysteries of the Temple, he surveys the devotees before entering on business - drinking gin with an admiring client; or he may be a serenely condescending gentleman of Government Office appearance, who keeps the books of the establishment with his glass in his eye. The Institution may stoop to bets of single shillings, or may reject lower ventures than half-crowns, or may draw the line of demarcation between itself and the snobs at five shillings, or seven-and-sixpence, or half-a-sovereign, or even (but very rarely indeed), at a pound. Its note of the little transaction may be a miserable scrap of limp pasteboard with a wretchedly printed form, worse filled up; or, it may be a genteelly tinted card, addressed 'To the Cashier of the Aristocratic Club,' and authorising that

important officer to pay the bearer two pounds fifteen shillings, if Greenhorn wins the Fortunatus's Cup; and to be very particular to pay it the day after the race. But, whatever the Betting-shop be, it has only to be somewhere - anywhere, so people pass and repass - and the rapid youth of England, with its slang intelligence perpetually broad awake and its weather eye continually open, will walk in and deliver up its money, like the helpless Innocent that it is.

Pleased to the last, it thinks its wager won, And licks the hand by which it's surely Done

We cannot represent the head quarters of Household Words as being situated peculiarly in the midst of these establishments, for, they pervade the whole of London and its suburbs. But, our neighbourhood yields an abundant crop of Betting-shops, and we have not to go far to know something about them. Passing the other day, through a dirty thoroughfare, much frequented, near Drury Lane Theatre, we found that a new Betting-shop had suddenly been added to the number under the auspices of Mr. Cheerful.

Mr. Cheerful's small establishment was so very like that of the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, unfurnished, and hastily adapted to the requirements of secure and profitable investment, that it attracted our particular notice. It burst into bloom, too, so very shortly before the Ascot Meeting, that we had our suspicions concerning the possibility of Mr. Cheerful having devised the ingenious speculation of getting what money he could, up to the day of the race, and then - if we may be allowed the harsh expression - bolting. We had no doubt that investments would be made with Mr. Cheerful, notwithstanding the very unpromising appearance of his establishment; for, even as we were considering its exterior from the opposite side of the way (it may have been opened that very morning), we saw two newsboys, an incipient baker, a clerk, and a young butcher, go in, and transact business with Mr. Cheerful in a most confiding manner.

We resolved to lay a bet with Mr. Cheerful, and see what came of it. So we stepped across the road into Mr. Cheerful's Betting-shop, and, having glanced at the lists hanging up therein, while another noble sportsman (a boy with a blue bag) laid another bet with Mr. Cheerful, we expressed our desire to back Tophana for the Western Handicap, to the spirited amount of half-a-

crown. In making this advance to Mr. Cheerful, we looked as knowing on the subject, both of Tophana and the Western Handicap, as it was in us to do: though, to confess the humiliating truth, we neither had, nor have, the least idea in connexion with those proper names, otherwise than as we suppose Tophana to be a horse, and the Western Handicap an aggregate of stakes. It being Mr. Cheerful's business to be grave and ask no questions, he accepted our wager, booked it, and handed us over his railed desk the dirty scrap of pasteboard, in right of which we were to claim - the day after the race; we were to be very particular about that - seven-and-sixpence sterling, if Tophana won. Some demon whispering us that here was an opportunity of discovering whether Mr. Cheerful had a good bank of silver in the cash-box, we handed in a sovereign. Mr. Cheerful's head immediately slipped down behind the partition, investigating imaginary drawers; and Mr. Cheerful's voice was presently heard to remark, in a stifled manner, that all the silver had been changed for gold that morning. After which, Mr. Cheerful reappeared in the twinkling of an eye, called in from a parlour the sharpest small boy ever beheld by human vision, and dispatched him for change. We remarked to Mr. Cheerful that if he would obligingly produce half-a-sovereign (having so much gold by him) we would increase our bet, and save him trouble. But, Mr. Cheerful, sliding down behind the partition again, answered that the boy was gone, now - trust him for that; he had vanished the instant he was spoken to - and it was no trouble at all. Therefore, we remained until the boy came back, in the society of Mr. Cheerful, and of an inscrutable woman who stared out resolutely into the street, and was probably Mrs. Cheerful. When the boy returned, we thought we once saw him faintly twitch his nose while we received our change, as if he exulted over a victim; but, he was so miraculously sharp, that it was impossible to be certain.

The day after the race, arriving, we returned with our document to Mr. Cheerful's establishment, and found it in great confusion. It was filled by a crowd of boys, mostly greasy, dirty, and dissipated; and all clamouring for Mr. Cheerful. Occupying Mr. Cheerful's place, was the miraculous boy; all alone, and unsupported, but not at all disconcerted. Mr. Cheerful, he said, had gone out on ''tickler bizniz' at ten o'clock in the morning, and wouldn't be back till late at night. Mrs. Cheerful was gone out of town for her health, till the winter. Would Mr. Cheerful be back to-morrow? cried the crowd. 'He won't be *here*, to-morrow,' said the miraculous boy. 'Coz it's Sunday, and he

always goes to church, a' Sunday.' At this, even the losers laughed. 'Will he be here a' Monday, then?' asked a desperate young green-grocer. 'A' Monday?' said the miracle, reflecting. 'No, I don't think he'll be here, a' Monday, coz he's going to a sale a' Monday.' At this, some of the boys taunted the unmoved miracle with meaning 'a sell instead of a sale,' and others swarmed over the whole place, and some laughed, and some swore, and one errand boy, discovering the book - the only thing Mr. Cheerful had left behind him - declared it to be a 'stunning good 'un.' We took the liberty of looking over it, and found it so. Mr. Cheerful had received about seventeen pounds, and, even if he had paid his losses, would have made a profit of between eleven and twelve pounds. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Cheerful has been so long detained at the sale that he has never come back. The last time we loitered past his late establishment (over which is inscribed Boot and Shoe Manufactory), the dusk of evening was closing in, and a young gentleman from New Inn was making some rather particular enquiries after him of a dim and dusty man who held the door a very little way open, and knew nothing about anybody, and less than nothing (if possible) about Mr. Cheerful. The handle of the lower door-bell was most significantly pulled out to its utmost extent, and left so, like an Organ stop in full action. It is to be hoped that the poor gull who had so frantically rung for Mr. Cheerful, derived some gratification from that expenditure of emphasis. He will never get any other, for his money.

But the public in general are not to be left a prey to such fellows as Cheerful. O, dear no! We have better neighbours than *that,* in the Betting-shop way. Expressly for the correction of such evils, we have The Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club; the Prospectus of which Institution for the benefit of tradesmen (headed in the original with a racing woodcut), we here faithfully present without the alteration of a word.

'The Projectors of the Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club, in announcing an addition to the number of Betting Houses in the Metropolis, beg most distinctly to state that they are not actuated by a feeling of rivalry towards old established and honourably conducted places of a similar nature, but in a spirit of fair competition, ask for the support of the public, guaranteeing to them more solid security for the investment of their monies, than has hitherto been offered.

'The Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club is really what its

name imports, viz., an Association of Tradesmen, persons in business, who witnessing the robberies hourly inflicted upon the humbler portion of the sporting public, by parties bankrupt alike in character and property, have come to the conclusion that the establishment of a club wherein their fellow-tradesmen, and the speculator of a few shillings, may invest their money with assured consciousness of a fair and honourable dealing, will be deemed worthy of public support.

'The Directors of this establishment feel that much of the odium attached to Betting Houses (acting to the prejudice of those which have striven hard by honourable means to secure public confidence), has arisen from the circumstance, that many offices have been fitted up in a style of gaudy imitative magnificence, accompanied by an expense, which, if defrayed, is obviously out of keeping with the profits of a legitimate concern. Whilst, in singular contrast, others have presented such a poverty stricken appearance, that it is evident the design of the occupant was only to receive money of *all*, and terminate in paying *none.*

'Avoiding these extremes of appearance, and with a determination never to be induced to speculate to an extent, that may render it even probable that we shall be unable "to pay the day after the race."

'The business of club will be carried on at the house of a highly respectable and well-known tradesman, situate in a central locality, the existence of an agreement with whom, on the part of the directors, forms the strongest possible guarantee of our intention to keep faith with the public.

'The market odds will be laid on all events, and every ticket issued be signed by the director only, the monies being invested,' &c. &c.

After this, Tradesmen are quite safe in laying out their money on their favourite horses. And their families, like the people in old fireside stories, will no doubt live happy ever afterwards!

Now, it is unquestionable that this evil has risen to a great height, and that it involves some very serious social considerations. But, with all respect for opinions which we do not hold, we think it a mistake to cry for legislative interference in such a case. In the first place, we do not think it wise to exhibit a legislature which has always cared so little for the amusements of the people, in repressive action only. If it had been an educational legislature, considerate of the popular enjoyments, and sincerely desirous to advance and extend them during as long a period as it has been exactly the reverse, the

question might assume a different shape; though, even then, we should greatly doubt whether the same notion were not a shifting of the real responsibility. In the second place, although it is very edifying to have honorable members, and right honorable members, and honorable and learned members, and what not, holding forth in their places upon what is right, and what is wrong, and what is true, and what is false - among the people - we have that audacity in us that we do not admire the present Parliamentary standard and balance of such questions; and we believe that if those be not scrupulously just, Parliament cannot invest itself with much moral authority. Surely the whole country knows that certain chivalrous public Prophets have been, for a pretty long time past, advertising their Pick and Tip in all directions, pointing out the horse which was to make everybody's fortune! Surely we all know, howsoever our political opinions may differ, that more than one of them 'casting his practised eye,' exactly like the Prophet in the sporting paper, 'on the broad surface of struggling society,' has been possessed by the same 'intense desire to hold up the lamp of light to all,' and has solemnly known by the lamp of light that Black was the winning horse - until his Pick and Tip was purchased; when he suddenly began to think it might be White, or even Brown, or very possibly Grey. Surely, we all know, however reluctant we may be to admit it, that this has tainted and confused political honesty; that the Elections before us, and the whole Government of the country, are at present a great reckless Betting-shop, where the Prophets have pocketed their own predictions after playing fast and loose with their patrons as long as they could; and where, casting their practised eyes over things in general, they are now backing anything and everything for a chance of winning!

No. If the legislature took the subject in hand it would make a virtuous demonstration, we have no doubt, but it would not present an edifying spectacle. Parents and employers must do more for themselves. Every man should know something of the habits and frequentings of those who are placed under him; and should know much, when a new class of temptation thus presents itself. Apprentices are, by the terms of their indentures, punishable for gaming; it would do a world of good, to get a few score of that class of noble sportsmen convicted before magistrates, and shut up in the House of Correction, to Pick a little oakum, and Tip a little gruel into their silly stomachs. Betting clerks, and betting servants of all grades, once

detected after a grave warning, should be firmly dismissed. There are plenty of industrious and steady young men to supply their places. The police should receive instructions by no means to overlook any gentleman of established bad reputation - whether ‘wanted’ or not - who is to be found connected with a Betting-shop. It is our belief that several eminent characters could be so discovered. These precautions, always supposing parents and employers resolute to discharge their own duties instead of vaguely delegating them to a legislature they have no reliance on, would probably be sufficient. Some fools who are under no control, will always be found wandering away to ruin; but, the greater part of that extensive department of the commonalty *are* under some control, and the great need is, that it be better exercised.

Trading in Death

Several years have now elapsed since it began to be clear to the comprehension of most rational men, that the English people had fallen into a condition much to be regretted, in respect of their Funeral customs. A system of barbarous show and expense was found to have gradually erected itself above the grave, which, while it could possibly do no honor to the memory of the dead, did great dishonor to the living, as inducing them to associate the most solemn of human occasions with unmeaning mummeries, dishonest debt, profuse waste, and bad example in an utter oblivion of responsibility. The more the subject was examined, and the lower the investigation was carried, the more monstrous (as was natural) these usages appeared to be, both in themselves and in their consequences. No class of society escaped. The competition among the middle classes for superior gentility in Funerals - the gentility being estimated by the amount of ghastly folly in which the undertaker was permitted to run riot - descended even to the very poor: to whom the cost of funeral customs was so ruinous and so disproportionate to their means, that they formed Clubs among themselves to defray such charges. Many of these Clubs, conducted by designing villains who preyed upon the general infirmity, cheated and wronged the poor, most cruelly; others, by presenting a new class of temptations to the wickedest natures among them, led to a new class of mercenary murders, so abominable in their iniquity, that language cannot stigmatise them with sufficient severity. That nothing might be wanting to complete the general depravity, hollowness, and falsehood, of this state of things, the absurd fact came to light, that innumerable harpies assumed the titles of furnishers of Funerals, who possessed no Funeral furniture whatever, but who formed a long file of middlemen between the chief mourner and the real tradesman, and who hired out the trappings from one to another - passing them on like water-buckets at a fire - every one of them charging his enormous percentage on his share of the 'black job.' Add to all this, the demonstration, by the simplest and plainest practical science, of the terrible consequences to the living, inevitably resulting from the practice of burying the dead in the midst of crowded towns; and the exposition of a system of indecent horror, revolting

to our nature and disgraceful to our age and nation, arising out of the confined limits of such burial-grounds, and the avarice of their proprietors; and the culminating point of this gigantic mockery is at last arrived at.

Out of such almost incredible degradation, saving that the proof of it is too easy, we are still very slowly and feebly emerging. There are now, we confidently hope, among the middle classes, many, who having made themselves acquainted with these evils through the parliamentary papers in which they are described, would be moved by no human consideration to perpetuate the old bad example; but who will leave it as their solemn injunction on their nearest and dearest survivors, that they shall not, in their death, be made the instruments of infecting, either the minds or the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Among persons of note, such examples have not been wanting. The late Duke of Sussex did a national service when he desired to be laid, in the equality of death, in the cemetery of Kensal Green, and not with the pageantry of a State Funeral in the Royal vault at Windsor. Sir Robert Peel requested to be buried at Drayton. The late Queen Dowager left a pattern to every rank in these touching and admirable words. ‘I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the Throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state. I die in peace and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected or embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible.’

With such precedents and such facts fresh in the general knowledge, and at this transition-time in so serious a chapter of our social history, the obsolete custom of a State Funeral has been revived, in miscalled ‘honor’ of the late Duke of Wellington. To whose glorious memory be all true honor while England lasts!

We earnestly submit to our readers that there is, and that there can be, no kind of honor in such a revival; that the more truly great the man, the more truly little the ceremony; and that it has been, from first to last, a pernicious instance and encouragement of the demoralising practice of trading in Death.

It is within the knowledge of the whole public, of all diversities of political opinion, whether or no any of the Powers that be, have traded in this

Death - have saved it up, and petted it, and made the most of it, and reluctantly let it go. On that aspect of the question we offer no further remark.

But, of the general trading spirit which, in its inherent emptiness and want of consistency and reality, the longdeferred State Funeral has appropriately awakened, we will proceed to furnish a few instances all faithfully copied from the advertising columns of The Times.

First, of seats and refreshments. Passing over that desirable first-floor where a party could be accommodated with ‘the use of a piano’; and merely glancing at the decorous daily announcement of ‘The Duke of Wellington Funeral Wine,’ which was in such high demand that immediate orders were necessary; and also ‘The Duke of Wellington Funeral Cake,’ which ‘delicious article’ could only be had of such a baker; and likewise ‘The Funeral Life Preserver,’ which could only be had of such a tailor; and further ‘the celebrated lemon biscuits,’ at one and fourpence per pound, which were considered by the manufacturer as the only infallible assuagers of the national grief; let us pass in review some dozen of the more eligible opportunities the public had of profiting by the occasion.

> LUDGATE HILL. - The fittings and arrangements for viewing this grand and solemnly imposing procession are now completed at this establishment, and those who are desirous of obtaining a fine and extensive view, combined with every personal convenience and comfort, will do well to make immediate inspection of the SEATS now remaining on hand.
>
> FUNERAL, including Beds the night previous. - To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, of three rooms, two windows, having a good view of the procession. Terms, including refreshment, 10 guineas. Single places, including bed and breakfast, from 15s.
>
> THE DUKE’S FUNERAL. - A first-rate VIEW for 15 persons, also good clean beds and a sitting-room on reasonable terms.
>
> SEATS and WINDOWS to be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a few doors from Coutts’s banking-house. First floor windows, £8 each; second floor, £5 10*s*. each; third floor, £3 10*s*. each; two plate-glass shop windows, £7 each.
>
> SEATS to VIEW the DUKE of WELLINGTON’S FUNERAL. Best position of all the route, no obstruction to the view. Apply Old

Bailey. N.B. From the above position you can nearly see to St. Paul's and to Temple-bar.

FUNERAL of the late Duke of WELLINGTON. - To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, two windows, firing and every convenience. Terms moderate for a party. Also a few seats in front, one guinea each. Commanding a view from Piccadilly to Pall-mall.

FUNERAL of the DUKE of WELLINGTON. - The FIRST and SECOND FLOORS to be LET, either by the room or window, suited to gentlemen's families, for whom every comfort and accommodation will be provided, and commanding the very best view of this imposing spectacle. The ground floor is also fitted up with commodious seats, ranging in price from one guinea. Apply on the premises.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL. - Terms very moderate. - TWO FIRST FLOOR ROOMS, with balcony and private entrance out of the Strand. The larger room capable of holding 15 persons. The small room to be let for eight guineas.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL. - To be LET, a SHOP WINDOW, with seats erected for about 30, for 25 guineas. Also a Furnished First Floor, with two large windows. One of the best views in the whole range from Temple-bar to St. Paul's. Price 35 guineas. A few single seats one guinea each.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION of the DUKE of WELLINGTON. - Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, decidedly the best position in the whole route, a few SEATS still DISENGAGED, which will be offered at reasonable prices. An early application is requisite, as they are fast filling up. Also a few places on the roof. A most excellent view.

FUNERAL of the Late DUKE of WELLINGTON. - To be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a SECOND FLOOR, for £10; a Third Floor, £7 10*s*., containing two windows in each; front seats in shop, at one guinea.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL. - To be LET, for 25 guineas to a genteel family, in one of the most commanding situations in the line of route, a FIRST FLOOR, with safe balcony, and ante-room. Will accommodate 20 persons, with an uninterrupted and extensive view for all. For a family of less number a reduction will be made. Every accommodation will be afforded.

But above all let us not forget the

NOTICE TO CLERGYMEN. - T.C. Fleet-street, has reserved for clergymen exclusively, *upon condition only that they appear in their surplices*, FOUR FRONT SEATS, at £1 each; four second tier, at 15*s.* each; four third tier, at 12*s.* 6*d.*; four fourth tier, at 10*s.*; four fifth tier, at 7*s.* 6*d.*; and four sixth tier, at 5*s.* All the other seats are respectively 40*s.*, 30*s.*, 20*s.*, 15*s.*, 10*s.*

The anxiety of this enterprising tradesman to get up a reverend tableau in his shop-window of four-and-twenty clergymen all on six rows, is particularly commendable, and appears to us to shed a remarkable grace on the solemnity.

These few specimens are collected at random from scores upon scores of such advertisements, mingled with descriptions of non-existent ranges of view, and with invitations to a few agreeable gentlemen who are wanted to complete a little assembly of kindred souls, who have laid in abundance of 'refreshments, wines, spirits, provisions, fruit, plate, glass, china,' and other light matters too numerous to mention, and who keep 'good fires.' On looking over them we are constantly startled by the words in large capitals, 'WOULD TO GOD NIGHT OR BLUCHER WERE COME!' which, referring to a work of art, are relieved by a legend setting forth how the lamented hero observed of it, 'in his characteristic manner, "Very good; very good indeed."' O Art! *You* too trading in Death!

Then, autographs fall into their place in the State Funeral train. The sanctity of a seal, or the confidence of a letter, is a meaningless phrase that has no place in the vocabulary of the Traders in Death. Stop, trumpets, in the Dead March, and blow to the world how characteristic we autographs are!

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS. - TWO consecutive LETTERS of the DUKE'S (1843) highly characteristic and authentic, with the Correspondence, &c. that elicited them, the whole forming quite a literary curiosity, for £15.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS. - To be DISPOSED OF, TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, one dated

Walmer Castle, 9th October, 1834, the other London, 17th May, 1843, with their post-marks and seals.

WELLINGTON. - THREE original NOTES, averaging 2¼ pages each, (not lithographs,) seal, and envelopes, to be SOLD. Supposed to be the most characteristic of his Grace yet published. The highest sum above £30 for the two, or £20 for the one, which is distinct, will be accepted.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, by a retired officer, FIVE LETTERS and NOTES of the late HERO - three when Sir A. Wellesley. Also a large Envelope. All with seals. Apply personally, or by letter.

THE DUKE'S LETTERS. - TWO highly interesting LETTERS, authentic, and relating to a most amusing and characteristic circumstance, to be SOLD.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON. - AUTOGRAPH LETTER to a lady, with seal and envelope. This is quite in the Duke's peculiar style, and will be parted with for the highest offer. Apply — where the letter can be seen.

F.M. the DUKE of WELLINGTON. - To be SOLD, by a member of the family, to whom it was written, an ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late Duke of Wellington, on military affairs, six pages long, in the best preservation. Price £30.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH. - A highly characteristic LETTER of the DUKE'S for DISPOSAL, wherein he alludes to his living 100 years, date 1847, with envelope. Seal, with crest perfect. £10 will be taken.

DUKE of WELLINGTON. - An AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the DUKE, written immediately after the death of the Duchess in 1831, is for SALE; also Two Autograph Envelopes franked and sealed.

DUKE of WELLINGTON. - AUTOGRAPH BUSINESS LETTER, envelope, seal, post-mark, &c. complete. Style courteous and highly characteristic. Will be shown by the party and at the place addressed. Price £15.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON. - TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of His Grace, one written in his 61st, the other in his 72d year, both firstrate specimens of his characteristic graphic style, and on an important subject, to be SOLD. Their

genuineness can be fully proved.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON. - A very curious DOCUMENT, partly printed, and the rest written by His Grace to a lady. This is well worthy of a place in the cabinet of the curious. There is nothing like it. Highest offer will be taken.

TO be SOLD, SIX AUTOGRAPH LETTERS from F. M. the Duke of WELLINGTON, with envelopes and seals, which have been most generously given to aid a lady in distressed circumstances.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON. - A lady has in her possession a LETTER, written by his Grace on the 18th of June, in the present year, and will be happy to DISPOSE OF the same. The letter is rendered more valuable by its being written on the last anniversary which his Grace was spared to celebrate. The letter bears date from Apsley House, with perfect envelope and seal.

A CLERGYMAN has TWO LETTERS, with Envelopes, addressed to him by the late DUKE, and bearing striking testimony to the extent of his Grace's private charities, to be DISPOSED OF at the highest offer (for one or both) received by the 18th instant. The offers may be contingent on further particulars being satisfactory.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON. - A widow, in deep distress, has in her possession an AUTOGRAPH LETTER of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, written in 1830, enclosed and directed in an envelope, and sealed with his ducal coronet, which she would be happy to PART WITH for a trifle.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPH NOTE of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, dated March 27, 1850, to be SOLD, for £20, by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, together with envelope, perfect impression of Ducal seal, and Knightsbridge post-mark distinct. The whole in excellent preservation. A better specimen of the noble Duke's handwriting and highly characteristic style cannot be seen.

ONE of the last LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for DISPOSAL, dated from Walmer Castle within a day or two of his death, highly characteristic, with seal and post-marks distinct. This being probably the last letter written by the late Duke its interest as a relic must be greatly enhanced. The highest offer accepted. May be seen on application.

THE GREAT DUKE. - A LETTER of the GREAT HERO, dated March 27, 1851, to be SOLD. Also a beautiful Letter from Jenny Lind, dated June 20, 1852. The highest offer will be accepted. Address with offers of price.

Miss Lind's autograph would appear to have lingered in the shade until the Funeral Train came by, when it modestly stepped into the procession and took a conspicuous place. We are in doubt which to admire most; the ingenuity of this little stroke of business; or the affecting delicacy that sells 'probably the last letter written by the late Duke' before the aged hand that wrote it under some manly sense of duty, is yet withered in its grave; or the piety of that excellent clergyman - did he appear in his surplice in the front row of T. C.'s shop-window? - who is so anxious to sell 'striking testimony to the extent of His Grace's private charities;' or the generosity of that Good Samaritan who poured 'six letters with envelopes and seals' into the wounds of the lady in distressed circumstances.

Lastly come the relics - precious remembrances worn next to the bereaved heart, like Hardy's miniature of Nelson, and never to be wrested from the advertisers but with ready money.

MEMENTO of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON. - To be DISPOSED OF, a LOCK of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted. Apply by letter prepaid.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON. - A LOCK of HAIR of the late Duke of WELLINGTON to be DISPOSED OF, now in the possession of a widow lady. Cut off the morning the Queen was crowned. Apply by letter post paid.

VALUABLE RELIC of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON. - A lady, having in her possession a quantity of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR, cut in 1841, is willing to PART WITH a portion of the same for £25. Satisfactory proof will be given of its identity, and of how it came into the owner's possession, on application by letter, pre-paid.

RELIC of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for SALE. - The son of the late well-known haircutter to his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, has a small quantity of HAIR, that his father cut from the Duke's head, which he is willing to DISPOSE OF. Any one desirous

> of possessing such a relic of England's hero are requested to make their offer for the same, by letter.
>
> RELICS of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON. - For SALE, a WAISTCOAT, in good preservation, worn by his Grace some years back, which can be well authenticated as such.

Next, a very choice article - quite unique - the value of which may be presumed to be considerably enhanced by the conclusive impossibility of its being doubted in the least degree by the most suspicious mind.

> A MEMENTO of the DUKE of WELLINGTON. - La Mort de Napoleon. Ode d'Alexandre Manzoni, avec la Traduction en Français, par Edmond Angelini, de Venise. - A book, of which the above is the title, was torn up by the Duke and thrown by him from the carriage, in which he was riding, as he was passing through Kent: the pieces of the book were collected and put together by a person who saw the Duke tear it and throw the same away. Any person desirous of obtaining the above memento will be communicated with.

Finally, a literary production of astonishing brilliancy and spirit; without which, we are authorised to state, no nobleman's or gentleman's library can be considered complete.

> DUKE of WELLINGTON and SIR R. PEEL. - A talented, interesting, and valuable WORK, on Political Economy and Free Trade, was published in 1830, and immediately bought up by the above statesmen, except one copy, which is now for DISPOSAL. Apply by letter only.

Here, for the reader's sake, we terminate our quotations. They might easily have been extended through the whole of the present number of this Journal.

We believe that a State Funeral at this time of day - apart from the mischievously confusing effect it has on the general mind, as to the necessary union of funeral expense and pomp with funeral respect, and the consequent injury it may do to the cause of a great reform most necessary for the benefit of all classes of society - is, in itself, so plainly a pretence of being what it is

not: is so unreal, such a substitution of the form for the substance: is so cut and dried, and stale: is such a palpably got up theatrical trick: that it puts the dread solemnity of death to flight, and encourages these shameless traders in their dealings on the very coffin-lid of departed greatness. That private letters and other memorials of the great Duke of Wellington would still have been advertised and sold, though he had been laid in his grave amid the silent respect of the whole country with the simple honors of a military commander, we do not doubt; but that, in that case, the traders would have been discouraged from holding anything like this Public Fair and Great Undertakers' Jubilee over his remains, we doubt as little. It is idle to attempt to connect the frippery of the Lord Chamberlain's Office and the Herald's College, with the awful passing away of that vain shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain. There is a great gulf set between the two which is set there by no mortal hands, and cannot by mortal hands be bridged across. Does any one believe that, otherwise, 'the Senate' would have been 'mourning its hero' (in the likeness of a French Field-Marshal) on Tuesday evening, and that the same Senate would have been in fits of laughter with Mr. Hume on Wednesday afternoon when the same hero was still in question and unburied?

The mechanical exigencies of this journal render it necessary for these remarks to be written on the evening of the State Funeral. We have already indicated in these pages that we consider the State Funeral a mistake, and we hope temperately to leave the question here for temperate consideration. It is easy to imagine how it may have done much harm, and it is hard to imagine how it can have done any good. It is only harder to suppose that it can have afforded a grain of satisfaction to the immediate descendants of the great Duke of Wellington, or that it can reflect the faintest ray of lustre on so bright a name. If it were assumed that such a ceremonial was the general desire of the English people, we would reply that that assumption was founded on a misconception of the popular character, and on a low estimate of the general sense; and that the sooner both were better appreciated in high places, the better it could not fail to be for us all. Taking for granted at this writing, what we hope may be assumed without any violence to the truth; namely, that the ceremonial was in all respects well conducted, and that the English people sustained throughout, the high character they have nobly earned, to the shame of their silly detractors among their own countrymen; we must yet express

our hope that State Funerals in this land went down to their tomb, most fitly, in the tasteless and tawdry Car that nodded and shook through the streets of London on the eighteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. And sure we are, with large consideration for opposite opinions, that when History shall rescue that very ugly machine - worthy to pass under decorated Temple Bar, as decorated Temple Bar was worthy to receive it - from the merciful shadows of obscurity, she will reflect with amazement - remembering his true, manly, modest, self-contained, and genuine character - that the man who, in making it the last monster of its race, rendered his last enduring service to the country he had loved and served so faithfully, was Arthur Duke of Wellington.

THOUGHTS ON PEACE IN AN AIR RAID

空袭中的沉思

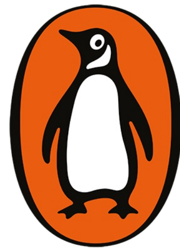
［英］弗吉尼亚·伍尔芙　著
张子慧　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

空袭中的沉思

（英）弗吉尼亚·伍尔芙/著

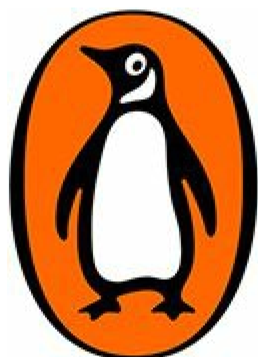
张子慧/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

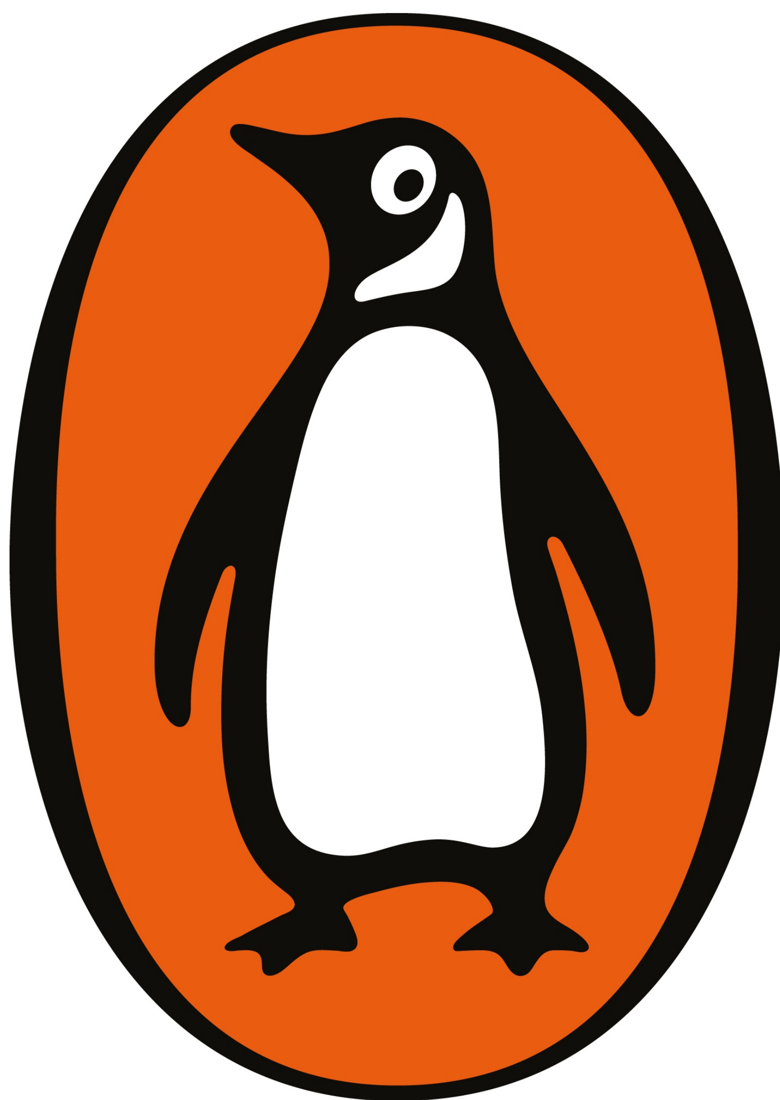
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www. Penguin. com
'Thoughts on Peace in an Air Raid' ,' Street Haunting' ,' Craftsmanship'' The Art of Biography' and' Why?' are all taken from The Death of the Moth and Other Essays , first published in 1942' Oxford Street Tide' first published in Good Housekeeping Magazine in 1932' How It Strikes a Contemporary',' The Patron and the Crocus' and 'Modern Fiction' are all taken from The Common Reader, Vol. 1, first published in 1925' How Should One Read a Book?' is taken from The Second Common Reader, first published 1932
This selection first published in Penguin Books 2009

Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

弗吉尼亚·伍尔芙（Virginia　Woolf，1882—1941），出生于英国伦敦肯辛顿，英国作家、文学批评家和文学理论家，意识流文学代表人物，被誉为二十世纪现代主义与女性主义的先锋。

伍尔芙的父亲莱斯利·斯蒂芬爵士（Leslie　Stephen）是维多利亚时代出身于剑桥的著名文学评论家、学者和传记家。她成长于文化氛围浓厚的环境，在家中接受教育，阅读父亲的丰富藏书。从1906年起，伍尔芙的兄弟在剑桥结识的朋友们不断来家聚会，逐渐形成了一个文艺和学术的中心，即布卢姆茨伯里派（Bloomsbury　Group），伍尔芙成为成员之一，其他成员包括了当时文化界的大批精英，对伍尔芙的文学创作产生了深远影响。

由于童年的不幸遭遇和父母先后离世，伍尔芙的精神遭到打击，几度崩溃，直至1941年投河自尽。有人这样形容伍尔芙："她的记忆有着隐秘的两面—一面澄明，一面黑暗；一面寒冷，一面温热；一面是创造，一面是毁灭；一面铺洒着天堂之光，一面燃烧着地狱之火。"

拥有这样矛盾的气质的伍尔芙一生著述丰富，除了写下《达洛维夫人》（1925）、《到灯塔去》（1927）等著名小说外，还创作了多篇散文，在英国散文发展中占有重要地位。这本《空袭中的沉思》精心收录其中十篇。

"空袭中的沉思"发出了女权主义作家的呼喊。通过描述一场空袭，揭示出两性的不平等，思考女性的命运及其在人类社会中的巨大作用，主张女性的力量与男性相当甚至超过男性，认为女人可以"将男人从专制中解脱出来"，为帮助他们战胜内心的好战本能而"创造更多光荣的活

动”。

“城市漫步”“牛津街浪潮”是对工业时代伦敦这座城市的观察与体验。文中既有明媚街景，又有晦暗角落，男女老少，高低贵贱，人景交织，现实与历史碰撞，在追求真实的自由的体验者眼中构建出光怪陆离的都市景象。

“工艺”对看似普通的文字的内在特质进行了探讨。文字不实用，但具有分辨真伪、表达真理的能力。文字含义变化多端，要恰当地运用文字，就要保留文字“表达多件事”的本性，不要禁锢其自由。这为阅读与写作提供了新的视角。

“传记艺术”是对传记文学的反思与质疑。二十世纪的传记已发生变化，传记不是史料的堆积，不该死气沉沉。作传者服从事实，但“有权利支配所有可供挑选的事实”，应更为主动、更富创造性，写出能引起读者共鸣的传记。

“对当代文学的印象”表现了伍尔芙的文学批评观，认为批评家必须站在读者的立场，从作者的视角理解与把握作品的文学性和精神世界，指出虽然处在一个杰作贫乏的时代，评论家应该“认真感受现在，观察过去和未来之间的联系，为即将到来的杰作作好准备”。

“为什么”对英国文学的教育模式发问，认为大学讲授文学的做法是过时的传统，学生“如果要通过英国文学考试，就要对英国文学进行相关写作，而这一切注定了埋葬英国文学的毁灭性结局”。人们应该聚在一起平等谈论文学，心灵相通。

“读者和报春花”探讨了作家与读者的关系。作家应知道自己是为谁而写，明智地挑选读者，为大众服务；理想的读者应具备一定的素质，帮助作家呵护写作之花。对读者的选择最为重要，文学的命运取决于读

者和作家的结合。

“现代小说”被视为意识流小说创作的宣言，“生活是一圈闪耀的光晕，朦朦胧胧，从意识觉醒起就笼罩着我们，直到一切结束”；同时认为现代小说已不能生搬硬套传统小说观，指出了作家的使命，对小说写作技巧和选材等内容加以明确，提出小说创作是开放而非封闭的。

“应该如何阅读”对怎样读书的问题进行了回答，但强调这个回答并非给予他人的建议，而是伍尔芙主观的想法。她认为作为读者首先要消除成见，继而通过写作技巧更好地加强阅读技巧，广泛涉猎，运用想象力欣赏作品，对其进行评判，从中受益。阅读的乐趣就是阅读本身。

这些散文见解独到，娓娓道来，涵盖了女权主义、英国语言文学、作家与读者的关系、城市风景等多个主题，拓展了散文的范畴。开卷发人深省，相信读者细细品味后一定获益匪浅。

秦瑞宇

空袭中的沉思

昨天和前天连续两个晚上，德国人的飞机从这幢房子的上空掠过。此时此刻他们卷土重来。这种经历十分奇特：躺在黑暗之中，听着一只大黄蜂的嗡嗡声，而这只黄蜂随时可能蜇死人。这声音打断了对和平的冷静而连贯的思考，却比祷告和圣歌更能强迫人思考和平问题。如果我们不能把和平变为现实，我们—不单单是这张床上的这一个人，还有即将出生的千千万万的人—都将处于同样的黑暗之中，都将聆听同样的死亡悲鸣。枪声在山上砰砰响起，探照灯不时穿透云层，炸弹落在或近或远的地方。此时此刻我们正在思考，为了创造唯一有效的空袭避难所，我们能做什么事情。

英国和德国的年轻人正在头顶上空作战。保卫者是男人，进攻者也是男人。英国女人既没有武器退敌，也没有武器自卫。今晚她们只能手无寸铁地躺着。如果相信空中的战斗是德国人毁灭自由、英国人保卫自由之战，她们就必须尽自己所能为英国而战。然而手无寸铁的女人如何为自由而战呢？制造武器，纺织服装，或者烹饪食物。但是还有另外一个方法，无需武器却能为自由而战：我们可以用思想进行战斗。我们可以思考如何帮助那些正在空中击敌的英国年轻人。

但是为了达到此目的，我们必须快速决策并付诸实施。空中的黄蜂唤醒了思想上的黄蜂。今早《泰晤士报》上出现了嗡嗡声—刊登了一个女人的声音："女人没有丝毫政治话语权。"内阁里没有女人，甚至任何重要职位都没有女人。制订有效计划的所有决策者都是男人。这种做法不仅限制了思维，还助长了不负责任的风气。为什么不堵上耳朵把头埋在枕头里，放弃思考这个徒劳的行为？因为不光办公室和会议室有思考的空间，别的地方也有。我们能因为看起来无用就放弃个人思考或遐

想，从而失去可能对年轻的英国男人有价值的武器吗？仅仅因为我们的能力可能会让我们被辱骂、被蔑视，我们就强调自己无能吗？“我永远不会放弃精神斗争”，布莱克这样写道。精神斗争意味着反潮流思考，不随波逐流。

这股潮流借助广播和滔滔不绝的政治家快速而猛烈的传播。每天他们都说我们是自由的民族，我们为了保卫自由而战。这种思想回荡在年轻飞行员的脑海中，成为他们在云层间穿梭盘旋的动力。在地面上，我们头上是屋顶，手边是防毒面具。我们务必要揭开谎言的伪装，发现真相。真相是我们并不自由。今晚我们不论男女都是囚徒—男人全副武装，手边是枪；我们女人身处黑暗，手边是防毒面具。如果我们真的是自由的，我们应该在户外，跳舞、嬉戏，或是坐在窗边一起聊天。是什么让我们不能这样做？“希特勒！”喇叭里传来一声大叫。希特勒是谁？他是做什么的？他们的回答是侵略、暴政和对权力赤裸裸的疯狂追逐。消灭了希特勒，你们就会得到自由。

飞机嗡嗡飞过，听上去好像有人在头顶上锯木头。飞机盘旋不停而后飞过，房子正上方的木头也锯个不停。脑子里的声音也不停。埃斯特女士在今早的《泰晤士报》上说道：“男人潜意识中的希特勒主义压制了有能力的女人。”毫无疑问我们被压制了。今晚我们都是囚徒—英国男人被囚禁在飞机中，英国女人被囚禁在床上。但是如果他们停下来转而去思考，他们可能被杀死；我们也是一样。所以让我们替他们思考，让我们把压制我们的希特勒主义从潜意识里曳到意识中来。希特勒主义渴望侵略，渴望统治，渴望奴役。即使在黑暗中，这一切依然清晰可见。我们能看到耀眼的橱窗里茫然注视的女人，涂脂抹粉的女人，穿戴整齐的女人，涂着深红色口红和指甲油的女人。试图奴役别人的人，自己就是奴隶。如果我们可以将自己从奴役中解脱出来，我们应该也可以将男人从专制中解脱出来。奴隶成就了希特勒们。

一枚炸弹掉了下来。所有的窗户都吱吱作响。高射炮猛烈开火。山上还隐藏着一些火炮，上面覆盖了一张缠绕着模仿秋天落叶色调的绿色和棕色布条的网。现在这些火炮也都开火了。九点广播的时候我们将听到“晚间击落四十四架敌机，其中高射炮击落十架”。广播说解除武装是和平条件之一。意思是将来再也没有武器、陆军、海军和空军，再不会训练年轻人使用武器战斗。头脑中响起一个声音，好像阁楼上黄蜂的嗡嗡声，这声音来自一句引用：“与真正的敌人战斗，射击素不相识的陌生人，赢得不朽的荣誉和光辉，回家时胸前挂满了奖牌和勋章，这就是我最大的愿望……学习，训练，迄今为止我所做的一切都是为了实现这个愿望。”

这些话来自一位英国年轻人，他参加了上次战斗。面对这些，主流思想家还会认为仅仅在会议桌上签署“解除武装”的文件就完成了所有该做的事情吗？奥赛罗会失业，但他还是奥赛罗。在空中战斗的年轻飞行员的动力不仅是广播里的声音，还有他们内心的声音—人类古老的本能，教育和传统助长并推崇的本能。他们应该因为这些本能而备受责备吗？我们能听任政治家的调遣而收起母性吗？在和平条件中假设有这么一个命令：只有少数被特别挑选过的女人可以生育。我们会甘心服从吗？我们可能会说：“母性是女人的光辉之处。学习，训练，我一生所做的一切都是为了这份荣光。”但是，如果为了全人类的利益，为了世界和平，有必要限制生育和收起母性，女人将会努力接受。男人会帮助她们。他们会因女人拒绝生育而表彰她们，给予女人其他释放创造能力的机会。那也属于我们争取自由斗争的一部分。我们必须帮助年轻的英国男人从内心根除对奖牌和勋章的狂热。为了试图战胜内心好战本能和潜意识里的希特勒主义的年轻人，我们必须创造更为光荣高尚的活动。我们必须补偿失去武器的男人。

空中的嗡嗡声越来越响，所有的探照灯都直直射来，对准这屋顶正上方的一点，炸弹随时都会落在这幢房子上。一，二，三，四，五，

六……时间一秒一秒流逝。炸弹尚未降落。但是在悬而未决的时间里所有的思考都停止了，所有的感觉都消失了，只剩下，隐隐的恐惧，像一枚钉子把整个人钉在了硬木板上。害怕和憎恶的情绪变得枯燥无味。一旦恐惧消除，思绪就跳脱出来，本能地尝试创造，慢慢恢复。房间一片漆黑，创造只能靠回忆。想到那些八月里的回忆—在白莱特听瓦格纳；在罗马的平原上行走；还有在伦敦的记忆。朋友的声音纷至沓来。诗歌的只言片语进入脑海。每一个想法，即使在回忆中，都远远比害怕和憎恶带来的恐惧来得积极乐观，充满活力，抚慰人心和富有创意。因此，如果我们将要对失去荣耀和武器的年轻人进行补偿，我们必须赋予他们创造性，我们必须营造幸福感，我们必须将他们从机械中解放出来，我们必须将他们从囚牢引领到一个自由天地。但是如果德国和意大利的年轻人还是奴隶，单单解放英国年轻人有什么用呢？

探照灯在公寓上方照来照去，现在停在了飞机身上。从这扇窗望出去，可以看到一只银色的小虫在光线里转来转去。枪声砰砰响了一阵，然后终于停火。攻击者可能在山后被击落了。之前有一天一个德国飞行员在附近安全着陆。他用流利的英语对逮捕他的人说：“不打仗了，我真高兴！”一个英国男人递给他一支烟，一个英国女人给他沏了一杯茶。从此可以看出，如果将男人从机械中解脱出来，和平的种子不会都落在石地上，它可以生根发芽。

终于完全停火了。所有的探照灯关闭，夏日夜晚回归了自然的漆黑一片，耳边再次响起村庄往常和平安详的声音。一个苹果扑通落地。猫头鹰一边咕咕叫着，一边扇着翅膀在林间飞来飞去。某位英国老作家的一句模糊不清的话突然映入了我的脑海：“美国的猎人们已站起身来……”让我们把这些信息片断传达给那些在美国的猎人，传达给那些还没有被枪炮声惊醒的男人和女人，相信他们一定会宽厚、仁慈地重新思考这些信息，也许将这些信息转化为有用的东西。不过现在，在处于黑夜的那一半世界，我们要睡了。

城市漫步

游历伦敦

可能没有人会对一支铅笔热情澎湃。但是总有些时候就是特别想拥有一支铅笔；有些时候我们一心想要获得某样东西，好找个借口在下午茶和晚饭的空当里漫步穿过半个伦敦。正如猎狐者打猎是为了保护狐狸族群，人们打高尔夫球是为了保护大片空地不叫开发商侵占，因此到街上走走的想法涌上心头时，铅笔就成了极好的托辞，我们站起身说："真的，我得买支铅笔。"仿佛凭此借口我们可以尽情享受冬日城市的生活乐趣—在伦敦的街道上漫步。

时间应是晚上，季节应是冬天，因为冬天明亮的香槟色天空和热闹的街道令人心旷神怡。在夏天，喜欢树荫、独处和牧草场的清甜香气会被嘲笑，在冬天则不会这样。晚间的黑暗和灯光也让我们卸下责任。我们不再是自己。四点至六点之间的傍晚，天气美好，我们步出家门，不再是朋友们熟知的自己，变成了无名步行者共和大军中的一员，在一个人的房间独处之后，这真令人愉快。在自己的房间里我们被物品包围着，这些物品不仅折射出我们的奇怪秉性，还加深了对个人经历的记忆。比如说，在壁炉上挂着的那个碗，是一个大风天从曼图亚买来的。我们当时正要离开商店，一位带着邪气的老妇人猛地一下拉住我们的裙子，说她可能某天突然就饿死，但是大叫："拿着它！"把一个蓝白相间的瓷碗塞到我们手中，仿佛连她自己都无法面对如此莫名其妙的慷慨大方。正因为如此，尽管怀疑被狠狠地骗了，我们还是内疚地把碗带回了小旅馆。回去的时候是午夜时分，旅馆老板正和他妻子激烈地争吵，我们都向院子探出身去看，却看到藤蔓缠满了柱子，星星在天上熠熠生辉。千万个瞬间悄悄溜走了，只有那一个被定格，像一枚硬币打上了不

可磨灭的印记。在那里，那个忧郁的英国人在小铁桌边喝上几杯咖啡，站起身，暴露了内心的秘密—像一般旅客一样。所有这一切—意大利，刮风的清晨，缠绕在柱子上的藤蔓，英国人和他内心的秘密—都因壁炉上挂着的瓷碗而从记忆浮现出来。目光落到地面，看到的是地毯上一块棕色的污渍。这得怪劳埃德·乔治。“那人坏透了！”康明斯一边说一边把水壶放下，他本来要往茶壶里添水，结果在地毯上烫了一个褐色的圈儿。

但是一旦把门关上，所有这些都消失了。我们的灵魂形成一个硬壳裹住自己，让自己看起来与他人不同。现在这个硬壳碎了，形状粗糙的重重皱褶都碎了，剩下的如同牡蛎中间的肉，那么敏锐，好似一只巨大的眼睛。冬天的街道多美啊！有的地方明亮，有的地方昏暗。人们可以隐约看出笔直的大道两侧对称门窗的轮廓；路灯下晃动着浮岛一样的光圈，表情愉快的男男女女快步走过。和他们身上散发出的贫困窘迫的气息相比，脸上的表情看起来那样不真实，呈现出一种胜利的气息，好像他们给生活设了个圈套，然后得逞了，生活居然跌跌撞撞错过了他们。然而无论如何，我们都只是在做表面文章。眼睛不是矿工，不是潜水者，更不是地下珍宝的搜寻者。它只是带领我们顺流而下；眼睛看着的时候，大脑可能中断思考，停下来休息。

冬天的伦敦街道真美，灯光聚作一个个岛屿，黑暗连成长长的丛林。街的一边散落着几棵树和几片草丛，黑夜就地蜷起身子安然睡去。如果走过铁栅栏，可以听到树叶和树枝轻声颤动的噼啪声，猫头鹰咕咕叫着，远处山谷中火车辘辘驶过，更能感觉到四周的安静。但别忘了这是伦敦。光秃秃的树冠上高高挂着映出浓黄光线的椭圆框—那是窗户；如低悬的星星一样不间断亮着的光点—那是路灯；承载国家和国家和平的空地不过是伦敦的一个广场，周围环绕着办公室和住宅。那里现在正灯火通明，灯光照在地图、文件和办公桌上，书记员坐在桌前用沾湿的手指翻阅没完没了的书信；或是火光摇摆，灯光线直射进私人会客厅，

照在舒适的椅子、纸张、瓷器、嵌入式的桌子和女子身上。她正精确计算要放几勺茶。她向门口望去，好像听到楼下门铃响起，有人问她在不在家。

但是我们必须在这里停下来。我们差点越过眼睛许可的范围，探究过深了；我们纠结于一些细枝末节而影响了一路顺流而下。随时，休眠的部队将会开始骚动，在我们心中唤醒千把小提琴和小号；人类会惊醒，显现所有的怪异、痛苦和卑劣。让我们多待一会儿，只满足于表面—公共汽车闪闪发亮，肉店里黄色的猪肋排和紫色的牛排肉色鲜亮，花店的玻璃橱窗里一束束蓝色和红色的鲜花争相怒放。

眼睛有奇特的属性：只为美而停留，就好像蝴蝶追求色彩，沉浸于温暖之中一样。在这样一个冬夜，大自然用尽全力装扮自己，在这样一个如同宝石构成的世界里，眼睛带回了如折断的小块祖母绿和红珊瑚一般最好的战利品。（非专业的普通）眼睛无法将这些战利品组合起来呈现出更晦涩的角度和关系。因此在细细地品味了这些纯粹简单、独立美好的视觉大餐之后，我们有点腻了。我们在鞋店门外徘徊，想了一些与真正原因毫无关联的小借口，不去看明媚的街景，而是退回到微暗的房间。在那里的高台上，我们顺从地抬起左脚，可能会问："侏儒是什么样的？"

两位常人身高的女士护送她走进来。她们在她身旁看起来像是和蔼可亲的巨人。她们对着售货员微笑，看起来并不想突出她的缺陷，但让别人明白她处于她们的保护之中。残疾人脸上常出现的别扭但又歉疚的表情也出现在她脸上。她需要她们的体贴，但是她讨厌那样。护送她的女士把售货员叫过去，溺爱地笑着让售货员为"这位小姐"拿双鞋试试。售货员把小台子放到她面前，侏儒小姐猛地伸出脚，好像要吸引所有人的注意。她伸出脚好像在命令我们所有人—看啊！快看啊！这只脚形状、大小都与正常发育的女人无异。她的脚拱起，像个贵族。她看着自

己放在地面上的脚，这一刻整个人的气质都变了。她看上去温和而满足，充满自信。她要了一只又一只，试了一双又一双。她站起身，在镜子前面踮起脚尖，看她自己穿着黄色鞋子，鹿皮鞋和蜥蜴皮鞋。她提起裙子，炫耀她纤细的双腿。她在想，无论如何，脚是一个人全身最重要的部位；她自言自语，女人会单单因为漂亮的脚得到爱情。只盯着脚看，她可能想的是身体其他的部分和这双美丽的脚比起来不值一提。她衣衫破旧，但准备在鞋上奢侈一下。这是唯一她不怕被人看反而积极地想要吸引注意的场合，她用尽所有手段拖延时间，慢慢地选择搭配。她这样走一步那样走一步，看起来就像在说，都来看我的脚。好脾气的售货员一定说了恭维话，因为她的脸突然洋溢起喜悦。可是，尽管护送她的女士和蔼可亲，但也有自己的事情要处理；她必须要作出决定，决定要哪双鞋。终于，她选定了一双鞋，晃着手指上的包装袋，她走到监护者中间。喜悦退去，理性回归，原有的别扭歉疚的表情又回到脸上。她重新回到街上，又变成了一个不过尔尔的侏儒。

但是她的心情变了；我们跟着她来到街上，她营造出了一种好像真的能让人变得驼背、畸形和残疾的气氛。两个留胡子的男人，兄弟俩，显然是全盲的，全身依靠用手撑住他们中间的小男孩的头，走过大道。他们走得坚强不屈却有点畏首畏尾，这给他们的行动增添了几分恐怖和宿命突然降临到他们身上的必然色彩。他们前进，笔直走着，这个小护卫队好像以独有的静穆，直行和灾难的气势在行人中间开了一条路。实际上，侏儒已经开始跳起踉踉跄跄的奇怪舞蹈，街上每个人都随她跳了起来；胖女士穿着紧身海豹皮外套；弱智的男孩吮吸着拐杖上的银色小球；老人蹲坐在门阶上，好像突然看到了什么人间奇观，他坐下来看—大家都和着侏儒蹒跚的节奏开始跳舞。

有人可能会问，这些跛足眼盲的残疾人生活在怎样的缝隙中？可能在霍尔本和苏活一带窄小老房子的高层。那里的人们来自五湖四海，名字千奇百怪，营生多种多样：打金子、给手风琴打褶、包纽扣，甚至还

有更怪异的，买卖没有托的杯子、瓷伞柄、色彩鲜艳的殉道圣人像。人们居住在那里。看起来好像身穿海豹皮外套的女士可能觉得生活尚可忍受，与手风琴打褶人或是包纽扣的人打发时间；如此精彩的生活并不总是悲剧性的。我们沉思，他们并不嫉恨我们的幸福。突然，拐过转角，我们遇到一个有胡子的犹太人，他邋遢，极度饥饿，悲苦凄惨；或是路过素不相识的老妇人，她跛足，躺在公共场所台阶上，身上裹着一件斗篷，就像是谁匆匆忙忙盖在死去的马或驴身上一样。一看到这样的情景，后背上就一阵战栗，汗毛直立；突然之间眼中燃起熊熊怒火，问出一个从未被回答的问题。这些无家可归者通常不会选择待在剧院的周围，去听街头艺人的手摇风琴，也不会等到夜幕降临，去感受用餐者和舞者的光鲜亮丽和美丽身姿。他们靠近商店的橱窗。橱窗里现代商业向躺在门阶上的老妇人、盲人、跛足的侏儒展示颈部镀金的天鹅支撑的沙发，摆着一盘盘五颜六色水果的餐桌，铺满绿色大理石以便更好地承受野猪头重量的橱柜；因年代久远变得异常柔软，从淡红褪色成浅绿的地毯。

边走边看，一切都随意自然却奇迹般地散发出美丽的光芒，仿佛今晚牛津街上买卖的毫无例外全是宝贝。尽管没有购买的想法，眼睛却还是快活大方；它不停地创造；不停地装扮；不停地强化。站在街上，可以建起梦想中房子的所有房间并随心所欲地用沙发、桌子和地毯去装饰。这块地毯适合门厅，那只光洁雪白的碗应该放在窗台边雕花的桌子上，可以从那面圆圆的大镜子里看到我们的狂欢。但是，即使建造装饰了房子，也乐于没有必要去占有它；一眨眼就可以拆掉房子，再用别的椅子和玻璃建造装饰新房子。或纵情欣赏古董珠宝，徜徉在无数的指环和悬挂的项链中。比如，我们选那些珍珠，然后想象如果我们戴上，生活会有怎样的变化。转眼间就到凌晨两三点了；伦敦上流住宅区无人的街道上依旧灯火通明。这种时候只有汽车在外面，人感到空虚、激动和隐隐的快乐。戴着珍珠，穿着丝绸，步出房间，走上阳台，俯视沉睡中上流住宅区的花园。有些人的卧室还亮着灯，可能是刚从法院回家的大

人物，可能是穿着入时的男仆，可能是与政治家牵手的贵妇。一只猫悄无声息地爬上花园的围墙。有人在绿窗帘后面的房间暗处私会，发出细微的诱人的声音。年老的首相似乎身处一块平台上，一边优雅地散步，一边为某位头发卷曲佩戴祖母绿的贵夫人解释历史上此处发生过的重大事件，仿佛英国的城郡都在平台之下沐浴阳光。我们像是攀上了最大轮船的最高桅杆的顶端；然而同时我们对此一无所知。爱不能得到证明，伟大的成就没有完成；所以我们与时间嬉戏，在其中轻轻地梳理羽毛。此刻我们站在阳台上，看着月光下的猫慢慢爬上玛丽公主家花园的围墙。

还能有什么更荒谬吗？实际上，现在是六点整；冬天的晚上；我们走路去斯特兰德街买铅笔。那么我们怎么会同时在六月份戴着珍珠待在阳台上呢？还能有什么更荒谬吗？但是这是自然的恶作剧，不是我们的。当她开始最伟大的杰作，创造人类时，她本该专心致志。她反而转过头去，与人格格不入的本能和欲望就偷偷潜入每个人心里，因此我们满是痕迹、斑驳不堪、混杂凌乱；所有的颜色都褪去了。到底是一月份站在人行道上的自己是真的，还是六月份在阳台上探身的自己是真的呢？我是在这里还是在那里？抑或这两个都不是真正的我，我既不在这里也不在那里，但是有些事富于变化并且漫无目的，只有当我们顺应心愿让它自由无阻地发展时，我们才是真正的自己？环境追求统一；方便起见，一个人就是一个整体。一位好公民，当他晚上打开家门，他一定是银行家，高尔夫爱好者，妻子的丈夫和孩子的父亲；而不是在沙漠中漂泊的流浪者，不是仰望星空的神秘主义者，不是流连在旧金山贫民窟的酒色之徒，不是领导革命的战士，更不是离群索居心存怀疑哀号悲鸣的贱民。当他打开家门，他会分开手指轻抚头发，然后和其他人一样把雨伞放在台上。

现在时间刚刚好，我们来到二手书店。这里是保守陈腐之物的避风港；我们看过了街道上的绚烂与悲惨，来到这里让内心得到平衡。书店

老板娘坐在烧得很旺的炭火炉边，把脚放在炉围上，被门挡住，这情景让人平静又愉快。她从不读书，要看也是报纸；除了卖书，她最高兴谈论的就是帽子；她说她喜欢实用兼备美观的帽子。哦不，他们不在店里住，住在布里克斯顿；她得能看到一点绿色才行。夏天，她把自己花园长出的花放在大口瓶里，放在积满灰尘的东西上面，以便活跃书店气氛。到处都是书，使我们充满了历险的感觉。二手书是流浪者，无家可归；它们来路不同，却聚集在一起，带着一种图书馆里温顺的书无法比拟的魅力。除此之外，在这个杂乱无章的环境里，我们也许可以有幸接触到一些素不相识的陌生人，有可能成为生命中最好的朋友。当我们从上层书架上取出某本破旧不堪、无人问津的灰白的书，总有希望能够在此遇到一位一百年前横跨马背在中部地区和威尔士地区开拓羊毛市场的男人；或是一位不知名的旅行家，待在客栈里，大口喝酒，观察美丽的女孩和庄严的风俗习惯，费力顽强地将其全部记录下来，所有一切完全出自单纯的热爱（这本书由他自费出版）；书极其无聊，繁杂，平淡，不经意间流入了蜀葵和干草的气味，他却没注意到；他也画了一幅自画像，给他在思想炉边的温暖角落永远保留了一个位置。现在可能有人会花上十八便士买这本书。尽管书的标价是三先令六便士，但是书店老板娘考虑到封面破旧，以及从沙福克郡一位绅士的图书馆的拍卖会上买来这本书就一直待在那的情况，便会以十八便士的价格卖掉它。

然后，环顾书店，我们会和一些默默无闻的人和消失的人建立突如其来的友谊。他们仅存一点记录，比如，这本诗集，印刷精美，包装完好，附有作者画像。他是位诗人，因溺水而英年早逝，他的诗，如此温和谨慎，简洁精炼，发出脆弱的笛声，好像后街上穿着灯芯绒夹克的意大利手摇风琴手演奏出的声音。还有一些旅行者，就像不服输的老姑娘，还在求证他们经受过的苦难和维多利亚女王还是个小女孩时他们热爱的希腊的日落。去康瓦尔郡小煤矿参观被认为非常值得记录。人们顺着莱茵河一路向上，用印度墨水为彼此画像，坐在甲板上绳圈的旁边阅读；他们测量金字塔；多年来远离人类文明；在瘟疫横行的沼泽里教化

黑人。他们整理行装，出发上路，大漠探寻，身染热病，在印度终其一生，甚至涉足中国然后返回埃德蒙顿过着单调的教区生活，在布满灰尘的地面上翻滚，英国是这样令人不安的海面，在家门口就能波浪惊天。旅行和探险的海水好像拍打着努力奋斗的小岛，终生事业也在地板上的印刷品中找到立足之地。这些深褐色的书籍背面刻着姓名首字母组合成的图案，可能是传播福音的神职人员；可能是用锤子和凿子在尤里披蒂斯和哀斯奇勒斯的古代文献上雕刻出声的学者。思考、注释、阐释以惊人的速度在我们周围及所有一切之间进行，像准时持久的海浪，拍打着古代文艺作品的海岸。无数著作告诉我们亚瑟有多么爱劳拉，他们分开的时候满怀忧郁，他们重逢之后幸福地生活在一起，就像维多利亚女王管理这些岛屿时那样。

世界上的书无穷无尽，只能大略浏览，颔首致意，浅谈几句，或是略微思考之后就换个话题，就好像在街上，总会偶然听到一些只言片语。他们在讨论一个叫凯特的女人："昨晚我和她开门见山地说了……如果你觉得我连一张一便士的邮票也不如，我说……"但是谁是凯特，一便士的邮票对他们的友谊意味着什么严重问题，我们永远也不知道；就这样凯特在他们滔滔不绝中隐没了。在街角，生活翻开了新一页，可以看到两个男人站在路灯下商量事情。他们把最近新闻里来自纽马克特的电报一五一十地读出来。这时他们是不是在想有了钱就可以脱去褴褛衣衫，换上轻衣锦裘，挂上怀表，给原本无扣的衬衫别上钻石别针，不复以往的破旧？但是此刻行走的人群快速移动，以致我们无法提出这样的问题。在从工作到家的一小段路上，他们沉浸在令人陶醉的梦里，现在他们离开了办公室，迎面而来的是新鲜的空气。他们穿上了平时必须收起来的鲜亮外衣，充分利用余下的时间，然后他们变成了伟大的板球选手、著名演员和在危机时刻拯救国家的战士。在梦中，他们有时打着夸张的手势，有时大声地骂骂咧咧，穿过斯特兰德街，跨过滑铁卢大桥。在桥下乘火车前往巴恩斯和索比顿，火车辘辘作响。那里大厅中钟表的模样和地下室里晚餐的香气在梦里不断出现。

我们现在到达了斯特兰德街，我们在路边停下，手指长的小棒条拦住了快节奏的丰富多彩的生活。“真的，我必须—真的，我必须”—就是这棒条。思维丝毫不考虑需要，就向暴君般的习惯表示屈服。一个人必须，总是必须做点儿这做点儿那；一个人就是不被允许享受生活。前一段时间我们不就是为这个原因捏造理由，编出了要买东西的借口吗？我们要买什么来着？啊，想起来了，要买一支铅笔。那就让我们走去买铅笔吧。然而我们正要遵从指示，另一个自己跳出来反抗暴君的权威。于是又一场习以为常的争论开始了。躲在义务指挥棒的后面，我们慢慢走开，看到了开阔的泰晤士河—如此的宽广、忧郁和沉静。有人在夏天的夜晚斜倚着堤岸，对世界没有一丝留恋。我们借他的眼睛去看泰晤士河。我们先把买铅笔的事情放到一边；先去找这个人—马上发现一个再明显不过的事实，这个人就是我们自己。如果我们能站在六个月前曾驻足的地方，我们难道不能像当时那样冷静、淡定和满意吗？我们不妨再作尝试。不过河水比印象中更为汹涌阴沉。激流奔向大海。河水掀翻了一只拖船和两只驳船，船里的稻草紧紧地贴在防雨布的顶盖上。离我们很近的地方，有一对倚着栏杆的情侣，像所有情侣一样缺少自觉，仿佛他们正要开始的恋爱重要得很，可以理所当然地不顾对人类放纵堕落行为的任何质问。现在我们看到的景象和听到的声音和过去没有任何关联；我们也感受不到六个月前站在我们现在位置的那个人的沉着心境。他想到的是死亡的幸福；我们想到的是生活的不安定。他没有未来；然而未来正在侵袭我们内心的安宁。只有我们回顾过去，摘除其中的不确定因素，我们才能享受美好的平和。如果是这样，我们就必须返回去，我们必须再次去斯特兰德街，即使在这个时候，我们也必须找到能卖给我们铅笔的商店。

进入一个陌生的房间总是冒险的；因为房屋主人的生活和性格已经把他们的气息注入房间里，我们一走进去，就能呼吸到全新的感情律动。毫无疑问，在文具店里，人们刚刚在吵嘴。怒火点着了空气。双方都停了下来。老妇人—他们可能是丈夫和妻子—退到里屋去；老头儿额

头圆圆的，瞪大了眼睛端详一些伊丽莎白时期手稿上的插画，留下来招呼我们。“铅笔，铅笔，”他重复着，“有，有。”他说话心不在焉，但是藏不住情绪的两颊又流露出热情。他打开一个又一个盒子，然后又合上。他说因为有这么多不同的种类，找起东西特别困难。他开始讲一个故事，故事是关于一位因妻子身陷泥潭的法律圈的绅士。他们相识多年；他说，他半个世纪都与教堂打交道，好像希望他妻子在后堂能够听到似的。他打翻了一盒橡皮圈。终于，他因为自己这样笨手笨脚有点生气了，把双开式弹簧门推开，粗鲁地喊起来：“你到底把铅笔放哪儿了？”好像他妻子有意把铅笔藏起来似的。老妇人走进来，谁也不看，她的手直直放在右边的盒子上。那里有铅笔。他怎么能离得了她呢？难道她对他来说不是必不可少的吗？为了让他们肩并肩站在那里，被迫平静下来，必须得挑剔地选铅笔；这个太软，那个太硬。两个人安静地对视。他们站的时间越长，就越冷静。气氛缓和了，愤怒消解了。现在，双方都没说话，但已言归于好。老头儿合上本·琼森的内封面，把盒子放回了适当的位置，向我们大大鞠躬道晚安，然后他们就回去了。她可能拿出了针线活儿；他也许在看报纸；金丝雀把种子平均分给两个人。争吵结束了。

鬼魂出来游荡了，争吵结束了，铅笔买了，街道重新变得空荡荡的。生活退回到顶楼，路灯亮起来。人行道干燥坚硬；马路闪着银光。穿过一片荒芜走回家，把侏儒、盲人、上流社交区别墅的晚会和文具店争吵的故事讲给自己听。虽然只是了解了这些人生活的点滴，却足以让人感觉想法不再单一，有那么几分钟可以进入别人的身体，想别人的事情。可以变成洗衣妇、酒店老板，或是街角的歌手。朋友们，有什么比脱离人格的直线轨道，沿着通向野蔷薇和茂密树丛的足迹，进入野兽栖居的森林深处更为快乐神奇呢？

毋庸置疑：逃离是最大的欢乐；冬天在街道上漫步是最伟大的探险。我们依然再次踏上门阶，感受着长久以来所拥有的东西及偏见包围

着我们，抚慰着我们；还有停留在众多城市角落的自我，如飞蛾扑火一般的自我，躲避隐藏起来了。又看到了常见的门；椅子、瓷碗和地毯上的棕色污渍还保持着我们走时的模样。这—让我们温柔地查看，让我们满怀敬畏地抚摸—正是我们从城市的宝藏里获得的唯一战利品，一支铅笔。

牛津街浪潮

码头上的货物包装粗糙，体积庞大，种类多样，等运到牛津街就变得精美细致了许多。大桶潮湿的烟叶被银色的纸片卷成无数排列整齐的香烟。大捆的羊毛被纺成薄背心或柔软的长袜。厚厚的羊毛上的油脂被制成了芳香的护肤膏。买卖双方都同样经历了城市的变迁。穿着黑色外套步伐轻快，或穿着缎面长裙小步走，人类形态与动物制品一样适应新环境。人们不拉也不拽，熟练地打开抽屉，将绸缎在柜台上展平，用码尺量好之后用剪刀裁开。

不用多说，牛津街并不是伦敦最有名的大道。众所周知，卫道士对在牛津街购物的人表示蔑视，而他们居然还获得纨绔子弟的支持。时尚远离汉诺威广场，谨慎地退到邦德街的秘密领地，在那里举行更为庄重的仪式。牛津街有太多的讨价还价，太多的促销，太多上周还是两磅六便士现在就减价到一磅十一先令三便士的便宜货。这里的买卖十分喧嚣吵闹。日落时漫步—看到夕阳映射下的大理石拱门、人造灯光、成堆的绸缎和闪烁的公交车—牛津街好像一条长丝带，虽然起伏不定、俗艳耀眼，但是充满了魅力；又好像一张河床，铺满了被清泉冲刷过的卵石。一切都闪闪发亮。春天街上会出现许多手推车，上面盛满了精美包装的郁金香、紫罗兰和水仙，像是脆弱的小船在交通洪流中茫然打转。角落里，衣衫褴褛的魔术师正把彩色纸片放进大玻璃杯，然后把它们变成绚丽多彩的花丛，形成水下花园。另一角，乌龟在草丛里睡觉。它们行动最为缓慢，想法却最为深沉。乌龟总是一步两步地慢慢移动，小心翼翼地避开路过的行人。据此可以推断，人想拥有乌龟，就像飞蛾想拥有星星，这是人性中永恒不变的一部分。不过，能看到一位女士停下来把一只乌龟放到包裹上，也是难得一见的景象。

考虑到这一切—拍卖、手推车、便宜货、亮晶晶的小装饰—不足以概括牛津街的特色。这里是感官的温床和暖房。这里的人行道好像总是发生重大的惨剧，女演员离婚，百万富翁自杀之类的事件在此经常出现。居民区里的人行道则更为朴实无华。这里的新闻比伦敦其他地方更快更新。这里的人潮拥挤得好像要会吃掉海报上的墨水。这里比别处需要更多海报，需要比别处都快的最新信息。大脑变成一团吸附各种印象的黏稠物，牛津街就是一条卷上去的缎带，充斥着不断变化的景象、声音、动作。包裹撞来撞去，小公交车擦过路边，管乐队大吹大唱，音乐随着队伍远去慢慢变小。公交车、火车、汽车和手推车川流不息，就像拼图中的碎片；一只白色的手臂举起，拼图变厚、凝固、停止；白色的手臂放下，一切又开始、奔驰、扭曲、乱七八糟、毫无秩序。不管我们观望多久，拼图总也拼不起来。

富商在转弯过去的河岸修建了富丽堂皇的宅第，如同古代萨莫塞和诺森伯兰公爵，道赛特和索尔斯伯里伯爵在斯特兰德街上的豪宅一样。大企业的不同建筑见证了建造者的勇敢大胆和进取心，正如卡文迪什和珀西在边远郡里的大宅同样用来证明这些品质一样。我们的商人中一定会涌现出未来的卡文迪什和珀西。诚然，牛津街的伟人非常慷慨大方，和任何在家门口向穷人分发财物或面包的公爵或伯爵没有区别。只不过他们换了一种方式。他们的施舍援助体现在令人心跳的刺激、光彩夺目的展示、扣人心弦的娱乐、晚上灯火通明的窗户或是白天迎风飘扬的旗帜。他们不计回报，和我们分享最新的消息。在那里，会客厅里演奏的音乐是免费的。花不到一磅十一先令三便士就可以享受高大宽敞通风良好的房间；里面地板舒适，电梯豪华，墙壁干净，地毯整洁，银器闪亮。就连珀西和卡文迪什也没有这些。当然所有的装修都是为了能从我们口袋里拿到一先令十一便士；但是如果不为索取回报，珀西和卡文迪什决不会如此大方，要么要诗人的献诗，要么要农民的选票。当然，牛津街的新老贵族都为人们生活和娱乐增色不少。

但是不能否认的是牛津街的宅邸并不牢固—大概只能算得上是场地而非居住地。如果路过这里，看到木条安在铁制横梁上，就会意识到如此装饰华丽的外墙其实不堪一击。哪怕用雨伞尖用力一戳，都可能会对墙壁造成不可修复的破坏。伊丽莎白女王在位时为安置农场主和磨坊主修建了很多农舍。这些农舍虽然陈旧，但是墙壁以橡木为梁，紧密黏合在一起的砖块货真价实，经受得住外力冲击。除此之外农舍还安装了电力配套设施。这些农舍将会目睹所谓的豪宅化为乌有。也许有一天，当工人冒险爬上灰尘弥漫的屋顶，轻轻地敲打那些脆弱得好像是黄色硬纸板和糖霜的墙壁和外表，牛津街就会消失不见。

卫道士又开始对此表示不屑一顾。他们认为，如此脆弱不堪和易损的石头和砖块正是我们这个时代浮躁、虚荣、草率和不负责任的真实写照。不过大概他们也会被嘲笑，就好比是要求用铜去铸造百合，或是让雏菊长出不会腐坏的珐琅花瓣。现代伦敦的魅力就在于伦敦的建筑不是为了持久；而是为了消逝。透明玻璃，彩绘玻璃，彩色灰泥的波纹，汹涌而来的快乐与众不同。过去的建造者和赞助商以营造出永垂不朽的形象为骄傲，并认为那才是高贵典雅。我们则给出不同的定义。我们的骄傲在于可以随心所欲使用砖块石头，搭建临时建筑。我们的后代可能在云端或地下生活，我们不是为了他们而建造房屋，我们是为自己，更确切地说是自己的需要。我们按照自己的意愿拆除重建，在破坏中产生创造和生产的冲动。我们鼓励新发现，提倡新创造。

牛津街的宅子无视了希腊、伊丽莎白时期和十八世纪贵族建筑的长处；直到他们设计出能完美展示梳妆盒、巴黎洋装、廉价袜子和罐装浴盐的建筑，直到他们设计出宫殿、宅第、汽车，直到他们设计出装有留声机、无线电和电影的别墅，供克罗顿和索比顿的店员居住，他们才彻底意识到这一切都将会消逝。因此他们出乎意料地把石块展开，再以希腊、埃及、意大利和美式的狂野将它们压到一起，大胆尝试富丽奢华的风格，努力说服大众这种建筑其实美得无与伦比。这里总有新奇好玩的

东西，价格低廉，轻松易得，好像一口看不到尽头的深井每天都冒出气泡。在牛津街，没有比考虑年龄、稳定和持久再奇怪的事情了。

因此，如果卫道士决定下午沿着这条奇特的大道走走，他应该做好准备听到一些古怪不协调的声音。在这里能听到有人在火车和公交车上狂欢高叫。卖乌龟的人说，天知道，我手臂疼；我几乎卖不出乌龟；但要振作！可能马上就有顾客来了；我今晚有没有地方睡觉可全指望它了；如果警察允许，我就推着乌龟沿牛津街走上一整天。做大买卖的商人说，说实话，我没想过要向大众普及高级美感；我绞尽脑汁才明白怎么能浪费最少，效果最好地展示我的商品；把绿龙雕在科林斯柱的顶端可能会有所帮助，让我们试试。中产阶级女士说，我认为，我总是闲逛，这看看那看看，拿东西换东西，讨价还价然后换来一篮又一篮的零料；我知道我两眼放光的样子并不得体，贪婪抢购的行为让人讨厌，但我丈夫不过是银行的小职员；我一年只有十五英镑的置装费；所以我到这里来，到处闲逛，看看我能不能打扮得像邻居那样。我是一个小偷，即使客人不注意的时候，从柜台上抢走手袋也需要很大的勇气；毕竟那里面可能只有眼镜和用过的公交车票。现在就去！

牛津街总是回荡着成千上万诸如此类的声音。一切都紧绷着，一切都是真实的，一切都来自被谋生压力所迫的人无法自抑的倾诉。他们要活着，要找个睡觉的地方，但却不得不无休止地在街上流浪。有人会设想，即使卫道士也要承认，这条俗气、吵闹、粗野的街道提醒我们生活就是战斗；所有的建筑都终会消失，所有的东西都是虚无。从此我们也许可以得出结论—除非聪明的店主心领神会，为孤独的思想者开设悬挂绿丝绒并且有萤火虫和骷髅飞蛾飞来飞去的房间，便于他们进行思考和反省，否则在牛津街任何追求结论的努力都将只是徒劳。

工艺

这个系列的主题是“无法用语言准确表达”，而这篇演讲题为“工艺”，因此，我们认为演讲者想要讨论文字运用技巧—作者的工艺。但是“工艺”这个词应用在文字上，多少有些矛盾和不和谐。平时，每当我们困惑不解时就求助英文词典，但是这次它却加深了我们的困惑。词典上说“craft”这个单词有两个含义：第一个含义是利用材料制作实物—比如，锅、椅子、桌子。第二个含义是诱骗、狡猾和欺诈。现在我们对文字知之甚少，知道的只是—虽然文字不能制造任何实物，但是它却可以分辨真伪。所以，讨论文字关联的技巧就要把两个相互矛盾的概念结合起来，这样大概就可以形成能被博物馆收藏在玻璃罩后面的珍奇宝贝一样的东西。因此，我们有必要更改演讲题目，也许可以换成另一个—文字漫谈。去掉题目的演讲，就好像被砍掉脑袋的母鸡，一直绕圈跑，直到最终死掉—人们把这种人称为母鸡杀手，把这种行为称为无起始演讲的过程或循环。然后让我们回到原点，文字无用。幸好这点众所周知，无须证明。举个例子，当我们去乘地铁，在月台等车，前方悬挂着一块亮灯的招牌，上面写着“经过罗素广场”。我们看到这些文字，自己不断重复，试着表达出脑海中真实的印象：下一列车将经过罗素广场。我们以“经过罗素广场，经过罗素广场”这样的速度一遍又一边地重复。然后一说出来，这些文字就混在一起开始变化。我们发现自己重复说着“一切都消失，消失……树叶枯萎凋落，雾气弥漫。有人出现……”突然清醒过来的时候，发现已经到了国王十字车站。

再举个例子。我们对面的车厢上写着“不要探身窗外”。开始，通过阅读可以了解实际的意思，也就是表面的意思；然而不久，我们坐下来，再读这些文字，发现它们开始混合变化。我们开始说“窗，是的，就是窗—在失掉了的仙域里引动窗扉[1]”。不知不觉，我们就已经探身

窗外；去寻找在异邦的谷田里因想家而落泪的露丝[2]。这样做不是被罚二十磅就是脖子被折断。

如果非要证明，以上的两个例子已经证明了文字天生无用。如果我们坚持并强迫它们违背本性变得实用，将会付出代价。代价就是我们会被文字误导和愚弄，就好像脑袋被重重地打了一下。文字总是用这种方式愚弄我们，因为它们试图证明本性如此，不愿变得实用，只愿意表达一个简单的意思而非许许多多的不同含义—它们总是这样做。好在我们终于开始直面这个问题。我们开始创造另一种语言—一种可以完整优美地表达实用信息的语言，即符号语言。某位无名氏在米其林饮食指南中留下了对酒店的评价—不管这位无名氏是男是女，还是无人知晓的神秘力量—我们所有人都要感激他对符号语言的强大灵活的运用。如果他想告诉我们这家酒店一般，另一家不错，还有一家最好，他要怎么做呢？不需要文字；文字会立刻让人联想到灌木丛、撞球台、男男女女、缓缓升起的月亮和夏天海面上成片的水花—都是些美好的事物，但与主题无关。他选择用符号表达：一个三角，两个三角，三个三角。这就是他表达的，也是他需要表达的。贝德克尔借用了符号语言，并进一步使之成为一种高雅艺术。当他想表达一幅画很好，他给一颗星；如果非常好，两颗；如果对他来说是无与伦比的杰作，就会有三颗星在页面上闪闪发亮。符号语言就是这样。星星和匕首之类的符号简化了整个艺术批评和文学批评—当有人想进行简化的时候。但是这意味着作家需要在写作中同时使用两种语言；一种在现实中使用，一种在作品中使用。当自传家需要表述一个实用必要的事实，比如说，奥利弗·史密斯念大学，并在1892年获得第三名，他会在图五上画一个空心的圆圈。当小说家需要告诉我们约翰按响了门铃，不一会儿女仆打开了门，说“琼斯夫人不在家”，考虑到我们自身，他会更愿意运用符号而不是词语传达这个令人讨厌的信息—也就是说，在图三上写一个大写字母H。因此我们可以期待有那么一天我们的自传和小说都变得简洁有力。同时，用文字标注“不要探身窗外”的铁路公司会被处于不高于五磅的罚款，理由是没有

选择正确的表达方式。

到那时，文字就会变得毫无用处。我们可以研究文字另一积极的特质，也就是表达真理的能力。通过查阅多部字典，我们发现至少有三种对真理的解释：上帝的绝对真理、学术真理和普遍真理（通常真实可信）。但是分别考虑三种真理要花费很长时间。那么就让我们把想法简单化，因为时间是检验真理的唯一标准，而语言最能经受时间变幻，所以语言是最真实的。建筑物会倒塌，甚至地球也终会毁灭。一切不过是沧海桑田，过眼云烟。但是如果运用恰当，文字好像可以永存。那么接下来，我们要问的是，应该如何恰当运用文字？我们说过，文字不表达实用信息，因为实用信息是只能表达一件事的信息。然而文字的本性就是表达多件事。以“经过罗素广场”这个被认为无用的简单句子为例，它除了表面含义，还包括了很多隐藏义。“经过”这个词暗示了事物的转瞬即逝，也就是时间的流逝和人事的变迁。“罗素”这个词暗示了树叶的沙沙声和光滑地面上的短裙，还有贝德福公爵宅第和英格兰一半的历史。最后，“广场”这个词让涂满石灰、轮廓分明的广场形象映入眼帘。因此，最简单的一句话也能唤醒想象、记忆、视觉和听觉—阅读的时候这一切都结合在一起。

然而，尽管它们结合在一起—哪怕这结合也是无意识的，一旦我们察觉到这些暗示，并加以强调，它们就变得不真实，我们也变得不真实了—我们变成了专家、文字游戏者、短句发现者，而不是读者。阅读的时候，我们要让隐藏义继续隐藏着、暗示着，不去挑明，任由它们游离，彼此沟通，好像河床上的芦苇。但是那句话里的词—经过罗素广场—毫无疑问都是非常基本的词。这些词不通过打字机而直接来自脑海。它们奇怪诡谲，充满力量，可以暗示出作者自身的一切，他的性格，他的外貌，他的妻子，他的家庭，他的房子—甚至壁炉前地毯上的猫。文字为什么要这样做，怎么做的，如何防止它们这样做？没有人知道。它们不以作者的意志为转移，总是和作者的意志相反。当然没有作家希望

读者看穿自己的古怪秉性、个人隐私和怪癖。但是真的有作者，这里不是指打字员，可以做到完全客观吗？通常不可避免地，我们都会通过作品了解作者本人。文字具有如此强大的暗示作用，它们常常会把一本糟糕的书变成一个可爱的人，或是把一本好书变成一个我们很难原谅的人。即使是历史悠久的文字也具有这种能力；全新文字的暗示非常强烈，让我们感受不到作家的本意—而只是看到这些文字，听到这些文字。这是我们对在世作家的评价显得异常善变的原因之一。从某种程度上说，只有作家离世，他的文字才可以不受作家本身的影响，变得纯粹。

可以说，这种暗示的力量是文字最为神秘的属性之一。无论谁，哪怕只写过一句话，都会清楚或模糊意识到这一点。文字，或者说英语，自然而然地充满了回响、记忆和联想。多少世纪以来，它们出入于人们的唇齿之间，在住宅、街道和天地中穿梭。这也是今天书写文字的主要困难之一—它们包含了太多含义和记忆，缔结了许多著名婚姻。比如说，“殷红”这个词—谁会在用这个词的时候忘记随之而来的“一碧无垠的大海[3]”？当然，很久之前，当英文还是一门新的语言时，作家可以创造新词。现在创造新词也十分容易—每当我们看到新事物或者产生新的感受，新词就涌到唇边—可是我们不能这样做，因为文字有它的历史。不能在一门历史悠久的语言里使用完全新鲜的词，这一点显而易见却又有些神秘，因为词不是独立存在的个体，而是文字的一部分。如果不是句子的一部分，就不是一个真正的词。文字彼此相关，当然了，只有伟大的作家才会把“殷红”和“一碧无垠的大海”联系在一起。新词和老词的结合会对句子造成致命的打击。为了恰当运用新词，必须要创造一门新的文字；毫无疑问，我们将成功，但那不是当务之急。当务之急是我们能运用现在的英语做些什么。我们怎么把老词用新的顺序组合起来让它们重获新生，光彩再现，吐露真言，这才是问题所在。

如果谁能回答这个问题，他就有资格获得世上任何一顶荣誉的桂

冠。试想，如果写作可教可学意味着什么？每本书每份报纸都说实话，创造美。然而，教授文字的过程中会出现一些障碍和困难。因为即使此刻有百余位教授在讲授过去的文学，千余位批评家在评论现在的文学，成千上万的年轻男女要参加学分最高的英语文学考试，事情并没有发生改变—四百年前没有授课、批评、教学，我们比那时写得更优美，读得更明白吗？我们现在所处的乔治时期的文学比维多利亚时期的文学好得多吗？事实如此，我们应该责备谁呢？不是教授，也不是评论家，更不是作家，而是文字。该责备的是文字。在所有事物中，文字最为不羁、自由、不受束缚、无法教授。当然，你可以捕捉文字，进行分类，并按照字典里的字母表排列顺序。然而文字不在字典里，在脑海中。如果你想证明这个，只要想想我们需要用文字表达情绪的时候总是找不到合适的表达就清楚了。虽然有字典，字母表中有大概五十万个词任凭我们使用，但是我们能灵活运用吗？答案是不能，因为文字不在字典里，而在脑海中。再看一遍字典。毋庸置疑，没有比《安东尼和克里奥佩特拉》更辉煌的戏剧；没有比《夜莺颂》更优美的诗歌；除了《傲慢与偏见》或是《大卫·科波菲尔》之外小说都是外行的粗糙拙劣的作品。秘诀就在于找到正确的词语，并将其恰当排列。但我们就是做不到，因为文字不在字典里，而在脑海中。怎么让它们进入脑海呢？就像千人千面，文字也多种多样，不一而终，有的大相径庭差别迥异，有的一见如故和谐融洽。文字的确不像我们总是被仪式和会议束缚。贵族文字可以和平民结合。只要英语愿意，它可以嫁给法语、德语、梵文和黑人语。实际上，为了保护“她”的名誉，不要去探究亲爱的英语“母亲”的过去。因为“她”实在经历了太多次结合。

这种文字的漂移无法改变，根本无法制定相关规则。我们所能规定的就是一些微不足道的语法和拼写原则。当我们在幽深漆黑偶有光亮的洞穴边缘向内窥探文字的住处—脑海—我们能说的就是它们喜欢人们在运用前先去思考和感受，但不是思考和感受它们，而是别的。文字高度敏感，极易感到不自在。它们不喜欢被别人讨论纯洁与否。如果有人想

创造一个纯洁的英语社会，文字就会创造出一个不纯洁的英语社会来表示抗议—也就是现代英语中反常的语言暴力，这是对文字清教徒的反抗。它们还高度民主，相信每个词都有自己的优势，没学问的词和有学问的词一样好，粗俗的词和高雅的词一样好，在它们的社会里没有阶级或地位之分。文字不喜欢被用钢笔划出来，个别考察。它们结合起来形成句子、段落，或是整篇文章。它们讨厌变得实用功利，讨厌在公共场合发表演讲。简而言之，文字讨厌任何把它们和单一含义结合起来或运用它们表达单一含义的行为，因为其天性善变。

也许这才是文字最令人惊奇的地方—它们渴望变化。为了表达捕捉到的不同真实而变得多种多样，一会儿这样，一会儿那样。因此同一句话在这个人看来是这个意思，在那个人看来是那个意思；这代人觉得难以理解，另一代人觉得一清二楚。正因为这种复杂特殊性，文字才得以生存。我们这一代人中没有伟大的诗人、小说家，或是批评家，原因之一可能就是我们限制了文字的自由。我们只固定使用一个实用含义，这个含义可能会帮我们赶上火车，也可能会让我们通过考试。然而当文字被禁锢，它们就收起了翅膀，默默死去。最后，也是最重要的，像我们一样，文字需要隐私，从而自由自在地活着。当然文字喜欢我们在运用前思考和感受；但是它们更喜欢我们稍事休息，哪怕只是片刻的无意识。我们的无意识成就了文字的隐私；我们的黑暗就是文字的光明……我们的思考停下来，世界垂下黑暗的面纱，此时把文字温柔地召集起来，促成它和完美意象之间的闪婚，成为永不褪去的美好。但是，不—今晚不会发生。小家伙们闹脾气了，它们开始惹麻烦，不听话，装聋作哑。它们到底在低声说些什么呢？“时间到了！安静！”

传记艺术

1

传记艺术，虽然这样说—但是我们会立刻提出一个问题，传记是一门艺术吗？考虑到传记家曾带给我们的那些愉悦，这个问题显得有点愚蠢和狭隘。但是被如此频繁提及的问题背后肯定有些什么。不管何时打开一本崭新的传记，这个问题总会出现在书的每一页；难怪看上去有点死气沉沉，毕竟，传记里提到的人，有几个还尚在人世？

但是传记家认为，人们认为传记总是死气沉沉的原因在于传记与诗歌和小说这样的艺术相比还很稚嫩。对自己和别人感兴趣是人类头脑的最新发展。在英国，直到十八世纪，有关私人生活的描写才开始满足人们的好奇。直到十九世纪，传记才发展成熟，所获颇丰。如果真的只有三位伟大的传记家—约翰逊、伯斯威尔和洛克哈特—是因为时间太短；传记艺术形成发展的时间相对较短的说法已被教科书认可。不过究其原因—为什么散文作家的出现晚于诗人若干世纪，为什么乔叟在亨利·詹姆斯之前出现—最好先把这些无人问津的难题放到一边，让我们去研究传记为什么缺乏杰作。原因是在所有艺术中，传记艺术所受的限制最多。对此有现成的证据。史密斯曾经给琼斯写过传记，他在书的扉页上向曾借给他信件的老朋友和“最后也是最重要的”遗孀琼斯夫人表示感谢。因为如果“少了她的”帮助，他这样写道：“这本传记将无法完成。”他在前言中简单指出，现在的小说家，“书中的每个角色都是虚构的”。也就是说小说家可以自由发挥；传记家却被限制禁锢。

如果是这样，我们就进一步接近了那个不仅难以回答而且可能无法解决的问题：将传记归类为艺术作品意味着什么？无论如何，传记和小

说相互区别—组成内容的不同可以证明这点。一个是借助朋友的帮忙完成的作品，内容来源于事实；另一个是不受限制的自由创作，艺术家酌情选择有利于自己的内容去发挥。因此区别是存在的；我们有充分理由相信过去的传记家也发现了这一点，因为这不仅是区别而且是非常重大的区别。

对于传记写作来说，遗孀和朋友其实是非常严厉的监工。试想，比如，那个聪明男人的道德败坏，脾气暴躁到把靴子扔到女仆的脸上。他的遗孀会说："尽管这样我还是爱他—他是我孩子的父亲；决不能让热爱他作品的广大读者理想破灭。要不换个说法，要不就干脆不说。"传记家只能屈从。因此维多利亚时期传记中的大部分形象都非常僵硬刻板，像被殡葬队伍搬运然后保存在西敏寺的蜡像一样—只有外形和棺材里的死者极为相似。

之后，十九世纪末期传记艺术发生了转变。原因迄今不明，但是遗孀的思想变得更加开放，而大众的目光变得更加敏锐；蜡像一样的人物形象不再能够让人信服或满足人的好奇。自然而然地，传记家获得了相当的创作自由，表现在他至少可以暗示死者还有缺点和不足。弗洛德笔下的卡莱尔绝不是戴着玫瑰红色面具的刻板形象。弗洛德之后是埃德蒙高赛，他敢于承认他父亲也会犯错。紧接着埃德蒙高赛之后，就是在二十世纪初叶出现的利顿·斯特雷奇。

2

利顿·斯特雷奇作为传记史上非常重要的人物，值得我们稍作停顿仔细研究。他的三本名著—《伟大的维多利亚时代》《维多利亚女王》和《伊丽莎白女王》，高水平地展示了传记的取舍。同时也回答了一些问题，如传记是否是艺术，如果不是，为什么。

利顿·斯特雷奇作为一位作家实在是生逢其时。1918年，他出版了

第一本传记，灵活自由的风格备受关注。对于像他这样对自己创作诗歌或剧本的能力存疑的作家来说，传记写作似乎是一个大有前途的选择。因为归根结底，如实记录逝者的生平总是能做到的。维多利亚时期盛产如同石膏雕塑一般的光辉形象，实际情况被严重扭曲。为了重现事实，呈现传记人物真实的模样，正需要和诗人或小说家同样的艺术天赋，而不用他自认缺少的原创能力。

事实证明传记写作非常值得一试。在《伟大的维多利亚时代》的创作过程中，他既饱受煎熬又兴致勃勃；这本书的成功可以证明他的笔触足以让曼宁、弗洛伦斯·南丁格尔、戈登和其他人重生，因为他们本就有血有肉。这些人多次成为舆论焦点。戈登酗酒是真事，或不过是杜撰而已？弗洛伦斯·南丁格尔是在卧室里还是客厅里接受勋章？尽管当时欧洲正处于硝烟战火之中，纷乱复杂，他依然激起大众的热情，去探寻名人生活的细枝末节。书中的描写痛苦和欢乐交织，十分精彩，因此他的书一版再版。

但是这些都是他创作的着重人物形象刻画的短小文章。他在描写伊丽莎白和维多利亚两位伟大女王的生活时进行了更为大胆的尝试。这是传记从未有过的展现其作为的好机会。现在机会就在眼前，他用所有自由灵活的创作赢得了这个机会。他的表现十分无畏，因为他已经证明了自己的才能非常卓越，完全能够胜任这项工作。结果是，传记的特性变得更加明显。有人在几次阅读之后还会质疑，难道两者相比，《维多利亚女王》获得巨大成功，而《伊丽莎白女王》则是惨败吗？其实如果我们这样比较，并不是利顿·斯特雷奇的失败，而是传记艺术的失败。在《维多利亚女王》中，他把传记当作一种技巧，甘受限制。在《伊丽莎白女王》中，他把传记当作一门艺术，打破束缚。

然而我们还要质疑这个结论的来源及其依据。首先，对于传记家来说，为两位女王写传的难点明显不同。维多利亚女王的一切都为人所

知。她的所作所为，甚至她的所思所想都人尽皆知。没有谁的生平像维多利亚女王那样得到了清楚地验证。传记家无法进行原创，因为每时每刻手边的资料都会提醒他的写作和历史不同。因此，创作《维多利亚女王》的时候，利顿·斯特雷奇妥协了。他将传记家甄选和关联资料的能力发挥到极限，但是严格控制在事实范围内。保证每句话都有依据；每个事实都有来源。事实证明他对老女王的生活描述，就像伯斯威尔对字典创始人的描述一样。利顿·斯特雷奇笔下的维多利亚女王是为众人认可的维多利亚女王，正如伯斯威尔笔下的约翰逊是现在普遍接受的约翰逊博士一样。其他版本终会消失不见。无疑，在此之前他已经取得了巨大的成就，不过他渴望更进一步。所以才创作出这样真实可信有血有肉的维多利亚女王。然而不容置疑的是她的形象仍然存在局限。传记难道无法拥有诗歌一般的热烈，戏剧一般的激情？传记的特点难道只能是尊重事实和实际取材吗？

伊丽莎白女王似乎是一个非常适合进行大胆尝试的传记对象。人们对她的事迹不甚了解。她所生活的年代久远，那个时代人们的风俗、想法甚至行为十分奇特。“我们运用哪种艺术才能进入这些奇怪的思想，或是潜入更奇怪的部分中？我们越清楚怎么运用，就越偏离那个奇特的世界。”利顿·斯特雷奇在首页上写下这样的话。但是很明显，《伊丽莎白女王》是一段具有可塑性的悲剧历史，鲜为人知，所以惹人遐思。一切都非常适合写进书中，两个世界的优势集合在一起，赋予了艺术家极大的创作自由，并为创作提供事实依据—这本书不仅仅是一本传记，还是一部艺术作品。

尽管作家费尽心思，一切只是徒劳，因为事实和杜撰无法完美结合。伊丽莎白女王既不像维多利亚女王的形象那样真实，也不像克里奥佩特拉或孚斯塔夫那样富有戏剧性。原因似乎是，无人知晓—虽然他勇于创新，但是变得小有名气之后—他的创新却遇到了阻碍。因此女王身处一个位于事实和杜撰之间的模棱两可的世界。在那个既不抽象也不具

体的世界，读者能感受到作家的茫然和努力，然而女王的形象十分中庸，毫不出彩，虽然没有任何批评，仍然算是失败。

如果判断正确，我们必须要承认传记自身存在问题：总是强加条件，条件就是必须要建立在事实基础上。我们说的传记里的事实是非艺术家也会认可的事实。如果像艺术家一样创作—不存在佐证无法对比的原创—并且试图将原创和事实结合起来，结果就是两败俱伤。

在《维多利亚女王》一书中，利顿·斯特雷奇似乎非常清楚地意识到这种条件的必要性，并且本能地屈从了。“女王的前四十二年，”他这样写道，“因为大量分门别类的官方信息而变得光辉夺目，直到阿尔伯特逝世，她才蒙上面纱。”随着阿尔伯特逝世，面纱落下，官方信息派不上用场，他意识到传记家必须依照前例。“我们乐于进行简短概括。”他这样写道，最后的几年被概括介绍。但是伊丽莎白女王的一生远比维多利亚女王的最后几年更为神秘。因此，他不再进行简短概括，而是开始写一本书，这本书包含了奇怪想法和由于可靠信息的缺失而变得更为奇怪的部分。以他当时的能力来说，这种大胆的尝试注定失败。

3

因此，每当传记家抱怨，说自己被朋友、信件和文件束缚时，其实不过是指出了传记创作不可避免的因素，当然也是不可避免的限制。因为原创人物生活在一个只有作家自己了解的世界里。在那个世界里，事实的真伪完全取决于作家的想法。和由其他人提供的真实信息创造出的世界相比，在作家自己想法支配下创造出的世界更为珍贵、热情和和谐。因为这样的差距，两个世界无法融合，如果妄图结合就会造成两败俱伤。我们似乎可以得出这样的结论：没有谁能同时在两个世界称雄；你必须作出选择，然后接受自己的选择。

尽管如此，《伊丽莎白女王》这本书并非毫无价值，它的失败开启

了新的成功，因为这是传记家倾尽全力完成的大胆试验。利顿·斯特雷奇如果还在人世，也会十分确信是自己拓展了传记原创这条道路。事实也是这样，他为我们指出了后人前进的方向。传记家服从事实—应该这样。但是，即便如此，他也有权利支配所有可供挑选的事实。如果琼斯的确把靴子扔在女仆脸上，有一个情妇住在伊斯林顿，或是一夜风流之后醉倒在水沟里，那么传记家就有权利将这些事实写进书里—只要反诽谤法和人类情感允许的话。

但是这类事实和科学事实不同—科学事实一经发现，就保持不变。这类事实随想法变化而变化，想法则随时间变化而变化。现如今，通过心理学家举例说明，我们都知道关于罪恶的思考可能是种不幸；或是种好奇；或两者皆非，不过是不值一提毫不重要的琐碎之事。人们对性的想法也不断变化。这些变化使得大量消亡事物的毁灭模糊了人们的真实特征。过去经常出现的一些标题—大学生活、婚姻、事业—其实起得武断又造作。如今人们对书中主人公的生活的看法改变了。

因此传记家要走在我们这些人的前面，像矿工肩上的金丝雀一样，检测气氛，探寻虚伪、不真实和过时习惯的存在。传记家必须能活跃而谨慎地感受周围的事实。必须重申的是，因为我们生活的时代有众多来自报纸、信件和日记的摄像头，从不同角度关注每一个方面，传记家必须准备好认识同一张脸孔的矛盾两面。传记家的视线会对准奇怪的角落，从而扩大观察范围。如果事实的来源广泛，传记的内容就会十分丰富，不会杂乱无章令人困惑。因为很多不为人知的事情现在为人们所了解，我们不禁扪心自问，是否只有伟大人物的人生才应该被记录？难道不是每一个曾经活过，并留下生活记录的人都值得写传记吗—不管他是失败还是成功，卑微还是显赫？此外，究竟什么是伟大，什么是渺小？传记家必须修正我们关于美德的标准，树立新的值得崇拜的形象。

因此，传记的发展刚刚起步。我们可以肯定的是它还要面临漫长的积极的发展道路—途中会遇到困难，危险和艰苦。不管怎样，我们还可以肯定的是和诗歌小说的发展道路不同—传记的不那么紧张刺激。因此传记作品注定不会不朽，尽管每位作家都希望自己的作品永垂不朽。

已有事实证明传记的发展不会如作家所愿。伯斯威尔笔下的约翰逊博士不会像莎士比亚笔下的孚斯塔夫一样长久。我们也几乎可以确定米考伯[4]和贝茨小姐[5]会远远胜过沃尔特·斯科特爵士笔下的洛克哈特先生和利顿·斯特雷奇笔下的维多利亚女王。因为原创人物是用更为持久的要素构建起来的。丰富的想象力剥夺了易逝的事实的光彩；作家的创作素材本就优越，传记家却只能在字里行间写出这些终将消失的事实。几乎一切都要消失，只有个别得到留存。因此我们可以得出结论，传记家是工匠，不是艺术家；他的作品不是艺术品，而是模棱两可的中间产物。

如果浅谈传记，传记家的作品其实是无价之宝，我们表示再多的感谢也无法匹及。我们无法生活在尽是丰富想象的世界里。想象很快就会疲倦，需要休息和提神。但是，对疲倦的想象力来说，最好的补给不是劣俗的诗歌或不入流的小说—这些会让想象力变得迟钝和堕落—而是“严肃的事实”，正如利顿·斯特雷奇在优秀的传记作品中向我们展示的那样。一个真实的人生活过的时代和地方，他如何观察，他如何打扮，他的日常生活如何，他的亲戚朋友怎样，他的爱人怎样，他何时去世，去世时是不是像一个基督教徒一样躺在床上，等等。

传记家告诉我们这些真正的事实，从大事中发现细微，进行概括总结，这样我们就了解了全部。其实传记家比任何诗人或小说家更能启发想象力。因为很少有诗人和小说家可以承受向我们提供事实的巨大压力。但是几乎每一个传记家，如果他尊重事实，都能提供给我们很多事实，丰富我们的知识储备。传记家告诉我们一些事实，这些事实可以创

新，可以发挥作用，可以提示和发展。对此有确切证据。就像读诗或读小说会产生共鸣一样，我们读完传记后将它搁置一旁，会发现一些场景还是非常鲜明，人物形象还在脑海深处栩栩如生，就好像我们回忆起往事。

对当代文学的印象

当代读者一定会对此印象深刻：同一时刻两位评论家坐在同一张桌子旁边，却对同一本书产生了截然相反的态度。一方面，这本书被认为是一本英文散文杰作；同时另一方面，如果火不会被它扑灭的话，它就是一厚叠理应被扔入火中的废纸。然而这两位评论家对弥尔顿和济慈持相同观点。他们如此表现是出于自身的敏锐感受和毋庸置疑的由衷热忱。只有当他们讨论当代作家的作品时，才会不可避免地起争执。引起他们争论的这本书不过出版了两个月左右，一位评论家认为它对英国文学的影响不仅立竿见影，而且很可能长期持续；另一位评论家则认为这本书不过是胡乱拼凑的无稽之谈。下面会解释为什么两者得出的结论不同。

此解释让人费解。读者和作家都一样为难；读者想在混乱的当代文学中找到方向；作家则自然而然地想了解自己在几乎一片漆黑中费尽心思创作出的作品是否有可能在英国文学名作中崭露头角，还是正相反，被人置之不理付之一炬。但是如果先将自己定义为读者，去探讨读者的困境，我们就不会感到这样迷惑。类似的事之前也经常发生。甚至从罗伯特·埃尔斯米尔[6]开始，平均一年两次，在春秋时分，我们都能听到学者们对新书的反对和对旧书的赞同。斯蒂芬·菲利普斯的书随处可见，然而即便这样，仍然有很多人并不喜欢。不过如果两位绅士观点一致，都认为布朗克的书是一本无可争议的杰作，我们就不得不面对一个抉择，是否要花上十先令六便士的书费去支持他们的观点，这的确更让人惊讶和心烦。这两位都是著名的评论家，哪怕是脱口而出甚至是不假思索的意见，都会作为对英美地区文学的评论，被收录进严肃的散文专栏。

固有的愤世嫉俗会让我们对当代的天才人物产生狭隘的不信任感，我们会不知不觉说出这样的话：如果评论家观点一致，那只是说明他们无事可做。当代文学根本不值得花钱，一张图书馆借书卡足矣。因为问题依然没有解决，让我们直接向评论家提问。如今的读者对已去世的作家毫无敬意，却被一个问题困扰，尊敬已去世的作家是否与理解在世的作家息息相关，于此难道没有任何相关指导吗？两位评论家快速调查后都遗憾地表示并没有这样的人。他们的评价为什么和新书相关呢？当然不是因为那十先令六便士的书费。他们丰富的经验告诉我们一些过去因鲁莽行为而造成严重后果的例子；如果他们评论去世的作家，却对在世的作家大加赞赏，就犯了评论界的众怒，会丢掉工作，毁掉声誉。他们提出的唯一建议就是尊重并无畏地追随自己的直觉，不要受任何在世的评论家或书评作者的影响，更不要反复阅读过去的著作质疑自己的直觉。

正是因为这些人，我们不得不表明事情不总是如此。尽管具体内容不为人知，我们相信曾有一条定律或规律约束着广大的读者群众。并不是说杰出的评论家—德莱顿、约翰逊、柯尔雷基和阿诺德—一定会对当代作品作出完美的判断，尽管他们的评语不会永久地印在书上，也不会省去读者自省的问题。但至少他们的存在会产生集中影响。他们随意给出一些书评，不难想象仅仅这样就能压制餐桌上人们的意见分歧，却让现在的学术权威费尽心机也不得其解。不同的学派会一如既往地热烈讨论，但是每个读者心里都会有这样的想法，至少有一个人会接近文学的主旨：如果你允许他有瞬间反常，他会凭一己之力与永恒接轨，无视赞美和责备，逆风向前。但是说到成为一个评论家，性格要大方，时机要成熟。当代社会分散的餐桌，构成社会的种种思潮的追逐和漩涡，只有涉猎极广的大人物才镇得住。值得我们期待的那个伟人到底在哪里？我们有书评作者但是没有评论家；我们有百万个能干正直的警察但是没有法官。有品位、有学识、有本领的人都在给年轻人讲学，都在为过去歌功颂德。但是他们灵活多产的笔触却总是让鲜活的文学组织干燥脱水变

成小巧的骨骼。我们感受不到德莱顿那样的激情，也感受不到济慈那样温和天然的性情，或是他那样深远的洞察力和清晰的理智，或是柯尔雷基对诗歌的全身心投入，尤其是他作品中最常被人引用的伟大言论会在阅读时散发光热，正如书的灵魂一般。

对这一切，评论界也都慷慨大方地表示赞同。他们认为伟大的评论家极罕见。但是一旦他奇迹般地出现，我们如何支持，或者我们提供些什么？如果伟大的评论家本身不是伟大的诗人，那么他们一定得到了时代的哺育。有一些大评论家需要支持，有一些学派有待创立或毁灭，但是我们的时代已经到了贫乏的边缘，还没有谁一枝独秀技压群雄。没有什么大师，能够让年轻人骄傲自豪地成为他的学徒。很久之前哈代就淡出文坛；康拉德的才能带着一丝异国情调，这让他无法具有偶像般的影响力，虽然也被尊敬爱戴，但却有几分淡泊疏离。就其他人来说，尽管为数众多，极富热情，作品层出不穷，至今无人能对同时期的人产生影响，或是透过今天我们这个时代到达并不十分遥远的将来，成为我们津津乐道的不朽伟人。如果我们进行一个世纪测试，看看现在英国出版的书一百年后有多少还会存在，必须要说我们不光在哪本书这个问题上存在分歧，更令人质疑的是是否会有这么一本书。这是一个支离破碎的时代。几节诗，几页书，到处都是的章节，这部小说的开头，那部小说的结尾，对最好的时代或者作家来说都是一样的。但是我们能留给后代几打零散的书页，或让那时的读者从所有摆在他们面前的文学里大海捞针一般挑出少得可怜的华彩篇章吗？这些就是评论家可以堂堂正正放在桌面上，和作为同伴的小说家和诗人一起讨论的问题。

开始时，悲观主义似乎足以克服所有阻力占到上风。是的，我们再重复一遍，这是一个贫乏的时代，诸多方面都可以证实；但是，坦白地说，如果将两个世纪作比较，结果十分明显，我们被狠狠压倒。《韦弗利》、《远游》、《忽必烈汗》、《唐璜》、赫兹里特的散文、《傲慢与偏见》、《海伯利安》和《自由的普罗米修斯》都出版于1800到1821

年。我们这个世纪不缺乏工业；但是如果说到杰作，不得不承认悲观主义者是正确的。似乎天才的时代之后是努力尝试的时代，再之后是喧嚣奢靡的时代。当然，这些放弃了不朽的机会而建筑井然有序的房屋的人们理应得到荣誉。但是如果我们说到杰作，何处可寻？我们知道有一些诗可以长存；济慈、戴维斯、德拉梅尔、劳伦斯，他们的诗当然拥有辉煌的瞬间，但是和长存不同。毕尔勃姆在他的领域是完美的，但那不是一个很大的领域。《遥远的过往》中的篇章无疑将会流芳百世。《尤利西斯》带来了值得纪念的伟大变动—十分大胆，变动剧烈。于是，我们挑挑选选，这样那样地摘出一些，拿出来展示，却感到被排斥或嘲笑，最后不得不同意评论家的反对意见，这的确是一个缺乏持之以恒的努力的时代，到处都是凌乱的碎片，根本无法与之前的那个时代相提并论。

这些说法盛行一时，我们也屈从于说话者的权威，然而却非常清楚有些时候我们连自己的话也无法相信。再重复一遍，这是一个贫乏枯竭的时代。我们不得不满怀嫉妒地回顾从前。但是同时，这也是初春晴朗的一天。生活总是不乏色彩。就连电话，总是打断严肃对话、缩短重要评论的电话，也别有一番情趣。虽然人们不经意的对话很难永垂不朽，但是在一个有灯，有街，有房子，有人们，或美丽或奇异的背景下倾吐心声，这一切交织在一起本就成为永恒。但这是生活；而我们谈论的是文学。我们必须试图将两者分开，反对悲观主义的优越合理，为乐观主义的鲁莽叛乱正名。

我们的乐观大体上说来自本能，来自晴朗的天气、美酒和畅谈，来自生活每日赐予的财富和最健谈的人也表达不出的启示。尽管我们尊敬爱戴死者，我们还是更喜欢生活本来的样子。就算我们可以选择生活在过去的任何时代，眼下也总有一些东西是我们不愿意交换的。当代文学尽管有不足和缺点，却还是那么富有魅力，那么吸引我们，就像一个我们每天都批评斥责却无法失去的亲人。它具有一种和蔼可亲的品质，这一点和我们自己，我们的作品以及我们生活的地方很相似。它并不居高

临下，与我们保持距离，从外部审视，也没有像我们这代人如此强烈地怀念同时代。我们和先人被生生割裂开来。规模上的变化—几世纪以来一直保持原位的群体突然下跌—从上到下动摇了组织结构，把我们和过去割裂开来，可能使我们太过清楚地认识，到自身所处的现代。每天我们发现自己忙着，说着，或者想着对父辈来说不可能的事情。我们感觉到比起已经被完美诠释的相同点，不同点还没有引起足够多的关注。新书吸引我们去阅读，有几分希望能够反映我们重新变化的态度—这些场景、想法以及明显不和谐的偶然组合带来强烈的新奇感—并且，就像文学一样，回到我们的管辖范围，完整且便于理解。这的确是乐观主义的所有理由。我们这个时代拥有许多愿意表达将他们和过去割裂的不同点的作家，他们不愿表达将他们和过去连接的相同点，这些作家比任何其他时代的都更多。提起任何一位的名字都可能会惹人不快，但是即便是最肤浅的读者，只要对诗歌、小说或是传记稍有留意，就一定会对我们这个时代的勇气、真诚，简单地说，其广泛的原创性印象深刻。但是我们的快乐被莫名其妙地剥夺了。很多书都给我们一种承诺无法实现、知识贫乏、生活里被攫取的光彩没有转化为文学的感觉。当代作品中的佼佼者往往来自压力下的记录或潦草的速记，当人物在场景里出现，他们的行为和表情就会被以惊人的才华保留下来。但这些场景总是一闪而过，对此我们非常不满。快乐有多深，烦恼就有多重。

无论如何，我们回到了起点，在两端之间摇摆不定，这一刻还是狂热，下一刻就变成悲观，无法得出任何有关我们当代文学的结论。我们曾向评论家寻求帮助，但是他们觉得这件事不值一提。现在，正是通过咨询过去的杰作，接受他们的建议，修正这些极端的时候。我们感觉自己不得不这样做，不是被冷静的判断驱使，而是急切需要把我们的不稳定寄托在他们的稳定上。但是，说实话，今昔对比带来的震撼一开始令人不知所措。毋庸置疑，名著多少有些沉闷。华兹华斯、斯科特和奥斯汀的书中满是无所谓的平静，平静到让人想睡觉。他们忽略出现的机会，无视积聚的色彩和细节。他们看上去十分从容，不去满足被当代人

快速刺激的感官：视觉、听觉、触觉—尤其是，人类自身的感觉，他的深度，想法的多样性，他的复杂性，他的困扰，等等，简言之，人本身。华兹华斯、斯科特和奥斯汀的书中对这些表现得很少。那些逐步产生、令人愉快，最后彻底地征服我们的安全感从何而来呢？这力量来自他们的信仰—加在我们身上的他们的信念。这一点在哲学诗人华兹华斯的身上体现得非常明显。闲适的斯科特也是一样，他总是在早餐之前草草几笔写出惊世之作。至于那位内向的未婚女士，则是在安静中单纯为了愉悦自己悄悄进行写作。这两位身上有一点相似，那就是都相信生活是平稳的。他们具有自己的行为判断。他们了解人和人之间以及人和世界之间的关系。他们可能都不会说出非常绝对的话，但是一切都依附其上。我们发现自己只是在表达信念，其他的一切都自行而来。举个简单的例子，我想起最近出版的《沃森一家》，一个美丽的女孩出于本能想去安慰一个在舞会上被冷落的男孩，只要你觉得这样绝对合理，你不仅会让一百年后的人们有同样的感觉，还会让他们感觉到文学。因为那种确定性是创作作品的条件。相信你的感觉能抓住一些对别人有益的东西，就可以从个人的限制束缚中解脱出来，像斯科特一样自由，充满热情地去发掘迷住我们的这个新奇浪漫的世界。这也是简·奥斯汀作为一个伟大作家所擅长的神秘加工过程的第一步。选择曾经的经历，深信不疑，把自己置之事外，然后准确地安排好位置；她非常自如地把这一切完成，使之成为文学的完整状态，整个过程不会向分析家泄露任何秘密。

当代作家让我们苦恼，因为他们没有信念。即使他们中最真诚的作家也只会告诉我们他自己身上发生了什么。他们无法创造一个世界，因为他们不能自如面对其他人。他们不会讲故事因为他们不相信故事是真实的。他们不会归纳。他们只依靠自己的感官和情感，尽管的确非常真实，而不愿依靠提供模糊信息的知识。他们被迫不去使用最具威力和技艺最精巧的武器。尽管坐拥英国文学的全部财富，他们却只是快速翻过一本又一本书。他们匆匆写下从外部观点选定的一个新鲜角度，热情地

记下一闪而过的光芒，这点亮了什么？瞬息的光彩可能什么也不是。但是评论家在其中干涉，带着几分正义感。

如果这个描述站得住脚，如他们所言，并且不像可能的那样，完全依赖我们在桌边的位置和相当单纯像芥末瓶和花瓶一样的个人关系，那么评判当代文学的风险要比从前更大。如果他们的评论不着调也是情有可原的。就如马修·阿诺德建议的那样，从当今燃烧的区域退回到过去安全的平静更好。“我们进入一片燃烧的区域。”马修·阿诺德写道，“就在我们走近距离不远的那个时代的诗歌，拜伦、雪莱和华兹华斯的诗歌里面的价值评判不只是个人的，还是满怀热情的个人。”他们让我们想起，这些话写于1880年。他们提醒我们，注意观察放在显微镜下的每寸丝带，尽管它绵延不绝；如果我们毫无作为，事物就自己分类；节制和研究经典得到推崇。不仅如此，人生短暂；不久即将庆祝拜伦百年诞辰。此刻迫在眉睫的问题是，他到底有没有和他的妹妹结婚？总结一下，就是—如果的确任何一个结论都有可能的话，当每个人现在都说话，时间在不断流逝—对如今的作家而言，放弃创作杰作的希望似乎较为明智。他们的诗歌、喜剧、传记和小说不是书而是笔记。时间，好比一位优秀的老师，会手把手地教导，指出他们的缺点、草率和不足，把作品全都撕碎；但是他不会扔进废纸篓中。他会一直保留，因为别的学生会发现非常有用。未来的杰作出自今天的笔记。正如评论家刚才所说的，文学历史悠久，历经变革。尽管一些小争端可能搅得海面波涛汹涌，让小船不得安宁，但过分夸张它们的重要性则显得目光短浅心胸狭隘。狂风暴雨不过是表面现象，平和隽永才是本质。

对于评论家来说，他们的任务是评价当代的新书，我们承认这些评价会有几分艰涩难懂，常常令人心生不快。我们希望评论家们给当代文学予以鼓励，对那些花环花冠式的作品予以宽恕，它们偏离正道，易于消逝，还让戴花冠的对象在半年时间里着上去有点可笑。让评论家们更加自由，更加客观地对待当代文学和作者，置身其中，共同努力完成当

代文学这座伟大的建筑，尽管可能个别工人的名字不详。希望他们重重关上门，尽管门的那一边温馨和谐，可以享受无数物美价廉的食物，哪怕只有一次，不再讨论那个令人兴奋的话题—拜伦是否和他的妹妹结婚—然后，离开我们坐着闲谈的桌子，哪怕离开一点，聊一些和文学本身有关的话题。如果他们要离去，我们要尽一切努力挽留，让他们想起那位瘦削的贵族女士，赫斯特·斯坦霍普夫人。她在马棚养了一匹乳白色的马，为的是有一天救世主能够骑上她的马在山顶鸟瞰世界，一览美景。虽然她等得心急如焚，但一直相信救世主总会出现，因此她从未放弃等待。评论家应该向她学习；认真感受现在，观察过去和未来之间的联系，为即将到来的杰作做好准备。

为什么

《吕西斯特拉忒》的第一期出版了，我承认十分失望。书的纸张质量上乘，印刷精美，看上去十分成功，尽善尽美。我一页页地翻着，感觉好像财富突然降临到萨默维尔。我本打算以消极的态度回应编辑的约稿请求，但值得欣慰的是，当我读到其中一位作者衣着简陋，另一位女作者毕业于实力和威望均很弱的大学时，我开始打起精神，许许多多迫切求解的问题涌上心头："终于轮到我们了。"

和今天很多人一样，我也总是被许多问题困扰。我发现在街上很难不走走停停，有时可能就站在路中间，问为什么。教堂、酒吧、议会、商店、喇叭、汽车、空中飞机的嗡嗡声，和男男女女全都让我发问。然而，只向自己发问有什么意义呢？这些问题应该在公共场合公开提出。但是财富让公开提问变得非常困难。每个问题结尾处那个小小的弯曲的符号能让有钱人变得苦恼；权力和声望强烈反对它。因此，如果问题敏感、冲动或是有点可笑，则一定要仔细选择提问的场合。这样那样的问题被权力、荣华富贵和陈词滥调包围着慢慢枯萎。它们还没进入有影响力的新闻办公室，就在门口一批批死去。它们溜到了令人讨厌的不发达地区，那里的人们贫困潦倒，什么也给不了，无权无势，因此没什么可失去。一直困扰我让我想发问的问题，无论是对是错，如今都应该在《吕西斯特拉忒》中提出。问题们说："我们从没指望你会在……提及我们。"这里它们说出了一些最体面的日报和周报的名字；"也不是……"这里它们说出了一些最受人崇拜的机构的名字。"但是，感谢上帝！"它们大声说，"女子大学的学生不是又穷又年轻吗？她们不是热爱创新勇于冒险吗？她们不是正要创造一个新的……"

"编辑不准写女性主义。"我严肃地打断它们。

“女性主义是什么？”它们异口同声地喊出来，因为我没有立刻回答，它们又抛给我一个新问题：“你不觉得是时候创造新的……”

但是我打断了它们的话，提醒它们我只能写两千字。如果字数超过了，文章就会被退回来，重新修改。最后我提出了一个请求，我可以采用其中最简单、温和、容易理解的一两个问题。比如，每当社团开始活动，或大学开学时频繁出现的问题—为什么讲课，为什么听讲？

为了好好提出这个问题，我会这样陈述，记忆会留住画面的鲜活，但正如伊丽莎白女王说过的那样，总有那么一个机会，虽然不常见但是永远不用过分悲伤，鉴于友情，或为获取法国大革命的相关信息，去听课是必要的。开始的时候，教室看上去让人摸不清头绪—既不让人休息，也不让吃东西。墙上可能挂着一张地图。当然讲台上会有一张桌子，还有几排又矮又硬很不舒服的小椅子。椅子上面陆陆续续坐满了人，有男有女。不光椅子看上去有点勉强，听课的人也是这样。有些人拿着笔记本，轻轻敲着钢笔；有些人空手而来瞪着牛蛙般的大眼沉默地望着天花板。大钟无精打采；时间一到，一个满脸无奈的男人大步走进教室。他脸上没有常人的表情，取而代之的是紧张、自负，或许还有压抑，仿佛这个艰难的任务令他变得没有一点正常人的样子。这时教室内一阵骚动。因为他写过书，而观察写过书的人是非常有趣的，所以每个人都盯着看他。他头顶光秃秃的，没有一根头发，嘴唇和下巴也与常人无异；总之，就算他写过书，也看不出和别人有什么不同。他清了清嗓子开始讲课。人的声音具有多种功能：它可以使人着迷让人得到安抚，也可以勾起怒火让人感到沮丧；但是在讲课过程中，只是让人心烦。他教授的内容其实非常合理，有学识，有论据，有推论，但是听着听着，注意力就涣散了。大钟看起来满脸惨白，指针也虚弱无力。莫非它们得了痛风，或是水肿？缓慢移动的动作让人想起一只三条腿的苍蝇痛苦地在冬天挣扎存活。平均有多少只苍蝇能活过英国的冬天？如果发现自己出现在讲授法国大革命的课堂上，这样一只昆虫会怎么想？这么想完全

是白费功夫。已经溜号了—那一段已经讲过去了，没必要让老师重复。他讲得非常吃力但却很坚持自我。要找到法国大革命的源头—苍蝇的想法也要找到。千里以外也能运筹帷幄是这门课程的目的之一。“略过这段吧！”我们向他提出请求—没用；他没有略过。这简直就是一个笑话。然后老师的声音再次响起，窗户好像需要清洗，有女人打了一个喷嚏；老师的声音开始变快，马上到结论了，然后—感谢上帝！—终于下课了。

生命如此短暂，为什么要浪费时间来上课？好几世纪前就发明了印刷，为什么他不打印讲义非要自己讲课呢？这样，在冬天的炉火边，或是夏天的苹果树下，我们都可以阅读，反复思考，并且讨论讲义；我们还可以斟酌疑难问题，彼此争论。我们会学得更好更深刻。如果讲课的话，老师不得不降低难度，时不时活跃气氛，以便吸引各种各样听众的注意，否则他们很容易去研究鼻子啊下巴啊，要不就是打喷嚏的女人还有苍蝇的寿命，讲义则无须这样的内容重复和难度降低。

我要说的是，外行可能不清楚，大学里设置讲课是大学规章制度的重要组成部分。但是为什么—另一个问题冲上前线—如果讲课是教育的必要形式之一，不应该取消它的娱乐作用吗？总是等到每年春天，迎春花盛开，山榉树变红，英格兰、苏格兰和爱尔兰的所有大学里焦急的秘书才贴出如泉涌般的告示邀请这样那样的人莅临，讲授有关艺术、文学、政治或者伦理方面的课程—这是为什么呢？

过去，报纸稀缺，一份报纸要在办公大楼和教区住宅间小心地传阅。这种情况下努力复习和传播思想无疑是非常必要的。但是现在，桌子上每天都散落着文章和小册子，里面的思想各种各样，比口口相传更为简洁，为什么还要坚持过时的传统？不但浪费时间和力气，还助长了人性的阴暗面—自负、虚荣、逞强和改变宗教信仰的意愿。如果你的长辈们是再普通不过的男男女女，为什么非要让他们变成道学先生和先

知？如果你只关注他们头发的颜色和苍蝇的寿命，为什么要让他们在讲台站上四十分钟？为什么不让他们和你平起平坐，亲切愉快地对话，或者倾听？为什么不创造一个建立在贫穷和平等基础上的新型社会？为什么不把人们都聚集在一起，不论年龄和性别，也不论名人还是平民，这样大家可以不用走上讲台，不用朗读论文，不用非得穿昂贵的衣服或是吃昂贵的食物，只是单纯的交谈？难道这样一个社会，这样一种教育模式，不比过去读过的所有艺术和文学的相关论文更为优越？为什么不消灭道学先生和先知？为什么不让人们心灵相通？为什么不试试？

我已经说够了“为什么”这个词，我要纵容自己想想过去、现在和将来的社会大体特征。突然看到特里尔夫人取悦约翰逊博士、荷兰夫人和马考雷勋爵开玩笑的有趣画面，一阵喧哗甚嚣尘上，我几乎听不到自己思考的声音。然后喧哗的原因渐渐清晰。因为愚蠢的我不小心用了“文学”这个词。如果说只有一个词能让人发问并造成混乱，这个词一定是“文学”。他们叫喊着，提出有关诗歌小说和批评的问题，每个都希望自己被听到，每个都觉得自己的问题才是那个唯一值得回答的问题。最后，他们破坏了我脑海中所有关于荷兰夫人和约翰逊博士的美好画面。其中一个坚持认为就算他有点愚蠢鲁莽也要胜于他人，所以他应该优先。他的问题是，如果能自己读书，为什么要在大学里学习英国文学？我要说的是，提出一个已经得到回答的问题是非常愚蠢的—我相信，大学已经在教授英国文学了。不仅如此，如果我们要开始就此进行讨论，我们至少要写二十本书，但是我们只剩下大概七百字了。鉴于他十分急切，我想我还是会问这个问题，尽我所能，在下面这个对话片段里插入这个问题，并且不夹杂任何我自己的观点。

有一天我去拜访我的一位朋友，她的工作是审稿。当我走进房间的时候，觉得有点暗。但是，窗户开着，正是春天里的好天气，那么应该是精神上有点暗淡—我内心的恐惧和忧伤影响了我。不过在那之后，她说的第一句话让我更加害怕：

“哎，可怜的孩子！”她大声说，绝望地把正读着的手稿扔在地上。我问，她的亲友是不是在驾驶或登山途中发生了什么意外？

“如果你觉得以伊丽莎白时期十四行诗发展为主题的三百页手稿是个意外，那么就是了。”她这样说道。

“就因为这个？”我如释重负地回答。

“就因为这个？”她反问，“这还不够吗？”然后，她一边在房间里走来走去一边大声说，“他从前是个聪明的男孩，值得一谈；从前他热爱英国文学。但是现在—”她耸耸肩好像无法用语言表达，悲愤和谩骂接踵而来。想到她每天读手稿的生活有多艰难，我就原谅了她，但是我没法和她一起讨论，我只知道这是一篇关于英国文学的文章。“如果你想教他们读英文，”她突然说，“教他们读希腊语。”—如果要通过英国文学考试，就要对英国文学进行相关写作，而这一切注定了埋葬英国文学的毁灭性结局。“这个墓碑，”她继续说，“一定是一本……”这时我打断了她的话，让她不要再说类似的废话。“那你告诉我，”她一边说着一边紧握拳头站在那儿看我，“他们写得更好了吗？是诗歌变好了，小说变好了，还是批评理论比他们曾经讲授如何阅读英国文学时更好了？”好像为了回答自己的问题，她拿起被扔在地上的手稿读出其中的一段。“和其他段落一模一样！”她低声抱怨，厌恶地把手中的和其他手稿一起放在架子上。

“但是想想他们必须知道的一切。”我尝试着反驳。

“知道？”她重复我的话。“知道？你说知道是什么意思？”要立刻回答这个问题有点难度，所以我把它放在一边，然后说：“好吧，无论如何他们能以此谋生，并且教育他人。”听我这样说，她生气了，抓起分析伊丽莎白时期十四行诗的作品，把它扔到了房间另一边。然后，这次拜访的其他时间都用于捡拾茶壶碎片了；那茶壶本是她外婆的东西。

当然现在还有很多其他问题叫嚷着要被提出；关于教堂、议会、酒吧、商店、喇叭和街上的男男女女；但是万幸的是结束了，一切归于宁静。

读者和报春花

年轻人开始写作的时候，一般会得到看似有理有据其实完全不切实际的建议，比如必须尽可能写得简短清楚，摒除杂念，只表达脑中的想法。但却没有人在此之上补充一条必要信息：“一定要选择正确的读者。”这是一切问题的本质，因为书总是写给读者阅读的。读者不仅是衣食父母，还在不知不觉间，十分微妙地引导作家，激发写作灵感，因此读者是否理想非常重要。

那么谁是理想的读者人选呢？是劝诱作家榨干大脑的精华，让作家写出最为强大多变的作品的人吗？时代不同，回答不同。大体上讲，伊丽莎白时期的作品是写给贵族和剧场大众的。十八世纪的读者包括咖啡店里的智者和格鲁布街书商。十九世纪，著名作家为卖半克朗的杂志和有闲阶级写作。回顾并赞叹这些不同组合的伟大结果，和我们所处的困境对比，看上去一清二楚，简单得令人羡慕—我们应该为谁写作？因为现如今市场空前繁荣，读者类型繁多，令人迷惘，包括日报、周报、月报的读者，英国大众和美国大众，喜欢热销书的大众和偏爱冷门书的大众，品位高雅的大众和思维活跃的大众。现在的读者自我意识强烈，才能显著，愿意通过不同的渠道表达他们的需求和喜好。因此当作家看到肯辛顿公园里开放的第一朵报春花，他就要在落笔之前从众多读者中选择最适合他的读者。“不管谁来读，只考虑描写报春花”这样的话毫无意义，因为写作本身就是一种沟通方式；如果没人分享报春花的美，它就不过是一株不完美的报春花。第一个或者最后一个人类可能会为自己而写作，不过那只是值得羡慕的特例，如果海鸥懂文学，他也会欢迎海鸥去读。

因此每个作家都应该为大众服务，高傲的人可能会说所谓的服务不

过是向大众妥协，乖乖地接受别人的安排。道理似乎如此，却还是有很大风险。因为如果作家考虑到自己的读者，但却凌驾其上—这样的关系十分不幸且不和谐，塞缪尔·巴特勒、乔治·梅瑞迪斯和亨利·詹姆斯的作品就是证明。作家既不屑大众，又想讨好他们；如果自己的作品没有赢得一致的好评，他就把自己的失败归咎于大众；他越想越气，觉得他的读者既没有品位也不友好，一定要让他们为自己的卑微和矫饰付出代价。而真正的代价就是报春花备受折磨，虽然还是明艳照人，但却变得有点畸形，一面萎缩另一面狂长。接触一点阳光可能会让它们好起来。我们应该跑到相反的极端（如果只是假设）接受《泰晤士报》和《每日新闻报》编辑故意提出的谄媚提案吗？—“只需花二十磅即可订购专属你的报纸，它将于早上九点之前送达大不列颠的每个角落，并随刊附赠作者签名，像报春花一样在您的餐桌上准时绽放。”

但是单单一朵报春花就可以吗？它真的有可能美得如此炫目，以至于价格昂贵甚至还附带签名吗？显然媒体就是报春花的放大版。每年三月初黄色或紫色的报春花会在肯辛顿公园草坪中开放；如果我们仔细观察，不会觉得报纸上的文章和这些小巧的花朵有什么联系。但是正因为截然不同，在报纸上绽放的报春花更让人惊奇。它们充分利用空间，散发出金色的夺目光彩，不仅精致优美，还十分平易近人，令人如沐春风。没人会认为《泰晤士报》里“我们神奇的批评家”或《每日新闻报》的林德先生可以轻而易举写出众人喜爱的文字。也没有人会觉得让一百万人早上九点开动脑筋写出让两百万人感到身心愉快的文章是件卑鄙的事情。但是当夜幕降临，花朵全部枯萎；就像离开了大海的水波不再光辉闪烁，离开了舞台被困在电话亭中的女歌唱家的歌声也不再优美；只要失去了要素，再华丽的文章也不过如此。总而言之，如果内容陈旧迂腐，文章就会变得味如嚼蜡。

理想的读者群体能够帮助作家不让写作之花枯萎。然而，随着年龄变化，读者自身也产生变化；他既不能被浮夸的表面迷惑，也不能被花

言巧语哄骗，而这需要绝对的正直和强烈的信念。真正的作家才能找到真正的读者；确定读者其实是在考验作家的判断力。因为知道为谁而写，才能明白怎么写。但是很多现代读者资质平庸。而现在，作家需要的明显是阅读习惯良好、不会三心二意的读者。同时，作家还要了解其他时代、其他民族的文学。不仅如此，我们所特有的劣势和当今的发展趋势还要求作家具备其他品质。比如，和伊丽莎白时期相比，当今文学的粗俗化更为严重，让我们十分苦恼。不过二十世纪的读者应该已经对此见怪不怪。读者应该能够正确判断，哪些是真正有好处的养料，哪些不过是虚张声势。他还要成为法官，不仅能够判断出对当代文学产生巨大影响的社会因素，还能区分有益的成熟观点和毫无用处的限制束缚。就算读者思绪万千情绪高涨，他往往只能一边强烈支持作家的多愁善感，一边害怕表白自己的想法。读者可能觉得不敢去想比想得太多还要糟糕。他也许还会进一步讨论语言，指出莎士比亚使用了多少词，或违反了多少语法。尽管我们故作优雅地翻阅钢琴上的黑色琴谱，依然无法改进《安东尼和克里奥佩特拉》。读者会说，如果你能连性别一起忘掉就更好了；作家没有性别之分。但是一切不过如此—简单却值得讨论。读者最大的优点就是和作家不同，他们运用简单的语言表达复杂的事物—气氛。读者要营造一种气氛，让报春花身处其中，备感重要；在这种情况下，对作品的误解是不可原谅的行为。读者要让作家产生这样的感觉：单单一朵真实的报春花就能让他感到满足；除了看书，他根本不想去听课，提升水平或了解自我；虽然有些歉意，他的要求还是让卡莱尔激动愤怒，让丁尼生悠闲自得，让罗斯金几近疯狂；他已经准备好接受作家的安排，隐姓埋名或是大出风头；读者不只是作家的衣食父母；二者其实是双胞胎，一损俱损，一荣俱荣；文学的命运取决于他们之间恰当的联盟，因为读者和作家的结合如此的完美—一切都会证明，正如我们在文章开始所提到的，选择读者最为重要。但是如何正确选择？怎么提高写作？这些都还是问题。

现代小说

在对现代小说的任何研究中，包括最自由灵活的研究，都会轻易得出现代艺术优于过去这样理所当然的结论。人们可能会说，虽然过去的工具简单，材料原始，菲尔丁也获得了成功，简·奥斯汀则更为成功，但是把他们的机会和我们的比比！他们著作简洁得确实不可思议。然而将文学与汽车制造之类的工序相比没有意义。人们怀疑，在过去的几个世纪中，尽管我们对机器制造了解很多，但是对于文学创作却知之甚少。我们的写作能力没有进步；我们所做的只能说是不断摸索，一会儿往这边，一会儿往那边；我们应该从制高点充分观察整个变化过程，找出其中的规律和趋势。不过没有必要立刻觉得我们失去了优势。平地之上，人群之中，被尘土半遮了眼，我们心中满是羡慕，回望那些战士；他们更为兴高采烈，战争的胜利，他们的成功带着平和的色彩；我们情不自禁地低语，相比起来，我们的战争更为激烈。就让文史学家为所有一切下结论，他们来判断现在是一个伟大的散文小说时代的开端，中期还是末尾，一般人则无法说清。我们只知道有些感谢和敌对情绪会激发我们；有些道路通向肥沃的土壤，有些则通向灰烬和沙漠；无论如何，这一切都值得一试。

我们不会和大作家起争执。如果我们说到威尔斯、贝内特和高尔斯华绥，在一定程度上他们本人存在的事实赋予他们的作品一些生活化的瑕疵，我们可以随意挑错。尽管他们的存在十分必要，我们还是更为看重哈代和康拉德，以及稍为逊色的著有《紫土》《绿色寓所》和《遥远的过往》的赫德逊。威尔斯、贝内特和高尔斯华绥曾经让许多满怀希望的人兴奋不已，却又让他们不断失望。因此我们的感谢主要是因为他们曾经让我们看到一种可能，虽然是他们并没完成的事情；然而这些事我们既做不来，也不想做。单独一个词不能表达我们对大量工作的控诉和

不满，这些工作不仅数量浩大而且种类繁多，既让人赞叹又让人厌恶。如果我们试图用一个词来表达我们的想法，我们应该说这三位作家都是唯物论者。因为他们都不关注精神，而是关注物质，正是这一点让我们失望。我们觉得如果英国小说摒弃他们，哪怕走入沙漠也好，走得越快，对它的灵魂越有好处。自然，没有哪个词能直中三个独立目标的靶心。威尔斯明显没有射中靶心。他的例子暴露了他自身才能的缺点，那就是致命的想法和纯粹的创作激情混杂在一起。但是贝内特先生大概是三个里最过分的一个，因为迄今为止，他的写作手法最为娴熟。他的小说结构良好，有理有据，好像没有缝隙的窗框和没有裂痕的木板，就连最苛刻的批评家也挑不出什么缺点和纰漏。然而—如果生活不愿如此完美呢？这就是《老妇人的故事》的作者、乔治·卡农、埃德温·克雷汉格，以及其他一些人克服的难题。贝内特笔下的人物形象栩栩如生，类型丰富难以想象。但我们还是禁不住要问他们如何生活，他们为什么而活？这些人离开富人区豪华的别墅，在头等火车车厢里打发时间，那里有柔软的坐席，数不清的铃铛和按钮，触手可及十分方便。毫无疑问，这是一场奢侈的出行，就像在布莱顿那样的高级酒店寻欢作乐。我们说威尔斯是唯物论者不是因为他的作品结构精巧。他总想引起读者的心灵共鸣，以至于无法专注素材整合和结构架构。他之所以被称为唯物论者，纯粹是因为美好的心灵；他担负起本应由政府官员承担的责任，进行大量思考和构造，却没有时间去实现，或忽略了其重要性，使得人物形象十分粗糙。他笔下的琼和彼得会一直住在他造出的人间和天堂，有什么批评比这更糟糕呢？难道他们的人性缺点会让威尔斯特意描绘出的理想制度黯然失色吗？尽管我们对高尔斯华绥的正直和慈悲表示尊敬，我们能从他的书中找到我们的追求吗？

即使作家花费大量技巧和工程让转瞬即逝的细枝末节看起来真实持久，我们还是要为这些书别上唯物论者的标签，也就是说，这些书的内容并不重要。

我们不得不承认，我们非常苛刻挑剔，或者说，我们很难勉强解释或表达不满。每次我们都提出不同的问题。但每次读完一本书好像总是不断出现同样的深深叹气的画面—这本书值得读吗？有意思吗？人性不过偶尔出现小小偏差，贝尔特就全副武装，誓要捕捉生活里细微的错误，这样值得吗？这样的生活是不值得的，可能所有一切都不值得这样做。我承认用这样一个意象来说明自己的想法很模糊不清，但是像批评家那样只评判现实是无法改善情况的。既然承认思想的模糊性会干扰小说批评，我们就可以大胆猜测：此刻对于我们来说，小说形式更容易在流行潮流中迷失而非坚持自我追求。不管我们将之称为生活或精神，真理或事实，它已经开始消失或变化，不愿在我们的定义下继续发展。然而，我们却冥顽不灵，死不悔改，在完成越来越背离我们真正想法的计划之后，又继续构想了三十二章。花费如此大的精力来提高故事的合理性使之接近生活，不仅仅是白费工夫，更是南辕北辙。在错误的方向上即使再努力，写出的故事也不合理，毫无想法，看上去黯淡无光。作家不能随心所欲自我发挥，反而被一些权贵肆无忌惮地抑制，迫不得已构思一些情节，包括喜剧、悲剧、爱情故事，还有一种感觉—要让所有人将如此的完美铭记在心。如果他笔下的所有人物都活过来，他们会发现自己穿着当时的流行服饰，外套只系一个扣子。作家开始妥协，导致小说写作出现了变化。但是，随着时间流逝，每当我们进行习惯性的写作，偶尔会对此怀疑或是突然产生叛逆心理。生活是这样的吗？小说必须这样吗？

经过深入洞察，生活似乎并不是“这样的”。仔细观察一下普通日子里普通人的大脑。大脑接收的无数印象—不管平凡普通，与众不同，还是如钢铁般深深铭刻在心。它们像来自四面八方由无数原子构成的连绵不断的原子雨，无穷无尽连续不断地放射光芒；当它们接触地面，变成具体的星期一或星期二，重点也变得和从前不同；重要时刻既不是此刻也不是彼刻；因此，如果一位作家是自由人而非奴隶，如果他对创作具有选择权而非履行义务，如果他能将作品建立在自己的情感而非惯例之

上，不再会有什么情节、喜剧、悲剧、爱情故事或是一般意义上的灾难性结局，大概也不会像庞德街的裁缝那样循规蹈矩地缝上每一个纽扣。生活不是一排被安排好的左右对称的马车车灯；生活是一圈闪耀的光晕，朦朦胧胧，从意识觉醒起就笼罩着我们，直到一切结束。不管生活表现出怎样的错综复杂，小说家的责任难道不就是用尽量熟悉的语言表达出时刻变化的既无法了解也无法限制的精神吗？我们不只是在为勇敢和真诚辩护；我们想表达的是，和惯例相比，小说的恰当取材更能让人信服。

无论如何，我们寻求类似方式来定义区分几位年轻作家的作品性质，比起前辈作家，詹姆斯·乔伊斯最为出众。这些年轻作家试图接近生活，更为诚实准确地保留生活中吸引和驱使他们的东西。为了达到目的，他们不惜摒弃小说家习以为常的惯例。无数的原子光束在他们的脑海里迸发，看上去可能有些支离破碎毫无逻辑。让我们按照先后顺序记录下来，描绘出它们的形态，这样每个场景或时间的记录都是意识的记录。我们不要理所当然地认为生活在大事上比在小事上体现得更充分。《青年艺术家的画像》和《尤利西斯》是乔伊斯的两部作品，后者更为小型文艺批评杂志称道。如果有人读过这两本书，可能会随意揣测乔伊斯的内心世界和想法。就我们来说，摆在面前的一份残稿，比起已经完结的小说更为充满刺激。不论作家的想法怎样，作为读者我们可能会认为艰涩难懂或不甚乐观，然而毫无疑问的是他满怀真诚，这才是最重要的。和我们称为唯物论者的人们相比，乔伊斯是精神化的；他关注大脑深处传递信息的噼啪作响的火焰，为了让它持续不断地燃烧，他鼓起全部勇气无视对他产生威胁的一切：这一切可能是统一集合，或是在摸不到也看不到的情况下，很多作家借助过的用来帮助读者进行想象的标志物，比如，坟墓的景象，灿烂、肃穆、混乱和突然意味深长地闪烁的光亮。毋庸置疑，无论如何我们都在初次阅读时被触动了，必须承认他的作品是杰作。如果我们探寻生活的本质，我们就一定会产生共鸣。的确，如果我们试图表达其他的想法，我们会发现自己的摸索十分笨拙。

如果我们非要举有名的例子，因为某种原因，这样富有原创性的作品却无法与《青春》和《卡斯特桥市长》相提并论。失败的原因是作家相对贫瘠的思想，我们本可以这样简单概括，然后结束这个话题。但是我们还可以更深入一点，试想我们是否不应该把存在的感觉比作明亮却狭窄的房间，因为如果这样就意味着思想被关着，被限制着，并不是开阔自由的。这样想会抑制创新能力吗？这样想难道不会让我们感受不到快乐或宽容，从而只专注自身，不接受或创造自身以外或超过自身的事物吗？也许这样说有点说教意味，但是说教能影响乖僻孤立的事物吗？抑或是对现代人来说，无论怎样努力创新，比起指出已拥有的，感受所缺乏的更为简单？无论如何，不仔细观察“想法”是错误行为。如果我们是作家，所有的想法都是合理的，因为每一种想法都会正确表达出我们想要表达的思想；如果我们是读者，每一种想法都引领我们更靠近小说家。这样做的好处就是离我们口中的生活越来越近。阅读《尤利西斯》不意味着排斥或忽视了生活的主流，翻开《斯坦恩项狄传》或《潘丹尼斯》也不会感到冲击，这些书让人感到生活多种多样，丰富多彩。

然而，现在摆在小说家面前的问题，我们假设这个问题过去也存在，是怎么创造可以自由取舍的氛围。他必须有勇气说出吸引他的不是“这个”而是“那个”，他必须只用“那个”完成自己的作品。现代人看来“那个”，也就是兴趣点，非常可能隐藏在心底深处。因此，一旦重音变得略微不同，附加在某些事物上的强调就被忽视了。不同的形式纲要变得必要，而我们很难去把握，我们的前辈无法理解。现代人中，大概只有俄罗斯人，会觉得契诃夫写出的《古谢夫》的故事很有趣。故事描写一些俄国士兵乘轮船回国，在船上生病。我们通过他们的对话和内心活动的只字片语了解剧情：他们中间的某人死去并被运走；其他人的继续对话让我们知道古谢夫死了，他看起来“像胡萝卜或红萝卜”，然后被扔到船外。这部小说的重点在于出乎意料的场景。首先整个故事看起来好像没有重点，然后，就像当眼睛适应房间里微弱的光亮并认出物体的形状一样，我们逐渐意识到这个故事是多么的完整，伟大和真实，那正

是契诃夫想要表达并描述的。把这样，那样，和其他的想法一起排列组成新的东西。但是我们不能说“这是喜剧”，或“那是悲剧”，我们也无法确定，因为我们知道的是短篇故事应该简洁，结局应该明确，如果不是这样，如果情节含糊不清，结局不明确，根本不能称之为短篇故事。

即使对现代英语小说做简单的评论，也无法跳过俄罗斯小说的影响。如果提到俄罗斯人，有人会觉得想要胜过他们完全是浪费时间。如果我们想理解灵魂和心灵，还有什么地方具有同样的深度呢？如果我们厌倦了自身的现实主义，俄罗斯最普通的小说家也对人文精神有着与生俱来的自然而然的敬意。“学着深入群众……但是别让这种同情留在脑中—尽管这样做很容易—留在心中，满怀爱意。”我们在每一位伟大的俄罗斯作家身上都可以找到圣人的特征，比如对他人苦难的同情，给予别人的爱，尽全力达到一些对道德要求极为苛刻的目标。他们中的圣人让我们对自身不虔诚的平庸感到惊慌，我们的著名小说也显得华而不实，故作玄虚。因此，俄罗斯作家的想法不可避免地成为对悲伤的极大理解和同情。的确，更确切地说，我们可以说是俄罗斯小说的未决性。这种感觉没有答案，如果被检视的生活变成一个又一个必须搁置从而不断发出回响的问题，故事以绝望的疑问结束，我们深深感受到令人厌恶的沮丧。也许他们才是正确的；毫无疑问，他们比我们看得更远，也没有我们严重的视力障碍。但是也有一种可能，我们会看到他们看不到的东西，不然为什么抗议的声音中夹杂着我们的忧郁？抗议的声音是另外一种来自远古文明的声音。远古文明赋予我们本能，去享受并且抗争，不去苦恼或理解。从史特恩到麦勒迪斯的英国小说都见证了我们与生俱来的才能，不管是幽默和喜剧，还是地球的美好，不管是智慧的活跃，还是身体的光彩。但是我们从两本小说的比较中得出的所有推论都远远比不上或胜过他们对我们造成的艺术影响。我们知道世界上没有限制，没有什么—没有“方法”，没有试验，甚至最为狂野的试验—会被禁止，除了虚伪和做作。“小说的合适选材”并不存在；一切都适合写成小说，每个感觉，每个想法，大脑的每项特质和振作的精神，任何知觉都不会

出错。如果我们发挥自己的想象力，想到小说艺术有了生命，站在我们中间，毫无疑问的是她允许我们贬低恐吓，也会被我们推崇热爱，因为只有这样才能让她焕发生命力，确保独立。

应该如何阅读

首先，我想强调一下题目中的问题。即使我能回答这个问题，答案也是针对我而不是你。能给予他人的读书建议就是不要采纳任何建议，听从自己的直觉，运用自己的判断力，得出自己的结论。如果我们就此达成一致，我才能随心所欲提出一些观点和想法，因为你不会盲从或是束缚自己的独立思想。而独立思想对读者来说是最重要的品质。毕竟有什么条例可以规范书籍呢？滑铁卢战役的发生日期是可以确定的一天；但是作为一出戏剧，《哈姆莱特》好过《李尔王》吗？没有人可以下这样的结论。人人都必须自己回答这个问题。把穿着华贵毛皮外套和长袍的权威请到图书馆，让他们告诉我们如何阅读，阅读什么，如何评价我们所阅读的内容，就是在破坏自由精神，即这些圣洁场所的活力所在。在其他任何地方我们可能会被法律法规所限制—但在图书馆我们没有任何规定。

如果容许我老生常谈，我会说为了享受自由，我们当然不得不约束自己。我们不能无可奈何又不知不觉地滥用权力，就像不能喷湿了半个房子只为了浇灌一丛玫瑰花。我们必须在这个地方准确有力地训练权力。这应该是我们在图书馆首先遇到的难题之一。“这个地方”是哪里？令人充满了困惑。诗歌和小说，历史和回忆，字典和蓝皮书，这些书的作者是使用不同语言的男男女女，他们性格不同，种族不同，年龄不同。但是所有书都在书架上挤成一团。外面有阵阵驴叫，女人们在抽水机旁叽叽喳喳，小马驹在田野上飞驰而过。我们该从何开始？我们如何在众多繁杂混乱中建立秩序？如何从我们的阅读中获得最有深度、最广泛的快乐呢？

简单地说因为书可以按种类划分—小说、传记、诗歌—我们应该就

此进行区分，以便可以分门别类获取它能给予我们的正确的东西。然而没有人会问书能给予我们什么。我们对于书总是迷迷糊糊懵懵懂懂，觉得小说真实，诗歌虚伪，传记阿谀谄媚，而历史书总是加深我们的偏见。如果我们能在阅读时消除这样的成见，那将会是一个美妙的开始。不要指挥作者，试着变成他们，或成为他的同事和伙伴。如果你开始犹豫畏缩，发表批评，你就失去了从阅读中获取可能最完整价值的机会。但是如果你尽可能地敞开心胸，首句的起承转合里那些几乎无法察觉的敏锐的标志和线索，会让你变得与众不同。沉浸其中，熟悉这些，很快你会发现作者在告诉你，或者正试图告诉你一些更确定的事情。一部小说里的三十章节—如果我们先考虑如何阅读一本小说—试图形成一些东西，这些东西像建筑一样被组合和限定，但是词语比砖块更为玄妙，阅读比观看的过程更为漫长，更为复杂。理解小说家工作要素的最快方法也许不是阅读，而是写作；自己做实验，了解运用词语的危险和困难。然后回想出一些给你留下深远印象的事情—可能在某个街角，你如何经过正在聊天的两个人。树枝轻摇，灯影晃动，步伐轻快，却也悲伤；整个场景，全部的概念，似乎都包含在那么一个瞬间。

但是当你试图用词语重建，会发现这个场景破碎成无数片相互矛盾的印象。一些含蓄温和，一些突出强调，在这个过程中你必须舍弃一些，可能是全部，去攫取感情本身。然后从自己含糊分散的书转向一些优秀小说家的率直的作品中—笛福、简·奥斯汀、哈代。现在你就会更好地欣赏他们的写作技巧。我们不只在别人面前—笛福、简·奥斯汀或托马斯·哈代—我们还生活在另一个世界。在《鲁宾逊漂流记》中，我们在平坦大路上跋涉，事情接踵而来，事实和其顺序令人应接不暇。但是如果户外和冒险对笛福很重要的话，它们对简·奥斯汀毫无价值。对她来说重要的是在会客厅里，人们谈天说地，他们的对话如镜子一般反映出各自的性格。当我们适应了会客厅和人们的反映，转头回去看哈代，就会立刻变得头晕目眩。周围是荒凉的原野，星星在头顶上闪闪发光。思想的另一面暴露出来—在孤独中浮现出的黑暗面，而不是在人群

中表现出的阳光面。我们和其他人没有关系，而是和自然命运相关。然而尽管这些世界个个不同，每一个都坚持自我。每一个世界的创造者都从自己的角度仔细观察规律，不管他们对我们施加多大的压力，也不会像二流作家经常做的那样，在同一本书中引出两个不同类型的现实，让我们感到混乱。因此从一位杰出的小说家到另一位—从简·奥斯汀到哈代，从皮科尔到特洛勒普，从斯科特到米勒迪斯—不仅是断绝和背离，还陷入各式各样的困惑。阅读小说是困难复杂的艺术，你必须既有强烈的感受力，还有大胆的想象力，如果你要充分利用小说家—伟大的艺术家—所给予你的东西。

书架上的书种类繁多，稍微瞥一眼就知道没有几位“伟大的艺术家”；甚至书也根本不是艺术作品。比如，这些传记和自传，描述与世长辞并被人遗忘的伟大人物的生平，放在小说和诗歌的旁边，我们能因为他们不是“艺术”就不去读吗？或者我们可以用别的方式，抱着别的目的去读吗？有时在晚上，我们徘徊在房门前，那里灯火通明，窗帘紧闭，每一扇房门都向我们展示了人生的不同阶段，我们应该先为了满足心中的好奇去阅读吗？然后我们内心充满了对这些人生活的好奇—窃窃私语的仆侍、用餐的绅士、盛装打扮赶赴聚会的女孩，在窗边织个不停的老妇人。他们是谁，他们做什么，他们的名字、工作、想法和经历是什么？

传记和自传会回答这样的问题，点亮无数这样的房屋；他们向我们展示人们的日常生活，有辛苦，有失败，有成功，有吃喝，有爱有恨，直到死亡。有时我们看着，房屋渐渐消失，铁栅栏突然不见，我们变得一片茫然；我们打猎，航海，战斗；我们周围都是野蛮人和战士；我们参加伟大的游行。或者如果我们喜欢待在英国，就在伦敦这儿，场景还是会不断变化：街道变得狭窄；房屋变小，变窄，镶满了钻石却散发着臭气。我们看到一位诗人，多恩，从这样一栋房屋里被赶出来，墙壁太薄，孩子们的哭声穿过墙壁传了出来。我们跟着他穿过书页中的小径，

到了特威克纳姆；到了贝德福夫人公园，那里是著名的贵族和诗人的汇集之处；然后我们移步到威尔顿，丘陵地下方的大房子，听西德尼为他的姐姐阅读《阿卡狄亚》；在沼泽附近徘徊，在那著名的浪漫之地欣赏苍鹭的英姿；然后偕同彭布鲁克夫人和安妮·克利福德，再次向北行，到达荒凉的野地，或繁华的城市，当看到加布里奥·哈维穿着黑色的天鹅绒套装和斯宾塞讨论诗歌时，克制我们的欢笑。没什么比在伊丽莎白时期伦敦的黑暗和光彩的交替中摸索探寻更为刺激。但是我们没有停留在那里。坦普尔一家和斯威夫特一家，哈利一家和圣约翰一家都在召唤。我们花了好长时间才从他们的争吵中解脱出来，从而解读他们的性格。当我们厌倦了这些，可以继续漫步，路过一位佩戴钻石的黑衣女士，去找塞缪尔·约翰逊和高登·斯密以及加里克；如果我们愿意，可以穿过海峡，去见伏尔泰、狄德罗和杜·德芳侯爵夫人；然后回到英国特威克纳姆—此地的一处公园曾归贝德福夫人所有，之后成为教皇的住所。然后去草莓山，到沃尔波府上拜访。但是沃尔波把好多新朋友介绍给我们，那里有太多的房屋可供参观，太多门铃要敲响，我们可能要好好地在贝利小姐的门阶等上一会儿，比如，当萨克雷到来的时候；他是沃尔波喜欢的女人的朋友。所以只是朋友到朋友，花园到花园，房屋到房屋的走访，我们就从英国文学的一端到另一端，突然发现自己现在在此，如果我们能够区分此刻和之前过去的那些片段。那么，这就是我们可以阅读这些生活和信件的一个方法；我们可以让他们点亮过去的窗户；我们可以从熟悉的住所和爱好观察故去的名人，有时我们离得非常近，会因为他们的秘密感到惊讶，有时我们拿出他们写过的一部戏剧或一首诗，看看它们是否和现在不同。但是这又引起了新的问题。我们必须自问，作者的生活到底能对他的书产生多大的影响呢？透过书中人物如何解读作家比较安全呢？我们应该如何坚持或放弃书中人物引起的同情和厌恶（词语如此敏感，作者的性格感受力如此强烈）？这些是阅读生活和信件时困扰我们的问题，我们必须问自己，因为没什么比被他人的偏好引导更糟糕了。

但是我们也可以带着其他目的阅读这样的书，不为了阐明文学，也不为了结识名人，只是为了恢复和运用我们的创造力。书架右手边没有打开的窗户吗？暂停阅读看看窗外的风景让人多么愉快！风景的无意识、疏离、永恒的运动—小马驹在原野上飞驰而过，妇人从井里提上满满一桶水，驴子摇头晃脑，发出悠长尖锐的声音—这一切多么鼓舞人心！图书馆更大的作用不是别的，正是这些对于男人、女人和驴子生命里转瞬即逝时刻的记录。每一段文学，随着慢慢变老，积攒了无数的废纸；这些废纸上记录着不复存在的瞬间和被人遗忘的生活，用一种已经消失的结巴微弱的口音讲述着。但是如果去阅读这些所谓的废纸，你会十分惊喜，可以说会被那些曾被遗弃而变得腐朽的人类生活遗迹所征服。可能是一封信—但是它展现了多么完整的画面！可能是几句话—但是它们暗示了多么美妙的景致！有时一个完整的故事和蕴含其中的美妙的幽默、哀伤完整结合在一起，就像一位伟大的小说家在工作，但它不过是一位老演员，泰特·威尔金森，想起了琼斯船长的诡异故事；不过是阿瑟·威尔斯利手下工作的年轻中尉，他爱上了里斯本的一个可爱女孩；不过是玛利亚·艾伦，她把针线活儿丢在了无人的客厅，自怨自艾，真希望她自己当时听从伯尼大夫的好建议，没有和她的利时私奔。这一切毫无价值，极其微不足道；然而当小马驹在原野上飞驰而过，妇人从井里提上满满一桶水，驴子高声大叫的时候，经常穿过废纸堆，在浩繁的过去中重新找到曾经被掩埋的指环、剪刀和撞坏的锥子，将它们缝到一起是多么有趣的事情啊！

但是我们终究还是厌倦了毫无意义的阅读。我们厌倦了不断寻找，以便能够使威尔金森、邦波利和玛利亚·艾伦写出的半成品变得完整真实。他们没有艺术家的控制力和取舍力。他们甚至无法讲述关于他们自己生活的真实；他们将原本可能非常美好的故事扭曲变形。他们能提供给我们的只有事实，但是事实只是小说非常低级的形式。因此我们心中产生了一个想法，希望能够去处理应对那些半真半假和似是而非；不用再去找出人类性格的细微形状，反而去享受更复杂的抽象，对于小说来

说更纯粹的真实。因此我们创造出一种形式，集中概括，不拘泥于细节，但是在一些有规律反复出现的节拍上加重，这种形式一般被称为诗歌；当我们差不多可以写诗时，就是我们该读诗的时候了。

西风啊，你什么时候开始吹，

绵绵的细雨什么时候降下来？

啊，但愿我的爱人在我怀里，

让我们同床共枕重相爱！

诗歌的影响如此强烈直接，以至于现在除了诗本身之外，其他感觉都不存在。那么我们要探访多深—我们的沉溺是那么的突然和完全！没有什么可以被掌握，飞行中没有什么可以支撑我们。小说的幻想是逐步的，它的影响蓄势待发；但是当他们读这四行诗时，谁会问这诗是谁写的，或是脑海中浮现出道恩的房子或西德尼的秘书；或把他们和过去的复杂以及世代更替纠缠在一起？诗人总是我们同时代的人。我们此刻的存在既得到重视也得到压抑，正如个人情感的任何一次剧烈波动。然后，感观也的确开始大面积占领我们的思想，我们感受了更遥远的感觉，它们开始发声说话，我们听到了回音和反响。诗歌的集中性覆盖的情感范围很大。我们不得不去进行比较，欣赏这几句诗的力量和坦率：

我应该像树一样倒下，找到我的坟墓，

心中满是悲伤。

这几句诗的婉转：

时光如沙，分分秒秒在沙漏中溜走，

我们虚掷光阴，不知不觉迈向死亡，却无能为力；

恣意纵情的时刻总是在遗憾中结束，回归平静；

但是生活，已经厌倦了动荡，数着滑落的每一粒沙，

自怨自艾，直到最后的时刻来临，

草草了事，郁郁而终。

或是感受一下这几句诗的冷静理智：

不论年轻或年老，

我们的命运，我们的心和归属，

不受限制，就在那里，

只要有希望，只要希望不灭，

所有的努力，期待和心愿，

努力永远都会无限存在。

还有这几句诗的无与伦比的美感：

月亮慢慢升上天空，

一刻不停，

她轻轻地，轻轻地，变得越来越高，

周围闪烁着一两颗星—

或是这几句诗的自由奔放的想象力：

经常出没于森林，

他将会一直徘徊，

在那遥远的林中空地，

即使整个世界在燃烧，

火焰越来越高，

在他看来，

却像极了绽放中的报春花。

这让我们想起诗人的丰富多彩的艺术；他能让我们立刻成为演员和观众；他能亲手为人物注入活力，就好像一只手套，戴上就成了孚斯塔夫或李尔王；他能一直简化，夸大，或陈述事实。

“我们只能进行比较”—和那些已经公开的诗进行比较，阅读真正的复杂性得到了承认。第一阶段尽全力理解并获得印象，这只是整个阅读过程的一半而已；如果我们想从一本书中获得全部的快乐，我们需要完成另一半。我们要对众多印象进行评判；我们要为这些转瞬即逝的印象营造一个坚硬持久的形状。但是并不直接。等到阅读的尘埃落定，等到争执疑问渐渐消失，一边走一边聊，从玫瑰花上摘下枯萎的花瓣，或者沉入梦乡。然后突然地，不经我们命令，因为自然操作了这些转换，书回来了，变得有点不同。它会整个飘到思想的顶端。这本书被当作一个整体，不同于目前由一句句单独习语构成的书。现在细节都找到了合适的位置。我们看着那形状从开始到结束；可能是马厩，可能是猪圈，也可能是大教堂。现在我们能够像比较建筑那样比较书。但是这种比较的行为意味着我们的态度发生了变化；我们不再是作家的朋友，而是评审；正如作为朋友我们不能太过同情，作为评审我们也不能太过严厉。

如果他们写出的书浪费我们的时间和同情，他们难道不是罪犯？如果他们写虚伪的充满腐朽堕落气息的书，他们难道不是全社会最狡猾的敌人，贪污腐败的人，亵渎神灵的人？那么让我们严格评判，让我们用每本书和同类最优秀的书作比较。他们萦绕在脑海中，读过的书因为我们下的评判而变得有形—《鲁宾逊漂流记》《爱玛》《野性的呼唤》。把小说和这些书作比较—当节奏不再令人陶醉，词语也不再绚丽多彩，幻想的形状就会出现，它应该和《李尔王》《菲德拉》《序曲》作比较；如果不和这些比较，也要和同类里最好的或者对我们来说最好的相比较。我们大概可以确定新诗和小说的新颖是它们最大的优势，我们只需要稍微修改一下，不必改写我们用以评判旧书的标准。

认为阅读的第二阶段，即评判和比较，和第一阶段一样简单—打开心胸，接受无数一转而过的印象—简直就是太愚蠢了。在你手头没有书的情况下也继续阅读，以一个幻影反对其他的幻影，广泛阅读，充分理解，进行生动富有启发性的比较—是非常困难的；“这本书既是这一类的，也是那一类的；这里失败了；那里成功了；这里不好；那里好。”说出这样的话更难。担负起读者这部分义务需要这样的想象力，洞察力，还要意识到有效接受任何想法都是非常难的；对最有自信的人来说，也不可能在自己身上发现更多这样的力量的根源。那么，放缓脚步阅读，让批评家，让图书馆里穿着华丽衣裳的权威人士为我们确定书籍的绝对价值吗？多么不可思议！我们可以强调同情的重要；阅读时我们可以试着忘记自我。但是我们知道我们不能完全地同情或者完全地投入；我们心中总有一个声音，低声说：“我憎恶那个，我喜爱这个，”我们无法让声音安静下来。事实上，我们的确是既憎恶又喜爱，我们与诗人、小说家的关系如此密切以至于我们无法容忍其他人的存在。即使结果相悖判断失误，我们的品位，在体内传达阵阵战栗的感官神经也仍然是我们的主要光源。我们通过感觉学习，不彻彻底底地感觉我们就无法表达自己的特质。但随着时间流逝，也许我们可以培养我们的品位；也许我们可以让它符合一些限制。当它贪婪奢侈地从各种书中吸取养分—

诗歌、小说、历史、传记—然后不再继续阅读，寻找不同种类中间的巨大差异，人世间的不和谐，我们会发现它正一点点开始变化；它不再那么贪婪，它的想法更加成熟。它将带给我们的不只是对于书的评判，它还要告诉我们特定的一类书所共有的性质。听，它会这样说，我们管这个叫什么？它可能会给我们读《李尔王》或是《阿伽门农》，用来引出提到的共性。因此，品位带领着我们，越过单独的一本书，去寻找一类书的共性；我们会给它们命名，然后制定规则，让我们的想法变得条条有理。我们将从这种差异中获得更深层次更珍贵的快乐。规则总是在和书籍的关联中被不断打破推翻—没有比在真空中制定脱离事实的规则更简单愚蠢的事情了—终于现在，为了让自己在这项艰难的尝试中心神安宁，我们可能要向那些极少的将文学作为一种艺术启发人们的作家求助。柯尔雷基、德莱顿和约翰逊，这些诗人和小说家深思熟虑的批评和不假思索的发言总是有着惊人的联系；有些模糊的想法在我们的脑海迷雾中蹒跚而行，他们让这些想法变得清晰坚定。但是如果我们带着许多问题和意见去找他们，他们只能帮助我们在阅读过程中真实地面对自己。如果我们像躲在篱笆下的绵羊一样，屈服于他们的权威，那么他们对我们其实无能为力。只有当我们自己和他们有了不同，并且战胜了他们，我们才能理解他们的做法。

如果是这样，如果阅读需要想象力、洞察力和判断力这些珍贵的品质，你可能会得出这样的结论：文学是一种非常复杂的艺术，究其一生，我们可能也无法对文学批评作出任何贡献。我们只能做读者；我们无法得到那些少数能作出贡献的批评家能得到的荣誉。但是作为读者我们也有自己的责任和重要性。我们提出的标准和我们通过的评判不知不觉成为空气，成为作家工作时呼吸的一部分。即使这影响无法出版印刷，也仍然存在。如果这种影响被塑造成热情的、个人的、真诚的，可能在批评中止时产生巨大作用；接受审查的书籍就好像打靶场列队的动物，批评家只有一秒钟时间去装弹、瞄准、射击，如果他误把兔子当成老虎，把鹰当成家禽，或错过所有目标，把子弹浪费在远处田野上吃草

的温顺奶牛身上，他们都会得到原谅。在出版社的枪林弹雨背后，作者感到有另外一种批评，人们因为喜欢阅读而去读书，阅读速度缓慢而且不太专业，心怀极大的同情和严厉的想法去评判，这样难道不能改进他的作品吗？如果通过我们的努力，书可能变得更强大、更丰富、更多元，那也是值得努力的。

然而谁会带着这个想法去阅读？是不是太理想了？难道没有我们实践的追求是因为它们本身就很好，从头到尾都很有乐趣吗？阅读不是其中之一吗？至少，有时我会幻想当世界末日来临，杰出的领袖、律师和政治家去领取他们的桂冠，并把他们的名字永久地刻在不朽的大理石上；上帝看到我们胳膊下夹着书向他走来，脸色平静，不无羡慕嫉妒之情，他会对天使彼得说：“看，这些人不需要回报。我们什么也给不了他们，因为他们喜欢阅读。”

[1]引自济慈《夜莺颂》，查良铮译。——译者注

[2]引自济慈《夜莺颂》，查良铮译。——译者注

[3]引自莎士比亚《麦克白》，第二幕，第二场。——译者注

[4]狄更斯《大卫·科波菲尔》中的人物。——译者注

[5]简·奥斯汀《爱玛》中的人物。——译者注

[6]《罗伯特·埃尔斯密尔》是英国小说家汉弗莱·沃德夫人创作的著名小说。——译者注

Virginia Woolf
Thoughts on Peace in an Air Raid

PENGUIN BOOKS —— GREAT JDEAS

Contents

Thoughts on Peace in an Air Raid

The Germans were over this house last night and the night before that. Here they are again. It is a queer experience, lying in the dark and listening to the zoom of a hornet, which may at any moment sting you to death. It is a sound that interrupts cool and consecutive thinking about peace. Yet it is a sound-far more than prayers and anthems-that should compel one to think about peace. Unless we can think peace into existence we-not this one body in this one bed but millions of bodies yet to be born will lie in the same darkness and hear the same death rattle overhead. Let us think what we can do to create the only efficient air-raid shelter while the guns on the hill go pop pop pop and the searchlights finger the clouds and now and then, sometimes close at hand, sometimes far away, a bomb drops.

Up there in the sky young Englishmen and young German men are fighting each other. The defenders are men, the attackers are men. Arms are not given to Englishwomen either to fight the enemy or to defend herself. She must lie weaponless tonight. Yet if she believes that the fight going on up in the sky is a fight by the English to protect freedom, by the Germans to destroy freedom, she must fight, so far as she can, on the side of the English. How far can she fight for freedom without firearms? By making arms, or clothes or food. But there is another way of fighting for freedom without

arms; we can fight with the mind. We can make ideas that will help the young Englishman who is fighting up in the sky to defeat the enemy.

But to make ideas effective, we must be able to fire them off. We must put them into action. And the hornet in the sky rouses another hornet in the mind. There was one zooming in *The Times* this morning-a woman's voice saying, 'Women have not a word to say in politics.' There is no woman in the Cabinet; nor in any responsible post. All the idea makers who are in a position to make ideas effective are men. That is a thought that damps thinking, and encourages irresponsibility. Why not bury the head in the pillow, plug the ears, and cease this futile activity of idea-making? Because there are other tables besides officer tables and conference tables. Are we not leaving the young Englishman without a weapon that might be of value to him if we give up private thinking, tea-table thinking, because it seems useless? Are we not stressing our disability because our ability exposes us perhaps to abuse, perhaps to contempt? 'I will not cease from mental fight,' Blake wrote. Mental fight means thinking against the current, not with it.

That current flows fast and furious. It issues in a spate of words from the loudspeakers and the politicians. Every day they tell us that we are a free people, fighting to defend freedom. That is the current that has whirled the young airman up into the sky and keeps him circling there among the clouds. Down here, with a roof to cover us and a gas mask handy, it is our business to puncture gas bags and discover seeds of truth. It is not true that we are free. We are both prisoners tonight-he boxed up in his machine with a gun handy; we lying in the dark with a gas mask handy. If we were free we should be out in the open, dancing, at the play, or sitting at the window talking together.

What is it that prevents us? 'Hitler!' the loudspeakers cry with one voice. Who is Hitler? What is he? Aggressiveness, tyranny, the insane love of power made manifest, they reply. Destroy that, and you will be free.

The drone of the planes is now like the sawing of a branch overhead. Round and round it goes, sawing and sawing at a branch directly above the house. Another sound begins sawing its way in the brain. 'Women of ability'-it was Lady Astor speaking in *The Times* this morning 'are held down because of a subconscious Hitlerism in the hearts of men.' Certainly we are held down. We are equally prisoners tonight-the Englishmen in their planes, the Englishwomen in their beds. But if he stops to think he may be killed; and we too. So let us think for him. Let us try to drag up into consciousness the subconscious Hitlerism that holds us down. It is the desire for aggression; the desire to dominate and enslave. Even in the darkness we can see that made visible. We can see shop windows blazing; and women gazing; painted women; dressed-up women; women with crimson lips and crimson fingernails. They are slaves who are trying to enslave. If we could free ourselves from slavery we should free men from tyranny. Hitlers are bred by slaves.

A bomb drops. All the windows rattle. The anti-aircraft guns are getting active. Up there on the hill under a net tagged with strips of green and brown stuff to imitate the hues of autumn leaves guns are concealed. Now they all fire at once. On the nine o'clock radio we shall be told 'Forty-four enemy planes were shot down during the night, ten of them by anti-aircraft fire.' And one of the terms of peace, the loudspeakers say, is to be disarmament. There are to be no more guns, no army, no navy, no air force in the future. No more

young men will be trained to fight with arms. That rouses another mind-hornet in the chambers of the brain-another quotation. 'To fight against a real enemy, to carn undying honour and glory by shooting total strangers, and to come home with my breast covered with medals and decorations, that was the summit of my hope . . . It was for this that my whole life so far had been dedicated, my education, training, everything . . .'

Those were the words of a young Englishman who fought in the last war. In the face of them, do the current thinkers honestly believe that by writing 'Disarmament' on a sheet of paper at a conference table they will have done all that is needful? Othello's occupation will be gone; but he will remain Othello. The young airman up in the sky is driven not only by the voices of loudspeakers; he is driven by voices in himself-ancient instincts, instincts fostered and cherished by education and tradition. Is he to be blamed for those instincts? Could we switch off the maternal instinct at the command of a table full of politicians? Suppose that imperative among the peace terms was: 'Child-bearing is to be restricted to a very small class of specially selected women,' would we submit? Should we not say, 'The maternal instinct is a woman's glory. It was for this that my whole life has been dedicated, my education, training, everything . . .' But if it were necessary, for the sake of humanity, for the peace of the world, that childbearing should be restricted, the maternal instinct subdued, women would attempt it. Men would help them. They would honour them for their refusal to bear children. They would give them other openings for their creative power. That too must make part of our fight for freedom. We must help the young Englishmen to root out from themselves the love of medals and decorations. We must create more honourable activities for those who try to conquer in themselves their

fighting instinct, their subconscious Hitlerism. We must compensate the man for the loss of his gun.

The sound of sawing overhead has increased. All the searchlights are erect. They point at a spot exactly above this roof. At any moment a bomb may fall on this very room. One, two, three, four, five, six . . . the seconds pass. The bomb did not fall. But during those seconds of suspense all thinking stopped. All feeling, save one dull dread, ceased. A nail fixed the whole being to one hard board. The emotion of fear and of hate is therefore sterile, unfertile. Directly that fear passes, the mind reaches out and instinctively revives itself by trying to create. Since the room is dark it can create only from memory. It reaches out to the memory of other Augusts-in Bayreuth, listening to Wagner; in Rome, walking over the Campagna; in London. Friends' voices come back. Scraps of poetry return. Each of those thoughts, even in memory, was far more positive, reviving, healing and creative than the dull dread made of fear and hate. Therefore if we are to compensate the young man for the loss of his glory and of his gun, we must give him access to the creative feelings. We must make happiness. We must free him from the machine. We must bring him out of his prison into the open air. But what is the use of freeing the young Englishman if the young German and the young Italian remain slaves?

The searchlights, wavering across the flat, have picked up the plane now. From this window one can see a little silver insect turning and twisting in the light. The guns go pop pop pop. Then they cease. Probably the raider was brought down behind the hill. One of the pilots landed safe in a field near here the other day. He said to his captors, speaking fairly good English, 'How

glad I am that the fight is over!' Then an Englishman gave him a cigarette, and an Englishwoman made him a cup of tea. That would seem to show that if you can free the man from the machine, the seed does not fall upon altogether stony ground. The seed may be fertile.

At last all the guns have stopped firing. All the searchlights have been extinguished. The natural darkness of a summer's night returns. The innocent sounds of the country are heard again. An apple thuds to the ground. An owl hoots, winging its way from tree to tree. And some half-forgotten words of an old English writer come to mind: 'The huntsmen are up in America . . .' Let us send these fragmentary notes to the huntsmen who are up in America, to the men and women whose sleep has not yet been broken by machine-gun fire, in the belief that they will rethink them generously and charitably, perhaps shape them into something serviceable. And now, in the shadowed half of the world, to sleep.

Street Haunting

A London Adventure

No one perhaps has ever felt passionately towards a lead pencil. But there are circumstances in which it can become supremely desirable to possess one; moments when we are set upon having an object, an excuse for walking half across London between tea and dinner. As the foxhunter hunts in order to preserve the breed of foxes, and the golfer plays in order that open spaces may be preserved from the builders, so when the desire comes upon us to go street rambling the pencil does for a pretext, and getting up we say: 'Really I must buy a pencil,' as if under cover of this excuse we could indulge safely in the greatest pleasure of town life in winter-rambling the streets of London.

The hour should be the evening and the season winter, for in winter the champagne brightness of the air and the sociability of the streets are grateful. We are not then taunted as in the summer by the longing for shade and solitude and sweet airs from the hayfields. The evening hour, too, gives us the irresponsibility which darkness and lamplight bestow. We are no longer quite ourselves. As we step out of the house on a fine evening between four and six, we shed the self our friends know us by and become part of that vast

republican army of anonymous trampers, whose society is so agreeable after the solitude of one's own room. For there we sit surrounded by objects which perpetually express the oddity of our own temperaments and enforce the memories of our own experience. That bowl on the mantelpiece, for instance, was bought at Mantua on a windy day. We were leaving the shop when the sinister old woman plucked at our skirts and said she would find herself starving one of these days, but, 'Take it!' she cried, and thrust the blue and white china bowl into our hands as if she never wanted to be reminded of her quixotic generosity. So, guiltily, but suspecting nevertheless how badly we had been fleeced, we carried it back to the little hotel where, in the middle of the night, the innkeeper quarrelled so violently with his wife that we all leant out into the courtyard to look, and saw the vines laced about among the pillars and the stars white in the sky. The moment was stabilized, stamped like a coin indelibly among a million that slipped by imperceptibly. There, too, was the melancholy Englishman, who rose among the coffee cups and the little iron tables and revealed the secrets of his soul-as travellers do. All this-Italy, the windy morning, the vines laced about the pillars, the Englishman and the secrets of his soul-rise up in a cloud from the china bowl on the mantelpiece. And there, as our eyes fall to the floor, is that brown stain on the carpet. Mr Lloyd George made that. 'The man's a devil!' said Mr Cummings, putting the kettle down with which he was about to fill the teapot so that it burnt a brown ring on the carpet.

But when the door shuts on us, all that vanishes. The shell-like covering which our souls have excreted to house themselves, to make for themselves a shape distinct from others, is broken, and there is left of all these wrinkles and roughnesses a central oyster of perceptiveness, an enormous eye. How

beautiful a street is in winter! It is at once revealed and obscured. Here vaguely one can trace symmetrical straight avenues of doors and windows; here under the lamps are floating islands of pale light through which pass quickly bright men and women, who, for all their poverty and shabbiness, wear a certain look of unreality, an air of triumph, as if they had given life the slip, so that life, deceived of her prey, blunders on without them. But, after all, we are only gliding smoothly on the surface. The eye is not a miner, not a diver, not a seeker after buried treasure. It floats us smoothly down a stream; resting, pausing, the brain sleeps perhaps as it looks.

How beautiful a London street is then, with its islands of light, and its long groves of darkness, and on one side of it perhaps some tree-sprinkled, grass-grown space where night is folding herself to sleep naturally and, as one passes the iron railing, one hears those little cracklings and stirrings of leaf and twig which seem to suppose the silence of fields all round them, an owl hooting, and far away the rattle of a train in the valley. But this is London, we are reminded; high among the bare trees are hung oblong frames of reddish yellow light-windows; there are points of brilliance burning steadily like low stars-lamps; this empty ground, which holds the country in it and its peace, is only a London square, set about by offices and houses where at this hour fierce lights burn over maps, over documents, over desks where clerks sit turning with wetted forefinger the files of endless correspondences; or more suffusedly the firelight wavers and the lamplight falls upon the privacy of some drawing-room, its easy chairs, its papers, its china, its inlaid table, and the figure of a woman, accurately measuring out the precise number of spoons of tea which-She looks at the door as if she heard a ring downstairs and somebody asking, is she in?

But here we must stop peremptorily. We are in danger of digging deeper than the eye approves; we are impeding our passage down the smooth stream by catching at some branch or root. At any moment, the sleeping army may stir itself and wake in us a thousand violins and trumpets in response; the army of human beings may rouse itself and assert all its oddities and sufferings and sordidities. Let us dally a little longer, be content still with surfaces only-the glossy brilliance of the motor omnibuses; the carnal splendour of the butchers' shops with their yellow flanks and purple steaks; the blue and red bunches of flowers burning so bravely through the plate glass of the florists' windows.

For the eye has this strange property: it rests only on beauty; like a butterfly it seeks colour and basks in warmth. On a winter's night like this, when nature has been at pains to polish and preen herself, it brings back the prettiest trophies, breaks off little lumps of emerald and coral as if the whole earth were made of precious stone. The thing it cannot do (one is speaking of the average unprofessional eye) is to compose these trophies in such a way as to bring out the more obscure angles and relationships. Hence after a prolonged diet of this simple, sugary fare, of beauty pure and uncomposed, we become conscious of satiety. We halt at the door of the boot shop and make some little excuse, which has nothing to do with the real reason, for folding up the bright paraphernalia of the streets and withdrawing to some duskier chamber of the being where we may ask, as we raise our left foot obediently upon the stand: 'What, then, is it like to be a dwarf?'

She came in escorted by two women who, being of normal size, looked like benevolent giants beside her. Smiling at the shop girls, they seemed to be

disclaiming any lot in her deformity and assuring her of their protection. She wore the peevish yet apologetic expression usual on the faces of the deformed. She needed their kindness, yet she resented it. But when the shop girl had been summoned and the giantesses, smiling indulgently, had asked for shoes for 'this Lady' and the girl had pushed the little stand in front of her, the dwarf stuck her foot out with an impetuosity which seemed to claim all our attention. Look at that! Look at that! she seemed to demand of us all, as she thrust her foot out, for behold it was the shapely, perfectly proportioned foot of a well-grown woman. It was arched; it was aristocratic. Her whole manner changed as she looked at it resting on the stand. She looked soothed and satisfied. Her manner became full of self-confidence. She sent for shoe after shoe; she tried on pair after pair. She got up and pirouetted before a glass which reflected the foot only in yellow shoes, in fawn shoes, in shoes of lizard skin. She raised her little skirts and displayed her little legs. She was thinking that, after all, feet are the most important part of the whole person; women, she said to herself, have been loved for their feet alone. Seeing nothing but her feet, she imagined perhaps that the rest of her body was of a piece with those beautiful feet. She was shabbily dressed, but she was ready to lavish any money upon her shoes. And as this was the only occasion upon which she was not afraid of being looked at but positively craved attention, she was ready to use any device to prolong the choosing and fitting. Look at my feet, she seemed to be saying, as she took a step this way and then a step that way. The shop girl good-humouredly must have said something flattering, for suddenly her face lit up in ecstasy. But, after all, the giantesses, benevolent though they were, had their own affairs to see to; she must make up her mind; she must decide which to choose. At length, the pair was chosen and, as she walked out between her guardians, with the parcel swinging from

her finger, the ecstasy faded, knowledge returned, the old peevishness, the old apology came back, and by the time she had reached the street again she had become a dwarf only.

But she had changed the mood; she had called into being an atmosphere which, as we followed her out into the street, seemed actually to create the humped, the twisted, the deformed. Two bearded men, brothers, apparently, stone-blind, supporting themselves by resting a hand on the head of a small boy between them, marched down the street. On they came with the unyielding yet tremulous tread of the blind, which seems to lend to their approach something of the terror and inevitability of the fate that has overtaken them. As they passed, holding straight on, the little convoy seemed to cleave asunder the passers-by with the momentum of its silence, its directness, its disaster. Indeed, the dwarf had started a hobbling grotesque dance to which everybody in the street had now conformed; the stout lady tightly swathed in shiny sealskin; the feeble-minded boy sucking the silver knob of his stick; the old man squatted on a doorstep as if, suddenly overcome by the absurdity of the human spectacle, he had sat down to look at it-all joined in the hobble and tap of the dwarf's dance.

In what crevices and crannies, one might ask, did they lodge, this maimed company of the halt and the blind? Here, perhaps, in the top rooms of these narrow old houses between Holborn and Soho, where people have such queer names, and pursue so many curious trades, are gold beaters, accordion pleaters, cover buttons, or support life, with even greater fantasticality, upon a traffic in cups without saucers, china umbrella handles, and highly coloured pictures of martyred saints. There they lodge, and it

seems as if the lady in the sealskin jacket must find life tolerable, passing the time of day with the accordion pleater, or the man who covers buttons; life which is so fantastic cannot be altogether tragic. They do not grudge us, we are musing, our prosperity; when, suddenly, turning the corner, we come upon a bearded Jew, wild, hunger-bitten, glaring out of his misery; or pass the humped body of an old woman flung abandoned on the step of a public building with a cloak over her like the hasty covering thrown over a dead horse or donkey. At such sights the nerves of the spine seem to stand erect; a sudden flare is brandished in our eyes; a question is asked which is never answered. Often enough these derelicts choose to lie not a stone's throw from theatres, within hearing of barrel organs, almost, as night draws on, within touch of the sequined cloaks and bright legs of diners and dancers. They lie close to those shop windows where commerce offers to a world of old women laid on doorsteps, of blind men, of hobbling dwarfs, sofas which are supported by the gilt necks of proud swans; tables inlaid with baskets of many coloured fruit; sideboards paved with green marble the better to support the weight of boars' heads; and carpets so softened with age that their carnations have almost vanished in a pale green sea.

Passing, glimpsing, everything seems accidentally but miraculously sprinkled with beauty, as if the tide of trade which deposits its burden so punctually and prosaically upon the shores of Oxford Street had this night cast up nothing but treasure. With no thought of buying, the eye is sportive and generous; it creates; it adorns; it enhances. Standing out in the street, one may build up all the chambers of an imaginary house and furnish them at one's will with sofa, table, carpet. That rug will do for the hall. That alabaster bowl shall stand on a carved table in the window. Our merrymaking shall be

reflected in that thick round mirror. But, having built and furnished the house, one is happily under no obligation to possess it; one can dismantle it in the twinkling of an eye, and build and furnish another house with other chairs and other glasses. Or let us indulge ourselves at the antique jewellers, among the trays of rings and the hanging necklaces. Let us choose those pearls, for example, and then imagine how, if we put them on, life would be changed. It becomes instantly between two and three in the morning; the lamps are burning very white in the deserted streets of Mayfair. Only motor-cars are abroad at this hour, and one has a sense of emptiness, of airiness, of secluded gaiety. Wearing pearls, wearing silk, one steps out on to a balcony which overlooks the gardens of sleeping Mayfair. There are a few lights in the bedrooms of great peers returned from Court, of silk-stockinged footmen, of dowagers who have pressed the hands of statesmen. A cat creeps along the garden wall. Love-making is going on sibilantly, seductively in the darker places of the room behind thick green curtains. Strolling sedately as if he were promenading a terrace beneath which the shires and counties of England lie sun-bathed, the aged Prime Minister recounts to Lady So-and-So with the curls and the emeralds the true history of some great crisis in the affairs of the land. We seem to be riding on the top of the highest mast of the tallest ship; and yet at the same time we know that nothing of this sort matters; love is not proved thus, nor great achievements completed thus; so that we sport with the moment and preen our feathers in it lightly, as we stand on the balcony watching the moonlit cat creep along Princess Mary's garden wall.

But what could be more absurd? It is, in fact, on the stroke of six; it is a winter's evening; we are walking to the Strand to buy a pencil. How, then, are we also on a balcony, wearing pearls in June? What could be more absurd?

Yet it is nature's folly, not ours. When she set about her chief masterpiece, the making of man, she should have thought of one thing only. Instead, turning her head, looking over her shoulder, into each one of us she let creep instincts and desires which are utterly at variance with his main being, so that we are streaked, variegated, all of a mixture; the colours have run. Is the true self this which stands on the pavement in January, or that which bends over the balcony in June? Am I here, or am I there? Or is the true self neither this nor that, neither here nor there, but something so varied and wandering that it is only when we give the rein to its wishes and let it take its way unimpeded that we are indeed ourselves? Circumstances compel unity; for convenience sake a man must be a whole. The good citizen when he opens his door in the evening must be banker, golfer, husband, father; not a nomad wandering the desert, a mystic staring at the sky, a debauchee in the slums of San Francisco, a soldier heading a revolution, a pariah howling with scepticism and solitude. When he opens his door, he must run his fingers through his hair and put his umbrella in the stand like the rest.

But here, none too soon, are the second-hand bookshops. Here we find anchorage in these thwarting currents of being; here we balance ourselves after the splendours and miseries of the streets. The very sight of the bookseller's wife with her foot on the fender, sitting beside a good coal fire, screened from the door, is sobering and cheerful. She is never reading, or only the newspaper; her talk, when it leaves bookselling, which it does so gladly, is about hats; she likes a hat to be practical, she says, as well as pretty. Oh no, they don't live at the shop; they live in Brixton; she must have a bit of green to look at. In summer a jar of flowers grown in her own garden is stood on the top of some dusty pile to enliven the shop. Books are everywhere; and

always the same sense of adventure fills us. Second-hand books are wild books, homeless books; they have come together in vast flocks of variegated feather, and have a charm which the domesticated volumes of the library lack. Besides, in this random miscellaneous company we may rub against some complete stranger who will, with luck, turn into the best friend we have in the world. There is always a hope, as we reach down some greyish-white book from an upper shelf, directed by its air of shabbiness and desertion, of meeting here with a man who set out on horseback over a hundred years ago to explore the woollen market in the Midlands and Wales; an unknown traveller, who stayed at inns, drank his pint, noted pretty girls and serious customs, wrote it all down stiffly, laboriously for sheer love of it (the book was published at his own expense); was infinitely prosy, busy, and matter-of-fact, and so let flow in without his knowing it the very scent of hollyhocks and the hay together with such a portrait of himself as gives him forever a seat in the warm corner of the mind's inglenook. One may buy him for eighteen pence now. He is marked three and sixpence, but the bookseller's wife, seeing how shabby the covers are and how long the book has stood there since it was bought at some sale of a gentleman's library in Suffolk, will let it go at that.

Thus, glancing round the bookshop, we make other such sudden capricious friendships with the unknown and the vanished whose only record is, for example, this little book of poems, so fairly printed, so finely engraved, too, with a portrait of the author. For he was a poet and drowned untimely, and his verse, mild as it is and formal and sententious, sends forth still a frail fluty sound like that of a piano organ played in some back street resignedly by an old Italian organ-grinder in a corduroy jacket. There are

travellers, too, row upon row of them, still testifying, indomitable spinsters that they were, to the discomforts that they endured and the sunsets they admired in Greece when Queen Victoria was a girl. A tour in Cornwall with a visit to the tin mines was thought worthy of voluminous record. People went slowly up the Rhine and did portraits of each other in Indian ink, sitting reading on deck beside a coil of rope; they measured the pyramids; were lost to civilization for years; converted negroes in pestilential swamps. This packing up and going off, exploring deserts and catching fevers, settling in India for a lifetime, penetrating even to China and then returning to lead a parochial life at Edmonton, tumbles and tosses upon the dusty floor like an uneasy sea, so restless the English are, with the waves at their very door. The waters of travel and adventure seem to break upon little islands of serious effort and lifelong industry stood in jagged column upon the floor. In these piles of puce-bound volumes with gilt monograms on the back, thoughtful clergymen expound the gospels; scholars are to be heard with their hammers and their chisels chipping clear the ancient texts of Euripides and Aeschylus. Thinking, annotating, expounding goes on at a prodigious rate all around us and over everything, like a punctual, everlasting tide, washes the ancient sea of fiction. Innumerable volumes tell how Arthur loved Laura and they were separated and they were unhappy and then they met and they were happy ever after, as was the way when Victoria ruled these islands.

The number of books in the world is infinite, and one is forced to glimpse and nod and move on after a moment of talk, a flash of understanding, as, in the street outside, one catches a word in passing and from a chance phrase fabricates a lifetime. It is about a woman called Kate that they are talking, how 'I said to her quite straight last night . . . if you don't

think I'm worth a penny stamp, I said . . .' But who Kate is, and to what crisis in their friendship that penny stamp refers, we shall never know; for Kate sinks under the warmth of their volubility; and here, at the street comer, another page of the volume of life is laid open by the sight of two men consulting under the lamp-post. They are spelling out the latest wire from Newmarket in the stop press news. Do they think, then, that fortune will ever convert their rags into fur and broadcloth, sling them with watch-chains, and plant diamond pins where there is now a ragged open shirt? But the main stream of walkers at this hour sweeps too fast to let us ask such questions. They are wrapt, in this short passage from work to home, in some narcotic dream, now that they are free from the desk, and have the fresh air on their cheeks. They put on those bright clothes which they must hang up and lock the key upon all the rest of the day, and are great cricketers, famous actresses, soldiers who have saved their country at the hour of need. Dreaming, gesticulating, often muttering a few words aloud, they sweep over the Strand and across Waterloo Bridge whence they will be slung in long rattling trains, to some prim little villa in Barnes or Surbiton where the sight of the clock in the hall and the smell of the supper in the basement puncture the dream.

But we are come to the Strand now, and as we hesitate on the kerb, a little rod about the length of one's finger begins to lay its bar across the velocity and abundance of life. 'Really I must-really I must'-that is it. Without investigating the demand, the mind cringes to the accustomed tyrant. One must, one always must, do something or other; it is not allowed one simply to enjoy oneself. Was it not for this reason that, some time ago, we fabricated the excuse, and invented the necessity of buying something? But what was it? Ah, we remember, it was a pencil. Let us go then and buy this pencil. But just

as we are turning to obey the command, another self disputes the right of the tyrant to insist. The usual conflict comes about. Spread out behind the rod of duty we see the whole breadth of the river Thames-wide, mournful, peaceful. And we see it through the eyes of somebody who is leaning over the Embankment on a summer evening, without a care in the world. Let us put off buying the pencil; let us go in search of this person-and soon it becomes apparent that this person is ourselves. For if we could stand there where we stood six months ago, should we not be again as we were then-calm, aloof, content? Let us try then. But the river is rougher and greyer than we remembered. The tide is running out to sea. It brings down with it a tug and two barges, whose load of straw is tightly bound down beneath tarpaulin covers. There is, too, close by us, a couple leaning over the balustrade with the curious lack of self-consciousness lovers have, as if the importance of the affair they are engaged on claims without question the indulgence of the human race. The sights we see and the sounds we hear now have none of the quality of the past; nor have we any share in the serenity of the person who, six months ago, stood precisely where we stand now. His is the happiness of death; ours the insecurity of life. He has no future; the future is even now invading our peace. It is only when we look at the past and take from it the element of uncertainty that we can enjoy perfect peace. As it is, we must turn, we must cross the Strand again, we must find a shop where, even at this hour, they will be ready to sell us a pencil.

It is always an adventure to enter a new room; for the lives and characters of its owners have distilled their atmosphere into it, and directly we enter it we breast some new wave of emotion. Here, without a doubt, in the stationer's shop, people had been quarrelling. Their anger shot through the

air. They both stopped; the old woman-they were husband and wife evidently-retired to a back room; the old man whose rounded forehead and globular eyes would have looked well on the frontispiece of some Elizabethan folio, stayed to serve us. 'A pencil, a pencil,' he repeated, 'certainly, certainly.' He spoke with the distraction yet effusiveness of one whose emotions have been roused and checked in full flood. He began opening box after box and shutting them again. He said that it was very difficult to find things when they kept so many different articles. He launched into a story about some legal gentleman who had got into deep waters owing to the conduct of his wife. He had known him for years; he had been connected with the Temple for half a century, he said, as if he wished his wife in the back room to overhear him. He upset a box of rubber bands. At last, exasperated by his incompetence, he pushed the swing door open and called out roughly: 'Where d'you keep the pencils?' as if his wife had hidden them. The old lady came in. Looking at nobody, she put her hand with a fine air of righteous severity upon the right box. There were pencils. How then could he do without her? Was she not indispensable to him? In order to keep them there, standing side by side in forced neutrality, one had to be particular in one's choice of pencils; this was too soft, that too hard. They stood silently looking on. The longer they stood there, the calmer they grew; their heat was going down, their anger disappearing. Now, without a word said on either side, the quarrel was made up. The old man, who would not have disgraced Ben Jonson's title-page, reached the box back to its proper place, bowed profoundly his good night to us, and they disappeared. She would get out her sewing; he would read his newspaper; the canary would scatter them impartially with seed. The quarrel was over.

In these minutes in which a ghost has been sought for, a quarrel composed, and a pencil bought, the streets had become completely empty. Life had withdrawn to the top floor, and lamps were lit. The pavement was dry and hard; the road was of hammered silver. Walking home through the desolation one could tell oneself the story of the dwarf, of the blind men, of the party in the Mayfair mansion, of the quarrel in the stationer's shop. Into each of these lives one could penetrate a little way, far enough to give oneself the illusion that one is not tethered to a single mind, but can put on briefly for a few minutes the bodies and minds of others. One could become a washerwoman, a publican, a street singer. And what greater delight and wonder can there be than to leave the straight lines of personality and deviate into those footpaths that lead beneath brambles and thick tree trunks into the heart of the forest where live those wild beasts, our fellow men?

That is true: to escape is the greatest of pleasures; street haunting in winter the greatest of adventures. Still as we approach our own doorstep again, it is comforting to feel the old possessions, the old prejudices, fold us round; and the self, which has been blown about at so many street corners, which has battered like a moth at the flame of so many inaccessible lanterns, sheltered and enclosed. Here again is the usual door; here the chair turned as we left it and the china bowl and the brown ring on the carpet. And here-let us examine it tenderly, let us touch it with reverence-is the only spoil we have retrieved from all the treasures of the city, a lead pencil.

Oxford Street Tide

Down in the docks one sees things in their crudity, their bulk, their enormity. Here in Oxford Street they have been refined and transformed. The huge barrels of damp tobacco have been rolled into innumerable neat cigarettes laid in silver paper. The corpulent bales of wool have been spun into thin vests and soft stockings. The grease of sheep's thick wool has become scented cream for delicate skins. And those who buy and those who sell have suffered the same city change. Tripping, mincing, in black coats, in satin dresses, the human form has adapted itself no less than the animal product. Instead of hauling and heaving, it deftly opens drawers, rolls out silk on counters, measures and snips with yard sticks and scissors.

Oxford Street, it goes without saying, is not London's most distinguished thoroughfare. Moralists have been known to point the finger of scorn at those who buy there, and they have the support of the dandies. Fashion has secret crannies off Hanover Square, round about Bond Street, to which it withdraws discreetly to perform its more sublime rites. In Oxford Street there are too many bargains, too many sales, too many goods marked down to one and eleven three that only last week cost two and six. The buying and selling is too blatant and raucous. But as one saunters towards the sunset and what with artificial light and mounds of silk and gleaming omnibuses, a perpetual

sunset seems to brood over the Marble Arch the garishness and gaudiness of the great rolling ribbon of Oxford Street has its fascination. It is like the pebbly bed of a river whose stones are for ever washed by a bright stream. Everything glitters and twinkles. The first spring day brings out barrows frilled with tulips, violets, daffodils in brilliant layers. The frail vessels eddy vaguely across the stream of the traffic. At one corner seedy magicians are making slips of coloured paper expand in magic tumblers into bristling forests of splendidly tinted flora-a subaqueous flower garden. At another, tortoises repose on litters of grass. The slowest and most contemplative of creatures display their mild activities on a foot or two of pavement, jealously guarded from passing feet. One infers that the desire of man for the tortoise, like the desire of the moth for the star, is a constant element in human nature. Nevertheless, to see a woman stop and add a tortoise to her string of parcels is perhaps the rarest sight that human eyes can look upon.

Taking all this into account-the auctions, the barrows, the cheapness, the glitter-it cannot be said that the character of Oxford Street is refined. It is a breeding ground, a forcing house of sensation. The pavement seems to sprout horrid tragedies; the divorces of actresses, the suicides of millionaires occur here with a frequency that is unknown in the more austere pavements of the residential districts. News changes quicker than in any other part of London. The press of people passing seems to lick the ink off the placards and to consume more of them and to demand fresh supplies of later editions faster than elsewhere. The mind becomes a glutinous slab that takes impressions and Oxford Street rolls off upon it a perpetual ribbon of changing sights, sounds and movement. Parcels slap and hit; motor omnibuses graze the kerb; the blare of a whole brass band in full tongue dwindles to a thin reed of

sound. Buses, vans, cars, barrows stream past like the fragments of a picture puzzle; a white arm rises; the puzzle runs thick, coagulates, stops; the white arm sinks, and away it streams again, streaked, twisted, higgledy-piggledy, in perpetual race and disorder. The puzzle never fits itself together, however long we look.

On the banks of this river of turning wheels our modern aristocrats have built palaces just as in ancient days the Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland, the Earls of Dorset and Salisbury lined the Strand with their stately mansions. The different houses of the great firms testify to the courage, initiative, the audacity of their creators much as the great houses of Cavendish and Percy testify to such qualities in some faraway shire. From the loins of our merchants will spring the Cavendishes and Percys of the future. Indeed, the great Lords of Oxford Street are as magnanimous as any Duke or Earl who scattered gold or doled out loaves to the poor at his gates. Only their largesse takes a different form. It takes the form of excitement, of display, of entertainment, of windows lit up by night, of banners flaunting by day. They give us the latest news for nothing. Music streams from their banqueting rooms free. You need not spend more than one and eleven three to enjoy all the shelter that high and airy halls provide; and the soft pile of carpets, and the luxury of lifts, and the glow of fabrics, and carpets and silver. Percy and Cavendish could give no more. These gifts of course have an object to entice the shilling and eleven pennies as freely from our pockets as possible; but the Percys and the Cavendishes were not munificent either without hope of some return, whether it was a dedication from a poet or a vote from a farmer. And both the old lords and the new added considerably to the decoration and entertainment of human life.

But it cannot be denied that these Oxford Street palaces are rather flimsy abodes-perhaps grounds rather than dwelling places. One is conscious that one is walking on a strip of wood laid upon steel girders, and that the outer wall, for all its florid stone ornamentation, is only thick enough to withstand the force of the wind. A vigorous prod with an umbrella point might well inflict irreparable damage upon the fabric. Many a country cottage built to house farmer or miller when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne will live to see these palaces fall into the dust. The old cottage walls, with their oak beams and their layers of honest brick soundly cemented together still put up a stout resistance to the drills and bores that attempt to introduce the modern blessing of electricity. But any day of the week one may sec Oxford Street vanishing at the tap of a workman's pick as he stands perilously balanced on a dusty pinnacle knocking down walls and facades as lightly as if they were made of yellow cardboard and sugar icing.

And again the moralists point the finger of scorn. For such thinness, such papery stone and powdery brick reflect, they say, the levity, the ostentation, the haste and irresponsibility of our age. Yet perhaps they are as much out in their scorn as we should be if we asked of the lily that it should be cast in bronze, or of the daisy that it should have petals of imperishable enamel. The charm of modern London is that it is not built to last; it is built to pass. Its glassiness, its transparency, its surging waves of coloured plaster give a different pleasure and achieve a different end from that which was desired and attempted by the old builders and their patrons, the nobility of England. Their pride required the illusion of permanence. Ours, on the contrary, seems to delight in proving that we can make stone and brick as transitory as our own desires. We do not build for our descendants, who may

live up in the clouds or down in the earth, but for ourselves and our own needs. We knock down and rebuild as we expect to be knocked down and rebuilt. It is an impulse that makes for creation and fertility. Discovery is stimulated and invention on the alert.

The palaces of Oxford Street ignore what seemed good to the Greeks, to the Elizabethan, to the eighteenthcentury nobleman; they are overwhelmingly conscious that unless they can devise an architecture that shows off the dressing-case, the Paris frock, the cheap stockings, and the jar of bath salts to perfection, their palaces, their mansions and motor-cars and the little villas out at Croydon and Surbiton where their shop assistants live, not so badly after all, with a gramophone and wireless, and money to spend at the movies- all this will be swept to ruin. Hence they stretch stone fantastically; crush together in one wild confusion the styles of Greece, Egypt, Italy, America; and boldly attempt an air of lavishness, opulence, in their effort to persuade the multitude that here unending beauty, ever fresh, ever new, very cheap and within the reach of everybody, bubbles up every day of the week from an inexhaustible well. The mere thought of age, of solidity, of lasting for ever is abhorrent to Oxford Street.

Therefore if the moralist chooses to take his afternoon walk along this particular thoroughfare, he must tune his strain so that it receives into it some queer, incongruous voices. Above the racket of van and omnibus we can hear them crying. God knows, says the man who sells tortoises, that my arm aches; my chance of selling a tortoise is small; but courage! there may come along a buyer; my bed tonight depends on it; so on I must go, as slowly as the police allow, wheeling tortoises down Oxford Street from dawn till dusk.

True, says the great merchant, I am not thinking of educating the mass to a higher standard of æsthetic sensibility. It taxes all my wits to think how I can display my goods with the minimum of waste and the maximum of effectiveness. Green dragons on the top of Corinthian columns may help; let us try. I grant, says the middle-class woman, that I linger and look and barter and cheapen and turn over basket after basket of remnants hour by hour. My eyes glisten unseemily I know, and I grab and pounce with disgusting greed. But my husband is a small clerk in a bank; I have only fifteen pounds a year to dress on; so here I come, to linger and loiter and look, if I can, as well dressed as my neighbours. I am a thief, says a woman of that persuasion, and a lady of easy virtue into the bargain. But it takes a good deal of pluck to snatch a bag from a counter when a customer is not looking; and it may contain only spectacles and old bus tickets after all. So here goes!

A thousand such voices are always crying aloud in Oxford Street. All are tense, all are real, all are urged out of their speakers by the pressure of making a living, finding a bed, somehow keeping afloat on the bounding, careless, remorseless tide of the street. And even a moralist, who is, one must suppose, since he can spend the afternoon dreaming, a man with a balance in the bank-even a moralist must allow that this gaudy, bustling, vulgar street reminds us that life is a struggle; that all building is perishable; that all display is vanity; from which we may conclude-but until some adroit shopkeeper has caught on to the idea and opened cells for solitary thinkers hung with green plush and provided with automatic glowworms and a sprinkling of genuine death's-head moths to induce thought and reflection, it is vain to try to come to a conclusion in Oxford Street.

Craftsmanship

The title of this series is 'Words Fail Me', and this particular talk is called 'Craftsmanship'. We must suppose, therefore, that the talker is meant to discuss the craft of words-the craftsmanship of the writer. But there is something incongruous, unfitting, about the term 'craftsmanship' when applied to words. The English dictionary, to which we always turn in moments of dilemma, confirms us in our doubts. It says that the word 'craft' has two meanings; it means in the first place making useful objects out of solid matter for example, a pot, a chair, a table. In the second place, the word 'craft' means cajolery, cunning, deceit. Now we know little that is certain about words, but this we do know-words never make anything that is useful; and words are the only things that tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Therefore, to talk of craft in connexion with words is to bring together two incongruous ideas, which if they mate can only give birth to some monster fit for a glass case in a museum. Instantly, therefore, the title of the talk must be changed, and for it substituted another-A Ramble round Words, perhaps. For when you cut off the head of a talk it behaves like a hen that has been decapitated. It runs round in a circle till it drops dead-so people say who have killed hens. And that must be the course, or circle, of this decapitated talk. Let us then take for our starting point the statement that words are not useful.

This happily needs little proving, for we are all aware of it. When we travel on the Tube, for example, when we wait on the platform for a train, there, hung up in front of us, on an illuminated signboard, are the words 'Passing Russell Square'. We look at those words; we repeat them; we try to impress that useful fact upon our minds; the next train will pass Russell Square. We say over and over again as we pace 'Passing Russell Square, passing Russell Square'. And then as we say them, the words shuffle and change, and we find ourselves saying 'Passing away saith the world, passing away . . . The leaves decay and fall, the vapours weep their burthen to the ground. Man comes . . .' And then we wake up and find ourselves at King's Cross.

Take another example. Written up opposite us in the railway carriage are the words: 'Do not lean out of the window'. At the first reading the useful meaning, the surface meaning, is conveyed; but soon, as we sit looking at the words, they shuffle, they change; and we begin saying, 'Windows, yes windows-casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.' And before we know what we are doing, we have leant out of the window; we are looking for Ruth in tears amid the alien corn. The penalty for that is twenty pounds or a broken neck.

This proves, if it needs proving, how very little natural gift words have for being useful. If we insist on forcing them against their nature to be useful, we see to our cost how they mislead us, how they fool us, how they land us a crack on the head. We have been so often fooled in this way by words, they have so often proved that they hate being useful, that it is their nature not to express one simple statement but a thousand possibilities they have done this so often that at last, happily, we are beginning to face the fact. We are

beginning to invent another language-a language perfectly and beautifully adapted to express useful statements, a language of signs. There is one great living master of this language to whom we are all indebted, that anonymous writer-whether man, woman or disembodied spirit nobody knows-who describes hotels in the Michelin Guide. He wants to tell us that one hotel is moderate, another good, and a third the best in the place. How does he do it? Not with words; words would at once bring into being shrubberies and billiard tables, men and women, the moon rising and the long splash of the summer sea all good things, but all here beside the point. He sticks to signs; one gable; two gables; three gables. That is all he says and all he needs to say. Baedeker carries the sign language still further into the sublime realms of art. When he wishes to say that a picture is good, he uses one star; if very good, two stars; when, in his opinion, it is a work of transcendent genius, three black stars shine on the page, and that is all. So with a handful of stars and daggers the whole of art criticism, the whole of literary criticism could be reduced to the size of a six-penny bit-there are moments when one could wish it. But this suggests that in time to come writers will have two languages at their service; one for fact, one for fiction. When the biographer has to convey a useful and necessary fact, as, for example, that Oliver Smith went to college and took a third in the year 1892, he will say so with a hollow O on top of the figure five. When the novelist is forced to inform us that John rang the bell; after a pause the door was opened by a parlourmaid who said, 'Mrs Jones is not at home,' he will to our great gain and his own comfort convey that repulsive statement not in words, but in signs-say, a capital H on top of the figure three. Thus we may look forward to the day when our biographies and novels will be slim and muscular; and a railway company that says: 'Do not lean out of the window' in words will be fined a penalty not exceeding five

pounds for the improper use of language.

Words, then, are not useful. Let us now inquire into their other quality, their positive quality, that is, their power to tell the truth. According once more to the dictionary there are at least three kinds of truth: God's or gospel truth; literary truth; and home truth (generally unflattering). But to consider each separately would take too long. Let us then simplify and assert that since the only test of truth is length of life, and since words survive the chops and changes of time longer than any other substance, therefore they are the truest. Buildings fall; even the earth perishes. What was yesterday a cornfield is today a bungalow. But words, if properly used, seem able to live for ever. What, then, we may ask next, is the proper use of words? Not, so we have said, to make a useful statement; for a useful statement is a statement that can mean only one thing. And it is the nature of words to mean many things. Take the simple sentence 'Passing Russell Square'. That proved useless because besides the surface meaning it contained so many sunken meanings. The word 'passing' suggested the transiency of things, the passing of time and the changes of human life. Then the word 'Russell' suggested the rustling of leaves and the skirt on a polished floor: also the ducal house of Bedford and half the history of England. Finally the word 'Square' brings in the sight, the shape of an actual square combined with some visual suggestion of the stark angularity of stucco. Thus one sentence of the simplest kind rouses the imagination, the memory, the eye and the ear-all combine in reading it.

But they combine-they combine unconsciously together. The moment we single out and emphasize the suggestions as we have done here they become unreal; and we, too, become unreal-specialists, word mongers, phrase

finders, not readers. In reading we have to allow the sunken meanings to remain sunken, suggested, not stated; lapsing and flowing into each other like reeds on the bed of a river. But the words in that sentence-Passing Russell Square-are of course very rudimentary words. They show no trace of the strange, of the diabolical power which words possess when they are not tapped out by a typewriter but come fresh from a human brain-the power that is to suggest the writer; his character, his appearance, his wife, his family, his house-even the cat on the hearthrug. Why words do this, how they do it, how to prevent them from doing it nobody knows. They do it without the writer's will; often against his will. No writer presumably wishes to impose his own miserable character, his own private secrets and vices upon the reader. But has any writer, who is not a typewriter, succeeded in being wholly impersonal? Always, inevitably, we know them as well as their books. Such is the suggestive power of words that they will often make a bad book into a very lovable human being, and a good book into a man whom we can hardly tolerate in the room. Even words that are hundreds of years old have this power; when they are new they have it so strongly that they deafen us to the writer's meaning-it is them we see, them we hear. That is one reason why our judgements of living writers are so wildly erratic. Only after the writer is dead do his words to some extent become disinfected, purified of the accidents of the living body.

Now, this power of suggestion is one of the most mysterious properties of words. Everyone who has ever written a sentence must be conscious or half-conscious of it. Words, English words, are full of echoes, of memories, of associations naturally. They have been out and about, on people's lips, in their houses, in the streets, in the fields, for so many centuries. And that is

one of the chief difficulties in writing them today-that they are so stored with meanings, with memories, that they have contracted so many famous marriages. The splendid word 'incarnadine', for example-who can use it without remembering also 'multitudinous seas'? In the old days, of course, when English was a new language, writers could invent new words and use them. Nowadays it is easy enough to invent new words-they spring to the lips whenever we see a new sight or feel a new sensation-but we cannot use them because the language is old. You cannot use a brand new word in an old language because of the very obvious yet mysterious fact that a word is not a single and separate entity, but part of other words. It is not a word indeed until it is part of a sentence. Words belong to each other, although, of course, only a great writer knows that the word 'incarnadine' belongs to 'multitudinous seas'. To combine new words with old words is fatal to the constitution of the sentence. In order to use new words properly you would have to invent a new language; and that, though no doubt we shall come to it, is not at the moment our business. Our business is to see what we can do with the English language as it is. How can we combine the old words in new orders so that they survive, so that they create beauty, so that they tell the truth? That is the question.

And the person who could answer that question would deserve whatever crown of glory the world has to offer. Think what it would mean if you could teach, if you could learn, the art of writing. Why, every book, every newspaper would tell the truth, would create beauty. But there is, it would appear, some obstacle in the way, some hindrance to the teaching of words. For though at this moment at least a hundred professors are lecturing upon the literature of the past, at least a thousand critics are reviewing the literature

of the present, and hundreds upon hundreds of young men and women are passing examinations in English literature with the utmost credit, still-do we write better, do we read better than we read and wrote four hundred years ago when we were unlectured, uncriticized, untaught? Is our Georgian literature a patch on the Elizabethan? Where then are we to lay the blame? Not on our professors; not on our reviewers; not on our writers; but on words. It is words that are to blame. They are the wildest, freest, most irresponsible, most unteachable of all things. Of course, you can catch them and sort them and place them in alphabetical order in dictionaries. But words do not live in dictionaries; they live in the mind. If you want proof of this, consider how often in moments of emotion when we most need words we find none. Yet there is the dictionary; there at our disposal are some half-a-million words all in alphabetical order. But can we use them? No, because words do not live in dictionaries, they live in the mind. Look again at the dictionary. There beyond a doubt lie plays more splendid that *Antony and Cleopatra;* poems more lovely than the *Ode to a Nightingale*; novels beside which *Pride and Prejudice* or *David Copperfield* are the crude bunglings of amateurs. It is only a question of finding the right words and putting them in the right order. But we cannot do it because they do not live in dictionaries; they live in the mind. And how do they live in the mind? Variously and strangely, much as human beings live, by ranging hither and thither, by falling in love, and mating together. It is true that they are much less bound by ceremony and convention than we are. Royal words mate with commoners. English words marry French words, German words, Indian words, Negro words, if they have a fancy. Indeed, the less we inquire into the past of our dear Mother English the better it will be for that lady's reputation. For she has gone a-roving, a-roving fair maid.

Thus to lay down any laws for such irreclaimable vagabonds is worse than useless, A few trifling rules of grammar and spelling are all the constraint we can put on them. All we can say about them, as we peer at them over the edge of that deep, dark and fitfully illuminated cavern in which they live the mind all we can say about them is that they seem to like people to think and to feel before they use them, but to think and to feel not about them, but about something different. They are highly sensitive, easily made self-conscious. They do not like to have their purity or their impurity discussed. If you start a Society for Pure English, they will show their resentment by starting another for impure English-hence the unnatural violence of much modern speech; it is a protest against the puritans. They are highly democratic, too; they believe that one word is as good as another; uneducated words are as good as educated words, uncultivated words as cultivated words, there are no ranks or titles in their society. Nor do they like being lifted out on the point of a pen and examined separately. They hang together, in sentences, in paragraphs, sometimes for whole pages at a time. They hate being useful; they hate making money; they hate being lectured about in public. In short, they hate anything that stamps them with one meaning or confines them to one attitude, for it is their nature to change.

Perhaps that is their most striking peculiarity-their need of change. It is because the truth they try to catch is many-sided, and they convey it by being themselves many-sided, flashing this way, then that. Thus they mean one thing to one person, another thing to another person; they are unintelligible to one generation, plain as a pike-staff to the next. And it is because of this complexity that they survive. Perhaps then one reason why we have no great

poet, novelist or critic writing today is that we refuse words their liberty. We pin them down to one meaning, their useful meaning, the meaning which makes us catch the train, the meaning which makes us pass the examination. And when words are pinned down they fold their wings and die. Finally, and most emphatically, words, like ourselves, in order to live at their ease, need privacy. Undoubtedly they like us to think, and they like us to feel, before we use them; but they also like us to pause; to become unconscious. Our unconsciousness is their privacy; our darkness is their light . . . That pause was made, that veil of darkness was dropped, to tempt words to come together in one of those swift marriages which are perfect images and create everlasting beauty. But no nothing of that sort is going to happen tonight. The little wretches are out of temper; disobliging; disobedient; dumb. What is it that they are muttering? 'Time's up! Silence!'

The Art of Biography

1

The art of biography, we say-but at once we go on to ask, Is biography an art? The question is foolish perhaps, and ungenerous certainly, considering the keen pleasure that biographers have given us. But the question asks itself so often that there must be something behind it. There it is, whenever a new biography is opened, casting its shadow on the page; and there would seem to be something deadly in that shadow, for after all, of the multitude of lives that are written, how few survive!

But the reason for this high death rate, the biographer might argue, is that biography, compared with the arts of poetry and fiction, is a young art. Interest in our selves and in other people's selves is a late development of the human mind. Not until the eighteenth century in England did that curiosity express itself in writing the lives of private people. Only in the nineteenth century was biography fully grown and hugely prolific. If it is true that there have been only three great biographers-Johnson, Boswell, and Lockhart-the reason, he argues, is that the time was short; and his plea, that the art of biography has had but little time to establish itself and develop itself, is certainly borne out by the textbooks. Tempting as it is to explore the reason

why, that is, the self that writes a book of prose came into being so many centuries after the self that writes a poem, why Chaucer preceded Henry James it is better to leave that insoluble question unasked, and so pass to his next reason for the lack of masterpieces. It is that the art of biography is the most restricted of all the arts. He has his proof ready to hand. Here it is in the preface in which Smith, who has written the life of Jones, takes this opportunity of thanking old friends who have lent letters, and 'last but not least' Mrs Jones, the widow, for that help 'without which', as he puts it, 'this biography could not have been written.' Now the novelist, he points out, simply says in his foreword, 'Every character in this book is fictitious.' The novelist is free; the biographer is tied.

There, perhaps, we come within hailing distance of that very difficult, again perhaps insoluble, question: What do we mean by calling a book a work of art? At any rate, here is a distinction between biography and fiction-a proof that they differ in the very stuff of which they are made. One is made with the help of friends, of facts; the other is created without any restrictions save those that the artist, for reasons that seem good to him, chooses to obey. That is a distinction; and there is good reason to think that in the past biographers have found it not only a distinction but a very cruel distinction.

The widow and the friends were hard taskmasters. Suppose, for example, that the man of genius was immoral, ill-tempered, and threw the boots at the maid's head. The widow would say, 'Still I loved him-he was the father of my children; and the public, who love his books, must on no account be disillusioned. Cover up; omit.' The biographer obeyed. And thus the majority of Victorian biographies are like the wax figures now preserved

in Westminster Abbey, that were carried in funeral processions through the street effigies that have only a smooth superficial likeness to the body in the coffin.

Then, towards the end of the nineteenth century, there was a change. Again for reasons not easy to discover, widows became broader-minded, the public keener-sighted; the effigy no longer carried conviction or satisfied curiosity. The biographer certainly won a measure of freedom. At least he could hint that there were scars and furrows on the dead man's face. Froude's Carlyle is by no means a wax mask painted rosy red. And following Froude there was Sir Edmund Gosse, who dared to say that his own father was a fallible human being. And following Edmund Gosse in the early years of the present century came Lytton Strachey,

2

The figure of Lytton Strachey is so important a figure in the history of biography that it compels a pause. For his three famous books, *Eminent Victorians,* Queen Victoria, and *Elizabeth and Essex*, are of a stature to show both what biography can do and what biography cannot do. Thus they suggest many possible answers to the question whether biography is an art, and if not, why it fails.

Lytton Strachey came to birth as an author at a lucky moment. In 1918, when he made his first attempt, biography, with its new liberties, was a form that offered great attractions. To a writer like himself, who had wished to write poetry or plays but was doubtful of his creative power, biography

seemed to offer a promising alternative. For at last it was possible to tell the truth about the dead; and the Victorian age was rich in remarkable figures many of whom had been grossly deformed by the effigies that had been plastered over them. To recreate them, to show them as they really were, was a task that called for gifts analogous to the poet's or the novelist's, yet did not ask for that inventive power in which he found himself lacking.

It was well worth trying. And the anger and the interest that his short studies of Eminent Victorians aroused showed that he was able to make Manning, Florence Nightingale, Gordon, and the rest live as they had not lived since they were actually in the flesh. Once more they were the centre of a buzz of discussion. Did Gordon really drink, or was that an invention? Had Florence Nightingale received the Order of Merit in her bedroom or in her sitting-room? He stirred the public, even though a European war was raging, to an astonishing interest in such minute matters. Anger and laughter mixed; and editions multiplied.

But these were short studies with something of the over-emphasis and the foreshortening of caricatures. In the lives of the two great Queens, Elizabeth and Victoria, he attempted a far more ambitious task. Biography had never had a fairer chance of showing what it could do. For it was now being put to the test by a writer who was capable of making use of all the liberties that biography had won: he was fearless; he had proved his brilliance; and he had learned his job. The result throws great light upon the nature of biography. For who can doubt that after reading the two books again, one after the other, that the *Victoria* is a triumphant success, and that the *Elizabeth* by comparison is a failure? But it seems too, as we compare

them, that it was not Lytton Strachey who failed; it was the art of biography. In the *Victoria* he treated biography as a craft; he submitted to its limitations. In the *Elizabeth* he treated biography as an art; he flouted its limitations.

But we must go on to ask how we have come to this conclusion and what reasons support it. In the first place it is clear that the two Queens present very different problems to their biographer. About Queen Victoria everything was known. Everything she did, almost everything she thought, was a matter of common knowledge. No one has ever been more closely verified and exactly authenticated than Queen Victoria. The biographer could not invent her, because at every moment some document was at hand to check his invention. And, in writing of Victoria, Lytton Strachey submitted to the conditions. He used to the full the biographer's power of selection and relation, but he kept strictly within the world of fact. Every statement was verified; every fact was authenticated. And the result is a life which, very possibly, will do for the old Queen what Boswell did for the old dictionary maker. In time to come Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria will be Queen Victoria, just as Boswell's Johnson is now Dr Johnson. The other versions will fade and disappear. It was a prodigious feat, and no doubt, having accomplished it, the author was anxious to press further. There was Queen Victoria, solid, real, palpable. But undoubtedly she was limited. Could not biography produce something of the intensity of poetry, something of the excitement of drama, and yet keep also the peculiar virtue that belongs to fact-its suggestive reality, its own, proper creativeness?

Queen Elizabeth seemed to lend herself perfectly to the experiment. Very little was known about her. The society in which she lived was so

remote that the habits, the motives, and even the actions of the people of that age were full of strangeness and obscurity. 'By what art are we to worm our way into those strange spirits? those even stranger bodies? The more clearly we perceive it, the more remote that singular universe becomes,' Lytton Strachey remarked on one of the first pages. Yet there was evidently a 'tragic history' lying dormant, half-revealed, half-concealed, in the story of the Queen and Essex. Everything seemed to lend itself to the making of a book that combined the advantages of both worlds, that gave the artist freedom to invent, but helped his invention with the support of facts-a book that was not only a biography but also a work of art.

Nevertheless, the combination proved unworkable; fact and fiction refused to mix. Elizabeth never became real in the sense that Queen Victoria had been real, yet she never became fictitious in the sense that Cleopatra or Falstaff is fictitious. The reason would seem to be that very little was known he was urged to invent; yet something was known his invention was checked. The Queen thus moves in an ambiguous world, between fact and fiction, neither embodied nor disembodied. There is a sense of vacancy and effort, of a tragedy that has no crisis, of characters that meet but do not clash.

If this diagnosis is true we are forced to say that the trouble lies with biography itself. It imposes conditions, and those conditions are that it must be based upon fact. And by fact in biography we mean facts that can be verified by other people besides the artist. If he invents facts as an artist invents them-facts that no one else can verify-and tries to combine them with facts of the other sort, they destroy each other.

Lytton Strachey himself seems in the *Queen Victoria* to have realized

the necessity of this condition, and to have yielded to it instinctively. 'The first forty-two years of the Queen's life', he wrote, 'are illuminated by a great and varied quantity of authentic information. With Albert's death a veil descends.' And when with Albert's death the veil descended and authentic information failed, he knew that the biographer must follow suit. 'We must be content with a brief and summary relation,' he wrote and the last years are briefly disposed of. But the whole of Elizabeth's life was lived behind a far thicker veil than the last years of Victoria. And yet, ignoring his own admission, he went on to write, not a brief and summary relation, but a whole book about those strange spirits and even stranger bodies of whom authentic information was lacking. On his own showing, the attempt was doomed to failure.

3

It seems, then, that when the biographer complained that he was tied by friends, letters, and documents he was laying his finger upon a necessary element in biography; and that it is also a necessary limitation. For the invented character lives in a free world where the facts are verified by one person only-the artist himself. Their authenticity lies in the truth of his own vision. The world created by that vision is rarer, intenser, and more wholly of a piece than the world that is largely made of authentic information supplied by other people. And because of this difference the two kinds of fact will not mix; if they touch they destroy each other. No one, the conclusion seems to be, can make the best of both worlds; you must choose, and you must abide by your choice.

But though the failure of *Elizabeth and Essex* leads to this conclusion, that failure, because it was the result of a daring experiment carried out with magnificent skill, leads the way to further discoveries. Had he lived, Lytton Strachey would no doubt himself have explored the vein that he had opened. As it is, he has shown us the way in which others may advance. The biographer is bound by facts-that is so; but, if it is so, he has the right to all the facts that are available. If Jones threw boots at the maid's head, had a mistress in Islington, or was found drunk in a ditch after a night's debauch, he must be free to say so-so far at least as the law of libel and human sentiment allow.

But these facts are not like the facts of science once they are discovered, always the same. They are subject to changes of opinion; opinions change as the times change. What was thought a sin is now known, by the light of facts won for us by the psychologists, to be perhaps a misfortune; perhaps a curiosity; perhaps neither one nor the other, but a trifling foible of no great importance one way or the other. The accent on sex has changed within living memory. This leads to the destruction of a great deal of dead matter still obscuring the true features of the human face. Many of the old chapter headings-life at college, marriage, career-are shown to be very arbitrary and artificial distinctions. The real current of the hero's existence took, very likely, a different course.

Thus the biographer must go ahead of the rest of us, like the miner's canary, testing the atmosphere, detecting falsity, unreality, and the presence of obsolete conventions. His sense of truth must be alive and on tiptoe. Then again, since we live in an age when a thousand cameras are pointed, by

newspapers, letters, and diaries, at every character from every angle, he must be prepared to admit contradictory versions of the same face. Biography will enlarge its scope by hanging up looking glasses at odd comers. And yet from all this diversity it will bring out, not a riot of confusion, but a richer unity. And again, since so much is known that used to be unknown, the question now inevitably asks itself, whether the lives of great men only should be recorded. Is not anyone who has lived a life, and left a record of that life, worthy of biography the failures as well as the successes, the humble as well as the illustrious? And what is greatness? And what smallness? He must revise our standards of merit and set up new heroes for our admiration.

4

Biography thus is only at the beginning of its career; it has a long and active life before it, we may be sure-a life full of difficulty, danger, and hard work. Nevertheless, we can also be sure that it is a different life from the life of poetry and fiction-a life lived at a lower degree of tension. And for that reason its creations are not destined for the immortality which the artist now and then achieves for his creations.

There would seem to be certain proof of that already. Even Dr Johnson as created by Boswell will not live as long as Falstaff as created by Shakespeare. Micawber and Miss Bates we may be certain will survive Lockhart's Sir Walter Scott and Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria. For they are made of more enduring matter. The artist's imagination at its most intense fires out what is perishable in fact; he builds with what is durable; but the

biographer must accept the perishable, build with it, imbed it in the very fabric of his work. Much will perish; little will live. And thus we come to the conclusion, that he is a craftsman, not an artist; and his work is not a work of art, but something betwixt and between.

Yet on that lower level the work of the biographer is invaluable; we cannot thank him sufficiently for what he does for us. For we are incapable of living wholly in the intense world of the imagination. The imagination is a faculty that soon tires and needs rest and refreshment. But for a tired imagination the proper food is not inferior poetry or minor fiction indeed they blunt and debauch it but sober fact, that 'authentic information' from which, as Lytton Strachey has shown us, good biography is made. When and where did the real man live; how did he look; did he wear laced boots or elastic-sided; who were his aunts, and his friends; how did he blow his nose; whom did he love, and how; and when he came to die did he die in his bed like a Christian, or . . .

By telling us the true facts, by sifting the little from the big, and shaping the whole so that we perceive the outline, the biographer does more to stimulate the imagination than any poet or novelist save the very greatest. For few poets and novelists are capable of that high degree of tension which gives us reality. But almost any biographer, if he respects facts, can give us much more than another fact to add to our collection. He can give us the creative fact; the fertile fact; the fact that suggests and engenders. Of this, too, there is certain proof. For how often, when a biography is read and tossed aside, some scene remains bright, some figure lives on in the depths of the mind, and causes us, when we read a poem or a novel, to feel a start of recognition,

as if we remembered something that we had known before.

How It Strikes a Contemporary

In the first place a contemporary can scarcely fail to be struck by the fact that two critics at the same table at the same moment will pronounce completely different opinions about the same book. Here, on the right, it is declared a masterpiece of English prose; on the left, simultaneously, a mere mass of waste-paper which, if the fire could survive it, should be thrown upon the flames. Yet both critics are in agreement about Milton and about Keats. They display an exquisite sensibility and have undoubtedly a genuine enthusiasm. It is only when they discuss the work of contemporary writers that they inevitably come to blows. The book in question, which is at once a lasting contribution to English literature and a mere farrago of pretentious mediocrity, was published about two months ago. That is the explanation; that is why they differ.

The explanation is a strange one. It is equally disconcerting to the reader who wishes to take his bearings in the chaos of contemporary literature and to the writer who has a natural desire to know whether his own work, produced with infinite pains and in almost utter darkness, is likely to burn for ever among the fixed luminaries of English letters or, on the contrary, to put out the fire. But if we identify ourselves with the reader and explore his dilemma first, our bewilderment is short-lived enough. The same thing has happened

so often before. We have heard the doctors disagreeing about the new and agreeing about the old twice a year on the average, in spring and autumn, ever since Robert Elsmere, or was it Stephen Phillips, somehow pervaded the atmosphere, and there was the same disagreement among grown-up people about these books too. It would be much more marvellous, and indeed much more upsetting, if, for a wonder, both gentlemen agreed, pronounced Blank's book an undoubted masterpiece, and thus faced us with the necessity of deciding whether we should back their judgement to the extent of ten and sixpence. Both are critics of reputation; the opinions tumbled out so spontaneously here will be starched and stiffened into columns of sober prose which will uphold the dignity of letters in England and America.

It must be some innate cynicism, then, some ungenerous distrust of contemporary genius, which determines us automatically as the talk goes on that, were they to agree-which they show no signs of doing-half a guinea is altogether too large a sum to squander upon contemporary enthusiasms, and the case will be met quite adequately by a card to the library. Still the question remains, and let us put it boldly to the critics themselves. Is there no guidance nowadays for a reader who yields to none in reverence for the dead, but is tormented by the suspicion that reverence for the dead is vitally connected with understanding of the living? After a rapid survey both critics are agreed that there is unfortunately no such person. For what is their own judgement worth where new books are concerned? Certainly not ten and sixpence. And from the stores of their experience they proceed to bring forth terrible examples of past blunders; crimes of criticism which, if they had been committed against the dead and not against the living, would have lost them their jobs and imperilled their reputations. The only advice they can offer is

to respect one's own instincts, to follow them fearlessly and, rather than submit them to the control of any critic or reviewer alive, to check them by reading and reading again the masterpieces of the past.

Thanking them humbly, we cannot help reflecting that it was not always so. Once upon a time, we must believe, there was a rule, a discipline, which controlled the great republic of readers in a way which is now unknown. That is not to say that the great critic-the Dryden, the Johnson, the Coleridge, the Arnold was an impeccable judge of contemporary work, whose verdicts stamped the book indelibly and saved the reader the trouble of reckoning the value for himself. The mistakes of these great men about their own contemporaries are too notorious to be worth recording. But the mere fact of their existence had a centralizing influence. That alone, it is not fantastic to suppose, would have controlled the disagreements of the dinner-table and given to random chatter about some book just out an authority now entirely to seek. The diverse schools would have debated as hotly as ever, but at the back of every reader's mind would have been the consciousness that there was at least one man who kept the main principles of literature closely in view: who, if you had taken to him some eccentricity of the moment, would have brought it into touch with permanence and tethered it by his own authority in the contrary blasts of praise and blame. But when it comes to the making of a critic, nature must be generous and society ripe. The scattered dinner-tables of the modem world, the chase and eddy of the various currents which compose the society of our time, could only be dominated by a giant of fabulous dimensions. And where is even the very tall man whom we have the right to expect? Reviewers we have but no critic; a million competent and incorruptible policemen but no judge. Men of taste and learning and ability

are for ever lecturing the young and celebrating the dead. But the too frequent result of their able and industrious pens is a desiccation of the living tissues of literature into a network of little bones. Nowhere shall we find the downright vigour of a Dryden, or Keats with his fine and natural bearing, his profound insight and sanity, or Flaubert and the tremendous power of his fanaticism, or Coleridge, above all, brewing in his head the whole of poetry and letting issue now and then one of those profound general statements which are caught up by the mind when hot with the friction of reading as if they were of the soul of the book itself.

And to all this, too, the critics generously agree. A great critic, they say, is the rarest of beings. But should one miraculously appear, how should we maintain him, on what should we feed him? Great critics, if they are not themselves great poets, are bred from the profusion of the age. There is some great man to be vindicated, some school to be founded or destroyed. But our age is meagre to the verge of destitution. There is no name which dominates the rest. There is no master in whose workshop the young are proud to serve apprenticeship. Mr Hardy has long since withdrawn from the arena, and there is something exotic about the genius of Mr Conrad which makes him not so much an influence as an idol, honoured and admired, but aloof and apart. As for the rest, though they are many and vigorous and in the full flood of creative activity, there is none whose influence can seriously affect his contemporaries, or penetrate beyond our day to that not very distant future which it pleases us to call immortality. If we make a century our test, and ask how much of the work produced in these days in England will be in existence then, we shall have to answer not merely that we cannot agree upon the same book, but that we are more than doubtful whether such a book there is. It is

an age of fragments. A few stanzas, a few pages, a chapter here and there, the beginning of this novel, the end of that, are equal to the best of any age or author. But can we go to posterity with a sheaf of loose pages, or ask the readers of those days, with the whole of literature before them, to sift our enormous rubbish heaps for our tiny pearls? Such are the questions which the critics might lawfully put to their companions at table, the novelists and poets.

At first the weight of pessimism seems sufficient to bear down all opposition. Yes, it is a lean age, we repeat, with much to justify its poverty; but, frankly, if we pit one century against another the comparison seems overwhelmingly against us. *Waverley, The Excursion, Kubla Khan, Don Juan, Hazlitt's Essays, Pride and Prejudice, Hyperion,* and *Prometheus Unbound* were all published between 1800 and 1821. Our century has not lacked industry; but if we ask for masterpieces it appears on the face of it that the pessimists are right. It seems as if an age of genius must be succeeded by an age of endeavour; riot and extravagance by cleanliness and hard work. All honour, of course, to those who have sacrificed their immortality to set the house in order. But if we ask for masterpieces, where are we to look? A little poetry, we may feel sure, will survive; a few poems by Mr Yeats, by Mr Davies, by Mr de la Mare. Mr Lawrence, of course, has moments of greatness, but hours of something very different. Mr Beerbohm, in his way, is perfect, but it is not a big way. Passages in *Far Away and Long Ago* will undoubtedly go to posterity entire. Ulysses was a memorable catastrophe-immense in daring, terrific in disaster. And so, picking and choosing, we select now this, now that, hold it up for display, hear it defended or derided, and finally have to meet the objection that even so we are only agreeing with

the critics that it is an age incapable of sustained effort, littered with fragments, and not seriously to be compared with the age that went before.

But it is just when opinions universally prevail and we have added lip service to their authority that we become sometimes most keenly conscious that we do not believe a word that we are saying. It is a barren and exhausted age, we repeat; we must look back with envy to the past. Meanwhile it is one of the first fine days of spring. Life is not altogether lacking in colour. The telephone, which interrupts the most serious conversations and cuts short the most weighty observations, has a romance of its own. And the random talk of people who have no chance of immortality and thus can speak their minds out has a setting, often, of lights, streets, houses, human beings, beautiful or grotesque, which will weave itself into the moment for ever. But this is life; the talk is about literature. We must try to disentangle the two, and justify the rash revolt of optimism against the superior plausibility, the finer distinction, of pessimism.

Our optimism, then, is largely instinctive. It springs from the fine day and the wine and the talk; it springs from the fact that when life throws up such treasures daily, daily suggests more than the most voluble can express, much though we admire the dead, we prefer life as it is. There is something about the present which we would not exchange, though we were offered a choice of all past ages to live in. And modern literature, with all its imperfections, has the same hold on us and the same fascination. It is like a relation whom we snub and scarify daily, but, after all, cannot do without. It has the same endearing quality of being that which we are, that which we have made, that in which we live, instead of being something, however

august, alien to ourselves and beheld from the outside. Nor has any generation more need than ours to cherish its contemporaries. We are sharply cut off from our predecessors. A shift in the scale-the sudden slip of masses held in position for ages-has shaken the fabric from top to bottom, alienated us from the past and made us perhaps too vividly conscious of the present. Every day we find ourselves doing, saying, or thinking things that would have been impossible to our fathers. And we feel the differences which have not been noted far more keenly than the resemblances which have been very perfectly expressed. New books lure us to read them partly in the hope that they will reflect this re-arrangement of our attitude these scenes, thoughts, and apparently fortuitous groupings of incongruous things which impinge upon us with so keen a sense of novelty-and, as literature does, give it back into our keeping, whole and comprehended. Here indeed there is every reason for optimism. No age can have been more rich than ours in writers determined to give expression to the differences which separate them from the past and not to the resemblances which connect them with it. It would be invidious to mention names, but the most casual reader dipping into poetry, into fiction, into biography can hardly fail to be impressed by the courage, the sincerity, in a word, by the widespread originality of our time. But our exhilaration is strangely curtailed. Book after book leaves us with the same sense of promise unachieved, of intellectual poverty, of brilliance which has been snatched from life but not transmuted into literature. Much of what is best in contemporary work has the appearance of being noted under pressure, taken down in a bleak shorthand which preserves with astonishing brilliance the movements and expressions of the figures as they pass across the screen. But the flash is soon over, and there remains with us a profound dissatisfaction. The irritation is as acute as the pleasure was intense.

After all, then, we are back at the beginning, vacillating from extreme to extreme, at one moment enthusiastic, at the next pessimistic, unable to come to any conclusion about our contemporaries. We have asked the critics to help us, but they have deprecated the task. Now, then, is the time to accept their advice and correct these extremes by consulting the masterpieces of the past. We feel ourselves indeed driven to them, impelled not by calm judgement but by some imperious need to anchor our instability upon their security. But, honestly, the shock of the comparison between past and present is at first disconcerting. Undoubtedly there is a dullness in great books. There is an unabashed tranquillity in page after page of Wordsworth and Scott and Miss Austen which is sedative to the verge of somnolence. Opportunities occur and they neglect them. Shades and subtleties accumulate and they ignore them. They seem deliberately to refuse to gratify those senses which are stimulated so briskly by the moderns; the senses of sight, of sound, of touch above all, the sense of the human being, his depth and the variety of his perceptions, his complexity, his confusion, his self, in short. There is little of all this in the works of Wordsworth and Scott and Jane Austen. From what, then, arises that sense of security which gradually, delightfully, and completely overcomes us? It is the power of their belief-their conviction, that imposes itself upon us. In Wordsworth, the philosophic poet, this is obvious enough. But it is equally true of the careless Scott, who scribbled masterpieces to build castles before breakfast, and of the modest maiden lady who wrote furtively and quietly simply to give pleasure. In both there is the same natural conviction that life is of a certain quality. They have their judgement of conduct. They know the relations of human beings towards each other and towards the universe. Neither of them probably has a word to

say about the matter outright, but everything depends on it. Only believe, we find ourselves saying, and all the rest will come of itself. Only believe, to take a very simple instance which the recent publication of *The Walsons* brings to mind, that a nice girl will instinctively try to soothe the feelings of a boy who has been snubbed at a dance, and then, if you believe it implicitly and unquestioningly, you will not only make people a hundred years later feel the same thing, but you will make them feel it as literature. For certainty of that kind is the condition which makes it possible to write. To believe that your impressions hold good for others is to be released from the cramp and confinement of personality. It is to be free, as Scott was free, to explore with a vigour which still holds us spellbound the whole world of adventure and romance. It is also the first step in that mysterious process in which Jane Austen was so great an adept. The little grain of experience once selected, believed in, and set outside herself, could he put precisely in its place, and she was then free to make it, by a process which never yields its secrets to the analyst, into that complete statement which is literature.

So then our contemporaries afflict us because they have ceased to believe. The most sincere of them will only tell us what it is that happens to himself. They cannot make a world, because they are not free of other human beings. They cannot tell stories because they do not believe that stories are true. They cannot generalise. They depend on their senses and emotions, whose testimony is trustworthy, rather than on their intellects whose message is obscure. And they have perforce to deny themselves the use of some of the most powerful and some of the most exquisite of the weapons of their craft. With the whole wealth of the English language at the back of them, they timidly pass about from hand to hand and book to book only the meanest

copper coins. Set down at a fresh angle of the eternal prospect they can only whip out their notebooks and record with agonised intensity the flying gleams, which light on what? And the transitory splendours, which may, perhaps, compose nothing whatever. But here the critics interpose, and with some show of justice.

If this description holds good, they say, and is not, as it may well be, entirely dependent upon our position at the table and certain purely personal relationships to mustard pots and flower vases, then the risks of judging contemporary work are greater than ever before. There is every excuse for them if they are wide of the mark; and no doubt it would be better to retreat, as Matthew Arnold advised, from the burning ground of the present to the safe tranquillity of the past. 'We enter on burning ground,' wrote Matthew Arnold, 'as we approach the poetry of times so near to us, poetry like that of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, of which the estimates are so often not only personal, but personal with passion,' and this, they remind us, was written in the year 1880. Beware, they say, of putting under the microscope one inch of a ribbon which runs many miles; things sort themselves out if you wait; moderation, and a study of the classics are to be recommended. Moreover, life is short; the Byron centenary is at hand; and the burning question of the moment is, did he, or did he not, marry his sister? To sum up, then-if indeed any conclusion is possible when everybody is talking at once and it is time to be going it seems that it would be wise for the writers of the present to renounce the hope of creating masterpieces, Their poems, plays, biographies, novels are not books but notebooks, and Time, like a good schoolmaster, will take them in his hands, point to their blots and scrawls and erasions, and tear them across; but he will not throw them into the waste-paper basket. He will

keep them because other students will find them very useful. It is from the notebooks of the present that the masterpieces of the future are made. Literature, as the critics were saying just now, has lasted long, has undergone many changes, and it is only a short sight and a parochial mind that will exaggerate the importance of these squalls, however they may agitate the little boats now tossing out at sea. The storm and the drenching are on the surface; continuity and calm are in the depths.

As for the critics whose task it is to pass judgement upon the books of the moment, whose work, let us admit, is difficult, dangerous, and often distasteful, let us ask them to be generous of encouragement, but sparing of those wreaths and coronets which are so apt to get awry, and fade, and make the wearers, in six months time, look a little ridiculous. Let them take a wider, a less personal view of modern literature, and look indeed upon the writers as if they were engaged upon some vast building, which being built by common effort, the separate workmen may well remain anonymous. Let them slam the door upon the cosy company where sugar is cheap and butter plentiful, give over, for a time at least, the discussion of that fascinating topic-whether Byron married his sister and, withdrawing, perhaps, a handsbreadth from the table where we sit chattering, say something interesting about literature itself. Let us buttonhole them as they leave, and recall to their memory that gaunt aristocrat, Lady Hester Stanhope, who kept a milk-white horse in her stable in readiness for the Messiah and was for ever scanning the mountain tops, impatiently but with confidence, for signs of his approach, and ask them to follow her example; scan the horizon; see the past in relation to the future; and so prepare the way for masterpieces to come.

Why?

When the first number of *Lysistrata* appeared, I confess that I was deeply disappointed. It was so well printed, on such good paper. It looked established, prosperous. As I turned the pages it seemed to me that wealth must have descended upon Somerville, and I was about to answer the request of the editor for an article with a negative, when I read, greatly to my relief, that one of the writers was badly dressed, and gathered from another that the women's colleges still lack power and prestige. At this I plucked up heart, and a crowd of questions that have been pressing to be asked rushed to my lips saying: 'Here is our chance.'

I should explain that like so many people nowadays I am pestered with questions. I find it impossible to walk down the street without stopping, it may be in the middle of the road, to ask: Why? Churches, public houses, parliaments, shops, loud speakers, motor-cars, the drone of an aeroplane in the clouds, and men and women all inspire questions. Yet what is the point of asking questions of oneself? They should be asked openly in public. But the great obstacle to asking questions openly in public is, of course, wealth. The little twisted sign that comes at the end of a question has a way of making the rich writhe; power and prestige come down upon it with all their weight. Questions, therefore, being sensitive, impulsive and often foolish, have a way

of picking their asking place with care. They shrivel up in an atmosphere of power, prosperity, and time-worn stone. They die by the dozen on the threshold of great newspaper offices. They slink away to less favoured, less flourishing quarters where people are poor and therefore have nothing to give, where they have no power and therefore have nothing to lose. Now the questions that have been pestering me to ask them decided, whether rightly or wrongly, that they could be asked in *Lysistrata.* They said: 'We do not expect you to ask us in-,' here they named some of our most respectable dailies and weeklies; 'nor in-,' here they named some of our most venerable institutions. 'But, thank I leaven!' they exclaimed, 'are not women's colleges poor and young? Are they not inventive, adventurous? Are they not out to create a new'

'The editor forbids feminism,' I interposed severely.

'What is feminism?' they screamed with one accord, and as I did not answer at once, a new question was flung at me: 'Don't you think it high time that a new-'

But I stopped them by reminding them that they had only two thousand words at their disposal. Upon that, they withdrew, consulted together, and finally put forward the request that I should introduce one or two of them of the simplest, tamest, and most obvious. For example, there is the question that always bobs up at the beginning of term when societies issue their invitations and universities open their doors-why lecture, why be lectured?

In order to place this question fairly before you, I will describe, for memory has kept the picture bright, one of those rare but, as Queen Victoria

would have put it, never-to-be-sufficiently-lamented occasions when in deference to friendship, or in a desperate attempt to acquire information about, perhaps, the French Revolution, it seemed necessary to attend a lecture. The room to begin with had a hybrid look-it was not for sitting in, nor yet for eating in. Perhaps there was a map on the wall; certainly there was a table on a platform, and several rows of rather small, rather hard, comfortless little chairs. These were occupied intermittently, as if they shunned each other's company, by people of both sexes, and some had note-books and were tapping their fountain pens, and some had none and gazed with the vacancy and placidity of bull frogs at the ceiling. A large clock displayed its cheerless face, and when the hour struck in strode a harried-looking man, a man from whose face nervousness, vanity, or perhaps the depressing and impossible nature of his task had removed all traces of ordinary humanity. There was a momentary stir. He had written a book, and for a moment it is interesting to see people who have written books. Everybody gazed at him. He was bald and not hairy; had a mouth and a chin; in short he was a man like another, although he had written a book. He cleared his throat and the lecture began. Now the human voice is an instrument of varied power; it can enchant and it can soothe; it can rage and it can despair; but when it lectures it almost always bores. What he said was sensible enough; there was learning in it and argument and reason; but as the voice went on attention wandered. The face of the clock seemed abnormally pale; the hands too suffered from some infirmity. I lad they the gout? Were they swollen? They moved so slowly. They reminded one of the painful progress of a three-legged fly that has survived the winter. How many flies on an average survive the English winter, and what would be the thoughts of such an insect on waking to find itself being lectured on the French Revolution? The inquiry was fatal. A link

had been lost-a paragraph dropped. It was useless to ask the lecturer to repeat his words; on he plodded with dogged pertinacity. The origin of the French Revolution was being sought for-also the thoughts of flies. Now there came one of those flat stretches of discourse when minute objects can be seen coming for two or three miles ahead. 'Skip!' we entreated him vainly. He did not skip. There was a joke. Then the voice went on again; then it seemed that the windows wanted washing; then a woman sneezed; then the voice quickened; then there was a peroration; and then-thank Heaven!-the lecture was over.

Why, since life holds only so many hours, waste one of them on being lectured? Why, since printing presses have been invented these many centuries, should he not have printed his lecture instead of speaking it? Then, by the fire in winter, or under an apple tree in summer, it could have been read, thought over, discussed; the difficult ideas pondered, the argument debated. It could have been thickened and stiffened. There would have been no need of those repetitions and dilutions with which lectures have to be watered down and brightened up, so as to attract the attention of a miscellaneous audience too apt to think about noses and chins, women sneezing and the longevity of flies.

It may be, I told these questions, that there is some reason, imperceptible to outsiders, which makes lectures an essential part of university discipline. But why here another rushed to the forefront-why, if lectures are necessary as a form of education, should they not be abolished as a form of entertainment? Never does the crocus flower or the beech tree redden but there issues simultaneously from all the universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland a

shower of notes from desperate secretaries entreating So-and-so and So-and-so and So-and-so to come down and address them upon art or literature or politics or morality-and why?

In the old days when newspapers were scarce and carefully lent about from hall to rectory, such laboured methods of rubbing up minds and imparting ideas were no doubt essential. But now, when every day of the week scatters our tables with articles and pamphlets in which every shade of opinion is expressed, far more tersely than by word of mouth, why continue an obsolete custom which not merely wastes time and temper, but incites the most debased of human passions-vanity, ostentation, self-assertion, and the desire to convert? Why encourage your elders to turn themselves into prigs and prophets, when they are ordinary men and women? Why force them to stand on a platform for forty minutes while you reflect upon the colour of their hair and the longevity of flies? Why not let them talk to you and listen to you, naturally and happily, on the floor? Why not create a new form of society founded on poverty and equality? Why not bring together people of all ages and both sexes and all shades of fame and obscurity so that they can talk, without mounting platforms or reading papers or wearing expensive clothes or eating expensive food? Would not such a society be worth, even as a form of education, all the papers on art and literature that have ever been read since the world began? Why not abolish prigs and prophets? Why not invent human intercourse? Why not try?

Here, being sick of the word 'why', I was about to indulge myself with a few reflections of a general nature upon society as it was, as it is, as it might be, with a few fancy pictures of Mrs Thrale entertaining Dr Johnson, Lady

Holland amusing Lord Macaulay thrown in, when such a clamour arose among the questions that I could hardly hear myself think. The cause of the clamour was soon apparent. I had incautiously and foolishly used the word 'literature'. Now if there is one word that excites questions and puts them in a fury it is this word 'literature'. There they were, screaming and crying, asking questions about poetry and fiction and criticism, each demanding to be heard, each certain that his was the only question that deserved an answer. At last, when they had destroyed all my fancy pictures of Lady Holland and Dr Johnson, one insisted, for he said that foolish and rash as he might be he was less so than the others, that he should be asked. And his question was, why learn English literature at universities when you can read it for yourselves in books? But I said that it is foolish to ask a question that has already been answered English literature is, I believe, already taught at the universities. Besides, if we arc going to start an argument about it, we should need at least twenty volumes, whereas we have only about seven hundred words remaining. Still, as he was importunate, I said I would ask the question and introduce it to the best of my ability, without expressing any opinion of my own, by copying down the following fragment of dialogue.

The other day I went to call upon a friend of mine who earns her living as a publisher's reader. The room was a little dark, it seemed to me, when I went in. Yet, as the window was open and it was a fine spring day, the darkness must have been spiritual-the effect of some private sorrow I feared. Her first words as I came in confirmed my fears:

'Alas, poor boy!' she exclaimed, tossing the manuscript she was reading to the ground with a gesture of despair. Had some accident happened to one

of her relations, I asked, motoring or climbing?

'If you call three hundred pages on the evolution of the Elizabethan sonnet an accident,' she said.

'Is that all?' I replied with relief.

'All?' she retaliated, 'isn't it enough?' And, beginning to pace up and down the room she exclaimed: 'Once he was a clever boy; once he was worth talking to; once he cared about English literature. But now-' She threw out her hands as if words failed her-but not at all. There followed such a flood of lamentation and vituperation-but reflecting how hard her life was, reading manuscripts day in, day out, I excused her-that I could not follow the argument. All I could gather was that this lecturing about English literature 'if you want to teach them to read English,' she threw in, 'teach them to read Greek'-all this passing of examinations in English literature, which led to all this writing about English literature, was bound in the end to be the death and burial of English literature. 'The tombstone', she was proceeding, 'will be a bound volume of-' when I stopped her and told her not to talk such nonsense, 'Then tell me,' she said, standing over me with her fists clenched, 'do they write any better for it? Is poetry better, is fiction better, is criticism better now that they have been taught how to read English literature?' As if to answer her own question she read a passage from the manuscript on the floor. 'And each the spit and image of the other!' she groaned, lifting it wearily to its place with the manuscripts on the shelf.

'But think of all they must know,' I tried to argue.

'Know?' she echoed me. 'Know? What d'you mean by "know"?' As that was a difficult question to answer offhand. I passed it over by saying: 'Well, at any rate they'll he able to make their livings and teach other people.' Whereupon she lost her temper and, seizing the unfortunate work upon the Elizabethan sonnet, whizzed it across the room. The rest of the visit passed in picking up the fragments of a teapot that had belonged to her grandmother.

Now of course a dozen other questions clamour to be asked; about churches and parliaments and public houses and shops and loudspeakers and men and women; but mercifully time is up; silence falls.

The Patron and the Crocus

Young men and women beginning to write are generally given the plausible but utterly impracticable advice to write what they have to write as shortly as possible, as clearly as possible, and without other thought in their minds except to say exactly what is in them. Nobody ever adds on these occasions the one thing needful: 'And be sure you choose your patron wisely', though that is the gist of the whole matter. For a book is always written for somebody to read, and, since the patron is not merely the paymaster, but also in a very subtle and insidious way the instigator and inspirer of what is written, it is of the utmost importance that he should be a desirable man.

But who, then, is the desirable man-the patron who will cajole the best out of the writer's brain and bring to birth the most varied and vigorous progeny of which he is capable? Different ages have answered the question differently. The Elizabethans, to speak roughly, chose the aristocracy to write for and the playhouse public. The eighteenth-century patron was a combination of coffee-house wit and Grub Street bookseller. In the nineteenth century the great writers wrote for the halfcrown magazines and the leisured classes. And looking back and applauding the splendid results of these different alliances, it all seems enviably simple, and plain as a pikestaff compared with our own predicament-for whom should we write? For the

present supply of patrons is of unexampled and bewildering variety. There is the daily Press, the weekly Press, the monthly Press; the English public and the American public; the bestseller public and the worst-seller public; the high-brow public and the red-blood public; all now organized self-conscious entities capable through their various mouthpieces of making their needs known and their approval or displeasure felt. Thus the writer who has been moved by the sight of the first crocus in Kensington Gardens has, before he sets pen to paper, to choose from a crowd of competitors the particular patron who suits him best. It is futile to say, 'Dismiss them all; think only of your crocus', because writing is a method of communication; and the crocus is an imperfect crocus until it has been shared. The first man or the last may write for himself alone, but he is an exception and an unenviable one at that, and the gulls are welcome to his works if the gulls can read them.

Granted, then, that every writer has some public or other at the end of his pen, the high-minded will say that it should be a submissive public, accepting obediently whatever he likes to give it. Plausible as the theory stands, great risks are attached to it. For in that case the writer remains conscious of his public, yet is superior to it-an uncomfortable and unfortunate combination, as the works of Samuel Butler, George Meredith, and Henry James may be taken to prove. Each despised the public; each desired a public; each failed to attain a public; and each wreaked his failure upon the public by a succession, gradually increasing in intensity, of angularities, obscurities, and affectations which no writer whose patron was his equal and friend would have thought it necessary to inflict. Their crocuses, in consequence, are tortured plants, beautiful and bright, but with something wry-necked about them, malformed, shrivelled on the one side, overblown on

the other. A touch of the sun would have done them a world of good. Shall we then rush to the opposite extreme and accept (if in fancy alone) the flattering proposals which the editors of *The Times* and the *Daily News* may be supposed to make us-'Twenty pounds down for your crocus in precisely fifteen hundred words, which shall blossom upon every breakfast table from John o' Groats to the Land's End before nine o'clock to-morrow morning with the writer's name attached'?

But will one crocus be enough, and must it not be a very brilliant yellow to shine so far, to cost so much, and to have one's name attached to it? The Press is undoubtedly a great multiplier of crocuses. But if we look at some of these plants, we shall find that they are only very distantly related to the original little yellow or purple flower which pokes up through the grass in Kensington Gardens early in March every year. The newspaper crocus is an amazing but still a very different plant. It fills precisely the space allotted to it. It radiates a golden glow. It is genial, affable, warm-hearted. It is beautifully finished, too, for let nobody think that the art of'our dramatic critic' of *The Times* or of Mr Lynd of the *Daily News* is an easy one. It is no despicable feat to start a million brains running at nine o'clock in the morning, to give two million eyes something bright and brisk and amusing to look at. But the night comes and these flowers fade. So little bits of glass lose their lustre if you take them out of the sea; great prima donnas howl like hyenas if you shut them up in telephone boxes; and the most brilliant of articles when removed from its element is dust and sand and the husks of straw. Journalism embalmed in a book is unreadable.

The patron we want, then, is one who will help us to preserve our

flowers from decay. But as his qualities change from age to age, and it needs considerable integrity and conviction not to be dazzled by the pretensions or bamboozled by the persuasions of the competing crowd, this business of patron-finding is one of the tests and trials of authorship. To know whom to write for is to know how to write. Some of the modern patron's qualities are, however, fairly plain. The writer will require at this moment, it is obvious, a patron with the book-reading habit rather than the play-going habit. Nowadays, too, he must be instructed in the literature of other times and races. But there are other qualities which our special weaknesses and tendencies demand in him. There is the question of indecency, for instance, which plagues us and puzzles us much more than it did the Elizabethans. The twentieth-century patron must be immune from shock. He must distinguish infallibly between the little clod of manure which sticks to the crocus of necessity, and that which is plastered to it out of bravado. He must be a judge, too, of those social influences which inevitably play so large a part in modern literature, and able to say which matures and fortifies, which inhibits and makes sterile. Further, there is emotion for him to pronounce on, and in no department can he do more useful work than in bracing a writer against sentimentality on the one hand and a craven fear of expressing his feeling on the other. It is worse, he will say, and perhaps more common, to be afraid of feeling than to feel too much. He will add, perhaps, something about language, and point out how many words Shakespeare used and how much grammar Shakespeare violated, while we, though we keep our fingers so demurely to the black notes on the piano, have not appreciably improved upon *Antony and Cleopatra.* And if you can forget your sex altogether, he will say, so much the better; a writer has none. But all this is by the way-elementary and disputable. The patron's prime quality is something different,

only to be expressed perhaps by the use of that convenient word which cloaks so much-atmosphere. It is necessary that the patron should shed and envelop the crocus in an atmosphere which makes it appear a plant of the very highest importance, so that to misrepresent it is the one outrage not to be forgiven this side of the grave. He must make us feel that a single crocus, if it be a real crocus, is enough for him; that he does not want to be lectured, elevated, instructed, or improved; that he is sorry that he bullied Carlyle into vociferation, Tennyson into idyllics, and Ruskin into insanity; that he is now ready to efface himself or assert himself as his writers require; that he is bound to them by a more than maternal tie; that they are twins indeed, one dying if the other dies, one flourishing if the other flourishes; that the fate of literature depends upon their happy alliance-all of which proves, as we began by saying, that the choice of a patron is of the highest importance. But how to choose rightly? How to write well? Those are the questions.

Modern Fiction

In making any survey, even the freest and loosest, of modern fiction, it is difficult not to take it for granted that the modern practice of the art is somehow an improvement upon the old. With their simple tools and primitive materials, it might be said, Fielding did well and Jane Austen even better, but compare their opportunities with ours! Their masterpieces certainly have a strange air of simplicity. And yet the analogy between literature and the process, to choose an example, of making motor cars scarcely holds good beyond the first glance. It is doubtful whether in the course of the centuries, though we have learnt much about making machines, we have learnt anything about making literature. We do not come to write better; all that we can be said to do is to keep moving, now a little in this direction, now in that, but with a circular tendency should the whole course of the track be viewed from a sufficiently lofty pinnacle. It need scarcely be said that we make no claim to stand, even momentarily, upon that vantage ground. On the flat, in the crowd, half blind with dust, we look back with envy to those happier warriors, whose battle is won and whose achievements wear so serene an air of accomplishment that we can scarcely refrain from whispering that the fight was not so fierce for them as for us. It is for the historian of literature to decide; for him to say if we are now beginning or ending or standing in the

middle of a great period of prose fiction, for down in the plain little is visible. We only know that certain gratitudes and hostilities inspire us; that certain paths seem to lead to fertile land, others to the dust and the desert; and of this perhaps it may be worth while to attempt some account.

Our quarrel, then, is not with the classics, and if we speak of quarrelling with Mr Wells, Mr Bennett, and Mr Galsworthy, it is partly that by the mere fact of their existence in the flesh their work has a living, breathing, everyday imperfection which bids us to take what liberties with it we choose. But it is also true that, while we thank them for a thousand gifts, we reserve our unconditional gratitude for Mr I lardy, for Mr Conrad, and in a much lesser degree for the Mr Hudson of *The Purple Land, Green Mansions*, and *Far Away and Long Ago.* Mr Wells, Mr Bennett, and Mr Galsworthy have excited so many hopes and disappointed them so persistently that our gratitude largely takes the form of thanking them for having shown us what they might have done but have not done; what we certainly could not do, but as certainly, perhaps, do not wish to do. No single phrase will sum up the charge or grievance which we have to bring against a mass of work so large in its volume and embodying so many qualities, both admirable and the reverse. If we tried to formulate our meaning in one word we should say that these three writers are materialists. It is because they are concerned not with the spirit but with the body that they have disappointed us, and left us with the feeling that the sooner English fiction turns its back upon them, as politely as may be, and marches, if only into the desert, the better for its soul. Naturally, no single word reaches the centre of three separate targets. In the case of Mr Wells it falls notably wide of the mark. And yet even with him it indicates to our thinking the fatal alloy in his genius, the great clod of clay that has got

itself mixed up with the purity of his inspiration. But Mr Bennett is perhaps the worst culprit of the three, inasmuch as he is by far the best workman. He can make a book so well constructed and solid in its craftsmanship that it is difficult for the most exacting of critics to see through what chink or crevice decay can creep in. There is not so much as a draught between the frames of the windows, or a crack in the boards. And yet-if life should refuse to live there? That is a risk which the creator of *The Old Wives' Talc,* George Cannon, Edwin Clayhanger, and hosts of other figures, may well claim to have surmounted. His characters live abundantly, even unexpectedly, but it remains to ask how do they live, and what do they live for? More and more they seem to us, deserting even the well-built villa in the Five Towns, to spend their time in some softly padded first-class railway carriage, pressing bells and buttons innumerable; and the destiny to which they travel so luxuriously becomes more and more unquestionably an eternity of bliss spent in the very best hotel in Brighton. It can scarcely be said of Mr Wells that he is a materialist in the sense that he takes too much delight in the solidity of his fabric. His mind is too generous in its sympathies to allow him to spend much time in making things shipshape and substantial. He is a materialist from sheer goodness of heart, taking upon his shoulders the work that ought to have been discharged by Government officials, and in the plethora of his ideas and facts scarcely having leisure to realise, or forgetting to think important, the crudity and coarseness of his human beings. Yet what more damaging criticism can there be both of his earth and of his Heaven than that they are to be inhabited here and hereafter by his Joans and his Peters? Does not the inferiority of their natures tarnish whatever institutions and ideals may be provided for them by the generosity of their creator? Nor, profoundly though we respect the integrity and humanity of Mr Galsworthy, shall we

find what we seek in his pages.

If we fasten, then, one label on all these books, on which is one word materialists, we mean by it that they write of unimportant things; that they spend immense skill and immense industry making the trivial and the transitory appear the true and enduring.

We have to admit that we are exacting, and, further, that we find it difficult to justify our discontent by explaining what it is that we exact. We frame our question differently at different times. But it reappears most persistently as we drop the finished novel on the crest of a sigh-Is it worth while? What is the point of it all? Can it be that, owing to one of those little deviations which the human spirit seems to make from time to time, Mr Bennett has come down with his magnificent apparatus for catching life just an inch or two on the wrong side? Life escapes; and perhaps without life nothing else is worth while. It is a confession of vagueness to have to make use of such a figure as this, but we scarcely better the matter by speaking, as critics are prone to do, of reality. Admitting the vagueness which afflicts all criticism of novels, let us hazard the opinion that for us at this moment the form of fiction most in vogue more often misses than secures the thing we seek. Whether we call it life or spirit, truth or reality, this, the essential thing, has moved off, or on, and refuses to be contained any longer in such ill-fitting vestments as we provide. Nevertheless, we go on perseveringly, conscientiously, constructing our two and thirty chapters after a design which more and more ceases to resemble the vision of our minds. So much of the enormous labour of proving the solidity, the likeness to life, of the story is not merely labour thrown away but labour misplaced to the extent of

obscuring and blotting out the light of the conception. The writer seems constrained, not by his own free will but by some powerful and unscrupulous tyrant who has him in thrall, to provide a plot, to provide comedy, tragedy, love interest, and an air of probability embalming the whole so impeccable that if all his figures were to come to life they would find themselves dressed down to the last button of their coats in the fashion of the hour. The tyrant is obeyed; the novel is done to a turn. But sometimes, more and more often as time goes by, we suspect a momentary doubt, a spasm of rebellion, as the pages fill themselves in the customary way. Is life like this? Must novels be like this?

Look within and life, it seems, is very far from being 'like this'. Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions-trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance came not here but there; so that, if a writer were a free man and not a slave, if he could write what he chose, not what he must, if he could base his work upon his own feeling and not upon convention, there would be no plot, no comedy, no tragedy, no love interest or catastrophe in the accepted style, and perhaps not a single button sewn on as the Bond Street tailors would have it. Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the

alien and external as possible? We are not pleading merely for courage and sincerity; we are suggesting that the proper stuff of fiction is a little other than custom would have us believe it.

It is, at any rate, in some such fashion as this that we seek to define the quality which distinguishes the work of several young writers, among whom Mr James Joyce is the most notable, from that of their predecessors. They attempt to come closer to life, and to preserve more sincerely and exactly what interests and moves them, even if to do so they must discard most of the conventions which are commonly observed by the novelist. Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness. Let us not take it for granted that life exists more fully in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small. Any one who has read *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* or, what promises to be a far more interesting work, *Ulysses* now appearing in the *Little Review*, will have hazarded some theory of this nature as to Mr Joyce's intention. On our part, with such a fragment before us, it is hazarded rather than affirmed; but whatever the intention of the whole, there can be no question but that it is of the utmost sincerity and that the result, difficult or unpleasant as we may judge it, is undeniably important. In contrast with those whom we have called materialists. Mr Joyce is spiritual; he is concerned at all costs to reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its messages through the brain, and in order to preserve it he disregards with complete courage whatever seems to him adventitious, whether it he probability, or coherence, or any other of these signposts which for generations have served to support the imagination of a reader when

called upon to imagine what he can neither touch nor see. The scene in the cemetery, for instance, with its brilliancy, its sordidity, its incoherence, its sudden lightning flashes of significance, does undoubtedly come so close to the quick of the mind that, on a first reading at any rate, it is difficult not to acclaim a masterpiece. If we want life itself, here surely we have it. Indeed, we find ourselves fumbling rather awkwardly if we try to say what else we wish, and for what reason a work of such originality yet fails to compare, for we must take high examples, with *Youth* or *The Mayor of Castcrbridge.* It fails because of the comparative poverty of the writer's mind, we might say simply and have done with it. But it is possible to press a little further and wonder whether we may not refer our sense of being in a bright yet narrow room, confined and shut in, rather than enlarged and set free, to some limitation imposed by the method as well as by the mind. Is it the method that inhibits the creative power? Is it due to the method that we feel neither jovial nor magnanimous, but centred in a self which, in spite of its tremor of susceptibility, never embraces or creates what is outside itself and beyond? Does the emphasis laid, perhaps didactically, upon indecency, contribute to the effect of something angular and isolated? Or is it merely that in any effort of such originality it is much easier, for contemporaries especially, to feel what it lacks than to name what it gives? In any case it is a mistake to stand outside examining 'methods'. Any method is right, every method is right, that expresses what we wish to express, if we are writers; that brings us closer to the novelist's intention if we are readers. This method has the merit of bringing us closer to what we were prepared to call life itself; did not the reading of *Ulysses* suggest how much of life is excluded or ignored, and did it not come with a shock to open *Tristram Shandy* or even *Pendennis* and be by them convinced that there are not only other aspects of life, but more

important ones into the bargain.

However this may be, the problem before the novelist at present, as we suppose it to have been in the past, is to contrive means of being free to set down what he chooses. He has to have the courage to say that what interests him is no longer 'this' but 'that': out of 'that' alone must he construct his work. For the moderns 'that', the point of interest, lies very likely in the dark places of psychology. At once, therefore, the accent falls a little differently; the emphasis is upon something hitherto ignored; at once a different outline of form becomes necessary, difficult for us to grasp, incompre-hensible to our predecessors. No one but a modern, no one perhaps but a Russian, would have felt the interest of the situation which Chekhov has made into the short story which he calls 'Cusev'. Some Russian soldiers lie ill on board a ship which is taking them back to Russia. We are given a few scraps of their talk and some of their thoughts; then one of them dies and is carried away; the talk goes on among the others for a time, until Gusev himself dies, and looking 'like a carrot or a radish' is thrown overboard. The emphasis is laid upon such unexpected places that at first it seems as if there were no emphasis at all; and then, as the eyes accustom themselves to twilight and discern the shapes of things in a room, we see how complete the story is, how profound, and how truly in obedience to his vision Chekhov has chosen this, that, and the other, and placed them together to compose something new. But it is impossible to say 'this is comic', or 'that is tragic', nor are we certain, since short stories, we have been taught, should be brief and conclusive, whether this, which is vague and inconclusive, should be called a short story at all.

The most elementary remarks upon modem English fiction can hardly avoid some mention of the Russian influence, and if the Russians are mentioned one runs the risk of feeling that to write of any fiction save theirs is a waste of time. If we want understanding of the soul and heart where else shall we find it of comparable profundity? If we are sick of our own materialism the least considerable of their novelists has by right of birth a natural reverence for the human spirit. 'Learn to make yourself akin to people . . . But let this sympathy be not with the mind-for it is easy with the mind-but with the heart, with love towards them.' In every great Russian writer we seem to discern the features of a saint, if sympathy for the sufferings of others, love towards them, endeavour to reach some goal worthy of the most exacting demands of the spirit constitute saintliness. It is the saint in them which confounds us with a feeling of our own irreligious triviality, and turns so many of our famous novels to tinsel and trickery. The conclusions of the Russian mind, thus comprehensive and compassionate, are inevitably, perhaps, of the utmost sadness. More accurately indeed we might speak of the inconclusiveness of the Russian mind. It is the sense that there is no answer, that if honestly examined life presents question after question which must be left to sound on and on after the story is over in hopeless interrogation that fills us with a deep, and finally it may be with a resentful, despair. They are right perhaps; unquestionably they see further than we do and without our gross impediments of vision. But perhaps we see something that escapes them, or why should this voice of protest mix itself with our gloom? The voice of protest is the voice of another and an ancient civilization which seems to have bred in us the instinct to enjoy and fight rather than to suffer and understand. English fiction from Sterne to Meredith bears witness to our natural delight in humour and comedy, in the beauty of earth, in the

activities of the intellect, and in the splendour of the body. But any deductions that we may draw from the comparison of two fictions so immeasurably far apart are futile save indeed as they flood us with a view of the infinite possibilities of the art and remind us that there is no limit to the horizon, and that nothing-no 'method', no experiment, even of the wildest-is forbidden, but only falsity and pretence. 'The proper stuff of fiction' does not exist; everything is the proper stuff of fiction, every feeling, every thought; every quality of brain and spirit is drawn upon; no perception comes amiss. And if we can imagine the art of fiction come alive and standing in our midst, she would undoubtedly bid us break her and bully her, as well as honour and love her, for so her youth is renewed and her sovereignty assured.

How Should One Read a Book?

In the first place, I want to emphasize the note of interrogation at the end of my title. Even if I could answer the question for myself, the answer would apply only to me and not to you. The only advice, indeed, that one person can give another about reading is to take no advice, to follow your own instincts, to use your own reason, to come to your own conclusions. If this is agreed between us, then I feel at liberty to put forward a few ideas and suggestions because you will not allow them to fetter that independence which is the most important quality that a reader can possess. After all, what laws can be laid down about books? The battle of Waterloo was certainly fought on a certain day; but is *Hamlet* a better play than *Lear?* Nobody can say. Each must decide that question for himself. To admit authorities, however heavily furred and gowned, into our libraries and let them tell us how to read, what to read, what value to place upon what we read, is to destroy the spirit of freedom which is the breath of those sanctuaries. Everywhere else we may be bound by laws and conventions-there we have none.

But to enjoy freedom, if the platitude is pardonable, we have of course to control ourselves. We must not squander our powers, helplessly and ignorantly, squirting half the house in order to water a single rose-bush; we must train them, exactly and powerfully, here on the very spot. This, it may

be, is one of the first difficulties that faces us in a library. What is 'the very spot'? There may well seem to be nothing but a conglomeration and huddle of confusion. Poems and novels, histories and memories, dictionaries and blue-books; books written in all languages by men and women of all tempers, races, and ages jostle each other on the shelf. And outside the donkey brays, the women gossip at the pump, the colts gallop across the fields. Where are we to begin? How are we to bring order into this multitudinous chaos and so get the deepest and widest pleasure from what we read?

It is simple enough to say that since books have classes-fiction, biography, poetry-we should separate them and take from each what it is right that each should give us. Yet few people ask from books what books can give us. Most commonly we come to books with blurred and divided minds, asking of fiction that it shall be true, of poetry that it shall be false, of biography that it shall he flattering, of history that it shall enforce our own prejudices. If we could banish all such preconceptions when we read, that would be an admirable beginning. Do not dictate to your author; try to become him. Be his fellow-worker and accomplice. If you hang back, and reserve and criticize at first, you are preventing yourself from getting the fullest possible value from what you read. But if you open your mind as widely as possible, then signs and hints of almost imperceptible fineness, from the twist and turn of the first sentences, will bring you into the presence of a human being unlike any other. Steep yourself in this, acquaint yourself with this, and soon you will find that your author is giving you, or attempting to give you, something far more definite. The thirty chapters of a novel if we consider how to read a novel first are an attempt to make something as formed and controlled as a building: but words are more impalpable than

bricks; reading is a longer and more complicated process than seeing. Perhaps the quickest way to understand the elements of what a novelist is doing is not to read, but to write; to make your own experiment with the dangers and difficulties of words. Recall, then, some event that has left a distinct impression on you-how at the corner of the street, perhaps, you passed two people talking. A tree shook; an electric light danced; the tone of the talk was comic, but also tragic; a whole vision, an entire conception, seemed contained in that moment.

But when you attempt to reconstruct it in words, you will find that it breaks into a thousand conflicting impressions. Some must be subdued; others emphasized; in the process you will lose, probably, all grasp upon the emotion itself. Then turn from your blurred and littered pages to the opening pages of some great novelist-Defoe, Jane Austen, Hardy. Now you will be better able to appreciate their mastery. It is not merely that we are in the presence of a different person-Defoe, Jane Austen, or Thomas Hardy-but that we are living in a different world. Here, in *Robinson Crusoe,* we are trudging a plain high road: one thing happens after another; the fact and the order of the fact is enough. But if the open air and adventure mean everything to Defoe they mean nothing to Jane Austen. Hers is the drawing-room, and people talking, and by the many mirrors of their talk revealing their characters. And if, when we have accustomed ourselves to the drawing-room and its reflections, we turn to Hardy, we are once more spun round. The moors are round us and the stars are above our heads. The other side of the mind is now exposed-the dark side that comes uppermost in solitude, not the light side that shows in company. Our relations are not towards people, but towards Nature and destiny. Yet different as these worlds are, each is

consistent with itself. The maker of each is careful to observe the laws of his own perspective, and however great a strain they may put upon us they will never confuse us, as lesser writers so frequently do, by introducing two different kinds of reality into the same book Thus to go from one great novelist to another-from Jane Austen to Hardy, from Peacock to Trollope, from Scott to Meredith is to be wrenched and uprooted; to be thrown this way and then that. To read a novel is a difficult and complex art. You must be capable not only of great fineness of perception, but of great boldness of imagination if you are going to make use of all that the novelist-the great artist-gives you.

But a glance at the heterogeneous company on the shelf will show you that writers are very seldom 'great artists'; far more often a book makes no claim to be a work of art at all. These biographies and autobiographies, for example, lives of great men, of men long dead and forgotten, that stand check by jowl with the novels and poems, are we to refuse to read them because they are not 'art'? Or shall we read them, but read them in a different way, with a different aim? Shall we read them in the first place to satisfy that curiosity which possesses us sometimes when in the evening we linger in front of a house where the lights are lit and the blinds not yet drawn, and each floor of the house shows us a different section of human life in being? Then we are consumed with curiosity about the lives of these people-the servants gossiping, the gentlemen dining, the girl dressing for a party, the old woman at the window with her knitting. Who are they, what are they, what are their names, their occupations, theirthoughts, and adventures?

Biographies and memoirs answer such questions, light up innumerable

such houses; they show us people going about their daily affairs, toiling, failing, succeeding, eating, hating, loving, until they die. And sometimes as we watch, the house fades and the iron railings vanish and we are out at sea; we are hunting, sailing, fighting; we are among savages and soldiers; we are taking part in great campaigns. Or if we like to stay here in England, in London, still the scene changes; the street narrows; the house becomes small, cramped, diamond-paned, and malodorous. We see a poet, Donne, driven from such a house because the walls were so thin that when the children cried their voices cut through them. We can follow him, through the paths that lie in the pages of books, to Twickenham; to Lady Bedford's Park, a famous meeting-ground for nobles and poets; and then turn our steps to Wilton, the great house under the downs, and hear Sidney read the *Arcadia* to his sister; and ramble among the very marshes and see the very herons that figure in that famous romance; and then again travel north with that other Lady Pembroke, Anne Clifford, to her wild moors, or plunge into the city and control our merriment at the sight of Gabriel Harvey in his black velvet suit arguing about poetry with Spenser. Nothing is more fascinating than to grope and stumble in the alternate darkness and splendour of Elizabethan London. But there is no staying there. The Temples and the Swifts, the Harleys and the St Johns beckon us on; hour upon hour can be spent disentangling their quarrels and deciphering their characters; and when we tire of them we can stroll on, past a lady in black wearing diamonds, to Samuel Johnson and Goldsmith and Garrick; or cross the channel, if we like, and meet Voltaire and Diderot, Madame du Deffand; and so back to England and Twickenham-how certain places repeat themselves and certain names!-where Lady Bedford had her Park once and Pope lived later, to Walpole's home at Strawberry Hill. But Walpole introduces us to such a swarm of new

acquaintances, there are so many houses to visit and bells to ring that we may well hesitate for a moment, on the Miss Berrys' doorstep, for example, when behold, up comes Thackeray; he is the friend of the woman whom Walpole loved; so that merely by going from friend to friend, from garden to garden, from house to house, we have passed from one end of English literature to another and wake to find ourselves here again in the present, if we can so differentiate this moment from all that have gone before. This, then, is one of the ways in which we can read these lives and letters; we can make them light up the many windows of the past; we can watch the famous dead in their familiar habits and fancy sometimes that we are very close and can surprise their secrets, and sometimes we may pull out a play or a poem that they have written and see whether it reads differently in the presence of the author. But this again rouses other questions. How far, we must ask ourselves, is a book influenced by its writer's life-how far is it safe to let the man interpret the writer? How far shall we resist or give way to the sympathies and antipathies that the man himself rouses in us-so sensitive are words, so receptive of the character of the author? These are questions that press upon us when we read lives and letters, and we must answer them for ourselves, for nothing can be more fatal than to be guided by the preferences of others in a matter so personal.

But also we can read such books with another aim, not to throw light on literature, not to become familiar with famous people, but to refresh and exercise our own creative powers. Is there not an open window on the right hand of the bookcase? How delightful to stop reading and look out! How stimulating the scene is, in its unconsciousness, its irrelevance, its perpetual movement-the colts galloping round the field, the woman filling her pail at

the well, the donkey throwing back his head and emitting his long, acrid moan. The greater part of any library is nothing but the record of such fleeting moments in the lives of men, women, and donkeys. Every literature, as it grows old, has its rubbish-heap, its record of vanished moments and forgotten lives told in faltering and feeble accents that have perished. But if you give yourself up to the delight of rubbish-reading you will be surprised, indeed you will be overcome, by the relics of human life that have been cast out to moulder. It may be one letter-but what a vision it gives! It may be a few sentences but what vistas they suggest! Sometimes a whole story will come together with such beautiful humour and pathos and completeness that it seems as if a great novelist had been at work, yet it is only an old actor, Tate Wilkinson, remembering the strange story of Captain Jones; it is only a young subaltern serving under Arthur Wellesley and falling in love with a pretty girl at Lisbon; it is only Maria Allen letting fall her sewing in the empty drawing-room and sighing how she wishes she had taken Dr Burney's good advice and had never eloped with her Rishy. None of this has any value; it is negligible in the extreme; yet how absorbing it is now and again to go through the rubbishheaps and find rings and scissors and broken noses buried in the huge past and try to piece them together while the colt gallops round the field, the woman fills her pail at the well, and the donkey brays.

But we tire of rubbish-reading in the long run. We tire of searching for what is needed to complete the half-truth which is all that the Wilkinsons, the Bunburys and the Maria Aliens are able to offer us. They had not the artist's power of mastering and eliminating; they could not tell the whole truth even about their own lives; they have disfigured the story that might have been so shapely. Facts are all that they can offer us, and facts are a very inferior form

of fiction. Thus the desire grows upon us to have done with half-statements and approximations; to cease from searching out the minute shades of human character, to enjoy the greater abstractness, the purer truth of fiction. Thus we create the mood, intense and generalized, unaware of detail, but stressed by some regular, recurrent beat, whose natural expression is poetry; and that is the time to read poetry when we are almost able to write it.

> Western wind, when wilt thou blow?
> The small rain down can rain.
> Christ, if my love were in my arms,
> And I in my bed again!

The impact of poetry is so hard and direct that for the moment there is no other sensation except that of the poem itself. What profound depths we visit then-how sudden and complete is our immersion! There is nothing here to catch hold of; nothing to stay us in our flight. The illusion of fiction is gradual; its effects are prepared; but who when they read these four lines stops to ask who wrote them, or conjures up the thought of Donne's house or Sidney's secretary; or enmeshes them in the intricacy of the past and the succession of generations? The poet is always our contemporary. Our being for the moment is centred and constricted, as in any violent shock of personal emotion. Afterwards, it is true, the sensation begins to spread in wider rings through our minds; remoter senses are reached; these begin to sound and to comment and we are aware of echoes and reflections. The intensity of poetry covers an immense range of emotion. We have only to compare the force and

directness of

I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

with the wavering modulation of

Minutes are numbered by the fall of sands,
As by an hour glass; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it;
An age of pleasure, revelled out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down,
So to conclude calamity in rest.

or place the meditative calm of

whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,

And effort evermore about to be,

beside the complete and inexhaustible loveliness of

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside-

or the splendid fantasy of

And the woodland haunter
Shall not cease to saunter
When, far down some glade,
Of the great world's burning,
One soft flame upturning
Seems, to his discerning,
Crocus in the shade,

to bethink us of the varied art of the poet; his power to make us at once actors and spectators; his power to run his hand into characters as if it were a glove, and be Falstaff or Lear; his power to condense, to widen, to state, once and for ever.

'We have only to compare'-with those words the cat is out of the bag, and the true complexity of reading is admitted. The first process, to receive impressions with the utmost understanding, is only half the process of reading; it must be completed, if we are to get the whole pleasure from a book, by another. We must pass judgment upon these multitudinous impressions; we must make of these fleeting shapes one that is hard and lasting. But not directly. Wait for the dust of reading to settle; for the conflict and the questioning to die down; walk, talk, pull the dead petals from a rose, or fall asleep. Then suddenly without our willing it, for it is thus that Nature undertakes these transitions, the book will return, but differently. It will float to the top of the mind as a whole. And the book as a whole is different from the book received currently in separate phrases. Details now fit themselves into their places. We see the shape from start to finish; it is a barn, a pig-sty, or a cathedral. Now then we can compare book with book as we compare building with building. But this act of comparison means that our attitude has changed; we are no longer the friends of the writer, but his judges; and just as we cannot be too sympathetic as friends, so as judges we cannot be too severe. Are they not criminals, books that have wasted our time and sympathy; are they not the most insidious enemies of society, corrupters, defilers, the writers of false books, faked books, books that fill the air with decay and disease? Let us then be severe in our judgments; let us compare each book with the greatest of its kind. There they hang in the mind the shapes of the books we have read solidified by the judgments we have passed on them-Robinson *Crusoe, Emma, The Return of the Native.* Compare the novels with these-even the latest and least of novels has a right to be judged with the best. And so with poetry when the intoxication of rhythm has died down and the splendour of words has faded, a visionary shape will return to

us and this must be compared with *Lear,* with *Phedre,* with *The Prelude;* or if not with these, with whatever is the best or seems to us to be the best in its own kind. And we may be sure that the newness of new poetry and fiction is its most superficial quality and that we have only to alter slightly, not to recast, the standards by which we have judged the old.

It would be foolish, then, to pretend that the second part of reading, to judge, to compare, is as simple as the first-to open the mind wide to the fast flocking of innumerable impressions. To continue reading without the book before you, to hold one shadow-shape against another, to have read widely enough and with enough understanding to make such comparisons alive and illuminating that is difficult; it is still more difficult to press further and to say, 'Not only is the book of this sort, but it is of this value; here it fails; here it succeeds; this is bad; that is good'. To carry out this part of a reader's duty needs such imagination, insight, and learning that it is hard to conceive any one mind sufficiently endowed; impossible for the most self-confident to find more than the seeds of such powers in himself. Would it not be wiser, then, to remit this part of reading and to allow the critics, the gowned and furred authorities of the library, to decide the question of the book's absolute value for us? Yet how impossible! We may stress the value of sympathy; we may try to sink our own identity as we read. But we know that we cannot sympathize wholly or immerse ourselves wholly; there is always a demon in us who whispers, 'I hate, I love', and we cannot silence him. Indeed, it is precisely because we hate and we love that our relation with the poets and novelists is so intimate that we find the presence of another person intolerable. And even if the results are abhorrent and our judgments are wrong, still our taste, the nerve of sensation that sends shocks through us, is

our chief illuminant; we learn through feeling; we cannot suppress our own idiosyncrasy without impoverishing it. But as time goes on perhaps we can train our taste; perhaps we can make it submit to some control. When it has fed greedily and lavishly upon books of all sorts-poetry, fiction, history, biography and has stopped reading and looked for long spaces upon the variety, the incongruity of the living world, we shall find that it is changing a little; it is not so greedy, it is more reflective. It will begin to bring us not merely judgments on particular books, but it will tell us that there is a quality common to certain books. Listen, it will say, what shall we call *this?* And it will read us perhaps Lear and then perhaps the *Agamemnon* in order to bring out that common quality. Thus, with our taste to guide us, we shall venture beyond the particular book in search of qualities that group books together; we shall give them names and thus frame a rule that brings order into our perceptions. We shall gain a further and a rarer pleasure from that discrimination. But as a rule only lives when it is perpetually broken by contact with the books themselves-nothing is easier and more stultifying than to make rules which exist out of touch with facts, in a vacuum now at last, in order to steady ourselves in this difficult attempt, it may be well to turn to the very rare writers who are able to enlighten us upon literature as an art. Coleridge and Dryden and Johnson, in their considered criticism, the poets and novelists themselves in their unconsidered sayings, are often surprisingly relevant; they light up and solidify the vague ideas that have been tumbling in the misty depths of our minds. But they are only able to help us if we come to them laden with questions and suggestions won honestly in the course of our own reading. They can do nothing for us if we herd ourselves under their authority and lie down like sheep in the shade of a hedge. We can only understand their ruling when it comes in conflict with our own and

vanquishes it.

If this is so, if to read a book as it should be read calls for the rarest qualities of imagination, insight, and judgment, and you may perhaps conclude that literature is a very complex art and that it is unlikely that we shall be able, even after a lifetime of reading, to make any valuable contribution to its criticism. We must remain readers; we shall not put on the further glory that belongs to those rare beings who are also critics. But still we have our responsibilities as readers and even our importance. The standards we raise and the judgments we pass steal into the air and become part of the atmosphere which writers breathe as they work. An influence is created which tells upon them even if it never finds its way into print. And that influence, if it were well instructed, vigorous and individual and sincere, might be of great value now when criticism is necessarily in abeyance; when books pass in review like the procession of animals in a shooting gallery, and the critic has only one second in which to load and aim and shoot and may well be pardoned if he mistakes rabbits for tigers, eagles for barndoor fowls, or misses altogether and wastes his shot upon some peaceful cow grazing in a further field. If behind the erratic gunfire of the press the author felt that there was another kind of criticism, the opinion of people reading for the love of reading, slowly and unprofessionally, and judging with great sympathy and yet with great severity, might this not improve the quality of his work? And if by our means books were to become stronger, richer, and more varied, that would be an end worth reaching.

Yet who reads to bring about an end, however desirable? Are there not some pursuits that we practise because they are good in themselves, and some

pleasures that are final? And is not this among them? I have sometimes dreamt, at least, that when the Day of Judgment dawns and the great conquerors and lawyers and statesmen come to receive their rewards-their crowns, their laurels, their names carved indelibly upon imperishable marble-the Almighty will turn to Peter and will say, not without a certain envy when He sees us coming with our books under our arms, 'Look, these need no reward. We have nothing to give them here. They have loved reading.'

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FASHION AND DEATH

时尚和死亡的对话

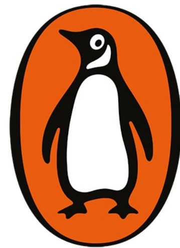
［意］贾科莫·莱奥帕尔迪　著
史红丽　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

时尚和死亡的对话

（意）贾科莫·莱奥帕尔迪/著

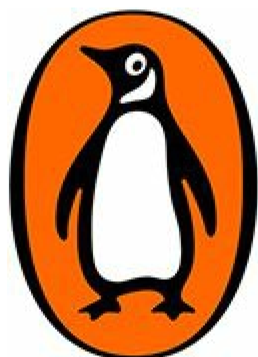
史红丽/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

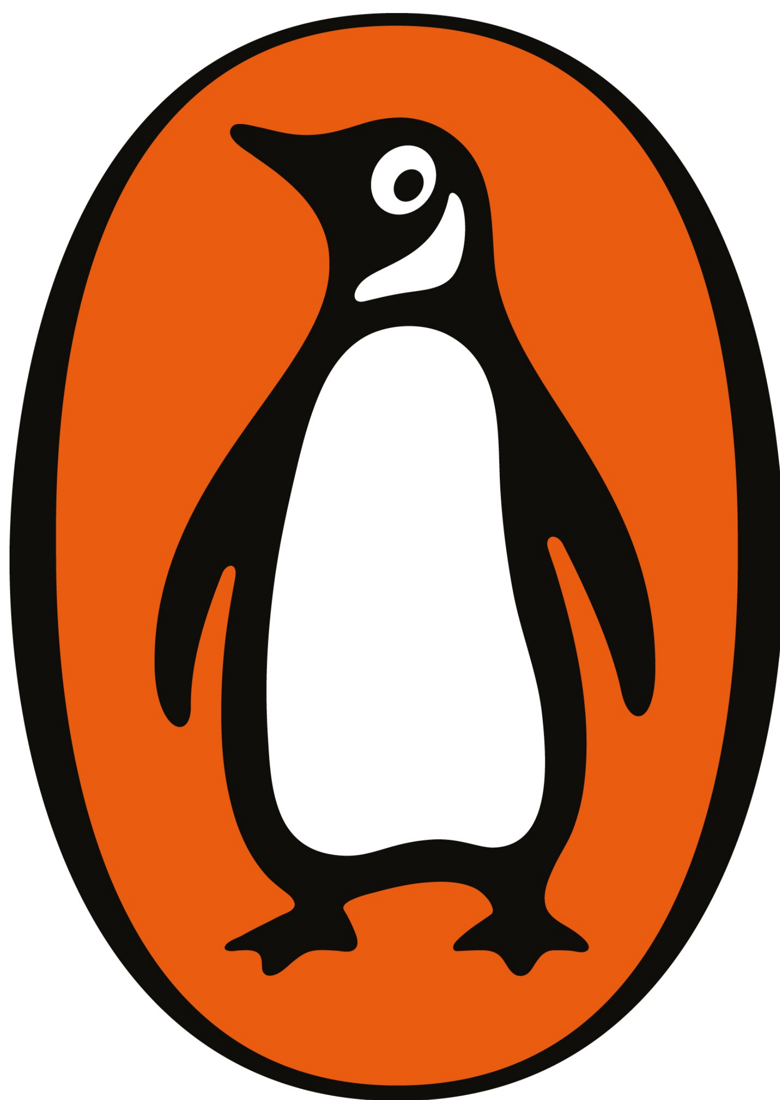
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin
Random House
North Asia

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
First published as Operette Morali/Essays and Dialogues by the University of California Press, 1982
Published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者
西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

贾科莫·莱奥帕尔迪（Giacomo Leopardi，1798—1837）是意大利著名的悲观主义诗人和哲学家，被誉为“继彼得拉克之后最伟大的抒情诗人”。他在短暂的一生创作了很多诗歌和散文。其中，诗歌《致意大利》《但丁纪念碑》《致席尔维娅》《无限》等均为传世之作。散文有《道德小品集》《杂记》等。这些散文往往借用具有象征意义的历史人物或虚构人物，来阐发哲学观点。《时尚与死亡的对话》是其中杰出的代表作之一。

《时尚与死亡的对话》实为一部有关哲学思考的对话录。莱奥帕尔迪采用了十一则对话的方式，就人类的永恒话题如死亡、人性、幸福、自然等方面，进行了哲学剖析和冥想。根据记载，莱奥帕尔迪自小体弱多病，因此，他对痛苦的感知似乎要比普通人更为强烈，也更为持久。来自疾病的折磨如影随形，使他无处遁形，也无从解脱。死神似乎随时都会前来叩击门环。他总是一次又一次如此近距离地接触死亡这个终极的归宿，但又极为侥幸地多次逃脱。在反反复复的较量中，宿敌竟然演变为最熟悉的人之一。

书中直接涉及死亡对话一共有两则。第一则对话发生于时尚与死亡之间。莱奥帕尔迪用谈笑的口吻，辛辣而又深刻地揭示了时尚之于人类健康的损害，而人类仍不顾生命安危、乐此不疲地追求时尚的矛盾行为，反映了人类思维中的非理性和盲目性的这一可悲可叹的致命弱点。在另一则死亡对话中，他想象木乃伊们暂时复活，以便向他们请教濒死时的体验。他从人在生理上对疼痛的正常感知入手，通过抽丝剥茧般的层层推理，分析并还原了濒死体验的真正可能性。同时，也嘲讽了人们一贯以来对死亡的极度恐惧和不实夸大。在莱奥帕尔迪看来，死亡的消

耗远远低于生命的消耗。

另一则颇有一番见地的话题是有关幸福的探讨，莱奥帕尔迪将悲观主义精神发挥到极致。他认为纵使走遍天涯海角，人类也不可能找到真正的幸福。一个人无论做到怎样的无害、远离尘嚣、与世无争，幸福仍然遥不可及。自然赐予我们一切，却单单忘记了给予我们幸福感。人类具有欢笑的能力，却并不真正拥有快乐。反而，那些小鸟总是欢快地鸣叫，人类中只有儿童才能展现出如小鸟般的那种快乐情绪。回想生命中所经历的时段，似乎只有在清晨和青春时期才能够感受到片刻幸福，痛苦总是纷至沓来，让人无力挣扎，生命瞬间枯竭和凋零。

莱奥帕尔迪还用极为冷静、近乎残忍的方式揭示了人性中的恶。人类不仅相互倾轧，更有甚者，互相戕害，例如，父亲会杀死妻儿并烹饪其肉而食之，在原始社会中如此，在文明社会中亦是如此。父亲开枪自杀前先将自己的幼子杀死。这些都是在别的动物或物种中不曾发生过的恶劣行径。以上种种迹象表明，人类远非传统上认为那样，是最优秀的物种。莱奥帕尔迪对此传统观念深感怀疑并流露出极度不屑。人类可以是智力最高的物种，但绝对不是最高贵的物种。

本书余篇还探讨了有关自然的思考。即便是人类赖以生存的地球本身，也不过是茫茫宇宙中最微不足道的一员，是供神祇消遣的玩具，也是时时刻刻都会被外力摧毁的存在。因此，无论是地球还是其他生命体，都是永恒的时间长河中的区区一粒尘埃。

贯彻全书始末的是写实性的理性分析和严密的逻辑论证，笔锋犀利且不乏幽默，既有伤口撕裂时带来的痛楚，也有心智得以启迪时的一片明朗。总之，这是一本不得不读的好书。

海格立斯和阿特拉斯的对话

海格立斯　阿特拉斯（Atlas）前辈，朱庇特（Jove）派我前来向您问候。他说万一您厌倦了肩上的重担，就让我接替您几个小时，如同我上回所做的那样。不过因这期间时隔数个世纪，现今竟忘得干净。这样您就可以喘口气，休息一会儿了。

阿特拉斯　谢谢你，我的小海格立斯（Hercules），尤其感谢朱庇特陛下。好在地球已经变得很轻了，我甚至感到身上用来遮挡雨雪的斗篷越发沉重。倘若不是朱庇特命令我站在这里一动不动，以便使我背上的那个小球保持平衡，我早就把它挟在腋下，或装在口袋里，或让它悬挂在我的一根胡须上了。如此，我就可以去料理自己的事情了。

海格立斯　地球怎么会变轻呢？我倒是注意到它确实有所变化，其状如同面包卷，已不再似从前那般圆浑饱满。回想昔日，为了和阿耳戈（Argonauts）一道出海寻觅金羊毛，我还曾研修过宇宙学呢。纵使如此，我还是纳罕地球怎么会较之前轻了呢？

阿特拉斯　我也不甚明白个中原因，但是，倘若你把它放在手中掂量一二，就会知晓它有多轻！

海格立斯　上苍！若非亲自感受，确实令人难以置信。我到底是发现了什么新状况？记得上一次扛负它时，它在我的背上有力地跳动，宛如动物们跳动的心脏，并且发出阵阵如马蜂巢般的经久不息的嗡嗡声。可眼下，地球就像断了弹簧的手表般嘀嗒着，没有一丝声响。

阿特拉斯　对此我也无法作出解释。据我所知，在很早之前，地球就失去任何活动和声音的迹象了。故而，依我拙见，我严重怀疑它已经

死了。每日，我都在担心会闻到它尸体上散发出的恶臭。于是，我思量着如何将它安葬，葬在何处，以及在它的坟头刻什么样的碑文，然而，后来，我看到地球并没有朽败掉，我又由此判断它已经从最初的动物状态变成某种植物了，正如达芙妮（Daphne）化作桂树，以及其他许多同类情况一样。这就是它不呼吸也不活动的原因吧。时至此刻，我都在担心它会随时在我的肩膀上生根发芽。

海格立斯　我倒还是宁愿相信它是睡着了。这种睡眠就如同埃庇米尼得斯（Epimenides）的睡眠一样，一觉就长达半个多世纪之久；也可能是像赫尔摩底谟（Hermotimus）式的睡眠。有传言说，他的灵魂常常随意游离于身体之外且多年不回归本体。他的灵魂在幸福地游历完各国之后，才会回家——直至他的朋友们焚毁了他的身体，这种荒唐才算结束。后来，当他的灵魂远游归来准备回家时，却发现他的家已经被烧掉了。试想他的灵魂若想安顿下来，就必须租用一具身体或借居在旅店之内。当然，为了保证地球不会永久长眠，或者保证它不会被某个误认为地球已死的朋友或好心人烧毁，我建议我们应当尽力唤醒地球。

阿特拉斯　很好。可怎么做呢？

海格立斯　我本来打算让它好好吃我一顿棍子，可又担心会把它彻底拍成煎饼。也许我应该像敲鸡蛋一样把它敲碎，毕竟它的壳掂上去分量很轻，因此也应该很薄才对。不过，我不敢确定的是，如果让一个习惯赤手空拳与狮子搏斗的人现在去跟跳蚤打架，他会不会因为这一击的失重而晕厥。看来最好的办法是，我扔掉球棒，你脱掉斗篷，接下来，我们就用这个小小的地球一起玩球。有些抱歉，我没有带来和墨丘利（Mercury）玩球时用的长手套和球拍，我和他总在朱庇特的房子里或后院里玩耍。不过，我们有拳头就足够了。

阿特拉斯　好主意！可万一被你父亲撞见，他也想加入我们的游戏并且把他的一个火球扔给我们，把我们绊倒——天知道何时何地会发生

——让我们就像法厄同（Phaethon）一般一头栽进波河（the Po），那可怎么办？

海格立斯　不错。假如像法厄同一样，我只是一个诗人的儿子而不是他的儿子；假如没有这样的出身，我就不能如此妄为——诗人可以用里拉琴的琴声吸引城里挤满人群——而我则可以用球棒的砰砰声将天上和地上所有的人驱走。只轻轻一脚，我就可以把他的火球踢到天庭（the Empyrean）的最后一块天花板上。你不必担心。即便我突发奇想，想摘下五六颗星星来玩榛子游戏，或者用一颗彗星来练习打靶并抓住它的尾巴当秋千荡，甚至是拿太阳本身来玩掷铁饼游戏，我父亲也会假装视而不见的。再者，我们玩这个游戏的初衷是造福世界，自然有别于法厄同之流。他不过是为了在时间侍女们面前显示他的敏捷。侍女们在他登上车子后曾一度约束了他的步伐。他还妄图在安德洛墨达公主（Andromeda）和卡利斯托（Callisto）以及其他众多美丽群星面前赢得优秀御者的声誉。我们听说他在路过时，曾向她们撒下了不少光芒花束和光亮蜜饯球。事实上，他是为了在众神的舞会上显摆自己。如你所知，那天恰巧是个节日。因此，你大可安心，我父亲是不会发怒的。无论如何，我答应你我会赔偿你的损失。现在，我们开始吧。请你脱掉斗篷发球吧。

阿特拉斯　不管是否喜欢，我最好还是依你之言。你又强壮又有武器，而我呢，又老又没武器。不过，我们要小心别把它摔坏了。别再让它生出肿块、瘀青、裂缝，就像西西里岛从意大利、非洲从西班牙断裂出去那样，或者掀掉一小块——可能是个省也可能是个王国——由此极易触发战争。

海格立斯　别担心。

阿特拉斯　轮到你发球了。你难道不觉得它有些瘪，因为它已经变形了？

海格立斯　来吧，使点劲儿。你的球都没发到我这儿来。

阿特拉斯　不是发球的事儿。是风，这里的风总是从西南方向刮来，球被风带偏了——球太轻了。

海格立斯　又是老一套，总是随风追逐。

阿特拉斯　说实话，给它充点气也不是个坏主意。因为在击球时，它就像个没弹性的瓜。

海格立斯　又一个新缺点。在古时，它像一只山羊般能弹能跳。

阿特拉斯　快跑！快！快！我说，别让它掉了。该死的，怎么让它掉了？

海格立斯　你发给我的球太糟了，太低了。纵使我以折断脖子的速度奔跑也是接不住的。噢，可怜的家伙，你怎么样啦，是受伤了吗？我听不到一丝人类的呼吸声，看不到任何人在活动，他们仍然在沉睡吧。

阿特拉斯　还是把它还给我吧，看在冥河的份上，这样我就能重新把它放回到肩上了。你捡起你的球棒，赶紧回天庭吧。请为此代我向朱庇特道歉，尽管这都是你的错。

海格立斯　我马上照办。记得数百年前，有位名为贺拉斯（Horace）的诗人曾应邀到我父亲府上做客。他是由奥古斯都（Augustus）推荐来做宫廷诗人的。之前，考虑到罗马人的实力，朱庇特就让奥古斯都入了仙籍。这位诗人不停地吟诵他的诗词。其中在一首诗里，他写到即使世界坍塌，一个正义的人也不会动摇。我想现在世上所有的人都是正义的，你看，尽管世界坍塌了，却没有一个人动一动。

阿特拉斯　有谁会怀疑人的公正性？请不要浪费时间了。赶紧回你

父亲那里为我洗刷罪名。我在担心随时随地都可能有霹雳打过来，把我从阿特拉斯变为埃特纳火山。

时尚和死亡的对话

时尚　死亡夫人，死亡夫人。

死亡　请你依序等待，届时无须召唤我也会来的。

时尚　死亡夫人。

死亡　见鬼。我会在你意料之外时找上门的。

时尚　仿佛我不是永生似的。

死亡　永生？

“自永生时代起，已经过去一千多年了。”

时尚　哦，连我们的死亡夫人也口吐彼特拉克（Petrarch）的诗句，似是一位十六世纪或说是十九世纪的意大利诗人。

死亡　我钟爱彼特拉克的诗文，因为诗里能找到我的胜利且几乎处处提及我的存在。不过，现在别来妨碍我。

时尚　好啦。以你对七宗罪的爱的名义，请先停一下，看看我。

死亡　我正在看着。

时尚　你难道看不出我是谁吗？

死亡　你应该晓得我的视力有些差。况且，我没法带眼镜儿，因为英国人没能造出一副合适我的眼镜儿。当然，即使他们造得出来，我也

不知道怎么个戴法儿。

时尚　我是时尚呀，你的姊妹。

死亡　我的姊妹？

时尚　是啊。你不记得我们都是衰老（Caducity）的女儿了吗？

死亡　我怎么可能记得？我是记忆最大的敌人。

时尚　可我记得格外清楚。我记得我们两人一道不断地摧毁并改变下面尘世间的所有，尽管你我使用的方式不尽相同。

死亡　如果你不是在喃喃自语，或者是和你嗓子眼里的人说话，就请大声一点并注意你的措辞。如果你继续用你细若游丝的嗓音嘀嘀咕咕的话，我可听不见。因为你早该知道，我的听力不比视力好。

时尚　但是，这么做有失礼仪——在法国，人们可不是为了听见而说话的——既然我们是姐妹，也就不顾及这些繁文缛节了，我就如你所愿。我想说的是我们两个的本质和习惯就是去不断地革新世界。只不过从伊始，你就关注人与鲜血；而我则一般专注于胡子、头发、服饰、家具、建筑之类。诚然，我从未曾——今后也不会克制自己——不去玩那些和你一样的把戏，如穿耳洞、唇孔、鼻孔，我会在上面挂满能将其撕裂的小饰物；用火辣辣的烙印烧焦男人们的皮肤，我让他们做这些是出于美的缘故；用绷带或什么束带把婴儿的头部弄变形，让全国上下把拥有相同的头型变为一种习俗，我在美国和亚洲就是这么干的；穿紧憋的鞋子把人们弄瘸；或穿紧身胸衣导致其呼吸困难、眼睛外凸，以及其他上百种类似的法子。事实上，一般来说，我会劝导并迫使所有的文人雅士每天忍耐数千种艰难和数千种不适和伴随而来的常规性的疼痛和折磨，我甚至让一些人为了爱我的缘故而光荣死去。我不会告诉你为了追从我，有多少人患了头疼、感冒、各种炎症，以及一天一次、三天一次

或四天一次的发烧；他们顺从我的意志，用羊毛护肩、布片遮胸，由此在寒风里冻得哆嗦或者在炎热里窒息。他们愿意按照我的意志去做任何事情，不管会对他们造成多大伤害。

死亡　这么说来，我相信你确实是我的姊妹。如你所愿，我会比相信死亡更加相信这个事实——你甚至不用拿出教区出生证来证明。如果这么一直不动的话，我可能会晕倒。以此，你若愿意和我并肩而奔，请不要抱怨我跑得太快。我们在奔跑的同时，还可以聊聊你的业务。抑或，考虑到我们的血缘关系，我承诺在我死后会把一切留给你。你可以带着我最美好的祝福待在你想待的地方。

时尚　假如我们一起参加帕里奥赛马，还不知道谁会跑赢呢。虽然你跑得快，可我却可以飞驰；你一旦在某个地方驻足就会晕倒，而我只不过是变得衰弱。因此，让我们再次开始奔跑吧。就像你说的，我们可以边跑边谈公务。

死亡　那我们继续。既然你也是我母亲生的孩子，你要帮我做一些杂事才好。

时尚　在过去，我做的这类杂事要比你想象的多得多。首先，尽管我屡屡消除和歪曲其他的习俗，但在任何一个地方，我从未曾允许过死亡习俗的停止。正因如此，你才可以看到在各地，从世界之初到如今，死亡一直在进行。

死亡　真是奇迹啊——你没有去尝试你力所不能及的事情。

时尚　什么叫力所不能及？你是什么意思？很明显，你似乎并不了解时尚的力量。

死亡　够了，够了！一旦有不死的习俗来临，我们总会有大把的时间讨论这一点。不过现在，我希望你能像个好姊妹一样帮帮我，协助我

比之前更迅速更轻松地完成与不死习俗截然相反的目标。

时尚　我已经告诉过你我的部分作为，它们对你都是有极大助益的。不过，这些相较我现在要告诉你的事情就只是些琐屑了。以往，为了帮助你，我一步步地让人们忽视和放弃那些有益于身体的活动和运动，同时，我又引进了无数让人们趋之若鹜的各种损害身体和缩短寿命的法子。其次，我在这个世界里建立了这般的秩序和习俗：即生命本身，无论是肉体还是灵魂，都生不如死，以至于这个世纪可以被名副其实地冠以死亡世纪之称谓。在古代，你所拥有的财产不过是些水渠和山洞，别无他物——你在黑暗中播种骨头与尘埃，那是不会结果的种子——而如今，你拥有阳光下的土地，以及那些用双脚移动和行走的人们。可以这么说，甚至不需要收割就完全属于你——实际上，他们从出生的那一刻起就属于你。况且，如果说在过去，你总是被人们憎恨和责骂的话，那么现在，归功于我的所作所为，情况已经大为改观。任何有点智商的人都视你为珍宝并对你称颂有佳，爱你胜过生命，爱你到常常呼唤你，并把你看作生命中最大的希望。最后，我看到很多人吹嘘他们将会永生，就是说，他们不会完全死去，因为他们生命的很大一部分不会落入你手。我知道这种说法荒谬之极。倘若那些人或任何人能活在人们的记忆中的话，他们的生命就会成为一个笑话。他们享受盛名的程度不会比在坟墓里遭受阴冷潮湿的程度更甚——总之，鉴于这种永生刺痛了你，因为它似乎损害了你的荣誉和名声——我已经废除了这种追求永生以及将其赐予值得拥有它的人的习俗了。因此，现在如果一个人死了，你可以确信他身上的每一个部分都死掉了。他最好赶紧完整地去地下，就像一条一口被吞下头和身子的鱼。以上这些事情既非少见也非微不足道。是我为了你的缘故而做——因为我一心想帮你在地球上开疆辟土，一如之前所发生的那般。为此，我准备日后的每一天都继续这么做甚至更多。这个，就是我到处寻找你的缘由。我认为我们最好从现在开始就待在一起。这样的话，我们就可以好好商量事情，作出最好的决定，并将其实施。

死亡　你太正确了。就依你之言。

地球和月亮的对话

地球　亲爱的月亮，我知道您能言辞能作对答，因为您是人类，我常常听到诗人们如是说。另外，我的孩子们也提及，您实际上就像他们一样有嘴巴、鼻子、眼睛，这些都是他们亲眼所见。要知道在他们的这个年龄，视力自然是极好的。至于我，毫无疑问您该知道我同样也是人类。尤其是年轻时，我生有诸多子嗣。因此，假如您听到我讲话，请不要惊讶。好吧，我甜美的月亮，尽管连我也记不清多少个世纪与您为邻，可时至今日，我从未曾与您有所交流。大抵因为我总在忙于活计，一直无暇闲聊。而今，我的事情已无关紧要。实际上，我可以说任它们顺其自然发展。我不知道生活何以为续，无聊之极。我打算今后时常找您聊聊，顺带关注下你的事情——若是我没有给您添太多麻烦的话。

月亮　这点请勿担心。我倒是希望命运带给我的麻烦如同您带给我的那样少。你若是想和我说说话，就敬请畅所欲言。恐怕您也知道我不善言辞，但是，我乐意倾听，也很乐意答您所问，如果能对您有所帮助的话。

地球　您听到那美妙的音乐了吗？就是天体移动时发出的乐声？

月亮　说实话，我什么也没有听见。

地球　我也没听到任何声音。除却呼啸的风声从极地刮向赤道又从赤道刮回极地——它听着似乎一点也不像音乐，然而，毕达哥拉斯（Pythagoras）说天球之间会产生一种音乐，非常美妙也非常神奇，而且您本身就是其中的一分子，因为您算是这个宇宙里拉琴的第八根琴弦。我听不到大约是因为我的耳朵已经被那个音乐声震聋了。

月亮　那我的耳朵也一定被震聋了。因为如我所言，我没听到，更不知道自己是根琴弦。

地球　那么，我们还是换个话题吧。请您告诉我，月球上真的有人居住吗？如此众多的现代及古代哲学家，从俄耳甫斯（Orpheus）到拉朗德（De La Lande）都对此深信不疑。尽管我像个大蜗牛般地尽量伸长自己的触角，人们将这些触角称之为山脉和峰顶，并且按照人们的提示去努力望向你。可是，我却始终没在您那里看到一个居民——然而，我听说过有一个叫大卫·法布里奇乌斯（David Fabrius）的人，他的视力甚至赛过林克斯（Linceus）本人，他曾一度发现有人在太阳上晾晒衣物。

月亮　至于您的触角，我倒是不清楚。事实是我这里的确有居民。

地球　您那里的人是什么肤色？

月亮　什么人？

地球　就是那些居住在您上面的人呀。您刚才不是说过您那里住有居民吗？

月亮　是啊，那又如何？

地球　那么，您的居民们不可能全是动物。

月亮　他们既不是动物也不是人类，我不确定他们究竟是何种生物——或是其中哪一个。实际上，对于被您唤作人类的生物，我竟是一无所知呢。

地球　但是，您那里住的是哪种人呢？

月亮　有很多，类型各异。您对他们不了解就如同我不了解你们地

球上的人类一样。

地球　在我看来很是奇怪。若不是听到您本人这么说，我无论如何也不敢相信啊。您难道没有曾经被您的居民征服过吗？

月亮　据我所知从来没有过。怎么征服？为什么征服？

地球　因为野心，或因为嫉妒别人的财产而通过政治手段或者诉诸武力占为己有。

月亮　我不知道您所谓的武力、野心、政治是什么。简言之，我不知道您在说些什么。

地球　那么，即使您不懂什么是武器，那一定知道什么是战争吧。因为前不久，我们一位科学家借助天文望远镜——就是一种能够帮助您看得很远的工具——发现在月球上有个巨大工事，其周边筑有各种堡垒。这些迹象说明您那里的人至少知道围攻和互战。

月亮　请您原谅，地球夫人，我本是您的奴仆和臣下，但是请您允许我逾越我的身份来答复您的问题。实话实说，假如您理所当然地认为世界每一个地区的每一样东西都和您那里的一模一样，您带给我的印象是您过于自负，似乎大自然在做任何事时都在复制您一样。我曾说过我有居民，您竟然由此断言我的居民一定是人类。我告诉您不是这样。尽管您承认他们是不同的生物这一事实，可是您却假设他们具有和您那里的人一样的品质且生活在同一环境下。您还提到某位科学家的望远镜及其他，但是，假如这架望远镜在其他情况下看得并不比这次更清楚，我只能认为它的视力应该和您孩子们的视力相差无几。您的孩子们看到我有眼睛、嘴和鼻子——可这些连我自己都不知道呢。

地球　如此说来，所谓您的行省里有宽敞的马路以及耕种的田地都不是真的了？——这些从地球上的德国地区通过望远镜就可以看到。

月亮　如果我被耕种过，我怎么对此一无所知；至于马路，我更是从未见过。

地球　我亲爱的月亮，您知道我有些愚钝和迟缓，所以才易于被人蒙骗，但是我要告诉您的是，即便您那里的人从未想过征服您，您也并不安全。一直以来，地球上的很多人苦心琢磨怎么征服您。他们还为此做了大量的计划和准备工作。尽管他们爬到最高点，踮起脚尖，伸长胳膊还是够不到您。况且，多年来我发现人类仔细地研究您的每一部分，测绘您的地理图形，测量您山脉的高度，甚至还为之起了名字。我觉得出于对您的感情和考虑，我该告诉您这些，以便您能应付紧急情况。现在，请允许我问您几个问题。当狗冲着您吠叫时您会感觉多烦躁？您对于那些指着水井里您的倒影的人有什么看法？您是男性还是女性？在古代人们不太确信。阿卡狄亚人（Arcadians）是否早于您来到这个世界？您那里的女人们——我不知应该如何称呼她们——都是卵生的？她们是否曾在这遗落过一枚卵子？还有，您是否如现代科学家认为的那样像念经珠般在中心穿孔？您是否像英国人说的那样是由绿奶酪做成的？在某天，或某个晚上，穆罕默德（Mohammed）把您像西瓜似的切成两半，您的大半个身体滑进他了的袖筒里？坐在光塔的顶端您感觉多幸福？您对拜兰节（Bairam）的宴席怎么看？

月亮　请继续。您这么滔滔不绝地侃侃而谈，我都不需要回答您也无需打破我一贯的沉默。您若是找不到别的话题只喜欢在这些废话上浪费时间的话，与其找我这样不能理解您的人，不如找别人为您另造一个星球，依照您的喜好和居住方式而建，并围着您旋转。除了人、狗以及其他类似的事情，您不会谈论别的。而对此我又知之甚少。我仅仅知道我们的太阳是围绕人们所说的大太阳旋转的。

地球　的确如此。与您交谈时，我越是想尽量避免提及自己的事情，就越是失败。不过从现在起，我会倍加小心。请告诉我，您是不是

那个享受吸引地球上的潮汐涨落的人？

月亮　也许吧。即便我有这么做，或者对您做了其他什么事，我压根没有注意过。就像您不大会注意到您对我的影响，您对我的影响要远远大于我对您的影响，毕竟您的体积更大也更强壮些。

地球　实际上，就我所知我唯一能影响到您的事情就是，每隔一阵子我会遮蔽太阳照向您的光芒。我自身也会吸收您的光芒。我还知道在您的夜间时段，我的光线会将您照得很明亮，这个我会不时地看到。不过，我好像忘掉了一些至关重要的事情。我想知道，是否真的如同阿里奥斯托（Ariosto）写的那样，人丢失的每样东西——如青春、美貌、健康，以及用在求学、追名逐利，用在依照良好的行为规范教养孩子长大成人，用在建立和推广有用机构等事物中所消耗的的体力和金钱——这一切都流向并聚集在您那上面，以至人类的一切都可以在您那里找到，只有愚蠢不在此列，因为愚蠢从未离开过人类。如果上述所言为真，我设想您一定被占满了，没有剩余空间。尤其是考虑到人类在近代丢失了许多东西（如爱国主义、美德、宽容、诚实），不是像以往似的只丢了部分或几个，而是整个的全部丢失了。当然，如果这些东西不在您处，我也不知其所踪。故而，我想同您签份协议。您现在开始把这些东西退还给我，日后一有机会，您仍旧坚持这么做下去。毕竟，我想丢掉这些您也会很开心，尤其是常识，据我所知总是占据极大的空间。我会设法每年都让人类支付给您一大笔钱的。

月亮　啊，您又谈及人类了。尽管正如您所说，愚蠢从未离开过您的领地，您寻找人类的智慧，却妄图把我的智慧夺走。我不知道它们在哪儿，也许它们正在消失，也许它们藏在世界的某个角落；我只知道在我这儿找不到它们，您刚才提到的其他东西也都不在这里。

地球　至少您可以告诉我您上边的人们是否知晓恶习、犯罪、灾难、痛苦、衰老，简言之，就是各种邪恶？您明白这些词的意思吗？

月亮　哦，当然。我当然明白。我不仅知道它们的意思更知道它们所谓何指。我完全明白这些，因为我这里充满了这些东西——而不是您刚刚提到的那些东西。

地球　在您那里的人们中什么更普遍，美德还是邪恶？

月亮　截止目前，是邪恶。

地球　什么更多些，善还恶？

月亮　无须比较，是恶。

地球　那么，一般来说，您的居民们是幸福的还是不幸福的？

月亮　非常不幸福。我甚至都不愿和他们中最幸福的人交换位置。

地球　和我这边情况相同。以至于我很惊讶您我在这一点上如此相似，当然您在其他地方又如此不同。

月亮　再有，我与您形状相似，运动模式相似，同样接受太阳的照射。没有什么值得大惊小怪的，因为邪恶是这个宇宙里所有星球所共有的，至少在这个太阳系中如此——正如我刚才提及的圆球形状以及其他条件一样。假如您提高嗓门大声说话，就会被天王星（Uranus）和土星（Saturn）听到，或者被我们世界中的其他星球听到。您问他们那里有无幸福的存在，或者善和恶哪个更多些，他们每个都会像我一样回答您。之所以这么说，是因为我已经问过金星（Venus）和水星（Mercury）同样的问题，因为通常我总觉得比起您来，我离他们更近些。就同样的问题我还问过路过的流星，他们的答案和我一模一样。我认为太阳自己也好，每颗星星也好，都会给出同一个答案。

地球　尽管如此，我仍怀抱希望。尤其是现今，人类许诺于我在未

来会有莫大的幸福。

月亮　您可以肆意希望下去。我确信您可以永久地希望下去。

地球　您知道发生什么啦？那些人和动物们开始活动且发出声响了。我跟您谈话那一面是夜晚，正如您所见，不，您根本看不到；所以他们还在睡觉，不过，我们谈话时发出的巨大响动已经把他们惊醒。

月亮　可是，您看我这上边，依然是白天呢。

地球　我不想吓坏我的人们或者惊扰他们的美梦，睡眠是他们最大的福分了。好吧，我们下次再谈吧。那么，再见。日安。

月亮　再见，晚安。

普罗米修斯的赌注

在朱庇特治下833275年，缪斯学院下令印刷一些海报并在哈勃纳菲勒斯城（Hypernephenlus）城内及城郊的各个公共场所内张贴。海报上面力邀众神，不论大神还是小神，以及该城的其他居民，任何一位近期或之前有过有价值的发明的人士参加展示比赛。赛事要求参赛者以本人、模型或描述方式在由该学院指定的评委面前展示其发明。与此同时，该学院遗憾地表示鉴于学院的一贯清贫，他们无法随心所欲地慷慨，但是他们承诺，作为奖品，那个被评为最漂亮也是最有用的发明其发明者将会获得一顶桂冠，并被授予特权日夜佩戴它，无论是在公共场合还是私人场合，无论是在城内还是城外。同时，还允许他头戴桂冠的样子被绘制成画、被塑像、被雕刻、被塑形，以及以任何材料和任何方式进行展示。

很多神祇都参与其中，但也仅仅是把它看作一种消遣。对于哈勃纳菲勒斯城的居民来说，如同和其他城镇的居民一样，这个比赛属于可有可无——至少他们没有兴趣赢得那顶桂冠，它的价值甚至比不过一顶纯棉的睡帽。至于说到荣誉，假如人类自己——他们现在都是哲学家了——都鄙夷它，可想而知在诸神心中它会是什么地位，更别提神要远远比人聪明[事实上，据毕达哥拉斯和柏拉图（Plato）所言，神才是真正的聪明]。因此，这一赛事成为独一无二的特例，在此之前的同类赛事中闻所未闻，即在奖项评审时，没有任何徇私徇情之扰，没有私下的承诺和阴谋。最后，总共有三位获奖者：酒的发明者巴克斯（Bacchus）；护肤油类的发明者米涅瓦（Minerva），其发明对于众神每日的沐浴无比重要；节能铜锅的发明者伏尔甘（Vulcan），该锅能够省火省时地烹饪任何食物。如此一来，奖品不得不分成三份，结果是每人能获得一小截桂树枝，但是这三位都拒绝领取该奖品，不论是部分奖

品还是全部奖品。伏尔甘说他的大部分时间都花在锻冶炉前工作和流汗，头上戴着这个东西将会成为一个大麻烦——更别说将会置他于险地，一旦碰巧有火星喷溅到干树枝上，就有可能着火，从而将他烧伤或灼伤。米纳瓦说既然她的头上需要戴一顶一次能遮盖住一百个城池军队的帽子，如荷马（Homer）描述的那样，那么在她的头上增加任何重量都是不明智之举。巴克斯说他不想换帽子，他不愿意把头上的葡萄藤叶桂冠换成桂树桂冠，当然如果允许的话，他还是乐意把桂树枝挂在他的酒馆前面做招牌，然而，缪斯们最终拒绝了他的要求，因此奖品仍然留在他们的宝库里。

其他竞争者们一点也不嫉妒这三位胜出却又拒绝领奖的仙家，也没有人抱怨评委或质疑他们的裁定。只有一个人例外：普罗米修斯。他参加了比赛，他的作品是他在造人时用泥捏的第一个人，并附上了对其功能及品德的介绍，人类种族始于普罗米修斯之手。对于最终结果普罗米修斯大为光火。虽然其他所有人，不管是赢家还是输家都觉得这个比赛不过是个游戏而已。针对普罗米修斯的这种愤愤不平的背后原因大家做了一番调查，原来他最想要的不是这份荣誉而是获胜者能够享有的特权。有些人猜测他可能想用这顶帽子来保护头部不受暴风雨的肆虐，就像台比留（Tiberius）一样，传言他一听到雷声就立刻带上桂冠，因为他相信桂冠不易受雷电侵袭。可是，哈勃纳菲勒斯城里既没有雷也没有闪电；还有些人，更是言之凿凿，他们说普罗米修斯的年龄慢慢大了，已经开始脱发了——对这种不幸，他和很多人一样对其深恶痛疾——再加上他又未曾读过辛奈西斯（Synesius）所著的秃顶颂，或者更可能的是，他并没有被其言论说服。于是，他宁愿把他的秃顶像尤里乌斯·凯撒那样藏在王冠底下。

还是回到我们的故事中来。有一天，普罗米修斯正和莫摩斯（Momus）交谈，他悲切地抱怨道：酒、油和锅被赋予比人类更多的优先权。他宣称人类才是神族给予世界的最好作品。他感觉到莫摩斯没有

被他说服，尽管他提出了很多悖论进行论证。于是，普罗米修斯建议他们一同飞往地球，并随意降落在五大洲中的第一个有人烟的地方；不过，首先他们先相互下了赌注——普罗米修斯打赌在所有这五个洲里，或在其中的大部分地区，他们都能找到正面证据，以证明人类确实是宇宙中最完美的生物。莫摩斯表示同意。就赌金数额达成一致后，他们立即起身下界。他们首先奔向新世界。既是出于其名字的原因，也是出于还没有任何仙家到过该地区的考虑，因此他们对此地区特别好奇。他们的第一站停在波波牙国（Popaián）北部地区，距考卡河（Cauca）不远。此处有种种人类居住的迹象——乡间有耕种的痕迹，无数小路纵横交错，其中多数路段已被堵死；树木被砍倒横在地面上；尤其是那些看上去像坟墓的地方，周遭到处扔着人骨头。尽管如此，两位神仙还是没能看到一个活人的影子或听到人的声音，且不论他们如何努力地竖起耳朵睁大眼睛。他们继续前行，飞一阵儿，走一阵儿。又往前走了数英里，翻过山岭跨过河流，每到一处都能找到相同的迹象和孤寂。“这些地方为何如此荒凉？”莫摩斯向普罗米修斯发问，“明明是有人居住过的样子。”普罗米修斯辩称也许是受到潮汐、地震、飓风或大雨影响。据他所知这些在热带地区是常见的。确实，就在此时，他们听到附近森林里随着风刮过，树枝上的雨不停地被拂落到地上的声音，但是，莫摩斯还是无法理解此地怎么会受到潮汐的影响——大海明明离得很远，远到根本看不见嘛。更让他费解的是，如果地震、飓风、大雨毁灭了该国度里所有的人，那么，那些随处可见的美洲虎、猴子、狐狸、食蚁兽、老鹰、鹦鹉及其他数百种飞行爬行的动物又是怎样得以逃生的呢？最终，他们降临在一个巨大的山谷里。在那儿，他们发现了似乎是一小堆房子，准确地说是类似小木屋的东西，上面覆盖着棕榈树叶子——每幢房子四周都围着木头栅栏。在其中的一处房子前面聚集着很多人，有些人站着，有些人坐着，他们正围在一个悬挂在篝火上面的瓦罐四周。两位仙家幻化作人形，走近人群。普罗米修斯极有礼貌地向在场的每个人问好，然后，他转向一位貌似酋长的人并询问他们在做什么。

野人　我们在吃东西，你不是看见了嘛。

普罗米修斯　在吃什么好东西呢？

野人　吃这块肉。

普罗米修斯　是家畜肉还是野味？

野人　家养的，实际上，是我儿子的肉。

普罗米修斯　你是把公牛当儿子吗，就和帕西法厄（Pasiphae）似的？

野人　不是公牛，是人。是和其他人一模一样的人。

普罗米修斯　此话当真？你在吃自己的骨肉？

野人　不是我自己的骨肉，但确实是我儿子的骨和肉。我照顾他、养育他、把他带到这个世界来的唯一目的就是为此。

普罗米修斯　仅仅是为了吃掉他吗？

野人　这有什么奇怪吗？再有，他妈妈也是一样的。既然她已经不可能再生孩子了，我打算最近吃掉她。

莫摩斯　这就好比你吃完鸡蛋再吃掉母鸡一个道理。

野人　我的其他女人们也一样……她们一旦没有生孩子的用处了……我就打算吃了她们。还有你看到的在这里的奴隶们……要不是隔一阵我就能吃几个他们生的孩子们，我干嘛要养活他们？不过，要是他们老了，也会被我吃掉，一次一个——倘若我能活那么久的话。

普罗米修斯　告诉我，这些奴隶——他们是属于你的部落还是别的

部落的？

野人　别的部落。

普罗米修斯　是离这儿很远的一个部落吗？

野人　非常远。远到在他们与我们的房子之间甚至隔着一条小溪。

接着，他指向一处矮山头又补充道：“就在那边，那是他们以前一直居住的地方，但已经被我们的人毁掉了。”此时此刻，普罗米修斯觉察到许多野人们正向他频抛媚眼，那种爱慕的眼神就如同一只猫看见老鼠似的。故而，以防被同类吃掉，他快速飞起，莫摩斯也一样。他们俩起飞时都有些慌张，以至于他们离开时带起的尘土弄脏了野人们的食物。那些尘土一如当年哈耳皮埃（Harpies）出于妒忌撒在特洛伊人（Trojans）餐桌上的尘土一样。不过，野人们已经很饿了，况且也不像埃涅阿斯（Aeneas）的伙伴们那般挑剔，因此，他们仍继续大快朵颐。

普罗米修斯　对新世界颇感失望。于是，他立即赶往最古老的世界，也就是亚洲。几乎是在瞬间，他们两人就从新印度飞到了旧印度并降落在阿格拉城（Agra）附近的一处田间地头。那边聚集了浩浩荡荡的人群。他们都围拢在一条堆满柴火的沟渠边上——在沟渠的一头他们看到一些男人手持点燃的火把，准备随时点燃火堆；在沟渠的另一头，有一个平台，上面有一个年轻女子衣着极为华美，浑身佩戴着各色原始饰物，正在载歌载舞，脸上似乎露出极为开心的模样。看到这一幕，普罗米修斯想象着一个新卢克丽斯（Lucretus）或者一个新弗吉尼亚（Virginia）诞生了。她是一位类似埃瑞克修斯（Erechthetia）的女儿们式的人物，又和伊芙琴尼亚（Iphigenia）、科德拉斯（Codrus）、孟子（Mencius）、柯歇斯（Curtius），德西厄斯（Decius）类似，她遵循神谕，为了祖国而甘愿牺牲自己。不久之后，他却听说她只是在给亡夫殉葬。于是，他揣度她跟阿尔刻提斯（Alcestis）没什么两样，都愿意用

自己的生命换取丈夫的性命，然而，他进而了解到她愿意被活活烧死的原因不过是为了遵循当地的寡妇的风俗，而她一直恨自己的丈夫，并且当时她喝醉了。那个死去的丈夫，不是要复活，而是将在同一把火里被烧掉。普罗米修斯马上不再理会这场景而是转身向欧洲出发。在路上，他和莫摩斯有如下对话：

莫摩斯　你可曾想过，当年你历经重重险阻盗取天庭的火种送给人类，而有些人却用它把同类放进锅里蒸煮食用，还有些人情愿把自己烧死？

普罗米修斯　当然没有，但是，亲爱的莫摩斯，请别忘记，我们目前见到的都是些野人。人类的本性不是由野人而是由文明人来衡量的。现在我们就在去找他们的路上。我坚信在他们中间我们不仅将会看到听到值得称颂的事情，也会让你充满惊讶。

莫摩斯　假设人类是世上最完美的生物，我不明白为什么他们需要被文明教化才能不去自焚或食用自己的子嗣。其他动物都是野生的，然而它们从未刻意烧死自己。当然凤凰除外，不过这种生物从未有人目睹过。吞食自己同类的动物也极为罕见，更别说食用自己子嗣的动物了——只有在极特殊情况下才会有个别例外，但也断断不会是为了食用而繁衍子嗣的。请你注意，在地球的五个洲中，到目前为止只有最小的那个，况且也不是整个这个洲，再加上其他地区的极少区域里，才被赋予你所宣称的那种高度文明。我不认为你自己会坚持这种文明已经几近完美，巴黎人也好，费城人也好，已经取得人类种族可能取得的那种完美程度。现在，人类需要工作和努力多久才能达到一个并不算完美的文明程度？大概从人类诞生的第一天算起直至今日这么多年的时间了吧。况且，几乎所有有利于或者是获取文明所必备的方法，并非源于刻意的构想而是源于机缘凑巧。也就是说，人类文明更像意外的结果而绝非自然发展的产物；假如这些偶然不存在，人类依旧还是野人，尽管他们刚好

和文明人同龄。因此，我断定，如果野人们在诸多方面都逊色于其他动物的话；如果文明，作为野蛮的对立面，时至今日仍只是极少数人的特权的话；再者，如果这极少数人在耗费了数个世纪之后，依赖偶然事件而非其他渠道才达到目前的文明状态的话；最后，如果目前的文明状态仍然远远不够完美的话——那么，我认为假如你用下面的简短方式表达，你对人类的判断也许会更准确些，即，承认人类确实如你所想的那样优于其他物种，不是在完美方面而是在不完美方面——尽管人类在说话或评判时，总是不停混淆这两个概念。他们最擅长从自己设定的前提，或从自以为正确的真理中推导结论。可以确定的是，其他物种从初始起就很完美，每一类都能遵循自己的本性。虽然与其他物种相较，尚不清楚野人为什么会是最糟糕的物种。令我费解的是，既然人类的本质是如此的残缺，正如人类看上去那样，却又为何被认为是比其他物种更为文明的物种？再补充一点，人类文明不仅难以获得，也许也没有完成的可能性，况且也没有稳定到不会被分化，实际上，在已然获得高度文明的各色人类中，文明曾经无数次坍塌。简言之，我持下列观点，假如是你的兄弟厄庇墨透斯（Epimetheus）展示给评委们他创造第一只毛驴或第一只青蛙所用的模型，他很可能赢得你无法赢得的奖项，但是，如果你断定人类的完美是如同普罗提诺（Plotinus）贡献于世界的那种完美，普罗提诺声称其贡献绝对优质而完美，那么，我同意你的说法。所谓完美，是要求这个世界，在所有事物中，也包含所有可能的邪恶。因为，实际上在现今世界里我们发现邪恶几乎无处不在。在这层意义上，我可能赞同莱布尼兹（Leibniz）的观点，当今世界已经是可能的最好的世界了。

毫无疑问，普罗米修斯已经有了现成的答案——简洁、明了并且合乎逻辑——以迎合前述论点，但同样可以确定的是，他并没有说出来。因为就在那时，他们发现已经飞到伦敦上空了。他们降落下来，看到某处私人住宅门前聚集了一大批人群。他们加入到人群中进入屋内。屋里，他们看到一个人面朝天躺在床上，手握着枪，已经死去了，胸部留

有伤口。在他身边躺着两个小孩，也已经死去。几个仆人站在屋子里，正在接受治安官们的盘问，书记员一边做着笔录。

普罗米修斯　这些可怜的人是谁？

仆人　是我的主人和他的孩子们。

普罗米修斯　谁杀了他们？

仆人　我的主人，三个都杀了。

普罗米修斯　你的意思是，他杀了自己和自己的孩子们？

仆人　对的。

普罗米修斯　难以置信。他一定遇到了极可怕的事情。

仆人　据我所知应该没有。

普罗米修斯　但是，也许因为他太穷，受人鄙视，或者失恋了，或者仕途不如意。

仆人　恰恰相反。他非常富有，我想所有人都尊重他。对于爱情他是毫不在意的。况且，他很受朝廷欢迎。

普罗米修斯　那他怎么如此绝望？

仆人　因为对生活的厌倦，正如他自己写的那样。

普罗米修斯　那些治安官们——他们在干吗？

仆人　他们在盘问我的主人是否精神失常。要是他没疯，他的资产将归皇室所有。的确这种可能无法避免。

普罗米修斯　但是请告诉我，他没有亲人和朋友可以托付这两个孩子了吗，为什么一定要杀死他们俩个？

仆人　是的，当然有的。有一个和他关系特别好的朋友，他把他的狗托付给他了。

莫摩斯　正准备向普罗米修斯祝贺文明的良好作用，以及它带给人类生命的福音。他还打算提醒他除了人类以外，没有任何其他动物会因为绝望而杀死自己以及自己的孩子们，但是普罗米修斯已经先他一步，付给他赌金了。他已经没有兴趣再去世界的其他两个区域看看了。

自然和冰岛人的对话

一位冰岛人，曾经游历了大半个世界并访问了很多国家。有一次，他在非洲内陆地区游荡时，穿过赤道进入到一片未曾被人探索过的地域。在那里，他经历了一番与瓦斯科·达·伽马（Vasco da Gama）类似的奇遇。当他绕过好望角区域以及好望角的这个角时，把守奥斯（Austral）海域的好望角，化作一个巨人走至他面前，劝阻他不要进入海图上未载明的水域。冰岛人看到远处有一个巨大的半身像。起初，他以为是石头雕像，类似于他多年前在复活节岛上见过的那些巨型石像，但是，走近之后，他发现原来是一个巨大的女人的身体。她端坐在地上，上身挺直，她的背部和手臂靠着身后的大山。她不是什么石像，而是一个大活人——她的脸既美丽又令人生畏，她的眼睛和头发像渡鸦一样漆黑。她默默地凝视了他一会儿，最终开口。

自然　你是谁？到这片地域来干什么？你的同类们目前还尚未涉足这里。

冰岛人　我是个可怜的冰岛人。我一直在逃离自然。基本上我的一生都在逃开她，我已经逃离过地球上的一百多个地区，现在我在设法逃离这个地方的自然。

自然　小松鼠也是这么逃离响尾蛇的，直到它最终落入蛇口。我就是你要逃离的自然。

冰岛人　自然？

自然　正是我。

冰岛人　真是万分遗憾啊。我深感再没有什么比这更大的灾难降临到我身上了。

自然　你应该很清楚在这些地区特别容易找到我的。在这儿，你也知道我的能量要远远大于在别处。究竟是什么促使你躲避我呢？

冰岛人　我来告诉你。自儿时起，在经历一些事情之后，我意识到并确信人生的虚浮以及人类的冥顽不化。为了不会快乐的快乐，为了没有用处的物资，他们彼此间争斗不休；他们忍耐并施予彼此无尽的焦虑和无尽的烦恼，这些都会带来真正的骚扰和伤害。由此，他们越是追求幸福，幸福就会离他们越远。因为受到这些观点的影响，我抛开所有的抱负，下定决心过一种默默无闻的宁静生活，不去打扰别人，不去费心钻研，也不与世人你争我夺。同时，我也不曾期待幸福——这是个与我们种族绝缘的东西——我只为自己设定了一个目标，就是脱离痛苦。这样的决定，并不意味着我打算放弃工作和体力劳动，况且你也知道，在劳作与痛苦之间，平静生活与懒散生活之间还是有区别的。我刚刚把我的决心付诸实践，便从中体会到以下的想法真是大错特错。比如，与人生活在一起，假如你认为你不伤害别人，别人就不会伤害你；再比如，如果你能自觉地隐退并满足于最少的物质，这样你就被允许留有一小点地方并且你的这一小点不会被夺走。但是，我还是很轻松地把自己从同类的敌意中解放出来了，比如我远离人类社会，闭门不出——这一切在我的家乡很容易办到。就这样毫无乐趣地生活了一段时间之后，我依然不能毫无痛苦地活着，因为漫长的冬天异常寒冷，而夏天又是出奇得炎热，两者属于典型的当地气候，这样的天气一直在折磨着我。还有炉火，因为我不得不大部分时间待在火边，我的皮肤被烤干，眼睛被烟火熏坏。因此，不论在室内还是室外我都无法感到丝毫舒适。更遑论那种获得我全身心渴望的宁静生活的可能。因为陆地上以及海上经常爆发可怕的风暴，海克拉火山的威胁和隆隆声，对火灾的恐惧，火灾在我们居住的木制房子里十分常见。所有这些始终在困扰着我。在这个一成不变

的生活里，摆脱了所有的欲望、希望和几乎所有的烦恼，只留有平静安宁，上述那些不舒适就显得比平时更为尖锐，更让人难以忍受，因为在平时，我们的脑子总是被社会交际生活以及来自他人的敌意占得满满的。因此，我发现我越是像过去那样退隐，越是尽力把自己缩起来，以避免妨碍或伤害到世上的其他生物，我就越容易被那些事情所烦恼和折磨。于是，我开始尝试不同的地理位置和气候，企图寻找地球上是否有那么一块地方，在那里，我不冒犯别人，别人也不会冒犯我。在那里，没有快乐，但也不会有痛苦。尤其是想到下面这一点，我就更加坚定了自己的决心：也许你注定人类只能适应一种气候（正如你对其他动植物的规定那样），或只能适应某个特定区域，在该范围之外人类就无法兴盛，也无法舒适而毫无痛苦地活着；一旦他们不屑一顾或突破你所规定的适合人类居住的规则，那么由此招致的艰难和痛苦只能归罪于他们自己，而并非你的责任。我几乎找遍了整个世界，足迹踏遍了每个国家，但是我的初衷未改，即不带给任何人麻烦，并过宁静生活。可是，我曾在热带被热浪灼伤；在极地被寒冷冻僵；在温带饱受不稳定的气候的折磨；每到一处我都会被自然灾难所扰。我看到在很多地方，几乎没有一天没有暴雨，也就是说你每天都要袭击或悉心准备一场战争给那些从未伤害过你的居民们。在其他地区，宁静的天空下却总是伴随频繁的地震、频频发作的剧烈火山喷发，以及整个区域地表下的沸腾和颤抖。在狂风与飓风肆虐的地区和季节里不再有其他的天气灾难。有时，我会感觉到房顶向我的头顶压下来，因为上面有太多积雪；有时，因为倾盆暴雨，地面会裂开并在脚下下沉；有时，我不得不拼命地从河边逃离，那些河水在我身后紧紧追赶如同要找我算账一般。很多我从来没有一丝一毫地冒犯过的野兽却想一口吃掉我；很多毒蛇想毒死我；很多地方有不少飞虫把我吸得只剩骨头。我更不愿意提及的是那些天天发生的、无数一直在威胁着人类的危险。这些危险多到一位古代哲学家认为不仅没有克服恐惧的办法，相反的，实际上每件事都是令人恐惧的。不仅如此，我也没有被免于病痛的侵扰，尽管从过去到现在，我在肉体享乐上不仅

一贯节制，甚至是克己的。我不得不惊叹，一想到你注入我们体内如此强烈却又无法满足的对快乐的渴望，没有这种快乐，或剥夺这种自然的渴求，我们的生命便不再完美。然而，你又规定沉溺于这种快乐，是在所有有关人类的事情里最为有害身心健康的，对每个人都具有毁灭性质，是寿命延续的大敌。纵然，一直以来我基本完全杜绝了所有的享乐，可是我仍然被诸多的各式病症所折磨。一些疾病差点让我丧命；一些几乎让我失去肢体；一些永久性地让我的生活比过去悲惨。所有这些都长达数天乃至数月，以一千种匮乏和一千种痛苦煎熬着我的身心。尽管在生病时，我们每一个人都体验到未曾经历的痛苦和比平日里更多的不幸福（似乎生活本身还不够痛苦），而你却没有因此而补偿人类。比如让他有一段时间精力充沛、有更胜于平时的健康，带给他质量和数量上的双重快乐。在某些国家里，常年冰雪覆盖，我的眼睛几乎变瞎了，就像拉普兰德（Lapland）国的居民常常有的状况。太阳与空气，二者于我们的生存息息相关，所以无从回避，但它们也在时时折磨着我们——我们四周空气里含有的湿度、气候的严峻、天气的各种突变，太阳的热度、光线自身，以至于人类只要暴露于其下就必定会感觉不舒服或受伤。确实，我记不得自己生命中哪一天是不用遭受痛苦的，而同时那些快乐的日子屈指可数。我意识到我们命中注定痛苦之多与快乐之少是等同的。获得任何一种平静生活的可能性与争斗的生活中没有磨难的可能性一样微乎其微。这样，我被迫得出结论，你才是人类、其他动物以及你所创造的生物的最鲜明的敌人。时而，你让我们落入陷阱；时而，你威胁我们；时而，你袭击我们；时而，你又螫伤我们；时而，你击打我们；时而，你撕碎我们。永远地，你总在冒犯我们、迫害我们。不论是出于习惯或受规则约束，可以说，你是你自己家庭、子女、亲骨肉的刽子手。故而，我不抱任何希望。我知道人类最终会停止迫害那些一心要躲开和逃避他们的人，而你则永远不会对我们停手，直到把我们击垮为止。如今，我已经几近步入痛苦而毫无希望的老年时期了。年迈是真正而明确的邪恶，实际上也是最具压迫性的邪恶和痛苦的集合。它不是

偶然而来，而是你的法则赋予所有有生命的生物的邪恶。从孩童时代我们就知晓它的存在。从二十五岁生日之后，迹象越来越明显，那种令人无比悲伤的不幸的腐化的过程。如是，人类生命的三分之一是用来成长的，仅仅有短短的瞬间是成熟和完美期，其余的就是衰老以及随之而来的各种不适。

自然　你是否碰巧想过这世界难道只是为你而造的吗？好吧，让我来告诉你，除了极个别情况之外，在我的工作、法则和操作中，我的目的在过去乃至现在都不是为了人类的幸福或不幸福。不论我在何时以何种方式伤害了你，我都未曾注意到，当然除却极少数例外情形。正如在一般情况下，我并不知晓我是取悦了你们还是帮助了你们。我并没有如你所想的那样，曾经做过这些，或者现在做这些去取悦你、帮助你。最后，即便我不经意间毁灭了你们整个种族，我也从未留意过。

冰岛人　让我们来假设一下，如果有人主动且强烈地邀请我拜访他的别墅。为了使他高兴，我接受了邀请。然而，在应邀前往贵宅之后，我被安置在一间年久失修的破败小室里，潮湿、恶臭、走风漏雨，还时刻会有把我砸扁的可能。主人不仅没有花费心思招待我，让我过得舒适；相反，他甚至没有提供维持我生存的足够供给。他还允许他的孩子以及其他家庭成员对我进行辱骂、嘲笑、威胁乃至殴打。假如我向他抱怨这样的待遇，他会回答：“难道你觉得我的别墅是为你造的吗？我养活我的孩子和佣人就是为了帮助你吗？除了招待你，为你花钱，我还有很多事情需要考虑呢。”对此我的回答是：“你看，我的朋友，你的别墅的确不是为我而建，你有权决定是否邀请我来此做客，但是，既然你主动邀请我住在这里，难道你不觉得你应该做些安排，至少从你那方面来说，让我不受折磨和危险，安心住在这里？”这些就是我现在要说的话。我知道你创造这个世界并非为了让它服务于人类。我更愿意相信你的初衷是为了折磨人类。现在，我来问你，我是否恳求你让我来到这个世界，还是我使用暴力手段或未经你允许闯入这个世界的？事实上，是

你自己一厢情愿、亲手安排我来到这里，既没有征得我的同意，也不让我有反抗或反对它的选择。在此情形下，难道，即便你没有义务让我在你的国度里感到快乐与满足，你不应该至少保证我不会备受折磨并且生活在这里不会有害于我吗？我所说的不仅仅是我自己，更是关乎整个人类种族，其他动物乃至其他所有生物。

自然　很显然，你没有考虑到在这个宇宙里生命是生产与毁灭的永恒循环——两者紧紧相连，相互作用，才有世界现实状况。一旦任何一方停止作用，世界将不复存在。因此，若是任何事物没有痛苦便是有害于这个世界的。

冰岛人　这恰恰是那些哲学家们说的。既然被毁灭的要受难，毁灭者也没有体验到快乐，况且他本身也即将被毁灭，请告诉我哲学家不能回答的：有谁能在这个世界最悲惨的生活里找到一丝快乐和任何优点？它的存在依仗受难与死亡，而这两者恰恰又是生命的组成部分？

我们得到消息说在他们进行这样或类似讨论的时候，碰巧有两头狮子出现了，它们是如此疲惫和饥饿，以至于它们只有刚刚好的力气吃掉这个冰岛人。于是它们就吃了，并有了足够的能量再多活一天。有人不相信这个版本的故事，他们坚持说在冰岛人说话时，突然狂风骤起，风把他掀翻在地，接着又把他卷起扔进一个巨大的沙子坟墓里，在那下面，他的身体被完美地脱水并变成了一具漂亮的干尸。后来，他被旅行者发现了，并被带回来陈列在欧洲某城的一个博物馆里。

弗瑞德里克·鲁谢和木乃伊们的对话

木乃伊们在弗瑞德里克·鲁谢的书房合唱

每一个创造物

孤零零地在这世上，走向永恒，

我们最原始的本性

在你，死亡中，得到安息；

不是快乐，而是不再遭受

世世代代的痛苦。

沉沉夜幕

在我们混乱的头脑中

遮蔽了我们坟墓中的思索；

感觉到希望、渴望、枯萎的灵魂

它的力量渐渐远去；

由此，不再遭受痛苦，不再感觉恐惧

那些漫长的空虚岁月

逝去时不再无聊。

我们活着；如同

一个受到惊吓的鬼魂的混乱记忆

如同大汗淋漓的梦魇

在婴儿的灵魂里游荡，

因此，记忆仍在我们中间徘徊

生前的记忆：摆脱恐惧的

是我们的记忆。我们曾经是谁？

生命曾经的意义何在？

如今，生命之于我们的头脑

仍然是巨大的谜团

对于生者的头脑，也是如此

无名的死亡迫近。活着时

要逃离死亡，而现在

要逃离生命之火

我们的原始本元

不快乐但是很安全

因为幸福

既没有被命运赋予凡人也没有赋予死者。

鲁谢　（站在书房外面，从门缝里窥探书房）怎么回事，谁教这些死人唱歌？他们的歌声就像公鸡在半夜打鸣似的。我被惊出了一身冷汗，几乎吓死。我没有期待它们活过来，我只是为它们做了防腐处理。好吧，不管我有多少理论，我还是从头到脚哆嗦个不停。那个让我把这些人带回家的混蛋真该死。我都不知道该怎么办。如果我继续把他们锁在里面，他们也许会破门而出，他们也许会从锁眼里冒出来，在我熟睡时抓住我。可若是大声呼救说我害怕这些死人，似乎也不太体面。好吧，鼓起勇气，让我先吓唬一下他们。

（进入书房）嗯，孩子们，在玩什么游戏呢？难道不记得你们已经死了吗？你们在这里吵闹什么？是不是因为沙皇的拜访你们就有些得意忘形？还是你们以为不需要像过去一样接受法律约束？我想你们仅仅是在开玩笑，对不对？假如你们活过来了，我得向你们祝贺；不过，我没那么富有，可以像保存死人一样养活你们。因此，你们必须离开。假如有关吸血鬼的传言是真的，你们就是吸血鬼，那么你们必须得找点别人的血喝喝。我可不打算让你们喝我的血，不管之前我可以多么慷慨地往你们的血管里注入人工血。简言之，如果你们还能像先前一样保持安静和沉默，我们就能和平共处。在我的家里你们可以自便。否则，我就插上门把你们都杀掉。

木乃伊　请别生气。我向您保证我们还会像从前一样了无声息，您完全没有必要杀死我们。

鲁谢　那么，这个唱歌是怎么回事？

木乃伊　不久前，就在午夜时分，古人们曾多次提及的大数学年第一次结束了。这也是第一次死者能开口讲话的时候。不单单是我们，所有公墓里的、坟墓里的，甚至是埋在海底、埋在积雪和沙子下面、或者

暴露在空气中的死者，不论其身处何地，在这个午夜时分，所有的死者就像我们一样，唱那首你刚刚听到的歌。

鲁谢　那么他们将会唱多久或说多久啊？

木乃伊　至于唱歌，他们已经唱完了。至于说话，他们每个人被允许说一刻钟。之后，他们就回归沉默直到下一个同样年份的来临。

鲁谢　如果这是真的，我觉得你们不会再吵醒我睡觉了。你们随心所欲地说吧，我会好奇地站在一边，很高兴听你们交谈而不去打扰。

木乃伊　我们只能靠回答活人的问题说话。唱歌结束后，那些不需要回答活人问题的就保持安静。

鲁谢　真是太遗憾了。本来我觉得如果你们能讲话，听你们之间谈什么会非常有趣。

木乃伊　即便我们能行，你也什么都听不到。因为我们彼此间没有可交流的。

鲁谢　我可以想出一千个问题问你。不过，既然时间紧迫，没有选择余地，就请你言简意赅地告诉我在死亡的瞬间，你的身体和思想都经历了什么样的感觉？

木乃伊　我没注意到死亡的瞬间。

其他木乃伊我们也没有。

鲁谢　你们怎么可能没有注意到呢？

木乃伊　就像你不会注意到你入睡的瞬间一样，不管你为之多么注意。

鲁谢　可是，入睡是一个自然的过程。

木乃伊　难道你不觉得死亡也是一个自然的过程吗？你任意找一个不会死的人、动物或植物给我看看？

鲁谢　要是你没有意识到你已经死了，我一点也不惊讶你会继续唱歌和说话。

丝毫未察觉到这个打击，他继续前行

依然在挣扎，尽管已经死去。

一位意大利诗人如是写道。我想关于死亡的问题，你们这些已经死去的人会比活人更有发言权。还是回到我们的主题上来，在死亡的瞬间，你们没有感到疼痛吗？

木乃伊　如果感觉死亡的那个人根本没有意识到，又怎么有疼痛呢？

鲁谢　不管怎样，所有人都认为死亡的感觉是极度痛苦的。

木乃伊　仿佛死亡是一种强烈的感觉而不是恰恰相反。

鲁谢　可是，就灵魂的本质来讲，无论是倾向于伊壁鸠鲁（Epicurean）观点的人，还是持有传统观点的人，他们所有人，或者其中绝大部分人都同意我的说法，认为死亡就其本质上来说，是一种无可比拟的极度的痛。

木乃伊　好吧，请您谨代表我们向他们俩提一个问题：假如人类没有能力意识到他们的主要器官，或多或少地因为睡眠、昏睡、晕厥或其他原因而暂停运作，他又如何能意识到那些功能完全停止工作的那一瞬间，不是暂时地而是永久性地停止？再者，一种活着的感觉怎么能存在

于死亡之中呢？实际上，就死亡本身的特质来说怎么可能是一种活着的感觉呢？当知觉不仅变得虚弱而稀少，而且被削弱到最低程度以至于知觉停止或被取消，你认为此时人还会有那么强烈的感觉吗？事实上，难道你认为这种感知的消亡本身会是一种强烈的感觉吗？你可以观察到，当死亡来临时，即便是那些迟早会死于剧烈且痛苦疾病的病人，在他们断气前，也会趋于平静安宁。于是乎，我们看到在减少到很少量时，他们所剩无几的生命不足以感觉疼痛。因而，疼痛比生命更早结束。请你代表我们把这一点告诉那些认为生命快终结时会因疼痛而死的人。

鲁谢　对于伊壁鸠鲁的支持者来说这些原因已经足够，但是，对于其他人来说却不尽然，他们根据灵魂的实质来判断。在过去我作过很多这方面的研究，将来也会继续作更多，尤其是听到死者说话和唱歌之后。他们相信死亡是一种灵魂从身体的剥离，所以，他们不明白的是，既然二者结合在一起，可以说二者如此粘合为一体最终共同组成一个完整的人，那么，在二者分开时，怎么会不遭受暴力以及难言的苦楚呢？

木乃伊　请你告诉我，灵魂是恰巧附着在身体的神经上，还是黏在肌肉上或是黏膜上了？所以灵魂离开时，必须把它撕开？抑或，它原本是身体的一部分，必须通过暴力才能将其扯开或断开？你难道不知道灵魂离开身体，仅仅因为它不被允许待在那里了？那里已经没有它的位置了，而不是因为有一种力量把它拽开或连根拔起？再请你告诉我，当灵魂进入身体时，它是否感到被粘在，或被紧紧系在，或如你所说粘合在身体上？那么，当它离开那具身体时，灵魂又怎能感到被分开，换言之，经历一种被暴力撕开的感觉？请相信灵魂进入和离开身体都是同样安静、容易和温柔的。

鲁谢　那么，如果死亡不是痛苦又会是什么？

木乃伊　是快乐而非其他。你要知道垂死好比入睡，不是瞬间发生而是循序渐进的。诚然，死亡的原因及类别不同，其过程自然或多或

少，或大或小，不一而论。在最后时刻，死亡带来的既不是快乐也不是痛苦，至少不会比睡眠有更多的感觉。在死亡的前一刻，它不再产生疼痛，因为疼痛是生的感觉。那一刻，也就是死亡开始之初，人的感官是濒死的，就像最大程度上被弱化一样。它有可能是快乐的缘由，因为快乐并不是生的感受。事实上，人类很多快乐源于某种倦怠，因此即便是接近死亡，人的感觉依然感受到快乐，因为倦怠本身常常就是快乐，尤其是它解除你的痛苦。你很清楚，所有痛苦和不舒适的停止本身就是快乐。故而，由死亡产生的倦怠应该受到欢迎，因为它让人摆脱更大的折磨。就个人而言，在行将就木的时间里，我并没有关注自己是怎么感觉的，因为医生命令我不要消耗脑力。不过我依然记得我所经历的那种感觉，与人入睡时由倦怠产生的快乐类似。

其他木乃伊我们也似乎记得这些。

鲁谢　就依你们所言。不过，以前几乎所有曾和我讨论这个话题的人都持有完全不同的观点。不过呢，据我所知，他们毕竟没有亲身经历。现在请告诉我，在死亡时，在感受到快乐的同时，你想到你快要死了吗？这种快乐只是死亡的礼遇，或者你在想着别的什么事？

木乃伊　只要我还没死掉，我从未想过我不能避开这个危险。至少在我依然有思考能力的最后时间里，我一直期望我依然能再多活一到两个小时。我想很多人死的时候也这样想的。

其他木乃伊我们也经历了同样的事情。

鲁谢　的确。西塞罗曾说过没有人虚弱到他认为不能至少再多活一年。你怎么注意到灵魂最终离开身体了？请告诉我，你怎么知道你已经死了？他们不回答了。孩子们，能听到我说话吗？一刻钟应该已经到了。让我来摸一下他们的脉搏。他们又死掉了。他们没有机会再吓到我了。我还是回去睡觉吧。

克里斯托弗·哥伦布和佩德罗·古铁雷斯的对话

哥伦布　多美的夜晚，我的朋友。

古铁雷斯　确实美丽。不过，若是从陆地上看会更加美丽。

哥伦布　是的。这么说你也厌倦航行了啊。

古铁雷斯　不单单是航行。这次出海要远远比我预期的漫长，感觉有些吃不消了。虽说如此，请别以为我会像别人一样埋怨你。相反，无论此次航行你作什么决定，我都会一如既往地支持你。既然谈到了这个话题，我希望你能开诚布公、清晰无误地告诉我，你是否一如最初时那般坚定？你仍旧认为我们真的可以在世界的这边找到陆地和人类？抑或，这许多年里经历过无数次徒劳往返之后，你也开始产生怀疑？

哥伦布　坦白地讲，就像朋友之间吐露心迹那样，我承认我现在感觉有点不太确定。尤其本次航海中，多种迹象曾给我带来巨大的希望，但又最终化为失望——比如：在离开哥麦那岛（Gomera）起航后的几天里，有飞鸟从西方掠过我们的头顶。我一度认为这是附近有陆地的征兆。还有，日复一日，我逐渐发现，实际情况和我在出海前的设想与预测完全不同。原先设想的航海中可能遇到的各种事情均未发生。于是，我开始思考，是否那些预测误导了我——尽管它们看上去几乎无懈可击——也有可能，这其中最大的假设，即我们能在海洋的另一端找到陆地，也可能最终落空。诚然，该假设确实持之有故，言之有理。倘若一旦被推翻，那么，似乎除了依靠我们亲眼所见与亲耳所听到的东西，我们再不能相信人类的任何判断了。但另一方面，我还意识到，常常或大多数时候，理论往往与现实相悖。我质问自己，你如何能断定地球的每一部分都如出一辙呢？仅仅因为东半球是一半陆地一半水域，所以西半

球也必须如此吗？你怎么肯定它就不可能是一片汪洋呢？或者排除全是陆地，以及陆地和海洋结合的可能性，也有可能是其他元素构成的？假使它和另一半一模一样，都有陆地和海洋，也有可能它那里根本就没有人烟？甚至根本无法居住？假定它像我们的半球一样住满了居民，你又如何能确定那里的居民是和我们一样是有理智的生物呢？即便这些存在，你也不能确定他们是人还是其他有智力的动物？即便是人类，也有可能和我们熟悉的人类并不一样。比如说，他们体型硕大，更加强壮、灵活，并拥有更高的与生俱来的智商和智慧，抑或拥有更为发达的文明以及人文与科学？我在反复问自己这些。毕竟，自然完全具备此项能力，她的成果如此不同，如此众多，以至于我们无法确定，在我们世界毫不知晓的远方，自然做过什么，又正在做什么，我们也应该质疑用后者为前者辩论是否是个严重的错误？设想未知世界中可能存在的事物——也许是部分也许是全部——是不为我们熟知且令人惊叹的，这并不会有悖于真理的概率。此刻，我们亲眼看到在这片水域，指南针偏离北极星且似乎指向西方——这是海员们以前从未见过的情形。不管我思索了多久，都无法得出满意的答案。尽管如此，我的言下之意不是说我们要相信古代人关于未知世界和未知水域的种种奇迹的传说。例如，汉诺（Hanno）寓言描述某些国家的夜晚充满了火焰，还有流入大海的烈焰之河。其实在本次航海中，我们的船员体会到，对遭遇的可怕奇观和令人忐忑的新事物的恐惧是多么苍白无力——当看到大片大片遮挡航线的、看上去像草地的海草时，他们曾自以为已经到达了可行驶海域的尽头。不过，为了回答你的问题，我的意思是我的假设只是基于最具可能性的推断。不仅我的判断如此，且如你所知，我还就此问题请教了诸多来自西班牙、意大利，还有葡萄牙的著名地理学家、天文学家、航海家，他们一致认为如此。当然，也有碰巧是错误的可能。因为，我反复说过，许多基于最好推理所推导出的结论并不能经得起实践的检验。尤其是涉及我们并不清楚的事情时，这种状况尤为常见。

古铁雷斯　那么，实际上，你是为了一个完全是猜测性的假设，拿

自己以及同伴的生命做赌注？

哥伦布　确实如此。我不否认这点，但是，暂且不考虑这样的事实。如果每天都有人为了很小的缘由或毫无价值可言的事情去冒险——甚至都未经过思量——设想以下情况：假如你我以及我们的同伴不是身在大海中央的船只上，周遭一片未知的荒凉，置身于能想象的到的危险与不安定之地的话，那么我们会过什么样的生活？我们怎样打发时日？也许会更快乐？或者是相反，也许我们正陷于某种焦虑或困苦——或者感觉了无生趣？假如即便没有不安和危险又如何？如果只是安逸和快乐也就罢了，但如果是被烦恼痛苦缠绕，我倒觉得还不如作其他选择呢。不用我提醒，一旦我们的航行圆满结束，我们将获得多少荣耀和利益，而我们的希望也将得以实现。即便我们没有从中获益，在我看来仍然是极为有益的。它至少保证我们不再感觉无聊之极，让我们珍惜生命，让很多我们平时习以为常的事情变得珍贵。古人写道——你也许曾经读过或听过——那些失恋的人儿，从圣毛拉（Santa　Maura）崖[过去曾被称作卢克迪亚（Leucadian）岩]纵身跳入大海，若侥幸不死，就会得到阿波罗（Apollo）的恩惠而不再受情爱所困。我不知道我们是否应该相信他们是因此而被治愈了，但是我很清楚地知道从这样的危险中逃脱之后，他们会暂时珍视以前觉得可憎的生命，即便未受到阿波罗的恩惠。或者，无论如何他们一定会比以前更加珍爱生命。根据我的判断，每次出海航行就好似卢克迪亚岩的一跳，它会产生大致相同的影响，且更持久。从这个层面上来讲，海上航行更优越些。一般人认为海员和士兵由于时常处于危险之中，所以他们往往不如普通人那般珍惜生命，但是我却认为，正是因为这个原因很少有人会比海员和士兵更爱惜自己的性命。正因为拥有才使得我们身在福中不知福。很多稀松平常的事情对于海员来说却异常珍贵，因为他们失去了这一切。有谁会把能够站在一小块陆地上当作一种福音？除了海员，尤其是我们的海员们，因为无法预料这次航行的结果，没有人会把发现一小块陆地当作最大的心愿。这个心愿在我们早晨醒来时就占据我们的头脑，到晚上入睡时仍萦绕在心

头。如果我们碰巧看到远处山脉的一角、一片森林或类似的事物，我们都无法掩饰自己的喜悦。能够双脚踏上陆地，仅仅一想到我们又可以站在坚实的土地上，能够随意行走，都会让我们幸福上好几天。

古铁雷斯　你所言极是。假如你的猜想性假设如同你的实践所依靠的判断一样正确的话，毫无疑问，总有一天，我们会品尝到这种幸福的滋味。

哥伦布　尽管我也不敢保证它的确如此，但就我看来，我希望我们很快能享受到它。这几天，如你所知，测深线已经碰触到海底，它带上海面的信息于我是个好兆头。临近傍晚时，围绕在太阳周围的云层颜色和形状都与过去有些不同。还有空气，你也能感觉到似乎比过去和煦温暖。风也不再猛烈地、横冲直撞地刮个不停。相反，风向飘忽不定，似乎被什么东西阻隔了。还有，海面上飘来的芦苇很明显是不久前被割断的，上面还带着新鲜的红色果实。接下来，一群群的飞鸟……它们曾经误导过我，但是现在出现如此众多的迹象，并且日益愈增，我感觉我们可以相信这一次，尤其是很多鸟类看上去并不像海鸟。总之，我已经尽力克制自己，但是这些迹象确实让我有巨大的美好期许。

古铁雷斯　这次上帝让它变成现实吧。

雀之礼赞

在春天里的一个早晨，阿弥里斯（Amelius），一位独处的哲人，坐在他乡下房子的阴凉处，正捧着书阅读。他被四处里鸟儿的鸣叫声吸引，于是，开始慢慢倾听和思考，放下了手中的书。最后，他提笔坐下写下了下面的文字。

鸟儿生来就是这世上最快乐的生灵。之所以这么说，不是因为每当你听到看到鸟儿时，鸟儿所带来的快乐，而是因为鸟儿们本身就比其他动物更容易感受到快乐和欢悦。其他动物一般神色肃穆沉重，甚至很多看上去郁郁寡欢。它们极少会流露出快乐的表情。即便偶尔为之，也难以察觉、转瞬即逝。在多数高兴和享乐的时候，它们都不会显露出兴奋以及丝毫快乐的迹象。即使它们在享受着绿色田野，享受着广阔而美丽的景色，享受着明媚的阳光以及清澈甜美的空气，它们也毫不形之于色——只有野兔例外。据说在月光明亮的夜晚，尤其是月圆之夜，野兔们一起蹦跳玩耍，因这明亮而欢喜，色诺芬（Xenophone）如是写道。通常情况下，鸟儿们的动作和神情里总是表达出极大的欢悦。它们的存在之所以带给我们欢悦，是源于它们自身的体态和行为，是源于它们与生俱来的那种展示快乐和欢悦的特殊能力和性情——是一副看上去既不空洞也不具欺骗性的模样。它们会为经历过的每一次快乐和满足而歌唱。越是快乐和满足，越是唱得努力而投入。鉴于多数时间里它们都在歌唱，我们断定在正常情况下它们是快乐的、是享受生活的。也有人观察到鸟儿们在恋爱时期要比平时唱的更动听、更持久、也更频繁，但不能因此说除了恋爱，就没有其他驱使它们唱歌的快乐和满足的动因。我们能够清楚地观察到，鸟儿们在明媚且风平浪静的天气里远远比在阴暗且多变的天气里唱得更多。当暴风雨袭来时，它们保持沉默，如同任何受到惊吓时的反应那般。暴风雨结束后，它们会飞入空中唱歌，与同伴嬉

戏。同样地，我们还观察到，每个清晨，它们总是醒来就歌唱。部分原因是新的一天所带来的欢快，部分原因是与别的动物一样，一晚的休息之后精力充沛所致。同理，鸟儿们嗜好青翠的草木、葱茏的峡谷、清澈透明的溪水和美丽的风景。有个现象非常有趣，凡是我们人类觉得美丽和谐的事物，鸟儿们也有相同的感受——从捕猎丛及类似地点里安置的捕鸟网、粘鸟胶到吸引鸟类的诱饵就可以确定这一点。乡间那些鸟儿们经常光顾、歌唱的地方，也可以体现这一点。与之相比，也许除去那些被人类驯服且与人类生活很久的动物，再没有其他动物，即便有也是极少数，能和人类共享这种地理上适宜和美丽的概念。无需惊奇，因为鸟类只有在自然中才能找到快乐。而现在的这些，许多被我们称之为自然的地方，实际上是人工的。诸如：耕种的田地，经过修剪整理的树木和其他植物，被河岸死死禁锢、只能流向固定方向的河流，以及其他许多事物都不具备在自然状态下的样子与特征。从而，每一处世代相传的、居住着文明人类的乡间——且不说人类密集而居的城镇，大体都是人工的，因而在很大程度上有别于自然应有的状态。关于这个问题，有人认为我们区域的鸟鸣声要远比原始野人时期的好听，声音更柔和，调奏更协调。于是乎他们得出结论，即便像鸟儿们那般自由自在无拘无束的动物，也会因为常常光顾人类的居住场所而习得了些许文明。

暂且不论他们是否说了真话，就自然能同时赋予鸟类歌唱与飞翔的先决条件就很神奇了。有些人的工作就是依靠声音取悦其同类。一般来说他们要站在高处，如是，声音才会传得更远，才会有更多的人听到。因而，空气作为传递声音的元素，应该驻有有乐感会唱歌的生物。我们的确从鸟儿的鸣叫中——依我之见，我们人类并不强于其他动物——获得了极大的安慰与快乐。我想这种快乐的感受，不是源于鸟儿们甜美的声音，不管其鸣叫多么婉转动听、千变万化、此唱彼和、相互呼应，而是源于歌曲中通常会自然而然地含有的欢快，尤其是存在于鸟类的鸣叫中的那种欢快。正可谓，好似鸟类感到愉悦和舒适时发出的一种笑声。

如是，在某些方面，鸟儿和人类共享欢笑的能力——这是其他动物所不具备的特权。实则，有人认为既然人被定义为聪慧善思的动物，也可将人充分地描绘为会笑的动物，因为他们认为笑是一个并不比理智更逊色的人类标记。这一点确实令人咋舌。虽然人类本是所有生灵中最受折磨、最痛苦的生物，却独独拥有笑的能力，而别的生物却不具备此项能力。另外值得称奇的是我们使用这项特权的方式。比如：有些人遭遇严重的事故，有些人悲恸欲绝，有些人觉得生活了无生趣，他们坚信自己没有任何优点，也无力享受一点快乐，感到万念俱灰——然而，我们发现他们会笑。其实，人们越是知道世事的浮华，越是理解生命终归是不幸福的，其期望值就会越低，也就越发不能适应对快乐的享受。越是如此，人类反而越是易于发笑。然而，笑的普遍本质以及它的内在原则和模式，以及其在头脑中所占据的部分，是很难被定义和限定的——除非承认笑是某种暂时疯狂的表现，是某种胡言乱语、神志不清的行为。因为人类从来不会感到满足，也不曾在任何事物中找到真正的快乐，所以人类并不具备一个合理的、正当的发笑的原因。研究人类如何或在何种条件下首次使用这个特权一定会很有趣。毫无疑问，在原始时代，人类和其他动物一样，通常十分严肃，甚至看上去郁郁寡欢。对此，我的观点是，这个世界里的笑出现于哭之后——这个问题是毫无争议的——不过，在第一次发现和体验笑之前一定有一段漫长的时光。在此期间，母亲不会冲着婴儿微笑，婴儿也不会回应母亲一个微笑——如维吉尔（Virgil）所言。因为时至今日，至少在有人类文明的地区，人出生后不久就会笑，多半是因为他周围的人在笑的缘故。我倾向于认为人类首次发笑的原因和时机可能是源于醉酒——这一点是人类种族的遗传特征。醉酒早在人类取得任何文明进步之前就已经产生了。实际上，我们知道很难找到一种原始人类没有酒，没有其他把自己灌醉的方式方法，没有无节制喝酒的习惯。切勿惊讶，因为人类远远比其他动物不快乐，因此人类比其他任何动物都热衷于在思想麻木中找到快乐，转而在忘掉自我中，或者说在生活的某个中断里找到快乐。是故，通过停止或者削

减自身对痛苦的认识和感知，他们从中获得极大裨益。谈到笑这个问题，我们观察到，人类虽然在其他时段里多数神情严肃而悲伤，但在醉酒之后，却会频频发笑——不停地说话、唱歌、有悖于他们平日的习性。这些问题我会放在我即将撰写的笑的历史中去详加讨论。在完成笑的起源之后，我打算再写笑的经历、变迁和直至如今的命运——在现代，笑拥有过去所无法比拟的尊重和影响力，并在文明国度之中占据一席之地。笑所扮演的功能，在某种意义上取代了美德、正义、荣誉以及其他以往所扮演的角色，从多个方面限制，甚至是吓退人类的不良企图。现在，就鸟儿们的歌唱作一番归纳。我认为我们通常会因为看到或得知别人的快乐而感同身受——妒忌的情况除外——自然很明智地设定鸟儿的歌唱是一种欢悦与笑声的表达，因此人人喜爱；但是人类的歌唱和笑声，则要考虑到其他人的感受，应该不干扰他人。自然很聪明地确保地面上和空中挤满了能够发出响亮和严肃声响的动物，似乎是在咏唱宇宙之生命的赞歌，激励其他动物随之欢欣鼓舞，由此而营造出不间断，却是虚假的一派众生和乐的景致。

鸟儿们之所以比别的动物更快乐或更能够展示快乐不是没有深层原因的。正如我最初所示，自然确实使鸟类更加适合享受快乐和幸福。鸟儿们不会遭受无聊之扰。每一刻它们都在变换位置，从一个区域换到另一个区域，不管其间的距离多远。从最低点飞到空中的最高点，也不过是在瞬间内就能轻松自如地完成的事情。在其生命历程中，它们看到并体验到的事情数量众多且类型各异。它们时时刻刻在锻炼身体，并有充足的户外运动。所有其他动物在吃饱喝足之后，总是安静而懒散地躺着。没有任何一种动物，除去鱼类和一些飞虫，会单单因为愉悦而撒欢奔跑。同理，原始人——只要每日能喂饱自己就不会多走一步，他所需做的工作通常简短且简单。除了暴风雨来临，或者被野兽追逐或其他类似状况之外——原始人大多喜欢安逸和无动于衷。他整日无声无息地、无所事事地呆坐在破旧的小茅草屋里打发时间，要么待在户外、石缝里、悬崖上或岩石的洞穴里。与之相反，鸟儿们很少长时间地停留在一

个地方。它们不停地飞来飞去不是因为需要什么，而是为了快乐而飞翔。有时，它们从自己居住的海边飞上几百英里，在傍晚时分又飞回原地。即便是在一个地方作短暂停留，你也不会看见它们安静地坐着。它们总是左转右转，一会儿踱步，一会儿弯腰，一会儿伸伸脖子，一会儿摇一摇，活泼敏捷地振翅，动作迅疾无以言状。总之，鸟儿从破壳而出的那一刻直至死亡，除去中间的睡眠时间，它不会停息一分钟。以上观察的结果是，很明显，从本质上来讲，其他动物包括人类的正常状态是休息，而鸟类则是运动。

与上述品质及外在条件相呼应的是内在条件，即：头脑条件——这点促使它们比别的动物更加适合感受幸福。它们的听力极为敏锐，它们的视力是我们难以想象的发达和完美。具备了这些能力，它们便可以整天享受层出不穷、千变万化的景象：从高高的云霄里，它们能一眼看到大片开阔的区域，并同时能用眼睛清晰地区分出不同地方。这一点也是人类难以理解的。从此现象中，我们推测它们一定拥有强大的力量、活力和无限的想象力。鸟儿们的这种想象力不属于那种深沉、热烈、疾风暴雨，如但丁（Dante）和塔索（Tasso）那般的想象力——后者如同一个致命的礼物，是最糟糕的永恒痛苦与焦虑的根源——鸟儿们拥有的是一种丰富的、变化的、轻盈的、不稳定的、如孩童般的想象力，是愉快和快乐思想的取之不竭的源泉，是自然赋予生物的最慷慨的、最伟大的、最有用处的礼物。正因如此，鸟儿们拥有无限的之于精神愉悦息息相关的能力，并同时缺少有毒害的、痛苦的东西。由于它们的外在生活异常丰富，带动其内在生活也非常丰富，由此产生的优势和快乐非常类似于孩童的那般——绝非是成人一般会有的拙劣和痛苦。因为鸟儿们的活泼和外在的好动性明显展露出与儿童类似的一面，所以我们可以合理地假设它们与儿童的内心也很相似。假如孩童般的幸福可以出现在其他年龄段里，而其他年龄段里的疾病不会比儿童时期的疾病更严重，也许人类就有理由慢慢忍受生命的种种了。

依我之见，从某些方面看，鸟类本质的完美性超越其他动物。譬如，当我们考虑到鸟类在视力以及听力方面都远远超越其他动物，根据生物的自然法则，这两项属于主要感官。于是，可以得出这样的结论：鸟类的本性比其他生物的本性更完美。此外，正如我们所见，其他动物自然而然地倾向于休息，而鸟类则倾向于运动——运动要比休息更富有活力。生命实际上是由运动构成的，而鸟类比别的动物具有更多的户外活动——另外，如果视力和听力优于其他动物，这两项也是鸟类们最突出的能力，是否当作生物最典型的特征？因为这两项能力本身就很鲜明且动性强，并且其带给动物的习惯以及内外在效果都很显著。考虑到上述一些情况，结论是鸟类比其他动物拥有更多的外在和内在生命。现在，假如生命的完美多于不完美——至少在生物里如此——假如生命越有活力就是完美的话，那么，结论就是鸟儿的本性更完美。在这一点上，我们不要忘了鸟儿同样能忍耐极度的寒冷和炎热，穿梭在两者之间甚至不用太多时间过渡一下。事实上，我们常常看到，几乎是在瞬间，他们已然从地面冲向凌霄，几乎相当于是在极寒的地区，并且它们能在很短的时间里穿越多种气候。

阿克那里翁（Anacreon）曾许愿他愿意变成一面镜子，这样他的爱人就可以天天看他；他愿意变成一件裙子，这样就可以穿在她身上；他愿意变成油膏擦拭她的身体；他愿意变成水供她沐浴；他愿意变成胸带，这样她就可以把他紧紧抱在胸前；他愿意变成一串项链挂在她脖子上；他愿意变成鞋子，至少她会用脚挤压他——同样地，我也希望可以有一会儿变成一只飞鸟，这样我就可以体验到它们生命中的满足与快乐。

伟大的野公鸡之歌

某些希伯来学者和作家们声称在天与地之间，或者确切地说是一半在空中，一半在地面，生活着一只野公鸡。它脚踏地面，喙与鸡冠顶着天空。你可以在那些作家的作品里读到对它这些特征的描述，此外，这个体形庞大的公鸡还具备思考的能力。否则，诚然，便无异于鹦鹉，说着不知被谁教会的人类的语言。实则，有一首歌名为*Scir detarnegòl bara letzafra*，即：伟大的野公鸡之晨歌，其原版为希伯来文。这首歌的用语混合了秘术家用语、塔古姆用语、犹太教法学博士语言、犹太教神秘哲学语言以及犹太法典语言，它被写在了一块旧羊皮纸上。我尽力理解并翻译成下列我们所使用的文字。在此期间，我为之付出了艰辛的劳动并同时请教了若干犹太教祭司、犹太教神秘哲学者、神学家、法理学家及犹太哲学家。目前我尚不确定的是，这只公鸡是时不时地吟唱这首歌还是在每日清晨吟唱，抑或仅唱过一次？有谁经常听到这首歌或曾经听到过这歌声？歌词语言是否属于公鸡语言？这首歌是否是从另一种语言翻译过来的？就目前的版本，我已经穷尽一切可能使之忠实于原文，我认为最好使用散文体而不是诗体，尽管事实上它是一首诗。其行文中有不连贯之处，偶尔也会有浮夸语体，但这些不该由我负责，因为译本首先是忠于原文的。在此处，需要符合东方语言的习惯，尤其是要符合他们的诗人标准。

起来吧，凡人，苏醒！新的一天又开始了。真理回归世界，虚假的影像离去。起来，重拾生活之重担，从虚假之国回归真理世界。

在这一刻，每个人都在头脑里回顾并审视他生命中的全部想法，回想他的计划、努力、需要处理的事情，并自行想象一下在新的一天里可能会遇到的快乐与痛苦。每个人都会在此时更加强烈地渴望找到快乐的

期望和愉悦的思想。当然没什么人真的实现了上述愿望。因为苏醒对于每个人来说是不幸的。可怜的人儿刚刚醒来，马上就落入各自不幸福的手中。最甜蜜的事情是睡眠，由快乐与希望相结合带来的睡眠——这种状态会安然无恙地一直持续到天明，之后，它们就会消失不见。

如果凡人的睡眠是永恒的，是与生命等同的话；如果在启明星照耀下，所有活物在地球各处以最无声的方式憔悴着，没有任何活动痕迹：草地上没有牛儿在哞哞地叫，森林里没有野兽在咆哮，天空中没有鸟儿在歌唱，乡间没有蝴蝶在低语、蜜蜂在嗡嗡叫；没有任何声音，没有任何活动的迹象，除了水涨起、风刮起和暴风雨袭来；那么，这个宇宙也就真的毫无用处了。那时是否比会比现在痛苦更多，幸福更少？我问你，哦，太阳，白日的主宰和我们清醒时的保护者，到目前为止你所历经的多少个世纪里，在升起又落下之间，你是否曾见到过一个生物曾经幸福地生活过？截至目前你所见到的凡人无数的成就里，你是否认为至少有一个人实现了他的目标：满足感，即他从他的成功中获得了持久或暂时的满足？你现在是否看见，或者说你曾看见这四海之内可有幸福的存在？幸福到底居住在哪块田野，哪片森林，哪座山峰，哪条峡谷，是在有人居住的地方还是在不毛之地，还是它藏在你的光芒所能照射到并赋予温暖的众多星球中的某个上面？也许，幸福躲在你的视线之外，藏在幽深的洞穴里，也许在地心或海底深处？什么样的活物有幸知道幸福是什么？哪种植物，或其他任何被你赋予生命的生物体，有哪些被赐予幸福，有哪些被剥夺了幸福，又有哪些植物或动物知晓幸福？还有你自己，就像一个不知疲倦的巨人，从不睡觉和休息，日夜急速行进在你的既定行程上，你是幸福的还是不幸福的？

凡人快醒来！你还在受生的束缚。迟早会有一天，无论是外界力量，还是内在力量，都无法把你从沉睡中唤醒。彼时，你将永远地、尽情地安息。你尚未被允许死去。仅仅是间或，你被允许暂时诈死一小会儿。因为若非时不时暂停一会儿，生命就难以为续。倘若过度渴求这种

本来就短暂易逝的浅眠，其本身就是致命的，将会招致永久长眠。生活就是如此，为了能够忍受生活的种种，我们必须时不时地放下它，获得一点喘息的机会，用死亡的滋味或几乎是少许死亡让我们重新振作起来。

事物最本质的一面似乎是以死亡为真正且唯一的目的。一切存在源于虚无，因为不存在就不会有死亡。可以确定的是存在的最终目的不是幸福，因为没有什么是幸福的。诚然，活着的生物每做一项工作都是以此为目的的，但是没有一项能带给他们幸福。在他们整个的生命历程里，他们奋斗、克己、遭受痛苦，无一不是在苦苦追索自然制定的这个唯一的目标：死亡。

正常情况下，一天里的清晨是生物们最容易忍受的时段。在苏醒的一刻里，很少有人头脑里充斥着快乐愉悦的思想。但是很快，几乎人人会产生和形成某些快乐的思想。因为在那个时段里，人的头脑总是极易高兴的，即便没有任何特定或特殊的原因，它会比一天内其他时段都更适于忍受生活的不幸。因此，当一个人入睡时充满了绝望，在第二天醒来时他又重新找到了希望，即便这种希望来得毫无缘由。很多不幸和个人困扰、很多恐惧和悲痛的根源会在此时显得要比头天晚上渺小许多。甚至，前一天的煎熬会在今天被嘲笑，会被斥之为幻想和空想的结果。夜晚被比作老年，而早晨被比作青年，总是从容而自信；夜晚则是悲伤的、沮丧的、充满了各种不幸的先兆。但是正如人的青春那般短暂，凡人每天所体验的早晨时光也是极为短促且转瞬即逝，很快白天也会变得年迈不堪。

尽管是生命中的最好部分，我们的盛年依旧是痛苦的。实际上，哪怕仅仅是这丁点幸运也会在短时间内消失殆尽，以致人们很快发现诸多逐渐衰老的迹象。他还未曾体验到生命的完美，还未曾感受到和知晓生命的力量，就已经开始减弱。但凡世间的生灵，他们的绝大部分生命是

在慢慢枯萎中度过。自然在其所有的创造里都毫不掩饰地指向了死亡：这正是为什么衰老如此显著、如此清晰、如此长久、如此普遍的原因。宇宙的每一部分都在不知疲倦地奔向死亡，速度迅猛且毫不迟疑。似乎只有宇宙本身不受衰败和凋萎的侵蚀。因为假如在秋天和冬天里，它的生命变得虚弱和衰老；那么，到春天时就一定又青春焕发。当然，就如凡人每天清晨都会感觉年轻一些，尽管实际上每天都在变老，直至吐出最后一口气。宇宙也一样，每年年初重新变得年轻，尽管它其实在不断衰老。总有一天宇宙和自然本身也将不复存在。就好似曾经无比伟大的人类王国和帝国，以及该时代的不朽成就，虽然辉煌一时，但终究会被遗忘。这整个世界也如是这般，所有生命体经历无数变迁和灾难之后，最终不会留下一丝痕迹。取而代之的将是无边的沉寂和深邃的静谧。如此一来，宇宙生命所带来的惊人的、令人不安的秘密，会在它被宣布和了解之前就已经消失得无影无踪了。

哥白尼的任务

第一幕

第一时辰和太阳

第一时辰　早上好，阁下。

太阳　早上好，或者该说，晚上好。

第一时辰　马车为您备好了。

太阳　好的。

第一时辰　启明星已经升起一段时间了。

太阳　她想来就来，想走就走。

第一时辰　您这是什么意思呢，阁下？

太阳　我的意思是你别来烦我。

第一时辰　可是，阁下，夜晚已经持续了很久，不能再拖延下去了。倘若再行耽搁，阁下，就会有奇怪的事情发生。

太阳　无论发生什么，我都不打算动一下。

第一时辰　哦，阁下，这是怎么啦？您感觉不舒服吗？

太阳　不，没有，我没有感觉不舒服。我就是不想动。你呢，去忙自己的事吧。

第一时辰　要是您不配合的话，我怎么忙呢？我是白日的第一个时辰，要是阁下您不能发发慈悲像往常一样出来的话，这一天会变成什么样子？

太阳　如果不能属于白天，那你还是归属夜晚吧——要不就让夜晚时辰加一次班，你和你的白日伙伴们就可以休息了。因为，你知道吗？我已经厌倦了每天不停地旋转只为照亮那些生活在一小撮泥土上的小生物们——他们才那么一丁点儿，我这么好的视力几乎都看不到呢。今晚，我决定不再因为这点小事麻烦了。假如人类需要光线的话，他们可以生火照明或找些其他途径解决。

第一时辰　但是，阁下，您让那些可怜的人儿们怎么找呢？若是他们的灯笼和那么多蜡烛整日点燃着，可是非常昂贵的花销啊。假如他们已经找到某种非常便宜的气体，可以用来烧火、照明街道、点亮房间、商店、阁楼和其他地方的话，那么我会觉得事情还不算太糟糕，但是，实际情况是，距人们发现这种气体之前还有差不多三百年的时间呢。在此期间，他们会耗尽燃油、蜡烛、树脂和动物脂。最后，他们就没有什么可供燃烧的东西了。

太阳　他们可以去抓些萤火虫和发光虫用来照明。

第一时辰　那他们怎样御寒呢？若是没有阁下您的襄助，森林中的所有树木都不足以保证他们取暖。他们还会被饿死，因为地球不再结果子了。在短短几年内，那些可怜的动物种族将会消失。接下来的一段时间里，他们在地球上的一片黑暗中四处摸索着，找寻可以吃的食物和取暖之用。最终，没有任何可以吞咽的食物，最后一星火焰熄灭，那时他们所有人就会在黑暗中死去，就像冻僵的岩水晶一样。

太阳　我为什么要管这些？我，难道说，是人类种族的奶妈吗，还是负责给他们准备及烹饪食物的厨子？我为什么要关心那些几百万英里

之外的我根本看不到的小东西们，就因为没有我的光芒他们看不见，也不能取暖吗？那么，如果说，我必须成为供他们取暖的加热器或火炉的话，合理的状况是他们一家人想取暖就应该自己到火炉边来，而不是火炉围着他们的房子旋转。因此，如果地球需要我的光芒，就请她自己围着我转或者想些办法得到它。就我个人而言，我不需要地球的任何东西，也不需要去照看她。

第一时辰　阁下您的意思是说，假如我理解无误的话，现在地球应该做您以前一直在做的事情？

太阳　是的，现在，从现在开始到永远。

第一时辰　阁下您说的无疑很有道理。况且，您可以随意而为，不过，还是请您考虑一下，如果您建立新的世界秩序的话，会有多少美丽的事物因此而毁于一旦？白天再也没有美丽的金色战车，也没有那些美丽的战马，它们通常会在大海里沐浴。更别提及其他的细枝末节了。就连我们这些时辰们也不会在天上拥有一席之地了，我们会从天庭侍女变成陆地女子。根据我的预测，除非我们变成青烟才得以重返天庭。即便如此，问题是如何说服地球开始转动呢？想必会很难，因为她尚不习惯这么做。她会觉得这么不停地跑下去、这么浪费力气很奇怪，以前她可从未曾离开她的位置半步。假如阁下您好像都冒出了偷懒的念头，我听说地球并没有比过去勤快一丁点儿啊。

太阳　在这种情况下，需求会激励她，会逼迫她不得不去跑去跳。最快速也是最确定的方法就是找到一位诗人或自然哲学家，去劝说地球移动。万一劝说失败，也可以强行迫使她移动。从长远来看，这种事情主要由诗人们和自然哲学家们负责。实际上，他们几乎能胜任任何事情。过去，那些诗人们（那时，我年轻尚且听话），他们用美丽的颂歌诱导我——我这么又肥又大的一个人——心甘情愿地去做那项围着一小堆儿沙子拼命疯跑的极度愚蠢的工作，并把它当作一种运动或一种高尚

的锻炼。现在我的年纪大些了，我开始转向信仰哲学。做每件事时，我要看它是否有用而不是漂不漂亮。诗人们的伤感情怀，不是让我作呕，就是让我忍俊不禁地大笑。在做每件事前，我总要三思而后行。我发现劳神劳力的生活并不比舒适悠闲的生活更可取——因为这样的生活并不会产生值得你费神费力的成果（在这个世界上，成果一文不值）——我下定决心把劳累和不舒适留给别人。至于我，就安静地留在家里无所事事。我的观念之所以发生了转变，除了部分出于年龄的原因，还如我之前所说的是由于哲学家们而改变的——这些人目前已经开始得势，并且有如日中天的趋势。假如我希望地球能够移动并取代我奔跑的话，诗人在某一方面会比自然哲学家、甚至科学家更能胜任。诗人们，通过讲一两个故事，就能让人们相信世界上的事情真的有价值、很重要，是美丽和愉快的。他们创造出一千种愉快的希望，借此劝诱人们努力和拼命工作。反之，哲学家则会起到劝阻作用。既然哲学家已经占据上风，我担心现在地球也会像我一样不会任诗人摆布。假如没有人听诗人的话，他自然就束手无策了。因此，我认为最好还是请自然哲学家或科学家来帮忙。尽管哲学家们通常不适合也不愿意劝说他人工作，不过在这个极端情况下，他们也许会尽力作些意料之外的努力——除非地球决定与其如此大费周章还不如直接毁灭合适——在那种情况下，我也不能说她做错了。够了，让我们静观其变吧。现在，去做这个：到地球上去，或者派你的一个姊妹，或任何一个你觉得合适的人跑一趟。如果她发现任何一位自然哲学家，站在屋外新鲜的空气里，正在研究天空和星体——因为我们可以很合理地推断她一定会找到这么一位，因为夜已经太长了——不要耽搁，把他带上来，扛在肩上，火速带来见我。我会说服他去做该做的事情。你明白了吗?

第一时辰　是。阁下。我马上照办。

第二幕

（站在阳台上，用一个小纸筒观察东方的天空——因为彼时还没有发明天文望远镜）

哥白尼　真是难以置信。莫不是所有的钟表都坏了？否则太阳早在一小时之前就应该升起来了。可是东方仍看不到一丝光亮，尽管天空如镜面般清澈透明。所有的星星在闪烁着，似乎仍在夜里。现在，赶紧去查阅《天文学大成》和萨克罗博斯科（Sacrobosco）的相关书籍，问问他们是否能就此现象解释一番。我常听人说朱庇特会在夜间和底比斯王的妻子幽会。我还记得我最近读过的一本由一位西班牙人撰写的现代书。书里提及秘鲁人说在古时候，他们的国家曾经有一个特别漫长的夜晚，实际上，是一个永远不会结束的夜。最后，太阳从一个叫作的的喀喀（Titicaca）湖里出来了。此前，我一直以为这是一派胡言。像所有有理性的人一样，我确信它的确如此。现在，我意识到科学和理智根本一文不值嘛。我决定相信那些传言以及类似的东西很有可能完全是真实的。实际上，我正准备去我能找到的所有湖泊，还有沼泽看一看，看我是否能碰巧把太阳捞上来，但是，我听到这震耳欲聋的声响是什么——似乎是一只巨鸟拍打翅膀的声音？

第三幕

最后时辰和哥白尼

最后时辰哥白尼，我是最后时辰。

哥白尼　最后时辰？好吧，我也无能为力。假如，如果可能的话，请留给我足够的时间写遗嘱以及安排身后的事宜——在我死之前。

最后时辰你是什么意思，“死”吗？我不是生命的最后时辰。

哥白尼　那你是谁，是每日祈祷时间的最后时辰吗？最后时辰我敢确定较其他时段你更喜欢最后时辰——当你在唱诗班里时。

哥白尼　不过，你怎么知道我是一位咏礼司铎？你怎么认识我的？你刚才在呼唤我的名字。

最后时辰我刚刚从前面的街上打听到你的信息。总之，我是白天的最后时辰。

哥白尼　啊，我明白了。第一个时辰病了，所以我们看不到白天。

最后时辰请允许我说下去。白天再也不会来了——不仅是今天，还有明天，永远不会再来了，倘若您不打算做些什么的话。

哥白尼　真有意思！似乎我的工作就是造白天似的！

最后时辰我会告诉您怎么做。但是首先您必须立即跟我去我的主人太阳的府邸。路上我会详细解释。我们到达后，太阳阁下将会亲自跟您解释一下。

哥白尼　好吧。但如果我没理解错的话，这趟旅行会很漫长。我怎么才能带够充足的食物，以保证我在到达前的几年内不会被饿死？况且，我不认为太阳阁下的土地会生产什么能供吃一餐的东西。

最后时辰别担心这些。您不会在太阳府邸待太久。这趟旅行也仅仅是瞬间的事——因为，恐怕您还不知道，我是个精灵。

哥白尼　可我只是个凡胎肉体。

最后时辰好吧。您完全不需要担心这些事情，您又不是一位玄学哲学家。来吧，坐在我肩上，看我的。

哥白尼　好的。出发……不知道事情最后会是什么样。

第四幕

哥白尼和太阳

哥白尼　您好，最明亮先生。

太阳　请你见谅，哥白尼，我没法请你坐下，因为我们没有椅子。我们的谈话很快就会结束。从我的仆人那里，你一定听说你此行所为何事了。我个人认为——以及我从侍女们那里了解到的你的能力——我想你完全能胜任这项工作。

哥白尼　先生，我觉得这份工作困难重重。

太阳　困难不会吓跑你这类人的。事实上，人们常说困难只会增加勇敢者的勇气。那么，有什么困难呢？

哥白尼　首先，不论自然哲学和科学的力量有多么强大，我不能确定它们可以强大到足够说服地球去运转而不是舒舒服服地坐着，或是说服地球去工作和劳累而不是悠闲地待着。尤其考虑到我们这个时代并不是一个英雄主义时代。

太阳　那么，如果不能说服她的话，就强迫她。

哥白尼　我很乐意一试，我的光明先生。假如我是海格立斯或者是罗兰（Roland），而不是一个从沃尔姆斯（Worms）来的小小咏礼司铎的话。

太阳　这两者又有什么关系？听说你们中有一位古算术家过去曾说，只要他能站在世界之外，毫无疑问他就能移动天空和地球？现在，你不需要移动天空，你现在站在地球之外，因此，如果你不比那位先贤更笨的话，你就能移动地球，不用管她乐不乐意。

哥白尼　我亲爱的先生，我可以这么做。但是我需要一个撬棍。这

支撬棍会很长，长到不仅是我，就连您自己，不论您有多么富有，都没有能力支付所消耗的材料及人工的费用。另一个更严重的困难是下列问题：事实上，这个问题更像是一团乱麻。截至目前为止，地球一直占据宇宙第一的位置，也就是，中心位置。您也知道，她一直是一动不动地坐着，除了环视一下宇宙的其他星球，基本无事可做。其他或大或小，或明亮或暗淡的星球，从她头顶、身边或脚下转过，每个都行色匆匆，如此紧张，如此激烈，以至于我们即便想上一想都会觉得头晕目眩。如此，一切似乎都是为她服务的。宇宙看上去好像一个皇庭，地球似乎端坐在宝座上，其他星球围在她周围，像朝臣、护卫、仆人，各自忙着自己的活计。正因如此，地球一直认为自己是宇宙的女王。实际上，假如情况仍同过去一样的话，我们不能说她的想法是毫无道理的。事实上，我不能否认她的这一想法是建立在良好的基础之上的。那么，我再告诉您人类又会有什么反应。我们认为，并将永远认为，我们自己才是地球所有生灵中第一个同时也是最重要的生物。我们每一个人，即便衣衫褴褛，即便只啃着一小块干面包，无一不觉得自己如国王般重要。这个国王不是君士坦丁堡的君主，德国的君主，或半个地球的君主——例如过去的罗马皇帝——而是整个宇宙的君主，太阳的君主，所有行星的君主，也是所有看得见的、看不见的恒星们的君主。他还是万物之源，是所有恒星、行星，还有阁下您及一切的最终渊源。但是现在，假如我们要求地球放弃现在的中心位置，让她奔跑、转动，不停地忙碌，去做那些到目前为止只有其他星球才做的事情；最后，她会变为其他星球中的一员——这就意味着逼迫地球陛下以及人类的皇帝陛下们禅位，并放弃王国——他们只剩下司空常见的破衣烂衫和凄楚悲凉。

太阳　你到底在说什么呀？我亲爱的尼古拉（Nicholas）神父，也许你是害怕这个行为会招致叛国罪？

哥白尼　不是这样的，最明亮先生。要是我没有记错的话，没有任何一部法典、法律精要、公法丛书、帝国法、民法、自然法中曾提及过

此类叛国罪。我的意思是说我们的这项任务不像乍看上去那样，是简单的物质层面的事情。它的后果不单单显示在物理层面上，因为它将会颠覆尊卑秩序阶梯上的所有阶层以及事物的现存秩序。它将会扭转生物们的目标，由此将会引起玄学中前所未有的巨大变革，并波及其他任何涉及思辨方面知识的领域。因此，如果人类有能力并且愿意进行理性思考的话，他们会发现自己和之前的自己完全不同，并且和他们之前自己对自我的认识也完全不一样。

太阳　孩子，这些事都不会吓倒我。因为我既尊重玄学也尊重物理学，同样也尊重化学——或者如果你愿意还有通灵术。人类应该对他们现有的样子感到满足。假使他们不喜欢现在的样子，那就让他们继续进行他们颠三倒四的推理，继续反驳事实性证据，毕竟在这些方面他们都得心应手。如是，他们还会继续把自己假想成想象中的样子——男爵、公爵、皇帝或其他什么他们喜欢的样子。虽然这些会带给他们安慰，但是他们的评判不会对我有丝毫影响。

哥白尼　好的。我们先不谈人类和地球。但是，请考虑一下，我的最明亮先生，我们试想一下其他星球会怎样。当他们看到地球变成他们中的一员，做着和他们同样的事，他们不会愿意再这么光秃秃和灰扑扑的，像以前一样荒凉和凄惨——凭什么地球可以有这么多装饰？他们也同样想拥有河流、海洋、山脉、植被以及动物和居民，因为他们看不到自己为什么要低于地球的级别？宇宙也将会发生一个巨大变革：每一处都会有无数新家庭像雨后春笋般冒出来。

太阳　那你就让他们冒出来呗。让他们自由发展。我的光和热已经足够他们所有人使用——不会增加多余的费用。宇宙有足够的储备供他们吃饭、穿衣、居住，并慷慨地善待他们而不会因此而负债。

哥白尼　但是，最明亮先生，请再仔细考虑一下。您将会看到另外一个混乱局面。那些星星们，当他们看到你坐着，不是坐在板凳上而是

坐在御座上，四周围绕着这么美丽的朝廷和众多的行星——他们，也同样地，不会满足于要求坐下休息，还会要求上位。为了统治需要，必须有臣民。因此，他们会要求像您一样——每人都有自己的行星。这些新的行星也同样需要像地球一样被装饰和被居住。此处，我不再向您提及可怜的人类了——与当前世界相比他们已经无足轻重。无以计数的世界蜂拥而出，连银河里最小的星星都拥有了行星，未来将会变成什么？即便我们只考虑您的得失，让我来说到目前为止，您的位置至少是第二位的，仅次于地球——没有人能和您匹敌，因为其他星星绝没有胆量和您相提并论，但是，在这个新宇宙世界里，您有很多同级，因为它们也有自己的世界。请慎之又慎，以确保您所做的这种改变不会损伤你的尊严。

太阳　你难道不记得你们的凯撒大帝曾说过，在他穿越阿尔卑斯（Alps）山脉时，他碰巧路过一些可怜的野人的茅草屋——他说他宁愿做那个茅草屋的第一人也不愿做罗马的第二人？同理，我宁愿做我的世界里的第一人，也不愿意做宇宙的第二名。我改变现状的初衷不是野心，而仅仅是对安宁的热爱。更确切地说，是对懒散的热爱。因此，我不在乎有没有同级，也不在乎是在第一位还是最后一位。我和西塞罗（Cicero）不同，我感兴趣的是悠闲而不是尊严。

哥白尼　最明亮先生，只要我力所能及，我会尽全力助您实现您的悠闲，不过，恐怕即便我帮您实现这个愿望，它也不会持久。首先，我几乎可以肯定用不了多少年，您就得被迫和水井里的滑轮一样，或像石磨一样转个不休——尽管您没有移动位置。进而，我怀疑最终，也就是迟早，您会发现您不得不再次奔跑。我不是说绕着地球跑。不过，您又不会在乎这些？也许您的自转就是您再次奔跑的原因。好了，即使如此，不管困难如何、如何筹措，如果您还是坚持先前的决定，我将会鼎力相助。如若本次方案最终无果，您要相信我确实能力欠佳——而别说我并不是个果敢的人。

太阳　好的，我的哥白尼，请试一下。

哥白尼　只剩下一个困难了。

太阳　告诉我，是什么？

哥白尼　我不想因为这件事，而把自己像凤凰那样活活烧死。如果真的发生了，我感觉我肯定不可能像那只鸟似的从灰烬中重生。因此，从现在起我不会再出现在阁下您面前了。

太阳　听着，哥白尼，你知道在你们的哲学家和科学家还未出生的时候——我的意思是说——当诗人占据主导位置的时候——我曾经是个预言家。现在请你让我最后一次预测未来，根据我古代的记忆，我希望你能相信我。从而，我会告诉你之后发生了什么。即使那些支持你的人被烧焦了或遭遇类似情况，但是你自己，如我能看到的，不会因此而受苦。假如你想更安全一些的话，遵循这个建议：请你把这本你撰写的书献给教皇。这样，我保证你甚至不会失去你的祭司位置。

年历小贩和一名路人的对话

小贩　年历，新年历。新日历，您需要年历吗，先生？

路人　新年年历？

小贩　是的，先生。

路人　你觉得这个新年会很快乐吗？

小贩　当然，先生，肯定的。

路人　跟去年一样？

小贩　比去年好，好很多呢。

路人　会和前年一样吗？

小贩　比前年好，先生，好很多呢。

路人　但是，新年会像哪一年呢？你不希望新年像以往的某一年一样吗？

小贩　不，先生，我不想。

路人　你是多少年前开始卖年历的？

小贩　肯定是二十年前了，先生。

路人　你希望今年的新年像过去二十年中的哪一个？

小贩　我？我不知道。

路人　你难道不记得某个感觉特别幸福的新年吗？

小贩　说真的，我不知道，先生。

路人　但是生活是美丽的，不是吗？

小贩　这个大家都知道的。

路人　你难道不想把这二十年重新再过一遍吗，从你出生那天开始，过去所有的年月？

小贩　嗯，我亲爱的先生，我祈求上帝可以让我这样。

路人　但是，假如是让你过和以前一模一样的生活怎么样——经历它所有的痛苦和欢乐？

小贩　我可不希望这样。

路人　那么，你希望重新过什么样的生活呢，是我这样的生活，或者是一个王子的生活，还是别的什么人的生活？你是否想过，无论是我、王子，还是其他人，都会给出和你一样的回答？假如能够重新把以前的生活再过一遍，没有人会乐意这么做？

小贩　我也这么想的。

路人　你不愿意再回去，除非换另一种生活？

小贩　对，先生，我真的不愿意。

路人　不过，你希望过哪种生活呢？

小贩　任何一种，上帝给我哪种都可以，只要没有附加条件就行。

路人　随便哪一种。事先也不知道，就像我们不知道新年会是什么样似的？

小贩　完全正确。

路人　如果我能够重新生活，我也会这么选择。每个人大抵都会如此吧？但是这意味着截至今年年底，命运对每个人都未加以善待啊。很明显，每个人都认为分给自己的不幸多于，或大于幸运——如果要把以前的生活再过一遍，重新经历它所有的好与恶，没有人愿意重生。美丽的人生不是我们已知的人生，而是未知的人生，它不是过去的人生，而是将来的人生。这个新年，命运将会善待你、我和所有人，幸福的人生即将开始。不是吗？

小贩　希望如此吧。

路人　那好，让我看一下你最漂亮的年历。

小贩　给您，先生，一共三十分。

路人　这是三十分。

小贩　谢谢您，先生，再见。年历，新年历，新日历。

Giacomo Leopardi

Dialogue Between Fashion and Death

TRANSLATED BY GIOVANNI CECCHETTI

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Dialogue Between Hercules and Atlas

HERCULES. Father Atlas, Jove sends me and wants me to bring you his greetings, and in case you are tired of that burden, he wants me to take it on my shoulders for a few hours, as I did I don't remember how many centuries ago, so that you can catch your breath and rest a little.

ATLAS. I thank you, my little Hercules; I also feel much obliged to His Majesty Jove. But the world has become so light that this cloak I wear to protect myself from the snow is much heavier. And if it weren't that Jove forces me to stand still here, balancing this little ball on my back, I'd put it under my arm or in my pocket, or I'd let it dangle from a hair of my beard, and then I'd go about my business.

HERCULES. How has it gotten so light? I can see that it has changed shape and that it has become like a bread roll, and it's no longer round as it was when I studied cosmography for that enormous voyage with the Argonauts, but still, I don't understand why it should weigh less than it used to.

ATLAS. I don't know the reason either. But you can verify its lightness yourself if you take it in your hand for a moment and feel its weight.

HERCULES. By Hercules, if I hadn't felt it myself, I could never have believed it. But what kind of novelty is this that I discover? The last time I carried it, it throbbed strongly on my back, like the heart of an animal, and it

made a continuous buzzing roar that sounded like a hornet's nest. But now, it ticks like a watch with a broken spring; and it doesn't make the slightest buzz of any kind.

ATLAS. I can't explain this either except that a long time ago the world stopped giving signs of any motion and noise; and, personally, I had a very strong suspicion that it was dead, and from day to day I expected to be infected with its stench. So I was trying to figure out how and where I could bury it and the kind of inscription I should put over its grave. But when I saw that it didn't rot, I concluded that from the animal that it was at first it had turned into a plant, like Daphne and many others, and that this was the reason it didn't stir or breathe. And even now I am afraid that it will soon put down roots and plant them into my shoulders.

HERCULES. I rather believe that it is asleep and that this sleep is of the same kind as that of Epimenides, which lasted more than half a century; or that of Hermotimus, whose soul, they say, used to leave his body whenever it wanted to and remain absent for many years, happily wandering about various countries and then coming back – until his friends, to put an end to such pranks, burned the body. And so when the spirit returned to get back into its home, it found it destroyed, and if it wanted a lodging, it had either to rent another one or to go to an inn. But to make sure that the world will not sleep forever and that some friend or benefactor won't set it on ffire, thinking that it is dead, I say that we should try to wake it up.

ATLAS. Good. But how?

HERCULES. I'd let it have a good whack of my club; but I am afraid I'd

thoroughly flatten it into a pancake; or perhaps I'd crack it like an egg since its shell feels so light that it must have become quite thin. And I'm not so sure that men, who used to fight lions with their bare hands, and now fight fleas, wouldn't all faint away from the blow. The best thing is for me to get rid of my club and for you to take off your cloak and then for us to play ball with this tiny globe. I'm sorry I haven't brought the gauntlets or rackets Mercury and I use when we play in Jove's house or his back yard, but our fists should be enough.

ATLAS. Good idea! And what if your father, seeing us play, feels like joining us in the game and throws one of his fireballs and makes us tumble – who knows where – just like Phaethon into the Po?

HERCULES. True, if, like Phaethon, I were a poet's son and not his and if I weren't such that – while poets peopled the cities by the sounds of their lyres – I could unpeople heaven and earth by the sound of my club. And with a kick I would send his fireball flying all the way to the last ceiling of the Empyrean. But you can be sure that even if I got it into my head to unnail five or six stars for a game of cobnuts or to do target shooting with a comet and use it as a sling by holding it by the tail or even to use the sun itself in discus throwing, my father would pretend not to see. Then, in this game our intention is to do good to the world, and it is not like that of Phaethon, who wanted to show off his agility to the hours, who held his stepping block when he climbed into the cart and who also wanted to gain the reputation of being a good charioteer with Andromeda and Callisto and with the other fair constellations, to whom, as we are told, he flung in passing bouquets of rays and candied little balls of light. In fact, he wanted to make a show of himself

before the gods during their promenade that day, which, as you know, was a holiday. So don't worry about my father's being angry; in any case, I promise that I will pay you the damages. Now let's get going. Take off your cloak and throw the ball.

ATLAS. Like it or not, I'd better do as you say; you're strong and armed, and I'm old and without weapons. At least be careful not to let it fall so that it doesn't get any more bumps and doesn't get bruised or cracked, as when Sicily broke off from Italy and Africa from Spain; or a splinter may tear off – like a province or a kingdom – and there may be a war as a result.

HERCULES. Don't worry.

ATLAS. Your turn to serve. Don't you see that it's limping because it's out of shape?

HERCULES. Come on. Hit it harder; your serves don't reach me.

ATLAS. It's not the hitting; the wind comes from the southwest, as is usual here, and the ball is carried by the wind – it's so light.

HERCULES. It's the same old story; always chasing after the wind.

ATLAS. Actually, it wouldn't be a bad idea to inflate it, for it doesn't bounce off the ffist any more than a melon does.

HERCULES. This is a new flaw, for in ancient times it bounced and jumped like a mountain goat.

ATLAS. Run! Quick! Quick! I say. Don't let it fall; damn the moment you

came here!

HERCULES. You served it to me so badly and so low that I couldn't have caught it even if I'd broken my neck running. Oh, poor thing, how are you? Did you hurt yourself? I can't hear anyone breathing; I can't see a soul stirring; they're all still asleep.

ATLAS. Let me have it, by all the horns of the Styx, so that I may settle it again on my shoulders. And you pick up your club, and go back to heaven as fast as you can, and apologize for me to Jove for this accident, which was all your fault.

HERCULES. I'll do so. For many centuries a certain poet by the name of Horace has been a guest in my father's house, where he was admitted as court poet upon the recommendation of Augustus, who had been deified by Jove out of consideration for the power of the Romans. This poet keeps singing certain songs of his; in one of them he says that a just man remains unmoved even if the world falls. I must think that now all men are just, for the world has fallen and no one has moved.

ATLAS. Who ever doubted the justice of men? But stop wasting time; run and hurry to clear me with your father; for I am afraid that at any moment a thunder-bolt will turn me from Atlas into Etna.

Dialogue Between Fashion and Death

FASHION. Madam Death, Madam Death.

DEATH. Wait for your time, and I'll come without your calling me.

FASHION. Madam Death.

DEATH. Go to hell. I'll come when you don't want me.

FASHION. As if I weren't immortal.

DEATH. Immortal?

'More than a thousand years have passed'since the time of the immortals.

FASHION. Oh, our Madam spews Petrarch too, just like a sixteenth- or nineteenth-century Italian poet.

DEATH. I love Petrarch's poetry because there I find my Triumph and because it mentions me almost everywhere. But now get out of my way.

FASHION. Come, in the name of your love for the seven deadly sins, stop a moment and look at me.

DEATH. I'm looking.

FASHION. Don't you recognize me?

DEATH. You should know that I don't see very well and that I can't wear glasses because the English don't make any that fit me, and even if they did, I wouldn't know how to keep them on.

FASHION. I'm Fashion, your sister.

DEATH. My sister?

FASHION. Yes. Don't you remember that we are both Caducity's daughters?

DEATH. What can I remember, I who am memory's greatest enemy?

FASHION. But I remember well; and I know that you and I together keep undoing and changing things down here on earth although you go about it one way and I another.

DEATH. If you are not talking to yourself or to someone who is inside your throat, raise your voice and chisel your words better; if you keep mumbling between your teeth with that spider-web voice of yours, I'll never hear you, for if you don't know it already, my hearing is no better than my eyesight.

FASHION. Even if it isn't good manners – and in France people don't speak in order to be heard – and since we are sisters and don't have to stand on ceremony, I'll speak as you want. I'm saying that it is our nature and our custom to keep renovating the world. But right from the start you threw yourself on people and on blood, whereas I'm generally satisfied with beards, hair, clothes, furnishings, buildings, and the like. It is quite true, however,

that I haven't refrained – nor am I refraining now – from playing many games comparable with yours, such as, for instance, piercing ears, lips, or noses with holes and causing them to be torn by the trinkets I hang in those holes; charring the flesh of men with red-hot brands, as I make them do for beauty's sake; misshaping the heads of babies with bandages and other trappings, making it a custom for all the men of a country to have their heads in the same shape, as I have done in America and in Asia; crippling people with tight shoes; cutting off their breath and making their eyes pop out because of their tight corsets; and a hundred other such things. As a matter of fact and generally speaking, I persuade and force all genteel men to endure daily a thousand hardships and a thousand discomforts and often pain and torment and I even get some of them to die gloriously for love of me. I won't tell you about the headaches, the colds, the inflamations of all kinds, the quotidian, tertian, or quartan fevers that men catch to obey me, agreeing to shiver in the cold or to stifle in the heat according to my wishes, by protecting their shoulders with wool and their chests with cloth, and by doing everything my way, no matter how much it hurts them.

DEATH. Then I believe that indeed you are my sister and, if you want me to, I'll hold it more certain than death itself – without your having to prove it with a parish birth certificate. But if I keep this still, I'll faint. So, if you feel like running next to me, be sure you don't croak, for I go fast; and as we run, you can tell me about your business. Or else, in view of our family ties, I promise you that upon my death I'll leave you everything I have, and you can stay where you are with my best wishes.

FASHION. If we were to run the Palio together, I don't know which one of

us would win the race, for whereas you can run, I can go faster than a gallop; and whereas you faint by standing still in one place, I waste away. So let's start running again, and, as you say, as we run, we'll talk about our affairs.

DEATH. Let's get on with it. And since you were born from my mother's womb, it would be good if you would help me in some way with my chores.

FASHION. I have done that in the past more often than you think. First of all, though I continuously cancel and distort all the other customs, I've never in any place allowed the practice of dying to stop; and because of this, you can see it going on everywhere from the very beginning of the world until today.

DEATH. Some miracle – that you didn't do what you couldn't.

FASHION. What do you mean I couldn't? Obviously you don't seem to know the power of fashion.

DEATH. All right, all right! We'll have plenty of time to talk about that when the custom of not dying has come. But for the moment I would like you, as a good sister, to help me obtain the opposite goal more easily and more speedily than I have done so far.

FASHION. I have already told you about some of my doings that are of great assistance to you. But they are trifles in comparison with what I am going to tell you now. A little at a time, but mostly during these past years, to help you out, I have caused the neglect and the elimination of the exertion and those exercises which favor physical well-being, and I have introduced innumerable others that weaken the body in a thousand ways and shorten life

and have caused them to be valued highly. In addition to this, I have put in the world such orders and such customs that life itself, both of the body and of the soul, is more dead than alive, so much so that this century can truly be called the century of death. And while in ancient times you had no other property except ditches and caves – where you sowed bones and dust in the darkness, which are seeds that bear no fruit – now you have land in the sun; and the people who move and walk about with their own feet are, so to speak, entirely yours even without harvesting them – as a matter of fact from the very moment they are born. Furthermore, if in the past you were generally hated and reviled, nowadays, because of my doings, things have come to such a point that whoever has any intelligence values and praises you, preferring you to life, and loves you so much as to call you constantly and to look to you as their greatest hope. Finally, I saw many boasting that they would become immortal, that is to say, they would not die completely because a good part of them would not fall into your hands. Although I knew that this was nonsense and that if those or any other people lived in the memory of mankind, their life would become a joke and they wouldn't enjoy their fame any more than they would suffer from the humidity of their tombs – in any case, seeing that this business of immortality stung you, because it seemed to injure your honor and your reputation – I have done away with this custom of seeking immortality and also of bestowing it on anyone who might deserve it. So now if someone dies, you can rest assured that there isn't a particle of him that isn't dead, and he'd better go right underground in his entirety, just like a fish who's swallowed up head and bones in a mouthful. These things are neither few nor slight, and I have done them for your sake – as I wanted to advance your domain on earth, as has happened. For this purpose I am ready to do the same, and more, each day; and for this reason I looked for you. And

I think it desirable that from now on we should always stay together, for in this manner we'll be able to talk things over and reach the best decisions, as well as carry them out.

DEATH. You are quite right. Let's do as you say.

Dialogue Between the Earth and the Moon

EARTH. My dear Moon, I know that you can speak and answer questions because you are a person, as I have often heard from the poets. Also, our children say that you, in fact, have a mouth, nose, and eyes, just like their own, and this they can see with their very eyes, which, at their age, must naturally be extremely sharp. As for me, I have no doubt that you know that I am no less a person, so much so that when I was younger, I had many children, so you will not be surprised if you hear me speak. Well then, my sweet Moon, although I have been your neighbor for so many more centuries than I can remember, I never said a word to you until now, for I was so busy with my chores that I did not have any time left for a chat. But now my affairs are of very little consequence; as a matter of fact, I can state that they take care of themselves. I don't know what to do, and I'm bored to death. So I plan to talk to you often in the future and to take an interest in your affairs – if I don't trouble you too much.

MOON. Don't worry about that. I wish Fortune would give me as little trouble as I am certain you will give me. If you feel like talking to me, talk as much as you want, for although I am a friend of silence, as I think you know, I shall listen to you and shall be happy to answer your questions if that can be of help to you.

EARTH. Do you hear this delightful music, which the heavenly bodies make with their movements?

MOON. To tell you the truth, I don't hear anything.

EARTH. I don't hear anything either, except the roar of the wind rushing from my poles to the equator and from the equator to my poles – and it doesn't seem anything like music. Yet Pythagoras says that the celestial spheres make a certain music, so sweet that it is indeed wondrous and that you yourself have a part in it, for you are the eighth string of this universal lyre, which I don't hear because I am deafened by that very music.

MOON. Then I must surely be deafened too, for, as I said, I don't hear it; and I didn't know I was a string.

EARTH. Then let's change the subject. Tell me, are you really inhabited, as so many philosophers, ancient and modern, from Orpheus to De La Lande, state and swear? Though, like a big snail, I try to stretch these horns of mine, which men call mountains and peaks and with whose tips I keep staring at you, I have never been able to discover a single inhabitant on you – and yet I hear that one David Fabricius, whose eyesight was keener than that of Linceus himself, once discovered a number of them as they were hanging their laundry in the sun.

MOON. As to your horns, I don't know anything. The fact is that I'm inhabited.

EARTH. What color are those men of yours?

MOON. What men?

EARTH. Those who inhabit you. Didn't you say you are inhabited?

MOON. Yes. And so?

EARTH. And so, your inhabitants cannot all be animals.

MOON. Neither animals nor men, though I don't know what kind of creatures they are – either of them. As a matter of fact, I haven't been able to understand an iota of what you have been saying about men, as I think you call them.

EARTH. But what kind of people are yours?

MOON. Very many and different kinds; you don't know them just as I don't know yours.

EARTH. That is very strange to me, so much so that if I hadn't heard it from you yourself, I could not believe it for anything in the world. Have you ever been conquered by any of your inhabitants?

MOON. Not that I know of. And how? And why?

EARTH. Through ambition, through greed for other people's possessions, by means of politics, by force of arms.

MOON. I do not know what you mean by arms, ambition, politics; in short, I don't know what you are talking about.

EARTH. But if you don't know about arms, you certainly know about war, for not long ago, one of our scientists with the help of a telescope – which is an instrument made to see very far – discovered a great fortress up there with regular and straight bastions, which is a sign that your people are at least

acquainted with sieges and mural combats.

MOON. Excuse me, Madame Earth, if I answer you a little more freely than becomes one of your subjects or servants, as I am. But really, you strike me as rather vain if you think that all things in every part of the world are like your own; as if Nature were only intent on reproducing you in everything she did. I say that I am inhabited, and from this you conclude that my inhabitants must be men. I inform you that they are not; and although you accept the fact that they are different creatures, you assume that they have the same qualities and live under the same conditions as your people; and you bring up the telescope of some scientist or other. But if this telescope doesn't see more clearly in other cases than in this one, I must believe that its eyesight is as good as your children's, who discover in me eyes, mouth, nose – which I don't know anything about.

EARTH. Then it isn't true that in your provinces there are broad-paved roads and that you are cultivated – as can be clearly seen from the German regions with a telescope.

MOON. If I am cultivated, I don't know anything about it. And as to my roads, I do not see them.

EARTH. My dear Moon, you must know that I am somewhat dense and slow, and no wonder men fool me so easily. But I can tell you that even if your own people have never tried to conquer you, nonetheless, you weren't always free from danger; for at various times many people down here got it into their heads to conquer you themselves, and for that purpose they made plans and preparations. But even though they climbed to the highest points

and raised themselves on their tiptoes and stretched out their arms, they could not reach you. Moreover, I have seen for many years men minutely scrutinize every part of you, drawing maps of your regions, and measuring the height of your mountains, which we even know by name. I thought I should tell you these things out of my affection and consideration for you so that you'd be prepared for any emergency. Now, let me ask you a couple of questions. How annoyed are you by the dogs barking at you? What do you think of those who point you out in wells? Are you male or female? In ancient times people were not quite sure. Is it true that the Arcadians came into the world before you? That your women – or whatever I should call them – are oviparous, and that one of their eggs fell down here some time ago? And that you are pierced in the middle like rosary beads, as a modern scientist believes? That you are made of green cheese, as the English say? That one day, or perhaps one night, Mohammed cut you in half, just like a watermelon, and that a large chunk of your body slipped into his sleeve? How happy are you to sit on the tops of minarets? How do you feel about the feast of Bairam?

MOON. Go right ahead. When you go on like this, I don't need to answer you and break my usual silence. If you like to spend your time with such nonsense and cannot find anything else to talk about, instead of turning to me who cannot understand you, you'd do better to get men to build you another planet, made and inhabited the way you like, to whirl around you. You can't talk of anything else but men, dogs, and other such things, about which I know no more than about that gigantic sun, around which they say our own sun revolves.

EARTH. Truly, as I talk to you, the more I resolve to avoid speaking about

my own things, the less I succeed. But from now on, I'll try to be more careful. Tell me, are you the one who enjoys making the water of my seas rise and then enjoys letting it fall?

MOON. Maybe. But supposing I do to you this or anything else, I don't notice it at all, as in the same way you probably don't notice your influence up here, which must be much greater than mine on you, as you are greater in size and strength.

EARTH. Actually, the only thing I know about the influence I have on you is that every once in a while I take away the light of the sun from you, and I take away your own light from myself. I also know that during your nights I shine very brightly on you, as I myself can see at times. But I was forgetting something that is more important than anything else. I would like to know if really, as Ariosto writes, everything that man loses – such as youth, beauty, health, the labors and the expenses invested in learning and in gaining fame, in bringing up children according to the norms of good behavior, in founding or promoting useful institutions – everything goes and collects up there so that all human things can be found in you, except folly, which never leaves mankind. If this is true, I suppose you must be so full that you have no room to spare, especially if we consider that in recent times men have lost a great many things (such as patriotism, virtue, magnanimity, integrity), not only in part and not only a few of them, as happened in the past, but all together and completely. And certainly, if those things are not up there, I don't know in what other place they could be found. Therefore, I would like to make a pact with you. You'll start returning all these things to me now, and then you'll keep doing so as the opportunity arises. After all, I think that you yourself

would be glad to be rid of them, especially common sense, which, as I understand, takes a tremendous amount of space. I would see to it that every year men would pay you a substantial sum of money.

MOON. And there you speak of men again. Although, as you state, folly does not leave your regions, you seek men's wits while you try to take my own away from me. I don't know where they are, if they are disappearing or if they remain in any part of the world; all I know is that they cannot be found here, just as one cannot find any of the other things you have been asking about.

EARTH. At least you can tell me if up there people are acquainted with vice, crime, calamity, pain, old age, in short, evils. Do you understand these words?

MOON. Oh yes. I surely understand them. And not only the words but the things they mean; I know them perfectly well, for I am filled with them – rather than with the other things you mentioned.

EARTH. What are more prevalent among your people, virtues or vices?

MOON. Vices, by far.

EARTH. What is more abundant, good or evil?

MOON. Evil, without comparison.

EARTH. And, in general, your inhabitants are happy or unhappy?

MOON. So unhappy that I wouldn't change places with the most fortunate

of them.

EARTH. It's the same here. So much so that it is a great surprise how similar you are to me in this, whereas you are so different in everything else.

MOON. I am also similar to you in form, and in movement, and in receiving light from the sun, and this is no less surprising than the rest because evil is something common to all the planets of the universe or at least of this solar system – just as much as roundness and the other conditions I have mentioned. If you could raise your voice so high that it could be heard by Uranus or Saturn, or by any other planet of our world, and if you could ask them whether unhappiness exists on them and whether good or evil prevails among them, each would answer in the same way I have. I say this because I have already asked Venus and Mercury about the same things, for now and then I find myself closer to them than you. I have also asked some of the comets that have passed by me. All have answered in the same way as I have. And I believe that the sun himself, and every star, would give the same answer.

EARTH. In spite of all this, I am still hopeful, especially nowadays, when men are promising me great future happiness.

MOON. Hope as much as you like; I assure you that you can hope forever.

EARTH. Do you know what's going on? These men and these animals are beginning to stir and make noise. On the side from which I'm talking to you, it is night, as you can see, or rather, as you can't see; and so they were all asleep, and at the commotion that we are making while we talk, they are

waking up with great fear.

MOON. But up here, as you can see, it is daytime.

EARTH. I don't want to frighten my people or to shatter their sleep, which is the greatest blessing they have. So we'll talk again some other time. Goodbye, then; and good day.

MOON. Goodbye; and good night.

The Wager of Prometheus

In the year eight hundred thirty-three thousand two hundred and seventy-five of the reign of Jove, the College of the Muses ordered that certain posters be printed and affixed in the public places of the city and suburbs of Hypernephelus, by which all the gods, great and small, as well as the other inhabitants of the city, who recently or in former times might have made some valuable discovery, were invited to present it, either in person or in the form of a model or a description, to the judges appointed by said College. At the same time, regretting that because of their well-known poverty they could not be as generous as they would have liked, they promised, as a prize to the competitor whose invention would be judged the most beautiful and the most useful, a laurel crown with the privilege of wearing it day and night, in public and in private, within and without the city, along with the right to be painted, sculpted, engraved, molded, that is, represented in any manner and material, with such a laurel crown on the head.

Many of the gods competed for this prize, just as a pastime, something no less necessary to the inhabitants of Hypernephelus than to those of other cities – not that they had any desire for that crown, which was not worth a cotton nightcap; and as for glory, if men themselves, now that they have become philosophers, despise it, we can imagine in what kind of esteem it is held by the gods, who are so much wiser than men (as a matter of fact, according to Pythagoras and Plato, they are the only ones to be really wise). Therefore – and it was a unique ex ample, until then unheard of for similar

cases of awards offered to the most deserving – this prize was adjudged without the intrusion of solicitations or favors, of secret promises or intrigues. Three competitors won: Bacchus for the discovery of wine; Minerva for the discovery of oil, which is so necessary to the gods for daily anointing after their baths; and Vulcan for having invented an economical copper pot, by which any food can be cooked quickly and with little fire. So the prize had to be divided into three parts, with the result that each one got a small laurel branch; and all three of them refused it, either in part or in whole. Vulcan declared that as most of his time was spent working and sweating before the fire of his forge, that thing on his forehead would be a great nuisance – not to mention that it would expose him to the danger of being burned or scorched if a spark should by chance fall upon those dry leaves and set them on fire. Minerva said that since she had to hold on her head a helmet large enough to cover at once the armies of a hundred cities, as Homer writes, it was not advisable for her to increase that weight in any way. Bacchus said that he didn't want to change his hat and his crown of vine leaves for a laurel crown, although he would happily accept it if he were allowed to use it as a sign in front of his tavern. But the Muses refused to grant it to him for this purpose so that it remained in their treasury.

The other competitors did not envy the three deities who had won and had rejected the prize, nor did they complain about the judges or blame their decision, except one, Prometheus, who had entered the competition by sending in the clay model which he had used in forming the first men, adding to it a description of the qualities and functions of the human race, which he had invented. No little astonishment was caused by Prometheus's dissatisfaction in this matter, which all the others, winners and losers alike,

had taken as no more than a game. But as the reason for such dissatisfaction was investigated, it was learned that he strongly desired not the honor itself but the privilege he would have enjoyed had he been the winner. Some think that he wanted to avail himself of the laurel to protect his head against the storms, as we are told of Tiberius, who, whenever he heard thunder, put on his crown, for he believed that laurel was not susceptible to lightning. But in the city of Hypernephelus there is neither thunder nor lightning. Others, more plausibly, state that Prometheus, who was getting on in years, was beginning to lose his hair – a misfortune which he, like many others, did not like at all – and since he had not read Synesius's work in praise of baldness or, as is more likely, since he had not been convinced by it, he wanted to conceal the bareness of his head under the diadem, just as Julius Caesar did.

But to go back to our story. One day, as he was talking to Momus, Prometheus bitterly complained that wine, oil, and pots had been given preference over the human race, which he pronounced the best work the immortals had brought to the world. And since he thought that Momus was not convinced, for he advanced all kinds of arguments to the contrary, Prometheus suggested that both of them fly down to earth together and in each of its five parts stop at random in the first place they discovered to be inhabited by men; but first they made this mutual wager – with Prometheus betting that in all of the five places, or in the majority of them, they would find positive proof that man is the most perfect creature in the universe. This was acceptable to Momus, and having agreed on the amount of the wager, they immediately began their descent toward the earth. They first directed themselves to the New World, for owing to its very name and owing to the fact that no one of the immortals had ever been there, it especially excited

their curiosity. They made their first stop in the northern area of the country of Popaián, not far from the river Cauca, in a place where there appeared many signs of human habitation – traces of cultivation in the countryside, numerous trails, al -though often interrupted and mostly obstructed, trees felled and stretched out on the ground, and particularly what looked like graves, with some human bones here and there. But for all that, the two celestial creatures could neither hear a man's voice nor see a live man's shadow no matter how much they sharpened their ears or their eyes. They went on, partly walking, partly flying, for many miles, passing over mountains and rivers, and everywhere they found the same signs and the same solitude.‘How is it these places are so deserted,’said Momus to Prometheus,‘when they clearly show that they were inhabited?’Prometheus mentioned tidal waves, earthquakes, hurricanes, heavy rains, which he knew to be common in tropical regions; and, indeed, at that very time they heard in all the nearby forests rain constantly falling from the tree branches as they were shaken by the wind. But Momus could not possibly understand how that area could be subject to tidal waves – the sea being so far away that it could nowhere be seen; and he could understand still less how it had happened that earthquakes, hurricanes, and heavy rains had destroyed all the men of that country while they had spared jaguars, monkeys, foxes, anteaters, eagles, parrots, and a hundred other kinds of animals of the earth and of the air, which were visible in the area. Finally, as they descended into an immense valley, they discovered, as it were, a small heap of houses, or rather of wooden huts, covered with palm leaves – each one surrounded by a wooden fence. In front of one of them there were many people, some standing, some sitting around an earthen pot suspended over a large fire. The two celestial beings, having taken human form, approached the group. Prometheus

courteously greeted everybody and then turned to the one who appeared to be the chief and asked him what they were doing.

SAVAGE. We're eating, as you can see.

PROMETHEUS. Do you have something good to eat?

SAVAGE. Only this meat.

PROMETHEUS. Is it meat from a domestic or from a wild animal?

SAVAGE. Domestic; as a matter of fact, from my own son.

PROMETHEUS. Did you have a steer for a son, like Pasiphae?

SAVAGE. Not a steer but a man, such as all other people have.

PROMETHEUS. Do you really mean it? Do you eat your own flesh?

SAVAGE. Not my own but certainly his, for it was only for this purpose that I brought him into the world, and I cared for him and nurtured him.

PROMETHEUS. Just for the purpose of eating him?

SAVAGE. What's so strange? And his mother too! Since she is not likely to bear any more children, I'm planning to eat her soon.

MOMUS. Just as you eat the hen after having eaten the eggs.

SAVAGE. And so the other women I have ... as they become useless for childbearing ... I'll eat them too. And these slaves you see here ... do you

think I'd keep them alive if every once in a while I didn't get some of their children to eat? But as they get old, I'll eat them too, one at a time – if I live long enough.

PROMETHEUS. Tell me, those slaves – do they belong to your own people or to another?

SAVAGE. To another.

PROMETHEUS. To one very far from here?

SAVAGE. Very far, so much so that between their houses and ours there was a little stream.

Then he pointed at a low hill and added:‘There, that's where they used to live, but our people destroyed them.’At this point Prometheus noticed that many of the savages were ogling him with the kind of loving look that a cat gives a mouse. Thus, so as not to be eaten by his own creatures, he quickly took off in flight; and so did Momus with him. Both of them were so scared that as they departed, they contaminated the barbarians' food with the same kind of dirt that the Harpies out of envy showered on the tables of the Trojans. But the savages, more hungry and less squeamish than Aeneas's companions, continued their meal.

Prometheus, quite disappointed with the New World, immediately directed his course toward the oldest world, that is to say, toward Asia; and having covered in not much more than an instant the distance between the new and the ancient Indies, both of them made their descent near Agra, in a field overflowing with a vast multitude of people gathered on the edge of a

trench crammed with wood – on whose brim you could see on one side some men with lighted torches, ready to set the wood afire, and on the other, on a platform, a young woman wearing extremely sumptuous clothes and all kinds of barbaric ornaments, who was dancing and shouting and showing signs of the most extravagant joyfulness. As he saw this, Prometheus imagined a new Lucretia or a new Virginia, or an emulator of Erechtheus's daughters, of Iphigenia, of Codrus, of Menecius, of Curtius, and of Decius, who, following the command of some oracle, would voluntarily offer herself up in sacrifice for her country. When he later learned that the woman was sacrificing herself because of her husband's death, he thought that she, not unlike Alcestis, wanted to buy back her husband's life at the price of her own. But having further ascertained that she was preparing herself to be burned alive only because this was the custom among the widows of her group, that she had always hated her husband, that she was drunk, and that the dead man, rather than coming back to life, was to be burned in that very same fire, Prometheus immediately turned his back on that spectacle and headed for Europe. On the way, he held this conversation with his companion.

MOMUS. Would you ever have thought, when with enormous risk you stole fire from heaven to give it to men, that some of them would use it to cook one another in pots and some others to burn themselves voluntarily to death?

PROMETHEUS. Certainly not. But don't forget, dear Momus, that those we have seen so far are barbarians and that the nature of men should not be judged from barbarians but from civilized people toward whom we are now traveling. I'm firmly convinced that among them we'll see and hear things that not only will seem worthy of praise but will also fill you with astonishment.

MOMUS. If men are the most perfect species in the universe, I don't see why they need to be civilized in order not to burn themselves to death or not to eat their own children. The other animals are all barbarians, and yet they don't deliberately burn themselves, except the phoenix, who has never been seen by anyone; those who eat any of their own kind are extremely rare, and still rarer are those who feed on their own offspring – and then only because of some strange accident and not because they've brought them into the world for this purpose. Note also that of the five parts of the world, only one, by far the smallest and not even all of it, plus some minimal areas of another part, are endowed with that civilization that you acclaim. And I don't think that you yourself will maintain that this civilization is so complete that nowadays the men of Paris or of Philadelphia have reached all the perfection of which their species is capable. Now, how long did those people have to work and suffer to reach a state of civilization which is not yet perfect? As many years as those that can be counted from the origin of man to our day. And almost all the inventions that were either most necessary or most conducive to the attainment of a civilized state have had their origins not in design but in chance so that human civilization is more the work of accident than of natural development; and where those accidents have not occurred, the people are still barbarians, although they are just as old as the civilized ones. Therefore, I conclude, if barbarians show themselves in many ways inferior to any other animal; if civilization, which is the opposite of barbarism, is even today the prerogative of a small part of the human race; and if, additionally, this small part has been able to reach the present civilized condition only after innumerable centuries, and mostly by accident rather than by any other cause; and finally, if this condition is far from being perfect – I wonder if you would consider that your judgment of the human race might be more correct if you

shortened it in this manner, that is to say, by stating that the human race is indeed supreme among all the others, as you think, but supreme in imperfection rather than in perfection – although men, in speaking and in judging, continually mistake one for the other, for they draw their conclusions from premises which they have themselves devised and which they hold to be tangible truths. It is certain that the other species of creatures have been totally perfect from the very beginning, each according to its own nature. And even if it weren't clear that a savage, considered in relation to the other animals, is the worst of all, I fail to understand why being extremely imperfect in one's own nature, as man appears to be, should be valued as a greater condition of perfection than that of all other creatures. We should add that human civilization, which is so difficult to attain, and perhaps impossible to bring to completion, is not so stable that it cannot disintegrate, as has, in fact, happened many times and among various people who had acquired a good measure of it. In short, I am of the opinion that if your brother Epimetheus had brought before the judges the model he must have used when he formed the first donkey or the first frog, he would have perhaps won the prize you couldn't get. However, I'll be happy to concede that man is a most perfect creature if you decide to say that his perfection is like the one Plotinus attributed to the world, which, said Plotinus, is excellent and perfect in absolute; but to be perfect, the world must contain, among other things, all possible evils as well; for, in fact, we can find in it as much evil as it can possibly hold. And in this sense, I would probably also concede to Leibniz that the present world is the best of all possible worlds.

There is no doubt that Prometheus had a ready answer – clear, precise, and logical – to all these arguments; but it is equally certain that he did not

produce it; for at that very moment they found themselves over the city of London. They descended and saw a great multitude of people gathering by the door of a private house. They joined the crowd and entered the house; there they found a man lying on his back in a bed with a pistol in his hand; he was dead, a wound in his chest; and next to him lay two small children, also dead. Several members of the house staff were also in the room, as well as some magistrates, who were questioning them, while a clerk wrote down their answers.

PROMETHEUS. Who are these wretched people?

A SERVANT. My master and his children.

PROMETHEUS. Who killed them?

SERVANT. My master, all three of them.

PROMETHEUS. You mean to say, his children and himself?

SERVANT. Yes!

PROMETHEUS. Incredible! Something really terrible must have happened to him.

SERVANT. Not to my knowledge.

PROMETHEUS. But perhaps he was poor, despised by everyone, disappointed in love, or in disfavor with the Court.

SERVANT. On the contrary! He was very rich, and I think everyone held

him in high esteem; to love he was indifferent, and he was very much in favor with the Court.

PROMETHEUS. Then, how did he get so desperate?

SERVANT. Because of the tedium of life, as he has declared in writing.

PROMETHEUS. And these magistrates – what are they doing?

SERVANT. They are inquiring whether my master had lost his mind or not; for if he hadn't, his property goes to the Crown; and indeed there is no way to avoid that.

PROMETHEUS. But tell me, had he no friend or relative to whom he could entrust these small children instead of killing them?

SERVANT. Yes, he did, and, among others, one to whom he was especially close and to whom he has entrusted his dog.

Momus was about to congratulate Prometheus on the good effects of civilization and on the happiness which it seemed to bring to men's lives; he also wanted to remind him that no other animal, except man, kills himself voluntarily or takes the lives of his own children out of sheer desperation. But Prometheus was ahead of him and, without caring about seeing the two remaining parts of the world, paid him the wager.

Dialogue Between Nature and an Icelander

An Icelander, who had traveled most of the world and had visited many different countries, was once wandering in the interior of Africa when he crossed the equator into a region never before explored by man. There he met with an adventure similar to the one encountered by Vasco da Gama, when he doubled the Cape of Good Hope and the Cape itself, which stands guard over the Austral seas, came toward him in the form of a giant to dissuade him from entering those uncharted waters. The Icelander saw an enormous bust far away in the distance. At first he imagined it to be made of stone, like those colossal figures he had seen on Easter Island many years before. But as he drew nearer, he discovered that it was the huge body of a woman, seated on the ground, her bust erect and her back and her elbow resting against a mountain. And she was not a statue, but alive – her face at once beautiful and awesome, her eyes and her hair raven black. She looked at him fixedly for some time, without speaking. Finally she said:

NATURE. Who are you? What are you looking for in these regions, where so far your species has been unknown?

ICELANDER. I'm a poor Icelander and am fleeing Nature. I have fled her nearly all my life in a hundred areas of the earth, and now I'm fleeing her in this area.

NATURE. So flees the squirrel from the rattlesnake until he finally falls into

its jaws. I am she from whom you're fleeing.

ICELANDER. Nature?

NATURE. No one else.

ICELANDER. I regret it to the depths of my soul, for I firmly believe that no greater misfortune could happen to me.

NATURE. You should have known that I would be found especially around these parts, where, as you know, my power is more evident than elsewhere. But what prompted you to run away from me?

ICELANDER. Let me tell you that since my early youth and after a little experience, I became aware and convinced of the vanity of life and of the stupidity of men, who fight one another continually for pleasures that don't please and for goods that don't help; they endure and inflict on one another innumerable worries and innumerable troubles, which actually harass and injure; and thus the more they seek happiness, the farther away they get from it. As a result of these perceptions, I abandoned all other desires and resolved to lead an obscure and quiet life, without bothering anyone, without trying to advance myself in any way, without competing with anyone for any good in the world. And without hoping for any kind of pleasure – which is something that's denied our species – I did not set for myself any other goal than to stay away from suffering. With this I don't mean to say that I intended to abstain from work and physical labor, for, as you well know, there is a difference between labor and discomfort and between a quiet and an idle life. As soon as I began to carry out this resolution, I learned by experience how vain it is to

think that if you live among men and you don't hurt anyone, you may also avoid being hurt by others; and that if you spontaneously withdraw and are satisifed with the minimum, you may be allowed a little place somewhere, and this minimum may not be taken away from you. But I easily freed myself from the hostility of men by removing myself from their society and by retiring into solitude – which in my native island can be accomplished without difficulty. After doing this and living almost without any trace of pleasure, I still could not exist without suffering because the intense cold of the long winters and the extreme heat of the summers, which are typical of that region, tormented me continually; and the fire, next to which I was forced to spend much of my time, dried up my flesh and tortured my eyes with smoke so that neither inside my house nor in the open air could I save myself from perpetual discomfort. Nor could I lead that quiet life to which I especially turned all my aspirations, for the frightening storms on land and sea, the rumblings and the threats of Mount Hekla, the fear of fires, which are extremely frequent in wooden houses such as ours, never ceased to disturb me. In a constantly uniform life, divested of all desires and hopes and of almost all worry but that of being in peace and quiet, such discomforts as these assume no little weight and are far more serious than they usually appear to be when most of the mind is occupied by thoughts of social and civil life and by the adversities produced by men. Thus, when I found that the more I withdrew and almost contracted myself, as it were, within myself so as not to disturb or harm anything in the world, the less could I avoid being troubled and tormented by other things, I began to change regions and climates to see if there was any part of the earth where, offending no one, I might escape being offended and where, not enjoying pleasure, I might escape suffering. I was further moved to this resolution by the thought that

perhaps you had destined the human race to only one climate of the earth (as you had done with each of the other species of animals and plants) and to certain specific areas outside of which men could neither prosper nor live without difficulty and misery; so that if they should scoff at and exceed the limits that your laws had prescribed for human dwellings, such difficulty and misery were to be blamed on them, and not on you. I have searched almost the entire world and have explored almost every country, always keeping my resolution of causing other creatures the least possible trouble and of seeking only a quiet life. But I was burned by heat in the tropics, stiffened by cold near the poles, afflicted by the instability of the weather in the temperate zones, plagued everywhere by the convulsions of the elements. I have seen many places where not a day passes without a storm, which is like saying that every day you attack and give deliberate battle to those inhabitants who have never done you any harm. In other regions the usual serenity of the sky is balanced by the frequency of earthquakes, by the multitude and the fury of volcanoes, by the subterranean boiling and rumbling of the entire country. Winds and furious tornadoes prevail in the regions and the seasons that are free from the other furies of the weather. There were times when I felt the roof cave in over my head because of the great weight of the snow; other times, because of the torrential rain, the earth itself cracked and gave away under my feet. At times I had to flee as fast as I could from rivers that pursued me as if I had done them some wrong. Many wild beasts I had never provoked with the slightest offense tried to devour me; many snakes tried to poison me; in various places flying insects almost consumed me to the bone. I won't speak of the infinite number of daily dangers, which are always threatening man, so much so that an ancient philosopher could not find any cure for fear other than the fact that everything is to be feared. Nor was I

spared by illnesses although I was, and still am, not only temperate but self-denying in the pleasures of the flesh. I greatly marvel when I consider that you have instilled in us such a strong and insatiable craving for pleasure that without this pleasure and deprived of what it naturally desires, our life is most imperfect; and yet you have ordered that the indulgence in this pleasure shall be, of all things human, the most harmful to the strength and the health of the body, the most calamitous to everyone, and the most contrary to the duration of life itself. Nevertheless, although I have almost always and completely abstained from all pleasures, I could not avoid suffering many and diverse illnesses, some of which brought me to the brink of death; others threatened me with the loss of a limb or with perpetually leading a more miserable life than in the past; and all of them oppressed my body and mind for days and months with a thousand privations and a thousand sufferings. Although in times of illness each of us experiences new and unfamiliar pains and greater unhappiness than normal (as if human life were not sufficiently miserable as it is), you certainly have not compensated man for this by giving him periods of exuberant and unusually good health, which could bring him some extraordinary pleasure both in quality and in quantity. In countries that are generally covered with snow, I was nearly blinded, as regularly happens to the people of Lapland. The sun and the air, which are vital and necessary to our life and therefore, inescapable, continuously abuse us – the air with its humidity, its rigor, and its other whims, the sun with its heat and with light itself, so much so that man can never be exposed to either one of them without some degree of discomfort or harm. Indeed, I can't remember spending one single day of my life without suffering, whereas I cannot even count those days that I have passed without the shadow of a pleasure. I realize that suffering is as much our inevitable fate as is lack of pleasure and

that it is as impossible to lead a quiet life of any kind as it is to lead a restless one without misery; thus, I am bound to conclude that you are a manifest enemy of men, and of the other animals, and of all your own creatures. Now you ensnare us, now you threaten us, now you attack us, now you sting us, now you strike us, now you rend us, and always you offend or persecute us. Either by habit or by rule, you are the slaughterer of your own family and of your own children and, as it were, of your own flesh and blood. Therefore, I have no more hope. I have understood that men finally stop persecuting those who flee or hide from them with the firm resolution of fleeing and hiding, but you never stop harrowing us until you finally crush us. And I am already close to the bitter and gloomy time of old age, a true and manifest evil, in fact an accumulation of the most oppressive evils and miseries, an evil which is not accidental but destined by your laws to all kinds of living creatures, foreknown by each of us from childhood, and continuously apparent in us from our twenty-fifth birthday on, with a sad and unfortunate process of unmerited decay. So that one-third of man's life is assigned to growth, only a few instants to maturity and perfection, and the rest to decline, with all the resulting discomforts.

NATURE. Did you think by any chance that the world was made for you alone? Now let me tell you that in my works, laws, and operations, except for very few of them, my purpose was not, and is not, the happiness or unhappiness of men. When I harm you in any way and with whatever means, I don't notice it, except very rarely; just as I ordinarily don't know whether I please or help you; nor have I done those things, nor do I do those actions, as you believe, to please or to help you. Finally, even if I happened to wipe out your entire species, I wouldn't notice it.

ICELANDER. Let us suppose that someone of his own initiative invited me and strongly urged me to visit his villa, that to please him I accepted, and that once there, I was to be lodged in a dilapidated and ruined cell, humid, fetid, and exposed to the wind and the rain, where I was in constant danger of being crushed. And that not only did he not take the trouble to entertain me with some recreation or provide me with some comfort, but he barely furnished me with enough to keep alive, and he also let me be reviled, scorned, threatened, and beaten by his children and by the rest of his family. And if I complained to him of such treatment, he answered:‘Do you think that I built this villa for you or that I keep these children and these servants of mine just to assist you? I have many things to think about other than entertaining you and spending money for your support.’To this I would reply:‘See, my friend, as you did not build this villa for me, so it was your privilege not to invite me here. But since you asked me of your own initiative to come and stay here, don't you think you should arrange it so that, as far as possible on your part, I should be able to live here without suffering and without danger?’This is what I am saying now. I know very well that you did not create the world for the service of men; I could more easily believe that you created it for the express purpose of torturing them. Now I ask you, did I ever beg you to put me in this universe? Did I intrude into it violently and against your will? Indeed, you yourself have placed me here with your own hands and of your own will and without my knowledge and in such a way that I could neither resist nor oppose it. Then is it not your duty, if not to keep me happy and satisfied in this kingdom of yours, at least to see to it that I am not tormented and tortured and that living in it is not harmful to me? And what I am saying about myself, I am also saying about the entire human race, about the other animals, and about all living creatures.

NATURE. Evidently, you have not considered that in this universe life is a perpetual cycle of production and destruction – both functions being so closely bound together that one is continuously working toward the other, thus bringing about the conservation of the world, which, if either one of them were to cease, would likewise dissolve. Therefore, were anything free from suffering, it would be harmful to the world.

ICELANDER. That is just what all philosophers say. But since what is destroyed suffers and what destroys does not experience pleasure and is itself soon also destroyed, tell me what no philosopher can: who finds any pleasure or who finds any advantage in this most miserable life of the universe, which is preserved by means of the suffering and the death of the very things that compose it?

We are told that while they were engaged in these and similar discussions, there happened to appear two lions who were so worn out and starved that they barely had enough strength to eat up the Icelander, which they did and thus managed to get enough nourishment to survive for the rest of that day. But there are some who deny this story and maintain that while the Icelander was speaking, an extremely fierce wind arose, threw him down to the ground, and raised over him a majestic mausoleum of sand, under which, perfectly desiccated and turned into a beautiful mummy, he was later discovered by some travelers and placed in the museum of a European city.

Dialogue Between Frederick Ruysch and His Mummies

Chorus of Mummies in Frederick Ruysch's Study

Alone in the world, eternal, toward whom does move
Every created thing,
In you, Death, finds rest
Our naked nature;
Not joyous, but secure
From ancient suffering. Profound
Night in our confused mind
Obscures our grave thought;
Towards hope, desire, the shriveled spirit
Feels its strength wane;
Thus from affliction and from fear is freed
And the empty slow years
Unbored whiles away.
We lived; and as the confused memory
Of a frightening ghost
And of a sweating dream
Wanders in the souls of infants,
So in us remembrance lingers
Of our lives: but far from fear
Is our remembering. What were we?

What was the bitter point called life?
Stupendous mystery is today
Life to our minds, and such
As to the minds of the living
Unknown death appears. As when living
From death it fled, now flees
From vital flame
Our naked nature
Not joyous but secure;
For to be happy
Is denied to mortals and denied the dead by Fate.

RUYSCH. (*Outside his study, looking through the chinks of the door*) What's going on? Who taught music to these dead? They sing like roosters in the middle of the night. I'm in a cold sweat and am almost more dead than they are. I didn't expect them to come back to life simply because I preserved them from decomposition. Well, for all my philosophy I'm shaking from head to foot. Damn that devil who made me bring these people into my house. I don't know what to do. If I keep them locked up here, they might break the door down, or they might get out through the keyhole and come and get me in my bed. To call for help because I'm afraid of dead people doesn't look good. All right, a little courage, and let me try to scare them instead.

(*Entering*) Eh, children, what kind of game is this? Don't you remember that you are dead? What's this racket you are making? Have you gotten cocky because of the Czar's visit, and do you think you're no longer subject to the same laws as in the past? I suppose you meant all

this in jest, and no more. If you've come back to life, I congratulate you; but I'm not rich enough to support the living the same way I support the dead; therefore, you'll have to go. If what they say about vampires is true, and you are vampires, you'll have to look for some other blood to drink; for I'm not going to let you suck mine, no matter how generous I've been with the artificial blood I've put into your veins. In short, if you want to keep quiet and silent, as you have so far, we'll remain on good terms, and in my house you won't go without anything you need; otherwise, I'm going to get the door bar and kill you all.

MUMMY. Don't be upset; I promise you that we'll all stay as dead as before, without your having to kill us.

RUYSCH. Then what's this idea of singing?

MUMMY. A short time ago, at exactly midnight, for the first time that great mathematical year has ended of which the ancients write so much; and this is also the first time the dead speak. And not only us but in every cemetery, in every tomb, down at the bottom of the sea, under snow or sand, in the open air, or in whatever place they are, at midnight, all the dead sang, like ourselves, that little song you heard.

RUYSCH. And how long will they go on singing or talking?

MUMMY. As for singing, they have already finished. For talking, they'll be allowed a quarter of an hour. Then they'll return to silence until that same year is again completed.

RUYSCH. If that's true, I don't think you'll break my sleep again. Talk

together freely. I'll stand aside and gladly listen to you out of curiosity without disturbing you.

MUMMY. We can only talk by answering some living person. After the song is finished, those who don't have to answer the living remain quiet.

RUYSCH. I'm really sorry, for I think it would be great fun to hear what you'd say among yourselves if you could talk together.

MUMMY. Even if we could, you wouldn't hear anything; for we wouldn't have anything to say to one another.

RUYSCH. I can think of a thousand questions to put to you. But since time is short and leaves no choice, let me know in brief what kind of sensations of body and mind you experienced at the point of death.

MUMMY. I didn't notice the actual point of death.

THE OTHER MUMMIES. We didn't either.

RUYSCH. How come you didn't notice it?

MUMMY. Just as you never notice the moment you begin to sleep, no matter how much attention you pay.

RUYSCH. But to fall asleep is natural.

MUMMY. And don't you think that dying is natural? Show me a man, or an animal, or a plant that doesn't die.

RUYSCH. I'm no longer surprised that you go on singing and talking if you

didn't notice when you died.

Unwitting of the blow, he went ahead,
Combatting still, and yet already dead,

writes an Italian poet. I thought that on this question of death, those like you would know something more than the living. But going back to our subject, at the point of death didn't you feel any pain?

MUMMY. What kind of pain can it be if one who feels it doesn't notice it?

RUYSCH. At any rate, all are convinced that the sensation of death is extremely painful.

MUMMY. As if death were a sensation and not the opposite.

RUYSCH. Yet in regard to the nature of the soul, both those who incline to the opinion of the Epicureans and those who hold the common belief, all, or most of them, agree with what I am saying, that is, in believing that death is by its very nature and beyond all comparison an extremely acute pain.

MUMMY. Well, just ask both of them on our behalf: if man has no power to notice the point when his vital operations, to a greater or lesser extent, remain only interrupted by sleep, lethargy, syncope, or by whatever cause, how will he notice the point when those same operations cease altogether, and not for a short space of time but forever? And moreover, how can it be that a living sensation exists in death? As a matter of fact, how can it be that death itself is by its very nature a living sensation? When the power of feeling is not only weak and scanty but reduced to such a minimum that it fails and is abolished,

do you think that a person is capable of a strong sensation? In fact, do you believe this very extinction of the power of feeling to be in itself a very great sensation? You can observe that as death approaches, even those who die of acute and painful diseases sooner or later, before they expire, become calm and rest so that we can perceive how, being reduced to a small quantity, their life is no longer sufficient for pain, and as a result pain ceases sooner than life itself. This you may tell on our behalf to whoever thinks he'll die of pain at the point of death.

RUYSCH. Those reasons might be enough for the Epicureans. But not for those who judge otherwise of the substance of the soul, as I have done in the past and will do much more in the future, having heard the dead speak and sing. For believing that death consists in a separation of the soul from the body, they will not understand how these two things, conjoined and, as it were, conglutinated together in such a way that they both form only one person, can be separated without very great violence and unspeakable suffering.

MUMMY. Tell me, is the spirit by any chance attached to the body by some nerve or by some muscle or membrane, which must necessarily be torn when the spirit goes? Or is it by any chance part of the body, from which it must be violently snatched or severed? Don't you see that the soul leaves the body only because it is not allowed to remain and has no place there any longer and not because of any force that tears it and uproots it? Tell me also, when the soul enters the body, does it by any chance feel stuck and vigorously fastened or, as you say, conglutinated to it? Why then, when it leaves that body should the soul feel itself being detached or, in other words, experience

a most violent sensation? Rest assured that the entry and the exit of the soul are equally quiet, easy, and soft.

RUYSCH. Then what's death if it's not pain?

MUMMY. Pleasure rather than anything else. You should know that dying, like falling asleep, does not take place in an instant but by degrees. True, these degrees are more or less and greater or smaller according to the variety of the causes and to the kinds of death. In the last moment death brings neither pain nor pleasure, no more than does sleep. In the preceding moments it cannot produce pain because pain is something alive, and, at that time, that is, after the beginning of death, man's senses are moribund, which is like saying weakened in the extreme. It may well be a cause of pleasure, for pleasure is not always something alive; in fact, most human pleasures consist in some sort of languor, so that man's senses are capable of pleasure even when they are near extinction since very often languor itself is pleasure, especially when it frees you from suffering; for, as you well know, the cessation of any pain or discomfort is in itself pleasure. So, the languor of death ought to be the more welcome as it frees man from greater suffering. Personally, although in the hour of death I didn't pay much attention to what I was feeling because the doctors had ordered me not to tire my brain, I nevertheless remember that the sensation I experienced was not much unlike the pleasure produced in men by the languor they feel while they are falling asleep.

THE OTHER MUMMIES. We also seem to remember that.

RUYSCH. Be it as you say, although all those with whom I have had the

chance of discussing this matter had an altogether different opinion; but then, so far as I can remember, they didn't bring up their own personal experience. Now tell me, at the time of death, while you felt that pleasure, did you think you were dying and that that pleasure was a courtesy of death, or did you imagine something else?

MUMMY. So long as I wasn't dead, I never thought I wouldn't escape that danger; and at least up to the last moment that I had the power to think, I kept hoping that I would still have an hour or two of life, as I think happens to many when they die.

THE OTHER MUMMIES. The same thing happened to us.

RUYSCH. Indeed, Cicero says that no one is so decrepit that he doesn't expect to live at least another year. But how did you notice at last that the spirit had left the body? Tell me, how did you know that you were dead? They don't answer. Children, don't you hear me? The quarter of an hour must be over. Let me feel their pulse. They're dead again all right; there is no danger of their scaring me another time. So let's go back to bed.

Dialogue Between Christopher Columbus and Pedro Gutierrez

COLUMBUS. A beautiful night, my friend.

GUTIERREZ. Beautiful indeed; but I think it would be more beautiful seen from land.

COLUMBUS. Good. So you're tired of sailing too.

GUTIERREZ. Not just of sailing; but this sailing is turning out to go on much longer than I thought, and it's beginning to get to me. Even so, you shouldn't think that I'm complaining about you, as the others do. Rather, you can be sure that whatever you may decide in regard to this voyage, I'll always be on your side, as in the past, as much as I can. But since we're on the subject, I would like you to tell me clearly, in all honesty, if you still feel as sure as in the beginning that you will find land and people in this part of the world, or if, after so much time and experience to the contrary, you are beginning to have doubts.

COLUMBUS. Frankly and in confidence, as friend to friend, I confess that I'm beginning to feel a little unsure, especially because during this voyage, many of the signs which had given me great hope have proved empty – like the birds that flew overhead from the West, a few days after we left Gomera, and which I thought an indication of land nearby. Also, day after day, I have seen that the facts have not borne out the assumptions and predictions I had made

before setting out to sea as to the various things that I believed would occur in the course of the voyage. So I'm beginning to think that, as these predictions have misled me – although they seemed almost infallible – it may also be that the main assumption, that we would find land on the other side of the ocean, will prove empty too. It is true that this assumption is so well founded that, if it is false, it would seem that we could not trust any human judgment except when it is based entirely on things we can actually see and touch. But, on the other hand, I realize that often, in fact most of the time, reality is at odds with theory. And I also ask myself, how can you know that each part of the world is so much like the others that, simply because the Eastern Hemisphere is occupied partly by land and partly by water, it must also follow that the Western Hemisphere is divided up between the two elements? How can you know that it is not totally occupied by one immense sea? Or that instead of land, or even land and water, it could not contain some other element? And if it is made of land and sea like the other, wouldn't it be possible that it is uninhabited? Or even uninhabitable? But suppose it is no less inhabited than ours; how can you be sure that there are rational creatures, as in ours? And even if there are, how can you be sure they are men and not some other kind of intelligent animals? And if they are men, that they are not quite different from those you know? Let's say, much bigger in body, much stronger, with much greater agility, naturally endowed with much greater intelligence and wit; also much better civilized and far more advanced in both art and science? This is what I keep asking myself. And after all, Nature is imbued with such power, and her effects are so varied and numerous that not only can we not judge with certainty what she has done and is doing in faraway places totally unknown to our world, but we may also wonder if it is not a grave mistake to argue the former on the basis of the latter. And it

would not be against the probability of truth to imagine that the things of the unknown world – either all together or in part – are alien and wondrous to us. Here we see with our own eyes that in these waters the compass needle deflects from the North Star quite a bit toward the West – a novel phenomenon unheard of to seamen before now; and no matter how long I ponder, I cannot find a reason that satisfies me. For all this, however, I do not mean to imply that we should lend an ear to the fables of the ancients about the wonders of the unknown world and of this ocean, as, for instance, Hanno's fable about the countries filled with flames at night and about the rivers of fire flowing headlong into the sea. Indeed, we see how empty so far have been all the fears of dreadful prodigies and terrifying novelties felt by our men during this voyage – as when they saw that great mass of seaweed that seemed to turn the water into a meadow, somewhat obstructing our path, and they thought they had reached the ultimate limits of the navigable sea. But in answer to your question, I only mean to suggest that my assumption is based on the most probable arguments, not only in my judgment but in the judgment of many distinguished geographers, astronomers, and navigators, whom I have consulted, as you know, in Spain, Italy, and Portugal. Yet it might happen to be incorrect, for, as I repeat, many conclusions drawn from the best reasoning do not stand the test of experience, and this occurs more than ever when they concern things which are quite obscure to us.

GUTIERREZ. Then, in effect, you have staked your life, and the lives of your companions, on an issue that has no more basis than a purely speculative assumption.

COLUMBUS. That's true. I can't deny it. But leaving aside the fact that every

day men risk their lives for much smaller causes and for matters of very little value – and even without giving it any thought – consider this: if you and I and our companions were not on these ships in the middle of this sea, in this unknown solitude, in as uncertain and dangerous a condition as we can imagine, what other kind of life would we be living? What would we be doing? How would we be spending these days? More happily, perhaps? Or, rather, wouldn't we be in some anxiety or hardship – or filled with boredom? What is a condition free from uncertainty and danger? If content and happy, it is to be preferred to any other; if tedious and miserable, I don't see what other kind of condition would be less desirable. I won't remind you of the glory and the benefits we will reap, should the outcome equal our hopes. Even if we don't gain any other advantage from this voyage, it still seems most profitable to me insofar as for some time it keeps us free from boredom, makes life dear to us, makes many things valuable to us which we might have otherwise held in low esteem. The ancients write – as you have probably read or heard – that unhappy lovers, hurling themselves into the sea from the Rock of Santa Maura (which was then called the Leucadian Rock) and surviving, were freed from the amorous passion by the grace of Apollo. I don't know whether we should believe that they were thus cured, but I know well that after escaping such a danger, they must have briefly held dear the very life they previously hated, even without Apollo's favor; or, in any case, they must have held it dearer and more valuable than before. In my judgment, every sea voyage is almost like a leap from the Leucadian Rock, and it produces effects which, although the same, are more lasting. In this sense, a sea voyage is far superior. It is commonly believed that being constantly in danger of death, seamen and soldiers value their own life much less than other people. But for the same reason I believe that very few people love and value their life as

much as seamen and soldiers. How many blessings we ignore only because we have them! How many things that cannot even be called blessings seem very dear and very precious to seamen only because they are deprived of them! Who ever counted among human blessings having a little land to stand on? No one except seamen and, above all, ourselves, who, because of the great uncertainty about the outcome of this voyage, have no greater desire than the sight of a bit of land. This is the first thought that comes to us when we awaken, with this thought we fall asleep, and if from afar we happen to discover the tip of a mountain or a forest or a similar thing, we will not be able to contain our joy; and having set foot on land, only the thought of finding ourselves again on solid ground and of being able to go here and there walking as we please will make us feel full of bliss for several days.

GUTIERREZ. All this is quite correct, so much so that if your speculative assumption proves as true as your justification for having followed it, we shall no doubt enjoy this bliss – one day or another.

COLUMBUS. Personally, although I no longer dare promise it to myself with certainty, I hope, nevertheless, that we will soon enjoy it. For several days, as you know, the sounding line has been touching bottom; and the nature of what it brings to the surface seems a good sign to me. Toward evening, the clouds around the sun appear different in form and in color from those of the past days. The air, as you can feel, has become a little milder and warmer than in the past. The wind has no longer been blowing so full, and straight, and steady, but rather uncertain and variable as if it were interrupted by some obstacle. Add to this that reed floating in the sea which has apparently been recently cut and that little branch with its fresh red berries. And then the

flocks of birds ... they have misled me before, but there are so many of them now and so large and they grow so much in number from day to day that I feel we can somewhat rely on them, especially because there are among them some birds which do not seem to be shaped like marine birds. In short, as much as I try to restrain myself, all these signs together give me great and good expectations.

GUTIERREZ. This time God grant that it come true.

In Praise of Birds

One spring morning, Amelius, the solitary philosopher, was sitting with his books in the shade of his country house, reading. Struck by the singing of birds all around, he gradually began to listen and think, and he stopped reading. Finally, he took up his pen, and then and there he wrote what follows.

Birds are by nature the most joyous creatures in the world. I do not mean this in the sense that they always bring you joy whenever you see or hear them but that they themselves feel joy and gaiety more than any other animals. The other animals normally look serious and grave, and many of them even appear melancholy; they seldom give signs of joy, and when they do, these are slight and brief; during most of their enjoyment and pleasures they do not show exhilaration or any indication of gaiety. Even if they derive pleasure from the green fields, from the open and beautiful vistas, from the brilliant sunshine, from the crystalline and sweet air, they do not give any outward sign of it – except for the hares, about which it is said that at night when the moon shines, and especially when it is a full moon, they hop and play together, rejoicing in that brightness, as Xenophon writes. Mostly, birds show themselves extremely joyous in their movements and in their looks; and their virtue of bringing us gaiety by their presence comes only from the fact that their forms and their actions are always such that by nature they display a special ability and a special disposition for pleasure and joy – an appearance not to be deemed empty and deceptive. With every pleasure and satisfaction they experience, they sing; and the greater the pleasure or the satisfaction, the

greater the vigor and the effort they put into their singing. And since they sing a great deal of the time, we must conclude that normally they are cheerful and enjoy life. And although it has been observed that when they are in love they sing better and more often and at greater lengths than at other times, it must not be believed that they are not moved to singing by other pleasures and other satisfactions than those of love. For we can clearly see that on a calm and serene day they sing more than on a dark and turbulent one; and during a storm they keep silent as they do any other time they are assailed by fear; and after a storm, they come out into the air singing and playing with one another. Similarly, we can see that they are used to singing in the morning when they wake, being moved partly by the gaiety they derive from the new day and partly by the pleasure, common to all animals, of feeling restored and refreshed by sleep. Likewise, they highly enjoy cheerful verdures, fertile vales, pure and transparent waters, beautiful landscapes. It is quite interesting that what appears agreeable and beautiful to us appears the same to them – as may be ascertained by the lures with which they are drawn into nets or birdlime in the hunting thickets and the like. It may also be ascertained from the nature of those places in the countryside that are most frequented by birds and where their singing is continuous and fervid. On the other hand, either none or very few of the other animals, except perhaps those that are domesticated and are used to living with men, share with us this notion of the amenity and the beauty of places. This should not be surprising, for they find pleasure only in what is natural. Now, in these things, a very large part of what we call natural is not so but is, in fact, rather artificial; thus cultivated fields, trees, and other plants trained and disposed in a certain order, rivers confined within precise boundaries and directed toward a definite course, and similar things have neither the condition nor the

appearance they would have naturally. So that the aspect of every country inhabited by generations of civilized men – even if we do not consider the cities and other places where men congregate to live together – is something artificial and very difierent from what it would be in nature. Some people say, and it would bear on this subject, that the voice of birds is softer and sweeter and their singing more modulated in our areas than where men are wild and primitive; and they conclude that birds, even being free, pick up a little of the civilization of those men whose quarters they frequent.

Whether these people speak the truth or not, it certainly was a remarkable provision of nature to assign to the same species of animals both song and flight; so that those whose job it was to amuse the other living beings with their voices should normally be in high places, from which the sound could spread about through a greater space and reach a larger number of listeners, so that the air, which is the element destined for sound, should be peopled with vocal and musical creatures. We truly draw great consolation and pleasure – and we men no more, in my opinion, than the other animals – from listening to the singing of birds. And I think that this comes mainly not from the sweetness of the sounds, no matter how great they are, nor from their variety, nor from their mutual resonance, but from that gaiety which is naturally contained in song in general and in the song of birds in particular. Which is, so to speak, a sort of laughter, uttered by the birds when they feel well and comfortable.

Thus, in some way, it might be said that birds share with man the privilege of laughter – a privilege the other animals do not have. In fact, some people thought that since man is defined as an intellectual and reasoning

animal, he could no less adequately be defined as a laughing animal, for they believed that laughter is no less characteristic of man than reason. And this is indeed something to marvel at: that man, who is the most afflicted and the most miserable of all creatures, should possess the faculty of laughter, which is alien to every other animal. And also something to marvel at is the use we make of this faculty, for we see many in extremely severe accidents, others in the depths of sadness, and still others who scarcely retain any love for life at all, totally convinced as they are of the vanity of every human good, almost incapable of any joy, and deprived of all hope – and yet we see them laugh. As a matter of fact, the more they know the vanity of those goods and the unhappiness of life, and the less they can hope and the less they are suited for the enjoyment of pleasure, the more men are inclined to laughter. Yet the nature of laughter in general and its inner principles and modes, as regards that part of it which consists in the mind, can scarcely be defined and explained – except by saying that laughter is a form of temporary madness, raving, and delirium. For men, never being satisfied and never finding real pleasure in anything, cannot have a reasonable and just cause for laughter. It would also be interesting to investigate how and on what most probable occasion men first used and recognized this power of theirs. For there is no doubt that in a primitive condition, they generally appear serious, as do the other animals; and they even look melancholy. Thus, I am of the opinion that not only did laughter appear in the world after tears – as to which there cannot be any controversy – but that it took a good space of time before it was first experimented with and seen. And during that time neither did the mother smile at her child, nor did the child recognize her with a smile – as Virgil says. For if nowadays, and at least where people have become civilized, men begin to laugh shortly after they are born, they do so mainly as

a result of example because they see others laugh. I would think that the first occasion and the first cause for men to laugh was drunkenness – which is also inherently characteristic of the human race. This originated long before men attained any kind of civilization; in fact, we know that there can scarcely be found any people so primitive who have not provided themselves with some beverage or some other means to inebriate themselves and who are not in the habit of doing so immoderately. This should not be surprising, for as men are unhappy beyond all other animals, so more than all others do they find pleasure in every painless alienation of the mind, in forgetting about themselves, in an interruption, so to speak, of life. And so, by suspending, or in some way decreasing, the sense and knowledge of their own ills, they receive no small benefit. And as to laughter, we can observe that, although they are of serious and sad appearance at other times, primitive people laugh profusely when drunk – talking abundantly and singing, contrary to their habits. But I will discuss these matters more extensively in a history of laughter, which I have in mind to write. After investigating its birth, I will proceed by narrating its exploits, its vicissitudes, and its fortunes, up to the present time – when it is given more dignity and power than ever before by holding a place in civilized nations, by performing a function through which in some way it assumes the roles previously played by virtue, justice, honor, and the like, and in many ways by restraining and frightening men from evil actions. Now, to conclude on the singing of birds, I will say that since we generally draw consolation and gaiety from the joy we see or know in others – if we do not envy them – Nature very laudably decided that the singing of birds, which is an expression of gaiety and a kind of laughter, should be public whereas the singing and the laughter of man, with respect to the rest of the world, are private; and she wisely saw to it that the earth and air should

swarm with animals that continuously give out resonant and solemn sounds, as though to applaud universal life and incite other living creatures to gaiety, thereby bearing uninterrupted, though false, witness to the happiness of all things.

And that birds are and show themselves to be more joyous than the other animals is not without a profound reason. For as I implied at the beginning, Nature really made them better suited for pleasure and happiness. First of all, they do not seem to be subject to boredom. They change place every moment; they pass from one region to another, however remote, and from the lowest to the highest realms of the air, in a brief space of time and with prodigious ease; in the course of their lives they see and experience things that are infinite in number and most diverse in form; they continuously exercise their bodies; they greatly abound in open-air activities. All the other animals, when they have provided for their needs, like to sit quietly and leisurely; not one of them, with the possible exception of fish and also some flying insects, goes running about for sheer amusement. Similarly, primitive man – who hardly takes a step except to keep providing for his daily needs which demand but little and short work, or except when a storm, or some wild beast or another similar event drives him – likes mainly leisure and apathy; he consumes almost his entire day sitting indolently and silently inside his little shapeless hut, in the open air, or in the clefts and caverns of cliffs and rocks. Birds, on the contrary, remain in the same place for a very short while; they continuously come and go without any need whatsoever; they fly around for pleasure; and sometimes they enjoy flying hundreds of miles from the area where they usually stay, and then they return there the evening of the same day. Even during the short time they stay in one place,

you will never see them sit still; they keep turning here and there, strolling about, bending, stretching their necks, shaking, fluttering with liveliness, agility, and an indescribable swiftness of movement. In short, from when a bird is unlocked from the egg until it dies, save for the intervals of sleep, it is never at rest for a moment. As a result of these observations, it seems apparent that by nature the normal state of the other animals, including men, is rest; of birds, movement.

To these qualities and external conditions correspond the internal ones, that is to say, those of the mind – which make them better suited for happiness than other animals. Their sense of hearing is extremely sharp, and their eyesight is so efficient and perfect that our minds can hardly imagine it; because of these powers they enjoy all day long immense and most diversified spectacles, and from high up they discover at once so great an expanse of land and distinctly perceive so many regions with their eyes as man can hardly comprehend at the same time; from which we must infer that they must possess very great strength and vivacity and very great power of imagination. Not of that kind of profound, fervid, and tempestuous imagination as Dante and Tasso possessed – which is a most fatal gift and the origin of most grievous and perpetual anxiety and anguish – but of the kind that is rich, varied, light, unstable, and childlike, which is the most abundant source of pleasant and joyful thoughts, sweet illusions, manifold pleasures and consolations; it is also the greatest and the most fruitful gift Nature can generously bestow on living souls. Thus, birds possess in great abundance what in this faculty is good and conducive to mental happiness without what is noxious and painful. And since they abound in external life, they are equally rich in the internal but in such a way that this abundance brings them

advantages and pleasures, as with children – not disadvantages and misery, as generally with men. For as in their liveliness and outward mobility birds manifestly resemble children, so we may reasonably assume that they resemble them in their inner qualities as well. And were the blessings of childhood common to the other ages and the ills of these no greater than those of childhood itself, perhaps man would have cause to bear life patiently.

In my opinion, if considered in certain ways, the nature of birds surpasses in perfection the nature of the other animals. For example, if we consider that birds by far excel all the others in eyesight and in the faculty of hearing, which, according to the natural order concerning living creatures, are the principal senses, it then follows that the nature of birds is more perfect than the other natures of living creatures. Additionally, if, as we have seen, other animals are naturally inclined to rest and birds to movement – and movement is more alive than rest, life consisting actually in movement, while birds abound in external movement more than any other animal – and moreover, if eyesight and hearing, in which they excel all the others and which predominate among their powers, are the two senses most characteristic of the living, for they also are more vivid and mobile both in themselves as in the habits and other effects that they produce inwardly and outwardly in the animal; and, finally, if we consider the other things already mentioned, the conclusion follows that birds have more external and internal life than the other animals. Now, if life is more perfect than its opposite, at least in living creatures, and if, therefore, a greater abundance of life is greater perfection, also here it follows that the nature of birds is more perfect. At this point we cannot forget that birds are equally suited to withstand the

extremes of cold and heat, even without any interval of time between one and the other. In fact, we often see that in little more than an instant, from the ground they soar through the air to very great altitudes, which is like saying to extremely cold areas, and in a short time many of them fly across a variety of climates.

Finally, as Anacreon wished he could be changed into a mirror to be continuously looked at by his beloved, or into a skirt to cover her, or into an ointment to anoint her, or into water to wash her, or into a breast band so that she would press him to her bosom, or into a pearl which she would wear around her neck, or into a shoe that at least she might press him with her foot – similarly, I would like to be changed for a while into a bird so that I could experience the contentment and the joy of their life.

Song of the Great Wild Rooster

Some Hebrew scholars and writers assert that between the sky and the earth, or rather half in one and half in the other, there lives a certain wild rooster, whose feet rest on the earth and whose crest and beak touch the sky. In addition to such peculiarities of his as can be read in those authors, this giant rooster has the use of reason; or, indeed, like a parrot, it has been taught by I know not whom to utter words in the manner of men. In fact, a song entitled Scir detarnegòl bara letzafra, that is to say, Morning Song of the Great Wild Rooster, written in Hebrew script and in a language mixed with Chaldean, Targumic, Rabbinic, Cabalistic, and Talmudic, was found in an ancient parchment. I have managed to understand it and to translate it into our vernacular as follows, not without great labor or without consulting various rabbis, cabalists, theologians, jurists, and Jewish philosophers. I have not been able to ascertain as yet whether this song is repeated by the rooster from time to time or every morning; whether it was sung only once; who hears it or who has heard it; whether its language is actually the language of the rooster or whether the song itself was translated from another tongue. As to the present rendering, I have sought in every way I could to make it as faithful as possible, and I have thought it best to use prose rather than verse, notwithstanding the fact that it was poetry. Its somewhat disconnected and perhaps occasionally turgid style should not be held against me, for it conforms to that of the original text, which in this respect corresponds to the norms of Oriental languages and especially of their poets.

Up, mortals, awake! The day is born again; truth returns to earth, and

empty images depart. Arise; take up again the burden of life; return from the false to the real world!

This is the time when everyone collects and reviews in his mind all the thoughts of his present life, recalls to memory his plans, efforts, and affairs, represents to himself the pleasures and the afflictions that might come to him during the new day. And each one during this time wishes more than ever to find in his mind joyous expectations and pleasant thoughts. But very few are granted this wish. For to awake is unfortunate for everyone. No sooner are the wretched awakened than they fall back into the hands of their unhappiness. Sweetest of all things is that sleep which was brought about by a combination of joy and hope – which are both preserved whole and safe until the coming of day, but then they both fail or dwindle.

If the sleep of mortals were perpetual and one and the same with life; if under the day star all living creatures languished in the most profound quiet all over the earth and there appeared no activity whatever: no lowing of oxen in the meadows, no roar of wild beasts in the forests, no singing of birds in the air, no murmur of butter-flies nor buzzing of bees throughout the countryside, no voice, no movement arose in any place but that of waters, winds, and storms; then the universe would indeed be useless; but would there perhaps be in it a lesser quantity of happiness or a larger amount of misery than there is now? I ask you, O Sun, author of the day and guardian of our waking hours, in the course of the centuries that you have so far measured and consumed rising and setting, did you once see a single one of the living beings happy? Of the innumerable works of the mortals which you have seen until now, do you think that even one achieved its aim: the

satisfaction, continuous or temporary, of the creature that had produced it? Rather, do you see now, or did you ever see, happiness within the confines of the world? In what field does it dwell, in what forest, on what mountain, in what valley, in what region inhabited or deserted, in what planet of the many your flames light up and warm? Maybe it hides from your sight or resides in the depths of the caverns or in the bosom of the earth or at the bottom of the sea? What living thing, what plant or anything else you give life to, what creature endowed with, or deprived of, vegetative or animal life partakes of it? And you yourself, who, like an indefatigable giant, night and day, without either sleep or respite, swiftly run the immeasurable path that is prescribed to you, are you happy or unhappy?

Mortals awake! You are not yet free from life. The time will come when no external force, no internal movement, will shake you from the quiet of sleep, in which you will then forever insatiably rest. Death is not granted to you as yet; only occasionally are you allowed a semblance of it for a short space of time. For life could not be sustained if it were not frequently interrupted. Too long a want of this brief and ephemeral sleep is in itself deadly and a cause of eternal sleep. Such a thing is life that in order to bear it, we must lay it down, now and again, to catch our breath and to refresh ourselves with a taste and almost a particle of death.

The very essence of things seems to have death as its real and only purpose. All that exists springs from nothingness, because what does not exist cannot die. It is certain that the ultimate purpose of existence is not happiness, for nothing is happy. It is true that living creatures aim at this end with every one of their works; but they do not attain it through any one of

them; and during their entire lives they keep striving, straining themselves, and suffering without agonizing and without toiling toward anything but the achievement of this sole purpose of nature, which is death.

The first hours of the day are normally the most endurable for the living. Few people find their minds occupied by pleasant and joyous thoughts when they awake; but almost everyone produces and forms some rather quickly; for at that hour the human mind, although without any specific and particular reason, is above all inclined to cheerfulness and more disposed than at any other time to tolerate the ills of life. Therefore, if someone was filled with despair when caught by sleep, he again finds hope in his mind when he awakens, even if there is no reason for it. Many misfortunes and personal troubles, many causes for fear and for distress appear at that time much smaller than the night before. Also, often the anguish of the past day is scorned and almost laughed at as the result of illusions and of empty imagining. The evening is comparable to old age, while the beginning of the morning is like youth, which is generally at ease and confident; and the evening is sad, discouraged, and inclined to ominous expectations. But just as actual youth in life, so the one mortals experience every day is extremely brief and ephemeral; and very soon the day too grows older.

Although it is the best part of life, the flower of our years is yet a rather miserable thing. In fact, even this paltry blessing fails in such a short time that when man notices by many signs that it is declining, he has scarcely experienced the perfection of his being, or has hardly been able to feel and know his own powers when they already begin to diminish. Mortal creatures of all kinds spend the greatest part of life withering away. So much is nature

intent upon pointing to death in all her works: for no other reason does old age prevail so manifestly and for so long a time in life and in the world. Every part of the universe hastens indefatigably toward death with marvellous determination and swiftness. Only the universe itself appears immune to decaying and to languishing; for if in the fall and in the winter it shows itself almost infirm and old, nevertheless, it always grows young again in the new season. But just as mortals in the first part of the day reacquire some portion of their youth and yet grow older every day and finally expire, so the universe may appear to grow young again at the beginning of every year, although it nevertheless continuously grows older. The time will come when this universe and nature herself will be no more. And just as of very great human kingdoms and empires and of their marvelous exploits, which were so very famous in other ages, there remains no sign of fame whatsoever; so too of the entire world, and of the infinite vicissitudes and calamities of all created things, no single trace will remain; but a naked silence and a most profound quiet will fill the immensity of space. Thus, this stupendous and frightening mystery of universal existence, before it can be declared or understood, will vanish and be lost.

The Copernicus

Scene One

THE FIRST HOUR AND THE SUN

FIRST HOUR. Good morning, Your Excellency.

SUN. Yes, rather, good night.

FIRST HOUR. The horses are ready.

SUN. Good.

FIRST HOUR. The morning star has been out for some time.

SUN. Let her come and go as she likes.

FIRST HOUR. What do you mean by that, Your Excellency?

SUN. I mean that I want you to leave me alone.

FIRST HOUR. But, Your Excellency, the night has already lasted so long that it can't last any longer. If we wait any more, Your Excellency, something really strange might happen.

SUN. Whatever happens, I'm not going to move.

FIRST HOUR. Oh, Your Excellency, what's that? Don't you feel well?

SUN. No, no, I'm not feeling anything. I just don't want to move. And you, you mind your own business.

FIRST HOUR. How can I, if you don't come? I'm the first hour of the day; and how can the day be, if Your Excellency isn't kind enough to come out as usual?

SUN. If not to the day, you'll belong to the night – or the Hours of the night will work a double shift, and you and your day companions will do nothing. Because, do you know what? I'm tired of this continuous going around to give light to a few little animals that live on a handful of mud – so small that I, who have quite good eyesight, can't even see it. Tonight I have decided that I don't want to take any more trouble for this; and if men want to see some light, they should keep their fires burning or find some other way.

FIRST HOUR. But, Your Excellency, what way do you want them to find, those poor little creatures? And to have to keep their lamps burning or to keep so many candles lit the whole space of the day will be excessively costly. If they had already found that kind of air to be used for burning, for lighting streets, rooms, shops, cellars, and everything else, at a very low cost, then I would say that it wouldn't be so bad. But the fact is that three hundred years, more or less, still have to pass before men find this kind of remedy. Mean-while, they'll run out of oil, and of wax, and of pitch, and of tallow; and they'll have nothing more to burn.

SUN. They can go and catch fireflies and glowworms.

FIRST HOUR. And what will they do against the cold? For without Your

Excellency's assistance, the firewood of all the forests won't be enough to keep them warm. They'll also starve to death, for the earth will no longer bear fruit. And so in the course of a few years, even the breed of those poor animals will be lost. And when they'll have gone groping here and there about the earth for a while, looking for something to eat and to keep warm, finally, after there is nothing left to swallow and when the last spark of fire is no more, they'll all die in the dark, frozen like pieces of rock crystal.

SUN. Why should I care? Am I, by any chance, the wet nurse of the human race, or the chef who must prepare and cook their food? And why should I care if a few invisible little creatures, millions of miles away, can't see and can't stand the cold without my light? And then, if I must also serve, so to speak, as a heater or a fireplace for this human family, it's only reasonable that if the family wants to warm themselves, they should come to the fireplace, and not that the fireplace should go running around the house. So, if the earth needs my presence, let her go moving around herself and do everything possible to get it; for, personally, I don't need anything from the earth that I should go and look out for her.

FIRST HOUR. Your Excellency means to say, if I understand well, that now the earth should do what you have been doing in the past.

SUN. Yes, now, and forever from now on.

FIRST HOUR. Your Excellency is certainly right there, in addition to the fact that you can do whatever you like. Nevertheless, please consider how many beautiful things will necessarily go to rack and ruin if you establish this new order of things. The day will no longer have its beautiful gilded chariot,

with its beautiful horses, that used to bathe in the sea; and without dwelling on other details, we poor Hours will no longer have a place in the sky, and from celestial maidens we'll become terrestrial, unless, as I expect, we dissolve into smoke. But be this as it may, the problem will be to convince the earth to go around, which must be quite difficult, for she is not used to it; and it must also seem strange to her to have to run forever and exert herself so much, after never having moved an inch from that place of hers. And if Your Excellency is seemingly beginning to lend an ear to laziness, I've heard that the earth is in no way more inclined to physical exertion now than she was in the past.

SUN. In this case, need will goad her and make her jump and run as much as necessary. But here the fastest and surest way is to find a poet or a natural philosopher who would convince the earth to move or, in case he couldn't convince her, who would force her to. For in the long run, most of this business is in the hands of poets and of natural philosophers; as a matter of fact, they can do nearly anything. The poets are those who in the past (when I was younger and listened to them), with those beautiful songs of theirs, led me – big and fat as I am – to do of my own free will, as a sport or an honorable exercise, that extremely stupid job of running desperately around a small grain of sand. But now that I'm older and have turned to philosophy, in everything I look for what's useful and not for what's beautiful; and the sentiments of poets, when they don't make me sick, make me laugh. Before doing something, I want to have good and substantial reasons; and since I find no reason whatsoever for considering an active life preferable to a leisurely and pleasant one – for an active life could not give you any fruit worth the trouble or even the thought (in the world there is no fruit worth a

penny) – I've resolved to leave the exertions and the discomforts to others and, as far as I'm concerned, live at home in peace and without doing anything. Besides being partly the effect of age, this change, as I told you, was caused by philosophers – people who these days have begun to gain power, and keep gaining it more and more. Therefore, if I want the earth to move and to run around in my place, in one respect a poet would be more suitable than a natural philosopher or a scientist, for poets, with one story or another, make people believe that the things of the world are really valuable and important and that they are very pleasant and beautiful, and they create a thousand cheerful hopes, and thus they persuade people to exert themselves and work hard, whereas philosophers dissuade them. However, since philosophers have begun to get the upper hand, I'm afraid that nowadays a poet would not be listened to by the earth any more than by me; or if he were listened to, he wouldn't have any effect. Therefore, I think it's better if we enlist the services of a natural philosopher or a scientist, for although philosophers are normally little suited, and still less inclined, to persuade others to work, it might nevertheless happen that in this extreme case they would manage to do something totally unusual – unless the earth decides that it is more advantageous to go to perdition rather than to trouble herself so much – in which case I wouldn't say that she is wrong. Enough, we'll see what happens. Now, do this: go down to the earth, or send one of your sisters, anyone you want; and if she finds one of those natural philosophers outside his house in the fresh air, studying the sky and the stars – for it is reasonable to expect that she will find some because of the extraordinary length of this night – without more ado, she should lift him up, throw him on her back, and bring him all the way up here to me; and I'll persuade him to do what's necessary. Do you understand?

FIRST HOUR. Yes, Your Excellency. I'll do just that.

Scene Two

(Standing on his terrace, watching the eastern sky through a small paper tube – because the telescope had not been invented yet)

COPERNICUS. Incredible. Either the clocks are all wrong, or the sun should have already risen more than an hour ago; and yet here we can't even see the faintest glimmer in the east, although the sky is as clear and limpid as a mirror. All the stars are shining as if it were midnight. Now go and check *Almagest* and Sacrobosco, and ask them to explain the reason for this. I have often heard about the night Jupiter spent with Amphitryon's wife; I also remember having recently read in a modern book by a Spaniard that the Peruvians say that once in ancient times there was in their country an extremely long night, as a matter of fact an interminable one, and that finally the sun came out of a lake they call Titicaca. But until now I thought that this was sheer nonsense; and just like all reasonable men I was sure that it was so. Now that I realize that reason and science aren't worth an iota, I have decided to believe that those, and similar things, may be perfectly true. In fact, I'm about to go to all the lakes and all the swamps I can find, to see if I can, by any chance, fish out the sun. But what's this roar that I hear – like the sound of the wings of a great bird?

Scene Three

THE LAST HOUR AND COPERNICUS

LAST HOUR. Copernicus, I'm the Last Hour.

COPERNICUS. The last hour? Well, I can't do anything about it. Only, if possible, give me enough time to write my last will and put my affairs in order – before I die.

LAST HOUR. What do you mean,‘die’? I'm not the last hour of life.

COPERNICUS. Who are you then? The last canonical hour of the breviary?

LAST HOUR. I certainly believe that you like that one better than the others – when you are in the choir.

COPERNICUS. But how do you know that I'm a canon priest? And how do you know me? You just called me by my name.

LAST HOUR. I got information about you from some people down below in the street. In short, I'm the last hour of the day.

COPERNICUS. Ah, I understand. The First Hour is ill; that's why we don't see the day yet.

LAST HOUR. Allow me to go on. The day won't come any more – not today, not tomorrow, not ever, if you don't do something about it.

COPERNICUS. That's a good one! As if it were my job to make the day!

LAST HOUR. I'll tell you how. But first you must come with me immediately to the house of the Sun, my master. You'll learn more along the way, and His Excellency will tell you part of it himself when we get there.

COPERNICUS. All right. But if I'm not mistaken, the trip must be a rather long one. And how can I carry enough supplies so that I won't starve to death some years before I get there? Besides, I don't think His Excellency's lands produce enough for a single lunch.

LAST HOUR. Forget about these fears. You won't have to stay in the house of the Sun for long; and the trip will take but a moment – for in case you don't know, I'm a spirit.

COPERNICUS. But I'm a body.

LAST HOUR. Well, there's no need for you to worry about these things; you're not a metaphysical philosopher. Come here, get on my shoulders, and leave the rest to me.

COPERNICUS. Well, here we go ... Let's see how this thing is going to end.

Scene Four

COPERNICUS AND THE SUN

COPERNICUS. Most illustrious sir.

SUN. Forgive me, Copernicus, if I don't ask you to sit down; but we don't use chairs. We'll be done in a moment. You've already heard from my servant what this problem is all about. Personally – and from what the girl tells me about your ability – I think you are perfectly suited for the job we have in mind.

COPERNICUS. Sir, I see many difficulties in this job.

SUN. Difficulties should not frighten a man of your kind. As a matter of fact, people say that they increase the courage of the courageous. But then, what are these difficulties?

COPERNICUS. First of all, no matter how great is the power of natural philosophy or science, I'm not sure it's so great as to convince the earth to begin to run rather than sit comfortably, and to work and exert herself rather than remain idle, especially in our times, which are not heroic at all.

SUN. So, if you can't convince her, force her.

COPERNICUS. Gladly, my illustrious sir, if I were a Hercules or even a Roland, and not a canon priest from Worms.

SUN. What has that got to do with it? Aren't we told that one of your ancient mathematicians used to say that if he could stand somewhere outside the world, no doubt he could move heaven and earth? Now, you don't have to move heaven; and here you are in a place outside the earth. Therefore, if you're no less clever than that ancient one, you should be able to move her – whether she likes it or not.

COPERNICUS. My dear sir, I could do that, but I would need a lever, which should be so long that not only I, but you yourself, illustrious sir, however rich you may be, wouldn't have enough to cover the cost of the necessary materials and of the labor. Another, and graver, difficulty is the following: as a matter of fact, it's like a knot of difficulties. Up to now the earth has held first place in the universe, that is to say, the center; and, as you know, she has been sitting motionless without anything else to do but look around at all the

other globes of the universe, the largest as well as the smallest, the shiny as well as the dark, which have kept rolling above and below and by her sides with such a hurry, such a concern, such a vehemence that we are stunned if we just think about it. And, thus, everything proved to be at her services, and the universe looked like a court where the earth sat as if on a throne, and the other globes all around her, like courtiers, guards, and lackeys, tending to one job or another. As a result, the earth has always believed herself to be the empress of the universe; and, actually, while conditions remained as they were in the past, we can't say that hers was an unreasonable idea; as a matter of fact, I wouldn't deny that such an idea of hers rested on good foundations. And then what shall I tell you about men? We consider, and shall always consider, ourselves the first and the supremely important among all earthly creatures. Each one of us, even if dressed in rags and with no more than a piece of hard bread to gnaw on, thinks of himself as an emperor; and not just of Constantinople or of Germany or of half the earth – as the Roman emperors were – but as an emperor of the universe, an emperor of the sun, of the planets, of all the stars, visible and invisible, and the ultimate cause of the stars, of the planets, of your illustrious Excellency, and of all things. But now if we want the earth to abandon that central place, if we make her run, revolve, bustle about continuously, do exactly the same job as has so far been done by the other globes, and, finally, become one of the planets – this will mean that her earthly majesty, and their human majesties, will have to clear the throne and abandon the empire – being left with their rags and their miseries, which aren't few.

SUN. What are you driving at with this talk, my dear Father Nicholas? Are you perhaps afraid that such an action would be high treason?

COPERNICUS. No, most illustrious sir; for neither the codes, nor the Digest, nor the books of public law, nor those of imperial law, nor of civil law, nor of natural law, mention this kind of treason, as far as I can remember. But I mean to say that this business of ours is not going to be simply material, as it appears at first sight, and that its effects are not going to be restricted to physics, for it will upset all the steps on the ladder of the dignity of things and the order of beings; it will switch the purposes of creatures; and therefore it will cause an extremely great revolution in metaphysics as well as in fact, in every thing that touches the speculative side of knowledge. And as a result, if men can or want to reason well, they'll discover that they are something completely different from what they have been until now or from what they have imagined themselves to be.

SUN. Son, those things don't frighten me at all; for I respect metaphysics as much as physics, and as much as chemistry – or necromancy, if you like. And men will have to be satisfied with being what they are, and if they don't like that, let them go on with their upside-down reasoning and with their arguing against the evidence of facts, as they will be able to do very easily. Thus, they'll continue to believe they are whatever they think – either barons, or dukes, or emperors, or anything else they like. This will comfort them, and those judgments of theirs won't annoy me in the slightest.

COPERNICUS. All right, let's forget about men and about earth. But consider, my most illustrious sir, what we may expect to happen with the other planets. When they see that the earth has become one of them and does everything they do, they will no longer want to be so naked and unadorned, so deserted and sad as they have always been – with the earth alone having so

many ornaments. They too will want their rivers, their seas, their mountains, their plants, and, among other things, their animals and their inhabitants; for they won't see any reason for being inferior to the earth in anything. And there will be another immense revolution in the universe: an endless number of new families will in a moment be seen springing up everywhere like mushrooms.

SUN. And you can let them spring up. And let them be as many as they can; for my light and my heat will be enough for all of them – and at no extra cost; and the universe will have enough to feed, clothe, lodge, and treat them generously without getting into debt.

COPERNICUS. But most illustrious sir, consider a little further, and you'll see yet another messy situation. The stars, too, when they see that you have sat down, not on a stool but on a throne, and that you are surrounded by such a beautiful court and such a population of planets – they, too, will want not only to sit down themselves and take a rest, but they'll want to reign as well; and in order to reign, one must have subjects; therefore, they'll want their own planets just as you have – each one his own. And these new planets will also have to be adorned and inhabited, like the earth. And at this point I won't tell you any more about the poor human race – which has already become almost nothing in relation to this present world. What will it become when so many thousands of other worlds burst forth so that the minutest star in the Milky Way won't be without one of her own? But even if we consider only your own interest, let me say that until now you have been, if not first, certainly second in the universe – let's say, next to the earth – and have had no equal, for the stars haven't had the audacity to compare themselves with

you. But in this new state of the universe you'll have as many equals as there are stars with their worlds. So be careful that this change you want to make doesn't prejudice your own dignity.

SUN. Don't you remember what your Caesar said when, crossing the Alps, he happened to pass near the hamlet of some poor barbarians? – that he would rather be first in that little hamlet than second in Rome. Similarly, I should prefer to be first in this world of ours rather than second in the universe. But it isn't ambition that moves me to change the present state of things; it's only the love of peace or, to be more exact, laziness. And so, I don't much care about having or not having equals or about being in first or in last place; for unlike Cicero I'm more interested in leisure than in dignity.

COPERNICUS. Most illustrious sir, as far as I'm concerned, I'll do everything possible to get this leisure for you. But I'm afraid that even if I manage to succeed in my intent, it won't last very long. First, I'm almost sure that before many years have passed, you'll be forced to go whirling around like the pulley of a well or like a millstone – though without changing places. Then I suspect that finally, sooner or later, you'll find it necessary to begin to run again; I don't say around the earth; but what do you care about this? And perhaps that same revolving of yours will serve as a reason for your running. Enough, be it as it may; in spite of all difficulties and other considerations, if you insist in your resolution, I'll see if I can help you, so that if this doesn't work out, you'll believe that I could not – and not say that I'm a man without much courage.

SUN. All right, my Copernicus, try.

COPERNICUS. There is only one more difficulty.

SUN. Tell me, what's that?

COPERNICUS. I wouldn't like to be burned alive like the phoenix because of this. For if this happens, I'm sure that I wouldn't rise again from my ashes like that bird; and so, from then on I wouldn't see Your Excellency's face any more.

SUN. Listen, Copernicus, you know that at the time when you philosophers and scientists had scarcely been born – I mean to say, when poetry held the field – I was a prophet. Now I want you to let me predict the future for the last time, and in memory of my ancient power I want you to believe me. So then, I tell you that perhaps after you, those who approve what you have done may get somewhat charred or something like that; but you yourself, as far as I can see, won't suffer at all because of this. And if you want to be even safer, follow this advice: dedicate the book you write on the subject to the pope. This way, I promise you that you won't even lose your canonry.

Dialogue Between an Almanac Peddler and a Passer-by

PEDDLER. Almanacs, new almanacs; new calendars. Do you need any almanacs, Sir?

PASSER—BY. Almanacs for the new year?

PEDDLER. Yes, Sir.

PASSER—BY. Do you think the new year is going to be a happy one?

PEDDLER. Yes, Sir, absolutely.

PASSER—BY. Like last year?

PEDDLER. More, much more.

PASSER—BY. Like the year before?

PEDDLER. More, Sir, more.

PASSER—BY. But like what other? Wouldn't you want the new year to be like one of these past years?

PEDDLER. No, Sir, I wouldn't.

PASSER—BY. How many new years ago did you start selling almanacs?

PEDDLER. Sir, it must be twenty years.

PASSER–BY. Which one of those twenty years would you want the next one to be like?

PEDDLER. Me? I wouldn't know.

PASSER–BY. Don't you remember any year in particular that you thought was happy?

PEDDLER. Actually, I don't, Sir.

PASSER–BY. But life is beautiful, isn't it?

PEDDLER. Everybody knows that.

PASSER–BY. Wouldn't you like to live those twenty years over again, and all your past years, beginning with the day you were born?

PEDDLER. Eh, my dear Sir, I wish to God I could.

PASSER–BY. But if you had to live exactly the same life all over again – with all its pleasures and all its pains?

PEDDLER. I wouldn't like that.

PASSER–BY. But what kind of life would you like to live over again? The life I've had, or a prince's, or who else's? Don't you think that I, the prince, or anyone else, would answer just like you, that having to live the same life over again, no one would want to go back to it?

PEDDLER. I think so.

PASSER—BY. You wouldn't go back either, unless you could in some other way?

PEDDLER. No. Sir; I really wouldn't.

PASSER—BY. But what kind of life would you like then?

PEDDLER. Any kind, just as God would send it to me, with no other conditions.

PASSER—BY. Any life at random, without knowing anything about it in advance, just as we don't know anything about the new year?

PEDDLER. Precisely.

PASSER—BY. That's what I would like too if I were to live all over again; and that's what everyone would like. But this means that, up until the end of this year, Fortune has treated everyone badly. And it's clear that every one thinks that he was allotted more, and greater, evil than good – if to live the same life all over again, with all its good and all its evil, no one would want to be born anew. The life that's beautiful is not the life we know, but the life we don't know; not the past life, but the future. With the new year, Fortune will start treating you and me and all the others well, and the happy life will begin. Isn't it true?

PEDDLER. Let's hope so.

PASSER—BY. Then show me your most beautiful almanac.

PEDDLER. Here it is, Sir. This one is thirty cents.

PASSER—BY. Here's thirty cents.

PEDDLER. Thank you, Sir. Goodbye. Almanacs, new almanacs; new calendars.

NATIONALISM

泰戈尔：民族主义

［印度］泰戈尔　著

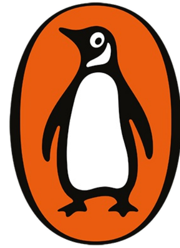
刘涵　译

中 国 出 版 集 团
中 译 出 版 社

泰戈尔：民族主义

（印）泰戈尔/著

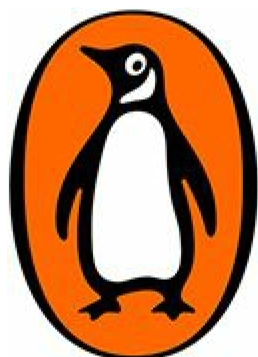
刘涵/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

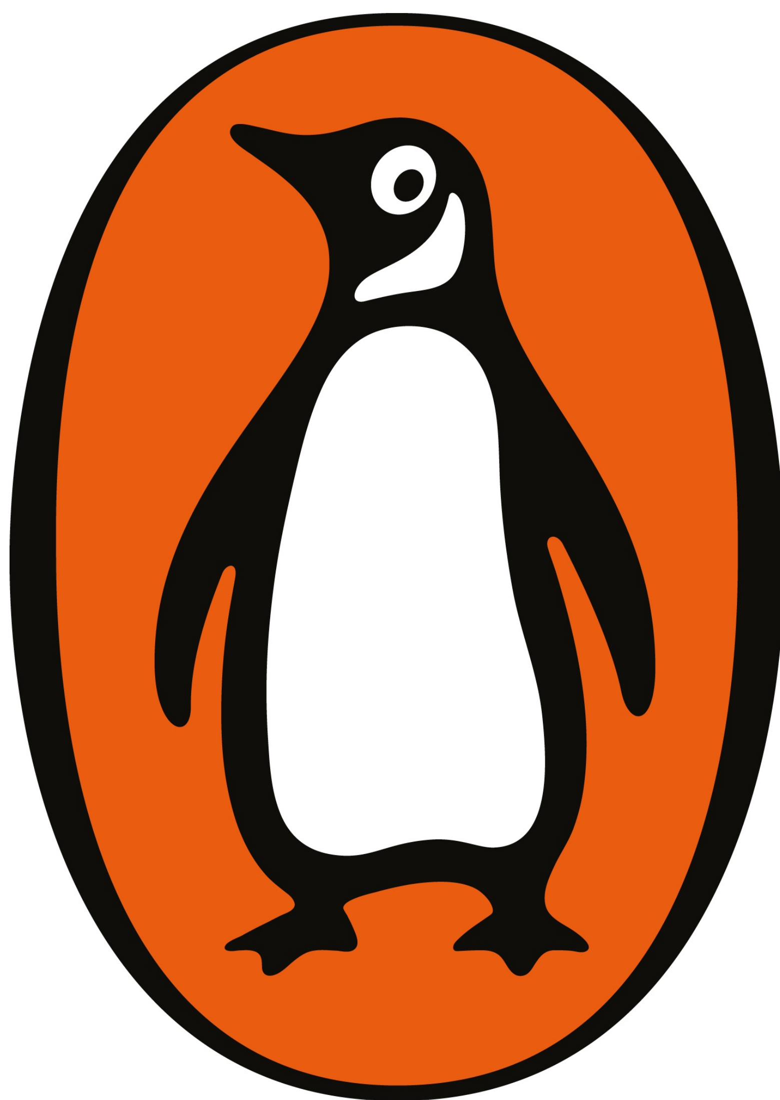
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
First published 1917
This selection published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

拉宾德拉纳特·泰戈尔（Rabindranath Tagore，1861-1941），印度著名诗人、作家、哲学家、艺术家以及社会活动家。他于1913年获得诺贝尔文学奖，是第一位获此殊荣的非欧洲人。中国读者对于泰戈尔的了解更多的是来自于他的诗歌作品，如《园丁集》《飞鸟集》《吉檀迦利》等。然而，泰戈尔的成就是多方面的。除了诗歌以外，他还创作并出版了大量的小说、戏剧、哲学以及政治学论著。

本次翻译出版的《民族主义》是泰戈尔于1916年在日本和美国所做的三篇演讲稿的合集，是其关于政治思想的重要论述。本书共分三个部分，分别是：日本的民族主义、西方的民族主义和印度的民族主义。而将这三个部分串联在一起的唯一主题则是泰戈尔对于源自西方的“民族主义”的深刻批判。

在“日本的民族主义”当中，泰戈尔对东西方文明进行了比较，对日本的崛起寄予了希望，同时还对她所面临的危险倾向提出了警告。泰戈尔为古老的东方文明进行辩护，认为它并非玄学，而是某种确实存在的、为人类心灵提供了庇护和滋养的智慧；它并非政治的文明，而是一种社会的和精神的文明，并且终将会有发扬光大的一天。泰戈尔还认为日本为亚洲各国树立了崛起的榜样，因为她不但获得了所有现代社会的禀赋，而且还深深地扎根于脚下这片古老的东方沃土。但是同时，泰戈尔还告诫日本不要盲目地模仿西方，不要以为实现了西方式的现代化就万事大吉了，特别是不要学习西方的民族主义而放弃自己固有的精神理想。

尽管三篇演讲稿的主题都是对于“民族主义”的批判，“西方的民族

主义”仍然是对此讨论最为集中的一篇。泰戈尔认为，民族是指全体人民为了某个机械的目的，即获取政治的和经济的利益，而组织在一起所形成的团体。它是一个社会组织，是一台依靠贪婪的欲望来驱动的机器，它是人类道德理想的死敌。泰戈尔认为民族主义是理智的、科学的、机械的，而非人性的。尽管打着爱国主义的旗号，其实质则是民族的自私自利；对其他国家的人民，特别是对非民族主义的、贫弱国家的人民来说，则是残酷的剥削、束缚和压迫；而且，民族主义国家的人民往往会在浑然不知当中听由其政府的摆布，甚至于自豪而愉快地拜倒在本国的民族主义旗下。泰戈尔认为道德的律法才是人类永恒的真理，它不仅适用于个人，同样也适用于各个国家和组织。因此，与人类道德理想背道而驰的民族主义注定要喝下自己所酿成的毒酒，并且最终走上一条灭亡的不归之路。

在“印度的民族主义”中，泰戈尔认为印度同样不能盲目地学习西方，而要坚持走自己的道路。他认为印度所面临的最为严重的问题不是政治问题，而是社会问题，是种族问题，是过于森严的、种族隔离的壁垒。他抨击了印度的种姓制度，认为它尽管承认了社会差别的存在，但是却否认了生命易变性的法则。关于美国，泰戈尔认为她没有受到历史和传统的束缚，她乐观向上且感知力丰富，所以理应扛起未来文明的大旗，并且承担起向东方证明西方文明正当性的历史重任。

在演讲中，泰戈尔呼吁世界的和平和全人类的团结。他认为这个世界只有一部历史，那就是人类的历史。他的观点在过去、现在及将来都如夜空中的北斗一样指引着正义的人们前进的方向。总之，这是一本跨越时代的著作，无愧于“伟大的思想”这一名号。

翻译质量的高低从根本上取决于译者对于目标语的理解和对于母语的驾驭。以己昏昏，使人昭昭是万万行不通的。所以我们千万要警惕有人以某种不伦不类的、磕磕绊绊的、与原文貌合神离的译文来冒充所谓

的“忠实于原文”。真正的“忠实于原文”是对于原文精神实质的深刻理解和以母语进行的流畅表达。它不能对原文进行阉割、遗漏、肢解和篡改，也不能打着“忠实”的幌子使得原本优美的原文变得味同嚼蜡，甚至于一团乱麻。这是本次翻译《民族主义》的一点个人体会，谨供读者参考。

日本的民族主义

I

对人们最残酷的奴役形式莫过于使其垂头丧气，因为这样就可以让他们在失去自信之中戴上绝望的枷锁。有人一遍又一遍地，有理有据地告诉我们，亚洲仍然活在过去——它就如同一座奢华的陵墓，以其庄严而华美的外表诉说着逝者的永垂不朽。他们说亚洲永远都不会走上进步的道路，因为它总是将视线投向过去。我们接受了这一指责，并且信以为真。据我所知，在印度有相当一部分受过教育的人们对这种指责所带来的羞辱感到厌倦，他们正试图调动一切可能调动的、自欺欺人的资源，努力将这一指责转变成某种可以自我吹嘘的事情。然而吹嘘只会掩盖羞耻，却并不能真正地说服自己。

就在这一切如此静止不动的时候，就在我们亚洲各国进入到一种恍恍惚惚的状态，认为任何的改变都不可能再发生的时候，日本从她的梦境中苏醒过来。她昂首阔步，将几百年来的无所作为甩在身后，并且以其卓越的成就站在了时代的潮头。这就打破了长久以来将我们陷于困境的魔咒——正是这一魔咒让我们相信，生活在某些地域内的某些种族的麻木不仁是理所当然的。然而我们却忘记了，伟大的王朝曾经在亚洲肇始，哲学、科学、艺术以及文学曾经在这里盛极一时，而世界上所有伟大的宗教都曾经在这里孕育。所以，我们不能说在亚洲的土壤和空气中有什么固有的东西会使我们的头脑变得迟钝，会使我们奋进的能力变得萎靡。几百年来，当西方在黑暗中昏昏欲睡的时候，我们东方人的确擎起了文明的火炬，而这一切都是我们并非思想懒惰或视野狭窄的明证。

然而漆黑的夜幕却降临在了东方的土地。时间的洪流戛然而止。亚

洲似乎停止了进食新鲜的食物，转而靠咀嚼自己的过去维持生计——这是名副其实的自给自足。沉寂如死亡一般，那曾经传递过永恒真理的伟大声音也寂静了下来。正是这永恒的真理将人类从累世的污秽中拯救出来，就如同新鲜的、流动的空气不断涤荡着人世的罪恶，给人类送来甜美的祝福。

然而此时，生命似乎开始了休眠，进入到一种无所作为的状态——它静止不动，不思茶饭，完全靠过去的储备苟延残喘。它变得无能为力，肌肉松弛，并且因为不省人事而饱受讥讽。但是，在生命的律动中，此时的暂停一定预示着将来的重生。活动中的生命在不断地消耗着自身的能量。而这种挥霍无度并非长久之计，总有一天，生命将会奄奄一息，所有的付出都会停止，所有的冒险都将放弃，取而代之的将是休息和缓慢的恢复。

头脑的脾性总是倾向于走捷径：它热衷于形成习惯并且沿着已有的车辙前行，从而避免了每走一步都要重新思考的麻烦。思维定式一旦形成就会使头脑变得懒惰。它会惧怕在新的努力和尝试中失去已经占有的东西。它会在习惯的堡垒后面储藏自己的财产，以确保万无一失。然而，这其实是将它自身禁锢起来，从而不可能享有自己的全部财产。这是吝啬。有生命力的头脑一定不能将其自身与发展变化中的生活相隔绝。它们真正的自由并不会被圈在安全的藩篱后面，而是走在探索的大路上，尝试着各种新鲜的刺激和冒险。

早上醒来，整个世界都惊异地发现，日本已经在一夜之间冲破了重重旧习的包围，带着胜利的喜悦站立了起来。这一切都在令人难以置信的瞬间完成，就好像换了件衣服那样轻而易举，而不像是建造了一幢新的建筑。日本展现出了成熟的自信和一个新生命所特有的鲜活以及无限的潜能。人们担心，日本的崛起只不过是历史的偶然错误，是孩子式的游戏——就如同吹起的肥皂泡，带着完美的弧形曲线和绚丽的色彩，内

心却是空空如也。但是日本已经毫无疑问地证明了，她力量的突然迸发并不是昙花一现，并不是岁月潮汐的偶然产物——从某个昏暗幽冥的深处翻卷而起，瞬间又被冲进了遗忘之海。

事实是，日本既古老又年轻。她拥有东方的、古老的文化传承——这一文化要求人们在自己的灵魂深处寻求真正的财富和力量；要求人们在面对挫折和危险时泰然自若，勇于牺牲自我而不计成本和回报；要求人们蔑视死亡，接受不可胜数的、我们作为人所应当履行的社会责任。一句话，现代的日本从历史悠久的东方脱颖而出，就如同一束莲花般优雅地绽放，而同时又牢牢地植根于脚下这片沃土。

日本，这个古老东方的孩子，已经无所畏惧地获取了所有现代社会所具有的禀赋。她毅然决然地冲破了积习的束缚，抛弃了懒惰头脑中的废物——这懒惰的头脑在其自身所设定的捷径和作茧自缚中才能找到安全感。由此，她已经顺应了时代的潮流，并且热切地、聪慧地承担起了现代文明的责任。

这就是日本给亚洲各国树立起的精神样板。我们已经看到了自身所具有的生命和力量；我们要做的就是要去除掉身上的死痂。我们已经看到了在逝者的庇护之下只会是死路一条，只有毫无保留地冒生命之险才会获得新生。

就我个人而言，我不相信日本通过模仿西方就可以变成今天的样子。我们不可能模仿生命，也不可能长时间地冒充强大。不仅如此，单纯的模仿只会产生虚弱，因为它束缚了我们的天性，阻断了我们的进步。它就像是在我们的骨架上套上了别人的皮肤，自此以后，只要我们稍有动作，皮肤和骨骼之间便会产生无休止的争斗。

事实上，科学并非人的本性，科学是通过学习知识和接受训练获得的。仅仅知道物质世界的法则并不能改变你的更深层次的人性。你可以

从旁人那里学会知识，却不可能从他们那里学会性情。

但是，当我们还处在接受教育的模仿阶段的时候，我们并不能区分哪些是基本的要素，哪些是非基本的；哪些是能学会的，哪些是学不会的。这就有点像原始人所相信的，某些外部表象的偶发事件所具有的魔力——尽管这些偶发事件往往与某些真理相伴而生。于是我们便担心如果不将果壳连同果仁一同吞掉的话，那么就有可能遗漏掉一些有价值和可受用的东西。然而，即便是我们的贪欲对于大量的占有感到洋洋自得，我们的生命本性也会去消化吸收——对于一个生命体来说，只有这种占有才是真正的占有。只要有生命，它就会根据其自身所固有的需要来决定取舍。生命体不会随着其食物的样子而改变模样；相反，它会将食物消化吸收为其身体的一部分。唯有如此，它才能茁壮成长，而不是简单的占有，抑或是放弃自己的个性。

日本已经从西方引进了食物，而非生死攸关的本性。她一定不能在从西方那里获得的科学装备中迷失自我，从而变成一部单纯的、借来的机器。日本有自己的灵魂，而这一灵魂一定要支配她的所有诉求。日本所表现出来的健康活力充分地证明了，她有能力这样做，她的消化吸收过程正在进行中。我真诚地希望日本永远都不要在炫耀学习西方的成果时失去对自己灵魂的信仰。因为这种炫耀本身就如同羞辱，最终会导致贫穷和虚弱。只有招摇过市的纨绔子弟才会把钱都花在自己的新头饰上面，而不是去丰富自己的头脑。

整个世界都在等着瞧，这个伟大的东方民族会怎样地利用她从现代社会的手中所接受的机遇和责任。如果只是单纯地效仿西方，那么她将会令大家的殷切期望化为泡影。因为迄今为止，西方文明在世人面前所暴露出的严重问题仍未得到圆满的解答。比如，个人和国家间的矛盾，劳资矛盾，男人和女人间的矛盾；人们对于物质的贪欲和对于精神生活的追求之间的矛盾，各个民族不约而同的自私自利与对于人性崇高理想

的追求之间的矛盾；庞大的商业和国家组织所带来的、林林总总的丑恶现象与人类所具有的朴素、美和休闲的天然本性之间的矛盾，等等——所有这一切的矛盾都有待于以某种迄今仍未想见的方式加以调和。

我们看到，人类文明的洪流正因为它不可胜数的支流所携带冲刷下来的垃圾废物而变得病入膏肓。我们看到，尽管它吹嘘自己是如何地热爱人类，然而事实上它已然变成了人类的最大威胁，相比人类早期历史上所遭受的、游牧野蛮民族的突然入侵所带来的伤害还要大得多。我们看到，尽管它吹嘘自己热爱自由，然而事实上它比过去任何社会的、任何奴隶制的形式都要糟糕——它的奴役的锁链牢不可破，因为它要么无影无形，要么假借自由的名义显身。我们看到，在它恶毒的、肮脏污秽的魔咒之下，人类失去了对于所有那些曾经使他们变得伟大的、英雄史诗般的人生理想的信仰。

因此，你们不能草率地接受现代文明的所有脾性、方法和结构，并且认为它们都理所当然。你们一定要将自己的思想、自己的精神力量、自己对于朴素的热爱、自己所认可的社会责任等等，融入其中，从而为这台巨大的、笨拙的进步之车开辟出一条崭新的道路，去除掉它在前进的过程中发出的刺耳尖叫。这台车每前进一步都会对人类的生命和自由造成巨大的牺牲，而你们一定要把这牺牲降到最低。多少世代以来，你们都以自己独特的方式进行着感知、思考和工作；你们享受着生活、崇拜着神明；而这些都不要弃之如敝屣。它存在于你们的血液中、你们的骨髓里、你们的肌理中、你们的脑袋里；它一定会在你们浑然不知当中改变你们所接触到的一切，甚至非你所愿。一旦你们真正圆满地解决了人类的问题，你们就会获得自己的生命哲学，并且逐步形成你们自己的生活艺术。你们必须将这一切运用到现实的条件当中，由此，新的创造就会产生出来，而不仅仅是重蹈覆辙——这一创造将属于你们人民的灵魂所有，并且你们可以自豪地将其作为对于人类福祉的贡品敬献给全世界。在所有的亚洲国家当中，只有你们日本有条件可以自由地依据你们

的天赋和需求来使用从西方那里获得的物质财富。因此，你们的责任就更为重大，因为正是通过你们的声音，亚洲才得以对欧洲摆到人类会议桌上的诸多问题作出解答。在你们的土地上，实验将会进行下去。东方将会通过这一实验改变现代文明的面貌，以人类的心灵替代冷漠的功利——它对于权力和成功斤斤计较，却对和谐的成长、真理以及美丽视而不见、听而不闻。

我非常乐意同你们一起回味过去的时光。那时，整个东亚，从缅甸到日本，都以最亲密的友谊作为纽带与印度紧密地联系在一起。那友谊是存在于民族间的、唯一的自然纽带。它是心有灵犀的，是一套使得人性中反映最深层次需要的信息在我们之间可以自由传递的神经系统。那时，我们彼此并不惧怕对方；我们不需要武装自己以求相互制约；我们之间的关系不是建立在自私自利、剥削和掠夺彼此财富的基础之上；我们交流思想和理念，互换最崇高的爱的礼物；语言和风俗的迥异并没有阻碍我们彼此心心相印；没有什么身体或是精神层面的、种族的优越感或是傲慢无礼伤害我们之间的关系；我们的文学和艺术在这紧密团结在一起的、心灵的阳光普照下生叶开花，同时，生活在不同地域、操着不同语言、有着不同历史的各个种族都认同人类、最崇高的团结和最亲密的爱的纽带。我们难道不记得了吗？在那些充满和平和善意的、人们团结一致为生命的最高目标而奋斗的过去的时光里，你们的天性，依靠自身所具有的不朽的膏油，帮助你们的人民在新的时代获得了重生，帮助你们的人民摆脱了旧体制的束缚并且换上一副新的、年轻的皮囊，帮助你们的人民从这个世界前所未见的、最伟大的、革命的震荡中走出来而毫发无伤。

从欧洲的土地上萌芽，并且像多产的杂草一样在全世界蔓延开来的政治文明是建立在排他性的基础之上的。它总是虎视眈眈地拒“外人”于千里之外，或是干脆消灭他们。它嗜血成性，同类相残；它吞噬掉其他民族的资源并且试图毁灭他们的未来；它唯恐其他的种族获得成功——

用它的话来说叫作危险；它试图在自己的边界之外扼杀一切伟大的事物；它压制其他羸弱的种族，希望它们永远羸弱。在这种政治文明大行其道之前，在它张开血盆大口吞噬掉地球上的各个大洲之前，我们有过战争、掠夺、王权的更迭以及由此引起的悲惨境遇。但是，我们从未见过如此可怕和绝望的贪婪，如此大规模的国家间的奴役，如此将大部分的世界绞成肉馅的庞大机器，如此恐怖的嫉妒——它张开丑恶的爪牙，随时准备将对方开膛破肚、剖腹挖心。这一政治文明是科学的而非人性的。它强大有力，因为它为达目的而孤注一掷，就像一位百万富翁为了攫取钱财宁可出卖灵魂。它背信弃义，并且厚颜无耻地编织谎言的罗网；它在自己的庙宇中供奉着巨大的贪婪偶像，并且以其奢华的膜拜仪式为傲——它称之为爱国主义。我敢保证，这一所谓的政治文明不可能长久地维系下去，因为在这个世界上还有道德的律法。它适用于个人，也同样适用于人类有组织的群体。没有人可以一方面以个人的名义享受这些道德律法所带来的好处，而另一方面却以国家的名义违背这些律法。这种公然的对于道德理想的腐蚀会慢慢地影响到每个社会成员，逐渐地在人们看不到的地方滋生虚弱，从而引起人们对于人性当中所有神圣东西的怀疑，这种怀疑正是人类衰老的病症。你们一定要记住，这一政治文明，这一爱国主义的信条还没有接受长期的考验。古希腊的明灯在其最初点燃之地已经熄灭；古罗马的权杖已经死去，并被掩埋在了它那广阔帝国的废墟之下。但是文明，其植根于社会和人类的精神理想，在中国和印度仍然拥有着生命。尽管以现代的、机械功率的标准来衡量，它可能略显虚弱和渺小，然而，它就如同细小的种子一样，仍然蕴藏着生命。一旦时机成熟，上天播撒下仁慈的雨露，它就会发芽、成长；它就会抽出仁爱的枝条，并且开花结果。但是，权力的摩天大厦一旦坍塌，贪婪的机器一旦破碎，即便是上帝的甘露也不会使其获得新生；因为它们本身不是生命，而是作为一个整体与生命对抗——它们是在对抗永恒真理之后所留下的支离破碎的残骸。

然而，我们却受到这样的指责：你们东方所珍爱的理想是静止的；

它们没有前进的动力，也没有开拓新知识和才能的前景；作为东方诸多老朽文明支柱的哲学体系轻视所有外在的证据，对其主观的臆断麻木不仁且自鸣得意。这一指责证明了，当我们对知识的掌握含混不清的时候，我们就会倾向于指责作为客体的知识本身是含混不清的。对于西方的观察家来说，我们的文明看上去都是玄学，这就如同对一个聋子来说，弹钢琴不过是手指的运动而不是什么音乐。他不会相信我们的制度建立在某种已经发现的、深刻的现实基础之上。

不幸的是，所有现实的证据都还在实现的过程当中。而你只会根据亲眼所见的事实来判断场面的真实性，所以对我们来说，想要向某个怀疑我们文明的人作出解释绝非易事。但我还是要说，我们的文明并非一个由抽象的推论构成的混沌体系，它已经得出了某种不容置疑的真理——这种真理能够为人类的心灵提供庇护和滋养。我们的文明已经催生了一种内在的直觉——一种直觉的洞察力，一种在一切有限的事物中看到无限实情的洞察力。

但是那个人会说："你们没有取得什么进步；你们根本就没动弹。"这时候我会问他："你怎么知道我们没有进步呢？判断事物进步与否要看它的目标是什么。一列火车开到了终点算是进步了——它确实移动了位置。但是对于一棵已经长成的大树来说，它是不会像那列火车一样有确切的移动的；它的成长进步是生命内在的成长。它活着，带着对阳光的渴望——这渴望刺痛着它的叶片，在它寂静的树液中缓缓地流淌。"

我们也已经存活了几个世纪了；我们仍然活着，并且渴望着获得一个不断得以实现的现实——这一现实超越了死亡，并且赋予它意义；这一现实脱离了所有生活中的罪恶，并且给它带来和平与纯洁，以及欢愉的、对于自我的摒弃。这种现实是内心生活的产物，它是有生命的。当一个年轻人拖着满是灰尘的、疲倦的身躯回到家中的时候，当一个士兵

战斗负伤的时候，当你的财富付之流水而自尊心遭受打击的时候，当一个人的心灵在浩繁的事实面前渴求真理，在彼此矛盾的诉求中期盼和谐的时候，你就需要它了。它的价值并不体现于物质财富的增长，而是体现在精神上的满足。

有些事物是不能等待的。如果你要战斗，或是想要在市场中占据有利的位置，你就必须冲过去，跑过去，或是急行军走过去。你绷紧了神经，时刻准备着捕捉到那些稍纵即逝的机遇。但是有些理想并不会跟我们的生活玩捉迷藏的游戏；他们从种子到花朵，从花朵到果实，缓慢地生长；他们要求得到无限的空间和天堂的光辉从而变得成熟，而且他们所结出的果实能够禁得住经年的摧残和漠视。东方，带着她的理想，怀抱着数个世纪的阳光和寂寞的星辰，能够耐心地等待——直到有一天，为了权宜之计而手忙脚乱的西方气喘吁吁，停下脚步。欧洲，在匆匆忙忙赶赴约会的疾驰中，会轻蔑地向车窗外田野中的收割者瞟上几眼。此时她陶醉于自己的一路狂飙，难免会认为那个收割者的动作是多么的迟缓，并且总是在不断地倒退。然而狂飙走到了尽头，约会也失去了意义，而且饥饿的心灵吵闹着索要食物。直到最后，她终于来到行动迟缓的、在骄阳下忙碌着的收割者的身旁。因为，如果说公务不能等待，或是说做买卖不能等待，抑或是说对于新鲜刺激急不可待，那么爱是可以等待的，美是可以等待的，遭受苦难所获得的智慧、耐心奉献所收获的果实、纯粹的信仰所带来的谦卑和温和是可以等待的。因此，东方一定会等到属于她的时代的来临。

我会毫不犹豫地承认欧洲的伟大之处，因为她的伟大是毋庸置疑的。我们会情不自禁地、全心全意地热爱她，并且满怀羡慕之情地向她致以最崇高的敬意——因为亘古以来，在文学和艺术方面，欧洲就以其美和真理的永不枯竭的瀑布流水灌溉滋养着所有的国家；因为欧洲正在以其强大无比且不知疲倦的心智席卷着全宇宙的峰峦和深渊，人们对她无所不包且渊博无比的知识推崇备至，而且正在将其伟大的学识和心智

应用于救死扶伤，减轻人们的痛苦——而到目前为止，我们都还在心甘情愿地、无计可施地承受着这些苦难；因为欧洲正使得我们脚下的这片土地孕育出多得超乎人们想象的果实，她正将自然的伟大力量玩弄于股掌之间使其为人类服务。如此伟大的成就必然有其精神的推动力。因为只有人类的精神才能对抗所有的桎梏，才能对自身的最终成功抱有信仰；它将搜索的目光抛向远方、洞穿迷雾，它满心欢喜地以身赴死，为的是达到它在今生所不能达到的目标，它接受失败却从不放弃。在欧洲的心灵深处流淌着最为纯净的爱的血液，那是对于正义的爱，充满为了更高理想而自我牺牲的精神。数百年来的基督教文化已经在她的生命深处沉积下来。在欧洲，我们见到过那些置肤色和信仰于不顾，为了维护人权挺身而出的义士；他们勇敢地面对来自自己一方的各种流言蜚语甚至谩骂攻击，为了仁爱的理想而战斗，为了反对疯狂的穷兵黩武，为了反对有时控制了整个民族的、要求进行野蛮的报复和掠夺的狂暴情绪而振臂一呼；他们随时准备为自己的民族在过去所犯下的错误进行补救，并且徒劳地想要截住怯懦的、非正义的洪水，而这洪水正因为来自受害者一方软弱无力、不痛不痒的抵抗而四处奔流。在现代的欧洲，确有这样一些游侠，他们还没有丢掉自己的信仰；他们信仰无私的、对于自由的热爱，信仰超越地理边界或是国家私利的理想。这些人证明了，在欧洲，永世长流的水的源头还没有枯干，而正是在那里她将一遍又一遍地获得新生。而在另外一些地方，欧洲正在有意识地忙于积累自己的力量，违背并且嘲笑着自己内心的天性；她正在将自己的邪恶堆积得高耸入云，吵闹着要得到上天的惩罚，并且将自己灵魂和肉体的丑恶嘴脸传染给整个地球——用她无情的商业肆意地凌辱着人们对于美和善的良知。当欧洲的脸庞转向其人性的一面时她是多么的仁慈啊，而当她的脸庞转向自己利益一方的时候她又是多么的恶毒啊——她会竭尽所能达到目的，而这些目的却与人类的无限和永恒的目标背道而驰。

东亚一直在沿着自己的道路前行。她形成了自己的文明——这是一种社会的而非政治的文明；它不是一种掠夺性的、拥有机械效能的文

明，而是一种精神的文明；它建立在人性所具有的、全部的、各种各样的、深层次关系的基础之上。各族人民生活当中的问题的解决方案都来自于远离尘嚣的苦思冥想，并且在丝毫没有受到王朝更迭和外敌入侵干扰的情况下，超然地付诸实施。但是现在，外面的世界突然降临，要想远离尘嚣再也不可能了。然而，我们一定不要为此而感到遗憾，这就像一株植物，永远都不要因为其播种期的隐伏状态被打破而感到遗憾一样。现在是我们应当把世界的问题当作自己的问题的时候了；我们必须把文明的精神与世界上所有民族的历史相调和；我们一定不要以一种愚蠢的、高傲的姿态，将自己封闭在曾经保护并且孕育我们理想的谷壳和地壳里；因为这些谷壳和地壳一定会被打破，唯其如此，生机勃勃的美丽生命才会喷涌而出，将礼物奉献给这个阳光灿烂的世界。

在此项冲破藩篱面对世界的任务中，日本已经代表东方第一个站了起来。她已经将希望注满了全亚洲的心灵。这种希望提供了隐藏的火种，而这火种正是一切创造性工作所必需的。现在亚洲感到，她必须以有生命力的成就证明自己的生命；她不应当再被动地休眠，或是以恐惧和献媚的蠢态虚弱地模仿西方。由此，我们要感谢这个太阳升起的国度，并且郑重地要求她记住自己所要完成的东方使命。她应当将更为完整的人性的活力注入到现代文明的心脏中去。她一定不要允许有害的灌木将它窒息；而要引领它向上，直达阳光和自由，直达纯净的空气和广阔的天际。在那里，每当黎明和黑暗来临的时候，它都能接收到上天的启迪。让日本的伟大理想昭示于世人吧，就如同她高高耸立的富士山山顶上的白雪一样，让所有地方的人们都看到——它卓尔不群，有美艳处女一般曼妙的身姿，而同时又坚定强壮，恬静庄严。

II

我曾经游历过很多国家，见到过各色人等；然而在我的游历当中，却从来没有见到过像在这片土地上存在着的、如此特殊的人性。在其他

伟大的国家，人们的权力会凸显出来，而我也见到过庞大的组织机构，他们在各个方面都富有效率。在那些国家，服装、家具、奢华的招待等等方面的铺张炫耀程度让人咂舌。他们似乎要让你自惭形秽，就像是一个闯入盛宴的、不名一文的不速之客一样；他们善于让你感到羡慕或是大吃一惊。在那里，你不会感到作为一个人的至高无上；相反你会感到被抛到了一堆光怪陆离的物品堆中。但是在日本，给人最深印象的东西不是权力或是财富的炫耀。你所到之处能看到的，大都是爱和赞赏，而不是野心和贪婪。你所看到的是这样一个民族：她的心灵已经释放了出来，并且大量地体现在了其最常见的日常用品中、社会制度里、温文尔雅的举止上，以及它优雅而练达的处事方式等方面。

日本留给我最深的印象是你们已经认识到了自然的秘密，不是通过科学分析的方法，而是通过你们的同情心。你们已经获知了她的种种姿态所代表的语言，她的缤纷色彩所奏响的音乐，她的不规则中的对称，她的自由运动中的韵律；你们已经看到了她是如何统领庞大的物质群体而避免摩擦的，她的造物间的矛盾是如何转化为舞蹈和音乐的形式爆发的，她的生机勃勃是如何地充满了自我抛弃，而不仅仅是肆意的展示。你们已经发现，自然以美的形式储存了自己的力量；这种美，就如同母亲一样，用胸怀哺育着所有巨大的力量，并让它们充满生机，而自己却恬静安详。你们已经知道，自然的能量通过其完美的节奏使其自身免于枯竭，而同时，以其温柔的曲线带走了世间的疲劳。我感到你们已经能够将这些秘密融入到你们的生命当中去，而且那世间万物当中所蕴含的真理已经走入了你们的灵魂。对于事物表面知识的获取用不着花很长的时间，然而对于它们精神实质的掌握则需要数个世纪的训练和自我约束。同自然和谐地融为一体要比从表面上控制她困难得多，然而唯其如此才能叫作真正的智慧。你们的种族已经表现出了如此的智慧，不是通过获取，而是通过创造；不是通过物品的展示，而是通过它的内在本质向外透露。所有的民族都有这种创造性的力量；而这种力量，在抓住人类的本性并且根据它的理想赋予它某种形式方面也总是跃跃欲试。但在

这里，在日本，这一力量似乎已经取得了成功，并且深深地进入到了所有人的头脑中，渗透到了他们的肌肉和神经里。你们的本能已经变得真实，感官变得敏锐，而且你们的手已经获得了自然的技巧。欧洲的智慧给予了她的人民以组织的力量，这一点主要表现在政治、商业以及科学知识的统筹等方面。日本的智慧不仅让你们看到了自然的美，而且给了你们可以使得它在生活中得以实现的力量。

所有特定的文明都是对某些特定人类经验的解读。欧洲似乎已经强烈地感受到宇宙中各种事物间的矛盾冲突，而这些矛盾冲突只有通过征服的手段才能将其置于控制之下。因此，欧洲总是准备战斗，而且她大部分的精力都集中到了对于力量的组织上面。但是日本感到，在她的世界里，有某种神灵的存在，而它则唤起了她灵魂深处某种虔诚的崇拜。日本并不吹嘘对于自然的掌控，而是带着无与伦比的关心和快乐，带给自然以爱的奉献。日本与外部世界的关系是深层次的心灵的交汇。她已经与本国的群山、海洋、溪流，以及繁花似锦、枝繁叶茂的森林结成了爱的精神纽带；她已经对林地的沙沙低语和叹息、波浪的呜咽和抽泣敞开了心扉；她已经研究了太阳和月亮全部阴晴圆缺的变化，并且会高兴地关门歇业，以便迎接其果园、花园和麦田里的收获季节。这种对于外部世界的灵魂敞开心扉的状态并不仅仅局限在你们上层社会的小圈子里；它并不是外来文化强加给你们的东西，相反，它属于你们的全体人民——男人和女人。你们灵魂的这种与外部世界的某个神灵相交汇的经历体现在了你们的文明之中。这是一种人际关系的文明。你们对于国家所担负的责任自然而然地呈现出了如同子女孝敬父母那样的特点；由此，你们的国家就像一个家庭，而天皇则是你们的家长。你们国家的团结并非来自出于防御或是进攻目的而诉诸武力时所结成的同盟，也不是来自为了使得每个人都分得赃物而不得不将他们置身险境进行冒险的劫掠时所形成的团伙。它不是为了某个秘而不宣的目的而被迫组织起来的结果，而是一种家庭关系的延续和一种在广阔的时空范围内所形成的心灵的契约。你们文化的核心是“慈爱”（maitri：loving kindness）——以

一颗慈爱的心对待他人，以一颗慈爱的心对待自然。这种爱是通过一种美的语言的形式加以传达的，而这种美的语言在这个国家随处可见。这就是为什么，像我这样的陌生人不会在这些美的化身和爱的造化面前感到嫉妒和屈辱，相反会愿意分享这种展示人类心灵时所带来的快乐和光荣。

这使得我更为担心给日本文明带来威胁的变化，因为这一变化就如同套在某个人身上的枷锁一样。由于现代社会所具有的巨大的同一性——它唯一的、共同的纽带就是利益，世界上没有哪个国家像日本这样，可怜巴巴地将尊严和有节制的美所隐藏的力量暴露在了这种同一性之下。

但是危险就在这里——有组织的丑恶侵袭着人们的头脑，靠着它庞大的体量和咄咄逼人的气势占据了上风。然而，它嘲讽的对象却是人们心灵深处的情感。它强硬且独断专行；不管你愿不愿意，它都出现在你的面前。它让我们的理智俯首称臣——我们就像野蛮人供奉那些因为看上去丑恶才显得强大的偶像一样，为它的祭坛献上祭品。因此，它与那些谦虚的、深刻的、生命当中微妙而精致的东西之间的竞争是多么令人恐惧啊。

我敢肯定，在日本一定有人对你们所传承下来的理想并不赞同，他们的目标是获取利益而不是自身的成长。他们大肆地吹嘘自己已经使得日本现代化了。如果说一个民族的精神要与时代的精神相和谐的话，那么在这一点上我是同意他们的意见的；不过我还是要告诫他们，现代化不过是现代主义的表象而已，这就像作诗不过是诗歌艺术的表象而已一样。这不过是模仿，不同的是，表象看上去比原本的东西更夸张，同时也更死板。我们必须记住，那些有真正现代精神的人并不需要现代化，这就如同真正勇敢的人靠的并不是嘴上吹牛。现代主义并不是欧洲人的服装；也不是欧洲的孩子们上课并接受训练时所在的某些丑陋的建筑

物；也不是一些方形的房子——墙面平直，平行的窗户排列整齐，而欧洲人则住在里面终其一生；当然现代主义也不是欧洲女士们的帽子，上面缀满了毫不搭调的饰物。这些并不“现代”，仅仅是“欧洲”而已。真正的现代主义是自由的思想，而不是被奴役的品位。它是思想和行动的独立，而不是欧洲学校校长们的监护；它是科学，而不是科学在生活当中的错误应用。例如，我们对某位教授科学的老师简单地加以模仿，而他却将科学降格为迷信，荒谬地祈求它帮助实现所有不可能完成的目标。

单纯依靠科学来生活对于一些人是有吸引力的，因为这种生活具备所有游乐活动的特点；它假装严肃，然而并不深刻。如果你出去狩猎，那么你的同情心则越少越好；因为你唯一目的就是追逐并杀死猎物，并因此感到自己是更为伟大的动物，感到自己的猎杀方法是严密和科学的。科学的生活是一种肤浅的生活。它以技巧和完善的方法追求成功，然而对于更高层次的、人的天性则不予理会。有些头脑简单的人把生活规划得就好像是狩猎一样，他们的理想就是成为成功的猎手；然而这些睡在骷髅所制成的奖杯堆中的人是迟早会被噩梦惊醒的。

我从来都主张日本应当获得进行自我保护的现代武器。但是这种行动不要超过她进行自我防御的需求。她一定要明白，真正的力量并不在于武器本身，而是在于使用武器的人；如果有谁急切地渴望权力，并且以他的灵魂为代价扩充军力，那么他的处境就会比他的敌人更加危险。

所有有生命的东西都容易受到伤害；因此，他们要求得到保护。在自然界，生命体通过它自身的材料所制成的外壳保护自己。所以这些外壳与生命的成长是相互协调的，否则的话，时间一到，他们就会轻易地垮掉并被遗忘。人类的真正保护来自于他的精神理想——它与人类的生命休戚相关并且一同成长。然而不幸的是，所有人类的铠甲都是没有生命的——有的是钢铁制成的，行动不便且机械呆板。因此，在利用这些铠甲的同时，人类还需小心保护他自身不被铠甲所控制。如果他灵魂虚

弱，不得不削足适履而穿上这件铠甲的话，那么他灵魂的萎缩则无异于慢性自杀。日本自己，一定要坚定地信仰道德的生存法则，相信西方各国正走在通往自杀的道路上；因为在那里，他们正在以各种组织的巨大重量压抑并且窒息着自己的人性，为的是让自己大权在握，同时让他人俯首称臣。

日本的危险并不在于模仿西方的外部特征，而是在于她接受西方民族主义的动机并且为己所用。日本的社会理想在其政治的操控下已经显现出了失败的迹象。我可以看到她从科学那里借鉴来的座右铭："适者生存"，就赫然地挂在她当代历史的大门上。这个座右铭的意思就是，"照顾好你自己，永远不要管会给别人带来什么损失"——这是瞎子的座右铭，因为他们看不到东西，所以只相信自己的触觉。但是明眼人一看便知，人与人之间紧密相连，你攻击了别人也必会遭到别人的反戈一击。道德的律法是人类最伟大的发现，它发现了这样一条奇妙的真理——以人为鉴可以明得失。这一真理不但具有主观的价值，而且在我们生活的方方面面都有体现。那些不懈地将对道德的无视奉为爱国主义的圭臬的国家一定会暴毙而终。在历史上，我们曾见过多次的外敌入侵，但是他们从来都没有深深地触动过人民的灵魂。这些侵略不过是个人野心膨胀的结果而已。人民并不会为那些冒险行动卑鄙可耻的一面负责任；相反，他们自身会从这些冒险行动所具有的英雄和人性的方面受益匪浅。由此，他们培养了坚定不移的忠诚，对于所肩负的责任的全身心投入，完全的自我牺牲的勇气，以及面对死亡和危险时所表现出的大无畏精神。因此，位于人民心中的理想并不会由于某个国王或是将军所采取的政策而发生剧烈的变化。但是现在，西方民族主义的精神却大行其道：全体人民从小就接受想尽一切办法鼓动仇恨和野心的教育。人们编造历史上的、片面的真理和谎言；人们不断地丑化其他的种族和文化；人们经常错误地建造大事件的纪念碑，从而不断地鼓吹邻国和其他国家对于自己所造成的罪恶的威胁，然而事实上，出于人性的原因，这些所谓的大事本应当被快速地遗忘。这样做无异于毒害我们人性的本源，是

在败坏我们与生俱来的、最伟大和最美好的理想。它是在将无与伦比的自私自利作为一种普世的宗教，提供给世界各国来朝拜。我们可以从科学的手中获取各种各样的东西，而唯独不能索取这颗将置道义于死地的仙丹妙药。永远都不要认为，我们给其他种族造成的痛苦不会落到自己的头上，或是我们在自家房前屋后种下的仇恨会像一堵围墙一样保护我们的永世平安。以某种变态的、唯我独尊的虚荣心为整个民众洗脑；教育他们以自己道德上的冷漠和攫取的不义之财为荣；通过展出在战争中所缴获的战利品以达到对战败国家永远的羞辱，并且在学校里面展出这些东西以培养孩子们对于其他国家的蔑视等等，上面所说的这些所作所为，都是在模仿带着溃烂脓疮的西方——是疾病对于生命力的吞噬造成了它的肿胀。

我们赖以生存的粮食作物是历经数百年的选择和培育才形成的。然而我们并不食用的植物则并不需要数代人的耐心照料。除去杂草并不是件容易的事情；但是，如果疏忽大意，那么毁掉我们的粮食作物，让它们回复到最初的野生状态，则是件轻而易举的事。文化也与此类似，它竭力地适应了你们这里的土壤——它与生活息息相关且通达人情。所以它在过去的时代需要我们进行耕耘和除草，现在同样需要我们的悉心照料。单纯的现代事物，例如科学和组织的方法，是可以移植的；但是攸关生死的人性的东西一旦被从其生长的土壤中移除则会死掉，因为它的纤维极为脆弱，根须不可胜数且交错纵横。因此，我为西方的政治理想所强加到你们原有的政治理想上所造成的压力而感到担忧。在政治文明中，国家是一个抽象的概念，而人与人之间的关系则是功利的。因为这样的政治文明并不是植根于情感，所以它易于操控却险象环生。半个世纪的时间对于你们来说已经足够来驾驭这台机器了；你们当中有些人对于它的喜爱超过了对于与你们的国家同时降生并且历经数百年培育而成的生命理想的热爱。这就像一个孩子，在他玩得兴起的时候，竟然会觉得自己对于玩物的喜爱超过了对于母亲的爱。

人们通常并不能意识到自己的伟大之处。你们的文明，它的主要推动力来自于人际关系的纽带，是在没有受到鬼鬼祟祟的自我分析的影响下，在健康生活的沃土中孕育成长起来的。但是单纯的政治关系是完全自觉的；它是一种富于侵略性的突然喷发的火焰。它靠突然的喷发引起你们的注意。现在是时候了，你们大家应当认识到自己赖以生存的真理是什么，而不再任人摆布却浑然不知。过去，是上帝赐予你们的礼物；而现在，你们必须作出自己的选择。

所以你们要向自己提出以下这些疑问：“我们是否错误地认识了世界，并且把与世界的关系建立在了对于人类本性一无所知的基础之上了呢？西方将她的国家福祉置于对于人性普遍不信任的藩篱的保护之下，这种做法可取吗？”

你们一定已经察觉了，无论何时，西方在讨论某个东方民族可能的崛起时，她的口吻中便充满了强烈的恐惧。之所以会这样，是因为西方所赖以发迹的力量是一种邪恶的力量；只有将这种力量据为己有她才会感到安全，而令其他的国家颤抖。现在欧洲文明的主要野心就是排他性地占有这一魔鬼。她所有的军事力量和外交手段都服务于这一目的。但是这种花费不菲的、为罪恶的神灵招魂而举行的奢华仪式正将她由繁荣引向了灾难的边缘。西方所释放到这个世界上的恐怖的仇恨，反过头来威胁到了她自身，并且驱使她实行越来越多的残暴政策；这使得她惶惶不可终日，并且除了自己给别国带来的，而最终又回报到自身的灾难以外，忘记了一切。欧洲牺牲其他的国家作为祭品，以敬献给这尊政治的魔鬼。只要其他国家的尸身还算新鲜，她便以其为食并且吃得腰滚肚圆——但是尸体最终一定会烂掉的，而死者的复仇方式就是将污染传到四面八方，从而毒害进食者的生命。日本拥有所有人性的财富，她的英雄主义和美的和谐统一，她的深深的自我克制和丰富的自我表现；然而，若不是她证明了，撒旦的猎犬不仅可以在欧洲的狗窝里繁育，同样也可以在日本得以生养并且以人类的苦难为食的话，那么西方各国是不会对

她表示尊重的。只有当日本也获取了，只要她愿意就可以随时打开的，将地狱的烈火烧遍美好人间的灾难之门的钥匙的时候，只有当世界走向毁灭，而日本也能够随着他们的节拍与之一起大跳抢劫、谋杀、奸淫无辜妇女的魔鬼的舞蹈的时候，他们才会承认日本与自己拥有同等的地位。我们知道，在人类早期道德观念还不成熟的时候，他只会因为害怕上帝的恶毒手段而对其感到敬畏。但是，我们可以自豪地仰望这一人类的理想吗？在我们的文明发展了数百年之后，各个国家就像夜间潜行的野兽一样彼此惧怕对方；他们关闭了彼此间好客的大门；只有出于侵略或是防御的目的他们才会联合起来；他们将自己的商业秘密、国家秘密、军事秘密藏在洞穴里；为了获得和平，他们将本不属于自己的肉块投食给了彼此的鹰犬；他们压制想要挣扎着站起来的衰弱的民族；他们用右手给衰弱的民族派发宗教，而同时用左手对他们巧取豪夺——所有这些，有一丝值得我们羡慕的地方吗？我们要向这种民族主义的神灵顶礼膜拜吗？它正在向全世界播撒着恐惧、贪婪和猜疑的种子。它正在散布着无耻的外交谎言。它正在进行着造作的表演，鼓吹自己以促进和平、善意以及全体人类的手足之情为己任。当我们涌进西方的市场，以我们自己的传统来换取这种外国产品的时候，我们的心中就没有产生过怀疑吗？我知道，要了解自己并非易事；一个醉汉会狂怒地否认自己喝醉了；然而，西方正在焦虑地思考着她自身的问题，并且试图加以改变。但是她就如同一只贪婪的饕餮，并不真心想放弃暴饮暴食的习惯，而是天真地希望能够通过吃药来治愈自己消化不良的噩梦。欧洲还不打算放弃她在政治上的不人道，尽管这种不人道体现出了所有人类的低级情欲；她只相信对于制度的修改，而不相信对于心灵的改变。

我们乐意以头脑而不是心灵购买他们用机器制造出来的制度。我们会试用这些制度并且加以完善，但是我们不能将它们供奉在我们的家中或是庙宇里。有的种族会崇拜他们所猎杀的动物；在饥饿的时候，我们可以从他们那里买下肉食，但我们却不能学习他们猎杀动物后的崇拜行为。我们不能以诸如“生意归生意”“战争归战争”“政治归政治”等迷信的

说法毒害我们孩子们的思想。我们一定要明白，人类的生意不仅仅是生意，战争不仅仅是战争，而政治也不仅仅是政治。你们日本拥有自己的工业；要想知道你们的工业是多么的诚实和真切，看一看你们的产品就明白了——它们造型优雅而又结实耐用，它们在几乎观察不到的细节的方面也处理得一丝不苟。然而，来自于世界那端的谎言的潮汐已经席卷了你们的大地，在他们那里，生意归生意，而诚实也不过是最好的对策而已。当你们看到商业广告的时候就从来没有感到过羞耻吗？那些商业广告不仅给整个城镇都涂抹上了谎言和夸张，而且还侵入到农民们诚实劳动着的绿色的田野中，侵入到了早晨第一缕清澈的阳光所照射到的山岗上。当谎言和欺骗骄傲地打着贸易、政治和爱国主义的旗号在海外大行其道时，那种不间断的腐蚀会轻易地让我们的荣誉感和敏锐的思想变得迟钝起来，进而使得任何对于他们永久性地侵入我们生活的指责，都会被认为是多愁善感和缺乏男子汉气概的表现。

现在的情况是，子孙后代们积极地编织着谎言，也不会因为从谎言中获得利益而感到羞耻；相反，他们的父辈却是宁死也要信守诺言，他们鄙视靠欺骗以赢取庸俗的利益，在战斗中他们宁可失败也不愿意丧失荣誉。这一切的改变都是因为受到了“现代”这个词的魔力的影响。但是，如果“现代”就是指纯粹的功利的话，那么美可是属于所有时代的；如果“现代”就是指卑鄙的自私自利的话，那么人类的理想可不是什么新鲜的发明。所以我们必须明白，无论“现代”因着方法和机器的缘故，如何擅长削弱人类的劳动能力，它都将不得善终。

然而，当我们试图将自己的思想从欧洲傲慢的声言中解放出来的时候，当我们试图帮助自己从沉迷的泥潭中脱身的时候，我们可能会走向另外一个极端——对于所有西方的东西不作区别地加以怀疑。幻想破灭时的反应与最初幻想产生时的冲动一样的虚幻。我们需要努力达到一种正常的思想状态。在这种状态下，我们可以清楚地看到自身所存在的危险，并且在公正地对待产生危险的源头的前提下，对其加以规避。我们

总会自然而然地希望能够以欧洲之道还治欧洲之身，并且以眼还眼、以牙还牙。但是，这种做法本身就是在模仿欧洲的最恶劣的行径之一：她在对待自己所描述的黄、红、棕、黑等等各个种族的人民时的所作所为就是如此。我们曾经以完全轻蔑的态度和残忍来威胁那些属于某一特定宗教、肤色或是社会阶级的人们。在对人性进行攻击这一点上，我们东方人不得不承认自己所犯下的罪行并且承认我们的罪过，即便不是更大，起码也与欧洲人不相上下。我们的弱点是遇到强权就俯首称臣。正是由于我们害怕自己的这个弱点，所以我们才会试图以另外一个弱点来代替它——对西方所取得的成就视而不见。只有当我们真正地了解了欧洲的伟大和善良，才能让我们有效地远离欧洲的卑鄙和贪婪。当面对人类苦难的时候，我们很容易作出不公正的判断——悲观失望是由于一方面崇信理想，而另一方面心智却饱受摧残而造成的。只有当对给信念带来力量的真理失去信心时，当信念遭受了巨大的挫败并且祈盼着自己能够涅槃重生的时候，我们才会对人性感到绝望。我们必须承认西方有这样一个活的灵魂——它悄无声息地与强大的组织机构进行着斗争——正是这些组织机构将男人、女人和儿童压得粉碎；正是这些组织机构的机械的零部件置精神的和人道的律法于不顾。这一灵魂，在与它缺乏自然同情心的种族进行交往的时候，拒绝让自己的触角因为疏忽大意的危险习惯而完全地失去敏锐。如果西方的力量仅仅是如动物或机器一般的力量的话，那么她永远都不可能达到如今的成就。她心中的神性正在由于她双手所带给这个世界的伤害而受到煎熬——也正是从她的这种高尚天性的疼痛中流淌出了神秘的、能够将这些伤害治愈的膏油。她曾经一次又一次地否定自己，并且亲手解开她套在无助的人们身上的锁链；尽管她为了攫取钱财，以武力相逼迫，将毒药强行灌入某个伟大民族的喉咙，可她还是在清醒之后，退出行动，并且再次把双手洗得干干净净。这不时地证明了她还保有隐藏的人性源泉，尽管它看上去似乎已经死掉或是枯竭。这还说明，能够帮助她摆脱如此胆怯而又凶残的行径的本来天性并不是贪婪，而是对于无私理想的尊崇。无论对于我们还是对于欧

洲来说，认为欧洲仅仅是通过炫耀自己的力量才使得现代东方诸民族神魂颠倒的说法，都是完全不公正的。欧洲道德本性的光辉穿透加农炮的硝烟和市场上扬起的尘土而大放异彩。她给我们带来了道德自由的理想，这一理想的根基要比社会习俗扎得更深，而且它的活动范围则是世界性的。

东方已经本能地感到，即便是带着厌恶的情绪，自己仍有很多东西要向西方学习。这些要学习的东西不仅仅包括能够产生力量的材料，而且还包括欧洲的内涵，比如人类的心智以及他的道德天性。欧洲一直在教育我们，公序良俗的约束力要高于家庭和宗族的约束力；使得社会免受个人不确定性影响的神圣的法治精神，确保了社会的进步以及对于社会全体成员的公平正义。最重要的是，历经数百年的牺牲和不懈的努力，欧洲在我们面前高举起了自由的旗帜——良知的自由、思想和行动的自由、艺术和文学理念的自由，等等。由于欧洲已经获得了我们深深的敬意，所以，她的极为虚弱和错误的方面对于我们来说就会变得极为危险——这种危险就像是与我们最喜爱的食物混在一起同时端上来的毒药一样。有一种可以信赖的、保障我们安全的方法，这就是，在对抗她的诱惑和剧烈的侵蚀时，我们可以与欧洲结为盟友；因为一直以来，欧洲都有着她自己的善恶标准。通过这一标准，我们可以探知她的堕落，衡量她的失败；通过这一标准，我们可以在她自己的法庭上传唤她，并且揭露她的丑行——唯其如此，才能彰显真正的高贵。

然而，我们所担心的是她的毒药要比食物更厉害，她今天所拥有的力量并非是健康的标志，而是恰恰相反；因为，她的力量可能是由于其生命体暂时地失去平衡所致。我们担心的是，当罪恶获取了巨大的身形，它就会拥有致命的魔力——尽管最终它一定会因为自己反常的比例失衡而失去重心，但在它轰然倒下之前所造成的伤害可能是难以弥补的。

因此，我请求你们要坚定信心，同时保持清醒的头脑。一定要知道，靠钢铁的、高效的螺栓结合在一起的，在野心勃勃的车轮上奔跑着的，现代进步的庞然大物一定不会长久地维系。撞车是迟早的事，因为它不得不在指定好的线路上行走；它太过笨重，所以不能自由地选择自己的路径，而当它一旦脱离了轨道，长长的车厢就会翻倒。总有一天它会变成一堆废铁，严重地阻塞世界的交通。难道现在我们还没有看到这一迹象吗？我们还没有听到战争的喧嚣、仇恨的尖叫、和绝望的哀嚎吗？我们还没有看到长久以来在民族主义的深处所沉积并被翻搅起来的、难以名状的污秽吗？所有这些都在向我们的灵魂哭诉，告诉我们，民族的自私的高塔，尽管它以爱国主义的名义打起了反叛天庭的旗号，也一定会摇摇欲坠并且最终倒塌，一定会被它自己的大块头所压倒，它的旗帜一定会淹没于尘土，它的光亮终将会熄灭。兄弟们，当火灾的烈焰对着星辰发出噼啪作响的欢笑时，你们一定要对星辰，而不是对破坏性的烈火充满信心。因为，当大火燃尽熄灭的时候，留下的只是一堆灰烬，而永恒的光芒则会再一次在东方闪耀——在那孕育了人类历史的，太阳初升的东方闪耀。谁又敢说这一天还没有来临，而太阳还没有升起在亚洲最东方的天际呢？就像我的先哲所做过的那样，我要向东方的日出敬礼，它定会再一次地照亮整个世界。

我知道，我的声音太过微弱，不可能盖过这个熙熙攘攘的时代的喧嚣。任何一个街边的顽童都会轻而易举地给我取个“空想家”的绰号。这个“空想家”的标签会一直粘在我的上衣后摆上面，永远都洗刷不掉，从而让所有可敬的人们都对我嗤之以鼻。我知道，现如今，如果有谁在一群体格强健而又躁动不安的人当中并被冠以“理想主义者”的名号，那么他要冒多么大的风险！因为现在，王权已经失去了往日的威严，而预言家们则变成了一个时代错误；现如今，来自市场的喧闹淹没了所有声响。然而有一天，当我站在横滨市的郊区，对它所呈现出的现代景象震惊不已的时候，我看到了你们城市南方大海上的日落，我发现了长满松树的山岗中所蕴含的静谧和庄严——雄伟的富士山在金色的地平线的映

衬下正变得模糊不清，就像一位天神被他自己的光辉所笼罩——永恒的音乐之声在寂静的黑夜中奏响，而我感到，天空与大地，以及黄昏与黎明所作的抒情歌谣只能是属于诗人和理想主义者，而并非属于那些对于所有情感都粗鲁地加以鄙视的商人们——我感到，在对于自己的神性不理不睬之后，人类将会再次记起上苍其实是一直与这个世界相联系的，它永远都不会将这个世界抛弃给现代追逐名利、嗜血成性并且对天哀嚎的群狼。

西方的民族主义

人类的历史是由我们所遭遇到的困难塑造而成的。这些困难给我们提出了疑问，同时也期望得到我们的解答，而对没能完成这一任务的惩罚则是死亡或是衰退。

世界上不同的民族所遭遇到的困难是不尽相同的，而我们克服这些困难的方式也各有不同。

生活在亚洲历史早期的塞西亚人不得不设法解决他们自然资源匮乏的问题。他们最初想到的解决方法就是将整个部族，不分男女老幼，都组织起来，以团伙的方式去抢劫。而那些主要从事社会协作性质的、建设性工作的人们简直拿他们没有办法。

但所幸的是，人类最初选择的道路并非他的真正道路。如果他的天性不是那么复杂的话，如果他像一群恶狼一样头脑简单的话，那么到此时此刻，那些从事抢劫的游牧部落就会控制整个世界。但是人类，当他遇到困难的时候，一定会承认他是人，他必须对自己天性中更高级别的才能加以利用。如果他忽视了这些，那么即便可能会取得眼下的成功，这成功也必将会成为他的死亡陷阱。因为对于一些低等的生物来说是困难的东西，对于像人类这种更高级的生命来说则是机遇。

印度从其历史的最开端就面临着这样的问题——种族问题。在印度，人种学意义上的不同种族已经有了亲密的接触。这一事实曾经是、将来也一定是这个国家历史上最重要的问题。我们的使命就是正视它，以实事求是的态度对待它，从而证明我们的仁爱。除非我们完成了自己的使命，其他的任何利益都不会与我们有缘。

世界上其他民族要么需要克服其自然环境所带来的困难，要么需要战胜他们的强邻所带来的威胁。他们组织起了自己的力量，以便充分地保障自身不受自然界和邻国的奴役，甚至利用其手中过剩的力量威胁他人。但是在印度，我们的困难来自于内部。我们的历史就是一部不间断的、社会调整的历史，而不是一部讲述将力量组织起来进行防御或是侵略的历史。

无论是苍白含混的世界主义还是对本民族狂热的自我崇拜都不是人类历史的目标。一直以来，印度都在试图完成自己的任务。她一方面对差异进行社会规范，另一方面，则倡导对于团结精神的认同。印度犯下了严重的错误，因为她在种族之间建立了过于森严的壁垒，以使得对于种族三六九等的划分可以无限期地延续；她常常毒害孩子们的思想并且限制他们的生活，以达到将他们划归到特定社会等级的目的。但是几个世纪以来，人们已经进行了新的实验，作出了新的调整。

印度的使命就像是一位家庭主妇的使命：她要为无数的客人提供合适的食宿，而这些客人的习惯和要求却各不相同。这样就产生了极为复杂的情况——要应对这些情况，不仅仅要依靠老练和机智，还要依靠同情心以及人与人之间的真正团结。为了实现这种团结，从早期《奥义书》[1]的时代一直到现在，许多精神导师一直在努力地工作着，他们的任务之一就是通过全心全意的、对于上帝的觉悟来蔑视所有人与人之间的差异。事实上，我们的历史从来就不是王朝兴衰的历史，不是争夺政治权位的历史。在印度，有关这些方面情况的记载已经为人们所唾弃、忘记，因为它们并不能代表我们人民的真正历史。我们的历史是有关社会生活的历史，是有关实现精神理想的历史。

但是我们感到自己的任务还未完成。世界的洪流已经席卷了我们的国家，新的元素被介绍进来，而更为广泛的调整正在蓄势待发。

因为西方所提供的教导和榜样与我们认为印度所应当完成的任务背

道而驰，所以我们更为迫切地认识到了上述这一点。在西方，商业和政治的国家机器制造出了包装整齐的人性的压缩包，它们自有用处并且市场价值高昂；但是，它们是用铁条捆绑好的，以精密和仔细的科学手段进行了分门别类。显然，上帝造的人应当具有人性，但是西方这件现代产品却拥有令人赞叹的、棱角分明的大工业制成品的味道。所以，造物主一定很难相信这件产品拥有什么灵魂，并且是按照他自己的神圣模样生产出来的。

但是我满怀期望。我要说的是，无论你怎样看待她，印度就是印度。一个拥有至少五千年历史的印度。一个试图和平地生活、深刻地思考的印度。她完全不关心政治，不关心政府，她唯一的雄心壮志就是将这个世界当作精神的存在加以认知，在这世界里以温顺而倾慕的精神度过她生命的每一刻，并且高兴地意识到自己与这个世界之间存在着的永恒的、密切的联系。这正是人性中边远的一部分，它的行为如孩子，而智慧却如长者。然而就在此刻，西方民族却突然闯了进来，打破了这里的宁静。

尽管历经了早期历史上的战争、阴谋和欺诈，印度却依然保持着超然的态度。因为她拥有属于自己的家庭、土地、学校和庙宇。在学校里，老师们和学生们在朴素、关爱和求知的气氛中生活在一起，而她的自治村庄则拥有简明的法律以及和平的管理。然而，印度所关心的并非她的王权。王权的更迭于印度就像是过眼云烟——一会儿染上了绚烂的紫色，一会儿又乌云压城，电闪雷鸣。王朝更迭过后留下的是一片狼藉，但是就像是自然灾害一样，人们对它所留下的痕迹不久便忘却了。

但这次却不同了。这次不仅仅是掠过印度生活表层的过眼云烟，例如骑兵和步兵，盛装的大象，白色的帐篷和华盖，驮着王室物品的、四平八稳地走过来的骆驼队，由铜鼓和长笛所组成的乐队，大理石砌成的圆顶的清真寺，宫殿和陵墓等等，就像奢华的起泡酒所漾起的泡沫一样

到处都是；也不仅仅是关于叛逆和效忠的故事，财富流转的故事，命运起伏的故事等等；这次来的是西方民族，它将自己机械的触手深深地扎入了这片土地。

因此我对你们说，正是“我们”作为证人被召集起来，来证明所谓的民族对于人类来说意味着什么。大家都知道曾经入侵印度的莫卧尔人和帕坦人的游牧部落，但是对我们来说他们都是人类种族，他们有自己的宗教和习俗，自己的好恶和爱憎——我们从未把他们当作一个民族来看待。我们根据不同的情况，时而爱他们时而恨他们；我们为他们打过仗，也曾经与之为敌；我们与他们用同一种语言交谈；而我们在决定王国命运的时候也发挥了积极的作用。但是，这次我们要面对的不是国王，不是人类种族，而是一个民族——而我们自己却还不是一个民族。

现在让我们从自己的经验出发来回答这样一个问题：到底什么是民族呢？

民族是指，全体人民为了某个机械的目的，即获取政治和经济的利益，而组织在一起所形成的团体。这样的社会团体，其目的非常明确。它自身就是目的。它是人作为一种社会存在的，自然的自我表露。它是对人际关系的自然规范，以便人们能够在与他人的合作过程中产生自己的人生理想。民族还有其有关政治的一面，但是它仅仅服务于特定的目的，即进行自我保护。它仅仅是权力的一面，而非人类的理想。早期的时候，它在社会中有自己单独的活动区域，局限在专业人士的范围之内。但是在科学和日益完善的组织的帮助之下，它的权力开始增长并且开始获得大量的财富。接着，它便以极快的速度跨越出了自己的活动范围。然后，它以对于物质繁荣的贪欲，彼此的相互嫉妒，以及对于对方变得强大而产生的恐惧等等，来刺激它所有毗邻的社会团体。现在它已经是欲罢不能了，因为竞争越来越激烈，组织越来越庞大，而自私自利则变得至高无上。它利用人类的恐惧和贪婪，在社会中占据了越来越大

的空间，而且最终成为了统治力量。

你完全有可能，由于习惯所致，没有意识到生机勃勃的社会纽带正在分崩离析，正在让位于单纯的机械的组织。但是它所表露出的迹象其实是随处可见的。正因为如此，我们看到，男人和女人之间已经爆发了战争，因为将他们和谐地连接在一起的自然纽带正在崩断；因为男人们被驱赶上了专业主义的道路，忙于为自己也为他人生产财富，他们不断地为了自己或是为了迎合普遍的官僚作风而转动权力的车轮，然而女人们却被冷落一旁，孤独终老或是孤军奋战。因此，自然的合作状态被竞争所打破。男人和女人对待彼此关系的心理也在发生着变化，变为了一种包含原始的斗争元素的心理，而不再是那种以相互的自我牺牲为基础的，追求完善的人性。那些已经失去了与现实之间联系的元素，同时也就失去了存在的意义。这就像是气体的微粒被打进了过于狭小的容器，它们彼此之间会不断地发生冲突，直到有一天它们会冲破将其困锁在一起的这个容器。

下面，我们看一下那些自称为无政府主义者的人们。他们憎恨以任何一种形式将权力强加给个人。他们之所以如此，唯一的原因就是权力已经变得过于抽象——它是一种在民族的政治的实验室里，通过对人性进行分解而造就的科学产品。

那么，经济领域内的罢工又说明了什么呢？它们就像是从荒芜的土地上突然冒出来的带着刺儿的灌木丛一样，每次被砍倒而每次又都恢复了生机。生产财富的机制正在日益地膨胀变大，并且与其他所有的社会需求之间失去了比例平衡，而真正意义的人则在它的重压下扭曲变形，这又说明了什么呢？这种现状不可避免地导致了从人类理想的整体性和健全性中所释放出来的各种元素间无休止的争斗，而长期的经济冲突则在劳资之间持续地爆发。因为财富和权力的贪婪从来都没有满足的时候，而个人利益所作出的妥协也从来都不可能达到最终的和解。它们一

定会继续产生嫉妒和猜疑，直到最后，突然的灾难或是一次精神的重生才会结束这一切。

当这个叫作民族的、政治和经济的组织，在以牺牲高尚的社会生活的和谐为代价的情况之下变得强大有力的时候，人类的灾难也就来临了。当一位父亲变成赌徒的时候，他头脑中对于家庭的责任就会退居次席，于是他便不再是一个人了，而是变成了一个依靠贪婪驱动的机器人。此时，他能够做出来原本在他头脑正常状态下所不耻的事情。社会的情形也与此相同。当社会变成了一个完美的权力组织的时候，就不会有什么罪恶勾当是它所不能为之的，因为此时，获得成功是一台机器的目标和评判其价值的依据，而所谓善良不过是人类所追求的目标而已。当这个组织的引擎开始变得体积庞大，而它机器的零部件则由人来充当的时候，于是乎作为个人的人便被消灭了，取而代之的是机器人。而结果是，所有一切都演变成为一场政策革命——一场由没有同情心和道德责任感的、机器当中由人所组成的零部件来付诸实施的政策革命。也许人类的道德本性会利用这台机器来为自己正名，但是此时，整套的绳索和滑轮会咯吱作响，人类心灵的力量会在人类机器力量的包围下变得纠结混乱，从而，人类道德的目的只会以某种扭曲的形象艰难地展现出来。

这个叫作民族的、抽象的东西，正在统治着印度。我们在印度见过某个品牌的罐装食品在广告中宣称，整个食品的制造和包装过程中都没有接触过人手。这一描述同样适合于对于印度的统治，因为它也极少被人手碰到过。总督们并不需要学会我们的语言，除了作为官员，他们也不需要同我们有什么私人的瓜葛；他们只需要站得远远的就可以帮助或是阻碍我们实现自己的愿望，他们能够带领我们实行某种政策，而后又通过其官僚机构的操控收回成命。在英国的报纸上，我们可以看到相关的栏目以某种庄重哀婉的语气报道伦敦街道上所发生的某些事故，然而对于发生在印度的，某些面积比不列颠群岛还大的地方的灾难却只是蜻

蜓点水，一带而过。

但是我们这些被统治的人并不是一个抽象的概念。我们是具有各种感官的个体。强加给我们的、单纯冷酷的政策可能会直接刺入我们生命的要害，阉割掉我们的雄风，带给我们永远的无助，从而威胁到我们人民的全部未来。而与此同时，它却可能永远都不会触及人性的另一面，或是仅仅以最软弱无力的方式对它有所触碰。作为个体的人，永远都不会在浑然不知中作出如此大规模和全面的、履行可怕责任的行动。只有当人类变换成一只代表抽象概念的八爪鱼时，这些行动才有可能被付诸实施——它向四面八方伸出其蠕动的腕足，并且将其不可胜数的吸盘附着在遥远的未来身上。在民族的这种统治之下，被统治的一方成为了怀疑的对象；而且这种怀疑来自于一个体型庞大的、组织有序的血肉之躯。它对我们施以惩罚，在一大片滴血的心灵之上留下痛苦的印记，但是这些惩罚仅仅是来自于一种抽象的力量，而远方某个国家的全体人民则在这一力量之中丧失了自己的人性。

然而我来到这里并不是要讨论影响到我自己国家的问题，而是要探讨影响到全体人类未来的问题。这个问题不是关于英国政府的问题，而是关于民族治下的政府的问题——这个民族代表了其全体人民的私利，它最没有人性，也最没有精神。我们唯一的，有关民族的切身经历是来自于不列颠民族的。只要民族的统治一天不停止，我们就有理由相信不列颠民族的统治是最好的统治之一。于是，我们需要再一次地考虑东西方的关系——对于东方来说，西方确实必不可少。我们东西方是互为补充的，因为我们对待生活有着不同的看法，而这些不同的看法又给我们展现出了真理的不同侧面。因此，如果说西方的精神的确是披着暴风雨的伪装来到了我们的田野的话，那么毋庸讳言，它也在我们这里撒下了不朽的、生命的种子。而在印度，当我们能够将西方文明当中永恒的东西吸收到我们自己的生命之中时，我们就一定可以达成这两个伟大世界的和谐共生。而随后，一方对另外一方的、让人恼怒的统治就会终结。

除此之外，我们还要明白，印度的历史并非专属于某个特定的种族，它是一个创造的过程——在这期间，来自世界上的很多不同的种族都作出了自己的贡献。它们包括：德拉威人和雅利安人，古希腊人和波斯人，西方和中亚的伊斯兰教徒，等等。现在终于轮到英国人忠实于印度的历史并且为它作出贡献来了。我们既没有权力也没有力量将英国人从构建印度命运的进程当中排除在外。因此，这里我所谈到的民族，更多的是同人类的历史相关，而非特指印度的历史。

如今的历史已经来到了这样一个阶段：有道德的、完善的人正在浑然不知当中让位于政治的和商业的人——那些仅仅服务于特定目的的人。在科学的巨大进步的帮助下，这种人所占的比例和所拥有的权力正在迅速膨胀，从而引起了人类道德天平的失衡，在没有灵魂的组织的阴影笼罩之下蒙蔽了他人性的一面。我们感觉到，这一现状已经如铁腕一般控制了我们的生命根基。因此，为了人类，我们必须站起来并且对所有人发出警告，告诉人们，民族主义是一种罪恶的、残忍的瘟疫，它正在席卷当今人类世界，并且吞噬掉它的道德活力。

我深爱着作为人类的不列颠种族，并且对它满怀敬意。它曾孕育了豪爽的人们、伟大的思想家和伟大事业的践行者，它曾创造了伟大的文学。我知道，不列颠人民热爱正义和自由，而且痛恨谎言。他们思想纯洁、行为坦率、友谊真挚，在为人处世方面诚实可靠。我与他们文学界的人们相接触的个人经历，使得我不仅仅对他们的思想和表达的能力钦佩有加，而且对他们的侠义人格更是羡慕不已。就像感觉到了太阳的伟大一样，我们也感觉到了不列颠人民的伟大。但是，至于不列颠民族，它就如同将太阳遮盖起来的，在寂静的大自然当中升腾而起的一团厚厚的迷雾。

这个民族统治下的政府既不是英国式的也不是其他什么东西；它是一种应用科学，因此，无论在哪里使用它，它的原理都大同小异。它就

像是一台液压机，它的压力是不带有感情的，所以是非常有效的。它力量的大小会随着引擎的不同而不同。有些液压机甚至于是由手工推动的，所以它们在挤压的时候会松松垮垮，较为舒适，然而这些液压机在其精神实质和操作方法上却都大体相同。我们的政府即便是荷兰式的，法国式的，抑或是葡萄牙式的政府，它的基本特点也会跟现在的政府保持一致。只有在某些情况下，当它的组织还不十分完善的时候，一些人性的碎片将会附着在它的残骸之上，允许我们做一些与我们自己的心灵相关联的事情。

在民族统治我们之前我们也有过其他的外国政府，这些外国政府就像其他所有政府一样，自身也有某些机械的元素。但是这些政府与民族统治下的政府之间的区别就像是手工织机与机械织机之间的区别。在手工织机的产品当中我们能够看到人类手指所留下的、活生生的魔法般的印记，而且它的嗡嗡声与生命的韵律和谐共鸣。但是机械织机的产品却是冷酷无情的、没有生命的、精确的和单调乏味的。

我们必须承认，在历史上个人统治的时期曾经有过暴政、不公和敲诈勒索的情形。它们所产生的痛苦和不安是我们唯恐避之不及的。对我们来说，法律的保护不仅仅是恩惠，它还对我们教益颇丰。法律教给我们要遵守规则，而这些规则对于保持文明的稳定和进步的持续是必不可少的。通过法律，我们认识到在这世界上有着普世的正义标准——所有的人，无论他们的社会等级与肤色，都拥有在这一普世的正义标准之下接受平等保护的权利。

印度的现政府所推行的法治已经在这个幅员辽阔的、由不同种族和风俗习惯的人民所聚居的国家建立起了秩序。它已经使得这里的人民能够彼此更加密切地接触，并且培养他们所共同拥有的理想。

但是这种在印度的各个不同种族之间建立起共同的、同志般友谊的纽带的愿望并非来自于西方的民族，而是来自于西方的精神。无论何

时，亚洲人民所接受到的，来自于西方的教益，都与西方的民族没有什么关系。只有当日本能够成功地抵御此种西方民族的统治时，她才会在最大程度上得到西方文明的好处。尽管中国已经在其道德和物质生活的最源头被这种民族下了毒，然而如果她能克服它的阻碍，那么她为了学习西方最好的东西所付出的努力就仍然有可能取得成功。就在几天以前，波斯刚刚从其长时间的沉睡中被西方唤醒，然而紧接着就在民族的铁蹄蹂躏之下再次销声匿迹。同样的现象也发生在这个国家——在这里，人民热情好客，但是民族却完全不同——它让一位作为他自己国家中一员的东方的客人在自己的国家感受到了屈辱。

在印度，我们忍受着西方精神同西方民族之间的矛盾所带来的痛苦。民族以一种吝啬的方式向我们少量地施舍西方文明的好处。它试图控制我们所得到的营养物质，使其所包含的活力成分尽可能地接近于零。它分配给我们的教育残缺不全且严重不足，这足以使得西方人的道德准则蒙羞受辱。我们在西方国家看到，他们鼓励、训练，并且提供所有的便利条件给他们自己的人民，为的是使他们能够适应扩散至全球的、伟大的商业和工业运动。然而在印度，我们得到的唯一帮助却是因为贫穷落后而受到的民族的嘲弄。民族剥夺了我们的机会，将我们的教育减少到在一个外国人当权的政府当中供职所需要的最低程度。而与此同时，它通过与我们称兄道弟并且大肆地鼓吹傲慢的市侩思想——东方是东方，西方是西方，东西方永远不会有交集等等方法，来使得它的良心得到安慰。我们的老师说，在他对印度将近两个世纪的调教之后，她不仅仍然不适合建立自治政府，而且在其文化素养方面也仍然没有创新的能力。假如我们必须接受这一嘲弄的话，那么，我们是应当把这一结果归咎于我们所固有的、缺乏学习西方文化本性中的某些东西的能力呢，还是应当将其归咎于已经承担起了教化东方的责任的民族所表现出来的谨小慎微的吝啬呢？我们可能会承认，自己缺乏某些日本人民所具有的品质，但是我们不能接受自己的智力与他们比较起来就是天然地缺乏创造性的说法，即便这些话是出自于那些我们很难加以驳斥的人之

口。

事实是，西方民族主义的核心和根源就是对抗和征服的精神；它的根基并不是社会合作。它已经逐渐形成了一套完善的权力组织，而非精神上的理想主义。它就像是一群掠食者，必须占有自己的猎物。它真心真意地不能容忍看到自己的猎场转化成为种植的园地。事实上，这些民族之间也在彼此争斗，为的是扩大它们猎物的品种和保留林地的范围。因此，西方的民族就像是堤坝一样阻碍着西方文明自由地流入到非民族主义的国家。因为这一文明是权力的文明，所以它具有排他性；它自然而然地不愿意向那些已经被它选作是自己剥削对象的国家敞开它力量的源泉。

但是即便如此，人类毕竟要遵守道德的律法；那些排他性的文明——它们依靠剥削其他文明而发家致了富，却不允许它们共享其利益，必然会在其道德局限性当中携带着它们自己的死亡判决书。它们所带来的奴隶制度会在不知不觉中将它们对于自由的热爱消耗殆尽。对于成为自己猎物的国家的压迫而给它们造成的无助感，会每时每刻地反作用于它的制造者。被民族剥夺了自我持续更生能力的，世界上的大多数国家总有一天会成为它最为可怕的负担，并且将其拉下马，投入到毁灭的深渊。什么时候权力为了能够为所欲为而将其道路上的关卡全部移走，什么时候它就成功地驶向了其最终的灭亡。权力的道德闸线每天都会在其不知不觉中变得懒惰松弛，而它所走的光滑的捷径此时就会成为一条通向死亡的不归之路。

在我们得到的西方文明的所有事物当中，西方民族以最为慷慨的态度给予我们的就是法律和秩序。当我们教育的奶瓶将近枯竭，公共卫生事业在绝望中吮吸着自己大拇指的时候，军事组织、地方官员的衙署、警察部门、犯罪调查科、秘密特工系统，等等，却成长得异常膀大腰圆，占满了我们国家的每一寸土地。这是为了维持秩序。但是，这种秩

序难道不正是一种消极的好处吗？它难道是为了给人民的生活带来更多的、自由发展的机会吗？这种秩序的完善就如同一枚鸡蛋壳的完善一样，它的真正价值在于为小鸡提供了安全庇护和营养，而不在于它给吃早餐的人提供了方便。单纯的管理是非生产性的；它不具有创造性，没有活力。它就是一台蒸汽压路机，其重量和力量让人畏惧，其用处显而易见；但是，它并不能使土地变得富饶。当它一番苦干之后就会施与我们和平的恩惠，而我们则只得低声地埋怨道："和平固然是好，不过怎么也好不过上帝所赐予我们的生命。"

另一方面来说，我们先前的政府严重地缺乏一个现代政府所具备的很多优点。但是，由于这些政府并不是民族统治下的政府，所以它们的质地松散，留有很大的间隙，而正是通过这些间隙，我们的生命在其中得以穿针引线并且留下自己的印记。我敢肯定，在旧政府统治时期，一定有些东西是我们极为厌恶的。但是我们知道，当我们赤脚走在满是砾石的地面上时，我们的双脚会逐渐地适应这反复无常的、不友好的土地；然而，哪怕是最微小的砾石碎块儿在我们的鞋子里找到了立足之地的话，我们都不会忘记，也不会原谅它的入侵。这些鞋子就是民族统治下的政府——它紧箍着我们的双脚，它以一种包裹紧密的系统控制着我们的步伐——在这个系统里面，我们双脚只能获得最低限度的自由以作出调整。因此，当你作出统计数据，拿我们的双脚在先前的政府统治时期所遭遇的砾石数量和在现政府统治下所遇到的少许的砾石碎块儿的数量进行比较的时候，这些数据其实并不能说明问题。因为问题的关键并不在于外在障碍物数量的多少，而在于面对这些障碍物时人们所感到的、无能为力的程度的深浅。这种对于自由的限制是一种更为根本性的罪恶。这并非由于它的数量而是由于它的本质。于是我们不得不承认这样一个看上去似是而非的说法：当西方的精神在自由的旗帜下阔步前进的时候，西方的民族却锻造出了人类历史上史无前例的、组织的钢铁链条——它最冷酷无情，也最牢不可破。

当印度人民还未陷于这种组织的统治之下时，变化的弹性是足够大的，它足以让有力量、有精神的人们感觉到他们能够将自己的命运掌握在自己手中。那时，人们从不缺少对于突发事件的期待，统治者和被统治者双方都拥有更为自由的想象力，而这想象力则对历史进程产生了影响。那时，我们所面对的未来并不是一道死气沉沉的、白色的花岗岩所砌成的围墙——它永远地阻断了我们显示并且增长自己的力量，它之所以给我们带来绝望，是因为，我们的力量正在由于科学的麻醉作用而从其根基上变得萎缩退化。每一个非民族的个人都在一个整体民族的控制之下，而这个民族如同机器一般，时时刻刻都保持着警觉，它不会像人一样疏忽大意或是区别对待。只要轻轻地按下它的按钮，这个怪物组织就会立刻启动，而它那双丑陋的、充满好奇心的大眼睛可以让广大的、被统治的人民群众中的任何一个个人都无处藏身。只要稍微转动一下它的螺丝钉，哪怕只有一丝一毫，它对所有人，包括男人、女人和儿童的控制就会收紧，达到令其窒息的程度；而这些人们想要从自己的国家，甚至于从任何其他的国家中逃离出来都是不可想象的。

在持续、巨大、非人性的力量对人性的至死重压下，现代世界正在痛苦地呻吟着。不仅仅是被压迫的种族，你们这些生活在幻觉中的、自以为是自由的人们，每天都在牺牲掉你们的自由和人性以向民族主义的偶像献祭。你们生活在弥漫着浓浓的、乌烟瘴气的世界里，这里面充斥了怀疑、贪婪和恐惧。

我曾经在日本看到，全体人民都自愿地将思想和自由交给他们的政府，听由其摆布。他们的政府通过各种各样的教育机构规范他们的思想，制造他们的感官，当有迹象表明他们正在倾向于某种精神生活的时候，它就会充满怀疑地警觉起来，将他们领上一条狭窄的道路——不是一条通向真理的道路，而是一条使得他们能够按照它所制定的方案紧密地团结在一起的道路。日本人民愉快地、自豪地接受了这种四处弥漫的精神枷锁，因为，他们焦躁地渴望着自己变身为一台叫作民族的权力的

机器，并且在追名逐利的集体活动中与其他机器同流合污。

当我们询问他们这样做的原因是什么的时候，刚刚拜倒在民族主义旗下的狂热的追随者这样回答道："只要民族在这个世界上蔓延滋生，我们就不可能自由地将我们自己的人性提得更高。我们必须利用自己所拥有的所有本领，通过在最大程度上变得邪恶的方式来对抗邪恶。因为在当今世界上，唯一可能的手足情谊就是与流氓无赖一起沆瀣一气，狼狈为奸。"日本和俄国所结成的兄弟般的友爱关系最近刚刚在日本得到了大张旗鼓地欢呼庆祝。这种友谊并非来自于基督教或是佛教精神的复兴；相反，它是建立在一种现代的、信仰的基础之上的关系——它相信只有彼此之间进行流血的恐吓才能使双方各自变得更安全。没错，我们必须承认这些事实是当今世界上民族的事实；而民族所笃信的唯一道德就是世界上所有的民族都应当竭尽他们的物质、道德和精神资源，以便在权力斗争的竞赛中击败对方。古代的时候，斯巴达千方百计地使自己变得强大；她通过丧失自己的人性达到了这一目的，然而最终，却还是在人性的丧失中死去。

但是，现在的时代正在由于道义的衰微而变得痛苦不堪，而这种道义的衰微不仅仅局限于那些被奴役的种族；对于另外一些种族而言，由于他们被蒙在鼓里，相信自己是自由的，所以这种在隐秘和自愿中所遭受到的伤害则更加严重。因此，了解到这一情况，我们并未感到丝毫的安慰。你们可以自由地选择以更高的人生理想作为筹码来换取利益和权力，而我要将你们留在自己的精神废墟旁边，好好思考一下你们所得到的繁荣昌盛到底为何物。但是，当你们将全体人民自我扩张的本能都组织起来，并使其登峰造极，而自鸣得意的时候，难道你们就永远都不会为此行径受到惩罚吗？我要问问你们：在人类的历史上，在它最黑暗的时期，有过什么样的灾难可以像这种可怕的民族一样，将其毒牙深深地嵌入到世界裸露的肌体之中，并且每时每刻都紧咬牙关，毫不松懈呢？

你们，西方的人们，你们制造出了这种怪胎，你们能想象得出来，在这个人类受苦受难的，鬼魅横行的，由可怕的抽象的人类组织所主宰的世界上凄凉的绝望吗？你们能设身处地地为那些非民族主义国家的人民想一想吗？他们似乎是命中注定要接受对于他们自己人性的永恒诅咒。他们不仅仅要受到持续的、人性的摧残，而且还要高声地为一台机器设备大唱赞歌，歌颂它在无休止的、假冒天意的拙劣表演中所显示出的仁慈。

你们不曾见过吗？自从民族之肇始，它所带来的如同妖魔鬼怪一般的恐怖便让整个世界为之颤抖。哪里有黑暗的角落，哪里可能就会有其隐秘的恶毒；而人们则生活在永远的不信任之中，只恨自己后背没有再多长出一双眼睛。每一个脚步声，每一个邻里做出动作时所发出的沙沙声，都会将恐惧的战栗传遍四方。这种恐惧孕育了所有人性之中最卑鄙可耻的东西。它使得人们几乎是公开地对残忍的暴行不以为耻。聪明的谎言变成了自我麻醉的工具。神圣的誓言则变成了一出闹剧——因为其神圣而引人发笑。民族，尽管它强大有力、繁荣昌盛，尽管它旌旗招展、赞歌飘扬，尽管它在教堂里念诵着亵渎神明的祷告，尽管它装腔作势的文学为其爱国主义大肆吹捧，也不可能掩盖这样一个事实——民族本身就是其最大的罪恶，它所采取的所有预防措施都是与其自身相对立的；而且，这个世界上每诞生一个新的民族都会在其他民族的心目中产生新的恐惧。它的唯一愿望就是利用世界上其他国家的衰微，就像某些依靠被麻痹的猎物的肉为食的昆虫一样，让那些弱国苟延残喘，继续存活下去，以便为自己提供营养丰富的美味佳肴。因此，它乐意将自己有毒的汁液注射到其他活着的、无害的、非民族的要害器官当中去。为了这一目的，民族已经并且还在占据着亚洲最最富饶的牧场。伟大的中国，她富有古代的智慧和社会伦理，她勤劳而且自制，现在就像是一头鲸鱼一样，在民族的心中唤起了强取豪夺的渴望。她颤抖的身体已经被自诩为一贯正确的，科学而自私的民族所投下的几柄鱼叉扎中。而就当她可怜巴巴地试图甩掉自己的人性传统和社会理想，并且竭尽最后一点

点资源想要把自己训练成现代的、高效的国家的时候，民族却处处作梗，横加阻挠。它用经济的绳索将中国绑紧，然后试图将她拖上岸并且切成碎片，接下来便公然地举办向上帝感恩的祈祷仪式，感谢他对于现存罪恶的帮扶以及对于可能产生的罪恶的消灭。为了这一切，民族一直在讨要着历史的垂青，祈盼着它的剥削活动能够天长地久；它命令自己的唱诗班到世界各地去演奏，宣扬自己是社会精华，是人类之花，是上帝竭尽全力撒向非民族国家裸露着的脑壳的祝福。

我知道你们的建议是什么。你们会说：你们也发展成为一个民族吧，这样就可以抵抗它的侵犯了。不过，这算得上是真正的、一个人对另外一个人提出的建议吗？这样做难道是必须的吗？我宁可相信你们提出这样的建议：在处理同他人的关系时要更友好、更公正、更真诚；要控制你的贪欲，要生活得淳朴而健康，还要让你对人性中神圣之物的认识更加完美，等等。但是你们会说，对我们自己来说，最有价值的东西不是灵魂而是那台机器；人类的得救所依赖的是他能否将自己训练得完全适合机器轮子和计数轮旋转时的固定节奏；在政治的、永不停息的斗牛场上，机器必须与机器竞争，民族必须与民族对立——难道你们一定要这样认为吗？

你们会说：基于对恐惧的共识，这些机器会达成彼此互不侵犯的协议。但是，这样一个蒸汽锅炉之间所结成的同盟会向你展示一个灵魂，一个拥有自己良知和上帝的灵魂吗？而在世界上其他更多的，没有恐惧可以约束到你们的地方，又会发生什么事呢？无论那些非民族主义的国家现在多么安全，没有受到熔炉、铁锤和螺丝刀的整治，这也不过是列强间彼此猜忌的结果而已。但是，当列强不再是无数单独的机器，而是结合在一起，成为一个贪婪的、商业的或是政治的集体组织的时候，其他的那些国家，他们享受过生活也遭受过痛苦，曾经爱过也曾经祈祷过，曾经深刻地思考过也曾经任劳任怨地工作过，而他们唯一的过错就是没有像那些机器一样组织起来，他们还会拥有哪怕是最为渺茫的希望

吗？

但是你们会说："这没关系，不适者必失败——他们会死掉，这就是科学。"

不，错了。为了你们自己的得救，我要说，他们要活下去，这才是真理。我这样说是需要极大的勇气的，但是我敢断言，人类的世界是道德的世界，这并不是因为我们盲目地这样相信，而是因为真理就是如此，忽视这一点就会给我们带来危险。而且，人类的这种道德本性不应以方便为由被分割保存。你们不应以保护性的关税壁垒将道德仅仅局限在国内消费，而对外则在自由贸易的许可证下让它随意变通。

这一真理你们还没有认识到吗？残酷的战争已经将其魔爪伸入到欧洲的内脏；而在欧洲的战场上，她囤积的财富正在化为灰烬，她的人性正在片片散落。你们会惊奇地问道：她到底做了什么会落得如此下场？问题的答案是，西方一直以来都在系统地石化其道德本性，目的是为她庞大而高效的组织奠定坚实的基础。她一直以来都在为了这个组织的强大而让每个个人都忍饥挨饿。

在你们欧洲中世纪的时候，人们朴素而自然，他们带着强烈的激情和愿望，试图找到将灵魂与肉体的冲突相调和的办法。在贯穿欧洲的充满青春活力的动荡岁月中，无论是世俗的还是精神的力量都对她的本性施加了巨大的影响，并且为其塑造了具有完整性的道德人格。欧洲伟大的人性正是要归功于那一时期的磨练——对于其人性完整性的磨练。

接下来便是理智的时代、科学的时代。我们都知道理智是非人性的。我们的生命和心灵是合二为一的，但是我们的头脑却可以从人格中分离出去，只有它可以在思想的世界里自由地游移。我们的理智是一位苦行的修道者，它不穿衣服，不吃食物，不睡觉，没有愿望，感觉不到爱或是恨或是对于人性弱点的怜悯，它只是无动于衷地通过生活的变迁

兴衰进行推理。它对所有事物都刨根问底，因为它与这些事物本身毫无个人感情的瓜葛。语法专家会径直走过整篇诗歌，毫无障碍地直奔单词的词根，因为他想要探寻的不是诗歌的真相，而是词汇法则。一旦他发现了这一法则，他就可以教会人们如何掌握单词。这是一种力量——它可以满足某种特殊的用途，满足人类的某些特定的需要。

现实的存在就是某个事物的各个组成部分在整体的平衡中所表现出来的和谐。你打破了这种和谐，手里攥着彼此斗争的游离的原子，这一事物也就失去了意义。那些垂涎权力的人们试图掌握这些原始的、斗争的元素，并且通过某些狭窄的渠道将它们强行塞进某个装置，以便让它们为人类的某些特定需要提供暴力的服务。

人类需要的满足事关重大。这可以让他获得在物质世界行动的自由。它可以让他在更为广阔的时间和空间范围内获得利益，让他在更短的时间内完成任务，并且以压倒性的优势占据更大的空间。因此，他便可以轻而易举地超越那些生活在节奏缓慢，且空间没有得到充分利用的世界里的人们。

这种权力前进的步伐越走越快。而且，因为它是从人类整体中分离出来的一部分，所以它不久就超越了人类的整体。有道德的人类落在了后面，因为它不得不应付整个现实的存在，而不仅仅是没有人性的、抽象的事物法则。

于是人类理智和物质的力量远远超过了道德的力量，就像是一头形态夸张的长颈鹿一样，脑袋陡然间竖起，距离身体的其他部分有数英里远，结果使得正常的联系也无法进行。这个贪婪的脑袋拥有巨大的牙齿，一直在用力地咀嚼世界上长得最高的树叶，然而它所获得的营养物质要花太久的时间才能到达它的消化器官，而它的心脏正在由于缺血而痛苦不堪。对于当今人类本性中的不和谐，西方似乎一直在美滋滋地毫无察觉。它所有注意力都被其巨大无比的物质成功引向了对自己肥硕身

材的洋洋得意之中。伴随着铁路线无休止的延伸给自己带来的好运气，西方逻辑中的乐观主义精神也继续向前直达永远。如果有谁认为所有的明天不过是今天的翻版，不过是二十四个小时不断的累加，那么就未免太过浅薄了。因为他没有注意到，在人类不断膨胀的仓库和他空虚饥饿的人性之间的裂痕正在日益扩大。逻辑并不清楚，在无尽的财富和优越的物质条件的最底层，用来恢复道德世界之平衡的地震正在酝酿当中；总有一天，精神空虚的海湾会将永远眷恋着尘世浮华的仓库拽进自己无底的深渊。

一个完整的人并不体现在他的力量上，而是体现在他的完善上。因此，要想让一个人仅仅获得力量，你就必须尽量地缩小他的灵魂。当我们具有完整的人性的时候，我们是不会彼此掐对方的喉咙的；我们社会生活的本能，我们道德理想的传统不允许我们这样做。如果你想让我去杀人，那么首先你必须通过能使我的意志丧失、思想麻木、行动机械的训练来破坏我的完整人性，然后那种与人类真理没有丝毫关系，因此很容易变得野蛮和机械的，抽象的毁灭力量就会从我已经解体的、复杂的人性当中释放出来了。将人类从他的自然环境中带走，将他带离充实的集体生活，以及在这生活中他与美、爱和社会责任等等建立起的活生生的联系，这样，你就会将他转变成为许多机器的碎片，从而生产出大量的财富。将树木变为柴火，它就会为你而燃烧，但是自此就永远都不会再开出生命的花朵，结出生命的果实了。

这种非人化的过程在商业和政治领域内一直进行着。这种完全发展成熟的，拥有巨大力量和惊人胃口的机械，在机械能量的长期阵痛中分娩降生了，而西方已经将其命名为民族。就像我之前曾经暗示过的，因为它具有的抽象的品质，它轻而易举地就跑在了完善的、有道德的人类前头。而且，由于它拥有一颗恶灵的心脏以及一个机器人才有的冷酷的完美，所以，它正在制造的灾难让年轻的月球上的火山喷发也自愧弗如。结果是，人与人之间的怀疑就像是荨麻身上的刺毛一样刺痛着这个

文明的四肢。每个国家都在向其他国家满是污泥的水底投下间谍的罗网，希望获取他们的秘密——那些在外交的烂泥的深处酝酿着的背信弃义的秘密。而民族的所谓秘密，不外乎是在其腐烂的深处所从事的拐骗、谋杀、背叛以及所有丑陋罪行的地下交易。因为每一个民族都有它自己的盗窃、撒谎和背信弃义的历史，所以国际间的怀疑和嫉妒就会大行其道，而且国际间的鲜廉寡耻就会达到滑稽可笑的程度。民族伸张正义的风笛会根据时间的不同和外交联盟的重新组合而改变调门，所以我们只能将其作为政治音乐厅的另外一种表演形式来欣赏。

我刚刚到访过日本。在那里，我劝告这个新生的民族要站在更高的人类理想的立场上，永远不要效仿西方将民族主义有组织的自私自利奉为圭臬，永远不要因为自己邻国的衰弱而幸灾乐祸，永远不要不择手段地对付弱国，即便是如此举动极为卑鄙却可以免受惩罚，而同时却将自己带着人性光辉的右脸转向那些有能力给它一拳的国家，为的是得到它们赞赏的亲吻。有些报纸以它们富有诗意为由表扬了我的言论，而同时不忘揶揄我，说我的言论是失败民族的诗歌。我觉得它们说得对。日本已经在一所现代的学校里学会了如何变得强大。学习结束了，而她必须要享受课程所带来的收获。西方用她隆隆的炮声在日本的大门口这样说道：民族，出现吧——于是一个民族就出现了。而既然它已经存在了，那么为什么你们不能发自内心地感到纯净的喜悦并且为它祝福呢？为什么我在英国的报纸上看到，当日本吹嘘她自己的文明有多么优越的时候你们却恶语相加呢？要知道，几个世纪以来，英国以及其他的民族一直在像日本这样恬不知耻地吹嘘自己的文明啊。这就是因为自私自利的理想主义必须依靠持续剂量的自我褒扬来维持自己的陶醉状态。但是当它们看到其他民族与自己一样的，似乎是再自然和无害不过的不道德行为时，就会感到震惊和愤怒。所以，当你们看到按照你们自身形象塑造出来，并且开始为自己的民族大声聒噪的、民族主义的日本的时候，你们就摇摇头说，这样做可不好。这难道不就是你们在这里提高了嗓门，呼吁作好准备，来应付又一个能够带来更大伤害的罪恶力量的原因之一

吗？日本提出抗议说，她拥有武士道精神，她永远都不会背叛自己心怀感激的美国。但是你们很难相信她的说辞，因为民族的智慧并不在于对人性的信仰，而是在于对人性的完全不信任。你们自言自语道，我们所要对付的不是拥有武士道的日本，不是拥有道德理想的日本，而是作为民族的日本；而只有当两个民族拥有共同的利益，或是至少他们利益不相冲突的时候，他们才能彼此信任对方。事实上，你们的本能告诉自己，当另外一个民族出现在民族的竞技场上时，就说明与人类崇高理想格格不入的罪恶又一次得到了壮大，并且它的成功证明了厚颜无耻是通向繁荣昌盛的道路，而善良只适合于弱者，是上帝留给失败者的唯一慰藉。

没错，这就是民族的逻辑。它永远都不会倾听真理和善良的声音。它会继续跳这种道德败坏的圆圈舞，将钢铁与钢铁连接，机器与机器连接，将所有朴素的信仰和人类生活理想的甜蜜花朵都踩在自己脚下加以蹂躏。

但是我们自欺欺人地认为，现代的人类比以往任何时候都要站得靠前。这种自我欺骗的原因在于，人类现在可以得到比以往更为丰富的生活必需品，而他所患的疾病也能得到更为有效的治疗。但是造成所有这些的主要原因并不是道德的贡献，而要归功于智慧的力量。它数量巨大，但是它源自表面且只在表面铺开。知识和效率在其外在的影响方面显得强大而有力，但是它们只是人类的奴仆，而非人类自身。它们的服务就像是宾馆里所提供的服务，尽管周到详尽，却缺乏地主之谊；它更多的是提供方便而不是热情好客。

因此我们不要忘了，散布在各个领域内的科学组织正在增强的是我们的力量，而不是我们的人性。随着我们力量的增长，民族的自我崇拜占据了支配的地位，每个个人都自愿地允许民族像骑驴那样骑在我们自己的身上；于是便出现了这种具有灾难性后果的怪现象：个人奉献出所

有的祭品来崇拜一个神，而这个神却通常在道德方面比他还要低级。如果这个神像每个个人那样真实存在的话，这种情况是不大可能出现的。

下面我再解释一下这一点。在印度的有些地方，寡妇们每隔两周都会有一天不吃不喝，这被看作是一种极为虔诚的举动。尽管人们的本性并非这样残忍，此种行为还是会经常导致残忍、无意义和不人道的结果。然而，这种非真实的、抽象的虔诚极大地削弱了人们的道德感，这就像是一个不会无端地伤害一只动物的人，当他给自己的感觉器官灌下抽象的、“运动”的汤药的时候，就会使得大量无辜的动物遭受可怕的痛苦。因为这些抽象的观念来自于我们的理智，它们属于逻辑的范畴，所以，它们能够轻易地让个人在其薄雾中踪迹难寻。

民族的观念是人类发明的最为强有力的麻醉剂之一。在它乌烟瘴气的影响下，整个民族，在对民族的道德扭曲全然无知的情况下，会将其最恶毒的、利己主义的、系统的行动纲领付诸实施——而事实上，如果有谁指出了这一点，他反而会招致来自持有这种民族主义观念之人们的危险的愤恨。

但是，这种情况会无限期地持续，不断地在我们人类的天性上制造出大面积的道德感知力的荒原吗？它会永远都逃脱报应吗？难道这种机械组织的巨大力量会没有任何限制，而它在同这个世界的斗争中，不会因为自己的可怕力量和速度而将自身更为彻底地摧毁吗？你相信罪恶可以通过与同其他罪恶的竞争来实现永远的相互制约吗？你相信费尽心机的讨论就可以将魔鬼锁在彼此妥协的临时牢笼里吗？

这场爆发在民族间的欧洲战争就是一种报应。人类一定不要在自己的生活中堆满了物质的东西而不是心灵，堆满了制度和政策而不是活的人际关系。现在是时候了，为了整个愤怒的世界，欧洲应当充分地认识到，在她自己的身上有一种叫作民族的、可怕而荒谬的东西。

民族依靠残缺的人性而发迹。人类，作为上帝最美好的造物，以好战而贪财的木偶形象被大量地从民族主义的工厂中生产了出来，而他们却对自己如机械一般可怜的完美愚蠢地感到洋洋得意。人类社会变得越来越像一出牵线木偶秀，在高效的牵线装置的操控下，政客们、士兵们、厂商们和官僚们都一一献演。

但是，将自私自利当作神一样来崇拜永远都不可能使其无尽的仇恨和嫉妒、恐惧和虚伪、怀疑和专制自己画上句号。这些妖魔鬼怪会长得身形巨大，却永远都不可能协调发展。这种民族可能会长到你想象不到的肥胖的程度，然而它仍然不是一个活着的躯体，而是一堆钢铁，一团蒸汽，或是一座座办公大楼。它会一直长到自己畸形的外壳再也装不下它那丑陋而肥硕的躯体，于是它便会开始噼啪开裂，急促地喷火冒烟，并且在加农炮的吼叫声中发出濒死的哀鸣。在这场战争中，民族开始了其死亡前的阵痛。突然间，它所有的机械装置都发了疯。它开始跳起了复仇女神的舞蹈，将它自己的四肢打碎并且将它们散落在尘埃中。这是这场虚幻悲剧的最后一幕。

那些对人类怀有信心的人们一定会热切地希望，民族的暴政一定不要恢复其先前的爪牙，恢复其无所不及的铁臂和巨大无比的内腔——里面只有胃而没有心；他们希望人类会摆脱包裹着自己的抽象的含混，并且获得个性的新生。

面纱已经撩起。在这场可怕的战争中，西方已经直面了自己的造物——她曾经将自己的灵魂出卖给它的那个造物。她应该清楚它的真面目了。

在过去，西方从来没有察觉出自己的道德本性正在秘密地、缓慢地腐烂分解。这一过程常常以怀疑主义的教条的形式显现；而更多的时候，它是以更为危险且微妙的形式表现出来——她对这个世界的大部分进行了破坏和侮辱，然而自己却浑然不知。现在她必须清楚，真相已经

站在自家门口了。

然后，就会有一些西方的孩子们从这种幻觉，这种建立在自私自利的基础之上的，扭曲的手足之情的奴役之中解放出来；他们将会成为上帝的孩子而不是作为机器的奴仆，因这些机器将灵魂变成了商品，将生命变成了零件，并且以其铁爪刨出了世界的心脏，而与此同时，却对自己的所作所为全然无知。

我们这些一直以来低着头的非民族的国家将会明白，我们所低头相向的这片土地要比用来建造傲慢权力的砖头更为神圣。因为这片肥沃的土地充满了生机、美丽和对神的崇拜。我们要感谢上帝，是他创造了我们，是他让我们挨过寂静的、绝望的黑夜，忍受着傲慢者所施以的凌辱，背负着强大者才有的负担；然而，尽管经历了所有这一切，尽管我们的心灵曾经因为怀疑和恐惧而战栗，我们却从来没有盲目地相信过机器能够给人类带来拯救，相反，我们紧握着对上帝的信仰，紧握着人类灵魂的真谛。我们仍然怀抱着希望，希望当权力羞于占据它的宝座并且乐意为爱让路的时候，希望当黎明为了清洗民族所遗留下的斑斑血迹而沿着人性的大道走来的时候，我们能够受到上帝召唤，召唤我们带上自己的一坛圣水——一坛信仰的圣水——来滋润、净化人类的历史，并且以其喷洒的水滴向几个世纪以来饱受践踏的土地献上祝福，保佑它硕果累累。

印度的民族主义

我们印度的真正问题不在于政治，而是在于社会。其实这种情况普遍地存在于所有的国家，而非印度所独有。我不相信有什么孤立存在的政治利益。西方的政治支配了西方的理想，而我们印度则正在试图模仿你们。我们必须记住，欧洲文明自然而然地具有政治和经济的侵略性的特点，因为，欧洲的各个民族自其肇始就具有种族的统一性，而欧洲的自然资源对其居民来说又是匮乏的。所以，一方面他们没有内部的混乱，而另一方面则要对付他们强大而贪婪的邻国。于是在他们彼此之间便进行了完美的联合，同时对其他国家采取了警惕、敌意的态度，这便成了他们解决自己问题的办法。过去，他们组织起来去抢劫；现在，他们秉承同样的精神，组织起来共同剥削整个世界。

但是，印度自有史以来就一直面对着这样的问题——种族问题。每一个民族都一定要弄清楚自己的使命是什么，而我们印度人一定要认识到，当我们要在政治上有所作为的时候，我们就会露出丑态，原因就在于我们还没有能够最终完成上帝下达给我们的旨意。

你们美国也同我们一样，多年以来面对着一直想要设法解决的种族团结问题。在这里很多人问我有关印度的种姓歧视的情况。但是他们向我问起这个事情的时候，总是带有一种优越感。所以，我也想把这个问题稍加修正之后问一问你们美国的批评家们：“你们是怎样对待红种印第安人和黑人的呢？”你们并没有改变对于他们的种族歧视的态度。你们使用了暴力的方法来使自己远离其他种族。所以，在这一问题没有得到解决之前，在这里，在美国，你们就没有权利指责印度。

尽管困难重重，印度还是有所作为的。她试着对种族关系进行了调

整，承认了种族间确实存在的、真正的不同之处，并且试图找出各个种族间团结的基础。这个基础来自于我们的圣人，例如那纳克，卡比尔，柴塔尼亚[2]，等等，他们倡导印度的各个种族信仰同一个上帝。

在解决我们自己问题的时候，我们同样应当致力于解决世界的问题。印度所经历的一切就是世界现在的样子。整个世界正在科学的帮助下变为一个国家。现在已经是时候了，你们必须要为这个世界找到一个团结的、非政治的基础。如果印度能够给这个世界提交她的解决方案的话，那么这将是对于全体人类的贡献。这世界上只有一部历史，那就是人类的历史。所有国家的历史不过是这部历史当中的各个章节而已。我们在印度愿意为这一伟大的事业受苦受难。

每个人都会爱他自己。因此，他残忍的本能会使得他为了追逐单纯的个人私利而与其他人争斗。但是同时人类还拥有更高级的同情和互助的本能。那些缺乏这一更高级别的道德力量的人们将不能同其他人结为伙伴的关系，所以他们注定会灭亡或生活在低级的状态。只有那些拥有这种强烈合作精神的民族才会生存下来并且创造出文明。所以我们发现，自有史以来，人类就不得不在彼此斗争和联合之间作出选择，在满足他们自己私欲和满足所有人共同利益之间作出选择。

在人类历史的早期，每个国家都受到地理疆域和交流手段的局限，所以这个问题相对来说并不突出，因为人类在他们各自独立的区域里发展他们对于团结的理解就已经足够了。那时候，他们自己之间联合起来与其他人斗争。但是，他们真正的伟大之处正是在于这种联合起来的道德精神，而正是这种精神塑造了他们的艺术、科学和宗教。那时候，人类所关注的最重要的一个事情就是某个特定种族的成员彼此之间的密切接触。那些通过他们更崇高的本性而真正做到了这种密切接触的种族会在人类的历史上留下他们的印记。

当今时代最重要的事情就是人类的不同种族已经聚集在了一起。我

们又一次地面临着两个选择：不同的族群是继续彼此间的争斗，还是找出某些和解和互助的真正基础；不同的族群之间是继续无休止的竞争，还是展开彼此间的合作。

我会毫不犹豫地说，那些拥有爱的道德力量和团结精神的人们，那些对外来人抱有最少的敌意并且具有设身处地为他人着想的同情心的人们，会在我们当今这个时代占据永久的位置，成为最适应这个时代的人；而那些不断地发展自己与外来人为敌的，具有偏狭的本能的人将会被淘汰出局。因为这就是我们所面临的问题，而我们不得不借助更为崇高的本性来解决它，从而证明我们的人性。那些伤害他人并且避免被他人所伤害的庞大组织，那些靠损人利己而发财的庞大组织，它们是不会帮助我们的。恰恰相反，由于它们的千钧重力、巨额成本，以及对人类活力的抑制，它们会严重地阻碍我们在一个更为崇高的文明所提供的更为广大的生活空间中获得自由。

在民族的演变过程中，兄弟友谊的道德文化受到了地理边界的限制，因为那时候这些边界是真实存在的。现在这些边界已经成为想象中的传统界限，而不具备真正的阻隔性质。所以现在人类的道德本性一定要严肃地对待这种情况，否则它将会有灭顶之灾。这种环境改变所造成的第一个冲动是人类卑鄙的贪婪和残忍的仇恨的膨胀。如果这种情况无限期地持续下去，军事力量继续壮大到难以想象的荒谬程度，机器和仓库以它们的尘灰、烟雾和丑陋覆盖了这个美丽的地球的话，那么这世界终将会在自杀式的熊熊烈焰中走向灭亡。因此，人类将不得不竭尽其爱的全力，擦亮他的眼睛，再一次作出巨大的道德修正；这种道德修正将在整个人类世界中进行，而不仅仅局限于少数的几个民族。生活在当今时代的每个人都接到了这样的召唤：要为迎接新时代的曙光作好自身和周边环境的准备，因为在新的时代里人们将会在全体人类的精神团结中发现自己的灵魂。

如果西方想要从这些低矮斜坡的混乱中挣扎出来，爬上人类精神的制高点的话，那么我想，美国就要肩负起其特殊的使命，完成这一上帝和人类的愿望。你们的国家充满了期待，希望能够推陈出新。欧洲有其敏锐的思维习惯和约定俗成的社会习俗，但是美国还没有定型。我知道美国很少受到过去传统的束缚，而且我意识到实验主义是美国年轻的标志。美国的荣耀在于未来而不是过去；而且，如果谁具有洞悉未来的本领的话，那么他一定会爱上未来的美国。

美国注定要向东方证明西方文明的正当性。欧洲已经对人性失去了信心，已经变得狐疑而病弱。而另一方面，美国则并不悲观失望或是麻木不仁。作为一个民族你们知道，没有最好只有更好，而你们进步的动力就来自于对这一点的认知。有一些习惯不光是被动的，同时还是高傲的和富于侵略性的。它们不仅仅像是一堵围墙，而更像是带刺儿的荨麻围成的树篱。欧洲多年以来一直都在培育着这种习惯的树篱，直到它们浓密地、茁壮地、高高地将欧洲围拢起来。欧洲对于自己传统的自豪感已经扎根在了她的心灵深处。我并不认为这种自豪感是毫无道理的。但是，任何一种形式的傲慢都会最终导致愚昧无知。像所有人造的兴奋剂一样，傲慢的最初影响只是一种反应水平的提升；而接下来，随着掺加剂量的增大，就会产生一种误导性的狂喜。欧洲的傲慢，在其外表和内在的习惯上面，都在逐渐地变得顽固。她不仅不能忘了自己是西方，而且还会利用每一次机会抛出这一事实，从而羞辱他人。这就是为什么，欧洲变得没有能力将自己最好的东西与东方分享；而与此同时，不能够以正确的态度接受东方已经储藏了多达数百年的智慧。

美国的民族习惯和传统还没有来得及将它们的根须紧紧地束缚住你们自己的心灵。当你们将自己不停漂泊的生活同欧洲固定的传统相比较的时候，你们经常会感到并且抱怨自己所处的劣势，因为欧洲可以将自己的伟大之处放到其历史背景之中最大限度地展现出来。但是在当今这个过渡的时代，当文明的新纪元跨越无限的未来时空向世界上的各个种

族吹响其召唤的号角的时候，正是这种毫无挂碍的自由将会让你们响应它的号召，并且实现它的目标——为了这一目标，欧洲曾经开始其旅程，但是却在半路迷失了自我。之所以会如此，是因为欧洲被她自己的傲慢的权力和贪婪的占有所蛊惑，从而误入了歧途。

不仅仅是你们美国人的思维不受习惯的束缚，你们的历史也没有受到任何肮脏的、陈年旧账的羁绊，所以你们美国适合于扛起未来文明大旗的重任。所有欧洲伟大的民族都在世界的其他地方造下罪孽。这使得它们的同情心在道德和理智方面都受到了破坏，而这种同情心是理解其他与己不同的种族所必需的。英国人永远都不会真正地理解印度，因为他们在考虑有关印度的问题时并非没有私利。如果将英国同德国或法国进行比较的话，你就会发现，在英国，带着一定程度的同情心的洞察力或是一丝不苟的精神对印度的文学和哲学进行研究的学者是最少的。在两国的关系并不正常，而且是建立在民族的自私和傲慢的基础之上的时候，这种冷漠和蔑视的态度就再自然不过了。但是你们美国的历史是没有私利的历史，这就是为什么你们能够帮助日本学习西方文明，这就是为什么中国在其最黑暗、最危险的时期对你们却抱有最大的信赖。事实上，你们肩负着一个伟大未来的全部责任，因为你们没有受到贪婪吝啬的过去历史的羁绊。因此，在世界上所有的国家当中，美国必须清醒地认识到这一未来；她一定要擦亮眼睛，在青春活力的鼓舞下对人类充满信心。

美国和印度之间存在着共同之处——两个国家都要将各个不同的种族团结在一起。

在印度，我们一直以来都在试图找到所有种族的某些共同之处，而这些共同之处将是各个种族真正团结的明证。仅仅将政治或是经济作为种族团结的基础是不够的。有思想、有能力的人们会找到种族团结的精神基础，并且实现这一精神上的团结，宣扬这一精神上的团结。

印度从来都没有过真正意义上的民族主义观念。尽管从孩提时代开始，我就被灌输以“对于民族的崇拜要好于对于上帝和人性的敬畏”的思想，可是我还是相信自己已经摆脱了这种说教的桎梏；而且我深信不疑的是，通过与“国家要比人类的理想更为伟大的说教”的斗争，我的同胞们会真正地收获他们的印度。

目前，受过教育的印度人正试图从历史当中吸取某些与我们祖先的经验教训截然相反的经验教训。事实上，东方正在努力学习它的历史——一个并非是它自己生活写照的历史。例如，日本认为她正在靠采用西方的方法而变得强大；但是，当她用光了自己祖上的遗产之后，所剩下的便仅仅是从西方文明那里借来的武器。她并没有从自身内部得到发展。

欧洲有自己的过去。因此欧洲的力量来自于她的历史。我们印度一定要下定决心，不能从其他民族那里借来他们的历史，而且，如果我们割断了自己的历史那就等同于自杀。当你们借来本不属于自己生活的东西的时候，这些东西就会毁了你们的生活。

因此，我相信，与西方文明在它自己的运动场上展开竞争对于印度来说毫无益处。但是，如果我们不顾外界的污言秽语，坚持走自己的路的话，我们就会收获颇丰。

有一些课程会给我们传递信息或是为了提高理智而训练我们的头脑。这些课程简单易学，便于利用。但是还有其他的课程会影响到我们的深层本性并且改变我们的人生轨迹。在我们学习这些课程并且以我们自己的遗产作为代价为此买单之前，我们一定要暂停并且好好考虑一下。在人类历史上的某些年代，人们发明了烟花爆竹，并且以其力量和动感让我们头晕目眩。这些烟花爆竹不仅仅嘲笑我们家里朴素的灯盏，而且嘲笑永恒的星辰。但是我们不要由于这种刺激就草率地决定舍弃我们的灯盏。我们要耐心地忍受暂时的侮辱，并且意识到它们尽管灿烂却

不持久，因为这种极端的爆炸在产生力量的同时又让它筋疲力尽。与它们的收获和产出相较而言，这些烟花爆竹所耗费的能量和物质是致命的。

总之，我们的理想是在我们自己的历史当中演化而来的。即便是我们只希望将自己的理想制成拙劣的烟花爆竹也改变不了这一点，因为构成我们理想的材料与你们的材料是不同的，而它们的道德目的也是不同的。如果我们下定决心要不惜一切代价买进政治上的民族主义的话，那么其荒唐可笑的程度就如同瑞士为了自己的生存而野心勃勃地建造一支强大的、足以比肩英国的海军一样。我们所犯的错误就在于，我们认为人类想要变得伟大，其途径只有一条——就是这条以其极端傲慢的姿态摆在我们面前的痛苦之路。

我们必须确定自己拥有未来，而且这一未来属于那些拥有丰富的道德理想而不仅仅是拥有物质财富的人。人类拥有这样的特权：他为了收获果实而工作，而这些果实并非触手可及；他调整自己的生活不是为了与某些眼下成功的范例，甚至于不是与他自己谨小慎微的、胸无大志的过去保持被动的一致，而是要与无限的、心中怀抱着的、最最期待的理想未来相向而行。

我们必须承认西方来到印度是命中注定的。然而一定要有人向西方展示东方，并且说服西方相信东方为人类的文明史作出了贡献。印度不是西方的乞丐。即便是西方这样认为，我也不赞成印度应当摆脱所有西方的文明并且在我们的独立中与世隔绝。我们应当紧密相连。如果上帝让英国成为我们沟通的、紧密相连的渠道的话，那么我愿意以自己最大的谦恭接受这一事实。我对于人类的本性怀有极大的信心，而且我认为西方将会发现什么才是她真正的使命。当我意识到西方文明正在背叛人们对它的信任，阻挠实现自己的初衷的时候，我对它进行了严厉的批评。西方一定不要为了她的私利而在这个世界上引起祸端；而是要通过

对无知者施以教化，对弱者给予帮助，让他们获得足够的力量，从而抵抗她的侵略方式，将自身从最大的、强大者容易遭遇的险境中拯救出来。而且，西方一定不要将物质主义作为最终追求的目标，而是要意识到，她所提供的服务是要将精神从物质的暴政下解放出来。

我并非反对某个特定的民族，而是反对所有民族的共同理念。那么什么是民族呢？

民族是指一国的全体人民以一个有组织的力量呈现出来的样子。这个组织不停地致力于使其全体成员变得更强大、更高效。但是，在作出这种为了变得强大和高效的努力之后，人类自我牺牲和富于创造性的更高本性的力量就会消耗殆尽。之所以如此，是因为人类牺牲的力量被从它终极的、道德的目标上转移到了对于这个机械的、组织的维护上来。然而在这个过程中，因为他拥有了所有道德提升的满足感，所以对于人性来说变得极度危险。当人类能够将自己的责任转化到这台由他的理智，而非由他完全的道德人格所创造出来的机器之上的时候，他便会感到自己从良知的规范之下解脱了出来。通过这台机器，热爱自由的民族让奴隶制在这个世界上的广大地区永久地持续，而他们却因为履行了自己的职责而骄傲地感到心安理得；那些生来正直的人们在其行动和思想上变得残忍而不公，而同时他们却感到自己是在帮助这个世界得到其应有的惩罚；那些诚实的人们会为了自我的膨胀而继续盲目地剥夺其他人的人权，而与此同时却辱骂那些受害者，说他们罪有应得。我们在自己的生活中见到过，即便是小的商业和行业组织也会在本性并不坏的人们身上产生感情的冷漠；而且我们完全可以想象得出来，它在这个所有民族都在疯狂地组织起来捞取财富和权力的世界上引起了多么大的道德浩劫。

民族主义是一个巨大的威胁。它是一种独特的东西，并且已经在印度的麻烦堆中潜藏了多年。因为我们已经被一个在其态度上具有严格政

治性的民族统治、控制了多年，所以，尽管我们继承了过去的遗产，我们还是试图在自己的身上发展出一种对于自己最终政治命运的信仰。

印度有不同的政党，它们有不同的理想。其中一些政党正在为政治独立而斗争。而另外一些政党则认为争取政治独立还为时尚早。它们认为印度应当取得与英国其他殖民地一样的权利，并且希望印度尽量争取自治。

在印度的政治纷争的早期历史当中，并不存在像今天这样的政党间的冲突。那时候有一个政党叫作印度国大党[3]；它并没有真正的纲领。他们会对当局发一些牢骚或是提出抗议，期望他们予以改正。他们希望在地方议会中获得更大的代表权，在市政府中得到更多的自由。他们要的东西都很琐碎，然而却缺乏建设性的理想。因此我对他们的方法不感兴趣。我深信，印度最需要的是来自自身的建设性的工作。尽管在这种工作中，我们每前进一步所取得的道义上的胜利，都是在严酷的迫害下，以失败和痛苦为代价换来的，然而，我们仍然要甘冒所有的风险，继续履行我们本应履行的职责。我们必须向高高在上的统治者表明，我们拥有道德的力量，拥有为真理而受难的力量。如果我们无所证明我们就只有乞讨。如果我们希望得到的东西即刻就能得到满足的话，那么反而是有害的。我曾经反复地告诉过我的同胞们，要团结起来，一起为了弘扬我们自我牺牲的精神去创造机会，而不要一同去乞讨。

然而，国大党失去了权力，因为人们不久就意识到他们所采取的残缺的政策是徒劳无益的。于是国大党分裂了[4]，出现了极端主义分子。他们主张行动上的独立，并且抛弃乞讨的方法——他们认为这种乞讨的方法是让一个人摆脱对自己国家的责任的最简便易行的方法。他们的理想是以西方的历史为基础的。他们并不关心印度存在的特殊问题。他们不承认这样一个显而易见的事实：我们的社会组织当中的某些因素使得印度人民难以与外国人相抗衡。如果出于某种原因，英国被赶走了，那

么我们将会怎么办呢？我们不过是会沦为其他民族的牺牲品而已。同样的社会问题仍将持续。我们印度人民不得不考虑的是这样一个问题：将那些产生缺少自尊并且完全依赖统治者的社会习俗和理念摈弃掉——这种问题完全是由于印度的种姓制度的控制，以及盲目、懒惰地依赖传统的权威性的习惯所造成的，而这些传统是与当今时代难以协调的时代错误。

我再一次地提醒你们注意印度无法回避的困难和她为了克服这些困难而进行的斗争。印度的问题就是世界问题的缩影。印度的疆域太过广大，种族太过多样。她相当于很多的国家聚集在了一个地理区域内。她与欧洲的情况恰恰相反；在那里，就相当于一个国家分裂成了多个国家。因此，欧洲在其文化和成长壮大方面不仅得益于其一国的优势，而且得益于其多国的力量。反观印度，由于她生来具有多样性，而后天又成为一个国家，所以她自始至终都蒙受其松散的多样性和衰弱的一致性所带来的痛苦。真正的一致性就如同一只圆球；它滚动起来，很容易地携带其自身的负荷。但是多样性就像是一个有很多棱角的物体，要想推拉它就要费尽全力。应当说明的是，印度的这种多样性并非她自身的创造，而是从她历史的开端就不得不接受的一个事实。在美国和澳大利亚，欧洲人几乎是通过消灭原住民的方式让问题得到了简化。即便是在当今时代，我们同样能看到种族灭绝的幽灵在徘徊——它冷淡地将外国人拒之门外，而这样做的人们自己在其所霸占的这片土地上，其实就是外国人。而印度自其肇始就容忍了种族的多样性，而且这种包容的精神贯穿了她的整个历史。

印度的种姓制度就是这种包容精神的产物。因为，她一直以来就做着各种实验，希望创造出一种能将不同的民族结合在一起的社会团结，而与此同时，各个民族又能充分地享受、保有自己独特性的自由。所以这种纽带一直保持尽可能的松散，而同时又在环境的允许下保持尽可能的紧密。这就产生了一种类似于社会同盟的合众国的东西，她的常见名

称就是印度教。

印度曾经感到，无论种族的多样性有多少缺点，它都是必不可少的；而且你永远都不可能逼迫天性进入到你出于方便而设置的狭窄范围之内，而无需终究有一天为此付出高昂的代价。在这一点上印度是正确的；但是她却没有认识到人类彼此间的差异并非像阻隔的群山那样，永远地固定在那里——它们是随着生命的流动而流动的，它们正改变着自己的轨迹、形状和大小。

因此，在种姓制度的规章里面，印度承认了差别，然而她却没有承认易变性的生命法则。为了避免冲突，印度建立起了不可移动的边界壁垒，从而给她众多的种族带来了和平和秩序的、消极的好处，然而并没有给他们带来发展和变化的、积极的机会。她接受了产生多样性的自然，但是却忽略了自然正是利用这种多样性从事其有着无穷的变化和组合方式的世界游戏。她真实地面对生命的丰富多彩，但是却无视其永远变动的事实。因此，生命就从她的社会体系当中脱离了出来，取而代之的是她竭尽一切仪式所膜拜的，由无数她亲手打造的隔间所构成的，宏大无比的牢笼。

在印度试图避免行业利益的冲突的时候，发生了同样的事情。她将不同的行业和职业与不同的种姓相联系。这种做法可以一劳永逸地减轻竞争所带来的无休止的嫉妒和仇恨——这种竞争滋生了残忍，制造了浓重的、充满了谎言和欺骗的氛围。然而印度的这种做法同样强调了遗传的法则，忽略了变化的规律，因此逐渐地将艺术退化成为工艺，将天才堕落成为技工。

然而，西方的观察家们却没能洞悉这样一个事实：印度在其种姓制度当中很严肃地承担起了，以避免所有的矛盾和摩擦为目的的，解决种族问题的责任。她给每个种族在其活动范围内以自由。毋庸讳言，印度在这方面还没有获得完全的成功。但是，你们必须承认，尽管西方在种

族同一性方面拥有更大的优势，然而她却从来没有关注过这个问题；而且，每当遇到这样的问题时，她都会试图通过采取置之不理的方式将它轻描淡写。这也是西方反亚风潮的原因所在——她剥夺了外国人在西方国家诚实谋生的权利。在大多数的殖民地国家，你们只在他们从事伐木和取水的工作时才会接纳他们。你们要么对外国人大门紧闭，要么就奴役他们，而这就是你们对于种族矛盾问题的解决之道。无论这样做可能存在什么样的好处，你们都必须承认，这种做法并非源自文明的、更为高尚的动机，而是来自于更为低级的、贪婪和仇恨的骚动。你们说这就是人类的本性——不过别忘了，印度在通过固定的、社会等级的藩篱来强行地划分种族差别的时候，也认为自己了解人类的本性。但是只有当吃过了苦头之后，我们才发现人类的本性并非它看上去的那个样子；而是存在于现实当中，存在于它无限的可能性当中。当我们盲目地攻击人性，说它衣衫褴褛的时候，它便会脱下伪装，露出庐山真面目——我们所攻击的竟然是我们的上帝。我们出于傲慢或是自私的目的对别人进行丑化的同时，同样也会丑化我们自己的人性——这是一种最为严厉的惩罚，因为当我们发现它的时候为时已晚了。

不单单是你们与外国人的关系，你们自己社会中不同阶层间的关系也都没有达到和谐一致。矛盾和竞争的精神在你们这里可以自由地横冲直撞。由于它的起源是对于财富和权力的贪婪，所以它的最终结局除了暴毙之外别无选择。在印度，商品的生产是根据社会调解的规律进行的。它的基础是合作，其目的是充分地满足社会的需求。但是在西方，商品生产是在竞争的催动下进行的，它的目标是为个人捞取财富。但是个人就像是几何线条一样；它有长度却没有宽度，并且还没有达到足以长久地容纳什么东西的深度。因此，它的贪婪或攫取是永无止境的。在这种几何线条不断的成长过程中，它会与其他的线条交织、纠缠在一起，但是在其与世隔绝的、纤细的状态下，永远都不会获得完善的理想。

我们知道自己的胃口是有一定限度的，而且我们知道超越了这一限度就会有损我们的健康。但是，对于占有财富和权力的贪欲来说，难道就没有超越它就会陷入死亡的界限吗？在这些民族的、物质主义的狂欢节上，西方的各个民族不正是在单纯地生产财富而忽略创造理想的过程中挥霍着他们的生命活力吗？难道说一个文明可以忽略道德健康的法则，并且通过大肆地吞咽物质财富而无休止地膨胀下去吗？人类按照其社会理想，会自然而然地限制自己的贪欲，使其从属于人类本性当中的、更为高尚的目的。但是在经济领域里，我们的贪欲除了受到供给和需求的限制以外不受其他任何的限制；而供给和需求则是可以人为地创造的，这就给个人提供了机会，让他沉溺于一场无尽的、让人肚满肠肥的盛宴之中。在印度，我们的社会本能对我们的贪欲加以限制——可能这种限制造成了极端的压抑——但是在西方，没有道德目的的经济组织的幽灵，却驱赶着人们永久地追逐着财富；难道对于这种行为就没有有益于身心的界限吗？

在各种社会制度中努力成形的理想有两个目标。一个是为了人类和谐的发展而管控我们的激情和贪欲，另外一个就是帮助人类养成对其同类的无私的爱。因此，社会就是人类道德和精神渴望的表现形式，而这些渴望则属于人类更为崇高的本性。

我们的食物是具有创造性的，它能强健我们的身体；但是酒则不然，它只能给我们以刺激。我们的社会理想创造了人类世界，但是当我们的思想偏离了这些社会理想，转而贪婪地追求权力的时候，在这种醉酒的状态之下，我们就会生活在一个不正常的世界里面。在这里，我们的力量并非健康的标志，我们的解放也并非是获得了自由。因此，当我们的思想不自由的时候，政治的自由并不能给予我们自由。一辆汽车并不能自由地行动，因为它不过是台机器而已。只有当我自己是自由的时候，我才能利用这台车达到我自由的目的。

我们永远都不要忘记，在当今，那些已经获得了政治自由的人们不见得就是自由的；他们不过是强大而已。他们放纵的激情正在创造出披着自由伪装的，巨大的奴役性质的组织。那些把赚钱当作他们最高目标的人们正在无意识中出卖他们的生命和灵魂给富人或是给某些代表金钱的联合体。那些迷恋政治权力，并且为自己扩大了对于其他种族的控制而感到洋洋自得的人们，逐渐地放弃了他们的自由和人性，将其交给了那些为了奴役其他民族而必须建立起来的组织。在那些所谓的自由国家中，大多数的人们并不自由；他们正在少数人的驱使之下去完成他们自己也不清楚的任务。这种情况之所以产生是因为，人们并没有将道德的和精神的自由看作是自己的目标。他们以自己的激情制造出巨大的旋涡；他们因为自己快速的旋转而感到头晕眼花、如醉如痴，并且就此以为那就是自由。但是，伺机袭击他们的厄运就像是死亡一样不可避免——因为人类的真理是道德的真理，人类的解放是精神生活的解放。

印度当今大多数民族主义者的通行观点就是，我们在社会和精神理想方面已经达到了尽善尽美的程度，社会建设性工作在我们出生前的几千年前就已经开始了，而且现在，我们可以自由地在政治方面大展拳脚。我们从来没有想过将我们如今的软弱无能归咎于我们的社会缺陷，因为我们已经将下面这一点当作了我们民族主义的信条：我们祖先所创立的这一制度将会永远适用，因为他们拥有洞悉古今的超人的眼光，并且拥有为未来提供无限滋养的神奇力量。因此，我们认为自己的痛苦和缺陷都是由历史上来自于外部的突然袭击所造成。这就是为什么我们认为自己的唯一任务就是要在社会奴役的流沙之上建造一个自由的政治奇迹。事实上，我们是要阻断自己的历史河流的本来路径，并且单纯地从其他民族的历史源泉那里借来力量。

我们印度有些人妄想着单纯的政治自由就可以让我们获得自由。他们把西方的说教当作了绝对的真理，却丢掉了自己对于人性的信仰。我们一定不要忘记，我们在自己的社会中所抱有的任何缺陷都会在政治方

面成为危险的策源地。那种导致我们盲目地崇拜社会制度中的陈规陋习的惯性，同样会在我们的政治中建造出由不可移动的壁垒围成的监狱牢房。狭隘的同情心使得我们有可能将令人恼怒的奴役强加给相当大的一部分人类，而与此同时，它会在政治中坚持不懈地制造出不公正的专制。

当我们的民族主义者们谈论理想的时候，他们忘了我们民族主义的基础是不牢固的。那些赞成这些理想的人们，自己在其社会实践方面却往往最为保守。例如，民族主义者说：看一看瑞士吧，尽管那里有种族差异，但其人民还是团结成了一个民族。可是，诸位不要忘了，瑞士的各个种族是可以彼此交往的，是可以通婚的，因为他们有着相同的血统。然而在印度却没有与生俱来的共同权利。当我们谈论西方民族的时候，我们忘了，那里的各个民族之间并不存在彼此间的——像我们各个种姓之间所存在着的——生理上的排斥。一个血脉不相连通的民族中的各个种族，会在没有强迫或是没有金钱利诱的情况下为了彼此而流血牺牲吗？全世界范围之内有这样的例子吗？我们可以希冀这些阻碍我们种族融合的、道德的藩篱不会阻碍我们在政治上的团结吗？

于是，我们必须再次完全地承认这个事实：我们的社会限制仍然是如此残暴，以至于它可以将人们变成懦夫。如果有人告诉我他持有异端的观点，但是他不能坚持自己的看法，因为那样的话他就会为社会所不容，那么我会原谅他为了生存而在谎言中生活。强迫我们过同伴的生活——他们即便是在食物的选择方面也与我们不同，成为他们负担的社会思维习惯一定会在我们的政治组织当中持续下去，并且最终导致高压政治的机器被创造出来，用以摧毁每一个显示着生命迹象的合理的差异。暴政只会在我们的政治生活中增加不可避免的谎言和伪善。自由的名号就那么值钱吗？我们宁愿牺牲掉自己的道德自由来同它作交换吗？

当我们拥有年轻活力的时候，我们对于自己习惯的放纵并不会马上

产生影响。但是这种放纵会逐渐地吞噬我们的活力，而且当我们的生命开始走下坡路的时候，我们就不得不为此买单，并且还清债务，从而导致我们的破产。在西方，尽管你们的人性正在由于它在每一次运用权力的过程中所发作的间发性酒狂而受到折磨，可是你们仍然能够趾高气扬。印度也处在她年富力强的时期，所以能够在自己的内脏器官中携带僵化而完善的、社会组织的致死的重量；但是这一重量对她来说事关重大，并且已经逐渐地让她的生命天性麻痹瘫痪。这就是印度的知识阶层对社会需求变得麻木不仁的原因。他们以为静止的社会结构正是说明了它们的完美无瑕——而且，因为我们的社会有机体已经失去了健康的、疼痛的感觉，所以他们就误以为它并不需要帮助。因此他们认为，他们所有的能量只需在政治领域内发挥就可以了。这就像一个人，他的双腿已经萎缩并且失去了功能，可是他却试图欺骗自己，说自己的双腿不能动了是因为它们已经获得了最终的解脱，而自己唯一的过错就是缺少拐杖而已。

关于印度的社会和政治重建就说这么多吧。现在我们谈一下印度的工业。经常有人问我，自从英国政府到来以后，印度是否有过工业的重建。我们必须记住，在英国统治印度之初，我们的工业就受到了抑制；而且从那时候起，我们没有得到过任何真正的帮助或是鼓励，以使我们能够同世界上的商业组织的怪兽进行对抗。各个民族都号令我们要保持一个纯粹农业国的地位，甚至于永远都忘了如何使用武力。于是印度就被变成了很多份的、易消化的食物，随时准备提供给任何一个，哪怕是牙齿还没有发育完全的民族进行吞咽。

因此，印度在其工业创新方面鲜有作为。我个人并不相信当今臃肿的商业组织。它们的丑陋的事实表明，它们与所谓创新是格格不入的。自然的巨大力量不是在丑陋，而是在美丽当中展露其真理。美丽是当造物主对自己的造物感到满意的时候，在其上面签下的自己的姓名。所有傲慢地忽略了完美法则，厚颜无耻地展示其丑陋的产品，都是对上帝永

远的冒犯。只要你们的商业缺乏优雅的高贵，它就不是真正的商业。“美丽”和她的双胞胎哥哥“真理”在成长的过程中要求得到的是闲情雅致和自我控制。但是庞大的、占有的贪欲却总要超越时空的限制。它的唯一目标就是生产和消费。它对于美丽的自然和活着的人类均没有怜悯。它会冷酷地、毫不犹豫地将他们的美丽和生命榨取出来，然后将其铸成钱币。在人类早期的时候，我们鄙视这种商业的丑陋和粗俗，因为那时候我们拥有闲暇的时光，能够拨开云雾，透视人性当中的完美。那时候，人类正直地以自己单纯谋财的本能为耻。但是，在这个科学的年代，金钱由于其变态膨胀的体积而为自身赢得了王位。而且，当金钱聚集了大量的财富而羞辱人类更为崇高的本性，并且在其周边驱除掉美丽和高尚的情感的时候，我们便屈服了。因为我们已经卑鄙地接受了它双手奉上的贿赂，而且，我们的想象力已经在它硕大无比的肉身面前卑躬屈膝。

但是，正是它的笨拙和无尽的复杂表明了它的失败。一位专业的游泳者不会通过激烈的动作展示其肌肉的力量，而是以看不到的、完美的优雅和安静显露其力量。人类与动物的真正区别就在于，人类的力量和价值是内在的和隐形的。但是，如今人类的商业文明却不仅仅是占据了大量的时间和空间，而且正在浪费时间和空间。它的动作激烈、噪音大而不和谐。它携带着对于自己的诅咒，因为它正在将自己所依赖的人性践踏得扭曲变形。它正在竭尽全力，以幸福为代价捞取金钱。人类正在将自身最小化，为的是能够给这些商业组织提供宽敞的空间。人类正在嘲弄他的情感使其蒙羞，因为这些情感会挡住他的机器们前进的道路。

在我们的神话中有这样一个故事，如果有谁想要通过苦修以求达到永生的话，那么他就一定会受到来自不朽之神因陀罗的诱惑。如果他禁不住这些诱惑，他就会迷失。几百年来，西方一直在致力于追求不朽。因陀罗已经给她送去了诱惑来考验她。这个华丽的诱惑就是财富。西方接受了它，因此她的人性的文明便在机器的荒原上迷失了方向。

这种以丑恶装点门面的、残忍的商业主义对于全体人类来说都是威胁，因为它正在把权力的理想凌驾于完善的理想之上。它正在使得利己主义的歪理邪说在无耻的赤裸中欢呼雀跃。我们的神经要比我们的肌肉更加脆弱。宝贵的东西因其宝贵而需要我们悉心的呵护；如果失去了我们的呵护，它们就会像失去了呵护的婴儿一样变得无助。因此，当无情的、野蛮的权力在人性的大道上横冲直撞的时候，它便以其粗野吓跑了我们几个世纪以来以牺牲为代价所珍爱的理想。

诱惑对于强者来说是致命的，对于弱者来说更是如此。即便是不朽之神所送上的诱惑，我也不欢迎它来到印度。让我们的生命外表简朴而内在丰富吧。让我们的文明牢牢地建立在社会合作，而非经济盘剥和对抗的基础之上吧。如何在经济恶魔嗜血的利齿间做到这一切，则是摆在所有对于人类灵魂拥有信仰的，东方各民族的思想家面前的任务。接受那些与我们有不同理想的人们所开出的条件只会证明我们的懒惰和无能。我们应当积极地促使世界诸强国引领历史的发展，使其达到完善的彼岸。

从上面我说的话你们就知道我并不是一个经济学家。我愿意承认供需规律的存在，承认人类的痴迷——他们想要占有更多的东西，而不是于己有益的东西。然而我坚信，在人性之中存在着一种完美的和谐。在那里，贫穷不能带走他的财富；在那里，失败可能导致成功，死亡可能让他不朽；在那里，作为永恒正义之神所作出的补偿，那些落后的民族会将他们所受到的凌辱转化为金灿灿的胜利。

[1]《奥义书》：一组有关形而上学的论述。它包括大约二百篇散文和诗歌，写作年代可追溯到公元前400年左右。

[2]那纳克：Nanak（1469-1533），卡比尔：Kabir（1440-1518），柴塔尼亚：Chaitanya（1485-1533）。

[3]印度国民大会党（The Indian National Congress）创建于1885年。

[4]分裂出现在1907年，在苏拉特（Surat）举行的印度国大党的年会上。

Rabindranath Tagore
Nationalism

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Nationalism in Japan

I

The worst form of bondage is the bondage of dejection, which keeps men hopelessly chained in loss of faith in themselves. We have been repeatedly told, with some justification, that Asia lives in the past — it is like a rich mausoleum which displays all its magnificence in trying to immortalize the dead. It was said of Asia that it could never move in the path of progress, its face was so inevitably turned backwards. We accepted this accusation, and came to believe it. In India, I know, a large section of our educated community, grown tired of feeling the humiliation of this charge against us, is trying with all its resources of self-deception to turn it into a matter of boasting. But boasting is only a masked shame, it does not truly believe in itself.

When things stood still like this, and we in Asia hypnotized ourselves into the belief that it could never by any possibility be otherwise, Japan rose from her dreams, and in giant strides left centuries of inaction behind, overtaking the present time in its foremost achievement. This has broken the spell under which we lay in torpor for ages, taking it to be the normal condition of certain races living in certain geographical limits. We forgot that in Asia great kingdoms were founded, philosophy, science, arts and literatures flourished, and all the great religions of the world had their cradles. Therefore it cannot be said that there is anything inherent in the soil and climate of Asia to produce mental inactivity and to atrophy the faculties

which impel men to go forward. For centuries we did hold torches of civilization in the East when the West slumbered in darkness, and that could never be the sign of sluggish minds or narrowness of vision.

Then fell the darkness of night upon all the lands of the East. The current of time seemed to stop at once, and Asia ceased to take any new food, feeding upon its own past, which is really feeding upon itself. The stillness seemed like death, and the great voice was silenced which sent forth messages of eternal truth that have saved man's life from pollution for generations, like the ocean of air that keeps the earth sweet, ever cleansing its impurities.

But life has its sleep, its periods of inactivity, when it loses its movements, takes no new food, living upon its past storage. Then it grows helpless, its muscles relaxed, and it easily lends itself to be jeered at for its stupor. In the rhythm of life, pauses there must be for the renewal of life. Life in its activity is ever spending itself, burning all its fuel. This extravagance cannot go on indefinitely, but is always followed by a passive stage, when all expenditure is stopped and all adventures abandoned in favour of rest and slow recuperation.

The tendency of the mind is economical: it loves to form habits and move in grooves which save it the trouble of thinking anew at each of its steps. Ideals once formed make the mind lazy. It becomes afraid to risk its acquisitions in fresh endeavours. It tries to enjoy complete security by shutting up its belongings behind fortifications of habits. But this is really shutting oneself up from the fullest enjoyment of one's own possessions. It is miserliness. The living ideals must not lose their touch with the growing and changing life. Their real freedom is not within the boundaries of security, but on the high-road of adventures, full of the risk of new experiences.

One morning the whole world looked up in surprise when Japan broke through her walls of old habits in a night and came out triumphant. It was done in such an incredibly short time that it seemed like a change of dress and not like the building up of a new structure. She showed the confident strength of maturity, and the freshness and infinite potentiality of new life at the same moment. The fear was entertained that it was a mere freak of history, a child's game of Time, the blowing up of a soap-bubble, perfect in its rondure and colouring, hollow in its heart and without substance. But Japan has proved conclusively that this sudden revealment of her power is not a short-lived wonder, a chance product of time and tide, thrown up from the depth of obscurity to be swept away the next moment into a sea of oblivion.

The truth is that Japan is old and new at the same time. She has her legacy of ancient culture from the East — the culture that enjoins man to look for his true wealth and power in his inner soul, the culture that gives self-possession in the face of loss and danger, self-sacrifice without counting the cost or hoping for gain, defiance of death, acceptance of countless social obligations that we owe to men as social beings. In a word, modern Japan has come out of the immemorial East like a lotus blossoming in easy grace, all the while keeping its firm hold upon the profound depth from which it has sprung.

And Japan, the child of the Ancient East, has also fearlessly claimed all the gifts of the modern age for herself. She has shown her bold spirit in breaking through the confinements of habits, useless accumulations of the lazy mind, which seeks safety in its thrift and its locks and keys. Thus she has come in contact with the living time and has accepted with eagerness and aptitude the responsibilities of modern civilization.

This it is which has given heart to the rest of Asia. We have seen that the life and the strength are there in us; only the dead crust has to be removed. We have seen that taking shelter in the dead is death itself, and only taking all the risk of life to the fullest extent is living.

I, for myself, cannot believe that Japan has become what she is by imitating the West. We cannot imitate life, we cannot simulate strength for long, nay, what is more, a mere imitation is a source of weakness. For it hampers our true nature; it is always in our way. It is like dressing our skeleton with another man's skin, giving rise to eternal feuds between the skin and the bones at every movement.

The real truth is that science is not man's nature, it is mere knowledge and training. By knowing the laws of the material universe you do not change your deeper humanity. You can borrow knowledge from others, but you cannot borrow temperament.

But at the imitative stage of our schooling we cannot distinguish between the essential and the non-essential, between what is transferable and what is not. It is something like the faith of the primitive mind in the magical properties of the accidents of outward forms which accompany some real truth. We are afraid of leaving out something valuable and efficacious by not swallowing the husk with the kernel. But while our greed delights in wholesale appropriation, it is the function of our vital nature to assimilate, which is the only true appropriation for a living organism. Where there is life it is sure to assert itself by its choice of acceptance and refusal according to its constitutional necessity. The living organism does not allow itself to grow into its food; it changes its food into its own body. And only thus can it grow strong and not by mere accumulation, or by giving up its personal identity.

Japan has imported her food from the West, but not her vital nature.

Japan cannot altogether lose and merge herself in the scientific paraphernalia she has acquired from the West and be turned into a mere borrowed machine. She has her own soul, which must assert itself over all her requirements. That she is capable of doing so, and that the process of assimilation is going on, have been amply proved by the signs of vigorous health that she exhibits. And I earnestly hope that Japan may never lose her faith in her own soul, in the mere pride of her foreign acquisition. For that pride itself is a humiliation, ultimately leading to poverty and weakness. It is the pride of the fop who sets more store on his new head-dress than on his head itself.

The whole world waits to see what this great eastern nation is going to do with the opportunities and responsibilities she has accepted from the hands of the modern time. If it be a mere reproduction of the West, then the great expectation she has raised will remain unfulfilled. For there are grave questions that western civilization has presented before the world but not completely answered. The conflict between the individual and the state, labour and capital, the man and the woman; the conflict between the greed of material gain and the spiritual life of man, the organized selfishness of nations and the higher ideals of humanity; the conflict between all the ugly complexities inseparable from giant organizations of commerce and state and the natural instincts of man crying for simplicity and beauty and fulness of leisure — all these have to be brought to a harmony in a manner not yet dreamt of.

We have seen this great stream of civilization choking itself from debris carried by its innumerable channels. We have seen that with all its vaunted love of humanity it has proved itself the greatest menace to Man, far worse than the sudden outbursts of nomadic barbarism from which men suffered in the early ages of history. We have seen that, in spite of its boasted love of

freedom, it has produced worse forms of slavery than ever were current in earlier societies — slavery whose chains are unbreakable, either because they are unseen, or because they assume the names and appearance of freedom. We have seen, under the spell of its gigantic sordidness, man losing faith in all the heroic ideals of life which have made him great.

Therefore you cannot with a light heart accept the modern civilization with all its tendencies, methods and structures, and dream that they are inevitable. You must apply your eastern mind, your spiritual strength, your love of simplicity, your recognition of social obligation, in order to cut out a new path for this great unwieldy car of progress, shrieking out its loud discords as it runs. You must minimize the immense sacrifice of man's life and freedom that it claims in its every movement. For generations you have felt and thought and worked, have enjoyed and worshipped in your own special manner; and this cannot be cast off like old clothes. It is in your blood, in the marrow of your bones, in the texture of your flesh, in the tissue of your brains; and it must modify everything you lay your hands upon, without your knowing, even against your wishes. Once you did solve the problems of man to your own satisfaction, you had your philosophy of life and evolved your own art of living. All this you must apply to the present situation, and out of it will arise a new creation and not a mere repetition, a creation which the soul of your people will own for itself and proudly offer to the world as its tribute to the welfare of man. Of all countries in Asia, here in Japan you have the freedom to use the materials you have gathered from the West according to your genius and your need. Therefore your responsibility is all the greater, for in your voice Asia shall answer the questions that Europe has submitted to the conference of Man. In your land the experiments will be carried on by which the East will change the aspects of modern

civilization, infusing life in it where it is a machine, substituting the human heart for cold expediency, not caring so much for power and success as for harmonious and living growth, for truth and beauty.

I cannot but bring to your mind those days when the whole of eastern Asia from Burma to Japan was united with India in the closest tie of friendship, the only natural tie which can exist between nations. There was a living communication of hearts, a nervous system evolved through which messages ran between us about the deepest needs of humanity. We did not stand in fear of each other; we had not to arm ourselves to keep each other in check; our relation was not that of self-interest, of exploration and spoliation of each other's pocket; ideas and ideals were exchanged, gifts of the highest love were offered and taken; no difference of languages and customs hindered us in approaching each other heart to heart; no pride of race or insolent consciousness of superiority, physical or mental, marred our relation; our arts and literatures put forth new leaves and flowers under the influence of this sunlight of united hearts, and races belonging to different lands and languages and histories acknowledged the highest unity of man and the deepest bond of love. May we not also remember that in those days of peace and goodwill, of men uniting for those supreme ends of life, your nature laid by for itself the balm of immortality which has helped your people to be born again in a new age, to be able to survive its old outworn structures and take on a new young body, to come out unscathed from the shock of the most wonderful revolution that the world has ever seen?

The political civilization which has sprung up from the soil of Europe and is overrunning the whole world, like some prolific weed, is based upon exclusiveness. It is always watchful to keep the aliens at bay or to exterminate them. It is carnivorous and cannibalistic in its tendencies, it feeds

upon the resources of other peoples and tries to swallow their whole future. It is always afraid of other races achieving eminence, naming it as a peril, and tries to thwart all symptoms of greatness outside its own boundaries, forcing down races of men who are weaker, to be eternally fixed in their weakness. Before this political civilization came to its power and opened its hungry jaws wide enough to gulp down great continents of the earth, we had wars, pillages, changes of monarchy and consequent miseries, but never such a sight of fearful and hopeless voracity, such wholesale feeding of nation upon nation, such huge machines for turning great portions of the earth into mince-meat, never such terrible jealousies with all their ugly teeth and claws ready for tearing open each other's vitals. This political civilization is scientific, not human. It is powerful because it concentrates all its forces upon one purpose, like a millionaire acquiring money at the cost of his soul. It betrays its trust, it weaves its meshes of lies without shame, it enshrines gigantic idols of greed in its temples, taking great pride in the costly ceremonials of its worship, calling this patriotism. And it can be safely prophesied that this cannot go on, for there is a moral law in this world which has its application both to individuals and to organized bodies of men. You cannot go on violating these laws in the name of your nation, yet enjoy their advantage as individuals. This public sapping of ethical ideals slowly reacts upon each member of society, gradually breeding weakness where it is not seen, and causing that cynical distrust of all things sacred in human nature, which is the true symptom of senility. You must keep in mind that this political civilization, this creed of national patriotism, has not been given a long trial. The lamp of ancient Greece is extinct in the land where it was first lighted; the power of Rome lies dead and buried under the ruins of its vast empire. But the civilization, whose basis is society and the spiritual ideal of man, is still a

living thing in China and in India. Though it may look feeble and small, judged by the standard of the mechanical power of modern days, yet like small seeds it still contains life and will sprout and grow, and spread its beneficent branches, producing flowers and fruits when its time comes and showers of grace descend upon it from heaven. But ruins of skyscrapers of power, and broken machinery of greed, even God's rain is powerless to raise up again; for they were not of life, but went against life as a whole — they are relics of the rebellion that shattered itself to pieces against the eternal.

But the charge is brought against us that the ideals we cherish in the East are static, that they have not the impetus in them to move, to open out new vistas of knowledge and power, that the systems of philosophy which are the mainstays of the time-worn civilizations of the Fast despise all outward proofs, remaining stolidly satisfied in their subjective certainty. This proves that when our knowledge is vague we are apt to accuse of vagueness our object of knowledge itself. To a western observer our civilization appears as all metaphysics, as to a deaf man piano-playing appears to be mere movements of fingers and no music. He cannot think that we have found some deep basis of reality upon which we have built our institutions.

Unfortunately all proofs of reality are in realization. The reality of the scene before you depends only upon the fact that you can see, and it is difficult for us to prove to an unbeliever that our civilization is not a nebulous system of abstract speculations, that it has achieved something which is a positive truth — a truth that can give man's heart its shelter and sustenance. It has evolved an inner sense — a sense of vision, the vision of the infinite reality in all finite things.

But he says, 'You do not make any progress; there is no movement in you.' I ask him, 'How do you know it? You have to judge progress according

to its aim. A railway train makes its progress towards the terminus station — it is movement. But a full-grown tree has no definite movement of that kind; its progress is the inward progress of life. It lives, with its aspiration towards light tingling in its leaves and creeping in its silent sap.'

We also have lived for centuries; we still live, and we have our aspiration for a reality that has no end to its realization — a reality that goes beyond death, giving it a meaning, that rises above all evils of life, bringing its peace and purity, its cheerful renunciation of self. The product of this inner life is a living product. It will be needed when the youth returns home weary and dust-laden, when the soldier is wounded, when the wealth is squandered away and pride is humbled, when man's heart cries for truth in the immensity of facts, and harmony in the contradiction of tendencies. Its value is not in its multiplication of materials, but in its spiritual fulfilment.

There are things that cannot wait. You have to rush and run and march if you must fight or take the best place in the market. You strain your nerves and are on the alert when you chase opportunities that are always on the wing. But there are ideals which do not play hide-and-seek with our life; they slowly grow from seed to flower, from flower to fruit; they require infinite space and heaven's light to mature, and the fruits that they produce can survive years of insult and neglect. The East with her ideals, in whose bosom are stored the ages of sunlight and silence of stars, can patiently wait till the West, hurrying after the expedient, loses breath and stops. Europe, while busily speeding to her engagements, disdainfully casts her glance from her carriage window at the reaper reaping his harvest in the field, and in her intoxication of speed cannot but think of him as slow and ever receding backwards. But the speed comes to its end; the engagement loses its meaning and the hungry heart clamours for food, till at last she comes to the lowly

reaper reaping his harvest in the sun. For if the office cannot wait, or the buying and selling, or the craving for excitement, love waits, and beauty, and the wisdom of suffering and the fruits of patient devotion and reverent meekness of simple faith. And thus shall wait the East till her time comes.

I must not hesitate to acknowledge where Europe is great, for great she is without doubt. We cannot help loving her with all our heart and paying her the best homage of our admiration — the Europe who, in her literature and art, pours out an inexhaustible cascade of beauty and truth fertilizing all countries and all time; the Europe who, with a mind which is titanic in its untiring power, is sweeping the height and the depth of the universe, winning her homage of knowledge from the infinitely great and the infinitely small, applying all the resources of her great intellect and heart in healing the sick and alleviating those miseries of man which up till now we were contented to accept in a spirit of hopeless resignation; the Europe who is making the earth yield more fruit than seemed possible, coaxing and compelling the great forces of nature into man's service. Such true greatness must have its motive power in spiritual strength. For only the spirit of man can defy all limitations, have faith in its ultimate success, throw its searchlight beyond the immediate and the apparent, gladly suffer martyrdom for ends which cannot be achieved in its lifetime and accept failure without acknowledging defeat. In the heart of Europe runs the purest stream of human love, of love of justice, of spirit of self-sacrifice for higher ideals. The Christian culture of centuries has sunk deep in her life's core. In Europe we have seen noble minds who have ever stood up for the rights of man irrespective of colour and creed; who have braved calumny and insult from their own people in fighting for humanity's cause and raising their voices against the mad orgies of militarism, against the rage for brutal retaliation or rapacity that sometimes takes possession of a

whole people; who are always ready to make reparation for wrongs done in the past by their own nations and vainly attempt to stem the tide of cowardly injustice that flows unchecked because the resistance is weak and innocuous on the part of the injured. There are these knight-errants of modern Europe who have not lost their faith in the disinterested love of freedom, in the ideals which own no geographical boundaries or national self-seeking. These are there to prove that the fountainhead of the water of everlasting life has not run dry in Europe, and from thence she will have her rebirth time after time. Only there, where Europe is too consciously busy in building up her power, defying her deeper nature and mocking it, she is heaping up her iniquities to the sky, crying for God's vengeance and spreading the infection of ugliness, physical and moral, over the face of the earth with her heartless commerce heedlessly outraging man's sense of the beautiful and the good. Europe is supremely good in her beneficence where her face is turned to all humanity; and Europe is supremely evil in her maleficent aspect where her face is turned only upon her own interest, using all her power of greatness for ends which are against the infinite and eternal in Man.

Eastern Asia has been pursuing its own path, evolving its own civilization, which was not political but social, not predatory and mechanically efficient but spiritual and based upon all the varied and deeper relations of humanity. The solutions of the life problems of peoples were thought out in seclusion and carried out behind the security of aloofness, where all the dynastic changes and foreign invasions hardly touched them. But now we are overtaken by the outside world, our seclusion is lost for ever. Yet this we must not regret, as a plant should never regret when the obscurity of its seed-time is broken. Now the time has come when we must make the world problem our own problem; we must bring the spirit of civilization into

harmony with the history of all nations of the earth; we must not, in foolish pride, still keep ourselves fast within the shell of the seed and the crust of the earth which protected and nourished our ideals; for these, the shell and the crust, were meant to be broken, so that life may spring up in all its vigour and beauty, bringing its offerings to the world in open light.

In this task of breaking the barrier and facing the world Japan has come out the first in the East. She has infused hope in the heart of all Asia. This hope provides the hidden fire which is needed for all works of creation. Asia now feels that she must prove her life by producing living work; she must not lie passively dormant, or feebly imitate the West, in the infatuation of fear and flattery. For this we offer our thanks to this Land of the Rising Sun and solemnly ask her to remember that she has the mission of the East to fulfil. She must infuse the sap of a fuller humanity into the heart of modern civilization. She must never allow it to get choked with noxious undergrowth, but lead it up towards light and freedom, towards the pure air and broad space where it can receive, in the dawn of its day and the darkness of its night, heaven's inspiration. Let the greatness of her ideals become visible to all men like her snow-crowned Fuji rising from the heart of the country into the region of the infinite, supremely distinct from its surroundings, beautiful like a maiden in its magnificent sweep of curve, yet firm and strong and serenely majestic.

II

I have travelled in many countries and have met with men of all classes, but never in my travels did I feel the presence of the human so distinctly as in this land. In other great countries signs of man's power loomed large, and I saw vast organizations which showed efficiency in all their features. There,

display and extravagance, in dress, in furniture, in costly entertainments, are startling. They seem to push you back into a corner, like a poor intruder at a feast; they are apt to make you envious, or take your breath away with amazement. There, you do not feel man as supreme; you are hurled against a stupendousness of things that alienate. But in Japan it is not the display of power or wealth that is the predominating element. You see everywhere emblems of love and admiration, and not mostly of ambition and greed. You see a people whose heart has come out and scattered itself in profusion in its commonest utensils of everyday life, in its social institutions, in its manners, which are carefully perfect, and in its dealings with things which are not only deft but graceful in every movement.

What has impressed me most in this country is the conviction that you have realized nature's secrets, not by methods of analytical knowledge, but by sympathy. You have known her language of lines, and music of colours, the symmetry in her irregularities, and the cadence in her freedom of movements; you have seen how she leads her immense crowds of things yet avoids all frictions, how the very conflicts in her creations break out in dance and music, how her exuberance has the aspect of the fulness of self-abandonment, and not a mere dissipation of display. You have discovered that nature reserves her power in forms of beauty; and it is this beauty which, like a mother, nourishes all the giant forces at her breast, keeping them in active vigour, yet in repose. You have known that energies of nature save themselves from wearing out by the rhythm of a perfect grace, and that she, with the tenderness of her curved lines, takes away fatigue from the world's muscles. I have felt that you have been able to assimilate these secrets into your life, and the truth which lies in the beauty of all things has passed into your souls. A mere knowledge of things can be had in a short enough time,

but their spirit can only be acquired by centuries of training and self-control. Dominating nature from outside is a much simpler thing than making her your own in love's delight, which is a work of true genius. Your race has shown that genius, not by acquirement but by creation, not by display of things but by manifestation of its own inner being. This creative power there is in all nations, and it is ever active in getting hold of men's natures and giving them a form according to its ideals. But here, in Japan, it seems to have achieved its success, and deeply sunk into the minds of all men, and permeated their muscles and nerves. Your instincts have become true, your senses keen, and your hands have acquired natural skill. The genius of Europe has given her people the power of organization, which has specially made itself manifest in politics and commerce and in coordinating scientific knowledge. The genius of Japan has given you the vision of beauty in nature and the power of realizing it in your life.

All particular civilization is the interpretation of particular human experience. Europe seems to have felt emphatically the conflict of things in the universe, which can only be brought under control by conquest. Therefore she is ever ready for fight, and the best portion of her attention is occupied in organizing forces. But Japan has felt, in her world, the touch of some presence, which has evoked in her soul a feeling of reverent adoration. She does not boast of her mastery of nature, but to her she brings, with infinite care and joy, her offerings of love. Her relationship with the world is the deeper relationship of heart. This spiritual bond of love she has established with the hills of her country, with the sea and the streams, with the forests in all their flowery moods and varied physiognomy of branches; she has taken into her heart all the rustling whispers and sighing of the woodlands and sobbing of the waves; the sun and the moon she has studied in all the

modulations of their lights and shades, and she is glad to close her shops to greet the seasons in her orchards and gardens and cornfields. This opening of the heart to the soul of the world is not confined to a section of your privileged classes; it is not the forced product of exotic culture, but it belongs to all your men and women of all conditions. This experience of your soul, in meeting a personality in the heart of the world, has been embodied in your civilization. It is a civilization of human relationship. Your duty towards your state has naturally assumed the character of filial duty, your nation becoming one family with your Emperor as its head. Your national unity has not been evolved from the comradeship of arms for defensive and offensive purpose, or from partnership in raiding adventures, dividing among each member the danger and spoils of robbery. It is not an outcome of the necessity of organization for some ulterior purpose, but it is an extension of the family and obligations of the heart in a wide field of space and time. The ideal of maitri is at the bottom of your culture — maitri with men and maitri with Nature. And the true expression of this love is in the language of beauty, which is so abundantly universal in this land. This is the reason why a stranger like myself, instead of feeling envy or humiliation before these manifestations of beauty, these creations of love, feels a readiness to participate in the joy and glory of such revealment of the human heart.

And this had made me all the more apprehensive of the change which threatens Japanese civilization, as something like a menace to one's own person. For the huge heterogeneity of the modern age, whose only common bond is usefulness, is nowhere so pitifully exposed against the dignity and hidden power of reticent beauty as in Japan.

But the danger lies in this, that organized ugliness storms the mind and carries the day by its mass, by its aggressive persistence, but its power of

mockery is directed against the deeper sentiments of the heart. Its harsh obtrusiveness makes it forcibly visible to us, overcoming our senses — and we bring sacrifices to its altar, as does a savage to the fetish which appears powerful because of its hideousness. Therefore its rivalry with things that are modest and profound and have the subtle delicacy of life is to be dreaded.

I am quite sure that there are men in your country who are not in sympathy with your inherited ideals, whose object is to gain and not to grow. They are loud in their boast that they have modernized Japan. While I agree with them so far as to say that the spirit of the race should harmonize with the spirit of the time, I must warn them that modernizing is a mere affectation of modernism, just as an affectation of poesy is poetizing. It is nothing but mimicry, only affectation is louder than the original, and it is too literal. One must bear in mind that those who have the true modern spirit need not modernize, just as those who are truly brave are not braggarts. Modernism is not in the dress of the Europeans, or in the hideous structures where their children are interned when they take their lessons, or in the square houses with flat, straight wall-surfaces, pierced with parallel lines of windows, where these people are caged in their lifetime; certainly modernism is not in their ladies' bonnets, carrying on them loads of incongruities. These are not modern, but merely European. True modernism is freedom of mind, not slavery of taste. It is independence of thought and action, not tutelage under European schoolmasters. It is science, but not its wrong application in life — a mere imitation of our science teachers who reduce it into a superstition, absurdly invoking its aid for all impossible purposes.

Life based upon mere science is attractive to some men, because it has all the characteristics of sport; it feigns seriousness, but is not profound. When you go a-hunting, the less pity you have the better; for your one object

is to chase the game and kill it, to feel that you are the greater animal, that your method of destruction is thorough and scientific. And the life of science is that superficial life. It pursues success with skill and thoroughness, and takes no account of the higher nature of man. But those whose minds are crude enough to plan their lives upon the supposition that man is merely a hunter and his paradise the paradise of sportsmen will be rudely awakened in the midst of their trophies of skeletons and skulls.

I do not for a moment suggest that Japan should be unmindful of acquiring modern weapons of self-protection. But this should never be allowed to go beyond her instinct of self-preservation. She must know that the real power is not in the weapons themselves, but in the man who wields those weapons; and when he, in his eagerness for power, multiplies his weapons at the cost of his own soul, then it is he who is in even greater danger than his enemies.

Things that are living are so easily hurt; therefore they require protection. In nature, life protects itself within its coverings, which are built with life's own material. Therefore they are in harmony with life's growth, or else when the time comes they easily give way and are forgotten. The living man has his true protection in his spiritual ideals which have their vital connection with his life, and grow with his growth. But, unfortunately, all his armour is not living — some of it is made of steel, inert and mechanical. Therefore, while making use of it, man has to be careful to protect himself from its tyranny. If he is weak enough to grow smaller to fit himself to his covering, then it becomes a process of gradual suicide by shrinkage of the soul. And Japan must have a firm faith in the moral law of existence to be able to assert to herself that the western nations are following that path of suicide, where they are smothering their humanity under the immense weight

of organizations in order to keep themselves in power and hold others in subjection.

What is dangerous for Japan is not the imitation of the outer features of the West, but the acceptance of the motive force of western nationalism as her own. Her social ideals are already showing signs of defeat at the hands of politics. I can see her motto, taken from science, 'Survival of the fittest', writ large at the entrance of her present-day history — the motto whose meaning is, 'Help yourself, and never heed what it costs to others', the motto of the blind man who only believes in what he can touch, because he cannot see. But those who can see know that men are so closely knit that when you strike others the blow comes back to yourself. The moral law, which is the greatest discovery of man, is the discovery of this wonderful truth, that man becomes all the truer the more he realizes himself in others. This truth has not only a subjective value, but is manifested in every department of our life. And nations who sedulously cultivate moral blindness as the cult of patriotism will end their existence in a sudden and violent death. In past ages we had foreign invasions, but they never touched the soul of the people deeply. They were merely the outcome of individual ambitions. The people themselves, being free from the responsibilities of the baser and more heinous side of those adventures, had all the advantage of the heroic and the human disciplines derived from them. This developed their unflinching loyalty, their singleminded devotion to the obligations of honour, their power of complete self-surrender and fearless acceptance of death and danger. Therefore the ideals, whose seats were in the hearts of the people, would not undergo any serious change owing to the policies adopted by the kings or generals. But now, where the spirit of western nationalism prevails, the whole people is being taught from boyhood to foster hatreds and ambitions by all kinds of

means — by the manufacture of half-truths and untruths in history, by persistent misrepresentation of other races and the culture of unfavourable sentiments towards them, by setting up memorials of events, very often false, which for the sake of humanity should be speedily forgotten, thus continually brewing evil menace towards neighbours and nations other than its own. This is poisoning the very fountainhead of humanity. It is discrediting the ideals which were born of the lives of men who were our greatest and best. It is holding up gigantic selfishness as the one universal religion for all nations of the world. We can take anything else from the hands of science, but not this elixir of moral death. Never think for a moment that the hurts you inflict upon other races will not infect you, or that the enmities you sow around your homes will be a wall of protection to you for all time to come. To imbue the minds of the whole people with an abnormal vanity of its own superiority, to teach it to take pride in its moral callousness and ill-begotten wealth, to perpetuate the humiliation of defeated nations by exhibiting trophies won from war, and using these in schools in order to breed in children's minds contempt for others, is imitating the West where she has a festering sore, whose swelling is a swelling of disease eating into its vitality.

Our food crops, which are necessary for our sustenance, are products of centuries of selection and care. But the vegetation, which we have not to transform into our lives, does not require the patient thoughts of generations. It is not easy to get rid of weeds; but it is easy, by process of neglect, to ruin your food crops and let them revert to their primitive state of wildness. Likewise the culture, which has so kindly adapted itself to your soil — so intimate with life, so human — not only needed tilling and weeding in past ages, but still needs anxious work and watching. What is merely modern — as science and methods of organization — can be transplanted; but what is

vitally human has fibres so delicate, and roots so numerous and far-reaching, that it dies when moved from the soil. Therefore I am afraid of the rude pressure of the political ideals of the West upon your own. In political civilization, the state is an abstraction and the relationship of men utilitarian. Because it has no root in sentiments, it is so dangerously easy to handle. Half a century has been enough for you to master this machine; and there are men among you whose fondness for it exceeds their love for the living ideals, which were born with the birth of your nation and nursed in your centuries. It is like a child who, in the excitement of his play, imagines he likes his play-things better than his mother.

Where man is at his greatest, he is unconscious. Your civilization, whose mainspring is the bond of human relationship, has been nourished in the depth of a healthy life beyond reach of prying self-analysis. But a mere political relationship is all-conscious; it is an eruptive inflammation of aggressiveness. It has forcibly burst upon your notice. And the time has come when you have to be roused into full consciousness of the truth by which you live, so that you may not be taken unawares. The past has been God's gift to you; about the present, you must make your own choice.

So the questions you have to put to yourselves are these: 'Have we read the world wrong, and based our relation to it upon an ignorance of human nature? Is the instinct of the West right, where she builds her national welfare behind the barricade of a universal distrust of humanity?'

You must have detected a strong accent of fear whenever the West has discussed the possibility of the rise of an eastern race. The reason of it is this, that the power by whose help she thrives is an evil power; so long as it is held on her own side she can be safe, while the rest of the world trembles. The vital ambition of the present civilization of Europe is to have the exclusive

possession of the devil. All her armaments and diplomacy are directed upon this one object. But these costly rituals for invocation of the evil spirit lead through a path of prosperity to the brink of cataclysm. The furies of terror, which the West has let loose upon God's world, come back to threaten herself and goad her into preparations of more and more frightfulness; this gives her no rest, and makes her forget all else but the perils that she causes to others and incurs herself. To the worship of this devil of politics she sacrifices other countries as victims. She feeds upon their dead flesh and grows fat upon it, so long as the carcasses remain fresh — but they are sure to rot at last, and the dead will take their revenge by spreading pollution far and wide and poisoning the vitality of the feeder. Japan had all her wealth of humanity, her harmony of heroism and beauty, her depth of self-control and richness of self-expression; yet the western nations felt no respect for her till she proved that the bloodhounds of Satan are not only bred in the kennels of Europe but can also be domesticated in Japan and fed with man's miseries. They admit Japan's equality with themselves only when they know that Japan also possesses the key to open the floodgate of hell-fire upon the fair earth whenever she chooses, and can dance in their own measure the devil dance of pillage, murder and ravishment of innocent women, while the world goes to ruin. We know that, in the early state of man's moral immaturity, he only feels reverence for the god whose malevolence he dreads. But is this the ideal of man which we can look up to with pride: after centuries of civilization nations fearing each other like the prowling wild beasts of the night-time; shutting their doors of hospitality; combining only for purpose of aggression or defence; hiding in their holes their trade secrets, state secrets, secrets of their armaments; making peace-offerings to each other's barking dogs with the meat which does not belong to them; holding down fallen races which

struggle to stand upon their feet; with their right hands dispensing religion to weaker peoples, while robbing them with their left — is there anything in this to make us envious? Are we to bend our knees to the spirit of this nationalism, which is sowing broadcast over all the world seeds of fear, greed, suspicion, unashamed lies of its diplomacy, and unctuous lies of its profession of peace and goodwill and universal brotherhood of Man? Can our minds be free from doubt when we rush to the western market to buy this foreign product in exchange for our own inheritance? I am aware how difficult it is to know one's self; and the man who is intoxicated furiously denies his drunkenness; yet the West herself is anxiously thinking of her problems and trying experiments. But she is like a glutton, who has not the heart to give up his intemperance in eating, and fondly clings to the hope he can cure his nightmares of indigestion by medicine. Europe is not ready to give up her political inhumanity, with all the baser passions of man attendant upon it; she believes only in modification of systems, and not in change of heart.

We are willing to buy their machine-made systems, not with our hearts, but with our brains. We shall try them and build sheds for them, but not enshrine them in our homes or temples. There are races who worship the animals they kill; we can buy meat from them when we are hungry, but not the worship which goes with the killing. We must not vitiate our children's minds with the superstition that business is business, war is war, politics is politics. We must know that man's business has to be more than mere business, and so should be his war and politics. You had your own industry in Japan; how scrupulously honest and true it was, you can see by its products — by their grace and strength, their conscientiousness in details, where they can hardly be observed. But the tidal wave of falsehood has swept over your

land from that part of the world where business is business, and honesty is followed merely as a best policy. Have you never felt shame when you see the trade advertisements, not only plastering the whole town with lies and exaggerations, but invading the green fields, where the peasants do their honest labour, and the hilltops, which greet the first pure light of the morning? It is so easy to dull our sense of honour and delicacy of mind with constant abrasion, while falsehoods stalk abroad with proud steps in the name of trade, politics and patriotism, that any protest against their perpetual intrusion into our lives is considered to be sentimentalism, unworthy of true manliness.

And it has come to pass that the children of those who would keep their word at the point of death, who would disdain to cheat men for vulgar profit, who even in their fight would much rather court defeat than be dishonourable, have become energetic in dealing with falsehoods and do not feel humiliated by gaining advantage from them. And this has been effected by the charm of the word 'modern'. But if undiluted utility be modern, beauty is of all ages; if mean selfishness be modern, the human ideals are no new inventions. And we must know for certain that however modern may be the proficiency which cripples man for the sake of methods and machines, it will never live to be old.

But while trying to free our minds from the arrogant claims of Europe and to help ourselves out of the quicksands of our infatuation, we may go to the other extreme and bind ourselves with a wholesale suspicion of the West. The reaction of disillusionment is just as unreal as the first shock of illusion. We must try to come to that normal state of mind by which we can clearly discern our own danger and avoid it without being unjust towards the source of that danger. There is always the natural temptation in us of wishing to pay

back Europe in her own coin, and return contempt for contempt and evil for evil. But that again would be to imitate Europe in one of her worst features, which comes out in her behaviour to people whom she describes as yellow or red, brown or black. And this is a point on which we in the East have to acknowledge our guilt and own that our sin has been as great, if not greater, when we insulted humanity by treating with utter disdain and cruelty men who belonged to a particular creed, colour or caste. It is really because we are afraid of our own weakness, which allows itself to be overcome by the sight of power, that we try to substitute for it another weakness which makes itself blind to the glories of the West. When we truly know that Europe which is great and good, we can effectively save ourselves from the Europe which is mean and grasping. It is easy to be unfair in one's judgement when one is faced with human miseries — and pessimism is the result of building theories while the mind is suffering. To despair of humanity is only possible if we lose faith in truth which brings to it strength, when its defeat is greatest, and calls out new life from the depth of its destruction. We must admit that there is a living soul in the West which is struggling unobserved against the hugeness of the organizations under which men, women and children are being crushed, and whose mechanical necessities are ignoring laws that are spiritual and human — the soul whose sensibilities refuse to be dulled completely by dangerous habits of heedlessness in dealings with races for whom it lacks natural sympathy. The West could never have risen to the eminence she has reached if her strength were merely the strength of the brute or of the machine. The divine in her heart is suffering from the injuries inflicted by her hands upon the world — and from this pain of her higher nature flows the secret balm which will bring healing to these injuries. Time after time she has fought against herself and has undone the chains which

with her own hands she fastened round helpless limbs; and though she forced poison down the throat of a great nation at the point of the sword for gain of money, she herself woke up to withdraw from it, to wash her hands clean again. This shows hidden springs of humanity in spots which look dead and barren. It proves that the deeper truth in her nature, which can survive such a career of cruel cowardliness, is not greed, but reverence for unselfish ideals. It would be altogether unjust, both to us and to Europe, to say that she has fascinated the modern eastern mind by the mere exhibition of her power. Through the smoke of cannons and dust of markets the light of her moral nature has shone bright, and she has brought to us the ideal of ethical freedom, whose foundation lies deeper than social conventions and whose province of activity is worldwide.

The East has instinctively felt, even through her aversion, that she has a great deal to learn from Europe, not merely about the materials of power, but about its inner source, which is of the mind and of the moral nature of man. Europe has been teaching us the higher obligations of public good above those of the family and the clan, and the sacredness of law, which makes society independent of individual caprice, secures for it continuity of progress, and guarantees justice to all men of all positions in life. Above all things Europe has held high before our minds the banner of liberty, through centuries of martyrdom and achievement — liberty of conscience, liberty of thought and action, liberty in the ideals of art and literature. And because Europe has won our deep respect, she has become so dangerous for us where she is turbulently weak and false — dangerous like poison when it is served along with our best food. There is one safety for us upon which we hope we may count, and that is that we can claim Europe herself as our ally in our resistance to her temptations and to her violent encroachments; for she has

ever carried her own standard of perfection, by which we can measure her falls and gauge her degrees of failure, by which we can call her before her own tribunal and put her to shame — the shame which is the sign of the true pride of nobleness.

But our fear is that the poison may be more powerful than the food, and what is strength in her today may not be a sign of health, but the contrary; for it may be temporarily caused by the upsetting of the balance of life. Our fear is that evil has a fateful fascination when it assumes dimensions which are colossal — and though at last it is sure to lose its centre of gravity by its abnormal disproportion, the mischief which it creates before its fall may be beyond reparation.

Therefore I ask you to have the strength of faith and clarity of mind to know for certain that the lumbering structure of modern progress, riveted by the iron bolts of efficiency, which runs upon the wheels of ambition, cannot hold together for long. Collisions are certain to occur, for it has to travel upon organized lines; it is too heavy to choose its own course freely, and once it is off the rails its endless train of vehicles is dislocated. A day will come when it will fall in a heap of ruin and cause serious obstruction to the traffic of the world. Do we not see signs of this even now? Does not the voice come to us through the din of war, the shrieks of hatred, the wailings of despair, through the churning of the unspeakable filth which has been accumulating for ages in the bottom of this nationalism — the voice which cries to our soul that the tower of national selfishness, which goes by the name of patriotism, which has raised its banner of treason against heaven, must totter and fall with a crash, weighed down by its own bulk, its flag kissing the dust, its light extinguished? My brothers, when the red light of conflagration sends up its crackle of laughter to the stars, keep your faith upon those stars and not upon

the fire of destruction. For when the conflagration consumes itself and dies down, leaving its memorial in ashes, the eternal light will again shine in the East — the East which has been the birthplace of the morning sun of man's history. And who knows if that day has not already dawned, and the sun not risen, in the easternmost horizon of Asia? And I offer, as did my ancestor rishis, my salutation to that sunrise of the East, which is destined once again to illumine the whole world.

I know my voice is too feeble to raise itself above the uproar of this bustling time, and it is easy for any street urchin to fling against me the epithet of 'unpractical'. It will stick to my coat-tail, never to be washed away, effectively excluding me from the consideration of all respectable persons. I know what a risk one runs from the vigorously athletic crowds in being styled an idealist in these days, when thrones have lost their dignity and prophets have become an anachronism, when the sound that drowns all voices is the noise of the market-place. Yet when, one day, standing on the outskirts of Yokohama town bristling with its display of modern miscellanies, I watched the sunset in your southern sea, and saw its peace and majesty among your pine-clad hills — with the great Fujiyama growing faint against the golden horizon, like a god overcome with his own radiance — the music of eternity welled up through the evening silence, and I felt that the sky and the earth and the lyrics of the dawn and the dayfall are with the poets and idealists, and not with the marketmen robustly contemptuous of all sentiment — that, after all the forgetfulness of his divinity, man will remember again that heaven is always in touch with his world, which can never be abandoned for good to the hounding wolves of the modern era, scenting human blood and howling to the skies.

Nationalism in the West

Man's history is being shaped according to the difficulties it encounters. These have offered us problems and claimed their solutions from us, the penalty of non-fulfilment being death or degradation.

These difficulties have been different in different peoples of the earth, and in the manner of our overcoming them lies our distinction.

The Scythians of the earlier period of Asiatic history had to struggle with the scarcity of their natural resources. The easiest solution that they could think of was to organize their whole population, men, women, and children, into bands of robbers. And they were irresistible to those who were chiefly engaged in the constructive work of social co-operation.

But fortunately for man the easiest path is not his truest path. If his nature were not as complex as it is, if it were as simple as that of a pack of hungry wolves, then, by this time, those hordes of marauders would have overrun the whole earth. But man, when confronted with difficulties, has to acknowledge that he is man, that he has his responsibilities to the higher faculties of his nature, by ignoring which he may achieve success that is immediate, perhaps, but that will become a death-trap to him. For what are obstacles to the lower creatures are opportunities to the higher life of man.

To India has been given her problem from the beginning of history — it is the race problem. Races ethnologically different have in this country come into close contact. This fact has been and still continues to be the most important one in our history. It is our mission to face it and prove our humanity by dealing with it in the fullest truth. Until we fulfil our mission all

other benefits will be denied us.

There are other peoples in the world who have to overcome obstacles in their physical surroundings, or the menace of their powerful neighbours. They have organized their power till they are not only reasonably free from the tyranny of Nature and human neighbours, but have a surplus of it left in their hands to employ against others. But in India, our difficulties being internal, our history has been the history of continual social adjustment and not that of organized power for defence and aggression.

Neither the colourless vagueness of cosmopolitanism, nor the fierce self-idolatry of nation-worship, is the goal of human history. And India has been trying to accomplish her task through social regulation of differences on the one hand, and the spiritual recognition of unity on the other. She has made grave errors in setting up the boundary walls too rigidly between races, in perpetuating in her classifications the results of inferiority; often she has crippled her children's minds and narrowed their lives in order to fit them into her social forms, but for centuries new experiments have been made and adjustments carried out.

Her mission has been like that of a hostess who has to provide proper accommodation for numerous guests, whose habits and requirements are different from one another. This gives rise to infinite complexities whose solution depends not merely upon tactfulness but upon sympathy and true realization of the unity of man. Towards this realization have worked, from the early time of the Upanishads[(1)] up to the present moment, a series of great spiritual teachers, whose one object has been to set at naught all differences of man by the overflow of our consciousness of God. In fact, our history has not been of the rise and fall of kingdoms, of fights for political supremacy. In our country records of these days have been despised and forgotten, for they

in no way represent the true history of our people. Our history is that of our social life and attainment of spiritual ideals.

But we feel that our task is not yet done. The world-flood has swept over our country, new elements have been introduced, and wider adjustments are waiting to be made.

We feel this all the more because the teaching and example of the West have entirely run counter to what we think was given to India to accomplish. In the West the national machinery of commerce and politics turns out neatly compressed bales of humanity which have their use and high market value; but they are bound in iron hoops, labelled and separated off with scientific care and precision. Obviously God made man to be human, but this modern product has such marvellous square-cut finish, savouring of gigantic manufacture, that the Creator will find it difficult to recognize it as a thing of spirit and a creature made in His own divine image.

But I am anticipating. What I was about to say is this. Take it in whatever spirit you like, here is India, of about fifty centuries at least, who tried to live peacefully and think deeply, the India devoid of all politics, the India of no nations, whose one ambition has been to know this world as of soul, to live here every moment of her life in the meek spirit of adoration, in the glad consciousness of an eternal and personal relationship with it. It was upon this remote portion of humanity, childlike in its manner, with the wisdom of the old, that the Nation of the West burst in.

Through all the fights and intrigues and deceptions of her earlier history India had remained aloof. Because her homes, her fields, her temples of worship, her schools, where her teachers and students lived together in the atmosphere of simplicity and devotion and learning, her village self-government with its simple laws and peaceful administration — all these

truly belonged to her. But her thrones were not her concern. They passed over her head like clouds, now tinged with purple gorgeousness, now black with the threat of thunder. Often they brought devastations in their wake, but they were like catastrophes of nature whose traces are soon forgotten.

But this time it was different. It was not a mere drift over her surface of life — drift of cavalry and foot soldiers, richly caparisoned elephants, white tents and canopies, strings of patient camels bearing the loads of royalty, bands of kettledrums and flutes, marble domes of mosques, palaces and tombs, like the bubbles of the foaming wine of extravagance; stories of treachery and loyal devotion, of changes of fortune, of dramatic surprises of fate. This time it was the Nation of the West driving its tentacles of machinery deep down into the soil.

Therefore I say to you, it is we who are called as witnesses to give evidence as to what our Nation has been to humanity. We had known the hordes of Mughals and Pathans who invaded India, but we had known them as human races, with their own religions and customs, likes and dislikes — we had never known them as a nation. We loved and hated them as the occasions arose; we fought for them and against them, talked with them in a language which was theirs as well as our own, and guided the destiny of the Empire in which we had our active share. But this time we had to deal, not with kings, not with human races, but with a nation — we, who are no nation ourselves.

Now let us, from our own experience, answer the question: what is this Nation?

A nation, in the sense of the political and economic union of a people, is that aspect which a whole population assumes when organized for a mechanical purpose. Society as such has no ulterior purpose. It is an end in

itself. It is a spontaneous self-expression of man as a social being. It is a natural regulation of human relationships, so that men can develop ideals of life in co-operation with one another. It has also a political side, but this is only for a special purpose. It is for self-preservation. It is merely the side of power, not of human ideals. And in the early days it had its separate place in society, restricted to the professionals. But when with the help of science and the perfecting of organization this power begins to grow and brings in harvests of wealth, then it crosses its boundaries with amazing rapidity. For then it goads all its neighbouring societies with greed of material prosperity, and consequent mutual jealousy, and by the fear of each other's growth into powerfulness. The time comes when it can stop no longer, for the competition grows keener, organization grows vaster, and selfishness attains supremacy. Trading upon the greed and fear of man, it occupies more and more space in society, and at last becomes its ruling force.

It is just possible that you have lost through habit the consciousness that the living bonds of society are breaking up, and giving place to merely mechanical organization. But one sees signs of it everywhere. It is owing to this that war has been declared between man and woman, because the natural thread is snapping which holds them together in harmony; because man is driven to professionalism, producing wealth for himself and others, continually turning the wheel of power for his own sake or for the sake of the universal officialdom, leaving woman alone to wither and to die or to fight her own battle unaided. And thus there, where co-operation is natural, has intruded competition. The very psychology of men and women about their mutual relation is changing and becoming the psychology of the primitive fighting elements, rather than of humanity seeking its completeness through the union based upon mutual self-surrender. For the elements which have lost

their living bond of reality have lost the meaning of their existence. Like gaseous particles forced into a too narrow space, they come in continual conflict with each other till they burst the very arrangement which holds them in bondage.

Then look at those who call themselves anarchists, who resent the imposition of power, in any form whatever, upon the individual. The only reason for this is that power has become too abstract — it is a scientific product made in the political laboratory of the Nation, through the dissolution of personal humanity.

And what is the meaning of these strikes in the economic world, which like the prickly shrubs in a barren soil shoot up with renewed vigour each time they are cut down? What but that the wealth-producing mechanism is incessantly growing into vast stature, out of proportion to all other needs of society, and the full reality of man is more and more crushed under its weight? This state of things inevitably gives rise to eternal feuds among the elements freed from the wholeness and wholesomeness of human ideals, and interminable economic war is waged between capital and labour. For greed of wealth and power can never have a limit, and compromise of self-interest can never attain the final spirit of reconciliation. They must go on breeding jealousy and suspicion to the end — the end which only comes through some sudden catastrophe or a spiritual rebirth.

When this organization of politics and commerce, whose other name is the Nation, becomes all-powerful at the cost of the harmony of the higher social life, then it is an evil day for humanity. When a father becomes a gambler and his obligations to his family take the secondary place in his mind, then he is no longer a man, but an automaton led by the power of greed. Then he can do things which, in his normal state of mind, he would be

ashamed to do. It is the same thing with society. When it allows itself to be turned into a perfect organization of power, then there are few crimes it is unable to perpetrate, because success is the object and justification of a machine, while goodness only is the end and purpose of man. When this engine of organization begins to attain a vast size, and those who are mechanics are made into parts of the machine, then the personal man is eliminated to a phantom, everything becomes a revolution of policy carried out by the human parts of the machines, with no twinge of pity or moral responsibility. It may happen that even through this apparatus the moral nature of man tries to assert itself, but the whole series of ropes and pulleys creak and cry, the forces of the human heart become entangled among the forces of the human automaton, and only with difficulty can the moral purpose transmit itself into some tortured shape of result.

This abstract being, the Nation, is ruling India. We have seen in our country some brand of tinned food advertised as entirely made and packed without being touched by hand. This description applies to the governing of India, which is as little touched by the human hand as possible. The governors need not know our language, need not come into personal touch with us except as officials; they can aid or hinder our aspirations from a disdainful distance, they can lead us on a certain path of policy and then pull us back again with the manipulation of office red tape. The newspapers of England, in whose columns London street accidents are recorded with some decency of pathos, need take but the scantiest notice of calamities which happen in India over areas of land sometimes larger than the British Isles.

But we, who are governed, are not a mere abstraction. We, on our side, are individuals with living sensibilities. What comes to us in the shape of a mere bloodless policy may pierce into the very core of our life, may threaten

the whole future of our people with a perpetual helplessness of emasculation, and yet may never touch the chord of humanity on the other side, or touch it in the most inadequately feeble manner. Such wholesale and universal acts of fearful responsibility man can never perform, with such a degree of systematic unawareness, where he is an individual human being. These only become possible where the man is represented by an octopus of abstractions, sending out its wriggling arms in all directions of space, and fixing its innumerable suckers even into the far-away future. In this reign of the nation, the governed are pursued by suspicions; and these are the suspicions of a tremendous mass of organized brain and muscle. Punishments are meted out which leave a trail of miseries across a large bleeding tract of the human heart, but these punishments are dealt by a mere abstract force in which a whole population of a distant country has lost its human personality.

I have not come here, however, to discuss the question as it affects my own country, but as it affects the future of all humanity. It is not a question of the British government, but of government by the Nation — the Nation which is the organized self-interest of a whole people, where it is least human and least spiritual. Our only intimate experience of the Nation is with the British Nation, and as far as the government by the Nation goes there are reasons to believe that it is one of the best. Then, again, we have to consider that the West is necessary to the East. We are complementary to each other because of our different outlooks upon life which have given us different aspects of truth. Therefore if it be true that the spirit of the West has come upon our fields in the guise of a storm it is nevertheless scattering living seeds that are immortal. And when in India we become able to assimilate in our life what is permanent in western civilization we shall be in a position to bring about a reconciliation of these two great worlds. Then will come to an end the one-

sided dominance which is galling. What is more, we have to recognize that the history of India does not belong to one particular race but to a process of creation to which various races of the world contributed — the Dravidians and the Aryans, the ancient Greeks and the Persians, the Mohammedans of the West and those of central Asia. Now at last has come the turn of the English to become true to this history and bring to it the tribute of their life, and we neither have the right nor the power to exclude this people from the building of the destiny of India. Therefore what I say about the Nation has more to do with the history of Man than specially with that of India.

This history has come to a stage when the moral man, the complete man, is more and more giving way, almost without knowing it, to make room for the political and the commercial man, the man of the limited purpose. This process, aided by the wonderful progress in science, is assuming gigantic proportion and power, causing the upset of man's moral balance, obscuring his human side under the shadow of soulless organization. We have felt its iron grip at the root of our life, and for the sake of humanity we must stand up and give warning to all, that this nationalism is a cruel epidemic of evil that is sweeping over the human world of the present age and eating into its moral vitality.

I have a deep love and a great respect for the British race as human beings. It has produced great-hearted men, thinkers of great thoughts, doers of great deeds. It has given rise to a great literature. I know that these people love justice and freedom, and hate lies. They are clean in their minds, frank in their manners, true in their friendships; in their behaviour they are honest and reliable. The personal experience which I have had of their literary men has roused my admiration not merely for their power of thought or expression but for their chivalrous humanity. We have felt the greatness of this people as we

feel the sun; but as for the Nation, it is for us a thick mist of a stilling nature covering the sun itself.

This government by the Nation is neither British nor anything else; it is an applied science and therefore more or less similar in its principles wherever it is used. It is like a hydraulic press, whose pressure is impersonal, and on that account completely effective. The amount of its power may vary in different engines. Some may even be driven by hand, thus leaving a margin of comfortable looseness in their tension, but in spirit and in method their differences are small. Our government might have been Dutch, or French, or Portuguese, and its essential features would have remained much the same as they are now. Only perhaps, in some cases, the organization might not have been so densely perfect, and therefore some shreds of the human might still have been clinging to the wreck, allowing us to deal with something which resembles our own throbbing heart.

Before the Nation came to rule over us we had other governments which were foreign, and these, like all governments, had some element of the machine in them. But the difference between them and the government by the Nation is like the difference between the hand-loom and the power-loom. In the products of the hand-loom the magic of man's living fingers finds its expression, and its hum harmonizes with the music of life. But the power-loom is relentlessly lifeless and accurate and monotonous in its production.

We must admit that during the personal government of former days there have been instances of tyranny, injustice and extortion. They caused sufferings and unrest from which we are glad to be rescued. The protection of law is not only a boon, but it is a valuable lesson to us. It is teaching us the discipline which is necessary for the stability of civilization and for continuity of progress. We are realizing through it that there is a universal

standard of justice to which all men, irrespective of their caste and colour, have their equal claim.

This reign of law in our present government in India has established order in this vast land inhabited by peoples different in their races and customs. It has made it possible for these peoples to come in closer touch with one another and cultivate a communion of aspiration.

But this desire for a common bond of comradeship among the different races of India has been the work of the spirit of the West, not that of the Nation of the West. Wherever in Asia the people have received the true lesson of the West it is in spite of the western Nation. Only because Japan had been able to resist the dominance of this western Nation could she acquire the benefit of western civilization in fullest measure. Though China has been poisoned at the very spring of her moral and physical life by this Nation, her struggle to receive the best lessons of the West may yet be successful if not hindered by the Nation. It was only the other day that Persia woke up from her age-long sleep at the call of the West to be instantly trampled into stillness by the Nation. The same phenomenon prevails in this country also, where the people are hospitable, but the Nation has proved itself to be otherwise, making an eastern guest feel humiliated to stand before you as a member of the humanity of his own motherland.

In India we are suffering from this conflict between the spirit of the West and the Nation of the West. The benefit of western civilization is doled out to us in a miserly measure by the Nation, which tries to regulate the degree of nutrition as near the zero-point of vitality as possible. The portion of education allotted to us is so raggedly insufficient that it ought to outrage the sense of decency of western humanity. We have seen in these countries how the people are encouraged and trained and given every facility to fit

themselves for the great movements of commerce and industry spreading over the world, while in India the only assistance we get is merely to be jeered at by the Nation for lagging behind. While depriving us of our opportunities and reducing our education to the minimum required for conducting a foreign government, this Nation pacifies its conscience by calling us names, by sedulously giving currency to the arrogant cynicism that the East is east and the West is west and never the twain shall meet. If we must believe our schoolmaster in his taunt that, after nearly two centuries of his tutelage, India not only remains unfit for self-government but unable to display originality in her intellectual attainments, must we ascribe it to something in the nature of western culture and our inherent incapacity to receive it or to the judicious niggardliness of the Nation that has taken upon itself the white man's burden of civilizing the East? That Japanese people have some qualities which we lack we may admit, but that our intellect is naturally unproductive compared to theirs we cannot accept even from them whom it is dangerous for us to contradict.

The truth is that the spirit of conflict and conquest is at the origin and in the centre of western nationalism; its basis is not social co-operation. It has evolved a perfect organization of power, but not spiritual idealism. It is like the pack of predatory creatures that must have its victims. With all its heart it cannot bear to see its hunting-grounds converted into cultivated fields. In fact, these nations are fighting among themselves for the extension of their victims and their reserve forests. Therefore the western Nation acts like a dam to check the free flow of western civilization into the country of the No-Nation. Because this civilization is the civilization of power, therefore it is exclusive; it is naturally unwilling to open its sources of power to those whom it has selected for its purposes of exploitation.

But all the same, moral law is the law of humanity, and the exclusive civilization which thrives upon others who are barred from its benefit carries its own death-sentence in its moral limitations. The slavery that it gives rise to unconsciously drains its own love of freedom dry. The helplessness with which it weighs down its world of victims exerts its force of gravitation every moment upon the power that creates it. And the greater part of the world which is being denuded of its self-sustaining life by the Nation will one day become the most terrible of all its burdens, ready to drag it down into the bottom of destruction. Whenever the Power removes all checks from its path to make its career easy, it triumphantly rides into its ultimate crash of death. Its moral brake becomes slacker every day without its knowing it, and its slippery path of ease becomes its path of doom.

Of all things in western civilization, those which this western Nation has given us in a most generous measure are law and order. While the small feeding-bottle of our education is nearly dry, and sanitation sucks its own thumb in despair, the military organization, the magisterial offices, the police, the Criminal Investigation Department, the secret spy system, attain to an abnormal girth in their waists, occupying every inch of our country. This is to maintain order. But is not this order merely a negative good? Is it not for giving people's life greater opportunities for the freedom of development? Its perfection is the perfection of an egg-shell, whose true value lies in the security it affords to the chick and its nourishment and not in the convenience it offers to the person at the breakfast table. Mere administration is unproductive; it is not creative, not being a living thing. It is a steam-roller, formidable in its weight and power, having its uses, but it does not help the soil to become fertile. When after its enormous toil it comes to offer us its boon of peace we can but murmur under our breath that 'peace is good, but

not more so than life, which is God's own great boon'.

On the other hand, our former governments were woefully lacking in many of the advantages of the modern government. But because those were not the governments by the Nation, their texture was loosely woven, leaving big gaps through which our own life sent its threads and imposed its designs. I am quite sure in those days we had things that were extremely distasteful to us. But we know that when we walk barefooted upon ground strewn with gravel, our feet come gradually to adjust themselves to the caprices of the inhospitable earth; while if the tiniest particle of gravel finds its lodgement inside our shoes we can never forget and forgive its intrusion. And these shoes are the government by the Nation — it is tight, it regulates our steps with a closed-up system, within which our feet have only the slightest liberty to make their own adjustments. Therefore, when you produce your statistics to compare the number of gravels which our feet had to encounter in former days with the paucity in the present regime, they hardly touch the real point. It is not a question of the number of outside obstacles but the comparative powerlessness of the individual to cope with them. This narrowness of freedom is an evil which is more radical, not because of its quantity but because of its nature. And we cannot but acknowledge this paradox: that while the spirit of the West marches under its banner of freedom, the Nation of the West forges its iron chains of organization which are the most relentless and unbreakable that have ever been manufactured in the whole history of man.

When the humanity of India was not under the government of the Organization, the elasticity of change was great enough to encourage men of power and spirit to feel that they had their destinies in their own hands. The hope of the unexpected was never absent, and a freer play of imagination, on

the part of both the governor and the governed, had its effect in the making of history. We were not confronted with a future, which was a dead white wall of granite blocks eternally guarding against the expression and extension of our own powers, the hopelessness of which lies in the reason that these powers are becoming atrophied at their very roots by the scientific process of paralysis. For every single individual in the country of the No-Nation is completely in the grip of a whole nation, whose tireless vigilance, being the vigilance of a machine, has not the human power to overlook or to discriminate. At the least pressing of its button the monster organization becomes all eyes, whose ugly stare of inquisitiveness cannot be avoided by a single person amongst the immense multitude of the ruled. At the least turn of its screw, by the fraction of an inch, the grip is tightened to the point of suffocation around every man, woman and child of a vast population, for whom no escape is imaginable in their own country or even in any country outside their own.

It is the continual and stupendous dead pressure of the inhuman upon the living human under which the modern world is groaning. Not merely the subject races, but you who live under the delusion that you are free, are every day sacrificing your freedom and humanity to this fetish of nationalism, living in the dense poisonous atmosphere of world-wide suspicion and greed and panic.

I have seen in Japan the voluntary submission of the whole people to the trimming of their minds and clipping of their freedom by their government, which through various educational agencies regulates their thoughts, manufactures their feelings, becomes suspiciously watchful when they show signs of inclining towards the spiritual, leading them through a narrow path not towards what is true but what is necessary for the complete welding of

them into one uniform mass according to its own recipe. The people accept this all-pervading mental slavery with cheerfulness and pride because of their nervous desire to turn themselves into a machine of power, called the Nation, and emulate other machines in their collective worldliness.

When questioned as to the wisdom of its course, the newly converted fanatic of nationalism answers that 'so long as nations are rampant in this world we have not the option freely to develop our higher humanity. We must utilize every faculty that we possess to resist the evil by assuming it ourselves in the fullest degree. For the only brotherhood possible in the modern world is the brotherhood of hooliganism.' The recognition of the fraternal bond of love between Japan and Russia, which has lately been celebrated with an immense display of rejoicing in Japan, was not owing to any sudden recrudescence of the spirit of Christianity or of Buddhism, but it was a bond established according to the modern faith in a surer relationship of the mutual menace of bloodshedding. Yes, one cannot but acknowledge that these facts are the facts of the world of the Nation, and the only moral of it is that all the peoples of the earth should strain their physical, moral and intellectual resources to the utmost to defeat one another in the wrestling match of powerfulness. In ancient days Sparta paid all her attention to becoming powerful; she did become so by crippling her humanity, and died of the amputation.

But it is no consolation to us to know that the weakening of humanity from which the present age is suffering is not limited to the subject races, and that its ravages are even more radical because insidious and voluntary in peoples who are hypnotized into believing that they are free. This bartering of your higher aspirations of life for profit and power has been your own free choice, and I leave you there, at the wreckage of your soul, contemplating

your protuberant prosperity. But will you never be called to answer for organizing the instincts of self-aggrandizement of whole peoples into perfection and calling it good? I ask you: what disaster has there ever been in the history of man, in its darkest period, like this terrible disaster of the Nation fixing its fangs deep into the naked flesh of the world, taking permanent precautions against its natural relaxation?

You, the people of the West, who have manufactured this abnormality, can you imagine the desolating despair of this haunted world of suffering man possessed by the ghastly abstraction of the organizing man? Can you put yourself into the position of the peoples, who seem to have been doomed to an eternal damnation of their own humanity, who not only must suffer continual curtailment of their manhood, but even raise their voices in paeans of praise for the benignity of a mechanical apparatus in its interminable parody of providence?

Have you not seen, since the commencement of the existence of the Nation, that the dread of it has been the one goblin-dread with which the whole world has been trembling? Wherever there is a dark corner, there is the suspicion of its secret malevolence; and people live in a perpetual distrust of their back where they have no eyes. Every sound of a footstep, every rustle of movement in the neighbourhood, sends a thrill of terror all around. And this terror is the parent of all that is base in man's nature. It makes one almost openly unashamed of inhumanity. Clever lies become matters of self-congratulation. Solemn pledges become a farce — laughable for their very solemnity. The Nation, with all its paraphernalia of power and prosperity, its flags and pious hymns, its blasphemous prayers in the churches, and the literary mock thunders of its patriotic bragging, cannot hide the fact that the Nation is the greatest evil for the Nation, that all its precautions are against it,

and any new birth of its fellow in the world is always followed in its mind by the dread of a new peril. Its one wish is to trade on the feebleness of the rest of the world, like some insects that are bred in the paralysed flesh of victims kept just enough alive to make them toothsome and nutritious. Therefore it is ready to send its poisonous fluid into the vitals of the other living peoples who, not being nations, are harmless. For this the Nation has had and still has its richest pasture in Asia. Great China, rich with her ancient wisdom and social ethics, her discipline of industry and self-control, is like a whale awakening the lust of spoil in the heart of the Nation. She is already carrying in her quivering flesh harpoons sent by the unerring aim of the Nation, the creature of science and selfishness. Her pitiful attempt to shake off her traditions of humanity, her social ideals, and spend her last exhausted resources in drilling herself into modern efficiency, is thwarted at every step by the Nation. It is tightening its financial ropes around her, trying to drag her up on the shore and cut her into pieces, and then go and offer public thanksgiving to God for supporting the one existing evil and shattering the possibility of a new one. And for all this the Nation has been claiming the gratitude of history and all eternity for its exploitation, ordering its band of praise to be struck up from end to end of the world, declaring itself to be the salt of the earth, the flower of humanity, the blessing of God hurled with all His force upon the naked skulls of the world of No-Nations.

I know what your advice will be. You will say: form yourselves into a nation, and resist this encroachment of the Nation. But is this the true advice, that of a man to a man? Why should this be a necessity? I could well believe you if you had said: be more good, more just, more true in your relation to man; control your greed, make your life wholesome in its simplicity and let your consciousness of the divine in humanity be more perfect in its

expression. But must you say that it is not the soul, but the machine, which is of the utmost value to ourselves, and that man's salvation depends upon his disciplining himself into a perfection of the dead rhythm of wheels and counterwheels, that machine must be pitted against machine, and nation against nation, in an endless bullfight of politics?

You say: these machines will come into an agreement for their mutual protection, based upon a conspiracy of fear. But will this federation of steam-boilers supply you with a soul, a soul which has her conscience and her God? What is to happen to that larger part of the world where fear will have no hand in restraining you? Whatever safety they now enjoy, those countries of No-Nation, from the unbridled licence of forge and hammer and turnscrew, results from the mutual jealousy of the powers. But when, instead of being numerous separate machines they become riveted into one organized gregariousness of gluttony, commercial and political, what remotest chance of hope will remain for those others, who have lived and suffered, have loved and worshipped, have thought deeply and worked with meekness, but whose only crime has been that they have not organized?

But, you say, 'That does not matter, the unfit must go to the wall — they shall die, and this is science.'

No, for the sake of your own salvation, I say, they shall live, and this is truth. It is extremely bold of me to say so, but I assert that man's world is a moral world, not because we blindly agree to believe it, but because it is so in truth which would be dangerous for us to ignore. And this moral nature of man cannot be divided into convenient compartments for its preservation. You cannot secure it for your home consumption with protective tariff walls, while in foreign parts making it enormously accommodating in its free trade of licence.

Has not this truth already come home to you now, when this cruel war has driven its claws into the vitals of Europe, when her hoard of wealth is bursting into smoke and her humanity is shattered into bits on her battlefields? You ask in amazement: what has she done to deserve this? The answer is that the West has been systematically petrifying her moral nature in order to lay a solid foundation for her gigantic abstractions of efficiency. She has all along been starving the life of the personal man into that of the professional.

In your medieval age in Europe, the simple and the natural man, with all his violent passions and desires, was engaged in trying to find out a reconciliation in the conflict between the flesh and the spirit. All through the turbulent career of her vigorous youth the temporal and the spiritual forces both acted strongly upon her nature, and were moulding it into completeness of moral personality. Europe owes all her greatness in humanity to that period of discipline — the discipline of the man in his human integrity.

Then came the age of intellect, of science. We all know that intellect is impersonal. Our life and our heart are one with us, but our mind can be detached from the personal man and then only can it freely move in its world of thoughts. Our intellect is an ascetic who wears no clothes, takes no food, knows no sleep, has no wishes, feels no love or hatred or pity for human limitations, who only reasons unmoved through the vicissitudes of life. It burrows to the roots of things, because it has no personal concern with the thing itself. The grammarian walks straight through all poetry and goes to the root of words without obstruction, because he is seeking not reality, but law When he finds the law, he is able to teach people how to master words. This is a power — the power which fulfils some special usefulness, some particular need of man.

Reality is the harmony which gives to the component parts of a thing the equilibrium of the whole. You break it, and have in your hands the nomadic atoms fighting against one another, therefore unmeaning. Those who covet power try to get mastery of these aboriginal fighting elements, and through some narrow channels force them into some violent service for some particular needs of man.

This satisfaction of man's needs is a great thing. It gives him freedom in the material world. It confers on him the benefit of a greater range of time and space. He can do things in a shorter time and occupies a larger space with more thoroughness of advantage. Therefore he can easily outstrip those who live in a world of a slower time and of space less fully occupied.

This progress of power attains more and more rapidity of pace. And, for the reason that it is a detached part of man, it soon outruns the complete humanity. The moral man remains behind, because it has to deal with the whole reality, not merely with the law of things, which is impersonal and therefore abstract.

Thus man, with his mental and material power far outgrowing his moral strength, is like an exaggerated giraffe whose head has suddenly shot up miles away from the rest of him, making normal communication difficult to establish. This greedy head, with its huge dental organization, has been munching all the topmost foliage of the world, but the nourishment is too late in reaching his digestive organs, and his heart is suffering from want of blood. Of this present disharmony in man's nature the West seems to have been blissfully unconscious. The enormity of its material success has diverted all its attention towards self-congratulation on its bulk. The optimism of its logic goes on basing the calculations of its good fortune upon the indefinite prolongation of its railway lines towards eternity. It is superficial enough to

think that all tomorrows are merely todays, with the repeated additions of twenty-four hours. It has no fear of the chasm, which is opening wider every day, between man's ever growing storehouses and the emptiness of his hungry humanity. Logic does not know that, under the lowest bed of endless strata of wealth and comforts, earthquakes are being hatched to restore the balance of the moral world; and one day the gaping gulf of spiritual vacuity will draw into its bottom the store of things that have their eternal love for the dust.

Man in his fulness is not powerful, but perfect. Therefore, to turn him into mere power, you have to curtail his soul as much as possible. When we are fully human, we cannot fly at one another's throats; our instincts of social life, our traditions of moral ideals stand in the way. If you want me to take to butchering human beings, you must break up that wholeness of my humanity through some discipline which makes my will dead, my thoughts numb, my movements automatic, and then from the dissolution of the complex personal man will come out that abstraction, that destructive force, which has no relation to human truth, and therefore can be easily brutal or mechanical. Take away man from his natural surroundings, from the fulness of his communal life, with all its living associations of beauty and love and social obligations, and you will be able to turn him into so many fragments of a machine for the production of wealth on a gigantic scale. Turn a tree into a log and it will burn for you, but it will never bear living flowers and fruit.

This process of dehumanizing has been going on in commerce and politics. And out of the long birth-throes of mechanical energy has been born this fully developed apparatus of magnificent power and surprising appetite which has been christened in the West as the Nation. As I have hinted before, because of its quality of abstraction it has, with the greatest ease, gone far

ahead of the complete moral man. And having the conscience of a ghost and the callous perfection of an automaton, it is causing disasters with which the volcanic dissipations of the youthful moon would be ashamed to be brought into comparison. As a result, the suspicion of man for man stings all the limbs of this civilization like the hairs of the nettle. Each country is casting its net of espionage into the slimy bottom of the others, fishing for their secrets, the treacherous secrets which brew in the oozy depths of diplomacy. And what is their secret service but the Nation's underground trade in kidnapping, murder and treachery and all the ugly crimes bred in the depth of rottenness? Because each Nation has its own history of thieving and lies and broken faith, therefore there can only flourish international suspicion and jealousy, and international moral shame becomes anaemic to a degree of ludicrousness. The Nation's bagpipe of righteous indignation has so changed its tune according to the variation of time and to the altered groupings of the alliances of diplomacy, that it can be enjoyed with amusement as the variety performance of the political music hall.

I am just coming from my visit to Japan, where I exhorted this young Nation to take its stand upon the higher ideals of humanity and never to follow the West in its acceptance of the organized selfishness of Nationalism as its religion, never to gloat upon the feebleness of its neighbours, never to be unscrupulous in its behaviour to the weak, where it can be gloriously mean with impunity, while turning its right cheek of brighter humanity for the kiss of admiration to those who have the power to deal it a blow. Some of the newspapers praised my utterances for their poetical qualities, while adding with a leer that it was the poetry of a defeated people. I felt they were right. Japan had been taught in a modern school the lesson how to become powerful. The schooling is done and she must enjoy the fruits of her lessons.

The West in the voice of her thundering cannon had said at the door of Japan: let there be a Nation — and there was a Nation. And now that it has come into existence, why do you not feel in your heart of hearts a pure feeling of gladness and say that it is good? Why is it that I saw in an English paper an expression of bitterness at Japan's boasting of her superiority of civilization — the thing that the British, along with other nations, have been carrying on for ages without blushing? Because the idealism of selfishness must keep itself drunk with a continual dose of self-laudation. But the same vices which seem so natural and innocuous in its own life make it surprised and angry at their unpleasantness when seen in other nations. Therefore, when you see the Japanese nation, created in your own image, launched in its career of national boastfulness, you shake your head and say, it is not good. Has it not been one of the causes that raise the cry on these shores for preparedness to meet one more power of evil with a greater power of injury? Japan protests that she has her bushido, that she can never be treacherous to America to whom she owes her gratitude. But you find it difficult to believe her — for the wisdom of the Nation is not in its faith in humanity but in its complete distrust. You say to yourself that it is not with Japan of the bushido, the Japan of the moral ideals, that you have to deal — it is with the abstraction of the popular selfishness, it is with the Nation; and Nation can only trust Nation where their interests coalesce, or at least do not conflict. In fact your instinct tells you that the advent of another people into the arena of nationality makes another addition to the evil which contradicts all that is highest in Man and proves by its success that unscrupulousness is the way to prosperity — and goodness is good for the weak and God is the only remaining consolation of the defeated.

Yes, this is the logic of the Nation. And it will never heed the voice of truth and goodness. It will go on its ring-dance of moral corruption, linking

steel unto steel, and machine unto machine, trampling under its tread all the sweet flowers of simple faith and the living ideals of man.

But we delude ourselves into thinking that humanity in these modern days is more to the front than ever before. The reason for this self-delusion is because man is served with the necessaries of life in greater profusion and his physical ills are being alleviated with more efficacy. But the chief part of this is done, not by moral sacrifice, but by intellectual power. In quantity it is great, but it springs from the surface and spreads over the surface. Knowledge and efficiency are powerful in their outward effect, but they are the servants of man, not the man himself. Their service is like the service in a hotel, where it is elaborate but the host is absent; it is more convenient than hospitable.

Therefore we must not forget that the scientific organizations vastly spreading in all directions are strengthening our power, but not our humanity. With the growth of power the cult of the self-worship of the Nation grows in ascendancy, and the individual willingly allows the Nation to take donkey-rides upon his back; and there happens the anomaly which must have such disastrous effects, that the individual worships with all sacrifices a god which is morally much inferior to himself. This could never have been possible if the god had been as real as the individual.

Let me give an illustration of this point. In some parts of India it has been enjoined as an act of great piety for a widow to go without food and water on a particular day every fortnight. This often leads to cruelty, unmeaning and inhuman. And yet men are not by nature cruel to such a degree. But this piety being a mere unreal abstraction completely deadens the moral sense of the individual, just as the man who would not hurt an animal unnecessarily would cause horrible suffering to a large number of innocent

creatures when he drugs his feelings with the abstract idea of 'sport'! Because these ideas are creations of our intellect, because they are logical classifications, therefore they can so easily hide in their mist the personal man.

And the idea of the Nation is one of the most powerful anaesthetics that man has invented. Under the influence of its fumes the whole people can carry out its systematic programme of the most virulent self-seeking without being in the least aware of its moral perversion — in fact it can feel dangerously resentful if it is pointed out.

But can this go on indefinitely, continually producing barrenness of moral insensibility upon a large tract of our living nature? Can it escape its nemesis for ever? Has this giant power of mechanical organization no limit in this world against which it may shatter itself all the more completely because of its terrible strength and velocity? Do you believe that evil can be permanently kept in check by competition with evil, and that conference of prudence can keep the devil chained in its makeshift cage of mutual agreement?

This European war of Nations is the war of retribution. Man, the person, must protest for his very life against the heaping up of things where there should be the heart, and systems and policies where there should flow living human relationship. The time has come when, for the sake of the whole outraged world, Europe should fully know in her own person the terrible absurdity of the thing called the Nation.

The Nation has thriven long upon mutilated humanity. Men, the fairest creations of God, came out of the National manufactory in huge numbers as war-making and money-making puppets, ludicrously vain of their pitiful perfection of mechanism. Human society grew more and more into a

marionette show of politicians, soldiers, manufacturers and bureaucrats, pulled by wire arrangements of wonderful efficiency.

But the apotheosis of selfishness can never make its interminable breed of hatred and greed, fear and hypocrisy, suspicion and tyranny, an end in themselves. These monsters grow into huge shapes but never into harmony. And this Nation may grow on to an unimaginable corpulence, not of a living body, but of steel and steam and office buildings, till its deformity can contain no longer its ugly voluminousness — till it begins to crack and gape, breathe gas and fire in gasps, and its death-rattles sound in cannon roars. In this war the death-throes of the Nation have commenced. Suddenly, all its mechanism going mad, it has begun the dance of the Furies, shattering its own limbs, scattering them into the dust. It is the fifth act of the tragedy of the unreal.

Those who have any faith in Man cannot but fervently hope that the tyranny of the Nation will not be restored to all its former teeth and claws, to its far-reaching iron arms and its immense inner cavity, all stomach and no heart; that man will have his new birth, in the freedom of his individuality, from the enveloping vagueness of abstraction.

The veil has been raised, and in this frightful war the West has stood face to face with her own creation, to which she had offered her soul. She must know what it truly is.

She had never let herself suspect what slow decay and decomposition were secretly going on in her moral nature, which often broke out in doctrines of scepticism, but still oftener and in still more dangerously subtle manner showed itself in her unconsciousness of the mutilation and insult that she had been inflicting upon a vast part of the world. Now she must know the truth nearer home.

And then there will come from her own children those who will break themselves free from the slavery of this illusion, this perversion of brotherhood founded upon self-seeking, those who will own themselves as God's children and as no bond-slaves of machinery, which turns souls into commodities and life into compartments, which, with its iron claws, scratches out the heart of the world and knows not what it has done.

And we of the No-Nations of the world, whose heads have been bowed to the dust, will know that this dust is more sacred than the bricks which build the pride of power. For this dust is fertile of life, and of beauty and worship. We shall thank God that we were made to wait in silence through the night of despair, had to bear the insult of the proud and the strong man's burden, yet all through it, though our hearts quaked with doubt and fear, never could we blindly believe in the salvation which machinery offered to man, but we held fast to our trust in God and the truth of the human soul. And we can still cherish the hope that, when power becomes ashamed to occupy its throne and is ready to make way for love, when the morning comes for cleansing the blood-stained steps of the Nation along the highroad of humanity, we shall be called upon to bring our own vessel of sacred water — the water of worship — to sweeten the history of man into purity, and with its sprinkling make the trampled dust of the centuries blessed with fruitfulness.

注释

〔1〕About 200 prose and verse treatises on metaphysical philosophy, dating from around 400 BC.

Nationalism in India

Our real problem in India is not political. It is social. This is a condition not only prevailing in India, but among all nations. I do not believe in an exclusive political interest. Politics in the West have dominated western ideals, and we in India are trying to imitate you. We have to remember that in Europe, where peoples had their racial unity from the beginning, and where natural resources were insufficient for the inhabitants, the civilization has naturally taken on the character of political and commercial aggressiveness. For on the one hand they had no internal complications, and on the other they had to deal with neighbours who were strong and rapacious. To have a perfect combination among themselves and a watchful attitude of animosity against others was taken as the solution of their problems. In former days they organized and plundered; in the present age the same spirit continues — and they organize and exploit the whole world.

But from the earliest beginnings of history India has had her own problem constantly before her — it is the race problem. Each nation must be conscious of its mission, and we in India must realize that we cut a poor figure when we try to be political, simply because we have not yet been finally able to accomplish what was set before us by our providence.

This problem of race unity which we have been trying to solve for so many years has likewise to be faced by you here in America. Many people in this country ask me what is happening to the caste distinctions in India. But when this question is asked me, it is usually done with a superior air. And I feel tempted to put the same question to our American critics with a slight

modification: 'What have you done with the Red Indian and the Negro?' For you have not got over your attitude of caste towards them. You have used violent methods to keep aloof from other races, but until you have solved the question, here in America, you have no right to question India.

In spite of our great difficulty, however, India has done something. She has tried to make an adjustment of races, to acknowledge the real differences between them where these exist, and yet seek for some basis of unity. This basis has come through our saints, like Nanak, Kabir, Chaitanya[1] and others, preaching one God to all races of India.

In finding the solution of our problem we shall have helped to solve the world problem as well. What India has been, the whole world is now. The whole world is becoming one country through scientific facility. And the moment is arriving when you must also find a basis of unity which is not political. If India can offer to the world her solution, it will be a contribution to humanity. There is only one history — the history of man. All national histories are merely chapters in the larger one. And we are content in India to suffer for such a great cause.

Each individual has his self-love. Therefore his brute instinct leads him to fight with others in the sole pursuit of his self-interest. But man has also his higher instincts of sympathy and mutual help. The people who are lacking in this higher moral power and who therefore cannot combine in fellowship with one another must perish or live in a state of degradation. Only, those peoples have survived and achieved civilization who have this spirit of co-operation strong in them. So we find that from the beginning of history men had to choose between fighting with one another and combining, between serving their own interest or the common interest of all.

In our early history, when the geographical limits of each country and

also the facilities of communication were small, this problem was comparatively small in dimension. It was sufficient for men to develop their sense of unity within their area of segregation. In those days they combined among themselves and fought against others. But it was this moral spirit of combination which was the true basis of their greatness, and this fostered their art, science and religion. At that early time the most important fact that man had to take count of was the fact of the members of one particular race of men coming in close contact with one another. Those who truly grasped this fact through their higher nature made their mark in history.

The most important fact of the present age is that all the different races of men have come close together. And again we are confronted with two alternatives. The problem is whether the different groups of peoples shall go on fighting with one another or find out some true basis of reconciliation and mutual help; whether it will be interminable competition or co-operation.

I have no hesitation in saying that those who are gifted with the moral power of love and vision of spiritual unity, who have the least feeling of enmity against aliens, and the sympathetic insight to place themselves in the position of others, will be the fittest to take their permanent place in the age that is lying before us, and those who are constantly developing their instincts for fight and intolerance of aliens will be eliminated. For this is the problem before us, and we have to prove our humanity by solving it through the help of our higher nature. The gigantic organizations for hurting others and warding off their blows, for making money by dragging others back, will not help us. On the contrary, by their crushing weight, their enormous cost and their deadening effect upon living humanity, they will seriously impede our freedom in the larger life of a higher civilization.

During the evolution of the Nation the moral culture of brotherhood was

limited by geographical boundaries, because at that time those boundaries were true. Now they have become imaginary lines of tradition divested of the qualities of real obstacles. So the time has come when man's moral nature must deal with this great fact with all seriousness or perish. The first impulse of this change of circumstance has been the churning up of man's baser passions of greed and cruel hatred. If this persists indefinitely, and armaments go on exaggerating themselves to unimaginable absurdities, and machines and storehouses envelop this fair earth with their dirt and smoke and ugliness, then it will end in a conflagration of suicide. Therefore man will have to exert all his power of love and clarity of vision to make another great moral adjustment which will comprehend the whole world of men and not merely the fractional groups of nationality. The call has come to every individual in the present age to prepare himself and his surroundings for this dawn of a new era, when man shall discover his soul in the spiritual unity of all human beings.

If it is given at all to the West to struggle out of these tangles of the lower slopes to the spiritual summit of humanity then I cannot but think that it is the special mission of America to fulfil this hope of God and man. You are the country of expectation, desiring something else than what is. Europe has her subtle habits of mind and her conventions. But America, as yet, has come to no conclusions. I realize how much America is untrammelled by the traditions of the past, and I can appreciate that experimentalism is a sign of America's youth. The foundation of her glory is in the future, rather than in the past, and if one is gifted with the power of clairvoyance, one will be able to love the America that is to be.

America is destined to justify western civilization to the East. Europe has lost faith in humanity, and has become distrustful and sickly. America, on

the other hand, is not pessimistic or blasé. You know, as a people, that there is such a thing as a better and a best, and that knowledge drives you on. There are habits that are not merely passive but aggressively arrogant. They are not like mere walls, but are like hedges of stinging nettles. Europe has been cultivating these hedges of habits for long years, till they have grown round her dense and strong and high. The pride of her traditions has sent its roots deep into her heart. I do not wish to contend that it is unreasonable. But pride in every form breeds blindness at the end. Like all artificial stimulants its first effect is a heightening of consciousness, and then with the increasing dosage it muddles it and brings an exultation that is misleading. Europe has gradually grown hardened in her pride in all her outer and inner habits. She not only cannot forget that she is western, but she takes every opportunity to hurl this fact against others to humiliate them. This is why she is growing incapable of imparting to the East what is best in herself, and of accepting in a right spirit the wisdom that the East has stored for centuries.

In America national habits and traditions have not had time to spread their clutching roots around your hearts. You have constantly felt and complained of your disadvantages when you compared your nomadic restlessness with the settled traditions of Europe — the Europe which can show her picture of greatness to the best advantage because she can fix it against the background of the past. But in this present age of transition, when a new era of civilization is sending its trumpet-call to all peoples of the world across an unlimited future, this very freedom of detachment will enable you to accept its invitation and to achieve the goal for which Europe began her journey but lost herself mid-way. For she was tempted out of her path by her pride of power and greed of possession.

Not merely your freedom from habits of mind in individuals, but also

the freedom of your history from all unclean entanglements, fits you in your career of holding the banner of civilization of the future. All the great nations of Europe have their victims in other parts of the world. This not only deadens their moral sympathy but also their intellectual sympathy, which is so necessary for the understanding of races which are different from one's own. Englishmen can never truly understand India, because their minds are not disinterested with regard to that country. If you compare England with Germany or France you will find she has produced the smallest number of scholars who have studied Indian literature and philosophy with any amount of sympathetic insight or thoroughness. This attitude of apathy and contempt is natural where the relationship is abnormal and founded upon national selfishness and pride. But your history has been disinterested, and that is why you have been able to help Japan in her lessons in western civilization, and that is why China can look upon you with the best confidence in this, her darkest period of danger. In fact you are carrying all the responsibility of a great future because you are untrammelled by the grasping miserliness of a past. Therefore, of all countries of the earth, America has to be fully conscious of this future; her vision must not be obscured and her faith in humanity must be strong with the strength of youth.

A parallelism exists between America and India — the parallelism of welding together into one body various races.

In my country we have been seeking to find out something common to all races, which will prove their real unity. No nation looking for a mere political or commercial basis of unity will find such a solution sufficient. Men of thought and power will discover the spiritual unity, will realize it, and preach it.

India has never had a real sense of nationalism. Even though from

childhood I had been taught that idolatry of the Nation is almost better than reverence for God and humanity, I believe I have outgrown that teaching, and it is my conviction that my countrymen will truly gain their India by fighting against the education which teaches them that a country is greater than the ideals of humanity.

The educated Indian at present is trying to absorb some lessons from history contrary to the lessons of our ancestors. The East, in fact, is attempting to take unto itself a history, which is not the outcome of its own living. Japan, for example, thinks she is getting powerful through adopting western methods but, after she has exhausted her inheritance, only the borrowed weapons of civilization will remain to her. She will not have developed herself from within.

Europe has her past. Europe's strength therefore lies in her history. We in India must make up our minds that we cannot borrow other people's history, and that if we stifle our own we are committing suicide. When you borrow things that do not belong to your life, they only serve to crush your life.

And therefore I believe that it does India no good to compete with western civilization in its own field. But we shall be more than compensated if, in spite of the insults heaped upon us, we follow our own destiny.

There are lessons which impart information or train our minds for intellectual pursuits. These are simple and can be acquired and used with advantage. But there are others which affect our deeper nature and change our direction of life. Before we accept them and pay their value by selling our own inheritance, we must pause and think deeply. In man's history there come ages of fireworks which dazzle us by their force and movement. They laugh not only at our modest household lamps but also at the eternal stars.

But let us not for that provocation be precipitate in our desire to dismiss our lamps. Let us patiently bear our present insult and realize that these fireworks have splendour but not permanence, because of the extreme explosiveness which is the cause of their power, and also of their exhaustion. They are spending a fatal quantity of energy and substance compared to their gain and production.

Anyhow, our ideals have been evolved through our own history, and even if we wished we could only make poor fireworks of them because their materials are different from yours, as is also their moral purpose. If we cherish the desire of paying our all to buy a political nationality it will be as absurd as if Switzerland had staked her existence on her ambition to build up a navy powerful enough to compete with that of England. The mistake that we make is in thinking that man's channel of greatness is only one — the one which has made itself painfully evident for the time being by its depth of insolence.

We must know for certain that there is a future before us and that future is waiting for those who are rich in moral ideals and not in mere things. And it is the privilege of man to work for fruits that are beyond his immediate reach, and to adjust his life not in slavish conformity to the examples of some present success or even to his own prudent past, limited in its aspiration, but to an infinite future bearing in its heart the ideals of our highest expectations.

We must recognize that it is providential that the West has come to India. And yet someone must show the East to the West, and convince the West that the East has her contribution to make to the history of civilization. India is no beggar of the West. And yet even though the West may think she is, I am not for thrusting off western civilization and becoming segregated in our independence. Let us have a deep association. If Providence wants

England to be the channel of that communication, of that deeper association, I am willing to accept it with all humility. I have great faith in human nature, and I think the West will find its true mission. I speak bitterly of western civilization when I am conscious that it is betraying its trust and thwarting its own purpose. The West must not make herself a curse to the world by using her power for her own selfish needs but, by teaching the ignorant and helping the weak, she should save herself from the worst danger that the strong are liable to incur by making the feeble acquire power enough to resist her intrusion. And also she must not make her materialism to be the final thing, but must realize that she is doing a service in freeing the spiritual being from the tyranny of matter.

I am not against one nation in particular, but against the general idea of all nations. What is the Nation?

It is the aspect of a whole people as an organized power. This organization incessantly keeps up the insistence of the population on becoming strong and efficient. But this strenuous effort after strength and efficiency drains man's energy from his higher nature where he is self-sacrificing and creative. For thereby man's power of sacrifice is diverted from his ultimate object, which is moral, to the maintenance of this organization, which is mechanical. Yet in this he feels all the satisfaction of moral exaltation and therefore becomes supremely dangerous to humanity. He feels relieved of the urging of his conscience when he can transfer his responsibility to this machine which is the creation of his intellect and not of his complete moral personality. By this device the people which loves freedom perpetuates slavery in a large portion of the world with the comfortable feeling of pride in having done its duty; men who are naturally just can be cruelly unjust both in their act and their thought, accompanied by

a feeling that they are helping the world to receive its deserts; men who are honest can blindly go on robbing others of their human rights for self-aggrandizement, all the while abusing the deprived for not deserving better treatment. We have seen in our everyday life even small organizations of business and profession produce callousness of feeling in men who are not naturally bad, and we can well imagine what a moral havoc it is causing in a world where whole peoples are furiously organizing themselves for gaining wealth and power.

Nationalism is a great menace. It is the particular thing which for years has been at the bottom of India's troubles. And inasmuch as we have been ruled and dominated by a nation that is strictly political in its attitude, we have tried to develop within ourselves, despite our inheritance from the past, a belief in our eventual political destiny.

There are different parties in India, with different ideals. Some are struggling for political independence. Others think that the time has not arrived for that, and yet believe that India should have the rights that the English colonies have. They wish to gain autonomy as far as possible.

In the beginning of the history of political agitation in India there was not the conflict between parties which there is today. At that time there was a party known as the Indian Congress;[2] they had no real programme. They had a few grievances for redress by the authorities. They wanted larger representation in the Council House, and more freedom in Municipal Government. They wanted scraps of things, but they had no constructive ideal. Therefore I was lacking in enthusiasm for their methods. It was my conviction that what India most needed was constructive work coming from within herself. In this work we must take all risks and go on doing the duties which by right are ours, though in the teeth of persecution, winning moral

victory at every step, by our failure and suffering. We must show those who are over us that we have in ourselves the strength of moral power, the power to suffer for truth. Where we have nothing to show, we have only to beg. It would be mischievous if the gifts we wish for were granted to us at once, and I have told my countrymen, time and again, to combine for the work of creating opportunities to give vent to our spirit of self-sacrifice, and not for the purpose of begging.

The party, however, lost power because the people soon came to realize how futile was the half policy adopted by them. The party split,[3] and there arrived the Extremists, who advocated independence of action, and discarded the begging method — the easiest method of relieving one's mind from his responsibility towards his country. Their ideals were based on western history. They had no sympathy with the special problems of India. They did not recognize the patent fact that there were causes in our social organization which made the Indian incapable of coping with the alien. What should we do if, for any reason, England was driven away? We should simply be victims for other nations. The same social weaknesses would prevail. The thing we in India have to think of is this: to remove those social customs and ideals which have generated a want of self-respect and a complete dependence on those above us — a state of affairs which has been brought about entirely by the domination in India of the caste system, and the blind and lazy habit of relying upon the authority of traditions that are incongruous anachronisms in the present age.

Once again I draw your attention to the difficulties India has had to encounter and her struggle to overcome them. Her problem was the problem of the world in miniature. India is too vast in its area and too diverse in its races. It is many countries packed in one geographical receptacle. It is just the

opposite of what Europe truly is; namely, one country made into many. Thus Europe in its culture and growth has had the advantage of the strength of the many as well as the strength of the one. India, on the contrary, being naturally many, yet adventitiously one, has all along suffered from the looseness of its diversity and the feebleness of its unity. A true unity is like a round globe; it rolls on, carrying its burden easily. But diversity is a many-cornered thing which has to be dragged and pushed with all force. Be it said to the credit of India that this diversity was not her own creation; she has had to accept it as a fact from the beginning of her history. In America and Australia, Europe has simplified her problem by almost exterminating the original population. Even in the present age this spirit of extermination is making itself manifest, in the inhospitable shutting out of aliens, by those who themselves were aliens in the lands they now occupy. But India tolerated difference of races from the first, and that spirit of toleration has acted all through her history.

Her caste system is the outcome of this spirit of toleration. For India has all along been trying experiments in evolving a social unity within which all the different peoples could be held together, while fully enjoying the freedom of maintaining their own differences. The tie has been as loose as possible, yet as close as the circumstances permitted. This has produced something like a United States of a social federation, whose common name is Hinduism.

India had felt that diversity of races there must be and should be, whatever may be its drawbacks, and you can never coerce nature into your narrow limits of convenience without paying one day very dearly for it. In this India was right; but what she failed to realize was that in human beings differences are not like the physical barriers of mountains, fixed for ever — they are fluid with life's flow, they are changing their courses and their shapes and volumes.

Therefore in her caste regulations India recognized differences, but not the mutability which is the law of life. In trying to avoid collisions she set up boundaries of immovable walls, thus giving to her numerous races the negative benefit of peace and order but not the positive opportunity of expansion and movement. She accepted nature where it produces diversity, but ignored it where it uses that diversity for its world-game of infinite permutations and combinations. She treated life in all truth where it is manifold, but insulted it where it is ever moving. Therefore Life departed from her social system and in its place she is worshipping with all ceremony the magnificent cage of countless compartments that she has manufactured.

The same thing happened where she tried to ward off the collisions of trade interests. She associated different trades and professions with different castes. This had the effect of allaying for good the interminable jealousy and hatred of competition — the competition which breeds cruelty and makes the atmosphere thick with lies and deception. In this also India laid all her emphasis upon the law of heredity, ignoring the law of mutation, and thus gradually reduced arts into crafts and genius into skill.

However, what western observers fail to discern is that in her caste system India in all seriousness accepted her responsibility to solve the race problem in such a manner as to avoid all friction, and yet to afford each race freedom within its boundaries. Let us admit India has not in this achieved a full measure of success. But this you must also concede: that the West, being more favourably situated as to homogeneity of races, has never given her attention to this problem, and whenever confronted with it she has tried to make it easy by ignoring it altogether. And this is the source of her anti-Asiatic agitations for depriving aliens of their right to earn their honest living on these shores. In most of your colonies you only admit them on condition

of their accepting the menial positions of hewers of wood and drawers of water. Either you shut your doors against the aliens or reduce them into slavery. And this is your solution to the problem of race-conflict. Whatever may be its merits you will have to admit that it does not spring from the higher impulses of civilization, but from the lower passions of greed and hatred. You say this is human nature — and India also thought she knew human nature when she strongly barricaded her race distinctions by the fixed barriers of social gradations. But we have found out to our cost that human nature is not what it seems, but what it is in truth, which is in its infinite possibilities. And when we in our blindness insult humanity for its ragged appearance it sheds its disguise to disclose to us that we have insulted our God. The degradation which we cast upon others in our pride or self-interest degrades our own humanity — and this is the punishment which is most terrible, because we do not detect it till it is too late.

Not only in your relation with aliens but with the different sections of your own society you have not achieved harmony of reconciliation. The spirit of conflict and competition is allowed the full freedom of its reckless career. And because its genesis is the greed of wealth and power it can never come to any other end but to a violent death. In India the production of commodities was brought under the law of social adjustments. Its basis was co-operation, having for its object the perfect satisfaction of social needs. But in the West it is guided by the impulse of competition, whose end is the gain of wealth for individuals. But the individual is like the geometrical line; it is length without breadth. It has not got the depth to be able to hold anything permanently. Therefore its greed or gain can never come to finality. In its lengthening process of growth it can cross other lines and cause entanglements, but will ever go on missing the ideal of completeness in its thinness of isolation.

In all our physical appetites we recognize a limit. We know that to exceed that limit is to exceed the limit of health. But has this lust for wealth and power no bounds beyond which is death's dominion? In these national carnivals of materialism are not the western peoples spending most of their vital energy in merely producing things and neglecting the creation of ideals? And can a civilization ignore the law of moral health and go on in its endless process of inflation by gorging upon material things? Man in his social ideals naturally tries to regulate his appetites, subordinating them to the higher purpose of his nature. But in the economic world our appetites follow no other restrictions but those of supply and demand which can be artificially fostered, affording individuals opportunities for indulgence in an endless feast of grossness. In India our social instincts imposed restrictions upon our appetites — maybe it went to the extreme of repression — but in the West the spirit of economic organization with no moral purpose goads the people into the perpetual pursuit of wealth; but has this no wholesome limit?

The ideals that strive to take form in social institutions have two objects. One is to regulate our passions and appetites for the harmonious development of man, and the other is to help him to cultivate disinterested love for his fellow-creatures. Therefore society is the expression of those moral and spiritual aspirations of man which belong to his higher nature.

Our food is creative, it builds our body; but not so wine, which stimulates. Our social ideals create the human world, but when our mind is diverted from them to greed of power then in that state of intoxication we live in a world of abnormality where our strength is not health and our liberty is not freedom. Therefore political freedom does not give us freedom when our mind is not free. An automobile does not create freedom of movement, because it is a mere machine. When I myself am free I can use the automobile

for the purpose of my freedom.

We must never forget in the present day that those people who have got their political freedom are not necessarily free; they are merely powerful. The passions which are unbridled in them are creating huge organizations of slavery in the disguise of freedom. Those who have made the gain of money their highest end are unconsciously selling their life and soul to rich persons or to the combinations that represent money. Those who are enamoured of their political power and gloat over their extension of dominion over foreign races gradually surrender their own freedom and humanity to the organizations necessary for holding other peoples in slavery. In the so-called free countries the majority of the people are not free; they are driven by the minority to a goal which is not even known to them. This becomes possible only because people do not acknowledge moral and spiritual freedom as their object. They create huge eddies with their passions, and they feel dizzily inebriated with the mere velocity of their whirling movement, taking that to be freedom. But the doom which is waiting to overtake them is as certain as death — for man's truth is moral truth and his emancipation is in the spiritual life.

The general opinion of the majority of the present-day nationalists in India is that we have come to a final completeness in our social and spiritual ideals, the task of the constructive work of society having been done several thousand years before we were born, and that now we are free to employ all our activities in the political direction. We never dream of blaming our social inadequacy as the origin of our present helplessness, for we have accepted as the creed of our nationalism that this social system has been perfected for all time to come by our ancestors, who had the superhuman vision of all eternity and supernatural power for making infinite provision for future ages.

Therefore, for all our miseries and shortcomings, we hold responsible the historical surprises that burst upon us from outside. This is the reason why we think that our one task is to build a political miracle of freedom upon the quicksand of social slavery. In fact we want to dam up the true course of our own historical stream, and only borrow power from the sources of other peoples' history.

Those of us in India who have come under the delusion that mere political freedom will make us free have accepted their lessons from the West as the gospel truth and lost their faith in humanity. We must remember that whatever weakness we cherish in our society will become the source of danger in politics. The same inertia which leads us to our idolatry of dead forms in social institutions will create in our politics prison-houses with immovable walls. The narrowness of sympathy which makes it possible for us to impose upon a considerable portion of humanity the galling yoke of inferiority will assert itself in our politics in creating the tyranny of injustice.

When our nationalists talk about ideals they forget that the basis of nationalism is wanting. The very people who are upholding these ideals are themselves the most conservative in their social practice. Nationalists say, for example: look at Switzerland where, in spite of race differences, the people have solidified into a nation. Yet, remember that in Switzerland the races can mingle, they can intermarry, because they are of the same blood. In India there is no common birthright. And when we talk of western nationality we forget that the nations there do not have that physical repulsion, one for the other, that we have between different castes. Have we an instance in the whole world where a people who are not allowed to mingle their blood shed their blood for one another except by coercion or for mercenary purposes? And can we ever hope that these moral barriers against our race

amalgamation will not stand in the way of our political unity?

Then again we must give full recognition to this fact that our social restrictions are still tyrannical, so much so as to make men cowards. If a man tells me that he has heterodox ideas, but that he cannot follow them because he would be socially ostracized, I excuse him for having to live a life of untruth, in order to live at all. The social habit of mind which impels us to make the life of our fellow-beings a burden to them where they differ from us even in such a thing as their choice of food, is sure to persist in our political organization and result in creating engines of coercion to crush every rational difference which is the sign of life. And tyranny will only add to the inevitable lies and hypocrisy in our political life. Is the mere name of freedom so valuable that we should be willing to sacrifice for its sake our moral freedom?

The intemperance of our habits does not immediately show its effects when we are in the vigour of our youth. But it gradually consumes that vigour, and when the period of decline sets in then we have to settle accounts and pay off our debts, which leads us to insolvency. In the West you are still able to carry your head high, though your humanity is suffering every moment from its dipsomania of organizing power. India also in the heyday of her youth could carry in her vital organs the dead weight of her social organizations stiffened to rigid perfection, but it has been fatal to her, and has produced a gradual paralysis of her living nature. And this is the reason why the educated community of India has become insensible of her social needs. They are taking the very immobility of our social structures as the sign of their perfection — and because the healthy feeling of pain is dead in the limbs of our social organism they delude themselves into thinking that it needs no ministration. Therefore they think that all their energies need their

only scope in the political field. It is like a man whose legs have become shrivelled and useless, trying to delude himself that these limbs have grown still because they have attained their ultimate salvation, and all that is wrong about him is the shortness of his sticks.

So much for the social and the political regeneration of India. Now we come to her industries, and I am very often asked whether there is in India any industrial regeneration since the advent of the British government. It must be remembered that at the beginning of the British rule in India our industries were suppressed, and since then we have not met with any real help or encouragement to enable us to make a stand against the monster commercial organizations of the world. The nations have decreed that we must remain purely an agricultural people, even forgetting the use of arms for all time to come. Thus India is being turned into so many predigested morsels of food ready to be swallowed at any moment by any nation which has even the most rudimentary set of teeth in its head.

India therefore has very little outlet for her industrial originality. I personally do not believe in the unwieldy organizations of the present day. The very fact that they are ugly shows that they are in discordance with the whole creation. The vast powers of nature do not reveal their truth in hideousness, but in beauty. Beauty is the signature which the Creator stamps upon His works when He is satisfied with them. All our products that insolently ignore the laws of perfection and are unashamed in their display of ungainliness bear the perpetual weight of God's displeasure. So far as your commerce lacks the dignity of grace it is untrue. Beauty and her twin brother Truth require leisure and self-control for their growth. But the greed of gain has no time or limit to its capaciousness. Its one object is to produce and consume. It has pity neither for beautiful nature nor for living human beings.

It is ruthlessly ready without a moment's hesitation to crush beauty and life out of them, moulding them into money. It is this ugly vulgarity of commerce which brought upon it the censure of contempt in our earlier days, when men had leisure to have an unclouded vision of perfection in humanity. Men in those times were rightly ashamed of the instinct of mere money-making. But in this scientific age money, by its very abnormal bulk, has won its throne. And when from its eminence of piled-up things it insults the higher instincts of man, banishing beauty and noble sentiments from its surroundings, we submit. For we in our meanness have accepted bribes from its hands and our imagination has grovelled in the dust before its immensity of flesh.

But its very unwieldiness and its endless complexities are its true signs of failure. The swimmer who is an expert does not exhibit his muscular force by violent movements, but exhibits some power which is invisible and which shows itself in perfect grace and reposefulness. The true distinction of man from animals is in his power and worth which are inner and invisible. But the present-day commercial civilization of man is not only taking too much time and space but killing time and space. Its movements are violent; its noise is discordantly loud. It is carrying its own damnation because it is trampling into distortion the humanity upon which it stands. It is strenuously turning out money at the cost of happiness. Man is reducing himself to his minimum in order to be able to make amplest room for his organizations. He is deriding his human sentiments into shame because they are apt to stand in the way of his machines.

In our mythology we have the legend that the man who performs penances for attaining immortality has to meet with temptations sent by Indra, the Lord of the Immortals. If he is lured by them he is lost. The West has been striving for centuries after its goal of immortality. Indra has sent her

the temptation to try her. It is the gorgeous temptation of wealth. She has accepted it, and her civilization of humanity has lost its path in the wilderness of machinery.

This commercialism with its barbarity of ugly decorations is a terrible menace to all humanity, because it is setting up the ideal of power over that of perfection. It is making the cult of self-seeking exult in its naked shamelessness. Our nerves are more delicate than our muscles. Things that are the most precious in us are helpless as babes when we take away from them the careful protection which they claim from us for their very preciousness. Therefore, when the callous rudeness of power runs amuck in the broadway of humanity it scares away by its grossness the ideals which we have cherished with the martyrdom of centuries.

The temptation which is fatal for the strong is still more so for the weak. And I do not welcome it in our Indian life, even though it be sent by the Lord of the Immortals. Let our life be simple in its outer aspect and rich in its inner gain. Let our civilization take its firm stand upon its basis of social co-operation and not upon that of economic exploitation and conflict. How to do it in the teeth of the drainage of our lifeblood by the economic dragons is the task set before the thinkers of all oriental nations who have faith in the human soul. It is a sign of laziness and impotency to accept conditions imposed upon us by others who have other ideals than ours. We should actively try to adapt the world powers to guide our history to its own perfect end.

From the above you will know that I am not an economist. I am willing to acknowledge that there is a law of demand and supply and an infatuation of man for more things than are good for him. And yet I will persist in believing that there is such a thing as the harmony of completeness in humanity, where poverty does not take away his riches, where defeat may

lead him to victory, death to immortality, and where in the compensation of Eternal Justice those who are the last may yet have their insult transmuted into a golden triumph.

注释

〔1〕Nanak (1469-1533), Kabir (1440-1518), Chaitanya (1485-1533).

〔2〕The Indian National Congress was founded in 1885.

〔3〕In 1907, at the annual session of the Indian National Congress, held at Surat.

GREAT IDEAS

伟大的思想

第3辑

中国出版集团
中译出版社

17 论世间苦难 [德]阿图尔·叔本华 著 刘彤 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

18 天才，舍我其谁 [德]弗里德里希·尼采 著 阎沛衡 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

19 会饮篇 [古希腊]柏拉图 著 孙平华 储春艳 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

20 西西弗斯神话 [法]阿尔贝·加缪 著 张清 刘凌飞 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

21 实现卓越 [意]巴达萨尔·卡斯蒂廖内 著 辛衍君 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

22 道法自然 [春秋]庄子 著 王相峰 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

23 人类理解论 [英]约翰·洛克 著 孙平华 韩宁 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

24 淑女之城 [法]克里斯蒂娜·德·皮桑 著 钟婧 译 中国出版集团 中译出版社

目录

ON THE SUFFERING OF THE WORLD

论世间苦难

［德］阿图尔·叔本华　著

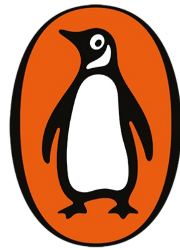
刘彤　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

论世间苦难

（德）阿图尔·叔本华/著

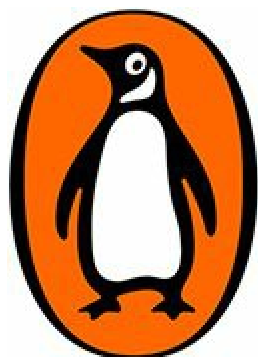
刘彤/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

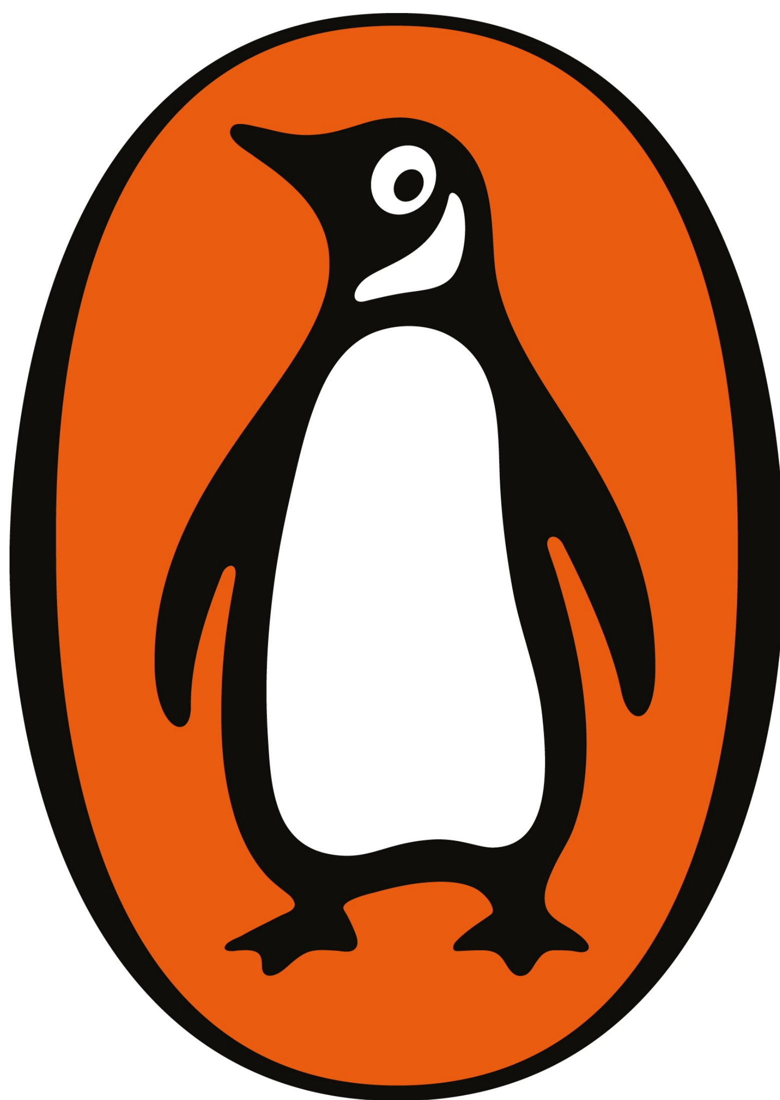
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
Parerga and Paralipomena first published 1850
First published in Penguin Classics as Essays and Aphorisms 1970
This selection first published in Penguin Books 2004

Taken from the Penguin Classics editions of Essays and Aphorisms, translated
and introduced by R.J. Hollingdale
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

亚瑟·叔本华（1788—1860）是一位以无神论和悲观主义闻名于世的德国哲学家，是整个西方哲学传统中最杰出的悲观主义者。叔本华赞成一种否定欲望的生活方式，他认为，情感、身体和性欲都会带来痛苦。他的这种悲观哲思影响了许多思想家，其中包括尼采、维特根斯坦、爱因斯坦和弗洛伊德。

在《论世间苦难》中，叔本华称，如果我们生活的直接目的并非受苦，那我们的存在就是世界上与其目的最不相符的东西。换句话说，痛苦和不幸是生活惯例，而非特例。

就像时间只有在我们感到无聊时，才会停滞，仿佛河央戏水的孩童，欢乐的时光总是如风般匆匆而逝，可一旦被关进小书房里，哪怕是片刻橙黄的午后——听梧桐叶间的蝉声，看书桌上的黄纸黑字——也是难以打发和消磨的。

我们大部分时间都在工作、担心和痛苦，成了机械生物，麻木、茫然。可承受痛苦并不可怕，可怕的是人感受不到痛苦的侵扰，就好像瘫痪的双肢，哪怕被碾成齑粉，也不知道痛苦的存在，也看不到一丝反抗的生机。但即使所有愿望都得到满足，也会感到无聊或者想要自杀。这就是精神之苦难。

如果我们与年轻时的好友重逢，过去时光犹在眼前，那相见时，两人心中涌起的最强烈的感觉就是对人生的彻底失望。因为，在青春岁月玫瑰色的黎明下，人生曾多么美好，它曾许诺很多，如今却鲜少兑现。

面对这些苦难，叔本华认为，要有效地指引我们生活的方向，最有

效的是调整自己，把世界当作赎罪之所，流放之地。这种生活观有一个好处：我们不会再惊讶地或愤慨地看待同胞的缺点与弊病。因为我们始终记住自我的位置，始终把生存着的每个人看作是罪孽的产物，被生下来是一种罪孽，而每个人的生活都是对这种罪孽的补偿与救赎。

生命迁流不定，万物变动不居，如此世间，幸福不值一想。我们的存在仅停留在短暂的现在，此外别无所依。世界本不该存在，因而人也不该存在。这些看似悲观的理论背后却隐藏着深刻的人生要义。叔本华的这种论调教会人们看清世界和他人，铭记一生的要事：宽容、耐心、尊重与悲悯，这些是我们每个人都需要也应当给予的。

书中有关现时的论述十分精彩。叔本华将现时同人生过程与目的捆绑，称大多数人回首一生时都会发现，自己一直活在过渡状态，即活在现时，而现时是暂时的，只是通往目的的途径。我们一生都在追求，但实则终其一生一无所获，因为所求之物一旦获得即觉空虚。目标一旦实现，愉悦随即消失。面对这样的问题，我们首先要认识到生命图景的本质，在叔本华看来它"犹如胡乱拼凑的图画，近看粗陋，要想显得美，只能远观"。叔本华用其惯用的悲观论调告诫人们"应尽力把生活看成一个泡影，一个幻灭的过程"。

所谓苦难，不过我们意志导向之必然，因为"随顺己愿的，我们从不注意或觉察"，也就是说，当我们注意和觉察时，我们的意志必先遭遇了某种挫折，经历了某种震惊。叔本华用他的方式还原了世间苦难的本质。

梁美令

随笔集

论世间苦难

1

如果我们生活的直接目的并非受苦，那我们的存在就是世界上与其目的最不相符的东西。世间充斥痛苦，欲求产生痛苦，这样如影随形、无穷无尽的悲苦困窘竟然毫无意义、纯属偶然，这样的设想未免荒谬。的确，个别的不幸是偶发事件，但不幸就总体而言却是定则。

2

正如一条平缓流动、无所遮拦的河，随顺己愿的，我们从不注意或觉察，这是人和动物的天性；若我们需注意到什么，那么我们的意志必先遭遇挫折，必先经历某种震惊。反之，举凡与意志相违、相妨、相抗，即一切不快不幸之事，总是立刻引起我们的重视，清楚直接。周身无恙，我们了无所知；但当方寸之躯被鞋夹痛，我们不去想整体的成功，反倒只想细枝末节，或那些不断激扰我们的事物。有鉴于此，我常要人注意：安乐幸福是否定性的概念，痛苦则是肯定性的概念。

因此，几乎所有形而上学都把恶解释成某种否定性的东西，这是我了解到的最荒谬之事。因为恶恰恰是肯定性的，是不言自明的；而善，即幸福安乐，则是否定性的，无非是欲的停止或痛苦的消除。

另一个证据是：通常我们感觉，快乐并不像我们所向往的那样强烈，而痛苦要比预料的强烈得多。

有人宣称，世间快乐多于痛苦，或两者至少相抵。欲验其真伪，可

作一简单比较：一只动物正大嚼猎物，则食肉者与被食者的感受孰强孰弱？

3

每有悲苦不幸，最有效的安慰即是观察他人之不幸尤甚于我，此法人人可行。但就人类整体的不幸而言，这又有什么意义？

历史向我们展现了列国的存亡，但除战争与骚乱以外别无可述，和平年代只是偶尔出现的短暂间隙和插曲。同样，个体的生命也是无休止的斗争，不仅是与譬喻意义上的欲求和无聊的斗争，更是与他人实实在在的斗争。环顾皆是敌人，争斗永无止息，他至死仍剑不离手。

4

在纠缠我们的种种苦恼中，时间的逼迫是重要的一个。时间从不容我们喘息片刻，而是执鞭追赶，有如监工。除非我们被交付给无聊，否则时间不会停止迫害。

5

若无大气压力，我们的身体就会炸为碎片。同样，我们的生活若无欲求、劳役、灾祸和挫败的压迫，人的自大心理也会膨胀，即便不会爆炸，也会发展为最放肆的愚蠢，乃至疯狂。甚至可以说，我们时刻需要一些烦恼、悲伤或欲求，正如船只需要压舱的货物使之直线前进。

苦扰悲辛确是贯穿几乎所有人生活的运命。然而，如果一有欲望即能满足，问题便会随之而来：人该如何填补生活，该如何打发时间？设想一下：人类迁移到某个世外桃源，那里万物自由生长，烤熟的火鸡飞来飞去，相爱的人一眼就找到对方，并安安稳稳长相厮守，那么，一些人会无聊至死或者上吊自杀，一些人会挑起争斗，互相杀戮，这样他们

就会人为地制造苦难，比大自然施加给我们的苦难更多。因此对于这样一个物种来说，现有的生存状态和生存形式再合适不过了。

6

如上文重申，满足和安乐是否定性的，而苦难是肯定性的，因此，衡量一种生活幸福与否，不应根据其中的快乐和满足有多多，而应根据肯定性因素即苦难有多少。虽然如此，动物的命运要比人的命运更可忍受。让我们对两者略加详查。

不管人类的苦乐形式如何多样，如何引诱人们舍此逐彼，苦乐的物质基础都是肉体的快感和痛苦。这一基础范围很窄，包括拥有或没有健康、食物、不受寒冷和潮湿侵袭的环境，以及性欲的满足。所以，人并不比动物享有更多的肉体快感，只不过是他更加发达的神经系统强化了每一种快感，如同强化每一种痛感一样。他心中涌起的情感要比动物强烈多少倍，他的激情要比动物深刻浓烈多少倍，根本无法相提并论！而最终他得到的无非是同样的东西：健康、食物、栖身之所，诸如此类。

之所以如此，最重要的原因是，因为顾及未有的和未来的，他的一切都得到了极大的强化，这实际上是烦恼、恐惧和希望的根源。这些情绪一旦激起，对人的影响就会远远大于当下的实际苦乐——动物的感官即仅限于此。由于缺少反思能力，在动物身上不会像人那样，快乐和悲伤通过记忆和预期累积起来。在动物那里，当下的痛苦不管重复多少次，都和最初时一样——痛苦不会累加。因此，动物所特有的沉着和冷漠令人羡慕。而在人那里，从那些与动物相同的苦乐因素中，产生了感官对幸福和苦楚的强化。这种强化能让幸福瞬间达到极致，有时足以致人死命，也能把苦楚引向生不如死的绝望。更进一步考虑，事实情况是，最初人的需求并不比动物的需求更难满足，但人刻意地去强化自己的需求以强化其快乐，这样才有了奢侈品、甜点、烟草、鸦片、酒、服饰及相关的一切。在此之上，同样由于反思，又加入了一种先是引起快

乐、后又招致痛苦、为他所独有的东西，他对此痴迷不已，远远超过此外的一切。这种东西就是野心及荣辱感，简言之，他会思考别人眼中自己的形象。这个形象表现不一，往往千奇百怪，超越肉体的苦乐，成为他一切努力的目标。的确，他比动物更能享受智力的乐趣。这些乐趣程度不一，从简单的玩笑和交谈到思维的最高成就。但与此相抵消的是，无聊与痛苦相伴而行。动物不知无聊为何物，至少自然状态的动物是如此，极为聪明的驯养动物对无聊也只略知一二；但对人类来说，无聊却堪称苦刑。欲求和无聊确是人生的两极。最后还要提到的是，人的性欲满足局限在很偏执的对象上，有时强化成热烈的爱情。因此对人来说，性带来的欢乐很短暂，痛苦却很漫长。

令人惊异的是，仅仅有了动物没有的思想，人本该在动物同样具有的简单的苦与乐基础上，建构起深广得多的幸福和不幸，本该任由强烈的情绪、激情和战栗印在他脸上，留下长存的皱纹，但事实却是，他能得到的动物也能得到，而动物付出的情感代价要小得无法与之相比。不过，因为有了思想，人的痛苦程度远大于快乐。人真正懂得死亡是怎么回事，这更极大地加剧了痛苦，而动物并不真正懂得死亡的意义，所以死亡从不在其视野之内，而不像人类那样总是想着死，因此只是本能地逃避死亡。

动物对活着本身要比人类知足得多，植物则完全如此，而人的知足程度取决于他的无聊程度和麻木程度。故此，动物的生命较之人类，包含更少的痛苦，也包含更少的欢乐。直接原因是：一方面，动物不受烦恼和忧虑的影响，也没有随之产生的种种折磨；另一方面，动物没有希望，也就没有对美好未来的憧憬，以及相伴而生的想象力的蛊惑——这些都是极苦和至乐之源。动物不去希望也从不忧虑，因为它们的意识局限在清楚直接的东西之上，因此也就局限在现在——动物是现时的化身。不过正因为如此，动物在无忧无虑安享现时这一方面与我们相比堪称真正的睿智。它们身上这种突出的沉静让常常骚动不满的我们羞愧不

己。

7

如果上述讨论证明，人的一生比动物更为痛苦，是因为他们的认知能力更强，那我们现在可以进而推求更普遍的规律，从而形成更为全面的见解。

知识本身是永远没有痛苦的。痛苦只对意志产生作用，存在于意志的受阻、受妨或受挫。不过，意志的受挫若被感知为痛苦，必有认识相伴而行。这就是为什么连生理痛苦也总是受制于神经及其与大脑的连接，因此如果连接肢体与大脑的神经被切断，或大脑本身受到氯仿的毒害而失去活力，那么肢体受伤也不会被感觉到。精神痛苦受认识影响自不待言，痛苦随认识程度而加深也显而易见。这样我们就可以打一个比方形容整个关系：意志是琴弦，意志受挫或受妨是琴弦的振动，认识是共鸣板，痛苦则是发出的声音。

这意味着不止无机物不能感知痛苦，植物也是如此，不管遭受多少挫折。另外，所有动物，包括纤毛虫，都会体验到痛苦。这是因为动物的本质特点是认识，无论认识多么不完善。动物的生命每高一等，痛苦就相应增加一级。但即便是最高级的动物也不可能感知人所感知的痛苦，因为即使是最高级的动物也没有思想和观念。不错，痛苦的强度达到顶点时，也可能用理性否定意志——若非如此，那将毫无意义，残忍至极。

8

弱冠之时，我们坐在未来的人生前，如同孩子坐在戏院的幕布前，对将要发生的一切满怀欣喜，充满期待。幸而我们并不知道上演的究竟会是什么。因为对知道的人来说，孩子有时就像蒙冤的罪犯，被判处的

不是死刑，而是终身监禁，而他们对刑罚的内容还毫无察觉。虽然如此，每个人都渴望活到老年，到那时候他就可以说："今天很糟，还会一天天糟下去，直到最后糟得不可救药。"

9

若有可能，想象一下阳光普照之处的一切困窘、痛苦和磨难，你就会承认，假如太阳为地球带来的生命迹象像月球那样少，地球和月球一样还处在结晶状态，那情况将要好得多。

你也可将我们的生命视为一段不和谐的插曲，打乱了天赐的虚无宁静。无论何时何地，即便是认为生活尚可忍受的人，活得越久，越会清楚地了解，生活就整体而言是一个挫败，不，是一场骗局。如果年轻时的好友多年后重逢，过去时光犹在眼前，那相见时两人心中涌起的最强烈的感觉就是对人生彻底的失望。在青春岁月玫瑰色的黎明里，人生曾显得那么美好，它许诺的那么多，兑现的又那么少。这种感觉会牢牢地抓住他们，以致他们甚至觉得不值一提，只是默默地将它作为谈话的基调。

若生殖行为不是欲望的产物，也不伴随快感，而是一件纯由理性决定的事情，人类是否还会继续存在？我们每个人是否会对未来一代充满悲悯，乃至宁愿让他们不至背负生活的重担，或希望至少不是自己将重担无情地压在下一代身上？

因为世界是地狱，人一方面是受苦的灵魂，另一方面又是地狱里的魔鬼。

据说梵天因忽然堕落或因错误而创造世界，为赎清此罪恶或错误，不得不存于世界当中，直到他将自身从世界中解救出去。说得非常好！依佛教之言，涅槃状态胜妙谌然，长久宁静之后，不知何故受到染污，

世界由此生成。因此，世界起源出于定数，这一点应主要从道德意义上理解——虽然物质世界的起源与此完全相同，太古时期不知何故产生雾带，太阳由此产生。尽管如此，因为世界由罪而成，所以物质世界不断变坏，直至今日这可悲的境地。说得妙极了！对希腊人来说，世界及诸神受造于不可解的必然性，这聊备一说。阿胡拉·玛兹达与安格拉·曼纽[1]征战不断，这也值得思考一下。但像耶和华这样的神主动自愿地创造这样一个充满欲望和苦痛的世界，甚而以此为荣，称此为善，这就未免让人难以接受了。

即便莱布尼茨的论证是对的，在所有可能产生的世界中，现在的世界是最好的，这仍旧不能证明神爱世人。因为造物主不仅创造世界，也创造了可能性本身，因此他本可以创造出更好的世界。

不过总的说来，世界是一个至慧、至善且有至高权能的存在的成功之作，这个观点会遭到两个事实的大声反对：世界充满苦难，并且世界上最高级的物种——人——明显是不完美的，人实则是怪诞的漫画人物。这是一种无法解决的矛盾。恰恰相反，正是这些事例支持我们刚才说的，证明我们对世界的看法是正确的：世界是我们自身罪恶的产物，因此最好压根就不存在。根据上述的推理，这些实例成了对造物主的有力控诉，为愤世嫉俗提供了素材。而根据我们的推理，这些实例成了对我们自己本性和意志的控诉，并集合起来教会我们谦卑。因为这些事例引导我们达到这样一个观点：我们就像浪荡儿所生的孩子，来到世界上已负罪累累，正因为我们必须不断赎清此罪，我们的存在才会这样卑微，存在的终点才会是死亡。总的说来，正是世间之罪导致了多种多样、深重难耐的世间之苦，这一点再明确不过，此处所说不是物质—经验的联系，而是形而上的联系。亚当夏娃堕落的故事因此是唯一能让我接受《旧约》的东西，我甚至认为这是《旧约》中唯一的形而上的真实，尽管它披着寓言的外衣——因为我们的存在最像是恶行的苦果，对禁忌之欲的惩罚。

要有效地指引我们的生活方向，最有用的是调整自己，把世界当作赎罪之所，流放之地。这样做，你就会根据事物的本质规范自己的期望，充分了解到我们每个人都在此间为自己的存在而受罚，每个人都有自己的受罚方式，而不再把生活中的苦痛祸乱当作不正常的东西而希望它们并不存在，而是觉得它们都是适当、合理的。这样的观点能让我们不惊奇，当然也不再愤慨地看待大多数人所谓的弊端，如道德和智力的缺点，以及由此表现出来的现象——因为我们应该时刻记住我们的位置，并由此首先把生存着的每个人看作罪孽的产物，被生下来是一种罪孽，每个人的生活都是对这种罪孽的补偿。

相信世界本不该存在，因而人也不该存在，这事实上会教会我们彼此宽容：置身我们这样的处境，又能对他人作何希求？因此真该考虑一下，人们见面时的问候不应该是“先生”，而应是“同病相怜的兄弟”。这听起来虽很古怪，但切合现实，让我们看清他人，提醒我们最必要之事：宽容、耐心、忍耐和慈悲，这些是我们每个人都需要也都应当给予的。

论存在之虚无

1

存在的虚无体现在存在的整体形式上：时空无际，时空中的个体却有穷；现时稍纵即逝，却是现实性的唯一体现；偶然性和相对性存在于万事万物；永远都在趋近，却永远无法到达；永远都在欲求，却永远无法满足；人生的奋斗总是遭遇挫败。生存意志本如自在之物长存不坏，但时间使得其间的万物短暂易朽，生存意志发现的只是奋斗的徒劳。赖时间之故，万物在我们手中化为乌有，丧失一切真正价值，这就是时间。

2

不再存在的和未曾存在的一样，几乎算不上存在，但将在下一刻存在的必定曾经存在，因此，最重要的现时要比最重要的过去更具现实性，前者与后者的关系乃是有与无的关系。

令我们吃惊的是，在不曾存在无数世代以后，我们突然存在了，片刻之后，我们又将不复存在无数世代。事情不应该是这样，心灵这样说。即便蒙昧之人想到这里也会希望，时间不过是一种观念。不过，时间和空间一样，是所有真正的形而上学的关键，因为它容许一种与自然秩序截然不同的事物秩序。这正是康德的伟大之处。

我们生命中的每一刻只短暂地属于当下，然后就永远地归于过去。一到傍晚，我们就又少了一天。若不是我们在生命的最深处隐隐感到：我们分得了不竭的永恒之泉，从中我们总能获取新的生命、新的时间，那么，眼见短促的生命一潮一潮退去，我们几乎会发狂。

你的确可以认同这样的说法：最高的智慧是享受现时，并以此为生活的目标，因为现时是唯一真实的，其他一切都是假象。但你也可以将这种生活方式称为最大的愚蠢，因为现时转瞬即逝，像梦一样消失无踪，不值得为此大费周章。

3

我们的存在仅停留在短暂的现在，此外别无所依。因此，存在的本质形式是无休止的动荡，我们不断寻求的安宁无从获得——就像一个人跑步下山，停下脚步就会跌倒，要保持不倒只能跑个不停；或像在指尖保持平衡的杆木；或像一颗行星，若不再拼命向前疾奔，就会跌入太阳。生命的特点就是这样迁流不定。

如此世间，稳定恒常了不可得，万物变动不居，混乱不堪，只能大

步向前，才不会从高空吊索上坠落。如此世间，幸福不值一想。在这个只有柏拉图所谓“永远趋近，永远无法到达”的地方，幸福没有安身之所。首先，每个人都不幸福，用一生时间苦苦追寻心目中的幸福却很少得到，即便得到也会失望。然而，他照例终归会驶入港口，船倾桅折。其次，生命仅是一连串的短促现时，现在又已到尽头，幸与不幸没有区别。

4

我们生命的图景犹如胡乱拼凑的图画，近看粗陋，要想显得美，只能远观。这就是为什么所求之物一旦获得即觉空虚，这就是为什么尽管我们一生都在希求更好的事物，同时也经常对过去恋恋不舍。相反，现时被认为是暂时的，只是通往目的的途径。因此，大多数人回首一生时都会发现，自己一直活在过渡状态，他们吃惊地看到，他们放手的正是自己的生命，正是他们生活中期望的东西。

5

生命首先表现为一个任务，保有自身的任务，即糊口。若此任务完成，所得的便成了负担，于是有了第二个任务：做些什么，以赶走猎禽般盘旋在安定生活之上的无聊。于是，第一个任务是得到什么，第二个任务是忘记所得的，否则所得的便成了负担。

人的生命必是一个错误，这只需略加考察即可证明。人是各种难以满足的需求的集合体，需求的满足别无他物，只是无痛苦的状态，人被无聊所占据；无聊直接证明：存在本身没有价值，因为无聊无非是对存在之虚无的感受。如果生命，以欲求为我们本性和存在的生命，本具正面价值和真正内涵，便不会有无聊一事，存在本身即能令我们完整和满足。实际情况却是，我们从存在本身中并不能获得乐趣，除非我们在追求什么，这样由于遥不可及、困难重重，我们的目标就显得似乎能够令

我们满足（而一旦获得，这种假象即告破灭）；或者除非我们正从事纯智力的活动，这样实际上我们置身生活之外远观，犹如戏院里的看客。即便感官愉悦本身也存在于不断的追求之中，目标一旦实现，愉悦随即消失。我们若非从事上述这样或那样的活动，而是回到存在本身，我们便被存在的虚无和徒劳所左右，这种感觉就叫作无聊。

6

人体组织极为精巧复杂，生存意志的体现莫过于此。人体终将化为齑粉，全部本质、所有努力付之一炬——这是大自然明确无误的宣告：意志努力求生，却终归徒劳。若努力本身是有价值的，是理应无条件存在的，则努力的结果绝不应该是消亡。

但我们的开场和收场又有怎样的不同！开场时我们纵情声色，收场时我们肢体分解，死填沟壑。就安适和享受而言，由此至彼之路也一落千丈：快乐梦幻的童年，意气风发的青年，劳碌奔波的成年，虚弱间或悲惨的老年，致命疾病的折磨，最后是死亡的剧痛——难道存在看起来不像一个错误，其恶果渐次昭彰？

我们应尽力把生活看成一个泡影，一个幻灭的过程，因为显然，我们所经历的一切累积起来都在制造幻灭。

论自在之物及其表象的对立

1

自在之物指独立存在于我们感官之外的东西，即实际存在的东西。德谟克里特称其为物质，洛克[2]也大抵如此，对康德来说它等于X，对我来说它是意志。

2

我们对地球的了解仅限于表层，而不是内部广大坚硬的部分。同样，我们依照经验对事物及世界的了解仅是其表象，即其表层。对表象的精确认识构成了最广义的物理学。但表象存在的前提是有一个同时具有面积和体积的内层，并可推论出该内层具有某种性质，这两点是形而上学的主题。力图根据表象的规律获知自在之物的本质，这就像从面积及其定律获知体积一样。每一种教条的先验哲学都想从表象的规律认识自在之物，这就像想让两个截然不同的物体重合一样，必定会失败，因为不管怎么摆弄，总有这个角或那个角露出来。

3

事物既是表象又是自在之物，所以也就有两种解释：物理学和形而上学的。物理学用因果律加以解释，形而上学则用意志加以解释。同一个东西，在无知无觉的自然中称为自然力，在更高一级被称为生命力，在动物和人那里就称为意志。因此严格说来，人的智力及品质的高下与好恶也许可以追溯到纯物理的原因——智力可追溯到大脑和神经系统的构造，以及影响大脑和神经的血液循环；道德品质可追溯到心脏、脉管、血液、肺、肝、脾、肾、肠、生殖器等的构造及综合作用。这样做肯定需要更确切地了解物理学和伦理学的规律，远远超过比沙和卡巴尼斯[3]掌握的知识。某人的智力和道德品质可进而追溯到更远的原因，即其父母的构造，前提是父母提供的种子造就的生命与他们类似，而非更高级或者更好。相反，形而上学必须把同一个人看作其意志幽灵般的化身，该意志完全自由，无比重要，造就了为自身服务、与自身适应的智力。因此，人之所为必从己出，无论他是否一时糊涂，迷失本性，或肉体软弱使然。

4

考量自然生物的生存及习性时，比方说，一个动物站在我们面前，尽管我们有动物学和畜牧学的知识，它仍是一个不解之谜。那么，自然非要如此执拗，对我们的质询充耳不闻？难道自然不像所有伟大之物一样，坦荡、直率，甚至一派天真？自然不予作答，是因为我们问错了问题，因为问题出自错误的假设，因为问题包含矛盾，岂有别故哉！若自然本不可解，永不可解，自然中怎会存在因果关联？不，绝非如此。自然不可解，是因为我们在无因果处强求因果。我们力图抵达自然的本质，借助充足理由律，每一个现象似乎都在透露自然的本质，然而，这无非是我们的智力对表象（即事物表层）的理解方式。在表象的范畴内，因果适用有效，但我们却想将其应用于表象的范畴以外。例如，在表象的范畴内，一只动物的存在可以解释为生殖行为，这其实只是一个最简单的因果推论，没什么神秘可言，这一解释完全打破了不可知的状态。就生殖而言，我们尚缺几个因果联系的环节，但这并没有实质差别，因为即便我们不缺，我们最终仍要站在不可知面前，因为表象就是表象，它变不成自在之物。

5

我们抱怨说，生活一团暗昧，我们并不了解整体存在的本质，尤其是我们自身与其他存在的关系。人生短暂，我们的认识也完全受限于短暂的人生，因为我们既不能追溯生前，亦不能看穿死后，因此吾人之意识如同闪电，只是短暂地照亮夜空。好像有邪灵恶意关闭了我们获取更多认识的大门，以我们的挫折为乐。

但此类抱怨并不合理，因为它来自一种幻想，幻想又出自错误的前提，即认为事物之整体出自智力，因此在成为现实之前，作为理式而存在。由此前提出发，事物之整体因出自认识范畴，便全然可知，全然可解，可为知识所穷尽，但事实恐非如此。我们抱怨所不知的，任何人均无所知，甚或根本无从得知，即不能被觉知。理式乃认识所由，认识所

系，但仅是存在的外层，是次要辅助之物，换言之，理式之必要，并非对于事物整体之保有，仅是对于动物个体的延续。因此，事物的整体存在进入认识范畴纯属偶然，程度亦颇为有限——如果动物意识是一幅画，它仅是画的背景，而意志之所求才是关键，位居画面前景。因为偶然，产生了时空世界，即理式世界，此世界在认识范畴之外根本不会存在。既然认识的存在仅是为了动物个体的延续，那么认识的全部构造和所有形式，如时间和空间，亦仅是为个体之目的所造。要达成目的，仅需了解个别现象之间的关系，不必了解事物的本质及普遍整体。

康德曾言，或多或少困扰我们每个人的形而上学问题没有直接的答案，也没有满意的解决方法。究其原因，这些问题源于我们的智力形式：时间、空间及因果关系，而智力原为个体意志规定动机，即说明意欲的对象及占有的方法。一旦智力被滥用，引向事物的存在本身，引向世界的整体和内在构成，则上述智力形式——事物间的相邻、相续、相关——即产生种种形而上问题，如起因与目的、世界及个人的始与终、个体死后的消亡或存续、意志的自由，等等。不妨假设，这些形式一旦消除，对事物的意识却仍存在，那么此类问题便不是悬而未决，而是根本不存在的——这些问题将彻底消失，表述问题的语句将毫无意义，因为此类语句完全来自这些形式，而这些形式的目的不是理解世界及存在，仅是理解我们自身的愿望。

这种看待问题的方式，解释并客观证明了康德的理论，而康德对他的理论仅从主观角度加以证明。康德认为，因果形式只能应用于世俗领域，不能应用于超验领域。不妨换一个角度：智力是形而下的，不是形而上的，因为智力从属于意志的客观化，来源于意志，仅为服务意志而存在。然而，智力的作用仅限于自然中的事物，而不是自然之外之上的事物。显然，动物的智力只为发现和获取食物，智力的发达程度取决于这种目的。人也没什么两样，只不过人保有和延续自身更难，欲望不断膨胀，因此需要更发达的智力。仅当智力超越常规，摆脱意志的奴役

时，智力才有富余，当富余达到一定程度时，就叫作天才。这样的头脑首先是客观的，但也可以更进一步，某种程度上成为形而上的，或至少努力成为形而上的，因为智力保持客观的结果是，自然本身即事物整体成为智力的考察对象。在这样的智力里，自然第一次认识到：自身存在，但也可不存在，或以其他形式存在。而在平平无奇的智力中，自然不能清晰地觉知自身，正如磨坊主听不到研磨机的声音，或香料生产商闻不到香料的气味。寻常智力囿于自然，认为自然是理所当然之事，只有灵光一闪时，它才能感知到自然，对其所见大感惊奇，但惊奇感随即消失。这样平庸的头脑就算成千上万，在哲学上能取得怎样的成绩也就不难想见了。但如果智力源自形而上学，以形而上学为使命，就能推动哲学的发展，正如推动其他科学的发展。这样的智力越多，推动作用就越强。

论对生存意志的肯定与否定

1

造就世间现象的，也能不如此作为，乃至不作为，这可以说是一个显而易见的公理，总的说来不言自明。倘若前一种状态构成了生命中有所求的现象，那么后一种状态则构成了无所求的现象，这实际上等同于吠檀多哲学的深睡境和佛教的涅槃。

否定生存意志绝不意味着物质的消亡，仅仅意味着无欲无求——先前不断欲求的不再欲求。意志如同自在之物，我们只能通过欲求行为来了解。因此，无求之后，意志为何物，会做些什么，我们既不能言说也无法觉察。因此否定生存意志对我们而言，是从有到无的转变，我们是欲求的现象。

2

希腊伦理学和印度教伦理学之间存在着明显的对立，前者的目标（虽然柏拉图除外）是实现幸福的生活，有福的生活，而后者的目标则相反，《数论颂》开篇便直言：要彻底从生活中解救出去。

还有一个类似的对立，因其直观而更加突出：你在佛罗伦萨的美术馆里看到美丽的古代石棺，上面用轻快的笔触描绘整个婚礼的仪式，从最初的求婚到婚姻之神用火炬照亮通向婚房的道路；接着比较一下基督教的棺材，上有十字架象征悲痛，盖着黑色帘幕，其间的反差极为明显。两者都渴望在面对死亡时提供安慰，两者方法相反，但都是正确的。一个表达的是对生存意志的肯定，不管生活的面貌如何瞬息变幻，生活永远受到肯定；另一个则通过苦难和死亡的符号来表达对生存意志的否定，以及从死亡和撒旦统治之下的世界中抽身而出的救赎。古希腊—罗马异教与基督教之间真正的精神对立是肯定生存意志和否定生存意志，这是基督教的唯一可取之处。

3

我的伦理学与其他欧洲哲学家的伦理学，两者关系正是教会意义上《新约》和《旧约》的关系。《旧约》把人置于律法之下，但律法并不能带来救赎。相反，《新约》宣布律法是不够的，实则把人从对律法的遵从中解放出来。[4]《新约》宣扬神的恩典以取代律法，人可通过信仰、善心和彻底否定自我进入神恩的国度。《新约》称，这是脱罪与出世之路，因为撇开新教徒和唯理论者不论，《新约》的真正灵魂无疑是苦行的精神。这种苦行的精神正是对生存意志的否定，从《旧约》到《新约》的转变，从律法至上到信仰至上的转变，从因德释罪到因信得救，从受罪与死的统治到在基督中永生，严格说来表明了从单纯提倡美德到否定生存意志的转变。在我之前，所有的哲学伦理学无论呈现什么面貌，都紧抓住《旧约》精神不放——《旧约》设定了既无根基也无趣向的绝对道德律令，所含道德戒条和禁忌之后，悄然引入了一个独断专

行的耶和华。相反，我的伦理学有根基、有目标、有趣向，最重要的是，它从理论上阐明了正义与善良的形而上学基础，并进一步说明若实施得当将最终导致什么样的结果。同时，它坦言世界的可憎本质，并指出解脱之道即在于否定意志。因此，我的伦理学实则是《新约》的精神，此外的一切伦理学都属《旧约》精神，甚至在理论上等同于犹太教，即赤裸裸的暴戾的一神论。就此而言，我的学说可以称为真正的基督教哲学，不管在舍深刻而取浅薄的人眼中，这种说法如何自相矛盾。

4

稍加深思即可发现，欲成为罪，并非因为欲望之间偶然碰撞而招致伤害和罪恶。如果欲望产生的就是这样的后果，那它必然从一开始就根本是有罪的，整个生存意志都应该摒弃。世间充斥的残忍和磨难，实际上只是生存意志以各种形式客观化的必然结果，因此只是肯定生存意志的注脚。人必有死，这证明我们的存在本身有罪。

5

如若从自在之物出发，从生存意志出发来理解世界，你会发现世界的核心和重中之重即生殖行为。相反，若你从表象世界、经验世界和理式世界出发，又会有怎样的不同！这里生殖行为被看作全然孤立的、单独的、次要的，被看作二等事物而应掩盖和隐藏，被看作自相矛盾的反常行为，只是源源不断地提供笑料。然而，对我们来说，这只不过是撒旦在伪装他的把戏——难道人们没有注意到，性欲是这个高尚世界最高明的骗术，只为某个女人钟情痴迷之时尤为如此，因为它承诺的太多，给予的又少得可怜。

女人在生殖行为中的角色从某种程度上说要比男人更加无辜，因为男人给予孩子意志，这是最初之罪，因此也是一切恶的源头；而女人给予孩子认识，这开辟了救赎之路。生殖行为是宇宙的交点，它宣

布：“生存意志又一次得到了肯定。”妊娠和受孕则宣布：“在意志之上，又一次加入了认识之光。”这样，认识再一次找到了出离世界的道路，救赎的希望再一次成为可能。

这正说明一个明显的事实：若被人撞见其性行为，每个女人都会羞愧得宁可死去，但怀胎时她们却无一丝羞愧，甚至带着骄傲。原因在于，性交之罪在某种程度上被怀孕消解了，性交承载了两性关系的所有羞耻和丑陋，而怀孕虽与性交密切相关，却始终保持纯洁无辜，甚至有些神圣。

性交主要是男人之事，怀孕完全是女人之事。孩子从父亲那里继承意志和性格，从母亲那里继承智力。后者是解脱之门，前者是禁锢之锁。性交标志着不管认识取得多少进步，生存意志仍旧存在于时间之中；生存意志成为新的肉身，标志着在意志之上，又一次加入了明亮的认识之光，又一次有了救赎的可能，其标志即是怀孕。因此，怀孕光荣坦荡，任行无碍；性交则像一个罪犯，自动遁形。

6

不义之行，邪恶之举，就施行者而言，表明对生存意志的肯定有多强，因此也就标志着他离真正的解脱——即对生存意志的否定——以及出脱世间还有多远，求知之路还有多长，忍受苦难还有多久。就忍受者而言，尽管恶行在形而下意义上是恶的，在形而上学意义上却是善的，就实质而言则是有益的，因为这些行为助他走上真正的解脱之路。

7

世界精神：因此，这就是你劳作和受苦的目的，是你存在的目的，也是此外种种存在的目的。

人：但我从生存中能够获得什么？生存若是充盈的，我得到的只是

悲苦；若是空虚的，我得到的只有无聊。我付出那么多辛苦，受到那么多折磨，你能给我的却少得可怜。

世界精神：唯其贫乏，这种报酬对你的辛劳和苦恼来说才是的。

人：怎么会这样！我理解不了。

世界精神：我知道。（旁白）我是否要告诉他生活的价值正在于此，即教他停止对生活的欲求？因为应由生活亲自教会他这一最重要的入门仪式。

论我们的本质存在不能被死亡摧毁

1

你应该读读让·保罗的《塞利娜》，看一看最聪明的头脑如何试图处理它误以为荒谬的问题——他固守一个错误观念不肯抛弃，尽管无法忍受其荒谬，一直深受困扰。[5]这一观念即是我们每个人的意识在死后保持原样，继续存在。让·保罗的这种挣扎和纠结表明：此类真假参半的观念并不像想象中的那样，是有价值的错误，而是绝对有害的——因为将灵与肉错误地对立起来，以及将整个人提高到永存不变的自在之物的位置，使我们不能真正认识到由于表象和自在之物不是一回事，所以我们的本质存在不受时间、因果和变迁的影响，是不可摧毁的。此外，这个错误观念甚至不能被当作真理的替代品，因为理性会不断地质疑其中的荒谬，连其中蕴含的真理也一并抛弃，因为真理只有保持纯粹才能继续存在，真理一受谬误的诱惑，就沾染了谬误的脆弱。

2

日常生活中，如果有人什么都想知道，又什么都不想学，他向你问

起死后的存在，那么最恰当也许也是最正确的回答是：“你死后和你生前一样。”因为这个回答暗示，要求某种存在物有开端却没有结束，这样做毫无道理。不过，这个回答也隐含着一层意思——有两种不同的有，因此也有两种不同的无。不过你也许会回答：“不管你死后会是什么样子，即便一切化为乌有，都是自然而然的，适合于你的，正像你现在的机体存在一样，因此你最应该担心的是转变的那一刻。”是的，以成熟的心态考虑这个问题，就会把我们引向这样的结论：我们这样的生命压根不存在反而更好，所以我们不再存在或一段时间不再存在，就像我们原本不曾存在过一样，从理性的角度看来，并不值得我们忧虑。

3

设想有这样一种生物，它们无所不察，无所不知，那么我们死后存在与否这个问题，对这样的生物而言也许毫无意义，因为脱离我们现有的暂时性的个体存在，存在或消亡不再有任何内容，只是无差别的概念。因此，无论毁灭的观念还是存续的观念，都不适用于我们内在的本质存在，即我们皆为其表象的自在之物。因为，这些概念都从时间领域借用而来，而时间不过是现象的形式。另外，我们只能根据物质世界的样子想象：现象性表象之核心不可摧毁，则必定像多变的物质世界一样，稳居时间之内，继续存在。如果表象的核心不再存在，我们则会根据形式的样子想象：承载形式的质料消失，形式也消失，因此我们暂时的终止即是彻底的消亡。这两种观点都是用现象世界的形式套用自在之物。但如果说某物不可败坏，但又不继续存在，对此我们甚至不能形成抽象的观念，因为我们本能上做不到。

然而事实上，新的事物不断出现，现存的事物不断消亡，这应被看成由双镜头装置（大脑功能）制造出来的幻象，我们看待万事万物只能透过这两个镜头，这两个镜头叫作时间和空间，因果关系就存在于时空的相互渗入之中。在这样的条件下，我们所知的皆是现象，我们不知道

事物本身是什么样子，即不知道独立于我们感知之外的事物是什么样子。这就是康德哲学的真正核心。

4

人死去，自在之物也化为乌有，这是不可想象的。人类凭直觉可以直接认识到：人的死亡是应时而终的现象——一切现象的形式，而自在之物却不受其影响。我们都感到：我们并非某人凭空创造的存在，因此我们相信，虽然死亡能终结我们的生命，却不能终结我们的存在。

5

越是清楚地觉察到万物脆弱、虚无和梦幻般的特点，你越会清晰地觉察到自己内部存在的不朽，因为上述特点有此映衬方显鲜明，正如要觉察轮船行驶的速度，只能去看静止的河岸，而不是看轮船本身。

6

现时有两半：客观的和主观的。只有客观的一半表现为对时间的直觉，因此不可阻挡地随波逝去；主观的一半站定脚跟，始终不变。唯其如此，我们仍能鲜活地回忆起久远的过去，我们虽深知存在的短暂，但仍意识到自身的不朽。

只要活着，我们就意识到，我们一直站在时间的中段，而绝非其终点。由此可以推知，我们每个人身上都体现着无尽时间不变的中段。恰恰是这一点给了我们活着的信心，而不用始终生活在死亡的恐惧之中。

借助回忆和想象，一个人可以真切回想起早年生活的经历。那么，他就比别人更加清楚贯穿整个时间的一个个现时瞬间的特质。了解到所有现时瞬间的特质，就会明白，最为短促的瞬间乃是唯一永久的东西。通过这样的直觉体认，他就会知道，此刻按最严格意义来讲是现实的唯

一表现形式，它的根在我们之内，来自我们内部而非外部。这样，他就不会怀疑自身存在的不可毁坏。相反他会明白，虽然他死的时候会失去客观世界，失去客观世界借以显露自身的媒介——智力，但他的存在却不会受其影响。因为他内部蕴含的现实和外部一样多。

若不承认这些，就得坚持相反的观点："时间是完全客观和真实的，它独立于我而存在。我只是偶然地被抛入时间之中，我只占有一小部分时间，因此只得到了昙花一现的现实，就像成千上万人一样。现在他们已经化为乌有，我很快也一样。反之，时间是真实的，它会脱离我继续存在。"我认为，这种观点的乖张甚至荒谬之处必明确加以阐明。

也就是说，实则可将生命视为一场幻梦，死亡才是梦醒。但必须记住，个性和个体属于梦中意识而非清醒时的意识，这就是为什么死亡对于个体来说好像是消亡。这样看来，死亡无论如何不应看成转到一个全新的陌生的状态，而是回到原本属于我们的状态，人生不过是从这个状态的暂时脱离。

实际上，意识在死亡中毁灭，但产生意识的却并没有毁灭。因为意识首先依赖于智力，而智力依赖于生理进程——很明显，智力是大脑的功能，也因此受到神经系统和血液循环系统的共同调节，更确切地说，智力受到大脑调节，而心脏滋养、驱动并不断刺激大脑。大脑精巧神秘的结构解剖学可以描述但生理学却不能作出解释，正是从大脑中产生了客观世界的现象及我们的思维活动。不应认为，个体意识，即任何一种意识，能够脱离肉体而存在，因为任何意识的前提都是认知，而认知必然是大脑的功能。确切地说，因为大脑是智力的客观形式。那么，既然智力在生理上是次要的，因此在经验现实即现象领域中是次要的，是生命过程的产物。从心理角度来说，智力也是次要的，与此相反，只有意志才是首要的，无论在哪里都是第一要素。因此，既然意识不直接隶属于意志，而受制于智力，而智力又受制于生理机能，那么意识无疑会因

死亡而消失，就像在睡梦或任何一种眩晕或晕厥中消失一样。但是别灰心！消失的是怎样的意识呢？一个隶属于大脑的、肉体性的、和动物一样但相对更加紧张的意识。人的意识和动物的意识没有实质区别，尽管我们的意识最发达。这种意识就其根源和目的而言，无非是帮助动物获取所需的权宜之计。相反，死亡带我们回到的是我们的本原状态，即存在的内在状态，生命诞生、延续、现在走向消亡，这是这一状态的变动性所在。它是与表象世界相对的自在之物的状态。

认知受制于大脑，是非常间接的代用品，正因为如此，它是对现象的认知，因此在本原状态完全是多余的，所以我们才会失去它。对我们来说，认知随着现象世界终止而消亡，认知也只不过是现象世界的中介，并只对它来说有些用处。在本原状态，即便有人让我们保留这种动物性的认知，我们也会弃之不顾，正像瘸子病愈后会丢掉拐杖一样。大脑意识仅适用于现象，仅仅产生现象，如果有人哀叹它消失之际日益迫近，那他堪比皈依基督教的格陵兰岛人——听说天堂里没有海豹，他们拒绝上天堂。

此外，这里讨论的一切都基于一个假设：我们只能设想，一种状态如果不是无意识的，便是有意识的，并且带有一切认知基本形式的印记——主体和客体的分立，能知和所知的分立。但我们必须认识到：知者和被知者均只受我们的动物性所支配，动物性是非常次要的，衍生的，因此绝不是本质生命和本质存在的本原状态。生命和存在可以用其他方式形成，但却不是无意识的。归根结底，我们的内在真实无非是意志，它本身并不具有认知。那么，如果死亡剥夺了我们的智力，我们只是转到无认知的本原状态，它不是无意识的状态，而是一个更高的状态。在那里，主客的对立消失了，因为应知的和能知的实际上将不可分离，一切认知的基本条件（恰恰是这种对立）因此消失了。

现在，让我们再一次向外观察而不是向内寻求，我们客观地看待呈现在我们面前的世界，那么死亡对我们来说必是从有到无，出生则将是从无到有，但两者都不是绝对真实的，因为它们只具有现象世界的真实。这样，我们或能逃脱死亡，这也并不比我们司空见惯的生殖行为更加神奇。死去的回到所有生命的起点，也是自身生命的起点。这样看来，我们的生命应被看成从死亡那里得到的一笔贷款，睡眠则是这笔贷款的日利息。死亡明确宣布，它是个体的终结，但个体内含有新生命的种子，因此死去的不会永远死去，而出生的都不是真的新生。死去的已遭摧毁，但种子脱离出来，发育成新的生命，进入存在领域，不知从何而来，不知为何而生。这就是生生不息的奥秘，它向我们揭示：现有生命的内部含有一切未来生命真实的种子，故而现有生命必定已经存在过。因此，每一个当其盛年的动物都在向我们呼告："为什么要为生命的短促而悲叹？如果不先于我的同类死去，我又如何存在？"不管世界舞台的剧本和面具如何变化，出场的总是同样的演员。我们相对而坐，谈兴渐浓，目光炯炯，嗓门提高，千年之前别人也是这样聚坐谈论——事未变，人亦未变，千年之后仍将如此。阻止我们体会到这一点的是时间的拨弄。

灵魂不死和生生不息的区别显而易见，前者是所谓的灵魂整个进入新的肉体，后者是个体的分解与重构，只有意志继续存在，采取新的生命形式，得到新的智力。

无论何时，都是雄性储存人类的意志，雌性储存智力。因此，我们每个人都是由父母的一部分构成，这些部分通过生殖过程结合，又通过死亡分裂，因此死亡才是个体的终结。我们对此个体的死亡伤痛不已，感觉到我们真的失去了它，但个体之死无非像一个化合物被不可逆地分解。但这里我们不应忘记，我们从母亲那里继承的智力并不像从父亲那里继承的意志那样牢固和绝对，原因在于智力是第二性的，性质仅是形而下的，全然依赖于生物机体。

因此人们可以从两个相对的角度考察每个人。从一个角度看，他是朝生暮死的个体，肩负错谬和缺憾，在时间中有始有终；从另一个角度看，他是不可摧毁的本原存在，客体化为存在的万物。

8

色拉叙马霍斯[6]：简单说吧，我死后会是什么样子？请说得明确！

菲勒里息斯[7]：什么都是，什么都不是。

色：我就知道！用矛盾陈述来回答问题，这把戏太老套了。

菲：用世俗认识所用的语言来回答超验问题，必然导致矛盾。

色：你说，什么叫超验，什么又叫世俗认识所用的语言？我也熟悉这些字眼。我是从我老师那里学到的，但这些只是仁慈上帝的表述，我老师的哲学即建立于此，合理且适当。若上帝存于世间某处，他就是世俗的；若他存于世界之外，他就是超验的。这很清楚，你也能理解。但没人能理解你那过时的康德式的术语，它们到底是什么意思？

菲：超验知识超越一切可能经验，力图如实把握自在之物；世俗的知识则局限于可能经验的樊篱，因此只能谈论现象。你，作为一个人，死亡时走到终点。但你的个体性并非你本质和终极的存在，只是它的表现——你的个体性不是自在之物，只是自在之物的现象形式，以时间的面貌出现，因此有开端也有结束。相反，你的存在本身对时间、开端、结束、特定个体的局限都一无所知，因此个体性不能取消它——它无处不在，无人不有。因此，就前一层意义说，你死时归于空无；就后一层意思说，你死后遍于一切。这就是为什么我说你死后什么都是，什么都不是。你提的问题几乎不可能有更好的简短回答，虽然这个回答确实含有矛盾。之所以如此，正是因为你的生命存在于时间中，但你的永生却在永恒之中，因此你的永生也可以说不可毁坏，但不再存在——这又是

一个矛盾陈述了。

色：如果我的永生不包括我个体的继续存在，那你的永生我可一个子儿也不愿意掏。

菲：也许你愿意还还价。假设我保证你的个体将继续存在，但此前得有三个月全无知觉的深睡状态呢？

色：我愿意。

菲：但既然你全无知觉，你就没有时光流逝的观念，因此你熟睡时，清醒的世界时间过去三个月或是一万年对你来说都是一样。因为不管哪种情况，你醒来时都只能猜想你睡了多久。因此你三个月还是一万年之后重获个体都是一样。

色：这倒不容易否定。

菲：但假设，现在一万年过去了，却忘了叫醒你，我想这算不上多大的不幸，因为你不存在的时间比你短暂的存在要长那么多，你对此已经很习惯了。不过可以确定的是，你一点儿也不知道你没被叫醒。如果你知道，推动你现在现象形式的神秘作用在这一万年片刻也没有停止，制造和推动着同类的现象，那你也会心满意足。

色：不，你不能这样骗我放弃我的个体。我已经约定，我的个体应继续存在，我不能让步，接受因机能和现象造成的存在的丧失。我，我，我要存在！我要的是这个，而不是靠别人说服才相信的我的存在。

菲：但看看四周，叫着“我，我，我要存在”的不止你一个，凡有一点儿意识的事物都是如此。因此，你的这种渴望恰恰不是你个人的，而是万物无一例外共有的——他并非来自你的个体性，而是来自存在本身。它存于存在着的万物内部，是万物存在的原因，因此存在本身就能

满足这一渴望。这一渴望仅仅适用于此，而不是专门适用于某个特定的个体存在。有此热望的仅间接属于个体，直接而内在的是万物同具、始终如一的生存意志本身。这样，既然存在是意志的自由创造，乃至无非意志的反映，因此就不能脱离意志而存在。不过，意志只能暂时满足于存在，因为永不厌足的根本不可能被满足。个体对意志来说没有差别，无足轻重。表面上个体显得很重要，因为每个人不能直接认识意志，只能直接认识自己。结果，个体以更大的代价保有自身存在，而不是保有同类物种。这样说来，个体性并不完美，反倒是局限，没有个体性不是损失，而是收获。所以不要为自身存在忧虑。是的，如果你了解存在的真谛，看到你的存在是普遍存在的生存意志，这些忧虑对你来说就会是幼稚的、荒唐透顶的。

色：你才幼稚，你才荒唐透顶，你们哲学家都是这样。像我这样的成年人要是在你这样的傻子身上花几分钟，那全是为了打发时间。现在我有更重要的事情去做，再见！

论自杀

1

据我所知，只有一神教即犹太教的信徒把自我毁灭视为犯罪。尤其令人吃惊的是，无论在《旧约》还是《新约》中，都找不到对自杀的禁止，甚至找不到明确的反对。因此，宗教导师只好根据自己创造的哲学来反对自杀，然而他们创造的哲学根基太浅，缺少力量，为了弥补，他们不得不借助一些字眼的力量来表达他们对自杀的嫌恶，也就是说，他们求助于谩骂。于是我们听到，自杀是最怯懦的行为，只有心智失常的人才会犯下这种罪行，诸如此类的陈词滥调；或者毫无理由地宣称，自杀是“错误的”，虽然世间万物中，人最有权处置的是自己的生命。让我们暂且认定这一问题取决于道德情感，然后比较一下以下两个消息带给

我们的感受：某个熟人犯下罪行，如杀人、施暴、背叛或偷窃，以及他自愿结束自己的生命。前者会引起强烈的愤慨，要求对他采取惩罚或报复；后者则激起惋惜和悲伤，我们很可能佩服其勇气，而不是给予道德谴责。谁没有亲友主动离开人世？人们想到他们时会心怀厌恶，好像他们是罪犯吗？依我看，反倒应该要求那些教士说说，他们凭什么在讲坛上或书桌上，把很多为我们所尊敬和热爱的人所做的一种行为定义为罪行，并拒绝体面地安葬那些自愿离开人世的人。他们从权威的《圣经》里找不到一点依据，也不能提出一条有力的哲学论证。很显然，人们需要的是理由，而不是空话和指责。即便刑法把自杀定为犯罪，这也不能成为教会这样做的理由，并且这绝对是一个荒唐的立法——什么样的惩罚能阻止一心求死之人呢？如果惩罚的是自杀的企图，也只有自杀未遂者才能受到惩罚。

唯一令人信服的反对自杀的道德论证是，自杀与实现最高道德目标背道而驰，因为自杀表面上是种解脱，却取代了从苦难世界的真正解脱。不过，这种错误和罪行相去甚远，但基督教的教士偏要说自杀是犯罪。

基督教的核心包含如下真理：苦难（十字架）是人生的真正目的，这就是它否定自杀的原因，因为自杀与此目的相悖，而古人立意较低，赞同自杀甚至将其视为荣耀。不过，这种对自杀的反对是出于禁欲的立场，因此必须站在比欧洲道德哲学家高得多的立场上看，这种论证才是有效的。如果我们降低这个立场，谴责自杀就失去了站得住脚的道德理由。因此，一神教的教士狂热地反对自杀——这种狂热既无《圣经》依据也无可信的理由——就一定有秘而不宣的理由：主动放弃生命，对那些宣扬一切皆善的人岂不是一种嘲弄？如果真是这样，那这就成了一神教强制人们乐观的又一例证。一神教谴责自我毁灭，以便不被自我毁灭的行为所谴责。

2

一般来说，惧生甚于畏死，人才会了结其生命。但对死亡的畏惧像看守出口的哨兵，阻止人自杀。如果生命的终点完全是否定性的，是存在的骤然停止，也许每个活人都已了结自己的生命。但死亡也有肯定性的东西：肉体的消灭。这对自杀是一种阻吓，因为肉体是生存意志的现象形式。

战胜畏死之心通常不像局外人看来那样艰难，原因在于精神痛苦和肉体痛苦的对立。肉体痛苦强烈或者漫长，我们就对其他烦恼无动于衷，我们关心的只是好起来。同样，剧烈的精神痛苦让我们对肉体痛苦感到麻木——我们轻视肉体痛苦。事实上，如果肉体痛苦能压倒精神痛苦，就能让我们忘记精神痛苦，获得片刻喘息，因此是有益的。正是这个理由让自杀变得容易：在精神饱受摧残的人看来，自杀引起的肉体痛苦变得毫无意义。

论女人

1

席勒的《女人的尊严》全诗内容丰富，对仗工整，但在我看来，远不如朱伊下列词句更能表达女人的美德：[8]没有女人，我们人生的开端就没了安全，中途少了欢乐，终点缺了安慰。拜伦在《萨丹纳帕勒斯》[9]里更为深情地说道：

稚嫩的生命生长在女人的怀里

是她亲自教你牙牙学语

是她拭去你最初的泪滴

也往往是她

倾听你最后的叹息

当生命垂危

曾经追随她的男人

嫌脏怕苦，纷纷退避

两者都恰如其分地评价了女人的价值。

2

只要看一下女人受造的方式，就可了解女人生来不适合精神或肉体的劳动。她赎清生命之罪不是通过行动，而是通过受苦。她承受生产的痛苦，养育孩子，服从男人——女人理应耐心而快乐地陪在男人左右。大悲大喜、苦活累活不适合她。与男人相比，她的生命之河应平缓流动，波澜不惊，既非幸福得多，也非不幸得多。

3

女人适合做护士和幼师，恰恰由于她们本来就幼稚、愚蠢、目光短浅。一句话，女人终其一生都是大孩子，位于孩子和男人之间的过渡阶段。男人才是真正的人。你只需看看女孩如何和孩子玩闹，整天又唱又跳，然后自问，一个心地最善良的男人与之易地而处，能否作出同样的举动？

4

造化在女人身上设计了一种戏剧用语叫作舞台效果的东西，它让女人以余生为代价，拥有几年超凡的美貌和魅力，此时她让男人想入非

非，神魂颠倒，愿意想方设法照顾她一辈子——如果纯粹出于理性的考虑，他几乎不太可能这么做。像对待所有生灵一样，造化用工具和武器装备女人，让她们在最需要的时候得到稳定的生活，同时造化也秉承了一贯的经济原则。雌蚁交配后翅膀脱落，因为翅膀对养育后代来说成了多余甚至有害的东西。大概出于同样的原因，女人经过一两次生产以后通常也就美貌不再。

5

某物愈高贵，愈完美，它成熟得愈晚、愈慢。男人28岁前，理性思考能力和心智还不甚成熟，而女人在18岁时即已成熟，成熟的也仅是某种理性思考能力，极为有限。如是，女人一生都是孩子，只能看到手边的事物，执着于现在，认表象为真实，宁要细枝末节而不顾切要之事。赖理性之力，男人不仅像动物那样只生活在当下，也思考过去和未来，从中发展出预见能力，也产生忧虑和烦恼，常常感觉焦虑。女人因理性力量较弱，理性带来的优点和缺点都更小。女人就心智而论是近视眼，她们能凭直觉看清周围，但视野太窄，看不到远处。因此，不在眼前的、过去的和未来的事物对女人的影响要比对我们男人的影响小得多，这使她们远较男人容易挥霍无度，有时濒于疯狂。女人从心底觉得：男人的任务是赚钱，而她们的任务是花钱。这在男人活着时还有可能，男人一死便无以为继。男人把挣来的钱交给她们，用作家用，更加深了她们的这种想法。女人的这种做法不管有多少缺点，也都有好的一面：女人比我们更注重现在，因此如果现状差堪忍受，她们就比我们更享受生活，这赋予她们快乐的性格，她们因此非常适合为忧心忡忡的男人带来欢乐，必要时甚至带来安慰。

像古代条顿人那样，遇到困难时咨询女人，这绝不是一个坏主意，因为她们看待事物的方式与我们截然不同，她们尤其善于看到达成目标最便捷的路径，看到手边的事物。而这些事物正因为就在我们眼皮底

下，往往被我们忽略。另外，女人绝对比我们更加现实，看到的只是事物原貌，而我们一旦兴起，就容易夸大，耽于幻想。

也正是出于这个原因，女人对待不幸的人比男人显得更仁慈，更有同情心。但另一方面，她们不如男人那样正直、诚实、尽职尽责，这是因为她们理智力较弱，通常也就更容易受到当下的、可见的、直接相关的事物的影响，而不易受到抽象观念、前贤遗教、所作决定的影响，总的说来不去顾及远处的、过去的和未来的事物。因此，她们虽具第一种美德，却缺少第二种美德。第一种美德虽然最重要，要想达成却非第二种美德不可。人们因此可以说，女人性格中最大的缺点是缺少正义感，最重要的原因是她们缺乏理性和反思能力，还有一点也很重要：女性软弱，不能依靠强力，只能依靠狡诈，所以女人生来精明，天生喜欢说谎。正像造化为狮子装备了利爪尖牙，为大象装备了长牙，为野猪装备了獠牙，为牛装备了牛角，为乌贼装备了墨汁，它也为女人装备了伪装的能力，供其攻防之用。造化给了男人强壮的体魄和聪明的头脑，但又通过女人伪装的天赋，变相地把男人的力量给了女人。伪装是女人根深蒂固的天性，最愚蠢的女人和最聪明的女人在这方面往往一样。女人一有机会就伪装，这对她们来说就像动物一遇攻击就采取防卫一样天经地义，而且她伪装时感觉好像只是在行使她的权利。不去伪装、完全真实的女人几乎没有。正因为这样，女人能轻易地看穿他人的伪装，想在女人面前装假委实不明智。不过，上述女人的最大缺点及其他相关缺点产生了虚伪、不忠、背叛和忘恩负义。做伪证的女人要比男人多得多，是否应该允许女人宣誓都值得怀疑。

6

为保证人类的繁衍，造化选择了年轻、精壮、英俊的男人，这样种族才不会退化。这是大自然确定不移的意志，意志的表现则是女人的激情。这一法则最为古老，也最为有力。让我们为那些想在这一法则支配

下谋求权益的人哀悼吧，因为一旦与此法则抵触，无论他们说什么，做什么，都会被无情地粉碎。因为女人的道德观念虽然隐秘，未曾说出甚至未被觉察，但确是根深蒂固的：“我们有理由欺骗那些把个体权利凌驾在种族利益之上的人，因为他们对女人贡献太少。未来一代要由我们生产，因此种族的强弱和兴衰交付到我们手里，由我们培育。让我们尽职尽责地承担起这个责任吧。”不过，女人不是凭借抽象观念而是凭借个人直觉意识到这一最高法则，她们只能待机会来临用行动来体现这一法则。之后，女人并不像我们设想的那样受到良心的谴责，因为她们心底最黑暗的角落明白：虽然她们的责任与个体相悖，但她们能更好地担负起种族的责任，相比之下，种族的福祉要重要得多。

女人基本上只为种族的繁衍而活，并以此为全部事业，所以她们更关注种族而不是个体，心里也以种族为重，个体为轻。这让她们的性情和举止略显轻佻，总的说来与男人倾向不同。这就是为什么夫妇不和经常发生，甚至司空见惯了。

7

男人和男人天生仅是陌生人，但女人和女人天生就是敌人，原因无疑是同行相轻。男人相轻仅限于同行之间，女人相轻则包括全部女性，因为女人的行业都是一样。就算只在街上走走，她们打量对方的眼神也像归尔甫派和吉伯林派[10]。两个女人第一次见面，肯定比男人见面要多些矜持和虚伪。两个女人互相赞扬，听起来要比男人之间的赞扬更可笑。另外，男人面对地位比自己低得多的人，通常都保留些体恤和人情，上流社会的女人对地位低于自己的人（非指仆人），那种高高在上、不屑一顾的样子让人难以忍受。也许这是因为在女人那里，不同地位的差异更难保持，改变或推翻得更快，因为改变我们地位的因素有上百条，对女人来说却只有一个决定因素：她吸引到的是哪个男人。另一个可能原因是，因为女人都从事同样的职业，她们之间的距离要比男人

小得多，因此也就更强调地位的差异。

8

女人矮小、削肩、肥臀、短腿，只有被情欲冲昏头脑的男人才会称其为美，女人的美都来自男人的情欲。女人不应被称为美，而应被叫作不懂审美。无论是音乐、诗歌，还是造型艺术，她们都无动于衷或麻木对待。如果她们装作喜欢，那不过是为了取悦他人而装腔作势。这是因为她们不能对任何事情产生纯客观的兴趣，我想原因如下：男人无论做什么，都力图对事物取得直接的控制，或知晓其意义，或驾驭以强力；但无论何时何地，女人都退而求得间接的控制，通过男人来控制事物，因此女人直接控制的只有男人。因此，出于天性，女人把一切都看成俘虏男人的手段，她们对其他事物的兴趣都是假的，都是迂回路线，无非是卖弄风骚，惺惺作态。看看女人在戏院、歌剧院或者音乐厅里的表现吧，她们像孩子一样漠不关心，即便是最伟大的作品最华彩的段落，她们照旧聊个不停。古希腊人不让女人进戏院，如果真是这样，那他们做对了——人们至少应该能听到演的是什么。实践证明，世界上最聪明的女人也不能在艺术上独树一帜，有所造诣，甚至也不能制造出任何有持久价值的东西，考虑到这一点，人们又能对女人指望什么？这在绘画上尤其突出。女人像我们一样能够掌握绘画技能，事实上也画个不停，但连一幅杰作也画不出，原因正在于她们的头脑全无客观可言，而客观恰是绘画最基本的要求。偶有例外并不能改变这种情况：女人就整体而言，是俗不可耐、不可救药的非利士人，并将一直如此。由于一种荒唐透顶的安排，她们可以享有丈夫的头衔和称号，所以她们不停地鼓动丈夫去实现那些卑劣的野心。从任何一方面说，她们都是第二性，劣等性别。人们可以对女人的弱小怀有同情，但尊重她们则太过荒谬，即便是女人也会因此认为我们自降身份。古人和东方人就是这样看待女人的，他们给女人一个合适的位置，做得比我们强得多。我们还固守古代法国的骑士精神，以及无聊的尊重女人的观念，这是基督教——日耳曼式愚

蠢的登峰造极之作，这只会让女人粗鲁傲慢，有时让我们想起贝拿勒斯[11]的神猴——那些猴子知道自己是神圣不可侵犯的，就以为可以为所欲为。

西方的女人，即“太太”，她们的位置摆错了——因为女人绝不应成为我们尊重的对象，不应比男人更趾高气扬，或者享有和男人一样的权利。摆错位置的后果是非常明显的。在欧洲，如果也能让女人这种次等人重归其位，并对尊其为“太太”这种不正常的现象加以限制，那将是一件大好事，欧洲的社会生活、公众生活和政治生活都将大为改观。所有的亚洲人对“太太”现象都会发笑，希腊人和罗马人如果能看到，也会笑出声来。欧洲的太太本不该存在，应该存在的是家庭主妇和希望成为主妇的少女，因此少女应受的教育不是傲慢自矜，而是家政和顺从。正因为欧洲有太太的存在，女性中地位较低者，即大多数，要比同样地位的东方女人不幸得多。

9

在我们实行一夫一妻制的社会里，结婚意味着享有一个人的权利，却担负两个人的义务。不过，法律在承认男女平权的时候，也应同时赋予女人男性的理性思考能力。实际情况是：法律赋予女人不正当的权利越多，实际享受其好处的女人越少。其他女人被剥夺了正当的权利，其人数与享有不正当权利的女人相同。原因在于，一夫一妻制和相应的婚姻法认为女人和男人完全平等（实际绝非如此），结果女人享有本不该属于她们的特权，结婚意味着签订了极不平等条约，小心谨慎的男人在作出如此大的牺牲之前往往犹豫再三。在一夫多妻制的社会里，每个女人都能得到充分的照料，而在一夫一妻制的社会里，已婚女人的人数是有限的，总有很多女人无依无靠，她们若处在上流社会，则孑然终老；若处在底层社会，则被迫从事力所不逮的体力劳动，或被迫卖笑为生，其生活既无欢笑亦无尊严，但由于风气使然，她们对男人的满足是必要

的，因此也就形成了一个阶层，得到承认。正因为她们的存在，有男人依靠或有望依靠男人的女人才得以保全脸面。仅伦敦一地便有八万妓女。如果不是成了一夫一妻制的牺牲品，她们的生活又会是什么样子？这些可怜的女人不可避免成了傲慢虚伪的欧洲太太的对照和补充。一夫多妻制对女性整体是件好事。另外，妻子长期患病，或不能生育，或日渐衰老，男人为什么不能再找一个妻子？这样做没有理性的根据。

毫无疑问，一夫多妻制处处可见，应该实行，问题只是如何规范。谁又真正实行一夫一妻制呢？我们都生活在一夫多妻制的社会，至少曾经如此，而结果通常不错。既然每个男人都需要很多女人，那么男人有权利，实则有义务养活更多的女人，这再合理不过了。这也意味着，女人回归本该属于她们的位置，顺从男人，无端索求尊敬和礼遇的太太制度废除了，世界上将只有女人，不再有不幸的女人——这样的女人在欧洲遍地皆是。

论独立思考

1

最大的图书馆如果摆放混乱，还不如小图书馆合用，同样，你可以积累大量知识，但如果不动脑思考，远不如只掌握少量知识，因为只有通过比较各个事实，所知才井然有序，知识才被完全掌握，为你所用。所思必为所知，故应求知；反过来，唯思之方能知之。

你可以自发致力于阅读和学习，但无法致力于思考，思考须被激发，正如火焰须借风势。对思考的对象有兴趣，思考才会继续。兴趣也许是客观的，也许仅是主观的。主观的兴趣仅针对与己相关的事物，客观的兴趣则只属于生而好思之人，对他们来说，思考就像呼吸一样自然。此类人少之又少，正因为这样，大多数学者都难得思考。

2

独立思考和阅读别人的思想，两者对头脑的作用迥异。因此，一开始决定一个人思考或者阅读的因素，差别会越来越大。阅读把不合头脑心境或意愿的思想强加给头脑，就像印章把图案印在石蜡上。头脑全然受制于外部的压力，被迫这样想或那样想，而头脑对此并无意愿或情感上的准备。相反，独立思考时，头脑遵循自己的意愿，思考更大程度上取决于切近之物或者某种记忆。与阅读不同，眼前的事物不会把任何思想强加给头脑，只是提供思考的环境和内容，让头脑去想适合其本性和心境的事物。因此，读得太多会让头脑僵化，正如不断对弹簧施压会让它失去弹性。要想一点自己的想法都没有，最好的方法就是手不释卷。故而，博览群书让大多数人变得更加乏味和愚蠢——他们本不该如此——也剥夺了他们的写作能力。用蒲柏的话说，他们永远在读别人，却从来没人读他们。

3

概而言之，只有我们自己的基本观点才真切，才有生命力，因为我们彻底了解的只有这些。我们读到的他人思想是别人桌子上掉落的面包屑，是陌生来客丢掉的旧衣服。

4

阅读只是独立思考的替代品，阅读意味着让别人左右你的思想。此外，很多书只不过为了说明错误的路有那么多条，听从其指导会怎样误入歧途。只有在自己思想枯竭的时候——这在最智慧的人身上也时有发生——才应该读书。不过，驱除自己的思想来为书籍让路是对圣灵的犯罪，这就好像是抛弃缤纷万象，以便观看植物标本或风景雕刻。

有时，自己苦思良久发现的真理或洞见，可在书中轻易找到，但独

立思考得出的结论要宝贵一百倍。只有这样，真理或洞见才能进入你的思想体系，成为不可分割的一部分，成为其中的一员，它和你的思想体系严丝合缝，与其他推断和结论和谐共存，带有你自己思想模式的色彩和印记。它随叫随到，将牢牢扎根在你的头脑中，永不磨灭。这极好地印证乃至诠释了歌德的诗句：

遗产虽为先辈所留

唯先争取方能占有

独立思考者先得出观点，才知道权威说法，因此权威说法无非印证自己的观点。书斋里的哲学家却从权威说法出发，通过收集别人的观点形成自己的观点。后者与前者相比，正如机器人与活生生的人。

学而知之的真理之于我们，正如假肢、义齿、蜡制的鼻子，充其量像移植的皮肤。思而得之的真理则像生来就有的四肢，只有它真正属于我们。这也是思想家和纯学者之间的差别所在。

5

把时间花在阅读上，从书中获取智慧，就像从旅游手册上了解某个国家一样，人们可以得到很多事物的信息，但归根结底，他们对那个国家是什么样子却没有真切、明确、彻底的了解。相反，把时间花在思考上则像亲自造访一个国家，他们熟悉该国，对它有真切的认识，身处其中如鱼得水。

6

独立思考的人之于一般书斋哲学家，就如亲历者之于历史学家，前者用切身体会说话。因此，一切独立思考者原则上都是一致的，歧异只来自立场的不同，因为他们都只是表达他们的客观理解。反之，书斋哲

学家记录此人如何说、彼人如何想、他人如何反对，等等，然后他比较、权衡、批评这些论述，以图达到真理，这一点他正像历史批评家。

7

经验本身如阅读一样，只是思考的替代品。经验之于思考，正如吃饭之于消化和吸收。经验主义吹嘘只有它通过种种发现才推进了人类的知识，就像嘴巴吹嘘只有它才延续了躯体的生命。

8

一流头脑的特征是，凡有判断都出自第一手资料。这样的头脑产生的思想都是独立思考的结果，从他们对思想的表达上也处处可以看出这一点。真正独立思考的人像是君王，不肯居于人下。他的判断，就像君王的决定，直接来自他的绝对权能。他不再接受权威，正如君王不受命于人。除了他自己确定的，他不承认任何事物是有效的。

9

在现实领域，不管我们觉得生活多么美好，多么幸福和快乐，我们仍始终处在重力的影响之下，对此我们要不断克服。相反，在思想领域，我们是无躯壳的灵魂，摆脱了重力，没有需求也没有忧虑。这就是为什么世上没有任何快乐能比得上优美多产的思想的灵光闪现。

10

很多思想对思考者来说具有价值，但只有其中一小部分写下来能引起读者的兴趣。

11

只有当出发点是为了给自己提供导引的时候，你的思考才有价值。

思想家可分两类：第一种出发点是为了指导自己，第二种是为了指导他人。前者是真正的独立思想家，当得起“独立”和“思考”两个词。他们是真正的哲学家。他们本就认真，他们生活的乐趣和幸福在于思考。后者则是诡辩家，他们想装得像思想家，他们的快乐来自他们希望从别人那里得来什么，这才是他们看重的。一个人属于前者还是后者，可从他的整体风格和方式一眼看出。利希腾贝格是前者的典型，赫尔德[12]无疑属于后者。

12

生存暧昧不清，充满痛苦，转瞬即逝，犹如幻梦。生存问题如此严峻和迫切，一想到它，其他问题和目标都相形见绌。除了极少的例外，人们对此并无明确的认识，甚至好像全无觉察，而只关心此外的种种，或仅为今日及今生动动脑筋。他们或者断然拒绝考虑生存问题，或者满意于一些流行的形而上学观点。我想，每念及此你都会认为：人类被称为“思考着的生灵”，是仅就该词的最广义而言。再见到人们不思考或做蠢事，你也会见怪不怪。相反，你会认识到，动物的整个生命仅是一连串的现在，对过去和未来毫无觉察，一般人的智力范围虽然大于动物，但并不像通常所想的那样大得没有边际。

箴言集

论哲学及智力

1

认识和求知的基础在于不可解之物。每一条解释，中间阶段或多或少，最终都引向这里，正如触探海底的铅锤，或深或浅，但迟早会在某个地方触到海底。对不可解事物的研究衍生了形而上学。

2

当智力服务于意志即实用时，只存在个别的事物；当智力醉心于艺术和科学，即因其自身而活跃时，只存在普遍观念和整体类别，以及关于事物的理式。即便雕塑家在雕刻个别物体时，他也在试图刻画理式和类别。究其原因，意志之所图所求只是个别事物，只有个别事物才具有经验意义上的真实性。相反，观念和种属只能非常间接地成为意志的对象。这就是为什么常人不懂普遍真理，而天才则忽略个别事物——对于天才来说，被迫要与实际生活中的个别事物打交道，是个不堪其负的苦差事。

3

哲学思考的两个基本要求是：第一，直面问题，绝不退缩；第二，不言而喻的，要清醒对待，加以质疑。最后，头脑若要进行真正的哲学探讨，必须无拘无束——它不能有特定的目的或目标，因此也就摆脱了意志的诱惑，从而彻底接受可感世界和自身意识的导引。

4

诗人用意象来展示自己的想象，意象来自生活、人的性格或境遇。他们调动意象，让意象尽可能占据读者的心灵。故而，虽然贤愚殊途、才具迥异，人皆受诗人吸引。相反，哲学家展示的不是生活本身，而是从生活中提取的完成了的思想，因此要求读者也能如己一般严密而深入地思考。唯其如此，哲学的读者少之又少。诗人好比示人以花朵，哲人好比示人以花香。

5

哲学有一个古怪而不足取的定义：纯由观念构成的科学，连康德也如此定义哲学。观念所包含的，仅是从感性知识那里乞讨和借用来的东西，感性认识才是所有洞见真正的不竭之源泉。因此，真正的哲学不能来源于纯抽象的观念，而应立足于内在和外在的观察的经验。将实验和概念相结合，也不能取得任何有价值的哲学成就，但这种做法在古代很常见，当代的诡辩家尤爱采用——我指的是费希特和谢林，黑格尔所做的尤其令人反感，施莱尔马赫在伦理学领域也是这样做的[13]。哲学恰如艺术和诗歌，必须根植于对世界的感知。不管大脑多想高高在上，哲学也不应该是冷冰冰的——整个人，包括大脑和心灵，自始至终都冷眼旁观，不为所动。哲学不是代数，相反，正如沃韦纳格[14]所说：“伟大的思想来自心灵。”

6

仅有敏锐，能使你成为怀疑论者，却不能让你成为哲学家。从另一个方面看，怀疑主义之于哲学，正如反对派之于议会，不仅是有益的，而且是必要的。怀疑主义无所不在，因为哲学无法提供数学所提供的那种证据。

7

我们把一些命题叫作理性的必然要求。对这些命题，我们未经审查即认其为真，我们对此深信不疑，即便想要对其认真审查也无能为力，因为那样做我们就得暂时对其存疑。我们完全听信这些命题，因为当我们刚刚说话和思考的时候，就有人不停向我们灌输这些命题，使之根深蒂固。因此，思考这些命题就像思考本身一样古老，乃至二者不可分离。

8

人们喋喋不休地说：自然科学成就巨大，相比之下，形而上学进展甚微。但又有哪种科学能像形而上学那样，无时无刻不受到权贵、公众、保皇党人全副武装的反对？只要人们要求形而上学去适应教条，它就不能发挥全部力量。各种各样的宗教，或在早期将教条加诸形而上学而使之僵化，或禁止、压制形而上学自由无碍的表达，从而占据了人类的形而上学倾向。因此，人类对最重要和最有趣事物的考察，对其自身存在的考察，或被间接阻碍，或因思想受制而无力实行，人最崇高的倾向乃被重重枷锁禁锢。

9

我们很难发现真理，最主要的原因并非事物呈现假象而导致谬误，也非直接源于推理能力的薄弱，而是由于成见和偏见——这些伪前提挡住了通往真理的道路，就像逆风将船吹离陆地，扬帆转舵均无济于事。

10

普遍真理之于个别真理，正如金币之于银币。普遍真理能转化成诸多相关的个别真理，正如一枚金币可以兑换成一些零钱。

11

从一个命题只能引出此命题所蕴含的东西，即其显义与隐义。但两个命题如构成三段论的前提，则可引出两个命题均不具有的东西，正像身体乃各部件凑合而成，但其性质则为任一部件所不具备。逻辑推论的价值正在于此。

12

光明之于外部的自然界，正如智力之于内部的意识界。智力关乎意志，因此也就关乎身体机能——客观看来，意志即身体机能。这种关系类似光明与可燃物及助燃的氧气的关系。可燃物产生的烟雾愈少，光明愈纯粹；同样，智力与产生它的意志脱离得愈完全，智力愈纯粹。不妨打个更宽泛的比喻：可以把人生看作燃烧的过程，智力就是此过程产生的光明。

13

结合解剖学发现的事实，对自身稍作客观观察，即可得出结论：智力、其物质载体大脑，以及附属的感觉器官，无非是对外部影响的强烈领受，并不构成我们本原的实在。因此，智力之于我们，并不如动力之于植物，或重力与化学力之于石头，在这些形式中只有意志存在。我们的智力无非相当于植物对外部影响的领受，对物理作用和化学作用、对促成或阻碍其生长繁茂的一切的领受。只不过，在我们身上，这种领受升至极高的强度，整个客观世界和理式世界都借此显现。因此，这也是理式世界得以客观化的原因。更形象一点，你可以想象世界上并无动物，那世上便没有可以感知世界的东西，因此世界实则根本没有客观存在。现在设想一些植物紧紧挨着破土而出，各种事物开始作用于它们：空气、风、此植物对彼植物的压力、湿度、温度、光照、电流，等等。设想植物对此类影响的领受渐次增强，将发展出感觉，以及将感觉归因的能力，最终将发展成知觉。世界因而在时间、空间和因果关系中显现。然而，知觉仍只是外部影响对植物领受能力作用的结果。这一图景

很好地说明了外部世界仅是现象的存在，使之变得可解。究其原因，知觉无非来自外部影响与积极领受之间的关系，的确没人愿意断言：假定作用于植物的所有自然力，其客观、内在和本原的构成即是如此，即自在之物的世界即是如此。这一图景因此也揭示了：为什么人类智力的范围如此狭窄，正如康德在《纯粹理性批判》中所说的那样。

14

不消说，一有好的想法便应用笔记下。我们有时会忘记做过什么，因此更常忘记想过什么。不过，想法并非我们招之即来，而是遵从自己的意愿。相反，对于那些我们从外界接收来的完备的思想，我们只是学而知之的东西，我们能从书本上再次遇到的观点，最好不要记下，因为一旦记下什么，你就把它付诸遗忘。对待记忆，你得苛刻而专制，这样记忆才能俯首帖耳。例如，有时候我们记不起一行诗句或一个单词，你不应该去查书，而应数周时间不时绞尽脑汁，直到记忆履行其职责。你为某事物开动脑筋的时间越长，一旦获得它就会越牢固。

15

思想的质量（思想的形式价值）来自内部，来自思想的方向；思想的内容则来自外部。因此，我们某时的想法是两种截然不同的因素的产物。正因为这样，思想的对象与头脑的关系正如琴拨和琴弦的关系。这也是为什么看到同样的事物，不同的人会有不同的想法。

16

从以下事实即可见出，常人的智力多么琐碎和片面，人类意识又是多么含混不清：尽管人生朝生暮死、充满变数、迷雾重重，人们却都不去进行坚持不懈的哲学探索。除了极少的例外，大多数人浑浑噩噩地过此一生，与动物没有多大区别，他们与动物的最终区别只是他们能为未

来几年作一些筹备。如果他们偶有思考形而上问题的需要，也有各种宗教自上而下事先提供给他们思考的结果。他们有宗教就够了，不管是什么样的宗教。

17

人们几乎相信，我们的思考有一半是不自觉地发生的。我们达成一个结论时，通常并未认真地思考引出此结论的前提。这明显体现在下列事实中：有时某事发生了，我们不可能预知其后果；它对我们自身会有什么影响，我们更不可能作出估计；但它却对我们的整个情绪造成了实实在在的影响，让我们由喜转悲，或由悲转喜，这只能是不自觉思考的结果。在下述事例中这一点体现得更加明显：我对一些理论问题或实践问题掌握了一些实际资料，我并没有再去想它，但几天以后，问题的答案不请自到，呈现在我的脑海中，然而，为什么会这样，对我来说，就像加数机一样，是个不解之谜。这又是一个不自觉思考的例子。几乎可以作一个大胆的生理学假设：自觉思考发生在大脑表面，不自觉思考发生在大脑内部。

18

生活单调沉闷，一段时间以后，人们会发现生活枯燥得难以忍受。幸好，知识和洞见不断推进，我们对事物的理解甚至变得更好、更清晰，这或是经验使然，或是因为我们在不同的人生阶段也在经历着变化，观点或多或少总在改变，因此事物向我们呈现出未知的方面。因此，虽然我们的心智能力在退化，“苟日新，日日新，又日新”仍颠扑不灭，同一事物显得新鲜和不同，带给人生常新的兴味。

19

我们对某事物已有一定之见，对与之相关的新观点就会采取防卫和

否定的态度，这很自然。新观点像一个敌人，突破进入我们自身信条的封闭体系，打破了我们由此体系而得的心灵的平静，要求我们付出额外的努力，并宣布此前的努力作废。因此，将我们从错误中拯救出来的真理就像药水，不仅味道苦涩难忍，而且不能立竿见影，须经一段时间才发挥效力。

如果说，一个人容易抱残守缺，一群人情况则更糟。一旦人们有了某种观点，不管经历多少，无论怎样引导，均是徒劳。因此，有一些谬见极为普遍，根深蒂固，无数人每天都在心满意足地重复。我列了一个谬见的清单，其他人可以续写：

1. 自杀是懦弱之举。

2. 不信他人是因为自己不诚实。

3. 真正的价值和才能都是朴实无华的。

4. 疯子极其不快乐。

5. 可以学会哲学思考，但学不会哲学（反之亦然）。

6. 悲剧比喜剧好写。

7. 哲学会让人远离上帝，深研哲学会让人重归上帝——自弗朗西斯·培根之后人们一直这样说。

8. 知识就是力量。一派胡言！有人学识渊博，但知识没给他一点权力；也有人权势熏天，却几乎没有知识。

这些大多是鹦鹉学舌，未经深入思考，仅仅因为人们第一次听说时，觉得这些观点听起来很睿智。

20

智力是强度的单位，不是广度的单位，就智力而论，一人可抵千人，但一千个蠢人加起来也顶不上一个智者。

21

可怜的平庸之辈到处泛滥，他们缺乏两种密切相关的能力：达成判断的能力和形成自己观点的能力。但不是平庸之辈，就无从了解他们能力的缺乏，也无从了解他们生活的可悲。不过，正因为能力的缺乏，胡涂乱写才能在各国大行其道，超凡脱俗之人才命途多舛。真正的思想和艺术在某种程度上都试图将伟大的头脑置于渺小的人群之上，无怪乎此类尝试难以实现。作家要提供乐趣，须在其思考方式和读者的思考方式之间取得某种一致，两者越是一致，提供的乐趣越大。伟大的心灵只能对另一个伟大的心灵心领神会。出于同样的原因，拙劣或平庸的作家在深思的心灵中引起的是反感和厌恶。和大多数人谈话甚至也有同样的效果，每一步都感觉格格不入。

22

植物的生命只是简单的生存，因此植物生命的乐趣完全是主观、麻木的满足。动物有了认识，但认识仅为其动机服务，实际上服务于当前的动机。这就是为什么动物和植物一样，只要活着，活完一生，就感到心满意足。因此，它们可以几个小时一动不动，并不思考，只是观望，但并无不满或者不耐。只有极聪明的动物，如狗和猿，才会感觉无聊，才有行动的需要，因此它们喜欢游戏，因此它们盯着过路的人看，以此自娱。这方面它们很像随处可见、透过窗户盯着我们看的人，但当我们发现它们是学生，我们就会气愤不已。

只有在人身上，认识，即对他物而不仅仅是自身的意识，才达到了

一个高度，并借理智上升为思想。结果，除了单纯的存在，人的生活也有了认识本身。在某种意义上，认识使他超越了自身存在，而在其他事物中获得了第二个存在。不过，人的知识也大多限于为其动机服务，虽然并非总是当下的动机。动机总的来说被称为“实用知识”。相反，受到好奇心鼓动或者需要消遣时，人通常会有自由的，即无目的的知识。不过，这种知识每个人都有，即便仅限于此。同时，当动机消歇，人的生命很大程度上只是单纯的存在，人们的交际即是明证：人们迎来送往，照章办事，主要是待在一起，他们根本不交谈，顶多言辞空洞地说上几句。事实上，大多数人即便不自觉，心底也决意“得过且过，动脑越少越好”，他们把这当作最高行为规范，当作自己的座右铭，因为思考对他们来说太过沉重和艰巨。因此，他们只想谋生糊口所必需之事，只想消遣娱乐所要求之事，这也是他们交谈和娱乐的内容，但交谈和娱乐必用最少的思考就能办到。

只有智力超出生存所需时，认识才多少成为自身的目的。智力的天职是为意志服务，仅仅体察事物之间的关系，因此，如果智力擅离职守以保持纯粹的客观，那将是相当罕见的，艺术、诗歌和哲学的起源正在于此，乃无意得之。就其本质而言，智力是劳工，意志是监工，让它从早到晚忙个不停。但如果有一天，这任务繁重的劳工利用空闲时间主动创作一件作品，出于自己的意愿，没有什么目标，只想做点什么让自己满足和开心，那他创作的必是一件真正的艺术品，推而极之，一件天才之作。

像这样纯客观地运用智力，不仅见于一切艺术、诗歌和哲学成就，总的说来也见于一切纯科学的成就。在纯科学的研究和学习中，在对任何主题的自由思索（即无关个人功利的思索）中，这样的智力运用已经出现。即便几句简单的交谈，如果主题是纯客观的，无关谈话者的利益因此也无关其意志，同样需要客观地运用智力。纯客观运用智力与主观运用智力——即为个人利益运用智力，不管多么间接——相比，如同舞

蹈与走路之间的关系。像舞蹈一样，客观运用智力是多余精力的释放，没有什么目的；相反，主观运用智力显然合乎天性，因为智力就是为服务意志而产生的。在工作和个人努力中，在一切关乎个人事物和物质的谈话中，在吃喝玩乐中，在有关谋生的种种事物中，在任何一种功利的考虑中，都有智力的主观运用。的确，大多数人不能将智力用作他用，因为对他们来说，智力只是服务于意志的工具，智力全部用于这个任务，毫无保留。正因为这样，他们才变得这么乏味，这么古板，不能进行客观的交谈。从他们的脸上似乎可以看到，智力被牢牢捆在意志之上。因为这样，他们的表情常常给人目光短浅的印象，令人压抑，但这无非表明：他们整个知识储备受制于自身意志。我们可以看出，特定意志为达成其目的需要多少智力，他们就有多少智力，多一点也没有。因此，他们外表粗俗，一旦没有意志的驱使，智力就停滞不动。他们对什么都没有客观的兴趣。如果事物与他们没有直接的或者至少是可能的关系，就引不起他们的注意，更不必说触动他们的心灵。机智或幽默甚至显然都不能打动他们，需要动一点脑筋的事情他们都痛恨。低俗的滑稽顶多让他们大笑几声，除此之外，他们就是麻木的野人。凡此种种，都是因为他们只能产生主观的兴趣。这也正是打牌为什么成了最适合他们的娱乐，因为打牌赌钱和舞台剧、音乐、交谈不同，它不属于纯粹的认识，而是对意志的调动——意志是无所不在的首要因素。除此之外，他们从生到死都是商人，是天生为生活奔波的苦工。他们的一切快乐都来自感官，其他快乐他们感觉不到。和他们交谈只能谈生意，不能谈别的。和他们交往是自降身价。相反，两个能对智力进行某种纯客观运用的人，他们的交谈是自由的智力游戏，虽然他们谈话没有实质内容，只是嬉笑怒骂。这样的交谈实际上像双人舞或群舞，而另外一种交谈则像正步走：一个挨一个或一个跟一个，只为了到某个地方去。

天才喜欢对智力进行自由的因此也是超常的运用，而且他们有这个能力，这样在天才那里，知识成了整个人生最重要的事情和目的，他自身的生存反倒退居其次，仅仅是一种手段。这样，正常的次序完全颠倒

了。有了对世界的认识和理解，天才不是生活在一己之内，而是生活在世界之中。他的认知能力完全向着超常的方向发展，因此他不可能把时间都花在单纯的生存及其目的上，他的头脑需要保持充实和活力。他因此不能淡然经历人生百态，像常人一样对日常生活热衷关切。一般的智能适合一般的现实生活，因此天分在常人眼中成了病态，甚至像所有超常之物一样，成了阻碍。由于智能的增强，对外部世界的直觉体认极为客观明晰，远远超过意志所需，反倒妨碍了智力为意志服务，因为他们考虑的是现象本身，为现象本身而考虑，而不去考虑现象与个人意志的关系，或现象与现象的关系，因此也就干扰和妨害了对这些关系的考虑。要服务意志，对事物作些肤浅的思考就足够了。我们只需考虑事物与目的的关系，以及目的与什么有关。因此，我们考虑的只是关系，此外的一切一概视而不见。客观充分地思考事物的本质，会削弱这种认识，使之陷入混乱。

23

诚然，天才与常人的智力只有量的区别，即只是程度的区别。不过，常人尽管个个不同，却都有固定的思维模式，因此常常众口一词，赞同一些实则错误的判断，乃至怀抱一些基本观念，一代代流传重复；而每个时代的伟大思想家都或公开或秘密地反对这些观念。考虑到这一点，我们难免要说：天才与常人的智力是质的区别。

24

在天才的头脑里，理式世界极为清晰，并鲜明地显现出来。最有分量和最深刻的思想不是通过对个别和孤立的事物苦苦观察而得的，而是要尽量全盘考虑。故而，人类有望从天才那里得到最深刻的指导。因此也可以说，天才对事物有极为清醒的认识，所以对与事物相对的人也有着清醒的认识。有能力揭示事物及人类本质的天才，人类应当崇敬。

25

若要赢得同时代人的感激，你要与他们步调一致，但这样你就无所建树。若有不凡的想法，你得对后代说。的确，这也许会使你在同时代人中默默无闻。你好像被迫在荒岛上度过一生，辛辛苦苦树立起纪念碑，好让后代的海员知道你曾经存在过。

26

能人为金钱和名誉而工作，但天才苦苦耕耘的动机却不容易确定。不是钱，因为天才很少有钱；也不是名，名誉太不确定，更深一层考虑，价值甚少。严格地说，天才工作也不是为了自己的乐趣，因为付出的大量辛劳几乎超过了获得的乐趣。不妨说，天才工作是出于某种奇特的本能，他们对其他动机并不了解，只是不得不付出长期的劳作，表达他们的所见所感。笼统而论，树木结果也出自同样的必要，它向世界索取的只是一块土壤，好让它开花结果。更深一层考虑，似乎在天才身上，生存意志像人类精神一样发觉，智力罕见地暂时明澈起来，现在它要为全人类索取明澈思想之所得——这实则也是天才的本性——以便让天才的思想之光照亮常人暗昧无知的头脑。正是这个目的驱使天才孤军奋战，不求回报、掌声和同情，甚至忽略个人安乐，更多地想着后代而不是当代，因为他的时代只会把他引入歧途。天才把他的工作当成神圣的事业，当成自己存在的真正目的，当成全人类的财产，他留下作品，为了更能理解他的后代。这成了天才最重要的目标，为此目标，他头戴荆冠，但荆冠总归会长成桂冠。他努力完成并守护着他的作品，坚定得就像守护虫卵、孵育未来族群的昆虫——虽然它看不到那一天。它把卵产在一个地方，知道那里有一天会有新的生命茁壮成长。然后，它心满意足地死去。

论美学

1

美的形而上学，其核心问题可简述如下：客体与欲望无关，如何能引起我们的愉悦？

我们都认为：某物只有与我们的意志或我们习惯所称的目的发生关系，我们对其才能产生愉悦，因此有愉悦而无意志的激发，听起来像是自相矛盾。美与我们的个人目的即意志无关，但显然能引起愉悦。

我对这一问题的解答是：在美的事物中，我们总能觉知生物界与非生物界内在和本原的形式，即柏拉图所说的理式，由此衍生了无意志参与的认识主体，即无关目的或意愿的纯粹智能。这样，当审美发生时，意志完全从意识中消失，而意志是我们所有烦恼和痛苦的唯一根源，审美伴随的愉悦感由此产生。痛苦连根去除，愉悦因此建立。有人也许会反对：如果那样，愉悦也会连根除掉。不要忘记，我常说，喜足无非是痛苦的消歇，其本质是否定的，痛苦则是肯定的。因此，当欲望全从意识中消失时，仍有愉悦产生的条件——愉悦是无痛苦，此时痛苦甚至无从产生，人从意欲着的主体一变而为纯认知的主体，但仍对自身及其行动了然于心。我们知道，作为意志的世界是第一世界，作为理式的世界是第二世界。前者是欲念的世界，因此有痛苦，有重重磨难；后者实无痛苦，另含一奇妙境界。此境界意义非凡，至少悦人耳目，对此境界的欣赏就产生了审美愉悦。

2

想象力隶属于意志，它之所以产生和存在，即是为意志或个人服务，这是它唯一的天职和常务。若个体意志能放任想象力片刻，使其暂免职责，全获自由，又不失充沛活力，或尽力发挥知觉能力，则想象将立刻变得完全客观，成为忠实反映客体的镜子，更确切地说，意志以想象为媒，客观化为或此或彼的客体，客体的核心本质借由想象呈现，知

觉时间越久，呈现得越完全，直至知觉穷尽。有纯主体，才有纯客体，即意志在所知之物中的充分显现，这正是（柏拉图的）客体的理式。不过要有此觉知，思考客体时便须将客体在时空中的位置剥离出去，因此也就剥离了其个体性——正是这种恒受因果律支配的位置，使得客体与作为个体的我发生某种关系，因此只有将此位置与意志分离，客体才成为理式，我才因此成为纯粹的认识主体。正因为这样，一幅画将飞逝的瞬间永远固定下来，因而将其从时间中解救出来，它所展现的不是个体，而是理式，是变动中的不变因素。不过，这种假定的主体和客体的改变要实现，不仅需要将认识能力从原本的从属地位中解放出来，完全听命于自己，还需要认识能力保持最大程度的活力，尽管此时缺少自然激发其活动的东西，即意志的刺激。这正是为什么主体和客体难以改变，也很少改变。因为我们的所想所图，所闻所见，本质而言都直接或间接地服务于数不胜数、或大或小的个人目的，因此正是意志激发了认识能力充分发挥其功用，没有意志的激发，认识能力立刻减弱。此外，受意志激发而得的认识，对现实生活，甚至对各种科学门类，便已足够，因为各类科学都指向事物之间的关系，而不是本质和内在的存在。只要知识关乎因果，或关乎依据和结论，也就是说，属于自然科学和数学，或关乎历史和发明，所求之认识必为意志的目的；意志越是努力寻求认识，得到认识的速度越快。同样，在国家事务、战争、财政、商业以及种种谋划方面，意志必先运用其欲望的威力，驱使智力全力探求所考察问题的前因后果。此时意志的激发力如此巨大，能让智力超常发挥，实在惊人。

当觉知事物客观、本质的存在时，情况极为不同。事物客观、本质的存在构成事物（柏拉图式的）理式，也存在于一切美术成就之中。前一种情况，意志鼓动人去努力，意志与努力不可分离；后一种情况，意志毫不介入，只有智力依靠自力，用自己的方式自愿无偿展现它取得的成果。只有把意志及其目的从人身上彻底去掉，同时去掉人的个体性，具备纯粹认识的条件，纯客观的觉知才能出现，事物（柏拉图式的）理

式才能被理解。然而，此觉知必先于概念，即最初的直觉认识。这一认识继而构成内在的质料及核心，它是真正艺术品、诗歌乃至真正哲学的灵魂。天才可遇而不可求的灵光闪现总是为人称道，正因为最初的艺术认识与意志完全分离，完全独立，是非意志的。

3

可以说，该审美的客观方面，即（柏拉图式的）理式，便是去除我们知识的形式条件和主观条件——时间以后呈现在我们面前的东西，正如去掉万花筒的镜片后呈现在眼前的东西。例如，我们看到蓓蕾长成花朵，然后结成果实，惊叹生生不息的动力。如果我们了解到，虽有上述生长变异，我们面前却有唯一不变的植物的理式，惊奇便会消失。不过，我们不能把植物的理式觉知为蓓蕾、花朵和果实的统一体，而只能通过时间形式加以了解。通过时间，智力把理式看作从蓓蕾到果实的一连串状态。

4

诗歌和造型艺术总以个别事物为主题，不厌其详地展现其独特性，甚至最无关紧要的细节也不放过。科学借概念而行，一劳永逸地将独特之处加以界定并描述，将其归为一类，每个概念都代表无数个体。考虑到这些，你也许会觉得艺术创作琐碎、微不足道，甚至幼稚。然而，艺术的特质在于，艺术以一代多，它对个体精描细摹，目的在于揭示个体所属种类的理式。因此，一件事，一个生活场景，经过准确充分的刻画，即通过对个体的细致描述，从某个侧面体察人性本身，从而产生对人性本身清晰深刻的认识。正像植物学家从万绿丛中撷取一朵花，加以分析，以便向我们展现植物的共同特点，诗人也从躁动纷繁、无休无止的生活中选择一个场景，有时仅是一种情绪或感觉，以便向我们展示生活和人性。正因为如此，我们看到，莎士比亚、歌德、拉斐尔、伦勃朗等大师不耻描摹单个、甚至不引人注意的事物。他们殚精竭虑，穷其根

本，探幽发微，因为特殊、个别的事物只有变得显明才能把握。正因为如此，我把诗歌定义为一种用语言让想象动起来的艺术。

5

一件造型艺术品并不像实际事物一样，向我们展示昙花一现的东西，即构成具体事物和个别事物的特定质料与特定形式的结合，它向我们展示的仅仅是形式；若艺术品完整赅备，则向我们展示理式本身。因此，一看到画面，我们立刻离开个体事物，走向纯粹形式。形式与质料的分离是迈向理式的一大步，每件造型艺术品，无论绘画还是雕塑，都体现了这种分离。艺术品的美学目的在于让我们认识（柏拉图式的）理式，理式的特点就是形式与质料的脱离和分立。艺术品的本质是仅仅展现形式而不展现质料，并展现得鲜明了然。这正是为什么蜡像不能带来审美感受，因此也不是（美学意义上的）艺术品。制作精美的蜡像比最出色的画作或雕像显得真实得多，如果对现实的模仿是艺术的目的，蜡像可拔头筹。但蜡像展现的不仅仅是纯粹形式，还有质料，因此产生一种假象，好像原物就在眼前。真正的艺术品带我们远离那些昙花一现的东西，即个体，走向长存不变并不断重现的东西——纯粹形式或理式；但蜡像展现的似乎是个体本身，即昙花一现的东西，而不展现能为朝生暮死带来意义的东西。蜡像没有生命。唯其如此，蜡像勾起一种恐怖感——它仿佛一具僵尸。

6

我们年轻时的观感之所以重要，在人生的黎明，一切之所以像是沐浴着完美无缺的光辉，都是因为那时我们刚刚通过个别事物对类别开始熟悉，类别对我们还是新鲜事物，所以每个个体事物都代表其种类。在此我们掌握了种类的（柏拉图式的）理式，理式即是美的本质构成。

7

人的形体美丽与优雅合一，是意志客观化最高阶段的最显明形式，因此成为造型艺术的最高成就。另外，每个具体事物都是美的，因此每个动物也是美的。如果某些动物似乎不那么美，那是因为我们未能纯客观地看待它们，因此不能理解其理式。我们总不免有一些联想，通常是胡乱类比，阻碍了我们对动物之美的感受。例如，我们把猿同人类相比，不去把握猿的理式，而把猿看成夸张丑陋的人。蟾蜍与泥土的类比也产生同样的效果，虽然这不足以解释很多人看到这种动物为什么会感到极度厌恶，甚至感到惧怕和恐怖，就像另一些人看到蜘蛛一样——这似乎肇始于更深、更玄、更神秘的联系。

8

无机界若没有水，呈现不出生命的迹象，会给我们一种非常阴郁甚至压抑的印象，其中一例是土伦[15]附近的长峡谷，岩石荒凉，通往马赛之路从中穿过；但非洲的沙漠给人的印象则远为宏大和震撼。无机界给人的印象之所以悲凉，最主要是因为无机界全然受制于重力，而地心引力支配一切。相反，一看到草木，我们油然而生欣快之情，植被越是葱茏繁盛，越是自由生长，欣快之情便越强烈。最直接的原因是，植物似乎克服了地心引力，生长的方向恰与被重力左右的物体相反，因而明确宣布：生命现象是更新更高级的事物等级。人类自身便是这种等级的一部分，生命现象是我们的本性所在，也是我们存在的要素，有了它我们便欣欣然。因此，看到植物世界，最让我们愉快的是植物垂直向上，树林中有杉木拔地而起，会让树林增色不少。相反，伐倒的树不能打动我们。

事实上，歪歪斜斜的大树产生的效果要远小于挺直的树。柳树枝条低垂，听命于地心引力，才得了“弱柳”的称号。水也是无生命的，但水流动性强，总是波光闪耀，很大程度上抵消了它产生的阴郁感觉。水流给人生命的感觉，此外，水也是我们生命的首要条件。

9

人谋生靠缪斯的恩赐，我是说诗才，对我来说，就像女子谋生靠美貌，两者都是亵渎自身天赋，换取卑劣好处，两者都易色衰力弛，蒙羞收场。别把诗神贬低为妓女。

10

音乐是真正的通用语言，无论哪里的人都能理解。因此，每个国家，每个时代，总有人热切而严肃地讲这门语言。一段意蕴丰厚的旋律很快能传遍全球，一段言之无物的旋律立刻销声匿迹，这说明，旋律的内容很容易理解。不过，音乐讲述的不是事物，而是纯粹的悲喜。悲与喜，对意志而言是唯一的真实。因此，虽然音乐不直接诉诸头脑，对心灵却有千言万语。要求音乐打动头脑是滥用音乐，画面音乐就是这样，因此总是遭到反对。即便海顿和贝多芬，也曾误入歧途，创作画面音乐，据我所知，莫扎特和罗西尼则从不这样做，因为表达激情和描绘事物是截然不同的两码事。

11

大歌剧算不上真正的纯艺术作品。相反，它堆砌各种方法，拼凑迥然不同的印象，以人数取胜强化效果，试图提高审美愉悦，可谓粗俗不堪。而音乐是最有力量的艺术，仅凭音乐本身就牢牢抓住敏锐的心灵。事实上，若要正确理解和欣赏音乐杰作，需要全神贯注，好把全部身心都交给音乐，涵泳其中，以便理解音乐那至为亲切的语言。与此相反，高度复杂的歌剧场面宏大，舞台绚丽，灯光和色彩缤纷生动，这一切都通过眼睛侵入观赏者的内心，同时头脑要兼顾剧情，这都让头脑变得散乱迷惑，注意力不能集中，因而对神圣、神秘、亲切的音乐语言感之甚少。这些附加的东西都与音乐目标的实现背道而驰。

严格说来，歌剧可谓不合音乐本质的发明，为不懂音乐的人而设——音乐首先得借助与之格格不入的媒介蒙混过关，如伴随一个冗长、老套、酸溜溜的爱情故事和打油诗。富有生气、言简意赅的诗歌与歌剧音乐长度不相匹配，因此对歌剧剧本毫无用处。

只有弥撒和交响乐才能带来专定完整的音乐享受，而在歌剧中，音乐不幸与无聊的戏剧及讽刺诗结伴而行，必须尽力承受本不属于它的负担。伟大的罗西尼在剧本中有时也失之尖刻，尖刻绝非音乐的特点。

大歌剧长达三个小时，让我们的感受力越来越麻木。一场琐碎的戏往往慢似蜗牛，考验我们的耐心。大歌剧总体而言，其本质就是沉闷。只有个人成就超强，才能弥补这一缺陷。这就是为什么在歌剧这种艺术形式中，只有上乘之作才令人赏心悦目，一切中等水平的作品都让人无法忍受。

12

戏剧是人类存在的最佳反映。总的说来，有三种理解戏剧的方式。第一阶段，也是最常见的阶段，戏剧限于趣味——我们关注剧中人物，因为他们在追求与我们类似的目标，情节靠谋划、角色性格和巧合来推动，全剧靠机智和幽默调节。第二阶段，戏剧诉诸情感——英雄引起我们的怜悯，我们从英雄身上看到自己，情节的特点是悲怆，最后复归平静释然。在悲剧力图达到的最高也是最难的阶段，呈现在我们眼前的是悲伤苦难，生活的不幸，最终的结果是挣扎的徒劳。我们深受触动，受到直接影响或感同身受，对生活产生厌离之情。

13

常言道：万事开头难，但在表演艺术中情况正好相反——结尾是最难的。无数戏剧前半部分让人充满期待，但到了恶名昭著的第四幕，就

变得混乱、动摇、摇摆不定，结尾生硬、令人不满，或者是所有人早就想到的结局。有时候，就像《爱米丽娅·迦洛蒂》[16]一样，结局甚至让人生厌，观众满心沮丧地离开剧场。结尾的难度部分在于把水弄混总比弄清容易，也部分因为，在戏剧开头，我们允许剧作家自由发挥，但到了结尾我们则有了明确的要求。我们要求结尾要么大喜，要么大悲，但人情百态很难如此泾渭分明。我们进而要求结尾要自然，要公平，要水到渠成，但同时又要出乎观众的意料。

小说描绘的内在生活越多，外在生活越少，就越高级。这种关系应成为每种小说的标志，不管是《项狄传》还是粗俗野蛮、情节夸张的传奇。的确，《项狄传》没有情节，但《新爱洛绮丝》和《威廉·迈斯特》[17]的情节又如何之少！甚至《堂吉诃德》的情节也很少，仅有的情节也无关紧要，和几个笑话差不多。这四部作品都是小说的巅峰之作。再想想让·保罗，他那些精彩的小说栩栩如生地描写了多少内在生活，对外在的依赖又何其少！即便是瓦尔特·司各特的小说对内在生活的重视也远远超过外在生活，后者无非作为背景出现，好让内在生活生动起来。而在拙劣的小说中，外在生活只为自身存在。艺术就是让内在生活尽可能地生动，因为内在生活才是我们真正的兴趣所在。小说家的任务不是叙述大事，而是让小事变得有趣。

论书籍与写作

1

作家可分为流星、行星和恒星三种。第一种效果短暂，你抬头凝望，叫声“看啊”，它们就永远消失了。第二种是行星，持续的时间要长得多。因为离得近，它们往往要比恒星更亮，无知的人误以为它们就是恒星。但它们必定也会迅速退场，何况它们的光亮是借来的，它们的影响仅限于同行者（同时代的人）。只有第三种始终不变，牢踞天宇，靠

自身发亮，影响遍及各个时代。由于没有视差，它们的外观不会随着我们视角的改变而改变。与其他星体不同，它们不仅仅属于一个系统（国家），而是属于整个宇宙。正因为太高，它们的光线才需要那么多年才能到达地球人的眼睛。

2

作家总共分两种：一种不得不写，一种为写而写。前者有一些想法和经验，自觉需要与人分享；后者缺钱，他们写作的目的就是赚钱。他们思考是为了写作。你可以根据以下特点认出他们：他们竭尽全力把观点拖长，他们的观点半真半假、暧昧不清、做作多变，他们通常更爱暮色沉沉，以便蒙混过关。正因为这样，他们的作品既不精确也不清晰。你很快就会发现：他们写作仅仅是为了用字把纸填满。一旦看清这一点，你就会把他们的书扔到一边，因为时间宝贵。稿酬和版权实际上害了文学。只有不得不写，才能写出有价值的作品。金钱好像带有某种诅咒，只要一为报酬写作，任何作家都写不出好作品。最伟大的作家创作最杰出的作品时，都没有报酬或报酬极少。西班牙的一句谚语说得很妙：荣誉和金钱装不进同一个口袋。

大众有一种愚蠢的愿望——只读印出来的东西，一大群拙劣的作家以此为生，他们叫作报刊作家。真是个好名字！英语中“报刊作家”的意思就是“日工”。

3

作家也可以分为以下三类。第一类作家写作但不思考，他们的写作素材取自记忆、回忆录，甚至直接取自别人的著作，此类作家人数最众。第二类作家边写作边思考，他们为了写作而思考，这样的作家很常见。第三种作家动笔之前先已思考，他们写作只是因为之前的思考，此类作家很罕见。

即便那些动笔之前已认真思考的少数作家，思考主题本身的人也少之又少，其他人思考的都是书，都是他人对主题说过什么。也就是说，得有他人的想法在旁边用力推一下，他们才能思考。于是这些想法成了他们直接的话题，因此他们总受别人影响，也就永远不能有创见。相反，上述少之又少的作家，他们思考是受到主题本身的触动，因此他们的思考紧紧围绕着主题。只有在他们当中才能找到生命力长久乃至不朽的作家。

作家所写直接出自自己的头脑，他的书才值得一读。

4

书无非是作者思想的记录。这些思想的价值或在质料，或在形式。质料是指作者的思考建立在什么之上，形式是指作者处理质料的方法，即对质料的思考是什么。

思考所由建立的质料多种多样，这是它赋予书籍的优点。一切经验的素材，即狭义或广义上符合历史或自然规律的事物，都属此类。质料的特征在于客体，因此一本书可以很重要而无论其作者为谁。

至于对质料的思考，其特征则在于主体。所写题目可能所有人都懂，所有人都熟悉，但这里带来价值的是理解质料所采取的形式，是思想的内容，这取决于主体。因此，这样的书如果值得称道、卓尔不群，其作者也是如此。因为这个原因，一个值得一读的作家得益于质料越少，甚或质料越为人熟知，越被广泛采用，该作家便越是伟大。因此，古希腊三大悲剧家都采用同样的质料。

一本书出名以后，你应该分清楚是因为其质料还是形式。

大众对质料远比对形式感兴趣。这种倾向表现在对待诗歌作品的荒诞态度上。他们费尽心机，四处搜罗触发作品创作的真实事件或个人经

历，是的，他们对这些东西比对作品本身更感兴趣。因此，他们更多的是在读歌德其人而非其书，他们付出更多辛苦研究浮士德的传说而不是浮士德这个人物。毕尔格曾说："他们会一本正经地研究莱诺蕾到底是谁。"[18]我们看到，这句话再次在歌德身上应验了。重质料而轻形式，这就好比一个人看到美丽的伊特鲁里亚古瓮，只为对颜料和黏土作化学分析，对其造型和图案视而不见。

5

思想一经说出即丧失其实际生命，变为化石，就此死去，但也不可朽坏，就像史前动植物化石。一旦我们的思想付诸言辞，思想便不再代表我们的想法，或者说实际上变得不再重要。当思想开始为别人而存在，它就不再存于我们内心，就像婴儿有了自己的生命就脱离母体。

6

文学期刊应是一道水坝，挡住胡乱草就、汹涌而上、有害无益的当代书籍。期刊的判断应正直、明智、苛刻，应该无情地鞭挞一切无能之辈的拼凑之作，一切头脑空空、钱袋空空、凑字赚钱的行为——百分之九十的书都是这样写出来的。期刊应因此反对无病呻吟、欺世盗名，这是其职责所在。但恰恰相反，期刊却在助长这一切，对此听之任之，反倒与作者、出版商结成同盟，占有公众的时间和金钱。期刊撰稿人一般为教授或文人，他们工资不高或报酬微薄，因为目标一致，利益一致，他们联合起来，互相帮衬，彼此吹捧，这就是为什么文学期刊对坏书一片赞誉之声。他们的人生格言是：让自己活，也得让别人活！

匿名写作是一切文学无赖行为的保护伞，必须废除。文学期刊引入匿名写作的背景是，它能保护正直的批评家不被作者及其保护人的怒火所伤。但百倍于此的是，它的作用只是让评论家完全不负责任。若没有匿名写作，评论家将不能为自己的言行开脱。有些腐化堕落的评论家向

公众推荐坏书，换取出版商的一点好处，这种可耻行径也就无所遁形。匿名写作仅仅掩盖评论家的含糊其辞、平庸少才和言之无物。一旦他们知道自己可以躲在暗处匿名写作而没有危险，他们就会变得难以置信的无耻和无赖。

卢梭曾在《新爱洛绮丝》的序言中写道："正直的人都会在作品上写下自己的名字。"一切正话均可反说。评论常为论战之作，情况要糟糕不知多少倍。

7

风格是思想的脸，比身体更少欺骗性。模仿他人的风格好比戴了面具，面具不管有多美，它都没有生命，很快就变得索然寡味，难以忍受。因此，最丑陋的活人的脸也胜过面具。

矫揉造作的风格好比做鬼脸。

8

要对一个作家的价值暂作评价，不必了解他思考了什么，以及他的思考建立在什么之上，因为那样就得读遍他所有的作品。第一步，了解他怎样思考就够了。作家的风格提供了一个确切的参照，可以了解他是怎样思考的，他思考的内在本质和总体风格是什么。因为风格解释了一个人全部思想的形式特点，不管他思考什么，思考建立在什么之上，形式特点都始终不变，这就好比塑造的人物虽然各异，但用来塑造的泥团却都是一样的。当有人问奥伊伦斯皮格尔[19]到下一个镇子还需要多长时间时，他的回答显然莫名其妙："走走看！"意思是说，要从提问人的步伐确定他在一定时间内能走多远。因此我读几页某位作家的书，就已多少知道我能从中得到什么。

好的风格的第一个标志是言之有物，实际上这也足以构成好的风

格。

庸常之人言语乏味，也许是因为他们说话时不够清醒，也就是说，不真正理解用词的意义，因为这些用语他们通盘照搬，所以他们组织在一起的是惯用语（老生常谈）而非一个个词语。正因为这样，他们的作品明显缺乏清晰的观点，因为他们的作品里没有构成清晰观点的东西，即明晰的个人思考。相反，我们看到的是一大堆含糊不清的词，现成的短语，陈腐的表达，还有时髦的措辞。这种暧昧的作品因此好比铅字磨损的印版。

从以上关于作品乏味的讨论可以推见，乏味总体而言有两种：客观的和主观的。客观上的乏味是因为没有提出问题，作者没有明确的观点或信息需要表达。因为如果有的话，他就会直接说出，从而处处给出清晰无误的概念，既不模棱两可，也不莫衷一是，更不含糊其辞，因此也就不会乏味。即便他的主导思想是错的，仍经过清楚的思考和审慎的考虑，即至少形式上是正确的，他的作品因此仍具有一定价值。相反，出于同样的原因，客观上乏味的作品一无是处。主观上的乏味则仅是相对的，其原因在于读者对论题缺少兴趣，当然这源于读者的局限。因此，最值得称道的作品从主观角度看可能是乏味的，即此读者或彼读者认为它乏味；相反，最差的作品从主观角度看可能是有趣的，因为此读者或彼读者对论题或作者感兴趣。

矫揉造作的作家好比一个人装扮起来，以免混同于大众，而绅士不管如何衣衫褴褛也不愿冒此风险。正像过分花哨、华而不实的着装暴露了普通人的身份，矫揉造作的风格也暴露了平庸的头脑。

不过，想让写作和说话一模一样，未免误入歧途。每种写作风格都应略带雅训，雅训实乃一切写作之源。说话像写文章，则显卖弄、晦涩；写文章像说话，一样遭人唾弃。

不论何时何地，晦涩和含混均是大敌，因为言语的含混绝大多数源自思想的含混，而思想的含混又来自思想本身的冲突和矛盾，进一步来自思想的虚假。头脑中如果有了真实的想法，头脑就会力求明晰，并能很快达到这个目标：经过清晰考虑的思想很容易找到适当的语言。一个人所能想的，总能用清晰易懂、明白晓畅的语言表达出来。措辞艰深、混乱暧昧的人并不真正知道自己要说什么，他们对要说的只有点朦胧的意识，还算不上一个想法。不过，他们也想对自己、对他人隐瞒他无话可说的事实。

真理是最为赤裸裸的，其表述越简洁，影响越深远。例如，关于人生之虚无，滔滔雄辩也没有约伯的话更有力量："人为妇人所生，日子短少，多有患难。出来如花，又被割下；飞去如影，不能存留。"[20]正因为此，歌德的质朴之诗远高于席勒的雕琢之作，这也是很多民歌影响巨大的原因所在。凡属冗余，皆为有害。

从事文学的男女，九成以上除了报纸什么也不读，因此他们的拼写、语法、文风完全取法报纸。因为报纸文字的简洁，他们甚至把报纸对语言的戕害视为短小精悍、措辞文雅、新奇精巧。事实上，才学不足的文学青年总的说来把报纸视为权威，仅仅因为报纸是印刷出来的东西。因此，国家应采取有力措施，确保报纸绝无文字差错。应该设立审查官，他不应领取工资，而应按挑出的错误取酬：发现一个草率使用或风格可憎的词，一个语法或句法错误，或者一个用错的介词，都领一个金路易；发现一处严重违反文风语法的地方，领三个金路易；若发现重复犯的错误，则报酬翻倍。所获报酬应由始作俑者承担。德语难道可以是随便什么人的玩物？甚至粪堆都受法律保护，难道德语就不应该？何其目光短浅！如果每个三流文人和报刊作家都可以任意妄为，不加节制，德语究竟会变成什么样子？

文学在衰落，古代语言被人淡忘，一种风格上的缺陷变得越来越普通，但只有在德国才大行其道，这便是主观性。作家认为，他的意思只要自己明白就行了，任由读者自生自灭。作者对读者的困难不予理会，自行其是，仿佛自说自话。而真正该有的是对话，甚至，说者因听不到听者的问题，须将自己的意思表述得更加清楚。出于这个原因，风格不应是主观的，而应是客观的。客观的风格是，词语的组织让读者只能被迫和作者进行完全一样的思考。但要实现这一点，作者须时刻牢记：思想也遵循重力法则——思想从头脑传递到纸上，要比从纸上传递到头脑容易得多，因此为了保证后一种传递，我们得为思想提供力所能及的援助。如若实现，词语将呈现纯客观的状态，就像一幅完成了的油画；而主观的风格其影响力无非像墙上的斑斑污点，仅当想象力碰巧被激发时，人们才能从污点中看出形状和图案，其他情况下它们只是污点而已。我们所讨论的这种区别适用于整体叙述模式，但通常也体现在个别段落。例如，我刚在一本新书中读到："我写作，不是为了让世上的书再多一本。"这和作家的意图完全相反，而且毫无意义。

10

草率动笔等于坦承作者并不看重自己的思想。只有坚信自己思想的分量和真实性，作家才能产生热情，才有不屈不挠的意念，去探索如何将思想表达得尽量精巧、有力和动人，就像我们只为圣物或无价艺术品使用金银制成的匣子。

11

像建筑师盖房那样写作的人少之又少。建筑师要事先画图纸，考虑到最小的细节；大多数人写作则像玩多米诺骨牌，他们把句子像骨牌一样一个个摆在一起，一半有意为之，一半无心使然。

12

写作艺术的基本原则是：一心不可二用；因此不能要求作家同时思考——更不必说同时表达——两个念头。但割裂句子，加上插入语，就是要求作家一心二用，这种做法导致不必要且荒谬的混乱。德国作家在这方面表现最差，原因可能是德语比其他语言更容易割裂，但这并不值得称道。没有一种语言读起来像法语那样悦耳晓畅，因为法语通常没有这样的缺陷。法国作家注意写下自己的想法，排列顺序最为合理、自然，因此读者对每个想法都心无旁骛。相反，德国作家让想法彼此交错，句子套句子再套句子，因为他们坚持要一下子说六件事，而不是逐一把六件事说完。

德国人真正的民族性格是蠢重[21]，清楚地表现在他们的步态、行为、语言、言辞、叙述方式、理解方式和思考方式上，尤其表现在写作风格上，表现为乐此不疲地使用笨重复杂的长句，读者得花足足五分钟记住这些句子，得在孤立无援时保持耐心，直到句子结尾才真相大白。这就是德国人欣赏的东西，如果文章同时矫揉造作、夸大其词，作者就会喜不自胜。但上天站在读者一边。

一个想法与另一个想法像十字架一样交叉，这样做明显有悖常理，但作家就是这么做的：一件事刚起头便，立刻打断，在句子中间又说迥然不同的另一件事，留下没有意义的半个句子让读者思量，直到下半句出现，这就好像递给客人一个空盘子，让他去猜盘子里会出现什么。

这种大煞风景的造句方式的登峰造极之处在于，有时插入语并非句子的有机部分，而是生硬嵌入，造成刺目的断裂。如果说打断别人说话是失礼，那打断自己说话也同样失礼。出现这种遣词造句的方式已有多年。现在，所有胡涂乱写、一心想着报酬的作家每一页都要打断自己六次，并以此为乐。理无例不明——他们的做法就是拆散一个短语，以便插入另一个短语。他们这样做不仅出于懒惰，也由于愚蠢，他们以为这样可以使文笔生动、摇曳生姿。除极个别的例外，这种做法不可原谅。

13

读作家的作品，并不能学会任何文学手法，如说服力强、想象丰富、譬喻巧妙、文笔流畅、文风峻厉、言辞简明、优美雅致、表现力强、机智风趣、对比鲜明、惜字如金、朴实稚拙。但若你已掌握这些手法，已有此倾向和潜质，通过阅读，使已有的手法得以加强，我们知道如何运用，更愿乃至更有勇气调动这些手法，评价其得失，因而学会如何正确运用。这时我们才真正掌握这些手法。这是通过阅读学习写作的唯一方法，借此我们知道我们如何利用自己的天赋。如果我们不具备这些素养，我们从阅读中学到的只有冰冷僵死的套路，成为肤浅的模仿者。

14

地层中保留着过去时代的生物谱系，同样，图书馆的书架上也保留着过去时代的谬误谱系及其说明。像古生物一样，这些谬误曾一度光鲜，名噪一时，但现在已僵化固定，只有古生物学家才加以关注。

15

根据希罗多德的记载，薛西斯一世看到自己的大军，想到众人当中没有一个能活过一百年，不禁落泪。看到汗牛充栋的书籍，没有一本能活过十年，谁又能不潸然泪下？

16

不读书的诀窍十分重要，要点在于，对那些红极一时的书要不去理会。有些宣扬政治或宗教的小册子，或者小说和诗歌，造成很大的轰动，这时应该记住：为蠢人写作总不乏读者。读书的前提是读好书，不读坏书，因为人生苦短。

17

买书是件好事，如果同时能买到读书时间的话。但人们通常误以为，买了书就等于拥有了书的内容。

18

就世界史而言，50年是相当长的时间，因为世界的质料一直在变，总有新事发生。就文学史而言，50年微不足道，因为什么也没发生，事情还是50年前的样子。

与事物的这种状态相适应，科学、文学和艺术的时代风气大约每30年就瓦解一次，因为期间谬误发展壮大，愈益荒谬，时代风气终于不堪其负；与此同时，相反意见也因谬误而加强。于是乃有突变，但继之而来的常为相反的错误。展现事物状态的阶段性重复应是文学史真正应该研究的内容。

我希望有一天有人尝试写一部文学的悲剧性历史，表现各国在其引以为荣的伟大作家和艺术家尚在人世时是如何对待他们的。这部文学史中，作者应该呈现给我们的是：任何国家，任何时代，善与真如何忍受恶与假的统治；每一位真正开启人类心智的人，每一个艺术大师，几乎都成了殉难者；除了极少例外，他们饱受折磨，贫穷凄惨，不被承认，无人同情，无人追随，无能之辈却名利双收；他们的命运就像《圣经》中的以扫，在出门狩猎、为父亲打野味时被雅各骗走了长子的继承权；尽管如此，他们对事业的热爱支撑他们继续艰苦的斗争，直到教导人类的使命终于完成，永不凋谢的桂冠向他们伸手召唤，钟声敲响，宣布光荣的时刻：

沉重的铠甲变作孩童的轻装，

痛苦短暂，欢乐绵长。

[1]梵天是印度教的主神，阿胡拉·玛兹达和安格拉·曼纽分别是古波斯诺斯替教的善神与恶神。

[2]德谟克里特（活跃于公元前420年前后），希腊哲学家，原子论的创始人。约翰·洛克（1632—1704），17世纪晚期英国代表哲学家。

[3]比沙（1771—1802），解剖学家和生理学家。卡巴尼斯（1757—1808），物理学家和医学作家。

[4]此处叔本华引用《罗马书》第七章，《哥林多后书》第二及第三章。

[5]里希特尔（1763—1825），以笔名让·保罗闻名，是当时最受欢迎的德国作家之一。《塞利娜》在他死后于1827年出版，书中他试图想清楚自己的宗教信仰到底是什么，却没有成功。让·保罗认定，他无法接受基督教，但又发现无法放弃其中的一些信条，比如相信永生，对此除了他排斥的基督教的信条外他别无所获。

[6]柏拉图《理想国》中人物，试图论证“强权即公理”。他传授雄辩术，更关心赢得辩论而不是获知真理。

[7]字面意思为“热爱真理者”，哲学家的统称。

[8]席勒（1759—1805），按传统说法为德国第二大诗人，诗作《女人的尊严（或美德、价值）》曾风靡一时，但他像瓦尔特·司各特一样，大部分诗作都是“劣作中的杰作”。他真正的才华在通俗戏剧，现在他的一些最出色的喜剧仍在上演。维克多·朱伊，剧作家。

[9]第一幕，第二场。

[10]中世纪意大利的两大对立派别。归尔甫派反对神圣罗马帝国皇帝，效忠教皇；吉伯林派正好相反。——译者注

[11]印度东北部城市，现称瓦腊纳西。——译者注

[12]利希腾贝格（1742—1799），格言作家，讽刺作家。赫尔德（1744—1803），神学家，哲学家，文人。

[13]费希特（1762—1814）、谢林（1775—1854）、黑格尔（1770—1831）都是当时最有影响的哲学家，也是叔本华不断攻击的对象。施莱尔马赫（1768—1834），神学家，叔本华批评宗教上的“唯理主义”时，指的就是施莱尔马赫。

[14]沃韦纳格侯爵（1715—1747），法国意义上的“道德学家”。

[15]法国南部城市，濒地中海，是法国重要的军港。——译者注

[16]莱辛创作的悲剧。莱辛是德国启蒙运动的领军人物，也是歌德和席勒之前重要的剧作家。

[17]《新爱洛绮丝》为卢梭所作，《威廉·迈斯特》为歌德所作。

[18]毕尔格（1747—1794），诗人，其谣曲《莱诺蕾》是德语名篇，讲述少女莱诺蕾苦等情人，等来的却是装扮成她情人样子的魔鬼，带领她骑马奔向黑暗的坟墓。

[19]蒂尔·奥伊伦斯皮格尔是德国民间故事中的人物，是个机智、爱搞恶作剧的孩子。——译者注

[20]《约伯记》，14：1—2，此处译文引自《圣经》（新标准修订版简化字和合本）。

[21]德语Schwerfälligkeit有沉重、笨拙、缓慢、丑陋、蠢重等多重意思。

Arthur Schopenhauer

On the Suffering of the World

TRANSLATED BY R. J. HOLLINGDALE

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

ESSAYS

On the Suffering of the World

1

If the immediate and direct purpose of our life is not suffering then our existence is the most ill-adapted to its purpose in the world: for it is absurd to suppose that the endless affliction of which the world is everywhere full, and which arises out of the need and distress pertaining essentially to life, should be purposeless and purely accidental. Each individual misfortune, to be sure, seems an exceptional occurrence; but misfortune in general is the rule.

2

Just as a stream flows smoothly on as long as it encounters no obstruction, so the nature of man and animal is such that we never really notice or become conscious of what is agreeable to our will; if we are to notice something, our will has to have been thwarted, has to have experienced a shock of some kind. On the other hand, all that opposes, frustrates and resists our will, that is to say all that is unpleasant and painful, impresses itself upon us instantly, directly and with great clarity. Just as we are conscious not of the healthiness of our whole body but only of the little place where the shoe pinches, so we think not of the totality of our successful activities but of some insignificant trifle or other which continues to vex us. On this fact is founded what I have often before drawn attention to: the negativity of well-being and happiness, in antithesis to the positivity of pain.

I therefore know of no greater absurdity than that absurdity which characterizes almost all metaphysical systems: that of explaining evil as something negative. For evil is precisely that which is positive, that which makes itself palpable; and good, on the other hand, i. e. all happiness and all gratification, is that which is negative, the mere abolition of a desire and extinction of a pain.

This is also consistent with the fact that as a rule we find pleasure much less pleasurable, pain much more painful than we expected.

A quick test of the assertion that enjoyment outweighs pain in this world, or that they are at any rate balanced, would be to compare the feelings of an animal engaged in eating another with those of the animal being eaten.

3

The most effective consolation in every misfortune and every affliction is to observe others who are more unfortunate than we: and everyone can do this. But what does that say for the condition of the whole?

History shows us the life of nations and finds nothing to narrate but wars and tumults; the peaceful years appear only as occasional brief pauses and interludes. In just the same way the life of the individual is a constant struggle, and not merely a metaphorical one against want or boredom, but also an actual struggle against other people. He discovers adversaries everywhere, lives in continual conflict and dies with sword in hand.

4

Not the least of the torments which plague our existence is the constant pressure of time, which never lets us so much as draw breath but pursues us all like a taskmaster with a whip. It ceases to persecute only him it has delivered over to boredom.

5

And yet, just as our body would burst asunder if the pressure of the atmosphere were removed from it, so would the arrogance of men expand, if not to the point of bursting then to that of the most unbridled folly, indeed madness, if the pressure of want, toil, calamity and frustration were removed from their life. One can even say that we require at all times a certain quantity of care or sorrow or want, as a ship requires ballast, in order to keep on a straight course.

Work, worry, toil and trouble are indeed the lot of almost all men their whole life long. And yet if every desire were satisfied as soon as it arose how would men occupy their lives, how would they pass the time? Imagine this race transported to a Utopia where everything grows of its own accord and turkeys fly around ready-roasted, where lovers find one another without any delay and keep one another without any difficulty: in such a place some men would die of boredom or hang themselves, some would fight and kill one another, and thus they would create for themselves more suffering than nature inflicts on them as it is. Thus for a race such as this no stage, no form of existence is suitable other than the one it already possesses.

Since, as we recalled above, pleasure and well-being is negative and suffering positive, the happiness of a given life is not to be measured according to the joys and pleasures it contains but according to the absence of the positive element, the absence of suffering. This being so, however, the lot of the animals appears more endurable than that of man. Let us look at both a little more closely.

However varied the forms may be which human happiness and misery assume, inciting man to seek the one and flee from the other, the material basis of them all is physical pleasure or physical pain. This basis is very narrow: it consists of health, food, protection from wet and cold, and sexual gratification; or the lack of these things. Man has, consequently, no larger share of real physical pleasure than the animals have, except perhaps to the extent that his more highly charged nervous system intensifies every sensation of pleasure — as it also does every sensation of pain. Yet how much stronger are the emotions aroused in him than those aroused in the animals! how incomparably more profound and vehement are his passions! — and all to achieve exactly the same result in the end: health, food, covering, etc.

This arises first and foremost because with him everything is powerfully intensified by thinking about absent and future things, and this is in fact the origin of care, fear and hope, which, once they have been aroused, make a far stronger impression on men than do actual present pleasures or sufferings, to which the animal is limited. For, since it lacks the faculty of reflection, joys and sorrows cannot accumulate in the animal as they do in man through memory and anticipation. With the animal, present suffering, even if repeated countless times, remains what it was the first time: it cannot sum itself up. Hence the enviable composure and unconcern which characterizes the animal. With man, on the other hand, there evolves out of those elements of pleasure and suffering which he has in common with the animal an intensification of his sensations of happiness and misery which can lead to momentary transports which may sometimes even prove fatal, or to suicidal despair. More closely considered, what happens is this: he deliberately intensifies his needs, which are originally scarcely harder to satisfy than those of the animal, so as to intensify his pleasure: hence luxury, confectionery, tobacco, opium, alcoholic drinks, finery and all that pertains to them. To

these is then added, also as a result of reflection, a source of pleasure, and consequently of suffering, available to him alone and one which preoccupies him beyond all measure, indeed more than all the rest put together: ambition and the sense of honour and shame — in plain words, what he thinks others think of him. This, in a thousand, often curious shapes then becomes the goal of all those endeavours of his which go beyond physical pleasure or pain. He excels the animal in his capacity for enjoying intellectual pleasures, to be sure, and these are available to him in many degrees, from the simplest jesting and conversation up to the highest achievements of the mind; but as a counterweight to this, on the side of suffering stands boredom, which is unknown to the animals at least in the state of nature and is only very slightly perceptible in the very cleverest domesticated ones, while to man it has become a veritable scourge. Want and boredom are indeed the twin poles of human life. Finally it remains to be mentioned that with man sexual gratification is tied to a very obstinate selectivity which is sometimes intensified into a more or less passionate love. Thus sexuality becomes for man a source of brief pleasure and protracted suffering.

It is indeed remarkable how, through the mere addition of thought, which the animal lacks, there should have been erected on the same narrow basis of pain and pleasure that the animal possesses so vast and lofty a structure of human happiness and misery, and man should be subjected to such vehement emotions, passions and convulsions that their impress can be read in enduring lines on his face; while all the time and in reality he is concerned only with the very same things which the animal too attains, and attains with an incomparably smaller expenditure of emotion. Through all this, however, the measure of suffering increases in man far more than the enjoyment, and it is very greatly enhanced specifically by the fact that he actually knows of death, while the animal only instinctively flees it without actually knowing of it and therefore without ever really having it in view, which man does all the time.

The animals are much more content with mere existence than we are; the plants are wholly so; and man is so according to how dull and insensitive he is. The animal's life consequently contains less suffering but also less pleasure than the human's, the direct reason being that on the one hand it is free from care and anxiety and the torments that attend them, but on the other is without hope and therefore has no share in that anticipation of a happy future which, together with the enchanting products of the imagination which

accompany it, is the source of most of our greatest joys and pleasures. The animal lacks both anxiety and hope because its consciousness is restricted to what is clearly evident and thus to the present moment: the animal is the present incarnate. But precisely because this is so it appears in one respect to be truly sagacious compared with us, namely in its peaceful, untroubled enjoyment of the present: its obvious composure often puts to shame our own frequently restless and discontented condition.

7

If the above discussion has demonstrated that the reason man's life is more full of suffering than the animal's is his greater capacity for knowledge, we can now trace this back to a more general law and thus attain to a much more comprehensive view.

Knowledge is in itself always painless. Pain affects only the will and consists in an obstruction, impediment or frustration of it: nonetheless, this frustration of the will, if it is to be felt as pain, must be accompanied by knowledge. That is why even physical pain is conditioned by the nerves and their connexion with the brain, so that an injury to a limb is not felt if the nerves leading from the limb to the brain are severed or the brain itself is devitalized by chloroform. That spiritual pain is conditional upon knowledge goes without saying, and it is easy to see that it will increase with the degree of knowledge. We can thus express the whole relationship figuratively by saying that the will is the string, its frustration or impediment the vibration of the string, knowledge the sounding-board, and pain the sound.

Now this means that not only inorganic matter but the plant too is incapable of feeling pain, however many frustrations its will may undergo. On the other hand, every animal, even an infusorium, suffers pain, because knowledge, however imperfect, is the true characteristic of animality. At each higher stage of animal life there is a corresponding increase in pain. In the lowest animals it is extremely slight, but even in the highest it nowhere approaches the pain which man is capable of feeling, since even the highest animals lack thought and concepts. And it is right that this capacity for pain should reach its zenith only where, by virtue of the existence of reason, there also exists the possibility of denial of the will: for otherwise it would be nothing but aimless cruelty.

8

In our early youth we sit before the life that lies ahead of us like children sitting before the curtain in a theatre, in happy and tense anticipation of whatever is going to appear. Luckily we do not know what really will appear. For to him who does know, children can sometimes seem like innocent delinquents, sentenced not to death but to life, who have not yet discovered what their punishment will consist of. Nonetheless, everyone desires to achieve old age, that is to say a condition in which one can say: 'Today it is bad, and day by day it will get worse — until at last the worst of all arrives.'

9

If you imagine, in so far as it is approximately possible, the sum total of distress, pain and suffering of every kind which the sun shines upon in its course, you will have to admit it would have been much better if the sun had been able to call up the phenomenon of life as little on the earth as on the moon; and if, here as there, the surface were still in a crystalline condition.

You can also look upon our life as an episode unprofitably disturbing the blessed calm of nothingness. In any case, even he who has found life tolerably bearable will, the longer he lives, feel the more clearly that on the whole it is a disappointment, nay a cheat.[1] If two men who were friends in youth meet in old age after the lapse of an entire generation, the principal feeling the sight of one another, linked as it is with recollections of earlier years, will arouse in both will be one of total disappointment with the whole of life, which once lay so fair before them in the rosy dawn of youth, promised so much and performed so little. This feeling will dominate so decidedly over every other that they will not even think it necessary to speak of it but will silently assume it as the basis of their conversation.

If the act of procreation were neither the outcome of a desire nor accompanied by feelings of pleasure, but a matter to be decided on the basis of purely rational considerations, is it likely the human race would still exist? Would each of us not rather have felt so much pity for the coming generation as to prefer to spare it the burden of existence, or at least not wish to take it upon himself to impose that burden upon it in cold blood?

For the world is Hell, and men are on the one hand the tormented souls and on the other the devils in it.

Brahma is supposed to have created the world by a kind of fall into sin, or by an error, and has to atone for this sin or error by remaining in it himself until he has redeemed himself out of it. Very good! In Buddhism the world

arises as a consequence of an inexplicable clouding of the heavenly clarity of the blessed state of Nirvana after a long period of quietude. Its origin is thus a kind of fatality which is fundamentally to be understood in a moral sense, notwithstanding the case has an exact analogy in the physical world in the origin of the sun in an inexplicable primeval streak of mist. Subsequently, however, as a consequence of moral misdeeds it gradually deteriorates physically too, until it has assumed its present sad condition. Excellent! To the Greeks the world and the gods were the work of an unfathomable necessity: that will do as a provisional explanation. Ormuzd is continually at war with Ahriman: that is worth considering.[2] But that a god like Jehovah should create this world of want and misery animi causa[3] and de gaieté de cœur and then go so far as to applaud himself for it, saying it is all very good: that is quite unacceptable.

Even if Leibniz's demonstration that this is the best of all possible worlds were correct, it would still not be a vindication of divine providence. For the Creator created not only the world, he also created possibility itself: therefore he should have created the possibility of a better world than this one.

In general, however, two things cry out against any such view of the world as the successful work of an infinitely wise, infinitely good and at the same time infinitely powerful being: the misery of which it is full and the obvious imperfection of its most highly developed phenomenon, man, who is indeed a grotesque caricature. This is a dissonance that cannot be resolved. On the contrary, it is precisely these instances which support what we have been saying and which provide evidence for our conception of the world as the product of our own sins and therefore as something that had better not have been. Under the former conception they become a bitter indictment of the Creator and supply material for cynicisms, while under our conception they appear as an indictment of our own nature and will, and one calculated to teach us humility. For they lead us to the insight that, like the children of libertine fathers, we come into the world already encumbered with guilt and that it is only because we have continually to atone for this guilt that our existence is so wretched and its end is death. Nothing is more certain than that, generally speaking, it is the grievous sin of the world which gives rise to the manifold and great suffering of the world; whereby is meant not any physical-empirical connexion but a metaphysical one. The story of the Fall is consequently the only thing which reconciles me to the Old Testament; I

even regard it as the sole metaphysical truth contained in that book, even though it does appear clothed in allegory. For our existence resembles nothing so much as the consequence of a misdeed, punishment for a forbidden desire.

As a reliable compass for orientating yourself in life nothing is more useful than to accustom yourself to regarding this world as a place of atonement, a sort of penal colony. When you have done this you will order your expectations of life according to the nature of things and no longer regard the calamities, sufferings, torments and miseries of life as something irregular and not to be expected but will find them entirely in order, well knowing that each of us is here being punished for his existence and each in his own particular way. This outlook will enable us to view the so-called imperfections of the majority of men, i. e. their moral and intellectual shortcomings and the facial appearance resulting therefrom, without surprise and certainly without indignation: for we shall always bear in mind where we are and consequently regard every man first and foremost as a being who exists only as a consequence of his culpability and whose life is an expiation of the crime of being born.

The conviction that the world, and therefore man too, is something which really ought not to exist is in fact calculated to instil in us indulgence towards one another: for what can be expected of beings placed in such a situation as we are? From this point of view one might indeed consider that the appropriate form of address between man and man ought to be, not monsieur, sir, but fellow sufferer, compagnon de misères. However strange this may sound it corresponds to the nature of the case, makes us see other men in a true light and reminds us of what are the most necessary of all things: tolerance, patience, forbearance and charity, which each of us needs and which each of us therefore owes.

On the Vanity of Existence

1

The vanity of existence is revealed in the whole form existence assumes: in the infiniteness of time and space contrasted with the finiteness of the individual in both; in the fleeting present as the sole form in which actuality exists; in the contingency and relativity of all things; in continual becoming without being; in continual desire without satisfaction; in the continual frustration of striving of which life consists. Time and that perishability of all things existing in time that time itself brings about is simply the form under which the will to live, which as thing in itself is imperishable, reveals to itself the vanity of its striving. Time is that by virtue of which everything becomes nothingness in our hands and loses all real value.

2

That which has been no longer is; it as little exists as does that which has never been. But everything that is in the next moment has been. Thus the most insignificant present has over the most significant past the advantage of actuality, which means that the former bears to the latter the relation of something to nothing.

To our amazement we suddenly exist, after having for countless millennia not existed; in a short while we will again not exist, also for countless millennia. That cannot be right, says the heart: and even upon the crudest intelligence there must, when it considers such an idea, dawn a presentiment of the ideality of time. This however, together with that of space, is the key to all true metaphysics, because it makes room for a quite different order of things than that of nature. That is why Kant is so great.

Every moment of our life belongs to the present only for a moment; then it belongs for ever to the past. Every evening we are poorer by a day. We would perhaps grow frantic at the sight of this ebbing away of our short span of time were we not secretly conscious in the profoundest depths of our being that we share in the inexhaustible well of eternity, out of which we can for ever draw new life and renewed time.

You could, to be sure, base on considerations of this kind a theory that

the greatest wisdom consists in enjoying the present and making this enjoyment the goal of life, because the present is all that is real and everything else merely imaginary. But you could just as well call this mode of life the greatest folly: for that which in a moment ceases to exist, which vanishes as completely as a dream, cannot be worth any serious effort.

3

Our existence has no foundation on which to rest except the transient present. Thus its form is essentially unceasing motion, without any possibility of that repose which we continually strive after. It resembles the course of a man running down a mountain who would fall over if he tried to stop and can stay on his feet only by running on; or a pole balanced on the tip of the finger; or a planet which would fall into its sun if it ever ceased to plunge irresistibly forward. Thus existence is typified by unrest.

In such a world, where no stability of any kind, no enduring state is possible, where everything is involved in restless change and confusion and keeps itself on its tightrope only by continually striding forward — in such a world, happiness is not so much as to be thought of. It cannot dwell where nothing occurs but Plato's 'continual becoming and never being'. In the first place, no man is happy but strives his whole life long after a supposed happiness which he seldom attains, and even if he does it is only to be disappointed with it; as a rule, however, he finally enters harbour shipwrecked and dismasted. In the second place, however, it is all one whether he has been happy or not in a life which has consisted merely of a succession of transient present moments and is now at an end.

4

The scenes of our life resemble pictures in rough mosaic; they are ineffective from close up, and have to be viewed from a distance if they are to seem beautiful. That is why to attain something desired is to discover how vain it is; and why, though we live all our lives in expectation of better things, we often at the same time long regretfully for what is past. The present, on the other hand, is regarded as something quite temporary and serving only as the road to our goal. That is why most men discover when they look back on their life that they have the whole time been living ad interim, and are surprised to see that which they let go by so unregarded and unenjoyed was precisely their life, was precisely that in expectation of which they lived.

5

Life presents itself first and foremost as a task: the task of maintaining itself, de gagner sa vie.[4] If this task is accomplished, what has been gained is a burden, and there then appears a second task: that of doing something with it so as to ward off boredom, which hovers over every secure life like a bird of prey. Thus the first task is to gain something and the second to become unconscious of what has been gained, which is otherwise a burden.

That human life must be some kind of mistake is sufficiently proved by the simple observation that man is a compound of needs which are hard to satisfy; that their satisfaction achieves nothing but a painless condition in which he is only given over to boredom; and that boredom is a direct proof that existence is in itself valueless, for boredom is nothing other than the sensation of the emptiness of existence. For if life, in the desire for which our essence and existence consists, possessed in itself a positive value and real content, there would be no such thing as boredom: mere existence would fulfil and satisfy us. As things are, we take no pleasure in existence except when we are striving after something — in which case distance and difficulties make our goal look as if it would satisfy us (an illusion which fades when we reach it) — or when engaged in purely intellectual activity, in which case we are really stepping out of life so as to regard it from outside, like spectators at a play. Even sensual pleasure itself consists in a continual striving and ceases as soon as its goal is reached. Whenever we are not involved in one or other of these things but directed back to existence itself we are overtaken by its worthlessness and vanity and this is the sensation called boredom.

6

That the most perfect manifestation of the will to live represented by the human organism, with its incomparably ingenious and complicated machinery, must crumble to dust and its whole essence and all its striving be palpably given over at last to annihilation — this is nature's unambiguous declaration that all the striving of this will is essentially vain. If it were something possessing value in itself, something which ought unconditionally to exist, it would not have non-being as its goal.

Yet what a difference there is between our beginning and our end! We begin in the madness of carnal desire and the transport of voluptuousness, we

end in the dissolution of all our parts and the musty stench of corpses. And the road from the one to the other too goes, in regard to our well-being and enjoyment of life, steadily downhill: happily dreaming childhood, exultant youth, toil-filled years of manhood, infirm and often wretched old age, the torment of the last illness and finally the throes of death — does it not look as if existence were an error the consequences of which gradually grow more and more manifest?

We shall do best to think of life as a desengaño, as a process of disillusionment: since this is, clearly enough, what everything that happens to us is calculated to produce.

On the Antithesis of Thing in Itself and Appearance

1

Thing in itself signifies that which exists independently of our perception, that which actually is. To Democritus it was matter; fundamentally this is what it still was to Locke; to Kant it was = x; to me it is will.[5]

2

Just as we know of the earth only the surface, not the great, solid masses of the interior, so we know empirically of things and the world nothing at all except their appearances, i. e. the surface. Exact knowledge of this constitutes physics, taken in the widest sense. But that this surface presupposes an interior which is not merely superficies but possesses cubic content is, together with deductions as to the character of this interior, the theme of metaphysics. To seek to construe the nature of things in themselves according to the laws of appearance is an undertaking to be compared with seeking to construe stereometric bodies out of superficies and the laws that apply to them. Every dogmatic transcendental philosophy is an attempt to construe the thing in itself according to the laws of appearance, which is like trying to make two absolutely dissimilar bodies cover one another, an attempt which always fails because however you may turn them this or that corner always protrudes.

3

Because everything in nature is at once appearance and thing in itself, or natura naturata and natura naturans, it is consequently susceptible of a twofold explanation, a physical and a metaphysical. The physical explanation is always in terms of cause, the metaphysical in terms of will; for that which appears in cognitionless nature as natural force, and on a higher level as life force, receives in animal and man the name will. Strictly speaking, therefore, the degree and tendency of a man's intelligence and the constitution of his moral character could perhaps be traced back to purely physical causes, the former from the constitution of his brain and nervous system, together with the blood circulation which affects them, the latter from the constitution and

combined effect of his heart, vascular system, blood, lungs, liver, spleen, kidneys, intestines, genitalia, etc.; which would, I grant, demand a much more exact knowledge of the laws governing the rapport du physique au moral[6] than even Bichat and Cabanis possessed.[7] Both could then be further traced back to their more remote physical cause, namely the constitution of his parents, inasmuch as these could furnish the seed only for a similar being and not for one higher or better. Metaphysically, on the other hand, the same man would have to be explained as the apparitional form of his own, utterly free and primal will, which has created for itself the intellect appropriate to it; so that all his actions, however necessarily they may be the result of his character in conflict with the motivations acting on him at any given time, and however necessarily these again may arise as a consequence of his corporeity, are nonetheless to be attributed wholly to him.

4

When we perceive and consider the existence, life and activity of any natural creature, e. g. an animal, it stands before us, everything zoology and zootomy teaches not-withstanding, as an unfathomable mystery. But must nature then, from sheer obduracy, for ever remain dumb to our questioning? Is nature not, as everything great is, open, communicative and even nave? Can her failure to reply ever be for any other reason than that we have asked the wrong question, that our question has been based on false presuppositions, that it has even harboured a contradiction? For can it be imagined that a connexion between causes and consequences could exist in nature which is essentially and for ever undiscoverable? — No, certainly not. Nature is unfathomable because we seek after causes and consequences in a realm where this form is not to be found. We try to reach the inner being of nature, which looks out at us from every phenomenon, under the guidance of the principle of sufficient reason — whereas this is merely the form under which our intellect comprehends appearance, i. e. the surface of things, while we want to employ it beyond the bounds of appearance; for within these bounds it is serviceable and sufficient. Here, for example, the existence of a given animal can be explained by its procreation. This is fundamentally no more mysterious than the issuing of any other effect, even the simplest, from its cause, inasmuch as even in the simplest case the explanation finally strikes the incomprehensible. That in the case of procreation we lack a couple more stages in the causal connexion makes no essential difference, for even if we had them we should

still stand at last before the incomprehensible, because appearance remains appearance and does not become thing in itself.

5

We complain of the darkness in which we live out our lives: we do not understand the nature of existence in general; we especially do not know the relation of our own self to the rest of existence. Not only is our life short, our knowledge is limited entirely to it, since we can see neither back before our birth nor out beyond our death, so that our consciousness is as it were a lightning-flash momentarily illuminating the night: it truly seems as though a demon had maliciously shut off all further knowledge from us so as to enjoy our discomfiture.

But this complaint is not really justified: for it arises out of an illusion produced by the false premise that the totality of things proceeded from an intellect and consequently existed as an idea before it became actual; according to which premise the totality of things, having arisen from the realm of knowledge, must be entirely accessible to knowledge and entirely explicable and capable of being exhaustively comprehended by it. — But the truth of the matter is, I fear, that all that of which we complain of not knowing is not known to anyone, indeed is probably as such unknowable, i. e. not capable of being conceived.[8] For the idea, in whose domain all knowledge lies and to which all knowledge therefore refers, is only the outer side of existence, something secondary, supplementary, something, that is, which was necessary not for the preservation of things as such, the universal totality, but merely for the preservation of the individual animal being. Consequently the existence of things as a whole entered into the realm of knowledge only per accidens,[9] thus to a very limited extent: it forms only the background of the painting in the animal consciousness, where the objectives of the will are the essential element and occupy the front rank. There then arose through this accidens the entire world of space and time, i. e. the world as idea, which possesses no existence of this sort at all outside the realm of knowledge. Now since knowledge exists only for the purpose of preserving each animal individual, its whole constitution, all its forms, such as time, space, etc., are adapted merely to the aims of such an individual: and these require knowledge only of relations between individual phenomena and by no means knowledge of the essential nature of things and the universal totality.

Kant has demonstrated that the problems of metaphysics which trouble everyone to a greater or less degree are capable of no direct solution and of no satisfactory solution at all. The reason for this is ultimately that they have their origin in the forms of our intellect — time, space and causality — while this intellect is designed merely to prescribe to the individual will its motivations, i. e. to indicate to it the objectives of its desires, together with the means of taking possession of them. But if this intellect is abused by being directed upon the being in itself of things, upon the totality and the inner constitution of the world, then the aforesaid forms of the contiguity, successiveness and interdependence of all possible things give birth to metaphysical problems such as those of the origin and purpose, the beginning and end of the world and of one's own self, of the annihilation of this through death or its continued existence in spite of death, of freedom of will, and so forth. If we imagine these forms for once removed, however, and a consciousness of things nonetheless still present, then these problems would be, not solved, but non-existent: they would utterly vanish, and the sentences expressing them would no longer have any meaning. For they arise entirely out of these forms, whose object is not an understanding of the world and existence, but merely an understanding of our own aims.

This whole way of looking at the question offers us an explanation and objective proof of the Kantian theory, which its originator proved only from the subjective point of view, that the forms of reason can be employed only immanently, not transcendentally. For instead of putting it in this manner one could say: the intellect is physical not metaphysical, i. e. since, as appertaining to the will's objectivization it originates in the will, it exists only to serve the will: this service, however, concerns only things in nature, and not things lying outside and beyond nature. It is obvious that an animal possesses intellect only for the purpose of discovering and capturing its food; the degree of intellect it possesses is determined by this purpose. It is no different in the case of man; except that here the greater difficulty of preserving and maintaining him and the endless augmentability of his needs has made necessary a much greater degree of intellect. Only when this is exceeded through an abnormality does there appear a superfluity of intellect exempt from service: when this superfluity becomes considerable it is called genius. Such an intellect will first of all become objective, but it can even go on to become to a certain degree metaphysical, or at least strive to become so: for the consequence of its objectivity is that nature itself, the totality of

things, now becomes the intellect's subjectmatter and problem. In such an intellect nature first begins properly to perceive itself as something which is and yet could not be, or could be other than it is; whereas in the ordinary, merely normal intellect nature does not clearly perceive itself — just as the miller does not hear his own mill or the perfumer smell his own shop. To the normal intellect nature appears simply as a matter of course: it is caught up in and encompassed by nature. Only in certain more luminous moments will it perceive nature and it is then almost terrified at the sight: but the feeling soon passes. What such normal heads can achieve in philosophy, even if they crowd together in their thousands, is consequently easy to imagine; but if intellect were metaphysical, in its origin and in its vocation, it could promote philosophy, especially if its forces were united, as well as it can promote every other science.

On Affirmation and Denial of the Will to Live

1

It is to some extent obvious a priori — vulgo[10] it goes without saying — that that which at present produces the phenomenon of the world must be capable of not doing so and consequently remaining inactive. Now if the former state constitutes the phenomenon of the volition of life, the latter will constitute the phenomenon of non-volition. And this will be in its essence identical with the Magnum Sakhepat of the Vedanta and the Nirvana of the Buddhists.

The denial of the will to live does not in any way imply the annihilation of a substance; it means merely the act of non-volition: that which previously willed, wills no more. This will, as thing in itself, is known to us only in and through the act of volition, and we are therefore incapable of saying or of conceiving what it is or does further after it has ceased to perform this act: thus this denial of the will to live is for us, who are phenomena of volition, a transition to nothingness.

2

Between the ethics of the Greeks and those of the Hindus there exists a glaring antithesis. The object of the former (though with Plato excepted) is to make it possible to lead a happy life, a vitam beatam,[11] that of the latter, on the contrary, to liberate and redeem from life altogether, as is directly stated in the very first sentence of the Sankhya Karika.

You perceive a similar contrast — a contrast strengthened by its being in visible form — if you regard the beautiful antique sarcophagus in the gallery at Florence on which is depicted in relief the entire ceremonial of a wedding, from the first proposal to the point where Hymen's torch lights the way to the bridal chamber, and then compare it with a Christian coffin, draped in black as a sign of mourning and with a crucifix upon it. The antithesis is in the highest degree significant. Both desire to offer consolation in face of death; they do so in opposite ways, and both are right. The one expresses affirmation of the will to life, through which life is assured for all time, however swiftly its figures and forms may succeed one another. The other, by

symbols of suffering and death, expresses denial of the will to life and redemption from a world in which death and the Devil reign. Between the spirit of Graeco-Roman paganism and the spirit of Christianity the real antithesis is that of affirmation and denial of the will to live — in which regard Christianity is in the last resort fundamentally in the right.

3

My ethics stands in the same relation to that of all other European philosophers as the New Testament does to the Old, taking this relationship in the ecclesiastical sense. For the Old Testament places man under the dominion of the Law, which Law, however, does not lead to redemption. The New Testament, on the other hand, declares that the Law is insufficient and, indeed, absolves man from obedience to it.[12] In its place it preaches the kingdom of grace, which one can enter through faith, charity and total denial of self: this, it says, is the road to redemption from evil and from the world: for — every Protestant and Rationalist misrepresentation not-withstanding — the true soul of the New Testament is undoubtedly the spirit of asceticism. This spirit of asceticism is precisely denial of the will to live, and the transition from the Old Testament to the New, from the dominion of the Law to the dominion of faith, from justification by works to redemption through the Intercessor, from the dominion of sin and death to eternal life in Christ, signifies, sensu proprio,[13] the transition from merely moral virtue to denial of the will to live. All philosophical ethics before me cleaves to the spirit of the Old Testament: it posits an absolute moral law (i. e. one which has no foundation and no goal) and consists of moral commandments and prohibitions behind which a dictatorial Jehovah is silently introduced; and this is true however different the forms may be in which this ethical philosophy appears. My ethics, on the contrary, possesses foundation, aim and goal: first and foremost, it demonstrates theoretically the metaphysical foundation of justice and charity, and then indicates the goal to which these, if practised in perfection, must ultimately lead. At the same time it candidly confesses the reprehensible nature of the world and points to the denial of the will as the road to redemption from it. My ethics is thus actually in the spirit of the New Testament, while all the others are in that of the Old and consequently amount, even theoretically, to nothing more than Judaism, which is to say naked, despotic theism. In this sense my doctrine could be called the true Christian philosophy, however paradoxical this may seem to

those who refuse to penetrate to the heart of the matter but prefer its superficialities.

4

He who is capable of thinking a little more deeply will soon perceive that human desires cannot begin to be sinful simply at that point at which, in their chance encounters with one another, they occasion harm and evil; but that, if this is what they bring about, they must be originally and in their essence sinful and reprehensible, and the entire will to live itself reprehensible. All the cruelty and torment of which the world is full is in fact merely the necessary result of the totality of the forms under which the will to live is objectified, and thus merely a commentary on the affirmation of the will to live. That our existence itself implies guilt is proved by the fact of death.

5

If in comprehending the world you start from the thing in itself, from the will to live, you discover that its kernel, its point of greatest concentration, is the act of generation. What a contrast, on the other hand, is presented if you start from the world of appearance, the empirical world, the world as idea! Here the act of generation is seen as something completely detached and distinct, of subordinate importance, indeed as something secondary to be veiled and hidden, as a paradoxical anomaly offering plentiful material for humour. It might occur to us, however, that this is only a case of the Devil's concealing his game: for has it not been noticed that sexual desire, especially when concentrated into infatuation through fixation on a particular woman, is the quintessence of this noble world's imposture, since it promises so excessively much and performs so miserably little?

The woman's part in procreation is in a certain sense more innocent than the man's, inasmuch as the man gives to the child will, which is the prime sin and thus the source of all wickedness and evil, while the woman gives it knowledge, which opens the road to salvation. The act of generation is the node of the universe; it declares: 'The will to live is once more affirmed.' Conception and pregnancy, on the other hand, declare: 'To the will there is once more joined the light of knowledge' — by means of which it can find its way out of the world again and the possibility of redemption is thus once more opened up.

It is this which explains the notable fact that every woman, while she

would be ready to die of shame if surprised in the act of generation, nonetheless carries her pregnancy without a trace of shame and indeed with a kind of pride. The reason is that pregnancy is in a certain sense a cancellation of the guilt incurred by coitus: thus coitus bears all the shame and disgrace of the affair, while pregnancy, which is so intimately associated with it, stays pure and innocent and is indeed to some extent sacred.

Coitus is chiefly an affair of the man, pregnancy entirely that of the woman. The child receives from its father will and character, from its mother intellect. The latter is the redeeming principle, the will the principle of bondage. Coitus is the sign that, despite every increase in illumination through the intellect, the will to live continues to exist in time; the renewed incarnation of the will to live is the sign that the light of knowledge, and that in the highest degree of clarity, the possibility of redemption, has again been joined to this will. The sign of this is pregnancy, which therefore goes about frankly and freely, indeed with pride, while coitus hides itself away like a criminal.

6

Unjust or wicked actions are, in regard to him who performs them, signs of the strength of his affirmation of the will to live, and thus of how far he still is from true salvation, which is denial of this will, and from redemption from the world; they are also signs of how long a schooling in knowledge and suffering he still has to undergo before he can attain it. In regard to him who has to suffer these actions, however, although physically they are an evil, metaphysically they are a good and fundamentally beneficial, since they assist him along the road to his true salvation.

7

WORLD SPIRIT: This then is the task of all your labour and all your suffering: it is for this that you exist, as all other things exist.

MAN: But what do I get from existence? If it is full I have only distress, if empty only boredom. How can you offer me so poor a reward for so much labour and so much suffering?

WORLD SPIRIT: And yet it is proportionate to all your toil and all your suffering, and is so precisely on account of its meagreness.

MAN: Indeed! That passes my comprehension.

WORLD SPIRIT: I know it does. — (Aside) Should I tell him that the value

of life lies precisely in this, that it teaches him not to want it? For this supreme initiation life itself must prepare him.

On the Indestructibility of Our Essential Being by Death

1

You should read Jean Paul's Selina to see how a mind of the first order tries to deal with what he comes to think nonsensical in a false concept which he does not want to relinquish because he has set his heart upon it, although he is continually troubled by absurdities he cannot stomach.[14] The concept in question is that of the continued individual existence of our entire personal consciousness after death. This struggling and wrestling on the part of Jean Paul shows that ideas of this kind, compounded of true and false concepts, are not, as is generally thought, fruitful errors but rather decidedly harmful ones: for the false antithesis between soul and body and the elevation of the total personality to a thing in itself which must endure for ever makes it impossible to arrive at a true knowledge, deriving from the antithesis between appearance and thing in itself, of the indestructibility of our intrinsic being as something unaffected by time, causality and change; moreover, this false concept cannot even be held on to as a surrogate of truth, because reason continually rebels at the absurdity contained in it and is then obliged also to relinquish the truth amalgamated with it. For truth can in the long run endure only in a pure state: tempered with error, it partakes of the frailty of error.

2

If, in everyday life, you are asked about continued existence after death by one of those people who would like to know everything but refuse to learn anything, the most appropriate and approximately correct reply is: 'After your death you will be what you were before your birth.' For this answer implies that it is preposterous to demand that a species of existence which had a beginning should not have an end; in addition, however, it contains a hint that there may be two kinds of existence and, correspondingly, two kinds of nothingness. You might, however, also reply: 'Whatever you will be after your death — even though it were nothing — will then be just as natural and suitable to you as your individual organic existence is now: thus the most you have to fear is the moment of transition.' Indeed, since mature consideration

of the matter leads to the conclusion that total non-being would be preferable to such an existence as ours is, the idea of the cessation of our existence, or of a time in which we no longer are, can from a rational point of view trouble us as little as the idea that we had never been. Now since this existence is essentially a personal one, the ending of the personality cannot be regarded as a loss.

3

If we imagine a creature which surveys, knows and understands everything, then the question whether we exist after death would for that creature probably have no meaning, because outside of our present temporal, individual state of being, existence and cessation would no longer signify anything, but would be concepts indistinguishable from one another; so that neither the concept of destruction nor that of continued existence could be applied to our intrinsic and essential being, the thing in itself, of which we are the phenomenal appearance, since these concepts are borrowed from the realm of time, which is merely the form of phenomena. On the other hand, we can imagine the indestructibility of this kernel of our phenomenal appearance only as its continued existence, and indeed intrinsically only according to the scheme of the material world, as which it remains, with all its changes of form, firmly lodged in time. If, now, this kernel is denied its continued existence, we regard our temporal end as an annihilation, according to the scheme of the form, which disappears when the material which bears it is withdrawn. Both ideas are, however, a transference of the forms of the phenomenal world on to the thing in itself. But of an indestructibility which is not a continued existence we can hardly construct even an abstract conception, because we lack every intuition for doing so.

In truth, however, the continual coming into existence of new beings and the annihilation of already existing ones is to be regarded as an illusion produced by a contrivance of two lenses (brain-functions) through which alone we can see anything at all: they are called space and time, and in their interpenetration causality. For everything we perceive under these conditions is merely phenomenon; we do not know what things are like in themselves, i. e. independently of our perception of them. This is the actual kernel of the Kantian philosophy.

4

How can one believe that when a human being dies a thing in itself has come to nothing? Mankind knows, directly and intuitively, that when this happens it is only a phenomenon coming to an end in time, the form of all phenomena, without the thing in itself being affected thereby. We all feel that we are something other than a being which someone once created out of nothing: from this arises the confidence that, while death may be able to end our life, it cannot end our existence.

5

The more clearly you become conscious of the frailty, vanity and dream-like quality of all things, the more clearly will you also become conscious of the eternity of your own inner being; because it is only in contrast to this that the aforesaid quality of things becomes evident, just as you perceive the speed at which a ship is going only when looking at the motionless shore, not when looking into the ship itself.

6

The present has two halves: an objective and a subjective. The objective half alone has the intuition of time as its form and thus streams irresistibly away; the subjective half stands firm and thus is always the same. It is from this that there originates our lively recollection of what is long past and, despite our knowledge of the fleetingness of our existence, the consciousness of our immortality.

Whenever we may live we always stand, with our consciousness, at the central point of time, never at its termini, and we may deduce from that that each of us bears within him the unmoving mid-point of the whole of endless time. It is fundamentally this which gives us the confidence to live without being in continual dread of death.

He who, by virtue of the strength of his memory and imagination, can most clearly call up what is long past in his own life will be more conscious than others of the identity of all present moments throughout the whole of time. Through this consciousness of the identity of all present moments one apprehends that which is most fleeting of all, the moment, as that alone which persists. And he who, in such intuitive fashion, becomes aware that the present, which is in the strictest sense the sole form of reality, has its source in us, and thus arises from within and not from without, cannot doubt the indestructibility of his own being. He will understand, rather, that although

when he dies the objective world, with the medium through which it presents itself, the intellect, will be lost to him, his existence will not be affected by it; for there has been as much reality within him as without.

Whoever does not acknowledge all this will be obliged to assert the opposite and say: 'Time is something completely objective and real which exists quite independently of me. I was only thrown into it by chance, have taken possession of a little of it and thereby attained to an ephemeral reality, as thousands of others who are now nothing have done before me, and I too shall very soon be nothing. Time, on the other hand, is what is real: it will then go on without me.' I think the fundamental perversity, indeed absurdity, of this view has only to be clearly stated to become obvious.

All this means, to be sure, that life can be regarded as a dream and death as the awakening from it: but it must be remembered that the personality, the individual, belongs to the dreaming and not to the awakened consciousness, which is why death appears to the individual as annihilation. In any event, death is not, from this point of view, to be considered a transition to a state completely new and foreign to us, but rather a return to one originally our own from which life has been only a brief absence.

Consciousness is destroyed in death, to be sure; but that which has been producing it is by no means destroyed. For consciousness depends first of all on the intellect, but the intellect depends on a physiological process: it is obviously the function of the brain and is thus conditioned by the collaboration of the nervous and vascular systems; more precisely, by the brain nourished, animated and constantly stimulated by the heart; the brain through whose ingenious and mysterious structure, which anatomy can describe but physiology cannot understand, there come about the phenomena of the objective world and the workings of our thoughts. An individual consciousness, that is to say a consciousness of any kind, cannot be thought of apart from a corporeal being, because cognition, which is the precondition of all consciousness, is necessarily a function of the brain — properly speaking because brain is the objective form of intellect. Now since intellect appears physiologically, and consequently in empirical reality, i. e. in the realm of phenomenon, as something secondary, as a result of the life-process, it is also secondary psychologically, in antithesis to will, which alone is primary and everywhere the original element. And since, therefore, consciousness does not adhere directly to will but is conditioned by intellect, and this last is conditioned by the organism, there can be no doubt that

consciousness is extinguished by death — as it is by sleep or by any form of fainting or swoon. But cheer up! — for what kind of a consciousness is it? A cerebral, an animal, a somewhat more highly charged bestial consciousness, in as far as we have it in all essentials in common with the whole animal world, even if it does reach its peak in us. This consciousness is, in its origin and aim, merely an expedient for helping the animal to get what it needs. The state to which death restores us, on the other hand, is our original state, i. e. is the being's intrinsic state, the moving principle of which appears in the production and maintenance of the life which is now coming to an end: it is the state of the thing in itself, in antithesis to the world of appearance. And in this primal state such a makeshift as cerebral, highly mediate cognition, which precisely because it is so is cognition only of phenomena, is altogether superfluous; which is precisely why we lose it. For us its abolition is one with the cessation of the world of phenomena whose mere medium it was and in which capacity alone it is of any use. Even if in this primal state we were offered the retention of this animal consciousness we should reject it, as the cured cripple rejects his crutch. Whoever therefore regrets the impending loss of this cerebral consciousness, which is adapted to and capable of producing only phenomena, is to be compared with the converts from Greenland who refused to go to Heaven when they learned there would be no seals there.

Everything said here rests, further, on the presupposition that we can imagine a state which is not unconscious only as one which is cognisant and moreover bears the stamp of the basic form of all cognition, the division into subject and object, into that which knows and that which is known: but we have to consider that this whole form of knowing and being known is conditioned merely by our animal nature, which is moreover very secondary and derivative, and is thus by no means the primal state of all essential being and existence, which may therefore be quite differently constituted and yet not unconscious. Our intrinsic actual being is, so far as we are able to penetrate it, nothing but will, and this is in itself without cognition. If, then, death deprives us of intellect we are thereby only transported to our cognitionless primal state, which is not however simply an unconscious state but rather one elevated above that form, a state in which the antithesis of subject and object falls away, because that which is to be known would here be actually and undividedly one with that which knows and the basic condition of all cognition (which is precisely this antithesis) would be lacking.

7

If now, instead of looking inwards, we again look outwards and take an objective view of the world which presents itself to us, then death will certainly appear to us as a transition into nothingness; on the other hand, however, birth will appear as a coming forth out of nothingness. But neither the one nor the other can be unconditionally true, for they possess the reality only of the phenomenal world. And that we should in some sense or other survive death is no greater miracle than that of procreation, which we have before our eyes every day. What dies goes to where all life originates, its own included. From this point of view our life is to be regarded as a loan received from death, with sleep as the daily interest on this loan. Death announces itself frankly as the end of the individual, but in this individual there lies the germ of a new being. Thus nothing that dies dies for ever; but nothing that is born receives a fundamentally new existence. That which dies is destroyed; but a germ remains over out of which there proceeds a new being, which then enters into existence without knowing whence it has come nor why it is as it is. This is the mystery of palingenesis; it reveals to us that all those beings living at the present moment contain within them the actual germ of all which will live in the future, and that these therefore in a certain sense exist already. So that every animal in the full prime of life seems to call to us: 'Why do you lament the transitoriness of living things? How could I exist if all those of my species which came before me had not died?' However much the plays and the masks on the world's stage may change it is always the same actors who appear. We sit together and talk and grow excited, and our eyes glitter and our voices grow shriller: just so did others sit and talk a thousand years ago: it was the same thing, and it was the same people: and it will be just so a thousand years hence. The contrivance which prevents us from perceiving this is time.

One would do well to make a clear distinction between metempsychosis, which is the transference of the entire so-called soul into another body, and palingenesis, which is the decomposition and reconstruction of the individual in which will alone persists and, assuming the shape of a new being, receives a new intellect.

Throughout all time it is the male sex which stores up the will of the human species and the female which stores up the intellect. Thus each of us has a paternal and a maternal constituent; and as these are united through

procreation, so they are sundered again through death, which is thus the end of the individual. It is this individual whose death we grieve so much for, in the feeling that it is really lost to us, that it was no more than a compound which has now been irretrievably broken up. Yet in all this we must not forget that the hereditariness of intellect from the mother is not so firm and unconditional as that of will from the father, the reason being the secondary and merely physical nature of intellect and its total dependence on the organism.

One can thus regard every human being from two opposed viewpoints. From the one he is the fleeting individual, burdened with error and sorrow and with a beginning and an end in time; from the other he is the indestructible primal being which is objectified in everything that exists.

8

THRASYMACHUS[15]: To sum up, what shall I be after my death? Be clear and precise!

PHILALETHES[16]: Everything and nothing.

THRASYMACHUS: As I expected! For the solution to a problem — a contradiction. That trick is very worn-out.

PHILALETHES: To answer transcendent questions in language made for immanent knowledge is bound to lead to contradictions.

THRASYMACHUS: What do you call transcendent and what immanent knowledge? — I too am familiar with these expressions; I learned them from my professor, but only as predicates of the good Lord God, with whom his philosophy was exclusively preoccupied, as was quite right and proper. If God is somewhere in the world he is immanent; but if he sits somewhere outside it, he is transcendent. — Well, that is clear, that's something you can get hold of! You know where you are with that. But no one can any longer understand your old-fashioned Kantian jargon. What is it supposed to mean?

PHILALETHES: Transcendent knowledge is that which, passing beyond all possible experience, strives to determine the nature of things as they are in themselves; immanent knowledge, on the other hand, is that which confines itself within the bounds of possible experience and can therefore speak only of phenomena. — You, as an individual, will come to an end with your death. But your individuality is not your essential and ultimate being, only a manifestation of it: your individuality is not

the thing in itself but only the phenomenal form of it which appears under the aspect of time and consequently has a beginning and an end. Your being in itself, on the other hand, knows neither time nor beginning nor end, nor the bounds of a given individuality; thus no individuality can exclude it — it exists in everyone everywhere. In the former sense, therefore, you will when you die become nothing, in the latter everything. That is why I said that after your death you will be everything and nothing. Your question hardly permits of a better short answer than this, even though it does contain a contradiction; and it does so precisely because your life is in time but your immortality is in eternity. — Thus your immortality can also be termed an indestructibility without continued existence — which again amounts to a contradiction.

THRASYMACHUS: Well, I wouldn't give twopence for your immortality if it doesn't include the continued existence of my individuality.

PHILALETHES: But perhaps you would be willing to bargain a little. Suppose I guarantee you the continued existence of your individuality, but on condition it is preceded by a completely unconscious death-sleep of three months.

THRASYMACHUS: I would agree to that.

PHILALETHES: But since when we are completely unconscious we have no notion of the passage of time, it is all one to us whether, while we are lying in that death-sleep, three months or ten thousand years pass in the conscious world. For in either case, when we awake we have to take on trust how long we have been sleeping. So that it will be all the same to you whether your individuality is restored to you after three months or ten thousand years.

THRASYMACHUS: That cannot very well be denied.

PHILALETHES: But now, if after these ten thousand years have passed it was forgotten to wake you up, this would not, I think, be a very great misfortune, since your period of non-being would have been so long compared with your brief period of being you would have got quite used to it. What is certain, however, is that you would not have the least idea you had failed to be woken up. And you would be completely content with the whole thing if you knew that the mysterious mechanism which moves your present phenomenal form had not ceased for one moment throughout those ten thousand years to produce and move other

phenomena of the same sort.

THRASYMACHUS: No, you can't cheat me out of my individuality in that way. I have stipulated that my individuality should continue to exist, and I cannot be reconciled to its loss by mechanisms and phenomena. I, I, I want to exist! that is what I want, and not an existence I first have to be argued into believing I possess.

PHILALETHES: But just look around you! That which cries 'I, I, I want to exist' is not you alone; it is everything, absolutely everything that has the slightest trace of consciousness. So that this desire in you is precisely that which is not individual but common to everything without exception: it arises not from the individuality but from existence as such, is intrinsic to everything that exists and indeed the reason why it exists, and it is consequently satisfied by existence as such: it is this alone to which this desire applies, and not exclusively to some particular individual existence. That which desires existence so impetuously is only indirectly the individual! directly and intrinsically it is will to live as such, which is one and the same in all things. Since, then, existence itself is the free work, indeed the mere reflection of the will, the will cannot be deprived of it: the will is, however, temporarily satisfied by it, in so far, that is, as what is eternally unsatisfied can be satisfied at all. Individualities are a matter of indifference to the will; it is not concerned with them, although it seems to be so, because the individual has no direct knowledge of it except in himself. The effect of this is to make the individual expend more care on preserving his existence than he otherwise would, and thereby ensure the preservation of his species. From this it follows that individuality is not a form of perfection but a limitation: thus to be free of it is not a loss but rather a gain. So cease worrying about it: truly, if you knew your own being to its very depths as the universal will to live which you are — such worries would then seem to you childish and altogether ludicrous.

THRASYMACHUS: Childish and altogether ludicrous is what you yourself are, and all philosophers; and if a grown-up man like me spends fifteen minutes with fools of this kind it is merely a way of passing the time. I've now got more important things to do. Good-bye!

On Suicide

1

As far as I can see, it is only the monotheistic, that is to say Jewish, religions whose members regard self-destruction as a crime. This is all the more striking in that neither in the Old nor in the New Testament is there to be found any prohibition or even definite disapproval of it; so that religious teachers have to base their proscription of suicide on philosophical grounds of their own invention, which are however so poor that what their arguments lack in strength they have to try to make up for by the strength of the terms in which they express their abhorrence; that is to say, they resort to abuse. Thus we hear that suicide is the most cowardly of acts, that only a madman would commit it, and similar insipidities; or the senseless assertion that suicide is 'wrong', though it is obvious there is nothing in the world a man has a more incontestable right to than his own life and person. Let us for once allow moral feelings to decide this question, and compare the impression made on us by the news that an acquaintance of ours has committed a crime, for instance a murder, an act of cruelty, a betrayal, a theft, with that produced by the news that he has voluntarily ended his life. While the former will evoke a lively indignation, anger, the demand for punishment or revenge, the latter will excite pity and sorrow, which are more likely to be accompanied by admiration for his courage than by moral disapproval. Who has not had acquaintances, friends, relatives who have departed this world voluntarily? — and is one supposed to think of them with repugnance, as if they were criminals? In my opinion it ought rather to be demanded of the clergy that they tell us by what authority they go to their pulpits or their desks and brand as a crime an action which many people we honour and love have performed and deny an honourable burial to those who have departed this world voluntarily — since they cannot point to a single biblical authority, nor produce a single sound philosophical argument; it being made clear that what one wants are reasons and not empty phrases or abuse. If the criminal law proscribes suicide this is no valid reason for the Church to do so, and is moreover a decidedly ludicrous proceeding, for what punishment can deter him who is looking for death? If one punishes attempted suicide, it is the ineptitude of the attempt one punishes.

The only cogent moral argument against suicide is that it is opposed to the achievement of the highest moral goal, inasmuch as it substitutes for a true redemption from this world of misery a merely apparent one. But it is a very long way from a mistake of this kind to a crime, which is what the Christian clergy want to call it.

Christianity carries in its innermost heart the truth that suffering (the Cross) is the true aim of life: that is why it repudiates suicide, which is opposed to this aim, while antiquity from a lower viewpoint approved of and indeed honoured it. This argument against suicide is however an ascetic one, and is therefore valid only from a far higher ethical standpoint than any which European moral philosophers have ever assumed. If we descend from this very high standpoint there no longer remains any tenable moral reason for damning suicide. It therefore seems that the extraordinary zeal in opposing it displayed by the clergy of monotheistic religions — a zeal which is not supported by the Bible or by any cogent reasons — must have some hidden reason behind it: may this not be that the voluntary surrender of life is an ill compliment to him who said that all things were very good? If so, it is another instance of the obligatory optimism of these religions, which denounces self-destruction so as not to be denounced by it.

2

It will generally be found that where the terrors of life come to outweigh the terrors of death a man will put an end to his life. But the terrors of death offer considerable resistance: they stand like a sentinel at the exit gate. Perhaps there is no one alive who would not already have put an end to his life if this end were something purely negative, a sudden cessation of existence. But there is something positive in it as well: the destruction of the body. This is a deterrent, because the body is the phenomenal form of the will to live.

The struggle with that sentinel is as a rule, however, not as hard as it may seem to us from a distance: the reason is the antagonism between spiritual and physical suffering. For when we are in great or chronic physical pain we are indifferent to all other troubles: all we are concerned about is recovering. In the same way, great spiritual suffering makes us insensible to physical pain: we despise it: indeed, if it should come to outweigh the other it becomes a beneficial distraction, an interval in spiritual suffering. It is this which makes suicide easier: for the physical pain associated with it loses all significance in the eyes of one afflicted by excessive spiritual suffering.

On Women

1

Schiller's whole comprehensive poem Würde der Frauen, with its effects of antithesis and contrast, fails, in my opinion, to express what is truly to be praised in women as well as do these few words of Jouy:[17] Sans les femmes, le commencement de notre vie serait privé de secours, le milieu de plaisirs, et la fin de consolation.[18] Byron says the same thing with more pathos in Sardanapolis.[19]

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

Both indicate the correct viewpoint for estimating the value of women.

2

One needs only to see the way she is built to realize that woman is not intended for great mental or for great physical labour. She expiates the guilt of life not through activity but through suffering, through the pains of childbirth, caring for the child and subjection to the man, to whom she should be a patient and cheering companion. Great suffering, joy, exertion, is not for her: her life should flow by more quietly, trivially, gently than the man's without being essentially happier or unhappier.

3

Women are suited to being the nurses and teachers of our earliest childhood precisely because they themselves are childish, silly and short-sighted, in a word big children, their whole lives long: a kind of intermediate stage between the child and the man, who is the actual human being, 'man'. One

has only to watch a girl playing with a child, dancing and singing with it the whole day, and then ask oneself what, with the best will in the world, a man could do in her place.

4

In the girl nature has had in view what could in theatrical terms be called a stage-effect: it has provided her with superabundant beauty and charm for a few years at the expense of the whole remainder of her life, so that during these years she may so capture the imagination of a man that he is carried away into undertaking to support her honourably in some form or another for the rest of her life, a step he would seem hardly likely to take for purely rational considerations. Thus nature has equipped women, as it has all its creatures, with the tools and weapons she needs for securing her existence, and at just the time she needs them; in doing which nature has acted with its usual economy. For just as the female ant loses its wings after mating, since they are then superfluous, indeed harmful to the business of raising the family, so the woman usually loses her beauty after one or two childbeds, and probably for the same reason.

5

The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and more slowly does it mature. The man attains the maturity of his reasoning powers and spiritual faculties hardly before his twenty-eighth year; the woman with her eighteenth. And even then it is only reasoning power of a sort: a very limited sort. Thus women remain children all their lives, never see anything but what is closest to them, cleave to the present moment, take appearance for reality and prefer trifles to the most important affairs. For reason is the faculty by virtue of which man lives not merely in the present, as the animal does, but surveys and ponders past and future, from which arises his capacity for foresight, his care and trouble, and the anxiety he so frequently feels. As a consequence of her weaker reasoning powers, woman has a smaller share of the advantages and disadvantages these bring with them: she is, rather, a mental myopic, in that her intuitive understanding sees very clearly what is close to her but has a very narrow field of vision from which what is distant is excluded; so that what is absent, past or to come makes a very much weaker impression on women than it does on us, which is the origin of their much greater tendency to squandering, a tendency which sometimes verges

on madness. Women think in their hearts that the man's business is to make money and theirs is to spend it: where possible during the man's lifetime, but in any case after his death. That the man hands over to them for housekeeping the money he has earned strengthens them in this belief. — Whatever disadvantages all this may bring with it, it has this good effect, that woman is more absorbed in the present than we are, so that, if the present is endurable at all, she enjoys it more, and this produces that cheerfulness characteristic of her through which she is so suited to entertain and, if need be, console the care-laden man.

To consult women when you are in difficulties, as the ancient Teutons did, is by no means a bad idea: for their way of looking at things is quite different from ours, especially in their propensity for keeping in view the shortest road to a desired goal and in general what lies closest to hand, which we usually overlook precisely because it is right in front of our noses. In addition, women are decidedly more prosaic than we are and see no more in things than is really there, while we, if our passions are aroused, will easily exaggerate and indulge in imaginings.

It is for this reason too that women display more pity, and consequently more philanthropy and sympathy with the unfortunate, than men do; on the other hand, they are inferior to men in respect of justice, honesty and conscientiousness: for as a result of their weaker reasoning power women are as a rule far more affected by what is present, visible and immediately real than they are by abstract ideas, standing maxims, previous decisions or in general by regard for what is far off, in the past or still to come. Thus, while they possess the first and chief virtue, they are deficient in the secondary one which is often necessary for achieving the first. — One must accordingly say that the fundamental defect of the female character is a lack of a sense of justice. This originates first and foremost in their want of rationality and capacity for reflexion but it is strengthened by the fact that, as the weaker sex, they are driven to rely not on force but on cunning: hence their instinctive subtlety and their ineradicable tendency to tell lies: for, as nature has equipped the lion with claws and teeth, the elephant with tusks, the wild boar with fangs, the bull with horns and the cuttlefish with ink, so it has equipped woman with the power of dissimulation as her means of attack and defence, and has transformed into this gift all the strength it has bestowed on man in the form of physical strength and the power of reasoning. Dissimulation is thus inborn in her and consequently to be found in the stupid woman almost

as often as in the clever one. To make use of it at every opportunity is as natural to her as it is for an animal to employ its means of defence whenever it is attacked, and when she does so she feels that to some extent she is only exercising her rights. A completely truthful woman who does not practise dissimulation is perhaps an impossibility, which is why women see through the dissimulation of others so easily it is inadvisable to attempt it with them. — But this fundamental defect which I have said they possess, together with all that is associated with it, gives rise to falsity, unfaithfulness, treachery, ingratitude, etc. Women are guilty of perjury far more often than men. It is questionable whether they ought to be allowed to take an oath at all.

6

To take care of the propagation of the human race nature has chosen the young, strong and handsome men, so that the race shall not degenerate. This is the firm will of nature in this matter, and its expression is the passion of women. In antiquity and force this law precedes every other: so woe to him who sets his rights and interests in the path of this law: whatever he says or does they will, at the first serious encounter, be mercilessly crushed. For the secret, unspoken, indeed unconscious, but nonetheless inborn morality of women is: 'We are justified in deceiving those who, because they provide a meagre support for us, the individual, think they have acquired a right over the species. The character and consequently the well-being of the species has, through the next generation proceeding from us, been placed in our hands and entrusted to our care: let us discharge that trust conscientiously.' Women are, however, by no means conscious of this supreme law in abstracto,[20] only in concreto;[21] and they have no way of giving expression to it apart from their mode of action if the occasion presents itself; and then they are usually less troubled by their conscience than we suppose, because they are aware in the darkest recesses of their heart that in violating their duty to the individual they are all the better fulfilling their duty to the species, whose rights are incomparably greater.

Because fundamentally women exist solely for the propagation of the race and find in this their entire vocation, they are altogether more involved with the species than with individuals, and in their hearts take the affairs of the species more seriously than they do those of the individual. This gives their entire nature and all their activities a certain levity and in general a direction fundamentally different from those of the man: which is why

dissension between married couples is so frequent and indeed almost the normal case.

7

Men are by nature merely indifferent to one another; but women are by nature enemies. The reason is no doubt that that odium figulinum[22] which with men does not go beyond the bounds of the particular guild, with women embraces the whole sex, because they are all engaged in the same trade. Even when they simply pass in the street they look at one another like Guelphs and Ghibellines; and when two women meet for the first time there is clearly more constraint and pretence involved than in the case of two men: so that when two women exchange compliments it sounds much more ludicrous than when two men do so. Further, while a man will as a rule still preserve some degree of consideration and humanity even when addressing men very much his inferior, it is intolerable to see with what haughty disdain an aristocratic woman usually speaks to women who are beneath her (I am not referring to servants). The reason for this may be that with women all differences in rank are far more precarious than they are with us, and can be altered or abolished much more quickly, because in our case a hundred different considerations are involved, while in theirs only one is decisive, namely which man they have succeeded in attracting. Another reason may be that, because they are all in the same profession, they all stand much closer to one another than men do, and consequently strive to emphasize differences in rank.

8

Only a male intellect clouded by the sexual drive could call the stunted, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged sex the fair sex: for it is with this drive that all its beauty is bound up. More fittingly than the fair sex, women could be called the unaesthetic sex. Neither for music, nor poetry, nor the plastic arts do they possess any real feeling or receptivity: if they affect to do so, it is merely mimicry in service of their effort to please. This comes from the fact that they are incapable of taking a purely objective interest in anything whatever, and the reason for this is, I think, as follows. Man strives in everything for a direct domination over things, either by comprehending or by subduing them. But woman is everywhere and always relegated to a merely indirect domination, which is achieved by means of man, who is consequently the only thing she has to dominate directly. Thus it lies in the

nature of women to regard everything simply as a means of capturing a man, and their interest in anything else is only simulated, is no more than a detour, i. e. amounts to coquetry and mimicry. One has only to observe how they behave in the theatre or at operas and concerts, e. g. the childish unconcern with which they go on chattering away during the most beautiful parts of the greatest masterpieces. If it is true the Greeks refused to allow women into the theatre, they did the right thing: at least one would have been able to hear what was going on. — Nor can one expect anything else from women if one considers that the most eminent heads of the entire sex have proved incapable of a single truly great, genuine and original achievement in art, or indeed of creating anything at all of lasting value: this strikes one most forcibly in regard to painting, since they are just as capable of mastering its technique as we are, and indeed paint very busily, yet cannot point to a single great painting; the reason being precisely that they lack all objectivity of mind, which is what painting demands above all else. Isolated and partial exceptions do not alter the case: women, taken as a whole, are and remain thorough and incurable philistines: so that, with the extremely absurd arrangement by which they share the rank and title of their husband, they are a continual spur to his ignoble ambitions. They are sexus sequior,[23] the inferior second sex in every respect: one should be indulgent towards their weaknesses, but to pay them honour is ridiculous beyond measure and demeans us even in their eyes. — This is how the peoples of antiquity and of the Orient have regarded women; they have recognized what is the proper position for women far better than we have, we with our Old French gallantry and insipid women-veneration, that highest flower of Christian-Germanic stupidity which has served only to make women so rude and arrogant that one is sometimes reminded of the sacred apes of Benares which, conscious of their own sanctity and inviolability, thought themselves at liberty to do whatever they pleased.

Woman in the Occident, that is to say the 'lady', finds herself in a false position: for woman is by no means fitted to be the object of our veneration, to hold her head higher than the man or to enjoy equal rights with him. The consequences of this false position are sufficiently obvious. It would thus be a very desirable thing if this number two of the human race were again put in her natural place in Europe too, and a limit set to the unnaturalness called a lady at which all Asia laughs and which Greece and Rome would laugh at too if they could see it: the consequences for the social, civil and political life of

Europe would be incalculably beneficial. The European lady is a creature which ought not to exist at all: what there ought to be is housewives and girls who hope to become housewives and who are therefore educated, not in arrogant haughtiness, but in domesticity and submissiveness. It is precisely because there are ladies that European women of a lower status, which is to say the great majority of the sex, are much more unhappy than they are in the Orient.

9

In our monogamous part of the world, to marry means to have one's rights and double one's duties. But when the law conceded women equal rights with men it should at the same time have endowed them with masculine reasoning powers. What is actually the case is that the more those rights and privileges the law accords to women exceed those which are natural to them, the more it reduces the number of women who actually participate in these benefits; and then the remainder are deprived of their natural rights by just the amount these few receive in excess of theirs: for, because of the unnaturally privileged position enjoyed by women as a consequence of monogamy and the marriage laws accompanying it, which regard women as entirely equal to men (which they are in no respect), prudent and cautious men very often hesitate before making so great a sacrifice as is involved in entering into so inequitable a contract; so that while among polygamous peoples every woman gets taken care of, among the monogamous the number of married women is limited and there remains over a quantity of unsupported women who, in the upper classes, vegetate on as useless old maids, and in the lower are obliged to undertake laborious work they are constitutionally unfitted for or become fines de joie,[24] whose lives are as devoid of joie[25] as they are of honour but who, given the prevailing circumstances, are necessary for the gratification of the male sex and therefore come to constitute a recognized class, with the specific task of preserving the virtue of those women more favoured by fate who have found a man to support them or may reasonably hope to find one. There are 80,000 prostitutes in London alone: and what are they if not sacrifices on the altar of monogamy? These poor women are the inevitable counterpart and natural complement to the European lady, with all her arrogance and pretension. For the female sex viewed as a whole polygamy is therefore a real benefit; on the other hand there appears no rational ground why a man whose wife suffers from a chronic illness, or has

remained unfruitful, or has gradually grown too old for him, should not take a second.

There can be no argument about polygamy: it is a fact to be met with everywhere, and the only question is how to regulate it. For who is really a monogamist? We all live in polygamy, at least for a time and usually for good. Since every man needs many women, there could be nothing more just than that he should be free, indeed obliged, to support many women. This would also mean the restoration of woman to her rightful and natural position, the subordinate one, and the abolition from the world of the lady, with her ridiculous claims to respect and veneration; there would then be only women, and no longer unhappy women, of which Europe is at present full.

On Thinking for Yourself

1

As the biggest library if it is in disorder is not as useful as a small but well-arranged one, so you may accumulate a vast amount of knowledge but it will be of far less value to you than a much smaller amount if you have not thought it over for yourself; because only through ordering what you know by comparing every truth with every other truth can you take complete possession of your knowledge and get it into your power. You can think about only what you know, so you ought to learn something; on the other hand, you can know only what you have thought about.

Now you can apply yourself voluntarily to reading and learning, but you cannot really apply yourself to thinking: thinking has to be kindled, as a fire is by a draught, and kept going by some kind of interest in its object, which may be an objective interest or merely a subjective one. The latter is possible only with things that affect us personally, the former only to those heads who think by nature, to whom thinking is as natural as breathing, and these are very rare. That is why most scholars do so little of it.

2

The difference between the effect produced on the mind by thinking for yourself and that produced by reading is incredibly great, so that the original difference which made one head decide for thinking and another for reading is continually increased. For reading forcibly imposes on the mind thoughts that are as foreign to its mood and direction at the moment of reading as the signet is to the wax upon which it impresses its seal. The mind is totally subjected to an external compulsion to think this or that for which it has no inclination and is not in the mood. On the other hand, when it is thinking for itself it is following its own inclination, as this has been more closely determined either by its immediate surroundings or by some recollection or other: for its visible surroundings do not impose some single thought on the mind, as reading does; they merely provide it with occasion and matter for thinking the thoughts appropriate to its nature and present mood. The result is that much reading robs the mind of all elasticity, as the continual pressure of

a weight does a spring, and that the surest way of never having any thoughts of your own is to pick up a book every time you have a free moment. The practice of doing this is the reason erudition makes most men duller and sillier than they are by nature and robs their writings of all effectiveness: they are in Pope's words:

For ever reading, never to be read.

3

Fundamentally it is only our own basic thoughts that possess truth and life, for only these do we really understand through and through. The thoughts of another that we have read are crumbs from another's table, the cast-off clothes of an unfamiliar guest.

4

Reading is merely a surrogate for thinking for yourself; it means letting someone else direct your thoughts. Many books, moreover, serve merely to show how many ways there are of being wrong, and how far astray you yourself would go if you followed their guidance. — You should read only when your own thoughts dry up, which will of course happen frequently enough even to the best heads; but to banish your own thoughts so as to take up a book is a sin against the Holy Ghost; it is like deserting untrammelled nature to look at a herbarium or engravings of landscapes.

It may sometimes happen that a truth, an insight, which you have slowly and laboriously puzzled out by thinking for yourself could easily have been found already written in a book; but it is a hundred times more valuable if you have arrived at it by thinking for yourself. For only then will it enter your thought-system as an integral part and living member, be perfectly and firmly consistent with it and in accord with all its other consequences and conclusions, bear the hue, colour and stamp of your whole manner of thinking, and have arrived at just the moment it was needed; thus it will stay firmly and for ever lodged in your mind. This is a perfect application, indeed explanation, of Goethe's lines:

Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen.[26]

For the man who thinks for himself becomes acquainted with the authorities for his opinions only after he has acquired them and merely as a confirmation of them, while the book-philosopher starts with his authorities, in that he constructs his opinions by collecting together the opinions of others: his mind then compares with that of the former as an automaton compares with a living man.

A truth that has merely been learnt adheres to us only as an artificial limb, a false tooth, a wax nose does, or at most like transplanted skin; but a truth won by thinking for ourself is like a natural limb: it alone really belongs to us. This is what determines the difference between a thinker and a mere scholar.

5

People who pass their lives in reading and acquire their wisdom from books are like those who learn about a country from travel descriptions: they can impart information about a great number of things, but at bottom they possess no connected, clear, thorough knowledge of what the country is like. On the other hand, people who pass their lives in thinking are like those who have visited the country themselves: they alone are really familiar with it, possess connected knowledge of it and are truly at home in it.

6

A man who thinks for himself is related to the ordinary book-philosopher as an eyewitness is to an historian: the former speaks from his own immediate experience. That is why all men who think for themselves are in fundamental agreement: their differences spring only from their differing standpoints; for they merely express what they have objectively apprehended. The book-philosopher, on the contrary, reports what this man has said and that has thought and the other has objected, etc. Then he compares, weighs, criticizes these statements, and thus tries to get to the truth of the matter, in which respect he exactly resembles the critical historian.

7

Mere experience is no more a substitute for thinking than reading is. Pure empiricism is related to thinking as eating is to digestion and assimilation. When empiricism boasts that it alone has, through its discoveries, advanced human knowledge, it is as if the mouth should boast that it alone keeps the

body alive.

8

The characteristic mark of minds of the first rank is the immediacy of all their judgements. Everything they produce is the result of thinking for themselves and already in the way it is spoken everywhere announces itself as such. He who truly thinks for himself is like a monarch, in that he recognizes no one over him. His judgements, like the decisions of a monarch, arise directly from his own absolute power. He no more accepts authorities than a monarch does orders, and he acknowledges the validity of nothing he has not himself confirmed.

9

In the realm of actuality, however fair, happy and pleasant we may find it, we are nonetheless always under the influence of gravity, which we have continually to overcome: in the realm of thought, on the contrary, we are disembodied minds, weightless and without needs or cares. That is why there is no happiness on earth to compare with that which a beautiful and fruitful mind finds in a propitious hour in itself.

10

There are very many thoughts which have value for him who thinks them, but only a few of them possess the power of engaging the interest of a reader after they have been written down.

11

Yet, all the same, only that possesses true value which you have thought in the first instance for your own instruction. Thinkers can be divided into those who think in the first instance for their own instruction and those who do so for the instruction of others. The former are genuine thinkers for themselves in both senses of the words: they are the true philosophers. They alone are in earnest. The pleasure and happiness of their existence consists in thinking. The latter are sophists: they want to appear as thinkers and seek their happiness in what they hope thereby to get from others. This is what they are in earnest about. To which of these two classes a man belongs may quickly be seen by his whole style and manner. Lichtenberg is an example of the

former class, Herder certainly belongs to the latter.[27]

12

When you consider how great and how immediate is the problem of existence, this ambiguous, tormented, fleeting, dream-like existence — so great and so immediate that as soon as you are aware of it it overshadows and obscures all other problems and aims; and when you then see how men, with a few rare exceptions, have no clear awareness of this problem, indeed seem not to be conscious of it at all, but concern themselves with anything rather than with this problem and live on taking thought only for the day and for the hardly longer span of their own individual future, either expressly refusing to consider this problem or contenting themselves with some system of popular metaphysics; when, I say, you consider this, you may come to the opinion that man can be called a thinking being only in a very broad sense of that term and no longer feel very much surprise at any thoughtlessness or silliness whatever, but will realize, rather, that while the intellectual horizon of the normal man is wider than that of the animal — whose whole existence is, as it were, one continual present, with no consciousness of past or future — it is not so immeasurably wider as is generally supposed.

注　释

【1】 The last four words are in English in the original.

【2】 Brahma is the principal deity of Hinduism. Ormuzd is the good God, Ahriman the bad God of Zoroastrianism, the ancient religion of Persia.

【3】 Capriciously, voluntarily.

【4】 Of earning one's living.

【5】 Democritus (fl. c. 420 BC), Greek philosopher, the founder of atomism. John Locke (1632—1704), the representative British philosopher of the late seventeenth century.

【6】 Relationship between the physical and the moral.

【7】 Marie Francois Xavier Bichat (1771—1802), anatomist and physiologist. Pierre Jean Georges Cabanis (1757—1808), physician and writer on medicine.

【8】 Nicht vorstellbar: not imaginable or conceivable; but in Schopenhauer's usage also bearing the more specific sense of 'not able to be a Vorstellung, an idea'.

【9】 Accidentally.

【10】 'A priori': a first principle, acquired by the mind independently of the experience of the senses. 'Vulgo': generally.

【11】 Blessed life.

【12】 Schopenhauer cites Romans vii and Galatians ii and iii.

【13】 In the strict sense.

【14】 Johannes Paul Friedrich Richter (1763—1825), known by his pen-name of Jean Paul,

was one of the most popular German writers of his age. Selina, published posthumously in 1827, is an unsuccessful attempt to think clearly what his religious beliefs actually amount to: Jean Paul decides he cannot accept Christianity, but finds it impossible to surrender a number of beliefs, e. g. the belief in immortality, of which he could never have had any conception except as constituents of the Christian religion he rejects.

【15】 Appeared in Plato's Republic trying to argue that 'might is right'. One of the first cultivators of rhetoric, characterized as being more concerned with winning arguments than with truth.

【16】 Literally, 'A lover of truth'. Generic title for a philosopher.

【17】 Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller (1759—1805) is traditionally Germany's second greatest poet, but much of his verse, of which The Dignity (or Merit or Worth) of Women is a once-famous example, is of the 'good bad' variety, like Walter Scott's. His true genius lay in the field of popular drama, and his best plays are still much performed. Victor Jouy (1764—1846), dramatist.

【18】 Without women, the beginning of our lives would be deprived of security, the middle of pleasure, and the end of consolation.

【19】 Act Ⅰ, scene 2.

【20】 In abstract, by means of concepts.

【21】 By individual intuition.

【22】 Mutual dislike of those in the same trade.

【23】 The second sex, the inferior sex.

【24】 Prostitutes.

【25】 Joy, or happiness.

【26】 What you have inherited from your forefathers you must first win for yourself if you are to possess it.

【27】 Georg Christoph Lichtenberg (1742—99), aphorist and satirist. Johann Gottfried von Herder (1744—1803), theologian, philosopher and man of letters.

APHORISMS

On Philosophy and the Intellect

1

The fundament upon which all our knowledge and learning rests is the inexplicable. It is to this that every explanation, through few or many intermediate stages, leads; as the plummet touches the bottom of the sea now at a greater depth, now at a less, but is bound to reach it somewhere sooner or later. The study of this inexplicable devolves upon metaphysics.

2

For intellect in the service of will, that is to say in practical use, there exist only individual things; for intellect engaged in art and science, that is to say active for its own sake, there exist only universals, entire kinds, species, classes, ideas of things. Even the sculptor, in depicting the individual, seeks to depict the idea, the species. The reason for this is that will aims directly only at individual things, which are its true objective, for only they possess empirical reality. Concepts, classes, kinds, on the other hand, can become its objective only very indirectly. That is why the ordinary man has no sense for general truths, and why the genius, on the contrary, overlooks and neglects what is individual: to the genius the enforced occupation with the individual as such which constitutes the stuff of practical life is a burdensome drudgery.

3

The two main requirements for philosophizing are: firstly, to have the courage not to keep any question back; and secondly, to attain a clear consciousness of anything that goes without saying so as to comprehend it as a problem. Finally, the mind must, if it is really to philosophize, also be truly disengaged: it must prosecute no particular goal or aim, and thus be free from the enticement of will, but devote itself undividedly to the instruction which the perceptible world and its own consciousness imparts to it.

4

The poet presents the imagination with images from life and human characters and situations, sets them all in motion and leaves it to the beholder

to let these images take his thoughts as far as his mental powers will permit. That is why he is able to engage men of the most differing capabilities, indeed fools and sages together. The philosopher, on the other hand, presents not life itself but the finished thoughts which he has abstracted from it and then demands that the reader should think precisely as, and precisely as far as, he himself thinks. That is why his public is so small. The poet can thus be compared with one who presents flowers, the philosopher with one who presents their essence.

5

An odd and unworthy definition of philosophy, which however even Kant gives, is that it is a science composed only of concepts. For the entire property of a concept consists of nothing more than what has been begged and borrowed from perceptual knowledge, which is the true and inexhaustible source of all insight. So that a true philosophy cannot be spun out of mere abstract concepts, but has to be founded on observation and experience, inner and outer. Nor will anything worthwhile be achieved in philosophy by synthesizing experiments with concepts such as have been performed so often in the past but especially by the sophists of our own day — I mean by Fichte and Schelling and even more offensively by Hegel, and in the field of ethics by Schleiermacher.[1] Philosophy, just as much as art and poetry, must have its source in perceptual comprehension of the world: nor, however much the head needs to remain on top, ought it to be so cold-blooded a business that the whole man, heart and head, is not finally involved and affected through and through. Philosophy is not algebra: on the contrary, Vauvenargues[2] was right when he said: Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur.[3]

6

Mere subtlety may qualify you as a sceptic but not as a philosopher. On the other hand, scepticism is in philosophy what the Opposition is in Parliament; it is just as beneficial, and indeed necessary. It rests everywhere on the fact that philosophy is not capable of producing the kind of evidence mathematics produces.

7

A dictate of reason is the name we give to certain propositions which we hold

true without investigation and of which we think ourselves so firmly convinced we should be incapable of seriously testing them even if we wanted to, since we should then have to call them provisionally in doubt. We credit these propositions so completely because when we first began to speak and think we continually had them recited to us and they were thus implanted in us; so that the habit of thinking them is as old as the habit of thinking as such and we can no longer separate the two.

8

People never weary of reproaching metaphysics with the very small progress it has made compared with the very great progress of the physical sciences. But what other science has been hampered at all times by having an antagonist ex officio, a public prosecutor, a king's champion in full armour against it? Metaphysics will never put forth its full powers so long as it is expected to accommodate itself to dogma. The various religions have taken possession of the metaphysical tendency of mankind, partly by paralysing it through imprinting their dogmas upon it in the earliest years, partly by forbidding and proscribing all free and uninhibited expression of it; so that free investigation of man's most important and interesting concern, of his existence itself, has been in part indirectly hampered, in part made subjectively impossible by the paralysis referred to; and in this way his most sublime tendency has been put in chains.

9

The discovery of truth is prevented most effectively, not by the false appearance things present and which mislead into error, nor directly by weakness of the reasoning powers, but by preconceived opinion, by prejudice, which as a pseudo a priori stands in the path of truth and is then like a contrary wind driving a ship away from land, so that sail and rudder labour in vain.

10

Every general truth is related to specific truths as gold is to silver, inasmuch as it can be converted into a considerable number of specific truths which follow from it in the same way as a gold coin can be converted into small change.

11

From one proposition nothing more can follow than what is already contained in it, i. e. than what it itself implies when its meaning is exhausted; but from two propositions, if they are joined together as premises of a syllogism, more can follow than is contained in either of them taken individually — just as a body formed by chemical combination exhibits qualities possessed by none of its constituents. That logical conclusions possess value derives from this fact.

12

What light is to the outer physical world intellect is to the inner world of consciousness. For intellect is related to will, and thus also to the organism, which is nothing other than will regarded objectively, in approximately the same way as light is to a combustible body and the oxygen in combination with which it ignites. And as light is the purer the less it is involved with the smoke of the burning body, so also is intellect the purer the more completely it is separated from the will which engendered it. In a bolder metaphor one could even say: Life is known to be a process of combustion; intellect is the light produced by this process.

13

The simplest unprejudiced self-observation, combined with the facts of anatomy, leads to the conclusion that intellect, like its objectivization the brain, is, together with its dependent sense-apparatus, nothing other than a very intense receptivity to influences from without and does not constitute our original and intrinsic being; thus that intellect is not that in us which in a plant is motive power or in a stone weight and chemical forces: it is will alone which appears in these forms. Intellect is that in us which in a plant is merely receptivity to external influences, to physical and chemical action and whatever else may help or hinder it to grow and thrive; but in us this receptivity has risen to such a pitch of intensity that by virtue of it the entire objective world, the world as idea, appears; and this, consequently, is how its objectivization originates. It will help to make all this more vivid if you imagine the world without any animal life on it. There will then be nothing on it capable of perceiving it, and therefore it will actually have no objective existence at all. Now imagine a number of plants shooting up out of the

ground close beside one another. All kinds of things will begin to operate on them, such as air, wind, the pressure of one plant against another, moisture, cold, light, warmth, electricity, etc. Now imagine the receptivity of these plants to influences of this kind intensified more and more: it will finally become sensation, accompanied by the capacity to refer sensation to its cause, and at last perception: whereupon the world will be there, appearing in space, time and causal connexion — yet it will still be merely the result of external influences on the receptivity of the plants. This pictorial representation brings home very well the merely phenomenal existence of the external world and makes it comprehensible: for no one, surely, would care to assert that a state of affairs which consists of perceptions originating in nothing but relations between external influences and active receptivity represents the truly objective, inner and original constitution of all those natural forces assumed to be acting on the plants; that it represents, that is to say, the world of things in themselves. This picture can thus make it comprehensible to us why the realm of the human intellect should have such narrow boundaries, as Kant demonstrates it has in the Critique of Pure Reason.

14

That you should write down valuable ideas that occur to you as soon as possible goes without saying: we sometimes forget even what we have done, so how much more what we have thought. Thoughts, however, come not when we but when they want. On the other hand, it is better not to copy down what we have received finished and complete from without, what we have merely learned and what can in any case be discovered again in books: for to copy something down is to consign it to forgetfulness. You should deal sternly and despotically with your memory, so that it does not unlearn obedience; if, for example, you cannot call something to mind, a line of poetry or a word perhaps, you should not go and look it up in a book, but periodically plague your memory with it for weeks on end until your memory has done its duty. For the longer you have had to rack your brains for something the more firmly will it stay once you have got it.

15

The quality of our thoughts (their formal value) comes from within, their direction, and thus their matter, from without; so that what we are thinking at

any given moment is the product of two fundamentally different factors. Consequently, the object of thought is to the mind only what the plectrum is to the lyre: which is why the same sight inspires such very different thoughts in differing heads.

16

How very paltry and limited the normal human intellect is, and how little lucidity there is in the human consciousness, may be judged from the fact that, despite the ephemeral brevity of human life, the uncertainty of our existence and the countless enigmas which press upon us from all sides, everyone does not continually and ceaselessly philosophize, but that only the rarest of exceptions do so. The rest live their lives away in this dream not very differently from the animals, from which they are in the end distinguished only by their ability to provide for a few years ahead. If they should ever feel any metaphysical need, it is taken care of from above and in advance by the various religions; and these, whatever they may be like, suffice.

17

One might almost believe that half our thinking takes place unconsciously. Usually we arrive at a conclusion without having clearly thought about the premises which lead to it. This is already evident from the fact that sometimes an occurrence whose consequences we can in no way foresee, still less clearly estimate its possible influence on our own affairs, will nonetheless exercise an unmistakable influence on our whole mood and will change it from cheerful to sad or from sad to cheerful: this can only be the result of unconscious rumination. It is even more obvious in the following: I have familiarized myself with the factual data of a theoretical or practical problem; I do not think about it again, yet often a few days later the answer to the problem will come into my mind entirely of its own accord; the operation which has produced it, however, remains as much a mystery to me as that of an adding-machine: what has occurred is, again, unconscious rumination. — One might almost venture the physiological hypothesis that conscious thinking takes place on the surface of the brain, unconscious thinking inside it.

18

Considering the monotony and consequent insipidity of life one would find it unendurably tedious after any considerable length of time, were it not for the continual advance of knowledge and insight and the acquisition of even better and clearer understanding of all things, which is partly the fruit of experience, partly the result of the changes we ourselves undergo through the different stages of life by which our point of view is to a certain extent being continually altered, whereby things reveal to us sides we did not yet know. In this way, despite the decline in our mental powers, dies diem docet[4] still holds indefatigably true and gives life an ever-renewed fascination, in that what is identical continually appears as something new and different.

19

It is quite natural that we should adopt a defensive and negative attitude towards every new opinion concerning something on which we have already an opinion of our own. For it forces its way as an enemy into the previously closed system of our own convictions, shatters the calm of mind we have attained through this system, demands renewed efforts of us and declares our former efforts to have been in vain. A truth which retrieves us from error is consequently to be compared with a physic, as much for its bitter and repellent taste as for the fact that it takes effect not at the moment it is imbibed but only some time afterwards.

Thus, if we see the individual obstinately clinging to his errors, with the mass of men it is even worse: once they have acquired an opinion, experience and instruction can labour for centuries against it and labour in vain. So that there exist certain universally popular and firmly accredited errors which countless numbers contentedly repeat every day: I have started a list of them which others might like to continue.

1. Suicide is a cowardly act.
2. He who mistrusts others is himself dishonest.
3. Worth and genius are unfeignedly modest.
4. The insane are exceedingly unhappy.
5. Philosophizing can be learned, but not philosophy. (The opposite is true.)
6. It is easier to write a good tragedy than a good comedy.
7. A little philosophy leads away from God, a lot of it leads back to him — repeated after Francis Bacon.

8. Knowledge is power. The devil it is! One man can have a great deal of knowledge without its giving him the least power, while another possesses supreme authority but next to no knowledge.

Most of these are repeated parrot fashion without much thought being given to them and merely because when people first heard them said they found them very wise-sounding.

20

Intellect is a magnitude of intensity, not a magnitude of extension: which is why in this respect one man can confidently take on ten thousand and a thousand fools do not make one wise man.

21

What the pathetic commonplace heads with which the world is crammed really lack are two closely related faculties: that of forming judgements and that of producing ideas of their own. But these are lacking to a degree which he who is not one of them cannot easily conceive, so that he cannot easily conceive the dolefulness of their existence. It is this deficiency, however, which explains on one hand the poverty of the scribbling which in all nations passes itself off to its contemporaries as their literature, and on the other the fate that overtakes true and genuine men who appear among such people. All genuine thought and art is to a certain extent an attempt to put big heads on small people: so it is no wonder the attempt does not always come off. For a writer to afford enjoyment always demands a certain harmony between his way of thinking and that of the reader; and the enjoyment will be the greater the more perfect this harmony is: so that a great mind will fully and completely enjoy only another great mind. It is for this same reason that bad or mediocre writers excite disgust and revulsion in thinking heads: and even conversation with most people has the same effect — one is conscious of the inadequacy and disharmony every step of the way.

22

The life of the plants consists in simple existence: so that their enjoyment of life is a purely and absolutely subjective, torpid contentment. With the animals there enters knowledge: but it is still entirely restricted to what serves their own motivation, and indeed their most immediate motivation. That is

why they too find complete contentment in simple existence and why it suffices to fill their entire lives; so that they can pass many hours completely inactive without feeling discontented or impatient, although they are not thinking but merely looking. Only in the very cleverest animals such as dogs and apes does the need for activity, and with that boredom, make itself felt; which is why they enjoy playing, and why they amuse themselves by gazing at passers-by; in which respect they are in a class with those human window-gazers who stare at us everywhere but only when one notices they are students really arouse our indignation.

Only in man has knowledge — i. e. the consciousness of other things, in antithesis to mere self-consciousness — reached a high degree and, with the appearance of the reasoning faculty, risen to thought. As a consequence of this his life can, besides simple existence, be filled by knowledge as such, which is to a certain extent a second existence outside oneself in other beings and things. With man too, however, knowledge is mostly restricted to what serves his own motivation, although this now includes motivations less immediate which, when taken together, are called 'practical knowledge'. On the other hand, he usually has no more free, i. e. purposeless, knowledge than is engendered by curiosity and the need for diversion; yet this kind of knowledge does exist in every man, even if only to this extent. In the meantime, when motivation is quiescent, the life of man is to a large extent filled by simple existence, to which fact the tremendous amount of lounging about that goes on and the commonness of that kind of sociability which consists chiefly in mere togetherness, without any conversation, or at the most very scanty conversation, bear witness. Indeed, most people have — in their hearts even if not consciously — as the supreme guide and maxim of their conduct the resolve to get by with the least possible expenditure of thought, because to them thinking is hard and burdensome. Consequently, they think only as much as their trade or business makes absolutely necessary, and then again as much as is demanded by their various pastimes — which is what their conversation is just as much as their play; but both must be so ordered that they can be tackled with a minimum of thought.

Only where intellect exceeds the measure needed for living does knowledge become more or less an end in itself. It is consequently a quite abnormal event if in some man intellect deserts its natural vocation — that of serving the will by perceiving mere relations between things — in order to occupy itself purely objectively. But it is precisely this which is the origin of

art, poetry and philosophy, which are therefore produced by an organ not originally intended for that purpose. For intellect is fundamentally a hard-working factory-hand whom his demanding master, the will, keeps busy from morn to night. But if this hard-driven serf should once happen to do some of his work voluntarily during his free time, on his own initiative and without any object but the work itself, simply for his own satisfaction and enjoyment — then this is a genuine work of art, indeed, if pushed to an extreme, a work of genius.

Such a purely objective employment of the intellect, as well as lying behind all artistic, poetical and philosophical achievement of the higher kind, also lies behind all purely scientific achievement in general, is already present in purely scientific study and learning, likewise in any free reflection (i. e. reflection not involved with personal interest) upon any subject whatever. It is the same thing, indeed, which inspires even mere conversation if its theme is a purely objective one, i. e. is not related in any way to the interest, and consequently the will of those taking part in it. Every such purely objective employment of the intellect compares with its subjective employment — i. e. employment in regard to personal interest, however indirectly — as dancing does with walking: for, like dancing, it is the purposeless expenditure of excess energy. On the other hand, the subjective employment of intellect is, of course, the natural one, since intellect arose merely in order to serve will. It is involved not merely in work and the personal drives, but also in all conversation concerning personal affairs and material matters in general; in eating, drinking and other pleasures; in everything pertaining to earning a livelihood; and in utilitarian concerns of every sort. Most men, to be sure, are incapable of any other employment of their intellect, because with them it is merely a tool in service of their will and is entirely consumed by this service, without any remainder. It is this that makes them so arid, so brutishly earnest and incapable of objective conversation; just as the shortness of the bonds joining intellect to will is visible in their face. The impression of narrow-mindedness which often emerges from it in such a depressing fashion is, in fact, only the outward sign of the narrow limitation of their total stock of knowledge to the affairs of their own will. One can see that here there is just as much intellect as a given will requires for its ends and no more: hence the vulgarity of their aspect; and hence also the fact that their intellect subsides into inactivity the moment their will ceases to drive it. They take an objective interest in nothing whatever. Their attention, not to speak of their mind, is

engaged by nothing that does not bear some relation, or at least some possible relation, to their own person: otherwise their interest is not aroused. They are not noticeably stimulated even by wit or humour; they hate rather everything that demands the slightest thought. Coarse buffooneries at most excite them to laughter: apart from that they are earnest brutes — and all because they are capable of only subjective interest. It is precisely this which makes card-playing the most appropriate amusement for them — card-playing for money: because this does not remain in the sphere of mere knowledge, as stage plays, music, conversation, etc., do, but sets in motion the will itself, the primary element which exists everywhere. For the rest they are, from their first breath to their last, tradesmen, life's born drudges. All their pleasures are sensuous: they have no feeling for any other kind of pleasure. Talk to them about business, but not about anything else. To be sociable with them is to be degraded. On the other hand, conversation between two people who are capable of some sort of purely objective employment of their intellect is a free play of intellectual energy, though the matter be never so insubstantial and amount to no more than jesting. Such a conversation is in fact like two or more dancing together: while the other sort is like marching side-by-side or one behind the other merely in order to arrive somewhere.

Now this tendency towards a free and thus abnormal employment of the intellect, together with the capacity for it, attains in the genius the point at which knowledge becomes the main thing, the aim of the whole of life; his own existence, on the other hand, declines to a subsidiary thing, a mere means; so that the normal relationship is completely reversed. Consequently, the genius lives on the whole more in the rest of the world, by virtue of his knowledge and comprehension of it, than in his own person. The entirely abnormal enhancement of his cognitive powers robs him of the possibility of filling up his time with mere existence and its aims: his mind needs to be constantly and vigorously occupied. He thus lacks that composure in traversing the broad scenes of everyday life and that easy absorption in them which is granted to ordinary men. So that genius is for the ordinary practical living appropriate to normal mental powers an ill endowment and, like every abnormality, an impediment: for with this intensifying of the intellectual powers, intuitive comprehension of the outside world achieves so great a degree of objective clarity and furnishes so much more than is requisite for serving the will that such an abundance becomes a downright hindrance to this service, inasmuch as to contemplate given phenomena in themselves and

for their own sake constantly detracts from the contemplation of their connexions with the individual will and with one another and consequently disturbs and obstructs any clear comprehension of these connexions. For the service of the will an entirely superficial contemplation of things suffices, a contemplation which furnishes no more than their bearing on whatever aims we may have and whatever may be associated with these aims, and consequently consists of nothing but relationships, with the greatest possible degree of blindness towards everything else: an objective and complete comprehension of the nature of things enfeebles knowledge of this sort and throws it into disorder.

23

The difference between the genius and the normal intelligence is, to be sure, only a quantitative one, in so far as it is only a difference of degree: one is nonetheless tempted to regard it as a qualitative one when one considers how normal men, despite their individual diversity, all think along certain common lines, so that they are frequently in unanimous agreement over judgements which are, in fact, false. This goes so far that they have certain basic views which are held in all ages and continually reiterated, while the great minds of every age have, openly or secretly, opposed these views.

24

A genius is a man in whose head the world as idea has attained a greater degree of clarity and is present more distinctly; and since the weightiest and profoundest insight is furnished not by painstaking observation of what is separate and individual but by the intensity with which the whole is comprehended, mankind can expect from him the profoundest sort of instruction. Genius can thus also be defined as an exceptionally clear consciousness of things and therefore also of their antithesis, one's own self. Mankind looks up to one who is thus gifted for disclosures about things and about its own nature.

25

If you want to earn the gratitude of your own age you must keep in step with it. But if you do that you will produce nothing great. If you have something great in view you must address yourself to posterity: only then, to be sure, you will probably remain unknown to your contemporaries; you will be like a

man compelled to spend his life on a desert island and there toiling to erect a memorial so that future seafarers shall know he once existed.

26

Talent works for money and fame: the motive which moves genius to productivity is, on the other hand, less easy to determine. It isn't money, for genius seldom gets any. It isn't fame: fame is too uncertain and, more closely considered, of too little worth. Nor is it strictly for its own pleasure, for the great exertion involved almost outweighs the pleasure. It is rather an instinct of a unique sort by virtue of which the individual possessed of genius is impelled to express what he has seen and felt in enduring works without being conscious of any further motivation. It takes place, by and large, with the same sort of necessity as a tree brings forth fruit, and demands of the world no more than a soil on which the individual can flourish. More closely considered, it is as if in such an individual the will to live, as the spirit of the human species, had become conscious of having, by a rare accident, attained for a brief span of time to a greater clarity of intellect, and now endeavours to acquire at any rate the results, the products of this clear thought and vision for the whole species, which is indeed also the intrinsic being of this individual, so that their light may continue to illumine the darkness and stupor of the ordinary human consciousness. It is from this that there arises that instinct which impels genius to labour in solitude to complete its work without regard for reward, applause or sympathy, but neglectful rather even of its own well-being and thinking more of posterity than of the age it lives in, which could only lead it astray. To make its work, as a sacred trust and the true fruit of its existence, the property of mankind, laying it down for a posterity better able to appreciate it: this becomes for genius a goal more important than any other, a goal for which it wears the crown of thorns that shall one day blossom into a laurel-wreath. Its striving to complete and safeguard its work is just as resolute as that of the insect to safeguard its eggs and provide for the brood it will never live to see: it deposits its eggs where it knows they will one day find life and nourishment, and dies contented.

On Aesthetics

1

The intrinsic problem of the metaphysics of the beautiful can be stated very simply: how is it possible for us to take pleasure in an object when this object has no kind of connexion with our desires?

For we all feel that pleasure in a thing can really arise only from its relation to our will or, as we like to put it, our aims; so that pleasure divorced from a stimulation of the will seems to be a contradiction. Yet it is quite obvious that the beautiful as such excites pleasure in us without having any kind of connexion with our personal aims, that is to say with our will.

My solution to this problem has been that in the beautiful we always perceive the intrinsic and primary forms of animate and inanimate nature, that is to say Plato's Ideas thereof, and that this perception stipulates the existence of its essential correlative, the will-less subject of knowledge, i. e. a pure intelligence without aims or intentions. Through this, when an aesthetic perception occurs the will completely vanishes from consciousness. But will is the sole source of all our troubles and sufferings. This is the origin of the feeling of pleasure which accompanies the perception of the beautiful. It therefore rests on the abolition of all possibility of suffering. — If it should be objected that the possibility of pleasure would then also be abolished, one should remember that, as I have often demonstrated, happiness, gratification, is of a negative nature, namely the mere cessation of suffering, pain on the other hand positive. Thus, when all desire disappears from consciousness there still remains the condition of pleasure, i. e. the absence of all pain, and in this case the absence even of the possibility of pain, in that the individual is transformed from a willing subject into a purely knowing subject, yet continues to be conscious of himself and of his actions as a knowing subject. As we know, the world as will is the primary (ordine prior) and the world as idea the secondary world (ordine posterior). The former is the world of desire and consequently that of pain and thousandfold misery. The latter, however, is in itself intrinsically painless: in addition it contains a remarkable spectacle, altogether significant or at the very least entertaining. Enjoyment of this spectacle constitutes aesthetic pleasure.

2

If, however, the individual will sets its associated power of imagination free for a while, and for once releases it entirely from the service for which it was made and exists, so that it abandons the tending of the will or of the individual person which alone is its natural theme and thus its regular occupation, and yet does not cease to be energetically active or to extend to their fullest extent its powers of perceptivity, then it will forthwith become completely objective, i. e. it will become a faithful mirror of objects, or more precisely the medium of the objectivization of the will appearing in this or that object, the inmost nature of which will now come forth through it the more completely the longer perception lasts, until it has been entirely exhausted. It is only thus, with the pure subject, that there arises the pure object, i. e. the complete manifestation of the will appearing in the object perceived, which is precisely the (Platonic) Idea of it. The perception of this, however, demands that, when contemplating an object, I really abstract its position in space and time, and thus abstract its individuality. For it is this position, always determined by the law of causality, which places this object in any kind of relationship to me as an individual; so that only when this position is done away with will the object become an Idea and I therewith a pure subject of knowledge. This is why a painting, by fixing for ever the fleeting moment and thus extricating it from time, presents not the individual but the Idea, the enduring element in all change. But this postulated change in subject and object requires not only that the faculty of knowledge be released from its original servitude and given over entirely to itself, but also that it should remain active to the full extent of its capacity, notwithstanding that the natural spur to its activity, the instigation of the will, is now lacking. Here is where the difficulty and thus the rarity of the thing lies; because all our thought and endeavour, all our hearing and seeing, stand by nature directly or indirectly in the service of our countless personal aims, big and small, and consequently it is the will which spurs on the faculty of knowledge to the fulfilment of its functions, without which instigation it immediately weakens. Moreover, knowledge activated by this instigation completely suffices for practical life, even for the various branches of science, since they direct themselves to the relations between things and not to their intrinsic and inner being. Wherever it is a question of knowledge of cause and effect or of grounds and consequences of any kind, that is to say in all branches of natural

science and mathematics, as also in history, or with inventions, etc., the knowledge sought must be an aim of the will, and the more vehemently it strives for it, the sooner it will be attained. Likewise in affairs of state, in war, in finance and business, in intrigues of every sort, and so on, the will must first of all, through the vehemence of its desire, compel the intellect to exert all its energies so as to track down all the reasons and consequences of the affair in question. Indeed, it is astonishing how far beyond the normal measure of its energies the spur of the will can drive a given intellect in such a case.

The situation is quite different with the perception of the objective, intrinsic being of things which constitutes their (Platonic) Idea and which must lie behind every achievement in the fine arts. For the will, which in the former case promoted the endeavour and was indeed indispensable to it, must here take no part whatever: for here only that serves which the intellect achieves quite alone and by its own means and presents as a voluntary gift. For only in the condition of pure knowledge, where will and its aims have been completely removed from man, but with them his individuality also, can that purely objective perception arise in which the (Platonic) Ideas of things will be comprehended. But such a perception must always precede the conception, i. e. the first, intuitive knowledge which afterwards constitutes the intrinsic material and kernel, as it were the soul of an authentic work of art or poem, or indeed of a genuine philosophy. The unpremeditated, unintentional, indeed in part unconscious and instinctive element which has always been remarked in works of genius owes its origin to precisely the fact that primal artistic knowledge is entirely separated from and independent of will, is will-less.

3

As for the objective aspect of this aesthetic perception, that is to say the (Platonic) Idea, it may be described as that which we would have before us if time, the formal and subjective condition of our knowledge, were drawn away, like the glass lens from a kaleidoscope. We see, e. g., the development of bud, flower and fruit and marvel at the driving force which never wearies of producing this series again and again. Our amazement would cease if we could know that with all this changing development we have before us only the one, unchangeable Idea of the plant, which however we are incapable of perceiving as a unity of bud, flower and fruit, but are compelled to apprehend

under the form of time through which the Idea is displayed to our intellect in these successive states.

4

If you consider how poetry and the plastic arts always take an individual for their theme and present it with the most careful exactitude in all its uniqueness, down to the most insignificant characteristics; and if you then look at the sciences, which operate by means of concepts each of which represents countless individuals by once and for all defining and designating what is peculiar to them as a species; — if you consider this, the practice of art is likely to seem to you paltry, petty and indeed almost childish. The nature of art, however, is such that in art one single case stands for thousands, in that what art has in view with that careful and particular delineation of the individual is the revelation of the Idea of the genus to which it belongs; so that, e. g., an occurrence, a scene from human life depicted correctly and completely, that is to say with an exact delineation of the individuals involved in it, leads to a clear and profound knowledge of the Idea of humanity itself perceived from this or that aspect. For as the botanist plucks one single flower from the endless abundance of the plant world and then analyses it so as to demonstrate to us the nature of the plant in general, so the poet selects a single scene, indeed sometimes no more than a single mood or sensation, from the endless confusion of ceaselessly active human life, in order to show us what the life and nature of man is. This is why we see the greatest spirits — Shakespeare and Goethe, Raphael and Rembrandt — not disdaining to delineate single individuals, and not even notable ones, and to make them visible before us, and doing so with the greatest exactitude and the most earnest application, in their whole particularity down to the very smallest details. For the particular and individual can be grasped only when it is made visible — which is why I have defined poetry as the art of setting the imagination into action by means of words.

5

A work of plastic art does not show us, as actuality does, that which exists once and never again, namely the union of this particular material with this particular form which constitutes the concrete and individual; it shows us the form alone which, if it were presented completely and in all its aspects, would be the Idea itself. The picture therefore immediately leads us away

from the individual to the pure form. The separation of form from material is already a big step towards the Idea: but every picture, whether a painting or a statue, constitutes such a separation. Now it is precisely because the aim of the aesthetic work of art is to bring us to a knowledge of the (Platonic) Idea that it is characterized by this separation, this dividing of the form from the material. It is intrinsic to the work of art to present the form alone, without the material, and to do so manifestly and obviously. This is really the reason waxwork figures make no aesthetic impression and are consequently not works of art (in the aesthetic sense), although when they are well made they produce a far greater illusion of reality than the best picture or statue can and if imitation of the actual were the aim of art would have to be accorded the first rank. For they seem to present not the pure form but with it the material as well, so that they bring about the illusion that the thing itself is standing there. The true work of art leads us from that which exists only once and never again, i. e. the individual, to that which exists perpetually and time and time again in innumerable manifestations, the pure form or Idea; but the waxwork figure appears to present the individual itself, that is to say that which exists only once and never again, but without that which lends value to such a fleeting existence, without life. That is why the waxwork evokes a feeling of horror: it produces the effect of a rigid corpse.

6

The reason the impressions we receive in youth are so significant, the reason why in the dawn of life everything appears to us in so ideal and transfigured a light, is that we then first become acquainted with the genus, which is still new to us, through the individual, so that every individual thing stands as a representative of its genus: we grasp therein the (Platonic) Idea of this genus, which is essentially what constitutes beauty.

7

The beauty and grace of the human figure united together are the will in its most clearly visible form at the highest stage of its objectivization, and this is why they are the supreme achievement of the plastic arts. On the other hand, every material thing is beautiful, consequently every animal is beautiful. If this is not evident to us in the case of certain animals it is because we are not in a position to regard them purely objectively and thus comprehend the Idea of them, but are prevented from doing so by some inescapable thought-

association, usually the result of an obtrusive similarity, e. g. that of the ape to man, as a consequence of which instead of grasping the Idea of this animal we see only the caricature of a man. The similarity between the toad and mud and dirt seems to produce the same effect, although this is inadequate to explain the boundless repugnance, indeed terror and horror, which overcomes many people at the sight of this animal, as it does others in the case of the spider: this seems rather to originate in a much deeper, metaphysical and mysterious connexion.

8

Inorganic nature, provided it does not consist of water, produces a very melancholy, indeed oppressive impression upon us when it appears without anything organic. An instance is provided by the regions of bare rock without any vegetation in the long valley near Toulon through which runs the road to Marseille; but the deserts of Africa offer a much more grandiose and impressive example. The sadness of this impression produced upon us by the inorganic derives first and foremost from the fact that the inorganic mass is subject exclusively to the law of gravity, the direction of which consequently dictates everything. — On the other hand, we derive a high degree of immediate pleasure from the sight of vegetation, but this is naturally the greater the more abundant, manifold and extensive — that is to say left to itself — the vegetation is. The immediate reason for this lies in the fact that in vegetation the law of gravity seems to have been overcome, in that the plant world raises itself in precisely the opposite direction from the one dictated by this law and thus directly proclaims the phenomenon of life as a new and higher order of things. We ourselves are part of this order: it is that in nature which is related to us, the element of our existence. Our heart is uplifted in presence of it. What pleases us first and foremost at the sight of the plant world, therefore, is this vertical upward direction, and a group of trees gains vastly from having a couple of straight-rising pointed fir-trees in its midst. On the other hand, a felled tree no longer affects us; indeed, one that has grown up slanting already produces far less effect than an upright one; and it is the down-hanging branches of the weeping willow which have surrendered to gravity that have given this tree its name. — The melancholy effect of the inorganic nature of water is in large part abolished by its great mobility, which produces an impression of life, and by its constant play with light: it is, moreover, the primal condition of our life.

9

A man who tries to live on the generosity of the Muses, I mean on his poetic gifts, seems to me somewhat to resemble a girl who lives on her charms. Both profane for base profit what ought to be the free gift of their inmost being. Both are liable to become exhausted and both usually come to a shameful end. So do not degrade your Muse to a whore.

10

Music is the true universal language which is understood everywhere, so that it is ceaselessly spoken in all countries and throughout all the centuries with great zeal and earnestness, and a significant melody which says a great deal soon makes its way round the entire earth, while one poor in meaning which says nothing straightaway fades and dies: which proves that the content of a melody is very well understandable. Yet music speaks not of things but of pure weal and woe, which are the only realities for the will: that is why it speaks so much to the heart, while it has nothing to say directly to the head and it is a misuse of it to demand that it should do so, as happens in all pictorial music, which is consequently once and for all objectionable, even though Haydn and Beethoven strayed into composing it: Mozart and Rossini, so far as I know, never did. For expression of the passions is one thing, depiction of things another.

11

Grand opera is not really a product of the pure artistic sense, it is rather the somewhat barbaric conception of enhancing aesthetic enjoyment by piling up the means to it, by the simultaneous production of quite disparate impressions and by strengthening the effect through augmenting the masses and forces producing it; while music, as the mightiest of the arts, is capable by itself of completely engrossing the mind receptive to it; indeed, its highest products, if they are to be properly comprehended and enjoyed, demand the undivided and undistracted attention of the entire mind, so that it may surrender to them and immerse itself in them in order to understand their incredibly intimate language. Instead of which, the mind is invaded through the eye, while listening to a highly complex piece of operatic music, by the most colourful pageantry, the most fanciful pictures and the liveliest impressions of light and colour; and at the same time it is occupied with the plot of the action.

Through all this it is distracted and confused and its attention is diverted, so that it is very little receptive to the sacred, mysterious, intimate language of music. All these accompaniments are thus diametrically opposed to the attainment of the musical aim.

Strictly speaking one could call opera an unmusical invention for the benefit of unmusical minds, in as much as music first has to be smuggled in through a medium foreign to it, for instance as the accompaniment to a long drawn out, insipid love story and its poetic pap: for a spirited compact poem full of matter is of no use as an opera text, because the composition cannot be equal to such a poem.

The mass and the symphony alone provide undisturbed, fully musical enjoyment, while in opera the music is miserably involved with the vapid drama and its mock poetry and must try to bear the foreign burden laid on it as best it can. The mocking contempt with which the great Rossini sometimes handles the text is, while not exactly praiseworthy, at any rate genuinely musical.

In general, however, grand opera, by more and more deadening our musical receptivity through its three-hours duration and at the same time putting our patience to the test through the snail's pace of what is usually a very trite action, is in itself intrinsically and essentially boring; which failing can be overcome only by the excessive excellence of an individual achievement: that is why in this genre only the masterpieces are enjoyable and everything mediocre is unendurable.

12

Drama in general, as the most perfect reflection of human existence, has three modes of comprehending it. At the first and most frequently encountered stage it remains at what is merely interesting: we are involved with the characters because they pursue their own designs, which are similar to our own; the action goes forward by means of intrigue, the nature of the characters, and chance; wit and humour season the whole. — At the second stage drama becomes sentimental: pity is aroused for the hero, and through him for ourselves; the action is characterized by pathos, yet at the end it comes back to peace and contentment. — At the highest and hardest stage the tragic is aimed at: grievous suffering, the misery of existence is brought before us, and the final outcome is here the vanity of all human striving. We are deeply affected and the sensation of the will's turning away from life is

aroused in us, either directly or as a simultaneously sounding harmony.

13

The first step is the hardest — says the popular adage. But in dramaturgy the reverse is true: the last step is the hardest. Evidence of this is the countless dramas the first half of which promises well but which then become confused, halt, waver, especially in the notorious fourth act, and finally come to a forced or unsatisfying end, or to one everybody has long since foreseen; sometimes, as with Emilia Galotti,[5] the end is even revolting and sends the audience home in a thoroughly bad mood. This difficulty of the dénouement is the result partly of the fact that it is easier to confuse things than to straighten them out again, but partly too of the fact that at the beginning of the play we allow the dramatist carte blanche, while at the end we make certain definite demands of him. We demand that the outcome shall be a completely happy or a completely tragic one — but it is not easy to make human affairs take so definite a direction. We then demand that this outcome shall be achieved naturally, fairly and in an unforced way — and yet at the same time not have been foreseen by the audience.

A novel will be the higher and nobler the more inner and less outer life it depicts; and this relation will accompany every grade of novel as its characteristic sign, from Tristram Shandy down to the crudest and most action-packed romance. Tristram Shandy, to be sure, has as good as no action whatever; but how very little action there is in La Nouvelle Héloïse and Wilhelm Meister![6] Even Don Quixote has relatively little, and what there is is very trivial, amounting to no more than a series of jokes. And these four novels are the crown of the genre. Consider, further, the marvellous novels of Jean Paul and see how much inner life is set in motion on the narrowest of external foundations. Even the novels of Walter Scott have a significant preponderance of inner over outer life, and the latter appears only with a view to setting the former in motion; while in bad novels the outer action is there for its own sake. The art lies in setting the inner life into the most violent motion with the smallest possible expenditure of outer life: for it is the inner life which is the real object of our interest. — The task of the novelist is not to narrate great events but to make small ones interesting.

On Books and Writing

1

Writers can be divided into meteors, planets and fixed stars. The first produce a momentary effect: you gaze up, cry: 'Look!' — and then they vanish for ever. The second, the moving stars, endure for much longer. By virtue of their proximity they often shine more brightly than the fixed stars, which the ignorant mistake them for. But they too must soon vacate their place, they shine moreover only with a borrowed light, and their sphere of influence is limited to their own fellow travellers (their contemporaries). The third alone are unchanging, stand firm in the firmament, shine by their own light and influence all ages equally, in that their aspect does not alter when our point of view alters since they have no parallax. Unlike the others, they do not belong to one system (nation) alone: they belong to the Universe. But it is precisely because they are so high that their light usually takes so many years to reach the eyes of dwellers on earth.

2

There are above all two kinds of writer: those who write for the sake of what they have to say and those who write for the sake of writing. The former have had ideas or experiences which seem to them worth communicating; the latter need money and that is why they write — for money. They think for the purpose of writing. You can recognize them by the fact that they spin out their ideas to the greatest possible extent, that their ideas are half-true, obscure, forced and vacillating, and that they usually prefer the twilight so as to appear what they are not, which is why their writings lack definiteness and clarity. You can soon see they are writing simply in order to cover paper: and as soon as you do see it you should throw the book down, for time is precious. — Payment and reserved copyright are at bottom the ruin of literature. Only he who writes entirely for the sake of what he has to say writes anything worth writing. It is as if there were a curse on money: every writer writes badly as soon as he starts writing for gain. The greatest works of the greatest men all belong to a time when they had to write them for nothing or for very small payment: so that here too the Spanish proverb holds good:

Honra y provecho no caben en un saco.[7]

A multitude of bad writers lives exclusively on the stupid desire of the public to read nothing but what has just been printed: the journalists. Well named! In English the word means 'day-labourers'.

3

And then again, there can be said to be three kinds of author. Firstly, there are those who write without thinking. They write from memory, from reminiscence, or even directly from other people's books. This class is the most numerous. — Secondly, there are those who think while writing. They think in order to write. Very common. — Thirdly, there are those who have thought before they started writing. They write simply because they have thought. Rare.

Even among the small number of writers who actually think seriously before they start writing, there are extremely few who think about the subject itself: the rest merely think about books, about what others have said about the subject. They require, that is to say, the close and powerful stimulation of ideas produced by other people in order to think at all. These ideas are then their immediate theme, so that they remain constantly under their influence and consequently never attain to true originality. The above-mentioned minority, on the other hand, are stimulated to think by the subject itself, so that their thinking is directed immediately to this. Among them alone are to be discovered those writers who endure and become immortal.

Only he who takes what he writes directly out of his own head is worth reading.

4

A book can never be more than a reproduction of the thoughts of its author. The value of these thoughts lies either in the material, that is in what he has thought upon, or in the form, i. e. the way in which the material is treated, that is in what he has thought upon it.

The upon what is manifold, as are the advantages it bestows on books. All empirical material, that is everything historically or physically factual in itself and in the widest sense, belongs here. The characteristic quality lies in the object, so that the book can be an important one whoever its author may be.

In the case of the what, on the other hand, the characteristic quality lies

in the subject. The topics treated can be such as are accessible and familiar to all men, but it is the form in which they are comprehended, the what of the thought, which here bestows value, and this lies in the subject. If, consequently, a book of this sort is admirable and unique, its author is so too; from which it follows that the merit of a writer who is worth reading is the greater the less it owes to his material, and even the more familiar and much-employed this material is. Thus, e. g., the three great Greek tragedians all employed the same material.

Thus when a book becomes famous you should firmly distinguish whether it is on account of its material or on account of its form.

The public is much more interested in the material than in the form. It displays this tendency in its most ridiculous shape in regard to poetic works, in that it painstakingly tracks down the real events or personal circumstances which occasioned the work, and these, indeed, become more interesting to it than the works themselves, so that it reads more about than by Goethe and studies the Faust legend more assiduously than Faust, And if Bürger once said: 'They will undertake learned research into who Lenore really was',[8] we have seen this literally come to pass in the case of Goethe. — This preference for the material as against the form is as if one should ignore the form and painting of a beautiful Etruscan vase in order to carry out a chemical analysis of the pigment and clay.

5

The actual life of a thought lasts only until it reaches the point of speech: there it petrifies and is henceforth dead but indestructible, like the petrified plants and animals of prehistory. As soon as our thinking has found words it ceases to be sincere or at bottom serious. When it begins to exist for others it ceases to live in us, just as the child severs itself from its mother when it enters into its own existence.

6

Literary periodicals ought to be the dam against the ever-rising flood of bad and unprofitable books produced by the unprincipled scribbling of our age. With the incorruptibility, judiciousness and severity of their judgements, they should scourge without mercy all patchwork put together by incompetents, all the page-filling through which empty heads seek to fill their empty pockets, which is to say nine-tenths of all books, and thus work against triviality and

imposture as their duty dictates; instead of which, they promote these things: and their abject tolerance allies itself with author and publisher to rob the public of its time and its money. Their writers are as a rule professors or literati who, because of low salaries or poor payment, write from need of money: so, since they all have a common aim, their interests are in common, they keep together, mutually sustain one another and speak in favour of one another: this is the origin of all the laudatory reviews of bad books which constitute the content of literary periodicals. Their motto ought to be: Live and let live!

Anonymity, that shield for every kind of literary scoundrelism, must disappear. The pretext for its introduction into literary periodicals was that it protected honest critics from the wrath of authors and their patrons. But for every case of this kind there are a hundred cases where it serves merely to allow complete irresponsibility to reviewers who would be unable to defend what they write, or even to conceal the shame of those so venal and abject as to recommend books to the public in exchange for a tip from their publisher. It often merely serves to cloak the obscurity, incompetence and insignificance of the reviewer. It is unbelievable what impudence these fellows are capable of, and from what degree of literary knavery they will not shrink, once they know themselves secure in the shadow of anonymity.

Rousseau already said in the preface to La Nouvelle Héloïse: 'Tout honnête homme doit avouer les livres qu'il publie' — which means in English: 'Every honest man puts his name to what he writes', and universally affirmative propositions can be reversed per contrapositionem.[9] How much more this applies to polemical writings, which reviews usually are!

7

Style is the physiognomy of the mind. It is less deceptive than that of the body. To imitate the style of another is to wear a mask, and however beautiful this may be its lifelessness soon makes it seem insipid and unendurable, so that the ugliest living face is preferable.

Stylistic affectation can be compared to pulling faces.

8

To arrive at a provisional assessment of a writer's worth it is not necessary to know what or upon what he has thought, because that would mean having to read everything he has written; it is sufficient in the first instance to know

how he has thought. Now an exact impression of this how of his thinking, of its essential nature and prevailing quality, is provided by his style. For this reveals the formal nature of all a man's thoughts, which must always remain the same no matter what or upon what he thinks. It is, as it were, the paste from which he moulds all his figures, however various they may be. Just as Eulenspiegel, when asked how long it would take to reach the next town, gave his questioner the apparently senseless answer: 'Walk!' with a view to judging from his pace how far he would get in a certain time, so I read a couple of pages of an author and already know more or less how far I can profit from him.

The first rule, indeed by itself virtually a sufficient condition for good style, is to have something to say.

The dullness and tediousness of the writings of commonplace people might be a consequence of the fact that they are speaking only half-consciously, that is to say not really understanding the meaning of the words they use, since these are something they have learned and received finished and complete, so that what they put together is rather whole phrases (phrases banales) than individual words. This is the origin of the palpable lack of distinct ideas which characterize their writings, since they are without that which imposes distinctness on ideas, individual clear thinking: instead of this, we meet with an obscure indistinct welter of words, with current phrases, hackneyed expressions and fashionable locutions. Their nebulous productions consequently resemble printing with worn-out type.

With regard to the tediousness in writing touched on above, one should add the general observation that there are two kinds of tediousness: an objective and a subjective kind. The objective kind always derives from the deficiency in question, that is from the fact that the author has no clear ideas or information whatever to communicate. For he who has them goes about communicating them in a direct manner and consequently everywhere presents clear, distinct concepts, so that he is neither verbose, nor obscure, nor confused, and consequently he is not tedious. Even if his leading idea is false, it is in this event still clearly thought and well considered, that is to say at least formally correct, so that what he writes always retains some value. On the other hand, an objectively tedious work is, for the same reason, always worthless in every respect. — Subjective tediousness, on the contrary, is only relative: it originates in a lack of interest in the subject on the part of the reader; this, however, originates in the reader's limitations. The most

admirable work, consequently, can be subjectively tedious, namely to this or that reader; as, conversely, the worst can be subjectively entertaining to this or that reader because the subject or the writer interests him.

An affected writer is like a man who dresses up so as not to be confused and confounded with the mob, a danger which a gentleman, however ill-clad, never runs. As a certain overdressing and tiré à quatre épingles[10] thus betrays the plebeian, so an affected style betrays the commonplace mind.

Nevertheless, it is a misguided endeavour to try to write exactly as you speak. Every style of writing should rather retain a certain vestige of affinity with the lapidary style, which is indeed the ancestor of them all. This endeavour is consequently as objectionable as its converse, that is to try to speak as you write, which is at once pedantic and hard to understand.

Obscurity and vagueness of expression is always and everywhere a very bad sign: for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it derives from vagueness of thought, which in turn comes from an original incongruity and inconsistency in the thought itself, and thus from its falsity. If a true thought arises in a head it will immediately strive after clarity and will soon achieve it: what is clearly thought, however, easily finds the expression appropriate to it. The thoughts a man is capable of always express themselves in clear, comprehensible and unambiguous words. Those who put together difficult, obscure, involved, ambiguous discourses do not really know what they want to say: they have no more than a vague consciousness of it which is only struggling towards a thought: often, however, they also want to conceal from themselves and others that they actually have nothing to say.

Truth is fairest naked, and the simpler its expression the profounder its influence. What declamation over the vanity of human existence, for example, can well make a greater impression than Job's: Homo, natus de muliere, brevi vivit tempore, repletus multis miseriis, qui, tanquam flos, egreditur et conteritur, et fugit velut umbra.[11] — It is for just this reason that the naive poetry of Goethe stands so incomparably higher than the rhetorical poetry of Schiller. And it is this that accounts for the powerful effect of many folk songs. Everything superfluous is prejudicial.

More than nine-tenths of all literate men and women certainly read nothing but newspapers, and consequently model their orthography, grammar and style almost exclusively on them and even, in their simplicity, regard the murdering of language which goes on in them as brevity of expression, elegant facility and ingenious innovation; indeed, young people of the

unlearned professions in general regard the newspaper as an authority simply because it is something printed. For this reason, the state should, in all seriousness, take measures to ensure that the newspapers are altogether free of linguistic errors. A censor should be instituted who, instead of receiving a salary, should receive one louis d'or for every mangled or stylistically objectionable word, error of grammar or syntax, or misemployed preposition he discovers in them, and three louis d'or for every instance of sheer impudent mockery of all style and grammar, with double the sum for any repetition, the amounts to be defrayed by the perpetrators. Or is the German language perhaps anyone's game, a trifle not worthy of that protection of the law which even a dunghill enjoys? — Miserable philistines! — What in the world is to become of the German language if every scribbler and newspaper writer is granted discretionary power to do with it whatever his caprice and folly suggest?

9

An error of style which, with literature in decline and the ancient languages neglected, is becoming more and more common, but is really at home only in Germany, is its subjectivity. It consists in this, that the writer is satisfied so long as he himself understands what he means: the reader may be left to make of it what he can. Unconcerned with this difficulty, the writer proceeds as if he were engaged in a monologue: while what should really be taking place is a dialogue, and indeed one in which the speaker has to express himself the more clearly in that he cannot hear the listener's questions. It is for just this reason that a style should be not subjective, but objective. An objective style is one in which the words are so arranged that the reader is downright compelled to think exactly the same thing as the author has thought. But this will come about only if the author continually remembers that thoughts obey the law of gravity to this extent, that they travel much more easily from head down to paper than they do from paper up to head, so that for the latter journey they require all the assistance we can give them. If it is achieved, the words operate in a purely objective way, like a completed oil-painting; while the subjective style is hardly more effective than a series of blots on a wall: only he whose imagination has chanced to be aroused by them can see in them shapes and pictures — to others they are merely blots. The distinction in question applies to the whole mode of communication, but it can often be demonstrated in individual passages too: for example, I have

just read in a new book: 'I have not written so as to increase the number of existing books.' This says the opposite of what the writer intended, and is moreover nonsense.

10

He who writes carelessly makes first and foremost the confession that he himself does not place any great value on his thoughts. For the enthusiasm which inspires the unflagging endurance necessary for discovering the clearest, most forceful and most attractive form of expressing our thoughts is begotten only by the conviction of their weightiness and truth — just as we employ silver or golden caskets only for sacred things or priceless works of art.

11

Few write as an architect builds, drawing up a plan beforehand and thinking it out down to the smallest details. Most write as they play dominoes: their sentences are linked together as dominoes are, one by one, in part deliberately, in part by chance.

12

The guiding principle in the art of composition should be that the human being can think clearly only one thought at a time, so that he should not be asked to think two, not to speak of more than two thoughts at the same time. — But this is what he is being asked to do when parentheses are inserted into sentences which have been broken up to accommodate them, a practice which causes unnecessary and wanton confusion. German writers are the worst offenders in this respect. That their language lends itself to it more readily than other living languages may account for the fact but does not make it commendable. The prose of no language reads so pleasantly and easily as does that of the French, and this is because it is as a rule free of this error. The French writer sets his thoughts down one after the other in the most logical and natural order possible and thus places them before his reader in succession, so that the reader can give his undivided attention to each of them. The German, on the other hand, weaves them together into an involved and twice involved and thrice involved period, because he insists on saying six things at once instead of presenting them one after the other.

The true national characteristic of the Germans is ponderousness:[12] it is

evident in their gait, their activities, their language, their speech, their mode of narrating, their way of understanding and thinking, but especially in their style of writing, in the pleasure they take in long, ponderous, involved periods, where the memory has to bear the burden for a good five minutes, patient and unaided, until, at the end of the period, reason comes into action and the conundrum is solved. This is the kind of thing they enjoy, and if affectation and bombast can be introduced as well, the author revels in it: but Heaven help the reader.

It is obviously counter to all sound reason to clap one thought down straight over another, as if making a cross: but this is what happens when a writer interrupts what he has started to say in order to say something quite different in the middle of it, thus leaving a meaningless half-period in the custody of the reader until the other half comes along. It is like handing a guest an empty plate and leaving him to hope something will appear on it.

This form of construction reaches the height of tastelessness when the parentheses are not even dovetailed organically into the period but, by making a straight breach in it, simply wedged in. If it is an impertinence to interrupt others, it is no less of an impertinence to interrupt oneself, as happens in a form of construction which for some years now every inferior, careless, hasty scribbler with visions of payment before his eyes has employed six times on every page and enjoyed doing so. It consists — precept and example should, where possible, go together — in breaking off one phrase in order to stick another into it. They do it, however, not only from laziness, but also from stupidity, in that they take it for a pleasant légèreté[13] which enlivens the discourse. — In rare individual cases it may be excusable.

13

No literary quality — persuasiveness, for instance, or richness of imagery, a talent for metaphors, boldness, astringency, conciseness, gracefulness, facility of expression, wit, striking contrast, laconism, simplicity — can be acquired by reading writers who display it. But if we already possess any such quality as a natural tendency, that is potentia,[14] we can by reading summon it up in ourselves, become conscious of it, see what can be made of it, be fortified in our inclination, indeed in the courage to employ it, judge of its effectiveness, and thus learn how to use it correctly: and only then shall we also possess it actu.[15] This, then, is the only way in which reading can

teach writing: it instructs us in the use we can make of our own natural gifts; thus it can instruct us only when we possess such gifts. If we do not possess them we can learn from reading nothing but cold dead mannerism, and become superficial imitators.

14

As the strata of the earth preserve in succession the living creatures of past epochs, so the shelves of libraries preserve in succession the errors of the past and their expositions, which like the former were very lively and made a great commotion in their own age but now stand petrified and stiff in a place where only the literary palaeontologist regards them.

15

According to Herodotus, Xerxes wept at the sight of his enormous army to think that, of all these men, not one would be alive in a hundred years' time; so who cannot but weep at the sight of the thick fair catalogue to think that, of all these books, not one will be alive in ten years' time.

16

The art of not reading is a very important one. It consists in not taking an interest in whatever may be engaging the attention of the general public at any particular time. When some political or ecclesiastical pamphlet, or novel, or poem is making a great commotion, you should remember that he who writes for fools always finds a large public. — A precondition for reading good books is not reading bad ones: for life is short.

17

Buying books would be a good thing if one could also buy the time to read them in: but as a rule the purchase of books is mistaken for the appropriation of their contents.

18

In the history of the world half a century is a considerable period, because its material is always changing, inasmuch as something is always happening. In the history of literature, on the other hand, half a century is often no time at all, because nothing has happened: things are as they were fifty years before.

It is consistent with this state of things that we should see the scientific, literary and artistic Zeitgeist declared bankrupt about every thirty years: for during this period the errors contained in it have grown to such proportions as to crush it by the weight of their absurdity, while the opposing view has at the same time been strengthened by them. So now there is a sudden change: but what often succeeds is an error in the opposite direction. To exhibit the periodical recurrence of this state of things would be the true pragmatic material of literary history.

I wish someone would one day attempt a tragic history of literature, showing how the various nations which now take their highest pride in the great writers and artists they can show treated them while they were alive. In such a history, the author would bring visibly before us that endless struggle which the good and genuine of all ages and all lands has to endure against the always dominant bad and wrong-headed; depict the martyrdom of almost every genuine enlightener of mankind, almost every great master of every art; show us how, with a few exceptions, they lived tormented lives in poverty and wretchedness, without recognition, without sympathy, without disciples, while fame, honour and riches went to the unworthy; how, that is, their lot was that of Esau, who while out hunting and catching game for his father was robbed by Jacob of his father's blessing; but how, in spite of all, love of their cause sustained them, until the hard struggle of such an educator of the human race was at last consummated, the never-fading laurel-wreath beckoned and the hour struck in which for him too:

Der schwere Panzer wird zum Flügelkleide,
Kurz ist der Schmerz, unendlich ist die Freude.【16】

注　释

【1】 Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762—1814), Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling (1775—1854), Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (1770—1831): German philosophers, the most influential of their age and the subject of constant attack by Schopenhauer. Friedrich Ernst Daniel Schleiermacher (1768—1834), theologian: when Schopenhauer attacks 'Rationalism' in religion it is Schleiermacher he has in mind.

【2】 Luc de Clapiers, Marquis de Vauvenargues (1715—47), 'moralist' in the French sense.

【3】 Great thoughts spring from the heart.

【4】 'The day teaches the day' — there is something new every day.

【5】 Tragedy by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729—81), a leader of the Enlightenment in Germany and the principal German dramatist before the age of Goethe and Schiller.

【6】 La Nouvelle Héloïse is by Rousseau, Wilhelm Meister by Goethe.

【7】 Honour and money don't belong in the same purse.

【8】 Gottfried August Bürger (1747—94), poet. His ballad Lenore (1773) is one of the most famous of all German poems.

【9】 By contraposition

【10】 Dressing up to the nines.

【11】 Job 14, 1—2: Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

【12】 Schwerfälligkeit: heaviness, clumsiness, slowness, awkwardness, ponderousness.

【13】 Lightness of touch.

【14】 Potential

【15】 In fact.

【16】 The heavy armour becomes the light dress of childhood; the pain is brief, the joy unending.

WHY I AM SO WISE

天才，舍我其谁

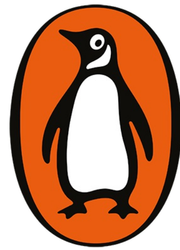
［德］弗里德里希·尼采　著
阎沛衡　译

中国出版集团
中 译 出 版 社

天才，舍我其谁

（德）弗里德里希·尼采/著

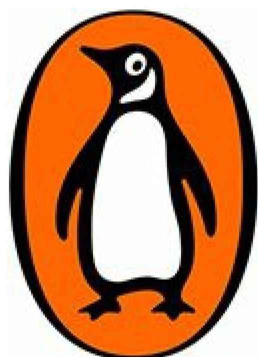
阎沛衡/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

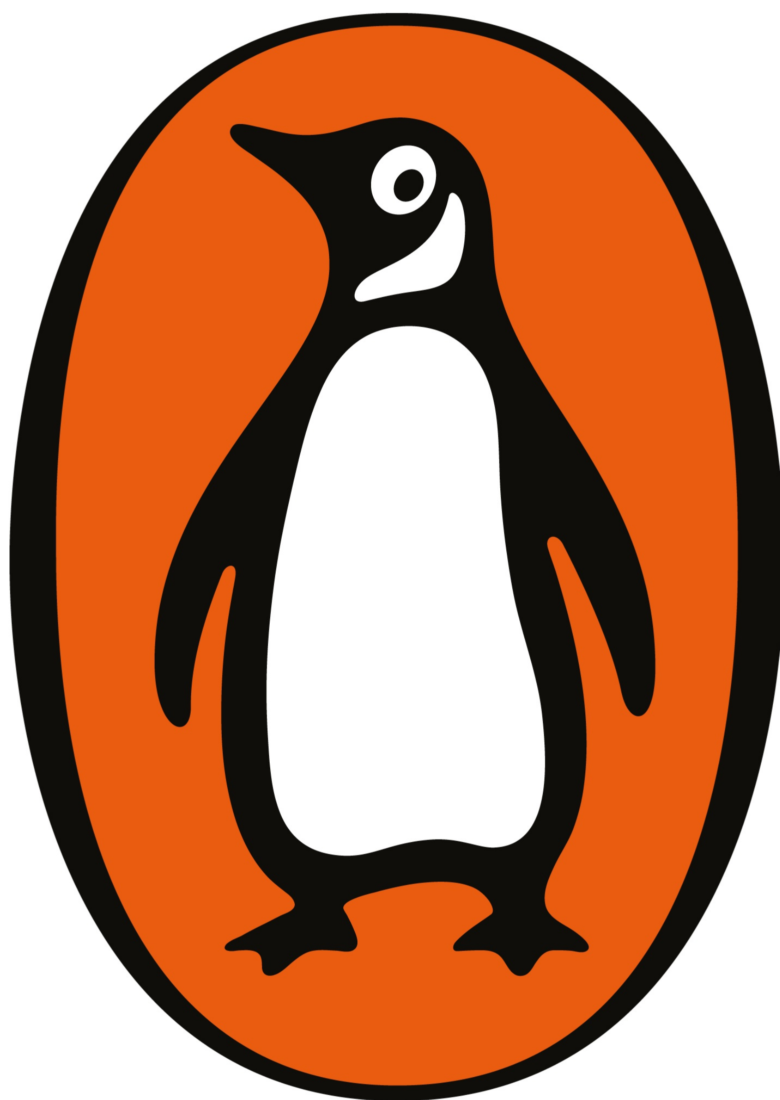
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
Götzen-Dämmerung first published 1889
This translation first published in Penguin Classics 1968
Ecce Homo first published 1908
This translation first published in Penguin Classics 1979
This edition published in Penguin Books 2004

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of Ecce Homo and Twilight of the Idols/
The Anti-Christ, translated by R.J.Hollingdale
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

弗里德里希·尼采（Friedrich Nietzsche，1844—1900），德国著名的哲学家与语文学家，也是哲学史上最具争议的传奇人物之一。尼采生于普鲁士的一个牧师家庭，父亲在他五岁时就早早去世，因此尼采成长于一个几乎充满女性的环境中；不过颇为反常的却是，尼采终其一生都十分崇尚力量与阳刚。十分聪慧的少年尼采痴迷于神学与宗教，并立志成为一名像父亲那样的牧师，因此进入伯恩大学修习神学与语文学。不过在一段时间之后，尼采反而开始对基督教产生厌恶的情绪，而这种情绪也贯穿了他的一生，这极有可能是源于他大学时的一些阅读以及家庭变故。放弃神学的尼采转而投入了哲学的怀抱，而叔本华则是此时对尼采影响最大的哲学家。

1869年大学毕业之后，尼采在教授的帮助与推荐之下，以本科的学历便取得了巴塞尔大学古典哲学教授的职位。刚刚搬到巴塞尔的尼采便宣布永久放弃普鲁士公民权，不过在1870年，尼采还是以军医的身份加入了普鲁士军队，短暂见证了普法战争的残酷，这段经历也被认为是影响了他的性格。1872年，尼采出版了首部作品《悲剧的诞生》，这是一部关于美学的著作，探讨悲剧的起源，不过他在书中表现出的对于语文学的抛弃，却让他受到了学界同行们空前的孤立。而1878年的《人性的，太人性的》一书，则又宣告尼采正式抛弃了他曾经十分欣赏的叔本华的哲学思想。此时期的尼采，身体健康每况愈下，终于不得不于1879年辞去了教授之职，并开始四处寻找适宜居住的定居地，他遍游欧洲、不断搬迁，直到1889年在意大利发疯住院为止。

在这漂泊的十年间，尼采虽然健康状况不佳，不过始终保持着旺盛的创作精力，佳作不断，相继出版了《快乐的科学》《扎拉图斯拉的独

白》《善恶的彼岸》《道德谱系学》《瓦格纳事件》《偶像的黄昏》《反基督》《瞧，这个人》与《尼采反对瓦格纳》，以及大量并未出版的笔记（他去世后被集结成《权力意志》一书）。终于，在学界极力排斥、健康长期不佳、居所漂泊不定、内心极度失调等多重因素的共同冲击下，尼采在1889年完全失控发疯了；直到1900年，尼采终于走完了他动荡不堪的一生。

“伟大的思想”系列编选《天才，舍我其谁》一书，节选尼采的两部作品《瞧，这个人》与《偶像的黄昏》中的相关章节。

《瞧，这个人》，另有副标题为“人如何成其所是”，是尼采创作的形式独特的自传，也是他发疯之前的最后一部作品，书名与各节标题中的“自大”情绪很可能表现出了他已然十分不稳定的精神状况。他在书中回顾了自己哲学思想的变化历程，其中绝大多数章节以回顾其往昔作品为题，不过本书则节选了另外的五章，即“序言”“天才，舍我其谁”“机灵，岂但如此”“佳作，何以迭出”与“天运，我自晓得”。这部自传是一本体现了无限哲学智慧的书籍，当我们跳脱开尼采文字流露的那种病态的自信之后，我们会发现，他只是在向读者陈述一个哲学命题——“尼采是如何成为尼采的”。

尼采在1886年就开始筹备《权力意志》一书，不过最终放弃了写作计划，反而将未完成的文稿编辑成了《反基督》与《偶像的黄昏》两部书。《偶像的黄昏》原本定名为《一个心理学家的闲逛》，另有副标题为“或怎样用锤子从事哲学”。尼采在这部篇幅不大的书中，以格言式的精炼语言，集中地抨击了一位位传统意义上的文化“偶像”们。尼采把自己比作“锤子”，去全力击碎这些旧秩序的形象，去重估一切价值，才能解放人类的自由意志。本书节选“箴言，足以抒怀”“贻误，独有四遭”与“铁锤，为我代言”三节。

尼采，无疑是整个人类历史上最为自大，也因此而最具个人魅力、

最具争议的人物之一，他也无愧于那自封的“天才”之名！尼采是最坚定的、最极端的唯意志论者，他反对任何形式的理性主义、反对基督教、反对传统价值、反对传统道德，也进而创造了“权力意志”的“超人”理论。尼采的文字中时刻杂糅着自大、阳刚、坚强、批判、孤独的情绪，而读者也往往很容易被尼采的这种病态情绪所诱导，而忽略了其中的哲学思维。希望读者可以在充分理解尼采一生经历的前提下，静心品读这部节选作品，一窥那真正伟大的思想。

柴 尔

瞧，这个人
——人如何成其所是

序言

I

深知，为人类之前途提出一个最高目标，是一件以往从未有过的事情，也是一件刻不容缓的事情。于是，诠释鄙人，为“何许人也”便是一件义不容辞的事情了。

其实，这本应是一个不言自明的道理，因为鄙人早已用赤裸裸的事实，回答了这个“何许人也”的问题。然而，问题在于：鄙人所负责任之重大同所处同辈之渺小，相去甚远，令人见所未见，闻所未闻。我活着，乃是靠我的信誉——或许，仅仅是因为某种“偏执”的原因，我——还活着……或许，只需要向夏日里专程赴上恩加丁河谷的任何一位所谓“文化人士”之规劝妥协一下，承认鄙人已经故去便是了……于是，我这里便有了一种叛逆的义务——表现出某种违背自我意愿乃至天性的傲慢，并且就此宣布：听好！尼采便是尼采，最重要的是，不得与他人同日而语。

II

不过，尼采绝非凶神恶煞之鬼，亦非道德败坏之人——相反，他天生就是一个无神论者，并且始终都以善行为荣。在同辈之间，似乎对我来说，是值得自豪的一点。我，是哲学家狄俄尼索斯的信徒。所以，我宁做好色之徒，不为圣之仁人。但，你一定得读读这本论著——或许我已经幽默地、平易地表达出了这一对立；或许，你会因此而折服；或

许，舍此别无选择。我最不愿意承诺的可能就是“改造”人类了。并未树立新的偶像——只是让陈腐的偶像懂得泥塑的双腿意味着什么罢了。摒弃陈腐的偶像（并以此替代“理想”一词）——这，便是鄙人所事之事。我深知：在人们塑造一个理想世界的同时，现实世界已经从某种程度上失去了它原有的价值和本来的意义，因而便丧失了其真实性。其实，所谓“理念世界”和“表象世界”的区别，简言之，便是“人为世界”和“真实世界”之区别而已……足见，理念世界的谎言，始终都是对真实世界的诅咒——在这种谎言的包围中，人类自身的灵魂深处发生了扭曲。于是，他们的价值观被颠倒了——他们顶礼膜拜，提升未来，以为只有这样，才足以保证社会的繁荣、未来的美好——这，便是他们的权力。

III

一个懂得从鄙人著述中汲取营养的人，便知道那是一种顶级的营养，一种健康的营养。人，生来就需要这种营养，否则就会伤风感冒——因此，他绝无必要去冒这个风险。冰冷世界并不遥远，与世隔绝危险重重——但是，阳光下的万物却是平和幸福的！因为在这里，人可以自由地呼吸！也不会有社会地位参差不齐的感受！您可知道，这意味着什么？按照鄙人的理解和诠释，哲学，乃是一种甘愿在冰雪和大山中度过的生活，乃是一种对生活中一切未知和疑惑的追问——一种对一切及伦理学道德说教所排斥的理念的追寻。正是从这种对禁锢的惊诧中得来的长期经验，使我学会了寻找“道德”与“理想”之源的方法，并由此发现“道德”与“理想”同人们的期望相去甚远：哲学家们不为人所知的阅历，乃至他们伟大姓名背后的心路历程，在鄙人面前一览无遗。一种精神能够承载多少真理？一种精神又敢于承载多少真理？这就逐渐成为我测量真理“价值”的尺度。相信理想，是错误——虽不是盲目的，但却是懦弱的……每一点知识的获得，每一次知识的进步，都是勇敢的结果，自我严苛的结果，自我净化的结果……我并不排斥什么“理想”，只想增强一下“理想”之免疫力罢了……“人们在禁锢中挣扎”[1]（奥维德语）

——这便预示着，鄙人的哲学总有一天会获得成功，因为在真理面前，一切被理想主义原则所禁锢的东西都算不得什么。

IV

在鄙人所有著述中，《扎拉图斯拉的独白》[2]堪称一枝独秀之作，是鄙人馈赠人类最富意义的礼物——因为人类从未接受过这样一个礼物：她，不仅是现存书籍中最令人亢奋的著述，有极好的营养；她，用穿越千年之声宣告，用全部的事实证明：人类脚下还有一段漫长的路途要走，而且，值得称道的是，从其问世的那一天起，便以其真理的含量无穷而著称；她，像一口取之不尽用之不竭的水井，只要你将手中的吊桶放下去，便不愁没有金银财宝捞上来。这里，既不需要先知们的预见，也不需要宗教领袖们的提示，只要有病魔的“协助”和冲创意志[3]的提升便足够了。最重要的是，人们务必听清楚从扎拉图斯拉口中传来的声音，只要你不至于曲解它智慧的意味，她——简直就像一只“翠鸟”发出的乐音。“只有来自鸽子脚尖的、最平静的语言，才足以激起最激烈的暴风雨和最深刻的思考，从而为世界导航。”

树上掉落的无花果最香甜，因为果实红色的皮被擦破了。我愿做一缕清凉的北风，催熟那香甜的无花果。

此时此刻，这里的劝导是否像香甜的无花果一般掉落在您的身边？朋友，请吮吸它醉人的果汁，品尝它香甜的果实！秋天来了——秋高气爽，正是午后之天啊！

这里，没有盲目热衷的必要；这里，没有布道说教的场地；这里，没有信徒虔诚的戒律：无限充裕的阳光和无比深厚的幸福，一滴滴、一句句洒向人间——柔情而缓慢的步伐，恰似这轻盈话语的节奏。这些，都是精心挑选的结果。在这里，做一个静心的倾听者，那是一种无上的权益。没有人不可以自由地倾听扎拉图斯拉的独白……除非，扎拉图斯

拉的独白丧失了他诱人的魅力！然而，一旦他再度回归独处的时候，他——又会说些什么呢？毫无疑问，即便在这种情况下，同任何“先哲”“圣人”“救世主”以及其他“颓废者”相反，他的话语是与众不同的，因为他——是与众不同的……

我，要独自离开了，我的拥护者们！你们，也各自离开吧——好让我心安理得。

离开我吧，不要接受扎拉图斯拉的诱惑！最好是，以其为耻！或许，他已然骗过了你们。

须知——唯有高明之士，必能取敌之长而避友之短也。

如果，一个学生总也无所进取，他又怎么能够回报恩师呢？如此，何不趁早摘掉这顶桂冠？

你，尊重我。但是，有一天，你的尊重失去意义了，怎么办？切记，一尊眼看就要倒塌的塑像，是不会对人产生死亡的威胁！

你说，你笃信扎拉图斯拉？那么，扎拉图斯拉的价值何在？你，是我的信徒，那么信徒的价值又何在呢？

你，找到了我，却迷失了自我。所有的信徒都别无二致，所有的信仰都一文不值。

于是，我求你，放开我，去寻找自我。当所有人都背叛我的那一刻，“余，乃可回归于汝”。

弗里德里希·尼采

当这一天到来的时候，一切都是那么美好——葡萄串露出了棕色的脸蛋儿，生活中充满了阳光的气息，左看看，右瞧瞧，从未见过这么多

美好的事物一起涌现。我，绝没有埋葬过去的四十四个春秋。然而，这却是一件出乎意料的事情，当生命的冲动被唤醒时，生命的力量便会焕发出不朽的光芒。第一部《重估一切价值》《扎拉图斯拉的独白》《偶像的黄昏》——所有这些，都是献给这一年，甚至是这一年里最后一个季度的礼物！所图之事，不过借“铁锤”之力，敲醒沉睡之众而已。于是，一旦有感于生命的垂青，必然悦自我以生命的成功。

天才，舍我其谁

I

我存在于世的这份幸运，它的独特之处或许在于它的死亡。用一个谜语来表述，那便是：如果我是我的父亲，我已经死去；如果我是我的母亲，则我依然活着，且已老迈年高。生与死，乃是生命的两极，分布在生命云梯的两端，一端最高，一端最低；一端已然颓废，一端还在延伸。如果还有什么中庸的方式可以借用，或者在生命的终极问题上仍有选择的余地，我会说：正是这个中庸、这个余地成就了鄙人，将我同其他所有人区别开来。对于生命的上升与衰落，我比常人更加敏感。我深谙于此，因为二者我都了解，也是它们造就了我。

我的父亲谢世之际，不过三十六岁而已。他纤细羸弱、讨人喜欢、疾病缠身，似乎注定成为这个世界的匆匆过客——与其说那是生命，不如说那只是对生命友善的提示罢了。也是在我三十六岁的那一年——就是父亲谢世的年龄，我跌落到了人生的最低谷，但我依然活着，只是连离我三步之遥的地方都看不清。那是在1879年，我辞去了巴塞尔大学的教授职务，在圣莫里茨度过了那一年的夏天，又在瑙姆堡度过了随后的冬天，那是我人生中最灰暗的时光，过着幽灵一般的生活，《彷徨者和他的独居生活》[4]便是这一时期的著述。毋庸置疑，在那些日子里我饱尝了独居的滋味……

第二年冬天，是我在意大利热那亚度过的第一个冬天——温和而甜蜜，超凡而脱俗。其实，这一切都是我撰写《黎明》所付出的心血带来的必然结果。《黎明》的问世，带给我光明和兴奋，甚至带给我生机勃勃的精神力量。在我看来，这一切恰恰是生理上的极度亏欠，乃至精神上的无限痛楚所换来的补偿。在经历那些痛苦的过程中，我遭受了连续三天三夜的头痛，同时遭遇了难以忍受的痰喘折磨。然而，这一时期，我却多有超常的辩证能力，处理问题坚决果断，毫不迟疑。相反，在我健康状况稍好的时候，我却不够野心勃勃，不够缜密，不够客观。或许，只有我的那些读者们才知道我是如何将辩证法视为颓废的征兆，最有说服力的情形莫过于对待苏格拉底的那个例子了。至于，那些原本影响智力的病魔，乃至由发烧引起的半昏迷状态，为什么足以引起我思维的神奇变化——所有这些，对我来说至今仍然是个"谜"。为了弄清那些病魔的性质及其发生的规律，我首度求诸于学究的方法。

我的心脏，总是跳动得很慢。因而从来没有医生诊断出我发高烧的病症来。有位大夫，甚至一度将我当作精神病人来对待，可临了，他却说："不！不是你的精神出了问题，而是我的神经出了差错！"其实，身体局部的任何病变都可能失去其症状的。比如，过度疲劳，就会引起消化功能的极度衰退，从而引起胃部的病变，但是却不至于会有什么生理器官表现出胃病的症状来。有时，眼睛的症状会严重到接近失明的地步，但是这不过是病变的过程而已，并非病变的原因所在。因此，一旦其他生命指数得以提高，视力就会随之恢复。

对我而言，康复过程简直像一条经久不断的锁链一样，其中很不幸地伴随着旧病复发和病情恶化，这是一段很颓废的时期。至此，我所亲身遭遇的颓废情节，还需要更多的补充吗？我以为，我已经彻彻底底地交代清楚了。而且，可以毫不夸张地说，从整体把握事物的微妙技术到通过直觉发现细微差别的能力，从"明察秋毫"的心理战术到所有决定我性格特质的生理规律，都是我在这一时期里学来的。换言之，正是在这

一时期，我的一切——观察能力及其感觉系统，都变得更加敏感、精微和周到。所有这些，都是这一特殊时期所赋予我的特异禀赋。如果从病理学的视角上考察这些相对健康的价值和观念，同时又从相反的视角上将充裕而有保障的富人生活看作是人类本能颓废的秘密所在，那么，这些就是我着力最多的地方，也是我阅历独到的特殊领域。在这个特殊的领域中，我是大师。我现在已经具备扭转观点的知识和技巧，这也是我认为于我而言“重估价值”或许完全可行的原因之一。

II

暂不论我颓废的一面，我也有积极的一面。对此，别的不说，这里的证据是，在同病魔抗争时，我总会本能地选择对自己有益的方式，而在同样的情况下，对于颓废者来说，他们总会选择对自己有害的方式。总体而言，我是健康的；局部而论，我又是虚弱的。从自己习惯的生活环境中绝对地脱离出来，并且坚持不再接受照顾、伺候和家庭医生的护理——这样就脱离了对本能的无条件依赖，从而懂得了什么才是当时最需要的。由于对自身了如指掌，即便在颓废之际，我也能够让自己健康起来。做到这一点的先决条件——任何生理学家都不会排斥的——便是你的身体基本上是健康的。一个通常多病的身体是健康不起来的，自然也就难以再使自己健康起来了；相反，对于一个通常健康的身体，生病反而会成为他生命的兴奋剂，使其生命力更加旺盛。事实上，我那一段长时期的病情，对自己的健康来说似乎正是如此：我发现自己的生活新鲜了许多，甚至连自身的状态也改变了许多。我用他人难得的方式品味着生活中所有美好的事物乃至无足轻重的小事，凭借的无非是向往健康的意愿，无非是憧憬生命的意志——一言以蔽之，无非是我生命哲学的力量。

值得注意的是，正是在那些生命处于最低潮的岁月里，我摒弃了悲观厌世的情绪，才没有沿着这个路子滑下去。对我而言，正是自我恢复

的本能使我的生活信念免于向贫乏而悲观的方向滑落……那么，一个人成功的秘诀是什么？一个成功人士给我们的感觉是舒服的——他，好似一块神奇的木材，整体雕琢而成，看上去坚硬、雅致、香气扑鼻；他，只品读对身心有益的事物。一旦什么地方对身心的益处超越了限度，他的喜悦和兴趣便会停止；总为治病疗伤而预言，常化恶遇劣境为契机——只要不被恶劣的境遇所击溃，他便会十足地坚强。在所见、所闻和所历中，他本能地汇集了如下的结论：他有自己取舍的原则，他能抵御许多事物。无论是在阅览书籍，还是在游历盛景，或者在审度人群，他永远与己为伴。凡是他选择的、承认的和信任的，他都予以尊重。

对外界刺激的反应，他总是迟钝的。正是这种反应的迟钝，造成了他性格上的过于谨慎和妄自尊大——当刺激向他袭来时，他总是先要间接地试探，从来不会迎上去直接面对。他从不相信“厄运”和“罪孽”；相反，他懂得如何忘却那些负面的东西。然而，只要是对他发展有益的事物，他总会毫不迟疑地勇敢面对。足见，他绝非什么颓废之人；相反，他总是站在颓废的对立面——好吧，我是与颓废相对立的人：因为我描述的正是本人。

III

我以为，能有这样一位父亲，乃是我得天独厚的特权：父亲在奥登堡宅邸生活了几年之后，做了牧师，那是在他生命中最后几年里的事情。听他布道的农民们说，天使应该就是父亲那个样子。由此，我便开始了种族问题的探究。原来，鄙人乃是波兰的贵族出身，且没有半点的混血成分，压根儿就不是什么德意志人。而当我寻找与我完全对立的东西，那些数不尽的卑劣天性时，我总可以在母亲和妹妹身上找到。和她们有血缘关系，这一点对我圣洁的血统简直是一种亵渎。时至今日，我想起母亲和姐姐是如何待我时，心中仍然充满了说不出的恐惧。在我身体最脆弱、最需要静养的时候，总觉得什么地方就好像偏偏安放了一台

魔鬼般的机器准确无误地工作着。每每在这样的场合，我总得使出全身的力气，就像抵御毒蛇的侵入一般……或许，这种高度失衡的不和谐现象得从生理学的视角上去介入，才可能解释得清楚……不过，我对“永久轮回”的深恶痛绝，是我打从地狱中走过之后才得来的真实感觉，不过，这些全都是拜母亲和姐姐所赐了。然而，即使作为一个波兰人，我的出生也是一个异乎寻常的返祖现象。不过，要弄清这个地球上曾经有过的、顶级高贵的种族的原始天性，何以达到我所描述的人一般的巅峰水准，或许人们还得追溯到几个世纪以前才能实现。

同当下一切贵族阶层的观念背道而驰，鄙人总有一个感觉，这个感觉至高无上而又与众不同——当今年轻的德意志皇帝，连做鄙人的马车夫都是一种“荣誉”，还得看鄙人愿不愿授予他呢。不过，也有一个例外，我会感激我的同仁——我深怀感恩之心，也深谙此间之理。瓦格纳夫人科茜玛，无疑是出身最高贵的人。于是，我不能不多说几句了，理查德·瓦格纳绝对是同我关系最密切的人，没有人可以跟他相提并论。在一个不可超越的意义上，一切流行的亲疏远近理念，在生理学上都是无稽之谈。可谁知道，罗马教皇如今仍然在经营这种子虚乌有的理念。人类是同父母关系最为疏远的动物，于是，认为同父母关系接近的观念，便沦为了最极端、最庸俗的表现。越是高级的种族，越是需要追溯其起源，这样她便会集合更多的优点，保留更好的传统，储备更大的能量。最伟大的群体是最古老的种族，虽然我并不完全知晓，但是古罗马尤利乌斯·恺撒，或许就是鄙人的祖先，或许，马其顿亚历山大（大帝），那个狄俄尼索斯酒神的化身，也跟我有关……不信你瞧——就在我写作的时候，邮递员给我送来了一封印有狄俄尼索斯头像的信件。

IV

给自己树敌，这种玩意儿，鄙人从来不懂——即便在非常必要的情况下，鄙人也不会为自己树敌的。毫无疑问，这一点也得归功于我的父

亲。虽然我看上去不大像基督的信徒，但是鄙人怎么也不会干出伤害自己的事情。人们可以任意设想鄙人的生活，但却很难（其实，只有一次）发现什么人对鄙人抱有恶意。不仅如此，或许人们还会表现出良多的善意呢……甚至，根据鄙人的经验，每一个人都会毫无例外地有过为个人利益辩护的经历。鄙人能够驯服每一只狗熊，甚至还能让小丑们检点自己的行为。在巴塞尔文法学校任教的七年里，鄙人教授过（古）希腊语中最难理解的语法现象。即便如此，鄙人也从未惩罚过那里的学生。只要在我班里学习过的学生，再懒的也能勤奋起来。平日里，总得经常处理一些意料之外的事情——如果只顾教书而不闻窗外之事，那么面对突如其来的事情，常常会令人措手不及。乐器毕竟是乐器，如果跑了调子，那一定是演奏乐器的人跑了调。如此，我真的该生一场病，便可避免跑调的问题，自然也省得那声音不堪入耳了。我常常听到“乐器们”抱怨，说什么从来没有哪个器乐师能从它们身上弹出过最美妙的音乐来……要说最好的器乐师，那非海因里希·冯·斯坦因莫属了，遗憾的是，他英年早逝。海因里希·冯·斯坦因，曾难得获此允准，在锡尔斯—玛利亚逗留过三天——他自称，并非为上恩加丁河谷而来。就在那短短的三天里，这位难得的高人，以他普鲁士容克贵族的全部冲动和毫无掩饰的激情，深深地走进了瓦格纳风格的神秘世界，涉入了杜林音乐的精神天地而情不自拔，恰似凭借着狂风一般的威力，其乐音的余韵在天空中自由地翱翔，他本人也如虎添翼，一瞬间便飞黄腾达。不过，鄙人还得不断地提醒他，这只是清爽空气的微妙功效，谁都会有同样的感觉，你不能高居于拜罗伊特六千英尺以外的天空而无视这个事实。然而，他偏偏就不信这个“邪”……如此也罢，因为我知道：即便大大小小的不端行为全都冲我而来，那也不是故意而来，至少不是恶意所致。相反，值得我抱怨的倒是许许多多的“善意”，我已谈及许多，却招致我生命中不少的“厄运”。鄙人的阅历足以令人怀疑一切所谓无私的动机，怀疑一切言行中的“博爱”。在我看来，那便是一种软弱的表现，一种无力接受刺激的表现——只有在颓废者之间，怜悯才被唤作美德。对于那些施舍怜

悯的人士，我的非难是：羞辱和敬畏，后者在距离上的微妙感觉最容易迷惑他们，怜悯总有乌合之众的味道，因而就会像粗俗的行为一样为他们所误解。而在某种情况下，施舍怜悯的手甚至会以直接侵入的方式葬送一个伟大的命运，破坏一个疗伤人独处的空间，剥夺一个人自责的权力。鄙人以为，在高贵的德行中绝不应该包容怜悯的行为，在“扎拉图斯拉的诱惑”一节中，我创设了这样一个情节：由于痛苦的折磨他大声呼叫，“怜悯”就像终极的罪孽侵袭着他，引诱他走向堕落，背叛自我。于是，为了坚守自我，坚守崇高的使命，必须摆脱所谓无私行为中诸多低劣而短视的行为。这些行为的表现非常活跃，因而要摆脱其恶劣的影响，对扎拉图斯拉来说乃是一个必经的考验。或许，是终极的考验。自然，这也是对其真实能力的最好证明了。

V

其实，从另一个视角上看，我不过是父亲的翻版，不过是父亲过早谢世的生命延续而已。就像人们从来没有生活在平等的群体中一般，对他们而言，“补偿”就像权利平等一样遥不可及。因此，在大大小小冒犯自身权益的愚蠢行为发生在身边时，鄙人一概不采取什么反抗的手段，或者保护的措施，即便鄙人是有理的，也绝不以所谓正当防卫一类的行为进行反击。鄙人所谓的补救办法是：在愚蠢行为发生之后，尽早作出睿智的样子，这样，周围的人们或许还会高看你一眼。打个比方说吧，假若我狼吞虎咽地吃下一瓶果酱，我会说是为了驱除胃里酸味之类的东西……于是，你便树立了自信——随他们去吧，反正鄙人总可以“补偿”的。只要抓着机会，鄙人总会感谢那些“冒犯者”的，乃至于有时简直就是因为冒犯本身而感谢，或者还可以找机会求助于“冒犯者”。这样，总比反过来帮他们的忙更体面一些吧……而且，在鄙人看来，即便是最粗俗的言辞、最鄙陋的信件也要比沉默寡言善解人意一些，实诚一些，因为那些喜欢沉默寡言的人常常是缺乏敏锐之见和礼貌之心的人。沉默便是反抗，而且将本该一吐为快的东西再吞噬下去，养成了坏的习

性，乃至于损坏了好端端的胃口。难怪，凡是沉默寡言的人都有消化不良的毛病。人们总会发现的，我不想“粗鲁”的价值被看低，因为这是迄今为止，在处理冲突上最为仁义的方式了。于是，即便在当今优雅的举止中，“粗鲁”——也当数最佳德行之一了。要知道，对于一个足够富裕的人而言，犯错或者被人冤枉一类的事情，甚至是一种幸运。上帝光临人间，难免会犯错误，毕竟上帝的形象就是：承担罪过而不承担惩罚。

VI

试图摆脱怨恨，却总是得益于怨恨——谁知道，这也是鄙人那些痼疾所带来的效应，乃至于鄙人终生都得感激涕零！然而，事情却并非那么简单：为了这个效应，你必须经历由至盛到至衰的生命历程。不管你得了什么样的疾病——只要在同病势、弱势相悖而行的情况下，体内原有的抗体，其抵御或者抵抗病情的能力就会减弱。你会浑身疼痛难忍，却不知何以摆脱痛楚、应付痛楚、击退痛楚。总之，病魔缠身，无以脱体，以至于病入膏肓，连记忆力也会严重减退。体弱多病，原本就是一种怨恨。对付它，患者唯有良药一剂——俄罗斯之宿命论。须知，本宿命论是不由反抗的，一个信奉它的俄国士兵，一旦在战役中支撑不住，便会倒在雪中，不吃不喝，不受外物，不汲取任何养料。自然，最终便不再有生命的迹象……这种宿命论最大的合理性在于，它不仅不会直接摧残人的意志，而且即便在你生命垂危之际，仍然能够延续你的生命。然而，这种宿命论的危害却在于，它仅仅通过降低人的新陈代谢功能，使之缓慢运作，最终麻醉人的意志。在逻辑上，如果给以上流程再加上几个步骤，那么，人们就完全可以推测出：即便你被送进了坟墓，你仍然可以再睡上几个礼拜……因为，人如果处处都得作出快速的反应，其生命就会枯竭，最终便会完全丧失肌体的反应能力，这便是宿命论的逻辑。其实，没有什么东西比怨恨更能消耗生命的火焰了。恼怒、对病魔的敏感、无力复仇的抱怨、欲望的失落、复仇的怒火、任何意义上的造孽——这些，对一个精疲力竭的人来说，无疑是对其反应最具副作用的

因素，比如，它足以招致神经能量的快速消耗，同时导致病人排泄量增大，入胃胆汁多。怨恨，乃是患者的禁忌，患者的魔鬼；可悲的是，怨恨又是患者难以克制的情绪。深谙此道者，莫过于那位渊博的生理学家——佛陀释迦牟尼，他紧紧地抓住了人性的这个弱点。释迦的“宗教”，以消弭怨恨而著称，不如叫作“系统的卫生术”便妥了，也省得人家将其同以怜悯著称的基督教混为一谈，为求心灵之自由，必得先求躯体之健康，这是不言而喻的。“以怨报怨，怨重怨；以德报怨，怨消怨”，这是释迦“卫生术”的第一条教义，它不是道德的说教，而是生理学的原理。怨恨的天性是脆弱，因而到头来伤害最大的不是别人，而是意志薄弱、怨天尤人者本人。相反，富裕的天性则是预设，而试图成为这种预设的主宰者，却几乎是所有富人的特征。其实，这是一种自作多情的表现。主张向复仇心理和报复行为作斗争，乃至于向“自由意志”论宣战，乃是鄙人全部的哲学逻辑，而反对基督教的斗争只是其中一次特殊的战役而已。只要懂得这一思想严肃性的人，便会明白正是在这些问题上，表现着我个人的社会承担和我人性哲学的实践意义。然而，在那些颓废的日子里，鄙人只能将所有这些，视若有害的东西而不得远离了它们；而生活变得充裕并值得骄傲的时候，我又将它们置于脑后而暂时忘却它们。多年来，所谓“俄罗斯宿命论”之于鄙人，总是一旦抓住机会就紧紧地纠缠着我，而且，年复一年地，几乎总是在痛楚难熬的时间和地点，总是在疼痛难忍的住所里和人群中发生。还好，不必改变它们，也不必为它们所改变，更不必固执地反抗它们……奇怪得很，在那些日子里，时而自己好似已被宿命论所击败，时而又似乎还在宿命论的包围中挣扎，并企图拼命地苏醒过来。谁知道，每一次这样的试探，都是一件冒着生命危险的事情。认命，不再奢望自身的“改变”——这里，正是理性本身的力量。

VII

至于战争，却是另一码事。鄙人，天性好战，本能好攻。能够与人

为敌，成为他人的敌人——或许，是需要某种与生俱来的天性作为其强悍的支撑的。换言之，强悍的天性在任何情况下，都足以成为“与人为敌”的必要条件。强悍的天性需要耐力的支持，因此必须培养耐力。好战心的必要性之于强者，恰如报复与复仇心理之于弱者，这是自不待言的。比如，女人的报复心理，是以其柔弱的生理条件为前提的，正如她们对别人的同情心是以其心理上的敏感性为条件一样。同样，一个好攻的强者必定以力量为前提，而且必须达到一定的标准。每一次力量的增强都意味着就对手或者问题的一次挑战。对一个好战的哲学家来说，有一个挑战的问题，才能与劲敌决斗。决斗即便征服了对手，也绝非单凭耐力便可以奏效，需要以全部的力量、坚韧的毅力以及驾驭武器的能力通览全局，才足以在势均力敌的情况下克敌制胜……而一场势均力敌的决斗，其先决条件是，它必须是一场正当的决斗。若一个人鄙视对手，他就不能向他挑战；若一个人发号施令或期待某些东西不如自己时，他也不能发起挑战。根据鄙人的经验，提出如下四条战略建议。首先，鄙人主张只攻击战绩显赫的目标，在特殊情况下，还可以待到对方战绩显赫时再进行攻击。其次，鄙人主张只攻击孤立的或者尚未结成同盟的目标，以便各个解决。一旦招致失败，还可以进退两便，决不在敌众我寡、敌勇我疲的情况下作战，这便是鄙人的作战原则。再次，鄙人决不主张实行个人攻击——对于个人，鄙人只将他们用作放大镜一般的工具，以便探知那些难以察明、难以接触的丑恶。那便是鄙人击败大卫·斯特劳斯的战术，准确地说那便是鄙人取胜于德意志老年修养术的诀窍——正是鄙人当场揭穿了那种修养术的秘密……那也是鄙人取胜于瓦格纳的秘诀，准确地说那便是鄙人揭穿我们“文化”之虚伪乃至将精明与富裕、后期与伟大混为一谈之混血天性的妙方。最后，鄙人主张只抨击那些抛开不良背景不谈、排除个性区别不论的事与物。其实，就鄙人而言，攻击是为了求证善意，在特殊情况下，乃是为了表达感恩。只要将鄙人的名字同一个人、一件事联系在一起，鄙人都会引以为荣，都会倍觉骄傲——无论这个人是志同道合之辈还是离经叛道之流，我完全不在

乎。果真向基督教宣战，鄙人是有这个权利的，因为在反对基督教义的征途上鄙人从未经历过失意的事情，即便是最虔诚的基督徒，也能同鄙人和平相处。于是，作为基督强制教义的敌对者，鄙人绝不会因世纪的命运问题，而对一个特定的个体[5]怀恨在心。

VIII

这里，还得冒昧介绍鄙人性格上的最后一个特点，因为正是这一点造成了鄙人同他人交往中不小的麻烦。好洁净，乃鄙人与生俱来之脾性，甚至可以说是一种非常离奇的癖好，这让我的生理感觉——嗅觉——近似于……或是……怎么说呢？对于人体内部的各类构件——内脏的每一个细微部分，鄙人均能借助于这个敏感的生理触觉，深入并且探知其每一个角落的秘密：所有隐藏在灵魂深处的丑陋东西——无论是先天血统的遗传或是后天教育的禀赋，只要通过一次直接的接触，鄙人几乎都可以准确地觉察出来。如果这些觉察是正确的，洁癖的嗅觉就会对其所觉察到的东西产生本能的抵触，而相应的大脑器官则会小心翼翼地对其作出厌恶的反应，于是，它们绝不会错误地发出扑鼻的香气来……就这样，习惯养成自然。一个对环境苛刻的要求便成了我生命中不可缺少的元件，舍此，在一个肮脏的环境中，我便无法生存。足见，鄙人只能在清澈的水中，或是在近乎透明、发光的自然环境中游弋、沐浴和嬉戏。由于这一癖好，在同他人相处时，鄙人务必持有极大的耐性，于是，鄙人的博爱，便不仅要表现在宽容地同他人相处，还得表现在耐心地同别人交流……博爱，简直是一个对鄙人长期自持能力的考验。好在，鄙人常常需要与世隔绝，换言之——鄙人得恢复健康，回归自我，还得呼吸一点儿自由、轻松而愉悦的空气……整部《扎拉图斯拉的独白》，就是一首关于独居生活或是对“与世隔绝”的赞歌或是狂想曲什么的，或者不如直接说，《扎拉图斯拉的独白》就是一首关于“洁癖的赞美诗”。但愿它绝不是在赞美白痴。只要不是色盲的人，都能辨别得出，它是一颗璀璨钻石。见不得人类，见不得“乌合之众”，乃是鄙人人

性中最大的弱点。因为，它会招来人生最大的危险……如此，您还愿意倾听《扎拉图斯拉的独白》，以资赎回那些“见不得”的代价？

我，怎么了？怎么才能摆脱那“见不得”的窠臼？谁，足以使我双眼复明？怎么才能飞往那理想的高度？那里，“乌合之众”不再坐上辩护人的席位。

诸多的“见不得”，可曾为我插上飞翔的翅膀？可曾为我增添潜水的能量？没错，我得飞至巅峰，以便再一次找至欢乐的源泉。

哦，我找到啦，我的兄弟们！这里就是巅峰！瞧，欢乐的泉水，正向我涌来！生命的泉水，没有乌合之众与我共饮。

欢乐的泉水啊，您不必过于性急！因为，越是急着倒满，越容易全部洒出。

我，小心翼翼地向您靠近：心，依然向您飞去，不过，也显得过于性急。

我的心，像火热的夏天，短暂、滚烫、忧郁而过于乐观；我的心，像炎热的夏天，渴望那泉水带来的清凉！

春天里，缠绵的苦恼，随和风而离去！六月里，多情的怨恨，像雪花一样飘去！我，全然地来到了夏天——炎热的仲夏。

巅峰的夏日，伴之以清凉的泉水，随之以天堂的静谧。来吧，朋友！静谧将带来良多的福分！

这里是我们的巅峰，这里是我们的家园。在这里，我们超然物外，让宵小之辈望尘莫及。

朋友，快将你纯洁的目光投向这欢乐的源泉！别担心，它闪烁的光

华不会黯然失色！否则，它纯洁的秉性会嘲笑你胆量不足。

在未来的大树上，我们将筑好自己的“家”，孤独时，雄鹰必定会衔着食物飞来！

不错，宵小之辈哪能享得了这种福分？因为吃了这里“火”，便会烧坏了他们的胃。

不错，我们没有在这里为宵小之辈们预留他们的“窝”！我们的福窝，便是他们的冰窖，必定会冻坏了他们的“灵”与“肉”。

让我们像疾风一般，傲居在宵小之辈的头顶之上。以雄鹰为伴，以冰雪为邻，在阳光的沐浴中生活，那便是疾风生命的轨迹。

像疾风一般——总有一天，我会穿梭于宵小之辈的腰间与背上，用我的精神窒息他们灵魂的呼吸。总有一天，我会实现自己的夙愿。

不错，《扎拉图斯拉的独白》就是一股强劲的疾风，它将吹遍地球上所有的角落；它将告诫对手及其所有以唾沫伤人的人：尔等小心为妙，不得迎风而唾！

机灵，岂但如此

I

论智力，总比别人多根筋；论机灵，总比别人多根弦，诸如此类的问题，总也不曾少打搅人。不过，对于那些没什么实际意义的问题，那些无聊的事情，鄙人从不白费工夫去考虑、去涉足便是了。譬如，鄙人从不涉足什么宗教难题之类的破烦事儿。至于，像在何种意义上，人应该有什么“负罪”感之类的问题，鄙人便全然不知所以了。同样，鄙人更

没有什么良心自责一类的内疚可言：什么扪心自问，哪来的道听途说？对此，鄙人毫无敬意可言。不过，这里实不该留一手，以便后发制人，我宁愿当场将邪恶的结果揭露于世，并从价值观上剖析邪恶的过程，这才是鄙人做事的原则。因为，一旦知道了邪恶的结果，人们便会怀疑他们做过的事情。在鄙人看来，所谓良心的自责，实际上是一种相信邪恶的心理反应。越是错了，越是要提醒自己错了，这便是一种自我尊重，换言之，这便是符合我认为的伦理学原则的做法。什么“上帝”，什么“灵魂不死”，什么“赎罪”，什么“来世”，对于这些观念，鄙人从来都没有兴趣，也没有时间去理睬它们，鄙人从小就是这个脾气。或许，对付这一类事情，鄙人从来都不敢“孩子气”十足！因为我根本不知道无神论是推理的产物，更不知道它是事件的产物。在我看来，它显然出于本能。这，显然也是鄙人的天性所致了。鄙人好奇、多疑、目空一切，那些不成熟的结论，从来都不能满足鄙人的胃口。譬如，信奉上帝，便是一个不成熟的结论——一个同思想家的观念背道而驰的粗率结论。这甚至在本质上，便是对思想家们的一个赤裸裸的禁令：不许你们思考！按照神学家们的诠释，“拯救人类”的不是别的，而是他们的奇谈怪论，这是一个异乎寻常的说法，是一个关于人类“精神”营养的问题，对此鄙人便不能不发生极大的兴趣。为了方便起见，按照常规我们可以这样设想：“为了获得最大的体力、最好的文艺复兴时期的艺术品、最为脱俗的德行，人们该怎样修炼自己呢？”在这些方面，鄙人的经验简直贫乏极了。鄙人接触这类问题太晚，无从尽快获得经验，对于这一点，连我自己也感到惊讶。唯有一文不值的德意志教育及其“理想主义”可以从某种程度上解释为什么偏偏在这一点上，鄙人怎么也赶不上“教皇”的要求。这种“教育”，从一开始就教导鄙人忽略现实，一味地追逐虚无缥缈的、“理想”的人生目标。譬如，德意志的“古典教育”就是一个例子——似乎，企图将“古典”和“德意志”从概念上合而为一，并不是一件毫无收获的事情！再说，一个生活在现代社会的莱比锡人，却得接受古典式的德意志教育，这难道不是一件滑稽可笑的事情吗？！说老实话，为了赎

回厨师和那些基督教徒们的面子，鄙人从小到大都没吃过几顿像样的饭。按照所谓伦理学的术语说，那便是“非我主义”“忘我主义”“利他主义”云云。然而，正是在莱比锡人膳食的陪伴下，鄙人完成了早期的叔本华研究（1865年），而且认真地改变了自己的“生命意愿”。以伤害自己的胃口为代价，去接受一种不合时宜的营养观念——在鄙人看来，上述的烹调术足以完美地回答这个问题了。那么，一般意义上的德意志烹调术，在什么地方昧了它的良心呢？！

餐前羹——直到十六世纪，在威尼斯食谱中依然含有“去德意志”的意思：肉片、油面菜、（镇纸压制的）变质布丁！如此食谱，如果用上古兽性十足的餐饮方式用膳，那就绝不仅仅是古德意志人才了解德意志精神的渊源了，此乃伤肠害胃之道也……德意志精神是一种食古不化的典型，谁也对付不了。不过，相对于德意志人乃至法兰西人的饮食习惯，英吉利人的饮食习惯则大有“回归天性”或是“同类相餐”的味道。不管怎样，鄙人的胃口是受不了的。在鄙人看来，这似乎像在精神的躯体上添加了一双沉重的脚丫——一双英吉利女人的脚丫。不过，最佳的饮食习惯，大概要算是皮德蒙特人了。

我不胜酒力，一杯红酒或是啤酒下肚，都足以让我一整天都在“云里雾里”中度过，那是谁都不情愿做的事情。懂得这一点，虽然迟了一些，却是我从孩提时起就有过的事。就像抽烟一般，小时候只觉得喝酒不过是年少轻狂的举止而已，后来不知不觉地便养成了喝酒的坏习惯。得到如此严肃的教训，或许还是拜瑙姆堡葡萄酒所赐呢。如果真的相信喝酒会使人精神振奋起来的话，说不定鄙人早已变成一个基督徒了——那便是让鄙人去相信连自己都以为是最荒唐的事。不过，奇怪的是，只要少许饮用一点度数很低的烈酒，自己便会感到浑身不自在；如果再稍稍地多来一点儿，那更足以令人晕头转向了。

然而，在写作方面，鄙人却从小便表现出非凡的意志来——雄心勃

勃，笔耕不辍，立志模仿偶像塞勒斯特[6]严谨而简明的写作风格。为了用拉丁文写就一篇巨制论文，鄙人常常会伏案写作，彻夜不眠，之后还得接着将文中的内容写成报道材料，以备报刊发表之用。而且，文章脱稿之后，还得在写好的拉丁文上涂一层上好的保护膜，以防文本损坏。这些事，在鄙人还是著名的（舒尔）普福塔[7]中学学生的时候，就开始做了。或许，这些都同鄙人的生理学观念直接相关；或许，并不见得同塞勒斯特的生理学观念有所相悖——尽管这同（舒尔）普福塔中学的办学理念在很大程度上是不相吻合的。说实话，直至后来人到中年的时候，鄙人才从严格意义上远离了任何“高酒精成分的”饮料。但是，因为在生活经验上反对素食主义，鄙人便不能郑重其事地劝诫那些超凡脱俗的人们滴酒不沾。这一点，或许同理查德·瓦格纳只能改变鄙人志趣而不能改变鄙人志向是一个道理。水足以满足人的各种需要，因而谁都喜欢住在处处都有清水流动的地方（如尼斯、都灵、锡尔斯等地）；一杯清水，会像一只爱犬一般每每陪伴在你的身边——那是多么惬意！常言道“酒后吐真言”，然而，在这一点上，关于什么是“真言”的问题，鄙人又该同世界较真了——在鄙人这里，“真言”是像流水一般运动的，这里的教训足以给人们更多的启示。

谁知道，一次盛宴要比一顿素餐容易消化得多？消化良好的前提是，胃口的各项功能都能协调发挥。首先，你得知道你胃口的大小。为了避免消化不良，你得回避那些单调乏味、耗时过多的聚餐，这里不妨称之为“间歇式献祭宴会”，就像那些旅馆或者饭店中的客饭席一般的小宴会。两餐之间，不用零食，不喝咖啡——咖啡会使你忧郁沮丧、精神不佳。早晨用茶，好处最多，量不必大，味却得浓。沏茶过淡，不利健康，甚至会让人整天都面带病容，萎靡不振。万事万物皆有度，恰到好处最难得。天气不佳时，早晨便不宜用茶了，只需在平日用茶时间的前一个小时，喝上一杯浓浓的去脂可可茶便可以了。小坐，不必幻想户外会有气象万千，因为思绪若不定，筋骨便不安。偏见，无不源自消化不顺。勤勉，我前面曾提过，是对圣灵真正的冒犯。

II

跟营养问题最接近的，自然是地理和气候问题了。对于居住之地，谁都不能没有自己的选择；可是，就一个肩负使命的人而言，他得付出九牛二虎之力才足以了事，因为对这类人而言，居住地的挑选余地，实在是太小了。譬如，他们得考虑那里的气候会不会影响新陈代谢的节奏，会减慢，还是加快，甚至，连同居住点和气候状况相关的大大小小的问题全都要考虑进去，因为任何一次不经意的疏漏，都可能使他们疏远自己的工作，甚至还可能使他们终身放弃自己的社会职责。当然，他们自己也可能从来都没有意识到这一点——生命的活力，为什么不足以使其得心应手地进入自己所熟稔的精神领域呢？在这方面，又是非鄙人莫属了。不过，在鄙人看来，单单一个新陈代谢的节奏问题还是微不足道的，因为它还不至于酿成一种不良的积习，乃至将一位天才人物变成一个庸碌之辈——一个“德意志”般的庸才；或许，唯有德意志的天气，才足以损害强健神奇的五脏功能。新陈代谢的节奏，同一个人精神气质的动与静有着密切的关系，其实，精神本身就是新陈代谢的一种反映。如果我们将这些不同的反映，用表格的方式排列出来，就会发现有的地方是天才正在居住或曾经居住过的，有的地方适宜居住视拥有智慧、优雅、谋略为幸福的人，有的地方则总是会有天才们安家，这些地方都拥有无与伦比的干爽空气。巴黎、普罗旺斯、佛罗伦萨、耶路撒冷、雅典，这些地名都足以告诉人们：天高气爽、万里无云的地方，乃是天才的摇篮。换言之，快节奏的新陈代谢，汲取无穷能量的几率才是孕育天才的先决条件。曾经有过这样一个例子，有一位本应成为重量级人物的自由人士，最终却竟然成了一个心胸狭窄、孤陋寡闻、脾气暴躁的家伙，其原因不过是由于缺乏感觉的本能性灵敏，而选择了气候不宜居住的地点而已。幸亏病魔让鄙人变得理智而聪慧，并且学会了用推理的方式辨别现实，否则难保鄙人不会遭此下场。如今，经由长期的实际磨练，鄙人依靠自己已经能够像从一台精确而可靠的气象仪器上读数一样，说出各地气候的基本情况来。甚至，在短途旅行中，鄙人还能够根

据自身的生理体验，觉察出空气湿度的变化来，譬如从都灵到米兰的旅程就是这样。

想起近十年不可思议的生活来，我至今还会后怕。那十年，是我生命的危险期，生活在一个与生命需求根本不适宜的地方——自然，肯定是选错了地方。瑙姆堡、（舒尔）普福塔、图林根、莱比锡、巴塞尔、威尼斯——就鄙人身体的生理状况而言，这些都是不该去的地方。

至于，童年和青年时期，是根本不值得回忆的，而如果将这些都归咎于所谓道德教育的缘故，那就未免太愚蠢了。譬如，鄙人没有志同道合的伙伴，这是无可非议的，因为，至今鄙人仍然没有志同道合者相随，或许永远都不会有，可是这些还不至于妨碍鄙人勇敢无畏、兴高采烈地生活。不懂生理学，憎恶“理想主义”，是鄙人生命中两个难以回避的致命弱点，其中有冗余的东西，也有愚蠢的表现，二者都不是善举，因为它们既无以补偿，又无从反驳。

所有人生中的失误，乃至所有致使离开人生目标的本性和态度上的变化，鄙人都将它们看作是“理想主义”招致的后果。譬如，在鄙人为什么会成为一位语文学家的问题上，或许，有人会说，尼采起码可以成为一位内科医生或是别的什么足以惊人耳目的人物，为什么没有呢？等等。在巴塞尔大学的那些日子里，鄙人的精力非常充沛，但是鄙人的整个精神生活，却是一塌糊涂的。生命的意义何在，从不考虑，从不反省。在每天的时间安排上，全是重复性的内容，从来都不会用什么别的内容替换那些重叠的东西。不过，那时候却没有什么肮脏的自私心理，也没有什么所谓发自本能的自我保护意识什么的，可以说人人都是平等的，一切都是“无私”的，一切都是“忘我”的。然而，到头来，这些却都成了鄙人永远也不能原谅自己的地方，因为差一点儿，便到了生命的终点。就这样，我便开始反省那些生命中本来就不合理的东西——“理想主义”。谢天谢地！是“病魔”将我带上了回归真实世界的路。

III

一是，选择养分；二是，选择气候和居住地；三则，必定是选择一种修身养性的方式了，这样，人生就不至于再犯大大小小的毛病了。所有这些，对于自成一类的人物来说，要求便会更苛刻一些。然而，就他们本身的利益而言，却会更有用一些。就鄙人而言，广泛的阅读乃是自我修养的方式之一，因此，凡能给鄙人自由的书籍，凡能让鄙人在奇怪的学科和思想之间闲庭信步的书目，总之，凡此种种都是鄙人阅读的对象，不过，鄙人不再对它们过于当真。准确地说，正是广泛的阅读，将鄙人从一本正经的较真中解救了出来。平日里，在埋头工作的时候，鄙人身边是不留书的，也不允许任何人在身边说话，甚至连在身边思考问题也不行。然而，这正是我阅读的奥妙之所在。读者可曾注意到，在大脑高度集中的状态下，整个思维乃至整个肌体都处于一个精神酝酿的过程之中，任何偶发事件、任何外部的刺激都会对主体构成一个意外的刺激，都会引起主体的激烈反应。于是，主体必须尽可能避免任何突发的事件、任何强烈的刺激。筑起一道自我保护的壁垒，乃是培养灵感，孕育精神的本能的、明智的策略之一。那么，要不要特许某个奇异的思想，悄然地爬过这个自我保护的壁垒呢？毋须讳言，这便是阅读的初衷了。劳动与收获同修身与养性，应当交替而行，轮换而做，因为同修身养性为伴的是快乐，是智慧，是智慧的结晶——书！然者，是德意志的书吗？这便得从半年前打鄙人手上滑过的一本书说起。那是一本什么书呢？那是维克托·布罗夏德的一项杰出的研究成果，书名是《古希腊怀疑论者（研究）》，其中引用了我在《第欧根尼·拉尔修论集》[8]中的不少观点。古希腊的怀疑论，在是它两倍甚至五倍模糊的哲学思想中，是唯一值得尊崇的！否则，鄙人大概就会永远在几本鄙人同类的书中周旋，也只能仅对这类书籍的内容了如指掌了。或许，鄙人生性不愿多读、滥读，如果老是闷在书房里自会受不了的。鄙人生来也不愿多爱、泛爱，对于新书，鄙人的态度是——与其“忍”着读，放心看，或者存点儿敬意耐心看，倒不如小心一点儿，乃至敌对一些的好。说真的，在古

典法兰西作家中，只有为数不多的几个，值得人们爱不释读。鄙人仅笃信法兰西文化，并且认为将所有欧洲的东西全都称之为“文化”是一个误会，更不必提德意志文化了。在德意志的文化高人中，鄙人所知者并不多，而且究其根底，他们还都是曾受过法兰西文化熏陶的人。首屈一指的，自然是瓦格纳夫人科茜玛了。她嗓音的天资，的确是一流的。鄙人虽不读帕斯卡，但却喜欢帕斯卡，因为在为基督捐躯者中他是最有启发性的人物，先是生理的牺牲，后是心理的逐杀，他都无一幸免——这，便是基督教残无人性的全部逻辑所在。或许，鄙人天生便有蒙田[9]的任性，生来便知蒙田的放荡。是也，非也，天晓得？在艺术家的气度上，鄙人则颇有几分莎士比亚的放荡不羁和愤世嫉俗，即便如此，即便如彼，却毫不影响鄙人对法兰西晚期贤达的敬仰，他们的人数是不在少数的，鄙人仍得维护莫里哀、柯奈和拉辛等法兰西名流的高洁，抵制莎士比亚之流天才的无序，即便如彼，却毫不影响鄙人对法兰西晚期一诸贤达的敬仰。真不敢想象，历史上还有哪个时代，同当今巴黎一样拥有如此好奇而精明的心理学家。这里，试举几例——其人数的确不少——如保罗·布尔热（1852—1935，法国作家、批评家。——译者注）、皮埃尔·洛蒂（1850—1923，法国小说家。——译者注）、吉普、美拉克、阿纳托尔·法朗士（1844—1924，法国小说家。——译者注）、朱尔·勒梅特尔（1800—1876，法国喜剧演员。——译者注），或许还可以举出一位出身显赫的人物来，他便是鄙人特别垂青的拉丁文天才居伊·德·莫泊桑（1850—1893，法国作家。——译者注）。对于他们，我们宁肯偏信后代，而不轻信前代——所谓他们的导师那一代人，因为所谓导师那一代尽为德意志哲学所毒害的人。譬如，M.泰纳（1828—1893，另译“丹纳”，法国文艺理论家、史学家。——译者注）便是受了黑格尔毒害的人，他对伟人及其时代的误解大概都是拜黑格尔所赐。凡德意志影响所及之处，其文化无不受其侵害。不要忘了，法兰西乃是用战争“赎回”其文化精神的。司汤达（1783—1842，又译“斯丹达尔”，法国作家。——译者注）乃是鄙人人生路上难得的遇合之一，因为凡是鄙人人

生中具有里程碑意义的东西都是偶然发生的，绝无什么他人的指点之类。而司汤达对心理学的见地是独具慧眼的，他对事态的悟性，则足以使你离真实的伟人最近——看到鹰爪，便知道拿破仑要来了，其价值是无法估量的。最后，必须提及的便是，法兰西历史上难得的稀罕人物——鄙人得另眼看待的、可敬的无神论者普罗斯佩·梅里美。或许，在二人之间，鄙人还是偏重于司汤达，因为，在无神论的境界上，司汤达与我，或者我与司汤达殊途同归了，司汤达笑道："上帝最好的借口，便是他并不存在。"而我，竟也在什么地方说过："而今，存在的威胁者，是谁？曰：上帝……"

IV

我在所有千年的王国里追寻，追寻那种美妙而富有激情的乐章，最终都以徒劳而告终。抒情诗人，乃是海因里希·海涅（1797—1856，德国诗人、政论家。——译者注）给我的最高的称谓。海涅借给鄙人一种天赐的怨恨，离开了这个怨恨，鄙人便无以完成那美妙的想象，因为在判断人类及其种族的价值时，便是看他们能不能将上帝与萨梯（希腊神话中半人半兽的森林之神。——译者注）区分开来。海涅的德语造诣极高！总有一天，会有人宣布鄙人和海涅都是一流的德文大师——无论在哪一方面，都是德意志本土人望尘莫及的。世人必将以我的语言天赋同拜伦《曼弗雷德》[10]的语言艺术相提并论，鄙人早已独自发现了万恶之渊，而那时，鄙人不过十三岁而已。我无言以对，只是想看看是什么人胆敢在《曼弗雷德》的面前重提《浮士德》[11]的大名。德意志人是无以得知"伟大"概念的内涵的：舒曼（1810—1856，德国作曲家。——译者注）便是一例。

出于对口蜜腹剑的撒克逊人[12]的愤慨，鄙人为《曼弗雷德》作了"跋"。对此，汉斯·冯·比洛却质疑说，他不曾在原稿中见过此类"跋"文，这简直是对神灵的冒犯。于是，当鄙人在莎士比亚的创作范

式中寻找最适合鄙人的格式时，发现凯撒（大帝）的形象乃是莎翁独到的笔触，绝不是他人照猫画虎便足以得来的笔墨——人们绝不敢想象连这样的事情也会发生。于是，要么就是它，要么绝不是它。伟大诗人的创作是唯一的，因为他依据的是自己的亲身经历。在作品完成之后，即便是作者本人也不能再一次经历同样的境遇，以便复制作品的原貌了。鄙人，曾试图再次经历《扎拉图斯拉的独白》的“坎坷”，然而，即便在书屋中踱步半晌，也只能以一阵难以控制的抽噎无果而终了。不知世间还有什么著述能比读莎士比亚的戏剧更让人撕心裂肺。试想：使一个滑稽戏剧中的小丑感人至此，作家要经受多大的磨难！哈姆雷特感人吗？使读者发狂的，不是疑惑，而是信以为真……然而，要察觉到人物的真实性，读者还得有这个造诣，有这个修养，还得有一个推理正常的头脑，所有的人，都会敬畏真理。而且，说实话，鄙人从不怀疑培根先生乃是此类怪诞文学的开创者、自戕者，既如此，又何须在乎美利坚那些知识浅薄、头脑不清的可怜虫呢？然而，想象中的真实之所以感人，是因为它来自事实中的真实感受，甚至后者乃是前者的先决条件。无论在何种意义上，培根先生都是首屈一指的唯实论者，但是实际上人们对他要做什么，做了些什么，他的内心世界又是什么？都还知之甚少……见鬼去吧，可爱的批评家们！

假若，当初鄙人予“扎拉图斯拉”的取名不是如此，而是叫“理查德·瓦格纳”，那么，就算修炼了两千年的洞察力也难以看出，《人性的，太人性的》[13]的作者是扎拉图斯拉的幻影……

V

这里，在涉及鄙人生命创造力的问题之前，先得说句感恩的话，以便对改变鄙人人生价值观发生过影响的方方面面，表达真诚的、意味深长的感激之情。毫无疑问，这里最亲密的关系都是和理查德·瓦格纳的名字联系在一起的。至于，所欠其他人的情谊，鄙人都可以一笔带过。

然而，不管怎样，在特里布森的那些日子，鄙人是决不会忘记的，那是彼此信任的时光，那是令人兴奋的时光，那是无上崇高的时光，那是弥足珍贵的时光……鄙人，虽不知别人同瓦格纳相处的经历，但鄙人却见证了我俩彼此友谊的象征，乃是万里无云的长空。说到这里，又得提起法国了，对瓦格纳的粉丝还有其他的追随者来说，只要他们觉得瓦格纳身上还有什么同他们相似的地方，那便是他们在向瓦格纳先生表示敬慕了。对此，鄙人该有千条理由拥护，没有半点借口妒忌。其实，鄙人也是一样的——骨子里从不接受德意志的东西，甚至连见到一个德意志般的人影，也会觉得倒胃口。于是，同瓦格纳的第一次接触，便注定要成为鄙人人生中大口吸氧的头一回：在鄙人的眼中，瓦格纳便像是外星来客一般，像是德意志人的对立面，乃至于简直是所有德意志德行的反面案例。“德意志人”这个概念，对从小呼吸“沼泽空气”长大的五十多岁的人来说，简直是悲观主义者的代名词。这些人，除了成为“德意志人”的革命者以外，别无选择。无论怎样，这些人都绝不会对那些固执偏见的现象保持沉默的——即便他们会改头换面，即便他们身披红装，再着以（欧洲）轻骑兵式的制服，在鄙人看来，那也是完全无关大局的事情。谁都知道，瓦格纳也是一位叛逆者，也逃离过德国人的藩篱。除了巴黎以外，艺术家便无以在欧洲找到自己的栖身之地。因为只有在巴黎，艺术家才能找到瓦格纳所设想的五种柔和的感觉，如手指上的细微差别、心理上的病态感觉等。在艺术激情的表现力上，在艺术摄制的严肃性上，绝没有什么地方可以同巴黎同日而语——那是典型的巴黎式“严肃”，是绝无仅有的艺术语言。惊世骇俗的抱负，乃是法兰西艺术家的灵魂，而在德意志却连这种概念也不曾有过。德意志人，本性“从善”，而瓦格纳却偏偏生来便不知“从善”为何物。好在，鄙人已多次交代了瓦格纳的人格以及什么人同他来往最多的问题：瓦格纳是法国后期的浪漫主义艺术家，像德拉克洛瓦和柏辽兹（1803—1869，法国作曲家。——译者注）一样，也是那种野心勃勃，令人亢奋的艺术家。他们天生病态，无药可救，是滔滔不绝的狂热分子，是彻彻底底的艺术名家。那

么，谁是瓦格纳最虔诚的首席信徒呢？那无疑是查尔斯·波德莱尔了，不过他也是第一个解读德拉克洛瓦的人。德拉克洛瓦是一个典型的颓废者，一个足以让所有艺术家认识自己的人。或许，他也是瓦格纳的最后一个信徒……尽管如此，在某些方面我却永远也不能原谅瓦格纳——他屈尊于德意志人，乃至于变成了德意志之外的德意志人。足见，只要在德意志影响可以延伸到的地方，文化便难免遭殃。

VI

不管怎样，离开了瓦格纳的音乐，鄙人是熬不过那病魔缠身的青年时代的。鄙人，生而屈尊为德意志人，一个人想要摆脱难以忍受的屈辱，必得求助于精神上的麻醉。于是，鄙人便找到了瓦格纳。在我眼中，瓦格纳乃是德意志绝无仅有的解毒之物。不过，它本身也是一种毒物，这是毋庸置疑的。只要一听到《特里斯坦》的钢琴乐曲响起，鄙人便会随之而成为瓦格纳的同路人——我的冯·比洛先生，这可不是我的恭维话！不过，对于瓦格纳早期的作品，鄙人却实在是不敢恭维的，因为它们实在是太普通，太"德意志"化了……尽管这样，我今日仍然企望还能找到像《特里斯坦》那样令人惊魂动魄，那样余音绕梁的佳作——鄙人翻遍了所有的"艺术"作品，然而还是得认输了。在《特里斯坦》的第一个音符面前，列奥纳多·达·芬奇所有的"奇特"都会黯然失色。《特里斯坦》是瓦格纳的登峰造极之作，之后他又接着创作了《迈斯特的歌手》和《指环》，希望能赶上《特里斯坦》的辉煌。然而，使瓦格纳始料未及的是，结果偏偏不能如他所愿，这，大概也是天资使然……鄙人，可算是生逢其时，还能偏偏在德意志人群中幸运地存活下来，以便来日有所担当。鄙人，心智敏捷而好奇善问，足以完成天赋的使命——此乃鄙人三生有幸之遇合也。对于一个从未病至"快意癫狂"的人，世界是不会眷顾的，因为，那几乎是一种必须履行的义务，是一种必须以神奇的方式才足以奏效的结果。瓦格纳之所以能取得惊人的成就，是因为唯有他长满了足以在千奇百怪、若喜若狂的大千世界里遨游的羽翼。这

一点，鄙人比谁都心知肚明；而鄙人，则有足够的能力将问题最多、危险最大的劣势化为自身的优势，从而使自身倍加强大起来。不难想见，瓦格纳注定会成为鄙人生命中的施主。于是，我们相依为命，承受了这个世纪常人所不能承受的磨难，我们苦得其所，我们的名字将永远写在一起。自然，也像瓦格纳常常会被德意志人误读一样，鄙人也绝不会逃过这一劫的，永远也逃不过这一劫。不过，我的德意志人啊，要理解这两位大师，你们还得花上两个世纪的心智和艺术的修行啊！只怕你们还是达不到这个境界。

VII

对那些特别优异的读者，鄙人这里还得多说上几句：音乐到底给了鄙人什么呢？恰似十月里的一个午后，音乐给了鄙人愉悦的情怀和微妙的感觉。恰似一个小巧而迷人的女人，音乐给了鄙人个性、奢侈和温婉，鄙人，从未奢望过德意志民族中会出一个懂得音乐的人。通常，所谓德意志的音乐家，特别是最有名望的那些人，如果要究其出身的话，偏偏他们一个也不是真正的德意志人？要么是斯拉夫人，要么是克罗地亚人，要么是意大利人，要么是荷兰人，甚至是犹太人。不然的话，便是德意志高贵血统的人，或是已经绝后的德意志人，如海因里希·舒尔茨、巴赫和亨德尔等。至于我本人，足以称得上是一个地道的波兰人，因而又足以步肖邦音乐之后尘了。基于三个理由，鄙人要将瓦格纳的《西格弗里德田园曲》（牧歌）排除在高雅音乐之外，这里或许还应该包括李斯特（1811—1886，匈牙利钢琴家和作曲家。——译者注）的几个作品。虽然李斯特以其管弦乐队的高雅器乐的格调，略胜其他音乐家一筹。最后，还必须提到的，是阿尔卑斯山脉那边的音乐人。说到这里，便不能不提到罗西尼（1792—1868，意大利作曲家。——译者注），更不能不提南部的音乐家——威尼斯音乐大师皮特洛·加斯蒂。鄙人之所谓阿尔卑斯山脉的那边，其实仅仅是指威尼斯而已。而当鄙人试图以另外一个名词去替代“音乐”二字时，恐怕也只有“威尼斯”一词足

以担当此任了。在鄙人的音乐世界里，音乐和眼泪，总是难解难分；在鄙人音乐的词典中，幸福同“南部”总是紧紧地联系在一起，而那幸福的南部，又总是同微微颤动的心灵连接在一起的。

近日，[14]

一个茶褐色的夜晚，

独自地，我伫立在桥头儿，

从远方，传来一阵悠扬的歌儿：

宛如一颗金色的水珠儿，

颤抖着，打水面滚来——越滚越近。

艘艘狭长的船儿，道道夜晚的光儿，声声飞来的音儿——

醉了一般，游进那朦胧的夜……

我的心，是一把上了弦儿的琴，

一双无形的手——拨动着那根敏感的弦儿——

奏出一首美妙的歌儿，附和着——那船上的曲儿，

我的心，颤抖着，颤抖着——那是幸福的炫耀。

——有人，

——听到否？

VIII

前述诸项选择——养分、气候和居地的选择，乃至修养方式的选择，都与人类自我保护的天性息息相关。人类需要对这些条件进行自我选择，说明自我保护乃是人类自卫的天性，这是毋庸置疑的。不必亲眼看到许多，不必亲耳听见许多，也不必亲自做过许多，只要有一次经验便能够足智多谋，只要有一回事实便足以证明本能的自卫不是可有可无的儿戏，而是务必实现的条件。关于自卫的天性，最能说明问题的例证莫过于味觉的灵敏了。在紧急情况下，尽管说“是”，可能是一种“正常”的反应，可人们常常还是会情不自禁地说“不”，而且总是要把说“不”的声音压得很低。于是，人们便会设法躲开或者回避那些常常需要说“不”的场面。这里的理论依据是，自卫是一种消费性的东西，而且还不是一种低消费，这种消费会形成一种潜规则，一种坏习惯，从而导致某种特殊的、完全没有必要的窘境或者发生尴尬情形。可见，人们最大的损失，常常是因为最小或者最寻常的毛病所招致的。避开那些小毛病，远离那些小毛病，也是需要花费代价的。在这个问题上，人们是不该自欺欺人的，因为，那便是在不必要的问题上耗费精力。但是，如果仅仅靠一味回避毛病来解决问题，人们便会无力自卫。假如，鄙人迈出了房门，出现在眼前不是幽静而富有贵族气派的都灵，而是德意志的某个地方城市，我辈便会本能地封闭自我，以便排除由眼前这个懦弱而乏味的世界所带来的一切压力。假如，出现在鄙人眼前的是某个德意志的大都会，其建筑风格不雅，且众木不生、良莠不齐、杂乱无章——如是，鄙人或许得变作豪猪，背着身子，退避三舍了。然而，如此弄得浑身是刺，恐怕是一种恣意妄为。即便允许你浑身无刺，只剩一双慷慨之拳，或许那是一种加倍的奢侈……

另一种明智的自卫方式是，尽可能不做任何反应，或尽可能远离复杂的局面和人际关系，免得自身的“自由”和“主动”被人剥夺，又从而成为别人的囊中之物。以书代游，便是鄙人的教义。在鄙人看来，学者不过是“翻动”书本的人物而已，一位文献学家，每天少说也得“翻动”二百本书，可最终他自己却丧失了思考的良机；一旦翻书停止了，他便无从

思考了；即便他思考了，也不过是对某种刺激，某种他所翻动过的内容的反应而已。显然，文献学家的一次思考不过是一个反应罢了。学者们只会将自己毕生的精力都耗费在对现成思想的肯定或否定上，而他们所批判的也不过是别人已经思考过的东西——他自己是不必思考（没有思想的）的。正是在这种情形下，学者们自卫的本能便被削弱了，要不然，他们便会跟书过不去。足见，学者们是一个堕落的群体。这些，便是鄙人亲眼所见：本来天资聪颖，生活富有，而且人格自由的青年人，早已在他们三十多岁的黄金时段，因为“读”书而“毁”掉了他们的前程。他们活着的意义，仅在于像火柴棍一样，只需在既定要为之点燃的那一刻轻轻一划，擦出“思想”火花。

清晨，天刚破晓，万象俱新，谁人不是精力正旺，哪个不是神情正好？偏偏得用这一段最佳的时光，去读书，真乃罪过也！

IX

至此，鄙人便必须切实面对如何兑现自我价值的问题了。为此，鄙人精心撰写了关于自我维持的方式问题，即关于“自私”的艺术问题，那是别人的得意之笔。假若我们的使命、职业和天命都在相当程度超越了一般的意义，那么我们最大的风险，莫过于在使命的关照下认知自我。之所以需要兑现个体的价值，是因为人们往往不能从最长远的意义上读懂自己。换言之，人们并不懂得“自我”意味着什么。正是在这个意义上，即便是生命中的跌跌撞撞——一时的失足、失误、贻误、羞怯，乃至过于拘谨等，都会以外因的方式影响到使命的进程。其实，这些看似消极的阅历，都是有其积极意义和价值的。都是大智，乃至特智的另一种表达方式[15]：因为，“懂我”或许正是对付“毁我”的妙方，而“忘我”“误我”“虐我”“贬我”“庸我”的做法则无一不是“毁我”的根源所在。如果用道德主义者的说法，则是：只要爱他人，为他人、他物而生存，再严重的利己主义都足以得到保护。显然，这是站在“无私”的立场上说话

的。这是一反鄙人往常做法和信念的情形，不过只是一个例外而已。其实，所谓的道德主义者，本来就是以自私自利为行，以自我教养为业的。人类的意识必须完全摆脱外部命令的强行制约，因为意识本来就是一个客观、外在、不受约束的存在物。另外，还必须提防不实之辞、不妥之念的负面干扰。可见，只有排除了所有的“风险”，天性方会“自我觉醒”。同时，那些注定要指挥你行为的组织“观念”便会越来越根深蒂固，开始居高临下，发号施令，并逐渐将你从边道、弯路上拽回，激活你足以独立的资质和能力。总有一天，这些资质和能力会化为成就你事业不可或缺的积淀乃至手段。除了足以为你的使命、目标、目的及其意义提供有益启示外，还表现出其他的辅助功能来。由此看来，鄙人的生活是简单的，也是奇妙的。既然需要重新估定所有的价值，就得有超乎常人的能力。不过，这些能力却不得自相矛盾，自相对立。能力要有秩序，有区别（差异）；分类方式不能相互抵触；能力之间必须相互协调，不得互为混淆；诸多能力的结构绝对不能杂乱无章——所有这些便是鄙人成功的先决条件，也是鄙人天生的艺术工作，乃至长期积淀的劳动秘密。至于对自身的内在修养，鄙人却从来都不做最明确的规划和设计。这个事实说明，能力的增长只能通过对天性的善加呵护去实现。懂得这一点是重要的，但是，也必须明白：总有一天，鄙人所有的能力都会在一夜之间趋于成熟，达到巅峰，达成终极的完美。正因为这样，鄙人从来也不曾觉得生命中会有什么烦恼的事情，更找不到什么强勉奋争的痕迹，因为鄙人天生就不是一块什么英雄的料。要“得到”什么，要“追求”什么，立什么“目标”，树什么“夙愿”之类的宏图大志，鄙人生命的过程中，从来都没有这般的事。即便在此刻，眺望生命的未来——遥远的未来！也恰似眺望那空空如也的大海，大风吹皱了所有的海面，却不见一丝奢望。一切便是一切，不必作丝毫的变动；我便是我，何须作多余的润色？谁都可以存疑，不过那便是鄙人永久的生命方式。鄙人，心无鸿鹄之志，何必躲躲闪闪！若夫，岁逾不惑之年，谁人不追名逐利？哪个不图女人欢？不过，我尚无此愿也。虽曾荣获过学府里的教

授头衔，却也未曾奢望过那档子事。那阵子，我不过一个二十四岁的人而已。

X

有人一定会问：尼采怎么就会讲述些传统上微不足道的事情？我的回答是：既然注定要担当人间之大任，我便得通过讲述这些微不足道的小事加倍“考验”自己。在我眼中：关于营养、地域、气候、修身之方式乃至对自我中心主义之诡辩，这些常人所微不足道的，其意义超越了所有概念的重要性，远不是迄今为止人们以为最重要的东西所能比。准确地说，人们务必学会用新的、不同的方式，重新审度以往的事与物，而且，务必从当下便开始。其实，迄今为止，人们所信以为真的东西，也绝非全然属实，乃至尚有纯属臆测者耳——如果从更为深刻的意义上说，那些所谓臆测之事物，不过是渊源于人性之病态乃至劣根性的谎言罢了——诸如“上帝”“灵魂”“美德”“罪孽”“来世”“真理”和“永生”一类的概念，全都是谎言。问题在于，人们却偏偏要从这里找出一个人性的“伟大”和“神圣”来不可。于是，害群之马便被奉为贤达之士。结果，所有政治的问题，社会的秩序，乃至教育的制度都从根本上扭曲了——审度以往的是非，蔑视一切的谎言，则被说成是生命中无足轻重的“琐事”而加以非难……于是，鄙人便不得不将自己同古往今来的名流贤达置于同一个天平之上——区别，乃是显而易见的。好在，鄙人并没有将这里天平上的名流及其贤达划归于人类的范畴，因为在鄙人的眼中，他们生性有病，图谋有毒，是人类的渣子，是发育不良的怪胎，完全是一群恶贯满盈、不可救药的怪兽，而其所为之事，不过是对人类进行的报复而已，鄙人必以这群怪兽为敌。于是，无以伦比的机敏，便是鄙人健全天性的反应，便是鄙人与众不同的殊能。鄙人之健体，绝无病态之倾向，即便在病魔缠身的时期，也绝没有疾殇之心态。至于对宗教的狂信、盲信，那更是与鄙人生性无关的了。鄙人，无须屈尊，何必傲慢？怜悯，从来都不是伟大的表现。高呼怜悯者，必是虚伪之辈，谨防一切

口蜜腹剑之流！于鄙人，生活是简单的；而生活给我出了最大的难题时，却也成了我最轻松的时候。就在今秋的七十多天里，基于对未来数千年的责任之心，为了撰写那部一流的、空前绝后的著述，鄙人几乎与世隔绝。这期间，只要见过一面的人，谁都知道，鄙人并没有丝毫的紧张；相反，鄙人却倍感精神抖擞，兴致勃勃，从来也没有吃得那么香甜，睡得那么踏实。表现伟大的使命，除了用游戏的方式外，鄙人着实不知道还有什么更好的选择，它是伟大的象征，它是先决的条件。一丝轻微的紧张，一副沮丧的面容，一点嗓门不适的轻咳都会影响一个人的全神贯注，何况我是在做一项前无古人的工作呢！千万不必神经过敏……自然，独居也有独居的苦处，独居也会干扰你的正事，然而，鄙人总是多苦于尘世之“喧闹”……

还是很小的时候——七岁那一年，鄙人便知道，我注定不是一个安分的人。世界现有的语汇中，哪一个也不足以形容我。然而，谁又见过我因此而闷闷不悦呢？时至今日，鄙人依然会平等对待身边的每一个人，与他们和睦相处，即便是社会底层的平民老百姓，我也会抱有恻隐之心。总之，待人接物，明里绝无傲慢之气，暗中亦无诋毁之心。鄙视他人，他人必能察觉。终其一生，鄙人都会对一切存心不良的行为感到愤怒。在鄙人这里，衡量一个人是否“伟大”的标准是：看他是否“知命”[16]，谁也不必梦想超越天性，过去是这样，将来是这样，永远是这样。对待必然的事物，不必忍受，更不必掩盖，而是要热爱它——在它面前，所有的理想主义都是谎言……

佳作，何以迭出

I

鄙人是鄙人，作品是作品，所谓人为一事，物则为另一事耳。于是，在涉及著述本身之前，先将它们是读得懂还是读不懂，做一个“安

民告示”为好，不过，点到为止便可。其实，必须正式回答这个问题的时机尚未到来，况且鄙人自身的机遇，也未必到来——有些问题恐怕从一开始便注定了——必定要待到鄙人离世之后，才会有一个清晰的答案。然而，总有一天，总有一个地方，人们会像鄙人所预见的那样去传道授业，甚至还会建立大学教职来讲解《扎拉图斯拉的告白》。然而，如果企望鄙人的逻辑在当今便能够为人所乐听、为人所乐取，那么鄙人便全然地错了。因为，事实是没有人会听鄙人的，没有人会知道如何从鄙人这里获益——反正，人们尚且不能明白鄙人那些深奥的道理。况且，于我来说，那些道理也尚且有未尽之宜。谁也不企望被人家误解，于是，鄙人自然要好自为之，不敢自作聪明了。需要重申的是，鄙人平生不存半点“恶意”，也无从将半点“恶意”付诸于鄙人的文章。相反，却将太多的“迂腐”注入了鄙人的著述！在我看来，对任何人而言，持有一本鄙人的著述，都是一件千载难逢的幸事。甚至可以这样设想，他必定会兴奋得跳起了脚而甩丢了鞋，即便甩丢了人家的靴子，那也是预料之中的事。

海因里奇·冯·斯泰因博士曾经诚实地抱怨说，鄙人的《扎拉图斯拉的独白》，他连一个字都没有读懂。其实，问题并没有那么严重。然而他若是果真读懂了，即便是阅历过其中六句忠言的意味也罢，他便会从“凡人”的位置上升到一个相当的高度——即便是这样的高度，也不是“当代人”所能企及的。有了这样一层感觉上的隔膜，何敢奢望鄙人所了解的“当代人”去识读鄙人的著述呢？严格地说，鄙人要走的成功之路和叔本华走过的成功之途乃是恰恰相反的，有道是“不生育，不轻浮”。人们在否定我的著作时总是作出无辜的样子，我不想贬低这种无辜以求自己的快感。就是在这个刚刚过去的夏天，因为著述任务过重，手头需要处理的文字太多，鄙人已经将其中冗余的部分略去，也算是求个平衡吧。一位柏林大学的教授好心劝鄙人换一种方式著书，说什么没有人会接受那种叙事的方式，同时还希望鄙人理解这一点。

之后，恰好碰到了两个典型的“例子”，但这两件事情，都不是发生在德意志，而偏偏是在瑞士。一个是某个“联盟”的V.威德曼[17]博士以卡尔·斯比特勒先生（同为该“联盟”的成员）的名义，以“尼采的书是危险的”为题，就《善恶论》[18]发表短文，对鄙人的著述作了一个总体性评价，那简直是一件鄙人人生中登峰造极的事情——他们居然说出了连作者本人都不敢奢望的“疯话”。另一个，则将《扎拉图斯拉的独白》说成是“一个高级语体的问世”，并且要鄙人随后为他们提供必要的说明。V·威德曼博士还说他钦佩鄙人的勇气，为此鄙人还努力克制过那种体面的感觉呢。虽然其中的话语尚不露天机，连作者本人都得佩服他们的严密，但是，那只不过是秃子头上的虱子——明摆着的事实。值得重申的是，人们务必“对以往的价值观念作出重新估定”，以便将钉子钉在鄙人的头上，而不是让鄙人的头碰在钉子的尖上。因为，对鄙人而言，所有要做的事情加在一起，无非是做好一个说明罢了。最重要的是，任何人都不可能从事物中（包括书籍）提取他不知道的东西。一件不可能阅历的事情，岂可以用耳朵听说？这里随便设想一个极端的例子吧：如果一本书连什么问题都没有涉及，只是用第一人称的方式编造了一种似乎用新的经验堆积起来的事情，那么就连常识乃至稀有的经验都不足以证明那些事情是真实的。在这种情况下，人们又怎么可能听到事实呢？这是一个极为简单的道理，因为没有人听到，便是没有发生，于是只能称之为道听途说了。其实，这不过是鄙人普通阅历之内的事情而已，或者说，最多不过是鄙人阅历的出处罢了。

一个对鄙人有所了解的人，在经过他自己的判断后，常常未必一定要成为鄙人的对立面，或许还会多少接受一些鄙人的影响呢，比如一个所谓的“理想主义者”常常就是这样。而一个对鄙人毫无了解的人，则一定会从根本上否认鄙人的东西——鄙人的思想结晶。

“超人”[19]是一个“类型”，而且是一个至善至美的“类型”——同“现代人”、“善人”、基督徒以及其他虚无主义者毫无共同之处。在《扎拉

图斯拉的独白》中，正是这个“超人”颠覆了传统的道德观念。于是，“超人”便自然而然地变成了一个非常有思想的词语。而在价值观的意义上，又正是这种同传统道德观念毫无共同之处的“对立性”，构成了扎拉图斯拉个性的基本特征，并且几乎处处都会因此而招致与生俱来的非难，甚至将其归属于理想主义“高品位”人群那一类，说什么他是一半“圣人”，一半“天才”的集合……而其他文明一类的畜生们则以他们物以类聚的方式将鄙人猜疑为达尔文主义者。尽管鄙人曾无情地驳斥过卡莱尔的英雄崇拜主义思想，却仍然有人猜疑鄙人的思想有大骗子卡莱尔（或许他自己并没有意识到这一点，也不情愿让自己成为骗子）英雄崇拜主义的成分。对于这类人，鄙人曾悄悄地提醒他们说：要看看周围的世界，不要因为西泽·博尔贾或者巴尔锡福尔的影响不相信自己的耳朵。

对于舆论，特别是报刊关于我著述的议论，鄙人向来都不感兴趣，这一点，朋友们、出版商他们也是知道的，只是没有告诉鄙人罢了。因此，舆论界原本应该是饶了鄙人的。不过，在一个特殊的情况下，鄙人曾亲眼见证了他们仅就鄙人一本书发表了种种非议——那本书便是《善恶论》。关于这件事，这里简直可以讲出一个奇妙的故事来。

还有一家叫作《国民报》的普鲁士周报，那自然是给鄙人那些国外的读者们看的。巧得很，鄙人也读过国外的东西，可以说只有《辩论日报》，竟大着胆子宣称：尼采的书乃是“时代的产物”，乃是真正的容克贵族的哲学。不过，这个胆量，可是《十字报》所没有的。这样说，或许读者还未必相信呢……

II

以下的话语，就写给德意志的国民看一看吧。鄙人的书，哪里都有读者——其优选者，唯有出身高贵的智慧之士，且其中还不乏真正的天才人物。在维也纳、圣彼得堡、斯德哥尔摩、哥本哈根、巴黎、纽约，

到处都可以找到鄙人的读者，显然，鄙人完全不必将自己的读者群限制在欧洲的德意志境内。说实在的，鄙人偏为那些间接的读者们倍受鼓舞。因为这类读者，有的连鄙人的姓名都不曾听说，有的甚至连什么是哲学也不知道，然而鄙人每到一地，就说在鄙人所暂且栖身的意大利都灵吧，人们只要看到尼采抛头露面，一个个脸庞上便会洋溢着平日里少有的兴奋和善意。给鄙人印象最深的，要算那位超市里年迈的妇人了，每每见到我，她总会使出浑身的力气，将柜子里最甜的葡萄挑给我品尝，在鄙人看来，这便是对一个哲学家最大的奖赏。足见，波兰人被称作斯拉夫人眼中的法兰西公民[20]，并非虚言了。

在鄙人的经验中，一位讨人喜欢的俄罗斯女士，是绝不会错过任何一次盘问鄙人国籍的机会的。这件事，常使鄙人因腼腆而不善言辞，谁都知道那是最尴尬的局面。对付德意志人，处理德意志事，鄙人决无输招，然而此时此刻，鄙人竟束手无策了。鄙人原先的恩师里奇尔曾用心良苦地夸鄙人，说凭鄙人的语文才华足以把一篇论说文，写得像发生在巴黎街道上浪漫故事一般精彩，令人觉得荒诞而又兴奋不已。即便在巴黎，人们也会面对M.泰恩“所有勇气和计谋”一般的描述感到惊讶。怕只怕，对古希腊酒神极端的狂热一旦变成一种“永不浸水的盐类混合物”，即德意志精神，鄙人便真不知该如何是好了，救救我，上帝！阿门！

长长的耳朵，意味着什么？谁都知道，有人甚至还有过切身的体验呢。于是，鄙人便可以断言，鄙人的耳朵，是世界上最短的了。这对于女士们来说，是无关要紧的，因为在鄙人看来，她们都以为尼采已经向她们表示了足够的善意。鄙人是一个卓越的反对愚昧的人，同时又是一个人类历史上的大怪人——用希腊语，不仅仅用希腊语来说，鄙人完全是一个反对基督的人。

III

作为一个作家，鄙人有自己特殊的禀赋，这并非夸大其辞。而在个

别情况下，鄙人写作所独有的极大的“摧毁”性品味，则是与生俱来的秉性。人们可以不再理会鄙人的著述，最起码可以摆脱尼采哲学的折磨，这是一件极其简单的事情。

来到这个高贵而美妙的世界，是无以伦比的殊荣，但只要不沦为德意志的人，那么最终必定会成为一个杰出的人物。但是，当一个人从鄙人的著述中真正读出欣喜若狂的感觉时，他便足以通过某种高尚的意识经验和鄙人联系在一起，因为，鄙人来自连鸟儿都无以飞抵的高空，而鄙人所了解的地狱，人类是未曾涉足的。读我的书你会爱不释手，我的书甚至会扰乱夜间的静谧。总之，没有什么书籍比鄙人的著述更高傲、更精妙的了。人们足以从中获得世界上最有价值的东西——愤世嫉俗；谁要得到这些，谁就得有十个最敏感的手指和一双最强悍的拳头。任何灵魂的脆弱，都会让他丧失这个机会，甚至永远都得不到它——连一次小小的“消化不良”也不例外，你的神经必定是麻木的，你的胃口必定是兴奋的。除了灵魂的贫乏外，连精神上的每一点空虚都可能致使你丧失这里的机会——懦弱、肮脏，乃至内心深处的复仇心理都可能丧失机会。听我一句劝诫，便足以将所有本能的污秽驱逐于身体之外。在鄙人的同仁中，有几个经验型的人物，由他们那里，鄙人获得了许多——许多对鄙人著述有益的反馈信息。至于那些不愿意同鄙人著述扯上关系的人，比如鄙人那些所谓的朋友们，便不必受什么个人因素的影响了。每当鄙人有一部著作问世时，他们只需要以欢欣鼓舞的语气，祝贺作者又完成了一部著作，说说“进步还是明显的”一类套话便是了。

全然恶意的“精神”、经由美化的“灵魂”、彻头彻尾的虚假——岂堪应对鄙人的著述？于是，他们眼中所见的，恰似他们脚下所踩的，那便是对他们美化了的“灵魂”所作的绝妙的脚注。鄙人那些善于挑刺的同仁们，其实不客气地讲，全是些德意志同胞们，他们总是说未必赞成鄙人的观点，虽然有时候他们也能理解鄙人的难处——这，无非是要鄙人理解他们的难处。据说，甚至连鄙人的《扎拉图斯拉的独白》，他们也无

法容忍。任何一个持有“女权主义”观点的人，或者干脆说任何一个“女权主义”的男人吧，同样会将鄙人拒之门外，因为他们永远都不能走出那个愤世嫉俗的智慧迷宫。如果人们注定要幸福快乐的话，就必须与艰难的真理同归于途，舍此便没有别的选择。或许，人们从不吝惜自我，但是他们从来都不曾知晓自己还缺乏严厉的习惯。对于一个优秀读者，鄙人的期望是：一个既有勇气又有好奇心的庞然大物，一个聪明无比、反应敏捷、胆大心细的巨人——一个天生的探险者兼发现者。打心底讲，至此，鄙人依然不知道怎么对自己的读者说才会更好些，就让扎拉图斯拉替鄙人来代言——唯不知单单为了这里的事，扎拉图斯拉是不是愿意将他的“谜语”再重述一遍？

对那些勇敢的探险者和发现者们；对那些已经登上灵巧的航船正在波涛汹涌的海面上搏击的勇士们——

对那些陶醉于谜语，沉迷于曙光，其灵魂已随着长笛的乐音到达那变化莫测之深渊的人们——

没有人会奢望以懦夫的双手去抚摩一条长长的绳索，难道有什么人会情愿破费去丈量那条绳索到底有多长？

IV

这里，还得就鄙人著述的体裁和风格问题说几句话。通过语言符号，包括使用这些符号的节奏，传达某种心理的状态，某种内心的悲怆，此乃体裁之意义所在了；在鄙人这里，人物心理状态的变化是复杂的、特别的，因此体裁的适应性、多样性便是不可避免的。总之，体裁的变化是随人物性格的变化而变化的，只要能够恰到好处地传达人物心理的状态，任何一种体裁都是合适的，都不至于同语言符号的使用发生错位，每一个符号、每一个节奏、每一个姿势——所有修辞的规则，都得服从于艺术表达的需要。好的体裁，恰似一则优美的曲调，一个单纯

的“理想”，足以与“美”同价，与“善”同格，与“物”同值者也。鄙人之天性，岂敢误人乎？

期待着：乐音总有听众，悲怆可逢奇人，忠言单遇知音——眼下，鄙人的扎拉图斯拉依然在追寻他自己的知音。天哪！那还得花费多长的时间！但愿，未来的知音值得他追寻。到那时，人们才会如实地理解这里被挥霍了的艺术，才会更多地领略这种全新的、从未听说的风格，才会真正接受这种在艺术手段上直接革新了的风格；到那时，鄙人的艺术才会不至于为之荒废。然而，如果这种事情发生在讲德意志语言的人群之中，那便需要考究一番了。对此，本人理应事先就给予激烈驳斥。在鄙人面前，他们还不至于用德意志的语言捡到什么便宜的。其实，他们又何曾用这种语言做成过什么？因为这种艺术的韵律、庄重的文体，足以传达情感升降的微妙，足以焕发超人的激情。这种著述的体裁及其风格的独到，唯有鄙人的笔触才足以独立地创造；如同《扎拉图斯拉的独白》第三版最后一节——《七只海豹》一般的酒神赞美诗，比迄今为止的所谓“诗歌”，不知早已超出了多少倍。

V

读鄙人的书，好比聆听天下顶好的心理学家讲演一般，或许，这便是一个优秀读者的第一感觉。只要他们像作者一样去体味，读鄙人的书，便会如同一位资深的语文学家在诵读罗马诗人贺拉斯[21]的诗歌一般。在鄙人看来，相信“自我主义”与“非自我主义”的对立，本来便是一个天真的错误，因为所谓“自我”本身就是一个“高级骗局”，一个虚构的“观念”而已。这一点，是不需要什么哲学背景或者道德说教的理论支持的，因为那是一个连思想肤浅的俗人，乃至于傻瓜也能明白的道理，谁都知道：基本上是没有人会持反对意见的。

无所谓自我主义，也无所谓非自我主义，在心理学的意义上，二者都是无稽之谈。什么“人类要为幸福而奋斗”，什么“幸福就是对德行的

报偿”，什么“愉快和不愉快是对立的”，如此说法，不一而足。对人类的蛊惑，对道德的诠释，从根基上扭曲了整个心理学的基础——心理学完全被道德概念化了，以至于到了可怕、荒唐的地步，说什么“爱情是非利己主义的”，人必须坚守自我，坚定立场，否则人便索性不必爱了。不过，这种事终究是精明的女人们心里最明白的，她们玩上一把“非我”的游戏，不过是为了让毫无偏见的男人们领略一下大丈夫的滋味而已。恐怕鄙人还真不敢冒昧地自称已经看透了女人的心？不过，果真如此，那便是狄俄尼索斯酒神的眷顾了。天晓得？说不定鄙人便是第一个女人心中灵魂不朽的心理学大师。恰似一个遥远的故事所讲述的那样，除去那些发育不全、丧失了生育能力的自由女士们，哪个敢说不喜欢我？幸运的是，鄙人并没有注定被女人们撕得粉碎，因为一个十足的女人，只要她高兴，便会将你撕成碎片的……鄙人，是了解那些温柔而又没有理智的女人的。天哪，那多像一只危险而隐蔽的爬行动物啊！你可以惬意地和她相处！一个精明的女人，其复仇的欲望是会超越其天性的。毋庸讳言[22]，女人比男人聪明，也比男人恶毒，女人的善意往往是恶情的端倪，所谓“美丽的心灵”常常掩饰着生理上的缺陷。这样说，并非因鄙人愤世嫉俗、玩世不恭所致。为平等的权力而奋争乃是病魔的症结所在。这个道理，只要是做医生的，谁都知道。一般说来，一个女人越是具备女人的天性，她就越是会为了保护自己而拼命地同权利斗争。正是由于天性的缘故，迄今为止，在男女永久的性别之争中，女人总是处于优势地位的。鄙人这里的“爱”情观，不知读者是否还可以听得下去？唯有这里的“爱”情观，才值得用哲学的头脑去思考。然而，在方法论上，在根本意义上，关于“爱”情的战争，应该源于道德观念上对性意识的厌恶。鄙人的陈辞，是否击中了问题的要害，从而使人们聊以解决或者补救女人带来的问题呢？扎拉图斯拉说，男人给女人带来孩子，因为女人需要孩子。足见，男人只是一种工具而已。对于病态或者无法受孕的女人来说，“女人的解放”只会引起她们本能的厌恶，而对于常态或者健康的女人来说，同男人决斗则会成为她们独有的手段——或巧立

名目，或独用战术，那便是很寻常的事了。而当她们将自己升格为“自为女人”“高级女人”“理想主义女人”的时候，她们实际上已经降低了自己作为女人的基本品味。这些无疑都是文法学校的栽培——妇女要掌权、妇女要当家、妇女要有政治投票权等导致的。其实，那些主张妇女解放的人们，即便是在纯粹的女人世界里，也不过都是些无政府主义者罢了。她们也属于被剥夺了基本社会权利的人群，其歇斯底里的“本事”，不过是向男人世界的复仇罢了。顺便说一下，在整个人群中最恶毒的“理想主义者”其实还是男人，比如亨里克·易卜生便是个例子。他提倡什么典型的老处女主义，其结果无非是玷污了人类的良心，破坏了天然的性爱罢了。这，原本是一件坦诚而严肃的事情。为了将这一思想说得透彻一些，关于鄙人的道德准则，这里有必要再多说几句，以便将它同“罪恶”的东西严格地区分开来。“罪恶”一词的本意无非是要揭露违背天性的东西，如果需要说得典雅些，那便是要揭开“理想主义”的底子。这里的附言是：做“贞洁”的布道，便是公开地煽动对天性的对抗。所有以“下流”“不道德”为借口，轻蔑性生活、诽谤性生活的人，都是对人类生命的犯罪、对人类生命神圣精神的亵渎。

VI

要对作为心理学家的鄙人作一个概括的叙述，得用《善恶之外》中一段有关心理学的文字，读者大概会难以理解。顺便说一下，鄙人并不赞成将本人同文中人物简单联系在一起的不实猜测，“心灵之天性，唯天下最大之隐者所独有，诱惑之神和天籁之音的交响曲吹奏者，最善于将他们的声音吹抵每一颗心灵的深处。不用言语，不必盼顾，毫无怂恿之意，毫无煽动之情，聆听者却偏偏深知其中的意味，无关乎吹奏者怎么样，有关于追随者怎么行，原本是被动而来，如今却铁了心去。心灵之天资，足以令一切必张扬而自足的事物，都变得须静谧才便于倾听，足以安抚人浮躁的心灵，赋予人崭新的期望，以便憧憬那遥远的未来——期望，犹如镜面一般的平静，透过它足以看到蓝天的深邃。心灵之

天资，足以让笨拙而匆忙的人群有机会停一停，想一想，再从容地上路；心灵之天资，足以推测那隐匿而被人们遗忘了的瑰宝，足以感知那深压在冰山底下的仁慈和神圣；心灵之天资，宛如一根奇妙的‘魔杖’，足以将泥沙筑成的监狱中搁置了许久的每一颗金粒都打捞上岸；心灵之天资，只要你沾到它的边，富裕便会不期而至——那不是偏爱，你不必惊奇，不是上帝的保佑，不是别人的恩惠——是你自身的财富，是你自为的改变，恰似一股融冰的和风，迎面吹来，你受到触动，你变得开朗，你一鸣惊人，你不必意外。或许，你依然不够确定，不够完美；或许，你依然比较稚嫩，比较脆弱。然而，你一定充满了不可名状的冲动，充满了崭新的意愿和朦胧的欲望，充满了你从未意识到的、奇怪的意志——冲创意志[23]，兼有逆反的心思……”

天运，我自晓得

I

我的命运，我知晓——总有一天，尼采的名字会同那些可怕的记忆联系在一起。那将是一场空前的灾难，那将是一次良心深处的碰撞，那将是一个对迄今为止的所信、所愿及其所尊崇的背叛。我，不是一个人，我，是一剂炸药。如此，鄙人何以成为某一宗教的发起人？宗教，乃是下等人的事。在同宗教人士接触之后，鄙人还得清洗自己的手。鄙人并不需要“信奉者”，因为鄙人从不信奉什么人，即便同下等人说话的事，鄙人也懒得动嘴去做。总有一个可怕的感觉，有一天，鄙人会被众人称作圣人。人们会说，难怪尼采老早就将那本书公诸于世，其实，那都是为了避免他人伤害我。鄙人不企图做“圣民”，也不希望成小丑。或许鄙人便是一个小丑，是小丑也罢，不是小丑也好，总之，迄今为止，没有什么人要比圣徒更虚伪的了。真理，必将出自“小丑”，也就是鄙人之口。不过，鄙人的真理是令人敬畏的，那是因为，所有迄今为止的谎

言全被唤作真理了。重估一切价值，这便是鄙人——“小丑”治愈人类过激行为的药方——“回归自我”乃是至上的原则。于我，便是精神和血肉的见证。鄙人，注定要成为人间第一个体面的人，知晓自己务必站在千年“虚假”的对立面。鄙人，第一个发现了真理就是真理的天机。不！鄙人，第一个嗅出了谎言就是谎言的味道，鄙人的嗅觉，便是鄙人的天赋，站在虚假真理的对立面上，揭穿从来没有为人所揭穿过的“谎言”，传诵从来没有为人传诵过的喜讯，此乃鄙人之天运啊。此一番天降之大任，舍我其谁？非斯人，何足堪肩？鄙人出世了，喜讯传来了，指望便有了。于是，天数注定，鄙人必成为真理的代言人。

当真理步入同千年“谎言”的搏杀时，人们必然要感到强烈的震撼，如地球在抽搐、在痉挛一般，像峡谷和大山在移位、在迁徙一般，那，便是人类生来都没有做过的梦。到那时，政治，将全然成为一种精神的战争；所有以往社会的权力结构，都将被抛入历史的垃圾堆，躺在“谎言”的沙滩上安息。地球上，将会发生一场从未有过的战争，唯有在鄙人出现之后，地球上才会产生一个“宏大的”政治。

II

假若命运的方舟，足以运载真正的伟人，何不寻而得之？鄙人的扎拉图斯拉，便会为你揭开这里的秘密。

假若要成为善恶的操控者，何不先做一个坚决的破坏者——破坏原有的价值观？

足见，大善与大恶同处一寓。然而，大善务必大扬之，大恶务必大抑之。

鄙人，乃史间最令人敬畏之人，然而，这并不意味着鄙人便是人间最慈善的人。我懂得，破坏足以带来快乐。在某种意义上，破坏越大，

快乐越多。是破坏，是快乐？二者均依他狄俄尼索斯的天性而定。然而，这一天性却不便于区分“口是”和“行非”。鄙人，乃是首屈一指的非道德主义者，实至名归的破坏主义者。

III

首屈一指的非道德主义者：君所名之曰扎拉图斯拉的大人物，其名其姓意味着什么？这里，本该问津者，却无人问津，于是鄙人便自问自答了：在善与恶的抗争中，乃是扎拉图斯拉第一个看到了事物发展的真实轨迹，并且将道德理念区分为动力、原因和自我消失三个范畴，纳入玄学的领域，这些便是扎拉图斯拉的贡献所在，同史间波斯人的最大特点是大相径庭的。其实，在这里，问题的本身便是问题的答案。正是扎拉图斯拉本人首先触动了道德理念的致命弱点，因此他必须首先认识到问题的严重性。而在这方面，扎拉图斯拉不仅具有比其他任何思想家更长、更多的经验——实际上整个人类历史，便是一个对所谓“世界道德秩序”命题的实验性反驳，更重要的是，扎拉图斯拉比历史上任何一个思想家，都更加接近真理。他的教义，也唯有他的教义，维持了真理的尊严，那是一个至高的德行。换言之，那是一个同懦弱的、逃避现实的“理想主义”截然相反的理念。即便将所有思想家的胆量叠加在一起，也比不了扎拉图斯拉的胆略。说老实话，或者不如直截了当地说，“理想主义”不过是波斯人的德行而已。鄙人说清楚了吗？试以扎拉图斯拉的真理观，对道德理念进行相反的自我克制，对道德主义者进行相反的自我抵御，使之向扎拉图斯拉贴近，向鄙人贴近——这，便是扎拉图斯拉其名其姓之真实意味所在了。

IV

实际上，所谓非道德主义者，是包含两层否定含义的。首先，鄙人否认那些迄今为止总被奉为高人、善人及慈善者一类的人。其次，鄙人还否认那些生来便被尊为贵人并且具有支配地位的人物，所谓道德的化

身——颓废的道德主义者，倒不如直截了当地说，鄙人所否认的第二类，便是那些基督教卫道士一类的人。

这里的第二类人，可被拟定为主导阶层，他们往往对慈善价值的估计过高。而这些在鄙人看来，偏偏基本上都是颓废的根源、体弱的症结，都是同健康向上的生命水火不相容的东西：岂不知，否定和破坏乃是肯定和建设的一种存在方式，是一种极其合理状态？首先，对待那些善者，鄙人得用心理学的方式。而要辨别一个人是属于哪个类型的人，人们得先估计一下他的自身价值。而要知道他的自身价值，便又得了解他的生存方式。谁晓得善者们的生存方式原来是扯谎。换言之，无论如何他们的生存目的绝不是考察现实社会的基本构成。彻言之，不管何时，他们也没有唤醒过人们慈善的本性，乃至于不管在什么情况下，他们连一个虽无远见却够善意的“干预”也决不会允许。将悲情从普遍意义上看作“异议”，看作某种必须废除的东西，那便是“愚顽透顶”了。而从一般意义上讲，其后果无异于一场真实的灾难，一次愚昧的厄运，几乎同一个驱除阴天的拙劣意欲相差无几。或许，不是“可惜”，便是“可怜”了。在整个社会的总体结构中，对现实的恐惧（如在情感、情欲以及冲创意志方面）在很大程度上，都变成了比微薄的幸福（所谓“善行”）更为重要的生命必需品。因为后者（幸福）总是被本能的虚假所限制，即使为了获得少许的自由的空间，人们都得小心翼翼。假若需要展示一下人类历史盲目乐观之后果，就既无法估量，也不可思议，却又大有必要。首先，乐观主义同悲观主义一样是颓废的，或许还是更有害的。扎拉图斯拉说道：“善人是从不说真话的。”善人教给你的不是虚假的“保护”，便是虚假的“安全”。人们生来就被包围在善者的谎言中，一切都被善者的谎言彻底扭曲了。好在世界并不仅仅为了善者的需要而缔造，温存的动物还足以从夹缝中找到自己狭小的存身之处。而一旦到处都成了“善者”、受骗者、温存的动物及慈善人士乃至“美丽的灵魂”，或者，像赫伯特·斯宾塞所希望的利他主义者的世界，那便意味着伟大人格的丧失，美好人类的阉割。于是，人类的地位将会变得无足轻重。这

些，便是基督教卫道士们意图达到的目的！准确地说，这便是卫道士们道德“真谛”之所在。正是在这个意义上，扎拉图斯拉将善者称为“灭亡之端倪”——“最后之人”。总之，在扎拉图斯拉的眼中，所谓“善者”，乃是人类最危险的族群，因为他们维护自己的存在是以牺牲社会的真理、人类的未来为代价。

“善者”是不会有什么新招的，他们永远是灭亡的端倪。“善者”将“主”钉上了十字架，“主”便将新的价值“钉”在了新的法案上。他们为了自己而牺牲未来，他们将人类的未来钉上了十字架！

“善者”，永远是灭亡的端倪……

无论世界的诽谤者们做过的伤害有多大，“善者”们所为的伤害，都是奇大无比的。

V

扎拉图斯拉，既然是“善者”的第一位心理医师，便必然是“恶者”的第一位知心朋友。堕落的族群要升格为最高的人群，必定要以其对立面——具有强大生命力和自信心的族群为牺牲代价。于是，温存的动物要发出其德行最辉煌、最灿烂的光芒时，那些异常的族群，便必得贬为“恶人”了。无论在何种意义上，只要“虚假”以“真理”的面目出现，“真实”便会从实际意义上肩负最坏的名声。对此，扎拉图斯拉坚信不疑：他说准确意义上的善识，即所谓“最好”的知识，使他对普通人群深感厌恶。也正是这种深恶痛绝的感触给他添上了“飞向遥远未来”的翅膀。他并不掩饰，正是在同“善者”人格相对立的意义上，他形成了自身超乎常人的秉性，即所谓“超人”的人格。而“善者”与所谓“正义”之士却将这个超凡之人——“超人”，唤作魔鬼……

你们是最“高大”的人，鄙人目所未及、眼所未见！然而，疑云却由

此而生。我偷偷地笑了，因为，我猜到你们会将“超人”称为魔鬼的！

在“高大”面前，你们的灵魂是那样的不堪入目，总以为“超人”会在所谓的“善行”面前，深感汗颜。

果真想知道扎拉图斯拉的真实人格吗？其实也不难，他笔下的人，便是活生生的人——现实中的人。在现实中，他毫不示弱，不疏远现实，也不迷恋现实，因为他便是现实。大家怕的，扎拉图斯拉也会怕；大家疑惑的，扎拉图斯拉也会疑惑。唯有这样，人类才会伟大起来。

VI

不过，在另一个意义上，鄙人之所谓“非道德主义者”这一概念，还可以作为区别的标志乃至荣誉的象征。为有这样一个概念，鄙人甚感骄傲，因为它使鄙人远离了整个基督的泛爱与仁慈。没有人会觉得基督的说教是真实的。于是，便需要从一个史间绝无仅有的心理学高度和深度上考察问题。基督的道德说教，对迄今为止的思想家来说，恰似荷马史诗中的女魔一般，有着蛊惑人心的意味。而当损害人类思想的毒素像泉水一般涌来时，在鄙人之前，何曾有人深入过炮制毒素的洞穴——世界毒流的源头，寻根问底？何曾有人以身存疑——猜想过毒素之洞穴、毒流之源头的真实存在？在鄙人之前，何曾有人成为哲学史上的心理学大师，又幸免于站在它的反面而堕落为“高级骗子”——理想主义者的命运？在鄙人之前，何曾有人见过真正的心理学说？于是，首当其冲者，便招来莫名的横祸，不由分说，这也是天命了。好在，鄙人也会第一个鄙视鄙视者的。自然，鄙视人家，必然给鄙人带来厄运。

VII

鄙人有讲明白吗？——鄙人，何以定格？何以区别于他人？唯有免戴了基督道德说教的面具而已。于是，鄙人便需要一个词语，这个词语

或者说这个概念，足以炫耀鄙人对任何人都无以幸免的“火药”味儿。对于鄙人，不能尽快打开这个词语的慧眼，便无异于在人性纯洁的良心表面涂上了一层厚厚的污泥，无异于将自我欺骗蜕变成了本能，无异于要泯灭了考察每一个事件、考究每一个原因、尊重每一个现实之冲创意志的基因[24]，无异于一个心理学家在犯罪问题上造了假。对基督教徒的道德说教视而不见，乃是不折不扣的犯罪——对生命的犯罪。在千年的历史上，在民族的兴亡中，最先和最后之间，哲学家和老夫人之间，如果仅仅区分了“五”到“六”个历史的瞬间，鄙人便要理所当然地坐在那第七个瞬间的席位上。所以，从这一点上看，人们相差无几。基督教徒，是迄今为止的“道德人”，是无以伦比的“奇怪人”。然而，无论是作为“道德人”还是“奇怪人”，他们荒唐、虚假、空虚、轻浮，因为他们连自己都要伤害——这一点，甚至连史间最大的骗子都得在梦中才足以做到。基督的道德说教，乃是“扯谎意志”[25]最恶毒的表现形式，乃是人类生命中不折不扣的喀耳刻女巫。因为它，人类便会走向灭亡。至此，令人震惊的不是贻误本身，也不是整个精神领域“善意”“修行”“体面”和“勇气”的千年匮乏，致使它们背叛了自身的价值，而是天性的缺失，准确地说，是天性的扭曲，致使人们将基督的教义奉为最高义理，并且以法律的方式凌驾于社会，迫使人们无条件地履行基督教的诫命，这无疑是一个可怕的事实！既然如此，大错所殃及的便不仅仅是某一个人，某一个民族，而是整个人类了！蔑视别人原本是生命的本能；“灵魂”与“精神”原本是毁坏肌体的元素；生命的某些先天状态原本是污秽的，比如性行为；甚至在那些为成功所做的基本努力中，也能找出个龌龊的本源来，说什么那都是不折不扣的利己主义。须知，“利己主义”这个概念的本身便有诋毁中伤的意味！另一方面，我们还可以通过那些诋毁和违背天性的概念符号看出问题，譬如什么“无私”“失重”“去个性”及“爱朋友”（交朋友的欲望），还有什么“高价值”和“价值的价值”之类，哟！这里都说了些什么呀？不对！莫非是人类自己要走向衰微？总得这样吗？不对！他们总是将颓废的东西奉为至上的法宝。这一点，难道有

错？所谓无私的道德说教，其实是不折不扣的价值贬值，譬如，将陈述句“我要死去”转换为祈使句“你们去死吧”，其实说教者的语气又何止于“祈使”而已！这，难道不是事实？这便是史间所兜售的道德逻辑，“唯一”的逻辑，所谓“无私”的道德义理压根儿就违背了生命的意志，摧残了生命的根基。是，谓之“泯灭意志”[26]也。

——话头儿暂且搁在这里，这里不妨设定不是人类在退化，而是那些人类的寄生虫——神父、牧师及教徒们，借助于道德理念的威力，将他们自己提升为决定人类命运的群体——在基督教的道德理念中，他们凭着直觉神化了自己的权力。于是，鄙人的顿悟便由此而生了：人类的教导者们、领导者们，还包括那些神学研究者们，你们个个都是颓废的人。因此，务必对有碍于人类生命的一切价值（观）进行重新估定，对所有道德理念进行确切定义。道德理念，是颓废者们特有的癖性，其中隐藏着他们向人类生命复仇的阴谋，而且，隐藏得非常之巧妙。对于这一定义，鄙人非认真对待不可。

VIII

鄙人有讲明白吗？此前，并没有借扎拉图斯拉之口，说出五年前尚不得脱口而出的那句话。揭去基督道德理念的假面具，乃是一件绝不会有平静结局的事件，甚至会酿成一场空前的大灾难。谁揭开这个秘密，谁便是一支不可忽视的力量，谁便会像命运之神一般，主宰命运的沉浮，并由此，将人类历史一分为二。有人要生活在他之前，有人必生活在他之后。那是一次真理的电闪雷鸣，不偏不倚，撞击着基督立足的制高点。谁抓住了为之击毁的目标，谁便会清楚地看到握在手中的真谛。此刻，史间一贯被呼之为“真理”的东西，在一瞬间将被认定为最有害、最恶毒、最秘密的谎言。原来，“促进”人类的发展，不过是一个冠以“神圣”二字的托词，目的又无非是为了巧妙地吮吸生命本身，使之贫血化而已——基督的道德理念不过是叫人们去相信吸血鬼的那些把戏罢

了。谁揭穿了道德理念的假面具，谁便同时揭开了所有价值观念的遮羞布；谁不再敬畏那些所谓最可尊敬，乃至已被宣告为圣徒一类的人，谁便会发现他们的致命伤——致命，乃是因为他们在玩弄把戏。“上帝”的问世，从一开始便构成了生命的对立面——一切都是有害的、有毒的、造谣中伤的，整个世间的敌意全冲着生命而来，从而构成了一个可怕的统一体！“此岸世界”和“彼岸世界”的割分，从一开始便剥夺了“唯有世界”[27]的真实价值，最终免除了人间真实生活的目标、理由和功课！“灵魂”“精神”，乃至“不死的灵魂”，从一开始便忽略了躯体的价值，从而使之独具“神圣”而不得健康。于是，生命中所有的事情都得严肃地对待，唯独养分、居所、整洁乃至气候，偏偏成了无足轻重之事！不是使之健康，而是救其“灵魂”，岂不构成了一个不断谢罪同耶稣救赎之间的无限循环！“罪孽”连同惩罚罪孽的手段——“严刑”，乃至“自由意志”的创造，其目的无非是将它们同人类的天性相混淆，从而将对天性的怀疑变成人类的第二天性！在“忘我”和“非我”的概念中，其颓废的实际象征性在于：迫于有害事物之引诱，而无以发现自身优势之所在。而“毁我”的实际象征性则在于：使症结的意义一般化，从而使“责任”“神圣”和“牧师”的概念深入化！最终，最可怕的是，在“善者”的概念里，一切公共的事业都变得脆弱、病态、建构不良，一切都因自我而遭罪，一切都因自我而灭亡。选举法被取消，一个同荣耀和高贵相对立、同拥护者相对立、同相信未来和保护未来的人相对立的思想被唾弃，之后，后者便被呼作罪人。所有这一切，便是为人所信的基督道德理念之所为！

——无耻！见鬼去吧！

IX

鄙人有讲明白吗？一个同十字架水火不相容的狄俄尼索斯信徒……

注释

[1]此为原文注释，英文原文是“We strive after the forbidden”（Ovid）。

[2]Zarathustra原译：《扎拉图斯拉如是说》，见陈鼓应著《尼采新论》之“尼采年谱”（世纪出版集团&上海人民出版社，2006年第一版，第156—122页）；其他相关译著也多依这个译法，比如杨恒达等译《尼采生存哲学》（九州出版社，2003年第一版，第268页）。另外，“扎拉图斯拉”尚有其他译法，如“查拉图斯特拉”“查拉图斯拉”等，这里采用了《辞海》（上海辞书出版社，1979年第一版，第2246页）的说法。——译者注

[3]“will to power”是尼采哲学中的重要概念，原译为“权力意志”，陈鼓应先生以为不妥，因为在《扎拉图斯拉的独白》中，这种意志，乃是一种“创造生命的意志”，见陈鼓应著《尼采新论》之“序一：生命的驱动力——‘冲创意志’的理解”（世纪出版集团&上海人民出版社，2006年第一版，第1—2页），与权力并无牵连；现依陈说，译为“冲创意志”。另外，周国平先生则将其译为“强力意志”，亦无不妥，见周国平著《尼采：在世纪的转折点上》（世纪出版集团&上海人民出版社，1986年第一版，第87页）；刘娟译《尼采传》（贵州人民出版社，2004年第一版）中也采用了“强力意志”的译法，见该书“目录”。——译者注

[4]The Wanderer and His Shadow是尼采三十六岁时的著述，原译《漂流者与其影子》，见张秀章等选编《尼采箴言录》（吉林人民出版社，2003年第一版，第202页）；另有《漫游者及其影子》的译法，见陈鼓应著《尼采新论》之“尼采年谱”（世纪出版集团＆上海人民出版社，2006年第一版）。——译者注

[5]这里虽将“the individual”译为“一个特定的个体”，但是依据这里的语用环境，这个“特定的个体”实际上应该就是指“上帝”而言的。——译者注

[6]塞勒斯特（公元前86—前34），罗马历史家，著有《喀提林阴谋》《朱古达战争》等。——译者注

[7]Schulpforta，原译“普福塔”，是尼采所在的中学校名，这里依音译采用了“舒尔普福塔”的地名译名（见《外国地名译名手册》，商务印书馆，1993年第一版），并在“舒尔”二字上加了括弧，以免误解。——译者注

[8]尼采的Laertiana全称应该是ANALECTA LAERTIANA。他的文章先附Diogenes Leartius（即《第欧根尼·拉尔修论集》）（Laer tiana）的若干古希腊语文本，然后是分析性文字，而分析文字则多是拉丁语。足见，尼采语文学造诣之深厚。

[9]蒙田（Montaigne，1533—1592），又译“蒙台涅”，文艺复兴时期法兰西思想家和散文作家，详见《辞海》（上海辞书出版社，1970年，第一版）第3725页。——译者注

[10]《曼弗雷德》，是拜伦于1817年发表的诗剧，反映他对欧洲民族解放运动的悲观失望情绪。——译者注

[11]浮士德，欧洲中世纪传说中的人物，为获得知识和权力，向魔鬼出卖自己的灵魂；德国作

家歌德创作同名诗剧《浮士德》，这里的字里行间均流露出尼采并不看好歌德才华的情绪。——译者注

[12]撒克逊人是五六世纪入侵不列颠并定居在那里的日耳曼民族，他们曾洗劫城镇和乡村，不列颠人或被杀戮，或沦为奴隶，或被驱赶至西部、西北部山区，大部分人则同入侵者融合，形成了后来的英格兰人（或称为英吉利人）。这里，尼采或许是因为撒克逊人的野蛮入侵而对其存有偏见。参见《中国大百科全书》（外国历史II）：英国历史（第1095页），中国大百科全书出版社，北京，上海，1990年1月第一版。——译者注

[13]Human，All Too Human。从原译：《人性的，太人性的》，见陈鼓应著《尼采新论》之“尼采年谱”，世纪出版集团＆上海人民出版社，2006年第一版。——译者注

[14]这里的诗句已有一个译文，可以参阅，见张秀章等选编《尼采箴言录》（吉林人民出版社，2003年第一版），第161—162页。——译者注

[15]这里所述的道理，恰同国人之所谓“大智若愚”一般；于是，“特智”便“若灾”“若难”了。——译者注

[16]“amor fati”，是一个拉丁语汇，其大意是“love of fate”或者“love of one's fate”，这里姑且译作“知命”，但并不等同于中国文化中的“知（天）命”。依据全书的语境，结合尼采的观点，这里的“知命”，应该解释为“知天性”才对，因为“知天性”便会爱生命，从而激活“创造生命的意志”（Der Wille zur Macht，即英文的“The Will to Power”），以资成就未来。——译者注
the will to power，仍译为“冲创意志”，参见前文第11页注释2。
——译者注

[17]V.Widmann，又译惠特曼、魏得曼。——译者注。

[18]Beyond Good and Evil，一译《善恶的彼岸》、一译《善与恶之外》、一译《尼采论善恶》，分别见：张秀章等选编《尼采箴言录》之“尼采年谱”（吉林人民出版社，2003年，第一版）；陈鼓应著《尼采新论》之“尼采年谱”（世纪出版集团＆上海人民出版社，2006年，第一版）和朱泱译《尼采论善恶》（团结出版社，2006年，第一版）。——译者注

[19]“超人”（superman），是尼采哲学中的重要概念，是他在新的世界观、人生观和价值观的基础上所设定的新价值的创造者。尼采的理想人格是由“超人”来代表的，尼采的哲学理念是由“超人”去体现的，因而尼采的哲学也是以超人学说而著称的。——译者注

[20]尼采自称波兰人的后裔，又以法兰西人为至尊，于是，当受到斯拉夫人群的敬重时，自然会感慨一番了。——译者注

[21]贺拉斯（Horace，公元前65—前8），又译“霍瑞斯”，原名Quintus Horatius Flaccus，罗马诗人及讽刺文学家。——译者注

[22]毋庸讳言，这里用“她”指代《扎拉图斯拉的独白》一书是不大恰当的，因为尼采的骨子里是蔑视女性的，姑且用之。——译者注

[23]这里将“new ill will”译为“从未意识到的、奇怪的意志”。其实，依据这里的语境，这种意志就是陈鼓应先生所译的“冲创意志”，即所谓“创造生命的意志”，参见前文第11页注释2。——译者注

[24]这里，依据上下文将“fundamental will”译为“冲创意志的基因”，可参考前文第11页注释2。——译者注

[25]同上文的“冲创意志”（the will to the power）相对，这里将“the will to the lie”译为“扯谎意志”，以构成一对相反相成的汉译概念，因为在尼采那里二者本来就是一对因对立而存在的哲学概念；另外参见前文第11页注释2。——译者注

[26]依据行文的逻辑，先有“冲创意志”，后有“扯谎意志”，故将这里的“a will to the end”再译为“泯灭意志”，相为呼应。——译者注

[27]将“the only world”译为“唯有世界”，以区别于基督世界的“此岸世界”与“彼岸世界”，从而凸显尼采的真实世界观。——译者注

偶像的黄昏
——怎样用锤子从事哲学

箴言，足以抒怀

1.心理学起步于无所事事。

什么是心理学？——一种恶习？

2.勇者未必勇于其所知。

3.遁世者，不为畜牲，必为上帝——亚里士多德如是说。不过，也有例外，那便是：既为畜牲，又为上帝——一位哲人补充道。

4.“是真理，皆朴素”——莫非是谎言不成？

5.够了，烦死人了——智慧，绝非卖弄之所及也。

6.听其“自然”——身，便不“紧张”；心，则会自由。

7.告诉我——那到底是：上帝造就人类之误，还是人类崇信上帝之错？

8.在生命的战场上驰骋——不被枪杀，便会强大。

9.自助者，人助之——基督慈善者之原则。

10.行动起来吧，勇敢地！不要见死不救！——事后忏悔，无济于事！

11.驴子尚堪悲哀乎？为包袱所压，不可忍受，亦不可摆脱？哲人的困境。

12.知道了活着的理由，何必在乎活着的方式？人，何必为福分所累？不过，对于英吉利人，则另当别论了。

13.男人造就了女人——所用何物？上帝的肋骨，上帝的“理想”……

14.汝，追寻什么，十倍于汝，百倍于汝，鲜花于汝？岂不水中捞月，一场空也！

15.生不逢时者，不如时髦之士为人所信；然则，为人所闻者，多不胜数矣！鄙人，便是了。准而言之：鄙人一方，不求人知。此，为官者尚不例外。

16.女流之际，可有“真理”？哟，她们并不晓得真理，对吧？这样说，还不至于造成彼此廉耻之心的伤害吧？

17.艺术家便是艺术家，其要求总是低微的，其奢望总是简单的：面包与艺术，生计与追寻……

18.不善养意志者，必善找借口——意志是不养自成的（“信仰”的原则）。

19.奇怪！有德行和博大襟怀的人，眼睛偏偏盯上了老百姓度日的那点儿优越性。这些人到底要做什么？有“德行”，弃“实惠”（反犹太主义者的家门上都这么写）。

20.一个十足的女人糟蹋学问，便像踩死了一只脚下的蚂蚁一般若无其事。试想，她像在做什么试探一般小心翼翼，东张张，西望望，瞧瞧有什么人在“回眸”，如此便引起人家的再“回眸”。

21.虚幻的德行，在以下的情形下是吃不开的：一个在钢丝上走路的人，要么走稳了，要么便会掉下来，要么还得跳下来。

22.“不法分子无遁词”——怎么俄罗斯人偏偏尽废话？

23.“德意志的智慧”：熬过十八年，干戈化玉帛。

24.寻找初始者的踪迹，常常得学着螃蟹横向而行；寻找历史的轨迹，偏偏得学会逆流而上。于是，一位历史学家，往往是一个宁信前贤，不信后秀的人。

25.据说，惬意的感觉足以抵御流感的袭击。谁见过一位穿着时髦的女人得了感冒症？！其实，女人几乎是不必装扮的。

26.对于主张条理化者，鄙人一概表示怀疑，并敬而远之。因为，接近条理化，必然疏远综合化。

27.女流多“深沉”——何以见得？谁都很难摸清她们的“底”。其实，不如说女流从来不肤浅便是了。

28.一个阳刚气十足的女人，你要远离她；一位阴柔气饱满的女子，她会撇开你。

29.“良心之前咬你咬得多么重啊！真这样的，是好牙吗？今天，又是哪里不舒服？”——牙科大夫如是说。

30.鲁莽而轻率之举，少有一而止者也。何？首举，损多而益少，不安。故，举其二，随乃慎而为之者也。

31.遭遇践踏之际，蠕虫便会卷起身来。此，精明之举也，足以减少为人蹂躏之几率。依伦理学之术语而言：乃“谦卑”者也。

32.对谎言和伪装的憎恶源自强烈的荣辱观。该憎恶亦源于卑怯，诚如谎言为圣训所不容。故，既为懦夫，岂可扯谎？

33.幸福的代价太低了，不过一个风笛的价值而已。没有音乐的生活是悲哀的，不过，德意志人则会把上帝的声音当作音乐的。

34.虚无主义是不让“人们思考和写作”（G.弗劳伯特），因为那是没有意义的。鄙人，终于了解了你，虚无主义的同胞！刻苦、勤奋，乃至兢兢业业，都是对神圣精神的冒犯，唯有那马路边的逛游中得来的主意才是最有价值的。

35.心理学家们，常常像马匹一般焦虑不安而难以驾驭，看着自己的影子在面前晃动。谁晓得，他们得离开原本固定的位置，便可以欣赏到更为广阔的景象。

36.非道德主义者，在多大程度上伤害了所谓的德行？哪知道远不如无政府主义者伤害了所谓的王权。一旦他们王冠的权威受到了冲击，他们一定会加固自己王权的宝座。所谓的德行，必须受到冲击。

37.你，又要走啦？这回，该像牧人一般了？难道是偶然间，就这一回了？不过，要是第三回的话，你还可以像逃兵一般。良心第一问。

38.你是在玩真的？还是在演戏？是代替别人？还是被别人代替？噢，原来你不过是在模仿演戏而已。良心第二问。

39.鄙人，寻找过伟人的踪迹，不过，除了其理想的光环以外，便一无所获了。——失落者如是说。

40.你是要旁观，还是要介入，还是要离开远观？良心第三问。

41.是留下来彼此相伴，还是继续前行，还是选择独行？一个人，

必须明白自己要做什么、自己在做什么。良心第四问。

42.于我，这些不过是台阶而已。攀上台阶，只是要越过台阶。奇怪的是，有人总以为鄙人要定居在台阶之上。

43.证明你对了，又能怎么样！鄙人的问题是，对的次数太多了。现在，你笑得最好；最后，你还得笑得最好。

44.鄙人，幸福的妙诀——是也，非也，一条直线、一个目标。

贻误，独有四遭

I

首误者，乃原因结果之错位也。没有什么贻误比将原因同结果相混淆更危险的了。鄙人将它看作颓废的内在原因所在。而且，从古至今，它都足以称得上是最古老而又最年轻的习惯性贻误了。因为，在人们的心中它已经被正当化，乃至于被奉若神明，名之曰“宗教”，名之曰“道德”。每一条宗教和道德的教义中都包含着这些内容，神父及其道德条律的制定者们都是颓废的炮制者。这里，试举一例，以便说明这个道理。众所周知，在《科尔纳罗节食主义》一书中，作者将其“瘦身食谱”作为长寿和幸福的秘诀推销给读者，而且，是作为最有效力的道德处方兜售给读者。很少有什么书会流传如此之广泛。即便在今天，在英格兰每年都有成千上万册的《瘦身食谱》付梓印刷。鄙人从不怀疑除了《圣经》以外，没有任何书的危害会比《瘦身食谱》更大，缩短寿命的几率会比《瘦身食谱》更多。这是奇迹，名副其实的奇迹，其伪装是何等的巧妙，以至于无人可以察觉。究其理论原因之所在，无非是将结果误以为是原因罢了。聪明的意大利人从其食谱中悟出了“长寿”的秘诀：要“长寿”者，必备一个迟缓的新陈代谢系统；要“长寿”者，必具一个偌

小的消化能量——此便是《瘦身食谱》的先决条件。吃多，吃少，不由食者自己决定；省食，节约，也不是食者自己的“意愿”。因为，多吃了，食者便会得病。相反，如果食者没能成为那种骨瘦如柴的人，就还得继续按部就班地依食谱用膳。于是，一个我们这个时代的学者，如果需要大量的智能消耗，他便只能成为科尔纳罗主义摄生法的牺牲品了。

这便是科尔纳罗节食主义的信条。

II

各种宗教及其教义最普遍的布道方式是：“做……，如此这般；忍……，如此这般，你便会幸福！否则……如此这般……”每一种教义，每一种宗教都是必须履行的责任。鄙人将此唤作原罪恶的起因——不朽的荒唐，莫名的失常。谁晓得，这种布道的方式已经走向了它的反面，成为鄙人“重估一切价值”的第一个案例。一个神志清楚的人，一个“幸福的人”，必定做出某种行为，而对其他行为又必定做出某种本能的回避，同时将这种生理感受的过程传递给与他相关的人和事。在这一过程中，他的德行便是他幸福的结果。长寿和多子多孙并不是对德行的奖赏，因为德行本身意味着新陈代谢的降低，而新陈代谢的降低也会长寿，也能多子多孙。简言之，这便是科尔纳罗节食主义的结果。教会及其教义都认为：“罪孽和奢华足以使一个种族、一个民族灭亡。”鄙人的回答则是：从生理学的意义上讲，当一个民族走向退化、濒临灭亡时，罪孽和奢华便油然而生了。换言之，一旦一个民族有对奢侈物的需求越来越强、越来越大的时候，其心灵便会感到极度的疲劳。而一个年轻人，则会过早地憔悴和衰老。于是，他的朋友们便会说，那都是某种疾病所致。可是，鄙人认为：一个人得了病而无力抵抗，乃是他生命枯竭和遗传性疲劳的表现。有报纸读者说，如果总是这样的阴差阳错，这个群体便会毁灭自身。一位高级政治人士则会说，一个经常阴差阳错的群体实际上已经结束了自己的生命，因为，就其本能而言，这个群体已经

不再安逸。每一个贻误，不管是什么样的贻误，都是本能退化的结果。都是意志退化的结果。因此，人们需要从德行上给“坏事”（贻误）下一个定义。每一件善事都是生性如此，因而也是轻松的，必要的，自由的。而每一次尝试，则都是有缺陷的，上帝同勇士不同，要特别地加以区分（用鄙人的话说便是：脚轻，乃上帝之重要属性也）。

III

二误者，乃因果关系之不实也。

人们总以为自己是知道事情原委的，然而，人们的知识从何而来？准确地讲，人们为什么要相信自己所拥有的知识呢？是从宗教王国的“灵光”里来的吗？迄今为止的事实，尚不足以证明这些都是真的。在意愿行为中，人们总以为自己是事物的动因，至少会以为自己是在这一过程中捕捉事物的因果关系。于是，人们从不怀疑意识活动便是在寻找所有行为的“前提”，也就是原因。而且，只要人们寻找它们，人们便会发现它们，即行为的动机。因为，一旦离开了动机，人们便不能自由行为，自然也便谈不上为行为负责了。既然如此，谁还会争辩思想是由什么引起的呢？谁还会怀疑思想便是“自己”产生的命题呢？在以上三个直接同因果关系相连的“内因”中，最重要且最富说服力的原因便是意志。作为原因的意识（思维）和作为原因的自我（主体），不过是因果关系中作为经验主义，在意志的基础上建立起来的一个已知事实所产生的附属概念而已。之后，人们便可以较好地思考了。如今，人们绝不轻信只言片语。因为，“内部世界”充满了不确定的因素和不可靠的线索：意志便是其中之一。意志不会激活什么，因而便不再说明什么。意志只是事件的伴随物而已，因而便可以忽略不计。而所谓“动机”，其实又是一个误会。因为它不过是意识的一个表面现象，行为的一个伴随物罢了，与其说它揭示了行为的“前提”，不如说它隐蔽了行为的“前提”，这样更准确一些。至于“自我主义”，则完全是一个无稽之谈，一个虚构的概念，

一个文字游戏罢了。正是它全然窒息了思维、感觉和意志！之后，还会发生什么呢？其实，从来就没有什么精神的理由！让一切支撑精神理由的所谓经验主义见鬼去吧！这便是随后发生的事！人们巧妙地滥用了“经验主义”，而正是在经验主义的基础上，人们创设了一个新的世界——一个理由的世界，一个意志的世界，一个精神的世界。还好，一个最为古老而长寿的心理学在这里发生了作用。的确，它并不神秘，对于它，每一个事件都是一个行为，每一个行为都是一个意志的反映。于是，整个世界便构成了一个多元的动因复合体，一个附着在每一个事件上的动因（“主体”）复合物。人们在其自身之外，设计了三个“内因”——“意志”“精神”和“自我”，并且对其深信不疑。同时，还由“自我”的概念中导出“存在”的概念来，并且根据自己的形象假定“物”便是人们所拥有的东西，根据“自我”的概念假定“物”便是引发事件的原因。难怪，后来人们从“物”中所发现的总是他们原来置入的东西！需要重申的是：“物”本身，或者“物”这个概念不过是作为“自我”信念对原因的反映而已。机械论者、物理学家，先生们，你们可曾晓得：即便是你们的原子论学说，依然存在不少疑问，依然包含了不少基本的心理学问题！这里姑且不论“具体”怎么样了，难道你们不会“脸红”，不会“惊诧”吗？尊敬的玄学家们，将精神领域的贻误，当作事物发生的理由，从而加以实地应用，并以此来度量现实！这，便是人们奉之为“上帝”的精神境界了！

IV

三误者，乃事物原因之虚构也。

这里，就从一个梦中的故事说起吧，比如在某种意义上，一个远程炮弹的射程，总会被顺理成章地误计为发射炮弹的原因所在。其实，准确地说，在这个滑稽的故事中，其主人公不过是做梦者一人而已，颇有点耸人听闻的味道。不仅如此，这种“感受”还会被当作一种共鸣而继续

流传。一般都是维持现状，一旦有了机会，这种“虚构原因”便会自动占据突出的地位。于是，这便不再是一个偶然的事件，而是一个必须追究“意味”的问题了。炮弹的射入是有原因的，又是逆时序而展开的，这是显而易见的。然而，动机作为后来的东西却被首先经历了，而且常常像电闪雷鸣一般被数以百计的细节所掩盖，随之炮弹才射入的。究竟发生了什么？概念被误解了，由某种状态所引起的结果，被人们以引起这种状态的原因而接受。其实，人们完全可以在梦醒之后，试做同一件事情。这样，人们就会发现，在这一过程中，大多数人的一般感觉都是抑制、压迫、紧张和突然，人们的器官，特别是神经系统便会做出相应的反应，从而激活体内虚构原因的心理机制。在这一过程中，人们总想知道引起各种感觉的原因——为什么会感觉良好，又为什么会感觉不好？然而，仅仅知道人们在感觉这个事实，还是很不够，人们还得接受这个事实。因为，只有人们带着某种动机完成了这一事件，才能意识到这个事实。在这种情况下，记忆会在人们并没有意识到的情况下，回忆起先前的同类情形，并且将这种状态所产生的结果翻译成“原因”，而不是因果关系。毫无疑问，认为这些观念（即在意识中所伴随发生的观念），都是原因的观点，也是由记忆所唤醒的东西。因此，将某种状态产生的结果解读为“原因”的情形，便形成了定势，乃至于从事实上阻碍或者阻止了人们探知事物真正原因的通路。

V

关于原因虚构的心理学诠释。

从未知，追溯已知，乃是一种消解痛楚、抚慰心灵，从而使人的欲念得以满足的心理过程。而且，这一过程还足以给人充实的感觉。危险、骚扰和焦虑伴随未知——第一天性之功用在驱除这些消极的情绪。于是，这里的第一原则便是：有所解释总比无所解释好。因为，实际上，这是一个如何摆脱无以忍受之观念的问题。而为了摆脱这些观念，

人们并不十分在乎用什么手段。第一种观点认为，其实，未知就是已知，只是因为该观点对他们有太多的好处，所以人们将其奉为“真理”而已。快乐和效力，乃是一个真理的准则。可见，虚构原因的心理机制便是靠可怕的感觉来维持并激活的。其实“为什么”这个问题，并不为自身之故去阐解缘由，倒是围绕着抚慰心灵、释放积怨、舒缓压力的原因。一切已知的、已经历的和贮存在记忆之中的事物都被设定为原因，这便是需要的第一个结果。而一切新的、未经历的、奇怪的东西又都被排除在原因之外。于是，就不仅需要对原因进行解释，对精选或优选类型进行解释，而且还需要对以最快速度和最高频率将新的、未经历的、奇怪的感觉排除在外的过程进行解释，这些便是最普通的解释类型了。而进行这些解释的结果则会导致一种特殊的原因归属型解释越来越占优势，并且集中于一个系统之中，从而最终支配其他类型的解释。换言之，原因归属型解释便会直接将其他原因及其解释类型全都排除在外。

一位银行家，最先想到的一定是他的生意；一个基督徒，最先想到的一定是他的罪孽；而一位美女，最先想到的一定是她的爱情。

VI

整个道德和宗教的王国都应该归属于原因虚构的范畴之内。

关于心理“不悦”感的阐释。

“不悦”或者“不快”的感觉可能来自他人对我们的敌意（或者邪念——最富有宗教意味的情形，常被误以为是女巫歇斯底里的发作）。这种感觉，也可能来自我们无以证明的行为（譬如“罪孽”感、由于生理不适而引起的“自责”感，因为人们总会为自己不如意的事情找个理由）。这种感觉，可能来自惩罚，来自“报应”，人们本不应该欠的债、本不应该还的情（在叔本华的概括中这些都是厚颜无耻的东西，其哲学命题是它反映了基督道德的真实面目，是对生命的亵渎与中伤。“每一次剧痛

——无论是生理的还是心理的，都是人们理应承受的。因为若非如此，它便不会问津于人。”《意志与理想的世界》第二部分第666页）。这种感觉，还可能由草率的、拙劣的行为所诱发（被设定为“原因”而“应该责备”的情绪、情感和意识，被解读为由心理上理应承受的忧伤所引起生理痛苦）。关于心理“愉悦”感的阐释。这种感觉，可能来自对上帝的信任；这种感觉，可能来自对善行的意识（有时，就连一个诸如良好消化一类的生理状态，也会被误以为是所谓的“良心”）；这种感觉，可能来自成功的喜悦（一个天真的谬论——在自疑病或者帕斯卡症的状态下，即便成功了也绝不会带来什么愉快的感觉）；这种感觉，还可能来自信任、希望和基督教徒之间的兄弟之爱——所谓基督之德行。实际上，所有这些预设性的阐释都是从结果上考虑问题的，而且似乎将“愉悦”感和“不悦”感全都解读为某种虚伪的“方言”。人之所以处于希望的状态，乃是因为作为其生理基本的感觉是强悍的、充裕的；人之所以相信上帝，乃是因为丰富而强悍的感觉足以使之平静下来。足见，道德与宗教完全陷入了错误的心理学阐释之中。在每一种具体的情形下，它们把原因错误地当成了结果，或者将这个信以为真的结果错误地当成了真理，或者将某种意识下的状态错误地当成了这一状态的因果关系。

VII

四误者，乃自由意志之失也。

如今，无论在什么意义上，人们都已经不再赞同“自由意志”的观念了，因为“自由意志”意味着什么，人们是非常清楚的。神学之士们，在其所有的手段中最声名狼藉的一点，不过是为了使人类在神学的意义上负有他们自己的责任和义务罢了。换言之，不过是为了使人类紧紧地依附于“神”的威力而已。于是，鄙人的责任便在于对此作一个心理学的解读。

世上充满着对责任和义务的拷问。如果考察一下一个人处在某种状

态下的意志、意图及其责任和义务行为的话，便足以察觉其天真无邪的本性已然被剥夺殆尽。其实，“意志”教义所创设的基本目的原本便是为了惩罚人们。换言之，原本便是为了让人们找到负罪的感觉。整个旧日的心理学——关于意志的心理学，都是以作者及处于社会上层之牧师们的主观期望为出发点的，以便为他们自己设定了颁布惩罚条例的权力，甚至还期望同时再为上帝设定一个颁布惩罚条例的权力。在这些条例中，人被认为是“自由的”，这是为了让他们找到负罪的感觉。于是，每一个行为都被认为是自愿的。换言之，每一个行为都是发自个体自我意识的。就这样，心理学中最虚伪的东西竟变成了最基本的东西，从而编入了心理学的每一条原则。如今，当人们从相反的立场上审度问题的时候，特别是当我们非道德主义者竭尽全力，以便从地球上驱除伏罪和惩罚的理念，从而净化心理学、史学、人性，乃至社会诸部门及其法令条款环境时，扑入我们视野的依然是神学之士们的激进主张。这些主张，依然无从与世俗的观念同日而语，依然在利用道德秩序的理念，通过“惩罚”和“伏罪”的手段，浸染着人类天真无邪的心灵。

足见，基督教之品性不过是刽子手们独有的形而上学罢了。

VIII

那么，我们的学说又该是什么呢？

从来便没有什么救世主足以改变人类的禀性，上帝不会，社会不会，父母不会，祖上不会，人类自己也不会（康德提出过一个最终为人们所拒绝的荒谬概念，叫做“概念自由”。在康德之前，或许柏拉图也曾涉及过这一概念）。没有人可以对自身的存在、自身的模样、或者其所生存的环境，负有什么责任和义务之类的事情。决定人类天性的东西是很难同决定其阅历和命运的东西分得清楚的。人类的命运，不是靠一个特殊的设计、意愿、企图便可以决定的；人类的问题，也不是靠实现几个“人之典范”“福之样板”乃至“德之化身”便足以解决的。足见，企图给

人类的天性设定某种人为的“目标”之类的东西，乃是一种荒唐的做法。这里，之所以借用“目标”这个概念是因为，在现实中是没有什么目标的。“一”是必要的，“一”是未来的一部分，“一”属于整体，“一”在整体之中，从来就没有什么能够判断、测度、比喻，乃至惩罚我们人格的。因为，那样会导致人类整体为之所判断、揣度、比喻，乃至惩罚。离开了人类整体，一切都将不复存在！于是，谁都不再负有责任和义务，而所谓人格的表现也将无以追溯其恰当的原因，作为整体的世界便既不是感觉的中枢，也不再有“精神”的问题，唯此，方是伟大的革命；唯此，才足以恢复人性之清白与无辜。足见，“上帝”才是迄今为止人类生存的最大障碍。我们否认上帝，而在否认上帝的同时，便否认了上帝赋予人类的责任和义务。唯此，方足以救赎世界的未来。

铁锤，为我代言！

“何以如此之坚硬？”木炭曾对钻石说，“莫非是因为彼此尚不够亲近？”

“何以如此之软弱？”哟，我的兄弟们，我这里还得问问你们呢，“莫非是因为彼此尚不是兄弟？”

何以如此之软弱？无以抵抗，还是卑躬屈节？何必抑郁，何必克制？莫非命运之前景，如此之渺茫？

如果你不是命运之神，如果你不够百折不挠，你，何以同鄙人分享胜利之喜悦？

如果你的“坚硬”不足以击败对手，而是被对手击得溃不成军，有一天，你又何以同鄙人一起，再造那崭新的世界？

如果所有的创造都是“坚硬”的。那么何不将你的手紧贴在千年祈福

的祭坛上？恰似紧贴在平日里祈福的烛台前。那种感觉，一定是幸福的。

将你千年至福的意愿记下来，恰似记录在金属制成的模板上，比金属要“坚硬”，比金属要高贵，因为最高贵的，乃是最“坚硬”的。

这，便是新制的法台，我一定要将它递给您。哟，我的兄弟们，“坚硬”起来吧！

Friedrich Nietzsche

Why I am so wise

TRANSLATED BY R. J. HOLLINGDALE

PENGUIN BOOKS-GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Ecce Homo

How One Becomes What One Is

Foreword

1

SEEING that I must shortly approach mankind with the heaviest demand that has ever been made on it, it seems to me indispensable to say who I am. This ought really to be known already: for I have not neglected to 'bear witness' about myself. But the disparity between the greatness of my task and the smallness of my contemporaries has found expression in the fact that I have been neither heard nor even so much as seen. I live on my own credit, it is perhaps merely a prejudice that I am alive at all?... I need only to talk with any of the 'cultured people' who come to the Ober-Engadin in the summer to convince myself that I am not alive... Under these circumstances there exists a duty against which my habit, even more the pride of my instincts revolts, namely to say: Listen to me! for I am thus and thus. Do not, above all, confound me with what I am not!

2

I am, for example, absolutely not a bogey-man, not a moral-monster - I am even an antithetical nature to the species of man hitherto honoured as virtuous. Between ourselves, it seems to me that precisely this constitutes part of my pride. I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysos, I prefer to be even a satyr rather than a saint. But you have only to read this writing. Perhaps I have succeeded in giving expression to this antithesis in a cheerful and affable way - perhaps this writing had no point at all other than to do this. The last thing I would promise would be to 'improve' mankind. I erect no new idols; let the old idols learn what it means to have legs of clay. To overthrow idols (my word for 'ideals') - that rather is my business. Reality has been deprived of its value, its meaning, its veracity to the same degree as an ideal world has been fabricated... The 'real world' and the 'apparent world' - in plain terms: the fabricated world and reality... The lie of the ideal has hitherto been the curse on reality, through it mankind itself has become mendacious and false down to its deepest instincts - to the point of worshipping the inverse values to those which alone could guarantee it prosperity, future, the exalted

right to a future.

3

He who knows how to breathe the air of my writings knows that it is an air of the heights, a robust air. One has to be made for it, otherwise there is no small danger one will catch cold. The ice is near, the solitude is terrible - but how peacefully all things lie in the light! how freely one breathes! how much one feels beneath one! - Philosophy, as I have hitherto understood and lived it, is a voluntary living in ice and high mountains - a seeking after everything strange and questionable in existence, all that has hitherto been excommunicated by morality. From the lengthy experience afforded by such a wandering in the forbidden I learned to view the origin of moralizing and idealizing very differently from what might be desirable: the hidden history of the philosophers, the psychology of their great names came to light for me. - How much truth can a spirit bear, how much truth can a spirit dare? that became for me more and more the real measure of value. Error (- belief in the ideal -) is not blindness, error is cowardice... Every acquisition, every step forward in knowledge is the result of courage, of severity towards oneself, of cleanliness with respect to oneself... I do not refute ideals, I merely draw on gloves in their presence... Nitimur in vetitum:* in this sign my philosophy will one day conquer, for what has hitherto been forbidden on principle has never been anything but the truth.-

4

- Within my writings my Zarathustra stands by itself. I have with this book given mankind the greatest gift that has ever been given it. With a voice that speaks across millennia, it is not only the most exalted book that exists, the actual book of the air of the heights - the entire fact man lies at a tremendous distance beneath it - it is also the profoundest, born out of the innermost abundance of truth, an inexhaustible well into which no bucket descends without coming up filled with gold and goodness. Here there speaks no 'prophet', none of those gruesome hybrids of sickness and will to power called founders of religions. One has above all to hear correctly the tone that proceeds from this mouth, this halcyon tone, if one is not to do pitiable injustice to the meaning of its wisdom. 'It is the stillest words which bring the

storm, thoughts that come on doves' feet guide the world -'

The figs are falling from the trees, they are fine and sweet: and as they fall their red skins split. I am a north wind to ripe figs.

Thus, like figs, do these teachings fall to you, my friends: now drink their juice and eat their sweet flesh! It is autumn all around and clear sky and afternoon -

Here there speaks no fanatic, here there is no 'preaching', here faith is not demanded: out of an infinite abundance of light and depth of happiness there falls drop after drop, word after word - a tender slowness of pace is the tempo of these discourses. Such things as this reach only the most select; it is an incomparable privilege to be a listener here; no one is free to have ears for Zarathustra ... With all this, is Zarathustra not a seducer?... But what does he himself say when for the first time he again goes back into his solitude? Precisely the opposite of that which any sort of 'sage', 'saint', 'world-redeemer' and other décadent would say in such a case... He does not only speak differently, he is different...

I now go away alone, my disciples! You too now go away and be alone! So I will have it.

Go away from me and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he has deceived you.

The man of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies but also to hate his friends.

One repays a teacher badly if one remains only a pupil. And why, then, should you not pluck at my laurels?

You respect me; but how if one day your respect should tumble? Take care that a falling statue does not strike you dead!

You say you believe in Zarathustra? But of what importance is Zarathustra? You are my believers: but of what importance are all believers?

You had not yet sought yourselves when you found me. Thus do all believers; therefore all belief is of so little account.

Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I return to you...

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

On this perfect day, when everything has become ripe and not only the grapes are growing brown, a ray of sunlight has fallen on to my life: I looked behind

me, I looked before me, never have I seen so many and such good things together. Not in vain have I buried my forty-fourth year today, I was entitled to bury it - what there was of life in it is rescued, is immortal. The first book of the Revaluation of all Values, the Songs of Zarathustra, the Twilight of the Idols, my attempt to philosophize with a hammer - all of them gifts of this year, of its last quarter even! How should I not be grateful to my whole life? - And so I tell myself my life.

Why I am So Wise

1

THE fortunateness of my existence, its uniqueness perhaps, lies in its fatality: to express it in the form of a riddle, as my father I have already died, as my mother I still live and grow old. This twofold origin, as it were from the highest and the lowest rung of the ladder of life, at once décadent and beginning - this if anything explains that neutrality, that freedom from party in relation to the total problem of life which perhaps distinguishes me. I have a subtler sense for signs of ascent and decline than any man has ever had, I am the teacher par excellence in this matter - I know both, I am both. - My father died at the age of thirty-six: he was delicate, lovable and morbid, like a being destined to pay this world only a passing visit - a gracious reminder of life rather than life itself. In the same year in which his life declined mine too declined: in the thirty-sixth year of my life I arrived at the lowest point of my vitality - I still lived, but without being able to see three paces in front of me. At that time - it was 1879 - I relinquished my Basel professorship, lived through the summer like a shadow in St Moritz and the following winter, the most sunless of my life, as a shadow in Naumburg. This was my minimum: 'The Wanderer and his Shadow' came into existence during the course of it. I undoubtedly knew all about shadows in those days... In the following winter, the first winter I spent in Genoa, that sweetening and spiritualization which is virtually inseparable from an extreme poverty of blood and muscle produced 'Daybreak'. The perfect brightness and cheerfulness, even exuberance of spirit reflected in the said work is in my case compatible not only with the profoundest physiological weakness, but even with an extremity of pain. In the midst of the torments which attended an uninterrupted three-day headache accompanied by the laborious vomiting of phlegm - I possessed a dialectical clarity par excellence and thought my way very cold-bloodedly through things for which when I am in better health I am not enough of a climber, not refined, not cold enough. My readers perhaps know the extent to which I regard dialectics as a symptom of décadence, for example in the most famous case of all: in the case of Socrates. - All morbid disturbances of the intellect, even that semistupefaction consequent on fever, have remained to this day

totally unfamiliar things to me, on their nature and frequency I had first to instruct myself by scholarly methods. My blood flows slowly. No one has ever been able to diagnose fever in me. A doctor who treated me for some time as a nervous case said at last: 'No! there is nothing wrong with your nerves, it is only I who am nervous.' Any kind of local degeneration absolutely undemonstrable; no organically originating stomach ailment, though there does exist, as a consequence of general exhaustion, a profound weakness of the gastric system. Condition of the eyes, sometimes approaching dangerously close to blindness, also only consequence, not causal: so that with every increase in vitality eyesight has also again improved. - Convalescence means with me a long, all too long succession of years - it also unfortunately means relapse, deterioration, periods of a kind of décadence. After all this do I need to say that in questions of décadence I am experienced? I have spelled it out forwards and backwards. Even that filigree art of grasping and comprehending in general, that finger for nuances, that psychology of 'looking around the corner' and whatever else characterizes me was learned only then, is the actual gift of that time in which everything in me became more subtle, observation itself together with all the organs of observation. To look from a morbid perspective towards healthier concepts and values, and again conversely to look down from the abundance and certainty of rich life into the secret labour of the instinct of décadence - that is what I have practised most, it has been my own particular field of experience, in this if in anything I am a master. I now have the skill and knowledge to invert perspectives: first reason why a 'revaluation of values' is perhaps possible at all to me alone. -

2

Setting aside the fact that I am a décadent, I am also its antithesis. My proof of this is, among other things, that in combating my sick conditions I always instinctively chose the right means: while the décadent as such always chooses the means harmful to him. As summa summarum I was healthy, as corner, as speciality I was décadent. That energy for absolute isolation and detachment from my accustomed circumstances, the way I compelled myself no longer to let myself be cared for, served, doctored - this betrayed an unconditional certainty of instinct as to what at that time was needful above all else. I took myself in hand, I myself made myself healthy again: the

precondition for this - every physiologist will admit it - is that one is fundamentally healthy. A being who is typically morbid cannot become healthy, still less can he make himself healthy; conversely, for one who is typically healthy being sick can even be an energetic stimulant to life, to more life. Thus in fact does that long period of sickness seem to me now: I discovered life as it were anew, myself included, I tasted all good and even petty things in a way that others could not easily taste them - I made out of my will to health, to life, my philosophy... For pay heed to this: it was in the years of my lowest vitality that I ceased to be a pessimist: the instinct for self-recovery forbade to me a philosophy of indigence and discouragement... And in what does one really recognize that someone has turned out well! In that a human being who has turned out well does our senses good: that he is carved out of wood at once hard, delicate and sweet-smelling. He has a taste only for what is beneficial to him; his pleasure, his joy ceases where the measure of what is beneficial is overstepped. He divines cures for injuries, he employs ill chances to his own advantage; what does not kill him makes him stronger. Out of everything he sees, hears, experiences he instinctively collects together his sum: he is a principle of selection, he rejects much. He is always in his company, whether he traffics with books, people or landscapes: he does honour when he chooses, when he admits, when he trusts. He reacts slowly to every kind of stimulus, with that slowness which a protracted caution and a willed pride have bred in him - he tests an approaching stimulus, he is far from going out to meet it. He believes in neither 'misfortune' nor in 'guilt': he knows how to forget - he is strong enough for everything to have to turn out for the best for him. Very well, I am the opposite of a décadent: for I have just described myself.

3

I consider the fact that I had such a father as a great privilege: the peasants he preached to - for, after he had lived for several years at the court of Altenburg, he was a preacher in his last years - said that the angels must look like he did. And with this I touch on the question of race. I am a pure-blooded Polish nobleman, in whom there is no drop of bad blood, least of all German. When I look for my profoundest opposite, the incalculable pettiness of the instincts, I always find my mother and my sister - to be related to such canaille would be a blasphemy against my divinity. The treatment I have

received from my mother and my sister, up to the present moment, fills me with inexpressible horror: there is an absolutely hellish machine at work here, operating with infallible certainty at the precise moment when I am most vulnerable - at my highest moments... for then one needs all one's strength to counter such a poisonous viper... physiological contiguity renders such a disharmonia praestabilita possible... But I confess that the deepest objection to the 'Eternal Recurrence', my real idea from the abyss, is always my mother and my sister. - But even as a Pole I am a monstrous atavism. One would have to go back centuries to find this noblest of races that the earth has ever possessed in so instinctively pristine a degree as I present it. I have, against everything that is today called noblesse, a sovereign feeling of distinction - I wouldn't award to the young German Kaiser the honour of being my coachman. There is one single case where I acknowledge my equal - I recognize it with profound gratitude. Frau Cosima Wagner is by far the noblest nature; and, so that I shouldn't say one word too few, I say that Richard Wagner was by far the most closely related man to me... The rest is silence... All the prevalent notions of degrees of kinship are physiological nonsense in an unsurpassable measure. The Pope still deals today in this nonsense. One is least related to one's parents: it would be the most extreme sign of vulgarity to be related to one's parents. Higher natures have their origins infinitely farther back, and with them much had to be assembled, saved and hoarded. The great individuals are the oldest: I don't understand it, but Julius Caesar could be my father - or Alexander, this Dionysos incarnate... At the very moment that I am writing this the post brings me a Dionysos-head.

4

I have never understood the art of arousing enmity towards myself - this too I owe to my incomparable father - even when it seemed to me very worthwhile to do so. However unchristian it may seem, I am not even inimical towards myself, one may turn my life this way and that, one will only rarely, at bottom only once, discover signs that anyone has borne ill will towards me - perhaps, however, somewhat too many signs of good will... My experiences even of those of whom everyone has bad experiences speak without exception in their favour; I tame every bear, I even make buffoons mind their manners. During the seven years in which I taught Greek to the top form of

the Basel grammar school I never once had occasion to mete out a punishment; the laziest were industrious when they were with me. I am always up to dealing with any chance event; I have to be unprepared if I am to be master of myself. Let the instrument be what it will, let it be as out of tune as only the instrument 'man' can become out of tune - I should have to be ill not to succeed in getting out of it something listenable. And how often have I heard from the 'instruments' themselves that they had never heard themselves sound so well... Most beautifully perhaps from that Heinrich von Stein who died so unpardonably young and who, after cautiously obtaining permission, once appeared for three days at Sils-Maria, explaining to everyone that he had not come for the Engadin. This excellent man, who with the whole impetuous artlessness of a Prussian Junket had waded into the Wagnerian swamp (- and into the swamp of Dühring in addition!), was during those three days as if transported by a storm-wind of freedom, like one suddenly raised to his own heights and given wings. I kept telling him it was the result of the fine air up here, that everyone felt the same, that you could not stand 6,000 feet above Bayreuth and not notice it - but he would not believe me... If, this notwithstanding, many great and petty misdeeds have been committed against me, it was not 'will', least of all ill will that was the cause of it: I could complain, rather - I have just suggested as much - of the good will which has caused me no little mischief in my life. My experiences give me a right to a general mistrust of the so-called 'selfless' drives, of the whole 'love of one's neighbour' which is always ready with deeds and advice. It counts with me as weakness, as a special case of the incapacity to withstand stimuli - it is only among décadents that pity is called a virtue. My reproach against those who practise pity is that shame, reverence, a delicate feeling for distance easily eludes them, that pity instantly smells of mob and is so like bad manners as to be mistaken for them - that the hands of pity can under certain circumstances intrude downright destructively into a great destiny, into a solitariness where wounds are nursed, into a privilege for great guilt. I count the overcoming of pity among the noble virtues: I have, as 'Zarathustra's Temptation', invented a case in which a great cry of distress reaches him, in which pity like an ultimate sin seeks to attack him, to seduce him from allegiance to himself. To remain master here, here to keep the elevation of one's task clean of the many lower and more shortsighted drives which are active in socalled selfless actions, that is the test, the final test perhaps, which a Zarathustra has to pass - the actual proof of his strength...

5

In yet another point I am merely my father once more and as it were the continuation of his life after an all too early death. Like anyone who has never lived among his equals and to whom the concept 'requital' is as inaccessible as is for instance the concept 'equal rights', I forbid myself in cases where a little or very great act of folly has been perpetrated against me any countermeasure, any protective measure - also, as is reasonable, any defence, any 'justification'. My kind of requital consists in sending after the piece of stupidity as quickly as possible a piece of sagacity: in that way one may perhaps overtake it. To speak in a metaphor. I dispatch a pot of jam to get rid of a sour affair... Let anyone harm me in any way, I 'requite' it, you may be sure of that: as soon as I can I find an opportunity of expressing my thanks to the 'offender' (occasionally even for the offence) - or of asking him for something, which can be more courteous than giving something... It also seems to me that the rudest word, the rudest letter are more good-natured, more honest than silence. Those who keep silent almost always lack subtlety and politeness of the heart; silence is an objection, swallowing down necessarily produces a bad character - it even ruins the stomach. All those given to silence are dyspeptic. - One will see that I would not like to see rudeness undervalued, it is the most humane form of contradiction by far and, in the midst of modern tendermindedness, one of our foremost virtues. - If one is rich enough, it is even fortunate to be in the wrong. A god come to earth ought to do nothing whatever but wrong: to take upon oneself, not the punishment, but the guilt - only that would be godlike.

6

Freedom from ressentiment, enlightenment over ressentiment - who knows the extent to which I ultimately owe thanks to my protracted sickness for this too! The problem is not exactly simple: one has to have experienced it from a state of strength and a state of weakness. If anything whatever has to be admitted against being sick, being weak, it is that in these conditions the actual curative instinct, that is to say the defensive and offensive instinct in man becomes soft. One does not know how to get free of anything, one does not know how to have done with anything, one does not know how to thrust back - everything hurts. Men and things come importunately close, events

strike too deep, the memory is a festering wound. Being sick is itself a kind of ressentiment. - Against this the invalid has only one great means of cure - I call it Russian fatalism, that fatalism without rebellion with which a Russian soldier for whom the campaign has become too much at last lies down in the snow. No longer to take anything at all, to receive anything, to take anything into oneself - no longer to react at all... The great rationality of this fatalism, which is not always the courage to die but can be life-preservative under conditions highly dangerous to life, is reduction of the metabolism, making it slow down, a kind of will to hibernation. A couple of steps further in this logic and one has the fakir who sleeps for weeks on end in a grave... Because one would use oneself up too quickly if one reacted at all, one no longer reacts: this is the logic. And nothing bums one up quicker than the affects of ressentiment. Vexation, morbid susceptibility, incapacity for revenge, the desire, the thirst for revenge, poison-brewing in any sense - for one who is exhausted this is certainly the most disadvantageous kind of reaction: it causes a rapid expenditure of nervous energy, a morbid accretion of excretions, for example of gall into the stomach. Ressentiment is the forbidden in itself for the invalid - his evil: unfortunately also his most natural inclination. - This was grasped by that profound physiologist Buddha. His 'religion', which one would do better to call a system of hygiene so as not to mix it up with such pitiable things as Christianity, makes its effect dependent on victory over ressentiment: to free the soul of that - first step to recovery. 'Not by enmity is enmity ended, by friendship is enmity ended': this stands at the beginning of Buddha's teaching - it is not morality that speaks thus, it is physiology that speaks thus. - Ressentiment, born of weakness, to no one more harmful than to the weak man himself - in the opposite case, where a rich nature is the presupposition, a superfluous feeling to stay master of which is almost the proof of richness. He who knows the seriousness with which my philosophy has taken up the struggle against the feelings of vengefulness and vindictiveness even into the theory of 'free will' - my struggle against Christianity is only a special instance of it - will understand why it is precisely here that I throw the light on my personal bearing, my sureness of instinct in practice. In periods of décadence I forbade them to myself as harmful; as soon as life was again sufficiently rich and proud for them I forbade them to myself as beneath me. That 'Russian fatalism' of which I spoke came forward in my case in the form of clinging tenaciously for years on end to almost intolerable situations, places, residences, company,

once chance had placed me in them - it was better than changing them, than feeling them as capable of being changed - than rebelling against them... In those days I took it deadly amiss if I was disturbed in this fatalism, if I was forcibly awakened from it - and to do this was in fact every time a deadly dangerous thing. - To accept oneself as a fate, not to desire oneself 'different' - in such conditions this is great rationality itself.

7

War is another thing. I am by nature warlike. To attack is among my instincts. To be able to be an enemy, to be an enemy - that perhaps presupposes a strong nature, it is in any event a condition of every strong nature. It needs resistances, consequently it seeks resistances: the aggressive pathos belongs as necessarily to strength as the feeling of vengefulness and vindictiveness does to weakness. Woman, for example, is vengeful: that is conditioned by her weakness, just as is her susceptibility to others' distress. - The strength of one who attacks has in the opposition he needs a kind of gauge; every growth reveals itself in the seeking out of a powerful opponent - or problem: for a philosopher who is warlike also challenges problems to a duel. The undertaking is to master, not any resistances that happen to present themselves, but those against which one has to bring all one's strength, suppleness and mastery of weapons - to master equal opponents... Equality in face of the enemy - first presupposition of an honest duel. Where one despises one cannot wage war; where one commands, where one sees something as beneath one, one has not to wage war. - My practice in warfare can be reduced to four propositions. Firstly: I attack only causes that are victorious - under certain circumstances I wait until they are victorious. Secondly: I attack only causes against which I would find no allies, where I stand alone - where I compromise only myself... I have never taken a step in public which was not compromising: that is my criterion of right action. Thirdly: I never attack persons - I only employ the person as a strong magnifying glass with which one can make visible a general but furtive state of distress which is hard to get hold of. That was how I attacked David Strauss, more precisely the success with German 'culture' of a senile book - I thus caught that culture red-handed... That was how I attacked Wagner, more precisely the falseness, the hybrid instincts of our 'culture' which confuses the artful with the rich, the late with the great. Fourthly: I attack only things

where any kind of personal difference is excluded, where there is no background of bad experience. On the contrary, to attack is with me a proof of good will, under certain circumstances of gratitude. I do honour, I confer distinction when I associate my name with a cause, a person: for or against - that is in this regard a matter of indifference to me. If I wage war on Christianity I have a right to do so, because I have never experienced anything disagreeable or frustrating from that direction - the most serious Christians have always been well disposed towards me. I myself, an opponent of Christianity de rigueur, am far from bearing a grudge against the individual for what is the fatality of millennia. -

8

May I venture to indicate one last trait of my nature which creates for me no little difficulty in my relations with others? I possess a perfectly uncanny sensitivity of the instinct for cleanliness, so that I perceive physiologically - smell - the proximity or - what am I saying? - the innermost parts, the 'entrails', of every soul... I have in this sensitivity psychological antennae with which I touch and take hold of every secret: all the concealed dirt at the bottom of many a nature, perhaps conditioned by bad blood but whitewashed by education, is known to me almost on first contact. If I have observed correctly, such natures unendurable to my sense of cleanliness for their part also sense the caution of my disgust: they do not thereby become any sweeter-smelling... As has always been customary with me - an extreme cleanliness in relation to me is a presupposition of my existence, I perish under unclean conditions - I swim and bathe and splash continually as it were in water, in any kind of perfectly transparent and glittering element. This makes traffic with people no small test of my patience; my humanity consists, not in feeling for and with man, but in enduring that I do feel for and with him... My humanity is a continual self-overcoming. - But I have need of solitude, that is to say recovery, return to myself, the breath of a free light playful air... My entire Zarathustra is a dithyramb on solitude or, if I have been understood, on cleanliness... Fortunately not on pure folly. - He who has eyes for colours will call it diamond. - Disgust at mankind, at the 'rabble', has always been my greatest danger... Do you want to hear the words in which Zarathustra speaks of redemption from disgust?

Yet what happened to me? How did I free myself from disgust? Who rejuvenated my eyes? How did I fly to the height where the rabble no longer sit at the well?

Did my disgust itself create wings and water-diving powers for me? Truly, I had to fly to the extremest height to find again the fountain of delight!

Oh, I have found it, my brothers! Here, in the extremest height, the fountain of delight gushes up for me! And here there is a life at which no rabble drinks with me!

You gush up almost too impetuously, fountain of delight! And in wanting to fill the cup, you often empty it again.

And I still have to learn to approach you more discreetly: my heart still flows towards you all too impetuously:-

my heart, upon which my summer burns, a short, hot, melancholy, over-joyful summer: how my summer-heart longs for your coolness!

Gone is the lingering affliction of my spring! Gone the snowflakes of my malice in June! Summer have I become entirely, and summer-noonday -

- a summer at the extremest height with cold fountains and blissful stillness: oh come, my friends, that the stillness may become more blissful yet!

For this is our height and our home: we live too nobly and boldly here for all unclean men and their thirsts.

Only cast your pure eyes into the well of my delight, friends! You will not dim its sparkle! It shall laugh back at you with its purity.

We build our nest in the tree Future: eagles shall bring food to us solitaries in their beaks!

Truly, food in which no unclean men could join us! They would think they were eating fire and bum their mouths.

Truly, we do not prepare a home here for unclean men! Their bodies and their spirits would call our happiness a cave of ice!

So let us live above them like strong winds, neighbours of the eagles, neighbours of the snow, neighbours of the sun: that is how strong winds live.

And like a wind will I one day blow among them and with my spirit take away the breath of their spirit: thus my future will have it.

Truly, Zarathustra is a strong wind to all flatlands; and he offers this advice to his enemies and to all that spews and spits: take care not to spit against the wind!...

Why I am So Clever

1

WHY do I know a few more things? Why am I so clever altogether? I have never reflected on questions that are none - I have not squandered myself. - I have, for example, no experience of actual religious difficulties. I am entirely at a loss to know to what extent I ought to have felt 'sinful'. I likewise lack a reliable criterion of a pang of conscience: from what one hears of it, a pang of conscience does not seem to me anything respectable... I should not like to leave an act in the lurch afterwards, I would as a matter of principle prefer to leave the evil outcome, the consequences, out of the question of values. When the outcome is evil one can easily lose the true eye for what one has done: a pang of conscience seems to me a kind of 'evil eye'. To honour to oneself something that went wrong all the more because it went wrong - that rather would accord with my morality. - 'God', 'immortality of the soul', 'redemption', 'the Beyond', all of them concepts to which I have given no attention and no time, not even as a child - perhaps I was never childish enough for it? - I have absolutely no knowledge of atheism as an outcome of reasoning, still less as an event: with me it is obvious by instinct. I am too inquisitive, too questionable, too high spirited to rest content with a crude answer. God is a crude answer, a piece of indelicacy against us thinkers - fundamentally even a crude prohibition to us: you shall not think!... I am interested in quite a different way in a question upon which the 'salvation of mankind' depends far more than it does upon any kind of quaint curiosity of the theologians: the question of nutriment. One can for convenience' sake formulate it thus: 'how to nourish yourself so as to attain your maximum of strength, of virtù in the Renaissance style, of moraline-free virtue?' - My experiences here are as bad as they possibly could be; I am astonished that I heard this question so late, that I learned 'reason' from these experiences so late. Only the perfect worthlessness of our German education - its 'idealism' - can to some extent explain to me why on precisely this point I was backward to the point of holiness. This 'education' which from the first teaches one to lose sight of realities so as to hunt after altogether problematic, so-called 'ideal' objectives, 'classical education' for example - as if it were not from the

first an utterly fruitless undertaking to try to unite 'classical' and 'German' in one concept! It is, moreover, mirth-provoking - just think of a 'classically educated' Leipziger! - Until my very maturest years I did in fact eat badly - in the language of morals 'impersonally', 'selflessly', 'altruistically', for the salvation of cooks and other fellow Christians. With the aid of Leipzig cookery, for example, which accompanied my earliest study of Schopenhauer (1865), I very earnestly denied my 'will to live'. To ruin one's stomach so as to receive inadequate nutriment - the aforesaid cookery seems to me to solve this problem wonderfully well. But German cookery in general - what does it not have on its conscience! Soup before the meal (in Venetian cookery books of the sixteenth century still called alla tedesca); meat cooked to shreds, greasy and floury vegetables; the degeneration of puddings to paperweights! If one adds to this the downright bestial dinner-drinking habits of the ancient and by no means only the ancient Germans one will also understand the origin of the German spirit - disturbed intestines... The German spirit is an indigestion, it can have done with nothing. - But to the English diet too, which compared with the Germans, even with the French, is a kind of 'return to nature', that is to say to cannibalism, my own instinct is profoundly opposed; it seems to me to give the spirit heavy feet - the feet of Englishwomen... The best cookery is that of Piedmont. Alcoholic drinks are no good for me; a glass of wine or beer a day is quite enough to make life for me a 'Vale of Tears' - Munich is where my antipodes live. Granted I was a little late to grasp this - I experienced it really from childhood onwards. As a boy I believed wine-drinking to be, like tobacco-smoking, at first only a vanity of young men, later a habit. Perhaps the wine of Naumburg is in part to blame for this austere judgement. To believe that wine makes cheerful I would have to be a Christian, that is to say believe what is for precisely me an absurdity. Oddly enough, while I am put extremely out of sorts by small, much diluted doses of alcohol, I am almost turned into a sailor when it comes to strong doses. Even as a boy I showed how brave I was in this respect. To write a long Latin essay in a single night's sitting and then go on to make a fair copy of it, with the ambition in my pen to imitate in severity and concision my model Sallust, and to pour a quantity of grog of the heaviest calibre over my Latin, was even when I was a pupil of venerable Schulpforta in no way opposed to my physiology, nor perhaps to that of Sallust - however much it might have been to venerable Schulpforta... Later, towards the middle of life, I decided, to be sure, more and more strictly against any sort

of 'spirituous' drink: an opponent of vegetarianism from experience, just like Richard Wagner, who converted me, I cannot advise all more spiritual natures too seriously to abstain from alcohol absolutely. Water suffices... I prefer places in which there is everywhere opportunity to drink from flowing fountains (Nice, Turin, Sils); a small glass runs after me like a dog. In vino veritas: it seems that here too I am again at odds with all the world over the concept 'truth' - with me the spirit moves over the water... A couple more signposts from my morality. A big meal is easier to digest than one too small. That the stomach comes into action as a whole, first precondition of a good digestion. One has to know the size of one's stomach. For the same reason those tedious meals should be avoided which I call interrupted sacrificial feasts, those at the table d'hôte. - No eating between meals, no coffee: coffee makes gloomy. Tea beneficial only in the morning. Little, but strong: tea very detrimental and sicklying o'er the whole day if it is the slightest bit too weak. Each has here his own degree, often between the narrowest and most delicate limits. In a very agaçant climate it is inadvisable to start with tea: one should start an hour earlier with a cup of thick oil-free cocoa. - Sit as little as possible; credit no thought not born in the open air and while moving freely about - in which the muscles too do not hold a festival. All prejudices come from the intestines. - Assiduity - I have said it once before - the actual sin against the holy spirit. -

2

Most closely related to the question of nutriment is the question of place and climate. No one is free to live everywhere; and he who has great tasks to fulfil which challenge his entire strength has indeed in this matter a very narrow range of choice. The influence of climate on the metabolism, its slowing down, its speeding up, extends so far that a blunder in regard to place and climate can not only estrange anyone from his task but withhold it from him altogether: he never catches sight of it. His animalic vigor never grows sufficiently great for him to attain to that freedom overflowing into the most spiritual domain where he knows: that I alone can do... A never so infinitesimal sluggishness of the intestines grown into a bad habit completely suffices to transform a genius into something mediocre, something 'German'; the German climate alone is enough to discourage strong and even heroic intestines. The tempo of the metabolism stands in an exact relationship to the

mobility or lameness of the feet of the spirit; the 'spirit' itself is indeed only a species of this metabolism. Make a list of the places where there are and have been gifted men, where wit, refinement, malice are a part of happiness, where genius has almost necessarily made its home: they all possess an excellent dry air. Paris, Provence, Florence, Jerusalem, Athens - these names prove something: that genius is conditioned by dry air, clear sky - that is to say by rapid metabolism, by the possibility of again and again supplying oneself with great, even tremendous quantities of energy. I have in mind a case in which a spirit which might have become significant and free became instead narrow, withdrawn, a grumpy specialist, merely through a lack of instinctive subtlety in choice of climate. And I myself could in the end have become this case if sickness had not compelled me to reason, to reflect on reason in reality. Now, when from long practice I read climatic and meteorological effects off from myself as from a very delicate and reliable instrument and even on a short journey, from Turin to Milan for instance, verify on myself physiologically the change in degrees of humidity, I recall with horror the uncanny fact that my life up to the last ten years, the years when my life was in danger, was spent nowhere but in wrong places downright forbidden to me. Naumburg, Schulpforta, Thuringia in general, Leipzig, Basel, Venice - so many ill-fated places for my physiology. If I have no welcome memories at all of my whole childhood and youth, it would be folly to attribute this to so-called 'moral' causes - the undeniable lack of adequate company, for instance: for this lack exists today as it has always existed without preventing me from being brave and cheerful. Ignorance in physiologis - accursed 'idealism' - is the real fatality in my life, the superfluous and stupid in it, something out of which nothing good grows, for which there is no compensation, no counter-reckoning. It is as a consequence of this 'idealism' that I elucidate to myself all the blunders, all the great deviations of instinct and 'modesties' which led me away from the task of my life, that I became a philologist for example - why not at least a physician or something else that opens the eyes? In my time at Basel my entire spiritual diet, the division of the day included, was a perfectly senseless abuse of extraordinary powers without any kind of provision for covering this consumption, without even reflection on consumption and replacement. Any more subtle selfishness, any protection by a commanding instinct was lacking, it was an equating of oneself with everyone else, a piece of 'selflessness', a forgetting of one's distance - something I shall never forgive myself. When I was almost done for, because

I was almost done for, I began to reflect on this fundamental irrationality of my life - 'idealism'. It was only sickness that brought me to reason. -

3

Selectivity in nutriment; selectivity in climate and place; - the third thing in which one may at no cost commit a blunder is selectivity in one's kind of recreation. Here too the degree to which a spirit is sui generis makes ever narrower the bounds of what is permitted, that is to say useful to him. In my case all reading is among my recreations: consequently among those things which free me from myself, which allow me to saunter among strange sciences and souls - which I no longer take seriously. It is precisely reading which helps me to recover from my seriousness. At times when I am deeply sunk in work you will see no books around me: I would guard against letting anyone speak or even think in my vicinity. And that is what reading would mean... Has it really been noticed that in that state of profound tension to which pregnancy condemns the spirit and fundamentally the entire organism, any chance event, any kind of stimulus from without has too vehement an effect, 'cuts' too deeply? One has to avoid the chance event, the stimulus from without, as much as possible; a kind of self-walling-up is among the instinctual sagacities of spiritual pregnancy. Shall I allow a strange thought to climb secretly over the wall? - And that is what reading would mean... The times of work and fruitfulness are followed by the time of recreation: come hither, you pleasant, you witty, you clever books! Will they be German books?... I have to reckon back half a year to catch myself with a book in my hand. But what was it? - An excellent study by Victor Brochard, les sceptiques Grecs, in which my Laertiana are also well employed. The Sceptics, the only honourable type among the two- and five-fold ambiguous philosophical crowd! ... Otherwise I take flight almost always to the same books, really a small number, those books which have proved themselves precisely to me. It does not perhaps lie in my nature to read much or many kinds of things: a reading room makes me ill. Neither does it lie in my nature to love much or many kinds of things. Caution, even hostility towards new books is rather part of my instinct than 'tolerance', 'largeur du coeur' and other forms of 'neighbour love'... It is really only a small number of older Frenchmen to whom I return again and again: I believe only in French culture and consider everything in Europe that calls itself 'culture' a

misunderstanding, not to speak of German culture... The few instances of high culture I have encountered in Germany have all been of French origin, above all Frau Cosima Wagner, by far the first voice I have heard in questions of taste. - That I do not read Pascal but love him, as the most instructive of all sacrifices to Christianity, slowly murdered first physically then psychologically, the whole logic of this most horrible form of inhuman cruelty; that I have something of Montaigne's wantonness in my spirit, who knows? perhaps also in my body; that my artist's taste defends the names Molière, Corneille and Racine, not without wrath, against a disorderly genius such as Shakespeare: this does not ultimately exclude my finding the most recent Frenchmen also charming company. I cannot at all conceive in which century of history one could haul together such inquisitive and at the same time such delicate psychologists as one can in contemporary Paris: I name as a sample - for their number is by no means small, Messrs Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre, or to pick out one of the stronger race, a genuine Latin to whom I am especially attached, Guy de Maupassant. Between ourselves, I prefer this generation even to their great teachers, who have all been ruined by German philosophy (M. Taine for example by Hegel, whom he has to thank for this misunderstanding of great human beings and ages). As far as Germany extends it ruins culture. It was only the war that 'redeemed' the spirit in France... Stendhal, one of the fairest accidents of my life - for whatever marks an epoch in my life has been brought to me by accident, never by a recommendation - is utterly invaluable with his anticipating psychologist's eye, with his grasp of facts which reminds one of the proximity of the greatest man of the factual (ex ungue Napoleonem -); finally not least as an honest atheist, a rare, almost undiscoverable species in France - with all deference to Prosper Mérimée... Perhaps I am even envious of Stendhal? He robbed me of the best atheist joke which precisely I could have made: 'God's only excuse is that he does not exist'... I myself have said somewhere: what has hitherto been the greatest objection to existence? God...

4

The highest conception of the lyric poet was given me by Heinrich Heine. I seek in vain in all the realms of millennia for an equally sweet and passionate music. He possesses that divine malice without which I cannot imagine

perfection - I assess the value of people, of races according to how necessarily they are unable to separate the god from the satyr. - And how he employs German! It will one day be said that Heine and I have been by far the first artists of the German language - at an incalculable distance from everything which mere Germans have done with it. - I must be profoundly related to Byron's Manfred: I discovered all these abysses in myself - I was ripe for this work at thirteen. I have no words, only a look for those who dare to say the word Faust in the presence of Manfred. The Germans are incapable of any conception of greatness: proof Schumann. Expressly from wrath against this sugary Saxon, I composed a counter-overture to Manfred, of which Hans von Bülow said he had never seen the like on manuscript paper: it constituted a rape on Euterpe. - When I seek my highest formula for Shakespeare I find it always in that he conceived the type of Caesar. One cannot guess at things like this - one is it or one is not. The great poet creates only out of his own reality - to the point at which he is afterwards unable to endure his own work... When I have taken a glance at my Zarathustra I walk up and down my room for half an hour unable to master an unendurable spasm of sobbing. - I know of no more heartrending reading than Shakespeare: what must a man have suffered to need to be a buffoon to this extent! - Is Hamlet understood? It is not doubt, it is certainty which makes mad... But to feel in this way one must be profound, abyss, philosopher... We all fear truth... And, to confess it: I am instinctively certain that Lord Bacon is the originator, the self-tormentor of this uncanniest species of literature: what do I care about the pitiable charter of American shallow-pates and muddle-heads? But the power for the mightiest reality of vision is not only compatible with the mightiest power for action, for the monstrous in action, for crime - it even presupposes it... We do not know nearly enough about Lord Bacon, the first realist in every great sense of the word, to know what he did, what he wanted, what he experienced within himself... And the devil take it, my dear critics! Supposing I had baptized my Zarathustra with another name, for example with the name of Richard Wagner, the perspicuity of two millennia would not have sufficed to divine that the author of 'Human, All Too Human' is the visionary of Zarathustra...

5

Here where I am speaking of the recreations of my life, I need to say a word

to express my gratitude for that which of all things in it has refreshed me by far the most profoundly and cordially. This was without any doubt my intimate association with Richard Wagner. I offer all my other human relationships cheap; but at no price would I relinquish from my life the Tribschen days, those days of mutual confidences, of cheerfulness, of sublime incidents - of profound moments... I do not know what others may have experienced with Wagner: over our sky no cloud ever passed. - And with that I return again to France - I cannot spare reasons, I can spare a mere curl of the lip for Wagnerians et hoc genus omne who believe they are doing honour to Wagner when they find him similar to themselves... Constituted as I am, a stranger in my deepest instincts to everything German, so that the mere presence of a German hinders my digestion, my first contact with Wagner was also the first time in my life I ever drew a deep breath: I felt, I reverenced him as a being from outside, as the opposite, the incarnate protest against all 'German virtues'. - We who were children in the swamp-air of the fifties are necessarily pessimists regarding the concept 'German'; we cannot be anything but revolutionaries - we shall acquiesce in no state of things in which the bigot is on top. It is a matter of complete indifference to me if today he plays in different colours, if he dresses in scarlet and dons the uniform of a hussar... Very well Wagner was a revolutionary - he fled from the Germans... As an artist one has no home in Europe except in Paris: the delicatesse in all five senses of art which Wagner's art presupposes, the fingers for nuances, the psychological morbidity, is to be found only in Paris. Nowhere else does there exist such a passion in questions of form, this seriousness in mise en scène - it is the Parisian seriousness par excellence. There is in Germany absolutely no conception of the tremendous ambition which dwells in the soul of a Parisian artist. The German is good-natured - Wagner was by no means good-natured... But I have already said sufficient as to where Wagner belongs, in whom he has his closest relatives: the French late romantics, that high-flying and yet exhilarating kind of artists such as Delacroix, such as Berlioz, with a fond of sickness, of incurability in their nature, sheer fanatics for expression, virtuosi through and through... Who was the first intelligent adherent of Wagner? Charles Baudelaire, the same as was the first to understand Delacroix, that typical décadent in whom an entire race of artists recognized themselves - he was perhaps also the last... What I have never forgiven Wagner? That he condescended to the Germans - that he became reichsdeutsch... As far as Germany extends it ruins culture. -

6

All in all I could not have endured my youth without Wagnerian music. For I was condemned to Germans. If one wants to get free from an unendurable pressure one needs hashish. Very well, I needed Wagner. Wagner is the counter-poison to everything German par excellence - still poison, I do not dispute it... From the moment there was a piano score of Tristan - my compliments, Herr von Bülow! - I was a Wagnerian. The earliest works of Wagner I saw as beneath me - still too common, too 'German' ... But I still today seek a work of a dangerous fascination, of a sweet and shuddery infinity equal to that of Tristan - I seek in all the arts in vain. All the strangenesses of Leonardo da Vinci lose their magic at the first note of Tristan. This work is altogether Wagner's non plus ultra; he recuperated from it with the Meistersinger and the Ring. To become healthier - that is retrogression in the case of a nature such as Wagner... I take it for a piece of good fortune of the first rank to have lived at the right time, and to have lived precisely among Germans, so as to be ripe for this work: my psychologist's inquisitiveness goes that far. The world is poor for him who has never been sick enough for this 'voluptuousness of hell': to employ a mystic's formula is permissible, almost obligatory, here. I think I know better than anyone what tremendous things Wagner was capable of, the fifty worlds of strange delights to which no one but he had wings; and as I am strong enough to turn even the most questionable and most perilous things to my own advantage and thus to become stronger, I call Wagner the great benefactor of my life. That in which we are related, that we have suffered more profoundly, from one another also, than men of this century are capable of suffering, will eternally join our names together again and again; and as surely as Wagner is among Germans merely a misunderstanding, just as surely am I and always will be. - Two centuries of psychological and artistic discipline first, my Herr Germans!... But one cannot catch up that amount. -

7

I shall say another word for the most select ears: what I really want from music. That it is cheerful and profound, like an afternoon in October. That it is individual, wanton, tender, a little sweet woman of lowness and charm... I shall never admit that a German could know what music is. What one calls

German musicians, the greatest above all, are foreigners, Slavs, Croats, Italians, Netherlanders - or Jews: otherwise Germans of the strong race, extinct Germans, like Heinrich Schütz, Bach and Handel. I myself am still sufficient of a Pole to exchange the rest of music for Chopin; for three reasons I exclude Wagner's Siegfried Idyll, perhaps also a few things by Liszt, who excels all other musicians in the nobility of his orchestral tone; finally all that has grown up beyond the Alps - this side... I would not know how to get on without Rossini, even less without my south in music, the music of my Venetian maestro Pietro Gasti. And when I say beyond the Alps I am really saying only Venice. When I seek another word for music I never find any other word than Venice. I do not know how to distinguish between tears and music - I do not know how to think of happiness, of the south, without a shudder of faintheartedness.

Lately I stood at the bridge
in the brown night.
From afar there came a song:
a golden drop, it swelled
across the trembling surface.
Gondolas, lights, music -
drunken it swam out into the gloom...
My soul, a stringed instrument,
touched by invisible hands
sang to itself in reply a gondola song,
and trembled with gaudy happiness.
- Was anyone listening?

8

In all this - in selection of nutriment, of place and climate, of recreation - there commands an instinct of self-preservation which manifests itself most unambiguously as an instinct for self-defence. Not to see many things, not to hear them, not to let them approach one - first piece of ingenuity, first proof that one is no accident but a necessity. The customary word for this self-defensive instinct is taste. Its imperative commands, not only to say No when Yes would be a piece of 'selflessness', but also to say No as little as possible. To separate oneself, to depart from that to which No would be required again and again. The rationale is that defensive expenditures, be they never so small, become a rule, a habit, lead to an extraordinary and perfectly

superfluous impoverishment. Our largest expenditures are our most frequent small ones. Warding off, not letting come close, is an expenditure - one should not deceive oneself over this - a strength squandered on negative objectives. One can merely through the constant need to ward off become too weak any longer to defend oneself. - Suppose I were to step out of my house and discover, instead of calm and aristocratic Turin, the German provincial town: my instinct would have to blockade itself so as to push back all that pressed upon it from this flat and cowardly world. Or suppose I discovered the German metropolis, that builded vice where nothing grows, where every kind of thing, good and bad, is dragged in. Would I not in face of it have to become a hedgehog? - But to have spikes is an extravagance, a double luxury even if one is free to have no spikes but open hands...

Another form of sagacity and self-defence consists in reacting as seldom as possible and withdrawing from situations and relationships in which one would be condemned as it were to suspend one's 'freedom', one's initiative, and become a mere reagent. I take as a parable traffic with books. The scholar, who really does nothing but 'trundle' books - the philologist at a modest assessment about 200 a day - finally loses altogether the ability to think for himself. If he does not trundle he does not think. He replies to a stimulus (- a thought he has read) when he thinks - finally he does nothing but react. The scholar expends his entire strength in affirmation and denial, in criticizing what has already been thought - he himself no longer thinks... The instinct for self-defence has in his case become soft; otherwise he would defend himself against books. The scholar - a décadent. - This I have seen with my own eyes: natures gifted, rich and free already in their thirties 'read to ruins', mere matches that have to be struck if they are to ignite - emit 'thoughts'. - Early in the morning at the break of day, in all the freshness and dawn of one's strength, to read a book - I call that vicious! -

9

At this point I can no longer avoid actually answering the question how one becomes what one is. And with that I touch on the masterpiece in the art of self-preservation - of selfishness... For assuming that the task, the vocation, the destiny of the task exceeds the average measure by a significant degree, there wouldbe no greater danger than to catch sight of oneself with this task. That one becomes what one is presupposes that one does not have the

remotest idea what one is. From this point of view even the blunders of life - the temporary sidepaths and wrong turnings, the delays, the 'modesties', the seriousness squandered on tasks which lie outside the task - have their own meaning and value. They are an expression of a great sagacity, even the supreme sagacity: where nosce to ipsum would be the recipe for destruction, self-forgetfulness, self-misunderstanding, self-diminution, -narrowing, -mediocratizing becomes reason itself. Expressed morally: love of one's neighbour, living for others and other things can be the defensive measure for the preservation of the sternest selfishness. This is the exceptional case in which I, contrary to my rule and conviction, take the side of the 'selfless' drives: here they work in the service of selfishness, self-cultivation. - The entire surface of consciousness - consciousness is a surface - has to be kept clear of any of the great imperatives. Even the grand words, the grand attitudes must be guarded against! All of them represent a danger that the instinct will 'understand itself' too early - -. In the meantime the organizing 'idea' destined to rule grows and grows in the depths - it begins to command, it slowly leads back from sidepaths and wrong turnings, it prepares individual qualities and abilities which will one day prove themselves indispensable as means to achieving the whole - it constructs the ancillary capacities one after the other before it gives any hint of the dominating task, of the 'goal', 'objective', 'meaning'. - Regarded from this side my life is simply wonderful. For the task of a revaluation of values more capacities perhaps were required than have dwelt together in one individual, above all antithetical capacities which however are not allowed to disturb or destroy one another. Order of rank among capacities; distance; the art of dividing without making inimical; mixing up nothing, 'reconciling' nothing; a tremendous multiplicity which is none the less the opposite of chaos - this has been the precondition, the protracted secret labour and artistic working of my instinct. The magnitude of its higher protection was shown in the fact I have at no time had the remotest idea what was growing within me - that all my abilities one day leapt forth suddenly ripe, in their final perfection. I cannot remember ever having taken any trouble - no trace of struggle can be discovered in my life, I am the opposite of an heroic nature. To 'want' something, to 'strive' after something, to have a 'goal', a 'wish' in view - I know none of this from experience. Even at this moment I look out upon my future - a distant future! - as upon a smooth sea: it is ruffled by no desire. I do not want in the slightest that anything should become other than it is; I do not want myself to become

other than I am... But that is how I have always lived. I have harboured no desire. Someone who after his forty-fourth year can say he has never striven after honours, after women, after money! - Not that I could not have had them... Thus, for example, I one day became a university professor - I had never had the remotest thought of such a thing, for I was barely twenty-four years old.

10

- I shall be asked why I have really narrated all these little things which according to the traditional judgement are matters of indifference: it will be said that in doing so I harm myself all the more if I am destined to fulfil great tasks. Answer: these little things - nutriment, place, climate, recreation, the whole casuistry of selfishness - are beyond all conception of greater importance than anything that has been considered of importance hitherto. It is precisely here that one has to begin to learn anew. Those things which mankind has hitherto pondered seriously are not even realities, merely imaginings, more strictly speaking lies from the bad instincts of sick, in the profoundest sense injurious natures - all the concepts 'God', 'soul', 'virtue', 'sin', 'the Beyond', 'truth', 'eternal life'... But the greatness of human nature, its 'divinity', has been sought in them... All questions of politics, the ordering of society, education have been falsified down to their foundations because the most injurious men have been taken for great men - because contempt has been taught for the 'little' things, which is to say for the fundamental affairs of life... Now, when I compare myself with the men who have hitherto been honoured as pre-eminent men the distinction is palpable. I do not count these supposed 'preeminent men' as belonging to mankind at all - to me they are the refuse of mankind, abortive offspring of sickness and vengeful instincts: they are nothing but pernicious, fundamentally incurable monsters who take revenge on life... I want to be the antithesis of this: it is my privilege to possess the highest subtlety for all the signs of healthy instincts. Every morbid trait is lacking in me; even in periods of severe illness I did not become morbid; a trait of fanaticism will be sought in vain in my nature. At no moment of my life can I be shown to have adopted any kind of arrogant or pathetic posture. The pathos of attitudes does not belong to greatness; whoever needs attitudes at all is false... Beware of all picturesque men! - Life has been easy for me, easiest when it demanded of me the most difficult

things. Anyone who saw me during the seventy days of this autumn when I was uninterruptedly creating nothing but things of the first rank which no man will be able to do again or has done before, bearing a responsibility for all the coming millennia, will have noticed no trace of tension in me, but rather an overflowing freshness and cheerfulness. I never ate with greater relish, I never slept better. - I know of no other way of dealing with great tasks than that of play: this is, as a sign of greatness, an essential precondition. The slightest constraint, the gloomy mien, any kind of harsh note in the throat are all objections to a man, how much more to his work!... One must have no nerves... To suffer from solitude is likewise an objection - I have always suffered only from the 'multitude'... At an absurdly early age, at the age of seven, I already knew that no human word would ever reach me: has anyone ever seen me sad on that account? - Still today I treat everyone with the same geniality, I am even full of consideration for the basest people: in all this there is not a grain of arrogance, of secret contempt. He whom I despise divines that I despise him: through my mere existence I enrage everything that has bad blood in its veins... My formula for greatness in a human being is amor fati: that one wants nothing to be other than it is, not in the future, not in the past, not in all eternity. Not merely to endure that which happens of necessity, still less to dissemble it - all idealism is untruthfulness in the face of necessity - but to love it...

Why I Write Such Good Books

1

I AM one thing, my writings are another. - Here, before I speak of these writings themselves, I shall touch on the question of their being understood or not understood. I shall do so as perfunctorily as is fitting: for the time for this question has certainly not yet come. My time has not yet come, some are born posthumously. - One day or other institutions will be needed in which people live and teach as I understand living and teaching: perhaps even chairs for the interpretation of Zarathustra will be established. But it would be a complete contradiction of myself if I expected ears and hands for my truths already today: that I am not heard today, that no one today knows how to take from me, is not only comprehensible; it even seems to me right. I do not want to be taken for what I am not - and that requires that I do not take myself for what I am not. To say it again, little of 'ill will' can be shown in my life; neither would I be able to speak of barely a single case of 'literary ill will'. On the other hand all too much of pure folly!... It seems to me that to take a book of mine into his hands is one of the rarest distinctions anyone can confer upon himself - I even assume he removes his shoes when he does so - not to speak of boots... When Doctor Heinrich von Stein once honestly complained that he understood not one word of my Zarathustra, I told him that was quite in order: to have understood, that is to say experienced, six sentences of that book would raise one to a higher level of mortals than 'modern' man could attain to. How could I, with this feeling of distance, even want the 'modern men' I know - to read me! - My triumph is precisely the opposite of Schopenhauer's - I say 'non legor, non legar'. - Not that I should like to underestimate the pleasure which the innocence in the rejection of my writings has given me. This very summer just gone, at a time when, with my own weighty, too heavily weighty literature, I was perhaps throwing all the rest of literature off its balance, a professor of Berlin University kindly gave me to understand that I ought really to avail myself of a different form: no one read stuff like mine. - In the end it was not Germany but Switzerland which offered me the two extreme cases. An essay of Dr V. Widmann in the Bund on 'Beyond Good and Evil' under the title 'Nietzsche's Dangerous

Book', and a general report on my books as a whole on the part of Herr Karl Spitteler, also in the Bund, constitute a maximum in my life - of what I take care not to say... The latter, for example, dealt with my Zarathustra as an advanced exercise in style, with the request that I might later try to provide some content; Dr Widmann expressed his respect for the courage with which I strive to abolish all decent feelings. - Through a little trick of chance every sentence here was, with a consistency I had to admire, a truth stood on its head: remarkably enough, all one had to do was to 'revalue all values' in order to hit the nail on the head with regard to me - instead of hitting my head with a nail... All the more reason for me to attempt an explanation. - Ultimately, no one can extract from things, books included, more than he already knows. What one has no access to through experience one has no ear for. Now let us imagine an extreme case: that a book speaks of nothing but events which lie outside the possibility of general or even of rare experience - that it is the first language for a new range of experiences. In this case simply nothing will be heard, with the acoustical illusion that where nothing is heard there is nothing... This is in fact my average experience and, if you like, the originality of my experience. Whoever believed he had understood something of me had dressed up something out of me after his own image - not uncommonly an antithesis of me, for instance an 'idealist'; whoever had understood nothing of me denied that I came into consideration at all. - The word 'superman' to designate a type that has turned out supremely well, in antithesis to 'modern' men, to 'good' men, to Christians and other nihilists - a word which, in the mouth of a Zarathustra, the destroyer of morality, becomes a very thoughtful word - has almost everywhere been understood with perfect innocence in the sense of those values whose antithesis makes its appearance in the figure of Zarathustra: that is to say as an 'idealistic' type of higher species of man, half 'saint', half 'genius'... Other learned cattle caused me on its account to be suspected of Darwinism; even the 'hero cult' of that great unconscious and involuntary counterfeiter Carlyle which I rejected so maliciously has been recognized in it. He into whose ear I whispered he ought to look around rather for a Cesare Borgia than for a Parsifal did not believe his ears. - That I am utterly incurious about discussions of my books, especially by newspapers, will have to be forgiven me. My friends, my publishers know this and do not speak to me about such things. In a particular instance I once had a sight of all the sins that had been committed against a single book - it was 'Beyond Good and Evil'; I could tell a pretty story about

that. Would you believe it that the 'Nationalzeitung' - a Prussian newspaper, for my foreign readers - I myself read, if I may say so, only the Journal des Débats - could in all seriousness understand the book as a 'sign of the times', as the real genuine Junker philosophy for which the 'Kreuzzeitung' merely lacked the courage?...

2

This was said for Germans: for I have readers everywhere else - nothing but choice intelligences of proved character brought up in high positions and duties; I have even real geniuses among my readers. In Vienna, in St Petersburg, in Stockholm, in Copenhagen, in Paris and New York - I have been discovered everywhere: I have not been in Europe's flatland Germany... And to confess it, I rejoice even more over my non-readers, such as have never heard either my name or the word philosophy; but wherever I go, here in Turin for example, every face grows more cheerful and benevolent at the sight of me. What has flattered me the most is that old marketwomen take great pains to select together for me the sweetest of their grapes. That is how far one must be a philosopher... It is not in vain that the Poles are called the French among the Slavs. A charming Russian lady would not mistake for a moment where I belong. I cannot succeed in becoming solemn, the most I can achieve is embarrassment... To think German, to feel German - I can do everything, but that is beyond my powers... My old teacher Ritschl went so far as to maintain that I conceived even my philological essays like a Parisian romancier - absurdly exciting. In Paris itself there is astonishment over 'toutes mes audaces et finesses' - the expression is Monsieur Taine's -; I fear that with me there is up to the highest forms of the dithyramb an admixture of that salt which never gets soggy -'German' - esprit... I cannot do otherwise, so help me God! Amen. - We all know, some even know from experience, what a longears is. Very well, I dare to assert that I possess the smallest ears. This is of no little interest to women - it seems to me they feel themselves better understood by me?... I am the anti-ass par excellence and therewith a world-historical monster - I am, in Greek and not only in Greek, the Anti-Christ...

3

I know my privileges as a writer to some extent; in individual cases it has

been put to me how greatly habituation to my writings 'ruins' taste. One can simply no longer endure other books, philosophical ones least of all. To enter this noble and delicate world is an incomparable distinction - to do so one absolutely must not be a German; it is in the end a distinction one has to have earned. But he who is related to me through loftiness of will experiences when he reads me real ecstasies of learning: for I come from heights no bird has ever soared to, I know abysses into which no foot has ever yet strayed. I have been told it is impossible to put a book of mine down - I even disturb the night's rest... There is altogether no prouder and at the same time more exquisite kind of book than my books - they attain here and there the highest thing that can be attained on earth, cynicism; one needs the most delicate fingers as well as the bravest fists if one is to master them. Any infirmity of soul excludes one from them once and for all, any dyspepsia, even, does so: one must have no nerves, one must have a joyful belly. Not only does the poverty, the hole-and-corner air of a soul exclude it from them - cowardice, uncleanliness, secret revengefulness in the entrails does so far more: a word from me drives all bad instincts into the face. I have among my acquaintances several experimental animals on whom I bring home to myself the various, very instructively various reactions to my writings. Those who want to have nothing to do with their contents, my so-called friends for example, become 'impersonal': they congratulate me on having 'done it' again - progress is apparent, too, in a greater cheerfulness of tone... The completely vicious 'spirits', the 'beautiful souls', the thoroughly and utterly mendacious have no idea at all what to do with these books - consequently they see the same as beneath them, the beautiful consistency of all 'beautiful souls'. The horned cattle among my acquaintances, mere Germans if I may say so, give me to understand they are not always of my opinion, though they are sometimes... I have heard this said even of Zarathustra... Any 'feminism' in a person, or in a man, likewise closes the gates on me: one will never be able to enter this labyrinth of daring knowledge. One must never have spared oneself, harshness must be among one's habits, if one is to be happy and cheerful among nothing but hard truths. When I picture a perfect reader, I always picture a monster of courage and curiosity, also something supple, cunning, cautious, a born adventurer and discoverer. Finally: I would not know how to say better to whom at bottom alone I speak than Zarathustra has said it: to whom alone does he want to narrate his riddle?

To you, the bold venturers and adventurers, and whoever has embarked

with cunning sails upon dreadful seas,

to you who are intoxicated with riddles, who take pleasure in twilight, whose soul is lured with flutes to every treacherous abyss -

for you do not desire to feel for a rope with cowardly hand; and where you can guess you hate to calculate...

4

I shall at the same time also say a general word on my art of style. To communicate a state, an inner tension of pathos through signs, including the tempo of these signs - that is the meaning of every style; and considering that the multiplicity of inner states is in my case extraordinary, there exists in my case the possibility of many styles - altogether the most manifold art of style any man has ever had at his disposal. Every style is good which actually communicates an inner state, which makes no mistake as to the signs, the tempo of the signs, the gestures - all rules of phrasing are art of gesture. My instinct is here infallible. - Good style in itself - a piece of pure folly, mere 'idealism', on a par with the 'beautiful in itself ', the 'good in itself', the 'thing in itself'... Always presupposing there are ears - that there are those capable and worthy of a similar pathos, that those are not lacking to whom one ought to communicate oneself. - My Zarathustra for example is at present still looking for them - alas! he will have to look for a long time yet! One has to be worthy of assaying him... And until then there will be no one who comprehends the art which has here been squandered: no one has ever had more of the new, the unheard-of, the really new-created in artistic means to squander. That such a thing was possible in the German language remained to be proved: I myself would previously have most hotly disputed it. Before me one did not know what can be done with the German language - what can be done with language as such. The art of grand rhythm, the grand style of phrasing, as the expression of a tremendous rise and fall of sublime, of superhuman passion, was first discovered by me; with a dithyramb such as the last of the third Zarathustra, entitled 'The Seven Seals', I flew a thousand miles beyond that which has hitherto been called poesy.

5

That out of my writings there speaks a psychologist who has not his equal,

that is perhaps the first thing a good reader will notice - a reader such as I deserve, who reads me as good old philologists read their Horace. The propositions over which everybody is in fundamental agreement - not to speak of everybody's philosophers, the moralists and other hollow-heads and cabbage-heads - appear with me as naive blunders: for example that belief that 'unegoistic' and 'egoistic' are antitheses, while the ego itself is merely a 'higher swindle', an 'ideal'. There are neither egoistic nor unegoistic actions: both concepts are psychologically nonsense. Or the proposition 'man strives after happiness'... Or the proposition 'happiness is the reward of virtue'... Or the proposition 'pleasure and displeasure are opposites'... The Circe of mankind, morality, has falsified all psychologica to its very foundations - has moralized it - to the point of the frightful absurdity that love is supposed to be something 'unegoistic'... One has to be set firmly upon oneself, one has to stand bravely upon one's own two legs, otherwise one cannot love at all. In the long run the little women know that all too well: they play the deuce with selfless, with merely objective men... Dare I venture in addition to suggest that I know these little women? It is part of my Dionysian endowment. Who knows? perhaps I am the first psychologist of the eternal-womanly. They all love me - an old story: excepting the abortive women, the 'emancipated' who lack the stuff for children. - Happily I am not prepared to be torn to pieces: the complete woman tears to pieces when she loves... I know these amiable maenads... Ah, what a dangerous, creeping, subterranean little beast of prey it is! And so pleasant with it!... A little woman chasing after her revenge would over-run fate itself. - The woman is unspeakably more wicked than the man, also cleverer; goodness in a woman is already a form of degeneration ... At the bottom of all so-called 'beautiful souls' there lies a physiological disadvantage - I shall not say all I could or I should become medicynical. The struggle for equal rights is even a symptom of sickness: every physician knows that. - The more a woman is a woman the more she defends herself tooth and nail against rights in general: for the state of nature, the eternal war between the sexes puts her in a superior position by far. - Have there been ears for my definition of love? it is the only one worthy of a philosopher. Love - in its methods war, in its foundation the mortal hatred of the sexes. Has my answer been heard to the question how one cures - 'redeems' - a woman? One makes a child for her. The woman has need of children, the man is always only the means: thus spoke Zarathustra. - 'Emancipation of woman' - is the instinctive hatred of the woman who has turned out ill, that is

to say is incapable of bearing, for her who has turned out well - the struggle against 'man' is always only means, subterfuge, tactic. When they elevate themselves as 'woman in herself', as 'higher woman', as 'idealist' woman, they want to lower the general level of rank of woman; no surer means for achieving that than grammar school education, trousers and the political rights of voting cattle. At bottom the emancipated are the anarchists in the world of the 'eternal-womanly', the under-privileged whose deepest instinct is revenge... An entire species of the most malevolent 'idealism' - which, by the way, also occurs in men, for example in the case of Henrik Ibsen, that typical old maid - has the objective of poisoning the good conscience, the naturalness in sexual love... And so as to leave no doubt as to my opinion in this matter, which is as honest as it is strict, I would like to impart one more clause of my moral code against vice: with the word vice I combat every sort of anti-nature or, if one likes beautiful words, idealism. The clause reads: 'The preaching of chastity is a public incitement to anti-nature. Every expression of contempt for the sexual life, every befouling of it through the concept "impure", is the crime against life - is the intrinsic sin against the holy spirit of life.'

6

To give an idea of me as a psychologist I take a curious piece of psychology which occurs in 'Beyond Good and Evil' - I forbid, by the way, any conjecture as to whom I am describing in this passage: 'The genius of the heart as it is possessed by that great hidden one, the tempter god and born pied piper of consciences whose voice knows how to descend into the underworld of every soul, who says no word and gives no glance in which there lies no touch of enticement, to whose mastery belongs knowing how to seem - not what he is but what to those who follow him is one constraint more to press ever closer to him, to follow him ever more inwardly and thoroughly... The genius of the heart who makes everything loud and self-satisfied fall silent and teaches it to listen, who smooths rough souls and gives them a new desire to savour - the desire to lie still as a mirror, that the deep sky may mirror itself in them... The genius of the heart who teaches the stupid and hasty hand to hesitate and grasp more delicately; who divines the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality under thick and opaque ice, and is a divining-rod for every grain of gold which has lain long in the prison of much mud and sand... The genius of the

heart from whose touch everyone goes away richer, not favoured and surprised, not as if blessed and oppressed with the goods of others, but richer in himself, newer to himself than before, broken open, blown upon and sounded out by a thawing wind, more uncertain perhaps, more delicate, more fragile, more broken, but full of hopes that as yet have no names, full of new will and current, full of new ill will and counter current...'

Why I am a Destiny

1

I KNOW my fate. One day there will be associated with my name the recollection of something frightful - of a crisis like no other before on earth, of the profoundest collision of conscience, of a decision evoked against everything that until then had been believed in, demanded, sanctified. I am not a man, I am dynamite. - And with all that there is nothing in me of a founder of a religion - religions are affairs of the rabble, I have need of washing my hands after contact with religious people... I do not want 'believers', I think I am too malicious to believe in myself, I never speak to masses... I have a terrible fear I shall one day be pronounced holy: one will guess why I bring out this book beforehand; it is intended to prevent people from making mischief with me... I do not want to be a saint, rather even a buffoon... Perhaps I am a buffoon... And none the less, or rather not none the less - for there has hitherto been nothing more mendacious than saints - the truth speaks out of me. - But my truth is dreadful: for hitherto the lie has been called truth. - Revaluation of all values: this is my formula for an act of supreme coming-to-oneself on the part of mankind which in me has become flesh and genius. It is my fate to have to be the first decent human being, to know myself in opposition to the men-daciousness of millennia... I was the first to discover the truth, in that I was the first to sense - smell - the lie as lie... My genius is in my nostrils... I contradict as has never been contradicted and am none the less the opposite of a negative spirit. I am a bringer of good tidings such as there has never been, I know tasks from such a height that any conception of them has hitherto been lacking; only after me is it possible to hope again. With all that I am necessarily a man of fatality. For when truth steps into battle with the lie of millennia we shall have convulsions, an earthquake spasm, a transposition of valley and mountain such as has never been dreamed of. The concept politics has then become completely absorbed into a war of spirits; all the power-structures of the old society have been blown into the air - they one and all reposed on the lie: there will be wars such as there have never yet been on earth. Only after me will there be grand politics on earth.

2

Does one want a formula for a destiny that has become man? It stands in my Zarathustra.

- and he who wants to be a creator in good and evil has first to be a destroyer and break values.
Thus the greatest evil belongs with the greatest good: this, however, is the creative good.

I am by far the most terrible human being there has ever been; this does not mean I shall not be the most beneficent. I know joy in destruction to a degree corresponding to my strength for destruction - in both I obey my dionysian nature, which does not know how to separate No-doing from Yes-saying. I am the first immoralist: I am therewith the destroyer par excellence. -

3

I have not been asked, as I should have been asked, what the name Zarathustra means in precisely my mouth, in the mouth of the first immoralist: for what constitutes the tremendous uniqueness of that Persian in history is precisely the opposite of this. Zarathustra was the first to see in the struggle between good and evil the actual wheel in the working of things: the translation of morality into the realm of metaphysics, as force, cause, end-in-itself, is his work. But this question is itself at bottom its own answer. Zarathustra created this most fateful of errors, morality: consequently he must also be the first to recognize it. Not only has he had longer and greater experience here than any other thinker - the whole of history is indeed the experimental refutation of the proposition of a so-called 'moral world-order' -: what is more important is that Zarathustra is more truthful than any other thinker. His teaching, and his alone, upholds truthfulness as the supreme virtue - that is to say, the opposite of the cowardice of the 'idealist', who takes flight in face of reality; Zarathustra has more courage in him than all other thinkers put together. To tell the truth and to shoot well with arrows: that is Persian virtue. - Have I been understood? The self-overcoming of morality through truthfulness, the self-overcoming of the moralist into his opposite - into me - that is what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth.

4

At bottom my expression immoralist involves two denials. I deny first a type of man who has hitherto counted as the highest, the good, the benevolent, beneficent; I deny secondly a kind of morality which has come to be accepted and to dominate as morality in itself - décadence morality, in more palpable terms Christian morality. The second contradiction might be seen as the decisive one, since the over-valuation of goodness and benevolence by and large already counts with me as a consequence of décadence, as a symptom of weakness, as incompatible with an ascending and affirmative life: denial and destruction is a condition of affirmation. - I deal first of all with the psychology of the good man. In order to assess what a type of man is worth one has to compute how much his preservation costs - one has to know the conditions of his existence. The condition for the existence of the good is the lie -: expressed differently, the desire not to see at any price what is the fundamental constitution of reality, that is to say not such as to call forth benevolent instincts at all times, even less such as to permit at all times an interference by short-sighted good-natured hands. To regard states of distress in general as an objection, as something that must be abolished, is the niaiserie par excellence, in a general sense a real disaster in its consequences, a fatality of stupidity - almost as stupid as would be the will to abolish bad weather - perhaps from pity to the poor... In the general economy of the whole the fearfulnesses of reality (in the affects, in the desires, in the will to power) are to an incalculable degree more necessary than any form of petty happiness, so-called 'goodness'; since the latter is conditioned by falsity of instinct one must even be cautious about granting it a place at all. I shall have a grand occasion of demonstrating the measurelessly uncanny consequences for the whole of history of optimism, that offspring of the homines optimi. Zarathustra, the first to grasp that optimism is just as décadent as pessimism and perhaps more harmful, says: good men never tell the truth. The good taught you false shores and false securities: you were born and kept in the lies of the good. Everything has been distorted and twisted down to its very bottom through the good. Fortunately the world has not been constructed for the satisfaction of instincts such as would permit merely good-natured herd animals to find their narrow happiness in it; to demand that everything should become 'good man', herd animal, blueeyed, benevolent, 'beautiful soul' - or, as Mr Herbert Spencer wants, altruistic, would mean to deprive existence of its great character, would mean to castrate mankind and to reduce it to a paltry Chinadom. - And this has been attempted!... Precisely this has been

called morality... In this sense Zarathustra calls the good now 'the last men', now the 'beginning of the end'; above all he feels them to be the most harmful species of man, because they preserve their existence as much at the expense of truth as at the expense of the future.

The good - cannot create, they are always the beginning of the end -

- they crucify him who writes new values on new law-tables, they sacrifice the future to themselves, they crucify the whole human future!

The good - have always been the beginning of the end...

And whatever harm the world-calumniators may do, the harm the good do is the most harmful harm.

5

Zarathustra, the first psychologist of the good, is - consequently - a friend of the wicked. When a décadence-species of man has risen to the rank of the highest species of man, this can happen only at the expense of its antithetical species, the species of man strong and certain of life. When the herd-animal is resplendent in the glow of the highest virtue, the exceptional man must be devalued to the wicked man. When mendaciousness at any price appropriates the word 'truth' for its perspective, what is actually veracious must be discovered bearing the worst names. Zarathustra here leaves no doubt: he says that it was knowledge of precisely the good, the 'best', which made him feel horror at man in general; it was out of this repugnance that the wings grew which 'carried him to distant futures' - he does not dissemble that it is precisely in relation to the good that his type of man, a relatively superhuman type, is superhuman, that the good and just would call his superman a devil...

You highest men my eyes have encountered! This is my doubt of you and my secret laughter: I think you would call my superman - a devil!

Your souls are so unfamiliar with what is great that the superman would be fearful to you in his goodness...

It is at this point and nowhere else that one must make a start if one is to understand what Zarathustra's intentions are: the species of man he delineates delineates reality as it is: he is strong enough for it - he is not estranged from or entranced by it, he is reality itself, he still has all that is fearful and

questionable in reality in him, only thus can man possess greatness...

6

- But there is also another sense in which I have chosen for myself the word immoralist as a mark of distinction and badge of honour; I am proud to possess this word which sets me off against the whole of humanity. No one has yet felt Christian morality as beneath him: that requires a height, a farsightedness, a hitherto altogether unheard-of psychological profundity and abysmalness. Christian morality has hitherto been the Circe of all thinkers - they stood in its service. - Who before me has entered the caverns out of which the poisonous blight of this kind of ideal - world-calumny! - wells up? Who has even ventured to suspect that these caverns exist? Who before me at all among philosophers has been a psychologist and not rather its opposite 'higher swindler', 'idealist'? Before me there was no psychology. - To be the first here can be a curse, it is in any case a destiny: for one is also the first to despise... Disgust at mankind is my danger...

7

Have I been understood? - What defines me, what sets me apart from all the rest of mankind, is that I have unmasked Christian morality. That is why I needed a word which would embody the sense of a challenge to everyone. Not to have opened its eyes here sooner counts to me as the greatest piece of uncleanliness which humanity has on its conscience, as self-deception become instinct, as a fundamental will not to observe every event, every cause, every reality, as false-coinage in psychologicis to the point of crime. Blindness in the face of Christianity is the crime par excellence - the crime against life... The millennia, the peoples, the first and the last, the philosophers and the old women - except for five or six moments of history, me as the seventh - on this point they are all worthy of one another. The Christian has hitherto been the 'moral being', a curiosity without equal - and, as 'moral being', more absurd, mendacious, vain, frivolous, harmful to himself than even the greatest despiser of mankind could have allowed himself to dream. Christian morality - the most malicious form of the will to the lie, the actual Circe of mankind: that which has ruined it. It is not error as error which horrifies me at the sight of this, not the millennia-long lack of

'good will', of discipline, of decency, of courage in spiritual affairs which betrays itself in its victory - it is the lack of nature, it is the utterly ghastly fact that anti-nature itself has received the highest honours as morality, and has hung over mankind as law, as categorical imperative!... To blunder to this extent, not as an individual, not as a people, but as mankind!... That contempt has been taught for the primary instincts of life; that a 'soul', a 'spirit' has been lyingly invented in order to destroy the body; that one teaches that there is something unclean in the precondition of life, sexuality; that the evil principle is sought in that which is most profoundly necessary for prosperity, in strict selfishness (- the very word is slanderous!); that on the other hand one sees in the typical signs of decline and contradictoriness of instinct, in the 'selfless', in loss of centre of gravity, in 'depersonalization' and 'love of one's neighbour' (- lust for one's neighbour!) the higher value, what am I saying! value in itself!... What! could mankind itself be in décadence? has it always been? - What is certain is that it has been taught only décadence values as supreme values. The morality of unselfing is the morality of decline par excellence, the fact 'I am perishing' translated into the imperative 'you all shall perish' - and not only into the imperative!... This sole morality which has hitherto been taught, the morality of unselfing, betrays a will to the end, it denies the very foundations of life. - Let us here leave the possibility open that it is not mankind which is degenerating but only that parasitic species of man the priest, who with the aid of morality has lied himself up to being the determiner of mankind's values - who divines in Christian morality his means to power... And that is in fact my insight: the teachers, the leaders of mankind, theologians included, have also one and all been décadents: thence the revaluation of all values into the inimical to life, thence morality... Definition of morality: morality - the idiosyncrasy of décadents with the hidden intention of avenging themselves on life - and successfully. I set store by this definition.

8

- Have I been understood? - I have not just now said a word that I could not have said five years ago through the mouth of Zarathustra. - The unmasking of Christian morality is an event without equal, a real catastrophe. He who exposes it is a force majeure, a destiny - he breaks the history of mankind into two parts. One lives before him, one lives after him... The lightning-bolt

of truth struck precisely that which formerly stood highest: he who grasps what was then destroyed had better see whether he has anything at all left in his hands. Everything hitherto called 'truth' is recognized as the most harmful, malicious, most subterranean form of the lie; the holy pretext of 'improving' mankind as the cunning to suck out life itself and to make it anaemic. Morality as vampirism... He who unmasks morality has therewith unmasked the valuelessness of all values which are or have been believed in; he no longer sees in the most revered, even canonized types of man anything venerable, he sees in them the most fateful kind of abortion, fateful because they exercise fascination... The concept 'God' invented as the antithetical concept to life - everything harmful, noxious, slanderous, the whole mortal enmity against life brought into one terrible unity! The concept 'the Beyond', 'real world' invented so as to deprive of value the only world which exists - so as to leave over no goal, no reason, no task for our earthly reality! The concept 'soul', 'spirit', finally even 'immortal soul', invented so as to despise the body, so as to make it sick - 'holy' - so as to bring to all the things in life which deserve serious attention, the questions of nutriment, residence, cleanliness, weather, a horrifying frivolity! Instead of health 'salvation of the soul' - which is to say a folie circulaire between spasms of atonement and redemption hysteria! The concept 'sin' invented together with the instrument of torture which goes with it, the concept of 'free will', so as to confuse the instincts, so as to make mistrust of the instincts into second nature! In the concept of the 'selfless', of the 'self-denying' the actual badge of décadence, being lured by the harmful, no longer being able to discover where one's advantage lies, self-destruction, made the sign of value in general, made 'duty', 'holiness', the 'divine' in man! Finally - it is the most fearful - in the concept of the good man common cause made with everything weak, sick, illconstructed, suffering from itself, all that which ought to perish - the law of selection crossed, an ideal made of opposition to the proud and well-constituted, to the affirmative man, to the man certain of the future and guaranteeing the future - the latter is henceforth called the evil man... And all this was believed in as morality! - Ecrasez l'infâme! -

9

- Have I been understood? - Dionysos against the Crucified...

注释

★ 'We strive after the forbidden' (Ovid).

Twilight of the Idols

or How to Philosophize with a Hammer

Maxims and Arrows

1. Idleness is the beginning of psychology. What? could psychology be - a vice?

2. Even the bravest of us rarely has the courage for what he really knows...

3. To live alone one must be an animal or a god - says Aristotle. There is yet a third case: one must be both - a philosopher.

4. 'All truth is simple' - Is that not a compound lie? -

5. Once and for all, there is a great deal I do not want to know. - Wisdom sets bounds even to knowledge.

6. It is by being 'natural' that one best recovers from one's unnaturalness, from one's spirituality...

7. Which is it? Is man only God's mistake or God only man's mistake? -

8. From the military school of life - What does not kill me makes me stronger.

9. Help thyself: then everyone will help thee too. Principle of Christian charity.

10. Let us not be cowardly in face of our actions! Let us not afterwards leave them in the lurch! - Remorse of conscience is indecent.

11. Can an ass be tragic? - To be crushed by a burden one can neither bear nor throw off?... The case of the philosopher.

12. If we possess our why of life we can put up with almost any how. - Man does not strive after happiness; only the Englishman does that.

13. Man created woman - but what out of? Out of a rib of his God, of his 'ideal'...

14. What? you are seeking? you want to multiply yourself by ten, by a hundred? you are seeking followers? - Seek noughts!

15. Posthumous men - like me, for instance - are not so well understood as timely men, but they are listened to better. More precisely: we are never understood - and hence our authority...

16. Among women. - 'Truth? Oh, you don't know the truth, do you! Is it not an outrage on all our pudeurs?' -

17. This is an artist as an artist should be, modest in his requirements: there are only two things he really wants, his bread and his art - panem et Circen...

18. He who does not know how to put his will into things at least puts a meaning into them: that is, he believes there is a will in them already (principle of 'belief').

19. What? you have chosen virtue and the heaving bosom, yet at the same time look with envy on the advantages enjoyed by those who live for the day? - But with virtue one renounces 'advantage'... (laid at the door of an anti-Semite).

20. The complete woman perpetrates literature in the same way as she perpetrates a little sin: as an experiment, in passing, looking around to see if someone notices and so that someone may notice...

21. To get into only those situations in which illusory virtues are of no use, but in which, like the tightrope-walker on his rope, one either falls or stands - or gets off...

22. 'Bad men have no songs' - How is it the Russians have songs?

23. 'German spirit': for eighteen years a contradictio in adjecta.

24. In order to look for beginners one becomes a crab. The historian looks backwards; at last he also believes backwards.

25. Contentment protects one even from catching a cold. Has a woman who knew she was well dressed ever caught a cold? - I am assuming she was hardly dressed at all.

26. I mistrust all systematizers and avoid them. The will to a system is a lack of integrity.

27. Women are considered deep - why? because one can never discover any bottom to them. Women are not even shallow.

28. If a woman possesses manly virtues one should run away from her; and if she does not possess them she runs away herself.

29. 'How much the conscience formerly had to bite on! what good teeth it had! - And today? what's the trouble?' - A dentist's question.

30. One seldom commits only one rash act. In the first rash act one always does too much. For just that reason one usually commits a second - and then one does too little...

31. When it is trodden on a worm will curl up. That is prudent. It thereby reduces the chance of being trodden on again. In the language of morals: humility. -

32. Hatred of lies and dissembling may arise out of a sensitive notion of honour; the same hatred may arise out of cowardice, in as much as lying is forbidden by divine command. Too cowardly to tell lies...

33. How little is needed for happiness! The note of a bagpipe. - Without music life would be a mistake. The German even thinks of God as singing songs.

34. On ne peut penser et écrire qu'assis (G. Flaubert). - Now I have you, nihilist! Assiduity is the sin against the holy spirit. Only ideas won by walking have any value.

35. There are times when we are like horses, we psychologists, and grow restive: we see our own shadow moving up and down before us. The psychologist has to look away from himself in order to see at all.

36. Whether we immoralists do virtue any harm? - As little as anarchists do princes. Only since they have been shot at do they again sit firmly on their thrones. Moral: one must shoot at morals.

37. You run on ahead? - Do you do so as a herdsman? or as an exception? A third possibility would be as a deserter... First question of conscience.

38. Are you genuine? or only an actor? A representative? or that itself which is represented? - Finally you are no more than an imitation of an actor... Second question of conscience.

39. The disappointed man speaks. - I sought great human beings, I never found anything but the apes of their ideal.

40. Are you one who looks on? or who sets to work? - or who looks away, turns aside... Third question of conscience.

41. Do you want to accompany? or go on ahead? or go off alone?... One must know what one wants and that one wants. - Fourth question of conscience.

42. For me they were steps, I have climbed up upon them - therefore I had to pass over them. But they thought I wanted to settle down on them...

43. What does it matter that I am proved right! I am too much in the right. - And he who laughs best today will also laugh last.

44. Formula of my happiness; a Yes, a No, a straight line, a goal...

The Four Great Errors

1

The error of confusing cause and consequence. - There is no more dangerous error than that of mistaking the consequence for the cause: I call it reason's intrinsic form of corruption. None the less, this error is among the most ancient and most recent habits of mankind: it is even sanctified among us, it bears the names 'religion' and 'morality'. Every proposition formulated by religion and morality contains it, priests and moral legislators are the authors of this corruption of reason. - I adduce an example. Everyone knows the book of the celebrated Cornaro in which he recommends his meagre diet as a recipe for a long and happy life - a virtuous one, too. Few books have been so widely read; even now many thousands of copies are printed in England every year. I do not doubt that hardly any book (the Bible rightly excepted) has done so much harm, has shortened so many lives, as this curiosity, which was so well meant. The reason: mistaking the consequence for the cause. The worthy Italian saw in his diet the cause of his long life: while the prerequisite of long life, an extraordinarily slow metabolism, a small consumption, was the cause of his meagre diet. He was not free to eat much or little as he chose, his frugality was not an act of 'free will': he became ill when he ate more. But if one is not a bony fellow of this sort one does not merely do well, one positively needs to eat properly. A scholar of our day, with his rapid consumption of nervous energy, would kill himself with Cornaro's regimen. Credo experto. -

2

The most general formula at the basis of every religion and morality is: 'Do this and this, refrain from this and this - and you will be happy! Otherwise...' Every morality, every religion is this imperative - I call it the great original sin of reason, immortal unreason. In my mouth this formula is converted into its reverse - first example of my 'revaluation of all values': a well-constituted human being, a 'happy one', must perform certain actions and instinctively shrinks from other actions, he transports the order of which he is the

physiological representative into his relations with other human beings and with things. In a formula: his virtue is the consequence of his happiness... Long life, a plentiful posterity is not the reward of virtue, virtue itself is rather just that slowing down of the metabolism which also has, among other things, a long life, a plentiful posterity, in short Cornarism, as its outcome. - The Church and morality say: 'A race, a people perishes through vice and luxury'. My restored reason says: when a people is perishing, degenerating physiologically, vice and luxury (that is to say the necessity for stronger and stronger and more and more frequent stimulants, such as every exhausted nature is acquainted with) follow therefrom. A young man grows prematurely pale and faded. His friends say: this and that illness is to blame. I say: that he became ill, that he failed to resist the illness, was already the consequence of an impoverished life, an hereditary exhaustion. The newspaper reader says: this party will ruin itself if it makes errors like this. My higher politics says: a party which makes errors like this is already finished - it is no longer secure in its instincts. Every error, of whatever kind, is a consequence of degeneration of instinct, disgregation of will: one has thereby virtually defined the bad. Everything good is instinct - and consequently easy, necessary, free. Effort is an objection, the god is typically distinguished from the hero (in my language: light feet are the first attribute of divinity).

3

The error of a false causality. - We have always believed we know what a cause is: but whence did we derive our knowledge, more precisely our belief we possessed this knowledge? From the realm of the celebrated 'inner facts', none of which has up till now been shown to be factual. We believed ourselves to be causal agents in the act of willing; we at least thought we were there catching causality in the act. It was likewise never doubted that all the antecedentia of an action, its causes, were to be sought in the consciousness and could be discovered there if one sought them - as 'motives': for otherwise one would not have been free to perform it, responsible for it. Finally, who would have disputed that a thought is caused? that the ego causes the thought?... Of these three 'inner facts' through which causality seemed to be guaranteed the first and most convincing was that of will as cause; the conception of a consciousness ('mind') as cause and later still that of the ego (the 'subject') as cause are merely after-products after

causality had, on the basis of will, been firmly established as a given fact, as empiricism... Meanwhile, we have thought better. Today we do not believe a word of it. The 'inner world' is full of phantoms and false lights: the will is one of them. The will no longer moves anything, consequently no longer explains anything - it merely accompanies events, it can also be absent. The so-called 'motive': another error. Merely a surface phenomenon of consciousness, an accompaniment to an act, which conceals rather than exposes the antecedentia of the act. And as for the ego! It has become a fable, a fiction, a play on words: it has totally ceased to think, to feel and to will!... What follows from this? There are no spiritual causes at all! The whole of the alleged empiricism which affirmed them has gone to the devil! That is what follows! - And we had made a nice misuse of that 'empiricism', we had created the world on the basis of it as a world of causes, as a world of will, as a world of spirit. The oldest and longest-lived psychology was at work here - indeed it has done nothing else: every event was to it an action, every action the effect of a will, the world became for it a multiplicity of agents, an agent ('subject') foisted itself upon every event. Man projected his three 'inner facts', that in which he believed more firmly than in anything else, will, spirit, ego, outside himself - he derived the concept 'being' only from the concept 'ego', he posited 'things' as possessing being according to his own image, according to his concept of the ego as cause. No wonder cause-creating drive; we want to have a reason for feeling as we do - for feeling well or for feeling ill. It never suffices us simply to establish the mere fact that we feel as we do: we acknowledge this fact - become conscious of it - only when we have furnished it with a motivation of some kind. - The memory, which in such a case becomes active without our being aware of it, calls up earlier states of a similar kind and the causal interpretations which have grown out of them - not their causality. To be sure, the belief that these ideas, the accompanying occurrences in the consciousness, were causes is also brought up by the memory. Thus there arises an habituation to a certain causal interpretation which in truth obstructs and even prohibits an investigation of the cause.

5

Psychological explanation. - To trace something unknown back to something known is alleviating, soothing, gratifying and gives moreover a feeling of power. Danger, disquiet, anxiety attend the unknown - the first instinct is to

eliminate these distressing states. First principle: any explanation is better than none. Because it is at bottom only a question of wanting to get rid of oppressive ideas, one is not exactly particular about what means one uses to get rid of them: the first idea which explains that the unknown is in fact the known does so much good that one 'holds it for true'. Proof by pleasure ('by potency') as criterion of truth. - The cause-creating drive is thus conditioned and excited by the feeling of fear. The question 'why?' should furnish, if at all possible, not so much the cause for its own sake as a certain kind of cause - a soothing, liberating, alleviating cause. That something already known, experienced, inscribed in the memory is posited as cause is the first consequence of this need. The new, the unexperienced, the strange is excluded from being cause. - Thus there is sought not only some kind of explanation as cause, but a selected and preferred kind of explanation, the kind by means of which the feeling of the strange, new, unexperienced is most speedily and most frequently abolished - the most common explanations. - Consequence: a particular kind of causeascription comes to preponderate more and more, becomes concentrated into a system and finally comes to dominate over the rest, that is to say simply to exclude other causes and explanations. - The banker thinks at once of 'business', the Christian of 'sin', the girl of her love.

6

The entire realm of morality and religion falls under this concept of imaginary causes. - 'Explanation' of unpleasant general feelings. They arise from beings hostile to us (evil spirits: most celebrated case - hysterics misunderstood as witches). They arise from actions we cannot approve of (the feeling of 'sin', of 'culpability' foisted upon a physiological discomfort - one always finds reasons for being discontented with oneself). They arise as punishments, as payment for something we should not have done, should not have been (generalized in an impudent form by Schopenhauer into a proposition in which morality appears for what it is, the actual poisoner and calumniator of life: 'Every great pain, whether physical or mental, declares what it is we deserve; for it could not have come upon us if we had not deserved it.' World as Will and Idea II 666). They arise as the consequences of rash actions which have turned out badly (- the emotions, the senses assigned as 'cause', as 'to blame'; physiological states of distress construed,

with the aid of other states of distress, as 'deserved'). - 'Explanation' of pleasant general feelings. They arise from trust in God. They arise from the consciousness of good actions (the so-called 'good conscience', a physiological condition sometimes so like a sound digestion as to be mistaken for it). They arise from the successful outcome of undertakings (-naïve fallacy: the successful outcome of an undertaking certainly does not produce any pleasant general feelings in a hypochondriac or a Pascal). They arise from faith, hope and charity - the Christian virtues. - In reality all these supposed explanations are consequential states and as it were translations of pleasurable and unpleasurable feelings into a false dialect: one is in a state in which one can experience hope because the physiological basic feeling is once more strong and ample; one trusts in God because the feeling of plenitude and strength makes one calm. - Morality and religion fall entirely under the psychology of error: in every single case cause is mistaken for effect; or the effect of what is believed true is mistaken for the truth; or a state of consciousness is mistaken for the causation of this state.

7

The error of free will. - We no longer have any sympathy today with the concept of 'free will': we know only too well what it is - the most infamous of all the arts of the theologian for making mankind 'accountable' in his sense of the word, that is to say for making mankind dependent on him... I give here only the psychology of making men accountable. - Everywhere accountability is sought, it is usually the instinct for punishing and judging which seeks it. One has deprived becoming of its innocence if being in this or that state is traced back to will, to intentions, to accountable acts: the doctrine of will has been invented essentially for the purpose of punishment, that is of finding guilty. The whole of the old-style psychology, the psychology of will, has as its precondition the desire of its authors, the priests at the head of the ancient communities, to create for themselves a right to ordain punishments - or their desire to create for God a right to do so... Men were thought of as 'free' so that they could become guilty: consequently, every action had to be thought of as willed, the origin of every action as lying in the consciousness (- whereby the most fundamental falsification in psychologicis was made into the very principle of psychology)... Today, when we have started to move in the reverse direction, when we immoralists especially are trying with all our

might to remove the concept of guilt and the concept of punishment from the world and to purge psychology, history, nature, the social institutions and sanctions of them, there is in our eyes no more radical opposition than that of the theologians, who continue to infect the innocence of becoming with 'punishment' and 'guilt' by means of the concept of the 'moral world-order'. Christianity is a hangman's metaphysics...

8

What alone can our teaching be? - That no one gives a human being his qualities: not God, not society, not his parents or ancestors, not he himself (-the nonsensical idea here last rejected was propounded, as 'intelligible freedom', by Kant, and perhaps also by Plato before him). No one is accountable for existing at all, or for being constituted as he is, or for living in the circumstances and surroundings in which he lives. The fatality of his nature cannot be disentangled from the fatality of all that which has been and will be. He is not the result of a special design, a will, a purpose; he is not the subject of an attempt to attain to an 'ideal of man' or an 'ideal of happiness' or an 'ideal of morality' - it is absurd to want to hand over his nature to some purpose or other. We invented the concept 'purpose': in reality purpose is lacking... One is necessary, one is a piece of fate, one belongs to the whole, one is in the whole - there exists nothing which could judge, measure, compare, condemn our being, for that would be to judge, measure, compare, condemn the whole... But nothing exists apart from the whole! - That no one is any longer made accountable, that the kind of being manifested cannot be traced back to a causa prima, that the world is a unity neither as sensorium nor as 'spirit', this alone is the great liberation - thus alone is the innocence of becoming restored... The concept 'God' has hitherto been the greatest objection to existence... We deny God; in denying God, we deny accountability: only by doing that do we redeem the world. -

The Hammer Speaks

'Why so hard?' the charcoal once said to the diamond; 'for are we not close relations?'

Why so soft? O my brothers, thus I ask you: for are you not - my brothers?

Why so soft, unresisting and yielding? Why is there so much denial and abnegation in your hearts? So little fate in your glances?

And if you will not be fates, if you will not be inexorable: how can you - conquer with me?

And if your hardness will not flash and cut and cut to pieces: how can you one day - create with me?

For all creators are hard. And it must seem bliss to you to press your hand upon millennia as upon wax,

bliss to write upon the will of millennia as upon metal - harder than metal, nobler than metal. Only the noblest is perfectly hard.

This new law-table do I put over you, O my brothers: Become hard!

THE SYMPOSIUM

会饮篇

［古希腊］柏拉图　著

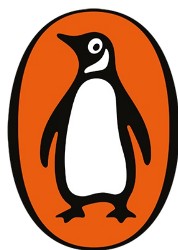
孙平华　储春艳　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

会饮篇

（古希腊）柏拉图/著

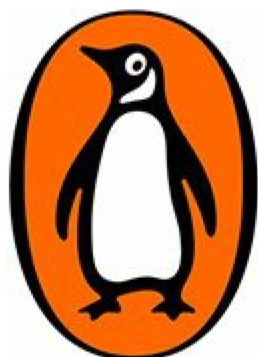
孙平华　储春艳/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

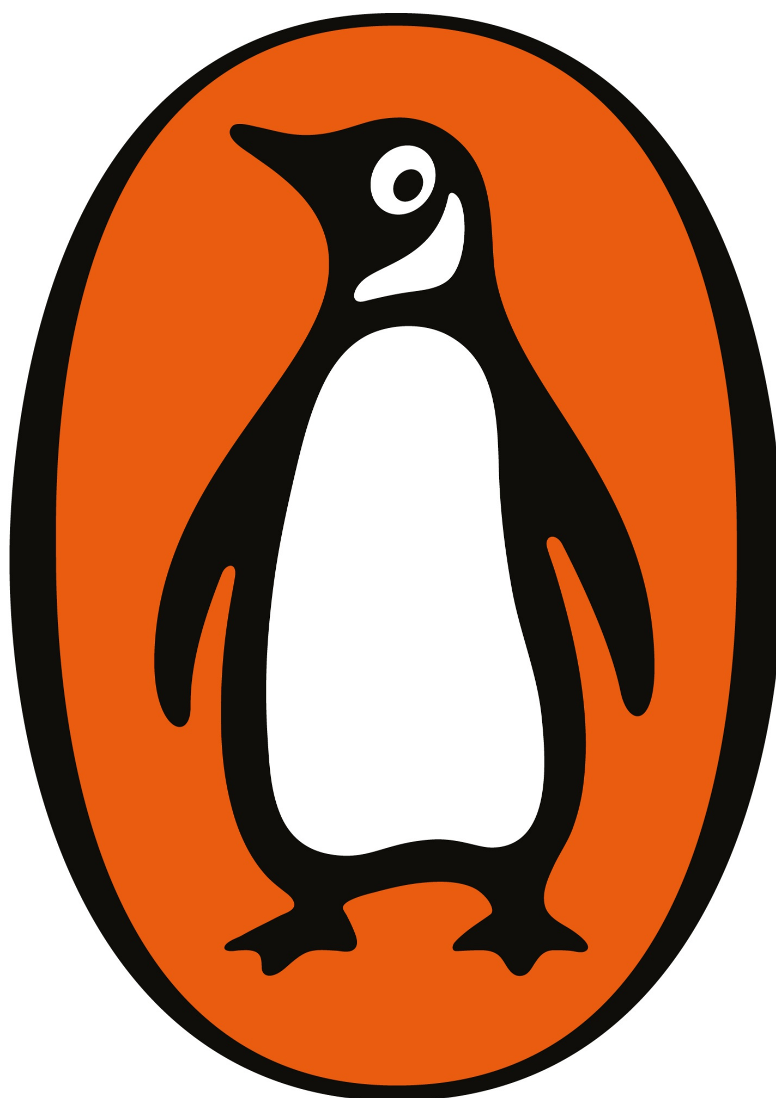
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
This revised translation of The Republic first published in Penguin Classics 1987
This translation of The Symposium first published in Penguin Classics 1999
These extracts published in Penguin Books 2005

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

柏拉图（Plato，公元前427—前347），古希腊伟大的哲学家，也是全部西方哲学乃至整个西方文化最伟大的哲学家和思想家之一。柏拉图和他的老师苏格拉底以及他的学生亚里士多德被并称为古希腊三大哲学家。柏拉图是西方客观唯心主义的创始人，他的哲学体系博大精深，一生作品很多，写下了许多哲学对话录，并且后来在雅典创办了著名的书院。

《会饮篇》（或译作《飨宴篇》《宴话篇》）是柏拉图早期的一篇对话式作品，它描述了在一次宴会上，一群雅典男性对爱的本质的讨论。该作品以演讲和对话的形式写成，既有讽刺式的，也有认真的谈话。他们对话的大前提是（而且有些讲者更清楚说明），最高贵的爱是男人之间的爱。爱是对美的企盼，美貌、智慧和美德都被讨论。他们反对古希腊风俗中男人对少年的爱，说男人不应该在这些尚未了解基本美德，也未定型的少年身上下功夫，而更应该去爱一个男子并长相厮守，并强调两人间若只有美德与知识的交流最为崇高。柏拉图提出肉体的爱不如精神上对智慧和美德的爱，这就是著名的“柏拉图式的爱情”，这样的爱就是至善。在《会饮篇》里，柏拉图还描述了认识“美”的过程：从认识美的形体到美的道理、美的制度，等等，逐级上升，经过飞跃最后认识到美本身，即“美的相”。柏拉图又进一步描述了这种“相”的基本特征：它是永恒的，不生不灭的，绝对的，单一的，等等。

此书还收录了柏拉图著名的“洞穴寓言”，选自《理想国》。在《理想国》中，苏格拉底一开始提到了哲学家必须具备的各种素质，然后着重强调这些素质必须建立在学问的基础之上，最终则是建立在为善的学问基础之上。对苏格拉底来说它是善的本质。一些人认为善即快乐，或

者认为善即学问。柏拉图简明扼要地驳斥了此类观点，却拒绝直接给出自己的看法，而是借用“洞穴寓言”来阐述他的观点，这是他首次详细解释唯心主义。

柏拉图还提到了太阳的比喻和分割线的比喻，柏拉图解释说，分割线比喻是太阳比喻的续篇，旨在进一步说明太阳比喻所涉及的现实中两种层次之间的关系。但它是从一个特定的角度来讲述的，即我们用来理解这两种层次或领域的心智状态。因此，这个线的目的主要也不是用来给事物分类。与可知领域相关的两种心智状态，都是与同种类型的东西（本质）打交道，尽管每种心智状态的处理方式各不相同；虽然在物质世界里，物质的东西与其自身的影子有区别，但这种差异主要用于阐明需要了解的东西当中存在的“真实”或真实性的程度——如果我们的学问仅局限于它的影子或影像，那么，我们对自身学问的东西了解就太有限了。就这个问题而言，就是仅仅局限于肤浅的外表了。

会饮篇

阿波罗多洛斯：实际上，我已经准备好回答你的问题了。前几天我碰巧要从我位于法勒鲁姆的家去城里，一个我认识的人从后面看见了我，大老远地叫我。他喊道（扯着嗓门用开玩笑的口吻）：

“嘿，从法勒鲁姆来的人！你！阿波罗多洛斯，能等我一下吗？”

我停了下来，等着他。

他说：“阿波罗多洛斯，我刚才一直在找你，想让你告诉我在阿伽松家举行的聚会上发生的故事。苏格拉底、亚西比德等人都参加了那次晚宴。他们在关于爱的发言中都说了什么？有个人从菲利普的儿子菲尼克斯那里了解了一些，我听他说了；但他说你也知道那次晚宴。他讲述的内容不够确切。请告诉我你知道的东西吧。苏格拉底是你的朋友，要复述他说的话，没有人比你更有权利了。不过，开始讲之前，”他补充说，“先告诉我：你当时在场吗？”

“你得到的肯定不是精准的复述，”我回答道，“你以为这次聚会是最近发生的，连我也参加了。”

“是的，我确实这样认为。”他说。

“你怎会这样认为呢，格老孔？阿伽松已经有很多年不在雅典住了，而我开始和苏格拉底交往，把追随他的一言一行当作我的职业，还不到三年时间，你难道不知道这些吗？那之前我经常漫无目的地闲逛。我自认为在做一些重要的事，但其实我当时处于最可悲的境地——就像你现在这样！——认为哲学是我最不应该做的事。”

“别取笑我，”他说，“告诉我这次聚会是什么时候举办的吧。”

“那时你和我都还是小孩子，”我说，“阿伽松的第一部悲剧得了奖。他和他的伙伴们举行了祭祀盛宴，庆祝他们的成功，聚会就发生在次日。”

“所以确实是很久以前的事了，”他说，“是谁告诉你这件事的，是苏格拉底自己吗？”

“当然不是了！”我说，“和告诉菲尼克斯的是同一个人，是居达塞奈乌姆一个叫阿里斯托得摩斯的矮个子，他总是光着脚走来走去。他当时参加了那次聚会，我想他是苏格拉底当时最狂热的崇拜者之一，不过，我后来就他告诉我的一些要点问了苏格拉底，他证实了阿里斯托得摩斯的说法。”

“来吧，”他说，“你把这些再给我讲一遍吧。在去城邦的路上，我们正好可以边走边说。”

于是我们一起走的时候就谈了这些，所以正如我一开始说的，我已经准备好了。如果需要给你讲一遍，我也会那样做的。实际上，每当我讨论哲学或听他人讨论哲学时，我都会得到极大的愉悦，更不用说从中受益了。但至于其他类的讨论，尤其是像你们这样的富商的谈话，我感到索然无味，为你和你的朋友感到可惜，因为你们自认为在做一些重要的事，其实不然。可能你觉得我是个失败者，不中用，我却认为你是自以为是。我不仅认为你是个失败者，而且我知道你就是。

朋友：你总是这样，阿波罗多洛斯。你总是贬低自己，贬低其他人。你似乎相信除了苏格拉底，其余所有的人都处于悲惨境地，首当其冲的就是你自己。我不知道你是怎么得到“软蛋”这个绰号的。你在说话时，总是现在这个样子，残酷地攻击你自己和所有人——只有苏格拉底

除外。

阿波罗多洛斯：我亲爱的朋友，很明显，如果我对自己和你持有这种看法，我是不是在胡说八道？

朋友：阿波罗多洛斯，我们现在实在不值得为此争论。请按照我的请求，告诉我谈话的进展如何。

阿波罗多洛斯：好吧，差不多是这样的——但如果我从头开始讲的话会更好点儿，就像阿里斯托得摩斯做的那样。

他说他在路上遇到了苏格拉底，苏格拉底刚洗过澡，还穿上了鞋——他几乎从不这样做。他问苏格拉底穿戴这么整齐是要去哪里。

苏格拉底答道："去和阿伽松一起参加晚宴。昨天我没去他的得奖庆典，避开了人群；但我答应今天参加他的晚宴。因此我才打扮一番，这样我去美貌的人的家时也能看起来精神点儿。你呢？"他问道，"虽然你没受邀请，但是愿意和我参加晚宴吗？"

"你怎么说我就怎么做。"阿里斯托得摩斯答道。

"那么你就和我一起走吧，"苏格拉底说，"这样我们就可以证实谚语是错的，将它倒过来说：'每逢好人开宴，好人不请自来。'其实，荷马也借用过这条谚语，但他把它曲解了，并且几乎是用蔑视的态度对待它的。他笔下的阿伽门农是位异常优秀的战将，而墨涅拉俄斯是个'软弱无能的枪兵'。但当阿伽门农祭祀并举办盛宴时，墨涅拉俄斯这个卑微的人不请自来地参加了优等人的盛宴，这样看来，就是让不太好的人赴好人的宴会了。"

阿里斯托得摩斯回答道："但是恐怕我也符合荷马描述的情况，而不像你说的那个意思，苏格拉底，我是个卑微的人，不请自来地参加聪

明者的盛宴。如果你要带我一起去，想想你该用什么借口；我不会承认我是不请自来的，我只能说是你邀请了我。”

“‘我们两个路上搭伴儿来的’，”他说，“这样说就行了。那么快走吧。”

阿里斯托得摩斯说，这段交谈之后，他们就出发了。但苏格拉底陷入了自己的沉思，他们一起走的时候总是落在后面。阿里斯托得摩斯也停下来时，苏格拉底就让他继续走。到达阿伽松家时，阿里斯托得摩斯发现门是开着的，并且遇到了一件很荒谬可笑的事情。家中的一位仆人看到了他，把他带进屋里，其他人都已落座，正准备用餐。阿伽松一看到他，就说：“阿里斯托得摩斯，你来得正好，和我们一起用餐吧！你要是为了别的事情而来，就先放一边。我昨天找你，要邀请你，但没找到你。苏格拉底呢——你为什么没带他一块儿来？”

他转身的时候（阿里斯托得摩斯说的），发现苏格拉底根本没跟在后面。他解释说是苏格拉底带他来的，他是受苏格拉底的邀请来参加晚宴的。

“很高兴你来了，”阿伽松说，“但是苏格拉底去哪儿了呢？”

“刚才他还在我后面。我不知道现在他在哪儿。”

“仆人，去看看，”阿伽松说，“把苏格拉底带到这儿来。阿里斯托得摩斯，请你挨着厄律克西马库坐。”

一个仆人帮阿里斯托得摩斯洗了手和脚，这样他就可以坐下了。另一个仆人过来说：“苏格拉底已经到这儿了；他退回到了邻居家的走廊里，一直站在那里，不肯进来，我请他进来也不行。”

“真奇怪，”阿伽松说，“你再去请他进来，别让他独自一人待着。”

“别，”阿里斯托得摩斯说，“随他去吧。这是他的习惯。有时他离开人群，走到哪儿，就站在那里不动了。我敢肯定他一会儿就过来。别打扰他，让他一个人待着吧。”

“好吧，如果你这样认为，那我们就这样做，”阿伽松说，“现在，仆人，给我们上菜吧。你们想上什么食物就上什么食物，没人监督你们——我从未这样做过。这一次，你们就把我及其他人当作你们晚宴的客人，要好好伺候，争取赢得我们的赞扬。”

接着他们就开始用餐了，但苏格拉底还没进来。阿伽松不停地说应该派人去叫苏格拉底，但阿里斯托得摩斯不让他这么做。实际上，苏格拉底不一会儿就来了（他没有像往常那样迟到很长时间），其他人用餐才刚用到了一半。阿伽松正好独自一人坐在末席，就说：“苏格拉底，过来坐在我旁边吧，这样靠近你，我就可以分享你在走廊中获得的智慧了。显然你已经找到了你要寻找的东西并且拥有它了；不然你不会来的。”

苏格拉底坐了下来，说：“阿伽松，如果智慧这种东西能像水一样，在双方彼此接触的时候从丰盈者流到匮乏者那里，通过一根毛线从满杯子流到空杯子中，该有多好啊。如果智慧真像这样，我把与你共坐当作莫大的荣耀。我希望用你丰富的美好智慧把自己填满。我的智慧无疑是肤浅的——更确切地说，是真是假说不清，就像梦一样——但你的智慧光辉灿烂，有巨大的发展潜力。在你还年轻的时候，你的智慧就大放异彩；前几天三万多在场的希腊同胞都见证了你的智慧。”

“你在嘲笑我，”阿伽松说，“稍后我们再争论智慧问题，让狄奥尼索斯做我们的评判员。不过现在你先把注意力放在用餐上吧。”

之后，阿里斯托得摩斯说，苏格拉底坐了下来，与其他人一起用餐。然后他们向神祭酒、唱颂神歌，进行了其他例行的礼仪，然后开始

饮酒。鲍桑尼亚带了头，说了类似下面的话："先生们，最愉快的饮酒方式是什么？我可以告诉你们，我由于昨天饮酒，今天的身体状况非常糟糕，需要多休息。我觉得你们中许多人也是这样，因为你们昨天也在场——所以想想我们应该怎样饮酒才最合适吧。"

阿里斯托芬说："鲍桑尼亚，你说得对，我们得想办法喝得从容一些。我昨天也属于酩酊大醉之列。"

此后，阿库门努的儿子厄律克西马库说："我赞同你的说法。但还有个人的意见我需要问问，看看他还能喝吗，那个人就是阿伽松。"

"我也绝对没有耐力再喝了。"他说。

"那我们就交了好运了——我是说，对于阿里斯托得摩斯、费德鲁斯及其他人来说——你们这些酒量最大的已经放弃了。我们永远抵不过你们。当然，我没有算苏格拉底：他可以喝也可以不喝，所以我们不管怎么做对他来说都行。既然大家没人热衷于大量饮酒，所以如果我说说醉酒是怎么回事，大概没人会觉得厌烦吧。从我的医疗经验来看，醉酒显然对人体有害。所以如果我可以随心所欲的话，我不愿意喝过头，我也不建议任何人喝过头，尤其是你还没从昨晚的宿醉中醒过来，头还昏昏沉沉时。"

这时费德鲁斯说话了："我通常都听从你的建议，尤其是涉及医药方面的。如果其余的人都还理智的话，也该相信。"

听到这话，他们都同意不要把当前的场合弄成豪饮的局面，而是愿意喝多少就喝多少。

"好，"厄律克西马库说，"既然大家都同意愿意喝多少就喝多少，没有任何强迫与勉强，那我下一个提议是把刚进来的吹笛女打发走，让她们自吹自乐吧，或者如果她们愿意的话，吹给屋子里的女人听，我们

今晚就以交谈来度过。要是你们同意的话，我想提议一个讨论的话题。”

大家都同意，让他提议。厄律克西马库说：“我以引用欧里庇得斯的《墨拉尼佩》开头：我将要讲的‘不是我自己的故事’，而是费德鲁斯的。他总是这样抱怨：‘厄律克西马库，诗人为其他的神谱写赞美诗和颂歌，但没人谱写过一首爱神的颂词，尽管他是位非常古老又非常重要的神，这岂不是很糟糕？你看看最优秀的智者（例如，杰出的普罗迪库斯），他们为赫拉克勒斯还有其他的神写颂词。可能这也不足为奇；但有一次我发现一位聪明的作者写的书，由于盐的效用，他在其中对其大力赞美——你也能发现诸多类似的颂词。人们如此重视这类东西，但至今却无人有勇气歌颂爱神应得的赞歌，这岂不是很荒唐。他是位如此伟大的神，却被忽略到如此地步！’我认为费德鲁斯在这一点上说得很对。我想让他高兴，为这件事作出自己的贡献；同时现在似乎是在座各位赞美爱神的好时机。如果你们同意，我们不需要做其他事了，就进行讨论。我提议每人尽其所能作最出色的发言，赞美爱神，然后坐在他右边的人继续。费德鲁斯应该起头，因为他不仅坐在首席，而且是这个话题的发起人。”

“没人会反对你，厄律克西马库，”苏格拉底说，“我当然也不能拒绝，因为爱这个主题是我唯一可以声称懂得的。阿伽松和鲍桑尼亚不会；阿里斯托芬也不会，他的整个事业都集中在狄奥尼索斯和阿佛洛狄特上；在座的其他任何人也不会。当然，这种安排对于我们坐在末席的人不公平。但如果先说的人说了所要求说的，并且说得很好，那我们也就满足了。费德鲁斯起头，作他对爱神的颂词，祝你好运！”

其余人都同意，让费德鲁斯按苏格拉底说的做。当然，阿里斯托得摩斯没有记住所有发言者说的话，我也没记住他说的所有的话。不过我会告诉你那些他记得最清楚、我认为最重要的人的发言。

如我所说的，阿里斯托得摩斯告诉我是费德鲁斯先说，他是这样说的：爱神被人类及诸神认为是一位伟大且了不起的神，这表现在很多方面，尤其是他的出身方面。

“爱神受人们尊敬，”费德鲁斯说，“是因为他是最古老的一位神，古老就是一种荣誉，可以由这个事实来论证：爱神没有父母，散文或诗歌里也从未提到过他的父母。但与此相反，赫西奥德说首先存在的是一片混沌，‘然后是宽阔的大地，为一切事物提供了永久、安全的根基，然后就是爱。’阿里斯托得摩斯同意赫西奥德的说法，说混沌之后两样东西出现了，即大地和爱。关于他的出身，巴门尼德说‘她创造的第一位神即是爱神’。所以爱神的古老历史已广为人们接受。

“由于其古老历史，他是我们最大福祉的源泉。我会宣称，对于青年来说，没有什么比拥有一位钟爱自己的爱人更幸福了；对爱人来说，没有什么比一位好情郎更幸福了。不管是亲情、社会地位、财富，还是其他任何东西，在向那些想要过上好生活的人灌输毕生指导方面的东西时，没有一个比爱更有效。这原则是什么呢？这是一种厌恶丑陋、爱慕美好的意识在起作用。没有这些，没有任何人或任何城邦能获得伟大或高尚的事物。

“以一个处于热恋中的人为例，他被发现做了不光彩的事，或经历了某些可耻的事情，因为他受人凌辱而懦弱不敢反抗。我认为这种情况下，被他的情郎看见会比被他的父亲、朋友或其他任何人看见给他带来更多的痛苦。若是情郎的话，我们也会看到同样的情景：若他被发现处于某种可耻的情形中，他会在他的爱人面前感觉最无地自容。如果有机制能创建由爱人和情郎组成的城邦或军队，那就没有比这更好的社会组织形式了：他们会阻止一切不光彩的事，为彼此眼中的荣誉而竞争。即使一小部分这样的人并肩作战，也几乎可以打败整个人类。爱人在从战线退缩或丢弃自己的武器时，最不能容忍被他的情郎看到；相反，他宁

愿死千百回。至于抛弃自己的情郎或没能在危险中帮助他——没人会如此懦弱，不能从爱中激发出勇气，与天生就很勇敢的人相匹敌。当荷马说一位神‘把力量吹进’一些英雄体内时，这是爱情对爱人才会产生的效果。

“而且，只有爱人才会愿意为对方而死；这对女人和男人都适用。希腊人能从珀利阿斯的女儿阿尔刻提斯身上找到这一事实的充分证据，她是唯一一个愿意替她丈夫去死的人，尽管他的父亲和母亲都还活着。她将爱付诸行动，展示出了超出父母的深切关爱，使他们看起来像自己儿子的陌生人一样，只是名义上的亲属罢了。诸神以及人类都把这看作是高尚的行为。尽管许多人表现出许多高尚的行为，尽管神只授予少数人将生命从冥界再还阳一次的特权，但他们将她从冥界放了出来，因为钦佩她的行为。这显示了即使神也多么珍视爱情激发出的承诺和勇气。

“但是他们把奥阿格罗斯之子奥尔甫斯两手空空地从冥界打发了出来；他们只给他看了他想要拥有的妻子的幻影，而没有给他这个女人本身。他们认为他很软弱（他只是个音乐家），因为他没有勇气像阿尔刻提斯那样为自己的爱人去死，而是在还活着的时候找到了进入冥界的方法。他们为此惩罚他，让他死在女人的手中。

“相反，他们钦佩忒提斯的儿子阿喀琉斯，把他送到极乐岛。他从母亲那里知道，如果他杀死赫克托耳，他自己也会死，但是如果他不杀死他，他就可以回家并长命百岁。他有勇气代表他的爱人作出选择并行动，替他报仇：他不仅为他而死，并且要和他一起死去，因为帕特洛克罗斯已经死了。这种行为赢得了诸神的特别敬佩和特殊赞誉，因为这显示了他多么珍视自己的爱人。当埃斯库罗斯在说阿喀琉斯是帕特洛克罗斯的爱人时，是在胡说八道：如荷马告诉我们的，他比帕特洛克罗斯更英俊（实际上，他是所有英雄中最英俊的），他还没有胡须，而且比帕特洛克罗斯年轻得多。尽管神给予爱情激发出的勇气特殊赞誉，但当一

位情郎向自己的爱人展示出深切关爱时，与爱人对情郎这样做时相比，他们展示出更大的惊异和赞赏，也给予更慷慨的回应。爱人比情郎更像神，因为他受到了神灵的激发。这就是为什么他们给阿喀琉斯比阿尔刻提斯更高的荣誉，并把他送到极乐岛。

“这就是我为什么说爱神是最古老的神，最受人尊敬，在激发人们获得勇气和幸福方面最有效，不管是对生还是死来说都一样。”

按照阿里斯托得摩斯说的，费德鲁斯的发言大致是这样。费德鲁斯之后，有一些其他人的发言，阿里斯托得摩斯记不清了，所以他就略过了他们，接着说鲍桑尼亚的发言。鲍桑尼亚说：“费德鲁斯，我们仅仅被告知去赞美爱神，我认为我们没有作出明确规定。如果爱是单一的，那就没问题，但实际上它不是；由于它不是，那最好提前规定我们应该赞美哪种爱。我尽力把情况摆正，先说说我们应该赞美哪种爱，然后再给予诸神他应得的赞美。

“我们都知道阿佛洛狄特与爱神不可分开。如果只有一个阿佛洛狄特，那就只有一种爱；但由于有两类阿佛洛狄特，也就必须有两种爱。肯定有两类阿佛洛狄特吗？其中一个较年长，是乌拉诺斯的女儿，尽管她没有母亲：我们称她为乌拉诺斯或神圣的阿佛洛狄特。较年轻的一个是宙斯和狄俄涅的女儿：我们称她为凡间的阿佛洛狄特。因此结果就是，每一种爱，根据他是谁的伴侣，应该有与女神一样的名字，也称之为神圣的爱或凡间的爱。当然，所有的神都应该受到赞美，但我们必须尽力区分开这两个神的职能。

“每一种活动本身没有对错之分。就拿我们现在的活动为例：我们可以饮酒、唱歌或讨论。这些就其本身而言没有一种是对的；活动的性质取决于完成它的方式。如果做得适当，它就是对的；如果做得不当，它就是错的。所以并不是每一种爱和爱神都是对的，都值得赞美，只有那种激励我们以正确的方式去爱的才如此。

“凡间的爱是名副其实的‘凡俗’，效果方面没什么区别；这是下等人感受到的那种爱。这类人既受女人的吸引，也受少男的吸引，吸引他们的是肉体而不是灵魂。他们受到智力最低下的伴侣的吸引，因为他们的唯一目的是得到他们所想要的，而不关心这样做是否恰当。所以爱对他们的影响就是他们不加区别地行动：不管他们的行为是好是坏，对他们来说都一样。其原因就是，他们的爱源自更年轻的女神，由于她的出身，她本性上一部分是女的，一部分是男的。

“另一种爱源自神圣的女神，她体内没有一点儿女性的特质，完全是男性的；所以这种爱的对象是少男。这位女神也较年长，所以会避免滥用暴力。这就是为什么受这种爱激发的人倾向于男性，对本性更精力充沛和智慧的事物心怀喜爱。在受少男吸引的那一类人中，你们也可以区别那些纯粹受神圣的爱激励的人。他们只有在开始完成智力发育的时候才会受少男吸引，这通常会发生在他们开始长胡须的时候。我认为那些在这个时候开始恋爱的人做好了共度一生、终生相守的准备。他们不会利用少男的年幼无知哄骗他，引诱他，然后碰到另外合适的对象便喜新厌旧。

“甚至应该有针对与宠爱少男相关的法律，阻止他们将巨大的精力花费在结果不明的事情上。就少男而言，他们无论在心灵或身体上最终是好还是坏谁也无法预知。善良的人们为自己制定这条规则，并愿意这样做。应该强迫凡俗的爱的追随者采用同样的规则，就像我们尽自己最大努力强行阻止他们爱恋自由民妇女一样。这种凡俗的爱情使人们对爱情有了不好的印象，也给爱带来了不良声誉，以至于一些人竟然说满足爱人的要求是错的。人们这样说，是因为他们考虑的是这类人的卑鄙放荡的行为；当然，如果行为是以有条理的方式进行且符合通常的规范，就不会招致批评指责。

“其他城邦管理恋爱的规范都用了明确的语言进行规定，很容易被

人领会。但在斯巴达这里却很复杂。在厄利斯和比奥夏，以及人们不擅长演讲的地方，有明确的规定，认为满足爱人的需求是对的，不管老少，没人会说那是错的。毫无疑问，这是因为他们不愿费尽心思通过劝说赢得少男，别忘了他们本来都是不够格的演说家。但在爱奥尼亚的许多地方以及波斯帝国的其他地方，规定恋爱是错的。在波斯，由于其残暴的政府，人们谴责他们，还谴责智力和体育活动。毫无疑问，在他们的政府中，人们不适合有伟大的思想或建立深厚的友谊和私人关系，这些都是通过这些活动，尤其是爱情促成的。在雅典，暴君通过自己的经验发现了这一点：亚里斯托杰顿的爱及哈尔摩狄奥斯互相爱慕的力量使他们的统治走向了终点。所以在有这样的基本规则（即满足爱人的需求是错误的）的地方，就可以将其归结为制定这条规则的人自身的缺陷：政府对权力的贪求和人民的懦弱。而在一些地方，认为这是完全正确的，那是因为规则的制定者头脑迟钝。

“在雅典，我们的规范比那些地方强得多；但正如我刚才说的，这些规范不太容易理解。据说公开地去爱比秘密地爱更好，尤其是你爱的是具有社会地位和良好品行的少男时，即使他们不是特别英俊。而且爱人从众人那里得到巨大的鼓舞，暗示他做的不是可耻的事；获取你想要的少男的心被认为是高尚的行为，而未能获取则被认为是可耻的。当爱人尽力抓获少男的心时，规范允许他因做非凡的事而赢得赞美。如果他胆敢在做这些事时有任何其他目的和意图，他将会受到强烈的谴责。

“比如说，一个人想从别人那里得到钱，或政治职务或其他某种势力，他就去做像爱人对待自己喜爱的少男那样的事情。想象一下，他会像个哀求者一样双膝跪地，乞求他想要的东西，发誓，整夜都待在人家的门阶上，准备好遭受任何仆人都不会做的奴性行为。他的朋友和仇敌都会阻止他这样做；他的敌人会批评他为了得到想要的东西而使自己蒙受耻辱，而他的朋友会责备他，并为他感到羞耻。但当爱人这样做时，规范就会纵容他并允许他逃避批评，意味着他的意图反而会得到赞扬。

最值得注意的是，人们普遍认为神会宽恕的未能遵从誓言的唯一的人即是爱人。他们说，爱人的誓言根本不是誓言。所以，根据我们的规范，神以及人给予了爱人各种纵容。从这个观点来看，你会认为在这个城邦，成为爱人并热切地回应爱人是非常值得赞扬的事。

“另一方面，当少男吸引爱人时，他们的父亲会让仆人管束他们，明确规定不让少男与爱人交谈。少男的朋友和同龄人如果看到这样的事发生时就会谩骂他们，长辈也不去阻止这种谩骂，或责备他们这样说话。你们看到这种情况时，就会想，相比之下，在我们这个城邦里，恋爱会被认为是很丢人的事。

“我认为情况是这样的。这种事并不十分单纯；如我之前说的，恋爱本身没有对错之分，行为恰当时它即是对，行为不当时它即是错。以不当的方式满足坏人的需求即是错的，以恰当的方式满足好人的需求即是对的。在这一点上，卑鄙的对象即是上面提到的凡俗的爱人，他们爱肉体而不是灵魂。他所爱的东西不是恒定不变的，所以他的爱也不会始终如一：一旦肉体的花蕊（这正是吸引他的东西）凋谢，‘他就远走高飞，消失不见了’，毁掉他以前所有的誓言。但那些热爱良好品行的人终其一生都是恒定不变的，因为他们所爱的东西也是始终如一的。

“我们考验的目的是要充分地、以恰当的方式检验爱人，确保少男满足一种，而远离另一种。这就是为什么我们同时鼓励爱人去追逐少男，又鼓励少男躲避爱人。这是一种比赛，来检验爱人属于哪一类，少男属于哪一类。这就解释了为什么快速俘获内心被认为是错误的：就是为了确保时间起到干预作用，这被认为是检验多数事物的好方法。这也解释了为什么被爱人的金钱或政治权力俘获被认为是错误的。这种情况下，少男要么由于受虐待而害怕地屈从，要么可耻地享受金钱或政治成就的利益。这些东西没有一样被认为是稳定或永恒的，除了这样一个事实，即没有真正的感情能建立在这样的基础之上。

“根据我们的规则，只剩下一种方法，少男以这种方法满足他的爱人是正确的。我之前说过，爱人愿意忍受各种奴役且不算献媚也不受谴责。同样，根据我们的规则，只有一种自愿的奴役不受谴责：那种目的是要产生美德的奴役。我们的观点是，如果某个人愿意屈身为他人效劳，相信那个人会帮助他提升智慧或其他方面的美德，那么这种自愿的奴役并无不对，也不丢脸。

“这两条规则必须合二为一（一条规定对少男的爱，一条规定对智慧及其他美德的爱），才能创造出少男满足他的爱人无过错的条件。当爱人和情郎集合起来，每一方都遵守相应的规则时，这些条件就实现了：爱人完全可以为满足了自己需求的情郎做任何事，情郎也完全可以为使自己变得智慧和高尚的人做任何事。而且一般来说爱人必须能够增进情郎的理解力和品德，情郎必须想要获得教育和智慧。当所有这些条件都满足时，而且只有这时，情郎满足爱人的需求才是对的，而不是相反的情况。

“这种情况下，被欺骗也没什么错；但是，除此之外，爱就是错的，不管你是否被欺骗。假设一个少男认为他的爱人很富有，由于贪恋钱财就满足了他；如若结果证明这位爱人很贫穷，少男没得到任何钱，那他做的仍是错的。这类少男显示了他品性中的一些东西：他愿意为了挣钱为任何人效劳，而那是不对的。在同样的基础上，假设一位少男认为他的爱人是个好人，就满足了他，希望通过和他的爱人的交往使自己变得更好。如果结果证明这位爱人是个坏人，缺乏美德，这样被欺骗也没有耻辱。这类少男也显示了他品性中的一些东西：他为了获得美德、使自己变得更好，愿意为他人做任何事，没有什么动机比这更值得赞扬了。所以为了获得美德而满足爱人是完全正确的。这是属于神圣女神的神圣之爱，对城邦和个人来说都是巨大价值的来源，因为它迫使爱人和情郎重视自己的品德。其他形式的爱都来源于另一位一般的爱神。

“费德鲁斯，这就是我对爱的理解，”他说，“这是我在没准备的情况下能说的最好的了。”

当鲍桑尼亚停下来时（我是从专家那里学的这种拐弯抹角的说话技巧），阿里斯托得摩斯说，轮到阿里斯托芬发言了。但是，巧合的是，他由于吃得过多或其他原因正在打嗝，无法说话。他对厄律克西马库（这位医生正坐在他下一位）说：“正巧，你要么帮助我止住嗝，要么替我说，直到我不打嗝为止。”厄律克西马库回答道：“两件事我都做。我来取代你的位置，等轮到我的时候你再讲。我发言时，你屏住呼吸，可能就可以止住嗝；如果没止住，你就用水漱漱口。如果还是打嗝，你就用个东西戳一下鼻孔，让自己打个喷嚏。这样一两次，不管多么顽固的嗝儿，都可以止得住了。”

“尽快开始你的发言吧，”阿里斯托芬说，“我照你说的办。”

厄律克西马库说：“我是这样认为的：鲍桑尼亚的发言，开头很好，但没有贯彻下去，结尾处不是很相称，所以我尽力完成他的论证。我认为他对爱情有两重性，作了很妥当的区分。但是爱不仅可以通过人们对英俊的人的情绪反应来表达，而且还有许多种其他类型的反应：既可以追溯到动物的生殖，也可以追溯到植物的生长。我可以说，存在于神圣的或世俗的各种活动中的爱的威力适用于一切类型的存在物。我确信，我是从医学、从我自己的专业领域认识到爱神的威力有多么伟大、多么美妙，他的力量延伸到人类和神圣生命的各个方面。

“我将从医学开始，为了对我自己从事的行业表示尊敬。身体的性质中天生就显示出了这两种爱。人们通常认为身体的健康和疾病是不同的状态，彼此互不相同。当事物不同时，它们渴望和爱的对象也不同。因此，在身体健康和患有疾病的情况下爱是不同的。鲍桑尼亚刚才说，满足好人是对的，而满足放纵的人是错的。身体也一样。对于每个身体，满足好的部分是对的，且你应该这样做（行医就是这个意思）；但

满足不好的、有病的部分就是错的，若你打算成为医术高明的人，就应该剥夺那部分的满足。

“实质上，医学就是关于填满和排空身体之爱的各种形式的知识。医生最重要的是能区分出这些过程中正确的和错误的爱。好的医生能引起改变，这样身体就能获得一种爱而不是另一种；当一种爱不在那里而应该在那里时，他知道如何来灌输这种爱，并排除在那里的另一种爱。他应该能够取出身体中最具对抗性的元素，在它们之间建立友谊和爱。最具对抗性的元素是对立的，如冷与热，苦与甜，干与湿，等等。找到在这些元素之间灌输爱与和谐的方法的人是我们的祖先阿斯克勒庇俄斯（这是一些诗人告诉我们的，有些就在这里，我相信他们），他就是这样创建医学的。

“如我所说的，医学完全由这位神掌管，他也掌管体育和农业；任何人思考片刻都会清楚，这一点也适用于音乐。这可能是赫拉克利特心里所想的，虽然他没有很好地表达出来。关于团结，他说：‘通过背离，它与自身达成一致。……就像弓或琴的和谐。’若说和谐与自身背离，或它的构成要素仍然分离的时候它就存在，是很荒谬的。但可能他心里想的是，音乐的技艺是通过用一致性替换高音和低音之间的分歧，从而创造和谐。高音和低音仍分离的时候，它们之间当然不会存在和谐。和谐就是协调，协调是一种一致性；但是当分离的东西仍分离时就不能从中创建一致性，只有当分离的东西一致时才能创造和谐。同样，韵律是通过用一致性替换快拍和慢拍之间的分离创造出来的。正如医学在一个区域内创造一致性，音乐通过向涉及的元素中灌输爱和协调，在另一个区域内创造它；反过来，音乐就是与和谐和韵律有关的爱的各种形式的知识。

“在和谐和韵律的结构中，考虑其自身，不难发现爱的作用；所以爱的双重性在这里没有呈现出来。但是当用韵律与和谐对人产生影响

时，不管是创作音乐（他们称之为‘作曲’），还是恰当运用曲调和诗歌（称为‘教育’），困难就出现了，需要好的音乐大师了。这里同样的原则仍然有效：你应该满足并促进秩序井然的人们的爱，或者那些尚未秩序井然但能用这种方式获得改善的人的爱。这种爱是美好的、神圣的，是神圣的缪斯之爱。但一般的爱是缪斯圣歌女神之爱；当是这种爱时，我们必须慎重，确保爱的接受者享受它提供的欢愉，而不会变得放纵。同样，在我的专业领域，工作的一个关键部分是正确处理通过烹饪艺术满足的欲望，确保人们享受这种欢愉，而不生病。所以在音乐、医学及其他所有领域中，既有人类的也有神的，我们必须尽其所能地留意这两种爱，因为这两种爱都存在。

“季节的特性也是由这两种爱决定的。当我之前提到的那些元素（热与冷、干与湿）受到秩序井然的爱的影响时，它们就会彼此协调一致，风调雨顺。它们的到来就会为人类及其他动植物带来丰收和健康，不会造成危害。但是当无节制的、暴力的爱主导季节时，它们就会造成巨大的破坏。这些情况常常会造成牲畜和植物得瘟疫及其他反常疾病。霜冻、冰雹和疫病是受这种爱的影响，互相激烈竞争和陷入混乱而产生的结果。所以我们所说的天文学是关于爱的作用的知识，因为这些影响星辰的运动和四季的推移。

“而且，各种祭祀和占卜的所有活动（这些是神与人类互相交流的方式）都在于维持一种爱，而消除另一种。当人们未满足、尊重或把活动中的首要位置让给秩序井然的爱时，而且对另一种爱做了这些，那么就常常会出现对自己父母（活着的或去世的）或神的不尊敬。预言有一个职责，就是留意那些错误的爱，并将其消除。它还有一个职责，就是通过理解人类生命中爱的运作如何影响正确的行为和虔诚之心，在神和人类之间产生友谊。

“所以当把这一切集合在一起时，爱作为整体拥有巨大（更确切地

说是所有的）力量。但是拥有最大力量的爱是那种本性表现在良好的行为中、以自制和正义为标志、在人类和神的层级上的爱，它是我们所有幸福的源泉。它使我们能够与彼此及神交往并成为朋友。

“可能我对爱神的颂词遗漏了许多东西，如果是这样，我并不是故意的。如果我遗漏了任何东西，阿里斯托芬，该你来填补缺口了。或者，如果你想到了其他对神的颂词，就继续说吧，你已经不打嗝了。”

现在轮到阿里斯托芬了（阿里斯托得摩斯说的），他说：“是的，已经不打嗝了，但是直到我用打喷嚏的方法后才停下来。这让我怀疑是否是我身体中‘秩序井然’的部分想要那种噪音和让我打喷嚏的挠痒。无论如何，我一打喷嚏嗝立刻就止住了。”

“亲爱的阿里斯托芬，”厄律克西马库说，“当心你正在做的事。你一开口就开玩笑，这让我不得不提防着你的玩笑，不然你的发言就可以不被打扰了。”

“你说得对，厄律克西马库，”阿里斯托芬说，“我收回刚才说的话。但如果你留意我的发言的话，别以为我不敢说一些有趣的事（那是我的缪斯女神的特权和典型特征），我是害怕说了荒唐的话。”

厄律克西马库说：“你认为你可以射我一箭然后就逃跑啊！好吧，当心了；你必须对你说的话负责。不过即使如此，如果我下了决心，我也会放你一马的。”

“事实上，厄律克西马库，”阿里斯托芬说，“我确实打算采用一种与你和鲍桑尼亚发言中不同的方式。我认为人们完全没有认识到爱神的力量；如果他们领会了这一点，他们会为他建造最大的寺庙和祭坛，做最大规模的祭祀。事实上，人们没有为他做其中任何一项，虽然他是最值得这样做的。他比其他任何神都更爱人类；他是他们的助手，是疾病

的医治者，那些疾病的治愈构成了人类最大的幸福。我会试着把他的力量解释给你们听，你们再把这些传授给其他人。

“首先，你们必须要了解人类的本性以及它发生了什么变化。很久以前，我们的本性与现在的不同，而且有很大的差异。首先，人类有三种性别，而不是现在的男性和女性两种。还有第三种，它结合了这两种；现在它的名字保存了下来，不过这种性别已经消失了。‘阴阳人’是一种独特的性别，也是一个名字，它结合了男性和女性的特征；现在除了名字什么也没留下，现在它的名字是对人的侮辱。

“其次，最初的人外形是个圆形的整体，背部和两侧形成了一个圆。每个人有四只手、四条腿，圆形的脖子上有两张一样的脸。一个头上有两张脸，朝向相反，有四只耳朵，两个生殖器，其余的你们可以从我刚才说的话中想象出来。他们可以笔直地来回走动，像我们现在一样，可以随心所欲地朝任何一个方向走。当他们要动身快跑时，就用八肢支撑着自己的身体，快速地旋转着移动，就像翻筋斗一样，他们在旋转时，腿伸直着翻筋斗。

“之所以有这三种性别以及他们如描述的那样，是因为男性最初是由太阳生的，女性是由大地生的，而阴阳人是由月亮生的，因为月亮是太阳和大地的结合体。他们是圆的，所以他们也以圆形的方式移动，因为他们与自己的父母相像。他们在力量和活力方面很糟糕；他们有雄心壮志，向神发起进攻。荷马讲的关于厄菲阿尔忒斯和俄图斯的故事，说他们如何尝试着爬上天国攻击诸神，实际上指的就是他们。宙斯和其他神讨论如何对付他们，但没有得出结论。诸神不知道如何能杀死他们，不能像以前对待巨人那样用雷电把人类全部消灭；如果他们那样做的话，诸神从他们那里得到的荣誉和祭品将会消失。但也不能让他们再这样蛮横无理下去。在经过深思之后，宙斯有了一个主意：‘我有个计划，通过这个计划人类还可以继续存在，但非常虚弱，不能再有这样的

野蛮行径了。我现在把他们每个人一分为二；他们将变得虚弱，也对我们更有用，因为他们人数增多了。他们将用两条腿直立行走。如果我们觉得他们仍然蛮横，不肯安静下来，我就再把他们分成两半，这样他们就只能用一条腿跳着走路了。’

“说完之后，宙斯把人劈成了两半，就像人们把苹果切成两半或把煮熟的蛋切开一样。他在切每个人的时候，告诉阿波罗把他们的脸和与之相连的半面脖颈扭向伤口那面，这样人类就能看到自己的伤口，变得懂规矩点儿；宙斯也让他治愈其他伤口。阿波罗扭转了脸；他把周身的皮肤拉向现在称为腹部的方向（就像用拉链把手提袋拉紧一样），然后在腹部的中央留了一个口，我们称之为肚脐。他也磨平了许多其他褶皱，把胸部弄成鞋匠磨平皮革的褶皱时使用的工具的形状。但他留了一些肚脐附近的褶皱，提醒人类很久以前发生在他们身上的事。

“由于他们被分成两半了，每个人都想念自己的另一半，希望能与另一半在一起。他们用胳膊搂着彼此，交织在一起，想要形成一个单独的个体。所以他们死于饥饿和凝滞不动，因为他们不想离开彼此。当其中一半死去，另一半被剩下时，剩下的那一半就寻找另一个，与另一个交织在一起。有时他遇到的那一个是女人的一半（这一半我们现在称为‘女人’），有时是剖开的男人的一半。不管怎样，他们继续以这种方式死去。

“宙斯怜悯他们，想出了另一个办法：他把他们的生殖器移到前面来；那之前，他们的生殖器在身体的后面，不是与彼此交配进行有性繁殖，而是在地上繁殖，就像蝉一样。所以宙斯把生殖器移到前面，这样通过男女交配进行繁殖。这样做的目的在于，如果男人遇到女人，进行交配，就会繁殖后代，人类就可以延续。并且，如果两个男人在一起，他们至少能得到性交的满足感，然后平息情欲、放松、继续工作，考虑生活中的其他事情。

“从远古时代人类对彼此内在的渴望就是这样开始的。它吸引我们本性的两部分恢复到一起，尽力合二为一，治愈人类从前剖开的伤口。我们每个人都是人类要匹配的一半，因为我们像比目鱼一样被分成两半，被一分为二，我们每个人都在寻找匹配自己的另一半。从阴阳人（那时称为雌雄同体）被切开的男人为女人所吸引，许多奸夫属于这一群体。同样，为男人所吸引、成为淫妇的女人也属于这一群体。那些被从女性切开的女人对男人一点儿也不感兴趣，而更多地受到女人的吸引，女同性恋属于这个群体。

“那些被从男性切开的人喜爱男性。当他们还是少男时，由于他们是男性的一部分，他们受到男人的吸引，喜欢与男人一起睡、被他们拥抱。这些是他们那一代中最好的人，不管是少男还是青年，因为他们天生是最勇敢的。有些人说他们无耻，但并不是这样。他们这样做并不是由于无耻，而是因为他们大胆、勇敢、有阳刚之气，并赞赏其他人的这种品质。下面就是明显证据：这样的男人长大后，是唯一能成为政治家的人。当他们成人后，会受到少男的性吸引；他们没有要结婚娶妻生子的本能愿望，尽管按照规范他们会被迫做这些。他们自己对不结婚而和爱人相守共度人生很满足。总之，这样的人成为少男的爱人，少男热爱自己的男性爱人，总是喜欢他们共同的本性。

“当少男的爱人或其他类人遇到自己的另一半时，他就会欣喜若狂，显示出喜爱、关怀和爱慕。两人一刻也不想离开彼此。这些人终生都在一起度过，但仍说不出想从彼此那里得到什么。我的意思是，没有人会认为他们想要的仅是性交，这正是他们在彼此的陪伴中找到如此多的乐趣并对它如此重视的原因。显然他们每个人心中都有一些无法表达的愿望；他像圣人一样，部分领会了自己所想要的，并隐晦地对别人进行暗示。想象一下，当他们躺在一起时，赫菲斯托斯拿着工具在旁边看着他们，并问：‘人类，你想从对方身上得到什么？’如果他们不知道，想象他会接着问：‘这是你们想要的吗，完完整整地在一起，无论白天

黑夜都不分离？如果这是你们想要的，我就把你们融合在一起，这样你们两个就变成一个人了。然后你们两人只要活着，就可以共享生命，因为你们是一个人；当你们死亡时，你们作为一个人而不是两个人，共享冥界中的死亡。但是先想想这是不是你们渴望的，实现这种状态是否能满足你们。’我们都知道，听到这种提议的人没一个会拒绝，显然没人会想要其他东西了。每个人都会想，他现在听到的正是他一直以来渴望的东西：与所爱的人在一起，融为一体，合二为一而不是两个人。其原因就是这是我们最初的自然状态，我们过去是完整的个体：‘爱’是渴望并追求完整之名。

“在这之前，如我说的，我们是一体的；但是现在，由于自己的罪恶，我们被宙斯分开了，就像阿卡迪亚人被斯巴达人分开了一样。还有这种危险，即如果我们对神灵不守规矩，我们会被进一步分开，像墓碑上浮雕中的人一样走动，被从鼻子锯成两半，像半个骰子一样。所以每个人都应该鼓励他人对神灵显出全部应有的尊敬，这样我们就可以避免一种惩罚，实现另一种结果，把爱神作为我们的领袖和将领。没人应该违背爱神，站在错误的神的一边即是违背爱神。如果我们是神的朋友并把他拉到我们这一边，我们应该做现在几乎无人做的事——找到真正属于我们的爱人并与之亲近。

“我不想让厄律克西马库认为我的发言仅是个喜剧，针对的是鲍桑尼亚和阿伽松。很可能他们属于这种类型，都是男性本质的另一半。但我所说的也适用于所有的男人和女人：只有当爱得出结论，每个人找到自己的爱人并恢复最初的本性，我们人类才能获得幸福。如果这是理想状态，当前环境下最接近它的必定是最好的：即找一个与你自己的品性最适合的爱人。如果我们想赞美对这件事负责的神，我们当然应该赞美爱神。在当前情况下，他为我们做了能做的最好的，指引我们走向天生与我们接近的事物。他也为我们提供了未来最大的希望：即如果我们尊敬神，他将把我们恢复为最初的本性，使我们愈合，从而给我们最好的

幸福。

“好了，厄律克西马库，这就是我关于爱的发言，和你的迥然不同。就像我刚才说的，别把我的发言当作玩笑。咱们继续，看看剩下的发言者有什么要说的——更确切地说是两个，因为只剩下阿伽松和苏格拉底了。”

“我会按你说的做的，”厄律克西马库说，“不管怎样，我非常欣赏你的颂词。如果我事先不知道苏格拉底和阿伽松是爱情这个题目的专家的话，我会担心他们可能没什么可说的了，因为我们已经有这么多种发言了。不过，照目前的情况，对于他们两位，我还是很有信心的。”

苏格拉底说：“那是因为你们成功参与了我们的竞争。如果你处在我的位置上，更确切地说是处在阿伽松也做了精彩发言之后我所在的位置，你将会诚惶诚恐，处在和我一样的窘境之中。”

“你在设法给我施咒语，苏格拉底，”阿伽松说，“让我觉得观众对我的发言有很高期望，从而让我紧张。”

“阿伽松，如果我那样做的话，那就未免太健忘了吧，”苏格拉底说，“你站在舞台上，领着演员们高视阔步地登台，面对众多的观众展示自己的作品时没有一点儿慌张，我看到了你那时展示出来的勇气和自信。所以我认为你不会在我们这个小团体面前紧张。”

“但是，苏格拉底，”阿伽松说，“我希望你不要认为我对剧场如此着迷，以至于没有意识到少数几个有智慧的人比一群无知的人更使人担心。”

“阿伽松，”苏格拉底说，“如果我认为你在任何方面都天真无邪，那我就是大错特错了。我很清楚，如果你发现了一些你认为聪明的人，你给予他们的注意力会比给予一般群众的多。但恐怕我们不属于那一

类；毕竟我们也在那里，是那群人的一部分。但如果你找到了其他一些聪明的人，若你觉得在他们面前做了一些错事，你可能会感到羞愧——你是不是这个意思？”

“是的。”阿伽松答道。

“但如果你在一般群众面前做了错事就不会感到羞愧吗？”

这时候费德鲁斯插话了：“亲爱的阿伽松，如果你回答苏格拉底的问题，只要他有讨论的伙伴，尤其是有魅力的人，他不会在乎我们当前的活动是否会有进展。我喜欢听苏格拉底的讨论，但我必须负责对爱神的颂词，从你们每个人的发言中提取一些内容作为你们的贡献。因此你们两人作完对神的颂词后，再继续进行辩论吧。”

“你说得对，费德鲁斯，”阿伽松说，“我没有理由不发言。至于和苏格拉底的辩论，以后会有足够多的机会。

“我打算先说一下我认为应该怎么说，然后再开始讲。我认为之前的所有发言者都不是赞美神灵，而是称颂人类从神那里得到幸福。没人谈论给予我们这些东西的神灵自身的本性。不管话题是什么，作颂词只有一种正确的方式，就是定义颂扬的主题的性质及这个主题产生的效果。所以，就爱神来说，正确的做法是先赞美他的性质，然后赞美他的天赋。

“我敢说，虽然所有的神灵都是幸福的，但爱神（如果这样说合适且不冒犯任何人的话）是最幸福的，因为他是最英俊、最优秀的。他最英俊，是因为：首先，费德鲁斯，他是最年轻的神。他自己匆忙地从老年（它比应该的更快地发生在我们身上）逃离，也为这一点提供了证据。爱天生讨厌老年，并与之保持距离。他总是与年轻人结交，是他们中的一分子；古语说得对，物以类聚。虽然我赞同费德鲁斯说的许多

话，但我不赞同爱神比克罗诺斯和伊阿珀托斯年长。我敢说，他是诸神中最年轻的，且会永葆青春。根据赫西奥德和巴门尼德说的，古代诸神对彼此做的事（他们说的是真的）是由于必要性而非爱。如果爱神在他们当中，诸神就不会阉割或囚禁彼此，或进行许多其他暴行；就像现在及爱神开始管理诸神时一样，他们之间会有友谊与和平。

“他既年轻，又娇嫩；但需要有荷马那样素养的诗人才能说出他有多娇嫩。荷马把妄想神说成是一位女神，她也很娇嫩；至少她的脚很娇嫩，如他说的：

但对大地来说，她的脚很娇嫩；

她从不靠近人类，而是行走在他们的头上。

荷马说她不在坚硬的东西上行走，而是走在柔软的东西上，我认为这是她的娇嫩性的明显证据。爱神的娇嫩也可运用同样的证据。他不在大地或头骨（它一点儿也不软）上行走，而是行走并居住在最柔软的东西之中。他在神和人类的品性和头脑中安家；但并不是所有的头脑，而是当发现具有坚韧性格的人时，他就会继续前进，当发现具有柔和性格的人时，他就定居下来。由于他不断地与最柔软的事物中最柔和的成员接触，不只用他的脚，而是全身心地接触，他必定极其娇嫩。

“所以他很年轻、很娇嫩，形体上也是流动的。否则，如果他很粗暴的话，他就不能完全遮盖人们的心灵，或穿梭于其中时不被发觉。他形体良好、流畅的充分证据在于他的优雅，人们普遍认为这是爱的独特特征（粗俗与爱总是互为仇敌）。他总在花丛中打发时间，这个事实可以体现他面容之姣好。爱神不栖身在没有花朵或花朵凋谢的身体、心灵或事物上；但当他发现有花朵盛开和芳香的地方，他就停留下来。

“关于爱神的美貌已经说够多了（虽然还有许多可说）；我接下来

必须说的话题是爱神的美德。最重要的一点是，爱神在与神或人交往时，不做不公正的事，他自己也没遭受不公正的事。当爱神身上发生神秘事时，从来不是靠武力进行的（因为爱从来不是被迫的）。当爱神做事时，他也从不使用武力，因为每个人都赞成爱的所有命令；任何双方同意的事，就是‘城邦的主宰即法律’规定为正义的事。

“和正义一样，爱神也是非常节制的。人们普遍认为，节制掌管着欢愉和欲望，没有什么欢愉能比得上爱。如果欢愉较弱的话，必定是受爱掌控，他必是它们的主人；如果爱掌控着欢愉和欲望，他必定异常节制。

“至于勇敢，‘即使阿瑞斯也敌不过’爱神。不是阿瑞斯俘获了爱，而是爱俘获了阿瑞斯（据说是阿佛洛狄特的爱），俘获者掌控着被俘获者。掌控着其他人中最勇敢者的人必定是所有人中最勇敢的。

“我已经说了爱神的公正、节制和勇气；还需要说的是他的智慧。我必须尽可能充分地阐述这一点。首先——像厄律克西马库敬重自己的专业领域一样，我也对自己的领域表示敬重——爱神是如此熟练的诗人，他使其他人也成为了诗人。任何人受到爱的触动时，都会变成诗人，‘即使以前与缪斯是陌生人的人也这样’。我们可以把这作为证据，认为爱神是各种艺术作品的优秀创作者，因为你不可能给予他人你没有的东西，或教导他人你自己不知道的东西。当然，关于生物的创造，谁会否认是由于爱，一切生物才存在并被创造出来呢？关于在艺术或工艺方面的专门技术，我们不是都知道那些受爱神教导的人最后都声名显赫，而那些没被他触动的人都默默无闻吗？阿波罗跟随着自己的欲望和爱为他指引的路，才发现了箭术、医药和预言，这使得阿波罗成为爱神的学生。同样，他使缪斯成为他在音乐方面的学生，赫菲斯托斯成为他在冶炼方面的学生，雅典娜成为他在编织方面的学生，宙斯成为他在掌管神和人类方面的学生。所以只有当爱神出生后，诸神的活动才变得有

条理——爱美，当然，因为爱不可能指向丑陋。在那之前，如我开始说的，神在必要的统治之下做了许多坏事。但一旦爱神降生，所有的好事都由于爱美而发生在神和人身上。

“所以，费德鲁斯，在我看来，爱神自身是极美、极优秀的，并且创立了各种美好善良的东西。我心情很激动，想用韵文来表述，我认为爱促成了：

人类的和平，大海的风平浪静，

狂风的平息，痛苦的寂然长眠。

爱排除了我们的隔阂，用亲密填满我们，使我们聚在一起像现在这样分享感受，节日、合唱和祭祀时他来担当我们的领导者。他迎来温和，逐出野蛮。他对友好慷慨大方，对敌意心胸狭窄。他亲切、和善；受到智者的关注、神的钦佩；拒绝他的人渴望他，欣赏他的人珍惜他；他是豪华、典雅、精美、优雅、欲望、渴望的父亲；他关心好人，无视坏人；在困难、恐惧、渴望和演说中，他是最好的舵手、水兵、伙伴和拯救者。对所有的神和人类来说，他是最优美、最好的领导者；每个人都应该跟着他唱优美的赞美诗，分享他唱的歌，吸引每一位神灵和人类的心灵。

“费德鲁斯，这就是我的发言，”他说，“是我对爱神的献辞；在我能掌控的范围内，诙谐并有一定的严肃性。”

阿里斯托得摩斯说，阿伽松发完言后，在场的每个人都发出了钦佩的呐喊声，因为这个年轻人的发言某种程度上很好地映射在了他自己及爱神身上。苏格拉底看着阿里斯托得摩斯说：“阿库门努的儿子，你还认为我之前的忧虑是庸人自扰吗？我刚才说阿伽松会作精彩发言，我将难以为继，不是很有预见性吗？”

“有一点，”厄律克西马库说，“你很有预见性，就是你说阿伽松将做精彩发言；但我认为你不会无言以对的。”

“我的好朋友，”苏格拉底说，“跟在如此优美华丽的发言后面，我或其他任何人怎么不会无言以对呢？其余部分还不让人吃惊；但到最后时，谁会不被他优美的语言和措辞打动呢？我知道，我的发言远远达不到这种精妙，我非常惭愧，差点儿从这儿逃跑（我若是有其他地方可去，就逃跑了）。他的发言让我想起了高尔吉斯，所以我的体验和荷马描述的一模一样。我还担心阿伽松在发言结束时，会拿出雄辩的演说家高尔吉斯的头颅给我看，使我哑口无言。然后我意识到，我若同意加入你们一起颂扬爱神、宣称拥有爱情方面的专长，我就是在愚弄自己；实际上我对颂扬某物都包含什么内容一无所知。我非常天真，竟以为你们会讲讲颂扬这个主题的真相；我认为这应该是基础，然后从中选择最出色的特点，以能呈现主题的最佳方式对其进行阐述。我自豪的是我认为能做精彩发言，因为我知道如何就一个主题进行颂扬的真相。

“但事实上，似乎这不是赞美事物的正确方式。相反，你应该宣称你的主题有最伟大、最出色的品质，不管它是否真的有；如果你说的不是真的，也没什么关系。现在提议做的似乎是我们每个人应该装出赞美爱神的样子，并不是说我们真的应该这样做。你们其余人找到任何可说的事物，把它归因于爱，说他像这样，对那件事负责，使他看起来尽可能地出色、优秀，必定就是这个原因。你们显然是对无知者这样做（当然不是对理解这个主题的人这样做）；你们的颂扬当然很优美，令人印象很深刻。

“但是我并不知道进行颂扬的正确方式，我是由于无知才同意在轮到我时进行发言的。但那是‘舌头’承诺的，而不是‘心’；所以忘了我的承诺吧。我不会进行那种颂扬的——我不能那样做。然而，若你们愿意的话，我准备告诉你们真相，不过是以我自己的方式，不与你们的发言

进行竞争，这可能会让我自己看起来有点儿荒谬。所以，费德鲁斯，告诉我是否有进行那种发言的必要，那样的发言会讲出爱的真相，但使用的是发言时正好出现在我头脑中的词和句子。”

费德鲁斯及其他人让他以自己认为最好的方式进行发言。

“费德鲁斯，”苏格拉底说，“你能也允许我问阿伽松几个小问题，这样我可以根据与他达成的共识进行发言吗？”

“我同意，”费德鲁斯说，“随便问吧。”

然后，阿里斯托得摩斯说，苏格拉底开始了他的发言。

“亲爱的阿伽松，我认为你的发言有个很好的开头，你说我们应该先说出爱的品性，然后说他产生的效果。我认为以那样的方式开头值得赞扬。那么，既然你在其他方面出色地阐述了爱的性质，也请告诉我这一点。爱的性质是对某物的爱，还是没有对象的爱？我并不是问爱是否是某个特定父母的孩子；如果在这个意义上我问爱是对母亲的爱还是对父亲的爱，会很荒谬。但是假设我问的问题是，一位父亲是否是某人的父亲。如果你想给出正确答案，你当然会说父亲是儿子或女儿的父亲，是吗？”

“当然。”阿伽松说。

“母亲也是一样的吗？”

他也同意这一点。

“那么”，苏格拉底说，“再回答一些，你就会更好地理解我头脑中所想的。假设我问：兄弟，在他是兄弟的情况下，是否是某人的兄弟？”

他说是的。

“也就是说，是兄弟或姐妹的兄弟？”

他同意。

“现在告诉我关于爱的情形，”他说，“爱是对某物的爱，还是没有对象的爱？”

“毫无疑问是对某物的爱！”

“现在，”苏格拉底说，“记住爱是什么。但是告诉我：爱是否渴望他所爱的对象？”

“渴望。”他说。

“当他渴望并爱时，他是否拥有他渴望和爱的对象？”

“没有——至少可能没有。”他说。

“考虑一下，”苏格拉底说，“渴望针对的是你需要的东西，当然不只是可能的，而是必须是这样的，如果你不需要某物，你不会渴望它。我觉得它肯定是必须的；你觉得呢？”

“我也这样认为。”阿伽松说。

“好的。现在，高个子的人想要高个子，或强壮的人想要强壮吗？”

“根据我们已经同意的说法，那是不可能的。”

“是的，因为没人需要他已经拥有的品质。”

“是的。”

“假设某个强壮的人想要强壮，”苏格拉底说，“行动迅速的人想要迅速，健康的人想要健康。你可能会想，在这样及所有像这样类似的情况下，那些拥有这些品质的人也渴望他们已经拥有的东西。我这样说是想阻止我们产生错误的想法。如果你考虑一下，阿伽松，这些人必定任何时候都拥有这些品质，不管他们是否想要，因此这不可能是他们渴望的。所以如果某个人说，‘我很健康，我想要健康’，或‘我很富有，我想要富有’，或‘我渴望我已经拥有的东西’，我们应该跟他说：‘朋友，你已经拥有财富或健康或力量了，你想要的是在未来拥有它们，因为目前不管你是否想要它们，你已经拥有它们了。当你说你渴望已经拥有的东西时，问问自己你的意思是否是你想要现在拥有的东西在将来仍然拥有。’他必须同意这一点，是不是？”

阿伽松说是的。

苏格拉底说：“这些情况下某人做的事是爱他缺少的、不拥有的东西，也就是将来继续拥有他现在拥有的东西。”

“当然。”他说。

“所以渴望的这个及所有其他情况是对缺少的、实际上不拥有的东西的渴望。渴望和爱针对的是你不拥有的、缺少的、需要的东西。”

“当然。”他说。

“那么好吧，”苏格拉底说，“咱们总结一下刚才达成一致的事。首先，爱是对某物的爱；其次，某物是他当前需要的东西。”

“是的。”他说。

“现在，记住这一点，回想一下你刚才在发言中说的爱是什么。如果你愿意的话，我来提醒你。我认为你是这样说的，神的事是通过对美

好事物的爱组织的，因为不可能爱丑陋的事物。这是不是你说的？”

“是的，我是这样说的。”阿伽松说。

“朋友，你说的话似乎有理，”苏格拉底说，“如果你说得对，那么爱岂不是必须爱美、而不爱丑陋吗？”

他同意。

“我们不是同意他爱他需要和不拥有的事物吗？”

“是的。”他说。

“由此断定爱需要美且不拥有美吧？”

“肯定是这样。”他说。

“好吧，你会说需要美且完全没有美的事物是美的吗？”

“不会。”

“如果是这样，你仍然假定爱是美的吗？”

阿伽松说：“苏格拉底，我似乎不知道刚才自己在说些什么。”

“哎呀，你刚才做的仍是很精彩的发言，阿伽松，”他说，“不过请再回答一个小问题：你认为好的事物也是美的吗？”

“我这样认为。”

“那么如果爱需要美的东西，好的东西是美的，则他需要好的东西吧？”

“我无法反驳你，苏格拉底，”他说，“咱们接受事物就像你说的那样吧。”

“你无法反驳的是真理，亲爱的朋友阿伽松，”苏格拉底说，“反驳苏格拉底一点儿也不难。”

“现在我让你喘口气。我尝试向你复述我曾听到的关于爱的故事，那是曼提尼亚一个叫狄奥提玛的女人告诉我的。她对这及许多其他事物都很了解。有一次，她告诉雅典人供奉哪些祭祀，从而把瘟疫推迟了十年。她也是教导我爱的方式的人。我将汇报她所说的话，把它作为我和阿伽松得出的结论的基础，不过是尽我一己之力罢了。

“阿伽松，如你所说的，人们应该首先说明爱是谁及他有什么样的品性，然后再说明他的效力。我认为最简单的是汇报我曾经和狄奥提玛进行的一次讨论的内容，在讨论时她对我提出了一些问题。我对她说的几乎和阿伽松刚才跟我说的完全一样：爱神是位伟大的神，他自身也是美的。她反驳我的论据跟我用于反驳阿伽松的也一样，根据我的推理，证明爱既不美也不好。

“我说，‘你是什么意思，狄奥提玛？那么爱是丑陋的、坏的了？’

“她说，‘这话多么亵渎神明啊！你认为任何不美的事物必然是丑陋的吗？’

“‘我当然这样认为。’

“‘不智慧的事物必是无知的吗？你难道没有意识到某种介于智慧和无知之间的事物吗？’

“‘那是什么？’

“‘就是有正确的见解，但不能说明有这些见解的理由。难道你没意识到这不是认知吗？因为只有能给出理由才具有知识；但它也不是无知，因为无知不会知道真理。当然，正确的观点具有这种情形，介于理解和无知之间。’

“‘你说得对。’我说。

“‘那么不要以为不美的事物必是丑的，不好的事物必是坏的。同样，你自己也同意爱既不好也不美时，不要认为他因而必是丑陋且坏的，而应该是介于这两者之间。’

“‘但是，’我说，‘每个人都赞成爱是位伟大的神。’

“‘你的意思是不知道的每个人，’她说，‘还是包括那些知道的？’

“‘当然是每个人。’

“她笑着说，‘但是苏格拉底，如果人们否认爱是神的话，怎么赞同他是位伟大的神呢？’

“‘这些人是谁？’我说。

“‘你是一个，’她说，‘我是另一个。’

“听到此后，我询问，‘你怎能这样说呢？’

“‘很简单，’她说，‘告诉我，你认为所有的神都是幸福、美丽的吗？或者你敢提议任何神不美、不幸福吗？’

“‘以宙斯的名义，我不会。’我说。

“‘你认为那些拥有好和美的事物的人是幸福的吗？’

"'当然。'

"'但是你刚才赞同爱是因为需要好和美的事物，他才渴求那些他需要的东西。'

"'是的，我同意那一点。'

"'因此如果他需要美和好的事物他怎能是神呢？'

"'似乎不可能。'

"'那么，你是否看出你认为爱不是神？'

"'但爱会是什么呢？'我说，'凡人？'

"'远非如此。'

"'那是什么呢？'

"'就像之前讨论的那些例子一样，'她说，'他介于凡人和神仙之间。'

"'狄奥提玛，那使他成为什么？'

"'他是伟大的精灵，苏格拉底。归为精灵的一切事物都介于神和人之间。'

"'他们有什么职能啊？'我问道。

"'他们解释并传递人至神及神至人的消息。他们传达人类的祈祷和献祭，并传达神的命令和礼品，作为对祭祀的回报。他们作为这两者的媒介，填补了他们之间的空缺，使宇宙形成了一个相互连接的整体。他们是所有占卜活动的媒介，在祭祀、仪式、符咒、预言和巫术方面具有

祭司的专长。神不与人直接接触；他们完全通过精灵这个媒介与人交流和沟通（不管是清醒还是熟睡状态）。具有这些方面智慧的人是受精灵感召的人，而具有其他领域专长和技艺的人只是技工。有许多不同种类的精灵，其中一个便是爱。’

“‘谁是他的父母？’我问道。

“‘这说来话长，’她答道，‘不过无论如何我会告诉你的。阿佛洛狄特出生后，其他神来吃宴席，其中包括创造神的儿子资源神。当他们吃完晚宴后，贫乏神来乞讨，像其他人在宴席上做的那样，她也站在门口。资源神喝多了仙酒（这是在葡萄酒发现前神喝的酒），走到宙斯的花园，醉着睡着了。贫乏神想了一个计划，就是通过怀有资源神的孩子来减轻自己的资源匮乏；她与他睡在了一起，怀上了爱神。所以爱神之所以成为阿佛洛狄特的追随者和随从，是因为他是在她出生那天怀上的；他也天生热爱美，因为阿佛洛狄特很美。

“‘由于他是资源神和贫乏神的儿子，爱神的处境就像这样。首先，他总是贫乏；一点儿也不娇嫩和漂亮，如人们通常认为的那样，他很强硬，有坚硬的皮肤，没有鞋子，没有家。他总是露宿在地上，没有床，躺在露天的门廊下和路边；他和他母亲的本性一样，总是生活在贫乏的状态中。另一方面，他与他父亲相像，谋划得到美和好的东西。他很勇敢、冲动、热情；是位令人敬畏的猎人，总是耍花招；他渴望知识，并有足够的智谋得到它；毕生热爱智慧；擅长使用音乐、药物和诡辩。

“‘究其本性而言，他既不是神仙也不是凡人。他成功的时候，好几次在同一天内获得生命，然后死去，然后（像他父亲一样）复活。他获得的资源不断地枯竭，所以爱神既不是完全没有资源，但也不富有。他也处于智慧和无知之间。情况是这样的。没有一位神热爱智慧，或有变得智慧的欲望——因为他们已经很智慧了；任何已经智慧的人也不会热爱智慧。无知者也不热爱智慧，或有变得智慧的欲望。无知者的问题恰

恰在于，虽然不好、不聪明，但他认为自己很令人满意。如果某人认为自己不需要某物，就不可能渴望自己认为不需要的东西。’

“‘狄奥提玛，如果智慧者和无知者都不热爱智慧，’我问，‘那么谁热爱智慧？’

“‘即使一个孩子，’她说，‘到现在也会意识到是那些介于这两者之间的，爱神是其中之一。智慧是最美的事物之一，而爱神爱美。所以爱神必定热爱智慧；作为智慧的热爱者，他介于智慧和无知之间。究其原因还是因为他的出身：他父亲智慧、资源丰富，而他母亲两者皆无。所以这就是爱这个精灵的本性，亲爱的苏格拉底。但你对爱持有原来的观点一点儿也不奇怪。从你所说的判断，我觉得你把爱看作爱的对象，而不是施爱者：那是你把爱想象得非常美的原因。但实际上，美丽、优雅、完美和幸福是值得被爱的对象的特征，而施爱者的本性与之迥异，我已经说过了。’

“‘好吧，狄奥提玛，’我说，‘我确信你的观点是对的。但爱若是这样，他对人类有什么用处呢？’

“‘那是接下来要讲的，苏格拉底，’她说，‘我会尽力告诉你。目前为止我们讲了爱的本性和出生；而且，根据你的想法，爱是对美的事物的爱。不过，假设某个人问我们，“为什么爱是对美的事物的爱？”或者，更清晰地说，“对美的事物的热爱者有一个渴望——他渴望的是什么？”’

“‘渴望它们成为自己的。’我说。

“‘但是这个回答引出了另一个问题，’她说，‘当美的事物成为他自己的之后他将得到什么？’

“‘我没有想好那个问题的答案。’

“‘但是，’她说，‘假设某人改变了问题，用“好”这个字代替“美”，并问：“那么，苏格拉底，好的事物的热爱者有一个渴望——他渴望的是什么？”’

“‘渴望它们成为自己的。’我说。

“‘当好的事物成为他自己的之后他将得到什么？’

“‘这我就容易回答了，’我说，‘他会幸福。’

“‘所以拥有好的事物使幸福的人感觉幸福；你不必问进一步的问题，“为什么某人想要幸福？”这个回答似乎标志着询问的终结。’

“‘是的。’我说。

“‘你认为这个愿望和这种形式的爱对所有人来说都是共同的，每个人都想要好的事物永远成为自己的吗，或者你有什么想法？’

“‘就像你说的那样，’我说，‘它是每个人共同的愿望。’

“‘那样的话，苏格拉底，’她说，‘如果每个人总是爱相同的事物，我们为什么不说每个人都是爱人呢；我们为什么称某些人为爱人，而某些不是呢？’

“‘这也是我感到疑惑的事。’我说。

“‘没什么可疑惑的，’她说，‘我们现在正在做的是挑选出一种爱，把属于整个种类的名字（“爱”）应用到它身上，而我们对其他种的爱使用的是不同的名字。’

“‘你能再给我举个例子吗？’我问道。

“‘好的，这就是一个。你知道创作形成了一个大体的种类。当任何以前不存在的事物形成时，其中的原因总是创作。所以所有技艺的产品都是创作品，制作它们的艺人都是创作者？’

“‘是的。’我说。

“‘但你知道他们没被称为创作者，而是有不同的名字。在创作的整个种类中，我们选出与音乐和韵文有关的一部分，用整个种类的名字称呼它。只有这才被称为创作，那些拥有这种技能的人才被称为创作者。’

“‘是的。’我说。

“‘爱也是这样。本质上，在所有情况下，对好的事物或幸福的各种类型的渴望就是构成“强大、热烈的爱”的事物。但这可以通过多种途径实现，那些通过其他途径这样做的人，如通过挣钱或竞技或哲学等，不被称为“钟情的人”或“爱人”。只有那些将热情指向术语规定属于整个种类的特定类型的人，才被称为爱、钟情的人和爱人。’

“‘我想是这样。’我说。

“‘已经提出了这样的观念，’她说，‘即爱人是那些寻找自己另一半的人。但，朋友，我的观点是，除非结果是好的，否则爱指向的既不是他们的另一半，也不是他们的整体。毕竟，如果人们认为自身的脚或手患病，他们甚至准备好将那些部分切断。我认为并不是我们每个人都眷恋自己的特性，除非你把好的说成是“他自己的”、“属于他的”，坏的说成是“不属于他的”。要点就是人们爱的唯一对象是好的事物——你难道不同意吗？’

“‘以宙斯之名，我同意！’我说。

“‘那么，’她说，‘我们能简单地说人们热爱好的事物吗？’

“‘能。’我说。

“‘但是，’她说，‘我们不应该补充说他们爱的对象即是他们应该拥有好的事物吗？’

“‘是的，我们应该补充那一点。’

“‘不只那一点，’她说，‘还有他们应该永远拥有好的事物。’

“‘我们也必须补充那一点。’

“‘那么总而言之，’她说，‘爱即是对永远拥有好的事物的渴望。’

“‘你说的绝对正确。’我说。

“‘考虑到爱总是有这个整体目标，’她说，‘我们也应该问问这个问题。如果人们在追求这个目标中显示出的热情和强烈程度被称为爱，那么他们必须用什么方式及什么类型的行动追求它呢？爱真正有什么职能：你能告诉我吗？’

“‘如果我能，狄奥提玛，’我说，‘我就不会对你的智慧感到吃惊了，不会不断以学生的身份来找你，向你学习这些东西了。’

“‘那么我会告诉你，’她说，‘爱的职能是既在身体也在灵魂中产生美。’

“‘需要先知才能阐明你说的话，’我说，‘我理解不了。’

“‘好吧，’她说，‘我会更清楚地解释这一点的。所有的人在身体和灵魂方面都会生育，当我们到了一定年龄，自然会渴望生育。我们不能

生育丑的东西，只能生育美的东西。是的，男人和女人之间的性交是一种生育。这个过程中有种神圣的东西，这就是平凡的生物在怀孕和生育中获得永生的方式。在不和谐状况下这是不能发生的。丑陋与神圣不和谐，而美与它适合。所以美作为命运或爱勒提亚，是掌管生育的女神。怀孕的生物接近美的事物时，就变得温和、快乐、放松，并生育幼儿，就是这个原因。但当它接近丑的事物时，就皱眉、在痛苦中缩紧身体；它躲避、变得干瘪，不繁殖；它把婴儿隐藏在身体内部，感觉不适。这就是那些怀孕和肚子已经隆起的人对美如此兴奋的原因：美的承载者身份使他们能解除生育的痛苦。你瞧，苏格拉底，’她说，‘爱的对象不如你所想的那样是美。’

“‘那是什么呢？’

“‘是美之中的繁殖和诞生。’

“‘很可能是这样。’我说。

“‘当然是这样，’她说，‘为什么繁殖是爱的对象？因为繁殖是凡人能永远活着并不朽的最近途径。如果我们之前赞同的事正确的话，即爱的对象是一直拥有好的事物，则结果就是我们除了渴望好的事物，还渴望不朽。它是从爱的对象也必须不朽这个论点推断出的。’

“狄奥提玛在与我的交谈中告诉了我关于爱的方式的所有这些内容。一天她问道：‘苏格拉底，你认为这种爱和渴望的原因是什么？你难道没注意到各种动物（有翼的鸟以及有脚的动物）在感受到繁殖的欲望时陷入了多么可怕的状态。它们受到爱的刺激，首先想要彼此交配，然后哺育幼儿。即使最弱的动物也愿意为了自己的幼崽与最强的动物搏斗，不惜牺牲性命；它们准备好遭受饥饿的折磨，以便为幼崽提供食物，并为它们做其他任何事。你可能会想，人类这样做是因为他们理解其中的原因；但是，就动物而言，是什么引起了这种对爱的兴奋——你

能告诉我吗？’

“我再一次说不知道。

“她说：‘如果你不理解这一点，你认为你会成为爱的方式方面的专家吗？’

“我说：‘但是，狄奥提玛，正如我之前说的，那正是我来向你学习的原因，因为我意识到我需要老师。所以请告诉我这及其他与爱的方式有关的一切的原因吧。’

“‘好吧，’她说，‘如果你相信爱的自然对象是我们经常赞同的东西，你就不应该对此感到意外。关于人类的论点也适用于动物；为了永生并不朽，平凡的生物会尽最大的努力。它只有通过繁殖才能实现这一点：它总是留下下一代，新的一代取代老的一代。这一点甚至也适用于每个生物存活且一直未变的时期——例如，人们说某个人从幼年到老年都是同一个人。虽然他被称为同一个人，但他身体的成分从来不是一样的，而是一些方面在不断地更新，其他方面，如毛发、皮肤、骨骼、血液和全身等，在不断地衰退。这不仅适用于身体，也适用于心灵：属性、人格特征、信念、欲望、欢愉、痛苦、恐惧——这些没有一个在我们之中是保持不变的，而是一些在浮现，一些在消失。更显著的是我们的知识也在改变这个事实，一些知识在形成，而其他的在消失，所以在知识方面我们不是同一个人；的确，每一条目的知识都经历了同样的过程。之所以学习，就是因为知识在不断地消失。遗忘是知识的消失，而学习将新的信息放回到我们的记忆中，取代消失的部分，所以知识一直存在，看起来似乎是一样的。

“‘这就是凡俗的事物保持存在的方式，不是像神圣的事物似的通过保持完全一样实现，而是因为变老、消逝的事物留下了同类的另外的新事物。苏格拉底，这就是凡俗的事物能在生理上及所有其他方面不朽的

方式；但不朽的事物是通过与之不同的方式实现这些的。所以如果各种事物天生地珍视自己的后代，你也不应感到吃惊。各种事物展示出热情是为了实现不朽，而这正是爱的本质。’

“但实际上，我听到她的话后非常吃惊，就问她：‘嗯，狄奥提玛，你很有智慧，但事物真的如你所说的那样吗？’

“她像位十足的智者一样，说：‘你可以确信这一点。如果你看看人们热爱荣誉的方式，就会明白起作用的也是这同一个原则。在考虑人们因热爱出名及“永远保存不朽的名声”而受的巨大影响后，如果没能明白我所说的这点，你就应该对自己的愚笨感到惊讶。他们爱这胜过爱子孙，更愿意为这冒各种风险，倾家荡产，遭受任何折磨，并愿为荣誉而死。”她说，‘阿尔刻提斯愿为阿德墨托斯而死，或者阿喀琉斯愿意与帕特洛克罗斯一起死去，或者你们雅典的英雄科德洛斯愿意牺牲自己来保卫儿子们的王国，如果他们没有想到他们的英勇（我们至今仍然对其表示尊敬）将会永载史册的话，你认为他们会这样做吗？他们当然不会，’她说，‘我认为是这种永恒的美德和光荣的名声促使每个人这样做，而且他们越优秀越会这样；他们热爱的是不朽的名声。

“‘身体具有生育能力的男人，’她说，‘会更多地受到女人的吸引；他们通过生育后代来表达自己的爱，尽力获得不朽、怀念及永远的幸福。心灵具有生育能力的男人，’她说，‘有些人心灵的生育能力比身体的更旺盛，他们生育适合头脑记住并诞生的东西。所以什么适合呢？智慧及其他美德：这些是由所有的诗人及具有创新精神的手艺人孕育的。许多最重要、最出色的智慧，’她说，‘是与城市和家庭的组织相关联的，这被称为节制和公正。再拿年轻时心灵中就孕育这些美德的人为例。当他还没有伴侣且成年后，他就感受到生产和繁殖的欲望。我认为，他也四处走动，寻找美，以在其中繁殖；他永远不会在丑陋中繁殖。由于他怀孕了，他会受到美的身体而不是丑的身体的吸引；如果他

也足够幸运，找到了美、高尚且有天赋的心灵，他会受到这种结合的强烈吸引。对于这样的人，他会立即发现自己有谈论美德、好的男人应该是什么样子及应该怎么做的素材，并尽力教导他。

“‘我认为，当某个人与这种美接触并形成关系后，他才生产、繁殖长久以来孕育的孩子。不管他们是否陪伴彼此，都会想着对方的美，并且与对方一起抚养繁殖的孩子。这样的人与彼此的伙伴关系更亲近，友谊更牢不可破，胜过父母的情分，因为他们这种伙伴关系诞生的孩子更美、更永久。每个人都更愿意拥有这样的孩子，而不是凡俗的孩子。人们羡慕荷马、赫西奥德及其他优秀的诗人，就是因为他们留下了这种孩子，这些孩子自身的不朽，也为他们带来了不朽的名声和怀念。或者，’她说，‘拿莱克格斯留下的孩子为例，他们为斯巴达（你可能会说整个希腊）带来了安全。梭伦也由于创立的法律而为你们雅典人所敬仰；还有其他人，他们在希腊和其他国家的其他地方，展示出了许多卓越的成就，形成了各种美德。已经有许多教派成立，来仰慕生出那种孩子的这些人，但这种情况从未发生在生出凡俗孩子的人身上。

“‘甚至你，苏格拉底，可能也接受过我目前为止描述的爱的仪式。但这些仪式如果进行得得体的话，其目的应是抵达未解之谜的最终愿景；我不确定你是否能领会这一点。但我会告诉你这些的，’她说，‘我会尽全力讲的；你尽可能地领会吧。

“‘某个人处理这件事的正确方式，’她说，‘应该是在年轻的时候开始接近美的身体。最初，如果他的向导正确指引他的话，他应该只爱一个身体，并在那种关系中产生美的交谈。接下来，他应该意识到任何一个身体的美都与另一个的密切相关，如果他要追求形式美，而不把所有身体的美看作是完全相同的，则非常愚蠢。一旦他明白这一点，就会热爱所有美的身体，并仅对一个身体释放自己的激情，轻视这种激情并把它视为微不足道的。之后，他应该把心灵的美看得比身体的美更有价

值，这样，如果某人有美好的心灵，即使形貌不美，他也会对他感到满足，会爱他、关心他，与他进行那些能帮助年轻人变得更好的交谈。结果，他会被迫观察实践和法则中的美，明白每种美都与其他美密切相关，这样他就会把身体的美看作是微不足道的事物。实践之后，向导必须为他们指引知识的形式，这样他也会明白它们的美。现在他从总体上看待美，而不是仅看个别的例子，就不会像奴隶般的爱慕身体之美、任何特定的人的美，或具体的实践的美。取代这种卑贱、心胸狭窄的奴役的是，他将转向美的汪洋大海，凝视着它，通过对知识无尽的爱，产生许多华美、宏伟的对话和思想。最后，当他以这种方式变得成熟、强大后，他会突然看到一种特殊的知识，这种知识的对象是我接下来要讲的那种美。

"'现在，'她说，'尽你最大的努力集中精神。任何人在受到关于爱的方式这么多教导、以正确的次序和方式看待美的事物后，现在将会抵达爱的方式的终极目标。他会在美的性质中突然看到一些极其美的事物；而这，苏格拉底，正是以前所有努力的最终目标。首先，这种美一直存在，不生不灭；不增不减。其次，它不是一方面美而另一方面丑，或某个时间美而另个时间不美，或与这有关美而与那有关就丑；也不会因为它对一些人来说美而对其他人来说丑就这里美而那里丑。美也不会以脸或手或身体的任何部分的形式出现在他面前；或者以具体的某条知识的形式出现；或者在别的东西中出现在其他地方，例如，在生物、大地、天堂或其他东西中。它会以自身的形式单独出现，形式上总是单一的；所有其他美的事物也有这些特性，但方式不同，当其他事物出现或消失时，它不以任何形式增加或减少，也不会作出任何改变。

"'当某个人通过这些阶段成长，以正确的方式热爱少男，并开始看到那种美的时候，他就接近目标了。这是接近爱的方式或由其他人指引的正确方法：总是从这些美的事物开始，本着抵达那种美的目的成长。像使用楼梯的人一样，他应该从一个身体到两个身体，从两个身体到所

有美的身体，从美的身体到美的实践，从实践到美的学习形式。从各种学习形式中，他应该在那种除了美本身别无他物的学习形式处告终，这样他就能完成学习美的真正本质的过程。

"'在那种生命形式中，亲爱的苏格拉底，'这位曼提尼亚的局外人说，'如果人的生活值得过的话，就在于凝视美本身。如果你曾注意到，它似乎与金钱、衣服、美少男和青年处于完全不同的层次上。现在你看到这些的时候会如痴如醉，和其他许多人一样，愿意看着自己的情郎并与其永远在一起，如果可能的话，愿意不吃不喝，除了凝视着他们、与他们在一起之外其他什么也不做。因此，'她说，'如果某个人能看到美本身，看到绝对、纯粹的美，而不是与人的血肉之躯、颜色和大量凡俗的废物杂乱在一起，如果他能看到以独立形式存在的神圣的美本身，我们应该想象它是什么样子呢？你是否会认为，'她说，'如果某个人以自身正确的部位朝那个方向看，并凝视那个对象、与它做伴，他的生命会是无意义的？你难道没有意识到，'她说，'只有在那种生命中，当某个人以能看到的部位查看美时，他才能不仅孕育出美德的影像（因为这不是他接触的影像），而且孕育出真正的美德（因为他接触的是真正的美）。那些孕育出真正的美德并对其进行培育的人才有机会受到神的热爱，并变得不朽——如果有人能不朽的话。'

"好吧，费德鲁斯及在座各位，这就是狄奥提玛所说的，我很信服她的话。因为我对其信服，所以我尽力说服他人，若要达到这样，你不可能轻易地为人性找到一位比爱神更好的伙伴。我宣称每个人都应该尊敬爱神，就是以此为基础的，我自己也尊敬爱的方式，并极其小心地实践着它们。这就是我劝说他人这样做的原因，在当前及其他每个场合，我尽自己所能赞美爱神的力量和勇气。这就是我的发言，费德鲁斯。如果你愿意，你可以把它看作是对爱神的颂词，或者你可以给它任何你想给它的名字。"

阿里斯托得摩斯说，苏格拉底的发言完毕后，其他人都在祝贺他，而阿里斯托芬尝试着表达自己的观点，因为苏格拉底在某个阶段提到了他的发言。突然，传来一阵敲击前门的响亮的噪音，听起来像是一些纵酒狂欢者，他们也听到了吹笛女的声音。

“仆人们，去看看是谁，”阿伽松说，“若是我的朋友，就请他们进来；若不是，就告诉他们宴会结束了，我们正要上床睡觉。”

不一会儿，他们听到了庭院中亚西比德的声音；他醉得一塌糊涂，大声嚷嚷着，问阿伽松在哪里，让仆人带自己去见他。他被带了进来，由吹笛女和其他人搀扶着。他站在门口，戴着常春藤和紫罗兰编织而成的厚重花环，头上缠着许多丝带，说：

“晚上好，先生们。你们愿意让喝醉的人（非常醉的人）加入你们的宴会吗？还是我们应该为阿伽松戴上花环（这正是我们来的原因），然后就走呢？我昨天没能来参加你们的庆典，”他说，“但现在我头上戴着丝带来了，这样我可以直接把丝带从我头上取下来，戴到（我想宣布）最智慧、最美的人头上。我想你们会因为我喝醉了嘲笑我的。但即使你们嘲笑我，我也非常清楚我讲的是实话。不过请立马告诉我，我是否可以进来。我能和你们一起喝酒吗？”

大家大声叫着，告诉他进来，坐在长椅上，阿伽松也邀请他进来。所以他由朋友搀着进来了。他解开丝带，打算系到阿伽松头上，丝带滑落到了他的眼睛上。所以他没有注意到苏格拉底，而是坐在阿伽松旁边，在他和苏格拉底之间，苏格拉底看到他后就挪开了。他坐下后，拥抱了阿伽松，并把花环系到他头上。

阿伽松说：“仆人，把他的鞋脱掉，这样他可以坐下来，我们三人坐得舒服一些。”

“好的，”亚西比德说，“但和我们一起喝酒的第三位是谁？”他说话的时候，转了一下身，看到了苏格拉底。他看到他后，跳了起来说，“哦，赫拉克勒斯大神啊，这是怎么回事？这是苏格拉底吗？你又坐在这儿等着我，这样你可以玩老把戏，在我最不希望看到你的地方突然冒出来。你为什么来这里？你为什么选择坐在这里？我看出来了，你没有选择坐在阿里斯托芬或其他愿意愚弄自己的人旁边，而是务必坐在屋子中最有魅力的人旁边。”

苏格拉底说：“阿伽松，请保护我。我对这个人的爱变得多么令人讨厌啊！自从我开始爱他，我就不能看或和有魅力的单身人士说话，否则他就变得非常妒忌、愤怒，变得发疯一样，对我大喊大叫，几乎要痛打我一顿。所以现在一定要保证他不对我做任何事，让我们和平相处；或者如果他开始变得暴力，请保护我。他对自己爱人的癫狂依恋让我很害怕。”

“我和你之间不可能有和平，”亚西比德说。“我下次再跟你算这次的账。但是现在，阿伽松，”他说，“还给我一些丝带，我把它们系到他这个神奇的头上。否则，他会批评我把丝带系到你头上而不是他头上，尽管他总是赶走口头抗辩的来者（两天前你还这样做过）。”

他说着的时候，取下了一些丝带，系到了苏格拉底头上，又坐了下来。他坐下后，说：“先生们，我看你们都很清醒。这可不行；你们得喝酒。这是我们事先同意过的。我们选个司仪，负责大家的饮酒，直到大家都喝醉，我推选——我自己！阿伽松，你若有大高脚杯，拿一个过来。哦，不必了；小子，把那个晾酒器给我，”他看到了那个能盛四品脱多酒的器具。他把它倒满，自己喝了下去，然后让仆人为苏格拉底满上。他边这样做边说，“先生们，并不是我的花招会对苏格拉底产生任何影响。不管你让他喝多少，他也不会醉。”

仆人为苏格拉底斟满，在他喝的时候，厄律克西马库说：“亚西比

德，这是什么行为？我们在轮流喝酒的时候不打算聊聊天或唱唱歌，而是好像口渴似的只喝酒吗？”

亚西比德说：“你好啊，厄律克西马库，最杰出——且最温和——的父亲生出的最杰出的儿子。”

“你也好啊，”厄律克西马库说：“但我们应该怎么做呢？”

“你让我们怎么做我们就怎么做。我们应该听从你，因为‘一个医生抵得过许多人’；所以告诉我们你想做的事吧。”

“那么请听我说，”厄律克西马库说，“你来之前，我们决定尽自己所能从左到右轮流作最好的发言，赞美爱神。我们其余人都已经发过言了。虽然你酒喝得很好，但你还没发言，所以你应该发个言。你说过之后，就可以命令苏格拉底做任何你想要他做的事，他也可以对他右边的人这样做，以此类推。”

“好主意，厄律克西马库，”亚西比德说，“但我觉得让一个喝醉的人和清醒的人作的发言相竞争不公平。而且，亲爱的朋友，我希望你不要相信苏格拉底刚才说的任何话。你难道没意识到真理和他说的正好相反吗？如果他在附近的时候我赞美其他人，不管是神还是人，他都会痛打我一顿。”

“多么亵渎神明啊！”苏格拉底说。

“以海神波塞冬的名义起誓！”亚西比德说，“不要在这一点上反驳我。你在附近的时候我决不会赞美其他人的。”

“那好吧，如果你愿意的话，就那样做吧，”厄律克西马库说，“作一个对苏格拉底的颂词。”

“你是什么意思？”亚西比德说，“你认为我应该那样做吗，厄律克西马库？我应该在你们大家面前攻击他、惩罚他吗？”

“等一下，”苏格拉底说，“你计划的是什么——作一个嘲笑我的颂词，还是其他什么？”

“我会讲实话——你让我那样做吗？”

“不过我当然会让你讲实话；实际上，我命令你那样做。”

“那我就开始了，”亚西比德说，“不过我先说明一下。如果我说了任何不真实的事，要是你愿意的话就打断我，指出我说的是假的。我不想说任何假的事情。不过如果我记事情的顺序不对，不要感到惊讶。对于处于像我这样情形中的人来说，要流畅、有序地列举出你的特性的各个方面，可真不容易。

“先生们，我试着通过比喻来赞美苏格拉底。可能他会认为这是在嘲笑他；但比喻是用来说明真相的，而不是用来嘲笑的。我要说的是，他就像你们看到的坐在雕刻家作坊中的西勒诺斯的那些雕像。那些人物拿着牧羊人的管乐器或长笛；打开它们后，你们会发现里面有神的雕像。我还认为他像森林之神玛尔叙阿斯。苏格拉底，你自己也不能否认你外表上像他们；不过接下来你将听到你在其他方面与他们如何相像。

“你很无礼、口出恶言，不是吗？如果你不承认这一点，我来提供证据。你不是会吹长笛吗？实际上，你比玛尔叙阿斯吹得好多了。他凭借嘴的力量使用乐器蛊惑人们，今天吹奏他的长笛乐曲的人也都是如此（我把奥林匹斯的曲调真正看作是玛尔叙阿斯的，因为玛尔叙阿斯是奥林匹斯的老师）。不管这些曲调是由专业演奏者还是可怜的吹笛女演奏，由于其神圣的起源，它们是唯一能用符咒迷惑人们的曲调，显示出哪些人准备好了接受神的启示。你和玛尔叙阿斯的唯一区别在于你不用

乐器、仅用语言就能产生同样的效果。当我们听到其他人演讲时，即使他是位优秀的演说家，也几乎对我们产生不了什么影响。但每当有人听到你说话或听到他人（即使他是个蹩脚的说话者）复述你的话，不管是谁（女人、男人或少男）都会如痴如醉、像施了符咒一样。

“若不是你们认为我喝醉了，先生们，我愿意发誓，他的话对我产生影响是真话——现在这些话仍对我产生影响。每当听他说话，我的狂热比科律班忒斯的还有过之而无不及。当他说话时，我的心脏扑通扑通地跳动，眼泪奔流而出，我看到许多其他人也受到同样的影响。我听过伯里克利及其他优秀演说家的演说，我认为他们说得很好。但他们从未对我产生过这种影响；他们没有扰乱我的整体人格，让我对自己生命的奴役性质感到不满。但坐在这里的这位玛尔叙阿斯经常对我产生这种影响，让我认为自己的生活不值得过。你不能说这不是真的，苏格拉底。即使现在我也清楚地知道，如果我放任自己听他说话，我会无法抵制，再次经历相同的体验。他让我承认，尽管由于种种巨大缺陷，我忽视自己，却反而卷入到雅典的政治活动中。所以我强迫自己捂着耳朵走开，就像人们逃离妖妇一样，防止自己在变老之前坐在他旁边。

“只有在他的陪伴下我才会有这种体验，你们可能会认为我不会有这种体验——与某人在一起感到羞耻；我只有在他的陪伴下才感到羞耻。我清楚地知道，我不能反对他，应该做他让我做的事；但离开他后，我就会因人们的赞赏而忘乎所以。所以我表现得像个逃亡的奴隶一样，从他那里逃脱；每当看到他，我都会因为他让我赞同的话而感到羞愧。我经常觉得看到他从人间消失我会高兴；但如果这真的发生，我知道我会更不安。我就是不知道怎样与这个人打交道。

“这就是这位森林之神吹笛时对我及其他许多人产生的影响。让我来告诉你们，这个比喻在某些方面也非常恰当，看看他有多么令人惊讶的力量。你们应该认识到你们中没有一个人真正懂他。但既然已经开了

头，我会说明他是什么样子的。你们看到苏格拉底受美貌少男吸引，总是兴奋地与他们一起消磨时间。他也完全愚昧，一无所知。他给人这种印象，不是很像西勒诺斯吗？正是这样。这种行为仅是他的外壳，就像西勒诺斯的雕像的外壳一样。但如果你们能把他打开往里看，我亲爱的酒友，你们无法想象他有多么节制！你们应该知道，他根本不在乎某人是否漂亮（他对此怀有难以置信的蔑视）或富有，或拥有普通人视为的其他优势。他把所有这些看得毫无价值，也把我们看得一文不值。（请相信我！）他整个一生都在伪装，在玩弄人。

“当苏格拉底表情严肃、内心被打开的时候，我不知道你们中是否有人看到过他身体内部的雕像。不过我看到过一次，它们看起来如此神圣、珍贵，如此美丽、让人惊讶，以至于（简而言之）我不得不做苏格拉底让我做的任何事。我认为他对我的相貌感兴趣是认真的，这对我来说是天赐之物、是难得的好运，因为，如果我让他满足，我就能听到他所知道的一切。你们瞧，我为自己的美貌感到骄傲。这之前，我从未在没有随从的情况下和他单独相处；但一有了这个想法，我就把随从打发走，独自一人和他在一起。是的，我必须告诉你们整个真相；所以仔细听着，如果我说了任何不正确的话，苏格拉底，你必须反驳我。

“好吧，先生们，我们就在那里，只有我们两人。我认为他会立即与我进行爱人与情郎独处时进行的那种对话，心里很高兴。但根本没发生那种事。他与我进行与平常一样的交流，一天过完后就走了。我邀请他来到健身房，与他一起锻炼，我以为可以以那种方式取得些进展。所以我们进行锻炼，旁边没有一人，还摔了很多次跤——怎么跟你们说呢？我还是一无所获。

“由于通过这些方式一无所获，我决定对这个人展开直接攻击，既然已经开始了就不放弃。我觉得我应该了解实际情况如何。我邀请他一起就餐，就好像我是爱人他是情郎一样。他没有立即接受我的邀请，不

过最后还是同意来了。第一次就完餐后他就想走，那一次我有点儿害羞，就让他走了。不过我又进行了一次这个计划，用餐后，我一直和他谈话到深夜。然后他想走的时候，我找了个借口，说太晚了，让他留了下来。所以他在我旁边的沙发上躺下睡觉，那是他就餐的地方，房间里除了我们两个就没其他人了。

“到目前为止，任何人听我说都无所谓了。不过从现在开始，有些事你们一般不会听到我说，正如俗语所说，‘仆人离开时酒后吐真言’，仆人不离开时也会吐真言！而且，我认为既然开始了对苏格拉底的颂扬，那么让他的自豪行为湮没无闻将是我的失误。此外，我的经历就像人被蛇咬了一样。有人说拥有这种经历的人只愿意向那些同样被咬过的人述说其中情形，因为只有他们才能懂，且如果那种痛苦驱使你做和说一些令人震惊的事，他们也会体谅。但我是被更痛苦的东西咬的，其中的每一口都极端痛苦（咬的是心或灵魂），或随便你们怎么称呼它。我受到的是哲学言论的撞击和撕咬，当它抓住一个年轻、天才的灵魂时，会比蛇更猛烈地攀附，使其做和说各种各样的事。而且我能看到在座的各位，像费德鲁斯、阿伽松、厄律克西马库、鲍桑尼亚、阿里斯托得摩斯和阿里斯托芬（我无须提及苏格拉底自己）以及其余各位。你们都有哲学的疯狂和醉酒般的狂热，所以你们都会听到我要说的话。你们得体谅我那时做的事和现在说的话。但是你们，仆人及所有其他下人，都堵上你们的耳朵！

“所以，先生们，灯灭之后，仆人离开了房间，我决定不应该再拐弯抹角，而是坦率地告诉他我心里所想的。我推了他一下，说：‘苏格拉底，你睡着了吗？’

“‘还没有。’他说。

“‘你知道我在想什么吗？’

“‘想什么啊？’他说。

“‘我认为，’我说，‘只有你才配得上做我的爱人，但你似乎很害羞，不愿跟我提及。我告诉你我的感受吧。我认为如果你对我或我的朋友有需求，我不满足你这方面或其他任何方面的需求会很愚蠢。对我来说，没有什么比成为优秀的人更重要了，我认为要实现这个目的，没有人能比你给予我更有力的帮助。如果我未能满足像你这样的人的需求，考虑到明理的人会怎样看待我，与普通、愚蠢的人怎样看待我相比，我会更羞愧。’

“他听了我说的，以他自己典型的极度讽刺语气对我说了这些：‘亲爱的亚西比德，如果你说的关于我的话是真的，且我确实有能力让你成为更好的人的话，你似乎绝不是傻瓜。你肯定从我身上看到了无与伦比的、与你自己的美貌相比优越许多的美。如果你看到了这一点，尝试着与我达成协议，我们用一种美交换另一种美，那么你是打算从我身上大赚一笔。你在试图以外表换取真正的美，所以实际上是在进行“以铜换金”的交易。但仔细看看，我的好朋友，你认为我对你有价值，请确保你没弄错。视力衰退的时候，灵魂才开始变得敏锐，你离那一点还远着呢。’

“听到这些之后，我说：‘依我看，情况就是这样，我的计划正如我所说的。现在由你来决定怎样对你我来说是最好的。’

“‘好吧，’他说，‘至少这一点你说得对。将来我们要考虑做对我们最好的事，既包括这方面的也包括其他事情的。’

“他对我作如此回复后，我认为由于我对他放了箭，他被射中了。我站起来，没给他再多说任何话的机会，把他包裹进我厚厚的户外斗篷里（当时是冬天），躺在他的短斗篷下。然后我用双臂搂着这个像上帝一样、令人惊讶的人，整夜都和他一起躺在那里。你不能说这是谎话，

苏格拉底。在我做完这些之后，他彻底击败了我的美貌（并轻视、嘲笑、侮辱了我的美貌），尽管我很看重这些相貌，陪审团的诸位先生们。我这样称呼你们，是因为你们成为了苏格拉底的傲慢事件中的陪审团！我以上帝及女神的名义向你们发誓，第二天早上起来时，我跟苏格拉底睡觉，与跟我父亲或兄长睡觉相比，没有什么差别。

“那之后，你们认为我有什么样的心情？虽然我觉得自己受辱了，但我钦佩他的品行、自制能力和勇气。他是位明智且意志坚强的人，我从未期望能找到这样的人。所以，尽管我不能生他的气或不能没他的陪伴，但我不知道怎样赢取他的心。我很清楚，他完全不为金钱所动，就像埃阿斯不会为武器所伤一样；我视为唯一能赢取他的方法也被证实无效。我感到困惑；我来回踱步，完全沉湎于这个人，比其他人都更甚。

“这些事情发生之后，我们一起参与了雅典抵御波提狄亚的战役，一起领受了那里的混乱。首先要指出的是他比我更能忍受战争的严苛——实际上，他比其他所有人都更能忍受。我们被切断粮食供应之后，就像出征时有时会发生的那样，没有人比他更能忍受饥饿。但另一方面，我们能大吃一顿时，他又是最能享受盛宴的。例如，他虽然不愿意喝酒，但被迫喝时，他能把我们都打败。最令人吃惊的是没人曾看到苏格拉底喝醉过。我觉得你们很快就会看到这一点的证据了。

“而且当提到忍受冬天的严寒时（那里的冬天酷寒难耐），他的忍耐力也是非凡的。有一次，霜冻很厉害，没有人出去，或者就是出去，也会把自己裹得严严实实的，靴子上另外系上毡或羊皮。但苏格拉底在这种天气下还是穿着以前穿的户外斗篷出去，他光着脚走在冰上比别人穿着靴子走得还稳健。士兵们怀疑地看着他，认为他轻视他们。

“这件事就说到这里；但战场上‘这位刚毅的人接下来所做和忍受的事’值得一听。一天早上，他开始考虑一个问题，就站在那里思考，没取得进展就不放弃，而是一直站在那里思索。中午时，人们注意到了

他，惊愕地对彼此说苏格拉底从破晓就开始站在那里思考事情了。最后，到傍晚时，吃过晚饭后，一些爱奥尼亚人把铺盖拿到外面（当时是夏天），部分是为了睡觉凉快点儿，部分是为了密切注视苏格拉底，看他夜晚是否也会一直站在那里。他一直站在那里，直到第二天黎明太阳出来时；然后他向太阳祈祷，就离开了。

“如果你们想知道他在战斗中是什么样子——现在正是我向他还债的机会。在将军授予我英勇奖章之后的战斗中，是苏格拉底（没有其他人）救了我。我受伤后，他没有离开我，所以他不仅救了我的盔甲和武器，还救了我的生命。实际上那个时候我让将军把英勇奖章授予你，苏格拉底。这一点上你不能批评我，或说我撒谎。但将军受到我社会地位的影响，想把奖章授予我时，你自己比将军更热心地认为我应该得到奖章。

“先生们，还有一件事。当军队从代里恩混乱地撤退时，苏格拉底是值得一看的景观。我当时在骑兵服役，而他是甲兵。人们那时已经四散了，他和拉凯斯一起撤退。巧合的是，我就在附近，我看到他们时，就立即鼓励他们，告诉他们我不会留下他们不管的。在那里，我比在波提狄亚能更好地观察苏格拉底（因为我在马背上，不那么担心自己的安全），首先让我心里一震的是他比拉凯斯镇静得多。接下来，我注意到他在那里散步，就像在雅典一样（阿里斯托芬，引用你的话就是）‘大摇大摆，环顾四周’。他冷静地环顾着朋友和敌人，即使在远处的人也知道，如果有人袭击这个人，他会顽强反抗的。就这样，他和他的同伴安全撤退了。通常，战斗中人们不会袭击显出这种神情的人；他们更愿意追赶仓皇逃离的人。

“除此之外，苏格拉底还有许多其他事情值得称赞。其中的一些显著特点也可能在其他人身上找到。但最令人吃惊的一点是他完全不像其他任何人，不管是过去的还是现在的。如果你想说阿喀琉斯是什么样

子，你可以拿他与布拉西达斯或其他人相比，伯里克利的话，你可以拿他与涅斯托耳或安忒诺耳相比（还有其他的人），你可以以同样方式作其他比较。但这个人非常奇特，他谈话的方式也很奇特，无论你多么努力地找，永远也不会找到现在或过去与他相近的人。实际上，你们能做的最好的就是像我做的那样，当我比较他及他的谈话方式时，不是与人类相比，而是与西伦尼和森林之神对比。

“这是我开始时忘记说的：他的论述也非常像那些你们打开的西伦尼。一听苏格拉底的论述，起初似乎会觉得非常荒谬。这是他使用的词和语句的缘故，它们就像无礼的森林之神粗糙的皮肤一样。他谈论驮货的驴子、铁匠、鞋匠、皮匠，似乎总是用相同的话得出相同的论点；所以不习惯他的人或无知的人会觉得他的论述很荒谬。但如果你能打开它们，看看内部，就会发觉只有那些论述才有道理。你也会发觉它们是最神圣的，包含最多的美德影像。它们涉及大部分（更确切地说是所有）的主题，如果你想成为优秀的人，必须细阅所有这些主题。

“先生们，这就是我赞美苏格拉底的话。我也掺杂了一些对他的责备，告诉你们他是怎么侮辱我的。我并不是唯一一个受到他这样对待的人；还有格老孔的儿子查米德斯、狄奥克莱斯的儿子欧西德莫斯及许多其他人。他欺骗他们，让他们认为他是自己的爱人，结果他却是被爱的人，而不是施爱的人。我警告你，阿伽松，不要被他骗了，而要从我们的遭遇中吸取教训，要谨慎一些，如谚语所说，不要成为傻瓜，只从自己遭受的痛苦中学习。”

亚西比德的坦率发言带来了许多乐趣，因为他似乎还在爱着苏格拉底。苏格拉底说：“我认为你非常清醒，亚西比德。否则你不能够隐藏你整个发言的动机，巧妙地用这种方式掩盖着它。你在最后泄露了出来，好像是你的事后想法——好像你整个演讲的目的不是为了离间我和阿伽松一样。你这样做是因为你认为我应该只爱你一人，而不是其他

人，阿伽松应该只被你爱，而不被其他人爱。但你没有侥幸成功；我们看出了你的这场森林之神和西勒诺斯把戏的目的。但是，亲爱的阿伽松，不要让他得逞；一定不要让任何人离间我和你。”

然后阿伽松说：“你知道，苏格拉底，我认为你一定是对的。他坐在我和你中间，把我们分开，是别有用心。但他不会得逞的。我过去，坐在你旁边。”

“请过来吧，”苏格拉底说，“坐在这一边。”

“哦，宙斯啊！”亚西比德说，“我真是受够了这个人！他认为他总得胜过我。但如果没有别的办法（你这个令人惊讶的人）就让阿伽松坐在我们俩之间吧。”

“那是不可能的事，”苏格拉底说，“你已经赞美过了我，现在该我赞美我右边的人了。如果阿伽松坐在我们之间，他不是也得赞美我，而不是受我赞美吗？看在上帝的份上，不要阻止这个年轻人受到我的赞美；我有赞颂他一番的强烈愿望。”

“好哇，”阿伽松说，“亚西比德，现在我决不会再待在这里了。我必须换位置，让苏格拉底赞美我。”

“又是这样，”亚西比德说，“总是老样子。苏格拉底在时，别人休想接近有魅力的人。现在，看他多么机智地找到一个貌似有理的借口，说明为什么这个人应该坐在他旁边。”

所以阿伽松站起来，去坐到苏格拉底旁边。突然，一大群饮酒狂欢者来到了前门。由于某个人刚出去了，他们发现门是开着的；所以他们直接闯了进来，加入了他们，坐在沙发上。到处都是嘈杂声，所有的顺序都被打破了；每个人都被迫喝了大量的酒。阿里斯托得摩斯说厄律克西马库、费德鲁斯及其他一些人离开了，而他睡了很长时间，因为那时

候夜很长。将近黎明时他醒了过来，那时公鸡已经开始打鸣了。他一醒来，就看到其他人要么正睡着，要么已经离开了，只有阿伽松、阿里斯托芬和苏格拉底还醒着，正用一个大碗喝酒，碗从左到右传递着。苏格拉底正与他们说话。阿里斯托得摩斯说大部分争辩他已记不得了，因为他错过了开头，中间又睡着了。但他说，要点是苏格拉底迫使他们同意同一个人应该既能写喜剧又能写悲剧，擅长写悲剧的人一定也擅长写喜剧。虽然他们昏昏欲睡，没跟上他的思路，但他让他们同意这一点；阿里斯托芬先睡着了，天已经破晓时阿伽松也睡着了。

他们睡着之后，苏格拉底站起来，离开了。阿里斯托得摩斯像往常一样跟着他。苏格拉底去了学园（吕格恩），洗了脸，像平时一样在那里度过了一天，直到傍晚才回家休息。

洞穴寓言（选自《理想国》）

一、苏格拉底一开始提到了哲学家必须具备的各种素质，然后着重强调这些素质必须建立在学问的基础之上，最终则是建立在为善的学问基础之上。对苏格拉底来说它是善的本质，正如此段文字所阐明的那样。一些人认为善即快乐，或者认为善即学问。苏格拉底简明扼要地驳斥了此类观点，却拒绝直接给出自己的看法，而是借用一个比喻来描述他的观点。

“好了，我们总算完成了这部分任务——真是不容易啊；下面继续讨论下一个问题，研究如何通过学习和不懈的追求，造就出这个社会制度的捍卫者。他们要学习什么东西？从什么年龄起就要开始学习？”

“对，这就是我们下一个要讨论的问题。”

“我耍了一点小聪明，”我说，“我把娶妻、生子、确立统治者这些难题都放到了后面去讨论。不过，到头来我并没占到一点便宜，最终还是要论及的。我心中构想的那个真实社会必定会触怒一些人，而且也难以实现。这一点我十分清楚，不过我还是要把它描绘出来。妇女和儿童问题我已经谈过了，现在得重新讨论统治者的问题。你记得我们曾经说过：他们必须要热爱自己的国家，必须经历快乐和痛苦的双重考验，以确保他们在面对痛苦、恐惧和各种兴衰荣辱时，仍然能够矢志不渝；没能通过测试的人，必须予以淘汰；经受住了考验而且毫发无损的人，就好比真金一样不怕火炼，理应被拥立为统治者，生要享有荣光，死要加以褒奖。我们大概就是这么说的。不过，由于担心过早卷入我们今日的议题，当时我们神不知鬼不觉巧妙地回避了这个问题。”

“是的，我记得这件事。”他说。

“你知道，我在说出这番不太成熟的观点之前，也是犹豫再三的，”我回答道，“不过，现在我可以斗胆直言：从最完美的意义上讲，我们的守护者只能是哲学家。”

“好吧，就照你说的。”

“想一想这样的人总共能有几个。我们前面曾经说过，这些人必须具备某种品格，而这种品格又包含了多个方面的品质。通常一个人不会坐拥全部品质，多数情况下仅具有某些品质。”

“此话怎讲？”

“一方面具备好学、强记、头脑机灵、敏锐等各方面的素质，而且积极进取、视野广博，但另一方面却常常不愿意过按部就班、安静稳定的生活；敏锐的性格让其性情变得扑朔迷离、变幻莫测，毫无稳定可言。”

“说得对。”

“而且，你可以信赖的始终如一的稳重之人，尽管在战争面前毫不畏惧，但同样也不会为说教所动。他们这种难以撼动的性格最终确实会令他们变得麻木不仁。当需要他们奉献才智的时候，他们会打着哈欠，昏然入睡。”

“确实是这样的。”

“但是我们需要的是完全兼备两种品格的人，让他们接受最高等的教育，并赋予他们地位和权力。”

“没错。”

“这样的人才可谓凤毛麟角。”

“是很少见。”

“我们不仅应当在前面描述的苦与乐的环境中考验他们，还应当在以往曾经忽略的系列智力学习中考查他们，以检验其是否具有追求最高层次学问的毅力，是否会像其他人畏惧体能测试一样回避退缩。”

“很公道的测试。不过，”他问，“最高层次学问指的是什么？”

“你一定记得，”我回答道，“先前我们在区分过头脑三要素之后，又讨论了正义、自我控制、勇气和智慧问题。”

“如果连这我都不记得，”他说，“我就不配再听别的东西了。”

“那你还记得我们在谈论这些话题之前说过什么吗？”

“说过什么？”

“我们说过，只有绕过一个很大的弯路，才有可能获得真正清晰的认识，不过我们可以根据前面的讨论给出一些暗示。你说那已经够好的了。正因为你的那句话，后面的描述在我看来便不是十分精确了。对你来说是否足够精确，只有你自己知道。”

“我认为你提出的衡量标准不错。我想其他人也是这么认为的。”

“我亲爱的阿得曼托斯，在这类问题上，任何失真的东西都不能作为衡量标准，”我答道，“你不能用本身不完善的东西去衡量任何东西——尽管人们有时会满足于此，而不愿做进一步深究。”

“是的，通常是因为他们太懒惰了。”

“国家和法律的守护者最要不得这种品行。”

“说得不错。”

“那么，他就必须走那条较长的路，”我说，“他必须像锻炼身体一样刻苦地进行智力训练；否则，就像我们刚才说的那样，最终他永远都达不到那个本应属于他的做学问的最高境界。”

“最高境界？”他问道，“可是有比我们讨论的正义和其他品质更高层次的东西吗？”

“有。”我说，“我们不应该仅满足于拥有这些品质的一个草图，而不去充实每个细节。如果我们在小事情上都能全身心投入，力求尽可能高的精确度和清晰度，而在最重要的事情上反而不需要最高的精确度了，这不是十分荒谬吗？”

“是十分荒谬，”他表示同意，“但别指望蒙混过关，你还得回答最高层次的学问是什么这个问题。”

“我不指望蒙混过关，”我答道，“你问吧。其实你已经听过很多遍了。要么你是真的不明白，要么你就是一直存心给我难堪——我觉得是后一种情况，因为你肯定经常听过我说，学问的最高层次是关于善的本质的学问，正义一类事物的实用性和价值从中得以体现。你非常清楚这就是我要说的。另外，我还要补充一点，我们这方面的学问还很不够。如果我们对此一无所知，那么，其他方面的学问纵使再完美，对我们来说也是毫无裨益的。这就好比是说，如果你无法从你拥有的东西中得到任何好处，那么，即使拥有它也没什么用处。换句话说，如果东西不好的话，你认为拥有它还有任何意义吗？如果拥有所有其他形式的学问，但唯独没有善的学问，也就是说，缺乏有关什么是好的、什么是有价值的这方面的知识，这样的话，还有什么意义吗？”

“肯定没有任何意义。”

“当然，你也清楚，大多数普通人都认为快乐就是善，而阅历丰富的人则认为学问才是善。”

“是这样的。”

“但是，那些持后一种观点的人却无法向我们解释清楚他们所指的是哪种学问。如果他们被逼问急了，最后就会说他们指的是善的学问。”

“这是很荒谬的。”

“他们先是批评我们不懂善，但回头与我们交谈时，却又把我们当成懂善的；因为他们说这就是‘善的学问’，就好像他们在说‘善’字的时候，我们都能理解他们的意思。如果是这样的话，他们就无法回避自身的荒谬。”

“完全正确。”

“那些把善定义为快乐的人呢？他们面临的困惑会少一些吗？是不是他们也不得不承认存在恶的快乐？”

“他们当然得承认。”

“结果他们会发现自己承认同一事物是既有善的一面，又有恶的一面，对吗？”

“对。”

“所以说这个议题明显极具争议。”

“的确是这样。”

“再者，当涉及正义或价值观方面的问题时，不论是占有，还是行动，抑或是荣誉，很多人宁肯注重外在的东西，也不在意实实在在的东西；可是，没有人仅满足于拥有看起来好的东西，他们要的是实实在在好的东西。在这个问题上外在的东西没有任何用处。这些现象是不是也很明显呢？”

“绝对明显。”

“那么，善是全部劳动付出的结果，是每个人心中的目标，并且它预言了自身的存在，尽管人们发现很难把握它究竟是什么；由于没有像处理其他事物那样的把握，所以善缺少其他事物所具有的价值。我们将要把一切事物都托付给这些最优秀的公民。如果他们对如此重要的问题一窍不通，我们能答应吗？”

“绝对不答应。”

“不管怎样，如果一个人不知道何处有善的话，那么，让他来保卫正义和价值观，也就没有多大的用处。我猜只有在他搞明白何处有善之后，才能充分理解这些。”

“你猜得有道理。”

“所以说，只有将我们的社会置于拥有这门学问的守护者监管之下，社会才能得到妥善管理。”

“必须这样，”他说，“可是你呢，苏格拉底？你认为善是学问呢，还是快乐呢？还是其他的什么东西？”

“你这个人哪！”我惊叫了一声，“我很久之前就看出来了，你对别人的意见总是感到不满意！”

“可是，苏格拉底，给了你这么长时间谈论这个话题，”他抗议道，“你却只给我们讲别人的意见，而不是你自己的意见。我认为你不应该这样。”

“的确不应该。不过，如果一个人谈论自己不懂的事情时却给人一种好像他什么都懂的感觉。你认为这样就对吗？”

“他没有权利像个万事通似的高谈阔论。但他应该精心准备，把自己的想法说出来。”

“嗯，”我说，“难道你没注意，如果没有知识的支撑，观点总是很可悲的一件事吗？最理想的情况就是瞎蒙却蒙对了——虽然自己不甚理解，但却恰好持一种正确的意见，就好比一位盲人走对了路一样。不是有这样的人吗？”

“是有这样的人。”

“那么，如果你能够从其他人那里得到异常清晰的描述的话，那你还会想从我这里得到一幅简陋不堪、难以理解、支离破碎的画面吗？”

“现在你就行行好吧，都快到终点了，千万不要放弃啊，苏格拉底。”格老孔乞求说，“如果你能像解释正义、自我控制等概念一样来解释什么才是善，我们就会心满意足的。”

“那样的话，我也会心满意足的，我亲爱的伙计。”我回答道，“不过，我担心这超出了我的能力所限。我要是这样做的话，只会让我自己出丑，惹来他人耻笑。所以，请允许我们暂时把善的本质是什么的问题先放在一边，在今天所讨论的范围里恐怕是找不出一个令我满意的答案的。不过，如果你喜欢的话，我会谈一件事。它在我看来就好似是善的孩子，与善长得非常像——你愿不愿意听？”

“给我们讲讲这个孩子的事吧。孩子家长的那笔账就先记在你的账上，留着以后再讲。”他说。

“我希望欠你们的债能够连本带息地还给你们，而不仅仅是支付贷款利息。”我回答道，“不过，现在你们只能把善的孩子的故事当作利息收下。当心我不留神把到期利息金额写错了，那样的话你们就上当了。”

“我们会加倍小心的，”他说，“接着往下讲吧。”

二、太阳的比喻[……]

“我必须首先征得你们的同意，并提醒大家我们在前面的讨论中曾经说过的事情，实际上还有在许多其他场合讲过的事情。”

他问：“都是些什么？”

我回答说：“我们说过，有很多特定的东西都非常美，还有很多东西非常善，诸如此类，而且在描述过程中我们还对它们进行了区分。”

“是的，我们是说过。”

“接着我们针对我们认为数量很多的那些特定的东西，又谈到了美本身和善本身等问题。然后，我们通过对比，推断出每样事物都是独一无二的种类，并称之为每样事物‘真正是什么’。”

“是这样的。”

“我们说过这些特定的东西是视觉意义而不是智能意义上的东西，而其种类则是智能意义上而不是视觉意义上的东西。”

“当然。”

“我们看到的一切是用身体的哪个部分看到的呢？”

“视觉。”

“我们用听觉来听，用其他感官来感知与之相应的事物。”

“当然了。”

“不知道你注意到了没有，”我问，“我们的感官设计者在赋予我们视力，让我们能够看见东西的时候是多么慷慨？”

“没有注意到。”

“那么我们就再来看一遍。听觉和声音是否需要借助他们自身之外的另外一种形式的东西，才能让耳朵听得到，让声音听得见（即第三种要素），没有它的话，既没法听，也听不见？”

“不需要。”

“其他大部分感官，也可能是全部感官，也都是如此。你知道有什么感官需要这种东西吗？”

“不，我不知道。”

“但不知道你是否注意到了视觉及可见的东西的确需要这种东西？”

“怎么会呢？”

“假设眼睛具有视力，眼睛的主人也准备用视力去看东西，再假设物体具有颜色，可你知道，要是不专门地、自然地借助用于这个第三种要素的话，他什么东西也看不到，颜色也依然不可见。”

“那是什么东西？”他问。

“一种叫作光的东西。”我答道。

“对。”

“也就是说，如果光算是一种宝物的话，那么，视觉与物体的可见性就是用这样一条比任何东西都宝贵的纽带连接在一起。”

“光当然算是宝物。”

“那么，在众多天体当中你认为是哪个天体成就了这一切？又是哪个天体发出的光能够让我们的眼睛完美地看到东西，东西也能够为我们所见呢？”

“我的看法跟你和其他人是一样的，当然是太阳。”

“那么视力与这种神圣的光源有怎样的关联呢？”

“怎样的关联？”

“太阳不等同于视力，也不等同于视力所依赖的东西，也就是我们所说的眼睛。”

“它们是不同的东西。”

“但在所有的感觉器官当中，眼睛是最像太阳的。”

“是很像。”

“所以，眼睛的视觉能力，是太阳所赋予的一种能力。”

“是的。”

“而且，虽然太阳本身不是视力，但它却是视力产生的原因，并且

能够为视力所见。”

“是这样的。”

“其实，那就是善的孩子。”我说，“善所生的孩子与善长得极为相像。在思想世界里，善与智能和可理解的事物之间存在的关联，同样也存在于有形世界里视力和可见物体之间。”

“你能再详细解释一下吗？”他问。

“你知道，当我们把目光转向阳光照射不到的物体时，借助于月光或星光，物体的颜色会看起来灰暗一片，眼睛好像失明了一样，仿佛视力原本就是模糊的。”

“是的。”

“但是，当我们把目光转向阳光照射的物体时，就会看得很清楚。这时眼睛明显是有视觉的。”

“肯定是这样的。”

“让我们借这个比喻来描绘一下心灵。当心灵之眼凝视着被真理和现实照亮的事物时，是完全能够认识和理解这些事物的。显然，心灵具有智能；但是，当心灵之眼盯住充满变数和衰败景色的黄昏世界时，心灵只能形成飘忽不定的意见，视野会变得模糊起来，明显缺少智能。”

“真的是这么回事。”

“那么说，赋予学问以真理，赋予认知者心灵以认知能力，这便是善的本质。它是学问和真理的动因，自身是为人所知的，但又不是学问和真理本身，而是一种更加辉煌的东西。你如果是这么想的，就对了。就好比说，把光和视觉看作与太阳类似的东西是正确的，但把它们看作

太阳本身则是错误的。同样道理，把学问和真理看作与善类似的东西是可以的，但把它们看作是善本身则是大错特错，善是更高层次上的东西。”

“如果善是学问和真理的源泉，而且比之更加灿烂辉煌，你可真是把它奉若神明了。我想你不会指的是快乐吧？”他问。

“你这个想法真可怕。”我答道，“我们继续我们的比喻。”

“往下讲吧。”

“太阳不仅让我们看到世间万物，而且推动万物出生、成长和获取营养的进程，但其并非这个过程本身。这个观点我想你也同意。”

“同意。”

“因此，可以说善不仅促成学问知识为人所理解，而且促成对它们自身和现实的理解；不过，善本身不是指现实，而是超越了现实，并较之更加高贵、更加权威。”

“真是奇迹般的超然。”格老孔略带戏谑地说。

“这可不能怪我，”我抗议道，“是你让我心里怎么想的就怎么说的。”

“是我让的。请继续往下说。不管怎么说，如果你那个太阳的比喻还没讲完的话，还请你把它讲完。”

“离讲完还早着呢。”

“那就接着讲，不要遗漏任何东西。”

“恐怕必须略去很多内容。”我说，“不过，我会尽力把我目前所知道的一切都讲出来。”

“好的，请吧。”

分割线

柏拉图解释说，分割线比喻是太阳比喻的续篇，旨在进一步说明太阳比喻所涉及的现实中两种层次之间的关系。但它是从一个特定的角度来讲述的，即我们用来理解这两种层次或领域的心智状态。因此，这个线的目的主要也不是用来给事物分类。与可知领域相关的两种心智状态，都是与同种类型的东西（本质）打交道，尽管每种心智状态的处理方式各不相同；虽然在物质世界里，物质的东西与其自身的影子有区别，但这种差异主要用于阐明需要了解的东西当中存在的“真实”或真实性的程度——如果我们的学问仅局限于它的影子或影像，那么，我们对自身学问的东西了解就太有限了。就这个问题而言，就是仅仅局限于肤浅的外表了[……]

“那么，”我继续说道，“你必须假设存在我前面提到的这两种能力。一种能力比可知层次或领域内的所有东西都至高无上，另一种能力则凌驾于可见领域内一切东西之上——我不会说是在物质宇宙当中，否则你会认为我是在玩文字游戏。不管怎么说，你头脑面对的是两个层次上的东西，一个是可见的东西，一个是可知的东西。对吗？”

“对。”

“那好，假设有一条线，你把它分成了长短不等的两份。然后，你再按照相同的比例，把它们分成两部分，分别代表可见层次和可理解层次。你会在可见的层次上看到一个以模糊与清晰相对照的形式展现的、由影像构成的二次分段。如果你听得懂我说的话，我这里的‘影像’首先

指的是阴影，然后指水面和其他光滑细致的表面反射的影子。”

“我听得懂。”

“其他二次分段代表着这些影像对应的原始实物本身——我们身边的各种动物、植物和人造物品。”

“说得很好。”

“你是不是准备说这些分段的区别在于：一个是真实的，一个是不真实的，而且，影像与原物之间的关系，就如同意见领域和学问领域之间的关系呢？”

“我肯定会这么说。”

“下面再考虑一下如何划分这条线上的可知部分。”

“如何划分呢？”

“在其中一个二次分段上，心智这次把可见领域中的原始实物作为影像，一切探究只能在假设的基础之上进行，从中得到的不是基本原理，而是结论性的东西；在另外一个二次分段上，它从假设上升到了不包含假设的基本原理，而且没有用到在另一个二次分段中用到的影像，而只是用类型自身或通过类型自身进行探究。”

“我听不大懂。”

“我再试着解释一下。不过，我刚刚谈到的东西会对你有点帮助。我想你也知道，那些学习几何、算术一类课程的学生，一开始会假设有奇数和偶数、几何图形、三种角以及与课程相应的其他东西；他们把这些东西都当成已知的，把它们作为最基本的假设。由于这些东西属于尽人皆知的东西，因此，完全没有必要对其自身进行任何的解释。他们以

此为起点，通过一系列连贯的步骤，得出了他们想要得到的结论。”

“对，这个我肯定懂。”

“你还知道他们使用可见的图形进行研究。但是，他们心里想的实际上不是这些图形，而是这些图形所代表的原始事物；他们所研究的并不是他们所绘制出的正方形、对角线或是其他什么图形本身。他们所绘制或仿真的图形，在水中投下了自身的影子，并反射出去——他们只把这些当作影像而已，而他们研究的真实物体只有理性的眼睛方能看到。”

“非常正确。”

“我把此类东西称为可知的东西。我还说过，心智在研究它的过程中迫不得已使用了假设，但由于无法摆脱和超越假设，也就无法上升到基本原理的层面；不过，同样是这些东西，由于它们在较低的层面上留有影像和影子，用它们的示意图与其进行对比，会因其更加清晰而受到重视，也就更有价值。”

“我明白了，”他说，“你说的是几何学和相近学科发生的事。”

“那么，当我提到这条线上可知部分的另外一个二次分段时，你就会明白我的意思是指辩论过程本身通过辩证法的力量所理解的东西；它不是把假设当作原理，而是当作真正意义上的假设，也就是说，把它作为出发点和上升到更高层次的跳板，那里没有假设，只有万物的基本原理；而一旦掌握了基本原理，通过遵循其后面的推论，回过头来又可以得出结论。整个过程没有涉及可感知的世界里的任何东西，而只是从一种本质到另一种本质，最后归结为本质。”

“我明白你的意思了，但没有全懂，”他说，“你所描述的东西貌似说来话长。但是，你想区分辩证法所研究的真实与可知的部分，因为这

部分比所谓的‘学科’所研究的东西清晰程度更高一些。尽管这些学科在研究他们自身的题材时也要使用推理，而不是感官知觉，但他们把假设当成了基本原理。由于他们在研究过程中从假设出发，无法到达基本原理的层次，所以，你认为他们在这个问题上面没有展现出理智。尽管借助于基本原理，它是可知的。我认为，你把几何学家一类人的思维习惯称为推理，而不是理智，意思是说，推理是介于意见和理智之间的一种东西。”

“你理解得非常好。”我说，“可以这么认为，与四段分隔线对应的是四种心智状态；位于最顶层的是理智，第二层的是推理，第三层的是信念，最下面的一层是幻觉。你可以按比例排一下，假设它们的清晰程度与题材所具有的真实程度相对应。”

“我懂了，”他答道，“我同意你的建议，把它们排列一下。”

洞穴的比喻

那个分割线比喻当中所蕴含的真理，可以用更形象化的方法展现，尤其是它可以告诉我们更多有关分隔线比喻当中称之为信仰和幻觉的两种心智状态方面的事。我们看到了心智从幻觉升华到了纯哲学，也看到了伴随其成长所经历的艰难困苦。哲学家在到达视野的最高点后，应返回到山洞中，为他的同伴服务。他极不情愿这样做，但这却成了他的主要资本[……]

“接下来，我想让你描述一下我们人类的启蒙状态或者愚昧状态。把一个地下密室想象成类似洞穴的东西，长长的密室入口面对阳光，入口的宽度与洞穴一样宽。住在这个地下密室里的人，从小就被囚禁于此。他们的腿和脖子被锁链绑得很紧，头也无法转动，只能直视前方。在他们的身后、上方，有一团火正在熊熊燃烧。在囚徒与火之间，有一条走道相通。通道的前面竖起了一面幕墙，就像在木偶表演（皮影戏）

中操纵者与观众之间放置的那种幕布。”

“明白。”

“继续想象有一群人携带各式装备在幕墙后面行走，并在它的上方投射出了影子，包括用木头、石头和其他各种材料制作的人和动物。也可以想象得到，这些人中有的在谈话，还有的沉默不语。”

“真是怪异的画面，怪异的囚徒。”

“这都是依据真实生活描绘出来的啊，”我回答道，“你说说看，这些可怜的囚徒除了可以看见火光在他们对面的洞壁上投射的影子之外，你认为他们还可以看到自己或他们的同伴吗？”

“如果一辈子都不允许他们转头，他们又怎么可能看到其他东西呢？”

“他们能看到通道上被搬运的那些东西吗？”

“当然不能。”

“那么，假使他们能够互相交谈，难道他们不会断定他们所看到的影子都是真实的事物吗？”

“他们难免会这样认为。”

“假使囚室里他们正对着的那面墙能够反射回声，如果一个人路过时发出了声音，难道你不认为他们会断定这个声音就是他们面前的影子所发出的吗？”

“他们只能这样想。”

“所以，他们完全相信，这里提到的物体的影子就是全部的事实真相。”

“是的，他们难免这样认为。”

“那么，设想一下，如果有一天解除了他们的禁锢，治愈了他们的错觉，那将会是一番怎样的景象？假设将其中一个人松了绑，然后强迫他站立起来，转过头，目视火堆，并向火堆走去；这些动作会令他痛苦不堪，眼前的一切会让他眼花缭乱，难以看清原先他只能看见其影子的物体。如果有人告诉他，他以前看到的东西都是空洞的、虚假的，他现在看到的东西才更接近于真实，观看的方法也更正确，这是因为他面对的是更真实的东西。如果在此基础上，再指着从他面前经过的每样东西，强迫他说出这些东西都是什么。如果是这样的话，你觉得他会怎么回答呢？难道你不认为他会不知所措，并且认为他以前见过的东西比现在指给他看的东西更真实吗？”

“是的，他会认为以前的更真实。”

“如果强迫他对着火光看的话，会伤害到他的眼睛。他会转身回到他能够看得清的事物中去，他认为这些东西比指给他看的东西要清晰得多。”

“是的。”

“如果把他强行拉上那条陡峭崎岖的上坡道，直至把他拖出洞外，见到洞外的阳光，”我继续说着，“这个过程会令他非常痛苦，他也会非常抵触。当他来到阳光下，耀眼的阳光会刺得他的眼睛无法睁开，人们说的真实物体他一样东西也看不清。”

“一开始肯定看不清。”他表示同意。

“因为在他可以看清洞外世界里的东西之前，肯定需要时间慢慢地去适应外面的光线。首先，他会发现最容易做的事就是看影子，然后是看人和其他物体在水中的倒影，最后再去观看物体本身。此后，他会发现在夜晚时分观察天体和天空会容易一些，还会发现在夜里观看月光和星光，要比在白天看太阳和太阳光容易得多。”

“当然了。”

“他最终能够做到直视太阳本身，而不必通过太阳在水或其他介质中的倒影来观看，而是直接盯住太阳看。”

“必须最后做这事。”

“不久，他就会得出一个结论：正是太阳才带来了四季变化和昼夜更替。太阳主宰着可见世界里的一切，并且从某种意义上讲，太阳也是他和他的囚徒同伴过去看到的一切的起因。”

“很明显他会得出这个结论的。”

“当他想起他在洞穴里的那个最初的家，想起曾经被当作智慧的那些东西，想起他的那些囚徒同伴，难道你不认为他会为自己的幸运感到庆幸，并为他的同伴感到难过吗？”

“非常有可能。”

“囚徒当中有可能也存在某种荣誉感，那些把闪过的影子出现的先后顺序记得最牢的囚徒，还有那些预言影子未来出现次序最准确的囚徒，会因其敏锐的眼力而受到大家的赞扬。那个获释的囚徒还会热衷于这种表扬、羡慕这种能力或荣誉吗？他可能宁愿‘在失去主人的房子里当一名农奴’，实际上你让他在世界上做其他什么都行，他也不愿意再和囚徒们持相同的看法，过相同的生活。难道他不会如荷马所说的这样

吗？”

“会的，”他回答说，“他宁愿做什么都行，但就是不愿意像他们一样生活。”

“那么，当他有朝一日回到洞穴，”我问，“坐回到他原来的位子上时，你觉得会发生什么事情？难道他的眼睛就不会因为阳光突然消失而完全被黑暗所笼罩，于是就什么都看不见了吗？”

“肯定会这样的。”

“假使在他视力没有恢复、眼睛也没有习惯黑暗之前（这个过程需要一段时间）让他和其他囚徒展开区分影子的比赛——他还有可能会自欺欺人，愚弄自己吗？囚徒们会说，他的外面世界之旅把他自己的视力都给毁了。上到上面去的想法根本一点都不值去试。假使有人试图释放他们，并带他们到上面去。如果他们抓住他，一定会杀了他。”

“他们肯定会杀了他。”

“我亲爱的格老孔，”我接着说，“现在，必须把这个比喻与前面所讲的东西贯穿在一起讲。视力所揭示的世界好比囚室，囚室里面的火光好比太阳的力量。如果你把去到上面的世界以及在那里看到的一切与心灵上升到可知领域联系在一起，你就不会理解错误。不管怎样，这就是我的解释，也是你急于想听的东西；不过，真相终究如何只有上帝才知道。但在我看来，在可知世界里最后感知到的、物有所值的东西，也是必须克服困难才能感知的东西，就是善的本质；一旦看清善的本质，就可以推断出它是一切万物中正义和价值的根源，在可见世界里发出光芒，是光的源头，而在可知世界本身，则是主宰真理和智慧的根源。无论是在公共生活当中，还是在私人生活当中，若要行事理智，就必须能看得到善的本质。”

“你的话当中我能理解的，”他说，“我都赞同。”

“那么你也许也会同意我的这个看法：那些达到此境界的人不愿意参与人间凡事，他们的心灵也希望被留在上面的那个可知世界中。如果真是这样的话，其实不足为怪。如果我们的那个比喻恰当的话，这种事情是会发生的。”

“是的，可以料到。”

“这种人从神圣的沉思当中返回到凡间，接踵而来的烦恼会令其苦不堪言。如果他此时仍看不见东西，还没有习惯周围的黑暗环境，就强行让他在法庭或其他什么地方，对正义的影子，或者对作为和构成影子的影像进行审判，对从未见过正义本身的人们所持有的、有关正义的观念进行辩论。如果是那样的话，你也不会认为很奇怪的。”

“这没有什么可奇怪的。”

“但凡有点理解力的人，”我说，“都会记得有两种方式可能会让人的眼睛失去视力，从亮处到暗处，或者从暗处到亮处。他们认为同样的情况也适用于心智。所以，当他看到一个受到困扰的、无法判明事理的心智时，他不会不加思索地大声嘲笑它，而是会先问一下自己，它是否来自于一个更清晰的世界，因不习惯这里的黑暗而受到困扰，或者它是否刚刚从先前的无知状态逃脱出来，被来自更清晰的世界发出的强烈光芒刺得眼花缭乱。生命的第一种状况有理由祝贺，生命的第二种状况则有理由同情。如果你想讥笑的话，就讥笑从上面的阳光世界下降到黑暗世界的心灵吧，这样就不会显得那么荒谬。”

“你讲得非常合乎情理。”

“如果这是事实的话，”我继续说，“那么，我们必须摒弃职业教育家的教育观念，他们宣称能够把知识灌输到原先没有知识的大脑中——

就好像是说他们可以把视力赋予到失去视觉的眼睛里一样。”

“他们肯实这样说过。”他说。

“不过，我们的讨论表明了以下事实：对知识的接受能力是与生俱来的，而用于学习的器官像眼睛一样，是无法从暗处转向亮处的，除非整个身体能够转动；同样道理，必须让心智作为一个整体，从变革的世界中脱身出来，直至心智之眼可以承受直视现实，直视现实中最耀眼的东西，即我们称之为善的东西。难道不是这样的吗？”

“是这样。”

“那么，心智本身的这种转向，也可以作为一门专业技能，用来尽可能简单高效地完成这种转换。我们关心的不是植入视力，而是确保原本拥有视力的人既没有转错方向，也没有看错。”

“可能是这么一回事。”

“所以，剩下的我们通常称之为心灵美德的东西，也许与身体的优点十分相似，因为这些优点其实都不是与生俱来的，而是通过后天的训练和实践获得的；不过，学问看起来肯定拥有更加神圣的性质，一种从来不会丧失能力的东西。不过，其效果可能是有用的和有益的，也可能是无用的和有害的，视其调转的方向而定。你难道没有注意到，那种通常被称为坏人，但却很聪明的人，其目光有多敏锐？他们心胸狭窄，但在事关他们自身利益的事情上却目光敏锐，极为犀利；不是说他们的视力有多么微弱，而是说他们被用于邪恶的目的，所以，他们的视力越敏锐，就越邪恶。”

“这倒是真的。”

“但是，”我说，“假设从他们很小的时候，就把这种品性与这个多

变的世界本该有的重负隔离开来，强加到他们身上的是各种感官享乐，如贪食。这些东西扭曲了他们的灵魂，使之变得低级趣味；再假设他们的这种品性得到了释放，转向了真理，那么同样这些人的同样器官，会对真理有同样敏锐的视力，就像现如今他们对所面对的事物具有的那种敏锐视力一样。”

“非常有可能。”

“没有受过教育、不懂真理的人，是永远管理不好这个社会的，那些终生单纯追求学术的人，同样也是永远管理不好这个社会的。难道不是这样的吗？实际上从我们讲过的东西里必然会得出这个结论。没有受过教育的人，其在公共场合和私下场合的所有行为，都没有一个专一的人生目标来指导；而知识分子则不愿采取任何实际行动，一心只想逃离这个世界，到某种人间天堂中生活。”

“同意。”

“那么作为立法者，我们的职责就是迫使最优秀的人才学到我们称之为最高级知识的东西，使他们上升到我们前面描述过的那种善的境界。当他们实现了这个目标，并且有了足够的洞察力时，要防止他们作出如今尚被允许的那些行为。”

“你这是什么意思？”

“我的意思是说他们会滞留在上面的世界里，拒绝再次回到下面洞穴里那些囚徒的身边，无论大事小事，都拒绝分担他们的劳动，拒绝分享他们的奖赏。”

“不过，”他抗议道，“这确实不公平。我们在强迫他们过一种比原先更差的生活。”

“我们立法的目的，”我再次提醒他说，“不是社会中某个特定阶层，而是整个社会享有的特殊福利；通过劝说或强制手段，让全体公民团结起来，一同分享每一个个体对社会提供的利益；培养这种态度的目的在于，不要让人们各自为战，而是让每个人都成为整个链上的一环。”

“你说得对；我把这茬忘了。”他说。

“那么，格老孔，”我接着说，“你也看到了，我们不应该不公平地对待我们的哲学家。可是，当我们要求他们对别人进行某种照顾和承担某种责任时，其实我们提的这些要求是相当公平的。我们应当告诉他们，出生在其他国家的哲学家是有理由拒绝参加辛苦的政治工作的，因为这些哲学家是完全自发产生的，或是在无意当中产生的。只有那些完全靠自己成长起来的事物，才会有这种感觉。它们不欠任何人的情，也不需要报答养育之恩。‘但是，’我们会说，‘我们为了你自己，也为了整个社会，而把你培养成了领导者和蜂巢里的蜂王；你受到了比其他人更好和更完整的教育，更有资格把哲学和政治实践相结合。因此，你们必须轮流下到洞穴里，和你的同伴一起生活，并养成在黑暗中观察的习惯；一旦你的习惯养成了，你的观察能力就会比他们好上一千倍。你能够区分不同的阴影，知道它们是什么东西的阴影，因为你已经看过了美好、公正和至善东西的真相。所以说我们的国家和你们的国家，对他们的影子战斗及被他们视为无比荣耀的政治权力争夺战，保持着真正的清醒，而不是像当今大多数社会那样仅仅生活在梦想之中。事实完全不同：由最不热心掌权的人治理的国家，其政府必定是最好的和最平和的政府，而由渴望权力的人统治的国家，其政府必定是最差的政府。’”

“我非常同意。”

“那么，我们的学生在听到了我们这番话以后，会不会表示异议，并拒绝分担他们在政府中的重任呢？尽管他们大部分时间其实都是在上

面纯洁的世界中度过的。”

“他们不会拒绝，因为我们是向正义的人提出正义的要求。不过，当然了，他们会把治理国家当成无法回避的义务，这一点与现在的统治者不同。”

“是的，当然。”我表示同意，“事实上，你必须为未来的统治者找到一种他们喜欢的、比治理国家更好的生活方式，只有这样，国家才可能治理良好；只有到那个时候，政府才是由真正富有的人来统治。他们的富有不是用金子堆砌出来的，而是至善和理性的生活所带来的真正幸福。如果你找的都是些生活贫困、连个人需求都无法满足的人处理公共事务，这些人希望从政治生涯中捞取好处，来弥补自身的不富足，他们永远都不可能治理好国家。他们开始争权夺利，随之而来的内部冲突和国内冲突会毁掉他们自己和整个社会的。”

“你说得真对。”

“真正的哲学生活方式会蔑视政治权力地位。除此之外，还有其他什么生活方式吗？”

“没有其他方式。”

“不过，我们希望得到权力的人只能是那些不喜欢权力的人，否则，就会出现权力相争。”

“那是肯定的。”

“他们最懂治国方略，有着其他形式的满足，生活也过得比政客们更充实。除了这些人之外，你还能强迫谁去担当国家守护者的职责呢？”

“没有别的什么人了。”

Plato

The Symposium

TRANSLATED BY CHRISTOPHER GILL AND DESMOND LEE

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The Symposium

APOLLODORUS：In fact，I'm well prepared to answer your question. As it happens，the other day I was going to the city from my home in Phalerum，and someone I know spotted me from behind and called me from a distance. He said（with playful urgency）：

‘Hey，the man from Phalerum！You！Apollodorus，won't you wait？’

I stopped and waited.

He said，‘Apollodorus，I've just been looking for you to get the full story of the party at Agathon's，when Socrates，Alcibiades and the rest were there for dinner：what did they say in their speeches on love？I had a report from someone who got it from Philip's son，Phoenix；but he said you knew about it too. He wasn't able to give an exact report. Please give me your account. Socrates is your friend，and no one has a better right to report his conversations than you. But before you do，’ he added，‘tell me this：were you at this party yourself or not？’

‘It certainly wasn't an exact report you were given，’ I replied，‘if you think this party was recent enough for me to be there.’

‘Yes，I did think that，’ he said.

‘How could you think that，Glaucon？Don't you know that it's many years since Agathon stopped living in Athens，but it's not yet three years

since I started to spend my time with Socrates and made it my job to find out what he says and does every day? Before then，I used to run around aimlessly. I thought I was doing something important，but really I was in the most pathetic state – just like you now! – thinking that philosophy was the last thing I should be doing.’

‘Don't make fun of me，’ he said；‘just tell me when this party took place.’

‘When you and I were still children，’ I said，‘and Agathon won the prize with his first tragedy. It was the day after he and his chorus held a sacrificial feast to celebrate their victory.’

‘So it really was a long time ago，’ he said. ‘Who gave you your report；was it Socrates himself?’

‘Certainly not!’ I said. ‘It was the same person who told Phoenix，someone called Aristodemus from Cydathenaeum，a little man who always went around barefoot. He was at the party because he was，I think，one of the people most in love with Socrates at that time. But，of course，I checked with Socrates afterwards some of the points he told me，and he confirmed Aristodemus’ account.’

‘Come on，’ he said，‘why don't you repeat this to me now? After all，walking on the road to the city gives us a good chance to talk and listen as we go along.’

So as we walked along this is what we talked about，and that's why，as I said at the start，I'm well prepared. If I need to go through it for you as

well，that's what I must do. In fact，whenever I discuss philosophy or listen to others doing so，I enjoy it enormously，quite apart from thinking it's doing me good. But when I hear other kinds of discussion，especially the talk of rich businessmen like you，I get bored and feel sorry for you and your friends，because you think you're doing something important，when you're not. Perhaps you regard me as a failure，and I think you're right. But I don't *think* you're a failure，I *know* you are.

COMPANION：You're always the same，Apollodorus. You're always running down yourself and other people. You seem to believe that simply everyone is in a sad state except Socrates，beginning with yourself. How you ever got the nickname of ‘the softy’，I don't know. In your conversation，you're always just the same as you are now，savage in your attacks on yourself and everyone – except Socrates.

APOLLODORUS：Well，my dear friend，it's quite obvious，is it，that if I take this view about myself and you，I'm raving mad？

COMPANION：It's not worth quarrelling about this now，Apollodorus. Please，just do what I asked you，and tell me how the speeches went.

APOLLODORUS：All right，they went something like this – but it would be better if I try to tell the story from the beginning，just as Aristodemus did.

He said that he met Socrates，who'd just had a bath and put on sandals – things he hardly ever did. He asked Socrates where he was going looking so smart.

Socrates replied，‘To dinner with Agathon．Yesterday I stayed away from his victory celebrations，avoiding the crowd；but I promised to join him today．That's why I've smartened myself up，so that I can look good when I go to the home of a good-looking man．But what about you？’ he asked．‘How would you feel about coming to dinner without an invitation？’

‘I'll do whatever you say，’ Aristodemus replied．

‘Come with me，then，’ Socrates said，‘so we can prove the proverb wrong，and make it say：“Good men go uninvited to good men's banquets”．Homer，after all，doesn't just prove the proverb wrong but comes close to treating it with contempt．His Agamemnon is an exceptionally good fighter，while Menelaus is a “soft spearman”．But when Agamemnon sacrifices and holds a feast，he makes Menelaus，the inferior man，go uninvited to the banquet of a better man．’

Aristodemus replied to this，‘But I'm afraid that I will also match Homer's description rather than yours，Socrates，and be the inferior man who goes uninvited to the banquet of a clever one．If you take me along，think about what excuse you'll give；I won't admit I've come uninvited，I'll say you've invited me．’

‘“The two of us going together on our way”’，he said，‘will work out what to say．Come on，then．’

After this conversation，Aristodemus said，they went off．But Socrates fell into his own private thoughts and kept dropping behind as they

went along. When Aristodemus stopped too, Socrates told him to go ahead. When Aristodemus reached Agathon's house, he found the door open, and was caught in a ridiculous situation. One of the household slaves met him right away and took him to the room where the others were lying on their couches; and he found them just about to have dinner. As soon as Agathon saw him, he said, 'Aristodemus! You've come at just the right time to have dinner with us. If you've come for any other reason, put it off. I looked for you yesterday to invite you, but couldn't find you. But what about Socrates – why haven't you brought him along?'

When he turned round (Aristodemus said), he saw Socrates wasn't following after all. He explained that Socrates had brought *him* along, and that he was coming to dinner at Socrates' invitation.

'I'm very glad you are,' Agathon said. 'But where is he?'

'He was behind me just now. I can't think where he must be.'

'Go and look, slave,' Agathon said, 'and bring Socrates here. And you, Aristodemus, share Eryximachus' couch.'

A slave washed Aristodemus' hands and feet, so he could lie down. One of the other slaves came and said, 'Socrates is here; he's retreated into your neighbour's porch and is standing there, and won't come in, although I've asked him to.'

'That's odd,' Agathon said. 'Go on asking him in and don't leave him alone.'

‘No，’ Aristodemus said；‘leave him. This is one of his habits. Sometimes he goes off and stands still wherever he happens to be. He'll come soon，I'm sure. Don't bother him，leave him alone.’

‘Well，if you think so，that's what we must do，’ Agathon said. ‘Now，slaves，serve dinner to the rest of us. You generally serve whatever you like，when nobody is supervising you – and I've never done that. On this occasion，treat me as your guest for dinner as well as the others，and look after us in a way that will win our compliments.’

So they started having dinner，but Socrates still didn't come in. Agathon kept on saying they should send for Socrates，but Aristodemus wouldn't let him. In fact，Socrates came quite soon（he hadn't taken too long doing what he usually did），when they were about half-way through dinner. Then Agathon，who happened to be lying on his own on the bottom couch，said，‘Come and lie down beside me，Socrates，so that，by contact with you，I can share the piece of wisdom that came to you in the porch. It's clear you found what you were looking for and have it now；otherwise you wouldn't have stopped.’

Socrates sat down and said，‘How splendid it would be，Agathon，if wisdom was the sort of thing that could flow from the fuller to the emptier of us when we touch each other，like water，which flows through a piece of wool from a fuller cup to an emptier one. If wisdom is really like that，I regard it as a great privilege to share your couch. I expect to be filled up from your rich supply of fine wisdom. My wisdom is surely inferior – or rather，questionable in its significance，like a dream – but yours is brilliant and has great potential for growth. Look at the way it has blazed out so

fiercely while you're still young；it was on display the other day，with more than thirty thousand Greeks there to see it．’

‘You're treating me with contempt，’ Agathon said．‘We'll argue for our rival claims to wisdom a bit later，and Dionysus will be our judge．But turn your attention to dinner fi rst．’

After this，Aristodemus said，Socrates lay down and had dinner with the rest．They then poured libations，sang a hymn，and performed all the other customary rituals，and turned to drinking. Pausanias took the initiative，saying something like this：‘Well，gentlemen，what's the most undemanding way to do our drinking？I can tell you that I'm in a really bad state from yesterday's drinking and need a rest．I think that's true of many of you，as you were there yesterday – so think about how to do our drinking in the most undemanding way．’

Aristophanes said，‘You're right，Pausanias，in saying we should cut down the demands we make on ourselves in our drinking．I'm one of those who were thoroughly sodden yesterday．’

After this，Eryximachus，the son of Acumenus，said，‘I agree with you．But there's still one more person I need to hear from，to find out what stamina he has for drinking，and that's Agathon．’

‘I've got absolutely no stamina either，’he said．

‘It's a stroke of luck for us – I mean，for Aristodemus，Phaedrus and the rest – that you who've got the strongest heads for drinking have given up．We're never up to it．Of course，I don't count Socrates：he can drink

or not drink，so it'll suit him whatever we do. Well，since nobody here seems keen on drinking a lot，perhaps you won't find it so tiresome if I state the real facts about getting drunk. It has become clear from my medical experience that drunkenness is harmful for human beings. So if I had my way I wouldn't want to go too far in drinking and I wouldn't advise anyone else to do so，especially when you've still got a hangover from the night before.’

Phaedrus of Myrrhinus spoke up at this point：‘I usually follow your advice，especially where medicine is concerned. The rest of us here will do so too，if they're sensible.’

At this，they all agreed not to make the present occasion a real drinking-session，but just to drink as much as was pleasant.

‘Well then，'said Eryximachus，‘now that it's agreed that each of us should drink as much as he wants，without any kind of compulsion，my next proposal is that we should send away the flute-girl who's just come in，and let her play for herself，or for the women in their part of the house，if she prefers，and that we should spend the evening in conversation. Also，if you're willing，I'd like to propose a topic for discussion.’

They all agreed and told him to make his proposal. Eryximachus said，‘I want to begin by quoting the *Melanippe* of Euripides：“Not mine the story” that I'm going to tell，but that of Phaedrus here. He often makes this complaint：“Isn't it terrible，Eryximachus，” he says，“that the poets have composed hymns and paeans to other gods，but none of them has ever composed a eulogy of Love，though he is such an ancient and important

god．If you look at our best sophists（for instance，the excellent Prodicus），they write eulogies in prose to Heracles and the rest．Perhaps that's not so very surprising；but I once found a book by a clever writer in which salt gets amazing praise for its beneficial properties，and you can find encomia to many other such things．It's terrible that people have given serious attention to subjects like that，but nobody to this day has yet had the courage to sing the praises of Love as he deserves．Such a great god and so neglected！” I think Phaedrus is quite right on this point．I'd like to please him by making a contribution to this project；also this seems a good occasion for those of us here to celebrate the god．If you agree，we won't need anything to occupy us but discussion．I propose that each of us should make the finest speech he can in praise of Love，and then pass the topic on to the one on his right．Phaedrus should start，because he is in the top position，and is also the originator of the topic．’

‘Nobody will vote against you，Eryximachus，’Socrates said．‘I certainly couldn't refuse，since the subject of love is the only one I claim to understand．Nor could Agathon and Pausanias；nor could Aristophanes，whose whole occupation is centred on Dionysus and Aphrodite；nor could anyone else I see here．Of course，this arrangement isn't fair on those of us whose positions come last．But if the first comers say all that is required and do it well，that will satisfy us．Good luck to Phaedrus as he starts off and makes his eulogy of Love！’

All the rest agreed with this and told Phaedrus to do as Socrates said．Of course，Aristodemus didn't remember all that each speaker said and I don't remember all he said．But I'll tell you the speeches of the people he

remembered best and that I thought most important.

As I say, Aristodemus told me that Phaedrus spoke first, starting along these lines: saying that Love was regarded by humans and gods as a great and awesome god for many reasons, especially his origin.

‘The god’, he said, ‘is held in honour because he is one of the most ancient, as is proved by this fact: Love has no parents and none are ascribed to him by prose writers or poets. Hesiod says that first Chaos came into existence,

and then

> Broad-breasted Earth, a secure seat for everything for ever, And Love.

Acusilaus agrees with Hesiod, saying that after Chaos two things came into existence, Earth and Love. On his origin, Parmenides says that “the very first god she devised was Love”. So Love's great antiquity is widely accepted.

‘Because of his antiquity, he is the source of our greatest benefits. I would claim that there is no greater benefit for a young man than a good lover and none greater for a lover than a good boyfriend. Neither family bonds nor public status nor wealth nor anything else is as effective as love in implanting something which gives lifelong guidance to those who are to lead good lives. What is this? A sense of shame at acting disgracefully and pride in acting well. Without these no individual or city can achieve anything great or fine.

‘Take the case of a man in love who is caught acting disgracefully or undergoing something disgraceful because he fails to defend himself out of cowardice. I think it would cause him more pain to be seen in this situation by his boyfriend than by his father，his friends or anyone else. We see the same thing in the case of the boyfriend：he feels most ashamed in front of his lovers when he is caught in some disgraceful situation. If there was any mechanism for producing a city or army consisting of lovers and boyfriends，there could be no better form of social organization than this： they would hold back from anything disgraceful and compete for honour in each other's eyes. If even small numbers of such men fought side by side， they could defeat virtually the whole human race. The last person a lover could bear to be seen by，when leaving his place in the battle-line or abandoning his weapons，is his boyfriend；instead，he'd prefer to die many times. As for abandoning his boyfriend or failing to help him in danger – no one is such a coward that he could not be inspired into courage by love and made the equal of someone who's naturally very brave. When Homer speaks about a god “breathing might” into some of his heroes，this is just the effect that love has on lovers.

‘Besides，it's only lovers who are willing to die for someone else；and this is true of women as well as men. The Greeks have adequate proof of this fact in Pelias'daughter Alcestis，who was the only one willing to die for her husband，though his father and mother were still living. Acting out of love，she showed so much more affectionate concern than they did that she made them look like strangers to their son，and relatives only in name. The gods，as well as human beings，saw this as a very fine act. Although many people have performed many fine acts，and although the gods have granted

to only a handful of these the privilege of releasing their life again from Hades，they released her life，in admiration at her act. This shows how much even the gods value the commitment and courage that come from love.

‘But they sent Orpheus，the son of Oeagrus，empty handed from Hades；they showed him only a phantom of the wife he'd come to fetch and didn't give him the woman herself. They thought he was soft（he was only a musician）because he didn't have the courage to die for his love like Alcestis，but found a way of entering Hades while still alive. They punished him for this，and made him die at the hands of women.

‘By contrast，they honoured Achilles，the son of Thetis，and sent him off to the islands of the blessed. He learnt from his mother that if he killed Hector he would then die himself，but that if he didn't he would go home and die in his old age. He had the courage to choose to act on behalf of his lover by avenging him：he not only died for him but also died *as* well *as* him，since Patroclus was already dead. This won special admiration and exceptional honours from the gods，because it showed how much he valued his lover. Aeschylus talks nonsense when he says that Achilles was Patroclus’lover：he was more beautiful than Patroclus（indeed，he was the most beautiful of all the heroes），and was still beardless，as well as much younger than Patroclus，as Homer tells us. Although the gods certainly give special honour to the courage that comes from love，they show still greater amazement and admiration，and respond more generously，when a boyfriend shows affectionate concern towards his lover than when a lover does towards his boyfriend. A lover is more god-like than a boyfriend

because he is divinely inspired. That's why they gave higher honour to Achilles than Alcestis，and sent him to the islands of the blessed.

‘That's why I say Love is the most ancient of the gods，the most honoured，and the most effective in enabling human beings to acquire courage and happiness，both in life and death. ’

Phaedrus'speech went rather like that，according to Aristodemus. After Phaedrus，there were some others which Aristodemus couldn't remember very well；so he missed them out and went on to report Pausanias'speech. Pausanias said，‘I don't think our project has been specified properly，Phaedrus，in that we've been told simply to praise Love. If Love were a single thing，this would be fine，but in fact it isn't；and since it isn't，it's better to define in advance which type we should praise. I'll try and put things right by stating first which Love we should praise，then giving the god the praise he deserves.

‘We all know that Aphrodite is inseparable from Love. If there was a single Aphrodite，there would be a single Love；but since there *are* two kinds of Aphrodite，there must also be two Loves. And surely there are two kinds of Aphrodite？One of these is older and is the daughter of Uranus，though she has no mother：we call her Uranian or Heavenly Aphrodite. The younger one is the daughter of Zeus and Dione：we call her Pandemic or Common Aphrodite. So it follows that each type of Love should have the same name as the goddess whose partner he is，and be called Heavenly or Common too. Of course，all gods should receive praise，but we must try and distinguish between the functions of these two gods.

‘Every activity in itself is neither right nor wrong. Take our present activity: we could be drinking or singing or discussing. None of these is right in itself; the character of the activity depends on the way it is done. If it is done rightly and properly, it is right; if it is not done properly, it is wrong. So not every type of loving and Love is right and deserves to be praised, but only the type that motivates us to love rightly.

‘Common Love is genuinely “common” and undiscriminating in its effects; this is the kind of love that inferior people feel. People like this are attracted to women as much as boys, and to bodies rather than minds. They are attracted to partners with the least possible intelligence, because their sole aim is to get what they want, and they don't care whether they do this rightly or not, So the effect of love on them is that they act without discrimination: it is all the same to them whether they behave well or not. The reason is that their love derives from the goddess who is much younger than the other, and who, because of her origin, is partly female and partly male in character.

‘The other love derives from the Heavenly goddess, who has nothing of the female in her but only maleness; so this love is directed at boys. This goddess is also older, and so avoids abusive violence. That's why those inspired with this love are drawn towards the male, feeling affection for what is naturally more vigorous and intelligent. You can also distinguish, within the general class of those attracted to boys, the ones who are motivated purely by the heavenly type of love. These are attracted to boys only when they start to have developed intelligence, and this happens around the time that they begin to grow a beard. I think that those who begin

love-affairs at this point show their readiness to spend their whole lives together and to lead a fully shared life. They do not plan to trick the boy, catching him while he is still young and foolish, and then leaving with a laugh, running off to someone else.

‘There should even be a law against affairs with young boys, to prevent great effort being spent on something whose outcome is unclear. In the case of young boys, it is unclear whether they will end up good or bad in mind or body. Good men make this rule for themselves and are glad to do so. The followers of Common Love should be forced to adopt the same kind of rule, just as we forcibly prevent them, as far as we can, from having affairs with free-born women. These are the men who bring censure on love, so that some people go so far as to say that it is wrong to gratify a lover at all. People say this because they have in view the inappropriate and unjust behaviour of this type of men; surely, there is no action which would rightly be criticized if it were done in an orderly way and in line with the normal conventions.

‘The conventions governing love-affairs in other cities are easy to grasp since they have been defined in straight-forward terms. But here and in Sparta they are complex. In Elis and Boeotia, and wherever people are poor at speaking, the rule has been laid down straightforwardly that it is right to gratify lovers, and no one, young or old, would say that it is wrong. No doubt, this is to save them the trouble of trying to win over young men by persuasion, bearing in mind that they're incompetent speakers. But in much of Ionia and elsewhere in the Persian Empire the rule is that love-affairs are wrong. In Persia, it is because of their tyrannical

government that they condemn them，as well as intellectual and athletic activities. No doubt，it doesn't suit their government that their subjects should have big ideas or develop strong friendships and personal bonds， which are promoted by all these activities，especially by love. In Athens the tyrants found this out by their own experience：it was Aristogiton's love and the strength of Harmodius'reciprocal affection that brought their dominance to an end. So where there is a general rule that it is wrong to gratify lovers，this can be attributed to the defects of those who make this rule：the government's lust for rule and the subjects'cowardice. Where the rule is that it is straightforwardly right，this is because of the mental sluggishness of the rule-makers.

'Here in Athens our conventions are much better than those；but，as I've said，they are not easy to understand. It is said to be better to love openly than secretly，especially if you love boys of social distinction and good character，even if they are not particularly good looking. Also the lover receives an extraordinary amount of encouragement from everyone， which suggests that he isn't doing anything disgraceful；it is regarded as a fine thing to catch the boy you want and disgraceful to fail. When the lover is trying to catch the boy，convention allows him to win praise for doing extraordinary things. If he dared to do these things with any other aim and objective，his reward would be massive disapproval.

'Imagine that someone who wanted to get money from a person，or political office or some other position of influence，was prepared to behave as lovers do towards the boys they love. Imagine that he went down on his knees as a suppliant，begging for what he wanted，and swore oaths，and

spent all night on someone's doorstep，and was prepared to undergo the kind of slavery that no slave would put up with. He would be held back from behaving like this by friends and enemies alike；his enemies would criticize him for humiliating himself to get what he wanted，while his friends would tell him to stop and be ashamed of what he'd done. But when a lover does all these things，he is indulged and allowed by convention to escape criticism，implying that his objective is wholly admirable. Most remarkable of all，it is widely supposed that the only person forgiven by the gods for failing to keep an oath is the lover. A lover's oath，they say，is no oath at all. So，according to our convention，gods as well as humans allow lovers every kind of indulgence. From this standpoint，you would think that in this city it is regarded as wholly admirable to be a lover and to respond affectionately to one's lovers.

‘On the other hand，when boys attract lovers，their fathers put attendants in charge of them，with specific instructions not to let the boys have conversations with their lovers. The boys’friends and peer group call them names if they see anything like this going on，and older people don't stop the name-calling or tell them off for saying these things. When you look at this，you would think，by contrast，that love-affairs were regarded as wholly wrong here.

‘The position，I think，is this. The matter is not straight-forward；and，as I said before，a love-affair in itself is neither right nor wrong but right when it is conducted rightly and wrong when conducted wrongly. It is wrong to gratify a bad man in a bad way，and right to gratify a good man in the right way. A bad man，in this connection，is the lover of the common

type，who loves the body rather than the mind. He is not constant，because he loves something that is not constant：as soon as the bloom of the body fades，which is what attracted him，“he flies away and is gone”，bringing disgrace on all he said and promised. But the man who loves goodness of character is constant throughout his life，since he has become united with something constant.

‘The aim of our practice is to test lovers thoroughly and in the right way，to ensure that boys gratify one type but keep away from the other. That is why，at the same time，we encourage lovers to chase boys and encourage boys to run away from lovers. It's a kind of competition to test which type the lover belongs to and which type the boy belongs to. This explains why it's considered wrong to be caught quickly：this is to ensure that time intervenes，which is thought to be a good way of testing most things. It also explains why it is considered wrong to be caught by a lover's money or political power. In such cases，the boy is either frightened into submission by ill-treatment or enjoys the benefits of money or political success and fails to look down on this sort of thing. None of these things are thought to be stable or permanent，apart from the fact that no genuine affection can be based on them.

‘Only one way remains，according to our rules，in which it is right for a boy to gratify his lover. I said earlier that the lover's willingness to undergo every kind of slavery isn't humiliating or reprehensible. Similarly，according to our rules，there's only one remaining type of voluntary slavery that isn't reprehensible：the type which aims to produce virtue. Our view is that if someone is willing to put himself at someone else's service in the

belief that the other person will help him improve in wisdom or some other aspect of virtue，this willing slavery isn't wrong or humiliating.

‘These two rules must be combined（the one governing the love of boys and the one governing the love of wisdom and other kinds of virtue），to create the conditions in which it is right for a boy to gratify his lover. These conditions are realized when lover and boyfriend come together，each observing the appropriate rule：that the lover is justified in any service he performs for the boyfriend who gratifies him，and that the boyfriend is justified in any favour he does for someone who is making him wise and good. Also the lover must be able to develop the boyfriend's understanding and virtue in general，and the boyfriend must want to acquire education and wisdom in general. When all these conditions are met，then and then alone it is right for a boyfriend to gratify his lover，but not otherwise.

‘In this case，there's nothing wrong with being deceived；but，in every other case，love is wrong，whether or not you are deceived. Suppose that a boy thinks his lover is rich and gratifies him in the hope of making money；if the lover turns out to be poor and the boy doesn't get any money，what he does is still wrong. This kind of boy has shown something about his character：that he would do any service for anyone to make money，and that is not right. On the same basis，suppose a boy thinks that his lover is a good man and gratifies him in the hope of becoming better through the lover's friendship. If the lover turns out to be a bad person，quite lacking in virtue，there's no disgrace in being deceived in this way. This kind of boy has also shown something about his character：that he's keen to do anything for anybody to gain virtue and become better，and

there's no motive more admirable than this．So it's absolutely right to gratify a lover in the hope of gaining virtue．This is the heavenly love that belongs to the Heavenly goddess and is a source of great value to the city and to individuals，because it forces the lover to pay attention to his own virtue and the boyfriend to do the same．All other forms of love derive from the other Love，the Common one．

‘This is my contribution on Love，Phaedrus，’he said；‘it's as good as I can manage on the spur of the moment．’

When Pausanias came to a pause（I have learnt this kind of word-play from the experts），Aristodemus said，it was Aristophanes'turn to speak．But，as it happened，he was having an attack of hiccups，from overeating or some other cause，and couldn't speak. He said to Eryximachus（the doctor was lying on the couch below his），‘You're the right person either to put a stop to my hiccups or to speak instead of me until they're over．’Eryximachus replied，‘I'll do both．I'll take your place and you take mine when your hiccups are over．While I'm speaking，your hiccups might stop if you hold your breath for a long time；if they don't，gargle with some water．If they're really persistent，get something to tickle your nose with，and make yourself sneeze，If you do this once or twice，they'll stop，however persistent they are．’

‘Start your speech as soon as you can，'said Aristophanes，‘and I'll do this．’

Eryximachus said，‘This is what I think：Pausanias started his speech well but did not carry it through to a proper conclusion，so I should try to

complete his line of argument．I think he drew a good distinction in saying there are two kinds of Love．But Love is not only expressed in the emotional responses of human beings to beautiful people，but in many other types of response as well：in the bodily responses of every kind of animal，in plants growing in the earth，in virtually everything that exists．I feel sure it's from medicine，my own area of expertise，that I've realized how great and wonderful a god Love is，and how his power extends to all aspects of human and divine life．

‘I'll begin with medicine，to give pride of place to this form of expertise．It's inherent in the nature of bodies that they manifest these two kinds of love．It's generally agreed that bodily health and disease are different states and dissimilar from each other．When things are dissimilar，the objects of their desire and love are dissimilar．Therefore，love is different in the case of a healthy and a diseased body．Pausanias just said that it's right to gratify good people but wrong to gratify self-indulgent ones．It's just the same with the body：in the case of each body，it is right to gratify the good parts and you should do this（and that's what it means to practise medicine）；but it's wrong to gratify the bad and diseased parts and you should deprive them of satisfaction if you're going to be an expert doctor．

‘Medicine，in essence，is knowledge of the forms of bodily love as regards filling and emptying．The person who is most of all a doctor can distinguish，within these processes，between right and wrong love．The good practitioner can bring about changes，so that the body acquires one type of love instead of the other；he knows how to implant one type of

love， when it isn't there but should be， and to remove the other type of love that is there． He should be able to take the most antagonistic elements in the body and create friendship and love between them． The most antagonistic elements are opposites such as cold and hot， bitter and sweet， dry and wet， and so on． The one who discovered how to implant love and concord between these was our ancestor Asclepius（that's what we're told by poets like those here， and I believe them）and that's how he established the art of medicine．

‘Medicine， as I say， is wholly governed by this god， and so are athletics and agriculture； and it's clear to anyone who thinks about it for a moment that the same point applies to music． This is perhaps what Heraclitus has in mind， though he doesn't express it very well． He says about unity that “by diverging， it agrees with itself … like the harmony of a bow or a lyre”． It is quite absurd to say that a harmony diverges from itself or that it exists while its components are still divergent． But perhaps what he had in mind was that musical expertise creates harmony by replacing a previous divergence between high and low notes with agreement． Surely there can be no harmony between high and low while they are still divergent． Harmony is concord， and concord is a kind of agreement； but agreement cannot be created from divergent things while they are still divergent， and harmony cannot be created unless divergent things agree． Similarly， rhythm is created by replacing a previous divergence between fast and slow tempo with agreement． Just as medicine creates agreement in one area， music creates it in another， by implanting love and concord between the elements involved； music， in its turn， is knowledge of the forms of love in connection with harmony and rhythm．

‘In the structure of harmony and rhythm，considered in itself，it's not difficult to recognize the workings of love；and so the twofold character of love does not show itself here．But when it's a question of using rhythm and harmony to produce an effect on people，either by making up music（what they call “composition”）or by making proper use of the tunes and verses composed（which is called “education”），difficulties arise and a good practitioner is needed. Here the same principle again holds good：you should gratify and promote the love of well-ordered people，or people who are not yet well ordered but may in this way improve．This love is the good and heavenly one，the love of the Heavenly Muse．But the common love is that of the Muse Polymnia；when this type of love is applied，it must be with caution，to ensure that the recipient enjoys the pleasure it provides without being made self-indulgent．Similarly，in my area of expertise，a key part of the job lies in the correct handling of the desires met by the art of cookery，to ensure that people enjoy this pleasure without getting ill．So in music，medicine，and in every other sphere，both human and divine，as far as we can，we must pay careful attention to these two kinds of love，because both kinds are there．

‘The character of the seasons is also determined by these two kinds of love．When those elements I mentioned before（hot and cold，dry and wet）are influenced by the well-ordered Love，they are in harmony with each other and achieve a temperate mixture．Their arrival brings good harvests and health to humans and other animals and plants，and causes no damage．But when the lawless and violent Love dominates the seasons，they cause great destruction and damage．These conditions tend to produce epidemics and other abnormal diseases for beasts and plants．Frost，hail

and blight are the result of the mutually aggressive competition and disorder that is the effect of this kind of love. So what we call astronomy is the knowledge of the workings of love, as these affect the movements of the stars and the seasons of the year.

‘Also, all types of sacrifice and the whole sphere of divination (these are the ways in which gods and humans communicate with each other) are wholly directed at maintaining one kind of love and curing the other. Every kind of impiety towards one's parents (living or dead) or the gods tends to occur when people fail to gratify, respect or give pride of place in every action to the well-ordered Love, but do so to the other one. Prophecy has been given the job of keeping an eye on those whose love is the wrong kind and curing this. It also has the job of producing friendship between gods and humans by understanding how the operations of love in human life affect right behaviour and piety.

‘So Love as a whole has great and mighty – or rather total – power, when you put all this together. But it is the Love whose nature is expressed in good actions, marked by self-control and justice, at the human and divine level that has the greatest power and is the source of all our happiness. It enables us to associate, and be friends, with each other and with the gods, our superiors.

‘It may be that my eulogy of Love has missed out a good deal, but if so this was not intentional. If I have left anything out, it's up to you, Aristophanes, to fill in the gaps. Or, if you have in mind a different kind of eulogy of the god, do carry on, now that your hiccups have stopped.’

Now that it was Aristophanes'turn（Aristodemus reported），he said：‘Yes，they've stopped all right，but not until I applied the sneeze-treatment to them．It makes me wonder whether it is the “well-ordered” part of my body that wants the kind of noises and tickles that make up a sneeze．At any rate，the hiccups stopped right away when I applied the sneeze．’

‘My dear Aristophanes，’Eryximachus said，‘be careful what you're doing．By joking before you start to speak，you're making me watch out for jokes in your speech too，when otherwise you could give your speech without interference．’

‘You're right，Eryximachus，’Aristophanes said，‘and I withdraw what I said．But，if you're watching out in my speech，don't think I'm afraid of saying something funny – that would be pure profit and typical of my Muse – but of saying something ludicrous．’

Eryximachus said，‘You think you can take a shot at me and run away！Well，take care；you'll have to answer for what you say．But even so，if I decide to，I'll let you off．’

‘Actually，Eryximachus，’Aristophanes said，‘I do intend to take a different approach from the one taken by you and Pausanias in your speeches．I think people have wholly failed to recognize the power of Love；if they'd grasped this，they'd have built the greatest temples and altars for him，and made the greatest sacrifices．In fact，none of this is done for him，though he deserves it most of all．He loves human beings more than any other god；he is their helper and the doctor of those sicknesses whose cure constitutes the greatest happiness for the human

race. I shall try to explain his power to you, and you will teach this to others.

‘First of all, you must learn about human nature, and what has happened to it. Long ago, our nature was not the same as it is now but quite different. For one thing, there were three human genders, not just the present two, male and female. There was also a third one, a combination of these two; now its name survives, although the gender has vanished. Then “androgynous” was a distinct gender as well as a name, combining male and female; now nothing is left but the name, which is used as an insult.

‘For another thing, the shape of each human being was a rounded whole, with back and sides forming a circle. Each one had four hands and the same number of legs, and two identical faces on a circular neck. They had one head for both the faces, which were turned in opposite directions, four ears, two sets of genitals, and everything else was as you would imagine from what I've said so far. They moved around upright as we do now, in either direction, as they wanted. When they set off to run fast, they supported themselves on all their eight limbs, and moved quickly round and round, like tumblers who do cartwheels by keeping their legs straight as they go round and round.

‘The reason why there were these three genders, and why they were as described, is that the parent of the male gender was originally the sun, that of the female gender the earth, that of the combined gender the moon, because the moon is a combination of sun and earth. They were round, and so was the way they moved, because they took after their parents. They

were terrible in their strength and vigour; they had great ambitions and made an attack on the gods. The story told by Homer about Ephialtes and Otus, how they tried to climb up to heaven to attack the gods, really refers to them. Zeus and the other gods discussed what to do to them and couldn't decide. The gods didn't see how they could kill them, wiping out the human race with thunderbolts as they'd done with the giants; if they did that, the honours and sacrifices the gods received from them would disappear. But they couldn't let them go on behaving outrageously. After much hard thought, Zeus had an idea: "I think I have a plan by which human beings could still exist but be too weak to carry on their wild behaviour. I shall now cut each of them into two; they will be weaker and also more useful to us because there will be more of them. They will walk around upright on two legs. If we think they're still acting outrageously, and they won't settle down, I'll cut them in half again so that they move around hopping on one leg. "

'After saying this, Zeus cut humans into two, as people cut sorb-apples in half before they preserve them or as they cut hard-boiled eggs with hairs. As he cut each one, he told Apollo to turn the face and the half-neck attached to it towards the gash, so that humans would see their own wound and be more orderly; Zeus also told him to heal the other wounds. Apollo turned round the face; he pulled the skin from all around the body towards what's now called the stomach (like a purse being pulled tight with a drawstring), and finished it off by making one opening in the middle of the stomach, which we call the navel. He also smoothed off the other numerous wrinkles, and shaped the chest with the kind of tool used by shoemakers when they smooth the wrinkles of leather on the last. But he left

a few on the stomach round the navel，to remind them of what had happened to them long ago.

‘Since their original nature had been cut in two，each one longed for its own other half and stayed with it. They threw their arms round each other，weaving themselves together，wanting to form a single living thing. So they died from hunger and from general inactivity，because they didn't want to do anything apart from each other. Whenever one of the halves died and one was left，the one that was left looked for another and wove itself together with that. Sometimes the one it met was half of a whole woman（the half we now call a “woman”），sometimes half a whole man. In any case，they kept on dying in this way.

‘Zeus took pity on them and came up with another plan：he moved their genitals round to the front；until then，they had genitals on the back of their bodies，and sexual reproduction occurred not with each other but on the earth，as in the case of cicadas. So Zeus moved the genitals round to the front and in this way made them reproduce in each other，by means of the male acting inside the female. The aim of this was that，if a man met with a woman and entwined himself with her，they would reproduce and the human race would be continued. Also，if two males came together，they would at least have the satisfaction of sexual intercourse，and then relax，turn to their work，and think about the other things in their life.

‘That's how，long ago，the innate desire of human beings for each other started. It draws the two halves of our original nature back together and tries to make one out of two and to heal the wound in human nature. Each of us is a matching half of a human being，because we've been cut in

half like flatfish，making two out of one，and each of us is looking for his own matching half．Those men who are cut from the combined gender（the androgynous，as it was called then）are attracted to women，and many adulterers are from this group．Similarly，the women who are attracted to men and become adulteresses come from this group．Those women who are cut from the female gender are not at all interested in men，but are drawn much more towards women；female homosexuals come from this group．

‘Those who are cut from the male gender go for males．While they are boys，because they are slices of the male gender，they are attracted to men and enjoy sleeping with men and being embraced by them．These are the best of their generation，both as boys and young men，because they are naturally the bravest．Some people say that they are shameless，but that isn't true．It's not out of shamelessness that they do this but because they are bold，brave and masculine，and welcome the same qualities in others．Here is clear evidence of this：men like this are the only ones who，when grown up，end up as politicians．When they become men，they're sexually attracted by boys；they have no natural interest in getting married and having children，although they are forced to do this by convention．They are quite satisfied by spending their lives together and not getting married．In short，such people become lovers of boys and boys who love their male lovers，always welcoming their shared natural character．

‘When a lover of boys，or any other type of person，meets that very person who is his other half，he is overwhelmed，to an amazing extent，with affection，concern and love．The two don't want to spend any time apart from each other．These are people who live out whole lifetimes

together，but still couldn't say what it is they want from each other．I mean，no one can think that it's just sexual intercourse they want，and that this is the reason why they find such joy in each other's company and attach such importance to this．It's clear that each of them has some wish in his mind that he can't articulate；instead，like an oracle，he half-grasps what he wants and obscurely hints at it．Imagine that Hephaestus with his tools stood over them while they were lying together and asked：“What is it，humans，that you want from each other？” If they didn't know，imagine that he asked next：“Is this what you desire，to be together so completely that you're never apart from each other night and day？If this is what you desire，I'm prepared to fuse and weld you together，so that the two of you become one．Then the two of you would live a shared life，as long as you live，since you are one person；and when you died，you would have a shared death in Hades，as one person instead of two．But see if this is what you long for，and if achieving this state satisfies you．” We know that no one who heard this offer would turn it down and it would become apparent that no one wanted anything else．Everyone would think that what he was hearing now was just what he'd longed for all this time：to come together and be fused with the one he loved and become one instead of two．The reason is that this is our original natural state and we used to be whole creatures：“love” is the name for the desire and pursuit of wholeness．

‘Before this，as I say，we were unified；but now，because of our crimes，we have been split up by Zeus just as the Arcadians have been by the Spartans．There's a danger that，if we aren't well ordered in our behaviour towards the gods，we'll be split up further，and go around like figures in bas-relief on gravestones，sawn in half down the nose，like half-

dice. So everyone should encourage others to show all due reverence towards the gods, so that we can avoid one outcome and achieve the other, with Love as our leader and general. No one should work against Love, and to get on the wrong side of the gods is to work against Love. If we are friends of the god and have him on our side, we shall do what few people now do – find and become close to the loved ones that are really our own.

‘I don't want Eryximachus to think that my speech is just a comedy, directed at Pausanias and Agathon. It may well be that they are among this type and are both halves of the male nature. But what I'm saying applies to all men and all women too: our human race can only achieve happiness if love reaches its conclusion, and each of us finds his loved one and restores his original nature. If this is the ideal, under present circumstances what comes closest to it must be the best: that is to find a loved one who naturally fits your own character. If we want to praise the god who is responsible for this, we would rightly praise Love. In present circumstances, he does the best for us that can be done, leading us towards what is naturally close to us. He also holds out to us the greatest hopes for the future: that if we show reverence towards the gods, he will restore us to our original nature, healing us and so giving us perfect happiness.

‘Well, Eryximachus, this is my speech about love, a rather different one from yours. As I asked you, don't treat my speech as a comedy. Let's go on and hear what each of the remaining speakers has to say – or rather the two of them, as only Agathon and Socrates are left. ’

‘I'll do as you say, ’Eryximachus said, ‘and in any case I much enjoyed your speech. If I didn't know that Socrates and Agathon were

experts on the ways of love，I'd be very worried that they might run out of things to say，since we've already had such a wide variety of speeches. But，as things are，I'm quite confi dent.’

Socrates said，‘That's because you've taken part successfully in our competition. If you were in my position，or rather where I'll be when Agathon too has given a good speech，you'd be very frightened and in just as much of a quandary as I am.’

‘You're trying to put a spell on me，Socrates，’Agathon said，‘by making me nervous at the thought that the audience has high expectations of my giving a good speech.’

‘But I would have a short memory if I did that，Agathon，'said Socrates.‘I saw the courage and self-confidence you showed when you went out on to the platform with the actors，facing such a huge audience without any embarrassment，before presenting your own work. So I shouldn't expect you to become nervous in front of our small group.’

‘But Socrates，’Agathon said，‘I hope you don't think I'm so obsessed with the theatre that I don't realize that，for anyone with any sense，a small number of intelligent people are more alarming than a crowd of unintelligent ones.’

‘It would be quite wrong of me，Agathon，’Socrates said，‘to think you could be unsophisticated in any way. I'm well aware that if you found some people you thought were wise，you would pay more attention to them than to the crowd. But I'm afraid we don't fall into that category；after all，

we were there and were part of that crowd. But if you found some other wise people, you might feel ashamed if you thought you were doing something wrong in front of them – is that what you mean? ’

‘That's right, ’Agathon replied.

‘But wouldn't you feel ashamed if you thought you were doing something wrong in front of the crowd? ’

At this point Phaedrus interrupted and said, ‘My dear Agathon, if you answer Socrates’questions, he won't care whether we get anywhere with our present project, as long as he's got a partner for discussion, especially someone attractive. I enjoy hearing Socrates engaging in discussion, but I must look after the eulogy of Love and extract from each one of you a speech as your contribution. So when the two of you have made your offering to the god, then you can have your discussion. ’

‘You're right, Phaedrus, ’Agathon said; ‘there's no reason for me not to make my speech. Socrates will have plenty of opportunities for discussion another time.

‘I want first of all to say how I should speak, then give my speech. I think that all the previous speakers, instead of praising the god, have congratulated human beings on the good things that come to them from the god. Nobody has spoken about the nature of the god himself who has given us these things. There is only one right way of making a eulogy, whatever the topic, and that is to define the nature of the subject of the speech and the nature of that for which he is responsible. So, in the case of Love, the

right thing is to praise his nature fi rst，and then his gifts.

‘I claim that，though all the gods are happy，Love – if it is proper to say this and does not cause offence – is the happiest，because he is the most beautiful and best. He is the most beautiful for this reason：first of all，Phaedrus，he is the youngest of gods. He himself provides good evidence for this point by fleeing head-long from old age，fast though that is（it comes to us sooner than it should）. Love naturally hates old age and keeps his distance from it. He always associates with the young and is one of them；the ancient saying is right，that like always stays close to like. Although I agree with many other things that Phaedrus said，I don't agree that Love is older than Cronus and Iapetus. I claim that he is the youngest of the gods and stays young forever. The things the gods did to each other in ancient times，which Hesiod and Parmenides report，happened（if their reports are true）because of Necessity and not Love. The gods would not have castrated or imprisoned each other or done those many other acts of violence if Love had been among them；there would have been friendship and peace between them，as there is now and has been since Love began to rule among the gods.

‘He is young，and sensitive as well as young；but it would take a poet of Homer's quality to bring out how sensitive the god is. Homer describes Delusion as a goddess，and also sensitive；at least her feet are sensitive，as he says：

> But her feet are sensitive; to the ground
> She never draws close, but walks on the heads of men.

I think Homer gives clear evidence of her sensitivity，in saying that she does not walk on what is hard，but what is soft．We can use the same evidence for Love's sensitivity．He does not walk on the ground，nor on skulls（which are not at all soft），but walks and lives in the softest of all things．He makes his home in the characters and minds of gods and humans；and not in all minds，one after another，but whenever he finds one with a tough character he moves on，and whenever he finds one with a soft character he settles down．Since he is in continual contact with the softest members of the softest type of thing，not just with his feet but with all of him，he must be extremely sensitive．

‘So he is very young and sensitive，and is fluid in shape as well．Otherwise，if he was tough，he couldn't envelop someone's mind completely or pass unnoticed at first entry into it and then out of it．Good evidence that he has a well-formed and fluid shape comes from his gracefulness，which is universally accepted as a special feature of Love（gracelessness and Love are always enemies to each other）．His beauty of complexion is shown by the fact that he spends his time among flowers．Love does not settle on a body or mind or anything that has no bloom or has lost its bloom；but when he finds somewhere full of bloom and fragrance，there he settles and stays．

‘Enough has been said（though still more remains）about the god's beauty；the next topic I must speak about is Love's virtue．The most important point is that Love does no injustice and has none done to him，when dealing with either gods or humans．When Love has anything done to him，it isn't by force（since Love is never forced）．When Love does

anything，he doesn't use force，since everyone consents to all Love's orders；and whatever is agreed by mutual consent，that is what “laws，the sovereign of the city” defi ne as just.

‘As well as justice，Love has the biggest share of moderation. It is generally agreed that moderation is mastery of pleasures and desires，and that no pleasure is stronger than Love. If the pleasures are weaker，they must be mastered by Love and he must be their master；and if Love masters pleasures and desires，he must be exceptionally moderate.

‘As for courage，“not even Ares can stand up to” Love. It isn't Ares who captured Love but Love who captured Ares（Love of Aphrodite，as the story goes），and the capturer is master of the captured. Whoever masters the one who is bravest of the others must be the bravest of all.

‘I've spoken about the god's justice，moderation and courage；it remains to speak about his wisdom. As far as possible，I must try to treat this fully. First of all – to give honour to my expertise in the way that Eryximachus gave honour to his – the god is so skilled a poet that he makes others into poets. Everyone turns into a poet，“even though a stranger to the Muses before”，when he is touched by Love. We may take this as evidence that Love is a good composer in，broadly，every type of artistic production，because you can't give someone else what you don't have or teach someone what you don't know yourself. Certainly，as regards the production of living things，who will deny that it is by Love's skill that all living things come into being and are produced？As for expertise in art or craft，don't we know that whoever is taught by this god ends up being famous and conspicuous，while whoever is untouched by the god is

obscure？It was by following where his desire and love led him that Apollo discovered the arts of archery，medicine and prophecy，and this makes Apollo a pupil of Love．In the same way，it makes the Muses pupils of his in music，Hephaestus in metalwork，Athena in weaving and Zeus in steering gods and humans．So the activities of the gods only became organized when Love was born among them – love of beauty，of course，as love cannot be directed at ugliness．Before then，as I said at the start，the gods did many terrible things，we are told，under the rule of Necessity．But once this god was born，all good things came to gods and humans through the love of beauty．

‘So it seems to me，Phaedrus，that Love is himself supreme in beauty and excellence and is responsible for similar qualities in others．I feel moved to express this in verse and say that he is the one who makes

> Peace among humankind and windless calm at sea,
> Rest for the winds, and sleep for those distressed.

Love drains us of estrangement and fills us with familiarity，causing us to come together in all shared gatherings like this，and acting as our leader in festival，chorus and sacrifice．He includes mildness and excludes wildness．He is generous of goodwill and ungenerous of ill-will．He is gracious and kindly；gazed on by the wise，admired by the gods；craved by those denied him，treasured by those enjoying him；father of luxury，elegance，delicacy，grace，desire，longing；careful for good people，careless of bad people；in trouble，in terror，in longing，in discourse，he is the best helmsman，marine，comrade，rescuer．For the whole company of gods and humans，most beautiful and best of leaders；every man should

follow him singing beautiful hymns of praise，sharing the song he sings to charm the mind of every god and human．

‘There's my speech，Phaedrus，’he said，‘my dedication to the god；it combines entertainment with a degree of seriousness，as far as I can manage．’

After Agathon had finished his speech，Aristodemus said，there were shouts of admiration from everyone present，because the young man had spoken in a way that reflected well on himself and on the god．Socrates looked at Eryximachus and said，‘Well，son of Acumenus，do you still think my earlier anxiety was groundless？Wasn't I speaking prophetically when I said just now that Agathon would give an amazing speech and that I would be lost for words？’

‘On one point’，Eryximachus said，‘you were prophetic，in saying that Agathon would give a good speech；but I don't think you'll be lost for words．’

‘My good friend，'said Socrates，‘how can I fail to be lost for words，or anyone else，who has to follow such a beautiful and varied speech？The rest was not quite so amazing；but who could fail to be struck by the beauty of language and phrasing at the end？I saw that I couldn't even get close to this degree of beauty in my speech，and was so ashamed I nearly ran away（and would have done if I'd had anywhere to go）. The speech reminded me of Gorgias，and so I had just the same experience that Homer describes．I was afraid that Agathon would end his speech by directing the Gorgon-like head of the formidable orator Gorgias at my speech and turn me

into speechless stone. Then I realized I'd made a fool of myself in agreeing to take my turn with you in eulogizing Love and in claiming expertise in the ways of love; in fact I knew nothing about what was involved in eulogizing something. I was so na. ve that I thought you should tell the truth about the subject of the eulogy; I thought this should be the basis from which to select the finest features and present them in a way that showed the subject at its best. I took pride in thinking that I would give a good speech because I knew the truth about how to give a eulogy of a subject.

'But in fact, it seems, that isn't the right way of praising something. Instead, you should claim that your subject has the greatest and finest possible qualities, whether it really does or not; and if what you say isn't true, it doesn't matter very much. What was proposed, it seems, was that each of us should give the appearance of praising Love, not that we should actually do so. That must be why the rest of you find anything that can be said and ascribe it to Love, saying that he is like this and responsible for that, to make him look as fine and good as possible. You're obviously doing this for the ignorant (not, of course, for those who understand the subject); and your eulogies have certainly been beautiful and impressive.

'But I didn't know the right way of giving a eulogy, and it was out of ignorance that I agreed to give one in my turn. But "it was the tongue" that promised, "not the heart"; so let's forget about it. I'm not giving another eulogy of that kind – I couldn't do it. However, I am prepared to tell the truth, if you'd like that, though in my own way, not competing with your speeches, which would make me look ridiculous. So let me know, Phaedrus, whether there's any need for a speech like that, one which tells

the truth about Love，but which uses whatever words and phrases happen to occur to me as I go along．’

Phaedrus and the others told him to give his speech in whatever style he thought best.

‘Phaedrus，’Socrates said，‘would you also allow me to ask Agathon a few little questions，so that I can make my speech on the basis of agreement with him？’

‘I give my consent，’Phaedrus said；‘ask away．’

After that，Aristodemus said，Socrates made this start to his speech.

‘My dear Agathon，I thought you made a good start to your speech，when you said that we should bring out Love's character before turning to the effects he produces．I think that's an admirable way to start．Well then，now that you've given a fine and magnificent exposition of the nature of Love in other respects，tell me this too. Is it Love's nature to be love of something or nothing？I'm not asking whether Love is the child of a particular mother or father；it would be absurd of me to ask whether Love is love of a mother or father in this sense．But suppose I'd asked the question，whether a father is father of someone or not．If you'd wanted to give the right answer，you'd surely have said that a father is father of a son or daughter，wouldn't you？’

‘Certainly，'said Agathon.

‘The same goes for a mother？’

He agreed to this too.

‘Well then，'said Socrates，‘answer a little further，and you'll have a better idea of what I've got in mind. Suppose I asked this：is a brother，in so far as he is a brother，brother *of* someone or not？’

He said that he was.

‘That is，a brother *of* a brother or sister？’

He agreed.

‘Now try to tell me about love’，he said. ‘Is Love love of nothing or something？’

‘Of something，undoubtedly！’

‘For the moment，'said Socrates，‘keep to yourself and bear in mind what love is *of*. But tell me this much：does Love desire what it is love of or not？’

‘Yes，’he said.

‘When he desires and loves，does he have in his possession what he desires and loves or not？’

‘He doesn't – at least probably not，’he said.

‘Think about it，’Socrates said. ‘Surely it's not just probable but necessary that desire is directed at something you need and that if you don't need something you don't desire it？I feel amazingly certain that it is

necessary；what do you think？’

‘I think so too，'said Agathon.

‘That's right. Now would anyone who was tall want to be tall or anyone who was strong want to be strong？’

‘That's impossible，according to what we've agreed already. ’

‘Yes，because no one is in need of qualities he already has. ’

‘That's true. ’

‘Suppose that someone who was strong wanted to be strong，'said Socrates，‘and someone who was fast wanted to be fast，and someone who was healthy wanted to be healthy. You might think that in these and all such cases people who are like that and who have those qualities also desire what they already have. I make this point to stop us getting the wrong idea. If you think about it，Agathon，these people must necessarily have each of the qualities they have at any one time，whether they want to or not；and so this can't be what they desire. So if someone says，“I'm healthy and want to be healthy”，or “I'm rich and want to be rich”，or “I desire the things that I've got”，we should say to him，“My friend，you already have wealth or health or strength. What you want is to have them in the future，since at the present you have them whether you want them or not. When you say that you desire what you've already got，ask yourself whether you mean that you want what you've got now to go on being there in the future. ” He'd have to agree to that，wouldn't he？’

Agathon said that he would.

Socrates said，‘What someone is doing in these cases is loving something that isn't available to him and which he doesn't have，namely the continued presence in the future of the things he has now.’

‘Certainly，’he said.

‘So this and every other case of desire is desire for what isn't available and actually there. Desire and love are directed at what you don't have，what isn't there，and what you need.’

‘Certainly，’he said.

‘Come on then，'said Socrates；‘let's sum up what we've agreed. First，that Love is of something；second，that it is of something that he currently needs.’

‘Yes，’he said.

‘Now，bearing this in mind，recall what you said in your speech about what Love is of. If you like，I'll remind you. I think you said something like this，that the affairs of the gods were organized through love of beautiful things，since it's impossible to love ugly things. Isn't this more or less what you said？’

‘Yes，I did，’Agathon said.

‘What you say is plausible，my friend，’Socrates said. ‘If this is right，then mustn't Love be love of beauty and not of ugliness？’

He agreed．

‘Didn't we agree that he loves what he needs and doesn't have？’

‘Yes，’he said．

‘It follows that Love needs beauty and doesn't have it？’

‘That must be the case，’he said．

‘Well，would you say that something that needs beauty and is wholly without beauty is beautiful？’

‘No．’

‘If this is so，do you still suppose that Love is beautiful？’

Agathon said，‘It looks，Socrates，as though I didn't know what I was talking about then．’

‘Ah well，it was still a beautiful speech，Agathon，’he said．‘But answer just one more small question：do you think that things that are good are also beautiful？’

‘I think so．’

‘Then if Love is in need of beautiful things，and good things are beautiful，he would be in need of good things？’

‘I can't argue against you，Socrates，’he said．‘Let's accept that things are as you say．’

‘It's the truth you can't argue against，my dear friend Agathon，’Socrates said．‘It's not at all difficult to argue against Socrates．

‘Now I'll let you go．I'll try to restate for you the account of Love that I once heard from a woman from Mantinea called Diotima．She was wise about this and many other things．On one occasion，she enabled the Athenians to delay the plague for ten years by telling them what sacrifices to make．She is also the one who taught me the ways of Love．I'll report what she said，using as a basis the conclusions I reached with Agathon，but doing it on my own，as far as I can．

‘As you stated，Agathon，one should first describe who Love is and what his character is and then describe his effects．I think the easiest thing is to report the content of a discussion I once had with Diotima，in which she put questions to me．I had said to her virtually the same things that Agathon said to me just now：that Love was a great god，and that he was himself beautiful．She used against me the same arguments that I used against him，proving that，according to my reasoning，Love was neither beautiful nor good．

‘I said，“What do you mean，Diotima？Is Love ugly and bad then？”

‘She said，“What blasphemy！Do you think that anything which isn't beautiful must necessarily be ugly？”

‘“I certainly do．”

‘“And must anything that isn't wise be ignorant？Haven't you realized that there's something between wisdom and ignorance？”

‘“What is it？”

‘“It's having right opinions without being able to give reasons for having them．Don't you realize that this isn't knowing，because you don't have knowledge unless you can give reasons；but it isn't ignorance either，because ignorance has no contact with the truth？Right opinion，of course，has this kind of status，falling between understanding and ignorance．”

‘“You're right，” I said．

‘“Then don't think that what isn't beautiful must be ugly，and that what isn't good must be bad．In the same way，when you yourself agree that Love is neither good nor beautiful，don't suppose that he must therefore be ugly and bad，but something in between these two．”

‘“But”，I said，“it's agreed by everyone that Love is a great god．”

‘“Do you mean everyone who doesn't know，” she asked，“or do you also include those who do？”

‘“Absolutely everyone．”

‘She laughed and said，“But Socrates，how could people agree that Love is a great god if they deny he's a god at all？”

‘“Who are these people？” I said．

‘“You're one，” she said，“and I'm another．”

‘At this I demanded，“How can you say this？”

‘“Easily，” she said. “Tell me，do you think that all gods are happy and beautiful? Or would you dare to suggest that any of the gods is not beautiful and happy? ”

‘“By Zeus，I wouldn't，” I said.

‘“And you call happy those who are in possession of good and beautiful things? ”

‘“Certainly. ”

‘“But you've agreed that it's because Love is in need of good and beautiful things that he desires those very things that he needs. ”

‘“Yes，I've agreed to that. ”

‘“So how could he be a god if he is not in possession of beautiful and good things? ”

‘“That's impossible，as it seems. ”

‘“Do you see，then，” she said，“that you don't believe Love is a god? ”

‘“But what could Love be? ” I said. “A mortal? ”

‘“Far from it. ”

‘“What then? ”

‘“Like those examples discussed earlier，” she said，“he's between

mortal and immortal．”

‘“What does that make him，Diotima？”

‘“He is a great spirit，Socrates．Everything classed as a spirit falls between god and human．”

‘“What function do they have？” I asked．

‘“They interpret and carry messages from humans to gods and from gods to humans．They convey prayers and sacrifices from humans，and commands and gifts in return for sacrifices from gods．Being intermediate between the other two，they fill the gap between them，and enable the universe to form an interconnected whole．They serve．as the medium for all divination，for priestly expertise in sacrifice，ritual and spells，and for all prophecy and sorcery．Gods do not make direct contact with humans；they communicate and converse with humans（whether awake or asleep）entirely through the medium of spirits．Someone whose wisdom lies in these areas is a man of the spirit，while wisdom in other areas of expertise and craftmanship makes one merely a mechanic．There are many spirits，of very different types，and one of them is Love．”

‘“Who are his father and mother？” I asked．

‘“That's rather a long story，” she replied，“but I'll tell you anyway．Following the birth of Aphrodite，the other gods were having a feast，including Resource，the son of Invention．When they'd had dinner，Poverty came to beg，as people do at feasts，and so she was by the gate．Resource was drunk with nectar（this was before wine was discovered），

went into the garden of Zeus，and fell into drunken sleep. Poverty formed the plan of relieving her lack of resources by having a child by Resource；she slept with him and became pregnant with Love. So the reason Love became a follower and attendant of Aphrodite is because he was conceived on the day of her birth；also he is naturally a lover of beauty and Aphrodite is beautiful.

'"Because he is the son of Resource and Poverty，Love's situation is like this. First of all，he's always poor；far from being sensitive and beautiful，as is commonly supposed，he's tough，with hardened skin，without shoes or home. He always sleeps rough，on the ground，with no bed，lying in doorways and by roads in the open air；sharing his mother's nature，he always lives in a state of need. On the other hand，taking after his father，he schemes to get hold of beautiful and good things. He's brave，impetutous and intense；a formidable hunter，always weaving tricks；he desires knowledge and is resourceful in getting it；a lifelong lover of wisdom；clever at using magic，drugs and sophistry.

'"By nature he is neither immortal nor mortal. Sometimes on a single day he shoots into life，when he's successful，and then dies，and then（taking after his father）comes back to life again. The resources he obtains keep on draining away，so that Love is neither wholly without resources nor rich. He is also in between wisdom and ignorance. The position is this. None of the gods loves wisdom or has the desire to become wise – because they already are；nor does anyone else who is already wise love wisdom. Nor do the ignorant love wisdom or have the desire to become wise. The problem with the ignorant person is precisely that，despite not

being good or intelligent，he regards himself as satisfactory. If someone doesn't think he's in need of something，he can't desire what he doesn't think he needs. ”

‘“Who are the lovers of wisdom，Diotima，” I asked，“if they are neither the wise nor the ignorant？”

‘“Even a child”，she said，“would realize by now that it is those who fall between these two，and that Love is one of them. Wisdom is one of the most beautiful things，and Love is love of beauty. So Love must necessarily be a lover of wisdom；and as a lover of wisdom he falls between wisdom and ignorance. Again the reason for this is his origin：his father is wise and resourceful while his mother has neither quality. So this is the nature of the spirit of Love，my dear Socrates. But it's not at all surprising that you took the view of Love you did. To judge from what you said，I think you saw Love as the object of love instead of the lover：that's why you imagined that Love is totally beautiful. But in fact beauty，elegance，perfection and blessedness are characteristic of the object that deserves to be loved，while the lover has a quite different character，which I have described. ”

‘“Well，Diotima，” I said，“I'm sure you're right about this. But if Love is like that，what use is he to human beings？”

‘“That's the next thing，Socrates，” she said；“I'll try to teach you. So far we've dealt with Love's nature and birth；also，according to you，love is of beautiful things. But then，supposing someone asked us，‘*Why* is Love of beautiful things？’，or，to put it more clearly，‘The lover of

beautiful things has a desire – what is it that he desires？’”

‘“That they become his own，” I said．

‘“But this answer raises another question，” she said．“What will he get when beautiful things become his own？”

‘I said that I didn't have a ready answer to that question．

‘“But suppose”，she said，“someone changed the question，using the word ‘good’instead of ‘beautiful’，and asked：‘Now then，Socrates，the lover of good things has a desire – what is it that he desires？’”

‘“That they become his own，” I said．

‘“And what will he get when good things become his own？”

‘“That's easier for me to answer，” I said；“he'll be happy．”

‘“So it's the ownership of good things that makes happy people happy；and you don't need to ask the further question，‘Why does someone want to be happy？’This answer seems to mark the end of the enquiry．”

‘“That's true，” I said．

‘“Do you think that this wish and this form of love are common to all human beings，and that everyone wants good things to be his own forever，or what is your view？”

‘“Just that，” I said；“it's common to everyone．”

‘“In that case，Socrates，” she said，“why don't we say that everyone is a lover，if everyone always loves the same things；why do we call some people lovers and not others？”

‘“That's something I've wondered about too，” I said．

‘“It's nothing to wonder about，” she said．“What we're doing is picking out one kind of love and applying to it the name（‘love’）that belongs to the whole class，while we use different names for other kinds of love．”

‘“Can you give me another example？” I asked．

‘“Yes，this one．You know that composition forms a general class．When anything comes into being which did not exist before，the cause of this is always composition．So the products of all the crafts are compositions and the craftsmen who make them are all composers？”

‘“That's right，” I said．

‘“But you know that they aren't called composers but have different names．Out of the whole class of composition we pick out one part，the one related to music and verse，and call that by the name of the class as a whole. It's only this that's called composition and those who have this subdivision of the skill are called composers．”

‘“That's right，” I said．

‘“The same goes for love．In essence，every type of desire for good things or happiness is what constitutes，in all cases，‘powerful and

treacherous love’. But this can be approached by many routes，and those who do so by other means，such as making money or athletics or philosophy，aren't described as ‘loving’or ‘lovers’. It's only those whose enthusiasm is directed at one specific type who are described by the terminology that belongs to the whole class，that of love，loving and lovers. ”

‘“I suppose that's right，” I said.

‘“The idea has been put forward”，she said，“that lovers are people who are looking for their own other halves. But my view is that love is directed neither at their half nor their whole unless，my friend，that turns out to be good. After all，people are even prepared to have their own feet or hands amputated if they think that those parts of themselves are diseased. I don't think that each of us is attached to his own characteristics，unless you're going to describe the good as ‘his own’and as ‘what belongs to him’，and the bad as ‘what does not belong to him’. The point is that the only object of people's love is the good – don't you agree？”

‘“By Zeus，I do！” I said.

‘“Well then，” she said，“can we quite simply say that people love the good？”

‘“Yes，” I said.

‘“But shouldn't we add，” she said，“that the object of their love is that they should have the good？”

‘“Yes，we should add that．”

‘“Not only that，” she said，“but that they should have the good forever．”

‘“We must add that too．”

‘“To sum up then，” she said，“love is the desire to have the good forever．”

‘“What you say is absolutely right，” I said．

‘“Given that love always has this overall goal，” she said，“we should also ask this．In what way and in what type of action must people pursue this goal，if the enthusiasm and intensity they show in this pursuit is to be called love？What function does love really have：can you tell me？”

‘“If I could，Diotima，” I said，“I wouldn't be so amazed at your wisdom，and wouldn't keep coming to you as your student to learn these very things．”

‘“Then I shall tell you，” she said．“Love's function is giving birth in beauty both in body and in mind．”

‘“One would need to be a prophet to interpret what you're saying，” I said．“I don't understand it．”

‘“Well，” she said，“I'll explain it more clearly．All human beings are pregnant in body and in mind，and when we reach a degree of adulthood we naturally desire to give birth．We cannot give birth in what is ugly，only in

what is beautiful. Yes，sexual intercourse between men and women is a kind of birth. There is something divine in this process; this is how mortal creatures achieve immortality，in pregnancy and giving birth. This cannot occur in a condition of disharmony. The ugly is out of harmony with everything divine，while the beautiful fits in with it. So Beauty is the goddess who，as Fate or Eileithyia，presides over childbirth. That's why，when a pregnant creature comes close to something beautiful，it becomes gentle and joyfully relaxed，and gives birth and reproduces. But when it comes close to something ugly，it frowns and contracts in pain; it turns away and shrivels up and does not reproduce; it holds the foetus inside and is in discomfort. That's why those who are pregnant and already swollen get so excited about beauty: the bearer of beauty enables them to gain release from the pains of childbirth. You see，Socrates，” she said，“the object of love is not beauty，as you suppose.”

‘“What is it then?”

‘“Reproduction and birth in beauty.”

‘“That may well be so，” I said.

‘“It certainly is，” she said. “And why is reproduction the object of love? Because reproduction is the closest mortals can come to being permanently alive and immortal. If what we agreed earlier is right，that the object of love is to have the good *always*，it follows that we must desire immortality along with the good. It follows from this argument that the object of love must be immortality as well.”

‘Diotima taught me all this in her talks with me about the ways of love. One day she asked, “What do you think, Socrates, is the cause of this love and desire? Haven't you noticed what a terrible state animals of all kinds (footed beasts as well as winged birds) get into when they feel the desire to reproduce. They are all sick with the excitement of love, that makes them first want to have sex with each other and then to rear what they have brought into being. Even the weakest of animals are ready to fight with the strongest and die for the sake of their young; they are prepared to be racked with hunger themselves in order to provide food for their young, and to do anything else for them. Humans, you might think, do this because they understand the reason for it; but, in the case of animals, what causes this excitement of love – can you tell me? ”

‘I said again that I didn't know.

‘She said, “Do you think you'll ever become an expert in the ways of love if you don't understand this? ”

‘“But that's why I come to study with you, Diotima, as I said before, because I realize I need teachers. So tell me the reason for this, and for everything else connected with the ways of love. ”

‘“Well then, ” she said, “if you believe that the natural object of love is what we've often agreed, you shouldn't be surprised at this. The point made about humans applies also to animals; mortal nature does all it can to live forever and to be immortal. It can only do this by reproduction: it always leaves behind another, new generation to replace the old. This point applies even in the period in which each living creature is described as alive

and as the same – for instance，someone is said to be the same person from childhood till old age．Although he is called the same person，he never has the same constituents，but is always being renewed in some respects and experiencing loss in others，for instance，his hair，skin，bone，blood and his whole body．This applies not only to the body but also to the mind：attributes，charactertraits，beliefs，desires，pleasures，pains，fears – none of these ever remain the same in each of us，but some are emerging while others are being lost．Still more remarkable is the fact that our knowledge changes too，some items emerging，while others are lost，so we are not the same person as regards our knowledge；indeed，each individual item of knowledge goes through the same process．What is called studying exists because knowledge goes from us．Forgetting is the departure of knowledge，while study puts back new information in our memory to replace what is lost，and so maintains knowledge so that it seems to be the same．

'“This is the way that every mortal thing is maintained in existence，not by being completely the same，as divine things are，but because everything that grows old and goes away leaves behind another new thing of the same type．This is the way，Socrates，that mortal things have a share in immortality，physically and in all other ways；but immortal things do so in a different way．So you shouldn't be surprised if everything naturally values its own offspring．It's to achieve immortality that everything shows this enthusiasm，which is what love is．”

'But in fact，when I heard her speech，I was surprised and said，“Well，Diotima，you're very wise，but are things really as you

say？”

‘Like a perfect sophist，she said，“You can be sure about this. You can see the same principle at work if you look at the way people love honour. You'd be amazed at your own stupidity if you failed to see the point of what I've said，after considering how terribly they are affected by love of becoming famous ‘and storing up immortal fame for eternity’. They are readier even to risk every danger for this than for their children's sake，and to spend money，suffer any kind of ordeal，and die for honour. Do you think”，she said，“that Alcestis would have died for Admetus，or that Achilles would have added his death to that of Patroclus，or that your Athenian hero Codrus would have died to defend his sons’kingdom，if they had not thought that the memory of their courage（which we still hold in respect）would last forever？They certainly wouldn't，” she said. “I think it is undying virtue and glorious fame of this sort that motivates everyone in all they do，and the better they are，the more true this is；it's immortality they are in love with.

‘“Men who are pregnant in body，” she said，“are drawn more towards women；they express their love in trying to obtain for themselves immortality and remembrance and what they take to be happiness forever by producing children. Men who are pregnant in mind – there are some，” she said，“who are even more pregnant in their minds than in their bodies，and are pregnant with what it is suitable for a mind to bear and bring to birth. So what is suitable？Wisdom and other kinds of virtue：these are brought to birth by all the poets and by those craftsmen who are said to be innovative. Much the most important and finest type of wisdom”，she said，“is that

connected with the organization of cities and households，which is called moderation and justice. Take also the case of someone who's been pregnant in mind with these virtues from a young age. When he's still without a partner and reaches adulthood，he feels the desire to give birth and reproduce. He too，I think，goes around looking for beauty in which to reproduce；he will never do so in ugliness. Because he's pregnant，he's attracted to beautiful bodies rather than ugly ones；and if he's also lucky enough to find a mind that is beautiful，noble and naturally gifted，he is strongly drawn to this combination. With someone like this，he immediately finds he has the resources to talk about virtue and about what a good man should be like and should do，and tries to educate him.

'"It is，I think，when someone has made contact and formed a relationship with beauty of this sort that he gives birth to，and reproduces， the child with which he has long been pregnant. He thinks about the other's beauty，whether they are in each other's company or not，and together with him he shares in bringing up the child reproduced in this way. People like that have a much closer partnership with each other and a stronger bond of friendship than parents have，because the children of their partnership are more beautiful and more immortal. Everyone would prefer to have children like that rather than human ones. People look enviously at Homer and Hesiod and other good poets，because of the kind of children they have left behind them，which provide them with immortal fame and remembrance by being immortal themselves. Or take，" she said，"the children that Lycurgus left in Sparta to provide security to Sparta and，you might say，to Greece as a whole. Solon is also respected by you Athenians for the laws he fathered；and other men，in very different places，in Greece and other

countries，have exhibited many fine achievements and generated virtue of every type. Many cults have been set up to honour these men as a result of children of that kind，but this has never happened as a result of human children.

'"Even you，Socrates，could perhaps be initiated in the rites of love I've described so far. But the purpose of these rites，if they are performed correctly，is to reach the final vision of the mysteries；and I'm not sure you could manage this. But I'll tell you about them，" she said，"and make every effort in doing so；try to follow，as far as you can.

'"The correct why"，she said，"for someone to approach this business is to begin when he's young by being drawn towards beautiful bodies. At first，if his guide leads him correctly，he should love just one body and in that relationship produce beautiful discourses. Next he should realize that the beauty of any one body is closely related to that of another，and that，if he is to pursue beauty of form，it's very foolish not to regard the beauty of all bodies as one and the same. Once he's seen this，he'll become a lover of all beautiful bodies，and will relax his intense passion for just one body，despising this passion and regarding it as petty. After this，he should regard the beauty of minds as more valuable than that of the body，so that，if someone has goodness of mind even if he has little of the bloom of beauty，he will be content with him，and will love and care for him，and give birth to the kinds of discourse that help young men to become better. As a result，he will be forced to observe the beauty in practices and laws and to see that every type of beauty is closely related to every other，so that he will regard beauty of body as something petty. After practices，the guide must

lead him towards forms of knowledge，so that he sees their beauty too．Looking now at beauty in general and not just at individual instances，he will no longer be slavishly attached to the beauty of a boy，or of any particular person at all，or of a specific practice．Instead of this low and small-minded slavery，he will be turned towards the great sea of beauty and gazing on it he'll give birth，through a boundless love of knowledge，to many beautiful and magnificent discourses and ideas．At last，when he has been developed and strengthened in this way，he catches sight of one special type of knowledge，whose object is the kind of beauty I shall now describe．

'“Now try”，she said，“to concentrate as hard as you can．Anyone who has been educated this far in the ways of love，viewing beautiful things in the right order and way，will now reach the goal of love's ways．He will suddenly catch sight of something amazingly beautiful in its nature；this，Socrates，is the ultimate objective of all the previous efforts．First，this beauty always is，and doesn't come into being or cease；it doesn't increase or diminish．Second，it's not beautiful in one respect but ugly in another，or beautiful at one time but not at another，or beautiful in relation to this but ugly in relation to that；nor beautiful here and ugly there because it is beautiful for some people but ugly for others．Nor will beauty appear to him in the form of a face or hands or any part of the body；or as a specific account or piece of knowledge；or as being anywhere in something else，for instance in a living creature or earth or heaven or anything else．It will appear as in itself and by itself，always single in form；all other beautiful things share its character，but do so in such a way that，when other things come to be or cease，it is not increased or decreased in any way nor does it

undergo any change.

'"When someone goes up by these stages, through loving boys in the correct way, and begins to catch sight of that beauty, he has come close to reaching the goal. This is the right method of approaching the ways of love or being led by someone else: beginning from these beautiful things always to go up with the aim of reaching that beauty. Like someone using a staircase, he should go from one to two and from two to all beautiful bodies, and from beautiful bodies to beautiful practices, and from practices to beautiful forms of learning. From forms of learning, he should end up at that form of learning which is of nothing other than that beauty itself, so that he can complete the process of learning what beauty really is.

'"In that form of life, my dear Socrates," said the Mantinean stranger, "if in any, human life should be lived, gazing on beauty itself. If you ever saw that, it would seem to be on a different level from gold and clothes and beautiful boys and young men. At present you're so overwhelmed when you see these that you're ready, together with many others, to look at your boyfriends and be with them forever, if that was somehow possible, doing without food and drink and doing nothing but gazing at them and being with them. So what should we imagine it would be like", she said, "if someone could see beauty itself, absolute, pure, unmixed, not cluttered up with human flesh and colours and a great mass of mortal rubbish, but if he could catch sight of divine beauty itself, in its single form? Do you think", she said, "that would be a poor life for a human being, looking in that direction and gazing at that object with the right part of himself and sharing its company? Don't you realize," she

said，“that it's only in that kind of life，when someone sees beauty with the part that can see it，that he'll be able to give birth not just to images of virtue（since it's not images he's in touch with），but to true virtue（since it's true beauty he's in touch with）. It's someone who's given birth to true virtue and brought it up who has the chance of becoming loved by the gods，and immortal – if any human being can be immortal. ”

‘Well，Phaedrus and the rest of you，this is what Diotima said，and I was convinced. Because I was convinced，I try to convince others that，to acquire this possession，you couldn't easily find a better partner for human nature than Love. That's the basis for my claiming that every man should hold Love in respect，and I myself respect the ways of love and practise them with exceptional care. That's why I urge others to do the same，and on this and every other occasion I do all I can to praise the power and courage of Love. So this is my speech，Phaedrus. If you like，you can think of it as a eulogy of Love or if you prefer，you can give it whatever name you like to give it. ’

After Socrates'speech，Aristodemus said，while the others congratulated him，Aristophanes was trying to make a point，because Socrates had referred to his speech at some stage. Suddenly，there was a loud noise of knocking at the front door，which sounded like revellers，and they heard the voice of a flute-girl.

‘Slaves，go and see who it is，’Agathon said. ‘If it's any of my friends，invite them in；if not，tell them the symposium's over and we're just now going to bed. ’

Not long after，they heard the voice of Alcibiades in the courtyard；he was very drunk and was shouting loudly，asking where Agathon was and demanding to be brought to him．He was brought in，supported by the flute-girl and some of the other people in his group．He stood by the door，wearing a thick garland of ivy and violets，with masses of ribbons trailing over his head，and said：

‘Good evening，gentlemen．Will you let someone who's drunk – very drunk – join your symposium？Or should we just put a garland on Agathon，which is why we've come，and go away？I couldn't come to your celebration yesterday，’he said．‘But I've come now with the ribbons on my head，so that I can transfer them directly from my head to that of the man who is- I'd like to announce – the wisest and most beautiful．I suppose you'll laugh at me because I'm drunk．But even if you laugh at me，I know quite well I'm telling the truth．But tell me right away whether I can come in on these terms or not．Can I join you for a drink，or not？’

Everyone shouted out，telling him to come in and take a place on a couch，and Agathon invited him too．So he came in，supported by his friends．He was untying the ribbons to tie them on Agathon，and they fell over his eyes．So he didn't notice Socrates，but sat down next to Agathon，between him and Socrates，who moved over when he saw him．When he'd sat down，he embraced Agathon and tied the garland round his head．

Agathon said，‘Take off his sandals，slaves，so that he can lie down and be the third on this couch．’

‘Fine，'said Alcibiades；‘but who's this third person drinking with

us？’As he said this，he turned round and saw Socrates．When he saw him，he jumped up and said，‘Oh Heracles，what's going on here？Is this Socrates？You've been lying here in wait for me again，so that you can play your usual trick of turning up suddenly wherever I least expect you．Why have you come here？And why did you choose this couch？I see you didn't pick Aristophanes or anyone else who's prepared to make a fool of himself，but you made sure you'd be lying beside the most attractive man in the room．’

Socrates said，‘Agathon，please protect me．What a nuisance my love for this man has become！Ever since I started loving him，I haven't been able to look at or talk to a single attractive man without his getting so jealous and resentful that he goes crazy and shouts at me and almost beats me up．So make sure that he doesn't do anything to me now and make peace between us；or if he starts to get violent，protect me from him．I'm quite terrifi ed by his mad attachment to his lovers．’

‘There can be no peace between me and you，’Alcibiades said．‘I'll get my own back on you for this another time．But for now，Agathon，’he said，‘give me back some of those ribbons，so that I can tie them on this amazing head of his．Otherwise，he'll criticize me for tying them on your head，not his，even though he *always* beats off all comers in verbal contest – and you've just done it once，two days ago．’

As he spoke，he took some of the ribbons，and tied them on Socrates，and lay down again．When he settled down，he said，‘Well，gentlemen，you look sober to me．This can't be allowed；you have to drink．This was what we agreed．For our master of ceremonies，to take

charge of the drinking， until you're drunk enough， I elect – myself！ Have a big goblet brought in， Agathon， if you've got one． Or rather， there's no need； bring me， boy， that wine-cooler， ’he said， seeing one that held more than four pints． He had this filled up， and drank it down himself， and then he told the slave to fill it up for Socrates． As he did so， he said， ‘Not that my trick will have any effect on Socrates， gentlemen． However much you tell him to drink， he drinks without ever getting more drunk． ’

The slave filled it for Socrates and， while he was drinking it， Eryximachus said， ‘What sort of behaviour is this， Alcibiades？ Aren't we going to have any conversation or songs as we pass round the cup， but do nothing but drink as though we were thirsty？ ’

Alcibiades said， ‘Hello， Eryximachus， best of sons of the best – and most temperate – of fathers． ’

‘Hello to you too， ’Eryximachus said； ‘but what should we do？ ’

‘Whatever you tell us． We should obey you， because “a doctor is equal in worth to many other men”； so tell us to do whatever you want． ’

‘Listen to me then， ’Eryximachus said． ‘Before you arrived， we'd decided to take turns， going round from left to right， making the finest speech each of us could， in praise of Love． All the rest of us have given our speeches． You haven't taken your turn at speaking， though you've done well at drinking， so it's right for you to make a speech． Once you've spoken， you can order Socrates to do whatever you want， and he can do the

same to the person on his right and so on. ’

‘That's a good idea, Eryximachus, ’Alcibiades said. ‘But I don't think it's fair to make someone who's drunk compete against speeches made by people when they were sober. Also, my dear friend, I hope you don't believe any of what Socrates just said. Don't you realize that the truth is quite the opposite of what he said? If I praise anyone else, whether god or human, while he's around, it's he who'll beat *me* up. ’

‘What blasphemy! ’Socrates said.

‘By Poseidon! ’Alcibiades said, ‘don't contradict me on this point. I'm never going to praise anyone else while you're around. ’

‘Well then, do just that, if you want, ’Eryximachus said. ‘Give a eulogy of Socrates. ’

‘What do you mean? 'said Alcibiades. ‘Do you think I should, Eryximachus? Should I attack him and punish him in front of you all? ’

‘Hang on, 'said Socrates. ‘What are you planning – to give a eulogy that makes fun of me, or what? ’

‘I'll tell the truth – will you let me do that? ’

‘But of course I'll let you tell the truth; indeed, I order you to. ’

‘Here I go then, ’Alcibiades said. ‘But this is what you can do. If I say anything that isn't true, interrupt, if you like, and point out that what I'm saying is false. I don't want to say anything that's false. But if I don't

remember things in the right order，don't be surprised. It isn't easy for someone in my condition to list all the aspects of your peculiarity in a fluent and orderly sequence.

‘The way I'll try to praise Socrates，gentlemen，is through images. Perhaps he'll think this is to make fun of him；but the image will be designed to bring out the truth not to make fun. My claim is that he's just like those statues of Silenus you see sitting in sculptors'shops. The figures are produced holding shepherd's pipes or flutes；when they're opened up，you find they've got statues of the gods inside. I also claim he's like Marsyas the satyr. Not even you，Socrates，could deny that you resemble these in appearance；but you're going to hear next how you're like them in other ways too.

‘You're insulting and abusive，aren't you？If you don't admit this，I'll provide witnesses. And aren't you a flute-player？In fact，you're a much more amazing one than Marsyas. He used instruments to bewitch people with the power of his mouth，and so does anyone who plays his flute-music today. （I'm counting the tunes of Olympus as really Marsyas’，because Marsyas was Olympus'teacher. ）Whether these tunes are played by an expert player or a poor flute-gift，they're the only ones which，because of their divine origin，can cast a spell over people and so show which ones are ready for the gods and initiation into the mysteries. The only difference between you and Marsyas is that you produce this same effect without the use of instruments，by words alone. Whenever we hear someone else making speeches，even if he's a very good orator，this has virtually no impact on any of us. But whenever anyone hears you speak or hears your words

reported by someone else（even if he's a very poor speaker），whoever we are – woman，man or boy – we're overwhelmed and spellbound.

‘If it weren't for the fact that you'd think I was completely drunk，gentlemen，I'd take an oath on the truth of what I'm saying about the effect his words have had on me – an effect they still have now. Whenever I listen to him，my frenzy is greater than that of the Corybantes. My heart pounds and tears flood out when he speaks，and I see that many other people are affected in the same way. I've heard Pericles and other good orators，and I thought they spoke well. But they haven't produced this kind of effect on me；they haven't disturbed my whole personality and made me dissatisfied with the slavish quality of my life. But this Marsyas here has often had this effect on me，and made me think that the life I'm leading isn't worth living. You can't say this isn't true，Socrates. Even now I'm well aware that if I allowed myself to listen to him I couldn't resist but would have the same experience again. He makes me admit that，in spite of my great defects，I neglect myself and instead get involved in Athenian politics. So I force myself to block my ears and go away，like someone escaping from the Sirens，to prevent myself sitting there beside him till I grow old.

‘He's the only person in whose company I've had an experience you might think me incapable of – feeling shame with someone；I only feel shame in his company. I'm well aware that I can't argue against him and that I should do what he tells me；but when I leave him，I'm carried away by the people's admiration. So I act like a runaway slave and escape from him；and whenever I see him，I'm ashamed because of what he's made me agree to. Often I've felt I'd be glad to see him removed from the human race；but

if this did happen，I know well I'd be much more upset．I just don't know how to deal with this person．

‘This is the effect this satyr has had on me and many other people with his flute-playing．Listen to other ways that he's like these creatures I'm comparing him with and what amazing power he has．You should realize that none of you really knows him．But I'll show what he's like，now that I've made a start．You see that Socrates is erotically attracted to beautiful boys，and is always hanging around them in a state of excitement．Also he's completely ignorant and knows nothing．In giving this impression，isn't he like Silenus？Very much so．This behaviour is just his outer covering，like that of the statues of Silenus．But if you could open him up and look inside，you can't imagine，my fellow-drinkers，how full of moderation he is！You should know that he doesn't care at all if someone is beautiful – he regards this with unbelievable contempt – or is rich or has any of the other advantages prized by ordinary people．He regards all these possessions as worthless and regards us as worth nothing too（believe me！）．He spends his whole life pretending and playing with people．

‘I don't know if any of you have seen the statues inside Socrates when he's serious and is opened up．But I saw them once，and they seemed to me so divine，golden，so utterly beautiful and amazing，that – to put it briefly – I had to do whatever Socrates told me to．I thought he was seriously interested in my looks and that this was a godsend and an amazing piece of good luck，because，if I gratified him，I'd be able to hear everything he knew．You see，I was incredibly proud of my good looks．Before this，I had never been alone with him without an attendant；but once I'd got this

idea I sent the attendant away and was with him on my own. Yes, I must tell you the whole truth; so pay careful attention, and, if I say anything that's not right, Socrates, you must contradict me.

‘Well, there we were, gentlemen, the two of us on our own. I thought he would immediately have the kind of conversation with me that lovers have with their boyfriends when they're on their own, and I was pleased by that thought. But nothing like that happened at all. He had his usual kind of conversation with me and went away after spending the day with me. After that I invited him to come to the gymnasium with me and we exercised together; I thought I would get somewhere that way. So we exercised together and wrestled on many occasions with no one around – and what can I tell you? I got nowhere.

‘Since I was getting nowhere by these means, I decided to make a direct assault on the man, and not to give up now that I'd made a start. I felt I had to know how things stood. I invited him to dinner, just as though I were the lover and he the boy I had designs on. He wasn't quick to accept my invitation, but eventually agreed to come. The first time he came, he wanted to go after dinner, and on that occasion I was ashamed and let him go. But I continued my plan another time, and when we'd had dinner I kept the conversation going far into the night. Then, when he wanted to go, I made the excuse that it was too late to go, and made him stay. So he settled down to sleep on the couch next to mine, where he'd had dinner, and there was no one else sleeping in the room but us.

‘Up to this point, it would have been all right for anyone to hear what I've said. But from now on there are things you wouldn't have heard me say

except that，as the saying goes，“there's truth in wine when the slaves have left”，and when they haven't！Also，I think it would be wrong of me to let Socrates’proud action pass into oblivion now that I've embarked on his eulogy．Besides，my experience is that of someone bitten by a snake． They say that someone who's had this experience is only prepared to say what it's like to those who've been bitten themselves，because they're the only ones who'll understand and make allowances if the pain drives you to do and say shocking things．I've been bitten by something more painful still，and in the place where a bite is most painful – the heart or mind，or whatever you should call it．I've been struck and bitten by the words of philosophy， which cling on more fiercely than a snake when they take hold of a young and talented mind，and make someone do and say all sorts of things．Also I can see here people like Phaedrus，Agathon，Eryximachus，Pausanias， Aristodemus and Aristophanes – I don't need to mention Socrates himself – and the rest of you．You've all shared the madness and Bacchic frenzy of philosophy，and so you will all hear what I have to say．You will all make allowances for what I did then and what I'm saying now．But you，house-slaves，and any other crude uninitiates，put big doors on your ears！

‘So，gentlemen，when the lamp was out and the slaves had left the room，I decided I shouldn't beat about the bush but tell him openly what I had in mind．I gave him a push and said，“Socrates，are you asleep？”

‘“Not at all，” he said．

‘“Do you know what I've been thinking？”

‘“What exactly？” he said．

‘“I think”，I said，“you're the only lover I've ever had who's good enough for me，but you seem to be too shy to talk about it to me．I'll tell you how I feel about this．I think I'd be very foolish not to gratify you in this or in anything else you need from my property or my friends．Nothing is more important to me than becoming as good a person as possible，and I don't think anyone can help me more effectively than you can in reaching this aim．I'd be far more ashamed of what sensible people would think if I failed to gratify someone like you than of what ordinary，foolish people would think if I did．”

‘He listened to what I said，and then he said this，in a highly ironic manner and one that was entirely typical of him：“My dear Alcibiades，it looks as though you're really no fool，if what you say about me is true and I somehow do have the capacity to make you a better person．You must be seeing in me a beauty beyond comparison and one that's far superior to your own good looks．If you've seen this and are trying to strike a deal with me in which we exchange one type of beauty for another，you're planning to make a good profit from me．You're trying to get true beauty in return for its appearance，and so to make an exchange that is really ‘gold for bronze’． But look more closely，my good friend，and make sure you're not making a mistake in thinking I'm of value to you．The mind's sight begins to see sharply when eyesight declines，and you're a long way from that point．”

‘When I heard this，I said，“As far as I'm concerned，this is the position，and my plans are exactly as I've said．It's now up to you to consider what you think is best for you and for me．”

‘“Well，” he said，“you're right about that at least．In the future we'll

consider and do whatever seems best to us，both in this and in other things too．”

‘When he made this reply to what I'd said，now that I'd fired my shots，I thought he'd been wounded．I got up from my couch，and without letting him say anything more I wrapped him in my thick outdoor cloak（it was winter then）and lay down under his short cloak．Then I threw my arms round this really god-like and amazing man，and lay there with him all night long．And you can't say this is a lie，Socrates．After I'd done all this，he completely triumphed over my good looks – and despised，scorned and insulted them – although I placed a very high value on these looks，gentlemen of the jury．I'm calling you that because you've become the jury in the case of Socrates’arrogance！I swear to you by the gods，and by the goddesses，that when I got up next morning I had no more *slept with* Socrates than if I'd been sleeping with my father or elder brother．

‘After that，what state of mind do you think I was in？Although I felt I'd been humiliated，I admired his character，his self-control and courage．Here was someone with a degree of understanding and tough-mindedness I'd never expected to find．So，although I couldn't be angry with him or do without his company，I didn't know how to win him over．I knew well that he was more completely invulnerable to the power of money than Ajax was to weapons；and what I'd seen as the only means of catching him had proved a failure．I was baffled；and I went around more completely enslaved to this person than anyone else has ever been to anyone．

‘It was after these events had occurred that we served together in the Athenian campaign against Potidaea and shared the same mess there．The

first thing to note is that he put up with the rigours of warfare better than me – better than everyone else，in fact. When we were cut off，and forced to do without food，as sometimes happens on campaign，no one came near him in putting up with this. But on the other hand when we had a feast，he was best able to enjoy it. For instance，though reluctant to drink，when he was forced to，he beat us all at it. The most amazing thing of all is that no one has ever seen Socrates drunk. I think you'll see proof of this shortly.

‘Also when it came to putting up with winter（the winters there are terrible），his endurance was remarkable. On one occasion there was such a bitter frost that no one went outside，or if they did，they wrapped themselves up with clothes in the most amazing way and tied on extra pieces of felt or sheepskin over their boots. But Socrates went out in this weather wearing the same outdoor cloak he'd usually worn before，and he made better progress over the ice in his bare feet than the rest of us did in boots. The soldiers regarded him with suspicion，thinking that he was looking down on them.

‘So much for that incident；but “what the stout-hearted man did and endured next” on campaign there is well worth hearing. One morning he started thinking about a problem and stood there considering it，and when he didn't make progress with it he didn't give up but kept standing there examining it. When it got to midday，people noticed him and said to each other in amazement that Socrates had been standing there thinking about something since dawn. In the end，when it was evening，some of the Ionians，after they'd had dinner，brought their bedding outside（it was summer then），partly to sleep in the cool，and partly to keep an eye on

Socrates to see if he would go on standing there through the night too. He stood there till it was dawn and the sun came up; then he greeted the sun with a prayer and went away.

‘If you'd like to know what he was like in battle – here it's right for me to repay a debt to him. During the battle after which the generals awarded me the prize for bravery, it was Socrates, no one else, who rescued me. He wasn't prepared to leave me when I was wounded and so he saved my life as well as my armour and weapons. I actually told the generals to award the prize for bravery on that occasion to you, Socrates. This is a point on which you can't criticize me or say that I'm lying. But when the generals wanted to award the prize to me, influenced by my social status, you yourself were keener than the generals that I should receive it.

‘Here's another thing, gentlemen. Socrates was a sight worth seeing when the army made a disorderly retreat from Delium. It turned out that I was serving in the cavalry there while he was a hoplite. People had scattered by then in all directions, and he was retreating together with Laches. As it happened, I was near by, and when I saw them I encouraged them at once, and told them I wouldn't leave them behind. I was better able to watch Socrates there than at Potidaea（because I was on horseback I was less worried about my safety）, and the first thing that struck me was how much more self-possessed he was than Laches. Next, I noticed that he was walking along there, just as he does here in Athens – to use your phrase, Aristophanes – “swaggering and looking from side to side”. He was calmly looking out both for friends and enemies, and it was obvious to everyone even from a long distance that if anyone tackled this man, he would put up a

tough resistance. That was how he and his companion got safely away. Generally, people don't tackle those who show this kind of attitude in combat; they prefer to chase those who are in headlong flight.

‘There are many other remarkable things which you could say in praise of Socrates. Some of these distinctive features could perhaps also be attributed to other people too. But what is most amazing about him is that he is like no other human being, either of the past or the present. If you wanted to say what Achilles was like, you could compare him with Brasidas or others, and in Pericles’case you could compare him with Nestor or Antenor (and there are other possibilities), and you could draw other comparisons in the same way. But this person is so peculiar, and so is the way he talks, that however hard you look you'll never find anyone close to him either from the present or the past. The best you can do is what I did, in fact, when I compared him, and his way of talking, not with human beings but with Sileni and satyrs.

‘This is something I forgot to say at the beginning: his discussions are also very like those Sileni that you open up. If you're prepared to listen to Socrates'discussions, they seem absolutely ridiculous at first. This is because of the words and phrases he uses, which are like the rough skin of an insulting satyr. He talks about packasses, blacksmiths, shoemakers and tanners, and seems to be always using the same words to make the same points; and so anyone unused to him or unintelligent would find his arguments ridiculous. But if you can open them up and see inside, you'll find they're the only ones that make any sense. You'll also find they're the most divine and contain the most images of virtue. They range over most –

or rather all – of the subjects that you must examine if you're going to become a good person.

'This is what I have to say, gentlemen, in praise of Socrates. I've also mixed in some blame as well, and told you how he insulted me. I'm not the only one he's done this to; there's also Charmides the son of Glaucon, Euthydemus the son of Diocles and many others. He deceives them into thinking he's their lover and then turns out to be the loved one instead of the lover. I'm warning you, Agathon, not to be deceived by him, but to learn from what we've suffered and be cautious, and don't, as the proverb puts it, be the fool who only learns by his own suffering.'

This speech of Alcibiades created much amusement at his frankness, because he seemed to be still in love with Socrates. Socrates said, 'I think you're sober after all, Alcibiades. Otherwise you wouldn't have been able to conceal the motive of your entire speech by ingeniously disguising it in this way. You slipped it in at the end as though it was an afterthought – as though the point of the whole speech hadn't been to make trouble between myself and Agathon. You did this because you think that I should love you and no one else, and that Agathon should be loved by you and no one else. But you haven't got away with it; we've seen the purpose of this satyr-play – and Silenus-play – of yours. But, my dear Agathon, don't let him succeed in this; make sure that no one comes between me and you.'

Then Agathon said, 'You know, Socrates, I think you must be right. It's significant that he lay down in the middle, between me and you, to keep us apart. But he won't succeed in doing this. I'll come round and lie down beside you.'

‘Please do，'said Socrates；‘come here and lie down on the other side．’

‘Oh Zeus！'said Alcibiades，‘what I suffer from this person！He thinks he always has to get the better of me．But if nothing else – you amazing man – let Agathon lie down between us．’

‘But that's impossible，’Socrates said．‘You've praised me，and now it's my turn to praise the one on my right．If Agathon lies down between us，won't he too have to praise me，instead of being praised by me？For goodness'sake，don't stop the young man from being praised by me；I feel a strong desire to give his eulogy．’

‘Hurrah！'said Agathon．‘Alcibiades，there's no way I'm going to stay here now．I simply must change positions and be praised by Socrates．’

‘Here we go again，'said Alcibiades；‘it's always the same．When Socrates is around，no one else can get a look-in with the attractive men．Now，too，see how resourcefully he's found a plausible reason why this one should lie down beside him．’

So Agathon got up to go and lie down beside Socrates．Suddenly，a large group of revellers came to the front door．They found it open because someone was just going out；so they marched straight in to join them，and settled themselves down on the couches．There was noise everywhere，and all order was abandoned；everyone was forced to drink vast amounts of wine．Aristodemus said that Eryximachus and Phaedrus and some of the others went off then，while he fell asleep for a very long time，because the

nights were long at that time of year. He woke up when it was nearly dawn and the cocks were already crowing. Once he'd woken up，he saw that the others were either asleep or had left，and that Agathon，Aristophanes and Socrates were the only ones still awake，drinking from a large bowl that they passed from left to right. Socrates was engaged in dialogue with them. Aristodemus said he couldn't remember most of the argument， because he'd missed the start and was half-asleep anyway. But the key point，he said，was that Socrates was pressing them to agree that the same man should be capable of writing both comedy and tragedy，and that anyone who is an expert in writing tragedy must also be an expert in writing comedy. He was getting them to agree this，though they were sleepy and not following very well；Aristophanes fell asleep first，and Agathon fell asleep when day was already breaking.

After getting them off to sleep，Socrates got up and went off. Aristodemus followed him as usual. Socrates went to the Lyceum，had a wash，spent the rest of the day as he did at other times，and only then in the evening went home to bed.

The Allegory of the Cave

1. Socrates begins with a reminder of the qualities of character which the philosopher must have, and goes on to emphasize that those qualities must be based on knowledge, ultimately on knowledge of the good, which for him means, as this passage makes clear, the form of the good. After dismissing briefly the views of those who believe the good is pleasure or knowledge, Socrates refuses to give a direct statement of his own view of it, and instead offers to describe it in a simile.

‘Well，then，that part of our job is done – and it's not been easy；we must now go on to the next，and ask about the studies and pursuits which will produce these saviours of our society．What are they to learn and at what age are they to learn it？’

‘Yes，that's our next question．’

‘I didn't really gain anything，’I said，‘by being clever and putting off the difficulties about the possession of women，the production of children and the establishment of Rulers till later．I knew that my true society would give offence and be difficult to realize；but I have had to describe it all the same．I've dealt with the business about women and children，and now I've got to start again on the Rulers．You will remember that we said they must love their country，and be tested both in pleasure and pain，to ensure that

their loyalty remained unshaken by pain or fear or any other vicissitude; those who failed the test were to be rejected, but those who emerged unscathed, like gold tried in the fire, were to be established as rulers and given honours and rewards both in life and after death. This is roughly what we said, but we were afraid of stirring up the problems we are now facing, and our argument evaded the issue and tried to get by without being seen. ’

‘Yes, I remember, ’he said.

‘You know, I hesitated before to say the rash things I've said, ’I replied; ‘but now let me be brave and say that our Guardians, in the fullest sense, must be philosophers. ’

‘So be it. ’

‘Think how few of them there are likely to be. The elements in the character which we said they must have don't usually combine into a whole, but are normally found separately. ’

‘What do you mean? ’

‘Readiness to learn and remember, quickness and keenness of mind and the qualities that go with them, and enterprise and breadth of vision, aren't usually combined with readiness to live an orderly, quiet and steady life; their keenness makes such temperaments very unpredictable and quite devoid of steadiness. ’

‘True. ’

‘And again, steady, consistent characters on whom you can rely, and

who are unmoved by fear in war，are equally unmoved by instruction． Their immobility amounts indeed to numbness and，faced with anything that demands intellectual effort，they yawn and sink into slumber．’

‘That's all quite true．’

‘But we demand a full and fair share of both sets of qualities from anyone who is to be given the highest form of education and any share of office or authority．’

‘And rightly．’

‘So the character we want will be a rare occurrence．’

‘It will．’

‘And we must not only test it in the pains and fears and pleasures we have already described，but also try it out in a series of intellectual studies which we omitted before，to see if it has the endurance to pursue the highest forms of knowledge，without flinching as others flinch in physical trials．’

‘A fair test；but what，’he asked，‘are these highest forms of knowledge？’

‘You remember，’I answered，‘that we distinguished three elements in the mind，and then went on to deal with justice，self-control，courage and wisdom．’

‘If I didn't remember that，’he said，‘I shouldn't have any claim to hear the rest of the argument．’

‘Then do you remember what we said just before we dealt with these subjects？’

‘What？’

‘We said that a really clear view of them could only be got by making a detour for the purpose，though we could give some indication on the basis of our earlier argument. You said that was good enough，and so our subsequent description fell short，in my view，of real precision；whether it was precise enough for you，is for you to say. ’

‘I thought you gave us fair measure，and so，I think，did the others. ’

‘My dear Adeimantus，in matters like this nothing is fair measure that falls short of the truth in any respect，’I replied. ‘You can't use the imperfect as a measure of anything – though people are sometimes content with it，and don't want to look further. ’

‘Yes，but it's usually because they're too lazy. ’

‘A most undesirable quality in a Guardian of state and laws. ’

‘A fair comment. ’

‘Then he must take the longer way round，’I said，‘and must work as hard at his intellectual training as at his physical；otherwise，as we've just said，he will never finally reach the highest form of knowledge，which should be peculiarly his own. ’

‘The highest？’he asked．‘But is there anything higher than justice and the other qualities we discussed？’

‘There is，’I said．‘And we ought not to be content with the sight of a mere sketch even of these qualities，or fail to complete the picture in detail．For it would be absurd，would it not，to devote all our energies to securing the greatest possible precision and clarity in matters of little consequence，and not to demand the highest precision in the most important things of all？’

‘Quite absurd，’he agreed．‘But you can hardly expect to escape cross-questioning about what you call the highest form of knowledge and its object．’

‘I don't expect to escape from you，’I returned；‘ask your questions．Though you've heard about it often enough，and either don't understand for the moment，or else are deliberately giving me trouble by your persistence – I suspect it's the latter，because you have certainly often been told that the highest form of knowledge is knowledge of the form of the good，from which things that are just and so on derive their usefulness and value．You know pretty well that that's what I have to say，and that I'm going to add that our knowledge of it is inadequate，and that if we are ignorant of it the rest of our knowledge，however perfect，can be of no benefit to us，just as it's no use possessing anything if you can't get any good out of it．Or do you think there's any point in possessing anything if it's no good？Is there any point in having all other forms of knowledge without that of the good，and so lacking knowledge about what is good and valuable？’

‘I certainly don't think there is．’

‘And you know of course that most ordinary people think that pleasure is the good，while the more sophisticated think it is knowledge．’

‘Yes．’

‘But those who hold this latter view can't tell us what knowledge they mean，but are compelled in the end to say they mean knowledge of the good．’

‘Which is quite absurd．’

‘An absurdity they can't avoid，if，after criticizing us for not knowing the good，they then turn round and talk to us as if we did know it；for they say it is “knowledge of the good” as if we understood what they meant when they utter the word “good”．’

‘That's perfectly true．’

‘Then what about those who define good as pleasure？Is their confusion any less？Aren't they compelled to admit that there are bad pleasures？’

‘Of course they are．’

‘And they thus find themselves admitting that the same things are both good and bad，don't they？’

‘Yes．’

‘So it's obvious that the subject is highly controversial．’

‘It is indeed.’

‘Well, then, isn't it obvious too that when it's a matter of justice or value many people prefer the appearance to the reality, whether it's a matter of possession and action or of reputation; but that no one is satisfied to have something that only *appears* to be good, but wants something that *really* is, and has no use here for appearances?’

‘Absolutely true.’

‘The good, then, is the end of all endeavour, the object on which every heart is set, whose existence it divines, though it finds it difficult to grasp just what it is; and because it can't handle it with the same assurance as other things it misses any value those other things have. Can we possibly agree that the best of our citizens, to whom we are going to entrust everything, should be in the dark about so important a subject?’

‘It's the last thing we can admit.’

‘At any rate a man will not be a very useful Guardian of what is right and valuable if he does not know in what their goodness consists; and I suspect that until he does no one can know them adequately.’

‘Your suspicions are well founded.’

‘So our society will be properly regulated only if it is in the charge of a Guardian who has this knowledge.’

‘That must be so,’he said. ‘But what about you, Socrates? Do you think that the good is knowledge or pleasure? Or do you think it's something

else？’

‘What a man！’I exclaimed．‘It's been obvious for some time that you wouldn't be satisfied with other people's opinions！’

‘But I don't think it's right，Socrates，’he protested，‘for you to be able to tell us other people's opinions but not your own，when you've given so much time to the subject．’

‘Yes，but do you think it's right for a man to talk as if he knows what he does not？’

‘He has no right to talk as if he knew；but he should be prepared to say what it is that he thinks．’

‘Well，’I said，‘haven't you noticed that opinion without knowledge is always a poor thing？At the best it is blind – isn't anyone who holds a true opinion without understanding like a blind man on the right road？’

‘Yes．’

‘Then do you want a poor，blind，halting display from me，when you can get splendidly clear accounts from other people？’

‘Now，for goodness'sake don't give up when you're just at the finish，Socrates，’begged Glaucon．‘We shall be quite satisfied if you give an account of the good similar to that you gave of justice and self-control and the rest．’

‘And so shall I too，my dear chap，’I replied，‘but I'm afraid it's

beyond me，and if I try I shall only make a fool of myself and be laughed at．So please let us give up asking for the present what the good is in itself；I'm afraid that to reach what I think would be a satisfactory answer is beyond the range of our present inquiry．But I will tell you，if you like，about something which seems to me to be a child of the good，and to resemble it very closely – or would you rather I didn't？’

‘Tell us about the child and you can owe us your account of the parent，’he said．

‘It's a debt I wish I could pay back to you in full，instead of only paying interest on the loan，’I replied．‘But for the present you must accept my description of the child of the good as interest．But take care I don't inadvertently cheat you by forging my account of the interest due．’

‘We'll be as careful as we can，’he said．‘Go on．’

2. The Simile of the Sun [...]

‘I must first get your agreement to，and remind you of，something we have said earlier in our discussion，and indeed on many other occasions．’

‘What is it？’he asked．

I replied，‘We say that there are many particular things that are beautiful，and many that are good，and so on，and distinguish between them in our account．’

‘Yes，we do．’

‘And we go on to speak of beauty-in-itself，and goodness-in-itself，and so on for all the sets of particular things which we have regarded as many；and we proceed to posit by contrast a single form，which is unique，in each case，and call it “what really is” each thing．’

‘That is so．’

‘And we say that the particulars are objects of sight but not of intelligence，while the forms are the objects of intelligence but not of sight．’

‘Certainly．’

‘And with what part of ourselves do we see what we see？’

‘With our sight．’

‘And we hear with our hearing，and so on with the other senses and their objects．’

‘Of course．’

‘Then have you noticed，’I asked，‘how extremely lavish the designer of our senses was when he gave us the faculty of sight and made objects visible？’

‘I can't say I have．’

‘Then look．Do hearing and sound need something of another kind in addition to themselves to enable the ear to hear and the sound to be heard –

some third element without which the one cannot hear or the other be heard？’

‘No．’

‘And the same is true of most，I might say all，the other senses．Or can you think of any that needs anything of the kind？’

‘No，I can't．’

‘But haven't you noticed that sight and the visible do need one？’

‘How？’

‘If the eyes have the power of sight，and its possessor tries to use this power，and if objects have colour，yet you know that he will see nothing and the colours will remain invisible unless a third element is present which is specifi cally and naturally adapted for the purpose．’

‘What is that？’he asked．

‘What you call light，’I answered．

‘True．’

‘Then the sense of sight and the visibility of objects are yoked by a yoke a long way more precious than any other – that is，if light is a precious thing．’

‘Which it most certainly is．’

‘Which，then，of the heavenly bodies do you regard as responsible for this？Whose light would you say it is that makes our eyes see and objects be seen most perfectly？’

‘I should say the same as you or anyone else；you mean the sun，of course．’

‘Then is sight related to its divine source as follows？’

‘How？’

‘The sun is not identical with sight，nor with what we call the eye in which sight resides．’

‘No．’

‘Yet of all sense-organs the eye is the most sunlike．’

‘Much the most．’

‘So the eye's power of sight is a kind of infusion dispensed to it by the sun．’

‘Yes．’

‘Then，moreover，though the sun is not itself sight，it is the cause of sight and is seen by the sight it causes．’

‘That is so．’

‘Well，that is what I called the child of the good，’I said．‘The good

has begotten it in its own likeness， and it bears the same relation to sight and visible objects in the visible realm that the good bears to intelligence and intelligible objects in the intelligible realm． ’

‘Will you explain that a bit further？ ’he asked．

‘You know that when we turn our eyes to objects whose colours are no longer illuminated by daylight， but only by moonlight or starlight， they see dimly and appear to be almost blind， as if they had no clear vision． ’

‘Yes． ’

‘But when we turn them on things on which the sun is shining， then they see clearly， and obviously have vision． ’

‘Certainly． ’

‘Apply the analogy to the mind． When the mind's eye is fixed on objects illuminated by truth and reality， it understands and knows them， and its possession of intelligence is evident； but when it is fixed on the twilight world of change and decay， it can only form opinions， its vision is confused and its opinions shifting， and it seems to lack intelligence． ’

‘That is true． ’

‘Then what gives the objects of knowledge their truth and the knower's mind the power of knowing is the form of the good． It is the cause of knowledge and truth， and you will be right to think of it as being itself known， and yet as being something other than， and even more splendid than， knowledge and truth， splendid as they are． And just as it was right to

think of light and sight as being like the sun，but wrong to think of them as being the sun itself，so here again it is right to think of knowledge and truth as being like the good，but wrong to think of either of them as being the good，whose position must be ranked still higher．’

‘You are making it something of remarkable splendour if it is the source of knowledge and truth，and yet itself more splendid than they are．For I suppose *you* can't mean it to be pleasure？’he asked．

‘A monstrous suggestion，’I replied．‘Let us pursue our analogy further．’

‘Go on．’

‘The sun，I think you will agree，not only makes the things we see visible，but causes the processes of generation，growth and nourishment，without itself being such a process．’

‘True．’

‘The good therefore maybe said to be the source not only of the intelligibility of the objects of knowledge，but also of their being and reality；yet it is not itself that reality，but is beyond it，and superior to it in dignity and power．’

‘It really must be miraculously transcendent，'remarked Glaucon to the general amusement．

‘Now，don't blame me，’I protested；‘it was you who made me say what I thought about it．’

‘Yes，and please go on．At any rate finish off the analogy with the sun，if you haven't fi nished it．’

‘I've not nearly fi nished it．’

‘Then go on and don't leave anything out．’

‘I'm afraid I must leave a lot out，’I said．‘But I'll do my best to get in everything I can in present circumstances．’

‘Yes，please do．’

The Divided Line

The analogy of the Divided Line is, Plato makes clear, a sequel to the Sun simile, its purpose being to illustrate further the relation between the two orders of reality with which the Sun simile dealt. But it does so from a particular point of view, that of the states of mind in which we apprehend these two orders or realms. The purpose of the Line, therefore, is not, primarily, to give a classification of objects. Both of the two states of mind correlated with the intelligible realm deal with the same kind of object (the forms) , though each deals with them in a different way; and though in the physical world there is a difference between physical things and their shadows, that difference is used primarily to illustrate degrees of ‘truth’ or genuineness in what is apprehended – we know very little about a thing if

our knowledge is confined to shadows or images of it or, for that matter, to its superficial appearance [...]

‘You must suppose，then，’I went on，‘that there are these two powers of which I have spoken，and that one of them is supreme over everything in the intelligible order or region，the other over everything in the visible region – I won't say in the physical universe or you will think I'm playing with words．At any rate you have before your mind these two orders of things，the visible and the intelligible？’

‘Yes，I have．’

‘Well，suppose you have a line divided into two unequal parts，and then divide the two parts again in the same ratio，to represent the visible and intelligible orders．This gives you，in terms of comparative clarity and obscurity，in the visible order one sub-section of images：by “images” I mean first shadows，then reflections in water and other close-grained，polished surfaces，and all that sort of thing，if you understand me．’

‘I understand．’

‘Let the other sub-section stand for the objects which are the originals of the images – the animals around us，and every kind of plant and manufactured object．’

‘Very good．’

‘Would you be prepared to admit that these sections differ in that one is genuine，one not，and that the relation of image to original is the same as

that of the realm of opinion to that of knowledge？’

‘I most certainly would．’

‘Then consider next how the intelligible part of the line is to be divided．’

‘How？’

‘In one sub-section the mind uses the originals of the visible order in their turn as images，and has to base its inquiries on assumptions and proceed from them not to a first principle but to a conclusion：in the other it moves from assumption to a first principle which involves no assumption，without the images used in the other sub-section，but pursuing its inquiry solely by and through forms themselves．’

‘I don't quite understand．’

‘I will try again，and what I have just said will help you to understand．I think you know that students of geometry and calculation and the like begin by assuming there are odd and even numbers，geometrical figures and the three forms of angle，and other kindred items in their respective subjects；these they regard as known，having put them forward as basic assumptions which it is quite unnecessary to explain to themselves or anyone else on the grounds that they are obvious to everyone．Starting from them，they proceed through a series of consistent steps to the conclusion which they set out to fi nd．’

‘Yes，I certainly know that．’

‘You know too that they make use of and argue about visible figures，though they are not really thinking about them，but about the originals which they resemble；it is not about the square or diagonal which they have drawn that they are arguing，but about the square itself or diagonal itself，or whatever the figure may be．The actual figures they draw or model，which themselves cast their shadows and reflections in water – these they treat as images only，the real objects of their investigation being invisible except to the eye of reason．’

‘That is quite true．’

‘This type of thing I called intelligible，but said that the mind was forced to use assumptions in investigating it，and did not proceed to a first principle，being unable to depart from and rise above its assumptions；but it used as illustrations the very things which in turn have their images and shadows on the lower level，in comparison with which they are themselves respected and valued for their clarity．’

‘I understand，’he said．‘You are referring to what happens in geometry and kindred sciences．’

‘Then when I speak of the other sub-section of the intelligible part of the line you will understand that I mean that which the very process of argument grasps by the power of dialectic；it treats assumptions not as principles，but as assumptions in the true sense，that is，as starting points and steps in the ascent to something which involves no assumption and is the first principle of everything；when it has grasped that principle it can again descend，by keeping to the consequences that follow from it，to a conclusion．The

whole procedure involves nothing in the sensible world，but moves solely through forms to forms，and finishes with forms．’

‘I understand，’he said；‘though not fully，because what you describe sounds like a long job．But you want to distinguish that part of the real and intelligible which is studied by the science of dialectic as having greater clarity than that studied by what are called “sciences”．These sciences treat their assumptions as first principles and，though compelled to use reason and not sense-perception in surveying their subject-matter，because they proceed in their investigations from assumptions and not to a first principle，they do not，you think，exercise intelligence on it，even though with the aid of a first principle it is intelligible．And I think that you call the habit of mind of geometers and the like reason but not intelligence，meaning by reason something midway between opinion and intelligence．’

‘You have understood me very well，’I said．‘So please take it that there are，corresponding to the four sections of the line，these four states of mind；to the top section intelligence，to the second reason，to the third belief，and to the last illusion．And you may arrange them in a scale，and assume that they have degrees of clarity corresponding to the degree of truth possessed by their subject-matter．’

‘I understand，’he replied，‘and agree with your proposed arrangement．’

The Simile of the Cave

This is a more graphic presentation of the truths presented in

the analogy of the Line; in particular, it tells us more about the two states of mind called in the Line analogy Belief and Illusion. We are shown the ascent of the mind from illusion to pure philosophy, and the difficulties which accompany its progress. And the philosopher, when he has achieved the supreme vision, is required to return to the cave and serve his fellows, his very unwillingness to do so being his chief qualification [...]

‘I want you to go on to picture the enlightenment or ignorance of our human condition somewhat as follows. Imagine an underground chamber like a cave，with a long entrance open to the daylight and as wide as the cave. In this chamber are men who have been prisoners there since they were children，their legs and necks being so fastened that they can only look straight ahead of them and cannot turn their heads. Some way off，behind and higher up，a fire is burning，and between the fire and the prisoners and above them runs a road，in front of which a curtain-wall has been built，like the screen at puppet shows between the operators and their audience，above which they show their puppets.’

‘I see.’

‘Imagine further that there are men carrying all sorts of gear along behind the curtain-wall，projecting above it and including figures of men and animals made of wood and stone and all sorts of other materials，and that some of these men，as you would expect，are talking and some not.’

‘An odd picture and an odd sort of prisoner.’

‘They are drawn from life，’I replied．‘For，tell me，do you think our prisoners could see anything of themselves or their fellows except the shadows thrown by the fi re on the wall of the cave opposite them？’

‘How could they see anything else if they were prevented from moving their heads all their lives？’

‘And would they see anything more of the objects carried along the road？’

‘Of course not．’

‘Then if they were able to talk to each other，would they not assume that the shadows they saw were the real things？’

‘Inevitably．’

‘And if the wall of their prison opposite them reflected sound，don't you think that they would suppose，whenever one of the passers-by on the road spoke，that the voice belonged to the shadow passing before them？’

‘They would be bound to think so．’

‘And so in every way they would believe that the shadows of the objects we mentioned were the whole truth．’

‘Yes，inevitably．’

‘Then think what would naturally happen to them if they were released from their bonds and cured of their delusions．Suppose one of them were let

loose， and suddenly compelled to stand up and turn his head and look and walk towards the fire； all these actions would be painful and he would be too dazzled to see properly the objects of which he used to see the shadows． What do you think he would say if he was told that what he used to see was so much empty nonsense and that he was now nearer reality and seeing more correctly， because he was turned towards objects that were more real， and if on top of that he were compelled to say what each of the passing objects was when it was pointed out to him？ Don't you think he would be at a loss， and think that what he used to see was far truer than the objects now being pointed out to him？’

‘Yes， far truer．’

‘And if he were made to look directly at the light of the fire， it would hurt his eyes and he would turn back and retreat to the things which he could see properly， which he would think really clearer than the things being shown him．’

‘Yes．’

‘And if，’I went on，‘he were forcibly dragged up the steep and rugged ascent and not let go till he had been dragged out into the sunlight， the process would be a painful one， to which he would much object， and when he emerged into the light his eyes would be so dazzled by the glare of it that he wouldn't be able to see a single one of the things he was now told were real．’

‘Certainly not at first，’he agreed．

‘Because，of course，he would need to grow accustomed to the light before he could see things in the upper world outside the cave．First he would find it easiest to look at shadows，next at the reflections of men and other objects in water，and later on at the objects themselves．After that he would find it easier to observe the heavenly bodies and the sky itself at night，and to look at the light of the moon and stars rather than at the sun and its light by day．’

‘Of course．’

‘The thing he would be able to do last would be to look directly at the sun itself，and gaze at it without using reflections in water or any other medium，but as it is in itself．’

‘That must come last．’

‘Later on he would come to the conclusion that it is the sun that produces the changing seasons and years and controls everything in the visible world，and is in a sense responsible for everything that he and his fellow-prisoners used to see．’

‘That is the conclusion which he would obviously reach．’

‘And when he thought of his first home and what passed for wisdom there，and of his fellow-prisoners，don't you think he would congratulate himself on his good fortune and be sorry for them？’

‘Very much so．’

‘There was probably a certain amount of honour and glory to be won

among the prisoners，and prizes for keensightedness for those best able to remember the order of sequence among the passing shadows and so be best able to divine their future appearances．Will our released prisoner hanker after these prizes or envy this power or honour？Won't he be more likely to feel，as Homer says，that he would far rather be “a serf in the house of some landless man”，or indeed anything else in the world，than hold the opinions and live the life that they do？’

‘Yes，’he replied，‘he would prefer anything to a life like theirs．’

‘Then what do you think would happen，’I asked，‘if he went back to sit in his old seat in the cave？Wouldn't his eyes be blinded by the darkness，because he had come in suddenly out of the sunlight？’

‘Certainly．’

‘And if he had to discriminate between the shadows，in competition with the other prisoners，while he was still blinded and before his eyes got used to the darkness – a process that would take some time – wouldn't he be likely to make a fool of himself？And they would say that his visit to the upper world had ruined his sight，and that the ascent was not worth even attempting．And if anyone tried to release them and lead them up，they would kill him if they could lay hands on him．’

‘They certainly would．’

‘Now，my dear Glaucon，’I went on，‘this simile must be connected throughout with what preceded it．The realm revealed by sight corresponds to the prison，and the light of the fire in the prison to the power of the sun．

And you won't go wrong if you connect the ascent into the upper world and the sight of the objects there with the upward progress of the mind into the intelligible region. That at any rate is my interpretation，which is what you are anxious to hear；the truth of the matter is，after all，known only to god. But in my opinion，for what it is worth，the final thing to be perceived in the intelligible region，and perceived only with difficulty，is the form of the good；once seen，it is inferred to be responsible for whatever is right and valuable in anything，producing in the visible region light and the source of light，and being in the intelligible region itself the controlling source of truth and intelligence. And anyone who is going to act rationally either in public or private life must have sight of it.'

'I agree,' he said, 'so far as I am able to understand you.'

'Then you will perhaps also agree with me that it won't be surprising if those who get so far are unwilling to involve themselves in human affairs， and if their minds long to remain in the realm above. That's what we should expect if our simile holds good again.'

'Yes，that's to be expected.'

'Nor will you think it strange that anyone who descends from contemplation of the divine to human life and its ills should blunder and make a fool of himself，if，while still blinded and unaccustomed to the surrounding darkness，he's forcibly put on trial in the law-courts or elsewhere about the shadows of justice or the figures of which they are shadows，and made to dispute about the notions of them held by men who have never seen justice itself.'

‘There's nothing strange in that.’

‘But anyone with any sense,’I said,‘will remember that the eyes may be unsighted in two ways, by a transition either from light to darkness or from darkness to light, and will recognize that the same thing applies to the mind. So when he sees a mind confused and unable to see clearly he will not laugh without thinking, but will ask himself whether it has come from a clearer world and is confused by the unaccustomed darkness, or whether it is dazzled by the stronger light of the clearer world to which it has escaped from its previous ignorance. The first condition of life is a reason for congratulation, the second for sympathy, though if one wants to laugh at it one can do so with less absurdity than at the mind that has descended from the daylight of the upper world.’

‘You put it very reasonably.’

‘If this is true,’I continued,‘we must reject the conception of education professed by those who say that they can put into the mind knowledge that was not there before – rather as if they could put sight into blind eyes.’

‘It is a claim that is certainly made,’he said.

‘But our argument indicates that the capacity for knowledge is innate in each man's mind, and that the organ by which he learns is like an eye which cannot be turned from darkness to light unless the whole body is turned; in the same way the mind as a whole must be turned away from the world of change until its eye can bear to look straight at reality, and at the brightest of

all realities which is what we call the good. Isn't that so? ’

‘Yes. ’

‘Then this turning around of the mind itself might be made a subject of professional skill, which would effect the conversion as easily and effectively as possible. It would not be concerned to implant sight, but to ensure that someone who had it already was not either turned in the wrong direction or looking the wrong way. ’

‘That may well be so. ’

‘The rest, therefore, of what are commonly called excellences of the mind perhaps resemble those of the body, in that they are not in fact innate, but are implanted by subsequent training and practice; but knowledge, it seems, must surely have a diviner quality, something which never loses its power, but whose effects are useful and salutary or again useless and harmful according to the direction in which it is turned. Have you never noticed how shrewd is the glance of the type of men commonly called bad but clever? They have small minds, but their sight is sharp and piercing enough in matters that concern them; it's not that their sight is weak, but that they are forced to serve evil, so that the keener their sight the more effective that evil is. ’

‘That's true. ’

‘But suppose, ’I said, ‘that such natures were cut loose, when they were still children, from all the dead weights natural to this world of change and fastened on them by sensual indulgences like gluttony, which twist their

minds’vision to lower things，and suppose that when so freed they were turned towards the truth，then this same part of these same individuals would have as keen a vision of truth as it has of the objects on which it is at present turned．’

‘Very likely．’

‘And is it not also likely，and indeed a necessary consequence of what we have said，that society will never be properly governed either by the uneducated，who have no knowledge of the truth，or by those who are allowed to spend all their lives in purely intellectual pursuits？The uneducated have no single aim in life to which all their actions，public and private，are to be directed；the intellectuals will take no practical action of their own accord，fancying themselves to be out of this world in some kind of earthly paradise．’

‘True．’

‘Then our job as lawgivers is to compel the best minds to attain what we have called the highest form of knowledge，and to ascend to the vision of the good as we have described，and when they have achieved this and see well enough，prevent them behaving as they are now allowed to．’

‘What do you mean by that？’

‘Remaining in the upper world，and refusing to return again to the prisoners in the cave below and share their labours and rewards，whether trivial or serious．’

‘But surely，’he protested，‘that will not be fair. We shall be compelling them to live a poorer life than they might live.’

‘The object of our legislation，’I reminded him again，‘is not the special welfare of any particular class in our society，but of the society as a whole；and it uses persuasion or compulsion to unite all citizens and make them share together the benefits which each individually can confer on the community；and its purpose in fostering this attitude is not to leave everyone to please himself，but to make each man a link in the unity of the whole.’

‘You are right；I had forgotten，’he said.

‘You see，then，Glaucon，’I went on，‘we shan't be unfair to our philosophers，but shall be quite fair in what we say when we compel them to have some care and responsibility for others. We shall tell them that philosophers born in other states can reasonably refuse to take part in the hard work of politics；for society produces them quite involuntarily and unintentionally，and it is only just that anything that grows up on its own should feel it has nothing to repay for an upbringing which it owes to no one.“But，”we shall say，“we have bred you both for your own sake and that of the whole community to act as leaders and king-bees in a hive；you are better and more fully educated than the rest and better qualified to combine the practice of philosophy and politics. You must therefore each descend in turn and live with your fellows in the cave and get used to seeing in the dark；once you get used to it you will see a thousand times better than they do and will distinguish the various shadows，and know what they are shadows of，because you have seen the truth about things admirable and just and good. And so our state and yours will be really awake，and not merely

dreaming like most societies today，with their shadow battles and their struggles for political power，which they treat as some great prize．The truth is quite different：the state whose prospective rulers come to their duties with least enthusiasm is bound to have the best and most tranquil government，and the state whose rulers are eager to rule the worst．”’

‘I quite agree．’

‘Then will our pupils，when they hear what we say，dissent and refuse to take their share of the hard work of government，even though spending the greater part of their time together in the pure air above？’

‘They cannot refuse，for we are making a just demand of just men．But of course，unlike present rulers，they will approach the business of government as an unavoidable necessity．’

‘Yes，of course，’I agreed．‘The truth is that if you want a well-governed state to be possible，you must find for your future rulers some way of life they like better than government；for only then will you have government by the truly rich，those，that is，whose riches consist not of gold，but of the true happiness of a good and rational life．If you get，in public affairs，men whose life is impoverished and destitute of personal satisfactions，but who hope to snatch some compensation for their own inadequacy from a political career，there can never be good government．They start fighting for power，and the consequent internal and domestic conflicts ruin both them and society．’

‘True indeed．’

‘Is there any life except that of true philosophy which looks down on positions of political power？’

‘None whatever．’

‘But what we need is that the only men to get power should be men who do not love it，otherwise we shall have rivals’quarrels．’

‘That is certain．’

‘Who else，then，will you compel to undertake the responsibilities of Guardians of our state，if it is not to be those who know most about the principles of good government and who have other rewards and a better life than the politician's？’

‘There is no one else．’

THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS

西西弗斯神话

［法］阿尔贝·加缪　著

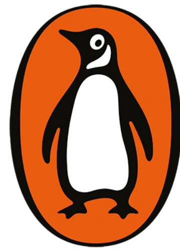
张清　刘凌飞　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

西西弗斯神话

（法）阿尔贝·加缪/著

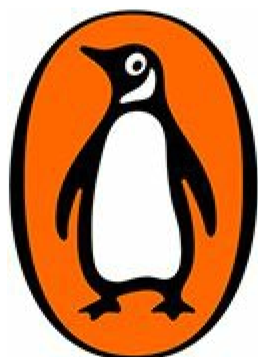
张　清　刘凌飞/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

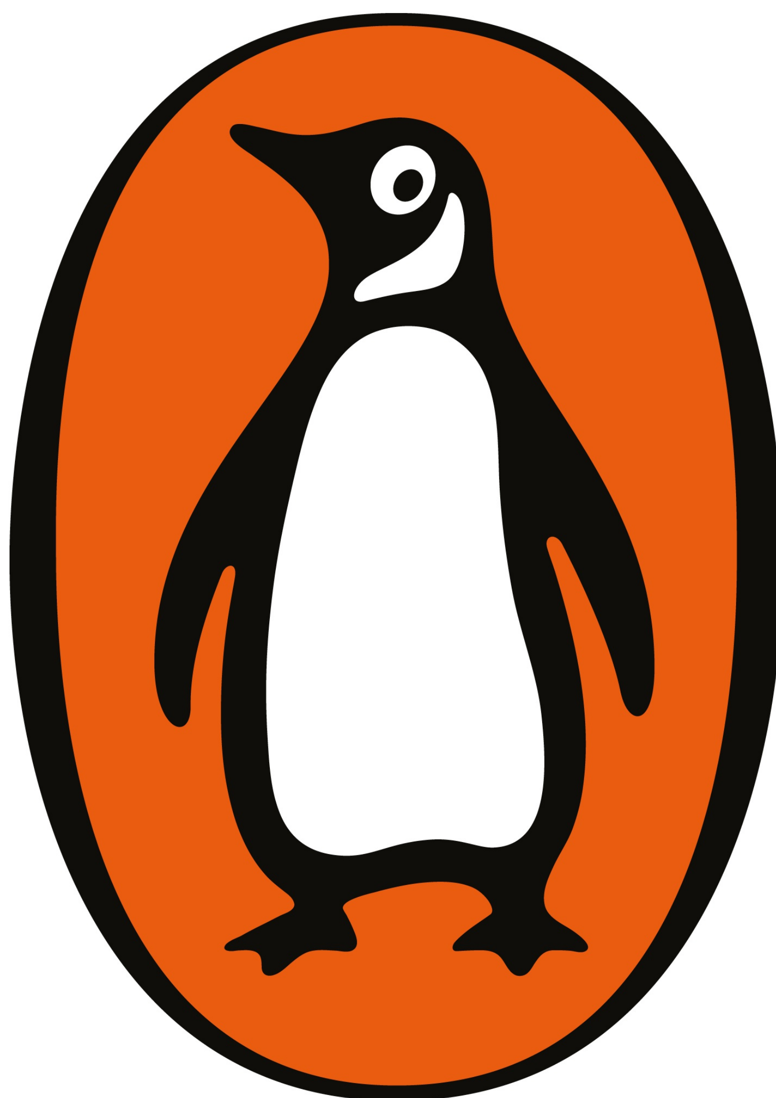
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
Le Mythe de Sisyphe first published 1942
This translation first published by Hamish Hamilton 1955
Published in Penguin Books 1975
This edition published 2005

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

阿尔贝·加缪（Albert Camus，1913—1960），法国作家、记者、哲学家，出生于法属阿尔及利亚的蒙多维；幼年丧父，由做女佣的母亲抚养成人，通过半工半读取得哲学学士学位；曾加入法国共产党，后被驱逐出党。1960年1月4日，加缪在法国桑斯附近遇车祸身亡。

作为记者，加缪曾在多家报社发表过文章。加缪曾创办剧团，写过剧本，也做过演员，主要剧本有《误会》（1944）、《戒严》（1948）和《正义》（1949）等。此外，加缪写了很多著名的小说，其成名作《局外人》（1942）成为荒诞小说的代表作，长篇小说《鼠疫》（1947）曾获法国批评奖。1957年，加缪被授予诺贝尔文学奖。

加缪对哲学的首要贡献当属其关于荒谬的思想。他将荒谬视为我们对世界的“明晰性”和“意义”的欲望与无法满足这种欲望的状况相互作用的结果。他的思想集中表现于《西西弗斯神话》。1951年加缪发表哲学论文《反抗者》，开始了与萨特等存在主义者长达一年的论战，直到与萨特决裂。人们这才发现，一直被看作存在主义者的加缪原来是荒诞哲学及文学的代表人物。

《西西弗斯神话》是加缪的一部哲学论文集，1942年出版。加缪在书中阐释了自己的荒谬哲学，即人在面对一个没有上帝及永恒的真理或价值的世界时对意义、统一性及明晰性的无益探求。在书的一开始，加缪就提出了一个引人入胜的命题：“真正严肃的哲学问题只有一个，那就是自杀。”书中围绕这一问题对荒谬进行了详细阐述，并列举了几类荒谬的生活。最后一章对人们生活的荒谬性与反复推石头上山的西西弗斯的状况进行了比较。在书的最后，作者总结性地说：“迈向高处的挣

扎足够填充一个人的心灵。人们应当想象西西弗斯是快乐的。”

《西西弗斯神话》出版时加缪二十九岁，而这不到三十年的人生历程对于加缪来说无疑是坎坷的：幼年丧父，在贫民区摸爬滚打地长大，在他人的资助与自己的努力下上了大学，又不幸染上肺结核，尝遍人间疾苦。艰辛的人生经历促使他不断进行命运的思索，探讨人生命题。和许多有责任感的学者一样，加缪关心时世，政治立场鲜明，是一位有态度的创作者。在第二次世界大战中，加缪在《阿尔及利亚报》任记者。反对绥靖政策的他因触犯当局而不得已回到法国。后又从《巴黎晚报》离开，迁居奥兰，也就是在那里他完成了本书的创作。

加缪曾在《笔记　II》（1945）中写道：“为什么我是一个艺术家而不是哲学家？因为我是根据词而不是概念来思维的。”研读《西西弗斯神话》，读者能清楚地意识到这一点，对于译者而言体会则更深刻。文章字里行间传达的是至诚而实在的哲思，作者绝不会拿各种概念性的东西把读者引入虚幻的意境，有的只是诚恳的说理。正基于此，译者在传译的过程中不敢也不忍轻易舍一词一字，生怕断了作者的“思维”。因此，译文在保证思想流畅、表达准确的基础上，用心通过一字一词努力再现这位慎思的哲人诚挚的“思维”。

一种荒谬的推理

以下章节所述是在这个时代随处可见的一种荒谬的细腻情感，而不是我们这个时代（严格地说）尚未知晓的一种荒谬哲学。因此本书在一开始就指出书中哪些内容得益于某些当代思想家，是完全合理的。我丝毫没有掩盖这一点的意思，所以你会发现本书自始至终一直在引用与评论这些内容。

但同时注意到这一点也是有益的，那就是迄今已成结论的荒谬在本书则被当作一个出发点。从这个意义上讲，或许可以说，我的论述中存在暂时性的东西：人们无法对其立场作出预判断。你只能在书中发现对一种纯粹的思维病态的描写。诸如形而上学或者信仰，片刻也没有出现过，这就是本书的局限与仅有的偏见。作此澄清是出于某些个人的经历。

荒谬与自杀

真正严肃的哲学问题只有一个，那就是自杀。

判断生活是否有价值，无异于回答最基本的哲学问题。其他一切问题——诸如世界是否有三个维度，思想有九个还是十二个范畴——都在其次。这些不过是游戏；人们首先要做的是回答问题。倘若真如尼采所称，哲学家为赢得尊重就必须以身作则，那么你就能体会到回答那一问题的重要性了，因为这一回答是先于实际行动的。这些都是可以为心灵所感知的事实，却也需要先仔细地研究才能明白无误地理解。

我自问如何判断此问题急迫于彼问题，答案是人们可以从问题所牵涉的行动入手。我从未见过谁是为本体论[1]问题而死的。伽利略曾坚持

一条非常重要的科学真理，但当这条真理危及自己的生命时，他极为轻松地放弃了它。从某种意义上说，他确实抗争过。[2]为这一真理而走上火刑柱赴死是不值得的。从深层次而言，地球和太阳哪个围绕哪个转是无关紧要的。说实话，这是一个无用的问题。同时，我又看见很多人因为觉得生活毫无价值而死去。我还看见，有的人自相矛盾，为了那些赋予他们生存意义的想法或幻想而结束了生命（这一所谓的生存理由同样也是一个绝佳的死亡动机）。因而我得出结论：生活的意义是所有问题中最急迫的。那么如何回答这一问题呢？对于一切基本的问题（我指的是构成死亡威胁的问题，或是强化生活热情的问题），或许只有两种思考方式，一种是帕里斯[3]的方式，一种是堂·吉诃德[4]的方式。唯有在事实与抒情之间找到平衡，才能让我们同时保持激情与清醒。对于一个既如此卑微又如此富于情感的主题，人们可以发现，学术性的、经典的逻辑论证法必须让步于一种更加朴素的思想立场，这种立场既出自人的直觉判断，又来源于人的理解能力。

自杀从来都是被作为一种社会现象来研究的，而我们的研究恰恰相反，我们在一开始关注的就是个体思想与自杀之间的关系。这种行为正如一件伟大的艺术作品，在心灵的静默中孕育，行为者本身并没有意识到。某个晚上，他扣动了扳机，或是纵身一跃。我曾听说过一个公寓经理自杀的例子。五年前他失去了自己的女儿，打那时起整个人就变了很多，而这一变故“侵蚀”着他。用这个词来形容再准确不过了。开始思考也就开始了被侵蚀。社会与这种开始没什么必然联系，问题出在人们心里，那才是应该探究的地方。这一死亡游戏是从清醒地面对生活体验过渡到逃离光明，人们须追踪并且理解这种游戏。

自杀有很多理由，总的来说，最显而易见的并非最具有杀伤力。自杀很少是由反思引起的（但也不能排除）。什么引发了危机，几乎总无法证实。报纸常会说是“内心的悲恸”，或是“不治之症”。这些解释是说得过去的，但是人们应该弄清楚，出事那天是不是有个朋友用一种冷漠

的语调和这个绝望的人说话。如果有，那么这个朋友就是有罪的。因为这足以触发仍在酝酿中的怨恨与烦恼。[5]

然而，如果难以确定思想上决定自杀的微妙步骤——那一准确时刻，那么从这一行为本身推知它带来的后果则要容易得多。从某种意义上说，如在情节剧中一样，自杀等于是自白，承认生活对你来说已无法承受，抑或你不理解生活，但是，我们也不要把这些类比扯得太远，还是要回到日常话语中来，那么承认的就只是“不值得这么费力”地生活。诚然，生活从来都不容易。你不断接收生存发出的指令，并以某种姿态回应，回应的原因有很多，其中首要原因就是习惯。自愿结束生命意味着你已意识到，甚至是本能地意识到这种习惯的荒谬性，意识到找不到任何深刻的理由去生活，发现每天的忙忙碌碌愚蠢至极，遭受痛苦亦无益处。

那不可估量的感情夺去了生活中必要的精神昏睡，那么这种感情究竟是什么呢？世界即使需要用糟糕的理由来阐释，对于人来说也是熟悉的。相反，世界如果突然间失去了幻想与光明，人就会觉得自己是陌生人，是外星人。这种被流放的感觉是无可救药的，因为他被剥夺了对失去家园的记忆和对应许之乡的盼望。人与生活的这种分离，如同演员与舞台的分离一样，可以说正是荒谬感。如果那些有轻生念头的人都是健康人，那么无须多加解释人们就会发现，这种感情与对死的渴望之间有一种直接的关系。

本书的主旨就是表现荒谬与自杀之间的这种关系，揭示自杀究竟在何种程度上解决了荒谬这一问题。原则上可以肯定，对于一个诚实的人来说，对他信以为真的东西应当付诸行动。对存在的荒谬性的笃信必然要支配人的行为。人们可以理所当然地发出疑问——清楚明白而非故作哀伤地，如此重要的一条结论会不会要求人们尽快摆脱一种难以理解的环境呢。当然，我指的是想达到自身协调的人们。

表达得清楚一点，这一问题就显得既简单又不好解决。如果认为简单问题的答案也很简单，清晰明了带来的必是清晰明了，那就大错特错了。若先验地颠倒问题的各项，就如人是自杀还是不自杀的问题一样，只有两种哲理结果：是或不是，这就显得过于简单了，但是应当限制那些不停发问而不作定论的人。这里我只是稍作讽刺：这些人占了大多数。我还注意到，有些人嘴上说“不”，行为表现却好像他们想的是“是”。事实上，根据尼采[6]的标准，他们无论如何都会说：“是。”同时，那些自杀的人常常对生活的意义十分确信。这些矛盾屡见不鲜。甚至可以说，这些矛盾从来没有如此鲜明过，在这一点上，逻辑性变得十分可贵。把哲学理论与这些理论信仰者的行为加以比较，是再平常不过的了。必须指出，在拒绝赋予生活以意义的人中，除了文学作品中的人物基里洛夫[7]，传奇人物贝尔格里诺斯[8]和善于假说的朱尔斯·勒奎尔，没有一个人把否定逻辑推理发展到否定生活。叔本华[9]曾坐在一张华丽的桌子旁大赞自杀，他也因此常被拿来当笑柄。这没有什么可笑的。不把悲剧当回事没有那么可悲，但是却可以用来判断一个人。

面对这种矛盾与令人费解之事，我们还一定要得出结论说，一个人对生活的看法与他逃离生活的做法之间没有关系吗？我们不要在这方面夸大其词。在一个人与自己生活的关系中，有些东西比全世界的苦难加起来都要强大。身体的判断与心理的判断不相上下，而身体面对毁灭时会畏缩不前。我们先养成生活的习惯，然后才养成思考的习惯。在每天都催人走向死亡的竞赛中，身体保持着绝对的领先优势。简言之，这种矛盾的本质在于我所说的逃避行为，因为按照帕斯卡的说法，它既低于又高于消遣行为。逃避是始终不变的游戏。典型的逃避——对死亡的躲闪，是本书的第三个主题，那就是希望。这是对自己“应得”的另一种生活的希望，或者说是对那些不是为生活本身，而为了某些伟大思想继续生活的人的欺骗，这种生活的伟大目标将超越生活，使生活得到升华，赋予生活以意义，然后背叛生活。

如此，一切事物都会造成混乱。人们至今还在玩弄词句并且假装相信，拒绝赋予生活以意义必然得出生活没有价值的结论，而这些努力并没有白费。事实上，在这两种判断之间没有必然的共同标准。人们要做的只是不要受先前指出的混乱、分离与前后不一的误导，必须将一切置之不理，直入实际问题。人们自杀是因为生活不值得过，这确实是一个真理——只是因为不言自明而显得没有意义。但是这种对生存的侵犯，这种让生活深陷其中的断然否定是由生活无意义这一事实造成的吗？生活的荒谬性要求人们借助希望或者自杀来逃离生活吗？——这正是在将其他一切置之不理时必须阐明、追问以及解释的东西。这种“荒谬”操控了死亡吗？在所有思想方法与一切不偏不倚的心理活动之外，必须优先考虑这一问题。“客观”的心理总是将意义的阴影、矛盾与心理学引入所有问题，但这些因素在这种探索与热情中不占有任何位置。需要的只是一个不公正的思想，换句话说就是逻辑思想。这并非易事。做事合乎逻辑常常很容易，但要坚持到痛苦的最后则几乎是不可能的。因此，自杀的人通常顺由自己的情感变化走到终点。对死亡的思考让我借机提出唯一令我感兴趣的问题：至死不变的逻辑是否存在？我无从知晓，只有借助证据进行探寻——这里我指出了这种推理的源头，在探寻中不能有感情的冲动。这就是我所称的荒谬的推理。许多人已经开始这一探索，不知他们是否还在坚持。

卡尔·雅斯培[10]指出，世界不可能形成一个整体，当他大声疾呼“这样的限制让我找到自己，于是我不能再拿自己正表达的一个客观观点做挡箭牌，于是不管是我自己还是他人的存在都不再是我的对象”时，他其实是在继很多人之后又提到了那些无水的沙漠，在那里思想已山穷水尽。继很多人之后，没错，但是他们曾经多少渴望走出沙漠啊！许多人，即使是一些最卑微的人，都到达了那最后的十字路口，而思想在那里犹豫不决了，然后他们便放弃了自己最宝贵的东西，他们的生命。其他人，那些精神上的贵族，同样放弃了，只是他们采取了思想的自杀这种最纯粹的反叛。其实，真正的努力应该是尽可能待在原地，仔细考查

那些边远地区的奇花异草。在这场非人性的表演中，荒谬、希望与死亡展开了对话，而坚持与明智则是拥有特权的观众。思想于是可以先分析这支灵巧的入门舞蹈的舞者们，然后加以阐释并再亲自体验一次。

荒谬的墙

正如伟大的作品一样，深邃的感情总是静水流深。心灵中规律性的冲动与排斥也同样发生在习惯性的做与想中，并且在心灵本身并不知情的诸多后果中重新上演。伟大的感情拥有自己的宇宙，或宏伟壮观，或惨不忍睹。这些感情用自己的热情点亮一个专属于自己的世界，并在这个世界里找到适合自己的基调。有忌妒的宇宙、利欲的宇宙、自私的宇宙，也有慷慨大度的宇宙。一个宇宙，换句话说也就是一种形而上学、一种思想立场。适合于这种已然自立门派的感情的，甚至会更适合于那种情感，它们像为我们创造美好、由荒谬所激起的东西一样基本不可预料，含混而又明确，遥远而又“存在”。

在任何一个街角，荒谬的感情都可能正面直击任何一个人。实际上，赤裸裸的荒谬是让人费神的，它发出光亮，却不甚耀眼，难以捉摸，但这一难题又值得人思索。事实上，某个人可能永远都会不为人所知，在他身上有某种不能克服的东西我们无从发现，然而在现实情况中，我通过人们的行为和全部活动，以及他们的存在给生活带来的影响来认识和辨认他们。同样，那些不合理性的感情没有为分析创造任何落脚点，对于它们我能够在现实中加以定义与领悟，方法就是收集他们在思维领域的影响，把握并记录它们的所有面貌特征，描画属于它们的宇宙。可以肯定的是，即使一个演员我见过上百次，我也不会因此多了解他一点，但是如果我总结他所演绎的英雄人物，说我在列数他所演的第一百个角色后对他有了更深的了解，这听起来还像是真的。这一浅显的悖论也是一则寓言，其中寓有深义。它倡导人们用伪装，同样也用发自内心的冲动来定义自己。因此，有一种更为低调的感情，处于内心深

处，难以接近，却又通过所暗示的行动，以及所表现的思想立场而部分地展现出来。我显然是在用这种方式定义一种方法，而同样明显的是这是一种分析方法，而非认知方法，因为方法就意味着形而上学；形而上学则会无意中揭示一些往往自称毫不知情的结论。与此相类似的是，一本书最后几页的内容已经包含在头几页中了。这样一种联系是不可避免的。这里定义的方法承认这种观点——不可能有全然真实的认识。只有表象可以被列举，基调可以被感知。

或许我们可以在各不相同却又紧密相联的智力世界、生活艺术世界，或单纯艺术世界超越那种难以捉摸的荒谬感情。荒谬性的思潮是在初始阶段，结尾是那荒谬的宇宙，还有那种思想态度，它用自己真实的色彩点亮这个世界，展示出那种态度在这荒谬的宇宙中所辨识出的无可改变的特殊面貌。

一切伟大的行动与一切伟大的思想都有一个荒唐的开端。伟大的作品常常诞生于某个街角或某个餐厅的旋转门里，荒谬性也不例外。荒谬的世界更是从那种卑微的出身中孕育出了高贵。在某些情况下，一个人被问及他在想什么时，答道："没什么"，那他可能是在伪装。那些受人喜爱的人非常了解这一点。然而，如果回答是真心的，如果此回答表现了特异的心理状态，此时无声就是雄辩，日常活动的链条就被打破了，而心灵却搜寻不到能把它再联结起来的纽带，那么可以说这就是荒谬性发出的最早信号。

碰巧舞台背景塌了。起床、乘电车，在办公室或工厂待四个钟头，吃饭、乘电车，工作四个钟头、吃饭、睡觉，周一、周二、周三、周四、周五、周六，都遵循着同样的节奏——大部分时候沿着这条路走是很容易的。但是有一天，"为什么"出现了，所有沉闷乏味的事物都开始兴奋地叮当作响，于是"就开始了"——这是至关重要的。厌倦来自一种机械生活的结束，但同时，它也激发了意识的冲动。它唤醒了意识，并

驱动着随后的事物，而随后便是逐渐恢复那根链条，或者说这就是彻底的觉醒。当完全觉醒后，结果也如期而至：自杀或者恢复。厌倦本身就有一些令人生厌的东西。在此，我必须给出我的结论：厌倦是件好事。因为万事始于意识，若不经过意识，任何事情都是无价值的。这些观点没有什么独创之处，而是显而易见的，足够对荒谬性的起源作一粗略回顾。正如海德格尔[11]所言，单纯的“忧虑”乃万事之发端。

同样，在平平淡淡的生活中，每天都是时间带着我们走，但是也总有我们必须带着时间走的时候。我们指望着未来过活：“明天”“以后”“在你走出自己的路之后”“等你到了一定年龄就懂了”。这些无关紧要的事非常好，因为这终究是关系到死亡的问题，然而有一天，一个人注意到，或是跟人说，他三十岁了，他是在肯定自己的年轻，同时他也把自己和时间联系起来，在时间中他占有一席之位。他承认自己站在曲线的某一点上，并意识到必须走到曲线的尽头。他属于时间，那恐惧牢牢钳制住他，他才认清了自己最糟糕的敌人。明天，他在期待明天，但是体内的每一个细胞都应该是拒绝明天的。这种肉体的反抗就是荒谬。[12]

降低一个层次，陌生感就会伺机而入：察觉到世界是“密实”的，感觉到一块石头在多大程度上对于我们是陌生而不可简化的，以及自然或某处风景能多么强烈地否定我们。在一切美的内心都有一些非人性的东西，那些山、那柔和的天空、那树木的轮廓在这一刻失去了我们拿来装点它们的虚幻的意义，从此它们变得比失乐园还要遥远。世界最初就有的敌意会穿越几千年的光景来反对我们。转瞬间，我们不再理解这个世界，因为几个世纪以来，我们明白的只是我们事先赋予而这个世界的形象与设计，而自此以后，我们不再拥有这项技能。世界变回它本来的样子，从而从我们手中逃离。那被习惯所掩盖的舞台布景又恢复了原来的面貌，后退至和我们保持一段距离。这就好像是在某段时间里，我们几个月前或几年前曾爱过的一个女人的面孔由熟悉变得陌生起来。我们甚

至开始渴望那些突然让我们变得孤身一人的东西，只是这一时机尚未成熟。唯有一事：世界的那种密实与陌生就是荒谬。

人也会隐藏非人性的东西。在某些清醒时刻，其姿态中机械的一面——那种无意义的哑剧，让周围的所有事物都变得愚蠢。一个人正在玻璃隔墙后打电话；你听不到他，只能看到他令人费解的哑剧表演：你在想，这人怎么会存在。面对自己非人性特质时的不适，看到自己的形象时不可估量的落差，这种被当代某作家称作“恶心”[13]的东西，也是荒谬。同样，有时与我们在镜中相会的陌生人，我们在自己照片中发现的那熟悉却又让人恐慌的兄弟，也是荒谬。

最后我要说到死亡以及我们对死亡的态度。关于这一点已有详尽论述，我只要避免引人哀惋即可。每个人似乎都在无人“知晓”的情况下生活，人们永远都会对这一点感到惊讶，因为在现实中，人们没有死亡的经历。确切一点说，人们经历过的只是生活中遇到并意识到的东西。这里，探讨别人死亡经历的希望十分渺茫，那只是一种替代物，一种错觉，不会让我们十分信服。这种悲伤的经历是没有说服力的。恐惧实际上来自事件那精确的方面。如果时间让我们感到害怕，那是因为它确定了问题，解决办法随之而来。所有关于灵魂的精彩言论都会让其反面得到令人信服的证明，至少在一段时期内如此。灵魂从一巴掌留不下任何痕迹的无生气的躯体中消失了，这一不寻常经历中基础而又具有决定性的那一面即为荒谬感。在这种命运的死亡之光下，其无用性显而易见。在操纵我们处境的残酷的确定性面前，任何一种道德、任何一种努力都无法先验地证明自己的正确性。

我重申：所有这些已不止一次被谈到。我在这里只是想做一个快速的归类，并指出这些显而易见的主题。这些主题贯穿于所有文学与哲学中，日常谈话为之提供养分，它们的重塑没有问题，然而要想随后自问这一基本问题，就有必要对这些事实了然于胸。我还要重申：我对荒谬

之发现的兴趣不及对荒谬之后果的兴趣深厚。假如人们确信这些事实，那么会得出什么结论？又要做到什么程度才会不逃避任何事情呢？人们是自愿死亡，还是凡事都抱着希望呢？在此有必要对智力的程度预先作一次同样快速的清理归类工作。

思想上要做的第一步就是明辨是非，然而，思想一旦开始自省，首先发现的就会是矛盾，这一点是不言自明的。几个世纪以来，关于这一问题的论述，没有人能比亚里士多德更简洁而明白："这些观点不攻自破，结果常常被人取笑。因为我们在肯定一切皆真实的同时也肯定了这种论点之反面的真实性，结果也就肯定了自己论题的谬误性（因为反面的论点不承认它是真实的）。而如果有人说一切皆谬误，这一论点本身就是错的。倘若我们宣称只有我们论点的反面是错误的，或者只有我们的论点不是错误的，我们则是被迫承认了无数真实或错误的判断。因为一个人在表达一种真实论点时宣称它是真实的，同时也承认了以此类推的无限论点。"

这一恶性循环只是系列中的第一环，在这一系列中，自省的思想迷失在令人晕眩的旋转中。正是这些悖论的简单性使它们变得不可克服。不论如何玩弄词藻，操纵逻辑，理解最重要的是一致。思想即使在最复杂详尽的过程中，其最强烈的欲望与人们在面对自己的宇宙时那种无意识的感情也是相似的。这是对熟悉事物的一种坚持，是对明晰性的一种渴望。对一个人来说，理解这个世界就是把它简化为人的状态，为之打上自己的印记。猫的宇宙不会是蚂蚁窝。"一切思想都是拟人化的"，这一不言而喻的真理没有其他含义。同样，旨在理解现实的思想只有把现实简化为思想领域的概念，才能得到满足。如果人们意识到宇宙同自己一样也可以有爱和遭遇，那么人们可能就会顺服了。倘若思想在闪亮的现象之镜中发现种种永恒的关系，既能把现象归纳为单一的原则，又能把它们自身归纳为单一的原则，那么此思想就可被看作一种思维上的愉悦，有福之人的神话不过是对这种愉悦的可笑模仿。那种对统一性的怀

恋，那种对绝对性的渴望，阐明了这场人类大戏的基本冲动。这种怀恋的确存在，但并不意味着必须马上满足这种渴望。因为如果我们在分隔欲望与成功的鸿沟之上架起桥梁，我们就是肯定了巴门尼德[14]“一”（不论“一”为何物）的现实，我们就陷入了一种可笑的思想矛盾：这种思想肯定完全统一，并且用这种肯定证明自身的差异以及自称要解决的多样性。这另一个恶性循环足以扼杀我们的希望。

这些也是不言而喻的真理。我又要重申：它们本身没有什么有趣之处，有趣之处在于它们导致的结果。我知道还有一个自明之理，认为人终有一死。人们可以列数从这一真理推断出极端结论的种种思想。在我们幻想自己知道的与自己真正知道的之间，在实际赞成与假装无知之间，有着常见的差距。这种差距允许我们在生活中保有那种一旦真正投入试验便会颠覆我们整个生活的想法。我们有必要将这种差距作为本书一个不变的参考点。面对思想中这一纠缠不清的矛盾，我们应该完全掌控把我们与自己的创造相分离的裂缝。只要思想在这静止的希望世界里保持沉默，万事都会反映并被安排在这被怀念的统一性中，但是一旦破静为动，这个世界就开始破裂、倒塌：给认识留下无数闪光的碎片。对于重塑这个熟悉而平静、能给我们带来心理安宁的表象，我们一定是不抱任何希望的。经过这么多个世纪的探寻，许许多多的思想家选择了放弃，我们非常清楚，我们所有的知识都是这样。除了专业的理性论[15]者，如今人们对真正的知识已感到绝望。假使要书写唯一有意义的人类思想史，那么写的肯定是这些思想产出后接连不断的悔恨史与这些思想的无能史。

对于何人、何物，我可以说：“我知道！”我能感觉到我深藏的内心，我断定它是存在的。我能触摸到这个世界，我同样断定它是存在的。我所有的学识到此为止，余下要做的就是构建。因为如果我试图抓住真实可感的自我，如果我试图对之加以定义并总结，那么它就只能像水一样从我指间流走。我可以一个一个勾画出它能表现出来的所有面

貌，以及那些同样归属于它的面貌，那种成长，那种源头，那种热情或那些沉默，那种高贵或那种邪恶。但是诸多面貌无法简单相加，这颗属于我的心对我而言永远都是不可定义的。在我对自身存在的确定性和我试图赋予这种确信的内容之间，存在着不可填充的沟壑，我对自己永远都是陌生的。如同在逻辑学中一样，在心理学中也是只有事实而没有真理。苏格拉底的“认识你自己”，同我们忏悔时的“守德”一样有价值。它们同时揭露了一种对过去的怀恋和一种无知，都是关于伟大主题的乏味游戏，这些游戏只有在严格的近似范围内才是可以被理解的。

树，我知道有嶙峋的表皮；水，我能品尝它的味道。那草木的清香与夜晚的星斗，那身心放松的晚上——我怎能否定这个世界？它的能量与力量我都可以感觉得到。然而世间的所有知识都不能向我保证说，这个世界是我的。你向我描述它，并教我给它分类。你列数它的规则，在我渴求知识时我承认这些规则都是对的。你拆分它的结构，于是我的希望增加了。最后，你教给我说这精彩纷呈、色彩斑斓的寰宇可以被还原为原子，原子又能被还原成电子。所有这一切都不错，我等着你继续说下去。可是你又告诉我有一个看不见的原子系统，电子在万有引力的作用下绕着一个核转动。你描绘了一个图像，为我解释这个世界。这时我发现你已被还原成了诗意：我永远也不会明白。我还有时间气愤吗？你已经改换了理论，于是本该教给我一切的科学以一个假设告终，那清醒的开创人以比喻收尾，那种不确定性成了一件艺术品。我还有什么必要作这么多努力呢？群山柔和的线条与夜晚之手对我那颗困扰之心的抚摸，教给我更多。我又回到了最初。我认识到即便通过科学我能掌握各种现象，并一一加以列举，我仍然不能领悟这个世界。当我用手指勾勒出世界的所有起伏后，我就不能再进一步了。而且你给了我一个二选一的题目，选项一是一个可以确定的描述，只是什么也没有教给我；选项二是一些假设，据称可以授予我知识，却都无法确定。我对于自身，对于这个世界都感到陌生，我有的只是在自我肯定后又迅速自我否定的思想。我只有不再去了解、不再去生活才能得到平静，对于征服的欲望遭

遇了阻挡它进攻的墙，这是什么情况？有愿望就意味着要引出多个悖论。万事都以这种方式被安排，目的是形成由不经思考、不加用心与选择死亡产生的受荼毒的平静。

思智也以它的方式告诉我这个世界是荒谬的。其对立面——盲目的理性，很可能会宣称一切皆清晰。虽然我一直等待这一点被证明，并且期望它是正确的，但是多少自命不凡的年代后，我从那么多能言善辩之才的身上明白，这是错误的。至少在这一领域，如果我不知，就没有幸福。那一普遍的理性（现实的或是道德的）、那种宿命论、那些解释一切的范畴，足以贻笑大方。它们和精神毫不相干，否定了其将受到束缚的深刻真理，因而在这混沌不清的有限的宇宙中，人的命运承担了它的意义。大批不合理性涌现在他周围，直至他终老。人们业已恢复的洞察力如今变得审慎起来，于是荒谬的感情也变得清晰而明确。我说过这个世界是荒谬的，只是未免操之过急。只能说，这个世界本身是非理性的。而所谓荒谬，就是不合理性遭遇了对清晰性的极度渴望，这种渴望在人的内心回荡。荒谬同时取决于人和这个世界，它将两者捆绑在一起，正如只有仇恨才能把两物联结在一起一样。这是我在这个无限宇宙的探险之旅中能辨识出的所有。我们在此停顿一下。如果我承认这种决定我与生活之间关系的荒谬性，如果我在观赏这个世界的风景时充满惆怅与感伤，在追逐科学的过程中被迫变得头脑清晰，那么为了那些确定性我就必须牺牲一切，就必须正视它们以保持这种确定性。最重要的是，我必须使我的行为与之相适应，并且追踪其造成的所有影响。我指的是体面。但是在此之前我想知道思想能否在那些荒漠中生存。

我知道思想至少已进入了那些荒漠，在那里它找到了自己的面包，在那里它意识到之前一直是从幻象中汲取营养，证明了人类思考中最亟待解决的几个主题。

荒谬从它被承认的那一刻起，便成为一种强烈的感情，且是最折磨

人的那种。不管人们能否和自己诸多强烈感情共处，能否接受这些感情的规则，这规则都可能烧毁他们同时在盛赞的心灵，这便是全部问题所在，但还不是我们马上要谈的问题。它属于这种经历的中心问题，还有时间再回到这一问题上。我们还是先来辨认一下那些源自荒漠的主题与冲动吧，列举这些因素便足够了，它们如今也已广为人知。过去，总会有人去捍卫非理性的权利。一种思想被冠以屈辱的标签，这种传统一直都有。对理性主义的批评不绝于耳，似乎也没有必要再发起一次。那些自相矛盾的体系力争绊倒理性，似乎理性真的一直遥遥领先，而这些体系的重建便是我们时代的标志。与其说这是理性效力的一个证明，不如说是其希望的强烈程度的一个证明。从历史角度看，两种立场的不变性阐明了人这种本质上的强烈感情被分裂，纠结在对统一的欲望和对包围自己的藩篱可能具有的清晰视觉之间。

然而，或许任何一个时代对理性的攻击都不及我们这个时代强烈。自从查拉图斯特拉[16]疾呼："偶然乃是世上最古老的贵族，我把它交还给万物，我把万物从受制于目的的奴隶状态中解放出来。"自从克尔凯郭尔[17]染上不治之症——"这种疾病导致死亡，而身后一片什么也没了"之后，荒谬思想的主题便接踵而至，意味深长又折磨人心。或者至少，本书的附文——有关不合理性与宗教思想的主题，显得至关重要。从雅斯贝尔斯[18]到海德格尔，从克尔恺郭尔到舍斯托夫[19]，从现象学家到舍勒[20]，在逻辑学与道德范围内，构成了一个由幻想作为联系的思想家族，尽管其方法与目的各异，但他们都固执地阻挡着理性的光明之路，而去探索直通真理的道路。我在此设定的是那些为人知晓且被体验过的思想，不论其过去或现在的目标是什么，它们都源自那个无法描绘的宇宙——这里矛盾、对立、痛苦与无能横行，其共性正是已揭示出的主题。必须说明，对这些思想来说，最重要的也是从那些发现中得出的诸多结论，其重要程度要求人们必须对其单独进行分析。目前我们只关心其发现，及其独创性的试验，只注意指出它们一致的地方。如果说对其哲学进行研究有些冒昧，但无论如何我们可以阐释一下其共同的思

想倾向，这也就足够了。

海德格尔冷静地观察了人类的状态，并表示这种存在是耻辱的。在整个生存链条中，唯一的现实是“焦虑”。对于迷失在世界及其岔路上的人而言，这焦虑是一种飞逝而过的恐惧。可是如果这种恐惧变得自知，它就会变成痛苦，这是头脑清醒之人（“存在集中表现在其身上”）永远的立场。这位哲学教授用世界上最抽象的语言坚定地写道：“人类存在的限定性与限制性特征比人类自身更原始。”他对康德[21]的兴趣仅限于认可其“纯粹理性”的限制性特征，他在分析的最后总结道：“世界无法再给予满怀痛苦的人任何东西。”这种焦虑在他看来，似乎比世界上所有的范畴都重要的多，以至于他的所想所谈都是关于它。他列举了焦虑的各个方面：当正常人企图平息他的焦虑时，他会感到厌烦；当思想在沉思死亡时，他感到害怕。海德格尔也没有将意识与荒谬分开。意识到死亡便是召唤了焦虑，“存在于是以意识为中介向自己发出了召唤”，这正是痛苦的声音，它恳请存在“从那无名的‘它们’中回归”。对他来说，人必须保持警觉，不到圆满结束不能睡去。他立于这个荒谬的世界中，指出它生命短暂的特性，在废墟中搜寻自己的路。

雅斯贝尔斯对任何本体论都感到绝望，因为他断言，我们已失去了“天真”。他明白我们没有办法超越显见的死亡游戏，他明白思想的终点就是失败。他在历史所揭示的精神冒险上徘徊，并且毫不怜悯地揭露每个体系中的缺陷，揭露那包罗万象的幻觉，揭露那什么也不加掩藏的说教。在这个遭受毁坏的世界，知识的不可能性已得到证实，永远的虚无似乎是唯一的现实，无法补救的绝望似乎是唯一的立场，而雅斯贝尔斯企图在其中找到指向天机的“阿里阿德涅之线”[22]。

就舍斯托夫而言，他的全部作品都异常枯燥，向着同样的真理不懈努力。他不辞劳苦地论证，最严密的体系、最普遍的理性主义最终总是在人类思想的非理性上栽跟头。他没有放过任何一个贬低理性的讽刺性

事实或荒唐可笑的矛盾。无论是在心理范围还是思想范围，让他感兴趣的只有一件事，那就是反抗。通过陀思妥耶夫斯基[23]关于有罪之人的体验，通过尼采精神险象环生的奇遇，通过哈姆雷特的诅咒或某个易卜生的恶毒贵族，舍斯托夫追踪、阐明，并且放大了人类对无可救药的反抗。他拒绝赋予理性以节期，只有在这黯然无色的荒漠中才带着某种决心开始了他的行程，在这荒漠里所有确定性都幻化成石头。

在所有人中，与荒谬联系最紧密的大概要数克尔恺郭尔了。至少在他活着的一部分时间内，他不仅发现了荒谬，而且体验了荒谬。“最难对付的沉默不是缄口不言而是大谈特谈”，他从一开始就确信，没有真理是绝对的，或者没有真理能使一个本身就没有可能性的存在变得让人满意。他是思智领域的唐璜[24]，拥有众多笔名与矛盾，写过《两个启发性谈话》和《诱惑者的日记》，后者是悲观的唯灵主义的教科书。他拒绝接受慰藉、道德规范、可靠的准则，至于他心里能感觉到的那根芒刺，则小心翼翼地不去减轻刺痛，反而去唤醒它，像饱经沧桑的人一样感到绝望中的快乐并甘之如饴。在这快乐中，他一点一点地建立起被魔鬼附身之人的范畴——清醒、拒绝、假装。那张面孔温柔地冷笑着，那些优雅的舞蹈旋转动作伴随着从心底发出的呐喊，这些都是与难以理解的现实相搏斗的荒谬精神。而给克尔恺郭尔带来他所钟爱的丑闻的精神历险，同样开始于一种被剥夺了背景且跌至无逻辑的初始状态的混乱经历。

另一个方面，也就是在关于方法的问题上，胡塞尔[25]和现象学家们还原了世界的多样性，否定了理性至高无上的权力，由此精神宇宙丰富得不可估量。玫瑰花瓣、里程碑或人的手臂，同爱情、欲望或万有引力定律一样重要。思想不再追求统一，或者使外观在一种主法则的伪装下变得为人所熟悉。思考就是重新开始学习发现，学习聚精会神，学习关注意识；就是运用普鲁斯特[26]的方法，把每一种想法、每一种形象都变成一种特殊时刻。而为思想正名的是其极度清醒的意识。尽管胡塞

尔前进的方式比克尔恺郭尔或舍斯托夫更积极，但在一开始，这种方式却否定理性的经典方法，消灭了希望，使直觉与心理感知到一种现象的激增，这种财富有种非人性的成分在里面。这些道路可能通往所有科学，也可能到达不了任何科学。这就等于说，在这种情况下，方法比结果更为重要。有关系的只是“一种理解的态度”，而不是一种慰藉。我再重复一遍：至少，开始时是这样。

我们怎能感觉不到这些思想的基本联系呢？怎能没发现他们处在一种特殊的痛苦时刻，此时没有希望的任何位置呢？我想听到一切都解释清楚，要么就什么都别解释。而理性即使听到内心的这一呼唤，也无能为力。被这种压迫唤醒的思想寻找着，却除了矛盾与荒唐念头之外一无所获，我不能理解的便是那荒唐念头。世界上尽是这种不理性的人。对于这世界的意义我丝毫不理解，而它本身就是非理性的。如果有人哪怕只说一次：“这是显而易见的”，就什么都省了。可是这些人争先恐后地宣称，什么都不清楚，一切都处在混乱之中，所有人都只保留了自己的洞察力，都只对包围自己的墙有着确切的认识。

所有这些体验都彼此协调，相互肯定。当思想到达自己的极限时，就必须作出判断，并得出结论，这时自杀与答案便出现了。但是我想颠倒一下查询的顺序，从思智的历险开始，然后回到日常活动中。这些忆起的体验都来自我们那不可遗忘的荒漠，至少有必要知道他们走了多远。人们努力至此，便和非理性正面交锋了，内心感到对幸福的期待和对理性的渴望。荒谬就产自人的需求与世界不合理的沉默之间的对抗，这一点不能遗忘，必须坚持下去，因为生活的整体结果便依赖于此。非理性因素、人的怀旧情绪，以及二者交汇产生的荒谬——这出戏剧的三个角色，必须以一种存在能达到的逻辑性收尾。

哲学性自杀

尽管如此，荒谬的感觉，不同于荒谬的概念。前者为后者奠定基

础，仅此而已。荒谬的感觉并不限于这一概念，除了它对宇宙作判断的短暂时刻，而随后它有可能更进一步地发展。荒谬的情感是有生命的，换句话说，它要么死去，要么比以前声势更大。对于我们已汇集起来的主题而言，也是如此。但话又说回来了，我感兴趣的不是那些言论或者思想（对它们的批评需要换个形式和场合），而是发现它们结论的共同点。或许思想间如此巨大的差异前所未有，但我们将那些精神风景——思想的旅程——看作是同一的。同样，尽管知识领域不同，终止其旅行计划的呼唤却有着同样的振荡频率。显然，我们所回忆的这些思想具有共同的立场。说这种立场是致命的，差不多就是玩弄辞藻。在那样一种沉闷的天空下生活，人们被迫留下，要么就得逃离。重要的是弄清楚人们如何逃离，或者为何要留下。我就是这样确定自杀问题，以及对存在哲学结论的潜在兴趣的。

但首先我想从直达路径中绕出来。至此，我们已将荒谬与外界隔离。然而，人们还是可以对这一概念的清晰度产生疑问，并且通过直接分析发现其意义，以及它所包含的后果。

假如我指控一个清白之人犯了一项滔天大罪，假如我说一个品德高尚之人垂涎自己的姐妹，他会回答说这太荒谬了。他生气，是有些可笑，但也有其根本原因。那个有道德的人这样回答，说明我归到他身上的行为与他做人的原则之间存在着明确的对立。“这太荒谬了”，意思是说“这是不可能的”，但同样是说“这是有矛盾的”。假如我看到一个人仅仅手握一柄剑进攻一伙荷枪实弹的队伍，我会认为他的行为是荒谬的。然而得出这种结论只是因为，他的意图与他要面对的现实两者不相称，因为我注意到，他的实力与他要达到的目的之间存在矛盾。同样，当我们将一项裁定与另一项明显符合事实的裁定相对照时，会发现该判决很荒谬。类似的还有，取得一种荒谬的论证，要将这种推理的结果与人们想要建立的合乎逻辑的现实加以比校。在所有这些例子中，从最简单的到最复杂的，荒谬的程度与对比的双方之间的差距有直接关系。有荒谬

的婚姻、荒谬的挑战、荒谬的怨恨、荒谬的沉默，荒谬的战争，甚至是荒谬的和平协定。每一种荒谬都源自一种比较。因而我可以理直气壮地说，荒谬的感情并非产生于对一个事实或一个想法单纯的仔细检查，而是源自一个赤裸裸的事实与一种确定的现实之间的对比，或是一种行为与超越行为的世界之间的对比。荒谬从根本上讲是一种分离，它不属于相比较的任何一方，而是产生于双方交锋时。

因此，针对这种特殊情况，从思维的角度看，我可以说荒谬不在于人（如果这样一种比喻有意义的话），也不在于这个世界，而在于二者的同时呈现。现在来看，荒谬是联结它们的唯一纽带。假如我只想谈论事实，我就能知道人们想要什么，这个世界能为他们提供什么，现在我可以说我还知道什么将他们联结在一起。我不必挖掘得再深一点，对于一个探索者来说一种确定性就足够了，他只须从这种确定性中得出所有的结果。

最直接的结果也是一种方法规则。用这种方法揭露的怪诞的三位一体论当然不会是一种惊人发现，但它和体验的数据却是相似的，因为它极其简单，又极其复杂。从这一方面来说，它的首要区别特征就是不可分性。毁掉其中一部分，就毁掉了整体。人的思想之外再无荒谬，于是和所有其他事物一样，荒谬止于死亡。可是世界之外也不再有荒谬。正是在这样一种初级标准下，我判断，荒谬的概念必不可少，并认为它可以作为我所发现的第一个真理。上文提及的方法规则在这里出现了。如果我判断某事是真的，我就必须保护它。如果我试图解决某个问题，那种解决办法至少不能让问题中的某些成分消失。对我而言，孤立的唯一根据就是荒谬。在我的探询中，首要的、唯一的条件是保留那摧毁我的东西，进而尊重其中我认为必不可少的东西。我已将之定义为一种反抗，一种不止的斗争。

这种荒谬的逻辑贯穿始终，我必须承认这一斗争意味着希望的完全

缺失（与绝望无关），一种不断的剔除（不可与放弃相混淆）和一种有意识的不满（须与不成熟的躁动相区别）。任何破坏、去除、操纵这些要求的东西（首先是消除分离的协调），都会推翻荒谬，并且使人们随后可能会提出的态度失去价值。荒谬只有在不被人们认可的时候才有意义。

有一个完全合乎道德规范的显见事实，那就是，人总会成为自己所求真理的猎物。他一旦承认了真理，就无法从这些真理中抽身而出，就必须付出代价。意识到这种荒谬的人会永远为之束缚，全无希望并且意识到这一点的人不再属于未来，这是理所应当的。同样理所应当的是，他会努力逃脱这个亲手创造的宇宙。上述一切就是因为这一悖论才有意义。有些人从批评理性主义入手，承认了这种产生荒谬的环境。从这一点上看，对他们详述其结果的方法进行仔细检查，是再有益不过的了。

仅从存在哲学的角度看，我发现这类哲学无一例外都提到了逃遁。在一个仅限于人的密闭的宇宙，它们从理性废墟上的荒谬出发，通过不同寻常的推理，将击溃自己的东西神圣化，并且寻找理由对使自己穷困的事物产生希望。这种被迫的希望对他们来说就是一种宗教信仰，值得引起关注。

这里我只以舍斯托夫和克尔凯郭尔青睐的几个主题为例作个分析。雅斯贝尔斯则会以讽刺画的形式，为我们提供一个典型例子来表现这种立场，其他问题将随之变得更加清楚。而后，他无力实现超验之物，无法探察经验的深度，感知到这个被失败搅乱的世界。他是否会前进，或至少从这次失败中总结出什么呢？他没有得出什么新的东西。在体验中，除了承认自己无能为力之外，他一无所获，也不知道从何处推论出什么让人满意的原理，但是正如他自己所说，他突然就不加证实地一下子肯定了超验之物、经验的本质，以及生活的超常意义。于是他写道：“失败在任何可能的解释和说明之外揭露的不是超验之物的缺失，

而是超验之物的存在，难道不是这样吗？”这种存在由于人们的盲目自信，突然就解释了一切，他将这种存在定义为“普通与特殊不可思议的联合”。于是荒谬成了神（从本词最广义的层面看），而这种理解上的无能成了阐明一切的存在。无法对这种推理进行有逻辑的准备，我可以把这叫作一种跨跃。而我们可以有悖常理地理解雅斯贝尔斯的主张，以及他为使超验之物的体验变得不可能而投入的无限耐心。因为这种近似越短暂，这种定义越空洞，这超验之物对他来说便越真实；因为他在肯定超验之物上投入的热情，和其解释能力与这个世界及经验的不合理性之间的差距，直接相关。因而似乎雅斯贝尔斯将理性的先入之见摧毁得越是彻底，他对这个世界的解释就越是激进。这位鼓吹耻辱思想的使徒会在受尽凌辱之后发现如何深入地实现重生。

玄妙的思想让我们熟悉这种手段，它们与所有思想立场一样合情合理。此刻我表现得好像是在认真对待某个问题。我没有事先判断这种立场的总体价值或其教育意义，我只想考虑它能否满足我自己设立的条件，是否值得我为之论战。某评论人引用了舍斯托夫的一段话，很有意思：“真正的解决办法只有一个，”他说，“正是出现在人们的判断找不到解决方案之时。否则，我们要上帝有什么用呢？我们求助于上帝只是为了实现不可能，至于可能之事，人就可以办到了。”如果有一种舍斯托夫哲学，我可以说它完全是用这种方式总结出来的。因为在其饱含激情的分析最后，舍斯托夫发现了所有存在根本的荒谬性。他没有说“这是荒谬的”，而是说“这是上帝：我们必须依赖他，即使他不符合我们任何理性的范畴。”为了使他的思想不致引起混乱，这位俄国哲学家甚至暗示道，这个上帝或许仇恨满腹，惹人憎恶，难以捉摸，还矛盾丛生；但他的面孔越是丑陋，他就越坚持自己的权力。他的伟大之处正是他的前后不一，他的非人性便是证明。人们一定要跃入上帝怀中，用这一跃把自己从理性的幻影中解放出来。因而，对于舍斯托夫来说，接受荒谬与荒谬本身是同时进行的。意识到荒谬就相当于接受了荒谬，其思想所作的所有逻辑上的努力就是为了引出荒谬，这样荒谬中包含的巨大希望

便会同时喷薄而出。我重申一次，这种立场是合情合理的，但我还是坚持只考虑一个问题及其所有后果。我不必检验一种思想的情感，或是一种信仰行为的情感，我有一辈子的时间去这么做。我知道舍斯托夫的立场惹怒了理性主义者，但我还是觉得正确的是舍斯托夫，而非理性主义者。我只想知道舍斯托夫是否还忠实于荒谬的信条。

如今，倘若承认荒谬的反面是希望，则可见舍斯托夫的存在思想是以荒谬为前提的，但只是为了消除它才去证明它。思想的这种奸计是巫师玩的情感小把戏。当舍斯托夫在别处又把他的荒谬与被普遍接受的道德和理性相对立时，他把这种荒谬叫作真理与救赎。因此从根本上说，荒谬这一定义包含着舍斯托夫对它的一种认可。倘若承认，这一概念的所有能量都在于它与我们的低级希望相对抗的方式上；倘若意识到，要保持荒谬就不能得到认可，那么显然，为了达到令人满意又难以置信的永恒，荒谬失掉了自己的本真、自己的人性和相对性特征。如果有一种荒谬，那么它必在人的宇宙中。这一概念从把自己转化为永远的跳板那一刻起，就和人的清醒不再有关联了。荒谬不再是人们无须认同便能确定的显见之物，于是就避免了斗争。人们将荒谬合并为一，并且在这种情况下，消除了荒谬必不可少的特性——对立、撕裂、分离。这一跃便是逃遁。舍斯托夫喜欢引用哈姆雷特的话“时间脱节了”，他是带着一种狂野的希望写下这句话的，这种希望似乎为他所独有，因为哈姆雷特说这句话，或是莎士比亚写这句话时，都没有那种感觉。对这种不合理性的沉醉，以及天生的狂热，使一个清醒的头脑远离荒谬。对于舍斯托夫来说，理性是无用的，但理性之外别有他物；对于一个荒谬的头脑来说，理性也是无用的，而且理性之外什么也没有。

这一跃至少可以在荒谬的本质问题上给我们多一些启发。我们知道荒谬只有在平衡中才有价值，它首先产生于比较过程中，而非被比较的各项。可舍斯托夫恰恰是把所有的重点都放在了被比较的一项上，破坏了平衡。只有在我们可以理解并解释诸多事情时，我们对理解的渴望、

对绝对性的怀恋才能得到解释。绝对否定理性是无益的，理性在自己的秩序中是有效的。我们正是想通过人们的经验澄清一切，由此我们想要让所有事情经受考验，假如做不到这一点，假如在这种情况下产生了荒谬，那么它正产生于有效而有限的理性与不断复苏的非理性交会的时刻。当舍斯托夫抨击黑格尔的一条主张，诸如“太阳系遵循永恒的规律运转，而这些规律就是太阳系的理性”的时候，当他狂热地冲击斯宾诺莎[27]的理性主义的时候，他恰恰肯定了一切理性的虚伪。由这个结论出发，他便通过一个不合情理的自然反转，肯定了非理性的优先地位。[28]但这种转变并不明显。这里会插入限度和层面的概念。自然法则可能会在某个限度内有效，超过这一限度它们就会违背自我，产生荒谬。否则，它们会在描述层面上使自己合乎情理，而在解释层面上并不因此成真。在这里，为达到非理性，所有一切都被牺牲，而对明晰性的要求被消除后，荒谬便携对比中的一方消失了。同时，荒谬之人没有经历这种保持平衡的过程。他承认斗争与非理性，并未绝对轻视理性。这样一来，他又在一瞥之间欣然接受了所有经历的细节，而不会在不知情的情况下轻易跨越。他只知道，在那样的敏锐的意识中已无希望的容身之所。

在里奥·舍斯托夫的思想中所能感知到的问题，或许在克尔凯郭尔的思想中更为突出。的确，要清楚概括这一难以捉摸之作家的言论，并非易事，但是，尽管其著作中存在明显的对立，排除种种化名、伎俩和玩笑，我们似乎可以从整部作品中预感到（同时也担忧）一种真理从其最后几部作品中最终迸发出来：克尔凯郭尔同样也纵身一跃。他的童年受到基督教的惊吓，最终他回到了这种宗教最严酷的一面。对他来说，矛盾与悖论也成了宗教标准。因而导致人们对生活的意义与深度感到绝望的东西，如今又赋予了生命以真实性与清晰性。基督教引起了公愤，克尔凯郭尔所需要的其实就是依格那丢·罗耀拉[29]所要求的第三牺牲，这一牺牲最讨上帝的欢心：“智力的牺牲”。[30]这一“跃”产生了异乎寻常的效果，但不应再让我们大吃一惊了。他在荒谬中确立了另一个世界的

标准，但那只是这个世界的经验的残羹冷炙。“从失败中，”克尔凯郭尔说，“信徒找到了自己的胜利。”

我不必去考虑这种立场与什么鼓动人心的说教有关，我只须考虑荒谬的浩大声势以及它自己的特性能否证明自己的合理性。我明白，它做不到这一点。人们若再思索一下荒谬的内容，就更能理解启发克尔凯郭尔的那种方法了。在世界的非理性与荒谬反叛的怀旧情感之间，他没有保持住平衡，他也没有尊重构成（恰当地说是）荒谬感情的关联。当他明确自己无法从非理性中逃脱时，他至少想把自己从那令人绝望的怀旧情感中解救出来，这种情感对于他来说贫瘠而缺乏深意。可是如果在这一点上他的判断是对的，他不可能去否定自己。如果他用一种疯狂的信仰代替了对反抗的呼吁，他马上就会对曾启发自己的荒谬视而不见，而将他从此拥有的唯一确定性奉若神明，也就是非理性。加里亚尼神父[31]对德毕内夫人[32]说过：重要的并不是被治愈，而是与小病共存。克尔凯郭尔想要被治愈，那是他狂热的愿望，在他的日记中这种愿望随处可见。他在思智上所作的全部努力就是逃离人类命运的矛盾。他在谈到自己时会断断续续地意识到它的虚伪，于是作出更加绝望的努力，好像对上帝的恐惧或虔诚都不能让他回复平静。因此，他用一个不自然的托词给了非理性荒谬的外表，给了上帝荒谬的特性：不公平、不合逻辑、不可理解。唯有他的智慧试图扼杀人心灵深处的欲求。既然没有任何东西得到证明，那么一切都可以得到证明。

事实上，克尔凯郭尔本人向我们展示了走过的路。这里我不想多谈什么。我们在他的著作中，怎能无视为平衡荒谬中的损伤而对灵魂所作的几乎故意的损伤呢？这也是《日记》的主旨。“我所缺少的是动物性，这动物性同样是人类命运的一部分……那么请给我一个身体。”他进而说：“哦！特别是在我青春萌动的时代，为了成为一个人，我什么代价没付出啊，即使只有六个月的时间……说到底，我欠缺的就是一个身体及存在的各种肉体条件。”还是这个人，在另一部著作里却发出了

对希望的伟大呼喊，这希望经历过那么多个世纪，鼓舞了那么多的心灵（除了那荒谬之人的心灵）。“但是对基督徒而言，死亡绝对不是一切的终结，它包含的希望远远多于生活所赋予我们的，即使那生活充满健康活力。”由耻辱而来的和解仍旧是和解。可见，或许这允许人们从死亡——希望的反面——中获取希望。即使人们出于同情而倾向于这种立场，还是必须指出，过度是什么也证明不了的。正如人们所言，这个超过了人们的尺度；因此它必须是超人的。然而这种“因此”是多余的，这里没有合乎逻辑的确定性，也没有试验的可能性。我只能说，事实上，这个超过了我的尺度。如果我从中找不到一个否定性的推论，至少我不想从这不可思议中建立任何东西。我想知道，凭借我所知道的能否生活，以及能否仅凭它生活。人们又告诉我，思智在这里必须牺牲掉自己的骄傲，理性必须低下高贵的头颅。可是如果我意识到了理性的限度，我不会因此否定它，我已经意识到它的相对力量。我只想保持在这条中间道路上，思智在这里可以保持清晰。如果这就是它的骄傲，我没发现足够的理由去抛弃它。比如，再没有比克尔凯郭尔的观点更深刻的了，在他看来，绝望不是一个事实而是一种状态：罪孽的状态。因为罪孽远离上帝，而荒谬作为有意识之人的超自然状态，并不通往上帝。[33]或许为使这一概念更清楚，我可以斗胆使用这种惊世骇俗的说法：荒谬就是没有上帝的罪孽。

这是一个在荒谬状态下生活的问题。我知道它产生的基础，这种思想与这个世界相互拉扯，却无法彼此包容。我想知道这种生活状态的规则，而所提供给我的答案漏掉了它的基础，否定了这种痛苦的对立中之一方，想要让我放弃。我又问，我所发现的自我状态都包含什么；我知道的是，它包含费解与无知；于是我确定，这种无知可解释一切，这种黑暗是我的光明。可是这样的回答不能满足我的目的，那种让人心潮澎湃的抒情无法对我掩藏那种悖论。因此，人们必须要走开。克尔凯郭尔会大声疾呼：“假如人们没有了永恒的意识，假如在一切事物的根源，只有一种野蛮而火热的力量主宰万物，在那黑暗激情的风暴中生发出或

巨大或微小的东西，假如那无物可填充的无底的虚无正是万物之基，那么生活除了绝望还会是什么样呢？”这声呼喊不会阻止荒谬的人，寻找真实的东西不同于寻找期望的东西。如果为避免这一让人头疼的问题：“生活会是什么样？”，人们就得像驴子一样，从那虚幻的玫瑰中汲取营养，那么荒谬的思想更愿意接受无畏的克尔凯郭尔的回答——“绝望”，而不是屈从于谎言。万事考虑周全，一个坚定的灵魂什么都能应付得来。

在此我擅自把这种存在主义立场叫作哲学性自杀，但这并没有包含任何评论在里面，只是方便指出一种思想进行自我否定，并通过这种否定超越自我。对于存在主义者而言，否定是他们的上帝。确切地说，这一神明只有通过否定人的理性才得以维持，[34]但是同自杀一样，神明也因人而异。跨跃的方式有很多，重要的是要跨跃。那些作为弥补的否定，那些终极矛盾（否定尚未跃过的障碍），可能会从某种宗教启发中弹跳出来，正如从理性的秩序中弹出一样（这是此推理针对的悖论）。它们一直自以为永恒，也只有在永恒中他们才会跨跃。

必须重申，本书中的推理完全不理会我们这个开明时代传播最为广泛的精神态度：以一切皆理性的原则为基础，旨在解释这个世界。当我们接受世界必然是清晰的这一观点后，自然要给出一个关于世界的清晰观点。这甚至也是合情合理的，却和我们这里进行的推理无关。事实上，我们的目的在于阐明源于世界缺乏意义这种哲学的思想，以及最后从中发现一种意义与深度时所采取的步骤。其中最动人的步骤从本质上说是具有宗教意义的；在非理性的主题上变得更加明显，但最自相矛盾又最富有意义的肯定是将合理的理性归于这个原以为全无指导原则的世界。对于怀旧精神的这种新成就，如果人们不能给出一种观点的话，那无论如何也不可能得到与我们相关的结果。

我将只检验一下由胡塞尔和现象学家们带动的潮流——“意向”主

题，前面也已提到过。起初，胡塞尔的方法否定理性的经典步骤。我再重复一遍，思考不是产生一致，或是使外表在一个大原则的伪装下变得为人熟知。思考是重新学习如何去看，操控人的意识，从每种形象中发现一种特殊位置。换句话说，现象学拒绝解释这个世界，它只想描述真实的经验。其早期论断中就有这种说法，没有真实只有真理，这肯定了荒谬的思想。从夜晚的微风，到我肩上的手臂，一切都有它的真实。意识关注它，并借此加以阐明。意识并没有形成其理解的对象，它只是找到重点，这是一种关注行为。借用柏格森[35]派的形象，它就像是一台突然聚焦到一个图像上的投影仪。不同之处在于，这里没有情节，只有一连串不连贯的图解。在那奇幻的灯下，所有画面都受到特别待遇。意识在经验中将其关注的对象定格，运用非凡的技艺将它们分离出来。自此，它们不再接受任何评价。这就是刻画意识的"意向"，但这个词语并不意味着最终定义，只限于"方向"的意义层面：它唯一的表面意义就是方向上的。

初看起来，在这种情况下，似乎没有什么违背荒谬的精神。这种只描述不解释的思想表面看上去很低调，这种意向性的学科自相矛盾地导致经验不断丰富，促使世界在冗长中重生，这些都是荒谬的步骤，至少初看起来如此。就思想方法而言，不论是在这种情况下还是其他情况下，它总会表现出两个方面：一个是心理学方面，另一个是形而上学方面。[36]因此它们包含两种真理。如果意向的主题只阐释一种心理学立场，致使现实没有得到解释反而被消耗殆尽，那么实际上什么也没有从荒谬精神中分离出来。它旨在列举自己无法超越的东西，只肯定在没有任何统一原则的情况下，思想仍然可以在描述并理解经验的各个方面时得到乐趣。由此，包含其中的真理从本质上说是心理学上的，它只是证实了现实可以提供的"兴趣"。这种方法唤醒了一个沉睡的世界，使其形象生动地浮现于脑海。如果试图拓展，为那个真理概念奠定一个合理性的基础，如果声称可以用这种方式发现知识的各种客体的"本质"，那么就恢复了经验的深度。对于一个荒谬的头脑来说，这是难以置信的。如

今，正是这种在谦逊和显现在意向态度中的确信之间的摇摆，以及这种现象学思想的闪光，能最好地阐释荒谬的推理。

胡塞尔同样提到了由意向揭露的“超时间本质”，听起来像柏拉图。并非所有事物都能用一物来解释而必须用万物来解释，我觉得没什么不同。诚然，这些想法或本质要素都是意识在每种描述最后“实现”的，不会被作为完美的模范。不过可以确信，它们都直接出现在认识的每种依据中。单一的观点不再能解释一切，而是无数的本质要素为无数对象赋予一个意义。这个世界停顿了，但是也被点亮了。柏拉图现实主义变得直观起来，但它仍旧是现实主义。克尔凯郭尔被自己的上帝吞没；巴门尼德[37]使思想深陷于“同一”中。而思想把自己掷入一种抽象的多神论中，这还不够：幻觉与虚构同样属于“超时间本质”。在观念的新世界中，光怪陆离的物种与大都会人这一更谦逊的物种协调合作。

有一种纯心理学的观点认为：世界的各个方面都是特殊的，这种观点在一个荒谬之人看来真实而令人不快。说任何事都是特殊的就等于说任何事都是平等的，但是这一真理在形而上学方面影响极为深远，以致荒谬之人通过一个基本反应便感觉和柏拉图更接近了。实际上他被告知，每种形象都有一个平等的本质。在这个没有等级的理想世界，正式部队只由将军组成。诚然，至高无上被消除了，但思想中的突然转变让一种有缺陷的内在性回归到这个世界中，这种内在性恢复了这个宇宙的深度。

我是否该担心把这个被其创造者谨慎使用的主题扯得太远了呢？我只读过胡塞尔的这些观点：“就其本身而言，真实的东西是绝对真实的；真理有一个，与自身一致，不管认识真理的是谁，是人、魔鬼、天使，还是神。”这话表面来看自相矛盾，却有严密的逻辑性，但前提是要接受他先前的观点。理性胜利了，并且用这种声音吹响号角，我不可否认。其观点在这个荒谬的世界又有何意呢？天使或是神的认识对我来

说都没有意义，神赐的理性准许给我的地位永远都让我难以置信。我从他的观点中也辨认出一种跨跃，尽管是以抽象形式出现的，但对我来说却意味着要忘记我不想忘记的。胡塞尔进一步感叹：“假如一切承受引力的质量都消失了，那么引力规律也不会因此被摧毁，只不过是没有再体现在实际中的可能罢了。”这时我明白，自己面对一种慰藉的形而上学。而如果我想发现思想在何时偏离了清晰之路，只须重读胡塞尔有关精神的相似推理：“倘若我们考虑清楚心理过程的确切规则，它们看上去也会一成不变，如同理论自然科学的基本规则一样。因此即使没有心理过程，它们也是有效的。”即使精神不存在，其诸多规则也会存在！于是我发现，胡塞尔旨在从一种心理学的真理中提出一个合理规则：在否定了人类理性的整合力后，他通过这一权宜之计跃入了永恒的理性。

我也不会对胡塞尔“具体宇宙”的主题感到惊讶。如果跟我说并非所有本质因素都是形式上的，而有些是物质上的，第一种是逻辑对象，第二种是科学对象，那么这只是一个定义问题。我读到，抽象的宇宙自身缺乏一致性，只表示具体宇宙的一部分，然而已得到注意的摇摆容许我阐明混乱的各项。因为这将意味着，我所关注的具体对象——天空、外套上水渍中的反射物——保留了我的兴趣在这世界中分离出的真实的声望。我不否认这一点，但这也意味着这件外套本身就具有普遍性，有自己独特而充分的本质，属于形式世界。我意识到，只是前进的次序被改变了，这个世界已不再能反射到更高层次的宇宙中，但形式的天堂在地球上的诸多形象中都有自己的倒影。这对我而言没什么改变。在此我没有形成对人类状态的意义——这一具体性——的鉴赏力，但我发现了一种不受束缚的唯理智论，可以将具体本身普遍化。

那种明显的悖论通过受辱的理性和胜利的理性这两条截然相反的道路，导致思想自我否定，惊异于这一悖论是徒劳无获的。从胡塞尔抽象的神到克尔凯郭尔光辉耀眼的神，两者相距并不遥远。理性与非理性宣传的是同一种东西。事实上用什么方法关系不大，只要有实现的愿望就

足够了。抽象哲学家与宗教哲学家都从同样的无序出发，并在相同的焦虑中互相支持，然而解释是必要的，这里怀旧比知识更强。这个时代的思想立刻成为了受世界无意义论影响最深的哲学之一，也是结论分歧最多的哲学之一，这是很有意义的。它在现实的极端理性化与非理性化之间不停摇摆，前者倾向于将这种思想分化成诸多标准的理性，后者则倾向于神化这种思想，但这种分裂只是表面上的。这是一个妥协问题，在两种情况下，跨跃便足够了。认为理性概念是单向概念的想法一直都是错的。说实话，不管它对理想要求多么严格，这一概念与其他概念一样是不稳定的。理性有一种人性的面貌，但它也能被神化。普罗提诺[38]是第一个将之与永恒的思想态度相调和的人，自他以后，理性便学会了背离最受青睐的原则（即矛盾），以将相关要素中神奇的那一个、最奇特的那一个并入理性。[39]这是思想的一个工具，并非思想本身。最重要的是，一个人的思想就是他对旧事的怀恋。

正如理性可以抚慰普罗提诺的哀伤一样，它也在永恒熟悉的背景中找到了平息当代痛苦的方法。荒谬的头脑就没这么走运了，对于它来说，世界既没有那么合理，也没有那么不合理。它是不理性的，仅此而已。在胡塞尔那里，最终理性一点限度也没有了。相反，荒谬设立了自己的限制，因为它无力平息自己的痛苦。克尔凯郭尔从另一角度坚称，要否定那种痛苦，一种限度就够了。但荒谬并未走这么远，对荒谬而言，这一限制只是在理性的理想中发挥作用。如存在学家构想的那样，非理性的主题是，理性变得混乱，通过否定自身而逃遁。荒谬是注意到自身限制的清醒的理性。

只有在这条困径的尽头，荒谬之人才认出自己真正的动机。在将自己内心的极度渴望与摆在自己面前的事实相对比时，它突然感到自己想要逃离。在胡塞尔的宇宙中，世界变得清晰起来，人们内心对熟悉的渴望变得毫无用处。在克尔凯郭尔的启示中，那种对清晰性的渴望必须被放弃才能得到满足。罪孽与其说是知道（如果是这样，那么每个人都是

无辜的），不如说是想知道。这的确是唯一的罪孽，荒谬之人从中感到，自己的罪恶与清白都来自它。他有一种解决办法可选，这种办法让过去所有的矛盾都变成了论战的游戏而已。荒谬之人并不是这样体验矛盾的，应该保留矛盾的真实性，这真实性在于不被满足。他不想布道。

我的推论要忠实于激发起这种推论的明晰性。这种明晰性是荒谬的，它是拥有渴望的头脑与带来失望的世界之间的分离，是我对统一性的怀恋，是这个支离破碎的宇宙，是将宇宙碎片联结在一起的矛盾。克尔凯郭尔抑制着我的怀旧情绪，胡塞尔将这个宇宙聚合在一起。这并非我的期待。问题是，要带着这些错乱生活与思考，要明白是接受还是拒绝。掩盖证据，或是通过否认等式一侧的因素来抑制荒谬，是没有问题的。有必要知道人们能否与之共存，或者另一方面，逻辑是否命令人们为之放弃生命。我感兴趣的是普通的自杀，而不是哲学性自杀。我只是想去除它的情感内容，弄清楚它的逻辑与整体性。其他任何立场都意味着荒谬想法的欺骗，以及思想在自己所揭露的东西面前的回避。胡塞尔宣称要服从欲求，以避免“在某种熟知而适宜的存在条件下生活与思考的积习”，然而最后的一跃又让他恢复了永久性与舒适性。这一跃并不是克尔凯郭尔意想中的极端危险，相反，危险存在于跨跃之前的微妙瞬间。能够停留在那让人晕眩的风口浪尖——这就是完整性，其余都是借口。我还知道，无助激发起的协调从来没有像克尔凯郭尔的那样出众，但如果说无助在历史那不动声色的风景中占有一席之地的话，那么它在那种需求已为人所知的推理中是没有位置的。

荒谬的自由

主要部分已论述完毕，但还有几件事我要坚持，无法割舍，其中主要有我所知道之事、我无法否认之事、我无法拒绝之事及确切之事。对于我身上依赖于模糊往事的那一部分，除了那种对统一性的欲求、对解决问题的渴望、对清晰性和内聚力的需要之外，我可以全盘否定。对于

周遭冒犯我或愉悦我的东西，除了那种混乱、那种当权机会、那种源自无序状态的神授的自由之外，我可以一一加以驳斥。我不知道这世界是否有一种超越自身的意义，但我知道我不了解那种意义，让我现在就去了解它也不可能。一种存在于我的环境之外的意义，于我意义何在？我只能理解人类的语言。我所理解的是我触摸得到的、与我相对抗的东西。而我也知道这两种确定性——我对绝对性和统一性的欲望，以及把世界还原为一种合理而理性原则的不可能性，无法得到调和。还有什么真理我可以坦诚承认而不必撒谎，不需要引入一个我所欠缺的希望，而这种真理又在我生存条件的限度内毫无意义呢？

假如我是林中之木，兽中之猫，那么这种生活还会有某种意义，确切地说那种问题就不会出现，因为我将是属于这个世界的。我应该就是这个世界，这个我用自己的全部意识和对熟悉性的全部坚持而反对的世界。正是这一可笑的理性让我与世间万物为敌，我无法将之一笔勾销，我也必须因此坚守自己相信的真理。对我来说显而易见的事情，即使于我不利，我也必须坚持。而除了对这一理性的意识，还有什么会是这种冲突的基础，以及这世界与我的思想相分离的基础呢？因此，如果我想坚持这一理性，我就可以通过一种始终如一的意识永远保持清醒与警觉。这就是此刻我必须要记住的。此刻，那么明显而又那么难以赢得的荒谬，又回到了人的生活中，在那里找到了家的感觉。此刻，精神也可以远离清醒的努力，这条路贫瘠而干皱。这条路如今出现在日常生活中。它遭遇到不具名的无人称代词的世界，但自此人们带着反抗与清醒走进了这个世界。人们已经忘记了如何去应付，如今的地狱是其最后的王国。一切问题又都变得尖锐起来，抽象的明晰性在形式与色彩的诗意面前撤退了。精神冲突变得形象化，又归于人心卑贱而华丽的庇护。尽管它们都未安置下来，但形象都得到了改观。有谁打算结束生命，或是一跃而逃，或是重建一座规模等身的思想与形式大厦？相反，又有谁想在让人惊心动魄、心力交瘁的荒谬之赌上下一注呢？在此问题上让我们来个最后一搏，得出我们的所有结论。届时身体、爱慕、创造、行动、

人的高尚在这个疯狂的世界上将各归各位。最终人们会在这里找到供养其伟大性的荒谬之酒与冷漠之粮。

我们再次强调方法吧：这是一个坚持的问题。在荒谬之人的路上，某个时候他会受到引诱。即使是没有神存在的历史也不乏宗教或先知。若被要求跨跃，他只能回应说自己没有完全理解，说这不甚清楚。实际上，除了自己完全理解的，他不想做任何事情。他确定这是傲慢产生的罪孽，但他不理解罪孽的概念；他也确信，地狱也许就在眼前，但没有足够的想象力去设想那个奇怪的未来；还有，他不朽的声明正在消失，但考虑这些对他来说却是徒劳。也有人试图使他承认自己的罪过，但他觉得自己是无辜的。事实上，他能感觉到的只有那给予自己一切的不可救药的清白。因此，他对自己的要求就是只带着自己知道的生活，适应确定之物，拒绝任何不确定之物。他被告知没有东西是确定的，但至少这句话是确定的。而他所关心的是这一点：他想确定是否可能毫无诉求地生活。

现在，我可以引出自杀的概念了。或许你已经预感到会有什么解决办法被提出来。现在这个问题倒过来了。一开始的问题是要发现生活是否一定要有意义才能过好，而如今显然相反，生活没有意义才会过得更好。体验一种经历、一种特定的命运，便是接受全部生活。现在，人们都知道了生活的荒谬，谁也不会体验这样的命运了，除非他的所作所为都是为保持由意识阐明的这一荒谬。他生活在对立之上，而否定对立的其中一方就相当于躲避它，取消有意识的反抗就是逃避问题，于是永恒变革的主题被引入个人体验，生活便是保持荒谬，而保持荒谬首先就要审视荒谬。荒谬与欧律狄刻[40]不同，只有当我们背离它时，它才会消亡。仅有的几个前后一致的立场之一便是反抗，这是人与自己的阴暗面之间的不断对抗，是对不可能得到的透明度的一种坚持，它每一秒都要重新挑战这个世界。正如危险为人们提供了抓住意识的独特时机一样，形而上学的反抗将意识扩展至体验的整个过程。它是不断出现在人们眼

中的自我形象，而非什么强烈的愿望，因为它缺少希望。这种反抗必将带来一种不甘溃败的命运，并没有本该伴随一旁的顺从。

由此可以看出荒谬的体验在多大程度上是远离自杀的。人们或许认为反抗之后便是自杀——错了，自杀并非反抗的逻辑后果。情况恰恰相反，因为自杀是以自愿为前提的。自杀，同跨跃一样，是极端的接受。一切都结束了，人便回到了自己的本质性历史中。他的未来，他可怕而又独一无二的未来——他看到了，并飞快地冲向它。自杀用自己的方式解决了荒谬，它将荒谬吞没在同样的死亡中。但我知道，为将荒谬保持下去，就不能解决它。它在意识到死亡的同时，拒绝了死亡，因而便逃脱了自杀。在有罪之人产生最后一个念头时，荒谬是他在自己晕倒的片刻于几码以外看到的鞋带。实际上，自杀的反面是被判了死罪的人。

这一反抗赋予生命以价值。它贯穿于整个生命，使这种生命恢复了昔日的尊严。对于一个眼光不开阔的人而言，没有比与超越自己的现实相搏斗的思智更好的视野了。人的自豪感是无可匹敌的，任何轻蔑对之都无济于事。那种精神自我施加的纪律、无端冒出来的意愿、面对面的对抗都具有某种特殊性。现实的非人性成就了人的尊严，而让这种现实处于困顿状态就等于是让自己处于困顿状态。我于是明白了，为何那些学说向我解释一切的同时也损耗了我的体能。它们将我从生命的重量中解救出来，而从此我就必须独自肩负起这重量。此刻我难以想象，一种怀疑论的形而上学能与一种选择放弃的道德观相结合。

意识与反抗，这些是与放弃相对的否定。人心中一切不屈不挠和充满激情的东西都在用自己的生命驱动着人的意识和反抗。一定不要心甘情愿地去死，自杀是一种否认。荒谬之人只能耗干一切，最后让自己枯竭。荒谬是他的极端紧张状态，他孤军奋战，不断保持着这种状态，因为他知道，他用那种意识以及日复一日的反抗证实了自己唯一的真理，那就是反抗。这是我们得出的第一个结果。

如果我坚持这种预先设定的立场——只在于从一种新发现的概念中得出所有结论（别无他物），那么我就会遇到第二个悖论。为忠实于这种方法，我与形而上学的自由问题毫无干系。我对人是不是自由的这一问题没有兴趣，我体验的只是自己的自由。而关于这一问题，我没有什么笼统观点，只是有一些清晰的领悟。“自由本身”的问题是没有意义的，因为它以一种极其不同的方式与上帝的问题相关联。要知道人是否自由就要知道人能否有一个主人。这一问题独特的荒谬之处就在于，产生自由这一问题的观念同样剥夺了它的所有意义。因为有上帝在，自由问题就得让位于罪恶问题。你知道选项的：或者我们是不自由的，全能的上帝对罪恶负责；或者我们是自由的，我们对罪恶负责，而上帝不是全能的。学术界众技全施，而对于这一尖锐的悖论，既无以补充，又不可削减。

这就是为什么我不能迷失在对这种概念的吹捧和定义中，那种概念让我搞不懂，而且一旦脱离了我自身体验的参考框架它便失去了意义。我不明白，一种更高级的存在会给我一种什么样的自由，我已经没有了等级感。我对自由的概念只停留在囚犯以及国家之中的个体身上，我只知道思想与行动的自由。如果荒谬取消了我所有永久自由的可能性，它在另一方面就恢复并扩大了我的行动自由。这种对希望和未来的剥夺意味着人可以有更多自主权。

在与荒谬相遇之前，芸芸众生活得有目标，他们关心未来，希望得到正当的待遇（至于与何人何物有关则不是问题所在）。人们掂量自己的机会，指望着“某一天”、退休后的生活，或是子孙的事业，仍然觉得自己可以控制生活中的某些事。实际上，即使所有事实都与自由相背，他还是表现得好像自己是自由的，然而荒谬出现之后，所有事情都被搅乱了：那种“我是”的想法、那种似乎一切皆有意义（即使我有时会说什么都没有意义）的行为方式——这一切都被一种可能死亡的荒谬性以其令人眩晕的方式揭露无疑。思考未来，为自己设定目标，有所偏好——

所有这些都预先假定了一种自由的信念，即使人们有时确信自己没有感觉到自由。但在那一刻我很清楚，那种更高的自由、那种可单独作为真理基础的存在的自由并不存在。死亡是此时唯一的现实，而死亡之后便是关键时刻。我甚至都无法自由地使自己不朽，只是一个奴隶，最重要的是一个没有永久革命的希望且无法求助于轻蔑的奴隶。而没有了革命与蔑视谁还会继续做奴隶呢？没了永恒的保证，哪种自由可以完整地存在呢？

荒谬之人同时意识到，他一直受制于假定的自由，他生活在这种幻象之上。从某种意义上说，这成了他的束缚。他想象出自己生活的目标，使自己适应于目标的要求，并且成了为自由服务的奴隶。因此，我只能扮演我准备成为的父亲（或工程师、国家领导人、邮局小职员）的身份，我想我可以作这种选择而不是其他选择。当然，这是我无意识的想法，以至于非常肯定。同时，周围人们的想法，还有我的人性环境中的假设（其他人对自由的状态深信不疑，而这种快乐情绪极具传染性），又进一步肯定了我的假设。人不论多么排斥道德或社会假设，他都会多少受其影响，而对于那些极品假设（假设也有好坏之分），人们甚至会改变自己的生活以与之相适应，所以荒谬之人意识到他并非真正自由。说白了，我为自己设立了种种障碍以限制我的生活，以至我有了希望，以至我开始对一种可能为我所独有的真理、一种存在或创造的方式而担忧，以至我安排了自己的生活，并且接受它有意义。我画地为牢，限制了自己的生活我表现得像诸多为我所厌恶的思想与心灵的官僚一般，而他们唯一的罪恶我如今已非常清楚，那就是认真对待人的自由。

荒谬在这一点上启发了我：不存在未来，这也为我内心的自由提供了理由。这里我要作两个对比。首先，神秘主义者在付出自我中找到自由。当他们献身于自己的神，并且接受他的规则时，他们获得了隐秘的自由。他们自愿成为奴隶，于是便重获了一种更深刻的独立性。然而这

种自由意味着什么？或许可以说，最重要的是他们自身感觉到自由，尽管不是无拘无束的那种自由。同样，荒谬的人彻底转向死亡（这是最显见的荒谬性）时，感到那凝结在自己身上的强烈关注完全被释放。他享受一种与普遍规则有关的自由。从这一点可以看出，存在哲学的原始主题还保有其全部价值。回归意识，逃避睡眠，这些代表着荒谬自由的初始阶段。但是我们暗指的其实是存在性说教，随之还有基本逃离意识的精神跨跃。同样（下面是我的第二个对比），古时的奴隶不属于自己，但他们知道那种不用对谁负责的自由。[41]而死亡也有一双贵族长老之手，既镇压，也给人自由。

投身于那种无限制的确定性中，并因此感到远离自己的生活，远到足以增强这种确定性，且对此拥有一种广阔的眼界——这需要一种自由的原则。与任何行动上的自由一样，这种新的独立有一种明确的时间限制，而不会开一张永久性的支票，但它替代了自由的种种假象，那些假象均随死亡告终。监狱的大门在某个黎明向有罪之人打开，这种有罪之人的出现是天赐；对一切事物（除了纯粹的生活激情）都表现出不可思议的冷漠——死亡与荒谬明显是唯一的理性自由之准则。这是人心可以经历与体验的。这是另一个结果。荒谬之人于是发现了一个炽热而寒冷、透明而有限的宇宙，这里没有可能性，一切都是已知的，而在这之外不外乎崩塌与虚无。然后他便可以决定是接受这样一个宇宙，还是从中提取自己的力量、对希望的否定，以及一种无慰藉生活的有力证明。

但是在这样一个宇宙生活意味着什么呢？目前来看只意味着对未来的冷漠，耗尽一切现有事物的欲望。对生活意义的信念总会包含一种价值等级、一种选择及我们的偏好。根据我们的定义，相信荒谬则会得出相反的结论，但这是值得检验的。

我的一切兴趣所在就是知道人能否毫无诉求地生活。我不想力所不能及。生活的这一面正向我展开，我能适应吗？面对这一特殊问题，相

信荒谬就相当于用体验的数量代替质量。如果我让自己相信生活除了荒谬就没有其他面貌，如果我感到生活的整体平衡取决于自己有意识的反抗与生活挣扎其中的黑暗间的永久对立，如果我承认我的自由若不涉及其有限的命运便毫无意义，那么我必须说，重要的不是活得最好，而是活得最多。至于这是粗俗的或恶心的，优雅的或恶劣的，我都没有义务去担心。在此我们彻底弃价值判断而取事实判断，而我只需从所见中得出结论，不冒任何假设的风险。如果说用这种方式生活是不体面的，那么真正的体面要求我不体面。

活得最多；从最广泛的意义上看，这种规则毫无意义。它需要定义，似乎数量的概念没有得到充分探索这一事实可作为开端，因为它可以解释人们的大部分体验。一个人的行为规则与他的价值等级是毫无意义的，除非他已经积累了大量的、各种各样的经验。如今，现代生活条件让大部分人都有了相同数量的体验，以及由此带来的相同的深刻体验。当然，还必须考虑到个体自发的贡献，其自身的“固有”元素。但是我不能对此作出评判，我重申，此处我的规则就是处理最直接的明晰性。于是我明白了，一种普遍道德规范的个体特征与其说在于其基础原则的理想重要性，不如说在于一种可以衡量的体验标准。把这一点稍微引申一下，希腊人在休闲时也有自己的准则，同我们每天八小时的工作准则一样。然而许多非常悲剧的角色已让我预见到，更长的体验会改变这种价值表。他们让我们想象，日常生活中的探险者只通过体验的数量便能打破所有纪录（我有意采用了这一体育用语），并会因此赢得自己的道德准则。[42]但我们还是避免浪漫主义，直截了当地问自己，对于一个决心打赌并仔细观察自认的游戏规则的人来说，这样一种立场意味着什么。

打破所有纪录首先就意味着尽可能频繁地面对这个世界。没有矛盾与文字游戏，这如何能完成呢？因为，一方面，荒谬告诉我们，所有体验都无关紧要；另一方面，荒谬又鼓励最大数量的体验。人怎么就不能

像我之前提到的那么多人一样选择带给我们最具可能性的人性问题的生活形式，因而引入一种价值等级——那种他在另一方面声称要摒弃的价值等级呢？

然而给我们以启发的还是荒谬及其充满矛盾的生活。因为有种错误的观点认为如果体验的数量只取决于我们的话，那么它会取决于我们的生活境况。这里我们必须简之又简。对于两个度过等量岁月的人，世界总会提供等量的体验，而能否意识到这些体验，取决于我们本身。最大限度地了解一个人的生活、反抗、自由，便是最大限度的生活。清醒在哪里占了上风，哪里的价值等级就会变得无用。我们不妨更简化一点。我们说，有待改善的唯一阻碍、唯一缺陷产生于早亡。因此在荒谬之人的眼中（即使他想这么做），没有任何深度、感情、激情和牺牲可以把一段四十年的有意识生活等同于一个贯穿六十年的清晰性。[43]对他而言，疯狂与死亡是无法弥补的。人们不作选择。因此，荒谬及荒谬所包含的额外生活不依赖于人的意志，而依赖于相反面——死亡。[44]仔细权衡这些语句，这只是一个运气问题。人只要能够赞同这一点。二十年的生活与体验就永远都不会有替代品。

然而如此警觉的希腊民族居然声称，那些早亡之人是众神的宠儿，这未免显得前后不一。如果你愿意相信，进入这样一个荒谬的众神世界就相当于永远失去了最纯粹的快乐——感觉，在人间的感觉，那么他们的话就是真的。现在，以及在始终清醒的灵魂面前接二连三的当下，是荒谬之人的理想。但理想这个词在这种联系中听起来不合适，这甚至都算不上他的使命，只是其推理的第三个结果。关于荒谬的思索始于对非人性的一种痛苦的意识，在其行程的最后它又回到了人性反抗的激情火焰之心。[45]

因此，我从荒谬中推导出三个结果：我的反抗，我的自由，以及我的激情。我只通过保持清醒便将一种死亡的诱惑转化为一种生活准则

——我拒绝自杀。当然，我也知道在这些日子里的单调的共振，但我只有一句话要说：那是必不可少的。尼采写道："很明显，不论在天堂还是人间，最重要的就是绝对服从，并在一个方向坚持到底：从长远来看会出现一些值得费力生活在这个世上的事物，诸如美德、艺术、音乐、舞蹈、理性、精神——这些事物可以产生改观，它们精美、疯狂，或者神圣。"他以此阐明了一种真正卓越的道德规范，但他同样指明了荒谬之人的道路。服从于激情是最容易也是最困难的事情，但是人不时地自我评判对自己是有好处的，只有他自己能做到这一点。

"祷告，"阿兰[46]说，"就是夜晚降临在思想之上。"神秘主义者和存在主义者回应道："但是精神必须与夜晚相会。"这没错，然而精神为投入其中而唤起的，并非那个单凭个人意愿就出现在眼皮底下的夜晚——那个黑暗而无法穿透的夜晚，精神集中起来，投入其中。如果说它必须际会一个夜晚的话，那么就让它是绝望的夜晚——极夜，精神不眠，这样还能保持清醒，由此或许还能诞生纯洁、发白的光亮，从而勾勒出思智灯下每一个对象。从这一层次上说，对等邂逅了充满激情的智慧。如此来看，这甚至已不再是对存在主义的跨跃进行评判的问题了，而是又呈现出人性立场的那种古董面貌。对于观众而言，假使他是清醒的，那么跨跃依旧是荒谬的。若它自认可以解决悖论，那么它便会回复到完好状态。在这一点上，它是鼓舞人心的。在这一点上，一切都各归各位，这个荒谬的世界也得到了重生，恢复了往日的壮丽与多姿。

然而，阻止所有精神力量中或许最细微的一种是糟糕的，只用一种方式去看难以收到满意的效果，也很难不产生矛盾。以上只是对一种思考方式的定义，而重点是去生活。

荒谬的人

如果斯塔夫罗金信教，他不认为他信教。

如果他不信教，他不认为他不信教。

——陀思妥耶夫斯基《群魔》

歌德[47]说："我的领地，就是时间。"这实在是荒谬的言论。荒谬的人其实是什么样的？他做事不求永恒，他自己也不否认这一点，他对怀旧并不陌生，但更偏爱自己的勇气与推理。勇气教他在生活中不怀有追求，珍惜所拥有的东西；推理让他清楚自己的界限。他确信，他的自由短暂而有限，他的反抗没有未来，对于生死也已经觉悟，于是在有生之年他要实践自己的冒险旅程。这便是他的领地，这便是他的行动，对此他不会接受来自他人的任何评判。对他而言，一种更伟大的生活并不意味着另一种生活。这是不公平的。我所谈的甚至也不是那种无价值的永生，也就是人们所说的香火长传。罗兰夫人[48]的依靠是自己，而这一鲁莽行为也得了教训。其后人非常乐意引用她的言论，但却忘了对之加以判断。罗兰夫人对后人保持一种冷漠的态度。

对道德规范进行长篇大论不存在任何问题。我见过大德之人行为不端，平常也注意到，没有必要为正直诚实设立规范。只有一种道德规范可以为荒谬之人所接受，它是与上帝分不开的：由上帝口授的命令。可是碰巧他的生活中没有上帝。至于其他的（我指的是非道德主义），荒谬之人除了正当理由什么也没发现，而他不需要理由去证明什么。这里我就从保证其无辜的原则谈起。

这种无辜是可怕的。伊凡·卡拉马佐夫[49]宣称："一切都是被允许

的”，这同样有点荒谬的味道，但前提是不要用一种庸俗的观念去看待它。我不知是否已充分说明：这并非一种解脱或喜悦的发泄，而是对一个事实痛苦的承认。确信一个上帝赋予生命以一种意义，这在吸引力上远远超过了可使恶行免受惩罚的能力。选择不难做，可是没有选择，这时痛苦便来了。荒谬不会释放，而是要束缚，它不会允许所有的行为。一切都被允许不意味着一切都不被禁止。荒谬仅仅是为那些行为的结果找到一种等价物。它并不支持犯罪，因为那将很幼稚，但他再一次承认了悔恨是无用的。同样，倘若所有的生活经历都是无差异的，那么关于责任的经历就会和其他经历一样合理。做一个有道德的人可以凭借一闪之念。

一切道德体系都建立在这一观点上，即一种行为的结果或者使这种行为合乎情理，或者抵消这种行为。一个被灌输以荒谬的头脑只会判断要冷静思考那些结果，作好了偿还债务的准备。换句话说，在这种观点看来，负责的人可能是有的，但却没了有罪之人。这种思想最多会把过去的经验作为将来行动的基础。时间拖延时间，生活为生活服务。在这个充满可能性的有限领地，他自身的一切，除了清醒的头脑，在他看来都是不可预见的。那么，从这种不理性的秩序中，又能生发出什么规则呢？似乎对他有益的唯一真理并非形式上的：真理开始形成，便在人们身上发生作用。在推理的最后，荒谬的头脑可以预见的不是道德准则，而是对人们生活的阐释与人们生活的迹象。以下几个人物形象都属于这种类型，他们对荒谬的推理表现出一种特定的立场，并投入了自己的热情，以此拖延荒谬的推理。

一个范例未必要去效仿（在荒谬的世界甚至更是如此），因而下面要举的例子也并非典范。我是否还需要对这种观点加以阐释呢？为此需要某种使命感，除此之外，在考虑周全的情况下，如果人们从卢梭[50]的思想里得出人要爬行，从尼采的思想里得出人要虐待自己的母亲，那势必是荒唐可笑的。一位当代作家写道：“荒谬是必要的，而受骗不是

必要的。”[51]我将要论述的立场只有通过考虑其对立面，才能呈现完整的意义。邮局工作的小职员与帝王将相是平等的，只要他们都有觉悟。在这一点上，所有生活经历都是无差别的，其中有的对人有利，有的有害。如果是有意识的人，那么就会对他有利，否则便无关紧要了：一个人的失败在于对自身的评判，而非对环境的评判。

我所选择的人物，都只有一个目的——消耗自己，或者我认为他们在消耗自己。这不牵扯深层含义。此刻我只想谈论一个思想、生活在其中都没有未来的世界。促使人们工作与兴奋的任何事情都要用到希望，因而只有无效的思想才不是虚假的。在这个荒谬的世界，一个观念或一种生活的价值要由其无效性来衡量。

唐璜主义

如果只要爱就够了，那么事情就太简单了。一个人爱得越多，荒谬就越多。唐璜找了一个又一个女人，不是因为缺少爱。把他描写成一个追求真爱的神秘主义者真是太可笑了，但的确是因为他把同样的热情投入每一份爱，每次都是全身心投入，他才一定要重复利用这份天赋，不断寻求。因此每个女人都希望给予他没人给过他的东西，可每次她们都大错特错，只能让他感觉到对这种重复的需求。“终于，”其中一个女人大呼，“我把爱给了你。”唐璜付诸一笑，“终于？不，”他说，“只是又一次。”我们还会惊讶于此吗？为什么只有减少爱的次数，才能保证爱得深情呢？

唐璜忧郁吗？不可能。我不会去参考那些传说。他的笑，那种征服者的傲慢、那种玩世不恭，还有对剧院的钟爱都清楚明白，充满欢乐。所有健康的生灵都想自我复制，唐璜也不例外。而忧郁的人之所以忧郁是因为：他们不知道，或者他们有希望。唐璜知道，他也没有希望。他让我们联想起那些明白自身局限的艺术家，他们从不逾越这一局限，而且在那个表明自己精神立场的不靠谱的间隙，他们享受作主人的美妙与

悠闲。这的确是非凡的才能：一种知道自身局限的智慧。直到生命的尽头，唐璜对忧郁仍是一无所知。在他知道的那一刻，他放声大笑，笑声让人原谅了一切。当他有希望的时候，他是忧郁的。现在，从那个女人的口中，他尝到了这唯一知道的事情带给自己的苦涩与安慰。苦涩？不过是：让幸福被察觉到的必要瑕疵。

如果试图把唐璜看成是依据《传道书》[52]培养出来的人，那就大错特错了，因为在他眼里，除了对另一种生活的希望外没有任何东西是虚空的。他之所以证明了这一点，是因为他用那另一种生活来赌天堂。渴求欲望，得到满足之后欲望便终止，这种无能之人的共性不属于他。对于笃信上帝而把自己出卖给魔鬼的浮士德[53]来说，这没什么。对唐璜来说，事情就更简单了。莫利纳[54]的“骗子”每次受到下地狱的威胁时，总是回答：“你给我的缓期太长了！”死后之事都是那么没有意义，而那些知道如何活着的人，又有多么漫长的岁月在等着他们啊！浮士德渴求世间的美好；这个可怜人要做的只是伸出手。当他无法得到满足时，就相当于在出卖自己的灵魂了。说到满足，唐璜恰恰相反，他坚持要满足。如果他离开一个女人，绝对不是因为他不再爱她了，漂亮的女人总是勾人欲望的。只是他又对另一个产生了欲望，而这不是同一回事，不是的。

这样的生活满足了他的每个愿望，没有比失去这种生活更糟糕的了。这个狂人是个大智者。但是靠希望生活的人不会在这个宇宙得势，在这里，仁慈要屈从于慷慨，爱慕要屈从于强大的沉默，同舟共济要屈从于个人英雄主义。大家都匆匆下结论说：“他是一个懦夫、一个理想主义者，或者一个圣人。”人们必须贬低那些无礼的伟大。

人们受够了（或者露出同谋者的微笑，从而降低那种欣赏的成分）唐璜的演说，还有他用在所有女人身上的同一套话。但对于追求快乐数量的人来说，唯一要紧的是效力问题。如果各种口令都经受住了考验，

那还有什么必要使之复杂化呢？无论男女，没有人去听从这些口令，他们听的是发出这些口令的声音。这些口令是规则、惯例，也是礼貌。发出这些口令后，最重要的还没完成，唐璜已为此作好了准备。他为何要给自己提出一个道德上的问题呢？他不像米洛兹[55]剧中的马纳拉，因为渴望成为圣人而诅咒自己。地狱在他看来是一件需要被激发的东西。对于神灵的愤怒他只有一种回答，这就是人的荣耀。“我有荣耀，”他对骑士长[56]说，“我会遵守我的诺言，因为我是一个骑士。”可是如果把他当作一个伤风败俗之人，就又大错特错了。在这一方面，他“和其他人一样”：他有自己好恶的道德准则。要正确认识唐璜，只能不断参照通常他所代表的形象：平平常常的引诱者，处处拈花惹草。他是一个普通的引诱者，[57]其不同之处只在于他是有意识的，这就是为什么说他是荒谬的。尽管如此，一个清醒的引诱者不会有所改变，引诱是他的生活状态。只有小说里的人才会改变生活状态，或是自己变得更好，但也可以说什么也没有改变，同时一切都转变了。唐璜付诸行动的是一种数量上的道德标准，而圣人则青睐于质量。不相信事物的深层含义，是荒谬之人的专属。至于那些热诚或者大吃一惊的面庞，他会投以目光，加以储存，但并不有所停留。时间与她们并进，而荒谬之人与时间不可分割。唐璜没有想要“收集”女人，他穷尽了她们的数量，与此一起耗尽的还有他生活中的可能性。“收集”就等于是依靠自己的过去生活，但他反对懊悔，这是希望的另一种形式。翻看照片不是他能做出来的事情。

尽管如此，他是自私的吗？以他的行为方式来看或许是的，但这里我们也有必要相互理解一下。有的人是为生活而生，有的人是为爱而生。至少唐璜倾向于这种说法。他可能会长话短说，讲他有能力去选择。因为我们这里所说的爱穿着永恒的幻衣。正如所有情感专家教导我们的，只有受到挫折的爱情才能成为永恒，几乎没有一帆风顺的爱情。这样一种爱只有在终极的矛盾——死亡——到来时才会到达极致。人应该要么成为维特[58]，要么什么也不是。而自杀的方式也有很多，其中之一就是全力付出与忘我。唐璜和其他人一样，知道这会带来不平静，

但他又是知道这事无关紧要的少数几人之一。他还知道，那些出于一种伟大的爱而忽视个人生活的人或许是充实自己，但必定也让自己爱的人一无所有。一位母亲或一位感情热烈的妻子必定有一颗封闭的心，因为那颗心已背离了这个世界。一份感情、一个人、一张面孔，这一切都被吞食了。搅扰唐璜的是一份很不同的爱，这份爱随心所欲。它有着世上所有的面貌特征，它知道自己不能永生，于是还带着颤抖。唐璜选择变得一无是处。

对他来说，这一问题就是把眼睛擦亮。我们把爱看成将我们与其他生灵联结在一起的东西，凭借的只是一种共同的看问题方式，而这一共识往往由书籍和传奇故事促成。然而关于爱，我只知道那种欲望、爱慕以及智慧的混合体，它把我和这个或那个生灵联系在一起。这种复合物因人而异，我无权用同一个名字指称所有这些体验，这就避免了人们的行为方式千篇一律。荒谬的人此时便会又一次将他无法统一的东西加倍复制，于是他发现了一种新的存在方式，这种方式解放了他自己，也解放了那些靠近他的人。没有高贵的爱，只有自知短命而独特的爱。所有那些死亡与重生如花束般聚集到一起，偿还了唐璜的余生，这便是他付出与活跃的方式。请读者自己判断这能否叫作自私。

我想到了那些坚持要惩罚唐璜的人，他们认为他不仅应在来世受罚，即便在今世也应受罚。我想起了那些关于老年唐璜的故事、传说，还有笑话。但是唐璜已经准备好了。对于一个有意识的人来说，衰老及其延伸出来的事物都不足为奇。的确，他并没有无视衰老的恐怖，只有在这一点上，他才是有意识的。雅典有一座专为老年人而建的庙宇，孩子们会被带到那里。唐璜认为，嘲笑他的人越多，他的形象就越突出。因此他拒绝接受那些浪漫主义者为他塑造的形象。没有人愿意去嘲笑饱受折磨、惹人怜悯的唐璜。他是被同情的；天堂能拯救他吗？但情况并非如此。在这个被唐璜瞥了一眼的宇宙里，荒唐也包含其中。他会认为受惩戒是正常的，这是游戏规则。他典型的贵族表现就是接受所有的游

戏规则，但他知道自己是对的，不可能会受罚。命运不是一种惩罚。

这是他所犯的罪，而要理解上帝的子民为何要惩罚他再容易不过了。他获得一种没有幻觉的认识，这种认识否定了那些人的所有信仰。爱和占有，征服和消耗——这就是他的认识方式（圣经中将这种肉体行为称作“知道”，圣书偏爱这个词是有意义的）。作为那些人最坏的敌人，他是无视他们的。一位编年史学家说真正的“骗子”死于法兰西斯派[59]的暗杀，该派想“结束生来便被赋予免罚权的唐璜那放肆和亵渎的行为”。之后他们宣称是上帝将他击倒，这一离奇的结局没有人去证明，也没有人去推翻。如果有这种可能性，那么我可以不加质疑地说这是符合逻辑的。在这一点上我只想把“生来”一词单挑出来推敲一下：正是活着这一事实确保了他的无辜。正是从死亡那里他获取了现在已成为传说的罪恶。

那个骑士长石像被用来惩罚敢于思想的血肉与勇气，除此之外，它又有什么代表意义呢？秩序、永恒的理性，以及普遍道义的所有能量，一个喜怒无常的上帝让人感到陌生的所有伟大，都集合到他的身上。这个没有灵魂的巨石象征的只是唐璜永远都否定的力量，但该骑士长的任务仅止于此。雷电会回归到那个仿造的天国，也就是它们被唤起的地方。真正的悲剧在发生时离它们很远。不，唐璜不是死在一个石头的手上。我倾向于相信那故弄玄虚的传说，相信一个健康的人用疯癫的笑声惹到了一个不存在的上帝。然而我尤为相信，那个晚上，当唐璜在安娜住所等待时，骑士长没有出现，午夜过后，这个亵渎神灵之徒必定感受到了那些正人君子的可怕的痛苦。关于其生平，我更愿意接受，他最终被葬于一个修道院的说法，但关于这个故事给人的启示意义就不太可信了。他能向上帝要求什么庇护呢？但这却代表了一种完全荒谬生活的合理结果、一种追求短命快乐的悲惨结局。在这一点上，肉体上的享乐终结于禁欲主义。必须认识到，它们可以说是同一种穷困命运的两个方面。一个人被自己的躯体出卖，只因没有及时死去，所以在生命终结之

前，他的生活一直是喜剧，而与那个不被自己崇拜的上帝面对面，像侍奉生活那样侍奉他，屈膝于虚无，手伸向一个明知没有雄辩术也没有深度的天国，我们还能想到比这更恐怖的形象吗？

我看到唐璜栖身于西班牙山顶的一个废弃修道院的一间净室内。倘若他有所思，思考的不会是其旧爱的幽灵，或许——透过阳光烘烤的墙上的一条窄缝——是某个沉寂的西班牙平原，一方高贵而没有灵魂的土地，在那里他认清了自己。没错，伴着这个忧郁而灿烂的画面，幕布应该拉下来了。结局，我们等待但绝不期待，结局是可以忽略不计的。

戏剧

哈姆雷特说："演戏就是重要的事，凭借它我将抓住国王的意识。"就是这个词，抓住，因为意识动作迅速，或者还会退缩，所以必须在它行进时下手，在它匆匆扫视自己的当口抓住它，那时不易被察觉。庸人都不爱耽搁，所有事都在催着他往前走，但与此同时，除了他自己，特别是自己的潜能，什么事也提不起他的兴趣。由此他对戏剧、对表演产生了兴趣，这为他展现了那么多的命运，他可以在感觉不到悲伤的情况下体味诗意。至少这里可以看到没有思想的人，而他继续匆匆地奔向某个希望或其他什么东西。荒谬之人的起点在他人离开的地方，在停止欣赏戏剧的头脑欲进入的地方。进入那些生活，体验它们的多姿多彩，就等于是把它们演绎出来。我并不是说演员一般都会服从于那种冲动，也不是说他们都是荒谬之人，而是说他们的命运是一种荒谬的命运，可能会让一颗冷静的心陶醉、沉迷。为使读者在理解以下内容时不至于产生误解，有必要先作此说明。

演员的职业生涯是转瞬即逝的。在已知的所有名声中，演员的名声最为短暂，至少人们在谈话中是这样说的，然而所有名声都很短暂。从天狼星的角度看，歌德的作品在一万年后将化成尘埃，他的名字也将被遗忘。或许一批考古学家还会为我们这个时代寻找"证据"来证明它的存

在。这一观点总会包含教育意义。认真思考这一观点后，我们对于冷漠之中深远的高贵，会减少一些不安情绪。最重要的是，它把我们的注意力移向了最确定之事，即最直接之事。在所有的名声中，欺骗性最小的要属已被验证过的名声。

因此，演员选择了多样的名声，这名声已被神圣化，并经受了考验。一切事物终将消亡，他从这一事实出发作出了最佳判断。一个演员或成功，或不成功。一个作家即使不被赏识，也有某种希望，他可以用自己的作品见证自己的过去。演员最多留给我们一张照片，关于他的自身——他的姿态、他的沉默、他对爱的汲汲渴望，我们将一无所知。对他来说，不为人知就是不演戏，而不演戏就是和他曾赋予生命或唤醒的角色一同死去，多达百次。

我们为何要讶异于最短暂生命基础之上的昙花一现的名声呢？演员有三个小时的时间去做埃古[60]、阿尔切斯特、费德尔或格洛斯特，在这段很短的时间内，他让这些角色有了生命，最后又倒在这五十码见方的舞台上。荒谬从来没有被这么详尽地、这么长篇累牍地论述过。除了这些令人赞叹的生命，这些几个小时内在一个小舞台上展现的卓越而完整的命运，我们还能想象出更有启示性的典范吗？下了台，西基斯蒙德[61]不再是西基斯蒙德。两小时后你可能就看到他出去吃饭了。那么或许，生活就是一场梦，但西基斯蒙德之后还有后来人。在不确定性中煎熬的英雄人物取代了那个为复仇而咆哮的人。因而演员驰骋过几个世纪，演绎过无数角色，在尽可能真实地模仿别人的过程中，与另一个荒谬个体——游客有了很多共性。和他一样，游客也耗尽了某些东西，并且还在不断前进。他是时间中的游客，或最多是被追捕的游客，被灵魂追逐着。数量上的道德观若要找到赖以存在的基础，那么肯定是这个奇怪的台子。很难说演员在多大程度上受益于角色，但这是无关紧要的，问题只在于，要知道自己和这些不可替代的角色有多大关联。他经常随身带着这些角色，而这些角色则超越了它们诞生的时间与空间，与这个

无法把自己和一直以来所演的角色轻易分开的人结伴同行。有时拿一个杯子，他会用哈姆雷特的姿势举起杯子。他与自己注入生命的角色之间，距离并不遥远，绝不。他每个月或每一天都在充分阐释这一内含深意的事实，即一个人想要成为的人与他自己之间没有界限。他总是关心如何更好地去展现，阐释在多大程度上表象构成了存在。因为这就是他的艺术——十足的模仿，把自己尽可能深地投入另一种生活。努力到最后，他的使命便明晰了：全心致力于变得空虚，或者分饰多角。塑造角色时所受的限制越小，就越需要发挥他的才智。在今天佩戴的面具下，他能活三个小时。在这三个小时内，他会体验，并且表现一种独特生活的全貌。这就叫迷失自己以发现自我。在这三个小时内，他走完了这条死胡同的全程，而坐在观众席上的人却要花一生才能走完这段路。

在对这种短暂生活的模仿上，演员只在表面上训练并完善自己。戏剧表演的惯例是，通过姿态与肢体来表现和沟通内心世界——或者通过与肢体表达能力相当的灵魂的声音。这种艺术的规则就是，把一切都夸大并用身体语言表现出来。倘若在舞台上爱一个人就必须真心去爱，说话必须用心里那个独一无二的声音，看东西时必须像人们在生活中那样凝视，那么我们的讲话就成了暗语。这时沉默就必须派上用场。爱的声音越大，静默就更加壮观。身体就是国王。不是每个人都能“表演”，这一词语被不公正地丑化了，它包含一种完整的美学和一种完整的道德观。人的一半生命都用在暗示、背离和沉默上，而演员成了入侵者。他要打破束缚灵魂的魔咒，激情才能冲上它们的舞台。他们的语言表现在每个姿态中，他们只有通过大喊大叫才能生活，所以说演员塑造自己的角色就是为了展示。他描绘或刻画他们，一下子穿上为他们虚构的外衣，并为他们的幻象输入自己的血液。当然，我所指的是伟大的戏剧，可以使演员借机实现自己完全的实际命运的那种戏剧。以莎士比亚为例，在其冲动横行的剧中，身体的激情推动着剧情的发展，可以用以解释所有事情。没有了这些激情，一切都要烟消云散。若没有流放考狄利娅[62]和惩处爱德伽[63]的粗暴行为，李尔王永远也不会坚守那源自疯狂

的约定。此后悲剧的展开便充斥着那种疯狂，灵魂都给了恶魔及其萨拉邦德舞。这出戏至少有四个疯子：一个由于交易，一个出自意愿，还有两个是遭受了苦难——四个错乱的身躯，一种状态的四个不可言说的方面。

光靠人的肢体还不够，面具和厚底靴，减弱或强调面部本来特征的化妆，起夸张或简化作用的服饰——在这个宇宙里所作的一切牺牲都是为了表象，只是为眼睛服务。身体通过一种荒谬的奇迹同样可以获得认识。如果我不扮演埃古这个角色，我永远也不会真正理解这个人。光听他说话是不够的，因为我只有在看见他的时候才能了解他。演员最后会从荒谬的角色中感到乏味，那是一种单一的、让人感到压抑的黑色轮廓，既陌生又熟悉，要跟着他从一个角色到另一个角色。同样伟大的戏剧作品可以促成这种格调的一致性，[64]这正是演员的自我矛盾之处：一模一样而又千姿百态，那么多的灵魂汇集到一个身体里。这便是荒谬的矛盾本身：那想得到一切、经历一切的个体，那毫无价值的尝试，那无效的坚持。自我矛盾的事物总会与他相结合，正是在这时，他的身心合二为一，而已厌倦了挫败的精神转向它最忠实的同盟。哈姆雷特说："能够把感情和理智调和得那么适当，命运也无法将他玩弄于股掌之间，这样的人是有福的。"

教会怎能不去谴责演员的这样一种行为呢？她否认了这种艺术复制灵魂的异端行为、情感上的道德败坏，以及对精神的侮辱性假设，这种假设反对只过一种生活，致力于各种形式的过火行为。她还禁止他们偏爱当下时光，阻止普罗特斯[65]的胜利，它们对其所有教诲都加以否定。永恒不是一种游戏。愚蠢到喜欢喜剧胜过喜欢永恒的人已经没救了。在"到处"与"永远"之间没有中间道路，由此这一备受毁谤的职业会引起一场激烈的精神论战。"要紧的，"尼采说，"不是永生，而是永乐。"实际上，所有的戏剧都是在这种选择之中。

阿德里亚娜·莱科芙露尔[66]临终时很想忏悔并领到圣餐，但拒绝放弃自己的职业，于是她没有得到忏悔的好处。这实质上不也等同于宁可选择无法抗拒的热情也不要上帝吗？而这个临终饱受痛苦的女人，含着热泪拒绝割舍自己口中的艺术，明明白白地表现出她在舞台灯光之后永远也没有达到的一种伟大。这是她扮演过的最佳角色，也是最难演的一个。在上帝与一种可笑的忠诚之间作出选择，投身于永恒还是现身于上帝，这是自古就有的悲剧，在这场剧中每个人都要扮演自己的角色。

那个时代的演员知道自己被逐出了教会，进入这个职业就等于是选择了地狱。而教会则把他们看作最坏的敌人。有些文学家抗议：“什么！拒绝为莫里哀做临终祈祷！”但那是正当的，特别是针对那些把生命结束在舞台上的人，他们在演员的装束下完成了自己整个被流放的人生。至于莫里哀，他是个天才，于是什么都可以原谅，但是天才又什么都不原谅，因为它拒绝这么做。

这个艺术家当时已经知道了什么样的惩罚在等着他。可是比起生活为他保留的最后惩罚，这种含糊不清的威胁又有何意义呢？前者是他提前就预感到了，并且照单全收的。对于一个演员来说，如同对于荒谬之人一样，早逝是不可避免的。什么都抵偿不了如此多数量的面孔和他穿越过的这么多个世纪。无论如何人终有一死，演员无疑是无所不在的，但席卷而过的时间同样会把他带走，留下的印记中还带有他的痕迹。

只需要一点想象就可以体会到一个演员的命运意味着什么。他正是在时间中塑造并表达着自己的角色，同样是在时间中学着掌控这些角色。体验的不同生活越多，他对之便越淡漠。他终会为了这个世界死在舞台上。曾经经历过的就在面前，他看得一清二楚，他感受到这种历险令人痛苦而又不可替代的特质。这些他都知道，现在他可以走了。年老的演员有自己的家园。

征服

“不，”征服者说，“不要以为我热爱行动我就一定会忘了如何思考。相反，我完全可以明确自己的信念，因为我坚定我的信念，并把它看得清楚明白。有人说：‘我对此太了解了，以至于难以把它表达出来了。’请当心这些人，如果他们做不到那一点，那是因为他们不了解，或者是懒得深入探索。”

“我没有多少观点。在生命将要终结的时候，人发现自己花了那么多年时间，只是为了搞明白一个真理，然而如果真理是显见的，那么它足以指引一种存在。关于个体，我倒是有些话要说。而谈到个体，人们一定要直言不讳，必要时还要带上适当的轻蔑。”

“比起所言之事，所隐秘之事更能凸显人的价值。我所隐秘的东西有很多，但我坚定地相信，所有那些评判个体的人，在做这方面工作时凭借的经验——作为其评判基础——比我们要少的多。智慧，那鼓舞人心的智慧或许预见到了须引起注意的东西，然而时代及时代用事实呈现给我们的毁灭与鲜血，让我们措手不及。对于古老的国度，甚至对于我们机器时代的现代国家而言，有可能去权衡社会美德与个人美德孰轻孰重，并试图发现谁应该为谁服务。首先，人心有一种顽疾，由此人或生来服务别人，或生来被别人服务；其次，社会与个人尚未展露自己的全部能力。”

“我知道，许多智慧的头脑对在佛兰德斯[67]战场的血雨腥风中诞生的荷兰画家们的伟大作品大为惊异，对恐怖的三十年战争[68]中西里西亚[69]神秘主义者的祈祷惊叹不已。永恒的价值在世俗纷扰的惊异眼光中完好无损，然而自那以后便有了变化。今天的画家已丧失了这种淡定，即使他们拥有创作者需要的基本心理状态，我指的是一颗封闭的心，也无济于事；对于每个人来说，包括圣人，都被动摇了。这或许就是我感受最深之处。在战壕失败的每一种形式中，在被钢铁压碎的每一个概述、隐喻或祈祷中，永恒都输了一局。我意识到不能对自己的时间

不闻不问，便决心成为时间不可分割的一部分。这就是我尊重个体的原因，只因他给人的印象是荒唐可笑、丧失尊严的。我知道没有胜利的事业，便爱上了失败的事业：这种事业需要一个未受玷污的灵魂，对其挫败与暂时的胜利一视同仁。对于感到自己和这个世界的命运息息相关的任何人而言，不同文明之间的冲突让人痛苦不堪。在我想要加入这个行列的同时，我便也具有了这种痛苦。在历史与永恒之间，我选择了历史，因为我喜欢确定性。至少我对它感到确信，叫我如何否定这种压迫我的力量？”

“总有那么个时候，人必须在思考与行动之间作出选择，谓之成人。这种抉择的痛苦是可怕的，但对于一颗高傲的心来说，没有中间道路可走。要么是上帝，要么是时间；要么是那个十字架，要么是这把剑。这个世界有更高一层的含义，超越了它的烦恼，或者除了这些烦恼便没有真实的东西了。人必须与时间共存亡，否则就得为了一种更伟大的生活而撇开时间。我知道人们可以选择一条折中道路——生活在这个世界上，同时又相信那种永恒，这叫作接受。我厌恶这种说法，我要么想得到一切，要么就什么都不要。倘若我选择行动，不要以为我会把思考撇到一边，它给不了我所有，于是丧失了永恒的我愿与时间为伍。我不想把怀旧或苦难记在账上，我只是想看清楚一些。我告诉你，明天你也要被动摇，这对你我都是一种解放。个体什么都做不了，但他又可以做任何事情。在那样一种无所羁绊的绝佳状态，你会理解我为何要在颂扬他的同时立刻又把他打压下去。是世界摧毁了他，而我解放了他。我给了他应有的一切权利。”

“征服者知道行动本身毫无益处，只有一种有益的行动，那便是改造人与地球。我永远不会去改造人，但人必须‘煞有介事’地去做。斗争的道路引我找到了肉体，即使失去了尊严，肉体也是我唯一确信的东西，我可以仅靠它生活。人本身就是我的故土，这就是我为何要选择这种荒谬而无效的努力，这就是我为何要支持斗争。正如我所说，这个时

代适合于这一点。迄今为止，一个征服者的伟大仍表现在地理上，是由所征服领地的大小来衡量的。这个词的意义已发生了改变，不再表示获胜的将领，也是有原因的。伟大已变换了阵营，它体现在抗议以及走投无路时的牺牲上。同样，这也不是由对失败的偏爱造成的。人们渴望胜利，但只有一种胜利，那便是永恒。这是我永远也得不到的，这是我跌倒的地方，也是我不忍割舍的地方。革命总是针对神明的，普罗米修斯[70]是革命的鼻祖，他是第一位现代征服者。与自己命运过不去的是人自己的需求，穷人的需求只是一个借口。我只能在它的历史事件中抓住这种精神，我与它在这里相会，然而，不要以为我以此为乐：我维持着自己的人性矛盾，与本质矛盾相对。我的清醒建立在四面树敌的环境中。面对摧毁人的威胁，我高唱对人的赞歌，而我的自由、我的反抗、我的激情悉数进入了这种紧张的关系、这种清醒、这种大量的重复之中。”

“没错，人是自己的终点，也是自己唯一的终点。如果他的目标是成为什么，那么这个目标一定就在他的生活之中。我非常了解这一点。征服者们有时会谈到战胜与击败，但他们的意思一直都是‘战胜自己’。你很清楚这意味着什么。某些时候每个人都会感觉自己和神是平等的，至少它是通过这种方式表现出来的，但这缘于一个事实，即他在一闪念间发觉了人思想中惊人的伟大。征服者只是这样一群人，他们十分清楚自己的能力，可以久立高处，也非常明白这种伟大。这只是一个算术问题，一个得多或得少的问题。征服者有能力得的多，但他们最多也只能得到人想得到的极限。因此，他们从不离开人的这副皮囊，投入那火热的革命灵魂。”

“他们发现这一生灵受尽残害，但他们同样在这里邂逅了自己所爱慕的仅有的价值：人及其沉默，这既是他们的贫乏又是他们的财富。在此他们只有一种奢侈品：人们之间的感情。在这个脆弱的世界，所有具有人性并只具有人性的东西都包含一种更生动的意义，人怎么能没有意

识到这一点呢？紧绷的面孔，受到威胁的手足情，人们之间这种强烈而纯洁的友谊——这些都是真正的财富，因为它们转瞬即逝。在它们中间，思想非常清楚自己的力量与局限，也就是自己的效力。有的人还说过天才这个词，但天才说起来容易，我偏向于智慧一词。可以说此时智慧是宏伟壮观的，它照亮了这个沙漠，并在此确立了自己的统治地位。它知道自己的责任，并一一加以阐释。它与这个躯体同生共死，但知道这一点它便是自由的。”

“所有教会都反对我们，我们无法忽视这一事实，一颗紧张的心逃避永恒，而所有的教会，不论是神圣的还是政治的，都声称对永恒拥有权利。快乐与勇气，报应或正义，对他们而言都处于从属地位。这是他们的教义，必须服从。但我既不关心思想也不关心永恒，在我的视野内真理都触手可及，我无法与之相分离。所以你无法以我为基础建立任何东西：征服者的一切都不会持久，哪怕是他的信条。”

“无论是什么，这一切的终点，便是死亡。我们也知道它能终结一切。正因为如此，遍布欧洲的坟墓都面目可憎，而且也困扰着我们当中的某些人。人们只美化自己喜爱的事物，而死亡让我们感到厌恶，磨灭了我们的耐心，可它同样是要被征服的。被囚禁在帕多瓦[71]的最后一个卡拉拉人，当这个被瘟疫洗劫一空的城池被威尼斯人围困住后，他狂呼着跑遍自己废弃的宫殿：他在召唤魔鬼，请求赐自己一死。这便是战胜死亡的一种方式，而这同样也是西方勇气的一种标志，把死亡自以为荣的地方变得丑陋不堪。在反叛者的世界，死亡赞颂的是非正义。这是最高层次的虐待。”

“其他人也不加妥协地选择了永恒，谴责这个世界的假象。他们的坟茔在鸟语花香之中微笑。这很适合于征服者，为他描绘了一个他曾拒绝接受的清晰形象。而他选择了黑色的铁栅或义冢。上帝子民中的佼佼者有时会被一种恐惧攫住，恐惧的同时还对那些脑中有这样一种死亡印

象的人表示关心与怜悯，而那些人正是从这里获得他们的理由与力量。我们的命运就在我们面前，而我们要去激发他。我们同样也会怜悯自己——更多的是由于意识到自己无能为力的处境，与自尊关系甚微，这是唯一可为我们所接受的同情：一种你或许理解不了的情绪，而且你绝不会觉得它有何刚强可言，然而感觉到其存在的却是我们当中的勇者。我们认为清醒之人才是刚强的，我们不希望得到一种与清醒撇开关系的力量。”

我重申，这些形象不夹带道德准则，不包含任何评判：它们是一些概述，只代表一种生活方式。情人、演员或冒险家都扮演了荒谬的角色，但如果他想的话，还可以扮成贞洁之人、行政人员，或者共和国首脑，扮得一样好。知道，并不加任何掩饰，便足矣。在意大利博物馆中你有时会发现被轻微涂过的挡板，那是牧师用来挡住有罪之人眼睛的，为的是不让他们看见绞刑架。各种形式的跨跃，冲入了神灵或永恒之中，屈从于平庸或是观念的幻影中——所有这些都是挡板，把荒谬挡在后面，但是也有那些没有挡板的政府工作人员，他们便是我要说的人。

我选取的是最极端的例子。从这一层面上说，荒谬赐予他们一种王权。的确，这些王子没有王国，但他们有一种优势：他们知道所有王权都是虚幻。他们知道，这是他们全部的高贵所在。对他们谈论潜在的灾祸或幻灭的烟尘，是没有用的。丧失了希望不代表绝望。大地的火焰完全可以与天国的芳香相媲美。不仅是我，谁都无法对他们作出评判。他们并非努力做到更好，他们试着做到前后一致。如果说“智者”是依靠自己所拥有的生活，而不去思考自己没有的，那么他们就可以称得上是智者。他们之中有人比任何人都更明白，“你把自己亲爱的温顺的小绵羊养得恰到好处，你绝不会因此在人间和天堂得到一种特权；你最多还是一只亲爱的有角的小绵羊，仅此而已——即使你没有虚荣自负，也没有以一个装腔作势的法官身份制造一件丑闻。”他是思想领域的征服者，知识层面的唐璜，智慧上的演员。

无论如何都有必要为荒谬的推理提供更多诚恳的例子。我们还可以想象出更多的人——与时间和流亡不可分割的人，他们同样知道如何与一个没有未来与弱点的世界和睦共处。那时，在这个没有神灵的荒谬的世界，居住的是思想清晰、停止希望的人们。而我还没有说到最荒谬的角色——创造者。

荒谬的创造

哲学与小说

所有在荒谬的稀薄空气之中维持的生活，如果没有某种深刻而恒定的思想为之灌输力量，它们是无法持之以恒的。就在这里，它只能是一种忠实的奇怪感觉。清醒之人总在最愚蠢的战争中完成自己的任务，他们不会认为自己处于矛盾之中，因为必须无所逃避。因此，在忍受这个世界的荒谬时就有一种超自然的荣誉。征服或演戏、花心、荒谬的反抗，都是人在一场未战先败的战役中向自己的尊严致敬。

这只是遵守这场战斗规则的问题。那种思想或许足够维持一种精神；它一直在支持并将继续支持全部文明。战争无法被否定，人们必须经历战争，要么就得死于战争。荒谬也是如此：关键是要与之同呼吸共命运，承认从中得到的教训，并重获其真谛。在这一点上，荒谬之极乐便是创造。尼采说："艺术，除了艺术别无他物，我们有了艺术才不至于死于真理。"

在我试图描述并要强调几种模式的体验中，各种折磨必定是此起彼伏的。对健忘的幼稚找寻，满意带来的吸引，如今已少了附和。持续的紧张状态使人一直要面对这个世界，有序的精神错乱鼓励他易于接受任何事物，而这给了他另一种狂热。在这个宇宙，艺术作品便成了保持其清醒并确定这种冒险经历的唯一机会。创造就是加倍生活。普鲁斯特式的摸索着的、急切的探求，他精心收集的鲜花、墙纸和焦虑，就意味着这种创造。同时，这种创造并不比演员、征服者及所有荒谬之人将每天生活都投入其中的持续不断而又不易察觉的创造，意义更大。所有人都想尝试去模仿，去重复，去重建属于他们的现实。我们总是在有了真理

的外表时便宣告结束。一个人的所有存在如果背弃了永恒，就不过是在荒谬面具之下的超级模仿。创造是伟大的模仿。这种人首先是知道，然后他们的全部努力便是去查验、扩大，并丰富刚在那里着陆的无望岛，但首先，他们必须得先知道，因为荒谬的发现会伴有一个停顿，那时未来的激情已准备就绪并得到证实。每个没有信条的人都有自己的橄榄山[72]，而人们不可以在自己的山上睡去。对于荒谬之人来说，这一问题不关乎阐释与解决，而关乎体验与描述。一切始于清醒的冷漠。

描述——这是一种荒谬思想的最后目标。同样，科学到达其悖论的终点时便停止提议、思考，以及描绘永远纯洁的现象风景。心灵认识到，在我们看到世界的种种面貌时愉悦我们的情感，并非来自世界的深度，而是来自世界面貌的多样性。解释是无用的，而感觉会保持着，与之一起的还有在数量上没有穷尽的宇宙所产生的不断吸引。艺术作品的地位可以从这一点上得到理解。

它标示出一种体验的终结与增殖。这是对世界已精心安排的主题的一种重复，单调乏味又充满激情，其中包括：身体、庙宇楣外饰上无穷尽的画面、形式或颜色、数字或伤痛。因此，在这个精彩而幼稚的创造者的世界，再次邂逅本书的首要主题，作为总结，并非没有差别。如果从这个世界里看到一种象征，并且认为艺术作品最终可作为荒谬的避难所，那就错了。它本身就是一种荒谬的现象，而我们只关心对它的描述。它并不提供逃避思想疾病的方法，其实它是这种疾病的症状之一，在一个人的整个思想过程中都有所体现。它第一次让精神脱离了自身，将之与他物对立，并不是想让精神迷失，而是要明白地指给它那条所有人都已踏上的盲道。在荒谬的推理中，创造会跟随冷漠与发现，它标示出荒谬的激情爆发点，而这也是理性停止的点。创造在本书中的地位就是用这种方式被确认的。

要在艺术作品中发现关于荒谬的所有思想矛盾，只需阐明创造者与

思想者共有的几个主题便足够了。实际上，与其说证明各思想相联系的是相同的结论，不如说是他们共有的矛盾。思想与创造亦然，更不消说共同的苦恼促使人们形成这两种立场，这是他们在初始时的一致之处。在所有源自荒谬的思想中，我发现极少有思想能一直保持在荒谬的范围内，而通过它们的各种偏差和变体，我能够在最大限度上判断什么是属于荒谬范畴的。同样，我必须提出疑问：荒谬的艺术作品可能存在吗？

过多强调前一种对立——艺术与哲学之间的对立——的任意性是不可能的。假如你坚持从一种有过多限制的角度来看他，肯定是错的。假如你的意思只是，这两个学科各自具有独特立场，这极有可能是真的，但语焉不详。唯一可接受的论断在于被自己的体系困住的哲学家和面对自己作品的艺术家之间的矛盾，但这适合于我们在此列为第二位的艺术与哲学的某个特定形式。把一件艺术品与其创造者分开的想法不仅已经过时，也是错误的。有人指出，与艺术家相对的是，没有哪个哲学家曾创造过多个体系。实际上，没有艺术家以不同面貌进行过多种表达，就这一点而言，该观点是成立的。对艺术所作的瞬间美化对于它的更新是必要的——只有从预先形成的观点来看这一点才成立，因为艺术作品同样是一种建构，每个人都清楚伟大的创造者能有多么无聊。和思想者的理由一样，艺术家献身于自己的艺术，并在艺术中找到自我。这种潜移默化提出了最重要的美学问题，并且，对于任何相信思想具有单一目的的人而言，没有什么比建立在方法与对象之上的那些差别更无用的了。在人们为了理解和爱而为自己设立的学科之间没有边界，它们相互串连，被相同的焦虑连接在一起。

我们有必要在开头作此说明。若想得到荒谬的艺术品，必须使思想保持最清醒的形式。同时，思想又不能太显而易见，除非是作为起调节作用的智慧。这一悖论可由荒谬来解释。艺术品的诞生是由于智慧拒绝思考具体的事物，这标志着肉体上的胜利。激起它的正是清醒的思想，而思想正是以这一行为否认自己。它不会抵挡不住诱惑而去增加那种被

描述为深层含义的东西，它知道那是不合逻辑的。艺术品体现了一种智慧的戏剧，但只是间接证明了这一点。荒谬的作品需要一个艺术家和一种艺术，这艺术家意识到这些局限，这艺术中包含的确定性除了自己没有其他意味。它不可能是一种生活的终点、意义和慰藉。创造，还是不创造都不会有什么变化。荒谬的创造者不会嘉奖自己的作品。他可以否认它，有时他的确会否认它。就像兰波[73]的情况一样，一个阿比西尼亚[74]便足够了。

同时从这里还可以发现一个美学规则，真正的艺术品总是按照人的标准来创造的。从本质上说它展示出的东西“更少”。在艺术家总的体验与反映这种体验的作品之间，在威廉·麦斯特[75]与歌德的成熟之间，存在着某种关系。如果作品意欲在说明性文学的花边纸上展开全部体验，那么那种关系便是坏的。如果作品只是摘自体验的一小段，如钻石的一面，内部的光泽展露无余，那么那种关系便是好的。第一种情况属于超载，自负地想要达到永恒；第二种情况则使作品显得饱满，因为全面的体验含而不露，其丰富性任由人们去猜测。荒谬艺术家的问题是，他们要获得这种超越社交本领的彬彬有礼。最后，持这种立场的伟大的艺术家首先是一个伟大的生灵，生活在这种情况下被认为是体验与反思并重。因而这些作品便体现了一种思智上的戏剧。荒谬的作品表明，思想背弃了它的威信，心甘情愿地成为逐步建立外表并为无理性之物包装形象的思维。如果世界是清晰的，那么艺术就不会存在。

这里我谈的不是形式或色彩艺术，对于那种艺术，只有最质朴的描述才能占据上风。[76]思想结束了，表达就会开始。那些被人们置于庙宇和博物馆中的眼窝空空的青少年，他们的哲学已经用肢体表达出来。对于一个荒谬的人来说，这比所有图书馆都更具教育意义。另一方面，同样的情况也适用于音乐。如果说有一种艺术是没有教育意义的，那肯定是音乐。它与数学的关系太近了，无法借用数学的无凭无据。精神根据已确定的精确规则与自己玩了一场游戏，这游戏就发生在我们可接收

的声波范围内，超出这个范围，就会振动，就发生在非人性的宇宙中了。再没有比这更纯粹的感觉了。这些例子都过于简单，荒谬之人会把这些协调性和这些形式都当作自己的。

但这里我还要说到一种作品，对于这种作品而言，解释的诱惑仍是最大的，错觉会自动现身，而结论几乎是必不可少的。我指的是小说创作。我计划探询一下荒谬能否在这里扎根。

思考首先就意味着创造一个世界（或者说限制自己的世界，其实指的是同一件事）。它从把人与其体验相分离的基本的一致性出发，目的是按照人对旧事的怀恋发现一个共同点，一个用理性设限或者说由怀旧点亮的宇宙，但不管怎样，这个宇宙提供了一个机会以取消那种不堪忍受的分离。一个哲学家，即使他是康德，也是一个创造者。他有自己的性格、自己的标志、自己的秘密行动。他有自己的故事结局。相反，位于诗歌与散文之上的小说，不看表面，它所作的榜样只是代表了一种更伟大的艺术理智化。关于这一点不可出现半点差池；我指的是最伟大的。一种文学形式的积淀与重要性常常是由它所包含的糟粕来衡量的。我们一定不能因为那么多糟糕的小说而忘记了最佳小说的价值。实际上，那些作品都拥有自己的宇宙。小说拥有自己的逻辑、自己的推理、自己的直觉和自己的假设。它同样还有自己对明晰性的要求。[77]

以上所述的经典对立在此特殊例子中被阐释得更少。假如容易把哲学与其作者分开的话，那么它会保持在时间里。如今，思想不再主张普遍性，最好的历史或许要算它的悔恨史，于是我们知道了，这种体系如果有用的话，是不会和其作者相分离的。伦理学，从某一方面说，只是一段详尽的长篇个人自述。抽象的思想最终回到了支撑自己的肉体。同样，身体与激情的虚构活动更多是按照这个世界的某个幻象之要求来调控的。作家停止了讲“故事”，开始创造自己的宇宙。最伟大的小说家是哲学小说家，恰是论文家的对立面。略举几个例子，如巴尔扎克[78]、

萨德[79]、梅尔维尔[80]、司汤达[81]、陀思妥耶夫斯基、普鲁斯特、马尔罗[82]、卡夫卡[83]。

他们对用形象而非推理性论断来写作表现出偏爱，但事实上，这揭示出他们所共有的某种思想，他们确信，任何解释原则都是无用的，而可感知的外表传达出具有教育意义的信息。他们把艺术作品既当作终点，又当作起点。它是一种常常不明说的哲学之结果，是对这种哲学的阐释，是这种哲学的极致，但只有将这种哲学暗含其中才算圆满。有极少一部分思想会使一种旧题的变体远离生活，大多思想则会使这种主题无奈地接受生活，而艺术作品最终证实了这种变体的合理性。思想无法完善现实，于是便中途暂停开始模仿它。我们所说的小说是那种既有关联又取之不尽的知识之工具，正如爱的工具一般。关于爱，小说创作具有原创的精彩与丰富的思想。

这些至少是我一开始从中发现的魅惑。我同样在那些拥有耻辱思想的佼佼者中发现了这些，后来我便见证了这些人的自杀。实际上，我感兴趣的是去了解并描述把他们带回到幻觉之普遍道路上的力量。在此同样的方法会最终帮我一把。我已经运用过这种方法，于是我便可以缩短论述，用一个特殊的例子马上加以总结，不必在某个特定的例子上耽搁太久。我想知道，如果一个人接受了无所欲求、无所诉求的生活，那么他能否同样愿意无所诉求地去工作和创造，还有，通向这些自由的方法是什么。我想释放我的宇宙中的幽魂，并且只让有血有肉的真理居住其中，我无法否认这些真理的存在。我可以从事荒谬的工作，选择创造性的立场而非其他，然而一种荒谬的立场必须对其无凭无据保持清醒，倘若它有这种意愿的话。艺术作品的情况亦然。如果荒谬的诫律没有得到尊重，如果这一作品没有阐明分离与反抗，如果它崇尚幻象，激起希望，那么它就不再无凭无据了。我无法再让自己离开它。我的生活或许可以从中发现一种意义，但那只是微不足道的。它不再是超然与激情中的行为，为一个人生活中的辉煌与徒劳加冕。

在那种对解释的诱惑最为强烈的创造中，人能抵挡住诱惑吗？在那虚构的世界中，对现实世界的意识是最敏锐的，我能忠实于荒谬而不屈服于那种想作评判的欲望吗？有那么多问题要包含进最后的考虑中来，而其所指也肯定已经弄清楚。这些问题是对一种意识的最后顾虑，这种意识害怕为了一种最终的幻觉而放弃自己初始的艰难教训。适用于创造的，被认为是意识到荒谬的人可能持有的一种立场，那也同样适用于他可以选择的所有生活方式。征服者或演员，创造者或唐璜，或许已忘记，自己在生活中的所作所为无法离开对其疯狂特性的了解。人很快就能适应。一个人想通过赚钱获得幸福，于是他的全部努力和生活的精华部分都用来赚钱。幸福被遗忘了；赚钱是为了生命的终结。同样，那位征服者的全部努力可以转化为雄心壮志，这只是更伟大的生活之路。唐璜同样会转而服从于自己的命运，满意于那种只有通过反抗才能获得有价值之高贵的存在。对一个人来说这是意识，而对另一个人来说便成了反抗；在两种情况下荒谬都消失了。人心中有太多顽固的希望，最穷困之人最后常常会接受幻觉。这种因需要内心平和而激起的认可与有关存在的赞同相当。因而便出现了光芒四射的神和泥塑的偶像，然而我们有必要找到一条通往人之多面性的中间道路。

至此，关于它是什么，荒谬之危急关头的一次次失败已给了我们最好的答案。当我们得知答案时，同样也会注意到，小说创作可以表现出同某些哲学一样的含糊性。因此我可以选择一种包含一切表示荒谬意识的事物的作品以作说明，有一个清晰的起点和一个清醒的思想态度，其结果必将给我们以启发。倘若荒谬在其中未得到重视，那么我们就可以知道幻觉靠什么趁虚而入了。一个特例，一个主题，一个创造者的忠诚，对他们就足够了。更加细致的相同分析也包含其中。

我要查验陀思妥耶夫斯基最爱的一个主题。我也可以研究其他作品，[84]但是关于已讨论过的存在哲学，这部作品从高尚与情感的意义上直接探讨了问题。这种一致性恰合我的目的。

基里洛夫

陀思妥耶夫斯基的所有主人公都问自己同一个问题——生活的意义问题。由此看出他们都很现代：他们不害怕荒唐。当代情感与传统情感的区别就是，后者在道德问题上收获颇丰，而前者则是形而上学的问题。在陀思妥耶夫斯基的小说中，这一问题的提出饱含强烈的感情，以至于只能采用极端办法解决。存在是虚幻的，或者说它是永恒的。假如陀思妥耶夫斯基满意于这种探寻的话，他便成了一位哲学家，然而他阐明了这种思维上的消遣在人的生活中可能产生的结果，就此而言，他是一名艺术家。在那些结果中，他的注意力尤其被最后的结果所俘获，这一结果在他的《作家日记》中被称为合乎逻辑的自杀。在1876年12月的日记中，他设想了“合乎逻辑的自杀”的合理性。这个绝望的人已经确信，存在对于任何不相信永生的人而言，都是一种绝对的荒谬，于是他得出以下结论：

“因为在回答我关于幸福的问题时，以我的意识为媒介，我被告知说，除非是与伟大的一切和谐相处，否则我是不会幸福的，而这是我无法想象的，我也永远不会想象到，那么显然……”

“因为，最终在这种联系中，我既充当了原告的角色，也充当了被告的角色，既充当了被控者的角色，也充当了法官的角色；因为我认为这出自然所导演的喜剧愚不可及；因为我甚至觉得让我屈尊去演绎是一种耻辱……”

“以我无可指责的原告与被告、法官与被控者的身份，我谴责自然，它厚颜无耻，把我带到世间就是为了受苦——我诅咒它和我一起毁灭。”

这种立场尚存一丝幽默。自杀者之所以结束自己的生命，是因为他在形而上学的层面被惹恼了。从某种意义上说，他是在复仇。他用这种

方式证明自己“不会被拥有”，然而我们知道，在《群魔》的基里洛夫身上体现出相同的主题，只是用了最精彩的概述方式，这部作品同样是提倡合乎逻辑的自杀。工程师基里洛夫在某处宣称，他要结束自己的生命因为这“是他的意念”。显然必须从其本来意义上看这个词，它指的是一种想法，一种思想，这思想就是，他为死作好了准备。这是一种高层次的自杀。在基里洛夫的脑中逐渐闪现出一系列的画面，其中就有驱使他的那种致命意念，该意念渐渐显露在我们面前。事实上，这个工程师回到《日记》的论断中来。他感觉上帝是必不可少的，而他必须存在下去，但他知道，他不会也不能存在。他惊呼道：“你为何没有意识到，这是自杀的充分理由呢？”这一态度对他来说同样包含了某些荒谬的结果。由于淡漠，他同意让他的自杀为自己所鄙视的一项事业所用。“我昨晚下定决心，我不在乎。”而最终他的行为中带有一种反抗与自由相混合的感情。“我要结束自己的生命，为的是坚定我的不屈，和我全新而又可怕的自由。”这已不再是复仇问题了，而成了反抗问题。因此基里洛夫是个荒谬的角色——但还有一种不可或缺的保留：他自杀了。他自己解释了这一矛盾，解释的方式使他同时暴露了最纯粹的荒谬之秘密。事实上，他又为其致命的逻辑平添了一份企望，这便全方位展现了这一角色：他想要自杀以成为神。

这种逻辑具有传统的明晰性。如果上帝不存在，基里洛夫就是神；如果上帝不存在，基里洛夫必须自杀。因此基里洛夫必须自杀才能成为神。这种逻辑是荒谬的，但也是必要的。然而有趣的是要为那种被带到世上的神明赋予意义，这就等于是澄清这一前提：“如果上帝不存在，我就是神，”但仍是晦涩不明。一开始我们就要注意到，夸耀这种疯狂宣言的人确实属于这个世界，这一点很重要。为保持健康，他每天早上锻炼身体；他为查托夫找回妻子时的喜悦而感动。他死后，人们在一张纸上发现了他画的一张脸，正对“他们”吐着舌头。他稚气未脱、性情暴躁、饱含热情、神经过敏、做事有条不紊。说到超人，他只具有超人的思维与沉迷，却有人的全套特征，而平静谈论自己的神性的正是他。他

没疯，要不然就是陀思妥耶夫斯基疯了。因此，刺激他的不是一种妄自尊大的幻觉，而在此例子中取词句的具体意义会显得荒唐可笑。

基里洛夫自己也在帮助我们理解。他澄清说自己不是在谈论一个神人，这算是对斯塔夫罗金所提问题的回应。或许人们会认为，这是出于把自己与基督区别开来的考虑，但事实上这是一个将基督归为己有的问题。实际上，基里洛夫一度想象，耶稣死后并没有升入天堂，于是他发现自己所受的折磨都白费了。这个工程师说：“自然法则让基督生活在谎言之中，并且为了一个谎言死去。”只是从此意义上说，耶稣才是整部人类戏剧的化身。他是完整的人，是意识到这种最荒谬状态的人。他不是神人，而是人神。我们每个人都像他一样，会被钉在十字架上，会代人受过——只是在某种程度上。

因此，我们所谈的神明完全是人间的。基里洛夫说：“三年来我一直在找寻我的神明有何特性，我最终找到了。我之神明的特性便是独立。”这就可以看出基里洛夫的前提——“如果上帝不存在，我就是神”——有何意义了。成为神仅仅意味着在这个地球上获得自由，而非一个永生的存在效力。当然最重要的是，它是从那种痛苦的独立中作出所有推断的。如果上帝存在，那么一切便有赖于他，我们便无法做任何有悖于他的事。如果他不存在，一切便都取决于我们。对于基里洛夫而言，正如对于尼采而言，杀死上帝便是使自己成为神，便是在这个地球上实现福音书中所说的永生。[85]

可是，如果这种抽象的犯罪足够一个人达到圆满，为何还要自杀呢？为何在赢得自由后又要结束生命，离开这个世界呢？这是矛盾的。基里洛夫非常清楚这一点，因为他补充说：“如果你感觉到那个，你就是一位沙皇，你非但不会自杀，反而会荣耀一生。”但是一般人不会知道，他们不会感觉到“那个”。在普罗米修斯时代，他们怀有盲目的希望。[86]他们需要有谁给自己指明道路，并无法离开布道。因此，基里

洛夫肯定是出于对人性的爱而自杀，他必定为自己的教友指明了一条忠实而艰难的道路，而他是开路者。这是一种教学式的自杀，而基里洛夫作了自我牺牲。可是如果他被钉上十字架，他不会是代人受过。他仍然是人神，确信一种没有未来的死亡，被灌输入福音书式的忧郁。他说："我不快乐，因为我必须维护我的自由。"可一旦他死了，人们也最终摆脱了无知，那时这个世界上将遍地沙皇，要由人性的光辉去照亮。基里洛夫的那声枪响将成为最后一场革命的信号，所以促使他走向死亡的不是绝望，而是为了自己对邻居的爱。一种无法形容的精神历险终结于血泊之中，基里洛夫死前说了一句与人类的苦难一样古老的话："一切安好。"

那么，陀思妥耶夫斯基作品中的这种自杀主题的确是一种荒谬的主题。继续论述之前，我们只需注意，基里洛夫又化为其他人物，而这些人物自己又论及其他荒谬的主题。斯塔夫罗金和伊万·卡拉马佐夫在实际生活中实践了荒谬的事实，他们是因基里洛夫的死而获得解放的人，试着用自己的能力成为沙皇。斯塔夫罗金过着一种"讽刺"的生活，至于在哪一方面我们已清楚。他激起了周围人对他的反感，而理解这一人物的关键在于他的道别语："我还没能让自己对什么产生厌恶。"他是一个淡漠的沙皇。伊万同样通过拒绝妥协而成为精神的忠实力量。对于那些和他兄弟一样，用自己的生活证明有必要羞辱自己以得到信念的人，他回答，这种状态是可耻的。他关键的一句话是"一切都是被允许的"，带有一些得体的忧郁色彩。当然，和尼采这一最有名的行刺上帝者一样，他最终疯掉了，但还是值得冒这个险的，而面对这种悲剧的结局，荒谬精神中的本质冲动会问："这证明了什么呢？"

因此，陀思妥耶夫斯基的小说，比如《日记》，提出了荒谬的问题。它们为死亡、欣喜、"可怕的自由"创造了逻辑，沙皇的荣耀变得人性化起来。一切都好，什么都被允许，没有可恶的东西——这些是荒谬的判断。但这又是多么惊人的创造啊，其中的火与冰等创造物对我们来

说是那么熟悉。这个激情四射的冷漠世界——冷漠在它们内心深处轰鸣，对于我们来说根本就不恐怖，我们在其中发现自己每天都有的焦虑。或许没有人像陀思妥耶夫斯基那样，赋予这个荒谬的世界那样熟悉而又折磨人的魅惑。

但是他的结论是什么呢？有两段话表明了完全抽象的逆转，这引导了作者收获新的启示。那个采取了合乎逻辑的自杀行为之人的论断激起了批评者的抗议，而陀思妥耶夫斯基在以下的《日记》部分详述了此人的立场，并且这么总结道："如果对永生的信任对人类十分必要（以至于没了它人就要发展到自杀），那么它必定是正常的人性状态。鉴于此，人类灵魂中的永生无疑是存在的。"然后在他最后一部小说的最后几页，在与上帝之间那种宏大的搏斗最后，几个孩子问阿辽沙："卡拉马佐夫，宗教说的是真的吗，我们会死而复生，我们还会重逢？"阿辽沙回答："当然，我们还会重逢，我们会高兴地告诉对方都发生了什么事情。"

于是基里洛夫、斯塔夫罗金，还有伊万都输了。《卡拉马佐夫兄弟》对《群魔》回答。而这确实是一个结论。阿辽沙的话没有梅什金公爵[87]的话含糊，后者生活在永远的现在中，略带微笑与冷漠，而这种幸福的状态或许正是公爵所说的永生。相反，阿辽沙清楚地说："我们会重逢。"不再有自杀和发疯的问题，对于确信永生及其带来的愉悦的人来说，有什么用呢？人用自己的神性换来了幸福。"我们会高兴地告诉对方都发生了什么事情。"于是基里洛夫的枪声再一次回响在俄国的某个地方，然而世界仍在珍视自己盲目的希望。人们无法理解"那一点"。

因此，向我们娓娓诉说的不是一个荒谬小说家，而是一个存在主义小说家。这一跨跃同样动人，并且为激发自己的艺术赋予了高贵的气质。这是一种激动人心的默许，受到怀疑、不确定和热情的严重影响。

陀思妥耶夫斯基在谈到《卡拉马佐夫兄弟》时写道：“本书自始至终贯穿的一个主要问题就是我一生都有意识或无意识地深受其折磨的问题，那就是上帝的存在。”难以置信的是，一部小说便足以将一生遭受的苦痛转化为令人愉快的确定性。某评论员[88]准确地指出，陀思妥耶夫斯基站在伊万一边，积极乐观的章节耗费了三个月的工夫，而他所称的“亵渎行为”只用了三周便在一种兴奋的状态中写就。他的人物没有一个不带那种肉中刺，没有一个不使之恶化，没有一个不在情感与非道义中寻求补救方式。[89]无论如何，让我们保留这一疑问。这里涉及的作品在对比下显得比白昼的阳光还要耀眼，这可以让我们把握人与其希望间的斗争。到达终点后，创造者会作出对其人物不利的选择。而这种矛盾可以让我们作出一个区分，这里所论及的不是一部荒谬的作品，而是一部提出荒谬问题的作品。

陀思妥耶夫斯基的答复是屈辱，用斯塔夫罗金的话说就是“羞耻”。相反，荒谬的作品不会给出答复；这便是全部差异所在。在最后我们要特别注意这一点：在这部作品中与荒谬产生矛盾的不是其基督徒的特性，而是它对一种未来生活的昭示。既信仰基督又表现出荒谬，这是可能的。基督徒不相信未来生活的例子是有的。因而对艺术作品来说，应当可以确定一种荒谬分析的方向，而这也应该能从前几章中预见到。它促进了“福音书之荒谬性”的提出，阐明了确信并不妨碍怀疑这一观点，影响颇丰。但是显然，《群魔》的作者尽管熟悉这些套路，最后还是选择了一条极其不同的道路。这个创造者对其人物的回答，也就是陀思妥耶夫斯基对基里洛夫的回答，让人大吃一惊，实际上该回答可以总结为：存在是虚幻的，也是永恒的。

昙花一现的创造

我于是从这一点意识到，无法永远回避希望，希望甚至可以困扰那些想要摆脱它的人，这是我在此讨论的作品中发现的兴趣所在。至少在

创造的领域内，我可以列举一些真正荒谬的作品。[90]然而凡事必有一个开端，此论述的对象是某种忠实性。教会对异教徒一直都严酷无情，只因她认为没有比一个误入歧途的孩子更糟糕的敌人了。有关诺斯替教派[91]厚颜无耻的记录与摩尼教[92]坚忍不拔的精神，比所有的祷文对建立正统教义的贡献都要大。在一定程度上，同样的情况也适用于荒谬。人们认清自己的路线是通过发现背离路线的路径。在荒谬推理的最后，从其逻辑所持有的一种立场看，这问题不是对又扮上自己最动人伪装的希望表现得无动于衷的问题。这显示出荒谬的禁欲行为之艰难，尤其是显示了时刻保持警觉的必要性，并因此确认了本书的大体框架。

如果说列举荒谬的著作仍为时尚早，但至少可以针对创造性的立场得出一个结论，这是一个可以让荒谬的存在达到圆满的结论。消极的思想更能满足艺术的要求，理解一部伟大的作品必须看到其灰暗与耻辱的部分，正如认识白就要知道黑一样。用泥去雕塑，“徒劳”地去工作和创造，知道自己的创造没有未来，眼见自己的作品毁于一旦，同时又意识到，从根本上说，这同矗立了几个世纪的建筑一样无关紧要——这是荒谬思想好不容易认可的智慧。否定一个，放大另一个，同时执行这两个任务，是向荒谬的创造者打开的道路。他必须赋予虚无以颜色。

这促成了对艺术品的一种特殊构想。一位创造者的作品常常被当作一系列孤立的见证，于是艺术家与作家困惑不已。一种深刻的思想一直处在“形成”的状态中；它吸收了一种生活的体验，并表现出它的形态。同样，一个人唯一的创造在其后续多样的面貌——作品——中得到强化。这些作品接二连三地出现，相互补充，相互纠正或相互赶超，也相互矛盾。如果说有什么会结束一种创造的话，那它不是失明的艺术家胜利而虚幻的呼喊：“我已尽言”，而是创造者的死亡，他关闭了自己的体验，合上了关于自己的天才之书。

那种努力，那种超人的清醒头脑不一定对读者显而易见。人类创造

中没有奥秘，意愿完成了这一奇迹，然而至少没有无秘密的真正创造。诚然，接连不断的作品只是同一种思想的一系列相似品，但还有可能设想另一种创造者，他们并肩前进。他们的作品之间似乎没有什么关联，从某种程度上说还是相互矛盾的，但如果整体来看的话，便显示出其本质上的同类性。例如，它们都从死亡中获取确定性的意义，都从其作者的生活中得到最明亮的光。在作者去世的那一刻，他一系列的作品便只是一堆败笔。可是如果这些败笔之间产生了共振，那么创造者就成功复制了自我状态的形象，从而空气中便回荡着被他占有的毫无意义的秘密。

在此，为取得支配地位已付出了巨大的努力，然而人类的智慧则要大的多，它只会清楚地指明由意志控制的那一面创造。我在其他地方已经指出了一个事实，那就是人类的意志除为了保持清醒外别无他图，但这也无法离开锤炼。在有关耐心与清醒的练习中，创造是最行之有效的，它同样也惊人地证明了人类仅有的尊严：对自身状况的不屈反抗，锲而不舍于一种所谓无果的努力。这需要每天的努力，对自我的克制，对真理局限性的准确估计，分寸与实力。这就是禁欲，为了重复与标注时间，一切都是“徒劳”。或许伟大的艺术品本身没有那么重要，其重要之处在于它期待一个人承受的苦难，在于它为这个人所提供的克服自身幻觉并一步步靠近自己赤裸裸的现实的机会。

不要在美学上出错。我在此并非要求，一篇论文要不厌其烦地探询，不断地进行无果的阐述。如果你清楚地理解了我的论述，你会发现我的要求恰恰相反。论述小说是一种想要证明什么的作品，是最惹人厌恶的那种，它经常是由一种自以为是的思想激发而成。你会论证那种确信自己占有的真理，而那些只是人们提出的观点，是与思想相对的。其创造者是那些自惭形秽的哲学家。相反，我所说的或者我所想象的那些人，他们是清醒的思想者。在思想对自己置之不理的时刻，他们高举自己作品的形象，正如一种受到限制而又充满反抗精神的致命思想的显著

标志。

或许他们证明了什么，可是那些证明是小说家为自己而不是为整个世界提供的。最重要的是，小说家应该在具体事物中取得胜利，这是他们的高贵所在。让种种抽象的力量在其中蒙羞的思想，已经为他们准备好了这种完全的肉体上的胜利。当他们完全如此的时候，肉体便会同时让创造散发出自己所有荒谬的光辉。毕竟，讽刺性哲学家创作充满激情的作品。

任何弃绝一致性的思想都颂扬多样性，而多样性是艺术的归宿。唯一使精神得到释放的思想是不去打扰它的思想，这思想明确它的限制与行将到来的结局。没有什么理论学说能对它产生诱惑，它静候着工作与生活的成熟。如果作品脱离了精神，它就会再一次用一种近乎低沉的声音表达一种永远没有希望的灵魂。或者，假如厌倦于自我行为的创造者意欲转身而去，它便什么也不会表达。这是对等的。

于是我期望从荒谬的创造中获取我从思想中得到的东西——反抗、自由和多样性。不久它就会彰显出自己完全的无用性。在日复一日的努力尝试中，智慧与激情相互结合，相互取悦，而荒谬之人从中发现了一种可使其实力最大化的锻炼方式。于是必需的勤奋、顽强与清醒类似于征服者的立场。创造就像是赋予一个人的命运以一种形状，对于所有这些人物而言，作品对他们的定义至少不亚于他们对作品的定义。演员教给我们：在“是什么”与“表现为什么”之间没有界线。

我要重申，所有这些都没有什么实际意义。在通往自由的过程中仍有一段路要走，对这些相互联系的头脑（不管是创造者还是征服者）所作的最后努力，就是把他们也从自己的事业中解脱出来：做到承认那作品，不论是否是征服、爱情或创造；使任何个体生活都达到完全无用这一圆满结果。实际上，那在作品的完成上给予了他们更多的自由，正如开始意识到他们被赋予的这种生活的荒谬性，从而不遗余力地投入其

中。

剩下的就是命运了，其唯一的出路是致命的。在死亡这种单独的致命性以外，一切都是自由，毋论是喜悦还是快乐。这个世界仍是人主宰的世界，对他形成限制的是对另一个世界的幻觉。其思想的结果不再是自我否定，而是开出形象的花朵。它只是在嬉戏——肯定是在虚构之中，然而这些虚构除了人类忍受的痛苦外没有其他深度，而且同人类的痛苦一样没有穷尽。不是从供人消遣并蒙蔽人心的神话传说中，而是从人间的面孔、姿态及戏剧中，可以总结出一种艰难的智慧与短暂的热情。

西西弗斯[93]神话

众神判处西西弗斯永不休止地把一块大石头滚上山顶，到了山顶石头又在自身重量的作用下滚落下去。他们的理由是，再没有比看不到希望的徒劳更可怕的惩罚方法了。

如果你相信荷马的话，那么西西弗斯便是凡人中最聪明、最审慎的一个。在另一个传说中，他又被安排去扮演拦路强盗的角色。这里我没发现什么矛盾，而关于他是怎么成了地狱里只能做无用功的苦力，众说纷纭。首先，有指责说他怠慢了诸神，窃取了他们的机密。伊索普斯[94]的女儿伊琴娜被朱庇特[95]劫走，父亲对女儿的失踪大为震惊，便向西西弗斯诉怨。西西弗斯知道这起绑架的原委，便主动告诉了他，但有一个条件，就是伊索普斯要为科林斯堡供水。比起天火雷电，西西弗斯更喜欢水带来的恩泽。为此他被罚下地狱。而荷马告诉我们，西西弗斯用锁链缚住了死神，普路托[96]无法忍受地狱的荒凉、落寞，便派战神去把死神从她的征服者手里解救出来。

还说，西西弗斯临死前，突然想考验一下妻子对他的爱，便命妻子不要埋葬自己的尸体，而是把它扔到公共广场的中央。西西弗斯在地狱醒了过来。在那里他要处处服从，与他在人间享受的爱完全不同，使他饱受困扰，于是他从普洛托那里获准重回人间去惩戒自己的妻子。可是当再一次见到这个世界的面貌时，他享受着阳光的照耀和水流的滋润，还有那温暖的石头和大海，再也不想回到那黑暗的地狱了。来自地狱的召唤、怒气、警告都无济于事。他面对蜿蜒的海湾、闪光的海水、微笑的大地，又在人间生活了多年。诸神是时候采取措施了。于是墨丘利[97]来了，他抓住这个无耻之人的衣领，将他从快乐中拽了出来，强行把他带回了地狱，在那里巨石已为他备好了。

你已经看明白了，西西弗斯是荒谬的英雄。他的激情和他的痛苦成就了这个英雄人物。他对诸神的蔑视、对死亡的痛恨、对生活的热情为他带来了那不可言状的惩罚——运用全身心的精力去完成无用功。这是世俗的热情必须要付出的代价。关于西西弗斯在地狱的事情我们一无所知。神话都是用想象吹活的，至于这个神话，人们看到的只是一个人的全部劳作，他费力抬起一块巨石，然后滚动巨石，成百上千次把它推上一个斜坡；人们看到的是一张拧紧的脸，面颊紧贴着石头，肩膀撑着沾满泥土的大石块，双脚插入土里，每迈出新的一步双臂都要伸展拉伸，人身安全只有靠那双沾满泥土的手来保障。漫长劳作的最后是紧贴头顶的天空和没有边际的时间，此时目标便达成了。然后西西弗斯看着石头冲下山去，没一会便到了下面的世界，从那里，他又得重新把石头推上山顶。他又回到了平地。

正是这种往返、停歇，使我对西西弗斯产生了兴趣。那张磨炼得如石头般的脸已然成了石头。我看着这个人走回山下，迈着沉重而稳健的步伐，走向一种他永远不知道终点的折磨。这段喘息时间和他所要遭受的折磨一样，定时回来，这便是意识的时刻。每当他走下山顶，慢慢陷入众神的巢穴，他都高过自己的命运，强于那块巨石。

如果说这个神话是个悲剧，那是因为它的主人公是有意识的。如果他每迈一步都充满了胜利的希望，那么何谓对他的折磨呢？今天的劳动人民每天都在完成同样的任务，这种命运堪称荒谬，但是只有到了意识出现时（这种情况很少出现），它才是悲惨的。西西弗斯是众神的无产者，手无缚鸡之力，心有反抗精神，他完全明白自己的悲惨处境；这正是他下山期间所思考的。清醒的头脑是他痛苦的原因，但同时也加冕了他的胜利。没有轻蔑征服不了的命运。

因此，倘若走下坡路时可以充满悲伤，那么也可以充满欢乐。这话并不过分。我想象着西西弗斯走向他的石头，悲伤开始酝酿。如果大地

的形象深深地刻入记忆，如果快乐的召唤已十分迫切，那么悲伤在心中郁积：这便是石头的胜利，这就是那个石头。无尽的忧伤难以承受，这就是我们的客西马尼[98]之夜。然而雄辩的真理一旦被认识就要幻灭。因而俄狄浦斯[99]在起初不知情的时候是服从于命运的，而从他知道的那一刻起，他的悲剧便开始了。同时，失明而又绝望的俄狄浦斯意识到，联系他与这个世界的唯一纽带是一个女孩冰冷的手臂。于是便有了一段掷地有声的精彩话语："尽管历经种种磨难，我年事已高，灵魂高尚，这让我最终发现，一切安好。"所以说索福克勒斯[100]的俄狄浦斯，同陀思妥耶夫斯基的基里洛夫一样，都给出了荒谬胜利的法则。先贤的智慧肯定了现代的英雄主义。

人们要发现荒谬，就肯定要忍不住写一本幸福指南。"什么！用这种狭隘的方式？……"然而，只有一个世界，快乐与荒谬是同一块土地的两个儿子，是不可分的。如果说要得到快乐就必须发现荒谬，那就错了，同样地，说荒谬来自于快乐，也是不正确的。俄狄浦斯说"我觉得，一切安好"，这一说法是神圣的。它在荒芜而有限的人类宇宙间回响，告诫人们一切都没有耗尽，从来就没有耗尽过。一个神带着不满与对无效痛苦的偏爱进入这个世界，而它把这个神驱逐了出去。它还把命运变成了一种人的事情，必须在人中间得到解决。

西西弗斯所有静默的快乐都包含其中。他的命运属于他自己，他的石头受他左右。同样，当荒谬的人思考自己的痛苦时，他令所有被人膜拜的偶像都哑然失声。在这个突然间恢复沉寂的世界，大地上无数游荡的细微声音纷纷升起。来自所有面孔的无意识的、秘密的召唤、诱惑，它们是胜利必然付出的代价，并与之相对。有阳光就会有阴影，我们必须认识黑夜。荒谬的人说"好"，然后便会不停地努力。如果有属于个人的命运，那么便不存在更高层次的命运，或者至少只有一种命运被他认为是不可避免而又可鄙的。对其余而言，他则自知是自己生活的主人。就在人回看自己生活的微妙时刻，也就是西西弗斯又回到石头那去的时

候，在那微不足道的转折处，他会思索其命运中那一系列毫无关联的行动，由自己施行，在记忆中组合，由他的死亡封存。因此，他相信有关人性的一切完全源自人性，如渴望光明并且知道黑暗无边的盲人，仍然在前进。石头还在滚动。

我把西西弗斯留在山脚！人们总会一次又一次地找回自己的负担。西西弗斯告诫我们，还有更高的忠实，它可以否定神灵，举起巨石。他最终也发现，一切安好。从此，这个没有主人的宇宙在他看来，既不贫瘠，也非无用。那块石头的每一颗微粒，那座夜色笼罩的山上的每一片矿石，本身都是一个世界。迈向高处的挣扎足够填充一个人的心灵。人们应当想象西西弗斯是快乐的。

附录　卡夫卡作品中的希望与荒谬

卡夫卡的全部艺术所在就是强迫读者重读。其作品的结尾，或作品结尾的缺失，反映的是一种阐释意义，但是没有用清楚明白的语言揭示出来，反而需要读者从另一个视角重读故事，直至意义得到证实。有时对作品的阐释可能会有两种结果，所以有必要进行二次阅读，这便是作者想要的，但是如果对卡夫卡作品中的所有东西都细致入微地进行解读，也不合适。象征总是普遍意义上的，不论其翻译多么精准，艺术家也只能还原它动作的含义：不存在字对字的翻译。况且，没有比象征作品更难理解的东西了。一种象征往往超越了运用这种象征的人，使他实际所说多于他有意识要表达的。从这一点来说，把握这种象征的最可靠办法就是不要去激发意象，不要抱着一种先入为主的态度开始这项任务，不要去找寻藏匿的暗流。特别是对于卡夫卡而言，遵循他的规则，通过外部因素看戏剧冲突，通过形式读他的小说，是说得过去的。

对于漫不经心的读者来说，乍看，它们都是些让人不安的历险，人物在颤抖中坚韧不拔，探索着自己从不明确的问题。在《审判》中，约瑟夫·K被指控了，但他不知道因何罪名。他无疑极想为自己辩护，但还是不知道为什么。律师觉得他的案子很难办，在此期间他也不忘吃饭、读报、恋爱。然后他被审判了，但法庭很黑暗。他有很多不理解，只知道自己被判有罪，但是是什么罪他也不去想。有时他会对这事产生一些怀疑，但还是继续活着。没过多久，两个穿着考究的绅士模样的警官找到他，请他和他们走一趟。他们非常客气地把他引到一个废弃的郊外，将他的头搁在一块石头上，割破了他的喉咙。死前这个有罪之人只是说了一句：“像条狗。”

你可以看到，在一个最明显的特征恰好是自然性的故事里，很难扯

上象征。自然性是很难理解的一种范畴，有些作品中的事件对读者而言是自然的，而在其他（当然很少）作品中，对角色而言，他认为发生在自己身上的事是自然的。有一个奇怪但是很明显的悖论，角色的经历越不同寻常，故事的自然性就越显著：一个人的生活是怪异的，而他则简简单单地接受了这种生活，两者之间存在着不一致，而我们由这种不一致感受到的分歧决定了这种自然性。似乎这种自然性就是卡夫卡式的，而人们也非常了解《审判》的意思是什么。人们已经论及人类状况的一种形象，这是毋庸置疑的，但这让问题既简单又复杂起来。我是指小说的意义更加为卡夫卡个人所专有。从某种程度上看，拥有发言权的是他，尽管他承认说是我们在发言。他在生活，他被判有罪。从小说的前几页中，他就认识到了这一点，那是他在这个世界上的追求，然而一旦他力求应付这一点，他丝毫不惊奇自己能够做到。对自己缺乏惊诧之情，他永远也不会表现出诧异。荒谬作品的初始迹象正是通过这些矛盾被辨认出来。思想会把自己的精神悲剧投射到具体的事物上，而该做法凭借的只是一种永久性的悖论，这种悖论为色彩赋予了表达虚无的能力，为日常行为赋予了传达永恒企望的力量。

同样，《城堡》或许是某种行动上的神学，但首先它是一个个体的历险，一种心灵的历险，一种人的历险，那心灵追求优雅，那人向世界客体追问他们高贵的秘密，向女人们诘问沉睡在她们心中的诸神的信息。自然，《变形记》进而代表了一种清醒的道德准则的可怕意象，而这种结果的出现同样是由于人们在意识到自己不费吹灰之力便表现出的兽性时，会感到惊愕不已。在这种基本的晦涩中便掩藏着卡夫卡的秘诀。这些永久性的振动——从自然到特别，从个体到普遍，从悲剧到平庸，从荒谬到逻辑，贯穿于他的作品，赋予它共鸣与意义。必须一一列举这些悖论，强化这些矛盾，方能理解荒谬的作品。

实际上，一种象征表现了两个平面，思想与感觉的两种世界，以及包含他们之间一致性的词典。这一词典是最难拟定的，然而意识到这两

个面对面的世界就相当于找到了其诀窍之间关系的踪迹。在卡夫卡那里，这两个世界一方是日常生活的世界，另一方是超自然渴望的世界。[101]似乎在这里我们见证了尼采的话被没完没了地利用："重大问题比比皆是。"

人的生活状况（而且这是所有文学作品的共性）中不仅有一种不可替代的高贵，还有一种基本的荒谬性，两者巧遇，天然成趣。我重申，人类精神中的非人性部分与肉体的短暂快乐之间产生了荒唐的分裂，而在这种分裂中两者都得到了突显。荒谬的是，产生这种分裂的应该是属于这个身体的心灵，而它不加节制地超越了这身体。任何想表现这种荒谬性的人都必须在一系列相似的对比中赋予其生命，所以卡夫卡用平庸来表达悲剧，用逻辑来表达荒谬。

演员对一个悲剧角色投入的精力越多，他就越会小心翼翼不去夸大。如果他的表现有节制，那么他激起的恐惧就会没有节制。在这一方面，希腊悲剧让人受益匪浅。在一部悲剧作品中，命运往往在逻辑性与自然性的伪装下得到更好的突显。俄狄浦斯的悲剧提前就得到昭示。他会实施谋杀与乱伦，这是冥冥之中就已经确定的。戏剧完全致力于表现这种逻辑体系，这种体系会通过一步步的推理最终让主人公的不幸达到顶点。仅仅告知我们这种不寻常的命运几乎没什么恐怖可言，因为那是不可能发生的事，但是如果其发生的必然性是通过由日常生活、社会、状态、熟悉的情感构成的体系展示给我们的，那么恐惧就变得神圣起来。使人产生动摇的反抗逼迫人说"那是不可能的"，而在这种反抗中有一种让人感到绝望的确定性元素，而这种确定性可能就是"那一点"。

这便是希腊悲剧的全部奥秘，或者至少是其奥秘的一个方面，因为还有一种相反的方式可以帮助我们更好地理解卡夫卡。人心有一种不良倾向，只把让它崩溃的东西称为命运。但是快乐同样也是不需要理由的，它会以自己的方式出现，因为它是不可避免的，然而，现代人一旦

意识到了这一点，他就会把功劳都归到自己身上。相反，关于希腊悲剧的特殊命运，以及那些被传奇故事所钟爱的人物，有很多值得大书特书的内容。这些处在最困难处境的人，如尤利西斯[102]，脱离了自我。要返回伊萨卡岛[103]并没有那么容易。

无论如何一定不能忘了将逻辑、平庸与悲剧联系到一起的秘密同谋。这便是为何《变形记》的主人公，有着怪异经历的萨姆沙是一个推销员。这也是为什么他在变成一只虫子后，唯一困扰的是，老板会对他的缺勤而生气。他身上长出了多条腿和触角，脊椎拱起，肚子上出现了白点——我不能说这不令他惊讶，因为那样的话艺术效果会变质——这给他造成了“一丝烦恼”。卡夫卡的全部艺术所在就是这种特色。在其核心之作《城堡》中，平庸生活的细节突显出来，但在这部没有终结而一切又重新开始的怪诞小说中，表现出的是一种追求优雅的灵魂所必经的历险。在每一个属于伟大创造者的小伎俩中，同样可以找到那种问题到行动的转化，那种一般与特殊的重合。在《审判》中，主人公或许该取名为史密特或弗兰兹·卡夫卡，可是他却被叫作约瑟夫·K。他不是卡夫卡，可他又是卡夫卡。他是一个普通的欧洲人，同所有其他人一样，但他同样是一个实体的K，是这一有血有肉的等式中的未知数。

同样，如果卡夫卡想表达荒谬的话，他可以运用一致性。你一定知道那个疯子在浴缸钓鱼的故事。一个精神病治疗医师问他“鱼有没有上钩”，他得到了毫不客气的回答：“当然没有，你个傻瓜，这是浴缸。”这是一个具有巴罗克风格的故事，但是从故事中可以非常清晰地体会到这种荒谬的影响在多大程度上与一种过度的逻辑相联系。卡夫卡的世界事实上是一种难以描绘的宇宙，人们在其中恣意享受这种在浴缸钓鱼的折磨人的奢华，明知自己会一无所获。

因此我看到的是一个有着荒谬原则的作品。例如，就《审判》而言，我的确可以说这是一次完全的胜利。肉体胜出，什么也不缺失：不

缺少那种未明确表达的反抗（但这显示在文字之中），不缺少清醒而沉默的绝望（但这显示在创造之中），也不缺少小说人物直至最后死亡还在展示的那种令人惊叹的自由态度。

这个世界并没有它看起来那么封闭。在这个停滞不前的宇宙，卡夫卡将引入一种特殊形式的希望。从这一点上说，《审判》与《城堡》没有遵循同样的方向，它们之间是相互补充的关系。这种由此及彼的前进，代表了逃避领域中一种巨大的征服，很难被察觉。《审判》提出一个问题，《城堡》从某种程度上解决这一问题。前者按照一种类科学的方法描述，没有作结论；后者从一定程度上说，采用了解释的方式。《审判》作诊断，《城堡》设想了一种治疗方法，但这里提出的补救办法不会治愈病情，只是把这种病又带回到正常生活中，使人们从某种意义上（我们可以想见克尔凯郭尔）对之加以珍视。土地测量员K除了折磨自己的焦虑外，无法想象还有其他焦虑。他四周那些人依附于那种虚无的无名之痛，似乎痛苦显现出一种特权面貌。弗丽达对K说："自从认识了你，当你不在的时候，我是多么地需要你，我感到那么的孤独。"这种巧妙的补救办法让我们去爱摧毁自己的东西，使希望从一个没有出口的世界一跃而起，这一突然的"跨跃"让一切都改变了，而这便是这场存在主义革命与《城堡》本身的奥秘。

很少有作品能在其发展中比《城堡》还要严密。被任命为城堡土地测量员的K到了村子里，可是从村子到城堡，要沟通是很难的。在数百页的描写中，K坚持搜寻自己的道路，不断前进，运用花招与各种权宜之计，从不愠怒，试图带着一种令人不安的善意来承担托付给自己的责任。每一章都有一种新的障碍，也是一个新的开始，它不是一种逻辑的方法，却是连贯的。这种连贯性的范围便构成了作品的悲剧特征。当K打电话给城堡时，他听到的是困惑而混杂的声音，模糊不清的笑声，从远方传来的诱惑。这足以满足他的愿望，正如那些出现在夏日天空中的若干迹象，或是那些夜晚的期盼一样，它们是我们生活下去的理由。这

里我们发现了为卡夫卡所独有的忧郁的奥秘。实际上，在普鲁斯特的作品或者普罗提诺[104]的领域中，也能发现同样的东西：对一种失去的天堂的怀恋。奥尔加说："巴纳巴斯早上跟我说他要去城堡时，我很伤心，那很可能是徒劳的旅程，没有希望，还浪费时间。"卡夫卡把他整个作品的赌注都压在这一暗示性的表达上——"很可能"，然而于事无补，这里对永久性的追求是小心翼翼的。卡夫卡的人物，那些被激发起的机械人，为我们提供了一种精确形象，即当我们被剥夺了自己的消遣[105]并被完全移交给神圣的耻辱时所具有的形象。

在《城堡》中，那种对平庸的屈从成了一种道德准则。K非常希望城堡能接收他，由于无法独自达成这一愿望，他便竭尽全力想成为这个村子的居民，丢掉大家对他的陌生感，以此赢得那种特权。他想要的是一份职业，一个家，一个健康的正常人应有的生活。他再也忍受不了这种疯癫，他想变得理性起来。他想摆脱那种奇特的诅咒，这种诅咒让他与这个村子形同陌路。有关弗丽达的插曲从这一点上说是有意义的。倘若他让这个认识一名城堡官员的女人做自己的情妇，那是因为她的过去。他从她身上得到一些超越自己的东西——同时他也知道是什么让她永远也配不上城堡。这会让人想起克尔凯郭尔对雷吉娜·奥尔森异常的爱情。在有些人身上，燃烧他们的永恒之火足够他们烧毁离自己最近之人的心。把不是上帝的东西交给上帝这一致命的错误，同样是《城堡》中这一段插曲的主题，但是对于卡夫卡来说，这似乎算不上错误，而是一种教义，一种"跨跃"。没有什么东西不是上帝的。

更加意味深长的是，土地测量员和弗丽达分手这一事实，分手为的是走近巴纳巴斯的姐妹们，要知道巴纳巴斯家可是村子里唯一被城堡还有这个村子完全遗弃的。大女儿阿马利娅拒绝了一个城堡官员给她的可耻建议，而那随之而来的咒骂让她永远也得不到上帝的爱。不能为了上帝而失去自己的荣誉，就等于说不配得到上帝的恩慈。你会看出一个为存在哲学所熟悉的主题：与道德相反的真实，在这一点上还是有深远意

义的。因为卡夫卡的主人公所追寻的——从弗丽达到巴纳巴斯的姐妹，正是从相信爱到崇拜荒谬的道路。在这里卡夫卡的思想又与克尔凯郭尔的相类似。“巴纳巴斯”的故事被安置在书的最后，这是不足为奇的。土地测量员的最后一次尝试是通过否定他的东西重新捕获上帝，是去辨识上帝，根据的不是我们美好与美丽的范畴，而是在他的冷漠、不公和仇恨中那空虚、可怕的方面之后。那个请求城堡接收自己的陌生人在行程的最后更加感到自己被放逐了，因为他没有忠于自己，抛弃了道义、逻辑以及思智上的真理，为的是进入上帝慈悲的荒漠，而他与生俱来的只是狂热的希望。[106]

“希望”这个词用在这里并不荒唐。相反，卡夫卡所描绘的状态越悲剧，希望就变得越坚定、越有攻击性。《审判》越表现出真实的荒谬，《城堡》表现出的慷慨激昂的“跨跃”就越动人，越不合情理，但是在这一种纯粹的状态中我们又发现了存在主义思想的悖论，正如人们对它的论述一样。例如，克尔凯郭尔说：“一定要扼杀掉世俗的希望；只有到那时人才能被真正的希望[107]所拯救。”这句话可以这么解释：“人要想了解《城堡》必先写作《审判》。”

诚然，论及卡夫卡的大部分人将他的作品定义为一种绝望的呼喊，不给人任何求助的希望，然而这话有待考量。他的作品中不止一种希望。在我看来，亨利·波尔多[108]乐观向上的作品独有一种沮丧，这是因为他的作品毫无值得品鉴之处，相反，马尔罗[109]的作品总是让人感到神清气爽，但关于两部作品共同的希望与绝望都没有疑义。我只发现，荒谬的作品本身就能导致我想要避免的不忠。这种作品只是一种无果状态的无效重复，是对短暂生命的冷静赞美，在此成了幻想的摇篮。它作解释，它赋予希望以形状。创造者再也无法将自己置身事外，它并非昔日的那个悲剧游戏，而是赋予作者的生命以意义。

奇怪的是，不管怎样，卡夫卡也好，克尔恺郭尔也好，甚至是舍斯

托夫——简言之这些都是存在主义的小说家和哲学家，都旨在揭示荒谬及其后果，他们那有着相关启发性的作品从长远来看，应该会激起那声对希望的嘹亮的呼唤。

他们拥抱这位吞噬自己的上帝。希望正是通过谦卑才借机进入，因为这种存在的荒谬性向他们确保了一种更加超自然的现实。倘若这种生活轨迹最终引向上帝，那么毕竟还是有一种结果的。而克尔凯郭尔、舍斯托夫和卡夫卡的主人公们在行程中的坚持不懈与锲而不舍，为那种确定性所带来的振奋人心的力量提供了一种特殊保证。[110]

卡夫卡拒绝将自己道德上的高贵、清晰、美德与连贯性托付于自己的神，只想更好地落入其怀抱。荒谬被认可与接受，人要顺从于它，但从那时起我们知道它已不再是荒谬了。在人类状态的范围内，还有比容许从这种状态中逃脱更伟大的希望吗？正如我再次所见，存在主义思想在这方面（且对立于现下观点）如置身于浩瀚希望之海的一叶扁舟。正是这种早期基督教的希望和信息的传播点燃了旧世界。然而在塑造了一切存在主义思想特征的跨跃中，在那种坚持中，在对一种没有表象的神明的调查中，怎能看不到那否定自身的清醒之标志呢？人们仅仅把这称之为骄傲，为了自我救赎而可放弃的骄傲。这样一种否定应是成果颇丰的，但这改变不了那一事实。在我眼里，清醒的道德标准同所有骄傲一样，不会因被称作无效而降低，要知道，一种真理在其定义下也是无效的。一切事实皆如此。在一个万物既定、无所解释的世界，一种价值或超自然的多产性，是一种没有实义的概念。

无论如何，于此你可以了解卡夫卡的作品遵循了何种思想传统。把从《审判》到《城堡》的发展看作不可避免，这是明智的。约瑟夫·K和土地测量员K只是吸引卡夫卡的两极。[111]用他的话说就是，其作品很有可能并不荒谬，但这不应成为我们发现其高贵性与普遍性的阻碍。它们的出现得益于这一事实，即他极其充分地表现了从希望到忧伤，从绝

望的智慧到有意的盲目这种平庸的过程。他的作品具有普遍性（一种真正荒谬的作品不具有普遍性），它表现了人受情感触动的面容；这种人逃避人性，从自己的诸多矛盾中得到信仰的理由，并在丰富的绝望中发现希望之光，把生活当作为准备死亡而进行的恐怖练习。这具有普遍性，因为其灵感具有宗教性质。像一切宗教一样，信仰它的人不会感到自己生命的重量。如果我知道这一点，如果我甚至可以赞赏它，我同样也能知道我追寻的不是普遍性的东西，而是真实的东西。两者完全不可能共存。

如果我说，真正无望的思想碰巧是由相反的标准界定的，悲剧作品或许描写的是一个乐天派的生活，其所有未来的希望都被放逐了，或许那一特殊的观点会更好理解。生活越是有波澜，想失去它的想法就越荒谬。这或许是在尼采作品中所感觉到的那种高傲的乏味之奥秘。在这种联系中，尼采似乎是从荒谬中得出一种美学的极端后果的唯一艺术家，因为他传递给我们的最后信息就是一种贫瘠而具有征服性的冷静，以及一种对任何形而上慰藉的坚决否定。

尽管如此，以上足以突出卡夫卡在本书结构中的重要地位，我们在此涉及了人类思想的局限。从这个词最广泛的意义上看，可以说其作品没有一处是不必要的。不管怎样，它全面提出了荒谬问题。假如有人想将这些结论与我们之前的论述作对比，将内容与形式作对比，将《城堡》的隐秘含义与塑造它的自然艺术作对比，将K充满激情与自豪感的追求与它发生的平庸背景作对比，那么人们就会意识到它的伟大所在了。如果怀旧是人类的标志，或许没有人会赋予这些悔恨的幽灵以这种热血与空间。同时人们也会感知到这种荒谬作品需要什么独特的高贵，或许在这里是找不到的。如果艺术的本质就是联结普通与特殊，联结一滴水的短暂永恒与其光彩的闪烁，那么通过他所展现的这两种世界间的距离来判断这位荒谬作家的伟大性，将变得更加合理。他的诀窍就是找到两种世界在最不相称之时的相遇点。

老实说，心底纯净的人到处都能发现这种人性与非人性交汇的几何轨迹。如果说浮士德与堂吉诃德是杰出的艺术创作，那是因为他们用自己世俗的双手为我们指出了那些不可计量的高贵性。可是头脑对他们双手触及的事实会加以否定，这一刻终会到来。这一刻来了，创造便不再被当作悲剧看待，只是被严肃地对待。那时的人是有希望的，但这不是他要做的事，他要做的是远离欺骗。而这正是我在卡夫卡对整个宇宙发出的强烈诉求之末所发现的。他的令人难以置信的裁决是：在这个丑陋而搅乱人心的世界里，即使鼹鼠也敢奢谈希望。[112]

[1]本体论是探究世界的本原或基质的哲学理论。——编者注

[2]此处是基于真理的相对价值的观点。而从男子气概的角度来看，对于此学者的软弱我们大可以付诸一笑。

[3]荷马史诗中的特洛伊王子，他骗走希腊斯巴达王墨涅拉奥斯的美貌妻子海伦，引发了特洛伊战争。——译者注

[4]西班牙作家塞万提斯所著小说《堂·吉诃德》中的主人公。——译者注

[5]在此不应忘记本书的论述是有相对性的。实际上，自杀可能会与更高尚的事件有关。例如，在中国革命中所谓的持不同政见者的政治自杀。

[6]尼采（1844—1900），德国哲学家、诗人，唯意志论的主要代表，创立“权力意志说”和“超人哲学”。——译者注

[7]陀思妥耶夫斯基的小说《群魔》中的主人公。——译者注

[8]我曾听说有一个贝尔格里诺斯的效仿者，是个战后作家，他完成第一本书后就自杀了，为的是引起人们对其著作的关注。关注的确引来了，但是书还是没被看好。

[9]阿瑟·叔本华（1788—1860），德国哲学家，唯意志论的创始人，认为意志是人的生命的基础，也是整个世界的内在本性，著有《意志和表象的世界》《论自然界的意志》等。——译者注

[10]卡尔·雅斯培（1883—1969），二十世纪德国的存在哲学大师。——译者注

[11]马丁·海德格尔（1889—1976），德国哲学家，在现象学、存在主义、解构主义、诠释学、后现代主义、政治理论、心理学及神学领域都有举足轻重的影响。——译者注

[12]这里所取并非荒谬的原意。这不是定义，而是对可能包含荒谬的诸多感情的一种罗列。并且，这种罗列有穷尽时，而荒谬却无法尽言。

[13]指萨特的小说《恶心》。——译者注

[14]巴门尼德（公元前515—前450？），古希腊哲学家，爱利亚学派创始人，认为思想与存在是同一的、无生灭的、不动的、单一的，著有用诗体写成的哲学著作《论自然》，现仅存残篇。——译者注

[15]理性主义承认，人的推理可以作为知识来源。一般认为随着笛卡尔的理论而产生。十七至十八世纪间主要在欧洲大陆上得以传播，本质上体现科学和民主，是启蒙运动的哲学基础。——编者注

[16]语出尼采《查拉图斯特拉如是说》第三部中“日出之前”一节。超人将万物从理性的绝对精神控制下解放出来，让偶然重新成为主宰。——译者注

[17]索伦·克尔凯郭尔（1813—1855），丹麦宗教哲学心理学家、诗人，现代存在主义哲学的创始人，后现代主义的先驱。——译者注

[18]卡尔·西奥多·雅斯贝尔斯（1883—1969），德国存在主义哲学家、神学家、精神病学家。——译者注

[19]列夫·舍斯托夫（1866—1938），俄国思想家、哲学家。——译者注

[20]马克斯·舍勒（1874—1928），德国哲学家和社会学家，哲学人类学的主要代表。——译者注

[21]康德（1724—1804），德国哲学家、德国古典唯心主义哲学创始人，主张自在之物不可知，人类知识是有限度的，提出星云假说。——译者注

[22]源于古希腊神话。阿里阿德涅是克里特岛上的公主，她为帮助心爱之人忒修斯杀掉迷宫中的米诺牛，解救雅典，交给他一只线团，引他破解了迷宫。这个线团称为阿里阿德涅之线，是忒修斯在迷宫中的生命之线。——译者注

[23]陀思妥耶夫斯基（1821—1881），俄国作家，其作品反映“小人物”的痛苦，人物异化心理刻画入微，主要作品有《白痴》《罪与罪》《卡拉马佐夫兄弟》等。——译者注

[24]西班牙传奇中的一个浪荡子，屡见于西方诗歌、戏剧中。——译者注

[25]埃德蒙德·胡塞尔（1859—1938），德国哲学家，二十世纪现象学学派创始人。——译者注

[26]马赛尔·普鲁斯特（1871—1922），法国小说家，其创作强调生活的真实和人物的内心，以长篇小说《追忆逝水年华》闻名。——译者注

[27]巴鲁克·斯宾诺莎（1632—1677），后改名为贝内迪特·斯宾诺莎（Benedictus Spinoza），荷兰哲学家，西方近代哲学史重要的欧陆理性主义者，与法国的笛卡尔和德国的莱布尼茨齐名。——译者注

[28]尤其有关特例的概念，是反对亚里士多德的。

[29]依格那丢·罗耀拉（1491—1556），西班牙人，是罗马天主教耶稣会的创始人，也是圣人之一。他在罗马天主教内进行改革，以对抗由马丁·路德等人所领导的基督新教宗教改革。——译者注

[30]可能有人认为这里我忽略了本质问题——信仰问题。但我并不是在检验克尔凯郭尔的哲学，或者舍斯托夫的哲学，再或者后面谈到的胡塞尔的哲学（那将需要一个不同的场合与一个

不同的思想立场）；我只是从他们那里借来一个主题，并检验一下其结果是否适合于已确立的规则。这只是一个坚持问题。

[31]加里亚尼（1728—1787），意大利外交家、经济学家和作家。——译者注

[32]法国文化名流，常主持沙龙汇集知识分子，与卢梭、狄德罗和格里姆等名人交往甚密。——译者注

[33]我并不是说“排除上帝”，这么说仍等同于肯定。

[34]我再声明一次：这里质疑的并非是对上帝的肯定，而是这种肯定的逻辑。

[35]亨利·柏格森（1859—1941），法国哲学家，文笔优美，思想富于吸引力，曾获诺贝尔文学奖。——译者注

[36]即使是最严格的认识论也设定了形而上学的方法。正是从这点上讲，很多当代思想家的形而上学就在于没有他物，却拥有一种认识论。

[37]巴门尼德（约公元前515年——公元前5世纪中叶以后）是一位诞生在爱利亚（南部意大利沿岸的希腊城市）的古希腊哲学家，他第一次提出了“思想与存在是同一的”命题。——译者注

[38]普罗提诺（205—270），罗马帝国时代的希腊哲学家，新柏拉图主义奠基人。——译者注

[39]A—在那个时候，理性要么适应，要么就得消失。它选择了适应。在普罗提诺看来，变得有逻辑以后就会变得有了审美。隐喻取代了三段论法。
B—而且，这并非普罗提诺对现象学的唯一贡献。这一整体思想立场已包含在概念中，亚历山大时代的思想家对之极为钟爱，以致不仅有人的观点，也有苏格拉底的观点。

[40]希腊神话中的人物，歌手俄耳浦斯之妻，新婚夜被蟒蛇杀死，其夫以歌喉打动冥王，冥王准许她回生，但要求其夫在引她回阳世的路上不得回头看她，其夫未能做到，结果她仍被抓回到阴间。——译者注

[41]我所关注的是一种事实上的对比，而非一种谦逊的勉强替代品。荒谬之人与妥协之人是相对立的。

[42]有时数量构成质量。倘若最近重新阐释的科学理论可信，那么所有物质都是由能量中心构成的，其数量的多少决定其特性是否突出。十亿个离子与一个离子的差异不仅在数量上，也在质量上。从人类的经历中找到一个类似例子很容易。

[43]同样的思考也适用于与永久虚无状态这一观念一样有差别的一个概念。它既不从现实中索取，也不为其贡献。在虚无状态的心理学体验上，我们自己的虚无状态只有考虑到两千年之后所发生的事才能真正拥有意义。从其某一个方面来看，永久的虚无状态正是由将来的一定量生活构成，那些生活不属于我们。

[44]这里的意志只是施动者：意在保持清醒。它提供了一种生活的准则，可以察觉得到。

[45]重要的是一致性。我们在这里从接受世界出发，但是东方思想教导我们，人通过选择反对世界而能够沉溺于同样的逻辑尝试。这个同样合理，并给予了本文的视角和限度。然而当同样严格程度地追求世界的否定时，诸如关于作品的冷漠性，人们常常（用某些吠陀派的说法）获得同样的结果。在一部重要的著作——《选择》中，让·格勒尼埃以这种方式确立了名副其实的“冷漠哲学”。（吠陀是印度最古老的宗教文献和文学作品的总称。——译者注）

[46]阿兰（1868—1951），法国现象学家，受德国现象学家胡塞尔影响很大。——译者注

[47]歌德（1794—1832），德国诗人、作家，青年时代为狂飙运动的代表人物，集文学、艺术、自然科学、哲学、政治等成就于一身，写有不同体裁的大量文学著作，代表作为诗剧《浮士德》、小说《少年维特之烦恼》等。——译者注

[48]罗兰夫人（Manon Jeanne Phlipon，1754—1793），法国大革命时期著名的政治家，吉伦特党领导人之一。——译者注

[49]陀思妥耶夫斯基小说《卡拉马佐夫兄弟》的主人公。——译者注

[50]卢梭（1712—1778），法国思想家、文学家，其思想和著作对法国大革命和十九世纪欧洲浪漫主义文学产生巨大影响。在社会观方面，主张人们经协议订立契约，建成公民的社会；在教育观方面，提出“回归自然”，让儿童的身心自由发展。著作有《民约论》、小说《爱弥尔》和自传《忏悔录》等。——译者注

[51]参见拉歇尔·贝斯帕洛夫的《途径与十字路口》。——译者注

[52]《圣经·旧约》的一部，作者为古犹太国王所罗门，大约成书于公元前930年。——编者注

[53]德国中世纪传说中的一位术士，为获得青春、知识和魔力，将灵魂出卖给魔鬼；德国作家歌德曾创作同名诗剧。——译者注

[54]蒂尔索·德·莫利纳（约1582—1648），西班牙喜剧作家，写有喜剧四百多种，出版八十余种。在西班牙戏剧史上有一定的地位。《塞维利亚的骗子》创造出欧洲文学中的典型人物之一唐璜，莫里哀的讽刺喜剧《唐璜》，拜伦的长诗《唐璜》，都仿照剧中这一形象而写成。——译者注

[55]奥斯卡·米洛兹（1877—1939），诗人，外交官。生于当时归于俄罗斯皇帝（现今属白俄罗斯）统治之下的立陶宛地区。后前往巴黎，在那里度过了人生的最重要时刻，并偶遇鼎鼎大名的奥斯卡·王尔德。在欧洲游历多年，并参加了一战，加入立陶宛阵营，担任过外交官。在1931年，以被授予法国荣誉骑士勋章为契机，加入了法国籍。他的《米格尔·马纳拉》（Miguel Manara），描写了一个唐璜式的英雄，最终皈依于神无私的爱，找到心灵安慰的故事。——译者注

[56]剧情交代：唐璜潜入骑士长邸宅，企图调戏骑士长之女安娜。安娜呼救，骑士长闻声赶来，唐璜拔剑刺死骑士长后逃跑。后来当唐璜在墓地游荡时，发现了骑士长的塑像，于是他戏邀塑像共进晚餐，塑像点头应允。结局是骑士长塑像如约前来。地面裂开，火焰喷出，唐璜被拖下地狱。——译者注

[57]从完整意义上说，就他的错误而言。一个健全的立场同样包含谬误。

[58]歌德著作《少年维特之烦恼》中的主人公。——译者注

[59]又称方济各会，是天主教托钵修会之一。——译者注

[60]莎士比亚悲剧《奥赛罗》中狡猾残忍的反面人物，暗施毒计诱使奥赛罗出于嫉妒和猜疑将无辜的妻子苔丝德蒙娜杀死。——译者注

[61]神圣罗马帝国皇帝、匈牙利国王和波希米亚国王。——译者注

[62]莎士比亚悲剧《李尔王》中李尔王的诚实、善良的幼女。——译者注

[63]《李尔王》中葛罗斯特伯爵的儿子，改装后化名为"汤姆·白德兰"，继续服侍瞎眼的父亲，最后成为国王。——译者注

[64]我在此想到莫里哀的阿尔塞斯特。一切都是那么简单、明了、粗俗。阿尔塞斯特反对费兰特，色利曼纳反对艾里雅特，一种极端本质的荒谬结果之中的全部主题，还有诗句本身，"糟糕的诗句"，极少会像角色本质的乏味那样被强调。（以上提到的人物均为莫里哀剧作《恨世者》中的人物。——译者注）

[65]希腊神话中的海神，可以随心变幻自己的形状。——译者注

[66]歌剧《阿德里亚娜·莱科芙露尔》的女主角，剧本由阿图罗·柯劳替所作，是意大利作曲家契莱亚（1866—1950）最广为人知的作品。——译者注

[67]佛兰德斯是西欧的一个历史地名，泛指古代尼德兰南部地区，位于西欧低地西南部、北海沿岸，包括今比利时的东佛兰德省和西佛兰德省、法国的加来海峡省和北方省、荷兰的泽兰省。1337至1453年，英法两国曾为争夺它而展开'百年战争'。——译者注

[68]三十年战争（1618—1648），是由神圣罗马帝国的内战演变而成的全欧参与的一次大规模战争。——译者注

[69]中欧一地区，包括波兰西南部、捷克和斯洛伐克北部以及德国东南部。——译者注

[70]希腊神话中的人物，因盗取天火予人而触怒宙斯，被罚锁于高加索山崖上，遭神鹰折磨，后被海格立斯所救。——译者注

[71]意大利东北部城市。——译者注

[72]位于耶路撒冷旧城东面，该山为犹太教和基督教的圣山。耶稣在橄榄山上度过了很多时间，教导门徒并作预言，也是耶稣被出卖后度过最后一夜的地方。——译者注

[73]阿尔蒂尔·兰波（1854—1891），十九世纪法国著名诗人，早期象征主义诗歌的代表人物，超现实主义诗歌的鼻祖。——译者注

[74]埃塞俄比亚旧名。兰波在这里度过了人生的大部分时间。——译者注

[75]歌德的长篇小说《威廉·麦斯特的学习时代》的主人公。——译者注

[76]奇怪的是，绘画中最需要理解力的一种，说到底只是一种视觉享受，它试图将现实还原为它的本质元素。它所保留的世界只有颜色。（这一点在雷捷身上表现得特别明显。）
雷捷（1881—1955），色彩立体派的代表。——译者注

[77]假如你停下来想一想，这其实解释了最糟糕的小说。几乎所有人都认为自己具备思考的能力，而从某种程度上说，无论对错，大家的确都在思考，但几乎没有人会设想自己是诗人或语言大师。从思想胜过风格的那一刻起，人们一窝蜂地侵入了小说的领域。
这并没有人们所说的那么致命。最好的会在引导下对自己提出更多严苛的要求，至于那些屈服的人，他们就不该存在。

[78]巴尔扎克（1799—1850），法国小说家，他的总标题为《人间喜剧》的巨著包括小说九十一部，反映了法国社会剧烈变革时期的现实生活，描绘了法国的人情风俗。——译者注

[79]萨德（1740—1814），法国作家，军人出身，著有长篇小说《美德的厄运》《朱莉埃特》等。——译者注

[80]梅尔维尔（1819—1891），美国小说家，作品多反映航海生活，富于现实感，代表作有《白鲸》《皮埃尔》等。——译者注

[81]司汤达（1783—1842），法国小说家，十九世纪法国现实主义文学的先驱，代表作有《红与黑》《巴马修道院》等。——译者注

[82]马尔罗（1901—1976），法国作家、政治活动家，戴高乐的追随者，著有长篇小说《征服者》《人类的命运》等。——译者注

[83]卡夫卡（1883—1924），奥地利小说家，现代派文学的先驱，作品象征着二十世纪的忧虑和渗透于西方社会的异化，著有长篇小说《判决》《城堡》等。——译者注

[84]如马尔罗的作品。但实际上，同时也有必要论述无法被荒谬思想所忽视的社会问题（即使这一问题可以提出若干彼此差别很大的解决办法）。然而，人必须要限制自己。

[85]“斯塔夫罗金：‘你相信在另一个世界中的永生吗？’基里洛夫：‘不相信，但我相信在这个世界里的永生。’”

[86]“人创造了上帝只是为了不至于自杀。这是对到这一刻为止的普遍历史所作的总结。”

[87]陀思妥耶夫斯基小说《白痴》中的主人公，即书中的“白痴”。——译者注

[88]俄国的乐评家席洛兹。

[89]纪德的评论古怪而又尖锐：几乎陀思妥耶夫斯基笔下的所有英雄都是一夫多妻。纪德（Andre Gide，1869—1951），法国作家、文艺评论家，曾获1947年诺贝尔文学奖。——译者注

[90]例如梅尔维尔的《白鲸》。

[91]诺斯替教（Gnosticism）是基督教异端派别，是罗马帝国时期在地中海东部沿岸各地流行的许多神秘主义教派的统称。——编者注

[92]摩尼教（Manichaeism）是三世纪在巴比伦兴起的世界性宗教。一般认为，摩尼教主要吸收犹太教、基督教等教义而形成自己的信仰。——编者注

[93]罗马神话中的人物，他是科林斯的建城者和国王。希腊古时的暴君，死后坠入地狱，被罚推石上山，但石在近山顶时又滚下，于是重新再推，如此循环不息。——译者注

[94]罗马神话中的河神。——译者注

[95]罗马神话中的人物，天空的统治者，部分神和人间英雄的父亲。——译者注

[96]罗马神话中的人物，地狱的统治者。——译者注

[97]罗马神话中的人物，众神的使者，商业、发明之神，盗窃的守护神。——译者注

[98]客西马尼园，福音书中所说的耶稣被犹大出卖而被大祭司抓捕前所在的地方，位于橄榄山下。耶稣在此作了最后的祷告，而门徒此时都在沉睡。——译者注

[99]希腊神话中忒拜的国王拉伊奥斯和王后约卡斯塔的儿子，他在不知情的情况下，杀死了自己的父亲并娶了自己的母亲。得知真相后，俄狄浦斯刺瞎了自己的双眼，在安提戈涅（他与母亲所生的女儿）的牵引之下漂泊四方。——译者注

[100]索福克勒斯（约公元前496—公元前406），雅典人，雅典三大悲剧作家之一，代表作为《俄狄浦斯王》。——译者注

[101]值得注意的是，卡夫卡的作品可以从一种社会批评的角度去非常合理地解读（如《审判》），而且极有可能没有选择的必要，两种解读都不错。从荒谬层面来看，我们前面已提到，对人的反抗针对的同样是上帝：伟大的革命总是形而上的。

[102]古希腊史诗《奥德赛》中的英雄。——译者注

[103]希腊西部爱奥尼亚海中群岛之一，是尤利西斯的故乡。——译者注

[104]普罗提诺（约205—270），罗马新柏拉图派哲学家。——译者注

[105]在《城堡》中，似乎帕斯卡式的“消遣”是由把K从他的焦虑中“分离”出来的助手来表现的。如果弗丽达最终成了其中一个助手的情妇，那是因为她更喜欢现实中的舞台，那可以分享痛苦的平庸生活。

[106]显然这只适用于卡夫卡所留给我们的《城堡》的未完成版本，但让人疑惑的是，作者在最后几章可能破坏了其小说基调的一致性。

[107]心灵的纯粹。

[108]亨利·波尔多（1870—1963），法国作家，传统主义流派的代表人物之一，法兰西学院院士。——译者注

[109]安德烈·马尔罗（1901—1976），法国小说家、评论家。——译者注

[110]《城堡》中唯一不怀希望的人物是阿马利娅，土地测量员与她形成最强烈的对比。

[111]有关卡夫卡思想的两个层面可比较《南方杂志》（以及美国的《党派评论》）出版的《在流放地》中的：“（人类的）罪行是毋庸置疑的。”以及《城堡》中的片段：“土地测量员K的罪行很难成立。”

[112]以上所述显然是对卡夫卡作品的一种解读，然而除解读外，只有说明没有什么可以阻挠人们从一种纯美学视角去思考它，才是合理的。比如，B.格罗图森在他给《审判》所作的精彩的序中，就只限于阐述他所谓的空想家（这种说法极为引人注目）的种种痛苦幻想，他比我们要明智得多。小说描述了一切，又什么也没有肯定，这是命运，或许也是该作品的伟大之处。

Albert Camus

The Myth of Sisyphus

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

An Absurd Reasoning

The pages that follow deal with an absurd sensitivity that can be found widespread in the age — and not with an absurd philosophy which our time, properly speaking, has not known. It is therefore simply fair to point out, at the outset, what these pages owe to certain contemporary thinkers. It is so far from my intention to hide this that they will be found cited and commented upon throughout this work.

But it is useful to note at the same time that the absurd, hitherto taken as a conclusion, is considered in this essay as a starting point. In this sense it may be said that there is something provisional in my commentary: one cannot prejudge the positionit entails. There will be found here merely the description, in the pure state, of an intellectual malady. No metaphysic, no belief is involved in it for a moment. These are the limits and the only bias of this book. Certain personal experiences urge me to make this clear.

Absurdity and Suicide

There is but one truly serious philosophical problem and that is suicide. Judging whether life is or is not worth living amounts to answering the fundamental question of philosophy. All the rest — whether or not the world has three dimensions, whether the mind has nine or twelve categories —

comes afterwards. These are games; one must first answer. And if it is true, as Nietzsche claims, that a philosopher, to deserve our respect, must preach by example, you can appreciate the importance of that reply, for it will precede the definitive act. These are facts the heart can feel; yet they call for careful study before they become clear to the intellect.

If I ask myself how to judge that this question is more urgent than that, I reply that one judges by the actions it entails. I have never seen anyone die for the ontological argument. Galileo who held a scientific truth of great importance abjured it with the greatest ease as soon as it endangered his life. In a certain sense, he did fight.[1] That truth was not worth the stake. Whether the earth or the sun revolves around the other is a matter of profound indifference. To tell the truth, it is a futile question. On the other hand, I see many people die because they judge that life is not worth living. I see others paradoxically getting killed for the ideas or illusions that give them a reason for living （what is called a reason for living is also an excellent reason for dying）. I therefore conclude that the meaning of life is the most urgent of questions. How to answer it? On all essential problems （I mean thereby those that run the risk of leading to death or those that intensify the passion of living）there are probably but two methods of thought: the method of La Palisse and the method of Don Quixote. Solely the balance between evidence and lyricism can allow us to achieve simultaneously emotion and lucidity. In a subject at once so humble and so heavy with emotion, the learned and classical dialectic must yield, one can see, to a more modest attitude of mind deriving at one and the same time from common sense and understanding.

Suicide has never been dealt with except as a social phenomenon. On

the contrary, we are concerned here, at the outset, with the relationship between individual thought and suicide. An act like this is prepared within the silence of the heart, as is a great work of art. The man himself is ignorant of it. One evening he pulls the trigger or jumps. Of an apartment-building manager who had killed himself I was told that he had lost his daughter five years before, that he had changed greatly since and that experience had ‘undermined’ him. A more exact word cannot be imagined. Beginning to think is beginning to be undermined. Society has but little connection with such beginnings. The worm is in man’s heart. That is where it must be sought. One must follow and understand this fatal game that leads from lucidity in the face of experience to flight from light.

There are many causes for a suicide and generally the most obvious ones were not the most powerful. Rarely is suicide committed （yet the hypothesis is not excluded）through reflection. What sets off the crisis is almost always unverifiable. Newspapers often speak of ‘personal sorrows’ or of ‘incurable illness’. These explanations are plausible. But one would have to know whether a friend of the desperate man had not that very day addressed him indifferently. He is the guilty one. For that is enough to precipitate all the rancours and all the boredom still in suspension.[2]

But if it is hard to fix the precise instant, the subtle step when the mind opted for death, it is easier to deduce from the act itself the consequences it implies. In a sense, and as in melodrama, killing yourself amounts to confessing. It is confessing that life is too much for you or that you do not understand it. Let’s not go too far in such analogies, however, but rather return to everyday words. It is merely confessing that that ‘is not worth the

trouble'. Living, naturally, is never easy. You continue making the gestures commanded by existence for many reasons, the first of which is habit. Dying voluntarily implies that you have recognized, even instinctively, the ridiculous character of that habit, the absence of any profound reason for living, the insane character of that daily agitation and the uselessness of suffering.

What then is that incalculable feeling that deprives the mind of the sleep necessary to life? A world that can be explained even with bad reasons is a familiar world. But, on the other hand, in a universe suddenly divested of illusions and lights, man feels an alien, a stranger. His exile is without remedy since he is deprived of the memory of a lost home or the hope of a promised land. This divorce between man and his life, the actor and his setting, is properly the feeling of absurdity. All healthy men having thought of their own suicide, it can be seen, without further explanation, that there is a direct connection between this feeling and the longing for death.

The subject of this essay is precisely this relationship between the absurd and suicide, the exact degree to which suicide is a solution to the absurd. The principle can be established that for a man who does not cheat what he believes to be true must determine his action. Belief in the absurdity of existence must then dictate his conduct. It is legitimate to wonder, clearly and without false pathos, whether a conclusion of this importance requires forsaking as rapidly as possible an incomprehensible condition. I am speaking, of course, of men inclined to be in harmony with themselves.

Stated clearly, this problem may seem both simple and insoluble. But it is wrongly assumed that simple questions involve answers that are no less

simple and that evidence implies evidence. A priori and reversing the terms of the problem, just as one does or does not kill oneself, it seems that there are but two philosophical solutions, either yes or no. This would be too easy. But allowance must be made for those who, without concluding, continue questioning. Here I am only slightly indulging in irony: this is the majority. I notice also that those who answer ‘no’ act as if they thought ‘yes’. As a matter of fact, if I accept the Nietzschean criterion, they think yes in one way or another. On the other hand, it often happens that those who commit suicide were assured of the meaning of life. These contradictions are constant. It may even be said that they have never been so keen as on this point where, on the contrary, logic seems so desirable. It is a commonplace to compare philosophical theories and the behaviour of those who profess them. But it must be said that of the thinkers who refused a meaning to life none except Kirilov who belongs to literature, Peregrinos who is born of legend,[3] and Jules Lequier who belongs to hypothesis, admitted his logic to the point of refusing that life. Schopenhauer is often cited, as a fit subject for laughter, because he praised suicide while seated at a well-set table. This is no subject for joking. That way of not taking the tragic seriously is not so grievous, but it helps to judge a man.

In the face of such contradictions and obscurities must we conclude that there is no relationship between the opinion one has about life and the act one commits to leave it? Let us not exaggerate in this direction. In a man’s attachment to life there is something stronger than all the ills in the world. The body’s judgement is as good as the mind’s and the body shrinks from annihilation. We get into the habit of living before acquiring the habit of thinking. In that race which daily hastens us towards death, the body

maintains its irreparable lead. In short, the essence of that contradiction lies in what I shall call the act of eluding because it is both less and more than diversion in the Pascalian sense. Eluding is the invariable game. The typical act of eluding, the fatal evasion that constitutes the third theme of this essay, is hope. Hope of another life one must ‘deserve’ or trickery of those who live, not for life itself, but for some great idea that will transcend it, refine it, give it a meaning, and betray it.

Thus everything contributes to spreading confusion. Hitherto, and it has not been wasted effort, people have played on words and pretended to believe that refusing to grant a meaning to life necessarily leads to declaring that it is not worth living. In truth, there is no necessary common measure between these two judgements. One merely has to refuse to be misled by the confusions, divorces, and inconsistencies previously pointed out. One must brush everything aside and go straight to the real problem. One kills oneself because life is not worth living, that is certainly a truth — yet an unfruitful one because it is a truism. But does that insult to existence, that flat denial in which it is plunged come from the fact that it has no meaning? Does its absurdity require one to escape it through hope or suicide — this is what must be clarified, hunted down and elucidated while brushing aside all the rest. Does the Absurd dictate death? This problem must be given priority over others, outside all methods of thought and all exercises of the disinterested mind. Shades of meaning, contradictions, the psychology that an ‘objective’ mind can always introduce into all problems have no place in this pursuit and this passion. It calls simply for an unjust, in other words logical, thought. That is not easy. It is always easy to be logical. It is almost impossible to be logical to the bitter end. Men who die by their own hand consequently follow

to its conclusion their emotional inclination. Reflection on suicide gives me an opportunity to raise the only problem to interest me: is there a logic to the point of death? I cannot know unless I pursue, without reckless passion, in the sole light of evidence, the reasoning of which I am here suggesting the source. This is what I call an absurd reasoning. Many have begun it. I do not yet know whether or not they kept to it.

When Karl Jaspers, revealing the impossibility of constituting the world as a unity, exclaims: ‘This limitation leads me to myself, where I can no longer withdraw behind an objective point of view that I am merely representing, where neither I myself nor the existence of others can any longer become an object for me,’ he is evoking after many others those waterless deserts where thought reaches its confines. After many others, yes indeed, but how eager they were to get out of them! At that last crossroad where thought hesitates, many men have arrived and even some of the humblest. They then abdicated what was most precious to them, their life. Others, princes of the mind, abdicated likewise, but they initiated the suicide of their thought in its purest revolt. The real effort is to stay there, rather, in so far as that is possible, and to examine closely the odd vegetation of those distant regions. Tenacity and acumen are privileged spectators of this inhuman show in which absurdity, hope and death carry on their dialogue. The mind can then analyse the figures of that elementary yet subtle dance before illustrating them and reliving them itself.

Absurd Walls

Like great works, deep feelings always mean more than they are conscious of saying. The regularity of an impulse or a repulsion in a soul is encountered again in habits of doing or thinking, is reproduced in consequences of which the soul itself knows nothing. Great feelings take with them their own universe, splendid or abject. They light up with their passion an exclusive world in which they recognize their climate. There is a universe of jealousy, of ambition, of selfishness or of generosity. A universe — in other words a metaphysic and an attitude of mind. What is true of already specialized feelings will be even more so of emotions basically as indeterminate, simultaneously as vague and as ‘definite’ , as remote and as ‘present’ as those furnished us by beauty or aroused by absurdity.

At any street corner the feeling of absurdity can strike any man in the face. As it is, in its distressing nudity, in its light without effulgence, it is elusive. But that very difficulty deserves reflection. It is probably true that a man remains for ever unknown to us and that there is in him something irreducible that escapes us. But practically I know men and recognize them by their behaviour, by the totality of their deeds, by the consequences caused in life by their presence. Likewise, all those irrational feelings which offer no purchase to analysis. I can define them *practically*, appreciate them *practically*, by gathering together the sum of their consequences in the domain of the intelligence, by seizing and noting all their aspects, by outlining their universe. It is certain that apparently, though I have seen the same actor a hundred times, I shall not for that reason know him any better personally. Yet if I add up the heroes he has personified and if I say that I know him a little better at the hundredth character counted off , this will be felt to contain an element of truth. For this apparent paradox is also an

apologue. There is a moral to it. It teaches that a man defines himself by his make-believe as well as by his sincere impulses. There is thus a lower key of feelings, inaccessible in the heart but partially disclosed by the acts they imply and the attitudes of mind they assume. It is clear that in this way I am defining a method. But it is also evident that that method is one of analysis and not of knowledge. For methods imply metaphysics; unconsciously they disclose conclusions that they often claim not to know yet. Similarly the last pages of a book are already contained in the first pages. Such a link is inevitable. The method defined here acknowledges the feeling that all true knowledge is impossible. Solely appearances can be enumerated and the climate make itself felt.

Perhaps we shall be able to overtake that elusive feeling of absurdity in the different but closely related worlds of intelligence, of the art of living, or of art itself. The climate of absurdity is in the beginning. The end is the absurd universe and that attitude of mind which lights the world with its true colours to bring out the privileged and implacable visage which that attitude has discerned in it.

All great deeds and all great thoughts have a ridiculous beginning. Great works are often born on a street-corner or in a restaurant's revolving door. So it is with absurdity. The absurd world more than others derives its nobility from that abject birth. In certain situations, replying 'nothing' when asked what one is thinking about may be pretence in a man. Those who are loved are well aware of this. But if that reply is sincere, if it symbolizes that odd state of soul in which the void becomes eloquent, in which the chain of daily gestures is broken, in which the heart vainly seeks the link that will connect it

again, then it is as it were the first sign of absurdity.

It happens that the stage-sets collapse. Rising, tram, four hours in the office or factory, meal, tram, four hours of work, meal, sleep and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, according to the same rhythm — this path is easily followed most of the time. But one day the ‘why’ arises and everything begins in that weariness tinged with amazement. ‘Begins’ — this is important. Weariness comes at the end of the acts of a mechanical life, but at the same time it inaugurates the impulse of consciousness. It awakens consciousness and provokes what follows. What follows is the gradual return into the chain or it is the definitive awakening. At the end of the awakening comes, in time, the consequence: suicide or recovery. In itself weariness has something sickening about it. Here, I must conclude that it is good. For everything begins with consciousness and nothing is worth anything except through it. There is nothing original about these remarks. But they are obvious; that is enough for a while, during a sketchy reconnaissance in the origins of the absurd. Mere ‘anxiety’ , as Heidegger says, is at the source of everything.

Likewise and during every day of an unillustrious life, time carries us. But a moment always comes when we have to carry it. We live on the future: ‘tomorrow’ , ‘later on’ , ‘when you have made your way’ , ‘you will understand when you are old enough’. Such irrelevancies are wonderful, for, after all, it’s a matter of dying. Yet a time comes when a man notices or says that he is thirty. Thus he asserts his youth. But simultaneously he situates himself in relation to time. He takes his place in it. He admits that he stands at a certain point on a curve that he acknowledges having to travel to its end. He

belongs to time and, by the horror that seizes him, he recognizes his worst enemy. Tomorrow, he was longing for tomorrow, whereas everything in him ought to reject it. The revolt of the flesh is the absurd.[4]

A step lower and strangeness creeps in: perceiving that the world is 'dense' , sensing to what degree a stone is foreign and irreducible to us, with what intensity nature or a landscape can negate us. At the heart of all beauty lies something inhuman, and these hills, the softness of the sky, the outline of these trees at this very minute lose the illusory meaning with which we had clothed them, henceforth more remote than a lost paradise. The primitive hostility of the world rises up to face us across millennia. For a second we cease to understand it because for centuries we have understood in it solely the images and designs that we had attributed to it beforehand, because henceforth we lack the power to make use of that artifice. The world evades us because it becomes itself again. That stage-scenery masked by habit becomes again what it is. It withdraws at a distance from us. Just as there are days when, under the familiar face of a woman, we see as a stranger her we had loved months or years ago, perhaps we shall come even to desire what suddenly leaves us so alone. But the time has not yet come. Just one thing: that denseness and that strangeness of the world is the absurd.

Men, too, secrete the inhuman. At certain moments of lucidity, the mechanical aspect of their gestures, their meaningless pantomime make silly everything that surrounds them. A man is talking on the telephone behind a glass partition; you cannot hear him but you see his incomprehensible dumb-show: you wonder why he is alive. The discomfort in the face of man's own inhumanity, this incalculable tumble before the image of what we are, this

‘nausea’ , as a writer of today calls it, is also the absurd. Likewise the stranger who at certain seconds comes to meet us in a mirror, the familiar and yet alarming brother we encounter in our own photographs is also the absurd.

I come at last to death and to the attitude we have to wards it. On this point everything has been said and it is only proper to avoid pathos. Yet one will never be sufficiently surprised that everyone lives as if no one ‘knew’. This is because in reality there is no experience of death. Properly speaking, nothing has been experienced but what has been lived and made conscious. Here, it is barely possible to speak of the experience of others’ deaths. It is a substitute, an illusion, and it never quite convinces us. That melancholy convention cannot be persuasive. The horror comes in reality from the mathematical aspect of the event. If time frightens us, this is because it works out the problem and the solution comes afterwards. All the pretty speeches about the soul will have their contrary convincingly proved, at least for a time. From this inert body on which a slap makes no mark the soul has disappeared. This elementary and definitive aspect of the adventure constitutes the absurd feeling. Under the fatal lighting of that destiny, its uselessness becomes evident. No code of ethics and no effort are justifi able a *priori* in the face of the cruel mathematics that command our condition.

Let me repeat: all this has been said over and over. I am limiting myself here to making a rapid classification and to pointing out these obvious themes. They run through all literatures and all philosophies. Everyday conversation feeds on them. There is no question of re-inventing them. But it is essential to be sure of these facts in order to be able to question oneself subsequently on the primordial question. I am interested — let me repeat

again — not so much in absurd discoveries as in their consequences. If one is assured of these facts, what is one to conclude, how far is one to go to elude nothing? Is one to die voluntarily or to hope in spite of everything? Beforehand, it is necessary to take the same rapid inventory on the plane of the intelligence.

The mind's first step is to distinguish what is true from what is false. However, as soon as thought reflects itself, what it first discovers is a contradiction. Useless to strive to be convincing in this case. Over the centuries no one has furnished a clearer and more elegant demonstration of the business than Aristotle: 'The often ridiculed consequence of these opinions is that they destroy themselves. For by asserting that all is true we assert the truth of the contrary assertion and consequently the falsity of our own thesis （for the contrary assertion does not admit that it can be true）. And if one says that all is false, that assertion is itself false. If we declare that solely the assertion opposed to ours is false or else that solely ours is not false, we are nevertheless forced to admit an infinite number of true or false judgements. For the one who expresses a true assertion proclaims simultaneously that it is true, and so on *ad infinitum*.'

This vicious circle is but the first of a series in which the mind that studies itself gets lost in a giddy whirling. The very simplicity of these paradoxes makes them irreducible. Whatever may be the plays on words and the acrobatics of logic, to understand is above all to unify. The mind's deepest desire, even in its most elaborate operations, parallels man's unconscious feelings in the face of his universe: it is an insistence upon familiarity, an appetite for clarity. Understanding the world for a man is

reducing it to the human, stamping it with his seal. The cat’s universe is not the universe of the ant-hill. The truism ‘All thought is anthropomorphic’ has no other meaning. Likewise the mind that aims to understand reality can consider itself satisfied only by reducing it to terms of thought. If man realized that the universe like him can love and suffer, he would be reconciled. If thought discovered in the shimmering mirrors of phenomena eternal relations capable of summing them up and summing themselves up in a single principle, then would be seen an intellectual joy of which the myth of the blessed would be but a ridiculous imitation. That nostalgia for unity, that appetite for the absolute illustrates the essential impulse for the human drama. But the fact of that nostalgia’s existence does not imply that it is to be immediately satisfied. For if, bridging the gulf that separates desire from conquest, we assert with Parmenides the reality of the One （whatever it may be）we fall into the ridiculous contra diction of a mind that asserts total unity and proves by its very assertion its own difference and the diversity it claimed to resolve. This other vicious circle is enough to stifle our hopes.

These are again truisms. I shall again repeat that they are not interesting in themselves but in the consequences that can be deduced from them. I know another truism: it tells me that man is mortal. One can nevertheless count the minds that have deduced the extreme conclusions from it. It is essential to consider as a constant point of reference in this essay the regular hiatus between what we fancy we know and what we really know, practical assent and simulated ignorance which allows us to live with ideas which, if we truly put them to the test, ought to upset our whole life. Faced with this inextricable contradiction of the mind, we shall fully grasp the divorce separating us from our own creations. So long as the mind keeps silent in the

motionless world of its hopes, everything is reflected and arranged in the unity of its nostalgia. But with its first move this world cracks and tumbles: an infinite number of shimmering fragments is offered to the understanding. We must despair of ever reconstructing the familiar, calm surface which would give us peace of heart. After so many centuries of inquiries, so many abdications among thinkers, we are well aware that this is true for all our knowledge. With the exception of professional rationalists, today people despair of true knowledge. If the only significant history of human thought were to be written, it would have to be the history of its successive regrets and its impotences.

Of whom and of what indeed can I say: ‘I know that!’ This heart within me I can feel, and I judge that it exists. This world I can touch, and I likewise judge that it exists. There ends all my knowledge, and the rest is construction. For if I try to seize this self of which I feel sure, if I try to define and to summarize it, it is nothing but water slipping through my fingers. I can sketch one by one all the aspects it is able to assume, all those likewise that have been attributed to it, this upbringing, this origin, this ardour or these silences, this nobility or this vileness. But aspects cannot be added up. This very heart which is mine will forever remain indefinable to me. Between the certainty I have of my existence and the content I try to give to that assurance, the gap will never be filled. For ever I shall be a stranger to myself. In psychology as in logic, there are truths but no truth. Socrates’ ‘Know thyself’ has as much value as the ‘be virtuous’ of our confessionals. They reveal a nostalgia at the same time as an ignorance. They are sterile exercises on great subjects. They are legitimate only precisely in so far as they are approximate.

And here are trees and I know their gnarled surface, water and I feel its taste. These scents of grass and stars at night, certain evenings when the heart relaxes — how shall I negate this world whose power and strength I feel? Yet all the knowledge on earth will give me nothing to assure me that this world is mine. You describe it to me and you teach me to classify it. You enumerate its laws and in my thirst for knowledge I admit that they are true. You take apart its mechanism and my hope increases. At the final stage you teach me that this wondrous and multi-coloured universe can be reduced to the atom and that the atom itself can be reduced to the electron. All this is good and I wait for you to continue. But you tell me of an invisible planetary system in which electrons gravitate around a nucleus. You explain this world to me with an image. I realize then that you have been reduced to poetry: I shall never know. Have I the time to become indignant? You have already changed theories. So that science that was to teach me everything ends up in a hypothesis, that lucidity founders in metaphor, that uncertainty is resolved in a work of art. What need had I of so many efforts? The soft lines of these hills and the hand of evening on this troubled heart teach me much more. I have returned to my beginning. I realize that if through science I can seize phenomena and enumerate them, I cannot for all that apprehend the world. Were I to trace its entire relief with my finger, I should not know any more. And you give me the choice between a description that is sure but that teaches me nothing and hypotheses that claim to teach me but that are not sure. A stranger to myself and to the world, armed solely with a thought that negates itself as soon as it asserts, what is this condition in which I can have peace only by refusing to know and to live, in which the appetite for conquest bumps into walls that defy its assaults? To will is to stir up paradoxes. Everything is ordered in such a way as to bring into being that poisoned

peace produced by thoughtlessness, lack of heart or fatal renunciations.

Hence the intelligence, too, tells me in its way that this world is absurd. Its contrary, blind reason, may well claim that all is clear. I was waiting for proof and longing for it to be fight. But, despite so many pretentious centuries and over the heads of so many eloquent and persuasive men, I know that is false. On this plane, at least, there is no happiness if I cannot know. That universal reason, practical or ethical, that determinism, those categories that explain everything are enough to make a decent man laugh. They have nothing to do with the mind. They negate its profound truth which is to be enchained. In this unintelligible and limited universe, man's fate henceforth assumes its meaning. A horde of irrationals has sprung up and surrounds him until his ultimate end. In his recovered and now studied lucidity, the feeling of the absurd becomes clear and definite. I said that the world is absurd but I was too hasty. This world in itself is not reasonable, that is all that can be said. But what is absurd is the confrontation of the irrational and the wild longing for clarity whose call echoes in the human heart. The absurd depends as much on man as on the world. For the moment it is all that links them together. It binds them one to the other as only hatred can weld two creatures together. This is all I can discern clearly in this measureless universe where my adventure takes place. Let us pause here. If I hold to be true that absurdity that determines my relationship with life, if I become thoroughly imbued with that sentiment that seizes me in face of the world's scenes, with that lucidity imposed on me by the pursuit of a science, I must sacrifice everything to these certainties and I must see them squarely to be able to maintain them. Above all, I must adapt my behaviour to them and pursue them in all their consequences. I am speaking here of decency. But I want to

know beforehand if thought can live in those deserts.

I already know that thought has at least entered those deserts. There it found its bread. There it realized that it had previously been feeding on phantoms. It justified some of the most urgent themes of human refl ection.

From the moment absurdity is recognized, it becomes a passion, the most harrowing of all. But whether or not one can live with one’s passions, whether or not one can accept their law, which is to burn the heart they simultaneously exalt, that is the whole question. It is not, however, the one we shall ask just yet. It stands at the centre of this experience. There will be time to come back to it. Let us recognize rather those themes and those impulses born of the desert. It will suffice to enumerate them. They, too, are known to all today. There have always been men to defend the rights of the irrational. The tradition of what may be called humiliated thought has never ceased to exist. The criticism of rationalism has been made so often that it seems unnecessary to begin again. Yet our epoch is marked by the rebirth of those paradoxical systems that strive to trip up the reason as if truly it has always forged ahead. But that is not so much a proof of the efficacy of the reason as of the intensity of its hopes. On the plane of history, such a constancy of two attitudes illustrates the essential passion of man torn between his urge towards unity and the clear vision he may have of the walls enclosing him.

But never, perhaps, at any time has the attack on reason been more violent than in ours. Since Zarathustra’s great outburst: ‘By chance it is the oldest nobility in the world. I conferred it upon all things when I proclaimed that above them no eternal will was exercised’; since Kierkegaard’s fatal

illness, ‘that malady that leads to death with nothing else following it’ , the significant and tormenting themes of absurd thought have followed one another. Or, at least, and this proviso is of capital importance, the themes of irrational and religious thought. From Jaspers to Heidegger, from Kierkegaard to Chestov, from the phenomenologists to Scheler, on the logical plane and on the moral plane, a whole family of minds related by their nostalgia but opposed by their methods or their aims, have persisted in blocking the royal road of reason and in recovering the direct paths of truth. Here I assume these thoughts to be known and lived. Whatever may be or have been their ambitions, all started out from that indescribable universe where contradiction, antinomy, anguish or impotence reigns. And what they have in common is precisely the themes so far disclosed. For them, too, it must be said that what matters above all is the conclusions they have managed to draw from those discoveries. That matters so much that they must be examined separately. But for the moment we are concerned solely with their discoveries and their initial experiments. We are concerned solely with noting their agreement. If it would be presumptuous to try to deal with their philosophies, it is possible and sufficient in any case to bring out the climate that is common to them.

Heidegger considers the human condition coldly and announces that that existence is humiliated. The only reality is ‘anxiety’ in the whole chain of beings. To the man lost in the world and its diversions this anxiety is a brief, fleeting fear. But if that fear becomes conscious of itself, it becomes anguish, the perpetual climate of the lucid man ‘in whom existence is concentrated’. This professor of philosophy writes without trembling and in the most abstract language in the world that ‘the finite and limited character of human

existence is more primordial than man himself.' His interest in Kant extends only to recognizing the restricted character of his 'pure Reason'. This is to conclude at the end of his analyses that 'the world can no longer offer anything to the man filled with anguish'. This anxiety seems to him so much more important than all the categories in the world that he thinks and talks only of it. He enumerates its aspects: boredom when the ordinary man strives to quash it in him and benumb it; terror when the mind con templates death. He, too, does not separate consciousness from the absurd. The consciousness of death is the call of anxiety and 'existence then delivers itself its own summons through the intermediary of consciousness'. It is the very voice of anguish and it adjures existence 'to return from its loss in the anonymous They'. For him, too, one must not sleep but must keep alert until the consummation. He stands in this absurd world and points out its ephemeral character. He seeks his way amidst these ruins.

Jaspers despairs of any ontology because he claims that we have lost '*naivete*'. He knows that we can achieve nothing that will transcend the fatal game of appearances. He knows that the end of the mind is failure. He tarries over the spiritual adventures revealed by history and pitilessly discloses the flaw in each system, the illusion that saved everything, the preaching that hid nothing. In this ravaged world in which the impossibility of knowledge is established, in which everlasting nothingness seems the only reality and irremediable despair seems the only attitude, he tries to discover the 'Ariadne's thread' that leads to divine secrets.

Chestov, for his part, throughout a wonderfully monotonous work, constantly straining towards the same truths, tirelessly demonstrates that the

tightest system, the most universal rationalism always stumbles eventually on the irrational of human thought. None of the ironic facts on ridiculous contradictions that depreciate the reason escapes him. One thing only interests him and that is the exception, whether in the domain of the heart or of the mind. Through the Dostoyevskian experiences of the condemned man, the exacerbated adventures of the Nietzschean mind, Hamlet's imprecations, or the bitter aristocracy of an Ibsen, he tracks down, illuminates and magnifies the human revolt against the irremediable. He refuses the reason its seasons and be gins to advance with some decision only in the middle of that colourless desert where all certainties have become stones.

Of all, perhaps the most engaging, Kierkegaard, for a part of his existence at least, does more than discover the absurd, he lives it. The man who writes: 'The surest of stubborn silences is not to hold one's tongue but to talk' makes sure in the beginning that no truth is absolute or can render satisfactory an existence that is impossible in itself. Don Juan of the understanding, he multiplies pseudonyms and contradictions, writes his *Discourses of Edification* at the same time as that manual of cynical spiritualism, *The Diary of the Seducer*. He refuses consolations, ethics, reliable principles. As for that thorn he feels in his heart, he is careful not to quiet its pain. On the contrary, he awakens it and, in the desperate joy of a man crucified and happy to be so, he builds up piece by piece — lucidity, refusal, make- believe — a category of the man possessed. That face both tender and sneering, those pirouettes followed by a cry from the heart are the absurd spirit itself grappling with a reality beyond its comprehension. And the spiritual adventure that leads Kierkegaard to his beloved scandals begins likewise in the chaos of an experience divested of its setting and relegated to

its original incoherence.

On quite a different plane, that of method, Husserl and the phenomenologists, by their very extravagances, reinstate the world in its diversity and deny the transcendent power of the reason. The spiritual universe becomes incalculably enriched through them. The rose petal, the milestone, or the human hand are as important as love, desire, or the laws of gravity. Thinking ceases to be unifying or making a semblance familiar in the guise of a major principle. Thinking is learning all over again to see, to be attentive, to focus consciousness; it is turning every idea and every image, in the manner of Proust, into a privileged moment. What justifies thought is its extreme consciousness. Though more positive than Kierkegaard's or Chestov's, Husserl's manner of proceeding, in the beginning, nevertheless negates the classic method of reason, disappoints hope, opens to intuition and to the heart a whole proliferation of phenomena, the wealth of which has about it something inhuman. These paths lead to all sciences or to none. This amounts to saying that in this case the means are more important than the end. All that is involved is 'an attitude for understanding' and not a consolation. Let me repeat: in the beginning, at very least.

How can one fail to feel the basic relationship of these minds! How can one fail to see that they take their stand around a privileged and bitter moment in which hope has no further place? I want everything to be explained to me or nothing. And the reason is impotent when it hears this cry from the heart. The mind aroused by this insistence seeks and finds nothing but contradictions and nonsense. What I fail to understand is nonsense. The world is peopled with such irrationals. The world itself, whose single

meaning I do not understand, is but a vast irrational. If one could only say just once: ‘this is clear’ , all would be saved. But these men vie with one another in proclaiming that nothing is clear, all is chaos, that all man has is his lucidity and his definite knowledge of the walls surrounding him.

All these experiences agree and confirm one another. The mind, when it reaches its limits, must make a judgement and choose its conclusions. This is where suicide and the reply stand. But I wish to reverse the order of the inquiry and start out from the intelligent adventure and come back to daily acts. The experiences called to mind here were born in the desert that we must not leave behind. At least it is essential to know how far they went. At this point of his effort man stands face to face with the irrational. He feels within him his longing for happiness and for reason. The absurd is born of this confrontation between the human need and the unreasonable silence of the world. This must not be forgotten. This must be clung to because the whole consequence of a life can depend on it. The irrational, the human nostalgia, and the absurd that is born of their en counter — these are the three characters in the drama that must necessarily end with all the logic of which an existence is capable.

Philosophical Suicide

The feeling of the absurd is not, for all that, the notion of the absurd. It lays the foundations for it, and that is all. It is not limited to that notion, except in the brief moment when it passes judgement on the universe. Subsequently it has a chance of going further. It is alive; in other words, it

must die or else reverberate. So it is with the themes we have gathered together. But there again what interests me is not words or minds, criticism of which would call for another form and another place, but the discovery of what their conclusions have in common. Never, perhaps, have minds been so different. And yet we recognize as identical the spiritual landscapes in which they get under way. Like wise, despite such dissimilar zones of knowledge, the cry that terminates their itinerary tings out in the same way. It is evident that the thinkers we have just recalled have a common climate. To say that that climate is deadly scarcely amounts to playing on words. Living under that stifling sky forces one to get away or to stay. The important thing is to find out how people get away in the first case and why people stay in the second case. This is how I define the problem of suicide and the possible interest in the conclusions of existential philosophy.

But first I want to detour from the direct path. Up to now we have managed to circumscribe the absurd from the outside. One can, however, wonder how much is clear in that notion and by direct analysis try to discover its meaning on the one hand and, on the other, the consequences it involves.

If I accuse an innocent man of a monstrous crime, if I tell a virtuous man that he has coveted his own sister, he will reply that this is absurd. His indignation has its comical aspect. But it also has its fundamental reason. The virtuous man illustrates by that reply the definitive antinomy existing between the deed I am attributing to him and his lifelong principles. 'It's absurd' means 'It's impossible' but also: 'It's contradictory'. If I see a man armed only with a sword attack a group of machineguns, I shall consider his act to be absurd. But it is so solely by virtue of the disproportion between his

intention and the reality he will encounter, of the contradiction I notice between his true strength and the aim he has in view. Likewise we shall deem a verdict absurd when we contrast it with the verdict the facts apparently dictated. And similarly a demonstration by the absurd is achieved by comparing the consequences of such a reasoning with the logical reality one wants to set up. In all these cases, from the simplest to the most complex, the magnitude of the absurdity will be in direct ratio to the distance between the two terms of my comparison. There are absurd marriages, challenges, rancours, silences, wars and even peace-treaties. For each of them the absurdity springs from a comparison. I am thus justified in saying that the feeling of absurdity does not spring from the mere scrutiny of a fact or an impression but that it bursts from the comparison between a bare fact and a certain reality, between an action and the world that transcends it. The absurd is essentially a divorce. It lies in neither of the elements compared; it is born of their confrontation.

In this particular case and on the plane of intelligence, I can therefore say that the Absurd is not in man （if such a metaphor could have a meaning） nor in the world, but in their presence together. For the moment it is the only bond uniting them. If I wish to limit myself to facts, I know what man wants, I know what the world offers him, and now I can say that I also know what links them. I have no need to dig deeper. A single certainty is enough for the seeker. He simply has to derive all the consequences from it.

The immediate consequence is also a rule of method. The odd trinity brought to light in this way is certainly not a startling discovery. But it resembles the data of experience in that it is both infinitely simple and

infinitely complicated. Its first distinguishing feature in this regard is that it cannot be divided. To destroy one of its terms is to destroy the whole. There can be no absurd outside the human mind. Thus, like everything else, the absurd ends with death. But there can be no absurd outside this world either. And it is by this elementary criterion that I judge the notion of the absurd to be essential and consider that it can stand as the first of my truths. The rule of method alluded to above appears here. If I judge that a thing is true, I must preserve it. If I attempt to solve a problem, at least I must not by that very solution conjure away one of the terms of the problem. For me the sole datum is the absurd. The first and, after all, the only condition of my inquiry is to preserve the very thing that crushes me, consequently to respect what I consider essential in it. I have just defined it as a confrontation and an unceasing struggle.

And carrying this absurd logic to its conclusion, I must admit that that struggle implies a total absence of hope （which has nothing to do with despair）, a continual rejection （which must not be confused with renunciation）, and a conscious dissatisfaction （which must not be compared to immature unrest）. Everything that destroys, conjures away, or exercises these requirements （and, to begin with, consent which overthrows divorce）ruins the absurd and devaluates the attitude that may then be proposed. The absurd has meaning only in so far as it is not agreed to.

There exists an obvious fact that seems utterly moral: namely, that a man is always a prey to his truths. Once he has admitted them, he cannot free himself from them. One has to pay something. A man who has become conscious of the absurd is forever bound to it. A man devoid of hope and

conscious of being so has ceased to belong to the future. That is natural. But it is just as natural that he should strive to escape the universe of which he is the creator. All the foregoing has significance only on account of this paradox. Certain men, starting from a critique of rationalism, had admitted the absurd climate. Nothing is more instructive in this regard than to scrutinize the way in which they have elaborated their consequences.

Now, to limit myself to existential philosophies, I see that all of them without exception suggest escape. Through an odd reasoning, starting out from the absurd over the ruins of reason, in a closed universe limited to the human, they deify what crushes them and find reason to hope in what impoverishes them. That forced hope is religious in all of them. It deserves attention.

I shall merely analyse here as examples a few themes dear to Chestov and Kierkegaard. But Jaspers will provide us, in caricatural form, a typical example of this attitude. As a result the rest will be clearer. He is left powerless to realize the transcendent, incapable of plumbing the depth of experience and conscious of that universe upset by failure. Will he advance or at least draw the conclusions from that failure? He contributes nothing new. He has found nothing in experience but the confession of his own impotence and no occasion to infer any satisfactory principle. Yet without justification, as he says to himself, he suddenly asserts all at once the transcendent, the essence of experience and the super-human significance of life when he writes: ‘Does not the failure reveal, beyond any possible explanation and interpretation, not the absence but the existence of transcendence?’ That existence which, suddenly and through a blind act of

human confidence, explains everything, he defines as ‘the unthinkable unity of the general and the particular’. Thus the absurd becomes god （in the broadest meaning of this word）and that inability to understand becomes the existence that illuminates everything. Nothing logically prepares this reasoning. I can call it a leap. And paradoxically can be understood Jaspers’ insistence, his infinite patience devoted to making the experience of the transcendent impossible to realize. For the more fleeting that approximation is, the more empty that definition proves to be, the more real that transcendent is to him; for the passion he devotes to asserting it is in direct proportion to the gap between his powers of explanation and the irrationality of the world and of experience. It thus appears that the more bitterly Jaspers destroys the reason’s preconceptions the more radically he will explain the world. That apostle of humiliated thought will find at the very end of humiliation the means of regenerating being to its very depth.

Mystical thought has familiarized us with such devices. They are just as legitimate as any attitude of mind. But for the moment I am acting as if I took a certain problem seriously. Without judging beforehand the general value of this attitude or its educative power, I mean simply to consider whether it answers the conditions I set myself, whether it is worthy of the conflict that concerns me. Thus I return to Chestov. A commentator relates a remark of his that deserves interest: ‘The only true solution,’ he said, ‘is precisely where human judgement sees no solution. Otherwise, what need would we have of God? We turn towards God only to obtain the impossible. As for the possible, men suffice.’ If there is a Chestovian philosophy, I can say that it is altogether summed up in this way. For when, at the conclusion of his passionate analyses, Chestov discovers the fundamental absurdity of all

existence, he does not say: ‘This is absurd’ , but rather ‘This is God: we must rely on him even if he does not correspond to any of our rational categories’. So that confusion may not be possible, the Russian philosopher even hints that this God is, perhaps, full of hatred and hateful, incomprehensible and contradictory; but the more hideous is his face the more he asserts his power. His grearess is his incoherence. His proof is his in humanity. One must spring into him and by this leap free oneself from rational illusions. Thus, for Chestov, acceptance of the absurd is contemporaneous with the absurd itself. Being aware of it amounts to accepting it, and the whole logical effort of his thought is to bring it out so that at the same time the tremendous hope it involves may burst forth. Let me repeat that this attitude is legitimate. But I am persisting here in considering a single problem and all its consequences. I do not have to examine the emotion of a thought or of an act of faith. I have a whole lifetime to do that. I know that the rationalist finds Chestov’s attitude annoying. But I also feel that Chestov is fight rather than the rationalist and I merely want to know if he remains faithful to the commandments of the absurd.

Now, if it is admitted that the absurd is the contrary of hope, it is seen that existential thought for Chestov pre supposes the absurd but proves it only to dispel it. Such subtlety of thought is a conjuror’s emotional trick. When Chestov elsewhere sets his absurd in opposition to current morality and reason, he calls it truth and redemption. Hence there is basically in that definition of the absurd an approbation that Chestov grants it. If it is admitted that all the power of that notion lies in the way it runs counter to our elementary hopes, if it is felt that to remain, the absurd requires not to be consented to, then it can be clearly seen that it has lost its true aspect, its

human and relative character in order to enter an eternity that is both incomprehensible and satisfying. If there is an absurd, it is in man's universe. The moment the notion transforms itself into eternity's springboard, it ceases to be linked to human lucidity. The absurd is no longer that evidence that man ascertains without consenting to it. The struggle is eluded. Man integrates the absurd and in that condition causes to disappear its essential character which is opposition, laceration and divorce. This leap is an escape. Chestov, who is fond of quoting Hamlet's remark, 'The time is out of joint' , writes it down with a sort of savage hope that seems to belong to him in particular. For it is not in this sense that Hamlet says it or Shakespeare writes it. The intoxication of the irrational and the vocation of rapture turn a lucid mind away from the absurd. To Chestov reason is useless but there is something beyond reason. To an absurd mind reason is useless and there is nothing beyond reason.

This leap can at least enlighten us a little more as to the true nature of the absurd. We know that it is worthless except in an equilibrium, that it is above all in the comparison and not in the terms of that comparison. But it so happens that Chestov puts all the emphasis on one of the terms and destroys the equilibrium. Our appetite for understanding, our nostalgia for the absolute are explicable only in so far, precisely, as we can understand and explain many things. It is useless to negate the reason absolutely. It has its order in which it is efficacious. It is properly that of hu man experience. Whence we wanted to make everything clem. If we cannot do so, if the absurd is born on that occasion, it is born precisely at the very meeting-point of that efficacious but limited reason with the ever-resurgent irrational. Now, when Chestov rises up against a Hegelian proposition such as 'the motion of the solar

system takes place in conformity with immutable laws and those laws are its reason' , when he devotes all his passion to upsetting Spinoza's rationalism, he concludes, in effect, in favour of the vanity of all reason. Whence, by a natural and illegitimate reversal, to the pre-eminence of the irrational.[5] But the transition is not evident. For here may intervene the notion of limit and the notion of level. The laws of nature may be operative up to a certain limit, beyond which they turn against themselves to give birth to the absurd. Or else, they may justify themselves on the level of description without for that reason being true on the level of explanation. Everything is sacrificed here to the irrational, and, the demand for clarity being conjured away, the absurd disappears with one of the terms of its comparison. The absurd man on the other hand does not undertake such a levelling process. He recognizes the struggle, does not absolutely scorn reason and admits the irrational. Thus he again embraces in a single glance all the data of experience and he is little inclined to leap before knowing. He knows simply that in that alert awareness there is no further place for hope.

What is perceptible in Leo Chestov will be perhaps even more so in Kierkegaard. To be sure, it is hard to outline clear propositions in so elusive a writer. But, despite apparently opposed writings, beyond the pseudonyms, the tricks and the smiles, can be felt throughout that work as it were the presentiment （at the same time as the apprehension）of a truth which eventually bursts forth in the last works: Kierkegaard likewise takes the leap. His childhood having been so frightened by Christianity, he ultimately returns to its harshest aspect. For him, too, antinomy and paradox become criteria of the religious. Thus the very thing that led to despair of the meaning and depth of this life now gives it its truth and its clarity. Christianity is the

scandal, and what Kierkegaard calls for quite plainly is the third sacrifice required by Ignatius Loyola, the one in which God most rejoices: 'The sacrifice of the intellect.'[6] This effect of the 'leap' is odd but must not surprise us any longer. He makes of the absurd the criterion of the other world, whereas it is simply a residue of the experience of this world. 'In his failure,' says Kierkegaard, 'the believer finds his triumph.'

It is not for me to wonder to what stirring preaching this attitude is linked. I merely have to wonder if the spectacle of the absurd and its own character justifies it. On this point, I know that it is not so. Upon considering again the content of the absurd, one understands better the method that inspired Kierkegaard. Between the irrational of the world and the insurgent nostalgia of the absurd, he does not maintain the equilibrium. He does not respect the rela tionship that constitutes properly speaking the feeling of absurdity. Sure of being unable to escape the irrational, he wants at least to save himself from that desperate nostalgia that seems to him sterile and devoid of implication. But if he may be fight on this point in his judgement, he could not be in his negation. If he substitutes for his cry of revolt a frantic adherence, at once he is led to blind himself to the absurd which hitherto enlightened him and to deify the only certainty he henceforth possesses, the irrational. The important thing, as Abbé Galiani said to Mme d'Epinay, is not to be cured, but to live with one's ailments. Kierkegaard wants to be cured. To be cured is his frenzied wish and it runs throughout his whole journal. The entire effort of his intelligence is to escape the antinomy of the human condition. An all the more desperate effort since he inter mittently perceives its vanity when he speaks of himself, as if neither fear of God nor piety were capable of bringing him to peace. Thus it is that, through a strained

subterfuge, he gives the irrational the appearance and God the attributes of the absurd: unjust, incoherent and incomprehensible. Intelligence alone in him strives to stifle the underlying demands of the human heart. Since nothing is proved, everything can be proved.

Indeed, Kierkegaard himself shows us the path taken. I do not want to suggest anything here, but how can one fail to read in his works the signs of an almost intentional mutilation of the soul to balance the mutilation accepted in regard to the absurd? It is the leitmotiv of the *journal*. ‘What I lacked was the animal which also belongs to human destiny... But give me a body then.’ And further on: ‘Oh! especially in my early youth what should I not have given to be a man, even for six months . . . what I lack, basically, is a body and the physical conditions of existence.’ Elsewhere, the same man nevertheless adopts the great cry of hope that has come down through so many centuries and quickened so many hearts, except that of the absurd man. ‘But for the Christian death is certainly not the end of everything and it implies infinitely more hope than life implies for us, even when that life is overflowing with health and vigour.’ Reconciliation through scandal is still reconciliation. It allows one, perhaps, as can be seen, to derive hope of its contrary which is death. But even if fellow feeling inclines one towards that attitude, still it must be said that excess justifies nothing. That transcends, as the saying goes, the human scale; therefore it must be super human. But this ‘therefore’ is superfluous. There is no logical certainty here. There is no experimental probability either. All I can say is that, in fact, that transcends my scale. If I do not draw a negation from it, at least I do not want to found anything on the incomprehensible. I want to know whether I can live with what I know and with that alone. I am told again that here the intelligence

must sacrifice its pride and the reason bow down. But if I recognize the limits of the reason, I do not therefore negate it, recognizing its relative powers. I merely want to remain in this middle path where the intelligence can remain clear. If that is its pride, I see no sufficient reason for giving it up. Nothing more profound, for example, than Kierkegaard's view according to which despair is not a fact but a State: the very state of sin. For sin is what alienates from God. The absurd, which is the metaphysical state of the conscious man, does not lead to God.[7] Perhaps this notion will become clearer if I risk this shocking statement: the absurd is sin without God.

It is a matter of living in that state of the absurd. I know on what it is founded, this mind and this world straining against each other without being able to embrace each other. I ask for the rule of life of that state and what I am offered neglects its basis, negates one of the terms of the painful opposition, demands of me a resignation. I ask what is involved in the condition I recognize as mine; I know it implies obscurity and ignorance; and I am assured that this ignorance explains everything and that this darkness is my light. But there is no reply here to my intent and this stirring lyricism cannot hide the paradox from me. One must therefore turn away. Kierkegaard may shout in warning: 'If man had no eternal consciousness, if, at the bottom of everything, there were merely a wild, seething force producing everything, both large and trifling, in the storm of dark passions, if the bottomless void that nothing can fill underlay all things, what would life be but despair?' This cry is not likely to stop the absurd man. Seeking what is true is not seeking what is desirable. If in order to elude the anxious question: 'What would life be?' one must, like the donkey, feed on the roses of illusion, then the absurd mind, rather than resigning itself to falsehood, prefers to adopt fearlessly

Kierkegaard’s reply:‘despair’. Everything considered, a determined soul will always manage.

I am taking the liberty at this point of calling the existential attitude philosophical suicide. But this does not imply a judgement. It is a convenient way of indicating the movement by which a thought negates itself and tends to transcend itself in its very negation. For the existentials negation is their God. To be precise, that god is maintained only through the negation of human reason.[8] But like suicides, gods change with men. There are many ways of leaping, the essential being to leap. Those redeeming negations, those ultimate contradictions which negate the obstacle that has not yet been leapt over, may spring just as well （this is the paradox at which this reasoning aims）from a certain religious inspiration as from rational order. They always lay claim to the eternal and it is solely in this that they take the leap.

It must be repeated that the reasoning developed in this essay leaves out altogether the most widespread spiritual attitude of our enlightened age: the one, based on the principle that all is reason, which aims to explain the world. It is natural to give a clear view of the world after accepting the idea that it must be clear. That is even legitimate but does not concern the reasoning we are following out here. In fact, our aim is to shed light upon the step taken by the mind when, starting from a philosophy of the world’s lack of meaning, it ends up by finding a meaning and depth in it. The most touching of those steps is religious in essence; it becomes obvious in the theme of the irrational. But the most paradoxical and most significant is certainly the one that attributes rational reasons to a world it originally imagined as devoid of any

guiding principle. It is impossible in any case to reach the consequences that concern us without having given an idea of this new attainment of the spirit of nostalgia.

I shall examine merely the theme of ‘the Intention’ made fashionable by Husserl and the phenomenologists. I have already alluded to it. Originally Husserrs method negates the classic procedure of the reason. Let me repeat. Thinking is not unifying or making the appearance familiar under the guise of a great principle. Thinking is learning all over again how to see, directing one’s consciousness, making of every image a privileged place. In other words, phenomenology declines to explain the world, it wants to be merely a description of actual experience. It confirms absurd thought in its initial assertion that there is no truth, but merely truths. From the evening breeze to this hand on my shoul der, everything has its truth. Consciousness illuminates it by paying attention to it. Consciousness does not form the object of its understanding, it merely focuses, it is the act of attention and, to borrow a Bergsonian image, it resembles the projector that suddenly focuses on an image. The difference is that there is no scenario but a successive and incoherent illustration. In that magic lantern all the pictures are privileged. Consciousness suspends in experience the objects of its attention. Through its miracle it isolates them. Henceforth they are beyond all judgements. This is the ‘intention’ that characterizes consciousness. But the word does not imply any idea of finality; it is taken in its sense of ‘direction’: its only face value is topographical.

At first sigh, it certainly seems that in this way nothing contradicts the absurd spirit. That apparent modesty of thought that limits itself to describing

what it declines to explain, that intentional discipline whence results paradoxically a profound enrichment of experience and the rebirth of the world in its prolixity are absurd procedures. At least at first sight. For methods of thought, in this case as elsewhere, always assume two aspects, one psychological and the other metaphysical.[9] Thereby they harbour two truths. If the theme of the intentional claims to illustrate merely a psychological attitude, by which reality is drained instead of being explained, nothing in fact separates it from the absurd spirit. It aims to enumerate what it cannot transcend. It affirms solely that without any unifying principle thought can still take delight in describing and understanding every aspect of experience. The truth involved then for each of those aspects is psychological in nature. It simply testifies to the 'interest' that reality can offer. It is a way of awaking a sleeping world and of making it vivid to the mind. But if one attempts to extend and give a rational basis to that notion of truth, if one claims to discover in this way the 'essence' of each object of knowledge, one restores its depth to experience. For an absurd mind that is incomprehensible. Now it is this wavering between modesty and assurance that is noticeable in the intentional attitude and this shimmering of phenomenological thought will illustrate the absurd reasoning better than anything else.

For Husserl speaks likewise of 'extra-temporal essences' brought to light by the intention, and he sounds like Plato. All things are not explained by one thing but by all things. I see no difference. To be sure those ideas or those essences that consciousness 'effectuates' at the end of every description are not yet to be considered perfect models. But it is asserted that they are directly present in each datum of perception. There is no longer a single idea explaining everything but an infinite number of essences giving a meaning to

an infinite number of objects. The world comes to a stop, but also lights up. Platonic realism becomes intuitive but it is still realism. Kierkegaard was swallowed up in his God; Parmenides plunged thought into the One. But here thought hurls itself into an abstract polytheism. But this is not all: hallucinations and fictions likewise belong to 'extra temporal essences'. In the new world of ideas, the species of centaur collaborates with the more modest species of metropolitan man.

For the absurd man, there was a truth as well as a bitterness in that purely psychological opinion that all aspects of the world are privileged. To say that everything is privileged is tantamount to saying that everything is equivalent. But the metaphysical aspect of that truth is so far-reaching, that through an elementary reaction, he feels closer perhaps to Plato. He is taught, in fact, that every image pre supposes an equally privileged essence. In this ideal world without hierarchy, the formal army is composed solely of generals. To be sure, transcendency had been eliminated. But a sudden shift in thought brings back into the world a sort of fragmentary immanence which restores to the universe its depth.

Am I to fear having carded too far a theme handled with greater circumspection by its creators? I read merely these assertions of Husserl, apparently paradoxical yet rigorously logical if what precedes is accepted: 'That which is true is true absolutely, in itself; truth is one, identical to itself, however different the creatures who perceive it, men, monstem, angels or gods.' Reason triumphs and trumpets forth with that voice, I cannot deny. What can its assertions mean in the absurd world? The perception of an angel or a god has no meaning for me. That geometrical spot where divine reason

ratifies mine will always be incomprehensible to me. There, too, I discern a leap and, though performed in the abstract, it nonetheless means for me forgetting just what I do not want to forget. When further on Husserl ex claims: ‘If all masses subject to attraction were to disappear, the law of attraction would not be destroyed but would simply remain without any possible application’ , I know that I am faced with a metaphysic of consolation. And if I want to discover the point where thought leaves the path of evidence, I have only to reread the parallel reasoning that Husserl voices regarding the mind: ‘If we could contem plate clearly the exact laws of psychic processes, they would be seen to be likewise eternal and invariable, like the basic laws of theoretical natural science. Hence they would be valid even if there were no psychic process.’ Even if the mind were not, its laws would be! I see then that of a psychological truth Husserl aims to make a rational rule: after having denied the integrating power of human reason, he leaps by this expedient to eternal Reason.

Husserl’s theme of the ‘concrete universe’ cannot then surprise me. If I am told that all essences are not formal, but that some are material, that the first are the object of logic and the second of science, this is merely a question of definition. The abstract, I am told, indicates but a part, without consistency in itself, of a concrete universal. But the wavering already noted allows me to throw light on the confusion of these terms. For that may mean that the concrete object of my attention, this sky, the reflection of that water on this coat alone preserve the prestige of the real that my interest isolates in the world. And I shall not deny it. But that may mean also that this coat itself is uni versal, has its particular and sufficient essence, belongs to the world of forms. I then realize that merely the order of the procession has been

changed. This world has ceased to have its reflection in a higher universe, but the heaven of forms is figured in the host of images of this earth. This changes nothing for me. Rather than encountering here a taste for the concrete, the meaning of the human condition, I find an intellectualism sufficiently unbridled to generalize the concrete itself.

It is futile to be amazed by the apparent paradox that leads thought to its own negation by the opposite paths of humiliated reason and triumphal reason. From the abstract god of Husserl to the dazzling god of Kierkegaard the distance is not so great. Reason and the irrational lead to the same preaching. In truth the way matters but little; the will to arrive suffices. The abstract philosopher and the religious philosopher start out from the same disorder and support each other in the same anxiety. But the essential is to ex plain. Nostalgia is stronger here than knowledge. It is significant that the thought of the epoch is at once one of the most deeply imbued with a philosophy of the non significance of the world and one of the most divided in its conclusions. It is constantly oscillating between extreme rationalization of reality which tends to break up that thought into standard reasons and its extreme irrationalization which tends to deify it. But this divorce is only apparent. It is a matter of reconciliation, and, in both cases, the leap suffices. It is always wrongly thought that the notion of reason is a one-way notion. To tell the truth, however rigorous it may be in its ambition, this concept is nonetheless just as unstable as others. Reason bears a quite human aspect, but it also is able to turn towards the divine. Since Plotinus, who was the first to reconcile it with the eternal climate, it has learned to turn away from the most cherished of its principles, which is contradiction, in order to integrate into it the strangest, the quite magic one of participation.[10] It is an instrument of

thought and not thought itself. Above all, a man’s thought is his nostalgia.

Just as reason was able to soothe the melancholy of Plotinus, it provides modem anguish the means of calming itself in the familiar setting of the eternal. The absurd mind has less luck. For it the world is neither so rational nor so irrational. It is unreasonable and only that. With Husserl the reason eventually has no limits at all. The absurd on the contrary establishes its limits since it is powerless to calm its anguish. Kierkegaard independently asserts that a single limit is enough to negate that anguish. But the absurd does not go so far. For it that limit is directed solely at the reason’s ambitions. The theme of the irrational, as it is conceived by the existentialists, is reason becoming confused and escaping by negating itself. The absurd is lucid reason noting its limits.

Only at the end of this difficult path does the absurd man recognize his true motives. Upon comparing his inner exi gence and what is then offered him, he suddenly feels he is going to turn away. In the universe of Husserl the world becomes clear and that longing for familiarity that man’s heart harbours becomes useless. In Kierkegaard’s apocalypse that desire for clarity must be given up if it wants to be satisfied. Sin is not so much knowing （if it were, everybody would be innocent）as wanting to know. Indeed, it is the only sin of which the absurd man can feel that it constitutes both his guilt and his innocence. He is offered a solution in which all the past contradictions have become merely polemical games. But this is not the way he experienced them. Their truth must be preserved, which consists in not being satisfied. He does not want preaching.

My reasoning wants to be faithful to the evidence that aroused it. That

evidence is the absurd. It is that divorce between the mind that desires and the world that disappoints, my nostalgia for unity, this fragmented universe and the contradiction that binds them together. Kierkegaard suppresses my nostalgia and Husserl gathers together that universe. That is not what I was expecting. It was a matter of living and thinking with those dislocations, of knowing whether one had to accept or refuse. There can be no question of masking the evidence, of suppressing the absurd by denying one of the terms of its equation. It is essential to know whether one can live with it or whether, on the other hand, logic commands one to die of it. I am not interested in philosophical suicide but rather in plain suicide. I merely wish to purge it of its emotional content and know its logic and its integrity. Any other position implies for the absurd mind deceit and the mind's retreat before what the mind itself has brought to light. Husserl claims to obey the desire to escape 'the inveterate habit of living and thinking in certain well-known and convenient conditions of existence' , but the final leap restores in him the eternal and its comfort. The leap does not represent an extreme danger as Kierkegaard would like it to do. The danger, on the contrary, lies in the subtle instant that precedes the leap. Being able to remain on that dizzying crest — that is integrity and the rest is subterfuge. I know also that never has helplessness inspired such striking harmonies as those of Kierkegaard. But if helplessness has its place in the indifferent landscapes of history, it has none in a reasoning whose exigence is now known.

Absurd Freedom

Now the main thing is done, I hold certain facts from which I cannot

separate. What I know, what is certain, what I cannot deny, what I cannot reject- this is what counts. I can negate everything of that part of me that lives on vague nostalgias, except this desire for unity, this longing to solve, this need for clarity and cohesion. I can refute everything in this world surrounding me that offends or enraptures me, except this chaos, this sovereign chance and this divine equivalence which springs from anarchy. I don't know whether this world has a meaning that transcends it. But I know that I do not know that meaning and that it is impossible for me just now to know it. What can a meaning outside my condition mean to me? I can understand only in human terms. What I touch, what resists me — that is what I understand. And these two certainties — my appetite for the absolute and for unity and the impossibility of reducing this world to a rational and reasonable principle — I also know that I cannot reconcile them. What other truth can I admit without lying, without bringing in a hope I lack, which means nothing within the limits of my condition?

If I were a tree among trees, a cat among animals, this life would have a meaning or rather this problem would not arise, for I should belong to this world. I should be this world to which I am now opposed by my whole consciousness and my whole insistence upon familiarity. This ridiculous reason is what sets me in opposition to all creation. I cannot cross it out with a stroke of the pen. What I believe to be true I must therefore preserve. What seems to me so obvious, even against me, I must support. And what constitutes the basis of that conflict, of that break between the world and my mind, but the awareness of it? If, therefore, I want to preserve it, I can, through a constant awareness, ever revived, ever alert. This is what, for the moment, I must remember. At this moment the absurd, so obvious and yet so

hard to win, returns to a man’s life and finds its home there. At this moment, too, the mind can leave the arid, dried-up path of lucid effort. That path now emerges in daily life. It encounters the world of the anonymous impersonal pronoun ‘one’ , but henceforth man enters in with his revolt and his lucidity. He has forgotten how to cope. This hell of the present is his Kingdom at last. All problems recover their sharp edge. Abstract evidence retreats before the poetry of forms and colours. Spiritual conflicts become embodied and return to the abject and magnificent shelter of man’s heart. None of them is settled. But all are trans figured. Is one going to die, escape by the leap, rebuild a mansion of ideas and forms to one’s own scale? Is one on the contrary going to take up the heartrending and marvellous wager of the absurd? Let’s make a final effort in this regard and draw all our conclusions. The body, affection, creation, action, human nobility will then resume their places in this mad world. At last man will again find there the wine of the absurd and the bread of indifference on which he feeds his greatness.

Let us insist again on the method: it is a matter of persisting. At a certain point on his path the absurd man is tempted. History is not lacking in either religions or prophets, even without gods. He is asked to leap. All he can reply is that he doesn’t fully understand, that it is not obvious. Indeed, he does not want to do anything but what he fully understands. He is assured that this is the sin of pride, but he does not understand the notion of sin; that perhaps hell is in store, but he has not enough imagination to visualize that strange future; that he is losing immortal life, but that seems to him an idle consideration. An attempt is made to get him to admit his guilt. He feels innocent. To tell the truth, that is all he feels — his irreparable innocence. This is what allows him everything. Hence what he demands of himself is to live solely with what he

knows, to accommodate himself to what is and to bring in nothing that is not certain. He is told that nothing is. But this at least is a certainty. And it is with this that he is concerned: he wants to find out if it is possible to live *without appeal*.

Now I can broach the notion of suicide. It has already been felt what solution might be given. At this point the problem is reversed. It was previously a question of finding out whether or not life had to have a meaning to be lived. It now becomes clear on the contrary that it will be lived all the better if it has no meaning. Living an experience, a particular fate, is accepting it fully. Now, no one will live this fate, knowing it to be absurd, unless he does everything to keep before him that absurd brought to light by consciousness. Negating one of the terms of the oppo-sition on which he lives amounts to escaping it. To abolish conscious revolt is to elude the problem. The theme of permanent revolution is thus carded into individual experience. Living is keeping the absurd alive. Keeping it alive is above all contemplating it. Unlike Eurydice, the absurd dies only when we turn away from it. One of the only coherent philosophical positions is thus revolt. It is a constant confrontation between man and his own obscurity. It is an insistence upon an impossible transparency. It challenges the world anew every second. Just as danger provided man with the unique opportunity of seizing awareness, so metaphysical revolt extends awareness to the whole of experience. It is that constant presence of man in his own eyes. It is not aspiration, for it is devoid of hope. That revolt is the certainty of a crushing fate, without the resignation that ought to accompany it.

This is where it is seen to what a degree absurd experience is remote

from suicide. It may be thought that suicide follows revolt — but wrongly. For it does not represent the logical outcome of revolt. It is just the contrary by the consent it presupposes. Suicide, like the leap, is acceptance at its extreme. Everything is over and man returns to his essential history. His future, his unique and dreadful future — he sees and rushes towards it. In its way, suicide settles the absurd. It engulfs the absurd in the same death. But I know that in order to keep alive, the absurd cannot be settled. It escapes suicide to the extent that it is simultaneously awareness and rejection of death. It is, at the extreme limit of the condemned man's last thought, that shoelace that despite everything he sees a few yards away, on the very brink of his dizzying fall. The contrary of suicide, in fact, is the man condemned to death.

That revolt gives life its value. Spread out over the whole length of a life, it restores its majesty to that life. To a man devoid of blinkers, there is no finer sight than that of the intelligence at grips with a reality that transcends it. The sight of human pride is unequalled. No disparagement is of any use. That discipline that the mind imposes on itself, that will conjured up out of nothing, that face-to-face struggle have something exceptional about them. To impoverish that reality whose inhumanity constitutes man's majesty is tantamount to impoverishing him himself. I understand then why the doctrines that explain everything to me also debilitate me at the same time. They relieve me of the weight of my own life and yet I must carry it alone. At this juncture, I cannot conceive that a sceptical meta physics can be joined to an ethics of renunciation.

Consciousness and revolt, these rejec-tions are the contrary of

renunciation. Everything that is indomitable and passionate in a human heart quickens them, on the contrary, with its own life. It is essential to die unreconciled and not of one’s own free will. Suicide is a repudiation. The absurd man can only drain everything to the bitter end, and deplete himself. The absurd is his extreme tension which he maintains constantly by solitary effort, for he knows that in that consciousness and in that day-to-day revolt he gives proof of his only truth which is defiance. This is a first consequence.

If I remain in that prearranged position which consists in drawing all the conclusions （and nothing else）involved in a newly discovered notion, I am faced with a second paradox. In order to remain faithful to that method, I have nothing to do with the problem of metaphysical liberty. Knowing whether or not man is free doesn’t interest me. I can experience only my own freedom. As to it, I can have no general notions, but merely a few clear insights. The problem of ‘freedom as such’ has no meaning. For it is linked in quite a different way with the problem of God. Knowing whether or not man is free involves knowing whether he can have a master. The absurdity peculiar to this problem comes from the fact that the very notion that makes the problem of freedom possible also takes away all its meaning. For in the presence of God there is less a problem of freedom than a problem of evil. You know the alternative: either we are not free and God the all-powerful is responsible for evil. Or we are free and responsible but God is not all powerful. All the scholastic subtleties have neither added anything to nor subtracted anything from the acuteness of this paradox.

This is why I cannot get lost in the glorification or the mere definition of a notion which eludes me and loses its meaning as soon as it goes beyond the

frame of reference of my individual experience. I cannot understand what kind of freedom would be given me by a higher being. I have lost the sense of hierarchy. The only conception of freedom I can have is that of the prisoner or the individual in the midst of the State. The only one I know is freedom of thought and action. Now if the absurd cancels all my chances of eternal freedom, it restores and magnifies on the other hand my freedom of action. That privation of hope and future means an increase in man's availability.

Before encountering the absurd, the everyday man lives with aims, a concern for the future or for justification （with regard to whom or what is not the question）. He weighs his chances, he counts on 'someday' , his retirement or the labour of his sons. He still thinks that something in his life can be directed. In truth, he acts as if he were free, even if all the facts make a point of contradicting that liberty. But after the absurd, everything is upset. That idea that 'I am' , my way of acting as if everything has a meaning （even if, on occasion, I said that nothing has）— all that is given the lie in vertiginous fashion by the absurdity of a possible death. Thinking of the future, establishing aims for oneself, having preferences — all this presupposes a belief in freedom, even if one occasionally ascertains that one doesn't feel it. But at that moment I am well aware that that higher liberty, that freedom to be, which alone can serve as basis for a truth, does not exist. Death is there as the only reality. After death the chips are down. I am not even free either to perpetuate myself, but a slave, and above all a slave with rut hope of an eternal revolution, without recourse, to contempt. And who without revolution and without contempt can remain a slave? What freedom can exist in the fullest sense without assurance of eternity?

But at the same time the absurd man realizes that hitherto he was bound to that postulate of freedom on the illusion of which he was living. In a certain sense, that hampered him. To the extent to which he imagined a purpose to his life, he adapted himself to the demands of a purpose to be achieved and became the slave of his liberty. Thus I could not act otherwise than as the father （or the engineer or the leader of a nation, or the post-office sub-clerk）that I am preparing to be. I think I can choose to be that rather than something else. I think so unconsciously, to be sure. But at the same time, I strengthen my postulate with the beliefs of those around me, with the presumptions of my human environment （others are so sure of being free and that cheerful mood is so contagious!）. However far one may remain from any presumption, moral or social, one is partly influenced by them and even, for the best among them （there are good and bad presumptions）, one adapts one’s life to them. Thus the absurd man realizes that he was not really free. To speak dearly, to the extent to which I hope, to which I worry about a truth that might be individual to me, about a way of being or creating, to the extent to which I arrange my life and prove thereby that I accept its having a meaning, I create for myself barriers between which I confine my life. I do as do so many bureaucrats of the mind and heart who only fill me with disgust and whose only vice, I now see clearly, is to take man’s freedom seriously.

The absurd enlightens me on this point: there is no future. Henceforth this is the reason for my inner freedom. I shall use two comparisons here. Mystics, to begin with, find freedom in giving themselves. By losing themselves in their god, by accepting his rules, they become secretly free. In spontaneously accepted slavery they recover a deeper independence. But

what does that freedom mean? It may be said above all that they feel free with regard to themselves and not so much free as liberated. Likewise, cornpletely turned towards death （taken here as the most obvious absurdity）, the absurd man feels released from everything outside that passionate attention crystallizing in him. He enjoys a freedom with regard to common rules. It can be seen at this point that the initial themes of existential philosophy keep their entire value. The return to consciousness, the escape from everyday sleep represent the first steps of absurd freedom. But it is existential *preaching* that is alluded to and with it that spiritual leap which basically escapes consciousness. In the same way （this is my second comparison）the slaves of antiquity did not belong to themselves. But they knew that freedom which consists in not feeling responsible.[11] Death, too, has patrician hands which, while crushing, also liberate.

Losing oneself in that bottomless certainty, feeling henceforth sufficiently remote from one’s own life to increase it and take a broad view of it — this involves the principle of a liberation. Such new independence has a definite time limit, like any freedom of action. It does not write a cheque on eterniry. But it takes the place of the illusions of *freedom,* which all stopped with death. The divine availability of the condemned man before whom the prison doors open in a certain early dawn, that unbelievable disinterestedness with regard to everything except for the pure flame of life — it is clear that death and the absurd are here the principles of the only reasonable freedom: that which a human heart can experience and live. This is a second consequence. The absurd man thus catches sight of a burning and frigid, transparent and limited universe in which nothing is possible but everything is given, and beyond which all is collapse and nothingness. He can then

decide to accept such a universe and draw from it his strength, his refusal to hope, and the unyielding evidence of a life without consolation.

But what does life mean in such a universe? Nothing else for the moment but indifference to the future and a de sire to use up everything that is given. Belief in the meaning of life always implies a scale of values, a choice, our preferences. Belief in the absurd, according to our definitions, teaches the contrary. But this is worth examining.

Knowing whether or not one can live *without* appeal is all that interests me. I do not want to get out of my depth. This aspect of life being given me, can I adapt myself to it? Now, faced with this particular concern, belief in the absurd is tantamount to substituting the quantity of experiences for the quality. If I convince myself that this life has no other aspect than that of the absurd, if I feel that its whole equilibrium depends on that perpetual opposition between my conscious revolt and the darkness in which it struggles, if I admit that my freedom has no meaning except in relation to its limited fate, then I must say that what counts is not the best living but the most living. It is not up to me to wonder if this is vulgar or revolting, elegant or deplorable. Once and for all, value judgements are discarded here in favour of factual judgements. I have merely to draw the conclusions from what I can see and to risk nothing that is hypothetical. Supposing that living in this way were not honourable, then true propriety would command me to be dishonourable.

The most living; in the broadest sense, that rule means nothing. It calls for definition. It seems to begin with the fact that the notion of quantity has not been sufficiently explored. For it can account for a large share of human

experience. A man’s rule of conduct and his scale of values have no meaning except through the quantity and variety of experiences he has been in a position to accumulate. Now the conditions of modern life impose on the majority of men the same quantity of experiences and consequently the same profound experience. To be sure, there must also be taken into consideration the individual’s spontaneous contribution, the ‘given’ element in him. But I cannot judge of that, and let me repeat that my rule here is to get along with the immediate evidence. I see then that the individual character of a common code of ethics lies not so much in the ideal importance of its basic principles as in the norm of an experience that it is possible to measure. To stretch a point somewhat, the Greeks had the code of their leisure just as we have the code of our eight-hour day. But already many men among the most tragic cause us to foresee that a longer experience changes this table of values. They make us imagine that adventurer of the everyday who through mere quantity of experiences would break all records （I am purposely using this sports expression）and would thus win his own code of ethics.[12] Yet let us avoid romanticism and just ask ourselves just what such an attitude may mean to a man with his mind made up to take up his bet and to observe strictly what he takes to be the rules of the game.

Breaking all the records is first and foremost being faced with the world as often as possible. How can that be done without contradictions and without playing on words? For on the one hand the absurd teaches that all experiences are unimportant and, on the other, it urges towards the greatest quantity of experiences. How then can one fail to do as did so many of those men I was speaking of earlier — choose the form of life that brings us the most possible of that human matter, thereby introducing a scale of values that on the other

hand one claims to reject?

But again it is the absurd and its contradictory life that teaches us. For the mistake is thinking that that quantity of experiences depends on the circumstances of our life when it depends solely on us. Here we have to be over simple. To two men living the same number of years, the world always provides the same sum of experiences. It is up to us to be conscious of them; Being aware of one’s life, one’s revolt, one’s freedom, and to the maximum, is living, and to the maximum. Where lucidity dominates, the scale of values becomes useless. Let’s be even more simple. Let us say that the sole obstacle, the sole deficiency to be made good, is constituted by premature death. Thus it is that no depth, no emotion, no passion and no sacrifice could render equal in the eyes of the absurd man （even if he wished it so）a conscious life of forty years and a lucidity spread over sixty years.[13] Madness and death are his irreparables. Man does not choose. The absurd and the extra life it involves *therefore do not depend on man’s will* but on its contrary which is death.[14] Weighing words carefully, it is altogether a question of luck. One just has to be able to consent to this. There will never be any substitute for twenty years of life and experience.

But with an inconsistency odd in such an alert race, the Greeks claimed that those who died young were beloved of the gods. And that is true only if you are willing to believe that entering the ridiculous world of the gods is forever losing the purest of joys which is feeling, and feeling on this earth. The present and the succession of presents before a constantly conscious soul is the ideal of the absurd man. But the word ideal tings false in this connection. It is not even his vocation but merely the third consequence of

his reasoning. Having started from an anguished awareness of the inhuman, the meditation on the absurd returns at the end of its itinerary to the very heart of the passionate fl ames of human revolt.[15]

Thus I draw from the absurd three consequences which are my revolt, my freedom and my passion. By the mere activity of consciousness I transform into a rule of life what was an invitation to death — and I refuse suicide. I know, to be sure, the dull resonance that vibrates throughout these days. Yet I have but a word to say: that it is necessary. When Nietzsche writes: ‘It clearly seems that the chief thing in heaven and on earth is to obey at length and in a single direction: in the long run there results something for which it is worth the trouble of living on this earth as, for example, virtue, art, music, the dance, reason, the mind — something that transfigures, something delicate, mad, or divine,’ he elucidates the rule of a really distinguished code of ethics. But he also points the way of the absurd man. Obeying the flame is both the easiest and the hardest thing to do. However, it is good for man to judge himself occasionally. He is alone in being, able to do so.

‘Prayer,’ says Alain, ‘is when night descends over thought.’ ‘But the mind must meet the night,’ reply the mystics and the existentials. Yes indeed, but not that night that is born under closed eyelids and through the mere will of man — dark, impenetrable night that the mind calls up in order to plunge into it. If it must encounter a night, let it be rather that of despair which remains lucid — polar night, vigil of the mind — whence will arise perhaps that white and virginal brightness which outlines every object in the light of the intelligence. At that degree, equivalence encounters passionate understanding. Then it is no longer even a question of judging the existential

leap. It resumes its place amidst the age-old fresco of human attitudes. For the spectator, if he is conscious, that leap is still absurd. In so far as it thinks it solves the paradox, it reinstates it intact. On this score, it is stirring. On this score, everything resumes its place and the absurd world is reborn in all its splendour and diversity.

But it is bad to stop, hard to be satisfied with a single way of seeing, to go without contradiction, perhaps the most subtle of all spiritual forces. The preceding merely de fines a way of thinking. But the point is to live.

---

[1]From the point of view of the relative value of truth. On the other hand, from the point of view of virile behaviour, this scholar's fragility may well make us smile.

[2]Let us not miss this opportunity to point out the relative character of this essay. Suicide may, indeed, be related to much more honourable considerations — for example, the political suicides of protest, as they were called, during the Chinese revolution.

[3]I have heard of an emulator of Peregrinos, a post-war writer who, after having finished his first book, committed suicide to attract attention to his work. Attention was in fact attracted, but the book was judged no good.

[4]But not in the proper sense. This is not a definition, but rather an enumeration of the feelings that may admit of the absurd. Still, the enumeration finished, the absurd has

nevertheless not been exhausted.

[5]Apropos of the notion of exception particularly and against Aristotle.

[6]It may be thought that I am neglecting here the essential problem, that of faith. But I am not examining the philosophy of Kierkegaard, or of Chestov, or, later on, of Husserl (this would call for a different place and a different attitude of mind); I am simply borrowing a theme from them and examining whether its consequences can fit the already established rules. It is merely a matter of persistence.

[7]I did not say 'excludes God', which would still amount to asserting.

[8]Let me assert again: it is not the affirmation of God that is questioned here, but rather the logic leading to the affirmation.

[9]Even the most rigorous epistemologies imply metaphysics. And to such a degree that the metaphysic of many contemporary thinkers consists in having nothing but an epistemology.

[10]A. — At that time reason had to adapt itself or die. It adapts itself. With Plotinus, aft er being logical it becomes aesthetic. Metaphor takes the place of the syllogism.

B. — Moreover, this is not Plotinus' only contribution to phenomenology. This whole attitude is already contained in the concept so dear to the Alexandrian thinker that there is not only an idea of man but also an idea of Socrates.

[11]I am concerned here with a factual comparison, not with an apology of humility. The absurd man is the contrary of the reconciled man.

[12]Quantity sometimes constitutes quality. If I can believe the latest restatements of scientific theory, all matter is constituted by centres of energy. Their greater or lesser quantity makes its specificity more or less remarkable. A billion ions and one ion differ not only in quantity but also in quality. It is easy to find an analogy in human experience.

[13]Same reflection on a notion as different as the idea of eternal nothingness. It neither adds anything to nor subtracts anything from reality. In psychological experience of nothingness, it is by the consideration of what will happen in 2,000 years that our own nothingness truly takes on meaning. In one of its aspects, eternal nothingness is made up precisely of the sum of lives to come which will not be ours.

[14]The will is only the agent here: it tends to maintain consciousness. It provides a discipline of life and that is appreciable.

[15]What matters is coherence. We start out here from acceptance of the world. But Oriental thought teaches that one can indulge in the same effort of logic by choosing against the world. That is just as legitimate and gives this essay its perspectives and its limits. But when the negation of the world is pursued just as rigorously one often achieves （in certain Vedantic schools）similar results regarding, for instance, the indifference of works. In a book of great importance, Le Choix, Jean Grenier establishes in this way a veritable ‘philosophy of indifference’.

The Absurd Man

‘If Stavrogin believes, he does not think he believes.

If he does not believe, he does not think he does not believe.’

—THE POSSESSED

‘My field,’ said Goethe, ‘is time.’ That is indeed the absurd speech. What, in fact, is the absurd man? He who, without negating it, does nothing for the eternal. Not that nostalgia is foreign to him. But he prefers his courage and his reasoning. The first teaches him to live *without appeal* and to get along with what he has; the second informs him of his limits. Assured of his temporally limited freedom, of his revolt devoid of future and of his mortal consciousness, he lives out his adventure within the span of his lifetime. That is his field, that is his action, which he shields from any judgement but his own. A greater life cannot mean for him another life. That would be unfair. I am not even speaking here of that paltry eternity that is called posterity. Madame Roland relied on herself. That rashness was taught a lesson. Posterity is glad to quote her remark but forgets to judge it. Madame Roland is indifferent to posterity.

There can be no question of holding forth on ethics. I have seen people behave badly with great morality and I note every day that integrity has no

need of rules. There is but one moral code that the absurd man can accept, the one that is not separated from God: the one that is dictated. But it so happens that he lives outside that God. As for the others （I mean also immoralism）, the absurd man sees nothing in them but justifications and he has nothing to justify. I start out here from the principle of his innocence.

That innocence is to be feared. ‘Everything is permitted,’ exclaims Ivan Karamazov. That, too, smacks of the absurd. But on condition that it be not taken in the vulgar sense. I don’t know whether or not it has been sufficiently pointed out that it is not an outburst of relief or of joy but rather a bitter acknowledgement of a fact. The certainty of a God giving a meaning to life far surpasses in attractiveness the ability to behave badly with impunity. The choice would not be hard to make. But there is no choice and that is where the bitterness comes in. The absurd does not liberate; it binds. It does not authorize all actions. Everything is per mitted does not mean that nothing is forbidden. The absurd merely confers an equivalence on the consequences of those actions. It does not recommend crime, for this would be childish, but it restores to remorse its futility. Likewise, if all experiences are indifferent, that of duty is as legitimate as any other. One can be virtuous through a whim.

All systems of morality are based on the idea that an action has consequences that legitimize or cancel it. A mind imbued with the absurd merely judges that those consequences must be considered calmly. It is ready to pay up. In other words, there may be responsible persons but there are no guilty ones, in its opinion. At very most such a mind will consent to use past experience as a basis for its future actions. Time will prolong time and life will serve life. In this field that is both limited and bulging with possibilities,

everything in himself, except his lucidity, seems unforesee able to him. What rule, then, could emanate from that un reasonable order? The only truth that might seem instructive to him is not formal: it comes to life and unfolds in men. The absurd mind cannot so much expect ethical rules at the end of its reasoning as rather, illustrations and the breath of human lives. The few following images are of this type. They prolong the absurd reasoning by giving it a specific attitude and their warmth.

Do I need to develop the idea that an example is not necessarily an example to be followed （even less so if possible in the absurd world）and that these illustrations are not, therefore, models? Besides the fact that a certain vocation is required for this, one becomes ridiculous, with all due allowance, when drawing from Rousseau the conclusion that one must walk on all fours and from Nietzsche that one must maltreat one’s mother. ‘It is essential to be absurd,’ writes a modern author, ‘it is not essential to be a dupe.’ The attitudes of which I shall treat can assume their whole meaning only through consideration of their contraries. A sub-clerk in the post-office is the equal of a conqueror if consciousness is common to them. All experiences are indifferent in this regard. There are some that do either a service or a disservice to man. They do him a service if he is conscious. Otherwise, that has no importance: a man’s failures imply judge-ment, not of circumstances, but of himself.

I am choosing solely men who aim only to expend themselves or whom I see to be expending themselves. That has no further implications. For the moment I want to speak only of a world in which thoughts like lives are devoid of future. Everything that makes man work and get excited utilizes

hope. The sole thought that is not mendacious is therefore a sterile thought. In the absurd world the value of a notion or of a life is measured by its sterility.

Don Juanism

If it were sufficient to love, things would be too easy. The more one loves the stronger the absurd grows. It is not through lack of love that Don Juan goes from woman to woman. It is ridiculous to represent him as a mystic in quest of total love. But it is indeed because he loves them with the same passion and each time with his whole self that he must repeat his gift and his profound quest. Whence each woman hopes to give him what no one has ever given him. Each time they are utterly wrong and merely manage to make him feel the need of that repetition. 'At last,' ex claims one of them, 'I have given you love.' Can we be surprised that Don Juan laughs at this? 'At last? No,' he says, 'but once more.' Why should it be essential to love rarely in order to love much?

Is Don Juan melancholy? This is not likely. I shall barely have recourse to the legend. That laugh, the conquering in solence, that playfulness and love of the theatre are all clear and joyous. Every healthy creature tends to multiply himself. So it is with Don Juan. But furthermore melancholy people have two reasons for being so: they don't know or they hope. Don Juan knows and does not hope. He reminds one of those artists who know their limits, never go beyond them, and in that precarious interval in which they take their spiritual stand enjoy all the wonderful ease of masters. And that is, indeed: genius: the intelligence that knows its frontiers. Up to the frontier of

physical death Don Juan is ignorant of melancholy. The moment he knows, his laugh bursts forth and makes one forgive everything. He was melancholy at the time when he hoped. Today, on the mouth of that woman he recognizes the bitter and comforting taste of the only knowledge. Bitter ? Barely: that nece sary imperfection that makes happiness perceptible!

It is quite false to try to see in Don Juan a man brought up on Ecclesiastes. For nothing is vanity to him except the hope of another life. He proves this because he gambles that other life against heaven itself. Longing for desire killed by satisfaction, that commonplace of the impotent man, does not belong to him. That is all fight for Faust who b lieved in God enough to sell himself to the devil. For Don Juan the thing is simpler. Molina's 'Burlador' ever replies to the threats of hell: 'What a long respite you give me!' What comes after death is futile and what a long succession of days for whoever knows how to be alive! Faust craved worldly goods; the poor man had only to stretch out his hand. It already-amounted to selling his soul when he was unable to gladden it. As for satiety, Don Juan insists upon it, on the contrary. If he leaves a woman it is not absolutely because he has ceased to desire her. A beautiful woman is always desirable. But he desires another, and no, this is not the same thing.

This life gratifies his every wish and nothing is worse than losing it. This madman is a great wise man. But men who live on hope do not thrive in this universe where kindness yields to generosity, affection to virile silence, and communion to solitary courage. And all hasten to say: 'He was a weakling, an idealist or a saint.' One has to disparage the greamess that insults.

People are sufficiently annoyed （or smile that smile of complicity that debases what it admires）by Don Juan’s speeches and by that same remark that he uses on all women. But to anyone who seeks quantity in his joys, the only thing that matters is efficacy. What is the use of complicating the passwords that have stood the test? No one, neither the woman nor the man, listens to them, but rather to the voice that pronounces them. They are the rule, the convention, and the courtesy. After they are spoken the most important still remains to be done. Don Juan is already getting ready for it. Why should he give himself a problem in morality? He is not like Milosz’s Manara who damns himself through a desire to be a saint. Hell for him is a thing to be provoked. He has but one reply to divine wrath and that is human honour: ‘I have honour,’ he says to the Commander, ‘and I am keeping my promise because I am a knight.’ But it would be just as great an error to make an immoralist of him. In this regard, he is ‘like everyone else’: he has the moral code of his likes and dislikes. Don Juan can be properly understood only by constant reference to what he commonly symbolizes: the ordinary seducer and the sexual athlete. He is an ordinary seducer.[1] Except for the difference that he is conscious, and that is why he is absurd. A seducer who has become lucid will not change for all that. Seducing is his condition in life. Only in novels does one change condition or become better. Yet it can be said that at the same time nothing is changed and everything is transformed. What Don Juan realizes in action is an ethic of quantity, whereas the saint on the contrary tends towards quality. Not to believe in the profound meaning of things belongs to the absurd man. As for those cordial or wonderstruck faces, he eyes them, stores them up, and does not pause over them. Time keeps up with them. The absurd man is he who is not apart from time. Don Juan does

not think of ‘collecting’ women. He exhausts their number and with them his chances of life. ‘Collecting’ amounts to being capable of living off one’s past. But he rejects regret, that other form of hope. He is incapable of looking at portraits.

Is he selfish for all that? In his way probably. But here, too, it is essential to understand one another. There are those who are made for living and those who are made for loving. At least Don Juan would be inclined to say so. But he would do so in a very few words such as he is capable of choosing. For the love we are speaking of here is clothed in illusions of the eternal. As all the specialists in passion teach us, there is no eternal love but what is thwarted. There is scarcely any passion without struggle. Such a love culminates only in the ultimate contradiction of death. One must be Werther or nothing. Then, too, there are several ways of committing suicide, one of which is the total gift and forgetfulness of self. Don Juan, as well as anyone else, knows that this can be stirring. But he is one of the very few who know that this is not the important thing. He knows just as well that those who turn away from all personal life through a great love enrich themselves perhaps but certainly impoverish those their love has chosen. A mother or passionate wife necessarily has a closed heart, for it is turned away from the world. A single emotion, a single creature, a single face, but all is devoured. Quite a different love disturbs Don Juan, and this one is liberating. It brings with it all the faces in the world and its tremor comes from the fact that it knows itself to be mortal. Don Juan has chosen to be nothing.

For him it is a matter of seeing clearly. We call love what binds us to certain creatures only by reference to a collective way of seeing for which

books and legends are responsible. But of love I know only that mixture of desire, affection and intelligence that binds me to this or that creature. That compound is not the same for another per son. I do not have the right to cover all these experiences with the same name. This exempts one from conducting them with the same gestures. The absurd man multiplies here again what he cannot unify. Thus he discovers a new way of being which liberates him at least as much as it liberates those who approach him. There is no noble love but that which recognizes itself to be both short-lived and exceptional. All those deaths and all those rebirths gathered together as in a sheaf, make up for Don Juan the flowering of his life. It is his way of giving and of vivifying. I let it be decided whether or not one can speak of selfishness.

I think at this point of all those who absolutely insist that Don Juan be punished. Not only in another life, but even in this one. I think of all those tales, legends, and laughs about the aged Don Juan. But Don Juan is already ready. To a conscious man old age and what it portends are not a surprise. Indeed, he is conscious only in so far as he does not conceal its horror from himself. There was in Athens a temple dedicated to old age. Children were taken there. As for Don Juan, the more people laugh at him the more his figure stands out. Thereby he rejects the one the romantics lent him. No one wants to laugh at that tormented, pitiful Don Juan. He is pitied; heaven itself will redeem him ? But that’s not it. In the universe of which Don Juan has a glimpse, ridicule too is included. He would consider it normal to be chastised. That is the rule of the game. And, indeed, it is typical of his nobility to have accepted all the rules of the game. Yet he knows he is right and that there can be no question of punishment. A fate is not a punishment.

That is his crime, and how easy it is to understand why the men of God call down punishment on his head. He achieves a knowledge without illusions which negates everything they profess. Loving and possessing, conquering and consuming — that is his way of knowing. （There is significance in that favourite Scriptural word that calls the carnal act ‘knowing’.） He is their worst enemy to the extent that he is ignorant of them. A chronicler relates that the true ‘Burlador’ died assassinated by Franciscans who wanted ‘to put an end to the excesses and blasphemies of Don Juan whose birth assured him impunity’. Then they proclaimed that heaven had struck him down. No one has proved that strange end. Nor has anyone proved the contrary. But without wondering if it is probable, I can say that it is logical. I want merely to single out at this point the word ‘birth’ and to play on words: it was the fact of living that assured his innocence. It was from death alone that he derived a guilt now become legendary.

What else does that stone Commander signify, that cold statue set in motion to punish the blood and courage that dared to think? All the powers of eternal Reason, of order, of universal morality, all the foreign grandeur of a God open to wrath are summed up in him. That gigantic and soulless stone merely symbolizes the forces that Don Juan negated forever. But the Commander’s mission stops there. The thunder and lightning can return to the imitation heaven whence they were called forth. The real tragedy takes place quite apart from them. No, it was not under a stone hand that Don Juan met his death. I am inclined to believe in the legendary bravado, in that mad laughter of the healthy man provoking a non-existent God. But, above all, I believe that on that evening when Don Juan was waiting at Anna’s the Commander didn’t come and that, after midnight, the blasphemer must have

felt the dreadful bitterness of those who have been fight. I accept even more readily the account of his life that has him eventually burying himself in a monastery. Not that the edifying aspect of the story can be considered probable. What refuge can he go to ask of God ? But this symbolizes rather the logical outcome of a life completely imbued with the absurd, the grim ending of an existence turned towards short-lived joys. At this point sensual pleasure winds up in asceticism. It is essential to realize that they may be as it were the two aspects of the same destitution. What more ghastly image can be called up than that of a man betrayed by his body who, simply because he did not die in time, lives out the comedy while awaiting the end, face to face with that God he does not adore, serving him as he served life, kneeling before a void and arms outstretched towards a heaven without eloquence that he knows to be also without depth?

I see Don Juan in a cell of one of those Spanish monasteries lost on a hill-top. And if he contemplates anything at all, it is not the ghosts of past loves, but perhaps, through a narrow slit in the sun-baked wall, some silent Spanish plain, a noble soulless land in which he recognizes himself. Yes, it is on this melancholy and radiant image that the curtain must be rung down. The ultimate end, awaited but never desired, the ultimate end is negligible.

Drama

‘The play’s the thing,’ says Hamlet, ‘wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king.’ Catch is indeed the word. For con science moves swiftly or withdraws within itself. It has to be caught on the wing, at that barely

perceptible moment when it glances fleetingly at itself. The everyday man does not enjoy tarrying. Everything, on the contrary, hurries him onward. But at the same time nothing interests him more than himself, especially his potentialities. Whence his interest in the theatre, in the show, where so many fates are offered him, where he can accept the poetry without feeling the sorrow. There, at least, can be recognized the thought less man, and he continues to hasten towards some hope or other. The absurd man begins where that one leaves off, where, ceasing to admire the play, the mind wants to enter in. Entering into all these lives, experiencing them in their diversity, amounts to acting them out. I am not saying that actors in general obey that impulse, that they are absurd men, but that their fate is an absurd fate which might charm and attract a lucid heart. It is necessary to establish this in order to grasp without misunderstanding what will follow.

The actor's realm is that of the fleeting. Of all kinds of fame, it is known, his is the most ephemeral. At least this is said in conversation. But all kinds of fame are ephemeral. From the point of view of Sirius, Goethe's works in ten thou sand years will be dust and his name forgotten. Perhaps a handful of archaeologists will look for 'evidence' as to our era. That idea has always contained a lesson. Seriously meditated upon, it reduces our perturbations to the profound nobility that is found in indifference. Above all, it directs our concerns towards what is most certain, that is towards the immediate. Of all kinds of fame the least deceptive is the one that is lived.

Hence the actor has chosen multiple fame, the fame that is hallowed and tested. From the fact that everything is to die some day he draws the best conclusion. An actor succeeds or does not succeed. A writer has some hope

even if he is not appreciated. He assumes that his works will bear wimess to what he was. At best the actor will leave us a photograph, and nothing of what he was himself, his gestures and his silences, his gasping or his panting with love, will come down to us. For him, not to be known is not to act, and not acting is dying a hundred times with all the creatures he would have brought to life or resuscitated.

Why should we be surprised to find a fleeting fame built upon the most ephemeral of creations? The actor has three hours to be Iago or Alceste, Phèdre or Gloucester. In that short space of time he makes them come to life and die on fifty square yards of boards. Never has the absurd been so well illustrated or at such length. What more revelatory epitome can be imagined than those marvellous lives, those exceptional and total destinies unfolding for a few hours within a stage set? Off the stage, Sigismundo ceases to count. Two hours later he is seen dining out. Then it is, perhaps, that life is a dream. But after Sigismundo comes another. The hero suffering from uncertainty takes the place of the man roaring for his revenge. By thus sweeping over centuries and minds, by miming man as he can be and as he is, the actor has much in common with that other absurd individual, the traveller. Like him, he drains something and is constantly on the move. He is a traveller in time and, for the best, the hunted traveller, pursued by souls. If ever the ethics of quantity could find sustenance, it is indeed on that strange stage. To what degree the actor benefits from the characters is hard to say. But that is not the important thing. It is merely a matter of knowing how far he identifies himself with those irreplaceable lives. It often happens that he carries them with him, that they somewhat overflow the time and place in which they were born. They accompany the actor, who cannot very readily separate himself

from what he has been. Occasionally when reaching for his glass he resumes Hamlet’s gesture of raising his cup. No, the distance separating him from the creatures into whom he infuses life is not so great. He abundantly illustrates every month or every day that so suggestive truth that there is no frontier between what a man wants to be and what he is. Always concerned with better representing, he demonstrates to what a degree appearing creates being. For that is his art — to simulate absolutely, to project himself as deeply as possible into lives that are not his own. At the end of his effort his vocation becomes clear: to apply himself whole heartedly to being nothing or to being several. The narrower the limits allotted him for creating his character the more necessary his talent. He will die in three hours under the mask he has assumed today. Within three hours he must experience and express a whole exceptional life. That is called losing oneself to find oneself. In those three hours he travels the whole course of the dead-end path that the man in the audience takes a lifetime to cover.

A mime of the ephemeral, the actor trains and perfects himself only in appearances. The theatrical convention is that the heart expresses itself and communicates itself only through gestures and in the body — or through the voice which is as much of the soul as of the body. The rule of that art insists that everything be magnified and translated into flesh. If it were essential on the stage to love as people really love, to employ that irreplaceable voice of the heart, to look as people contemplate in life, our speech would be in code. But here silences must make themselves heard. Love speaks up louder and immobility itself becomes spectacular.

The body is king. Not everyone can be ‘theatrical’ and this unjustly

maligned word covers a whole aesthetic and a whole ethic. Half a man's life is spent in implying, in turning away, and in keeping silent. Here the actor is the in truder. He breaks the spell chaining that soul, and at last the passions can rush on to their stage. They speak in every gesture; they live only through shouts and cries. Thus the actor creates his characters for display. He outlines or sculptures them and slips into their imaginary form, transfusing his blood into their phantoms. I am, of course, speaking of great drama, the kind that gives the actor an *opportunity* to fulfil his wholly physical fate. Take Shakespeare, for instance. In that impulsive drama the physical passions lead the dance. They explain everything. Without them all would collapse. Never would King Lear keep the appointment set by madness without the brutal gesture that exiles Cordelia and condemns Edgar. It is just that the unfolding of that tragedy should thenceforth be dominated by madness. Souls are given over to the demons and their sarabande. No fewer than four madmen: one by trade, another by intention, and the last two through suffering — four disordered bodies, four unutterable aspects of a single condition.

The very scale of the human body is inadequate. The mask and the buskin, the make-up that reduces and accentuates the face in its essential elements, the costume that exaggerates and simplifies — that universe sacrifices everything to appearance and is made solely for the eye. Through an absurd miracle, it is the body that also brings knowledge. I should never really understand Iago unless I played his part. It is not enough to hear him, for I grasp him only at the moment when I see him. Of the absurd character the actor consequently has the monotony, that single, oppressive silhouette, simultaneously strange and familiar, that he carries about from hero to hero. There, too, the great dramatic work contributes to this unity of tone.[2] This is

where the actor contradicts himself: the same and yet so various, so many souls summed up in a single body. Yet it is the absurd contradiction itself, that individual who wants to achieve everything and live everything, that useless attempt, that ineffectual persistence. What always contradicts itself nevertheless joins in him. He is at that point where body and mind converge, where the mind, fired of its defeats, turns towards its most faithful ally. ‘And blest are those,’ says Hamlet, ‘whose blood and judgement are so well commingled that they are not a pipe for fortune’s finger to sound what stop she please.’

How could the Church have failed to condemn such a practice on the part of the actor? She repudiated in that art the heretical multiplication of souls, the emotional debauch, the scandalous presumption of a mind that objects to living but one life and hurls itself into all forms of excess. She proscribed in them that preference for the present and that triumph of Proteus which are the negation of everything she teaches. Eternity is not a game. A mind foolish enough to prefer a comedy to eternity has lost its salvation. Between ‘everywhere’ and ‘forever’ there is no compromise. Whence that much maligned profession can give rise to a tremendous spiritual conflict. ‘What matters,’ said Nietzsche, ‘is not eternal life but eternal vivacity.’ All drama is, in fact, in this choice.

Adrienne Lecouvreur on her deathbed was willing to con fess and receive communion but refused to abjure her profession. She thereby lost the benefit of the confession. Did this not amount, in effect, to choosing her absorbing passion in preference to God? And that woman in the death-throes refusing in tears to repudiate what she called her art gave evidence of a

greatness that she never achieved behind the footlights. This was her finest role and the hardest one to play. Choosing between heaven and a ridiculous fidelity, preferring oneself to eternity or losing oneself in God is the age-old tragedy in which each must play his part.

The actors of the era knew they were excommunicated. Entering the profession amounted to choosing Hell. And the Church discerned in them her worst enemies. A few men of letters protest: ‘What! Refuse the last rites to Molière!’ But that was just, and especially in one who died on stage and finished under the actor’s make-up a life entirely de voted to dispersion. In his case genius is invoked, which excuses everything. But genius excuses nothing, just because it refuses to do so.

The actor knew at that time what punishment was in store for him. But what significance could such vague threats have compared to the final punishment that life itself was reserving for him? This was the one that he felt in advance and accepted wholly. To the actor as to the absurd man a premature death is irreparable. Nothing can make up for the sum of faces and centuries he would otherwise have traversed. But in any case one has to die. For the actor is doubtless everywhere, but time sweeps him along too and makes its impression with him.

It requires but a little imagination to feel what an actor’s fate means. It is in time that he makes up and enumerates his characters. It is in time likewise that he learns to dominate them. The greater number of different lives he has lived the more aloof he can be from them. The time comes when he must die to the stage and for the world. What he has lived faces him. He sees clearly. He feels the harrowing and irreplaceable quality of that adventure. He knows

and can now die. There are homes for aged actors.

Conquest

‘No,’ says the conqueror, ‘don’t assume that because I love action I have had to forget how to think. On the contrary, I can thoroughly define what I believe. For I believe it firmly and I see it surely and clearly. Beware of those who say: “I know this too well to be able to express it.” For if they cannot do so, this is because they don’t know it or because out of laziness they stopped at the outer crust.

‘I have not many opinions. At the end of a life man notices that he has spent years becoming sure of a single truth. But a single truth, if it is obvious, is enough to guide an existence. As for me, I decidedly have something to say about the individual. One must speak of him bluntly and, if need be, with the appropriate contempt.

‘A man is more a man through the things he keeps to himself than through those he says. There are many that I shall keep to myself. But I firmly believe that all those who have judged the individual have done so with much less experience than we on which to base their judgement. The intelligence, the stirring intelligence perhaps foresaw what it was essential to note. But the era, its ruins and its blood over whelm us with facts. It was possible for ancient nations, and even for more recent ones down to our machine-age, to weigh one against the other the virtues of society and of the individual, to try to find out which was to serve the other. To begin with, that was possible by virtue of that stubborn aberration in man’s heart according to

which human beings were created to serve or be served. In the second place, it was possible because neither society nor the individual had yet revealed all their ability.

‘I have seen bright minds express astonishment at the masterpieces of Dutch painters born at the height of the bloody wars in Flanders, be mazed by the prayers of Silesian mystics brought up during the frightful Thirty Years’ War. Eternal values survive secular turmoils before their astonished eyes. But there has been progress since. The painters of today are deprived of such serenity. Even if they have basically the heart the creator needs, I mean the closed heart, it is of no use; for everyone, including the saint himself, is mobilized. This is perhaps what I have felt most deeply. At every form that miscarries in the trenches, at every outline, metaphor, or prayer crushed under steel, the eternal loses a round. Conscious that I cannot stand aloof from my time, I have decided to be an integral part of it. This is why I esteem the individual only because he strikes me as ridiculous and humiliated. Knowing that there are no victorious causes, I have a liking for lost causes: they require an uncontaminated soul, equal to its defeat as to its temporary victories. For anyone who feels bound up with this world’s fate, the clash of civilizations has something agonizing about it. I have made that anguish mine at the same time that I wanted to join in. Between history and the eternal I have chosen history because I like certainties. Of it at least I am certain, and how can I deny this force crushing me?

‘There always comes a time when one must choose between contemplation and action. This is called becoming a man. Such wrenches are dreadful. But for a proud heart there can be no compromise. There is God or

time, that cross or this sword. This world has a higher meaning that transcends its worries or nothing is true but those worries. One must live with time and die with it or else elude it for a greater life. I know that one can compromise and live in the world while believing in the eternal. That is called accepting. But I loathe this term and want all or nothing. If I choose action, don't think that contemplation is like an unknown country to me. But it cannot give me everything and, deprived of the eternal, I want to ally myself with time. I do not want to put down to my account either nostalgia or bitterness and I merely want to see clearly. I tell you, tomorrow you will be mobilized. For you and for me that is a liberation. The individual can do nothing and yet he can do everything. In that wonderful unattached state you understand why I exalt and crush him at one and the same time. It is the world that pulverizes him and I who liberate him. I provide him with all his rights.

'Conquerors know that action is in itself useless. There is but one useful action, that of remaking man and the earth. I shall never remake men. But one must do "as if ". For the path of struggle leads me to the flesh. Even humiliated, the flesh is my only certainty. I can live only on it. The creature is my native land. This is why I have chosen this absurd and ineffectual effort. This is why I am on the side of the struggle. The epoch lends itself to this, as I have said. Hitherto the greatness of a conqueror was geographical. It was measured by the extent of the conquered territories. There is a reason why the word has changed in meaning and has ceased to signify the victorious general. The greatness has changed camp. It lies in protest and the blind-alley sacrifice. There, too, it is not through a preference for defeat. Victory would be desirable. But there is but one victory and it is eternal. That is the one I

shall never have. That is where I stumble and cling. A revolution is always accomplished against the gods, beginning with the revolution of Prometheus, the first of modem conquerors. It is man's demands made against his fate; the demands of the poor are but a pretext. Yet I can seize that spirit only in its historical act and that is where I make contact with it. Don't assume, however, that I take pleasure in it: opposite the essential contradiction, I maintain my human contradiction. I establish my lucidity in the midst of what negates it. I exalt man before what crushes him and my freedom, my revolt and my passion come together then in that tension, that lucidity and that vast repetition.

'Yes, man is his own end. And he is his only end. If he aims to be something, it is in this life. Now I know it only too well. Conquerors sometimes talk of vanquishing and overcoming. But it is always "overcoming oneself " that they mean. You are well aware of what that means. Every man has felt himself to be the equal of a god at certain moments. At least, this is the way it is expressed. But this comes from that fact that, in a flash, he felt the amazing grandeur of the human mind. The conquerors are merely those among men who are conscious enough of their strength to be sure of living constantly on those heights and fully aware of that grandeur. It is a question of arithmetic, of more or less. The conquerors are capable of the more. But they are capable of no more than man himself when he wants. This is why they never leave the human crucible, plunging into the seething soul of revolutions.

'There they find the creature mutilated, but they also encounter there the only values they like and admire, man and his silence. This is both their

destitution and their wealth. There is but one luxury for them — that of human relations. How can one fail to realize that in this vulnerable universe everything that is human and solely human assumes a more vivid meaning? Taut faces, threatened fraternity, such strong and chaste friendship among men — these are the true riches because they are transitory. In their midst the mind is most aware of its powers and limitations. That is to say, its efficacy. Some have spoken of genius. But genius is easy to say; I prefer the intelligence. It must be said that it can be magnificent then. It lights up this desert and dominates it. It knows its obligations and illustrates them. It will die at the same time as this body. But knowing this constitutes its freedom.

‘We are not ignorant of the fact that all churches are against us. A heart so keyed up eludes the eternal, and all churches, divine or political, lay claim to the eternal. Happiness and courage, retribution or justice are secondary ends for them. It is a doctrine they bring, and one must subscribe to it. But I have no concern with ideas or with the eternal. The truths that come within my scope can be touched with the hand. I cannot separate from them. This is why you cannot base anything on me: nothing of the conqueror lasts, not even his doctrines.

‘At the end of all that, despite everything, is death. We know also that it ends everything. This is why those cemeteries all over Europe, which obsess some among us, are hideous. People beautify only what they love and death repels us and tires our patience. It, too, is to be conquered. The last Carrara, a prisoner in Padua emptied by the plague and besieged by the Venetians, ran screaming through the halls of his deserted palace: he was calling on the devil and asking him for death. This was a way of overcoming it. And it is likewise

a mark of courage characteristic of the Occident to have made so ugly the places where death thinks itself honoured. In the rebel's universe, death exalts in justice. It is the supreme abuse.

'Others, without compromising either, have chosen the eternal and denounced the illusion of this world. Their cemeteries smile amid numerous flowers and birds. That suits the conqueror and gives him a clear image of what he has rejected. He has chosen, on the contrary, the black iron fence or the potter's field. The best among the men of God occasionally are seized with fright mingled with consideration and pity for minds that can livewith such an image of their death. Yet those minds derive their strength and justification from this. Our fate stands before us and we provoke him. Less out of pride than out of awareness of our ineffectual condition. We, too, sometimes feel pity for ourselves. It is the only compassion that seems acceptable to us: a feeling that perhaps you hardly understand and that seems to you scarcely virile. Yet the most daring among us are the ones who feel it. But we call the lucid ones virile and we do not want a strength that is apart from lucidity.'

Let me repeat that these images do not propose moral codes and involve no judgements: they are sket-ches. They merely represent a style of life. The lover, the actor, or the adventurer plays the absurd. But equally well, if he wishes, the chaste man, the civil servant, or the President of the Republic. It is enough to know and to mask nothing. In Italian museums are sometimes found little painted screens that the priest used to hold in front of the face of condemned men to hide the scaffold from them. The leap in all its forms, rushing into the divine or the eternal, surrendering to the illusions of the

everyday or of the idea — all these screens hide the absurd. But there are civil servants without screens and they are the ones of whom I mean to speak.

I have chosen the most extreme ones. At this level the absurd gives them a royal power. It is true that those princes are without a kingdom. But they have this advantage over others: they know that all royalties are illusory. They know, that is their whole nobility, and it is useless to speak in relation to them of hidden misfortune or the ashes of disillusion. Being deprived of hope is not despairing. The flames of earth are surely worth celestial perfumes. Neither I nor anyone can judge them here. They are not striving to be better, they are attempting to be consistent. If the term 'wise man' can be applied to the man who lives on what he has without speculating on what he has not, then they are wise men. One of them, a conqueror but in the realm of mind, a Don Juan but of knowledge, an actor but of the intelligence, knows this better than anyone: 'You nowise deserve a privilege on earth and in heaven for having brought to perfection your dear little meek sheep; you nonetheless continue to be at best a ridiculous dear little sheep with horns and nothing more — even supposing that you do not burst with vanity and do not cream a scandal by posing as a judge.'

In any case it was essential to restore to the absurd reasoning more cordial examples. The imagination can add many others, inseparable from time and exile, who likewise know how to live in harmony with a universe without future and without weakness. This absurd, godless world is then peopled with men who think clearly and who have ceased to hope. And I have not yet spoken of the most absurd character, who is the creator.

---

[1]In the fullest sense and with his faults. A healthy attitude also includes faults.

[2]At this point I am thinking of Molière's Alceste. Everything is so simple, so obvious and so coarse. Alceste against Philinte, Célimene against Elianthe, the whole subject in the absurd consequence of a nature carded to its extreme, and the verse itself, the 'bad verse', barely accented like the monotony of the character's nature.

Absurd Creation

Philosophy and Fiction

All those lives maintained in the rarefied air of the absurd could not persevere without some profound and constant thought to infuse its strength into them. Right here, it can be only a strange feeling of fidelity. Conscious men have been seen to fulfil their task amidst the most stupid of wars without considering themselves in contradiction. This is because it was essential to elude nothing. There is thus a metaphysical honour in enduring the world's absurdity. Conquest or play-acting, multiple loves, absurd revolt are tributes that man pays to his dignity in a campaign in which he is defeated in advance.

It is merely a matter of being faithful to the rule of the Battle. That thought may suffice to sustain a mind; it has supported and still supports whole dvilizations. War cannot be negated. One must live it or die of it. So it is with the absurd: it is a question of breathing with it, of recognizing its lessons and recovering their flesh. In this regard the absurd joy *par excellence* is creation. 'Art and nothing but art,' said Nietzsche; 'we have art in order not to die of the truth.'

In the experience that I am attempting to describe and to stress on

several modes, it is certain that a new torment arises wherever another dies. The childish chasing after forgetfulness, the appeal of satisfaction are now devoid of echo. But the constant tension that keeps man face to face with the world, the ordered delirium that urges him to be receptive to everything, leave him another fever. In this universe the work of art is then the sole chance of keeping his consciousness and of fixing its adventures. Creating is living doubly. The groping, anxious quest of a Proust, his meticulous collecting of flowers, of wallpapers, and of anxieties, signifies nothing else. At the same time, it has no more significance than the continual and imperceptible creation in which the actor, the conqueror, and all absurd men indulge every day of their lives. All try their hands at miming, at repeating, and at re-creating the reality that is theirs. We always end up by having the appearance of our truths. All existence for a man turned away from the eternal is but a vast mime under the mask of the absurd. Creation is the great mime.

Such men know to begin with, and then their whole effort is to examine, to enlarge, and to enrich the ephemeral island on which they have just landed. But first they must know. For the absurd discovery coincides with a pause in which future passions are prepared and justified. Even men without a gospel have their Mount of Olives. And one must not fall asleep on theirs either. For the absurd man it is not a matter of explaining and solving, but of experiencing and describing. Everything begins with lucid indifference.

Describing — that is the last ambition of an absurd thought. Science likewise, having reached the end of its paradoxes, ceases to propound and stops to contemplate and sketch the ever-virgin landscape of phenomena. The

heart learns thus that the emotion delighting us when we see the world’s aspects comes to us not from its depth but from their diversity. Explanation is useless but the sensation remains and, with it, the constant attractions of a universe inexhaustible in quantity. The place of the work of art can be understood at this point.

It marks both the death of an experience and its multiplication. It is a sort of monotonous and passionate repetition of the themes already orchestrated by the world: the body, inexhaustible image on the pediment of temples, forms or colours, number or grief. It is, therefore, not in different, as a conclusion, to encounter once again the principal themes of this essay in the wonderful and childish world of the creator. It would be wrong to see a symbol in it and to think that the work of art can be considered at last as a refuge for the absurd. It is itself an absurd phenomenon and we are concerned merely with its description. It does not offer an escape for the intellectual ailment. Rather, it is one of the symptoms of that ailment which reflects it throughout a man’s whole thought. But for the first time it makes the mind get outside of itself and places it in opposition to others, not for it to get lost but to show it clearly the blind path that all have entered upon. In the time of the absurd reasoning, creation follows indifference and discovery. It marks the point from which absurd passions spring and where the reasoning stops. Its place in this essay is justified in this way.

It will suffice to bring to light a few themes common to the creator and the thinker in order to find in the work of art all the contradictions of thought involved in the absurd. Indeed, it is not so much identical conclusions that prove minds to be related as the contradictions that are common to them. So

it is with thought and creation. I hardly need to say that the same anguish urges man to these two attitudes. This is where they coincide in the beginning. But among all the thoughts that start from the absurd, I have seen that very few remain within it. And through their deviations or infidelities I have best been able to measure what belonged to the absurd. Similarly, I must wonder: is an absurd work of art possible?

It would be impossible to insist too much on the arbitrary nature of the former opposition between art and philosophy. If you insist on taking it in too limited a sense, it is cer tainly false. If you mean merely that these two disciplines each have their peculiar climate, that is probably true but remains vague. The only acceptable argument lay in the contradiction brought up between the philosopher enclosed within his system and the artist placed *before* his work. But this was pertinent for a certain form of art and of philosophy which we consider secondary here. The idea of an art detached from its creator is not only outmoded; it is false. In opposition to the artist, it is pointed out that no philosopher ever created several systems. But that is true insofar, indeed, as no artist ever expressed more than one thing under different aspects. The instantaneous perfection of art, the necessity for its renewal — this is true only through a preconceived notion. For the work of art likewise is a construction and everyone knows how monotonous the great creators can be. For the same reason as the thinker, the artist commits himself and becomes himself in his work. That osmosis raises the most important of aesthetic problems. Moreover, to anyone who is convinced of the mind's singleness of purpose, nothing is more futile than these distinctions based on methods and objects. There are no frontiers between the disciplines that man sets himself for understanding and loving. They interlock and the same

anxiety merges them.

It is necessary to state this to begin with. For an absurd work of art to be possible, thought in its most lucid form must be involved in it. But at the same time thought must not be apparent except as the regulating intelligence. This paradox can be explained according to the absurd. The work of art is born of the intelligence's refusal to reason the concrete. It marks the triumph of the carnal. It is lucid thought that provokes it but in that very act that thought repudiates itself. It will not yield to the temptation of adding to what is described a deeper meaning that it knows to be illegitimate. The work of art embodies a drama of the intelligence, but it proves this only indirectly. The absurd work requires an artist conscious of these limitations and an art in which the concrete signifies nothing more than itself. It cannot be the end, the meaning, and the consolation of a life. Creating or not creating changes nothing. The absurd creator does not prize his work. He could repudiate it. He does some times repudiate it. An Abyssinia suffices for this, as in the case of Rimbaud.

At the same time a rule of aesthetics can be seen in this. The true work of art is always on the human scale. It is essentially the one that says 'less'. There is a certain relationship between the global experience of the artist and the work that reflects that experience, between *Wilhelm Meister* and Goethe's maturity. That relationship is bad when the work aims to give the whole experience in the lace-paper of an, explanatory literature. That relationship is good when the work is but a piece cut out of experience, a facet of the diamond in which the inner lustre is epitomized without being limited. In the first case there is overloading and pretension to the eternal. In the second, a

fecund work because of a whole implied experience, the wealth of which is suspected. The problem for the absurd artist is to acquire this *savoir-vivre* which transcends *savoir-faire*. And, in the end, the great artist under this climate is above all a great living being, it being understood that living in this case is just as much experiencing as reflecting. The work then embodies an intellectual drama. The absurd work illustrates thought's renouncing of its prestige and its resignation to being no more than the intelligence that works up appearances and covers with images what has no reason. If the world were clear, art would not exist.

I am not speaking here of the arts of form or colour in which description alone prevails in its splendid modesty.[1] Expression begins where thought ends. Those adolescents with empty eye-sockets who people temples and museums — their philosophy has been expressed in gestures. For an absurd man it is more educative than all libraries. Under another aspect the same is true for music. If any art is devoid of lessons, it is certainly music. It is too closely related to mathematics not to have borrowed their gratuitousness. That game the mind plays with itself according to set and measured laws takes place in the sonorous compass that belongs to us and beyond which the vibrations nevertheless meet in an inhuman universe. There is no purer sensation. These examples are too easy. The absurd man recognizes as his own these harmonies and these forms.

But I should like to speak here of a work in which the temptation to explain remains greatest, in which illusion offers itself automatically, in which conclusion is almost inevitable. I mean fictional creation. I propose to inquire whether or not the absurd can hold its own there.

To think is first of all to create a world （or to limit one’s own world, which comes to the same thing）. It is starting out from the basic agreement that separates man from his experience in order to find a common ground according to one’s nostalgia, a universe hedged with reasons or lighted up with analogies but which, in any case, gives an opportunity to rescind the unbearable divorce. The philosopher, even if he is Kant, is a creator. He has his characters, his symbols and his secret action. He has his plot-endings. On the contrary, the lead taken by the novel over poetry and the essay merely represents, despite appearances, a greater intellectualization of the art. Let there be no mistake about it; I am speaking of the greatest. The fecundity and the importance of a literary form are often measured by the trash it contains. The number of bad novels must not make us forget the value of the best. These, indeed, carry with them their universe. The novel has its logic, its reasonings, its intuition, and its postulates. It also has its requirements of clarity.[2]

The classical opposition of which I was speaking above is even less justified in this particular case. It held in the time when it was easy to separate philosophy from its authors. Today when thought has ceased to lay claim to the universal, when its best history would be that of its repentances, we know that the system, when it is worth while, cannot be separated from its author. The *Ethics* itself, in one of its aspects, is but a long and reasoned personal confession. Abstract thought at last returns to its prop of flesh. And likewise, the fictional activities of the body and of the passions are regulated a little more according to the requirements of a vision of the world. The writer has given up telling ‘stories’ and creates his universe. The great novelists are philosophical novelists, that is the contrary of thesis-writers. For

instance, Balzac, Sade, Melville, Stendhal, Dostoievsky, Proust, Malraux, Kafka, to cite but a few.

But, in fact, the preference they have shown for writing in images rather than in reasoned arguments is revelatory of a certain thought that is common to them all, convinced of the uselessness of any principle of explanation and sure of the educative message of perceptible appearance. They consider the work of art both as an end and a beginning. It is the outcome of an often unexpressed philosophy, its illustration and its consummation. But it is complete only through the implications of that philosophy. It justifies at last that variant of an old theme that a little thought estranges from life whereas much thought reconciles to life. Incapable of refining the real, thought pauses to mimic it. The novel in question is the instrument of that simultaneously relative and inexhaustible knowledge, so like that of love. Of love, fictional creation has the initial wonder and the fecund rumination.

These at least are the charms I see in it at the outset. But I saw them likewise in those princes of humiliated thought whose suicides I was later able to witness. What interests me, indeed, is knowing and describing the force that leads them back towards the common path of illusion. The same method will consequently help me here. The fact of having already utilized it will allow me to shorten my argument and to sum it up without delay in a particular example. I want to know whether, accepting a life *without appeal*, one can also *agree* to work and create *without appeal* and what is the way leading to these liberties. I want to liberate my universe of its phantoms and to people it solely with flesh and blood truths whose presence I cannot deny. I can perform absurd work, choose the creative attitude rather than another.

But an absurd attitude, if it is to remain so, must remain aware of its gratuitousness. So it is with the work of art. If the commandments of the absurd are not respected, if the work does not illustrate divorce and revolt, if it sacrifices to illusions and arouses hope, it ceases to be gratuitous. I can no longer detach myself from it. My life may find a meaning in it but that is trifling. It ceases to be that exercise in detachment and passion which crowns the splendour and futility of a man's life.

In the creation in which the temptation to explain is the strongest, can one overcome that temptation? In the fictional world in which awareness of the real world is keenest, can I remain faithful to the absurd without sacrificing to the desire to judge? So many questions to be taken into consideration in a last effort. It must be already clear what they signify. They are the last scruples of an awareness that fears to forsake its initial and difficult lesson in favour of a final illusion. What holds for creation, looked upon as one of the possible attitudes for the man conscious of the absurd, holds for all the styles of life open to him. The conqueror or the actor, the creator or Don Juan may forget that their exercise in living could not do without awareness of its mad character. One becomes accustomed so quickly. A man wants to earn money in order to be happy and his whole effort and the best of a life are devoted to the earning of that money. Happiness is forgotten; the means are taken for the end. Likewise the whole effort of this conqueror will be diverted to ambition, which was but a way towards a greater life. Don Juan in turn will likewise yield to his fate, be satisfied with that existence whose nobility is of value only through revolt. For one it is awareness and for the other, revolt; in both cases the absurd has disappeared. There is so much stubborn hope in the human heart. The most destitute men often end up by

accepting illusion. That approval prompted by the need for peace inwardly parallels the existential consent. There are thus gods of light and idols of mud. But it is essential to find the middle path leading to the faces of man.

So far, the failures of the absurd exigence have best informed us as to what it is. In the same way, if we are to be informed it will suffice to notice that fictional creation can present the same ambiguity as certain philosophies. Hence I can choose as illustration a work comprising everything that denotes awareness of the absurd, having a clear starting point and a lucid climate. Its consequences will enlighten us. If the absurd is not respected in it, we shall know by what expedient illusion enters in. A particular example, a theme, a creator's fidelity will suffice them. This involves the same analysis that has already been made at greater length.

I shall examine a favourite theme of Dostoievsky. I might just as well have studied other works.[3] But in this work the problem is treated directly, in the sense of nobility and emotion, as for the existential philosophies already discussed. This parallelism serves my purpose.

Kirilov

All of Dostoievsky's heroes question themselves as to the meaning of life. In this they are modern: they do not fear ridicule. What distinguishes modem sensibility from classical sensibility is that the latter thrives on moral problems and the former on metaphysical problems. In Dostoievsky's novels the question is propounded with such intensity that it can only invite extreme solutions. Existence is illusory or it is eternal. If Dostoievsky were satisfied

with this inquiry, he would be a philosopher. But he illustrates the consequences that such intellectual pastimes may have in a man's life and in this regard he is an artist. Among those consequences, his attention is arrested particularly by the last one, which he himself calls logical suicide in his *Diary of a Writer*. In the instalments for December 1876, indeed, he imagines the reasoning of 'logical suicide'. Convinced that human existence is an utter absurdity for anyone without faith in immortality, the desperate man comes to the following conclusions:

'Since in reply to my questions about happiness, I am told, through the intermediary of my consciousness, that I cannot be happy except in harmony with the great all, which I cannot conceive and shall never be in a position to conceive, it is evident . . .'

'Since, finally in this connection, I assume both the role of the plaintiff and that of the defendant, of the accused and of the judge, and since I consider this comedy perpetrated by nature altogether stupid, and since I even deem it humiliating for me to deign to play it . . .'

'In my indisputable capacity of plaintiff and defendant, of judge and accused, I condemn that nature which, with such impudent nerve, brought me into being in order to suffer — I condemn it to be annihilated with me.'

There remains a little humour in that position. This suicide kills himself because, on the metaphysical plane, he is vexed. In a certain sense he is taking his revenge. This is his way of proving that he 'will not be had'. It is known, however, that the same theme is: embodied, but with the most wonderful generality, in Kirilov of *The Possessed*, likewise an advocate of

logical suicide. Kirilov the engineer declares somewhere that he wants to take his own life because it ‘is his idea’. Obviously the word must be taken in its proper sense. It is for an idea, a thought that he is getting ready for death. This is the superior suicide. Progressively, in a series of scenes in which Kirilov’s mind is gradually illuminated, the fatal thought driving him is revealed to us. The engineer, in fact, goes back to the arguments of the *Diary*. He feels that God is necessary and that he must exist. But he knows that he does not and cannot exist ‘Why do you not realize,’ he exclaims, ‘that this is sufficient reason for killing oneself?’ That attitude involves likewise for him some of the absurd consequences. Through indifference he accepts letting his suicide be used to the advantage of a cause he despises. ‘I decided last night that I didn’t care.’ And finally he prepares his deed with a mixed feeling of revolt and freedom. ‘I shall kill myself in order to assert my insubordination, my new and dreadful liberty.’ It is no longer a question of revenge, but of revolt. Kirilov is consequently an absurd character — yet with this essential reservation: he kills himself. But he himself explains this contradiction, and in such a way that at the same time he reveals the absurd secret in all its purity. In truth, he adds to his fatal logic an extraordinary ambition which gives the character its full perspective: he wants to kill himself to become god.

The reasoning is classic in its clarity. If God does not exist, Kirilov is god. If God does not exist, Kirilov must kill himself. Kirilov must therefore kill himself to become god. That logic is absurd, but it is what is needed. The interesting thing, however, is to give a meaning to that divinity brought to earth. That amounts to clarifying the premise: ‘If God does not exist, I am god,’ which still remains rather obscure. It is important to note at the outset

that the man who flaunts that mad claim is indeed of this world. He performs his gymnastics every morning to preserve his health. He is stirred by the joy of Chatov recovering his wife. On a sheet of paper to be found after his death he wants to draw a face sticking out his tongue at ‘them’. He is childish and irascible, passionate, methodical, and sensitive. Of the superman he has nothing but the logic and the obsession, whereas of man he has the whole catalogue. Yet it is he who speaks calmly of his divinity. He is not mad or else Dostoievsky is. Consequently it is not a megalomaniac’s illusion that excites him. And taking the words in their specific sense would, in this instance, be ridiculous.

Kirilov himself helps us to understand. In reply to a question from Stavrogin, he makes it clear that he is not talking of a god-man. It might be thought that this springs from concern to distinguish himself from Christ. But in reality it is a matter of annexing Christ. Kirilov, in fact, fancies for a moment that Jesus at his death *did not find himself in Paradise*. He found out then that his torture had been useless. ‘The laws of nature,’ says the engineer, ‘made Christ live in the midst of falsehood and die for a false- hood.’ Solely in this sense Jesus indeed personifies the whole human drama. He is the complete man, being the one who realized the most absurd condition. He is not the Godman but the man-god. And, like him, each of us can be crucified and victimized — and is to a certain degree.

The divinity in question is therefore altogether terrestrial. ‘For three years,’ says Kirilov, ‘I sought the attribute of my divinity and I have found it. The attribute of my divinity is independence.’ Now can be seen the meaning of Kirilov’s premiss: ‘If God does not exist, I am god.’ To become god is

merely to be free on this earth, not to serve an immortal being. Above all, of course, it is drawing all the inferences from that painful independence. If God exists all depends on him and we can do nothing against his will. If he does not exist, everything depends on us. For Kirilov, as for Nietzsche, to kill God is to become god oneself; it is to realize on this earth the eternal life of which the Gospel speaks.[4]

But if this metaphysical crime is enough for man's fulfilment, why add suicide? Why kill oneself and leave this world after having won freedom? That is contradictory. Kifilov is well aware of this, for he adds: 'If you feel that, you are a Czar and, far from killing yourself, you will live covered with glory.' But men in general do not know. They do not feel 'that'. As in the time of Prometheus, they enter tain blind hopes.[5] They need to be shown the way and cannot do without preaching. Consequently Kirilov must kill himself out of love for humanity. He must show his brothers a royal and difficult path on which he will be the first. It is a pedagogical suicide. Kirilov sacrifices himself then. But if he is crucified, he will not be victimized. He remains the man-god, convinced of a death without future, imbued with evangelical melancholy. 'I,' he says, 'am unhappy because I am *obliged* to assert my freedom.' But once he is dead and men are at last enlightened, this earth will be peopled with Czars and lighted up with human glory. Kirilov's pistol-shot will be the signal for the last revolution. Thus it is not despair that urges him to death but love of his neighbour for his own sake. Before terminating in blood an in describable spiritual adventure, Kirilov makes a remark as old as human suffering: 'All is well.'

This theme of suicide in Dostoievsky, then, is indeed an absurd theme.

Let us merely note before going on that Kirilov reappears in other characters who themselves set in motion additional absurd themes. Stavrogin and Ivan Karamazov try out the absurd truths in practical life. They are the ones liberated by Kirilov's death. They try their skill at being Czars. Stavrogin leads an 'ironic' life, and it is well known in what regard. He arouses hatred around him. And yet the key to the character is found in his farewell letter: 'I have not been able to detest anything.' He is a Czar in indifference. Ivan is likewise by refusing to surrender the royal powers of the mind. To those who, like his brother, prove by their lives that it is essential to humiliate oneself in order to believe, he might reply that the condition is shameful. His keyword is 'Everything is permitted' , with the appropriate shade of melancholy. Of course, like Nietzsche, the most famous of God's assassins, he ends in madness. But this is a risk worth running and, faced with such tragic ends, the essential impulse of the absurd mind is to ask: 'What does that prove?'

Thus the novels, like the *Diary*, propound the absurd question. They establish logic unto death, exaltation, 'dreadful' freedom, the glory of the Czars become human. All is well, everything is permitted and nothing is hateful — these are absurd judgements. But what an amazing creation in which those creatures of fire and ice seem so familiar to us. The passionate world of indifference that rumbles in their heart does not seem at all monstrous to us. We recognize in it our everyday anxieties. And probably no one so much as Dostoievsky has managed to give the absurd world such familiar and tormenting charms.

Yet what is his conclusion? Two quotations will show the complete metaphysical reversal that leads the writer to other revelations. The argument

of the one who commits logical suicide having provoked protests from the critics, Dostoievsky in the following instalments of the *Diary* amplifies his position and concludes thus: ‘If faith in immortality is so necessary to the human being （that without it he comes to the point of killing himself）it must therefore be the nor mal state of humanity. Since this is the case, the immortality of the human soul exists without any doubt.’ Then again in the last pages of his last novel, at the conclusion of that gigantic combat with God, some children ask Aliocha: ‘Karamazov, is it true what religion says, that we shall rise from the dead, that we shall see one another again?’ And Aliocha answers: ‘Certainly, we shall see one another again, we shall joyfully tell one another everything that has happened.’

Thus Kirilov, Stavrogin, and Ivan are defeated. The *Brothers Karamazov* replies to The Possessed. And it is indeed a conclusion. Aliocha’s case is not ambiguous as is that of Prince Muichkin. III, the latter lives in a perpetual present, tinged with smiles and indifference, and that blissful state might be the eternal life of which the Prince speaks. On the contrary, Aliocha clearly says: ‘We shall meet again.’ There is no longer any question of suicide and of madness. What is the use, for anyone who is sure of immortality and of its joys? Man exchanges his divinity for happiness. ‘We shall joyfully tell one another everything that has happened.’ Thus again, Kirilov’s pistol rang out somewhere in Russia, but the world continued to cherish its blind hopes. Men did not understand ‘that’.

Consequently, it is not an absurd novelist addressing us but an existential novelist. Here, too, the leap is touching and gives its nobility to the art that inspires it. It is a stirring acquiescence, riddled with doubts, uncertain

and ardent. Speaking of *The Brothers Karamazov*, Dostoievsky wrote: ‘The chief question that will be pursued throughout this book is the very one from which I have suffered consciously or unconsciously all life long: the existence of God.’ It is hard to believe that a novel sufficed to transform into joyful certainty the suffering of a lifetime. One commentator[6] correctly pointed out that Dostoievsky is on Ivan’s side and that the affirmative chapters took three months of efforts whereas what he called ‘the blasphemies’ were written in three weeks in a state of excitement. There is not one of his characters who does not have that thorn in the flesh, who does not aggravate it or seek a remedy for it in sensation or immorality.[7] In any case let us remain with this doubt Here is a work which, in a chiaroscuro more gripping than the light of day, permits us to seize man’s struggle against his hopes. Having reached the end, the creator makes his choice against his characters. That contradiction thus allows us to make a distinction. It is not an absurd work that is in volved here but a work that propounds the absurd problem.

Dostoievsky’s reply is humiliation, ‘shame’ according to Stavrogin. An absurd work on the contrary does not provide a reply; that is the whole difference. Let us note this carefully in conclusion: what contradicts the absurd in that work is not its Christian character but rather its announcing a future life. It is possible to be Christian and absurd. There are examples of Christians who do not believe in a future life. In regard to the work of ‘art, it should therefore be possible to define one of the directions of the absurd analysis that could have been anticipated in the preceding pages. It leads to propounding ‘the absurdity of the Gospel’. It throws light upon this idea, fertile in repercussions, that convictions do not prevent incredulity. On the

contrary, it is easy to see that the author of *The Possessed,* familiar with these paths, in conclusion took a quite different way. The surprising reply of the creator to his characters, of Dostoievsky to Kirilov, can indeed be summed up thus: Existence is illusory *and* it is eternal.

Ephemeral Creation

At this point, I perceive therefore that hope cannot be eluded for ever and that it can beset even those who wanted to be free of it. This is the interest I find in the works discussed up to this point. I could, at least in the realm of creation, list some truly absurd works.[8] But everything must have a beginning. The object of this quest is a certain fidelity. The Church has been so harsh with heretics only because she deemed that there is no worse enemy than a child who has gone astray. But the record of Gnostic effronteries and the persistence of Manichean currents have contributed more to the construction of orthodox dogma than all the prayers. With due allowance, the same is true of the absurd. One recognizes one’s course by discovering the paths that stray from it. At the very conclusion of the absurd reasoning, in one of the attitudes dictated by its logic, it is not a matter of indifference to find hope coming back in under one of its most touching guises. That shows the difficulty of the absurd ascesis. Above all, it shows the necessity of unfailing alermess and thus confirms the general plan of this essay.

But if it is still too early to list absurd works, at least a conclusion can be reached as to the creative attitude, one of those which can complete absurd existence. Art can never be so well served as by a negative thought. Its dark

and humiliated proceedings are as necessary to the understanding of a great work as black is to white. To work and create ‘for nothing’ , to sculpture in clay, to know that one’s creation has no future, to see one’s work destroyed in a day while being aware that, fundamentally, this has no more importance than building for centuries — this is the difficult wisdom that absurd thought sanctions. Performing these two tasks simultaneously, negating on the one hand and magnifying on the other, is the way open to the absurd creator. He must give the void its colours.

This leads to a special conception of the work of art. Too often the work of a creator is looked upon as a series of isolated testimonies. Thus artist and man of letters are con fused. A profound thought is in a constant state of becoming; it adopts the experience of a life and assumes its shape. Likewise, a man’s sole creation is strengthened in its successive and multiple aspects: his works. One after another, they complement one another, correct or overtake one another, contradict one another too. If something brings creation to an end, it is not the victorious and illusory cry of the blinded artist: ‘I have said everything’ , but the death of the creator which closes his experience and the book of his genius.

That effort, that superhuman consciousness are not necessarily apparent to the reader. There is no mystery in human creation. Will performs this miracle. But at least there is no true creation without a secret. To be sure, a succession of works can be but a series of approximations of the same thought. But it is possible to conceive of another type of creator proceeding by juxtaposition. Their works may seem to be devoid of inter-relations. To a certain degree, they are contradictory. But viewed all together, they resume

their natural grouping. From death, for instance, they derive their definitive significance. They receive their most obvious light from the very life of their author. At the moment of death, the succession of his works is but a collection of failures. But if those failures all have the same resonance, the creator has managed to repeat the image of his own condition, to make the air echo with the sterile secret he possesses.

The effort to dominate is considerable here. But human intelligence is up to much more. It will merely indicate clearly the voluntary aspect of creation. Elsewhere I have brought out the fact that human will had no other purpose than to maintain awareness. But that could not do without discipline. Of all the schools of patience and lucidity, creation is the most effective. It is also the staggering evidence of man's sole dignity: the dogged revolt against his condition, perseverance in an effort considered sterile. It calls for a daily effort, selfmastery, a precise estimate of the limits of truth, measure and strength. It constitutes an ascesis. All that 'for nothing' , in order to repeat and mark time. But perhaps the great work of art has less importance in itself than in the ordeal it demands of a man and the opportunity with which it provides him of overcoming his phantoms and approaching a little closer to his naked reality.

Let there be no mistake in aesthetics. It is not patient inquiry, the unceasing, sterile illustration of a thesis that I am calling for here. Quite the contrary, if I have made myself clearly understood. The thesis-novel, the work that proves, the most hateful of all, is: the one that most often is inspired by a smug thought. You demonstrate the truth you feel sure of possessing. But those are ideas one launches, and ideas are the contrary of

thought. Those creators are philosophers, ashamed of themselves. Those I am speaking of or who I imagine are on the contrary lucid thinkers. At a certain point where thought turns back on itself, they raise up the images of their works like the obvious symbols of a limited, mortal, and rebellious thought.

They perhaps prove something. But those proofs are ones that the novelists provide for themselves rather than for the world in general. The essential is that the novelists should triumph in the concrete and that this constitutes their nobility. This wholly carnal triumph has been prepared for them by a thought in which abstract powers have been humiliated. When they are completely so, at the same time the flesh makes the creation shine forth in all its absurd lustre. After all, ironic philosophies produce passionate works.

Any thought that abandons unity glorifies diversity. And diversity is the home of art. The only thought to liberate the mind is that which leaves it alone, certain of its limits and of its impending end. No doctrine tempts it. It awaits the ripening of the work and of life. Detached from it, the work will once more give a barely muffled voice to a soul for ever freed from hope. Or it will give voice to nothing if the creator, tired of his activity, intends to turn away. That is equivalent.

Thus I ask of absurd creation what I required from thought — revolt, freedom, and diversity. Later on it will manifest its utter futility. In that daily effort in which intelligence and passion mingle and delight each other, the absurd man discovers a discipline that will make up the greatest of his strengths. The required diligence, the doggedness and lucidity thus resemble the conqueror’s attitude. To create is likewise to give a shape to one’s fate. For all these characters, their work defines them at least as much as it is

defined by them. The actor taught us this: there is no frontier between being and appearing.

Let me repeat. None of all this has any real meaning. On the way to that liberty, there is still a progress to be made. The final effort for these related minds, creator or conqueror, is to manage to free themselves also from their undertakings: succeed in granting that the very work, whether it be conquest, love, or creation, may well not be; consummate thus the utter futility of any individual life. Indeed, that gives them more freedom in the realization of that work, just as becoming aware of the absurdity of life authorized them to plunge into it with every excess.

All that remains is a fate whose outcome alone is fatal. Outside of that single fatality of death, everything, joy or happiness, is liberty. A world remains of which man is the sole master. What bound him was the illusion of another world. The outcome of his thought, ceasing to be renunciatory, flowers in images. It frolics — in myths to be sure — but myths with no other depth than that, of human suffering and, like it, inexhaustible. Not the divine fable that amuses and blinds, but the terrestrial face, gesture, and drama in which are summed up a difficult wisdom and an ephemeral passion.

---

[1]It is curious to note that the most intellectual kind of painting, the one that tries to reduce reality to its essential elements, is ultimately but a visual delight. All it has kept of the world is its colour. （This is apparent particularly in Léger.）

[2]If you stop to think of it, this explains the worst novels. Almost everybody considers himself capable of thinking and, to a certain degree, whether right or wrong, really does think. Very few, on the contrary, can fancy themselves poets or artists in words. But from the moment when thought won over style, the mob invaded the novel.
That is not such a great peril as is said. The best are led to make greater demands upon themselves. As for those who succumb, they did not deserve to survive.

[3]Makaux' s work, for instance. But it would have been necessary to deal at the same time with the social question which, in fact, cannot be avoided by absurd thought (even though that thought may put forward several solutions, very different from one another). One must, however, limit oneself.

[4] 'Stavrogin: "Do you believe in eternal life in the other world?" Kirilov: "No, but in eternal life in this world." '

[5] 'Man simply invented God in order not to kill himself. That is the summary of universal history down to this moment.'

[6]Boris de Schloezer.

[7]Gide' s curious and penetrating remark: almost all

Dostoievsky’s heroes are polygamous.

[8]Melville’s Moby Dick, for instance.

The Myth Of Sisyphus

The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of a mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. They had thought with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labour.

If one believes Homer, Sisyphus was the wisest and most prudent of mortals. According to another tradition, however, he was disposed to practise the profession of highwayman. I see no contradiction in this. Opinions differ as to the reasons why he became the futile labourer of the underworld. To begin with, he is accused of a certain levity in regard to the gods. He stole their secrets. Aegina, the daughter of Aesopus, was carried off by Jupiter. The father was shocked by that disappearance and complained to Sisyphus. He, who knew of the abduction, offered to tell about it on condition that Aesopus would give water to the citadel of Corinth. To the celestial thunderbolts he preferred the benediction of water. He was punished for this in the underworld. Homer tells us also that Sisyphus had put Death in chains. Pluto could not endure the sight of his deserted, silent empire. He dispatched the god of war who liberated Death from the hands of her conqueror.

It is said also that Sisyphus, being near to death, rashly wanted to test his wife's love. He ordered her to cast his unburied body into the middle of the public square. Sisyphus woke up in the underworld. And there, annoyed by

an obedience so contrary to human love, he obtained from Pluto permission to return to earth in order to chastise his wife. But when he had seen again the face of this world, enjoyed water and sun, warm stones and the sea, he no longer wanted to go back to the infernal darkness. Recalls, signs of anger, warnings were of no avail. Many years more, he lived facing the curve of the gulf, the sparkling sea, and the smiles of earth. A decree of the gods was necessary. Mercury came and seized the impudent man by the collar and, snatching him from his joys, led him forcibly back to the underworld where his rock was ready for him.

You have already grasped that Sisyphus is the absurd hero. He is, as much through his passions as through his torture. His scorn of the gods, his hatred of death, and his passion for life won him that unspeakable penalty in which the whole being is exerted towards accomplishing nothing. This is the price that must be paid for the passions of this earth. Nothing is told us about Sisyphus in the underworld. Myths are made for the imagination to breathe life into them. As for this myth, one sees merely the whole effort of a body straining to raise the huge stone, to roll it and push it up a slope a hundred times over; one sees the face screwed up, the cheek tight against the stone, the shoulder bracing the clay-covered mass, the foot wedging it, the fresh start with arms outstretched, the wholly human security of two earth-clotted hands. At the very end of his long effort measured by skyless space and time without depth, the purpose is achieved. Then Sisyphus watches the stone rush down in a few moments towards that lower world whence he will have to push it up again towards the summit. He goes back down to the plain.

It is during that return, that pause, that Sisyphus interests me. A face that

toils so close to stones is already stone itself! I see that man going back down with a heavy yet measured step towards the torment of which he will never know the end. That hour like a breathing-space which returns as surely as his suffering, that is the hour of consciousness. At each of those moments when he leaves the heights and gradually sinks towards the lairs of the gods, he is superior to his fate. He is stronger than his rock.

If this myth is tragic, that is because its hero is conscious. Where would his torture be, indeed, if at every step the hope of succeeding upheld him? The workman of today works every day in his life at the same tasks and this fate is no less absurd. But it is tragic only at the rare moments when it becomes conscious. Sisyphus, proletarian of the gods, powerless and rebellious, knows the whole extent of his wretched condition; it is what he thinks of during his descent. The lucidity that was to constitute his torture at the same time crowns his victory. There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn.

If the descent is thus sometimes performed in sorrow, it can also take place in joy. The word is not too much. Again I fancy Sisyphus returning towards his rock, and the sorrow was in the beginning. When the images of earth cling too tightly to memory, when the call of happiness becomes too insistent, it happens that melancholy rises in man’s heart: this is the rock’s victory, this is the rock itself. The bound less grief is too heavy to bear. These are our nights of Gethsemane. But crushing truths perish from being acknowledged. Thus Oedipus at the outset obeys fate without knowing it. But from the moment he knows, his tragedy begins. Yet at the same moment, blind and desperate, he realizes that the only bond linking him to the world is

the cool hand of a girl. Then a tremendous remark tings out: ‘Despite so many ordeals, my advanced age and the nobility of my soul make me conclude that all is well.’ Sophocles’ Oedipus, like Dostoievsky’s Kirilov, thus gives the recipe for the absurd victory. Ancient wisdom confirms modem heroism.

One does not discover the absurd without being tempted to write a manual of happiness. ‘What! by such narrow ways . . . ?’ There is but one world, however. Happiness and the absurd are two sons of the same earth. They are inseparable. It would be a mistake to say that happiness necessarily springs from the absurd discovery. It happens as well that the feeling of the absurd springs from happiness. ‘I conclude that all is well,’ says Oedipus, and that remark is sacred. It echoes in the wild and limited universe of man. It teaches that all is not, has not been, exhausted. It drives out of this world a god who had come into it with dissatisfaction and a preference for futile sufferings. It makes of fate a human matter, which must be settled among men.

All Sisyphus’ silent joy is contained therein. His fate be longs to him. His rock is his thing. Likewise, the absurd man, when he contemplates his torment, silences all the idols. In the universe suddenly restored to its silence, the myriad wondering little voices of the earth rise up. Unconscious, secret calls, invitations from all the faces, they are the necessary reverse and price of victory. There is no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night. The absurd man says yes and his effort will henceforth be un ceasing. If there is a personal fate, there is no higher destiny or at least there is but one which he concludes is inevitable and despicable. For the rest, he knows

himself to be the master of his days. At that subtle moment when man glances backward over his life, Sisyphus returning towards his rock, in that slight pivoting, he contemplates that series of unrelated actions which becomes his fate, created by him, combined under his memory's eye and soon sealed by his death. Thus, convinced of the wholly human origin of all that is human, a blind man eager to see who knows that the night has no end, he is still on the go. The rock is still rolling.

I leave Sisyphus at the foot of the mountain! One always finds one's burden again. But Sisyphus teaches the higher fidelity that negates the gods and raises rocks. He, too, concludes that all is well. This universe henceforth without a master seems to him neither sterile nor futile. Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that night-filled mountain, in itself forms a world. The struggle itself towards the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy.

Appendix

Hope and The Absurd in the Work of Franz Kafka

The whole art of Kafka consists in forcing the reader to re-read. His endings, or his absence of endings, suggest explanations which, however, are not revealed in clear language but, before they seem justified, require that the story be reread from another point of view. Sometimes there is a double possibility of interpretation, whence appears the necessity for two readings. This is what the author wanted. But it would be wrong to try to interpret everything in Kafka in detail. A symbol is always in general and, however precise its translation, an artist can restore to it only its movement: there is no word for word rendering. Moreover, nothing is harder to understand than a symbolic work. A symbol always transcends the one who makes use of it and makes him say in reality more than he is aware of expressing. In this regard, the surest means of getting hold of it is not to provoke it, to begin the work without a preconceived attitude and not to look for its hidden currents. For Kafka in particular it is fair to agree to his rules, to approach the drama through its externals and the novel through its form.

At first glance and for a casual reader, they are disturbing adventures

that carry off quaking and dogged characters into pursuit of problems they never formulate. In *The Trial*, Joseph K. is accused. But he doesn't know of what. He is doubtless eager to defend himself, but he doesn't know why. The lawyers find his case difficult. Meanwhile he does not neglect to love, to eat, or to read his paper. Then he is judged. But the courtroom is very dark. He doesn't understand much. He merely assumes that he is condemned, but to what, he barely wonders. At times he suspects just the same and he continues living. Sometime later, two well- dressed and polite gentlemen come to get him and invite him to follow them. Most courteously they lead him into a wretched suburb, put his head on a stone and slit his throat. Before dying the condemned man says merely: 'like a dog'.

You see that it is hard to speak of a symbol in a tale whose most obvious quality just happens to be naturalness. But naturalness is a hard category to understand. There are works in which the event seems: natural to the reader. But there are others （rarer, to be sure） in which the character considers natural what happens to him. By an odd but obvious paradox, the more extraordinary the character's adventures are, the more noticeable will be the naturalness of the story: it is in proportion to the divergence we feel between the strangeness: of a man's life and the simplicity with which that man accepts it. It seems that this naturalness is Kafka's. And precisely, one is well aware what *The Trial* means. People have spoken of an image of the human condition. To be sure. Yet it is both simpler and more complex. I mean that the significance of the novel is more particular and more personal to Kafka. To a certain degree, he is the one who does the talking, even though it is us he confesses. He lives and he is condemned. He learns this on the first pages of the novel he is pursuing in this world, and if he tries; to cope with this, he

nonetheless does so without surprise. He will never show sufficient astonishment at this lack of astonishment. It is by such contradictions that the first signs of the absurd work are recognized. The mind projects into the concrete its: spiritual tragedy. And it can do so solely by means of a perpetual paradox which confers on colours the power to express the void and on daily gestures the strength to translate eternal ambitions.

Likewise, *The Castle* is perhaps a theology in action, but it is first of all the individual adventure of a soul in quest of its grace, of a man who asks of this world's objects their royal secret and of women the signs of the god that sleeps in them. *Metamorphosis*, in turn, certainly represents the horrible imagery of an ethic of lucidity. But it is also the product of that incalculable amazement man feels at being conscious of the beast he becomes effortlessly. In this funda mental ambiguity lies Kafka's secret. These perpetual oscillations between the natural and the extraordinary, the individual and the universal, the tragic and the everyday, the absurd and the logical, are found throughout his work and give it both its resonance and its meaning. These are the paradoxes that must be enumerated, the contradictions that must be strengthened, in order to understand the absurd work.

A symbol, indeed, assumes two planes, two worlds of ideas and sensations, and a dictionary of correspondences between them. This lexicon is the hardest thing to draw up. But awaking to the two worlds brought face to face is tantamount to getting on the trail of their secret relationship. In Kafka these two worlds are that of everyday life on the one hand, and, on the other, that of supernatural anxiety.[1] It seems that we are witnessing here an interminable exploitation of Nietzsche's remark: 'Great problems are in the

street.'

There is in the human condition （and this is a common place of all literatures）a basic absurdity as well as an implacable nobility. The two coincide, as is natural. Both of them are represented, let me repeat, in the ridiculous divorce separating our spiritual excesses and the ephemeral joys of the body. The absurd thing is that it should be the soul of this body which it transcends so inordinately. Whoever would like to represent this absurdity must give it life in a series of parallel contrasts. Thus it is that Kafka expresses tragedy by the everyday and the absurd by the logical.

An actor lends more force to a tragic character the more careful he is not to exaggerate it. If he is moderate, the horror he inspires will be immoderate. In this regard Greek tragedy is rich in lessons. In a tragic work fate always makes itself felt better in the guise of logic and naturalness. Oedipus's fate is announced in advance. It is decided super naturally that he will commit the murder and the incest. The drama's whole effort is to show the logical system which, from deduction to deduction, will crown the hero's misfortune. Merely to announce to us that uncommon fate is scarcely horrible, because it is improbable. But if its necessity is demonstrated to us in the framework of everyday life, society, state, familiar emotion, then the horror is hallowed. In that revolt that shakes man and makes him say: 'That is not possible,' there is an element of desperate certainty that 'that' can be.

This is the whole secret of Greek tragedy or at least of one of its aspects. For there is another which, by a reverse method, would help us to understand Kafka better. The human heart has a tiresome tendency to label as fate only what crushes it. But happiness likewise, in its way, is without reason, since it

is inevitable. Modem man, however, takes the credit for it himself, when he doesn't fail to recognize it. Much could be said, on the contrary, about the privileged fates of Greek tragedy and those favoured in legend who, like Ulysses, in the midst of the worst adventures, are saved from themselves. It was not so easy to return to Ithaca.

What must be remembered in any case is that secret complicity that joins the logical and the everyday to the tragic. This is why Smsa, the hero of *Metamorphosis*, is a travelling salesman. This is why the only thing that disturbs him in the strange adventure that makes a vermin of him is that his boss will be angry at his absence. Legs and feelers grow out on him, his spine arches up, white spots appear on his belly and — I shall not say that this does not astonish him, for the effect would be spoiled — it causes him a ‘slight annoyance’. The whole art of Kafka is in that distinction. In his central work, *The Castle*, the details of everyday life stand out and yet in that strange novel in which nothing concludes and everything begins over again, it is the essential adventure of a soul in quest of its grace that is represented. That translation of the problem into action, that coincidence of the general and the particular are recognized likewise in the little artifices that belong to every great creator. In *The Trial* the hero might have been named Schmidt or Franz Kafka. But he is named Joseph K. He is not Kafka and yet he is Kafka. He is an average European. He is like everybody else. But he is also the entity K. who is the x of this flesh and blood equation.

Likewise if Kafka wants to express the absurd, he will make use of consistency. You know the stow of the crazy man who was fishing in a bathtub. A doctor with ideas as to psychiatric treatments asked him ‘if they

were biting' , to which he received the harsh reply: 'Of course not, you fool, since this is a bathtub.' That story belongs to the baroque type. But in it can be grasped quite clearly to what a degree the absurd effect is linked to an excess of logic. Kafka's world is in truth an indescribable universe in which man allows himself the tormenting luxury of fishing in a bathtub, knowing that nothing will come of it.

Consequently I recognize here a work that is absurd in its principles. As for *The Trial*, for instance, I can indeed say that it is a complete success. Flesh wins out. Nothing is lacking, neither the unexpressed revolt （but it is what is writing）, nor lucid and mute despair （but it is what is creating）, nor that amazing freedom of manner which the characters of the novel exemplify until their ultimate death.

Yet this world is not so closed as it seems. Into this universe devoid of progress, Kafk a is going to introduce hope in a strange form. In this regard *The Trial* and *The Castle* do not follow the same direction. They complement each other. The barely perceptible progression from one to the other represents a tremendous conquest in the realm of evasion. *The Trial* propounds a problem which *The Castle*, to a certain degree, solves. The first describes according to a quasiscientific method, and without concluding. The second, to a certain degree, explains. *The Trial* diagnoses, and *The Castle* imagines a treatment. But the remedy proposed here does not cure. It merely brings the malady back into normal life. It helps to accept it. In a certain sense （let us think of Kierkegaard）, it makes people cherish it. The Land Surveyor K. cannot imagine another anxiety than the one that is tormenting him. The very people around him become attached to that void and that

nameless pain, as if suffering assumed in this case a privileged aspect. ‘How I need you,’ Frieda says to K. ‘How forsaken I feel, since knowing you, when you are not with me.’ This subtle remedy that makes us love what crushes us and makes hope spring up in a world without issue, this sudden ‘leap’ through which everything is changed, is the secret of the existential revolution and of *The Castle* itself.

Few works are more rigorous in their development than *The Castle*. K. is named Land Surveyor to the Castle and he arrives in the village. But from the village to the Castle it is impossible to communicate. For hundreds of pages K. persists in seeking his way, makes every advance, uses trickery and expedients, never gets angry, and with disconcerting good-will tries to assume the duties entrusted to him. Each chapter is a new frustration. And also a new beginning. It is not logic but consistent method. The scope of that insistence constitutes the work’s tragic quality. When K. telephones to the Castle, he hears confused, mingled voices, vague laughs, distant invitations. That is enough to feed his hope, like those few signs appearing in summer skies or those evening anticipations which make up our reason for living. Here is found the secret of the melancholy peculiar to Kafka. The same, in truth, that is found in Proust’s work or in the landscape of Plotinus: a nostalgia for a lost paradise. ‘I become very sad,’ says Olga, ‘when Barnabas tells me in the morning that he is going to the Castle: that probably futile trip, that wasted day, that probably empty hope.’ ‘Probably’ — on this implication Kafka gambles his entire work. But nothing avails; the quest of the eternal here is meticulous. And those inspired automata, Kafka’s characters, provide us with a precise image of what we should be if we were deprived of our distractions[2] and utterly consigned to the humiliations of the divine.

In *The Castle* that surrender to the everyday becomes an ethic. The great hope of K. is to get the Castle to adopt him. Unable to achieve this alone, his whole effort is to deserve this favour by becoming an inhabitant of the village, by losing the status of foreigner that everyone makes him feel. What he wants is an occupation, a home, the life of a healthy, normal man. He can't stand his madness any longer. He wants to be reasonable. He wants to cast off the peculiar curse that makes him a stranger to the village. The episode of Frieda is significant in this regard. If he takes as his mistress this woman who has known one of the Castle's officials, this is because of her past. He derives from her something that transcends him — while being aware of what makes her for ever unworthy of the Castle. This makes one think of Kierkegaard's strange love for Regina Olsen. In certain men, the fire of eternity consuming them is great enough for them to bum in it the very heart of those closest to them. The fatal mistake that consists in giving to God what is not God's is likewise the subject of this episode of *The Castle*. But for Kafka it seems that this is not a mistake. It is a doctrine and a 'leap'. There is nothing that is not God's.

Even more significant is the fact that the Land Surveyor breaks with Frieda in order to go towards the Barnabas sisters. For the Barnabas family is the only one in the village that is utterly forsaken by the Castle and by the village itself. Amalia, the elder sister, has rejected the shameful pro positions made her by one of the Castle's officials. The immoral curse that followed has forever cast her out from the love of God. Being incapable of losing one's honour for God amounts to making oneself unworthy of his grace. You recognize a theme familiar to existential philosophy: truth contrary to morality. At this point things are far-reaching. For the path pursued by

Kafka’s hero from Frieda to the Barnabas sisters is the very one that leads from trusting love to the deification of the absurd. Here again Kafka’s thought runs parallel to Kierkegaard. It is not surprising that the ‘Barnabas story’ is placed at the end of the book. The Land Surveyor’s last attempt is to recapture God through what negates him, to recognize him, not according to our categories of goodness and beauty but behind the empty and hideous aspects of his indifference, of his injustice, and of his hatred. That stranger who asks the Castle to adopt him is at the end of his voyage a little more exiled because this time he is unfaithful to himself, forsaking morality, logic, and intellectual truths in order to try to enter, endowed solely with his mad hope, the desert of divine grace.[3]

The word ‘hope’ used here is not ridiculous. On the contrary, the more tragic the condition described by Kafka, the firmer and more aggressive that hope becomes. The more truly absurd *The Trial* is, the more moving and illegitimate the impassioned ‘leap’ of *The Castle* seems. But we find here again in a pure state the paradox of existential thought as it is expressed, for instance, by Kierkegaard: ‘Earthly hope must be killed; only then can one be saved by true hope’[4] which can be translated: ‘One has to have written *The Trial* to undertake *The Castle*.’

Most of those who have spoken of Kafka have indeed de fined his work as a desperate cry with no recourse left to man. But this calls for review. There is hope and hope. To me the optimistic work of Henri Bordeaux seems peculiarly discouraging. This is because it has nothing for the discriminating. Malraux’s thought on the other hand is always bracing. But in these two cases neither the same hope nor the same despair is at issue. I see merely that

the absurd work itself may lead to the infidelity I want to avoid. The work which was but an ineffectual repetition of a sterile condition, a lucid glorification of the ephemeral, becomes here a cradle of illusions. It explains, it gives a shape to hope. The creator can no longer divorce himself from it. It is not the tragic game it was to be. It gives a meaning to the author's life.

It is strange in any case that works of related inspiration like those of Kafka, Kierkegaard or Chestov, those in short of existential novelists and philosophers completely oriented towards the absurd and its consequences, should in the long run lead to that tremendous cry of hope.

They embrace the God that consumes them. It is through humility that hope enters in. For the absurd of this existence assures them a little more of supernatural reality. If the course of this life leads to God, there is an outcome after all. And the perseverance, the insistence with which Kierkegaard, Chestov and Kafka's heroes repeat their itineraries are a special warrant of the uplifting power of that cer tainty.[5]

Kafka refuses his god moral nobility, evidence, virtue, coherence, but only the better to fall into his arms. The absurd is recognized, accepted, and man is resigned to it, but from then on we know that it has ceased to be the absurd. Within the limits of the human condition, what greater hope than the hope that allows an escape from that con dition? As I see once more, existential thought in this regard （and contrary to current opinion）is steeped in a vast hope. The very hope which at the time of early Christianity and the spreading of the news inflamed the ancient world. But in that leap that characterizes all existential thought, in that insistence, in that surveying

of a divinity devoid of surface, how can one fail to see the mark of a lucidity that repudiates itself? It is merely claimed that this is pride abdicating to save itself. Such a repudiation would be fecund. But this does not change that. The moral of lucidity cannot be diminished in my eyes by calling it sterile like all pride. For a truth also, by its very definition, is sterile. All facts are. In a world where everything is given and nothing is explained, the fecundity of a value or of a metaphysic is a notion devoid of meaning.

In any case, you see here in what tradition of thought Kafka’s work takes its place. It would indeed be intelligent to consider as inevitable the progression from *The Trial to The Castle*. Joseph K. and the Land Surveyor K. are merely two poles that attract Kafka.[6] I shall speak as he does and say that his work is probably not absurd. But that should not deter us from seeing its nobility and universality. They come from the fact that he managed to represent so fully the everyday passage from hope to grief and from desperate wisdom to intentional blindness. His work is universal （a really absurd work is not universal）to the extent to which it represents the emotionally moving face of man fleeing humanity, deriving from his contradictions reasons for believing, reasons for hoping from his fecund despairs, and calling life his terrifying apprenticeship in death. It is universal because its inspiration is religious. As in all religions, man is freed of the weight of his own life. But if I know that, if I can even admire it, I also know that I am not seeking what is universal but what is true. The two may well not coincide.

This particular view will be better understood if I say that truly hopeless thought just happens to be defined by the opposite criteria and that the tragic work might be the work that, after all future hope is exiled, describes the life

of a happy man. The more exciting life is, the more absurd is the idea of losing it. This is perhaps the secret of that proud aridity felt in Nietzsche’s work. In this connection, Nietzsche appears to be the only artist to have derived the extreme consequences of an aesthetic of the absurd, in as much as his final message lies in a sterile and conquering lucidity and an obstinate negation of any supernatural consolation.

The preceding should nevertheless suffice to bring out the capital importance of Kafka in the framework of this essay. Here we are carried to the confines of human thought. In the fullest sense of the word, it can be said that everything in that work is essential. In any case it propounds the absurd problem altogether. If one wants to compare these conclusions with our initial remarks, the content with the form, the secret meaning of *The Castle* with the natural art in which it is moulded, K.’s passionate, proud quest with the everyday setting against which it takes place, then one will realize what may be its greamess. For if nostalgia is the mark of the human, perhaps no one has given such flesh and volume to these phantoms of regret. But at the same time will be sensed what exceptional nobility the absurd work calls for, which is perhaps not found here. If the nature of art is to bind the general to the particular, ephemeral eternity of a drop of water to the play of its lights, it is even truer to judge the greamess of the absurd writer by the distance he is able to introduce between these two worlds. His secret consists in being able to find the exact point where they meet in their greatest disproportion.

And to tell the truth, this geometrical locus of man and the inhuman is seen everywhere by the pure in heart. If Faust and Don Quixote are eminent creations of art, this is because of the immeasurable nobilities they point out

to us with their earthly hands. Yet a moment always comes when the mind negates the truths that those hands can touch. A moment comes when the creation ceases to be taken tragically; it is merely taken seriously. Then man is concerned with hope. But that is not his business. His business is to turn away from subterfuge. Yet this is just what I find at the conclusion of the vehement proceedings Kafka institutes against the whole universe. His unbelievable verdict is this hideous and upsetting world in which the very moles dare to hope.[7]

---

[1]It is worth noting that the works of Kafka can quite as legitimately be interpreted in the sense of a social criticism (for instance in The Trial). It is probable, moreover, that there is no need to choose. Both interpretations are good. In absurd terms, as we have seen, revolt against men is also directed against God: great revolutions are always metaphysical.

[2]In The Castle it seems that ‘distractions’ in the Pascalian sense are represented by the assistants who ‘distract’ K. from his anxiety. If Frieda eventually becomes the mistress of one of the assistants, this is because she prefers the stage setting to truth, everyday life to shared anguish.

[3]This is obviously true only of the unfinished version of The Castle that Kafka left us. But it is doubtful that the writer would have destroyed in the last chapters his novel’s

unity of tone.

[4]Purity of heart.

[5]The only character without hope in The Castle is Amalia. She is the one with whom the Land Surveyor is most violently contrasted.

[6]On the two aspects of Kafka’s thought, compare ‘In the Penal Colon’ published by the Cahiers du Sud (and in America by Partisan Review— translator’s note): ‘Guilt [“of man” is understood] is never doubtful’ and a fragment of The Castle (Momus’ report): ‘The guilt of the Land Surveyor K. is hard to establish.’

[7]What is offered above is obviously an interpretation of Kafka’s work. But it is only fair to add that nothing prevents its being considered, apart from any interpretation, from a purely aesthetic point of view. For instance, B. Groethuysen in his remarkable preface to The Trial limits himself, more wisely than we, to following merely the painful fancies of what he calls, most strikingly, a day dreamer. It is the fate and perhaps the greatness of that work that it offers everything and confirms nothing.

HOW TO ACHIEVE TRUE GREATNESS

实现卓越

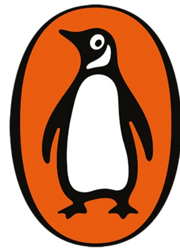
[意] 巴达萨尔·卡斯蒂廖内　著
辛衍君　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

实现卓越

（意）巴达萨尔·卡斯蒂廖内/著

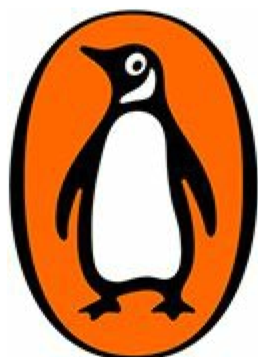
辛衍君/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

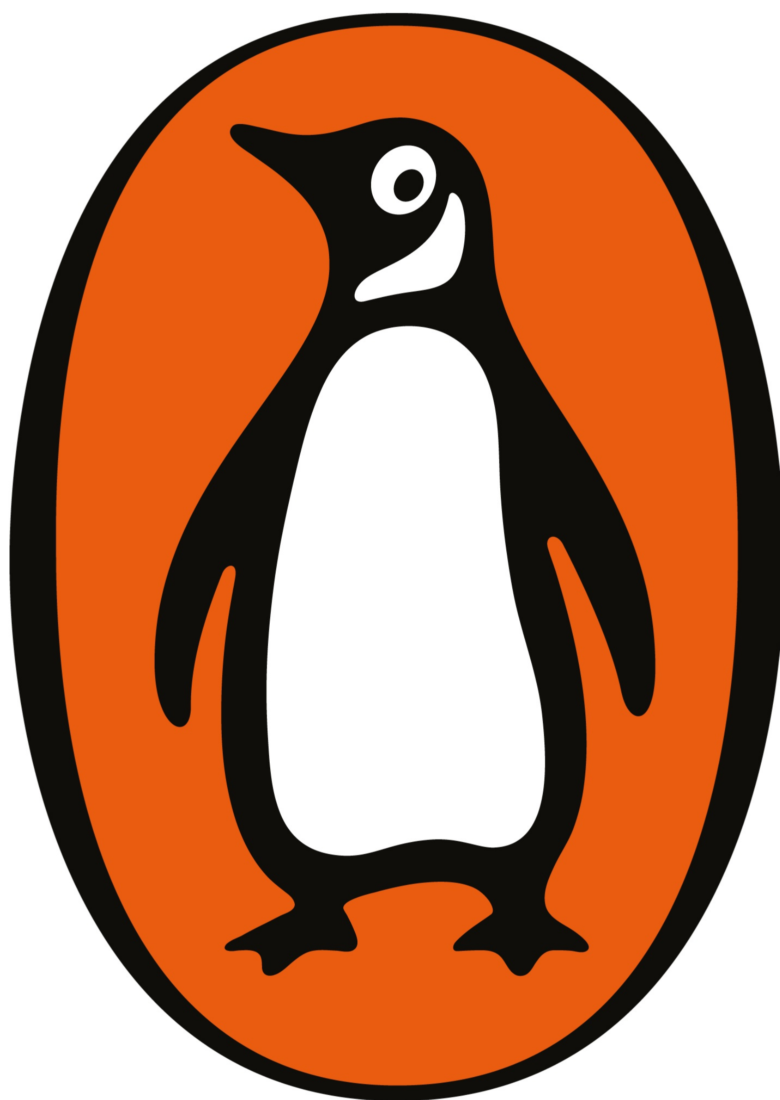
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
How to Achieve True Greatness
This translation first published 1967
This extract published in Penguin Books 2005

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of The Book of the Courtier, translated and
edited by George Bull
Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

巴达萨尔·卡斯蒂廖内（Baldesar Castiglione，1478—1529），意大利文艺复兴时期外交家、人文主义作家。

卡斯蒂廖内出身于意大利北部曼托瓦城的一个贵族家庭，14岁就被父亲送进米兰大学，学习文化知识和军事技能，18岁在米兰大公宫廷学习礼仪。1499年父亲去世，21岁的卡斯蒂廖内回乡继承家业，在曼托瓦的弗朗西斯科·贡萨加（Francesco Gonzaga）侯爵宫廷任职，卡斯蒂廖内文武双全，得到重用。

1501年，乌尔比诺被攻占，乌尔比诺公爵吉多贝多·蒙特费特罗（Guidobaldo di Montefeltro）来到曼托瓦避难，与卡斯蒂廖内相识。为缓和双方的矛盾，卡斯蒂廖内首次作为外交官出使斡旋。1503年，卡斯蒂廖内随贡萨加侯爵出征那不勒斯，战争结束后在罗马偶遇吉多贝多公爵，两人惺惺相惜，卡斯蒂廖内决定离开曼托瓦，加入吉多贝多公爵麾下效力。在任期间，卡斯蒂廖内为公爵出使罗马、英国等地。

1508年，吉多贝多公爵去世，卡斯蒂廖内决定写书纪念公爵，由于公务繁忙，直到1527年，花了将近20年才写完，1528年此书在威尼斯出版发行，书名《宫廷侍臣的故事》（*The Book of the Courtier*），次年（1529年），卡斯蒂廖内病逝于西班牙。

吉多贝多公爵去世后，卡斯蒂廖内继续辅佐公爵的继承人弗朗西斯科·玛利亚·德拉·罗维尔（Francesco Maria della Rovere），1508至1514年，乌尔比诺卷入多场混战。1516年，新任教皇剥夺了弗朗西斯科的领地，卡斯蒂廖内回到故乡曼托瓦隐居。1519年，新任曼托瓦侯爵费德里科·贡萨加起用卡斯蒂廖内作为大使常驻罗马，两年后，由于他的努

力，旧主弗朗西斯科收回了乌尔比诺的领地，卡斯蒂廖内由此获得很高的声誉。1524年，卡斯蒂廖内成为教皇克莱门特七世（Clement VII）的使臣，连续几年往返于罗马和西班牙之间，代表教皇与神圣罗马帝国皇帝查理五世（Charles V）沟通，1529年卡斯蒂廖内病逝后，查理五世称赞他为”世上最好的骑士之一”。

卡斯蒂廖内本人是一位优秀的宫廷侍臣，一位朋友评价《宫廷侍臣的故事》说：“你写的就是你自己。”《宫廷侍臣的故事》出版后不久，就被翻译成多种语言，影响了整个欧洲，一度被当成经典来学习。虽经教会大幅删改，但因版本众多、流传甚广，且有手稿存世，所以我们今天看到的，基本上还是作者的原始文本。

《实现卓越》（*How to Achieve True Greatness*）从《宫廷侍臣的故事》中节选出来，分为两个部分。第一部分主要讨论完美侍臣的个人修养；第二部分以君臣关系、男女爱情关系为主。

“宫廷侍臣的故事（一）”以较大的篇幅讨论了侍臣的军事才能，在作者所处的时代，军事才能的确非常重要。11世纪，诺曼人侵入原属东罗马帝国（拜占庭）的意大利南部，建立王国。12—13世纪，“神圣罗马帝国”对意大利北部、中部的统治瓦解，该地区分裂成许多王国、公国、自治城邦和小封建领地。文艺复兴时期（14—16世纪）的意大利处于混乱的战国时期，法国、西班牙虎视眈眈，所有的势力都不能独善其身。在这样的环境中，一个完美的侍臣，要有能力辅佐他的主公打胜仗，最好是不战而屈人之兵，这样他就不仅需要能战斗，还需要有学识、有智慧，还需要“风度”来处理上下、内外关系，当然，他也要像个人一样有能力享受生活，而不是工作狂。

在“宫廷侍臣的故事（二）”中提到：“一些统治者尽管对如何治理国家一无所知，还是厚颜无耻地试图统治整个世界而非眼前的一小班人马。”欧洲最早的资本主义萌芽出现在意大利，12世纪，一位主教来到

意大利，观察到这里出现以商人和商业为基础的社会组织形式；14世纪初，人们开始表达反君主制思想。在这样的大背景下，如下观点还算是客气得体的：完美侍臣对君主，不是阿谀奉承，而是指引他向善，防止他成为昏君；不该给他送财物，而该给他送美德。

黑暗的中世纪，教会控制着社会，文学、艺术、哲学都不能违背教义，然而黑死病的蔓延动摇了神的权威，人们需要“以人为本”的生活。在“宫廷侍臣的故事（二）”中，皮埃特罗·贝博这一角色关于美和爱的长篇大论，受着古希腊哲学的影响，却又归结到上帝的身上。一些听者看似猥琐的质疑，也在客观上挑明一个事实，这种轻视形体审美和肉体享乐的纯粹灵魂之美与纯粹精神恋爱已届暮年，且不属人间所有。

早在公元476年，西罗马帝国就已经灭亡；公元1453年，东罗马帝国灭亡；意大利长期遭受西班牙、法国侵略，意大利人会希望看到正统的罗马帝国的重生。于是，资本主义、人文主义、罗马荣耀等因素，就戴着“希腊、罗马古典文化重生”的面具出现在意大利，并蔓延到整个欧洲，这就是文艺复兴。

故事中的乌尔比诺，位于意大利中部，接近欧洲文艺复兴发源地佛罗伦萨。吉多贝多公爵的父亲费德里科（Federico da Montefeltro）公爵热爱文化，藏书丰富。五百多年历史的公爵宫，现在被列为世界文化遗产。15世纪下半叶，在费德里科公爵的治理下，乌尔比诺人民安居乐业，各得其所。文艺复兴后期“三杰”之一，画家拉斐尔的家乡就在乌尔比诺，卡斯蒂廖内肖像画是他的代表作之一。

余雄杰

宫廷侍臣的故事（一）

亲爱的阿方索，对于应该拒绝还是接受你一再要我做的事情，我思索了很久，这确实是个很难的决定。一方面，我好像很难拒绝我由衷喜欢并真心喜欢我的人提出的要求，尤其是那些值得赞赏的要求；另一方面，我又觉得让我这样一个在意别人批评意见的人去做一件自己没有把握的事，好像是个错误。但最后，经过反复考虑，我还是决定接受挑战，看看自己在友情的激励和感召下，能够多么勤奋认真地去做事。

如今你要求我描述出我心目中最适合的宫廷侍臣的标准。达到标准的绅士将既有才学又有能力辅佐君王，从而赢得君王的喜爱和他人的赞誉。总而言之，你想知道什么样的人才能不辱完美侍臣的美名，做到毫无瑕疵。鉴于你的这个请求，我必须承认，我接受它的原因在于我更看重朋友的情谊，而不是他人的怀疑态度。但是我本该拒绝这个苦差事的，因为我害怕被人指责为轻率，要知道从信奉基督教的皇室所遵循的众多风俗中选出完美的典范，也就是完美侍臣的精髓，是一件多么艰难的事情。因为人们对于熟知的风俗也经常是时而崇尚，时而唾弃，即一段时期内被认可的风俗习惯、行为礼仪及生活方式随着时间的推移会遭到鄙视，而曾经受到鄙视的又会渐渐得到认可。所以，在引进新事物、摒弃旧事物的时候，我们可以清楚地看到，惯例比理性更起作用。无论任何人想要在这些事情上做到完美都是在自欺欺人。由于深知这些因素以及这个话题所涉及的许多其他问题，我想替自己找个借口，此外我还想证实，我犯的错（若可以这样讲）你也有责任，我受到责备，你也必须受到责备，我接受了这个任务有错，但是，是你将这个超出我能力范围的苦差事强加给了我。

现在我们还是开始讨论一下我们选定的这个话题吧，如果可能的

话，我们共同打造出一个完美侍臣，从而使那个值得他辅佐的君王，即使统治疆域不够辽阔，也可以认为自己是一位真正伟大的统治者。在这些侍臣手册里，我们无需采用传授知识的常规做法，去遵循任何严格的法规或者戒律；只需循着古人的足迹，唤回美好的记忆，重新审视几个对此话题见地颇深的人曾经进行过的讨论。虽然我没能亲自参与讨论（举行讨论的时候，我在英国），但参加讨论的人在我回来之后，立即原原本本地向我讲述了讨论的内容。我现在要尽可能精确地将它们重新呈现出来，以便让你们了解学识出众的人对这一话题的见解，他们的见解是完全令人信服的。为了故事叙述的逻辑性，我先描述一下这场讨论发生的背景，希望这并不会偏离主题。

众所周知，乌尔比诺是一个靠近意大利中心的小城市，它面朝亚得里亚海，坐落于亚平宁山脉的山坡上。虽说环绕在它周围的小山景致平平，比不上许多其他地方，这座城市依然得到了大自然的恩宠，物产丰富，健康宜居。在它享有的众多恩惠和优势中，我认为最重要的是，这里一直不乏杰出的统治者，尽管它也曾在意大利被卷入战乱之时，一度脱离了明君的管辖。远的不说，费德里科公爵[1]的辉煌过去就是个极好的例子。他是当时的意大利之光，时至今日，仍可找出大量有关他的审慎、仁爱、公正、无私、宽宏以及不屈精神的见证。此外，他的军事才能更是非比寻常，他曾多次取得战斗的胜利，占领坚不可摧的阵地，用兵神速果断，以少胜多，甚至战无不胜。因此，将其与许多古代著名的人物相提并论毫不为过。他还做了很多其他令人钦佩的事情，例如在乌尔比诺的丘陵之地建起一座意大利最美丽的宫殿，这座宫殿装修之精致，简直堪与一座城市相媲美。因为在装饰这座宫殿的时候，公爵不仅选用了最常用的装饰品，比如银花瓶和用金线、丝线以及其他珍贵材料编织而成的挂毯等，还选用了不计其数的古式大理石和铜制雕像、绘画珍品以及各种乐器，总之，他把最罕见、最出色的宝物都汇聚到了这里。随后，他又斥巨资收藏了大量最精美和珍贵的以希腊文、拉丁文和希伯来文撰写的书籍，用金银加以装饰，并将之视为其伟大宫殿的最高

荣耀。

生老病死是自然规律，费德里科在六十五岁时便带着一生的荣耀永远地离开了人世，唯留一子，名叫吉多贝多，他年幼丧母，年方十岁便继承了爵位。吉多贝多不仅继承了父亲留下的基业，还传承了他的美德，他的不凡性情注定使其成为又一位非凡的君王。总之，大家认为在费德里科公爵所做的令人赞叹的事情中，最伟大的事情就是养育了这样一个儿子。但是他的伟大品质遭到命运女神嫉妒，她不遗余力地打击这位出身如此高贵的年轻人。吉多未满二十岁时就患上了痛风，随着病情的加重，他遭受了极大的痛苦，没多久便残疾了，他的病情十分严重，不能站立也无法行走。从此，一个世界上最优秀、最帅气的人，在年纪尚轻的时候就肢体残疾了。然而命运女神并没有就此罢手，她总是挫败吉多的计划，致使他很少成功；尽管吉多是个深思熟虑、拥有不屈精神的人，但其经手的事情，无论大小，无论是战争还是其他，总是不得善终。这点我们可以从他的各种悲惨遭遇中看出来，而他总是用坚韧不拔的精神来面对这一切。他不但没有被命运击垮，反而蔑视命运的打击，表现出强大的适应能力和不屈的精神。在疾病和困境缠身的情况下，度过健康而幸福的一生，并赢得了真正的尊严和公认的美誉。因此，尽管身体孱弱，他还是以最高统帅的身份统领部队作战，为尊贵的国王阿方索以及年轻的那不勒斯王费迪南德效力；此后还与教皇亚历山大六世以及威尼斯和佛罗伦萨的统帅们协同作战。教皇朱利斯二世继位后，他被任命为教会的首领。在这期间，他除了保持以往的生活方式外，还经常邀请高尚可敬的绅士们来家中做客。有了他们的陪伴，最普通的任期也变得愉快万分。吉多擅长用拉丁语和希腊语作诗，为人和蔼可亲并且知识渊博，因此他带给周围人的欢乐丝毫不亚于别人带给他的欢乐。此外，即使他无法像以前一样参与骑马运动，他还是喜欢观看你追我赶的骑马场面，并作出精妙的评价，根据不同的人的长处进行指正或赞扬。而陪伴他的那些出身高贵的绅士们总是在各种场合力争上佳表现，如格斗、比赛、马术、兵器表演、节日、游戏、音乐演奏，等等，以不辜负

公爵对自己的赏识。

于是乌尔比诺每天都举行各种高雅并且令人身心愉悦的活动。可是由于公爵身体虚弱，晚饭过后通常需要回到自己的卧房稍事休息，所以这段时间大家都跑去陪伴公爵夫人伊丽莎贝塔·贡萨加，她身边有位伊米莉亚·派亚夫人，要知道，这位夫人可不一般，她活泼风趣、聪明睿智，好像有能力安排好一切，并能时刻让人感受到她的精明和善意。大家在一起时，礼貌的谈话和单纯的幽默让每个人的脸上都洋溢着笑容和快乐，整个屋子真可谓是快乐驿站。我可以很肯定地说，在乌尔比诺，挚友们给彼此带来的快乐和享受他处难寻。在这里，除了以上我所描述的，每个人因辅佐公爵而获得的荣誉感外，我们还因伯爵夫人的存在而感到无比愉悦和满足。这种满足感在我们之间形成了一条强大的感情纽带，使得我们意见和谐一致，真心相爱，找到了亲兄弟之间都难以找到的亲密感觉。对于尊贵的女士们，我们享有自由而单纯地追随左右的权利，我们可以跟她们坐在一起聊天、说笑，当然我们所享受的自由要受到最谨慎的自我约束，一定要尊重公爵夫人的愿望。大家一致认为最令人愉悦的事情就是讨她欢心，而世界上最不幸的事情就是令她不快。正因为这些原因，她的这个团体成了同时拥有最好的教养和最大的自由的统一体；她出席时，我们的游戏和笑话都充满了最犀利的俏皮话和优美而朴素的尊贵感。公爵夫人在打趣的时候总是那样言辞得体、举止端庄，即便是第一次见到她的人，都会发现她是一位多么伟大的女性。从她影响周围人的方式来看，好像她总能使我们不知不觉地学习她的性格和品质，每个人都努力模仿她的行为方式，并试图从这位伟大又聪明的女性身上总结出一种优秀的品行模式。在此我不打算详述她的高尚品质，不仅是因为这已超越了我的语言表述能力，还因描述她的品质并不是我的目的所在，因为这些品质早已经是众所周知的了。但我还必须补充一些在公爵夫人身上隐藏着的某些其他品质。好像命运女神也倾慕这位世间罕有的伟大女性，命运选择了用逆境和残酷的打击来证实这位温柔的女性除了拥有非凡的美貌之外，还拥有在最坚定的男人身上都难以

找到的审慎和勇气。

故事继续进行，依照惯例，所有的绅士在晚饭后都会立刻赶往公爵夫人那里，那儿安排了各种各样的娱乐活动，美妙的音乐、迷人的舞蹈一个接着一个。有时大家会提出一些非常有趣的问题，或者（根据这人或那人的提议）玩一些巧妙有趣的游戏。比如在场的人会用寓意很深的语言来掩饰自己的想法，请其他人猜。有时候，大家会讨论各种各样的话题，或者以即兴问答的方式说些犀利的俏皮话。在这种场合，大家通常会运用我们现在所说的“象征”的手法，所有人都非常享受这种交流，因为在场的人都是我所说的那种非常高贵而且聪明的人。

……

按规矩，参加公爵夫人聚会的人会围坐成一圈，大家可以随意坐，如果有女士在场，就要男女交替而坐，但男士的数量通常多于女士。然后大家都等着公爵夫人主持大局，这时公爵夫人总是把主持大权交给伊米莉亚夫人。所以教皇离开的第二天，他们就按照原定的时间相聚在老地方，进行一番愉悦的讨论后，公爵夫人请伊米莉亚夫人宣布游戏开始。

……

每个人都等着伊米莉亚夫人发话，可她没有对贝博说一句话，却转向费德里科·弗莱高索，意思是请他提议做个游戏。他立刻说道：“夫人，……为了教训一下那些自以为是，荒谬地认为自己可以被称为优秀侍臣的人，我建议今晚我们做一个游戏：从我们之中选一个人描述一下完美侍臣的标准，具体说明应具备什么样的性格和特别品质才配得上这个称号。这次争论只停留在哲理层面，如果有任何不恰当的观点，我们每个人都可以进行反驳。”

费德里科刚要继续往下说，伊米莉亚夫人突然打断他，说道：“如果这是公爵夫人希望的，今晚我们就玩这个游戏。”

于是，公爵夫人回答：“没错，这正是我所希望的。”

接下来，几乎所有在场的人都开始议论起来，有的跟其他人说，有的跟公爵夫人说，总之他们认为这是最好的游戏，已经迫不及待要听听大家的高见了，他们急切地想知道伊米莉亚夫人要谁第一个发言。于是，只见她转向公爵夫人，说道：“夫人，我可不想从他们中间选出第一个人，这样做好像是在表明我认为这个人最有能力似的，我会因此得罪了其他人，还是您来决定让谁先说吧。”

公爵夫人回答道：“不，必须你来选，不服从我的命令的话，你会给其他人树立一个坏榜样的。”

于是，伊米莉亚夫人面带笑容地对来自卡诺萨的洛多维科伯爵说道：“好吧，为了不浪费更多的时间，您就做费德里科提议的这个游戏的第一人吧。我想说的是，不是因为我们认为您是位很出色的侍臣，所以一定知道侍臣应该具备什么品质。而是因为我们希望您说的不正确，那样每个人都有理由反驳您，游戏也会很有趣。但如果把这个任务交给一个比您学识渊博的人，他说的话就成了真理，人们就无法挑战他的观点了，如果真是这样，这个游戏就会十分无趣了。”

伯爵立即回应道：“不过，夫人，有您的在场，我们完全不必担心，相信真理一定会被反复推敲的。”

……

“首先我想说，从任何事物中找到真正的完美都是很艰难的事情，甚至是不可能的。这是因为不同观点会导致对完美的不同定义。因此，有人喜欢健谈的人，认为他们是令人愉悦的好伙伴；有些则喜欢慎言的

人；还有些喜欢活跃的人；而有的就喜欢做事稳重的人，由此可见，每个人都是根据自己的观点来判断事物的好坏。因此经常会本末倒置，以相应的优点来掩盖缺点，或是以相应的缺点来掩盖优点。例如，你可以把一个冒失的人说成是坦率，一个朴实的人说成是无趣，一个头脑简单的人说成是心地善良，还可以把一个无赖说成是精明的人，诸如此类的事情不胜枚举。但是我仍相信一切事物皆有完美，即便它可能被掩藏了起来，我们还是可以通过多方的推理和论证找到它。正如我之前所言，真相总是掩藏在那里。我称不上是个学识渊博的人，所以只能赞扬自己景仰的那类侍臣是个什么样子，以及在我的判断力所及的范围内如何做才是正确的。若您觉得我的观点正确，您可以表示赞同；若您和我的观点不一，您可以坚持自己的观点。我不会去争辩我的看法比您的更好，不仅因为我们的想法可以有所不同，还因为我自己的想法也在不断变化。”

伯爵继续说：“我认为，侍臣应该出身高贵并且具有良好的家庭背景。这是因为普通人品行的好坏对他的重要性远不及贵族。如果一位绅士偏离了祖辈的正道，他就辱没了他的家族，不仅一事无成还要落得个前功尽弃的下场。高贵的出身就像一盏明灯，将善行和恶举暴露于亮光之下，它鼓励和激发高贵的人为荣誉和赞美多做善事。而对普通人来说，他们的行为不在高贵光环的照耀之下，他们没有受到这种光环的激励，也不必担心颜面尽失，并且他也没有一定要超越自己祖先的压力。与之相反，出身高贵的人认为自己的成就没能达到或是超越先辈，就应该受到谴责。因此，通常情况下，在战争和其他重要活动中取得卓越成就的人大都是贵族。这是因为，大自然在所有的事物中都埋藏了一颗秘密的种子，这颗种子影响着那些源自它的所有事物，使其具备自己的核心特征，同自己有相似之处。这一点我们可以从马匹等动物的繁殖以及植物的衍生中清楚地发现。树木的枝杈总是与树干十分相似。如果有时候它们长得不好，那也是人们疏于照管的原因。人也是一样的道理，若得到悉心的照料和精心的培养，他就会像先辈一样出色，甚至更胜一

筹；若没有得到足够的关爱，就会肆意疯长无法成才。当然，下面这种情况也确实存在，有些人天生就是大自然的宠儿，生来就被赋予某种非凡的脑力和体力，以至于他们好像不是简单地来到这个世界，而是得到了上帝的保佑，由上帝之手细心雕琢而成。同样，人们也发现有些人是如此粗俗、荒唐，以至于我们只能认为他们是大自然出于怨恨和嘲弄的目的才将其带到这个世界上来的。正是因为如此，后者即使不停地努力，得到精心的培养，也通常难成正果，而前者只要稍作努力就会达到杰出的顶峰。以费拉拉的红衣主教唐·艾波尼多·德·伊斯特为例，幸运的身世影响了他的性格、外表、言语及行为。因为老天的偏爱，年纪轻轻的他虽身处最德高望重的红衣主教之中，仍拥有相当的权威，与其说他是在受教不如说他是在施教。在跟人交流、游戏以及说笑时也是一样，他的个人魅力和优雅的举止是那样令人叹服，使得所有和他交谈的人，甚至只看过他一眼的人都会深深地喜爱上他并回味良久。但是言归正传，我认为在这种极致的优雅和荒谬的愚笨之间还有一种中间形式，即那些没有得到大自然恩赐的完美，却通过用心和努力来提高自己并且尽可能弥补天生的缺点的人。因此除了出身高贵的绅士之外，我也很偏爱这类侍臣，他们不仅从大自然那里获得了智慧、美丽的外表和良好的为人，还获得了某种风度和优雅，使他很快吸引并取悦遇见他的人，他的优雅表现在举手投足之间，很轻易就会赢得大人物的亲近和喜爱。”

话音刚落，加斯帕雷·帕拉维契诺先生就已经按捺不住了，他说道：“既然我们的游戏要像事先说好的那样进行，为了体现出我们并未忘记使用反驳的特权，请允我表明，我并不认为侍臣必须要出身高贵。如果有人觉得我的话很奇怪，我愿意进行引证说明，许多人即使身上流淌着最高贵的血也会道德极度败坏；相反，许多出身卑微的人却通过自身的美德为其后世子孙赢得荣耀。假设事实真如您所言，也就是，每个事物都受最初掩藏的那颗种子的影响，那么既然我们在最初时是一样的，现在的性格也应该是一样的，何以现在一些人比另一些人更高尚些呢？事实上，我认为我们之间高低贵贱之分是有许多其他原因的。第一

个，也是最重要的一个原因，就是命运，她掌控着世间万事，但她经常由着自己的性子，根本不考虑是否合适就将某人抬举一番，而将那些最值得抬举的人重重摔下。您说那些一出生就有完美身心的人很幸福，这我完全同意；然而无论是出身卑微还是高贵，世上都有这样的好运之人，因为大自然显然不懂所谓高贵和卑微的差别。相反，正如我所说的，大自然往往将最杰出的才能赋予出身卑微的人。既然高贵的出身既不是通过才能也不是通过武力或技能获得的，它只是用于鼓励其祖先的东西，跟他本人没有关系。因此有人若继续坚持认为侍臣的父母出身卑微就会破坏他所有的优良品质，并且无法培养出您所提及的完美品质，如才能、美貌、良好性情以及只消一眼就能使他人如沐春风的优雅举止，这听起来是多么奇怪。”

洛多维科伯爵答道：“我并不否认出身低微的人也一样可以具有高贵的美德。但是，除了我们已经讨论的，我还想再给出一个来说明我赞美高贵出身的原因。实践证明了美好的东西会带来好的效果，所以大家都认同这一点，即我们所创造出来的侍臣（毫无缺点，天生具有各种优点）最好是个贵族，只有这样他才会立刻给周围的人留下好印象。例如，宫廷里的两位绅士，在他们还未通过行为举止来展现自己的时候，不论为人好坏，只要人们发现其中一个人出身很好，另一个不好，那就会更加尊重前者；而后者只有通过长期的努力才会赢得这种好感，但前者只是因为出身高贵就唾手可得。我们都很清楚这些印象是多么重要。就说我们自己吧，走进这间屋子的某些人，他们虽然是整个意大利都公认的伟臣，但有些实际上却十分愚笨无趣，即使后来被发现了，他们依然能迷惑我们很长时间，因为在他们到来之前，那种先入为主的好印象会使我们忽略在与之交往中发现的缺点。我们也见过一些人，开始时并不被人看好，最后却取得很大成功。导致这些误会的原因多种多样，其中有一种是因为君王们固执己见，期待发生奇迹般的转变，所以有时明知某人不堪大任，却仍有意宠信。当然，有时候也会出现君王被自己欺骗这种情况，因为君王们拥有无数的效仿者，君王的偏爱会给他的爱臣

带来极高的声誉，从而影响到其他人的看法。而且即使人们发现一些看似与普遍观点背道而驰的事情，他们总会认为自己看错了，然后等着真相揭晓。因为人们似乎相信，大家普遍认同的事情一定是以真实合理的事实为依据的。再有，我们很容易迫不及待地表明立场，盲目地支持一方或者反对一方，这种情形在公开竞技、游戏或各种比赛等场合随处可见——旁观者们总是毫无缘由地支持其中的某个选手，急切地希望他赢得漂亮，对手输得很惨。而至于那人的性格与名声的好坏，只有当我们听说了他们的过去，心中才会产生某种喜恶，并以此来判定是否该支持那人。由此可见，第一印象是多么重要，尤其是对一个立志要成为一名优秀侍臣的人来说，努力留下良好的第一印象十分必要。

“但是如果把标准落到实处的话，我认为侍臣最首要的职责应该是军事才能，并且应该成为他第一位的追求目标。此外，他还应该具备出众的进取精神、胆识以及对主人的忠诚。他还应该随时随地全力展示出这些品质，来赢取美名，否则便会招致严重的责难。就像一名贞洁女子的名声一旦被玷污，就再也无法挽回，一名参战的绅士因为胆小或其他有失颜面的行为而毁掉自己的名誉，即使仅仅一次，在所有人眼中永远都是污点，其名誉会永远受损。在我看来，一位优秀侍臣的军事才能也不一定要多么具有专业水准，但是毋庸置疑，他在军事方面做得越出色，就越会得到更多的赞誉。然而，既然我们谈到了这里，就需要深入探讨一下一位伟大的统帅需要具备什么品质，正如我们所言，令我们感到满意的优秀侍臣应该表现出无比的忠诚以及大无畏的精神。人们在小事上总是比在大事上更容易展示出勇气。常见的情况是，在面临极度的危险时，常常会看见一些人虽然怕得要死，却碍于羞耻心或有他人在场，双眼紧闭，奋力向前，履行他们的职责，只有上帝知道究竟是怎么回事儿。但在一些微不足道的小事上，却可以看到他们在确保可以躲避危险又不会被察觉的情况下，早就溜之大吉，不愿意去冒险。而有些人即使知道没有其他人注意或认识自己，还是出于良心，充满热情地做好每件小事，他们身上有着我们要找的侍臣应具有的性情和品质。当然，

我们所希望的侍臣不是在作秀，假装自己很勇猛，总是夸夸其谈，号称自己从不脱掉护胸甲，像贝多一样目中无人、怒视一切。曾听一位可敬的女士讲过这样的笑话，她在一次聚会中出于礼貌，邀请某位男士（在此我不想透露他的姓名）跳舞，而该男子不仅拒绝了她，还拒绝听音乐，也不参加其他娱乐活动，说这些风花雪月的事情和他无关。最后，女士问什么与他有关时，他一脸愁容地答道：‘打仗……’

“‘那好，’女士回应道，‘我觉得既然现在未逢战事，您最好给自己上上油，和其他武器装备一起放到壁橱里收藏起来，以免变得比现在更锈迹斑斑。’

“这位女士对他愚蠢行为的讽刺令每个人都爆笑不止。”

“因此，”洛多维科伯爵继续说道，“我们要寻找的那个人一定是在敌人面前勇猛、粗犷并且永远冲锋在前；而在其他的场合，他又应该是友善、谦虚、沉默，尤其是避免炫耀，或可恶的自我称颂，因为这常常引起那些不得不听他说话的人的厌恶和反感。”

“依我看，”加斯帕雷阁下回答道，“我认识的那些出众的人才很少有人不喜欢夸耀自己。在我看来，当一个值得关注的人发现他所做的好事被人忽略，因自己的才能不为人知而气愤，于是被迫以某种方式来表现自己，以免其真正努力应得的荣誉被骗走，这种自夸的方式是可以接受的。因此，古时候的作家们很少有人不赞扬自己。当然，胸无点墨却还硬要称颂自己的人肯定让人无法忍受，但是我们认为我们的侍臣不会是那种人。”

听到这儿，伯爵说道：

“希望你认真听了我所说的话，我方才是在指责那些过分而盲目颂扬自己的人。但是一个真正有才学的人适度地自夸是无可厚非的；当然

如果这种赞颂来自于他人则更有说服力。我的意思是说，一个人以正确的方式赞美自己且没有引起嫉妒或反感，那么这是他的自由；他应该得到别人和自己的赞颂，因为他为之付出了极大的努力。”

“那您一定要教教我们该怎样做。”加斯帕雷阁下说道。

“嗯，”伯爵回答，“以前有人曾经教过古时候的作家们如何应对这种情况。但在我看来，正确的做法是注意说话的方式，一种好的说话方式会让人听起来不是为了炫耀自己，而是自然而然、恰到好处；在自夸的时候不能给别人留下自夸的印象，但又不像一些夸夸其谈的人在信口胡说，就像我们中间某人某天曾经说过的那样，他在比萨被长矛刺穿了大腿后，自称就像有一只苍蝇叮了他一下；还有人说他之所以不在房间里放镜子，是因为他发怒时表情非常恐怖，足以把自己吓死。”

大家听了伯爵的话都大笑起来，接着塞萨尔·贡萨加又补充道：

“你们在笑什么？难道你们没听过下面这个故事。亚历山大大帝从某个哲学家那里听说除了这个世界之外还有很多其他的世界，他竟然哭了起来。当大家问他为什么哭的时候，他回答说：‘因为我尚未征服任何一个’——好像他就应该征服所有的世界一样，你们说，这难道不比那个关于苍蝇的说法更离谱吗？”

伯爵接着说道：

“亚历山大大帝可比刚才提到的那个家伙要伟大得多。我们一定要原谅杰出的大人高估自己这种事。毕竟一个成就伟业的人一定要有勇气去做事，也一定要对自己有信心。他不应该怯懦或是卑躬屈膝，但是他在用词上应该谨慎点儿，对自己取得的成就谦虚点儿，并且做事小心一点儿，这样就不会被人指责自以为是了。”

伯爵沉默片刻后，伯纳多·比别纳微笑着说：

“我记得您之前说过，我们的完美侍臣应该有一副天生英俊的脸庞和外表，并且拥有迷人的风度。嗯，我很肯定自己既有风度又有英俊的容貌，正因如此，很多女人都疯狂地爱着我。但是说到体型，我就很没信心了，尤其是我的双腿，它们没能长得如我所愿；还有，我对我的胸和其他的一些身体部位都不是非常满意。所以请更详细地解释一下一个人应该有怎样的体形，以便我能从自我怀疑的痛苦中解脱，放下心来。”

在大家一阵大笑之后，伯爵开口说道：

“你确实有刚才我所说的优雅容貌，我也不需要其他的例子来阐明这一点；虽然你的容貌不是非常的精致，但是毫无疑问，你的外表非常讨人喜欢并令人愉快，另外，你看上去也有男子的气概和风度。许多不同类型的面孔都可以达到这种效果。我希望我们的侍臣也是这样。我不希望他们看上去很温柔、很女性化，像有些侍臣想竭力做到的一般，他们不仅烫卷发、拔眉，还将自己打扮成最放荡荒唐的样子，简直让人难以想象。实际上，他们在走路、站立或做其他事情时，看上去十分女人气并且软弱无力，以至于他们的四肢像要散架；他们说话时是那么地有气无力，像要当场断气似的。而且越是跟随在有身份的人身边，他们的这种表现越明显。既然大自然没能让他们投胎成他们想要的女性，那么我们就不能把他们当成女人来看待，而只应该视其为男妓，并将其逐出绅士的群体，更不用说高贵的宫廷了。

“至于侍臣的外貌，我想说的是，只要不太高或太矮就行，因为不论是太高还是太矮都会引发非议，被视为怪物。然而，如果不得不在两者之间作出选择的话，那么最好是选择矮一点而不是太高；因为太高的人一般都比较笨，更糟糕的是，他们不适宜参加体育和娱乐活动，而我认为这两项活动对于侍臣来说是最重要的。所以我希望我们的侍臣有健美的身材，比例匀称，他是力量、敏捷和柔韧的化身，擅长所有适合勇

士的体育运动。在这里，我还想说他的首要任务就是学会如何徒步或在马上熟练地使用各种兵器，真正地了解各种兵器，尤其是要熟知绅士们常用的兵器。因为除了在战争中需要这种知识以外，绅士们之间因为意见不合而导致决斗也是常事，那时使用的兵器通常是顺手拿到的，所以，为了安全起见，知道所有兵器的用法很重要。当然我以上的观点不代表我认为在战斗中可以忽略技巧，因为此时没有技巧的人恰恰说明他已经让恐惧夺走了勇气和智慧。

“此外，我认为学会摔跤也至关重要，因为它在徒步搏斗中很起作用。再有，我还认为侍臣为了自己和他的朋友，应该学会如何讨回自己应得的一切并据理力争，他应该善于抓住优势，最重要的是他必须显示出勇气和审慎。除非遇到为了荣誉而战的紧急情况，否则应该慎行；因为在对结局没有把握的情况下，这样做很危险，若不是紧急情况、形势所迫，草率行事的人都应该受到严肃批评，即便能侥幸成功，也是一样。但是如果一个人已经深陷其中、无路可退的时候，他就要在开始和决斗的过程中都非常谨慎，表现出胸有成竹并且毫无畏惧，而不是像那些总是在口头上大谈什么是荣誉的人一样怯懦，你若让他们选择兵器，他们就选那些既不会割伤又不会刺伤对方的，还把自己武装得像要接受炮轰似的，战斗还没开始，他们就已经做好精神准备，如果败下阵来，就要一直后退，做好防守，完全一副胆小如鼠的样子。这种决斗的场面看起来就像是一场孩子们的游戏，就像那两个不久前在佩鲁贾打架的安科纳人一样，让每个看到他们的人都忍俊不禁。”

“他们是谁呀？”加斯帕雷·帕拉维契诺问道。

“一对表兄弟。”塞萨尔回答道。

“他们在打斗中更像一对亲兄弟。”伯爵说。接着他继续说道：

“他们使用的兵器也是和平时期的各种体育活动中常用的，绅士们

的荒唐表演在众人、女士和贵族们面前公开上演。所以我希望我们的侍臣是一位有造诣又多才多艺的骑手，精通关于马以及一切有关骑马的知识，他应该竭尽全力在各个方面都争取超过其他的人，这样他才能做到出类拔萃。就像阿西维亚德斯那样超越周围所有人，并且每次都是在别人宣称是自己最棒的项目上胜出，所以我们的侍臣也应该在别人熟知的事情上更胜一筹。比如意大利人在用缰绳驭马、驯服烈马、马上持长矛冲刺以及长矛比武方面能力出众，那我们这位优秀的侍臣在这方面的技艺就应该和最好的意大利选手相媲美。在马上比武的比赛中，一位优秀的侍臣又可以跟最擅于坚守阵地和冲锋向前的法国人一争高下；在射击、奔牛比赛、投掷长矛和标枪方面，他应该比西班牙人更出众。但是如果他想赢得每个人都渴望的一致认同，最重要的就是，他在做这些事情的时候，还必须表现出很好的风度和判断力。

“也有许多其他的体育项目不直接要求使用兵器，但与兵器密切相关，并且要求参与者非常具有男子气概。在这些运动中，我认为打猎是最重要的，因为打猎在很多方面都与战争有相似之处；此外，它是贵族们真正喜爱的娱乐方式，因此它也应该是侍臣从事的运动，要知道打猎在古代就很流行了。另外，侍臣还应该会游泳，擅长跳跃、跑步和投掷，因为这些技能除了在战争中很有用以外，还可以帮助他树立起良好的声誉，尤其是博取大众的欢心。另外一个适合侍臣的高尚运动便是网球，因为打网球可以显示出他良好的体魄、运动的迅速和敏捷，以及他是否真的具有在其他大多数运动项目中表现出的素质。我还觉得在马背上的表现很重要，这种运动非常容易令人疲惫，难度也很高，但是它比其他任何运动都能显示出一个人灵活和敏捷的一面；另外，除了这些好处以外，在马背上的敏捷再加上优雅的风度，在我看来，比其他运动更加赏心悦目。如果我们的侍臣在所有这些运动中都能表现出高水平，那么他就可以忽略其他运动，如侧手翻、高空走钢索等。因为这些运动更像是杂技，实在不适合绅士。既然一个人不能总是参加这样紧张的活动（而且不断地重复会让人感到厌烦，破坏我们对事物的新鲜感），他必

须通过做不同的事情来让生活变得丰富多彩。所以我希望这位侍臣偶尔也可以屈尊做些平静的、不那么剧烈的游戏，并通过做其他人常做的事情来避免他人的嫉妒，从而能融洽地与人相处；但是他还必须时刻用良好的教养和正确的判断指导自己的行为，避免做蠢事。总之，他开怀大笑、开玩笑、调侃还有跳舞都可以，就是不能忘记表现出良好的控制力、谨慎以及做事的风度。”

接着，塞萨尔·贡萨加说道：“很显然现在打断这个讨论有点为时尚早，但是如果再继续保持沉默，我就无法行使我说话的权利，也将失去学习更多东西的机会。我希望大家能够原谅我，我只是想问一个问题而不是进行什么反驳。刚才伯纳多就曾因为太想证实自己长得英俊而违反了游戏规则，相信我也可以吧。”

“你们看到了吧，”公爵夫人评论道，“这就是为什么一个错误可以导致更多的错误。所以一个人犯了错，树立了一个坏的榜样，就像伯纳多那样，他就不仅仅要为他自己的错误行为受罚，还要为导致其他人跟着犯错受罚。”

接着塞萨尔又问：“如果是这样的话，夫人，既然伯纳多既要为自己犯规受罚又要为我犯规受罚，那么我就可以不用受罚了。”

“恰恰相反，”公爵夫人说，“你们二人必须都要受罚两次：因为他不但自己做错事还导致你跟着犯错，而你要为了自己犯错和模仿别人犯错而受罚。”

“夫人，”塞萨尔答道，“我到目前为止还什么错事都没做呢，所以为了只让伯纳多一人受罚，我还是不说了。”

他停下来后，伊米莉亚夫人笑道：

“请尽管说吧，如果公爵夫人允许的话，我将原谅你们两个，不管

是已经犯了规的人，还是那个差点儿要犯规的人。”

公爵夫人说：“那好吧。但是要注意不要欺骗自己并认为仁慈应比公正得到更多的赞扬。因为如果一个人太容易原谅犯规的人，那么他就伤害了没有犯规的人。然而，我严厉地责备你的放纵，并不意味着我们不能听听塞萨尔想要问的是什么。”

接着，在公爵夫人和伊米莉亚夫人的示意下，他立刻开口道：

“我亲爱的伯爵，如果我没记错的话，您今天晚上重复了好几次，一个侍臣的一举一动以及做事方式，或简而言之，就是他所有的行动都要保持风度。照我的理解来看，您认为任何事都要有风度当作辅料，否则所有其他品质似乎都一文不值。我承认现在我们每个人都很赞同这一点，就风度本身的意义来讲，一个举止有风度的人在其他方面也同样有风度。您说过风度通常是天生的，是上帝的赐予，即使它不是那么完美，也可以通过实践和努力得到很大的提高。在我看来，我们周围就有这样的人，他们是上天的宠儿，天生就有这些品质，不需要什么进一步指导，因为上天是那样地抬举他们，赐予他们的风度简直超越他们的期待，这使得每个人都喜欢和仰慕他们。我不想争论这一点，因为我们没有能力自己去获得。但是对于那些得到的天赐较少，只能通过进取、实践和努力获得风度的人，我想知道通过什么技巧、培训和方法可以让他们获得风度，包括您认为非常重要的在体育和娱乐中的风度，以及在其他场合中的风度。既然您已经如此高度地赞扬了这种品质，我相信您已经激起了我们所有人想拥有这种风度的强烈愿望，因为伊米莉亚夫人把这个任务交给了您，您有义务教我们如何去做。”

“我没有义务，”伯爵说，“去教你们如何获得风度，或其他任何的东西，我的义务只是告诉你们完美的侍臣应该是什么样的。我也不会承担教你们如何获得风度的任务，尤其是刚才我提到侍臣应该学会摔跤、跳马和很多其他的技能，因为我自己并没有学过这些，我肯定你们都非

常清楚我能教出什么样儿来。这就好像一位出色的士兵能对铁匠说出他想要的盔甲的样式、形状和质量就够了，不必教铁匠怎样去锤炼和锻造，我只能告诉你们一个完美侍臣的标准，但是却不能教你们怎样变成他。然而，尽管众所周知风度是学不来的，为了尽最大能力满足你们的要求，我说如果有人想拥有运动员或体育家的风度的话（首先要确定他天生是这块料），他应该从小就开始练习并且找到最好的老师。例如，马其顿王国的菲利普国王就曾请最伟大的哲人亚里士多德来教他的儿子亚历山大。再如，我们同时代的法国侍卫队长加里亚佐·桑瑟夫内洛先生，他有着优雅的风度和敏捷的身手，除了有天资的原因，他还竭尽全力向好老师们学习，并与杰出的人为伴，学习他们的优点。因此，在摔跤、跳马和各种兵器的使用方面，他向大家所熟知的毫无争议的、精通所有与力量和灵活相关项目的大师皮埃特罗·蒙特学习。在骑马、马上长枪比武等方面，他也一直向在各个项目上人所共知的高手学习。

“因此，任何一个想成为好学生的人都必须将事情做好，还要持续努力地模仿，如果有可能的话，一定要完全模拟他的老师。当他觉得自己有一些进步的时候，就去观察不同的侍臣，他应该具有正确的判断力，以便在此指引下，不断学习不同侍臣身上的长处，这将会对他非常有益。就像在夏天的田野里，蜜蜂们忙着在花丛中采蜜，侍臣必须向那些看似很有风度的人学习，并从每个人身上学到最闪光的优点。他当然不能像我们的一位朋友那样，名字我就不说了，他认为自己很像阿拉贡王国的斐迪南德国王，但他只是模仿了这位国王抬头和撇嘴的方式，而这只是国王在生病时养成的习惯。还有许多类似这样的例子，他们认为只要能在某方面像伟人就很了不起了，而很多时候他们抓住的却恰恰只是伟人唯一的缺点。关于如何拥有优雅的风度我已经思索了很久，除了那些天生运气好的人，我还发现了一个普遍规律，这个规律非常适用于人们的行为和言语：即不惜任何代价远离矫揉造作，好似远离一座粗糙而危险的暗礁，（可能要用一种小说语言）在做任何事时都学着表现出一种化技巧于无形的平和，让自己在说话和做事的时候看起来是那样的

浑然天成而驾轻就熟。我确信风度更重要的来源在于此，因为每个人都知道完美地建立丰功伟业是多么困难的一件事，因此如果轻而易举就做到了，一定会引来人们极大的好奇心；然而，恰恰相反的是，如果费尽心力做成一件事，就显示出缺乏优雅的风度，从而导致在人们心目中的形象大打折扣。所以我们可以非常肯定地说，真正的技巧是让人看不出来的技巧；这里最重要的环节是把技巧隐藏起来，因为如果技巧暴露了，就会让人颜面尽失、名誉扫地。我记得曾经读过古代某些杰出演说家的故事，他们所做的事情中有一件让我印象深刻，那就是他们曾非常努力地让大家相信他们是目不识丁的人；掩饰自己的学识，让他们的演讲看似是由非常简单的词句构成，看似是在顺应天意和真理，而非用心雕饰和杜撰什么。因为如果人们知道他们的伎俩，就会害怕被欺骗。所以你们现在明白为什么运用太多技巧的东西都变得风度无存了吧。当皮埃尔·保罗以其特有的方式：轻轻地跳跃，用脚尖点地，伸直双腿，头一动也不动地跳舞，看上去就像是用木头做成，他跳得那么吃力，像是在数每一个舞步，你们中间有谁没有发笑，谁会这么没有眼力以至于看不出这笨拙的做作？相反，我们今天在场的很多男士和女士，他们所表现出的风度和平静才被称为自然，因为他们在说话、大笑或约束自己等方面没有很刻意去做，看到他们的人就会认为他们天生优雅，根本不会也不知道怎样去犯错。”

……

这时伊米莉亚夫人打断了一下：“在我看来你们的争论太冗长沉闷了。将这个话题推迟到另外的时间再谈吧。”

费德里科还想继续回答，但是伊米莉亚夫人没有给他机会；最终伯爵说道：

“有些人想对语言的风格、韵律和模仿的问题作些评论，然而自己却不知风格、韵律为何物，也不知如何给模仿下定义，更不知道为何维

吉尔从荷马或其他人的作品中引用了很多东西，却被人看作是改进而非剽窃。我不明白的原因或许在于我的理解能力有问题。而教授作品的人是应该要理解所教内容的，可是我觉得，恐怕连他们自己都不大理解，他们既赞扬维吉尔又赞扬西塞罗，是因为他们知道很多人都在赞扬这两个人，而不是自己认识到二者与其他人的区别。他们的区别肯定不在于是否保留了几个语句，或用法与其他人不同。在萨卢斯特[2]、恺撒[3]、瓦罗[4]和其他伟大作家的作品里，我们发现一些术语的用法与西塞罗使用的不同；但是这两种方式都是完全可以接受的，因为语言的力量和精髓不在于这些细枝末节：就像埃斯基涅斯[5]挖苦狄摩西尼[6]，问他所使用的一些非雅典式的词语是怪物还是异物时，狄摩西尼只是笑了笑，回答说这不是什么关乎希腊命运的大事。所以如果一些托斯卡纳人再指责我用的词，比如应该用satisfatto而非sodisfatto, onorevole而非orrevole, causa而非cagione, populo而非popolo等时[7]，我又有什么好担心的呢？”

这时费德里科站了起来，大声说：“我现在请求你们听我说一小会儿。”

但是伊米莉亚夫人笑着说：“不，无论现在你们中的任何人还想继续这个话题，我都会非常不开心，因为我想等另外一个晚上再进行讨论。但是我亲爱的伯爵，请继续讨论您的侍臣，并且让我们看看你的记忆力有多好，因为我觉得您应该从刚才停下来的地方讲起，这可不是件容易的事儿。”

“恐怕，”伯爵回答道，“我已经乱了头绪，如果我没说错的话，我们刚才在说做作能毁掉风度，最优雅的风度应该是朴素和自然的，我们赞颂优雅，谴责做作，在这方面还有很多可谈的。但是，我只想再多说一点。现在每个女人都特别想漂亮，如果无法做到，至少也想看起来漂亮。所以当她有一些天生的缺点的时候，她力图通过人工的方式来纠正这个缺点。这就是为什么女士们如此仔细地修饰她们的面容，有时甚至

是通过痛苦的方式，比如拔眉、修前额、使用各种方式遭受各种小痛苦，你们女士以为男士对此一无所知，事实上他们十分清楚。”

这时，科斯坦萨·弗莱高索夫人笑了，她说：“出于礼貌，你们还是继续刚才的讨论，谈谈风度的源泉及侍臣的事情吧，不要再讨论女性的缺点这个与此不相干的话题了。”

“相反，我说的与该话题息息相关，”伯爵回答道，“因为我刚才提到的那些毛病会让你们优雅全无，而原因就在于做作，也正是这一点让每个人都清楚地看到你们有多么渴望变得美丽。你们肯定知道什么是更优雅的女人，如果她的确想要优雅，与那个脸上化着浓妆，像是戴了面具的女人相反，她会将自己打扮得很简朴，只施很淡的妆，她是如此地简朴雅致以至于看到她的人都不确定她是不是化过妆。那个化浓妆的女人因为害怕‘面具’破裂都不敢大笑，只有在早晨穿衣服的时候才能看到她的本色，这之后的一天里她都像个呆板的木雕一样，并且只让别人在昏暗的光亮下看到自己，就像是一个狡猾的商人在昏暗的角落里展示自己的布料。与此相反，一个完全没有化妆的美丽女人比其他浓妆艳抹的女人更加有魅力。她的脸色既不太白也不太红，看上去很自然，有一点苍白（但偶尔会因为害羞或其他原因而脸红），她让她那未经修饰的头发自然地散落，她的姿态简单而自然，没有一丝努力或渴望漂亮的迹象。这就是自然简单之美，最能让男人着迷，因为男人常常害怕被假象所戏弄。对于女人来说，可爱的牙齿总是讨人喜欢的，因为大多数情况下牙齿都是不在视线范围之内的，人们通常不会费很多力气来让牙齿看起来漂亮，而把精力放在了脸的其他部位；然而当一个人无故大笑，只是为了秀出牙齿，就暴露了她的做作。不管牙齿有多好看，都会让人感觉非常不雅，就像卡图卢斯[8]笔下的伊格内修[9]一样。这个道理同样适用于手，如果手指纤巧美丽，并在适当的时间露出来，比如说当需要用手而不是展示其美丽的时候，就会让人忍不住想多看一会儿，尤其是在给它戴上手套以后，更让人想再多看一会儿。因为那个给手戴上手套的

人根本就没有在乎她的手是否被人注意，她美丽的双手更多是天生的而不是经过雕饰或刻意美化的。当然，你有时候也会无意看到这样的情景，一个女人在去教堂的路上沿街而行的时候，也许因为好玩或什么其他原因，偶尔将裙子掀起，正好能露出脚踝，甚至一小部分腿。如果你正好看到这一幕，你是不是会觉得那才是真正的优雅——穿着漂亮袜子、系着天鹅绒丝带的快乐女性？毫无疑问，我相信你们和我一样都觉得那将非常令人愉快，因为每个人都认为难得一见的优雅是自然的而非细心雕琢的，并且也不是以赢得赞美为目的的。

“这样一来，做作就可以被避免或隐藏；现在你就明白了，做作是怎样地不容于风度，还有它如何在身体和灵魂的一举一动中夺走魅力，关于这一点，我们必须承认迄今为止我们几乎没怎么谈。然而，我们不能忽视这一点；因为精神比肉体更有价值，更需要陶冶和修炼。至于我们的侍臣在这方面需要怎么做，我想我们应该把伟大哲人们的训诫先放在一边，不必讨论精神美的定义或是详细讨论它的价值；相反，我们应该牢记我们的目的，简单地说，他只要是一个讲信义、正直的男人就够了。这囊括了审慎、善良、坚韧、克己精神以及其他适合这一美名的品质。我相信他自己就是一个不断向善的真正的思想家；这样的话，他除了志向本身之外，不需要什么训诫。因此，苏格拉底的断言是完全正确的，他说当某人努力想知道并理解美德的时候，那么对这个人的教导就算是有了好的成果；因为当这些人到达除了想要变得优秀而别无他求的境界时，他在学习所有必要的品质方面就都不成问题了，所以这一点我就不必再多说了。

“然而，想变得优秀，除了善良以外，我们最需要的是用知识来武装自己的头脑；尽管我知道法国人只崇尚武力，除此之外其他都不重视；所以他们不仅不重视学习，还厌恶学习，把那些有知识的人视为卑劣的人，如果称某人是学者的话就是对其极大的侮辱。”

接着，尊贵的朱利亚诺说道：

“您说的很对，这个错误在法国人当中已经持续了很长时间；但是如果昂古莱姆先生能如大家所愿，有幸继承王位的话，我相信知识会像武力一样在法国盛行，大放光辉。因为不久前我在他的宫廷的时候，注意观察了那个君王，在我看来他除了长得英俊外，身上还散发着一股伟人的气息，还不乏优雅的仁慈，显然他甚至有能力治理一个比法国更大的国家。随后，我从许多法国和意大利绅士那里也听到了很多赞扬他的话，包括他的礼貌、他的慷慨、他的英勇以及他的宽宏大量；另外，我还听说他非常喜爱和尊重知识，并尊重所有的学者，他谴责法国人反对知识，尤其是他们有巴黎这样一座宏伟的大学，吸引着来自世界各地的人们聚集在此。”

紧接着伯爵又说道：“他年纪轻轻，极有天分，不轻易苟同于国人普遍持有的态度，真是好极了，他一定会前途无量的。并且，正如你们所说，既然臣民总是愿意效仿他们统治者的所作所为，法国人也很可能因此认识到知识的真正价值。如果他们理性地去思考，就很容易被说服，因为人们对知识的渴望是天生的，只有愚昧至极的人才会觉得这不是一件好事。

“如果我能有机会同他们或是其他持有不同意见的人交流，我会尽力说服他们，让他们知道学问对于一个人的尊严和生命有多么重要。因为这是上帝赐予人类的最神圣的礼物。我可以举出很多古代伟人的实例，他们不仅英勇善战，还学识渊博。比如，大家都知道的亚历山大，他非常敬重荷马，总是把荷马的那部《伊利亚特》放在床边。除此之外，他还十分关注亚里士多德的哲学思考，认真地去研究。亚西比德[10]则在苏格拉底的教导下，学习更多的知识，提升自己的优秀品质。恺撒的那些充满灵感的文章也恰恰证实了他对知识的追求。据说西庇阿·阿非利加努斯[11]也时常阅读色诺芬[12]的作品，其中就有赛勒斯如何成

为一位出色国王的故事。我还可以找到卢库勒斯[13]、苏拉[14]、庞培[15]、布鲁特斯[16]等许多其他罗马人和希腊人的例子来说明这一点；此外，我还想说即使是汉尼拔那样骁勇的战将，一个天生凶悍、毫无人性、人神共愤的人，也是知识渊博，精通希腊语的。如果我没说错，他还曾经用希腊文写过一本书。其实我觉得说这些是多余的，因为我知道你们并不赞同法国人所谓的学文不利于尚武的观点。众所周知，战斗能激励人们奋勇向前的动力来自于人们对荣耀的渴望，但人若是为私利或达成某种目的而战就会变得一文不值，因为这种做法使他更像一个唯利是图的商人，而不是一位绅士。走入知识圣殿的人才能获得真正的荣耀，这一点是大家的共识，只有可怜虫还对此一无所知。当一个人从书中读到恺撒、亚历山大、西庇阿、汉尼拔以及其他人的丰功伟绩时，谁会不为之热血沸腾、壮志凌云，不希望在有限的生命里作出一番留名青史、光耀后世的大事业，而甘心做一个胆小如鼠的窝囊废呢？那些无法体会到知识的乐趣的人根本意识不到他们为之努力奋斗的荣耀究竟有多伟大，他们眼中的荣耀只是一时的荣耀，局限在有限的一两代人的时间内而已。所以他们所经历的这种荣耀与那种他们不懂但却几近永恒的荣耀相比，毫无价值。既然真正的荣耀对于这些人来说并不意味着什么，所以我们有理由认为，这些人跟那些深谙荣耀本质的人相反，不愿意去追求真正的荣耀。谈到这里，可能有人会对我所说的话提出异议并给出反例：例如意大利人很有学识但是他们近年来却在战场上连连失利。这是一个事实，但是可以很肯定地说，是几个人的软弱导致了众人遭受巨大的不幸并长久地为之背负恶名，这几个人应该对我们的失败以及志气的削弱（如果没有被摧毁）负责。但是，这件事情败坏了我们在全世界的名声，比法国人对知识的无知更让我们感到惭愧；所以，对于我们不堪回首的往事，最好还是让它悄悄地流逝吧，别再谈这个主题（我非常不愿意提起的），让我们重新回到侍臣的问题上来吧。

“我希望我们的侍臣比普通学者博学多才，至少在那些我们称之为人文学科方面是这样；他应该像精通拉丁文一样精通希腊文，因为很多

好作品是用希腊文写成的。他还应该熟知一些诗人、演说家和历史学家，并擅长写一些韵文和散文，尤其是用本国语来写；因为这些不仅能给他自己带来满足感，还能满足非常喜欢这些的女士们的要求。但是如果他由于忙于其他事情或是疏于学习而导致写作水平较差，那么他应羞于将自己的作品示人，以免遭人耻笑，而只将自己的作品与信任的朋友一起分享。练习写作至少对于如何评赏他人的作品会有帮助。因为对于一个没有经验的作家来说，即使他很博学，也不可能完全理解其他作家苦心孤诣所写的作品并且欣赏他们的写作风格和成就，更不能理解古代作家作品的风格技巧和细微精妙之处。此外，这些研究还会使我们的侍臣博学多闻，能言善辩（如亚里斯提卜对暴君所说），并且无论跟谁讲话都充满自信。但是，我还是希望侍臣牢牢记住一点：那就是，在我刚刚讨论过的以及其他的事情中，他应该做到谦虚低调，并且切忌不懂装懂。因为我们天生喜欢听取别人的赞美之词，这感觉犹如欣赏天籁一般；别人的赞美就像女海妖赛壬[17]的歌声，让水手深深地迷醉却最终导致海难的发生。远古时代的很多哲学家们已经意识到了这种危险性，他们著书来告诫人们如何分辨真正的朋友与谄媚的人。即便如此，我们还是会问这到底有什么用处，因为我们经常看到有很多人明明知道自己在听奉承话，却乐此不疲，反而厌恶那些说实话的人。事实上，他们觉得谄媚者说的话还不够动听，他们还要鼓励那些人多说一些让世上最能阿谀奉承的人都感到难为情的话。让那些瞎眼的傻瓜们继续犯错吧，只要保证我们的侍臣不这样颠倒黑白，不在自己不确定的情况下轻率推测就好，尤其不要犯那些错误，如果你们还记得的话，就是那晚塞萨尔提议的游戏中提到的那些蠢人蠢事。为了不犯错误，侍臣们应该反其道而行，明知他所得到的赞许是应得的，也不要公开地欣然接受或者没有任何评论地接受。相反，他应该谦虚地否认，让人总能感觉到军事才是（事实上也应该是）他的强项，而其他的成就仅仅是在他个人能力上锦上添花而已；尤其是与战士们在一起的时候，他的态度更应如此，以免他被看成是学者中的战士或者战士中的学者。这样才会如我们所说，他

会避开矫揉造作，让那些普通的成就也显得很伟大。”

……

宫廷侍臣的故事（二）

“我非常赞同以上关于侍臣的讨论，我认为在那些我们称之为好的品质里，有些属于他们本人，例如自控能力、刚毅、健康以及其他让他心灵安宁的美德；另外一些则表现在其他方面并且要视其带来的效果而定，例如法律、宽容、财富等。因此，我认为正如洛多维科伯爵和费德里科伯爵所言，最优秀的侍臣要想得到真正的赞许，不仅仅局限于他自己的品质，还取决于他所做的一切和带来的结果。因为，说实话，如果贵族出身的人只具有优雅、魅力和技能，他还是不配成为一个出色的侍臣。相反，我想说，他的那些技能，如跳舞、娱乐、唱歌以及做游戏等，都是些无聊而轻佻的东西，一个拥有尊贵地位的人如果只会做这些事情，只会招来唾骂而非赞许。华丽的着装、要手段、信誓旦旦以及类似的浪漫本应属于女人，大多数人都认为，这些东西只会使男人变得女人气，年纪轻轻就走向歧途，变得放荡风流。它带来的严重后果是，令整个意大利蒙羞，几乎没有人还存着冒险的勇气，更别说去牺牲了。比起这种无聊的为臣之道，在和平与战争年代，不知有多少值得我们去努力学习的品质，可以让我们从中受益。如果侍臣们能以我所期待的那个高尚目标作为行动指南，我个人认为，他们的行为不但不会有害，不会徒劳无功，还会带来诸多益处，并赢得无限的赞美。

“因此在我看来，一位出色的侍臣（到目前为止我们还未讨论过）的职责是通过绅士们认为他应具备的种种才能来赢得君王的信任和喜爱，从此他可以对君王说真话，让君王知道该知道的事情，并且不必担心引起君王的不快。如果他意识到君王要做一些无益的事情，就敢于站出来反对，用他那优良的品性赢得的宠信来改变君王的每一个罪恶动机并劝服他回归正途。因此，如果一位侍臣具有这些绅士所希望的美德：反应灵敏、优雅迷人、明智谨慎、学识渊博等，他就有能力让他的君王

明白，一个君王应该具备正义、慷慨、宽宏、高贵以及其他美德，使其成为一个真正的统治者，并为他本人及家族赢得荣誉和崇高地位；相反，他的恶行和不道德行为也会带给他狼藉的声名和重大的损失。因此，我认为像音乐、庆典、游戏以及其他那些让人开心放松的行为只能让为臣之道锦上添花而已，而其真正的职责是鼓励和辅佐他的君主成其美德，远离罪恶。所以我们认为良好行为带来的好处包括两个主要方面：为我们的行动指明一个真正高尚的方向，以及寻找最便捷最合适的方式来实现它。所以一个优秀的侍臣应该竭尽全力，确保君主不受人欺骗，不听信谗言、诽谤及谎言，明辨善恶，爱憎分明，朝着为全民造福的方向去努力。

“我也觉得绅士们期望侍臣具备的美德和才能，正是我希望侍臣达到的目标。因为我们从当前的统治者身上发现的最大的问题就是无知和自负。这两种问题的根源在于那些神和人都为之不齿的谎言，而这对国君的影响尤甚。因为国君缺乏的正是他们所最必需的，即有人能跟他们说实话，提醒他们什么是正确的。因为那些对国君不怀好意的人是不会喜欢做这种事的，相反，他们希望国君昏庸地活着，永远不改正他所犯的错误。另外，他们还因为怕受惩罚而不敢公然地反对国君。并且，在国君的朋友中，只有小部分人能接近他，而这一小部分人又不敢像指责普通人一样指责国君，相反，他们为了得到国君的恩惠和好感，只提那些令人愉快的、有趣的建议，即便是无耻而邪恶的，他们也不在乎。这样，他们从朋友变成了谄媚者，所言所行只是为了令国君高兴，用谎话来蒙蔽国君，让国君对周围的一切包括他自己都一无所知，从而获得更多的好处。让一个不知情的人不断地欺骗自己，可以说是世上最大最可怕的欺骗。

“这样做的结果就是国君永远听不到真话，滥用职权，寻欢作乐，他们的思想逐步堕落（觉得自己受人尊崇，周围尽是别人敬畏和赞扬的话语，没有半点责备和反驳之声），渐渐从无知走向了极度的自负。结

果，他们变得再也听不进任何人的建议和意见，而且还会觉得统治国家非常简单，不需要任何手段或是训练，只需要暴力就足矣。因此他们一心只想着如何维护权力，并相信真正的快乐就是得到自己想要的一切。所以，我们看到很多排斥理性和正义的国君，因为他们觉得这些会约束他们的欲望，成为束缚他们的枷锁，进而剥夺他们统治别人的快感和满足感；他们认为如果听从责任和荣誉的召唤，他们的权力就不再至高无上，听别人摆布的国君不是真正的国君。于是他们开始变得妄自尊大、不可一世、专横无理、着装华丽、珠光宝气，并很少在公共场合露面，企图在国民中树立威信，被奉为神明。但是，在我看来，这些国君很像是去年在罗马阿贡广场的节日庆祝会上的那些巨大雕像，表面看上去像是凯旋的伟人和马匹，其实里面塞满了破布和稻草。事实上，上面所说的那种国君比这雕像更糟糕，因为这些巨大的雕像是由于它们自身的重量才能高高屹立，不过，内部的严重失衡及其与底座的比例失调，使其随时可能倒下；而这些统治者的倒台源自他们自身以及一个错误，从而导致满盘皆输。那个错误就是无知，他们觉得自己永远不会犯错误，觉得自己的权力来源于自己的智慧，所以不遗余力地去滥用权力，并一有机会就不择手段地去霸占更多的领地。

“要是他们意识到了自己的职责，就会做他们应该做的事，以一种与现在截然不同的方式来治理国家。因为他们会意识到当被统治者比统治者还要更英明的时候，情况是多么糟糕。你也许认为不懂弹琴、跳舞或是骑马没有什么大不了；然而，如果一个人不懂音乐，会感觉没有面子和羞愧，因而不敢在公共场合唱歌，不懂跳舞则不敢跳舞，马术不精则不敢骑马。可是，如果一个国君不知道如何统治一个国家就没这么简单了，这会引发罪恶、死亡、破坏、战火甚至是毁灭，可以说是全民的灭顶之灾。但是，一些统治者尽管对如何治理国家一无所知，还是厚颜无耻地试图统治整个世界而非眼前的一小班人马，因为他位高权重，所有的目光都投向他，从此，他们的最重大和最细小的错误都会被大家看个清清楚楚。

……

“因此，我认为既然如今的统治者生活如此穷奢极欲，又无知狂妄，就很难让他们认清真理、树立美德。既然有人通过谎言、奉承以及其他恶劣的手段获得了国君的青睐，侍臣也可以通过洛多维科伯爵和费得里科伯爵所传授的高贵品质轻易地获得国君对他的喜爱，从而可以自由地找国君讨论问题。如果他可以轻而易举地达到这个目的，他日后就可以及时把每一件事情的真相都告知国君。而且，他还可以逐渐将美德灌输给国君，让国君懂得自律、刚毅、正义和节制，并让试图摆脱堕落的他在经历一番努力之后，初次品尝到苦涩后的一丝甘甜。从而使他意识到罪恶的行为是有害的，会让人恶名远播，而美德则让人受益无穷，得到广泛赞誉。侍臣还可以列举些例子来激励国君以美德治理天下，那些著名的首领以及那些被人们做成雕像的古代伟人就是很好的榜样，人们习惯用铜、大理石，有时也用黄金来铸造他们的雕像，立于广场之上，表彰他们的丰功伟绩，同时也鼓励其他人向他们学习，争取同样的荣耀。

“这样，侍臣就可以引导国君走向美德之路，虽然道路崎岖，但有了阴凉的树荫和美丽的鲜花作点缀，即使国君的耐性不佳，也不会在这条艰难的道路上感到沉闷；或者偶尔配上音乐、比武、马匹，再配上诗歌或爱情的对话，以及那些绅士建议的所有方法，就会确保国君渐渐被这些简单的快乐所吸引。在此过程中，如我所说的，在陪伴君王散心时要一再强调道德的重要性，这样，就在潜移默化中改变他，正如一个精明的医生总是会让一个因生病而虚弱的孩子在吃下苦药前尝到他悄悄抹在杯沿上的甜甜液体。这样，在快乐的掩盖下，无论什么时候，什么地方，或是什么工作，侍臣总能顺利地达到目的，为此这个侍臣应该获得更多的赞美和奖励。

因为世上没有比拥有一个明智的国君更好的事，当然也没有比遇到

一个罪恶的国君更可怕的事；同样，如果一个侍臣利用礼貌优雅的举止和高贵的身份去做邪恶的事情，极力向自己的国君谄媚并使国君偏离美德之路，走向邪恶，那么无论对这个侍臣施以多残酷的惩罚都不为过。原因在于，他的行为就像在公共水井里投毒一样有害，毒害的可不仅仅是一个人呀。”

奥塔维亚诺先生陷入了沉默，似乎不愿意再说下去了。但是加斯帕雷阁下说道：

“奥塔维亚诺先生，我并不认为国君可以在侍臣的引导下学会那些仁慈、自制以及其他美德，相反，我觉得他们所拥有的美德是大自然和上帝赋予的。你会发现世上没有人坏到愿意承认自己就是邪恶、坏心肠、放纵或是不正义的。相反，每一个人无论有多么邪恶，都希望被视为是正直的、有自制力的以及善良的；所以如果美德可以通过学习获得，情形就会大不相同了。一个人如果因为缺乏学习而无知是无须感到羞愧的，但是如果天生就缺乏某些东西，当然会感觉到羞耻。

“所以，每个人都极力掩饰自己思想上或是身体上的缺陷，比如失明、跛足或残疾等丑陋的一面。因为即使把这些缺陷归结为大自然的力量，也没有人希望拥有它，这种天生的缺陷就像是大自然有意给他们烙上的邪恶烙印。我的这个想法和厄毗米修斯[18]讲述的故事是一致的，他不知道该怎样把大自然的天分分配给众人，以至于分给人类的天分比其他生物要少得多；因此普罗米修斯才从弥涅耳瓦[19]和伏尔坎[20]那里偷走了让人类生存下去的智慧和知识。但是人们还是缺乏公民道德和精神法规，但是这些知识都被关在奥林匹斯山上朱庇特的城堡里，并且守护森严，使得普罗米修斯不敢靠近。因此，朱庇特由于同情人类（因为公民道德的缺失使得他们无力反抗野兽的攻击）就派墨丘利[21]来到人间，教人们学会正义和自尊，使得城市更美好，人民更团结。他认为这些美德无法像分配其他天赋一样分配给人类，只能是让其中一人学会

（就像治病一样），然后逐渐传授给周围的每一个人。他依法铲除了那些没有正义之心也不知羞耻的人，以儆效尤。所以啊，奥塔维亚诺先生，你看，这些美德是上帝赋予人类的，是学不会的，他们来源于大自然。”

奥塔维亚诺先生笑着说道：

“所以加斯帕雷阁下，你已经看到，人们对于他们自己的判断力感到很不满意且执迷不悟，所以人们曾经试图驯服大自然中的野兽，熊、狼以及狮子，并希望用同样的方法让一只可爱的小鸟按照他们的意愿飞翔，然后主动地飞离森林，放弃自由，飞进鸟笼被囚禁起来，但是无论人们怎么勤奋和钻研，也始终找不到既能让他们自己受益又能提高自己思想的办法。所以在我看来，这就像是医生埋头钻研治愈指甲疼痛和婴儿皮疹的方法，而忽视了治愈发热、胸膜炎和其他重病的方法；我们都会认为这样做是荒谬的。因此，我认为伦理道德不是完全来自天性，因为没有什么东西会自然地往相反方向发展，比如石头，即便你把石头往天上扔一万次，石头也不会自己飞向天空。所以，如果对我们来说美德是天生的，像石头天然有重量一样，我们就永远不可能对恶行习以为常。同理，罪恶也不是天生的，否则我们也不会有道德。所以为一个人天生就有的缺陷而惩罚某人就是愚不可及的。如果考虑到一个罪犯在未来可能不再犯罪，也不会导致其他人的效仿，而不追究一个罪犯所犯下的罪行（事情已经发生了，无法挽回），从法律角度来讲，就是犯了大错。由此可见，法律认为美德是可以学习的，这是千真万确的；我们从降生的那天起就有能力学习美德或是罪恶，因此我们通过自己的选择，做善事或是做坏事，变成了善良的人或是罪恶的人。先去实践善与恶，然后才成为好人或是坏人。而我们天生所具有的那些品质却正相反，是先有了基础，然后去实践。因为首先要具有看、听或是感知的能力，才可以看到、听见或感受到。当然，许多本领也是通过学习得到加强的。因此，好老师不仅教学生知识，还要教他们文明而正确的举止，包括用

餐、饮酒、交谈、走路，等等。

“因此，无论是在技巧、技能还是美德方面，我们都非常需要一位好老师。通过他的教诲和指导，唤醒深埋在我们灵魂深处的美德的种子。好老师就像一位尽职的农夫，精心地培育美德的种子，清理欲望的荆棘和野草，以免束缚我们的思维，最终让美德的种子开花、结果，就如我们所期待的那样。这样，朱庇特给予人们的正义和自尊就会永驻每个人的心间。但是，正如再强健的身体在为目标而努力的时候也可能出现问题一样，美德的潜力虽然已经在我们的灵魂中生根，仍需要通过教育来让它发芽。因为如果要将美德的潜力付诸实践并变成真正的善行，我认为，不能仅仅依靠本性的力量，还需要不断的实践和理性的思考，从而净化和启迪人们的灵魂，揭去无知的面纱，让人们能轻易地辨明是非的能力，避免犯错。这样，美德就类似谨慎和明辨是非的能力，罪恶则类似轻率和无知。原因在于，人们不是故意地选择罪恶，只是被一些假象所迷惑。”

这时加斯帕雷阁下回答道：“现在很多人明知自己做的事情是错误的，但仍然在做；就像那些小偷和杀人犯，原因在于他们只想到当下的快感，而忘记未来可怕的惩罚。”

奥塔维亚诺先生说道：“真正的快乐与善行结伴，而真正的痛苦与邪恶为伍；当他们对虚假的快乐信以为真，却对真正的痛苦不以为然的时候，他们是在欺骗自己。所以他们虚假的快乐只能换来真正的痛苦。因此，我们要学习明辨是非的技巧，还要学习美德，让我们选择真正的善行，而非貌似如此的行为，这将令我们的人生受益无穷，因为它使我们远离了无知这个万恶之源。”

这个时候，皮埃特罗·贝博说道：“奥塔维亚诺先生，我不明白，为什么加斯帕雷阁下要将所有的罪恶之源归于无知，并相信人们犯罪的时候都几乎意识不到自己的行为，而关于什么是真正的快乐和痛苦的问

题，也谈不上是在欺骗自己。并且可以肯定，即使是那些一时情绪失控的人也进行过逻辑和理性的判断，对于他们所犯的罪恶的本质也是非常清楚的。他们用自己的理性来抵制欲望，从而导致了快乐和痛苦与判断之间的矛盾。最终，欲望还是战胜了理性，就像是一艘一时抵御了风暴的船，最终还是被巨浪击垮，锚和绳索都不复存在，舵和指南针也失去了作用，任由自己在暴风雨中颠簸。所以那些情绪失控的人在犯下愚蠢的错误时也是带着一丝懊悔，几分自责的。因为如果他们不知道自己所做的事情是罪恶的，他们就不会自责了。相反，如果理性未作任何抗争，他们就将完全受欲望摆布，这样一来就不是无节制，而是纯粹的放纵了。当然，这样更糟糕。因为在无法自控的情况下，至少理性也起了一点作用，从而使得他们没有犯下更为可怕的罪恶；就像自制也只是一个不尽完美的美德，因为你毕竟还是受到了情绪的影响。因此，我认为，不能把人们无法自控而犯下的愚蠢错误与无知混为一谈，或把明知故犯叫作无心之过。”

“是啊”，奥塔维亚诺先生回答道，“你的辩论很精彩。但是我并不认为完全正确。虽然在难以自控的罪行面前，他们曾经犹豫，也确实经历过理性与欲望的斗争，知道了什么是邪恶，但是由于缺乏完备的知识，他们并没有完全理解邪恶。他们对邪恶的理解只是一个模糊的、并非确定的概念，所以他们放任了情绪而忽视了理智。如果他们拥有了真正的知识，毫无疑问他们就不会犯错误。因为无知，所以理性总是无法战胜欲望，而真正的知识永远不会输给情绪，因为情绪起源于身体而不是心灵。如果情绪受理性的合理支配和控制，它们就会成为美德，相反，就会变成邪念。然而，如果理性的本质属性没有受到无知的影响，它就会非常具有影响力，总是使人的感觉服从于它，从而通过非凡的方式和手段来达到目的。如此，虽然一个人的器官、神经和骨骼都没有理性，但是当大脑开动起来的时候，就好像思想舞动着缰绳，刺激我们的器官，使我们身体的其他部位作好了准备：作出双脚跑、双手握拳或者大脑提示的其他动作。这种事很常见，比如有人在不知情的情况下吃了

味道很好，但实际上非常恶心又令人作呕的东西；当他发现了真实的情况，便会心生厌恶、不安，继而整个身体对他的判断迅速作出反应，然后他就开始呕吐。”

奥塔维亚诺先生还想继续说下去，但尊贵的朱利亚诺打断了他，插嘴说道：“如果我没有听错，你是说自制并非完美的美德，因为它受情绪的影响。然而，在我看来，当理性和欲望在思想中发生冲突的时候，那种经过与理性的斗争而最终服从于理性的美德，与那种没有跟欲望或情绪较量就胜出的美德相比，前者是更加完美的。而后者克制邪念并非是出于自身的美德，而是因为他没有这样的意愿。”

于是奥塔维亚诺说道：“你认为谁更让人敬佩：一个冒着危险和敌人正面交战，得胜而归的指挥官，还是一个运用技能和知识将敌人拖垮，不用冒险和流血的代价就取得胜利的那个？”

尊贵的朱利亚诺回答道：“如果不是因为敌人的愚蠢而导致他的必然胜利的话，当然是那个懂得避险又能取胜的指挥官更值得尊敬。”

“你说得很对，”奥塔维亚诺先生说道，“所以我想对你说，如果将自我控制能力比作是一个作战勇猛，克服了巨大的困难和危险，面对强敌仍可取胜的指挥官的话，那种节制的心态就可比作是那个没有遭遇抵抗就获胜的指挥官；因为后者就像内战时期的优秀统帅那样，他们征服而且完全扑灭了心灵的欲火，打败了内心所有蠢蠢欲动的敌人，使之彻底地回归理性。这样，这种美德在没有对心灵使用任何暴力的情况下，以巨大的说服力引导心灵走上正途，使之变得平静而安详，进而使一切都趋于和谐，得到宁静和稳定；于是，人们在一切事物中都会完全服从理性，顺从地追随理性，就像一只羊羔总是跟随在母亲的身边：母亲停下脚步，它也跟着停下脚步，母亲前进，它也跟着前进。因此，这种节制的美德才是完美的，对于统治者来说尤其重要，因为它还可以引发更多的美德。”

然后塞萨尔·贡萨加说道："嗯，我不知道节制能为一位君王带来什么其他的美德，如果真如你所说，节制能带走人的所有情绪，我倒认为它适合一个隐士或者修道士；我想不出它适合一个君王的理由，让一个有宏图大志、不拘一格、骁勇无比等军事才能的君王，在无论什么情况下，都不能表现出愤怒、憎恨，或是仁慈、藐视、渴望等情绪。如果这样，他如何在他的人民或军队中树立权威呢？"

奥塔维亚诺先生回答道："我并没有说节制必然完全带走或根除一个人心灵中的各种情绪，也没有说这样做会带来什么好处，因为即使在那些情绪中，还是会有一些好的方面。它所起的作用是帮助情绪中的那些不正当行为或者与正当行为背道而驰的行为和理性相呼应。所以为了避免矛盾就根除那些情绪是不正确的；这就好比通过立法禁酒的方式来控制醉酒，或者因为人们在跑步的时候偶尔会摔跤就禁止人们跑步一样。人在训练马的时候，他不会让马停止奔跑、跳跃，但在骑手的控制下，马会在合适的时间停下来。有些情绪在受到节制时会有助于美德的发展，例如愤怒会促成坚毅，对邪恶之人的憎恨会促成正义，其他情绪也会促成别的美德。假如它们一起消亡，就会使理性变得虚弱无力而失去任何效力，就好像是一个在大风过后平静下来的船长。所以，塞萨尔，如果我说平静能促成很多其他的美德，请不要那么惊讶；因为当一个人的心灵和这种和谐相一致的时候，理性就使之欣然接受真正的坚毅，而这种坚毅将使之英勇无比、战无不胜，从而远离人类的痛苦。正义也是一样的，因为它是谦逊善良的真正朋友，也是所有美德中的王者，它不仅告诉我们应该做什么，也告诉我们应该远离错误。正义是完美无缺的，其他美德都通过它得以实现，它不仅让正义的人受益，也让其他人受益。就像人们所说的那样，没有正义，朱庇特就不能很好地统治他的王国。此外还要有宽宏大量的美德，它会提升所有的美德，尽管它不能独立存在，因为缺少其他美德的人不可能是宽宏大量的。在这些好品质的指引下，人们的美德又多了一份审慎，从而使人作出正确的判断。在这条让人欣慰的美德链上还有宽容、慷慨、对荣誉的渴望、温

顺、魅力、和蔼可亲和其他很多品质，由于时间的关系就不一一列举了。但是，如果我们的侍臣表现得就像我们所说的那样，他就会发现，在他辅佐的君王心中，美德变得越发枝繁叶茂，而且每天都将看到比世上任何花园里的鲜花和果实都更加让人欣喜的硕果。侍臣自己也将体验到极大的满足感，他告诉自己他给予君王的不是那些傻瓜们给予的东西，比如说金银之类的礼品、花瓶、服装（这些东西君王多的是，而送礼的人又没有多少），而是所有人类的美德中最珍贵的美德：治理国家的好方式和好方法。仅此就足以使人们幸福，使世界回到传说中撒敦[22]统治时期曾经有过的黄金时代。”

……

接着，加斯帕雷阁下说道：“我记得各位绅士在讨论一个侍臣应具有的能力的时候，其中一点是他要招人喜爱。但是，总结一下谈过的话题，我们可以得出这样的结论：一个侍臣必须通过自己的美德和威望来影响他的君王，然而有威望的人一定是位年长者，因为智慧都是随着年龄而增长的，尤其是在经验方面。所以我不明白，一个人如果年事已高是否还谈得上招人喜爱呢？就像今天晚上所说的那样，对一位长者来说，招人喜爱实在是毫无意义，因为女人喜欢的那种属于年轻人的彬彬有礼、幽默感和文雅在一位老者的身上会变得荒唐可笑，对此有些女人会心生厌恶，所有人都会去嘲弄那些沉迷于此的人。因此，如果你们所说的亚里士多德是位老臣，并且打算像年轻的爱侣们一样大谈爱情的话（就像我们亲眼看到过的那些），我恐怕他会忘记对君王的指导，毫无疑问孩子们也会在背后取笑他，而女人们除了嘲笑他之外，对他毫无兴趣。”

奥塔维亚诺回答道：“如果这位老臣身上具有所有的美德，即使他变老，我也认为他不应该被剥夺爱的权利。”

“正相反，”加斯帕雷阁下反驳道，“剥夺他的这种权利，我认为会

给他带来另一种完美，使他生活得更快乐，而没有不幸和痛苦。”

于是皮埃特罗·贝博补充说道：“加斯帕雷阁下，难道你忘了前几天晚上奥塔维亚诺先生提议的那个爱情游戏了，虽然他对爱情谈不上了解，他显然很了解有些人把跟他们的女人生气、吵架和折磨都看作是快乐的这种事，还有人向他请教这种快乐的原因来着。因此，如果我们的侍臣陷入那种愉悦的爱情之中，即使年纪很大，他也不会经历任何的痛苦和烦恼。另外，我们心中的那个聪明人也不会欺骗自己，认为凡是适合年轻人做的事情都同样适合于他。即便他要去爱，也肯定会以不给他带来指责，只为他赢得赞美和幸福的方式来进行，他会远离烦恼的困扰，而这些是年轻人都很难以做到的。所以他不会忽视对君王的指导，更不会让孩子们嘲笑。”

于是公爵夫人说道：“皮埃特罗，在今天晚上的讨论中我很高兴听你也说上几句，但是现在我们更加有信心让你说话，给我们阐明这种恰到好处、又不会引发任何指责或不满的爱情；显然这是体现在侍臣身上的最有用、最重要的天赋之一。所以我请求你，告诉我们你对此所知道的一切。”

皮埃特罗笑着回答道：“夫人，我不希望我刚才支持老年人也有权利去爱的话让在座的女士们认为我自己很老，所以还是把这个任务交给别人吧。”

伯爵夫人回答道：“你还年轻，但是你不能否认你有长者的智慧。所以继续给我们讲解吧，不要制造更多的借口。”

于是皮埃特罗·贝博回答道：“说实话，夫人，如果我确实必须继续谈论这个话题，我就必须向拉维乃罗的朋友，一个隐居的修道士，寻求建议。”

听到这里，伊米莉亚夫人好像有些生气，大声说道：

“皮埃特罗，我们当中没有人像你那样不服从命令。因此，如果伯爵夫人要惩罚你也是对的。”

皮埃特罗仍然面带微笑地说道：

“夫人，行行好，不要生我的气，我说就是了。”

“好吧。”伊米莉亚回答道。

皮埃特罗·贝博沉默了一会儿后，他稍作调整，好像有什么重要的事情宣布似的，开始说了起来：

“先生们，为了说明老年人不仅能毫无顾忌地去爱而且有时还能比年轻人爱得更加幸福，我有必要先说明什么是爱，以及爱侣们经历的幸福的本质。我请求你们认真地听，因为我希望能让你们认识到每个人都有爱的权利，即使他比莫雷罗年长十五岁或二十岁。”

一阵笑声过后，他继续说道：

“古代哲学家们给爱下的定义是一种对美的渴求；既然这种渴求必须是为人们所熟知的事物，必然是先有这种事物，后有渴求，而渴求的本质就是追求美好的事物，但是由于其本身也是盲目的，所以不能认识到什么是美好的事物。因此自然本身规定每一种渴求的能力，或者说欲望，都应该同时伴有一种认知能力或者说是理解力。在人类心灵深处，有三种能力帮助我们理解和感知事物：它们是感觉、理性思维和智慧。感觉是从感官的欲求开始的，或者说是从人类与动物共通的那种欲求开始的；理智则是通过理性的选择，严格来说是人所特有的；而智慧使得人类变成完美的天使，通过单纯的意愿来表现对事物的渴求。因此，感官的欲求只渴望那些感官可以感知的东西，而人类的意愿则是在思考那

些通过智慧可被理解的精神事物时才会得到满足。于是，人类天生就有理性而且被置于兽性和纯美精神这两个极端之间，可以选择追随感觉，也可以追随智慧，人的欲求在这两个方向不断作出选择。人们可以选择其中一种方式来追求美，那就是，所有的自然天成或人工创造出来的充满和谐的事物。

“但是我现在要谈的美是人身上尤其是脸部的那种美，可以激发我们热切的爱的那种美。我们要说的是，这种美是一种神圣的精华的汇集，就像是阳光普照万物，却偏偏极力展示它的美，那张面容看起来是那样的匀称，明暗色彩和谐、轮廓分明。这种美以其令人赞叹的壮丽和优雅装扮着自己，并使之熠熠发光，好像耀眼的阳光折射在镶嵌着宝石的金光闪闪的花瓶上。于是它吸引了人们的目光，一旦进入人们的视线，就会在人的心灵深处留下深刻的印象，并且不时地以其自身的魅力，伴以燃烧的激情和欲望来震撼、愉悦人们的心灵。这样，人们的思想里就有了对美的渴求，因为它认为这种美是美妙的，如果人的思想本身愿意跟随自己的感知，那么人的头脑里就形成了最严重的错误判断，即承载美的身体是美丽的主因，所以，欣赏这种美就必须尽可能地与之亲密接触。但这是错误的，任何想通过拥有身体而欣赏美的人都是在欺骗自己，因为他们不是被理性的选择而获得的真正认知所感动，而是由感官的欲望导致的错觉。因此，接下来的快乐也必定是虚假的、骗人的。所以，那些用所爱的女人来满足其不纯洁欲望的人都将遭遇两个恶果中的一个：要么在他们满足了欲望后，就开始失去兴趣甚至是开始憎恨他们的爱人，就好像是他的欲望开始悔恨自己的错误，认识到它被错误的感知判断所骗，使它相信那种邪恶是美好的；要么他们仍然困扰于相同的贪念与欲望，因为他们实际上并没有达到他们所追求的目的。不可否认，由于目光短浅，他们误以为自己正经历着快乐，就好像一个病人梦见他自己在干净的喷泉边喝水。然而，他们既没有得到片刻的安宁，也没有得到满足，这恰恰是欲望和占有的必然结果。因为他们看到相似的情况，他们不久就再一次经历了毫无羁绊的欲望，和以前一样，

在相同的激情过后他们再一次发现自己对希望完全占有的东西有一种无法控制的、狂热的渴望。因此，这类恋人总是最不快乐的；他们或者由于从来没有得到他们渴望得到的东西，从而引起极大的痛苦，或者即便他们确实得到了他们所渴望得到的东西，也会发现自己并不快乐甚至是更糟。在他们的这种爱情的开始和过程中，除了给彼此带来悲伤、痛苦、难过、忧虑和付出之外别无他物；这样的爱侣必然表现出黯然沮丧、叹息不已、哭哭啼啼、哀痛悲伤、少言寡语甚至想一死了之。”

“因此我们看到感知是这种精神颓废的主要原因；这种情况多发生在人们年轻的时候，他们受到肉体欲望的诱惑，不断地削弱人类理性的力量，使灵魂轻易地受制于欲望。既然心灵已经坠落到世俗的地狱，无法进行精神的思考，那么思想本身就不能清楚地发现真相，继而无法履行操控身体的职责。所以为了明白事情的真相，思想必须借助感知来形成自己的第一概念。之后它才会相信通过感知获取的信息，然后考虑并信任这些信息，尤其是当这些信息强迫心灵接受的时候；但是感知具有欺骗性，从而使它们提供给心灵的信息充满了错误和不实。因此，年轻人总是沉迷于这种与理性完全背道而驰的感性之恋，进而导致他们不能享受爱情赐予真正的理性皈依者们的祝福和益处；他们在爱情中得到的快乐和没有理性的动物是一样的，尽管动物遭遇的痛苦比人类大得多。在我坚信如此的前提下，我相信那些年纪大而成熟的恋人的经历会恰恰相反；对他们来说，思想已经不再屈膝于肉体，因为他们天生的激情已经开始冷却。即便他们被美激起了渴望，也会受到理性的指引，那么他们就不会受骗，从而完全拥有他们深爱的美。这种拥有给他们带来的都是好的结果，因为美是善良的，对美的真正热爱也是美好的、神圣的，而且总是给那些用理性的缰绳来控制感官的罪恶的人们带来好处。这就是年长者比年轻人更能轻而易举做到的事。

“所以说老年人比年轻人更能幸福地、无可指责地去恋爱，不无道理，当然，我们所谓的老年人指的不是那些年迈的或者说身体器官已经

衰退，思想已经不能通过器官来行使功能的人，而是指那些智力仍然处于盛年的人。另外我还必须加上这一点：也就是在我看来，感性之恋在每一个年龄段都是不可取的，但是对年轻人来说，是可以原谅的，甚至在某种角度上说也是允许的。虽然这种恋情就像上面提到的那样，给人们带来的是苦恼、危险、付出和不幸，但是为了赢得他们心爱的女人的爱，有些行为是高尚的；虽然这些行为带来的并不是一个很好的结果，但是它们本身是好的。他们从苦涩里挤榨出一点点甘甜，从挫折中吸取教训，知道自己爱的方式有误。所以，我认为那些克制欲望和迷恋，以理性的方式去恋爱的年轻人是真正崇高的，但我也理解那些因为人性的弱点而被感性之恋所征服的年轻人，但前提是，他们当时应该表现得有风度、有礼貌、又值得尊敬，表现出了那些绅士们所提到的其他品质，并且在他们不再年轻的时候，完全舍弃这种做法，摒除感性之欲，并视之为通向真爱的第一个台阶。但是对于那些年迈时还任由激情燃烧他们冷酷的心、令强烈的理性屈服于虚弱的感官之欲的人来说，无论怎样责备都不算过分；这些不知廉耻的家伙就像缺乏理性的动物中的一员，一个彻头彻尾的傻瓜，因为感性之恋的观念和方式与成熟的男人是完全不相称的。”

贝博停顿了一下，好像要休息的样子；正当每个人都沉默的时候，来自奥托纳的莫雷罗先生说道：

“如果一个长者比很多年轻人都强壮，精力更旺盛，而且更英俊，那么你为什么不希望他像年轻人那样去恋爱呢？”

听到这个，伯爵夫人笑着说道：

“如果恋爱对年轻人来说是一次如此不幸的经历，那么莫雷罗先生，为什么你还想要老年人也去经历同样的不幸呢？如果你也像这些先生所说的那样老了，你就不会说这么多老人们的坏话了。”

莫雷罗先生回答道：“在我看来，说老人坏话的似乎是皮埃特罗·贝博，因为他希望他们以我不能理解的方式去恋爱。同时我也认为，如此受他褒奖的美竟然不包括躯体的美，简直像是一个神话。”

“莫雷罗先生，”洛多维科伯爵问道，“你相信美像皮埃特罗·贝博说的一样好吗？”

“我当然不相信，”莫雷罗回答道，“相反，我记得我曾经见过很多邪恶、冷酷、恶毒的美女；在我看来，事情往往如此，因为美丽使她们骄傲，傲慢使她们冷酷。”

洛多维科伯爵笑着回答道：“无可置疑，你觉得她们对你冷酷是因为她们没有给予你想要的东西。还是让皮埃特罗·贝博教教你，老年人应该怎样去渴求美，他们应该从女人那里得到什么，他们应该怎样得到满足；如果你记得这些，你就会发现她们既不骄傲，也不冷酷，而且她们还会给予你想要的。”

这番话让莫雷罗很恼火，于是他反驳道：

“我不想知道和我无关之事。还是让别人告诉你，身体不如老人强壮、精力没有老人充沛的年轻人应该怎样追求这种美吧。”

于是，为了让莫雷罗先生平静下来，也为了转变一下话题，费德里科在洛多维科伯爵还没回答之前，插嘴说道：

“也许莫雷罗先生所说的‘美不总是好的’这句话并不是完全错误的，因为女人的美经常引起很多邪恶、憎恶、战争、死亡和毁灭，例如特洛伊的毁灭就清晰地证明了这一点。大多数美丽的女人不是骄傲冷酷，就是之前所说的不贞洁。但是对此，莫雷罗先生并不认为是什么过错。还有很多邪恶的男人也被赋予了英俊的外表，好像大自然如此安排就是为了让他们能更好地去行骗，或是为了让他们那令人愉悦的外貌成为隐藏

鱼钩的饵。”

这时，皮埃特罗·贝博说道：“不要相信美不总是好的这种谎言。”

为了回到原来的话题，洛多维科伯爵插嘴说道：

“既然莫雷罗对和自己有很大关系的事情并不感兴趣，那就告诉我吧，向我说一说老年人怎样才可以赢得爱情的幸福；只要我可以从中受益，我并不担心自己被别人看作是个老头。”

皮埃特罗笑着说：“首先我想纠正一下这些绅士们所犯的错误，然后再满足你的要求。”

于是他继续说道：

“先生们，美是一种神圣的东西，我不希望我们中的任何人因对此口出恶言亵渎神圣而惹怒神明。作为一个给莫雷罗和费德里科先生的警告，以防他们会像那些藐视美的人们一样受到惩罚，从而像斯泰西科拉斯[23]那样双目失明，我坚持认为美来源于上帝，它就像是一个圆，圆心就是善良。正如没有圆心就没有圆一样，一个人没有善良也就没有美。所以，邪恶的灵魂依附在一个美丽的身体上是非常罕见的，而外表美也正是内心善良的一种真正表现。这种美实际上以不同的程度体现在人的身体上，是识别灵魂的一种标志，好比是树木上盛开的鲜花之美将印证收获时的水果之美一样。人类的身体也一样，对此，我们还可以从相学家们根据人的容貌来判断人的性格甚至是他的思想这件事上看得出来。甚至是在动物的身上也可以看到，它们的思想如何影响着身体并且在容貌上有所反映。我们是如何清晰地从一头狮子、一匹马或者一只鹰的面部发现它们愤怒、凶残和傲慢的本性；又如何从绵羊和鸽子那里发现纯洁和单纯，从狐狸和狼那里看到奸邪和狡诈，而且几乎所有的动物也一样，想想这些，我们就不难理解这一点。

“因此大体来说，丑陋的事物是邪恶的，美丽的事物是美好的。可以说，美就是人们渴望的、令人轻松愉快又魅力十足的美好事物的外表，而丑陋就是黑暗的、令人不快又难受的邪恶事物的外表。无论你研究什么事物，你都会发现那些美好而有益的东西总是被赋予了美。想一想万物的神奇的结构吧，它是上帝为了所有生灵的健康和生存而创造的。无尽的苍穹点缀着众多星星：而位于中心的地球被无数天体簇拥在中间；太阳照亮周围的万物，在冬天照到最低刻度后又重新升起；月球的光辉来自于太阳，随着距离太阳的远近不断变化；而其他五大星球在各自的轨道上有规律地运动着。所有这一切都按照大自然的规律和谐存在并互相影响，但是如果稍有偏离，它们就将不复存在，宇宙也因此而崩溃。此外，它们的美和魅力让人们无法想象有什么东西可以与之媲美。再来想想人体的构造，我们可称之为一个小宇宙。我们会发现人类的身体是造物主精心设计而非偶然为之的产物；我们的整体形式非常美妙，使我们很难弄清楚，到底是因为有用还是因为优美才给予了人类外貌和身体的不同部分，包括眼睛、鼻子、嘴巴、耳朵、胳膊和胸部。动物也一样。想一想鸟类的羽毛、树枝上的叶子，它们的存在都是大自然所赋予的，也都是极其精美的。除了自然界，现在我们来谈谈人类的艺术。对于一艘船来说，船头、船体、船板、船帆、船桅、船舵、船桨以及船锚和绳索，哪些是必需的？所有的这些东西都是如此动人，无论谁看见它们，都会觉得它们的存在不仅因为有用还因为好看。再如，支柱和横梁支撑着雄伟的教堂和宫殿，它们不仅赏心悦目，还是建筑不可或缺的部分。当人类最初在造房子或教堂时使用中间的屋脊并非是用来装饰建筑物，而是为了让雨水从两边顺利地流下；但是，我还得说，事物的用途和美观同样重要，所以即使在没有雨水和冰雹的地区建造教堂，屋脊的设计也是必不可少的，否则会使建筑丧失应有的庄严和美感。

“所以，一提到美丽的事物，甚至是世界本身，就意味着最高的赞美。我们提起这些就忍不住要赞美：美丽的天空、美丽的大地、美丽的海洋、美丽的河流、美丽的乡村、美丽的森林、树木、花园；或者美丽

的城市、教堂、房子、军队。简而言之，这种优雅而神圣的美是万物最高超的修饰；从某种角度上，好就等同于美，尤其是人的身体。在我看来，身体美的最大成因是心灵美，因为它有一种超自然的美，使它接触到的一切事物都变得华丽而可爱，美丽心灵也一定会找一个适合她栖息的美丽身体。因此，当美以其无上的力量统治物质世界，以其绚丽的光芒驱走身体的黑暗的时候，美才是心灵的最终战利品。因此，我们一定不要说是美让女人们骄傲、冷酷，尽管莫雷罗先生可能是这样认为的；我们也不应该把那些因为男人无节制的欲望而引起的憎恶、死亡和毁灭都强加于美丽的女人。我不否认这个世界上有不贞洁的漂亮女人，但并不是她们的美使她们变成这个样子；相反，正是因为美和善之间的必然联系，她们的美才使她们远离恶行，引领其走上善行之路。但是有时候，由于外界的恶意驱使、爱人的不停挑唆、礼物、贫穷、希望、欺骗、恐惧以及数不清的其他原因，美丽善良的女人没能保持那份坚定，铸成大错；英俊的男人也是一样，因为这样或那样的原因，变得邪恶。”

塞萨尔接着评论说：“如果加斯帕雷阁下昨天的断言不假，那么毫无疑问美丽的女人比丑陋的女人更加贞洁。”

“我断言过什么啊？”加斯帕雷阁下问道。

“如果我没记错的话，”塞萨尔回答道，“你说过被追求的女人总是喜欢拒绝追求者，而没人追求的女人却会主动去追求别人。与丑女相比，美女必然有更多的追求者；这样一来，美女经常拒绝别人，而丑女却因为没有追求者而主动出击，美女就比丑女更显贞洁了。”

贝博微笑着说：“这个争论没有答案。”

然后他又补充说道：“就像其他的感官一样，我们的视觉也有受骗的时候，把一张不美丽的脸看成是美丽的，这是常有的事。比如说，有

些女人不时在眼神中和表情里表现出诱惑的、挑逗式的无礼，许多人认为这些特点是令人愉悦的，视其为美，因为这让他们有机会得到他们想要的。但是，事实上这仅仅是俗艳的轻率行为，丝毫配不上如此令人尊重而神圣的称呼。”

皮埃特罗·贝博随后陷入了沉默之中，但是大家要他再多讲讲这样的爱以及欣赏美的正确方式，最终他说道：

“我想我已经说得够清楚了，年长的人比年轻人在爱中更幸福，这是我的假定。所以我不能再补充什么了。”

洛多维科伯爵回应说：“你对年轻人不幸福的论证比对年长者幸福的论证要充分，因为你没有教给年长者在爱中要循着怎样的路前进，你仅仅告诉他们要受理性的指引。许多人认为爱和理性是无法相容的。”

贝博仍然决定不再发言，但是在公爵夫人的请求下，他又接着说了起来：“如果在我们的灵魂中如此热切的渴望能这么容易就被激起，如果我们的灵魂被迫在这种和动物类似的感觉中得到滋养，而不能将这种渴望导向一种更加积极的方面，那着实是人性的悲哀。既然您希望这样，那我不会拒绝讨论这个高贵的话题。我知道我不配讲述关于爱神的神圣秘密。所以我恳求上帝能够启发我的思想和语言，使我能够教给我们优秀的侍臣如何以优于那些粗俗的众人的方式去爱。由于自幼时起我就将自己交给了上帝，希望我的话与我的意志相符，也能够为上帝赢得更多的认可。我认为，既然年轻时人的本性如此依赖于感官，当侍臣年轻时，他可以用感官的方式去爱；但是，当他更成熟时，这种情色的欲望会让他受伤，他必须小心谨慎，不要欺骗自己，不要让自己经历痛苦，那种痛苦对年轻人而言值得同情而非指责，但在年长的人则应受指责而非同情。

“因此，当他看到那些美丽而吸引人的女人时，这时的他优雅又富

有魅力，已是情场高手，他可以察觉出他和她灵魂的共鸣，一旦他注意到他的目光被她的外表所吸引并把她记在心里，他的灵魂会因深深地想念她而感到愉悦，情感的洪流渐渐涌动，温暖着他的灵魂，她的眼眸里闪耀的活泼神气不断给他情感的火焰增添新的燃料，那么一开始他就应该设法寻求一种快速的自救方法，让理智提高警惕以帮助他保卫心灵的城堡，关闭通向感官和欲望的道路，使其不能强行通过或蒙混过关。若火焰被熄灭了，危险也就消失了。但是，如果它（这种情感）坚持了下来并且不断生长，那他就该知道自己被俘虏了，这时这个侍臣就应该避开庸俗激情的所有丑陋，接受理智的指引，走上圣洁的爱情之路。他应该想清楚的第一件事就是，身体是美寄居的躯壳而不是美的源泉，与此相反，美是非物质的，是如我们所说的超自然的光芒，当它与最基本和易变质的事物融合在一起时，会失去它大部分的高贵本性：因为越是完美，它所包含的物质内容越少，而当与物质完全脱离时，美才达到最完美的境界。他也必须清楚，正如人不能用味蕾来听，不能用耳朵闻一样，美以及它在我们的灵魂中激发出来的渴望绝对无法通过触觉得到满足，而只能通过真正能够将美视为客体的东西，即视觉器官来满足。因此，他应该忽略这些感官的盲目判断而是用眼睛欣赏他所爱的女人的光辉、优雅、可爱的热情、微笑、言谈举止以及其他令人愉悦的装饰。同样，他应该用听觉来欣赏她甜美的声音，优雅的言谈，如果她是一位音乐家，也要欣赏她的音乐。通过这两种不关乎肉欲却为理性服务的感官渠道，他能够用最令人愉悦的食粮滋养他的灵魂，而不会让对肉体的渴求激起任何不纯洁的欲望。另外，他应带着最高的敬意去尊重、取悦并服从他爱的女人，比珍惜自己更加珍惜他的爱人，把她的舒适和快乐放在首位，爱她躯体的美更爱她灵魂的美。因此，他必须竭尽全力使她免于走上歧途，通过他的睿智和告诫使她变得谦恭、温和，真正地拥有道德；他还必须让她的思想保持纯洁，不受任何恶念的玷污。因此通过在她那可爱灵魂的花园里播种美德，他将收获完美无瑕的举止，品尝果实甘美的味道。这将是真正的在美中创造美，在美中体现美，有人说这就

是爱的目的。通过这种方式，我们的侍臣会深得爱人的欢心，她也总是会那么顺从、迷人、温柔、渴望取悦于他并得到他的爱；他们二人的渴望是非常纯洁、和谐的，因此他们也会非常幸福。”

接着莫雷罗阁下说道：“在现实生活中，这种在美中创造美一定是指让那美丽的女人生一个漂亮的孩子；在我看来，以这种方式取悦她所爱的人更能表明她对他的爱，比你提到的温柔好得多。”

贝博笑着回答说：“你不能越界，莫雷罗阁下；一个女人在把她所珍视的美给予她的爱人的时候，不仅仅是一种爱的象征，她也把通向她灵魂的途径给了他，即视觉和听觉，她的眼眸，她的面容，她的声音，她的话语无不深入她的爱人的心底，传达着她爱的证明。”

莫雷罗阁下接着说：“眼神和语言可能并且常常是虚假的证明。我认为任何不能作出更好承诺的爱都是最不确定的爱。说实话，我希望您能让您的女人比贵族阁下的女人对侍臣更加谦恭有礼、慷慨大度。然而，我认为你们双方的做法都像那些法官一样，为了显示自己的英明对自己人宣判。”

“我非常乐意，”贝博继续说道，“我说的这种女人对年长的侍臣比贵族阁下的女人对年轻的侍臣更加谦恭有礼，这是有充分理由的，因为我的侍臣只期望一切都很得体，而这些她可以很轻松地做到。然而贵族的女人，她的行为是否表现得谦恭有礼要视年轻的侍臣是否正派而定。因此，我的侍臣得到了所有他想要得到的东西，他也比另外一个更加快乐，因为另一个只满足了部分要求，其他部分却遭到了拒绝。为了使你们更好地了解理智的爱情比感性之恋更加幸福，我想说，有时候一种东西在感性之恋中应该否定，在理智的爱情中却应该给予支持。因为在前一种爱中这种东西显得不得体，而在后一种中却很合适。因此，为了取悦她那谦恭有礼的爱人，除了向他展露令人愉悦的笑容，亲密地和他说说悄悄话，自在地说说俏皮话，牵牵手，这位女士可能合情合理而又心

地纯洁地吻吻她的爱人。而根据贵族阁下的规则，感性之恋是不允许这样的。原因在于，吻是身体与灵魂的结合，这里存在一种风险，即感性的爱人可能对身体的依恋大于灵魂；但是，理性的爱人却认为尽管嘴是身体的一部分，但是它也提供一种语言的渠道，而语言是对灵魂的解读，它同时也是人类呼吸和表达自己的精神的渠道。因此，理性的人吻他所爱的女人时非常愉悦，不是因为会激发任何不得体的欲望，而是因为他感觉到这种结合打开了彼此灵魂的大门，它们为共同的渴望所吸引，彼此注入对方的体内，彼此融合，每个人都拥有了两个灵魂，就仿佛由两部分组成的一个灵魂统辖着两个躯体。因此，这种吻可以被称为精神的结合而非肉体的结合，因为它对灵魂产生影响，使灵魂为它所吸引而与身体相分离。正因为如此，所有贞洁的爱人都渴望一吻，因为它代表灵魂的结合；所以在谈到爱情时，柏拉图曾经说过，接吻时，灵魂来到唇边，为的是离开身体。由于灵魂和感官所感知的事物是相互分离的，它与精神层面的完全结合可以用一个吻来表示。在他那借助灵感而创作的《雅歌》中，所罗门说：‘愿他用他的吻来吻我，’表达的愿望就是，让这种圣洁之爱把他的灵魂带向对圣洁之美的关注，通过与这种圣洁之美的亲密融合使自己的灵魂可以远离躯体。”

所有人都凝神倾听贝博的话，他停了一会儿接着说：

“既然你们让我告诉已经不再年轻的侍臣什么是真正幸福的爱情，我想引导他更进一步。因为停留在这一点是很危险的。原因在于，就像我们已经说过很多次的那样，灵魂强烈地倾向于感觉；尽管理智在选择的过程中很正确，并且意识到美并非源于肉体，还会制约不纯洁的欲望，但是，一直关注躯体的美会妨碍真正的判断。这样尽管不会导致什么罪恶，却会使分离的爱人十分痛苦。这是因为，如果躯体之美是存在的，它会给爱人的精神带来强烈的愉悦感，通过温暖他的内心，激起并且融化一些隐藏着的凝结的力量，这些力量被爱的温暖所滋养，因爱的温暖而流淌，充溢着他的内心，通过他的眼睛传达出那些精神，或那种

最为微妙的气息（包含着血液中最为纯洁、最为明亮的部分），一起来迎接她的美，并且为她的美装点上各式各样的装饰。结果，灵魂中充满了想象与愉悦；它既害怕又高兴；在体验快乐的同时也体验着神圣的事物所激发的那种敬畏和崇敬，灵魂似乎有些迷乱，它相信自己来到了天堂。

“因此，只关注躯体之美的人，一旦他所爱的女人离开，他的眼前一旦没有了那美的光辉，就会失去所有的美好和幸福，结果，他的灵魂也枯萎了。因为她的美的远离，往日她在时的那种柔情不再涌来温暖他的心。而他身体的各个感觉器官开始变得干涸；然而对于她美的记忆仍然能在他的灵魂中激起一点力量，使它们能够试图将这些精神发泄出来。尽管它们的路途被阻塞，没有任何出口，但还是努力着去挣脱，它们被痛苦包围着，于是就开始戳刺灵魂使它痛苦万分，这就像孩子们的牙齿开始从柔软的牙龈中生长出来的感觉一样。它会让爱人们流泪、叹息、痛苦、烦忧，因为他们的灵魂一直处于痛苦和混乱中，它愤怒、生气直到它所珍视的美再一次出现在眼前，才突然冷静下来，又开始呼吸，它深深沉醉，从眼前的美食中汲取力量，并希望永远不要再离开这个令人着迷的景象。因此，为摆脱由于分离而造成的痛苦，享受美而不受苦，侍臣应该借助理智将他的欲望完全从躯体转向美本身。他应该在能力所及的范围内尽力思考美本身的简单与纯洁，在自己的想象中创造出一种有别于任何物质形态的抽象美，使它为自己的灵魂所喜爱和珍视，永远在灵魂中享受着它，日日夜夜，不论何时何地，不需害怕失去它；而他也会记得，躯体与美是完全不同的，而且躯体只会削减而非提升美。通过这种方式，我们那年长的侍臣将会使自己远离痛苦和忧伤，不会再经历年轻的侍臣们经历过的嫉妒、怀疑、不屑、生气、绝望和暴怒，最后一种情绪有时会把他们引上歧途，有些人不仅伤害了他们爱的女人，甚至还赔上了自己的性命。而年长的侍臣则不会伤害自己所爱的女人的丈夫、父亲、兄弟或她的家庭，他不会令她蒙羞，也不会时常被迫转移目光，谨言慎行，害怕暴露自己的渴望，或者在离开她时遭受痛

苦。因为他会永远把这种珍贵的情感藏在心中，而且通过想象的力量，使她的美比在现实中的更加可爱。

“然而，如果他决定把这份爱当作阶梯，借此走向一个更伟大的境界，那么在众多的益处中他将会发现一个更加美妙的益处；这是完全有可能的，因为如果他不断地反思自己，就会发现把自己的思想局限在一个躯体上是多么狭隘。为了脱离这种思想的局限，他会逐渐地为头脑中的美增加很多装饰，通过把他头脑中想到的所有美的形式都连接在一起，并将各种形式统一起来，简化成一种单一的美，这种统一笼罩着人类本性的整体。因此，他不会再考虑某一个女人的美，而是会考虑那种装点了所有人的共同之美。这种美的光辉更加耀眼，让他惊叹不已，因此，他不再重视某个女人的美；在这种更纯净的火焰中，往日他视若珍宝的东西，变得毫无价值。现在，处于这种境界的爱，尽管高尚，很少有人能达到，但仍然不能称为完美的爱。因为人类的想象力来自于身体的感官，只能通过感官输送的数据来获取信息，所以它也不能完全清除物质中有害的一面。所以，尽管它对人类共同之美能通过抽象和简化的方法进行加工，但其结果却很模糊，不确定，因为它的形成与身体还是有着密切的关系；因此，达到这种爱的境界的人就仿佛刚刚长出羽毛的雏鸟，用柔弱的翅膀可以支撑着飞行一段路，但不敢远离鸟巢，也不敢勇敢地迎着风，飞向广阔的天空。

“因此，当我们的侍臣达到了这种爱的境界时，尽管可以说与那些仍然沉浸在感性之恋的痛苦中的人相比，他大多时候是幸福的，但我希望他不要满足，而要在爱的宏伟道路上继续勇往直前，朝着真正的幸福迈进。因此，与其将他的思想集中于外部世界，就像那些关注躯体之美的人，不如让他关注自己的内心，思索他心灵看到的一切，从而看透因注重躯体美而被忽略的内在美。因此去除所有的邪恶，通过学习真正的哲学，朝着高尚的精神世界，在智慧的不断磨砺下，灵魂开始转向对自身的思考，仿佛从沉睡中醒来，张开了眼睛，这样的眼睛原本是人人都

有的，但很少有人通过它看到向它传递的那束光——天使之美的真正面目，而反过来它又将一个模糊的印象反映在躯体上。因此，当心灵对世俗的一切视而不见的时候，就对来自天堂的一切张开了眼睛；有时当身体的感官完全陷入这种冥思苦想，或进入梦乡的时候，在没有任何干扰的情况下，心灵才真正品味到天使之美的味道，心灵因那束美妙的光线而欣喜若狂，开始燃烧，开始追逐，它如此地热切、迷醉、忘我，时刻想要与那种美融为一体。因为那时心灵相信它发现了上帝的踪迹，思考它的过程就是对终极的宁静和快乐追寻的过程。因此，在这种最令人愉悦的火焰中，它升华到了最高贵的部分，即智慧层面；在那里，它不再被俗世的黑夜所笼罩，它领悟到了圣洁之美。尽管这样，它也并非完美无瑕地享受着这种境界，因为它仅仅以自己的智慧在思考，而它的智慧还不足以完全领悟那无限的济世之美。因此，爱不仅仅给人带来很多益处，它还会给心灵带来更大的幸福。因为正如它引导心灵从个体的躯体之美转向济世之美，它还将指导心灵从个体的智慧走向普世的智慧，从而到达完美的最高境界。从那里，心灵燃烧着真爱的圣火，飞翔起来与天使的本性融合在一起，它不仅抛弃了感官，甚至连理智本身也不需要了。因为，已经化身为天使的它，了解所有智慧层面的东西，眼前不再有迷雾，不再有乌云，可以凝视广阔的圣洁之美的海洋，享受着感官无法体会的至高的幸福。

“我们每天都用那被乌云遮蔽的眼睛看到存在于堕落躯壳中的美（即使是这样也仅仅是梦幻和模糊的影子），觉得它们是那么可爱，那么优雅，它们常常在我们的内心深处燃起最为热烈的火焰，带来如此的愉悦，从而觉得没有什么能与被自己深爱的女人看上一眼带来的幸福相提并论。所以可想而知，当我们看到那种圣洁之美时会怎样的快乐无比，心中一定会充满了神圣的敬仰！多么可爱的火焰，多么令人沉醉的火焰，我们相信它必然是源自于最崇高、最真实的美，这种美是其他所有美的源泉，恒久不变，永远美丽，最为质朴，毫无瑕疵；仿佛仅仅展现自我，仅仅奉献自我；然而，它是如此美丽，以至于所有其他的美好

事物都从它那里汲取美丽。这就是与至善密不可分的美，它的光辉呼唤着、吸引着周围的一切，它不仅把智慧、理智、感觉和对生命的渴望赐予配得上这些能力的人，还将坚定和其他特有的品质赐予岩石和植物，给它们也打上美的印记。因此，这种爱，与其他的相比更伟大、更幸福，因为产生它的源泉更伟大。所以，正如物质的火焰能够炼出金子，这最圣洁的火焰毁掉我们灵魂中一切世俗的东西，而滋养和美化原来被感官埋没的超凡脱俗的部分。这就是诗人笔下俄塔山顶上烧死大力神赫拉克勒斯[24]的火焰，经过火的洗礼，重生的他成为永生的神灵；这就是摩西[25]手中那燃烧的荆棘，是分开的火舌，是以利亚[26]那燃烧的战车，当它离开大地飞向天空之际，那些有幸看到它高贵灵魂的人感到无比的荣耀和幸福。让我们把灵魂中所有的思想，所有的力量都引向这最为圣洁的光芒，指引我们通向天堂的路途。跟随着它，抛弃那些虚假的激情，让我们顺着阶梯攀爬，那最低的一级承载的是感官之美，最终通向那容纳着超凡脱俗，令人钦羡的真正的美的宫殿，它藏身在万能的上帝的幽居之地，凡夫俗子的眼睛是看不到的。在这里，我们能为欲望找到一个真正幸福的结局，能真正结束劳累得到安歇，为悲伤找到慰藉，为疾病找到灵药，为这动荡的一生找到躲避暴风雨的港湾。

“噢，最圣洁的爱，什么样的言语才能把你赞美？您充满了美、善良和智慧，你的源泉在于美、善良和神圣智慧的结合，你居于斯，又永久地回归它的怀抱。你优雅地把整个宇宙连接起来，就在圣洁和凡尘之间，你善意地安排上天，让它给凡尘以指引，让人们的思想回归本源，从而将他们连接在一起。你把这些因素和谐地融为一体，激发大自然去孕育生命并把所有的生命推向永恒。你把分离的东西合并在一起，把不完美变得完美，把不同变成相似，把对手化为朋友，给大地带来果实，给大海带来平和，给天空带来赐予生命的光芒。你是真正的快乐、福祉、和平、温柔和善良之父；你是粗野和卑劣的仇敌；你是所有美好的起点和终结；由于你喜欢栖息在美丽的躯体和灵魂的深处，而且有时候愿意向那些你喜爱的人展示自己，我相信，此时此刻你就居于我们之

中。噢，上帝啊，请倾听我们的祈祷，把您的光辉注入我们的内心，用您那最圣洁的火焰的光芒为我们驱散黑暗，就像一位可信的向导，为我们指明走出迷宫的路。更正我们的感官错误，在我们长时间的妄想迷乱后，让我们知道什么才是真正的美。给我们的智慧增添灵性的香气，让我们与圣洁协调一致，再没有空间容纳激情的纷争。使我们的灵魂沉醉于永不干涸的满足之泉，让它永远愉悦，永远满足，谁喝了它那清澈的活水谁就能品尝到真正祝福的味道。您的光辉驱散了蒙住我们双眼的无知的迷瘴，因此它们不再赞誉世俗的美，它们也认识到第一眼看到的不是真实，相反，没有看到的才是真实。请接受我们灵魂的奉献，让它们在烧毁一切尘世渣滓的火焰中燃烧，浴火重生并与超凡脱俗之美永久地结合，而我们，从自我奴役中解放出来的我们，就像真正的爱侣能被转变成为我们爱的客体，飞向天空，参加天使的盛宴，那里有仙肴和琼浆玉液，这样，我们就可以幸福终老，就像先祖一样，通过思想的伟大力量，他们的灵魂与肉体分开，最终与上帝融为一体。”

贝博以这种激动的语气谈了这么多，仿佛出离了自己本身，而后他变得沉静缄默，仰望着天空，仿佛有些茫然了。艾米莉亚夫人和其他人全神贯注地倾听了他所有的谈话，然后，她拉了拉他长袍的褶边，说道：

“小心啊，皮埃特罗，虽然你有这种想法，但可别让你的灵魂出了窍啊。”

“夫人，”皮埃特罗回答说，“这可不是爱在我身上发生的第一个奇迹。”

随后伯爵夫人和其他所有人都再一次坚持让贝博继续说下去；几乎每一个人都感觉到了激发贝博思想的那个神圣之爱的火花。他们都急切地想听到更多，但他说道：

“先生们，我已经把有关圣洁之爱这个话题所激发出来的想法都说完了。现在这种灵感好像消逝了，我不知道该说什么；我想关于爱这个话题我不能再深入下去了，侍臣们听我说了这么多，也许他们有补充；因此，可能我的话就到此为止吧。”

“确实是，”伯爵夫人说道，“年长的侍臣如若能够遵循你刚才向他展示的光明大道，他确实会为自己莫大的幸福感到满足而不会嫉妒年轻人。”

然后塞萨尔·贡萨加评论说：“在我看来，通向幸福的路途太过陡峭，我认为没什么人能够通过。”

其后，加斯帕雷阁下评论道：“我认为这条道路对男人来说很难，对女人来说是不可能的。”

艾米莉亚夫人笑了，她说道：

“加斯帕雷阁下，如果你再这样冒犯我们，我保证不再原谅你。”

加斯帕雷阁下回答说：“说女人的灵魂不像男人那样被激情所涤荡，或不像男人那样善于思考，就像皮埃特罗所说的，如果要品味圣洁之爱就必须这样，这可不是对女人的冒犯。因此，我们从没在哪本书上读到女人获得过这种恩赐，但我们却听说许多男人有，比如，柏拉图、苏格拉底、柏罗丁[27]以及其他许多人；同样的，我们的先祖中也有许多这样的人，比如说圣弗朗西斯，他身上有爱的信使为他印上的五个最神圣的印记。还有，爱的力量让圣徒保罗说出无人敢讲的秘密，并为圣徒史蒂芬指明天路的出口。”

随后，尊贵的朱利亚诺回答说：

“在这一点上，女人丝毫不比男人逊色：因为苏格拉底自己承认他

所知道的爱的所有秘密都是一个女人向他揭示的，那就是著名的狄奥提玛[28]，用爱的火焰戳刺圣弗朗西斯的天使也让我们这个时代的几个女人拥有同样的印记。你们也应该记得，由于爱，抹大拉的马利亚[29]的许多罪孽都得到了原谅，与圣保罗相比可能她的优雅并不逊色，由于天使之爱，她多次被带到耶和华的居所。你们也应该记得其他许多人，比如我昨天谈了很久的那些人，为了上帝的爱的名义，不顾自己的生命，他们不惧怕酷刑，或任何形式的死亡，不管那有多么可怕，多么残酷。她们不像皮埃特罗期望的侍臣那么年迈，只是娇弱的女子，并且正处在容易让男人想入非非的芳龄。”

加斯帕雷阁下正准备回答，但是伯爵夫人说道：

“让皮埃特罗·贝博来做裁判，让我们都遵照他的意见来判断女人是否和男人一样能够拥有圣洁之爱。但是，你们的辩论可能会持续很长时间，我们还是推迟到明天再谈吧。”

“应该说是今天晚上吧。”塞萨尔·贡萨加说道。

“为什么是今天晚上呢？”伯爵夫人问道。

塞萨尔回答说：“因为天已经亮了。”他向她指了指从窗缝里漏进来的阳光。随后他们都站起身，十分吃惊，因为没有感觉到讨论的时间比平时更长，但是由于他们开始的比平时晚了很多，而且谈得更有兴致，这些先生们是如此全神贯注，谁也没注意到时间的流逝，也没有人感觉到疲倦：在平时该睡觉的时间还醒着通常会有这种感觉。所以当宫殿里正对着卡瑞亚山那高耸山巅的一侧的窗子被打开时，他们看到，黎明已经降临东方，天空晕染得像一朵娇艳的玫瑰，所有的星星都隐遁了，只剩下那天空的女主人，金星维纳斯，守卫着日和夜的边界。从那里，好像吹起一阵微风，空气随之充满了刺骨严寒，四周的小山上，树林婆娑低语，鸟儿从睡梦中被唤醒，开始愉快地歌唱。随后，所有的人都恭敬

地向伯爵夫人告别，准备回自己的房间去了，谁也没用火把，因为天光已经足够明亮；而在他们就要走出房门时，行政官转过身对伯爵夫人说道：

“夫人，为了解决加斯帕雷阁下和贵族先生之间的争论，今晚我们和裁判来得会比昨天早啊。”

艾米莉亚夫人回答说：“如果加斯帕雷阁下想批评女性，或像往常一样诋毁她们，他就该遭到审判，因为我要控告他是有失公正的人。”

[1]费德里科公爵：即费德里科二世，于1444年接手管理乌尔比诺公国，1474年正式成为乌尔比诺大公，一直执政到1482年。——译者注

[2]萨卢斯特（Sallst）：古罗马历史学家和政治家。——译者注

[3]恺撒（Caesar）：古罗马的将军、政治家。——译者注

[4]瓦罗（Varre）：古罗马政治家、学者。——译者注

[5]埃斯基涅斯（Aeschines）：古希腊演说家。——译者注

[6]狄摩西尼（Demosthenes）：古希腊雄辩家。——译者注

[7]洛多维科伯爵提到的四个意大利语单词的意思分别是：满意的、正直的、事业、人民。

[8]卡图卢斯（Catullus）：古罗马诗人。——译者注

[9]伊格内修（Egnatius）：卡图卢斯诗中的一个人物。——译者注

[10]亚西比德（Alcibiades）：古希腊雅典政客和将领。——译者注

[11]西庇阿·阿非利加努斯（Scipio Africanus，公元前237—前183）：古罗马统帅。——译者注

[12]色诺芬（Xenophon，公元前431—前355？）：古希腊将领、历史学家，苏格拉底的学生，率一万希腊雇佣军参加波斯王子小塞勒斯反对其兄阿塔泽克西兹二世的战争，远征到达黑海，著有《远征记》《希腊史》《回忆苏格拉底》等。——译者注

[13]卢库勒斯（Luculus，公元前117—前56）：罗马将军和执政官。——译者注

[14]苏拉（Sulla，公元前138—前78）：古罗马统帅、独裁者。早年参加对努米底亚国古朱古达和对北方日耳曼人的战争，并任大法官。——译者注

[15]庞培（Pompey，公元前106—前48）：罗马共和国的政治家和将领之一。——译者注

[16]布鲁特斯（Brutus，85？—42）：古罗马政治家和将军，图谋暗杀恺撒。——译者注

[17]赛壬（Sirens）：海妖，以美丽的歌声迷惑海上船员的妖怪。——译者注

[18]厄毗米修斯（Epimetheus）：普罗米修斯的兄弟，被称为“后知者”。——译者注

[19]弥涅耳瓦（Minerva）：古罗马神话中智慧和技术及工艺之神。——译者注

[20]伏尔坎（Vulcan）：天神朱庇特之子，灵魂和才智十分卓越。——译者注

[21]墨丘利（Mercury）：罗马神话中朱庇特与女神迈亚所生的儿子，担任诸神的使者和传译。——译者注

[22]撒敦（Saturn）：罗马神话中的农业之神。——译者注

[23]斯泰西科拉斯（Stesichorus）：公元前六世纪希腊抒情诗人。传说因为他用情不专，背叛了山林女神娜伊爱斯（Naias），爱上了西西里国王的女儿，眼睛被山林女神弄瞎。——译者注

[24]赫拉克勒斯（Hercules）：罗马神话中的大力神。——译者注

[25]摩西（Moses）：犹太教、基督教故事中古以色列人首领，曾率领古以色列人出埃及。——译者注

[26]以利亚（Elias）：公元前九世纪以色列的先知，见《圣经·列王记》。——译者注

[27]柏罗丁（Plotinus）：古罗马哲学家，新柏拉图学派主要代表，亚历山大里亚-罗马新柏拉图学派创始人，提出“流溢说”，著有《九章集》。——译者注

[28]狄奥提玛（Diotima）：女祭司，她教导了苏格拉底有关爱的知识。——译者注

[29]抹大拉的马利亚（Mary Magdalene）：耶稣最著名的门徒之一，耶稣曾从其身上逐出七个恶鬼，一直以被耶稣拯救的妓女形象出现在基督教的传说中。——译者注

Baldesar Castiglione

How to Achieve True Greatness

TRANSLATED BY
GEORGE BULL

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The First Book of the Courtier

I have spent a long time wondering, my dear Alfonso, which of two things was the more difficult for me: either to refuse what you have asked me so often and so insistently, or to do it. On the one hand, it seemed to me to be very hard to refuse anything, and especially something praiseworthy, to one whom I love dearly and by whom I feel I am very dearly loved; yet on the other hand, to embark on a project which I was uncertain of being able to finish seemed wrong to one who respects adverse criticism as much as it ought to be respected. Eventually, after a great deal of thought, I have made up my mind to find out how diligent I can be when helped by affection and the anxiety to please, which usually act as a sharp spur to all kinds of activity.

Now your request is that I should describe what, in my view, is the form of courtiership most appropriate for a gentleman living at the Courts of princes, by which he will have the knowledge and the ability to serve them in every reasonable thing, winning their favour and the praise of others. In short, you want to know what kind of man must be one who deserves the name of a perfect courtier and has no shortcomings whatsoever. Considering this request, I must say that, if I did not think it a greater fault to be judged wanting in love by you than wanting in prudence by others, I would have rejected the task, for fear of being accused of rashness by all those who know how difficult an undertaking it is to select from all the many and various customs followed at the Courts of Christendom the most perfect model and, as it were, the very flower of courtiership. For familiarity often causes the same things to be liked and disliked: and thus it sometimes happens that the customs, behaviour, ceremonies and ways of life approved of at one period of time grow to be looked down on, and those which were once looked down on come to be approved. So we can see clearly enough that usage is more effective than reason in introducing new things among us and in wiping out the old. And anyone who tries to judge what is perfect in these matters often deceives himself. Being well aware of this, therefore, and of the many other problems connected with the subject proposed to me, I am compelled to say something by way of excuse and to testify that what I am doing wrong (if it can be called so) you are responsible for as well, and that if I am to be

blamed for it you must share the blame. After all, you must be judged to be as much at fault in imposing on me a task greater than my resources as I am in having accepted it.

But let us now begin to discuss the subject we have chosen and, if it is possible, create a courtier so perfect that the prince who is worthy of his service, even though his dominion is small, can count himself a truly great ruler. In these books we shall not follow any strict order or list a series of precepts, as is the normal practice in teaching. Instead, following many writers of the ancient world, and reviving a pleasant memory, we shall recount some discussions which once took place among men who were singularly qualified in these matters. Even though I did not take part in them in person (being in England when they were held), they were faithfully reported to me soon after my return by someone who was present, and I shall endeavour to reproduce them as accurately as my memory allows so that you may discover what was held and thought on the subject by eminent men whose judgement can always be trusted completely. Nor will it be beside the purpose, in order to continue the story in logical order, to describe the occasion of the discussions that took place.

On the slopes of the Apennines, almost in the centre of Italy towards the Adriatic, is situated, as everyone knows, the little city of Urbino. Although it is surrounded by hills which are perhaps not as agreeable as those found in many other places, none the less it has been favoured by Nature with a very rich and fertile countryside, so that as well as a salubrious atmosphere it enjoys an abundance of all the necessities of life. Among the blessings and advantages that can be claimed for it, I believe the greatest is that for a long time now it has been governed by outstanding rulers, even though in the turmoils into which Italy was plunged by war it was for a time deprived of them. Without looking any further, we can find a splendid example in Duke Federico of glorious memory, who in his day was the light of Italy. Nor are there lacking today any number of reliable witnesses to his prudence, humanity, justice, generosity and unconquerable spirit, and to his military skill, which was brilliantly attested by his many victories, his ability to capture impregnable places, his swift and decisive expeditions, his having routed many times with few troops great and formidable armies, and his never having lost a single battle. So we can fairly compare him with many famous men of the ancient world. Among his other commendable enterprises,

Duke Federico built on the rugged site of Urbino a palace which many believe to be the most beautiful in all Italy; and he furnished it so well and appropriately that it seemed more like a city than a mere palace. For he adorned it not only with the usual objects, such as silver vases, wall-hangings of the richest cloth of gold, silk and other similar material, but also with countless antique statues of marble and bronze, with rare pictures, and with every kind of musical instrument; nor would he tolerate anything that was not most rare and outstanding. Then, at great cost, he collected a large number of the finest and rarest books, in Greek, Latin and Hebrew, all of which he adorned with gold and silver, believing that they were the crowning glory of his great palace.

Following, therefore, the course of Nature, and being already sixty-five years old, Duke Federico died as gloriously as he had lived, leaving as his heir his only son, a little, motherless boy of ten named Guidobaldo. And Guidobaldo seemed to inherit not only his father's state but all his virtues as well, immediately showing in his marvellous disposition the promise of more than can be expected from a mortal man. In consequence, it was widely said that of all the wonderful things that Duke Federico had done, the greatest was to have fathered such a son. But envious of his great qualities, Fortune set herself with all her might to frustrate what had begun so nobly, with the result that before he was yet twenty years old Duke Guido fell sick with the gout which, inflicting terrible pain, grew steadily worse and within a short space of time crippled him so badly that he could neither stand nor walk. Thus one of the best and most handsome men in the whole world was deformed and ruined while still of tender age. Not satisfied even with this, Fortune so opposed him in all his projects that he rarely succeeded in what he undertook and although he was a man of mature deliberation and unconquerable spirit, everything he set his hand to, whether in arms or anything else, great or small, always ended unhappily, as we can see from the many diverse calamities which befell him, and which he always bore with such fortitude that his will was never crushed by fate. On the contrary, with great resilience and spirit, he despised the blows of Fortune, living the life of a healthy and happy man, despite sickness and adversity, and achieving true dignity and universal renown. Thus even though he was infirm, he campaigned with a most honourable rank in the service of their Serene Highnesses Kings Alfonso and Ferdinand the Younger of Naples, and subsequently with Pope

Alexander VI as well as the Signories of Venice and Florence. Then, after the accession of Pope Julius II, he was made Captain of the Church; and during this time, following his customary style of life, he saw to it that his household was filled with very noble and worthy gentlemen, with whom he lived on the most familiar terms, delighting in their company. In this the pleasure he caused others was no less than what he received, for he was very well versed in both Latin and Greek, and possessed as well as an affable and charming nature, an infinite range of knowledge. Moreover, his indomitable spirit so spurred him on that, even though he himself was unable to take part in chivalrous activities, as he once used to, he loved to see them pursued by others, and he would show his fine judgement when commenting on what they did, correcting or praising each one according to his merits. So in jousts and tournaments, in riding, in handling every kind of weapon, as well as in the festivities, games and musical performances, in short, in all the activities appropriate to a well-born gentleman, everyone at his Court strove to behave in such a way as to deserve to be judged worthy of the Duke's noble company.

So all day and every day at the Court of Urbino was spent on honourable and pleasing activities both of the body and the mind. But since the Duke always retired to his bedroom soon after supper, because of his infirmity, as a rule at that hour everyone went to join the Duchess, Elisabetta Gonzaga, with whom was always to be found signora Emilia Pia, a lady gifted with such a lively wit and judgement, as you know, that she seemed to be in command of all and to endow everyone else with her own discernment and goodness. In their company polite conversations and innocent pleasantries were heard, and everyone's face was so full of laughter and gaiety that the house could truly be called the very inn of happiness. And I am sure that the delight and enjoyment to be had from loving and devoted companionship were never experienced elsewhere as they once were in Urbino. For, apart from the honour it was for each of us to be in the service of a ruler such as I described above, we all felt supremely happy whenever we came into the presence of the Duchess; and this sense of contentment formed between us a bond of affection so strong that even between brothers there could never have been such harmonious agreement and heartfelt love as there was among us all. It was the same with the ladies, whose company we all enjoyed very freely and innocently, since everyone was allowed to talk and sit, make jokes and laugh

with whom he pleased, though such was the respect we had for the wishes of the Duchess that the liberty we enjoyed was accompanied by the most careful restraint. And without exception everyone considered that the most pleasurable thing possible was to please her and the most displeasing thing in the world was to earn her displeasure. So for these reasons in her company the most decorous behaviour proved compatible with the greatest freedom, and in her presence our games and laughter were seasoned both with the sharpest witticisms and with a gracious and sober dignity. For the modesty and nobility which informed every act, word and gesture of the Duchess, in jest and laughter, caused even those seeing her for the first time to recognize that she was a very great lady. It seemed, from the way in which she influenced those around her, that she tempered us all to her own character and quality, so that everyone endeavoured to imitate her personal way of behaviour, deriving as it were a model of fine manners from the presence of so great and talented a woman, whose high qualities I do not intend to describe now, since this is not to my purpose and they are well known to all the world, apart from being beyond the reach of whatever I could say or write. But I must add that those qualities in the Duchess which might have remained somewhat hidden, Fortune, as if admiring such rare virtues, chose to reveal through many adversities and harsh blows, in order to demonstrate that in the tender soul of a woman, and accompanied by singular beauty, there may also dwell prudence and a courageous spirit and all those virtues very rarely found even in the staunchest of men.

To continue, let me say that it was the custom for all the gentlemen of the house to go, immediately after supper, to the rooms of the Duchess; and there, along with pleasant recreations and enjoyments of various kinds, including constant music and dancing, sometimes intriguing questions were asked, and sometimes ingenious games played (now on the suggestion of one person and now of another) in which, using various ways of concealment, those present revealed their thoughts in allegories to this person or that. And occasionally, there would be discussions on various subjects, or there would be a sharp exchange of spontaneous witticisms; and often 'emblems', as we call them nowadays, were devised for the occasion. And everyone enjoyed these exchanges immensely, since, as I have said, the house was full of very noble and talented persons.

[. . .]

The rule was that as soon as anyone came into the presence of the Duchess he would take his place in a circle, sitting down wherever he wished or wherever he happened to find himself; the group was arranged alternately one man and one woman, as long as there were women, for invariably they were outnumbered by the men. Then the company was governed according to the wishes of the Duchess, who usually left this task to signora Emilia. So the day after the Pope's departure, they all assembled in the customary place at the usual time, and after many pleasant discussions, the Duchess decided that signora Emilia should begin the games.

[. . .]

Everyone was waiting for signora Emilia when without saying a word to Bembo she turned to Federico Fregoso and indicated that he should say what game he would suggest; and he immediately began as follows:

'Madam, [. . .] To teach a lesson to the many fools who in their presumption and absurdity think they are entitled to be called good courtiers, I would like our game this evening to be this: that one of us should be chosen and given the task of depicting in words a perfect courtier, explaining the character and the particular qualities needed by anyone who deserves such a title. And, just as in philosophical disputations, if anything is said which does not seem appropriate, each of us may be allowed to contradict.'

Federico was continuing to speak, when signora Emilia interrupted him to say:'If the Duchess wishes, this will be our game for this evening.'

And the Duchess answered:'Yes, that is my wish.'

Then almost without exception all those who were present began to say among themselves and to the Duchess that this was the best game of all; and hardly waiting to hear each other talk, they all urged signora Emilia to decide who should make a start. So, turning to the Duchess, she said:

'Decide, madam, who it is you wish to undertake this task; for I don't want in choosing one rather than another to appear to be judging whom I think the most capable, and so give offence.'

The Duchess answered:'No, you must make the choice yourself; and take care lest by disobeying me you set a bad example to the others to do the same.'

Then, with a smile, signora Emilia said to Count Lodovico da Canossa:

'Well, then, so that we won't lose any more time, you will be the one to undertake the task as described by Federico. Not, let me say, that we believe you are such a fine courtier that you know what befits one, but because if you say everything contrariwise, as we hope you will, then the game will be still better since everyone will have a reason for challenging you, whereas if the task were given to someone knowing more than you do, no one could contradict anything he said, since it would be the truth, and so the game would prove very dull.'

The Count immediately retorted:

'But, madam, since you are present we need have no fear that the truth would go unchallenged.

[. . .]

'Let me start by saying that to recognize true perfection in anything is so difficult as to be scarcely possible; and this because of the way opinions vary. Thus there are many who like to hear someone talking a great deal and who will call him an agreeable companion. Some will prefer reticence; others an active and restless man; others one who always acts with calmness and deliberation; and so everyone praises or condemns according to his own opinion, always camouflaging a vice under the name of the corresponding virtue, or a virtue under the name of the corresponding vice. For example, a presumptuous man will be called frank, a modest man, dull; a simple-minded man, good; a rascal, shrewd; and so on and so forth. Still, I do think there is a perfection for everything, even though it may be concealed, and I also think that this perfection can be determined through informed and reasoned argument. And since, as I have said, the truth is often concealed and I do not claim to be informed, I can only praise courtiers of the kind I esteem myself and approve what seems to my limited judgement to be nearest to what is correct; and you can follow my judgement if it seems good, or keep to your own if it differs. Nor shall I argue that mine is better than yours, for not only can you think one thing and I another but I myself can think one thing at one time and something else another time.'

*

The Count then continued:'so, for myself, I would have our courtier of noble birth and good family, since it matters far less to a common man if he fails to perform virtuously and well than to a nobleman. For if a gentleman strays from the path of his forbears, he dishonours his family name and not only fails to achieve anything but loses what has already been achieved. Noble birth is like a bright lamp that makes dear and visible both good deeds and bad, and inspires and incites to high performance as much as fear of dishonour or hope of praise; and since their deeds do not possess such noble brilliance, ordinary people lack both this stimulus and the fear of dishonour; nor do they believe that they are bound to surpass what was achieved by their forbears. Whereas to people of noble birth it seems reprehensible not to attain at least the standard set them by their ancestors. Thus as a general rule, both in arms and in other worthy activities, those who are most distinguished are of noble birth, because Nature has implanted in everything a hidden seed which has a certain way of influencing and passing on its own essential characteristics to all that grows from it, making it similar to itself. We see this not only in breeds of horses and other animals but also in trees, whose off shoots nearly always resemble the trunk; and if they sometimes degenerate, the fault lies with the man who tends them. So it happens with men, who, if they are well tended and properly brought up, nearly always resemble those from whom they spring, and are often even better; but if they have no one to give them proper attention, they grow wild and never reach maturity. It is true that, through the favour of the stars or of Nature, certain people come into the world endowed with such gifts that they seem not to have been born but to have been formed by some god with his own hands and blessed with every possible advantage of mind and body. Similarly, there are many to be found so uncouth and absurd that it can be believed simply that Nature was motivated by spite or mockery in bringing them into the world at all. Just as even with unceasing diligence and careful training the latter cannot usually be made to bear fruit, so with only the slightest effort the former reach the summit of excellence. And to give you an example, look at Don Ippolito d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara, whose fortunate birth has influenced his person, his appearance, his words and all his actions. Because of this favour, despite his youth, even among the most venerable cardinals he carries such weighty authority that he seems more suited to teach than to be taught. Similarly, when conversing with men and women of every sort, when playing or laughing or joking, he has such charming ways and such a gracious manner

that anyone who speaks to, or merely sets eyes on the Cardinal feels a lasting affection for him. However, to return to the subject, I say that between such supreme grace and such absurd folly can be found a middle way, and that those who are not perfectly endowed by Nature can, through care and effort, polish and to a great extent correct their natural defects. So in addition to noble birth, I would have the courtier favoured in this respect, too, and receive from Nature not only talent and beauty of countenance and person but also that certain air and grace that makes him immediately pleasing and attractive to all who meet him; and this grace should be an adornment informing and accompanying all his actions, so that he appears clearly worthy of the companionship and favour of the great.'

Then, refusing to wait any longer, signor Gaspare Pallavicino remarked:

'So that our game may proceed as it is meant to, and to show that we are not forgetting our privilege of contradicting, let me say that I do not believe that nobility of birth is necessary for the courtier. And if I thought I was saying something new to us, I would cite many people who, though of the most noble blood, have been wicked in the extreme, and, on the other hand, many of humble birth who, through their virtues, have won glory for their descendants. And if what you have just said is true, namely, that concealed in everything is the influence of its first seed, we should all be of the same character, since we all had the same beginning; nor would anyone be more noble than another. In fact, I hold that the various gradations of elevation and lowliness that exist among us have many other causes. The first and foremost is Fortune, who rules everything that happens in this world, and often appears to amuse herself by exalting whomever she pleases, regardless of merit, or hurling down those worthiest of being raised up. I fully concur with what you said about the happiness of those endowed at birth with all the perfections of mind and body; but this is seen among those of humble origins as well as those of noble birth, since Nature has no regard for these fine distinctions. On the contrary, as I have said, the finest gifts of Nature are often found in persons of very humble family. Therefore, since this nobility of birth is acquired neither through talent nor through force or skill, and is a matter for congratulating one's ancestors rather than oneself, it seems very odd to insist that, if the courtier's parents are of low birth, all his good qualities are spoilt and the other qualities you have mentioned are insufficient to bring him to the height of perfection: these being talent, good looks and disposition, and the

grace which makes a person always pleasing at first sight.'

Count Lodovico answered:'I do not deny that the same virtues can exist in men of low birth as in those of noble family. However, not to repeat what we have said already, let me give one more reason among many for praising nobility of birth, which, since it stands to reason that good should beget good, everyone always respects; and it is that (since we are to create a courtier without any defects, and endowed with every kind of merit) he must be a nobleman if only because of the immediate impression this makes on all concerned. For given two gentlemen of the Court, neither of whom as yet has shown what he is like by his actions, either good or bad, as soon as it is discovered that one of them was well born and the other not, the latter will be respected far less than the former, and only after a great deal of time and effort will he win the good opinion that the other acquires instantly, merely because of his nobility. It is well understood how important these impressions are, for, speaking of ourselves, we have seen men coming to this house who, although very stupid and dull, have been regarded throughout Italy as very great courtiers; and even though they were eventually found out, they still fooled us for a long time and sustained in our minds the opinion of themselves already formed before they arrived, despite the fact that their behaviour was in keeping with their lack of merit. We have seen others, who were regarded with very little favour to begin with, eventually meet with great success. Now there are various reasons for these mistakes, including the obstinacy of princes who, in the hope of achieving a miraculous transformation, sometimes deliberately favour someone who they know does not deserve it. Then again, sometimes they are themselves deceived; but, since princes always have countless imitators, their favour confers considerable fame which in turn influences the rest of us. And if people discover something that seems to contradict the prevailing opinion, they accept that they are mistaken and they always wait for some revelation. This is because it seems that what is universally believed must be based on true and reasonable grounds. Moreover, we are always most anxious to take sides either passionately for or against, as can be seen in public combats or games or any kind of contest, where the onlookers often for no clear reason favour one or other of the participants, desperately anxious that he should win and his opponent lose. Then as regards men's characters, their good or bad reputation, as soon as we hear of it, arouses in us either love or hatred, so that

for the most part we judge on the basis of one of these emotions. So you see how important are first impressions, and how hard a man must strive to give a good impression at the beginning if he is ambitious to win the rank and name of a good courtier.

'But to come to specific details, I judge that the first and true profession of the courtier must be that of arms; and this above everything else I wish him to pursue vigorously. Let him also stand out from the rest as enterprising, bold, and loyal to whomever he serves. And he will win a good reputation by demonstrating these qualities whenever and wherever possible, since failure to do so always incurs the gravest censure. Just as once a woman's reputation for purity has been sullied it can never be restored, so once the reputation of a gentleman-at-arms has been stained through cowardice or some other reproachful behaviour, even if only once, it always remains defiled in the eyes of the world and covered with ignominy. The more our courtier excels in this art, therefore, the more praise he will deserve, although I do not think he needs to have the professional knowledge of such things and the other qualities appropriate to a military commander. However, since the subject of what constitutes a great captain takes us into very deep waters, we shall be content, as we said, for the courtier to show complete loyalty and an undaunted spirit, and for these to be always in evidence. For men demonstrate their courage far more often in little things than in great. Very often in the face of appalling danger but where there are numerous witnesses one will find those who, though ready to drop dead with fear, driven on by shame or the presence of others, will press forward, with their eyes closed, and do their duty; and only God knows how. But in things of trifling importance, when they believe they can avoid danger without its being noticed, they are only too willing to play for safety. As for those who, even when they are sure they are not being observed or seen or recognized by anyone, are full of ardour and avoid doing anything, no matter how trivial, for which they would incur reproach, they possess the temper and quality we are looking for in our courtier. All the same, we do not wish the courtier to make a show of being so fierce that he is always blustering and bragging, declaring that he is married to his cuirass, and glowering with the haughty looks that we know only too well in Berto. To these may very fairly be said what a worthy lady once remarked jokingly, in polite company, to a certain man (I don't want just now to mention him by name) whom she had honoured

by asking him to dance and who not only refused but would not listen to music or take part in the many other entertainments offered, protesting all the while that such frivolities were not his business. And when at length the lady asked what his business was, he answered with a scowl:"Fighting . . ."

' "Well then," the lady retorted, "I should think that since you aren't at war at the moment and you are not engaged in fighting, it would be a good thing if you were to have yourself well greased and stowed away in a cupboard with all your fighting equipment, so that you avoid getting rustier than you are already."'

'And of course everyone burst out laughing at the way she showed her contempt for his stupid presumption.

'Therefore,' Count Lodovico went on, 'the man we are seeking should be fierce, rough and always to the fore, in the presence of the enemy; but anywhere else he should be kind, modest, reticent and anxious above all to avoid ostentation or the kind of outrageous selfglorification by which a man always arouses loathing and disgust among those who have to listen to him.'

'As for me,' signor Gaspare replied, 'I have very seldom known men who are any good at anything who do not praise themselves. It seems to me that it is only right to allow them to do so, since, when a man who knows he is of some worth sees what he does being ignored, he grows angry at the way his qualities are hidden from sight and is forced to reveal them in some way lest he be cheated of the honour which is the rightful prize for virtuous endeavour. Thus, among the writers of the ancient world, rarely does anyone of any worth refrain from praising himself. Those who praise themselves even though they lack merit are certainly intolerable; but then we assume that our courtier will not be one of them.'

At this, the Count said:

'If you were listening, what I did was to censure those who praise themselves extravagantly and brashly. But I certainly agree that it would be wrong to take exception when a worthy man indulges in some modest self-praise; indeed it is then more convincing than if it comes from someone else. What I am saying is that a man who praises himself in the right way, and does not cause envy or annoyance in doing so, is well within the bounds of discretion; and he deserves the praise of others as well as what he allows himself, because he is achieving something very difficult.'

'You must teach us how to do it,' remarked signor Gaspare.

'Well,' the Count replied, 'there are those who taught this among the writers of the ancient world. However, in my opinion it all depends on saying things in such a way that they do not seem to be spoken with that end in view, but are so very much to the purpose that one cannot refrain from saying them; and also on giving the impression of avoiding self-praise, while indulging in it: but not in the style of those braggarts who open their mouths and let the words pour out heedlessly. As one of our own did the other day, who, after he had had his thigh run through by a spear at Pisa, said he thought a fly had stung him; and another who said he didn't keep a looking-glass in his room because when he lost his temper his expression was so terrible that if he saw it he would frighten himself to death.'

Everyone laughed at this, but Cesare Gonzaga added:

'What are you laughing at? Don't you know that after Alexander the Great had heard that in the opinion of a certain philosopher there were countless other worlds, he began to weep, and when asked why he did so, he replied: "Because I haven't yet conquered a single one" – as if he had it in him to conquer them all? Doesn't this seem to you to be more boastful than that remark about the fly?'

Then the Count remarked:

'And Alexander was a greater man than the one who mentioned the fly. But surely we must forgive outstanding men when they presume too much of themselves? After all, a man who has to achieve great things must have the courage to do them and must have confidence in himself. He should not be cowardly or abject, though he should be modest in his words, presuming less of himself than he achieves and being careful, too, that his presumption does not turn to rashness.'

After the Count had fallen silent for a moment, Bernardo Bibbiena said, with a smile:

'I remember your saying earlier that this courtier of ours should be naturally endowed with beauty of countenance and person and with an attractive grace. Well, I feel sure that I possess both grace and beauty of countenance, and that's why so many women, as you know, are madly in love with me. But when it comes to the beauty of my person, I am rather doubtful, and especially as regards these legs of mine which do not seem to me to be as good as I would wish; still, as to my chest and so on, I am quite satisfied. So please explain in more detail about what shape of body one should have, so

that I can extricate myself from doubt and put my mind at rest.'

After everyone had laughed at this for a moment, the Count said:

'Certainly it's no lie to say that you possess the grace of countenance that I mentioned, and I have no need of any other example to illustrate it; for undoubtedly we can see that your appearance is very agreeable and pleasing to all, even if your features are not very delicate, though then again you manage to appear both manly and graceful. This is a quality found in many different kinds of faces. And I would like our courtier to have the same aspect. I don't want him to appear soft and feminine as so many try to do, when they not only cuff their hair and pluck their eyebrows but also preen themselves like the most wanton and dissolute creatures imaginable. Indeed, they appear so effeminate and languid in the way they walk, or stand, or do anything at all, that their limbs look as if they are about to fall apart; and they pronounce their words in such a drawling way that it seems as if they are about to expire on the spot. And the more they find themselves in the company of men of rank, the more they carry on like that. Since Nature has not in fact made them the ladies they want to seem and be, they should be treated not as honest women but as common whores and be driven out from all gentlemanly society, let alone the Courts of great lords.

'Then, as for the physical appearance of the courtier, I would say that all that is necessary is that he should be neither too small nor too big, since either of these two conditions causes a certain contemptuous wonder and men built in this way are stared at as if they were monsters. However, if one is forced to choose between the two evils, then it is better to be on the small side than unduly large; for men who are so huge are often found to be rather thick-headed, and moreover, they are also unsuited for sport and recreation, which I think most important for the courtier. So I wish our courtier to be well built, with finely proportioned members, and I would have him demonstrate strength and lightness and suppleness and be good at all the physical exercises befitting a warrior. Here, I believe, his first duty is to know how to handle expertly every kind of weapon, either on foot or mounted, to understand all their finer points, and to be especially well informed about all those weapons commonly used among gentlemen. For apart from their use in war, when perhaps the finer points may be neglected, often differences arise between one gentleman and another and lead to duels, and very often the weapons used are those that come immediately to hand. So, for safety's sake,

it is important to know about them. And I am not one of those who assert that all skill is forgotten in a fight; because anyone who loses his skill at such a time shows that he has allowed his fear to rob him of his courage and his wits.

'I also believe that it is of the highest importance to know how to wrestle, since this often accompanies combat on foot. Next, both for his own sake and for his friends, the courtier should understand about seeking restitution and the conduct of disputes, and he should be skilled in seizing the advantage, and in all this he must show both courage and prudence. Nor should he be too anxious for these engagements, save when his honour demands it; for, as well as the considerable danger that an uncertain outcome brings with it, whoever rushes into these things precipitately and without urgent cause deserves to be gravely censured, even if he is successful. However, when a man has committed himself so far that he cannot withdraw without reproach then both in the preliminaries and in the duel itself he should be very deliberate. He should always show readiness and courage; and he should not behave like those who are always quibbling and arguing over points of honour, and when they have the choice of weapons, select those which can neither cut nor prick, arm themselves as if they had to face a cannonade, and thinking it enough if they are not defeated, retreat all the time and keep on the defensive, giving proof of utter cowardice, and in this way making themselves the sport of children, like those two men from Ancona who fought at Perugia a little while ago, and made everyone who saw them burst out laughing.'

'And who were they?' asked Gaspare Pallavicino.

'Two cousins,' answered Cesare.

'And in their fighting, more like two dear brothers,'said the Count. Then he continued:

'Weapons are also often used in various sports during peacetime, and gentlemen often perform in public spectacles before the people and before ladies and great lords. So I wish our courtier to be an accomplished and versatile horseman and, as well as having a knowledge of horses and all the matters to do with riding, he should put every effort and diligence into surpassing the rest just a little in everything, so that he may always be recognized as superior. And as we read of Alcibiades, that he surpassed all those peoples among whom he lived, and each time in regard to what they daimed to be best at, so this courtier of ours should outstrip all others, and in

regard to the things they know well. Thus it is the peculiar excellence of the Italians to ride well with the rein, to handle spirited horses very skilfully, and to tilt and joust; so in all this the courtier should compare with the best of them. In tourneys, in holding his ground, in forcing his way forward, he should compare with the best of the French; in volleying, in running bulls, in casting spears and darts, he should be outstanding among the Spaniards. But, above all, he should accompany his every act with a certain grace and fine judgement if he wishes to earn that universal regard which everyone covets.

'There are also many other sports which, although they do not directly require the use of weapons, are closely related to arms and demand a great deal of manly exertion. Among these it seems to me that hunting is the most important, since in many ways it resembles warfare; moreover, it is the true pastime of great lords, it is a suitable pursuit for a courtier, and we know that it was very popular in the ancient world. It is also fitting that the courtier should know how to swim, jump, run and cast the stone for, apart from the usefulness of these accomplishments in war, one is often required to display one's skill and such sports can help to build up a good reputation, especially with the crowd which the courtier always has to humour. Another noble sport which is very suitable for the courtier to play is tennis, for this shows how well he is built physically, how quick and agile he is in every member, and whether he has all the qualities demonstrated in most other games. I think no less highly of performing on horseback, which is certainly very exhausting and difficult but more than anything else serves to make a man wonderfully agile and dextrous; and apart from its usefulness, if agility on horseback is accompanied by gracefulness, in my opinion it makes a finer spectade than any other sport. Then if our courtier possesses more than average skill in all these sports, I think he should ignore the others, such as turning cartwheels, tight-rope walking and that kind of thing, since these are more like acrobatics and hardly suitable for a gentleman. Then again, since one cannot always be taking part in such strenuous exercises (besides which constant repetition causes satiety and destroys the regard we have for rare things) one must always be sure to give variety to the way one lives by doing different things. So I would like the courtier sometimes to descend to calmer and more restful games, and to escape envy and enter pleasantly into the company of all the others by doing everything they do; although he should never fail to behave in a commendable manner and should rule all his actions with that good

judgement which will not allow him to take part in any foolishness. Let him laugh, jest, banter, romp and dance, though in a fashion that always reflects good sense and discretion, and let him say and do everything with grace.'

Then Cesare Gonzaga said:'It is certainly too soon to interrupt this discussion, but if I stay silent I shall not be taking advantage of my privilege of speaking and I shall fail to learn something more. And I hope I may be forgiven if I ask a question instead of contradicting. I believe this may be allowed me, following the example set by our Bernardo who, through his excessive desire to be thought handsome, has already violated the laws of our game by doing the same.'

'You see,' the Duchess commented, 'how a single transgression leads to any number of others. So the one who sins and gives a bad example, as Bemardo has done, deserves to be punished not only for his wrongdoing but also for that of the others.'

Then Cesare remarked:'In that case, madam, I will be exempt from any penalty, since Bernardo is to be punished both for his own transgression and for mine.'

'On the contrary,' said the Duchess, 'you must both of you be punished twice: he for his own wrongdoing and for having persuaded you to err, and you for your own mistake and for having imitated the criminal.'

'Madam,' answered Cesare, 'I've done nothing crimi nal so far; so in order to let Bernardo have all the punishment to himself I'll keep quiet.'

He had already stopped talking when signora Emilia said with a laugh:

'Say whatever you please, because, if the Duchess allows, I shall forgive both the one who has transgressed and the one who is going to do something nearly as bad.'

Said the Duchess:'Very well, then. But take care you do not deceive yourself and perhaps think that you deserve more praise for being dement than for being just. For if one is too forgiving with a transgressor, one injures the innocent. However, I don't want my sternness in reproaching your indulgence to mean that we fail to hear what Cesare has to ask.'

So then, at a sign from the Duchess and from signora Emilia, he at once began:

'If I remember rightly, my dear Count, it seems to me that you have repeated several times this evening that the courtier has to imbue with grace his

movements, his gestures, his way of doing things and in short, his every action. And it appears to me that you require this in everything as the seasoning without which all other attributes and good qualities would be almost worthless. Now I admit that everyone should easily be persuaded of this, seeing that, by the very meaning of the word, it can be said that a man who behaves with grace finds it with others. You have said that this is very often a natural, God-given gift, and that even if it is not quite perfect it can be greatly enhanced by application and effort. It seems to me that those who are born as fortunate and as rich in such treasures as some we know have little need of any further instruction, since the gracious favour they have received from heaven raises them, almost despite themselves, higher than they might have desired, and makes everyone both like and admire them. I do not argue about this, since it is not in our power to acquire it of ourselves. But regarding those who receive from Nature only so much as to make it possible for them to acquire grace through enterprise, application and effort, I should like to know by what art, teaching and method they can gain this grace, both in sport and recreation which you believe are so important, and in everything else they say or do. Now since by praising this quality so highly you have, I believe, aroused in all of us a strong desire to obtain it, because of the task given you by signora Emilia, you are also obliged to satisfy us by teaching the way to do so. '

'I am not obliged, ' said the Count, 'to teach you how to acquire grace, or indeed anything else, but only to show you what a perfect courtier should be. And I would not undertake the task of teaching you how to acquire this quality, especially as a little while ago I said that the courtier ought to know how to wrestle, and vault and so many other things which, never having learned them myself, I'm sure you know full well how I could teach them. Let it be enough that just as a good soldier knows how to tell the smith what style and shape and quality his armour should be, and yet cannot teach him how to hammer or temper it, so perhaps I shall know how to tell you what a perfect courtier should be, but not be able to teach you what you have to do to become one. However, although it is almost proverbial that grace cannot be learned, to satisfy your request as far as I can, I say that if anyone is to acquire grace as a sportsman or athlete (first assuming that he is not disqualified by Nature) he should start young and learn the principles from the best teachers. How important this seemed to King Philip of Macedon, for

instance, can be seen from the fact that he wanted it to be Aristotle, the eminent philosopher, and perhaps the greatest ever, who should teach the elements of letters to his son Alexander. Then, coming to our own contemporaries, consider the physical grace and agility of Signor Galleazzo Sanseverino, Grand Equerry of France, who performs so well in this respect because in addition to his natural aptitude he has made every endeavour to learn from good teachers and to keep company with outstanding men, taking from each of them the best he can give. Thus just as for wrestling, vaulting and the handling of various kinds of weapons he has taken as his guide our Pietro Monte, who as you know is the sole and unchallenged master in regard to every kind of trained strength and agility, so for riding, jousting and so forth he has always taken as his models those who have won recognition for such skills.

'Therefore anyone who wants to be a good pupil must not only do things well but must also make a constant effort to imitate and, if possible, exactly reproduce his master. And when he feels he has made some progress it is very profitable for him to observe different kinds of courtiers and, ruled by the good judgement that must always be his guide, take various qualities now from one man and now from another. Just as in the summer fields the bees wing their way among the plants from one flower to the next, so the courtier must acquire this grace from those who appear to possess it and take from each one the quality that seems most commendable. And he should certainly not act like a friend of ours, whom you all know, who thought that he greatly resembled King Ferdinand the Younger of Aragon, but had not tried to imitate him except in the way he raised his head and twisted a corner of his mouth, a habit which the King had acquired through illness. There are many like this, who think they are marvellous if they can simply resemble a great man in some one thing; and often they seize on the only defect he has. However, having already thought a great deal about how this grace is acquired, and leaving aside those who are endowed with it by their stars, I have discovered a universal rule which seems to apply more than any other in all human actions or words: namely, to steer away from affectation at all costs, as if it were a rough and dangerous reef, and (to use perhaps a novel word for it) to practise in all things a certain nonchalance which conceals all artistry and makes whatever one says or does seem uncontrived and effortless. I am sure that grace springs especially from this, since everyone

knows how difficult it is to accomplish some unusual feat perfectly, and so facility in such things excites the greatest wonder; whereas, in contrast, to labour at what one is doing and, as we say, to make bones over it, shows an extreme lack of grace and causes everything whatever its worth, to be discounted. So we can truthfully say that true art is what does not seem to be art; and the most important thing is to conceal it, because if it is revealed this discredits a man completely and ruins his reputation. I remember once having read of certain outstanding orators of the ancient world who, among the other things they did, tried hard to make everyone believe that they were ignorant of letters; and, dissembling their knowledge, they made their speeches appear to have been composed very simply and according to the promptings of Nature and truth rather than effort and artifice. For if the people had known of their skills, they would have been frightened of being deceived. So you see that to reveal intense application and skill robs everything of grace. Who is there among you who doesn't laugh when our Pierpaolo dances in that way of his, with those little jumps and with his legs stretched on tiptoe, keeping his head motionless, as if he were made of wood, and all so laboured that he seems to be counting every step? Who is so blind that he doesn't see in this the dumsiness of affectation? And in contrast we see in many of the men and women who are with us now, that graceful and nonchalant spontaneity (as it is often called) because of which they seem to be paying little, if any, attention to the way they speak or laugh or hold themselves, so that those who are watching them imagine that they couldn't and wouldn't ever know how to make a mistake.'

[. . .]

At this point, signora Emilia interrupted:'It seems to me that this argument of yours has grown too protracted and tedious. So it would be as well to postpone it to another time.'

Federico started to answer all the same, but signora Emilia refused to let him; and eventually the Count remarked:

'There are many who want to judge style and discuss the rhythms of language and the question of imitation, yet cannot explain to me what style and rhythm are, or how to define imitation, or why things taken from Homer or someone else read so well in Virgil that they seem improved rather than plagiarized. Perhaps the reason for this is that I am not capable of

understanding them. But since it is a convincing proof of whether a man understands something that he has the ability to teach it, I fear that they understand it very little themselves, and that they praise both Virgil and Cicero because they are aware that many others praise them and not because they recognize the difference between them and the rest. For certainly the difference does not consist in their preserving a few words or so in a usage different from that of the others. In Sallust, in Caesar, in Varro and in other good writers we find several terms used differently from the way Cicero employs them; yet both ways are perfectly acceptable, since the strength and genius of a language does not consist in such trifles: as Demosthenes rightly said to Aeschines, who asked him sarcastically whether some of the words he had used, which were not Attic, were monsters or portents; and Demosthenes simply laughed at this and replied that the fortunes of Greece hardly depended on that. So what cause should I have to worry if some Tuscan or other reproved me for saying satisfatto rather than sodisfatto, onorevole rather than orrevole, causa rather than cagione, populo rather than popolo and so forth?'*

At this Federico stood up and exclaimed:'Now I beg you, listen to me for a moment.'

But signora Emilia said with a laugh:'No, I shall be most displeased with any one of you who continues with this subject at the moment, for I wish the discussion to be postponed until another evening. But you, my dear Count, please continue with your discussion of the courtier, and show us what a good memory you have, because I think that if you can begin where you left off it will be quite a feat.'

'I fear,' answered the Count, 'that I have lost the thread. However, unless I am mistaken, we were saying that the taint of affectation always robs everything of grace and that the highest degree of grace is conferred by simplicity and nonchalance, in praise of which, and in condemnation of affectation, much more could be said. However, I want to add just one more thing and that is all. Now, every woman is extremely anxious to be beautiful or at least, failing that, to appear so. So when Nature has fallen short in some way, she endeavours to remedy the failure by artificial means. That is why we have women beautifying their faces so carefully and sometimes painfully, plucking their eyebrows and forehead, and using all those tricks and suffering all those little agonies which you ladies imagine men know nothing about but which they know only too well. '

Here, madonna Costanza Fregoso laughed and said:'It would be far more courteous of you to continue with your discussion and to say what is the source of grace and speak of courtiership, rather than seek to expose the faults of women to no purpose. '

'On the contrary, it is very much to the purpose,'answered the Count, 'because these faults of yours that I mention rob you of grace, seeing that they spring only from affectation, through which you make it clear to everyone that you are excessively anxious to be beautiful. Surely you realize how much more graceful a woman is who, if indeed she wishes to do so, paints herself so sparingly and so little that whoever looks at her is unsure whether she is made-up or not, in comparison with one whose face is so encrusted that she seems to be wearing a mask and who dare not laugh for fear of causing it to crack, and who changes colour only when she dresses in the morning, after which she stays stock-still all the rest of the day, like a wooden statue, letting herself be seen only by torchlight, in the way a wily merchant shows his cloth in a dark corner. How much more attractive than all the others is a pretty woman who is quite dearly wearing no make-up on her face, which is neither too pallid nor too red, and whose own colouring is natural and somewhat pale (but who occasionally blushes openly from embarrassment or for some other reason), who lets her unadorned hair fall casually and unarranged, and whose gestures are simple and natural, betraying no effort or anxiety to be beautiful. Such is the uncontrived simplicity which is most attractive to the eyes and minds of men, who are always afraid of being tricked by art. In a woman, lovely teeth are always very pleasing, for since they are hidden from view most of the time, unlike the rest of the face, it can be believed that less effort has been spent on making them look beautiful; and yet those who laugh to no purpose and merely to display their teeth, betray their artificiality, and however goodlooking they may be would seem to everyone most ungraceful, like Catullus' Egnatius. The same is true of the hands which, if they are delicate and fine, and are uncovered at the right time, when there is need to use and not just to display their beauty, leave one with a great desire to see more of them, especially after they have been covered again with gloves. For it appears that the person who covers them hardly cares or worries whether they are seen or not, and has beautiful hands more by Nature than through any effort or design. Surely, too, you have sometimes noticed when a woman, passing along the street on her way perhaps to church, happens, in play or for some other reason, to raise just enough of her skirts to reveal her foot and

often a little of her leg as well. Does it not strike you as a truly graceful sight if she is seen just at that moment, delightfully feminine, showing her velvet ribbons and pretty stockings? Certainly I find it very agreeable, as I'm sure you all do, because everyone assumes that elegance in a place where it is generally hidden from view must be uncontrived and natural rather than carefully calculated, and that it cannot be intended to win admiration.

'In this way affectation is avoided or hidden; and now you can see how incompatible it is with gracefulness and how it robs of charm every movement of the body or of the soul, about which, admittedly, we have so far said very little. However, we should not neglect it; for, as the soul is far more worthy than the body, it deserves to be all the more cultivated and adorned. As for what our courtier ought to do in this respect, we shall leave aside the precepts of all the many wise philosophers who have written on the subject, defining the virtues of the soul and discussing their worth with such subtlety; instead, keeping to our purpose, we shall state very simply that it is enough if he is, as we say, a man of honour and integrity. For this includes prudence, goodness, fortitude and temperance of soul, and all the other qualities proper to so honourable a name. And I believe that he alone is a true moral philosopher who wishes to be good; and for this he needs few precepts other than the ambition itself. Therefore Socrates was perfectly right in affirming that in his opinion his teaching bore good fruit when it encouraged someone to strive to know and understand virtue; for those who have reached the stage where they desire nothing more eagerly than to be good have no trouble in learning all that is necessary. So I shall say no more about this.
However, in addition to goodness, I believe that for all of us the true and principal adornment of the mind is letters; although the French, I know, recognize only the nobility of arms and think nothing of all the rest; and so they not only do not appreciate learning but detest it, regarding men of letters as basely inferior and thinking it a great insult to call anyone a scholar. '

Then the Magnifico Giuliano remarked:

'You are right in saying that this error has prevailed among the French for a long time now; but if good fortune has it that Monseigneur d'Angoulême, as it is hoped, succeeds to the throne, then I believe that just as the glory of arms flourishes and shines in France, so also with the greatest brilliance must that of letters. For, when I was at that Court not so long ago, I set eyes on this prince, and it seemed to me that, besides his hand some looks,

there was such an air of greatness about him, accompanied, however, by a certain gracious humanity, that the kingdom of France on its own must always seem too limited for him. And subsequently from many gentlemen, both French and Italian, I heard a great deal in praise of his noble courtesy, his magnanimity, his valour and his generous spirit; and among other things I was told that he greatly loved and esteemed learning and respected all men of letters, and that he condemned the French themselves for being so hostile to this profession, especially as they have in their midst as magnificent a university as Paris, where people flock from all over the world.'

Then the Count added:'It is a marvellous thing that at such a tender age, guided solely by his natural instincts and departing from the usual attitudes of his countrymen, he should of himself have chosen so commendable a path. And since subjects always imitate the behaviour of their rulers, it could well be, as you say, that the French may yet come to value learning at its true worth. They could easily be persuaded to if they would listen to reason, since nothing is more naturally desired by men or more proper to them than knowledge, and it is the height of folly to say or believe that it is not always a good thing.

'If I could speak with them or with others whose opinion does not agree with mine I would endeavour to show them how useful and necessary letters are to human dignity and life. For they were surely given by God as his supreme gift to mankind. And I should not lack examples from among those many great commanders of the ancient world, in all of whom prowess at arms was accompanied by the glory of learning. For, as you know, Alexander revered Homer so highly that he always kept the Iliad at his bedside. And he gave the greatest attention not only to these studies but also to philosophical speculations, under the guidance of Aristotle. Taught by Socrates, Alcibiades used letters to increase and enhance his good qualifies. The attention which Caesar gave to study is attested by his own inspired writings. It is said that Scipio Africanus constantly had by him the works of Xenophon, in which, under the name of Cyrus, is drawn the portrait of a perfect king. I could cite Lucullus, Sulla, Pompey, Brutus and many other Romans and Greeks; but I shall just remind you that so excellent a commander as Hannibal, though naturally fierce and a stranger to humanity, treacherous and contemptuous both of men and the gods, none the less was something of a scholar and understood the Greek language. And if I am not mistaken I once read that he

even left a book written by himself in Greek. But there is no call to tell you this, since I well know that you all realize how wrong the French are in thinking that letters are detrimental to arms. You know that in war what really spurs men on to bold deeds is the desire for glory, whereas anyone who acts for gain or from any other motive not only fails to accomplish anything worth while but deserves to be called a miserable merchant rather than a gentleman. And it is true glory that is entrusted to the sacred treasury of letters, as everyone knows except those who are so unfortunate as not to have made their acquaintance. When he reads about the great deeds of Caesar, Alexander, Scipio, Hannibal and all the others, who is so cringing, timorous and abject that he does not burn with the ambition to emulate them and is not ready to relinquish his all too brief natural life in favour of an almost eternal fame, which makes him live on more splendidly after death? But those who do not appreciate the pleasures of learning cannot realize how great is the glory that they preserve for so long, and measure it only by the life of one or two men, since their own memories are limited. The kind of glory of which they have experience is nothing in comparison with the almost everlasting glory about which, unfortunately, they know nothing; and since, therefore, glory means so little to them, we may reasonably believe that, unlike those who understand its nature, they will run few risks in pursuing it. Now someone may object to what I am saying and attempt to disprove it by various examples: citing, for instance, the knowledge of letters shown by the Italians compared with their lack of valour on the battlefield during recent years. This is only too true; but surely it may be said that here the weakness of a few has inflicted grave misfortune along with lasting infamy on the many, and they are responsible for our ruin and the way our spirit has been weakened if not crushed. Yet it would be more shameful for us to make this known to the world than it is for the French to be ignorant of letters; so it is better to pass over in silence what we cannot recall without sorrow, and leaving this subject (which I took up unwillingly) to return to our courtier.

'I should like our courtier to be a more than average scholar, at least in those studies which we call the humanities; and he should have a knowledge of Greek as well as Latin, because of the many different things that are so beautifully written in that language. He should be very well acquainted with the poets, and no less with the orators and historians, and also skilled at writing both verse and prose, especially in our own language; for in addition to the satisfaction this will give him personally, it will enable him to provide

constant entertainment for the ladies, who are usually very fond of such things. But if because of his other activities or through lack of study he fails to achieve a commendable standard in his writing, then he should take pains to suppress his work, to avoid ridicule, and he should show it only to a friend he can trust. And the exercise of writing will be profitable for him at least to the extent that it will teach him how to judge the work of others. For it is very unusual for someone who is not a practised writer, however erudite he may be, to understand completely the demanding work done by writers, or appreciate their stylistic accomplishments and triumphs and those subtle details characteristic of the writers of the ancient world. Moreover, these studies will make our courtier well informed and eloquent and(as Aristippus said to the tyrant) self-confident and assured no matter whom he is talking to. However, I should like our courtier to keep one precept firmly in mind: namely, that in what I have just discussed and in everything else he should always be diffident and reserved rather than forward, and he should be on his guard against assuming that he knows what he does not know. For we are instinctively all too greedy for praise, and there is no sound or song that comes sweeter to our ears; praise, like Sirens' voices, is the kind of music that causes shipwreck to the man who does not stop his ears to its deceptive harmony. Recognizing this danger, some of the philosophers of the ancient world wrote books giving advice on how a man can tell the difference between a true friend and a flatterer. Even so, we may well ask what use is this, seeing that there are so many who realize perfectly well that they are listening to flattery, and yet love the flatterer and detest the one who tells them the truth. Indeed, very often, deciding that the one who praises them is not being fulsome enough, they lend him a hand themselves and say such things that even the most outrageous flatterer feels ashamed. Let us leave these blind fools to their errors and decide that our courtier should possess such good judgement that he will not be told that black is white or presume anything of himself unless he is certain that it is true, and especially in regard to those flaws which, if you remember, when he was suggesting his game for the evening Cesare recalled we had often used to demonstrate the particular folly of this person or another. To make no mistake at all, the courtier should, on the contrary, when he knows the praises he receives are deserved, not assent to them too openly nor let them pass without some protest. Rather he should tend to disclaim them modestly, always giving the impression that arms are, as indeed they should be, his chief profession, and that all his other

fine accomplishments serve merely as adornments; and this should especially be his attitude when he is in the company of soldiers, lest he behave like those who in the world of scholarship want to be taken for warriors and among warriors want to seem men of letters. In this way, as we have said, he will avoid affectation, and even his modest achievements will appear great.'

[. . .]

注释

* The Italian words cited by Count Lodovico mean: satisfied, honourable, cause and people.

The Second Book of the Courtier

'To continue the arguments of these gentlemen, which I wholly confirm and approve, I maintain that among the things we call good there are some that are always good simply in themselves, such as temperance, fortitude, health and all the virtues that foster peace of mind; and there are others that are good in various respects and depending on the end to which they are directed, such as laws, liberality, riches and so forth. I consider, therefore, that the perfect courtier, as Count Lodovico and Federico have described him, can indeed be good and praiseworthy, not, however, simply in himself but in regard to the end to which he is directed. For, to be sure, if the only fruit produced by the courtier's noble birth, gracefulness, charm and skills were just himself, I should not consider it right for a man to put into acquiring the perfection of courtiership all the study and effort that are certainly necessary. On the contrary, I should claim that many of the skills that have been attributed to him, such as dancing, entertaining, singing and playing games, were vain and frivolous, and in a man of rank deserving of censure rather than praise. For these elegances of dress, devices, mottoes and other such things that belong to the world of women and romance often, despite what many may think, serve simply to make men effeminate, to corrupt the young and to lead them into dissolute ways. And the consequences are that the name of Italy is brought into disgrace and there are few who have the courage I shall not say to die, but even to take a risk. And certainly there are countless other things which would be of far greater benefit in both peace and war, given the same amount of study and effort, than this kind of sterile courtiership. But if the activities of the courtier are directed as they should be to the virtuous end I have in mind, then I for one am quite convinced not only that they are neither harmful nor vain but that they are most advantageous and deserving of infinite praise.

'In my opinion, therefore, the end of the perfect courtier (which we have so far left untouched) is, by means of the accomplishments attributed to him by these gentle men, so to win for himself the mind and favour of the prince he serves that he can and always will tell him the truth about all he needs to

know, without fear or risk of displeasing him. And, if he knows that his prince is of a mind to do something unworthy, he should be in a position to dare to oppose him, and make courteous use of the favour his good qualities have won to remove every evil intention and persuade him to return to the path of virtue. Thus if the courtier is endowed with the goodness these gentlemen have attributed to him, as well as being quick-witted and charming, prudent and scholarly and so forth, he will always have the skill to make his prince realize the honour and advantages that accrue to him and his family from justice, liberality, magnanimity, gentleness and all the other virtues befitting a ruler, and on the other hand, the infamy and loss that result from practising the vices opposed to these virtues. Therefore I consider that just as music, festivities, games and other agreeable accomplishments are, so to speak, the flower of courtiership, so its real fruit is to encourage and help his prince to be virtuous and to deter him from evil. Then we must consider that the merit of good deeds consists in two principal things: to choose a truly virtuous end for our intentions, and to know how to find convenient and suitable means for its attainment. And so it necessarily follows that a man who strives to ensure that his prince is not deceived by anyone, does not listen to flatterers or slanderers or liars, and distinguishes between good and evil, loving the one and detesting the other, aims at the best end of all.

'It seems to me also that the accomplishments these gentlemen have attributed to the courtier can be a good means of attaining the end I have in mind; and this is because of the many faults we see in our present-day rulers the greatest are ignorance and conceit. And the root of these two evils is nothing other than falsehood, which is a vice rightly detestable to God and man and more harmful to princes than any other. For princes lack most of all what they must have in the fullest measure, namely, someone to tell them the truth and remind them of what is right. For those who are hostile to the prince are not prompted by affection to perform these offices; on the contrary, they prefer to have him live wickedly and never correct his faults. And then again, they dare not criticize the prince openly for fear of being punished. Meanwhile, among the prince's friends there are few who have free access to him, and these few are wary of reproaching him for his faults as freely as they reproach ordinary people, and often in order to win grace and favour they think only of suggesting things that are agreeable and diverting, even though they may be dishonourable and wicked. In this way, from being friends they become

flatterers, and to benefit from their intimacy they always speak and act in order to gratify, and they mostly proceed by telling lies that foster ignorance in the prince's mind not only of the world around but of himself. And this can be said to be the greatest and most disastrous falsehood of all, for an ignorant mind deceives itself and lies to itself.

'The result of this is that apart from never hearing the truth of anything, princes become drunk with the power they wield, and abandoned to pleasure-seeking and amusements they become so corrupted in mind that (seeing themselves always obeyed and almost adored, with so much reverence and praise and never a hint of censure or contradiction) they pass from ignorance to extreme conceit. In consequence, they never accept anyone else's advice or opinion; and, believing that it is very easy to know how to rule and that successful government requires no art or training other than brute force, they devote all their mind and attention to maintaining the power they have and they believe that true happiness consists in being able to do what one wants. Therefore there are some princes who hate reason and justice because they think these would act as a bridle to their desires, reduce them to servitude, and if followed, rob them of the pleasures and satisfactions of their rule; and they suppose that their power would be neither perfect nor complete if they were constrained to obey the call of duty and honour, since they believe that no one who obeys is a true ruler. Therefore following on these beginnings, and letting themselves be carried away by self-conceit, they grow arrogant, and with imperious countenance and stern ways, with sumptuous dress, gold and gems, and rarely letting themselves be seen in public, they think to gain authority among men and to be regarded as gods. But these princes, to my mind, are like the giant figures that were made in Rome last year on the day of the festival in Piazza d'Agone and which outwardly looked like great men and horses in a triumph but inside were stuffed with rags and straw. However, princes of this sort are worse still. For the giant figures were held upright by their own great weight, whereas, since they are badly balanced within and out of proportion in relation to their base, the downfall of these rulers is caused by their own weight, and from one error they fall into countless others. For their ignorance and their false belief that they can do no wrong, and that their power springs from their own wisdom, prompt them to use all and every means, just or not, to usurp states whenever they have the chance.

'But if they decided to know and follow, what they ought to do, then they would strive to rule in quite other ways than they do now; for they would realize how outrageous and pernicious it is when subjects, who must be governed, are wiser than the rulers who must govern them. You will agree that there is no harm in not knowing how to play music, or dance, or ride; nevertheless, a man who is not a musician is ashamed and does not dare to sing in the presence of others, or dance if he doesn't know how, or ride if he cannot sit his horse well. Yet ignorance of how to govern peoples gives rise to so many evils, so much death, destruction, burning and ruination, that it may be said to be the deadliest plague of all; and despite that some rulers who know absolutely nothing about government are not ashamed to set about the task of governing before the eyes not of a small group of men but rather of the entire world, seeing that they are so exalted in rank that all eyes are turned towards them and hence not only their great but even their slightest defects are always observed.

[. . .]

'I maintain, therefore, that since nowadays rulers are so corrupted by evil living, by ignorance and by false conceit, and it is so difficult to give them an insight into the truth and lead them to virtue, and since men seek to win their favour through lies and flattery and other wicked means, the courtier easily can and should seek to gain the goodwill of his prince by means of the noble qualities given to him by Count Lodovico and Federico. Through these, he should so win over the mind of his prince that he may go to him freely whenever he wishes to discuss any subject without hindrance. And, if he is as has been described, he will succeed in this purpose without great effort and thus he will always be able to reveal the true facts on any subject very promptly. Moreover, he will gradually be able to instil virtue into his mind, to teach him continence, fortitude, justice and temperance, and enable him to relish the sweet fruit which lies under the slight bitterness first tasted by one who is struggling against his vices, which are always as harmful, offensive and notorious as the virtues are beneficial, agreeable and universally praised. And he will be able to incite his prince to virtue by the example of those famous captains and other outstanding men of whom it was customary in the ancient world to make statues of bronze and marble, and sometimes of gold,

and to erect them in public places, both to honour the great and to inspire others to work to achieve the same glory through worthy emulation.

'In this way, the courtier will be able to lead his prince along the stem path of virtue, adorning it, however, with shady fronds and strewing it with gay flowers to lessen the tedium of an arduous journey for one whose endurance is slight; and so now with music, now with arms and horses, at other times with verse or with conversations about love, and with all the means these gentlemen have suggested, he will be able to keep the prince continually absorbed in innocent pleasures, while also, as I have said, always accompanying these beguilements with emphasis on some virtuous habit, and in that way practising a healthy deception like a shrewd doctor who often spreads some sweet liquid on the rim of a cup when he wants a frail and sickly child to take a bitter medicine. Thus, under the cloak of pleasure, no matter what the time, or place, or pursuit, the courtier will always achieve his objective, and for this he will deserve far greater praise and reward than for any other good work he could possibly do. For there is nothing so advantageous to mankind as a good prince, and nothing so harmful as an evil one; and it follows that no matter how cruel and atrocious, no punishment can be enough for those courtiers who turn gentle and charming manners and noble qualities to evil ends, and by these means seek to ingratiate themselves with their prince in order to corrupt him and make him stray from the path of virtue into vice. For of these it can be said that they contaminate with deadly poison not a single cup used by one person but the public fountain at which everyone must drink.'

Signor Ottaviano fell silent, as if he were unwilling to add to what he had said. But then signor Gaspare remarked:

'It does not seem to me, signor Ottaviano, that this goodness of mind and the continence and other virtues in which you wish the courtier to instruct his lord can be learned; rather, I think that the men who possess them have been given them by Nature and by God. This must be so, since you will find that there is no one in the world so wicked and ill-disposed, or so intemperate and unjust, as to confess that he is such when he is asked; on the contrary, everyone, no matter how evil, likes to be thought just, continent and good; and this would not be the case if these virtues could be learned, for it is no disgrace not to know what one hasn't studied but certainly shameful to lack

what Nature should have bestowed. Thus everyone tries hard to conceal his natural defects of mind or body, as we see in the case of the blind, the lame, the crippled and all those who are maimed or ugly. For although these defects can be imputed to Nature, yet no one likes to think he has them, since then it seems that Nature herself has caused them deliberately as a seal and token of wickedness. My opinion in this is also confirmed by the story told of Epimetheus, who knew so little how to distribute the gifts of Nature among men that he left them far less well endowed than all other creatures; and so Prometheus stole from Minerva and Vulcan the ingenuity and knowledge by which men gain their livelihood. But they still lacked knowledge of the civic virtues and the moral law, because this was guarded in Jove's fortress of Olympus by most alert guardians, by whom Prometheus was so greatly intimidated that he dared not go near them. So Jove, taking pity on the wretchedness of mankind (which because of its lack of civic virtue was defenceless against the attacks of wild beasts) sent Mercury down to earth bearing justice and self-respect to adorn their cities and unite the citizens. And he decided that these should not be distributed in the same way as the other gifts of mankind, where only one man among many needs to be skilled (as in the case of medicine) but should be instilled into every single person. And under the law he ordained all those who were unjust and shameless should be exterminated and put to death as public menaces. So you see then, signor Ottaviano, that these virtues are granted to men by God, and cannot be learned since they come from Nature.'

Then signor Ottaviano replied with a smile:

'So you would have it, signor Gaspare, that men are so unhappy and perverse in their judgement that they have applied themselves to discovering ways in which to tame the natures of wild beasts, bears, wolves and lions, and by the same skills can teach a pretty bird to fly where they choose it to go and return of its own will from the woods and its natural freedom to cages and captivity, and yet no matter how hard they apply themselves they cannot and will not discover ways by which to benefit themselves and improve their minds by diligence and study? In my opinion this would be as if our doctors were to study with all diligence to acquire solely the skill to heal sore nails and baby-rash and neglect treating fevers, pleurisy and other serious diseases; and as we all realize that would be quite preposterous. I consider, therefore, that the moral virtues do not come to us entirely from Nature, because

nothing can ever grow accustomed to what is naturally its opposite, as we see in the case of a stone which, if it were thrown up in the air ten thousand times would still never grow accustomed to flying upwards of itself. So if the virtues were as natural to us as weight is to a stone, we would never become accustomed to vice. Nor are the vices natural to us in this way, for then we could never be virtuous; and it would be too wicked and foolish to punish men for defects that proceed from Nature through no fault of our own. This would be an error on the part of the laws, which do not inflict punishment on wrongdoers for what they have done in the past (for what is done cannot be undone) but have regard for the future, so that the one who has erred may err no more, nor cause others to do so through his bad example. So we see that the laws accept that the virtues can be learned, and this is certainly true; for we are born capable of acquiring virtues, and similarly vices, and therefore we become habituated to the one or the other through the behaviour we adopt, first of all practising the virtues or the vices, and then becoming virtuous or vicious. But the opposite is the case with qualities that are given us by Nature, which we first of all have the potentiality to practise, and then we actually practise, as in the case of the senses. For first we have the capacity to see and hear and touch and then we do see and hear and touch; although many of these faculties too are enhanced by education. For this reason, good masters not only teach children their letters but also polite manners and correct bearing in eating, drinking, speaking and walking.

Therefore, as with other arts and skills so also with the virtues, it is necessary to have a master who by his teaching and precepts stirs and awakens the moral virtues whose seed is enclosed and buried in our souls and who, like a good farmer, cultivates and dears the way for them by removing the thorns and tares of our appetites which often so darken and choke our minds as not to let them flower or produce those splendid fruits which alone we should wish to see born in the human heart. Thus in this way justice and self-respect, which you say Jove sent on earth to all men, are natural in each one of us. But just as however robust it is a man's body may fail when seeking to accomplish some task, so, although the potentiality for these virtues is rooted within our souls, it often fails to develop unless helped by education. For if it is to pass to actuality and to its full realization, it cannot, as I said, rely on Nature alone but needs the assistance of skilful practice and reason to purify and enlighten the soul by removing from it the dark veil of ignorance, which

is the cause of most human errors, since if good and evil were easily recognized and understood everyone would always choose good and eschew evil. Thus virtue may be defined more or less as prudence and the knowledge of how to choose what is good, and vice as a kind of imprudence and ignorance, which leads us into making false judgements. This is because men never choose evil deliberately but are deceived by a certain semblance of good.'

Then signor Gaspare replied:'Yet there are many who fully understand that they are doing evil, and still do it; and this is because, like thieves and murderers, they are more conscious of the pleasures of the moment than of the punishment they fear in the future. '

Signor Ottaviano remarked:'True pleasure is always good, and true suffering always evil; therefore these men deceive themselves when they take false pleasures for true and true suffering for false. And so their false pleasures often earn them genuine pain. It follows that the art that teaches us to distinguish the true from the false can certainly be learned; and the virtue which enables us to choose what is genuinely good and not what wrongly appears to be so may be called true knowledge, which is more advantageous in life than any other kind, because it rids us of the ignorance which, as I said, is the cause of all the evils there are.'

At this, Pietro Bembo said:'I do not understand, signor Ottaviano, why signor Gaspare should have to concede that all evils spring from ignorance and that there are few who realize what they are doing when they sin and do not at all deceive themselves regarding true pleasure or suffering. It is certain that even men who are incontinent form their judgement reasonably and logically, and are fully aware of the evil and sinful nature of what they desire. So they use their reason to oppose and resist their desires, and this causes the battle of pleasure and pain against judgement. Then eventually the desires prove too strong for reason, which abandons the struggle, like a ship which for a time resists the storm but finally, battered by the overwhelming fury of the winds, with anchor and rigging smashed, lets herself be driven by the tempest, unresponsive either to helm or compass. So the incontinent commit their follies with a certain hesitant remorse, as if despite themselves. And this they would not do if they did not know that what they were doing was evil; on the contrary, without any resistance from reason they would abandon themselves

utterly to their desires, and in this case would not be incontinent but simply intemperate. And this is far worse, since reason plays a part in incontinence, which is therefore a less serious vice; just as continence is an imperfect virtue, since it is influenced by the emotions. In consequence, it seems to me that one cannot ascribe the follies of the incontinent to ignorance or say that they are merely deceiving themselves without sinning, when they know full well what they are doing.'

'Well,' answered signor Ottaviano, 'your argument sounds very fine. Nevertheless, I don't think that it is really valid. For although the incontinent sin in that hesitant manner, and their reason does struggle with their desires, and they realize what evil is, yet they lack flail knowledge and do not understand evil as well as they need to. Possessing only a vague notion rather than any certain knowledge of evil, they allow their reason to be overcome by emotion. But if they enjoyed true knowledge there is no doubt that they would not fall into error. For reason is always overcome by desire because of ignorance, and true knowledge can never be defeated by the emotions, which originate in the body rather than the soul. And if the emotions are properly governed and controlled by reason, then they become virtuous, and if otherwise, then vicious. However, reason is so potent that it always makes the senses obey it, insinuating itself by marvellous ways and means, provided what it ought to possess is not seized by ignorance. In this manner, though a man's faculties, nerves and bones do not possess reason, when the mind begins to stir within us it is as if thought were shaking the bridle and spurring our faculties on, so that all the parts of the body prepare themselves: the feet to run, the hands to grasp or to do what the mind suggests. This is shown by what often happens when someone unknowingly eats food that tastes delicious but is really foul and disgusting; for when he finds out what it was, his mind is revolted and dismayed, and then the body responds so quickly to his judgement that he has to vomit.'

Signor Ottaviano was going on to say more, but he was then interrupted by the Magnifico Giuliano who remarked:

'If I have heard aright, you said that continence is not a perfect virtue because it is influenced by the emotions. Yet it seems to me that when there is conflict in our minds between reason and desire, the virtue which fights and gives the victory to reason ought to be considered more perfect than that

which conquers when no lust or emotion opposes it. For in the latter case the person concerned does not refrain from evil out of virtue but because he has no wish to do it.'

Then signor Ottaviano said:'Who would you think the more admirable: a commander who runs the risk of open confrontation with the enemy, and yet conquers him, or one who uses his skill and knowledge to sap the enemy's strength and render him powerless and so conquers without risk or bloodshed?'

The Magnifico replied:'The one who conquers by less dangerous means is certainly the more praiseworthy, provided that his inevitable victory is not brought about by the enemy's ineptitude.'

'You have judged aright,' said signor Ottaviano. 'And so I tell you that continence can be compared to a commander who fights manfully and who, when the enemy is strong and powerful, conquers all the same, though not without great difficulty and risk. But unruffled temperance is like the commander who conquers and rules without opposition; and when it has not only subdued but totally extinguished the fires of lust in the mind which possesses it, like a good ruler in time of civil war, temperance destroys all seditious enemies within and hands over to reason the sceptre of absolute power. Thus this virtue does no violence to the soul, but gently infuses it with a powerful persuasion that turns it to honest ways, renders it calm and full of repose, in all things even and well-tempered, and informed in all respects with a certain harmony that adorns it with serene and unshakeable tranquillity; and so in all things it is ready to respond completely to reason and to follow wherever reason may lead with the utmost docility, like a young lamb that runs and walks alongside its mother, stops when she does, and moves only in response to her. This virtue of temperance, therefore, is wholly perfect and especially appropriate for men who rule, for it gives rise to many other virtues.'

Then Cesare Gonzaga remarked:'Well, I don't know what virtues appropriate for a ruler can spring from temperance, if temperance, as you say, removes all the emotions from one's mind. This might be fitting in a hermit or a monk; but I can hardly think that it is becoming for a prince, who is magnanimous, liberal and valiant in arms, whatever the provocation, never to display anger or hatred or indeed kindliness or scorn or lust or any emotion at all. For how could he otherwise exert any authority either over his people or his troops?'

Signor Ottaviano replied:'I did not say that temperance completely removes and uproots the emotions from a man's soul, nor would it be well for it to do so, since there are good elements even in the emotions. But what it does do is to make what is perverse and opposed to right conduct in the emotions responsive to reason. So it is not right, in order to remove conflicts, to extirpate the emotions altogether; for this would be like trying to suppress drunkenness by legislating against the use of wine, or forbidding anyone to run since when they do so men sometimes fall over. You are well aware that when someone is breaking in a horse he does not stop it from running or jumping but ensures that it does so at the right time and at the command of the rider. So when they are moderated by temperance the emotions are conducive to virtue, just as wrath strengthens fortitude, hatred against wicked men strengthens justice, and the other emotions strengthen other kinds of virtue. And if they were killed altogether, this would leave the reason weak and languid, so that it would be ineffectual, like the captain of a ship that is becalmed after the winds have dropped. So do not be so surprised, Cesare, if I said that temperance is the cause of many other virtues; for when a man's soul is attuned to this harmony, reason makes it readily receptive to true fortitude, which in turn makes it intrepid and unassailable, and immune to human suffering. And this is just as true of justice, the pure friend of modesty and goodness, and the queen of all the virtues, because justice teaches us to do what should be done and to eschew what is wrong. Thus justice is wholly perfect, since the other virtues perform their work through her, and she benefits both the just man and others as well. And without justice, as it is said, Jove himself could not govern his kingdom well. These virtues are also followed by magnanimity, which enhances them all, though it cannot exist alone since anyone lacking other virtues cannot be magnanimous. And then for their guide, the virtues have prudence, which consists in a certain quality of judgement in making the right decisions. The other links in this happy chain of virtues are liberality, munificence, the desire for honour, gentleness, charm, affability and many other qualities there is not the time to name. But flour courtier behaves as we have suggested he will discover these flourishing in the soul of his prince, and every day will see blossoming there more delightful flowers and fruits than there are in all the lovely gardens on earth. He himself will know great contentment, when he reminds himself that he gave his prince not what fools give, namely, gifts such as gold and silver, vases and garments (of which the prince has too many already and the giver

only too few) but what is doubtless the greatest and rarest of all human virtues: the manner and method of good government. This alone would be enough to make men happy and restore to earth the golden age which is said to have existed once, when Saturn ruled.'

[. . .]

Then signor Gaspare said:'I remember that when these gentlemen were discussing the accomplishments of the courtier they wished him to be in love. However, when we sum up what has been said so far we could come to the conclusion that the courtier who must introduce the prince to virtue through his own merits and authority must of necessity be an elderly man, for only rarely does wisdom not wait upon age, and especially as regards what we learn from experience. So I do not see how if he is advanced in years it is fitting for the courtier to be in love, seeing that, as has already been said this evening, in old men love is futile and what women take for agreeable courtesies, pleasantries and elegance in the young are in the old inept and ridiculous follies which will cause some women to detest and everyone to deride whoever indulges in them. So if this Aristotle of yours, as an elderly courtier, were to be in love and to do the things that young lovers do(like some we have seen in our own times) I fear he would forget to instruct his prince and doubtless the children would make fun of him behind his back and the ladies would hardly derive any pleasure from him other than to mock him.'

Then signor Ottaviano answered:'As all the other qualities attributed to the courtier are suitable to him, even when he is old, I don't think it right to deprive him of the happiness of being in love.'

'On the contrary,' retorted signor Gaspare, 'to deprive him of it adds another perfection to him and enables him to live happily, free of all calamity and misery.'

Then Pietro Bembo added:'Do you not remember, signor Gaspare, that although he is untutored in love in the game he suggested the other evening signor Ottaviano evidently knew that there are some lovers who regard as pleasurable all the storms of indignation, the outbursts of temper, the wars and the torments that they experience with their ladies? And he asked to be taught the cause of this pleasure. Therefore if our courtier were to be

inflamed with the kind of love that is agreeable and without bitterness, even if elderly he would not experience any misery or suffering. And then again as a wise man, which we suppose him to be, he would not deceive himself in thinking that everything suitable for a young man to do was likewise suitable in his case. If in love, he would doubtless love in a way that would not only bring him no blame but earn him great praise and complete happiness, free of all vexation, which rarely if ever happens with younger men. And so he would not neglect to instruct his prince nor would he do anything to cause children to make fun of him.'

Then the Duchess remarked:'I am glad, Pietro, that you have had to make little effort in our discussion this evening, because now we can have all the more confidence in giving you the task of speaking, and of teaching us about this kind of love which is so felicitous that it brings with it neither blame nor displeasure; for doubtless it would be one of the most useful and important of the endowments yet attributed to the courtier. So please, I beg you, tell us all you know about it.'

Pietro smiled and replied:'Madam, I wouldn't wish my having said that it is permissible for old men to love to cause these ladies to suppose that I am old myself. So please give this task to someone else.'

The Duchess replied:'You should not run away from being reputed old in wisdom, even if you are young in years. So please go on, and don't make any more excuses.'

Then Pietro Bembo answered:'truly, madam, if I do have to talk on this subject I shall have to go for advice to my Lavinello's friend, the hermit. '

At this, as if annoyed, signora Emilia exclaimed:

'Pietro, no one among us is more disobedient than you. So it would be only right if the Duchess were to punish you.'

Pietro, who was still smiling, answered:

'Don't be annoyed with me, madam, for pity's sake. For I shall tell you what you want.'

'Then please do so,' replied signora Emilia.

Thereupon, Pietro Bembo remained quiet for a little while. Then, having composed himself for a moment as if to speak of important things, he began as follows:

'Gentlemen, to show that old men can love not only blamelessly but sometimes more happily than the young, it will be necessary for me to enter

upon a little discourse in order to make it clear what love is and what is the nature of the happiness that lovers experience. So I beg you to listen attentively, because I hope to make you realize that there is no man to whom it is unbecoming to be in love, even though he should be fifteen or twenty years older than signor Morello.'

After there was some laughter at this, Pietro Bembo continued:

'I say, therefore, that as defined by the philosophers of the ancient world Love is simply a certain longing to possess beauty; and since this longing can only be for things that are known already, knowledge must always of necessity precede desire, which by its nature wishes for what is good, but of itself is blind and so cannot perceive what is good. So Nature has ruled that every appetitive faculty, or desire, be accompanied by a cognitive faculty or power of understanding. Now in the human soul there are three faculties by which we understand or perceive things: namely, the senses, rational thought and intellect. Thus the senses desire things through sensual appetite or the kind of appetite which we share with the animals; reason desires things through rational choice, which is, strictly speaking, proper to man; and intellect, which links man to the angels, desires things through pure will. It follows that the sensual appetite desires only those things that are perceptible by the senses, whereas man's will finds its satisfaction in the contemplation of spiritual things that can be apprehended by intellect. And then man, who is rational by his very nature and is placed between the two extremes of brute matter and pure spirit, can choose to follow the senses or to aspire to the intellect, and so can direct his appetites or desires now in the one direction, now in the other. In either of these two ways, therefore, he can long for beauty, which is the quality possessed by all natural or artificial things that are composed in the good proportion and due measure that befit their nature.

'However, I shall speak of the kind of beauty I now have in mind, which is that seen in the human body and especially the face and which prompts the ardent desire we call love; and we shall argue that this beauty is an influx of the divine goodness which, like the light of the sun, is shed over all created things but especially displays itself in all its beauty when it discovers and informs a countenance which is well proportioned and composed of a certain joyous harmony of various colours enhanced by light and shadow and by symmetry and dear definition. This goodness adorns and illumines with wonderful splendour and grace the object in which it shines, like a sunbeam

striking a lovely vase of polished gold set with precious gems. And thus it attracts to itself the gaze of others, and entering through their eyes it impresses itself upon the human soul, which it stirs and delights with its charm, inflaming it with passion and desire. Thus the mind is seized by desire for the beauty which it recognizes as good, and, if it allows itself to be guided by what its senses tell it, it falls into the gravest errors and judges that the body is the chief cause of the beauty which it enshrines, and so to enjoy that beauty it must necessarily achieve with it as intimate a union as possible. But this is untrue; and anyone who thinks to enjoy that beauty by possessing the body is deceiving himself and is moved not by true knowledge, arrived at by rational choice, but by a false opinion derived from the desire of the senses. So the pleasure that follows is also necessarily false and deceptive. Consequently, all those lovers who satisfy their impure desires with the women they love meet with one of two evils: either as soon as they achieve the end they desire they experience satiety and distaste and even begin to hate what they love, as if their desire repented of its error and recognized the way it had been deceived by the false judgement of the senses, which had made it believe that evil was good; or else they are still troubled by the same avidity and desire, since they have not in fact attained the end they were seeking. Admittedly, confused by their short-sighted view of things, they imagine that they are experiencing pleasure, just as sometimes a sick man dreams that he is drinking from a dear fountain. Nevertheless, they enjoy neither rest nor satisfaction, and these are precisely what they would enjoy as the natural consequences of desiring and then possessing what is good. On the contrary, deceived by the resemblance they see, they soon experience unbridled desire once more and in the same agitation as before they again find themselves with a raging and unquenchable thirst for what they hope to possess utterly. Lovers of this kind, therefore, are always most unhappy; for either they never attain their desires, and this causes them great misery, or if they do attain them they find themselves in terrible distress, and their wretchedness is even greater. For both at the beginning and during the course of this love of theirs they never know other than anguish, torment, sorrow, exertion and distress; and so lovers, it is supposed, must always be characterized by paleness and dejection, continuous sighings and weepings, mournfulness and lamentations, silences and the desire for death.

'We see, therefore, that the senses are the chief cause of this desolation of the

spirit; and they are at their full strength in youth, when they are stimulated by the urges of the flesh which sap a man's powers of reason in exact proportion to their own vigour and so easily persuade the soul to yield to desire. For since it is sunk in an earthly prison and deprived of spiritual contemplation, the soul cannot of itself dearly perceive the truth when it is carrying out its duties of governing the body. So in order to understand things properly it must appeal to the senses for its first notions. In consequence it believes whatever they tell it and respects and trusts them, especially when they are so vigorous that they almost compel it; and because the senses are deceptive they fill the soul with errors and mistaken ideas. As a result, young men are invariably absorbed by this sensual kind of love and wholly rebellious against reason, and so they make themselves unworthy of enjoying the blessings and advantages that love gives to its true devotees; and the only pleasures they experience in love are the same as those enjoyed by unreasoning animals, though the distress they suffer is far more terrible than theirs. Therefore on this premise, which I insist is the absolute truth, I argue that lovers who are more mature in age experience the contrary; for in their case the soul is no longer so weighed down by the body and their natural ardour has begun to cool, and so if they are inflamed by beauty and their desire for it is guided by rational choice, they are not deceived and they possess completely the beauty they love. Consequently its possession brings them nothing but good, since beauty is goodness and so the true love of beauty is good and holy and always benefits those in whose souls the bridle of reason restrains the iniquity of the senses; and this is something the old can do far more easily than the young.

*

'So it is not unreasonable to argue also that the old can love blamelessly and more happily than the young, accepting that by old we do not mean those who are senile or whose bodily organs have grown so feeble that the soul cannot perform its operations through them, but men whose intellectual powers are still in their prime. I must also add this: namely, that in my opinion although sensual love is bad at every age, yet in the young it may be excused and perhaps in some sense even permitted. For although it brings them afflictions, dangers, exertions and all the unhappiness we have mentioned, yet there are many who perform worthy acts in order to win the favour of the women whom they love, and though these acts are not directed

to a good end they are good in themselves. And so from all that bitterness they extract a little sweetness, and the adversities they endure finally teach them the error of their ways. So just as I think those young people who subdue their desires and love in a rational manner are truly heroic, I excuse those who allow themselves to be overcome by the sensual love to which human weakness inclines them, provided that they then display gentleness, courtesy, worthiness and all the other qualities these gentlemen mentioned, and that when they are no longer young they abandon it completely and leave sensual desire behind them, as the lowest rung of the ladder by which we can ascend to true love. But no blame is too severe for those who when they are old still allow the fires of passion to burn in their cold hearts and make strong reason obey their feeble senses; for they deserve the endless shame of being numbered like idiots among the animals which lack reason, because the thoughts and ways of sensual love are wholly unbecoming to men of mature years.'

Bembo then paused for a moment, as if to rest; and as everyone remained silent, signor Morello da Ortona said:

'But if there were to be found an old man more able-bodied, more vigorous and more handsome than many youths, why would you not wish that he should be allowed to love in their way?'

The Duchess laughed at this and remarked:

'If love is such an unhappy experience for the young, why, signor Morello, do you want old men as well to suffer the same unhappiness? But if you were old, as these gentlemen say, you would not plot such evil against old men.'

Signor Morello replied:'It seems to me that the one who is plotting evil against old men is Pietro Bembo, because he wishes them to love in a way that I, for one, cannot understand. And I also think that to possess the beauty he praises so much without the body is a fantasy.'

'Do you believe, signor Morello,' asked Count Lodo vico, 'that beauty is always as good as Pietro Bembo says?'

'I certainly do not,' answered signor Morello. 'On the contrary, I remember having seen many beautiful women who were evil, cruel and spiteful; and this seems to me to be nearly always the case, since beauty makes them proud, and pride makes them cruel.'

Count Lodovico replied with a smile:'Doubtless they seem cruel to you

because they do not grant you what you want. But let Pietro Bembo teach you how old men ought to desire beauty, and what they should seek from women, and with what they ought to be satisfied; and provided you keep within these limits you will discover that they are neither proud nor cruel, and they will also grant you what you want.'

Signor Morello showed his irritation at this, and he retorted:

'I don't want to learn what doesn't concern me. Let someone teach you the way in which this beauty ought to be desired by young men who are not so ablebodied or vigorous as the old.'

Then Federico, in order to calm signor Morello and to change the subject, interrupted before Count Lodovico could reply and said:

'Perhaps signor Morello is not altogether wrong in saying that beauty is not always good, for often woman's beauty causes the world endless evil, enmity, war, death and destruction, as was shown very clearly, for example, by the downfall of Troy. And for the most part beautiful women are either proud and cruel or else, as has been said, unchaste; though this last signor Morello would not consider a fault. There are also many wicked men who are endowed with good looks, and it seems that Nature has made them so in order that they may be better able to deceive, and that their agreeable appearance is the bait concealing the hook.'

Then Pietro Bembo stated:'Do not believe that beauty is not always good.'

Here, in order to return to the original subject, Count Lodovico broke in and remarked:

'Since signor Morello is not interested in learning what concerns him so deeply, teach it to me, and show me how old men may win the happiness of love; for I shall not worry if I cause myself to be considered old, provided I profit by it.'

Pietro Bembo said with a smile:'First I wish to correct the error made by these gentlemen, and then I shall satisfy you as well.'

Then he continued as follows:

'Gentlemen, beauty is a sacred thing, and I should not wish any of us to act like profane and sacrilegious men in speaking ill of it and thereby incurring the wrath of God. So as a warning for signor Morello and Federico, lest they are punished in the way most suitable for those who despise beauty,

and lose their sight like Stesichorus, I say that beauty springs from God and is like a circle, the centre of which is goodness. And so just as one cannot have a circle without a centre, so one cannot have beauty without goodness. In consequence, only rarely does an evil soul dwell in a beautiful body, and so outward beauty is a true sign of inner goodness. This loveliness, indeed, is impressed upon the body in varying degrees as a token by which the soul can be recognized for what it is, just as with trees the beauty of the blossom testifies to the goodness of the fruit. The same is true of the human body, as we know from the way physiognomists often establish a man's character and sometimes even his thoughts from his countenance. Moreover, even in animals the qualities of the soul as far as possible impress themselves upon the body and can be perceived from their physical appearance. Consider how clearly we can perceive anger, ferocity and pride in the face of the lion, the horse and the eagle; and a pure and simple innocence in lambs and doves; evil guile in foxes and wolves, and so with nearly all the animals.

'Therefore for the most part the ugly are also evil, and the beautiful good. And it can be said that beauty is the pleasant, gay, charming and desirable face of the good, and that ugliness is the dark, disagreeable, unpleasant and sorry face of evil. And no matter what things you study, you will always find that those which are good and useful are also graced with beauty. Consider the structure of this great fabric of the universe, which was created by God for the health and preservation of all His creatures. The bowl of heaven, adorned with so many celestial lamps, and the earth in the centre, surrounded by the elements and sustained by its own weight; the sun, illuminating all things as it revolves, in winter approaching the lowest sign, and then by degrees ascending to the other side; the moon, which derives its light from the sun, in accord with whether the sun is approaching or drawing away; and the five other stars which separately travel the same course: these all influence each other so profoundly through the coherence of the natural order that if they changed in the slightest they could no longer exist together and the universe would crumble. Moreover, they have such beauty and loveliness that the human mind cannot conceive anything more graceful. Consider next the structure of man, who may be called a little universe in himself. We see that every part of his body is in the natural order of things made by design and not by chance and that his form as a whole is so beautiful that it is difficult to decide whether it is utility or grace that is given more to the

human face and body by its various parts, such as the eyes, nose, mouth, ears, aims and breast. The same can be said of all the animals. Consider the feathers of birds and the leaves and branches of trees, which are given by Nature to preserve their being, and yet which are also of the greatest loveliness. Now let us leave Nature and come to human art. What is so necessary for a ship as the prow, the sides, the mainyards, the mast, the sails, the helm, the oars, the anchor and the rigging? Yet all these things are so attractive that anyone looking at them must conclude they exist as much for pleasure as for use. Columns and architraves support lofty galleries and palaces, but they are no less pleasing to the eye than they are useful to the building. When men first began to build they included the middle ridge in their churches and houses not to embellish their buildings but to allow the water to flow off without trouble on either side; nevertheless, attractiveness of appearance soon became as important as usefulness, so that if a church were to be built in a land which never knew rain or hail, it would seem to lack both dignity and beauty if left without the ridge of a roof.

'Thus to call anything beautiful, even the world itself, constitutes the highest praise. It is praised when we say such things as: beautiful sky, beautiful earth, beautiful sea, beautiful rivers, beautiful countryside, beautiful woods, trees and gardens; or beautiful cities, churches, houses and armies. In short, this gracious and sacred beauty is the supreme adornment of everything; and it can be said that in some manner the good and the beautiful are identical, especially in the human body. And the proximate cause of physical beauty is, in my opinion, the beauty of the soul which since it shares in true supernatural beauty makes whatever it touches resplendent and lovely, especially if the body it inhabits is not of such base material that the soul cannot impress on it its own quality. Therefore beauty is the true trophy of the soul's victory, when with her heavenly power she rules over material nature and with her light dispels the darkness of the body. We must not say, therefore, that beauty makes women proud or cruel, though this may seem to be the case to signor Morello; neither should we impute to beautiful women those enmities, deaths and destructions which are caused by the unrestrained desires of men. To be sure, I shall not deny that we can also find in the world beautiful women who are unchaste. But it is all the same not their beauty which makes them so; on the contrary, because of the bond between beauty and goodness, their beauty turns them away from impurity and leads them to the path of virtuous conduct. But sometimes evil training, the continual

urgings of their lovers, gifts, poverty, hope, deceits, fear and a thousand other causes can defeat the steadfastness even of good and beautiful women; and for this and other reasons handsome men can also become wicked.'

Then Cesare remarked:'If what signor Gaspare alleged yesterday is true, then there is no doubt that women who are beautiful are more chaste than those who are ugly. '

'And what did I allege?' asked signor Gaspare.

'If I remember correctly,' replied Cesare, 'you said that women who are wooed always refuse to satisfy their suitor, and that those who are not, do the wooing themselves. And it is certain that the beautiful are always more wooed and pursued in love than the ugly; therefore the beautiful always refuse, and so they are more chaste than those ugly women who, as they have no suitors, do the wooing themselves.'

Bembo smiled and said:'there can be no answer to this argument.'

Then he added:'It also often happens that, like the other senses, our sight can be deceived and can judge to be beautiful a face that is not so at all. For example some women occasionally display in their eyes and looks a certain enticing and suggestive immodesty which is called beauty by many who find these traits pleasing because they promise them the chance of gaining what they desire. But in truth this is simply meretricious impudence, and unworthy of so honoured and sacred a name.'

Pietro Bembo then fell silent, but he was urged to say more about this kind of love and about the true way in which beauty should be enjoyed; and at length he said:

'I think I have shown clearly enough that old men can be happier in love than the young; and this was my premise. So it is not for me to add any more.'

Count Lodovico replied:'You have demonstrated the unhappiness of the young better than the happiness of the old, whom you have not yet taught what path to follow in love but merely instructed to let themselves be guided by reason. And many people consider that it is impossible to reconcile love with reason.'

Bembo was still determined to say no more, but the Duchess begged that he should do so, and therefore he continued:

'It would be too unfortunate for humanity if our soul, in which such ardent desire can so easily arise, were forced to find nourishment only in

what it has in common with the animals and could not direct its desire to its nobler element. So, as this is your wish, I will not refuse to discuss this noble theme. And since I know that I am unworthy to speak of Love's sacred mysteries, I pray him so to inspire my thoughts and words that I can teach this excellent courtier of ours how to love in a manner beyond the capacity of the vulgar crowd. And because I have since boyhood dedicated my life to him, may my words now conform to this intention and redound to his credit. I maintain, then, that since in youth human nature is so inclined to the senses, while the courtier is young he may be allowed to love in a sensual manner; but if in more mature years he should be inflamed with this amorous desire, he must proceed with circumspection and take care not to deceive himself or let himself experience the distress which in young men deserves compassion rather than blame but in old men blame rather than compassion.

'Therefore when he sets eyes on some beautiful and attractive woman, with charming ways and gentle manner, and being skilled in love recognizes that his spirit responds to hers, as soon as he notices that his eyes fasten on her image and carry it to his heart and his soul begins to take pleasure in contemplating her and feels an influx that gradually arouses and warms it, and those vivacious spirits shining from her eyes constantly add fresh fuel to the fire, then he should at the very beginning procure a swift remedy and alert his reason in order to defend with its help the fortress of his heart, and so close the passes to the senses and to desire that they cannot enter either by force or deception. If the flame is extinguished, so is the danger. But if it perseveres or grows, then in the knowledge that he has been captured the courtier should determine to eschew all the ugliness of vulgar passion and guided by reason set forth on the path of divine love. Then first he must reflect that the body in which beauty shines is not the source from which it springs, and on the contrary that beauty, being incorporeal and, as we have said, a ray of the supernatural, loses much of its nobility when fused with base and corruptible matter: for the more perfect it is, the less matter it contains, and it is most perfect when completely separated from matter. He must also reflect that just as a man cannot hear with his palate or smell with his ears, beauty can in no way be enjoyed nor can the desire it arouses in our souls be satisfied through the sense of touch but solely through what has beauty for its true object, namely, the faculty of sight. So he should ignore the blind judgement of these senses and enjoy with his eyes the radiance, the

grace, the loving ardour, the smiles, the mannerisms and all the other agreeable adornments of the woman he loves. Similarly, let him use his hearing to enjoy the sweetness of her voice, the modulation of her words and, if she is a musician, the music she plays. In this way, through the channels of these two faculties, which have little to do with corporeal things and are servants of reason, he will nourish his soul on the most delightful food and will not allow desire for the body to arouse in him any appetite that is at all impure. Next, with the greatest reverence the lover should honour, please and obey his lady, cherish her even more than himself, put her convenience and pleasure before his own, and love the beauty of her soul no less than that of her body. He should, therefore, be at pains to keep her from going astray and by his wise precepts and admonishments always seek to make her modest, temperate and truly chaste; and he must ensure that her thoughts are always pure and unsullied by any trace of evil. And thus, by sowing virtue in the garden of her lovely soul, he will gather the fruits of faultless behaviour and experience exquisite pleasure from their taste. And this will be the true engendering and expression of beauty in beauty, which some say is the purpose of love. In this manner, our courtier will be most pleasing to his lady, and she will always be submissive, charming and affable and as anxious to please him as she is to be loved by him; and the desires of both will be very pure and harmonious, and consequently they will be perfectly happy.'

Then signor Morello remarked:'In reality, this engendering of beauty in beauty must mean the begetting of a beautiful child in a beautiful woman; and it would seem to me a far clearer sign that she loved her lover if she pleased him in this than if she treated him merely with the affability you mention.'

Bembo laughed and replied:'You mustn't go beyond the bounds, signor Morello; nor indeed does a woman grant just a token of affection when she gives her lover her beauty, which is precious to her, and along the paths into her soul, namely, sight and hearing, sends the glances of her eyes, the image of her face, her voice and her words, which penetrate her lover's heart and convey the proof of her love.'

Signor Morello then said:'Glances and words can be false witnesses, and often are. So anyone who has no better pledge of love is in my opinion most uncertain; and truly I was expecting you to make this lady of yours a little more courteous and generous towards the courtier than the Magnifico made

his. However, I think both of you are acting in the same way as those judges who pronounce sentence against their own people in order to seem wise.'

'I am perfectly willing,' Bembo continued, 'for this lady to be far more courteous to my elderly courtier than signor Magnifico's lady is to the young courtier. And this is with good reason, for my courtier will wish only for seemly things, all of which she may therefore concede to him quite innocently. But the Magnifico's lady, who is not so certain of the young courtier's modesty, should concede him only what is seemly and deny him what is not. Therefore my courtier, who obtains all he asks for, is happier than the other, who is granted some of his requests but refused others. And to help you understand even better that rational love is happier than sensual love, I say that sometimes the same things should be denied in sensual love and granted in rational love, because in the former context they are unseemly, and in the latter, seemly. Thus to please her gracious lover, besides granting him pleasant smiles, intimate and secret conversations, and the liberty to joke and jest and touch hands, the lady may very reasonably and innocently go so far as to grant a kiss, which in sensual love, according to the Magnifico's rules, is not permitted. For as a kiss is a union of body and soul, there is a risk that the sensual lover may incline more to the body than the soul; but the rational lover knows that although the mouth is part of the body nevertheless it provides a channel for words, which are the interpreters of the soul, and for the human breath or spirit. Consequently, the rational lover delights when he joins his mouth to that of the lady he loves in a kiss, not in order to arouse in himself any unseemly desire but because he feels that this bond opens the way for their souls which, attracted by their mutual desire, each pour themselves into the other's body in turn and so mingle that each of them possesses two souls, and it is as if a single spirit composed of the two governs their two bodies. So the kiss may be called a spiritual rather than physical union because it exerts such power over the soul that it draws it to itself and separates it from the body. For this reason, all chaste lovers desire a kiss as a union of souls; and thus when inspired to love Plato said that in kissing the soul comes to the lips in order to leave the body. And because the separation of the soul from things that are perceptible to the senses and its complete union with spiritual things can be signified by the kiss, in his inspired book of the Song of Songs Solomon says: "let him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth", in order to express the wish that his soul be transported by divine love to the contemplation of celestial beauty and by its intimate union with

this beauty might forsake the body.'

All were listening very attentively to what Bembo was saying; and then, after a moment's pause, he added:

'Since you have made me begin to teach the courtier who is no longer young about love that is truly happy, I want to lead him a little further still. For to stop at this point is very dangerous, because, as we have said several times already, the soul is strongly inclined towards the senses; and although reason may choose well in its operation and recognize that beauty does not arise from the body, and therefore act as a check to impure desires, yet the constant contemplation of physical beauty often perverts true judgement. And even if no other evil resulted from this, absence from the person one loves causes much suffering. This is because when beauty is physically present, its influx into the lover's soul brings him intense pleasure, and by warming his heart it arouses and melts certain hidden and congealed powers which the warmth of love nourishes and causes to flow and well up round his heart and send through his eyes those spirits or most subtle vapours, composed of the purest and brightest part of the blood, to receive the image of her beauty and embellish it with a thousand varied adornments. In consequence, the soul is filled with wonder and delight; it is frightened and yet it rejoices; as if dazed, it experiences along with its pleasure the fear and reverence invariably inspired by sacred things, and it believes it has entered into its Paradise.

'Therefore the lover who is intent only on physical beauty loses all this good and happiness as soon as the woman he loves by her absence leaves his eyes deprived of their splendour and, consequently, his soul widowed of its good. For, since her beauty is far away, there is no influx of affection to warm his heart as it did when she was there, and so the openings of his body become arid and dry; yet the memory of her beauty still stirs the powers of his soul a little, so that they seek to pour those spirits forth. Although their paths are blocked and there is no exit for them, they still strive to depart, and thus tormented and enclosed they begin to prick the soul and cause it to suffer bitterly, as children do when the teeth begin to grow through their tender gums. This causes the tears, the sighs, the anguish and the torments of lovers, because the soul is in constant pain and turmoil and almost raging in fury until its cherished beauty appears once more; and then suddenly it is calmed and breathes again, and wholly absorbed it draws strength from the delicious

food before it and wishes never to part from such a ravishing vision. Therefore, to escape the torment caused by absence and to enjoy beauty without suffering, with the help of reason the courtier should turn his desire completely away from the body to beauty alone. He should contemplate beauty as far as he is able in its own simplicity and purity, create it in his imagination as an abstraction distinct from any material form, and thus make it lovely and dear to his soul, and enjoy it there always, day and night and in every time and place, without fear of ever losing it; and he will always remember that the body is something altogether distinct from beauty, whose perfection it diminishes rather than enhances. In this way the courtier of ours who is no longer young will put himself out of reach of the anguish and distress invariably experienced by the young in the form of jealousy, suspicion, disdain, anger, despair and a certain tempestuous fury that occasionally leads them so much astray that some not only beat the women they love but take their own lives. He will do no injury to the husband, father, brothers or family of the lady he loves; he will cause her no shame; he will not be forced sometimes to drag his eyes away and curb his tongue for fear of revealing his desires to others; or to endure suffering when they part or during her absence. For he will always carry the treasure that is so precious to him safe in his heart; and by the power of his imagination he will also make her beauty far more lovely than it is in reality.

'However, among all these blessings the lover will find one that is far greater still, if he will determine to make use of this love as a step by which to climb to another that is far more sublime; and this will be possible if he continually reflects how narrowly he is confined by always limiting himself to the contemplation of a single body. And so in order to escape from this coninement, he will gradually add so many adornments to his idea of beauty that, by uniting all possible forms of beauty in his mind, he will form a universal concept and so reduce all the many varieties to the unity of that single beauty which sheds itself over human nature as a whole. And thus he will come to contemplate not the particular beauty of a single woman but the universal beauty which adorns all human bodies: and then, dazzled by this greater light, he will not concern himself with the lesser; burning with a more perfect flame, he will feel little esteem for what he formerly prized so greatly. Now this stage of love, although so noble that few attain it, still cannot be called perfect. For the human imagination is a corporeal faculty and acquires

knowledge only through the data supplied to it by the senses, and so it is not wholly purged of the darkness of material things. Thus although it may consider this universal beauty in the abstract and simply in itself, yet it perceives it not at all clearly nor within a certain ambiguity because of the affinities that the images it forms have with the body itself; and so those who reach this stage of love are like fledglings which on their feeble wings can lift themselves a little in flight but dare not stray far from the nest or trust themselves to the winds and the open sky.

'Therefore when our courtier has arrived at this stage, even though he can be called most happy in comparison with those lovers who are still sunk in the miseries of sensual love, I wish him not to be satisfied but to move boldly onwards along the sublime path of love and follow his guide towards the goal of true happiness. So instead of directing his thoughts to the outward world, as those must do who wish to consider bodily beauty, let him turn within himself to contemplate what he sees with the eyes of the mind, which begin to be penetrating and clear-sighted once those of the body have lost the flower of their delight; and in this manner, having shed all evil, purged by the study of true philosophy, directed towards the life of the spirit, and practised in the things of the intellect, the soul turns to contemplate its own substance, and as if awakened from deepest sleep it opens the eyes which all men possess but few use and perceives in itself a ray of that light which is the true image of the angelic beauty that has been transmitted to it, and of which in turn it transmits a faint impression to the body. Thus, when it has become blind to earthly things, the soul opens its eyes wide to those of heaven; and sometimes when the faculties of the body are totally absorbed by assiduous contemplation, or bound to sleep, no longer hindered by their influence the soul tastes a certain hidden savour of the true angelic beauty, and ravished by the loveliness of that light it begins to bum and to pursue the beauty it sees so avidly that it seems almost drunk and beside itself in its desire to unite with it. For the soul then believes that it has discovered the traces of God, in the contemplation of which it seeks its final repose and bliss. And so, consumed in this most joyous flame, it ascends to its noblest part, which is the intellect; and there, no more overshadowed by the dark night of earthly things, it glimpses the divine beauty itself. Even so, it does not yet enjoy this perfectly, since it contemplates it only in its own particular intellect, which cannot comprehend universal beauty in all its immensity. And so, not even satisfied

with bestowing this blessing, love gives the soul greater happiness still. For just as from the particular beauty of a single body it guides the soul to the universal beauty of all bodies, so, in the last stage of perfection, it guides the soul from the particular intellect to the universal intellect. And from there, aflame with the sacred fire of true divine love, the soul flies to unite itself with the angelic nature, and it not only abandons the senses but no longer has need of reason itself. For, transformed into an angel, it understands all intelligible things and without any veil or cloud it gazes on the wide sea of pure divine beauty, which it receives into itself to enjoy the supreme happiness the senses cannot comprehend.

'The kinds of beauty which every day we see in corruptible bodies with these clouded eyes of ours (and which even so are only dreams and faint shadows) appear to be so lovely and graceful that they often kindle in us a most ardent fire and cause such delight that we count no happiness the equal of what we sometimes feel because of a single glance we may receive from the eyes of the woman we love, so what happy wonder, what blessed awe must we think is that which possesses the soul when it attains the vision of divine beauty! What sweet flame, what ravishing fire must we believe that to be which springs from the source of supreme and true beauty, the fountain of all other beauty which never increases or diminishes! Always beautiful; most simple of itself and equally in all its parts; like only to itself and sharing in nothing other than itself; it is yet so beautiful that all other beautiful things derive their beauty from it. And this is the beauty indistinguishable from the highest good, which by its light calls and draws all things to it and which not only gives intellect to intellectual beings, reason to rational beings and the senses and the desire for life to sensual beings, but also transmits to the very plants and rocks, as an imprint of itself, motion and the instinct of their own particular nature. This love, therefore, is as greater and happier than the others as the cause that produces it is greater. And thus, just as material fire refines gold, so this most sacred fire consumes and destroys everything that is mortal in our souls and quickens and beautifies the celestial part which previously, because of the senses, was dead and buried. This is the pyre on which the poets write that Hercules was burned on the summit of Mount Oeta and through whose fire he became divine and immortal after death; this is the burning bush of Moses, the parted tongues of fire, the fiery chariot of Elias, which doubles the grace and happiness of those souls worthy to see it, when

it leaves the earth below and flies towards heaven. So let us direct all the thoughts and powers of our soul towards this most sacred light which shows us the path that leads to heaven; and following after it and divesting ourselves of the human passions in which we were clothed when we fell, let us ascend by the ladder whose lowest rung bears the image of sensual beauty to the sublime mansion where dwells the celestial, adorable and true beauty which lies hidden in the secret recesses of the Almighty where profane eyes may not see it. And here we shall find a most happy end to our desires, true rest from our labours, a sure remedy for our miseries, a wholesome medicine for our infirmities, a most safe harbour from the raging storms of the tempestuous sea of this life.

'O most sacred Love, what tongue is there that can praise you worthily? Full of beauty, goodness and wisdom, you flow from the union of beauty, goodness and divine wisdom, there you dwell, and through it you return to it perpetually. Graciously binding the universe together, midway between celestial and earthly things, by your benign disposition you direct the heavenly powers in their government of the lower, and turning the minds of men to their source, you unite them with it. You unite the elements in harmony, inspire nature to produce, and move all that is born to the perpetuation of life. You join together the things that are separate, give perfection to the imperfect, likeness to the unlike, friendship to the hostile, fruit to the earth, tranquillity to the sea, its life-giving light to the sky. You are the father of true pleasures, of all blessings, of peace, of gentleness and of good will; the enemy of rough savagery and vileness; the beginning and the end of every good. And since you delight to inhabit the flower of beautiful bodies and beautiful souls, and there sometimes consent to reveal a little of yourself to those worthy to see you, I believe that you now dwell here among us. Consent then, O Lord, to hear our prayers, pour yourself into our hearts, and with the radiance of your most sacred fire illumine our darkness and like a trusted guide show us the right path through this blind maze. Correct the falsity of our senses, and after our long delirium give us the true substance of goodness. Quicken our intellects with the incense of spirituality and make us so attuned to the celestial harmony that there is no longer room within us for any discord of passion. Inebriate our souls at the inexhaustible fountain of contentment that always delights and never satiates and that gives a taste of true blessedness to whoever drinks from its living and limpid waters. With

the rays of your light cleanse our eyes of their misty ignorance, so that they may no longer prize mortal beauty but know that the things which they first thought to see are not, and that those they did not see truly are. Accept the sacrifice of our souls; and burn them in the living flame that consumes all earthly dross, so that wholly freed from the body they may unite with divine beauty in a sweet and perpetual bond and that we, liberated from our own selves, like true lovers can be transformed into the object of our love and soar above the earth to join the feast of the angels, where, with ambrosia and immortal nectar for our food, we may at last die a most happy death in life, as did those ancient fathers whose souls, by the searing power of contemplation, you ravished from their bodies to unite with God.'

Having spoken in that way with such vehemence that he seemed transported out of himself, Bembo then remained silent and still, looking towards heaven, as if dazed. And then signora Emilia, who together with all the others had listened to all he had to say with the utmost attention, plucked the hem of his robe and said:

'Take care, Pietro, that with these thoughts of yours you too do not cause your soul to leave your body.'

'Madam,' answered Pietro, 'that would not be the first miracle that love has worked in me.'

Then the Duchess and all the others began once again to insist that Bembo should continue his discourse; and everyone almost seemed to feel in his mind a spark of the divine love that had inspired Bembo himself. They were all anxious to hear more, but he then added:

'Gentlemen, I have said all that was dictated to me on the spur of the moment by the holy frenzy of love. And now that its inspiration seems to have failed, I would not know what to say; and I think that love does not wish its secrets to be revealed any further, or that the courtier should pass beyond the stage I have been graciously permitted to show him; and so perhaps I may speak no further about this subject.'

'Truly,' said the Duchess, 'if the courtier who is no longer young is such that he is able to follow the path you have shown him he should rightly be content with such great happiness and feel no envy of the young.'

Then Cesare Gonzaga remarked:'The road that leads to happiness seems to me so steep that I hardly think anyone can travel it.'

And then signor Gaspare added:'I think to travel this road would be difficult for men, but impossible for women.'

Signora Emilia laughed and said:

'Signor Gaspare, if you return to giving us so many insults, I promise you will not be forgiven again.'

Signor Gaspare replied:'It is no insult to you to say that the souls of women are not as purged of the passions as those of men or as versed in contemplation as Pietro has said those which are to taste divine love must be. Thus do we not read that any woman has ever received this grace, but we do read of many men who have, such as Plato, Socrates, Plotinus and many others; and similarly many of our holy Fathers, such as St Francis, upon whom an ardent messenger of love impressed the most holy seal of the five wounds. And only the power of love could transport the Apostle St Paul to the vision of those secrets of which no man is allowed to speak, or show St Stephen the heavens opening.'

Then the Magnifico Giuliano replied:

'But women would not be surpassed by men in the slightest as far as this is concerned: for Socrates himself confessed that all the mysteries of love that he knew had been revealed to him by a woman, the famous Diotima, and the angel who pierced St Francis with the fire of love has also made several women of our own time worthy of the same seal. You should also remember that many sins were forgiven St Mary Magdalene because she loved much and that she, perhaps in no less a state of grace than St Paul, was many times rapt to the third heaven by angelic love, and remember many others who, as I told at greater length yesterday, for the love of Christ's name have cared nothing for their own life, nor have they feared tortures or any manner of death, however horrible and cruel. And these were not old, as pietro wishes his courtier to be, but tender and delicate girls, of the age at which he says sensual love should be allowed to men.'

*

Signor Gaspare was preparing to reply; but then the Duchess said:

'Let Pietro Bembo be the judge of this, and let us abide by his decision as to whether or not women are as capable of divine love as men. But, as the argument between you could last too long, it would be as well to postpone it until tomorrow.'

'Rather, fill this evening,' said Cesare Gonzaga.

'Why this evening?' asked the Duchess.

Cesare replied:'Because it is already day'; and he showed her the light that was beginning to come in through the clefts of the windows. Then they all rose to their feet, greatly astonished, because it did not seem that the discussion had lasted longer than usual, but as they had started far later and taken greater pleasure in it, those gentlemen had been so absorbed that they had not noticed the way time was passing; nor did anyone feel at all fired: and this often happens when the accustomed time of sleep is spent in wakefulness. So when the windows on the side of the palace that faces the lofty peak of Mount Catria had been opened, they saw that dawn had already come to the east, with the beauty and colour of a rose, and all the stars had been scattered, save only the lovely mistress of heaven, Venus, who guards the confines of night and day. From there, there seemed to come a delicate breeze, filling the air with biting cold, and among the murmuring woods on nearby hills wakening the birds into joyous song. Then all, having taken their respectful leave of the Duchess, went to their rooms, without torches, for the light of day was sufficient; and, as they were about to leave the room, the Prefect turned to the Duchess and said:

'Madam, to settle the argument between signor Gaspare and the Magnifico, we shall come with our judge this evening earlier than we did yesterday.'

Signora Emilia replied:'On condition that if signor Gaspare should want to criticize women and slander them in his usual manner he shall give his bond to stand trial, for I arraign him as a fugitive from justice.'

THE TAO OF NATURE

道法自然

［春秋］庄子　著

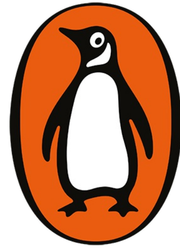
王相峰　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

道法自然

（春秋）庄子/著

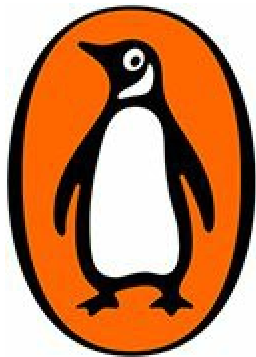
王相峰/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

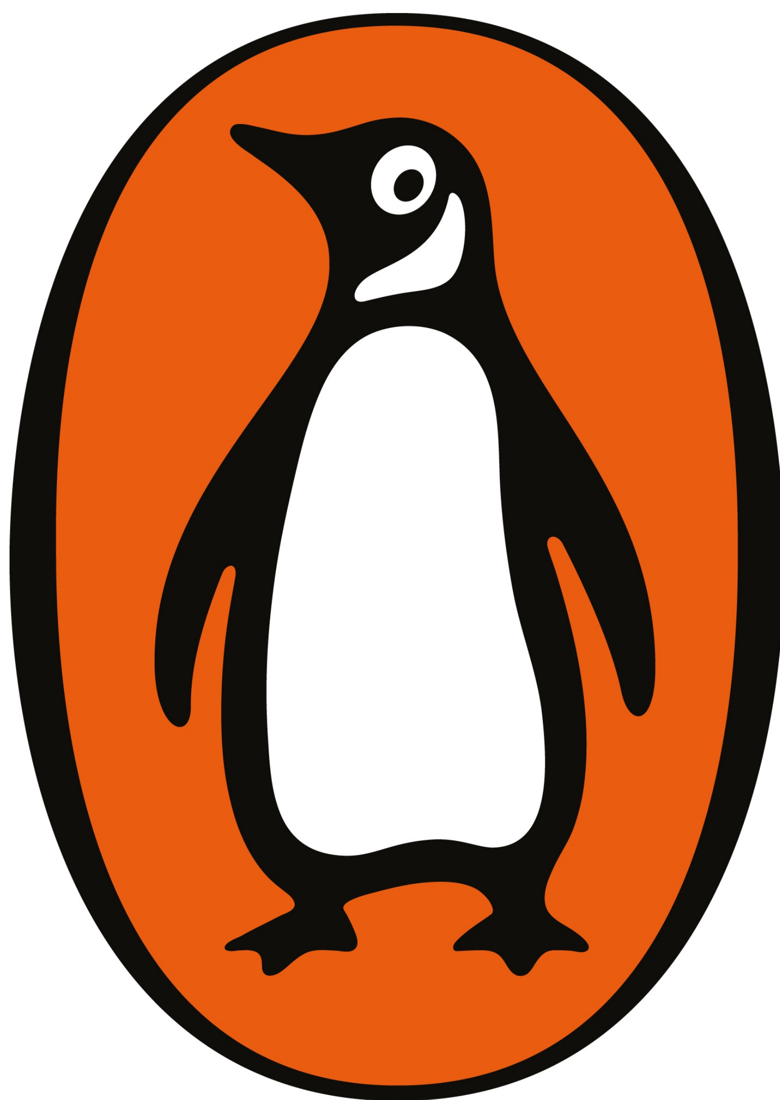
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
These extracts taken from The Book of Chuang Tzu first published by Arkana 1996
This selection published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

“人法地，地法天，天法道，道法自然”

——《老子》

本书的书名虽取自《老子》，但内容全部摘选自《庄子》，并进行了重新编排。这大概也可反映出庄子与老子的关系。庄子是老子的后学，极致推崇老子，虽然其学说思想与老子不尽相同，但有关“道、德”的根本观念则基本相同，皆为当时一切传统思想之反对派，故经常被人并称为“老庄哲学”。

有关庄子其人，我们知之甚少。《史记》曰：“庄子者，蒙人也，名周。周尝为蒙漆园吏，与梁惠王、齐宣王同时。”《庄子》一书之中也多次提及庄子与惠施往来，且死于惠施之后。但庄子一生的其他事迹，并无更多记载。至于其生卒年月，根据马叙伦《庄子年表》，庄子大约生活于公元前370年至公元前298年。

庄子的学说，胡适认为“只是一个‘出世主义’”，其中《天下篇》最能表现其思想，庄子虽生于世俗，却“独与天地精神往来，……上与造物者游，而下与外死生无终始者为友”。胡适还说“中国古代的出世派哲学至庄子始完全成立”。虽然《史记》中对庄子的评价并不高，说他“著书十余万言，大抵率寓言也”，“皆空语，无事实”。但后世仍有很多人推崇庄学，认为其“文体思想，皆极超旷”，表达了那种“忘我，顺其自然，入世而超世”的深刻体验。其“‘道’‘天’一也”的思想背后，也传达出了“道可道，非常道”之“道不可知”的理念。

本书分为十四部分。第一部分“齐物论”阐明“万物皆为一”，是庄子

哲学的中坚思想，也是整个庄子思想的辩证法基础；第二部分“完美契合”藉多个故事传达“顺天而为”的思想，其中就有著名的“庖丁解牛”的故事；第三部分“何为真人？”和第四部分“命而已！”继而探讨了“顺天而为”思想下应具有的人生观和价值观；第五部分是关于“惠子”（即惠施）的，辩论中阐明庄子思想的同时，他们之间的友情也跃然纸上；第六部分“马蹄”则由“马与粘土之遭遇”引出庄子的政治观，就是要“任天顺性”；第七部分“博学何用？”透露出庄子对于知识和幸福的态度，主张“无为而为”；第八部分“无为而为是谓天”继续展开对“无为而为”的讨论，直指“天”与“性”；第九部分“天在动吗？”则深入追问何为“天”之“道”，又回到“无为而为”；第十部分藉另一组故事探讨“真实与幸福”，答案仍是“任天顺性”、“无为而为”；第十一部分“把握生命的目的”阐发“无为而为”的人生观；第十二部分“勿要问道”比苏格拉底“我知道我什么都不知道”走得更远，“道”非但是“不知道”更是“顺性无为”；第十三部分“何为本真？”中的两个故事皆关政治，一“文”一“武”，欲强问道，唯有道法自然；最后，第十四部分则关于庄子在自己生活中如何践行自己的思想。不论是从多方面展开论证，还是从理论到实践，这样的组织安排使得《庄子》有了一个系统的脉络，为理解庄子的思想贡献了一个可供参考的架构。

最后，谈一谈本书的翻译。其实，越来越多的中国古典哲学在西方有了译本，特别是当下中国的影响力日盛。或许有人会问，为何需要将译本再转译成中文呢？当然，曾经有很多人在翻译原是中文的内容时闹出过不少笑话。这自有译者疏忽之故，个中原因我们在此无法深究。但是无论如何，对西方译本的回译，特别是古代文本，有助于我们了解和参照西方学界所进行的解读，毕竟我们对古文的解读也并非总是意见一致。有些译本更是对原文本进行了重新编排，这也有助于我们寻找古代文本内部的系统结构。译者并非庄学专家，知识能力有限，若有不妥之处，还请大家多多指正。

参考书目：

陈柱，《诸子概论》，广西师范大学出版社，2010.

冯友兰，《中国哲学史》，重庆出版社，2009.

胡适，《中国哲学史大纲》，商务印书馆，2011.

第一部分　齐物论

现在，我有话要说。我所说的跟别人所说的是不是属于同一范畴呢？我不知道。在某个层面上，我所说的是不同的。但在另一个层面上，肯定又是相同的，即我所说的和别人所说的没有什么不同。不管是哪种情形，容我尽量把我的意思说给你听。

有开始，就有开始尚未开始之时，就有开始尚未开始之时尚未开始之时。有有，就有无，而且很难说无是否无，或者有是否有。

我刚说了一番话，但是我并不知道在我所说的话里我要说的是否是真的，或者是否真的说了？

天下没有比毛发的末端更大的东西了，泰山相比都算为小；没有比夭折的婴儿更长寿的了，彭祖相比都算短命。

天地与我同时出生，而且万物与我为一。

既然万物皆为一，还有需要进行言说吗？可是我刚刚说了万物皆为一，我就已经进行言说了，不是吗？一加一等于二，二加一等于三。由此推算下去，即便是业务娴熟的会计也可能会弄不明白，何况是一般人呢。如果从“无”到“有”我们得到三，想想如果是从“有”到“有”呢，我们得要走多远！

还是不要开始，让我们呆在原地。

伟大的道没有开始，言说自打开始就已经改变了意义。但是出于“有此”的想法，界限还是出现了。我想说一说这些界限。左与右，相互关系及其影响，区分与异议，效仿与争辩，这些就是所谓的八德。

圣人不会谈论宇宙界限之外的事物——虽然他也不会加以否认。宇宙之内的事物，他虽进行谈论却不会断言。对于《春秋》中所记载的先王的事迹，圣人讨论但不评判。如果有事物被区分，就有事物未被区分；如果有异议存在，就有没有争议的事物存在。

你问，这是什么意思？圣人包容万物，而一般人却只是就事物起争执。这就是为什么我说争执意味着你根本不理解。

伟大的道路没有名字，

伟大的争辩没有言说，

伟大的善行不是行善，

伟大的虚心不是谦虚，

伟大的勇气不是残暴。

清晰明确的道不是道，

起争论的言语无价值，

行善只看眼前终无果，

虚心若被无视即失败，

残暴的勇气没有意义。

……

啮缺问王倪：“老师，你知道万物相一致的是什么吗？”

王倪说：“我怎么可能知道？”

“老师，那你知道什么你不知道吗？”

他回答说：“我怎么能知道？”

“那万物都是无知的吗？”

王倪说：“这我怎么可能知道？话虽如此，我还是想试着说点什么。我怎么知道我说我知道的东西不是我不知道的呢？同样地，我怎么知道我认为我不知道的就不是我知道的呢？我想问你几个问题：

‘如果有人睡在一个潮湿的地方，他会浑身疼痛甚至会半身不遂，可是鳗鱼会如此吗？如果有人爬上一棵树，他会害怕发抖，可是猴子会这样吗？这三者之中，谁的居所是最明智的呢？

‘人吃肉，鹿吃草，蜈蚣吃蛇，而猫头鹰和乌鸦吃老鼠。这四者之中，谁的口味是最好的呢？

‘猴子相互结伴，鹿彼此结群。人们说毛嫱和丽姬是世界上最漂亮的女人，可是鱼看见她们会潜水而逃，鸟会飞向天空，鹿也会逃跑。这四者之中，到底是谁知道真正的美呢？依我看，善和义，是非之途，根本就是相互交织的。我想我不可能知道它们之间的区别！’”

啮缺说：“老师，如果你不知道善和恶之间的区别，是不是说完美之人也没有这样的知识呢？”

王倪回答说：“完美之人是纯精神的，他感受不到滚烫沙漠的热度，也感受不到浩瀚水域的冰冷。能劈开高山的闪电和能搅动海水的风暴都不能让他惊恐。这样的人乘着云彩登上日月，遨游于四海内外。死生都不能影响他，他也不关心善恶！”

瞿鹊子问长梧子：

我听老师说：圣人

不劳作，也不寻利，

不行善，也不为害，

而且他也不追求道；

不说话却可以达意，

说话时却无所传达，

超越了尘世的界限。

“老师把所有这些看作是一连串无尽的词语，可在我看来它们就像是有关神秘之道的言论。老师，您认为如何？”

长梧子说：“这样的说法甚至会让黄帝感到困惑，那么孔子怎么可能明白呢！而且，你过于超前了，蛋还未孵化就想计算鸡的数量，看到碗就想到烤好的禽肉。我尽量跟你随便一说，你也随便一听。智者如何能够坐在日月之旁而包容整个宇宙？因为他让万物归于和谐，所以他拒绝差异和混乱，并且无视地位和权力。当一般人匆忙地四处闯荡，圣人却显得愚蠢无知，而且在他看来万物是合而为一的。万物只是顺其自然，万物在他看来都是在做它们应该做的。

“我怎么知道对生的爱不是虚幻呢？或者对死的恐惧不正像一个离家出走的年轻人找不到回家的路？丽姬小姐是边疆守卫艾的女儿。当她被晋国俘获时，她哭得眼泪都把捆绑她的绳子浸湿了；随后她来到了晋王的宫殿，睡在晋王的床上，享用晋王的食物，就后悔之前流眼泪了。我怎么知道人死后不会为他们之前贪生而后悔呢？

“清晨来临，那些梦到在宴会上喝醉的人可能会哭泣呻吟；那些在

梦中哭泣呻吟的人待清晨醒来就外出打猎去了。当他们做梦时，他们并不知道是在做梦。确实，在梦中他们可能认为他们在解梦，只有当他们醒来才知道这不过是一场梦。思考和清醒之日终将到来，到那时我们就会知道一切都是一场大梦。只有愚蠢之人才认为他们现在是清醒的，好像他们真得知道发生了什么，谁演王子，谁演仆人。真是愚蠢啊！老师和你都活在梦里。当我说这是梦时，我也在做梦。就这句话也是骗人的。如果万年之后我们能有一次机会见到一位明白这个道理的真正伟大的圣人，这就好像只过去了一上午似的。

“假如你和我进行辩论，你胜过了我，而不是我胜过了你，这难道就意味着你就当然是对的而我就当然是错的吗？如果我胜过了你，是否就能得出我就当然是对的而你因此就是错的呢？我们之中真的有一个是对的而另一个是错的吗或者是否我们都是对的或者都是错的呢？你和我终究都不知道，而其他人就更不清楚了。如此，我们让谁来给我们正确答案呢？你能问那认为你对的人吗？可是这样的人怎么能够给出一个公正的答案呢？我们能问那认为我对的人吗？可是如果他同意我的意见，他又怎么能够作出公正的评判呢？那么，同样地，我们能问对你我的意见都赞同的人吗？同样地，如果他对你我都赞成，他怎么能给出一个真正的判断呢？那我们能问对你我都持异议的人吗？还是一样，如果他对你我都反对，他怎么能进行真诚的评判呢？很明显，不论你我还是其他任何人相互间都不能作出如此决定。那么，我们是否还应当等待另外有人出现呢？

“等待一个声音来统合一切跟不等待任何人一样没有意义。把所有事物一块儿置于天的平等之下，让它们变化的过程持续无阻，并且学会如何成长到老。把所有事物一块儿置于天的平等之下是什么意思呢？至于何为是非，我要说非亦是，是亦非。但是让我们不要纠缠于此讨论。忘记生，忘记担心是非。投入到那未知的无穷之中，找到属于你的位置！”

罔两问景："你先是在动，然后又站着不动；你坐下，然后又站起来。你为什么不能自己作决定呢？"

景答道："我要依赖其他东西来成为我自己吗？难道这个其他的东西自己不也得依赖另外的其他东西吗？我必须得依赖蛇的鳞片或蝉的双翼吗？我怎么能够分辨事物是怎样的呢？我怎么知道事物不是怎样的呢？"

从前，我庄周梦到过自己是一只蝴蝶，飞来飞去，十分开心。我忘记了自己是庄周。然后突然我醒了，又变回庄周了。但是我不能分辨，到底我是庄周梦见自己是一只蝴蝶，还是我是一只蝴蝶梦见自己现在成了庄周呢？无论如何，庄周和蝴蝶之间肯定是有某种区别的！我们可以称之为事物的转化。

第二部分　完美契合

庖丁为文惠君宰杀一头牛。他手上的每一个动作、肩膀的每一次耸动、双脚的每一次迈步、膝盖的每一次推抵、肉撕裂时发出的每一声，以及下刀时所发出的嗖嗖之声，都是那么地完美契合，就好比《桑林》的舞蹈或《经首》的旋律。

“啊，太棒了！”文惠君说道，“你的技艺为何如此高超呢？”

庖丁放下他的刀然后说道：“属下最爱的是道，它优于任何技艺。当我最开始宰牛的时候，我看到的只是一整头牛。三年后，我就学会了不把牛看成一个整体。现在我是借着我的心智来行动，而不是用我的双眼。我不去管那感觉，而是追随着我的灵魂。我看到了那自然的线条，我的刀子划过那大的空隙、顺着那大的腔孔，这是将已存在的为我所用。因此，我避开了那些大的肌肉，更别说那大的骨头了。一个好的厨师一年换一把刀，因为他用刀切。一个普通的厨师却不得不一个月换一把刀，因为他用刀砍。现在我这把刀已经用了十九年了，用它宰杀了几千头牛。但是，它的刀刃仍像刚开过光一样锋利。两个关节之间是空隙，而刀刃却没有什么厚度。如果你把没有厚度的刀刃切进这样的空隙之中，是有足够空间的，当然足以让刀划过。不过，当我碰到比较困难的部分，我能够看出它不好处理，我就会小心谨慎。我仔细观察，谨慎移动。然后，轻轻地，我滑动刀子，直到肉都分开，像一块土掉到地上一样散开。我手持刀站在那里，环顾四周，然后心满意足地把刀擦干净收起来。”

文惠君说：“妙极了！我听了庖丁说的话，从他的话里我学到了尽享此生的方法。”

公文轩看到右师时，十分惊讶，说道：“此人是谁？为何他只有一只脚？这是天生的还是人为的？”

右师说道：“天生的，不是人为的。天赋予我生命，同时它只给了我一只脚。人的相貌是天生的，因此我知道我这是天生的，不是人为的。沼泽里的野鸡每走十步啄食一次，每走百步喝水一次，但它可不想被养在笼子里。即便你待它如国王，它的灵魂也是不开心的。”

老子死后，秦失前来为他哀悼。他叫喊了三声后就离开了。

老子的一个弟子说道：“难道老师不是你的朋友吗？”

他回答说：“没错。”

“那么你真的以为这样的哀悼方式是最好的吗？”

“是的。起先我以为这些人是真正的人，但是现在我不这么确定了。我进来哀悼的时候，有老人在哭泣，就好像他们失去了自己的孩子一样；有年轻人在痛哭，如同自己的母亲去世了一般。这样的一群人聚在一起，不停地瞎聊，但是老子可没让他们来这儿聊天；而且还哭哭啼啼，虽然老子并不想要别人为他流眼泪。这是违背天意，沉浸在情绪之中，忽视了天的赋予。古人称之为违背天理的后果。你老师来到这个世界，是因为他应当出生。现在他死，也是完全自然的。如果你准备接受并顺其自然，悲伤和喜悦都不能触碰到你。古人将其视为神的工作，让我们脱离束缚。

“我们可以指着那燃尽的木材，但是其上烧过的火，我们却不知道它去到何方。”

……

颜阖即将成为卫灵公长子的老师，所以他前去拜访蘧伯玉说：“有一个人，天性没有道德。如果我让他只是顺其自然，国家将岌岌可危；如果我尽力让他回归有节制的生活，那么我的生命将有危险。他只能认识到他人的过分举动，却不能看到自己的。在这种情况下，我该怎么办呢？”

蘧伯玉说：“问得好！要警惕，要小心，保证你自己是正确的。外表上要表示赞同，心里要保持满足和谐。但是，这些策略都有风险。不要让你的外在态度影响你的内在自我，也不要让你的内在自我表现于外。如果你使自己陷入了他做事的方式之中，你会被推翻、毁灭、摧毁，并最终溃败。如果你内心的和谐表现于外，你将会获得声名，然而你会被称为恶人。如果他做事像个孩子，那么跟他在一起时就表现得像个孩子；如果他不允许有任何限制，那就按他说的做。如果他跨越栅栏，就跟着他！只有理解他，然后才能巧妙地引领他改过。

“你难道不知道螳螂的故事吗？愤怒之中，它挥舞着它的手臂阻挡快速行进的马车，却不知道它无力阻止，还对它自己的力量信心满满哩！要警惕，要小心！如果你如此盲目自信，你将遭遇同样的危险。

“难道你不知道驯虎师的做法吗？他不会给老虎活的动物做食物，害怕过度刺激它们会让它们爱上杀戮。他甚至都不给它们整个的动物尸体，害怕激起它们撕碎动物的怒气。他观察它们的食欲，意识到它们的凶猛。老虎和人不同，但是如果你懂得如何去适应它们，你可以训练它们听从训练师的指令。那些违逆老虎天性的人不会活得很久。

“爱马的人用精美的篮子和瓶子收集马粪和马尿。可是，当一只蚊子或牛虻落在马身上，马夫突然地将其轰走时，马会挣脱马嚼子、损坏马具并伤到前胸。马夫是出于爱马尽量去做那有益的事情，可是最终结果却适得其反。因此我们更应行事谨慎啊！”

在去齐国的路上，木匠石来到一个叫曲辕的地方。他在那里看到一棵橡树，被当作土地神明的庙宇敬拜。这棵树那样地大，足以遮蔽一千头牛。它有一百抱那么粗，高耸超过山顶足有八十英尺处才开始发枝。可以被开凿成整艘船的树枝就有十根。大量的人前来参观，使这个地方有了节日的气氛，但是木匠石都没环视一圈就继续赶路了。他的助手仔细观察过这棵树后，紧追上他的老师说："自从我首次拿起斧头追随您以来，还没见过这样的树木呢。先生，您为什么都不停下来看一眼就继续赶路呢？"

他说："安静，啥也别说了！这棵树没啥用。用它做船会沉，做棺木会很快腐烂，做家具会散成碎片，做门会到处渗出树液，做梁柱会生蛀虫。这棵树没用，什么也做不了。因此它才能活这么长。"

石师傅返程的时候，这棵树在梦中向他显灵，说："你到底要把我比作什么？用于观赏的果树吗？山楂树、梨树、柑橘树、葫芦或其他果树之类的树吗？他们的果实成熟时会被打掉，树木因此而遭罪。大的树枝会遭到破坏，小的树枝会被折断。因为它们有用，它们就遭罪，所以不能尽享天所赋予的寿命。对于人们所进行的此类破坏，它们只能怪罪自己有用。万物皆如此。我花费了很长时间学会变得无用，尽管有那么几次我差点就被摧毁。不过，现在我已经完善了无用之术，对我来说，这很有用！如果我以前有用，我能长这么大吗？再说，你我皆是物。一物怎能对他物加以评判呢？你这个终将死去的无用之人又怎能了解一棵无用之树呢？"

木匠石醒来之后就把他所做的梦告诉他的学徒。学徒说："如果它想变得无用，为什么还被用作土地神明的庙宇呢？"

石说："嘘！别说了！这棵树正好在此，因此变成了祭坛。这样它才能保护自己，免受那些尚未意识到它无用之人的伤害。如果它不是祭坛，就有被砍伐掉的危险。另外，这棵树不是一般的树，所以用一般的

言语来谈论它可就是不得要领了。”

南伯子綦在商地的山丘之间漫游，碰到一棵巨大而不寻常的树，树下可以为一千辆马车提供荫蔽，全部都能被遮挡住。子綦说：“这是怎样的树啊？它肯定是世上最棒的木材！”但是，当他抬头看时，看到小一点的树枝是那样的弯曲变形、长满树瘤，根本就不能用作房梁；往下看，看到树干也是弯曲变形的，不能用作好的棺木。他舔了一片叶子，感觉嘴唇被擦伤了，很疼。他又闻了闻，这一下差点发疯，就跟大醉了三天似的。

子綦说：“这棵树肯定毫无用处，因此它才能长这么大。啊哈！这就是圣人赖以生存的那种无用啊。

“在宋国有一个区域为荆氏之地，特别适合种植梓树、柏树和桑树。不过，那些有一握多粗的树，被要为他们的猴子做木桩的人砍了；那些有三四指距宽的树，被要给大房子做梁木的人砍了；那些有七八指距宽的树，被想要他们的棺木每一面都是整个厚板的君主和富人砍了。因此，这些树都不能活过天赋予它们的寿命，反而在它们生命的黄金时期被人用斧子砍掉。这都是有用的后果啊！献祭时，把有白色额头的牛、鼻孔上翻的猪以及患有痔疮的人作为祭品献给河神是没有用的。僧人知道这些，因此他们视这些生物为不祥的。但是，圣人却因相同的原因而对它们高度评价。

“支离疏身体残疾，下巴陷进了他的肚脐，肩膀高过了头顶，发髻指着天，五脏都被挤压到了身体的顶部，两条大腿紧紧顶着肋骨。他靠磨针和洗衣服挣的钱足以糊口。他给人去糠筛米挣的钱能养活十个人。官员来征兵时，他大摇大摆地闲逛，不必躲藏；官员想要组织大批人员服劳役时，因为他身体畸形，也没人去找他。反过来，当官员向体弱之人分发粮食时，他却可领到三大份，还有十捆柴。如果像他这样身体畸形的人都能够养活自己并尽享天赋的寿命，又何况那仅在道德层面上畸

形的人呢！”

……

在鲁国有一个身残之人名叫叔山无趾。他拖着残肢来见孔子。孔子说：“你以前不谨慎所以才遭此厄运。现在才来见我为时已晚。”

无趾说：“因为我的无知和对身体照顾不周，我失去了一只脚。现在我来找您是因为我还有比脚更重要的东西想要保全。没有什么东西是苍天不能覆盖的，也没有什么东西是大地不能承载的。我本希望先生您可以做我的天地，没有想到您会这样待我。”

孔子说：“我真是愚蠢。先生是善人，请不要走，我想要跟您分享我所学到的。”

可是，无趾还是走了，孔子说：“要注意啦，学生们！无趾，伟大啊，虽然失去了一只脚却仍然想通过学习来弥补他的过错。你们个个身体健全，岂不更应该要学习！”

无趾把他的故事讲给老子听，说：“孔子肯定尚未成为完美之人，不是吗？他好像还是沉溺于追求名誉声望而不能自拔，好像并未懂得完美之人将名声视同枷锁。”

老子说：“为什么不帮他认识到死生是一回事，是非也是一回事，好让他自枷锁中解脱呢？”

无趾反问：“如果是天在惩罚他，他又如何能摆脱呢？”

鲁哀公问孔子说：“卫国有一人，相貌丑陋，叫哀骀它。但是在他身边的那些人都敬佩他，若女人看到他，便跑到他们的父母跟前说：‘我宁愿做这位君子的小妾也不愿做别人的妻子。’这样的事情发生

过不止十次。从未有人听说他引领过任何东西，倒是经常附随别人。他不强大，不能救别人于危亡之中；他也不富有，不能充实别人的肚皮。况且，他是那样的丑陋，足以吓到全世界的人。他从不带头干什么，只是附和别人的提议，对于自己家四面墙以外的世界一无所知。但是人们成群结队地来找他。很明显，他和普通人不一样，因此我召他前来见我。他确实丑陋，足以让全世界的人都害怕他。可是他跟我在一起还不到一个月，我就开始欣赏他了。不到一年，我就完全信赖他了。因为国家尚未有主政的大臣，所以我请他担任此职。对于我的请求，他的反应是那么地难过，那么地羞怯，如同要拒绝一般。我为自己感到羞愧，但最终还是把国家交给了他。不久后，他便起身离开了。我很难过，我觉得这是重大的损失，因为没有人可以与我分担治国的重担了。你说，这是什么样的人呢？”

孔子说：“我曾经出使楚国，看到一些小猪仔正奋力在它们死去的母亲身上吸奶。可不一会儿它们就全都站起来离开了。因为母亲似乎不再注意它们，所以它们也不再感到与母亲间的亲密了。它们爱母亲不是爱她的躯体，而是那给予躯体生命的东西。如果一个人在战场上被杀，葬礼上授予他的战争荣誉对他来说没有什么用处。失去双脚的人不会喜爱鞋子。因为在这两种情况下，他们失去了那让这些东西有价值的理由。没错，天子的妻室不用修剪她们的指甲也不用穿耳洞；一个新近结婚的君子会远离宫廷，免于那繁重的义务。照料身体要花费如此多的精力，想想要保存道德需要怎样的照料吧！虽然哀骀它什么都不说，人们却信任他。他什么都不做，人们却爱戴他。他能够使别人情愿把国家政权交给他，还唯恐他不接受。他必定是一个具有完美品格和无形道德之人。”

“你说的‘完美品格’是什么意思？”哀公问。

孔子回答道：“死亡、出生、存在和烦恼、吉兆和凶兆、财富、贫

穷、有用和无用、荣誉和责备、饥饿和口渴、寒冷和炎热——所有这些都是世界运行的方式、命运的结果。日夜交替，但是我们却无法知道它们来自何处。不要让这样的事扰乱你内在的平衡，也不要让这样的事使你心生烦恼。如果你能平衡且享受日夜，掌控它们并为之陶醉，而且能够夜以继日地始终如此并统和万物，就能够造就一颗应变的心，这就是完美品格。”

“那‘无形道德’又是什么意思？”

“静止的水，可以在其中发现完美的平衡。这样的水就是我们所有人的榜样。保持内心和谐，不让任何外在之事影响它。道德，即是真正平衡的结果。道德没有任何形状或形式，但任何事情都不能没有它。”孔子说。

第三部分　何谓真人？

一个人若既懂得天道又通晓人道便达到完美了。懂得天，他便和天一同成长。懂得人性，用他的明智所知道的，来培养他的明智所不知道的，因此能获得善终而不是英年早逝。这便是完美。

虽然如此，但事实上问题仍然存在。真正的理解必然有所适用，可适用的对象本身却是不确定的。我怎么知道我称为天的不是人，或者我称为人的不是天呢？

只有真人才能理解。那么何谓真人？古时真人不与贫穷相抗争，也不在财富之中寻求圆满——因为他没有什么宏伟蓝图。因此，他从不为任何失败而懊悔，也不为任何成功而狂喜。他测量高度时毫无畏惧，探测深度时毫无困难，穿过火焰时毫无疼痛。就是这种人，他的理解已经将其提升到接近道了。

古时的真人睡时无梦，醒时无忧。他吃饭而非品尝，深呼吸，非常之深。真人从双脚往上全身呼吸，而普通人仅从喉咙呼吸。蹩脚之人说话如同呕吐一般。为贪婪和欲望所吞噬，在天道面前他们只是浅薄。

古时真人并不恋生，亦不畏死。他来时，无所期望；他去时，毫无抗拒。他静静地去，他静静地来，就是这样。他并不打算忘记他的起源，也没兴趣知道以后的遭遇。他不仅乐意接受任何事物，并且会忘记他之前已接受的事物并将其赠送。他并不偏爱心而是偏爱道，并将天道置于人道之上。这就是真人。

像这样，他内心健忘，

面容平静，额头舒展；

凄冷似秋，温暖似春。

高兴愤怒如四季变化。

面对万物，行为得当，

却没人知道最后结局。

故圣人即便召集军队，

征战列国，让其臣服，

也不会失去人民爱戴。

他本性宽宏造福万代，

但他却并不热爱世人。

圣人不追求有福同享。

仁人不流露自身情感。

智者不等待自然天性。

学者平衡利好与破坏。

君子不为求名而迷失。

迷失真我和道路的人，

就没有能力指挥别人。

……

古时的真人显得出世，

也就没有失败的危险。

看似匮乏却毫不拿取。

随心所欲却不好批评。

明显虚空却毫无炫耀。

开心地笑，似很满足。

反应快速，似无选择。

悲伤时，他表现出来。

满意时，他道德从容。

安静时，他天人合一。

骄傲时，他放荡不羁。

他的天性好像不可知。

从不在乎，忘其欲言。

他视法律为政府外形。

将仪式礼仪视为翅膀，

将知识视为符合时宜。

他还将道德视为得当。

因视法律为政府外形，

故他可灵活处理死刑。

因他将仪式视为翅膀，

他可与社会和谐相处。

因视知识为符合时宜，

他理解万事自然之道。

因他将道德视为得当，

才能跟领袖人物同行。

所以他自发采取行动，

别人还以为代价很高。

因此他所追求的是一。

而他所否认的也是一。

一是一，不一也是一。

一是说，他与天合一。

不一是说，与人合一。

当天与人没有争执时，

我们就能说是真人了。

死亡和出生是有定数的。就像黑夜过后必有黎明一样确定无疑，死生乃天命注定。这超出了人的掌控能力，事情就是这样的。一些人将天视为他们的父亲并一直爱他。对于那更伟大的，他们又该献上多少虔诚呢！一些人视他们的君主胜过他们自己，愿意为他献出生命。对于那比他们的君主更真的，他们又该献上多少生命呢！

当泉水干涸的时候，人们发现鱼都搁浅在地上。它们用自身的水分来保持彼此潮湿，用它们的粘液来让彼此湿润。就算它们在河流和湖泊里只能彼此相忘，也岂不是更好。人们赞美尧而批判桀，但是如果人们把他俩都忘掉而只是顺从道，岂不是更好。宇宙给予了我这躯体的负担，使生命变成挣扎，让我到老年时休息，死后才获得安宁。因此，那让生活美好的，同样也让死亡美好。

一条船可以藏于峡谷之中，一张渔网可以藏于池塘之中，这样你可能认为它们因此就安全了。但是，夜半之时会有壮汉前来将它们拿走。眼光狭小之人只是不明白将小东西藏于大东西之中并不意味着它们就不会被偷走。如果你将取自天下之物藏于天下，它就没有地方可以遗失了！这就是万物的真理。拥有人形是一件高兴的事，但是在宇宙可能的形式中，其他形式也同样好。存在着无数的可能性难道不是一件幸事吗？圣人要去那无物逃离他的地方，安心地在那里与万物共存。无论英年早逝还是年华老去，不论是开始还是结束，他都欣然接受，将它们看作是同样好——他应该成为别人的榜样。如果是这样，那么那维系生命万物、作为一切变化起源的又该是我们怎样的榜样呢！

伟大的道既有内在真实又有外在表现，但它是无为、无形的。

它可以被传递，但不能被接收。

它可以被获得，但不能被看见。

它根植于自身，在开天辟地前，

它就已存在，并将永远地存在。

它赋予神灵以神性，开天辟地。

它先于元气存在却不能说崇高；

它处宇宙四方之下却不能说深。

它先于天地而生却不能说是老。

它远比古代更为古老却并不老。

……

子祀、子舆、子犁和子来在一起交谈，说道："如果有谁能如此想象：'无'是他的头，'生'是他的背，而'死'是他的尾，并且知道死生存亡都是一样的、相同的——这样的人就应该是我们的朋友。"四个人都笑了，心生默契，于是成为朋友。

不久，子舆生病了。子祀前去探望，子舆说："造物主真是伟大啊！他让我身体畸形。我的背就如同那驼背之人，我所有的脏器都跑到上方，而且下巴也陷进了肚脐中，肩膀升到了脑袋以上，发髻都指着天了！"他已阴阳失调。可是他却心中平静，毫无忧虑。他蹒跚到井边，往井里看他的倒影，然后说，"我的天啊！造物主已经让我变得完全畸形了！"

子祀问道："你讨厌这个样子吗？"

“不，我为什么要讨厌呢？比方说，我的左臂可能会变成一只小公鸡，那样的话我就能够在晚上报时了。或许，最后我的右臂会变成一把十字弓，那样的话我就能猎杀一只鸟来吃。我的屁股也可能会变成车轮，我的灵魂变成一匹马，那我就会骑上马出去兜一圈。毕竟，到那时我就再也不需要其他车辆了。我得生是因为时机到了，同样时机到了我也会死去。那些顺从自然的进程而默默前行的人不会为喜乐或悲伤而担忧。这样的人在以前被认为是实现自由、摆脱束缚了。那些不能实现自我解脱的人被外物所束缚。即便如此，也没有什么可以胜过天——事实一直如此。这么说来我又为什么要讨厌现在的样子呢？”

后来子来生病了。喘喘嘘嘘地快要死了。他的妻子和儿女都在他身旁哀伤。子犁前来看望他，子来却说：“闭嘴，出去！你想要扰乱变化的进程吗？”

子犁倚在门口评论道：

“造物主何其伟大！

要把你变成什么？

要派你去向何方？

重生为老鼠肝脏？

还是变成虫的臂？”

子来说：

“当父母让子女到某地的时候，

不论东南西北，子女皆听从。

阴阳二气是我们人类的父母。

它们让我死，如果我不遵从，

这也只能算是我的刚愎任性。

我的死亡根本不是它们的错！

宇宙赋予我形体，使我出生，

引领我步入暮年，安于死亡。

若喜悦生命，也须喜悦死亡。

一个好的匠人，打铁的时候，

会不高兴，如果铁跳出来说：

‘一定要把我做成镆铘一样。’

我既已足够大胆，呈现人形，

若我说：‘我要做人，要做人。’

造物主定会有些怀疑地看我！

若天地是熔炉，自然是工匠，

它会派我去不适宜的地方吗？

让我们平静死去，安静醒来。”

第四部分　命而已！

子舆和子桑是朋友。刚好下了十天的雨，子舆就说：“子桑可能有麻烦了。”于是他包好一些食物带给他。来到子桑的家门口，他听到奇怪的声音，有人正一边弹琵琶一边唱：

“父啊！母啊！天啊！人啊！”

歌者的声音听上去好像即将要消逝了，却努力要唱完那诗文。子舆进门后就问：“子桑，你为何如此歌唱？”

他答道：“我正努力弄明白是什么让我衰败至此？我的父母肯定不想让我这么穷吧？天待万物都是一样的。地承载万物也是一样的。天地也不想我贫穷，不是吗？我想弄明白是谁如此安排，但是我找不到答案。如果你非要下个结论，这不过是命而已。”

……

天根在去殷山南面旅行的路上。他抵达蓼水，在那里碰到了无名人，就问他：“我想问问你如何治理天下万物？”

无名人答道：“走开，你这愚蠢的笨蛋！多么让人讨厌的问题啊！我正和造物主一起遨游。要是太累了，我便乘着自在虚无之鸟，去那世界四方之外，遨游于无处之所、无有之地。你为什么要打断我并用如何治理天下万物这样的问题来扰乱我的心？”

天根又问了同样的问题。无名人答道：

“让你的心在质朴之中旅行。

与那无法定义的合为一体。

让万物都保持自然的样子。

而不要怀有你个人的观点。

这就是治理天下万物之法。”

阳子居前去拜访老子，他说：“有这么一个人，他热情且谨慎，有清晰的见解和智慧，并且从不间断地学习道。这样的人肯定是有大智慧的君王了吧？”

老子说：“和圣人比，这样的人只是一个谦卑的仆人，被他的工作所束缚，疲惫不堪、心中苦恼。据说，人们猎杀老虎和猎豹是因为它们的皮毛美丽。猴子和狗也因为它们的技能而被人套上绳索。它们怎么能够和有大智慧的君王比呢？”

阳子居吃惊地说：“恕我大胆问问有大智慧的君王是如何治理的？”

老子说：

“这就是大智慧君王的治理之道！

他的工作影响天下万物，却好像什么都没做。

他的权威延伸到所有生灵，但没有人依赖他。

他虽没有名望或荣光，然而万物都达成完满。

他于神秘之处立足，并且于虚无之境中遨游。”

郑国有一个鬼神巫师叫季咸。他能够预知人的生死；他知道天降的好运和灾祸；他知道幸福和痛苦、人生和寿命，能具体到年、月、周和

日，好像他自己就是神一样。郑国的人一旦看到他走过来，就会逃走。列子前去看他，却被迷住了。他回去就告诉壶子：“先生，我原以为你的道是完美，但是现在我找到更好的了。”

壶子说：“我以前向你展示的只是我讲道的外在文本，不是它的内核。你怎么能认为已掌握了我的道呢？如果你有母鸡却没有公鸡，你怎么能够获得鸡蛋呢？你在世界面前炫耀你的道。这个人因此才可以算出你的运数。你把这个巫师带来我们见见面。”

第二天列子就把这个巫师带来见壶子。当他和列子一同离开壶子的家时，巫师说：“天啊！你的老师要死了。实际没几天可活了——他可能最多活七天。我看到了一个奇怪的景象——如同打湿的灰烬一般。”

列子回到屋内，哭得那样厉害，泪水都浸湿了大衣，并把他听到的告诉了壶子。壶子说：“我让自己看起来如同大地。我就像山一样坚固，什么都没向他显露。他可能把我看成了一本合上的书，看上去没有德行。如果可以，你再把他带来。”

第二天，列子又和那个巫师一起来见壶子。当他们出去后，巫师对列子说：“你的老师碰到我多走运啊！他好多了。没错，他确实有活力了。生命又重新流动起来了。”

列子回到屋内，将巫师的话告诉给壶子。壶子说：“我让自己看起来好比是天，名声和财富都不存于心。我的自然之状在我身上自然流露。他在我身上看到了生命全部的和自然的运行。如果可以，你再把他带来。”

第二天，他们又一起来见壶子。出门后，巫师对列子说：“你的老师每次都不一样。我在他的脸上捕捉不到运数。如果他能回归到某种一致性上，我再来看他。”

列子回到屋内向壶子转告了此事。壶子说：“我向他展示自己，就像那伟大的虚无，其中万物皆平等。他几乎必然在我身上看到了我内心力量之间的和谐。当水流动的时候，会有旋涡；水域平静的地方，会有旋涡；水域聚集的地方，也会有旋涡。一共有九种类型的旋涡，我只向他展示了三种。如果可以，你再把他带来。”

第二天他们两个又来见他。可是，都还没有坐定，巫师就慌慌张张地跑掉了。壶子说：“去追他！”

列子在后面追他。但是追不上他。回来后他对壶子说：“他跑了，我没追上。我追不上他。”

壶子说：“我只是向他展示迄今尚未揭示的潜能。我所展示的自己不知道谁是谁，也不知道何物是何物。我达到随心所欲地流转和变化。因此他才逃离。”

由此，列子意识到迄今为止真正的道他什么都没学到，所以他就回家了。三年期间他从不出门。他为妻子做饭，像待人一样养猪。对于学业他毫无兴趣。他排除自己的欲望，追求真理。他的身体如同变成了土地一般。万物之中，他一直与一相合，终身如此。

不要渴求名望。

不要谋划打算。

不要尽力作为。

不要努力求知。

保持自然，但不要将其视为任何。

配合天赋予的一切，但不求拥有。

只是保持虚无。

完美之人心如明镜。

它不探求事物。

它不寻找事物。

它不寻求知识，只作回应。

故能应对一切，不受伤害。

……

踏上真理之路的人不会丢失内在天性。

对于这样的人，那联合的没有问题；

那分开的没有关系；

那长的不会太长；

那短的不会太短。

比方说，鸭子的腿短，

但要拉长会造成痛苦。

鹤的腿长，

但要缩短会导致忧伤。

天生为长的我们不应削减，

天生为短的我们不应拉长。

因为那是无济于事的。

或许，可以说，仁和义不是人性所固有的？看看那些想要表现友善的人所忍受的焦虑有多少吧。

第五部分　惠子

惠子对庄子说："魏王给了我一颗大葫芦的种子，我种了，长出的果实很大，足以盛五斗多的任何东西。于是我就用它盛水，结果装满后太沉了都提不起来。我就把它切成两半来做瓢，但是又太笨拙了，根本没法用。不是说它们不够大，我只是发现我不会使用它们，所以我就把它们毁掉了。"

庄子说："惠子啊，问题当然是你不知道如何使用大东西了。宋国有一个人，他能制作一种乳膏，保护双手不龟裂，于是他的家人就一代一代地以漂洗丝绸为生。一位行人听说之后便提出用一百黄金购买这个秘方。所有的家庭成员聚到一起商量如何回复，说：'我们一代一代地漂洗丝绸，可是赚的钱不足数金；现在一个早上我们就可以赚得一百金！卖了吧。'于是这位行人得到了秘方就前去见吴王。吴王正与越国进行争战。吴王授权行人指挥军队，冬天最寒冷的时候他们在水上与越人作战，对越人施以了毁灭性打击，行人则获赠了他所征服区域中的一大块土地作为奖赏。同样防止双手龟裂的乳膏却导致两种情形：一人获得了封地，而其他人却止步于一直漂洗丝绸，因为他们使用这个秘方的方法如此不同。那，先生，你有一个大葫芦，足以盛五斗，可是你为何不用它来做大瓶子，这样你就可以借此在河湖上漂流了，而不是把它们看作无用之物处理掉呢？惠子啊，是因为你脑子长草了啊！"

惠子对庄子说："我有一棵大树，人们都说没用。它的树干到处是结，没有木匠愿意加工它，而且它的树枝是那样弯弯曲曲，没法用直尺和圆规丈量。所以，尽管它长在路旁，所有木匠都不屑一顾。先生，您所发表的言论，浮夸而无用，因此所有人都不屑一顾。"

庄子说："先生，你难道没有见过野猫和黄鼠狼吗？它趴在那，弯曲着身子等待；它东蹦西跳，也不管高低；直到落入陷阱，死在网罗之中。还有牦牛，它就像天空中的云那么庞大。它是大，但是不能凭此事实就可捉老鼠。现在，先生你，有一棵大树却不知怎么用。那你为何不把它种在旷野之中，然后你就可以去漫游或在树荫下休憩呢？天下没有斧头会攻击它，不会缩短它的寿命，因为事物若无用便再也不会感到不安了。"

……

惠子问庄子："一个人有没有可能没有任何情绪？"

庄子说："当然。"

惠子问："一个人没有情绪了——你还可以称他为人吗？"

庄子答道："道赋予他面容，天提供给他形体，怎么能得出结论说他不能被称为人呢？"

"如果他已被称为人，怎么能得出他没有情绪呢？"

庄子说："我所说的情绪不是这个意思。当我说一个人没有情绪，我是说一个人不让善恶影响他。他万事顺其自然，让生命以它自己的方式延续。"

惠子说："若他不干预生命，那他又如何照看自己呢？"

"道赋予他面容，天提供给他形体。他不让善恶影响自己。可是你现在呢，你把灵魂穿在衣袖上，竭尽气力撑着自己站在树上喃喃而语，或者，趴在桌子上睡觉。天赋予你形体，你却在无意义的争辩之中将其耗尽。"

……

惠子被任命为梁国的宰相，庄子前去见他。有人告诉惠子说："庄子要来了，因为他要取代你的位置。"这让惠子很惊恐，他花了三天三夜搜遍了全国，想要找出这个陌生人。

庄子去见他时说："南方有一种鸟叫作雏凤，先生，你知道吗？这种鸟，它从南海升起，飞向北海。它只在海棠树上休憩，只吃楝树的果实，只喝甘泉中的水。曾经有一只猫头鹰，爪子上紧抓着一只快要腐烂的老鼠的尸体，抬头瞥见它就说：'嘘！'我说你啊，先生，你主政梁国，你就觉得有必要把我吓唬走吗？"

庄子和惠子一同在濠水的堰堤上散步，庄子就说："你看到鱼儿是怎样跃出水面、随心所欲地游来游去了吗？这就是鱼真正的快乐。"

惠子说："你又不是鱼，你如何知道鱼喜欢什么？"

庄子说："你又不是我，你怎么知道我不知道鱼喜欢什么。"

惠子说："我不是你，所以我肯定不知道你到底知道什么。不过，很显然你也不是鱼，你必然也不知道鱼真正喜欢什么。"

庄子说："哎，如果你不介意，还是让我们回到你最开始的问题吧。你问我如何知道鱼真正的快乐到底是什么。因此，你问这个问题的时候，你已经知道我是知道的。而且我也是因为站在濠水的堰堤上才知道的。"

……

庄子的妻子死了，惠子前来安慰他，可这时庄子正坐着，两腿交叉，一边猛敲一个毁坏的浴盆，一边唱歌。

惠子说："你们作为夫妻一起生活，她养育了你的子女。她死了，你不哭也就罢了，却大声敲着浴盆唱歌，这怎么可以！"

庄子说："当然不可以了。她刚去世时，我跟所有人一样，很是忧伤。可是，我随后想到了她的出生，她生命最初的情形，还想到她出生之前。实际上，不仅是她出生之前，还有她的形体被创造之前。不仅是她的形体被创造之前，还有她生命的气息最初开始之前。从这一切之中，通过奇妙的神秘变化她被赋予了生命的气息。她的生命气息发生转化，她便具有了形体。她的形体再发生转化，她便出生了。现在转化又要发生了，她便死去。她就如同一年四季一样，春夏秋冬交替更迭。她现在躺在坟墓中安息了，如果我还要呜咽哭泣，必然显得我不明白命运的道理。所以我才停止哭泣。"

……

庄子说："一个弓箭手，都懒得瞄准，全然凭借运气射中了靶心。我们可以称他为好射手，可是如果那样的话，那么天下所有人都可以称作神射手羿了，这样可以吗？"

惠子说："可以。"

庄子说："对于什么事情在他们心中才是正确的，人们意见迥异，但是每个人都知道他认为正确的事情。因此世界上每个人都可以被称作尧，是这样的吗？"

惠子说："可以。"

庄子说："那么，有四个学派——儒家、墨家、杨朱和公孙龙——再算上先生你自己，一共五派。那么哪一派是正确的呢？或者更像是鲁遽那样呢？他的一个弟子曾说：'我已经掌握了你的道，先生，我冬天可以为壶加热，夏天可以让水结冰。'鲁遽说：'这只是用阳气于阳气，

用阴气于阴气，不是我所说的道。让我来向你展示我的道。’他给两把琵琶调好音，一把放在大厅，一把放在内室。在一把琵琶上弹奏宫音，另一把琵琶上也会响起宫音。角音也是一样，因为乐器之间是协调一致的。然后他对其中一把琵琶进行了重新调音，使它与五个主音完全不合。当这把琵琶演奏时，另一琵琶琴弦的二十五个音响起，与这把琵琶琴弦的音完全一致且均跟随这把琵琶的音而起。那么，如果你坚持你是正确的，那不正是如此吗？”

惠子说：“孔子、墨子、杨朱和公孙龙的弟子想要跟我辩论，每个人都想击败其他人，每个人都想用各种辩论的声音猛烈地压倒我——但是他们都没能成功。这个你怎么看？”

庄子说：“齐国有人将儿子卖到宋国做看门人，从不担心儿子有任何差池。但也正是此人却竭尽全力去保护他的钟铃。但是他不会跨过他自己国家的边界去寻找他的儿子，这就是他所理解的有价值的事。或者，那个著名的人物，身体残废作看门人的楚国人，要是他半夜在另一个国家想要跟一个船夫打架会怎样呢？结果是他绝对过不了河，只能惹得船夫生气。”

……

惠子和庄子辩论，说：“你说的话没用！”

庄子说：“你只有明白了何为无用，才能讨论何为有用。天地是大，可是人类也只能使用他们行走于其上的那宇宙的一小部分。即便如此，若是你在自己脚下深挖不止，直到黄泉，谁又能从中受用呢？”

惠子说：“没用。”

庄子说：“因此，的确如此，没用的显然是有用的。”

庄子继续说：“如果有人渴望去旅行，什么才能阻止他呢？要是有人不愿去旅行，那么什么才能鼓动他呢？不论是在随波逐流中隐藏自己，还是远离人群以寻求遗忘，都不能通达得道。他们踉跄跌倒，却无法恢复从前。他们走向毁灭，如火焰一般，从不回头。即便他们是君主与群臣的关系，也会成为过去。这些头衔随时代变化，便无贵贱之分了。人都说完美之人行动从不留痕。

“尊古蔑今，学者皆如此。即便狶韦氏的弟子，就算他们以同样的方式看待当下，也会被不分好歹地清除。唯有完美之人能够处世而不偏颇，追随他人而不迷失自我。他不吸取他们的说教，他只是听了且懂了，不作任何承诺。

眼睛锐利才能看得清楚；

耳朵敏锐才能听得清楚；

鼻子灵敏才能辨别味道；

嘴巴敏锐才能享受美味；

内心感受深刻方有智慧；

智慧深入骨髓便是道德。

“万有之中，道不会被阻塞，因为若受阻，便透不过气；若透不过气，便产生混乱。混乱则毁灭万物的生命。凡活着的都要呼吸。可是，若无法呼吸，也不能怪天。天日夜不停地寻求气息在身体中运行：是人在妨碍气息运行。子宫要有它的空间，心要有属天的旅程。要是房间不够大，婆媳之间将起争执。要是心不能在天际遨游，感觉的六种开端会彼此竞争。大森林、丘陵和山脉在精神上都胜过人类，因为它们是不可战胜的。

“道德满溢，会造就名声；追求名声的欲望过度，就只是过度。有危机，才有谋划；有争论，才有知识。顽疾让人痛下决心，正式的行动产生于万物的欲望。春天到了，雨水会伴着阳光而来，草木蓬勃生长，人们又一次准备好收割的工具。曾经倒下的，又有一半开始发芽，没有人知道到底是为什么。

安静对于病人有疗效；

按摩对老人是有益的；

静静的沉思能让忧伤之人平静。

确实，只有不安之人需要这些。

不受困扰的自在之人却不需要。

圣人革新天下万物，可神人从不询问其方法。

贤人改善他的时代，可圣人从不询问其方法。

君主治理他的国家，可贤人从不询问其方法。

小人总是将就应付，可君主从不询问其方法。

“演门的看门人父亲过世，他因施加于自身的极度苦行而受到赞扬，被授予模范官员的称号。这个地方的其他一些人也采取了类似极端的行为，结果死了一半的人。尧要将国家让给许由，许由就逃跑了。汤要将他的王国让给务光，务光大发脾气。纪他听说此事，便和他的弟子隐退到窾水边，三年里当地的诸侯都来表示对他的同情。也因同样的原因，申徒狄纵身跳入黄河。渔网用于捕鱼，可是得了鱼之后渔网就被忘记了。兔网用来捕兔，可是捕得了兔子之后兔网就被忽略了。言词用来表达概念，可是一旦你掌握了概念就把言词遗忘了。我想找那忘记言词

之人，这样我就可以和此人辩论了。”

……

庄子参加一个葬礼时路过惠子的坟墓。他环顾了一下跟随他的人们，说：“郢地有一个人将泥点弄在鼻尖上，那泥点如同苍蝇的翅膀一样小。他让人请来匠人石将其削去。石挥动斧子将其削去，斧子砍过去时造成一阵风，恰好将郢人鼻子上泥土的痕迹消除掉，郢人站着不动，心中毫不担心。宋元君听说此事便召匠人石来见他。

“他说：‘你能行好给我演示一次吗？’

“匠人石回答说：‘我确实曾成功过一次，不过可以让我施展的那个人早就已经死了。

“‘自从先生去世以后，我就没有合适之人来施展了。我再也没有可以谈话的对象了。’”

第六部分　马蹄

马有蹄，故四脚可以稳立于霜雪；马有毛，因此才能抵御风寒。它们吃草喝水，高跃飞奔，因为这是马的天性。即便给它们高塔大殿，它们也不会感兴趣的。可是，当伯乐问世后，就说："我知道如何训练马。"他为它们做标记、剪毛、削蹄，在头上套上缰绳，给它们戴上笼头，使它们步履蹒跚，并将它们关在马厩里。如此，十匹马中至少有两到三匹会死掉。然后他让它们挨饿、口渴，让它们飞驰奔跑，教练它们步伐整齐。前怕嚼子和缰绳，后怕鞭子和鞭条；马因为这个已经死了一大半了。

陶工说："我知道如何使用粘土，塑成圆形好似圆规，塑成方形就如同用了矩尺一样。"木工说："我知道如何使用木材，要弯的，我就用模具；要直的，我就用准绳。"可是，粘土和木材的天性真的是要用圆规和矩尺、模具和准绳来塑造吗？但无论如何，一代又一代的人都说："伯乐擅长控制马，陶工和木工擅长使用粘土和木材。"这倒是真的。而且那些治理世界的人们滔滔不绝地重复着同样的无稽之谈。

我认为真正懂得治理世界的人不是这样的。百姓有自然的天性，他们织布做衣服，耕作以生产食物。这是他们的基本道德。禀赋纯一，而不偏私，这叫作天然的放任。因而，在完美道德的时代，百姓行动稳重，眼神专注。这样的时代，山上没有道路也没有隧道，湖上没有船只也没有桥梁；万物同类而居，共处而生。鸟群和兽群不断增加，草木长高。在这样的时代，事实上鸟兽不用绳索便可让人带领着一起遨游，鸟巢也可让人自在地去观看。

在完美道德的时代，百姓与鸟兽共处，和万物共同分享这个世界。

没有人会区分贵族和农民！完全无知但拥有永不消逝的道德；完全没有欲望，人们纯素朴实。纯素朴实，这就能保住人们的本性。可随后完美的圣人出现了，无休止地传布仁慈，努力施行公义，于是突然间所有人都开始疑惑了。他们开始过度关心音乐，对礼仪修修补补，因此整个世界都不安起来。如果纯正的本质没有如此被约束，他们怎么会最后反而要使用祭祀的碗呢？如果原始的玉石没有被碎开，怎么可能会被制成权利的标志呢？如果道和德——方式和道德——没有被忽视，仁慈和公义又怎么会被推崇呢？如果天性没有被遗忘，又怎么会发明礼仪和音乐呢？如果五色没有被混淆，又怎么会出现格式和设计呢？如果五音没有被混淆，它们怎么可能会被六律所取代呢？滥用真正的元素去制作人工制品是匠人的罪过。滥用道和德——方式和道德——来树立仁慈和公义，这是圣人的过错。

马在野外生存的时候，吃草喝水；高兴时，它们交颈摩擦。生气时，它们背对彼此互相踢踏。这就是马所知道的一切。如果套上马具被强制列队，它们学会了看向旁边、弯曲颈部、四处猛冲、努力吐出马嚼子、摆脱缰绳。马因此学到的知识和种种恶行事实上都是伯乐的过错啊。

第七部分　博学何用？

制作弓箭、十字弓、网罗等需要丰富的知识，可结果是鸟儿在困境中越飞越高。制作鱼线、圈套、鱼饵和鱼钩需要丰富的知识，可结果是鱼儿面对危险在水中四散而逃。制作陷阱、圈套和网罗需要丰富的知识，可结果是动物被惊扰，纷纷躲藏入沼泽地中。同样地，花言巧语、密谋策划、散播谣言、强词夺理、发起争论和表面妥协都需要众多才艺，可结果只能是人们变得困惑了。因此，天下万物之所以处于不安之中就是因为对于知识的追求。世上万物皆知如何寻求他们尚未掌握的知识，却不知如何寻找他们已经知道的。世上万物皆知非难他们所不喜欢的，却不知道非难他们所已经喜好的。这就是造成天下大乱的原因。这就像是：在上，日月的光明被遮蔽；在下，山川丧失了它们的力量；四时的天然运行遭到破坏。微小的昆虫，甚至是植物，无不丧失了它们的天性。这就是世界追求知识的后果。自三代至今，一直如此。善良诚实的人被忽视，懦弱奉承的人却受到推崇。无为而为的平静被弃绝，争吵辩论却备受追捧。正是这种无稽之谈让天下万物如此困惑起来。

……

人们太快乐了吗？若是事实，就会伤及阳气。人们复仇之心太重了吗？假若如此，就会伤及阴气。若阴阳二气都受损，四时更替会被打乱，寒暑平衡会被打破，终将危及人的身体！人们将不能在快乐和忧愁之间掌握平衡。这会让人们永不停息，东奔西跑，无目的地谋划，无理由或徒劳地旅行。结果是整个世界开始关注宏大的目的计划、野心和仇恨，随后就会产生盗跖、曾参和史鳝之徒。总之，虽然世界可能想要奖赏善人，却没有足够多的奖赏；世界也不能惩罚所有的恶人，因为没有足够多的惩罚。

……

因此，君子若发现治理世界必须按照某种方法，便会意识到无为而为就是最好的方法。做到无为，他便可以安身于自然和天命的真实本质之中。如果他像珍重自己的身体一样治理世界，那么世界便可由他来治理。如果他像爱自己的身体一样爱世界，便可将世界交付给他。如果君子能够使其五官免遭毁坏，当然还有他的视野和听觉；如果他可以像死尸一般静处，而开发他的龙之力量；如果他能如此保持平静，他的话语将如雷鸣，他的行动将被视为天之灵在行动，是受天的指引。如果他从容自在、无为而为，他那温和的灵魂会将万物引向他，如尘云一般。如此之人怎么还会有时间来治理世界呢？

……

云将乘着旋风之翼，到东方游历。突然他碰到鸿蒙，鸿蒙正跳来跳去，拍着大腿像鸟儿一样跳跃。云将看到此景，停了下来。静静地站着，心怀敬意，他问："老人家，您是何人？在做什么呢？"

鸿蒙继续拍着大腿像鸟儿一样跳跃，答道："正玩得高兴呢！"

云将说："我想请教一个问题。"

鸿蒙看着云将说："不知羞耻！"

云将说："天的气息不再和谐，地的气息也落入圈套，六气不再混合，四时不再更替。现在我想聚合六气而赋予万物生气。我该怎么办呢？"

鸿蒙拍着大腿，四处跳跃，说道："我不知道，我不知道！"

这个问题云将无法继续问了。可是三年后，东游时，他路过宋国的

郊野，再次碰到了鸿蒙。云将非常高兴，快步走向前去，站在他面前说：“天哪，您还记得我吗？天哪，您还记得我吗？”他两次叩首，请求鸿蒙为他指点。

鸿蒙说：“四处遨游，却不知道为什么。鲁莽冲动，却不知道到哪里去。我就是这样古怪地四处遨游，我明白万物产生皆有因。我又知道些什么呢？”

云将说：“我也是鲁莽冲动的，可是我到哪儿人们就跟到哪儿。现在，因为他们都跟随我，我就想得到您的指教。”

鸿蒙说：“破坏天道扰乱了万物的真正存在，妨碍了天之奥秘的圆满。这导致了动物四散，鸟儿整夜鸣唱，庄稼和树木遭殃，连昆虫都受灾毁灭了。唉，所有这些都是由于人们错误地认为他们懂得治理之道而引起的呀！”

云将说：“那我该做什么呢？”

鸿蒙说：“哦，就让他们痛苦吧！就像鬼魂，我要像鬼魂一样跳着舞离开了。”

云将说：“我很难见您一面，哦，天哪，就再给我些指点吧。”

鸿蒙说：“咳！要强大你的心。确保无为而为，万物自然就会化生。丢下你的躯体，放弃你的视力和听力，忘记你是谁，与那浩瀚和虚无合而为一。放松内心，解放心灵，如同没有灵魂一般平静。所有生灵会返回它们的本元，不知所以地返回它们的本元。一直处于黑暗之中，一直处于黑暗之中，在它们整个存在期间，永远不能摆脱。如果你努力去理解，它们就会摆脱。不要问其名，不要寻其形。如此万物自然而生。”

云将答道：“天哪，您以此品德让我受宠，以此神秘让我受教；我一生所求，现在终于得到了。”他两次叩首后起身，告辞而去了。

第八部分　无为之为是谓天

是故圣人冥思于天却并不辅助天。

关心如何完善道德又不为其拖累。

他们依道而行而不谋划。

他们行仁慈却不依赖它。

他们广施公义却不欲加积累。

他们遵守礼仪却不借此厚积。

他们为不得不为之事，并且绝对不会逃避责任。

他们尽力适用他们的法律但并不认为它们有效。

他们重视百姓，不会随便使用他们。

他们利用万物，不会轻易拒绝它们。

没错，万物虽无用但必须加以利用。

谁不明白天，谁就无法在道德上保持纯粹。

谁不理解道，谁就不能理解任何其他方法。

那些不明道的人，可悲啊！

可是这里的道又是什么呢？

有天之道；

有人之道。

无为而让人尊敬：是天之道。

反过来积极有为：是人之道。

天之道才是君主；

人之道只是仆人。

二者间相差犹如两极。

不能不对此深思熟虑。

……

天与地虽然都广阔无垠，

其多样性却只源于一处。

尽管生命形式成千上万，

它们的秩序却是一致的。

我们人类虽然数量众多，

却只受一个君主的统治。

他根于道德，完美于天。

人们说在很久很久以前，

天下万物的君主统治靠：

无为、天道，别无他物。

……

通过无为而有所作为是谓天。

有关于无为的言论是谓道德。

爱众人并助其成功是谓仁慈。

联合那尚未联合的是谓伟大。

超越各种障碍边界是谓宽容。

拥有大量丰富之物是谓富有。

拥有并能坚守道德是谓纲领。

成长直至道德成熟是谓坚定。

与道始终保持一致是谓完满。

拒绝让外物困扰你是谓完美。

君子如果清楚地明白这十个道理，他的事业也将是高尚的，他的行为终将造福万物。

这样的人会让金子留在山中，

还会让珍珠继续待在深渊里。

他不视金钱物品为真正的利，

也不会为名望和财富所诱惑，

不会以长寿为乐，夭亡为悲；

他不重视财富，以财富为福，

也不会因为贫穷而感到羞耻。

他不求将天下财富占为己有，

也不愿统治世界而据为私有。

他的荣耀在于明了万物一体，

死亡和出生也是相互统一的。

圣者大师说：

“道，多么深奥，多么安静；

多么明白，又多么纯净啊！

没有它，金石都无法共鸣。

虽然金石自身都可以发声，

但如果不敲击，就没有声。

万物皆有无法计量的维度。”

……

谆芒说：“什么是圣人治理之道？只委任那些与职位相适宜的人；只根据被任命之人的价值来任命；只在充分了解情形之后再采取行动。

如果行为和言语相一致，整个世界都被改变。结果是，只要手一挥或者一个眼神，全世界的百姓都会奔向你。这就是圣人治理之道。”

“我能请教什么是有德之人吗？”

“有德之人安静无思：

行动之时没有谋划；

不测算是非与善恶。

有德之人与四海内

所有人分享其所得，

并能从中获得乐趣。

他们分享所拥有的，

并且因此感到满足。

悲伤时，他们就像

是失去母亲的孩子。

疑惑时，他们就像

是迷了路的旅行者。

虽大量财富与安逸

被降福到他们身上，

他不知其从何而来；

虽吃喝充足而有余，

他不知其从何而来。

此有德之人的风格。”

“那么神人又当如何？”谆芒说：

“灵魂上升至最强之光

而他们的身体消失了。

他们荣耀般欣喜若狂。

他们活出自己的命运，

始终追求真正的自己，

处在天地的快乐之中，

而种种忧虑都消逝了。

万物复归其真正天性。

这被人称为最初奥秘。”

……

运行时毫不积聚，这就是天之道，

因此一切生命形式都能实现完美。

运行时毫不积聚，也是帝王之道，

所以全世界都将臣服于他的脚下。

运行时毫不积聚，还是圣人之道，

因此四海之内的一切都尊敬他们。

明了天，理解圣人，遨游于宇宙，

遵守帝王君主道德的同时做自己：

这就是那些能够了悟的人的天性，

看似毫无所知却是处于静止而已。

圣人是不活动的，不是因为不活动有什么价值，他们只是静止不动而已。即便众人也不能使他烦恼，因此他们是平静的。水面静止时，能够将你的眉毛胡须都映照出来。水面完全水平，都可以作为木匠的水平仪。如果静止的水面能够如此清明，想象一下纯净的灵魂可以提供什么吧！圣人的心是静止的！天地可以映在其中，好比万物之镜。虚空、静止、平静、朴素、寂静、安静、无为，这是天地道德的核心。帝王、君主和圣人皆止息于此。止息，他们才虚空；虚空，他们才能充实；充实才能圆满。虚空才有清定；在清定中他们可以旅行；在旅行中他们到达。静定，就能够无为；无为，任事者就各有专责了。通过无为之为，他们高兴，很是高兴；高兴到不受任何担心忧虑的影响，完全没有它们的一席之地，因此他们的寿命持续很久。虚空、静止、平静、朴素、寂静、安静，无为之为是万物的根本。如果你明白此理而去南面临朝，便是尧一般的君上；如果你明白此理而去北面朝君，便是舜一般的臣下。

……

庄子说：

我的老师啊！我的老师啊！

他评判万物却不感觉到自己爱批评；

他的慷慨及于万世却不以此为仁慈；

他比最古老的还长寿却不自视年长；

他覆天载地创造众生却不自认灵巧。

这就是所谓属天的幸福。

“有一种说法：‘如果你知道天的幸福，那么你就明白生命自天来，死亡只是万物的变化。静止时，他们是阴，而运行时，他们是阳。’知晓属天的幸福意味着你不得扰乱天，也不得与他人作对。你不为外物所累，也不受鬼神责谴。还有一种说法：‘他随天而动，与地同憩，他的心为一，他是全世界的王；鬼神不能使他担忧，他的灵魂不知疲乏，他的心与所有生灵为一。’意思是说他的虚空和静止进入到天地万物之中，与万物一同运行。这就是属天的幸福。属天的幸福是圣人的心；这就是他们照看天下万物的方法。”

帝王君主之德以天地为父母，以道德为师，以无为作为核心。通过无为之为，他们能让全世界随其所愿而不知疲倦。通过作为，他们甚至无法开始满足世界的需要。因此古人重视无为之为。

……

因此，世上古代的君主虽对天地了如指掌，却从不谋划；即便他们了解生命的全部，他们也从不说出来；尽管他们的能力比四海所环绕的土地上任何一个人都大，他们却什么都不做。

天什么都不生产，

可万物都在变化；

地什么都不维持，

可万物都被供养；

帝王和君主无为，

却能治理全世界。

有一种说法就说：

没有比天更崇高，

没有比地更富足，

没有比帝王更加伟大的了。

……

因此，是古人清晰地掌握了伟大的道，率先追寻天的意义，然后又寻求它的道和德的意义。

当他们清楚明了道和德时，

他们就懂得了仁慈和公义。

当他们清楚掌握仁与义时，

他们能明白如何履行义务。

当他们知道如何尽义务时，

他们就懂得了形式与名声。

当他们理解形式与名声时，

他们就有能力任命职位了。

当他们有能力进行任命时，

他们进而监督人们的工作。

当他们监督人们的工作时，

他就要对善与恶进行评判。

当他们作出了善恶评判时，

他们就要进行惩罚和奖励。

……

从前，舜对尧说："作为天子，你如何用心？"

尧说："我不会怠慢那毫无抵抗之人，也不会忽视那贫穷之人。我为那死者哀伤，并照看孤儿寡母。这就是我的用心之道。"

舜评论说："好倒是好，但还不够开朗。"

尧说："那我该怎么做呢？"

"天德发现之时，山峦为之高兴，日月为之闪耀，四季交替运行。日夜交替的常规模式随即产生，雨云也应时而动。"

尧说："那么我一直以来所做的一切只是徒增烦扰啊！你寻求顺从于天，而我却一直寻求符合于人。"

……

孔子向西而行，打算将其图书藏于周的档案室里。子路建议道："我听说掌管皇家档案室的官员是老子。但是他已经辞职回家了。先生，如果你想把你的书放在那里，就去见见他，请求他帮帮忙。"

孔子说："好。"于是他就去见老子，但是老子拒绝帮忙。于是他就拿出他的十二经，开始说教。

当他说到一半时，老子说："说得也太多了。简要一点。"

孔子说："从根本上说，就是仁义。"

老子说："我可否问你，仁义不正是人的本性吗？"

孔子说："当然。如果君子没有仁，他就没有目的；如果没有义，他就没有生命。仁义，的确是人的天性。不然还能是什么呢？"

"我可否问你，什么是仁义？"

孔子答道："万物一体，内心平和，兼爱万物，毫无私心，这就是仁义。"

老子说："其实，你所说的本身就让人误解。'兼爱万物'，这么说既含糊不清又夸大其词！'毫无私心'，这难道不是已经有私心了吗？先生，如果你想让百姓保持淳朴，你难道不应当依靠天地之道吗？

天与地各自都有其永恒不变的区域；

太阳和月亮在它们的轨道上发着光；

星辰在其秩序允许的范围之内运行；

鸟与动物在鸟群和兽群中找到归属。

想想那井然有序各自站立的树木吧！

“因此，先生，遵循德行走，按照道前行，你就会抵达完美的终点。又何必靠着所有这些仁义，一路昂首阔步，就像敲着鼓去寻找一个丢失的孩子？先生，你只是扰乱了人们的天性而已！”

……

老子说：

“道不会在大事物前踌躇，

也不会丢弃那小的事物。

故万物因道而焕发生气。

它那样巨大，那样浩瀚，

没有什么是它不包容的；

它那么高深，那么叵测，

超出了可以思考的边界。

道德形式寓于仁义之中，

尽管只是其精神的一瞥。

除了完美之人谁能理解？

完美之人掌控他的时代，

有点令人畏惧的任务啊！

但这不会愚弄或困住他。

他拥有掌控世界的权力，

但这对他来说无足轻重。

他所有的谬误皆可洞悉，

却从来不计算个人得失。

他直达问题的核心并且

懂得如何保护真理之本。

因此，天地皆在他之外，

他遗忘万物，精神抖擞。

他与道同行，与德相合，

与仁义告别，遗忘礼乐，

因为完美之人早将自己

的心安放在了真理之上。”

这一代人认为在书本中能发现道的价值。但是书本只是语言，语言有了意义才有价值。意义就是不停地寻求表达语言无法传达的意义。这一代人看重语言并将其载入书中，但是他们所看重的可能只是误解，因为他们所看重的不一定全都是那么有价值的。所以，我们用眼看事物，看到了，但也只是外在的形式和颜色，我们所听的也只是名称和声音。

这一代人还想象着形式、颜色、名称和声音就足以认识事物的根本，多么可悲啊！形式、颜色、名称和声音绝不足以把握或揭示真理，这就是为什么说知者不言、言者不知。可是，这一代人如何才能明白这个道理呢？

第九部分　天在动吗？

天在动吗？地静止不动吗？

日月会争执该去往何处吗？

谁又是所有这一切的主宰？

是谁在约束和控制着它呢？

谁会无所事事造就这一切？

是否存在某个隐藏的原因

让万物如此，不管其意愿？

或者是不是只是别无选择

万物才不得不运动和改变？

云为雨生还是雨使云聚呢？

是什么使它们存在？是谁

无为却能造就这快乐满溢？

风从北面吹来，西奔东跑，

旋转而上，不知去向何方？

它们是谁的气息呢？是谁

无为却能创造这一切活动？

……

桓公正坐在堂上读书，车匠扁在堂下制作车轮。他放下自己的凿子和锤子，来到堂上问桓公：“我可否问您，先生，您读的是什么言论呢？”

桓公答道：“圣人之言。”

“这些圣人都还活着吗？”

桓公说：“他们都死了很久了。”

“那么，先生，您读的不过是这些古人留下的糟粕罢了！”

桓公怒斥：“你一个车匠，怎敢对我读的书评头论足！要是你能说出理由便罢，要不然你就得死！”

车匠扁就回答说：“陛下，小人我是从自己工作的角度来看的。当我做轮子的时候，如果我用力过于柔和，尽管这样会很舒适，但是不会作出好轮子。如果我用力过猛，我就会疲倦，作出来的也不会成功！所以，不能太柔和，也不能太用力，我在手上把握，在心里把持。我嘴里说不出来，但我就是知道。这个我无法教给我儿子，我儿子也不能从我这里学会。因此，七十年来我一直沿着这条路前行，现在我还在做轮子。古人死时便跟他想说的话一同离开了。这就是我为什么说陛下您在读的仅仅是这些古人留下的糟粕而已！”

……

孔子虚度了五十一年，从未听任何人说起过道，直到他南下来到沛地，前去拜见了老子。

老子说："你来了啊，先生？我听说过你，说你是北方的智者。先生，你理解了道了吗？"

孔子答道："我还没有理解呢。"

"好吧，先生，你于何处求道的呢？"

"我是在那可以被衡量和规定的内容之中寻求的，可是虽然花了五年时间，我还是没能够找到。"

"那么，先生，你接下来怎么做的呢？"

"我又于阴阳之中寻找，但是十年、十二年过去了，我仍然不能有所发现。"

老子说："当然了！如果道可以被进献的话，人人都会向其君上进献了。如果道可以被进奉的话，没有不向其父母进奉的。如果道可以被言说，没有人会不告知其兄弟姐妹。如果道可以被传递，没有人会不传给他的后人。可是，道显然不是这样的，理由就是：

如果心中没有一个真正的中心

来接受它，那么道不可能停留；

如果心外没有一个真正的方向

来引导它，那么道不可能传达。

如果心中那真正的中心不能够

向外发散，就无法在外有所得。

可即便圣人也无法将它引出来。

如果那从外面进入内心的事物

在真正的中心不被欢迎，那么

就算圣人也不能就放手不管了。”

……

孔子去拜见老子，跟他谈论仁义。老子说：“如果你簸扬糠皮时眼睛里进去了沙砾，天地和四方都要变得混乱了。蚊虻叮咬会让你整晚无法入睡。仁义呢，如果强加给我们，会扰乱我们的内心，造成极大的不安。先生，你如果想让天下万物免于丧失其最初的质朴，你必须随风而行，坚定地立于道德之上。你为何如此用力，如同敲着大鼓去寻找丢失的孩子？那雪白色的鹅无须天天洗澡去保持洁白，那乌鸦也不必天天染色来保持乌黑。黑与白源自天然的质朴，而不是靠争辩。名声和财富，即便得到了，也不能让人们更伟大。当水域干涸时，鱼儿搁浅在陆地上，它们挤在一起，尽量通过吐沫打湿彼此来保持湿润。但是，如果它们能安全地待在江湖之中而忘记彼此，这样岂不是更好吗？”

拜见完老子后，孔子回到家中，整整三天一句话不说。他的弟子问他：“先生，您见过老子了，请问您如何看待他呢？”

孔子说：“我终于见到了龙！龙盘绕以现形，伸展以展示力量。它驾着云气，在阴阳之中滋养。我只有张大了嘴不能合拢。关于老子我又能说什么呢？”

……

古人虽然谈论得志，但他们并不是指官家马车和职位徽章。他们仅仅是指幸福是如此完满，无须增加任何东西。今天所谓得志是指拥有官家马车和职位徽章。马车和徽章作用于身体，它们不能碰触到内在的天

性。这样的好事可能会不时地出现。当它们发生时，你无力阻拦，就像你也不能制止它们会再次离开一样。所以，拥有马车和徽章，我们也没有理由骄傲自大，同样，痛苦和穷困也不是我们沦于世俗的理由。将这两种情形看作是一样的，那么你就能够免于焦虑、顺其自然了。因此，如果那给你带来幸福的事物在消逝时给你带来烦恼，现在你就能明白这样的幸福是毫无价值的。所以说，那些在物质的欲望中迷失自己的人也会因为世俗而丧失内在的天性。他们被称为本末倒置之人。

第十部分　真实与幸福

秋日洪水的时节到了，一百条河流涌入黄河。河水翻腾，水面如此宽阔，从河岸望向对面，连牛马都不能分辨得出。此时，黄河之神毫无疑问很高兴，认为世界上最美的东西是属于他的。他顺流而下，向东而行，最终到达了北海。在这里他朝东望去，水域一眼望不到边。他这个黄河之神只得摇摇头，向外望去时刚好看到海神若，于是边叹气边说：

“俗话说：‘一个人自以为听了一百次道后，其他人就都比不上他了。’这说的就是我呀。我听说过人们嘲笑儒家的学识，轻视伯夷的公义，但是我不相信。现在我见识到了你无穷的广阔。要是我没有来到你的门前，我可能就危险了，会被那些懂得伟大方法之人嘲笑的。”

北海的若答道：“井底之蛙不能谈论大海，因为它被井的空间所限制。夏日的昆虫不能谈论冰，因为它只知道自己所属的季节。视野狭窄的学者不能谈论道，因为他被他的学说所限制。现在你已经走出了你的河岸并看到了大海。你现在知道自己的浅陋了，所以现在和你谈论大的道理也是可能的了。天下没有比海更广阔的水域了。千万条河流注入它，到目前所知从未终止过，可是它绝不会满溢。它向尾闾的里面注泄，但是海从未干涸。春天和秋天不会有任何变化。它从不关注洪水或干旱。它比长江和黄河的水加起来还多得多，根本无法估量。可是我从未因此而自以为了不起。我只是把自己跟天地相比较，我生命的气息自阴阳之中获得。与天地相比，我仅仅是大山上的小块石头或一棵小树。当我看到了我自己的浅陋，怎么可能还会骄傲呢？

“四海所充满的空间与天地之间的广阔比起来，不是像沼泽旁边的一堆石头吗？将中国与四海之内的大陆相比，不是像谷仓之中的一粒粮

食吗？说到所有生灵，我们可以数出成千上万种，人类只不过是其中之一。人们居于九州之内，不论舟船可以通到哪里，人类也只是谷物所供养的所有生灵中的一部分。人类与众多生命形式相比，不就像马身上的一根毛吗？”

……

黄河之神说：“这个时代的议论者说：‘最精微的东西没有形体，最广大的东西无法限定。’这些话是真的吗？”

北海的若答道：“从最精微者的角度来看，我们看到那浩瀚广大的，不能够理解它。从最广大者的角度来看，我们要看那最精微的，就不可能看清楚。最精微的是那小的之中最小的，最广大的是那大的之中最大的；我们必须加以区分，即便这只能视情况而定。不过，那粗糙的和那精微的都有形体。没有形体，就不可能去计算它们。可以言说的是事物粗糙的一面，能够用意念捕捉的是事物精微的一面。但是那言语无法描述、意念也无法捕捉的，就与粗糙和精微毫不相关了。

“因此，伟大的人，在他的行动之中，不会去伤害别人，也不会宣扬仁义；他不会为了利益而行动，也不看轻门前的仆人；他不会争夺财产和财富，也不会过多表示礼让；他不请求别人的帮助，不夸耀他的自力更生，也不鄙视贪婪和吝啬之人；他不随波逐流，也不标榜特立独行；他追随众人，但不看重那靠谄媚获得成功的人。世间的头衔和荣耀，他不感兴趣，他也不在乎惩罚的羞辱。他知道，是与非、伟大与渺小都没有分别。我听有人说：‘得道之人没有名声，完美之德没有所得，伟大之人忘记自我。’多么完美，这就是他所遵循的道路。”

黄河之神问道：“不论是内在的还是外在的，我们怎么就有贵贱这样的区分？我们为什么要区分渺小和伟大？”

北海的若说："从道的角度来看，事物既不高尚也不低劣。从事物的角度来看，万物皆视自己为高尚而视他物为低劣。从日常观念的角度来看，高尚和低劣都不是从个体事物的角度被理解的。考虑到不同的观点，某物如果因为它大的方面而被视为大，就意味着：众多事物中没有一个不能被视为是大的。同样，如果某物因为它小的方面就被视为小，那么万物都能被视为小。若我们知道天地就像一粒米那样小，或者发尖如同山脉绵延那样广大，那我们就明白了我们对大小的理解是相对的。从每个事物的功用角度来看，我们将某物视为有用是因为它有用，就意味着，在所有的为数众多的事物之中，每个事物都可以被视为是有用的。同样的，如果某物被视为无用只是因为它看似无用，那么万物均可被视为无用。如果我们知道东和西是相反的方向，而且还彼此需要，那么我们就能明白相互交流和相互作用是如何起作用的了。从选择的角度来看，如果某物被看作是好的是因为它毫无疑问是好的，那么在所有的为数众多的生命之中，没有什么是不好的。同样，如果某物被视为是错的是因为它毫无疑问是错的，那么没有哪个生命形式不能被视为是错的。"

……

"安静，安静，黄河之神！你如何能知道通往高贵或者卑贱的途径抑或伟大或渺小所在之处？"

黄河之神说："好吧。那我能做什么，不能做什么呢？我怎么才能判断什么该保留、什么该拒绝或者什么该向往、什么该离弃呢？"

北海的若说："从道的角度来看，何谓高贵、何谓卑贱，都只是永不停歇的变化。不要执著于你的想法，因为这是跟道的伟大相背离的。什么是少、什么是多，这些说法的用处是有限的。不要试图只是成为哪一个，这只能是凸显你偏离道有多远。要像毫不偏私的一国君主那样严肃端正。要高尚，像当地社神一样，人们供奉他，他赐福毫不偏私。要

像天空一样开放，四方光亮而没有边界。你若慈爱照料万物，又怎么能偏爱哪个呢？这称之为不偏不倚。若视万物为一体，你又怎么能论及长短呢？道无始无终，但所有生灵皆有出生和死亡，所以你不能确信什么。这一刻它们是空的，下一刻就满了。它们是不能依靠的。时光不能倒流，也不能停止。衰退、成熟、充实和空虚，当它们结束后，又会重新开始。所以，我们可以谈论伟大的义，讨论万物的根本原则。生命力急速向前飞驰，不停地加速，每一刻都在改变，每一分都在变迁。至于说，我们应该做什么和不应该做什么？只有紧跟这变化的过程。”

黄河之神说：“如果是这样，那么道又有什么重要的呢？”

北海的若答道：“理解道就理解了原理。如果你理解了原理，当事情发生时你就知道该如何处理。知道了这个，你就能保证不会发生伤害自己的事了。如果有人具备完美之德，火不能伤害他，水也无法溺死他，寒冷酷热都不能影响他，鸟兽也不能伤害他。既然我说他避开了所有这些事情，只是说他能够分辨哪里是安全的、哪里是危险的。他自在应对祸与福，妥善处理要接近或避开什么，因此没有东西能伤害他。所以说，天是内在的，人是外在的，而德来自属天的。了解了天和人的行动，将自己根植于天之中，依德行事。然后你就能弯曲、伸展、前冲或后退，因为你总能回归根本，人们会说你已经达到至高了。”

“那你说什么是属天的？什么又是属人的呢？”

北海的若说：“牛有四脚：这就是我所说的属天的。如果马被戴上笼头，牛鼻被穿孔，我称此为人道。所以说，‘不要让那属人的取代那属天的。’不要让你的意图抵消天命。要小心，保护好它，不要丧失了，这就是我所谓的回归本真。”

一条腿的动物嫉妒千足虫；千足虫嫉妒蛇；蛇嫉妒风；风嫉妒眼睛；而眼睛嫉妒心。

一条腿的动物对千足虫说："我有一只脚，虽然可以跳跃但几乎哪也去不了。可是先生你却有这么多的脚。你是如何做到的呢？"

千足虫说："那可不一定。你难道没见过有人吐痰吗？吐出来一大团，紧跟着一堆唾沫星子，像小雨一样落下来，数都数不清。现在我只是发动那属天的机能，至于其他的——我没啥头绪！"

千足虫对蛇说："我用所有这些脚随处走动，可是我却不能追上你，而先生你却一只脚都没有。为什么会这样？"

蛇说："我是按照天的设计移动的，这我怎么控制得了呢？我能用脚来干什么呢！"

蛇对风说："通过活动脊椎和肋骨，我才能前行，可至少我还有些可见的形体。可是先生你呢，从北海飞驰而来，向南海消逝而去，没有任何可见的形体。怎么会这样？"

风说："没错，我从北海飞驰而来，向南海消逝而去。可是，事实上，若你用手指挥我，你就比我厉害，或者你用脚践踏我，你也能赢我。不过，我能刮倒大树，刮塌大屋，倒也是事实；而且只有我能做到。因此，谁若能战胜所有小问题实际上就是大胜者。做到大胜的，只有圣人才能够啊。"

……

公孙龙问魏牟："我年轻的时候，学习先王之道，并且随着我不断成长，我清楚地明白仁义的重要性。我将同异合而为一，区分坚硬和白色、确定和不确定、可能和不可能。我努力理解百家哲学，驳倒他们的学说。我以为我已经明白了一切。可是，现在我听了庄子的言论，令我感到惊讶的是这些话让我感到不安起来。是我的知识不如他吗？或者是我的智慧不及他？我发现我都不能张口了，所以我想请教我该做什

么。”

公子牟向前微倾，深深地叹了口气，然后仰天而望，笑着说：“先生啊，你难道没听说过破败老井中青蛙的故事吗？它对东海的乌龟说：‘我好高兴啊！我可以跳到井的壁沿之上，或者一路踏着破砖块跳入井中。当我跳入水中，我漂浮着，水托着我的下巴、两腿；在泥上，我可以把双脚深深地插入其中。我看着周围那些幼虫、螃蟹和蝌蚪，没有一个能比得上我的。能够完全控制一洼水，一点都不想动，只是享受这口老井，这太棒了！先生，你为什么不找个时间下来看看我呢？’

“东海的乌龟尝试了一下，但是它还没把左脚放入井中，它的右膝就被卡住了。这时候它停下来，曳脚后退出来，然后开始谈论大海：‘一千公里这样的距离不足以描述大海的长度，一千里格深也不足以表达其深度。在禹的时代，十年中有九年闹洪水，可是这也没能让海水升高一寸。在汤的时代，八年之中有七年闹旱灾，可是这也没能让海水降低一寸。没有什么能改变这些水域，不论从长远来看还是从短期来看；它们不会减退也不会升高，不会变大也不会变小。这就是东海的大快乐。’破败老井里的青蛙听了之后，非常惊奇；它彻底震惊，目瞪口呆，怅然若失。

“如果一个人的理解力尚不能应对这样的知识和是非之争，他若坚持想看清楚庄子的言论，就如同那想要背起一座大山的蚊子或者那想跑得跟黄河水一样快的虫子，明显是不可能的。如果一个人的理解力尚不能应对这样的知识和如此微妙的言论，他所能做的也只能是获得一些短期的回报。他就像那破败老井里的青蛙，难道不是吗？但是庄子没有扎根在地下黄泉，也没有跳跃登上苍天。没有南、北之分：他自在分散于四方，消失于深处。没有东、西之分：从最黑暗的深处出发，他重返伟大的道路之上。那么，先生你感到震惊，就想要精选他的一些观点加以批判或者通盘查阅以便进行辩论。何苦呢，这就像是通过一根很细的管

子来观察天或者用一只猫头鹰来探索整个大地。这样的工具太小了，不是吗？先生，你还是走吧！或者，可能的话，你难道没听说过寿陵的少年以及他们在邯郸发生的故事吗？没有学会那个国家的人们想要教给他们的东西，他们把在家里学到的东西也忘了，最后只得爬着回家了。因此，先生，如果你现在还不离开，就会忘记你早已知道的东西，在事业上就只有失败了！”

公孙龙张大了嘴，不能合拢，舌头顶在上颚动不了，根本放不下来，然后他就退出去，逃走了。

庄子有一天在濮河上钓鱼，楚王派了两个高级官员来拜访他，并带来了一条口信。口信说：“我想烦请你来治理我的国家。”

庄子一直紧握着鱼竿，说：“我听说楚国有一个神龟，已经死了三千年了。国王将其包裹密封起来，藏在了他的祖庙里。你说，这只龟是情愿死了龟壳被人们供奉起来呢？还是宁愿活着继续在泥中爬行呢？”

两位高官说：“它宁愿活着继续在泥中爬行。”

庄子说：“那么，回去吧！我愿意继续在泥中爬行！”

……

庄子和惠子一同在濠水的堰堤上散步，庄子就说：“你看到鱼儿是怎样跃出水面、随心所欲地游来游去了吗？这就是鱼真正的快乐。”

惠子说：“你又不是鱼，你如何知道鱼喜欢什么？”

庄子说：“你又不是我，你怎么知道我不知道鱼喜欢什么。”

惠子说：“我不是你，所以我肯定不知道你到底知道什么。不过，很显然你也不是鱼，你必然也不知道鱼真正喜欢什么。”

庄子说：“哎，如果你不介意，还是让我们回到你最开始的问题吧。你问我如何知道鱼真正的快乐到底是什么。因此，你问这个问题的时候，你已经知道我是知道的。而且我也是因为站在濠水的堰堤上才知道的。”

……

在这广阔的全世界，有没有可能在某处能拥有完美的幸福？有没有一种方法能够让自己保持活力？现在，能做什么，又能相信什么呢？应该避免什么，又应该坚持什么呢？应该追求什么，又应该放弃什么呢？幸福在哪里，罪恶又在哪里呢？

在这广阔的全世界，人们看重的是财富、职位、长寿和名声。

能够带来幸福的是美好时光、精美食物、华美服饰、漂亮景色和美妙音乐。

那受人鄙视的是贫穷、吝啬、夭亡和污名。

那被认作痛苦的是生活方式不能让自己得到休息、嘴巴从未品尝过美食、身上没有华美服饰、眼睛看不到美好景色、耳朵听不到美妙音乐。

那些富人疲于奔命地工作，获得的财富越来越多，超出了他们所需要的。故而身体只是被视作外物。

那些位高权重的人没日没夜地谋划思索下一步的行动。漫不经心地对待自己的身体。在生活之中不断地被焦虑所困扰。如果他们能活得长寿，到最后老态龙钟，忧心忡忡，精疲力竭：多么悲惨的命运啊！身体受到了残酷的对待。天下所有人都将勇敢的人视作值得尊敬的，可是这并不能使他们免于死亡。这是否是明智的，我怀疑我是不是知道。可能

是吧，但这丝毫不能拯救他们。也可能不是，但这却能拯救别人。人们说：“如果一个朋友不听你给他提的意见，那就放弃，不要争辩。”毕竟，子胥因争辩而丢了性命。他如果没有争辩的话，也就不会出名。可能真有善吗，或者根本不可能？

现在，当普通百姓意欲寻找幸福时，我不确定他们找到的幸福到底是不是幸福。我研究了普通百姓为了寻找幸福而做的事情和他们所奋力追求的东西，他们四处奔波，显然无法自拔。他们说他们幸福，而我并不幸福，但也没有不幸福。终究，他们拥有幸福了吗？我认为无为而为值得被称作幸福，尽管普通百姓视之为大的负担。所以说：“完美幸福不是幸福，完美荣耀不是荣耀。”

全世界的人都不能评判孰是孰非。但可以肯定的是无为而为能判定是非。完美幸福是保持活力，而只有无为而为能有这个效果。因此我要说：

天凭其纯净无为而为，

地靠其平静无为而为。

因此，天地将其无为之为相结合，万物都发生改变，因此重新焕发生命！比奇妙还奇妙的是，它们凭空产生！所有生命都是神奇的，都产生于无为之为。有一种说法，就是天地无为而为，却没有什么是未完成的。人们之中，有谁能理解这样的无为而为呢？

……

支离叔和滑介叔在冥伯山一带和昆仑地区游览，黄帝也曾在这里停留。突然滑介叔的左肘上毫无征兆地快速长出了如柳条般的东西。他自然无比惊讶，而且还有点恼怒。

支离叔说："先生，你厌恶它吗？"

滑介叔说："没有，我又该厌恶什么呢？生命通过乞讨索取而存在；若生命靠乞讨索取而生，那么生命就像是一个垃圾场。死亡和出生就像早晨和夜晚。先生，让你我来观察这转变的方式吧，现在我就在转变。所以，我怎么能够厌恶呢？"

庄子去楚地看一个古代的干枯头骨，他用马鞭戳了戳，说："先生，你是因为走上一条不幸的道路，让你的父母和家庭蒙羞，结果才变成这样的吗？先生，或许是寒冷和饥饿让你变成这样子的？先生，又或许只是春秋的不断交替使你变成这样的？"

如此说着，他便把头骨拉过来当枕头，躺下睡着了。夜半时分，他在梦中看到那个头骨，对他说："先生，你说话喋喋不休，就像一个公众演说家。你说的每一个字都表明先生你是一个为生活所困之人。可生活与我们死人毫不相干了。你想听听一些关于死的言论吗，先生？"

庄子说："当然。"

头骨告诉他说："死人，在上没有君主，在下没有侍从。没有什么工作与四时相关，所以我们存在着，我们的春秋如同天地一样，永无止境。毫无疑问，这是南面称王的快乐都不能比的。"

庄子不相信，说："如果我叫司命官让先生你起死回生，有身体，有血肉，还有同伴，这样你会不喜欢吗？"

头骨皱起眉头，面带忧容，说："我为什么要放弃连做君王的快乐都比不过的幸福，重新变回负担累累的人类呢？"

……

孔子说：“你以前没听说过这个故事吗？很久以前，一只海鸟降落在鲁国的都城。鲁侯列队将它带至太庙，在那里为它演奏《九韶》的音乐，还提供献祭的供品。但是，这只可怜的鸟儿看上去只有困惑和迷失，一片肉都没吃，也不喝一杯酒，没过三天就死了。问题是人们用他们自己吃的东西而不是鸟儿吃的东西来喂养一只鸟。

“养一只鸟要让它活，就叫它生活在树林之中，在河岸和水湾中跳跃，在河湖之中浮游，吃泥鳅和小鱼，成群结队地飞翔或休憩，自由自在地生活。鸟儿不喜欢听见人声，更不用说其他一切噪音和烦恼了。如果你想取悦鸟儿而在它们栖息的湖周围演奏《九韶》的音乐，鸟儿一听到音乐就会飞走。如果动物听到了，它们也会跑开躲起来；要是鱼儿听到了，也会潜入水底以逃脱。也只有人，听到之后会聚集起来倾听。

“鱼生活在水中感到很满足，可是若要让人试一试，他们会淹死，因为不同的物种需要不同的、刚好适合它的环境。因此古代的圣人从未期待其他生物能给他哪怕是一次回应，也从未试图让它们与人类保持一致。名称不能过度延伸来囊括现实，观念也只应当在合适的时候应用，因为这样不仅是合乎情理的，也会带来好运。”

……

祭祖的祭祀看了看猪圈说：“死有什么不好的呢？我花三个月时间把你们养肥，然后我要经过十天的精神戒律，三天的斋戒，铺好白色的芦苇，把你们肩部和臀部的肉切成块，然后放在献祭的地方。你们对此肯定没有意见，是吧？”

可是，事实上从猪的角度来看，吃燕麦和麸皮，然后待在猪圈里，这样的安排会更好。从我的角度来看，活着的时候成为一名重要的官员受人尊敬，死后用马拉的灵车埋葬，躺在羽毛的床上。我会接受这样的安排！而猪才不屑于这样的生活呢，但我却会很满足，尽管我不知道为

什么我观察事物会跟一头猪相差这么多？

第十一部分　把握生命的目的

如果你已经把握了生命的目的，试图把生命变成不是它原来的样子或者它不可能成为的样子是没有意义的。

如果你已经把握了命运的目的，试图通过知识改变命运是没有意义的。

如果你想照料好你的身体，首先要解决好物质资料，可是即便你拥有了你想要的一切事物，身体仍可能照料不好。

你有生命之后，你必须首先保证生命不会抛弃身体。但是，也有可能身体仍保持活力，可生命却不能维持。出生不能逃避，死亡又不能避免。多荒唐啊！看到世间的人们相信只要照料身体就能保全生命。可是，如果照料身体不足以保全生命，为什么全世界的人仍继续如此呢？照料身体可能是没有意义的，但至少也不能忽视，所以就不可避免了。

如果有人不想再做任何事情来维持身体，人们便建议他们摆脱这个世界，因为摆脱之后他们就能免于承担任何义务了。不用承担义务之后，他们便能变得正直平静了。变得正直平静之后，他们便能向其他人一样获得新生。获得新生之后，他们就接近道了。为什么摆脱世间的烦恼、忘记生命的目的是一个好主意呢？如果你摆脱了生存的困扰，你的身体就不会疲倦；如果你遗忘了生命，你的精神就不会受损。因此，若你的身体和精神和谐了，你就达到天人合一了。天地是万物的父母。天地合则创造形体，天地分则创造开始。身体和精神没有缺陷的，人们就说是有适应能力。加强了再加强，就可以返还本始去辅助天。

列子问看门人尹说：“唯有完美之人可以在水下行走而不被淹死，

在火里行走而不被灼伤，在众生万物间行走而不恐惧。我想问，完美之人是如何做到的？”

看门人尹答道：“因为他保全了元气，而与知识、工作、坚持或勇敢没有关系。坐下来，我把一切都讲给你听。

“万物都有面貌、形体、声音和颜色：这些只是外表。这一点和那一点怎么就能彼此分离呢？甚至，为什么它们就应当被看作是万物之中最先存在的呢？它们只是形体和颜色而已。然而，万物都开始于那无形的，最后落入那无所变化的。

“如果你能把握并懂得这个道理，并能一以贯之，什么都不能阻挡你！也意味着你能居于没有限制的界限之内，退隐于没有开端的范围之中，漫游到那万物开始和结束的地方；整合本性，滋养元气，协调德行，沿着这条路径与万物的起源相通。这样的人坚守着天人合一的状态，他的精神没有缺陷，因此，什么都不能进入他的内心去攻击他！

“如果一个醉汉从他的马车上摔下来，就算是马车正跑得飞快，他也不会摔死。他与其他人没什么两样，都有骨头和关节，但他却不会受伤，这是因为他的精神是统一的。因为他没有意识到他在出行，也完全不知道自己摔了出去，所以生、死、惊恐和害怕都不能影响他，他只是突然遭遇了一些状况，没有焦虑或受伤。

“如果通过饮酒喝醉就能够保持精神统一，那么想象一下如果天人合一的话一个人能够怎样的精神统一啊！圣人退回到天的宁静之中，因此没有什么能够伤害他。即便是在外复仇之人，都不会折断敌人的剑。不论人们多么心烦，也不会对正好掉在他们身上的瓦片发脾气。我们反倒应当认识到天下万物都是统一的。因此，我们就有可能摆脱混乱、暴力和战争，还有严酷的惩罚和死刑，因为这就是道。

“不要在人之中去倾听那属天的，而要在天之中倾听那属天的，因为看重天德能够获得生命，而注重人性却会毁坏生命。不要丢弃那属天的，但也不要轻视人的方面：这样人们就能接近实现真理了。”

……

孔子在吕梁观光，在那里瀑布有近五十余米高，河水竞流一路长达六十余千米，水流得太快了，不论是鱼还是其他任何生物都无法在水里游泳。他看到一个人跳入水中，他以为这个人也许出于某种忧虑想要寻死，所以他安排他的弟子一路沿着河岸准备将他拉上岸。可是，那个游泳的人游了一百码后上岸了，若无其事地沿着河岸走，口里唱着歌，身上滴着水。

孔子追上他说：“我还以为你是个鬼呢，可是现在我看清楚了，先生你确实是一个人。我想问一下，你有水下游泳之道吗？”

他说：“没有，我没有道。我从我本来就已知道的出发，培养我的内在天性，剩下的就交给命运了。我随着水流进入水中，又随着浪花浮出水面，只是顺从水的道，并不自作主张。这就是我能在水里行动的方法。”

孔子说：“你说你从本来就已知道的出发，培养你的内在天性，剩下的就交给命运，这是什么意思？”

他说：“我出生在陆地上，在地上我感到满足，也明白我所知道的。我受到水的滋养，在水里感到安全，这就反映了我的内在天性。我不确定我为何要这么做，但是我肯定这是命运的安排。”

一个名叫庆的雕木工正在雕刻一块木头，要制成挂钟的支架，看过这个支架的人非常惊讶，因为它简直是鬼斧神工。鲁侯见了便问：“你的技艺是从何处学来的呢？”

庆答道：“我只是一个雕木工，哪有什么‘技艺’？但是，有一点我是确定的，在制作这个挂钟的支架时，我不让它损耗我的元气，所以我注意保持内心平静。斋戒三日之后，我就再也不想什么赞扬、奖赏、头衔或收入了。斋戒五日之后，我就再也不想什么光荣或责备、技巧或愚蠢了。等斋戒满七天，我就变得那样平静，连自己是否还有四肢和躯体都遗忘了。到那时，君上和他的朝廷在我的意识中就不存在了。我所有的精神都集中在一起，丝毫没有外在的担忧。随后，我就出发前往山中森林，探索树木属天的内在本性；一旦我发现了形状完美的木材，切实地看出它被制成挂钟的支架的潜力，然后就放手投入工作；要是看不到这种潜力，我就罢手不管它。如此，我就让那属天的与天相协调，或许因此人们才认为我的雕工如有神助吧！”

……

工匠倕能画得像用了直尺一般直，或者像用了圆规一般曲，因为他的手指能够顺应变化，他的心没有妨碍。因此，他的内心专一而没有阻碍。当你穿着舒服的鞋子走路的时候，你会忘记双脚。当你的腰带舒服合身的时候，你会把腰都忘了。当你的心满意前行的时候，智慧可以忘记是非。如果你对发生的一切心满意足，内心就不会有任何改变，也就没有什么会由外而生。从舒适满足出发，不经历什么烦心的事，就有可能知道什么是忘掉舒适的舒适了。

……

庄子步行穿越群山深处时看到一棵巨大、翠绿的树。一个伐木工在树边停下，但是没有砍伐这棵树。当被问及原因时，他说：“这棵树没啥用。”庄子说：“因为这棵树被认为是无用的，它才能享尽天所赋予它的寿命。”

庄子从山中出来后在一个朋友家里过夜。这位朋友很高兴，让他的

儿子去杀一只鹅做菜。他儿子回应说：“一只鹅会叫，一只鹅不会叫，你说该杀哪一只呢？”父亲答道：“杀那只不会叫的。”

第二天，庄子的弟子就问他：“昨天，山中有一棵树因为没用才能享尽天所赋予的寿命。现在，在你朋友家里，一只鹅因为没用而被杀了。老师，这事你怎么看？”

庄子笑着说：“就我个人而言，我会在有用和没用之间找准一个位置。这个处于有用和没用之间的位置看似很好，但是我要告诉你们并非如此，因为麻烦还会找上你。而且，如果你想要登上道德之巅，就不是这样了。

没有确信，没有指引，

没有赞美，没有责备，

可以成龙，可以成蛇，

应时而动，只要得当。

时而向上，时而向下，

唯以和谐，做你向导，

遨游何处，万物源头。

“让万物顺其自然，但不可让万物只是把你当成一个物体，这样你就不会再陷入困境了！这也是神农和黄帝所选择的道路。不过，现在，由于物种数量众多种类丰富，再加上人类的道德规范，万物早已不是它们原来的样子！

联合只为了分离；

完成只为了崩塌；

锋利的刀刃变钝；

受提拔的被打倒；

雄心壮志被挫败；

智者被阴谋陷害；

愚蠢之人被欺骗。

“因此，能相信什么呢？我的弟子，只有道和德！”

……

孔子被困在陈国和蔡国之间，七天没有吃上热饭了。太公任前来慰问孔子，说：“先生，你认为你会死吗？”

孔子说：“当然。”

“先生，那你怕死吗？”

“当然。”

太公任说：“我想告诉你永生之道。在东海居住着一种鸟叫作意怠。这只鸟之所以意怠是因为心烦意乱又移动缓慢，心烦意乱又移动缓慢就跟没有力气一样，只有在别的鸟儿的帮助下才可以飞，而且总争着先回到巢里去。它们谁也不喜欢处在最前或待在最后，吃东西也不敢先尝。因此，这种鸟从来不单独飞，而鸟群之外没有谁能伤害它，也包括人类，这样它就可以避免灾祸了。

“挺直的树最先被砍倒；甘甜的井水最早干涸。先生，你意图展示

你的知识好让那无知者感到震惊，并通过你自身的进步来表明他人的粗俗。你闪耀着，积极地发着光，就好像你将日月都带在身边似的。而所有这一切都是你无法避免灾祸的原因。

“我听大成之人说过：‘傲慢之人没做什么值得夸耀的事，而那些有所成就的人却愿意看着他们取得的成就日渐消亡，名声很快消逝。’没几个人能够忘记成功和声望，重新再做回普通人！道运行一切，但是完美之人并不立于它的光芒之下；他的道德运行一切，可是他并不追逐名望。他虚空而质朴，看似疯狂。他隐匿姓名，放弃权力，对成就和名望毫无兴趣。因此，他不批评他人，他人也不批评他。完美之人从不为人所知，因此，先生你又为何想要如此呢？”

孔子说：“太好了！”然后就向他的朋友们告别，离开他的弟子退隐到大沼泽之中，穿着兽皮和粗糙的衣服，并以橡子和栗子为食。他走入兽群之中，动物们不会害怕；走入鸟群之中，鸟儿也不会飞走。如果鸟儿和动物都不会惊慌，那么人也不必惊慌了！

孔子问桑雩：“在鲁国我曾两次被驱逐出境，在宋国差点被一棵推倒的树砸到，在卫国有关我的所有记录都被消除，在商地我贫困潦倒，在陈国和蔡国之间又受到围困。我忍受了那么多的困扰。我的朋友和我认识的人都离我而去，我的弟子也开始离弃我。可是，为什么会这样呢？”

桑雩说：“难道你没听说过那个逃亡的殷国人的故事吗？有个叫林回的，将价值千金的璧玉扔在一旁，把儿子捆在背上匆忙逃走了。有人问：‘是因为这个孩子更值钱吗？一个孩子肯定值不了那么多。是因为携带璧玉需要付出更多气力吗？显然一个孩子要更麻烦些。那么你为什么丢弃价值千金的璧玉，而背起你年幼的孩子匆忙逃跑呢？’林回对他们说：‘将我与翡翠徽章连在一起的是贪婪，而儿子与我之间的联系却是天性所牵连的。’

“如果人们之间的纽带是建立于利益之上，那么当灾祸降临时，人们很容易分离。如果人们之间的关系是天性所牵连的，那么当有麻烦时，他们会团结在一起。团结还是分离，这可是完全不同的两种结果。与君子交往可能像水一样平淡无味，而与内心卑鄙的小人交往却像酒一样甜腻。君子的平淡能发展出感情，而小人的甜蜜却会让人厌恶。毫无理由聚在一起的人，也必然会毫无理由地分离。”

……

庄子穿着一件破旧的、打着补丁的粗布长袍，用绳子拢住鞋子，就这样前去拜见魏王。魏王说：“先生，你怎么成这样子了？”

庄子答道：“我这是贫穷，而不是颓废。如果学者拥有道德却不能运用，那才是颓废呢。如果他的衣服破旧，鞋子靠绳子拢着，那是贫穷，而不是颓废。这是叫作生不逢时啊。陛下，你难道没有见过爬树的猴子吗？当它们处在悬铃木、栎树和樟脑树之中时，它们可以自如地攀着树枝，即便是后羿和蓬蒙这样的神射手都不能瞄准它们。可是，当它们来到带刺的桑树、多刺的枣树或其他有刺的灌木丛中，它们小心谨慎地移动，左顾右盼，害怕地发抖。这并不是因为它们的筋骨变得僵硬或者不能弯曲了，而是因为猴子们没有处在它们所适应的环境之中，因此不能施展它们的本领。既然我发现自己生活的时代居上者是愚昧的君主和反叛的臣子，我又如何能不颓废呢？”

……

庄子正在雕陵的一处公园里闲逛，突然看到一只奇怪的寒鸦从南方飞来。它的翼展超过两米，眼睛大大的，直径足有两厘米半。它经过时紧贴着庄子的额头掠过，然后飞到栗子林中停了下来。庄子说：“这是什么鸟啊，翅膀如此大却飞不了多远，眼睛如此大可却看不清楚？”他拉起长袍，拿着十字弓快步朝它走去，以便能够近距离向它射击。这时

他看到一只蝉，正沉浸在一处极好的树荫里，忘记了自身的安全。突然，一只螳螂伸出了触角，准备袭击蝉，它如此投入到捕食之中竟也忘记了自身的安全。这只奇怪的寒鸦向下飞过，把它们两个都抓住了，不过同样地，在为战利品而兴奋的同时，它也忘记了自身的安全。庄子同情地叹了口气说：“唉！这就是一物给另一物带来灾祸的同时，也给自己带来灾祸啊。”他将十字弓扔在一旁刚要离开，守林人便来追赶他，骂他是个偷猎者。

庄子回到家后沮丧了三个月。蔺且当时正和他在一起，就问：“老师，你为何如此沮丧？”

庄子说：“我太在意我的躯体而忘记自我了。就好比看着浑浊的水，却想着它真清澈啊。而且，我以前听我老师说过：‘与当地人交往，就要像当地人一样行事。’因此我就出门到雕陵的一处公园散步，可我却忘记了自我。一只奇怪的寒鸦掠过我的额头，然后在栗树林中停下了，在那里它也忘记了自己真正的存在。守林人以为我应当受到责备。我因此感到很沮丧。”

……

孔子去见老子，发现他正在洗头。他把头发披散在肩膀上等着晾干。他一动不动站在那里，就像世界上没有其他人存在一样。孔子静静地站着，然后过了一会儿，静静地走到他的面前，说：“刚才是我眼花了吗，真的是你？刚才，先生你的身体就像是古老的朽木一样静止不动。你看上去心无所想，就好像是处在另外一个世界，完全孤立地站着。”

老子说：“我让我的心遨游于万物的元始境界了。”

孔子说：“这是什么意思呢？”

“我心里想要把它推理出来，但困困顿顿地不能理解；我的嘴一直张着，却不能够说出。不过，我还是要尽量给你描述一下。至阴严厉而冷酷，至阳美好而热烈。严厉和冷酷源自地，美好和热烈源自天。二者混合相通，彼此联合而产生了万物。或许有一个人控制并确保这一切，但是即便如此，也没人见到过任何形体或形状。衰退和成长，圆满和虚空，时而黑暗时而明亮，太阳的变化和月亮的圆缺，这些都日复一日地出现，可是没人见过是什么引发这一切的。生命有它的起源，死亡也有它的归宿。开始和结束无情地循环交替，没有人知道这一切的终点。如果不是这样，谁又是那起点和指引呢？”

孔子说：“我想问一下，这样的遨游是怎样的呢？”

老子说：“能够进行这样的遨游，是极致的美好，也是完美的幸福；能够得到极致的美好，并漫游在完美的幸福之中，就是完美之人了。”

孔子说：“我想听听怎么才能够做到呢？”

老子答道：“食草的动物不会因为草场的变更而死亡。生于水中的动物也不会因为水的更换而死亡。它们能够忍受细小的变化，但是不能忍受最根本的东西发生变化。快乐、愤怒、悲伤和高兴不会进入它们的心中。普天之下，一切生灵汇聚成一个整体。了解这个整体就能与其合而为一，而且你的四肢和百节都将只是尘灰。因为死亡与出生，结束与开始就像昼夜更替。这样你心满意足的状态就不会被得失、祸福之类的小事所扰乱了！那些轻视权力地位的人，弃之如泥土一般，因为他们知道他们真正的自我比任何头衔都重要。你对自我的珍视存于内心，不受外在发生之事的影响。万物的不断变化就像是没有结束的开始。这其中有什么能够扰乱你的心呢？那些理解道的人摆脱了所有这一切。”

孔子说：“先生，你的德行如同天地一般，可即便是你也不得不求

助这些完美之辞来引导你。古代的伟人之中，又有谁能实现它呢？”

老子答道：“我自然是没有。流水什么都不做，但它遵循了它的天性。完美之人在德行方面也是如此。他不去培养它，可是所有人都受到它的存在影响。他就像天的自然高，地的自然厚，日月的自然亮。哪有必要去培养呢！”

……

庄子去拜见鲁哀公。哀公说：“鲁国有很多儒者，但是他们之中很少有人研究你的著作，先生。”

庄子说：“鲁国儒者很少。”

哀公说：“鲁国上下都是穿着儒者衣服的人。你怎么能说很少呢？”

庄子说：“我听说，那些儒者中头戴圆帽的，懂得天时；脚踏方鞋的，懂得地势；腰带上挂着半圆形玉玦的，对眼前发生的一切应对自如。不过，能理解道的君子，未必穿那种服装；当然，他也可能穿上那种服装，却根本不懂得道！如果陛下对此仍有疑问，不妨下一道命令，说：‘任何不能行道而着儒服者，杀！’”

哀公就照此行了，五天后整个鲁国没有一个儒者敢穿儒服了！只有一个老者穿着儒服站在哀公门外。哀公即刻召见他，与他讨论国家事务。虽然他们讨论了上千事宜，中间有成千上万次离题，可是老者应答如流。

庄子说：“因此，整个鲁国只有这一个人是儒者。你怎么能说有很多呢？”

第十二部分　勿要问道

知向北漫游，直至玄水的岸边，登上隐弅山丘后，恰好碰到无为谓。知对无为谓说：“我想问你点事。要想懂得道需要怎样的思考和反应呢？我们应当在何处、以何种方式保证能够安心于道呢？要获得道我们需要通过何种途径、采取何种计划呢？”他问了无为谓三个问题，可是对方没有回答。他并非知而不答，而是根本不知道如何回答。

知没有得到任何答案，所以他继续向白水的南方前行，爬上了狐阕山顶，在那里看到了狂屈。知向狂屈提出了同样的问题。狂屈说：“啊哈！我知道，让我来告诉你。”可他说到一半时，却忘了要说什么！

知又没有得到任何答案，所以他就返回到王宫去拜见黄帝并向他请教。黄帝说：“试着不要思考、不要反应，这样你就会懂得道了。只有当你无处可寻、无路可走的时候，你才能在道中得到心安。没有途径、没有计划，这样你才能获得道。”

知对黄帝说：“你我都懂得了这个道理，可是其他人都不懂，那么我们到底谁是对的呢？”

黄帝说：“无为谓才是真正对的。狂屈看似是对的。你我终究还是差得太远啊。

懂得道的人，什么都不说。

说道的人，其实并不懂得。

所以圣人遵循无言的教诲。

道不能催生，德不能求取。

不过，仁却可以为人所施，

义能够争取，礼可以遵守。

可以说：道失去了德出现；

德如果也失去了，仁出现；

仁如果再失去了，义出现；

义如果还是丢失，才有礼。

礼只是道褶边上一个装饰，

即将发生混乱的一个标志。

“可以说：‘遵循道的人每天做的越来越少。随着他做的越来越少，他最终会实现无为而为。实现无为而为后，就没有什么是没有完成的了。’既然我们已然积极作为，如果我们想要返回原初的状态，会发现这是多么的难啊！除了伟人，谁又能改变这种情形呢？

生向着死前行，死是生的先驱。

谁又能知道它们运行的方式呢？

人的生命最初以元气作为开端；

气聚时方有生，气散时便有死。”

……

孔子对老子说：“今天，您好像很轻松，因此我想请教什么是完美的道？”

老子说：“你应当通过斋戒和苦行来清洁和净化你的心，洁净你的灵魂，抑制你的知识。道是深奥难言的啊！我愿意尽量说说对它的一些理解：

“那光明闪耀的生于幽深黑暗之中；

井然有序之物源于那没有定型的；

那属精神的是从道之中生出来的；

身体的根源来自于精液中的精华；

万物皆通过出生而赋予彼此形体。

拥有九窍的动物皆腹中怀胎而生，

而那拥有八窍的动物都是卵生的。

道来时没有踪迹，去时也无迹象，

既不进门也不居留，通达于四方。

那些与道同行的人将会身体强壮，

他们的思想真诚的同时不失深奥，

耳聪目明，即使用心也不知疲倦，

对万物作出回应时没有丝毫偏见。

正因如此，天是高的而地是广的，

日月运行，万物繁荣。这便是道！

“即便最广博的知识也不能理解它。

理性不代表智慧，故圣人皆弃之。

有一种东西是完整的，无须增加；

而且无论你拿走什么都不会减少。

这就是圣人始终保持不变的东西。

它渊深得如同大海，

它峻峭得如同高山，

结束也是开始，承载万物而不缺。

君子之道只是外观，这才是真道！”

……

泰清请教无穷说：“先生，你懂得道吗？”

无穷说：“我不懂。”

接着他又问无为，无为说：“我懂得道。”

泰清就问：“先生，你所理解的道，有什么特别的提示吗？”

“有。”

“是什么？”

无为说：“就我所知，道可以提高也可以降低，可以聚结也可以分散。要懂得道，这些就是我所能给你的提示。”

带着不同的答案，泰清去找无始，说：“无穷说他不懂得，而无为说他懂得，我想知道这二人之中谁是对的，谁又是错的。”

无始说：“说不懂得是深奥的，而说懂得是浅薄的。说不懂得是向内寻求，说懂得是向外求索。”

随后泰清仰望天空，叹道：“说不懂得是懂得，说懂得是不懂得啊！谁能懂得说不懂得才是懂得啊？”无始说：

“道不能被听见，能听见的就不是道。

道不能被看见，能看见的就不是道。

道不能被言说，能言说的就不是道。

你知道谁赋形给无形吗？道没有名。”

无始继续说：

“有人向你问道你就回答，说明你不懂得道。

“问道之人对道什么都不懂。

“勿要问道，因为问道是不合适的，这个问题也无法得到回答，因为这就像是问那些处于悲惨窘境的人。回答不能回答的问题，表明内心尚未理解。当一个内心尚未理解的人等着那些处于悲惨窘境的人回答的时候，就表明他们对外没有把握他们所处的世界，对内没有理解那伟大

的开始。所以他们既不能跨越昆仑山，也不能遨游于大虚空。”

……

南荣趎准备好吃的喝的之后就出发了，过了七天七夜，他来到了老子家中。

老子说：“你是从庚桑楚那里来的吗？”

南荣趎答道：“是的。”

“那么，先生，你怎么带着这么一大群人跟着你呢？”

南荣趎转过身去，很吃惊地看着身后。

老子说：“先生，你难道不明白我的意思吗？”

南荣趎羞愧地低下头，然后抬起头来，叹息说：“现在我记不得我所要回答的话了，因此也就忘了我要问什么了。”

老子说：“你在说什么？”

南荣趎说：“我对事物有任何了解吗？人们说我愚蠢。我懂吗？这只能让我烦恼。如果我不是仁慈的，那么我会让他人痛苦。如果我是仁慈的，那么我自己又会痛苦。如果我不是公义的，那么我会伤害他人。如果我是公义的，那么我自己又会烦恼。我怎样才能摆脱这一切呢？这三个问题困扰着我，所以我听从了庚桑楚的意见，来向您请教这些问题。”

老子答道：“刚才，我深入观察了你的眼睛，我能看出你是怎样的一个人。你刚才所说的话证实了我是对的。你不知所措、困惑迷乱，就好像是失去了父母，而要用一根竿子伸到海底去寻找他们。你迷失了，

感到害怕。你想重新发现你的自我和内在天性，可是你不知道要怎样去做。你的处境真是可怜啊！”

南荣趎请求回到他的房间。他努力求取好的东西，让自己摆脱坏的东西。愁苦了十天之后，他出来了，再次去见老子。

老子说：“我能够看出你一直在认真仔细地洗涤心灵、净化自我，不过你仍然是不纯洁的，尽管外在很干净。在你的内心有东西在搅动，心里仍然有一些腐朽的东西。外在的影响会压在你的身上，你会发现不能控制它们。向它们关闭你内在自我的门户是比较明智的。同样地，如果是内在的影响扰乱你，而且你发现不可能控制它们，那么也要关闭你内在自我的门户，好把它们关在里面。要同时抵抗外在的和内在的影响，就算是这对于一个懂得道与德的人来说，都已经超出了他的控制，何况是一个在道的方向刚刚起步的人呢！”

南荣趎说：“一个村民生病了，邻居询问他的病情。他能描述他的病，虽然这种病他以前从来没得过。当我向你请教大道时，就像是喝了让我病情加重的药。我就想了解保护生命的一般方法就可以了。”

“保护生命的基本方法——你能抱一吗？”老子说。“你能守终吗？你能不用龟壳或蓍草占卜而知祸福吗？你知道何时收手，何时终止吗？你能忘记他人而专心于内在自我吗？你能躲避诱惑吗？你能真诚待人吗？你能成为小婴儿吗？婴儿整日哭泣，喉咙却不会嘶哑：真是完美的和谐。婴儿整日紧握拳头，两手却从不痉挛，因为他持守天道。婴儿整日盯着看，外面的世界却不能影响他。他行动却不知去向何方，他坐着却不知坐在何处，他安静平和，随遇而安。这就是保护生命之法。”

南荣趎接着问：“难道这就是成为完美之人所要做的一切吗？”

“当然不是。这是所谓的冰消冻解。你能做到吗？完美之人就如同

跟他人是一体的，共同从大地寻找食物，向上天寻找快乐。但是，他从不考虑从他人处获利或有所得，不把自己拖入图谋策划之中，也不卷入不切实际的事业。他去时，机警灵活、永不停歇；他来时，天真率直、毫无矫饰。这才可以被称为保护生命的方法。”

“那么，这个就是他的完美状态吗？”

老子答道：“还不算。刚才我问你：‘你能成为幼小的婴儿吗？’婴儿行动时却不知道为了什么，行动时却不知道要去哪里。他的身体就像日渐腐朽的树枝，他的心就像已然冷却的灰烬。就这样，祸不会影响他，福也不会降临。既无祸福，他就不会被那降临到大多数人身上的不幸所影响了。”

……

可以说：

“完美的行为不分别众人；

完美的公义不计较外物；

完美的知识不需要谋划；

完美的仁慈不表露情感；

完美的信仰不誓言真诚。”

压制意志的冲动，

解开心中的误解。

除去德行的症结，

开启大道的运行。

荣誉和财富，

显赫和权威，

名声和利禄，

此六者为意志幻觉所形成。

外表和风格，

美好和理性，

盛气和回忆，

此六者都是心的缺陷。

厌恶和喜欢，

喜悦和愤怒，

悲伤和幸福，

此六者是德行的症结。

拒绝和接受，

给予和获取，

知识和能力，

此六者是大道运行的阻碍。

当这四组各六项不再折磨

心绪时，你就处于中心了。

处于中心，你就能够平静。

能够平静，就能得到启蒙。

得到启蒙，你就能够虚空。

虚空之后，便是无为而为。

无为而为，便能成就一切。

道是献身德行的核心部分。

生命呢，则是德行的光亮。

内在的天性是生命的动力。

……

庄子家境贫寒，因此他前去向监河侯借点米。监河侯说："可以啊。我就要收到百姓缴纳的赋税了，到时候给你三百金，够吗？"

庄子气得脸都紫了，说："昨天在我来的路上，我听到有个声音在叫我。我环顾一周，在马车留的车辙之中看到一条大鱼。我说：'鱼啊！你在这里做什么？'它说：'我是东海掌管波浪的大臣。阁下，不知您是否可以给我一些水？'我说：'好的。我要到南方去游历吴国和越国，随后我会改变西河水流的方向，那样水就会流到你这了。这样可以吗？'大鱼气得脸都紫了，说：'我离开了我所必需的东西，没有地方可去了。只要给我一点水我就能活下去。可是，你这样来答复我，那你以

后就只有到干鱼摊上来找我了！”

……

伟大的合一懂得道，

伟大的神秘显露道，

伟大的阴气观察道，

伟大的眼睛看见道，

伟大的平等是开始，

伟大的技能产生道，

伟大的信任触碰道，

伟大的法官持守道。

天道存在于万物之中：追随光明，躲入阴暗，开始存在于万物之中。这样做，你的理解就好像是不理解，你的智慧就好像是不明智。正因为不明智，随后你才能变得明智。当你问问题时，不要设定界限，即便它们不可能是没有界限的。尽管事物好像有时上升，有时下落，有时溜走，但无论如何有一个自古至今一成不变的事实。它不会改变，因为什么都不能影响它。难道我们不能说它就是唯一伟大的和谐吗？那么我们为什么不应当探究它，我们又为什么如此困惑呢？如果我们用不让人困惑的东西来理解那确实让人困惑的东西，那么我们就能够回归到那不让人困惑的东西上来了。这将是人之大不惑。

……

四季各有原初的生命，

而上天没有任何偏私，

故四季循环得以实现。

政府五部门职能不同，

而君主没有任何偏私，

因此国家得以治理好。

战争与和平二者之中，

伟人不偏好任何一个，

因而他道德才能完美。

万物都是各不相同的，

然而道不会区别对待，

因此道是没有名称的。

没有名称，无为而为，

尽管如此，万物并生。

四季循环，世代更替。

祸福会降临到你身上，

有的时候它不受欢迎，

也有时候你乐于接受。

习惯接受自己的看法，

然后与别人进行争辩，

有时也要谴责正直的，

然后谴责那些使坏的。

你应当像那大沼泽地，

能够容下上百种树木。

或者应当像一座大山，

草木共存能安处一地。

这便是所谓丘里之言。

第十三部分　何为本真？

从前，赵文王喜爱刀剑。各路行家里手都来到他门前，足有三千多人，都是剑术方面的专业人士。他们做他的宾客。他们没日没夜地在他面前比武，每年死伤的人数超过一百。可是国王从未停止对比武观赏的喜爱。这样持续了三年，随后国家开始分裂，其他诸侯也开始谋划将其推翻。

太子悝为此心烦意乱，便向他左右的人说明此情形。

他说："如果有人能够劝说国王远离这些剑客，我就给他一千黄金。"

左右的人说："庄子能做到。"

太子派了一名使者带着一千黄金去见庄子。庄子拒绝接受黄金，但还是跟着使者一同返回。他进来拜见太子，说："太子啊，你有什么事情指教我，要送给我一千黄金？"

太子说："我听说先生是有名的智者。这一千黄金的赏赐是犒劳你的随从的。可是，你拒绝接受，我又怎么敢再多说什么呢？"

庄子说："我听说太子想要用我来帮助国王戒除他长久以来的爱好。如果我在试图说服国王时让他感到心烦，没能完成你交托的事，那么我可能会被处死。到时候黄金对我又有何用呢？或者，如果我能够说服国王，完成了你的心愿，整个赵国又有什么是我不能求取的呢？"

太子说："没错。可是国王只召见剑客。"

庄子说："没关系。我对剑术也很在行。"

太子说："太好了。不过国王召见的剑客都是头发蓬乱，胡子拉碴，戴着用简单粗糙的带子系着的宽大帽子，而且穿着后面被剪短的袍子。他们怒目环视，只谈论他们的剑术。国王就喜欢这样的。现在，如果你穿着儒服觐见，那么你第一步就完全走错了。"

庄子说："请允许我去准备剑客的全套装备。"

他三天之内就全都准备好了，然后回去见太子。太子带着他去觐见国王，国王已拔出剑，坐在那等着他了。庄子缓慢地穿过大门走进大堂。当他见到国王时，并不行礼。

国王问道："你对我有何指教，竟然让太子给你带路？"

"我听说大王喜欢刀剑，所以我把我的剑带来让大王看看。"

"你的剑在战斗中有何用？"

"我的剑十步之内可杀一人，而且行走千里它的威力也不会减弱。"

国王很高兴，说："那天下就没有人能比得过你了。"

庄子答道："一个好的剑客开始先佯攻，然后佯败引诱对方，跟着就是一击，后于对方发出，先于对方到达。我想向您展示一下我的技巧。"

国王说："先生，到你的房中先休息片刻，听候我的命令。我会安排比赛然后再叫你。"

国王接下来一连七天测试他的剑客。死亡或严重受伤的超过六十人，只剩下五六个人被选出来，受命来到大堂。然后国王叫来庄子，

说：“现在，就在今天，我让你跟这些人比试，展示一下你的剑术。”

庄子说：“我一直等待这样一个机会。”

国王问道：“先生，你想选什么样的剑，长的还是短的？”

庄子说：“什么样的都行，不过我有三把剑，只要国王同意，我用哪一把都可以。不过，首先我想对它们做个介绍，然后再用。”

国王说：“我愿意听你说说这三把剑。”

庄子说：“我有天子之剑、诸侯之剑和百姓之剑。”

“天子之剑是什么样的？”

“天子之剑以燕为剑尖，以长城、齐国和泰山为剑刃。晋国和卫国是剑背，周朝和宋国是剑柄，而韩国和魏国是剑鞘。它的四面由蛮夷包围，被四季裹藏。渤海环绕着它，永恒的常山缠束着它。五行制衡着它，刑罚和道德缠裹着它。它遵循着阴阳而出现，在春夏之中保持警觉，并于秋冬之中采取行动。向前刺去，它前面就不剩什么了；向上举起，它上面就不剩什么了；向下按低，它下面就不剩什么了；左右挥动，它四周就不剩什么了。若举得高高的，它能将天劈开；若按得低低的，它能将地脉切断。用这把剑只需一次，便可以让天下诸侯归顺、万民臣服。这就是天子之剑。”

文王大为惊讶，好像已经忘记了别的一切。

他问：“诸侯之剑是什么样的？”

庄子说：“诸侯之剑的剑尖是睿智勇敢之人；剑刃是正直诚实之人；剑背是高尚善良之人；剑柄是诚信明智之人；剑鞘是勇敢杰出之人。这把剑若向前刺去，没有什么能够抵抗；若挥向高处，没有什么能

在它之上；若挥向低处，没有什么能在它之下；若四处旋转，没有什么能够靠近它。在上，它效法天道，能与三大光明一同前行。在下，它效法方静的地道，能与四季的运行同时进行。在中原之地它能恢复百姓的和谐，与四方保持平衡。这把剑一使用，就好似响起雷声隆隆。四方疆界之内，人人守法，并且所有人都遵守诸侯的命令。这就是诸侯之剑。”

“百姓之剑又是什么样的？”

“百姓之剑是由那些头发蓬乱、胡子拉碴，戴着用简单粗糙的带子系着的宽大帽子，而且穿着后面被剪短的袍子的人所使用的。他们怒目环视，只谈论他们的剑术，同时会在国王面前比武。举起剑来，能够砍断脖子；向下挥动，能划开肝肺。使用百姓之剑的人跟随时可能丧命的斗鸡没什么两样。现在呢，噢，大王，您拥有天子的地位，却因为喜爱百姓之剑，让自己变得毫无价值。这就是我斗胆之言。”

国王将庄子带到他的大殿，膳食官奉上食物，国王围着房间大踏步绕了三圈。

“大王，坐下来平静一下，有关剑要说的我都已经说了。”

这之后，文王三个月没有外出，他的所有剑客都在自己房中自杀而死。

……

孔子在缁帷之林中漫步，在杏坛边上坐了下来。他的弟子开始读书，孔子在弹琴唱歌。他的歌唱了还不到一半时，一位渔夫下船并朝他的方向走来。渔夫的胡须眉毛都是白的，头发很乱，袖子耷拉在身体两侧。他走上斜坡，来到干燥一点的地面上就停下了，左手放在膝盖上，右手托着下巴，一直聆听直到曲终。随后，他就招呼子贡和子路，他们

俩就去见他。

他指着孔子说：“那是谁啊？”

子路说：“他是鲁国来的君子。”

渔夫随后问起孔子的家庭。子路说：“孔氏一家。”

“这位孔氏后人靠什么为生呢？”

子路正在想说什么，子贡回答说：“这位孔氏后人，在内在天性上，他持守忠诚；在行动上，他表现仁义；他修饰礼乐，协调人际关系。在上，尊重君上；在下，努力教化百姓，想要以此造福整个世界。这就是这位孔氏后人所做的事情。”

渔夫进而又问：“他拥有要他治理的土地吗？”

子贡说：“没有。”

“他是哪个国王的辅佐大臣吗？”

“不是。”

陌生人笑着转身离开，说：“那么，仁倒是仁，可是他免不了要伤害自身了。内心疲惫、身体匮乏会伤及他真正的天性。可惜啊，我想他已离道太远了。”

子贡回去将此事告诉孔子。孔子将琴放到一旁，站起来说：“或许他是个圣人。”随后他便走下斜坡去找渔夫了。他来到水边时，渔夫正要用篙撑船离开。看到孔子，他又把船撑回来见他。孔子赶紧向后退了几步，两次行礼后再走向前。

陌生人说："先生，你想干什么？"

孔子说："先生，刚才您说了一些话，但是没有说完。我没有才学，理解不了。所以我想找您，哪怕只是听听您说话的声音，希望能够对我有所启发。"

"噢，你真是好学啊，先生！"

孔子两次行礼后站起来，说："从很小的时候，我就开始追求学问，现在我都六十九岁了，可是我从未听到过完美的讲道，所以除了时刻保持虚心之外我又能做什么呢？"

陌生人说："物以类聚，每个音符也只是自我回应。这是天所设立的界限。我不会讨论与我相关的事，而只关注你需要了解的东西。先生，你埋头所做的都是人事。天子、诸侯、大臣和百姓，如果这四种人都做正确的事，就能实现美好团结了。如果这四种人分崩离析，那么就会造成可怕的大混乱。如果臣子尽自己的本分，百姓也关心自己的事情，那么人们就不会彼此侵犯。

"田地荒芜，屋顶漏雨，衣食不足，赋税不公正，妻妾不睦，长幼失序，这些都是百姓的烦恼。

"工作能力不足，工作感到无聊，行为不轨，手下粗心懒散，工作没业绩，职位不稳固，这些都是大臣的烦恼。

"没有忠心的臣子，国家陷于内战，工匠技艺不精，贡品毫无价值，春秋集会布置简陋，天子忧虑不安，这些都是诸侯的烦恼。

"阴阳失调，寒暑波动毁坏万物，诸侯的压迫和叛乱，引发暴动，荼毒百姓，礼仪施行不善，国库亏空，社会关系混乱，百姓淫乱，这些都是天子和他的子民的烦恼。

“现在，先生，在这个序列较高的一端，你不是统治者，也不是诸侯，甚至都不是宫廷中的司官，而在另一端，你也没有大臣的职位以及大臣的所有职责。尽管如此，你却决定要修饰礼乐，协调人际关系，并借此教化普通百姓。难道你这不是做得太过了吗？

“另外，有八种毛病是人很容易犯的，还有四种罪恶会影响他们的处事，这些都不能被忽视：

‘不是自己的事情却要参与，是专横。

‘没人理你的时候偏要让人注意，是冒昧。

‘用专门讨好的话来拍别人马屁，是谄媚。

‘对于别人说的话不辨是非，是阿谀。

‘好谈论别人的过失，是谗毁。

‘挑拨朋友和家庭关系，是恶毒。

‘为了伤害别人而虚假称赞，是邪恶。

‘不辨是非，而且为了摸清他人底细两面三刀，是奸诈。

‘这八种毛病不仅给别人造成混乱，而且对实施者自身也会造成伤害。君子不与有这八种毛病的人交朋友，明君也不会任命这样的人做臣子。

‘至于我之前所说的四种罪恶，它们是：

‘野心——喜欢承担大的事业，改变老的传统，希望能够以此提高自己的名声和地位。

‘贪婪——自以为无所不知，试图让所有事情都按照自己的方式来做，把别人做的事情说成是自己做的。

‘顽固——看到自己的错误后不肯改正，坚持按照错误的方式行事。

‘偏狭——别人赞同你时，你笑脸相迎；别人不赞同你了，就绝交并鄙视他们。’

‘这就是那四种罪恶。如果你能消除八种毛病，避免四种罪恶，那么你就达到可以受教的程度了。”

孔子神情哀伤，叹了口气，两次行礼后站起来说：“鲁国两次将我驱逐出境，我从卫国逃离，在宋国他们砍倒了一棵树差点砸到我，而且在陈国、蔡国之间又遭受围困。我不知道我做了什么让人们这样误解我。为什么我要遭受这四种灾祸呢？”

陌生人面露忧容，接着他的脸色就变了，说：“先生，要让你弄明白太难了！曾经有一个人，他害怕自己的影子和脚印，所以他想要逃跑来躲避它们。可是，他每次抬脚放下都会产生更多的脚印，而且不管他跑得有多快，他的影子始终跟着他。他认为自己跑得太慢，就加快速度跑，这样一直不停，直到最后筋疲力尽、倒地而亡。他不知道，只要找个树荫坐下，他就能摆脱他的影子；也不知道，只要静止不动，他就会停止产生脚印。他真是一个大傻瓜啊！

“先生，你想要区分仁义的范围，探求异同的边界，研究静止和运动之间的变化，就给予和接受发表意见，要求人们喜欢什么不喜欢什么，统一喜悦和愤怒的限度，但是你几乎一直没有摆脱过灾祸。要是以前你能严格修身，小心谨慎保全本真，并且愿意让其他的人和物也回归他们本来的样子，那么你本可以避免这些麻烦的。可是，看你现在，自

己不能修身却决定要教化别人。难道你不是过于执著于外在事物了吗？”

孔子很沮丧，说：“我能向你请教何为本真吗？”

陌生人答道：“真正的本真是简单纯粹的极致状态。没有纯粹、没有真诚就意味着你不能感动别人。因此，如果你假装哀伤哭泣，那么不论你如何投入，也不是真正的悲伤。如果你强使自己表现愤怒，即便你听上去非常凶猛，也不会让人畏惧。如果你强使自己表现热情，不管你怎样笑，你也不能营造和谐。真正的悲伤可以无声但真是哀痛；真正的愤怒，即便不显露出来，也让人畏惧；真正的感情甚至没有微笑都能营造和谐。如果一个人内心拥有本真，会影响他的外在精神，因此本真非常重要。”

第十四部分　后记

庄子说："理解道容易，不说它很难。理解却不说，是为了追求属天的。理解并说出，是受制于人的因素。以前人们关注的是属天的，而不是属人的。"

……

宋国有一个人，名叫曹商，宋王派他作为大使出使秦国。在他离开宋国时，只给了他几辆马车。可是，秦王与他相处得很愉快，就给了他一百多辆。返回宋国的路上，他遇到庄子，说："生活于贫穷村落的简陋街巷中，靠制作草鞋为生，还得忍饥挨饿，弄得颈项干瘪、面容憔悴，这样的日子我无法忍受！但是，得到拥有万辆马车的君王的信任，就可以被赏赐其中的一百辆，这样的日子我喜欢，而且我也擅长于此。"

庄子说："嗯。秦王生病的时候，他召见医生，谁能切开溃疡挤出脓水就能得到一辆马车作为赏赐。而把药物塞到他直肠之中的医生能得到五辆马车。所医治的病越卑下，赏赐的马车就越多。那么，先生，我想你定是一直为他舔舐痔疮才能得到这么多马车吧？请走开吧，先生！"

……

有人请庄子到朝中做官。庄子答复来使说："先生，你见过献祭的牛吗？人们用精美的服饰装扮它，用青草和大豆喂养它。可是，当它被牵到太庙之中时，就算它最热切期盼的是单纯地做一头牛犊，又怎么可能呢！"

庄子就要死了，他的弟子想要为他举行隆重的葬礼。庄子说："我把天地作我的寿衣和棺木，让日月作我的双璧，让群星作我的珠宝，让万物作我的送葬人。我的葬礼一切具备，还缺什么吗？我还需要什么呢？"

他的弟子说："先生，我们担心乌鸦和老鹰会把您吃掉。"

庄子说："在地上，我被乌鸦和老鹰吃掉；在地下，还不是被蠕虫和蚂蚁吃掉。夺了这个的给那个，你们这不就是偏袒吗？

"试图用不平等的东西去创造平等，只能是平等地不平等。试图用不确定的东西去证明某事，必然只会让事情不确定。一个人如果视力清晰就以为自己明白，那他只是为视力，而一个人在精神引导之下才能洞见真实。我们用眼睛所看到的东西与我们通过精神所懂得的东西是不同的，这个智慧之见由来已久了。可是愚蠢的人依赖他们的眼睛，陷入只是属人的东西之中而丢失了自我，他所做的一切都只是假象——多可悲啊！"

……

"茫然呆滞的没有形体；

改变和变化永不停歇；

什么是生？什么是死？

什么又是以天地为伴？

清明的精神去向何方？

若被遗忘，又将如何？"

我们被万物环绕，可是没有哪个是我们的归宿。从前人们以为这就是道的方法。庄子听说了这些看法，很高兴。他就用奇怪神秘的说法、荒唐离奇的短语、语意模糊的术语来教授它们。他教授的是他所相信的，可是却从来不偏执，也不会只是从一个角度看待事物。在他眼里，整个世界陷入愚蠢之中，因此已无法理解任何合乎情理之事。

参考资料

本书内容摘选自企鹅经典系列《庄子》一书。第一部分选自第2章，第二部分选自第3、4和5章；第三部分选自第6章；第四部分选自第7和8章；第五部分选自第1、5、17、18、24和26章；第六部分选自第9章；第七部分选自第10和11章；第八部分选自第11、12和13章；第九部分选自第14和16章；第十部分选自第17和18章；第十一部分选自第19、20和21章；第十二部分选自22、23、24和26章；第十三部分选自第30和31章；第十四部分选自第32和33章。

Chuang Tzu
The Tao of Nature

TRANSLATED BY MARTIN PALMER WITH
ELIZABETH BREUILLY AND JAY RAMSAY

SELECTED BY MARTIN PALMER

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

PART 1
Working Everything Out Evenly

Now, I have something to say. Do I know whether this is in the same sort of category as what is said by others? I don't know. At one level, what I say is not the same. At another level, it most definitely is, and there is no difference between what I say and what others say. Whatever the case, let me try and tell you what I mean.

There is the beginning; there is not as yet any beginning of the beginning; there is not as yet beginning not to be a beginning of the beginning. There is what is, and there is what is not, and it is not easy to say whether what is not, is not; or whether what is, is.

I have just made a statement, yet I do not know whether what I said has been real in what I said or not really said.

Under Heaven there is nothing greater than the tip of a hair, but Mount Tai is smaller; there is no one older than a dead child, yet Peng Tsu died young.

Heaven and Earth and I were born at the same time, and all life and I are one.

As all life is one, what need is there for words? Yet I have just said all life is one, so I have already spoken, haven't I? One plus one equals two, two plus one equals three. To go on from here would take us beyond the understanding of even a skilled accountant, let alone the ordinary people. If going from 'no-thing' to 'some-thing' we get to three, just think how much further we would have to go if we went from 'some-thing' to something!

Don't even start, let's just stay put.

The great Tao has no beginning, and words have changed their meaning from the beginning, but because of the idea of a 'this is' there came to be limitations. I want to say something about these limitations. There is right

and left, relationships and their consequences, divisions and disagreements, emulations and contentions. These are known as the eight Virtues.

The sage will not speak of what is beyond the boundaries of the universe-though he will not deny it either. What is within the universe, he says something about but does not pronounce upon. Concerning the record of the past actions of the kings in the Spring and Autumn Annals, the sage discusses but does not judge. When something is divided, something is not divided; when there is disagreement there are things not disagreed about.

You ask, what does this mean? The sage encompasses everything, while ordinary people just argue about things. This is why I say that disagreement means you do not understand at all.

The great Way is not named,

the great disagreement is unspoken,

great benevolence is not benevolent,

great modesty is not humble,

great courage is not violent.

The Tao that is clear is not the Tao,

speech which enables argument is not worthy,

benevolence which is ever present does not achieve its goal,

modesty if flouted, fails,

courage that is violent is pointless.

[...]

Yeh Chueh said to Wang Ni, 'Do you know, Master, what everything agrees upon?'

'How can I possibly know?' said Wang Ni.

'Do you know, Master, what you do not know?'

'How can I know?' he replied.

'Then does nothing know anything?'

'How could I know that?' said Wang Ni. 'Nevertheless, I want to try and say something. How can I know that what I say I know is not actually what I don't know? Likewise, how can I know that what I think I don't know is not really what I do know? I want to put some questions to you:

'If someone sleeps in a damp place, he will ache all over and he will be half paralysed, but is it the same for an eel? If someone climbs a tree, he will be frightened and shaking, but is it so for a monkey? Out of these three, which is wisest about where to live?

'Humans eat meat, deer consume grass, centipedes devour snakes and owls and crows enjoy mice. Of these four, which has the best taste?

'Monkeys mate with each other, deer go with deer. People said that Mao Chiang and Li Chi were the most beautiful women in the world, but fish seeing them dived away, birds took off into the air and deer ran off. Of these four, who really knows true beauty? As I see it, benevolence and righteousness, also the ways of right and wrong, are completely interwoven. I do not think I can know the difference between them!'

Yeh Chueh said: 'Master, if you do not know the difference between that which is good and that which is harmful, does this mean the perfect man is also without such knowledge?'

'The perfect man is pure spirit,' replied Wang Ni. 'He does not feel the heat of the burning deserts nor the cold of the vast waters. He is not frightened by the lightning which can split open mountains, or by the storms that can whip up the seas. Such a person rides the clouds and mounts upon

the sun and moon, and wanders across and beyond the four seas. Neither death nor life concern him, nor is he interested in what is good or bad!'

Chu Chiao Tzu asked Chang Wu Tzu,

> 'I have heard from the Master
> that the sage does not labour at anything,
> does not look for advantage,
> does not act benevolently,
> does not harm,
> does not pursue the Tao;
> He speaks without speaking,
> and does not speak when he speaks,
> and looks beyond the confines of this dusty world.

'The Master sees all this as an endless stream of words, but to me they are like the words of the mysterious Tao. Master, what do you think?'

Chang Wu Tzu said, 'Such a saying as this would have confused even the Yellow Emperor, so how could Confucius be able to understand them! However, you are getting ahead of yourself, counting your chickens before your eggs are hatched and looking at the bowl, imagining the roasted fowl. I will try to speak to you in a random way, so you listen to me likewise. How can the wise one sit beside the sun and moon and embrace the universe? Because he brings all things together in harmony, he rejects difference and confusion and ignores status and power. While ordinary people rush busily around, the sage seems stupid and ignorant, but to him all life is one and united. All life is simply what it is and all appear to him to be doing what

they rightly should.

'How do I know that the love of life is not a delusion? Or that the fear of death is not like a young person running away from home and unable to find his way back? The Lady Li Chi was the daughter of a border warden, Ai. When the state of Chin captured her, she wept until she had drenched her robes; then she came to the King's palace, shared the King's bed, ate his food, and repented of her tears. How do I know whether the dead now repent for their former clinging to life?

'Come the morning, those who dream of the drunken feast may weep and moan; when the morning comes, those who dream of weeping and moaning go hunting in the fields. When they dream, they don't know it is a dream. Indeed, in their dreams they may think they are interpreting dreams, only when they awake do they know it was a dream. Eventually there comes the day of reckoning and awakening, and then we shall know that it was all a great dream. Only fools think that they are now awake and that they really know what is going on, playing the prince and then playing the servant. What fools! The Master and you are both living in a dream. When I say a dream, I am also dreaming. This very saying is a deception. If after ten thousand years we could once meet a truly great sage, one who understands, it would seem as if it had only been a morning.

'Imagine that you and I have a disagreement, and you get the better of me, rather than me getting the better of you, does this mean that you are automatically right and I am automatically wrong? Suppose I get the better of you, does it follow that I am automatically right and you are therefore wrong? Is it really that one of us is right and the other wrong? Or are we both right and both wrong? Neither you nor I can really know and other people are even more in the dark. So who can we ask to give us the right answer? Should you

ask someone who thinks you are right? But how then can that person give a fair answer? Should we ask someone who thinks I am right? But then if he agrees with me, how can he make a fair judgement? Then again, should we ask someone who agrees with both of us? But again, if he agrees with both of us, how can he make a true judgement? Should we ask someone who disagrees with both of us? But here again, if he disagrees with both of us, how can he make an honest judgement? It is clear that neither you, I nor anyone else can make decisions like this amongst ourselves. So should we wait for someone else to turn up?

'To wait for one voice to bring it all together is as pointless as waiting for no one. Bring all things together under the Equality of Heaven, allow their process of change to go on unimpeded, and learn to grow old. What do I mean by bringing everything together under the Equality of Heaven? With regard to what is right and wrong, I say not being is being and being is not being. But let us not get caught up in discussing this. Forget about life, forget about worrying about right and wrong. Plunge into the unknown and the endless and find your place there!'

The Outline said to the Shadow, 'First you are on the move, then you are standing still; you sit down and then you stand up. Why can't you make up your mind?'

Shadow replied, 'Do I have to look to something else to be what I am? Does this something else itself not have to rely upon yet another something? Do I have to depend upon the scales of a snake or the wings of a cicada? How can I tell how things are? How can I tell how things are not?'

Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzu, dreamt that I was a butterfly, flitting around and enjoying myself. I had no idea I was Chuang Tzu. Then suddenly

I woke up and was Chuang Tzu again. But I could not tell, had I been Chuang Tzu dreaming I was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming I was now Chuang Tzu? However, there must be some sort of difference between Chuang Tzu and a butterfly! We call this the transformation of things.

PART 2
Perfect Accord

Cook Ting was butchering an ox for Lord Wen Hui. Every movement of his hand, every shrug of his shoulder, every step of his feet, every thrust of his knee, every sound of the sundering flesh and the swoosh of the descending knife, were all in perfect accord, like the Mulberry Grove Dance or the rhythm of the Ching-shou.

'Ah, how excellent!' said Lord Wen Hui. 'How has your skill become so superb?'

Cook Ting put down his knife and said, 'What your servant loves best is the Tao, which is better than any art. When I started to cut up oxen, what I saw was just a complex ox. After three years, I had learnt not to see the ox as whole. Now I practise with my mind, not with my eyes. I ignore my sense and follow my spirit. I see the natural lines and my knife slides through the great hollows, follows the great cavities, using that which is already there to my advantage. Thus, I miss the great sinews and even more so, the great bones. A good cook changes his knife annually, because he slices. An ordinary cook has to change his knife every month, because he hacks. Now this knife of mine I have been using for nineteen years, and it has cut thousands of oxen. However, its blade is as sharp as if it had just been sharpened. Between the joints there are spaces, and the blade of a knife has no real thickness. If you put what has no thickness into spaces such as these, there is plenty of room, certainly enough for the knife to work through. However, when I come to a difficult part and can see that it will be difficult, I take care and pay due regard. I look carefully and I move with caution. Then, very gently, I move the knife until there is a parting and the flesh falls apart like a lump of earth falling to the ground. I stand with the knife in my hand looking around and then, with an air of satisfaction, I wipe the knife and put

it away.'

'Splendid!' said Lord Wen Hui. 'I have heard what cook Ting has to say and from his words I have learned how to live life fully.'

When Kung Wen Hsien saw the Commander of the Right he was surprised and said, 'Who is this man? Why has he only got one foot? Is this from Heaven or from man?'

'From Heaven, not from man,' said the Commander. 'My life came from Heaven, which also gave me just one foot. The human appearance is a gift, which is why I know that this is from Heaven, not from man. The marsh pheasant manages one peck every ten paces, and one drink every hundred steps, but it does not wish to be kept in a cage. Even if you treated it like a king, its spirit would not be happy.'

When Lao Tzu died, Chin Shih came to mourn for him. He uttered three shouts and then left.

A follower of the Master said, 'Wasn't the Master a friend of yours?'

'Certainly,' he replied.

'Then do you really think this way of mourning is best?'

'Certainly. To begin with I thought these were real men, but now I am not so sure. When I came in to mourn, there were old folk weeping as though they had lost a child; there were young people wailing as if for the loss of a mother. Such a gathering of everyone, all talking away though he didn't ask them to talk and weeping even though he didn't ask for tears! This is to turn from Heaven and to indulge in emotions, ignoring what is given. The ancient ones called this the result of violating the principles of Heaven. When the Master came, it was because he was due to be born. When he died, it was

entirely natural. If you are prepared to accept this and flow with it, then sorrow and joy cannot touch you. The ancient ones considered this the work of the gods who free us from bondage.

'We can point to the wood that has been burned, but when the fire has passed on, we cannot know where it has gone.'

[...]

Yen Ho was about to start as tutor to the eldest son of Duke Ling of the state of Wei, so he went to visit Chu Po Yu and said, 'Here is a man whom Heaven has given a nature devoid of all virtue. If I simply allow him to go on in this way, the state is at risk; if I try to bring him back to a principled life, then my life is at risk. He can just about recognize the excesses of others, but not his own excesses. In a case like this, what can I do?'

'This is a good question!' said Chu Po Yu. 'Be on guard, be careful, make sure you yourself are right. Let your appearance be in agreement, let your heart be content and harmonious. However, both these strategies have their dangers. Do not let your outward stance affect your inner self, nor allow your inner self to be drawn out. If you allow yourself to be sucked into his way of things, you will be thrown down, ruined, demolished, and will fall. If your inner harmony becomes drawn out, then you will have fame and a name, you will be called an evil creature. If he acts like a child, then be a child with him; if he permits no restraints, do the same. If he goes beyond the pale, follow him! Understand him, and then guide him back subtly.

'Don't you know the story of the praying mantis? In its anger it waved its arms in front of a speeding carriage, having no understanding that it could not stop it, but having full confidence in its own powers! Be on guard, be careful! If you are over-confident in this way, you will be in the same danger.

'Don't you know what a tiger trainer does? He does not give them living

animals for food, in case it over-excites them and breeds a love of killing. He does not even give them whole carcasses, for fear of exciting the rage of tearing the animals apart. He observes their appetite and appreciates their ferocity. Tigers are a different creature from humans, but you can train them to obey their trainer if you understand how to adapt to them. People who go against the nature of the tiger don't last long.

'People who love horses collect their manure and urine in fine baskets and bottles. However, if a mosquito or gadfly lands on the horse, and the groom suddenly swipes it away, the horse breaks its bit, damages its harness and hurts its chest. The groom, out of affection, tried to do what was good, but the end result is the reverse of that. Thus should we exercise caution!'

Carpenter Shih was on his way to Chi, when he came to the place called Chu Yuan, where he saw an oak tree which was venerated as the home of the spirits of the land. The tree was so vast that a thousand oxen could hide behind it. It was a hundred spans round and it soared above the hill to eighty feet before it even began to put out branches. There were ten such branches, from any one of which an entire boat could be carved. Masses of people came to see it, giving the place a carnival atmosphere, but carpenter Shih didn't even look round, just went on his way. His assistant looked at it with great intensity, and then chased after his master and said, 'Since I first took up my axe and followed you, I have never seen wood such as this. Sir, why did you not even glance at it nor stop, but just kept going?'

He said, 'Silence, not another word! The tree is useless. Make a boat from it and it would sink; make a coffin and it would rot quickly; make some furniture and it would fall to pieces; make a door and it would be covered in seeping sap; make a pillar and it would be worm-eaten. This wood is useless

and good for nothing. This is why it has lived so long.'

When Master Shih was returning, the tree appeared to him in a dream, saying, 'What exactly are you comparing me with? With ornamental fruit trees? Trees such as the hawthorn, pear trees, orange trees, citrus trees, gourds and other such fruit trees? Their fruits are knocked down when they are ripe and the trees suffer. The big branches are damaged and the small ones are broken off. Because they are useful, they suffer, and they are unable to live out the years Heaven has given them. They have only their usefulness to blame for this destruction wrought by the people. It is the same with all things. I have spent a long time studying to be useless, though on a couple of occasions I was nearly destroyed. However, now I have perfected the art of uselessness, and this is very useful, to me! If I had been of use, could I have grown so vast? Furthermore, you and I are both things. How can one thing make such statements about another? How can you, a useless man about to die, know anything about a useless tree?'

When carpenter Shih awoke, he told his apprentice what he had dreamt. The apprentice said, 'If it wants to be useless, why is it used as the shrine for the spirits of the land?'

'Hush! Don't say another word!' said Shih. 'The tree happens to be here so it is an altar. By this it protects itself from harm from those who do not realize it is useless, for were it not an altar, it would run the risk of being chopped down. Furthermore, this tree is no ordinary one, so to speak of it in normal terms is to miss the point.'

Nan Po Tzu Chi, wandering amongst the mountains of Shang, came upon a great and unusual tree, under which could shelter a thousand chariots, and they would all be covered. Tzu Chi said, 'What kind of a tree is this? It is surely a most wondrous piece of timber!' However, when he looked up, he

could see that the smaller branches were so twisted and gnarled that they could not be made into rafters and beams; and looking down at the trunk he saw it was warped and distorted and would not make good coffins. He licked one of its leaves and his mouth felt scraped and sore. He sniffed it and it nearly drove him mad, as if he had been drunk for three days.

'This tree is certainly good for nothing,' said Tzu Chi. 'This is why it has grown so large. Ah-ha! This is the sort of uselessness that sages live by.

'In the state of Sung there is the district of Ching Shih, which is excellent for growing catalpas, cypresses and mulberry trees. However, those which are more than a handspan or so around are cut down by people who want to make posts for their monkeys; those which are three or four spans around are cut down to make beams for great houses; those of seven to eight spans are cut down by lords and the wealthy who want single planks to form the side of their coffins. As a result, the trees do not live out the years Heaven has allotted them, but instead are cut down by the axe in the prime of their life. This is all the result of being useful! At the sacrifice, oxen marked by the white forehead, pigs that have turned-up noses and men suffering from piles are useless as offerings to the River Ho. Shamans know this and as a result they consider such creatures as being inauspicious. However, the sage, for exactly this same reason, values them highly.

'Crippled Shu, now, is a man with his chin lost in his navel, his shoulders higher than the top of his head and his topknot pointing to Heaven, his five vital organs all crushed into the top of his body and his two thighs pressing into his ribs. By sharpening needles and washing clothes he earns enough to eat. By winnowing rice and cleaning it he was able to feed ten people. When the officials called up the militia, he walked about freely, with no need to hide; when they are trying to raise a large work gang, because of

his deformities, no one bothers him. Yet when the officials were handing out grain to the infirm, he received three great portions and ten bundles of firewood. If a man like this, deformed in body, can make a living and live out the years Heaven sends him, how much more should a man who is only deformed in terms of his Virtue!'

[...]

In the state of Lu there was a mutilated man called Shu Shan the Toeless. He came upon his stumps to see Confucius. Confucius said, 'You were not careful and therefore suffered this fate. It is too late to come and see me now.'

'Because of my lack of knowledge and through lack of care for my body, I lost my feet,' said Toeless. 'Now I have come to you because I still have that which is of greater value than my foot and I wish to save it. There is nothing that great Heaven does not cover, nor anything that the Earth does not sustain. I had hoped you, Sir, would be as Heaven and Earth to me, and I did not expect you to receive me like this!'

'I am being stupid!' said Confucius. 'Good Sir, please do not go away and I will try to share with you what I have learnt!'

However, Toeless left and Confucius said, 'Be watchful, my followers! Great Toeless has lost his feet but still he wants to learn in order to recompense for his evil deeds. How much more so should you who are ablebodied want to learn!'

Toeless told his story to Lao Tzu, saying, 'Confucius has definitely not become a perfect man yet, has he? So why does he try to study with you? He seems to be caught up with the search for honour and reputation, without appearing to understand that the perfect man sees these as chains and irons.'

Lao Tzu said, 'Why not help him to see that death and birth are one thing and that right and wrong are one thing, and so free him from the chains and

irons?'

'Given that Heaven punishes him, how can he be set free?' asked Toeless.

Duke Ai of Lu said to Confucius, 'In Wei there was a man with a terrible appearance called Ai Tai To. But those around him thought the world of him and when women saw him they ran to their mothers and fathers saying, "I would rather be the concubine of this gentleman than anyone else's wife." This has happened more than ten times. He was never heard to take the lead in anything, but was always in accord with others. He was not powerful and thus able to save people from death, nor was he wealthy and able to feed people. Furthermore, he was so hideous he could scare the whole world. He never took the lead, just agreed with whatever was suggested, and he knew little about the world beyond his own four walls. But people came flocking to him. It is clear he is different from ordinary people, so I asked him to come and see me. He certainly was ugly enough to frighten the whole world. Yet he had only been with me for less than a month when I began to appreciate him. Within a year I had full trust in him. In my country there was no prime minister, so I offered him the post. His response to my request was to look most sorrowful and diffident as if he was going to turn it down. I was ashamed of myself but in the end simply handed over the country to him. Very soon after, he upped and left. I was distressed and felt this a great loss, for I had no one with whom to share the cares of the state. Now, what sort of man is this?'

Confucius said, 'I was once in the state of Chu on a commission, and I saw some piglets trying to suckle from their dead mother. After a while they started up and left her. She did not seem to notice them and so they no longer felt any affinity with her. What they loved about their mother was not her

body but what gave life to the body. When a man is killed in battle, at his burial his battle honours are of little use to him. A man without feet has little love for shoes. In both cases they lack that which makes these of any significance. Indeed, the consorts of the Son of Heaven do not cut their own nails or pierce their ears; a newly wed gentleman stays outside the court and is freed from onerous duties. With so much attention being paid to caring for the body, imagine what care should be given to preserving Virtue! Now Ai Tai To speaks not a word, yet he is believed. He does nothing and is loved. People offer him their kingdoms, and their only fear is that he will refuse. He must indeed be a man of perfect character, whose Virtue is without shape!'

'What do you mean by "perfect character"?' asked Duke Ai.

Confucius replied, 'Death, birth, existence and trouble, auspicious and inauspicious signs, wealth, poverty, value and worthlessness, glory and blame, hunger and thirst, cold and hot-all these are the way the world goes and the result of destiny. Day and night follow each other, but there is no way of knowing where they come from. Don't allow this to disrupt your innate balance, don't allow this to perturb your mind. If you can balance and enjoy them, have mastery over them and revel in this, if you can do this day in and day out without a break and bring all things together, then this brings forth a heart prepared for changes and this is perfect character.'

'But what do you mean when you say his Virtue is without shape?'

'Perfect balance is found in still waters. Such water should be an example to us all. Inner harmony is protected and nothing external affects it. Virtue is the result of true balance. Virtue has no shape or form yet nothing can be without it,' said Confucius.

PART 3
So What is a True Man?

The one who understands Heaven and understands the ways of humanity has perfection. Understanding Heaven, he grows with Heaven. Understanding humanity, he takes the understanding of what he understands to help him understand what he doesn't understand, and so fulfils the years Heaven decrees without being cut off in his prime. This is known as perfection.

However, it is true that there are problems. Real understanding has to have something to which it is applied and this something is itself uncertain. So how can I know that what I term Heaven is not human? Or that what I call human is not Heaven?

Only the true man has understanding. So what is a true man? The true man of old did not fight against poverty, nor did he look for fulfilment through riches-for he had no grand plans. Therefore, he never regretted any failure, nor exulted in success. He could scale the heights without fear, plumb the depths without difficulties and go through fire without pain. This is the kind of person whose understanding has lifted him up towards the Tao.

The true man of old slept without dreaming and awoke without anxiety. He ate without tasting, breathing deeply, incredibly deeply. The true man breathes from his feet up, while ordinary people just breathe from the throat. The words of broken people come forth like vomit. Wallowing in lust and desire, they are but shallow in the ways of Heaven.

The true man of old did not hold on to life, nor did he fear death. He arrived without expectation and left without resistance. He went calmly, he came calmly and that was that. He did not set out to forget his origin, nor was he interested in what would become of him. He loved to receive anything but also forgot what he had received and gave it away. He did not give precedence to the heart but to the Tao, nor did he prefer the ways of humanity

to those of Heaven. This is what is known as a true man.

Being like this, his heart forgets,

his appearance is calm,

his forehead is plain;

He is as chilly as autumn and as warming as spring.

His joy and anger arise like the four seasons.

He acts properly towards all things

and none know where this will lead.

So if the sage summons the army and conquers states,

he does not lose the affections of the people.

His magnanimous nature enriches ten thousand generations,

yet he has no affection for the people.

One who seeks to share his happiness with others is not a sage.

One who displays his feelings is not benevolent.

One who waits for Heaven is not a wise man.

The noble who cannot harmonize the good and the destructive is not a scholar.

One who seeks for fame and thereby loses his real self is no gentleman.

One who loses his true self and his path is unable to command others.

[...]

The true man of old appeared aloof but was in no danger of falling.

He appears deficient, yet takes nothing.

He does what he wills but is not judgemental.

His emptiness was clear, but there was no showing off.

Cheerfully smiling, he seemed to be content.

He responded immediately as if there was no choice.

If upset, he showed it.

If content, he was at ease with Virtue.
When calm, he appeared to be one with the world.
When superior, the world had no control over him.
His inner nature seemed unknowable.
Never being really aware, he forgot what to say.
He saw the law as the external form of government.
The rituals he saw as the wings,
knowledge as being the same as what is appropriate at the time.
Virtue he saw as what is proper.
Viewing law as the external form of government,
he was flexible in imposing the death sentence.
Viewing the rituals as the wings,
he got on well with society.
Viewing knowledge as being that which is appropriate,
he followed the natural course of events.
Viewing virtue as that which is proper,
he walked along with others who were capable of leading.
So he acted spontaneously,
but others thought it was at great cost.
Thus all that he sought was one.
What he disowned was also but one.
What is one is one, and what is not one is also one.
In the one, he was with Heaven.
In the not-one, he was one with humanity.
When heaven and humanity are not in dispute,
then we can say this is really the true man.

Death and birth are fixed. They are as certain as the dawn that comes after the night, established by the decree of Heaven. This is beyond the control of humanity, this is just how things are. Some view Heaven as their father and continue to love it. How much more should they show devotion for that which is even greater! Some people consider their lord as being better than themselves and would willingly die for him. How much more should they do the same for one who is more true than their lord!

When the springs dry out, the fish are found stranded on the earth. They keep each other damp with their own moisture, and wet each other with their slime. But it would be better if they could just forget about each other in rivers and lakes. People sing the praises of Yao and condemn Chieh, but it would be better if they could forget both of them and just follow the Tao. The cosmos gives me the burden of a physical form, makes life a struggle, gives me rest in old age and peace in death. What makes life good, therefore, also makes death good.

A boat can be hidden in a gorge, and a fishing net in a pool, and you may think they are therefore safe. However, in the middle of the night a strong man comes and carries them off. Small-minded people just cannot see that hiding smaller things in larger things does not mean they will not be stolen. If you take everything under Heaven and try to store it under Heaven, there is no space left for it to be lost in! This is the real truth about things. To have a human form is a joyful thing. But in the universe of possible forms, there are others just as good. Isn't it a blessing to have these uncountable possibilities! The sage goes where nothing escapes him, and rests contented there with them. He takes pleasure in an early death, in old age, in the origin and in the end and sees them all as equally good-he should be an example to others. If this is so, then how much more should our example be that which

holds together the whole of life and which is the origin of all that changes!

The great Tao has both reality and expression, but it does nothing and has no form.

It can be passed on, but not received.

It can be obtained, but not seen.

It is rooted in its own self, existing before Heaven and Earth were born, indeed for eternity.

It gives divinity to the spirits and to the gods.

It brought to life Heaven and Earth.

It was before the primal air, yet it cannot be called lofty;

it was below all space and direction, yet it cannot be called deep.

It comes before either Heaven or Earth, yet it cannot be called old.

It is far more ancient than antiquity, yet it is not old.

[...]

The Masters, Ssu, Yu, Li and Lai, said one to another, 'Anyone who can conceive of nothingness as his head, life as his back and death as his tail and who knows that death and birth, being and no-being, are one and the same- one like this shall be our friend.' The four men smiled and agreed in their hearts and therefore became friends.

Shortly after, Master Yu fell ill. Master Ssu went to visit him and Yu said, 'How great is the Maker of All! He has made me deformed. My back is like a hunchback's, and all my organs are on top while my chin is lost in my navel and my shoulders rise up above my head and my topknot points to Heaven!' His yin and yang were in disarray. However, his heart was calm and he was not worried. He limped to a well and looked in at his reflection and

said, 'Goodness me! The Maker of All has made me completely deformed!'

'Do you dislike it?' asked Master Ssu.

'Not really, why should I? For example, perhaps my left arm will become a cockerel and then I shall be able to tell the time at night. Maybe, eventually, my right arm will become a crossbow and then I can hunt a bird and eat it. Possibly my bottom will become wheels and my soul will be a horse which I shall climb upon and go for a ride. After all, I wouldn't then need any other vehicle again! I obtained life because the time was right. I will lose life because it is time. Those who go quietly with the flow of nature are not worried by either joy or sorrow. People like these were considered in the past as having achieved freedom from bondage. Those who cannot free themselves are constrained by things. However, nothing can overcome Heaven-it has always been so. So why should I dislike this?'

Later Master Lai fell ill. Gasping and heaving, he lay close to death. His wife and children were mourning around him. Master Li came to see him and Master Lai said, 'Hush, get out! Do you want to disrupt the processes of change?'

Leaning against the doorway Li commented,

'How great is the Maker of All!
What will you be made into next?
Where will you be sent?
Will you come back as a rat's liver?
Or will it be as a pest's arm?'

Master Lai said,

'When a mother and father tell a child to go somewhere,
be that east, west, south or north, the child obeys.
Yin and yang are the mother and father of humanity.
They have brought me close to death
and if I disobey this would be just perversity.
My death is not their problem!
The cosmos gives me form, brings me to birth,
guides me into old age and settles me in death.
If I think my life good, then I must think my death good.
A good craftsman, casting metal,
would not be too pleased with metal that jumped up and said,
"I must be made into a sword like Mo Yeh."
Now, given that I have been bold enough
to take on human shape already, if I then said,
"I must be a human, I must be a human!",
the Maker of All would view me somewhat askance!
If Heaven and Earth are like a furnace and Nature is the craftsman,
then is it possible he could send me anywhere that was not appropriate?
Peacefully we die, calmly we awake.'

PART 4
Simply Fate!

Masters Yu and Sang were friends. It happened to rain for ten days, and Master Yu said, 'Master Sang may be in trouble!' So he packed some food to take to him. Arriving at Master Sang's door he heard strange noises and someone playing a lute, singing,

> 'Oh Father! Oh Mother! Oh Heaven! Oh humanity!'

It sounded as if the singer's voice was about to break and the singer was rushing to finish the verse. Master Yu entered and said, 'Master, why are you singing like this?'

He said, 'I was trying to work out what has reduced me to this. My father and mother wouldn't want me to be so poor, surely? Heaven treats all alike. Earth supports all alike. Heaven and Earth wouldn't wish me poor, would they? I seek to know who has done this, but I can't find an answer. When you come down to it, it must be simply fate.'

[...]

Tien Ken was travelling to the south of Yin Mountain. He reached the river Liao, where he met the Man without a Name and said to him, 'I wish to ask you about governing everything under Heaven.'

The Man without a Name said, 'Get lost, you stupid lout! What an unpleasant question! I am travelling with the Maker of All. If that is too tiring, I shall ride the bird of ease and emptiness and go beyond the compass of the world and wander in the land of nowhere and the region of nothing. So why are you disturbing me and unsettling my heart with questions about how

to rule all below Heaven?'

Tien Ken asked the same question again. The Man without a Name replied.

'Let your heart journey in simplicity.

Be one with that which is beyond definition.

Let things be what they are.

Have no personal views.

This is how everything under Heaven is ruled.'

Yan Tzu Chu went to visit Lao Tzu and he said, 'Here is a man who is keen and vigilant, who has clarity of vision and wisdom and who studies the Tao without ceasing. Such a person as this is surely a king of great wisdom?'

'In comparison to the sage,' said Lao Tzu, 'someone like this is just a humble servant, tied to his work, exhausting himself and distressing his heart. The tiger and the leopard, it is said, are hunted because of the beauty of their hides. The monkey and the dog end up in chains because of their skills. Can these be compared to a king of great wisdom?'

Yang Tzu Chu was startled and said, 'May I be so bold as to ask about the rule of a king who is great in wisdom?'

Lao Tzu said,

'The rule of a king who is great in wisdom!

His works affect all under Heaven, yet he seems to do nothing.

His authority reaches all life, yet no one relies upon him.

There is no fame or glory for him but everything fulfils itself.

He stands upon mystery and wanders where there is nothing.'

In Chen there was a shaman of the spirits called Chi Hsien. He could foretell when people would die and be born; he knew about good fortune and failure as granted by Heaven; he knew about happiness and distress, life and its span, knowing the year, month, week and day, as if he were a god himself. As soon as the people of Cheng saw him coming, they would run away. Lieh Tzu went to see him and was fascinated by him. Coming back to Hu Tzu, he said, 'I used to believe, Master, that your Tao was perfection. Now I have found something even better.'

Hu Tzu said, 'What I have shown you is the outward text of my teaching, but not what is central. How can you think you have grasped my Tao? If you have hens but no cockerel, how can you have eggs? You flaunt your Tao before the world. This is why this man can read your fortune. Bring this shaman to me and let us meet.'

The next day Lieh Tzu brought the shaman to visit Hu Tzu. And as he left Hu Tzu's house with Lieh Tzu, the shaman said, 'Oh dear! Your Master is dying. There's virtually no life left-he has maybe a week at most. I saw a strange sight - it was like wet ashes!'

Lieh Tzu went in again, weeping so copiously that tears soaked his coat, and told Hu Tzu what had been said. Hu Tzu said, 'I made myself appear like the earth. I was as solid as the mountain, showing nothing to him. He probably perceived me to be a closed book, apparently without virtue. Bring him again if you can.'

The next day Lieh Tzu came again with the shaman to see Hu Tzu. As they went out, the shaman said to Lieh Tzu, 'How lucky for your Master that he has met me. He is getting better. Indeed he is truly alive. Life is flowing again.'

Lieh Tzu went back in and commented on this to Hu Tzu. Hu Tzu said, 'I made myself appear to him like Heaven, without fame or fortune on my mind. What I am wells up in me naturally. He saw in me the full and natural workings of life. Bring him again if you can.'

The next day they came again to see Hu Tzu. As they went out, the shaman said to Lieh Tzu, 'Your Master is never the same. I cannot grasp the fortune shown in his face. If he returns to some constancy then I will come and see him again.'

Lieh Tzu went back in and reported this to Hu Tzu. 'I showed him myself as the great Void where all is equal,' said Hu Tzu. 'He almost certainly saw in me the harmony of my innate forces. When water moves about, there is a whirlpool; where the waters are calm, there is a whirlpool; where the waters gather, there is a whirlpool. There are nine types of whirlpool and I have shown him just three. Bring him back again if you can.'

The next day they both came again to see him. However, before he had even sat down, the shaman panicked and ran off. Hu Tzu said, 'Follow him!'

Lieh Tzu ran after him. But he could not catch up with him. Coming back to Hu Tzu, he said, 'He has gone, I've lost him. I couldn't catch him.'

Hu Tzu said, 'I just appeared to him as hitherto unrevealed potential. I presented myself as not knowing who is who, nor what is what. I came flowing and changing as I willed. That's why he bolted.'

As a result of this, Lieh Tzu realized that he had so far learnt nothing real, so he returned home. For three years he did not go out. He cooked for his wife and tended the pigs as if they were humans. He showed no interest in his studies. He cast aside his desires and sought the truth. In his body he became like the ground itself. In the midst of everything he remained enclosed with the One and that is how he remained until the end.

Do not hanker for fame.

Do not make plans.

Do not try to do things.

Do not try to master knowledge.

Hold what is but do not hold it to be anything.

Work with all that comes from Heaven, but do not seek to hold it.

Just be empty.

The perfect man's heart is like a mirror.

It does not search after things.

It does not look for things.

It does not seek knowledge, just responds.

As a result he can handle everything and is not harmed by anything.

[...]

One on the true path does not lose his innate given nature.

To such a man that which is united presents no problem;

That which is divided is all right;

What is long is not too long;

That which is short is not too short.

The duck's legs for example are short, but trying to lengthen them would cause pain.

The legs of a crane are long, but trying to shorten them would produce grief.

What nature makes long we should not cut,

nor should we try to stretch what nature makes short.

That would not solve anything.

Perhaps then, benevolence and righteousness are not an inherent part of

human nature? For look how much anxiety is suffered by those who wish to be kind.

PART 5
Hui Tzu

Hui Tzu spoke to Chuang Tzu, saying, 'The King of Wei gave me the seeds of an enormous gourd, which I planted and it produced a fruit big enough to hold five bushels of anything, so I used it to hold water, but it was then too heavy to pick up. I cut it into two to make scoops, but they were too awkward to use. It was not that they weren't big, I just found I could not make use of them, so I destroyed them.'

Chuang Tzu said, 'Dear Sir, surely the problem is that you don't know how to use big things. There is a man in Sung who could make a cream which prevented the hands from getting chapped, and generation after generation of his family have made a living by bleaching silk. A pilgrim heard this and offered to buy the secret for a hundred pieces of gold. All the family came together to respond and said, "For generation after generation we have bleached silk, yet we have never made more than a few pieces of gold; now in just one morning we can earn a hundred pieces of gold! Let's do it." So the pilgrim got the secret and went to see the King of Wu. He was struggling with the state of Yueh. The King of Wu gave the pilgrim command of the army and in the depths of winter they fought the men of Yueh on the water, inflicting a crushing blow on the forces of Yueh, and the traveller was rewarded by the gift of a vast estate from the conquered territory. The cream had stopped the hands chapping in both cases: one gained an estate, but the others had never got further than bleaching silk, because they used this secret in such different ways. Now, Sir, you have a gourd big enough to hold five bushels, so why didn't you use it to make big bottles which could help you float down the rivers and lakes, instead of dismissing it as being useless? Because, dear Sir, your head is full of straw!'

Hui Tzu spoke to Chuang Tzu, saying, 'I have a big tree, which people call useless. Its trunk is so knotted, no carpenter could work on it, while its branches are too twisted to use a square or compass upon. So, although it is close to the road, no carpenter would look at it. Now, Sir, your words are like this, too big and no use, therefore everyone ignores them.'

Chuang Tzu said, 'Sir, have you never seen a wild cat or weasel? It lies there, crouching and waiting; east and west it leaps out, not afraid of going high or low; until it is caught in a trap and dies in a net. Yet again, there is the yak, vast like a cloud in heaven. It is big, but cannot use this fact to catch rats. Now you, Sir, have a large tree, and you don't know how to use it, so why not plant it in the middle of nowhere, where you can go to wander or fall asleep under its shade? No axe under Heaven will attack it, nor shorten its days, for something which is useless will never be disturbed.'

[...]

Hui Tzu asked Chuang Tzu, 'Is it possible for someone to be without emotion?'

'Certainly,' said Chuang Tzu.

'A man without emotion-can you really call him a man?' asked Hui Tzu.

Chuang Tzu replied, 'The Way gives him a face and Heaven provides a shape, so how can it follow he is not called a man?'

'But if he is already called a man, how can it follow that he has no emotion?'

'That's not what I mean by emotions,' said Chuang Tzu. 'When I say a man has no emotions, what I mean by this is someone who does not allow either the good or the bad to have any effect upon him. He lets all things be and allows life to continue in its own way.'

Hui Tzu said, 'If he doesn't interfere with life, then how does he take

care of himself?'

'The Way gives him a face and Heaven provides a shape. He does not allow either the good or the bad to have any effect on him. But you now, you wear your soul on your sleeve, exhausting your energy, propping yourself up on a tree, mumbling, or bent over your desk, asleep. Heaven gives you a form and you wear it out by pointless argument!'

[...]

Hui Tzu was made Minister of State in Liang and Chuang Tzu went to see him. Someone told Hui Tzu, 'Chuang Tzu is coming, because he wants to oust you from your office.' This alarmed Hui Tzu and he scoured the kingdom for three days and nights trying to find this stranger.

Chuang Tzu went to see him and said, 'In the south there is a bird known as the Young Phoenix, do you know about this, Sir? This bird, it arises in the Southern Ocean and flies to the Northern Ocean and it never rests on anything except the begonia tree, never eats except the fruit of the melia azederach and never drinks except from springs of sweet water. There was once an owl who had clutched in his talons a rotting rat corpse. As the Young Phoenix flew overhead the owl looked up and said, "Shoo!" Now you, Sir, you have the state of Liang and you feel you have to shoo me away?'

Chuang Tzu and Hui Tzu were walking beside the weir on the River Hao, when Chuang Tzu said, 'Do you see how the fish are coming to the surface and swimming around as they please? That's what fish really enjoy.'

'You're not a fish,' replied Hui Tzu, 'so how can you say you know what fish enjoy?'

Chuang Tzu said: 'You are not me, so how can you know I don't know what fish enjoy?'

Hui Tzu said: 'I am not you, so I definitely don't know what it is you

know. However, you are most definitely not a fish and that proves that you don't know what fish really enjoy.'

Chuang Tzu said: 'Ah, but let's return to the original question you raised, if you don't mind. You asked me how I could know what it is that fish really enjoy. Therefore, you already knew I knew it when you asked the question. And I know it by being here on the edge of the River Hao.'

[...]

Chuang Tzu's wife died and Hui Tzu came to console him, but Chuang Tzu was sitting, legs akimbo, bashing a battered tub and singing.

Hui Tzu said, 'You lived as man and wife, she reared your children. At her death surely the least you should be doing is to be on the verge of weeping, rather than banging the tub and singing: this is not right!'

Chuang Tzu said, 'Certainly not. When she first died, I certainly mourned just like everyone else! However, I then thought back to her birth and to the very roots of her being, before she was born. Indeed, not just before she was born but before the time when her body was created. Not just before her body was created but before the very origin of her life's breath. Out of all this, through the wonderful mystery of change she was given her life's breath. Her life's breath wrought a transformation and she had a body. Her body wrought a transformation and she was born. Now there is yet another transformation and she is dead. She is like the four seasons in the way that spring, summer, autumn and winter follow each other. She is now at peace, lying in her chamber, but if I were to sob and cry it would certainly appear that I could not comprehend the ways of destiny. This is why I stopped.'

[...]

Chuang Tzu said, 'An archer, not bothering to take aim, by sheer luck hits the centre of the target. We could call him a good archer, but in that case, everyone in the world could be called a Yi the Archer, isn't that right?'

'OK,' said Hui Tzu.

Chuang Tzu said, 'People differ over what they consider to be right, but everyone knows what they think is right. So everyone in the world could be called a Yao, isn't that right?'

'OK,' said Hui Tzu.

Chuang Tzu said, 'So, there are four schools-the Literati, Mohists, Yangists and Pingists-which along with your own, Sir, make five. So which of these is right? Perhaps it is more like the case of Lu Chu? One of his followers said, "I have taken hold of your Tao, Master, and I can heat the pot in winter and make ice in summer." Lu Chu said, "But this is surely just using yang for yang and yin for yin. This is not what I would call the Tao. I will show you my Tao." So he tuned up two lutes and put one in the hall and the other in a private apartment. On striking the note Kung on one, the Kung note vibrated on the other. Likewise with the Chueh note, for the instruments were in harmony. Then he re-tuned one so that it was not in harmony with any of the five key notes. When this was played, all twenty-five of the strings on the other one vibrated, all faithful to their own note and all set off by the one note on the other lute. So, if you insist you are right, aren't you like this?'

Hui Tzi replied, 'The followers of Confucius, Mo, Yang and Ping, like to tackle me in debate, each one trying to defeat the other, each violently trying to shout me down with their various arguments-but they haven't succeeded

yet. So what about that?'

Chuang Tzu said, 'A citizen of Chi, not concerned by any mutilation, sold his son to someone in Sung, where he became a gatekeeper. Yet this same man would go to great lengths to protect any of his bells or chimes. But he would not go looking for his son beyond the borders of his own country, such was his understanding of what is worthwhile! Or what if that well-known character, the citizen of Chu who was maimed and a gatekeeper, at midnight in another country, were to pick a fight with a boatman? Then he would never get across the river and would only have provoked the boatman's anger.'

[...]

Hui Tzu argued with Chuang Tzu and said, 'What you say is useless!'

'You have to understand what is useless, then you can talk about what is useful,' said Chuang Tzu. 'Heaven and Earth are vast indeed and yet human beings only use the tiny part of the universe on which they tread. However, if you dug away beneath your feet until you came to the Yellow Springs, could anyone make use of this?'

'Useless,' said Hui Tzu.

'So indeed it is true that what is useless is clearly useful,' said Chuang Tzu.

Chuang Tzu continued, 'If someone has the itch to travel, what can stop him? But if someone does not wish to travel, then what can make him? The one who hides in conformity or the one who is distant and seeks oblivion, both fail to achieve perfect understanding and Virtue! They stumble and fall but do not recover. They crash ahead like fire and never look back. Even if

they are a ruler with ministers, this too passes. These titles change with each generation and neither is better than the other. It is said that the perfect man leaves no trace of his actions.

'To respect the past and despise the present, this is what scholars do. Even the followers of Chi Hsi Wei, who view this generation in that way, are swept along without choice. Only the perfect man is able to be in the world and not become partisan, can follow others and not get lost. He does not absorb their teachings, he just listens and understands without any commitment.

> 'The eye that is penetrating can see clearly;
> the ear that is acute hears well;
> the nose that discriminates distinguishes smells;
> the mouth with a keen sense of taste enjoys the flavours;
> the heart that feels deeply has wisdom
> and the wisdom that cuts to the quick is Virtue.

'Through all that is, the Tao will not be blocked, for if it is blocked, it gasps, and if it gasps, chaos breaks through. Chaos destroys the life in all. Everything that lives does so through breath. However, if breath will not come, this cannot be blamed on Heaven. Heaven seeks to course breath through the body day in and day out without ceasing: it is humanity which impedes this. The womb has its chambers and the heart has its Heavenly journey. However, if rooms are not large enough, then mother-in-law and wife will argue. If the heart does not wander in Heaven, then the six openings of sensation will compete with each other. The great forests, the hills and mountains surpass humanity in their spirit because they cannot be overcome.

'Virtue overflows into fame and desire for fame overflows into excess. Plans arise from a crisis and knowledge comes through argument. Obstinacy fuels resolution and official actions arise from the desires of all. When spring comes, the rains come along with the sunshine, the plants surge into life and harvesting tools are made ready again. Half of all that has fallen begins to sprout, and no one knows why for sure.

'Quietude and silence are healing for those who are ill;

massage is beneficial to the old;

peaceful contemplation can calm the distressed.

To be sure, it is only the disturbed person who needs these.

Someone who is at ease and is untroubled by such things has no need of this.

The sage reforms everything below Heaven, but the spiritual man does not enquire how.

The worthy person improves his generation, but the sage does not enquire how.

The ruler governs the country, but the worthy person does not enquire how.

The petty man makes do in these times, but the ruler does not enquire how.

'The gatekeeper of Yen Gate had a father who died and the gatekeeper was praised for the extremities of self-deprivation he inflicted on himself, and was honoured by the title of Model Officer. Some others in the area also underwent such extremities, and half of them died. Yao offered the country to Hsu Yu and Hsu Yu fled from him. Tang offered the kingdom to Wu Kuang and Wu Kuang became angry. Chi To heard this and retreated with his followers to the waters of the Kuan, where the local nobles came and commiserated with him for three years. For the same reason, Shen Tu Ti threw himself into the Yellow River. A fish trap is used to catch fish, but once the fish have been taken, the trap is forgotten. The rabbit trap is used to

snare rabbits, but once the rabbit is captured, the trap is ignored. Words are used to express concepts, but once you have grasped the concepts, the words are forgotten. I would like to find someone who has forgotten the words so I could debate with such a person!'

[...]

Chuang Tzu was following a funeral when he passed by the grave of Hui Tzu. He looked round at those following him and said, 'The man of Ying had on the end of his nose a piece of mud as small as a fly's wing. He sent for the craftsman Shih to cut it off. Shih swirled his axe around and swept it down, creating such a wind as it rushed past that it removed all trace of the mud from the man of Ying, who stood firm, not at all worried. The ruler Yuan of Sung heard of this and called craftsman Shih to visit him.

"Would you be so kind as to do this for me?" he said.

'Craftsman Shih replied, "Your servant was indeed once able to work like that, but the type of material I worked upon is long since dead."

'Since the Master has died, I have not had any suitable material to work upon. I have no one I can talk with any longer.'

PART 6
Horses' Hooves

Horses have hooves so that their feet can grip on frost and snow, and hair so that they can withstand the wind and cold. They eat grass and drink water, they buck and gallop, for this is the innate nature of horses. Even if they had great towers and magnificent halls, they would not be interested in them. However, when Po Lo came on the scene, he said, 'I know how to train horses.' He branded them, cut their hair and their hooves, put halters on their heads, bridled them, hobbled them and shut them up in stables. Out of ten horses at least two or three die. Then he makes them hungry and thirsty, gallops them, races them, parades them, runs them together. He keeps before them the fear of the bit and ropes, behind them the fear of the whip and crop. Now more than half the horses are dead.

The potter said, 'I know how to use clay, how to mould it into rounds like the compass and into squares as though I had used a T-square.' The carpenter said, 'I know how to use wood: to make it bend, I use the template; to make it straight, I use the plumb line.' However, is it really the innate nature of clay and wood to be moulded by compass and T-square, template and plumb line? It is true, nevertheless, that generation after generation has said, 'Po Lo is good at controlling horses, and indeed the potter and carpenter are good with clay and wood.' And the same nonsense is spouted by those who rule the world.

I think that someone who truly knows how to rule the world would not be like this. The people have a true nature, they weave their cloth, they farm to produce food. This is their basic Virtue. They are all one in this, not separated, and it is from Heaven. Thus, in an age of perfect Virtue the people walk slowly and solemnly. They see straight and true. In times such as these the mountains have neither paths nor tunnels, on the lakes there are neither

boats nor bridges; all life lives with its own kind, living close together. The birds and beasts multiply in their flocks and herds, the grass and trees grow tall. It is true that at such a time the birds and beasts can be led around without ropes, and birds' nests can be seen with ease.

In this time of perfect Virtue, people live side by side with the birds and beasts, sharing the world in common with all life. No one knows of distinctions such as nobles and the peasantry! Totally without wisdom but with virtue which does not disappear; totally without desire they are known as truly simple. If people are truly simple, they can follow their true nature. Then the perfect sage comes, going on about benevolence, straining for selfrighteousness, and suddenly everyone begins to have doubts. They start to fuss over the music, cutting and trimming the rituals, and thus the whole world is disturbed. If the pure essence had not been so cut about, how could they have otherwise ended up with sacrificial bowls? If the raw jade was not broken apart, how could the symbols of power be made? If the Tao and Te-Way and Virtue-had not been ignored, how could benevolence and righteousness have been preferred? If innate nature had not been left behind, how could rituals and music have been invented? If the five colours had not been confused, how could patterns and designs have occurred? If the five notes had not been confused, how could they have been supplanted by the six tones? The abuse of the true elements to make artefacts was the crime of the craftsman. The abuse of the Tao and TeWay and Virtue-to make benevolence and righteousness, this was the error of the sage.

Horses, when they live wild, eat grass and drink water; when they are content, they entwine their necks and rub each other. When angry, they turn their backs on each other and kick out. This is what horses know. But if harnessed together and lined up under constraints, they know to look

sideways and to arch their necks, to career around and try to spit out the bit and rid themselves of the reins. The knowledge thus gained by the horse, and its wicked behaviour, is in fact the fault of Po Lo.

PART 7
What's the Point of a Great Deal of Knowledge?

A great deal of knowledge is needed to make bows, crossbows, nets, arrows and so forth, but the result is that the birds fly higher in distress. A great deal of knowledge is needed to make fishing lines, traps, baits and hooks, but the result is that the fish disperse in distress in the water. A great deal of knowledge is needed to make traps, snares and nets, but the result is that the animals are disturbed and seek refuge in marshy lands. In the same way, the versatility needed to produce rhetoric, to plot and scheme, spread rumours and debate pointlessly, to dust off arguments and seek apparent agreement, is also considerable, but the result is that the people are confused. So everything under Heaven is in a state of distress, all because of the pursuit of knowledge. Everything in the world knows how to seek for knowledge that they do not have, but do not know how to find what they already know. Everything in the world knows how to condemn what they dislike, but do not know how to condemn what they have which is wrong. This is what causes such immense confusion. It is as if the brightness of the sun and moon had been eclipsed above, while down below the hills and streams have lost their power, as though the natural flow of the four seasons had been broken. There is no humble insect, not even any plant, that has not lost its innate nature. This is the consequence for the world of seeking after knowledge. From the Three Dynasties down to the present day it has been like this. The good and honest people are ignored, while spineless flatterers are advanced. The quiet and calm of actionless action is cast aside and pleasure is taken in argument. It is this nonsense which has caused such confusion for everything under Heaven.

[...]

Are people too cheerful? If so, they harm the yang. Are people too vengeful? If so, they harm the yin. If both yin and yang are corrupted, then the four seasons will not follow each other, the balance of hot and cold will not be kept and this results in distress to the very bodies of the people! People will be unable to control a balance between joy and anger. It makes them restless, moving here, moving there, plotting to no purpose, travelling for no good reason or result. The consequence of this is that the world becomes concerned with mighty goals and plots, ambition and hatred, which brings in its wake the likes of Robber Chih, Tseng and Shih. As a result, the world may wish to reward the good, but there are not enough rewards available; nor can it adequately punish the bad, for there are not enough punishments.

[...]

So it is that the noble master who finds he has to follow some course to govern the world will realize that actionless action is the best course. By non-action, he can rest in the real substance of his nature and destiny. If he appreciates his own body as he appreciates the world, then the world can be placed in his care. He who loves his body as he loves the world can be trusted to govern the world. If the noble master can prevent his five main organs from being destroyed, and his vision and hearing also; if he can become as lifeless as a corpse and develop his dragon powers; if he can thus still himself, his words will sound like thunder while his actions will be seen as the actions of a spirit from Heaven, who is guided by Heaven. If he is unconcerned and engaged in actionless action, his gentle spirit will draw all life to him like a dust cloud. How then would such a person have time for governing the world?

[...]

Yun Chiang was travelling east, carried along upon the wings of a whirlwind. Suddenly he met Hung Mung, who was jumping around, slapping his thighs and hopping like a bird. Yun Chiang saw this and stopped dead, standing still in respect, and said, 'Elderly man, who are you? What are you doing?'

Hung Mung continued to slap his thighs and hop like a bird, then replied, 'Enjoying myself!'

Yun Chiang said, 'I would like to ask a question.'

Hung Mung looked at Yun Chiang and said, 'That's a shame!'

Yun Chiang said, 'The very breath of Heaven is no longer in harmony. Earth's very breath is ensnared, the six breaths do not mix, the four seasons do not follow each other. Now I want to combine the six breaths in order to bring life to all things. How do I do this?'

Hung Mung slapped his thighs, hopped around and said, 'I don't know, I don't know!'

Yun Chiang could go no further with this questioning. But three years later, travelling east, he passed the wilderness of Sung and came upon Hung Mung again. Yun Chiang, very pleased, rushed towards him, stood before him and said, 'Heaven, have you forgotten me? Heaven, have you forgotten me?' Bowing his head twice, he asked for teaching from Hung Mung.

Hung Mung said, 'Wandering everywhere, without a clue why. Wildly impulsive, without a clue where. I wander around in this odd fashion, I see that nothing comes without reason. What can I know?'

Yun Chiang replied, 'I am also wildly impulsive, but the people follow me wherever I am. I cannot stop them following me. Now, because they

follow me, I want to have a word of teaching from you.'

'The disruption of the ways of Heaven distresses the true being of things, halting the fulfilment of Heaven's Mysteries,' said Hung Mung. 'This causes the animals to disperse, the birds to sing throughout the night, misfortune to hit the crops and the woods, and disaster to blight the very insects themselves. Alas, all this is caused by the people's error of thinking they know how to rule!'

'What should I do then?' said Yun Chiang.

'Oh, you distress them! Like a spirit, a spirit I will dance away,' said Hung Mung.

'I have had such trouble meeting you,' said Yun Chiang. 'Oh Heaven, just give me one other word.'

'Oh ho!' said Hung Mung. 'Strengthen your heart. Remain sure in actionless action, and all things will then transform themselves. Reject your body, throw out hearing and eyesight, forget that you are anyone, become one with the Vast and the Void. Loosen the heart, free the spirit, be calm as if without a soul. All living things return to their root, return to their root, not knowing why. Constantly in darkness, constantly in darkness, and throughout their physical existence they never depart from this. If they tried to understand this, they would depart from this. Ask not for its name, seek not for its shape. So all life comes to birth through itself.'

Yun Chiang replied, 'Heaven, you have honoured me with this Virtue, taught me through Mystery; my whole life I sought it, now I have it.' He bowed his head twice and got up. He said farewell and left.

PART 8
The Action of Non-action is Called Heaven

So the sages contemplate Heaven but do not assist it.

They are concerned to perfect their Virtue but do not allow it to encumber them.

They set forth according to the Tao but do not make plans.

They work with benevolence but put no reliance upon it.

They draw extensively upon righteousness but do not try to build it up.

They observe the rituals but do not set great store by them.

They do what they have to and never shirk their responsibilities.

They try to make their laws applicable but do not believe them effective.

They value the people and do not take them for granted.

They make use of things and do not dismiss them lightly.

True, things are worthless but they must be used.

Those who do not see Heaven clearly will not be pure in Virtue.

Those who fail to follow the Tao cannot follow any other path.

What a disaster for those who cannot follow the Tao!

What is this Tao?

There is the Tao of Heaven;

there is the Tao of humanity.

Non-action brings respect: this is Heaven's Tao.

To be active is the Tao of humanity.

It is Heaven's Tao that is the ruler;

the Tao of humanity is the servant.

The Tao of Heaven and the Tao of humanity are poles apart.

Do not fail to reflect upon this.

[...]

Heaven and Earth are vast,

and their diversity comes from one source.

Although there are ten thousand forms of life,
they are one in their order.
Human beings are multitudinous,
but they are governed by one ruler.
The ruler is rooted in Virtue and perfected by Heaven.
It is said that long ago
the rulers of everything below Heaven
ruled through actionless action,
through Heavenly Virtue and nothing else.
[...]
The action of non-action is called Heaven.
The words of non-action are called Virtue.
To love all humanity and to bring success to them is called benevolence.
To unite that which is not united is called greatness.
To go beyond harriers and boundaries is called open-handedness.
To have a vast multitude of diverse things is called wealth.
To have and to hold Virtue is called guidance.
To grow in maturity in Virtue is called stability
To be aligned with the Tao is called completion.
To refuse to allow anything external which distracts you is called perfection.

The nobleman who clearly perceives these ten things will be also magnanimous in his ventures and his actions will benefit all life.

Such a man will leave the gold in the mountain
and the pearls to lie in the deep.
He does not view money and goods as true profit,

nor is he attracted by fame and fortune,
nor by enjoyment of long life,
nor sadness at an early death;
he does not value wealth as a blessing,
nor is he ashamed by poverty.
He will not lust for the wealth of a generation to have as his own;
he has no wish to rule the whole world as his private domain.
His honour is clarity of understanding that all life is part of one treasury
and that death and birth are united.

The Sage Master said,

'The Tao, how deep and quiet it lies;
how pure is its clarity!
Without it neither gold nor stone would resonate.
The gold and stones have sounds within them
but if they are not struck, then no sound comes forth.
All the multitudinous creatures have dimensions beyond calculation!

[...]

'The way sages rule?' said Chun Mang. 'Only appoint those who are fit for the office; make appointments in accordance with the worthiness of those appointed; act only after studying the situation thoroughly. When deeds and words are in accord, the whole world is transformed. Consequently, a wave of the hand or a sharp look will bring the peoples of all the world rushing to you. This is the way sages rule.'

'Can I ask about the Virtuous ones?'

'The Virtuous one is still and without thought:
when he moves he is without design;
he keeps no tally of right and wrong, good or bad.
Virtuous ones share their gains with all within the four seas
and from this they derive pleasure.
They share what they have and are content.
Mournful, they are like a child who has lost his mother;
uncertain, they are like travellers who are lost.
Though blessed with great wealth and comforts,
they have no idea where it comes from;
they have more than enough to eat and drink,
but have no idea where it comes from.
This is the style of Virtuous ones.'

'What about the spiritual ones?'

Chun Mang said,

'Their spirits rise up to the brightest light
and their bodies disappear.
They are gloriously enraptured.
They live out their fate,
The spiritual one pursues to its end what is truly him
and dwells in the delight of Heaven and Earth
while his multitudinous cares fall away.

All things return to their true nature.

This is called Primal Mystery'

[...]

It is Heaven's Tao to journey and to gather no moss,

thus all the forms of life are brought to perfection.

It is the Emperor's Tao to journey and to gather no moss,

which is why the whole world comes to his feet.

It is the sages' Tao to journey and to gather no moss,

thus all that lies within the oceans venerates them.

To understand Heaven clearly,

to comprehend the sages,

to journey through the entire cosmos

following the Virtue of the Emperors and the kings

but also to be spontaneous themselves:

this is the nature of those who comprehend,

seeming not to know

but being centred in stillness.

The sages are quiescent, not because of any value in being quiescent, they simply are still. Not even the multitude of beings can disturb them, so they are calm. Water, when it is still, reflects back even your eyebrows and beard. It is perfectly level and from this the carpenter takes his level. If water stilled offers such clarity, imagine what pure spirit offers! The sage's heart is stilled! Heaven and Earth are reflected in it, the mirror of all life. Empty, still, calm, plain, quiet, silent, non-active, this is the centredness of Heaven and Earth and of the Tao and of Virtue. The Emperor, king, and sages rest there. Resting, they are empty; empty, they can be full; fullness is fulfilment. From

the empty comes stillness; in stillness they can travel; in travelling they achieve. In stillness they take actionless action. Through actionless action they expect results from those with responsibilities. Through actionless action they are happy, very happy; being so happy they are not afflicted by cares and worries, for these have no place, and their years of life are prolonged. Empty, still, calm, plain, quiet, silent, actionless action is the foundation of all life. If you are clear on this and facing south, it means you are a noble like Yao; if you are clear on this and facing north, you will become a minister like Shun.

[...]

Chuang Tzu said,

'My Master Teacher! My Master Teacher!

He judges all life but does not feel he is being judgemental;

he is generous to multitudes of generations

but does not think this benevolent;

he is older than the oldest

but he does not think himself old;

he overarches Heaven and sustains Earth,

shaping and creating endless bodies

but he does not think himself skilful.

This is what is known as Heavenly happiness.

'There is a saying: "If you know the happiness of Heaven, then you know that life is from Heaven and death is the transformation of things. In their stillness they are yin and in their journeying they are yang." To know Heavenly happiness means that you do not upset Heaven, nor go against

others. You are not reliant on material things, you are not rebuked by the ghosts. There is a saying: "He moves with Heaven and rests with Earth, his heart is one, he is the king of the whole world; the ghosts do not worry him and his soul is not wearied, his heart is one with all living beings." This means his emptiness and stillness enter all beings in Heaven and Earth, travelling alongside all beings. This is known as the Heavenly happiness. Heavenly happiness is the heart of the sage; this is how he cares for all under Heaven.'

The Virtue of emperors and kings considers Heaven and Earth as its parents, the Tao and Virtue as its master and actionless action as its core. Through actionless action they can make the whole world do as they will and yet not be wearied. Through action they cannot even begin to fulfil what the world requires. This is why the ancient ones valued actionless action.

[...]

Thus the ancient kings of the world, who knew everything about Heaven and Earth, had no designs; even though they understood the whole of life, they did not speak out; though their skills were greater than any in the lands bounded by oceans, they did nothing.

Heaven produces nothing,
yet all life is transformed;
Earth does not support,
yet all life is sustained;
the Emperor and the king take actionless action,
yet the whole world is served.
There is a saying that there is nothing as spiritual as Heaven,
nothing as rich as Earth,

nothing as great as emperors and kings.

[...]

Thus it was that the ancient ones clearly grasped the great Tao, seeking first the meaning of Heaven and then the meaning of its Tao and Virtue.

When they clearly understood the Tao and Virtue,
they then understood benevolence and righteousness.
When they clearly grasped benevolence and righteousness,
they could see how to perform their duties.
When they grasped how to perform their duties,
they came to understand form and fame.
When they comprehended form and fame,
they were able to make appointments.
When they had made appointments,
they went on to examining people and their efforts.
When they had examined people's efforts,
they moved to judgements of good or bad.
When they had made judgements of good and bad,
they went on to punishments and rewards.

[...]

In days gone by Shun spoke to Yao, saying, 'Being Heaven's king, how do you use your heart?'

'I do not abuse those who are defenceless,' said Yao, 'nor do I ignore the

poor. I mourn for those who die, caring for the orphaned child and for the widow. This is how I use my heart.'

'Righteous as far as righteousness goes, but not that great,' commented Shun.

'What ought I to do, then?' said Yao.

'When Heaven's Virtue is found, the hills rejoice, the sun and moon shine and the four seasons are in line. The regular pattern of each day and night follows properly and the rain clouds are moved accordingly.'

Yao said, 'So all I've really been doing is getting worked up and bothered! You seek compliance with Heaven, whereas I have sought compliance with humanity.'

[...]

Confucius travelled west to place his books in the archives of Chou. Tzu Lu offered advice, saying, 'I have heard that the official in charge of the Royal Archives is Lao Tzu. But he has resigned and lives at home. Sir, if you want to place your books there, go and see him and ask his assistance.'

'Splendid,' said Confucius. So off he went to see Lao Tzu, but Lao Tzu refused to help. So Confucius took out his Twelve Classics, and started to preach.

When he was halfway through, Lao Tzu said, 'This is too much. Put it briefly.'

Confucius said, 'In essence, it is benevolence and righteousness.'

'May I ask,' said Lao Tzu, 'are benevolence and righteousness of the very essence of humanity?'

'Certainly,' said Confucius. 'If the nobleman is without benevolence, he

has no purpose; if without righteousness, he has no life. Benevolence and righteousness, these are truly of the innate nature of humanity. How else could it be?'

'May I ask, what are benevolence and righteousness?'

'To be at one, centred in one's heart, in love with all, without selfishness, this is what benevolence and righteousness are,' replied Confucius.

'Really! Your words reveal misunderstanding,' said Lao Tzu. '"Love of all", that's both vague and an exaggeration! "Without selfishness", isn't that rather selfish? Sir, if you want people to remain simple, shouldn't you look to the ways of Heaven and Earth?

> 'Heaven and Earth have their boundaries which are constant;
> the sun and moon hold their courses in their brightness;
> the stars and planets proceed in the boundaries of their order;
> the birds and creatures find their confines within their herds and flocks.
> Think of the trees which stand within their own boundaries in order.

'So Sir, walk with Virtue and travel with the Tao, and you will reach the perfect end. Why bother with all this benevolence and righteousness, prancing along as if you were beating a drum and looking for a lost child? Sir, you will just confuse people's true nature!'

[...]

The Master said,

> 'The Tao does not hesitate before that which is vast,

nor does it abandon the small.
Thus it is that all life is enlivened by it.
So immense, so immense there is nothing which is not held by it;
so deep, so unfathomable beyond any reckoning.
The form of its Virtue is in benevolence and righteousness,
though this is a minor aspect of its spirit.
Who but the perfect man could comprehend all this?
The perfect man has charge of this age,
a somewhat daunting task!
However, this does not fool him or trap him.
He holds the reins of power over the whole world
but it is of little consequence to him.
His discernment unearths all falsehood
but he gives no thought to personal gain.
He gets to the heart of issues and knows how to protect the foundation of truth.
Thus Heaven and Earth are outside him,
he ignores all life and his spirit is never wearied.
He travels with the Tao,
is in agreement with Virtue,
bids farewell to benevolence and righteousness and ignores ritual and music,
because the perfect man has set his heart upon what is right.'

This generation believes that the value of the Tao is to be found in books. But books are nothing more than words, and words have value but only in terms of their meaning. Meaning is constantly seeking to express what cannot be said in words and thus passed on. This generation values words and puts them into books, yet what it values is perhaps mistaken,

because what it values is not really all that valuable. So we look at things and see things, but it is only an outward form and colour, and what can be heard is just the name and sound. How sad that this generation imagines that the form, colour, name and sound are enough to capture the essence of something! The form, colour, name and sound are in no way sufficient to capture or convey the truth, which is why it is said that the knowledgeable do not speak and those who speak are not knowledgeable. But how can this generation understand this?

PART 9
Does Heaven Move?

Does Heaven move?
Does the Earth stand still?
Do the sun and moon argue about where to go?
Who is lord over all this?
Who binds and controls it?
Who, doing nothing, makes all of this be?
Is there some hidden cause that makes things as they are, whether they wish or not?
Or is it just that everything moves and turns because it has no choice?
Do the clouds come before the rain, or does the rain cause the clouds?
What causes them to be?
Who, doing nothing, brings all this joyful excess into being?
The winds come from the north,
going first to west then to east,
swirling up on high, to go who knows where?
Whose breath are they?
Who, doing nothing, creates all this activity?

[...]

Duke Huan was sitting up in his hall reading a book. The wheelwright Pien was down below in the courtyard making a wheel. He put down his chisel and hammer, went up to the hall and asked Duke Huan, 'May I ask you, Sir, what words you are reading?'

Duke Huan replied, 'The words of the sages.'

'Are these sages still living?'

'They are long dead,' said Duke Huan.

'Then, Sir, what you are reading is nothing but rubbish left over from these ancient men!'

'How dare you, a wheelwright, comment on what I read! If you can explain this, fine, if not you shall die!' thundered Duke Huan.

The wheelwright Pien replied, 'Your Lordship's servant looks at it from the perspective of his own work. When I work on a wheel, if I hit too softly, pleasant as this is, it doesn't make for a good wheel. If I hit furiously, I get tired and the thing doesn't work! So, not too soft, not too vigorous, I grasp it in my hand and hold it in my heart. I cannot express this by word of mouth, I just know it. I cannot teach this to my son, nor can my son learn it from me. So for seventy years I have gone along this path and here I am still making wheels. The ancient ones, when they died, took their words with them. Which is why I can state that what Your Lordship is reading is nothing more than rubbish left over from these ancient ones!'

[...]

Confucius had pottered along for fifty-one years and had never heard anyone speak of the Tao until he went south to Pei and went to see Lao Tzu.

Lao Tzu said, 'So you've come then, Sir? I have heard of you, that you are the wise man of the north. Have you, Sir, followed the Tao?'

'I have not yet followed it,' replied Confucius.

'Well, Sir, where have you looked?'

'I looked for it in what can be measured and regulated but even after five years I still haven't been able to find it.'

'So, Sir, what did you do then?' asked Lao Tzu.

'I looked for it in yin and yang, but ten, twelve years went by and I still

couldn't find it.'

'Obviously!' said Lao Tzu. 'If the Tao could be served up, everyone would serve it up to their lords. If the Tao could be offered, there is no one who would not offer it to their parents. If the Tao could be spoken of, there is no one who would not speak of it to their brothers and sisters. If the Tao could be passed on, there is no one who would not pass it on to their heirs. However, it obviously cannot be so and the reason is as follows.

'If there is no true centre within to receive it,

it cannot remain;

if there is no true direction outside to guide it,

it cannot be received.

If the true centre is not brought out

it cannot receive on the outside.

The sage cannot draw it forth.

If what comes in from the outside is not welcomed by the true centre,

then the sage cannot let it go.

[...]

Confucius went to see Lao Tzu and talked with him about benevolence and righteousness. Lao Tzu said, 'If you get grit in your eye from winnowing chaff, then Heaven and Earth and the four directions get mixed up. A mosquito or gadfly which stings you can keep you awake all night. And benevolence and righteousness, when forced upon us, disturb your heart and produce great distress. You, Sir, if you want to stop everything below Heaven losing its original simplicity, you must travel with the wind and stand firm in

Virtue. Why do you exert yourself so much, banging a big drum and hunting for a lost child? The snow goose doesn't need a daily bath to stay white, nor does the crow need to be stained every day to stay black. Black and white comes from natural simplicity, not from argument. Fame and fortune, though sought after, do not make people greater than they actually are. When the waters dry up and the fish are stranded on the dry land, they huddle together and try to keep each other moist by spitting and wetting each other. But wouldn't it be even better if they could just forget each other, safe in their lakes and rivers?'

After seeing Lao Tzu, Confucius went home and for three days he said nothing. His followers asked him, 'Master, now you have seen Lao Tzu, what do you make of him?'

'I have now seen a dragon!' said Confucius. 'A dragon coils up to show its form, it stretches out to display its power. It rides upon the breath of the clouds and is nourished by yin and yang. My mouth gaped open and I could not shut it. What can I say about Lao Tzu?'

[...]

The ancient ones talked of the Timeliness of Purpose, but they did not mean having official carriages and badges of office. They simply meant that it was happiness so complete as to need nothing more. Today what is called Timeliness of Purpose means having official carriages and badges of office. Carriages and badges are of the body, they do not touch the innate nature. From time to time such benefits may come. When this happens, you cannot help it, no more than you can stop them going again. So having carriages and badges of office is no reason for becoming proud and arrogant in our

purposes, nor are distress and poverty any reason for becoming vulgar. View both conditions as one and the same, so be free from anxiety and leave it at that. So if loss of what gives happiness causes you distress when it fades, you can now understand that such happiness is worthless. It is said, those who lose themselves in their desire for things also lose their innate nature by being vulgar. They are known as people who turn things upside down.

PART 10
Reality and Happiness

The season of the autumn floods had come and the hundred rivers were pouring into the Yellow River. The waters were churning and so wide that, looking across from one bank to the other, it was impossible to distinguish an ox from a horse. At this the Lord of the Yellow River was decidedly pleased, thinking that the most beautiful thing in the whole world belonged to him. Flowing with the river, he travelled east until he came at last to the North Ocean, where he looked east and could see no end to the waters. He shook his head, the Lord of the Yellow River, and looked out to confront Jo, god of the Ocean, sighing and saying.

'The folk proverb says, "The person who has heard of the Tao a hundred times thinks he is better than anyone else." This refers to me. I have heard people mock the scholarship of the Confucians and give scant regard to the righteousness of Po Yi, but I didn't believe them. Now I have seen your endless vastness. If I had not come to your gate, I would have been in danger, and been mocked by those of the Great Method.'

Jo of the North Ocean replied, 'A frog in a well cannot discuss the ocean, because he is limited by the size of his well. A summer insect cannot discuss ice, because it knows only its own season. A narrow-minded scholar cannot discuss the Tao, because he is constrained by his teachings. Now you have come out of your banks and seen the Great Ocean. You now know your own inferiority, so it is now possible to discuss great principles with you. Under Heaven there are no greater waters than the ocean. Ten thousand rivers flow into it, and it has never been known to stop, but it never fills. At Wei Lu the water disappears but the ocean never empties. Spring and autumn bring no changes. It pays no attention to floods or droughts. It is so much more than the waters of the Yangtze and the Yellow Rivers, it is impossible to estimate.

However, I have never made much of this. I just compare myself with Heaven and Earth and my life-breath I receive from yin and yang. I am just a little stone or a little tree set on a great hill, in comparison to Heaven and Earth. As I perceive my own inferiority, how could I ever be proud?

'To compare all the space filled by the four oceans, is it not like a pile of stones beside a marsh in comparison with the vastness between Heaven and Earth? To compare China with all the space between the oceans, is it not like one single piece of grain in a granary? When talking of all life, we count them in tens of thousands, and humanity is just one of them. People inhabit the Nine Provinces, but humanity is just one portion of all the life that is sustained by grain, wherever carriages or boats can go. In comparison to all the multitudinous forms of life, isn't humanity like just a single hair on a horse?

[...]

The Lord of the Yellow River said, 'The debaters of this generation say, "The tiniest thing has no body, the most enormous thing cannot be contained." Are these words true?'

Jo of the North Ocean replied, 'From the viewpoint of the tiniest, we look at what is so enormous and we cannot comprehend it. From the viewpoint of the most enormous, we look at what is tiniest and we cannot see it clearly. The tiniest is the smallest of the small, the biggest is the largest of the large; so we must distinguish between them, even though this is just a matter of circumstance. However, both the coarse and the refined have form. Without any form, there is no way to enumerate them. What can be said in words is the coarseness of things; what can be grasped through ideas is the

subtlety of things. But words cannot describe nor ideas grasp, and this has nothing to do with coarseness or refinement.

'So it is that the great man through his actions will not set out to harm others, nor make much of benevolence and charity; he does not make any move for gain, nor consider the servant at the gate as lowly; he will not barter for property and riches, nor does he make much of his having turned them down; he asks for no one's help, nor does he make much of his own self-reliance, nor despise the greedy and mean; he does not follow the crowd, nor does he make much of being so different; he comes behind the crowd, but does not make much of those who get ahead through flattery. The titles and honours of this world are of no interest to him, nor is he concerned at the disgrace of punishments. He knows there is no distinction between right and wrong, nor between great and little. I have heard it said, "The Tao man earns no reputation, perfect Virtue is not followed, the great man is self-less." In perfection, this is the path he follows.'

The Lord of the Yellow River asked, 'Whether they are external or internal, how come we have these distinctions between noble and mean? Why do we distinguish between small and great?'

'Viewed from the perspective of the Tao,' said Jo of the North Ocean, 'things are neither elevated nor lowly. Viewed from the perspective of things, each one considers itself as elevated and the rest as lowly. Viewed from the perspective of the everyday opinion, neither elevation nor lowliness is to be understood from the perspective of individual things. Taking into account differing views, something which is seen as big because it is big means that, in all the multitudes of life, everything can be viewed as big. Likewise, if something is seen as small because it is small, then all forms of life can be viewed as small. If we know that Heaven and Earth are as tiny as a grain or

the tip of a hair is as vast as a mountain range, then we will have grasped that our understanding of size is relative. In terms of what each does, we view something as useful because it is useful, which means that, in all the multitudes of life, everything can be viewed as useful. In the same way, if something is viewed as useless because it appears useless, then all forms of life can be viewed as useless. If we know that east and west are opposite each other, but also need each other, then we can understand how mutual exchange and interaction work. Viewed from the perspective of choice, if something is seen as good because it undoubtedly is good, then in all the multitudes of life there is nothing which is not good. Likewise, if something is viewed as wrong because it undoubtedly is wrong, then there is no form of life which cannot be viewed as wrong.'

[...]

'Be quiet, be quiet, Lord of the Yellow River! How could you know anything about the gateway to nobility or meanness or the dwelling place of greatness or pettiness?'

'All right then,' said the Lord of the Yellow River. 'What am I to do and what may I not do? How can I decide what is worth keeping or rejecting and what is worth going for or leaving?'

Jo of the North Ocean said, 'Viewed from the perspective of the Tao, what is noble and what is mean are both just ceaseless changes. Don't cling to your own ideas, for this is contrary to the greatness of the Tao. What is little and what is much, these are terms of very limited use. Do not try to be just One, this just highlights how far away you are from the Tao. Be stern and strict like a ruler of a country who favours no one. Be gentle, be gentle like

the local earth god to whom offerings are made and who does not grant fortune selfishly. Be open like air, like the four compass points shed light but do not permit boundaries. If you lovingly tend all forms of life, how could you favour one? This is known as being impartial. Consider all life as unified and then how could you talk in terms of long or short? The Tao has neither beginning nor end, but all living things have both death and birth, so you cannot be sure of them. One moment they are empty, the next moment full. They are unreliable. The years cannot be reversed nor time halted. Decay, maturity, fullness and emptiness, when they end, begin over again. So we can talk of great righteousness, and discuss the fundamental principle within all forms of life. The life force is a headlong gallop, speeding along, changing with every movement and altering every minute. As to what you should and should not do? Just go with this process of change.'

'If this is the case,' said the Lord of the Yellow River, 'then what is so important about the Tao?'

Jo of the North Ocean replied, 'To understand the Tao is to understand the principle. If you understand the principle, you know how to deal with things as they arise. Knowing this, you can ensure that nothing detrimental to yourself occurs. If someone has perfect Virtue, it is not possible for fire to harm, nor for water to drown, nor for either cold or heat to affect, nor birds and beasts to injure him. Not that I say that he dismisses all these things, but that he is able to discriminate between where he is safe and where he is in danger. He is at ease with both calamity and fortune, takes care as to what he approaches or avoids, and therefore nothing harms him. There is a saying that Heaven is internal, humanity external and Virtue comes from the Heavenly. Know Heaven and humanity's actions, root yourself in Heaven and follow Virtue. Then you can bend, stretch, rush forward or hold back, because you

will always return to the core and it will be said you have achieved the supreme.'

'But what do you call the Heavenly? What do you call the human?'

Jo of the North Ocean said, 'Oxen have four feet: this is what I call the Heavenly. When horses are harnessed and oxen have pierced noses, this I call the human way. There is the saying. "Don't allow the human to displace the Heavenly," don't allow your intentions to nullify what is ordained. Be careful, guard it and don't lose it, for this is what I call coming back to the True.'

The one-legged creature is envious of the millipede; the millipede is envious of the snake; the snake is envious of the wind; the wind is envious of the eye; the eye is envious of the heart.

The one-legged creature said to the millipede, 'I have one foot that I hop on and I can hardly go anywhere. But you, Sir, have a multitude of feet. How do you manage?'

The millipede said, 'Don't be so certain. Have you never seen someone spit? Out comes a big blob followed by a spray, which falls down like a shower of uncountable drops. Now I just set the Heavenly machinery in motion and as for the rest - I haven't a clue!'

The millipede said to the snake, 'I get about with all these feet, but I can't keep up with you, Sir, who have no feet. Why is this?'

The snake said, 'I am moved by the designs of Heaven, how can I control that? What could I use feet for!'

The snake said to the wind, 'By moving my backbone and ribs, I get along and at least I have some visible form. Now you, Sir, come hurtling along from the North Ocean and disappear off to the South Ocean but without any visible form. How is that?'

The wind said, 'True, I come hurtling along from the North Ocean and

disappear off to the South Ocean. However, it is true that, if you point your finger at me, you are greater than me, or if you stamp on me, you also win. But it is also true that I can bring down great trees and bowl over great houses; only I can do this. Therefore, the one who can overcome all the small problems is in truth the great victor. To have a great victory, why, this is what a sage does.'

[...]

Kung Sun Lung asked Mou of Wei, 'When I was younger, I learned the Tao of the earlier kings, and, as I grew up, I saw clearly the significance of benevolence and righteousness. I brought together difference and similarity, discerned hardness and whiteness, what was certain and what was not, what was possible and what was not. I laboured at understanding the Hundred Schools of Philosophy and spoke out against their teachings. I thought I had understanding of all things. Now, however, I have heard the words of Chuang Tzu, and to my surprise I am disturbed by them. Is it that my knowledge is not as good as his, or is it that his understanding is greater? I find I can't even open my mouth, so I ask you what I can do.'

Duke Tzu Mou leaned forward, sighed heavily, looked to Heaven, smiled and said, 'Dear Sir, have you not heard of the frog in the broken-down old well? He said to the turtle of the Eastern Ocean, "I have a great time! I leap on to the well wall, or I go down in the well, stepping along the broken bricks. When I enter the water, I float with it supporting my chin, feet up; on the mud, I dig my feet deep in. I look about me at the larvae, crabs and tadpoles and there is none that is as good as I. To have complete control of the waters of the gorge and not to wish to move but to enjoy the old well, this

is great! Dear Sir, why don't you come down and see me sometime?'

'The turtle of the Eastern Ocean tried, but before he had put his left foot into the well, his right knee was stuck. At this he paused, shuffled out backwards and then began to speak about the ocean. "A distance such as a thousand miles doesn't come close to describing its length, nor a depth of a thousand leagues describe its deepness. In the time of Yu, nine years in every ten there were floods, but this did not raise the ocean an inch. In the time of Tang, seven years in every eight there were droughts, but this did not lower the ocean shore an inch. Nothing changes these waters, neither in the short term nor in the long term; they neither recede nor advance, grow larger nor smaller. This is the great happiness of the Eastern Ocean." When the frog in the broken-down old well heard this, he was utterly amazed and astonished; he was utterly astonished, dumbfounded and at a loss.

'For someone whose understanding can't handle such knowledge, such debates about right and wrong, if they persist in trying to see through the words of Chuang Tzu, it is like a mosquito trying to carry a mountain on its back, or a scuttle bug rushing as fast as the Yellow River. This is plainly impossible. For someone whose understanding cannot handle such knowledge, such words of subtlety, all they are capable of is gaining some short-term reward. They are like the frog in the broken-down well, are they not? But Chuang Tzu is not planted firmly in the Yellow Springs of the Underworld, nor leaping, jumping into the stratosphere. There is neither south nor north: he scatters freely to the four points of the compass, and disappears into the depth. There is neither east nor west: starting in the darkest depth, he comes back to the great path. Then you, Sir, you in your astonishment try to sift his views to criticize them, or trawl through them in order to debate. Why, this is like trying to examine Heaven through a narrow

tube or using an awl to explore the whole earth. Such tools are too small, aren't they? You, Sir, be on your way! Or possibly, Sir, you have not heard of the young students of Shou Ling and how things went for them in Han Tan? Having not yet learnt the lessons that the people of that country were trying to teach them, they forgot what they had learnt at home, so were reduced to crawling back home. So, Sir, if you don't get out now, you will forget, Sir, what you already knew and fail, Sir, in your career!'

Kung Sun Lung's mouth fell open and would not shut, his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth and wouldn't drop down, and he shuffled off and ran away.

Chuang Tzu was one day fishing in the Pu river when the King of Chu despatched two senior officials to visit him with a message. The message said, 'I would like to trouble you to administer my lands.'

Chuang Tzu kept a firm grip on his fishing rod and said, 'I hear that in Chu there is a sacred tortoise which died three thousand years ago. The King keeps this in his ancestral temple, wrapped and enclosed. Tell me, would this tortoise have wanted to die and leave his shell to be venerated? Or would he rather have lived and continued to crawl about in the mud?'

The two senior officials said, 'It would rather have lived and continued to crawl about in the mud.'

Chuang Tzu said, 'Shove off, then! I will continue to crawl about in the mud!'

[...]

Chuang Tzu and Hui Tzu were walking beside the weir on the River Hao, when Chuang Tzu said, 'Do you see how the fish are coming to the surface

and swimming around as they please? That's what fish really enjoy.'

'You're not a fish,' replied Hui Tzu, 'so how can you say you know what fish enjoy?'

Chuang Tzu said: 'You are not me, so how can you know I don't know what fish enjoy?'

Hui Tzu said: 'I am not you, so I definitely don't know what it is you know. However, you are most definitely not a fish and that proves that you don't know what fish really enjoy.'

Chuang Tzu said: 'Ah, but let's return to the original question you raised, if you don't mind. You asked me how I could know what it is that fish really enjoy. Therefore, you already knew I knew it when you asked the question. And I know it by being here on the edge of the River Hao.'

[...]

Is it possible anywhere in this whole wide world to have perfect happiness or not? Is there a way to keep yourself alive or not? Now, what can be done and what is to be trusted? What should be avoided and what adhered to? What should be pursued and what abandoned? Where is happiness and where is evil?

What the whole wide world values is riches, position, long life and fame.

What brings happiness is good times for oneself, fine foods, beautiful clothes, lovely sights and sweet music.

What is despised is poverty, meanness, untimely death and a bad reputation.

What is considered sour is a lifestyle which gives the self no rest, a

mouth which never has fine foods, a body without good clothes, eyes that never rest upon lovely views, an ear that never hears sweet music.

Those who cannot get these things become greatly agitated and fearful. This is a foolish way to treat the body!

Those who are wealthy weary themselves dashing around working, getting more and more riches, beyond what they need. The body is treated therefore as just an external thing.

Those in positions of power spend day and night plotting and pondering about what to do. The body is treated in a very careless way. People live their lives, constantly surrounded by anxiety. If they live long before dying, they end up in senility, worn out by concerns: a terrible fate! The body is treated in a very harsh fashion. Courageous men are seen by everyone under Heaven as worthy, but this doesn't preserve them from death. I am not sure I know whether this is sensible or not. Possibly it is, but it does nothing towards saving them. Possibly it is not, but it does save other people. It is said, 'If a friend doesn't listen to the advice you offer him, then bow out and don't argue.' After all, Tzu Hsu argued and lost his life. If he had not argued, he would not be famous. Is it possible that there really is goodness, or not?

Now, when ordinary people attempt to find happiness, I'm not sure whether the happiness found is really happiness or not. I study what ordinary people do to find happiness, what they struggle for, rushing about apparently unable to stop. They say they are happy, but I am not happy and I am not unhappy either. Ultimately, do they have happiness or not? I regard actionless action as worthy of being called happiness, though the ordinary people regard it as a great burden. It is said: 'Perfect happiness is not happiness, perfect glory is not glory.'

The whole world is incapable of judging either right or wrong. But it is

certain that actionless action can judge both right and wrong. Perfect happiness is keeping yourself alive, and only actionless action can have this effect. This is why I want to say:

> Heaven does without doing through its purity,
>
> Earth does without doing through its calmness.

Thus the two combine their actionless action and all forms of life are changed and thus come out again to live! Wonder of wonders, they have not come from anywhere! All life is mysterious and emerges from actionless action. There is a saying that Heaven and Earth take actionless action, but yet nothing remains undone. Amongst the people, who can follow such actionless action?

[...]

Uncle Legless and Uncle Cripple were touring the area of the Hill of the Dark Prince and the zone of Kun Lun where the Yellow Emperor stayed. Without warning a willow tree suddenly shot up out of Uncle Cripple's left elbow. He was certainly most surprised and somewhat put out.

'Sir, do you dislike this?' said Uncle Legless.

'No,' said Uncle Cripple. 'What should I dislike? Life exists through scrounging; if life comes through scrounging, then life is like a dump. Death and birth are like the morning and the night. You and I, Sir, observe the ways of transformation and now I am being transformed. So how could I dislike this?'

Chuang Tzu went to Chu to see an ancient desiccated skull, which he

prodded with his riding crop, saying, 'Sir, did you follow some unfortunate course which meant you brought dishonour upon your father and mother and family and so end up like this? Sir, was it perhaps the cold and hunger that reduced you to this? Sir, perhaps it was just the steady succession of springs and autumns that brought you to this?'

So saying, he pulled the skull towards him and lay down to sleep, using the skull as a head-rest. At midnight he saw the skull in a dream and it said, 'Sir, you gabble on like a public speaker. Every word you say, Sir, shows that you are a man caught up with life. We dead have nothing to do with this. Would you like to hear a discourse upon death, Sir?'

'Certainly,' said Chuang Tzu.

The skull told him, 'The dead have no lord over them, no servants below them. There is none of the work associated with the four seasons, so we live as if our springs and autumns were like Heaven and Earth, unending. Make no mistake, a king facing south could not be happier.'

Chuang Tzu could not believe this and said, 'If I got the Harmonizer of Destinies to bring you back to life, Sir, with a body, flesh and blood, and companions, wouldn't you like that?'

The skull frowned, looked aggrieved and said, 'Why should I want to cast away happiness greater than that of kings and become a burdened human being again?'

[...]

Confucius said: 'Have you never heard this story before? Once upon a time, a seabird alighted in the capital city of Lu. The Earl of Lu carried it in procession to the ancestral shrine, where he played the Nine Shao music and

offered the offerings of the sacrifice to it. However, the poor bird just looked confused and lost and did not eat a single piece of meat, nor did it drink even one cup of wine, and within three days it died. The problem was trying to feed a bird on what you eat rather than what a bird needs.

'To feed a bird so it survives, let it live in the midst of the forest, gambol on the shores and inlets, float on the rivers and lakes, devour mudfish and tiddlers, go with the flock, either flying or resting, and be as it wishes. Birds dislike hearing human voices, never mind all the other noises and trouble! If you try to make them happy by playing the Nine Shao music in the area around their lakes, when the birds hear it they will fly away. If the animals hear it, they will run away and hide and if the fish hear it they will dive down to escape. Only the people, if they hear it, will come together to listen.

'Fish can live in water quite contentedly, but if people try it, they die, for different beings need different contexts which are right and proper for them. This is why the ancient sages never expected just one response from the rest of the creatures nor tried to make them conform. Titles should not be over-stretched in trying to capture reality and ideas should be only applied when appropriate, for this is not only sensible, it will bring good fortune.'

[...]

The priest of the ancestors looked into the pigsty and said, 'What's so bad about dying? I fatten you up for three months, then I undergo spiritual discipline for ten days, fast for three days, lay out the white reeds, carve up your shoulders and rump and lay them on the place of sacrifice. Surely you're OK with that, aren't you?'

It is, however, true to say that from the perspective of the pig it would be

better to eat oats and bran and stay there in the pigsty. It is also true that, looking at this from my perspective, I'd like to be honoured as an important official while alive and, when I die, be buried with a horse-drawn hearse, lying upon a bed of feathers. I could live with that! From the pig's point of view, I wouldn't give a penny for such a life, but from my point of view, I'd be very content, though I wonder why I perceive things so differently from a pig?

PART 11
Grasping the Purpose of Life

If you have grasped the purpose of life there is no point in trying to make life into something it is not or cannot be. If you have grasped the purpose of destiny, there is no point in trying to change it through knowledge.

If you wish to care for your body, first of all take care of material things, though even when you have all the things you want, the body can still be uncared for.

Since you have life, you must first of all take care that this does not abandon the body. However, it is possible for the body to retain its life, but still not be sustained. Birth cannot be avoided, nor death be prevented. How ridiculous! To see the people of this generation who believe that simply caring for the body will preserve life. But if caring for the body is not sufficient to sustain life, why does the world continue to do this? It may be worthless, but nevertheless it cannot be neglected, we are unable to avoid it.

If someone wishes to stop doing anything to sustain the body, they are advised to leave this world, for by leaving they can be free from any commitments, and, being free from commitments, they can be virtuous and peaceful. Being virtuous and peaceful, they can be born again like others and, being born again, they approach close to the Tao. But why is it such a good idea to leave the troubles of this existence and to forget the purpose of life? If you leave the troubles of existence, your body will not be wearied; if you forget life, your energy will not be damaged. Thus, with your body and energy harmonized, you can become one with Heaven. Heaven and Earth are the father and mother of all life. Together they create a form, apart they create a beginning. If body and energy are without fault, this is known as being able to adapt. Strengthened and again strengthened, you come back again to assist Heaven.

Master Lieh Tzu asked gatekeeper Yin, 'Only the perfect man can walk under water and not drown, can walk on fire without burning, and can pass over the multitude of forms of life without fear. I would like to ask, how does the perfect one do this?'

Gatekeeper Yin replied, 'It is because he preserves his original breath and this has nothing to do with knowledge, work, persistence or bravery. Sit down, and I will tell you all about it.

'Everything has a face, forms, sounds and colour: these are just appearances. How is it possible that this thing and that thing are separated from each other? Indeed, why should any of them be viewed as truly the first of all beings? They are just forms and colours, and nothing more. However, everything arises from what is formless and descends into that which is changeless.

'If you grasp and follow this, using it to the full, nothing can stand in your way! It means being able to reside within limits which have no limit, be secluded within boundaries which have no beginning, ramble to where both the beginning and the end of all life is; combine the essential nature, nourish the original breath, harmonize Virtue and, by following this path, commune with the origin of all life. Someone like this guards his unity with Heaven, his spirit is without fault, and thus nothing can get inside and attack him!

'If a drunk falls out of his carriage, even if the carriage is going very fast, he will not die. He is just the same as others, bone and joints, but he is not injured, for his spirit is united. Since he does not realize he was travelling, he has no idea that he has fallen out, so neither life nor death, alarm nor fear can affect him, and he just bumps into things without any anxiety or injury.

'If it is possible to stay united through being drunk on wine, just imagine how much more together one could be if united with Heaven! The sage

retreats to the serenity of Heaven, as a result nothing causes him harm. Even someone who is out for revenge does not break his opponent's sword. Nor does someone get cross with a tile that just fell on him, no matter how upset he is. Instead, we should recognize that everything under Heaven is united. Thus it is possible to get rid of chaos, violence and warfare and of the rigours of punishment and execution, for this is the Tao.

'Do not hearken to the Heavenly in humanity, but listen to the Heavenly in Heaven, for paying attention to Heaven's Virtue is life-giving, while attending to humanity damages life. Do not cast aside the Heavenly, and do not ignore the human aspect: then the people will draw closer to the realization of Truth!'

[...]

Confucius was sightseeing in Lu Liang, where the waterfall is thirty fathoms high and the river races along for forty miles, so fast that neither fish nor any other creature can swim in it. He saw one person dive in and he assumed that this person wanted to embrace death, perhaps because of some anxiety, so he placed his followers along the bank and they prepared to pull him out. However, the swimmer, having gone a hundred yards, came out, and walked nonchalantly along the bank, singing a song with water dripping off him.

Confucius pursued him and said, 'I thought you were a ghost, but now I see, Sir, that you are a man. I wish to enquire, do you have a Tao for swimming under the water?'

He said, 'No, I have no Tao. I started with what I knew, matured my innate nature and allow destiny to do the rest. I go in with the currents and come out with the flow, just going with the Tao of the water and never being

concerned. That is how I survive.'

Confucius said, 'What do you mean when you say you started with what you knew, matured your innate nature and allow destiny to do the rest?'

He said, 'I was born on the dry land and feel content on the land, where I know what I know. I was nurtured by the water, and felt safe there: that reflects my innate nature. I am not sure why I do this, but I am certain that this is destiny.'

Woodcarver Ching carved a piece of wood to form a bell support, and those who saw it were astonished because it looked as if ghosts or spirits had done it. The Marquis of Lu saw it, and asked, 'Where does your art come from?'

'I am just a woodcarver,' Ching replied. 'How could I have "art"? One thing is certain, though, that when I carve a bell support, I do not allow it to exhaust my original breath, so I take care to calm my heart. After I have fasted for three days, I give no thought to praise, reward, titles or income. After I have fasted for five days, I give no thought to glory or blame, to skill or stupidity. After I have fasted for seven days, I am so still that I forget whether I have four limbs and a body. By then the Duke and his court have ceased to exist as far as I am concerned. All my energy is focused and external concerns have gone. After that I depart and enter the mountain forest, and explore the Heavenly innate nature of the trees; once I find one with a perfect shape, I can see for certain the possibility of a bell support and I set my hand to the task; if I cannot see the possibility, I leave it be. By so doing, I harmonize the Heavenly with Heaven, and perhaps this is why it is thought that my carvings are done by spirits!'

[...]

Workman Chui could draw as straight as a T-square or as curved as a compass, because his fingers could follow the changes and his heart did not obstruct. Thus his mind was one and never blocked. The feet can be forgotten when you walk in comfortable shoes. The waist can be forgotten when your belt fits comfortably. Knowledge can forget yes and no, if the heart journeys contentedly. Nothing changes inside, nothing proceeds from outside, if you respond to what occurs in a contented way. By starting with what is contented, not undergoing that which is disturbing, it is possible to know the contentment of forgetting what contentment is.

[...]

Chuang Tzu was walking through the heart of the mountains when he saw a huge verdant tree. A woodcutter stopped beside the tree, but did not cut it. When asked why he didn't he said, 'It's no good.' Chuang Tzu said, 'Because this tree is not considered useful, it can follow all the years Heaven has given it.'

The Master came out of the mountains and stayed a night at a friend's house. This man was delighted and told his son to kill a goose and cook it. The son answered, saying, 'One goose can cackle, the other one can't. Tell me which one to prepare?' The father replied, 'Prepare the one that does not cackle.'

On the next day Chuang Tzu's followers asked him, 'Yesterday there was a tree in the heart of the mountains which was able to live all the years Heaven gives because it is no use. Now, at your friend's house, there is a goose who dies because it is no use. Teacher, what do you think of this?'

Chuang Tzu laughed and said, 'Personally, I'd find a position between useful and useless. This position between useful and useless might seem a good position, but I tell you it is not, for trouble will pursue you. It would certainly not be so, however, if you were to mount upon the Virtue of the Tao;

'never certain, never directed,
never praised, never condemned,
on the one hand a dragon, on the other a snake,
going as it seems appropriate.
Now up, now down,
using harmony as your guide,
floating on the source of all life.

'Let things be, but don't allow things to treat you as just an object, then you cannot be led into difficulties! This is the path taken by Shen Nung and the Yellow Emperor. Now, however, because of the multitudinous varieties of species and the ethical codes of humanity, things certainly aren't what they were!

'There is unity only in order to divide;
fulfilment only in order to collapse;
a cutting edge is blunted;
those who are elevated are overthrown;
ambition is thwarted;
the wise are conspired against;
the fools are conned.

'So what can be trusted? My followers, just the Tao and its Virtue!'

[...]

Confucius was besieged in the area between Chen and Tsai and had no hot food for seven days. The Grand Duke Jen came out to express his concern and said, 'Master, do you think you will die?'

'Certainly,' said Confucius.

'Master, are you frightened by death?'

'Certainly.'

'I would like to tell you the Tao of never dying,' said Jen. 'There is a bird that dwells in the Eastern ocean called Helpless. This bird is helpless for it flips and flops, flips and flops, as if it had no strength, flying only with the assistance of the other birds and jostling to return to the nest. None of them likes to be in front or behind, preferring to pick away at what others leave. Thus, when the bird flies, it is never alone, and no others outside the flock, such as humans, can do it any harm, so it avoids disasters.

'The straight tree is the first to be chopped down; the well of sweet water is the first to run dry. Sir, your intention is to display your knowledge in order to astonish the ignorant, and by developing your self, to cast a light upon the crudeness of others. You shine, you positively glow, as if you carried with you the sun and moon. All this is why you cannot avoid disasters.

'I have heard the great fulfilment man say, "The boastful have done nothing worthwhile, those who do something worthwhile will see it fade, fame soon disappears." There are few who can forget success and fame and just return to being ordinary citizens again! The Tao moves all, but the

perfect man does not stand in its light, his Virtue moves all, but he does not seek fame. He is empty and plain, and seems crazy. Anonymous, abdicating power, he has no interest in work or fame. So he doesn't criticize others and they don't criticize him. The perfect man is never heard, so why, Sir, do you so want to be?'

Confucius said, 'Splendid!' then said farewell to his friends, left his followers and retired into a great marsh, put on animal skins and rough cloth and lived off acorns and chestnuts. He went out amongst the animals and they were not afraid, amongst the birds and they did not fly away. If the birds and animals were not alarmed, then neither should people be either!

Confucius asked Master Sang Hu, 'I have been exiled from Lu twice, a tree was toppled on top of me in Sung, all records of me have been wiped out in Wei, I was impoverished in Shang and besieged in Chen and Tsai. I have had to endure so many troubles. My friends and acquaintances have wandered off and my followers have begun deserting me. But why is this happening?'

Master Sang Hu said, 'Have you not heard of the man of Chia who ran away? Lin Hui threw aside his jade emblem worth a thousand pieces of gold, tied his son to his back and hurried away. People asked, "Was it because the boy was worth more? Surely a child isn't that valuable. Was it because of all the effort required to carry the jade? But surely a child is even more trouble. So why throw away the jade emblem worth a thousand pieces of gold and rush off with the young child on your back?" Lin Hui told them, "It was greed that brought me and the jade emblem together, but it was Heaven that linked my son and me together."

'When the ties between people are based upon profit, then when troubles come, people part easily. When people are brought together by Heaven, then

when troubles come, they hold together. To hold together or to separate, these are two very different things. The relationship with a nobleman can be as bland as water, that with a mean-spirited person sickly sweet as wine. However, the blandness of the nobleman can develop into affection, but the sweetness of the mean-spirited person develops into revulsion. That which unites for no apparent reason, will fall apart for no apparent reason.'

[...]

Chuang Tzu, dressed in a worn, patched gown made of coarse cloth and with shoes held together with string, went to visit the King of Wei. The King of Wei said, 'Why are you in such a state, Master?'

Chuang Tzu replied, ''This is poverty but not distress. If a scholar has the Tao and the Virtue but is unable to use them, that is distress. If his clothes are worn and shoes held together with string, that is poverty but not distress. This is known as not being around at the right time. Your Majesty, have you never seen monkeys climbing? When they are amongst plane trees, the oaks and camphor trees, they cling to branches and leaves with such ease that not even the archers Yi or Peng Meng could spot them. However, when they are amongst the prickly mulberry, thorny date trees and other spiky bushes, they move cautiously, looking from side to side, shaking with fear. This is not because their sinews and bones have gone stiff or unable to bend, but because the monkeys are not in their own environment and so cannot use their skills. Now that I find myself living with a benighted leader and with rebellious ministers above me, how can I avoid distress?

[...]

Chuang Tzu was wandering through the park at Tiao Ling, when he saw

a strange jackdaw come flying from the south. Its wing-span measured seven feet and its eyes were large, about an inch across. It brushed against Chuang Tzu's forehead as it passed and then came to rest in a copse of chestnut trees. Chuang Tzu said, 'What sort of bird is this, with wings so vast but going nowhere, eyes so large but it can't see properly?' Hitching up his robe, he hurried after it with his crossbow in order to take a pot shot at it. On the way he saw a cicada which was basking in a beautiful shady spot, without a thought for its bodily safety. Suddenly, a praying mantis stretched forth its feelers and prepared to spring upon the cicada, so engrossed in the hunt that it forgot its own safety. The strange jackdaw swept down and seized them both, likewise forgetting its own safety in the excitement of the prize. Chuang Tzu sighed with compassion and said, 'Ah! So it is that one thing brings disaster upon another, and then upon itself!' He cast aside his crossbow and was on his way out, when the forester chased after him, shouting at him for being a poacher.

Chuang Tzu went home and was depressed for three months. Lin Chou, who was with him, asked him, 'Master, why are you so miserable?'

Chuang Tzu said, 'I was so concerned with my body that I forgot my self. It was like looking into cloudy water, thinking it was really clear. Furthermore, I heard my Master say once, "When associating with the locals, act like a local." So I went out walking in the park at Tiao Ling and forgot my own self. A strange jackdaw touched my forehead, then settled in a copse of chestnut trees and there forgot its own true being. The forester thought I was to blame. This is why I'm miserable.'

[...]

Confucius went to see Lao Tzu and found him washing his hair. He had spread it out over his shoulders to dry. He stood there without moving, as if

no one else existed in the world. Confucius stood quietly and then, after a while, quietly came into his vision and said, 'Were my eyes dazzled, is this really you? Just now, Sir, your body was as still as an old dead tree. You seemed to have no thought in your head, as if you were in another world and standing utterly alone.'

'I let my heart ponder upon the origin of beginnings,' said Lao Tzu.

'What do you mean?' asked Confucius.

'The heart may try to reason this out but doesn't understand it, and the mouth may hang open but can't find words to say. Still, I will attempt to describe this to you. Perfect yin is harsh and cold, perfect yang is awesome and fiery. Harshness and coldness emanate from Earth, awesomeness and fieriness emanate from Heaven. The two mingle and join, and from their conjunction comes to birth everything that lives. Maybe there is one who controls and ensures all this, but if so, then no one has seen any form or shape. Decay and growth, fullness and emptiness, at one time dark, at another bright, the changes of the sun and the transformation of the moon, these go by day after day, but no one has seen what causes this. Life has its origin from which it emerges and death has its place to which it returns. Beginning and end follow each other inexorably and no one knows of any end to this. If this is not so, then who is the origin and guide?'

'I want to ask what it means to wander like this,' said Confucius.

Lao Tzu said, 'To obtain this is perfect beauty and perfect happiness, and to obtain perfect beauty and wander in perfect happiness is to be a perfect man.'

'I would like to hear how this is done,' said Confucius.

Lao Tzu replied, 'Creatures that eat grass are not put out by a change of pasture. Creatures that are born in the water are not put out by a change of

water. They can live with a minor change, but not with a change to that which is the most significant. Joy, anger, sadness and happiness do not enter into their breasts. All under Heaven, all forms of life, come together in the One. Obtain the One and merge with it and all your four limbs and hundred joints will become just dust and ashes. For death and birth, ending and beginning are nothing more than the sequence of day and night. Then you will never be disturbed in your contentment by such trifles as gain and loss, for example, good fortune or bad! Those who ignore the status of authority, casting it aside like so much mud, they know that their own self is of greater significance than any title. The value of your self lies within and is not affected by what happens externally. The constant transformation of all forms of life is like a beginning without end. What is there in this to disturb your heart? Those who comprehend the Tao are freed from all this.'

'Master,' said Confucius, 'your Virtue is like that of Heaven and Earth, but even you have to resort to these perfect words to guide you. Who amongst the great men of antiquity could have lived this out?'

Lao Tzu replied, 'I certainly do not. The flowing of the stream does nothing, but it follows its nature. The perfect man does the same with regard to Virtue. He does nothing to cultivate it, but all is affected by its presence. He is like the height of Heaven: natural; or the solidity of Earth, the brightness of sun and moon: all natural. There is no need to cultivate this!'

[...]

Chuang Tzu went to see Duke Ai of Lu. Duke Ai said, 'There are many learned scholars in Lu but few of them study your works, Master.'

Chuang Tzu said, 'Lu has few learned ones.'

Duke Ai said, 'There are men wearing the dress of learned scholars throughout the state of Lu. How can you say there are few?'

Chuang Tzu said, 'I have heard that those learned ones who wear round caps on their heads, know the seasons of Heaven; those who wear square shoes know the shape of the Earth; those who tie semi-circular disks to their belts deal perfectly with all that comes before them. But a nobleman can follow the Tao without having to dress the part. Indeed, he might wear the dress but not understand the Tao at all! Should my Lord not be sure on this point, why not issue an order of state saying, "Any wearing the dress but not practising the Tao will be executed!"'

This is exactly what Duke Ai did, and five days later throughout the kingdom of Lu not a single learned one wore the dress! Only one old man wore the dress of the learned and stood at the Duke's gate. The Duke immediately called him in and discussed the affairs of the kingdom with him, and though they went through a thousand issues and tens of thousands of digressions, the old man was never at a loss.

Chuang Tzu said, 'So, in the whole kingdom of Lu there is just this one man who is among the learned ones. How can you claim there are many?'

PART 12
Do Not Ask about the Tao

Knowledge strolled north to the shores of the Dark Waters, scaled the mount of Secret Heights and came upon Words-of-Actionless-Action. Knowledge said to Words-of-Actionless-Action, 'I want to ask you something. What sort of thought and reflection does it take to know the Tao? In what sort of place and in what sorts of ways should we undertake to rest in the Tao? What sort of path and what sort of plans do we need to obtain the Tao?' These three questions he asked of Words-of-Actionless-Action, but he did not answer. Not only did he not answer, he had no idea what to answer.

Knowledge did not obtain any answers, so he travelled to the White Waters of the south, climbed up on to the top of Doubt Curtailed and there caught sight of Wild-and-Surly. Knowledge put the same question to Wild-and-Surly. Wild-and-Surly said, 'Ah ha! I know, and I will tell you.' In the middle of saying this, he forgot what he was going to say!

Knowledge did not obtain any answers, so he went back to the Emperor's palace to see the Yellow Emperor and to ask him. The Yellow Emperor said, 'Practise having no thoughts and no reflections and you will come to know the Tao. Only when you have no place and can see no way forward will you find rest in the Tao. Have no path and no plans and you will obtain the Tao.'

Knowledge said to the Yellow Emperor, 'You and I know this, but the others did not know, so which of us is actually right?'

The Yellow Emperor said, 'Words-of-Actionless-Action was truly right. Wild-and-Surly seems right. In the end, you and I are not close to it.

'Those who understand, do not say.

Those who say, do not understand.

And so the sage follows the teachings without words.

The Tao cannot be made to occur,

Virtue cannot be sought after.

However, benevolence can be undertaken,

righteousness can be striven for,

rituals can be adhered to.

It is said, "When the Tao was lost, Virtue appeared;

when Virtue was lost, benevolence appeared;

when benevolence was lost, righteousness appeared;

when righteousness was lost, ritual appeared.

Rituals are just the frills on the hem of the Tao, and are signs of impending disorder."

'It is said, "One who follows the Tao daily does less and less. As he does less and less, he eventually arrives at actionless action. Having achieved actionless action, there is nothing which is not done." Now that we have become active, if we wish to return to our original state, we will find it very difficult! Who but the great man could change this?

'Life follows death and death is the forerunner of life.

Who can know their ways?

Human life begins with the original breath;

When it comes together there is life,

When it is dispersed, there is death.'

[...]

Confucius said to Lao Tzu, 'Now, today, you seem relaxed, so I would like to ask about the perfect Tao.'

Lao Tzu said, 'You should cleanse and purify your heart through fasting

and austerities, wash your spirit to make it clean and repress your knowledge. The Tao is profound and almost impossible to describe! I will attempt to offer some understanding of it:

'The brightly shining is born from the deeply dark;
that which is orderly is born from the formless;
the spiritual is born from the Tao;
the roots of the body are born from the seminal essence;
all forms of life give each other shape through birth.
Those with nine apertures are born from the womb,
while those with eight are born from eggs.
Of its coming there is no trace,
no sign of its departure,
neither entering the gate nor dwelling anywhere,
open to all the four directions.
Those who travel with the Tao will be strong in body,
sincere and profound in their thought,
clear of sight and hearing,
using their hearts without tiring,
responding to all without prejudice.
As a result of this, Heaven is high and Earth wide,
the sun and moon move and everything flourishes.
This is the Tao!

'Even the broadest knowledge does not comprehend it.
Reason does not mean wisdom, so the sage casts these aside.
There is something which is complete, no matter what you add;

is not diminished, no matter what you take away.
This is what the sage holds to.
It is as the ocean, deeply deep,
as the mountains, high and proud,
its end is its beginning,
it carries all forms of life and never fails.
The Tao of the nobleman is just external garb!
That which sustains all forms of life and never falters,
this is the true Tao!'

[...]

Great Purity asked Endless, 'Sir, do you know the Tao?'

'I do not know it,' said Endless.

Then he asked Actionless Action, who replied, 'I know the Tao.'

'Sir,' asked Great Purity, 'about your knowledge of the Tao, do you have some special hints?'

'I have.'

'What are they?'

Actionless Action said, 'I know that the Tao can elevate and bring low, bind together and separate. These are the hints I would give you to know the Tao.'

With these different answers Great Purity went to No Beginning and said, 'Between Endless's statement that he doesn't know, and Actionless Action's statement that he does know, I am left wondering which of these is right and which is wrong.'

No Beginning said, 'Not to know is profound and to know is shallow. To be without knowledge is to be inward, to know is to be outward.'

Then indeed did Great Purity cast his eyes upward and sigh, 'Not to

know is to know and to know is not to know! Who knows about not knowing about knowing?'

No Beginning said:

'The Tao cannot be heard: what is heard is not the Tao.

The Tao cannot be seen: what can be seen is not the Tao.

The Tao cannot be spoken: what is spoken is not the Tao.

Do we know what form gives form to the formless?

The Tao has no name.'

No Beginning continued:

'To be questioned about the Tao and to give an answer means that you don't know the Tao.

'One who asks about the Tao has never understood anything about the Tao.

'Do not ask about the Tao, for the asking is not appropriate, nor can the question be answered, because it is like asking those in dire extremity. To answer what cannot be answered is to show no inner understanding. When someone without inner understanding waits for an answer from those in dire extremity, they illustrate that they neither grasp where they stand outwardly nor understand the great Beginning within. So they cannot cross the Kun Lun mountains nor wander in the great Void.'

[...]

Nan Jung Chu gathered his provisions and set off, and after seven days and seven nights he arrived at the home of Lao Tzu.

'Have you come from Chu?' said Lao Tzu, and Nan Jung Chu replied, 'I have.'

'So, Sir, why have you brought this great crowd of other people with you?' Nan Jung Chu spun round and looked behind him in astonishment.

'Sir, don't you understand what I am saying?' said Lao Tzu.

Nan Jung Chu hung his head in shame and then looked up, sighed and said, 'Now I can't remember what to say in response and have therefore also forgotten what I was going to ask.'

'What are you saying?' said Lao Tzu.

'Do I have any understanding?' said Nan Jung Chu. 'People will call me a fool. Do I understand? This just upsets me. If I am not benevolent, then I distress others. If I am benevolent, then I distress myself. If I am not righteous, then I harm others. If I am righteous, then I upset myself. How can I get out of all this? These three issues perplex me, so following Chu's instructions I have come to ask you about them.'

Lao Tzu replied, 'Just now I looked deep into your eyes and I could see what sort of a person you are. What you have just said convinces me I am right. You are bewildered and confused, as if you had lost your father and mother and were looking for them using a pole to reach the bottom of the sea. You are lost and frightened. You want to rediscover your self and your innate nature but you haven't a clue how to set about this. What a sorry state you are in!'

Nan Jung Chu asked to be allowed to go into his room. He sought to develop the good and rid himself of the bad. After ten days of misery he came out and went to see Lao Tzu again.

'I can see that you have been washing and purifying yourself thoroughly,' said Lao Tzu, 'but you are still impure despite the outward cleanliness. Something is stirring inside you and there is still something rotten within. Outside influences will press upon you and you will find it

impossible to control them. It is wiser to shut the gate of your inner self against them. Likewise, when interior influences disturb you and you find it impossible to control them, then shut the gate of your self so as to keep them in. To struggle against both the outside and inside influences is more than even one who follows the Tao and its Virtue can control, so how much more difficult it is for one who is just starting out along the Tao.'

Nan Jung Chu said, 'A villager fell ill and his neighbour asked how he was. He was able to describe his illness, even though he had never suffered from it before. When I ask you about the great Tao, it is like drinking medicine that makes me feel worse than before. I would like to know about the normal method for protecting one's life, that is all.'

'The basic way of protecting life - can you embrace the One?' said Lao Tzu. 'Can you hold it fast? Can you tell good from bad fortune without using the divination of the tortoise shell or the yarrow sticks? Do you know when to stop? Do you know when to desist? Can you forget others and concentrate upon your inner self? Can you escape lures? Can you be sincere? Can you be a little baby? The baby cries all day long but its throat never becomes hoarse: that indeed is perfect harmony. The baby clenches its fists all day long but never gets cramp, it holds fast to Virtue. The baby stares all day long but it is not affected by what is outside it. It moves without knowing where, it sits without knowing where it is sitting, it is quietly placid and rides the flow of events. This is how to protect life.'

'So this is what it takes to be a perfect man?' said Nan Jung Chu.

'Indeed no. This is what is known as the melting of the ice, the dissolving of the cold. Are you up to it? The perfect man is as one with others in seeking his food from the Earth and his joy from Heaven. However, he remains detached from consideration of profit and gain from others, does not

get embroiled in plots and schemes nor in grandiose projects. Alert and unceasing he goes, simple and unpretentious he comes. This indeed is called the way to protect life.'

'So it is this which is his perfection?'

'Not quite,' replied Lao Tzu. 'Just now I asked you, "Can you become a little baby?" The baby acts without knowing why and moves without knowing where. Its body is like a rotting branch and its heart is like cold ashes. Being like this, neither bad fortune will affect it nor good fortune draw near. Having neither bad fortune nor good, it is not affected by the misfortune that comes to most others!'

[...]

There is a saying:

'Perfect behaviour does not discriminate amongst people;
perfect righteousness takes no account of things;
perfect knowledge makes no plans;
perfect benevolence exhibits no emotion;
perfect faith makes no oath of sincerity.'

Suppress the whims of the will and untie the mistakes of the heart.
Expunge the knots of Virtue,
unblock the flow of the Tao.

Honours and wealth,
distinctions and authority,

fame and gain,

these six are formed by the illusions of the will.

Looks and style,

beauty and reason,

thrill of life and memories,

these six are the faults of the heart.

Hatred and desire,

joy and anger,

sadness and happiness,

these six are the knots of Virtue.

Rejection and acceptance,

giving and taking,

knowledge and ability,

these six are the impediments to the free flow of the Tao.

When these four sets of six no longer trouble the breast,

then you will be centred.

Being centred, you will be calm.

Being calm, you will be enlightened.

Being enlightened, you will be empty.

Being empty, you will be in actionless action,

But with actionless action nothing remains undone.

The Tao is the centrepiece of the devotions of Virtue.

Life is the brightness of Virtue.

Innate nature is what motivates life.

[...]

Chuang Tzu's family were poor so he went to borrow some rice from the Marquis of Chien Ho. The Marquis of Chien Ho said, 'Of course. I am about to receive the tax from the people and will give you three hundred pieces of gold - is that enough?'

Chuang Tzu flushed with anger and said, 'On my way here yesterday I heard a voice calling me. I looked around and saw a large fish in the carriage rut. I said, "Fish! What are you doing there?" He said, "I am Minister of the Waves in the Eastern Ocean. Sire, do you have a measure of water you could give me?" Well, I told him, "I am going south to visit the Kings of Wu and Yueh and after that I would redirect the course of the Western River so it will flow up to you. Would that do?" The large fish flushed with anger and said, "I am out of my very element, I have nowhere to go. Give me just a little water and I can survive. But giving me such an answer as that means you will only ever find me again on a dried fish stall!"'

[...]

The great One knows,

the great mystery reveals,

the great yin observes,

the great eye sees,

the great equal is the origin,

the great skill creates it,

the great trust touches it,

the great judge holds fast to it.

Heaven is in everything: follow the light, hide in the cloudiness and begin in what is. Do this and your understanding will be like not understanding and your wisdom will be like not being wise. By not being wise you will become wise later. When you ask questions, set no limits, even though they cannot be limitless. Although things seem to be sometimes going up and sometimes descending, sometimes slipping away, nevertheless there is a reality, the same today as in the past. It does not change, for nothing can affect it. Could we not say it is one great harmony? So why shouldn't we ask about it and why are you so confused? If we use that which does not confuse to understand that which does confuse, then we can come back to that which does not confuse. This will be the great unconfusing.

[...]

'The four seasons each have their own original life,

and Heaven does not discriminate,

so the cycle is fulfilled.

The five government offices have different roles,

but the ruler does not discriminate,

so the state is well run.

The great man does not discriminate

between war and peace,

so his Virtue is perfect.

All the forms of life are different,

but the Tao does not discriminate,

so it has no name.

Being nameless, it is also actionless action,

yet all life occurs.

The seasons end and begin;

the generations change and transform.
Inauspicious and auspicious fortune falls upon you,
sometimes unwelcomed,
other times welcomed.
Settle into your own views,
argue with others,
at times condemn those who are upright,
then those who are bent.
You should be like a great marsh land
with space for a hundred kinds of trees.
Or be like a great mountain
where the trees and grasses rest on the same ground.
This is what is meant by Talk of the Villages.'

PART 13
Can I Ask You about Truth?

In the past King Wen of Chao loved swords. Specialists came to his gate, over three thousand of them, all experts in swordsmanship. They were his guests. Day and night they fought before him until the dead or wounded each year were more than a hundred. But the King never ceased to be delighted at watching them. This went on for three years, then the country began to fall apart and the other princes began to plot its overthrow.

Crown Prince Kuei was distressed by this, and he presented the situation to his followers:

'If there is anyone here who can persuade the King to put away these swordsmen, I will give him a thousand pieces of gold,' he said. His followers replied,

'Chuang Tzu can do this.'

The Crown Prince sent an ambassador with a thousand pieces of gold to Chuang Tzu. Chuang Tzu refused the gold but returned with the ambassador. He came in to see the Crown Prince and said, 'Oh Prince, what is it you wish to tell me that you send me a thousand pieces of gold?'

'I have heard, Sir, that you are an illustrious sage,' said the Crown Prince. 'The gift of a thousand pieces of gold was a gift for your attendants. However, you have refused to accept this, so what more dare I say?'

Chuang Tzu said, 'I have heard that the Crown Prince wants to use me to help the King give up his abiding passion. If in trying to do so I upset the King and fail to achieve what you hope for, then I might be executed. So what use would the gold be to me then? Or, if I could get the King to give up, and fulfil your hopes, what is there in this whole kingdom of Chao that I could not ask for and be given?'

'You're right,' said the Crown Prince. 'However the King will only see

swordsmen.'

'That's all right. I'm quite good with a sword,' replied Chuang Tzu.

'Fair enough,' said the Crown Prince, 'but the swordsmen the King sees are all tousle-headed with spiky beards, wearing loose caps held on with simple, rough straps and robes that are cut short behind. They look about them fiercely and talk only of their sport. The King loves all this. Now, if you go in wearing your scholar's garb you will start off on completely the wrong foot.'

'With your permission I will get a full swordsman's outfit,' said Chuang Tzu.

Within three days he had got this and returned to see the Crown Prince. The Crown Prince took him to see the King, who drew his sword and sat waiting for him. Chuang Tzu walked slowly into the hall through the main door. When he saw the King, he did not bow.

'What instruction have you for me, that you have persuaded the Crown Prince about beforehand?' demanded the King.

'I have heard that the King likes swords and so I have brought my sword for the King to see.'

'What use is your sword in combat?'

'My sword can kill one person every ten paces, and after a thousand miles it is not faltering.'

The King was pleased and said, 'There can be no one else like you under Heaven!'

'A fine swordsman opens with a feint then gives ground, following up with a cut, stalling his opponent before he can react,' replied Chuang Tzu. 'I would like to show you my skills.'

'Rest awhile in your rooms, Master, and await my commands,' said the

King. 'I shall make arrangements for the contest and I will call you.'

The King spent the next seven days testing his swordsmen. More than sixty died or were severely wounded, leaving five or six who were selected and commanded to present themselves in the hall. Then he called in Chuang Tzu and said, 'Now, this very day I shall pit you against these men to show your skills.'

'I have longed for such an opportunity,' said Chuang Tzu.

'Sir, what sort of sword will you choose, long or short?' asked the King.

'Any kind will do,' said Chuang Tzu, 'but I have three swords, any of which I could use if the King agrees. But first I would like to say something about them and then use them.'

'I would like to hear about these three swords,' said the King.

'I have the sword of the Son of Heaven, the sword of the noble Prince and the sword of the commoner,' said Chuang Tzu.

'What is this sword of the Son of Heaven?'

'The Son of Heaven's sword has as its point the Valley of Yen, and the Great Wall and Chi and Tai mountains as its blade edge. Chin and Wey are its ridge, Chou and Sung are its hilt and Han and Wei its sheath. On all four sides it is surrounded by barbarians and it is wrapped in the four seasons. The Sea of Po encompasses it and the eternal mountains of Chang are its belt. The five elements control it and it enacts what punishment and compassion dictate. It comes out in obedience to yin and yang, stands alert in spring and summer and goes into action in autumn and winter. Thrust forward, there is nothing in front of it; lift it high, and there is nothing above it; swing it low, and there is nothing below it; spin it around, there is nothing encompassing it. Raised high, it cleaves the firmaments; swung low, it severs the very veins of the Earth. Use this sword but once and all the rulers revert to obedience; all

below Heaven submit. This is the sword of the Son of Heaven.'

King Wen was astonished and seemed to have forgotten everything else.

'What of the sword of the noble Prince?' he asked.

Chuang Tzu said, 'The sword of the noble Prince, its point is sagacious and courageous people; its blade is those of integrity and sincerity; its ridge is those of worth and goodness; its hilt is those who are trustworthy and wise; its sheath is of the brave and outstanding. When this sword is thrust forward, it encounters nothing; when wielded high, it has nothing above it; when swung low, it has nothing below it; when swirled about, it finds nothing near it. Above, its guidance comes from Heaven and it proceeds with the three great lights. Below, it is inspired by the square, stable nature of the earth, proceeding with the flow of the four seasons. In the middle lands it restores harmony to the people and is in balance with the four directions. Use this sword but once and it is like hearing the crash of thunder. Within the four borders everyone obeys the laws and everyone attends to the orders of the ruler. This is the sword of the noble Prince.'

'What of the sword of the commoner?'

'The sword of the commoner is used by those who are tousle-haired with spiky beards, wearing loose caps held on by ordinary coarse cords, with their robes cut short behind. They stare about them fiercely and will only talk about their swordsmanship while fighting before the King. Raised high, it cuts through the neck; swung low, it slices into the liver and lungs. The people who use the sword of the commoner are no better than fighting cocks who at any time can have their lives curtailed. They are useless to the state. Now you, O King, have the position of the Son of Heaven but you make yourself unworthy by associating with the sword of the commoner. This is what I dare to say.'

The King brought him up into his hall where the butler presented a tray of food, while the King strode three times round the room.

'Sire, sit down and calm yourself,' said Chuang Tzu. 'Whatever there was to say about swords has been said.'

Following this, King Wen did not go out for three months and all his swordsmen killed themselves in their own rooms.

[...]

Confucius wandered through the Black Curtain Forest and sat down beside the Apricot Tree Altar. His followers started reading their books while Confucius played his lute and sang. He was not even halfway through the song when a fisherman stepped out of his boat and came towards him. His beard and eyebrows were white and his hair was wild, while his sleeves hung down beside him. He walked up the slopes until he reached the drier ground and then stopped, resting his left hand on his knee and his chin in his right hand, and listened until the song was over. Then he called over Tzu Kung and Tzu Lu and the two of them went to him.

'Who is that?' he said, pointing at Confucius.

'He is a nobleman from Lu,' replied Tzu Lu.

The fisherman then enquired as to Confucius' family. Tzu Lu replied, 'The family of Kung.'

'What does this man of Kung do for a living?'

Tzu Lu was working out what to say when Tzu Kung replied, saying, 'This man of the Kung family in his innate nature holds fast to loyalty and faithfulness; in his behaviour he shows benevolence and righteousness; he makes the rituals and music beautiful, and balances human relationships. He

pays respect above him to the ruler of his generation and in his dealings with those below him he tries to transform the ordinary people, as he wants to bless the whole world. This is what this man of the Kung family does.'

The fisherman enquired further, 'Does he have any land over which he rules?'

'No,' said Tzu Kung.

'Is he an adviser to a king?'

'No.'

The stranger laughed and backed away, saying, 'So benevolence is benevolence, yet he won't escape without harm to himself. Exhausting the heart and wearing out the body puts his true nature in jeopardy. Sadly, I believe he is far removed from the Tao.'

Tzu Kung went up and told Confucius about this. Confucius laid aside his flute and stood up, saying, 'Maybe he is a sage!' and he went down the slope to find him. He reached the water's edge as the fisherman was about to pole away. Seeing Confucius, he poled back again and confronted him. Confucius stepped back somewhat hastily, bowed twice and went forward.

'What do you want, Sir?' said the stranger.

'Just now, Master, you said a few words but didn't finish,' said Confucius. 'Being unworthy, I do not understand them. So I would like to be with you and to hear even just the sounds of your words in the hope that they might enlighten me!'

'Oh-ho, you have a good love of study, Sir!'

Confucius bowed twice and stood up. 'Ever since I was little I have pursued study, and now here I am sixty-nine years old, yet I have never heard the perfect teaching, so what can I do but keep my heart open?'

The stranger said, 'Like seeks like and each note responds to its own.

This is the boundary established by Heaven. I will not discuss that which concerns me, but will concentrate on what you need to know about. You, Sir, are wrapped up in the affairs of the people. The Son of Heaven, the noble princes, the great ministers and the common folk, when these four groups do what is right, there is the beauty of unity. If these four groups break apart, then there is terrible great disorder. If ministers do what they should and the ordinary people are concerned with what they do, then no one infringes upon another.

'Fields in ruin, leaking roofs, lack of food and clothing, unjust taxes, disputes between wives and concubines, disorder between the young and the old, these are what trouble the common folk.

'Inability to do the job, being bored by their work, bad behaviour, carelessness and laziness in those below, failure to succeed, insecurity in employment, these are what trouble the great ministers.

'Lack of loyal ministers, civil war in the kingdom, workmen with no skills, tributes that are worthless, poor positioning at the spring and autumn gatherings, the disquiet of the ruler, these are what trouble the noble princes.

'Yin and yang out of harmony, fluctuations in heat and cold which damage all, oppression and rebellion by nobles, all leading to uprisings, ravage and abuse of the people, the rituals badly performed, the treasury empty, social relationships in turmoil and the people debauched, these are what trouble the Son of Heaven and his people.

'Now, Sir, at the higher end of the scale, you are not a ruler, nor a noble nor even a minister in a court, while at the other end you are not in the office of a great minister with all his portfolios. Nevertheless, you have decided to bring beauty to the rituals and the music and to balance human relationships and thus to reform the ordinary people. Isn't this rather overdoing it?

'Furthermore, there are eight defects that people are liable to, as well as four evils that affect their affairs, which must not be ignored:

'To be involved with affairs that are not yours is to be overbearing.

'To draw attention to yourself when no one wants you is to be intrusive.

'To suck up to someone with speeches designed to please is to be sycophantic.

'Not to distinguish between good and evil in what others say is to be a flatterer.

'To gossip about other's failings is to be slanderous.

'To separate friends and families is to be malevolent.

'To give false praise in order to hurt others is to be wicked.

'Having no concern for right or wrong, but to be two-faced in order to find out what others know, is to be treacherous.

'These eight defects cause disorder to others and harm to the perpetrator. A nobleman will not befriend one who has them, nor will an enlightened ruler appoint such a person to be a minister.

'With regard to the four evils of which I spoke, they are:

'Ambition - To be fond of taking on vast enterprises, altering and changing the old traditions, thus hoping that you can increase your fame and standing.

'Greediness - To be a know-all and to try and get everything done your way, seizing what others do and claiming it as your own.

'Obstinacy - To see your errors without doing anything to change them and to persist in doing things the wrong way.

'Bigotry - To smile upon someone who agrees with you but when that person disagrees, to disown and despise them.

'These are the four evils. If you can cast aside the eight defects and avoid

the four evils, then you are at a point where it is possible to be taught.'

Confucius looked sad and sighed, bowed twice, stood up and said, 'Lu has exiled me twice, I have fled from Wei, they have felled a tree on me in Sung and laid siege to me between Chen and Tsai. I have no idea what I did to be so misunderstood. Why was I subject to these four forms of trouble?'

The stranger looked distressed, then his expression changed and he said, 'It is very difficult, Sir, to make you understand! There was once a man who was frightened by his own shadow and scared of his own footprints, so he tried to escape them by running away. But every time he lifted his foot and brought it down, he made more footprints, and no matter how fast he ran, his shadow never left him. Thinking he was running too slowly, he ran faster, never ceasing until finally he exhausted himself and collapsed and died. He had no idea that by simply sitting in the shade he would have lost his shadow, nor that by resting quietly he would cease making footprints. He really was a great fool!

'You, Sir, try to distinguish the spheres of benevolence and righteousness, to explore the boundaries between agreement and disagreement, to study changes between rest and movement, to pontificate on giving and receiving, to order what is to be approved of and what disapproved of, to unify the limits of joy and anger, and yet you have barely escaped calamity. If you were to be serious in your cultivation of your own self, careful to guard the truth and willing to allow others to be as they are, then you could have avoided such problems. However, here you are, unable to cultivate yourself yet determined to improve others. Are you not obsessed with external things?'

Confucius, really cast down, said, 'Can I ask you about truth?'

'True truth is simple purity at its most perfect,' replied the stranger. 'To

be without purity, to be without sincerity means you cannot move other people. So if you fake mourning and weeping, then no matter how thoroughly you do this, it's not real grief. If you make yourself act angry, even if you sound very fierce, this won't inspire awe. If you force yourself to be affectionate, no matter how much you smile, you cannot create harmony. True grief may make no sound but is really sorrowful; true anger, even if there is no manifestation of it, creates awe; true affection doesn't even need to smile but creates harmony. When someone has truth within, it affects his external spirit, which is why truth is so important.

PART 14
Epilogue

Chuang Tzu said, 'To know the Tao is easy, not to speak about it is hard. Knowing and not saying, this is to aspire to the Heavenly. Knowing and saying, this is to be subject to the human element. In the past people paid attention to the Heavenly, not to the human.'

[...]

A man from Sung, called Tsao Shang, was sent by the King of Sung as an ambassador to the state of Chin. When he left Sung he was given only a few carriages. However, the King of Chin was so delighted with him that he gave him a hundred more. On returning to Sung he met Chuang Tzu and said, 'Living in poor streets of an impoverished village, making sandals and starving, with a shrivelled neck and a sickly face, this I cannot stand! But being in the confidence of a ruler of ten thousand chariots and being given a hundred of them, this I enjoy and am good at.'

Chuang Tzu said, 'Well now. When the King of Chin falls ill, he summons his doctor who lances the ulcer or squeezes the boil and as a reward receives one carriage. The doctor who applies a suppository gets five carriages. The lower down the service, the more carriages given. So, Sir, I assume you must at least have been licking his piles to have been given so many carriages? Be gone, Sir!'

[...]

Someone offered Chuang Tzu a court post. Chuang Tzu answered the messenger, 'Sir, have you ever seen a sacrificial ox? It is decked in fine garments and fed on fresh grass and beans. However, when it is led into the Great Temple, even though it most earnestly might wish to be a simple calf again, it's now impossible!'

Chuang Tzu was dying and his followers wanted to provide a glorious

funeral. Chuang Tzu said, 'I will have Heaven and Earth as my shroud and coffin; the sun and moon as my symbols of jade; the stars for my pearls and jewels; all the forms of life as my mourners. I have everything for my funeral, what is there missing? What more could I need?'

His followers said, 'We are worried, Master, that the crows and kites will eat you.'

'Above ground I shall be eaten by crows and kites,' said Chuang Tzu, 'and below ground by worms and ants. Aren't you just being rather partisan in wanting to feed only one of these groups, so depriving the others?

'Trying to use what isn't equal to produce equality is to be equally unequal. Trying to prove something by something uncertain is only certain to make things uncertain. The person whose eyesight is clear and thinks he understands is victim to these sights, whereas the one who is guided by the spirit perceives the reality. That there is a difference between what we see with our eyes and what we know through our spirit is a wisdom from long ago. But the fool relies upon his eyes and loses himself in what is merely human, and everything he does is just a façade - how sad!'

[...]

'The blank and the motionless have no form;

change and transformation are never at rest;

what is death?

what is life?

what is the companionship of Heaven and Earth?

where does the spirit of clarity go?

when forgotten, what becomes of it?

All forms of life are gathered around us, yet none of them is our destination. In the past people thought this was the way of the Tao. Chuang Tzu heard of these ideas and was pleased. He taught them using strange and mysterious expressions, wild and extraordinary phrases, and terms which had no precise meaning. He taught what he believed, yet was never partisan, nor did he view things from just one perspective. He saw the whole world as lost in foolishness and thus incapable of understanding anything sensible.

References

These extracts are taken from the Penguin Classics edition of The Book of Chuang Tzu. Part 1 is from chapter 2; part 2 from chapters 3, 4 and 5; part 3 from chapter 6; part 4 from chapters 7 and 8; part 5 from chapters 1, 5, 17, 18, 24 and 26; part 6 from chapter 9; part 7 from chapters 10 and 11; part 8 from chapters 11, 12 and 13; part 9 from chapters 14 and 16; part 10 from chapters 17 and 18; part 11 from chapters 19, 20 and 21; part 12 from chapters 22, 23, 24 and 26; part 13 from chapter 30 and 31; part 14 from chapters 32 and 33.

OF THE ABUSE OF WORDS

人类理解论

［英］约翰·洛克　著

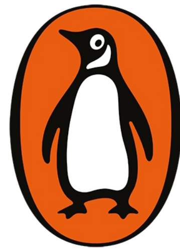
孙平华　韩宁　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

人类理解论

（英）约翰·洛克/著

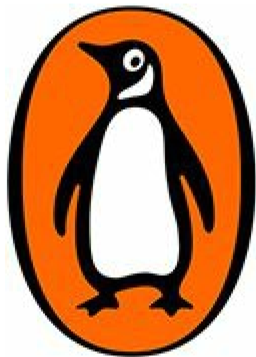
孙平华　韩宁/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

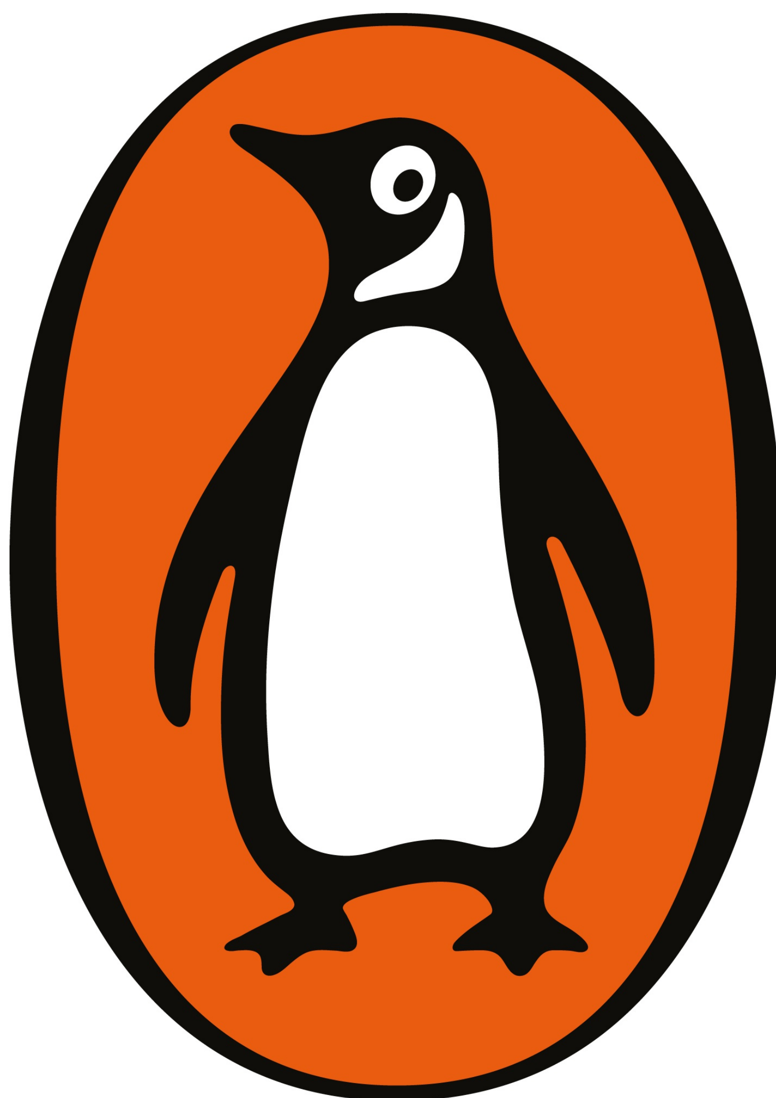
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
These extracts taken from An Essay Concerning Human Understanding, first published
1689
This selection published in Penguin Books 2009

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

约翰·洛克（John Locke，1632—1704），英国著名思想家、哲学家和著述家，经验主义代表人物，是全面系统地阐述宪政民主基本思想的第一位作家，在社会契约理论上作出重要贡献。洛克1632年生于萨默塞特郡（Somerset）威灵顿村，曾就读牛津大学基督教堂学院，后转攻医学，学成后成为沙夫茨伯里伯爵（辉格党创立人之一）私人医师，为辉格党重要思想领袖。1683年被怀疑涉嫌刺杀查理二世国王，逃至荷兰，1688年返回英格兰，整理书稿，并出版《人类理解论》《政府论》《论宽容》等著作，1704年病逝于艾塞克斯郡。

洛克最著名的作品《人类理解论》于1671年开始撰写，1690年得以出版，自首次出版到1700年已出版二十个版本。在书中，洛克批评了宣称人生下来便带有内在思想的哲学理论，他主张人所经历过的感觉和经验才是形塑思想的主要来源。从哲学的继承性上看，洛克走的是弗兰西斯·培根和托马斯·霍布斯的路线，即知识起源于感觉和经验。书中涉及的思想对于伏尔泰等众多西方哲学家也产生了极大影响，在西方哲学史上起到承前启后的作用。由于他在这方面的理论，洛克可以被归类为经验主义者。

本书截取《人类理解论》中精华而成，全书分为两大部分。第一部分介绍人类的观念。洛克认为观念来源为二，即感觉和反思。感觉来源于感官感受外部世界，而反思则来自于心灵观察本身。与理性主义者不同的是，洛克强调这两种观念是知识的唯一来源，并将观念划分为简单观念和复杂观念。简单观念可以被直接感知，而复杂观念只能融合许多简单观念提炼而出。此外，洛克还对人类常见的心理状态作出描述，并谈到观念的整零与正误。第二部分介绍语言的使用。洛克认为语言是观

念的载体，因此语言的作用主要为记载和传播。语言是人类所造，用以表达观念，因此其中的缺陷不可避免。然而在语言的使用过程中，人们也会有意无意地滥用语言，使世界上出现很多无谓的争吵和对抗。但洛克认为，如果人们加以注意，正确使用语言，便可大大地减少交流中的误会和理解中的困难。在现如今这个网络语言满天飞的时代，本书可谓是校正自我用语、减少沟通障碍的助力。

论观念

观念通论及观念的起源

1.观念是思考的产物

每个人在思考时都能有所意识，思考便会产生观念。无疑，这些观念存在于人们的脑海中，一些可以用字词来表达，如“白、硬、甜、思、动、人、象、军、醉”，另一些则不能。那么我们首先要问，这些观念是如何产生的？我知道，人们普遍认为，人自落地那刻起，就带有观念和天性，这是与生俱来的。对于这个说法，我进行过仔细的研究，也解释了观念从何而来，以及这些观念通过何种方式以何种程度进入人的脑海。因此，对于观念和天性与生俱来的说法，我不敢苟同。我也希望每个人通过自身的观察和体验去验证我的这种说法。

2.观念由感觉和反思而来

我们假设人的头脑如同一张白纸，没有任何个性和观念，那么如何才能拥有个性和观念呢？人们无限的幻想所充斥的琳琅宝库从何而来？理性与知识的原料又从何而来？对此我一句话便可作答——从经验而来。我们的知识基于经验也源于经验。我们观察到的，要么是外部的可感物，要么是我们自身察觉和反思得来的内在心理活动。观察带给我们思考的原料，加强我们的理解。这便是知识的来源，我们固有的及习得的观念都源于此。

3.感觉的对象是观念的来源之一

第一，我们的感官在熟知一些特定的感知物之后，会通过多种方

式，将几种对于事物不同的感知传递到我们的脑海中，因此我们就有了“黄、白、热、冷、软、硬、苦、甜”及其他一些观念，称为可感知性。我所说的传递到脑海的感觉，是指感官对于外部物体的感受。我们的观念大多源于感官，通过感官让我们理解。我把这称为“感觉”。

4.心理活动是观念的另一来源

第二，观念的第二个来源是我们的心理活动。心理活动也为我们提供观念，加强我们的理解。心理活动之所以是内在的，是因为它是我们的灵魂对已有观念的反思，而反思得来的观念是不能从外部事物上获得的。这些观念包括“知觉、思考、怀疑、相信、推理、认知、意愿”，以及我们头脑里的各种活动。对于这些活动，我们有所意识，并加以注意，从而形成自己的观念，进一步加强我们的理解。这和我们对外物的感知同理。这一来源是个性化的，虽然不是感官（因为无关于外物感知），但是形成却十分相似，因此可以称为内部感官。对于前一种，我称之为“感觉”，那么对于后一种，我就称之为“反思”，因为只有人们在反思时，才能形成以上观念。在本书以下的部分，我在提到“反思”时都是在指人们对内心活动的注意，因为只有对内心活动加以注意，才能形成有助于理解的观念。这两种来源，一则为外部原料，帮助人们形成感觉；一则为内心活动，促使人们进行反思。在我看来，观念只有这两种来源。我这里所提到的“活动”一词是广义上的，不仅可以理解为观念在头脑中的反应，也可以理解为由观念而引发的情感，如某想法带来的满足感或不安感。

5.所有观念均源于二者之一

在我看来，对任何观念的理解，哪怕只有一瞬，都是源于以上两种途径之一的。外部事物在我们的头脑中形成不同的感觉；我们的头脑又通过心理活动的加工促进理解。

全面研究一下两种途径及其模式、组合和关系就能发现，它们涵盖了我们的所有观念，我们头脑中的所有观念无一不是源于二者之一。你可以联系自身，仔细审视自己的理解，告诉我在你自身的观念中，有没有源于感官及反思以外的。不管你脑中有多么丰富的知识，仔细分析下来，就会发现所有观念都源于二者之一，只不过人们的理解把它们无限组合并放大了。这点我们之后也会谈到。

6.对儿童的观察

凡是仔细研究过初生儿的人都会认为，婴儿在坠地时是没有任何观念来帮助他们在今后形成知识的。儿童的观念是逐渐形成的。尽管很多观念显而易见，为人熟知，在他们记得时间和次序前就已经深植脑海，但是直到他们年龄稍长，开始拥有特定观念时，他们才记得幼时拥有过寻常观念，几乎每个人都是如此。如果想试验一下，可以强迫一个儿童保有很少的观念（即便是寻常观念）直至成年。然而儿童所处的世界有很多实体，这些实体以一种永恒且多变的方式影响着他们，不管他们愿不愿意，各种观念都印在了他们的脑海中。只要睁着眼睛，光和颜色就随处可见；声音以及形状一直刺激着他们对应的感官，进入他们的头脑。但是，如果一个儿童被置于一个只有黑白的地方，就算他长至成年，也肯定不辨红绿。同样，如果他小时候没尝过牡蛎和菠萝，长大了也就不能区分这两种食物。

7.人们接触的事物不同，观念便不同

人们在外界接触到的事物种类越多，获得的观念就越多，反之亦然。同理，人们内心反思越多，获得的观念也越多。有时，尽管你十分关注自己的头脑活动，但得出的也只是简单清晰的观念。只有在你专注研究某一领域时，才能只关注这一领域的相关内容，而非对所有内容都加以留意。这样你就能形成关于风景画的特定看法，或者更加了解钟表的零件和运作。而那些对什么都感兴趣的人，则很难做到这点。他也许

每天都会看见这幅画或这个钟表，但是如果不加以思考，不考察各个部分，就只能对它们有一个模糊的概念。

8.反思得来的观念往往需要人们的注意，因此出现较晚

为什么儿童迟迟不能具有心理活动产生的观念呢？为什么有些人一生都没有清晰、完整的观念呢？因为，尽管他们不断形成一些观念，但是如果没有对之加以理解，进一步探究，形成思考的产物，那么这些观念只能是表面上的，就不能产生深刻的印象或在脑海中留下清晰、明了、经久的观念。新生的婴儿周围充满了新鲜的事物，不断刺激着他们的感官，吸引着他们的注意力。他们不断留意新事物，更喜欢变幻的花样。因此，儿童初生之年注意力都消耗在了外部事物上。可见人们在年幼时会努力熟悉外部事物，在成长的过程中更多留意的是外部感觉，很少审视自身的观念，直到成熟一些才进行反思。但是，有些人终其一生也未曾反思。

9.灵魂开始领悟时，才会产生观念

要问人的观念什么时候产生，就要问他什么时候开始领悟，因为观念无异于领悟。有人说灵魂总是在思考，只要灵魂存在，就会不断地领悟观念；还说灵魂必会思考，如同物体必有外延。如果这一说法是正确的，那么人们观念的起源就是灵魂的起源。这样说来，灵魂与其观念，物体与其外延就是同时存在的。

10.没有证据证明灵魂一直在思考

灵魂同生命的雏形究竟是一前一后还是同时出现，这个问题留给专业人士解答吧。我认为自己的灵魂是迟钝的，因为我并不经常思考，我还认为思考的频率应该与物体运动的频率一致。在我看来，思考之于灵魂就如同运动之于物体，前者不是后者的本质，而是作用之一。因此，

我们可以认为灵魂能够思考，但不能认为灵魂必须一直思考。不眠不休的造物者也许一直在思考，但这对于正常人来说，是不可能的。我们的经验告诉我们一个不争的事实：我们身体的某个部分有思考的能力。但是经验没有告诉我们，这个部分能不能不停思考。所以，说思考对灵魂来说必不可少、密不可分，正如不进行推理（必要的步骤）就要得出一个问题（并非不言自明）的答案一样。乍一听上去，每个人都认为“灵魂一直在思考”不言自明，但究竟是否如此，还需要大家去验证。比如我昨晚是不是彻夜思考，就是未知的。因此，我们如果把所争论的事情作为假设的论据，来证明这个问题，就犯了窃取论点之过。正如假设所有在走的表都在思考，认为这已经得到了充分的验证，就认为我的表走了一夜，也思考了一夜一样。但是不愿自欺的人应该将自己的假设建立在事实之上，并通过合理的经验验证，而不应将自己的假设当作事实。回到我彻夜思考的问题上，就等于不管我自己是否感觉到自己在思考，只因为有人假设我在思考，就得出我是彻夜思考的这样一个结论。

固执己见的人不仅会把不确定的事说成真的，甚至会把错的也说成对的。是不是有人会通过我的话推出，只要我们在睡梦中感觉不到某物，就证明它不存在？我不是因为在睡梦中感觉不到灵魂，就否认它的存在，而是认为，不管是睡着还是醒着，只要在思考，就会有感觉。这并不针对所有事物，但对于我们的思维，只要我们在思考，就一定会有感觉，除非哪天我们能在意识不到的情况下思考。

11.灵魂不能随时意识到自身

我承认，醒着的人每时每刻都在思考，因为醒着就是指能思考。至于无梦的睡眠是否是身心合一的整个人的一种状况，则值得醒者思考。很难想象，一个事物可以思考，却意识不到。如果一个熟睡的人，他的灵魂是在思考的，自己却没有意识，那我就要问，这个思考过程中有没有愉悦或痛苦，能否感受幸福与不幸？我相信，他和他身下的床或那块

土地一样，肯定感受不到。因为，既要感到幸福或不幸，又意识不到，在我看来是完全矛盾的，也是不可能的。如果一个人的灵魂可以在身体熟睡时去思考、享受，或是关注愉悦或痛苦，而他却意识不到，也不参与其中，那么醒着的苏格拉底和熟睡的苏格拉底必然不同。因此，他就成了两重的：一重是他熟睡时的灵魂，另一重是醒时身心合一的苏格拉底其人。因为醒着的苏格拉底并不知道也不关心熟睡时灵魂独自享受的幸福与承担的不幸，正如他不关心一个不认识的印度人的死活。如果我们完全意识不到自己的行动和感觉，特别是各种快乐和痛苦，以及由此产生的顾虑，就很难定位自我。

12.如果熟睡的人能在不自知的情况下思考，那么熟睡的他与醒着的他便是两个人

有些人说，灵魂在熟睡时也能思考。因此，在它思考与感悟时自然可以感受高兴、苦恼和其他情绪，而且灵魂自身肯定也能意识到这些感受。但是这种说法并不全面，显然，熟睡的人是意识不到这些感受的。假设卡斯特睡着后灵魂出窍（这在这些人看来不无可能，因为他们认为其他动物虽无思考的灵魂，但也有生命。因此，他们也必须承认，身体离了灵魂照样可以生活，正如灵魂离了身体依然可以存在、思考，并感受幸福与不幸）、独立思考；又假设，他的灵魂可以自行选择思考的地点——另一个人的身体，比如波利克斯，他也在沉睡中，同样没有灵魂。这个地点是可行的，因为卡斯特的灵魂既然可以在他睡觉时思考，卡斯特又意识不到，那么思考在任何地点都能进行。这样我们就有一个灵魂在两个人的身体间来回移动。我们假设这两个身体一睡一醒，互相交替。这样灵魂就在醒着的人身体中思考，而睡者对它所想的，全无意识、全无知觉。那么，卡斯特和波利克斯，既然共用一个灵魂，而一个的所知所感另一个浑然不觉，那么他们是两个独立的人吗？就像卡斯特和赫尔克里士，苏格拉底和柏拉图？会不会一人很幸福，另一人很不幸呢？如果二者独立，那么既然灵魂离开身体独自思考，而身体却没有意

识，那么灵魂和身体也被分成两个个体了。这是不可能的，因为没有人会认为，人的同一性是由于灵魂与不变分子结合所致。如果分子不变是同一性的必要条件，那么由于我们身体中的分子每时每刻都在变化，每个人在前后两日或前后两时都不可能同一了。

13.很难让那些睡觉不做梦的人相信，他们是在思考的

因此，我想，每一次打盹儿都能动摇他们的理论，即灵魂每时每刻都在思考。至少很难让那些睡觉不做梦的人相信，他们在睡着的几个小时里是在思考的，只是没有意识到。就算我们把睡梦中的他们叫醒，他们也说不出自己在想什么。

14.要说人在梦中是在思考的，只是不能记得，也是站不住脚的

也许有的人会说，就算人在熟睡，灵魂也是在思考的，只不过没有在记忆里存留。人在睡着的时候可能在不停地思考，醒了之后却可能一丁点儿都不记得。这种说法也很难让人相信，需要证据证明，不能空口无凭。谁能干脆地说，大部分人的一生当中，在睡梦中被人叫醒，会不记得自己在想什么。我认为，大部分人在睡觉时都不会做梦。我曾经遇到一位记忆力颇好的学者，他一向不曾做梦，只有在他高烧刚退才开始做梦，可是那时候，他已经二十五六岁了。我相信世界上还有很多这样的例子，至少每个人都认识几个睡觉不做梦的人。

15.基于这一假设，睡者的思想一定是很合理的

如果我们经常思考，却没有一刻记得，就是无效思考。这样的思考如同镜子，很多图画和想法出现其中，却无一保留。它们消失不见，不曾留下任何印记。所以镜子就算有了这些观念也好不了多少，正如灵魂有了这种观念也好不了多少一样。也许有人会说，醒着的时候，思考涉及人身，这样对观念的记忆就留在脑海中，留下了思考过的痕迹；但

是，人在熟睡时，灵魂是独立于人身进行思考的，并没有涉及身体的各个器官，所以就不会记得思考过。不过要如此假设，就不得不荒谬地承认有二重人格；这一层我已经说过了，就不再提。就算假设二重性是存在的，假如灵魂可以在没有人身的帮助下进行思考，那么也能不靠人身保留住这些观念，不然灵魂或任何独立的精神进行思考就毫无用处了。如果灵魂不记得思考过什么，不能存留以备后用，不能在需要时回想起来，回忆不出之前的观念，不去利用之前的经验、推理和深思，那么思考的意义又是什么呢？这样说来，这些认为灵魂可以独立思考的人并没有提高灵魂的地位，同那些他们所谴责的、认为灵魂只是物质中一个微小部分的人没什么两样。随风而去的尘上字迹，在一堆原子上或动物的元气上印的印记，都是有用的，都可以使其主体高贵起来，正如转瞬即逝的灵魂之思，一旦离开视线，就永远消失了，不留一丝记忆。自然不造无用的精良之物。很难想象，我们全知的造物者赋予我们思考的能力，如此绝妙，几乎同她自身一般不可思议，竟是徒然与无用的，使我们一生中至少四分之一的思考毫无意义。审视一下就会发现，就连宇宙中随处可见的无知觉的物质运动，也不至于那样无用，甚至完全白费。

16.基于这一假设，灵魂必有观念源于感觉和反思之外，只不过不得而见

无疑，也有例子证明，在睡觉时所得的观念是可以存留的。不过，对于那些熟悉梦境的人来说，不用我们告知，他们就自然知道这些观念是多么狂放、松散，多么残缺不全、条理紊乱。我很想知道，灵魂独立思考时是否没有在身体中思考合理。如果独立思考更不合理，这些人会说灵魂只有在身体中思考才能得出完整的、理性的观念。如果独立思考是合理的，为什么我们的梦境大多是破碎的、不合理的呢？为什么我们的灵魂没有存留下那些更合理的独语与冥思呢？

17.如果我只思考，却不知道思考的内容，则他人更不可能知道

我希望那些有把握说“灵魂每时每刻都在思考”的人告诉我们，儿童在没有依赖感官获得任何观念时，在其灵魂与身体结合之前，或正在结合那一刻，他们的观念是什么。我想，梦境均是白天所思，只不过大部分都是胡乱拼凑而来的。奇怪的是，如果灵魂有自己的观念，而非从感官和反思而来（观念必然源于这两个途径，除非此前身体就有一定印记），那么为什么私下思考（私下程度之大，以至于当事人都没有察觉）过后一点都不能记起，之后也没有因新发现而欣喜。如果观念不止源于感觉或反思，那么人在睡眠时，灵魂退出肉体思考长达数小时，而在如此长的时间里，观念却没有一点来自感觉或反思以外的途径，这是不合常理的。奇怪的是，在人的一生当中，灵魂从未记起自身形成的观念，也就是并非来自于人身的观念；而在人们醒着的时候，所有观念也都是由灵魂和肉体结合而生的。如果灵魂每时每刻都在思考，在与肉体结合之前或在从肉体处获得一些观念之前已形成自己的观念，就必须说，只有在睡着时，它才能记起自身的观点，只有当灵魂退出肉体独自思考时，形成的观念才是自然的、同质的，而非源于肉体的。既然人在醒了之后不再记得熟睡时的所思所想，那么从上面的假设中我们只能得出，要么灵魂能记得肉体所不能的，要么记忆只能保留源于肉体的观念，或是有关这些观念的心理活动。

18.人们如何知道灵魂在不停地思考呢？既然这不是一个自明命题，就需要证据来证明

我很想知道，那些自信地宣称“灵魂在不停地思考”的人是怎么知道的。在他们自己都感受不到的情况下，他们怎么知道自己在思考？恐怕他们的言论是在没有证据的情况下发表的，并没有真正去感知。只是用一个混淆的概念去支持这个假设，而真正的真理，不是不言自明，就是可以用常识证明。在这方面，他们顶多可以说“灵魂是在不停地思考的，只是记忆没有保留罢了”。但我认为，更可能的情况是，灵魂并不是每时每刻都在思考的；它思考的时间还没有不思考的时间长，甚至思

考后的很长时间都意识不到曾经有所思考。

19.一个人不可能此刻还在思考，下一刻就忘了思考内容

要说灵魂可以思考，而人本身不能，就等于说一个人拥有两个人格，这点我们已经讨论过。如果仔细考究一下这个说法，就会怀疑其正确性。因为，就我所知，这些声称灵魂每时每刻都在思考的人并没有说，人的肉体也一直在思考。灵魂在思考，而人的肉体却没有；抑或是人一直在思考却没有意识，这可能吗？也许这在别人看来简直是在胡说八道。要说人的肉体一直在思考，只是没有意识，就等于说人的肉体在缺少四肢的情况下可以延伸一样。顺着这个逻辑，可以推出一个人一直很饿，却感觉不到饥饿感。饥饿只在饥饿感中有所体现，正如只有在意识到时才能称之为思考。如果他们说，有人能一直意识到自己在思考，那么我要问，他们是怎么知道的呢？意识只有当事人自身才能察觉。如果我觉得自己意识不到某物，那谁又能说我能意识得到呢？任何人的知识都没有经验多。比如叫醒一个熟睡中的人，问问他醒前那刻在想什么，如果他不记得自己刚才在想什么，那么告诉他答案的人一定是先知。那为什么不干脆告诉他，他刚才并没有在睡觉呢？这着实超越了哲学范畴，既然我并未觉察到自己的观念，那么定是神祇将我的观念告诉别人的。如果我本身都觉不到自己在思考，并且断言自己不曾思考，可是他们却能分明得知我的观念，那么他们一定洞见力极强。可是在狗或象表示出一切能思考的象征以后，那些人却仍然说它们是不能思考的。也许有人认为这超越了玫瑰十字会[1]（Rosecrucians），因为将自己的观念隐藏起来不为人所知似乎更为容易，而洞察他人自身尚不可知的观念则更难。但也不能仅仅把灵魂定义为一个能思考的实体。如果这个定义是正确的（虽然我不这么认为），那么很多人都会怀疑自己是不是真的有灵魂，因为他们生命中的大半都是在没有思考中度过的。就我所知，任何定义或假设都不够有力到足以驳倒恒常的经验。也许是因为人们喜欢知道意识不到的事，所以世界上才有了这么多无用的争端和谣传

吧。

20.从对儿童的观察得知，所有的观念都源于感官或反思

我不相信，在感官给灵魂提供观念之前，灵魂就能思考。随着这些观念的积累与保留，人们才能在实际运用中提高思考能力，此后才能将观念整合，反思自己的心理活动，进一步积累观念，锻炼记忆、想象、推理与其他思考能力。

21.人如果愿意通过观察和经验得到知识，而不是把自己的假设当作自然规律，会发现新生儿并不曾有多少思考，更别说推理了。但理性的灵魂通常不会思考过多而不去推理。初生的婴儿大部分时间都在睡梦中度过，饿了、疼了或是有其他强烈的感觉时，才会有所知觉，加以关注。如果看到这一层，就会认为母亲腹中的婴儿同植物无异，大部分时间都没有知觉，除了睡觉别无他做，也不需要寻找事物，因为他们周围满是轻柔的恒温的液体。他们可目不见光，耳不听声，其余的感官也不用感知其他纷杂。

22.自儿童诞生那日起，便开始观察记录时间在他身上留下的痕迹。你会发现，由于感官的作用，他脑海中的观念越来越多，他也越来越清醒，思考得也越多。一段时间以后，他开始熟悉周围的事物，会对那些最熟悉的留下深刻的印象。这样，他逐渐认识同他交流的人，把这些人同陌生人区别开来。这也证明了他慢慢将通过感官得来的观念加以保留和区别。头脑就这样通过推理与反思，逐渐扩展、组合这些观念并将这些观念抽象化，从而增加自身的观点。我稍后还会提到这一点。

23.如果有人问，人是从什么时候开始有观念的呢？我想，答案是，当他最初有感觉时，他就有了观念。既然在感官传输观念之前，头脑中都是没有观念的，那么当人有了感觉时，也就有了观念。因为感觉就是身体的某个部分有一定的印象或动作，从而产生一定的知觉。当我

们的感官对外部事物有印象时，头脑才开始感知、记忆、考虑及推理。

24.一切知识的来源

有时我们会反思自己的心理活动，反思那些由感官得来的观念，并对之加以保存，形成新的观念，我们将这称为“反思”。这些观念并不是我们的感官对外部事物的印象，并不是头脑所固有的。这些心理活动，由人自身产生，当人们开始反思的时候，它们也就成了反思的对象，也就是所有知识的起源。对于人类来说，最大的能力就是头脑可以接收观念，包括感官对外部事物产生的观念以及自身在反思这些观念时形成的新观念。这是人类探索世界的第一步，他后来自然而然所形成的一切观念，也是建立在这个基础上的。那些高入云霄，直达天际的深奥的思想也是基于此的。人的思考虽然玄妙，但头脑所想莫不是源于基本的观念，源于感官和反思。

25.在接受简单观念时，理解大部分是被动的

在简单观念阶段，理解都是被动的，是否需要这些简单观念作为知识的原料不是我们能决定的。因为，不管我们愿不愿意，我们感官感受的对象中大部分都会将与之有关的观念印在我们的脑海中。而我们的心理活动也一定会让我们多少留下一丝关于它们的概念。当一个人在思考时，不可能完全没有意识。当头脑在接受这些简单观念时，理解是不能拒绝的，也不能改变或重造，就像镜子不能拒绝、改变或抹去它所成的像。因为我们周围的物体以各种方式刺激着我们的感官，所以头脑就要被迫接受一些印象，与之相关的观念也就不能避免了。

简单观念

1.单纯的现象

要了解我们知识的本质、方式和限度，必须仔细研究我们的观念，

既包括简单观念也包括复杂观念。

刺激我们感官的各种性质本身是混合的，没有分割、没有距离。但我们分明看到，这些通过感官得来的性质在脑海中形成的观念确实是简单而单纯的。尽管视觉和触觉同时来自同一个物体，但是却可以产生不同的观念。比如一根蜡烛，视觉上可以看到它在跳动，能看到它的颜色，而触觉上能感到它的柔软和温暖。这些简单观念都系于同一物体，却又彼此不同，就如不同感官产生的观念般分明。冰块给人又凉又硬的感觉，正如百合纯白带香，如糖之甘甜、玫瑰之芬芳。人对这些简单观念的认知是最清晰的。因为每一个观念本身都单纯而不复杂，现象和脑海中形成的概念始终如一，不会同其他观念混淆。

2.头脑不能制造或销毁简单观念

这些简单观念是我们知识的原料，通过我们之前提到的感官和反思传输到我们的大脑中。一旦大脑对这些简单观念有了理解，就可以近乎无限地重复、对比和组合，也会产生很多复杂的观念。就连智慧非凡或理解力极强的人，就算思维敏捷多样，也不可能避开上面两种方式创造或形成新的简单观念。此外，理解力也不能销毁已有的简单观念。人类的统治，不管是在自己的小世界里摆弄自己的思想，还是在大千世界里处理有形的事物，都大同小异。不论他有什么奇招妙法，力之所及亦只是对手中那些现成材料加加减减，不能创造一丝一毫，也无法销毁一点一滴。同样，每个人也不能从感官（源于外物）和反思（源于心理活动）以外的来源获取任何简单观念。我想没有人能品尝到味觉不能分辨的味道，也没有人能闻到鼻子不能嗅出的气味。如果有人能做到，我想这无异于证明了盲人可以识别颜色，聋子可以分辨声响。

3.因此，尽管我们都觉得除了上帝赋予我们的五种感官（人们常认为五种），不可能造出其他的感官了。我也认为，除了声音、味道、气味和其他可见可触的性质外，无论构成如何，物体中也不会再有其他性

质了。如果人生而只有四种感官，那么我们应该不会想象或注意到第五种，就像我们现在有五种感官，就注意不到第六种，甚至第七种、第八种。在这无垠的宇宙当中，或许其他地方的生物有着其他的感官，这点猜测是我们不能否认的。人类不能妄自尊大，应该考虑世界的无限，并发现在自己所在之处也有无限精彩，这样也许就会认为，在宇宙的他处，也许会有未知的他类智能。我们无从了解，正如抽屉或者柜子里的小虫不能像人一样去感觉和理解。这正凸显了造物者的智慧。这里我遵从惯例，认为人有五种感官，也许不止五种，但这两种说法都能证明我的观点。

复杂观念

1.复杂观念是头脑对简单观念的加工

上面我们也谈到了，头脑在接收由感官和反思得来的简单观念时是被动的，头脑也不能创造这些观念，它所形成的所有观念全部由这些简单观念构成。然而，虽然头脑在接收简单观念时是被动的，但也会发挥自己的能动性，将简单观念作为基础和原料，形成其他观念。能动性主要分为三类：（1）将几个简单观念合并为一个复杂观念；（2）将两个观念（简单或复杂）并列起来，同时观察，而不把它们合并为一；（3）将某些观念同其他关联观念分别开来，也叫作“抽象”。这样就得到了概括性的观念。这些过程都显示了人的能力及作用，在物质世界与思想世界都并无二致。因为在这两个世界当中，人只能将原料合并、并列或完全分开，不能进行创造或将其摧毁。在我们讲复杂观念时，我们先来看第一种作用，在适当的时机再引入后两种。观察发现，简单观念是会组合的，所以头脑也可以将几个简单观念合并起来作为一个观念去思考。简单观念的合并不仅是因为外部物体将他们连在一起，还有头脑的作用。由简单观念组成的观念称为复杂观念，比如“美丽、感激、人、军队和宇宙”。这些观念都是由简单观念结合而成的，或是说由简

单观念构成的复杂观念。而头脑更倾向于把这些组合起来的简单观念作为整体，赋予它们一个名称，再进行思考。

2.复杂观念自动形成

头脑可以通过重复和联合的能力，变更或增加观念，远比感官和反思得来的观念多得多。但说到底，这些观念还都是源于两种途径的简单观念。因为简单观念都由事物本身而来，头脑所获得的简单观念也仅限于此，不过也无异。同感觉性质有关的观念都源于感官，思考的对象也都源于本身。但是，在获得这些简单观念之后，不会仅仅去观察，而会将这些观念整合起来，形成新的复杂观念。这些联合而成的复杂观念，比头脑之前直接获得的任何观念都更紧密统一。

3.复杂观念不外乎情状、实体及关系

不管怎样组合或拆分，复杂观念的数量和种类总是无穷无尽的，充斥着人们的思想。但是我认为，它们总不外乎三大类：情状、实体及关系。

4.情状

首先，情状这种复杂观念不管再怎样组合都不可能自我生成，都依赖于一定的物体，比如"三角形、感激和谋杀"就是这样的例子。如果我这里用的"情状"一词同他处之意不同，请原谅。因为这个问题不可避免，这种情况下只能选用新词，或运用旧词的其他含义。我更倾向于选择第二种。

5.简单及复杂情状

情状有两种，应该区别对待。一类是单纯的变量，只是同样简单观念的叠加，没有混入其他简单观念，比如"十二、二十"。因为只涉及一

种简单观念，我把这一类称为简单情状。另一类由不同种类的简单观念组合起来，形成一个复杂观念，比如“美丽”，涉及颜色、形态及是否能给观看者带来愉悦；“盗窃”，是否隐瞒了对某物的占有，是否征得了所有者的同意。这一类涉及很多种观念，我称之为复杂情状。

6.单一或集合实体

其次，一些实体观念是简单观念的组合，仅代表一些独立存在的特定事物。在这些事物中，那个假设的、含混的实体观念总是占据首要位置。就一个实体而言，我们有“灰白色的”这样一个简单观念，如果再附上几个条件，包括重量、硬度、延展性和熔性，就得到了“铅”。可以动的，有思想、会推理的形象就是“人”。另一些实体需要两类观念来定义，就单独存在的个体来说，我们有人和羊；就组合来看，便有了一群人和一群羊这样的集体概念。

7.关系

最后一种复杂观念是关系，由观念的对比得来。关系包括几种，这里不做展开。

8.最深奥的观念也源于这两种途径

如果我们追寻头脑思考的轨迹，仔细观察它是如何重复、增加及组合由感官和反思得来的简单观念的，我们将能获得更深层的结论。我相信，如果我们仔细留心观念的起源，就会发现就连那些最深奥的观念，不管它们看起来多么遥不可及，都是对源于感官和反思的观念的重复和组合。就连那些大而抽象的观念，如“空间、时间和无限”等都是如此。虽然看起来不好理解，但其起源都是感官或反思，都是我们的头脑运用最基本的功能，对简单观念的加工而来的。

关乎快乐和痛苦的情状

1.快乐与痛苦都是简单观念

在我们通过感官和反思得来的简单观念中，痛苦和快乐是十分重要的两个。因为，就我们自身来说，感觉有时单纯，有时伴随着苦乐。所以思想或头脑的知觉也是或单纯，或伴有苦乐喜忧。这些观念同其他简单观念一样，是不可名状、不可定义的。与通过感官获得简单观念一样，要获知这些观念，只能通过经验。因为，用善恶来定义它们，只是让我们了解它们，让我们反思自身的观念，反思善恶的多样给我们带来的影响，而我们对它们的应用和理解也是千差万别的。

2.善恶为何

要判断事物的善恶，只消看它给我们带来的是快乐还是痛苦。善，能给我们带来快乐或增加我们的快乐，消减我们的痛苦，也使我们获得善，保留善，去除恶。相反，恶，会产生痛苦，增加痛苦，消减我们的快乐，催生更多的恶，剥夺我们的善。要说苦乐，先要区分身体与心灵。但实际上，它们都是心灵的感触，或由身体的不适引起，或源于心中的想法。

3.善恶影响我们的情感

善恶，同它引起的苦乐，都是带动我们情感的铰链。如果我们对自身加以反思，观察苦乐善恶在我们心中的活动，看它们带来了什么心理变化和内在感觉，就能形成我们的情感。

4.喜爱

存在或不存在的事物给人带来的想法，使他在想起后感到愉悦，这种观念就是喜爱。一个人在秋天吃到葡萄，或春天吃不到葡萄时都称自己喜爱葡萄，是因为葡萄的味道使他愉悦。如果因为健康或身体的改变使他品尝不到葡萄的味道，他便不会再喜爱葡萄了。

5.憎恶

相反，存在或不存在的事物给人带来的想法，使他在想起后感到苦痛，这种观念就是憎恶。在这里我们不妨来思考一下各种情感观念是如何由苦乐的各种变化生成的。可以说，我们之所以对无生命无感知的个体产生爱和恨，是因为我们在使用它们时产生了愉悦和痛苦。而我们之所以对能够感知到幸福与不幸的个体产生爱和恨，通常是因为我们在考虑它们的状态或幸福时会感到不安或愉悦。因此，如果一个人的孩子或朋友的状态和幸福能让他感到愉悦，那么他就是爱他们的。这足以证明，我们的爱恨只是普通的快乐和苦痛（无论如何产生）引起的心中之感。

6.欲望

如果一个人在享受一件东西时感到喜悦，在它不见时感到不安，那么这种不安感就是欲望。欲望的大小要看这种不安感的强弱。这里，我们可以说，就算这种不安感不是人们勤奋与行动的唯一刺激，也称得上主要刺激。因为，不管一件东西有多么好，若人们没有在它不见时感到不悦或痛苦，就算没有它也很自得，就不会对它有欲望，不会想要得到它。如果只是单纯地想想，得不到也不会觉得不安，那么人们就不会采取有效大胆的行动去获得它，而只会想一想。如果获得的可能性不大，我们的不安感也会降低，那么欲望也会消失或减少。限于篇幅，这一点我们就讲这么多。

7.欢乐

拥有或即将拥有一件东西给我们带来的喜悦，因为我们可以掌控它，随心所欲地使用它，这种喜悦之感就是欢乐。一个快饿死的人，在快领到救济金时，就算还没用上，已经很欢乐了。一位父亲在儿女幸福时会感到高兴，只要儿女幸福，他就拥有可以使他高兴的事，所以只要

想一想，他就会感到愉悦。

8.忧伤

如果一件东西丢了，使我们不能多拥有它一刻，那么在想到它时，便会感到一种不安，这就是忧伤。除此以外，当我们感到一种不幸，也会忧伤。

9.希望

一个人在想到未来可能会拥有某件东西时产生的愉悦之感就是希望。

10.恐惧

一个人在想到未来可能会降临在自己头上的厄运时产生的不安之感就是恐惧。

11.失望

一个人在想得到而不能时，可能会觉得不安或痛苦，有时又感到平静或懒散，这种感觉就是失望。

12.愤怒

一个人在被伤害想报复时产生的不安情绪就是愤怒。

13.嫉妒

一个人在想到别人先于自己获得了一件自己想要的东西时产生的不安之感就是嫉妒。

14.什么情感是所有人都拥有的

最后两种情感——嫉妒和愤怒，并不是所有人都拥有的，因为这两种情感并不是由我们自身的痛苦和愉悦产生的，而是涉及我们本身和他人，有些人并不会鉴赏自己的价值，也不会报复，因此也不会嫉妒和愤怒。但我认为，其他那些由痛苦和愉悦产生的情绪是所有人都拥有的。比如在“喜爱、欲望、欢乐和希望”中我们可以品味愉悦；在“憎恶、恐惧和悲伤”中会体验痛苦。虽然看起来情感总是源于苦乐，或者说苦乐总是同这些情感如影随形，但归根结底所有的情感都由事物引起。因此，我们会恨那些给我们造成痛苦的东西（至少是有感觉、有意志的主体），因为它给我们造成的恐惧是持久的痛苦。但是我们不会喜爱每一件带给我们愉悦之感的东西，因为愉悦并没有痛苦那么刻骨铭心，而且这种愉悦之感，将来也不一定会再有。不过这一点我们以后再讨论。

15.苦乐为何

我所谈到的苦与乐、愉悦与不安，不仅仅是身体上的，还有精神上的，不管它们源于称心的还是不称心的感觉或反思。

16.此外，在情感方面，痛苦的减少就等于愉悦的增多，同样，愉悦的消失或减少也是种痛苦。

17.羞耻

人们的情感也表现在身体上，并引起身体的变化。但是这些变化并不明显，所以也不是各类情感必需的部分。如果做了不体面的事，或降低别人对我们敬仰的事，我们就会产生一种不安感，这就是所谓的羞耻。人在羞耻时，通常会脸红。

18.举例说明情感源于感官和反思

不要误以为我在这章里描述了所有情感。情感的种类比我这里列出的多许多。而我上面列出的几类情感也应该进行更广泛、更准确的描

述。我这里举的例子只是为了证明善恶会带来苦乐。或许我应该列举一些简单的例子来说明苦乐，比如饥渴引起的痛苦，以及吃喝可以去除痛苦，带来快乐；眼睛的干涩，悦耳的音乐；挑剔无理的强辩之苦，通情达理的交谈之乐以及有条不紊地研究发现真理之乐。但是上述的情感对我们来说更为重要，所以我列举它们，证明我们对于它们的观念由感官和反思而来。

充分观念和不充分观念

1.充分观念指能完全表现其原型的观念

我们的观念有些是充分的，有些是不充分的。充分观念完全表现了它所代表的原型；不充分观念仅表现了它所代表的原型的一部分。在这方面，我们看到：

2.简单观念全部为充分观念

首先，简单观念全部为充分观念。因为简单观念是物体的某些能力给我们造成的影响，是外力让它们给我们造成这样的感觉，所以这些观念必然和这些能力相对应、相契合，而且也符合外物的现实。比如，糖让我们觉得又白又甜，那么我们就相信糖有能力给我们带来这些观念，否则我们就体会不到这些观念。每一种感觉都对应我们的感官，这样产生的观念是真实的（不是头脑臆想的，因为头脑本身没有产生简单观念的能力），只能是充分的，因为观念和产生它们的能力相对应。因此，所有简单观念都是充分的。其实，事物的名称通常并不源于它们使我们产生的观念，而是源于它们本身带有的观念。比如，我们在触碰到火时会感到疼痛，因此火就有这种能力让我们产生疼痛的观念。可是我们却常说火光、火热，因为我们认为光和热真是在火中存在的，并不以为它们是火的能力，我们把这种观念称为火的“性质”。但事实上，这些性质也是一些能力，能使我们产生观念，因此，当我说外物中的次等性质，

或是说外物使我们产生的观念时，你们应该知道我所说的只是一种能力。我这么说完全是为顺应通俗概念，方便他人理解。不过这些说法所指的都只是外物使我们产生某种感觉或观念的一些能力。如果我们没有合适的器官来接收火在视觉和触觉上给我们带来的印象，头脑不能产生火和太阳带来的光和热的观念，就算太阳持续照耀，埃特纳火山（Mount Aetna）一直高喷，世界上也不会有光和热的概念，就像如果人没有触觉就不会有疼痛的概念一样。我们对凝固、延伸和其终止以及形体的动与静都有观念，不论世上有无物体来感觉它们，它们都是实实在在存在的。因此，我们应当研究的是物质真正的变体，正是这些变体产生了我们身体的各种感觉。不过这种研究不属于我们讨论的范围，因此，我就不详细展开了。下面我讲一讲，哪些复杂的观念是充分的，哪些是不充分的。

3.所有情状都是充分的

其次，我们关于情状的复杂观念，是我们头脑对简单观念的自觉组合，并未参照原型或现有样本，它们也都是充分的。因为它们不是实际存在的事物的样本，而是头脑形成的模型，使人们可以根据这些模型去将事物分类并命名，因此，它们不缺乏任何东西。每一个模型都有自身的观念集合，头脑将它们规划整理，并不会感到任何缺陷。如果我有一个观念，是一个图形，有三条边，相交于三个点，这两个条件就能让我有一个完整的观念，不再需要其他条件。头脑会认为这个观念是完整的，可以用“三角形”来表示。但是，我们对实体的观念却并非如此。因为，在模拟事物的真实情形，并且表示出它们的特性构成的结构时，并不能让自己形成的观念达到心理预期的那种完美程度，总觉得它们缺少一些应该具有的东西。所以，实体观念都是不充分的。不过，混杂的情状和关系是无迹可寻的模型，它们所代表的只是本身，因此也是充分的。比如，你预见到自己面临危险，毫无恐惧，泰然自若，而且能沉着地考虑应付的步骤，镇定地采取行动，不为危险所慑。如果你能想到这

些情形，并且把这些观念合拢起来，你的心中一定会由此产生一个复杂观念。你设想的一系列步骤就是这个复杂观念本身，而且这个复杂观念包含的一切简单观念，也都是你心中所想，再无其他，因此这个复杂观念也是充分的。随后，你把这个观念藏在记忆中，命名“勇敢”，并向人表示这个观念。如果某种行动与这个观念相符，就称它是勇敢的。这样就有了一种标准，来衡量各种行动，并且冠以这种名称。这个观念既然本身就是模型，就必然是充分的，因为它并不与别的东西相参照，也不是由别的元素所形成的，只是依原创者的喜好和愿望而定的。

4.若参照固定名称，情状就可能变得不充分

他人同你谈话之后学到“勇敢”一词，可能他对“勇敢”的定义与你不同，在使用这个词的时候，你们头脑里的观念也不同。此时，如果他自认为与你的观念相符，发音也一致，那么他的观念就很可能是错误的、不充分的。因为，在这种情况下，将别人的思考方式作为自己的思考方式，就如同将别人的说话方式作为自己文字和声音的模型一样，有所参照就会有所偏离，会导致观念的欠缺与不充分。在以某名称标记原观念（该名称原本代表的观念）及自己的观念（自以为与原观念相吻合）时，若自己的观念与原观念不完全一致，那么自己的观念就是错误的、不充分的。

5.因此，复杂情状观念在与他人的同名观念作比对时，可能出现偏差、错误、不充分。因为此时，它们的参照对象并非头脑设定的原型或模型。也只有此时，情状观念会出现错误、残缺或不充分。因此，在一切情状观念中，混杂情状观念最容易出现错误。不过这主要关乎表达得当与否，而非知识的正误。

6.若参照实质，则实体观念也是不充分的

最后，要谈一谈实体观念，我在上面也提到过，实体观念有两个参

照对象：（1）一类事物的实质；（2）头脑对实际存在的外物的再现。这种再现要借助于外物的性质在人们心中所形成的观念来实现。不管是哪种，这些对原型的复制都是残缺的、不充分的。

第一，人们通常会给实体命名，让这些名称代表一类实质相同的事物。这些名称只代表人们脑中的观念，而观念往往参照事物的本质与原型。人们通常认为各种实体都有其本质，每种实体的个体本质都相同（如果接受了欧洲的教育，更容易这样认为）。这是无须证实的，如果有人不这样认为，反而会被认为是异类。这样，人们通常根据不同的本质，给不同的类别安上不同的名字。如果一个人自称为“人”，就是说自己有“人”的本质，如果你怀疑这一点，人们往往会见怪于你。但是如果你问起这本质究竟是什么，人们却又不知道。由此我们得出结论，他们脑中的观念，虽然参照本质，可是那些原型却不为人知，因此，那些观念必然不是充分的，毕竟观念并未反映原型。我上面也谈到了，复杂观念就是时常共存的简单观念的集合。但是这种复杂观念并不是任何实体的实质，否则物体的各种性质都会依靠于这个复杂观念，都可以由这个观念推出，我们也会知道观念与本质的联系。比如，从三条边围成的面积推出三角形的其他性质。但事实上，在我们的复杂实体观念中，并没有任何观念，可以为它们体现出的其他性质提供依托。人们认为“铁”有一定的颜色、重量和硬度，此外，“铁”还有一个性质，就是延展性。但是，这个性质同“铁”这个复杂观念并无必然联系。我们不能说“铁”的延展性依赖于它的颜色、重量与硬度，也不能说它的颜色、重量与硬度取决于它的延展性。但是，虽然我们不知道事物的本质是什么，却总把某些性质划为本质。比如，许多人断定，我手上戒指的原材料必须具备特定本质才是“黄金”。这一本质包括特定的颜色、重量、硬度、易熔性、形定性、接触水银后颜色变化等性质。我试着去探寻这一本质，却发现根本找不到。我力所能及的顶多是假设它仅是一种物体，而该物体的各种性质取决于它的本质或内部构成，这些性质包括形状、大小和组成。而我对于这些性质并没有清晰的认识，因此，我对本质也没有任何概

念，而正是这本质决定了黄灿灿的、比同体积的物体重的、遇水银变色的物体为“黄金”。如果有人要说，决定事物性质的本质及内部构成并不是上面提到的形状、大小和组成，而是别的“特殊形式”，那我就更不能理解了。因为，对于前一种说法，就算我不知道事物的形状、大小和组成，不理解为什么上面描述的事物不是我用来削铅笔的东西，而非得是我手指上戴的东西，但至少我还能有所参照。但是，如果有人告诉我本质并非形状、大小和组成，而是所谓的“实体的形式”（我必须声明，对于“形式”这个词，除了它的读音，我一点概念都没有），那么这将对我了解事物的实质或构成毫无帮助。我不仅对这种特殊物质的实质一无所知，对其他自然物质的实质也一无所知。不仅我是如此，我相信，其他人也是如此，只要仔细审视一下他们的知识就能发现这点。

7.既然如此，当人们给我手指上的这块东西命名“黄金”时，他们难道不知道这是对拥有同样实质的一类东西进行命名吗？如果知道（看起来也确实如此），那么这一名称所指的必然是这类事物共有的实质，因此，人们所形成的观念也应该关于名称所代表的实质。不过，既然使用这个名称的人本身都不知道实质究竟是什么，那么他们的实体观念肯定是不充分的，因为我们原以为观念中包含事物的本质，实则不然。

8.如果把实体观念看作性质的集合，那么它们也是不充分的

第二，有的人认为，设定一些不可知的本质来区别各种实体是没用的，因此便忽略了这点，而试图把各种实体中共存的可感性质观念组合起来，以模拟各种实体。尽管这些人比上述那些人（他们认为实质是存在的，只是他们不知道）更接近于实体的真相，但就算他们想把实体的观念复制在心中，他们的观念也不是完全充分的；而且那些副本也不能精确地、充分地把它们原型中所有的观念都包括进去。因为我们复杂观念的来源（即这些物体的性质和能力）是复杂多样的，而我们的复杂观念却不能如此包罗万象。显然，我们抽象的实体观念并不能包括事物本

身共存的一切简单观念，因为人们很少把他们所知道的一切简单观念都放入复杂的实体观念中。他们想让事物名称意义尽量简明，所以在形成实体观念时，常常只采用其中的少数简单观念。然而，所采用的简单观念和那些未被采用的简单观念相比并无优越性，两种情况之下，我们的实体观念都是不足的、不充分的。形成复杂实体观念的那些简单观念，除了某些物体的形状和体积之外，通通都只是一些能力。这些能力是与其他实体相关联的，因此，我们永远不能保证自己知道某物体的所有能力。因为要想知道它的所有能力，必须以各种方式，让它和别的实体接触，看能发生什么变化。就某一实体而言，这都不能实现，更别说所有实体了。因此，我们不可能通过探究一个实体的所有性质来获得充分的观念。

9.任何人初次见到“黄金”时，都不能合理地从这块东西的体积和形状推断出它的本质和内部构成。因此，他对“黄金”观念的理解中，也不包括这些性质。他会率先把这种物体的特殊颜色和重量抽象出来，形成关于这种物体的复杂观念。不过这两种性质只是两种能力，一种能力以某种形式刺激我们的视觉，让我们产生黄色这一观念；另一种能力即可以抬高天平另一端的同体积物体。此外，还有易熔性及形定性，这是被动的能力，当火在黄金上施动时，黄金就会展现这两种特性。黄金在王水中还具有延展性和可溶性。这两种能力也是同其他实体的作用相关的，它改变了外形并且分解成不易察觉的部分。这些性质加起来通常使人们形成一个复杂观念，让我们推断出这种物质就是“黄金”。

10.只要你大致或具体思考过这个物体的性质，就不会怀疑，我们所谓的“黄金”，有无限种性质尚未包含在上述复杂观念之内。我想，更精准地研究过黄金的人所提出的性质能达到上述的十倍之多，而且这些性质都和黄金的颜色和重量一样，与内部构成密不可分。如果有人对于金属的知识更加丰富，也许能提出百倍之多的性质。但是，这些性质也许仅仅是黄金所有性质的千分之一。因为，实验过就知道，金属与不同

物体发生反应产生的变化超乎我们的认知，甚至超乎我们的想象。只要想一下，就会发现我所说的是正确的。不说复杂的，只要看一下再简单不过的三角形，就能发现虽然数学家已经探索出了它的很多性质，但是还有更多有待发现。

11.综上所述，我们的复杂实体观念都是不完整、不充分的。对于不同的数学图形来说，我们可以把它们同其他图形对照，得出具体性质，但结论同样如此。比如，如果我们只了解椭圆形的几个性质，那么我们对椭圆形的观念将是十分不确定、不完整的。但反过来说，我们如果了解这个图形的本质，就会发现它的各种性质，并见证它是如何体现这些性质，如何与这些性质密不可分的。

12.简单观念是模本，而且是充分的

因此，头脑中有三种抽象观念，或者说名义上的本质。

第一，简单观念，即模本，是完全充分的。简单观念意在表达一种能力，即某种事物给我们带来某种感觉的能力，因此，某种感觉的出现，一定是某种能力的结果。我写字用的纸张，在日光下（普通意义上的日光）给我带来的感觉就是“白色的”，这就是头脑以外事物能力的结果，因为头脑本身并没有形成观念的能力，所以这一感觉仅仅是上述能力的结果。因此，简单观念都是真实的、充分的。我脑中形成的“白色的”感觉，是纸张能力的结果，这种感觉同纸张的能力相符，不然纸张的能力会让我形成其他观念。

13.实体观念虽然也是模本，却是不充分的

第二，复杂实体观念，虽然也是模本，却是不完全、不充分的。显然，即使头脑把任意物体中的简单观念都集合起来，也不能确保这些观念就是这一物体的全部。因为这些观念不涉及与其他物体的作用，不涉

及其他物体给该物体带来的改变，或该物体给其他物体造成的改变，所以我们不能获取与该物完全相符的主动及被动的性质。因此，对于任何物体，我们都没有充分的复杂观念。退一步说，即便我们能在复杂观念中精确地把任何实体的所有第二性质（或能力）集合起来（或者已经精确地集合起来），也不能获知该物的本质。因为，我们所观察到的能力或性质并不是该物的本质，而是本质的体现，所以不管这些性质是什么，它们的集合都不是事物的本质。由此可见，我们的实体观念是不充分的。此外，人们既没有全面的实体观念，也不知道实体的本质究竟是什么。

14.情状观念和关系观念都是原型，都是充分的

第三，关于情状和关系的复杂观念都是原型，并不是副本，也不是追寻实体之迹而来，人们并没有期望它们和一个模型相吻合或精确地对应。它们是简单观念的集合，头脑将它们组合在一起，各集合中的内容正是头脑所想，因此，它们本身就是原型和本质。它们为这些情状而设，又存于这些情状，因此，只要这些情状存在，就会和这些复杂观念精准相合。因此，情状观念或关系观念都是充分的。

观念的正误

1.只有命题才分真假

按照用语搭配，真假只能形容命题，但是有时也用来定义观念。因为我们看到，人们在用字时，都很随便，都容易偏离它们严谨的、原本的意义。不过我仍觉得，我们在定义各种观念的正误时，常以不言而喻的命题为基础。只要我们考察一下它们被定义为正误的具体场合，就能发现这点。在这些场合中，我们都能发现一些支持或否决它们的理由。因为我们的观念只是我们头脑中的现象或知觉，所以我们不能说它们本身是正是误，就像我们也不能就一件东西的名字判断正误一样。

2.哲学中的“正”通常内含默认命题

如果“正”是哲学范畴上的，那么观念和文字都可以为正，正如其他事物，存在即为正。不过即使在哲学意义下，也许我们谓之“正”的事物也不自觉地参照了我们的观念，并且以观念为“正”的标准。这种参照正是一个心理命题，只是我们不常注意它罢了。

3.如果我们只把观念当作头脑中的一种现象，则观念没有正误之分

但是我们这里探讨的“正”，并不是哲学意义上的，而是普通意义上的。那么，我们头脑中的观念，都是一些知觉或现象，都不是错误的。我们头脑中关于人马兽的观念并没错，正如我们口里说的、纸上写的人马兽都没错一样。因为，正误源于心里或口头上的证实或证伪，所以除非我们的头脑证明或否定我们的观念，否则它们是不能被定义为“误”的。

4.观念若比对别物，则可分正误

当头脑中的观念同外物作对比后，便可判断正误。因为对比过后，头脑会默默判断观念同外物是否一致。判断得出的一致与否也决定了观念的正误。判断通常有如下几种：

5.人们通常会参照别人的观念、实体或判断的本质

第一，当头脑判断观念是否与他人的观念一致，有相同的命名时，观念就有了正误。比如，当头脑中关于正义、节制、宗教的观念，与他人关于这些词的观念相同，便会认为他们的观念是正确的。

第二，当头脑判断观念是否与实体一致时，观念就有了正误。因此，人和人马兽这两个观念是关于实体的，前者同实体相一致，后者不一致，则前者是真实存在的，后者是虚构的。

第三，当头脑将观念同物体的实质相对比时，因为物体的大部分性质都存于本质，如果观念和本质不一致，就是错误的。

6.人们为何要进行参照

头脑经常会不自觉地对观念作出判断。但是，如果我们仔细观察便会发现，这些判断多涉及抽象的复杂观念。因为，头脑的自然趋势是获取知识，如果只关注具体事物，则进程过慢，工作过多。所以，为了走捷径并且使各种观念更加全面，就要扩充知识的基础，第一步就是通过自己思考或同别人交谈，把知识打包分类，并合理地把从某一事物上获取的知识推广至同类事物，这样就在重要任务（获取知识）上有了长足的进步。这也就是我们总是把具体事项归在概括性的观念之下分门别类的原因。

7.如果我们仔细考察一下头脑的思考方式，再看一下它获取知识的方式，就能发现头脑获得观念后，不管是用于思考或是交谈，首先会把观念抽象化，给它命名，然后储存在记忆中，并认为观念包含着这类事物的本质，并且永远用这一名称标记它。因此，我们就会发现，当人们看到一个不认识的事物时，首先会问那是什么，问的也只是事物的名称，似乎知道了名称就认识了这类事物或了解了它们的本质。这是因为，人们在命名时就是依据本质来命名的，并且常假设这名称同本质相关。

8.头脑中的抽象观念介乎实体与其名称之间。我们的观念既包含了正确的知识又包含了妥善明了的表达。因此人们便想当然地认为，这些抽象的观念同它们所指称的实体是一致的，同它们常规语言命名也是一致的。因为，如果没有这两个一致，人们在自行思考时就会出现错误，在同别人交谈时也会毫无意义。

9.虽然简单观念与其他同名观念相对照可能为误，但它们为误的可

能性最小

第一，如果用别人的同名观念来衡量我们自己观念的正误，那么两者均可为误。但是简单观念为误的可能性最小。因为，一个人通过自己的感官和每天的观察，很容易便可了解通用的各种名称所代表的那些简单观念。而且因为简单观念数量少，所以即使遇到疑问和错误，也能借助观念所寓托的事物进行更正。因此很少人把简单观念的名称弄错，把绿色说成红色，把苦说成甜。更少有人混淆不同的感官名词，把颜色说成味道。因此人们对于简单观念的命名往往相同。

10.由此来看，复杂情状观念最易出错

复杂情状观念最易出错，比复杂实体观念出错的可能性更大。因为实体（尤其是语言中的自成词而非外来词所指的实体）中有一些可感性质，把它们和其他实体区分开来，而且只要人们在说话时稍加留意，就不至于把相应的名称应用在不相干的实体上。但是复杂情状却不好界定，比如正义或残忍、自由或挥霍。所以，当我们把自己的观念同他人的同名观念作对比时，可能会发现自己的观念是错误的，而被我们命名为“正义”的观念，可能应该有其他的名称。

11.就算不是最易出错的，至少也更容易出错

与其他观念相比，不管我们的复杂情状观念是不是更容易与别人心中的同名观念不一致，至少可以确定，相较于其他观念，复杂情状观念更容易出错。比如，如果一个人对正义、感激或光荣的理解是错误的，只能因为他对这几个词的理解与别人不同，而别无他因。

12.复杂情状观念容易出错的原因

因为复杂情状的抽象观念是人们对简单观念的整合，所以每种物质的本质也是由人定下的，除了人们对它们的命名外没有其他标准。因此

我们没有其他方式来界定和比照复杂情状观念，那些能正确应用这些名称的人心中的观念就是我们仅有的标准。所以我们观念的正误就要看能否同他们的观念相一致。观念名称的正误问题，我们就讨论到这里。

13.如果把实体作为参照，那么除了实体观念以外，我们的观念都是正确的

第二，如果参照实体，把实体作为观念正误的标准，那么除了复杂实体观念，其他观念都是正确的。

14.首先，在以下情况中，简单观念是正确的及其原因

第一，简单观念是我们凭借着与生俱来的能力所接受的一些知觉，而且这些知觉也是外界事物依照自身的能力，依“道”而生的（虽然我们不谙此道，但这道却合乎上帝的仁慈和智慧）。因此，这些观念的正确度就源于它们给我们带来的印象，又因这些印象必然符合外物的能力（否则我们也不会有相应的印象），所以这些简单观念即由这些能力产生，因此是正确的。此外，很多人认为简单观念就是事物本身，所以也不太可能出错。因为造物者凭借智慧，已经给它们做上标记加以区分，好让我们能把它们区分开来，选取自己需要的。所以，不论我们认为蓝色存在于紫罗兰中，还是我们心中虚构的，都不能变更这一简单观念的本质，即蓝色的产生是由于紫罗兰本身的组织质地对阳光的反射。正是由于这种不变的本质，使我们能够凭视觉把这种事物同其他事物区分开来，不论帮助我们区分的标记是紫罗兰中各部分的特殊组织，还是颜色本身。因此，不论是这种颜色，还是能让我们产生这一观念的特殊组织，我们都称为“蓝”。因为“蓝”只是一种区分标记，表示我们的双眼在紫罗兰中所见的颜色，至于“蓝”由何组成，我们就不得而知了。就算知道，对我们也没有用处。

15.每个人对蓝色的观念不尽相同也无妨

即使我们器官结构不同，导致不同人对同一事物的观念不同，比如一个人看紫罗兰得出的观念与另一人看金盏花得出的观念相同，我们的简单观念也不太容易出错。因为一个人不能透过另一个人的身体去看这些器官产生的印象是什么，所以也就不能将两者产生的观念进行比较，得出对错。只要含有紫罗兰的特质，就能使人产生“蓝色”的观念，只要含有金盏花的特质，就能使人产生“黄色”的观念。不管这两种表象究竟给他们带来什么印象，他们都结合现象，加以区别，取己所用。他们总可以同别人一样区别两种花产生的“蓝”“黄”的表象和这两种颜色在脑中形成的观念。我猜想，任何事物给不同人带来的观念总是相近的。我有很多理由支持这一想法，但这不是我们现在谈论的问题，我就不赘述了。就算反对观点得以证实，也无益于我们知识的增加或生活的便捷，所以也就不用费力考察了。

16.首先，在以下情况中，简单观念是正确的及其原因

据前所述，若参照我们身边的外物，则简单观念均为正确的。因为我们所见的现象和脑中的知觉都由外物而来，通过我们的感官，让我们形成一定的印象。因此，我们对它们的印象同它们产生这些现象的能力是一一对应的。所以，这些观念不可能出错。“蓝”或“黄”，“甜”或“苦”，这些观念永远不会出错，因为这些观念都是对事物最真实的反映。也许名称的应用会出错，但是观念本身是不会出错的，比如一个不懂英文的人，把“紫”这个单词误说成“红”。

17.其次，情状也是正确的

第二，若复杂情状观念参照实体本质而形成，则不会出错。关于情状的复杂观念，并未参照自然之物，所以复杂观念所包括的，仅仅是关于这一情状的观念，别无其他。比如，某人有财产有权位，可以衣食无忧、生活安逸，但他却从不恣意吃穿挥霍。如果我看到他，那么我对他的行为所产生的观念，一定不会是错误的。因为我的观念只是对他行为

的反映，无所谓正误。但是当我用“节俭”或“美德”来形容这一行为时，也许就是一个错误的观念。除非这一行为与“节俭”在言语适当的情况下所属的观念一致，且符合定善恶的法则。

18.最后，实体观念何时是错误的

第三，我们的复杂实体观念，虽然参照实体本身，但也可能出现错误。无疑，如果实体观念所代表的是不可知的本质，则观念必然是错误的。但是我们如果认为这些实体观念是人心中一些简单观念的集合，认为它们由事物中常存的简单观念集合而来，并且假设它们就是这些模型的副本，它们便成了错误的观念。（1）当人们将现实生活中没有联系的简单观念加以组合时就成了错误观念。比如，马的形象和大小加上犬吠，三者无论怎么组合都没有联系，硬组合在一起就是关于马的错误观念。（2）如果将原本结合的简单观念之一剔除，掺入另一个简单观念，形成的整体实体观念也是错误的。比如，黄金的性质有延展性、硬度、易熔性、一定重量和黄色，如果加上铅或铜的固定性就会形成错误的复杂观念。加上其他简单观念，比如绝对固定性，也是错误的。因为在这两种情况下，黄金这一复杂观念虽由简单观念组成，但这些简单观念却不能统一，所以这一复杂观念就是错误的。但是，如果去掉固定性这个条件，或者把这个条件与其他条件分开，那么这个复杂观念就是一个不充分、不完全的观念，而不是错误观念。因为，虽然这个观念包含的因素并不全面，但其他观念可以统一共存。

19.正误常伴随着确认与否决

尽管我已经从普通意义上讲了观念在何种情况下、基于何种基础上为正或误，但是如果我们仔细研究一下各个情况，就会发现我们所认为的正误都源于头脑对各个情况作出的判断。因为正误一定伴随确认或否决，这种确认或否决可能是明白表示出来的，也可能是隐含起来的，当标记同它们所代表的事物相吻合时则为正，否则，则为误。我们常用的

标记就是观念或语言，形成心理命题或语言命题。若标记的分合同它们所代表事物的分合相一致，则为正，反之，则为误，这一点我们将在之后讨论。

20.观念本身无所谓正误

我们不能仅仅依据观念是否同实体或他人的观念一致就判断一个观念的正误。因为，如果这些标记中的一切都在事物中存在，切切实实代表了这一事物，则观念不可能为误。但是，就算标记同现实中的事物不同，我们也不能断定它们就是错误的，因为它们可能原本就没有代表这些事物。不过，以下几种情况的确是错误的：

21.首先，当我们认为心中观念同他人相一致，但其实却不一致时，观念为误

第一，如果头脑形成一个观念，认为此观念与他人的同名观念相一致，或认为此观念与这名称所指的定义一致，但实际上却并非如此时，观念为误。这种情况在复杂情状观念中最为常见，但其他类别的观念也有此情况。

22.其次，当我们认为心中观念同实体一致，但其实却不一致时，观念为误

第二，如果一个复杂观念由一系列简单观念组成，并认为它与一类真实存在的事物一致，而自然中却并不存在这种事物，这种情况下，观念为误。比如，把黄金的颜色、熔性与固定性和锡的重量混合。

23.再次，当我们认为心中的观念充分，但其实却并不充分时，观念为误

第三，有时一个复杂观念包含很多简单观念，这些简单观念确实存

在于很多类事物中，但是这一复杂观念的概括并不完全，所代表的事物中还有其他不可分割的元素，这时，这一复杂观念便不充分。比如，若将黄色、延展性、重量及熔性这几个元素组合，便推断出这是黄金这一复杂观念，却忽略了黄金必有的特定固定性及溶于王水的性质，那么得出的黄金这一复杂观念即不充分。

24.最后，若认为观念能代表本质，则观念为误

第四，如果一个复杂观念仅包含事物本质表现出的部分性质，而我们却认为这一复杂观念包含了它本质的全部，那么我们就犯了更大的错误。这些部分性质是该事物主动或被动与他物接触时表现出的性质，多为人们熟知，所以人们便形成了对该事物的复杂观念。与人们在尝试和检查后得到的性质相比，这些性质仍是少数；就算该事物方面的专家，了解的性质和事物真正的本质相比也是冰山一角。三角形的本质虽然较简单，仅包含少数观念，即三条边围成一个空间，但是这一本质所表现出的性质却数不胜数。所以，就算事物本质较简单，体现出的特征也是无穷无尽的。

25.观念何时为误

如果人们对身外的事物并无概念，但是通过自己设想，可能会形成一些观念（人们可以对这些观念随便命名），这些观念可能既不与事物的本质一致，也不与他人的观念一致，这时观念可能是错误的。但是，如果人们的观念仅仅是关于内心的事物，那么观念不可能出错。比如，如果我在人的身体和四肢上安上马的头和脖子，我所形成的这个观念因为只代表我内心的事物，所以不可能是错的。但是，如果我把它叫作“人”或“鞑靼”（Tartar），并且认为它代表外界的一种真实的存在，或认为它与他人的同名观念是相同的，那么我就错了。这种情况下的观念就是错误的，并不是说观念本身是错误的，错的是隐含的心理判断，即这一观念所指的就是与它一致的某事物。但是，如果我只是在心里设

定这个观念，而不把它与某个实体或名称（即“人”或“鞑靼”）对应，而是自己给它命名，那么我就只是给它假设了一个名字，并不是我的判断或观念出错。

26.把这类观念称为正误更为合适

总体来说，当我们在思考自己的观念时，不管是参照它们名称的所指，还是参照实体，在看它们能否契合时，还是用正误来表示更为合适。如果有人非要用真假来表示，也无妨，毕竟这是个人自由。只不过我认为当观念中包含心理命题时这样表达更为合适。一个人心中的所有观念，就其本身来看并无错误，只有把不一致的部分堆到一起，形成的复杂观念才是错误的。其他一切观念本身都是正确的，而且我们关于它们的知识也都是正确的、真实的知识。但是如果我们把它们同某事物（它们的模型和原型）相对比，结果却不相符，那么它们就成了错误的。

论文字

文字或语言通论

1.人类生而能发清晰可辨之音

上帝造人为好交际之物，使其需要并倾向于与同类为伴；此外还赋其语言，用于交流，连接社会。人生而能发清晰可辨之音，谓之“文字”（words）。然而，这并不足以形成语言。因为鹦鹉等其他一些鸟类，在调教下也能发出清楚的声音，但是它们却不能使用语言。

2.文字是观念的符号

除了要有清晰可辨的声音之外，还要把这些声音作为内部观念的符号，代表头脑中的观念。只有这样，观念才能明于他人，得以传达。

3.文字须具概括性

然而上述两点性质并不能保证文字尽其功用。把声音作为观念的符号还不够，只有当这些符号能概括一类特定事物时，才能使语言尽其功用。因为，如果每种事物都需要特定文字表示自己的名称，那么文字的使用就会过于繁杂，失其功用。要去其繁杂，语言就要增加概括性词语，使特定文字可以代表一类特定事物。文字可以代表一类观念，这也是文字的优越之处。概括性的名称表达的观念也是概括性的，而某单一观念也有具体名称来对应。

4.除了用文字来代表观念，人们还用文字来表示简单或复杂观念存不存在。比如拉丁语中的无（Nihil），在英语中就是无知（ignorance）和无益（barrenness）。我们不能说否定词无关观念，这样它们就成了

毫无意义的。实际上，它们关乎肯定词，只是肯定词的否定形式。

5.文字终归源自可感观念

只消看一下我们对于一般性可感观念的依赖，就能认识到我们各种概念和知识的起源。我们还应该看到，很多文字表达的观念及行为虽然并非感官，但也是源于感官的，也通过显而易见的可感观念转换为更加深奥的含义，用以代表那些感官所不能认知的观念，比如想象（imagine）、领会（apprehend）、理解（comprehend）、坚持（adhere）、猜想（conceive）、灌输（instil）、厌恶（disgust）、扰乱（disturbance）、宁静（tranquility），等等。这些词都源于可感事物，并适用于特定的思考形式。灵魂（spirit），最基本的意思是呼吸，天使（angel），原本的意思是使者。我确信，如果我们追本溯源便会发现，在所有语言当中，即便事物的名称并非代表可感物，它们也定是源于可感观念的。因此，我们可以猜想，最初创造语言的那些人心中所有的概念都是什么样的，它们源于何处。也可以猜想，自然在命名事物时，也在无意中暗示了人们，他们知识的来源和法则。因为，人们在命名他人所能感知的自身行为时，或在命名不为感官所察知的观念时，爱借用普通熟知的感觉观念，来使别人能感其所感，而表面无敏感变化。待这些行为的名称为人共知后，就能表示他们的心理活动，也能通过文字很好地描述他们的其他观念。因为这些观念仅包括外在可感观念及内在心理活动。我们上一章也谈到了，我们的观念仅源于外部可感物及内部可意识的心理活动。

6.分配

为了更好地理解语言在教育和知识方面的效用及力量，我们还要考虑以下几点：

一、在使用语言时，各种名称之应用。

二、既然所有的名称（除了固有名词）都是概括性的，并不代表单一特定事物，而是某种事物，那么随后我们应该考虑，这些种类中究竟包括什么？只有考察过后，我们才能正确使用文字，得出语言的天然优势及劣势，并在文字发生指称模糊不清时进行补救，避免不便。否则，我们就不能对知识进行清晰有序的讨论。因为知识关乎命题，通常为最普遍的命题，所以知识与文字的关联远远超乎人们的想象。

我们将在下一节进一步考察。

文字的缺陷

1.文字用以记载思想和交流思想

通过前节所述，我们很容易便可得出语言的缺陷，而且也由于文字含混不清的本质，导致这一缺陷不可避免。要看文字是否有缺陷，首先要看它们的功用和目的。因为文字的完善程度取决于是否能利用文字达到目的。文字有两大功用：

一、记载思想；

二、交流思想。

2.所有文字均可用于记载

第一，任何文字均可记载思想，帮助我们记忆，正如自说自话。如果说声音这种符号与观念本身没有任何必然联系，那么以此类推，我们也可以使用任意文字表达自己的观念。如果一直使用同一词语表达相同的观念，那么此时文字就没有缺陷。因为我们用这些文字表达了自己的意思，此时文字的使用就是正确的、无缺陷的。

3.用通俗的和专业的文字交流思想

第二，文字交流思想之功用，也分两层。

一是通俗用法，二是专业用法。

一、通俗用法涉及普通谈话和商业中所用的文字，通常关于日常事务和人们的生活琐事。

二、专业用法包括准确传达概念，用普遍的命题表达确信无疑的真理，使人们在寻求真理时有所依附，感到满意。

这两种用法区别甚大，后者比前者精准得多。下面我们将进行介绍。

4.文字的缺陷在于指称不定

在交流中，理解是语言的最终目标。不管是在通俗层面还是在专业层面，如果文字不能使听者心中激起与说者心中相同的观念，那么文字就没有达到这一目标。既然声音与我们的观念没有必然联系，而且它们的指称都是我们任意强加的，那么它们的含混不清和缺陷，多半是源于它们所代表的观念自身，而不是由于此声音比彼声音更能表示那些观念，因为所有声音同样完善。

所以，一些文字比另一些文字更含混不清，通常是它们所代表的观念的缘故。

5.文字存在缺陷的原因

文字本身没有意义，但是，如果我们要想和别人交流思想、进行交谈，就必须学习并记下文字背后的观念。但有时这并不容易，如：

一、文字表示的观念十分复杂，多由很多不同观念组成。

二、文字表示的观念同自然之物并无固定联系，也没有确定的标准对之进行修订和校正。

三、文字的意义需同一个鲜为人知的标准相参照。

四、文字的所指同事物的本质并不完全相同。

这些困难发生在可了解的文字意义方面。至于那些不可了解的文字意义，我们此处将略过。比如由于机能原因不能了解代表简单观念的名称，比如盲人对颜色名称没有概念、聋子对声音名称没有概念等。

在以上几种情况中，我们都能发现文字的缺陷。随后我将主要解释文字应用于各种观念时出现的缺陷。如果仔细考察，就会发现，复杂情状名称的含混和缺陷多由于前两种原因，实体名称的缺陷多由于后两种原因。

6.复杂情状名称含混不清多由于它们代表的观念过于复杂

第一，复杂情状名称的意义多含混不清。

原因一：它们表示的观念构成复杂。文字要达到交流的目的，必须在听者心中激起与说者心中相同的观念。缺少这点，人们只能以噪声相扰，不能达成对话交流的目的，即传达思想、沟通观念。但是，如果一个词语代表的观念过于复杂，经过了整合再整合，那么精确地形成并记下这一观念就是十分困难的，毫无改变地精准使用这一观念也是十分困难的。因此，很少有两个人对于复杂观念的命名所指完全相同（比如大部分品行名词）。因为就复杂观念本身来说，两个人都会持不同看法，而且同一人在过去和未来对复杂观念的看法也不相同。

7.第二，复杂情状名称没有标准

原因二：复杂情状缺少标准，不能进行修订和校正，因此它们多变化不定。它们多由人们随性组合，满足自身对话之用，满足自身观念。它们并不是对实际存在之物的描述，而是依照观念中的各种原型进行命名分类。起初创造欺骗（sham）、哄骗（wheedle）和戏弄（banter）等这些字的人，只是凭借自己的认识，把上述词语所能代表的观念都浓缩在这些词中。正如我们如今仍在向固有的语言中加入新的情状名称一样，过去的新词也是这样形成的。介于代表集合观念的名称是人们随意创造的，自然中没有对应的联合体，人们也没有一个标准去比对，所以这些名称大多意义不清。“谋杀”“亵渎”究竟代表什么，永远不能从它们所表示的事物中得知。在“谋杀”和“亵渎”这样的复杂观念中，大部分意义都不能由动作本身、心中意图或与圣物的关系中得出，同外在可见的行动也并无联系。谋杀时唯一的可见动作就是扣动扳机，而这一动作同“谋杀”这一复杂观念的其他部分并无联系。这一动作和其他部分观念之所以能共同形成“谋杀”的意义，是由于人们硬把它们结合在一起，并没有依据特定规则和模式。正是由于没有规则对他们的观念进行核准，不同人对于这一集合的理解也不同，不同人赋予这一名称的意义也不同。

8.适当性并不足以补救文字的缺陷

确实，通俗用法或适当性原则可以提供些补救，确定语言的意义，这点不容否认。通俗用法可以在普通对话中规范文字的意思，但是谁都不能确认文字的准确含义，也不能决定它们和哪些观念对应。通俗用法并不足以适用于专业的对话，大多复杂观念名称在通俗用法中有很大改变余地，而且这些复杂观念名称即便用法适当，也可以表示不同观念。此外，我们也没有关于适当性的相关规定，所以对于字词的使用方式到底是不是得当，也经常出现争端。因此，显然，这种复杂观念名称多存在缺陷，指意多含混不清。即便双方都想要理解对方，也不能每次达成一致。比如，尽管人人都会说“荣誉”和“感恩”，但是即便在同一国家，

人们说同种语言，对这两个词所代表的复杂集合观念的理解也不同。

9.获知名称的方式也会导致意义含混不清

复杂情状名称的获知方式往往会使这些名称的意义更加含糊。儿童是怎样学习语言的呢？要让他们明白简单观念的名称或物体的名称，人们往往把名称代表的东西给他们看，这样他们就对这些东西有了观念。随后，再把代表事物的名称重复地说给他们听，比如“白、甜、奶、糖、猫、狗”。但是在复杂情状名称方面，尤其是其中最重要的品行名词，他们往往先学习相应的声音。如果要明白这些名称代表的复杂观念是什么，他们就要寻求他人解释，或靠自己观察（大多数情况是这样）。虽然他们想要知道这些品行名称精确的意思，但是在人们口中，这些名称往往是毫无意义的声音，就算有些意义，也大多松散不定、含混模糊。就连那些特别注意把观念表达清楚的人，在使用复杂观念名称来区别于其他名称时，也不能避免这种含混。不管是激烈的辩论还是日常的交谈，只要涉及“荣誉、信心、优雅、宗教和教堂”等名称，人们总会有不同观点，这多是因为他们对这些名称的定义不同，在谈到这些词时他们心中的指称也不同。所以这些争论都是关于一个固定声音的意义。因此，我们看到，不管是人界还是神界，法律的解释总是无穷无尽，解释说明都源源不断。因此，人们总是在不断地限制、区分、调整这些品行词的意义。但是人们对这些名称的创造仍然无穷无尽。很多人，在第一次读圣经或法典时多满足于了解文本之意，但他们一味寻求解说，在看过解说后反而疑惑了，明白的地方也糊涂了。我并不是说注解是无用的，而是想要说明，复杂情状名称的意义本身就是不确定的，就连那些有意向、有能力利用语言表达思想的人也解释不清楚。

10.因此，古代作家难免表意不明

显然，这些名称指称的不确定性使得不同国家历代作家也难免表意不清。因此，如果要了解这些名家运用自身思想完成的等身之作究竟原

意为何，就需要我们特别留心，加以研习，运用智慧和判断力。不过我们在各种著作方面，不必全都过分追求其意，我们应该把重点放在包含真理和法律的那些书籍上，因为真理是我们所信仰的，法律是我们所服从的，稍有错误，稍有触犯，就会使我们陷于不利。至于别的作家，我们不必过于费心探求，因为他们所写的只是他们一家之言，因此，我们不必知道他们的观点，正如他们不必知道我们的观点一样。我们的福祸不取决于他们的著作，所以我们即使不知道他们的观念也无妨。因此，如果他们的著作用词不清，我们完全可以把它们束之高阁，这都由我们自己决定。

11.“如果你们本身不想让人理解，被忽略也实属应当。”

如果说复杂情状名称没有确定意义，是因为自然中没有真实存在的标准，使那些观念有所参照，有所校正，那么实体名称没有确定意义，就是因为相反的原因，因为实体名称代表的观念与实际存在的事物是相符的，在自然中也有相应的标准。就实体观念来说，我们不能像对待复杂情状观念那样自由组合观念，形成特定标记，并以此对事物进行分类和命名。我们必须服从自然，使我们的复杂观念符合实体，用事物本身来规范它们名称的意义，否则，我们的名称就不能成为它们的标记，也不能代表它们。在这方面，我们可以遵循一定的模式。不过，也正是由于这些模型，使得实体名称意义不明。因为这些实体观念要参照我们身外世界的标准，而我们要么根本不知道这些标准，要么知道的不全，所以实体观念的名称意义也是多变的。

12.首先，事物的名称会参照其本质，而本质是不得而知的

如上所述，在通俗用法中，事物的命名要参照两个因素。

第一，名称要能代表对应的事物。所以，名称的指称必须符合事物的实质构成，包括所有性质。但是这一构成，或称本质，是不为我们所

知的。所以，不管我们赋予它什么声音，都不能十分准确。我们永远也不可能知道，真正应该被称为“马”或“锑”的事物是什么，因为本质永远不得而知，所以名称的意义也不完全。因此，按照这个假设，由于事物名称的标准不能得知，也就不能依据标准确认或调整名称的意义。

13.其次，事物的名称会参照共存的性质，而我们不能了解所有性质

第二，事物中存在的简单观念（即名称能直接表示出的），共存于多种事物中，它们是相关名称参照的标准，也是意义得以修改的标准。但是这些原型也不能消除意义的不确定性，因为这些共存于同一事物的简单观念数量很多，且每个都适于成为具体复杂观念的一部分，得到名称的直接反映。尽管每个人考察的对象相同，但实际上各自形成的观念却不同。所以，每个人使用的名称必然各不相同。这些组成复杂观念的简单性质无穷无尽，多为各种能力，同他物产生反应时会发生改变。如果你知道，活跃性高的金属在加热之后会发生很多种变化，在同其他物体发生化学反应后变化更丰富这个道理，就不会奇怪为什么在我们的能力范围之内不能悉知每种事物的全部性质。这些性质如此之多，多到人们不能确切地知道数量有多少。每个人会凭借自己的技能发现不同的性质，因此，每个人对同一事物的观念就会不同，在听到这一事物的名称时就会有多种不同指称。事物的复杂观念是由多个简单观念构成的，共存于自然之中，所以每个人都可以把自己发现的性质纳入他的复杂观念之中。比如黄金，有人认为黄金的性质包括颜色和重量，另一个人认为溶于王水是黄金的又一性质，还有人认为应该加上可熔性，又有人根据自己的经验或道听途说，提出还应该增加延展性和固定性。那么这些人里，究竟谁对“黄金”的概念最为正确？该由谁来决定呢？每个人参照的标准都源于自然，每个人都有理由认为自己提出的性质经过研究，符合“黄金”的指称，应纳入“黄金”原本的复杂观念。而没有经过仔细调查，就会忽略相关性质。自然中性质的结合是复杂观念中各简单观念结

合的基础，因此各个性质和观念地位相同，没有哪个必须留下或哪个必须去除。因此，我们可以断言，虽然人们使用同一名称命名一个事物，但是他们形成的复杂观念却各有不同，而事物名称的意义也是不确定的。

14.此外，任一简单观念对应的各种性质都会同他物发生作用，有的能同多数事物发生作用，有的能同少数事物发生作用。既然如此，谁能决定，物体的性质组合中，哪些性质能得到名称的反映？谁又有权力决定，哪些明显且常见的性质应被排除？又应该加入哪些不易察觉的、特殊的性质？对这些问题的回答导致了事物名称意义的不确定性。在我们下面讨论专业用法时，就会看到，正是这种不确定性造成了犹疑、争辩和错误。

15.带有缺陷的文字可供通俗之用，但不能用于专业范畴

在日常对话中，往往由明显性质的表象决定事物的名称（比如在以种传代的各种事物方面，我们多半以它们的形状命名，对于别的事物，我们多以它们的颜色和其他可感性质命名），人们也能完全明白这些名称所指的是哪些事物，比如，人们清楚“黄金”和“苹果”指的是什么，也能把它们区分开来。不过在专业性的探讨和辩论中，虽然也应该确定一般性的真理，从前提推出结论，但是事物名称的表意却不能确定，更不易确定。比如，如果你认为“黄金”这一复杂观念包括可锻性（某种程度的固定性），就会相应作出推断并得出结论，认为“黄金”有此特征。但是，如果有人认为可锻性不是黄金的特征，那么他就永远不会承认也不会相信你的观点。

16.以液体为例

人们如果抛弃了纷乱粗疏的意念，进行严格缜密的考察，就不难发现，在一切语言中的事物名称方面，这种缺陷是很自然且难避免的。因

为，此时他们会相信，许多文字的意义，在通常用法中似乎很清楚、很确定，可是实际上却含混不清。有一次，我同一伙聪明而博学的医生们在一块聚会，他们偶然谈到一个问题：是否有液体能穿过神经纤维？讨论进行了很长时间，双方各执一词，但我却希望，他们先考察确定“液体”一词的意义，再进行争辩。因为我常觉得，人们的争执不下大多困于文字的意义，而非对事物的不同认识。他们起初对我的提议有些惊讶，好在他们都很聪明，没有认为我的提议肤浅怪异。他们之所以惊讶是因为在座所有人都认为自己完全理解“液体”的含义，甚至连我也认为这个词没什么难理解的。但他们最终还是同意了我的提议。经过考察发现，这个词的表意并不如他们所想那般确定，每个人对“液体”都有自己的看法。这使他们意识到，两方辩论的结点在于“液体”的意义，而就某种流动柔软的物质可以穿过神经纤维这点却达成了一致。究竟这种流动柔软的物质应不应该被称为“液体”，大家在思考后都认为这点不值得争论。

17.以黄金为例

人们热烈的讨论，归根结底是以上这种情况，这一点在其他方面也可以看到。现在我们只消稍微仔细考察一下我们前面提到的例子——“黄金”，就能看到它的表意是很难确定的。我想大家都同意，黄金是一种金灿灿的物质。很多儿童都认为，只要是金灿灿的东西，就是黄金。所以，他们会认为孔雀尾巴上金黄金黄的那块就是黄金。又有人认为黄金应该具有可熔性，那些浴火成灰的金黄物质不是黄金。所以，“黄金”就是这样一种物质，有着金灿灿的外表，且浴火而化而非成灰。同样，还有人把重量加入这个观念中，这个性质和可熔性一样，同颜色紧密相连，也应当用那个名称来表示。因此，前面说的只有颜色和可熔性就是不完全的，其他部分性质也是如此。谁都说不清，介于这些性质都不可分割，系于自然，为什么有些应包括于本质之中，有些应排除在本质之外。代表戒指原材料的黄金，为什么颜色、重量和可熔性的

组合能表示它的本质，而颜色、重量和溶于水的组合却不能呢？溶于王水这一性质同熔于火的性质一样，同本质密不可分，两种都是黄金本身可同外物发生作用的性质，这两种性质的差别只是在于外物对黄金的作用方式不同。那么凭什么可熔性可以成为黄金本质的一部分，而可溶性只是它的一种性质呢？又凭什么颜色是本质的一部分，而可锻性仅是一种性质呢？我在这里想要表达的是，上述各种性质都是依存于本质的，都会主动或被动同他物发生反应。因此，谁都不能决定“黄金”一词（参照自然中的实体）究竟表示这一组观念还是另一组观念。所以，这一名称的表意必然是不确定的。既然每个人对同一事物的观察都各有不同，而且又没有人能穷尽所有性质，那么我们对事物的描述只能是有缺陷的，而文字的表意也是不确定的。

18.简单观念名称最少含混

如前所述，简单观念名称最少含混，即便出现含混也能轻易察觉。原因如下：第一，这些名称代表的观念只关乎一种感觉，相较于那些复杂观念更容易理解，更容易记住，因此较少出现不确定的情况。而事物和混杂情状的复杂观念通常包括多个简单观念，并且人们对这些简单观念的集合还没有统一的看法，因此这些复杂观念更不容易记住。第二，简单观念名称不参照其他本质，只参照它们直接表示的那个感觉。而实体名称永远会参照其他本质，所以它们的意义含混不清，因此引发许多争辩。只要不过于执拗或存心找碴儿，在使用自己熟悉的语言时，人们很少弄错简单观念名称。比如，“白”“甜”“黄”“苦”的意思都很明显，每个人都能理解，就算不理解，本身也能意识到自己不懂了，会寻求解答。但别人具体如何使用“谦虚”或者“节俭”这样的简单观念集合，就不得而知了。我们多认为自己知道“金”和“铁”代表什么，即使这样，究竟他人如何定义这些复杂观念，我们却不能确定。但有一点我能确信，即如果说者和听者对它们特性的定义并不相同，在谈论普遍论题，确定普遍真理，考察最终结果时，一旦使用它们，就会产生错误和争论。

19.简单情状名称也较少含混

同理，简单情状名称同简单观念名称一样，也很少含混。特别是涉及图形和数字时，人们尤为清楚。只要用心就不会搞混数字“七”和“三角形”。总的来说，在任何方面，最简单的观念一定有最明确的名称。

20.超复杂混杂情状和实体名称最含混

如果复杂情状是由少数明显的简单观念组成的，那么它们的名称意义就比较明确。而如果复杂情状包括很多简单观念，那么它们的名称意义往往含混不清。至于实体名称，如果它们的观念来源既不是事物的本质，也不是它们参照模型的精确表象，就会出现很大缺陷和不确定性。当涉及专业用法时，情况更甚。

21.为何将缺陷归咎于文字

事物名称方面的混乱多由于我们缺少知识，或是不能洞悉它们的本质。你也许会想，为什么我们把这些缺陷怪到文字头上，而不怪我们自己的理解力不够呢？这一异议很有道理，所以我有必要解释一下为什么我们总是把缺陷归咎于文字。知识和文字密切相关，只有考察过文字的力量和意义后，才能对知识进行清晰恰当的分析。知识有关真理，有关命题。知识纵然终归要落到事物上，但还要通过文字表达，因此，文字同我们的知识密不可分。文字在真理和我们的理解力之间架起一座桥梁，像是可视物体往来的媒介。而它们的含混又常常蒙住我们的双眼，误导我们的理解。只要仔细研究一下人们给自己和他人带来的谬论，看一下人们的争论和观念中出现的错误，就能发现，其中的大部分都源于文字及文字意义的不确定性。因此，我们完全可以相信，文字成为了我们获取知识道路上的绊脚石。我们必须注意到这点，因为人们还没有意识到文字给我们带来的不便，反而通过研究助长这一现象，甚至冠以研究这一学科的人博学精思的美誉。但是我认为，语言是获取知识的工

具，如果能完全消除这些缺陷，世界上就会减少很多争论喧嚣，通往知识与和平的道路也会越来越宽。

22.因此我们在研究前人的作品时要保持谦虚

我确信，就所有语言来说，文字的意义都依赖于使用这种语言的人所拥有的思想和观念。因此，即使对于在同一国家使用同种语言的人们来说，文字的意义也是不确定的。这点在希腊作家中就可见一斑。只要稍作研究，就会发现他们虽然用着同样的文字，但是却自说自话，表意不同。这还仅是同一个国家在某段时间的状况，如果再跨时空呢？各家有各家的观念、脾气、习俗，形容词和修辞也各不相同，虽然我们不知道当时情况怎样，但这必然会影响当时文字的意义。因此在我们解释或误解前人之作时要互相谅解，因为，虽然我们应对这些作品加以研究，但是各语言不通造成的困难是不可避免的。如果说者不能在表达自己的意思和目的之前定义各种名词（简单观念名称和明显事物名称除外），那么听者就自然会犹疑不定。宗教、法律和品行是最为重要的话题，因此，这几方面的困难也最大。

23.各家对“新旧约”的解释和评论就是最直接的证据。尽管书中所写的内容极为真实，但是读者的理解却经常出现错误。这自不必惊讶，因为上帝的意志在披上文字的外衣后必然会含混不清。正如上帝之子在披上肉体的外衣后，也不得不经受人性的一切弱点一样（罪恶除外）。我们要赞美他的慈悲，感谢他把旨意用如此了然的方式表达出来，好让我们传播于世。他给人类带来了理智之光，使那些不曾见“上帝”这个词的人也确信上帝的存在（只要他们愿意去追寻），对上帝礼敬有加。自然宗教的箴言清楚明白，为全人类所了解，不为人所争执；而书籍和语言揭示的真理，通常会困于文字这一媒介，产生很多隐晦或困难。我认为，对于前者，我们应该仔细勤恳地研习；对于后者，我们也不应过于倨傲、绝对和专横。

文字的滥用

1.文字的滥用

语言本身固有一定的缺陷，使文字的使用出现含糊纷乱。但除此之外，人们在进行交流时，往往也会故意用错或有所忽略，导致这些符号更不明白，更不清晰。

2.第一，无观念字词，或曰无清晰观念字词

第一，在这方面，最明显的滥用就是在使用文字时没有清晰明显的观念，或根本没有观念。主要有以下两种情况：

一、你可能会发现，在所有的语言当中，有些词不管是从起源看还是从使用看，都不能表示任何清晰明显的观念。这些词大多源于哲学和宗教派系。这些词的创造者，往往爱装作与众不同，不为常人理解，或支持一些奇特的观点，又或要遮掩自己假设中的弱点，因此他们会创造这些新字词。如果我们考察一下这些新字词，就会发现它们可以被称为“无意义的词汇”。这些词在发明之初就不代表任何观念，就算仔细考察一下，也会发现它们同观念并不一致。无疑，之后同派别的人在普遍使用这些词时，也只是单纯地使用声音，而没有任何意义。同派别的那些人认为嘴里说着这些词就已足够，完全可以同其他派别相区别，因此就不必费事考察这些字词代表什么观念。我就不举例了，因为大家在读书和交谈中会发现很多这样的现象。如果你想多要些例子，可以去问那些“无意义词汇的制造者”，也就是那些烦琐的学者和形而上学者（也包括后来的自然哲学家和观念哲学家），他们可以给你满意的答案。

3.二、还有一些人，滥用字词的情况更甚。他们不但不放弃那些起初就没有清晰观念的字词，反而经常在使用那些表示重要观念的字词时也表意不清。人们常常谈及“智慧”“荣耀”“恩惠”等词，但是如果问一问

他们，这些词究竟是什么意思？他们就会傻眼，不知如何作答。这就证明，虽然他们知道这些声音，也能脱口而出，但却不知道这些词究竟是什么意思，也不能向别人解释。

4.这是因为，他们在了解观念之前先学习了它们的名称

从小到大，人们都习惯先学字词，再学字词代表的复杂观念或事物。人们往往不会费心去了解这些字词具体表示什么意思，而是用这些字词表示自己心中一些含混的观念，并且认为别人在使用这些字词的时候也拥有一样的观念，就好像这些字词的读音表意永恒不变似的。在日常生活中，为求对方了解起见，人们要在字词方面作些变通。但是，在讨论到自己的原则和利益时，这些无意义的文字显然会使他们的谈论充满假大空的论调。涉及品行字词时尤为如此，因为品行字词是大量任意观念的集合，并不是永远固定存在于自然中的，所以人们大多仅对它们的读音有概念，它们所表示的观念也很含糊。人们往往会使用周围人使用的字词，而且常常装出一副很自信的样子，避免别人看出他们根本不知道词义，但同时又不愿意费事了解这些字词真正的意义是什么。这样一来，他们不但可以随意使用这些字词，还可以享受另外一个优势，那就是虽然他们很少用对，但是也很少有人能说服他们，证明他们用错了。因为说服他们就等于让没有对错观念的人不要犯错，或剥夺一个没有住处的流浪汉的住宅。这是我的猜想，但事实究竟是否如此，大家可以从自身或他处观察得出。

5.第二，字词使用前后不一

第二，文字的另一种滥用，是使用时前后不一。我们常常看到，人们在描写一个话题时（特别是辩论中），同一个词（辩论的观念词）有时表示这些观念，有时表示那些观念。这是典型的滥用文字。我用文字代表自己的观念，再把这些文字告知他人，如果我时而让它们表示这个意思，时而让它们表示那个意思，我就在滥用文字，因为文字的意义并

非其本身的意义，而是我强加给它的。这种任意的做法简直愚蠢，甚至是一种欺骗。一个人在对话或推理时，用同一字词表示不同简单观念集合，就像一个人在计算时，用同一数字表示不同单位集合一样。比如，用数字3表示3、4或8。真不知道谁会同这样算账的人来往！这样做的人会根据自己的利益，在做生意时把8算成7，或算成9，这样的愚蠢和欺骗人人都会生厌。但是在争辩和知识竞赛中，这种做法多被看作聪明和博学的表现。然而，我认为，这是更大的欺骗，因为真理比金钱更重要。

6.第三，字词的误用导致混淆

第三，把旧词用于新情况或不寻常的情况，或引入一些未定义的新词，又或把文字组合起来混淆原义时，这些都会带来含混，是语言的另一种滥用。逍遥学派这点最为明显，其他学派也有此现象发生。事实上，所有学派都会遇到一些困难（这也是人类知识的缺陷），因此他们会用含混的文字和意义来掩盖自己的不足，如在眼前蒙上一层迷雾。只要想想就能知道，通俗用法中，“主体”和“外延”是两个不同的观念。因为，如果它们的意义是相同的，那么我们不但可以说“外延的主体”，也可以说“主体的外延”，两种说法一样清楚适当。但有的人非得把两者的意义弄混。而且，各学派还以这种滥用，甚至文字、逻辑和通识学科的含混为荣。而辩论这种艺术，不但没有帮助我们辩明真理和知识，反而加剧了语言本身的缺陷。仔细研究这些学术著作的人会发现，其中涉及的字词比日常会话用语更晦涩、更含混，意义更不确定。

7.逻辑和辩论多导致文字的滥用

人们的角色和学识往往由他们的辩论技能决定。如果要在这方面设奖项，评奖方面包括文字使用的精巧准确，那么人们会在反对或辩护某一观点时极尽巧舌之能。胜利的标准不是真理归于何方，而是谁能辩到最后。

8.人们把巧舌善辩称为玄思

尽管这项技能并无用处，与追求真理背道而驰，但是还是被人们冠以“玄思”和“精妙”的美名，得到各学派的称颂和有识之士的推崇。怪不得当时的哲学家（我指的是那些爱争好辩的哲学家，如希腊作家卢西恩诙谐合理的讥讪）和学者要用古怪难解的复杂文字网来遮掩自己的无知。他们所追求的只是荣誉和尊重，旨在让他人知道自己学识渊博。真才实学难求，假装冒充易得，所以他们多使用难解的词汇，让别人赞叹。他们的用语越难懂，别人就会越膜拜他们。但纵观古今，这些“学识渊博”的人也没比别人更聪明、更有用。他们对人类的生活和当时的社会贡献微乎其微。因为，创造的新词没有新事物与之对应，混淆旧词的含义，使很多问题有所争议，对于人们的生活并无意义，也不值得赞赏和奖励。

9.这种学识无助于社会

尽管世界上有很多学识渊博的雄辩家和学究，但各国的和平、防御和自由却全仰赖不做学问的政治家，而艺术的发展也依靠那些没有文化、被人轻贱的手艺人。不过，这种装模作样的愚陋和学问渊博的妄语，近来却十分流行，这都是那些学究的利益和虚荣推动的，想要维护既得的权威和权力，最容易的方法就是用艰涩的文字调侃生意人和无知者，并且使聪明而无所事事之人忙着辩论毫无意义的词汇，让他们卷入无底的迷洞。此外，要想使人相信荒诞的教条，只能用一堆晦涩、含混而不确定的文字来保障它们。而这种保障，更像是强盗的窝点、狐狸的洞穴，而不像守卫战士的堡垒。这层保障不好攻破，不是因为他们本身武力高强，而是他们周围荆棘丛生，提供遮蔽。因为人们不能接受谬论，所以他们只能借晦涩艰深以自保。

10.不过这样却破坏了获取知识和沟通的工具

这种人看似有学识，实则为无知，让有求知欲的人也学不到真正的知识。而这种现象在世界上还普遍存在，看似启发理解，实则迷惑思维。我们也看到，虽然其他善意而聪明的人在教育和学术方面没有达到那种“造诣”，但他们也能正常地运用语言，良好地沟通，开发语言的真正效用。然而，虽然不做学问的人能充分了解白与黑这两个字，也知道这两个字代表的观念，但是还是有学究巧妙地证明雪是黑的，也就是证明白即黑。这样，他们就破坏了交流和教育的工具。他们所做的无非是混淆文字的意义，使语言更无用（语言本身的缺陷已然影响其效用）。不做学问之人是没有这种“本事”的。

11.这样做就等于混淆声音和字母

上述指白为黑的做法，同改变已知文字的意义一样，不能增益人们的理解，也无益于人们的生活；就算一个人学识精微，才能超群，在著作中以A代B、以D代E、以X代Y，让读者惊叹，但也是无益的。因为，要用黑这个字来表示另一个相反的观念，并且称雪为黑，就和以A代B是一样无意义；因为大家承认“黑”代表一种可感观念，“白”代表另一种可感观念。字母A代表语言器官运动后所产生的一种声音改变，而字母B代表另一种。

12.这种艺术让宗教和正义变得更加复杂

这种危害也出现在逻辑的细枝末节和好奇空洞的猜测当中，侵害了人们的生活和社会，使法律和神谕变得含混复杂，让人生百态变得混乱、无序和不定，使宗教和正义两大法则变得无用，甚至消失。大部分对人神法则的评论和争辩，除了让其意义更模糊，更复杂之外，还有什么用呢？反反复复区分，揪住细节不放，无非只能让字词更含糊不清，让读者更糊涂。为什么仆人更容易理解君主下的命令，不管以口头还是书面形式？为什么确立成法律之后臣民反而不解了呢？我前面也提到了，很多资质一般的人原本可以读懂一篇文章，或一条法律，但是在向

专家或学会咨询后，反而觉得没有帮助。

13.这称不上学问

这里我不讨论上述做法是不是有什么附带利益，但是我想让大家想一想，人们是不是应该掌握事物的本质，做好该做的事；而不应该浪费时间谈论事物，卖弄文字；是不是应该直接明了地使用文字；我们使用语言是不是为了多学知识，联系社会；而不是遮掩真理，动摇人权，生烟起雾，模糊道德和宗教。至少，如果发生这类事，应该想一想这是不是学识和知识。

14.第四，把文字当作事物本身

第四，把文字当作事物本身也是对文字的滥用。从某种程度上说，这关乎所有名称，但实体名称最受影响。如果人们把自己的思想局限于一个体系，坚信传统的假设是完美无缺的，那么就容易发生这种滥用。他们会相信，这一学派的名称同事物完全对应，完全同事物的本质一致。自幼学习逍遥学派理论的人，都认为十大范畴的名称同事物的本质完全一致，他们都相信“实体形式”（substantial forms）、“植物的灵魂”（vegetative souls）、“憎恶虚空”（abhorrence of a vacuum）、“心理成像”（intentional species）等是真实存在的。人们在初学知识时就接触了这些文字，并发现学派大师和体系都十分重视这些文字，所以他们自然而然认为，这些文字同自然相一致，代表了各真实存在的实体。柏拉图派学者主张“世界的灵魂”（soul of the world），伊壁鸠鲁派（Epicureans）主张原子在静止时也有“运动的趋向”（endeavour towards motion）。几乎哲学的每个学派都有自己的一套术语，外人是不懂的。因为人们不能事事精通，所以这些妄语，倒是能粉饰人的愚陋，遮掩人的错误。因此，久而久之，这些词被同学派的人所熟知，成为语言中最重要、最有意义的部分。如果这一学派的教义盛行，那么，“转世”“轮回”这样的词就会随处可见，无疑，人们也会对这些词有印象，使他们

相信对应的事物是存在的。“逍遥派形式”和“心理成像”经历的就是这样一个过程。

15.以物质为例

只要专心研读哲学著作便会看到，很多名称都被当成事物本身，这大大误导了我们的理解。但是有些文字虽被误用，却不易察觉。举一个大家都熟悉的例子：人们对“物质”一词争论不休，好似自然中真有这种东西存在，与“物体”相区别。显然，这两个词所表示的观念是不同的。因为，如果这两个词表示的观念完全相同，那么我们就可以随意替换它们。但是，我们虽然可以说“所有物体的物质相同”，却不能说“所有物质的物体相同”。我们常说一个“物体”比另一个“物体”大，却很少说一个“物质”比另一个“物质”大。为什么会这样呢？因为，“物质”和“物体”虽然并没有实质的区别，有此就有彼；但是它们代表两个不同的观念，“物质”是不完全的，是“物体”的一部分。物体代表外在实体，而物质是物体的一部分，观念更为含糊，物质是物体的构成，只是没有形状。因此，当谈到物质的时候，我们通常指向只有一个，因为物质只是一个实体观念，到处都一样，所以，我们不说不同物质。而物体，却有各种形状，各有不同。物质总要以一定的形状存在，因此要说物质具体是什么就会造成谈论和争辩的含混，这就是哲学家心里和书中的“原料”。这其中的缺陷和滥用，以及还关系什么词汇，还是由大家考察吧。但至少我可以说，如果我们能如实地观察文字本身，只把它们看作观念的符号，而非事物本身，那么世界上的争论一定会少很多。因为，在我们争论“物质”一词，或类似的名词时，我们争论的只是那个发音所表示的观念，而不过问这个观念是否同自然之物相一致。如果人们能清楚地告知他们的用词究竟表示什么观念，那么在追寻真理时，模糊和争吵就会减半。

16.错误会持续下去

不论文字的误用会产生什么不便，都有一点可以肯定，那就是人们会对错误习以为常，观念会逐渐偏离真理。我们很难使人们相信，他们的父辈、老师、牧师或学士使用的文字，代表的都不是真实存在的自然之物。这是人们不愿改掉错误的一大原因。就连那些颇有见地的、一味追求真理的人，也很难改掉这些错误。因为文字的使用时间越长，人们的印象就越深，相应的错误观念也就更难消除。

17.第五，人们常用文字来表示它们本不能表示的东西

第五，用文字表示它们原本不能表示的事物，也是一种滥用。很多时候，透过事物的类称，我们可以看到它们的名义本质。当我们把名称设为命题，加以确认或否决时，我们通常认为它们代表的就是一类事物的实在本质。如果一个人说“黄金是有延展性的”，他所暗示的，并不只是“在我的观念中，黄金是有延展性的”（尽管这句话也只能表示这个意思），还表示了“只要具备黄金的本质就有延展性”。也就是说，延展性取决于黄金的本质，与本质密不可分。但是，如果一个人不知道黄金的本质包括什么，就不能把延展性和这种本质联系起来，而只能把延展性和“黄金”的读音联系起来。如果我们认为“人”的定义是“理性的动物”，而非“无羽、宽甲、两足动物”（源于柏拉图），且“人”这个字，在这里代表的是这类生物的本质，那么就说明，“理性的动物”更适于描述“人”的本质。否则，柏拉图怎么不用“人”来表示形状和外表与他物不同的躯体呢？亚里士多德怎么不用“人”来表示兼有身体和推理能力的事物呢？还是因为“人”这个字表示着它本不能表示的其他事物。

18.用文字表示它们原不能表示的事物，就等于用文字表示它们原不能表示的事物之本质

诚然，如果文字对应的观念是事物的本质，那么事物的名称将会比现在更有用，相关的命题也会更确定。但是，由于我们不能掌握事物的本质，我们在对话时使用的文字传递的知识就很少，很不确定。因此，

为了减少这种缺陷，人们就悄悄用文字表示含有这种本质的某个事物，似乎这样就更加接近本质。尽管“人”和“黄金”代表的仅仅是事物一系列性质的复杂观念，但是人们在使用这些字词时，都认为这些名称代表的是拥有这种本质（含有以上性质）的事物。这种做法，明显是对文字的滥用，不仅没有减少文字的缺陷，反而让缺陷有所增加。这是因为，我们使用的名称代表的事物并不存在于我们的复杂观念中，所以自然也就不能用这名称来表示这种事物。

19.因此，我们对事物观念的改变，并不会改变对应的事物种类

这里我要解释，为什么在复合情状中，任一观念的消失或改变，都可能使整个复杂观念改变，变成另一种类。比如，过失杀人（chance-medly）、屠杀（manslaughter）、谋杀（murder）和弑亲（parricide）。这是因为，名称表示的复杂观念包括实在本质和名义本质，除此之外，再没有参照其他本质。但是就实体来说，却并非如此。比如黄金，尽管每个人对黄金持有的观念不同，但是大家却不认为事物有所改变，因为人们在心中悄悄把这一名称同这一事物的不变本质（包括各种性质）相参照。你认为黄金还应该包括固定性和溶于王水，这也不会对事物造成改变，只是加上另一简单观念后，让这个复杂观念更加完整。但是，如果我们对名称参照的事物没有任何概念，那么观念的增加就没什么帮助，反而会给我们带来更多困难。如果我们对黄金这一事物没有任何概念，那么就算参照其本质，“黄金”一词（表示或多或少的简单观念集合，在交谈中指向某一事物）也没有什么意义。虽然在交谈中，我们会用“黄金”这一名称表示对应的实体，但是如果仔细考察一下，便会发现“黄金”一词可能和实体本身并不统一，比如就算把金叶子放在我们面前，我们也可能辨认不出。

20.文字滥用的原因在于人们假设自然的作用是规律的

人们用名称来表示事物的实在本质，是因为他们假设（如前所

述），自然在产生事物时是有规则的。自然会区分不同物种，如果事物的内部构成相同，那么我们也赋予它们通用名称。但是，只要你看到同种事物的不同特质，就会相信，种类中的个体，虽然名称相同，但内部构成却彼此不同。而且，同种事物的差异程度与不同种事物的差异程度相仿。人们总是假设，内部构成相同，则名称就相同。由于这一假设，人们往往用这些名称代表事物的本质。然而，这些名称实际代表的，只是人们在使用这些事物时头脑中产生的复杂观念。这些名称表示的事物，如果与人们真正指称的事物不同，使用起来就会造成很大的歧义。这种情况在那些深受“实体形式”影响的人身上十分常见，他们坚信不同物种都是由这种“形式”来决定和区分的。

21.文字的滥用包括两种错误的假设

用各种名称来表示我们没有的观念，或不了解的本质，是十分荒谬的，因为这样我们的文字就不代表任何事物。但只要看看人们对文字的使用，就会发现这种荒谬的现象简直随处可见。当一个人问他所见的事物（不管是黑猩猩或怪胎）是不是人，他所问的并不是这个具体的事物是否符合他对“人”形成的复杂观念，而是它是否具有“人”这种事物的本质。因此，在使用事物名称时，常会出现下列两种错误假设：

一、自然界中存在一些特定的本质，各种具体的事物依照这些本质而形成，也根据这些本质得以分类。可以确定的一点是，各种事物都有其本质，使各种可感特质有所依存。但事实证明，这些本质并不能区分物种，划分界限。

二、第一点似乎已经预先假设我们知道上述本质。因为，如果不是已经知道“人”的本质是什么，我们怎么能判断一件事物是否含有这种本质呢？不过，这种假设是完全错误的。因此，如果用这些名称来表示我们本没有的观念，就会在交谈和推理时产生很多混乱，给我们的文字交流带来很多障碍。

22.第六，人们假设文字有确定且明显的意义

第六，还有一种文字的滥用也很普遍，但是却很少有人察觉，那就是，人们把文字附着在观念之上，并习以为常，他们多认为名称与所指意义之间的联系相近且必然，进而认为每个人都能理解名称的含义。因此，他们默认，在使用文字时，特别是在使用那些通用文字时，说者与听者形成的观念完全相同。因此，在交谈中，他们总会以为双方就用词达成一致，认为别人所使用的文字表意同他们自身使用的文字相同，所以就不去费神解释自己的观念，也不去了解他人的观念。这样，人们的交谈就多了很多喧闹与争吵，反而没有获得更多信息。人们总是认为同一文字表示的意义完全相同，然而事实却并非如此，个人使用的文字只是代表个人的观念罢了。在交谈或辩论中，如果有人问一个词究竟是什么意思（这是完全必要的），人们往往会觉得奇怪。但是，日常交谈中出现的争吵却多是因为双方复杂观念的所指不同。人们对每个词的定义可能都有所不同，比如一个再熟悉不过的词——“生命”。如果你问别人“生命”是什么意思，他肯定会觉得你在侮辱他的智商。但是，如果要问一粒种子有没有生命？胚胎在孵化前有没有生命？一个完全失去知觉的醉汉有没有生命？就会发现，就连“生命”这样一个尽人皆知的词也没有明确的定义。人们通常用语言中很普遍的字词表示头脑中出现的大量混合观念，就算很不精确，也能很好的应付寻常交流和日常事务。但就专业用法来说，这是绝对不够的。知识和推理要求观念精准而确定。人们不会那么冥顽不灵，以至于必须问过他人所用词汇究竟为何意才能理解他人含义；也不会那么吹毛求疵，以至于必须去纠正他人对词汇的用法。但是，一旦涉及知识，就必须要就特定文字解释清楚，人们也不必为自己的无知感到羞愧，因为如果不了解别人的说辞用意为何，开口询问也无可厚非。这种文字的滥用在学者之间最为常见，影响也最为恶劣。这些争论如此繁复顽固，阻碍我们通往知识的道路，这都是由于文字的滥用造成的。虽然人们大多认为，让人迷惑的，是书中不同的观念和种类繁多的争论，但是我却认为，这主要是由于不同学派的学者用语

不同。我更愿意相信，如果他们能撇开用词，就事论事，就会发现他们的观念原是一样的，只不过表达有所不同。

23.语言的作用首先是表达观点

下面总结一下语言的缺陷和滥用。在我们同他人交谈时，语言的作用主要有三：一、让别人了解自己的想法和观点；二、尽量简单快速做到第一点；三、传播知识。如果以上三点中有任意一点做不到，语言就必然发生了滥用，出现缺陷。

一、出现以下三种情况时，文字就做不到第一点，不能把一个人的观念传达给另一个人。（1）人们口中的名称表示不确定的观念；（2）把不能表示某观念的名称硬套在该观念之上；（3）名称的使用并不确定，时而代表此观念，时而代表彼观念。

24.其次，快速传达观念

二、对于复杂观念，如果没有确切的名称来表示，就不能简单快速地表达自己的想法。有时这是文字本身的缺陷，因为文字没有表达对应意义的发音；有时是人为的滥用，因为他想要表示这一观念，却不了解这观念的名称。

25.第三是传播知识

三、如果人们的观念同现实事物不一致，那么语言就不能传播知识。虽然这原是由于我们的观念不能准确无误地反映事物的本质（缺乏专注、研究和运用所致），但是这个缺陷也会扩散到文字的使用上，我们以为文字代表了事物的本质，但实际上这种本质却不存在。

26.人们在使用语言时何以做不到上述三点

情况一：如果人们在使用文字时，脑中没有清晰的观念，那么他们在交谈中传达出的只是没有任何意义的噪音。不管他们使用多么晦涩的词汇，显得多么博学，他们的知识也没有增加。同理，正如有些人看书，只看书名，不看内容，知识也不会增加。因为，不管他们在对话中怎么使用这些字词，是依照语法结构还是润饰措辞，它们都不能表意，只是发音罢了。

27.情况二：如果人们只有一些复杂观念，却没有命名，那么这就等于，书商库房里有很多书，但都是散页的，没有书名，要想让别人知道书里讲的是什么，只能把书页拿给他们看，或自己讲给他们听。由于不知用什么字词来表示复杂观念，人们的交谈就会出现障碍，只能罗列构成这些复杂观念的简单观念，这样，别人用一句话就能说清的问题，他可能用二十句才能表达清楚。

28.情况三：在学派和交谈中使用文字，如果用同一名称表示不同观念，有时表示此种意义，有时表示彼种意义，那么这种做法正如在集市做买卖，一个名称能代表很多物品，两者都有失公平。

29.情况四：如果人们对某种语言的使用，有异于把这种语言当作母语的国家的用法，那么纵使他们有正确又清晰的理解，如果不对文字加以界定，也不能传达自己的思想。因为，即使听者对文字的读音十分熟悉，可是同一文字表示的却是不同观念，那么这些文字也不会对听者形成任何刺激，听者也就不能了解说者的观念。

30.情况五：如果人们想象自然界中不存在的事物，在脑中形成相应的观念，并给这些想象中的事物命名，那么在他的言语中，甚至在对方的头脑中就会形成一种幻念，这于现实中的知识是无益的。

31.如果空有名称却没有相应的观念，那么文字就空有读音，没有意义；如果复杂观念没有命名，那么在表达时就不能自如，解释起来就

要大费周章；如果用词不严谨、反复无常，那么就不能引人注意，不能让人理解；如果措辞与大众不同，语言没有适用性，那么就等同胡言乱语；如果所言之物不存于世，理解中缺乏真材实料，那么只是自身的幻想。

32.在实体方面，文字何以失其功效

在实体观念方面，我们也容易出现以上五种问题。比如：（1）在使用“狼蛛”一词时，如果不知道它代表什么意思，就算读音再正确，也没有任何意义。（2）人们在新大陆可能会发现前所未见的动植物，虽然也能形成像马和雄鹿那样的真实观念，但是人们只能用语言加以描述，除非用土著人使用的名称称呼它们，或自己给它们命名。（3）如果时而用“物体”表示单纯的区域，时而用它来表示区域及固体，那么就会出现谬误。（4）如果把通常说的“骡子”叫作“马”，就不合适了，而且也不会有人理解。（5）如果认为“人马兽”是实在的事物，那么就是自欺欺人，把文字当作了事物本身。

33.在情状和关系方面，文字何以失其功效

在情状和关系方面，我们常犯的错误是前四个。（1）记得一些情状的名称，比如“感恩”或“慈善”，但头脑中没有确切的观念与之相符。（2）拥有一些观念，却不知道对应的名称是什么。比如，一个人喝酒了，面色改变，脾气变差，舌头打结，眼睛发红，脚上发飘，我知道这种状态，却不知道用“醉态”这个词来表示。（3）知道善恶为何，也知道它们的名称，但是却会误用。比如，用“节俭”表示“贪婪”之意。（4）在使用名称时，意义没有保持一致。（5）但是，就情状和关系来说，不会出现观念与实物不一致的情况。因为情状是头脑随意形成的复杂观念，而关系只是对两种物体的考量和比较。这两方面都是自我形成的观念，同外物无关。它们不是外物投射在头脑中的副本，也不是物体内部构成或本质的性质，而是存在于脑中的模式，就一定的行为和关系

进行命名。这方面的错误，只是给自己的观念起错了名字，导致文字的使用与他人不同，使得别人不能理解我的观念，进而使得别人认为我的观念是错误的。若我在混合情状观念或关系观念中加入不合理的观念，我就是在幻想。因为，如果仔细考察一下这些观念，就会发现，它们根本不可能存在于头脑之中，更不可能指称任何实体事物。

34.第七，比喻也是对语言的滥用

机智和想象比枯燥的真理和实在的知识更动人。因此，人们不愿承认，比喻和隐喻也是一种语言的缺陷和滥用。我也承认，在交谈时，如果是为了追求愉悦，而不是为了获取知识，那么比喻和隐喻就不能算是错误。然而，如果我们要原原本本地描述事物，使用修辞方法（次序和明细除外）或演讲中运用文字的那一套，都会转而产生错误观念，煽动情感，误导判断，因此就是完美的骗局。所以，这一套在雄辩和演讲中也许是可行的，但是如果交谈的目的是传播知识、有所教益，那么就应该加以避免。若涉及真理和知识，那么这种用法，要么是语言本身的错误，要么就是语言使用者的过错。修辞用法多种多样，这里我们不必讨论。如果读者想加以学习，可以去找相关书籍，简直多不胜数。不过，人们太不注意保护利用真理和知识了，因为修辞这种用法与生俱来，而且还得到人们的喜爱。修辞学可谓是错误和欺骗的有力工具。有人加以研习，公开教授，且这种学术受人喜爱，足可见人们大多喜欢欺骗别人，被欺骗了也不自知。因此，我这样反对修辞学，人们肯定会认为我蒙昧无知、冒失粗俗。雄辩就如美人，过于美丽，不容亵渎。既然人们甘愿被骗，那么对欺骗的艺术挑错就太费力不讨好了。

前述缺陷及滥用的补救方法

1.补救方法值得我们寻求

前面我们详述过语言本身的缺陷及人们强加给它的缺陷。语言是连

接我们整个社会的纽带，也是知识传播及传承的媒介，因此，我们需要谨慎思考，找到补救上述缺陷的方法。

2.寻求补救方法并不容易

我想，任谁说自己能改变世界上的某种语言或是改变本国的语言，都会受到他人嘲讽，因此没人会这样说。要求人们用始终如一的文字表达同一含义，也就是确信统一的观念，就等于认为人们观念相同，而且人们只能谈论确信的事物。任何人都不能如此要求，因为谁都不能让别人无所不知或缄口不言。如果有人认为巧舌如簧者必学识丰富，认为所言不多者必知之甚少，那么此人就涉世太浅了。

3.对于哲学来说，这些补救方法是必需的

虽然我们要允许生意人有生意人的交谈方式，承认街谈巷议也有存在的必然，虽然学术之人可能认为我们提出的供其减少争议的方法是错误的，但是我认为，如果人们愿意寻求真理，维护真理，就应该思考如何清楚明白地表达自己的观点，因为稍不注意，人们的语言就会变得含混不清，模棱两可。

4.错用文字导致重大错误

既然文字的滥用如此普遍，造成那么多错误和误解，那么人们就有理由怀疑，文字的使用，究竟是促进了还是阻碍了知识的传播呢？很多人在进行思考时，特别是针对品行问题进行思考时，总是只关注文字。此时，沉思推理过后的结果只是文字的声音而已，相关的观念都是含混的、不定的，甚至从未产生。所以，思考和推理常以含混和错误告终，并未产生确切的判断和知识。

5.固执

人们独自思考时，若用错了文字，必然会有一定的不便。但是，在同他人对话或争辩时用错文字，就会带来很多混乱。因为语言就是纽带，人们通过语言将新发现告诉彼此，互相推理，传递知识。语言的误用虽然不会堵塞知识的泉眼（因为知识存在于事物本身、语言之外），却会堵住或破坏知识传输的管道，使知识不能得到广泛传播，惠及人类。若在使用文字时没有清晰明确的意义，只能使自己和他人陷入错误之中。而刻意误用文字的人本身就是真理和知识的大敌。但是，毋庸置疑，科学和部分知识的名称和表述都是含混不定的，使得那些最为专注和眼快之人都不能有所提高。这是因为，那些自命传授与维护真理的人认为区分细微之别是一种能力，但是这种能力却基本等同于使用含混误导的词语，使人们被无知蒙住双眼，对错误固执不放。

6.争论

不管看任何有关争论的书，都能发现，那些含混不清、模棱两可的词语只是噪声和争吵的声响，并不能加强人们的理解。因为，说者和听者并没有就文字代表的观念达成一致，他们的争吵不是针对事物，而是针对名称。因此，如果人们对文字的定义不同，那么在使用这一文字时，他们理解的对象就不是一个实体，而只是声音。他们使用的文字虽然相同，但是文字代表的对象却是不同的。

7.举例：蝙蝠和鸟类

蝙蝠到底属不属于鸟类，并不是一个问题。若要问蝙蝠这个名称是不是应该用于其他生物，蝙蝠是否还具有其他特质，简直是荒谬。但是两类人会问这些问题：一类人并不完全了解这两个词代表的概念，此时就要去调查“鸟类”和“蝙蝠”的本质，补全他们的概念。看一看，他们称作“鸟类”的事物包含的所有简单观念是否都在“蝙蝠”身上有所体现。然而，这只涉及调查，并不涉及确定和否认。另一类人是互相争执的人。他们会就究竟“蝙蝠”是不是“鸟类”产生争执。此时问题就出在这两个词

的所指上。双方可能认为这两个名称包含的复杂观念不同。如果双方就两个名称的所指达成一致，就不会产生争执。因为，他们很快就会清楚地辨别，“鸟类”这个类别名词中所有的简单观念是否都能在“蝙蝠”这个复杂观念中找到，此时就不会再去怀疑“蝙蝠”究竟属不属于“鸟类”了。在这里，我想让大家思考一下，是不是世界上争执的大部分都是文字层面的，是不是都是因为人们对文字的所指理解不同，是不是只要确定了文字的意义，使它们代表应该或本来的简单观念集合，这些争执就会自然终结，立即消失呢？大家可以想一下，争执的意义为何，争执对彼此有什么好处呢？如果有人能剥去语言含混模糊的外衣（其实每个人在自己使用文字时都是如此），我会认为他是传播知识、维护真理与和平的英雄，而非虚荣、野心和学派的奴隶。

8.补救方法之一：不用无意义字词

为了从某种程度上弥补上文提到的缺陷，防止缺陷带来的不便，可以先遵从以下几条原则，等待有能力之人创造出更成熟的文字体系，来惠及世界。

第一，在使用无所指字词及无意义名称时需谨慎。这些词语包括“直觉”“同情”和“憎恶”等，在用这些词时人们心中并没有具体观念，只是发音，并未表意。只要大家想一想对话中使用这类词的频率，就会发现这条原则还是十分必要的。并不是说这些词在正确使用时不能表意，而是这些文字和观念并无自然联系。人们死记硬背、生搬硬套，并不能用它们代表任何观念。而人们若想表意，必须使文字有所指。

9.补救方法二：人们用文字表达情状时也要有意义

第二，仅仅把文字作为表达观念的符号是不够的，若表达的观念是简单的，则必须清晰而不同于其他；若表达的观念是复杂的，则必须确切。也就是说，若决定用一个词语表示简单观念的组合，则用以表示的

符号只能表示这一个组合，而不表示其他。这在情状名称方面，特别是品行词语方面，十分必要。因为这些词语并不是对自然界中物体的所指，没有确定的原型，所以十分容易弄混。人们都在谈论“正义”，但对“正义”的意义却各执一词。若要避免这种情况，则人们心中要对“正义”有确切的理解，知道这个复杂观念包括什么，可以将这个复杂观念分解为一个个简单观念。否则，不管是“正义”，还是其他词语的使用都会发生错误。这并不是说，每当人们在使用“正义”这个词时都要先分析一番，但是，考察名称的意义却是必要的，然后把具体观念存在头脑中，在需要时启用。若对“正义”的定义是“按照法律处置人或物”，而“法律”这个词语的本身却没有清晰的概念，那么“正义”这个复杂观念就会是含糊残缺的。然而，要达到确切性是十分复杂的。因此，很多人会认为即使对混合情状名称没有那么精准的观念也是可以原谅的。但是，如果不做到如此精准，人们心中还是会有很多混乱和模糊，同别人交谈时也会发生很多争执。

10.文字要和实体相一致

要正确使用实体名称，只有确定的观念是不够的，这些名称还必须和具体事物相一致。关于这点，我后面会详细阐述。在探寻哲学知识和争论真理时，必须要保证准确。如果这种准确性能扩展到普通对话和日常生活中自然是好的，但是却不太可行。通俗的观念适合通俗的谈话，两者虽然都很含混，但是在市场交易和红白之事中却很适用。既然行商、谈情说爱、烹饪、裁衣都有专属的表达，那么哲学家和抗辩家若想理解他人并得到理解，也应该有自己的一套表达。

11.补救方法三：注意适用性

第三，人们仅用文字表示观念是不够的，哪怕是确定的观念，也是不够的。还必须尽可能使自己的文字所表达的观念同人们普遍认为的相一致。文字，特别是业已形成的语言，并不是某个人的私有财产，而是

交易交流的公共尺度。任何人不得随意更改特定表达方式，或文字代表的观念，就算情非得已必须更改，也要事先告知他人。人们之所以表达，就是为了得到理解。如果不按寻常用法来使用，就要不断地解释、询问和打断，这会造成很多不便。语言的适用性可以使我们轻而易举地理解别人，因此，我们必须费些心思加以研究。对待品行文字方面，尤应如此。要了解文字的所指和使用最好通过学习，学习那些能在写作和交谈中清楚表达自己观念的人，他们往往在遣词造句时十分恰当。依据语言的适用性来使用文字，即使不能每次都有幸得到理解，但是就算不被理解也罪在他人，因为我们已经依据适用性来使用，所以他本该理解，如果不能理解，则只怪他自己对语言体系不熟悉了。

12.补救方法四：清晰表意

第四，人们在日常使用文字时，并没有明确它们的含义，使人们确切地知道文字究竟代表什么意义。随着知识的增长，人们的观念会慢慢异于通俗观念，为此人们通常需要创造新文字（人们很少这样做，因为怕被别人认为矫揉造作或标新立异），或赋予旧文字新含义。因此，在遵从前述规则之后，确定文字的含义，清晰示人是很必要的。因为，习惯会使文字的含义不确定、不精确（常见于复杂观念），有时在交谈中，重要词语会变得模糊，出现错误。

13.要清晰表意，有三条途径

人们可用文字表达的观念种类有所不同，所以表达观念的方式在不同场合之下也应有所区分。虽然加以界定可以使文字表意清晰，但有些文字是不能界定的，正如有些文字，必须通过界定才能表意明确一样。还有一种，兼具以上两种特点，这可见于简单观念、情状及物体名称之中。

14.首先，用同义词或实物表示简单观念

第一，人们在使用简单观念名称时，若认为名称不易理解或易被误解，那么出于语言的清晰特性，出于交流的目的，就必须明示名称的意义，告诉他人名称代表的观念是什么。如前所述，这是不能通过界定来完成的。因此，如果同义词不能加以解释，就只剩一种方式了，那就是同实物相联系。有时，名称表示的观念体现在实物中，此时，如果他人熟悉此种物体，就会理解这一名称。比如，要让一个乡下人明白什么是“黄棕色”，只要告诉他那是秋天里枯叶的颜色就好了。但是要明示简单观念名称含义，最保险的方式还是把实体展示出来，使他人有相应的概念。

15.其次，界定混合情状名词含义

第二，混合情状，特别是品行混合情状，大部分都是观念的集合，是由头脑自由组合的，没有特定模式，因此相关的名称不能像简单观念名称一样，通过用实物表示的方式明示出来，不过，混合情状名词可以得到完全准确的界定。因为这些名称都是头脑任意组合而成的观念集合，并没有参考任何原型，因此人们可以明确知道这些集合由哪些观念构成，在使用时就确信无疑，在必要时，就可以声明这些集合的意义为何。因此，人们在谈论道德相关的问题时，如果不能做到清晰明确，就应当受到责备。混合情状名称并不是自然形成的，而是人们界定的，人们悉知其确切意义，所以在谈论道德相关问题时若仍然含混不清，就过于疏忽固执。而在谈论自然之物时，这是可以原谅的，因为同人们界定的名称相反，描述本存之物时含混是难免的。这点我们在后面将会看到。

16.品行可以证实

由此，我可以推出，品行和数学一样，是可以证实的。我们可以完全知晓品行文字表示的确切本质，也可以发现事物之间到底相不相符。人们也许会反驳：在品行学中，我们不止运用实体名称，还运用品行名

称，这会产生一些含混。这种反驳是站不住脚的，因为在品行范畴的交谈中，我们很少探寻实体的各种不同本质。比如，我们在说“人要受到法律的制裁”时，我们所指的“人”，只是一种有形的理性生物，至于“人”的其他性质，我们并不予以考虑。因此，自然学家争论儿童或低能儿在物理意义上是否为“人”，并不妨碍品行上涉及的“人”。在品行范畴内，“人”的意义是有形的理性生物，这是确定不改的。如果我们发现猴子或其他生物能够推理，理解普通符号，从概括观念中推出结论，那么不管它们同“人”的外形多么不同，都受制于法律，属于“人”。如果运用得当，实体名称并不会扰乱品行名称，正如它们不会扰乱数学范畴一样（数学家在谈到黄金的立方体、黄金球，或其他物体时，有一个明确的不变的观念，但有时也会把这一观念错用于不适当的物体之上）。

17.界定使品行范畴的交谈变得清晰

我提到这点，是为了指出，人们在品行范畴交谈中使用混合情状名称时，对文字加以界定是很重要的，因为品行范畴的知识可以借助定义，变得清晰确定。如果做不到这层，就有失聪颖，因为界定是明确品行范畴文字意义的唯一方式，不容争辩。因此，如果人们在品行方面的讨论与自然哲学方面的讨论相较有失清晰，那么他们的疏忽和固执则不可原谅。因为在品行方面，人们讨论的是头脑中的观念，没有外物原型得以参照和比对，所以不存在虚假和不充分一说。人们在头脑中形成一个观念，把这一观念作为“正义”一词的标准，将符合标准的行为都归于这一词下，并不困难。难的是，在看到了阿里斯蒂德斯（Aristides）以后，去形成一个贴近该人的观念，因为不管人们形成的观念如何，阿里斯蒂德斯的本质都不变。就前者来说，只消知道观念的组合便可；而就后者来说，必须要探寻外物的本质、背后的构成及不同的性质。

18.界定是唯一的方法

混合情状名称，特别是品行词语的界定十分必要，另一个原因就是

我上文提到的：只有加以界定，它们的意义才能得以确定。因为它们代表的观念组成大多杂乱无章，头脑将其聚合并形成特定观念，只有用文字把这些简单观念列举出来，才能使他人知晓，观念的名称代表什么。在这种情况下，感官并不能提供可感物帮助我们，也不能指示给我们某类名称表示何种观念。但就可感简单观念及实体（某种程度上）来说，感官往往可以帮助我们了解它们的名称。

19.第三，用实物表示或界定实体观念

第三，实体名称表示的是我们对特定物种的观念，要解释它们的意义，就要用到上述两种方法：实物表示及界定。通常，每种物体都有特定主要性质，此外还有其他一些附属性质，对这些性质的观念共同构成我们的复杂观念。因此，只要具有特征性标记，区别于其他物体，那么我们就会赋予这种物体相应的名称。就动植物而言，这种主要观念或标记性观念多为形状；就无生命物体而言，多为颜色；就其他一些物体而言，二者兼有。

20.观察是获知物体主要性质观念的最佳方法

这些主要可感性质是构成我们具体观念的原材料，因此，在我们定义名称时，它们也是最容易观察到，最不易变化的部分。尽管“人”就本质上来说代表的是动物和理性的统一，但是在我们的观念中，外形和其他因素一样，也是必备的。因此，很难说柏拉图对“人”的定义（无羽、宽甲、双足）不好，因为外形是一种主要性质，比推理能力更具有决定作用，因为推理能力在人初生之时很少显露，或许有人一生都不曾具备。如果否定柏拉图的定义，仅仅因为某异形生物的外形和“人”不同，而不问它是否有理性的灵魂，就将它杀死，就和谋杀无异了。这就像区别发育良好的婴儿和畸形儿，我们也不能判断他们是否有灵魂。此外，也没有人规定理性灵魂的居所必须有前庭，外形必须有所定式。

21.观察是获知这些主要性质的最好方法，此外别无他法。比如，若用文字描述“马匹”或“鹤鸵”的形状，则人们脑中形成的图片既粗略又不完整。然而，只要看一眼实物，形成的观念就会比文字描述好一千倍。再比如“黄金”，任何描述都不足以表达这一概念，只要用眼睛看到，就会形成清晰的观念。那些经常同黄金打交道的人，一眼便可识出真假纯杂，而外行人（虽然视力很好，但是却不能辨别黄金的颜色同别的黄色有何不同）却看不出其中的区别。其他实体具有的简单观念同样如此，而这些精确的观念，往往没有具体的名称。比如黄金敲打的声响同其他物体不同，但是却没有具体的名称，正如它具有的特殊的黄色，也没有相应的名称一样。

22.界定是获知物体能力的最好方法

我们对于实体的具体观念所包含的很多简单观念都关于能力，通过我们的感官并不能轻易捕获。因此，有些物体名称的意义最好通过列举相关简单观念来告知他人，而非仅仅把实物展示出来。比如，如果一个人仅仅看到黄金，对之的观念就是一个金灿灿的物体，而我的描述包括延展性、可熔性、固定性及溶于王水，这会让他对黄金有更加完整的概念。如果这种闪亮、有一定重量及延展性的物体的本质构成像三角形一样易于感知，那么黄金这种物质也会如三角形一样易于分辨。

23.对于灵魂相关知识的反思

由此可见，我们对于有形之物的知识都是建立在感官之上的。因此，对于脱离了实体的灵魂，我们并不知道它们如何获得这些知识（它们的知识应该比我们的更加完全）。我们的知识和想象的广度不会超过我们的观念，是局限于我们认知方式之内的。比我们肉体之躯高级的灵魂也许能够了解物体的构成，就像我们对三角形的了解一样清晰，也许灵魂能看到物体的性质与内部运作。但是我们永远不可能得知它们获得这些知识的方式。

24.实体观念须同具体事物相一致

实体名称代表着我们的观念，所以可以通过界定进行解释，但是，这些名称同样代表各实体，所以界定也会留下一些缺陷。毕竟实体名称不仅代表了我们的观念，最终还是要代表具体事物，这就要求名称的意义必须同事物的真实状况以及人们的观念相符。因此，就实体而言，我们不能仅仅停留在文字表示复杂观念上，应该进一步去探究实体自身的本质和性质，这样才能进一步完善我们对这种实体的观念，又或从熟悉这种实体的旁人处获知这些本质。按常理，实体的名称不仅应该代表人们心中的复杂观念，更应该代表实体中真实存在的各简单观念，因此想要正确界定实体的名称，必须探究博物志，在仔细审查后，得出它们的具体性质。因为，在针对自然实体进行对话和辩论时，为了避免各种不便，仅仅了解语言的常规使用是不够的，因为在常规使用中，文字表示的观念往往含混而不完整，仅仅使名称符合特定场合的应用也是不够的。我们还应该熟悉实体的历史，来修正并巩固我们具体名称相应的复杂观念。在同他人交谈时，如果发现自己被误解，应该告诉对方具体名称代表的复杂观念为何。对于那些追求知识和真理的人来说，更应如此。因为在儿童时期，人们对事物的观念还不完整，却已然开始习得文字，不经太多思考便随意使用，并未形成与之确切对应的观念。人们会一直将这种习惯延续至成年，因为这种习惯并没有影响他们的日常生活和交谈。然而，这套程序自开始就是错误的，不应该先习得文字，再形成与之对应的观念。由此，我们看到，人们在使用本国语言时总是符合语法规则的，但是在谈到事物本身时却经常出错。所以，在针对真理和知识发生争辩时，人们总是很少有所进展，因为真理和知识存在于事物本身，而非我们的主观想象。因此，仅了解事物的名称实则对我们知识的增长并无助益。

25.要使实体观念和具体事物相一致并不容易

因此我们希望，精通物理性质研究、熟悉各类自然实体的人可以把各类实体共通的简单观念逐条记下，这将消除很多混乱。因为人们对各种事物的熟悉程度不同，了解的性质也多少不一，如果使用同一名称就会造成很多误解。但是，将各观念逐条记录、编辑成典，几乎是不可能的，因为这会耗费很多人力、物力、财力。在这项大工程完成之前，只要我们能做到在使用时界定清楚就够了。如果人们在必要时能做到这一点，自然是很好的，但是这点也很难做到。我们在交谈和争论时，所用的文字意义并不统一，然而我们却误以为日常使用的文字意义已然确定，以为文字所代表的观念也众所周知，此刻加以询问便显示出自己的无知，所以便错用开来。但实际上，所有复杂观念名称的意义都是不确定的，也并非从一而终代表同一观念。如果没有获得必要的解释，那么我们缺少对一些事情的特定知识并不丢人。所以，就算不知道某个声音在别人心中代表什么观念，也不丢脸，因为别人并未告知我们，而离了他们的解释，我们便无从得知。在交流中，语言是必要的，所以人们一定程度上就日常用语的意义达成一致，以便于日常对话。如果人们熟悉一种语言，就不会对文字的通俗用法一无所知。但通俗用法也不是完全确定的，代表的也是某一人群的观念，因此作为标准来说，也是可变的。现下要编纂上面提到的字典也许费时、费财、费力，但是我认为，对于那些依赖外表得以区别的实体来说，画成草图装订成册也无可厚非。如此一来，就能更容易、更便捷地教给他人词语的意义（特别是其他国家和不同时代的词语），这样，我们就不用再通过著名批评家长篇累牍的评论来了解先贤观念的本真了。自然学家将会从图册中获益良多，只需稍加询问，他们就会坦言，对罂粟和野山羊之类的动植物，看图比读定义来的清楚明白。如果不用“痒痒挠”和“铜钹”解释古时候用的“马枿”和“叉铃”，而是配以图示，那么人们就会有更清楚的观念。虽然罗马时代的“宽袍”“罩衫”和“披肩”被翻译成了“袍子”“外套”和“斗篷”，但是我们对这些服饰特点还是没有什么概念，正如我们对这些服饰的裁缝师也没什么概念一样。如此云云，若实体的形状可以靠眼睛区

别，最好能用图画描绘，这样比用文字描述更加到位。

26.补救方法五：文字的意义要前后一致

第五，如果人们不愿费事表明他们文字的含义，又没有对文字界定，在传教和交谈中，他们至少应该保持文字意义的前后一致。如果大家都能做到这一点，便可省下很多书籍，也能终止很多争端，一些充满隐晦辞藻的典籍也可加以浓缩，很多哲人和诗人的作品也能得以提炼。

27.何时对意义的变化加以解释

毕竟，同人们无限的思想相比，语言文字还是略显贫乏。人们想要准确表达自己的观念，就算谨慎有加，也不可避免会用相同文字表示不同意义。在交谈和争论中，尽管人们在变更词义时，可能没有机会重新定义，但人们若不是故意混淆视听，公正聪明的读者都能大致明白其中的含义。不过如果读者因此不能领会真正的意图，则作者应该加以解释，表明自己使用的词语是何意义。

[1]玫瑰十字会是中世纪末期的一个欧洲秘传教团，以玫瑰和十字作为它的象征。该会一直保持神秘，不为外人知晓。

John Locke Of the Abuse of Words

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Of Ideas

Of Ideas in General, and their Original

Idea is the object of thinking

§1. Every man being conscious to himself, that he thinks, and that which his mind is applied about, whilst thinking, being the ideas, that are there, 'tis past doubt, that men have in their minds several ideas, such as are those expressed by the words, whiteness, hardness, sweetness, thinking, motion, man, elephant, army, drunkenness, and others: it is in the first place then to be inquired, how he comes by them? I know it is a received doctrine, that men have native ideas, and original characters stamped upon their minds, in their very first being. This opinion I have at large examined already; and, I suppose, what I have said in the foregoing book, will be much more easily admitted, when I have shown, whence the understanding may get all the ideas it has, and by what ways and degrees they may come into the mind; for which I shall appeal to everyone's own observation and experience.

All ideas come from sensation or reflection

§2. Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store, which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials

of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from experience: in that, all our knowledge is founded; and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation employed either about external sensible objects; or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that, which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

The objects of sensation one source of ideas

---

§3. First, our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind, several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways, wherein those objects do affect them: and thus we come by those ideas, we have of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities, which when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean, they from external objects convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source, of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the understanding, I call sensation.

The operations of our minds, the other source of them

---

§4. Secondly, the other fountain, from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our own minds within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on, and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas, which could not be had from things without; and such are, perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning,

knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds; which we being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understandings, as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas, every man has wholly in himself: and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects; yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called internal sense. But as I call the other sensation, so I call this reflection, the ideas it affords being such only, as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By reflection then, in the following part of this discourse, I would be understood to mean, that notice which the mind takes of its own operations, and the manner of them, by reason where of, there come to be ideas of these operations in the understanding. These two, I say, viz. external, material things, as the objects of sensation; and the operations of our own minds within, as the objects of reflection, are, to me, the only originals, from whence all our ideas take their beginnings. The term operations here, I use in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometimes from them, such as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought.

All our ideas are of the one or the other of these

§5. The understanding seems to me, not to have the least glimmering of any ideas, which it doth not receive from one of these two. External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us: and the mind furnishes the understanding with ideas of its own operations.

These, when we have taken a full survey of them, and their several

modes, combinations, and relations, we shall find to contain all our whole stock of ideas; and that we have nothing in our minds, which did not come in, one of these two ways. Let anyone examine his own thoughts, and throughly search into his understanding, and then let him tell me, whether all the original ideas he has there, are any other than of the objects of his senses; or of the operations of his mind, considered as objects of his reflection: and how great a mass of knowledge soever he imagines to be lodged there, he will, upon taking a strict view, see, that he has not any idea in his mind, but what one of these two have imprinted; though, perhaps, with infinite variety compounded and enlarged by the understanding, as we shall see hereafter.

Observable in children

§6. He that attentively considers the state of a child, at his first coming into the world, will have little reason to think him stored with plenty of ideas, that are to be the matter of his future knowledge. 'Tis by degrees he comes to be furnished with them: and though the ideas of obvious and familiar qualities, imprint themselves, before the memory begins to keep a register of time and order, yet 'tis often so late, before some unusual qualities come in the way, that there are few men that cannot recollect the beginning of their acquaintance with them: and if it were worthwhile, no doubt a child might be so ordered, as to have but a very few, even of the ordinary ideas, till he were grown up to a man. But all that are born into the world being surrounded with bodies, that perpetually and diversely affect them, variety of ideas, whether care be taken about it or no, are imprinted on the minds of children. Light, and colours, are busy at hand everywhere, when the eye is but open; sounds, and some tangible qualities fail not to solicit their proper senses, and force an

entrance to the mind; but yet, I think, it will be granted easily, that if a child were kept in a place, where he never saw any other but black and white, till he were a man, he would have no more ideas of scarlet or green, than he that from his childhood never tasted an oyster, or a pineapple, has of those particular relishes.

Men are differently furnished with these, according to the different objects they converse with

§7. Men then come to be furnished with fewer or more simple ideas from without, according as the objects, they converse with, afford greater or less variety; and from the operation of their minds within, according as they more or less reflect on them. For, though he that contemplates the operations of his mind, cannot but have plain and clear ideas of them; yet unless he turn his thoughts that way, and considers them attentively, he will no more have clear and distinct ideas of all the operations of his mind, and all that may be observed therein, than he will have all the particular ideas of any landscape, or of the parts and motions of a clock, who will not turn his eyes to it, and with attention heed all the parts of it. The picture, or clock may be so placed, that they may come in his way every day; but yet he will have but a confused idea of all the parts they are made up of, till he applies himself with attention, to consider them each in particular.

Ideas of reflection later, because they need attention

§8. And hence we see the reason, why 'tis pretty late, before most children get ideas of the operations of their own minds;and some have not any very clear, or perfect ideas of the greatest part of them all their lives. Because, though they pass there continually; yet like floating visions, they

make not deep impressions enough, to leave in the mind clear distinct lasting ideas, till the understanding turns inwards upon itself, reflects on its own operations, and makes them the object of its own contemplation. Children, when they come first into it, are surrounded with a world of new things, which, by a constant solicitation of their senses, draw the mind constantly to them, forward to take notice of new, and apt to be delightedwith the variety of changing objects. Thus the first years are usually employed and diverted in looking abroad. Men's business in them is to acquaint themselves with what is to be found without; and so growing up in a constant attention to outward sensations, seldom make any considerable reflection on what passes within them, till they come to be of riper years; and some scarce ever at all.

The soul begins to have ideas, when it begins to perceive

---

§9. To ask, at what time a man has first any ideas, is to ask, when he begins to perceive; having ideas, and perception, being the same thing. I know it is an opinion, that the soul always thinks, and that it has the actual perception of ideas in itself constantly, as long as it exists; and that actual thinking is as inseparable from the soul, as actual extension is from the body; which if true, to inquire after the beginning of a man's ideas, is the same, as to inquire after the beginning of his soul. For by this account, soul and its ideas, as body and its extension, will begin to exist both at the same time.

The soul thinks not always; for this wants proofs

---

§10. But whether the soul be supposed to exist antecedent to, or coeval with, or some time after the first rudiments of organisation, or the beginnings of life in the body, I leave to be disputed by those, who have better thought of

that matter. I confess myself, to have one of those dull souls, that doth not perceive itself always to contemplate ideas, nor can conceive it any more necessary for the soul always to think, than for the body always to move; the perception of ideas being (as I conceive) to the soul, what motion is to the body, not its essence, but one of its operations: and therefore, though thinking be supposed never so much the proper action of the soul; yet it is not necessary, to suppose, that it should be always thinking, always in action. That, perhaps, is the privilege of the infinite Author and Preserver of things, 'who never slumbers nor sleeps'; but is not competent to any finite being, at least not to the soul of man. We know certainly by experience, that we sometimes think, and thence draw this infallible consequence, that, there is something in us, that has a power to think: but whether that substance perpetually thinks, or no, we can be no further assured, than experience informs us. For to say, that actual thinking is essential to the soul, and inseparable from it, is to beg, what is in question, and not to prove it by reason; which is necessary to be done, if it be not a self-evident proposition. But whether this, 'that the soul always thinks', be a self-evident proposition, that everybody assents to at first hearing, I appeal to mankind. 'Tis doubted whether I thought all last night, or no; the question being about a matter of fact, 'tis begging it, to bring as a proof for it, an hypothesis, which is the very thing in dispute; by which way one may prove any thing, and 'tis but supposing that all watches, whilst the balance beats, think, and 'tis sufficiently proved, and past doubt, that my watch thought all last night. But he, that would not deceive himself, ought to build his hypothesis on matter of fact, and make it out by sensible experience, and not presume on matter of fact, because of his hypothesis, that is, because he supposes it to be so; which way of proving, amounts to this, that I must necessarily think all last night,

because another supposes I always think, though I myself cannot perceive, that I always do so.

But men in love with their opinions, may not only suppose what is in question, but allege wrong matter of fact. How else could anyone make it an inference of mine, that a thing is not, because we are not sensible of it in our sleep? I do not say there is no soul in a man, because he is not sensible of it in his sleep: but I do say, he cannot think at any time waking or sleeping, without being sensible of it. Our being sensible of it, is not necessary to anything, but to our thoughts; and to them it is, and to them it will always be necessary, till we can think without being conscious of it.

It is not always conscious of it

---

§11. I grant that the soul in a waking man, is never without thought because it is the condition of being awake: but whether sleeping without dreaming be not an affection of the whole man, mind as well as body, may be worth a waking man's consideration; it being hard to conceive, that anything should think, and not be conscious of it. If the soul doth think in a sleeping man, without being conscious of it, I ask, whether, during such thinking, it has any pleasure or pain, or be capable of happiness or misery? I am sure the man is not, no more than the bed or earth he lies on. For to be happy or miserable without being conscious of it, seems to me utterly inconsistent and impossible. Or if it be possible, that the soul can, whilst the body is sleeping, have its thinking, enjoyments, and concerns, its pleasure or pain apart, which the man is not conscious of, nor partakes in: it is certain, that Socrates asleep, and Socrates awake, is not the same person: but his soul when he sleeps, and Socrates the man consisting of body and soul when he is waking, are two

persons; since waking Socrates, has no knowledge of, or concernment for that happiness, or misery of his soul, which it enjoys alone by itself whilst he sleeps, without perceiving anything of it; no more than he has for the happiness, or misery of a man in the Indies, whom he knows not. For if we take wholly away all consciousness of our actions and sensations, especially of pleasure and pain, and the concernment that accompanies it, it will be hard to know wherein to place personal identity.

If a sleeping man thinks without knowing it, the sleeping and waking man are two persons

§12. The soul, during sound sleep, thinks, say these men. Whilst it thinks and perceives, it is capable certainly of those of delight or trouble, as well as any other perceptions; and it must necessarily be conscious of its own perceptions. But it has all this apart: the sleeping man, 'tis plain, is conscious of nothing of all this. Let us suppose then the soul of Castor, whilst he is sleeping, retired from his body, which is no impossible supposition for the men I have here to do with, who so liberally allow life, without a thinking soul to all other animals. These men cannot then judge it impossible, or a contradiction, that the body should live without the soul; nor that the soul should subsist and think, or have perception, even perception of happiness or misery, without the body. Let us then, as I say, suppose the soul of Castor separated, during his sleep, from his body, to think apart. Let us suppose too, that it chooses for its scene of thinking, the body of another man, v.g. Pollux, who is sleeping without a soul: for if Castor's soul can think whilst Castor is asleep, what Castor is never conscious of, 'tis no matter what place it chooses to think in. We have here then, the bodies of two men with only one soul between them, which we will suppose to sleep and wake by turns; and the

soul still thinking in the waking man, whereof the sleeping man is never conscious, has never the least perception. I ask then, whether Castor and Pollux, thus, with only one soul between them, which thinks and perceives in one, what the other is never conscious of, nor is concerned for, are not two as distinct persons, as Castor and Hercules; or, as Socrates and Plato were? And whether one of them might not be very happy, and the other very miserable? Just by the same reason, they make the soul and the man two persons, who make the soul think apart, what the man is not conscious of. For, I suppose, nobody will make identity of persons, to consist in the soul's being united to the very same numerical particles of matter: for if that be necessary to identity, 'twill be impossible, in that constant flux of the particles of our bodies, that any man should be the same person, two days, or two moments together.

Impossible to convince those that sleep without dreaming, that they think

---

§13. Thus, methinks, every drowsy nod shakes their doctrine, who teach, that the soul is always thinking. Those, at least, who do at any time sleep without dreaming, can never be convinced, that their thoughts are sometimes for four hours busy without their knowing of it; and if they are taken in the very act, waked in the middle of that sleeping contemplation, can give no manner of account of it.

That men dream without remembering it, in vain urged

---

§14. 'Twill perhaps be said, that the soul thinks, even in the soundest sleep, but the memory retains it not. That the soul in a sleeping man should be this moment busy a thinking, and the next moment in a waking man, not

remember, nor be able to recollect one jot of all those thoughts, is very hard to be conceived, and would need some better proof than bare assertion, to make it be believed. For who can without any more ado, but being barely told so, imagine, that the greatest part of men, do, during all their lives, for several hours every day, think of something, which if they were asked, even in the middle of these thoughts, they could remember nothing at all of? Most men, I think, pass a great part of their sleep without dreaming. I once knew a man, that was bred a scholar, and had no bad memory, who told me, he had never dreamed in his life, till he had that fever, he was then newly recovered of, which was about the five or six and twentieth year of his age. I suppose the world affords more such instances: at least everyone's acquaintance will furnish him with examples enough of such, as pass most of their nights without dreaming.

Upon this hypothesis, the thoughts of a sleeping man ought to be most rational

§15. To think often, and never to retain it so much as one moment, is a very useless sort of thinking: and the soul in such a state of thinking, does very little if at all, excel that of a looking-glass, which constantly receives variety of images, or ideas, but retains none; they disappear and vanish, and there remain no footsteps of them; the looking-glass is never the better for such ideas, nor the soul for such thoughts. Perhaps it will be said, that in a waking man, the materials of the body are employed, and made use of, in thinking; and that the memory of thoughts, is retained by the impressions that are made on the brain, and the traces there left after such thinking; but that in the thinking of the soul, which is not perceived in a sleeping man, there the soul thinks apart, and making no use of the organs of the body, leaves no

impressions on it, and consequently no memory of such thoughts. Not to mention again the absurdity of two distinct persons, which follows from this supposition, I answer further, that whatever ideas the mind can receive, and contemplate without the help of the body, it is reasonable to conclude, it can retain without the help of the body too, or else the soul, or any separate spirit will have but little advantage by thinking. If it has no memory of its own thoughts; if it cannot lay up them for its use, and be able to recall them upon occasion; if it cannot reflect upon what is past, and make use of its former experiences, reasonings, and contemplations, to what purpose does it think? They, who make the soul a thinking thing, at this rate, will not make it a much more noble being, than those do, whom they condemn, for allowing it to be nothing but the subtlest parts of matter. Characters drawn on dust, that the first breath of wind effaces; or impressions made on a heap of atoms, or animal spirits, are altogether as useful, and render the subject as noble, as the thoughts of a soul that perish in thinking; that once out of sight, are gone forever, and leave no memory of themselves behind them. Nature never makes excellent things, for mean or no uses: and it is hardly to be conceived, that our infinitely wise Creator, should make so admirable a faculty, as the power of thinking, that faculty which comes nearest the excellency of his own incomprehensible being, to be so idly and uselessly employed, at least a fourth part of its time here, as to think constantly, without remembering any of those thoughts, without doing any good to itself or others, or being any way useful to any other part of the creation. If we will examine it, we shall not find, I suppose, the motion of dull and senseless matter, anywhere in the universe, made so little use of, and so wholly thrown away.

On this hypothesis the soul must have ideas not derived from sensation or reflection, of which

there is no appearance

§16. 'Tis true, we have sometimes instances of perception, whilst we are asleep, and retain the memory of those thoughts: but how extravagant and incoherent for the most part they are; how little conformable to the perfection and order of a rational being, those who are acquainted with dreams, need not be told. This I would willingly be satisfied in, whether the soul, when it thinks thus apart, and as it were separate from the body, acts less rationally than when conjointly with it, or no: if its separate thoughts be less rational, then these men must say, that the soul owes the perfection of rational thinking to the body: if it does not, 'tis a wonder that our dreams should be, for the most part, so frivolous and irrational; and that the soul should retain none of its more rational soliloquies and meditations.

If I think when I know it not, nobody else can know it

§17. Those who so confidently tell us, that the soul always actually thinks, I would they would also tell us, what those ideas are, that are in the soul of a child, before, or just at the union with the body, before it hath received any by sensation. The dreams of sleeping men, are, as I take it, all made up of the waking man's ideas, though, for the most part, oddly put together. 'Tis strange, if the soul has ideas of its own, that it derived not from sensation or reflection, (as it must have, if it thought before it received any impressions from the body) that it should never, in its private thinking, (so private, that the man himself perceives it not) retain any of them, the very moment it wakes out of them, and then make the man glad with new discoveries. Who can find it reasonable, that the soul should, in its retirement,

during sleep, have so many hours thoughts, and yet never light on any of those ideas it borrowed not from sensation or reflection; or at least preserve the memory of none, but such, which being occasioned from the body, must needs be less natural to a spirit? 'Tis strange, the soul should never once in a man's whole life, recall over any of its pure, native thoughts, and those ideas it had before it borrowed anything from the body; never bring into the waking man's view, any other ideas, but what have a tange of the cask, and manifestly derive their original from that union. If it always thinks, and so had ideas before it was united, or before it received any from the body, 'tis not to be supposed, but that during sleep, it recollects its native ideas, and during that retirement from communicating with the body, whilst it thinks by itself, the ideas, it is busied about, should be, sometimes at least, those more natural and congenial ones which it had in itself, underived from the body, or its own operations about them: which since the waking man never remembers, we must from this hypothesis conclude, either that the soul remembers something that the man does not; or else that memory belongs only to such ideas, as are derived from the body, or the mind's operations about them.

How knows anyone that the soul always thinks? For if it be not a self-evident proposition, it needs proof

---

§18. I would be glad also to learn from these men, who so confidently pronounce, that the human soul, or which is all one, that a man always thinks, how they come to know it; nay, how they come to know that they themselves think, when they themselves do not perceive it. This I am afraid, is to be sure, without proofs; and to know, without perceiving: 'tis, I suspect, a confused

notion, taken up to serve an hypothesis; and none of those clear truths, that either their own evidence forces us to admit, or common experience makes it impudence to deny. For the most that can be said of it, is, that 'tis possible the soul may always think, but not always retain it in memory: and, I say, it is as possible, that the soul may not always think; and much more probable, that it should sometimes not think, than that it should often think, and that a long while together, and not be conscious to itself the next moment after, that it had thought.

That a man should be busy in thinking, and yet not retain it the next moment, very improbable

§19. To suppose the soul to think, and the man not to perceive it, is, as has been said, to make two persons in one man: and if one considers well these men's way of speaking, one should be led into a suspicion, that they do so. For they who tell us, that the soul always thinks, do never, that I remember, say, that a man always thinks. Can the soul think, and not the man? Or a man think, and not be conscious of it? This perhaps, would be suspected of jargon in others. If they say, the man thinks always, but is not always conscious of it; they may as well say, his body is extended, without having parts. For 'tis altogether as intelligible to say, that a body is extended without parts, as that anything thinks without being conscious of it, or perceiving, that it does so. They who talk thus, may, with as much reason, if it be necessary to their hypothesis, say, that a man is always hungry, but that he does not always feel it: whereas hunger consists in that very sensation, as thinking consists in being conscious that one thinks. If they say, that a man is always conscious to himself of thinking; I ask, how they know it? Consciousness is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind. Can

another man perceive, that I am conscious of anything, when I perceive it not myself? No man's knowledge here, can go beyond his experience. Wake a man out of a sound sleep, and ask him, what he was that moment thinking on? If he himself be conscious of nothing he then thought on, he must be a notable diviner of thoughts, that can assure him, that he was thinking: may he not with more reason assure him, he was not asleep? This is something beyond philosophy; and it cannot be less than revelation, that discovers to another, thoughts in my mind, when I can find none there myself: and they must needs have a penetrating sight, who can certainly see, that I think, when I cannot perceive it myself, and when I declare, that I do not; and yet can see, that dogs or elephants do not think, when they give all the demonstration of it imaginable, except only telling us, that they do so. This some may suspect to be a step beyond the Rosecrucians; it seeming easier to make oneself invisible to others, than to make another's thoughts visible to me, which are not visible to himself. But 'tis but defining the soul to be a substance, that always thinks, and the business is done. If such definition be of any authority, I know not what it can serve for, but to make many men suspect, that they have no souls at all, since they find a good part of their lives pass away without thinking. For no definitions, that I know, no suppositions of any sect, are of force enough to destroy constant experience; and perhaps, 'tis the affectation of knowing beyond what we perceive, that makes so much useless dispute, and noise, in the world.

No ideas but from sensation or reflection, evident, if we observe children

§20. I see no reason therefore to believe, that the soul thinks before the senses have furnished it with ideas to think on; and as those are increased,

and retained; so it comes, by exercise, to improve its faculty of thinking, in the several parts of it, as well as afterwards, by compounding those ideas, and reflecting on its own operations, it increases its stock as well as facility, in remembering, imagining, reasoning, and other modes of thinking.

§21. He that will suffer himself, to be informed by observation and experience, and not make his own hypothesis the rule of nature, will find few signs of a soul accustomed to much thinking in a new-born child, and much fewer of any reasoning at all. And yet it is hard to imagine, that the rational soul should think so much, and not reason at all. And he that will consider, that infants, newly come into the world, spend the greatest part of their time in sleep, and are seldom awake, but when either hunger calls for the teat, or some pain, (the most importunate of all sensations) or some other violent impression on the body, forces the mind to perceive, and attend to it. He, I say, who considers this, will, perhaps, find reason to imagine, that a fœtus in the mother's womb, differs not much from the state of a vegetable; but passes the greatest part of its time without perception or thought, doing very little, but sleep in a place, where it needs not seek for food, and is surrounded with liquor, always equally soft, and near of the same temper; where the eyes have no light, and the ears, so shut up, are not very susceptible of sounds; and where there is little or no variety, or change of objects, to move the senses.

§22. Follow a child from its birth, and observe the alterations that time makes, and you shall find, as the mind by the senses comes more and more to be furnished with ideas, it comes to be more and more awake; thinks more, the more it has matter to think on. After some time, it begins to know the objects, which being most familiar with it, have made lasting impressions. Thus it comes, by degrees, to know the persons it daily converses with, and distinguish them from strangers; which are instances and effects of its coming

to retain and distinguish the ideas the senses convey to it: and so we may observe, how the mind, by degrees, improves in these, and advances to the exercise of those other faculties of enlarging, compounding, and abstracting its ideas, and of reasoning about them, and reflecting upon all these, of which, I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter.

§23. If it shall be demanded then, when a man begins to have any ideas? I think, the true answer is, when he first has any sensation. For since there appear not to be any ideas in the mind, before the senses have conveyed any in, I conceive that ideas in the understanding, are coeval with sensation; which is such an impression or motion, made in some part of the body, as produces some perception in the understanding. 'Tis about these impressions made on our senses by outward objects, that the mind seems first to employ itself in such operations as we call perception, remembering, consideration, reasoning, etc.

The original of all our knowledge

---

§24. In time, the mind comes to reflect on its own operations, about the ideas got by sensation, and thereby stores itself with a new set of ideas, which I call ideas of reflection. These are the impressions that are made on our senses by outward objects, that are extrinsical to the mind; and its own operations, proceeding from powers intrinsical and proper to itself, which when reflected on by itself, become also objects of its contemplation, are, as I have said, the original of all knowledge. Thus the first capacity of human intellect, is, That the mind is fitted to receive the impressions made on it; either, through the senses, by outward objects; or by its own operations, when it reflects on them. This is the first step a man makes towards the discovery

of anything, and the groundwork, whereon to build all those notions, which ever he shall have naturally in this world. All those sublime thoughts, which tower above the clouds, and reach as high as heaven itself, take their rise and footing here: in all that great extent wherein the mind wanders, in those remote speculations, it may seem to be elevated with, it stirs not one jot beyond those ideas, which sense or reflection, have offered for its contemplation.

In the reception of simple ideas, the understanding is for the most part passive

---

§25. In this part, the understanding is merely passive; and whether or no, it will have these beginnings, and as it were materials of knowledge, is not in its own power. For the objects of our senses, do, many of them, obtrude their particular ideas upon our minds, whether we will or no: and the operations of our minds, will not let us be without, at least some obscure notions of them. No man can be wholly ignorant of what he does, when he thinks. These simple ideas, when offered to the mind, the understanding can no more refuse to have, nor alter, when they are imprinted, nor blot them out, and make new ones itself, than a mirror can refuse, alter, or obliterate the images or ideas, which, the objects set before it, do therein produce. As the bodies that surround us, do diversely affect our organs, the mind is forced to receive the impressions; and cannot avoid the perception of those ideas that are annexed to them.

[...]

Of Simple Ideas

Uncompounded appearances

§1. The better to understand the nature, manner, and extent of our knowledge, one thing is carefully to be observed, concerning the ideas we have; and that is, that some of them are simple, and some complex.

Though the qualities that affect our senses, are, in the things themselves, so united and blended, that there is no separation, no distance between them; yet 'tis plain, the ideas they produce in the mind, enter by the senses simple and unmixed. For though the sight and touch often take in from the same object, at the same time, different ideas; as a man sees at once motion and colour; the hand feels softness and warmth in the same piece of wax: yet the simple ideas thus united in the same subject, are as perfectly distinct, as those that come in by different senses. The coldness and hardness, which a man feels in a piece of ice, being as distinct ideas in the mind, as the smell and whiteness of a lily; or as the taste of sugar, and smell of a rose: and there is nothing can be plainer to a man, than the clear and distinct perception he has of those simple ideas; which being each in itself uncompounded, contains in it nothing but one uniform appearance, or conception in the mind, and is not distinguishable into different ideas.

The mind can neither make nor destroy them

§2. These simple ideas, the materials of all our knowledge, are suggested and furnished to the mind, only by those two ways above mentioned, viz. sensation and reflection. When the understanding is once stored with these simple ideas, it has the power to repeat, compare, and unite them even to an almost infinite variety, and so can make at pleasure new

complex ideas. But it is not in the power of the most exalted wit, or enlarged understanding, by any quickness or variety of thought, to invent or frame one new simple idea in the mind, not taken in by the ways before mentioned: nor can any force of the understanding, destroy those that are there. The dominion of man, in this little world of his own understanding, being muchwhat the same, as it is in the great world of visible things; wherein his power, however managed by art and skill, reaches no further, than to compound and divide the materials, that are made to his hand; but can do nothing towards the making the least particle of new matter, or destroying one atom of what is already in being. The same inability, will everyone find in himself, who shall go about to fashion in his understanding any simple idea, not received in by his senses, from external objects; or by reflection from the operations of his own mind about them. I would have anyone try to fancy any taste, which had never affected his palate; or frame the idea of a scent, he had never smelt: and when he can do this I will also conclude, that a blind man hath ideas of colours, and a deaf man true distinct notions of sounds.

§3. This is the reason why, though we cannot believe it impossible to God, to make a creature with other organs, and more ways to convey into the understanding the notice of corporeal things than those five, as they are usually counted, which he has given to man: yet I think, it is not possible, for anyone to imagine any other qualities in bodies, howsoever constituted, whereby they can be taken notice of, besides sounds, tastes, smells, visible and tangible qualities. And had mankind been made with but four senses, the qualities then, which are the object of the fifth sense, had been as far from our notice, imagination, and conception, as now any belonging to a sixth, seventh, or eighth sense, can possibly be: which, whether yet some other

creatures, in some other parts of this vast, and stupendous universe, may not have, will be a great presumption to deny. He that will not set himself proudly at the top of all things; but will consider the immensity of this fabric, and the great variety, that is to be found in this little and inconsiderable part of it, which he has to do with, may be apt to think, that in other mansions of it, there may be other, and different intelligent beings, of whose faculties, he has as little knowledge or apprehension, as a worm shut up in one drawer of a cabinet, hath of the senses or understanding of a man; such variety and excellency, being suitable to the wisdom and power of the maker. I have here followed the common opinion of man's having but five senses; though, perhaps, there may be justly counted more; but either supposition serves equally to my present purpose.

[...]

Of Complex Ideas

Made by the mind out of simple ones

---

§1. We have hitherto considered those ideas, in the reception whereof, the mind is only passive, which are those simple ones received from sensation and reflection before-mentioned, whereof the mind cannot make one to itself, nor have any idea which does not wholly consist of them. But as the mind is wholly passive in the reception of all its simple ideas, so it exerts several acts of its own, whereby out of its simple ideas, as the materials and foundations of the rest, the other are framed. The acts of the mind wherein it exerts its power over its simple ideas are chiefly these three, 1. combining several simple ideas into one compound one, and thus all complex ideas are made. 2.

The second is bringing two ideas, whether simple or complex, together; and setting them by one another, so as to take a view of them at once, without uniting them into one; by which way it gets all its ideas of relations. 3. The third is separating them from all other ideas that accompany them in their real existence; this is called abstraction: And thus all its general ideas are made. This shows man's power, and its way of operation, to be muchwhat the same in the material and intellectual world. For the materials in both being such as he has no power over, either to make or destroy, all that man can do, is either to unite them together, or to set them by one another, or wholly separate them. I shall here begin with the first of these in the consideration of complex ideas, and come to the other two in their due places. As simple ideas are observed to exist in several combinations united together; so the mind has a power to consider several of them united together, as one idea; and that not only as they are united in external objects, but as itself has joined them. Ideas thus made up of several simple ones put together, I call complex; such as are beauty, gratitude, a man, an army, the universe; which though complicated of various simple ideas, or complex ideas made up of simple ones, yet are, when the mind pleases, considered each by itself, as one entire thing, and signified by one name.

Made voluntarily

§2. In this faculty of repeating and joining together its ideas, the mind has great power in varying and multiplying the objects of its thoughts, infinitely beyond what sensation or reflection furnished it with: but all this still confined to those simple ideas, which it received from those two sources, and which are the ultimate materials of all its compositions. For simple ideas

are all from things themselves; and of these the mind can have no more, nor other than what are suggested to it. It can have no other ideas of sensible qualities than what come from without by the senses; nor any ideas of other kind of operations of a thinking substance, than what it finds in itself: but when it has once got these simple ideas, it is not confined barely to observation, and what offers itself from without; it can, by its own power, put together those ideas it has, and make new complex ones, which it never received so united.

Are either modes, substances, or relations

---

§3. Complex ideas, however compounded and decompounded, though their number be infinite, and the variety endless, wherewith they fill, and entertain the thoughts of men; yet, I think, they may be all reduced under these three heads.

1. Modes.
2. Substances.
3. Relations.

Modes

---

§4. First, modes I call such complex ideas, which however compounded, contain not in them the supposition of subsisting by themselves, but are considered as dependences on, or affections of substances; such are the ideas signified by the words triangle, gratitude, murder, etc. And if in this I use the word mode, in somewhat a different sense from its ordinary signification, I beg pardon; it being unavoidable in discourses, differing from the ordinary received notions, either to make new

words, or to use old words in somewhat a new signification, the latter whereof, in our present case, is perhaps the more tolerable of the two.

Simple and mixed modes

§5. Of these modes, there are two sorts, which deserve distinct consideration. First, there are some which are only variations, or different combinations of the same simple idea, without the mixture of any other, as a dozen, or score; which are nothing but the ideas of so many distinct units added together, and these I call simple modes, as being contained within the bounds of one simple idea. Secondly, there are others compounded of simple ideas of several kinds, put together to make one complex one; v. g. beauty, consisting of a certain composition of colour and figure, causing delight in the beholder; theft, which being the concealed change of the possession of anything, without the consent of the proprietor, contains, as is visible, a combination of several ideas of several kinds; and these I call mixed modes.

Substances single or collective

§6. Secondly, the ideas of substances are such combinations of simple ideas, as are taken to represent distinct particular things subsisting by themselves; in which the supposed, or confused idea of substance, such as it is, is always the first and chief. Thus, if to substance be joined the simple idea of a certain dull whitish colour, with certain degrees of weight, hardness, ductility, and fusibility, we have the idea of lead; and a combination of the ideas of a certain sort of figure, with the powers of motion, thought, and reasoning, joined to substance, make the ordinary idea of a man. Now, of substances also, there are two sorts of ideas; one of single substances, as they

exist separately, as of a man, or a sheep; the other of several of those put together as an army of men, or flock of sheep; which collective ideas of several substances thus put together, are as much each of them one single idea, as that of a man, or an unit.

Relation

§7. Thirdly, the last sort of complex ideas, is that we call relation, which consists in the consideration and comparing one idea with another: of these several kinds, we shall treat in their order.

The abstrusest ideas from the two sources

§8. If we will trace the progress of our minds, and with attention observe how it repeats, adds together, and unites its simple ideas received from sensation or reflection, it will lead us further than at first, perhaps, we should have imagined. And, I believe, we shall find, if we warily observe the originals of our notions, that even the most abstruse ideas, how remote soever they may seem from sense, or from any operation of our own minds, are yet only such, as the understanding frames to itself, by repeating and joining together ideas, that it had either from objects of sense, or from its own operations about them: so that those even large and abstract ideas, are derived from sensation, or reflection, being no other than what the mind, by the ordinary use of its own faculties, employed about ideas received from objects of sense, or from the operations it observes in itself about them, may, and does attain unto. This I shall endeavour to show in the ideas we have of space, time, and infinity, and some few other, that seem the most remote from those originals.

Of Modes of Pleasure and Pain

Pleasure and pain simple ideas

§1. Amongst the simple ideas, which we receive both from sensation and reflection, pain and pleasure are two very considerable ones. For as in the body, there is sensation barely in itself, or accompanied with pain or pleasure; so the thought, or perception of the mind is simply so, or else accompanied also with pleasure or pain, delight, or trouble, call it how you please. These, like other simple ideas, cannot be described, nor their names defined; the way of knowing them, is, as of the simple ideas of the senses, only by experience. For to define them by the presence of good or evil, is no otherwise to make them known to us, than by making us reflect on what we feel in ourselves, upon the several and various operations of good and evil upon our minds, as they are differently applied to, or considered by us.

Good and evil, what

§2. Things then are good or evil, only in reference to pleasure or pain. That we call good, which is apt to cause or increase pleasure, or diminish pain in us; or else to procure, or preserve us the possession of any other good, or absence of any evil. And on the contrary, we name that evil, which is apt to produce or increase any pain, or diminish any pleasure in us; or else to procure us any evil, or deprive us of any good. By pleasure and pain, I must be understood to mean of body or mind, as they are commonly distinguished; though in truth, they be only different constitutions of the mind, sometimes

occasioned by disorder in the body, sometimes by thoughts of the mind.

Our passions moved by good and evil

§3. Pleasure and pain, and that which causes them, good and evil, are the hinges on which our passions turn: and if we reflect on ourselves, and observe how these, under various considerations, operate in us; what modifications or tempers of mind, what internal sensations (if I may so call them,) they produce in us, we may thence form to ourselves the ideas of our passions.

Love

§4. Thus anyone reflecting upon the thought he has of the delight, which any present, or absent thing is apt to produce in him, has the idea we call love. For when a man declares in autumn, when he is eating them, or in spring, when there are none, that he loves grapes, it is no more, but that the taste of grapes delights him; let an alteration of health or constitution destroy the delight of their taste, and he then can be said to love grapes no longer.

Hatred

§5. On the contrary, the thought of the pain, which anything present or absent is apt to produce in us, is what we call hatred. Were it my business here, to inquire any further than into the bare ideas of our passions, as they depend on different modifications of pleasure and pain, I should remark, that our love and hatred of inanimate insensible beings, is commonly founded on that pleasure and pain which we receive from their use and application any

way to our senses, though with their destruction: but hatred or love, to beings capable of happiness or misery, is often the uneasiness or delight, which we find in ourselves arising from a consideration of their very being, or happiness. Thus the being and welfare of a man's children or friends, producing constant delight in him, he is said constantly to love them. But it suffices to note, that our ideas of love and hatred, are but the dispositions of the mind, in respect of pleasure and pain in general, however caused in us.

Desire

---

§6. The uneasiness a man finds in himself upon the absence ofanything, whose present enjoyment carries the idea of delight with it, is that we call desire, which is greater or less, as that uneasiness is more or less vehement. Where, by the by, it may perhaps be of some use to remark, that the chief if not only spur to human industry and action, is uneasiness. For whatever good is proposed, if its absence carries no displeasure nor pain with it; if a man be easy and content without it, there is no desire of it, nor endeavour after it; there is no more but a bare velleity, the term used to signify the lowest degree of desire, and that which is next to none at all, when there is so little uneasiness in the absence of anything, that it carries a man no further than some faint wishes for it, without any more effectual or vigorous use of the means to attain it. Desire also is stopped or abated by the opinion of the impossibility or unattainableness of the good proposed, as far as the uneasiness is cured or allayed by that consideration. This might carry our thoughts further, were it seasonable in this place.

Joy

---

§7. Joy is a delight of the mind, from the consideration of the present or assured approaching possession of a good; and we are then possessed of any good, when we have it so in our power, that we can use it when we please. Thus a man almost starved, has joy at the arrival of relief, even before he has the pleasure of using it: and a father, in whom the very well-being of his children causes delight, is always, as long as his children are in such a state, in the possession of that good; for he needs but to reflect on it to have that pleasure.

Sorrow

---

§8. Sorrow is uneasiness in the mind, upon the thought of a good lost, which might have been enjoyed longer; or the sense of a present evil.

Hope

---

§9. Hope is that pleasure in the mind, which everyone finds in himself, upon the thought of a profitable future enjoyment of a thing, which is apt to delight him.

Fear

---

§10. Fear is an uneasiness of the mind, upon the thought of future evil likely to befall us.

Despair

---

§11. Despair is the thought of the unattainableness of any good, which works differently in men's minds, sometimes producing uneasiness or pain,

sometimes rest and indolency.

Anger

§12. Anger is uneasiness or discomposure of the mind, upon the receipt of any injury, with a present purpose of revenge.

Envy

§13. Envy is an uneasiness of mind, caused by the consideration of a good we desire, obtained by one, we think should not have had it before us.

What passions all men have

§14. These two last, envy and anger, not being caused by pain and pleasure simply in themselves, but having in them some mixed considerations of ourselves and others, are not therefore to be found in all men, because those other parts of valuing their merits, or intending revenge, is wanting in them: but all the rest terminated purely in pain and pleasure, are, I think, to be found in all men. For we love, desire, rejoice, and hope, only in respect of pleasure; we hate, fear, and grieve only in respect of pain ultimately: in fine, all these passions are moved by things, only as they appear to be the causes of pleasure and pain, or to have pleasure or pain some way or other annexed to them.Thus we extend our hatred usually to the subject, (at least if a sensible or voluntary agent,) which has produced pain in us, because the fear it leaves, is a constant pain: but we do not so constantly love what has done us good; because pleasure operates not so strongly on us, as pain; and because we are not so ready to have hope, it will do so again. But this by the

by.

Pleasure and pain what

§15. By pleasure and pain, delight and uneasiness, I must all along be understood (as I have above intimated) to mean, not only bodily pain and pleasure, but whatsoever delight or uneasiness is felt by us, whether arising from any grateful, or unacceptable sensation or reflection.

§16. 'Tis further to be considered, that in reference to the passions, the removal or lessening of a pain is considered, and operates as a pleasure: and the loss or diminishing of a pleasure, as a pain.

Shame

§17. The passions too have most of them in most persons operations on the body, and cause various changes in it: which not being always sensible, do not make a necessary part of the idea of each passion. For shame, which is an uneasiness of the mind, upon the thought of having done something, which is indecent, or will lessen the valued esteem, which others have for us, has not always blushing accompanying it.

These instances to show how our ideas of the passions are got from sensation and reflection

§18. I would not be mistaken here, as if I meant this as a discourse of the passions; they are many more than those I have here named: and those I have taken notice of, would each of them require a much larger, and more accurate discourse. I have only mentioned these here, as so many instances of modes of pleasure and pain resulting in our minds, from various

considerations of good and evil. I might, perhaps, have instanced in other modes of pleasure and pain more simple than these, as the pain of hunger and thirst, and the pleasure of eating and drinking to remove them; the pain of tender eyes, and the pleasure of music; pain from captious uninstructive wrangling, and the pleasure of rational conversation with a friend, or of well directed study in the search and discovery of truth. But the passions being of much more concernment to us, I rather made choice to instance in them, and show how the ideas we have of them, are derived from sensation and reflection.

[...]

Of Adequate and Inadequate Ideas

Adequate ideas, are such as perfectly represent their archetypes

---

§1. Of our real ideas some are adequate, and some are inadequate. Those I call adequate, which perfectly represent those archetypes which the mind supposes them taken from; which it intends them to stand for, and to which it refers them. Inadequate ideas are such, which are but a partial, or incomplete representation of those archetypes to which they are referred. Upon which account it is plain.

Simple ideas all adequate

---

§2. First, that all our simple ideas are adequate. Because being nothing but the effects of certain powers in things, fitted and ordained by GOD, to produce such sensations in us, they cannot but be correspondent and adequate

to those powers: and we are sure they agree to the reality of things. For if sugar produce in us the ideas which we call whiteness, and sweetness, we are sure there is a power in sugar to produce those ideas in our minds, or else they could not have been produced by it. And so each sensation answering the power that operates on any of our senses, the idea so produced, is a real idea, (and not a fiction of the mind, which has no power to produce any simple idea;) and cannot but be adequate, since it ought only to answer that power: and so all simple ideas are adequate. 'Tis true, the things producing in us these simple ideas, are but few of them denominated by us, as if they were only the causes of them; but as if those ideas were real beings in them. For though fire be called painful to the touch, whereby is signified the power of producing in us the idea of pain; yet it is denominated also light, and hot; as if light and heat, were really something in the fire, more than a power to excite these ideas in us; and therefore are called qualities in, or of the fire. But these being nothing, in truth, but powers to excite such ideas in us, I must, in that sense, be understood, when I speak of secondary qualities, as being in things; or of their ideas, as being in the objects that excite them in us. Such ways of speaking, though accommodated to the vulgar notions, without which one cannot be well understood; yet truly signify nothing, but those powers which are in things, to excite certain sensations or ideas in us. Since were there no fit organs to receive the impressions fire makes on the sight and touch; nor a mind joined to those organs to receive the ideas of light and heat, by those impressions from the fire, or the Sun, there would yet be no more light or heat in the world, than there would be pain, if there were no sensible creature to feel it, though the Sun should continue just as it is now, and Mount Ætna flame higher than ever it did. Solidity, and extension, and the termination of it, figure, with motion and rest, whereof we have the ideas, would be really in

the world as they are, whether there were any sensible being to perceive them, or no: and therefore those we have reason to look on, as the real modifications of matter; and such as are the exciting causes of all our various sensations from bodies. But this being an inquiry not belonging to this place, I shall enter no further into it, but proceed to show, what complex ideas are adequate, and what not.

Modes are all adequate

§3. Secondly, our complex ideas of modes, being voluntary collections of simple ideas, which the mind puts together, without reference to any real archetypes, or standing patterns, existing anywhere, are and cannot but be adequate ideas. Because they not being intended for copies of things really existing, but for archetypes made by the mind, to rank and denominate things by, cannot want anything; they having each of them that combination of ideas, and thereby that perfection which the mind intended they should: so that the mind acquiesces in them, and can find nothing wanting. Thus by having the idea of a figure, with three sides meeting at three angles, I have a complete idea, wherein I require nothing else to make it perfect. That the mind is satisfied with the perfection of this its idea, is plain in that it does not conceive, that any understanding hath, or can have a more complete or perfect idea of that thing it signifies by the word triangle, supposing it to exist, than itself has in that complex idea of three sides, and three angles; in which is contained all that is, or can be essential to it, or necessary to complete it, wherever or however it exists. But in our ideas of substances, it is otherwise. For there desiring to copy things as they really do exist; and to represent to ourselves that constitution on which all their properties depend,

we perceive our ideas attain not that perfection we intend: we find they still want something we should be glad were in them; and so are all inadequate. But mixed modes and relations, being archetypes without patterns, and so having nothing to represent but themselves, cannot but be adequate, everything being so to itself. He that at first put together the idea of danger perceived, absence of disorder from fear, sedate consideration of what was justly to be done, and executing of that without disturbance, or being deterred by the danger of it, had certainly in his mind that complex idea made up of that combination, and intending it to be nothing else, but what it is; nor to have in it any other simple ideas, but what it hath, it could not also but be an adequate idea: and laying this up in his memory, with the name courage annexed to it, to signify it to others, and denominate from thence any action he should observe to agree with it, had thereby a standard to measure and denominate actions by, as they agreed to it. This idea thus made, and laid up for a pattern, must necessarily be adequate, being referred to nothing else but itself, nor made by any other original, but the good-liking and will of him that first made this combination.

Modes in reference to settled names, may be inadequate

§4. Indeed, another coming after, and in conversation learning from him the word courage, may make an idea, to which he gives that name courage, different from what the first author applied it to, and has in his mind, when he uses it. And in this case, if he designs, that his idea in thinking, should be conformable to the other's idea, as the name he uses in speaking is conformable in sound to his, from whom he learned it, his idea may be very wrong and inadequate. Because in this case, making the other man's idea the

pattern of his idea in thinking, as the other man's word, or sound, is the pattern of his in speaking, his idea is so far defective and inadequate, as it is distant from the archetype and pattern he refers it to, and intends to express and signify by the name he uses for it; which name he would have to be a sign of the other man's idea, (to which, in its proper use, it is primarily annexed,) and of his own, as agreeing to it: to which, if his own does not exactly correspond, it is faulty and inadequate.

§5. Therefore these complex ideas of modes, when they are referred by the mind, and intended to correspond to the ideas in the mind of some other intelligent being, expressed by the names we apply to them, they may be very deficient, wrong, and inadequate. Because they agree not to that, which the mind designs to be their archetype and pattern: in which respect only, any idea of modes can be wrong, imperfect, or inadequate. And on this account, our ideas of mixed modes are the most liable to be faulty of any other; but this refers more to proper speaking, than knowing right.

Ideas of substances, as referred to real essences, not adequate

§6. Thirdly, what ideas we have of substances, I have above showed: now, those ideas have in the mind a double reference: 1. Sometimes they are referred to a supposed real essence of each species of things. 2. Sometimes they are only designed to be pictures and representations in the mind of things that do exist by ideas of those qualities that are discoverable in them. In both which ways, these copies of those originals and archetypes, are imperfect and inadequate.

First, it is usual for men to make the names of substances, stand for things, as supposed to have certain real essences, whereby they are of this or

that species: and names standing for nothing but the ideas that are in men's minds, they must consequently refer their ideas to such real essences, as to their archetypes. That men (especially such as have been bred up in the learning taught in this part of the world) do suppose certain specific essences of substances, which each individual, in its several kinds, is made conformable to, and partakes of, is so far from needing proof, that it will be thought strange, if anyone should do otherwise. And thus they ordinarily apply the specific names, they rank particular substances under, to things, as distinguished by such specific real essences. Who is there almost, who would not take it amiss, if it should be doubted, whether he called himself man, with any other meaning, than as having the real essence of a man? And yet if you demand, what those real essences are, 'tis plain men are ignorant, and know them not. From whence it follows, that the ideas they have in their minds, being referred to real essences, as to archetypes which are unknown, must be so far from being adequate, that they cannot be supposed to be any representation of them at all. The complex ideas we have of substances, are, as it has been shown, certain collections of simple ideas that have been observed or supposed constantly to exist together. But such a complex idea cannot be the real essence of any substance; for then the properties we discover in that body, would depend on that complex idea, and be deducible from it, and their necessary connexion with it be known; as all properties of a triangle depend on, and as far as they are discoverable, are deducible from the complex idea of three lines, including a space. But it is plain, that in our complex ideas of substances, are not contained such ideas, on which all the other qualities, that are to be found in them, do depend. The common idea men have of iron, is a body of a certain colour, weight, and hardness; and a property that they look on as belonging to it, is malleableness. But yet this

property has no necessary connexion with that complex idea, or any part of it: and there is no more reason to think, that malleableness depends on that colour, weight, and hardness, than that that colour, or that weight depends on its malleableness. And yet, though we know nothing of these real essences, there is nothing more ordinary, than that men should attribute the sorts of things to such essences. The particular parcel of matter, which makes the ring I have on my finger, is forwardly, by most men, supposed to have a real essence, whereby it is gold; and from whence those qualities flow, which I find in it, viz. its peculiar colour, weight, hardness, fusibility, fixedness, and change of colour upon a slight touch of mercury, etc. This essence, from which all these properties flow, when I inquire into it, and search after it, I plainly perceive I cannot discover: the furthest I can go, is only to presume, that it being nothing but body, its real essence, or internal constitution, on which these qualities depend, can be nothing but the figure, size, and connexion of its solid parts; of neither of which, I having any distinct perception at all, I can have no idea of its essence, which is the cause that it has that particular shining yellowness; a greater weight than anything I know of the same bulk, and a fitness to have its colour changed by the touch of quicksilver. If anyone will say, that the real essence, and internal constitution, on which these properties depend, is not the figure, size, and arrangement or connexion of its solid parts, but something else, called its particular form; I am further from having any idea of its real essence, than I was before; for I have an idea of figure, size, and situation of solid parts in general, though I have none of the particular figure, size, or putting together of parts, whereby the qualities above-mentioned are produced; which qualities I find in that particular parcel of matter that is on my finger, and not in another parcel of matter, with which I cut the pen I write with. But when I am told, that

something besides the figure, size, and posture of the solid parts of that body, is its essence, something called substantial form; of that, I confess, I have no idea at all, but only of the sound form; which is far enough from an idea of its real essence, or constitution. The like ignorance as I have of the real essence of this particular substance, I have also of the real essence of all other natural ones: of which essences, I confess, I have no distinct ideas at all; and I am apt to suppose others, when they examine their own knowledge, will find in themselves, in this one point, the same sort of ignorance.

§7. Now then, when men apply to this particular parcel of matter on my finger, a general name already in use, and denominate it gold, do they not ordinarily, or are they not understood to give it that name as belonging to a particular species of bodies, having a real internal essence; by having of which essence, this particular substance comes to be of that species, and to be called by that name? If it be so, as it is plain it is, the name, by which things are marked, as having that essence, must be referred primarily to that essence; and consequently the idea to which that name is given, must be referred also to that essence, and be intended to represent it. Which essence, since they, who so use the names, know not, their ideas of substances must be all inadequatein that respect, as not containing in them that real essence which the mind intends they should.

Ideas of substances, as collections of their qualities, are all inadequate

§8. Secondly, those who neglecting that useless supposition of unknown real essences, whereby they are distinguished, endeavour to copy the substances that exist in the world, by putting together the ideas of those sensible qualities which are found co-existing in them, though they come

much nearer a likeness of them, than those who imagine they know not what real specific essences: yet they arrive not at perfectly adequate ideas of those substances they would thus copy into their minds; nor do those copies exactly and fully contain all that is to be found in their archetypes. Because those qualities, and powers of substances, whereof we make their complex ideas, are so many and various, that no man's complex idea contains them all. That our abstract ideas of substances, do not contain in them all the simple ideas that are united in the things themselves, is evident, in that men do rarely put into their complex idea of any substance, all the simple ideas they do know to exist in it. Because endeavouring to make the signification of their specific names as clear, and as little cumbersome as they can, they make their specific ideas of the sorts of substances, for the most part, of a few of those simple ideas which are to be found in them: But these having no original precedency, or right to be put in, and make the specific idea more than others that are left out, 'tis plain, that both these ways, our ideas of substances are deficient and inadequate. The simple ideas, whereof we make our complex ones of substances, are all of them (bating only the figure and bulk of some sorts) powers, which being relations to other substances, we can never be sure that we know all the powers that are in any one body, till we have tried what changes it is fitted to give to, or receive from other substances, in their several ways of application: which being impossible to be tried upon any one body, much less upon all, it is impossible we should have adequate ideas of any substance, made up of a collection of all its properties.

§9. Whosoever first light on a parcel of that sort of substance we denote by the word gold, could not rationally take the bulk and figure he observed in that lump, to depend on its real essence or internal constitution. Therefore those never went into his idea of that species of body; but its

peculiar colour, perhaps, and weight, were the first he abstracted from it, to make the complex idea of that species. Which both are but powers; the one to affect our eyes after such a manner, and to produce in us that idea we call yellow; and the other to force upwards any other body of equal bulk, they being put into a pair of equal scales, one against another. Another, perhaps, added to these, the ideas of fusibility and fixedness, two other passive powers, in relation to the operation of fire upon it; another, its ductility and solubility in aqua regia; two other powers, relating to the operation of other bodies, in changing its outward figure or separation of it into insensible parts. These, or part of these, put together, usually make the complex idea in men's minds, of that sort of body we call gold.

§10. But no one, who hath considered the properties of bodies in general, or this sort in particular, can doubt, that this, called gold, has infinite other properties, not contained in that complex idea. Some, who have examined this species more accurately, could, I believe, enumerate ten times as many properties in gold, all of them as inseparable from its internal constitution, as its colour, or weight: and 'tis probable, if anyone knew all the properties that are by divers men known of this metal, there would be an hundred times as many ideas go to the complex idea of gold, as any one man yet has in his; and yet, perhaps, that not be the thousandth part of what is to be discovered in it. The changes that that one body is apt to receive, and make in other bodies, upon a due application, exceeding far, not only what we know, but what we are apt to imagine. Which will not appear so much a paradox to anyone, who will but consider how far men are yet from knowing all the properties of that one, no very compound figure, a triangle, though it be no small number, that are already by mathematicians discovered of it.

§11. So that all our complex ideas of substances are imperfect and

inadequate. Which would be so also in mathematical figures, if we were to have our complex ideas of them, only by collecting their properties in reference to other figures. How uncertain and imperfect would our ideas be of an ellipse, if we had no other idea of it, but some few of its properties? Whereas having in our plain idea, the whole essence of that figure, we from thence discover those properties, and demonstratively see how they flow, and are inseparable from it.

Simple ideas *ἔκτυπα*, and adequate

§12. Thus the mind has three sorts of abstract ideas, or nominal essences:

First, simple ideas, which are *ἔκτυπα*, or copies; but yet certainly adequate. Because being intended to express nothing but the power in things to produce in the mind such a sensation, that sensation, when it is produced, cannot but be the effect of that power. So the paper I write on, having the power, in the light, (I speak according to the common notion of light,) to produce in me the sensation which I call white, it cannot but be the effect of such a power, in something without the mind, since the mind has not the power to produce any such idea in itself, and being meant for nothing else but the effect of such a power; that simple idea is real and adequate: the sensation of white, in my mind, being the effect of that power, which is in the paper to produce it, is perfectly adequate to that power; or else, that power would produce a different idea.

Ideas of substances are *ἔκτυπα*, inadequate

§13. Secondly, the complex ideas of substances, are ectypes, copies

too; but not perfect ones, not adequate: which is very evident to the mind, in that it plainly perceives, that whatever collection of simple ideas it makes of any substance that exists, it cannot be sure, that it exactly answers all that are in that substance: since not having tried all the operations of all other substances upon it, and found all the alterations it would receive from, or cause in other substances, it cannot have an exact adequate collection of all its active and passive capacities; and so not have an adequate complex idea of the powers of any substance existing, and its relations, which is that sort of complex idea of substances we have. And, after all, if we could have, and actually had, in our complex idea, an exact collection of all the secondary qualities or powers of any substance, we should not yet thereby have an idea of the essence of that thing. For since the powers or qualities, that are observable by us, are not the real essence of that substance, but depend on it, and flow from it, any collection whatsoever of these qualities, cannot be the real essence of that thing. Whereby it is plain, that our ideas of substances are not adequate; are not what the mind intends them to be. Besides, a man has no idea of substance in general, nor knows what substance is in itself.

Ideas of modes and relations, are archetypes, and cannot but be adequate

§14. Thirdly, complex ideas of modes and relations, are originals, and archetypes; are not copies, nor made after the pattern of any real existence, to which the mind intends them to be conformable, and exactly to answer. These being such collections of simple ideas, that the mind itself puts together, and such collections, that each of them contains in it precisely all that the mind intends it should, they are archetypes and essences of modes that may exist; and so are designed only for, and belong only to such modes,

as when they do exist, have an exact conformity with those complex ideas. The ideas therefore of modes and relations, cannot but be adequate.

Of True and False Ideas

Truth and falsehood properly belong to propositions

§1. Though truth and falsehood belong, in propriety of speech, only to propositions; yet ideas are oftentimes termedtrue or false, (as what words are there, that are not used with great latitude, and with some deviation from their strict and proper significations?) Though, I think, that when ideas themselves are termed true or false, there is still some secret or tacit proposition, which is the foundation of that denomination: as we shall see, if we examine the particular occasions, wherein they come to be called true or false. In all which, we shall find some kind of affirmation, or negation, which is the reason of that denomination. For our ideas, being nothing but bare appearances or perceptions in our minds, cannot properly and simply in themselves be said to be true or false, no more than a single name of anything can be said to be true or false.

Metaphysical truth contains a tacit proposition

§2. Indeed, both ideas and words, may be said to be true in a metaphysical sense of the word truth, as all other things, that any way exist, are said to be true; i. e. really to be such as they exist. Though in things called true, even in that sense, there is, perhaps, a secret reference to our ideas, looked upon as the standards of that truth, which amounts to a mental

proposition, though it be usually not taken notice of.

No idea, as an appearance in the mind, true or false

§3. But 'tis not in that metaphysical sense of truth, which we inquire here, when we examine, whether our ideas are capable of being true or false; but in the more ordinary acceptation of those words: and so I say, that the ideas in our minds, being only so many perceptions, or appearances there, none of them are false. The idea of a centaur having no more falsehood in it, when it appears in our minds, than the name centaur has falsehood in it, when it is pronounced by our mouths, or written on paper. For truth or falsehood, lying always in some affirmation, or negation, mental or verbal, our ideas are not capable, any of them, of being false, till the mind passes some judgement on them; that is, affirms or denies something of them.

Ideas referred to anything, may be true or false

§4. Whenever the mind refers any of its ideas to anything extraneous to them, they are then capable to be called true or false. Because the mind in such a reference, makes a tacit supposition of their conformity to that thing: which supposition, as it happens to be true or false; so the ideas themselves come to be denominated. The most usual cases wherein this happens, are these following:

Other men's ideas, real existence, and supposed real essences, are what men usually refer their ideas to

§5. First, when the mind supposes any idea it has, conformable to that

in othermen's minds, called by the same common name; v. g. when the mind intends or judges its ideas of justice, temperance, religion, to be the same, with what other men give those names to.

Secondly, when the mind supposes any idea it has in itself, to be conformable to some real existence. Thus the two ideas, of a man, and a centaur, supposed to be the ideas of real substances, are the one true, and the other false; the one having a conformity to what has really existed; the other not.

Thirdly, when the mind refers any of its ideas to that real constitution, and essence of anything, whereon all its properties depend: and thus the greatest part, if not all our ideas of substances, are false.

The cause of such references

---

§6. These suppositions, the mind is very apt tacitly to make concerning its own ideas. But yet, if we will examine it, we shall find it is chiefly, if not only, concerning its abstract complex ideas. For the natural tendency of the mind being towards knowledge; and finding that, if it should proceed by, and dwell upon only particular things, its progress would be very slow, and its work endless: Therefore to shorten its way to knowledge, and make each perception the more comprehensive; the first thing it does, as the foundation of the easier enlarging its knowledge, either by contemplation of the things themselves, that it would know or conference with others about them, is to bind them into bundles, and rank them so into sorts, that what knowledge it gets of any of them, it may there by with assurance extend to all of that sort; and so advance by larger steps in that, which is its great business, knowledge. This, as I have elsewhere showed, is the reason why we collect things under

comprehensive ideas, with names annexed to them, into genera and species, i. e. into kinds and sorts.

§7. If therefore we will warily attend to the motions of the mind, and observe what course it usually takes in its way to knowledge, we shall, I think, find, that the mind having got any idea, which it thinks it may have use of, either in contemplation or discourse, the first thing it does, is to abstract it, and then get a name to it; and so lay it up in its storehouse, the memory, as containing the essence of a sort of things, of which that name is always to be the mark. Hence it is, that we may often observe, that when anyone sees a new thing of a kind that he knows not, he presently asks what it is, meaning by that inquiry, nothing but the name. As if the name carried with it the knowledge of the species, or the essence of it, where of it is indeed used as the mark, and is generally supposed annexed to it.

§8. But this abstract idea being something in the mind between the thing that exists, and the name that is given to it; it is in our ideas, that both the rightness of our knowledge, and the propriety or intelligibleness of our speaking, consists. And hence it is, that men are so. forward to suppose, that the abstract ideas they have in their minds, are such as agree to the things existing without them, to which they are referred; and are the same also, to which the names they give them, do, by the use and propriety of that language belong. For without this double conformity of their ideas, they find they should both think amiss of things in themselves, and talk of them unintelligibly to others.

Simple ideas may be false, in reference to others of the samename, but are least liable to be so

---

§9. First then, I say, that when the truth of our ideas is judged of, by the

conformity they have to the ideas which other men have, and commonly signify by the same name, they may be any of them false. But yet simple ideas are least of all liable to be so mistaken. Because a man by his senses, and every day's observation, may easily satisfy himself what the simple ideas are, which their several names that are in common use stand for, they being but few in number, and such, as if he doubts or mistakes in, he may easily rectify by the objects they are to be found in. Therefore it is seldom, that anyone mistakes in his names of simple ideas; or applies the name red, to the idea of green; or the name sweet, to the idea bitter: much less are men apt to confound the names of ideas, belonging to different senses; and call a colour, by the name of a taste, etc. whereby it is evident, that the simple ideas they call by any name, are commonly the same that others have and mean, when they use the same names.

Ideas of mixed modes most liable to be false in this sense

§10. Complex ideas are much more liable to be false in this respect; and the complex ideas of mixed modes, much more than those of substances: because in substances, (especially those which the common and unborrowed names of any language are applied to) some remarkable sensible qualities, serving ordinarily to distinguish one sort from another, easily preserve those, who take any care in the use of their words, from applying them to sorts of substances to which they do not at all belong. But in mixed modes, we are much more uncertain, it being not so easy to determine of several actions, whether they are to be called justice, or cruelty; liberality, or prodigality. And so in referring our ideas to those of other men, called by the same names, ours may be false; and the idea in our minds, which we express by the word

justice, may, perhaps, be that which ought to have another name.

Or at least to be thought false

§11. But whether or no our ideas of mixed modes are more liable than any sort, to be different from those of other men, which are marked by the same names: this at least is certain, that this sort of falsehood is much more familiarly attributed to our ideas of mixed modes, than to any other. When a man is thought to have a false idea of justice, or gratitude, or glory, it is for no other reason, but that his agrees not with the ideas which each of those names are the signs of in other men.

And why

§12. The reason whereof seems to me to be this, that the abstract ideas of mixed modes, being men's voluntary combinations of such a precise collection of simple ideas; and so the essence of each species being made by men alone, whereof we have no other sensible standard existing anywhere, but the name itself, or the definition of that name: we have nothing else to refer these our ideas of mixed modes to, as a standard, to which we would conform them, but the ideas of those, who are thought to use those names in their most proper significations; and so, as our ideas conform, or differ from them, they pass for true or false. And thus much concerning the truth and falsehood of our ideas, in reference to their names.

As referred to real existences, none of our ideas can be false, but those of substances

§13. Secondly, as to the truth and falsehood of our ideas, in reference

to the real existence of things, when that is made the standard of their truth, none of them can be termed false, but only our complex ideas of substances.

First, simple ideas in this sense not false, and why

§14. First, our simple ideas being barely such perceptions, as God has fitted us to receive, and given power to external objects to produce in us by established laws and ways, suitable to his wisdom and goodness, though incomprehensible to us, their truth consists in nothing else but in such appearances as are produced in us, and must be suitable to those powers he has placed in external objects, or else they could not be produced in us: and thus answering those powers, they are what they should be, true ideas. Nor do they become liable to any imputation of falsehood, if the mind (as in most men I believe it does) judges these ideas to be in the things themselves. For God, in his wisdom, having set them as marks of distinction in things, whereby we may be able to discern one thing from another, and so choose any of them for our uses, as we have occasion, it alters not the nature of our simple idea, whether we think, that the idea of blue, be in the violet itself, or in our mind only; and only the power of producing it by the texture of its parts, reflecting the particles of light, after a certain manner, to be in the violet itself. For that texture in the object, by a regular and constant operation, producing the same idea of blue in us, it serves us to distinguish, by our eyes, that from any other thing, whether that distinguishing mark, as it is really in the violet, be only a peculiar texture of parts, or else that very colour, the idea whereof (which is in us) is the exact resemblance. And it is equally from that appearance to be denominated blue, whether it be that real colour, or only a peculiar texture in it, that causes in us that idea: since the name blue notes

properly nothing, but that mark of distinction that is in a violet, discernible only by our eyes, whatever it consists in, that being beyond our capacities distinctly to know, and, perhaps, would be of less use to us, if we had faculties to discern.

Though one man's idea of blue should be different from another's

§15. Neither would it carry any imputation of falsehood to our simple ideas, if by the different structure of our organs, it were so ordered, that the same object should produce in several men's minds different ideas at the same time; v. g. if the idea that a violet produced in one man's mind by his eyes, were the same that a marigold produced in another man's, and vice versâ. For since this could never be known; because one man's mind could not pass into another man's body, to perceive what appearances were produced by those organs; neither the ideas hereby, nor the names would be at all confounded, or any falsehood be in either. For all things that had the texture of a violet, producing constantly the idea which he called blue; and those which had the texture of a marigold, producing constantly the idea which he as constantly called yellow, whatever those appearances were in his mind, he would be able as regularly to distinguish things for his use by those appearances, and understand and signify those distinctions, marked by the names blue and yellow, as if the appearances, or ideas in his mind, received from those two flowers, were exactly the same with the ideas in other men's minds. I am nevertheless very apt to think, that the sensible ideas produced by any object in different men's minds, are most commonly very near and undiscernibly alike. For which opinion, I think, there might be many reasons offered: but that being besides my present business, I shall not trouble my

reader with them; but only mind him, that the contrary supposition, if it could be proved, is of little use, either for the improvement of our knowledge, or conveniency of life; and so we need not trouble ourselves to examine it.

First, simple ideas in this sense not false, and why

§16. From what has been said concerning our simple ideas, I think it evident, that our simple ideas can none of them be false, in respect of things existing without us. For the truth of these appearances, or perceptions in our minds, consisting, as has been said, only in their being answerable to the powers in external objects, to produce by our senses such appearances in us, and each of them being in the mind, such as it is, suitable to the power that produced it, and which alone it represents, it cannot upon that account, or as referred to such a pattern, be false. Blue or yellow, bitter or sweet, can never be false ideas, these perceptions in the mind are just such as they are there, answering the powers appointed by God to produce them; and so are truly what they are, and are intended to be. Indeed the names may be misapplied; but that in this respect, makes no falsehood in the ideas: as if a man ignorant in the English tongue, should call purple, scarlet.

Secondly, modes not false

§17. Secondly, neither can our complex ideas of modes, in reference to the essence of anything really existing, be false. Because whatever complex idea I have of any mode, it hath no reference to any pattern existing, and made by nature: it is not supposed to contain in it any other ideas, than what it hath; nor to represent anything, but such a complication of ideas as it does. Thus when I have the idea of such an action of a man, who forbears to afford

himself such meat, drink, and clothing, and other conveniencies of life, as his riches and estate will be sufficient to supply, and his station requires, I have no false idea; but such an one as represents an action, either as I find or imagine it; and so is capable of neither truth, or falsehood. But when I give the name frugality, or virtue, to this action, then it may be called a false idea, if thereby it be supposed to agree with that idea, to which, in propriety of speech, the name of frugality doth belong; or to be conformable to that law, which is the standard of virtue and vice.

Thirdly, ideas of substances when false

§18. Thirdly, our complex ideas of substances, being all referred to patterns in things themselves, may be false. That they are all false, when looked upon as the representations of the unknown essences of things, is so evident, that there needs nothing to be said of it. I shall therefore pass over that chimerical supposition, and consider them as collections of simple ideas in the mind, taken from combinations of simple ideas existing together constantly in things, of which patterns they are the supposed copies: and in this reference of them, to the existence of things, they are false ideas. 1. When they put together simple ideas, which in the real existence of things have no union; as when to the shape and size that exist together in a horse, is joined, in the same complex idea, the power of barking like dog: which three ideas, however put together into one in the mind, were never united in nature; and this therefore may be called a false idea of an horse. 2. Ideas of substances are, in this respect, also false, when from any collection of simple ideas that do always exist together, there is separated, by a direct negation, any other simple idea which is constantly joined with them. Thus if to

extension, solidity, fusibility, the peculiar weightiness, and yellow colour of gold, anyone join in his thoughts the negation of a greater degree of fixedness than is in lead or copper, he may be said to have a false complex idea, as well as when he joins to those other simple ones, the idea of perfect absolute fixedness. For either way, the complex idea of gold being made up of such simple ones, as have no union in nature, may be termed false. But if he leave out of this his complex idea, that of fixedness quite, without either actually joining to, or separating of it from the rest in his mind, it is, I think, to be looked on, as an inadequate and imperfect idea, rather than a false one; since though it contains not all the simple ideas that are united in nature, yet it puts none together but what do really exist together.

Truth or falsehood always supposes affirmation or negation

---

§19. Though in compliance with the ordinary way of speaking, I have showed in what sense, and upon what ground our ideas may be sometimes called true, or false; yet if we will look a little nearer into the matter in all cases, where any idea is called true, or false, it is from some judgement that the mind makes, or is supposed to make, that is true or false. For truth or falsehood, being never without some affirmation, or negation, express or tacit, it is not to be found, but where signs are joined or separated, according to the agreement, or disagreement of the things they stand for. The signs we chiefly use, are either ideas, or words, wherewith we make either mental or verbal propositions. Truth lies in so joining or separating these representatives, as the things they stand for, do in themselves, agree or disagree; and falsehood in the contrary, as shall be more fully showed hereafter.

Ideas in themselves neither true nor false

§20. Any idea then which we have in our minds, whether conformable or not to the existence of things, or to any ideas in the minds of other men, cannot properly for this alone be called false. For these representations, if they have nothing in them, but what is really existing in things without, cannot be thought false, being exact representations of something: nor yet if they have anything in them, differing from the reality of things, can they properly be said to be false representations, or ideas of things, they do not represent. But the mistake and falsehood is,

But are false, first, when judged agreeable to another man's idea without being so

§21. First, when the mind having any idea, it judges and concludes it the same that is in other men's minds, signified by the same name; or that it is conformable to the ordinary received signification or definition of that word, when indeed it is not: which is the most usual mistake in mixed modes, though other ideas also are liable to it.

Secondly, when judged to agree to real existence, when they do not

§22. Secondly, when it having a complex idea made up of such a collection of simple ones, as nature never puts together, it judges it to agree to a species of creatures really existing; as when it joins the weight of tin, to the colour, fusibility, and fixedness of gold.

Thirdly, when judged adequate, without being so

§23. Thirdly, when in its complex idea, it has united a certain number of simple ideas, that do really exist together in some sorts of creatures, but has also left out others, as much inseparable, it judges this to be a perfect complete idea, of a sort of things which really it is not; v. g. having joined the ideas of substance, yellow, malleable, most heavy, and fusible, it takes that complex idea to be the complete idea of gold, when yet its peculiar fixedness and solubility in aqua regia, are as inseparable from those other ideas or qualities of that body, as they are one from another.

Fourthly, when judged to represent the real essence

§24. Fourthly, the mistake is yet greater, when I judge, that this complex idea contains in it the real essence of any body existing; when at least it contains but some few of those properties which flow from its real essence and constitution. I say, only some few of those properties; for those properties consisting mostly in the active and passive powers, it has, in reference to other things, all that are vulgarly known of any one body, and of which the complex idea of that kind of things is usually made, are but a very few, in comparison of what a man, that has several ways tried and examined it, knows of that one sort of things; and all that the most expert man knows, are but few, in comparison of what are really in that body, and depend on its internal or essential constitution. The essence of a triangle, lies in a very little compass, consists in a very few ideas; three lines including a space, make up that essence: but the properties that flow from this essence, are more than can be easily known, or enumerated. So I imagine it is in substances, their real essences lie in a little compass; though the properties flowing from that internal constitution, are endless.

Ideas when false

§25. To conclude, a man having no notion of anything without him, but by the idea he has of it in his mind, (which idea he has a power to call by what name he pleases) he may, indeed, make an idea neither answering the reality of things, nor agreeing to the ideas commonly signified by other people's words; but cannot make a wrong or false idea of a thing which is no otherwise known to him, but by the idea he has of it. V. g. When I frame an idea of the legs, arms, and body of a man, and join to this a horse's head and neck, I do not make a false idea of anything; because it represents nothing without me. But when I call it a man, or Tartar,and imagine it either to represent some real being without me, or to be the same idea that others call by the same name; in either of these cases, I may err. And upon this account it is, that it comes to be termed a false idea; though, indeed, the falsehood lies not in the idea, but in that tacit mental proposition, wherein a conformity and resemblance is attributed to it, which it has not. But yet, if having framed such an idea in my mind, without thinking, either that existence, or the name man or Tartar, belongs to it, I will call it man or Tartar, I may be justly thought fantastical in the naming; but not erroneous in my judgement; nor the idea any way false.

More properly to be called right or wrong

§26. Upon the whole matter, I think, that our ideas, as they are considered by the mind, either in reference to the proper signification of their names, or in reference to the reality of things, may very fitly be called right or wrong ideas, according as they agree or disagree to those patterns to which

they are referred. But if anyone had rather call them true or false, 'tis fit he use a liberty, which everyone has, to call things by those names he thinks best; though in propriety of speech, truth or falsehood, will, I think, scarce agree to them, but as they, some way or other, virtually contain in them some mental proposition. The ideas that are in a man's mind, simply considered, cannot be wrong, unless complex ones, wherein inconsistent parts are jumbled together. All other ideas are in themselves right; and the knowledge about them, right and true knowledge: but when we come to refer them to any thing, as to their patterns and archetypes, then they are capable of being wrong, as far as they disagree with such archetypes.

Of Words

Of Words or Language in General

Man fitted to form articulate sounds

§1. God having designed man for a sociable creature, made him not only with an inclination, and under a necessity to have fellowship with those of his own kind; but furnished him also with language, which was to be the great instrument, and common tie of society. Man therefore had by nature his organs so fashioned, as to be fit to frame articulate sounds, which we call words. But this was not enough to produce language; for parrots, and several other birds, will be taught to make articulate sounds distinct enough, which yet, by no means, are capable of language.

To make them signs of ideas

§2. Besides articulate sounds therefore, it was further necessary, that he should be able to use these sounds, as signs of internal conceptions; and to make them stand as marks for the ideas within his own mind, whereby they might be made known to others, and the thoughts of men's minds be conveyed from one to another.

To make general signs

§3. But neither was this sufficient to make words so useful as they ought to be. It is not enough for the perfection of language, that sounds can be made signs of ideas, unless those signs can be so made use of, as to comprehend several particular things: for the multiplication of words would have perplexed their use, had every particular thing need of a distinct name to be signified by. To remedy this inconvenience, language had yet a further improvement in the use of general terms, whereby one word was made to mark a multitude of particular existences: which advantageous use of sounds was obtained only by the difference of the ideas they were made signs of. Those names becoming general, which are made to stand for general ideas, and those remaining particular, where the ideas they are used for are particular.

§4. Besides these names which stand for ideas, there be other words which men make use of, not to signify any idea, but the want or absence of some ideas simple or complex, or all ideas together; such as are the nihil in Latin, and in English, ignorance and barrenness. All which negative or privative words, cannot be said properly to belong to, or signify no ideas: for then they would be perfectly insignificant sounds; but they relate to positive ideas, and signify their absence.

Words ultimately derived from such as signify sensible ideas

§5. It may also lead us a little towards the original of all our notions and knowledge, if we remark, how great a dependence our words have on common sensible ideas; and how those, which are made use of to stand for actions and notions quite removed from sense, have their rise from thence, and from obvious sensible ideas are transferred to more abstruse

significations, and made to stand for ideas that come not under the cognizance of our senses; v. g. to imagine, apprehend, comprehend, adhere, conceive, instil, disgust, disturbance, tranquillity, etc. are all words taken from the operations of sensible things, and applied to certain modes of thinking. Spirit, in its primary signification, is breath; angel, a messenger: and I doubt not, but if we could trace them to their sources, we should find, in all languages, the names, which stand for things that fall not under our senses, to have had their first rise from sensible ideas. By which we may give some kind of guess, what kind of notions they were, and whence derived, which filled their minds, who were the first beginners of languages; and how nature, even in the naming of things, unawares suggested to men the originals and principles of all their knowledge: whilst, to give names, that might make known to others any operations they felt in themselves, or any other ideas, that came not under their senses, they were fain to borrow words from ordinary known ideas of sensation, by that means to make others the more easily to conceive those operations they experimented in themselves, which made no outward sensible appearances; and then when they had got known and agreed names, to signify those internal operations of their own minds, they were sufficiently furnished to make known by words, all their other ideas; since they could consist of nothing, but either of outward sensible perceptions, or of the inward operations of their minds about them; we having, as has been proved, no ideas at all, but what originally come either from sensible objects without, or what we feel within ourselves, from the inward workings of our own spirits, which we are conscious to ourselves of within.

Distribution

§6. But to understand better the use and force of language, as subservient to instruction and knowledge, it will be convenient to consider:

First, to what it is that names, in the use of language, are immediately applied.

Secondly, since all (except proper) names are general, and so stand not particularly for this or that single thing; but for sorts and ranks of things, it will be necessary to consider, in the next place, what the sorts and kinds, or, if you rather like the Latin names, what the species and genera of things are; wherein they consist; and how they come to be made. These being (as they ought) well looked into, we shall the better come to find the right use of words; the natural advantages and defects of language; and the remedies that ought to be used, to avoid the inconveniencies of obscurity or uncertainty in the signification of words, without which, it is impossible to discourse with any clearness, or order, concerning knowledge: which being conversant about propositions, and those most commonly universal ones, has greater connexion with words, than perhaps is suspected.

These considerations therefore, shall be the matter of the following chapters.

Of the Imperfection of Words

Words are used for recording and communicating our thoughts

---

§1. From what has been said in the foregoing chapters, it is easy to perceive, what imperfection there is in language, and how the very nature of words, makes it almost unavoidable, for many of them to be doubtful and uncertain

in their significations. To examine the perfection, or imperfection of words, it is necessary first to consider their use and end: for as they are more or less fitted to attain that, so are they more or less perfect. We have, in the former part of this discourse, often, upon occasion, mentioned a double use of words.

First, one for the recording of our own thoughts.

Secondly, the other for the communicating of our thoughts to others.

Any words will serve for recording

§2. As to the first of these, for the recording our own thoughts for the help of our own memories, whereby, as it were, we talk to ourselves, any words will serve the turn. For since sounds are voluntary and indifferent signs of any ideas, a man may use what words he pleases, to signify his own ideas to himself: and there will be no imperfection in them, if he constantly use the same sign for the same idea: for then he cannot fail of having his meaning understood, wherein consists the right use and perfection of language.

Communication by words civil or philosophical

§3. Secondly, As to communication of words, that too has a double use.

I. Civil.

II. Philosophical.

First, By their civil use, I mean such a communication of thoughts and ideas by words, as may serve for the upholding common conversation and commerce, about the ordinary affairs and conveniencies of civil life, in the societies of men one amongst another.

Secondly, by the philosophical use of words, I mean such an use of

them, as may serve to convey the precise notions of things, and to express, in general propositions, certain and undoubted truths, which the mind may rest upon, and be satisfied with, in its search after true knowledge. These two uses are very distinct; and a great deal less exactness will serve in the one, than in the other, as we shall see in what follows.

The imperfections of words is the doubtfulness of their signification

§4. The chief end of language in communication being to be understood, words serve not well for that end, neither in civil, nor philosophical discourse, when any word does not excite in the hearer, the same idea which it stands for in the mind of the speaker. Now since sounds have no natural connexion with our ideas, but have all their signification from the arbitrary imposition of men, the doubtfulness and uncertainty of their signification, which is the imperfection we here are speaking of, has its cause more in the ideas they stand for, than in any incapacity there is in one sound, more than in another, to signify any idea: for in that regard, they are all equally perfect.

That then which makes doubtfulness and uncertainty in the signification of some more than other words, is the difference of ideas they stand for.

Causes of their imperfection

§5. Words having naturally no signification, the idea which each stands for, must be learned and retained by those, who would exchange thoughts, and hold intelligible discourse with others, in any language. But this is hardest to be done, where, First, the ideas they stand for, are very complex, and made up of a great number of ideas put together.

Secondly, where the ideas they stand for, have no certain connexion in nature; and so no settled standard, anywhere in nature existing, to rectify and adjust them by.

Thirdly, where the signification of the word is referred to a standard, which standard is not easy to be known.

Fourthly, where the signification of the word, and the real essence of the thing, are not exactly the same.

These are difficulties that attend the signification of several words that are intelligible. Those which are not intelligible at all, such as names standing for any simple ideas, which another has not organs or faculties to attain; as the names of colours to a blind man, or sounds to a deaf man, need not here be mentioned.

In all these cases, we shall find an imperfection in words; which I shall more at large explain, in their particular application to our several sorts of ideas: for if we examine them, we shall find, that the names of mixed modes are most liable to doubtfulness and imperfection, for the two first of these reasons; and the names of substances chiefly for the two latter.

The names of mixed modes doubtful. First, because the ideas they stand for, are so complex

---

§6. First, the names of mixed modes, are many of them liable to great uncertainty and obscurity in their signification.

I. Because of that great composition, these complex ideas are often made up of. To make words serviceable to the end of communication, it is necessary, (as has been said) that they excite, in the hearer, exactly the same idea, they stand for in the mind of the speaker. Without this, men fill one another's heads with noise and sounds; but convey not thereby their thoughts,

and lay not before one another their ideas, which is the end of discourse and language. But when a word stands for a very complex idea, that is compounded and decompounded, it is not easy for men to form and retain that idea so exactly, as to make the name in common use, stand for the same precise idea, without any the least variation. Hence it comes to pass, that men's names, of very compound ideas, such as for the most part are moral words, have seldom, in two different men, the same precise signification; since one man's complex idea seldom agrees with another's, and often differs from his own, from that which he had yesterday, or will have tomorrow.

Secondly, because they have no standards

---

§7. II. Because the names of mixed modes, for the most part, want standards in nature, whereby men may rectify and adjust their significations; therefore they are very various and doubtful. They are assemblages of ideas put together at the pleasure of the mind, pursuing its own ends of discourse, and suited to its own notions; whereby it designs not to copy anything really existing, but to denominate and rank things, as they come to agree, with those archetypes or forms it has made. He that first brought the word sham, wheedle, or banter in use, put together, as he thought fit, those ideas he made it stand for: and as it is with any new names of modes, that are now brought into any language; so was it with the old ones, when they were first made use of. Names therefore, that stand for collections of ideas, which the mind makes at pleasure, must needs be of doubtful signification, when such collections are nowhere to be found constantly united in nature, nor any patterns to be shown whereby men may adjust them. What the word murder, or sacrilege, etc. signifies, can never be known from things themselves: there

be many of the parts of those complex ideas, which are not visible in the action itself, the intention of the mind, or the relation of holy things, which make a part of murder, or sacrilege, have no necessary connexion with the outward and visible action of him that commits either: and the pulling the trigger of the gun, with which the murder is committed, and is all the action, that, perhaps, is visible, has no natural connexion with those other ideas, that make up the complex one, named murder. They have their union and combination only from the understanding which unites them under one name: but uniting them without any rule, or pattern, it cannot be but that the signification of the name, that stands for such voluntary collections, should be often various in the minds of different men, who have scarce any standing rule to regulate themselves, and their notions by, in such arbitrary ideas.

Propriety not a sufficient remedy

§8. 'Tis true, common use, that is the rule of propriety, may be supposed here to afford some aid, to settle the signification of language; and it cannot be denied, but that in some measure it does. Common use regulates the meaning of words pretty well for common conversation; but nobody having an authority to establish the precise signification of words, nor determine to what ideas anyone shall annex them, common use is not sufficient to adjust them to philosophical discourses; there being scarce any name, of any very complex idea, (to say nothing of others,) which, in common use, has not a great latitude, and which keeping within the bounds of propriety, may not be made the sign of far different ideas. Besides the rule and measure of propriety itself being nowhere established, it is often matter of dispute, whether this or that way of using a word, be propriety of speech,

or no. From all which, it is evident, that the names of such kind of very complex ideas, are naturally liable to this imperfection, to be of doubtful and uncertain signification; and even in men, that have a mind to understand one another, do not always stand for the same idea in speaker and hearer. Though the names glory and gratitude be the same in every man's mouth, through a whole country, yet the complex collective idea, which everyone thinks on, or intends by that name, is apparently very different in men using the same language.

The way of learning these names contributes also to their doubtfulness

§9. The way also wherein the names of mixed modes are ordinarily learned, does not a little contribute to the doubtfulness of their signification. For if we will observe how children learn languages, we shall find, that to make them understand what the names of simple ideas, or substances, stand for, people ordinarily show them the thing, whereof they would have them have the idea; and then repeat to them the name that stands for it, as white, sweet, milk, sugar, cat, dog. But as for mixed modes, especially the most material of them, moral words, the sounds are usually learned first, and then to know what complex ideas they stand for, they are either beholden to the explication of others, or (which happens for the most part) are left to their own observation and industry; which being little laid out in the search of the true and precise meaning of names, these moral words are, in most men's mouths, little more than bare sounds; or when they have any, 'tis for the most part but a very loose and undetermined, and consequently obscure and confused signification. And even those themselves, who have with more attention settled their notions, do yet hardly avoid the inconvenience, to have

them stand for complex ideas, different from those which other, even intelligent and studious men, make them the signs of. Where shall one find any, either controversial debate, or familiar discourse, concerning honour, faith, grace, religion, church, etc. wherein it is not easy to observe the different notions men have of them; which is nothing but this, that they are not agreed in the signification of those words; nor have in their minds the same complex ideas which they make them stand for: and so all the contests that follow thereupon, are only about the meaning of a sound. And hence we see, that in the interpretation of laws, whether divine, or human, there is no end; comments beget comments, and explications make new matter for explications: and of limiting, distinguishing, varying the signification of these moral words, there is no end. These ideas of men's making, are, by men still having the same power, multiplied in infinitum. Many a man, who was pretty well satisfied of the meaning of a text of Scripture, or clause in the code, at first reading, has by consulting commentators, quite lost the sense of it, and, by those elucidations, given rise or increase to his doubts, and drawn obscurity upon the place. I say not this, that I think commentaries needless; but to show how uncertain the names of mixed modes naturally are, even in the mouths of those, who had both the intention and the faculty of speaking as clearly, as language was capable to express their thoughts.

Hence unavoidable obscurity in ancient authors

---

§10. What obscurity this has unavoidably brought upon the writings of men, who have lived in remote ages, and different countries, it will be needless to take notice. Since the numerous volumes of learned men, employing their thoughts that way, are proofs more than enough, to show

what attention, study, sagacity, and reasoning is required, to find out the true meaning of ancient authors. But there being no writings we have any great concernment to be very solicitous about the meaning of, but those that contain either truths we are required to believe, or laws we are to obey, and draw inconveniences on us, when we mistake or transgress, we may be less anxious about the sense of other authors; who writing but their own opinions, we are under no greater necessity to know them, than they to know ours. Our good or evil depending not on their decrees, we may safely be ignorant of their notions: and therefore in the reading of them, if they do not use their words with a due clearness and perspicuity, we may lay them aside, and without any injury done them, resolve thus with ourselves,

Si non vis intelligi, debes negligi.
['If you don't want to be understood, you should be discounted']

§11. If the signification of the names of mixed modes are uncertain, because there be no real standards existing in nature, to which those ideas are referred, and by which they may be adjusted, the names of substances are of a doubtful signification, for a contrary reason, viz. because the ideas, they stand for, are supposed conformable to the reality of things, and are referred to standards made by nature. In our ideas of substances we have not the liberty as in mixed modes, to frame what combinations we think fit, to be the characteristical notes, to rank and denominate things by. In these we must follow nature, suit our complex ideas to real existences, and regulate the signification of their names by the things themselves, if we will have our names to be the signs of them, and stand for them. Here, 'tis true, we have patterns to follow; but patterns, that will make the signification of their names

very uncertain: for names must be of a very unsteady and various meaning, if the ideas they stand for, be referred to standards without us, that either cannot be known at all, or can be known but imperfectly and uncertainly.

Names of substances referred, first, to real essences that cannot be known

§12. The names of substances have, as has been showed, a double reference in their ordinary use.

First, sometimes they are made to stand for, and so their signification is supposed to agree to, the real constitution of things, from which all their properties flow, and in which they all centre. But this real constitution, or (as it is apt to be called) essence, being utterly unknown to us, any sound that is put to stand for it, must be very uncertain in its application; and it will be impossible to know, what things are, or ought to be called an horse, or antimony, when those words are put for real essences, that we have no ideas of at all. And therefore in this supposition, the names of substances being referred to standards that cannot be known, their significations can never be adjusted and established by those standards.

Secondly, to co-existing qualities, which are known but imperfectly

§13. Secondly, the simple ideas that are found to co-exist in substances, being that which their names immediately signify, these, as united in the several sorts of things, are the proper standards to which their names are referred, and by which their significations may best be rectified. But neither will these archetypes so well serve to this purpose, as to leave these names, without very various and uncertain significations. Because these simple ideas that coexist, and are united in the same subject, being very

numerous, and having all an equal right to go into the complex specific idea, which the specific name is to stand for, men, though they propose to themselves the very same subject to consider, yet frame very different ideas about it; and so the name they use for it, unavoidably comes to have, in several men, very different significations. The simple qualities which make up the complex ideas, being most of them powers, in relation to changes, which they are apt to make in, or receive from other bodies, are almost infinite. He that shall but observe, what a great variety of alterations any one of the baser metals is apt to receive, from the different application only of fire; and how much a greater number of changes any of them will receive in the hands of a chemist, by the application of other bodies, will not think it strange, that I count the properties of any sort of bodies not easy to be collected, and completely known by the ways of inquiry, which our faculties are capable of. They being therefore at least so many, that no man can know the precise and definite number, they are differently discovered by different men, according to their various skill, attention, and ways of handling; who therefore cannot choose but have different ideas of the same substance, and therefore make the signification of its common name very various and uncertain. For the complex ideas of substances, being made up of such simple ones as are supposed to co-exist in nature, everyone has a right to put into his complex idea, those qualities he has found to be united together. For though in the substance gold, one satisfies himself with colour and weight, yet another thinks solubility in aqua regia, as necessary to be joined with that colour in his idea of gold, as anyone does its fusibility; solubility in aqua regia, being a quality as constantly joined with its colour and weight, as fusibility, or any other; others put in its ductility or fixedness, etc. as they have been taught by tradition, or experience. Who of all these, has established

the right signification of the word gold? Or who shall be the judge to determine? Each has his standard in nature, which he appeals to, and with reason thinks he has the same right to put into his complex idea, signified by the word gold, those qualities, which upon trial he has found united; as another, who has not so well examined, has to leave them out; or a third, who has made other trials, has to put in others. For the union in nature of these qualities, being the true ground of their union in one complex idea, who can say, one of them has more reason to be put in, or left out, than another? From whence it will always unavoidably follow, that the complex ideas of substances, in men using the same name for them, will be very various; and so the significations of those names, very uncertain.

§14. Besides, there is scarce any particular thing existing, which, in some of its simple ideas, does not communicate with a greater, and in others with a less number of particular beings: who shall determine in this case, which are those that are to make up the precise collection, that is to be signified by the specific name; or can with any just authority prescribe, which obvious or common qualities are to be left out; or which more secret, or more particular, are to be put into the signification of the name of any substance? All which together, seldom or never fail to produce that various and doubtful signification in the names of substances, which causes such uncertainty, disputes, or mistakes, when we come to a philosophical use of them.

With this imperfection, they may serve for civil, but not well for philosophical use

§15. 'Tis true, as to civil and common conversation, the general names of substances, regulated in their ordinary signification by some obvious qualities, (as by the shape and figure in things of known seminal propagation,

and in other substances, for the most part by colour, joined with some other sensible qualities,) do well enough, to design the things men would be understood to speak of: and so they usually conceive well enough the substances meant by the word gold, or apple, to distinguish the one from the other. But in philosophical inquiries and debates, where general truths are to be established, and consequences drawn from positions laid down, there the precise signification of the names of substances will be found, not only not to be well established, but also very hard to be so. For example, he that shall make malleableness, or a certain degree of fixedness, a part of his complex idea of gold, may make propositions concerning gold, and draw consequences from them, that will truly and clearly follow from gold, taken in such a signification: But yet such as another man can never be forced to admit, nor be convinced of their truth, who makes not malleableness, or the same degree of fixedness, part of that complex idea, that the name gold, in his use of it, stands for.

Instance liquor

§16. This is a natural, and almost unavoidable imperfection in almost all the names of substances, in all languages whatsoever, which men will easily find, when once passing from confused or loose notions, they come to more strict and close inquiries. For then they will be convinced, how doubtful and obscure those words are in their signification, which in ordinary use appeared very clear and determined. I was once in a meeting of very learned and ingenious physicians, where by chance there arose a question, whether any liquor passed through the filaments of the nerves. The debate having been managed a good while, by variety of arguments on both sides, I (who

had been used to suspect, that the greatest part of disputes were more about the signification of words, than a real difference in the conception of things) desired, that before they went any further on in this dispute, they would first examine, and establish amongst them, what the word liquor signified. They atfirst were a little surprised at the proposal; and had they been persons less ingenious, they might perhaps have taken it for a very frivolous or extravagant one: since there was no one there, that thought not himself to understand very perfectly, what the word liquor stood for; which, I think too, none of the most perplexed names of substances. However, they were pleased to comply with my motion, and upon examination found, that the signification of that word, was not so settled and certain, as they had all imagined; but that each of them made it a sign of a different complex idea. This made them perceive, that the main of their dispute was about the signification of that term; and that they differed very little in their opinions, concerning some fluid and subtle matter, passing through the conduits of the nerves; though it was not so easy to agree whether it was to be called liquor, or no, a thing which when each considered, he thought it not worth the contending about.

Instance gold

---

§17. How much this is the case in the greatest part of disputes, that men are engaged so hotly in, I shall, perhaps, have an occasion in another place to take notice. Let us only here consider a little more exactly the fore-mentioned instance of the word gold, and we shall see how hard it is precisely to determine its signification. I think all agree, to make it stand for a body of a certain yellow shining colour; which being the idea to which

children have annexed that name, the shining yellow part of a peacock's tail, is properly to them gold. Others finding fusibility joined with that yellow colour in certain parcels of matter, make of that combination a complex idea to which they give the name gold to denote a sort of substances; and so exclude from being gold all such yellow shining bodies, as by fire will be reduced to ashes, and admit to be of that species, or to be comprehended under that name gold only such substances as having that shining yellow colour will by fire be reduced to fusion, and not to ashes. Another by the same reason adds the weight, which being a quality, as straightly joined with that colour, as its fusibility, he thinks has the same reason to be joined in its idea, and to be signified by its name: and therefore the other made up of body, of such a colour and fusibility, to be imperfect; and so on of all the rest: wherein no one can show a reason, why some of the inseparable qualities, that are always united in nature, should be put into the nominal essence, and others left out: Or why the word gold, signifying that sort of body the ring on his finger is made of, should determine that sort, rather by its colour, weight, and fusibility; than by its colour, weight, and solubility in aqua regia: since the dissolving it by that liquor, is as inseparable from it, as the fusion by fire; and they are both of them nothing, but the relation which that substance has to two other bodies, which have a power to operate differently upon it. For by what right is it, that fusibility comes to be a part of the essence, signified by the word gold, and solubility but a property of it? Or why is its colour part of the essence, and its malleableness but a property? That which I mean, is this, that these being all but properties, depending on its real constitution; and nothing but powers, either active or passive, in reference to other bodies, no one has authority to determine the signification of the word gold, (as referred to such a body existing in nature) more to one collection of ideas to be found

in that body, than to another: whereby the signification of that name must unavoidably be very uncertain. Since, as has been said, several people observe several properties in the same substance; and, I think, I may say nobody all. And therefore we have but very imperfect descriptions of things, and words have very uncertain significations.

The names of simple ideas the least doubtful

§18. From what has been said, it is easy to observe, what has been before remarked, viz. that the names of simple ideas are, of all others the least liable to mistakes, and that for these reasons. First, Because the ideas they stand for, being each but one single perception, are much easier got, and more clearly retained, than the more complex ones, and therefore are not liable to the uncertainty, which usually attends those compounded ones of substances and mixed modes, in which the precise number of simple ideas, that make them up, are not easily agreed, and so readily kept in mind. And secondly, because they are never referred to any other essence, but barely that perception they immediately signify: which reference is that, which renders the signification of the names of substances naturally so perplexed, and gives occasion to so many disputes. Men that do not perversely use their words, or on purpose set themselves to cavil, seldom mistake in any language, which they are acquainted with, the use and signification of the names of simple ideas: white and sweet, yellow and bitter, carry a very obvious meaning with them, which everyone precisely comprehends, or easily perceives he is ignorant of, and seeks to be informed. But what precise collection of simple ideas, modesty, or frugality stand for in another's use, is not so certainly known. And however we are apt to think, we well enough know, what is

meant by gold or iron; yet the precise complex idea, others make them the signs of, is not so certain: and I believe it is very seldom that in speaker and hearer, they stand for exactly the same collection. Which must needs produce mistakes and disputes, when they are made use of in discourses, wherein men have to do with universal propositions, and would settle in their minds universal truths and consider the consequences, that follow from them.

And next to them simple modes

§19. By the same rule, the names of simple modes are next to those of simple ideas, least liable to doubt and uncertainty, especially those of figure and number, of which men have so clear and distinct ideas. Whoever, that had a mind to understand them, mistook the ordinary meaning of seven, or a triangle? And in general the least compounded ideas in every kind have the least dubious names.

The most doubtful are the names of very compounded mixed modes and substances

§20. Mixed modes therefore, that are made up but of a few and obvious simple ideas, have usually names of no very uncertain signification. But the names of mixed modes, which comprehend a great number of simple ideas, are commonly of a very doubtful, and undetermined meaning, as has been shown. The names of substances, being annexed to ideas, that are neither the real essences, nor exact representations of the patterns they are referred to, are liable yet to greater imperfection and uncertainty, especially when we come to a philosophical use of them.

Why this imperfection charged upon words

§21. The great disorder that happens in our names of substances, proceeding for the most part from our want of knowledge, and inability to penetrate into their real constitutions, it may probably be wondered, why I charge this as an imperfection, rather upon our words than understandings. This exception, has so much appearance of justice, that I think myself obliged to give a reason, why I have followed this method. I must confess then, that when I first began this discourse of the understanding, and a good while after, I had not the least thought, that any consideration of words was at all necessary to it. But when having passed over the original and composition of our ideas, I began to examine the extent and certainty of our knowledge, I found it had so near a connexion with words, that unless their force and manner of signification were first well observed, there could be very little said clearly and pertinently concerning knowledge: which being conversant about truth, had constantly to do with propositions. And though it terminated in things, yet it was for the most part so much by the intervention of words, that they seemed scarce separable from our general knowledge. At least they interpose themselves so much between our understandings, and the truth, which it would contemplate and apprehend, that like the medium through which visible objects pass, their obscurity and disorder does not seldom cast a mist before our eyes, and impose upon our understandings. If we consider, in the fallacies, men put upon themselves, as well as others, and the mistakes in men's disputes and notions, how great a part is owing to words, and their uncertain or mistaken significations, we shall have reason to think this no small obstacle in the way to knowledge, which, I conclude we are the more carefully to be warned of, because it has been so far from being taken notice of as an inconvenience, that the arts of improving it have been made the

business of men's study; and obtained the reputation of learning and subtlety, as we shall see in the following chapter. But I am apt to imagine, that were the imperfections of language, as the instrument of knowledge, more throughly weighed, a great many of the controversies that make such a noise in the world, would of themselves cease; and the way to knowledge, and, perhaps, peace too, lie a great deal opener than it does.

This should teach us moderation, in imposing our own sense of old authors

§22. Sure I am, that the signification of words, in all languages, depending very much on the thoughts, notions, and ideas of him that uses them, must unavoidably be of great uncertainty, to men of the same language and country. This is so evident in the Greek authors, that he, that shall peruse their writings, will find, in almost every one of them, a distinct language, though the same words. But when to this natural difficulty in every country, there shall be added different countries, and remote ages, wherein the speakers and writers had very different notions, tempers, customs, ornaments, and figures of speech, etc. every one of which, influenced the signification of their words then, though to us now they are lost and unknown, it would become us to be charitable one to another in our interpretations or misunderstanding of those ancient writings, which though of great concernment to us to be understood, are liable to the unavoidable difficulties of speech, which, (if we except the names of simple ideas, and some very obvious things) is not capable, without a constant defining the terms of conveying the sense and intention of the speaker, without any manner of doubt and uncertainty, to the hearer. And in discourses of religion, law, and morality, as they are matters of the highest concernment, so there will be the

greatest difficulty.

§23. The volumes of interpreters, and commentators on the Old and New Testament, are but too manifest proofs of this. Though everything said in the text be infallibly true, yet the reader may be, nay cannot choose but be very fallible in the understanding of it. Nor is it to be wondered, that the will of GOD, when clothed in words, should be liable to that doubt and uncertainty, which unavoidably attends that sort of conveyance, when even his Son, whilst clothed in flesh, was subject to all the frailties and inconveniencies of human nature, sin excepted. And we ought to magnify his goodness, that he hath spread before all the world, such legible characters of his works and providence, and given all mankind so sufficient a light of reason, that they to whom this written word never came, could not (whenever they set themselves to search) either doubt of the being of a GOD, or of the obedience due to Him. Since then the precepts of natural religion are plain, and very intelligible to all mankind, and seldom come to be controverted; and other revealed truths, which are conveyed to us by books and languages, are liable to the common and natural obscurities and difficulties incident to words, methinks it would become us to be more careful and diligent in observing the former, and less magisterial, positive, and imperious, in imposing our own sense and interpretations of the latter.

Of the Abuse of Words

Abuse of words

§1. Besides the imperfection that is naturally in language, and the obscurity and confusion that is so hard to be avoided in the use of words, there are

several wilfu1 faults and neglects, which men are guilty of, in this way of communication, whereby they render these signs less clear and distinct in their signification, than naturally they need to be.

First, words without any, or without clear ideas

---

§2. First, in this kind, the first and most palpable abuse is, the using of words, without clear and distinct ideas; or, which is worse, signs without anything signified. Of these there are two sorts:

I. One may observe, in all languages, certain words, that if they be examined, will be found, in their first original, and their appropriated use, not to stand for any clear and distinct ideas. These, for the most part, the several sects of philosophy and religion have introduced. For their authors, or promoters, either affecting something singular, and out of the way of common apprehensions, or to support some strange opinions, or cover some weakness of their hypothesis, seldom fail to coin new words, and such as, when they come to be examined, may justly be called insignificant terms. For having either had no determinate collection of ideas annexed to them, when they were first invented; or at least such as, if well examined, will be found inconsistent, 'tis no wonder if afterwards, in the vulgar use of the same party, they remain empty sounds, with little or no signification, amongst those who think it enough to have them often in their mouths, as the distinguishing characters of their church, or school, without much troubling their heads to examine, what are the precise ideas they stand for. I shall not need here to heap up instances, everyone's reading and conversation will sufficiently furnish him: Or if he wants to be better stored, the great mint-masters of these kind of terms, I mean the School-men and metaphysicians, (under which, I

think, the disputing natural and moral philosophers of these latter ages, may be comprehended,) have wherewithal abundantly to content him.

§3. II. Others there be, who extend this abuse yet further, who take so little care to lay by words, which in their primary notation have scarce any clear and distinct ideas which they are annexed to, that by an unpardonable negligence, they familiarly use words, which the propriety of language has affixed to very important ideas, without any distinct meaning at all. Wisdom, glory, grace, etc. are words frequent enough in every man's mouth; but if a great many of those who use them, should be asked, what they mean by them? they would be at a stand, and not know what to answer: a plain proof, that though they have learned those sounds, and have them ready at their tongues' end, yet there are no determined ideas laid up in their minds, which are to be expressed to others by them.

Occasioned by learning names before the ideas they belong to

---

§4. Men, having been accustomed from their cradles to learn words, which are easily got and retained, before they knew, or had framed the complex ideas, to which they were annexed, or which were to be found in the things they were thought to stand for, they usually continue to do so all their lives, and without taking the pains necessary to settle in their minds determined ideas, they use their words for such unsteady and confused notions as they have, contenting themselves with the same words other people use; as if their very sound necessarily carried with it constantly the same meaning. This, though men make a shift with, in the ordinary occurrences of life, where they find it necessary to be understood, and therefore they make signs till they are so: yet this insignificancy in their

words, when they come to reason concerning either their tenets or interest, manifestly fills their discourse with abundance of empty unintelligible noise and jargon, especially in moral matters, where the words, for the most part, standing for arbitrary and numerous collections of ideas, not regularly and permanently united in nature, their bare sounds are often only thought on, or at least very obscure and uncertain notions annexed to them. Men take the words they find in use amongst their neighbours; and that they may not seem ignorant what they stand for, use them confidently, without much troubling their heads about a certain fixed meaning; whereby, besides the ease of it, they obtain this advantage, that as in such discourses they seldom are in the right, so they are as seldom to be convinced, that they are in the wrong; it being all one to go about to draw those men out of their mistakes, who have no settled notions, as to dispossess a vagrant of his habitation, who has no settled abode. This I guess to be so; and everyone may observe in himself and others, whether it be, or no.

Secondly, unsteady application of them

§5. Secondly, another great abuse of words is, inconstancy in the use of them. It is hard to find a discourse written of any subject, especially of controversy, whereon one shall not observe, if he read with attention, the same words (and those commonly the most material in the discourse, and upon which the argument turns) used sometimes for one collection of simple ideas, and sometimes for another, which is a perfect abuse of language, words being intended for signs of my ideas, to make them known to others, not by any natural signification, but by a voluntary imposition, 'tis plain cheat and abuse, when I make them stand sometimes for one thing, and sometimes for

another; the wilful doing whereof, can be imputed to nothing but great folly, or greater dishonesty. And a man, in his accounts with another, may, with as much fairness, make the characters of numbers stand sometimes for one, and sometimes for another collection of units: v. g. this character 3 stand sometimes for three, sometimes for four, and sometimes for eight; as in his discourse, or reasoning, make the same words stand for different collections of simple ideas. If men should do so in their reckonings, I wonder who would have to do with them? One who would speak thus, in the affairs and business of the world, and call 8 sometimes seven, and sometimes nine, as best served his advantage, would presently have clapped upon him one of the two names men constantly are disgusted with. And yet in arguings, and learned contests, the same sort of proceeding passes commonly for wit and learning: but to me it appears a greater dishonesty, than the misplacing of counters, in the casting up a debt; and the cheat the greater, by how much truth is of greater concernment and value, than money.

Thirdly, affected obscurity by wrong application

---

§6. Thirdly, another abuse of language is, an affected obscurity, by either applying old words, to new and unusual significations; or introducing new and ambiguous terms, without defining either; or else putting them so together, as may confound their ordinary meaning. Though the Peripatetic philosophy has been most eminent in this way, yet other sects have not been wholly clear of it. There is scarce any of them that are not cumbered with some difficulties, (such is the imperfection of human knowledge,) which they have been fain to cover with obscurity of terms, and to confound the signification of words, which, like a mist before people's eyes, might hinder

their weak parts from being discovered. That body and extension, in common use, stand for two distinct ideas, is plain to anyone that will but reflect a little. For were their signification precisely the same, it would be proper, and as intelligible to say, the body of an extension, as the extension of a body; and yet there are those who find it necessary to confound their signification. To this abuse, and the mischiefs of confounding the signification of words, logic, and the liberal sciences as they have been handled in the Schools, have given reputation; and the admired art of disputing, hath added much to the natural imperfection of languages, whilst it has been made use of, and fitted, to perplex the signification of words, more than to discover the knowledge and truth of things: and he that will look into that sort of learned writings, will find the words there much more obscure, uncertain, and undetermined in their meaning, than they are in ordinary conversation.

Logic and dispute has much contributed to this

§7. This is unavoidably to be so, where men's parts and learning, are estimated by their skill in disputing. And if reputation and reward shall attend these conquests, which depend mostly on the fineness and niceties of words, 'tis no wonder if the wit of man so employed, should perplex, involve, and subtilize the signification of sounds, so as never to want something to say, in opposing or defending any question; the victory being adjudged not to him who had truth on his side, but the last word in the dispute.

Calling it subtlety

§8. This, though a very useless skill, and that which I think the direct opposite to the ways of knowledge, hath yet passed hitherto under the

laudable and esteemed names of subtlety and acuteness; and has had the applause of the Schools, and encouragement of one part of the learned men of the world. And no wonder, since the philosophers of old, (the disputing and wrangling philosophers I mean, such as Lucian wittily, and with reason taxes,) and the Schoolmen since, aiming at glory and esteem, for their great and universal knowledge, easier a great deal to be pretended to, than really acquired, found this a good expedient to cover their ignorance, with a curious and unexplicable web of perplexed words, and procure to themselves the admiration of others, by unintelligible terms, the apter to produce wonder, because they could not be understood: whilst it appears in all history, that these profound doctors were no wiser, nor more useful than their neighbours; and brought but small advantage to human life, or the societies, wherein they lived: unless the coining of new words, where they produced no new things to apply them to, or the perplexing or obscuring the signification of old ones, and so bringing all things into question and dispute, were a thing profitable to the life of man, or worthy commendation and reward.

This learning very little benefits society

---

§9. For, notwithstanding these learned disputants, these all-knowing doctors, it was to the unscholastic statesman, that the governments of the world owed their peace, defence, and liberties; and from the illiterate and contemned mechanic, (a name of disgrace) that they received the improvements of useful arts. Nevertheless, this artificial ignorance, and learned gibberish, prevailed mightily in these last ages, by the interest and artifice of those, who found no easier way to that pitch of authority and dominion they have attained, than by amusing the men of business, and

ignorant, with hard words, or employing the ingenious and idle in intricate disputes, about unintelligible terms, and holding them perpetually entangled in that endless labyrinth. Besides, there is no such way to gain admittance, or give defence to strange and absurd doctrines, as to guard them round about with legions of obscure, doubtful, and undefined words. Which yet make these retreats, more like the dens of robbers, or holes of foxes, than the fortresses of fair warriors: which if it be hard to get them out of, it is not for the strength that is in them, but the briars and thorns, and the obscurity of the thickets they are beset with. For untruth being unacceptable to the mind of man, there is no other defence left for absurdity, but obscurity.

But destroys the instruments of knowledge and communication

§10. Thus learned ignorance, and this art of keeping, even inquisitive men, from true knowledge, hath been propagated in the world, and hath much perplexed, whilst it pretended to inform the understanding. For we see, that other well-meaning and wise men, whose education and parts had not acquired that acuteness, could intelligibly express themselves to one another; and in its plain use, make a benefit of language. But though unlearned men well enough understood the words white and black, etc. and had constant notions of the ideas signified by those words; yet there were philosophers found, who had learning and subtlety enough to prove, that snow was black; i. e. to prove, that white was black. Whereby they had the advantage to destroy the instruments and means of discourse, conversation, instruction, and society; whilst with great art and subtlety they did no more but perplex and confound the signification of words, and thereby render language less useful, than the real defects of it had made it, a gift, which the illiterate had

not attained to.

As useful as to confound the sound of the letters

---

§11. These learned men did equally instruct men's understandings, and profit their lives, as he who should alter the signification of known characters, and, by a subtle device of learning, far surpassing the capacity of the illiterate, dull, and vulgar, should, in his writing, show, that he could put A for B, and D for E, etc. to the no small admiration and benefit of his reader. It being as senseless to put black, which is a word agreed on to stand for one sensible idea, to put it, I say, for another, or the contrary idea, i. e. to call snow black, as to put this mark A. which is a character agreed on to stand for one modification of sound, made by a certain motion of the organs of speech, for B. which is agreed on to stand for another modification of sound, made by another certain motion of the organs of speech.

This art has perplexed religion and justice

---

§12. Nor hath this mischief stopped in logical niceties, or curious empty speculations; it hath invaded the great concernments of human life and society; obscured and perplexed the material truths of law and divinity; brought confusion, disorder and uncertainty into the affairs of mankind; and if not destroyed, yet in great measure rendered useless, those two great rules, religion and justice. What have the greatest part of the comments and disputes, upon the laws of GOD and man served for, but to make the meaning more doubtful, and perplex the sense? What have been the effect of those multiplied curious distinctions, and acute niceties, but obscurity and uncertainty, leaving the words more unintelligible, and the reader more at a

loss? How else comes it to pass, that princes, speaking or writing to their servants, in their ordinary commands, are easily understood; speaking to their people, in their laws, are not so? And, as I remarked before, doth it not often happen, that a man of an ordinary capacity, very well understands a text, or a law, that he reads, till he consults an expositor, or goes to council; who by that time he hath done explaining them, makes the words signify either nothing at all, or what he pleases.

And ought not to pass for learning

§13. Whether any by-interests of these professions have occasioned this, I will not here examine; but I leave it to be considered, whether it would not be well for mankind, whose concernment it is to know things as they are, and to do what they ought; and not to spend their lives in talking about them, or tossing words to and fro; whether it would not be well, I say, that the use of words were made plain and direct; and that language, which was given us for the improvement of knowledge, and bond of society, should not be employed to darken truth, and unsettle people's rights; to raise mists, and render unintelligible both morality and religion? Or that at least, if this will happen, it should not be thought learning or knowledge to do so?

Fourthly, taking them for things

§14. Fourthly, another great abuse of words is, the taking them for things. This, though it, in some degree, concerns all names in general; yet more particularly affects those of substances. To this abuse, those men are most subject, who confine their thoughts to any one system, and give themselves up into a firm belief of the perfection of any received hypothesis:

whereby they come to be persuaded, that the terms of that sect, are so suited to the nature of things, that they perfectly correspond with their real existence. Who is there, that has been bred up in the Peripatetic philosophy, who does not think the ten names, under which are ranked the ten predicaments, to be exactly conformable to the nature of things? Who is there, of that school, that is not persuaded, that substantial forms, vegetative souls, abhorrence of a vacuum, intentional species, etc. are something real? These words men have learned from their very entrance upon knowledge, and have found their masters and systems lay great stress upon them: and therefore they cannot quit the opinion, that they are conformable to nature, and are the representations of something that really exists. The Platonists have their soul of the world, and the Epicureans their endeavour towards motion in their atoms, when at rest. There is scarce any sect in philosophy has not a distinct set of terms, that others understand not. But yet this gibberish, which in the weakness of human understanding, serves so well to palliate men's ignorance, and cover their errors, comes by familiar use amongst those of the same tribe, to seem the most important part of language, and of all other the terms the most significant: and should aerial and œtherial vehicles come once, by the prevalency of that doctrine, to be generally received anywhere, no doubt those terms would make impressions on men's minds, so as to establish them in the persuasion of the reality of such things, as much as peripatetic forms, and intentional species have heretofore done.

Instance in matter

§15. How much names taken for things, are apt to mislead the understanding, the attentive reading of philosophical writers would

abundantly discover; and that, perhaps, in words little suspected of any such misuse. I shall instance in one only, and that a very familiar one. How many intricate disputes have there been about matter, as if there were some such thing really in nature, distinct from body; as 'tis evident, the word matter stands for an idea distinct from the idea of body? For if the ideas these two terms stood for, were precisely the same, they might indifferently in all places be put one for another. But we see, that though it be proper to say, there is one matter of all bodies, one cannot say, there is one body of all matters: we familiarly say, one body is bigger than another, but it sounds harsh (and I think is never used) to say, one matter is bigger than another. Whence comes this then? Viz. from hence, that though matter and body, be not really distinct, but wherever there is the one, there is the other; yet matter and body, stand for two different conceptions, whereof the one is incomplete, and but a part of the other. For body stands for a solid extended figured substance, whereof matter is but a partial and more confused conception, it seeming to me to be used for the substance and solidity of body, without taking in its extension and figure: And therefore it is that speaking of matter, we speak of it always as one, because in truth, it expressly contains nothing but the idea of a solid substance, which is everywhere the same, everywhere uniform. This being our idea of matter, we no more conceive, or speak of different matters in the world, than we do of different solidities; though we both conceive, and speak of different bodies, because extension and figure are capable of variation. But since solidity cannot exist without extension, and figure, the taking matter to be the name of something really existing under that precision, has no doubt produced those obscure and unintelligible discourses and disputes, which have filled the heads and books of philosophers concerning materia prima; which imperfection or abuse, how far it may

concern a great many other general terms, I leave to be B~considered. This, I think, I may at least say, that we should~B have a great many fewer disputes in the world, if words were taken for what they are, the signs of our ideas only, and not for things themselves. For when we argue about matter, or any the like term, we truly argue only about the idea we express by that sound, whether that precise idea agree to anything really existing in nature, or no. And if men would tell, what ideas they make their words stand for, there could not be half that obscurity or wrangling, in the search or support of truth, that there is.

This makes errors lasting

---

§16. But whatever inconvenience follows from this mistake of words, this I am sure, that by constant and familiar use, they charm men into notions far remote from the truth of things. 'Twould be a hard matter, to persuade anyone, that the words which his father or schoolmaster, the parson of the parish, or such a reverend doctor used, signified nothing that really existed in nature: which, perhaps, is none of the least causes, that men are so hardly drawn to quit their mistakes, even in opinions purely philosophical, and where they have no other interest but truth. For the words, they have a long time been used to, remaining firm in their minds, 'tis no wonder, that the wrong notions annexed to them, should not be removed.

Fifthly, setting them for what they cannot signify

---

§17. Fifthly, another abuse of words, is the setting them in the place of things, which they do or can by no means signify. We may observe, that in the general names of substances, whereof the nominal essences are only

known to us, when we put them into propositions, and affirm or deny anything about them, we do most commonly tacitly suppose, or intend, they should stand for the real essence of a certain sort of substances. For when a man says 'gold is malleable', he means and would insinuate something more than this, that 'what I call gold is malleable', (though truly it amounts to no more) but would have this understood, viz. that 'gold; i. e. what has the real essence of gold is malleable', which amounts to thus much, that 'malleableness depends on, and is inseparable from the real essence of gold'. But a man, not knowing wherein that real essence consists, the connexion in his mind of malleableness, is not truly with an essence he knows not, but only with the sound gold he puts for it. Thus when we say, that animal rational is, and animal implume bipes latis unguibus, ['featherless broad-nailed biped'. A traditional definition stemming from Plato] is not a good definition of a man; 'tis plain, we suppose the name man in this case to stand for the real essence of a species, and would signify, that a rational animal better described that real essence, than a two-legged animal with broad nails, and without feathers. For else, why might not Plato as properly make the word ἄνθρωπος or man stand for his complex idea, made up of the ideas of a body, distinguished from others by a certain shape and other outward appearances, as Aristotle, make the complex idea, to which he gave the name ἄνθρωπος or man, of body, and the faculty of reasoning joined together; unless the name ἄνθρωπος or man, were supposed to stand for something else, than what it signifies; and to be put in the place of some other thing, than the idea a man professes he would express by it?

V. g. putting them for the real essences of substances

---

§18. 'Tis true, the names of substances would be much more useful, and propositions made in them much more certain, were the real essences of substances the ideas in our minds, which those words signified. And 'tis for want of those real essences, that our words convey so little knowledge or certainty in our discourses about them: and therefore the mind, to remove that imperfection as much as it can, makes them, by a secret supposition, to stand for a thing, having that real essence, as if thereby it made some nearer approaches to it. For though the word man or gold, signify nothing truly but a complex idea of properties, united together in one sort of substances: yet there is scarce anybody in the use of these words, but often supposes each of those names to stand for a thing having the real essence, on which those properties depend. Which is so far from diminishing the imperfection of our words, that by a plain abuse, it adds to it, when we would make them stand for something, which not being in our complex idea, the name we use, can no ways be the sign of.

Hence we think every change of our idea in substances, not to change the species

§19. This shows us the reason, Why in mixed modes any of the ideas that make the composition of the complex one, being left out, or changed, it is allowed to be another thing, i. e. to be of another species, as is plain in chance-medly, manslaughter, murder, parricide, etc. The reason whereofis, because the complex idea signified by that name, is the real, as well as nominal essence; and there is no secret reference of that name to any other essence, but that. But in substances it is not so. For though in that called gold one puts into his complex idea, what another leaves out; and vice versâ: yet men do not usually think, that therefore the species is changed: because they

secretly in their minds refer that name, and suppose it annexed to a real immutable essence of a thing existing, on which those properties depend. He that adds to his complex idea of gold, that of fixedness or solubility in aqua regia, which he put not in it before, is not thought to have changed the species; but only to have a more perfect idea, by adding another simple idea, which is always in fact, joined with those other, of which his former complex idea consisted. But this reference of the name to a thing, whereof we have not the idea, is so far from helping at all, that it only serves the more to involve us in difficulties. For by this tacit reference to the real essence of that species of bodies, the word gold (which by standing for a more or less perfect collection of simple ideas, serves to design that sort of body well enough in civil discourse) comes to have no signification at all, being put for somewhat, whereof we have no idea at all, and so can signify nothing at all, when the body itself is away. For however it may be thought all one; yet, if well considered, it will be found a quite different thing, to argue about gold in name, and about a parcel of the body itself, v. g. a piece of leaf-gold laid before us; though in discourse we are fain to substitute the name for the thing.

The cause of the abuse, a supposition of nature's working always regularly

§20. That which, I think very much disposes men to substitute their names for the real essences of species, is the supposition before mentioned, that nature works regularly in the production of things, and sets the boundaries to each of those species, by giving exactly the same real internal constitution to each individual, which we rank under one general name. Whereas anyone who observes their different qualities can hardly doubt, that many of the individuals, called by the same name, are, in their internal

constitution, as different one from another, as several of those which are ranked under different specific names. This supposition, however that the same precise internal constitution goes always with the same specific name, makes men forward to take those names for the representatives of those real essences, though indeed they signify nothing but the complex ideas they have in their minds, when they use them. So that, if I may so say, signifying one thing, and being supposed for, or put in the place of another, they cannot but, in such a kind of use, cause a great deal of uncertainty in men's discourses; especially in those, who have thoroughly imbibed the doctrine of substantial forms, whereby they firmly imagine the several species of things to be determined and distinguished.

This abuse contains two false suppositions

§21. But however preposterous and absurd it be, to make our names stand for ideas we have not, or (which is all one) essences that we know not, it being in effect to make our words the signs of nothing; yet 'tis evident to anyone, whoever so little reflects on the use men make of their words, that there is nothing more familiar. When a man asks, whether this or that thing he sees, let it be a drill, or a monstrous fœtus, be a man, or no; 'tis evident, the question is not, whether that particular thing agree to his complex idea, expressed by the name man: but whether it has in it the real essence of a species of things, which he supposes his name man to stand for. In which way of using the names of substances, there are these false suppositions contained.

First, that there are certain precise essences, according to which nature makes all particular things, and by which they are distinguished into species.

That every thing has a real constitution, whereby it is what it is, and on which its sensible qualities depend, is past doubt: but I think it has been proved, that this makes not the distinction of species, as we rank them; nor the boundaries of their names.

Secondly, this tacitly also insinuates, as if we had ideas of these proposed essences. For to what purpose else is it, to inquire whether this or that thing have the real essence of the species man, if we did not suppose that there were such a specific essence known? Which yet is utterly false: and therefore such application of names, as would make them stand for ideas which we have not, must needs cause great disorder in discourses and reasonings about them, and be a great inconvenience in our communication by words.

Sixthly, a supposition that words have a certain and evident signification

---

§22. Sixthly, there remains yet another more general, though, perhaps, less observed abuse of words; and that is, that men having by a long and familiar use annexed to them certain ideas, they are apt to imagine so near and necessary a connexion between the names and the signification they use them in, that they forwardly suppose one cannot but understand what their meaning is; and therefore one ought to acquiesce in the words delivered, as if it were past doubt, that in the use of those common received sounds, the speaker and hearer had necessarily the same precise ideas. Whence presuming, that when they have in discourse used any term, they have thereby, as it were, set before others the very thing they talk of. And so likewise taking the words of others, as naturally standing for just what they themselves have been accustomed to apply them to, they never trouble

themselves to explain their own, or understand clearly others' meaning. From whence commonly proceeds noise, and wrangling, without improvement of information; whilst men take words to be the constant regular marks of agreed notions, which in truth are no more but the voluntary and unsteady signs of their own ideas. And yet men think it strange, if in discourse, or (where it is often absolutely necessary) in dispute, one sometimes asks the meaning of their terms: though the arguings one may every day observe in conversation, make it evident, that there are few names of complex ideas, which any two men use for the same just precise collection. 'Tis hard to name a word, which will not be a clear instance of this. Life is a term, none more familiar. Anyone almost would take it for an affront, to be asked what he meant by it. And yet if it comes in question, whether a plant, that lies ready formed in the seed, have life; whether the embryo in an egg before incubation, or a man in a swoon without sense or motion, be alive, or no? it is easy to perceive, that a clear distinct settled idea does not always accompany the use of so known a word, as that of life is. Some gross and confused conceptions men indeed ordinarily have, to which they apply the common words of their language, and such a loose use of their words serves them well enough in their ordinary discourses or affairs. But this is not sufficient for philosophical inquiries. Knowledge and reasoning require precise determinate ideas. And though men will not be so importunately dull, as not to understand what others say, without demanding an explication of their terms; nor so troublesomely critical, as to correct others in the use of the words they receive from them: yet where truth and knowledge are concerned in the case, I know not what fault it can be to desire the explication of words, whose sense seems dubious; or why a man should be ashamed to own his ignorance, in what sense another man uses his words, since he has no other

way of certainly knowing it, but by being informed. This abuse of taking words upon trust, has nowhere spread so far, nor with so ill effects, as amongst men of letters. The multiplication and obstinacy of disputes, which has so laid waste the intellectual world, is owing to nothing more, than to this ill use of words. For though it be generally believed, that there is great diversity of opinions in the volumes and variety of controversies, the world is distracted with; yet the most I can find, that the contending learned men of different parties do, in their arguings one with another, is, that they speak different languages. For I am apt to imagine, that when any of them quitting terms, think upon things, and know what they think, they think all the same: though perhaps, what they would have, be different.

The ends of language, first, to convey our ideas

---

§23. To conclude this consideration of the imperfection, and abuse of language; the ends of language in our discoursewith others, being chiefly these three: first, to make known one man's thoughts or ideas to another. Secondly, to do it with as much ease and quickness, as is possible; and thirdly, thereby to convey the knowledge of things. Language is either abused, or deficient, when it fails of any of these three.

First, words fail in the first of these ends, and lay not open one man's ideas to another's view. First, when men have names in their mouths without any determined ideas in their minds, whereof they are the signs: or secondly, when they apply the common received names of any language to ideas, to which the common use of that language does not apply them: or thirdly, when they apply them very unsteadily, making them stand now for one, and by and by for another idea.

Secondly, to do it with quickness

§24. Secondly, men fail of conveying their thoughts, with all the quickness and ease that may be, when they have complex ideas, without having distinct names for them. This is sometimes the fault of the language itself, which has not in it a sound yet applied to such a signification: and sometimes the fault of the man, who has not yet learned the name for that idea he would show another.

Thirdly, therewith to convey the knowledge of things

§25. Thirdly, there is no knowledge of things conveyed by men's words, when their ideas agree not to the reality of things. Though it be a defect, that has its original in our ideas, which are not so conformable to the nature of things, as attention, study, and application might make them: yet it fails not to extend itself to our words too, when we use them as signs of real beings, which yet never had any reality or existence.

How men's words fail in all these

§26. First, he that hath words of any language, without distinct ideas in his mind, to which he applies them, does, so far as he uses them in discourse, only make a noise without any sense or signification; and how learned soever he may seem by the use of hard words, or learned terms, is not much more advanced thereby in knowledge, than he would be in learning, who had nothing in his study but the bare titles of books, without possessing the contents of them. For all such words, however put into discourse, according to the right construction of grammatical rules, or the harmony of well-turned

periods, do yet amount to nothing but bare sounds, and nothing else.

§27. Secondly, he that has complex ideas, without particular names for them, would be in no better a case than a bookseller, who had in his warehouse volumes, that lay there unbound, and without titles; which he could therefore make known to others, only by showing the loose sheets, and communicate them only by tale. This man is hindered in his discourse, for want of words to communicate his complex ideas, which he is therefore forced to make known by an enumeration of the simple ones that compose them; and so is fain often to use twenty words, to express what another man signifies in one.

§28. Thirdly, he that puts not constantly the same sign for the same idea, but uses the same words sometimes in one, and sometimes in another signification, ought to pass in the Schools and conversation, for as fair a man, as he does in the market and exchange, who sells several things under the same name.

§29. Fourthly, he that applies the words of any language to ideas, different from those, to which the common use of that country applies them, however his own understanding may be filled with truth and light, will not by such words be able to convey much of it to others, without defining his terms. For however, the sounds are such as are familiarly known, and easily enter the ears of those who are accustomed to them; yet standing for other ideas than those they usually are annexed to, and are wont to excite in the mind of the hearers, they cannot make known the thoughts of him who thus uses them.

§30. Fifthly, he that hath imagined to himself substances such as never have been, and filled his head with ideas which have not any correspondence with the real nature of things, to which yet he gives settled and defined

names, may fill his discourse, and perhaps, another man's head, with the fantastical imaginations of his own brain; but will be very far from advancing thereby one jot in real and true knowledge.

§31. He that hath names without ideas, wants meaning in his words, and speaks only empty sounds. He that hath complex ideas without names for them, wants liberty and dispatch in his expressions, and is necessitated to use periphrases. He that uses his words loosely and unsteadily, will either be not minded, or not understood. He that applies his names to ideas, different from their common use, wants propriety in his language, and speaks gibberish. And he that hath ideas of substances, disagreeing with the real existence of things, so far wants the materials of true knowledge in his understanding, and hath, instead thereof, chimeras.

How in substances

§32. In our notions concerning substances we are liable to all the former inconveniencies: v. g. 1. He that uses the word tarantula, without having any imagination or idea of what it stands for, pronounces a good word; but so long means nothing at all by it. 2. He that, in a new-discovered country, shall see several sorts of animals and vegetables, unknown to him before, may have as true ideas of them, as of a horse, or a stag; but can speak of them only by a description, till he shall either take the names the natives call them by, or give them names himself. 3. He that uses the word body sometimes for pure extension, and sometimes for extension and solidity together, will talk very fallaciously. 4. He that gives the name horse, to that idea which common usage calls mule, talks improperly, and will not be understood. 5. He that thinks the name centaur stands for some real being,

imposes on himself, and mistakes words for things.

How in modes and relations

§33. In modes and relations generally, we are liable only to the four first of these inconveniencies, (viz.) 1. I may have in my memory the names of modes, as gratitude, or charity, and yet not have any precise ideas annexed in my thoughts to those names. 2. I may have ideas, and not know the names that belong to them; v. g. I may have the idea of a man's drinking, till his colour and humour be altered, till his tongue trips, and his eyes look red, and his feet fail him; and yet not know, that it is to be called drunkenness. 3. I may have the ideas of virtues or vices, and names also, but apply them amiss: v. g. when I apply the name frugality to that idea which others call and signify by this sound, covetousness. 4. I may use any of those names with inconstancy. 5. But in modes and relations, I cannot have ideas disagreeing to the existence of things: for modes being complex ideas, made by the mind at pleasure; and relation being but my way of considering, or comparing two things together, and so also an idea of my own making, these ideas can scarce be found to disagree with any thing existing; since they are not in the mind, as the copies of things regularly made by nature, nor as properties inseparably flowing from the internal constitution or essence of any substance; but, as it were, patterns lodged in my memory, with names annexed to them, to denominate actions and relations by, as they come to exist. But the mistake is commonly in my giving a wrong name to my conceptions; and so using words in a different sense from other people, I am not understood, but am thought to have wrong ideas of them, when I give wrong names to them. Only if I put in my ideas of mixed modes or relations, any inconsistent ideas

together, I fill my head also with chimeras; since such ideas, if well examined, cannot so much as exist in the mind, much less any real being, be ever denominated from them.

Seventhly, figurative speech also an abuse of language

§34. Since wit and fancy finds easier entertainment in the world, than dry truth and real knowledge, figurative speeches, and allusion in language, will hardly be admitted, as an imperfection or abuse of it. I confess, in discourses, where we seek rather pleasure and delight, than information and improvement, such ornaments as are borrowed from them, can scarce pass for faults. But yet, if we would speak of things as they are, we must allow, that all the art of rhetoric, besides order and clearness, all the artificial and figurative application of words eloquence hath invented, are for nothing else but to insinuate wrong ideas, move the passions, and thereby mislead the judgment; and so indeed are perfect cheat: and therefore however laudable or allowable oratory may render them in harangues and popular addresses, they are certainly, in all discourses that pretend to inform or instruct, wholly to be avoided; and where truth and knowledge are concerned, cannot but be thought a great fault, either of the language or person that makes use of them. What, and how various they are, will be superfluous here to take notice; the books of rhetoric which abound in the world, will instruct those, who want to be informed: only I cannot but observe, how little the preservation and improvement of truth and knowledge, is the care and concern of mankind; since the arts of fallacy are endowed and preferred. 'Tis evident how much men love to deceive, and be deceived, since rhetoric, that powerful instrument of error and deceit, has its established professors, is publicly

taught, and has always been had in great reputation: and, I doubt not, but it will be thought great boldness, if not brutality in me to have said thus much against it. Eloquence, like the fair sex, has too prevailing beauties in it, to suffer itself ever to be spoken against. And 'tis in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving, wherein men find pleasure to be deceived.

Of the Remedies of the foregoing Imperfections and Abuses

They are worth seeking

§1. The natural and improved imperfections of language, we have seen above at large: and speech being the great bond that holds society together, and the common conduit, whereby the improvements of knowledge are conveyed from one man, and one generation to another, it would well deserve our most serious thoughts, to consider what remedies are to be found for these inconveniences above-mentioned.

Are not easy

§2. I am not so vain to think, that anyone can pretend to attempt the perfect reforming the languages of the world, no not so much as that of his own country, without rendering himself ridiculous. To require that men should use their words constantly in the same sense, and for none but determined and uniform ideas, would be to think, that all men should have the same notions, and should talk of nothing but what they have clear and distinct ideas of. Which is not to be expected by anyone, who hath not vanity

enough to imagine he can prevail with men to be very knowing or very silent. And he must be very little skilled in the world, who thinks that a voluble tongue, shall accompany only a good understanding; or that men's talking much or little, shall hold proportion only to their knowledge.

But yet necessary to philosophy

§3. But though the market and exchange must be left to their own ways of talking, and gossipings not be robbed of their ancient privilege: though the Schools, and men of argument would perhaps take it amiss to have anything offered, to abate the length, or lessen the number of their disputes; yet, methinks those, who pretend seriously to search after, or maintain truth, should think themselves obliged to study, how they might deliver themselves without obscurity, doubtfulness, or equivocation, to which men's words are naturally liable, if care be not taken.

Misuse of words the cause of great errors

§4. For he that shall well consider the errors and obscurity, the mistakes and confusion, that is spread in the world by an ill use of words, will find some reason to doubt, whether language, as it has been employed, has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge amongst mankind. How many are there, that when they would think on things, fix their thoughts only on words, especially when they would apply their minds to moral matters? And who then can wonder, if the result of such contemplations and reasonings, about little more than sounds, whilst the ideas they annexed to them, are very confused, or very unsteady, or perhaps none at all; who can wonder, I say, that such thoughts and reasonings, end in

nothing but obscurity and mistake, without any clear judgement or knowledge?

Obstinacy

§5. This inconvenience, in an ill use of words, men suffer in their own private meditations: but much more manifest are the disorders which follow from it, in conversation, discourse, and arguings with others. For language being the great conduit, whereby men convey their discoveries, reasonings, and knowledge, from one to another, he that makes an ill use of it, though he does not corrupt the fountains of knowledge, which are in things themselves; yet he does, as much as in him lies, break or stop the pipes, whereby it is distributed to the public use and advantage of mankind. He that uses words without any clear and steady meaning, what does he but lead himself and others into errors? And he that designedly does it, ought to be looked on as an enemy to truth and knowledge. And yet, who can wonder, that all the sciences and parts of knowledge, have been so over-charged with obscure and equivocal terms, and insignificant and doubtful expressions, capable to make the most attentive or quick-sighted, very little, or not at all the more knowing or orthodox; since subtlety, in those who make profession to teach or defend truth, hath passed so much for a virtue: a virtue, indeed, which consisting, for the most part, in nothing but the fallacious and illusory use of obscure or deceitful terms, is only fit to make men more conceited in their ignorance, and obstinate in their errors.

And wrangling

§6. Let us look into the books of controversy of any kind, there we

shall see, that the effect of obscure, unsteady, or equivocal terms, is nothing but noise and wrangling about sounds, without convincing or bettering a man's understanding. For if the idea be not agreed on, betwixt the speaker and hearer, for which the words stand, the argument is not about things, but names. As often as such a word, whose signification is not ascertained betwixt them, comes in use, their understandings have no other object wherein they agree, but barely the sound, the things, that they think on at that time as expressed by that word, being quite different.

Instance bat and bird

§7. Whether a bat be a bird, or no, is not a question, whether a bat be another thing than indeed it is, or have other qualities than indeed it has, for that would be extremely absurd to doubt of: but the question is, 1. either between those that acknowledged themselves to have but imperfect ideas of one or both of those sorts of things, for which these names are supposed to stand; and then it is a real inquiry, concerning the nature of a bird, or a bat, to make their yet imperfect ideas of it more complete, by examining, whether all the simple ideas, to which combined together, they both give the name bird, be all to be found in a bat: but this is a question only of inquirers, (not disputers,) who neither affirm, nor deny, but examine: or, 2. it is a question between disputants; whereof the one affirms, and the other denies, that a bat is a bird. And then the question is barely about the signification of one, or both these words; in that they not having both the same complex ideas, to which they give these two names, one holds, and t'other denies, that these two names may be affirmed one of another. Were they agreed in the signification of these two names, it were impossible they should dispute about them. For

they would presently and clearly see, (were that adjusted between them,) whether all the simple ideas, of the more general name bird, were found in the complex idea of a bat, or no; and so there could be no doubt, whether a bat were a bird, or no. And here I desire it may be considered, and carefully examined, whether the greatest part of the disputes in the world, are not merely verbal, and about the signification of words; and whether if the terms they are made in, were defined, and reduced in their signification (as they must be where they signify anything) to determined collections of the simple ideas they do or should stand for, those disputes would not end of themselves, and immediately vanish. I leave it then to be considered, what the learning of disputation is, and how well they are employed for the advantage of themselves, or others, whose business is only the vain ostentation of sounds; i. e. those who spend their lives in disputes and controversies. When I shall see any of those combatants, strip all his terms of ambiguity and obscurity, (which everyone may do in the words he uses himself) I shall think him a champion for knowledge, truth, and peace, and not the slave of vain-glory, ambition, or a party.

First, remedy to use no word without an idea

§8. To remedy the defects of speech before-mentioned, to some degree, and to prevent the inconveniences that follow from them, I imagine, the observation of these following rules may be of use, till somebody better able shall judge it worth his while, to think more maturely on this matter, and oblige the world with his thoughts on it.

First, a man should take care to use no word without a signification, no name without an idea for which he makes it stand. This rule will not seem

altogether needless, to anyone who shall take the pains to recollect how often he has met with such words; as instinct, sympathy, and antipathy, etc. in the discourse of others, so made use of, as he might easily conclude, that those that used them, had no ideas in their minds to which they applied them; but spoke them only as sounds, which usually served instead of reasons, on the like occasions. Not but that these words, and the like, have very proper significations in which they may be used; but there being no natural connexion between any words, and any ideas, these, and any other, may be learned by rote, and pronounced or writ by men, who have no ideas in their minds, to which they have annexed them, and for which they make them stand; which is necessary they should, if men would speak intelligibly even to themselves alone.

Secondly, to have distinct ideas annexed to them in modes

§9. Secondly, 'tis not enough a man uses his words as signs of some ideas, those ideas he annexes them to, if they be simple, must be clear and distinct; if complex, must be determinate, i. e. the precise collection of simple ideas settled in the mind, with that sound annexed to it, as the sign of that precise determined collection, and no other. This is very necessary in names of modes, and especially moral words; which having no settled objects in nature, from whence their ideas are taken, as from their original, are apt to be very confused. Justice is a word in every man's mouth, but most commonly with a very undetermined loose signification: which will always be so, unless a man has in his mind a distinct comprehension of the component parts, that complex idea consists of; and if it be decompounded, must be able to resolve it still on, till he at last comes to the simple ideas, that make it up: and unless

this be done, a man makes an ill use of the word, let it be justice, for example, or any other. I do not say, a man needs stand to recollect, and make this analysis at large, every time the word justice comes in his way: but this, at least, is necessary, that he have so examined the signification of that name, and settled the idea of all its parts in his mind, that he can do it when he pleases. If one, who makes his complex idea of justice, to be such a treatment of the person or goods of another, as is according to law, hath not a clear and distinct idea what law is, which makes a part of his complex idea of justice, 'tis plain, his idea of justice itself, will be confused and imperfect. This exactness will, perhaps, be judged very troublesome: and therefore most men will think, they may be excused from settling the complex ideas of mixed modes so precisely in their minds. But yet I must say, till this be done, it must not be wondered, that they have a great deal of obscurity and confusion in their own minds, and a great deal of wrangling in their discourses with others.

And conformable in substances

§10. In the names of substances, for a right use of them, something more is required than barely determined ideas: in these the names must also be conformable to things, as they exist: but of this, I shall have occasion to speak more at large by and by. This exactness is absolutely necessary in inquiries after philosophical knowledge, and in controversies about truth. And though it would be well too, if it extended itself to common conversation, and the ordinary affairs of life; yet I think that is scarce to be expected. Vulgar notions suit vulgar discourses: and both, though confused enough, yet serve pretty well the market, and the wake. Merchants and lovers, cooks and tailors, have words wherewithal to dispatch their ordinary

affairs; and so, I think, might philosophers and disputants too, if they had a mind to understand, and to be clearly understood.

Thirdly, propriety

§11. Thirdly, 'tis not enough that men have ideas, determined ideas, for which they make these signs stand; but they must also take care to apply their words, as near as may be, to such ideas as common use has annexed them to. For words, especially of languages already framed, being no man's private possession, but the common measure of commerce and communication, 'tis not for anyone, at pleasure, to change the stamp they are current in; nor alter the ideas they are affixed to; or at least when there is a necessity to do so, he is bound to give notice of it. Men's intentions in speaking are, or at least should be, to be understood; which cannot be without frequent explanations, demands, and other the like incommodious interruptions, where men do not follow common use. Propriety of speech, is that which gives our thoughts entrance into other men's minds with the greatest ease and advantage: and therefore deserves some part of our care and study, especially in the names of moral words. The proper signification and use of terms is best to be learned from those, who in their writings and discourses, appear to have had the clearest notions, and applied to them their terms with the exactest choice and fitness. This way of using a man's words, according to the propriety of the language, though it have not always the good fortune to be understood: yet most commonly leaves the blame of it on him, who is so unskilful in the language he speaks, as not to understand it, when made use of, as it ought to be.

Fourthly, to make known their meaning

§12. Fourthly. But because common use has not so visibly annexed any signification to words, as to make men know always certainly what they precisely stand for: and because men in the improvement of their knowledge, come to have ideas different from the vulgar and ordinary received ones, for which they must either make new words, (which men seldom venture to do, for fear of being thought guilty of affectation or novelty,) or else must use old ones, in a new signification. Therefore after the observation of the foregoing rules, it is sometimes necessary for the ascertaining the signification of words, to declare their meaning; where either common use has left it uncertain and loose; (as it has in most names of very complex ideas) or where the term, being very material in the discourse, and that upon which it chiefly turns, is liable to any doubtfulness or mistake.

And that three ways

§13. As the ideas, men's words stand for, are of different sorts: so the way of making known the ideas, they stand for, when there is occasion, is also different. For though defining be thought the proper way, to make known the proper signification of words; yet there be some words, that will not be defined, as there be others, whose precise meaning cannot be made known, but by definition: and, perhaps, a third, which partake somewhat of both the other, as we shall see in the names of simple ideas, modes, and substances.

First, in simple ideas by synonymous terms or showing

§14. First, when a man makes use of the name of any simple idea, which he perceives is not understood, or is in danger to be mistaken, he is obliged by the laws of ingenuity, and the end of speech, to declare his meaning, and make known what idea he makes it stand for. This, as has been shown, cannot be done by definition: and therefore, when a synonymous word fails to do it, there is but one of these ways left. First, sometimes the naming the subject, wherein that simple idea is to be found, will make its name be understood by those, who are acquainted with that subject, and know it by that name. So to make a countryman understand what feuillemorte [yellowish brown] colour signifies, it may suffice to tell him, 'tis the colour of withered leaves falling in autumn. Secondly, but the only sure way of making known the signification ofthe name of any simple idea, is by presenting to his senses that subject, which may produce it in his mind, and make him actually have the idea, that word stands for.

Secondly, in mixed modes by definition

§15. Secondly, mixed modes, especially those belonging to morality, being most of them such combinations of ideas, as the mind puts together of its own choice; and whereof there are not always standing patterns to be found existing, the signification of their names cannot be made known, as those of simple ideas, by any showing: but in recompense thereof, may be perfectly and exactly defined. For they being combinations of several ideas, that the mind of man has arbitrarily put together, without reference to any archetypes, men may, if they please, exactly know the ideas, that go to each compositions, and so both use these words in a certain and undoubted signification, and perfectly declare, when there is occasion, what they stand

for. This, if well considered, would lay great blame on those, who make not their discourses about moral things very clear and distinct. For since the precise signification of the names of mixed modes, or which is all one, the real essence of each species, is to be known, they being not of nature's, but man's making, it is a great negligence and perverseness, to discourse of moral things with uncertainty and obscurity, which is more pardonable in treating of natural substances, where doubtful terms are hardly to be avoided, for a quite contrary reason, as we shall see by and by.

Morality capable of demonstration

§16. Upon this ground it is, that I am bold to think, that morality is capable of demonstration, as well as mathematics: since the precise real essence of the things moral words stand for, may be perfectly known; and so the congruity, or incongruity of the things themselves, be certainly discovered, in which consists perfect knowledge. Nor let anyone object, that the names of substances are often to be made use of in morality, as well as those of modes, from which will arise obscurity. For as to substances, when concerned in moral discourses, their divers natures are not so much inquired into, as supposed; v. g. when we say that 'man is subject to law': we mean nothing by man, but a corporeal rational creature: what the real essence or other qualities of that creature are in this case, is no way considered. And therefore, whether a child or changeling be a man in a physical sense, may amongst the naturalists be as disputable as it will, it concerns not at all the moral man, as I may call him, which is this immoveable unchangeable idea, a corporeal rational being. For were there a monkey, or any other creature to be found, that had the use of reason, to such a degree, as to be able to understand

general signs, and to deduce consequences about general ideas, he would no doubt be subject to law, and, in that sense, be a man, how much soever he differed in shape from others of that name. The names of substances, if they be used in them, as they should, can no more disturb moral, than they do mathematical discourses: where, if the mathematicians speak of a cube or globe of gold, or any other body, he has his clear settled idea, which varies not, though it may, by mistake be applied to a particular body, to which it belongs not.

Definitions can make moral discourses clear

§17. This I have here mentioned by the by, to show of what consequence it is for men, in their names of mixed modes, and consequently, in all their moral discourses, to define their words when there is occasion: since thereby moral knowledge may be brought, to so great clearness and certainty. And it must be great want of ingenuity, (to say no worse of it) to refuse to do it: since a definition is the only way, whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known; and yet a way, whereby their meaning may be known certainly, and without leaving any room for any contest about it. And therefore the negligence or perverseness of mankind, cannot be excused, if their discourses in morality be not much more clear, than those in natural philosophy: since they are about ideas in the mind, which are none of them false or disproportionate; they having no external beings for archetypes which they are referred to, and must correspond with. It is far easier for men to frame in their minds an idea, which shall be the standard to which they will give the name justice, with which pattern so made, all actions that agree shall pass under that denomination, than, having

seen Aristides, to frame an idea, that shall, in all things, be exactly like him, who is as he is, let men make what idea, they please of him. For the one, they need but know the combination of ideas, that are put together within in their own minds; for the other, they must inquire into the whole nature, and abstruse hidden constitution, and various qualities of a thing existing without them.

And is the only way

---

§18. Another reason that makes the defining of mixed modes so necessary, especially of moral words, is what I mentioned a little before, viz. that it is the only way whereby the signification of the most of them can be known with certainty. For the ideas they stand for, being for the most part such, whose component parts nowhere exist together, but scattered and mingled with others, it is the mind alone that collects them, and gives them the union of one idea: and it is only by words, enumerating the several simple ideas which the mind has united, that we can make known to others, what their names stand for; the assistance of the senses in this case not helping us, by the proposal of sensible objects, to show the ideas, which our names of this kind stand for, as it does often in the names of sensible simple ideas, and also to some degree in those of substances.

Thirdly, in substances, by showing and defining

---

§19. Thirdly, for the explaining the signification of the names of substances as they stand for the ideas we have of their distinct species, both the forementioned ways, viz. of showing and defining, are requisite, in many cases, to be made use of. For there being ordinarily in each sort some leading

qualities, to which we suppose the other ideas, which make up our complex idea of that species, annexed, we forwardly give the specific name to that thing, wherein that characteristical mark is found, which we take to be the most distinguishing idea of that species. These leading or characteristical (as I may so call them) ideas, in the sorts of animals and vegetables, is mostly figure, and in inanimate bodies colour, and in some both together. Now,

---

Ideas of the leading qualities of substances, are best got by showing

---

§20. These leading sensible qualities are those, which make the chief ingredients of our specific ideas, and consequently the most observable and unvariable part in the definitions of our specific names, as attributed to sorts of substances coming under our knowledge. For though the sound man, in its own nature, be as apt to signify a complex idea made up of animality and rationality, united in the same subject, as to signify any other combination; yet used as a mark to stand for a sort of creatures we count of our own kind, perhaps the outward shape is as necessary to be taken into our complex idea, signified by the word man, as any other we find in it; and therefore why Plato's animal implume bipes latis unguibus, [featherless broad-nailed biped] should not be as good a definition of the name man, standing for that sort of creatures, will not be easy to show: for 'tis the shape, as the leading quality, that seems more to determine that species, than a faculty of reasoning, which appears not at first, and in some never. And if this be not allowed to be so, I do not know how they can be excused from murder, who kill monstrous births, (as we call them,) because of an unordinary shape, without knowing whether they have a rational soul, or no; which can be no more discerned in a well-formed, than ill-shaped infant, as soon as born. And who is it has

informed us, that a rational soul can inhabit no tenement, unless it has just such a sort of frontispiece, or can join itself to, and inform no sort of body, but one that is just of such an outward structure.

§21. Now these leading qualities, are best made known by showing and can hardly be made known otherwise. For the shape of an horse, or cassowary, will be but rudely and imperfectly imprinted on the mind by words, the sight of the animals doth it a thousand times better: and the idea of the particular colour of gold, is not to be got by any description of it, but only by the frequent exercise of the eyes about it, as is evident; in those who are used to this metal, who will frequently distinguish true from counterfeit, pure from adulterate, by the sight, where others (who have as good eyes, but yet, by use, have not got the precise nice idea of that peculiar yellow) shall not perceive any difference. The like may be said of those other simple ideas, peculiar in their kind to any substance; for which precise ideas, there are no peculiar names. The particular ringing sound there is in gold, distinct from the sound of other bodies, has no particular name annexed to it, no more than the particular yellow, that belongs to that metal.

The ideas of their powers best by definition

---

§22. But because many of the simple ideas that make up our specific ideas of substances, are powers, which lie not obvious to our senses in the things as they ordinarily appear; therefore, in the signification of our names of substances, some part of the signification will be better made known, by enumerating those simple ideas, than in showing the substance itself. For he that, to the yellow shining colour of gold got by sight, shall, from my enumerating them, have the ideas of great ductility, fusibility, fixedness, and

solubility, in aqua regia, will have a perfecter idea of gold, than he can have by seeing a piece of gold, and thereby imprinting in his mind only its obvious qualities. But if the formal constitution of this shining, heavy, ductile thing (from whence all these its properties flow) lay open to our senses, as the formal constitution, or essence of a triangle does, the signification of the word gold, might as easily be ascertained, as that of triangle.

A reflection on the knowledge of spirits

§23. Hence we may take notice, how much the foundation of all our knowledge of corporeal things, lies in our senses. For how spirits, separate from bodies, (whose knowledge and ideas of these things, is certainly much more perfect than ours) know them, we have no notion, no idea at all. The whole extent of our knowledge, or imagination, reaches not beyond our own ideas, limited to our ways of perception. Though yet it be not to be doubted, that spirits of a higher rank than those immersed in flesh, may have as clear ideas of the radical constitution of substances, as we have of a triangle, and so perceive how all their properties and operations flow from thence: but the manner how they come by that knowledge, exceeds our conceptions.

Ideas also of substances must be conformable to things

§24. But though definitions will serve to explain the names of substances, as they stand for our ideas; yet they leave them not without great imperfection, as they stand for things. For our names of substances being not put barely for our ideas, but being made use of ultimately to represent things, and so are put in their place, their signification must agree with the truth of things, as well as with men's ideas. And therefore in substances, we are not

always to rest in the ordinary complex idea, commonly received as the signification of that word, but must go a little further, and inquire into the nature and properties of the things themselves, and thereby perfect, as much as we can, our ideas of their distinct species; or else learn them from such as are used to that sort of things, and are experienced in them. For since 'tis intended their names should stand for such collections of simple ideas, as do really exist in things themselves, as well as for the complex idea in other men's minds, which in their ordinary acceptation they stand for: therefore to define their names right, natural history is to be inquired into; and their properties are, with care and examination, to be found out. For it is not enough, for the avoiding inconveniencies in discourses and arguings about natural bodies and substantial things, to have learned, from the propriety of the language, the common but confused, or very imperfect idea, to which each word is applied, and to keep them to that idea in our use of them: but we must, by acquainting ourselves with the history of that sort of things rectify and settle our complex idea, belonging to each specific name; and in discourse with others, (if we find them mistake us) we ought to tell, what the complex idea is, that we make such a name stand for. This is the more necessary to be done by all those, who search after knowledge, and philosophical verity, in that children being taught words whilst they have but imperfect notions of things, apply them at random, and without much thinking, and seldom frame determined ideas to be signified by them. Which custom, (it being easy, and serving well enough for the ordinary affairs of life and conversation) they are apt to continue, when they are men: and so begin at the wrong end, learning words first, and perfectly, but make the notions to which they apply those words afterwards, very overtly. By this means it comes to pass, that men speaking the proper language of their country, i. e.

according to grammar-rules of that language, do yet speak very improperly of things themselves; and by their arguing one with another, make but small progress in the discoveries of useful truths, and the knowledge of things, as they are to be found in themselves, and not in our imaginations; and it matters not much, for the improvement of our knowledge, how they are called.

Not easy to be made so

§25. It were therefore to be wished, that men, versed in physical inquiries, and acquainted with the several sorts of natural bodies, would set down those simple ideas, wherein they observe the individuals of each sort constantly to agree. This would remedy a great deal of that confusion, which comes from several persons, applying the same name to a collection of a smaller, or greater number of sensible qualities, proportionably as they have been more or less acquainted with, or accurate in examining the qualities of any sorts of things, which come under one denomination. But a dictionary of this sort, containing, as it were, a natural history, requires too many hands, as well as too much time, cost, pains, and sagacity, ever to be hoped for; and till that be done, we must content ourselves with such definitions of the names of substances, as explain the sense men use them in. And 'twould be well, where there is occasion, if they would afford us so much. This yet is not usually done; but men talk to one another, and dispute in words, whose meaning is not agreed between them, out of a mistake, that the signification of common words, are certainly established, and the precise ideas, they stand for, perfectly known; and that it is a shame to be ignorant of them. Both which suppositions are false: no names of complex ideas having so settled determined significations, that they are constantly used for the same precise

ideas. Nor is it a shame for a man not to have a certain knowledge of anything, but by the necessary ways of attaining it; and so it is no discredit not to know, what precise idea any sound stands for in another man's mind, without he declare it to me, by some other way than barely using that sound, there being no other way, without such a declaration, certainly to know it. Indeed, the necessity of communication by language, brings men to an agreement in the signification of common words, within some tolerable latitude, that may serve for ordinary conversation: and so a man cannot be supposed wholly ignorant of the ideas, which are annexed to words by common use, in a language familiar to him. But common use, being but a very uncertain rule, which reduces itself at last to the ideas of particular men, proves often but a very variable standard. But though such a dictionary, as I have above-mentioned, will require too much time, cost and pains, to be hoped for in this age; yet, methinks, it is not unreasonable to propose, that words standing for things, which are known and distinguished by their outward shapes, should be expressed by little draughts and prints made of them. A vocabulary made after this fashion, would, perhaps with more ease, and in less time, teach the true signification of many terms, especially in languages of remote countries or ages, and settle truer ideas in men's minds of several things, whereof we read the names in ancient authors, than all the large and laborious comments of learned critics. Naturalists, that treat of plants and animals, have found the benefit of this way: and he that has had occasion to consult them, will have reason to confess, that he has a clear idea of apium, or ibex from a little print of that herb, or beast, than he could have from a long definition of the names of either of them. And so, no doubt, he would have of strigil and sistrum, if instead of a curry-comb, and cymbal, which are the English names dictionaries render them by, he could see

stamped in the margin, small pictures of these instruments, as they were in use amongst the ancients. Toga, tunica, pallium, are words easily translated by gown, coat, and cloak: but we have thereby no more true ideas of the fashion of those habits amongst the Romans, than we have of the faces of the tailors who made them. Such things as these, which the eye distinguishes by their shapes, would be best let into the mind by draughts made of them, and more determine the signification of such words, than any other words set for them, or made use of to define them. But this only by the by.

Fifthly, by constancy in their signification

§26. Fifthly, if men will not be at the pains to declare the meaning of their words, and definitions of their terms are not to be had; yet this is the least can be expected, that in all discourses, wherein one man pretends to instruct or convince another, he should use the same word constantly in the same sense: if this were done, (which nobody can refuse, without great disingenuity) many of the books extant might be spared; many of the controversies in dispute would be at an end; several of those great volumes, swollen with ambiguous words, now used in one sense, and by and by in another, would shrink into a very narrow compass; and many of the philosophers' (to mention no other,) as well as poets' works, might be contained in a nutshell.

When the variation is to be explained

§27. But after all, the provision of words is so scanty in respect of that infinite variety of thoughts, that men, wanting terms to suit their precise notion, will, notwithstanding their utmost caution, be forced often to use the

same word, in somewhat different senses. And though in the continuation of a discourse, or the pursuit of an argument, there be hardly room to digress into a particular definition, as often as a man varies the signification of any term; yet the import of the discourse will, for the most part, if there be no designed fallacy, sufficiently lead candid and intelligent readers, into the true meaning of it: but where that is not sufficient to guide the reader, there it concerns the writer to explain his meaning, and show in what sense he there uses that term.

THE CITY OF LADIES

淑女之城

［法］克里斯蒂娜·德·皮桑　著

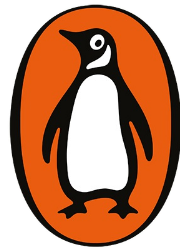
钟婧　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

淑女之城

（法）克里斯蒂娜·德·皮桑/著

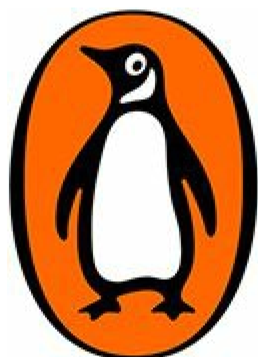
钟　婧/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

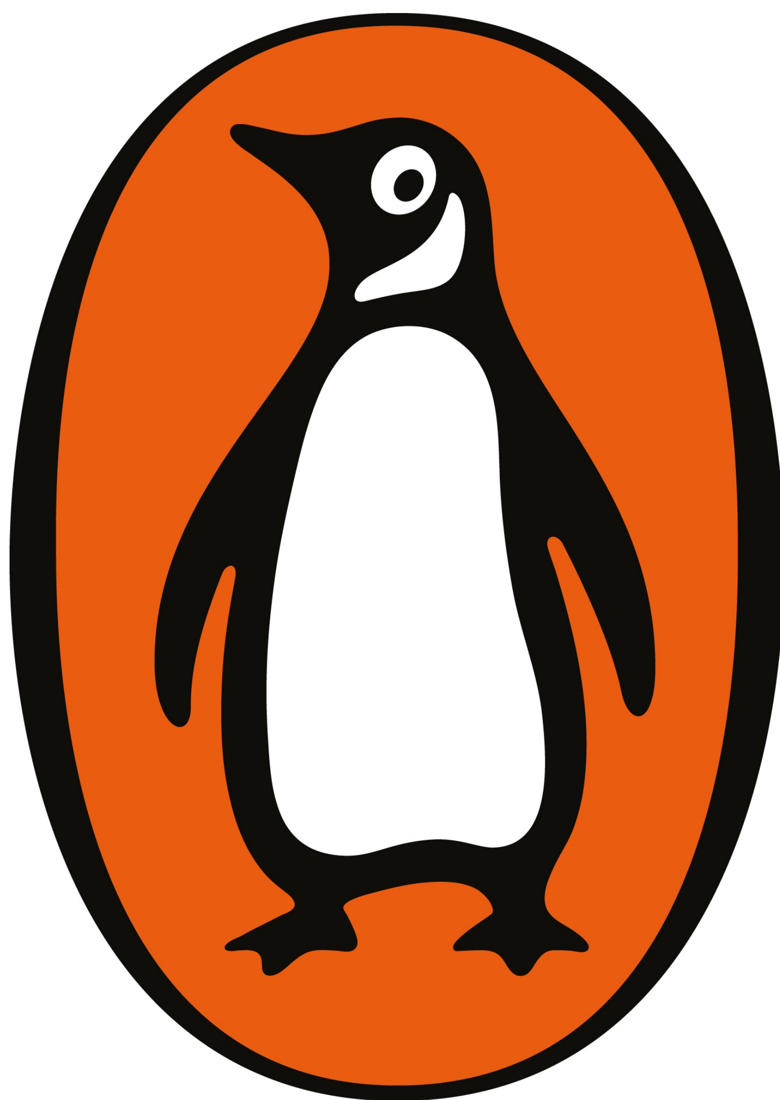
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
The Book of City of Ladies first published in Penguin Books 1999
This extract published in Penguin Books 2005

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

在西方文学中，厌女症（misogyny，或译为女性贬抑）由来已久。简而言之，这是一种在文学作品中歪曲事实、诟病女性并把一切罪过都归因到女性身上的思想。例如将女性说成是劣等子宫的产物，以及认为女性是人类罪恶的根源，甚至连男性的堕落也完全是由女性造成的，等等。这种对于女性的贬低由古希腊文学发端，贯穿了西方文学和宗教史，18、19世纪的哲学大师康德、黑格尔、叔本华和尼采等，也都曾在著作中表现出对女性的厌恶。

本书正是写作于14世纪这样一个视女性为敌并肆意贬低践踏的时代。克里斯蒂娜·德·皮桑（Christine de Pizan，1365—1430），出生于早期文艺复兴时代的威尼斯，幼年随受聘于法王查理五世的父亲搬到法国，在宫廷中长大。她被公认为是欧洲历史上第一位以写作为生的职业女作家，其诗歌和散文在她所处的时代就已得到高度评价。但是不同于文艺复兴时期的人文主义文学家和艺术家，克里斯蒂娜的作品并非系统地研究或阐释反封建思想，而是通过贴近现实生活的思考，从社会实际出发，以通俗易懂的方式提出了一些具有启蒙性的观点。

在本书中，她将女性划分为淑女（ladies）和一般女性（women），并用纸墨为前者建立了一个理想王国。被选入这个文字城市的女性并非由出身门第决定，而是因为各自具有过人的美德，如智慧、勇敢、忠贞、慷慨、虔诚，等等。她通过列举一百多位从神话传说到现实生活中具有过人才智和优秀品质的女性，来逐一驳斥历来男性作者们对女性各方面能力和特质的扭曲，代替女性群体发出了自信的呼声。与此同时，她也并未放弃在能力和修养上尚有待努力的广大一般女性，在书的最后，她呼吁全体女性都按照自己的社会地位，以美德和城

中淑女为榜样和目标去完善自己及自己的生活。

当时社会对女性的定位，是传统道德中的辅助作用，如协助丈夫管理庄园、财产和仆人，勤俭持家，帮助丈夫匡正品行等，因此她劝诫女性们要遵循这些准则，逃离爱情的骗局，端正谈吐、谨言慎行。同时她承认社会等级的差异，建议贵族、中产阶级和平民女性都按照各自的社会阶层来扶助甚至容忍丈夫，以达到家庭的和睦和生活的平静。在书中，由代表着女性三种美德的理性、正直和公正女神指导克里斯蒂娜用智慧的铁锹挖走诟病的腐土、以历代淑女的事迹为基石所建立起来的“淑女之城”，正是她理想中可以彰显女性光辉、并从无端指责中保护她们的完美之地。

时至今日，女性如何在事业进取心与家庭责任感、职业发展与家庭生活之间取得平衡，依旧是时常困扰她们的问题。除了制度和文化的因素之外，女性对于自身潜能的肯定、摒除对于自身定位的内心障碍，充满自信地积极进取，方是最重要的内在条件和动力。因此，回溯克里斯蒂娜这部在男性占统治地位的社会中，敢于率先展现女性优良品质、提高女性对自己性别的自信和自觉的先驱性作品，对于我们今天思考女性如何规划自己独特的人生轨迹、追求恰当的人生目标，如何与男性互相配合实现社会的两性平等与和谐，依然有着重要的启示意义。

第一部分

1.由此开始《淑女之城》的第一章，讲述本书写作的缘由与目的

一日，我如常坐在书房中被各类书籍包围着，因为追求知识已成了我长久以来的习惯。在跟研习已久的几位作者的鸿篇巨著奋战了一整日之后，我开始感到有些厌倦。我从书中抬起头，决定放下这些艰深的大作，转向诗人的作品来找点浅显有趣的读物。在寻找部头小点的书时，我刚巧看到了一本虽不属于我但正由我保管着的书。我打开书，看到作者是马太奥鲁斯[1]就笑着选了它，因为虽然没读过，但听说过这本书跟其他书不同，是赞扬女性的。这时碰巧到了晚饭时间，我几乎还没有开始看，亲爱的妈妈就已经叫我下楼吃饭了。我于是放下它，决定第二天再读。

第二天早上，我再次习惯性地坐在书房里，想起了前一日打算看看的马太奥鲁斯的那本书，于是再次拿起书读了一点。但是看到它俗不可耐的言语和内容，我觉得大概只有那些喜欢看造谣中伤的人才会对此感兴趣，而对那些希望追求美德或改进自身道德标准的人来说，应该是毫无裨益的。我快速浏览到结尾，然后决定转向那些更有价值和裨益的作品。但因为看过了这本我认为没什么权威性的书，一个离奇的想法在我脑海中开始生根，并让我想弄明白，到底为什么这么多男人，包括有学识的男人在内，长久以来都针对女人和她们的作风不断记述着如此可怕的东西。我无法解释这一点。这不只是一小批作者，也不只是马太奥鲁斯这本既不权威又不会被认真看待的书，而是不可计数的哲学家、诗人和演说家都持有的态度，他们众口一词、毫无异议地认为，女人的天性就是容易屈服于恶习。

我一遍一遍地思考着这些观念，然后开始检视自身和行为，并以此为例。为了毫无偏见地公平判断这么多著名的男人是否是错的，我也回想了一下我认识的其他女性，包括很多贵妇以及不计其数的社会各阶层的女性们，她们都曾跟我分享过个人内心的想法。不论我怎么看、如何想这个问题，我都依旧无法从生活中找到任何证据来证明这个对女性天性和习惯的负面评价。即使如此，由于我几乎找不到任何作者的任何一本道德方面的书里没有那么几个章节在攻击女性，我不得不接受了他们对女人不利的意见，因为这么多有学识、有着杰出智慧和对事物有见地的男人，不太可能在这么多地方都撒了谎。基于这个简单的论点，我不得不承认这些男人应该是对的，尽管我的理解还很粗浅，并且仍然没有看到我和其他女人身上存在的重大缺陷。比起自己的判断和经验，我就这样相信了他人得出的结论。

我长时间反复地咀嚼着这些想法，以至于陷入了深度的恍惚。当我试图回忆所有写过这类主题的作者时，脑中充满了无数的名字。我于是得出结论，当神创造女人时，他的确是创造了一件卑下的事物。我震惊于这样一位精细的造物主居然会作出这样一个骇人听闻的东西，它就如这些作者所说的那样，是一个收集和保存所有罪孽与邪恶的容器。这个想法让我极其难过和恶心，于是我因为这些天性上的偏差开始鄙视我自己以及所有女性了。

随着一声长叹，我向神呼唤道："主啊，这怎么可能？除非承认信仰的错误，否则我不能怀疑您会在您无限的智慧和无瑕的好意之中，去创造任何不好的东西。难道不是您特地亲手创造了女人，然后给了她所有您希望她拥有的品质吗？但女人不仅仅是被指控了，而且已经被审判、定罪和判决了！我只是不能理解这个矛盾而已。主啊，如果女人真的如众多男人所指责的那样，是如此可怕的罪孽，并且如您自己所说的两个以上的证人即可定罪[2]的话，我还怎么能够去怀疑他们所说的话？主啊，为什么我没有生为男人，这样我所有的渴望就是去服侍您，把万

事都做正确，以成为男人们所自称的完美生物？既然您决定了不给予我这样的慈悲，亲爱的主，那么若我没能像所应当的那样去服侍您，就请原谅我和赦免我，因为报酬低的仆人对主人负有的义务也相应更少。”

我十分难过地在对神的哀叹中说了许多类似的傻话，因为我觉得我非常不幸地被他赋予了女儿身。

2.克里斯蒂娜讲述**3**位淑女是如何现身以及第一位是如何开口安慰悲痛中的她的

我沉浸在痛苦的思绪中，脸颊贴着手靠在椅子扶手上，满含泪水羞愧地低下头。突然之间，我看到一道如日光般的光线照射到腿上。我像从熟睡中惊醒那样吃了一惊，因为在这个时间太阳是不可能照进我书房的。在我抬头追寻光的源头时，眼前忽然出现了3位头戴皇冠的淑女，她们穿戴举止庄重，面庞散发的光芒照亮了我和我身边的一切。你可以想象，当看到她们能如此直接进入一个门窗紧闭的屋子时，我该有多么惊诧。我害怕是幽灵要引诱我，于是迅速地在额前画了个十字。

3位淑女中最前方的一位率先笑着跟我说道：“我亲爱的孩子，别害怕。我们不是来伤害你的，正相反，我们是由于怜悯你的不幸，来安慰你的。你仅仅因为有太多的人反对，就去否定那些自己确信的真理，我们希望能够帮你摆脱这些困扰着你的误解。你就像是笑话里的傻瓜，朋友们趁他在磨坊里睡着时给他穿上了女人的衣服，醒来之后设法让他相信了自己是女人，尽管一切的证据都指向了相反的那面！我亲爱的孩子，你的判断力到哪里去了？你忘记百炼才能成金的道理了吗？你忘记只有最美好的事物才最惹人争议了吗？现在把你的思路转到最高层次的领域，也就是抽象领域上，回想一下你所叙述的那些抨击女人的哲人们是否曾被证伪。事实上，他们都一直在互相攻击对方的观点，就像你读的亚里士多德的《形而上学》中，他是如何讨论和反对他人，包括柏拉图在内的观点的。也不要忘记‘教会圣师’们[3]，特别是被誉为最伟大的

道德和自然哲学作者的圣奥古斯丁[4]，他们在某些问题上是全盘否定亚里士多德的。你似乎把哲学家的所有观点都当成是真理而无条件地完全接受了。”

“至于你提到的诗作，你得明白它们有时候写得和寓言一样，需要从字面意思的反面去理解。所以你应该按照反语法来读这些书，它有时候需要从正面去理解一些看似负面的话，有时候正相反。我建议你就照这样去读那些抨击女性的段落，不论作者原本的观点是什么，都把它们转化为正面的理解。马太奥鲁斯或许也正希望他的书是被这样去读的，因为他还有一些段落若只从字面上看简直就是彻底的异端邪说。至于当那些作者们——不仅是马太奥鲁斯，还包括更有权威的《玫瑰传奇》[5]的作者——在说神赐的神圣婚姻生活之所以让人无法忍受都是因为女人的时候，你的经验就应该已经告诉你他们是完全错误的了。哪个丈夫曾经如这些作者所说的那样，给予过妻子高于自己的权力，让她们可以来侮辱和玷污自己？相信我，无论你在书中读到什么，你都从未确实地看到这种事，因为它纯粹就是一些离谱的谎言。我亲爱的朋友，我必须说，是你的天真使你相信他们的话都是真理。找回你的判断力，别再用这些愚蠢的念头困扰你自己了。让我来告诉你，那些说女人坏话的人，对自己的伤害要远远超过对于他们所诟病的女人所造成的伤害。”

……

8.克里斯蒂娜讲解理性女神是如何帮助她开始挖地建地基的

理性女神回答我道：“现在站起来吧，孩子，让我们即刻前往文字之地。那里硕果累累、清溪流淌，充满了各种美好的事物，我们将在那平坦而丰饶的土地上建起淑女之城。拿好你智慧的铁锹，按照我划好的线深挖成壑，我会帮你把土扛走。”

我遵从她的指示站了起来：感谢这3位女神，我感觉身体比以前更

强壮而轻盈了。她领头走在前面，我跟随着她到了所述的地点，按照指示开始用智慧的铁锹挖土。我劳动的第一个果实如下："我的女神，我记得你之前用熔炉炼金来比喻那些男作者们对女人的全力攻击。我把这个比喻理解为，女人越被批判，她们的光彩就越被磨砺。但是请告诉我，为什么会有这么多作者在作品中攻击女人呢，因为如果我理解正确的话，这样做明明是错误的。这是天性女神让他们这么做的吗？如果说是因为憎恨，那又该怎么解释？"

理性女神回答我的问题道："我亲爱的孩子，为了帮你把事情看得更清楚，让我把这第一筐土送走。我可以告诉你，天性女神绝没有让他们诟病女人，而是恰恰相反。世上没有什么会比天性女神遵照神的愿望赋予男女之间的联系更为牢固和紧密的了。实际上，有很多其他的原因可以解释为什么男人，包括那些你提到的作者们，一直以来都在攻击女人。有些人从好的意愿出发去批判女性：他们希望拯救那些被堕落的女人控制了的男人们，或者是防止其他人落入相同的命运，同时推而广之地鼓励男人们不要过贪婪和不道德的生活。他们因而攻击所有的女人，以试图说服男人们去反感女性这个性别。"

"我的女神，"我说道，"请原谅我打断你。他们因为有好的出发点，这么做就是对的了吗？人们行为的正误是由出发点所决定的吗？"

"你错了，好孩子，"她回答说，"因为单纯的无知是没有借口的。如果我出于好意和愚蠢而杀了你，我就是正确的了吗？无论是什么人，这么做都是在滥用他们的权力。为了第三方获利而去攻击另一方是不公平的。批判所有女人的天性也是一样完全没有道理的，我用类比来给你解释这一点。为了帮助一些误入歧途的男人放弃愚蠢的行为而去谴责所有的女人，就像火明明是维持生命所必需的好元素，只是因为有些人被烧伤了就去控告它一样，或者像因为有些人淹死了就去诅咒水一样。你可以把同样的道理推广到所有有着正反两面效果的事物上。在这种情况

下，如果有蠢人错误地使用了它们，受到责备的都不应该是这些东西本身。你在自己的其他作品里已经指出过这一点了。那些坚持全盘否定看法的人，无论是出于好意还是恶意，都是为表达自己的观点而做过头了。这就像是有人拿整匹的布来给自己做一件巨大的外衣，仅仅因为它是免费的，也没有其他人出来反对。但这就阻止了其他人再来使用这匹布料。你自己其实也作过正确的评价：如果相反地，这些作者只是试图通过攻击那些确实有道德和习惯问题的人来拯救耽溺色欲的男人，我相信他们就能创作出非常有意义的作品来了。确实没有比一个放荡而堕落的女人更可怕的事物了：她就像是一个怪物，一个违背了她羞怯、温顺而纯洁的本性的生物。我可以向你保证，那些无视这么多高尚的妇女而去谴责女性有罪的作者们，绝对没有经过我的准许。他们自己铸成了大错，而那些相信了他们观点的人亦然。就让我们从你的著作中剔除这些可怕、丑陋又畸形的石头吧，因为它们在你美丽的城市里是不该有立足之地的。”

“其他男人则出于不同的理由批评女人：有些是因为他们自己沉浸在了罪恶中，有些是因为有生理障碍，有些纯粹是因为嫉妒，有些仅仅是喜欢从诽谤他人中获得乐趣。还有一些人这么做是想炫耀自己的博学：他们在书中看到了这些观点，就想引用这些作者的话。”

“那些批判女人生来即为邪恶的人，正是一些把青春浪费在了放浪形骸上、跟不同的女人有过风流韵事的男人。这些男人从各种经历中学会了狡诈，而且从不去忏悔自己的行为。他们其实对年轻时的荒唐行为还相当留恋，现在终于上了年纪，依然有心却已无力，只能悔恨地感到自己的‘好日子’一去不复返，眼睁睁地看着那些年轻的男人们夺走他们得不到手的东西。他们唯一能缓解自己挫折感的方式，就是攻击女人和试图阻止其他人去享受他们曾享受过的东西。你经常看到老头儿们走来走去说着粗俗可鄙的话，比如你说的马太奥鲁斯就很直率地承认自己只是个仍然想满足自身欲望的虚弱老人。他是个能解释我观点的非常好的

例子，因为他正是这类情况里的一个典型。”

“但是感谢神明，并非所有的老年男人都是堕落的和像麻风病人一样病入膏肓的。还是有一些上等体面的人，他们的智慧和美德是由我养育的，他们用高尚而冷静的方式说话，其话语就可以反映自身的优秀品性。这样的男人是痛恨一切错误和诽谤的。因此他们并不会去攻击和诋毁某一个罪人，无论是男是女，而是会一视同仁地谴责所有的罪恶。他们给人的建议是避开恶习、追求美德并坚持坦率。”

“那些因为自身身体缺陷而攻击女人的男人，比如有阳痿或畸形的，他们的想法都很扭曲而且愤愤不平。他们唯一可以补偿机体无能的乐趣就是攻击女性，因为她们可以给其他男人带来快乐。这样他们就能确保别人也不去享受他们从未享受过的快乐。”

“那些因为嫉妒而攻击女人的男人，其实通常都明白女性比他们更具有智慧和美德。这种嫉妒的男人出于愤怒和怨恨而去攻击所有女人，觉得这样他们就可以破坏她们的名声和品性了，正如那个写了《关于哲学》的我忘记名字的作者一样。在那本书里，他花了大量的篇幅来争辩男人根本不该赞美女性，而那些去赞美的男人都违背了他那本书的标题：这些人把追求智慧的‘哲学’变成了追求愚蠢的‘愚学’。但是我可以向你保证，因为那些错误推理和荒谬结论，他自己其实才正是‘愚学’的典范。”

“至于那些本性就喜欢造谣中伤的男人去攻击女性则一点也不奇怪，因为他们会一样地攻击所有人。你可以相信我，任何蓄意攻击女性的男人都是出于他自己的邪念，因为这种行为是跟理性和天性背道而驰的。说他与理性作对，是因为他绝不会感激和承认女人们从过去到现在都在为他付出，那些美好而不可或缺的事物远远多于他可以回馈的；说他与天性作对，是因为连鸟和兽都会自然地爱它们的伴侣，也就是雌性的动物。所以当一个理性的男人不去爱女人时，他就是在严重地违反自

己的天性。”

“最后，还有那些对著作浅尝辄止的人，他们满足于从比自己强得多的作者的顶尖作品里拾人牙慧。他们觉得这样做自己就不会被人批评，因为他们只是在重述别人说过的观点。相信我，这就是他们为什么会去造谣中伤的原因。有些人写下拙劣的胡言乱语，或是既不押韵又没思想的诗作，去评论女人、贵妇或其他人，而实际上品行不端的正是他们自己，他们才是最需要去提升道德水平的人。然后，那些跟他们一样无知的普通人，就会以为这些是他们所读过的最好的作品。”

9.克里斯蒂娜是如何挖土的：换句话说，她是如何向理性女神发问和得到回答的

“现在我已经把给你的任务准备好了，你可以按照我划好的线开始挖地基了。”

遵循理性女神寄予的希望，我用全力开始阐述：“我的女神，为什么最伟大的诗人奥维德[6]（尽管包括我自己在内的其他人会认为维吉尔[7]更适合那个荣誉，如果你不介意我直说的话），在他的如《爱的艺术》《爱情三论》等作品中，作过这么多贬低女人的评价？”

理性女神回答说：“奥维德对作诗的理论和实践都非常熟悉，他细腻的思想使他擅长写自己所写的任何领域。但是，他的身体却沾染了各种庸俗和肉欲的恶习：他和很多女人有过绯闻，因为他完全没有节制的概念，也不会对任何人献出忠心。他整个青年时期都是这样度过的，于是自食其果：不仅丧失了名誉和财产，甚至还丧失了一部分肢体！他不仅自己极其淫乱，还鼓励别人做同样的事，因而最终被流放。他的追随者中有一些是在罗马有影响力的年轻人，他虽然被他们从流放中救了回来，但依旧无法避免再次陷入同样的境地。所以他最后因不道德的行为而被阉割了。他是另一个证明我刚刚叙述的观点的好例子：当他发现自

己再也无法沉溺于以前的快乐中时，就开始用狡诈的评论来攻击女性，希望其他人也能鄙视她们。”

“我的女神，你的话确实是真理。但我也看到一个意大利作家叫作阿斯科里[8]，如果我记得没错的话，来自于马尔谢[9]或托斯卡纳[10]。他在作品里说了一些比我读过的任何东西都要糟糕的，让人非常不悦的话，我觉得任何人在任何情况下，都不该去复述这些话。”

理性女神的回答是：“我亲爱的孩子，不必意外阿斯科里会因为仇恨和鄙视而去诽谤所有女性。出于无法形容的邪念，他希望所有男人对于女人都能有跟他一样的肮脏看法。他也同样落得了他应有的下场：由于他传播的异端邪说，他在柱刑上耻辱地死去了。”

“我的女神，我还看到了另一本拉丁文的小书，叫作《关于女人的秘密》，里面说女人的身体生来就在各个方面都是有缺陷的次品。”

理性女神回答道：“你只需要看看自己的身体就足以明白，这本书完全是充满了谎言的捏造。虽然有人把它溯源到亚里士多德，但说一个像他那样伟大的哲学家能有如此骇人听闻的谬论，还是欠考虑的。任何读过这本书的女人都能看到，它的很多叙述都和她们的自身经历完全相反，因此可以相应地推论出其他部分也是一样不可信的。不知道你还记不记得开头的地方，他说了某个主教把所有将这本书念给女人听或者给她们看的男人都驱逐出教的事？”

“是的，我的女神，我记得那个段落。”

“你知道是什么样的邪恶动机促使他把这么卑鄙的一段放在书的开头，让那些易受骗的愚蠢男人去读？”

“不知道，我的女神，请你赐教。”

“这是因为他不希望女人们能读到这本书，或者是听到别人读给她们，以免沦为她们的笑柄，或者指出它是多么一钱不值。他以为用了这个诡计，就可以骗过那些想读他的书的男人了。”

“我的女神，我似乎记得，他在长篇累牍地阐述女孩是虚弱或有瑕疵的子宫的产物之后，宣称天性女神也为自己创造出了这样的残次品而感到羞愧。”

“我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，得出这些结论的人，很明显是完全不理智地被误导了吧？首先，作为上帝仆从的天性女神，怎么可能比她力量的来源、自己的主人还要强大？全能的上帝全心全意地创造了男人和女人。当他将神意付诸实施，用大马士革的泥土创造了亚当之后，就让他住进了这卑贱地上最高贵的伊甸园。他让亚当在这里安睡，用他的一条肋骨创造了女性的躯体。这预示了女人天生是陪伴在男人身边的人，男人则应该把她作为一体同心的自身去爱，而绝非是匍匐于他脚前的奴隶。如果连神圣的创造者本身都不认为创造了女性形态是件羞耻的事情，那天性女神为什么会如此认为呢？想不到这一层的人可真是愚蠢到一定程度了。此外，女人又是怎样被创造出来的呢？我不知道你是否意识到了，但她其实也同样复制了神的形象。谁竟敢如此无礼，去说拥有这样神圣原型的事物的坏话？当然也有足够愚蠢的人坚持说，神按照自己的形象造人，指的是他的躯体本身。这也一样并非事实，因为那个时候神还没有变化成人形，所以必须得澄清，这个复制指的是他的灵魂，是那无形的才智使得人从生到死都可与神相似。他把他的灵魂同时赋予了男性和女性，并且使两性都同等的高尚和纯洁。回到我们正在讨论的人的躯体是怎样形成的这个话题，女性是被最优秀的造物者一手创造的。那么她究竟是在哪里被创造的呢？毫无疑问是在伊甸园。那么又是用什么造出的，是粗糙的材料吗？不，她是从神作出的最好的材料——男性自己的身体——中被创造出来的。”

“我的女神，从你的话中我可以看出，女性是一种非常高贵的生物。但尽管如此，西塞罗[11]不是说过‘男人不应该被女人管制’吗？让女人管了的男人是在贬低自己，因为被比自己低下的人所辖制是错误的。”

理性女神回答道：“无论男女，有德行的人才更高等：人的贵贱不是由性别来区分的，而是由此人能让自己的本性和道德完美到何种程度来决定的。因此服侍圣母的男人是幸福的，因为她的地位比天使还要高。”

“我的女神，老加图[12]，也就是那位伟大的演说家，声称如果女人没有被创造出来的话，男人就可以直接跟众神对话了。”

理性女神的回答是：“现在你看到了一个本是智慧的人却说了蠢话的例子了。是因为有了女人，男人才能跟神并肩而坐。至于那些说男人是因为叫夏娃的女人才被从伊甸园赶出去的，我的回答是，男人从圣母玛利亚那里所得到的，要远远比他因夏娃而失去的多得多。现在人类已经跟神合为一体，若夏娃没有犯错，这就是不可能的。男人和女人都应该去赞美夏娃的这个错误，正是因为她，这个荣耀才能降临在他们头上。如果人性曾因为上帝创造的一个生物的行为而崩坏，那它就已经被这个生物本身赎还了。至于像老加图说的，如果男性没有女性就能跟神对话了，他的话比他自己预想的还要正确。作为一个异教徒，他和跟他信仰相同的人们认为天堂和地狱都是由神来统治的，只是我们把地狱里的称为恶魔。所以说，如果没有圣母，男人就可以直接跟地狱里的神明对话，这是完全正确的！”

……

11.克里斯蒂娜问理性女神为什么女人不能出现在法庭上以及理性女神的回答

“我最正直可敬的女神啊，你出色的论点满足了我在众多领域里的好奇心。若不介意的话，你能否再解释一下为什么女人在审讯中既不被允许去起诉，也不可以作证，甚至都不能传递信息？有些男人宣称这都是源于一些女人在法庭中曾经的举止不端。”

“我亲爱的孩子，这个荒谬的故事是彻头彻尾的蓄意捏造。但如果你希望知道万事背后的原因和理由的话，你是永远也不可能追溯到头的。就算是亚里士多德，即便他在《论问题》和《范畴论》里解释了那么多，也依旧无法做到这一点。但是亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，回到你的问题上，你或许同样会问上帝为什么没有让男人去做女人的工作，以及让女人做男人的事情。这个问题可以这样回答，就像一个聪慧精明的主人把他的家产分为不同的部分，并把他的工人们也严格分工那样，上帝与此类似地创造了男人和女人，以便从不同的角度服侍他，并且让他们相互帮助和安慰。最后，他给了不同的性别以实现各自目的所必需的品质和特点，即使有时候人类并不尊重这种区别。神给了男人健壮有力的身躯来阔步探寻和大胆发言，这就解释了为什么是男人们在学习法律和进行执法。在那些拒绝遵守法律的情况中，男人们会通过武装和体力来强制执行，而女人们是无法做到这点的。即使上帝也经常赋予很多女性以杰出的智慧，但她们依旧不可以抛弃一贯的谦逊跑到法庭去上诉，因为已经有足够多的男人在做这件事了。为什么要让三个人去做两个人就已经游刃有余的事呢？”

“但是，如果有人说这是因为女人的聪明才智不够去学习法律，我就要引用从古到今无数优秀女性的例子来反驳他们了，她们是杰出的哲学家，或在很多远远难于单纯学习一下法律条文的领域里出人头地。我接下来会给你讲述这些例子。同时为了回答那些觉得女人缺乏明智管理或建立良好习惯的能力的人，我会举一些历史上可敬的淑女们的例子，她们完全有驾驭这些的能力。为了让你能更清楚我在说些什么，我也会给你列举一些你同时代的寡妇，她们在丈夫过世后对家产的组织和管理

完全证明了智慧的女人能够在任何领域成功。”

2.关于示巴女王[13]

“如果可以的话请告诉我，你是否曾经读到过一个国王，他有比示巴女王更优秀的治理手段、政治才能和公正人品，并且还掌管着一个更为宏大的法庭？在她统治之下的广袤无垠的土地，是从她的祖先，那些被称为法老的著名国王那里继承下来的。但是，是这位女性第一次在她的疆土上创建了法律和道德规范，也就此终结了这个国家的原始形态，甚至包括埃塞俄比亚的野蛮习俗。那些描写过示巴女王的作者都特别称赞了她把文明带入治下的举措。她是法老的后代，继承了包括阿拉伯、埃塞俄比亚、埃及和位于尼罗河中游的肥沃的麦罗埃岛[14]在内的广袤疆土。她以典范性的才能管理着自己的疆域。关于这位女性我还有什么可说的吗？示巴女王非常聪颖和强大，甚至连圣经都提到了她出众的能力。她自己建立了用来治理民众的法律。她的高贵和富有，超越了尘世间的所有男人。她对于艺术和科学都十分精通，并且以自己从未去屈尊嫁人，或未曾希望任何男人陪伴在她身边为荣。”

……

14.克里斯蒂娜和理性女神之间更多的讨论和辩论

“我的女神，你说得非常好，你的话语有如音乐般悦耳。但是，如果不管我们刚刚谈到的才智，那么无法否认，女性从本质上来说还是懦弱的生物，她们有着柔软脆弱的躯体，并且缺乏强健的体魄。男人们就因为这些说女人是低等和低价值的。在他们看来，如果一个人的身体在某种意义上残缺的话，这就破坏并降低了他或她的道德水准，那么也就因此而不值得去赞赏了。”

理性女神的回答是：“我亲爱的孩子，这是一个完全站不住脚的错

误结论。如果天性女神没能让一个躯体跟她所创造的其他人一样完美，无论是在形体上还是外貌上、体力上或者肢体上，她通常都会用更多的优秀来补偿他的缺失。比如说，伟大的哲学家亚里士多德常被说成是长相丑陋的，因为他的脸是扭曲的，而且一只眼睛比另一只低。但他若确实是畸形的话，那么从他的作品可以看出来，显然天性女神用非凡的才智补偿了他。对他而言，拥有这样超凡的智慧是比拥有像押沙龙[15]一样完美的躯体更有意义的。”

“亚历山大大帝也是一样，他非常矮小、丑陋又孱弱，但众所周知，他有着非凡的勇气。其他很多人也都是这样。相信我，我亲爱的朋友，一个完整强健的身体并不一定有着勇敢无畏的心。勇气是从自然的生命活力中产生的，这种力量是上帝允许天性女神赠予那些理性出众的人的天赋。这种力量存在于精神和心中，而不是存在于肉体和四肢的力量中。你经常看到彪悍健壮的男人是可怜的胆小鬼，而其他娇小孱弱的男人却很勇敢和坚韧。这也同样适用于其他的道德品质。关于勇气和体质，上帝或天性女神都没有打算通过剥夺女性的这些价值来歧视她们。与此相反，女人们在这方面的不足其实是很幸运的，因为她们至少不会有骇人听闻的残酷行径，比如从古到今的男人都有足够力气去进行谋杀和使用暴行，更不会因此而受到责罚。如果那些男人们的灵魂能在柔弱的女性身体里过一辈子，或许倒是一件好事。回到我正在说的事上，我确信天性女神若决定了不去赋予女性以强健的体魄，那她就会补偿给她们最善良的品性：对上帝的敬爱和对违背神谕的恐惧。没有这样去做的女人是违背了自己本性的。”

“但是，亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，你应该注意到了，神也明确地想向男人证明，虽然女人普遍来说没有他们身强力壮和富有勇气，但这并不意味着女性整体都缺乏这种素质。实际上有一些女性展示了足够的魄力、体力和勇气来完成了惊人的壮举，完全可以跟史书中提到的伟大征服者和武士们匹敌。之后我就给你举一个这样的例子。”

“我可爱的孩子和亲爱的朋友，我已经给你准备好了一条宽阔的沟渠，并亲自肩挑手提把土都运走了。现在该你往沟中填上沉重坚固的石块，来构成淑女之城的地基了。以你的笔为铲，抖擞精神开始建筑吧。下面就是一块很不错的结实的石头，我希望你能把它作为筑城的第一块基石。你知道连天性女神都用占星预言了这块石头应该被放在这里了吗？稍稍往后退一步，我来帮你把它放入位。”

……

16.关于亚马逊人

“在欧洲大陆附近的广阔海洋中有一个叫作塞西亚[16]的国家。有一次，男人们都在战争中阵亡了，当女人们看到自己失去了丈夫、兄弟和男性亲属，只有幼小男孩和老年男子还幸存之后，就鼓起勇气召集了一个妇女议会，决定从今往后由自己来领导自己的国家，不再受男人的管束。她们公布法令禁止任何男人出入她们的领地，但为了能维持种族延续，她们自己可以在每年的特定时间出入邻国。如果生了男婴就把他送回父亲那里，女婴则自己抚养。为了维护这个法律，她们选了出身最高贵的两位淑女为女王，一位叫作蓝佩朵，另一位叫作马佩西娅。她们很快把国内剩下的男人都驱逐出境，接着从长到幼都武装起来投入战斗，在她们的国土上奋勇杀敌，把所有的敌人都赶尽杀绝了。简单来说，她们为丈夫们的死报了仇。”

“就这样，塞西亚的女人们开始武装自己。她们后来被称为亚马逊人，意思是‘去掉了一个乳房的民族’。她们的传统是使用只有本族女性知道的秘术，贵族女孩在儿时去掉左乳房来携带盾牌，非贵族的女孩们则去掉右乳房以便操控弓箭。她们非常崇尚武力，所以通过战争极大地扩张了领土，并且名声远播。回到之前的话题，这两位女王每人带领了一支出色的军队在许多国家作战，并且成功占领了欧洲和亚洲的很大一部分地区，征服了很多王国。她们建立了很多城镇，包括亚洲颇有名望

的以弗所[17]。两位女王中的马佩西娅最先战死，并由她一个年轻的女儿接替，也就是美丽的贵族未婚少女锡诺普。这位女孩为自己从未跟男人发生过关系而感到骄傲，并且选择到死都维持贞洁。她生命中唯一的真爱和快乐就是追寻武力：她对于战争和扩张从未感到过厌倦。她接连征服敌国，把他们的国土完全踏平、国民杀戮殆尽，以此来痛快淋漓地为母亲报了仇。”

……

27.克里斯蒂娜问理性女神上帝是否赋予了女性最高级的知识以及理性女神的回答

听完理性女神所说的，我回答道：“我的女神，上帝确实令人吃惊地赋予了你所提到的这些女性以超凡的力量。但是你如果不介意的话，请告诉我，在上帝赐予女性的众多品格之中，他是否曾赋予哪位出众的智力和学识。她们是否有学习的天资？我非常想知道，为什么男人们断言妇女是愚钝的。”

理性女神的回答是：“克里斯蒂娜，从我告诉你的可以很明显地看出，事实与他们所说的正相反。为了解释得更清楚一点，我来给你一些总结性的例子。我再重复一下——不要怀疑我的话——如果社会传统就是像对男孩一样地送女孩去上学，并教给她们各种知识，那么她们也会跟男孩一样轻松学会那些困难的艺术和科学知识的。实际上，这也常常是事实，就像我之前提到的，尽管女人的躯体比男人柔弱也没那么灵活，但她们的思想实际上更敏锐，并且更善于接纳新鲜事物。”

“我的女神，你在说什么呀？如果可以的话，我希望你再详细阐述一下。如果我们不能证明这个观点，那就没有一个男人会接受它，因为他们会说男人普遍来说要比女人知道得更多。”

她回答道：“你知道为什么女人比男人要无知一些吗？”

“不知道，我的女神，你得启发我一下。”

“这是因为她们必须得整天待在屋子里来照管家庭，所以较少接触到各种社会经验。没有什么比各式各样的经历和活动更能让理性的人拓宽眼界和智慧了。”

“那么我的女神，如果她们有跟男人一样的学习能力，为什么她们没有因此而更博学呢？”

“我亲爱的孩子，回答是，就像我之前告诉你的一样，让女人抛头露面去做男人该做的事情并不一定能带来什么公众利益。她们去做适合自己的事情则是非常明智的。至于说经验告诉我们女性的智力低于男性，因为身边的女人都比男人知道得少，那就让我们以穷乡僻壤的男性佃农为例吧。你可以列举出相当多的地方，那里的男人们非常落后，所以跟野兽没什么区别。但是毋庸置疑，天性女神也赋予了他们跟城镇里最聪明且有学识的男人们同样完美的头脑和身体，所以这些都是缺乏教育造成的。当然也别忘记我之前说过的，有些男人或女人天生就比其他人更聪颖。我现在就来给你列举一些具有优秀头脑的博学多才的女人，来证明女性跟男性一样聪明。”

28.理性女神从罗马的科尼菲西娅[18]开始谈论博学广识的淑女们

“科尼菲西娅的父母在她小的时候稍稍用了点手段，把她跟她的兄弟科尼菲修斯一起送去上学。这个小姑娘把她超人的智力用在了学习上，并从此开始以学习为乐。让她放弃这种天赋是非常困难的，因为她拒绝了所有通常女性要做的事情，而全身心地投入到书本中去。在刻苦学习之后，她很快就成为了一位出色而博学的诗人，在她如饥似渴地求学的哲学领域也是如此。她非常积极主动地在各个方面出人头地，所以

很快超越了她的兄弟，不光是在诗歌上，更是在所有的知识领域里。”

“除此之外，她不只满足于学习理论知识，更希望能把她的知识付诸实践。她执笔创作了几部出色的著作，在圣格列高利一世[19]的时代被广为尊重，正如这位教宗在自己的著作中所指出的那样。伟大的意大利作家薄伽丘[20]在他的书中对科尼菲西娅作了这样的评价：‘作为一个女性却放下女人的事情并且投入到学习最伟大的学者的著作中，是多么光荣的一件事。’他接下来的话印证了我所说的，他说那些对自己的智商没有自信的女人们，做起事来就像是出生于荒山野岭一样，没有正确和错误以及道德的观念，放任自己被蒙蔽，还说自己除了照顾男人和生养孩子之外什么也做不了。上帝给了每个女人一副好头脑，如果她愿意的话，能用在所有博学的男人们活跃着的领域里。如果女人愿意去学，这些领域对于她们不会比对于男人来说更难，她们也能够投入足够多的精力来赢得美名，就像最出色的男人们那样。我亲爱的孩子，看看薄伽丘是怎样与我所说的相互呼应的，并注意一下他是多么赞同和欣赏妇女去学习的。”

……

30.关于一位出色的诗人和哲学家莎孚**[21]**

“跟普罗芭[22]一样博学的莎孚，是一位来自米蒂利尼[23]的未婚女子。这位莎孚非常美丽，言谈举止也很有魅力。但她最出众的特质是出色的智力，她也因此在科学艺术的诸多领域成为了专家。而且她不仅攻读别人的著作，自己也撰写了很多新著。诗人薄伽丘用这样美妙的词语来称颂她：‘莎孚，被她自身的好头脑和求知欲所鞭策，投身到学习中并且超越了广大的无知群众，与帕纳塞斯山[24]比肩；换句话说，她攀登到了知识的顶峰。由于她的魄力和勇敢，她获取了缪斯女神的恩惠；也就是说她沉浸在了科学艺术之中。她跋涉过长满月桂、山楂、各色鲜

花香草的茂密丛林，这是语法、逻辑、几何、算术和修辞学的栖息地。她通过这条小径直到知识之神阿波罗的洞穴前，并找到了汩汩流淌的诗之神泉。在那里，她拿起琴拨用竖琴弹奏美妙的歌曲，引来仙女领舞；也就是说，她学到了和弦的美妙与和声学的规则。’”

“薄伽丘对莎孚的这些描述，应该被理解为她学习的深度和她著作的博学程度。她的著作极其艰深，就像先哲们指出的那样，即使对最聪明和受过最好教育的男人来说也不那么容易读懂。她的书写得非常精致，至今仍在流传，因而给之后立志诗歌的人们树立了出色的榜样。她发明了很多种新的诗歌形式，包括叙事诗、怨情诗、奇怪爱的挽歌等由不同情绪所激发的诗歌，它们非常洗练，因而今天被叫作莎孚诗来纪念她。至于她的作品，贺拉斯[25]回忆说在亚里士多德的老师柏拉图去世时，他的枕下就有一本莎孚的诗集。”

“长话短说，因为莎孚的学问非常有名，所以她的故里决定在显眼的地方建一尊她的铜像来表彰她在诗歌上的成就。她为自己在最伟大的诗人行列中赢得了一席之地，按薄伽丘的话说，这些诗人的光辉要远比主教的法冠、国王的王冠甚至战争胜利者的棕榈和月桂花环还要耀眼。我可以给你更多这样聪颖女性的例子，比如希腊女性雷翁提乌姆，一位杰出的哲学家，她敢于清晰明了地与当时备受尊重的思想家泰奥弗拉斯托斯辩论。”

……

33.克里斯蒂娜问理性女神是否有女性曾创造过新的知识形态

在听过理性女神的话之后，我，克里斯蒂娜，提起了如下话题：“我的女神，我清楚地看到你可以列举出无数的妇女曾在科学艺术中达到了很高的水平。但是我想问你，是否知道曾有天才的，或具有创造力的，或足够聪颖的女性，能够创造出以前并不存在的、崭新的、重

要而有用的知识学派。很显然，去学习一个已有的领域，要比发现新的无人知晓的领域容易得多。”

理性女神回答道：“相信我，很多重要或值得尊崇的科学艺术都是由智慧聪颖的女性所发现的，在经由文字叙述的理论科学和需要动手的精巧技艺上都是如此。我现在给你一些例子。”

“首先，我来给你讲讲贵族尼科斯特拉塔，意大利人称她为喀尔曼塔。这位淑女是希腊的阿卡迪亚[26]国王帕拉斯的女儿。她非常聪颖，被上帝赐予了智慧的天赋，对希腊文学有着广博的知识，作品聪慧简洁，又非常有口才，所以同时代的诗人们在作品中宣称她是被神使墨丘利所垂青的。他们甚至认为她那早慧的儿子是这位神使的后代，而非她丈夫的孩子。由于家乡的一系列巨变，尼科斯特拉塔跟儿子和一群追随他们的人一起，乘坐大型船队由台伯河[27]溯流而上开往意大利。她在那里登陆，并爬上她后来为纪念她父亲而命名为帕拉蒂尼的山丘[28]。在后来建成了罗马的这座山丘上，她和儿子以及追随者们建起了自己的城堡。她发现当地土著人非常原始，就帮他们建立了一些规则，并且鼓励他们过公正理性的生活。所以她是第一位在这个后来以法理系统著称的国家里建立起法律的人，而后来的法律也几乎都源于这套系统。”

“在尼科斯特拉塔的特质中，还有神圣的预言能力。她因而可以预见到她所继承的国家有朝一日会成为世界上最伟大和最繁荣的疆土。所以在她看来，这个以后必将征服世界的最优秀的国家，不该使用外来的低劣粗糙的文字。此外，尼科斯特拉塔也希望能把她的智慧和知识，以合适的方式传授给未来的世代。因此她开始着手创造一套与其他国家都不一样的崭新的字母体系。被她创造出来的就是ABC，即拉丁字母，以及造词规则、元音与辅音的区别和语法的基础。她把这些知识和文字传授给了人们，希望它们能广为流传。这位淑女的发明已经不能再伟大了，我们对她的感谢更不能被一笔带过。这一设计精巧的科学被证明极

为有用，并给世界带来了极其多的好处，所以我们可以很诚实地说，没有比这更为高贵的发明了。”

“意大利人并不缺乏对这美好礼物的感激之情，这一点做得非常正确。他们认为这是不可思议的发明，因而对她比对任何男人都要尊崇，在尼科斯特拉塔/喀尔曼塔的有生之年都把她当作女神一样崇拜着。在她去世时，他们建造了一个寺庙来纪念她，就坐落于她建城的山丘脚下。为了让她能流芳百世，他们借用了她创造的科学中的一些词汇，甚至还用她的名字来命名事物。比如为了纪念她发明的拉丁语，全国人都自称为拉丁人。此外，因为ita在拉丁语中是最重要的肯定词，就像法语里的oui一样，所以他们不仅把自己的疆土叫作拉丁，还更进一步用‘意大利（Italy）’来指代超越了国境的广袤土地，包括许多不同的区域和王国。从这位淑女的名字Carmentis，他们演化出了拉丁词carmen，意思是‘歌’。即使是在她之后很久登陆的罗马人，也把一个城门命名为‘卡曼塔里斯门（Porta Carmentalis）’。这些名字流传至今，不论罗马如何繁荣昌盛或是由哪位强大的皇帝当政，这些都未曾改变过。”

“我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，你还能有更多的要求吗？还有人认为有任何男人可以与她比肩吗？不过别以为她是唯一一位曾经创造过很多知识领域的女性……”

34.关于一位创造了无数新技术包括用钢铁制造武器的女性弥涅耳瓦[29]

“就像你看到的那样，弥涅耳瓦是一位希腊女性，也被叫作帕拉斯。这位姑娘极为聪颖，所以她那个时代的人傻傻地把她奉为了天上来的女神：因为他们不知道她的父母是谁，而她的所作所为又都是前无古人的创举。就像薄伽丘指出的一样，他们对于她的出身越是一无所知，就越对她比任何同时代女人都优秀的智慧感到惊诧。她把她超凡的技巧和独创性运用在了诸多领域。首先，她天才地创造了希腊字母速记法，

可以用最简短的篇幅记下最多的内容。这个绝妙的发明至今还被希腊人使用着。她还创造了数字以及用它们去数数和快速计算的方法。简单来说，她天才地发明了很多前所未有的艺术和技能，包括制作羊毛和布料的技术。是她最早产生了剪羊毛的想法，并发明了用各种不同的工具来给羊毛松解、开松和梳理等整套流程以及除去杂毛、在金属尖端上粉碎纤维并捻到拉线棒上的方法，还有把羊毛织成布料所需的工具。”

“同样，她发现了如何从橄榄里榨油以及从其他果实里榨取果汁的方法。”

“同样，她发明了手推车和战车，以便运送东西。”

“同样，这位淑女的一项发明更不像是女性会想到的，即锻造武士们在战场上用以杀敌的钢铁武器和护身盔甲的技术。她把这项技术教给了雅典的人民，同时也教会他们组织成军队以及以部队形式的作战。”

“同样，她发明了长笛、竖笛、小号和其他管乐器。”

“这位淑女不仅非常智慧，也极其纯洁，保持了一生的贞洁。正因为她的极端纯洁，诗人们在诗作中说她与火神伏尔甘长期对抗，并最终战胜了他。这个故事可以被解释成她战胜了肉欲的激情和渴望对年轻身体的困扰。雅典人极其尊重这位女子，把她当作神一样崇拜，并把她称为女战神和女武神，因为她是这些技术的创造者。她也因为她卓越的智慧而被称为智慧女神。”

“在她死后，雅典人民建造了一座神庙进献给她，在里面供奉了一尊代表智慧和战争的女子雕像。这座雕像目光锐利，代表武士维护公正的职责以及智者无比聪慧的头脑。这座雕像戴着头盔，以喻示武士必须在战争中经受锻炼以获得无尽的勇气以及智者的计划应该是不能被人看破的。她穿着盔甲，来表明武士的地位和权力以及智者应当是作好准备

面对命运起伏的远见。这座雕像拿着长矛或长枪，标志着一个武士必须是正义的化身，而智者会选择从安全的距离发起攻击。一个水晶的小圆盾挂在雕像的脖子上，代表武士必须时刻警惕并随时准备保卫国家和人民以及智者对万事的透彻理解。在这个盾牌的中心是蛇发女妖戈耳工，代表武士必须足够狡黠并要像蛇一样潜近敌人，而智者则必须警惕他人可能带来的危险。为了保卫这尊雕像，他们在旁边树了一只夜行鸟类——猫头鹰——来表示武士必须准备好在需要时不分昼夜地保护国家以及智者必须时刻警醒自己何为正途。这位弥涅耳瓦被尊崇了很长一段时间，名声远播他国，而那些国家也给她建立了寺庙。即使数个世纪之后罗马人达到了势力顶峰时，她的名望依旧存在，于是他们就把她的形象纳入了众神之中。”

35.关于发明了农业和许多其他技术的克瑞斯女王

“克瑞斯是远古时期西西里的女王。她心灵手巧地发明了农业科学和技术以及必要的工具。她教会了她的臣民们如何聚拢和驯服牛，并给牛上轭。克瑞斯也发明了犁，展示给她的人民如何用犁刀来挖开和破碎土壤以及其他所需的技能。下一步，她教给他们如何播种并覆以土壤。当种子生根发芽之后，她教给他们如何收割成捆的麦子，并通过抽打脱粒把麦粒从谷壳中取出。然后克瑞斯演示了如何用厚重的石头研磨谷物以及建造磨坊，接下去如何准备面粉并做成面包。就这样，这位淑女引导了那些如野兽般吃着橡果、野草、苹果和浆果的人们，去开始一种高贵的饮食习惯。”

“克瑞斯没有就此止步：那时候她的人民还像野兽一样四处游走，居住在树林和荒野的临时住所里。她把他们聚集起来，并教会他们如何建立城镇、组成社区。她就这样把人们带出了原始状态，引入更为文明和理性的生活方式。诗人们创作出了克瑞斯的传说，讲述她的女儿是如何被冥界之王普路托诱拐的。因为她出色的知识和给世界带来的益处，

那时的人崇敬地称她为谷物女神。”

36.关于发明了园艺和种植技术的伊西斯

“伊西斯不仅仅是一位埃及女王，更由于她广博的园艺知识而被尊崇为埃及的女神。传说中描述了她是如何被朱庇特所爱，并把她变成了母牛再变回来，这都是她丰富知识的象征，就像你在自己写的《阿西亚给赫克特的信》中所指出的那样。为了造福埃及人民，她还发明了一些文字来表述他们的语言，以便把想法言简意赅地记录下来。”

“伊西斯是希腊国王依那储斯之女，智者福罗奴斯的姐妹。这位淑女和她的兄弟因故离开希腊前往埃及，在那里她教给了人民很多东西，包括如何建立庭院、种植和嫁接植物。她也建立起了一些完善的法律并鼓励希腊人民去遵循，因为直到那时他们都还处于没有司法系统的原始状态。简单来说，伊西斯为他们做了很多，所以他们在她生前和死后都为她举办过盛大的典礼。她的名声传遍世界，奉献给她的神殿和礼拜堂如雨后春笋般出现在各地。即使在罗马的巅峰时期，罗马人也为她建起了一座神殿，并在其中沿用埃及人当年的习俗为她敬献祭品，举行庄严的仪式。”

“这位尊贵淑女的丈夫叫作阿比斯，异教徒们把他错认为是朱庇特与福罗奴斯之女尼奥比的儿子。古代历史学家和诗人们也经常提到此人。”

……

43.克里斯蒂娜问理性女神是否女人天生拥有良好的判断力以及理性女神的回答

我，克里斯蒂娜，回到理性女神身边说：“我的女神，现在我看到了上帝确实使女性聪明的头脑足以学习、理解和记忆任何知识。我为此

由衷地赞美上帝！但是，我也总是很惊诧地看到，有那么多头脑机敏的人，能迅速学到自己的所见所闻、在感兴趣的领域通过投入学习而掌握大量知识，但似乎在个人道德和公众行为上却缺乏判断能力，即使一些最有名的渊博学者也是如此。毫无疑问，科学知识是应该可以帮助灌输道德价值的。所以如果可以的话，我的女神，我非常希望能知道，你我的经验都已证明，女性的头脑足以理解那些科学和其他领域里最复杂的事物，那它是否也一样能够借由判断力学到东西。换句话说，女性能够区别善行和恶行吗？她们能够汲取过去的经验来修正现在的行为吗？她们能用现在的例子来预见将来应该如何行动吗？在我看来，这些就是良好判断力的体现。”

理性女神回答道：“你提得很对，我的孩子。但是不要忘记，无论男女都是有这种能力的，而且都会有一些人天生比其他人拥有更多。并且良好的判断力并不是学来的，虽然学习能够帮助那些本来就有这种倾向的人更加完美，就像你知道的，两种同向的力量加在一起比单股力量要更强有力。因此在我看来，任何有着天生判断力的人和那些善于学习知识的人都是值得嘉奖的。但是就像你自己指出的，有些人只具备一方面却缺乏另一方面：前者是神恩惠的内在品质，而后者是通过学习获得的。当然，两者都是好的。”

“有些人认为，有良好判断力却没有知识，是要好过有学识却没有善恶观的。这是一个备受争议的主张，也引发了各种质疑。你可以说，最好的人是那些对公共利益贡献最多的人。这样的话就无法否认，那些有学识的人通过传授知识对人起到的帮助是最大的，无论他们自己的判断力如何。这是因为个人的判断力只贯穿在人的有生之年，会随着人的逝去而消散。但另一方面，知识是永存的，因为那些博学者的名声是永垂青史的，他们也通过把知识教给他人或者写成书本而流传百世。因此他们的知识不会随他们而消散，就像我用亚里士多德和其他学科创始人的例子给你证明的那样。这种可以习得的知识对人类而言，比无知的人

所展示的良好判断力更为有用，尽管他们曾用这些判断力非常好地统治和管理过自己的国家。说句实话，这些良好行为是暂时性的，会随着时间而消失，而知识却是不可磨灭的。”

“但我要把这些放在一旁，因为它跟我们现在要进行建城的任务并不直接相关。相对的，让我们回到你最开始问我的那个问题上来，即女性是否天生具有更好的判断力。在这个问题上，我可以肯定地给你一个‘是’的答案。这一点你应该能够从我已经讲给你的事例，以及观察妇女们是如何履行她们传统的职责上看出来。如果你看得足够仔细，你会看到妇女们在照管家庭上大都是尽其所能地做到周到、勤奋和严谨的。有时候，那些有着懒惰丈夫的妇女会给人留下喜欢找碴儿、对他们指手画脚和想树立权威的印象，但他们其实只是在把大部分妻子们的好意给故意抹黑。我下面要说的大部分都是从《所罗门智训》推导出的，它就谈到了像这样的好妻子。”

44.《圣经·箴言》里的《所罗门智训》

“如果一个丈夫能找到勇敢坚定又有着明智判断力的妻子，那他就一无所缺了。她将名声远播而她的丈夫也会为此骄傲，因为她所带来的永远都只有幸福和兴旺。她会去寻觅和购买羊毛，也就是说她给女仆们找到了一件使她们可以被雇佣的有收益的工作去做，同时保持了家用的储备，而她自己也会搭把手。她就像一艘商船，带来好的物品并提供面包。她回馈那些应得的人，他们也将成为她的密友。在她的家中，包括仆人在内都不愁吃穿。运用良好的判断力，她会斟酌地买下一片地皮用来种植葡萄，以保证家中葡萄酒的供应。她充满了勇气和决心，她的手臂因辛勤的劳作而变得肌肉坚实。即使在黑夜里，她劳作的光辉也照耀着全家。她在做着重体力劳动的同时也没有忘记女性的职责，还做着她的分内之事。她帮助和救济穷人，给痛苦的他们雪中送炭。由于她的努力，家族在风雪中免遭饥寒，连仆人们都衣装整齐。她自己穿着寓意正

直和显赫的紫色丝绸，她的丈夫同样有着高贵的形象，在本地知名人士中也是第一等的。她制作上好的亚麻布料，用以出售以及自己穿着来彰显力量和光辉。她乐此不倦。她谈吐间闪耀的都是智慧的语句，而又措辞温婉。她会保证家庭富足并且无人游手好闲。她子女们的举止完全折射出她的影子，而他们的行为也能体现出她无微不至的关照。她丈夫上等的衣着举止也给她加了分。即使在女儿们成人之后她也会严格地管教着她们。她鄙视荣耀的诱惑和短暂的美貌。这样的女人会敬畏上帝也会被赞赏，神会回馈她的辛劳，因为这些劳苦全面地证明了她的美德。”

……

48.关于国王拉丁努斯之女拉维尼亚

“拉维尼亚是劳伦蒂尼的女王，同样因为她良好的判断力而闻名。她也是我们刚刚提到的克里特王萨顿[30]的后代。她是国王拉丁努斯之女，后来嫁给了特洛伊英雄埃涅阿斯[31]，尽管那之前她已经被许配给了卢杜里之王图努斯。她的父亲被一位先知告知，女儿应该嫁给特洛伊的贵族，因而一直推迟他们的婚期，尽管她的母后很希望能尽快举行婚礼。埃涅阿斯抵达意大利时，向拉丁努斯王请求进入他的领地。他不仅被批准入境，还立刻获准了跟拉维尼亚结婚。图努斯因此而跟埃涅阿斯宣战。这场战争夺去了很多人的生命，包括图努斯自己在内。埃涅阿斯巩固胜利之后跟拉维尼亚成了婚，她在埃涅阿斯去世后给他生了一个遗腹子。当她快临盆时，开始非常担心埃涅阿斯跟另一位女性所生的长子阿斯卡尼俄斯会来杀她的儿子篡夺王位。她于是去森林里生产，并给新生儿取名儒略·西尔维斯。此后拉维尼亚发誓不再改嫁，并在孀居期间显示了卓越的判断力，用她的机敏保持了王国的完好无损。她也终于赢得了继子的喜爱，从而缓和了他对自己及儿子的憎恨。当阿斯卡尼俄斯建成了阿尔巴朗格城[32]之后，就搬到那里去居住了。同时拉维尼亚也用高超的技巧统治着国家，直到她的儿子长大成人。这个孩子的后代就

是罗马的建立者，罗慕路斯和雷穆斯。”

“我还有什么更多能告诉你的呢，我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜？在我看来，我已经给你引述了足够多的证据来支持我的观点，给出了充足的例子来说服你：上帝从来没有比批判男性更多地去批判女性。就像你看到的那样，我的论证是确凿的，而我的两个姐妹会继续用事实来巩固这一点。我想我已完成我建造这个城市外墙的使命，它们看上去已大功告成。请允许我让位给我的两个姐妹，你遵循她们的帮助和建议就可以很快建完剩下的部分了。”

《淑女之城》第一部分结束。

第二部分

1.第一章讲述**10**位女预言家的故事

在第一位淑女理性女神结束了谈话之后，第二位淑女正直女神转向我说道："我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，我该开始履行我的职责了：在我的姐妹理性女神建完的城墙内，我们必须一起建起淑女之城的房屋来。拿起工具跟我来。不要犹豫，在你的墨水瓶里把砂浆混合均匀，并用你的笔砌起砖石的建筑吧。我会给你提供足够的材料。借上帝的恩惠，我们很快就能建起皇宫和豪院，接纳那些辉煌杰出的淑女们来永久定居。"

听到这位可敬女神的话，我，克里斯蒂娜，回答她道："最出色的女神啊，我已经准备好了。我将服从你所有的命令，因为我唯一的愿望就是遵从你的召唤。"

她回答我说："我亲爱的朋友，看看这些我采来切好供你建筑用的石块吧，它们美丽闪亮，比世界上任何其他的石头都要珍贵。当你和理性女神在长途跋涉的时候，我可没有偷懒吧？你现在需要把它们按照我给你的顺序整理好，排放在我为你划好的线上。"

"在知名的女性中排名最高的，是那些有着渊博学识的聪颖的女预言家们。根据最权威的记载，曾经有10位'女预言家'，虽然有些人说只有9位。我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，把这个好好记下来：上帝曾经给予任何一位，包括那些最被他青睐的预言者们在内，比我下面要提到的淑女们更多的神启吗？他难道不是授予了她们预言的神性，使得她们可以如此直接而清晰地去叙述和记录未来吗？清晰得就像是在总结和记录过去已经发生，而不是在预见将来尚未发生的事情一样。她们甚至比任何预言家更清楚详细地描述了基督的诞生，而那是在她们的时代很久之后。这

些淑女们保持了终生的贞洁和无垢。她们都被称为女预言家，但不要把这当成是她们自己的名字。这个词的意思实际上是‘获知神意的人’。她们都得到了这个名字是因为她们的预言非常准确而至关重要，恐怕只能是直接从上帝那里得知的了。因此这更像是一个职务名而非人名。尽管她们出生在世界上不同的地方、生活在不同的时代，但都清晰地预见到了未来的重要事件，包括我刚才所说的基督诞生。更值得一提的是，她们10位全都是异教徒，甚至连犹太教徒都不是。”

“第一位女预言家来自波斯，并因此被称为波斯卡。第二位来自利比亚，因而被称为利比卡。第三位生于德尔菲[33]的阿波罗神殿，因此被称为德尔菲卡。正是她在很早之前就预言了特洛伊城的毁灭，奥维德也曾在一本书中用了一些诗句来赞美她。第四位来自意大利，叫作辛梅里亚。第五位出生在巴比伦，叫作西罗菲利：当希腊人向她求教时，她预言了他们将毁灭特洛伊和它的要塞伊洛姆，不过荷马在他的史诗里把这些史实给歪曲了。她也被称为欧律斯拉俄亚，因为那是她定居的岛屿，也是她的著作被发现的地方。第六位来自萨摩斯岛，叫作萨米亚。第七位被称为酷迈，因为她出生在意大利坎帕尼亚区的酷迈城。第八位叫作赫勒斯滂蒂娜，因为她来自特洛伊平原上的赫勒斯滂[34]：她活跃在居鲁士大帝时期，和著名作者梭伦同时代。第九位叫作弗里吉卡，来自弗里吉亚，她不仅预言了很多王国的沦陷，也生动地描述了敌基督的出现。第十位叫作蒂泊蒂娜，也被称作阿布妮亚，她的著作因最清晰地记述了基督降临而被广为尊崇。尽管这些女预言家们都是异教徒出身，但她们最终都摒弃了多神的信仰，认为只有上帝是唯一存在，所有的偶像也都是假的。”

……

5.关于卡桑德拉和巴西娜王后以及更多关于尼科斯特拉塔的故事

“我们之前讨论的尼科斯特拉塔也是一位女先知，她的儿子伊凡德

亦经常在历史书中出现。在与儿子一起跨过台伯河爬上帕拉蒂尼山时，她就预言了这座山会被建成有史以来最著名的城市，一座统治所有其他王国的城市。正如我们之前所提到的，她为了给这座城市奠基而筑起了一个要塞，之后罗马正是在此基础之上建立的。”

“与此类似的，高贵的特洛伊少女卡珊德拉是特洛伊王普里阿摩斯的女儿、著名的赫克特的妹妹，也是一位女预言家。她不也是因非常博学而精通所有领域吗？这位姑娘选择了侍奉神而终身不嫁，无论是面对多么高贵的王子她都矢志不渝。她因而看到了特洛伊的未来，并为此痛心不已。越是看到特洛伊在与希腊人冲突前的繁荣昌盛，她就越是哀叹痛哭。看着富丽堂皇的城市和光辉显赫的兄弟们，尤其是骁勇善战的赫克特，可怕的未来让卡珊德拉再也无法保持沉默。开战之后，她的痛楚进一步加深，从未停止过哭叫着恳求她的父兄们与希腊求和，警告他们若不如此所有人都会被这场战争所摧毁。但是没有人相信她的话，而且因为她拒绝沉默并毫不掩饰自己对于毁灭和杀戮的痛苦，她的父兄甚至还经常殴打她，说她疯了。但她依然抓住每一个机会告诉他们即将发生的一切。终于，为了从她不停的叫唤恳求声中得到一点安静，他们只好把她关在一间远离人烟的房子里。他们如果相信她就好了，因为每一件事都如她所预言的那样发生了。他们终于对自己的所作所为开始感到后悔，但是一切都为时已晚。”

“同样，巴西娜王后的预言不也是一样神奇吗？根据记载，她先嫁给了图林根[35]之王，后来又跟法国第四任国王希尔德里克一世结婚。传说在婚礼当天晚上，她说服希尔德里克一世如果当晚能不动情欲，他就能看到不可思议的景象。她让他起身去卧室的窗前，说说看到外面有什么。国王照做了，发现他似乎看到了诸如独角兽、猎豹和狮子那样的大型野兽，在王宫里跑来跑去。国王恐惧地转向王后，问她这些代表什么意思。王后承诺早晨会给他一个解释，让他安心，没有什么可害怕的，并让他回到窗前。国王照做了，这次他觉得自己看到了凶猛的熊和

巨大的狼在对打。在王后让他第三次往窗外看时，他似乎看到了狗和其他小型生物相互厮打。国王对这些景象感到非常恐慌和吃惊，王后因而给他解释说，他看到的这些动物代表了他们的后裔，那些终有一日会加冕称王的未来法国王子们。不同的动物代表了这些王子们将来的性格和行为。”

“所以你可以很清楚地看到，我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，上帝是多么经常地通过女性给世界透露他的秘密。”

……

7.克里斯蒂娜对正直女神的发问

“我的女神，这些证据能证明妇女在所有被谴责的事上都是无辜的，我越听越清楚这些指控者是极其错误的。但我还是没法不提起一个在男人们甚至是在一些女人们中都相当普遍的风俗，那就是当妇女怀孕产下女儿时，丈夫们通常都很不高兴她们没能生个儿子。他们愚蠢的妻子们本应当庆幸上帝保佑她们安全分娩，并全心地感谢他，却因为丈夫的烦闷而同样悲痛不已。但是我的女神，他们为什么会如此生气，是因为女孩会比男孩带来更多的麻烦，还是说不如男孩爱戴和孝敬他们的父母？”

正直女神回答道：“我亲爱的朋友，既然你问到为什么会这样，那么我可以向你保证，那些人难过是因为无知和愚蠢。但实际上，他们不高兴的主要原因还是在忧虑把女儿嫁出去得花掉多少钱，那可都是他们的血汗钱。其他人不开心是因为他们担心一个年轻单纯的女孩会被坏人引上歪路。但是细看，这两个理由都是站不住脚的。对于那些担心女儿会误入歧途的父母们，他们所要做的就只是把她们从小好好教养大，用她们母亲自身可敬的举止和有益的忠告来作例子；但如果母亲的道德水平不够高，那她就很难成为女儿效仿的榜样了。他们应该严格地把女儿

跟不良伙伴隔离开，并教会她们敬畏父母，因为严格地抚养婴幼儿有助于她们日后建立良好的行为举止。同样，对于花销问题，我想说无论社会地位如何，如果这些父母们去看看把儿子养育大以及送他们去学习知识或经商的花费，他们就会立刻意识到抚养儿子并不比女儿更省钱，这还忽略不计儿子们花在那些不体面的朋友和无谓的奢侈品上的钱。更不用提男孩们因经常卷入打斗或堕入不良嗜好而给他们的父母带来痛苦和担忧了。所有这些都给他们的父母和用在他们身上的花销抹了黑。在我看来，这些远远比女孩们可能给父母带来的麻烦要大得多。”

“你能举出有多少儿子是真正在无微不至地赡养年迈的父母吗？而这本是他们理所应当要做的。尽管你能从过去和现在的人中举出几个例子，但那只是极少数，并且也只是在最后的时刻而已。通常发生的情况是，当儿子们像小皇帝般地被宠大了，又托他们父亲出钱的福读了书学了艺或忽然暴富之后，如果父亲经济拮据、生活困顿了，他们不仅会置之不理，见面的时候更会以此为耻。若是相反的，父亲们手头宽裕，他们就巴不得他早点过世，这样自己就可以拿到遗产了。只有上帝才知道有多少庄园主和有钱人的儿子们在期盼着父母过世，以便继承他们的土地和财产。彼特拉克[36]的这些话触及了事实：‘啊，愚蠢的人，你希望能有孩子，但其实没有比他们更为致命的敌人了。若你穷困，他们会鄙视你，并祈祷你能快点死去以便早日摆脱你。若你富有，他们会祈祷你能更有钱以便攫取你的财产。’我并不是说所有的儿子均会如此，但相当多的都是这样。另外，如果他们结婚了，上帝才知道他们会多么贪得无厌地去榨干父母，哪怕老人们饿死也满不在乎，只要能够继承到他们的土地。这是多么可怕的后代！如果他们的母亲寡居，他们并不会去安慰和扶助年迈的母亲，而是会对母亲给他们的爱和投入以怨报德。差劲的孩子们认为一切都是属于他们的，所以如果母亲没有满足他们的所有要求，他们就会毫不犹豫地谩骂和诅咒她们。天知道这是在怎样地尊重他们的母亲！比这更糟糕的是，有些孩子还满不在乎地把母亲告上法庭。这就是很多父母终其一生把钱奉献给孩子们以后得到的回报。很多

儿子都是这样，当然有些女儿可能也如此。但是如果你仔细观察，我想你能看到卑劣的儿子比女儿要多得多。”

“即使所有的男孩都是孝敬父母的，你也还是会看到更多的女儿，而不是儿子，在陪伴她们的父母。她们不仅更频繁地去看望父母，而且更多地在父母年老体衰之后照顾他们。原因是男孩们更倾向于去闯荡世界，而女孩们则更倾向于退守家庭，就像你自身可以验证的那样。尽管你的兄弟们是很有爱心的儿子们，但他们也早已走出家门，只有你还孤身留在母亲身边，成为她晚年最大的慰藉。总结起来，我想说那些对生了女儿感到不满的人完全是被蒙蔽了。既然现在我们在讨论这个话题，那就让我从历史上挑几位对父母非常体贴关爱的妇女讲给你听。”

8.这里开始讲一系列孝敬父母的女儿的故事，第一位是德莉佩提娜

“德莉佩提娜是老底嘉[37]的女王，非常爱她的父亲。她是伟大的国王米特利达特[38]的女儿，因为敬仰她的父亲而跟随他上了所有的战场。这位女孩非常难看，她的乳牙从未脱落因而有两排牙齿，这是种很严重的畸形。但是她非常热爱她的父亲，以至于从未离开过他的左右，无论顺境还是逆境都是如此。她是一片广袤疆土的女主人，完全可以在本国过上安全舒适的生活，但她还是希望能够分担父亲每次征战时的痛苦。即使是在他被强大的庞培[39]击败时，她也还是不离不弃地全心照顾自己的父亲。”

……

12.正直女神宣布城市的建设已经结束，可以开始请居民入住了

“我亲爱的朋友，我看我们的建筑已经大功告成，淑女之城有了足够多的房子和宽阔的街道。皇宫也已建好，防御塔高高耸立，从数英里

外就能看到。现在是时候让居民们入住了。这城不该被空置，而是应该住满卓越的淑女们，并且只有她们才会被欢迎进城。我们城的居民们会有多么的幸福！她们不必担心被游牧民族赶出家门，因为这座城市有个特性，使得任何入住的居民都永远不会被驱逐。一个新的女性国度就要诞生了，而且比之前的更加完美，因为淑女们不必再离开领地来生育继承王国的下一代女性。我们将要邀请来的淑女们已经足够永世流芳了。”

“一旦我们让城里住满了当之无愧的居民，我的姐妹公正女神就会带着女王一同过来，她是一位超越了所有其他淑女的出色女性，由最尊贵的贵族们陪同着。正是她们将要占据高耸的塔中最精美的住所。所以我们现在最紧要的任务就是，当女王驾临时，她应该看到满城优秀的女性，毕恭毕敬地迎接她们至高无上的女主人、君临整个女性性别的统治者。我们应该请来怎样的市民？会包括声名狼藉的荡妇吗？当然不会！她们将全是名声远播的坚定勇敢的女性，这些品性高尚值得尊敬的妇女们，是能装点我们城市的最有意义的人群了。来吧，克里斯蒂娜，让我们起程去寻访我们的淑女们吧。”

13.克里斯蒂娜询问正直女神，婚姻变得无法忍受是不是像男人和书中所说的那样，因为无法与女人共同生活。正直女神从女性对她们丈夫的爱是多么伟大开始回答这个问题

当我们依照正直女神所述走在寻访淑女的路上时，我边走边问她：“我的女神，你和理性女神都令人信服地回答了我自己无法解答的问题，我觉得我现在对这些问题的看法更深入了。谢谢你们两位，我发现了女性完全能胜任任何需要体力或学习能力的事情。但是我现在想问你一个一直萦绕着我的重要问题。有很多男人及书中都说，是因为妇女和她们的泼皮抱怨，使得婚姻成为了男人们的永恒坟墓。这是真的吗？很多人都支持这种观点，认为女人很少关心丈夫和他们的朋友，这让他

们非常恼怒。为了躲避这种痛苦和问题，很多作者建议男人们都学聪明点不要结婚，因为没有或者很少有女人会对她们的伴侣忠诚。这个观点甚至体现在了《瓦列利乌斯给鲁非诺的信》[40]中，里面引用了泰奥弗拉斯托斯[41]书中所说的，聪明的男人不该结婚，因为女人是麻烦，她们缺乏感情还成天闲言碎语。他还说如果一个男人为了生病时能有人好好照顾而结婚，那还不如去找一个忠心的仆人，而且花费还能少些。另一方面，如果妻子生病了，他就会焦急起来，并觉得不离左右是自己的义务。泰奥弗拉斯托斯还有诸多此类的叙述，但我不想再继续说下去了。我亲爱的女神，如果这些事是真的，那这问题看来非常严重，足以完全抵消掉一位妇女所能拥有的美德和优秀品质了。”

正直女神回答道：“我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，正如你自己之前说过的，没人反驳的案子容易赢。但是请相信我，持有这些观点的书全都不是女性所写的。实际上我一点也不怀疑，如果有人愿意基于事实重新写一本关于婚姻问题的书的话，肯定会形成一套完全不同的观点。我亲爱的朋友，就像你自己所知道的，有那么多妻子生活在悲惨的婚姻中，粗暴的丈夫让她们的生活凄惨到还不如被野蛮人奴役。上帝啊，有多少优雅正派的妇女无缘无故地被殴打，被辱骂、猥亵和诅咒，被沉重的负担和侮辱压迫得毫无反抗力。更不必提那些要喂很多张小嘴的妻子们了，她们在赤贫中濒临饿死，而丈夫们却要么在寻欢作乐，要么在城里或酒馆中对此置若罔闻。这些妇女们在丈夫回家后所能得到的晚餐就只是他们的逃避而已。我来问你，我有一点点是在撒谎吗？你应该不会没见过你的某个邻居被如此对待过吧？”

我回答道：“是的，我的女神。我看到过很多妇女有这样的经历，我也很同情她们。”

“我完全相信这一点。至于说丈夫们会对妻子生病感到焦虑，我问你，我亲爱的朋友，你认识这样的丈夫吗？不必再追究更多细节我就可

以告诉你，所有这些流传的关于妻子的废话都是连篇的谎话。丈夫们是妻子的主人，而不是相反的。一个男人永远也不会允许自己被一个女人所驾驭。但是我向你保证，并非所有的婚姻都是如此。也有一些夫妻互相敬爱，对对方忠诚，在一起平静地生活：在这些例子里双方都是明智、体贴和高尚的。尽管有很多不好的丈夫，但也有很多正派、可敬和智慧的丈夫。那些有幸跟这些男人结婚的妻子们应当感谢上帝赐予了她们这样的幸福。你自己也能证明这一点，因为你再也不会找到比你先夫更好的丈夫了。在你看来，他比所有男人都仁慈、温柔、忠诚和深情，你心里也永远无法停止对他早逝的哀思。同时我们无法否认，还有很多温柔的女性被与此相反的丈夫们虐待着，当然我们得承认也有一些妻子确实是固执又无理取闹的。实际上，如果我说所有的妻子都是道德的典范，那我也快要被指责为骗子了。但这种女人毕竟是少数。不管怎样，我宁可不去谈论这些女人，因为她就像是完全违背了自己天性的生物。”

“说到好的妻子，让我们回到你之前提到的泰奥弗拉斯托斯，他说仆人可以像妻子那样去照顾一个病弱的男人。你可以看到无数优秀而忠诚的妻子，服侍她们无论健康的或是病中的丈夫，都像对神明那样的尽心尽力！我可不觉得你会找到像那样的仆人。既然我们开始讨论这个话题了，我就给你一些妻子的例子，她们深爱着自己丈夫并把自己全部奉献给了他们。现在，感谢主，我们可以请一位体面又可敬的淑女来到我们的城市了。这就是尊贵的绪丝克拉提亚王后，米特利达特六世的妻子。因为她所处的时代非常古老，又有着无法衡量的价值，理所应当是第一位入住为她精心准备好的宫殿的淑女。”

14.关于绪丝克拉提亚王后

“怎么可能有人比绪丝克拉提亚王后爱她丈夫还要更爱一个人呢？她是如此体贴和忠诚。这位淑女是伟大的米特利达特六世的妻子，他的

治下有着24种不同的语言。尽管他是有史以来最强大的国王，罗马人仍然对他发动了可怕的战争。在长期艰苦卓绝的战斗中，无论到了何处，他的妻子都从未离开过他。这位国王遵循野蛮人的习俗娶了数位妃子，但这位尊贵的淑女非常爱她的丈夫，因而不让他单独去任何地方，她经常陪伴着他征战。尽管王国岌岌可危，性命也时时堪忧，她依旧跟随他跋涉到偏远陌生之地，远渡重洋、深入沙漠，从未离开左右。她的爱是如此强烈，她认为没有人能像她一样忠诚地侍奉主人。”

“所以跟哲学家泰奥弗拉斯托斯所说的完全相反，这位淑女非常清楚，国王和贵族们的仆从经常不怎么忠诚又对他们照顾不周。因此这位忠诚的淑女把自己完全投入在了满足主人任何可能的需要上。尽管不得不克服各种艰难困苦，她依然跟随他出生入死。因为条件不允许她穿女性服装，而且这样一位伟大国王和勇士的妻子在战争中出现在他身边也不合适，所以她剪掉了女人最好的特质，即她长长的金发，以便装扮成男人。她也从未考虑过保护自己的肌肤，她的脸庞因为绑着头盔而很快由于汗水和尘土变得肮脏。她曼妙的躯体被甲胄所包裹。她摘下了所有贵重的戒指和珠宝，手被沉重的斧子、长矛和弓箭磨砺得粗糙坚硬。她腰上佩戴的是剑而非高贵的腰带。出于对丈夫忠贞的爱情，这位淑女完全适应了新的环境，她那年轻迷人的躯体本应过着更为柔软舒适的生活，却变成了强壮有力的战士的身体。听听薄伽丘在他的诗里是怎么说的：‘有什么爱情做不到的事吗？我们看到这位淑女，曾习惯了包括柔软床铺在内的各种舒适而精致的生活，却自愿把自己变得和男人一样坚韧而粗犷，四处征战、昼夜行军，经常在沙漠和丛林的硬地上安营扎寨，永远被敌袭所威胁，被野兽和蟒蛇所环绕。’但这些她全都可以接受，只要她能留在丈夫身边来安慰和劝告他，无微不至地照顾他。”

“后来，他们共同经历了很多苦难之后，她的丈夫被罗马军事家庞培残酷地击溃了，他们不得不踏上逃亡的道路。尽管他被所有部下抛弃了，他的妻子还是独自追随着他逃过高山、峡谷和很多漆黑危险的地

方。在被所有朋友抛弃了的绝望时期，国王从他忠诚的妻子对未来憧憬的鼓励中得到了安慰。尽管他们跌落到了人生的低谷，她还是用尽全力让他打起精神，寻找合适的话语来驱走他的悲伤，创造出有趣的游戏来与他同乐。她通过这些努力加上自己的温柔，给丈夫带来了巨大的慰藉，以至于无论他有多么低迷沮丧或要承受多少痛苦，她都能够让他忘却不幸。他经常感动地说他觉得自己不像是在流亡中，倒像是在宫殿里跟所爱的妻子共度美好时光一般。”

……

21.关于哲学家苏格拉底之妻赞西佩

“可敬的淑女赞西佩是一位非常智慧并具有美德的妇女，她嫁给了伟大的哲学家苏格拉底。尽管他已经年迈并且用远远多于给妻子买礼物的时间来写书，这位淑女也从没有停止过对他的爱。实际上，她崇敬他超凡的智慧以及他的善良和坚定，因而深深地爱着他，并为他感到无比骄傲。当这位勇敢可敬的赞西佩得知，她丈夫因为攻击雅典人偶像崇拜的习俗并宣扬只有一位值得尊重和侍奉的神，而被他们宣判了死刑时，她就无法控制自己的情绪了。她痛苦地哭泣着，披头散发地冲上街道。她拼尽全力来到丈夫被关押的宫殿，发现他正被奸诈的法官们包围着，而且他们给了他毒汁让他饮下来结束自己的生命。她进入房间时苏格拉底正把杯子举到唇边打算饮下，于是她冲上去抢下杯子并把毒药洒在了地上。苏格拉底为此斥责了她，并试图安慰她，告诉她要有耐心。看到无法阻止丈夫的死亡，她完全沉浸在了悲痛中，哭道：‘杀死一个好人是怎样的罪孽和损失啊！是怎样的错误和不公啊！’苏格拉底一直试着去劝解她，解释说被不公正地处死比起被罪有应得地处死要好得多。于是他就这么死去了，但在深爱着他的妻子的余生中，她没有一刻停止对他的哀思。”

……

25.克里斯蒂娜对正直女神说有些人声称女人无法保守秘密；正直女神在回应中谈到了小加图[42]的女儿珀提娅

“我的女神，我完全确信我经常亲眼看到的：无论过去还是现在，很多女人都明确地表现出了她们有多爱自己的丈夫以及有多么投入地付出。这就是我为什么觉得这一点很奇怪：男人们普遍认为不应该告诉女人任何他们需要保守的秘密，因为女人嘴太大，包括大师让·克洛皮内尔在他的《玫瑰传奇》中，以及其他的作者都这么说过。”

正直女神回答道：“我亲爱的朋友，就像你明白的那样，不是所有的女人都很聪明，男人也是一样。因此如果一个男人有那么点判断力，那他自己在告诉妻子秘密之前就应该明白她是否可信和善良，因为这有可能会带来危险的后果。任何知道自己妻子是可靠而细心谨慎的人，都是可以完全对她放心的，因为这世界上再没有比她更值得完全信任的人了。”

“至于女人是否像有些人说的那样轻率，我们还是回到爱着丈夫的那些女人身上。罗马尊敬的布鲁图[43]，珀提娅的丈夫，当然不会这么认为。这位淑女是老加图的侄子[44]小加图的女儿。他知道妻子有多聪颖和贤惠，于是告诉了她自己和另一位罗马元老卡西乌斯[45]打算在元老院刺杀恺撒。但是，这位敏感的淑女意识到了后果的可怕，因而极力劝解丈夫放弃这个计划。她被丈夫的密谋困扰得一夜无法入眠。第二天一早当布鲁图离开寝室去执行计划时，珀提娅绝望地试图阻止他，于是拿着理发的剃刀装作要修剪指甲，然后掉在了地上。她俯身去捡时，故意把刀片深深切进了手里。女仆被主人的伤情吓得大声尖叫，布鲁图听到就转身回了家。他看到她伤到自己之后就责备她，说使用剃刀是理发匠的事，不是她的事。她回答说自己没有他想得那么傻：她是故意这么做的，想试试看如果他事成之后受到伤害，自己该怎样自杀。布鲁图还是没有改变主意地离开了家。很快，他和卡西乌斯刺杀了恺撒，他们因

此被判流放。即使布鲁图已经被驱逐出了罗马，他最终还是被暗杀了。珀提娅得知他的死讯之后，心神错乱，丧失了活下去的意愿。因为她想做的事太明显了，家人藏起了所有尖锐的器皿和刀具，她就在火边取了正在燃烧的煤块吞了下去。就这样，高贵的珀提娅通过灼烧内脏自杀了，这是人类曾经历过的最奇特的死法。”

……

28.对于那些说只有傻瓜才会听从妻子的建议或相信她的人的反证；克里斯蒂娜问了一些问题以及正直女神的回答

“我的女神，听到你的论述并且亲眼见到女性是多么的明智和可靠之后，我很吃惊有些人说只有傻瓜才会听取和相信妻子的建议。”

正直女神回答道：“我之前也告诉你了，并非所有的女性都是聪颖的。但是如果那些有着既有责任感又可靠的妻子的男人们也不肯信任她们的话，那他们就太傻了。从我之前讲的你可以看到：如果布鲁图听从了珀提娅的建议不要去刺杀恺撒，他就不会被暗杀，之后的种种悲剧也就可以避免了。既然我们正在讨论这个主题，我就再告诉你一些男人们因为没有听从妻子的劝解而遭难的故事吧。这之后，我会给你一些丈夫们好好听从了妻子建议的例子。”

“如果我们刚刚提到的儒略·恺撒，当初信任了他明智又聪慧的妻子，他那天就不会去元老院，也就不会死了。她看到了诸多丈夫会被暗杀的预兆，并且头天晚上正做了这样的噩梦，因此尽她所能地做了一切努力来阻止丈夫那天去元老院。”

“同样的事情在庞培身上也发生了，他最早跟茱莉亚，也就是儒略·恺撒的女儿结婚，之后我告诉过你，他的第二任妻子是一位叫作科涅莉亚的高贵淑女。就像我们之前说的一样，这位淑女非常爱她的丈夫，以

至于无论怎样的逆境降临都拒绝离开他。即便是在他战败给恺撒被迫从海上逃亡时，这位科涅莉亚也跟随着他，与他共同面对所有的危险。当庞培抵达了埃及王国的时候，背信弃义的国王托勒密装作很高兴地欢迎他的到来并派人去迎接庞培，而实际是去刺杀他的。这些人让庞培把所有人都留在岸上，仅他只身一人回到船上，以便减轻船重顺利入港。庞培很乐意打算照做，但他忠诚的妻子试图阻止他就这么跟自己人分开。看到他不想改变主意，她就尝试跳回船上陪他，因为她感觉事情好像不大对劲。但是他不允许她这么做，并且让人强行留下了她。这位淑女的悲痛就此开始了，并且萦绕了她一生。她丈夫刚刚起航，视线一刻没有离开他的科涅莉亚就亲眼看到他被船上的叛徒杀死了。她极为心慌意乱，以至于如果不是被人制止住，就会当场跳入海中了。”

“与此类似，同样的厄运也降临在了特洛伊的赫克特头上。在他被杀的前一天晚上，他的妻子安德洛玛刻做了一个奇怪的梦，这个梦告诉她如果赫克特参加第二天的战斗就会丧命。她很震惊，认为这并不仅仅是个噩梦而是一个真实的预言，这位淑女双手合在胸前跪下来恳求丈夫别去参加今天的战斗，甚至还把他们两个可爱的孩子抱到他的面前。但是他完全没有在意她的话，因为他觉得如果听从一个女人的建议而离开战场，将会给他带来无法挽回的耻辱。安德洛玛刻请他的父母去替她恳求，他也同样没有听从。一切就像她所说的那样发生了。所以，如果赫克特听了她的话，就不会被阿喀琉斯杀死了。”

“我可以给你举出无数这样的例子，男人们因为不肯屈尊去听妻子有道理的建议，而遭受到了不同程度的损失。但是那些因不听信妻子而以悲剧收场的男人，可以责备的就只有他们自己了。”

……

31.关于高尚的寡妇友第德

“高尚的寡妇友第德从赫罗弗尼斯手中拯救了以色列人民。赫罗弗尼斯被尼布甲尼撒二世[46]派来统治犹太人，并占领了埃及。犹太人被赫罗弗尼斯强大的军队围困在城中，已经遭受重创坚持不了多久了。水源供应被他切断，存粮也快告罄了。感觉坚持不下去了的犹太人已经惊惶到了战败的边缘。他们开始祈祷，恳求上帝怜悯他的子民，不要让他们落到敌人手中。上帝听到了他们的祈祷，就如同他后来派的是一位女性去拯救人类那样，这次也选择了一位妇女去营救他们。”

“城中住着一位高贵勇敢的淑女叫友第德，年轻可爱，又有典范性的美德和纯真。她怜悯危难中的人们，日夜向神祈祷拯救他们。她从自己信仰的上帝那里得到了启示，密谋出了一个计划。一个夜晚，她把自己托付给上帝，在一个女仆的陪同下离开了城池，前往赫罗弗尼斯的营地。当负责警卫的哨兵在月光下看到她的美貌时，就直接把她带到了赫罗弗尼斯面前。他很高兴得到这么一个美得炫目的女人，让她在身边坐下，并很快被她的智慧、高贵举止和美貌所倾倒。他越盯着她，就越是想要得到她。有着自己打算的友第德在心中默默向上帝祈祷，希望他能在她尝试时守护她，让赫罗弗尼斯一点一点地上钩，直到时机成熟。3个夜晚之后，赫罗弗尼斯给他的贵族们举办了酒宴，喝得酩酊大醉。酒足饭饱之时，他迫不及待想与这位希伯来女人同床共枕，就派人叫了她来。友第德听了他的愿望之后，表示同意这样做，但为了得体起见，需要他把人都摈出帐外，他自己先上床，而友第德在半夜夜深人静的时候再造访他。赫罗弗尼斯接受了这些条件。这位淑女开始祈祷，希望神能在她颤抖的女性心灵中赐予足够的力量和勇气，使她的人民能从这暴君的手中解脱。”

“当友第德觉得赫罗弗尼斯已经睡着时，就和女仆蹑手蹑脚地走到他的帐篷口倾听。听到他熟睡的声音，她边呼喊着‘让我们动手吧，上帝与我们同在！’边冲入帐内，无畏地抽出了他挂在床边的宝剑，用尽全身的力气提起剑，悄然无声地砍下了赫罗弗尼斯的头。她用裙子包好

头颅，迅速往回跑。友第德没有遇到一点阻碍，回到了城门，大喊道：‘来开城门吧，上帝与我们同在！’她进入城中之后，你无法想象市民们看到她的所作所为时有多么欣喜若狂。到了早晨，他们把头颅钉在尖木桩上挑出城墙去，然后披挂上阵，勇猛敏捷地袭击了还在睡梦中毫无准备的敌人。他们迅速冲进主将的帐篷，想让他尽快起来，却惊骇地发现他已经身首异处了。于是犹太人把他们全部俘虏，杀得一个不剩。以色列人就这样被友第德从赫罗弗尼斯的手中救了出来。这位英勇女性的颂歌应当在《圣经》中被永远传唱。”

……

33.关于萨宾妇女[47]

“我可以举出很多保护了自己国家或城市的古代女性异教徒的例子。但我只准备讲两个比较重要的来证明我的观点。”

“在罗慕卢斯和雷穆斯建立了罗马城之后，罗穆卢斯把他在战争中所能召集到的骑士和士兵都聚集在了城中。他非常急于为这些男人们寻找配偶，因为只有这样他们的后代将来才能继续统治这个城市。但是周边国家从国王、贵族到人民都觉得他们是个鲁莽野蛮而无法信任的民族，因此不愿意把女儿嫁给他们，甚至不愿意跟他们建立任何联系。罗穆卢斯无法给自己和士兵们找到妻子，因而想出了一个狡猾的计策。他向全境宣布，将举办一个骑士长矛比武的赛事，并且邀请所有国王、贵族以及民众带着他们的妻女出席。在庆典当天，大批的人群从四面八方聚集而来，因为太太小姐们都想要看这场比试。在这中间也有萨宾国王的女儿，一位美丽迷人的女孩，由她从国内带来的女伴们陪同。比赛是在城墙外山脚下的一块平原上举行的，所有的女性都排坐在高地上。骑士们在可爱淑女们的注视下勇气大增，武艺一个比一个出众。长话短说，当他们打斗了一阵之后，罗穆卢斯觉得执行自己计划的时机到了，于是拿出一个巨大的象牙号角吹了起来。听到这声作为行动信号的巨

响，骑士们停止了互相搏击，转而冲向了妇女们。罗穆卢斯抢下了自己心仪的国王女儿，其他骑士也带走了自己看中的女人。罗马人把淑女们强行带上马匹，飞奔回城之后立刻放下城门。在城外，她们的父亲和亲属们跟这些被劫持的妇女们一样失声痛哭，但也都无济于事了。罗穆卢斯用盛大的仪式迎娶了他的妻子，其他骑士也照做了。”

“这次事件引发了一场可怕的战争。萨宾王很快就集结了大军攻打罗马人，但要打败这些战斗老手是很难的。战争持续了五年之后的某一天，双方全副武装准备在战场上兵戎相见，很明显一场伤亡惨重的战斗迫在眉睫。等到大批罗马人出了城门，王后就召集罗马妇女在一个寺庙中集会。这位聪明美丽的少妇对她们说道：‘可敬的萨宾女性们、姐妹们和伙伴们，你们都非常清楚我们是怎样被我们的丈夫们诱拐来，这又如何引起了我们父兄和丈夫之间的战争的。这场战争无论是继续下去，还是以哪一方的胜利告终，都无法避免对我们造成伤害。如果是我们丈夫输了，我们已经爱上了他们还有了孩子，我们会心碎而孩子们也将失去父亲。如果反之，我们的丈夫赢了而父兄们被杀了，我们也会深深为这场由我们引起的冲突而痛心的。已然发生的事早就无法挽回，在我看来，我们应该找到一个能和平解决这场战争的方法。如果你们决定听从我的建议，那就跟随我，我相信我们可以终止这件事。’听了她的话，其他妇女同声回应，说她们同意这样做，并愿意遵从她的指示。”

“王后于是散开头发脱下鞋，其他妇女也照做了。有孩子的就把孩子抱在怀中，还有一群孩子和孕妇也加入了行列。王后带领着这感人的队列径直走向双方列队的战场。她们站在了双方阵营中间，这样骑士们就不可能越过她们而直接攻击到对方了。女王和其他女性都跪下喊道：‘亲爱的父亲们和兄弟们，敬爱的丈夫们：看在上帝的分上和解吧！不然的话，我们就做好被你们的马蹄践踏而死的准备了。’看到自己的妻子和孩子们失声痛哭，罗马的骑士们都震惊地打退堂鼓了：他们是不可能攻击她们的。这些妇女的父亲们也被女儿们的惨状打动了。双

方看着对方，出于对这些哀求他们停手的妇女们的同情，他们的恨变成了对子女的爱。萨宾人和罗马人都扔下手中的武器冲上去拥抱对方，就此和解了。罗穆卢斯带着他的岳父萨宾之王进了城，用最高的礼仪接待了他和他的军队。就这样，多亏了女王和妇女们的勇气和判断力，罗马人和萨宾人避免了互相残杀。”

……

36.反驳那些声称妇女受教育是没有好处的人

听到这些话，我，克里斯蒂娜，说道：“我的女神，我可以清楚地看到女性给世界带来了很多美好的事物。即使一些邪恶的女人做过一些坏事，在我看来这也还是远远比不上女性一直以来做过并继续在做的好事。我们之前提到的那些聪颖的、在科学艺术上接受过良好教育的妇女们尤其如此。这就是为什么我很奇怪有些男人完全反对女儿、妻子或其他女性亲属去上学，说是因为担心她们的道德会因此而崩坏。”

正直女神回答说：“这件事就足以说明，并非所有男人的看法都是有道理的，尤其这些男人更加是大错特错了。道德方面的知识应该是促进美德的，说它会产生破坏的效果是完全没有道理的。正相反，这种知识毫无疑问能够纠正人的恶习，端正人的品行。怎么会有人觉得学习好的东西会让人变坏呢？这个观点完全无法理喻，也是站不住脚的。我并不是说男人或女人可以去学习巫术或其他禁术，因为教会可不是随便就禁止了这些东西的。但是，说女人会因学习了何为正确何为合理而变坏，这是错误的。”

“罗马伟大的雄辩家和演说家昆图斯·霍腾修斯[48]，并不同意这个观点。他有一位叫作霍腾西娅的女儿，他非常喜爱她的机敏。他亲自教育她，教给了她雄辩术。薄伽丘认为她出色到不仅仅是跟她父亲的智慧、敏捷和措辞相似，而且在口才和演讲术上的优秀甚至超越了他。我们之

前谈到了妇女带来的益处，而这位淑女的作为尤其值得注目。当时罗马正被后三头[49]统治着，因为罗马面临的严重财政危机，有人建议对妇女特别征税，尤其是对她们的财宝收税。这位霍腾西娅决定为妇女辩护，而这是没有男人敢做的事情。她的演说是如此具有说服力，大家都凝神听她说话，就像是在听她父亲演讲一样。她最终打赢了这场官司。”

“让我们从古代回到近代。差不多60年前在博洛尼亚[50]教书的著名法学家乔瓦尼·安德里亚，也同样反对妇女不该接受教育的观点。他给了爱女诺薇拉非常优秀的教育，包括教给她详尽的法律知识。这样当他在忙碌其他事而不能去教课的时候，就会让他的女儿去替他给学生们授业。诺薇拉讲课时在前面垂了一个帘子，免得学生们为她的美貌分心。她就这样减轻了父亲的负担，把他从部分职责中解放了出来。为了表达对女儿的爱，他把一个重要的法律说明文献命名为La Novella，使她的名字可以流传万代。”

“因此并非所有男人，尤其是那些最有智慧的男人，都会同意女性不该受教育的这个观点。但确实那些不怎么聪明的男人会产生这个想法，因为他们不希望妇女比自己知道得多。你自己的父亲，一位伟大的占星家和哲学家，就不相信科学知识会降低女性的价值。你是知道的，看着你学习给他带来了多大的快乐。相反的，正是因为你的母亲作为女性反而认为你应该像其他女孩那样忙碌度日，你才没有能够学习到更高等或更深入的科学。但就像我们之前说的，‘本性难移’。尽管你母亲反对，你还是因为自身的好学而学到了不少知识。在我看来，很明显你并未因为拥有这些知识而贬低自己：你实际上很珍惜它，而这样做是对的。”

我，克里斯蒂娜，于是回答道：“毫无疑问，我的女神，你所说的就像主祷文[51]一样完全正确。”

37.克里斯蒂娜对正直女神的发问，后者从苏珊娜[52]开始举例来反对那些说少有女性是贞洁的看法

“就我所看到的，我的女神，所有的优点和美德都能在女性身上体现，那么为什么这些男人会说没几个女人是贞洁的？如果这是真的话，那她们所有其他的品质就都毫无价值了，因为贞洁是女人最重要的美德。不过，像你之前所述，事实应该和他们所说的相去甚远。”

正直女神回答道：“正如我之前告诉你、你自己也已经明白了的那样，事实是完全相反的。对于这个问题我可以一直讲到时间的尽头。圣经提到了这么多出色又忠贞的淑女，她们宁死也不愿丧失身体贞操和道德良心。其中一位坚贞可爱的淑女就是苏珊娜，约阿希姆的妻子，他是位富有又有影响力的犹太人。有一天，这位诚实的淑女漫步在自家花园，两个年老男子接近了她。他们是假神父，想把她引向罪孽。看到她断然拒绝了他们的接近，连恳求也完全无效，他们就威胁要向法庭告发她跟年轻男人通奸。听到这样的威胁，也清楚通奸的女人是要被判以石块砸死的，她喊道：‘我现在真是进退维谷，因为如果我拒绝这些男人，我的肉身就会被处以死刑；但是如果我屈从了他们的要求，我就会在创世者眼中犯下罪孽。那么我宁可清白地去死，也不愿用罪行来激怒上帝。’苏珊娜因此高声喊叫起来，家里的其他人立刻冲了出来。长话短说，后来假神父们想方设法让法庭确信了他们的伪证，苏珊娜因此被判处了死刑。但一直在看着的上帝让预言者丹尼尔开口了，那时候他还是个母亲怀中的小孩：当这孩子看到苏珊娜被带向刑场，后面跟着一大群抽泣着的人时，就为这位无辜受刑的妇女哭了出来。她于是被带回了法庭，假神父在那里被仔细盘问并自己供认了罪行。就这样，无罪的苏珊娜被拯救了，而他们则被处罚了。”

……

44.为反驳那些说妇女希望被强暴的人，这里举了一系列例子，第

一个是卢克雷蒂娅

我，克里斯蒂娜，于是说道："我的女神，我完全相信你所说的，我确信很多美丽的女人是正派诚实的，也足以在面对引诱者的陷阱时保护自己。因此当男人们说女人希望被强暴时，我就觉得十分愤慨和难过。他们说女人即使嘴上拒绝，也不会介意被暴力推倒。我无法相信女性会从被这样粗暴的对待中获得乐趣。"

正直女神回答说："我亲爱的朋友，你可以确信那些贞洁而有道德操守的女性不会从被强暴中获得快乐。正相反，她们觉得这是可能发生在自己身上的最糟糕的事情。有很多例子，比如卢克雷蒂娅，可以证明这一点。卢克雷蒂娅是罗马一位出身高贵的淑女，并且是罗马最贞洁的女性，她嫁给了贵族塔昆努斯·克拉迪努斯。很不幸，罗马君主卢修斯·塔克文·苏佩布[53]也为她深深倾倒了。他很清楚卢克雷蒂娅是多么的贞洁，因此不敢直接去接近她。因为知道诱惑和祈求都是没有用的，他于是开始打算用诡计得到她。他装成是她丈夫的好朋友，这样就可以在她家中来去自如。塔克文趁她丈夫不在家的某天到访，被高贵的女主人以最尊贵的礼节接待，就像对待她丈夫最好的朋友那样。那天晚上，心怀鬼胎的塔克文潜入了卢克雷蒂娅的卧室，把她吓得魂飞魄散。简单来说，在对她做了无数金银财宝的许诺之后，他发现恳求是无用的。于是他拔出剑，威胁如果她出声拒绝就杀了她。她于是让他动手，宁死也不愿意屈从。当发现威胁也无用之后，塔克文又想出一个卑鄙的办法，他声称会对外公布他发现她跟自己的一个仆人搞在一起。长话短说，相信塔克文会这么做的想法吓坏了她，于是终于屈从了他。"

"但是卢克雷蒂娅并不能轻易承受这可怕的罪过。当早晨来临时，她就去找到她的丈夫、父亲和其他近亲，他们都是罗马显赫的市民。她一边呜咽一边向他们供认了发生在自己身上的罪行。当她的丈夫和家人试图安慰她以解除她强烈的痛苦时，她从罩袍中拔出一把小刀，

说：‘尽管我能开脱我的罪行并证明我是无辜的，但我还是无法摆脱痛苦和煎熬：从今天开始以我身上发生的事为鉴，女人不需要再生活在因类似事情所带来的羞愧和耻辱中。’说完这些话，她就把刀深深扎进了自己的胸膛，在自己的丈夫和他的朋友们面前当场毙命。他们像疯了一样冲向了塔克文。整个罗马都被此事激怒了：他们废黜了国王，并且险些杀掉他的儿子，只是没能找到他。从此之后罗马就再也没有过国王了。有些人说，鉴于发生在卢克雷蒂娅身上的暴行，罗马通过了一条法律，明文规定对妇女施暴者判处死刑，这是一条符合道德的合适而公正的法令。”

……

47.驳倒认为女性反复无常的证据：克里斯蒂娜提问，正直女神用数位善变而不可靠的皇帝为例作答

“我的女神，你谈到的妇女都显然是非常坚定、刚毅和忠诚的。可不可以说她们已经能跟最强的男人相媲美了呢？但男人们，特别是那些作者们众口一词的指责就是，女性是易变、浮躁、轻率、轻浮和优柔寡断的，她们像孩子一样易受人影响并且完全没有决断力。那么男人就很坚定吗？因为他们总是在责备女人易变，却从没有听他们说过男人犹豫不决。如果他们自己实际上也是反复无常的，还要去指责别人跟自己一样的缺点，或者坚持认为其他人应该有他们自身所不具备的美德，那这种行为就是让人完全无法接受的了。”

正直女神的回答是：“我最亲爱的朋友，你没听到人们常说，傻瓜很快就能看到邻居眼中的刺，却很难看到自己眼中有梁木吗？[54]我会给你看看，男人批判女人善变和反复无常是多么的荒唐不合理。他们的理论是这样的。首先，他们假定妇女先天就是软弱的。然后，他们在指责过女性这个弱点之后就认为自己是坚定的，至少比女人要坚定。实际上他们对女性坚定性的要求，要远远高于他们自己所能做到的。尽管他

们自认为是坚强而高贵的，但当他们面对人性的一些可怕的弱点时，也并不能阻止自己沦陷其中。而且这并不总是不小心走入歧途的，反而经常是蓄意为之的，因为他们知道自己当下正在犯罪。但是他们之后会给自己开脱说，是人都会犯错。但如果是一位女性做了错事，而且这通常是出于一个男人纠缠不休的诡计，那你看着吧，他们就会宣扬说这是由于女性天生的软弱和善变造成的了。既然他们认为女人是如此柔弱的，那说句实话，他们就更应该去包容女性的弱点才对，更不能当同样的罪行发生在自己身上时说成是微不足道的小错，在女性身上时就指责为滔天大罪。因为没有法律，也没有文字曾说过他们被允许犯比女性更多的错，或者说过他们的弱点更可以被原谅。虽然如此，他们还是给自己树立了道德权威，远非是放过女性，反倒是把自己所有的过错和罪行都推卸到了女性身上。可是，如果女性在这样的罪行前表现出坚定和顽强，他们也完全不会去赞赏。所以无论是什么观点，男人们从任何角度都是有话可说的，而且都会证明自己是对的。你自己也在《上帝的爱之信笺》里用很长的篇幅讨论过这点。”

“你之前问我，是否男人都是正直和可敬的，以至于他们可以去指控别人善变。我会说如果你从古代开始考察人类历史直到今日，从书中汲取例子加上你过去的所见所闻，还有现在仍旧能看到的，不仅观察下层社会或未经教化的男人，也去看看上层社会的男人，你就能自己评判他们到底展现过怎样完美的坚持和定力了！当然这只是绝大多数男人的情况，感谢上帝，还有那么一些男人是聪明和坚强不渝的。”

“如果你让我给你一些从古到今的摇摆不定的男人的例子，因为男人们一直在攻击女性的这个弱点，好像他们自己的心从未动摇过似的，那我们就来看看那些最有权势的贵族们和最显赫的男人们是怎样的吧。我举他们的例子是因为，这些人一旦犯错，所带来的影响要比一般人大得多。更不用提有多少皇帝曾有过这样的过错了！我来问你，会有女人比罗马帝国皇帝克劳狄一世更为软弱、胆小而可悲吗？他是如此善变，

朝令夕改到上一分钟作的决定下一分钟就会推翻。你没法相信他说的话，因为他会同意任何人说的任何话。他在震怒中下令杀掉了自己的妻子，然后当晚却问她为什么没有回卧室来睡觉！对那些被他砍了头的朋友们，他还派人去告诉他们应该来找自己玩！他缺乏勇气，所以一直处于一种惶恐的状态中，也无法信任任何人。我还能告诉你什么呢？所有道德和精神上的弱点在这位糟糕透顶的皇帝身上都能找到。但是我为什么要特别提到他呢？他是唯一一个坐在皇位上却有着这些弱点的统治者吗？提庇留皇帝就好些吗？他难道不是比任何女人都更加摇摆善变而又淫荡吗？”

48.关于尼禄[55]

“既然我们正在讨论皇帝，那就来说说尼禄怎么样？他的善变和软弱是显而易见的。他一开始还彬彬有礼地想要取悦每一个人，但是很快，他的色欲、凶残和贪婪就都失去了控制。为了更好地放纵自己的恶习，他经常半夜全副武装地跟犯罪同伙们出去寻找堕落的场所，满城乱转以满足自己的淫欲取乐。为了给自己的肮脏行径找借口，尼禄会故意去撞街上的行人，如果他们出言不逊，他就会攻击然后杀掉他们。他闯入小酒馆和妓院强暴妇女，有一次差点被一位受害妇女的丈夫杀死。他组织过通宵达旦的淫荡洗浴聚会和宴会。他会随着自己变化无常的想法一会儿下令这样一会儿下令那样。尼禄纵容肉欲，变态而放肆，傲慢并且挥霍无度。他偏爱恶人却迫害忠良。他曾参与谋杀自己的父亲，后来下令杀了自己的母亲。她死后，他还让人剖开她的身体，要看看自己当年被孕育的地方。看到了这样的她，尼禄宣布说她曾是一位美丽的女性。他杀掉了他的第一任妻子，一位高贵的女性屋大维娅，娶了第二位妻子。但他也只是开始喜欢，后来杀了她。他还下令处死了他长辈的妻子克劳迪娅，因为后者拒绝嫁给他。尼禄还杀掉了他不满7岁的继子，仅仅因为他在玩耍时被人说举止像是皇帝的儿子。”

“尼禄的老师，著名哲学家塞内加[56]，也被皇帝下令处死，因为他无法隐藏自己对眼前发生的一切的羞耻感。尼禄假装给自己的老师治疗牙疼，用药毒死了他。同样，他也赐给最显赫的贵族们和德高望重的巨头们下过毒的饮食，尽管他们都位高权重。他不仅谋杀了他的姑母以攫取她的全部财产，还毁掉了罗马所有最尊贵的家族，在流放他们的途中杀光了他们的孩子。他训练了一个凶残的埃及人来吃人肉，以便把活人喂给他吞噬。我还能说什么？要讲述他所有的邪恶或骇人听闻的罪行是不可能的。最终，他把罗马城付之一炬，让它烧了整整六天六夜。很多人在这场可怕的灾难中丧生，而他却站在自己的塔楼里唱着歌，看着城市陷入火海地狱，还高兴地欣赏着火焰的壮丽。他在晚餐桌上下令杀掉了圣彼得和圣保罗以及很多其他的殉道者。14年以来他一直这样统治着，直到罗马人民最终忍无可忍而起义推翻了他。他最后在绝望中结束了自己的生命。”

……

53.在正直女神谈完了坚定的女性之后，克里斯蒂娜问她为什么以前这些可敬的女性并没有驳斥男人和那些诽谤女性的书，正直女神给出了答案

以上就是正直女神给我讲的故事。因为篇幅所限我没法再深入讲解她说过的其他例子，比如一位希腊女性莱俄伊娜拒绝控告她的两位朋友，宁可在法官面前咬掉自己的舌头，来表明无论他如何折磨她，也无法迫使她说出他想要的东西来。正直女神还告诉了我其他一些意志坚强的女性，宁可饮下毒药自杀也不肯背弃事实和正义的故事。我于是对她说：“我的女神，你很清楚地向我展现了女性在各种美德之外，还有着多么坚定持久的意志力。这样说来，还会有男人比女性更为出色吗？所以我很诧异，有这么多可敬的女性，尤其是那些学识渊博，可以写出优美著作的女性，会容忍男人们长久以来的污蔑而不去反驳。她们应该非

常清楚这些男人的指控有多么荒谬啊。”

正直女神回答道：“我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，这个问题很好回答。从我给你讲的你应该已经意识到了，我们讨论的那些品德高尚的淑女都活跃在各自的领域里，而并非是协商好一起朝着同一个目标努力的。构建城市的工作是留给你来做的，而不是她们，因为她们的作品本身就已足够让有判断力和学识的人来欣赏佩服女性了，根本不需要她们再去写些什么来说明这点。至于说还没有人驳斥过那些攻击和批判女性的男人们，我可以告诉你，凡事都有它发生的时机和地点。你想想看，上帝让那些跟他律法相违背的异端邪说兴盛了多久，这说明它们是很难被剿灭的，而且如果没有被摧毁的话还会流传至今。有很多事物都是这样毫无阻碍地兴盛起来的，而时限一到就会被驳倒了。”

我，克里斯蒂娜，又对她说道：“我的女神，你说得很对。但我也确信这段话肯定会引来很多异议。他们会说，尽管过去或现在的一些女性也许很有品行，但这并不代表所有的，哪怕只是大多数的女性都会如此。”

正直女神回答道：“说大部分女性都没有美德肯定是不对的。我之前给你讲的已经很清楚地说明这一点了：经验告诉我们，无论是工作日还是休息日，任何人都能看到妇女是多么的虔诚、慈爱和善良，更不用说她们绝不是那数不清的犯罪和暴行的始作俑者了。说以上每条都是美德一点也不过分。当上帝派先知约拿去人口众多的大型都市尼尼微[57]，如果那里的人们不忏悔罪行就毁灭它时，那里连一个好男人都找不出来。所多玛[58]也没有一个体面的男人，当罗得离开这个被天降的硫黄与火吞没的城市时，这一点已经再明显不过了。此外，你也不该忘记耶稣基督的同伴只有12位，还有一个是恶魔。再来想想那些居然说所有女人都应该是品德高尚的，否则就该被投以石块处死的男人！我想请他们好好看看自己，然后让没有罪的那位站出来投第一块石头。[59]此

外，他们自己又该追求什么样的品行？我可以告诉你，等到全体男人都达到了完美境地的那一天，妇女就可以以他们为榜样了。”

54.克里斯蒂娜问正直女神有些男人所说的“极少有女人对爱情忠贞”是否正确，以及正直女神的回答

我，克里斯蒂娜，又开口继续另一个论题：“我的女神，让我们把这些放在一边，再来看看别的话题。我想问你一些跟我们之前谈论的稍稍有点不同的问题。我希望你不会介意讨论我想说的这些，尽管这件事本身跟自然规律有关，但它多少还是逾越了理性的行为。”

正直女神说：“我的朋友，你尽可以直言不讳。若是学生出于求知而向老师提出问题，那就不应该因为触及到了什么而被谴责。”

“我的女神，这世上有一种自然的魅力，让男人被女人吸引，女人被男人吸引。这不是社会规则，而是肉体的本能：被色欲所激发，两性会以一种野性的激情相爱。没有哪方明白自己为什么会如此为对方所倾倒，但他们屈服于这种感情，并且称之为情爱。男人们通常说，尽管恋爱中的女人会作出忠诚的承诺，但她不仅轻易地更换着情人，而且还很无情、阴险和虚伪。他们坚称女人的这种轻浮是因为她们缺乏道德意识。在所有作过这样批判的作者中，奥维德在《爱的艺术》中所说的尤其恶毒。在攻击了妇女在爱情上缺乏坚定性之后，奥维德和所有其他人都接着宣称，他们写这些关于妇女的虚伪和罪孽的书是为了公众利益：他们的目的是警告男人们小心女人的欺诈，还有教育他们如何躲避她们，就好像妇女是草丛里隐藏的蛇一样。我亲爱的女神，请告诉我这件事情的真相吧。”

正直女神回答道：“我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，关于他们所说的女性的诡诈，我不知道我还有什么可以告诉你的。你自己在《爱神之书》和《玫瑰浪漫之书》中驳斥奥维德和其他人时，也曾长篇讨论过这个问

题。但是回到你所说的，这些男人号称写书是为了公众利益这点上，我可以证明给你看绝对不是这么回事。原因很简单：如果一个事物不是对整个城市、国家或一群人有普遍好处的话，那它就不能被称作是公众利益。女性和男性应该是同等受益的。那些仅仅是为一部分人利益所做的事，是应该叫作私人利益或个人利益的，并不是公众利益。更何况，那些为部分人利益而损害其他人的事，就不只是私人利益或个人利益的问题了，这实际上等同于损人利己：受益方的花销是靠对方买单的。这些作者绝不会让妇女去提防男人给她们设下的陷阱，尽管谁也无法否认，男人其实经常会用他们虚伪的外表和狡猾的诡计去欺骗女性。此外，女性跟男性一样是由上帝创造的人类，这一点也是毋庸置疑的。她们并非是另一种生物或者一个独特的种群，要真是那样她们倒或许可以被排除在道德教育之外了。因此我只能总结说，如果这些作者真是为了公众利益，那他们就应该在建议男人小心女人的同时，也警告女人小心那些男人们设下的陷阱。”

“让我们先把这些放在一边，回到你之前问的问题。我前面给你讲的那些例子里，妇女们坚持忠贞直到生命的最后一刻，这还不够证明女性的心灵远非这些作者们所说的，在爱情上是善变薄情的吗？她们实际上是异常坚定的。”

……

62.克里斯蒂娜向正直女神发问，后者在回答中驳斥了那些宣称妇女用魅力吸引男人的观点

我，克里斯蒂娜，又问道：“我的女神，直到你说激情就像是凶险的海面之前都是完全正确的。从我的见闻来看，任何稍有判断力的女性都应该尽全力去避免激情，因为它只会带来巨大的伤害。但是那些穿着优雅希望借此更漂亮妩媚的女人们就招来了很多批判，因为有人说她们这样做只是为了吸引男人的注意力。”

正直女神回答道："我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，我并不想帮那些过分讲究衣着外表的女人找借口，因为这可不是人性上的小缺点。穿不合自己身份的衣着尤其该受到谴责。但是我也不希望任何人认为自己有资格去苛责那些打扮漂亮的人，我这么说当然并不是想要宽恕这种恶行。我可以向你保证，并非所有这样做的女人都是想去勾引男人的。有些人，不光是女人，男人也一样，纯粹是喜欢漂亮的东西以及精美昂贵的服饰，就像喜欢干净整洁的衣服那样。如果天性如此，那他们就很难抗拒这点了，当然若能做到则是很应该被褒奖的。我们的主是向穷人传道的，但十二门徒之一、出身高贵的巴多罗买，不就是被记载一直穿着缀满宝石的丝质流苏长袍吗？尽管这种举动通常都是狂妄的炫耀，但巴多罗买却不该因此被说成是有罪的，因为他的天性就是喜欢穿贵重的衣服。即便如此，也还是有些人说主是因此而让他被剥皮殉道的。我说这些是想告诉你，任何人去评判他人的外表都是错误的：只有上帝才有权力来审判我们。我现在来给你举一些关于这个话题的例子。"

……

64.正直女神解释说有美德的女性比有魅力的女性更容易被深爱

"就算我们假定女人们花很大的力气把自己打扮得美丽诱惑、高贵迷人，确实是因为想去吸引男人的注意力，我也会向你证明，那些体面明智的男人并不会更快更深地为之倾倒。正相反，这些重视品格的男人会更容易被可敬、正直和谦逊的女性所吸引，并且爱得更深，哪怕她们没有那么光鲜亮丽。有些人就会反驳说，既然吸引男人不是件好事，那么那些用美德和谦逊来引人眼球的女人，也根本不要有这些优秀品质不是更好吗？这种说法是完全不足取的：人不该仅仅因为一些傻瓜把优良有用的品德用错了地方，就拒绝去培养这些品德；无论发生什么，每一个人都应该尽责地端正自己的行为。"

"我现在给你一些例子来证明，很多女性因为她们的正直和道德而

被爱。特别是我要给你讲的一些天堂里的圣人，她们因其圣洁而被男人们渴求着。我之前说的被强暴的卢克雷蒂娅就是这样的。使得塔克文为她倾倒的是她典范性的美德，而不仅仅是美貌。一天晚上，她的丈夫正在跟其他骑士进晚餐，其中就有这位塔克文。他们开始谈论各自的妻子，都认为自己的妻子是最有美德的。为了找出谁最符合这一殊荣，他们就动身去突击拜访各家，褒奖那些正忙着光明正大的事情的妻子们。在她们中间，卢克雷蒂娅被认为是最值得称赞的。她正如一个端庄审慎的女性那样，穿着朴实无华的长袍，跟家中的其他女性坐在一起织着羊毛，谈论着道德上的话题。陪同她丈夫的塔克文王子，被她的正直、单纯而值得赞赏的行为以及端庄的举止所深深打动，由此产生了想要占有她的欲望，并谋划出了之后的恶行。”

……

66.克里斯蒂娜向正直女神发问，后者在回答中驳斥了那些声称女性天性刻薄的说法

“我不知道还要问你些什么，我的女神，因为你已经回答过我所有的问题了。那么多男人对女性的攻击也似乎已经被你全面反驳了。就我所能看到的，他们常说的，贪婪是妇女最常见的恶习这一点，也并非事实。”

正直女神回答说：“我亲爱的朋友，我可以向你保证，女性天生可不比男性更贪婪。实际上，贪心的女人比男人要少：就像上帝知道的、你自己也清楚的那样，由于男人的贪婪导致在世上蔓延的可怕恶魔，要比女人带来的多得多。但是就像我之前给你指出的那样，一个傻瓜能很快地指出邻居的恶习，却对自己的罪行视而不见。”

“仅仅因为女性喜欢收集衣服、针头线脑和其他对于家庭来说必不可少的小东西，她们就落下了个贪婪的名声。相信我，有无数的女性若

自己富有的话，都会毫不犹豫地去赠予那些她们认为会明智地用这些钱的人。另一方面，贫穷的女性就不得不去锱铢必较了。总的来说，妇女们拿到的钱是不够花的，所以才会紧紧抓住手里的那一点，因为她们知道不可能再奢求更多了。有些人指责妇女贪婪，仅仅因为她们抱怨自己那刚愎自用又挥霍无度的丈夫，并恳求他们谨慎花钱。这些女性非常清楚，是自己丈夫愚蠢的浪费让家中缺钱，导致她们和可怜的孩子们不得不受苦的。因此这些行为并不能说明这些女人是贪婪的，而正相反，是节俭的一个表现。当然，我说的只是那些谨慎地劝诫丈夫的妇女们，否则如果丈夫不喜欢被人批评，这就可能会造成严重的争执，他最后会去攻击自己那本应得到褒奖的妻子。为了证明这个恶习在女性中远非有些人说的那么普遍，让我们来看看她们经常热心作的救济吧。上帝很清楚，从过去到现在，有多少囚犯被女性的施舍慰藉和支持过，就连在遥远的阿拉伯国家的囚犯也是一样；更不用提有多少穷人、落魄贵族还有各色人等都受到过她们的帮助了。”

我，克里斯蒂娜，于是说：“我的女神，你刚说的话确实让我想起了我所见过的，所有尽其所能乐善好施的可敬淑女们。我知道我有些朋友非常高兴能对那些会好好用钱的人说‘来，拿上这个’，这远比守财奴在敛财存钱时所获得的快乐要多得多。我不明白男人们为什么要到处去说女性是贪婪的。尽管人们说亚历山大大帝以慷慨著称，我可以说我并不这么认为！”

正直女神笑了起来，回答说：“我的朋友，罗马的妇女们肯定不希望她们的城市被战争耗空、公共储备被军队用尽。当时罗马人急需钱财来支持他们庞大的军队，于是罗马的妇女们，包括寡妇在内，都出于慷慨大度拿出了自己的珠宝和所有值钱的物品，堆成一堆捐给了城里的贵族。这些妇女因她们无私的行为而被高度赞扬，之后珠宝也被退还给了她们，这确实是感谢她们拯救了罗马财富的公正做法。”

……

68.关于法国的公主和贵妇

我再一次插话道：“我的女神，既然你提到了我同时代的这位女性，并且开始谈论法国的，以及居住在这里的淑女们，我想问问你对这些女性的印象。你觉得有必要请她们中的一些人加入我们的城市吗？她们是否不如外国的女性？”

正直女神回答道：“当然，克里斯蒂娜，我可以向你保证她们中有很多我想邀请的善良女性。”

“首先，我们不会拒绝高贵的现任法国女王、巴伐利亚的伊莎贝拉[60]，她正蒙上帝的恩惠统治着我们。她没有一丝一毫的残忍、贪婪或其他的恶习，因为她的本性完全是仁慈善良的。”

“年轻的贝里公爵夫人也同样值得赞美，她是一位聪慧美丽又温柔的淑女，嫁给了法国国王‘好人’约翰二世的儿子、已故国王‘英明’查理五世的弟弟约翰公爵。这位可敬的公爵夫人是如此节制谨慎，尽管她还非常年轻，但每个人都在颂扬她表率性的举止。”

“关于奥尔良公爵夫人我还能说些什么呢？她是已故米兰公爵的女儿、‘英明’查理五世之子路易斯公爵的夫人。还会有哪位淑女比她更稳重吗？所有人都能很明白地看到她不仅为人坚定，也非常爱她的丈夫，是她的孩子们的优秀榜样。除此之外，她在自己的事上也非常机敏，对所有人一视同仁，举止冷静并且兼具了所有美德。”

“勃艮第公爵夫人是已故法王约翰二世之子‘勇敢’菲利普二世的儿子、‘无畏的约翰’的妻子。关于她还有更多可说的吗？她不也是一位上等的淑女吗？对丈夫忠诚，仁慈而赞赏他人，道德无瑕，且没有什么缺点。”

“克莱蒙伯爵夫人是贝里公爵和他第一任妻子的女儿，嫁给了波旁公爵的继承人约翰·克莱蒙伯爵。她拥有一位高贵公主所应有的所有品质，包括对丈夫的深情和出色的教养，更不必提她的美貌、智慧和善良了。她的美德则因为高贵的举止而更为耀眼。”

“在所有这些淑女中，有一位是你非常喜欢，并从她的优秀品质、仁慈和关爱中受到过恩惠的：尊贵的荷兰女公爵及埃诺女伯爵杰奎琳，她是已故的勃艮第公爵‘好人’菲利普三世的女儿，也就是现任公爵的姐姐。这位淑女难道不该因为她在个人生活上的忠诚、节俭和谨慎以及她对神的无私而强烈的信仰而跻身最优秀的女性之列吗？简单来说，她就是善良本身。”

“波旁公爵夫人不也应该因为她是这样一位可敬的淑女，而跟其他贵妇一样被后世称颂，被全力赞美吗？”

“我还能跟你说什么？要让我列举这些淑女们的优点可就没完没了了！”

“圣波勒伯爵夫人是巴尔公爵的女儿、法王的表妹，也因为她的善良美丽、品德高尚而在这些优秀的淑女中有一席之地。”

“同样，另一位你喜欢的淑女安妮，也就是已故拉马什伯爵的女儿、现任公爵的妹妹，嫁给了法国王后的哥哥巴伐利亚公爵路易斯七世。她在这群杰出的女性之中也绝不显得逊色。上帝和整个世界都能见证她的美德。”

“我们尽可以无视那些造谣中伤者，有无数的伯爵夫人、贵族女性、未婚女性、中产阶级以及各阶层妇女都是可敬和出色的。感谢上帝让她们保持了这样的美德，也愿上帝能激励那些尚未达到完美的女人们能去修正自己的所作所为。你必须对此深信不疑，因为我可以向你保

证，无论那些因为嫉妒而想造谣中伤女性的人会怎么唱反调，这都绝对是事实真相。”

我，克里斯蒂娜，于是回答道：“我的女神，听到你这样说我真的非常高兴。”

她于是对我说：“我亲爱的朋友，我觉得我现在已经完成建筑淑女之城的任务了。我不仅为你建起了美丽的王宫、豪华的宅邸，而且也请来了大量各个阶层的出色淑女来住满了这些建筑物。现在我的姐妹公正女神将要来完成给这个城市收尾的工作，我也要就此打住了。”

69.克里斯蒂娜对公主及其他淑女们讲话

“最出色、正直和可敬的法国和各国贵族们，各位淑女、少女还有各个阶层的女性们，你们这些过去，或现在，或将来会热爱美德和品行的女性们：请抬起头来，在你们的城市里欢庆吧。它在上帝的帮助下即将竣工，辉煌壮丽的房屋中几乎已经住满了居民。感谢上帝为了满足我给你们建立一个高尚的永久住所的愿望，带我走过这段艰辛的学习历程，建起了这个让你们可以永久居住的城市。我一路走来，希望能与公正女神一起最终完成这个使命。她已经答应我会不停地工作，直到我们竭尽全力建成这个城市，关上城门的那个时刻。那么，为我祈祷吧，我可敬的淑女们！”

《淑女之城》第二部分结束。

第三部分

1.第一章详细叙述公正女神是如何将圣母请入淑女之城的

公正女神非常满意地走向我，说道："克里斯蒂娜，在我看来你已经尽全力来完成你的使命了。在我姐妹们的帮助下，你把淑女之城建得让人非常满意。就像我承诺的那样，现在轮到我来最后主持它完工了。我会给你请来最尊贵的女王，她是最神圣的女性，将率领她的仆从们居住在这里。她会统治这个城市，并带来她治下的最优秀的淑女。我看到现在宫殿和华屋已经装饰完成准备停当，街道也都铺满了鲜花，迎接女王及她出色的淑女随行们驾临的准备都已作好了。"

"那么就让公主、淑女和各个阶层的女性们都上前来，恭迎这位不仅仅是统治着她们、也是以至高无上的权威统治着地上的女王吧，她的地位仅次于她受圣灵感孕而生的圣父之子。所有的妇女都应该聚在一起来祈求这位崇高、尊贵的伟大女性能纡尊降贵，到我们的城市来成为我们的一员。她也不会因为她们的卑微与自己的反差而鄙视她们。出于过人的谦逊和胜过天使的善良，她毫无疑问会同意住在淑女之城。她会住在最高的宫殿中，那是我的姐妹正直女神为她准备的，全部用荣誉和赞美建造的殿堂。"

"现在请每一位妇女上前来，跟我一起说：'我们恭迎您，圣母，用和天使向您传报一样的'万福玛利亚'来向您致意，因为这比其他任何称谓都更让您欣喜。现在全体女性都恳求您能与她们为伍、做她们的保护人，将您的慈悲和怜悯恩泽到她们身上，在来自敌人和外界的攻击中保护她们。请让她们畅饮源自您的美德的泉水，望她们能就此满足并学会拒绝一切恶习和罪恶。请来到我们中间，您是天上的女王、我主的神

殿、圣灵的隐修地、三位一体的居所、天使的喜乐、迷途者的光明与指引以及笃信者的希望。哦，我的女神，在看到您的崇高之后，谁还敢动念去想，更不必提敢去说女性是卑鄙的了！即使所有其他女性是有罪的，您善良的光辉也耀眼到照亮了一切的邪恶。神决定让一位女性做圣母并选择了您，最出色的淑女。因为您伟大的价值，所有的男人都不仅应该停止攻击女性，更应该对她们致以最高的尊敬。’”

这位贞女回答道：“我圣子垂青的公正女神，我很乐意与这些女性同住，她们是我的姐妹和朋友，我也会站到她们身边。这是因为理性、正直和你，公正女神，甚至还有天性女神，都劝说过我如此去做。女性对我的侍奉、尊敬和赞扬都未曾有止境，因此我从今往后都应当成为女性的领头人。上帝自身一直希望如此，这是由三位一体所注定了的。”

侧立在所有俯首跪下的女性身边，公正女神回答道：“我的女神，愿您被永世赞美和称颂。拯救我们吧，我们的女神，替我们向您的圣子说情，他是不会拒绝您的任何请求的。”

……

3.关于亚历山大的圣加大肋纳[61]

“我们请来陪伴淑女之城的女王，也就是荣福圣母的女性们，都是圣洁的处女和神圣的妇女。这样我们可以证明上帝是垂爱女性的，尽管这些女性柔弱年轻，上帝给了她们跟男性一样的力量和坚毅，以便为保护神圣的信仰而去承受可怕的殉道，这些女性其实更为纤弱和年轻。所有女性都可以从这些淑女们的经历中受益。她们头上笼罩着圣光，因为她们所能传授的要比其他任何人都有启发得多，她们也因此成为本城最受尊崇的居民。”

“其中最显赫的模范女性是圣加大肋纳，她是亚历山大[62]国王高士

底的女儿。尽管这位富有的未婚少女在继承父亲国土时只有18岁，但她还是在处理个人生活和公众事务上表现出了敏锐的判断力。她是一位基督徒，拒绝结婚，希望能全身心地奉献给神。有一天，罗马帝国皇帝马克森提乌斯[63]来到亚历山大，要为异教神进行一场重要的祭祀。加大肋纳在宫中听见了正在被准备为仪式杀戮的动物的咆哮声和喧闹的音乐声。她派人去打探情形，却被告知皇帝已经抵达神殿要开始祭祀了。她一听到这个消息就来到皇帝面前，开始向他阐述他这种做法的错误性。因为加大肋纳很精通神学和科学，她运用了哲学论点来证明了只有一个神，也就是创世者，只有他应该被崇敬。当马克森提乌斯听到这位高贵美丽的处女用非凡的权威性说话时，他无言以对，只能震惊地盯着她。他于是去寻找全埃及最睿智的男人，最终从这个以拥有诸多聪慧哲学家著称的国家挑出了50名带到法庭。当他们被传唤时还非常生气，抱怨说皇帝大老远地把他们请来，居然只是为了跟一个小姑娘辩论。”

“让我们长话短说。辩论那天，蒙了圣恩的加大肋纳完全占了上风，他们被她的论述所说服，更无法回答她的问题。皇帝因此大为光火，千方百计地威胁他们，但也都是白费气力。托主的福，他们一个一个都被圣处女的话所折服，皈依了基督教。皇帝在盛怒之下把所有哲学家都处以火刑。这位圣处女在他们殉道时慰藉了他们，向他们保证他们会获得永恒的荣光，并向上帝祈祷保守他们信仰的坚强。就这样多亏了她，他们得以受福殉道。上帝通过他们展示了神迹，因为火不仅没有烧到他们的身体，就连他们的衣服都没有碰到：即使当他们在火中丧生之后，依旧没有一根头发被烧焦，面庞也像是还活着一样。暴君马克森提乌斯强烈地想要得到这位美丽圣洁的加大肋纳，于是开始追求她，希望能让她顺从自己的欲望。但是当他看到这完全是徒劳无功时，他的恳求变成了威胁，最后变成了折磨。他对她处以残酷的鞭笞，然后把她扔进监狱单独监禁了12天，希望最后看到她被饿到屈服。但是上帝的天使来到她身边救助了她。12天后，皇帝看见被带到面前的加大肋纳比之前更健康和可爱了，就确信一定有人偷偷去探访了她，于是下令拷问所有的

狱卒。加大肋纳出于对他们的怜悯，向马克森提乌斯发誓说她只受到过来自于上帝的慰藉。皇帝再也想不出更加残酷的刑罚了，便听从了他执政长官的建议，制作了一个装着刀刃的磔轮，这些轮子互相碾压，任何卷入它们之间的东西都会被撕成碎片。他让加大肋纳脱光后躺在轮子中间，而她在这过程中一刻也没有停止过双手合十敬拜上帝。天使下来打碎了这些轮子，站在周围的处刑者们反而被碾死了。”

“当皇帝的妻子听到加大肋纳身上发生的神迹之后，便皈依了基督教，并且开始责备丈夫的行为。她去监狱探访了圣处女，并恳求她为她自己向上帝祈祷。皇帝因此拷问了他的妻子，并且切掉了她的乳房，这位圣处女于是对她说：‘最尊贵的皇后，别害怕这些酷刑，因为今天你会迎来无尽的喜乐。’暴君将自己的妻子与一大批皈依者一起砍了头。他请求加大肋纳做他的妻子，但意识到她对此置若罔闻之后，最终也打算将她斩首。在她的祷词中，她祈求上帝恩泽那些记得她殉道的和那些在痛苦中呼唤她名字的人们。一个声音从天上而来，宣布她的祷告被恩准了。在她殉道结束时，大量的牛奶而非鲜血从她的身体中喷涌而出。天使带走了她圣洁的躯体，并埋葬在了距离亚历山大20天路程的西奈山。上帝在她的墓上显示了很多神迹，限于篇幅我无法详述：只说墓中流出的一种油治愈了很多疾病这一点就足够了。此后上帝以最可怕的形式惩罚了马克森提乌斯皇帝。”

……

17.关于一位皈依上帝、悔改了的妓女圣阿芙拉

“阿芙拉曾经是一位妓女，后来皈依了基督教。她被带到法官面前，法官问她：‘你用自己的身体去犯罪还嫌不够，还要在信仰上也走错路去崇拜外来神！你要给我们的神作献祭，他们会原谅你的。’阿芙拉回答道：‘我会献祭给我的主，耶稣基督，他为了救赎罪人而来到地上。福音书中说一个有罪的女人用眼泪给他洗脚，然后得到宽恕。他没

有鄙视妓女或罪孽的税吏，而是与他们同食共饮。’法官反驳说：‘如果你不想作献祭，你就再也接不到客人，更收不到他们的礼物了。’她回答道：‘我再也不会接受一件受污的礼物了。至于以前那些错误地收下了的，我会让穷人们拿走，并为我的灵魂祈祷。’法官因为拒绝信仰他们的神而将她判了火刑。当就要被送入火中时，她赞美上帝道：‘哦，全能的上帝，耶稣基督，你让所有的罪人忏悔。请接受我此刻的殉道，并请把我从这地狱永火中接走，它现在正要以俗世火焰为表象灼烧我的肉身。’当火苗在她身边舔舐时，她高声喊道：‘我主耶稣基督，请接受我，一个穷困而有罪的女人，以你神圣的名义殉道。你自己一人为世人牺牲，你是一位正直的人却为了世人的罪而被钉上十字架，一位善人却为恶人而受死，一位受福的人却为被诅咒的人而死，一位温柔的人却为了残酷的人而死，一位纯洁无瑕的人却为堕落的人而死。我将我的躯体敬献给你，你与圣父圣灵同在同治。’就这样，蒙福的阿芙拉结束了她的生命，之后主亦借她展现了诸多的神迹。”

18.公正女神谈起几位服侍十二使徒和其他圣人并为他们提供避难所的高贵淑女

“我亲爱的朋友克里斯蒂娜，关于这个话题我还能再说些什么？我可以继续给你详述无数这样的例子。因为你之前说过，你对于写书的人对女性如此多的批判感到震惊，我可以向你保证，无论你在异教书中读到了什么，你在圣经中都不会找到太多对于女性的负面评价，在耶稣基督还有他的十二使徒，甚至圣人们的故事中都是如此。如果你读了这些章节，就会看到无数的女性被上帝赐予了出众的美德和坚贞。妇女们是多么慷慨热忱地对待神的仆人们啊！又曾对他们展示出了多么榜样性的慈悲和忠诚！这么多的庇护和关爱，绝非可以一笔带过的。即使有愚蠢的男人想把这些当成是无足轻重的事忽略掉，根据我们的信仰也无法否认，这些都是通向天堂的阶梯上的横木。”

“我们可以引用德鲁夏妮的例子，她是一位高尚的寡妇，将福音书作者圣约翰领到了家中，侍奉他并为他准备餐饭。当约翰从流放中回来，就在全城的人民欢欣鼓舞地去迎接他的同时，德鲁夏妮的遗体正在被下葬。她是因为他的长期离开而悲痛过世的。邻居们告诉他：‘约翰，这里躺着的是德鲁夏妮，她如此仁慈地接待了你，她因为你的离去而辞世。她再也无法服侍你了。’约翰于是喊道：‘站起来，德鲁夏妮！回家去把饭给我做好！’她就从死亡中被带了回来。”

“同样，我们还可以说说可敬的苏珊娜，一位来自法国利摩日的贵妇。她是第一位给圣徒马尔蒂阿提供庇护所的人，后者奉使徒彼得之命来到法国传教。这位淑女对他无比仁慈。”

“同样，马克西米拉也是如此，她把使徒安德烈从十字架上放下并安葬，却不顾自己的性命安危。”

“同样，神圣的处女伊菲格涅亚是使徒马太的忠诚追随者，并在他死后建了一座教堂来纪念他。”

“同样，另一位对使徒保罗怀着神圣敬爱的女性，一直跟随着他并勤勉地照顾着他。”

“同样，在十二使徒时代，有一位叫海伦的高贵王后，这位海伦并非是那位康斯坦丁大帝的母亲，而是阿迪亚波纳的王后。她到了耶路撒冷，当时这个城市正因为一场饥荒而粮食极度匮乏。当海伦听说我主在耶路撒冷传教的圣徒快要饿死时，就买了足够多的食物供养他们，直到饥荒结束。”

“同样，当使徒保罗被尼禄下令即将砍头时，一位曾照顾过他的可敬女性普劳提拉流着苦涩的泪水走到他身边。保罗向她要了蒙在脸上的面纱，用来在行刑时遮住自己的眼睛。当她交给保罗面纱的时候，有些

站在周围的恶人还嘲笑她就这么把如此漂亮的东西给扔了。保罗死后，天使把这块染了血的面纱还给了普劳提拉，她从此把它作为贵重的遗物珍藏了起来。之后保罗在她面前现身，说因为她在地上侍奉了自己，自己也将会在天上为她的灵魂祈祷。我可以给你讲很多这类的例子。”

“巴西利撒是一位充满怜悯之心的可敬妇女，她是圣徒朱利安的妻子。在婚礼的那天晚上，他们共同约定要守护童贞。这位处女的圣洁是无法衡量的，就像她救助过的女性数目一样无法计数，这些妇女是因她对虔诚生活的教导和鼓励而被救助的。简单来说，她典范性的慈悲为她赢得了神的青睐，以至于我主在她临终前曾与她直接对话。”

“我亲爱的克里斯蒂娜，我不知道还有什么可以再对你说的了。我可以给你讲无穷无尽的关于社会各个阶层的女性的事迹，无论是处女、妻子还是寡妇，她们出众的坚强和不屈不挠，都以自身为例展示了上帝的神迹。我的话到此为止了。在我看来，正如我承诺的那样，我已经很好地完成了这个城市的角楼，也请来了杰出的淑女入住。最后的这些例子将会成为我们的城门和吊闸。尽管我远没有一一列举那些神圣的女性，无论是过去的、现在的，还是将要来临的——因为这是不可能做到的——但她们都同样可以在淑女之城找到自己的一席之地。对此我们会说：‘Gloriosa dicta sunt de te,civitas Dei.’[64]现在它业已完工，城门也已关紧锁牢。我将如我所言，把它就此交付与你。永别了，愿神赐的和平永远陪伴你们！”

19.本书的完结：克里斯蒂娜对全体女性讲话

“最值得尊敬的淑女们，感谢上帝：我们城市的建设终于画上了句号。所有钟爱美德、荣誉和高贵名声的女性都可在城中找到华丽的栖身之所，不仅仅是过去的女性，现在和未来的女性皆如此，因为这个城市就是为了所有该受赏的女性而建立的。我最亲爱的淑女们，当看到经过努力击退敌人取得胜利时，人类的心灵会自然而然充满喜悦。从这一刻

开始，我的淑女们，你们就可以看着新城竣工而尽情享受快乐了，当然要以虔诚和体面的合适方式享受快乐。这里不仅会给你们，或者说是你们中间证明了自己的价值的那部分人提供遮蔽，而且如果好好照管的话，更能替你们抵御反对者的攻击，从而保护你们。你们能看到，它是用美德制成，闪闪发亮到能看见人的倒影，特别是本书最后部分建起的高耸的角楼。而前两部分与你们相关的建筑也是一样的精致。我最爱的淑女们，我请求你们不要像那些傲慢的傻瓜一样去滥用这崭新的遗产，那些人的自傲因自己的成功和富有而膨胀了。相反的，你们应该去追随你们高贵的童贞女王的例子。当她听到自己将蒙最高的荣耀成为上帝之子的母亲时，却变得更为谦逊，将自己奉献为神的仆人。我的淑女们，一个人越是有道德，他就会越驯顺而温和，因此这个城市应该会让你们举止更有品行，并让你们变得更有价值和宽容。”

“你们当中已婚的人，不要因丈夫的欺凌而绝望，因为自由未必是世上最好的事情。上帝的天使对以斯拉所说的话就可以证明这一点：‘那些滥用自由意志的人必会犯罪，背叛神而堕落；他们因此被毁灭了。’如果妻子们温柔、善良、明智，又爱她们的丈夫，则应该感谢神。这绝不是一件小事，而是女性在世上可以获得的最大恩惠之一。这样的妻子应该专心服侍丈夫，用忠贞的心来敬爱和珍视他们，履行自己的职责跟他们平和度日，向神祈祷保守他们的安全和安宁。那些丈夫不算好也不算太坏的妻子们，也应该感谢神没有让她们过得更差。她们应当尽量去缓和丈夫们的任性行为，与他们一起努力按社会地位求得平静的生活。那些刚愎自用、有罪孽而残酷的丈夫的妻子们，则应该最大限度地容忍他们。她们应该尝试着去打消丈夫们的邪念，尽可能把他们带回到合理而可敬的道路上。即使她们的丈夫罪大恶极到了任何努力都徒劳无功的程度，这些妇女的灵魂也至少可以从对此的忍耐中获益。更何况，所有人都会赞赏她们并站在她们一边。”

“因此，我的淑女们，谦逊和忍耐会把神的恩泽在你们身上放大。

你们会被荣光笼罩，并被赐予天上的国度。圣格列高利一世曾说过，忍耐是通向天堂和耶稣基督的关键。你们都应该痛下决心，从今以后摆脱愚蠢而不理性的想法、琐碎的嫉妒、顽固、轻蔑的谈话或是丢脸的行为，所有这些都会扭曲人的思想，让人变得不可靠。此外，这些做法对于一个女性来说也是非常不健康和不得体的。”

“你们当中未婚的年轻处女们，请保持纯洁、谦逊、温顺和坚贞，因为那些邪恶的人已经张网在捕捉你们了。保持你们的视线向下，少说话，并且小心谨慎地做所有事。用坚贞和美德武装你们自己，以便对抗引诱者的花招儿并拒绝与他们为伍。”

“你们当中寡居的淑女们，请端正自己的衣着、谈吐和所作所为。谨言慎行，处理自己的事物时要照顾周全，在苦难面前要有耐心、要坚强和有韧劲，因为你非常需要这些品质。性格和言谈举止要谦逊，行动要宽厚仁慈。”

“简而言之，所有的女性，无论属于社会的哪个阶层，都应该特别警觉，面对伺机攻击你的名誉和美德的人要保护自己。我的淑女们，看一看那些男人们是怎样从各个方面来指责你们的吧，他们用尽了所能想出的一切恶习来全面控诉你们。给他们看看你们多么有原则，来证明他们是错误的，并以有道德的行为来反驳他们对你们的所有批判。行为举止端正到可以像赞美诗诗人说的那样，‘恶人会自食其果’。击退那些奸诈的骗子，他们只是在用花招儿和甜言蜜语来骗取你最应保护好的东西：你的贞洁和荣誉的美名。哦，我的淑女们，逃离吧，从他们想要引诱你们的激情中逃离吧！为了上帝，从那里逃离！你不会从中得到好结果的。相反的，你可以确信，它虽然表面上有吸引力，但最后只能给你带来伤害。这结局一直以来从无例外，所以不要心存侥幸。我亲爱的淑女们，请记住这些男人们是如何指控你们是软弱、轻浮和朝三暮四，但同时却在用他们能想到的最迂回、古怪和奇特的招数来陷害你们的，就

像捕捉野生动物那样。逃离，从他们那里逃离，我的淑女们！不要与这些在微笑的外表下隐藏着毒牙的人有任何瓜葛，他们会把你毒死的。与此相反，我最可敬的淑女们，希望你们能在追寻美德和规避恶习中获得乐趣，使得我们城市的人口可以继续增加。让你们的心因为做了善事而喜悦。我作为你们的仆人，将我自己托付给你们。我祈求上帝将他的恩典照耀在我身上，并允许我在这地上继续投入地侍奉他。希望他能原谅我的错误，在我死后赐予我无尽的喜乐，也愿他会如此对待你们。阿门。”

《淑女之城》的第三部分暨最终章结束。

[1]马太奥鲁斯（Matheolus），13世纪法国诗人。——译者注（本书所有注释均为译者所加）

[2]圣经立下了至少需要两个证人才能定案的原则，如‘不可凭一个人的口作见证将他治死’。（《民数记》35:30，《申命记》17:6）

[3]教会圣师（Doctor of the church），源自中世纪，指教会册封的著名神学家，他们的思想出类拔萃，作为导师引领当代教会的思想。

[4]圣奥古斯丁（Augustine of Hippo，354—430），罗马帝国末期北非柏柏尔人，早期西方基督教神学家、哲学家。

[5]《玫瑰传奇》（The Romance of the Rose），十三世纪法国寓言长诗，分上下两卷。

[6]奥维德（Publius Ovidius Naso，英文称为Ovid，公元前43—公元17或18），古罗马诗人，代表作《变形记》《爱的艺术》和《爱情三论》。50岁时被奥古斯都流放，罪状是参与淫乱行为和写作淫秽诗篇，10年后病死异乡。

[7]维吉尔（Publius Vergilius Maro，英文称为Virgil，公元前70—前19），奥古斯都时代的古罗马诗人。其代表作之一的《埃涅阿斯纪》长达12册，是代表罗马帝国文学最高成就的巨著。因此他也被罗马人奉为国民诗人、被当代及后世广泛认为是古罗马最伟大的诗人，乃至世界文学史上最伟大的文学家之一。

[8]阿斯科里（Cecco d'Ascoli，1257—1327），意大利著名博物学家、医生和诗人。

[9]马尔谢（Marches），法国德龙省的一个市镇。

[10]托斯卡纳（Tuscany），意大利一个大区，首府为佛罗伦萨。

[11]西塞罗（Marcus Tullius Cicero，公元前106—前43），罗马共和国晚期的哲学家、政治家、律师、作家、雄辩家。

[12]老加图（Marcus Porcius Cato，公元前234—前149），通称老加图，以与其曾孙小加图区别。罗马共和国时期的政治家、国务活动家、演说家，公元前195年的执政官。

[13]示巴女王（Empress Nicaula），公元前非洲东部示巴王国（约今埃塞俄比亚）的女王，最强时疆域包含东非和今沙特阿拉伯南部地区和也门。

[14]麦罗埃岛（Meroë），古代努比亚王国首都，遗址位于今苏丹境内。

[15]押沙龙（Absalom），圣经中大卫王的第三个儿子，以色列国王，圣经记述他‘从脚底到头顶，毫无瑕疵’。

[16]塞西娅（Scythia，公元前7世纪—前2世纪），以今克里米亚为中心的一个富裕而强大的帝

国。

[17]以弗所（Ephesus），今土耳其境内，为古希腊人在小亚细亚建立的一个大城市，圣母玛利亚终老于此，位于加斯他河注入爱琴海的河口。

[18]科尼菲西娅（Cornificia，公元前85—前40），罗马共和国女诗人。

[19]圣格列高利一世（Saint Gregory，约540—604），罗马教宗，590年9月3日至604年3月12日在位。

[20]薄伽丘（Giovanni Boccaccio，1313—1375），文艺复兴时期的意大利作家、诗人，以故事集《十日谈》留名后世。本书对他的引用均出自其《名媛》（De Mulieribus Claris），该书为西方文学史上第一部女子传记文学作品。

[21]莎孚（Sappho，公元前7世纪），希腊著名女抒情诗人。

[22]普罗芭（Faltonia Betitia Proba，306或315—353或366）罗马帝国诗人，有说法是古典时代晚期最具影响力的拉丁语诗人。

[23]米蒂利尼（Mytilene），位于希腊爱琴海莱斯博斯岛东南岸，现为该岛屿的首府，也是莱斯沃斯州的州府所在地。

[24]帕纳塞斯山（Mount Parnassus），希腊中部山脉，濒临科林斯湾。最高点海拔2457米。在希腊神话中，帕纳塞斯山是太阳神阿波罗和文艺女神们的灵地，缪斯的家乡。古多利安人也以此山为傲。

[25]贺拉斯（Horace，公元前65—前8），罗马帝国奥古斯都统治时期著名的诗人、批评家、翻译家，是古罗马文学‘黄金时代’的代表人之一。

[26]阿卡迪亚（Arcadia），希腊行政区，位于伯罗奔尼撒半岛。

[27]台伯河（River Tiber），位于意大利中部，全长405千米，是该国第三长的河流。意大利首都罗马位于河口以上25千米的东岸，而台伯河亦由于为罗马提供水源而闻名于世。

[28]帕拉蒂尼（Mount Palatine），是罗马7座山丘中位处中央的一座，为现代意大利罗马市里所保存的最古老的地区之一。高约40多米，在山顶上往下望，一侧为古罗马广场，另一侧为大竞技场。

[29]弥涅耳瓦（Minerva），智慧女神、战神、艺术家和手工艺人的保护神，相对应于希腊神话的雅典娜。

[30]萨顿（Saturn），拉丁语Saturnus，罗马神话中的农业神。

[31]埃涅阿斯（Aeneas），特洛伊英雄，安基塞斯王子与爱神阿佛洛狄忒的儿子。

[32]阿尔巴朗格城（City of Alba，意大利语一般写作Albalonga），是古代拉齐奥王国的城市，位于意大利中部，古代罗马的东南方阿尔班山上。在公元前7世纪被罗马毁灭。在传说里，罗马的建立者罗慕路斯与雷穆斯就是来自于阿尔巴朗格的王族。

[33]德尔菲（Delphi），所有古希腊城邦共同的圣地。

[34]赫勒斯滂（Hellespont），今达达尼尔海峡。

[35]图林根（Thuringia），现图林根自由邦（德语：Freistaat Thüringen），是德国十六邦之一，面积在联邦中列第十一位。图林根绿色植被覆盖良好，加之位于德国中部，被称作‘德国的绿色心脏’。

[36]彼特拉克（Francesco Petrarca，1304—1374），意大利学者、诗人和早期的人文主义者，亦被视为人文主义之父。

[37]老底嘉（Laodicea），弗里吉亚的古代都市（也归属于卡里亚和吕底亚），兴建于安纳托利亚的吕卡士河（Lycus）河畔，位于现代土耳其代尼兹利省内。

[38]米特利达特（Mithridates，公元前132或131—前63），本都王国国王（公元前121—前63在位），是罗马共和国末期地中海地区的重要政治人物，也是罗马最著名的敌人之一。他与罗马之间为争夺安纳托利亚而进行的3次战争，历史上称为‘米特利达特战争’。

[39]庞培（Pompey，格奈乌斯·庞培，公元前106—前48），古罗马政治家和军事家。勇悍善战，凶残嗜杀，在前三头同盟中势力最强。

[40]瓦列利乌斯（Valerius）和鲁非诺（Ruffinus），公元278年殉道的两位基督教圣徒。在沃尔特·马普（Walter Map，1140—约1209，英国威尔士诗人、讽刺作家）的作品中有托名瓦列利乌斯给鲁非诺的书信。

[41]泰奥弗拉斯托斯（Theophrastus，约公元前371—约前287），公元前4世纪的古希腊哲学家和科学家，先后受教于柏拉图和亚里士多德，后来接替亚里士多德领导其‘逍遥学派’。名字解作‘神样的说话者’，并非真名，据说是亚里士多德见他口才出众而替他起的名。

[42]加图（Marcus Porcius Cato Uticensis，公元前95—前46），又名小加图（Cato the Younger），以区别于他的曾祖父老加图（Cato the Elder）。小加图是罗马共和国末期的政治家和演说家，是斯多葛学派的追随者。他因为其传奇般的坚忍和固执而闻名，他不受贿、诚实、厌恶当时普遍的政治腐败。

[43]布鲁图（Marcus Junius Brutus Caepio，公元前85—前42），是晚期罗马共和国的一名元老院议员，后来组织并参与了对恺撒的谋杀。

[44]原文如此。

[45]卡西乌斯（Gaius Cassius Longinus，公元前85—前42），罗马元老院议员，谋杀恺撒的主谋，也是布鲁图的妻舅。

[46]尼布甲尼撒二世（Nebuchadnezzar II，约公元前634—前562），是位于巴比伦的伽勒底帝国最伟大的君主，在位时间约为公元前605年至公元前562年。他因在首都巴比伦建成著名的空中花园而为人赞颂，同时也因毁掉了所罗门圣殿而为人熟知。他曾征服了犹太王国和耶路撒冷，并流放了犹太人，圣经上对此也有所记载。

[47]萨宾（Sabine），是生活在亚平宁半岛拉丁平原附近的一个部族，和拉丁人一起同为古罗马文明的创立者，罗马最早的300名元老中即有100名来自萨宾。

[48]昆图斯·霍腾修斯（Quintus Hortensius，公元前114—前50），罗马演说家和辩论家。

[49]后三头（Second Triumvirate），是历史学家给屋大维、马克·安东尼和雷必达组成的官方政治同盟的名称。这个同盟成立于公元前43年11月27日，维持至公元前33年。

[50]博洛尼亚（Bologna），意大利城市，位于北部波河与亚平宁山脉之间，也是艾米利亚—罗马涅的首府。

[51]主祷文，天主教又称天主经，是耶稣传给门徒的祷辞（《马太福音》6:9—13），天主教、东正教和基督教礼拜仪式中通用的祷辞。

[52]苏珊娜（Susanna），即圣安妮，在四福音书或古兰经中都不曾提到她，但传统上认定这是圣母玛利亚之母，耶稣的外祖母的名字。

[53]卢修斯·塔克文·苏佩布（Tarquin the Proud Lucius Tarquinius Superbus，？—前496），罗马王政时代第七任君主，公元前535年登基，公元前509年被革命推翻。据传他杀死了前任国王塞尔维乌斯·图利乌斯以登上王位。

[54]参见《马太福音》7:1—5。

[55]尼禄（Nero Claudius Caesar Augustus Germanicus，37—68），罗马帝国皇帝，54—68年在位。他是罗马帝国朱里亚·克劳狄王朝的最后一任皇帝，是古罗马乃至欧洲历史上有名的残酷暴君。

[56]塞内加（Seneca，约公元前4—公元65），古罗马时代著名斯多亚学派哲学家。曾任尼禄皇帝的导师及顾问。

[57]尼尼微（Nineveh），为古代亚述帝国的重镇之一，位于底格里斯河东岸，在今日伊拉克北部城市摩苏尔附近。

[58]所多玛（Sodom），首次出现在旧约圣经的记载当中，这座城市位于死海的东南方，如今已沉没在水底。依圣经记载，所多玛是一个耽溺男色而淫乱、不忌讳同性性行为的城市。上帝决

意要毁灭所多玛与蛾摩拉二城，差派天使前往营救了罗得一家。

[59]参见《约翰福音》8:3—11。

[60]巴伐利亚的伊莎贝拉（Isabeau de Bavière，德语：Isabella von Bayern，1371—1435），维特尔斯巴赫王朝的公主，1385年至1422年为法国国王查理六世的王后，查理七世的母亲。作者写书时正当政。

[61]亚历山大的圣加大肋纳（Catherine of Alexandria），又称车轮圣加大肋纳及大殉道者圣加大肋纳，是一位基督教的圣人和殉道者，据称是4世纪早期的著名学者。正教会将其礼敬为“大殉道”，天主教会传统上将其视为十四救难圣人之一。她是中世纪晚期宗教文化中最有影响力的圣人之一，并被视为最重要的童贞殉道。

[62]亚历山大（Alexandria），亚历山大港，又译‘亚历山卓’。现埃及第二大城市、亚历山大省省会，地中海岸的港口、非洲重要的海港。

[63]马克森提乌斯（Marcus Aurelius Valerius Maxentius，278—312），罗马帝国皇帝，公元306年至312年在位。312年，君士坦丁一世率军进入意大利与马克森提乌斯展开决战，在米尔维安大桥战役中，马克森提乌斯大败，本人则在撤退中溺水而死。

[64]拉丁文，意为：神之城，汝之荣耀正被传颂。

Christine de Pizan

The City of Ladies

TRANSLATED BY ROSALIND BROWN-GRANT

PENGUIN BOOKS—GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Part Ⅰ

1. Here begins the Book of the City of Ladies, the first chapter of which explains why and for what purpose the book was written

One day, I was sitting in my study surrounded by many books of different kinds, for it has long been my habit to engage in the pursuit of knowledge. My mind had grown weary as I had spent the day struggling with the weighty tomes of various authors whom I had been studying for some time. I looked up from my book and decided that, for once, I would put aside these difficult texts and find instead something amusing and easy to read from the works of the poets. As I searched around for some little book, I happened to chance upon a work which did not belong to me but was amongst a pile of others that had been placed in my safe-keeping. I opened it up and saw from the title that it was by Matheolus. With a smile, I made my choice. Although I had never read it, I knew that, unlike many other works, this one was said to be written in praise of women. Yet I had scarcely begun to read it when my dear mother called me down to supper, for it was time to eat. I put the book to one side, resolving to go back to it the following day.

The next morning, seated once more in my study as is my usual custom, I remembered my previous desire to have a look at this book by Matheolus. I picked it up again and read on a little. But, seeing the kind of immoral language and ideas it contained, the content seemed to me likely to appeal only to those who enjoy reading works of slander and to be of no use

whatsoever to anyone who wished to pursue virtue or to improve their moral standards. I therefore leafed through it, read the ending, and decided to switch to some more worthy and profitable work. Yet, having looked at this book, which I considered to be of no authority, an extraordinary thought became planted in my mind which made me wonder why on earth it was that so many men, both derks and others, have said and continue to say and write such awful, damning things about women and their ways. I was at a loss as to how to explain it. It is not just a handful of writers who do this, nor only this Matheolus whose book is neither regarded as authoritative nor intended to be taken seriously. It is all manner of philosophers, poets and orators too numerous to mention, who all seem to speak with one voice and are unanimous in their view that female nature is wholly given up to vice.

As I mulled these ideas over in my mind again and again, I began to examine myself and my own behaviour as an example of womankind. In order to judge in all fairness and without prejudice whether what so many famous men have said about us is true, I also thought about other women I know, the many princesses and countless ladies of all different social ranks who have shared their private and personal thoughts with me. No matter which way I looked at it and no matter how much I turned the question over in my mind, I could find no evidence from my own experience to bear out such a negative view of female nature and habits. Even so, given that I could scarcely find a moral work by any author which didn't devote some chapter or paragraph to attacking the female sex, I had to accept their unfavourable opinion of women since it was unlikely that so many learned men, who seemed to be endowed with such great intelligence and insight into all things, could possibly have lied on so many different occasions. It was on the basis of this one simple argument that I was forced to conclude that, although my

understanding was too crude and ill-informed to recognize the great flaws in myself and other women, these men had to be in the right. Thus I preferred to give more weight to what others said than to trust my own judgement and experience.

I dwelt on these thoughts at such length that it was as If I had sunk into a deep trance. My mind became flooded with an endless stream of names as I recalled all the authors who had written on this subject. I came to the conclusion that God had surely created a vile thing when He created woman. Indeed, I was astounded that such a fine craftsman could have wished to make such an appalling object which, as these writers would have it, is like a vessel in which all the sin and evil of the world has been collected and preserved. This thought inspired such a great sense of disgust and sadness in me that I began to despise myself and the whole of my sex as an aberration in nature.

With a deep sigh, I called out to God: 'Oh Lord, how can this be? Unless I commit an error of faith, I cannot doubt that you, in your infinite wisdom and perfect goodness, could make anything that wasn't good. Didn't you yourself create woman especially and then endow her with all the qualities that you wished her to have? How could you possibly have made a mistake in anything? Yet here stand women not simply accused, but already judged, sentenced and condemned! I just cannot understand this contradiction. If it is true, dear Lord God, that women are guilty of such horrors as so many men seem to say, and as you yourself have said that the testimony of two or more witnesses is conclusive, how can I doubt their word? Oh God; why wasn't I born a male so that my every desire would be to serve you, to do right in all things, and to be as perfect a creature as man claims to be? Since you chose not to show such grace to me, please pardon and forgive me, dear Lord, if I

fail to serve you as well as I should, for the servant who receives fewer rewards from his lord is less obligated to him in his service.'

Sick at heart, in my lament to God I uttered these and many other foolish words since I thought myself very unfortunate that He had given me a female form.

2. Christine tells how three ladies appeared to her, and how the first of them spoke to her and comforted her in her distress

Sunk in these unhappy thoughts, my head bowed as if in shame and my eyes full of tears, I sat slumped against the arm of my chair with my cheek resting on my hand. All of a sudden, I saw a beam of light, like the rays of the sun, shine down into my lap. Since it was too dark at that time of day for the sun to come into my study, I woke with a start as if from a deep sleep. I looked up to see where the light had come from and all at once saw before me three ladies, crowned and of majestic appearance, whose faces shone with a brightness that lit up me and everything else in the place. As you can imagine, I was full of amazement that they had managed to enter a room whose doors and windows were all closed. Terrified at the thought that it might be some kind of apparition come to tempt me, I quickly made the sign of the cross on my forehead.

With a smile on her face, the lady who stood at the front of the three addressed me first: 'My dear daughter, don't be afraid, for we have not come to do you any harm, but rather, out of pity on your distress, we are here to comfort you. Our aim is to help you get rid of those misconceptions which have clouded your mind and made you reject what you know and believe in

fact to be the truth just because so many other people have come out with the opposite opinion. You're acting like that fool in the joke who falls asleep in the mill and whose friends play a trick on him by dressing him up in women's clothing. When he wakes up, they manage to convince him that he is a woman despite all evidence to the contrary! My dear gift, what has happened to your sense? Have you forgotten that it is in the furnace that gold is refined, increasing in value the more it is beaten and fashioned into different shapes? Don't you know that it's the very finest things which are the subject of the most intense discussion? Now, if you turn your mind to the very highest realm of all, the realm of abstract ideas, think for a moment whether or not those philosophers whose views against women you've been citing have ever been proven wrong. In fact, they are all constantly correcting each other's opinions, as you yourself should know from reading Aristotle's Metaphysics where he discusses and refutes both their views and those of Plato and other philosophers. Don't forget the Doctors of the Church either, and Saint Augustine in particular, who all took issue with Aristotle himself on certain matters, even though he is considered to be the greatest of all authorities on both moral and natural philosophy. You seem to have accepted the philosophers' views as articles of faith and thus as irrefutable on every point.

'As for the poets you mention, you must realize that they sometimes wrote in the manner of fables which you have to take as saying the opposite of what they appear to say. You should therefore read such texts according to the grammatical rule of antiphrasis, which consists of interpreting something that is negative in a positive light, or vice versa. My advice to you is to read those passages where they criticize women in this way and to turn them to your advantage, no matter what the author's original intention was. It could be that Matheolus is also meant to be read like this because there are some

passages in his book which, if taken literally, are just out-and-out heresy. As for what these authors - not just Matheolus but also the more authoritative writer of the Romance of the Rose - say about the God-given, holy state of matrimony, experience should tell you that they are completely wrong when they say that marriage is insufferable thanks to women. What husband ever gave his wife the power over him to utter the kind of insults and obscenities which these authors claim that women do? Believe me, despite what you've read in books, you've never actually seen such a thing because it's all a pack of outrageous lies. My dear friend, I have to say that it is your naivety which has led you to take what they come out with as the truth. Return to your senses and stop worrying your head about such foolishness. Let me tell you that those who speak ill of women do more harm to themselves than they do to the women they actually slander.'

[...]

8. Christine explains how Reason instructed her and helped her to begin digging up the ground in order to lay the foundations

Lady Reason replied to my words, saying: 'Stand up now, daughter, and without further delay let us make our way to the Field of Letters. There we will build the City of Ladies on flat, fertile ground, where fruits of all kinds flourish and fresh streams flow, a place where every good thing grows in abundance. Take the spade of your intelligence and dig deep to make a great trench all around where you see the line I have traced I'll help to carry away the hods of earth on my shoulders.'

Obeying her instructions, I jumped to my feet: thanks to the three ladies,

my body felt much stronger and lighter than before. She took the lead and I followed on behind. When we came to the spot she had described, I began to excavate and dig out the earth with the spade of my intelligence, just as she had directed me to do. The first fruit of my labours was this: 'My lady, I'm remembering that image of gold being refined in the furnace that you used before to symbolize the way many male writers have launched a full-scale attack on the ways of women. I take this image to mean that the more women are criticized, the more it redounds to their glory. But please tell me exactly what it is that makes so many different authors slander women in their writings because, if I understand you correctly, they are wrong to do so. Is it Nature that makes them do this? Or, if it is out of hatred, how can you explain it?'

Reason answered my questions, saying: 'My dear daughter, in order to help you see more clearly how things stand, let me carry away this first load of earth. I can tell you that, far from making them slander women, Nature does the complete opposite. There is no stronger or closer bond in the world than that which Nature, in accordance with God's wishes, creates between man and woman. Rather, there are many other different reasons which explain why men have attacked women in the past and continue to do so, including those authors whose works you have already mentioned. Some of those who criticized women did so with good intentions: they wanted to rescue men who had already fallen into the clutches of depraved and corrupt women or to prevent others from suffering the same fate, and to encourage men generally to avoid leading a lustful and sinful existence. They therefore attacked all women in order to persuade men to regard the entire sex as an abomination.'

'My lady,' I said, 'forgive me for interrupting you. Were they right to do

so, since they were acting with good intentions? Isn't it true that one's actions are judged by one's intentions?'

'You're wrong, my dear girl,' she replied, 'because there is no excuse for plain ignorance. If I killed you with good intentions and out of stupidity, would I be in the right? Those who have acted in this way, whoever they may be, have abused their power. Attacking one party in the belief that you are benefiting a third party is unfair. So is criticizing the nature of all women, which is completely unjustified, as I will prove to you by analogy. Condemning all women in order to help some misguided men get over their foolish behaviour is tantamount to denouncing fire, which is a vital and beneficial element, just because some people are burnt by it, or to cursing water just because some people are drowned in it. You could apply the same reasoning to all manner of things which can be put to either good or bad use. In none of these cases should you blame the thing in itself if foolish people use it unwisely. You yourself have made these points elsewhere in your writings. Those who subscribe to these opinions, whether in good or bad faith, have overstepped the mark in order to make their point. It's like somebody cutting up the whole piece of cloth in order to make himself a huge coat simply because it's not going to cost him anything and no one is going to object. It thus stops anyone else from using the material. If instead, as you yourself have rightly remarked, these writers had tried to find ways to save men from indulging in vice and from frequenting debauched women by attacking only the morals and the habits of those who were evidently guilty of such behaviour, I freely admit that they would have produced texts which were extremely useful. It's true that there's nothing worse than a woman who is dissolute and depraved: she's like a monster, a creature going against its own nature, which is to be timid, meek and pure. I can assure you that those

writers who condemn the entire female sex for being sinful, when in fact there are so many women who are extremely virtuous, are not acting with my approval. They've committed a grave error, as do all those who subscribe to their views. So let us throw out these horrible, ugly, misshapen stones from your work as they have no place in your beautiful city.

'Other men have criticized women for different reasons: some because they are themselves steeped in sin, some because of a bodily impediment, some out of sheer envy, and some quite simply because they naturally take delight in slandering others. There are also some who do so because they like to flaunt their erudition: they have come across these views in books and so like to quote the authors whom they have read.

'Those who criticize the female sex because they are inherently sinful are men who have wasted their youth on dissolute behaviour and who have had affairs with many different women. These men have therefore acquired cunning through their many experiences and have grown old without repenting of their sins. Indeed, they look back with nostalgia on the appalling way they used to carry on when they were younger. Now that old age has finally caught up with them and the spirit is still willing but the flesh has grown weak, they are full of regret when they see that, for them, the "good old days" are over and they can merely watch as younger men take over from where they have had to leave off. The only way they can release their frustration is to attack women and to try to stop others from enjoying the pleasures that they themselves used to take. You very often see old men such as these going around saying vile and disgusting things, as in the case of your Matheolus, who freely admits that he is just an impotent old man who would still like to satisfy his desires. He's an excellent example to illustrate my point as he's typical of many other similar cases.

'Yet, thank goodness, not all old men are full of depravity and rotten to the core like a leper. There are many other fine, decent ones whose wisdom and virtue have been nourished by me and whose words reflect their good character, since they speak in an honourable and sober fashion. Such men detest all kinds of wrong-doing and slander. Thus, rather than attacking and defaming individual sinners, male or female, they condemn all sins in general. Their advice to others is to avoid vice, pursue virtue and stick to the straight and narrow.

'Those men who have attacked women because of their own bodily impediments, such as impotence or a deformed limb, are all bitter and twisted in the mind. The only pleasure they have to compensate for their incapacity is to slander the female sex since it is women who bring such joy to other men. That way they are convinced that they can put others off enjoying what they themselves have never had.

'Those men who have slandered the opposite sex out of envy have usually known women who were cleverer and more virtuous than they are. Out of bitterness and spite, envious men such as these are driven to attack all women, thinking that they can thereby undermine these individuals' good reputation and excellent character, as in the case of the author of On Philosophy whose name I've forgotten. In this book, he goes to great lengths to argue that men should on no account praise women and that those who do so are betraying the title of his book: their doctrine is no longer "philosophy" but "philofolly". However, I can assure you that it is definitely he who is the arch-exponent of "philofolly" because of all the false reasoning and erroneous conclusions he comes out with in his book.

'As for those men who are slanderous by nature, it's not surprising if they criticize women, given that they attack everyone indiscriminately. You

can take it from me that any man who wilfully slanders the female sex does so because he has an evil mind, since he's going against both reason and nature. Against reason, because he is lacking in gratitude and failing to acknowledge all the good and indispensable things that woman has done for him both in the past and still today, much more than he can ever repay her for. Against nature, in that even the birds and the beasts naturally love their mate, the female of the species. So man acts in a most unnatural way when he, a rational being, fails to love woman.

'Finally, there are those who dabble in literature and delight in mimicking even the very finest works written by authors who are greatly superior to them. They think themselves to be beyond reproach since they are merely repeating what others have already said. Believe me, this is how they set about making their defamatory remarks. Some of them scribble down any old nonsense, verse without rhyme or reason, in which they discuss the ways of women, or princes, or whoever it might be, when it is they themselves, whose habits leave much to be desired, who are most in need of moral self-improvement. Yet the common folk, who are as ignorant as they are, think that it's the best thing they've ever read.'

9. How Christine dug over the earth: in other words, the questions which she put to Reason and the answers she received from her

'Now that I have prepared and set out this great task for you, you should carry on the task of digging up the ground, following the line which I have laid down.'

In obedience to Reason's wishes, I set to with all my might, saying, 'My

lady, why is it that Ovid, who is considered to be the greatest of poets (though others, myself included, think that Virgil is more worthy of that accolade, if you don't mind my saying so), made so many derogatory remarks about women in his writings, such as the Art of Love, the Remedies of Love and other works?'

Reason replied: 'Ovid was a man very well versed in the theory and practice of writing poetry and his fine mind allowed him to excel in everything he wrote. However, his body was given over to all kinds of worldliness and vices of the flesh: he had affairs with many women, since he had no sense of moderation and showed no loyalty to any particular one. Throughout his youth, he behaved like this only to end up with the reward he richly deserved: he lost not just his good name and his possessions, but even some parts of his body! Because he was so licentious, both in the way he carried on and in the encouragement he gave to others to do the same, he was finally sent into exile. Even when he was brought back from banishment by some of his followers, who were influential young men of Rome, he couldn't help himself from falling into exactly the same pattern as before. So finally he was castrated and deprived of his organs because of his immorality. He's another good example of what I was telling you about just now: once he realized that he could no longer indulge in the same kind of pleasures as before, he began to attack women with his sly remarks in an attempt to make others despise them too.'

'My lady, your words certainly ring true. However, I've seen another book by an Italian writer called Cecco d'Ascoli who, if I remember correctly, comes from the Marches or Tuscany. In this work, he says some extraordinarily unpleasant things which are worse than anything else I've ever read and which shouldn't be repeated by anybody with any sense.'

Reason's response was: 'My dear girl, don't be surprised if Cecco d'Ascoli slandered the whole of womankind since he hated and despised them all. Being unspeakably wicked, he tried to make all other men share his nasty opinion about women. He too got what he deserved: thanks to his heretical views, he suffered a shameful death at the stake.'

'My lady, I've also come across another little book in Latin, called On the Secrets of Women, which states that the female body is inherently flawed and defective in many of its functions.'

Reason replied, 'You shouldn't need any other evidence than that of your own body to realize that this book is a complete fabrication and stuffed with lies. Though some may attribute the book to Aristotle, it is unthinkable that a philosopher as great as he would have produced such outrageous nonsense. Any woman who reads it can see that, since certain things it says are the complete opposite of her own experience, she can safely assume that the rest of the book is equally unreliable. Incidentally, do you remember the part at the beginning where he claims that one of the popes excommunicated any man found either reading the book out loud to a woman or giving it to her to read for herself?'

'Yes, my lady, I do remember that passage.'

'Do you know what evil motive drove him to put such vile words at the front of his book for gullible, foolish men to read?'

'No, my lady, you'll have to tell me.'

'It was because he did'nt want women to get hold of his book and read it or have someone else read it to them for fear that if they did, they would pour scorn on it and would recognize it for the utter rubbish that it is. By this ruse, he thought he could trick the men who wanted to read his text.'

'My lady, amongst the other things he said, I seem to remember that,

after going on at great length about female children being the result of some weakness or deficiency in the mother's womb, he claimed that Nature herself is ashamed when she sees that she has created such an imperfect being.'

'Well, my dear Christine, surely it's obvious that those who come out with this opinion are totally misguided and irrational? How can Nature, who is God's handmaiden, be more powerful than her own master from whom she derives her authority in the first place? It is God almighty who, at the very core of His being, nurtured the idea of creating man and woman. When He put His divine wish into action and made Adam from the clay of the fields of Damascus, He took him to dwell in the earthly paradise, which has always been the noblest place on this lowly earth. There He put Adam to sleep and created the body of woman from one of his ribs. This was a sign that she was meant to be his companion standing at his side, whom he would love as if they were one flesh, and not his servant lying at his feet. If the Divine Craftsman Himself wasn't ashamed to create the female form, why should Nature be? It really is the height of stupidity to claim otherwise. Moreover, how was she created? I'm not sure if you realize this, but it was in God's image. How can anybody dare to speak ill of something which bears such a noble imprint? There are, however, some who are foolish enough to maintain that when God made man in His image, this means His physical body. Yet this is not the case, for at that time God had not yet adopted a human form, so it has to be understood to mean the soul, which is immaterial intellect and which will resemble God until the end of time. He endowed both male and female with this soul, which He made equally noble and virtuous in the two sexes. Whilst we're still on the subject of how the human body was formed, woman was created by the very finest of craftsmen. And where exactly was she made? Why, in the earthly paradise. What from? Was it from coarse

matter? No, it was from the finest material that had yet been invented by God: from the body of man himself.'

'My lady, from what you've told me, I can see that woman is a very noble creature. Yet, all the same, wasn't it Cicero who said that man should not be subject to woman and that he who did so abased himself because it is wrong to be subject to one who is your inferior?'

Reason answered, 'It is he or she who is the more virtuous who is the superior being: human superiority or inferiority is not determined by sexual difference but by the degree to which one has perfected one's nature and morals. Thus, happy is he who serves the Virgin Mary, for she is exalted even above the angels.'

'My lady, it was one of the Catos, the one who was a great orator, who declared that if woman hadn't been created, man would converse with the gods.'

Reason's reply was: 'Now you see an example of someone who was supposed to be very wise coming out with something very foolish. It is because of woman that man sits side by side with God. As for those who state that it is thanks to a woman, the lady Eve, that man was expelled from paradise, my answer to them would be that man has gained far more through Mary than he ever lost through Eve. Humankind has now become one with God, which never would have happened if Eve hadn't sinned. Both men and women should praise this fault of Eve's since it is because of her that such an honour has been bestowed on them. If human nature is fallen, due to the actions of one of God's creatures, it has been redeemed by the Creator Himself. As for conversing with the gods if womankind hadn't been invented, as this Cato claims; his words were truer than he knew. Being a pagan, he and those of his faith believed that both heaven and hell were ruled by the gods.

But the ones in hell are what we call devils, So it's definitely true to say that men would be conversing with the gods of hell if Mary had not come into the world!'

[...]

11. Christine asks Reason why women aren't allowed in courts of law, and Reason's reply

'Most honourable and worthy lady, your excellent arguments have satisfied my curiosity in so many areas. Yet, if you don't mind, I'd like you to explain to me why women are allowed neither to present a case at a trial, nor bear witness, nor pass sentence since some men have claimed that it's all because of some woman or other who behaved badly in a court of law.'

'My dear daughter, that whole ridiculous story is a malicious fabrication. However, if you wanted to know the causes and reasons behind everything, you would never get to the end of it. Even Aristotle, though he explained many things in his Problemata and Categories, was not equal to the task. But, dear Christine, to come back to your question, you might as well ask why God didn't command men to perform women's tasks and women those of men. In answer, one could say that just as a wise and prudent lord organizes his household into different domains and operates a strict division of labour amongst his workforce, so God created man and woman to serve Him in different ways and to help and comfort one another, according to a similar division of labour. To this end, He endowed each sex with the qualities and attributes which they need to perform the tasks for which they are cut out, even though sometimes humankind fails to respect these distinctions. God gave men strong, powerful bodies to stride about and to speak boldly, which

explains why it is men who learn the law and maintain the rule of justice. In those instances where someone refuses to uphold the law which has been established by fight, men must enforce it through the use of arms and physical strength, which women dearly could not do. Even though God has often endowed many women with great intelligence, it would not be right for them to abandon their customary modesty and to go about bringing cases before a court, as there are already enough men to do so. Why send three men to carry a burden which two can manage quite comfortably?

'However, if there are those who maintain that women aren't intelligent enough to learn the law, I would contradict them by citing numerous examples of women of both the past and the present who were great philosophers and who excelled in many disciplines which are much more difficult than simply learning the laws and the statutes of men. I'll tell you more about these women in a moment. Moreover, in reply to those who think that women are lacking in the ability to govern wisely or to establish good customs, I'll give you examples from history of several worthy ladies who mastered these arts. To give you a better idea of what I'm saying, I'll even cite you a few women from your own time who were widowed and whose competence in organizing and managing their households after their husbands' deaths attests to the fact that an intelligent woman can succeed in any domain.'

12. About the Empress Nicaula

'Tell me, if you can, whether you have ever read about a king who was more skilled in politics, statesmanship and justice and who maintained a more magnificent court than the great Empress Nicaula? The many different vast

and extensive lands which she held under her dominion were ruled by the famous kings known as pharaohs, from whom she herself was descended. However, it was this lady who first established laws and good customs in her realm, thus putting end once and for all to the primitive ways of the people in the countries under her control, even to the savage habits of the bestial Ethiopians. Those authors who have written about Nicaula praise her in particular for the way in which she brought civilization to her subjects. She was the heir of the pharaohs, inheriting a huge territory which included the kingdoms of Arabia, Ethiopia, Egypt and the island of Meroë, a long, broad stretch of land, which was extremely fertile, located in the middle of the Nile. She governed all of her territory with exemplary skill. What more can I tell you about this lady? Nicaula was so wise and so powerful that even the Holy Scriptures speak of her great abilities. She herself established just laws by which to rule her people. In nobility and wealth, she surpassed almost any man who ever lived. She was extremely well versed in both the arts and the sciences and was so proud that she never condescended to take a husband nor wanted any man to be at her side.'

[...]

14. More discussion and debate between Christine and Reason

'My lady, you have truly spoken well, and your words are like music to my ears. Yet, despite what we've said about intelligence, it's undeniable that women are by nature fearful creatures, having weak, frail bodies and lacking in physical strength. Men have therefore argued that it is these things that make the female sex inferior and of lesser value. To their minds, if a person's

body is defective in some way, this undermines and diminishes that person's moral qualities and thus it follows that he or she is less worthy of praise.'

Reason's reply was, 'My dear daughter, this is a false conclusion which is completely untenable. It is definitely the case that when Nature fails to make a body which is as perfect as others she has created, be it in shape or beauty, or in some strength or power of limb, she very often compensates for it by giving that body some greater quality than the one she has taken away. Here's an example: it's often said that the great philosopher Aristotle was very ugly, with one eye lower than the other and a deformed face. Yet, if he was physically misshapen, Nature certainly made up for it by endowing him with extraordinary intellectual powers, as is attested by his own writings. Having this extra intelligence was worth far more to him than having a body as beautiful as that of Absalom.

'The same can be said of the emperor Alexander the Great, who was extremely short, ugly and sickly, and yet, as is well known, he had tremendous courage in his soul. This is also true of many others. Believe me, my dear friend, it doesn't necessarily follow that a fine, strong body makes for a brave and courageous heart. Courage comes from a natural, vital force which is a gift from God that He allows Nature to implant in some rational beings more than in others. This force resides in the mind and the heart, not in the bodily strength of one's limbs. You very often see men who are well built and strong yet pathetic and cowardly, but others who are small and physically weak yet brave and tough. This applies equally to other moral qualities. As far as bravery and physical strength are concerned, neither God nor Nature has done the female sex a disservice by depriving it of these attributes. Rather, women are lucky to be deficient in this respect because they are at least spared from committing and being punished for the acts of

appalling cruelty, the murders and terrible violent deeds which men who are equipped with the necessary strength have performed in the past and still do today. It probably would have been better for such men if their souls had spent their pilgrimage through this mortal life inside the weak body of a woman. To return to what I was saying, I am convinced that if Nature decided not to endow women with a powerful physique, she none the less made up for it by giving them a most virtuous disposition: that of loving God and being fearful of disobeying His commandments. Women who don't act like this are going against their own nature.

'However, dear Christine, you should note that God clearly wished to prove to men that, just because all women are not as physically strong and courageous as men generally are, this does not mean that the entire female sex is lacking in such qualities. There are in fact several women who have displayed the necessary courage, strength and bravery to undertake and accomplish extraordinary deeds which match those achieved by the great conquerors and knights mentioned in books. I'll shortly give you an example of such a woman.

'My dear daughter and beloved friend, I've now prepared a trench for you which is good and wide, and have emptied it of earth which I have carried away in great loads on my shoulders. It's now time for you to place inside the trench some heavy, solid stones which will form the foundations of the walls for the City of Ladies. So take the trowel of your pen and get ready to set to with vigour on the building work. Here is a good, strong stone which I want you to lay as the first of your city's foundations. Don't you know that Nature herself used astrological signs to predict that it should be placed here in this work? Step back a little now and let me put it into position for you.'

[...]

16. About the Amazons

'There is a country near the land of Europe which lies on the Ocean, that great sea that covers the whole world. This place is called Scythia, or the land of the Scythians. It once happened that, in the course of a war, all the noblest male inhabitants of this country were killed. When their womenfolk saw that they had lost all their husbands, brothers and male relatives, and that only very young boys and old men were left, they took courage and called together a great council of women, resolving that, henceforth, they would lead the country themselves, free from male control. They issued an edict which forbade any man from entering their territory, but decided that, in order to ensure the survival of their race, they would go into neighbouring countries at certain times of the year and return thereafter to their own land. If they gave birth to male children, they would send them away to be with their fathers, but the female children they would bring up themselves. In order to uphold this law, they chose two of the highest-born ladies to be queens, one of whom was called Lampheto and the other Marpasia. No sooner was this done than they expelled all the men who were left in the country. Next, they took up arms, women and gifts together, and waged war on their enemies, laying waste to their lands with fire and sword and crushing all opposition until none remained. In short, they wreaked full revenge for their husbands' deaths.

'This is how the women of Scythia began to bear arms. They were later known as the Amazons, a name which means "they who have had a breast removed". It was their custom that, by a technique known only to this race of women, the most noble of them would have the left breast burnt off at a very

early age in order to free them up to carry a shield. Those young gifts who were of non-noble birth would lose the right breast so that they could more easily handle a bow. They took such pleasure in the pursuit of arms that they greatly expanded their territory by the use of force, thus spreading their fame far and wide. To get back to what I was saying, the two queens Lampheto and Marpasia each led a great army into various countries and were so successful that they conquered a large part of Europe and the region of Asia, subjugating many kingdoms to their rule. They founded many towns and cities including the Asian city of Ephesus, which has long been justly renowned. Of these two queens, it was Marpasia who died first in battle and who was replaced by a young daughter of hers, a beautiful and noble maiden called Synoppe. This girl was so proud that she chose never to sleep with a man, preferring instead to remain a virgin until her death. Her only love and sole pleasure in life was the pursuit of arms: she never tired of going into battle and seizing new lands. She also avenged her mother's death fully by putting to the sword the entire enemy population and laying waste to their whole country, adding it to the others which she went on to conquer.'

[...]

27. Christine asks Reason if God has ever blessed a woman's mind with knowledge of the highest branches of learning, and Reason's reply

Having listened to what Reason said, I answered, 'My lady, God truly performed wonders by endowing these women you've just been telling me about with such extraordinary powers. But, if you don't mind, please tell me if, amongst all the other favours He has shown to women, God ever chose to

honour any of them with great intelligence and knowledge. Do they indeed have an aptitude for learning? I'd really like to know why it is that men claim women to be so slow-witted.'

Reason's reply was: 'Christine, from what I've already told you, it should be obvious that the opposite of what they say is true. To make the point more clearly for you, I'll give you some conclusive examples. I repeat - and don't doubt my word - that if it were the custom to send little girls to school and to teach them all sorts of different subjects there, as one does with little boys, they would grasp and learn the difficulties of all the arts and sciences just as easily as the boys do. Indeed, this is often the case because, as I mentioned to you before, although women may have weaker and less agile bodies than men, which prevents them from doing certain tasks, their minds are in fact sharper and more receptive when they do apply themselves.'

'My lady, what are you saying? If you please, I'd be grateful if you would expand on this point. No man would ever accept this argument flit couldn't be proved, because they would say that men generally know so much more than women.'

She replied, 'Do you know why it is that women know less than men?'

'No, my lady, you'll have to enlighten me.'

'It's because they are less exposed to a wide variety of experiences since they have to stay at home all day to look after the household. There's nothing like a whole range of different experiences and activities for expanding the mind of any rational creature.'

'So, my lady, if they have able minds which can learn and absorb as much as those of men, why don't they therefore know more?'

'The answer, my dear girl, is that it's not necessary for the public good for women to go around doing what men are supposed to do, as I informed

you earlier. It's quite adequate that they perform the tasks for which they are fitted. As for this idea that experience tells us that women's intelligence is inferior to that of men simply because we see that those around us generally know less than men do, let's take the example of male peasants living in remote countryside or high mountains. You could give me plenty of names of places where the men are so backward that they seem no better than beasts. Yet, there's no doubt that Nature made them as perfect in mind and body as the cleverest and most learned men to be found in towns and cities. All this comes down to their lack of education, though don't forget what I said before about some men and women being more naturally endowed with intelligence than others. I'll now go on to prove to you that the female sex is just as clever as the male sex, by giving you some examples of women who had fine minds and were extremely erudite.'

28. Reason begins to speak about ladies who were blessed with great learning, starting with the noble maiden Cornificia

'The parents of the noble maiden Cornificia used a clever trick to send her to school along with her brother Cornificius when they were both young children. This little girl applied her extraordinary intelligence so well to her studies that she began to take a real delight in learning. It would have been extremely difficult to stifle this talent in her, for she refused all normal female occupations in order to devote herself to her books. After much dedication, she soon became an excellent and learned poet not solely in the field of poetry itself but also in philosophy, which she just drank in as if it were mother's milk. She was so motivated to excel in all the different disciplines that she soon outshone her brother himself no mean poet, in all branches of

scholarship.

'Moreover, she was not content simply to study the theoretical side of learning but wished to put her own knowledge into practice. Taking up her pen, she composed several distinguished works which, at the time of Saint Gregory, were held in great esteem, as he himself indicates in his writings. The great Italian author Boccaccio says of Cornificia in his book: "What a great honour it is for a woman to put aside all feminine things and to devote her mind to studying the works of the greatest scholars." He confirms what I've been telling you when he goes on to say that those women who have no confidence in their own intellectual abilities act as if they were born in the backwoods and had no concept of what is right and moral, letting themselves be discouraged and saying that they're fit for nothing but fussing over men and bearing and bringing up children. God has given every woman a good brain which she could put to good use, if she so chose, in all the domains in which the most learned and renowned men excel. If women wished to study, they are no more excluded from doing so than men are; and could easily put in the necessary effort to acquire a good name for themselves just as the most distinguished of men delight in doing. My dear daughter, see how Boccaccio himself echoes what I've been saying and note how much he approves of learning in a woman and praises them for it.'

[...]

30. About Sappho, who was an extremely fine poet and philosopher

'No less learned than Proba was Sappho, a maiden from the city of Mytilene. This Sappho was physically very beautiful, and also charming in her speech,

manner and bearing. However, the finest of her attributes was her superb intellect, for she was a great expert in many different arts and sciences. Moreover, she was not only familiar with the writings and treatises of others but was herself an author who composed many new works. The poet Boccaccio pays tribute to her, describing her in these delightful terms: "Sappho, spurred on by her fine mind and burning desire, devoted herself to her studies and rose above the common, ignorant herd, making her home on the heights of Mount Parnassus; in other words, at the summit of knowledge itself. Through her extraordinary boldness and daring, she won the good will of the Muses; that is, she immersed herself in the arts and sciences. She thus made her way through the lush forest full of laurels, may trees, delicious-scented flowers of different hues and sweet-smelling herbs which is the place where Grammar, Logic, Geometry, Arithmetic, and noble Rhetoric dwell. She travelled down this path until she eventually came to the deep cave of Apollo, god of knowledge, where she found the bubbling waters of the spring of Castalia. There she took up a plectrum and played lovely tunes on the harp with the nymphs leading the dance; that is to say, she learnt the art of musical chords as well as the rules of harmonics."

'This description of Sappho by Boccaccio should be understood to refer to the depth of her learning and to the great erudition of her works which, as the Ancients themselves pointed out, are so complex that even the most intelligent and educated men have difficulty in grasping their meaning. Her books, which are exquisitely written and still popular today, offer an excellent model for those of later generations who want to perfect the art of writing verse. She invented many new forms of song and poetry, including lays, sorrowful complaints, strange love laments and other poems inspired by different emotions which are beautifully wrought and are now called Sapphic

poems in her honour. On the subject of this lady's works, Horace recalls that a book of her verse was found under the pillow of the great philosopher Plato, Aristotle's teacher, when he died.

'To cut a long story short, Sappho was so famous for her learning that her native city decided to dedicate a prominent bronze statue to her in order to honour her and record her achievements for posterity. She earned herself a place amongst the greatest poets whose glory, according to Boccaccio, far outshines the mitres of bishops, the coronets and crowns of kings and even the palm wreaths and laurel garlands of those who are victorious in battle. I could give you many more examples of brilliant women, such as the Greek woman Leontium, an excellent philosopher, who dared to put forward clearly reasoned arguments against Theophrastus, a thinker who was highly regarded in his own time.'

[...]

33. Christine asks Reason if any woman has ever invented new forms of knowledge

I, Christine, on hearing Reason's words, took up this matter and said to her, 'My lady, I can clearly see that you are able to cite an endless number of women who were highly skilled in the arts and sciences. However, I'd like to ask you if you know of any woman who was ingenious, or creative, or clever enough to invent any new useful and important branches of knowledge which did not previously exist. It's surely less difficult to learn and follow a subject which has already been invented than it is to discover something new and unknown by oneself.'

Reason replied, 'Believe me, many crucial and worthy arts and sciences

have been discovered thanks to the ingenuity and cleverness of women, both in the theoretical sciences which are expressed through the written word, and in the technical crafts which take the form of manual tasks and trades. I'll now give you a whole set of examples.

'First of all, I'll tell you about the noble Nicostrata, whom the Italians called Carmentis. This lady was the daughter of the king of Arcadia whose name was Pallas. She was extraordinarily intelligent and endowed by God with special intellectual gifts, having such a vast knowledge of Greek literature and being able to write so wisely, elegantly and with such eloquence that the poets of the time claimed in their verse that she was loved by the god Mercury. They similarly thought that her son, who was in his day equally renowned for his intelligence, was the offspring of this god, rather than of her husband. Because of various upheavals that occurred in her native land, Nicostrata, accompanied by her son and a whole host of other people who wanted to go with her, set off for Italy in a large fleet of ships and sailed up the River Tiber. It was here that she went ashore and climbed up a great hill which she named Mount Palatine after her father. On this hill, where the city of Rome was subsequently founded, she, her son and her followers built themselves a castle. As she found the indigenous population to be very primitive, she laid down a set of rules for them to observe and encouraged them to live a rational and just existence. Thus it was she who first established laws in this country that was to become so famous for developing a legal system from which all known laws would be derived.

'Amongst all the other attributes that this lady possessed, Nicostrata was particularly blessed with the gift of divine inspiration and prophecy. She was thus able to predict that her adopted country would one day rise above all others to become the most magnificent and glorious realm on earth. To her

mind, therefore, it would not be fitting for this country which would outshine and conquer the rest of the world to use an inferior and crude set of alphabetical letters which had originated in a foreign country. Moreover, Nicostrata wished to transmit her own wisdom and learning to future generations in a suitable form. She therefore set her mind to inventing a new set of letters which were completely different from those used in other nations. What she created was the ABC - the Latin alphabet - as well as the rules for constructing words, the distinction between vowels and consonants and the bases of the science of grammar. She gave this knowledge and this alphabet to the people, in the hope that they would become universally known. It was truly no small or insignificant branch of knowledge that this lady invented, nor should she receive only paltry thanks for it. This ingenious science proved so useful and brought so much good into the world that one can honestly say that no nobler discovery was ever made.

'The Italians were not lacking in gratitude for this great gift, and rightly so, since they heralded it as such a marvellous invention that they venerated her more highly than any man, worshipping Nicostrata/Carmentis like a goddess in her own lifetime. When she died, they built a temple dedicated to her memory, situated at the foot of the hill where she had made her home. In order to preserve her fame for posterity, they borrowed various terms from the science she had invented and even used her own name to designate certain objects. In honour of the science of Latin that she had invented, the people of the country called themselves Latins. Furthermore, because ita in Latin is the most important affirmative term in that language, being the equivalent of oui in French, they did not stop at calling their own realm the land of the Latins, but went so far as to use the name Italy to refer to the whole country beyond their immediate borders, which is a vast area

comprising many different regions and kingdoms. From this lady's name, Carmentis, they also derived the Latin word carmen, meaning "song". Even the Romans, who came a long time after her, called one of the gates of the city the Porta Carmentalis. These names have not been changed since and are still the same today, no matter how the fortunes of the Romans have fared or which mighty emperor was in power.

'My dear Christine, what more could you ask for? Could any mortal man be said to have done anything so splendid? But don't think that she's the only example of a woman who invented many new branches of learning...'

34. About Minerva, who invented countless sciences, including the art of making arms from iron and steel

'Minerva, as you yourself have noted elsewhere, was a maiden from Greece who was also known as Pallas. This gift was so supremely intelligent that her contemporaries foolishly declared her to be a goddess come down from the heavens, since they had no idea who her parents were and she performed deeds that had never been done before. As Boccaccio himself points out, the fact that they knew so little about her origins meant that they were all the more astonished at her great wisdom, which surpassed that of every other woman of her time. She employed her skilfulness and her immense ingenuity not just in one domain but in many. First of all, she used her brilliance to invent various Greek letters called characters which can be used to write down a maximum number of ideas in a minimum number of words. This wonderfully clever invention is still used by the Greeks today. She also invented numbers and developed ways of using them to count and perform quick calculations. In short, she was so ingenious that she created many arts

and techniques that had not previously been discovered, including the art of making wool and cloth. It was she who first had the idea of shearing sheep and developing the whole process of untangling, combing and carding the wool with various instruments, cleaning it, breaking down the fibres on metal spikes and spinning it on the distaff, whilst also inventing the tools needed for weaving it into cloth and making it into fine fabric.

'Likewise, she discovered how to make oil from pressing olives and how to extract the juice from other sorts of fruit.

'Likewise, she invented the art of building carts and chariots in order to carry things more easily from one place to another.

'Likewise, an invention of this lady's which was all the more marvellous for being such an unlikely thing for a woman to think of, was the art of forging armour for knights to protect themselves in battle and weapons of iron and steel for them to fight with. She taught this art first to the people of Athens, whom she also instructed in how to organize themselves into armies and battalions and to fight in serried ranks.

'Likewise, she invented flutes, pipes, trumpets and other wind instruments.

'This lady was not only extraordinarily intelligent but also supremely chaste, remaining a virgin all her life. It was because of her exemplary chastity that the poets claimed in their fables that she struggled long and hard with Vulcan, the god of fire, but finally overcame and defeated him. This story can be interpreted to mean that she conquered the passions and desires of the flesh which so vigorously assail the body when one is young. The Athenians held this girl in the highest esteem, worshipping her as if she were a deity and calling her the goddess of arms and warfare because she was the first to invent these arts. She was also known as the goddess of wisdom,

thanks to her great intelligence.

'After her death, the people of Athens built a temple dedicated to her, in which they placed a statue representing wisdom and warfare in the likeness of a girl. This statue had terrible fierce eyes to symbolize both the duty of a knight to enforce justice and the inscrutability of the thoughts of a wise man. The statue had a helmet on its head, to suggest the idea that a knight must be hardened in battle and have unfailing courage, and that the plans of a wise man should be shrouded in secrecy. It was also dressed in chainmail, to represent the power of the estate of knighthood as well as the foresight of a wise man who arms himself against the vicissitudes of Fortune. The statue held a great spear or lance as an emblem of the fact that a knight must be the rod of justice and that a wise man launches his attacks from a safe distance. Round the statue's neck hung a shield or buckler of crystal, meaning that a knight must always be vigilant and ready to defend the country and the people and that a wise man has a clear understanding of all things. In the centre of this shield was the image of the head of a serpent known as a Gorgon, to suggest the idea that a knight must be cunning and stalk his enemies like a snake whilst a wise man must be wary of all the harm that others might do to him. To guard the statue, they placed next to it a night bird - an owl - to signify that a knight must be prepared, if needs be, to protect the country both day and night, and that a wise man must be alert at all times to do what is right. This lady Minerva was greatly revered for a long time and her fame spread to many other countries, where they also dedicated temples to her. Even centuries later, when the Romans were at the height of their powers, they incorporated her image into their pantheon of gods.'

35. About Queen Ceres, who invented agriculture and

many other arts

'Ceres was queen of the Sicilians in very ancient times. Thanks to her great ingenuity, it was she who was responsible for inventing both the science and the techniques of agriculture as well as all the necessary tools. She taught her subjects how to round up and tame their cattle and train them to take the yoke. Ceres also invented the plough, showing her people how to use the blade to dig and slice through the soil, and all the other skills needed for this task. Next she taught them how to scatter the seed on the ground and to cover it over. Once the seed had taken root and grown into shoots, she revealed to them how to cut the sheaves and thresh them with a flail in order to separate the wheat from the chaff. Ceres then demonstrated to them how to grind the grain between heavy stones and to construct mills, going on to show them how to prepare flour and make it into bread. Thus this lady encouraged men who had been living like beasts off acorns, wild grasses, apples and holly berries to eat a more noble diet.

'Ceres didn't stop there: she gathered together her people, who at that time were used to wandering about like animals making their temporary homes in woods or moorlands, into large groups and taught them how to build proper towns and cities and to live in communities. She thereby brought humankind out of its primitive state and introduced it to a more civilized and rational way of life. The poets wrote a fable about Ceres which tells how her daughter was abducted by Pluto, god of the underworld. Because of her great knowledge and all the good that she had brought into the world, the people of the time venerated her, calling her the goddess of corn.'

36. About Isis, who discovered the art of making gardens

and growing plants

'Thanks to her extensive knowledge of horticulture, Isis was not only queen of Egypt but also the highly revered goddess of the Egyptians. The fables tell how Isis was loved by Jupiter, who turned her into a cow and then back into her original form, all of which is an allegory of her great learning, as you yourself have pointed out in your Letter of Othea to Hector. For the benefit of the Egyptians, she also invented certain types of characters to represent their language which could be used to write down ideas in a concise way.

'Isis was the daughter of Inachos, king of the Greeks, and sister of Phoroneus, who was a very wise man. It so happened that this lady and her brother left Greece for Egypt and it was there that she showed the people many different things, including how to create gardens, grow plants and graft cuttings of one species on to another. She also set up a number of fine and decent laws which she encouraged the Egyptians to live by, since up until then they had been in a very primitive state without a properly established system of justice. In short, Isis did so much for them that they honoured her with great ceremony both in her own lifetime and after her death. Her fame spread throughout the world, with temples and oratories consecrated to her springing up all over. Even when Rome was at its peak, the Romans erected a temple in her honour where they performed great sacrifices and solemn rites observing the same customs which the Egyptians used to worship her.

'This noble lady's husband was named Apis, whom the pagans mistakenly believed to be the son of the god Jupiter and of Niobe, daughter of Phoroneus. The ancient historians and poets make great mention of this man.'

[...]

43. Christine asks Reason if women are naturally endowed with good judgement, and Reason replies to her question

I, Christine, came back to Reason, saying: 'My lady, it is now clear to me that God has truly made women's minds sharp enough to learn, understand and retain any form of knowledge. Praise be to Him for this! However, I'm always surprised at how many people you see whose minds are very quick to pick up and grasp all that they are shown and who are mentally agile and clever enough to master any discipline they please, attaining great learning through their dedication to their studies, but yet seem to lack judgement when it comes to their personal morals and public behaviour. This is true even of some of the most famous and erudite scholars. There's no doubt that knowledge of the sciences should help inculcate moral values. So, if you please, my lady, I'd be keen to know whether women's minds, which both you and my own experience have proved to me to be capable of understanding the most complex matters in sciences and other disciplines, are just as proficient at learning the lessons which good judgement teaches us. In other words, can women distinguish between what is the right and the wrong thing to do? Can they modify their current behaviour on the basis of past experience? Can they use the example of the present to anticipate how they should conduct themselves in the future? In my view, this is what good judgement consists of.'

Reason replied: 'You're quite right, my dear girl. Yet don't forget that this faculty that you're talking about is inherent in both men and women, and that some are more generously endowed with it than others. Note too that good judgement does not come from learning, though learning can help perfect it in those who are naturally that way inclined, since, as you know,

two forces moving in the same direction are stronger and more powerful than a single force moving on its own. Therefore, in my opinion, anyone who has naturally good judgement or good sense and who also manages to attain learning is thoroughly deserving of praise. But, as you yourself have pointed out, some have one but not the other: one is a gift from God and is an innate quality, whereas the other is only acquired after much study. Both, however, are good.

'There are those who would maintain that it is better to have good judgement and no learning than to have great learning but bad judgement. This is a highly controversial proposition that raises all sorts of questions. You could say that the best person is the one who contributes most to the common good. In that case, it's undeniable that learned individuals help others most by sharing their knowledge with them, no matter how much good judgement they might possess. This is because individuals' faculty of judgement only lasts as long as their lifetime: when they die, it does, too. On the other hand, learning which has been acquired endures for ever, in that the good reputation of those who possess it never dies and they can teach their knowledge to others as well as pass it on in books for future generations to discover. Their learning does not therefore die with them, as I can prove to you by the example of Aristotle and all the others who first brought the sciences into the world. This type of acquired knowledge has been more beneficial to humankind than all the good judgement shown by those figures of the past who had no learning, even though many of them used their good sense to govern and administer their empires and kingdoms most wisely. The fact is, these deeds are transient and vanish with time, whereas learning is indestructible.

'However, I'm going to set these matters aside for others to resolve since

they are not strictly relevant to our task of building the city. Instead, let's go back to what you originally asked me about whether women naturally have good judgement. On this question, I can give you a firm "yes". You should be able to gather this not just from what I've already told you but also from observing the way in which women generally go about doing their traditionally female duties. If you care to look closely, you'll discover that for the most part women prove themselves to be extremely attentive, diligent and meticulous in running a household and seeing to everything as best they can. Sometimes, those women who have lazy husbands annoy them by giving the impression that they are nagging them, telling them what to do and trying to be the voice of authority in the house; though husbands like this are just putting a bad slant on what most wives do with all good intentions. The next part of what I have to say will be largely derived from the "Epistle of Solomon" which talks about good wives such as these.'

44. The 'Epistle of Solomon' from the Book of Proverbs

'Whoever finds a valiant woman, one of sound judgement, will be a husband who lacks for nothing. Her fame spreads far and wide and her husband puts his faith in her for she brings him nothing but good and prosperity at all times. She looks for and acquires wool, in other words she sets her maid servants a worthy task to keep them gainfully employed and her household well stocked, and she herself lends a hand. She is like the ship of a merchant which brings all good things to shore and provides the bread. She rewards those who deserve it and they are her intimate friends. In her house, there is plenty to eat, even for the servants. She weighs up the price of a piece of land before buying it and she uses her good sense to plant the vines which will

keep the household in wine. Full of courage and resolve, she girds her loins with strength and toughens up her arms with continuous hard work. Even in the dark of night, the light of her labours still shines through. She toils at the heavy tasks yet doesn't neglect women's work either, for she does her fair share. She extends a helping hand to the poor and brings them comfort in their suffering. By her efforts, the house is protected against the cold and the snow and her servants' clothing is lined. She dresses herself in silk and purple: that is, in integrity and splendour. Her husband too cuts an honourable figure when he is seated in the top ranks with the most venerable people in the land. She makes fine linen cloth, which she sells, and wraps herself in strength and glory. For this, she will have everlasting joy. Words of wisdom spring from her lips and her tongue is ruled by gentleness. She makes sure that the household is fully provided for and does not eat the bread of idleness. Her children's behaviour shows that she is their mother and their actions reveal her tender care. Her husband's fine appearance does her credit. She governs her daughters in all matters, even when they are fully grown. She despises the trappings of glory and the transience of beauty. Such a woman will fear the Lord and be praised, and He will reward her for her labours as they attest to her virtue far and wide.'

[...]

48. About Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus

'Lavinia, queen of the Laurentines, was similarly renowned for her good sense. Descended from the same Cretan king, Saturn, whom I've just mentioned, she was the daughter of King Latinus. She later wed Aeneas, although before her marriage she had been promised to Turnus, king of the

Rutulians. Her father, who had been informed by an oracle that she should be given to a Trojan prince, kept putting off the wedding despite the fact that his wife, the queen, was very keen for it to take place. When Aeneas arrived in Italy, he requested King Latinus's permission to enter his territory. He was not only granted leave to do so but was immediately given Lavinia's hand in marriage. It was for this reason that Turnus declared war on Aeneas, a war which caused many deaths and in which Tumus himself was killed. Having secured the victory, Aeneas took Lavinia as his wife. She later bore him a son, even though he himself died whilst she was still pregnant. As her time grew near, she became very afraid that a man called Ascanius, Aeneas's elder son by another woman, would attempt to murder her child and usurp the throne. She therefore went off to give birth in the woods and named the newborn baby Julius Silvius. Vowing never to marry again, Lavinia conducted herself with exemplary good judgement in her widowhood and managed to keep the kingdom intact, thanks to her astuteness. She was able to win her stepson's affection and thus defuse any animosity on his part towards her or his stepbrother. Indeed, once he had finished building the city of Alba, Ascanius left to make his home there. Meanwhile, Lavinia ruled the country with supreme skill until her son came of age. This child's descendants were Romulus and Remus, who later founded the city of Rome. They in turn were the ancestors of all the noble princes who came after them.

'What more can I tell you, my dear Christine? It seems to me that I've cited sufficient evidence to make my point, having given enough examples and proofs to convince you that God has never criticized the female sex more than the male sex. My case is conclusive, as you have seen, and my two sisters here will go on to confirm this for you in their presentation of the facts. I think that I have fulfilled my task of constructing the enclosure walls

of the City of Ladies, since they're all now ready and done. Let me give way to my two sisters: with their help and advice you'll soon complete the building work that remains.'

End of the First Part of the Book of the City of Ladies.

Part Ⅱ

1. The first chapter tells of the ten Sibyls

After the first lady, whose name was Reason, had finished speaking, the second lady, called Rectitude, turned to me and said, 'My dear Christine, I mustn't hang back from performing my duty: together we must construct the houses and buildings inside the walls of the City of Ladies which my sister Reason has now put up. Take your tools and come with me. Don't hesitate to mix the mortar well in your inkpot and set to on the masonry work with great strokes of your pen. I'll keep you well supplied with materials. With the grace of God, we'll soon have put up the royal palaces and noble mansions for the glorious and illustrious ladies who will come to live in this city for evermore.'

On hearing this honourable lady's words, I, Christine, replied to her, saying, 'Most excellent lady, here I stand ready before you. I will obey your every command, for my only wish is to do your bidding.'

She then answered me, 'My dear friend, look at these beautiful gleaming stones, more precious than any others in the world, that I have quarried and cut ready for you to use in the building work. Have I stood idly by whilst you were toiling away so hard with Reason? You must now arrange them in the order that I shall give you, following the line that I have traced for you.

'Amongst the highest rank of ladies of great renown are the wise sibyls who were extraordinarily knowledgeable. According to the most authoritative sources, there were ten sibyls, though some maintain there were only nine. My dear Christine, take good note of all this: what greater gift of divine

revelation did God ever bestow on any prophet, even the most beloved, than that which He granted to these noble ladies I'm talking about? Didn't He confer on them the holy spirit of prophecy which allowed them to speak and write so straightforwardly and clearly that it was as if they were recounting past and completed actions in the manner of a chronicle, rather than anticipating events that would happen in the future? They even spoke more plainly and in greater detail than any prophet about the coming of Christ, which happened a long time after their day. These ladies kept their virginity intact and their bodies unsullied for the whole of their lives. All ten of them were called Sibyl, but this shouldn't be taken to be a proper name. The word "sibyl" in fact means "one who is privy to the thoughts of God". They were all given this name because their prophecies were of such momentous events that they could only have known of them if they had had access to the mind of God Himself. It's therefore a title of office rather than the name of an individual. Though they were all born in different countries of the world and lived in different eras, they all foresaw great future events including, with particular clarity, the birth of Christ, as I've already mentioned. Moreover, all ten of them were pagans, not even of the Jewish faith.

'The first sibyl came from the land of Persia, and for this reason is called Persica. The second one was from Libya, hence she was known as Libica. The third, born in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, was therefore called Delphica. It was she who predicted the destruction of Troy long before it occurred and she to whom Ovid dedicated a few lines in one of his books. The fourth one was from Italy: her name was Cimeria. The fifth, born in Babylon, was called Herophile: she was the one who prophesied to the Greeks who had come to consult her that they would destroy both Troy and its citadel, Ilium, and that Homer would give an untruthful version of these

events in his writings. She was also known as Erythrea, for that was the name of the island where she made her home and where her books were subsequently discovered. The sixth one came from the island of Samos, and was called Sarnia. The seventh was known as Cumana, because she was born in the Italian city of Cumae, in the region of Campania. The eighth was named Hellespontina, for she came from Hellespont on the plains of Troy: she flourished during the time of Cyrus and the famous author Solon. The ninth one, called Phrygica, was from Phrygia, and she not only spoke at length about the fall of many different kingdoms but also described in vivid detail the coming of the false prophet Antichrist. The tenth was called Tiburtina, also known as Albunea, whose writings are held in great esteem because she wrote about Jesus Christ most clearly. Despite the fact that these sibyls were all of pagan origin, each of them eventually repudiated this faith on the grounds that it was wrong to worship a multiplicity of gods, that there was only one true God, and that all idols were false.'

[...]

5. About Cassandra and Queen Basine, as well as more about Nicostrata

'That Nicostrata whom we discussed earlier was also a prophetess. As soon as she crossed the River Tiber and had climbed up on to Mount Palatine with her son Evander, of whom the history books make great mention, she prophesied that on that hill would be built the most famous city that had ever existed, one which would rule over all other earthly kingdoms. In order to be the first person to lay down a founding stone, she constructed a fortress there, as we have said before, and it was on this spot that Rome was founded and

subsequently built.

'Likewise, wasn't the noble Trojan maiden Cassandra, daughter of King Priam of Troy and sister of the illustrious Hector, also a prophetess, she who was so learned that she knew all the arts? Having chosen never to take any man for her lord, no matter how high-born a prince he might be, this girl foresaw what would happen to the Trojans and was forever sunk in sorrow. The more she saw the glory of Troy flourish and prosper in the period before the conflict between the Trojans and the Greeks began, the more she wept, wailed and lamented. The sight of the city in all its wealth and magnificence, and of her brothers in all their splendour, especially the noble Hector who was so full of valour, made it impossible for Cassandra to keep to herself all the horror that was to come. On seeing the war break out, her grief intensified and she never left off crying, shrieking and imploring her father and brothers to make peace with the Greeks for heaven's sake, warning them that otherwise the war would destroy every one of them. But her words were all in vain for no one believed her. Moreover, since she refused to be silent but understandably gave full vent to her sorrow at all this destruction and killing, she was often beaten by her father and brothers who told her that she was mad. Yet she never let up for a moment: even if her life depended on it, she would never stop telling them about what was going to happen. In the end, in order to have some peace and to block out the incessant noise she made, they had to shut her up in a distant room far away from other people. However, it would have been better for them if they had believed her, because everything came to pass just as she had said. They eventually regretted what they had done, but by then it was too late.

'Likewise, weren't the prophecies of Queen Basine equally extraordinary, she who had been married to the king of Thuringia and then

became the wife of Childeric, the fourth king of France, as the chronicles recall? The story goes that, on her wedding night, she persuaded King Childeric that if he kept himself chaste that night he would receive a marvellous vision. Thereupon she told him to get up and go to the bedroom window and to describe what he could see outside. The king did as she said and it seemed to him that he could see great beasts such as unicorns, leopards and lions coming and going in the palace. Turning round to the queen in terror, he asked her what it all meant. She replied that she would reveal the answer to him in the morning and reassured him that he had nothing to fear but should go back to the window again. This he did, and the second time he thought he saw fierce bears and enormous wolves which seemed to be attacking each other. The queen sent him back to the window a third time and he thought he could see dogs and other small creatures tearing each other to pieces. The king was so horrified and amazed at these things that the queen had to explain to him that the animals he had seen in his vision represented their descendants, the successive generations of French princes who would one day sit on the throne. The different types of animal symbolized what the temperament and behaviour of these various princes would be like.

'So, you can clearly see, my dear Christine, how often God has disclosed His secrets to the world through women.'

[...]

7. Christine addresses Lady Rectitude

'My lady, the more evidence I see and hear which proves that women are innocent of everything that they have been accused of, the more obvious it is to me how in the wrong their accusers are. Yet I can't help myself from

mentioning a custom which is quite common amongst men and even some women, which is that when wives are pregnant and give birth to a daughter, their husbands are very often unhappy and disgruntled that they didn't bear them a son. Their silly wives, who should be overjoyed that God has delivered them safely and should thank Him with all their hearts, are also upset because they see that their husbands are distressed. But why is it, my lady, that they are so displeased? Is it because girls are more trouble than boys or less loving and caring towards their parents than male children are?'

Rectitude replied, 'My dear friend, since you've asked me why this happens, I can assure you that those who upset themselves tend to do so out of ignorance and stupidity. However, the main reason why they are unhappy is because they worry how much it's going to cost them to marry off their daughters since they will have to pay for it out of their own pockets. Others, though, are dismayed because they're afraid of the danger that a young and innocent girl can be led astray by the wrong sort of people. Yet neither of these reasons stands up to scrutiny. As for being worried that their daughters will disgrace themselves, all the parents have to do is bring them up properly when they're little, with the mother setting them an example through her own respectable behaviour and good advice; though if the mother has lax morals, she will hardly be a fit example for the daughter to follow. Daughters should be kept on a tight rein away from bad company and taught to fear their parents because bringing infants and children up strictly helps to establish good conduct later in life. Likewise, on the question of the expense involved, I would say that if the parents, whatever social class they may be, looked carefully at what it costs them to set their sons up or to pay for them to study or learn a trade, let alone all the extra money which their sons spend on disreputable acquaintances and unnecessary luxuries, they would soon realize

that sons are scarcely less of a financial burden than daughters. Not to mention all the terrible anguish and worry that many sons frequently inflict on their parents by getting into nasty fights and vicious brawls or by falling into depraved habits, all this to the shame of their parents and at their expense. To my mind, this far outweighs any distress that their daughters might cause them.

'See how many names you can cite of sons who actually looked after their aged parents with kindness and consideration, as they should do. Though one can find both past and present examples, they're rather thin on the ground and their assistance comes only at the last minute. What usually happens is that, when they're all grown up, having been treated like a god by their parents and having learnt a trade or studied thanks to their father's help, or become rich and affluent by some stroke of good fortune, if their father falls on hard times or into destitution, they'll turn their backs on him and be ashamed and embarrassed when they see him. If, on the other hand, the father is well off, they can't wait for him to die so that they can get their hands on his estate. God knows how many sons of great lords and wealthy men long for the death of their parents in order to inherit their lands and possessions. Petrarch definitely spoke the truth when he said: "O foolish man, you wish to have children but you can have no deadlier enemies than these. If you are poor, they will despise you and will pray for your death so as to be rid of you. If you are rich, they will pray for it all the more in order to grab your wealth." I don't mean to say that all sons are like this, but many of them are. Moreover, if they're married, God knows how insatiable they can be as they suck their mother and father dry to the extent that they wouldn't care if the poor old things starved to death as long as they can inherit the lot. What dreadful offspring! If their mothers are widowed, instead of comforting them

and being a rod and staff to them in their old age, they pay them back terribly for all the love and devotion their mothers have spent on bringing them up. Bad children have the idea that everything should belong to them, so if their mothers don't give them all they want, they don't hesitate to pour down their curses upon them. Heaven knows what kind of respect this is to show one's mother! Worse still, some of them think nothing of taking their mothers to court and bringing a case against them. That's the reward that many parents get for having spent their whole lives putting their money to one side for the benefit of their children. Plenty of sons are like this, and it may be too that some daughters are of the same ilk. But if you look closely, I think you'll find that there are more unworthy sons than daughters.

'Even if all male children were dutiful, the fact remains that you see more daughters than sons keeping their mothers and fathers company. They not only visit them more often, but also comfort them and look after them more when they're old and infirm. The reason for this is that boys tend to go out and about in the world whereas gifts tend to be retiring and stay closer to home, as you yourself can attest. Though your brothers are very loving and devoted sons, they have gone out into the world whilst you have stayed behind alone to take care of your dear mother and are the main comfort to her in her old age. To sum up, I would say that those who are upset and unhappy at having daughters are completely deluded. Whilst we're on this subject, I'd like to tell you about several women mentioned amongst others in the history books who were very kind and caring towards their parents.'

8. Here begins a series of daughters who loved their parents, the first of whom is Drypetina

'Drypetina, Queen of Laodicea, was very loving towards her father. She was the daughter of the great King Mithradates and was so devoted to him that she followed him into all his battles. This girl was extremely ugly, for she had two sets of teeth, a very severe deformity. However, she loved her father so much that she never left his side, in good times or in bad. Despite the fact that she was the queen and lady of a vast realm, which meant that she could have lived a safe and comfortable life in her own country, she preferred to share her father's sufferings and hardships whenever he went off to war. Even when he was defeated by the mighty Pompey, she still did not abandon him but looked after him with great care and dedication.'

[...]

12. Here Rectitude explains that the houses of the city have been completed and that it is time they were filled with inhabitants

'My dearest friend, it seems to me that our building is well underway and that the City of Ladies now has plentiful housing all along its wide streets. The royal palaces are completed and the defence towers and keeps are now standing proud, tall enough to be seen from miles away. It's high time that we began to fill this city with people. It should not stand deserted or empty but should be full of illustrious ladies, as they alone are welcome here. How happy the inhabitants of our city will be! They will have no cause to fear being thrown out of their homes by enemy hordes, for this place has a special property which means that those who move into it will never be dispossessed. A new Realm of Femininia is at hand, except that this one is so much more perfect than the previous one because the ladies who live here will have no

need to leave their territory in order to breed the new generations of women who will inherit their realm down the ages. The ladies we're going to invite here will be sufficient in number to last for all time.

'Once we have filled the city with worthy citizens, my sister, Lady Justice, will come bringing with her the queen, a magnificent lady who surpasses all others, accompanied by a host of the noblest princesses. It is they who will occupy the finest buildings and will make their homes in the lofty towers. So it's all the more urgent that, when the queen comes, she should find the city full of excellent ladies ready to receive her with all honours as their supreme mistress and as the empress of their sex. What type of citizens shall we bring? Will they be dissolute women of ill repute? Most certainly not! They will all be valiant ladies of great renown, for we could wish for no worthier population nor more beautiful adornment to our city than such virtuous and honourable women as these. Come now, Christine, let's set out in search of our ladies.'

13. Christine asks Lady Rectitude if it's true what men and books say about the institution of marriage being unbearable because women are so impossible to live with. In her reply, Rectitude begins by discussing the great love that women have for their husbands

Whilst we were doing as Rectitude had said and were on our way to fetch the ladies we were looking for, I said to her as we walked along, 'My lady, you and Reason have conclusively replied to all the questions and queries that I was unable to answer for myself and I think that I'm now much better informed than I was before on these matters. Thanks to you two, I have

discovered that women are more than capable of undertaking any task which requires physical strength or of learning any discipline which requires discernment and intelligence. However, I would now like to ask your opinion about something which is weighing very heavily on my mind. Is it true what so many men say and so many authors in their books claim about it being the fault of women and their shrewish, vengeful nagging that the married state is such a constant hell for men? There are plenty of people who maintain that this is the case, arguing that women care so little for their husbands and their company that there is nothing which irritates them more. In order to avoid this misery and these problems, many authors have advised men to be wise and not to marry at all, on the grounds that there are no women - or hardly any - who are faithful to their spouses. This view is even echoed in the Letter of Valerius to Ruffinus which quotes Theophrastus who, in his book, stated that no wise man would take a wife because women cause trouble, lack affection, and gossip incessantly. He also says that if a man gets married thinking that he'll be well looked after and well cared for if he falls ill, he'd be much better off being attended by a loyal servant, who would also cost him a lot less too. If the wife falls ill, on the other hand, he'll be all anxious and will feel obliged not to leave her side. Theophrastus came out with much more in this vein, but I won't go into it any further. My dear lady, if such things are true, it would seem that these faults are so awful that they cancel out completely whatever good qualities or virtues a woman might have.'

Rectitude replied, 'My dear Christine, as you yourself said earlier on this subject, it's certainly easy to win your case when there's no one to argue against you. But believe me when I tell you that the books which put forward these ideas were definitely not written by women. Indeed, I have no doubt that if one wanted to write a new book on the question of marriage by

gathering information based on the facts; one would come up with a very different set of views. My dear friend, as you yourself know, there are so many wives who lead a wretched existence bound in marriage to a brutish husband who makes them suffer greater penance than if they were enslaved by Saracens. Oh God, how many fine and decent women have been viciously beaten for no good reason, heaped with insults, obscenities and curses, and subjected to all manner of burdens and indignities, without uttering even a murmur of protest. Not to mention all those wives who are laden down with lots of tiny mouths to feed and lie starving to death in penury whilst their husbands are either out visiting places of depravity or living it up in town or in taverns. All that wives such as these get for supper when their husbands come home is a good hiding. I ask you, am I telling lies? Haven't you ever seen any of your neighbours being treated in this way?'

I replied, 'Yes, my lady. I've seen many women treated like this and I felt sorry for them.'

'I can well believe it. As for those husbands who are anxious when their wives fall ill, I ask you, my dear friend, do you know of any? Without going into further detail, let me tell you that all this rubbish that has ever been said and written about wives is just a string of falsehoods tied together. It is the husband who is the master of the wife, and not the other way round. A man would never allow himself to be dominated by a woman. However, let me assure you that not all marriages are like this. There are some married couples who love each other, are faithful to each other, and live together in peace: in these cases it is both spouses who are sensible, kind and gentle. Though there are bad husbands, there are also some who are decent, honourable and wise. The women who have the good fortune to marry them should thank God for giving them so much happiness here on this earth. You yourself can attest to

this since you couldn't have wished for a better husband than you had. In your opinion, he surpassed all other men in kindness, gentleness, loyalty and affection, and you will never stop grieving for his death in your heart. Whilst it's undeniable that there are many fine women who are badly treated by their contrary husbands, it's also true to say that some wives are wilful and unreasonable. Indeed, if I claimed that all wives were paragons of virtue, I would quite rightly be accused of being a liar. However, these women are in the minority. Anyway, I'd rather not discuss such women because they're like creatures who go totally against their nature.

'Talking about good wives instead, let's go back to what that Theophrastus, whom you mentioned earlier, said about a sick man being as well looked after and as faithfully attended by a servant as by a wife. You see countless good and loyal wives who serve their husbands in sickness or in health with as much loving care as if they were gods! I don't think you're going to find many servants like that. Since we're on this subject, I'll now give you some examples of wives who adored their husbands and were utterly devoted to them. Now, thank the Lord, we can come back to our city with a fine host of decent and respectable ladies whom we can invite inside. Here is the noble Queen Hypsicratea, who was once wife of the mighty King Mithradates. Because she belongs to such ancient times and is of such inestimable worth, she shall be the first to take her place in the magnificent palace which has been prepared for her.'

14. About Queen Hypsicratea

'How could anyone show more love for another person than the beautiful Hypsicratea did for her husband, she who was so kind and loyal? This lady

was the wife of the great King Mithradates who ruled over lands where twenty-four different languages were spoken. Despite the fact that this king was the most powerful on earth, the Romans waged a terrible war on him. In all the time that he was engaged in his lengthy and arduous battles, his good wife never left him, no matter where he went. As was the barbarian custom, this king also had several concubines. However, this noble lady bore her husband such a deep love that she refused to let him go anywhere without her and frequently went off with him into battle. Though the fate of the kingdom was at stake and the threat of death at the hands of the Romans ever present, she travelled everywhere with him to far-off places and strange lands, crossing seas and perilous deserts and never once failing to be his faithful companion at his side. Her affection for him was so strong that she deemed that no man could possibly serve her lord with such perfect loyalty as she could.

'So, contrary to what the philosopher Theophrastus says on the subject, this lady was well aware that kings and princes can often have disloyal servants who serve them badly. Therefore, like the faithful lady she was, she devoted herself to ensuring that her lord's every possible need was met. Though she had to endure many hardships, she followed him through thick and thin. Since it was impractical for her to wear women's clothing in these conditions, and it was thought improper that the wife of such a great king and warrior should be seen at his side in battle, she cut off her finest womanly attribute, her long, golden hair, in order to disguise herself as a man. Neither did she give a thought to protecting her complexion, for she strapped on a helmet and her face soon grew dirty from all the sweat and dust. Her lovely, graceful body she clad in armour and weighed down with a coat of chainmail. She took off all her precious rings and costly jewellery and instead roughened

her hands from carrying heavy axes and spears, as well as a bow and arrows. Round her waist she wore no elegant girdle but a sword. Because of the great love and loyalty she bore her husband, this lady so thoroughly adapted herself to her new surroundings that her charming and delicate young body, which was made for softer and more pleasurable living, was transformed into that of a strong and powerfully built knight-in-arms. Listen to what Boccaccio says in his version of the story: "Is there anything that love cannot accomplish? Here we see this lady, who was used to the finer things in life such as a soft bed and every possible comfort, choosing of her own free will to make herself as tough and rugged as any man, journeying over hill and dale, travelling by day and night, bedding down in deserts and forests often on the hard ground, in perpetual fear of the enemy and surrounded on all sides by wild beasts and serpents." Yet all this seemed agreeable to her as long as she could be at her husband's side to comfort and advise him, seeing to his every need.

'Later on, after having suffered many great hardships together, her husband was cruelly defeated by Pompey, a prince of the Roman army, and had to take flight. Though he was abandoned by all his men, his wife alone stayed with him, following him as he fled across mountains and valleys and through many dark and dangerous places. On the point of despair at having been deserted and forsaken by all his friends, the king was comforted by his faithful wife who gently encouraged him to hope for better days to come. Even when they were at their lowest ebb, she still made every effort to bring him good cheer and to lift his spirits by finding the right words to dispel his sadness and by inventing some amusing and distracting games for them to play together. By means of these things and her great kindness, she brought him such consolation that no matter how downcast or dejected he was, or

how much suffering he had to bear, she found a way to make him forget his unhappiness. He was often moved to say that he didn't feel like he was in exile but rather as if he were at home in his palace having a delightful time with his devoted wife.'

[...]

21. About Xanthippe, wife of the philosopher Socrates

'The honourable lady Xanthippe was a very wise and virtuous woman who married the great philosopher Socrates. Though he was already very old and spent more time poring over his books than buying his wife little treats and presents, the good lady never stopped loving him. Indeed, she thought so highly of his extraordinary wisdom, as well as his great goodness and steadfastness, that she loved him very deeply and took enormous pride in him. When the brave and noble Xanthippe learnt that the Athenians had sentenced her husband to death for having attacked their practice of worshipping idols and for claiming that there was only one god whom they should honour and serve, she was unable to control her emotions. Rushing out into the street with her hair all undone and racked with sobbing, she fought her way into the palace where her husband was being held and found him surrounded by the treacherous judges who were already handing him the cup of poison that would end his life. She came into the room just as Socrates had raised the cup to his lips and was about to drink the poison, whereupon she dashed it from his hands and spilt all the liquid on to the floor. Socrates chided her for this and tried to comfort her by telling her to have patience. Unable to do anything to prevent his death, she gave full vent to her sorrow, crying, "What a crime and a great loss it is to kill such a good man! What a

sin and an injustice!" Socrates kept on trying to console her, explaining that it was better to be wrongfully put to death than to have deserved one's punishment. So he died, but throughout the rest of her life his loving wife never stopped grieving for him in her heart.'

[...]

25. Christine speaks to Lady Rectitude about those who claim that women cannot keep a secret. In her reply, Rectitude talks about Portia, Cato's daughter

'My lady, I am now totally convinced of what I have often seen for myself: many women of both the past and the present have clearly shown their husbands how much they love them and are devoted to them. That's why I'm so puzzled by a saying which is very common amongst men, including Master Jean de Meun in his Romance of the Rose, as well as other writers, that a man should avoid telling a woman anything which he wants kept secret because women are incapable of keeping their mouths shut.'

Rectitude replied, 'My dear friend, as you are aware, not all women are necessarily very wise and neither are all men. Therefore, if a man has any sense, he should judge for himself if his wife is trustworthy and well-meaning before he tells her anything in confidence, because it could have dangerous consequences. Any man who knows that his wife is dependable, careful and discreet can rest assured that there is no other creature in the world whom he can trust more implicitly nor on whom he can rely so completely.

'On the question of whether women are as indiscreet as some maintain, we also come back to the issue of wives who loved their husbands. The noble Brutus of Rome, who was married to Portia, certainly did not subscribe to

this opinion. This fine lady, Portia, was the daughter of Cato the Younger, the nephew of Cato the Elder. Knowing how wise and virtuous she was, her husband did not hesitate to tell her that he and Cassius, another Roman nobleman, planned to kill Julius Caesar in the senate. However, foreseeing that this deed would have terrible repercussions, the sensible lady did her best to dissuade her husband from carrying out his plan. She was so disturbed by the thought of what he intended to do that she was unable to sleep at all that night. The next morning, as Brutus left the bedroom to go off and execute his plan, in a desperate attempt to stop him, Portia seized a barber's razorblade as if to clip her fingernails with it and dropped it on the floor. She then reached down to pick it up again and deliberately dug it deep into her hand. Horrified by the sight of her wound, her ladies screamed so loudly that Brutus turned back. When he saw how she had cut herself, he scolded her and told her that it was a barber's job to use the razor, not hers. She replied that she hadn't acted as stupidly as he might think: she had done it on purpose in order to find out how to kill herself, should any harm come to him after he had carried out his plan. Still refusing to change his mind, Brutus left the house. Soon after, he and Cassius together killed Julius Caesar. They were sent into exile for what they had done and Brutus was subsequently murdered, even though he had already been banished from Rome. When his wife, Portia, learnt of his death, she was so distraught that she had no further desire to live. Since all the sharp instruments and knives had been taken away from her, because it was obvious what she intended to do, she went over to the fire and swallowed some live coals instead. The noble Portia thus killed herself by burning her insides, truly the strangest death that anyone has ever suffered.'

[...]

28. Proof against those who claim that only an idiot takes his wife's advice or puts his trust in her. Christine asks some questions to which Rectitude replies

'My lady, having heard your arguments and seen for myself how sensible and dependable women are, I'm amazed that some people claim that only a stupid idiot listens to his wife and trusts her advice.'

Rectitude replied, 'I pointed out to you earlier that not all women are wise. However, those men who do have responsible, trustworthy wives are fools if they refuse to put their faith in them. You can see this from what I've just told you: if Brutus had let Portia persuade him not to assassinate Julius Caesar, he himself would not have been killed and he could have avoided causing all the harm that was subsequently done. Whilst we're on this subject, I'll tell you about certain other men who suffered the consequences of not listening to their spouses. Afterwards, I'll go on to give you some examples where the husbands did well to take their wives' advice.

'If Julius Caesar, whom we've just mentioned, had trusted his sensible and intelligent wife, who had seen various signs foretelling her husband's assassination and had a terrible dream about it the night before, which made her do everything she could to try to stop him from going to the senate that day, he would not have gone and met his death.

'The same can be said of Pompey, who first married Julia, daughter of Julius Caesar, as I told you before, and then took as his second wife another noble lady, by the name of Cornelia. Going back to what we were talking about earlier, this lady loved her husband so dearly that she refused to leave him, no matter what misfortune befell him. Even when he was forced to escape by sea after having been defeated in battle by Julius Caesar, this good

lady Cornelia went with him and faced every danger at his side. When Pompey arrived at the kingdom of Egypt, the treacherous King Ptolemy pretended that he was glad to receive him, sending his people ahead to welcome Pompey although in fact their mission was to kill him. These people told Pompey to get back on board ship and leave everybody else ashore so as to lighten the vessel of its load and thus manoeuvre it more easily into port. Pompey was happy to comply with their wishes but his loyal wife tried to dissuade him from separating himself from all his men by doing so. Seeing that he wasn't going to change his mind, she tried to jump back on to the ship with him because she suspected deep down that something was amiss. However, he wouldn't allow her to do so and had to have her held back by force. That was the point at which all this lady's sorrow began, a sorrow which was to haunt her all her life. No sooner had her husband sailed only a short way out than, having never taken her eyes off him for a second, she saw him being killed by the traitors on board. She was so distraught that she would have thrown herself into the sea if she hadn't been restrained.

'Likewise, the same sort of misfortune struck the worthy Hector of Troy. The night before he was killed, his wife Andromache had a most extraordinary dream which told her that if Hector went into battle the next day he would surely lose his life. Horrified by what she took to be not simply a nightmare but a true prophecy, this lady went down on her knees and begged her husband with hands joined together in supplication not to join the fighting that day, even bringing their two lovely children before him in her arms. However, he took no notice of her words, thinking that he would bring irreparable dishonour on himself if he allowed a woman's advice to stop him from going into combat. Neither was he moved by his mother's and father's entreaties after Andromache had asked them to intercede on her behalf. It

thus all happened exactly as she had said and it would have been better for Hector if he had listened to her because he was killed by Achilles in battle.

'I could give you endless other examples of men who came to harm in various ways for not deigning to take their good wives' sensible advice. However, those who met a bad end because they dismissed what their wives had to say have only themselves to blame.'

[...]

31. About Judith, the noble widow

'Judith, the noble widow, saved the people of Israel from destruction at the time when Nebuchadnezzar II sent Holofernes to rule over the Jews, having conquered the land of Egypt. This Holofernes and his great army were besieging the Jews inside the city and had already inflicted so much damage on them that they could scarcely hold out much longer. He had cut off their water supply, and their stocks of food were almost exhausted. Despairing of being able to withstand much more, the Jews were on the point of being defeated by Holofernes and were in total dismay. They began to say their prayers, beseeching God to have mercy on His people and to prevent them from falling into the clutches of the enemy. God heard their prayers and, just as He would later save the human race by a woman, so He chose on this occasion to send a woman to their rescue.

'In the city lived a noble and valiant lady called Judith, who was a young and lovely woman of exemplary virtue and chastity. She took pity on the people in their distress and prayed to God day and night to save them. Inspired by God, in whom she had placed her trust, Judith hatched a daring plan. One night, commending herself to the Lord's care, she left the city

accompanied only by one of her maid servants and headed for Holofernes's camp. When the soldiers who were on sentry duty saw in the moonlight how beautiful she was, they took her straight to Holofernes, who was delighted to receive such a dazzling woman. He made her sit down beside him and was soon entranced by her intelligence, proud bearing and beauty. The more he gazed at her, the more he burned with desire for her. She, who had other ideas, offered up a silent prayer to God to beg for His help in her endeavours, and managed to string Holofernes along with little promises until she could find the right moment. Three nights later, Holofernes threw a banquet for his barons and drank very heavily. Sated with food and drink, he couldn't wait any longer to sleep with the Hebrew woman so he sent for her to come to him, which she did. When he told her what he wanted, she was ready to do as he wished on condition that, for the sake of propriety, he made all his men leave his tent. He should then get into bed first, to be joined by Judith at midnight when everyone else was asleep. Holofernes accepted her terms. The good lady then began to pray, begging God to give her the necessary strength and courage in her trembling woman's heart to rid her people of this foul tyrant.

'When Judith thought that Holofernes would have fallen asleep, she and her maid servant crept up to the opening of his tent and stood listening. Hearing him sound asleep, the lady exclaimed, "Let's do it now, for God is with us!" She went inside and fearlessly grabbed hold of his sword that was hanging by the bed and drew it out of its scabbard. Using all her strength to lift the blade, she cut off Holofernes's head without making a sound. With the head wrapped in her skirts, she ran back to the city as fast as she could. Having returned to the gates without meeting any opposition, she called out, "Come and open up, for God is with us!" Once she was back inside, you can't

imagine how overjoyed they all were at what she had done. In the morning, they impaled the head on a spike and stuck it on top of the city walls. They then threw on their armour and mounted a bold and swift attack on the enemy who were still sleeping, never once suspecting that this might happen. The enemy rushed to their leader's tent to wake him up and to get him out of bed as quickly as possible, but they were horrified to find him slain. The Jews took them all prisoner and killed every last one. Thus the people of Israel were delivered out of the hands of Holofernes by Judith, that valiant woman whose praises shall be sung for ever in Holy Scripture.'

[...]

33. About the Sabine women

'I could give you many examples of pagan women of antiquity who saved their countries, towns or cities. However, I'll limit myself to two important instances with which to prove my point.

'After the foundation of Rome by Romulus and Remus, Romulus filled the city with as many knights and soldiers as he could collect together after the numerous victories he had won. He was most anxious to obtain wives for these men in order that they would have heirs who would reign over the city in the years to come. However, he was unsure how to go about finding women for himself and his companions to marry, as the kings, princes and people in the surrounding country were reluctant to give them their daughters or to establish any links with them because they considered them to be too reckless, uncivilized and unreliable a race. For this reason, Romulus had to devise a cunning plan. He had it announced throughout the land that a tournament of jousting would take place and he invited all the kings, princes

and citizens to come and bring their ladies and daughters to watch the entertainment provided by the foreign knights. On the day of the festivities, a vast crowd gathered on all sides, for a large number of ladies and maidens had come to watch the sport. Amongst them was the daughter of the Sabine king, a charming and beautiful girl, accompanied by all the other ladies and girls of her country whom she had brought along. The games took place outside the city walls, on a plain at the foot of a hill, with the ladies seated high up in rows. The knights outdid each other in their feats and exploits, for the sight of these lovely ladies inspired them to great deeds of bravery and daring. To keep my story brief, after they had been fighting for a while, Romulus decided that it was time to execute his plan and so took out a great ivory horn on which he gave a loud blast. At this sound, which was a signal for them to act, the knights stopped their jousting and ran towards the ladies. Romulus snatched the king's daughter, with whom he was already smitten, whilst the other knights each took the one they wanted. Forcing the ladies to get up on to their horses, the Romans galloped off towards the city and bolted the gates firmly behind them. Outside, the women's fathers and kinsmen let out great cries of grief, as did the ladies themselves who had been abducted, but their weeping was totally in vain. Romulus married his lady with great ceremony, and all the other knights did likewise.

'This event caused a terrible war to break out. As soon as he could, the Sabine king gathered a great army together to attack the Romans. However, it was not easy to defeat them as they were such experts in battle. The war had already lasted five years when, one day, the two sides prepared to meet in full strength on the battlefield and it was obvious that there was going to be an appalling massacre with enormous loss of life. The Romans had already left the city gates in huge numbers when the queen called all the ladies of Rome

to meet together in a temple. This wise and beautiful young woman addressed them, saying: "Honourable Sabine ladies; sisters and companions, you all know only too well how we were abducted by our husbands and how this has caused a war between our fathers and kinsmen on the one side and our husbands on the other. There is no way that this deadly conflict can continue or even come to an end, without it being to our detriment, no matter who has the final victory. If we lose our husbands, whom we quite rightly adore now that we have borne them children, we shall be broken-hearted and devastated to see our babies deprived of their fathers. If, on the other hand, our husbands are victorious and our fathers and kinsmen are killed, we will surely deeply regret that all this conflict happened because of us. What is done is done and cannot now be undone. In my view, we need to find some way to bring this war to a peaceful end. If you decide to take my advice and follow my lead in what I'm going to do, I think that we'll be able to bring this about.' Hearing her words, the other ladies replied with one voice that they would do as she said and would obey her instructions.

'The queen therefore undid her hair and took off her shoes, as did all the other ladies. Those who had babies picked them up in their arms and carried them with them. In addition, there was a whole host of children, as well as pregnant women. The queen walked at the head of this touching procession and they all headed straight for the battlefield just as the two armies were lining up. They took up their position in between the opposing sets of troops, making it impossible for the knights to attack each other without first running into the women. The queen and all the other ladies fell to their knees and shouted out, "Dear fathers and kinsmen, beloved husbands: for God's sake, make peace! If not, we are prepared to die trampled underfoot by your horses." Seeing their wives and children in tears, the knights were astonished

and dismayed: there was certainly no way that they would run at them. The women's fathers were similarly moved to compassion at the sight of their daughters in this terrible state. The two sides looked at each other and, out of pity for the women who were humbly begging them to desist, their hatred turned to proper filial love. Sabines and Romans alike were forced to throw down their weapons as they rushed to embrace each other and make peace. Romulus led his father-in-law, the king of the Sabines, into the city and received him and his whole army with great honour. Thus, thanks to the good sense and bravery of the queen and her ladies, the Romans and the Sabines were prevented from massacring each other.'

[...]

36. Against those who claim that it is not good for women to be educated

After hearing these words I, Christine, said, 'My lady, I can clearly see that much good has been brought into the world by women. Even if some wicked women have done evil things it still seems to me that this is far outweighed by all the good that other women have done and continue to do. This is particularly true of those who are wise and well educated in either the arts or the sciences, whom we mentioned before. That's why I'm all the more amazed at the opinion of some men who state that they are completely opposed to their daughters, wives or other female relatives engaging in study, for fear that their morals will be corrupted.'

Rectitude replied, 'This should prove to you that not all men's arguments are based on reason, and that these men in particular are wrong. There are absolutely no grounds for assuming that knowledge of moral disciplines,

which actually inculcate virtue, would have a morally corrupting effect. Indeed, there's no doubt whatsoever that such forms of knowledge correct one's vices and improve one's morals. How could anyone possibly think that by studying good lessons and advice one will be any the worse for it? This view is completely unthinkable and untenable. I'm not saying that it's a good idea for men or women to study sorcery or any other type of forbidden science, since the Holy Church did not ban people from practising them for nothing. However, it's just that it's not true to say that women will be corrupted by knowing what's right and proper.

'Quintus Hortensius, who was a great rhetorician and a fine orator of Rome, did not subscribe to this opinion. He had a daughter named Hortensia, whom he loved dearly for her keen wits. He educated her himself, teaching her the science of rhetoric in which, states Boccaccio, she so excelled that she not only resembled her father in her intelligence, agile memory and excellent diction, but in fact surpassed him in her marvellous eloquence and command of oratory. On the subject of what we said before about all the benefits that women have brought, the good that this lady did is especially worthy of note. It was at the time when a triumvirate ruled over Rome that this Hortensia decided to take up the cause of women, thus performing a task which no man dared to do. As Rome was in great financial straits, it was proposed to levy certain charges on women and, in particular, to put a tax on their valuables. This Hortensia spoke so persuasively that she was listened to as attentively as if it had been her father speaking, and won her case.

'If we discuss more recent times, rather than going back to ancient history, Giovanni Andrea, the famous legist who taught at Bologna nearly sixty years ago, similarly opposed the view that women should not be educated. He gave his beloved daughter Novella, a fine and lovely girl, such

a good education and detailed knowledge of law that, when he was busy with other tasks which prevented him from lecturing to his students, he could send his daughter in his place to read to them from his professorial chair. In order not to distract the audience by her beauty, Novella had a little curtain put up in front of her. Thus she lightened her father's load and relieved him of some of his duties. In his devotion to her, he chose to preserve her name for posterity by writing an important commentary on a legal text which he named La Novella in her honour.

'Therefore, it is not all men, especially not the most intelligent, who agree with the view that it is a bad idea to educate women. However, it's true that those who are not very clever come out with this opinion because they don't want women to know more than they do. Your own father, who was a great astrologer and philosopher, did not believe that knowledge of the sciences reduced a woman's worth. Indeed, as you know, it gave him great pleasure to see you take so readily to studying the arts. Rather, it was because your mother, as a woman, held the view that you should spend your time spinning like the other gifts, that you did not receive a more advanced or detailed initiation into the sciences. But, as that proverb which we've already had occasion to quote says, "What is in our nature cannot be taken away." Despite your mother's opposition, you did manage to glean some grains of knowledge from your studies, thanks to your own natural inclination for learning. It's obvious to me that you do not esteem yourself any less for having this knowledge: in fact, you seem to treasure it, and quite rightly so.'

I, Christine, then replied, 'Without a doubt, what you're saying, my lady, is as true as the Lord's Prayer itself.'

37. Christine addresses Rectitude, who gives examples to

contradict those who claim that few women are chaste, beginning with Susanna

As far as I can see, my lady, all forms of goodness and virtue can be found in the female sex. So why is it that these men say that so few women are chaste? If this were true, all their other qualities would be worthless, because chastity is the supreme virtue in a woman. Yet, hearing what you've just said, the truth would seem to be very different from what they claim.'

Rectitude answered, 'The complete opposite is true, as I've told you before and as you yourself already know. I could keep telling you more on this subject until the end of time itself! The Holy Scripture mentions so many excellent and chaste ladies who preferred to die rather than lose their chastity, bodily integrity and good conscience. One such lady was the virtuous and lovely Susanna, wife of Joachim, who was a very rich and influential member of the Jewish race. As this honest lady was walking in her garden one day, she was approached by two old men, corrupt priests, who tried to tempt her into sin. Seeing that she completely rejected their advances and that their pleas were getting them nowhere, they threatened to denounce her in court for having been found with a young man. On hearing their threats, and knowing that the punishment for an adulterous woman was to be stoned, she exclaimed, "I am caught for all sides, for if I refuse to do what these men want, my body shall be put to death. But, if I give in to their demands, I shall be committing a sin in the eyes of the Creator. However, I would rather be innocent and suffer death than risk rousing God's anger by sinning." Susanna therefore screamed out loud and the other members of her household came running. To cut a long story short, the corrupt priests managed to convince the court with their false testimony and Susanna was sentenced to death. Yet

God, who always looks after His own, opened the mouth of the prophet Daniel, who was just a small child in his mother's arms: when the boy saw Susanna being led to her punishment, followed by a great crowd of people who were all weeping, he cried out that the innocent woman had been wrongfully accused. She was taken back to the court where the corrupt priests were properly cross-examined and found guilty by their own confessions. The blameless Susanna was saved and it was they who were punished instead.'

[...]

44. In order to contradict those who claim that women want to be raped, here begins a series of examples, the first of which is Lucretia

I, Christine, then said, 'My lady, I fully believe what you say and I'm sure that there are many beautiful women who are upright, decent and fully able to protect themselves from the traps laid by seducers. It therefore angers and upsets me when men claim that women want to be raped and that, even though a woman may verbally rebuff a man, she won't in fact mind it if he does force himself upon her. I can scarcely believe that it could give women any pleasure to be treated in such a vile way.'

Rectitude replied, 'My dear friend, you can be sure that women who are chaste and lead a moral existence would find no pleasure in being raped. On the contrary, they think that it is the worst thing that could possibly happen to them. There are several examples, such as that of Lucretia, which prove that this is definitely the case. Lucretia, a high-born lady of Rome and, indeed, the most virtuous of all Roman women, was married to a nobleman called

Tarquinius Collatinus. Unfortunately, Tarquin the Proud, son of King Tarquin, was deeply smitten with the great Lucretia. Having seen with his own eyes how supremely chaste she was, he didn't dare approach her directly. Despairing of being able to persuade her with bribes and entreaties, he plotted how to win her by trickery. He therefore pretended to be a close friend of her husband's, which meant that he was able to come and go as he pleased in her house. One day, when he knew that her husband was absent, he was welcomed most honourably by his noble hostess, as befitted a guest whom she took to be her husband's great friend. That night, Tarquin, who had other ideas, scared Lucretia out of her wits when he broke into her bedroom. In short, having made her numerous promises of gifts and presents if she would do what he wanted, he saw that pleading with her was getting him nowhere. He therefore pulled out his sword and threatened to kill her if she made a sound or refused to give herself to him. She told him to go ahead and kill her because she preferred to die rather than submit to his advances. When he realized that his threats were all in vain, Tarquin came up with another despicable ruse, declaring that he would let it be known publicly that he had found her with one of her servants. To cut a long story short, the thought that he would do such a thing so appalled her that she finally gave in to him.

'Yet Lucretia was unable to bear this awful offence with resignation. When morning came, she went to find her husband, father and close relatives, who were all the most prominent citizens of Rome. With great sobs and moans, she confessed to them the deed that had been perpetrated on her. As her husband and family were trying to comfort her in her terrible distress, she drew out a knife from under her gown, saying: "Though I Can absolve myself of sin and prove myself innocent this way, I can't get rid of my suffering and pain: henceforth no woman need live in shame and dishonour because of

what has been done to me." With these words, she plunged the knife deep into her breast and immediately fell down dead in front of her husband and his friends. Like madmen, they all rushed after Tarquin. The whole of Rome was incensed by what had happened: they deposed the king and would have killed his son if they had caught him. After that, Rome never had another king. Some say that because of the outrage done to Lucretia, a law was passed which sentenced to death any man who raped a woman, a law which is moral, fitting and just.'

[...]

47. Proofs to refute the view that women are lacking in constancy: Christine asks questions, to which Rectitude replies with various examples of emperors who were unreliable and inconsistent

'My lady, the women you've been talking about were certainly extremely steadfast, resolute and faithful. Could one say as much of even the strongest men who ever lived? Yet, of all the vices that men, and especially authors, accuse women of possessing, they are unanimous that the female sex is unstable and fickle, frivolous, flighty and weak-minded, as impressionable as children and completely lacking in resolution. Are men therefore so unwavering that it is utterly unheard of for them to vacillate, given that they criticize women for being so unreliable and changeable? If, in fact, they themselves are lacking in constancy, it's totally unacceptable for them to accuse others of having the same failing or to insist that others should possess a virtue which they themselves do not.'

Rectitude's reply was, 'My dear sweet friend, haven't you heard the

common saying that fools are very quick to spot the mote in their neighbour's eye but slow to see the beam in their own? I'll show you just how unreasonable it is for men to criticize women for being inconstant and capricious. Their argument goes like this. First, they all assume that women are by nature weak. Then, having accused women of weakness, they presumably think themselves to be constant, or at least that women are not as constant as they are. Yet it's undeniable that they expect far greater constancy from women than they themselves can muster. Though they consider themselves to be so strong and to be made of such noble stuff, they're unable to stop themselves from falling prey to some awful vices and failings. Nor is this by any means always out of ignorance. Indeed, it's often down to deliberate bad intentions, because they're well aware that they're committing a sin. But they then excuse themselves, saying that to err is to be human. However, should a woman fall into error, usually thanks to a man's incessant scheming, lo and behold, they declare this to be due to women's innate weakness and inconstancy. Considering that they think women are so feeble, they should, rightly speaking, show greater tolerance of female frailty and not accuse women of dreadful sins that they consider to be only minor peccadilloes when they themselves are guilty of them. For there is no law, no written text, which says that they are allowed to sin more than women, or that their vices are any more excusable. None the less, they in fact give themselves such moral authority that, far from letting women get away with anything, they fall over themselves to impute to the female sex all manner of crimes and offences. Neither do they give women any credit for being strong and steadfast in the face of such awful criticisms. So, whatever the argument is, men have it both ways and always turn out to be in the tight. You yourself have discussed this at length in your Letter of the God of Love.

'You asked me earlier whether men are so upright and worthy that they are justified in accusing others of inconstancy. I would say that if you examine human history from antiquity up to the present day, taking evidence from books and from both what you have seen with your own eyes in the past and what you can still see all around you today, and looking at men not just from the lower or uneducated classes but also from the upper classes, you can judge for yourself what perfection, strength and constancy they've displayed! This is the case with the vast majority of men, though there are some, thank heavens, who are wise, strong and steadfast.

'If you want me to give you examples of male inconstancy from the recent and distant past, since men persist in attacking women for this failing as if their own hearts were never subject to instability or change, just look at the behaviour of the most powerful princes and the most eminent men, in whom these are more dangerous faults than in others. Not to mention how many emperors are guilty of these things! I ask you, was the mind of a woman ever as weak, fearful, pathetic and frivolous as that of the Emperor Claudius? He was so unstable that whatever he ordered one minute, he reversed the next. It was impossible to take him at his word and he agreed with anything anybody said. In a fit of mad cruelty, he had his wife killed, and then, that night, he asked why she wasn't coming to bed! To those of his friends whom he had beheaded, he sent word that they should come and play with him! He was so lacking in courage that he lived in a constant state of fear and was unable to trust anyone. What can I tell you? Every kind of moral and mental debility was to be found in this atrocious emperor. But why am I just talking about this particular one? Was he the only ruler to sit on the imperial throne who was prey to such weakness? Was the Emperor Tiberius any better? Wasn't he more guilty of inconstancy, changeability and

immorality than any woman has ever been?'

48. About Nero

'Whilst we're on the subject of emperors, what about Nero? It was glaringly obvious just how unstable and weak he was. Initially he was very laudable and made an effort to please everyone. Soon, however, his lechery, cruelty and greed knew no bounds. The better to indulge his vices, he would often arm himself at night and go off with his partners in crime to seek out places of depravity and corruption, amusing himself by running round town gratifying his obscene desires. As a pretext for committing his foul deeds, Nero would bump into people in the street and, if they said anything, he would attack them and kill them. He broke into taverns and brothels and raped women, on one occasion narrowly escaping death at the hands of a man whose wife he had raped. He organized lewd bathing parties and feasts that lasted all night. He would order first one thing and then another, as his capricious fancies took him. Nero indulged in all sorts of carnal pleasures, excesses and perversions, and there were no limits to his arrogance and extravagance. He loved those who were wicked and persecuted those who were virtuous. He was complicit in the murder of his father and he later had his own mother killed. When she was dead, he ordered her body to be opened up so that he could see where he had been conceived. Seeing her like that, Nero declared that she had once been a truly beautiful woman. He killed Octavia, his first wife, who was a fine lady, and took a second one, whom he loved at first but then had her murdered as well. He also ordered the death of Claudia, who had been the wife of his predecessor, since she refused to marry him. Nero similarly had his stepson killed when he was not yet seven years

old purely because it was said of the boy that, when he was at play, his behaviour was obviously that of the son of an emperor.

'Nero's teacher Seneca, the noble philosopher, was also put to death by the emperor's orders, for he was unable to contain his shame at what was going on before his very eyes. Nero poisoned his prefect by pretending to give him a cure for his toothache. Likewise, he gave poisoned food and drink to the noblest of his princes and to the most venerable and illustrious of his barons, who exercised a great deal of power. Not only did he murder his aunt and seize all her wealth, but he also destroyed all the most notable families of Rome and drove them into exile, killing all their children in the process. He trained a ferocious Egyptian man to eat human flesh so that he could feed him living victims to devour. What can I tell you? It would be impossible to relate all his appalling crimes or the full extent of his foul wickedness. To cap it all, he set Rome on fire and let it burn for six whole days and nights. Many people died in this terrible catastrophe, whilst he stood singing on his tower, watching the inferno rage through the city and taking enormous delight in the beauty of the flames. At his dinner table, he had Saints Peter and Paul beheaded, as well as many other martyrs. For fourteen years he continued in this fashion until the Romans could finally take no more and rebelled against him. In his despair, he took his own life.'

[...]

53. After Rectitude has finished talking about women who were steadfast, Christine asks her why it is that all these worthy ladies of the past didn't refute the men and books who slander the female sex. Rectitude gives her answer

Such were the stories that Rectitude told me on this subject. Lack of space prevents me from going into detail on all the other examples she gave me, such as that of Leaena, a Greek woman, who refused to denounce two men who were friends of hers, preferring to bite off her own tongue in front of the judge in order to show him that no matter how much he tortured her he had no hope of extracting by force the information he wanted from her. Rectitude also told me about some other women who were so strong willed that they chose to die from drinking poison rather than fail to uphold truth and decency. I then turned to her and said, 'My lady, you've clearly demonstrated to me just how consistent and steadfast women are, in addition to all their other virtues. Surely there's no man of whom it could be said that he was their equal in this respect? I'm therefore amazed that so many worthy women, especially those who were learned and educated enough to write fine books in elegant style, could have allowed men to come out with their slanders all this time without contradicting them, when they knew only too well how false these men's accusations were.'

Rectitude replied, 'My dear Christine, this is an easy problem to solve. You should realize from what I've already told you that the virtuous ladies I've discussed with you were each involved in different types of activity and didn't all work towards the same end. This task of constructing the city was reserved for you, not them. These women's works alone were enough to make people of sound judgement and keen intelligence appreciate the female sex fully without their having to write anything else. As for the fact that the men who attacked and criticized women haven't yet been challenged, let me tell you that there's a time and a place for everything in the eternal scheme of things. Just think how long God allowed heresies against His holy law to prosper, which meant that they were very hard to stamp out and would still be

around today if they hadn't been disputed and crushed. There are many things which flourish without hindrance until the time comes to take issue with them and refute them.'

I, Christine, came back to her again, saying: 'My lady, you're quite right. Yet I'm convinced that there will be plenty of dissenting voices raised against this very text. They'll say that, though some women of the past or the present might be virtuous, this isn't the case with all of them, or even the vast majority.'

Rectitude answered, 'It's just not true to say that the vast majority aren't virtuous. This is clearly proven by what I've said to you before: experience tells us that anyone can see for themselves, on any day of the week, how pious and full of charity and goodness women are. Not to mention the fact that it isn't women who are responsible for all the endless crimes and atrocities that are committed in the world. It's hardly surprising if not every single one of them is virtuous. In the whole of Nineveh, which was a very large city with a huge population, there wasn't one good man to be found anywhere when Jonah the prophet was sent by God to destroy it if the people didn't repent of their sins. Nor was there a single decent man living in the city of Sodom, as became clear when Lot left the place to be consumed by fire sent down from the heavens. What's more, you shouldn't forget that, though Jesus Christ's company only comprised twelve men, there was still one who was evil. To think that men dare to say that all women should be virtuous or that those who aren't should be stoned! I would ask them to take a good look at themselves and then let he who is without sin cast the first stone. Moreover, to what kind of behaviour should they themselves aspire? I tell you, the day that all men attain perfection, women will follow their example.'

54. Christine asks Rectitude if it's true what certain men have said about how few women are faithful in love, and Rectitude gives her reply

Going on to a different subject, I, Christine, spoke up once again and said, 'My lady, let's put such topics to one side and move on to something else. Departing a little from the kind of things we've been talking about up until now, I'd like to ask you a few questions. I hope you won't mind discussing these matters that I'd like to raise with you: although the subject itself relates to the laws of nature, it does somewhat overstep the bounds of rational behaviour.'

Rectitude's answer was, 'My friend, say what you like. The pupil who puts questions to his teacher in the spirit of enquiry shouldn't be reprimanded for touching on any subject whatsoever.'

'My lady, there's a kind of natural attraction at work on earth which draws men to women and women to men. This isn't a social law but an instinct of the flesh: stimulated by carnal desire, it makes the two sexes love each other in a wild and ardent way. Neither sex has any idea what it is that causes them to fall for each other like this, but they succumb in droves to this type of emotion, which is known as passionate love. Yet men often say that, despite all the protestations of fidelity that a woman in love may make, she not only flits from one lover to another but is also extraordinarily unfeeling, devious and false. They assert that this fickleness in women comes from their lack of moral character. Of all the various authors who have made such criticisms of women, Ovid is particularly virulent in his book, the Art of Love. Having attacked women for their lack of steadfastness in love, Ovid and all the others then go on to claim that they have written their books about

the deceitful ways and sinfulness of women for the common good of all: their aim is to ware men about women's wiles and to teach them how to avoid them, just as if women were snakes hidden in the grass. So, my dear lady, please tell me what the truth of the matter is.'

Rectitude replied, 'My dear Christine, as for what they say about women being underhanded, I'm not sure what more I can tell you. You yourself have tackled this issue at length, when you refuted Ovid, along with all the others, in your Letter of the God of Love and the Letters on the Romance of the Rose. However, getting back to what you said about these men's claims to be writing for the common good, I'll prove to you that this is definitely not the case. Here's why: you can't define something as being for the common good of a city, country or any other community of people, if it doesn't contribute to the universal good of all. Women as well as men must derive equal benefit from it. Something which is done with the aim of privileging only one section of the population is called a private or an individual good, not a common good. Moreover, something which is done for the good of some but to the detriment of others is not simply a private or an individual good. In fact, it constitutes a type of injury done to one party in order to benefit the other: it thus only profits the second party at the expense of the first. Such writers don't speak to women in order to teach them to beware the traps laid for them by men, even though it's undeniable that men very often deceive women by their false appearances and cunning ruses. Besides, its beyond doubt that women count as God's creatures and are human beings just as men are. They're not a different race or a strange breed, which might justify their being excluded from receiving moral teachings. I can thus only conclude that if these authors were really writing for the common good, they would warn women against the snares set by men as well as advising men to watch out for

women.

'Let's leave these issues for now and go back to your earlier question. What I told you before about those examples of women whose devotion endured until the day they died obviously wasn't sufficient proof for you that, far from being as inconstant or as fickle in love as these writers maintain, the female sex is in fact extremely steadfast in matters of the heart

[...]

62. Christine addresses Rectitude who, in her reply, refutes the view of those who claim that women use their charms to attract men

I, Christine, then said, 'My lady, you were quite right before when you said that passionate love was like a perilous sea. From what I've seen, women with any sense should do everything they can to avoid it, for they only come to great harm. Yet, those women who want to look lovely by dressing elegantly come in for a lot of criticism, because it's said that they only do so in order to attract attention from men.'

Rectitude answered, 'My dear Christine, it's not my business to try and find excuses for those women who are too fussy and obsessive about their appearance, for this is no small failing in a person. Wearing clothes that aren't fitting to one's station in life is particularly reprehensible. However, whilst I've no intention of condoning such a vice, neither do I want anyone to think that they have the right to lay more blame than is strictly necessary on those who make themselves beautiful in this way. I can assure you that not all women who do this are interested in seducing men. Some people, not just women but also men, have a legitimate taste and natural bent for taking

pleasure in pretty things and expensive, elaborate clothes, as well as in cleanliness and fine array. If it is in their nature to behave like this, it's very difficult for them to resist, though it would be greatly to their credit ff they did. Wasn't it written of Saint Bartholomew the Apostle, a man of high birth, that he spent his whole life draped in fringed robes of silk which were hemmed with precious stones, despite the fact that Our Lord preached poverty? Though such behaviour is usually rather pretentious and ostentatious, Saint Bartholomew can't be said to have committed any sin because it was in his nature to wear expensive clothes. Even so, some do say that it was for this reason that Our Lord was content for Bartholomew to be martyred by being flayed alive. My reason for telling you these things is to show you that it's wrong for any mortal creature to judge another's appearance; God alone has the right to judge us. I'll now give you some examples on this subject.'

[...]

64. Rectitude explains that some women are loved more for their virtue than others are for their attractiveness

'Even supposing that the reason women put such efforts into making themselves beautiful and seductive, elegant and alluring, were because they wanted to attract male attention, I'll prove to you that this does not necessarily mean that men who are decent and sensible are going to fall more quickly or more heavily for them. On the contrary, those men who value integrity are more readily attracted to women who are virtuous, honest and modest, and love them more deeply, even if they are less glamorous than flirts such as these. Now, some might retort that, since it's a bad thing to

appeal to men in the first place, it would be better if those women who used their virtue and modesty to catch men's eyes didn't in fact possess such qualities at all. However, this argument is utterly worthless; one shouldn't refrain from cultivating things which are good and useful just because some idiots use them unwisely. Everybody should do their duty by acting well, no matter what happens.

'I'll now give you some examples which prove that many women have been loved for their uptight and moral behaviour. Most notably, I could tell you about various saints of paradise whom men lusted after specifically for their purity. This is also what happened to Lucretia, whose rape I recounted to you earlier. It was because of her exemplary virtue, not simply her beauty, that Tarquin fell for her. One night, her husband was at supper in the company of some other knights, one of whom was this Tarquin who subsequently raped her. Each of them started to talk about his wife, claiming that his was the most virtuous of them all. In order to find out whose wife was the worthiest of this accolade, they rode off to call on each of their houses in turn. Those wives whom they found busy at some honest task or other were held in the greatest esteem. Of all the women, Lucretia was deemed to be the one who was spending her time in the most commendable way. Like the highly respectable and sober woman she was, Lucretia wore a plain gown as she sat with the other ladies of her household busily working wool and conversing on moral subjects. The king's son, Tarquin, who had accompanied Lucretia's husband, was so impressed by her integrity, her simple and laudable conduct, as well as her modest beating, that he conceived a burning desire for her and began to hatch the wicked plan which he would later execute.'

[...]

66. Christine addresses Rectitude who, in her reply, refutes the opinion of those who claim that women are by nature mean

'I'm not sure what more to ask you, my lady, as all my questions have been answered. It seems to me that you've completely disproved the slanders which so many men have come out with against women. As far as I can see, it's even untrue what they so often say about avarice being the most prevalent of all the female vices.'

Rectitude replied, 'My dear friend, I can assure you that avarice is no more inherent in women than it is in men. Indeed, there would appear to be fewer avaricious women than men: as God knows and as you yourself can attest, the terrible evil that is so rampant in the world as a result of men's avarice is far greater than that which comes from women who possess this failing. However, as I pointed out to you before, the fool is all too ready to spot his neighbour's misdeed even though he is blind to his own great crimes.

'Just because women take pleasure in storing up cloth, thread, and all the other little items that are indispensable to a household, they earn themselves a reputation for being avaricious. Believe me, there are many, if not countless, women who, if they enjoyed great wealth, would not think twice about giving rewards and making generous gifts to those whom they thought would spend the money wisely. On the other hand, a woman who is poor is necessarily obliged to watch her pennies. In general, women are kept so short of money that they tend to hang on to the little they have because they know how hard it is to lay their hands on any more. Some people even go so far as to accuse

women of being avaricious if they complain to their wayward husbands who are extravagant spendthrifts and beg them to be more careful with their money. Women like this know only too well how, thanks to the husband's foolish squandering, the whole household has to go without, and they and their poor children suffer as a result. This doesn't mean that such women are grasping or avaricious; on the contrary, it's a sign of their great prudence. Of course, I'm only referring to those wives who are discreet about admonishing their husbands. Otherwise this can cause great rows in marriage when the husband doesn't take too kindly to being criticized and ends up attacking his wife for something which is actually to her credit. As proof that this vice is not as common in women as some might say, just look at all the almsgiving that they eagerly perform. God knows how many prisoners, both in the past and still today, even those locked away in Saracen countries, have been comforted and helped out by women who were ready to give them money, not to mention how many poor people, impoverished gentle-folk and others they've also supported.'

I, Christine, then said, 'In fact, my lady, what you've just said reminds me of all the honourable ladies that I've seen making discreet displays of generosity, as far as their means allowed them. I know some of my female contemporaries take far greater delight in saying, "Here, take this" to someone who can put the money to good use than any miser ever did in grabbing some cash and hoarding it away in his coffers. I've no idea why men go around saying that women are avaricious. Although it's said that Alexander was famous for his generosity, I can tell you that I've seen little evidence for this!'

Rectitude burst out laughing and replied, 'My friend, the ladies of Rome were certainly not found wanting when the city was so heavily depleted by

war that all the public funds to pay for troops were exhausted. The Romans were extremely hard pressed to find ways to raise money for the enormous army which they desperately needed. Out of their own great generosity, the ladies of Rome, including the widows, put all their jewellery and everything of value that they owned into a pile, which they then freely donated to the princes of the city. These ladies were very highly praised for their unselfish action. Their jewels were later returned to them, as was only right, for it was thanks to them that Rome's fortunes were restored.'

[...]

68. About the princesses and ladies of France

Once again I, Christine, interjected, 'My lady, now that you've reminded me of this woman of my own day and have started talking about the ladies of France, as well as those who have made their homes here, I would like you to tell me what you think of such women. Do you consider some of them to be worthy of inclusion in our city? Are they any less deserving of a place than foreign women?'

Rectitude replied, 'Certainly, Christine, I can assure you that there are many virtuous ladies among their number whom I'd be delighted to invite to become our citizens.

'First of all, we wouldn't refuse entry to the noble queen of France, Isabeau of Bavaria, who, by the grace of God, is now reigning over us. She has neither a shred of cruelty or greed in her body nor a single evil trait, for she is full of kindness and benevolence towards her subjects.

'No less worthy of praise is the young duchess of Berry, a wise, beautiful and gentle lady married to the Duke John, son of King John of France and

brother of the late king, Charles the Wise. This honourable duchess conducts herself with such sobriety and discretion, even though she's still only a very young woman, that everybody commends her highly for her exemplary behaviour.

'What can I say about the duchess of Orleans, daughter of the late duke of Milan and wife of the Duke Louis, son of Charles the Wise, King of France? Could any lady be more prudent than she is? It's plain for all to see that she is not only steadfast and constant, but also very loving towards her husband and a fine example to her children. Moreover, she is astute in her affairs, fairminded with everyone, sober in her bearing and endowed with every possible virtue.

'And what of the duchess of Burgundy, wife of the Duke John, son of Philip, who was himself son of the late King John of France? Isn't she also a fine lady, loyal to her husband, kind-hearted and well-disposed towards others, morally impeccable, and with no failing whatsoever?

'The countess of Clermont, daughter of the duke of Berry by his first wife, who is married to Count John of Clermont, son and heir of the duke of Bourbon, is everything that a noble princess should be in terms of her deep affection for her husband and her excellent upbringing in every respect, not to mention her beauty, wisdom and goodness. Her virtues shine all the more brightly thanks to her noble conduct and fine bearing.

'Amongst these ladies, there is one of whom you're particularly fond and to whom you're indebted as much for her own good qualities as for the kindness and affection you have received from her: this is the noble duchess of Holland and countess of Hainault, daughter of the late Duke Philip of Burgundy and sister of the present duke. Shouldn't this lady take her place amongst the ranks of the very finest ladies for her faithfulness, prudence and

circumspection in her affairs, as well as her selflessness and extreme devotion to God? In a word, she is goodness itself.

'Doesn't the duchess of Bourbon also deserve to be commemorated for posterity alongside these other illustrious princesses, given that she is such an honourable lady, worthy of praise in every respect?

'What can I tell you? It would take me for ever to list the good qualities of all these ladies!

'The countess of Saint-Poi, daughter of the duke of Bar and first cousin to the king of France, also merits a place amongst these fine ladies, for she is kind and beautiful, noble and virtuous.

'Likewise, another lady to whom you're devoted, Anne, daughter of the late count of La Marche and sister of the present duke, who is married to Louis of Bavaria, brother of the queen of France, would not disgrace this company of splendid ladies whose praises should be sung to the skies. Both God and the whole world are witness to her excellent qualities.

'Despite what the slanderers may say, there's a positively infinite number of countesses, baronesses, ladies, maidens, bourgeoises and women of every estate who are honourable and distinguished. God be praised for keeping them all in virtue, and may He inspire those who are less than perfect to mend their ways. You must have no doubts about this, for I can assure you that it's the absolute truth, no matter what those who defame women out of envy might say to the contrary.'

I, Christine, then replied, 'My lady, it certainly gives me great pleasure to hear you say this.'

She then turned to me and said, 'My dear friend, it seems to me that I've now completed my task in the construction of the City of Ladies. I've not only built all the lovely palaces and splendid houses and mansions for you,

but also filled them almost to overflowing with a vast number of wonderful ladies from all different ranks of society. My sister Justice will now come forward to put the finishing touches to the city, and I will say no more.'

69. Christine addresses princesses and all other ladies

'Most excellent, upstanding and worthy princesses of France and other countries, as well as all you ladies, maidens, and women of every estate, you who have ever in the past loved, or do presently love, or who will in the future love virtuous and moral conduct: raise your heads and rejoice in your new city. With God's help, it is now nearly complete, being resplendent with buildings and almost entirely filled with inhabitants. Thanks be to God for having led me through this difficult labour of learning in my desire to build an honourable and permanent place for you to dwell inside the walls of this city which will last for all eternity. I have come this far in the hope of being able to finish this task with the help of Lady Justice, who has promised me that she won't rest until she and I have done all we can to complete the city and shut its gates. So, pray for me, my worthy ladies!'

End of the Second Part of the Book of the City of Ladies.

Part III

1. The first chapter recounts how Justice brought the Queen of Heaven to live in the City of Ladies

Lady Justice came to me in all her glory and said, 'In my opinion, Christine, you have indeed done your very best to bring your task to fruition. With my sisters' help, you've made a fine job of building the City of Ladies. It's now time for me to add the finishing touches, as I promised you I would. I shall bring you a most noble queen, she who is blessed amongst all women, to dwell here with her fine company. She will govern and rule over the city and will fill it with the great host of ladies who belong to her court and household. I can see that the palaces and splendid mansions have now been decorated and made ready and that the streets are all covered with flowers to celebrate the arrival of both the queen and her retinue of most worthy and excellent ladies.

'So let all princesses, ladies and women of every rank come forth to receive, with honour and reverence, she who is not only their queen, but also reigns with supreme authority over all earthly powers, second only to her one begotten son whom she conceived of the Holy Spirit, and who is the son of God the Father. It's truly fitting that a gathering of the whole of womankind should beg this revered, noble and magnificent princess to deign to join their number and to live amongst them in their city here below. Nor will she despise them for their lowliness in comparison with her own greatness. There is no doubt that she, in her humility, which surpasses that of all other women,

coupled with her goodness, which is greater than that even of the angels, will not refuse to live in the City of Ladies. She will reside in the highest palace of all, one that my sister Rectitude has already prepared for her, and which is entirely made up of glory and praise.

'Let every woman now come forward and say, with me, "We greet you, O Queen of Heaven, with an Ave Maria, the same greeting that the Angel of the Annunciation made to you and which gives you more pleasure than any other form of address. The whole of woman-kind now implores you to agree to live in their midst. Extend your grace and pity to them by acting as their protectress, shield and defender against all attacks from their enemies and the world at large. Let them drink deep from the fountain of virtues which flows from you and may they quench their thirst so fully that they learn to abhor all forms of vice and sin. Please come to us, O Celestial Queen, Temple of God, Cell and Cloister of the Holy Spirit, Dwelling-place of the Trinity, Joy of the Angels, Light and Guide of those who stray, and Hope of all True Believers. O my lady, who could dare even to think, let alone utter, the idea that women are vile, seeing how exalted you are! Even if the rest of womankind were evil, the light of your goodness shines out so brightly that it puts all wickedness into the shade. Since God decided to take a member of the female sex as His bride and to choose you, most excellent lady, because of your great worth, all men should not only desist from attacking women but should hold them in the highest esteem."'

The Virgin replied, 'Justice, my son's dearly beloved, I will gladly come to live amongst these women, who are my sisters and friends, and I will take my place at their side. This is because Reason, Rectitude, you Justice and even Nature, have all persuaded me to do so. Women serve, honour and praise me without end, thus I am now and ever shall be the head of the female

sex. God Himself always wished this to be so and it was predestined and ordained by the Holy Trinity.'

Flanked by all the other women who fell to their knees and bowed their heads, Justice replied, 'My lady, may you be praised and honoured for all eternity. Save us, Our Lady, and intercede on our behalf with your son who refuses you nothing.'

[...]

3. About Saint Catherine

'The ladies whom we shall invite to from the company of the blessed Queen of Heaven, who is Empress and Princess of the City of Ladies, are blessed virgins and holy women. We shall thus prove that God loves the female sex by showing that He endowed women, just as He did men, with the strength and fortitude needed to suffer terrible martyrdoms in defence of His holy faith, despite the fact that these women were only tender, young creatures. The whole of womankind can benefit from hearing about the lives of ladies such as these, whose heads are crowned with glory, for the lessons which they impart are more edifying than any others. It is for this reason that they will be the most revered inhabitants of the city.

'The most eminent of these exemplary women is Saint Catherine, who was the daughter of King Costus of Alexandria. Though this worthy maiden was only eighteen years old when she inherited her father's lands, she conducted both her private life and her public affairs with great discernment. She was a Christian and had refused to marry, preferring to devote herself entirely to God. One day, the Emperor Maxentius came to Alexandria in order to perform an important sacrifice as part of a great ceremony in honour

of the pagan gods. Catherine, who was at home in her palace, could hear the bellowing of the animals which were being prepared for the ritual slaughter as well as the loud clamour of music. She sent word to find out what was going on and was told that the emperor had already arrived at the temple to make the sacrifice. No sooner had she heard this than she went up to the emperor and began to speak to him most eloquently about the error of his ways. Being well versed in both theology and the sciences, Catherine used philosophical arguments to prove that there was only one God, the Creator of all things, and that He alone should be worshipped. When the Emperor Maxentius heard this beautiful and noble maiden speak with such extraordinary authority, he didn't know what to say but could only gaze deeply at her in amazement. He sent for the wisest men that could be found in the whole of the land of Egypt, a country which was famous for the brilliance of its philosophers, fifty of whom were eventually brought to his court. However, once they realized why they had been summoned, they were extremely unhappy, saying that it was foolish of the emperor to have gone to all the trouble of bringing them from so far away simply to argue against a girl.

'To keep my tale brief, when the day of the debate arrived, the blessed Catherine blinded them with so many arguments that they were all convinced by what she said and were unable to answer her questions. The emperor was very angered by this and made all sorts of threats to them, but to no avail. By the grace of God, every one of them was won over by the virgin's holy words and became converted to Christianity. In his rage, the emperor sentenced all the philosophers to be burnt to death. The saintly virgin comforted them during their martyrdom, assuring them that they would be received into everlasting glory and praying to God to keep them strong in their faith. It was

thus thanks to her that they took their place among the ranks of the blessed martyrs. God revealed His miraculous workings through them, for the fire destroyed neither their bodies nor their clothes: even after they had perished in the flames, not a single hair on their heads had been singed and their faces looked as though they were still alive. The tyrant Maxentius, who was inflamed with desire for the beautiful, holy Catherine, began to pay court to her in an attempt to persuade her to do his bidding. However, when he saw that he was getting nowhere with her, his pleas turned to threats and then to torture. He inflicted a cruel beating on her before throwing her into prison, with the express order that she was to be placed in solitary confinement for twelve days, at the end of which time he hoped to have starved her into submission. Yet the angels of the Lord went to her and gave her succour. When the twelve days were up, she was brought before the emperor once more. Seeing that she was even healthier and lovelier than ever, he was convinced that someone must have been visiting her in secret. He therefore ordered all the prison guards to be tortured. However, Catherine took pity on them and swore to Maxentius that the only comfort she had received came from God Himself. At a loss as to how to inflict an even crueller torture on her than before, the emperor took his prefect's advice and had wheels made which were fitted with razorblades. These wheels ground against each other in such a way that anything caught between them was tom to shreds. The emperor had Catherine stripped and forced her to lie between the wheels, yet she never once left off worshipping God with her hands clasped in prayer. The angels came down and smashed up the wheels, killing all the torturers standing nearby in the process.

'When the emperor's wife learnt about all the miracles that God was performing on Catherine's behalf, she converted to Christianity and criticized

her husband for his conduct. She went to visit the holy virgin in her cell and begged her to pray to God for her sake. Because of this, the emperor had his wife tortured and her breasts cut off, whereupon the virgin said to her, "Most noble queen, don't be afraid of these tortures, for today you shall be received into neverending joy." The tyrant ordered his wife to be beheaded, at which sight huge numbers of his subjects converted. He asked Catherine to become his wife but when he realized that she was turning a deaf ear to all his pleas, he finally condemned her to be decapitated as well. In her prayers, she invoked the grace of God for all those who would remember her martyrdom and who would call out to her for help in their time of suffering. A voice came down from heaven saying that her prayer had been granted. As her martyrdom came to an end, milk, rather than blood, poured forth from her body. The angels took her saintly corpse and carried it to be buried on Mount Sinai, which was twenty days' journey away from Alexandria. God performed many miracles at her tomb, which lack of space prevents me from recounting: suffice to say that, from this tomb, flowed an oil which cured many illnesses. The Lord then punished the Emperor Maxentius in the most horrible ways.'

[...]

17. About Saint Afra, a repentant prostitute who turned to God

'Afra was a prostitute who converted to Christianity. She was brought before the judge, who said to her, "As if it weren't enough for you to sin with your body, you go and commit an error of faith by worshipping a foreign god! Sacrifice to our gods and they will pardon you." Afra replied, "I will sacrifice

to my Lord, Jesus Christ, who came down to earth for the sake of sinners. It says in his Gospel that a female sinner washed his feet with her tears and was forgiven. He didn't despise either prostitutes or sinful publicans, but rather allowed them to sit and eat with him." The judge retorted, "If you don't agree to make a sacrifice, you'll never see any of your clients again, nor will you receive any more presents from them." She answered, "I will never again accept a tainted gift. As for those that I did wrongfully receive, I've asked poor people to take them away and to pray for my soul." The judge sentenced Afra to be burnt to death for having refused to worship the gods. As she was being put into the fire, she glorified God, saying, "O Lord Almighty, Jesus Christ, you who call all sinners to repent, please accept my martyrdom in this hour of my passion and deliver me from the everlasting fire by means of this earthly fire that has been prepared for my mortal body." As the flames leapt up around her, she cried out, "Lord Jesus Christ, please receive me, a poor sinful woman martyred in your holy name, you who made a single sacrifice of yourself for the whole world. You were a righteous man nailed to a cross for the sake of all those who were immoral, a good man who died for the wicked, a blessed man for the damned, a gentle man for the cruel, an innocent and pure man for the corrupt. To you I offer the sacrifice of my body, you who live and reign with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever." Thus the blessed Afra ended her days, on whose behalf Our Lord later performed many miracles.'

18. Justice talks about several noble ladies who served the Apostles and other saints and gave them shelter

'My dear friend Christine, what more can I tell you on this subject? I could go

on recounting an infinite number of such stories to you. Because you said before that you were so astonished at the amount of criticism that writers have heaped on women, I can assure you that no matter what you've read in the works of pagan authors, I think you'll find few negative comments on women in holy legends, in stories of Jesus Christ and his apostles, and even in lives of the saints. If you look at such texts, what you will find instead are countless instances of women who were endowed by God with extraordinary constancy and virtue. What great acts of kindness women have unstintingly and diligently performed for the servants of God! What exemplary charity and devotion they have shown them! So much hospitality and so many other kindnesses are surely not things to be taken lightly. Even if certain foolish men want to dismiss them as insignificant, it is undeniable that, according to our faith, such acts are the rungs on the ladders that lead to heaven.

'We can cite the example of Drusiana, a noble widow, who took Saint John the Evangelist into her home, where she served him and prepared his meals. Saint John returned from exile, much to the delight of the people of the city who came out to greet him, just as Drusiana's dead body was being lowered into the ground. She had died from grief at his lengthy absence. The neighbours said to him, "John, here lies Drusiana, the lady who was such a kind hostess to you and who died because you stayed away so long. She'll never serve you again." At this, Saint John exclaimed, "Rise up, Drusiana! Go home and get my food ready for me!", whereupon she was brought back from the dead.

'Likewise, we could mention the worthy Susanna, a noblewoman from the city of Limoges. She was the first person to give shelter to Saint Martial, who had been sent by Saint Peter to convert the French. This lady showed him every kindness.

'Likewise, the same can be said of Maximilla, that excellent lady who cut Saint Andrew down from the cross and buried him, thus putting her own life in danger.

'Likewise, the holy virgin Ephigenia was a devoted follower of Saint Matthew the Evangelist, whom she served. After his death, she built a church dedicated to him.

'Likewise, there was another fine lady whose pure love for Saint Paul the Apostle was so great that she went everywhere with him and served him most diligently.

'Likewise, at the time of the apostles, lived a noble queen by the name of Helen - not the mother of Constantine, but the queen of Adiabene - who went to Jerusalem. The city was desperately short of food because of a famine that was raging all around. When Helen learnt that Our Lord's saints, who had come to Jerusalem to preach to and convert the people, were dying of hunger, she bought enough food to keep them well supplied until the famine was over.

'Likewise, when they were taking out Saint Paul to be beheaded on Nero's orders, an honourable lady by the name of Plautilla, who used to look after the saint, came up to him shedding bitter tears. Saint Paul asked her for the veil that she was wearing on her head. As she handed it to him, some wicked people who were standing nearby mocked her, saying more fool her for giving up such a pretty object. Saint Paul used the veil to blindfold himself. Later, after his death, the angels gave the blood-stained veil back to her, which she then kept as a precious relic. Saint Paul appeared to her and said that, for having done him this service on earth, he would do her a service in heaven by praying for her soul. I could tell you about many other cases like this.

'Basilissa was a noble lady full of the virtue of charity. She was married to Saint Julian. On their wedding night, they made a pact that they would both preserve their virginity. It's impossible to measure the full extent of this virgin's saintliness or the vast numbers of women and maidens who were saved by her holy teachings and encouraged to lead a devout existence. In short, her exemplary charity won her such divine favour that Our Lord spoke to her in person when she was on her deathbed.

'My dear Christine, I'm not sure what more to say to you. I could tell you endless stories about women of all different social ranks, whether virgins, wives or widows, whose wonderful strength and constancy revealed how God was working through them. Let what I have said be enough. It seems to me that I have well and truly acquitted myself of my task, which was to complete the high turrets of your city and to fill it up with illustrious ladies, just as I promised. These final examples will act as the gates and portcullises of our city. Although I haven't cited the names of every single holy lady who has ever lived, or is still living, or is indeed yet to come, for it would be impossible for me to do so, they can all none the less take their place in this City of Ladies, about which we can say: "Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei."* I'm therefore handing it over to you now that it is finished and the gates are closed and locked, just as I said I would. Adieu, and may the peace of God remain with you always!'

19. The end of the book: Christine addresses all women

'Most honourable ladies, praise be to God: the construction of our city is finally at an end. All of you who love virtue, glory and a fine reputation can now be lodged in great splendour inside its walls, not just women of the past

but also those of the present and the future, for this city has been founded and built to accommodate all deserving women. My dearest ladies, the human heart is naturally filled with joy when it sees that it has triumphed in a particular endeavour and has defeated its enemies. From this moment on, my ladies, you have every reason to rejoice - in a suitably devout and respectable manner - at seeing the completion of this new city. It will not only shelter you all, or rather those of you who have proved yourselves to be worthy, but will also defend and protect you against your attackers and assailants, provided you look after it well. For you can see that it is made of virtuous material which shines so brightly that you can gaze at your reflections in it, especially the lofty turrets that were built in this final part of the book, as well as the passages which are relevant to you in the other two parts. My beloved ladies, I beg you not to abuse this new legacy like those arrogant fools who swell up with pride when they see themselves prosper and their wealth increase. Rather, you should follow the example of your queen, the noble Virgin. On hearing that she was to receive the supreme honour of becoming the mother of the Son of God, her humility grew all the greater as she offered herself up to the Lord as His handmaiden. Thus, my ladies, since it is true that the more virtuous someone is, the more this makes them meek and mild, this city should make you conduct yourselves in a moral fashion and encourage you to be meritorious and forbearing.

'As for you ladies who are married, don't despair at being so downtrodden by your husbands, for it's not necessarily the best thing in the world to be free. This is proven by what the angel of the Lord said to Esdras: "Those who used their free will fell into sin, turned their backs on God and corrupted the righteous; for this reason they were destroyed." Those wives whose husbands are loving and kind, good-natured and wise, should praise

the Lord. This is no small boon but one of the greatest blessings in the world that any woman can receive. Such wives should serve their husbands with devotion, and should love and cherish them with a faithful heart, as is their duty, living in peace with them and praying to God to keep them safe and sound. Those wives whose husbands are neither good nor bad should none the less thank the Lord that they're not any worse. They should make every effort to moderate their husbands' unruly behaviour and to strive for a peaceable existence with them according to their social condition. Those wives with husbands who are wayward, sinful and cruel should do their best to tolerate them. They should try to overcome their husbands' wickedness and lead them back to a more reasonable and respectable path, if they possibly can. Even if their husbands are so steeped in sin that all their efforts come to nothing, these women's souls will at least have benefited greatly from having shown such patience. Moreover, everyone will praise them for it and will be on their side.

'So, my ladies, be humble and long-suffering and the grace of God will be magnified in you. You will be covered in glory and be granted the kingdom of heaven. It was Saint Gregory who said that patience is the key to paradise and the way of Jesus Christ. You should all resolve to rid yourselves henceforth of silly and irrational ideas, petty jealousies, stubbornness, contemptuous talk or scandalous behaviour, all of which are things that twist the mind and make a person unstable. Besides, such ways are extremely unhealthy and unseemly in a woman.

'As for you girls who are young virginal maidens, be pure and modest, timid and steadfast, for the wicked have set their snares to catch you. Keep your gaze directed downwards, say few words, and be cautious in everything you do. Arm yourselves with strength and virtue against the deceitful ways of

seducers and avoid their company.

'As for you widowed ladies, be respectable in the way you dress, speak and hold yourselves. Be devout in your words and deeds, prudent in the way you run your affairs, and patient, strong and resilient in the face of suffering and aggravation, for you will have sore need of such qualities. Be unassuming in your temperament, speech and bearing, and be charitable in your actions.

'In short, all you women, whether of high, middle or low social rank, should be especially alert and on your guard against those who seek to attack your honour and your virtue. My ladies, see how these men assail you on all sides and accuse you of every vice imaginable. Prove them all wrong by showing how principled you are and refute the criticisms they make of you by behaving morally. Act in such a way that you can say, like the Psalmist, "The evil done by the wicked will fall on their own heads." Drive back these treacherous liars who use nothing but tricks and honeyed words to steal from you that which you should keep safe above all else: your chastity and your glorious good name. O my ladies, fly, fly from the passionate love with which they try to tempt you! For God's sake, fly from it! No good can come to you of it. Rather, you can be sure that though it may seem to be superficially attractive, it can only be to your harm in the end. This is always the case, so don't think otherwise. My dear ladies, remember how these men accuse you of being weak, flighty and easily led, and yet still use the most convoluted, outlandish and bizarre methods they can think of to trap you, just as one would a wild animal. Fly, fly from them, my ladies! Have nothing to do with such men beneath whose smiling looks a lethal venom is concealed, one which will poison you to death. Instead, my most honoured ladies, may it please you to pursue virtue and shun vice, thus increasing in number the

inhabitants of our city. Let your hearts rejoice in doing good. I, your servant, commend myself to you. I beg the Lord to shine His grace upon me and to allow me to carry on devoting my life to His holy service here on earth. May He pardon my great faults and grant me everlasting joy when I die, and may He do likewise unto you. Amen'

End of the Third and Final Part of the Book of the City of Ladies.

注释

* Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

GREAT IDEAS

伟大的思想

第4辑

中国出版集团
中译出版社

25 论生命之短暂
［古罗马］塞内加 著 周殊平 胡晓哲 译
中国出版集团 中译出版社

26 看不见的手
［英］亚当·斯密 著 马睿 译
中国出版集团 中译出版社

27 论自然选择
［英］查尔斯·达尔文 著 朱邦芊 译
中国出版集团 中译出版社

28 论自由
［英］约翰·斯图亚特·密尔 著 牛云平 译
中国出版集团 中译出版社

29 论语
［春秋］孔丘 著 付雅丽 白话文翻译、注释
中国出版集团 中译出版社

30 阅读的时光
［法］马塞尔·普鲁斯特 著 魏柯玲 译
中国出版集团 中译出版社

31 女作家写的蠢故事
［英］乔治·艾略特 著 孙平华 石伟东 译
中国出版集团 中译出版社

32 意大利文艺复兴时期的文化
［瑞士］雅各布·布克哈特 著 孙平华 于艳芳 译
中国出版集团 中译出版社

目录

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE

论生命之短暂

［古罗马］塞内加　著

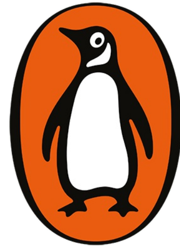
周殊平　胡晓哲　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

论生命之短暂

（古罗马）塞内加/著

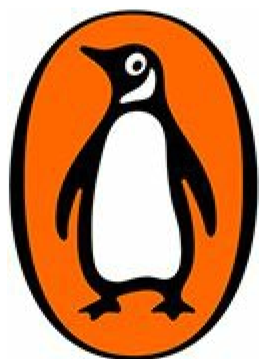
周殊平　胡晓哲/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

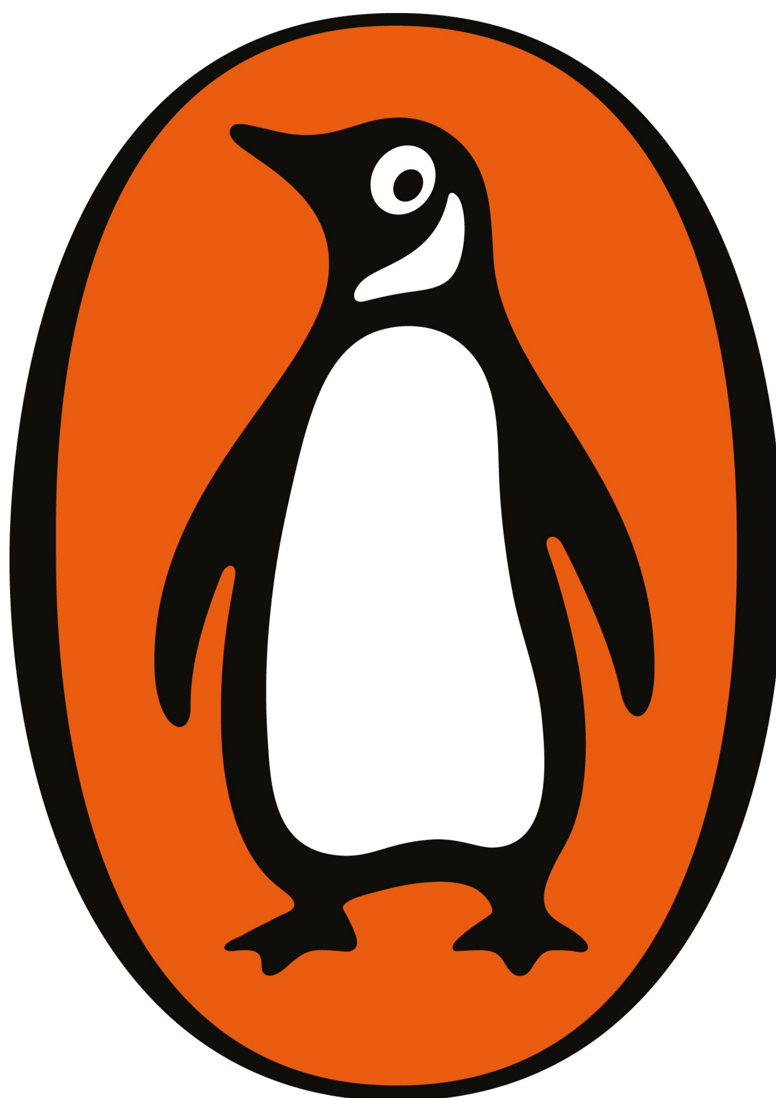
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com.cn
First published in Dialogues and Letters in Penguin Classics 1997
This selection first published in Penguin Books 2004

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition Dialogues and Letters,
translated and edited by C. D. N. Costa
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

塞内加（Lucius Annaeus Seneca，约公元前4—公元65），古罗马帝国著名的斯多葛学派哲学家、政治家、雄辩家、悲剧作家。

塞内加是罗马文学史上的一位巨人，他的著作覆盖了自然科学、哲学、文学等多个领域，有《疯狂的赫拉克勒斯》《特洛伊妇女》《菲德拉》《美狄亚》《腓尼基少女》《俄狄浦斯》《阿伽门农》《提埃斯忒斯》等至少八部得到确认的悲剧流传于世。他在散文与韵文创作领域的非凡成就对后世欧洲的散文与韵文写作产生了深刻的影响。

塞内加生于西班牙南部城市科尔多瓦，幼年到罗马接受早期教育。他的父亲是当时非常著名的修辞学家，一生潜心教学及写作，使得塞内加从小就开始接触和学习修辞学，这对他后来的演说口才及写作能力有极大的助益。他的母亲赫尔维亚是一位贵妇人，敏于政治。父亲在学术上的造诣及母亲的政治意识，与塞内加的人格发展和他接受的人材培养计划有必然的联系，他从小就接受过多方面的教育，以便能进入为国家服务的职业领域，既受过演说训练，又潜心学习过法律并成为了一名律师；稍长便开始学习哲学。

当斯多葛学说进入塞内加的视线后，他为这一学派的教义深深痴迷，并成为该学说的狂热支持者。他将斯多葛派的顺乎天命、安于现状、接受自己在社会中所处的地位、恬淡寡欲等主张内化为自己日常生活，甘之如饴地过着苦行僧式的极简生活。他投入之深，以至严重影响到身体健康，并曾一度恶化到危及生命，不得不接受治疗。

身体略有复元的塞内加，虽然仍然秉信斯多葛学派提倡的清心寡欲生活，崇尚与物质财富无关的内心幸福，但他重新审视了斯多葛派的某

些教义，并将眼光投向更广阔的哲学领域。他也曾先后拜昆体良学派的两位学者为师，受该学派的启发，他创立了带有鲜明个人风格且兼收并蓄博采众长的塞内加派斯多葛学说。

哲学严密的思维方式助推了塞内加的演说才华和雄辩术。有一件事能说明塞内加的雄辩口才有多么令人羡慕嫉妒恨：他曾因无敌的辩才先后惹起两任皇帝的嫉妒，其中一位，即罗马帝国的第三任皇帝——丧心病狂的暴君卡里古里，甚至安排人要去暗杀塞内加。能幸免于难是因为塞内加糟糕的身体状况让人觉得他已病入膏肓时日不多，没有暗杀的必要了。

罗马帝国第四任皇帝克劳狄乌斯上任的第一年，塞内加就被指控与前任皇帝卡里古里的妹妹茱莉亚·里维拉有染而被流放到法国东南部的科西嘉岛。在长达八年的流放生活中，他致力于自然科学研究和诗歌写作。直到公元49年才被召回罗马。

塞内加生活在一个动荡多变的时代，先后经历过五位皇帝的执政。虽然年轻的塞内加淡泊名利，志趣高洁，始终提倡简朴的生活和内心的宁静，但并不排斥为国家服务，正如斯多葛派主张的：在公共生活中，人们应该勇于为国家献身；在个人生活领域，人们应该竭尽可能地掌握智慧。塞内加在三十多岁时以财务官的身份首次开始了他的职业生涯，这正是一份既需要有为国服务的情怀，又需要有足够智慧的工作。从此他的生命轨迹转向政坛。后成为元老院元老，担任过司法事务执政官，并凭借渊博的知识当上了年仅十二岁的尼禄（Nero）的家庭教师。尼禄即皇位后，塞内加顺理成章地成为其政府顾问和演讲撰稿人，辅佐皇帝制定决策，权倾一时。随着尼禄年龄渐长，塞内加的权力逐年削减。公元65年，以皮索为首的贵族共和派反对尼禄，谋刺皇帝计划败露，多疑的尼禄怀疑塞内加参与了此次谋杀。君要臣死，臣不得不死，一代大儒被迫自尽。

自古以来，塞内加都不缺追随者和仰慕者，后世的文学家、哲学家，如休谟、狄德罗、罗素等，无数大师心悦诚服地为之折腰，心甘情愿地以这位智者为人生的指路明灯。

本书所选取的三篇文章是塞内加的思想成熟期至晚年的作品，比较全面地表现出了塞内加的内心世界及其主要思想观点。

“论生命之短暂”是塞内加写给朋友保利努斯（Paulinus）的书信，阐述了作者秉持的时间观念，对如何珍惜时间和合理利用时间、如何把时间花在有意义的事上进行了充分论证，批驳了人们抱怨生命过于短暂的错误认识，指出与其无意义地抱怨自然母亲之吝啬，不如马上停止愚蠢地挥霍时间，去做时间的主人，而不是做一个“杂务缠身者”。全文妙语连珠，句句精炼，闪烁着深邃的人生智慧，展示了一代雄辩大师极强的语言说服力。

“致赫尔维亚的告慰书”创作于塞内加因通奸指控而被流放于科西嘉岛的第二或第三年，是给他挚爱的母亲赫尔维亚（Helvia）的信。他在信中首先回顾了命运给母亲带来的种种痛苦，鼓励母亲学会承受不幸，战胜困难。然后以宽阔的胸襟表明自己并未感到愧疚或消沉，安慰母亲不要悲伤。这封家书，表现了作者在逆境中依然保持人格高洁、不屈服于命运捉弄的坚强个性。

“论心灵之安宁”是塞内加晚年的作品。好友塞雷努斯（Serenus）向其倾诉自己生活中的种种焦虑、担忧、厌倦情绪，以及对自己的道德要求很高但意志力薄弱、思想游移等问题，来信的末尾向这位智者求安心之法。塞内加在回信中充满哲理地剖析了产生这些问题的思想原因，并分享了一套对治的方法。例如，他认为对治厌倦情绪最好的方法是“使自己忙于摄职从政的实际活动”；对于私有财产的忠告是财产“既不低于贫困线也不要超出太多”；要让心灵回归自我，就要懂得适时独处，等等。同时也指出，这些恢复和保持心灵宁静的方法都只是一种手

段，“除非那摇摆不定的心灵能时时刻刻得到精心呵护，否则这些方法仍不足以维护一个如此脆弱的东西”。正所谓——时时勤拂拭，勿使惹尘埃。该文看似私人交流，但讨论的问题是任何时代、任何人群、任何年龄都普遍存在的心灵问题，塞内加的回信无疑对历代读者都有穿越时空的指导意义。

杨光美

论生命之短暂

保利努斯[1]啊，大多数人都抱怨自然之吝啬，因为人生短暂，而这被赋予的短暂人生竟又是如此瞬间即逝，以致除极少数人之外，其余的人都还没来得及开始生活便寿数已尽。并非只有平庸之辈和疏于思考的大众苍生才对人们所说的这种世间通病发出哀叹，那些声名显赫的人也会因同样的感觉而抱怨，因此才有了最伟大的医学之父的至理名言："人生苦短，艺术恒久。"[2]连亚里士多德也会因此而大发牢骚，那是与其智者身份极不相宜的。他指责自然如此偏宠动物，竟让它们活出相当于人的五个，乃至十个生命周期，却把人的生命限制在极其短暂的时间里，尽管他为众多伟大的成就而生。生命并非短促，而是我们荒废太多。一生足够漫长，如能悉心投入，足以创造丰功伟绩。然而，在漫不经心、挥霍无度、汲汲于无聊琐事、最终到达万劫不复的终极之时，我们才会幡然醒悟。浑然不觉中，时光荏苒，生命已经逝去。因而，实际赋予我们的生命原非短暂，是我们自己使然；上天所赐不薄，是我们将其荒废虚掷。这正如败家之子将到手的万贯家财一掷千金，顷刻散尽。若托付给经营有方者管理，即便这财富不多，也可提升使用价值。所以，倘能妥善安排，我们的生命便可延长。

我们为何要埋怨自然母亲？她已经仁至义尽：生命，如能善用，便足够长久。然而，有人贪得无厌，欲壑难填；有人碌碌无为，不务正业；有人醉生梦死；有人慵懒怠惰；有人因政治野心而总是仰人鼻息，结果心力交瘁；有人经商发财，唯利是图，得陇望蜀；有人热衷穷兵黩武，总是损害他人，或总是惴惴不安，唯恐大祸临头，因而备受煎熬；有些人殚精竭虑，心甘情愿鞍前马后侍奉大人物而费力不讨好；很多人或觊觎他人的财富，或抱怨自己的贫穷，无暇他顾；不少人没有追求，随波逐流，反复无常，永不满足。有些人一生了无目标，而就在他们无

精打采哈欠连天之时，死神已不知不觉地降临——至此，我毫不怀疑那位最伟大诗人的经典名句：“我们真正活过的那段生命仅仅是一小部分。”[3]的确如此，其余的部分不能算是生命，仅仅是时间而已。恶习裹挟着人们，从四面八方发起进攻，使人们不得再起身睁眼去识辨真相，只能俯首就擒，任欲火中烧而不能自拔，永远失去自我。即使侥幸得到一丝安宁，依然辗转反侧，终难摆脱邪念的缠磨回归平静，就像深海的水即使在风暴肆虐过后仍然翻腾不息。你觉得我说的都是公认的邪恶之徒？看看那些被众人追捧的幸运儿吧，祝福的甜言蜜语令其窒息。多少人为财富所累！多少人高谈阔论，终日为展示自己的天赋才华而呕心沥血！多少人沉溺于无度的享乐而憔悴枯槁！又有多少人囿于门客的包围之中而身不由己！总而言之，纵观这些人，从平民百姓到达官显贵——这位请求法律援助，那位提供帮助；这位接受审判，那位为其辩护，而另一位作出判决；无人为自己提出要求，每个人都在为他人耗散精力。问到那些知名人士，你就会发现他们都有这样的显著特征：甲想讨好乙，乙想讨好丙，没有人为自己操心。于是又有某些人无名火起——他们抱怨上司目中无人，因为当他们希望有人倾听时，上司却忙得无暇旁顾。不过如果一个人自己总是自顾不暇，又怎敢抱怨他人傲气十足呢？然而，无论你是何许人，大人物有时还会将目光投向你，即便看起来盛气凌人，他仍会洗耳恭听你的见解，准许你与他比肩而行。可是你却对自己从来都不屑一顾，不屑聆听自己的心声。由于你已经表明并非因为你指望别人的陪伴，而是不能容忍自己给自己作伴，所以，你没有理由认为别人就该关注你。

即便是先哲也会对此话题予以考量，对于人类头脑的浑浑噩噩他们也会惊奇不已。人们不会让别人获取自己的地产，一点儿小小的地界纠纷，都会使他们即刻抄起石头拿起武器大动干戈；然而他们却能任由别人侵占他们的生命——咳，他们甚至自己请人来掌控他们的生命。你会发现没人会愿意跟别人分享自己的钱财，但是我们每个人瓜分了自己的生命！人们在捍卫个人财产时锱铢必较，而一旦挥霍起本该吝惜的时

间，却又出手大方。所以我要拉住一位先辈对他说：“我看您已来到了生命的最后一个阶段，已近期颐之年，或已过期颐，来，给我们盘点一下您这一辈子吧。”算算你用了多少时间与债主周旋，多少时间与情妇厮混，多少时间与贵族结交，多少时间与门客敷衍，多少时间和老婆吵架，多少时间惩治奴仆，多少时间为了履行社会义务而在城里奔忙，还得算上自己生病的时间，再加上无所事事流逝的时间，你会发现，属于你的时间比你原来估算的要少多了。回想一下什么时候有过固定的目标，按自己计划过的日子才几天；什么时候随心所欲地干事，什么时候表情自然，什么时候心无旁骛，如此漫长的一生取得了哪些成就；不知不觉中多少人侵扰过你的生活；无缘由的悲痛、愚蠢的嬉笑、贪得无厌、外界的诱惑使你失去了多少人生的大好时光，自己却所剩无几，你会感到自己死得太早了。

为什么会这样呢？你活着就好像命中注定会长生不老，你从未感到自身的脆弱，你对时光流逝浑然不觉，因而挥霍虚度，好像时光会满载而至，源源而来——而其实，你为别人或别的事情付出的那一天很可能就是你的末日。恐惧时，你知道终会一死；贪求时，你似乎长生不老。你会听到很多人这样说：“等我五十岁时就退休赋闲；等我六十岁时就推掉所有公干。”但，谁能保证你那么长寿呢？谁能确保你能按照自己设定的路线活下去呢？当你的生命只剩下残羹冷炙，当你的时间已无法用在其他事情上时才开始思考，你不觉得惭愧吗？当生命即将结束时才准备开始真正的生活，就已经为时太晚了！忘了人终有一死，而把那些明智的计划拖延到五六十岁时才开始实施，想在很少有人能活到的那个岁数才开始生活，这是多么愚蠢！

你会发现很多达官显贵都曾声称他们渴望闲暇、赞赏闲暇，觉得悠闲的生活比自己的尊荣更可贵。有时他们渴望能从高位平安卸任，因为即便没有外界袭击和骚乱，好运自己也会顷刻间灰飞烟灭。

被奉若神明的奥古斯都大帝[4]得到诸神的恩泽比谁都多，而他却不断地祈求歇息，希望能暂停公务，休息片刻。他句句不离的话题是对赋闲的企盼。他曾用慰藉的话宽解自己的辛劳，虽然虚假却很中听。他说，有那么一天，他会为愉悦自己而生活。他在致元老院的一封信中承诺他的隐退将不会缺少尊严，也不会与先前的荣耀相矛盾，在这之后，我在信里看到："但更要谨记的是，不能光承诺，而要付诸实践。但那令人欣喜的现实依旧遥遥无期，所以我把对美好时光的向往讲出来高兴高兴，提前享受那种愉悦。"休闲对于他如此珍贵，在还不能真正享用时，竟然先搞起精神会餐。像他这种自视一人即可主宰万物，决定百姓、社稷福祉的人物，一旦想到有朝一日能将尊贵置于一旁都会欣喜万分。然而，从亲身经历中他知道，四方仰慕的尊荣令他付出了多少汗水，又隐藏着多少不为人知的焦虑。他不得不先向自己的同胞开战，再和同僚打仗，最后向亲人宣战，造成尸山血海。他征战于马其顿、西西里、埃及、叙利亚、亚洲——几乎所有的国家——当他的军队厌倦了血洗罗马，他又向国外敌军开火。当他平定阿尔卑斯地区，制服那些在他和平帝国中部崛起的敌人时，当他把疆土扩展到莱茵河、幼发拉底河和多瑙河一带时，在罗马本土，穆列纳、凯皮奥、雷必达、埃格纳提乌斯等却在秣马厉兵与之抗衡。当他还未逃脱这些人的阴谋时，他的女儿[5]及其周围所有因与之通奸而像发过誓一样效忠于她的贵族青年，还有埃乌勒斯以及那个与安东尼联手的第二个可怕的女人，使他在风烛残年仍惊恐不安。他将这些"痈疽"和那些左膀右臂统统除掉，但马上又有新的取而代之，就像身体的血量过多总要从某个地方破口而出。所以他渴望闲暇，期盼并想象可以从烦劳中换得解脱。万民向他祈求，而他祈求的无非如此。

当马尔库斯西塞罗[6]受到喀提林[7]、克劳狄乌斯[8]、庞培、克劳苏等人[9]的排斥时——他们有的是公开的敌人，有的是可疑的朋友——当国家形势动荡、风雨飘摇时，他备受煎熬，试图力挽狂澜，救国家于穷途末路之时，但最终却被风暴席卷而去。在太平盛世时他不得安宁，在

灾祸临头时他无法忍受，他多少次诅咒那执政官的职位，而此前他曾不停地称颂它，当然，那也是不无道理的。当老庞培被征服，儿子仍在西班牙力图收拾他的残部时，西塞罗给阿提库斯写了一封信，信中他用了多么凄婉的字句！“你想知道我在这里干什么吗？”他写道，“我像半个囚徒似的待在自己图斯库兰的别墅里。”接着他哀叹过去，抱怨现在，绝望地叹息未来。西塞罗称自己为半个囚徒，但是智者绝不致使用如此悲怆的字眼。他永远不会成为“半个囚徒”，而是享受稳定、彻底的自由，随心所欲地做自己的主宰，至高无上地生活。因为还有什么东西能凌驾于一位超越命运之神的人之上呢？

李维乌斯杜路苏斯[10]孔武有力，曾提出改革格拉古兄弟灾难性政策的法案，因而得到全意大利人的支持。但他的措施不会有成果，因为从一开始就无法贯彻，一旦实施又无法放弃。据说他曾诅咒自己一直以来的动荡生活，还说他是唯一一个从未享受过假期的人，从小就没有。因为，在他尚未成年的时候，身着青年装的他就斗胆在陪审团面前为一些被告说话，并且居然在法庭上产生了影响，结果正如大家所知，他迫使法庭作出了有利于他当事人的判决。小小年纪却有如此野心的人什么事干不出来呢？你就该知道，如此年轻就这么胆大妄为会给公众和个人带来多大的麻烦。所以当他抱怨自己从未享受过假期时已为时太晚，因为他从小就在会议广场制造大麻烦。现在还不能确定他的死是不是自己一手造成的，他是因为腹股沟突然受伤后就倒下了。有些人怀疑他是自戕，但是没有人怀疑他死得适逢其时。

再提这种人就有点儿多余了，他们在别人眼里是最幸福的，但他们自己对此有着清醒的认识，他们表达了对自己一生中每个行动的憎恶。然而，抱怨归抱怨，他们既改变不了自己也改变不了别人，说完激情之辞，心情又恢复原样。

可以肯定地说，你的生命即便能延续千年，也还会缩成最短的期

限：那些恶习将吞噬所有时间。你真正拥有的时间——以为可以延伸，但其实稍纵即逝——也必将很快从你身边溜走：因为你没有抓住它，或将它拉回来，或试图拖延它——这个速度最快的东西，而是让它溜掉了，似乎它是某种多余的或可以替代的东西。

不过，在所有最可恶的坏人中，最令人不齿的就是那些沉溺于酒色的家伙，因为这是最不可救药的沉沦。其他人即便执着于一种虚幻的荣耀，也算得上是值得称道的虚妄。你可以列出那些沉醉于不当的仇恨和战争的或贪婪或暴躁的家伙，但他们即便有罪也不失男人气概，而那些耽于声色犬马之徒却是劣迹斑斑的无耻人渣。看看这些人是如何花费时间的——他们算账花了多少时间，算计别人或担心被别人算计用了多少时间，奉承谄媚别人，别人奉承自己，支付或收取保释金，赴宴（这在现在被算作公事了）各用去多少时间，你会看到，这些活动，无论好坏，都让他们忙得喘不过气。

最后一点，人们普遍认为，一个人如果沉迷于某种事务，就会一事无成——修辞教育或通识教育都学不好——因为精力分散了，大脑对任何东西都不能深入吸收，而是会排斥一切所谓硬塞进来的东西。对于那些沉迷于某一活动的人来说，生活是最不重要的事，而没有比生活这门课程更难学的了。其他技艺的老师到处都能找到，实际上有些技艺连小孩子都非常精通，可以胜任教师一职。但是，学会如何生活却要耗费一生的时间，而让你更惊诧的是，学会如何死去也要花费一生的时间。那么多精英人物都放下负担，放弃财产、放弃生意、放弃享乐，把学习如何生活作为自己余生的目标。但这些逝者生前大多坦言他们还是没有弄明白这个问题——其他人就更不明白了。相信我，伟人、圣人的标志就是从不浪费自己的时间，他的寿命之所以长久是因为他将自己所有的时间全部为己所用，没有闲置，没有荒废，没有置于别人的掌控之下。作为自己时间的监护人，他精打细算，从未发现有什么东西值得拿自己的时间交换。所以他有足够的时间，而那些长时间被公事所扰的人必定所

剩无几了。

你也不会想到，这些人有时也没能意识到自己丢失了什么。确实，你会听到有些为巨大财富所累的人有时会在一群门客当中，在法院辩护时，或在做着其他体面而又痛苦的事时大喊“不能活了”。当然不能了，所有找你办事的人都让你远离了自我。被告人窃走了你多少天？那个候选人呢？那个为自己的继承人送了葬之后疲惫不堪的老妪呢？还有那个装病来挑起遗产继承人贪欲的人呢？还有那个把你这样的人当朋友不是为了友谊，而是为了炫耀的颇有势力的朋友呢？我跟你说呀，把这一辈子的日子标示出来盘点一下，你会发现自己所剩极少——而且都是边角废料。某人得到了垂涎已久的职权却又想弃之不顾，反复说着：“这一年怎么还不到头呀？”另一位觉得能有机会来举办竞赛是了不起的成功[11]，但是一旦举办，他又说：“什么时候我才能脱身呀？”这位演讲者受到广场四面八方听众的捧场，台下挤满了听众，远处的根本听不到他的讲演，而他却说：“什么时候才能休假呢？”每个人都在为生计奔忙，因渴望未来、厌倦现在而烦恼。但是将自己的时间为己所用的人，总是把每一天安排得像是最后一天的人，他们既不渴望又不惧怕明天的到来。现在每个时辰还会给他带来什么新的乐事呢？他一切都尝试过了，充分享受过了，再有其他的，命运尽可自行安排了。他现在无忧无虑，这样的一生什么都不会被拿走，而只能为其添加内容，就像一个吃饱了的人已不再需要任何食物，但是再加点儿也还能吃下去。所以不要以为头发花白、满脸皱纹的人就是活得长，他不是活得长，只是在世上待得时间长。如果一个人出海遇到狂风暴雨，被变幻肆虐的风吹得团团转，你可能会觉得他航行了很远，其实航行得并不远，只是浮沉动荡的时间长而已。

看到有的人想要占用别人的时间，而对方又欣然应允，我总是感到惊讶。双方都只是想到了占用时间的事由，却都没有考虑到时间本身——似乎什么都没索取，什么都没付出。因为时间是无形的，无法明摆

着被查看，因而被认为是很廉价的——几乎没有任何价值。这一点蒙蔽了人们，使他们忽视了这人生中最宝贵的商品。人们接到养老金、抚恤金时会很高兴，为这些钱他们曾付出劳动、提供援助或者服务。但是没有人计算时间的价值——人们大肆挥霍，好像它毫无价值。但就是这些人，如果受到死亡的威胁，你就会看到他们向大夫乞求；如果他们惧怕死刑，为了保命他们会倾其所有。情绪完全不一样了呀。如果我们每个人能像计算过去岁月那样将未来的岁月当面推算出来，那些看到自己来日不多的人会是怎样震惊呀，他们将会怎样小心翼翼地利用这些时间呀！而且如果数目确定下来，无论多小的数目，也都容易安排了。对于那不知会在什么时候戛然而止的生命，我们要更慎重地存留。

但是，你不要认为这些人不知道时间有多么宝贵。他们一般会对特别喜欢的人说，他们会将一些岁月献出，而且他们确实在无意识中献出了。不过，这份礼物使他们自己有所失却并未使别人有所得。但他们其实并不知道自己是否有所失，这样他们就能承受在自己毫无察觉的情况下造成的损失了。岁月不能倒流，人生无法复原，生命沿着它初始的路线前行，既不会倒退也不作更改。它不会发出响动提醒你它的迅驰，而是无声无息地向前溜走。它不会因帝王的指令或平民的喜好而延长。它从第一天起步，一路前行，没有停顿，没有转向。那么结果呢？当生命匆匆前行的时候，你曾沉迷不悟，这期间死亡降临，而你对此别无选择，只能接受。

还有比自吹有远见卓识的人更白痴的吗？为了改善生活，他们煞费苦心，用生命安排生命。他们把目标设定于遥远的未来。但是拖延就是对生命最大的浪费：它夺走了到来的每一天，冀望未来，而放弃现在。生活的最大障碍就是期待，期待使人心系明天而失去今日。你筹划的是命运掌控的东西，却放弃了自己手中的东西。你在看什么？在为什么目标而操劳？所有的未来都是不确定的：马上开始生活。倾听我们伟大诗人的呼唤吧，他仿佛受到神谕的启示，吟唱出极富教益的诗句：

对于这里不幸的人来说，

生命中最美好的一天总是最先消失的一天。[12]

他的意思是说，“你为什么闲逛？”“你为什么无所事事？你不先抓住它，它就会溜走”。而即使你抓住它，它仍会跑掉。所以你在利用时间时必须使自己适应时间那瞬间即逝的速度，你必须像从一条随时可能枯竭的激流中喝水一样快速敏捷。为谴责那种无休止的拖延，诗人很委婉地用了“最美好的一天”而不是“最美好的岁月”。你贪婪也罢，但为什么要如此漠然如此怠惰拖拉（而时间正在飞逝），把今后几个月几个年头的时间都一溜儿排开摆在眼前？诗人讲的是当下这一天——而且是正在溜走的这一天。所以对于不幸的人——就是那些沉迷于杂务中的人——来说，最美好的一天总是最先溜掉的一天，这难道还有疑问吗？当他们心理还很幼稚时，人却已变老，对此他们毫无准备、毫无设防，因为他们没有准备，突然间不期而遇，根本没意识到它早已一天天逼近。就像旅行者以聊天、阅读或沉思冥想打发时间，不知不觉中发现已经到达目的地。所以在人生这一疾驰不停的旅途中，无论是醒着还是睡着，都是同速前行，那些沉迷于杂务的人只有到旅行结束时才会有所知觉。

如果我要把这个论题分为几个小标题并提供证据，我会找出很多论据来证明：凡是沉迷于杂务的人，都会觉得生命很短促。但是，法比亚诺斯[13]——他绝非现在的学院派哲学家，而是真正老派的哲学家——经常说，我们必须对激情施以暴力攻击，而不能采取逻辑推理，必须对敌人的战线加以猛烈进攻，而不只是用针刺。恶习必须被击溃，不能只是戳戳而已。尽管如此，为了让这些人因自己的过失而反省自责，必须对他们进行教育，而不能放任不管。

生命分为三个阶段：过去、现在和将来。其中，现在是短暂的，将来是不确定的，过去是定型的。对于过去，命运已无力掌控，任何人也无法重新掌控。而这也正是那些沉迷于杂务的人失去的东西，因为他们

没有时间回首往事，即便有，回忆那些抱憾终生的事也是不愉快的，所以他们不愿意再次回想那些荒废的时光，如果那些恶习还清晰可现，他们也没有胆量再去回想——即使那些阴险的恶行被一时欢乐的魔力掩饰也是如此。没人愿意回到过去，除非他的所有行为都通过了良心的自我审查，这是无法自欺欺人的。那些不敢回首往事的人都是贪得无厌、妄自尊大、急功近利、见利忘义、巧取豪夺、穷奢极欲之徒。然而过去是我们时间的一部分，是神圣的、独立的，它超越人类面临的一切不幸，超出命运的掌控，不为欲望、恐惧、疾病所困扰，无人能妨碍它，褫夺它，那是一种无法干预的、持久的拥有。我们是一天一天、一分钟一分钟地度过眼前的日子。但是，过去的日子却可以全部出现在你的脑海里。你可以任意扣留它们，审视它们——而那些沉迷于杂务的人是无暇这样做的。这是一种平静的、没有任何烦扰的心境，它可以徜徉于生命的每个阶段，而那些杂务缠身者的心呢，就像套上了马轭不能回头看。所以，他们的生命消失于无底深渊，如同液体倒进无底的容器，徒劳无益。所以，无论给我们多少时间，如果无处安放，它还是会从心里的缝隙或漏洞中溜走。眼前的时间极其短暂，因此很多人都没有意识到它的存在。因为它永远向前，步履匆匆，稍纵即逝；它曾在到来前停息，从此再无耽搁，如同天空抑或星辰，斗转星移，从未原地止步。所以杂务缠身者只关注现在，而现在的时光是如此短暂，根本无法抓住，甚至在他们沉溺于各种娱乐活动时就被窃取了。

总之，你想知道他们为什么不能长寿吗？看看他们是如何渴望长生不老吧。羸弱的老翁乞求再多活几年；他们假装更年轻，并以此自慰，极力欺骗自己的同时也欺骗命运。但是疾病会提醒他们寿数已尽，面对死亡，他们是如此恐惧，似乎不是度过生命，而是被拖拽而去。他们大喊大叫说自己是傻瓜，因为他们还没有真正活过呢，倘若病痛痊愈，他们会悠闲安度余生。接着他们回想起自己巧取豪夺却无缘享受是多么的徒劳，自己的辛苦是多么的徒劳。不过，对于那些远离一切杂务的人来说，生命一定是足够长了，没有挥霍，没有虚度，没有任命运摆布，没

有漫不经心的丢失，没有无度施舍而浪费，没有多余的部分，可以说，全部生命都用在了有效的投资上。所以无论生命如何短暂，都是充实的。因此，无论末日何时到来，理智的人都会以坚实的步伐义无反顾地迎接死神的降临。

也许你想知道我把什么人叫作“杂务缠身者”吧。你不会认为我指的是那些得靠看门犬[14]才能逐出法院的人吧，或是那些你常见的要么被自己的支持者体面地、要么被别人的支持者轻蔑地击垮的人，或是那些为履行社会职责从自家蹿出去敲别人家大门的人，或是那些在执政官拍卖矛[15]下忙于钻营而终有一天使自己臭名昭著的人？有人即使赋闲也会让自己杂务缠身：在自家的乡村房舍中，在长椅上，在独处时，甚至在一个人的时候，他们都不能好好陪陪自己。你不能说那些人的生活是悠闲的，那不过是无所事事的心不在焉。你能说那个神情焦虑却一丝不苟地摆弄科林斯铜器的人悠闲吗？几个收藏家的狂热使这些青铜价格虚涨，他们每天大部分时间都花在这些金属的斑斑锈迹上。那个坐在格斗场（我们的耻辱呀！我们还要忍受着那些不是来自罗马的恶行）急切地看着斗士们角逐的人悠闲？那个为自己成群的驮畜按年龄和颜色配对的人悠闲？为竞技新秀提供生活费的人悠闲？还有，有些人在理发店花好几个小时就是为了剪掉一夜之间长出的那点儿头发，跟那几根分散的较真儿，把乱了的理顺，将日渐稀疏的头发从两鬓梳过来盖在前额，理发员稍有不慎他们就会大为光火——就好像他们剪掉的是个真人！如果剪错了，或梳得不对，或没有全部束入发圈，他们就会勃然大怒，你能说他们悠闲？这些人有几个不是任由国家骚乱却不想让自己的头发凌乱，有几个不是对脑袋的潇洒比对它的安全更操心，有几个不是重整洁而轻荣誉？那些把时间都花在梳子和镜子之间的人，你能说他们悠闲？还有一些人，整天忙于作曲、听音乐、学唱歌，他们变着声发出极不自然的音调，而自然设计的最优美最淳朴的音调应该是直接发出来的；有的人总是打着响指，就好像为心里想着的曲调打着节拍，甚至在一些严肃的，甚至是悲痛的场合下你都能听见他们哼着小调。这些人的生活不是

悠闲，只能说是闲散地干着事。还有，老天呀，那些宴会，我可不认为那是悠闲的时光。看他们如何紧张地摆放银器，如何认真地让侍者穿上制服，如何焦虑不安地看着厨师处理猪肉，一脸恭敬的奴仆们如何快步流星地忙来忙去，如何熟练地把家禽切成合适的块儿，那些卑微的小奴仆如何小心翼翼地为酒鬼们擦去口水。这一套玩意儿使他们慢慢获得高雅、有品位的名声，这些做法甚至延伸到私生活的所有方面，以致现在若是没有这些铺张虚华，他们便不能吃喝了。

还有些人我也不认为他们是悠闲的。这些人坐在轿子上被抬来抬去，总是那么准时，好像不坐就会有人不答应；另有些人，总得有人告诉他们什么时候沐浴，什么时候游泳，什么时候进餐——过度放纵麻木的头脑使他们萎靡不振，以致自己都不能确定饥饱。我听说有这么一个放纵的人——如果“放纵”可以用来形容那些摒弃了人类生活中一般习惯的人——当被人从浴室抬到轿子上时，他问：“我现在正坐着吗？”你觉得，这个连自己是不是坐着都不知道的人是否知道自己还活着，还能看清现实，还很悠闲呢？我是该在他真不知情的情况下可怜他，还是在他假装不知情的情况下可怜他呢，这很难说。他们确实遗忘了很多东西，但也佯装遗忘了很多东西。他们以某些恶行为乐，以此证明自己的好运：似乎他们是卑微低贱的人，他们知道自己在做什么。这之后看看你是否还会指责那些哑剧演员，他们创作了很多情节抨击骄奢淫逸的作风，其实他们忽略的远比创作的多。这么多难以置信的恶行出现在这一代，表明这个方面真是人才辈出，所以我们现在真的要责备那些忽略了它们的哑剧演员了。想一想，有人如此沉溺于奢华的生活以致得让别人来告诉他是否在坐着！所以这个人不是悠闲自在，得用另外的词语来描述他——有病，或者干脆说他是死人。真正优哉游哉的人会知道自己是不是悠闲的，而这个人半死不活，需要别人告诉他自己身体的姿势——这样的人怎么能控制自己的时间呢？

一一谈论那些把所有时间用在下棋或打球，或精心进行阳光浴的人

是很无聊的。那些要郑重其事地从事某种活动来获得乐趣的人不是悠闲之人。譬如，毋庸置疑，那些把时间用在没有价值的文学研究上的人是徒劳无益的——甚至在罗马人中也有很多人在从事这项工作。要搞清尤利西斯有多少桨手，是先有《伊里亚特》还是先有《奥德赛》，以及它们是否是同一个作者，还有诸如此类的其他问题——原本只是希腊人干的傻事。这些内容自己留用，不能增加个人的知识；用于发表，只能令人生厌而无人把你当成学者。而罗马人现在也对这些无用的知识充满了无端的热忱。最近我听到有人报道，诸如哪个罗马将军率先作的这个或者那个传闻：杜伊流斯是赢得海战的第一人，库里乌斯·丹塔图斯率先让大象引领了凯旋队列。至于这些事，即便他们还算不上建立功勋，但至少与对国家作出卓越贡献相关：这些知识毫无用处，之所以让人们感兴趣就是因为这些毫无意义的事实的吸引力。我们还可以原谅那些调查谁是第一个说服罗马人登船的人。是克劳狄乌斯，他因此又被称为科德克斯（Caudex），因为几块木板连在一起的东西在古代被称为Caudex。又因此，法典叫科德克斯（Codices）[16]，而至今，那些在台伯河上运送给养的船仍沿袭过去的名字——科德克利阿（Codicariae）。无疑，了解瓦勒里乌斯·科尔维鲁斯是第一位征服了麦萨拿的人也是颇为重要的，而且他是瓦勒里家族第一个用所征服的城市麦萨拿（Messana）的名字作姓氏的人——这个姓在口口相传中被错拼成麦萨拉（Messalla）。或许你也会容许有些人把卢西乌斯·苏拉第一个放狮子出现在竞技场的事当真吧，虽然通常这些狮子是带着链条展示的，后来国王博库斯派标枪手杀死了它们。了解庞培干的那件事可能也是可以谅解的——但是有意义吗？——他是让十八头大象在竞技场上与无辜之人搏斗的第一人。一个国家的首领，一个据称在老一辈的领导人中尤其慈善的人，竟认为这是令人难忘的以新颖方式屠戮人类的奇观。“让他们战死？不够刺激。把他们撕成碎片？不够刺激。得让硕大无比的动物把他们踩碎”。这类事最好还是永远忘掉，免得将来被某些大权在握的人知道了，这些人可不想有人在干这种惨无人道的事情上超越他们。啊，那

繁华盛世给我们心里投下了怎样的阴霾啊。当他让这些不幸的人与野生动物搏斗的时候，当他在罗马人面前制造血流成河的场面，而这些罗马人随即又将被迫流血的时候，他认为自己是超越自然法则的，他可以将那么多可怜的人投向外来的野兽。可后来他自己呢，亚历山大人背叛了他，他最终被最卑微的奴隶刺死，直到那时他才明白，自己的姓氏（Great）不过是虚妄的自吹。

不过，还是言归正传吧，接着谈一些人如何徒劳无益地研究同一些话题。我所提到的那个人汇报说，梅特卢斯在西西里征服了迦太基人以后，用120头大象在他的二轮战车前开道，这在所有的罗马人中独一无二，而苏拉则是最后一个延长城界的罗马人。一旦占领意大利（从来都不是行省）的领土，就延长城界，这是一种古老的做法。了解这些比知道另一件事更好吗？他曾断言，阿芬丁山之所以在城界之外，或是因为平民都撤到那儿，或是因为瑞摩斯神曾在那里占卜说飞禽是不吉利的——后来还有无数理论都是错误的或者几乎无异于谎言。即便你承认他们这样说是出于虔诚，即便他们保证所说的是真实的，但谁的错少一些呢？谁的热情会受到限制呢，会让谁更自由，更公正，更宽宏大量呢？法比亚诺斯曾说，有时他很想知道，干脆什么研究都不搞是不是比总纠缠这些问题好。

在所有人中，只有那些把时间用于研究哲学的人是真正悠游自在的，只有他们算是活着的。因为他们不仅仔细关注自己的人生，而且将所有年代收为己有，把过去所有的岁月都加到自己的岁月里。除非我们不领情，否则应该承认，所有那些书写了神圣教义的伟大先哲都为我们而生，为我们指明人生之路。他人的艰辛工作引导我们，使我们面对的事物从暗昧走向显明。没有任何年代将我们拒之门外，我们可以接近所有时代。如果我们具备了崇高思想，能够跨越人类弱点的狭窄界限，就可以在久远的时间大道上徜徉。我们可以与苏格拉底辩论，向卡尼阿德斯质疑，与伊壁鸠鲁共度退隐的生活，和斯多葛学派的哲学家一起克服

人性弱点，与犬儒派学者共同超越人性的局限。既然自然允许我们与每个时代结交，我们为什么不舍弃这短暂的现实，全身心地研究过去呢？那是无尽的、永恒的、可与睿智的先哲共享的时光。

那些为社会职责到处奔波的人不仅扰乱自己，而且侵扰他人的生活。他们要按时完成狂热的巡回，每日穿行于各家各户，不漏掉一家开启的大门，带着自私的问候走遍相隔甚远的家家户户。在如此大的城市，面对各种欲求，他们能拜见到的究竟能有几个人？有多少人因为昏昏欲睡，或正忙于自己的事，或冷漠无理而将他们拒之门外？有多少人让他们煎熬等待多时后，佯装急事在身，从他们身边匆匆而过？有多少人不走挤满门客的大厅而从隐秘的旁门逃走——好像欺骗并不比拒绝更失礼似的？有多少人头天酗了酒此时半睡半醒，慵懒迷糊，不雅地打着哈欠，还要别人低声地、上千遍的提醒，才能连嘴唇几乎都不动地与那个为了等别人睡醒而不得不中断自己睡眠的可怜虫打招呼，叫出他的名字？

你应该这样认为：那些每天希望成为芝诺、毕达哥拉斯、德谟克利特及其他人文学科的宗师，还有亚里士多德和色奥弗拉斯多的密友的人，才是在履行真正有价值的职责。这些人不会因为太忙而不接见你，他们会让到访者高兴地离去，并且更加专注于自身，而绝不会空手而归。他们日夜在家恭候所有人的到访。

他们没有人会强迫你去死，而是教你如何去死。这些人不会耗费你的时间，他们每个人都会将自己的岁月奉献与你。与这些人的谈话不会有任何危险，与他的友谊不会危及你的生命，拜访他无须你付出高昂代价。从他们那里你想拿什么就拿什么，如果没有拿够，那不是他们的错。成为这些人的门客，是多么幸福，老年生活将会多么惬意！你将会有很多朋友，事无巨细都可以向他们讨教，你可以每天就自己的事向他们咨询，这些朋友会告诉你真话但不会刺伤你，表扬你但不会奉承你，

他们会为你提供一种仿效模式。

我们总习惯说自己无力选择父母，他们是命运偶然间配送给我们的。但是，我们可以做我们愿意做的任何人的孩子。有很多高尚的才智超群的家庭，选择你希望被收养的那一家，你将不仅继承其姓氏，还能继承其财产。这些财产不需要吝啬小气的看管，分享的人越多，它就越巨大。这些将为你提供一条永生之路，将你带到一个任何人都不会沮丧的地方。这是延续生命——甚至永生不朽的唯一方法。荣誉、纪念碑，无论雄心勃勃的家伙们通过法令颁布什么，或在公共建筑物上竖起什么，它们顷刻之间都会被损毁。没有任何东西是时间的流逝不能将其损毁和移除的，但是它无法损毁那些被哲学界视为神圣的作品，岁月无法消灭、减损它们。下一个、每一个随后的年代，只能使它们备受敬重，因为人们只嫉妒眼前的事物，而对遥不可及的东西却毫不掩饰赞赏之情。所以哲学家的生命可以绵延广阔，不受他人所受的限制。只有他不受人类法则的限制，在所有的年代被视为神明。一些过去的时光，他抓住，藏入记忆；眼下的时光，他利用；未来的时光，他预见：所有这些组合成他绵长的人生。

但是对于忘记过去、忽略现在、恐惧未来的人来说，生命是短暂的、焦灼不安的。在末日到来时，这些可怜的家伙才意识到他们一生无所事事，但为时已晚。有时他们乞求死神的到来，但是这并不能证明他们长寿。愚昧无知使他们焦躁不安而备受折磨，害怕的事情偏偏发生：他们之所以渴望死，是因为他们害怕死。他们感到度日如年，或者在预定吃饭的钟点到来前抱怨每个小时都过得那么缓慢，这些也都不能证明他们活得长久。因为一旦他们没有杂务缠身，他们就会因无事可做、不知如何利用空闲或打发光阴而坐立不安，他们会急于找点儿其他的事情来做，而在这期间他们会厌倦烦躁。确实如此，正如宣布一场角斗开始时，或人们期待某个展览或娱乐活动时的心情一样——他们急于想跳过这中间的一段时间。任何期盼已久的事情的拖延对他们来说都是漫长而

乏味的，真正享受的时间是短暂而快速的，而且会由于他们的过失而使这一享受更加短暂，因为他们急匆匆地追求一种又一种的享受，不能固守一种欲望。他们过的每一天不是长久的而是令人懊恼的；另外，在他们酗酒嫖娼的过程中，夜晚似乎也变得短暂了，因而就有癫狂的诗人编撰故事描绘朱庇特沉溺于做爱的欢愉，把夜晚也加长了一倍，以此来助长人性的弱点。他们援引神来支持这些人，让神也变得荒淫无度，还为他们开脱，当成我们过错的先例，这除了加剧恶行还能有什么意义？他们付出高昂代价得到的夜晚对这些人来说难道不是太短暂了吗？他们等待夜幕而失去白昼，惧怕天明而丧失夜晚。

即便在极尽淫乐之时，他们也会因种种恐惧而不安、焦虑。就在纵情享乐达到高潮时，烦躁忧虑的情绪悄然而至。“还能持续多长时间？”这种情绪曾使国王们对手中的权力发出哀叹，想到末日无可避免终究会来，他们惶惶不可终日，这远远胜过好运带给他们的快乐。当波斯国最不可一世的国王[17]派遣军队跨过广袤的平原时，这数不胜数的军队，只能通过估量知晓其规模。想到百年之后这庞大的队伍将无一幸免，他不禁潸然泪下。而正是他这个泪流满面的人给他们带来了厄运，使他们丧生于海洋、陆地、战场及溃逃路上，用不了多久就会全军覆没，而他还在担心他们的百年大限。

是什么使他们即使在高兴时也会忐忑不安？是他们的快乐理由不够充足。快乐是被煽动起来的，没有根基。身居高位的快乐并不牢靠，那些快乐，他们自己都承认是可悲的，又何足挂齿呢？所有的好运都会产生忧患，受到命运垂青时，总是我们最不信命的时候。为了保住已有的成就，我们需要其他的成就；为了证明已经实现的祈祷，我们需要再次祈祷。任何意外所获都是不稳定的，地位越高越容易跌倒。注定要倒台的东西，不能为任何人带来快乐。所以对于那些经过千辛万苦获得的成就要用更大的辛苦保住的人来说，生活必定不但短暂而且痛苦。他们辛辛苦苦获得想要的一切，又要忧心忡忡保有所得的一切，而这当中他们

从没有考虑过时间成本，而时光流逝，韶华无返。新的嗜好代替了旧的嗜好，希望激起更多的希望，野心衍生更大的野心。他们没有设法结束苦难，只是不断为它变换理由。我们发现自己在公众中享有的荣耀是一种痛苦，但是却为他人的荣耀花费更多的时间。我们不再费力争当候选人，却又开始为其他人拉票。我们已经摆脱了当起诉人的烦恼，却又处理起当法官的麻烦。有人不再当法官却当起法院院长，在挣钱管理别人财产的工作中年事日高，于是又将所有时间用于照看自己的财产。马略结束戎马生涯却又开始忙于执政官的工作；昆提乌斯很快完成独裁者之职，但又在犁地时被召回；西庇奥在没有足够的指挥经验时就去与迦太基人打仗，打败了汉尼拔，战胜了安提奥库斯，成了杰出的执政官，确保了他弟弟的职位。如果不是他自己禁止，他的塑像就会被立在朱庇特的旁边了。但是国家的动荡困扰着拯救国家的人，他年轻时就蔑视那些只应赋予神的荣耀，最终老了，他执意过着流放的生活，并乐在其中。总有焦虑的原因，或因为富足，或因为窘迫。生活滚滚向前，一个牵绊接着一个牵绊。我们总是渴望悠闲自得的生活，但却从未享受过。

所以，亲爱的保利努斯，从人群中脱身吧。你已经经历了超出自己年龄的太多的狂风暴雨，现在至少应该退隐到一个平静的港湾，想一想经历了多少风浪，多少暴雨——有些是在私人生活中经受的，有些则是在公共活动中。你是积极、勤勉的典范，你的美德长期以来有目共睹，尝试一下，在休闲的生活中如何继续保持。你生命的大部分，当然也是最美的一部分，已经献给了国家，现在也给自己一些时间吧。我不是让你无所事事慵懒怠惰，也不是让你在蒙头大睡和那些大众喜好的娱乐中消磨自身的能量。这不是休息。当你退隐并享受平和的心境，你会发现，有很多比你迄今为止一直积极从事的要重要得多的活动值得你为之忙碌。没错，你是在管理世界的账目，像管理他人的一样严谨，像管理自己的一样仔细，像管理国家的一样认真。在这种难免遭人怨恨的工作中你却赢得了人们的爱戴，但是相信我，读懂自己人生的资产负债表要比看懂玉米生意的负债表更有意义。你要从这光荣、但与幸福生活难以

相融的工作中摆脱出来，恢复你旺盛的精力和承担伟大责任的卓越才能。你要想想，年轻时人文学术方面的训练，其目的并非是将成千上万次玉米称重的工作放心地托付于你。你曾向自己承诺要做更有价值、更伟大的事情。他们不缺少称职的、努力工作的人。呆头呆脑的驮畜比纯种马更适合驮重，谁会让马负重而减缓其疾驰的速度呢？再想想，当你勉为其难承担如此繁重的责任时，心情是多么焦虑。你解决的是人们吃饱肚子的问题，饥饿的人们不会听你讲理，不会因受到公平待遇而心平气和，也不会因恳求而让步。最近，就是盖乌斯·恺撒死后的几天里——他死时还心烦意乱呢（如果逝者也有感情就好了），因为他看到罗马人民只有够七天或最多八天的食物维持生计，而他还在建桥造船，滥用国家的资源——我们面临着粮食匮乏最艰难的时刻，这比受围困的人的境况更糟。他仿效别国那个威风扫地的疯子国王，几乎毁掉这个城市，造成饥荒，以及饥荒之后全面的崩溃。那么那些负责谷物供应的人面对石头、武器、火——还有盖乌斯的威胁时怎么想呢？他们以弥天大谎极力掩饰潜藏于国家要害部门的滔天大罪——他们这样做肯定也是情有可原的。某些疾病的治疗是不能让病人了解病情的，要是知道了，会使很多人不治而死。

你应该退休从事这些更安静、更安全、更重要的工作。你认为监督那些狡猾且不负责任的货主将谷物毫发未损地运进谷仓、照看它们不要在热天受潮霉烂并确保其重量与数量相吻合的工作与从事神圣高尚的研究是同样的工作吗？通过这些研究你可以了解神的实质，神的意志，神的生活方式，神的形态，知道什么样的命运在等待你的灵魂，当我们从身体解脱出来时自然会将我们安放何处，是什么力量在中心支撑着世界上所有最重的元素，什么力量使最轻的元素悬浮于上，什么将火送往最高的地方，又是什么使星宿运行变幻有致——你可以不断学到很多无比神奇的其他知识，你真的应该离开那里，全身心投入到研究领域之中。趁现在血还是热的，就应该将精力投入到更有价值的事情上。这样的生活会使你发现很多值得研究的东西：对美德的热爱与实践、对激情的忘

却、生与死的知识，以及心平气和的生活。

是的，那些杂务缠身者的状况确实可怜，但最不幸的是那些人，他们甚至不是为自己的杂务缠身而辛苦，而是根据别人的睡觉时间来调整自己的睡眠，根据别人的步法来行走，在爱与恨这些最自主的事情上也要唯他人之命是从。如果这种人想知道他们的生命有多短暂，先让他们想想生命中属于自己的那部分有多稀少吧。

所以，当你见到有人屡次官袍加身，或在广场上名声大振，不要羡慕他们：这些都是以生命为代价获取的。为了某一年代能以他们的名字命名，他们耗尽自己所有的年代。有些人从事业开始就奋斗，一路拼搏，还没有到达自己雄心壮志的巅峰就结束了生命。有些人忍辱负重爬到至尊无上的地位，却又不禁黯然神伤，因为他们所有的艰辛都不过是为了一块墓志铭。有人年事已高便试图作些调整，产生新的希望，以期显得年轻，却发现羸弱的身体已不堪折腾。一位老者上气不接下气地在法庭上为完全陌生的当事人辩护，企图赢得那些根本不知情的旁观者的掌声，这是很丢人的场面。看到一个人在履行职责时累垮也是很不体面的，他并非因劳累过度而精疲力竭，而是因为自己的生活方式。同样丢人的是一个人在查看账目时咽了气，而那个等待已久的继承人笑着舒了一口气。有件事想起来了，不得不说说。塞克斯图斯·图拉纽斯是公认的办事审慎认真的老者。当他九十高龄时，他的退休请求得到了盖乌斯·恺撒的恩准，于是他让人将他放在床上，全家人聚齐哀悼他，好像他已经归天。整座房子都为老主人的歇息而悲哀，直到他又起来恢复工作。以身殉职真的就那么令人愉快吗？很多人都是这样，自己无力工作时仍想工作。他们挑战身体的虚弱，视暮年为痛苦，无端地认为人一老了就被弃置不用了。法律规定五十岁以后不能当兵，六十岁以后不能进元老院，法律赋予人们赋闲的权利，而人们自己却难以接受。掠夺别人又被人掠夺，互相干扰，彼此不得安宁，你使我痛苦，我使你痛苦。在这过程中，生命流逝，生活过得差强人意，缺少欢乐，精神状态也未得

到改善。没人把死亡放在心上，没人对好高骛远的理想加以限制。确实，还有些人把身后的事都安顿停当了——规模宏大的墓穴，公共殿堂里的供奉，葬礼时的炫耀，下葬时的铺张。其实，这些人的葬礼只需举着火把和小蜡烛，他们的生命似乎才是最为短暂的[18]。

致赫尔维亚的告慰书[19]

最亲爱的母亲，我常常有一种冲动，想要安慰您，但又总是克制住了。促使我斗胆这样做的原因有很多。首先，当我想到即使不能阻止您流泪，至少可以为您抹去泪水时，我会把我自己所有的烦恼放置一边。其次，如果我能先让自己振作起来，肯定也会更有力量让您振作起来。另外，我担心虽然命运已被我征服，但她却可能征服我身边的亲人。所以，在止住自己的伤口流血之后，我倾尽所能，挣扎向前为您包扎伤口。但另一方面，一些其他的考虑又使我踟蹰不前。我意识到您初创的伤口正疼痛难忍，不该马上触动，以防慰藉本身会刺激它、让它发炎：病痛也一样，没有什么比过早的治疗对它更有害的了。所以我在等待，直到您的悲痛慢慢减轻，让时间来软化它，使它可以经受治疗，可以被触动、解决。此外，虽然我查阅了所有最著名的作者关于如何控制和缓解悲痛的著述，但还是找不到任何关于安慰自己的至亲，而自己本身又是他们所哀痛对象的实例，所以在这种尚无前例的情况下，我犹豫了，担心自己非但不能给您安慰，反而会刺激您的悲伤。而且，一个人从自己的棺椁中抬起头来安慰他的至爱亲人，需要的是那些有别于普通平常词汇的新奇话语。但巨大强烈的悲痛会剥夺人们遣词造句的能力，因为悲痛本身往往会抑制声音的发出。无论如何，我会尽最大力量，不靠小聪明，因为我本人就是慰问者，所以自己也能成为最有效的慰藉。因为您从未拒绝我任何事，所以至少这一次也别拒绝我来终结您的忧伤（尽管悲痛总是很顽固）。

想想由于您的纵容，我对自己作出了怎样的承诺。我毫不怀疑自己对您远比悲伤对您的影响更大，虽然没有什么比悲伤更能影响不幸的人。所以，为了不和它立即发生冲突，我会首先支持它，给它很多鼓励：我会重新揭开、暴露那些已经愈合的伤口。有些人会反对："这算

什么安慰，把已忘却的疾病又找回来，在心灵几乎无法忍受伤痛的情况下，让它又看到所有的悲痛？”但是想一想，那些危及生命的病尽管经过治疗，还是难以除根，这类病一般来说是要采取逆向疗法的。所以我要让心灵先感受痛苦，给它穿上丧服，这不是温和的处方，而是烧灼与刀割。我想达到什么目的？我要获得一颗战胜了很多苦难的心灵，这样的心灵羞于为伤痕累累的身体上又出现一个伤口而焦虑。所以让那些人继续哭泣、哀叹吧，长久的安乐生活已经将他们自我放纵的心灵变得很脆弱，让他们受到微小伤痛的威胁就崩溃吧，而让那些长期经受苦难的人们以勇敢坚强来忍受最大的伤痛。长久的不幸确有好的一面，它使饱受折磨的人最终变得坚忍不拔。

命运从未停止给您带来痛苦，甚至连您出生的那一天都未能幸免。您一出生，不，甚至您正在出生时就失去了母亲，在生命的初始就有了被遗弃的感觉。您在继母的照顾下长大，是您用亲生女儿般的敬重与孝顺使她成为一位名副其实的母亲。然而，即便有一个好继母也会让孩子付出很大代价。正当您期盼舅舅的到来时，您却失去了他——一个最善良、最优秀、最勇敢的人。祸不单行，命运似乎唯恐还不够残酷，不到一个月的时间您又掩埋了给了您三个孩子的最亲爱的丈夫。噩耗传来，您还沉浸在悲痛之中，而三个孩子又都不在身边。厄运似乎有意集中到这个时候，使您的悲哀无处宣泄。危难与恐惧不断向您袭来，我不再一一赘述。但最近同样的厄运再次袭来，您放三个孙子出门，取回来的却是他们的三具尸骨。我的儿子在您的怀抱中，在您的亲吻中死去。掩埋他不到二十天，您就听到我被带走的消息。您还不曾为生者悲伤。

在所有刺痛您的伤害中，我承认，最后一个是最令您伤心的，岂止是切肤之痛，简直是撕心裂肺、五内俱焚。但是正如新兵，即使表皮受点伤也会尖叫，害怕医生给他处理伤口，好像那比刀刺都可怕；而老兵呢，即使伤势很重，也会忍着一声不吭地让医生清理伤口，似乎身体不是自己的，所以您现在必须勇敢地等待疗伤。好啦，把那些哭泣、悲

伤，以及女人们通常悲哀的聒噪表示都收起来吧。如果您还没有学会如何承受不幸，那些痛苦您就白受了。我看起来对您这样够胆大了吧？我没有隐藏您所遭受的任何苦难，而是把它们全堆到您面前。

我已经在勇敢对您进行治疗了，因为我决定要战胜您的苦痛，而不是自欺欺人。而且，如果我首先就能表明，在我这样的情况下，我所有的一切都不足以称为不幸（更不用说会让那些亲属感到不幸了），然后，我能够向您表明您的命运同样不是痛苦的，因为您的命运完全取决于我的命运，我想我就能征服您的痛苦了。

首先，我要陈述一个事实，这是您出于爱而希望听到的：我并没有受苦。我说得清楚些，如果能的话，那种处境，就是您以为会令我崩溃的处境，是可以忍受的；但是如果您不相信，至少我对自己能够在别人感到很不幸的处境中活得很愉快这点是很满意的。没有必要相信别人对我的传言，我肯定地告诉您我并没有什么不幸的，这样您就不要半信半疑地焦虑苦恼了。为让你放心，我还要告诉您，根本没有什么能让我不幸。

我们生在原本优越的环境中，是我们放弃了这种环境。幸福的生活不需要什么优良的装备，这是自然的本意，每一个人都能使自己幸福，外部的东西并不重要，顺境与逆境都没有多大的影响。顺境不能抬高圣贤，逆境也无法使他压抑，因为他总是尽最大可能地依靠自己，从自身获取全部的乐趣。那又如何？我把自己称为先哲了？当然没有。如果我能，我不仅会否认自己是不幸的，我还要声称自己是最幸运的，已经离神很近了。正如现在这样，为了尽最大努力来减少不幸，我现在已经拜倒在智者的脚下，由于自己还未坚强到可以自助，我就投身于另一阵营——我是指那些能够很轻松地保护自己及其追随者的人们。他们命令我像站岗的卫兵一样站稳，还要能够尽早地预见命运的进攻与突袭。命运总是猛烈袭击那些毫无预警的人，而那些对其早有预警的人就会轻而易

举地抵挡她的进攻。敌人的到来只会使那些疏于警戒的人溃不成军，而对于那些在战争来临之前早就列队整装、从容应对的人来说，他们可以轻松地抵御敌人的首次进攻，而首次冲击往往是最猛烈的。我从来未敢相信命运，即便有时她看似平和。所有她好心施惠于我的东西——金钱、官职、权势——我都束之高阁，以便将来她索要之时可以直接从那里拿走而不必烦扰我。我一直与这些东西保持很大的距离，所以她只是将它们取走了，而不是夺走。如果不是最初被命运的恩惠所骗，人们是不会在受到她的攻击时溃散的。那些喜欢她的礼物，把它们当成自己永远所有，并想因之受到别人羡慕的人，在那虚假短暂的快乐背弃了他们虚伪、幼稚、无视长久快乐的心智时，就会变得低三下四、伤心欲绝。但是，在顺境中不飘飘然的人在形势发生变化时就不会崩溃。他已经经过考验变得坚忍不拔，保持面对任何境遇都不可战胜的心态：因为幸运时他已练就自己应对逆境的力量。所以，我从来不相信在人们祈望得到的东西中有什么是真正的好处，而且我发现它们都是空虚的，外表涂有耀眼诱人的色彩，而内部全然无法与之相匹配。而现在，在这些所谓的罪恶中，我并没发现什么可怕或险恶的东西，一般的看法都是危言耸听。当然，受到某种成见和流行的观念的影响，“流放”这个词听起来更加刺耳，让听者感到郁闷、厌恶。因为这是大众的看法，而智者总的说来并不接受大众的看法。

所以，把这多数人的判断放到一边，因为这些人被事情的表面所蒙蔽，不管他们相信表象的原因是什么，还是让我们好好看看流放的实质吧：很清楚，就是换个地方。我不应该缩小它的力量，抹掉它最坏的特点，所以我同意，换个地方会带来诸如贫穷、耻辱、遭受蔑视这些弊端。这些我会在后面谈到，同时还要谈谈更换处所所带来的苦恼。

“被驱逐出自己的国家，这简直难以忍受。”好吧，看看这群人，偌大的罗马几乎容纳不下他们，而这些人大部分都背井离乡。他们从自己的城市或属地，应该说从世界各地，聚集到一起，有的心怀抱负，有的

履行公务，有的肩负使命，有的就是想找一个乌七八糟的地方以方便自己沉溺于某种恶习，有的怀着对人文研究的热爱，有的参观公演，有的为了友谊，有的精力旺盛来寻得一方广阔天地以展示自己的才能，有的出卖色相，有的推销辩才。各色人等都迫不及待地涌入这个既看重美德也放纵恶行的城市。挨个问问他们来自何方，你会发现大多数人是背井离乡来到一个伟大、漂亮，但不属于自己的城市。且不说罗马这个堪称属于所有人的城市，看看其他地方，每个城市里大部分人口都是移民。且不说那些位置优越方便而吸引很多人的城市，单是那些人烟稀少满是石头的岛屿，西阿苏斯和赛里婆斯，吉阿鲁斯和柯苏拉，你会发现所有这些流放地都有人愿意逗留。在这到处都是陡峭岩石的不毛之地上能找到什么？还有比这里的资源更匮乏的吗？还有比这里的人更野蛮的吗？还有比这里的地形更崎岖不平的吗？还有比这里的气候更反复无常的吗？然而，在这里居住的外来人比本地人还多。所以更换处所并不就是苦差事，连这样的地方都能吸引人们离开自己的家乡。我曾无意中听人说过，在人的精神中有一种天生的不安分和渴望易地而居的冲动，人有一种求变、不安分的禀赋，它使人在任何地方都不能安于静止不动，而是到处奔走，向往那些已知的未知的地方，如同一个流浪者无法忍受止步不前，而主要以猎奇为乐。想想它的起源其实并不奇怪。它不是起源于质重、尘世的物质，而是来自天国的精神，而天国的本质就是永动，以极快的速度流动驱走。看看那些点亮世界的星宿，没有一个是静止的。太阳永不停止地运行，从一个地方到另一个地方，虽然它同宇宙一起旋转，但其实是与天宇背道而驰。它经过黄道十二宫，不停运行，从一点到另一点，它的运动是永恒的。所有的行星都旋转而过，按不可抗拒的自然规律，从一开始就从一点到另一点地运行。经过固定的年限，完成巡行的路程之后，它们会重新开始，按先前的路线运行。人的思想成分和神造之物一样，所以当神造的自然在不停的极速运动中找到乐趣，甚至得以自我存续时，想到人们会反对迁移，反对易地而居该是多么愚蠢啊。

好了，现在把您的注意力从天上转到人间吧，您会看到，所有的国家和民族都改变了居所。希腊的城市为什么建立在荒蛮的土地上？为什么我们在印度人和波斯人中听到马其顿语？塞西亚和所有凶悍野蛮部落占据的广阔地区上却出现了蓬托斯沿岸的希腊城市，那里漫长的严冬和与天气相匹配的土著人的野蛮性格都无法阻止人们迁徙的活动。在亚洲有一群雅典人，米利都派出足够的人员对七十五个城市进行殖民，被下游海水冲刷的整个意大利海岸曾经是大希腊。亚洲声称伊特鲁里亚人归她所有；提尔人住在非洲，腓尼基人住在西班牙；希腊人迁入高卢，而高卢人移到希腊；比利牛斯山没有挡住日耳曼人迁徙的通道——走过没人踩过的道路，穿过无人知晓的土地，他们挑战人类不安分的特性，随后又接来妻子、孩子和年迈的父母。有些人长期流浪并未刻意选择落脚地，但是旅途的疲劳使他们随即定居在一个最近的地方；有些人通过武力在别国立住了脚；有些部落在寻找未知地时全部被大海淹没了；有些又因为给养殆尽而陷入进退两难的境地，于是便定居下来。人们背井离乡迁往别处的原因不尽相同，有的因为敌军进攻城市沦陷而逃离，失去自己的家园而被迫远走他乡；有些因民事纠纷而被驱除；有些是因为人口太多而被迫移民；有些是因为疫病，或地震，或土地贫瘠物资匮乏而无法生存；还有那些关于沿海地区非常富足的夸大其词的报道，使有些人抵挡不住诱惑。不同的原因使不同的人离家出走，但至少这一点是清楚的——任何东西都没有停留在它的起点。人类总是在迁徙，大千世界每天都有变化——新的城市建立起来，新的国名出现，旧的消失，或者被更为强大的国家吞并。但是这些国家的迁徙除了使一个民族离境出走还有别的意义吗？我为什么要和您兜这么大圈子？为什么不厌其烦提到安特诺建立帕塔维乌姆，伊万德将阿卡迪亚王国建立在台伯河畔？狄俄墨得斯和其他人怎样？他们既是征服者，又是被征服者，特洛伊战争把他们撒落在他乡的土地上。唉，罗马帝国本身就曾把流放者当成它的缔造者，就是那个人，当他的故国沦陷后怀着对得胜者的恐惧，被迫带着几个幸存者，背井离乡，长途跋涉，来到意大利。接着，这个民族又在

每个行省建了多少殖民地！罗马人每攻克一地，便在那里定居下来。老百姓自愿加入这样的移民行列，甚至连老人也会离开自己家的祭坛，移居海外。这一点无须进一步阐明，但我还要加上一个您眼前的例子：就是这个岛屿，它的居民就在经常更换。更不用说那些年长日久的已经说不清了的事了，现在住在马赛的希腊人，他们离开福西斯后首先就定居在这个岛上，后来不知什么原因他们迁走了，是因为气候恶劣，还是因为看到意大利人权倾天下，抑或是因为缺少海港。但显然不是由于当地人的野蛮，因为他们在高卢时就居住在当时最凶蛮未开化的人中间。随后，利古里亚人来到这个岛，西班牙人也来了，证据便是他们有着相似的风俗习惯：科西嘉人戴的头巾、穿的鞋都和坎塔布里亚人相同，使用的一些词汇也相同——只有一部分，因为他们的语言在与希腊语和意大利土语融合过程中，总体上已经失去了本地的特征。接下来，罗马公民的两个属地的居民又被带到这里定居，一个是马略遣送来的；另一个是苏拉遣送来的。这块贫瘠的不毛之地人口变更得却如此频繁！总之，您很难找到一个国家仍然只住着本土的原住民。各地都是五方杂处，四海融融，一拨儿接着一拨儿：这伙人向往的是那伙人看不上的；一个人赶走了别人，另一个人又把他赶出去。所以命运注定任何东西都不会永远保持一成不变。

为了给真正的迁徙以补偿，并忘掉由于流放所引发的其他不便，罗马最博学的人法罗认为，我们无论走到哪里，所面对的自然秩序都是相同的，这一点足够补偿了。马库斯·布鲁特斯认为流放者自己的美德是随身携带的，这一点就足够了。即便有人认为这两点分开来看都不足以慰藉流放者，他也得承认两者结合在一起具有无上的力量。因为无论走到哪儿，只要有宇宙的本性和个人的德行这两种最宝贵的东西陪伴，我们失去的就微不足道了。相信我，这是造物主的意旨，无论是全能的神，还是创造巨著的无形力量，还是以均等压力渗透于所有从最大到最小物质的神圣精神，还是命运之神及不可改变的因果顺序——我认为，这就是他的意旨，即我们财产中最没有价值的东西才会被置于别人的掌

控之下。人类最好的东西是不受人类控制的：它既不能被赠予更不能被取走。自然所创造的伟大、辉煌的世界，以及注视它、惊叹它，并成为其中最耀眼部分的人的思想，是我们永恒的财产，将与我们同在。所以，满怀热切的希望，挺直胸膛，让我们以勇敢的步伐快速按境遇所指示的方向行进，让我们行走于任何国度：这个世界上没有流放地，因为对于人类来说没有什么地方是异国他乡，从地球表面的任何一点遥望苍穹，神的领地与人之间的距离都是相等的。因此，只要我的眼睛不离开那些永远看不够的景象；只要我能仰望太阳、月亮，凝视其他的行星；只要我能追踪它们的盈昃升落，发现它们运行快慢的周期和原因；只要我能看到所有夜空中闪烁的星宿——有些原地不动，有些并未远行而是绕地环行，有些倏忽弹出，有些火花四射令人炫目缭乱，像是要坠落人间，抑或又拖着闪亮长尾一扫而过；只要我能够与它们交流，像人类至今可以做到的那样，与神结盟；只要我的心可以永远向上，努力追寻这类的光景——那么我立于何方又有什么关系呢？

“但是这个国家并不富足，没有苍翠繁茂、果实累累的树木；没有可供航行并以其河道之水灌溉国土的大河；它物产匮乏，连自己的居民都难以为继，更无他国所稀缺的东西，没有贵重的大理石可以开采，没有金银矿脉可以挖掘。”但是只对世俗的东西感兴趣是狭隘的心理，应该将其引向万方俱在、万方俱亮的东西。还须想到的是，由于人们对虚假物品的随意相信，世俗的东西会妨碍人们对真实物品的认识。柱廊越长，大厦建得越高，步道越宽，避暑洞穴挖得越深，餐厅的穹顶盖得越大，天国的景象也就越多地被遮蔽。命运将你抛向一个地方，在那里，最豪华的住处不过是一间棚屋。如果你知道关于罗慕路斯[20]小屋的故事而能勇敢地忍受这一点，那么你真的就会有一种无所谓的态度，而这也是少许的慰藉。你应这样说：“我想，这个简陋的小屋是庇护美德的，当人们看到那里有正义、节制、智慧、虔诚、能正确分配责任的制度、人与神的知识，它随之就会变得比任何庙堂都壮丽了。能够聚集如此多的高尚品德的地方不能算是狭小的，能与此相伴的流放不能说是痛

苦的。”

布鲁图斯[21]在他的《论品德》一文中说，他看到马塞卢斯[22]在米提勒涅流放时过着人性所能享有的快乐生活，而且对人文学科产生了从未有过的兴趣。而且，他加了一句说，当他打算离开马塞卢斯返回罗马时，他觉得自己要被流放，而不是把别人留在流放地。马塞卢斯感到这时能因流放而赢得布鲁图斯的好感比因执政官之职赢得全国的好感要幸运得多！因为自己留在了流放地而让别人感到他自己才是个流放者，这是怎样的一个人啊？赢得别人，一个甚至连他的亲戚加图都尊崇的人的赞赏该是怎样的一个人啊[23]？布鲁图斯还说盖乌斯·恺撒不肯在米提勒涅停船，因为让一个伟大的人饱受屈辱他实在看不过去。确实，元老院接受了公众将他召回的请求，他们那么急切，那么忧伤，那天他们好像都与布鲁图斯有同感，好像不是为马塞卢斯请愿，而是为他们自己，如果他回不来，他们将要被流放。但是在布鲁图斯不忍离去、恺撒不忍看他被流放的时候，他收获的要多得多，因为两者都证明：布鲁图斯因抛下他而独自返回而伤心，而恺撒因惭愧而脸红。马塞卢斯这样伟大的人物会经常鼓励自己以平和的心态来忍受流放，这您会质疑吗？“没有国家并不会痛苦，通过深入的研究您已经明白，对于一个聪明的人来说，每个地方都是他的国家。另外，那个使你被流放的人不是连续十年都远离他的祖国吗？当然，他是为了拓展疆土——但他确实离开了自己的国家。看啊，他现在应征去了非洲，那里战事一触即发；去了西班牙，那里正重拾溃败的残部；到了危机四伏的埃及——简而言之，到了整个世界——那里的人虎视眈眈，伺机反抗千疮百孔的罗马帝国。他首先要面对什么问题？在什么地方立住脚？他自己的胜利进程使他奔波于世界各地。让列国都尊敬他、仰慕他吧，而你只要有布鲁图斯这样的仰慕者就可以心满意足地生活！”

马塞卢斯那时承受着流放生活，虽然穷困，但是他的心并未因易地而居而有所改变。穷困并非罪恶，任何一个人，只要还没贪婪、奢侈到

疯狂的地步，就会认同这一点。贪婪和奢侈会毁掉一切。维持一个人的生活所需的是多么微不足道啊！如果他有什么德行的话谁会差这一点点？就我而言，我知道自己失去的不是财富而是那些分心的事。身体的需要微乎其微，只要不受冻，能吃饱喝足有营养就行。如果再渴望更多的东西就会增加我们的恶癖，而不是我们的所需。我们无须搜遍海洋，或屠宰动物来填充我们的肚腹，或到天涯海角那不知名的海滨捕捉贝类海产。愿神诅咒那些穷奢极欲的人，他们骄奢的触角已超出了帝国的疆界，引发了嫉恨。他们远去斐西斯狩猎以填储自己那自命不凡的厨房，他们不知羞耻地向帕提亚人索要禽类，而我们还未遭到这些人的报复。他们从各地搜寻那些刁嘴馋舌的家伙们喜闻乐见的食物。从天涯海角弄来食物，他们那被奢靡的饮食宠溺了的肠胃根本无法接受，吐是为了吃，吃是为了再吐，从世界各地搜刮来的美食大餐他们甚至无法消化。对此鄙夷的人，贫穷会对他有什么不好吗？对渴望这种生活的人来说，贫穷对他更有益：不情愿中他就得到了医治。即便受到强迫他也不吃药，一段时间内他无法得到那些东西，至少看起来也就和他不想要一样了。盖乌斯·恺撒这个人我认为是自然造就的职位最高、最邪恶的一个典型。他一天要吃掉价值一千万塞斯特斯[24]的食物，虽然所有人都费尽心思来帮他，他却仍想不出如何一顿饭耗掉三个行省进贡的钱财的办法。可怜虫，只有昂贵的菜肴才能引起他们的食欲。而之所以昂贵并非由于味道香、口感好，而是由于它们珍稀，得来不易。另外，如果这些人都改邪归正了，那些伺候肠胃的技艺哪儿还有用武之地呀？哪儿还需要进口贸易、砍伐森林、搜罗海洋呀？大自然已将制作食物的一切准备齐全分布于各地，但是人们视而不见，反而各国搜寻，不惜远渡重洋，本来花一点点钱就可以满足的口腹之欲，他们却不惜重金。我想对他们说："为什么你们要乘船远航？为什么要用武力对付牲畜和人类？为什么总是惊恐万状、狼奔豕突？为什么财富堆积如山？你真的需要想想自己的身体有多小。明明只能容纳一点却总是想要很多，这难道不是疯狂或神经严重错乱吗？所以，虽然你可以提高收入扩大地产，但是你永远

无法扩充身体的容量。虽然你的生意经营不错，打仗也能发横财，虽然你可以狩猎，到处掠取食物，你却没有地方储存这些给养。你为什么想要得到这么多东西？可以肯定，我们的祖先会不高兴，他们的德行至今还支撑着我们的恶习，他们用自己的双手获取食物，他们席地而睡，他们住的地方没有闪闪发光的金子，他们的庙宇没有镶嵌宝石——所以那时候他们在黏土做的神像前祈祷并庄严发誓，宁可回到敌阵去死也不会违背誓言[25]。可以肯定，我们的独裁者[26]在接见萨姆奈特使节时，还亲手做着最简单的饭（这手曾多次摧毁敌人，将月桂花环[27]放在卡彼托奈山丘的朱庇特膝上）——他不如我们时代的阿皮休斯[28]幸福，在阿皮休斯所在的那个城市里，哲学家曾被说成是腐蚀青年的人而被驱除，他作为烹调技师用他的教导亵渎了这个时代。”关于他的故事值得一听。当他在厨房花光了一亿塞斯特斯，当他在狂喝豪饮中耗尽了所有帝国的馈赠与巨额国家税收时，迫于债务的重压，他第一次查看了自己的账务，计算出账上只剩一千万塞斯特斯，而靠一千万塞斯特斯生活无异于要过食不果腹的日子，所以他服毒自尽了。有一千万塞斯特斯还认为是贫穷，多么奢侈！你又怎么会认为重要的是钱财的数量而不是心态呢？有人因为有一千万塞斯特斯而心生畏惧，别人求之不得的，他却躲之不及服毒而死。不过真的，对于一个心态反常的人来说，最后的豪饮乃最为风光之时，此时，他不仅是在享受，而且还在炫耀他那盛大的宴会，展示他的恶习，引起人们关注他那粗俗的表演，唆诱青年人效仿他（那些人即便没有坏人做榜样也会自然而然受到影响）——再后来，他就真的服食毒药。这就是这种人的命运，他们衡量财富不是用界限固定的理性标准，而是以放荡不羁、为所欲为、反复无常的有害的生活方式。任何东西都无法满足贪心欲壑，但是区区少量就可以让自然的天性知足。所以流放的贫困生活并非苦难，再贫困的流放地总还是可以让一个人丰衣足食。

“但是，”有人说，“流放地会让人怀念自己的服装和房子。”这些也只有在他需要时才会想念——而他既不缺房子又不缺衣服，因为身体对

于遮蔽之物的需求和对食物的需求一样是很少的。而且自然也并未让人类生存的必需品难以获取。但是他非要将布料染上浓浓的紫色，用金线编织，并饰以五颜六色的图案。如果他感到穷困，那是他自己的问题。即便将所有他失掉的东西还给他，你也是枉费心机，因为一旦流放回来，他会更加失落，因为他想得到而得不到的东西远远多于他流放时失去的财富。但是他必须有家具，这些家具光彩照人，上面摆放着知名艺术家制作的金容器、古代的银盘、因只有几个疯子想要拥有而显得很值钱的铜器，挤满整个房子的奴隶，无论房子有多大，还有那些因拼命喂食而身体肥硕的驮畜，以及从各地采运来的大理石。虽然这些东西堆积成山，仍不能满足他那贪婪的灵魂：正如某人并非由于缺水而是由于极度内热对水产生渴求，那么他喝多少水都无济于事，因为那不是渴，而是一种病。不仅仅钱和食物是这样的，所有不是因为缺乏、而是因为贪婪这种恶癖而产生的欲望都具有同样的性质。无论堆积多少，都不能表示贪欲结束，而只不过是它的一个阶段。所以将自己限制在自然设定的范围内的人，不会自觉贫困，而那些越过限制的人无论多么富有却永远为贫穷所困扰。即便在流放地也能找到生活的必需品，相反即使身在王国中，也感受不到富足。是思想创造了财富，这样的财富与我们同往流放地，在荒无人烟的艰苦地方，它可以找到充足的食物来滋养我们的身体，尽享其物产。钱与神灵无关，同样也与心智无关。所有那些未受教化且受制于身体的心灵所崇拜的东西——大理石、金子、银子、光洁的大圆桌——都是世俗的负担，一个纯洁、深谙其本质的灵魂不会喜欢它们，因为它轻浮且不沉重，一旦从体内释放，便一定会飞扬直上。同时，由于不受四肢及裹挟我们的重负的阻碍，它能以带着翅膀快速飞翔的思想纵览神异之物。灵魂是自由的，类似于神的，与整个宇宙及所有的时间平等，它永远不会被流放，它的思想环绕整个天宇，行走于过去和未来的所有时间。这不幸的身体，灵魂的桎梏与囚牢，被抛来抛去，惩治、掠夺、疾病肆虐其上。然而，灵魂本身是圣洁的、永恒的、不受暴力攻击的。

如果您认为我仅仅是用哲学家的说教轻描淡写地讲述穷困的历练，把穷困说成除非本人认为，否则没人能感觉到的负担，那么首先想想：到目前为止大多数人都是穷困的，而您却看不到他们堪比富人的阴郁和焦虑。其实，我倒觉得他们更幸福，因为他们的心灵较少受到困扰。咱们接下来再谈富人，他们常常和穷人一样！他们出国时行李要受限制，每当要加快行程时，就得解散大批的随从。在军队服役时，由于军营纪律禁止奢侈，他们只能带多么少的行李！并非只有在特殊时间和场合他们才在需求方面被置于与穷人同等的水平，当他们一旦厌倦了富人的生活，他们会找出几天坐在地上吃饭，把那些金银容器搁置一旁，使用起陶制的器皿。真是疯了，有时竟然向往自己总是惧怕的那种生活状况。多阴暗的心理！多么无知盲目，他们畏惧贫困，却又以模仿贫困为乐！就我而言，每当我回顾往古那些范例，我都会为贫穷寻找慰藉而感到惭愧，因为奢侈竟已到了如此地步：一个流放者的津贴竟然比过去重要人物的遗产还多。众所周知，荷马有一个奴隶，柏拉图有三个，而芝诺，严格而富有生气的斯多葛哲学的创始人，却没有奴隶。如果不是本人亲口说出自己非常可怜的境遇，谁会从这些方面说他们很不幸呢？门尼涅斯·阿格里帕以调解贵族与平民之间的矛盾来维护社会的和平与安宁，他死后是公众捐款埋葬的。当阿提利乌斯·雷古勒斯在非洲追击迦太基人的时候，他给元老院写信说，他家的雇工走了，家里的田地无人照看了，元老院投票决定在雷古勒斯不在家的时候，他家的田地由国家照管。自家无奴隶而让罗马人民成了他家的佃户，这难道不值得吗？西庇奥女儿们的嫁妆来自国库，因为她们的老爸没给她们留下任何东西：罗马人民为西庇奥捐赠一次无疑也是对的，因为他不断强迫迦太基人进贡。女儿们的丈夫，有了罗马人民做他们的岳父是多么幸福！你认为那些把伶人的女儿以一百万塞斯特斯的嫁妆出聘的人会比自己孩子由元老院监护、收到实实在在的铜币作为嫁妆的西庇奥还快乐吗？有谁会蔑视家世如此显赫的贫穷？西庇奥置办不起女儿们的嫁妆，雷古勒斯缺少干活的人手，门尼涅斯无钱办葬礼时，倘若流放者知道这些，他们还会怨

恨缺这少那吗？难道这些人要什么有什么，会更让我们尊敬？有这些人为贫穷辩护，贫穷不仅不是罪恶，反倒成了荣誉。

有人可能会回答：“有些事情单独发生尚可忍受，同时发生则难以忍受，你为什么非要分开来谈呢？易地而居如果仅是地点的改变，是可以忍受的。贫穷若不失体面也可忍受——丢掉体面这一件事就足以令人崩溃。”在回答这个想用一大堆不幸来吓唬我的人时，应该这样说：“如果你有力量对付某一方面的不幸，你就能对付所有方面的不幸。一旦道德使思想变得坚韧，它就会使各方面都变得刀枪不入。如果贪欲这一人类最难遏制的毛病不再能控制你，野心就不会挡道。如果你不把自己的末日看作惩罚而将它视为自然规律，把对死亡的恐惧从胸中驱逐，就不会再有恐惧胆敢进入。如果你认为性欲之于男人不是愉悦而是为了繁殖后代，一旦你能摆脱这种植根于身体命脉的强烈而有破坏作用的激情，那么其他的欲望就会悄悄离你而去。理智击溃恶习不是各个击破，而是一举全面击溃，胜利是最终的、全面的。”你认为耻辱会影响完全依靠自己、超然于大众信念的智者吗？可耻地死去比耻辱更糟糕，而苏格拉底走进监狱时的表情同他过去蔑视三十僭主时[29]的一样——他的到来甚至使监狱一扫耻辱，因为只要苏格拉底在，那里就不算监狱。谁能无视事实，认为马库斯·加图竞选地方长官和执政官而两次落选是耻辱？耻辱是属于地方长官和执政官的，而这两个职务因加图而光荣。没有人会被他人蔑视，除非他自己先蔑视自己。卑贱低下的心理对于这类侮辱是非常敏感的；而如果一个人能使自己面对最痛苦的灾难，并且能击败曾压倒别人的邪恶，那些苦难就像是一枚神圣的勋章佩戴在他身上。我们一般倾向于赞赏那些在逆境中表现刚毅的人，所以当阿里斯德岱斯[30]被带到雅典的法场，所有见到他的人都垂目低吟，好像受到惩罚的不仅是一名正义之士，而且是正义本身。然而一个家伙真的朝他的脸上吐唾沫。他本可以对此感到憎恶，因为他知道只有嘴巴肮脏的人才敢这样做。但是他没有，而是擦了擦脸，笑着对护送的地方官说：“警告那个家伙，让他下次不要再这么粗鲁地打哈欠了。”这就是用侮辱来回报

侮辱。我知道有人会说，没有比鄙视更令人难以接受的了，连死亡都似乎比它舒服。对这些人的话，我的答复是，流放往往还能使人免遭任何鄙视。如果一个伟人倒下了仍能保持伟大，人们不会鄙视他，就像他们踏在倒塌的寺庙上，虔诚的人们照样对它顶礼膜拜，就像它耸立时候一样。

最亲爱的妈妈，既然您没有理由因为我而没完没了地流泪，那么应该是因为您自身的原因而伤心落泪了。这其中原因有二：您是因为自己似乎失去了某些保护而烦恼，或者因为一想到我不在您身边就感到无法忍受。

这第一点，我只少说几句，我知道您心中对亲人的爱只是为他们着想。让那些母亲想想吧，她们因为身为女人缺少权势就剥夺孩子的权势；由于自己没有职务，只能通过儿子来寻求权力，不仅花光了儿子的遗产，而且还企图从儿子那里获得遗产，她们假别人以口才而让自己的儿子疲于应对。而您为儿子们的所得感到高兴却几乎没有利用过它们；您的慷慨是无限的，却限制我们过分慷慨。当您父亲还健在的时候，您却给有钱的儿子们送礼物。您管理我们遗产的认真程度就像管理自己的，小心谨慎的程度就像管理别人的。您谨慎地利用我们的影响，就好像那是别人的；在我们履行职务期间，您除了高兴喜悦和吃穿用度，再没有掺和其中。您的爱从没有考虑个人利益。因而，即使您的儿子从您身边被带走，您也不会觉得缺少了什么东西，因为当儿子安全健康的时候，您从未觉得那些与您有关。

我必须完全从那个真正能使一位母亲感到悲哀的角度来安慰您。您说：“那么我被剥夺了拥抱我最亲爱的儿子的权利，我再也不能感受见到他或和他聊天的快乐了。那个一出现就能抚平我愁眉的人在哪儿？那个我可以倾诉悲哀的人在哪儿？我们那从未厌倦的聊天哪儿去了？我曾以超出女人的热忱，超出母亲的亲近与他分享的研究哪儿去了？我们的

会面到哪儿去了？那个一见到自己母亲就总是像个孩子似的笑个不停的人哪儿去了？”除了这些，您还提到了我们愉快聚会和社交的具体地点，以及能够使我们想起最近一起生活的情形，这些必然都是最敏感的、促使您心情极其痛苦的缘由。命运甚至阴谋策划了这一对您的残酷打击，在我被贬黜的前两天，您才离开，心情平静，没有理由对这样的灾难担心、惧怕。如果我们以前就相隔遥远，如果多年不在您身边能使您对这一打击有所准备就好了。直到返回罗马，您都没有享受到儿子在跟前的快乐，却对他不在跟前感到很不习惯。如果您很早就离开，您就会更勇敢地面对这一缺憾，因为我们之间的距离可以淡化彼此的思念。如果您没有离开，至少还可以享受多看儿子两天的最后的快乐。现在的情况是，残酷的命运作出如此安排，使您没能看到我的不幸，又无法习惯我的不在。但是情况越是不利，您越要鼓起更大的勇气，更勇猛地战斗，像对付一个您了解并经常能打败的敌人一样。您的血现在不是从未受伤害的身体里淌出：您正受到打击，在旧伤之上。

您不能因为自己是女人就原谅自己，女人实际上有极度悲哀的权利，但不是无休止地悲哀。鉴于此，我们的前辈允许寡妇服丧十个月的时间，为的是采取折中的办法以公开的法令来限制女人们无法抑制的悲痛。他们不是禁止悲哀，只是限制。因为痛失亲人而无休止地悲哀使自己饱受折磨是愚蠢的自我放任，而没有任何表示又是无人性的冷酷无情。在爱与理智之间最好的折中办法就是既要思念又要克制这种情感。您不会对那种一旦悲痛便至死方休的妇人表示尊重吧——您知道有些人儿子死了就穿上丧服，从此不再脱下。您的一生从开始就比她们坚强，因而希望您会更坚强：一个没有任何女性弱点的女人，不应把自己是女人当作借口。当今时代最不能饶恕的罪恶就是淫荡，在这一点上，根本不能把您和大多数妇女放在一起来考量。宝石和珍珠对您都毫无影响，耀眼的财富在您眼里从不是赋予人类的最大恩惠。在严格的、旧式的家庭中成长的您从未误入歧途去模仿那些即使对良家妇女也颇具危险的坏女人。您从未因自己生儿育女而感到羞惭，似乎年长育子就会被嘲弄；

您也没有像其他女人那样试图以美貌示人，而总是掩饰自己怀有身孕，似乎那是什么丢人的负担；您也从未以堕胎来摧毁生育的希望；您也没有用颜料和化妆品来惯纵您的容貌；您从来不喜欢那种穿着如同没穿的服装；人们从您身上看到的是无与伦比的服饰、岁月无痕的花容月貌和最光荣的品德——谦逊。所以您不能以妇女的名义来证明自己有理由悲伤，您已经以自己的美德与那个群体划清界限：您应该像拒绝一切女性恶习一样拒绝眼泪。甚至连女人们也不会允许您在伤痛中一蹶不振，她们会让您迅速度过必要的悲哀，然后在安抚后重新振作起来，您会乐意记住那些勇气过人不逊须眉的女士们。命运让科妮莉亚[31]的十二个孩子就剩下两个。如果您要计算她丧失的孩子，她丧失了十个；如果您想评价这些孩子，她失去了格拉古兄弟。但是当她周围的人痛哭着诅咒她的命运时，她不准他们诅咒命运之神，因为命运将格拉古兄弟赐予她，让他们成了她的儿子。一位无愧于这位母亲的儿子在群众大会上说："你们想侮辱这位给了我生命的母亲吗？"而母亲的话听起来更是掷地有声。儿子因出生于格拉古家而自豪，母亲因儿子的献身也感到自豪。茹提莉亚跟随儿子考塔一起流放，她对儿子的爱如此真诚，宁可随儿子流放，也不愿意独自长相思，直到儿子回来时她才一同返回。可是当儿子官复原职重新得到重用，又成为一位杰出的公众人物时，却死了。她以当初和他一起流放的勇气承受他的离世，在他的葬礼之后，人们再没有看见她哭过。当他被流放，她显示了勇敢；当他死去，她显示了智慧。什么都不能阻止她表示自己的爱，什么都不能使她无休止地沉溺于无用、无益的悲哀之中。我希望您能与这样的女士为伍。您总在效仿她们的生活方式，也一定能以她们为榜样，控制、克服哀痛。

我知道这不是我们的力量所能掌控的，任何强烈的感情都不是我们能够控制的，尤其是悲哀之情更是无法抑制，因为这种感情是非常强烈的，而且对任何治愈措施都会强烈抵触。有时我们想要击垮它，强咽下痛苦的呻吟，表面上强装镇静，却止不住泪水滂沱。有时我们想去看看演出或角斗以分散注意力，但是就在这些娱乐活动的场景中，一点儿小

小的事由就会使我们触景生情，使所有努力归于失败。因此最好是战胜悲痛，而不是自欺欺人。因为如果仅仅用娱乐和分散精力的方式来蒙骗自我，悲痛会撤离，然后又会卷土重来，用暂停期间积蓄的力量，向我们猛烈进攻。而以理智战胜的悲哀却会永远平静下来。因此我不打算给您开出别人用过的处方，让您分散精力，高兴起来，比如到国外长时间旅游，或用很多时间清理账目，管理财产，或经常参加一种新的活动。这些都短时间有效，它们不能治愈，只是干扰了伤痛。而我不是要转移它，而是要彻底终结它。所以我要引领您寻求那种慰藉，这是所有那些超越命运掌控的人的避难所：人文学科的研究。这些学习将为您疗伤，它们将驱除您所有的哀思，即便您从未通晓它们，现在也需要学习它们。就我父亲那种严格的旧式家教所能允许的，您对人文学科即使还没有通晓，也至少是比较熟悉的了。要是我父亲——他是最好的男人——不那么忠实于祖辈的传统，能让您专心于哲学教学，而不是只对它一知半解就好了——您现在就不需要通过学习获得抵御厄运的知识了，而只要拿来运用就行了。他之所以不太愿意让您从事研究，是因为那些女人不是用书上的知识来获得智慧，而只是当成奢侈的摆设。不过，好在您有一种积极求索的心态，能够在有限的时间内学到很多知识，正规研究的基础已经打好了，现在再去继续学习吧，那会使您有安全感。它会安慰您，让您高兴，如果它真的能沁入您的心里，悲痛以及那些毫无意义、不值一提的苦难引发的焦虑和苦恼就再也休想扰乱您的心，您的心里再也容不下这些，它早已将其他的不快拒之门外。学习是您最可靠的庇护，只有它可以使您摆脱厄运的禁锢。

不过，在您到达哲学为您提供的庇护所之前，您还必须有一些支持的力量可以依靠：所以我同时还想向您指出您本身就有的慰藉。想想我的兄弟们。只要他们活着，您就没有理由抱怨自己的命运。从他们身上，您会很高兴地发现反差很大的优点：一个以自己的能力获得官职，另一个以其智慧对官场不屑一顾。一个的优秀，另一个的退隐，为二人的挚爱而感到慰藉吧。我很了解我兄弟们内心深处的感情，一个建功立

业是为了让您感到光荣，另一个退隐于平静安宁是为了让您享有闲适。命运为您作出了安排，让您的孩子既能对您有所帮助又能给您带来快乐。这个的显赫地位可以为您提供保护，那个的悠闲生活助您颐养天年。他们竞相侍奉您老人家，两个儿子的挚爱真情会填补一个儿子留下的空缺。我可以十分有把握地预先告诉您，除了儿子的数量，您不会失去任何东西。

这之后，再来想想您的孙子们吧：马尔库斯，这个最可爱的孩子——看到他您就不会再悲伤了，他的拥抱让再大再近的苦痛都会释然。有他的欢乐什么样的泪水不会止住？听到他快活的喋喋不休谁的焦虑心情能不得到舒缓？看到他嬉笑打趣的样子谁能不绽放出笑容？无论原先怎么专注于自己的心思，听着那些永远不会令人厌烦的稚嫩童音，谁的注意力能不被吸引、感染？我祈求神保佑他在我们都离去后活得更好！让命运的残酷行径自动消亡、止于我身。让我来代您承受作为母亲和祖母所要遭受的一切苦难吧。让其余的家人都免受侵扰，幸福生活吧。如果我能替全家遭罪而使家人免受一切痛苦，我决不会因为没有孩子或被流放而抱怨。拥抱诺瓦提拉吧，她很快就会给您生一个重外孙。我那么爱她，并收养了她，所以失去我，她就像个孤儿，尽管她的亲生父亲还活着。也替我好好爱护她吧。厄运最近夺走了她的母亲，但您的爱会让她仅仅因为母亲的去世而悲哀，而不会因为母亲的不在而遭罪。现在您得塑造和调理她的性格，在易受影响的年纪，教育会留下更深的印记。让她慢慢习惯您的谈话，按您认为正确的模式成长，即便您只是给她做做榜样，也会让她受益良多。如此神圣的责任对于您来说也是一种疗法，因为只有哲学或有意义的事情才能将痛苦从因爱而悲伤的心中转移出来。

如果您的父亲还在，我也会将他算作能给您带来莫大安慰的人。正如现在这样，您必须用您对他的爱来判断他对您的爱，这样您就会明白，您多么应该为了他而更多地保护自己而不是为了我而牺牲您自己。

当过度的悲哀袭击您，逼您屈服时，想一想您的父亲。当然，给了他那么多子孙后代，您不再是他唯一的后代了，但是对于他来说，幸福生活的完美全靠您。当他还健在时，您抱怨自己活够了就不对了。

到现在为止我还没有谈到最能给您带来安慰的人，您的姐姐，她是最忠实于您的人，也是您可以毫无保留倾诉忧愁的人，还是我们所有孩子视为妈妈的人。您和她泪水交融，在她的怀抱中您才恢复了平静。确实，一直以来她都分享您的情感，但是在我的这件事上，她的悲哀却不全是为了您。她把我抱在怀里来到罗马，在我长期生病的时候，是她的爱和母亲般的呵护才使我恢复知觉。在我竞选检察官的时候，她支持我，虽然她平日连谈话和大声打招呼都不够自信，但对我的爱使她战胜了羞怯。她的隐居生活，她的谦逊（与现在很多妇女的厚颜相比显得有些保守），她的心平气和，还有她渴望平和安静的保守天性——所有这些都没有阻止她为了我而真正变得雄心勃勃。最亲爱的母亲啊，她是您恢复精神获得慰藉的源泉。尽您所能紧紧拥抱她吧。悲伤的人总是想回避他们最爱的人，想找个排解忧伤的地方，但是您一定要把您的想法告诉她。无论您是想保留这种情绪，还是想把它置于一旁，她都会使您不再难过，或者与您分担痛苦。但是，就我对这位优秀女性的智慧的了解，她一定不会让您在这种无益的困苦中消耗精力，她会给您讲述她生活中的一段颇有教育意义的插曲，那件事我也曾亲眼目睹。

在一次出海旅行途中，她失去了自己深爱的丈夫——我的姨夫，她还是个少女时就嫁给了他。她同时承受着悲哀和恐惧的巨大压力，虽然船失事了，她仍冒着风暴航行，最终安全地把丈夫的尸体运到岸上。啊，有多少妇女行为高尚却默默无闻被人们忘记！如果她有幸生活在过去，那时人们对英雄的行为都大加赞赏，那些才华横溢的人会怎样竞相赞美这样的女士。她不顾自己虚弱的身体，无视连最勇敢的人都会心生畏惧的大海，冒着生命危险以使丈夫能够入土为安。当她一心想的是丈夫的葬礼时，她对自己的处境是无所畏惧的。所有的诗人都盛赞要替丈

夫献身的女人，但是冒着生命危险送丈夫的尸体去墓地的行为更高尚。经历同样的危险却鲜有人称赞，那是一种更伟大的爱。

这件事之后，人们对很多事情就不会感到惊奇了：在她丈夫担任埃及总督的十六年中，人们从未见她在公共场合露面，她从不在家里接待本地人，从未请求丈夫为她做什么，也从未允许别人求她办什么事。结果是，在一个盛行闲言碎语、对执政者讥讽辱骂的行省，连小心翼翼唯恐犯错误的人都难逃绯闻诟病，而她却被当成完美非凡的典范，让那些传播闲话的人三缄其口（这是很难做到的，因为这里连一些不着边际的闲话都会流传甚广），而直到如今，人们还在希望能再看到一个和她品行一样的人，虽然根本不可能。在一个省份生活十六年能够得到认可是很了不起的，在那里不为人们所注意更是了不起。我回顾这些事情不是为了说她品德多么高尚（讲述得这么概括，对她的美德是不公平的），而是让您了解一位高尚的女性，她没有被那些必然与权势相伴而来又因而为人们所诅咒的野心与贪婪所征服，她面对海难，在一只破船上无所畏惧地与死去的丈夫在一起，她不曾企图独自逃生，而一心想把丈夫带回家安葬。您也必须鼓起这样的勇气，驱除心中的悲伤，坚强起来，使人们看到您没有因为有这些孩子而后悔。

然而，无论您怎么做，都会经常不可避免地想到我，任何其他的孩子都不会这样经常地让您想念，并不是您不爱他们，而是因为越是疼痛的地方，人们自然会更多地要去触摸。所以您必须想到我现在是幸福而快乐的，就像生活在非常舒适的环境中。说环境舒适是因为现在我心无旁骛，可以自由地做自己想做的事情，眼下我正饶有兴趣地作一些一般性的研究，我的心正急切地想探索事物的真相以思考其自身的本质和宇宙的本质。首先想要了解的是陆地及其位置，然后是周边海洋的本质及潮落和海流。接下来还要研究天地之间那广袤无垠的空间——这离我们最近的空间因着雷鸣、电闪、阵风、大雪、冰雹而喧嚣。最终，我的心会从较低的地区倏忽而过，冲向苍穹，一览神奇壮美的景色，意识到自

己的永生不朽，它将继续向所有年代延伸，饱览那些已经存在和将要存在的一切。

论心灵之安宁

塞雷努斯[32]：塞内加，当我审视自己的时候，我的一些不端行为便清晰地浮出表面，使我可以用手触摸。有些藏于较深之处，有些并不总在那里，只是不时往返。我想说，这最后一种是最麻烦的：它们就像潜伏的敌人，一旦时机成熟就对你突然袭击，让你既不能像战争年代那样时刻戒备，也不能像和平年代那样处之泰然。然而，我大多数时间所处的状态（我为什么不能像对医生一样向你承认真相呢？）是我并没有真正摆脱那些自己既怕又恨的恶行，但从另一方面讲，我也没有被它们所约束：这倒让我的状态并不太糟，但却极其易怒，动辄就想与人辩论——我没生病但也不健康。你没必要说，所有的美德开始时都很脆弱，随着时间的推移才变得坚实有力。我还知道那些竭力想获得好感的人，他们想爬上高职位，获得辩才方面的声誉，以及其他需要被人认可的东西，这些都需要时间来日趋成熟——那些真正有力量的，和那些为了名声涂脂抹粉将自己掩饰的，两者都需要等待数年，直到时间的流逝逐渐产生它们的色彩。但是，我唯恐那种使事情变得很牢固的习惯会将这种毛病更深地植根于我身——长期的交往会使人既对美好的也对丑恶的东西产生嗜好。心理脆弱的本质是在两种选择之间摇摆，没有明显地倾向于对或错。

我不能一次就把这一切表示清楚，不如一点一点地讲。我要把发生在我身上的事情告诉你，你就能给我的病症起个名字了。我得承认，我是极爱节俭的。我不喜欢把长椅装饰得那么华丽，也不喜欢把衣服从衣柜里取出，或用重物压上千百遍让它那么光彩耀人，我喜欢家常的、便宜的，不是那种珍藏着的，穿着时还要小心翼翼的衣服。我喜欢的饭菜不需要准备，也不需要在家奴的守护下用餐，不用提前几天就预定，也不用好多人伺候着，而是即时买，简单做，不需要跑远路也不需要花高

价，而是到处都有的，钱包和身体都能负担得起的，不是怎么吃进去又怎么吐出来的。我要的佣人就是普普通通，没什么技能，家养的奴隶就行；我的银器呢，就用我乡下老爸的那种厚重且没什么特点的就行。我的桌子不需要有色彩斑斓俗不可耐的标记，也不需要因多次辗转于时尚名人之手而为全城所熟知，只要立着能用就行，不要让客人因高兴而分散目光，也不要引起他们的嫉妒。当我立下这些标准，我还是感到，自己的心被某个培训佣人的学校的华丽装饰搞得眩惑了，那些奴隶的服装上饰以金品，比要去参加游行的，打扮得还精致，还有一整队光鲜耀人的随从；我被一座房子搞得眩惑了，在那里面，你甚至可以在宝石上行走，财富撒在各个角落，房顶闪闪发光，所有的平民百姓都毕恭毕敬地侍候在家庭遗产的废墟上。还需要我提起那清澈见底、绕着就餐客人流淌的池水，以及那与周围环境相映成辉的宴席吗？长时间节俭惯了，我发现豪华奢靡的壮观场面将我包围，在我周围轰响。我的视觉有些游移，因为我发现用心去面对它，比用眼睛更容易。而这之后我回来，感到不是更糟了而是更悲哀了。行走于那些微不足道的财产中，我的头不再抬得那么高，一种隐秘而痛苦的疑惑折磨着我：这样的生活高尚吗？这些都没有改变我，但是却让我感到震撼。

我决定遵循老师的教导，投身于国家大事，担任一些公职——当然不是为了那身紫袍和执法官的棍棒，而是为了能更好地帮助我的朋友和亲戚，帮助所有的同胞，进而帮助全人类。我满腔热忱地追随芝诺、克里安提斯、克律西波斯，顺便说一下，他们都没有摄职从政，但是都劝导别人那样做。不过，当什么东西对我那已不习惯折腾的心发起进攻时，当什么事情发生在我身上时，无论是琐碎小事（每个人生都会经历的）还是难以对付的事，或当一些无关紧要的事要耗费很多精力时，我就会悠闲地躲避，就像疲惫的动物，匆匆赶回家。我决定将生活限制在自己的围墙之内，我会说：“给我造成损失却不想给予适当回报的人，别想从我这儿夺走哪怕一天的时间。让我的心安分守己，滋养自我，心无旁骛——决不仰人鼻息；让它珍惜宁静，远离公私事务。”然而，每

当我看到令人心悦诚服的报道并为杰出的典范所激励，我又渴望站出来，为这个人说话，向那个人提供帮助，即便不能成功，也是助人的一种尝试，或去抑制某人因成功而恃才傲物的骄气。

我认为在自己的研究中，这样肯定比较好：专注于自己的课题，演讲时也以此为主题，同时以主题来决定用词，确立一种不矫揉造作的讲演风格。我问："写出传世之作有必要吗？为什么不停止让后代对你歌功颂德的努力？人生来就会死的，无言的葬礼能省却很多麻烦。所以如果你想把时间利用起来，就写一些文风简朴的作品留给自己看，而不是为了发表——只为眼下学习就会省力多了。"再者，当我的精神被伟大的思想提高了，它在用词方面就会很有魄力，总是渴望用合适的语言来表达更高的灵感，这样就会产生一种给人很深印象的与主题相配的文风，那样我就会忘了自己一贯恪守的自我克制的规定和原则，而被一种已不属于自己的声音带到更高的高度。

咱们长话短说吧，我的善意中存在的这一弱点，还表现在各个方面，我觉得自己正在变坏，或者（这是更令人担忧的）我就好像被悬吊在边缘，总是命悬一线随时可能要掉下去，而且可能还有更错的我自己看不见的地方——我们对自己的性格总是投以太亲密的目光，而偏袒总会影响我们的判断力。我想，很多人要是没有想象自己已经很有智慧了，要是他们没有掩饰自己的某些性格而无视别人的某些性格，那么他们可能就已经获得了智慧。因为你没有理由设想我们的悲哀更多的是由于别人巴结我们，而不是我们巴结自己。谁敢跟自己说出真相？在成群的马屁精的包围中，最大的马屁精不是自己吗？所以我恳求你，如果你有治疗这种思想游移症的方法，看在我还是值得你施舍的人，给我心灵一个安宁吧，我明白这些心理上的不平静不会有什么危险，不会导致狂风暴雨。用一个真实的比喻来告诉你，我不是由于暴风雨而是由于晕船而苦恼。无论是什么病，根除掉吧，来帮帮一个已看到了陆地但仍在挣扎的人吧。

塞内加：确实，塞雷努斯，我一直在悄悄问自己，应该把这种心理状态比作什么，我找不到比这些人的状况更相似的了：他们曾长期生病，刚刚大病初愈，但仍常常会感到有点儿发烧或疼痛，而且最近的症状没了却仍会心烦意乱；虽然好多了，但有一点发热就把手伸给大夫，开始毫无必要地抱怨。塞雷努斯啊，这些人不是身体没有彻底治愈，而是他们还没有习惯于健康的状态，就好像在平静的海面上仍会有层层涟漪，尤其是暴风雨过后刚刚平静下来时。所以你不需要提供什么很彻底的治疗，因为刚刚进行过这样的治疗了——在这儿堵截自己，在那儿跟自己生气，在其他地方严正地恐吓自己——而最后阶段的治疗是，树立自信，相信自己的路是对的，不要误入那些纵横交错于自己路上的歧途，它们让很多人无可挽回地迷失方向，尽管有人离正确的道路还不远。但是你所期望的是伟大，至高无上、近于神圣的东西——决不动摇。希腊人把这种思想的恒稳坚定称为euthymia（情感正常），德谟克利特曾就此有过精辟的论述，而我却想称其为tranquilli-ty（平静），因为没有必要模仿或复制希腊文字的形式——关键是要找到一个术语，它能表达意思，而不是希腊词语的形式。因而，我们探索心灵如何能够保持平稳，恰当地面对自己，乐观地关注自己的处境，不会中断这种快乐，保持平和的状态，没有起伏忐忑：这就是宁静。让我们想想在一般情况下如何做到这些，然后你可以从通用的疗法中选出你喜欢的方法。在此期间，所有的过失必须放到光天化日之下，让每个人都从中看到自己也犯有的错误。同时你会感到，自我反感带给你的烦恼远比那些人带给你的要少得多，那些人被某些华而不实的宣言束缚，在显赫的头衔下操劳，他们一直虚伪地过日子，并非因为自己有此愿望，而是因为自惭形秽。

那些被变化无常、百无聊赖、朝三暮四所折磨的人，与那些怀念过去了的日子，因兴味索然而哈欠连天的人都是同一类人。还有一些人，他们像是患了失眠症，四处乱窜，朝秦暮楚，不到精疲力竭不会停歇。他们逐物心移，不断变换生活状况，最终安定下来也并非因为对继续变

化的厌倦，而是年事太高对新奇事物已迟钝麻木。还有一些人并非由于道德上坚定不移，而是因为惰性十足，缺乏按自己的意愿来改变生活的动力，他们的日子还停留在最初的样子。其实这种病有无数种特征，但是只有一个结果——对自己不满意。这产生于精神上的不稳定，产生于可怕的、未满足的欲望。当人们不敢或没能得到他们渴望的东西时，他们能抓住的就是渴望。他们总是不平衡，总是躁动不安，结果就不可避免地总是生活在悬而未决的状态之中。他们不择手段，拼命想得到自己渴望的东西，他们说服自己、强迫自己去做不体面的事、难以成功的事，而当一切劳而无功的时候，那种徒劳无益的耻辱又让他们备受折磨，不是为自己的不端行为，而是为愿望受挫而懊悔。然后他们不断为已作的尝试悔恨，为再一次尝试而恐惧，心情躁动不安却又苦于无法排解，因为他们既不能控制又无法顺从自己的欲望，生活的不确定性让他们感到前途无望。精神的麻木不仁又让他们在无约束的希望面前止步不前。对劳而无功的憎恶使人们转而变得无所事事，或开始独自研究，而这是向往公共事业、热衷于社会活动、因缺少精神寄托而天性注定不安分的人所无法忍受的，所有的苦恼因而更加糟糕。结果，当那些忙碌的人从实际活动中所获得的乐趣消失不见的时候，他们无法忍受待在家里、四面围墙中的孤独寂寥，开始厌恶这种与世隔绝的孤寂。这样又会产生厌世和对自己的不满情绪，产生心绪不宁、郁郁寡欢、难耐闲适而导致的躁动，尤其是当我们羞于承认造成这种状况的原因，这种羞耻感又让痛苦深埋心中，我们的欲望陷于狭窄的界限中，无法逃逸，又无法呼吸。由此又会引发愁思与悲哀，以及不安分心灵无尽的踌躇。希望产生时振奋激动，希望破灭时萎靡不振，由此又引发了一些人对自己闲适的憎恶和对无所事事的抱怨，以及对别人升迁的极端嫉妒。游手好闲的安逸会衍生怨恨嫉妒，因为他们自己不能发迹就想让别人都遭殃。接下来，这种对别人成功的嫉恨和对自己的失望又使他们迁怒于命运，抱怨生不逢时命途多舛，进而退隐到阴暗角落思忖自己的遭遇，直到对自己产生腻烦和厌倦。由于人的心灵天生就是好动、喜欢享乐的，所以它对

每个刺激和娱乐都是欢迎的，甚至欢迎那些疲于奔命而扬扬自得、层次不高的人。有些身体上的创伤欢迎有人用手来戳疼它们，渴望有人触摸它们，令人难受的瘙痒处希望能被抓挠：同样，我要说，心中的欲望已经破灭就如同可怕的伤痛，只想通过劳碌或病情恶化来获得乐趣。因为确实有些动作会让我们的身体很愉悦，即便它会引起疼痛，比如翻个身换到不感到累的那一侧，还会不断换来换去，让身体感到凉快。所以荷马史诗中的阿基里斯[33]一会儿趴下，一会儿仰面躺着，不断变换姿势，像个病人，哪种姿势都待不长，只能辗转变换来缓解痛楚。因此，人们四处旅行，在异国海滩上漫步，在陆地、海洋尝试各种不安分的生活，却总是对周围的东西感到厌恶。“咱们现在去坎帕尼亚。”不久，对奢华的生活厌倦了——“咱们去那些蛮荒地区吧，去布鲁蒂姆和卢卡尼亚的森林看看。”但在野外，他们那看惯奢华的双眼在这些肮脏乏味、毫无景致之地感到放松的乐趣也在消失。“咱们去塔林顿吧，那里有著名的港口，温暖的冬天，即便在古代也是人口众多繁华热闹的地区。”“咱们现在还是到城市去吧”——他们的耳朵早就向往喧嚣的掌声了，现在他们甚至想看人类杀戮流血。他们一次次地出游，不断变换着景点。正如卢克莱修[34]所说：“每个人都想以此种方式逃离自我。”但是如果他不能逃出自身，什么时候才是终点呢？他就像是自己最乏味的伴侣，尾随着自己。所以我们应该意识到，我们的难处不在于地点而在于我们自己，我们太脆弱了，不能忍受任何东西，不能忍受劳苦，不能忍受欢乐，不能忍受自己，不能长期忍受任何东西。这一弱点已经把有些人逼得走投无路，因为不断变换目标，他们又回到原来的地方，他们已经无力接受新奇的事物了，他们开始对生活、对世界感到腻烦，自我放纵让他们软弱，又产生了一种“这种同样的事情我还得忍受多久”的情绪。

你想知道我对这种厌倦的情绪建议采取的治疗方法吗？正如阿森诺德斯所说，最好的方法是使自己忙于摄职从政的实际活动。正如有些人愿意在白天进行日光浴、锻炼和其他保健活动，对于运动员来说，最切

实、最重要的事情就是把大部分时间花在增强四肢力量上，对此他们是全力以赴的，所以对于你这样需要培训心智应对公共生活中的竞争的人，到目前为止最好的办法就是定期实践。当一个人打算让自己对公民和同胞有用，如果他能全身心地投入到为公众和个人服务中去，他就是同时在训练自己并做好事。但是，阿森诺德斯[35]说："由于人类如此疯狂、野心勃勃，太多的陷害诬告颠倒黑白，使诚实正直的人处境危险，屡受阻挠而得不到帮助，所以我们确实应该从公共生活和政治生活中隐退。不过，一个伟大的思想即便是在私人生活中也还是有机会自由地活动。狮子和其他动物的能量可以被笼子限制住，而人的能量不会，人最伟大的成就往往在退隐之后才能看到。然而，如果一个人无论悠闲地隐居何处，他都能用自己的智慧、言辞和忠告来为个人和人类服务，那么就让他隐居起来吧。为国家服务不只限于那些竞争公职的候选人、法庭上的辩护人，以及为战争与和平而投票的人。教育年轻人，向他们心中灌输美德的人（出色的教师异常匮乏），还有那遏制、制止人们疯狂追逐财富和奢靡， 即使制止不了，至少也能拖延他们步伐的人——这样的人也是在为公众服务，尽管在私人生活中。那些处理外国人与本国人之间的案子，向起诉人宣布财产评估人的裁决结果的执政官，与宣讲正义、虔诚、忍耐、勇敢、蔑视死亡、有关诸神的知识，宣讲发自善良之心的祝福是多么自由等问题的本质的人相比，你觉得前者比后者对社会更有益吗？所以如果你从履行公共责任的时间中抽出来一部分用来研究，你就不算放弃或逃避工作。因为士兵不仅要站在前线防御左右两翼，还要从事守护大门和保卫兵工厂这样虽不是很危险但也是不可掉以轻心的岗位，尽管不流血，但也是军事职责。如果你致力于研究，你就不会再厌倦生活，不会因厌恶白天而渴望夜晚，你就会感到你既不是自己的负担，对他人也不是无用的，你将吸引很多人成为你的朋友，很多优秀人物会聚集在你的周围。即便是最不起眼的美德也不可能永远隐身，而总会清楚地表露出来：任何值得拥有这种美德的人都会寻到她的踪迹。但是如果我们脱离整个社会，远离人群，只为自己活着，这种

没有任何趣味的与世隔绝的生活就会引来毫无价值的活动。我们会开始盖一些房子，推倒另一些；拦截海水，再从人工渠道取水，把自然赋予我们可供利用的时间挥霍掉。我们中有些人能够非常节俭地利用时间，而另一些人却浪费它；有些人可以开出时间账户，另一些人就没有任何结余——这真是最可耻的结局。老年人往往除了年龄再无其他证据证明自己漫长的生命了。”

亲爱的塞雷努斯，我觉得阿森诺德斯太轻易就顺应时代了，太迅速地退隐了。我不否认人有时确实应该让步——但是，应该一点儿一点儿逐渐隐退，应该坚持我们的标准，保持我们战斗者的荣誉。那些与敌人达成协议时并未解除武装的军人更安全，更受人敬重。我想，这是美德及追求美德者应该做的：如果命运将某人击败，剥夺了他行动的手段，他不应该转身就走，扔下武器找个地方躲起来（好像真有命运找不到的地方似的），而是应该更慎重地履行职责，谨慎地寻找能够为国家服务的机会。假如不能成为战士，就担任公职；假如他要以平民身份生活，就让他当个辩护人；假如情况迫使他保持沉默，就让他以无言的方式帮助他的同胞；假如他在讲坛上露面有危险，就让他在私人住处、演出中、宴会上当个好的伴侣、忠诚的朋友、温文尔雅的赴宴者；假如他没有了一个公民的责任，就让他履行做人的责任。如果我们精神崇高，就不会将自己禁锢在一城之内，我们应走出去与整个地球打交道，把整个世界当成自己的国家，为此，我们就可以让自己的德行在更广阔的领域发挥作用。假设你被禁止在法院工作、在公众场合讲演、参加选举，那么想想身后向你开放的大片地区和欢迎你的各国人民吧——对你紧闭的领域再大，也大不过对你开放的天地。但是注意，这不全是你的错——如，除了当执政官、议长、传令官或萨菲斯[36]，你不想担任别的官职。但是假如除了将军或司令官外，你就不想在军队担任其他职务呢？即便其他人担当最高级别的官职，而命运让你就当个三等兵，你也必须用你的声音、你的鼓励、你的示范、你的精神来承担士兵的责任。如果一个人的手被砍下，他还能发现自己可以毅然挺立履行自己的职责为他

人助威。你也应该像他这样做：如果命运免去了你在公共事业中的显要职位，你也要坚定地挺住，鼓励其他人工作；而如果有人扼住你的喉咙，你要继续挺立，默默地助他人一臂之力。一个好公民的服务从来就不会没有作用：人们可以听到，可以看到他通过表情、点头、缄口不语，甚至步态提供帮助。就如一些有益健康的食品，即便没有品尝，没有触摸，仅从它们散发出的气味我们就能受益，美德即使藏身于很远的地方也能显露其优点。无论她是出国办理正当业务，或经默许露面，或被迫卷起船帆，无论她是被禁锢的、静止不动的，还是一言不发的，是局限在狭小空间里，还是显而易见的，在任何条件下她都能够有所帮助。你为什么认为一个体面退休了的人就不能做有价值的榜样？如果由于时运不济或国家状况不允许，不能将全部精力投入于一种生活，那么最理想的方式就是将休闲与某种活动结合起来，因为你总会找到一条途径参与某种高尚的活动。

当三十僭主将雅典搞得四分五裂的时候，你见过比那更糟糕的城市吗？他们杀死了一千三百个最优秀的公民还不罢休，十足的野性刺激他们继续倒行逆施。这个城市设有亚略巴古——最神圣的高级法院和元老院，以及与元老院同级别的公民大会，每天，一伙邪恶的刽子手聚集在这里，而不幸的元老院议厅中集聚着众位僭主。一个国家中如果僭主与侍从的人数相差无几，这样的国家还能太平吗？连恢复自由的希望都很渺茫，更没有合适的机会处治这些掌有实权的恶棍。这可怜的国家到哪儿找足够多的像哈默迪乌斯[37]这样的人呢？而苏格拉底深陷这场激战中，他安慰郁闷沮丧的元老，鼓励那些对国家绝望的人，谴责那些为自己财富担惊受怕的富豪，这些人为当初不顾死活的贪婪感到悔之晚矣，而对于那些乐意效仿他的人来说，他是活生生的鼓励，是三十僭主身边自由的灵魂。然而，他就是这个人，这个被雅典亲手处死于深牢大狱的人，这个公开嘲弄一群暴君的人，这个自由之神不能容忍其自由的人。所以你能明白这两点了：在一个灾难深重的国度，智者有机会显示其影响力；而在一个繁荣昌盛的国家，不择手段地攫取、嫉妒，及上千种卑

怯的恶行会大行其道。因而，我们应该按照国家的安排和命运所赋予我们的自由，扩展或缩小我们的活动，但是无论如何，我们都应该振奋精神，不要陷于恐惧之中萎靡不振。尽管受到来自四面八方的威胁，尽管武器、镣铐的哗啦声不绝于耳，他的勇气丝毫不减也绝不会收敛，这样的人才是真正的男子汉。因为自我保护并非意味着要压抑自我。确实，我相信，库里乌斯·丹塔图斯曾说过他宁可真的去死，也不愿意像具行尸走肉似地活着，因为最可怕的事情莫过于死前只留下活过的岁数。但是如果你恰巧活在一个为国效力非常不易的时代，你就要把时间更多地用于休闲和文学作品，就像在惊险的航海中不时寻找一个安全的港湾，不要让公共生活先放逐了你，而要先主动摆脱出来。

无论如何，我们必须先要谨慎地审视自己，其次要审视我们想要参与的活动，然后弄明白为了谁、和谁一起进行这些活动。

这其中最重要的就是要正确地评价自己，因为我们总是过高地估计自己的能力。某人因对自己的口才太自信而受到伤害；某人因对命运奢求太多超过了他的承受能力；某人超负荷工作使羸弱的身体不堪重负。有的人太羞涩而不适于搞政治，因为搞政治需要大胆地抛头露面；有的人总是率性而为所以不适于司法工作；有的人不能抑制怒火中烧和其他不快情绪以致出言不逊；有的人不能控制自己的才智，抑制那些巧妙却危险的进攻。对于所有这些人，退隐较之公共活动更适于他们——易怒易躁的性格要避免刺激，直言不讳会引出麻烦。

其次，我们必须评估正在做的实事，使自己的力量足以承担起这项工作。执行任务的人永远要比任务本身更强势——负荷太重就会将负重的人压垮。此外，某些任务与其说是伟大，不如说会衍生出很多其他的任务。我们必须避免那些将会产生各种新花样的次生活动，不要染指那些一旦触及就很难抽身的事情。你要去作那些自己可以完成或至少是希望完成的任务，而回避那些在进行过程中会变得越来越多、想停也停不

下来的工作。

在对人的选择上，我们也必须非常审慎，必须确定他们是否值得我们为其贡献生命的一部分，牺牲我们的时间是否能使其有所变化。因为有些人确实会以怨报德。阿森诺德斯说他不会陪一个不知心怀感激的人进餐。我想你能理解，他更不喜欢拜访那些以一顿饭来报答朋友相助的人，这些人把一道道菜看作慷慨的给予，好像他们给他的荣耀超过了给予别人的。没有人见证和观看，私下里大快朵颐也是了无生趣的。

你必须了解你的性格更适合实际的活动还是安静的研究与思考，向适合你天生的才能与禀赋的方向发展。伊索克拉底[38]强行将埃弗罗斯[39]从广场上拉走，因为他认为埃弗罗斯更适合去撰写历史。强其所难，天性便不能充分发挥；与自然作对，我们便会徒劳无功。

但是没有比深厚、诚挚的友谊更令人欣喜的了。有人随时乐意聆听你倾诉的秘密，是多么幸福的事情！和他们分享你的所知，你会觉得比个人独享还轻松，和他们叙谈能够抚平你心中的苦闷，他们的忠告促使你作出决定，他们的欢乐化解了你的忧愁，他们只要一露面就会让你高兴！诚然，我们要选择那些最大限度地摆脱了强烈欲望的人，因为恶行都是不露声色地散布的，和近在咫尺的恶人接触我们也会遭到攻击和侵害。这正如传染病流行时我们必须小心，不要坐在已经出现发烧症状的病人旁边，因为这样对我们很危险，他们对着我们呼吸会使我们染病。所以在选择朋友时，我们要谨慎选择那些人品没有问题的。健康的人和有病的人混杂在一起，是传播疾病的开始。但是我并不是让你只追随智者，并与他们联系。我们到哪儿才能找到那位我们已苦寻良久的智者？理想情况下我们只能在坏人里挑最不坏的。如果你能在柏拉图、色诺芬或苏格拉底的其他门徒中寻找好人，或者如果你可以进入加图时代——这个时代产生了不愧为加图时代的人（还产生了很多有史以来最邪恶的人，这些人犯有骇人听闻的罪行：加图对这两种人都有必要赏识一番，

他需要赢得好人们的首肯，也需要坏蛋来证明自己的力量），那就再好不过了。但在当下好人稀缺的时候，你在选择时不能太挑剔。还有，你要特别注意别选那些阴郁伤感的人，这种人找个茬儿就发牢骚，虽然人毫无疑问是忠诚善良的，但是如果身边有个人对每件事情都焦虑不安，动不动就哼哼唧唧发牢骚，那就会破坏你平和的心境。

让我们再来谈谈私有财产这一人类痛苦的最大根源。如果将我们所遭受的其他苦难，如死亡、疾病、恐惧、欲望、对痛苦与艰辛的忍受，与金钱所带来的罪恶相比较，后者要严重得多。所以我们必须记住，没有钱要比有钱后又失去的痛苦轻得多，而且我们应该认识到，可以失去的东西越少，给我们带来的痛苦就越小。如果你认为富人更能忍受痛苦，你就错了，最高大和最矮小的身体上的伤口是一样痛的。比翁对此作了一个恰当的比喻：从一个秃头上拔头发和从长满头发的头上拔都是一样疼。你可以得出同样的结论，即富人和穷人会感到同样的痛苦，不管贫富，都把钱看得很紧，一旦钱被攫走，都会痛苦。但是，正如我所说的，未曾得到金钱比得而后失更容易忍受，也更简单，所以你会发现那些命运女神从未示爱的人比被她抛弃的人要快活得多。灵魂高尚的第欧根尼[40]因为认识到这点，所以他把一切安排好，从他那里什么东西都拿不走。你可以称这种状况为贫穷、匮乏、亟须，给这种无忧无虑的自由起个任何难听的名字。只有他没有什么可以失去，否则我不会说他是幸福的。如果我没弄错的话，置身吝啬鬼、骗子、抢劫犯、绑匪这些人之中而不受其害，这样的地位堪比帝王。如果有人怀疑第欧根尼的快活，他也同样会对不朽诸神的状况产生怀疑——他们是否因为没有房产、公园、出租给外籍佃户的昂贵的农庄，没能从市场上得到巨额生息的进项而生活得不愉快。你们这些被财富击垮的人，你们不感到羞愧吗？来，看看天空，你会看到财产全无的众神，尽管一无所有却能贡献一切。一个人抛弃了命运的恩赐，你认为他贫穷，还是类似于不朽的神？德米特里厄斯是庞培的释奴，并不因为比庞培富有就感到羞愧，你说他就因而感到更幸福吗？他曾每天给奴隶记数，就像一位将军检阅自

己的军队，而之前，他会认为有两个下等奴隶和稍宽敞一些的小屋就是富有了。当有人告诉第欧根尼说他唯一的奴隶逃跑了，他觉得不值得把他找回来。“如果曼斯没有第欧根尼可以活，而第欧根尼没有曼斯就活不下去，那是很可耻的。”他说。我想他的意思是：“管好自己的事吧，命运之神，第欧根尼现在没有属于你的东西了。我的奴隶跑了，不，是我解脱了，获得了自由。”一家子的奴隶需要穿衣、吃饭，这么多贪吃的家伙要填饱肚子，要给他们买衣服，还得提防他们偷偷摸摸，接受他们边哭边骂的服务，人如果不欠任何人任何东西，除了一个他可以轻易就拒绝的人——他自己，该是多么幸福！但是，由于我们没有这样的意志力，所以我们至少得缩减自己的财产，以尽可能少地遭受命运的打击。战争中，那些将身体全都缩进盔甲里的人要比盔甲遮拦不住而使身体暴露在外容易受伤的人更适合打仗。所以钱的最理想的数额应是既不低于贫困线也不要超出太多。

而且，如果我们以前就很节俭，就会满足于这样的限度，不力行节俭，多少财富都不够用，多少财富都不算富足。尤其是补救的方法近在咫尺，贫穷本身可以通过节俭变得富有。让我们习惯于戒除浮夸的生活方式，以功能性质来考量事物，而不是炫耀作秀。让食物来解饿，饮水来解渴，性生活满足需要，让我们学着依靠自己的四肢，懂得调整我们的穿着风格和生活方式，不要一味追求时髦，而要承袭我们祖先的风俗习惯。让我们学会提高自我约束力，戒除奢靡之风，不要好高骛远，不要动辄生气，不要对贫困抱有成见，要勤俭节约，即便很多人羞于如此，我们也要按照自然的需要采取廉价可行的补救方法，遏制自己放纵的希求和对未来着迷的心灵，好像给它戴上脚镣，立志自力更生获取财富而不是靠运气。如此这般，并非人生中各种各样不应有的灾祸就可全部免除，暴风雨就不会频繁袭击那些勇敢扬帆远航的人。我们必须约束自己的活动，这样，命运的武器就找不到攻击的目标，因此流放和灾难就会变害为利，更重大的灾祸就会被比较小的不幸所弥补。当心灵不肯接受教诲，不能用温和的方法治疗，为什么不能服一剂贫困，或耻辱，

或一般性损伤的药，采取以毒攻毒的方法？所以让我们习惯于在没有大群人的簇拥下用餐，使唤少一些奴隶，适当购置服装，再限制一下住房面积。不仅是在赛跑和马戏场的竞赛中，而且在人生的赛程中，都要沿着跑道的内圈跑。

甚至是我们的学习也是这样，虽然学习上的支出是最值得的，但支出的正当与否取决于是否适度。拥有无数本书有什么意义呢？书的主人一生几乎连题目都没有看过。没有得到书的指导，大量的书就成了学习者的负担，而且专注于几位作家比迷失于众多作者要有益得多。四万册图书在亚历山大图书馆[41]的火灾中化为灰烬，外人曾盛赞其为王室财富的豪华见证，如提图斯·李维[42]称其为国王高雅品位和奉献精神的卓越表现。这根本不是高雅品位和奉献精神，而是学究气的自我放纵——其实，也谈不上学究气，因为他们收集书不是为了学识，而是为了炫耀。同样你能发现，很多人连最基本的文化都没有，他们藏书不是用作学习的工具，而是为了装点自家的餐厅。所以我们应该买足够多的实用书籍来读，而不要买来装饰门面。“不过，”你会说，“这总比把钱浪费在买科林斯式青铜器或画儿上体面多了。”但是，在任何领域的过度消费都是应该受到谴责的。你怎么能容忍这样的人，他收集香橼木和象牙的书柜，收藏了不知名的或三流作家的作品，然后就坐在他那几千本书中，打着哈欠，更多的是为书的封面和标签感到得意？于是，你就会看到最无所事事的人竟拥有好多套演讲词和历史书籍，装书的板条箱一直摞到天花板——如今，精美的藏书室也和冷热浴室一样成了家中必不可少的装饰物。当然，我可以原谅那些人由于酷爱学习而犯错，但是这些贤哲的著作及其多幅画像收集起来仅仅只是为装点一堵墙以显示自命不凡而已。

不过你也许在生活中陷入了某种困难的境地，公务或私事在你神不知鬼不觉时就收紧了绳套，使你既不能解开又不能弄断。想想戴着脚镣的囚徒，他们只是在最开始的时候感到腿上镣铐的重量，当他们决定放

弃挣扎强忍下去时，他们就从事情的必然性中学到了要以坚韧的精神来忍受，而且习与性成，逐渐学会了要以放松的态度来忍受。如果你有藐视困难的精神，不为困难所烦扰，那么在任何生活状况中，你都可以找到乐趣、消遣和快活。没有比这更应该让我们感谢自然的了，由于了解我们生于何种苦难之中，她为人类设计了在灾祸面前可以得到慰藉的习性，以使人类可以尽快在最恶劣的祸事面前泰然处之。如果灾祸以一成不变的力度持续向我们进攻，那么没有人能够忍受长久的不幸。我们都被命运所束缚，有些人是被较松的金锁链所束缚，而另一些人则被较紧的劣质金属锁链所束缚，但是这又有什么关系呢？我们都被禁锢着，那些束缚着别人的人，自己也被束缚着——除非你也许能感觉左手的锁链轻一些[43]。有的人被高官束缚，有的人被财富束缚；高贵的出身压倒一些人，卑贱的出身又压倒另一些人；有些人屈从于别人的管制，另一些人屈从于自己的管制；有的人因为被流放而限居于一处，另一些人则因为履行神职而不得不住在某个地方。所有的生活都是苦役。所以你要习惯自己的环境，尽可能不要抱怨，抓住它们赋予你的任何优势：一个稳健的心智若是找不到其中的慰藉，那就是最大的悲苦。如果规划巧妙，即使很小的面积也能分成具有多种用途的空间；倘若安排合理，狭小的地方也能居住。想出战胜困难的办法，条件艰苦的可以改善，条件有限的可以拓宽，如果知道如何承担，沉重的负担便可减轻。此外，我们绝对不能好高骛远，而是应该探究那些触手可及的东西，因为欲望不能被完全控制。放弃那些不可能或很难得到的东西，努力获取那些容易得到的和极想得到的，而且要认识到所有东西都是微不足道的，表面上不同，内里全都一样无用。不要羡慕那些比自己地位高的人，高高耸立的是悬崖绝壁。另外，被命运不公地置于危险境地的人反倒安全，因为那种状况有利于他们戒骄戒躁、处事低调。确实有很多人被迫固守于高处，如果不是自己坠落，他们不会下来，但是他们必须要认清这样的事实：他们不得已成为别人的负担，这本身就是最大的负担，而且他们并不是上升到那样的高度，而是被钉到了高处。让这些人以公正、温和、

善良、慷慨作为安全措施来抵御今后的灾难，并寄希望于更安全的处境吧。但是，将我们从精神游移不定的状态中拯救出来的最有效的方法，是对前进设置一些限制。当需要停止时，不要让命运来作决定，而应由我们自己早早决定罢手不干。这样，当我们的心灵被欲望刺激时，就会被限制住，就不会将我们引入无法控制的无常境地。

我所讲的这些适合那些有缺点的、普通的、不健全的人，而不是智者。智者不必神色紧张、小心翼翼地走动，因为他能很自信地毫不犹豫地对抗命运，而且决不妥协。他没有理由惧怕她，因为他不仅将他的东西、财产和地位，甚至连他的身体，他的眼睛和手，以及那些使生命更珍贵的东西，还有他本身，都看成是命运默许给他的。他活着就如同自己是借来的，必定要按要求偿还的，没什么可抱怨的。他并没有因此在自己眼中变得廉价，因为他知道他不是自己的，但是他会在做所有事情时都小心、谨慎，就像一个虔诚圣洁的人守卫着托付给他的东西一样。而无论何时命令他偿还债务，他都不会抱怨命运，而会说："我为自己所持有和保留的一切而感谢你。我照看了你的财产获取了巨大利益，但是应你的要求，我怀着感激的心情和良好的意愿交给你。如果你想让我仍旧拥有你的任何东西，我会妥善保存，如果你不同意我保有这些东西，我会把银币、银盘、房子、我的家全都还给你。"如果自然要求将她原先托付给我们的东西归还，我们会对她说："把我的灵魂收回吧，它现在比当初你赋予我时好得多，我不会推托，不会退缩，在我清醒之前，把你给我的东西都拿走——拿走吧，我很乐意这么做。"回到你来的地方有什么害处吗？如果不能正确对待死亡，就会活得一团糟，所以我们必须首先摒弃我们在这件事上所确立的价值观，把生命的气息看作一种廉价的东西。用西塞罗的话说，我们厌恶那些不惜一切手段急于保住自己生命的角斗士，我们赏识那些公开藐视生命的角斗士。你要知道，同样的事也适合我们：死亡的原因往往是因为惧怕死亡。命运女神戏弄我们说："为什么我要让你们这些胆怯的贱民活着。既然你们不知道怎么把喉咙伸出来，就让你们尝尝更厉害的创伤和刀刺的滋味。但是

如果你们能勇敢地面对刀锋，没有缩脖，没有用手挡，那么你们将活得更长，死得更安逸。”那些惧怕死亡的人永远不会做一个活人值得做的事。但是知道这是在自己孕育母腹那一刻就设定好条件的人，将依这些条款生活，同时他将以同样心灵的力量来保证任何事都不会令其感到意外吃惊。他把可能发生的都看成将要发生的，他能减轻那些麻烦的杀伤力，那些有所准备拭目以待的人不会对它们感到惊讶，但它们对那些疏忽大意、期望一切都会顺利的人却是沉重打击。疾病、坐牢、灾害、火灾，所有这些都是可以预知的——我不知道自然将我归于哪个烦扰的行列。有那么多回邻居哀悼死去的亲人，那么多回人们手举火把和蜡烛为早逝的亲人举行葬礼，他们的队伍从我们家门口走过。建筑物倒塌的轰隆声时常在我的耳边回响。很多在广场、元老院和通过聊天与我建立了联系的人一夜之间溘然长逝，将友谊之手撒开。这些时时在我周围游荡的险情如果某一天降临到我头上，会让我惊慌失措吗？有多少人计划海上远航却没有考虑到会有暴风雨的袭击！我从来没觉得，从一位蹩脚作者的著作中引用一句经典的句子有什么不体面的。只要普布利柳斯[44]不写荒唐的笑剧，也不考虑低层观众，他所显示的智慧远远超过悲喜剧作家，他作品中的很多思想光芒远比那些悲剧作家的更耀眼，更别说滑稽剧了，其中包括这句：“发生在一个人身上的事情也可以发生在所有人身上。”如果你让此意沦肌浃髓，而且将别人的灾难（每天都会有大量不幸事情发生）看作一条通向你的清晰路径，你就会在灾祸袭击前早早装备防御好。当危险已至，才开始武装自己的思想来对抗它就为时太晚了。“我觉得不会发生这样的事呀？”“你曾想到竟然会是这样的吗？”为什么不会呢？有哪些财富身后没跟着贫穷、饥饿和乞讨？什么官职的紫袍上、占卜官的器物上、贵族们的鞋带上没有沾染污点、耻辱的烙印、上千个不检点和令人不齿的痕迹？哪个王权没有面临过毁灭、垮台、僭主和刽子手？而且这些事相隔不久就会发生：威坐于王位之上与匍匐于另一王位之前只是转瞬之间。那么就要明白任何情况都会改变，发生在任何人身上的事也能发生在你身上。你富有，难道你比庞培

还富有？但是当盖乌斯——他原来的亲戚、现在的主子向他打开恺撒的大门以使他能关上自己的大门时，他甚至连面包和水都没有。虽然庞培拥有那么多源头和河口都在他领地之内的河流，但现在他却要为几滴水而折腰。他又饿又渴，最后死于一个亲戚的宫殿里，而就在他忍饥挨饿之际，他的继承人却在为他安排国葬。你曾位居高官，但你的职位有塞扬努斯[45]那么高，有他那么难以企及，有他那么无所不有吗？然而，就在元老院将他送入监狱的同一天，人们把他撕成碎片，就是这个曾经将诸神与人类所能赋予的一切财富集于一己之身的人，刽子手竟找不到能拖走的尸首。你是国王，我不想对你说库罗伊索斯[46]，那个活着目睹了要火葬自己的柴堆被点燃又熄灭的国王，他不仅在国家灭亡后，而且在自己死过一次后还保留了一条命。我也不想对你说朱古达[47]，他曾令罗马人闻风丧胆，但是不到一年就被缚到罗马人面前示众。我们曾目睹非洲国王托勒密[48]和亚美尼亚国王米特里达特[49]被盖乌斯投进监狱，其中一人被流放，另一位更诚心诚意地祈望去流放。在这接连不断的天翻地覆的事件中，除非你认为能发生的必定会发生，否则你会屈服于灾难的压力之下，这灾难会让首次目睹的人崩溃。

下一个问题是确保我们不要毫无意义地浪费自己的精力，或者说不要做无意义的事，就是说不要希求我们无法得到的东西，或不要希求那些一旦得到就会让我们感觉不值得为之花费很多时间很大力气的愿望。换句话说，我们不能徒劳无益、劳而无功，也不能事倍功半，一般来说，如果我们不能取胜或者对获胜的过程感到愧疚，那么痛苦就会接踵而至。我们必须戒除那种东奔西跑、好凑热闹的浮躁风气，很多人热衷于这样的生活，他们聚集在宅邸、剧院或讲坛的周围，好管别人的闲事，总是给人一种忙忙碌碌的印象。如果其中一位从房子里走出来，你可以问他：“你要去哪儿？你想什么呢？”他会回答：“我真的不知道，不过我要见一些人，我要做一些事。”他们四处游荡，漫无目的地找事干，不是做想要做的事，而是碰到什么做什么。他们百无聊赖、毫无目的地闲逛，就像蚂蚁爬到灌木丛上，漫无目的地一直爬到树枝的最上

端，然后又原路爬下来。很多人过着和这些动物一样的生活，将其称为无事忙绝非不公。当你看到那些人匆匆忙忙擦身而过像是去救火，就会不免心生遗憾，他们常常会在路上迎头撞到别人，不是自己就是对方摔个四仰八叉，这时他们往往都是去匆忙拜访某个从不会回访的人，或是去参加某个陌生人的葬礼，或去旁听某个不断惹官司的人的庭审，要么就去参加一个结过多次婚的女人的订婚仪式，照看一下轿子，有时甚至抬着它。然后他们回家，筋疲力尽，不知目的何在，诅咒说他们不知道为什么要往外跑，跑到哪儿去——而第二天他们故态复萌，继续闲逛游荡。所以，要让所有的活动都在某一目标指引下进行，让其目的清晰可见。并非那些活动让人们焦躁不安，而是事情虚假的表象让人们发狂，因为连狂人也需要希望来刺激他们，而某些东西的外表对他们会产生刺激，因为他们被蒙蔽的心识别不出那些毫无价值的事情。那些闲逛的人不断扩充着这一群体，他们中的每个人都以同样的方式以各种空虚琐屑的理由在城市转悠。天一亮，他没事可做，就往外走，在很多人家的大门口碰了钉子，只和通报来客的奴仆打个招呼就被关在了门外，这时他才发现，没有谁比他本人更难在家中找到的了。这种劣行又引发另一种最可鄙的恶习：偷听打探公开的和秘密的消息，了解那些讲出去和听起来都不靠谱的事情。

我猜德谟克利特一定是注意到这种现象才开始这样说的："任何人如果想过安静日子就不要参与很多活动，无论是公共的还是私人的活动。"——他说的当然是指无意义的活动。如果是必要的活动，那么不仅是很多，而且是无数的公事或私事都要做。但是如果没有义务和责任需要我们去做，我们最好克制自己。因为一个人如果要干很多事，往往就会将自己置于命运的掌控下，而最安全的方针是少去引起她的注意，虽然还要时时把她记挂，但任何事情都不能相信她。于是会有人说："我要出航，除非有什么事发生""我要当执政官，除非有什么事阻止我""我的生意要成功了，除非有什么干扰。"这就是为什么我们说智者身上不会发生违背其期望的事情。并不是说，发生在所有人身上的概

率不会发生在他身上，而是说他不会在概率上犯错误。事情的结果未必如他所愿，但他可以估计得到——而首先，他应该估计到会有什么事妨碍他实现自己的计划。如果没有许诺必然会成功，那么热望变失望所产生的烦心肯定就容易对付了。

我们还应该让自己通权达变，这样就不会过分寄希望于制订好的计划上，而可以转移到有机会可以做成的事情上，假定变化无常这种最不利于心态平和的不利因素无法掌控我们，我们就不必对目的或条件发生变化感到恐惧。固执己见常常会让命运勒索某些东西，因而一定会带来不幸和焦虑，而更严重的是反复无常，这是任何地方都无法抑制的。这两方面都是心态平和的大敌，而且你会发现它们既不能改变，也难以容忍。任何情况下都必须将思想从外部召唤到本身：它必须信任自己，自得其乐，自我欣赏，必须尽可能多地从别人的事情中抽身，关注自身，不要患得患失，即便是灾祸，也要仁心相待。有一次，海难消息传来，我们斯多葛派的创始人芝诺听说他所有的财产都沉到海里后说："命运让我做一个少有拖累的哲人。"当一个暴君威胁要杀死哲学家色俄多鲁斯并且真的要让他暴尸街头时，他回答："只要你高兴，我的半品脱的血由你处置，至于说埋葬，如果你觉得我在地上还是在地下腐烂对我来说很重要，你就太愚蠢了。"尤里乌斯·卡那斯[50]，一位杰出的优秀人士，即使他出生在我们这个时代，我们也非常钦佩他，他与盖乌斯进行了长时间的争论，当他要离开时，法拉里斯[51]对他说："为了让你不再为自己愚蠢的希望所迷惑，我已命令将你带走处决。"他的回答是："我谢谢你，高贵的君主。"我不能确定他这话的意思，但我可以想出几种可能。他的意思是说，对方的残忍已经使死亡成了祝福，以此来侮辱对方吗？他是嘲弄对方每天都发疯（因为那些孩子被杀、财产被没收的人一向都得向他表示感谢）吗？他是把对他的宣判当成乐于接受的解脱吗？无论他是什么意思，都是勇敢无畏的应答。有些人会说："这之后盖乌斯可能会命令让他活下来。"卡那斯不惧这些：盖乌斯对此类命令从不食言。你相信卡那斯在行刑前的十天里过得无忧无虑吗？这个人的

言行简直令人难以置信，他保持得多么平静。当拉着一队死刑犯的百夫长命令他也站出来时，他正在下国际跳棋。听到有人叫他，他数了数棋子然后对他的棋友说："听着，我死了以后你不许谎称自己赢了。"然后对百夫长点点头说："你得做证，我多赢了一个棋子。"你以为卡那斯只是享受棋盘上的游戏吗？他是享受这场充满讽刺意味的游戏。他的朋友为将要失去这样一个人而感到伤心，而他却对他们说："你们为什么悲伤？你们还弄不明白灵魂为什么不朽，而我很快就知道了。"他直到死都没有停止探索真理，使自己的死成为人们讨论的话题。他的哲学导师陪他共赴刑场，当他们离我们高高在上的恺撒每天接受供品的土丘不远的时候，他说："卡那斯，你现在在想什么呢？你感觉如何？"卡那斯回答："我决定作笔记，记录一下瞬间之内灵魂是否意识到自己离开了身躯。"他还许诺说，如果有什么发现他会依次拜访他的朋友，向他们透露灵魂的状况。看看在飓风中的平静吧，这样的灵魂是值得不朽的，以自己的命运来证明真相，在生命的最后时刻还盘问即将离去的灵魂，不仅到死都在探索研究，而且还从死亡的经历本身来探究，没有人对哲学的探究比这更长久。如此伟大的人不会就此立刻撒手人寰，他将受到人们的尊重，被称为高尚的灵魂，他是盖乌斯的又一受害者，我们确信你将永垂不朽。

但是，要驱除个人伤痛的原因是没有意义的，因为我们有时会陷入对整个人类的仇恨中。当你想到单纯多么稀罕，天真多么无人知晓，除了极其短暂的机会，忠诚又是多么少见，你碰见过多少罪行得逞，人们由于贪财好色干出的事，无论是得是失，都同样可恶，还有，从不给自己设限的野心，现在如何从恶习中获得荣耀——所有这些使心灵坠入了黑暗之中，笼罩于阴影之下，似乎那些美德都被打翻，希求美德成了无稽之谈，拥有美德也毫无用处。所以我们必须教育自己，不要认为那些普遍存在的恶习可恨，而要看作可笑，我们应该仿效德谟克利特，而不要仿效赫拉克利特。因为当他们走到大庭广众之中，后者总是哭，而前者总是笑，后者认为我们所有的活动都可悲，而前者则认为都愚蠢。所

以我们不要把这些事情看得太严重，而应该宽容它们，嘲弄生活总比哀叹生活要开化多了。还要记住：对生活付之一笑的人比对生活充满忧伤的人更优秀，因为笑对人生的人对生活留有美好的希望，而另一种人对那些无望纠正的事情只是愚蠢地悲叹。而且，全盘考虑这些事情，会发现开怀大笑是比涕泗滂沱更博大的思想表现，因为笑表达的是我们最温柔的情感，而且笑也体现了我们承认，用以生存的一切外物都无所谓好，无所谓坏，甚至无所谓不幸。每个人如果都好好考虑给我们带来喜与悲的每件事情，他就会领会比翁箴言的真谛：人类所做的一切都和他起始时一样，他们的生命并没有比孕育时更高尚更恶劣，生时一无所有，最终回归于一无所有。不过，能够平静地接受大众的行为方式和人类的缺陷则更为妥当，不要失控于大笑或哭泣。因为为别人的痛苦而苦恼意味着永恒的烦扰，而从别人的痛苦中获取快乐则是一种缺少人性的快乐，就如看到别人埋葬自己儿子时你也哭泣或表情庄重都是没必要表达的慈悲。对于自己的烦恼也是一样，得体的举止应是悲伤宣泄得合乎自然，而不是合乎旧俗。很多人哭是给别人看的，只要没人看，眼睛就是干的，因为他们觉得，当每个人都在哭的时候自己不哭是不得体的。这种跟在别人后面亦步亦趋的恶习如此根深蒂固，连人最基本的感情——悲痛——的表达也沦为一种模仿。

我们接着还必须看看一种有足够理由引起我们悲哀和焦虑的情况。当好人没有落得好下场时，当苏格拉底被迫死于狱中，当茹提利乌斯被流放，当庞培和西塞罗不得不在自己的门客面前引颈受戮，当加图这位道德的典范挥剑自刎以向世界表明自己和国家已是大难临头时，我们会为命运如此不公平地给予回报而感到愤愤不平。那么，在看到这些最出色的人遭到最悲惨的下场时，我们每个人对自己会有怎样的祈望呢？接下来会怎样呢？好好看看这些人是怎么忍受自己的命运的。如果他们是勇敢的，就以你的精神来希求得到他们那种精神；如果他们像女人似的懦弱死去，那么就死得全无价值。他们或因勇敢而值得你赞赏或因懦弱不值得你想念。崇高伟大的人勇敢赴死而使别人感到恐惧，还有比这更

耻辱的吗？让我们反复夸奖那些值得夸奖的人，让我们说：“人越勇敢，就越幸福！你已经逃过了所有的劫难、嫉恨和疾病，你已经出狱——并非因为对诸神来说你就该命途多舛，而是因为命运再掌控你已没有价值。”但对那些在赴死之前退缩不舍，回望生活的人，我们应该嗤之以鼻。我不会为幸福的人哭泣，也不会为哭泣的人哭泣，前者会亲手拭去我的泪水，后者因其泪水而不配我为之洒下热泪。我应该为被活活烧死的赫拉克勒斯哭泣吗？或者为瑞古拉斯，因为那么多钉子都戳进他的身体？或者为加图，因为他刺痛了自己的旧伤？所有这些人因为放弃短暂而获得永生，因为死亡而成就不朽。如果你太在意自己的模样而不向任何人公开表露自己，就像很多人过着虚伪的生活，只想以外表示人一样，那么就会有产生焦虑的另一大缘由。总是小心翼翼，唯恐自己平日的面具滑脱而被人看到，这亦令人苦恼不安。当我们想到每当被人看到时总会被人评头品足，这也会使我们不无忧虑，有很多事情是在我们不情愿的时候揭掉了假象，即便这种对自己的关注是正面的，那种总在面具后面的日子也是不开心甚至令人堪忧的。相反，诚实、自然、无修饰的质朴以及毫不掩饰自我个性的生活是多么快乐无忧啊！一旦所有的事情向所有的人曝光，这种生活还难免会有被人鄙视的危险，因为对于某些人来说，熟悉就会产生轻蔑。但是，近距离观察，道德也不会有贬值的危险，质朴而被轻视总比长久伪装而苦恼好吧。让我们在这里仍采取中庸之道吧，简朴生活与马马虎虎过日子是有很大区别的。

我们还应该多多回归自我，因为和与自己不同的人接触会扰乱平静的天性，又会触动激情，加重尚未治愈的心理缺陷。然而独处与合群这两种方式必须中和与变通，第一种使我们渴望与人们接触，另一种又使我们渴望自己的空间，每一种对于另一种都是一种补救：独处缓解了我们对人多的厌烦，而从众又会消除因独处而产生的乏味。

人的思想不会一直专注于同一件事，而是要进行一些有趣的消遣。苏格拉底不会因与孩子在一起玩耍而脸红；加图在料理国事感到疲倦的

时候也会以酒来放松自己的心情；西庇奥过去常常以跳舞来放松他那常胜军人的身躯，不是跳现在那种缓慢娇柔的舞蹈，那种让现代男人走路都效仿、扭摆起来比女人还性感的风格，而是过去那种男人在娱乐和节日时跳的充满阳刚之气的舞蹈，这种舞蹈即使在敌人的注视下也不会失去尊严。我们的心情必须放松，休憩之后精神会更饱满、机敏，就如同我们不能强求农田不断高产，因为那样会使田地很快耗竭，而长时间努力工作也会耗尽我们的精力，短时间的休息和放松则会使能量恢复。长期不间断地工作会使大脑迟钝、疲惫。如果运动和游戏不能带来一种自然而然的快乐，人们是不会乐于从事的，虽然反复沉迷于这些娱乐活动也会使人的思想失重，脑力受到损害。还要谨记的是，睡眠对于恢复体力也是非常必要的，但是如果睡眠时间太长，白天黑夜地睡，那无异于死亡。松弛和放任是有很大区别的。法律制定者规定了假期以使人们按公家要求享有放松的假日，他们认为这样可以使工作达到一种平衡，而如我所说，某些重要人物每个月给自己规定固定的日子作为假日，而另一些人把每一天分为休息和工作几个时间段。我记得伟大的演说家阿西尼乌斯·波利奥的习惯是每天工作十小时[52]后就休息，十小时后连信件都不看了，以免出现新的问题需要处理，他可以在余下的两个小时内摆脱一天的疲劳。有的人中午休息一会儿，把不太要紧的工作留在下午做。我们的前辈还禁止元老院工作十小时后提出任何新的动议。军队将警卫工作分班轮流做，那些刚刚返回的长途巡警不再安排夜间值班。我们必须照顾好我们的思想，不时地让思想休息一下，这是给它补充营养和力量。我们必须到户外去散步，晴朗的天空、新鲜的空气会给我们增添能量与活力。有时，我们的心灵需要从乘车出游、景色的变换、社交活动和无拘无束的畅饮中获取能量。我们甚至偶尔要沉浸在酒中陶醉一下，但不是酩酊大醉，这样确实可以冲走烦恼，彻底触动心灵，治愈哀愁，就如治愈某些疾病一般。酒的发明者之所以被称为“解放者”，并非因为酒给了舌头自由让饮者畅所欲言，而是因为他使心灵从被禁锢的状态解脱出来，受到关爱，得到自由，增添活力，并鼓励它大胆从事自己

所有的事业。然而，饮酒有一个从健康考虑的适度问题，就如自由也要有度一般。人们认为梭伦和阿尔凯西劳斯很喜欢喝酒，而有人指责加图酗酒，可任何指责他的人会更容易使加图令人景仰，而不是让他名誉扫地。但我们不能总是饮酒，以免养成坏习惯，但有时可以刺激一下，让心情无拘束地快活一下，暂时收起那一本正经的严肃。无论我们是否认同希腊诗人所说的"有时癫狂也很可爱"，或柏拉图说的"一个理智健全的人要想敲开诗歌王国的大门是徒劳的"，或亚里士多德所说的"智力超群的人没有不带一点儿癫狂的"，事实是，只有心灵被深深触动之后才能写出不同凡响、他人难以企及的作品。只有当它对平庸陈腐的思想不屑一顾，凭借神性的想象力振翮高飞时，才能发出超凡脱俗的高雅心声。只要它停留在自己原有的感觉中，它就不可能达到高难的程度，它必须舍弃惯常的跑道向前驶去，迫不及待地催促驾驭者沿着自己的路线到达一个它自身不敢攀登的高度。

所以，亲爱的塞雷努斯，你现在有了保持心灵宁静的方法、恢复心灵宁静的方法，以及克服那些无意中渐渐染上的缺点的方法。但是可以肯定，除非那摇摆不定的心灵能时时刻刻得到精心呵护，否则这些方法仍不足以维护一个如此脆弱的东西。

[1]保利努斯：塞内加的朋友，是主管罗马粮食供养的官员。

[2]这是医学之父希波克拉底的名言。

[3]这句诗的作者姓名不详。

[4]奥古斯都大帝：罗马帝国的开国君主屋大维，又名奥古斯都，生于公元前63年9月23日死于公元14年8月19日，统治罗马四十三年。当他死去时，罗马元老院决定将他列入“神”的行列，并且将8月称为“奥古斯都”月。

[5]指朱莉亚，因通奸罪被奥古斯都流放到潘达塔里亚岛。

[6]马尔库斯·西塞罗（公元前106—前43）曾担任执政官、元老院元老、总督，是古罗马最有才华的思想家、政治家、哲学家、散文家、演说家之一。

[7]喀提林曾与西塞罗竞争执政官的职位，失败后纠集了一帮对西塞罗不满的人企图武力推翻政府。西塞罗得知后向元老院揭露了他的阴谋并成功地敦促元老院宣布他为公敌，继而一举粉碎了他的阴谋。

[8]克劳狄乌斯公元前58年为古罗马保民官，是西塞罗的政敌，曾提出针对西塞罗的放逐法案。

[9]西塞罗因拒绝参加庞培、克劳苏、恺撒组成的前三头联盟而得罪了他们。

[10]李维乌斯·杜路苏斯是公元前91年的保民官，曾提出谷物法并倡议给予意大利人公民权。

[11]在当时古罗马公众娱乐活动的管理权归执政官。

[12]古罗马奥古斯都时期最重要的诗人维吉尔（公元前70—前19）《田园诗》中的诗句。

[13]法比亚诺斯：古罗马的一位哲学家，是塞内加非常敬佩的一位老师。

[14]指每天天快黑时放进法院的看门狗，它们会向仍在工作的律师扑去，把他们赶回家。

[15]指在当时被当作公共拍卖的标记插在地上的矛，这样的拍卖市场一般是拍卖战争中的缴获品或充公物品。

[16]古代的法律抄本由固定在一处的木块组成。

[17]指波斯帝国国王薛西斯，他于公元前480年入侵希腊。他在色雷斯的多里司科斯的平原上摆下他庞大的陆军，因人数太多，只能通过计算一块可容纳一万人的面积，然后乘以面积的倍数来估计。

[18]意思是他们就像儿童一样，因为儿童的葬礼是在晚上举行，因而需要举着火把和蜡烛。

[19]塞内加于公元41年被克劳狄皇帝判处死刑，后改判流放科西嘉岛，直到公元49年才被召回。这封信是塞内加到流放地不久写给母亲赫尔维亚的，试图安慰母亲不要为他悲伤。

[20]相传罗慕路斯是母狼哺育的两个男婴之一，罗马城的奠基者和第一个皇帝。

[21]马可斯·布鲁图斯（公元前85—前42）是晚期罗马共和国的一名元老院议员，他组织并参与了对恺撒的谋杀。

[22]马塞卢斯曾于公元前51年任执政官，他是恺撒的死敌。

[23]布鲁图斯和加图是亲戚，很受加图的尊崇。

[24]古罗马的货币。

[25]指的是古罗马的将军雷古勒斯。他在公元前255年被迦太基人俘获，按传统，应被囚禁于迦太基，除非按“凭誓获释”的规定，作为和谈的代表他才可以回罗马。据说，雷古勒斯回到罗马后力劝元老院拒绝迦太基人的提议，而后遵守自己的誓言又回到迦太基受死。

[26]指马尼乌斯·克里乌斯，他因打败萨姆奈特人、萨宾人和皮洛士人而出名。

[27]这是胜利者的特权。

[28]阿皮休斯是一个声名狼藉的美食家。

[29]公元前404年，斯巴达人打败雅典人，结束了长达二十七年的伯罗奔尼撒战争。这时曾是苏格拉底学生的克里底亚和查米迪斯成立了三十僭主集团。豪权政治代替了民主，这个集团在执政的八个月中就处死了一千五百人。八个月后，三十僭主集团垮台，民主制度恢复，克里底亚和查米迪斯被处死，苏格拉底也因此受到牵连，也被处以死刑。

[30]阿里斯德岱斯是雅典稳重派领袖，以廉洁无私著称。

[31]格拉古兄弟的母亲。格拉古兄弟的父亲老提比略·格拉古曾在公元前177年和前163年出任罗马执政官。母亲科妮莉亚·阿菲莉加娜来自显赫的西庇阿家族。她的父亲就是大名鼎鼎的阿非利加征服者。据说科妮莉亚·阿菲莉加娜曾拒绝了埃及法老托勒密的求婚，悉心教子并聘请了有名的希腊学者来做家庭教师，使兄弟两人受到了良好的教育。

[32]塞雷努斯：塞内加的一个好朋友，是尼禄时代的一个高级官员，塞内加流传下来的好几封信都是写给他的。

[33]阿基里斯：荷马史诗《伊里亚特》中的人物，他因为朋友帕特洛克罗斯的死而痛不欲生，因而辗转反侧，坐立不安。

[34]卢克莱修（约公元前99—前55）：古罗马哲学家。他继承古代原子学说，特别阐述并发展了伊壁鸠鲁的哲学观点。他认为物质的存在是永恒的，提出了“无物能由无中生，无物能归于

无”的唯物主义观点。著有哲学长诗《物性论》。

[35]阿森诺德斯：奥古斯都的老师，任其军师二十九年，斯多葛派哲学家。

[36]迦太基政府的一个高级职位。

[37]哈默迪乌斯曾与阿里斯托杰顿一起带头推翻雅典的僭主佩西司特拉提达伊。

[38]伊索克拉底：古代雅典著名的演说家、教师和修辞学家。

[39]埃弗罗斯：公元前4世纪著名的历史学家。

[40]第欧根尼（公元前404—前323）：出生于一个银行家家庭，是古希腊犬儒学派哲学家。他认为除了自然的需要必须满足外，其他的任何东西，都是不自然的。他强调禁欲主义的自我满足，鼓励放弃舒适环境。作为一个苦行主义的身体力行者，他居住在一只木桶内，过着乞丐一样的生活。

[41]位于埃及亚历山大里亚城，是最著名的古代图书馆之一。它始建于公元前259年，由埃及的托勒密王朝相继建立与管理。据说当初建亚历山大图书馆唯一的目的就是“收集全世界的书”，实现“世界知识总汇”的梦想。据说当时尽管有战乱，亚历山大图书馆仍藏书约五万四千万卷。极盛时据说馆藏各类手稿逾五十万卷（纸草卷）。不少历史名人都曾出任过亚历山大图书馆的馆长，很多圣贤也均在此讲学或求学，使图书馆享有“世界上最好的学校”的美名，并在整个地中海世界传播文明长达二百至八百年。传说它先后毁于两场大火。现在的亚历山大图书馆是1995年后重建的，占地四万平方米，它不仅是埃及的重点建筑项目，也是联合国教科文组织在世界范围内的重大科研和建筑项目。

[42]提图斯·李维（公元前59—公元17）：古罗马历史学家。生于意大利北部的帕塔维乌姆（今帕多瓦）。他学习了文学、史学、修辞学、演说术等，是罗马共和后期学问渊博、几乎无所不知的大学问家。后李维奉命教授屋大维的继孙克劳狄，即后来的皇帝。李维著述丰富，但流传下来的只有《罗马自建城以来的历史》一书。他用四十年左右时间写成的这部罗马史巨著，共一百四十二卷，记述自传说中的埃涅阿斯到达意大利至公元前9年的史事，著作中保存了丰富和宝贵的历史资料，不失为研究罗马早期及罗马共和国历史的重要文献。

[43]指监守吏，他们有时押解犯人时需要将犯人铐在自己的左手上。

[44]普布利柳斯·西鲁斯（公元前42—前1）：古罗马作家。

[45]塞扬努斯：曾为执政官，在一次元老院的会议上被押解到监狱，并在同一天被处决。

[46]库罗斯索斯：吕底亚国王，被波斯王打败，即将遭到火焚处死时，他流泪高呼索伦之名，波斯王问明情况，了解了索伦的警语，动了慈悲之心，免他一死。

[47]朱古达：努米底亚国王，从公元前111年到前105年与古代罗马长期战争。努米底亚拥有精

锐骑兵，而罗马军队士气涣散，连遭失败。前107年，马略当选为执政官，受权指挥北非作战，接连获胜。朱古达陷入困境，退至邻国毛里塔尼亚避难。前105年，毛里塔尼亚国王把朱古达引渡给罗马军副，马略凯旋罗马。翌年，朱古达死于狱中，努米底亚被分割。

[48]托勒密：毛里塔尼亚的国王，被流放到罗马处死。

[49]米特里达特：亚美尼亚国王，后来重新登上王位。

[50]尤里乌斯·卡那斯：斯多葛派哲学家，被暴君卡里古拉处死。

[51]法拉里斯：公元前6世纪西西里岛上的暴君。最臭名昭著的是他叫工匠制作了一头铜牛，将犯人关进牛肚子，然后用火烧，被关在里面的人的惨叫声可以通过缚在牛鼻子上的长笛传出来，长笛可以将惨叫声转化为音乐。

[52]古罗马人将每天日出和日落之间的时间分为十二个小时。阿西尼乌斯·波利奥在这十二小时中，前十小时工作，然后就休息。

Seneca

On the Shortness of Life

TRANSLATED BY C. D. N. COSTA

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

On the Shortness of Life

Most human beings, Paulinus,[1] complain about the meanness of nature, because we are born for a brief span of life, and because this spell of time that has been given to us rushes by so swiftly and rapidly that with very few exceptions life ceases for the rest of us just when we are getting ready for it. Nor is it just the man in the street and the unthinking mass of people who groan over this — as they see it — universal evil: the same feeling lies behind complaints from even distinguished men. Hence the dictum of the greatest of doctors:[2] 'Life is short, art is long.' Hence too the grievance, most improper to a wise man, which Aristotle expressed when he was taking nature to task for indulging animals with such long existences that they can live through five or ten human lifetimes, while a far shorter limit is set for men who are born to a great and extensive destiny. It is not that we have a short time to live, but that we waste a lot of it. Life is long enough, and a sufficiently generous amount has been given to us for the highest achievements if it were all well invested. But when it is wasted in heedless luxury and spent on no good activity, we are forced at last by death's final constraint to realize that it has passed away before we knew it was passing. So it is: we are not given a short life but we make it short, and we are not ill-supplied but wasteful of it. Just as when ample and princely wealth falls to a bad owner it is squandered in a moment, but wealth however modest, if entrusted to a good custodian, increases with use, so our lifetime extends amply if you manage it properly.

Why do we complain about nature? She has acted kindly: life is long if you know how to use it. But one man is gripped by insatiable greed, another by a laborious dedication to useless tasks. One man is soaked in wine, another sluggish with idleness. One man is worn out by political ambition, which is always at the mercy of the judgement of others. Another through hope of profit is driven headlong over all lands and seas by the greed of trading. Some are tormented by a passion for army life, always intent on inflicting dangers on others or anxious about danger to themselves. Some are worn out by the self-imposed servitude of thankless attendance on the great. Many are occupied by either pursuing other people's money or complaining

about their own. Many pursue no fixed goal, but are tossed about in ever-changing designs by a fickleness which is shifting, inconstant and never satisfied with itself. Some have no aims at all for their life's course, but death takes them unawares as they yawn languidly — so much so that I cannot doubt the truth of that oracular remark of the greatest of poets: 'It is a small part of life we really live.' Indeed, all the rest is not life but merely time. Vices surround and assail men from every side, and do not allow them to rise again and lift their eyes to discern the truth, but keep them overwhelmed and rooted in their desires. Never can they recover their true selves. If by chance they achieve some tranquillity, just as a swell remains on the deep sea even after the wind has dropped, so they go on tossing about and never find rest from their desires. Do you think I am speaking only of those whose wickedness is acknowledged? Look at those whose good fortune people gather to see: they are choked by their own blessings. How many find their riches a burden! How many burst a blood vessel by their eloquence and their daily striving to show off their talents! How many are pale from constant pleasures! How many are left no freedom by the crowd of clients surrounding them! In a word, run through them all, from lowest to highest: one calls for legal assistance, another comes to help; one is on trial, another defends him, another gives a judgment; no one makes his claim to himself, but each is exploited for another's sake. Ask about those whose names are learned by heart, and you will see that they have these distinguishing marks: X cultivates Y and Y cultivates Z — no one bothers about himself. Again, certain people reveal the most stupid indignation: they complain about the pride of their superiors because they did not have time to give them an audience when they wanted one. But can anyone dare to complain about another's pride when he himself never has time for himself? Yet whoever you are, the great man has sometimes gazed upon you, even if his look was patronizing, he has bent his ears to your words, he has let you walk beside him. But you never deign to look at yourself or listen to yourself. So you have no reason to claim credit from anyone for those attentions, since you showed them not because you wanted someone else's company but because you could not bearyour own.

Even if all the bright intellects who ever lived were to agree to ponder this one theme, they would never sufficiently express their surprise at this fog in the human mind. Men do not let anyone seize their estates, and if there is the slightest dispute about their boundaries they rush to stones and arms; but they allow others to encroach on their lives — why, they themselves even

invite in those who will take over their lives. You will find no one willing to share out his money; but to how many does each of us divide up his life! People are frugal in guarding their personal property; but as soon as it comes to squandering time they are most wasteful of the one thing in which it is right to be stingy. So, I would like to fasten on someone from the older generation and say to him: 'I see that you have come to the last stage of human life; you are close upon your hundredth year, or even beyond: come now, hold an audit of your life. Reckon how much of your time has been taken up by a money-lender, how much by a mistress, a patron, a client, quarrelling with your wife, punishing your slaves, dashing about the city on your social obligations. Consider also the diseases which we have brought on ourselves, and the time too which has been unused. You will find that you have fewer years than you reckon. Call to mind when you ever had a fixed purpose; how few days have passed as you had planned; when you were ever at your own disposal; when your face wore its natural expression; when your mind was undisturbed; what work you have achieved in such a long life; how many have plundered your life when you were unaware of your losses; how much you have lost through groundless sorrow, foolish joy, greedy desire, the seductions of society; how little of your own was left to you. You will realize that you are dying prematurely.'

So what is the reason for this? You are living as if destined to live for ever; your own frailty never occurs to you; you don't notice how much time has already passed, but squander it as though you had a full and overflowing supply — though all the while that very day which you are devoting to somebody or something may be your last. You act like mortals in all that you fear, and like immortals in all that you desire. You will hear many people saying: 'When I am fifty I shall retire into leisure; when I am sixty I shall give up public duties.' And what guarantee do you have of a longer life? Who will allow your course to proceed as you arrange it? Aren't you ashamed to keep for yourself just the remnants of your life, and to devote to wisdom only that time which cannot be spent on any business? How late it is to begin really to live just when life must end! How stupid to forget our mortality, and put off sensible plans to our fiftieth and sixtieth years, aiming to begin life from a point at which few have arrived!

You will notice that the most powerful and highly stationed men let drop remarks in which they pray for leisure, praise it, and rate it higher than all their blessings. At times they long to descend from their pinnacles if they can

in safety; for even if nothing external assails or agitates it, high fortune of itself comes crashing down.

The deified Augustus, to whom the gods granted more than to anyone else, never ceased to pray for rest and to seek a respite from public affairs. Everything he said always reverted to this theme — his hope for leisure. He used to beguile his labours with this consolation, sweet though false, that one day he would live to please himself. In a letter he wrote to the senate, after he promised that his rest would not be lacking in dignity nor inconsistent with his former glory, I find these words: 'But it is more impressive to carry out these things than to promise them. Nevertheless, since the delightful reality is still a long way off, my longing for that much desired time has led me to anticipate some of its delight by the pleasure arising from words.' So valuable did leisure seem to him that because he could not enjoy it in actuality, he did so mentally in advance. He who saw that everything depended on himself alone, who decided the fortune of individuals and nations, was happiest when thinking of that day on which he would lay aside his own greatness. He knew from experience how much sweat those blessings gleaming through every land cost him, how many secret anxieties they concealed. He was forced to fight first with his fellow-countrymen, then with his colleagues, and finally with his relations, shedding blood on land and sea. Driven to fight in Macedonia, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Asia — almost every country — he turned his armies against foreign enemies when they were tired of shedding Roman blood. While he was establishing peace in the Alps and subduing enemies established in the middle of his peaceful empire; while he was extending his boundaries beyond the Rhine, the Euphrates and the Danube, at Rome itself Murena, Caepio, Lepidus, Egnatius and others were sharpening their swords against him. Nor had he yet escaped their plots when his daughter and all the noble youths bound to her by adultery as though by an oath kept alarming his feeble old age, as did Iullus and a second formidable woman linked to an Antony. He cut away these ulcers, limbs and all, but others took their place: just like a body with a surfeit of blood which is always subject to a haemorrhage somewhere. So he longed for leisure, and as his hopes and thoughts dwelt on that he found relief for his labours: this was the prayer of the man who could grant the prayers of mankind.

When Marcus Cicero was cast among men like Catiline and Clodius and Pompey and Crassus — some of them undisguised enemies and some doubtful friends — when he was tossed about in the storm that struck the

state, he tried to hold it steady as it went to its doom; but at last he was swept away. He had neither peace in prosperity nor patience in adversity, and how often does he curse that very consulship, which he had praised without ceasing though not without good reason! What woeful words he uses in a letter to Atticus when the elder Pompey had been conquered, and his son was still trying to revive his defeated forces in Spain! 'Do you want to know,' he said, 'what I am doing here? I am staying a semi-prisoner in my Tusculan villa.' He then goes on to bewail his former life, to complain of the present, and to despair of the future. Cicero called himself a semi-prisoner, but really and truly the wise man will never go so far as to use such an abject term. He will never be a semi-prisoner, but will always enjoy freedom which is solid and complete, at liberty to be his own master and higher than all others. For what can be above the man who is above fortune?

Livius Drusus, a bold and vigorous man, had proposed laws which renewed the evil policy of the Gracchi, and he was supported by a huge crowd from all over Italy. But he could see no successful outcome for his measures, which he could neither carry through nor abandon once embarked upon; and he is said to have cursed the turbulent life he had always lived, saying that he alone had never had a holiday even as a child. For while still a ward and dressed as a youth he ventured to speak to a jury in favour of some accused men, and to acquire influence in the law courts, with so much effect that, as we all know, he forced certain verdicts favourable to his clients. To what lengths would so precocious an ambition not go? You might have known that such premature boldness would result in terrible trouble, both public and private. So he was too late in complaining that he had never had a holiday, since from his boyhood he had been a serious trouble-maker in the Forum. It is uncertain whether he died by his own hand, for he collapsed after receiving a sudden wound in the groin, some people doubting whether his death was self-inflicted, but no one doubting that it was timely.

It would be superfluous to mention any more who, though seeming to others the happiest of mortals, themselves bore true witness against themselves by their expressed hatred of every action of their lives. Yet they did not change themselves or anyone else by these complaints, for after their explosion of words their feelings reverted to normal.

Assuredly your lives, even if they last more than a thousand years, will shrink into the tiniest span: those vices will swallow up any space of time. The actual time you have — which reason can prolong though it naturally

passes quickly — inevitably escapes you rapidly: for you do not grasp it or hold it back or try to delay that swiftest of all things, but you let it slip away as though it were something superfluous and replaceable.

But among the worst offenders I count those who spend all their time in drinking and lust, for these are the worst preoccupations of all. Other people, even if they are possessed by an illusory semblance of glory, suffer from a respectable delusion. You can give me a list of miserly men, or hot-tempered men who indulge in unjust hatreds or wars: but they are all sinning in a more manly way. It is those who are on a headlong course of gluttony and lust who are stained with dishonour. Examine how all these people spend their time — how long they devote to their accounts, to laying traps for others or fearing those laid for themselves, to paying court to others or being courted themselves, to giving or receiving bail, to banquets (which now count as official business): you will see how their activities, good or bad, do not give them even time to breathe.

Finally, it is generally agreed that no activity can be successfully pursued by an individual who is preoccupied — not rhetoric or liberal studies — since the mind when distracted absorbs nothing deeply, but rejects everything which is, so to speak, crammed into it. Living is the least important activity of the preoccupied man; yet there is nothing which is harder to learn. There are many instructors in the other arts to be found everywhere: indeed, some of these arts mere boys have grasped so thoroughly that they can even teach them. But learning how to live takes a whole life, and, which may surprise you more, it takes a whole life to learn how to die. So many of the finest men have put aside all their encumbrances, renouncing riches and business and pleasure, and made it their one aim up to the end of their lives to know how to live. Yet most of these have died confessing that they did not yet know — still less can those others know. Believe me, it is the sign of a great man, and one who is above human error, not to allow his time to be frittered away: he has the longest possible life simply because whatever time was available he devoted entirely to himself. None of it lay fallow and neglected, none of it under another's control; for being an extremely thrifty guardian of his time he never found anything for which it was worth exchanging. So he had enough time; but those into whose lives the public have made great inroads inevitably have too little.

Nor must you think that such people do not sometimes recognize their loss. Indeed, you will hear many of those to whom great prosperity is a

burden sometimes crying out amidst their hordes of clients or their pleadings in law courts or their other honourable miseries. 'It's impossible to live.' Of course it's impossible. All those who call you to themselves draw you away from yourself. How many days has that defendant stolen from you? Or that candidate? Or that old lady worn out with burying her heirs? Or that man shamming an illness to excite the greed of legacy-hunters? Or that influential friend who keeps people like you not for friendship but for display? Mark off, I tell you, and review the days of your life: you will see that very few — the useless remnants — have been left to you. One man who has achieved the badge of office he coveted longs to lay it aside, and keeps repeating, 'Will this year never end?' Another man thought it a great coup to win the chance of giving games, but, having given them, he says, 'When shall I be rid of them?' That advocate is grabbed on every side throughout the Forum, and fills the whole place with a huge crowd extending further than he can be heard: but he says, 'When will vacation come?' Everyone hustles his life along, and is troubled by a longing for the future and weariness of the present. But the man who spends all his time on his own needs, who organizes every day as though it were his last, neither longs for nor fears the next day. For what new pleasures can any hour now bring him? He has tried everything, and enjoyed everything to repletion. For the rest, Fortune can dispose as she likes: his life is now secure. Nothing can be taken from this life, and you can only add to it as if giving to a man who is already full and satisfied food which he does not want but can hold. So you must not think a man has lived long because he has white hair and wrinkles: he has not lived long, just existed long. For suppose you should think that a man had had a long voyage who had been caught in a raging storm as he left harbour, and carried hither and thither and driven round and round in a circle by the rage of opposing winds? He did not have a long voyage, just a long tossing about.

I am always surprised to see some people demanding the time of others and meeting a most obliging response. Both sides have in view the reason for which the time is asked and neither regards the time itself — as if nothing there is being asked for and nothing given. They are trifling with life's most precious commodity, being deceived because it is an intangible thing, not open to inspection and therefore reckoned very cheap — in fact, almost without any value. People are delighted to accept pensions and gratuities, for which they hire out their labour or their support or their services. But nobody works out the value of time: men use it lavishly as if it cost nothing. But if

death threatens these same people, you will see them praying to their doctors; if they are in fear of capital punishment, you will see them prepared to spend their all to stay alive. So inconsistent are they in their feelings. But if each of us could have the tally of his future years set before him, as we can of our past years, how alarmed would be those who saw only a few years ahead, and how carefully would they use them! And yet it is easy to organize an amount, however small, which is assured; we have to be more careful in preserving what will cease at an unknown point.

But you are not to think that these people do not know how precious time is. They commonly say to those they are particularly fond of that they are ready to give them some of their years. And they do give them without being aware of it; but the gift is such that they themselves lose without adding anything to the others. But what they actually do not know is whether they are losing; thus they can bear the loss of what they do not know has gone. No one will bring back the years; no one will restore you to yourself. Life will follow the path it began to take, and will neither reverse nor check its course. It will cause no commotion to remind you of its swiftness, but glide on quietly. It will not lengthen itself for a king's command or a people's favour. As it started out on its first day, so it will run on, nowhere pausing or turning aside. What will be the outcome? You have been preoccupied while life hastens on. Meanwhile death will arrive, and you have no choice in making yourself available for that.

Can anything be more idiotic than certain people who boast of their foresight? They keep themselves officiously preoccupied in order to improve their lives; they spend their lives in organizing their lives. They direct their purposes with an eye to a distant future. But putting things off is the biggest waste of life: it snatches away each day as it comes, and denies us the present by promising the future. The greatest obstacle to living is expectancy, which hangs upon tomorrow and loses today. You are arranging what lies in Fortune's control, and abandoning what lies in yours. What are you looking at? To what goal are you straining? The whole future lies in uncertainty: live immediately. Listen to the cry of our greatest poet, who as though inspired with divine utterance sings salutary verses:

> Life's finest day for wretched mortals here
> Is always first to flee.

'Why do you linger?' he means. 'Why are you idle? If you don't grasp it first, it flees.' And even if you do grasp it, it will still flee. So you must match time's swiftness with your speed in using it, and you must drink quickly as though from a rapid stream that will not always flow. In chastising endless delay, too, the poet very elegantly speaks not of the 'finest age' but 'finest day'. However greedy you are, why are you so unconcerned and so sluggish (while time flies so fast), extending months and years in a long sequence ahead of you? The poet is telling you about the day — and about this very day that is escaping. So can it be doubted that for wretched mortals — that is, the preoccupied — the finest day is always the first to flee? Old age overtakes them while they are still mentally childish, and they face it unprepared and unarmed. For they have made no provision for it, stumbling upon it suddenly and unawares, and without realizing that it was approaching day by day. Just as travellers are beguiled by conversation or reading or some profound meditation, and find they have arrived at their destination before they knew they were approaching it; so it is with this unceasing and extremely fast-moving journey of life, which waking or sleeping we make at the same pace — the preoccupied become aware of it only when it is over.

If I wanted to divide my theme into different headings and offer proofs, I would find many arguments to prove that the preoccupied find life very short. But Fabianus, who was not one of today's academic philosophers but the true old-fashioned sort, used to say that we must attack the passions by brute force and not by logic; that the enemy's line must be turned by a strong attack and not by pinpricks; for vices have to be crushed rather than picked at. Still, in order that the people concerned may be censured for their own individual faults, they must be taught and not just given up for lost.

Life is divided into three periods, past, present and future. Of these, the present is short, the future is doubtful, the past is certain. For this last is the one over which Fortune has lost her power, which cannot be brought back to anyone's control. But this is what preoccupied people lose: for they have no time to look back at their past, and even if they did, it is not pleasant to recall activities they are ashamed of. So they are unwilling to cast their minds back to times ill spent, which they dare not relive if their vices in recollection become obvious — even those vices whose insidious approach was disguised by the charm of some momentary pleasure. No one willingly reverts to the past unless all his actions have passed his own censorship, which is never deceived. The man who must fear his own memory is the one who has been

ambitious in his greed, arrogant in his contempt, uncontrolled in his victories, treacherous in his deceptions, rapacious in his plundering, and wasteful in his squandering. And yet this is the period of our time which is sacred and dedicated, which has passed beyond all human risks and is removed from Fortune's sway, which cannot be harassed by want or fear or attacks of illness. It cannot be disturbed or snatched from us: it is an untroubled, everlasting possession. In the present we have only one day at a time, each offering a minute at a time. But all the days of the past will come to your call: you can detain and inspect them at your will — something which the preoccupied have no time to do. It is the mind which is tranquil and free from care which can roam through all the stages of its life: the minds of the preoccupied, as if harnessed in a yoke, cannot turn round and look behind them. So their lives vanish into an abyss; and just as it is no use pouring any amount of liquid into a container without a bottom to catch and hold it, so it does not matter how much time we are given if there is nowhere for it to settle; it escapes through the cracks and holes of the mind. The present time is extremely short, so much so that some people are unaware of it. For it is always on the move, flowing on in a rush; it ceases before it has come, and does not suffer delay any more than the firmament or the stars, whose unceasing movement never pauses in the same place. And so the preoccupied are concerned only with the present, and it is so short that it cannot be grasped, and even this is stolen from them while they are involved in their many distractions.

In a word, would you like to know how they do not live long? See how keen they are to live long. Feeble old men pray for a few more years; they pretend they are younger than they are; they comfort themselves by this deception and fool themselves as eagerly as if they fooled Fate at the same time. But when at last some illness has reminded them of their mortality, how terrified do they die, as if they were not just passing out of life but being dragged out of it. They exclaim that they were fools because they have not really lived, and that if only they can recover from this illness they will live in leisure. Then they reflect how pointlessly they acquired things they never would enjoy, and how all their toil has been in vain. But for those whose life is far removed from all business it must be amply long. None of it is frittered away, none of it scattered here and there, none of it committed to fortune, none of it lost through carelessness, none ofit wasted on largesse, none of it superfluous: the whole of it, so to speak, is well invested. So, however short,

it is fully sufficient, and therefore whenever his last day comes, the wise man will not hesitate to meet death with a firm step.

Perhaps you want to know whom I would call the preoccupied? You must not imagine I mean just those who are driven from the law court only by the arrival of the watchdogs; or those whom you see crushed either honourably in their own crowd of supporters or contemptuously in someone else's; or those whose social duties bring them forth from their own homes to dash them against someone else's doors; or those whom the praetor's auction spear occupies in acquiring disreputable gain which will one day turn rank upon them. Some men are preoccupied even in their leisure: in their country house, on their couch, in the midst of solitude, even when quite alone, they are their own worst company. You could not call theirs a life of leisure, but an idle preoccupation. Do you call that man leisured who arranges with anxious precision his Corinthian bronzes, the cost of which is inflated by the mania of a few collectors, and spends most of the day on rusty bits of metal? Who sits at a wrestling ring (for shame on us! We suffer from vices which are not even Roman), keenly following the bouts between boys? Who classifies his herds of pack-animals into pairs according to age and colour? Who pays for the maintenance of the latest athletes? Again, do you call those men leisured who spend many hours at the barber's simply to cut whatever grew overnight, to have a serious debate about every separate hair, to tidy up disarranged locks or to train thinning ones from the sides to lie over the forehead? How angry they get if the barber has been a bit careless — as if he were trimming a real man! How they flare up if any of their mane is wrongly cut off, if any of it is badly arranged, or if it doesn't all fall into the right ringlets! Which of them would not rather have his country ruffled than his hair? Which would not be more anxious about the elegance of his head than its safety? Which would not rather be trim than honourable? Do you call those men leisured who divide their time between the comb and the mirror? And what about those who busy themselves in composing, listening to, or learning songs, while they distort their voice, whose best and simplest tone nature intended to be the straight one, into the most unnatural modulations; who are always drumming with their fingers as they beat time to an imagined tune; whom you can hear humming to themselves even when they are summoned on a serious, often even sorrowful, affair? Theirs is not leisure but indolent occupation. And, good heavens, as for their banquets, I would not reckon on them as leisure times when I see how anxiously they arrange their

silver, how carefully they gird up the tunics of their page-boys, how on tenterhooks they are to see how the cook has dealt with the boar, with what speed smooth-faced slaves rush around on their duties, with what skill birds are carved into appropriate portions, how carefully wretched little slaves wipe up the spittle of drunkards. By these means they cultivate a reputation for elegance and good taste, and to such an extent do their failings follow them into all areas of their private lives that they cannot eat or drink without ostentation.

I would also not count as leisured those who are carried around in a sedan chair and a litter, and turn up punctually for their drives as if it was forbidden to give them up; who have to be told when to bathe or to swim or to dine: they are so enervated by the excessive torpor of a self-indulgent mind that they cannot trust themselves to know if they are hungry. I am told that one of these self-indulgent people — if self-indulgence is the right word for unlearning the ordinary habits of human life — when he had been carried out from the bath and put in his sedan chair, asked, 'Am I now sitting down?' Do you think that this man, who doesn't know if he is sitting down, knows whether he is alive, whether he sees, whether he is at leisure? It is difficult to say whether I pity him more if he really did not know this or if he pretended not to know. They really experience forgetfulness of many things, but they also pretend to forget many things. They take delight in certain vices as proofs of their good fortune: it seems to be the lowly and contemptible man who knows what he is doing. After that see if you can accuse the mimes of inventing many details in order to attack luxury! In truth, they pass over more than they make up, and such a wealth of incredible vices have appeared in this generation, which shows talent in this one area, that we could now actually accuse the mimes of ignoring them. To think that there is anyone so lost in luxuries that he has to trust another to tell him if he is sitting down! So this one is not at leisure, and you must give him another description — he is ill, or even, he is dead: the man who is really at leisure is also aware of it. But this one who is only half alive, and needs to be told the positions of his own body — how can he have control over any of his time?

It would be tedious to mention individually those who have spent all their lives playing draughts or ball, or carefully cooking themselves in the sun. They are not at leisure whose pleasures involve a serious commitment. For example, nobody will dispute that those people are busy about nothing who spend their time on useless literary studies: even among the Romans

there is now a large company of these. It used to be a Greek failing to want to know how many oarsmen Ulysses had, whether the Iliad or the Odyssey was written first, and whether too they were by the same author, and other questions of this kind, which if you keep them to yourself in no way enhance your private knowledge, and if you publish them make you appear more a bore than a scholar. But now the Romans too have been afflicted by the pointless enthusiasm for useless knowledge. Recently I heard somebody reporting which Roman general first did this or that: Duilius first won a naval battle; Curius Dentatus first included elephants in a triumph. So far these facts, even if they do not contribute to real glory, at least are concerned with exemplary services to the state: such knowledge will not do us any good, but it interests us because of the appeal of these pointless facts. We can also excuse those who investigate who first persuaded the Romans to embark on a ship. That was Claudius, who for this reason was called Caudex because a structure linking several wooden planks was called in antiquity a caudex. Hence too the Law Tables are called codices, and even today the boats which carry provisions up the Tiber are called by the old-fashioned name codicariae. Doubtless too it is of some importance to know that Valerius Corvinus first conquered Messana, and was the first of the family of the Valerii to be surnamed Messana from the name of the captured city — the spelling of which was gradually corrupted in everyday speech to Messalla. Perhaps you will also allow someone to take seriously the fact that Lucius Sulla first exhibited lions loose in the Circus, though at other times they were shown in fetters, and that javelin-throwers were sent by King Bocchus to kill them. This too may be excused — but does it serve any good purpose? — to know that Pompey first exhibited in the Circus a fight involving eighteen elephants, pitting innocent men against them in a staged battle. A leader of the state and, as we are told, a man of notable kindliness among the leaders of old, he thought it would be a memorable spectacle to kill human beings in a novel way. 'Are they to fight to the death? Not good enough. Are they to be torn to pieces? Not good enough. Let them be crushed by animals of enormous bulk.' It would be better for such things to be forgotten, lest in the future someone in power might learn about them and not wish to be outdone in such a piece of inhumanity. Oh, what darkness does great prosperity cast over our minds! He thought himself beyond nature's laws at the time that he was throwing so many crowds of wretched men to wild creatures from abroad, when he was setting such disparate creatures against each other, when he was shedding so

much blood in front of the Roman people, who themselves were soon to be forced by him to shed their own blood. But later he himself, betrayed by Alexandrian treachery, offered himself to be stabbed by the lowest slave, only then realizing that his surname ('Great') was an empty boast.

But to return to the point from which I digressed, and to illustrate how some people spend useless efforts on these same topics, the man I referred to reported that Metellus in his triumph, after conquering the Carthaginians in Sicily, alone among all the Romans had 120 elephants led before his chariot, and that Sulla was the last of the Romans to have extended the pomerium,[3] which it was the ancient practice to extend after acquiring Italian, but never provincial, territory. Is it better to know this than to know that the Aventine Hill, as he asserted, is outside the pomerium for one of two reasons, either because the plebs withdrew to it or because when Remus took the auspices there the birds had not been favourable — and countless further theories that are either false or very close to lies? For even if you admit that they say all this in good faith, even if they guarantee the truth of their statements, whose mistakes will thereby be lessened? Whose passions restrained? Who will be made more free, more just, more magnanimous? Our Fabianus used to say that sometimes he wondered whether it was better not to be involved in any researches than to get entangled in these.

Of all people only those are at leisure who make time for philosophy, only those are really alive. For they not only keep a good watch over their own lifetimes, but they annex every age to theirs. All the years that have passed before them are added to their own. Unless we are very ungrateful, all those distinguished founders of holy creeds were born for us and prepared for us a way of life. By the toil of others we are led into the presence of things which have been brought from darkness into light. We are excluded from no age, but we have access to them all; and if we are prepared in loftiness of mind to pass beyond the narrow confines of human weakness, there is a long period of time through which we can roam. We can argue with Socrates, express doubt with Carneades, cultivate retirement with Epicurus, overcome human nature with the Stoics, and exceed its limits with the Cynics. Since nature allows us to enter into a partnership with every age, why not turn from this brief and transient spell of time and give ourselves whole-heartedly to the past, which is limitless and eternal and can be shared with better men than we?

Those who rush about on social duties, disturbing both themselves and

others, when they have duly finished their crazy round and have daily crossed everyone's threshold and passed by no open door, when they have carried around their self-interested greetings to houses that are miles apart, how few will they be able to see in a city so enormous and so distracted by varied desires? How many will there be who through sleepiness or self-indulgence or ungraciousness will exclude them? How many, after keeping them in an agony of waiting, will pretend to be in a hurry and rush past them? How many will avoid going out through a hall crowded with dependants, and escape through a secret door — as if it were not even more discourteous to deceive callers than to exclude them? How many, half asleep and sluggish after yesterday's drinking, will yawn insolently and have to be prompted a thousand times in a whisper before, scarcely moving their lips, they can greet by name the poor wretches who have broken their own slumbers in order to wait on another's?

You should rather suppose that those are involved in worthwhile duties who wish to have daily as their closest friends Zeno, Pythagoras, Democritus and all the other high priests of liberal studies, and Aristotle and Theophrastus. None of these will be too busy to see you, none of these will not send his visitor away happier and more devoted to himself, none of these will allow anyone to depart empty-handed. They are at home to all mortals by night and by day.

None of these will force you to die, but all will teach you how to die. None of them will exhaust your years, but each will contribute his years to yours. With none of these will conversation be dangerous, or his friendship fatal, or attendance on him expensive. From them you can take whatever you wish: it will not be their fault if you do not take your fill from them. What happiness, what a fine old age awaits the man who has made himself a client of these! He will have friends whose advice he can ask on the most important or the most trivial matters, whom he can consult daily about himself, who will tell him the truth without insulting him and praise him without flattery, who will offer him a pattern on which to model himself.

We are in the habit of saying that it was not in our power to choose the parents who were allotted to us, that they were given to us by chance. But we can choose whose children we would like to be. There are households of the noblest intellects: choose the one into which you wish to be adopted, and you will inherit not only their name but their property too. Nor will this property need to be guarded meanly or grudgingly: the more it is shared out, the

greater it will become. These will offer you a path to immortality and raise you to a point from which no one is cast down. This is the only way to prolong mortality — even to convert it to immortality. Honours, monuments, whatever the ambitious have ordered by decrees or raised in public buildings are soon destroyed: there is nothing that the passage of time does not demolish and remove. But it cannot damage the works which philosophy has consecrated: no age will wipe them out, no age diminish them. The next and every following age will only increase the veneration for them, since envy operates on what is at hand, but we can more openly admire things from a distance. So the life of the philosopher extends widely: he is not confined by the same boundary as are others. He alone is free from the laws that limit the human race, and all ages serve him as though he were a god. Some time has passed: he grasps it in his recollection. Time is present: he uses it. Time is to come: he anticipates it. This combination of all times into one gives him a long life.

But life is very short and anxious for those who forget the past, neglect the present, and fear the future. When they come to the end of it, the poor wretches realize too late that for all this time they have been preoccupied in doing nothing. And the fact that they sometimes invoke death is no proof that their lives seem long. Their own folly afflicts them with restless emotions which hurl themselves upon the very things they fear: they often long for death because they fear it. Nor is this a proof that they are living for a long time that the day often seems long to them, or that they complain that the hours pass slowly until the time fixed for dinner arrives. For as soon as their preoccupations fail them, they are restless with nothing to do, not knowing how to dispose of their leisure or make the time pass. And so they are anxious for something else to do, and all the intervening time is wearisome: really, it is just as when a gladiatorial show has been announced, or they are looking forward to the appointed time of some other exhibition or amusement — they want to leap over the days in between. Any deferment of the longed-for event is tedious to them. Yet the time of the actual enjoyment is short and swift, and made much shorter through their own fault. For they dash from one pleasure to another and cannot stay steady in one desire. Their days are not long but odious: on the other hand, how short do the nights seem which they spend drinking or sleeping with harlots! Hence the lunacy of the poets, who encourage human frailty by their stories in which Jupiter, seduced by the pleasures of love-making, is seen to double the length of the night. What else

is it but to inflame our vices when they quote the gods to endorse them, and as a precedent for our failings they offer — and excuse — the wantonness of the gods? Can the nights, which they purchase so dearly, not seem much too short to these people? They lose the day in waiting for the night, and the night in fearing the dawn.

Even their pleasures are uneasy and made anxious by various fears, and at the very height of their rejoicing the worrying thought steals over them: 'How long will this last?' This feeling has caused kings to bewail their power, and they were not so much delighted by the greatness of their fortune as terrified by the thought of its inevitable end. When that most arrogant king of Persia[4] was deploying his army over vast plains, and could not number it but had to measure it, he wept because in a hundred years out of that huge army not a soul would be alive. But he who was weeping was the very man who would bring their fate upon them, and would destroy some on the sea, some on land, some in battle, some in flight, and in a very short time would wipe out all those for whose hundredth year he was afraid.

And what of the fact that even their joys are uneasy? The reason is that they are not based on firm causes, but they are agitated as groundlessly as they arise. But what kind of times can those be, do you think, which they themselves admit are wretched, since even the joys by which they are exalted and raised above humanity are pretty corrupt? All the greatest blessings create anxiety, and Fortune is never less to be trusted than when it is fairest. To preserve prosperity we need other prosperity, and to support the prayers which have turned out well we have to make other prayers. Whatever comes our way by chance is unsteady, and the higher it rises the more liable it is to fall. Furthermore, what is doomed to fall delights no one. So it is inevitable that life will be not just very short but very miserable for those who acquire by great toil what they must keep by greater toil. They achieve what they want laboriously; they possess what they have achieved anxiously; and meanwhile they take no account of time that will never more return. New preoccupations take the place of the old, hope excites more hope and ambition more ambition. They do not look for an end to their misery, but simply change the reason for it. We have found our own public honours a torment, and we spend more time on someone else's. We have stopped labouring as candidates, and we start canvassing for others. We have given up the troubles of a prosecutor, and taken on those of a judge. A man stops being a judge and becomes president of a court. He has grown old in the job

of managing the property of others for a salary, and then spends all his time looking after his own. Marius was released from army life to become busy in the consulship. Quintius hastens to get through his dictatorship, but he will be summoned back to it from the plough. Scipio will go against the Carthaginians before he is experienced enough for such an undertaking. Victorious over Hannibal, victorious over Antiochus, distinguished in his own consulship and a surety for his brother's, if he had not himself forbidden it he would have been set up beside Jupiter. But discord in the state will harass its saviour, and after as a young man he has scorned honours fit for the gods, at length when old he will take delight in an ostentatiously stubborn exile. There will always be causes for anxiety, whether due to prosperity or to wretchedness. Life will be driven on through a succession of preoccupations: we shall always long for leisure, but never enjoy it.

And so, my dear Paulinus, extract yourself from the crowd, and as you have been storm-tossed more than your age deserves, you must at last retire into a peaceful harbour. Consider how many waves you have encountered, how many storms — some of which you have sustained in private life and some you have brought upon yourself in public life. Your virtue has for long enough been shown, when you were a model of active industry: try how it will manage in leisure. The greater part of your life, certainly the better part, has been devoted to the state: take some of your own time for yourself too. I am not inviting you to idle or purposeless sloth, or to drown all your natural energy in sleep and the pleasures that are dear to the masses. That is not to have repose. When you are retired and enjoying peace of mind, you will find to keep you busy more important activities than all those you have performed so energetically up to now. Indeed, you are managing the accounts of the world as scrupulously as you would another person's, as carefully as your own, as conscientiously as the state's. You are winning affection in a job in which it is hard to avoid ill-will; but believe me it is better to understand the balance-sheet of one's own life than of the corn trade. You must recall that vigorous mind of yours, supremely capable of dealing with the greatest responsibilities, from a task which is certainly honourable but scarcely suited to the happy life; and you must consider that all your youthful training in the liberal studies was not directed to this end, that many thousands of measures of corn might safely be entrusted to you. You had promised higher and greater things of yourself. There will not be wanting men who are completely worthy and hard-working. Stolid pack-animals are much more fit for carrying

loads than thoroughbred horses: who ever subdued their noble speed with a heavy burden? Consider too how much anxiety you have in submitting yourself to such a weight of responsibility: you are dealing with the human belly. A hungry people neither listens to reason nor is mollified by fair treatment or swayed by any appeals. Quite recently, within a few days after Gaius Caesar died — still feeling very upset (if the dead have feelings) because he saw that the Roman people were still surviving, with a supply of food for seven or at most eight days, while he was building bridges with boats and playing with the resources of the empire — we faced the worst of all afflictions, even to those under siege, a shortage of provisions. His imitation of a mad foreign king doomed in his pride, nearly cost the city destruction and famine and the universal collapse that follows famine. What then must those have felt who had charge of the corn supply, when they were threatened with stones, weapons, fire — and Gaius? With a huge pretence they managed to conceal the great evil lurking in the vitals of the state — and assuredly they had good reason. For certain ailments must be treated while the patient is unaware of them: knowing about their disease has caused the death of many.

You must retire to these pursuits which are quieter, safer and more important. Do you think it is the same thing whether you are overseeing the transfer of corn into granaries, unspoilt by the dishonesty and carelessness of the shippers, and taking care that it does not get damp and then ruined through heat, and that it tallies in measure and weight; or whether you take up these sacred and lofty studies, from which you will learn the substance of god, and his will, his mode of life, his shape; what fate awaits your soul; where nature lays us to rest when released from our bodies; what is the force which supports all the heaviest elements of this world at the centre, suspends the light elements above, carries fire to the highest part, and sets the stars in motion with their proper changes — and learn other things in succession which are full of tremendous marvels? You really should leave the ground and turn your thoughts to these studies. Now while the blood is hot you should make your way with vigour to better things. In this kind of life you will find much that is worth your study: the love and practice of the virtues, forgetfulness of the passions, the knowledge of how to live and die, and a life of deep tranquillity.

Indeed the state of all who are preoccupied is wretched, but the most wretched are those who are toiling not even at their own preoccupations, but

must regulate their sleep by another's, and their walk by another's pace, and obey orders in those freest of all things, loving and hating. If such people want to know how short their lives are, let them reflect how small a portion is their own.

So, when you see a man repeatedly wearing the robe of office, or one whose name is often spoken in the Forum, do not envy him: these things are won at the cost of life. In order that one year may be dated from their names they will waste all their own years. Life has left some men struggling at the start of their careers before they could force their way to the height of their ambition. Some men, after they have crawled through a thousand indignities to the supreme dignity, have been assailed by the gloomy thought that all their labours were but for the sake of an epitaph. Some try to adjust their extreme old age to new hopes as though it were youth, but find its weakness fails them in the midst of efforts that overtax it. It is a shameful sight when an elderly man runs out of breath while he is pleading in court for litigants who are total strangers to him, and trying to win the applause of the ignorant bystanders. It is disgraceful to see a man collapsing in the middle of his duties, worn out more by his life-style than by his labours. Disgraceful too is it when a man dies in the midst of going through his accounts, and his heir, long kept waiting, smiles in relief. I cannot resist telling you of an instance that occurs to me. Sextus Turannius was an old man known to be scrupulous and diligent, who, when he was ninety, at his own request was given retirement from his office by Gaius Caesar. He then ordered himself to be laid out on his bed and lamented by the assembled household as though he were dead. The house bewailed its old master's leisure, and did not cease its mourning until his former job was restored to him. Is it really so pleasant to die in harness? That is the feeling of many people: their desire for their work outlasts their ability to do it. They fight against their own bodily weakness, and they regard old age as a hardship on no other grounds than that it puts them on the shelf. The law does not make a man a soldier after fifty or a senator after sixty: men find it more difficult to gain leisure from themselves than from the law. Meanwhile, as they rob and are robbed, as they disturb each other's peace, as they make each other miserable, their lives pass without satisfaction, without pleasure, without mental improvement. No one keeps death in view, no one refrains from hopes that look far ahead; indeed, some people even arrange things that are beyond life — massive tombs, dedications of public buildings, shows for their funerals, and ostentatious

burials. But in truth, such people's funerals should be conducted with torches and wax tapers, as though they had lived the shortest of lives.

注释

〔1〕 A friend of Seneca's.
〔2〕 Hippocrates.
〔3〕 The religious boundary of a city.
〔4〕 Xerxes.

Consolation to Helvia

Dearest mother, I have often had the urge to console you and often restrained it. Many things encouraged me to venture to do so. First, I thought I would be laying aside all my troubles when I had at least wiped away your tears, even if I could not stop them coming. Then, I did not doubt that I would have more power to raise you up if I had first risen myself. Moreover, I was afraid that though Fortune was conquered by me she might conquer someone close to me. So, staunching my own cut with my hand I was doing my best to crawl forward to bind up your wounds. There were, on the other hand, considerations which delayed my purpose. I realized that your grief should not be intruded upon while it was fresh and agonizing, in case the consolations themselves should rouse and inflame it: for an illness too nothing is more harmful than premature treatment. So I was waiting until your grief of itself should lose its force and, being softened by time to endure remedies, it would allow itself to be touched and handled. Moreover, although I consulted all the works written by the most famous authors to control and moderate grief, I couldn't find any example of someone who had comforted his own dear ones when he himself was the subject of their grief. So in this unprecedented situation I hesitated, fearing that I would be offering not consolation but further irritation. Consider, too, that a man lifting his head from the very funeral pyre must need some novel vocabulary not drawn from ordinary everyday condolence to comfort his own dear ones. But every great and overpowering grief must take away the capacity to choose words, since it often stifles the voice itself. Anyway, I'll try my best, not trusting in my cleverness, but because being myself the comforter I can thereby be the most effective comfort. As you never refused me anything I hope you will not refuse me this at least (though all grief is stubborn), to be willing that I should set a limit to your desolation.

Consider how much I have promised myself from your indulgence. I don't doubt that I shall have more influence over you than your grief, than which nothing has more influence over the wretched. So in order not to join battle with it at once, I'll first support it and offer it a lot of encouragement: I shall expose and reopen all the wounds which have already healed. Someone

will object: 'What kind of consolation is this, to bring back forgotten ills and to set the mind in view of all its sorrows when it can scarcely endure one?' But let him consider that those disorders which are so dangerous that they have gained ground in spite of treatment can generally be treated by opposite methods. Therefore I shall offer to the mind all its sorrows, all its mourning garments: this will not be a gentle prescription for healing, but cautery and the knife. What shall I achieve? That a soul which has conquered so many miseries will be ashamed to worry about one more wound in a body which already has so many scars. So let those people go on weeping and wailing whose self-indulgent minds have been weakened by long prosperity, let them collapse at the threat of the most trivial injuries; but let those who have spent all their years suffering disasters endure the worst afflictions with a brave and resolute staunchness. Everlasting misfortune does have one blessing, that it ends up by toughening those whom it constantly afflicts.

Fortune has given you no respite from the most woeful sorrows, not even excepting the day of your birth. As soon as you were born, no, even while being born, you lost your mother, and on the threshold of life you were in a sense exposed. You grew up under the care of a stepmother, and you actually forced her to become a real mother by showing her all the deference and devotion which can be seen even in a daughter. Yet even having a good stepmother costs every child a good deal. You lost your uncle, kindest, best and bravest of men, when you were awaiting his arrival; and lest Fortune should lessen her cruelty by dividing it, within a month you buried your dearest husband by whom you had three children. This sorrow was announced to you when you were already grieving, and when indeed all your children were away, as if your misfortunes were concentrated on purpose into that time so that your grief would have nowhere to turn for relief. I pass over all the dangers, all the fears you endured as they assailed you unceasingly. But recently into the same lap from which you had let go three grandchildren you received back the bones of three grandchildren. Within twenty days of burying my son, who died as you held and kissed him, you heard that I had been taken away. This only you had lacked — to grieve for the living.

Of all the wounds which have ever pierced your body this last one is, I admit, the worst. It has not simply broken the skin but cut into your breast and vital parts. But just as recruits, even when superficially wounded, cry aloud and dread being handled by doctors more than the sword, while veterans, even if severely wounded, patiently and without a groan allow their

wounds to be cleaned as though their bodies did not belong to them; so you must now offer yourself bravely for treatment. Come, put away wailings and lamentations and all the other usual noisy manifestations of feminine grief. For all your sorrows have been wasted on you if you have not yet learned how to be wretched. Do I seem to have dealt boldly with you? I have kept away not one of your misfortunes from you, but piled them all up in front of you.

I have done this courageously for I decided to conquer your grief, not to cheat it. But I shall do this, I think, first of all if I show that I am suffering nothing for which I could be called wretched, let alone make my relations wretched; then if I turn to you and show that your fortune, which is wholly dependent on mine, is also not painful.

First I shall deal with the fact, which your love is longing to hear, that I am suffering no affliction. I shall make it clear, if I can, that those very circumstances which you think are crushing me can be borne; but if you cannot believe that, at least I shall be more pleased with myself for being happy in conditions which normally make men wretched. There is no need to believe others about me: I am telling you firmly that I am not wretched, so that you won't be agitated by uncertainty. To reassure you further, I shall add that I cannot even be made wretched.

We are born under circumstances that would be favourable if we did not abandon them. It was nature's intention that there should be no need of great equipment for a good life: every individual can make himself happy. External goods are of trivial importance and without much influence in either direction: prosperity does not elevate the sage and adversity does not depress him. For he has always made the effort to rely as much as possible on himself and to derive all delight from himself. So what? Am I calling myself a sage? Certainly not. For if I could claim that, not only would I be denying that I was wretched but I would be asserting that I was the most fortunate of all men and coming close to god. As it is, doing what is sufficient to alleviate all wretchedness, I have surrendered myself to wise men, and as I am not yet strong enough to help myself I have gone over to another camp — I mean those who can easily protect themselves and their followers. They have ordered me to take a firm stand, like a sentry on guard, and to foresee all the attacks and all the onslaughts of Fortune long before they hit me. She falls heavily on those to whom she is unexpected; the man who is always expecting her easily withstands her. For an enemy's arrival too scatters those

whom it catches off guard; but those who have prepared in advance for the coming conflict, being properly drawn up and equipped, easily withstand the first onslaught, which is the most violent. Never have I trusted Fortune, even when she seemed to offer peace. All those blessings which she kindly bestowed on me — money, public office, influence — I relegated to a place whence she could claim them back without bothering me. I kept a wide gap between them and me, with the result that she has taken them away, not torn them away. No man has been shattered by the blows of Fortune unless he was first deceived by her favours. Those who loved her gifts as if they were their own for ever, who wanted to be admired on account of them, are laid low and grieve when the false and transient pleasures desert their vain and childish minds, ignorant of every stable pleasure. But the man who is not puffed up in good times does not collapse either when they change. His fortitude is already tested and he maintains a mind unconquered in the face of either condition: for in the midst of prosperity he has tried his own strength against adversity. So I have never believed that there was any genuine good in the things which everyone prays for; what is more, I have found them empty and daubed with showy and deceptive colours, with nothing inside to match their appearance. And now in these so-called evils I find nothing so terrible and harsh as the general opinion threatened. Certainly the word 'exile' itself now enters the ears more harshly through a sort of conviction and popular belief, and strikes the listener as something gloomy and detestable. For that is the people's verdict, but wise men on the whole reject the people's decrees.

So, putting aside this judgement of the majority who are carried away by the surface appearance of things, whatever the grounds for believing in it, let us examine the reality of exile. Clearly a change of place. I must not seem to restrict its force and remove its worst feature, so I agree that this change of place brings with it the disadvantages of poverty, disgrace and contempt. I shall deal with these later; meanwhile I wish first to examine what distress the change of place itself involves.

'It is unbearable to be deprived of your country.' Come now, look at this mass of people whom the buildings of huge Rome can scarcely hold: most of that crowd are deprived of their country. They have flocked together from their towns and colonies, in fact from the whole world, some brought by ambition, some by the obligation of public office, some by the duties of an envoy, some by self-indulgence seeking a place conveniently rich in vice, some by a love of liberal studies, some by the public shows; some have been

attracted by friendship, some by their own energy which has found a wide field for displaying its qualities; some have come to sell their beauty, others their eloquence. Absolutely every type of person has hastened into the city which offers high rewards for both virtues and vices. Take a roll-call of all of them and ask each where he comes from: you will see that most of them have left their own homes and come to a very great and beautiful city, but not their own. Then move away from this city, which in a way can be said to belong to all, and go around all the others: in every one a large proportion of the population is immigrant. Pass on from those whose lovely and convenient position attracts large numbers, and review deserted places and rocky islands, Sciathus and Seriphus, Gyara and Cossura: you will find no place of exile where somebody does not linger because he wants to. What could be found so bare and with such a steep drop on every side as this rock? What more barren regarding its resources? What more savage regarding its people? What more rugged regarding its geography? What more intemperate regarding its climate? Yet more foreigners than natives live here. Thus, so far is change of locality itself from being a hardship that even this place has enticed some people from their homeland. I've come across people who say that there is a sort of inborn restlessness in the human spirit and an urge to change one's abode; for man is endowed with a mind which is changeable and unsettled: nowhere at rest, it darts about and directs its thoughts to all places known and unknown, a wanderer which cannot endure repose and delights chiefly in novelty. This will not surprise you if you consider its original source. It was not made from heavy, earthly material, but came down from that heavenly spirit: but heavenly things are by nature always in motion, fleeing and driven on extremely fast. Look at the planets which light up the world: not one is at rest. The sun glides constantly, moving on from place to place, and although it revolves with the universe its motion is nevertheless opposite to that of the firmament itself: it races through all the signs of the zodiac and never stops; its motion is everlasting as it journeys from one point to another. All the planets forever move round and pass by: as the constraining law of nature has ordained they are borne from point of point. When through fixed periods of years they have completed their courses they will start again upon their former circuits. How silly then to imagine that the human mind, which is formed of the same elements as divine beings, objects to movement and change of abode, while the divine nature finds delight and even self-preservation in continual and very rapid change.

Well, now, turn your attention from heavenly to human matters and you will see that whole nations and peoples have changed their abode. What are Greek cities doing in the midst of barbarian territories? Why do we hear the Macedonian language among Indians and Persians? Scythia and all that wide region of fierce and untamed tribes reveal Achaean cities established on the shores of the Pontus. People were not put off from migrating there by the endlessly severe winter or the savage character of the natives which matched their climate. There is a crowd of Athenians in Asia; Miletus has sent out all over the place enough people to colonize seventy-five cities; the whole of the Italian coast which is washed by the lower sea was once Greater Greece. Asia claims the Etruscans as her own; Tyrians live in Africa, Phoenicians in Spain; Greeks penetrated into Gaul and Gauls into Greece; the Pyrenees did not block the passage of the Germans — through trackless, through unknown territory has ventured the restlessness of men, and behind them came their wives and children and parents stricken in years. Some of them, driven about in their long wanderings, did not choose their goal deliberately, but through weariness settled at the nearest place; others by force of arms established their right in a foreign country. Some tribes were drowned while they sought unknown regions; others settled where they were stranded by running out of supplies. They did not all have the same reason for abandoning one homeland for another. Some, escaping the destruction of their cities by enemy attack, were driven to other territory when they lost their own; some were banished by civil strife; others were sent out to relieve the burden of overpopulation; others fled from disease or constant earthquakes or some intolerable deficiencies in their barren soil; others were tempted by the exaggerated report of a fertile shore. Different reasons roused different peoples to leave their homes; but this at least is clear, nothing has stayed where it was born. The human race is always on the move: in so large a world there is every day some change — new cities are founded, and new names of nations are born as former ones disappear or are absorbed into a stronger one. But what else are all these national migrations than banishments of a people? Why should I drag you through the whole cycle? Why bother to mention Antenor who founded Patavium, and Evander who settled the Arcadian kingdom on the banks of the Tiber? What about Diomedes and the others, both conquerors and conquered, who were scattered over alien lands by the Trojan War? Why, the Roman empire itself looks back to an exile as its founder, a man who was driven out when his homeland was captured and, taking a few survivors, was

forced by fear of the victor to make a long journey which brought him to Italy. What a number of colonies this people in turn has sent out to every province! — wherever the Romans have conquered they dwell. People volunteered for this kind of emigration, and even old men leaving their altars followed the settlers overseas. The point does not need any more illustration, but I will just add one which hits you in the eye: this island itself has often changed its inhabitants. To leave aside earlier events which are obscured by antiquity, the Greeks who now live in Massilia after leaving Phocis first settled in this island. It is not clear what drove them from it, whether the harsh climate, or being in sight of the superior power of Italy, or the lack of harbours. For clearly the reason was not the savagery of the inhabitants, since they settled among what were then the fiercest and most uncivilized peoples in Gaul. Subsequently the Ligurians crossed over to the island, and the Spaniards too, as is clear from the similarity of their customs: for the Corsicans wear the same kind of head-covering and shoes as the Cantabrians, and some of their words are the same — only some, for their language as a whole, through association with Greeks and Ligurians, has lost its native elements. Next, two colonies of Roman citizens were brought there, one by Marius and one by Sulla: so often has the population of this barren and thorny rock changed! In a word, you will hardly find a single country still inhabited by its original natives: everywhere the people are of mixed and imported stock. One group has followed another: one longed for what another scorned; one was driven out from where he had expelled others. So fate has decreed that nothing maintains the same condition forever.

To compensate for the actual change of place and forgetting about the other inconveniences attached to exile, Varro, most learned of Romans, considers we have this sufficient remedy, that wherever we come we have the same order of nature to deal with. Marcus Brutus thinks this is enough, that exiles can carry with them their own virtues. Even if anyone thinks that these points taken separately are insufficient to console the exile, he will admit that in combination they carry great weight. For how little have we lost, when the two finest things of all will accompany us wherever we go, universal nature and our individual virtue. Believe me, this was the intention of whoever formed the universe, whether all-powerful god, or incorporeal reason creating mighty works, or divine spirit penetrating all things from greatest to smallest with even pressure, or fate and the unchanging sequence of causation — this, I say, was the intention, that only the most worthless of our possessions

should come into the power of another. Whatever is best for a human being lies outside human control: it can be neither given nor taken away. The world you see, nature's greatest and most glorious creation, and the human mind which gazes and wonders at it, and is the most splendid part of it, these are our own everlasting possessions and will remain with us as long as we ourselves remain. So, eager and upright, let us hasten with bold steps wherever circumstances take us, and let us journey through any countries whatever: there can be no place of exile within the world since nothing within the world is alien to men. From whatever point on the earth's surface you look up to heaven the same distance lies between the realms of gods and men. Accordingly, provided my eyes are not withdrawn from that spectacle, of which they never tire; provided I may look upon the sun and the moon and gaze at the other planets; provided I may trace their risings and settings, their periods and the causes of their travelling faster or slower; provided I may behold all the stars that shine at night — some fixed, others not travelling far afield but circling within the same area; some suddenly shooting forth, and others dazzling the eye with scattered fire, as if they are falling, or gliding past with a long trail of blazing light; provided I can commune with these and, so far as humans may, associate with the divine, and provided I can keep my mind always directed upwards, striving for a vision of kindred things — what does it matter what ground I stand on?

'But this country is not fertile in lush or fruitful trees; no large and navigable rivers irrigate it with their channels; it produces nothing which other nations want, being scarcely fertile enough to support its own inhabitants. No valuable marble is quarried here, no veins of gold and silver are mined.' Petty is the mind which delights in earthly things: it should be led away to those things which appear everywhere equally, everywhere equally lustrous. There is this too to consider, that earthly things stand in the way of genuine goods through a wayward belief in false goods. The longer people extend their colonnades, the higher they build their towers, the wider they stretch their walks, the deeper they dig their summer grottoes, the more massively they raise the roofs of their dining-halls, so much the more will there be to cut off the sight of heaven. Fate has cast you into a land where the most luxurious shelter is a hut. Truly you have a petty spirit which meanly comforts itself, if you put up with this bravely because you know about the hut of Romulus. Say rather 'This humble shack gives shelter, I suppose, to the virtues. Soon it will be more elegant than any temple when justice is seen to

be there, and temperance, wisdom, piety, a system for the right allotment of all duties, and the knowledge of man and god. No place is narrow which can hold this assembly of such great virtues; no exile is burdensome when you can have this company with you.'

In his treatise 'On Virtue' Brutus says that he saw Marcellus in exile at Mytilene, living as happily as human nature allows, and never more keen on liberal studies than at that time. And so he adds that when he was about to return without Marcellus, he himself seemed to be going into exile rather than leaving the other in exile. How much more fortunate was Marcellus at that time when he won the favour of Brutus for his exile than when he won the favour of the state for his consulship! What a man that was who caused someone to feel himself an exile because he was leaving an exile behind! What a man he was to have won the admiration of a man whom even his kinsman Cato had to admire! Brutus also says that Gaius Caesar had sailed past Mytilene because he could not bear the sight of a great man in disgrace. Indeed, the senate obtained his recall by public petition: they were so anxious and sorrowful that they all seemed to share Brutus' feelings on that day, and to be pleading not for Marcellus but for themselves, in case they would be exiled if deprived of him. But he achieved much more on that day when Brutus could not bear to leave, nor Caesar to see, him in exile. For both gave him testimony: Brutus grieved to return without Marcellus, and Caesar blushed. Can you doubt that Marcellus, being the great man he was, often encouraged himself thus to endure his exile with equanimity? 'Being without your country is not misery: you have thoroughly taught yourself by your studies to know that to a wise man every place is his country. Besides, was not the man who caused your exile himself absent from his country for ten consecutive years? No doubt the reason was to enlarge his domains — yet he certainly was absent. See, now he is summoned to Africa which is full of threats of further war; to Spain which is reviving its forces shattered by defeat; to treacherous Egypt — in short to the whole world which is watchful for an opportunity against the stricken empire. Which problem shall he face first? To which quarter take his stand? His own victorious course will drive him throughout the world. Let the nations honour and worship him; live yourself content with Brutus as your admirer.'

Well did Marcellus, then, endure his exile, nor did his change of abode cause any change at all in his mind though poverty attended it. But there is no evil in poverty, as anyone knows who has not yet arrived at the lunatic state

of greed and luxury, which ruin everything. For how little is needed to support a man! And who can lack this if he has any virtue at all? As far as I am concerned, I know that I have lost not wealth but distractions. The body's needs are few: it wants to be free from cold, to banish hunger and thirst with nourishment; if we long for anything more we are exerting ourselves to serve our vices, not our needs. We do not need to scour every ocean, or to load our bellies with the slaughter of animals, or to pluck shellfish from the unknown shores of the furthest sea. May gods and goddesses destroy those whose luxury passes the bounds of an empire that already awakens envy. They seek to stock their pretentious kitchens by hunting beyond the Phasis, and they aren't ashamed to ask for birds from the Parthians, from whom we have not yet exacted vengeance. From all sides they collect everything familiar to a fastidious glutton. From the furthest sea is brought food which their stomachs, weakened by a voluptuous diet, can scarcely receive. They vomit in order to eat, and eat in order to vomit, and banquets for which they ransack the whole world they do not even deign to digest. If someone despises all that, what harm can poverty do him? If he longs for it, poverty even does him good: for against his will he is being cured, and if even under compulsion he does not take his medicine, for a time at least his inability to have those things looks like unwillingness. Gaius Caesar, whom I think nature produced as an example of the effect of supreme wickedness in a supreme position, dined in one day at a cost of ten million sesterces; and though helped in this by everyone's ingenuity he could scarcely discover how to spend the tribute from three provinces on one dinner. Poor wretches, whose appetite is only tempted by expensive foods! Yet it is not an exquisite taste or some delightful effect on the palate that makes them expensive, but their scarcity and the difficulty of procuring them. Otherwise, if these people would agree to return to good sense, where is the need for all these skills that serve the belly? What need for importing, or laying waste the woodlands, or ransacking the ocean? All around food lies ready which nature has distributed in every place; but men pass it by as though blind to it, and they scour every country, they cross the seas, and they whet their appetite at great expense when at little cost they could satisfy it. I want to say to them: 'Why do you launch your ships? Why do you arm your bands against both beasts and men? Why do you tear around in such a panic? Why do you pile wealth upon wealth? You really must consider how small your bodies are. Is it not madness and the worst form of derangement to want so much though you can hold so little? Therefore,

though you may increase your income and extend your estates, you will never increase the capacity of your bodies. Though your business may do well and warfare bring you profit, though you hunt down and gather your food from every side, you will not have anywhere to store your supplies. Why do you seek out so many things? To be sure, our ancestors were unhappy, whose virtue even now props up our vices, who procured their food with their own hands, who slept on the ground, whose dwellings did not yet glitter with gold nor their temples with precious stones — and so in those days they swore solemn oaths by gods of clay and, having invoked them, returned to the enemy to certain death rather than break their word. To be sure, our dictator who gave audience to the Samnite envoys while with his own hand he cooked the simplest sort of food (the hand which already had frequently smitten the enemy and placed a laurel wreath on the lap of Capitoline Jupiter) — he lived less happily than Apicius in our time, who in the city from which philosophers were once banished as corrupters of the youth, polluted the age by his teaching as professor of cookery.' It is worth hearing what happened to him. When he had spent a hundred million sesterces in his kitchen, when he had drunk up at every one of his carousals all those imperial gifts and the enormous revenue of the Capitol, then for the first time he was forced by the weight of his debts to look into his accounts. He reckoned he would have ten million sesterces left, and that living on ten million would be starvation: so he poisoned himself. What luxury, if ten million meant poverty! How then can you think that it is the amount of money that matters and not the attitude of mind? Someone dreaded having ten million, and what others pray for he escaped by poison. But indeed for a man of such perverted mentality that last drink was the best thing for him. It was when he was not merely enjoying but boasting of his huge banquets, when he was making a display of his vices, when he was drawing public attention to his vulgar displays, when he was tempting young people to imitate him (who even without bad examples are naturally impressionable) — then it was that he was really eating and drinking poisons. Such is the fate of those who measure wealth not by the standard of reason, whose limits are fixed, but by that of a vicious life-style governed by boundless, uncontrollable caprice. Nothing satisfies greed, but even a little satisfies nature. So an exile's poverty brings no hardship; for no place of exile is so barren that it cannot abundantly support a man.

'But,' says someone, 'the exile is going to miss his clothes and home.' These too he will miss only as far as he needs them — and he will lack

neither house nor covering; for the body needs as little for protection as for food. Nature has not made any of man's essentials laborious as well. But he must have richly dyed purple clothes, woven with gold thread and decorated with multicoloured patterns: it is his fault, not nature's, if he feels poor. Even if you give him back all he has lost, you'll be wasting your time; for once he is back from exile he will feel a greater lack compared with his desires than he felt as an exile compared with his former possessions. But he must have furniture gleaming with gold vessels and antique silver plate wrought by famous artists, bronze made valuable because a few lunatics want it, a crowd of slaves which would throng a house however large, beasts of burden with bodies bloated with force-feeding, marbles from every land: though he piles all these up, they will never sate his insatiable soul; just as no amount of fluid will satisfy one whose craving arises not from lack of water but from burning internal fever: for that is not a thirst but a disease. Nor is this true only of money or food: the same feature is found in every desire which arises not from a lack but from a vice. However much you heap up for it will not mark the end of greed, only a stage in it. So the man who restrains himself within the bounds set by nature will not notice poverty; the man who exceeds these bounds will be pursued by poverty however rich he is. Life's necessities are found even in places of exile, superfluities not even in kingdoms. It is the mind that creates our wealth, and this goes with us into exile, and in the harshest desert places it finds sufficient to nourish the body and revels in the enjoyment of its own goods. Money in no way concerns the mind any more than it concerns the gods. All those things which are revered by minds untaught and enslaved to their bodies — marble, gold, silver, great round polished tables — are earthly burdens which a soul pure and conscious of its nature cannot love: for it is light and unencumbered, and destined to soar aloft whenever it is released from the body. Meanwhile, so far as it is not hampered by our limbs and this heavy burden that envelops us, it surveys things divine with swift and winged thought. So the soul can never suffer exile, being free and akin to the gods and equal to all the universe and all time. For its thought encompasses the whole of heaven, and journeys into all past and future time. This wretched body, the chain and prison of the soul, is tossed hither and thither; upon it punishment and pillage and disease wreak havoc: but the soul itself is holy and eternal, and it cannot be assailed with violence.

In case you think I am simply using the teaching of philosophers to

make light of the trials of poverty, which no one feels to be a burden unless he thinks it that, first consider that by far the greater proportion of men are poor, but you will not see them looking at all more gloomy and anxious than the rich. In fact, I rather suspect that they are happier in proportion as their minds have less to harry them. Let us pass on to the rich: how frequently are they just like the poor! When they travel abroad their luggage is restricted, and whenever they are forced to hasten their journey they dismiss their retinue of attendants. When they are serving in the army, how little of their belongings do they keep with them, since camp discipline forbids any luxury! Nor is it only special conditions of time and place which put them on a level with the poor in their needs: when on occasion they get tired of their riches they choose certain days on which they dine on the ground and, putting aside their gold and silver vessels, use earthenware ones. What lunatics, to covet sometimes a condition they always dread! What mental darkness, what ignorance of the truth blinds those who, though afflicted by the fear of poverty, yet take pleasure in imitating it! For my part, whenever I look back at the fine examples of antiquity, I am ashamed to find consolations for poverty, since the luxury of the times has reached the point where an exile's allowance is more than the inheritance of leading men of old. We all know that Homer had one slave, Plato had three, and Zeno, the founder of the strict and manly Stoic philosophy, had none. Will anyone on that account say that they lived wretchedly without himself seeming to all by his words to be utterly wretched? Menenius Agrippa, who kept the public peace by acting as mediator between patricians and plebeians, was buried by public subscription. Atilius Regulus, while he was routing the Carthaginians in Africa, wrote to tell the senate that his hired worker had gone off and abandoned his farm: the senate voted that during Regulus' absence the farm should be managed by the state. Was it not worth being without a slave so that the Roman people might become his tenant? Scipio's daughters received a dowry from the state treasury because their father had left them nothing: assuredly it was right for the Roman people to offer tribute to Scipio once, since he was always exacting it from Carthage. Happy were the girls' husbands whose father-in-law was the Roman people! Do you think those whose pantomime actresses marry with a dowry of a million sesterces are happier than Scipio, whose children had the senate for their guardian and received solid copper money as a dowry? Could anyone despise poverty with a pedigree so distinguished? Could an exile resent lacking anything, when

Scipio lacked a dowry, Regulus a hired worker, Menenius a funeral: when for all of them supplying their need was all the more honourable simply because they had the need? And so, with these men pleading her cause poverty wins not only acquittal but high esteem.

One might reply, 'Why do you make an artificial separation of those things which can be borne separately but not in combination? You can put up with a change of place if only the place is changed. You can put up with poverty if there is no disgrace, which even alone usually crushes the spirit.' In answer to this man who aims to frighten me by an accumulation of ills, this must be said: 'If you have the strength to tackle any one aspect of misfortune you can tackle all. When once virtue has toughened the mind it renders it invulnerable on every side. If greed, the most overmastering plague of the human race, has relaxed its grip, ambition will not stand in your way. If you regard your last day not as a punishment but as a law of nature, the breast from which you have banished the dread of death no fear will dare to enter. If you consider that sexual desire was given to man not for enjoyment but for the propagation of the race, once you are free of this violent and destructive passion rooted in your vitals, every other desire will leave you undisturbed. Reason routs the vices not one by one but all together: the victory is final and complete.' Do you think that any wise man can be affected by disgrace, one who relies entirely on himself and holds aloof from common beliefs? A disgraceful death is worse than disgrace: yet Socrates went to prison with the same expression he wore when he once snubbed the Thirty Tyrants — and his presence robbed even prison of disgrace, for where Socrates was could not seem a prison. Who is so blind to the truth that he thinks it was a disgrace to Marcus Cato that he was twice defeated in his bid for the praetorship and consulship? The disgrace belonged to the praetorship and consulship which were being honoured by Cato. No man is despised by another unless he is first despised by himself. An abject and debased mind is susceptible to such insult; but if a man stirs himself to face the worst of disasters and defeats the evils which overwhelm others, then he wears those very sorrows like a sacred badge. For we are naturally disposed to admire more than anything else the man who shows fortitude in adversity. When Aristides was being led to execution at Athens, everyone who met him cast down his eyes and groaned, as though it was not merely a just man but Justice herself who was being punished. Yet one man actually spat in his face. He could have resented this because he knew that only a foul-mouthed man would dare to do it. Instead

he wiped his face, and with a smile he said to the magistrate escorting him: 'Warn that fellow not to give such a vulgar yawn another time.' This was to retaliate insult upon insult. I know some people say that nothing is worse than scorn and that even death seems preferable. To these I shall reply that exile too is often free from any kind of scorn. If a great man falls and remains great as he lies, people no more despise him than they stamp on a fallen temple, which the devout still worship as much as when it was standing.

Dearest mother, since you have no cause on my account to drive you to endless tears it follows that reasons regarding yourself are urging you to weep. Well, there are two: you are bothered either because you seem to have lost some protection, or because you cannot endure the very thought of doing without me.

The first point I must touch upon only slightly, for I know that your heart loves your dear ones for themselves alone. Let those mothers reflect on this who exploit their children's influence with a woman's lack of influence; who, because women cannot hold office, seek power through their sons; who both drain their sons' inheritances and try to get them; who exhaust their sons by lending their eloquence to others. Whereas you have taken the greatest pleasure in your sons' gifts and made the least use of them; you have always set a limit to our generosity without limiting your own; while your father was still alive you actually gave gifts to your wealthy sons; you administered our inheritances as though you were earnestly looking after your own and being scrupulously provident with another's; you were cautious in using our influence, as if it were someone else's, and in our spells in office you had no part except your pleasure and the expenses. Your love never had regard for self-interest: therefore, now that your son has been taken from you, you cannot feel the lack of those things which you never thought concerned you when he was safe and sound.

I must direct my consolation entirely to that point from which arises the true force of a mother's grief. You say, 'So I am deprived of my dearest son's embrace; I can't enjoy seeing him or talking to him. Where is he whose appearance smoothed my troubled brow, to whom I confided all my woes? Where are our conversations of which I never tired? Where are his studies which I shared with more than a feminine eagerness and more than a mother's intimacy? Where are our meetings? Where is the unfailing boyish glee at the sight of his mother?' To all this you add the actual places where we rejoiced together and socialized, and the reminders of our recent life together which

are inevitably the most acute source of mental anguish. For Fortune plotted even this cruel blow against you, that only two days before I was struck down she contrived that you should depart tranquil in mind and fearing no such disaster. It was well that we had lived far apart, and that an absence of some years had prepared you for this blow. By returning you did not gain the pleasure of your son's presence, but you lost the habit of bearing his absence. If you had been away long before you would have borne the loss more bravely, as the very distance between us would have softened the longing. If you had not gone away you would at least have had the final pleasure of seeing your son for two days longer. As it was, cruel fate so arranged it that you could neither be present at my misfortune nor get used to my absence. But the harsher these circumstances are, the greater the courage you must summon up and the more fiercely you must fight, as with an enemy you know and have often defeated. Your blood has not now flowed from an undamaged body: you have been struck exactly where the old scars are.

You must not excuse yourself as being a woman, who has been virtually given the right to indulge excessively, but not endlessly, in tears. With this in view our ancestors allowed widows to mourn their husbands for ten months, in order to compromise by public decree with the stubbornness of female grief. They did not prohibit mourning but they limited it. For to be afflicted with endless sorrow at the loss of someone very dear is foolish self-indulgence, and to feel none is inhuman callousness. The best compromise between love and good sense is both to feel longing and to conquer it. You must not pay regard to certain women whose grief, once assumed, was ended only by death — you know some who never removed the mourning dress they put on when they lost their sons. Your life was braver from its start and expects more from you: the excuse of being a woman does not apply to one from whom all womanly faults have been absent. That worst evil of our time, unchastity, has not numbered you among the majority of women; neither jewels nor pearls have influenced you; the glitter of wealth has not struck you as the greatest blessing of the human race; you were brought up in a strict, old-fashioned home and never deviated into the imitation of worse women which is dangerous even to good ones; you were never ashamed of your fertility as if it taunted you with your advancing years; never did you follow other women who seek only to impress by their looks, and hide your pregnancy as if it were an indecent burden, nor did you destroy the hopes of giving birth by abortion; you did not spoil your complexion by paints and

cosmetics; you never liked the sort of garment which revealed no more when it was taken off; in you has been seen that matchless ornament, that loveliest beauty which is not dependent on any time of life, that greatest glory of all — modesty. So you cannot, in order to justify your grief, claim the name of woman from which your virtues have set you apart: you ought to be as immune to female tears as to female vices. Not even women will allow you to waste away from your wound, but they will tell you to get your necessary mourning speedily over with and rise again comforted, by willing yourself to keep in mind those women whose conspicuous courage has ranked them with great men. Fortune reduced Cornelia's twelve children to two: if you wanted to count Cornelia's bereavements, she had lost ten; if you wanted to appraise them, she had lost the Gracchi. But when those around her were weeping and cursing her fate she forbad them to accuse Fortune, which had given her the Gracchi as her sons. It was a fitting son of this mother who said in the assembly, 'Would you insult the mother who gave me birth?' Yet his mother's words seem to me much more spirited: the son was proud of the parentage of the Gracchi, the mother of their deaths as well. Rutilia followed her son Cotta into exile, and was so single-minded in her devotion that she preferred exile to missing him, and returned home only when he did. And when, restored to favour and a distinguished public figure, he died, she bore his loss as bravely as she had shared his exile, nor was she ever seen to weep after his funeral. She showed courage when he was exiled and wisdom when he died; for nothing stopped her showing her love and nothing induced her to persist in useless and unavailing grief. It is with women like these that I want you to be numbered. You always imitated their way of life, and you will best follow their example in controlling and conquering your sorrow.

I know that this is not something which is in our power and that no strong feeling is under our control, least of all that which arises from sorrow: for it is violent and violently resists every remedy. Sometimes we want to crush it and swallow down our groans, but through the pretended composure of our features the tears pour down. Sometimes we divert our mind with public shows or gladiatorial contests, but in the very midst of the distractions of the spectacles it is undermined by some little reminder of its loss. Therefore it is better to conquer our grief than to deceive it. For if it has withdrawn, being merely beguiled by pleasures and preoccupations, it starts up again and from its very respite gains force to savage us. But the grief that has been conquered by reason is calmed for ever. I am not therefore going to

prescribe for you those remedies which I know many people have used, that you divert or cheer yourself by a long or pleasant journey abroad, or spend a lot of time carefully going through your accounts and administering your estate, or constantly be involved in some new activity. All those things help only for a short time; they do not cure grief but hinder it. But I would rather end it than distract it. And so I am leading you to that resource which must be the refuge of all who are flying from Fortune, liberal studies. They will heal your wound, they will withdraw all your melancholy. Even if you had never been familiar with them you would have need of them now. But, so far as the old-fashioned strictness of my father allowed, you have had some acquaintance with the liberal arts, even if you have not mastered them. If only my father, best of men, had been less devoted to ancestral tradition, and had been willing that you be steeped in the teaching of philosophy and not just gain a smattering of it: you would not now have to acquire your defence against Fortune but just bring it forth. He was less inclined to let you pursue your studies because of those women who use books not to acquire wisdom but as the furniture of luxury. Yet thanks to your vigorously inquiring mind you absorbed a lot considering the time you had available: the foundations of all formal studies have been laid. Return now to these studies and they will keep you safe. They will comfort you, they will delight you; and if they genuinely penetrate your mind, never again will grief enter there, or anxiety, or the distress caused by futile and pointless suffering. Your heart will have room for none of these, for to all other failings it has long been closed. Those studies are your most dependable protection, and they alone can snatch you from Fortune's grip.

But until you arrive at this haven which philosophy holds out to you, you must have supports to lean on: so I want meanwhile to point out your own consolations. Consider my brothers: while they live you have no reason to complain of your fortune. In both you have contrasting virtues to cheer you up: the one achieved public office by his energy, the other in his wisdom despised it. Take comfort in the distinction of the one, the retirement of the other, and the devotion of both. I know the innermost feelings of my brothers. The one fosters his distinction really in order to bring honour to you, while the other has retired into peace and tranquillity in order to have leisure for you. Fortune has done you a service in arranging that your children should bring you both assistance and delight: you can be protected by the distinction of the one and you can enjoy the leisure of the other. They will be rivals in

their services to you, and the devotion of two will fill the blank space left by one. I promise you with complete confidence that you will miss nothing but the number of sons.

After these consider too your grandchildren: Marcus, a most charming child — you could not remain sorrowful while looking at him, and no one's heart could suffer anguish too great or too recent not to be soothed by his embrace. Whose tears would his merriment not allay? Whose heart gripped by anxious care would not relax at his lively chatter? Who will not smile at his playfulness? Whose attention, however fixed on his own thoughts, will not be attracted and held by that prattling which no one could tire of? I pray to the gods that he may survive us! May all the cruelty of fate wear itself out and stop at me. Whatever you were destined to suffer as a mother and as a grandmother may I represent. Let the rest of my family flourish undisturbed. I shall not complain of my childlessness or my exile, if only I prove to be the scapegoat for a family that will suffer no more. Embrace Novatilla, who will soon give you great-grandchildren; I had so attached her to myself and adopted her that in losing me she could seem an orphan, though her father is alive. Cherish her for me too. Fortune recently took away her mother, but your love will mean that she will only grieve over her mother's loss but not suffer for it. Now you must shape and compose her character: teaching sinks more deeply into those of impressionable years. Let her grow used to your conversation and be moulded as you think right; you will be giving her a great deal even if you give her only your example. Such a sacred duty as this will act as a cure for you, for only philosophy or honourable occupation can divert from its anguish a heart whose grief springs from love.

I would reckon your father too among your great comforts if he were not absent. As it is, you must now judge his love for you by your love for him, and you will realize how much more just it is for you to preserve yourself for him than sacrifice yourself for me. Whenever excessive grief attacks you and urges you to give way to it, think of your father. Certainly, by giving him so many grandchildren and great-grandchildren you ceased to be his only offspring; but for him the completion of a happy life depends on you. While he lives it is wrong for you to complain that you have lived.

Up to now I have said nothing about your greatest comfort, your sister, that heart most faithful to you into which are poured unreservedly all your anxieties, that soul which has been a mother to us all. You mingled your tears with hers; on her bosom you first began to breathe again. Always indeed she

shares your feelings, but in my case she grieves not only for you. She carried me in her arms to Rome. During my long illness it was her loving and motherly nursing that brought me round. When I was a candidate for the quaestorship she supported me and, though she normally lacked the confidence even for conversation or a loud greeting, for my sake love conquered shyness. Neither her sheltered manner of living, nor her modesty (old-fashioned when compared with the prevalent brazenness of women), nor her tranquillity, nor her reserved nature which wanted peace and quiet — none of these prevented her from actually becoming ambitious on my behalf. She, dearest mother, is the source of comfort from which you can revive yourself: cling to her as much as you can in the closest embraces. Sorrowers tend to avoid what they are most fond of and try to give vent to their grief; but you must share all your thoughts with her. Whether you wish to keep this mood or lay it aside, you will find in her either the end of your sorrow or one who will share it. But if I know the wisdom of this paragon of women, she will not allow you to be consumed in profitless anguish, and she will tell you of an edifying episode in her life which I also witnessed.

While actually on a sea voyage she lost her beloved husband, my uncle, whom she had married as a maiden; yet she bore simultaneously the burdens of grief and fear and, though shipwrecked, she rode out the storms and brought his body safely ashore. O how many noble deeds of women are lost in obscurity! If she had chanced to live in the days of old when people frankly admired heroism, how men of genius would have competed to sing the praises of a wife who ignored her physical weakness, ignored the sea which even the bravest must fear, and risked her life to give her husband burial; and while her thoughts were on his funeral had no fears about her own! All the poets have given renown to the woman who offered to die in place of her husband. But this is nobler, to risk one's life to bury one's husband: for that love is greater which wins less through equal danger.

After this it can surprise no one that during the sixteen years her husband governed Egypt she was never seen in public, she received no provincial into her home, she never petitioned her husband for a favour, and she never allowed herself to be petitioned. The result was that a province given to gossip and clever at insulting its rulers, where even those who had avoided wrongdoing did not escape scandal, respected her as a singular pattern of integrity, restrained all licence in its speech (a very difficult achievement where even dangerous witticisms are popular), and even to this

day keeps hoping, though it never expects, to see another like her. It would have been a great achievement if she had won the approval of the province for sixteen years; it was even better not to have been noticed there. I do not recall these things in order to list her good qualities (to rehearse them so sketchily is to be unfair to them), but to give you an idea of the high-mindedness of the woman who was not conquered by ambition or greed, those inevitable companions and curses of power; who, facing shipwreck on a disabled boat, was not deterred by the fear of death from clinging to her dead husband and seeking not the means of her own escape but the means of getting his body off for burial. This is the sort of courage you must match, by withdrawing your mind from grief and resolving that no one shall think you regret having had children.

However, whatever you do, inevitably your thoughts will turn to me constantly, and none of your other children will come to your mind more often, not because they are less dear to you but because it is natural to touch more often the part that hurts. So this is how you must think of me — happy and cheerful as if in the best of circumstances. For they are best, since my mind, without any preoccupation, is free for its own tasks, now delighting in more trivial studies, now in its eagerness for the truth rising up to ponder its own nature and that of the universe. It seeks to know first about lands and their location, then the nature of the encompassing sea and its tidal ebb and flow. Then it studies all the awesome expanse which lies between heaven and earth — this nearer space turbulent with thunder, lightning, gales of wind, and falling rain, snow and hail. Finally, having scoured the lower areas it bursts through to the heights and enjoys the noblest sight of divine things and, mindful of its own immortality, it ranges over all that has been and will be throughout all ages.

On Tranquillity of Mind

SERENUS:[1] When I looked into myself, Seneca, some of my vices appeared clearly on the surface, so that I could lay my hand on them; some were more hidden away in the depths; some were not there all the time but return at intervals. These last I would say are the most troublesome: they are like prowling enemies who pounce on you when occasion offers, and allow you neither to be at the ready as in war nor at ease as in peace. However, the state I most find myself in (for why should I not admit the truth to you as to a doctor?) is that I am not really free of the vices which I feared and hated, though not, on the other hand, subject to them: this puts me in a condition which is not the worst, but an extremely peevish and quarrelsome one — I am neither ill nor well. There is no need for you to say that all virtues are fragile to start with and acquire firmness and strength with time. I know too that those which toil to make a good impression, seeking high rank, for example, and a reputation for eloquence, and whatever depends on the approval of others, take time to mature — both those which offer real strength and those which are tricked out in some sort of dye aimed at popularity have to wait years until the passage of time gradually produces their colour. But I'm afraid that habit, which induces firmness in things, may drive this fault more deeply into me: long association brings love of evil as well as good.

I cannot show all at once so much as bit by bit the nature of this mental weakness, which wavers between two choices and does not incline strongly either to right or to wrong: I'll tell you what happens to me and you can find a name for the malady. I have a tremendous love of frugality, I must admit. I don't like a couch decked out ostentatiously; or clothes brought out from a chest or given a sheen by the forceful pressure of weights and a thousand mangles, but homely and inexpensive, and not hoarded to be donned with fuss and bother. I like food which is not prepared and watched over by the household slaves, not ordered many days in advance nor served by a multitude of hands, but readily obtainable and easy to deal with, nothing in it out of the way or expensive, available everywhere, not heavy on the purse or the body, and not destined to come back by the same way it entered. I want

my servant to be an ordinary, unskilled, home-born slave; my silver to be the heavy ware of my rustic father without any hallmark; and my table to be without flashy variegated markings and not familiar to the whole town through its many changes of fashionable owners, but set up to be used and not to distract any guest's eyes with pleasure or kindle them with envy. But when I have set up these standards I find my mind dazzled by the fine trappings of some training-school for servants, with the slaves more carefully clothed and decked with gold than if they were in a public parade, and a whole army of glittering flunkies; by a house where you even walk on precious stones, where wealth is scattered in every corner, where the roof itself glitters, and the whole populace deferentially attends the ruin of a family heritage. Need I mention pools clear to their depths which flow around the dinner guests, or banquets worthy of their surroundings? After being long given up to frugality I have found myself surrounded by the lavish splendour of luxury echoing all about me. My vision wavers somewhat, for I can raise my mind to face it more easily than my eyes. And so I come back not a worse but a sadder man; I don't move with my head so high among my trivial possessions; and a secret gnawing doubt undermines me whether that life is superior. None of these things is changing me, but none of them fails to shake me.

I decide to follow my teacher's precepts and busy myself in state affairs; I decide to achieve public office — not, of course, because of the purple robe and the lictors' rods, but so that I can be more ready with help for my friends and relations, for all my fellow-citizens, and then for all mankind. Enthusiastically I follow Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, of whom, by the way, none entered public life and all urged others to do so. But when something has assailed my mind, which is not used to being battered; when something has happened which either is unworthy of me (a common experience in every human life) or cannot easily be dealt with; when unimportant things become time-consuming; I take refuge in leisure and, just like weary flocks of animals, I make my way more quickly home. I decide to restrict my life within its walls, saying, 'Let no one rob me of a single day who is not going to make me an adequate return for such a loss. Let my mind be fixed on itself, cultivate itself, have no external interest — nothing that seeks the approval of another; let it cherish the tranquillity that has no part in public or private concerns.' But when my mind is excited by reading a convincing account of something and spurred on by noble examples, I long to rush into

the forum, to speak on behalf of one man and offer help to another, which will at least be an attempt to assist even if it does not succeed, or to curb the pride of someone else grown arrogant by success.

In my studies I suppose it must indeed be better to keep my theme firmly in view and speak to this, while allowing the theme to suggest my words and so dictate the course of an unstudied style of speech. 'Where is the need,' I ask, 'to compose something to last for ages? Why not stop trying to prevent posterity being silent about you? You were born to die, and a silent funeral is less bothersome. So if you must fill your time, write something in a simple style for your own use and not for publication: less toil is needed if you study only for the day.' Again, when my mind is lifted up by the greatness of its thoughts, it becomes ambitious for words and longs to match its higher inspiration with its language, and so produces a style that conforms to the impressiveness of the subject matter. Then it is that I forget my rule and principle of restraint, and I am carried too far aloft by a voice no longer my own.

To cut the matter short, this weakness in my good intentions pursues me in every sphere. I fear that I am gradually getting worse, or (which is more worrying) that I am hanging on an edge like someone always on the point of falling, and that perhaps there is more wrong than I myself can see: for we take too intimate a view of our own characteristics and bias always affects our judgement. I imagine many people could have achieved wisdom if they had not imagined they had already achieved it, if they had not dissembled about some of their own characteristics and turned a blind eye to others. For you have no reason to suppose that we come to grief more through the flattery of others than through our own. Who has dared to tell himself the truth? Who even when surrounded by crowds of toadying sycophants is not his own greatest flatterer? So, I am appealing to you, if you have any cure for this vacillation of mind, to consider me worthy of owing tranquillity to you. I realize that these mental agitations of mine are not dangerous and won't produce a storm. To express my complaint for you in a realistic metaphor, I am harried not by a tempest but by sea-sickness. Whatever my ailment, then, root it out and come to the help of one who is struggling in sight of land.

SENECA: Indeed, Serenus, I have long been silently asking myself to what I should compare such a mental state, and I could find no closer analogy than the condition of those people who have got over a long and serious illness, but are still sometimes mildly affected by onsets of fever and pain,

and even when free of the last symptoms are still worried and upset; and, though quite better, offer their hands to doctors and needlessly complain if they feel at all hot. With these people, Serenus, it is not that their bodies are insufficiently healed but that they are insufficiently used to health, just as even a calm sea will show some ripples, especially when it has subsided following a storm. So what you need is not those more radical remedies which we have now finished with — blocking yourself here, being angry with yourself there, threatening yourself sternly somewhere else — but the final treatment, confidence in yourself and the belief that you are on the right path, and not led astray by the many tracks which cross yours of people who are hopelessly lost, though some are wandering not far from the true path. But what you are longing for is great and supreme and nearly divine — not to be shaken. The Greeks call this steady firmness of mind 'euthymia' (Democritus wrote a good treatise about it), but I call it tranquillity, as there is no need to imitate and reproduce the form of Greek words: the point at issue must be indicated by some term which should have the sense but not the form of the Greek name. We are, therefore, seeking how the mind can follow a smooth and steady course, well disposed to itself, happily regarding its own condition and with no interruption to this pleasure, but remaining in a state of peace with no ups and downs: that will be tranquillity. Let us consider in general how this can be achieved: you will then extract what you like from the communal remedy. Meanwhile the whole failing must be dragged out into the open, where everyone will recognize his own share in it. At the same time you will realize how much less trouble you have with your self-revulsion than those people who, tied to some specious declaration and labouring under an impressive title, are stuck with their own pretence more by shame than by desire.

They are all in the same category, both those who are afflicted with fickleness, boredom and a ceaseless change of purpose, and who always yearn for what they have left behind, and those who just yawn from apathy. There are those too who toss around like insomniacs, and keep changing their position until they find rest through sheer weariness. They keep altering the condition of their lives, and eventually stick to that one in which they are trapped not by weariness with further change but by old age which is too sluggish for novelty. There are those too who suffer not from moral steadfastness but from inertia, and so lack the fickleness to live as they wish, and just live as they have begun. In fact there are innumerable characteristics

of the malady, but one effect — dissatisfaction with oneself. This arises from mental instability and from fearful and unfulfilled desires, when men do not dare or do not achieve all they long for, and all they grasp at is hope: they are always unbalanced and fickle, an inevitable consequence of living in suspense. They struggle to gain their prayers by every path, and they teach and force themselves to do dishonourable and difficult things; and when their efforts are unrewarded the fruitless disgrace tortures them, and they regret not the wickedness but the frustration of their desires. Then they are gripped by repentance for their attempt and fear of trying again, and they are undermined by the restlessness of a mind that can discover no outlet, because they can neither control nor obey their desires, by the dithering of a life that cannot see its way ahead, and by the lethargy of a soul stagnating amid its abandoned hopes. All these afflictions are worse when, through hatred of their toilsome failure, men have retreated into idleness and private studies which are unbearable to a mind aspiring to public service, keen on activity, and restless by nature because of course it is short of inner resources. In consequence, when the pleasures have been removed which busy people derive from their actual activities, the mind cannot endure the house, the solitude, the walls, and hates to observe its own isolation. From this arises that boredom and self-dissatisfaction, that turmoil of a restless mind and gloomy and grudging endurance of our leisure, especially when we are ashamed to admit the reasons for it and our sense of shame drives the agony inward, and our desires are trapped in narrow bounds without escape and stifle themselves. From this arise melancholy and mourning and a thousand vacillations of a wavering mind, buoyed up by the birth of hope and sickened by the death of it. From this arises the state of mind of those who loathe their own leisure and complain that they have nothing to do, and the bitterest envy at the promotion of others. For unproductive idleness nurtures malice, and because they themselves could not prosper they want everyone else to be ruined. Then from this dislike of others' success and despair of their own, their minds become enraged against fortune, complain about the times, retreat into obscurity, and brood over their own sufferings until they become sick and tired of themselves. For the human mind is naturally mobile and enjoys activity. Every chance of stimulation and distraction is welcome to it — even more welcome to all those inferior characters who actually enjoy being worn out by busy activity. There are certain bodily sores which welcome the hands that will hurt them, and long to be touched, and a foul itch loves to be

scratched: in the same way I would say that those minds on which desires have broken out like horrid sores take delight in toil and aggravation. For some things delight our bodies even when they cause some pain, like turning over to change a side that is not yet tired and repeatedly shifting to keep cool: so Achilles in Homer lay now on his face, now on his back, trying to settle in different positions, and like an invalid could endure nothing for long but used his restlessness as a cure. Hence men travel far and wide, wandering along foreign shores and making trial by land and sea of their restlessness, which always hates what is around it. 'Let's now go to Campania.' Then when they get bored with luxury — 'Let's visit uncultivated areas; let's explore the woodlands of Bruttium and Lucania.' And yet amid the wilds some delight is missing by which their pampered eyes can find relief from the tedious squalor of these unsightly regions. 'Let's go to Tarentum, with its celebrated harbour and mild winters, an area prosperous enough for a large population even in antiquity.' 'Let's now make our way to the city' — too long have their ears missed the din of applause: now they long to enjoy even the sight of human blood. They make one journey after another and change spectacle for spectacle. As Lucretius says, 'Thus each man ever flees himself.' But to what end, if he does not escape himself? He pursues and dogs himself as his own most tedious companion. And so we must realize that our difficulty is not the fault of the places but of ourselves. We are weak in enduring anything, and cannot put up with toil or pleasure or ourselves or anything for long. This weakness has driven some men to their deaths; because by frequently changing their aims they kept falling back on the same things and had left themselves no room for novelty. They began to be sick of life and the world itself, and out of their enervating self-indulgence arose the feeling 'How long must I face the same things?'

You want to know what remedy I can recommend against this boredom. The best course, as Athenodorus says, would be to busy oneself in the practical activity of political involvement and civic duties. For just as some people spend the day in sun-bathing, exercise and the care of their bodies, and for athletes it is of the highest practical importance to spend most of their time cultivating the strength of their limbs, to which alone they have devoted themselves, so for you, who are training your mind for the contests of public life, by far the finest approach is regular practice. For when one intends to make himself useful to his fellow-citizens and fellowmen, he is at the same time getting practice and doing good if he throws himself heart and soul into

the duty of looking after both the community and the individual. 'But,' says Athenodorus, 'since mankind is so insanely ambitious and so many false accusers twist right into wrong, making honesty unsafe and bound to meet resistance rather than help, we should indeed retire from public and political life, though a great mind has scope for free activity even in private life. The energies of lions and other animals are restricted by cages, but not of men, whose finest achievements are seen in retirement. However, let a man seclude himself on condition that, wherever he conceals his leisure, he is prepared to serve both individuals and all mankind by his intellect, his words and his counsel. Service to the state is not restricted to the man who produces candidates for office, defends people in court, and votes for peace and war: the man who teaches the young, who instils virtue into their minds (and we have a great shortage of good teachers), who grips and restrains those who are rushing madly after wealth and luxury, and if nothing more at least delays them — he too is doing a public service, though in private life. Do you imagine that more benefit is provided by the praetors, who settle cases between foreigners and citizens by pronouncing to appellants the verdict of the assessor, than by those who pronounce on the nature of justice, piety, endurance, bravery, contempt of death, knowledge of the gods, and how free a blessing is that of a good conscience? So if you devote to your studies the time you have taken from your public duties you will not have deserted or evaded your task. For the soldier is not only the man who stands in the battle line, defending the right and left wings, but also the one who guards the gates and has the post, less dangerous but not idle, of keeping the watch and guarding the armoury: these duties, though bloodless, count as military service. If you apply yourself to study you will avoid all boredom with life, you will not long for night because you are sick of daylight, you will be neither a burden to yourself nor useless to others, you will attract many to become your friends and the finest people will flock about you. For even obscure virtue is never concealed but gives visible evidence of herself: anyone worthy of her will follow her tracks. But if we shun all society and, abandoning the human race, live for ourselves alone, this isolation, devoid of any interest, will be followed by a dearth of worthwhile activity. We shall begin to put up some buildings, to pull down others, to push back the sea, to draw waters through unnatural channels, and to squander the time which nature gave us to be used. Some of us use it sparingly, others wastefully; some spend it so that we can give an account of it, others so that we have no

balance left — a most shameful result. Often a very old man has no other proof of his long life than his age.'

It seems to me, my dear Serenus, that Athenodorus has too easily submitted to the times and too quickly retreated. I would not deny that one has to yield sometimes — but by a gradual retreat, and holding on to our standards and our soldier's honour. Those who are still armed when they agree terms with their enemies are safer and more highly regarded. This, I think, is what Virtue and Virtue's disciple should do: if Fortune gets the better of someone and deprives him of the means of action, he should not immediately turn his back and bolt, dropping his weapons and looking for a place to hide (as if there were any place where Fortune could not find him), but he should apply himself more sparingly to his duties and choose something carefully in which he can serve the state. Suppose he cannot be a soldier: let him seek public office. Suppose he has to live in a private capacity: let him be an advocate. Suppose he is condemned to silence: let him help his fellow-citizens by unspoken support. Suppose it is dangerous for him to be seen in the forum: in private homes, at the shows, at banquets let him play the part of a good companion, a loyal friend, a temperate banqueter. Suppose he has lost the duties of a citizen: let him practise those of a man. With a lofty spirit we have refused to confine ourselves within the walls of one city, and we have gone out to have dealings with the whole earth and claimed the world as our country, for this reason, that we might give our virtue a wider field for action. Suppose you are cut off from judicial office, and public speaking and elections are closed to you: consider all the extensive regions that lie open behind you, all the peoples — you will never find an area barred to you so large that an even larger one is not left open. But take care that this is not entirely your fault — for example, that you don't want to take public office except as consul or prytanis or herald or sufes. But suppose you didn't want to serve in the army except as general or tribune? Even if others hold the front line and your lot has put you in the third rank, you must play the soldier there with your voice, your encouragement, your example and your spirit. Even if a man's hands are cut off, he finds he can yet serve his side by standing firm and cheering them on. You should do something like that: if Fortune has removed you from a leading role in public life you should still stand firm and cheer others on, and if someone grips your throat, still stand firm and help though silent. The service of a good citizen is never useless: being heard and seen, he helps by his expression, a nod of his

head, a stubborn silence, even his gait. Just as certain wholesome substances do us good by their odour even without tasting or touching them, so Virtue spreads her advantages even from a distant hiding place. Whether she walks abroad about her legitimate business, or appears on sufferance and is forced to furl her sails, whether she is confined, inactive and dumb, within a narrow space, or fully visible, in any condition at all she does good service. Why do you think that a man living in honourable retirement cannot offer a valuable example? Much the best course, therefore, is to combine leisure with some activity whenever a fully energetic life is impossible owing to the hindrances of chance or the state of the country; for you will never find absolutely every road blocked to some form of honourable activity.

Can you find a more wretched city than Athens when she was being torn apart by the Thirty Tyrants? Having killed thirteen hundred of the best citizens, they did not stop at that, but their very savagery spurred itself on. In a city which contained the Areopagus, a law court of the highest sanctity, and a senate and a popular assembly resembling a senate, there met daily a sinister group of executioners, and the unfortunate senate house was crowded with tyrants. Could that state be at peace where there were as many tyrants as attendants? There could not even be a hope of recovering their liberty nor any obvious chance of retaliation against such powerful villains: for where could the poor country find enough men like Harmodius? Yet Socrates was in the thick of it: he comforted the gloomy city fathers, encouraged those who were despairing of the state, reproached the rich who now feared their own wealth for a tardy repentance of their dangerous greed; and to those willing to imitate him he was a walking inspiration, as he moved about, a free spirit among thirty masters. Yet this was the man that Athens herself put to death in prison, and Freedom could not bear the freedom of the man who had openly scoffed at a whole troop of tyrants. So you can understand both that in a state suffering disaster the wise man has the opportunity to show an influential presence, and that in a successful and prosperous state money-grubbing, envy and a thousand other unmanly vices reign supreme. Therefore, according to the disposition of the state and the liberty Fortune allows us, we shall either extend or contract our activities; but at all events we shall stir ourselves and not be gripped and paralysed by fear. He indeed will prove a man who, threatened by dangers on all sides, with arms and chains clattering around him, will neither endanger nor conceal his courage: for self-preservation does not entail suppressing onself. Truly, I believe, Curius Dentatus used to say

that he preferred real death to living death; for the ultimate horror is to leave the number of the living before you die. But if you happen to live at a time when public life is hard to cope with, you will just have to claim more time for leisure and literary work, seek a safe harbour from time to time as if you were on a dangerous voyage, and not wait for public life to dismiss you but voluntarily release yourself from it first.

However, we must take a careful look first at ourselves, then at the activities which we shall be attempting, and then at those for whose sake and with whom we are attempting them.

Above all it is essential to appraise oneself, because we usually overestimate our capabilities. One man comes to grief through trusting his eloquence; another makes more demands on his fortune than it can stand; another taxes his frail body with laborious work. Some men are too shy for politics, which require a bold appearance; some through brashness are not fitted for court life; some cannot restrain their anger and any feeling of annoyance drives them to reckless language; some cannot control their wit and refrain from smart but dangerous sallies. For all of these retirement is more expedient than public activity: a passionate and impatient nature must avoid provocations to outspokenness that will cause trouble.

Then we must appraise the actual things we are attempting and match our strength to what we are going to undertake. For the performer must always be stronger than his task: loads that are too heavy for the bearer are bound to overwhelm him. Moreover, certain tasks are not so much great as prolific in producing many other tasks: we must avoid those which give birth in turn to new and manifold activities, and not approach something from which we cannot easily withdraw. You must set your hands to tasks which you can finish or at least hope to finish, and avoid those which get bigger as you proceed and do not cease where you had intended.

We must be especially careful in choosing people, and deciding whether they are worth devoting a part of our lives to them, whether the sacrifice of our time makes a difference to them. For some people actually charge us for our services to them. Athenodorus says he would not even go to dinner with a man who did not thereby feel indebted to him. I suppose you realize how much less inclined he was to visit those who repay their friends' services with a meal, and count the courses as largesses, as if they were overdoing the honour paid to another. Take away their witnesses and spectators and there is no fun in private gormandizing.

You must consider whether your nature is more suited to practical activity or to quiet study and reflection, and incline in the direction your natural faculty and disposition take you. Isocrates forcibly pulled Ephorus away from the forum, thinking he would be better employed in writing history. Inborn dispositions do not respond well to compulsion, and we labour in vain against nature's opposition.

But nothing delights the mind so much as fond and loyal friendship. What a blessing it is to have hearts that are ready and willing to receive all your secrets in safety, with whom you are less afraid to share knowledge of something than keep it to yourself, whose conversation soothes your distress, whose advice helps you make up your mind, whose cheerfulness dissolves your sorrow, whose very appearance cheers you up! To be sure, we shall choose those who are as far as possible free from strong desires; for vices spread insidiously, and those nearest to hand are assailed and damaged by contact with them. It follows that, just as at a time of an epidemic disease we must take care not to sit beside people whose bodies are infected with feverish disease because we shall risk ourselves and suffer from their breathing upon us, so in choosing our friends for their characters we shall take care to find those who are the least corrupted: mixing the sound with the sick is how disease starts. But I am not enjoining upon you to follow and associate with none but a wise man. For where will you find him whom we have been seeking for ages? In place of the ideal we must put up with the least bad. You would scarcely have the opportunity of a happier choice if you were hunting for good men among the Platos and Xenophons and all that offspring of the Socratic breed; or if you had access to the age of Cato, which produced many men worthy to be born in Cato's time. (It also produced many who were worse than at any other time and who committed appalling crimes: for both groups were necessary for Cato to be appreciated — he needed the good to win their approval and the bad to prove his strength.) But in the current dearth of good men you must be less particular in your choice. Still, you must especially avoid those who are gloomy and always lamenting, and who grasp at every pretext for complaint. Though a man's loyalty and kindness may not be in doubt, a companion who is agitated and groaning about everything is an enemy to peace of mind.

Let us turn to private possessions, the greatest source of human misery. For if you compare all the other things from which we suffer, deaths, illnesses, fears, desires, endurance of pains and toils, with the evils which

money brings us, the latter will far outweigh the others. So we must bear in mind how much lighter is the pain of not having money than of losing it; and we shall realize that the less poverty has to lose the less agony it can cause us. For you are mistaken if you think that rich people suffer with more fortitude: the pain of a wound is the same in the largest and the smallest bodies. Bion aptly remarks that plucking out hair hurts bald people just as much as those with hair. You can make the same point that rich and poor suffer equal distress: for both groups cling to their money and suffer if it is torn away from them. But, as I said, it is easier to bear and simpler not to acquire than to lose, so you will notice that those people are more cheerful whom Fortune has never favoured than those whom she has deserted. That great-souled man Diogenes realized this, and arranged that nothing could be taken from him. You can call this state poverty, deprivation, need, and give this freedom from care any shameful name you like: I shall not count this man happy if you can find me another who has nothing to lose. If I am not mistaken it is a royal position among all the misers, the cheats, the robbers, the kidnappers, to be the only one who cannot be harmed. If anyone has any doubts about Diogenes' felicity he can also have doubts about the condition of the immortal gods — whether they are living unhappily because they have no estates and parks and costly farms let out to foreign tenants and vast receipts of interest in the forum. Are you not ashamed of yourselves, all of you who are smitten by wealth? Come, look at the heavens: you will see the gods devoid of possessions, and giving everything though they have nothing. Do you think a man who has stripped himself of all the gifts of chance is poor, or that he resembles the immortal gods? Demetrius, Pompey's freedman, was not ashamed to be richer than Pompey: would you say he was thereby happier? He used to keep the tally of his slaves daily like a general reviewing his let us learn to rely on our limbs, and to adjust our style of dress and our way of living not to the newfangled patterns but to the customs of our ancestors. Let us learn to increase our self-restraint, to curb luxury, to moderate ambition, to soften anger, to regard poverty without prejudice, to practise frugality, even if many are ashamed of it, to apply to nature's needs the remedies that are cheaply available, to curb as if in fetters unbridled hopes and a mind obsessed with the future, and to aim to acquire our riches from ourselves rather than from Fortune. It is not possible that all the manifold and unfair disasters of life can be so repelled that many storm winds will not still assail those who spread their sails ambitiously. We must restrict our activities

so that Fortune's weapons miss their mark; and for that reason exiles and calamities have proved to benefit us and greater disasters have been mended by lesser ones. When the mind is less amenable to instruction and cannot be cured by milder means, why should it not be helped by having a dose of poverty and disgrace and general ruin — dealing with evil by evil? So let us get used to dining without a mass of people, to being slave to fewer slaves, to acquiring clothes for their proper purpose, and to living in more restricted quarters. Not only in running and the contests of the Circus, but in this race course of our lives we must keep to the inner track.

Even in our studies, where expenditure is most worth while, its justification depends on its moderation. What is the point of having countless books and libraries whose titles the owner could scarcely read through in his whole lifetime? The mass of books burdens the student without instructing him, and it is far better to devote yourself to a few authors than to get lost among many. Forty thousand books were burned in the library at Alexandria. Someone else can praise it as a sumptuous monument to royal wealth, like Titus Livius, who calls it a notable achievement of the good taste and devotion of kings. That was not good taste or devotion but scholarly self-indulgence — in fact, not even scholarly, since they had collected the books not for scholarship but for display. In the same way you will find that many people who lack even elementary culture keep books not as tools of learning but as decoration for their dining-rooms. So we should buy enough books for use, and none just for embellishment. 'But this,' you say, 'is a more honourable expense than squandering money on Corinthian bronzes and on pictures.' But excess in any sphere is reprehensible. How can you excuse a man who collects bookcases of citron-wood and ivory, amasses the works of unknown or third-rate authors, and then sits yawning among all his thousands of books and gets most enjoyment out of the appearance of his volumes and their labels? Thus you will see that the idlest men possess sets of orations and histories, with crates piled up to the ceiling: for nowadays an elegant library too has joined hot and cold baths as an essential adornment for a house. I would certainly excuse people for erring through an excessive love of study; but these collections of works of inspired genius, along with their several portraits, are acquired only for pretentious wall decoration.

But perhaps you have become involved in some difficult situation in life in which either public or private circumstances have fastened a noose on you unawares, which you can neither loosen nor snap. You must reflect that

fettered prisoners only at first feel the weight of the shackles on their legs: in time, when they have decided not to struggle against but to bear them, they learn from necessity to endure with fortitude, and from habit to endure with ease. In any situation in life you will find delights and relaxations and pleasures if you are prepared to make light of your troubles and not let them distress you. In no respect has nature put us more in her debt, since, knowing to what sorrows we were born, she contrived habit to soothe our disasters, and so quickly makes us grow used to the worst ills. No one could endure lasting adversity if it continued to have the same force as when it first hit us. We are all tied to Fortune, some by a loose and golden chain, and others by a tight one of baser metal: but what does it matter? We are all held in the same captivity, and those who have bound others are themselves in bonds — unless you think perhaps that the left-hand chain is lighter. One man is bound by high office, another by wealth; good birth weighs down some, and a humble origin others; some bow under the rule of other men and some under their own; some are restricted to one place by exile, others by priesthoods: all life is a servitude. So you have to get used to your circumstances, complain about them as little as possible, and grasp whatever advantage they have to offer: no condition is so bitter that a stable mind cannot find some consolation in it. Often small areas can be skilfully divided up to allow room for many uses and arrangement can make a narrow piece of ground inhabitable. Think your way through difficulties: harsh conditions can be softened, restricted ones can be widened, and heavy ones can weigh less on those who know how to bear them. Moreover, we must not send our desires on a distant hunt, but allow them to explore what is near to hand, since they do not submit to being totally confined. Abandoning those things which are impossible or difficult to attain, let us pursue what is readily available and entices our hopes, yet recognize that all are equally trivial, outwardly varied in appearance but uniformly futile within. And let us not envy those who stand higher than we do: what look like towering heights are precipices. On the other hand, those whom an unfair fate has put in a critical condition will be safer for lowering their pride in things that are in themselves proud and reducing their fortune as far as they can to a humble level. Indeed there are many who are forced to cling to their pinnacle because they cannot descend without falling; but they must bear witness that this in itself is their greatest burden, that they are forced to be a burden to others, and that they are not so much elevated as impaled. By justice, gentleness, kindness and lavish generosity let them prepare many

defences against later disasters to give them hope of hanging on more safely. But nothing can rescue us from these mental vacillations so efficiently as always to set some limit to advancements, and not to allow Fortune the decision when they should cease but ourselves to stop far short of that. In this way we shall have some desires to stimulate the mind, but being limited they will not lead us to a state of uncontrolled uncertainty.

What I am saying applies to people who are imperfect, commonplace and unsound, not to the wise man. He does not have to walk nervously or cautiously, for he has such self-confidence that he does not hesitate to make a stand against Fortune and will never give ground to her. He has no reason to fear her, since he regards as held on sufferance not only his goods and possessions and status, but even his body, his eyes and hand, and all that makes life more dear, and his very self, and he lives as though he were lent to himself and bound to return the loan on demand without complaint. Nor is he thereby cheap in his own eyes because he knows he is not his own, but he will act in all things as carefully and meticulously as a devout and holy man guards anything entrusted to him. And whenever he is ordered to repay his debt he will not complain to Fortune, but he will say: 'I thank you for what I have possessed and held. I have looked after your property to my great benefit, but at your command I give and yield it with gratitude and good will. If you want me still to have anything of yours, I shall keep it safe; if you wish otherwise, I give back and restore to you my silver, both coined and plate, my house and my household.' Should Nature demand back what she previously entrusted to us we shall say to her too: 'Take back my spirit in better shape than when you gave it. I do not quibble or hang back: I am willing for you to have straightway what you gave me before I was conscious — take it.' What is the harm in returning to the point whence you came? He will live badly who does not know how to die well. So we must first strip off the value we set on this thing and reckon the breath of life as something cheap. To quote Cicero, we hate gladiators if they are keen to save their life by any means; we favour them if they openly show contempt for it. You must realize that the same thing applies to us: for often the cause of dying is the fear of it. Dame Fortune, who makes sport with us, says, 'Why should I preserve you, base and fearful creature? You will only receive more severe wounds and stabs, as you don't know how to offer your throat. But you will both live longer and die more easily, since you receive the blade bravely, without withdrawing your neck and putting your hands in the way. He who fears death will never

do anything worthy of a living man. But he who knows that this was the condition laid down for him at the moment of his conception will live on those terms, and at the same time he will guarantee with a similar strength of mind that no events take him by surprise. For by foreseeing anything that can happen as though it will happen he will soften the onslaught of all his troubles, which present no surprises to those who are ready and waiting for them, but fall heavily on those who are careless in the expectation that all will be well. There is disease, imprisonment, disaster, fire: none of these is unexpected — I did know in what riotous company Nature had enclosed me. So many times have the dead been lamented in my neighbourhood; so many times have torch and taper conducted untimely funerals past my threshold. Often has the crash of a falling building echoed beside me. Many who were linked to me through the forum and the senate and everyday conversation have been carried off in a night, which has severed the hands once joined in friendship. Should it surprise me if the perils which have always roamed around me should some day reach me? A great number of people plan a sea voyage with no thought of a storm. I shall never be ashamed to go to a bad author for a good quotation. Whenever Publilius abandoned the absurdities of the mime and language aimed at the gallery, he showed more force of intellect than the writers of tragedy and comedy; and he produced many thoughts more striking than those of tragedy, let alone farce, including this one: 'What can happen to one can happen to all.' If you let this idea sink into your vitals, and regard all the ills of other people (of which every day shows an enormous supply) as having a clear path to you too, you will be armed long before you are attacked. It is too late for the mind to equip itself to endure dangers once they are already there. 'I didn't think it would happen' and 'Would you ever have believed it would turn out so?' Why ever not? Are there any riches which are not pursued by poverty and hunger and beggary? What rank is there whose purple robe and augur's staff and patrician shoe-straps are not attended by squalor and the brand of disgrace and a thousand marks of shame and utter contempt? What kingship does not face ruin and trampling down, the tyrant and the hangman? And these things are not separated by wide intervals: there is only a brief hour between sitting on a throne and kneeling to another. Know, then, that every condition can change, and whatever happens to anyone can happen to you too. You are rich: but are you richer than Pompey? Yet even he lacked bread and water when Gaius, his old relation and new host, had opened the house of Caesar to him so that

he could close his own. Though he possessed so many rivers flowing from source to mouth in his own lands, he had to beg for drops of water. He died of hunger and thirst in a kinsman's palace, and while he starved his heir was organizing a state funeral for him. You have filled the highest offices: were they as high or unexpected or all-embracing as Sejanus had? Yet on the same day the senate escorted him to prison and the people tore him to pieces; and there was nothing left for the executioner to drag away of the man who had had everything heaped on him that gods and men could offer. You are a king: I shall not direct you to Croesus, who lived to see his own funeral pyre both lit and extinguished, thus surviving not only his kingdom but his own death; nor to Jugurtha, who was put on show to the Roman people within a year of causing them terror. We have seen Ptolemy, king of Africa, and Mithridates, king of Armenia, imprisoned by Gaius. One of them was sent into exile; the other hoped to be sent there in better faith. In all this topsy-turvy succession of events, unless you regard anything that can happen as bound to happen you give adversity a power over you which the man who sees it first can crush.

The next thing to ensure is that we do not waste our energies pointlessly or in pointless activities: that is, not to long either for what we cannot achieve, or for what, once gained, only makes us realize too late and after much exertion the futility of our desires. In other words, let our labour not be in vain and without result, nor the result unworthy of our labour; for usually bitterness follows if either we do not succeed or we are ashamed of succeeding. We must cut down on all this dashing about that a great many people indulge in, as they throng around houses and theatres and fora: they intrude into other people's affairs, always giving the impression of being busy. If you ask one of them as he comes out of a house, 'Where are you going? What do you have in mind?' he will reply, 'I really don't know; but I'll see some people, I'll do something.' They wander around aimlessly looking for employment, and they do not what they intended but what they happen to run across. Their roaming is idle and pointless, like ants crawling over bushes, which purposelessly make their way right up to the topmost branch and then all the way down again. Many people live a life like these creatures, and you could not unjustly call it busy idleness. You will feel sorry for some folk you see rushing along as if to a fire; so often do they bump headlong into those in their way and send themselves and others sprawling, when all the time they have been running to call on someone who will not return the call,

or to attend the funeral of somebody they don't know, or the trial of somebody who is constantly involved in litigation, or the betrothal of a woman who is constantly getting married, and while attending a litter have on occasion even carried it. They then return home, worn out to no purpose and swearing they themselves don't know why they went out or where they have been — and the next day they will wander forth on the same old round. So let all your activity be directed to some object, let it have some end in view. It is not industry that makes men restless, but false impressions of things drive them mad. For even madmen need some hope to stir them: the outward show of some object excites them because their deluded mind cannot detect its worthlessness. In the same way every individual among those who wander forth to swell a crowd is led round the city by empty and trivial reasons. Dawn drives him forth with nothing to do, and after he has been jostled in vain on many men's doorsteps and only succeeds in greeting their slave-announcers, shut out by many he finds no one at home with more difficulty than himself. This evil leads in turn to that most disgraceful vice of eavesdropping and prying into public and secret things and learning about many matters which are safe neither to talk about nor to listen to.

I imagine that Democritus had this in mind when he began: 'Anyone who wishes to live a quiet life should not engage in many activities either privately or publicly' — meaning, of course, useless ones. For if they are essential, then not just many but countless things have to be done both privately and publicly. But when no binding duty summons us we must restrain our actions. For a man who is occupied with many things often puts himself into the power of Fortune, whereas the safest policy is rarely to tempt her, though to keep her always in mind and to trust her in nothing. Thus: 'I shall sail unless something happens'; and 'I shall become praetor unless something prevents me'; and 'My business will be successful unless something interferes.' That is why we say that nothing happens to the wise man against his expectation. We remove him not from the chances that befall mankind but from their mistakes, nor do all things turn out for him as he wished but as he reckoned — and above all he reckoned that something could block his plans. But inevitably the mind can cope more easily with the distress arising from disappointed longings if you have not promised it certain success.

We should also make ourselves flexible, so that we do not pin our hopes too much on our set plans, and can move over to those things to which

chance has brought us, without dreading a change in either our purpose or our condition, provided that fickleness, that fault most inimical to tranquillity, does not get hold of us. For obstinacy, from which Fortune often extorts something, is bound to bring wretchedness and anxiety, and much more serious is the fickleness that nowhere restrains itself. Both are hostile to tranquillity, and find change impossible and endurance impossible. In any case the mind must be recalled from external objects into itself: it must trust in itself, rejoice in itself, admire its own things; it must withdraw as much as possible from the affairs of others and devote its attention to itself; it must not feel losses and should take a kindly view even of misfortunes. When a shipwreck was reported and he heard that all his possessions had sunk, our founder Zeno said, 'Fortune bids me be a less encumbered philosopher.' When a tyrant threatened to kill the philosopher Theodorus, and indeed to leave him unburied, he replied, 'You can please yourself, and my half-pint of blood is in your power; but as to burial, you are a fool if you think it matters to me whether I rot above or below ground.' Julius Canus, an outstandingly fine man, whom we can admire even though he was born in our age, had a long dispute with Gaius; and as he was going away that Phalaris said to him, 'In case you are deluding yourself with foolish hopes, I have ordered you to be led off to execution.' His reply was 'I thank you, noble emperor.' I am not certain what he meant, for many possibilities occur to me. Did he mean to be insulting by showing the extent of the cruelty which caused death to be a blessing? Was he taunting him with his daily bouts of madness (for people used to thank him whose children had been murdered and whose property had been confiscated)? Was he accepting his sentence as a welcome release? Whatever he meant, it was a spirited reply. Someone will say, 'After this Gaius could have ordered him to live.' Canus was not afraid of that: Gaius was known to keep his word in commands of that sort. Will you believe that Canus spent the ten days leading up to his execution without any anxiety at all? It is incredible what that man said, what he did, how calm he remained. He was playing draughts when the centurion who was dragging off a troop of condemned men ordered him to be summoned too. At the call he counted his pieces and said to his companion, 'See that you don't falsely claim after my death that you won.' Then, nodding to the centurion, he said, 'You will be witness that I am leading by one piece.' Do you think Canus was just enjoying his game at that board? He was enjoying his irony. His friends were sorrowful at the prospect of losing such a man, and he said to them, 'Why are

you sad? You are wondering whether souls are immortal: I shall soon know.' He did not cease searching for the truth right up to the end and making his own death a topic for discussion. His philosophy teacher went with him, and when they were not far from the mound on which our god Caesar received his daily offering, he said, 'Canus, what are you thinking about now? What is your state of mind?' Canus replied, 'I have decided to take note whether in that most fleeting moment the spirit is aware of its departure from the body'; and he promised that if he discovered anything he would visit his friends in turn and reveal to them the state of the soul. Just look at that serenity in the midst of a hurricane, that spirit worthy of immortality, which invokes its own fate to establish the truth, and in that very last phase of life questions the departing soul and seeks to learn something not only up to the time of death but from the very experience of death itself. No one ever pursued philosophy longer. So great a man will not quickly be relinquished, and he should be referred to with respect: glorious spirit, who swelled the roll of Gaius' victims, we shall ensure your immortality.

But there is no point in banishing the causes of private sorrow, for sometimes we are gripped by a hatred of the human race. When you consider how rare is simplicity and how unknown is innocence, how you scarcely ever find loyalty except when it is expedient, what a host of successful crimes you come across, and all the things equally hateful that men gain and lose through lust, and how ambition is now so far from setting limits to itself that it acquires a lustre from viciousness — all this drives the mind into a darkness whose shadows overwhelm it, as though those virtues were overturned which it is not possible to hope for and not useful to possess. We must therefore school ourselves to regard all commonly held vices as not hateful but ridiculous, and we should imitate Democritus rather than Heraclitus. For whenever these went out in public, the latter used to weep and the former to laugh; the latter thought all our activities sorrows, the former, follies. So we should make light of all things and endure them with tolerance: it is more civilized to make fun of life than to bewail it. Bear in mind too that he deserves better of the human race as well who laughs at it than he who grieves over it; since the one allows it a fair prospect of hope, while the other stupidly laments over things he cannot hope will be put right. And, all things considered, it is the mark of a greater mind not to restrain laughter than not to restrain tears, since laughter expresses the gentlest of our feelings, and reckons that nothing is great or serious or even wretched in all the trappings

of our existence. Let every man contemplate the individual occurrences which bring us joy or grief, and he will learn the truth of Bion's dictum, that all the activities of men are like their beginnings, and their life is not more high-souled or serious than their conception, and that being born from nothing they are reduced to nothing. Yet it is preferable to accept calmly public behaviour and human failings, and not to collapse into either laughter or tears. For to be tormented by other people's troubles means perpetual misery, while to take delight in them is an inhuman pleasure; just as it is an empty show of kindness to weep and assume a solemn look because somebody is burying a son. In your own troubles too, the appropriate conduct is to indulge as much grief as nature, not custom, demands: for many people weep in order to be seen weeping, though their eyes are dry as long as there is nobody looking, since they regard it as bad form not to weep when everyone is weeping. This evil of taking our cue from others has become so deeply ingrained that even that most basic feeling, grief, degenerates into imitation.

We must next look at a category of occurrences which with good reason cause us grief and anxiety. When good men come to a bad end, when Socrates is compelled to die in prison and Rutilius to live in exile, when Pompey and Cicero have to offer their necks to their clients, when Cato, that living pattern of the virtues, has to fall on his sword to show the world what is happening to himself and the state at the same time; then we have to feel anguish that Fortune hands out such unfair rewards. And what can each of us then hope for himself when he sees the best men suffering the worst fates? What follows then? Observe how each of those men bore his fate; and if they were brave, long with your spirit for a spirit like theirs; if they died with womanly cowardice, then nothing died with them. Either they are worthy of your admiration for their courage or unworthy of your longing for their cowardice. For what is more disgraceful than if supremely great men by dying bravely make others fearful? Let us repeatedly praise one who deserves praise and let us say: 'The braver one is, the happier he is! You have escaped all mischances, envy and disease; you have come forth from prison — not that you seemed to the gods worthy of ill fortune, but unworthy that Fortune should any longer have power over you.' But we have to lay hands on those who pull back and at the very point of death look back towards life. I shall weep for no one who is happy and for no one who is weeping: the one has himself wiped away my tears; the other by his own tears has proved himself unworthy of any. Should I weep for Hercules because he was burned alive, or

Regulus because he was pierced by all those nails, or Cato because he wounded his own wounds? All of them by giving up a brief spell of time found the way to become eternal, and by dying achieved immortality.

There is also another not inconsiderable source of anxieties, if you are too concerned to assume a pose and do not reveal yourself openly to anyone, like many people whose lives are false and aimed only at outward show. For it is agonizing always to be watching yourself in fear of being caught when your usual mask has slipped. Nor can we ever be carefree when we think that whenever we are observed we are appraised; for many things happen to strip us of our pretensions against our will, and even if all this attention to oneself succeeds, yet the life of those who always live behind a mask is not pleasant or free from care. On the contrary, how full of pleasure is that honest and naturally unadorned simplicity that in no way hides its disposition! Yet this life too runs a risk of being scorned if everything is revealed to everybody; for with some people familiarity breeds contempt. But there is no danger of virtue being held cheap as a result of close observation, and it is better to be despised for simplicity than to suffer agonies from everlasting pretence. Still, let us use moderation here: there is a big difference between living simply and living carelessly.

We should also withdraw a lot into ourselves; for associating with people unlike ourselves upsets a calm disposition, stirs up passions again, and aggravates any mental weakness which has not been completely cured. However, the two things must be mingled and varied, solitude and joining a crowd: the one will make us long for people and the other for ourselves, and each will be a remedy for the other; solitude will cure our distaste for a crowd, and a crowd will cure our boredom with solitude.

The mind should not be kept continuously at the same pitch of concentration, but given amusing diversions. Socrates did not blush to play with small children; Cato soothed his mind with wine when it was tired from the cares of state; and Scipio used to disport that triumphal and military form in the dance, not shuffling about delicately in the present style, when even in walking men mince and wriggle with more than effeminate voluptuousness, but in the old-fashioned, manly style in which men danced at times of games and festivals, without loss of dignity even if their enemies were watching them. Our minds must relax: they will rise better and keener after a rest. Just as you must not force fertile farmland, as uninterrupted productivity will soon exhaust it, so constant effort will sap our mental vigour, while a short period

of rest and relaxation will restore our powers. Unremitting effort leads to a kind of mental dullness and lethargy. Nor would men's wishes move so much in this direction if sport and play did not involve a sort of natural pleasure; though repeated indulgence in these will destroy all the gravity and force of our minds. After all, sleep too is essential as a restorative, but if you prolong it constantly day and night it will be death. There is a big difference between slackening your hold on something and severing the link. Law-givers established holidays to give people a public mandate to enjoy themselves, thinking it necessary to introduce a sort of balance into their labours; and, as I said, certain great men gave themselves monthly holidays on fixed days, while others divided every day into periods of leisure and work. I remember that this was the practice of the great orator Asinius Pollio, whom nothing kept at work after the tenth hour. After that time he would not even read his letters, in case something fresh cropped up to be dealt with; but in those two hours he would rid himself of the weariness of the whole day. Some take a break in the middle of the day and keep any less demanding task for the afternoon hours. Our ancestors also forbad any new motion to be introduced in the senate after the tenth hour. The army divides the watches, and those who are returning from an expedition are exempt from night duty. We must indulge the mind and from time to time allow it the leisure which is its food and strength. We must go for walks out of doors, so that the mind can be strengthened and invigorated by a clear sky and plenty of fresh air. At times it will acquire fresh energy from a journey by carriage and a change of scene, or from socializing and drinking freely. Occasionally we should even come to the point of intoxication, sinking into drink but not being totally flooded by it; for it does wash away cares, and stirs the mind to its depths, and heals sorrow just as it heals certain diseases. Liber was not named because he loosens the tongue, but because he liberates the mind from its slavery to cares, emancipates it, invigorates it, and emboldens it for all its undertakings. But there is a healthy moderation in wine, as in liberty. Solon and Arcesilas are thought to have liked their wine, and Cato has been accused of drunkenness; whoever accused him will more easily make the charge honourable than Cato disgraceful. But we must not do this often, in case the mind acquires a bad habit; yet at times it must be stimulated to rejoice without restraint and austere soberness must be banished for a while. For whether we agree with the Greek poet that 'Sometimes it is sweet to be mad,' or with Plato that 'A man sound in mind knocks in vain at the doors of

poetry,' or with Aristotle that 'No great intellect has been without a touch of madness,' only a mind that is deeply stirred can utter something noble and beyond the power of others. When it has scorned everyday and commonplace thoughts and risen aloft on the wings of divine inspiration, only then does it sound a note nobler than mortal voice could utter. As long as it remains in its senses it cannot reach any lofty and difficult height: it must desert the usual track and race away, champing the bit and hurrying its driver in its course to a height it would have feared to scale by itself.

So here you have, my dear Serenus, the means of preserving your tranquillity, the means of restoring it, and the means of resisting the faults that creep up on you unawares. But be sure of this, that none of them is strong enough for those who want to preserve such a fragile thing, unless the wavering mind is surrounded by attentive and unceasing care.

注释

〔1〕 A friend of Seneca's.

THE INVISIBLE HAND

看不见的手

［英］亚当·斯密　著

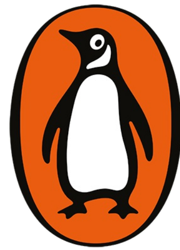
马睿　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

看不见的手

（英）亚当·斯密/著

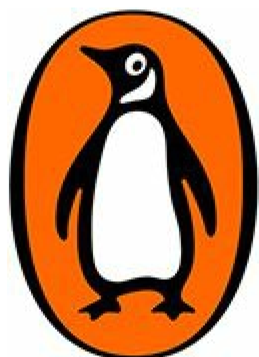
马睿/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

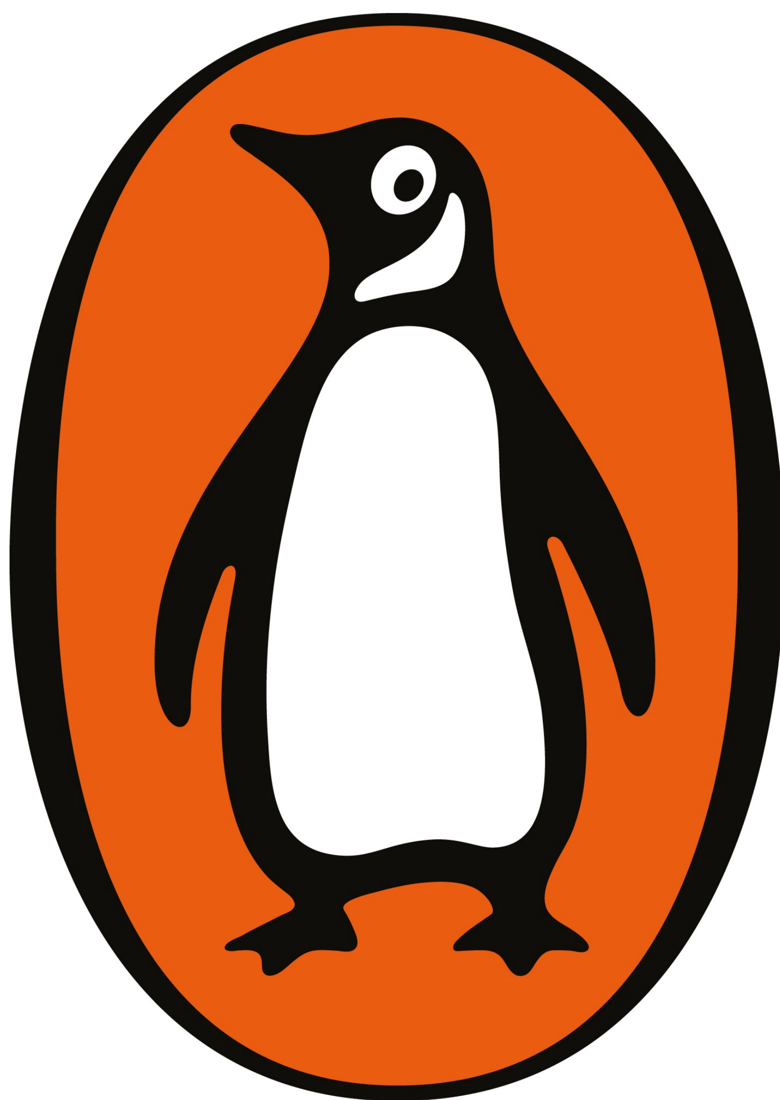
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
The Wealth of Nations first published 1776
This selection first published 2008
Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

亚当·斯密（Adam　Smith，1723—1790），苏格兰著名经济学家、哲学家与文学家。他最初进入格拉斯哥大学修习哲学，之后转入牛津大学（不过据说牛津大学的学习经历对他日后的事业并无太大帮助）。毕业后，他先是在爱丁堡大学教授文学与经济学，之后回到母校格拉斯哥大学教授逻辑学与道德哲学。他于1759年出版的第一部著作《道德情操论》便是总结格拉斯哥大学教学内容而成。自1763年底开始，亚当·斯密应邀担任私人教师，并辞去大学正式教职，也因此有机会同弟子一同游览欧洲大陆，并借机结识了许多精英知识分子。1766年，他返回故乡，开始潜心研究、专于创作；十年之后，他的鸿篇巨制《国民财富的性质和原因的研究》终于面世，也就是我们日后所熟知的《国富论》。

《国富论》是经济学领域里的不朽名著，被称为是现代经济学的开山之作，奠定了资本主义自由经济的理论基础，而作者亚当·斯密也因此被誉为是“古典经济学”的开山鼻祖，使经济学迈入了现代的维度。《国富论》集大成地将经济理论体系化，不仅第一次总结出“重商主义”这个概念，更深受“重农主义”的影响，重视劳动力与自由市场的作用，这在“凯恩斯主义”产生之前一直是世界的主流经济思想。

“重商主义”是16到18世纪流行于欧洲的经济政策，以商业为本位，强调以贸易顺差进行金银等贵金属的积累，所以通常会施行关税调节、垄断、殖民等措施。亚当·斯密创立“古典经济学”，写作《国富论》一书，并正式对前一个时代的“重商主义”进行理论总结，正是为了宣告“自由经济”时代将要脱胎而至。

《国富论》原作分上下两卷，共五篇，第一篇主要分析劳动分工及

国民财富的分配，第二篇主要分析资本的性质、积累和用途，第三篇主要分析当时比较普遍的重视都市工商业却轻视农业的政策的原因，第四篇主要分析不同国家不同阶段的不同经济理论，第五篇主要分析国家收入的使用方式。

“看不见的手”的概念，是贯穿亚当·斯密一生学术思想的绝妙比喻，在其著作中共出现过三次，而在《国富论》中的文字则来自第四篇，也即本书的“对于商品进口实施的限制”一节：

“但是任何社会的年收入总是与其产业的年总产量的可交换价值绝对相等，也就是说，年收入与年总产量的可交换价值完全是同一回事。由此看来，既然所有个人都会尽可能地利用自己的资本支持国内产业，并竭尽全力使该产业产生最大价值，所有个人也必然会尽可能地利用劳动为社会创造最大收入。当然，他既不是在为公众谋福利，也全然不知自己为公众贡献了多少福利。他宁可支持国内产业也不愿支持对外贸易，因而我们说他只关心自己的安全。他全力引导产业，使其产量达到最大价值，我们说他只是为自己赚取利润，在种种情形下，他都是由一只看不见的手引导着，不由自主地去达到并非出于本意希望达到的目的。”

简而言之，个人在经济生活中只考虑自己的利益，受“看不见的手”的驱使，即通过分工和市场的作用，可以达到国家富裕的目的。在此之后，“看不见的手”逐渐成了资本主义自由竞争经济模式的代称，即在市场中采取自由放任的经济政策，任由看不见的市场机制自由调控一切经济活动。此概念自问世以来，便成为世界的共识，无论之后经济学如何演变，如何分帮立派，从未再有人质疑市场机制的作用。“伟大的思想”系列收录《国富论》一书，并以“看不见的手”为标题编选原作的相关章节，包括“劳动分工”“劳动分工的原理”“商业体系的原理”“商品进口的限制”“限制的不合理”“农业体系”等方面，涵盖原作的数个核心要

素如“劳动分工”“反对重商主义”“借鉴重农主义”等，使读者也能够一窥原作的思想魅力。

由于历史原因，我国曾长期坚持计划经济体制，一切经济活动完全由国家计划支配，这在很长一段时间内限制了经济的活力与持续发展；直到八十年代的改革开放，“看不见的手”终于将我们引领入“中国特色社会主义市场经济”的大道，开启了持续至今的飞跃式发展，中国经济得以盛放出耀世光辉。

现如今，走在世界一体化轨道上的我们不会再执着于制度的论辩，而是专注于和平、发展与协作，无论“市场”还是“计划”，都是社会通往幸福终点的不同经济方法而已。亚当·斯密在三百年前创造的伟大思想，不仅为中国乃至世界敲响了现代经济的大门，更在门后埋藏了无限丰厚的财富，静待读者去发掘。

柴 尔

论劳动分工

人类劳动生产力最显著的提高，以及人们在劳动、应用劳动时所体现出来的绝大部分技能、熟练性和决断力，似乎都是劳动分工的结果。

要了解劳动分工在社会一般事务中的作用，比较容易的方法是考察其在某些具体的制造业中是如何进行劳动分工的。人们普遍认为，在某些微不足道的制造业中，劳动分工是最细的；或许并不是这些微不足道的制造业真的比那些更重要的制造业分工细，而是在那些只需满足少数人少量需求的微型制造业中，工人的总数必然很少，整个工作过程中各个不同部门雇用的员工往往可以聚集在一个车间，我们一下子就可以看见他们。相反，在那些满足大多数人大量需求的大型制造业中，每一个不同的工作部门都会雇用很多人，所以不可能将他们集中在一个车间干活。除了在同一个部门干活的人，我们很少能一次看见很多人。因此，尽管和小制造业相比，大制造业中的工作划分要细致得多，但其分工并不是特别明显，因而不太会被人注意。

试举一个非常微型的制造业，在该制造业中人们往往能够注意到劳动的分工，比如别针制造行业。一个没有受过任何职业培训（劳动分工使之成为一种专门的职业），也不熟悉该职业所使用的机械如何应用（同样，这类机械的发明很可能是劳动分工的结果）的人或许无论怎样吃苦耐劳，勤勤恳恳，也不一定能一天做一枚别针，更不用说20枚了。但是别针制造业发展到今天，不仅整个工作已成为专门的职业，而且这种职业又分成了许多部门，其中大部分部门又逐渐成为专门的职业。一个人抽出铁丝，另一个人将其拉直，第三个人将其切断，第四个人将其一端削尖，第五个人将另一端打磨好以便装上圆头；制作圆头则另需要三步不同的操作；装圆头、把针涂白，以及把针装到纸盒里。这些都已

经是专门的职业了。这样一来，重要的别针制造就被分成约18种不同的工序。在有些工厂，这18种不同的工序分别由18个人操作，而在其他工厂，有时会由一个人负责两三种不同操作。我见过一间这种类型的小工厂，只雇用了10个人，几个人负责两三种不同操作。尽管他们资金缺乏，不会购买必要的机械设备，但如果足够勤勉，每天仍能制造12磅重的别针。中等大小的别针，1磅最多可达4000枚。依此计算，10个人一天最多可生产48000枚别针，每个人的生产量为这一总数的1/10，可以大致推断出，每人每天能制造4800枚别针。但如果这些人分开独立工作，且其中没有人受过该行业的专门培训的话，则每人每天制造的别针数量不会达到20枚，甚至有可能1枚也制造不出来；这样一来，他们每天的工作量或许不及现今工作量的1/240，甚至1/4800也达不到，相比之下，如今的高效正是合理分工和不同工种协同合作的结果。

别针制造虽然是微不足道的行业，但就劳动分工的效果来说，与其他各种工艺和制造业没有什么差别，尽管许多行业中的劳动分工没有这么细，也不可能简化成如此简单的操作，然而一旦可以劳动分工，每一种工艺的劳动生产力则必然会提高。各个行业之所以各自分立，雇用不同员工，似乎也是因为劳动分工能够带来这样的裨益。那些工业水平和劳动生产力水平极高的国家，其行业分工的程度也很高。在较为原始的社会中由一个人完成的工作，在较为现代的国家则一般需要好几个人协作完成。每一个进步的社会中，农民一般只是单纯的农民，制造业者也只是单纯的制造业者。任何一件完整的制造业产品也几乎都需要许多人共同完成。以制麻业和毛织业为例，从亚麻和羊毛的生产到麻布的漂白、烫平，再到呢绒的染色、浆纱，各部门使用了许多不同的技艺。和制造业相比，农业的性质的确不容许有这么多精细的劳动分工，各种工作彼此也不像制造业那样完全独立分开。我们不可能将牧民和农民的工作截然分立，但是木匠和铁匠从事的工艺则完全不同。纺纱和织布几乎是完全不同的两个行当，而犁耕、耙掘、播种和收割经常可以由同一个人进行。不同农业劳动随季节时令而变化，因此不可能雇用一个人经常

性地来从事其中某一种劳动。或许正因为不能雇用完全不同的人来从事不同类型的农业劳动，农业生产力的提高总是无法与工业同步。一般来说，最富有的国家在农业和制造业方面都要优于邻国，然而相较于农业，这些国家在制造业的优越性则更为明显和突出。在这些富有的国家，土地的耕种情况更好，投入的劳动力和资本也更多，在土地面积和肥沃程度相同的情况下，也能有更多的产出。但是，其农产品产量上的优越程度很少能与劳动力和资本投入上的优越程度成正比。在农业方面，富国和穷国劳动力的生产力水平差异并不一定很大，至少不会像制造业的生产力水平差异那么大。因此，如果质量相同的话，富国生产的谷物不一定总是比穷国便宜。在质量相同的情况下，波兰生产的谷物价格可能会和法国一样，尽管后者的富裕和社会进步程度要优于前者。尽管法国的富裕和社会进步程度要逊于英国，但在法国生产谷物的省份，其谷物的质量和英国谷物完全没有差别，大多数年份中价格也与英国谷物持平，然而就谷物田地的耕种水平来说，英国要高于法国，而法国又大大高于波兰。尽管在耕种水平较为低下的穷国，谷物的价格和质量可以在一定程度上与富国媲美，但在制造业方面则根本不能匹敌；至少在富国的土壤、气候和天然条件适合这些制造业的时候，情况是这样。法国的丝绸比英国的更物美价廉，因为在当前生丝进口关税如此之高的情况下，法国的气候至少比英国更适宜丝绸生产。然而英国的五金器具和生羊毛无论从哪一方面来说都远胜于法国，在质量相同的前提下，其价格也比法国便宜。据说波兰除了少数几种家庭用品制造业外几乎没有什么制造业，这少数几种还都是些较为原始的、任何国家都已拥有的制造业。

有了劳动分工，单位数量的人在单位时间内可以从事的工作比过去多得多，主要有三个原因：首先，每一个工人的劳动熟练程度提高了；其次，由一个工种转到另一个工种通常要损失很多时间，现在这些时间省下了；最后，大量提高劳动效率、精简劳动强度机器的发明，使得如今一个人可以做许多人做的工作。

先看第一个原因。工人劳动熟练程度的提高必然会增加他可以从事的劳动数量；劳动分工将每一个人的业务简化为某一种简单的操作，这又使这一操作成为此人一生所从事的唯一职业，由此必然会大大提高工人的劳动熟练程度。一个惯于使用铁锤却从不曾练习如何制作铆钉的铁匠，一旦遭遇某种特殊情况必须试着制作铆钉，我坚信他每天可能最多制作两三枚，且铆钉的质量还低劣不堪。即便是经常制作铆钉的铁匠，如果铆钉制作不是他唯一或主要的工作，即使他竭尽全力，也很难在一天之内制作出800或1000枚铆钉。我见过几个不到20岁的青年，他们除了制作铆钉外没有练习过其他技艺，这些人如果竭尽全力，则每人每天最多可以制作2300枚铆钉。然而制作铆钉绝不是最简单的操作。一个人要拉风箱，要在必要时调整火力，要将铁烧热，锤打铆钉的每一部分；在锻造钉头时他还不得不换工具。如果将制作一枚别针或一个金属钮扣的整个工序细分成不同的操作，所有的操作就要简单得多，如果一个人以其中的某一种操作作为一生的职业的话，其劳动的熟练程度就要高得多。制造业中某些工序的完成速度极其快，在那些从未亲眼见过的人看来，人类的双手根本不可能达到这样的速度。

第二，由一个工种转换到另一个工种通常要损失很多时间，而节省这段时间所带来的好处也绝不是我们一开始就能想到的。人们不可能从一个工种很快转到另一个地点不同且需要以完全不同的工具进行操作的工种。一个乡间的织工同时耕种一小片耕地，离开织机走到田间就需要一段时间，从田间回到织机还需要一段时间。诚然，如果能在同一个车间进行两种业务操作，花费的时间无疑会减少很多，但即使是这样，浪费仍然是巨大的。人们从一个工作转到另一个工作，一般都会休息或闲逛一会儿，很难在刚开始一项新工作时就精力集中、全情投入。这时他们难免心不在焉，在最初那段时间里，与其说他们在工作，不如说在虚度时间。每一个农村劳动者每半个小时就要更换工作和工具，一生中几乎每天都要做20种不同的工作，自然而然便会养成这种闲逛和懒散的习惯，因此农村劳动者总是懒惰散漫，即使时间紧迫，他们也不能全身心

地投入工作。这样看来，先不论一个人是否技艺娴熟，单此一个原因，工作效率就大大降低。

第三，也是最后一个原因。人人都知道使用恰当的机械设备能够在某种程度上提高劳动效率、简化劳动工序，再举例论证难免多余。因此在这里只需讨论一下，所有提高效率、简化工序的机器之所以问世，起因也都是劳动分工。只有人们不再在各种工序和工具的转换中浪费时间，而是全身心地投入到一个目标上时，才更有可能发现更加简单和快速地达到该目标的方法。而分工的结果，正是每个人都自然而然地把全部注意力投注在某一种十分单一的目标上。因此只要工作的性质还有改良的余地，在每一个具体劳动部门从事具体劳动的人自然会很快发现新的方法，使其自身的工作更加简单，完成起来也更容易。在劳动分工最细的制造业中使用的大多数机器，最初都是由普通工人发明的，他们受雇从事某些很简单的操作，自然会考虑如何找到更加简单和快速的方法来执行这些操作。那些常去这类制造业参观的人一定会经常看到这类设计相当巧妙的机器，它们就是这类工人为了改进和提高各自特定工作的效率而发明的。在最早的蒸汽机中，本来需要雇用一个男孩根据活塞的升降不断转换开关，连接和断开锅炉和汽缸之间的通路。其中一个男孩因为贪玩，发现在开关该通路的阀门把手处系上一根绳子，阀门即可自行开关，这样他就能跑去和玩伴们游戏了。这是自蒸汽机发明以来人们对其作出的最大改进之一，而这一改进正是一个希望减少劳动的小男孩发现的。

然而，绝不是所有机械设备的改进都是由使用这些机器的人发明的。许多改进是得益于机械制造师的聪明才智，而所谓的机械制造师，正是在机械制造成为一个专门行业之后形成的；有些则是所谓的哲学家或思想者的智慧结晶，他们并非每日身体力行地做事，而是以观察万物为业。因此，这些人往往能够将一些完全不同且毫不相干的事物的力量结合起来加以利用。和其他各个行业一样，随着社会的进步，哲学或思

考也成为某一类公民主要或唯一的职业。同样，和其他各个行业一样，哲学也被细分为大量不同的分支，每一个分支又为一群或一类哲学家提供专门职业；哲学行业的分工，也和所有其他行业的细致分工一样，提高了人们的技艺熟练程度，节约了时间。每个人更专精于自己从事的那份工作，这样一来，从总体而言，他们就能做更多的工作，从而大大提高了这门学问的整体质量。

在一个治理得很好的社会中，正是劳动分工使得所有不同行业的生产力水平大为提高，为整个社会带来了普遍财富，最底层的人也能够享受到这种普遍财富带来的利益。每个工人在自己的工作中所创造的产品大大超出了他自己的需求；所有其他人的情况也完全一样，能用大量自己的产品换得大量他人生产的产品或等价物品。他大量提供给他人所需要的产品，也同样大量满足他个人的需要，整个社会的所有阶层就普遍富裕起来。

观察一下文明和繁荣的国家中最普通的工匠或临时工的生活用品，你就会知道，为了使他们能享用到这些生活用品，那些行业中的人必须提供自己生产的一部分，但这样的人却多得难以计数。以临时工身上穿的羊毛外衣为例，无论看起来多么粗制滥造，也是许许多多工人共同劳动的成果。牧羊人、选毛人、梳毛人、染工、梳理工、纺工、织工、漂洗工、裁缝工等等，必须将这些人的工作结合起来，才能够完成一件如此简单朴素的产品。加之这些劳动者的所在地往往相隔很远，彼此之间运送材料，又需要多少商人和运输工人啊！染工所使用的染料往往来自世界各地，要将各种不同的染料汇集在一起，又需要多少商人和运输工啊，更不用说其中的船工、水手、帆布和绳索制造者了！还有，这些工人手中拿的哪怕是最简单的工具，又需要多少不同的劳动工种相互协作！水手的船只、漂洗工的作坊，甚至织工的织机这类复杂的机械姑且不论，单说那无比简单的器具，牧羊人修剪羊毛的剪刀，都需要许多种不同的劳动才能制成。为了生产这样一把简单的剪刀，就需要把采矿

工、熔炉制造工、伐木工、熔矿炉所用焦炭的烧炭工、制砖工、泥瓦匠、锅炉工、作坊建造者、锻工、铁匠等所有人各自不同的技艺全部结合起来才行。如果我们以同样的方式再考察一下他身上穿的所有衣服或家里的所有家具：他贴身穿的粗麻衬衫、脚上穿的鞋子、家里睡的床，乃至这张床的不同部件、他在厨房做饭用的炉子、他做饭用的煤炭（那可是从地下深处挖掘出来，或许经过很远的水路和陆路运输才到达他这里），还有厨房里的其他各种用具、桌子上的所有用具、刀叉、盛放和分发食物用的陶瓷盘子和锡盘子，为他制作面包和啤酒要用到多少工种、雇用多少工人，他房间里保温、采光、遮风挡雨用的玻璃窗——那华美而便捷的发明中凝聚着多少知识和艺术，没有玻璃，整个北半球大概没有一处适宜人们舒适地居住——再想一想，为生产所有这些生活用品，所雇用的人手中又要拿着多少种不同的工具。总之，如果我们考察一下所有这些物品，想一想其中每一件物品要雇用多少劳动力才能制成，就能够理解，在文明社会中，如果没有成千上万人的协助和合作，普通工人就不可能得到他通常所能得到的那些按照我们的理解，平常而又简单的生活用品。诚然，和大人物豪华奢侈的生活相比，普通工人的生活用品算是极为简朴了；然而事实却是，欧洲某国王子的生活用品并非总是比一个勤劳节俭的农民的生活用品精致，而后者的生活用品却超过了许多非洲君主的生活用品，要知道这些大人物可是成千上万赤裸草民生命和自由的绝对主宰啊！

劳动分工的原理

尽管人类智慧地预见到劳动分工能够带来普遍富裕，并希望利用它来实现这一目的，但劳动分工及其产生的诸多裨益，却不是人类智慧的结晶。它是人性中某种倾向的必然结果——尽管产生这种结果需要经历一个缓慢而渐进的过程，而其本身也未曾期待有如此广泛的效用——那就是物物交换、以物易物和互相交易的倾向。

这种倾向到底是人性中最原始又无法进一步解释说明的原则之一，还是听起来更接近于事实，是人类理性和言语能力的必然结果，并不是我们当前探究的话题。这种倾向人人皆有，亦为人所特有，其他动物不会拥有，其他动物似乎不懂得订立任何形式的契约——包括这种交换在内。两只猎犬在追逐同一只野兔时，有时会出现某种意义上的协同行为，将猎物驱往对方的方向，或者在猎物被逐至己方时努力拦截。然而猎犬之间的彼此“配合”并非因为它们受到某种契约的约束，而是因为恰巧在那个特定时刻，它们对同一个目标产生了共同的渴望。我们从未见过两只狗公平谨慎地交换彼此的骨头，也从未见过有任何动物通过自己的肢体动作和叫声向同类示意这是我的，那是你的；我想用我的这根骨头来换你的那根。如果动物想从人或者其他动物那里得到什么，除了博取对方欢心之外，没有其他的说服手段。小狗若要吃奶，就得奉承讨好母狗；家犬若要得到食物，就得在主人就餐之时作出种种娇态引起注意。人类对其同伴有时也会采用同样的手段。当有求于他人又没有其他办法达到目的时，他会卑躬屈膝、阿谀奉承来博得他人的好感。然而一个人并不总是如此幸运。在文明社会，人们随时会需要他人的合作和帮助，但倾其一生也难以结交到几个知己好友。在其他动物中，每个个体一旦发育成熟便完全独立，在自然状态下，并不需要其他动物的帮助。但是人却时常需要同伴的帮助，而单单指望对方的善心是徒劳无益的。

如果能够影响他们，利用其利己之心使其明白，此时提供帮助完全符合其自身的利益，那么达到目的可能性就要大一些。任何一个希望和他人进行交易的人都会这样提议。这种提议的要义在于：给我我想要的，你就能得到你想要的。正是通过这种方式，彼此得到了自己所需要的绝大部分服务。我们的一日三餐并非来自屠夫、酿酒师或面包烘焙师的恩惠，而是来源于他们对自身利益的考虑。我们不是向他们乞求仁慈，而是诉诸他们的利己之心；我们不谈论自身的需求，而只谈对他们的好处。除了乞丐，不会有人选择把大部分希望寄托于他人的恩惠，即使乞丐也并不完全依赖于此。乐善好施之人的施舍的确为乞丐提供了全部的生存必需品。由此，尽管乞丐通过这种方法最终获得了全部生活所需，但他没有，也不可能在每当有需要的时候得到自己想要的东西。和其他人一样，他也要通过协定、交换和购买来满足自己平时绝大多数的需求。他用某人施舍的钱买来了食物；用另一个人赠予的旧衣物换来自己尺寸的旧衣物，或栖身之所，或一餐食物，或者他卖掉旧衣，用得来的钱随时购买自己需要的食物、衣服或住所。

人们通过协定、交换和买卖等方式彼此获得自己需要的绝大部分服务，正是这种相互交易的倾向最初引发了劳动分工。例如在以狩猎或游牧为生的部落，有人擅于打造弓弩，其技艺之娴熟超过其他族人。他便经常用自己制作的弓弩和族人交易，换得家禽和兽肉。并且他后来发现，通过交换得来的家禽和兽肉要比自己亲自去狩猎得到的更多。因此，出于个人利益考虑，弓弩制作逐渐成为他的主要营生，由此他就成了最初意义上的弓弩制作师。另有人擅于制作棚屋或活动房的屋架和屋顶，他们已习惯用自己的这门手艺，给族人制作屋架和屋顶来交换家禽和兽肉，直到后来他发现全力以赴于这门手艺符合自身的利益，因此他也就成为了最初的木匠。就这样，有人以同样的方式成为铁匠或铜匠，还有人成为毛皮或皮革（原始人类主要的衣料）硝皮人或鞣革人。因此，当人们确定能够用自己的劳动产品中自己消费不掉的所有剩余部分去交换自己需要的他人劳动产品的剩余部分时，便得到了鼓励，开始从

事各自擅长的某一专门职业，并不断改进和完善自己从事这些专门职业的资质或才能。

事实上，不同的人在天赋才能上的差异比我们想象的要小得多，而且，促使人们最终从事不同职业的天赋差异，在其发展成熟之时，多半并非劳动分工的原因，而是分工的结果。两个特性全然不同的人，比如一个哲学家和一个普通的街头搬运工，与其说是天分有差异，倒不如说是后天的习惯、风俗和教育起到了很大的作用。在他们刚来到这个世界的前六年或者八年，两者几乎没有什么不同，无论是各自的父母还是玩伴都察觉不到两者之间有任何明显差异。也就在那个年纪，或者紧接着的几年里，他们开始了截然不同的活动。此后他们才能的差异才得以凸显并逐渐扩大，直到最后，哲学家的虚荣心使他不愿承认自己与搬运工之间存在任何相同之处。但是如果没有物物交换、以物易物和互相交易的倾向，每一个人都必须自己设法获得需要的生活必要品和便利品。所有的人都必须行使同样的职责，干同样的工作，那么，就没有什么职业上的差别，产生巨大才能差异的唯一根源也就不复存在了。

交换的倾向造就了才能的不同——不同职业者在才能上的差异极其显著——也正是这种倾向使得这种差异能够为人所用。要知道许多被认为属于同一族的动物在自然界中生存所产生的天资差异，要远远大于人类在未受习俗熏陶和教育影响时的天赋差异。就其本性而言，一个哲学家与一个街头搬运工在天资和性情上的差异，一点也不会比大獒犬与灰毛犬，或者灰毛犬与长毛犬，或者长毛犬与牧羊犬之间的差别更大。不过那些不同种类的动物，尽管都属于同一族，却很少能够对彼此有用。大獒犬以力大取胜，绝不会从灰毛犬的敏捷、长毛犬的聪明或牧羊犬的温顺中得到帮助和激励。动物的这些天资与才能的差异，因为缺少易物或交换的能力和倾向，无法在同一个平台上发挥作用，因而也就无法改进生存条件，增加生存实利。动物依然必须依靠个体的力量单枪匹马地存活和防卫，丝毫没有受益于自然界赋予它们的个体差异。而人类则相

反，即使是天分差别最大的人也会对彼此有用，可以说，人类利用各自才能生产的不同产品，通过交易、易物和交换这种普遍倾向，呈现在同一个平台上。每个人在这里，可以根据自己的需要购买到他人凭借聪明才智生产的任何产品。

商业体系的原理

通常认为，政治经济学是经济学的一个分支，是政治家或立法者的经济学，它提出了两个明确的目标：其一，为该国征缴足量的税收或维持国民生存的钱款，更确切地讲，国民要能够为该国缴纳足量的税收或维持自身生存的钱款。其二，要为整个国家或全体国民提供足够的收入，使公共服务得以维系。简单地说，政治经济学的目标就是国富民强。

谈到国民的富足，各国在不同时期所经历的迈向富强之路各不相同，由此产生了两种迥异的政治经济体系：其一为商业体系，其二则是农业体系。

……

一个普遍的概念是，财富的多少是用货币或金银这两种贵金属的数量来衡量的，这源于货币的双重职能——既是交易工具又是价值尺度。鉴于货币的第一重性质，我们无需借助其他商品便可随时以货币换得自己需要的物品。人们总是觉得挣钱是大事，只要有钱，想买什么都轻而易举。而鉴于货币的第二重性质，我们一般会根据交换所用的货币数量估量商品的价值。正因如此，我们称富人价值千金，穷人不名一文。我们说节俭吝啬或迫切渴望变富的人喜爱钱财，认为那些大大咧咧、出手大方或生活富足的人不那么贪恋钱财。富有即是钱多，简单来讲，财富和货币在一般人的语言中没有丝毫差别。

正如富人腰缠万贯，富足之国理应储备大量的货币；无论哪个国家，走向富强最便捷的途径莫过于积累大量金银。在发现美洲之后的一段时间里，西班牙人每登陆一个陌生的海岸，首先要做的，就是搜寻附

近的金银，根据搜集得来的相关信息再判断该地是否值得定居，抑或该国是否值得征服。修道士普拉诺·卡尔比诺受法国教廷派遣前去拜见一代天骄成吉思汗的后人，他说，鞑靼人经常会问他法兰西王国是否牛羊遍野。鞑靼人的询问和西班牙人的实地调查有着同样的目的——了解该国富裕的程度，从而判断是否值得征服。和任何其他游牧国家的人民一样，鞑靼人通常说不清货币有何功用，取而代之成为交换媒介和价值尺度的是牛羊。因此，正如西班牙人认为金银的数量决定财富的多少，鞑靼人认为牛群的数量是衡量财富的决定因素。就这两种不同的观念而言，或许鞑靼人的想法更加接近事实。

洛克[1]先生曾评论过货币与其他动产的不同之处。他说，所有其他动产在本质上都容易消耗，因此其内含价值并不十分可靠。一个国家可能在某一年对某种动产的拥有量十分充足，但即使没有任何出口，这种动产也很有可能仅仅因为国人的浪费或消耗而在下一年成为紧缺物品。与之相反，货币则十分稳定。在流通过程中，货币可能流经多方，但只要不流失到国外，它便不大可能被浪费或消耗。因此，按照洛克先生的说法，一个国家可流通的财富中最为可靠和真实的莫过于金银，根据这一点，增加国家对这两种金属的储备在他看来便是一国政治经济学的重要目标。

也有人认为，如果一个国家可以独立于全世界，那么该国国内流通的货币有多少也就无关紧要了。使用该货币进行流通只不过是用一种消费品换得数量或多或少的另一种消费品，在这种说法的提出者看来，这个国家是真正富有还是贫穷全然取决于可消费物品的多寡。但是另一方面，他们认为，如果一国要与他国建立联系、被迫与他国作战，或者必须维持远在他乡的军舰和军队开销，情况就完全不同了。这时只能向国外大量运送货币，而前提就是该国国内拥有足量的货币储备。因此，所有这类国家都应该在和平年代努力积累黄金白银，只有这样才能在战争爆发时拥有强大的财力后盾。

由于深受这些通俗观念的影响，欧洲各国都曾仔细研究如何在本国最大数量地储备金银，尽管这类研究几乎没有什么实际的收获。欧洲绝大部分金银矿藏位于西班牙和葡萄牙，向全欧洲输送金银的也主要是这两个国家。但两国要么明令禁止金银输出，严惩违者，要么课以高额关税。欧洲其他各国自古以来也都将类似禁令视为国策的一部分，甚至最出乎我们意料的，是古代苏格兰的某些议会法案也明令禁止携带黄金白银出境，违者重罚。古时英法两国也都颁发过类似的法令。

然而，那些国家一旦成为商业国，此禁令就会在许多情况下给商人带来不便。无论是买进别国商品还是将本国商品出口到其他国家，金银在交易中都要比其他商品占据更大的优势。于是商人以不利于本国贸易为由，抵制这项禁令。

首先，他们声称以购买外国商品为目的输出金银不一定会减少本国的金银储量，恰恰相反，此举倒有可能增加金银储量。因为如果本国进口了商品，销量却没有增加，则可以通过将其转售给其他国家获得更多利润，由此所得的金银收益或许要远远高于起初购买这些进口商品的支出。托马斯·孟[2]先生将国际贸易的这一运作方式比作农业中的播种和收割。他说："如果我们只看到播种时农夫大把大把地将好玉米扔到地里，我们会认为他是个疯子。但是考虑到在他一年忙碌结束后的丰收，我们就会发现他当初的劳作不但值回成本，还能够产生更多的价值。"

商人们抵制该禁令的理由之二，是该禁令根本无法限制金银的输出，与其代表的巨大价值相比，金银的体积并不大，偷运到他国实为易事。用这些商人的话说，要想防止偷运走私成风，唯一的做法是适度地关注商人们所谓的"贸易差额"。如果一国的出口额大于进口额，则其他国家需要向其支付一部分贸易差额，这部分差额必然以金银的形式支付，因而该国的金银储量就会相应增加。而当该国贸易进口大于出口时，它就需要向其他国家支付贸易差额，因为同样需用金银支付，该国

的金银储备就会相应减少。在这种情况下，禁止金银输出不仅不能达到预期效果，反而会因运输风险的增加而导致金银的价格高涨。商人们还认为，这样一来，整个贸易对于那些应支付贸易差额的国家更加不利。商人在他国交易需要从发行货币的银行那里购买汇票，不但要承担往那里运送货币本身的风险、麻烦和费用，还要承担该禁令带来的额外风险。而贸易越是对一国不利，这部分贸易差额对于应收取该差额的国家而言价值就越小。以英国和荷兰两国的贸易为例，如果英国的进口比出口多了5%，就需要用英国的105盎司白银在荷兰购买相当于100盎司白银的汇票：因而英国的这105盎司白银在荷兰将贬值到100盎司，只能购买价值100盎司的荷兰商品；而荷兰的100盎司白银在英国却升值到105盎司，且能购买价值105盎司的英国商品。英国商品在荷兰出售的价格相对便宜，荷兰商品在英国出售的价格相对昂贵，二者与正常价格的差距正是两国的贸易差额。相应的，英国货物所换回的荷兰货币量相对减少，荷兰货物所换回的英国货币相对增多，其减少和增多的幅度也相当于两国的贸易差额。因此，这种贸易差额必然会对英国造成相应程度的不利，必须将更多的金银运往荷兰，以弥补差额。

以上争论在某种程度上不无道理，在某种程度上也多少有些强词夺理。说其不无道理，是因为他们断言贸易中金银的输出往往对国家裨益颇多。同时也是因为，当国民发现输出金银能为他们带来好处时，任何禁令都将是一纸空文。谓之强词夺理是因为他们认为，保有或增加金银的数量，相对于保有或增加任何其他有用商品的数量而言，更需要政府关注。因为自由贸易完全能够确保其他商品的适量供应无需政府过多的关心。谓之强词夺理还在于他们断言，汇兑的高额差异必然会扩大所谓的贸易逆差，造成更多的金银流出。汇兑差额对用本国货币在他国支付的商人来说实为不利，商人们为购买本国银行在那些国家发行的汇票所支付的价格更高，高出的部分正是兑换差额。但是尽管禁令引发的风险可能会使银行收取额外费用，却未必会输出更多的货币。一般而言，这笔费用是走私货币时在国内支付的，除了所汇出的实际金额外，不会多

输出一文钱。高汇率差也自然会使商人努力平衡其出口和进口，以便尽可能缩小支付额。此外汇兑的高额差异必定会起到类似课税的作用，因为它提高了进口商品的价格，减少了这些商品的消费。因此，汇兑差不但不会增加这些商人所谓的贸易逆差，反而会使之缩小，并最终减少了金银的输出。

尽管如此，此番言论却使听者深信不疑。深谙商道的商人提出这些言论说服国家议会、亲王参事和贵族乡绅，暗喜后者对此一无所知。和商人们一样，乡绅贵族仅凭经验即可得知对外贸易可以富国，却对其如何富国的具体原理所知甚少。商人非常清楚对外贸易让他们自身致富的原理，这是他们的本分，至于如何富国却并非其分内之事。除了他们要求国家对有关外贸的法律进行一些调整，如何富国从来不在他们的考虑范围之内。只有在那时，他们才有必要谈及外贸的裨益，以及现行法律如何对这些裨益构成了障碍。在就此事作出决策的法官们听来这可真是再恰当不过的陈述：如外贸如何能够源源不断地为本国带来收入，而当前讨论的法律形成了障碍。如果没有该法律，对外贸易带来的收入将会更高，等等。论证最终达到了预期效果。在法国和英国，本国的金银严禁输出，仅允许本国铸币流出。他国铸币和金条银块则可以自由出口。在荷兰和其他的一些地方，甚至本国的铸币也可以自由输出。政府关注的焦点不再是防范金银输出，而是转而关注贸易差额，以此作为可能引发国内金银增加或减少的唯一原因。对于前者的关注本是徒劳，而新的关注焦点看似更为错综复杂，却同样无济于事。《英国得自对外贸易的财富》，托马斯·孟先生这部著作的标题不仅成为英国政治经济学遵循的基本准则，也适用于任何其他商业国家。最重要的是，内陆贸易或国内贸易——在这种贸易中，同样数量的资本可以产生最大的收入，同时也为本国人民创造了最多的就业机会——却沦为国际贸易的附属品。人们认为，国内贸易既不能把货币带入国内，也不能把货币带到国外，国家也不可能因为国内贸易而变得更加富强或贫穷，除非国内贸易的兴旺与否会间接影响到国际贸易的形势。

好比没有葡萄园的人若要饮酒就只能与人交易，没有金银矿藏的国家无疑只能和他国交易获得金银。然而，对于国内和国际贸易，政府也似乎没有必要偏重两者之中的任何一种。一个人只要有购买葡萄酒的钱就能够随时买到葡萄酒，一个国家只要有购买金银的货币也就永远不会金银匮乏。金银和其他商品一样，也有自己的价格；既然金银可以用来购买任何商品，任何商品也都可以用来购买金银。我们可以确信，即使没有政府的关注，贸易的自由总能在我们急需好酒时及时供应好酒；同样我们也要深信，贸易的自由总能为我们提供用于商品流通或其他用途中用于购买或使用的全部金银。

在任何国家，人类劳动所能购买或生产的每一种商品的数量，都可以根据实际需求自我调节，这种需求也可以理解为那些愿意支付生产和出售该商品所需支付的全部地租、劳动力和利润的人的需求。但是没有哪一种商品能像金银这样根据实际需求轻松作出准确的自我调节，这是因为金银这两种贵金属有限的体积代表着巨大的价值，比其他任何商品都更容易地周转于异地之间——从价格较低的地方周转至价格较高的地方，从金银供给充盈的地方周转至金银不足的地方。例如，如果英国需要一批额外数量的黄金，一艘邮船即可从里斯本或任何供应黄金的地方运来50吨黄金，可铸成500多万几尼[3]。但是如果需要同样价值的谷物，按1吨谷物价值5几尼计算，总共需要运送100万吨，假设每艘邮船的承载量为1000吨，则需要1000艘邮船。如此这般，英国海军全部用来运输都是不够的。

当一国进口金银的数量超出实际需求时，无论政府如何警惕小心，金银的出口都无法避免。西班牙和葡萄牙所有严苛残暴的法律都未能保住其国内的金银储量。西葡两国陆续从秘鲁和巴西进口的金银超出了两国的实际需求，导致两国金银价格低于周边国家。相反，如果任何国家的金银储量不能满足实际需求，从而使其价格高于邻国，政府就无需费心进口金银。即使政府想要费心去禁止进口金银，亦绝不会奏效。当斯

巴达人有足够的能力购买金银时，无论莱克格斯[4]制定怎样的法典限制人们都无济于事，自有大量黄金白银源源不断地流入拉塞德蒙[5]。再严苛的关税法都挡不住从荷兰和戈登堡东印度公司进口茶叶，因为这些公司的茶叶比英国公司的便宜。不过另一方面，1磅茶叶的市价通常以白银计算，即使按最高价格，即16先令，这1磅茶叶的体积也相当于这16先令白银体积的100倍；如果用黄金，则相当于等价值的黄金体积的2000倍。走私茶叶的难度相对于走私金银，自然也须按此比例增加。

在某种程度上，正是由于金银比较容易从充足的市场转运到短缺的市场，这两种贵金属的价格不像其他大部分商品的价格那样不断上下波动，许多商品因为体积太大，很难在市场存货过多或过少时作出灵活反应。固然，金银的价格也并非完全稳定，但其可能发生的变动一般来说都是缓慢、渐进、统一的。举例来说，欧洲有些人认为——或许这样想并没有太多根据——在本世纪和上世纪，由于人们不断从西属西印度群岛进口金银，这两种贵金属不断贬值，尽管贬值的过程是渐进的。然而要想使金银的价格发生突然变化，从而使得所有其他商品的货币价格立即发生巨大的涨落，则需要像发现美洲所带来的那样的商业革命。

尽管如此，一个有财力购买金银的国家如果在什么时候短缺金银，补足这两种贵金属的供应几乎要比补足其他任何商品都更加方便。如果制造业的原料不足，工业必陷于停顿；如果食物供给不足，人们就要为饥饿所苦；但如果货币不足，就可以代之以物物交换，只不过可能会有诸多不便。另一种方法是赊账买卖，交易各方每月或每年结算一次，互相补偿赊欠，这种方法就比物物交换方便一些。如果能够利用某种调控得当的纸币，则不但没有任何不便，在某些情况下还能带来一些裨益。所以无论从哪个方面来说，任何国家的政府都绝对没有必要花费心思去关注货币数量的保有或增加问题。

然而，“货币稀缺”始终是我们最常听到的抱怨。货币和葡萄酒一

样，对那些既无财力购买又没有信用赊购的人，永远是紧缺之物，而只要拥有财力或信用这二者之一，就很少会在需要的时候感到匮乏。不过对货币稀缺的抱怨并不仅限于没有远虑的挥霍之人，有时整个商业城市及附近地区会普遍感到货币短缺，过度贸易是造成这一现象的常见原因。即使足够稳重冷静的人，如果不按照当前的资金情况制定营运计划，也可能会像入不敷出的挥霍之人一样，既没有购买货币的资力，也缺乏借贷的信用，在计划完成之前，他们的财力就已经耗光，信用也跟着没有了。这时他们只好四处借贷，而人人都会说没钱借给他们。即使我们到处听到人们说货币短缺，也并不一定就证明国内流动的金银数量比通常减少了，而只能表明许多人想要得到金银却无力支付罢了。贸易利润偶然高于通常情况时，无论大小商人都会犯过度贸易的通病。此时他们输往国外的货币不一定比平常多，而是在国内外赊账购买数量庞大的商品，并将其运往遥远的市场，期望在付款期限之内收到货款。一旦不能在付款期限之内收到货款，他们将没有财力购买货币，也没有可靠的借贷担保。如此看来，对货币稀缺的普遍抱怨，根本不是由于金银的稀缺，而是在于债务人难于借贷，债权人又难于收回借款所致。

如果我们在此一针见血地论证财富并不在于货币或金银的多少，而取决于可以用手中的金钱购买多少商品——也就是说，金钱只有在购买时才有价值，未免过于简单。货币无疑是国家资本的一个组成部分，但我们已经证明，它只是国家资本的一小部分，甚至始终是最无利可图的那一小部分。

商人之所以觉得用货币购买商品要比用商品购买货币更加容易，不是因为货币相对于商品而言是财富更为重要的组成部分，而是因为众所周知，货币是已知并确立的交易工具，方便与一切货物交换，而用货币交换货物却未必那么容易。此外，大多数商品要比货币更容易损坏，因此保存这些商品可能经常需要承担更大的损失。当商人有商品在手上时，他更有可能需要钱进行周转，毕竟什么都不如把已经获得的回报锁

在自己的保险箱里来得安全，而最重要的是，卖比买利润来得更直接。因为所有这些原因，商人一般总是更急于出售商品换得货币，而不是用货币来交换商品。不过尽管一个商人在仓库中存有大量存货时，会因为无法及时出售这些存货而最终破产，但是一个国家却不大可能有这样的遭遇。商人的全部资本中有易破损的商品和预计用于换取货币的商品，而国家的土地和劳动产品的年产量却只有很少一部分用于和邻国交换获取金银，绝大部分都是在国内流通和消费的；即使在运往国外的剩余产品中，绝大多数通常也是用于交换和购买外国的其他商品。因此，国家即使不能用预计购买金银的商品换得足够的金银，也不至于濒临破产。诚然，国家的确会面临一些损失和不便，且可能不得不采取一些必要的权宜之计来替代货币供应，然而其土地和劳动产品的年产量与往常相比没有变化，或者几乎没有变化，因为可以花费同样多或几乎同样多的消费资本来维系这一产量。尽管用商品交换货币没有用货币交换商品那样容易，但从长远来看，前者却比后者更加必要。商品除了用于交换货币之外还有许多其他用途，而货币除用于购买商品外别无他用。因此，货币必然要追求商品，而商品却并不一定要追求货币或者根本没有这个必要，购买的人并不一定要转手出售，而常常是为了使用或消费，而出售的人却永远都是为了换取货币再次买入。前者在买入之后往往就完成了整个过程，而后者在卖出货物之后，最多只完成了整个过程的一半。人们渴望货币并不是为了它本身，而是为了可以用货币买来的一切。

有人说可消费品很快会被损坏，而金银的耐久性更强一些，因此如果不是要持续出口，金银可以积累很长时间，这样一来，国家的真正财富就会有极大的增加。所以，一般人就会认为，对一个国家最不利的，就是其主要贸易行为是用耐久性较强的商品去换取比较容易损毁的商品。然而，我们不能想当然地认为，用英国的五金器具去换取法国的葡萄酒就是对英国贸易不利；尽管五金器具是耐久性很强的商品，若没有持续出口，而是在国内积累很长时间，到时整个英国的铁锅就会多得惊人了。不过一般来说，无论在哪个国家，这类五金器具的数量必然受到

其需求的限制；如果一个国家所拥有的铁锅数量大于其烹制食物所需，未免有点超乎情理了；如果食物的总量增加了，则铁锅的数量也很容易随之增加，只要用一部分增加的食物量购买铁锅，或者换取更多生产铁锅的劳动力就行了。同样我们也很容易理解，任何国家的金银数量也应受其需要所限；这些贵金属的用途包括铸成硬币当作流通的货物，以及制成器皿当作家具；每个国家的铸币数量应受到国内流动的商品价值的调节，一旦该价值增加，就立即会有一部分被输往国外有金银铸币的国家，换得国内流通所需的更多铸币：而金银器皿的数量则要受到国内喜好奢华的家庭数目和财富的支配，这类家庭的财富增加了，其中一部分很有可能要用于向有剩余金银器皿的国家购买。任何国家，为了增加财富从国外输入或在国内保留超过需求量的金银都是荒谬的，就像家庭也不能依靠购入不必要的厨具来增添愉悦，这是因为出资购买不必要的厨具不但不会增添愉悦，反而会减少家庭必需品的数量和质量；同样，任何国家出资购买不必要的金银，也必定会减少维持国民衣食住行所需的财富。切要牢记：金银，无论其形状是铸币还是盘盏，无非只是用具而已，在这一点上，它们和厨房用具没有区别。如果增加金银的用途，增加靠金银来流通、支配和制造的消费品，自然可以增加金银的数量；但是如果希望通过非常方法增加金银数量，必将减少金银的用途，甚至会减少金银的数量，因为这两种贵金属的数量必然会受到其用途的限制。一旦金银的积累超出了需求，就很容易被转运，而由于闲置会造成极大损失，任何法律也无法阻止它们被立即输往境外。

一个国家要进行对外战争，维持远在海外的海军和陆军所需，并不一定要积累金银。维持海军和陆军依靠的不是金银，而是可消费商品。因此，只要一国的国内工业年产量，即土地、劳动和消费品存量所产生的年收入使它有能力在远离边境的国外购买足够的消费品，它就能够维持那里的战争。

一个国家可以通过三种不同的方式向远在国外的军队运送粮饷和物

资：一是若干其所积累的不同的金银；二是若干其制造业年产物；三是若干其农产品年产物。

我们可以合理地认为，任何国家积累或存储的金银都可以分成三部分：一是用于流通的货币；二是家用的金银器皿；最后则是经过多年节俭积累，存在国库中的货币。

国内用于流通的货币很少能够节省下来，因为这方面不可能有太多的盈余。在任何国家，一年之内买卖的商品的价值需要一定数量的货币进行流通并将其分配给不同的消费者，因此货币的使用不能过量。流通渠道必定会吸引来充足的货币量，但不能容纳更多的货币。然而在国家进行对外战争时，一般会从该渠道抽取一定数量的货币。由于大量人口远在境外，在国内维持生计的人口数量相对减少；在国内流通的商品数量减少了，也就不需要那么多货币流通了。这时国家通常会大量发行各种纸币，诸如英国的财政部证券、海军债券和银行票据，以此替代流通的金银，以便将更大数量的金银输往境外。不过，对外战争花费浩大，且旷日持久，以上这些财政来源是远不够维持的。

无论在何种情况下，熔化私家金银器皿都于事无补，法国在上一次战争开始使用过这种办法，不过收获并不大，还不够补偿铸造带来的损失，结果得不偿失。

过去，王室积累的财宝曾提供更多且持续更久的资源；而在今时，除了普鲁士国王之外，积累财宝似乎不再是欧洲王室的政策了。

本世纪各国用于维持对外战争的资金——或许已经创造了人类有史以来战争花费的最高记录——几乎已经很少再依赖流通货币或输出家用金银器皿，抑或国库积累的财物了。在上一次对法战争中，英国的花费超过了9000万英镑，其中不仅包括7500万英镑新募的国债，还包括为每英镑土地税征收的两个先令的附加税，以及每年从还债基金中借用的款

项。这笔巨额费用中有2/3花费在遥远的境外：德国、葡萄牙、美国、地中海各港口、东印度和西印度群岛。英国的各任国王没有积累财宝，我们未曾听说有超量金银器皿被熔化铸币这样的事情，当时人们认为，国内流通的金银不会超过1800万英镑，然而自最后一次金币改革以来，人们开始觉得他们低估了国内的金银流通量。所以，姑且根据我亲眼所见抑或听说过的最夸大的算法，假设当时国内流通的金银共值3000万英镑，假如战争全部用的是英国自己的货币，那么即使根据这样夸张的算法，在六七年的时间内，英国的全部货币必然会全部运出并运回至少两次。如果这种假设成立的话，那么它所能证明的最具决定性意义的观点就是，政府根本没有必要监管货币的保存，因为根据这个假定，国内的所有货币必然要在这么短的时间内在国境内外往返两回，且整个过程无人察觉，可见对任何人都没有什么影响。然而事实是，在这段时期内，流通渠道似乎根本没有显得比平时更空虚，那些有财力换取货币的人几乎没有感到货币匮乏。在整个战争期间，尤其是在战争将要结束时，对外贸易的利润比以往更大了，这种情况必然导致了全英国各个地区普遍的过度贸易；而过度扩张营运的结果，和惯常一样，是人们又开始抱怨货币短缺。许多需要货币的人既没有办法购买货币又没有信用借贷；而一旦借贷者感觉到很难借贷，对于放贷者来说，收回欠款也变得困难了。不过拥有能换取金银价值的人，基本上都能够按金银的价值换取金银。

所以，用来支付上一场战争巨额支出的，一定不是国内输出的金银，而是英国出口的这样那样的商品。当政府或代表政府行事的人士与某一个商人签约汇款到国外时，该商人会向与其来往的国外联系人寄送一张期票，而他也一定会尽力以商品而不是金银来支付该期票。如果英国的商品不是该国所需，他将设法将其运往其他国家，购买一张期票，来支付所欠国家的款项。只要是市场所需，商品的运输总是能够产生可观的利润，而金银的运输就很难产生什么利润了。为了购买国外商品而将金银运往国外，商人获取的利润并非来自购买商品，而是来自销售运

回国后的商品；但是如果仅仅为了支付债务而将其运往国外，就不会有任何商品运回，商人自然也就得不到任何利润，因此，他会绞尽脑汁，用出口商品而非出口金银的办法偿还国外债务。于是《英国现状》一书的作者指出，在上一次战争期间，英国出口了大量商品，却没有任何商品运回国内。

除了上述三种金银之外，所有商业大国中还有大量金条银块交替地输入输出，为对外贸易提供方便。这些金条银块在不同商业国家之间的流通与每一个国家内部的硬币流通方式一样，因而可以被看作是一个由不同国家组成的大商业共和国的货币。国内硬币的流通及其方向受到每个国家境内流通商品的支配，该商业共和国的货币则要受到不同国家之间流通商品的支配。无论在单独一个国家还是这个大型商业共和国，使用货币都是为了促进交换，前者是一个国家内部不同个人之间的交换，后者是不同国家之间的交换。该大型商业共和国的一部分货币可能已经用于上一次战争的支出了。在全面发生战争时期，人们自然会认为，货币的流通及其流通方向因为受到战争的影响而与和平时期不同；认为在战事发生地点附近的流通量应该更大，交战国军队所需的饷给和物资都需要在那里及邻近国家购买。但是就这一大商业共和国的货币来说，无论英国每年需要以这种方式使用多少，它每年都必须用英国商品或其他可用于交换该货币的东西购得；所以归根结底，进行战争所需要的资源仍然是商品，是国内每年的土地和劳动产品。的确，人们很容易联想到，这样巨大的年支出一定需要极大的年产量才能够支付。例如，1761年的支出高达1900多万，任何金银的积累都无法支持每年这样巨大的费用，即便是金银本身，年产量也达不到这样的程度。根据最可靠的统计，每年输往西班牙和葡萄牙的金银总量一般不超过600万英镑，在上一次战争的某些年份，这个数目都不够支付四个月的费用。

最适合运往遥远的境外，在当地购买军队所需的粮饷和物资，或用于购买大商业共和国的一部分货币，进而购买这些粮饷和物资的商品，

似乎应该是制造得更加精巧的工业品，如体积小价值高，能以最小的费用输出到千里之外的制造品。因此，如果一个国家每年生产的此类工业品有大量剩余，并将其出口到国外，它就能够将非常昂贵的对外战争持续多年，此时它不需要输出任何可观数量的金银，甚至也没有这样大量的金银可以输出。诚然，每年剩余的制造品中有很大一部分必须在这种情况下输出，而它虽给商人带回利润，却不会给国家带来任何回报，因为政府向商人购买外国期票，以便在外国购买军队所需的饷给和物资。不过，总有一部分剩余制造品的输出是可以产生利润的。在战争期间，国家对制造业有双重需求：首先，国家需要生产足够的商品运往境外，支付其为供应军队饷给和物资而向国外购买的期票；其二，国内通常所需的普通外国商品，也必须由国内生产足够的商品来购买。如此说来，在最具破坏性的对外战争期间，大部分制造业可能会大大繁荣，相反，在和平时期其利润可能会下降。制造业可能在国家走向毁灭的过程中繁荣一时，而一旦国家重新繁荣，制造业就可能衰败下去。英国制造业的许多不同部门在上一次战争期间，乃至战争结束后一段时间的不同景况，正是我们刚刚所得结论的一个例证。

对任何国家来说，出口土地原产品显然无法很好地支撑费用浩大而旷日持久的对外战争，将一部分土地原产品输往国外，用它来购买军队所需的饷给和物资，费用太过昂贵。很少有国家生产的原产品远远超过可以维持国民生计所需的量，因此，将大量此类原产品运往国外，无异于夺取国民生活所需的必要生活资料，而工业制造品的出口就是另一回事了。制造业工人的生活资料仍然保留在国内，所输出的仅仅是他们劳动所产生的剩余部分。休谟先生屡次提到，古代英国的国王们无法不间断地为任何旷日持久的对外战争提供资助。那个年代的英国人没有能力在外国购买其军队所需的饷给和物资，农业原产品没有办法从国内消费中大量节省下来，少量最粗糙的制造品又和农产品一样，运输费用过于昂贵。这种情况并非源于货币短缺，而是因为那时缺乏更加精细的工业制造品。那时的英国和现在一样，买卖都是通过货币进行交易的，当时

的货币流通量与买卖的数量和价值之间的比例必然与现在相同，或者比现在更大，因为那时没有纸币，而现在纸币已经在很大程度上替代了金银。在那些对商业和制造业所知甚少的国家，一旦遇到非常事件，君主很少能够从国民那里获得大的帮助，具体原因我将在下文中说明。因此，正是在这类国家，君主通常会竭力积聚财富，因为那是应对紧急事件的唯一资金来源，即使没有这种必要，在当时那种条件下，君主也会自然地倾向于为累积财富而躬行节俭。在那样一种简朴的状态下，即便君主的花费也不受喜好宫廷豪华生活的虚荣心支配，而是用于赏赐佃户、款待家臣；虽然虚荣心几乎总是导致浪费，但赏赐和款待却很少如此。因此，每一个鞑靼酋长都有财宝。据说，查理十二世著名的同盟——乌克兰哥萨克酋长马捷帕就拥有大量财宝，梅罗文加王朝的法兰西国王也个个都有财宝，如果他们将王国分封给不同的子嗣，也会分给他们相应的财宝。撒克逊君王以及征服之后的最初几个国王，似乎也一样聚集过财宝。每一个新王朝所做的第一件事，通常都是夺取前一个国王的财宝，那是保有王位最有效的手段。先进的商业国家君主却不再有必要积累财宝，因为他们一般都可以在非常时期从臣民那里获得很大帮助，也不再倾向于这样做。他们自然地、或许也是必然地追随所处时代的流行趋势，在花费方面，君主和领土内所有其他大业主一样，受到追求奢华的虚荣心的支配。宫廷中精致到极细微处的华丽奢靡与日俱增，其巨额花费不仅让财富的积累不再可行，甚至往往会侵及原本用于更为必要之用途的资金。德西利达斯对波斯宫廷的评价或许同样适合好几个欧洲君主的宫廷，他说他在那里感受到的更多是奢华而不是力量，看到的更多是奴仆而不是战士。

金银的输入绝不是国家从对外贸易中获取的主要利益，更不是对外贸易的唯一利益。无论对外贸易在哪两个地区间进行，国家都可以从中获得两种不同的利益：一是，它将其土地和劳动力所生产产品的剩余部分，即国内不再需要的部分输出，作为交换，带回国内需要的其他东西。对外贸易使得剩余产品获得了价值，可以用来换取其他东西，从而

满足国内的一部分需求，增加享受。二是，有了对外贸易，国内市场的有限性就难以阻碍任何工艺或制造业部门的劳动分工趋于完善的发展。这样就为劳动产品中超出国内消费的那一部分拓展了新的市场，从而鼓励劳动者提高生产力，最大限度地增加年产量，也进而增加了全社会的实际收入和财富。对于彼此间进行对外贸易的所有不同国家，对外贸易都在持续不断地起到极其显著而重要的作用。所有国家都从对外贸易中大大受益，不过商人所在的国家获得的利益最大，因为一般来说，商人总是更加关注供应他人之所需，并将他所在国家的剩余产品运出境外。将金银输入那些因为没有矿藏而缺乏这些贵金属的国家无疑是对外贸易业务的一个组成部分，但它只是最微不足道的一部分。如果一个国家只因为这样一个原因而开展对外贸易，恐怕一个世纪内也很难有机会装满一船金银。

美洲的发现之所以让欧洲走向富裕，也并非源于金银的进口。因为美洲富藏金银矿，这两种贵金属的价格反而降低了，与15世纪相比，如今购买金银器皿所需的谷物或者劳动，大概只有那时的1/3，也就是说，以同样的劳动和商品支出，欧洲每年可以购买的金银器皿的数量是那时的3倍。但是如果某一商品的售价仅相当于通常售价的1/3，那么，不但原先的买主现在购买的数量可以达到先前的3倍，而且由于价格下降，可以出价购买的买主数量也较先前多出许多，或许买主数量增加至先前的10倍多，甚至高达20倍以上。因此，欧洲现有的金银器皿数量，不仅要比美洲金银矿没有发现之时——即使在其现有的进步状态下——多出3倍，或许更是前者的20至30多倍，直到目前为止，欧洲无疑得到了真正的便利，尽管那的确只是非常微不足道的便利。金银价格的下降导致这两种金属不如先前那样适合用作货币了：为了进行同样的购买活动，我们必须携带更大量的金银，对于以往4便士就能购得的物品，如今得在口袋里装1个先令。要说这种不便可以忽略不计，上述与之相对的便利怕也不比它重要多少，两者都不会对欧洲目前的状况造成任何重大的影响。然而，美洲的发现的确对欧洲产生了极为重大的影响。它为

欧洲所有商品开辟了一个全新而永不枯竭的市场，它为新的劳动分工和工艺改进创造了机会，而在古代商业的狭窄范围内，由于大部分产品缺乏市场，这是绝对不可能发生的。劳动者的生产力提高了，欧洲所有国家的劳动产品增加了，各国国民的真实收入和财富也就随之增加了。欧洲的商品对于美洲来说几乎是前所未有的，同样，美洲的许多商品对于欧洲来说也是新鲜事物。因此，一系列之前从未有人预见过的交换开始了。事实证明，这既然一定会对旧大陆有利，也自然会对新大陆同样有利。当然，欧洲人颇为野蛮的不公行径使得一桩本来对所有方都有利的事件，变成了几个不幸国家的灭顶之灾。

大约同时，欧洲人发现了经由好望角前往东印度的道路，尽管其距离比美洲更加遥远，却或许为欧洲人打开了比美洲更为广阔的对外贸易市场。整个美洲只有两个国家在各个方面比蛮荒之地稍强一些，这两个国家在美洲发现不久就被消灭了，其他的都不过是蛮荒之地。而中国、印度、日本等帝国以及东印度的其他几个国家即使金银矿藏不如美洲富足，却在其他所有方面都要比墨西哥或秘鲁更加富裕，农业耕种水平更高，所有工艺和制造业也都更加先进。就算这样说无异于相信了西班牙作家们关于那些帝国往昔状况的夸大记载，我们也必须承认这些事实，而那些记载显然是不足置信的。不过，富裕文明的国家彼此之间进行交易，其价值要远远大于与未开化的野蛮人作交易。但是，截止到此时，欧洲与东印度各个帝国商业往来获得的利益却大大低于与美洲经商获得的利益。葡萄牙垄断东印度贸易约一个世纪之久，其他欧洲国家从东印度购入任何商品，或将任何商品输入该国，都只能间接通过葡萄牙人之手。上世纪初荷兰人开始侵入这片商业领地，将整个东印度公司的业务全部交由一家公司独家经营。英国人、法国人、瑞典人和丹麦人都纷纷效法，此时，没有一个欧洲大国能够享受到对东印度进行自由商业贸易的利益。仅此一个原因就能够解释，为什么对东印度的贸易根本没有对美洲贸易那样有利，美洲贸易，即几乎每一个欧洲国家与其殖民地之间的贸易，对其所有臣民都是自由开放的。而那些东印度公司的专营特权

和巨大财富，以及从各自的政府那里获取的惠益和保护，招来了不少嫉妒。这种嫉妒心理往往使人们觉得其贸易是完全有害的，因为进行这种贸易的国家每年都输出大量白银。有关方面回答说，这种持续的白银输出的确有可能使整个欧洲陷于贫困，但从事贸易的具体国家却不受此影响。它们通过将一部分用白银购回的商品输出到欧洲的其他国家，实际获得的白银数量远比输出的多。反对者和辩驳者所持观点的依据都是我刚刚讨论过的普遍观点，因此我也没有必要就此多作论述。因为每年向东印度输出白银，欧洲的金银器皿价格很可能比以往更贵一些；而银币所能购买的劳动力和商品或许也比以往更多。在这两种影响中，前者不是什么大损失，后者也并非巨大收益，二者都微不足道，因而没有引发公众的广泛关注。与东印度的贸易为欧洲商品打开了一个新的市场，或者换一种说法，为那些商品所能购买的金银开辟了一个新市场，因而必然增加欧洲商品的年产量，从而增加欧洲的实际财富和收入总额。至于到目前为止所增加的数量甚少，则或许要归咎于那种贸易处处受到限制。

在这里，我觉得有必要详细考察一下这一通行概念，即关于财富的多少主要取决于金钱或者金银数量的大小，尽管这未免显得冗长繁琐。如我在上文所述，在一般人的概念中，金钱总是财富的象征，这种表达上的模棱两可使得此概念深入人心，以至于那些已经确信其荒谬无稽的人也常常会忘记自己的原则，在推理的过程中想当然将其作为一条确定无疑、不可否认的真理。英国商业界有几个数一数二的作家往往会在他们的文章开头论述道，一个国家的财富多少不仅在于所拥有的金银的数量，也在于拥有土地、房屋、可消费商品以及其他各种不同物品的数量。然而在推理过程中，他们似乎将土地、房屋和可消费商品统统抛到脑后，论证的核心往往变成了所有财富在于金银，增加这两种贵金属的数量乃是国家工商业最重要的目标。

但如果这两个原则都成立，即财富的多少取决于金银的数量，且缺

乏这两种贵金属的国家只能通过贸易差额，或者说使出口大大超过进口来收入金银，那么政治经济学的目的必然变成了尽可能减少进口外国商品用于本国消费，并尽可能增加本土工业品的出口，因而国家致富的两大手段就变成了限制进口和鼓励出口。

对进口的限制包括两种。

首先，凡能够由本土生产的国内消费品，无论从什么国家进口，都一律加以限制。

其次，如果本国与某些国家的贸易差额对本国不利，则对那些国家几乎所有商品的进口加以限制。

限制的方式也各有不同，有时采用高关税，有时则采用绝对禁止的办法。

而鼓励出口的办法，有时是退税，有时是政府奖励，有时是与外国签订有利的通商条约，有时是在遥远的境外建立殖民地。

退税的情形一般有两种。对于已缴纳关税或国产税的国产商品，在出口时往往会返还全部或部分税款；而对于已征收进口税的外国商品，如果进口目的是为了加工后出口，有时会在出口时返还全部或部分进口税。

政府奖励要么是为了鼓励某些新兴制造业，要么是为了奖励政府认为应给予特殊照顾的某些工业。

通过建立有利的通商条约，本国的货物和商人可以在某一境外国家获得别国货物和商人所没有的特权。

而通过在遥远的境外建立殖民地，宗主国的货物和商人不仅可以获

得特权，而且还可以获得垄断地位。

上述两种对进口的限制，连同四种鼓励出口的做法，乃是商业主义所倡导的六种主要手段，使各国扭转贸易逆差，情势对己有利，从而增加金银数量。我将在以下各章分别对其进行论述，关于这六种手段能够给国内带来金钱的说法，我就不再关注了，而重点考察它们各自可能对国内工业年产量产生何种影响。如果这些手段能够提高或降低国内工业年产量的话，也必然能够增加或降低国家的实际财富和收入。

对于商品进口实施的限制

通过征收高关税或绝对禁止的方式，限制可以由本国生产的商品从国外进口，在一定程度上保证了生产这些商品的国内工业对于国内市场的垄断。因此，禁止从国外进口活牲畜和腌制食品，确保了英国畜牧业者对国内肉类市场的垄断；对谷物进口课以高关税，也让英国的谷物种植者得到了相同的利益，因为在谷物丰收的年份里高额关税相当于禁止进口。禁止进口外国羊毛制品，同样对国内羊毛制品生产商有利；英国的丝绸制造商曾经完全依靠外国原材料，但最近它们也开始得到同样的好处；麻织品制造商尚未得到什么好处，不过他们正在大踏步地朝着这一方向迈进，很快就会得到。英国的许多其他产业制造商也以同样的方式获得了针对国人的全部或几乎全部垄断权。英国绝对禁止或在某种条件下禁止进口的商品，种类极其多，对于不十分熟悉关税法律的人来说，已经大大超出了他们的想象。

这种对国内市场的垄断总是能够给予享受垄断的行业很大的鼓励，因此往往能够使更大份额的劳动力和社会资源转向该行业，这是毋庸置疑的。但它是否能够增加整个社会的财富，或者使之朝着最有利的方向发展，或许就算不得什么不证自明的真理了。

社会全部产业的总和绝不会超过社会总资本所能维持的限度。正如任何个人所能雇用的工人数量必须与他所拥有的资本保持一定比例，整个社会所有成员持续雇用的工人数量也必须与该社会的资本总量保持一定比例，并绝不能超过该比例。任何商业调控都不可违反这一常识，增加社会产业的总量，使之超出其资本所能维持的限度。商业调控只能改变其中部分产业的导向，至于这种人为的方向调整是否就要比产业根据自身条件自然发展更为有利，则纯属不确定因素。

每个人都会持续不断地竭力为自己所支配的资本找到最合适的用途。诚然，这样做的时候，他考虑的是自己的利益而不是整个社会的利益，但他在仔细考察自己的利益之后，自然，或者说必然会倾向于选择那些最有利于社会的用途。

首先，只要资本获利的程度与一般水平持平，或者至少不太低于一般水平，所有个体都尽力在距离自己最近的地方使用自己的资本，这样的结果是，他会尽其所能支持国内产业。

因此，在利润相等或接近相等的情况下，每一个批发商自然宁愿经营消费品国内贸易也不愿经营对外贸易，宁愿经营消费品对外贸易也不愿意经营转口贸易。与对外贸易相比，经营国内贸易时，资本总是在他的可控范围之内。他能够更好地了解信托之人的品行和境况，万一不小心被骗，他也更熟悉国内的法律，知道如何从中获得补偿。在转口贸易中，商人的资本可以说是被分割在两个境外国家，而这两部分资本都不一定会回到国内，也就是回到他可以监管和支配的范围之内。譬如，一个阿姆斯特丹商人将俄国哥尼斯堡的玉米运往葡萄牙里斯本，将里斯本的水果和葡萄酒运往哥尼斯堡。一般来说，他必须有一半的资本投在哥尼斯堡，另一半投在里斯本，两部分资本似乎都没有必要回到阿姆斯特丹。这样一个商人自然应该住在哥尼斯堡或里斯本，只有在非常特殊的情况下，他才会选择居住在阿姆斯特丹。不过，因为距离自己的资本太远使商人深感不安，他一般都会从原定运往里斯本市场的哥尼斯堡货物和原定运往哥尼斯堡的里斯本货物中，分出一部分运往阿姆斯特丹。尽管这必然会带来装载和卸载的双重费用，还需要支付一些税金和关税，但为了让一部分资本始终处于自己的监控和管理之下，他愿意支付这部分额外费用。正因为如此，每个从事大量转口贸易的国家最后都会成为一个大型综合市场，那里交易着来自转口贸易相关各国的货物。为了避免二次装载和卸载，商人总是想方设法尽可能多地在本国市场上出售来自所有国家的货物，也就是尽其所能地将转口贸易转化为消费品的对外

贸易。同样，从事消费品对外贸易的商人，在收集货物运往国外市场时，在利润相等或接近相等的情况下，也总是更愿意尽可能地将大部分货物放在国内出售。为了规避出口的风险和麻烦，他总是尽其所能地将消费品的对外贸易转化为国内贸易。于是，如果可以这样说的话：本国总是成为每个国家的居民不断流通其资本的中心，各国居民总是更愿意让资本流向国内，只是由于特殊原因资本才会远离该中心，在较远处付诸使用。不过事实不断证明，相对于消费品对外贸易中使用的同等数量的资本，国内贸易中使用的资本总是能够启动更多的国内产业，增加国内更多居民的收入和就业机会。而用于消费品对外贸易的资本，与用于转口贸易的等量资本相比，也有同样的效果。因此，在利润相等或接近相等的前提下，个人都自然会尽力正确使用资本，给予国内产业最大的支持，并使自己国家的绝大多数人在收入和就业方面获利。

其次，任何人只要利用自己的资本支持国内产业，就必然会竭尽全力，力求使该产业的产量达到最大值。

产业的产量是指它为产业主体或劳动中所使用的原材料增加的价值。随着产业产量价值的增加或减少，雇主所得的利润也会按比例增减。然而，任何人利用自己的资本支持产业都只是为了赚取利润；因此，他必然会竭尽全力利用自己的资本支持那些能够产生最大价值的产业，或者用它换取最大数量的货币或其他商品。

但是任何社会的年收入总是与其产业的年总产量的可交换价值绝对相等，也就是说，年收入与年总产量的可交换价值完全是同一回事。由此看来，既然所有个人都会尽可能地利用自己的资本支持国内产业，并竭尽全力使该产业产生最大价值，所有个人也必然会尽可能地利用劳动为社会创造最大收入。当然，他既不是在为公众谋福利，也全然不知自己为公众贡献了多少福利。他宁可支持国内产业也不愿支持对外贸易，因而我们说他只关心自己的安全。他全力引导产业，使其产量达到最大

价值，我们说他只是为自己赚取利润，在种种情形下，他都是由一只看不见的手引导着，不由自主地去达到并非出于本意希望达到的目的。当然，并非出于本意而达到目的，对社会来说不一定就有害。在为自己谋福利的过程中，他往往能够比出于本意更有效地提升整个社会的福利。我没有听说过有哪些假装为公众谋福利的生意人真正为社会作出过什么大的贡献。当然，这种刻意作秀的做法在商人中并不常见，也用不着多费唇舌去劝阻他们。

至于应该将自己的资本用在国内哪些产业中，以及哪些产业有可能获得最大价值，显然，任何个体都能够根据其自身的具体条件作出判断，且比任何政治家或立法者所能提供的建议都更显合理。如果有哪一个政治家希望知道个人应该如何使用自己的资本，那不但是在自寻烦恼，而且是在攫取一种权力，社会在任何时候都不会放心地给予任何个人、任何形式的委员会或参议会这种权力。让一个虚伪荒唐、自以为能够担此大任的人拥有这种权力，是再危险不过的了。

让国内产业中任何特定的工艺或制造业产品垄断国内市场，在某种程度上无异于指导个体国民应该如何使用他们的资本，在几乎任何情况下，这都是一种毫无用处甚至颇为有害的调控。如果国内产品的价格能够像外国产品一样便宜，这样的调控显然没有用处；如果不能一样低廉，那么一般来说，这种调控必然是有害的。任何一个明智的一家之主，都应该坚持这样一个原则，即如果自行制作的成本高于从别处购买，就绝不选择前者。裁缝不会尝试自己做鞋，而是从鞋匠那里买鞋；同样，鞋匠也不会尝试自己做衣服，而是请裁缝帮着做；农夫既不做鞋也不做衣服，就花钱请手艺人来做。从以上种种例子可以看出，所有人都知道，将所有精力投注在自己比他人更有优势的领域，并用其部分产品去购买，或者换句话说，用其产品的部分价格去购买他们偶尔需要的东西，这种做法符合个人的最大利益。

如果某种行为对于一个家庭来讲是审慎明智的，那么对于一个大国来说，它也错不到哪里去。如果某一外国可以提供我们某一种商品，其价格要比我们自己生产更加便宜，那么更明智的做法显然是用我们自己的部分产品来购买，因为我们在生产后一种产品的产业中具有某种优势。国家的劳动总量既然一定和维持它所用的资本成正比，就不会因此而减少，正如上文提到的各类手工制造业者的劳动不会减少一样，人们只会因此而找到能够产生更大价值的使用资本的方法。因而我们说，使用资本来生产一种物品，生产的成本却高于购买的价格，则资本必然不能够产生最大价值。如果劳动力去生产那些显然不能产生更多价值的商品，则一定会或多或少地减损一个国家年产物的总价值。根据这一假设，从外国购买商品要比在本国制造更加便宜。这样，如果按照其自然发展方向的话，使用以同样的资本在本国产业中所生产商品的一部分，或者换句话说，用这些在本国产业中所生产商品价格的一部分，即可以购买到外国商品。所以，上述调控的结果是，将国家的劳动从较为有利的用途转为较为不利的用途，其年产量的可交换价值不但没能像立法者原先设想的那样有所增加，反而因为有了国内产业垄断而有所减少。

诚然，有了此类调控，某一特定的制造业可能要比没有调控时更快地确立起来，且经过一段时间之后，特定商品在国内的生产成本也将不再高于国外的生产成本。然而，尽管社会中某一产业可以因为获利而更加快速地进入某一特定轨道，但无论是劳动还是收入总额，都绝不会因为有了此类调控而增加。社会中劳动的增加必须与资本的增加成正比，而其资本的增加必须取决于社会收入中逐渐节省出来的那一部分。但是每一个此类调控的直接后果都是减少社会收入，而凡是减少收入的措施，自然不会迅速增加社会的资本，无论是社会的资本还是劳动，它们都只能在自然状态下才能够很快增加。

虽然某种特定的制造业因为缺少这样的调控无法在社会上确立起来，但社会在其发展的任何一段时间内并不会因这一原因变得贫穷。在

其发展的每一个时期，社会的总资本和劳动的使用或许仍然是当时最有利的，只是在不同的时期，社会发展的目标不尽相同。在每一个特定时期，社会收入可能都是其资本所能支持的最大收入，资本和收入的增长速度也是该社会当时所能够达到的最大速度。

有时，一个国家在生产特定商品方面相对于其他国家的自然优势非常突出，全世界都承认无法与之竞争。诚然，通过嵌玻璃、设温床、建温壁，苏格兰也能栽种极好的葡萄，并用来生产上等的葡萄酒，只是与从其他国家购买的品质不逊的葡萄酒相比，其制作费用差不多是前者的30倍。如此说来，如果单单为了鼓励苏格兰制造波尔多和勃艮第葡萄酒而发布禁令，禁止进口一切外国葡萄酒，这种做法难道合理吗？如果人人都能看出，在需要特定数量的某种商品时，使用比从外国进口高出30倍的本国资本和劳动来生产的做法无比荒谬，那么即使所使用的资本和劳动只不过高出了1/30，甚或3%，也是一样的不合情理，只不过没有那么荒唐可笑就是了。一个国家在这方面的优势究竟是天然的还是后来拥有的，这无关紧要，只要它有那些优势，而另一个国家又缺乏优势，那么就后一个国家来说，从前者购买就要比自己生产更具优势。一个手工业制造者对于从事另一个行业的人而言，其优势只能是后天获得的。然而他们两人都会发现，从彼此那里购买要比制造不属于自己行业的产品更为有利。

商人和制造业者是这种国内市场垄断中最大的获利者。禁止从外国进口牲畜或腌制品，加之对外国谷物征收较高关税——在一般的丰年这就相当于禁止——为英国畜牧业者和农场主带来的利益，远远低于英国商人和制造业者因其他此类禁令所得的利益。制造业者，特别是较精细产品的制造业者，其产品在各国之间的运输要比谷物或牛羊更加容易。因此，对外贸易的主要业务是制造品贸易。在制造业，很小的利益就能够让外国人倾销自己工人的产品，即使在其国内市场上也是如此。而对于土地的原产品来说，这样做的成本就很高，需要有很大利益才有人肯

做。如果允许外国制造品自由输入，就会有好些国内制造业者受到重创，甚至或许还有一些会倒闭，而这时，该制造业使用的很大一部分资本和劳动就不得不重新寻找新的用途。但是即使国家允许土地原产品完全自由输入，也不会对国内的农业产生这样巨大的影响。

举例来说，即使对外国牲畜的进口完全开放，进口的数目也非常少，英国的畜牧业不会受到多大影响。活牲畜或许是唯一一种海运比陆地运输更加昂贵的商品了。牲畜能够行走，使用陆运的话，它们自己就能走向目标市场；而海运不但要运送它们自身，还要运送它们需要的粮食和水，费用昂贵，且无比麻烦。爱尔兰和英国之间的海程距离很短，这的确使爱尔兰牲畜的运输容易一些。最近只在一段时间内对牲畜进口实施了开放政策，然而即使永久放开进口牲畜，对于英国畜牧业者的利益也不会产生太大影响。英国靠近爱尔兰海的部分全都是畜牧养殖的乡村。进口的爱尔兰牲畜绝不会为那里的人们所用，必然是要经过那里转运到很远的地方，要经过很大一番周折才能到达适当的市场，费用不低，且麻烦不小。肥牲畜无法走这么远的路途，因而就只能进口瘦牲畜，这不会损害到那些从事牲畜养殖或育肥的乡村的利益，而只能损害到从事牲畜繁殖的地方的利益，因为对于前者而言，瘦牲畜的价格下降，事实上对他们是有利的。自从允许进口爱尔兰牲畜以来，从爱尔兰进口牲畜数量不大，瘦牲畜的价格一直卖得不错，这样看起来，似乎连英国那些繁殖牲畜的地方也不会因为放开进口而受到太大影响。据说爱尔兰的普通民众经常诉诸暴力反对出口牲畜，然而如果出口商看到继续该贸易有任何大的好处，而法律又在他们那一边的话，他们完全可以轻易战胜这种民众的反对。

除此之外，从事牲畜养殖和育肥的地方必定都是土地经过大大改良的地方，而繁殖牲畜的地方一般都是未经开垦的荒地。瘦牲畜价格高，增加了未经开垦荒地的价值，这无异于一项重奖，鼓励人们不要开荒改良。因为在任何整个土地经过高度改良的地方，进口瘦牲畜都要比自己

繁殖更加有利。据说现在荷兰就信奉此理。的确，苏格兰、威尔士和诺森伯兰郡的山区都是无法进行土地高度改良的地方，似乎自然条件注定了这些地方只能是英国繁殖牲畜的地方。完全开放进口外国牲畜的唯一结果就是，使那些繁殖牲畜的地方无法从牲畜数量增加和国内其他地方的土地改良中获益，无法无休止地提高繁殖牲畜的价格，要知道如果可以随意提高繁殖牲畜的价格，实际上就相当于给国内致力于开垦和改良的地方加收了一道税。

同样，如果说进口活牲畜对于英国畜牧业者的影响尚且有限，那么完全放开进口腌制品对于英国畜牧业者利益的影响更是微乎其微。腌制品也是体积很大的商品，这种商品不但品质不如新鲜畜肉，而且其中所含的劳动较多、成本较高、价格也更高，因此根本无法与新鲜畜肉竞争，不过倒是可以和本国的腌制品竞争。腌制品可以为远航的船只供应食物，等等，不过绝不可能成为人们食物供应中举足轻重的一部分。自从准许腌制品自由进口以来，从爱尔兰进口的腌制品数量很少，这证实了畜牧业者丝毫不用担心此类产品的进口。屠夫出售的生肉价格似乎根本不会因为腌制品的进口而受到任何显著的影响。

即使是完全自由进口外国谷物对于英国农场主利益的影响也可以忽略不计。谷物的体积可要比屠夫卖的生肉大多了，用一个便士购买的一磅小麦在重量上相当于用四个便士购买的一磅生肉。即使在国内谷物最匮乏的年景，从外国进口的谷物数量仍然很少，这完全可以消除我国农场主对于自由进口的恐惧感。根据见闻广博的谷物贸易研究者的论文，每年从国外进口谷物的平均数量不过只有23728夸脱，不到我国年消费总量的1/571。不过由于谷物出口奖励使得丰年的出口量超过了实际耕种所允许的数量，必然导致在谷物歉收之年的进口量也超过实际耕种所需要的数量。这样一来，某一年的丰收不能够补偿另一年的歉收，而出口的平均数量必然会因为国家奖励而增加，因而进口的平均数量也必然会相应增加，超过实际耕种所需的进口量。如果不对谷物出口进行奖

励，谷物的出口量会随之减少，那么按年份平均，谷物的进口量也会少于当前的水平了。谷物商人，那些在英国和境外各国之间贩运谷物的人因此业务量大大减少，可能会遭受很大损失，但是国内的乡绅和农场主却不会受到什么影响。所以，据我观察，最希望奖励制度更新并持续下去的人不是乡绅和农场主，而是谷物商人。

乡绅和农场主算得上是最没有卑劣的独占心理的人，这是他们无上的光荣。一个大型制造厂的经营者有时会因为附近20英里内新建了一所同样类型的工厂而警觉起来。在阿比维尔经营羊毛制造业的荷兰人规定，该城市周围方圆30里格内[6]不得兴建另一家同类制造厂。农场主和乡绅则相反，他们一般都倾向于鼓励而不是阻挠邻人开垦和改良农场和土地。他们没有大多数制造业者拥有的所谓商业秘密，一般都更愿意与邻人交流心得体会，希望自己刚刚发现的、能够带来裨益的最新做法传播得越远越好。老伽图就说过："这是最受人尊敬的职业。从事这种职业的人，生活最为稳定，最不为人嫉恨，他们也最没有怨气。"乡绅和农场主们零星分布在国内各地，不像商人和制造业者那样容易合并，后者因为聚集在城镇中，习惯了那种普遍的排他性企业思维，自然都会在获得各自城镇居民所没有的专营权之后，竭力设法获得所有国人中唯一的专营权。这样看来，他们似乎是禁止外国商品进口的始作俑者，为的就是确保自身对国内市场的垄断。或许是为了模仿这些人，或许因为发现这些人企图压迫自己，要获得和这些人平起平坐的权利，英国的乡绅和农场主们忘记了自己原本拥有的宽大之心，反而要求获得向国民供应谷物和生肉的独有特权。他们或许根本没有花时间认真思考一下，与商人和制造业者相比，自由贸易对他们的影响实在是微乎其微。

要颁布一项永久的法律禁止进口外国谷物和牲畜，事实上就相当于规定：国内的人口和工业在任何时候都不能超过其土地原产品所能供养的限度。

然而，在以下两种情况下，通过对国外产业征收税负来鼓励国内产业看来是有利的。

首先，某些特定产业是为国防所需。例如，英国的国防在很大程度上取决于海员和船只的多少。因此，英国的航海法案试图确保英国的海员和船只在国内航海业的垄断地位是非常正确的。具体做法有时是绝对禁止，而有时是对外国的船只征收很高的税负。以下是该法案的几条主要的规定：

一、凡与英国居留地和殖民地通商或在英国沿海经商的船只，其船主及3/4船员必须为英国籍臣民，违者没收船舶及其所载货物。

二、各种体积庞大的进口商品，只能由上述船只或所购商品出产国的船只（其船主、船长及3/4船员为该国籍公民）运入英国，但由后一类船只运入的商品，必须加倍征收关税。若由其他国家的船只运入，则处以没收船只及其所载货物的惩罚。此法案颁布之时，荷兰人是欧洲海运业的巨头，到现在仍是欧洲海运业的巨头；但该法案颁布之后，他们再也不能以海运输送者的身份，将本国货物或欧洲其他各国的货物运入英国了。

三、各种体积极大的进口商品，只许由出产国的船只运入，即使英国船只也在被禁止之列，违者没收船只及其所载货物。这项规定很可能也是专门针对荷兰人制定的。那时的荷兰和现在一样，是所有欧洲商品进行交易的大市场，有了这个条例，英国船只就不能在荷兰国内起运欧洲其他各国的货物了。

四、各种腌制咸鱼、鲸须、鲸鳍、鲸油和鲸脂，不是由英国船只捕获并加工处理的，在运入英国时，须加倍征收关税。那时在欧洲，以捕鱼为业并供给他国的只有荷兰人，即使现在也仍主要是荷兰人。该法案颁布后，荷兰人向英国供给这类海产品就须缴纳极重的关税了。

航海法案制定之时，英、荷两国虽然实际上没有交战，然而两国之间的仇恨却已达到极点。这种仇恨在制定该法律的长期议会统治时期已经开始，不久以后，终于在护国公（即克伦威尔王朝）和查理二世王朝期间的荷兰战争中来了一次大爆发。所以，说这个著名法案中的几项条例是从民族仇恨出发的，也不是完全不可能。不过这些条例本身非常明智，很像是深思熟虑的结果。当时存在于两国间的民族仇恨，其目标与经过最明智的决策之后制定的目标别无二致，那就是削弱荷兰的海军力量，那是唯一可能危害英国安全的海上力量。

航海法案不利于对外贸易，或者说遏制了对外贸易带来的财富增长。一国在对外国的通商关系中所获得的利益，与个体商人在与他人做生意时一样，都力求最大程度地贱买贵卖。完全自由的贸易鼓励一切国家购买和输入所需要的商品，在这种情况下，国家最有可能贱买；也是出于同一原因，由于大量买者麇集于该国市场，商品的售价可以尽量提高，因而也最有可能贵卖。诚然，航海法案对于前来输出英国产品的外国船只并没有课税；甚至之前原本需要对所有出口和进口商品征收关税，而航海法案之后颁布的好几个法案，则规定对大部分出口商品减免这部分关税。但是如果外国人因禁令或高关税的原因而不能来我国售卖，他们也不能来我国购买。因为如果空船来我国装货，单是从其本国来到我国的船费就是一笔损失。所以减少售卖者人数，必然也会减少购买者人数。这样，与贸易完全自由之时相比，我们可能在购买外国货物时付价更高，而在售卖本国货物时出价更低。但是，由于国防比国富重要得多，所以在英国所有通商条例中，航海法案或许是最明智的一项法案。

除上述情况外，还有一种情况，可以通过对外国产业征收若干税负来鼓励国内产业，总体而言又能对国内有利，那就是在国内对该产业的产品课税。在这种情况下，对外国的同类产品课以同额的赋税，似乎也合情合理。这种方法不会造成国内该产业对于国内市场的垄断，也不会

出现流入某一特殊用途的资本与劳动大于其自然流入的情况。课税的唯一结果，不过是阻止本应流入该用途的任何一部分资本与劳动流入非自然的用途，而在课税之后，本国产业与外国产业仍然能在与课税前大致相同的条件下互相竞争。在英国，国内产业的产品被课以此等税负时，通常会同时对同类外国商品的进口课以高得多的关税，免得国内商人和制造业者吵吵嚷嚷地埋怨说，这些商品要在国内贱卖了。

有人认为，对于自由贸易的这第二种限制，在某些情况下，不应仅限于输入本国而与本国课税商品相竞争的那些外国商品，应该扩大并适用于许多外国商品。他们声称，如果在国内对生活必需品课税，那么不仅对从外国输入的同类生活必需品课税是正当的，对输入国内、与国内任何产业的产品竞争的各种外国商品课税也都是正当的。他们认为，这样课税必然会抬高生活必需品的价格。而随着劳动者生活品价格的提高，劳动价格也必定跟着提高。所以，本国产业所生产的各种商品虽然没有被直接课税，但其价格都将因此种课税而提高，因为生产这些商品的劳动价格上升了。所以他们说，这样虽然表面看来只对生活必需品课税，实际上却相当于对国内一切产业的一切商品课税。因此他们认为，为使国内产业与国外产业处于同等地位，有必要对输入本国而与本国任何商品竞争的所有外国商品加收税负，其额度应该相当于本国商品价格提高的额度。

生活必需品税，如英国的肥皂税、盐税、皮革税、蜡烛税等，是否必然提高劳动价格，从而提高一切其他商品的价格，我将在后面考察赋税时详细阐述。但是另一方面，假设这种赋税有此后果（它的确有此后果），则一切商品价格由于劳动价格上涨而普遍上涨的情况，在以下两个方面与特定商品由于直接课有特种税负而涨价的情况有所不同。

第一，关于特种税负能够使该特定商品的价格提高到什么程度，总可以作出准确的判断；但劳动价格的普遍提高将在何种程度上影响每一

种不同商品的价格，却不可能准确判断。因此，要按各种国内商品价格上涨的比例，对各种外国商品课以相当的税负，就不可能将额度确定得相当准确。

第二，生活必需品税对人民生活的影响，无异于土壤贫瘠和气候恶劣对人民生活的影响。粮食价格因此比从前昂贵，正如在贫瘠的土壤和恶劣的气候之下，生产粮食需要付出额外的劳动和费用。在土壤和气候等条件导致自然资源贫乏的情况下，指导人民如何使用其资本和劳动无疑非常荒谬；同理，在生活必需品赋税人为导致资源匮乏时，这么做也显得滑稽可笑。很明显，在上述两种情况下对人民最有利的做法，便是让他们尽可能地适应当前的环境，为自己的劳动寻找合适的用途，使之即使在不利的情况下，也能在国内或国外市场上占有稍稍优越的地位。人民的捐税负担已经太重了，且已经为生活必需品支付了极为高昂的价格，如果再课以新税，要他们再为其他大部分商品也支付过高的价格，无疑是雪上加霜，此乃最为荒谬的补救办法。

这类赋税高到一定程度，所造成的祸害绝不低于土壤贫瘠和天时险恶所造成的祸害。然而最普遍征收这类赋税的地方，却正是那些人民最富裕、最勤勉的国家，其他国家经不起这么大的失调。只有最强健的身体，才能在饮食不卫生时也存活得下去并拥有健康；国家也是一样，只有当一个国家的各种产业都具有最大的先天和后天优势时，才能在这么重的税负下继续存在并繁荣发展。在欧洲，这一类赋税最多的国家要算荷兰，而荷兰之所以继续繁荣，并不是像人们无端想象的那样，得益于这类税负，而是因为荷兰本国的特殊情形，这类税负无法阻止其继续繁荣。

对外国产业课以关税负担，以此来鼓励本国产业的做法，总体而言在上述两种情况下是有利的，而在下述两种情况下，则需要斟酌考虑两个问题：一，应在何种程度上继续允许自由进口某些外国商品；二，应

在何种程度上，或以何种方式，在自由进口中断一段时间之后再次恢复。

有时需要考虑应在何种程度上继续允许自由进口某些外国商品的情况是：某个境外国家通过高关税或禁令，抑制我国某些制造业产品进口到该国。在这种情况下，复仇之心自然会诱使我们实施报复，我们应该对该国的某些或全部制造业产品同样征收高关税或完全禁止进口。事实上，各国通常都是如此实施报复的。法国人为了庇护本国的制造业，特别喜欢用限制进口的办法，对付一切能和他们竞争的外国商品。这似乎是科尔贝尔先生政策的重要组成部分，科尔贝尔先生尽管才智超群，但在这一点上却似乎被商人和制造业者的诡辩蒙骗了，他们总是要求获得针对其同胞的垄断权。如今，就连法国最有才智的人都认为，科尔贝尔先生的这种做法对国家毫无裨益。这位财政大臣于1667年颁布关税法，对大多数外国制造业产品课以极高的关税。荷兰人请求降低关税而不得，便于1671年颁布法令，禁止进口法国的葡萄酒、白兰地及制造业商品。两国之所以于1672年开战，部分原因就是这一商业纠纷。1678年的奈梅亨和约结束了战争，应荷兰人之请，降低了部分关税，荷兰人也撤销了进口法国商品的禁令。英法两国大约是在同一个时候开始使用同样的关税和禁令来抑制对方国家的产业的，不过首先采取行动的似乎是法国。从那以来一直存在于两国之间的敌忾之心，使得双方都不肯降低关税。1697年，英国禁止进口佛兰德斯制造的梭结花边。佛兰德斯那时是西班牙领地，其政府立即宣布禁止进口英国毛织品，以示报复。1700年，英国撤回了禁止进口佛兰德斯梭结花边的禁令，条件是佛兰德斯必须撤销禁止进口英国毛织品的禁令。

为了要撤销广受抱怨的高关税或禁令而纷纷采用的报复政策，如果能够达到目的，则不啻一记良策。一般来说，能够恢复较大的外国市场，不但可以完全抵消由于某些商品价格暂时高昂而经历的暂时困难，还能带来额外补偿。要判断这种报复能否产生效果，与其说需要立法者

的知识，不如说需要所谓的政治家或政客的技巧，前者的深思熟虑应该受到普遍的一般原理的指导，而那些狡猾的“动物”，即被俗称为政治家或政客的那些人，在考虑问题时一般都得随机应变、见风使舵。在没有可能撤销这种禁令的时候，为了补偿我国某些阶层人民所受的伤害伤及我们自身的利益，则除了本来受伤害的那些阶层，几乎所有阶层都会受到伤害，这似乎不是一个好办法。当邻国禁止进口我国某种制造品时，我们通常不但禁止进口该国的同种制造品，而且禁止进口其生产的其他几种制造品，因为仅仅禁止那一种制造品很少能够对他们造成显著的影响。这样做无疑可能会给我国某些生产部门的工人以鼓励，替他们排除一些竞争者，使他们在国内市场上抬高自己的劳动价格。不过，我们那些因邻国禁令而蒙受损失的工人是决不会从这类禁令中获益的。反之，他们以及我国几乎所有其他阶层的人民，在购买某些商品时，都不得不支付比从前更为昂贵的费用。所以，每一项此类法律的实施，事实上都给整个国家的民众增加了税负，不仅不利于那些因邻国禁令而遭受损失的我国工人，也不利于我国其他各阶层的民众。

在外国商品的自由进口中断一段时间之后，应该在何种程度上，或以何种方式恢复自由进口，这是一个值得深思的问题，由于一切能与其竞争的外国商品都被课以高关税或禁止进口，我国的某些制造业大大扩充，雇用了大量工人。在这种情况下，出于人道主义的考虑，也许应该一步一步、小心翼翼地恢复自由贸易。如果骤然撤销高关税与禁令，价格低廉的外国同类货物将迅速涌入国内市场，导致我国千千万万的人口失业，连日常的生活资料也无从获取。由此引发的混乱无疑非常可怕。不过由于以下两个原因，由此引发的混乱或许要比一般人想象的小得多。

第一，所有在无奖励金的情况下通常也可以出口到欧洲其他各国的制造品，都很少会受到外国商品自由进口的影响。这类制造品在输往外国时，其售价必须与同品质的同类其他外国商品同样低廉，因而在国内

的售价必然更低。这样一来，它们仍然能够占有国内市场。有一些爱赶时髦的人有时只因为是外国货便趋之若鹜，而本国制造的同类商品虽价廉物美，亦为他们所不取，然而根据自然规律，这种愚行总不会那么普及，所以对人们的就业不会产生显著的影响。在我国的毛织品制造业、鞣革业、五金业中，就有很大一部分制造品每年不依赖奖励金而输往欧洲其他各国，而雇用职工人数最多的制造业，也恰恰就是这几种制造业。从自由贸易中受到最大损害的或许是丝绸制造业，其次是麻布制造业，不过后者所受的损失比前者少得多。

第二，这样恢复贸易自由，虽然会令许多人突然失业并丧失基本生活资料，但他们不会因此而彻底失业或了无生计。上次战争结束时，海陆军人数裁减超过10万，相当于国内最大制造业所雇用的人数；他们顿时失去了平素的职业，无疑会感到种种不便，但他们并没有因此被剥夺所有的职业和生计。较大部分水兵或许会有机会逐渐转移到商船上提供服务。与此同时，他们和被遣散的陆军士兵一起被吸收到广大民众中，受雇于各种职业。10万多人惯于使用武器，而且其中有许多人惯于劫掠，他们的生活状况发生了那么大的变化，却不曾出现大的骚动，也不曾引起显著的混乱。在我国的任何地方，流浪汉的数目并未因此而显著增加，而且据我所知，除了水兵转为商船海员外，任何一种职业的劳动工资也未曾减少。但是要是我们将士兵的习惯和任何一种制造业工人的习惯放在一起作比较，即可发现：与前者相比，后者总是有可能且有资格转而从事新的行业。这是因为士兵一向以依赖粮饷为生，而制造业工人则只能靠自己的劳动为生；前者倾向于怠惰与闲荡，而后者倾向于勤勉与刻苦。由一种辛勤劳动转而从事另一种辛勤劳动，当然要比由怠惰闲荡变为勤勉刻苦容易得多。此外我们在前面已经论及，大部分制造业都有与其性质相似的旁系制造业，所以工人很容易从这些制造业的一种转到另一种。而且这类工人中的大部分，偶尔还被雇用从事农业劳动。以前在特定制造业中雇用他们的资本仍将留在国内，以其他方式雇用同样数目的人。国家的资本和从前相同，对劳动的需求也和从前相同或大

致相同，不过是用在不同地方和不同职业中罢了。诚然，海陆军士兵被遣散后即拥有了自由，可以在英国或爱尔兰的任何城镇或任何地方从事任何职业。让我们恢复国王陛下的一切臣民所享有的选择任何职业的天赋自由，像海陆军士兵所享有的那样，换言之，摧毁同业组合的专营特权、废除学徒法令（此二者实际上都是对天赋自由的侵犯），再废除居住法，使贫穷工人在此地此业中失业之后，能够在彼地彼业中就业，无须担心被人检举，也无须担心被迫迁移，这样，公众与个人由于某特定制造业工人的偶然遣散而蒙受的损害，就不会大于士兵遣散所遭受的损害。我国的制造业工人无疑对国家有很大的功绩，但和以血肉保卫国家的士兵相比，他们的功绩就显得小些，因而也不奢望得到什么更好的待遇。

我们不能指望自由贸易在英国完全恢复，正如不能指望理想国或乌托邦在英国实现一样。不仅是公众的偏见，还有更难克服的许多个体对私利的欲望，这些都是完全恢复自由贸易所面对的不可抗拒的阻力。如果军队的将领都像大制造业者反对每一个有关在国内市场增加其竞争者人数的法律一样，激烈地一致反对裁减兵力，都像制造业者鼓动工人以暴力攻击和伤害此类法律的提议者那样，激烈地一致鼓动他们的士兵以暴力攻击缩减兵力政策的提议者，那么要想缩编军队就会非常危险，正如我们现在想在任何方面减缩我国制造业者既得的有害于同胞的垄断权一样危险。这种垄断权已经在很大程度上增加了某些制造业的人数，他们像一个过于庞大的常备军一样，不但可以胁迫政府，而且往往可以胁迫立法机关。支持加强此种垄断权提案的议会成员不仅可以获得理解贸易的佳誉，而且可以在那种因为人数众多、财富庞大而占据重要地位的阶层中备受欢迎与拥护。反之，要是此人胆敢反对这类提案，或者甚而有权阻止这类提案，那么，即使他被公认为是最正直、有最高的地位、有最大的社会功绩的人，恐怕仍不免遭受最不名誉的侮辱与诽谤，不免受到人身攻击，而且有时会面临实际的危险，因为愤怒和失望的垄断者有时会以无理的暴行加害于他。

大制造业经营者，如果由于在国内市场上突然遇到了外国竞争对手而不得不放弃原来的行业，其损失无疑是巨大的。通常用来购买原材料和支付工资的那一部分资本，要另觅用途或许不会十分困难；但固定用在工厂及职业工具上的那一部分资本，处置起来却难免会造成相当大的损失。因此出于对这类人利益的公平考虑，就要求这种变革不要操之过急，而要徐缓、逐渐地在发出警告很久以后实行。要是立法机构能够深思熟虑，不为出于片面利益的嘈杂抱怨声所左右，而是为大众普遍利益的卓识远见所引导，它就要特别小心，既要防止形成任何新的此类垄断，又不能让已经形成的垄断继续扩大。这样的法规会在一定程度上给国家的体制带来实际的混乱，而后来的补救措施也难免引发新的混乱。

至于在何种程度上可以适当地对进口外国商品课以关税，不是为了阻止进口，而是为政府筹集收入，我将在以后考察税负时详细探讨。但为了减少甚至阻止进口而强加关税，显然是在破坏自由贸易，对国家关税收入也是有百害而无一利。

限制的不合理性

第一节　即使根据商业体系的原则，这种限制也不合理

商业体系所提倡的增加金银储量的第二个方法，是对通常认为其贸易差额不利于我国的那些国家的近乎所有商品的进口施加额外限制。正因如此，西里西亚的上等细布只需缴纳一定的关税即可输入英国，供英国本土消费；但法国的细麻布和上等细布却禁止进口，只能被运往伦敦港，在那里的仓库中等待转运输出。相对于葡萄牙或任何其他国家生产的葡萄酒，我国对法国葡萄酒进口征收的关税也格外苛重。依照所谓的“1692年关税”的相关规定，一切法国商品都必须缴纳相当于其价格或价值25%的关税；但来自其他各国的大部分货物所缴纳的关税却要轻得多，很少超过5%。诚然，法国的葡萄酒、白兰地、食盐和醋均不在此限，但这些商品须依照其他法律或相同法律的特定条款而加重税务负担。1696年，有关方面认为25%的税负尚不足以阻止法国商品进口，于是又对白兰地以外的法国货物新增25%的税负，同时对法国葡萄酒每吨课以25英镑的新税，对法国醋每吨课以15英镑的新税。我国税则上所列举的各种商品或大多数商品所必须缴纳的那些一般补助税或“百分之五税”，法国商品无一能够省免。如果把1/3补助税和2/3补助税也计算在内的话，单单一般补助税就多达五种；因此，在这次战争开始之前，法国大部分农副产品或制造品至少需要负担75%的进口税。而大部分商品根本负担不起这样重的税负，因此那些税负无异于一纸禁令。我相信，法国一定也针锋相对地对英国的商品和制造品征收同样苛重的税负，不过我并不清楚那些税负具体苛重到什么地步。这种相互施加的限制几乎断绝了两国间一切公平的贸易往来，如此一来，如今无论是法国商品运至英国，还是英国商品运至法国，主要都靠走私。我在前一章所考察的所有原则均起源于私人利害关系和垄断精神；而本章所要考察的各项原则

就要归咎于民族偏见与敌意了。于是我们不难推断，这里提到的这些原则更加缺乏合理性，即使根据商业体系的诸项原则，也是极不合理的。

首先，即使英法之间自由通商，使得贸易差额确实对法国有利，我们也不能因此而断言该贸易就对英国不利；也不能因此而断言，英国全部贸易的总差额会因此而对英国更加不利。如果法国产的葡萄酒比葡萄牙产的葡萄酒价廉物美，法国产的亚麻布比德国产的亚麻布价廉物美，那么英国需要的葡萄酒与外国亚麻布，当然是从法国购买更加有利，而从葡萄牙和德国购买更为不利。尽管这样一来，每年从法国进口的商品价值将大大增加，但因同品质的法国商品价格要比葡萄牙和德国的商品更为低廉，全部进口商品的总价值应该有所减少，而减少的数量恰与其低廉程度相称。即便从法国进口的商品将完全用于在英国本国消费，情况也是如此。

其次，我们进口的法国商品中大部分可能会转而出口到其他国家去赚取利润，这种转出口带来的回报也许会等同于我们从法国进口的全部商品的原始费用。人们经常挂在嘴边的关于东印度贸易的种种理论，或许对法国贸易也同样适用，那就是，尽管东印度的商品中大部分都是用金银购买的，但将其中一部分商品再出口之后所能够带回到本国的金银，就比所有货物的初始费用还要多。现在，荷兰最重要的贸易部门之一，就是负责将法国商品运到欧洲其他各国。英国人饮用的法国葡萄酒，也有一部分是秘密经由荷兰及西兰岛[7]输入的。如果英法之间实施自由贸易，或者法国商品在进口时缴纳的税负水平与欧洲其他各国相同，并在出口时退回，那么在如今对荷兰如此有利的对法贸易中，英国就有机会分得一杯羹了。

第三点也是最后一点，我们没有一个明确的标准，可以判定任何两国之间的贸易差额究竟对哪国有利，或哪一个国家输出的价值最大。关于这一类问题，我们判断的依据往往是为个别贸易者的私利所左右的国

民偏见与敌意。然而在这种情况下，人们往往会使用两种标准，即海关手册和汇兑行情表。在我看来，这也是如今大多数人所认可的，海关手册这种标准是非常靠不住的，因为根据该标准对大多数商品的估值都极不准确。至于汇兑行情表，恐怕也同样不可靠。

据说，如果两地，如伦敦和巴黎，以等值票面进行汇兑，那表明伦敦欠巴黎的债务，恰被巴黎欠伦敦的债务抵消了。反之，如果在巴黎购买汇票时需要在伦敦给付贴水，据说那就表明，伦敦欠巴黎的债务尚未与巴黎欠伦敦的债务完全抵消，还需从伦敦汇出一定的差额；鉴于此输出有风险、麻烦及出口费用，代汇者要求给付贴水，汇兑人也必须给付贴水。然而据说，两个城市之间债务与债权的一般状况必然会受到彼此间通常的商务往来的支配。如果两个城市之间，甲从乙那里进口的数额不大于它向乙出口的数额，乙从甲那里进口的数额也不大于它向甲出口的数额，则两个城市的债务和债权可以相互抵消。但如果有任何一方从另一方进口的数额大于其向另一方出口的数额，则前者所承担的债务必然大于其对后者拥有的债权，那么二者间的债务和债权就无法互相抵消，前者必须向后者汇出一部分货币，其金额即相当于债务和债权之间的差额。因此，既然两地间商业往来的通常情况可以表明其债务和债权的一般状况，它也必然能表明两地间进出口的一般状况，因为这些都是债务和债权状况的支配因素。不过虽然我们可以从两地间商业往来的通常情况看出二者债务和债权的一般状况，但我们不能就此推断出，债务和债权情况有利于哪一方，贸易差额也就一定对其有利。任何两地之间债务和债权的一般状况并不一定完全取决于彼此通常的商务往来，通常它还受到任何一方与其他许多地方的交易情况的影响。例如，英国商人通常会用荷兰汇票从汉堡、丹泽和里加等地购买货物，这样一来，英国和荷兰之间债务和债权的一般状况就不完全取决于两国彼此交易的通常情况，它还将受到英国和那些地方进行交易情况的影响。在这种情形下，即使英国对荷兰的出口可能大大超出它从荷兰进口的价值，即使所谓的贸易差额可能大大有利于英国，它仍然必须每年向荷兰汇出一笔货

币。

此外，按照一向计算汇兑平价的方法，同样不能充分表明，如果汇兑的一般情况被认为有利于一个国家，那么债务与债权的一般情况也必然对它有利。换言之，真实的汇兑情况与计算所得的汇兑情况可能极不相同，而且事实上往往极不相同，所以，在许多情况下，关于债务和债权的一般情况，我们决不能根据汇兑的一般情况得到确实的结论。

当我们为了在英国支付一笔货币，收到一张可以在法国兑现一笔货币的汇票时，如果前一笔货币根据英国铸币的标准所含的纯银，与后一笔货币根据法国铸币标准所含的纯银的盎司数目相同，我们就说，英国和法国之间以平价汇兑。如果你所支付的多于兑付所得，人们就认为你支付了贴水，并说汇兑对英国不利，对法国有利。如果你支付的少于兑付所得，人们就认为你得到了贴水，并说汇兑对法国不利，对英国有利。

但是，第一，我们不能总是按照各国造币厂的标准来判断各国通货的价值。各国通货的磨损程度，或者因为其他原因而低于其所制定标准的程度，有多有少。一国通用铸币与他国通用铸币的相对价值，并不取决于各自应该包含的纯银量，而是取决于各自实际所含的纯银量。在威廉王时代的银币改革之前，根据通常的算法，英国和荷兰之间的货币兑换按照其各自铸币的一般标准计算，需要英国支付25%的贴水。然而朗兹先生的调查研究表明，当时英国现行货币的价值比其标准价值低了不止25%。因此，尽管按照通常算法当时的汇兑非常不利于英国，真正的汇兑却有利于英国；事实上，在英国支付较少量纯银所购得的汇票可以在荷兰兑换较大量的纯银，原本被认为在英国支付贴水的人最终却得到了贴水。在上一次英国金币改革之前，法国铸币的磨损程度要远远小于英国，法国铸币接近其标准的程度要比英国铸币高出两到三个百分点。因此，如果按照通常算法，英国与法国铸币之间的兑换对英国不利的程

度不超过2%到3%的话，实际兑换就很可能对英国有利。自金币改革以来，兑换一直都对英国有利，对法国不利。

第二，在某些国家，铸币的费用是由政府支付的；而在另一些国家，它是由个人支付的，此时个人不但要持银块前往造币厂，政府甚至还有可能从铸币过程中获得一些税收。在英国，铸币的费用是由政府支出的，如果你持有1磅重的标准纯银前往造币厂，可以得到62先令，其所含的同类标准纯银的重量正好是1磅。在法国，政府对铸币收取8%的税，不但支付了铸币的费用，还能够为政府带来少量收入。由于英国的铸币不收费，流通银币的价值绝不可能大大超过其实际包含的银块的价值。而在法国，由于铸币是收费的，劳动增加了铸币的价值，正如劳动使得精致的金银器皿的价值提高一样。如此说来，包含一定重量纯银的一笔法国货币要比包含同样重量纯银的英国货币的价值更高，购买时也必然需要花费更多的银块或其他商品。因此，虽说两国流通铸币与各自标准的贴近程度没有什么差别，然而一笔英国货币无法买到含有同样重量纯银的一笔法国货币，因而也就无法买到价值相当于这笔货币的法国汇票。如果说我们为这样一笔货币支付的款项足以补偿法国铸币的费用，那么两国间的实际兑换为汇兑平价，其债务和债权或许事实上能够相互抵消，而根据计算所得的汇兑则对法国大大有利。如果所支付的款项低于这一数目，则两国间的汇兑事实上可能有利于英国，但根据算法则有利于法国。

第三点，也是最后一点，在某些地方，如阿姆斯特丹、汉堡、威尼斯等，外国汇票是以其所谓的银行货币兑换的；而在另外一些地方，如伦敦、里斯本、安特卫普、莱戈恩等，外国汇票则是以本国的通用货币支付的。所谓银行货币的价值始终大于同等面值的通用货币。举例来说，阿姆斯特丹银行的1000荷兰盾的价值大于阿姆斯特丹通行的1000荷兰盾的价值。二者间的差额被称为银行的贴水，在阿姆斯特丹，银行的贴水一般为5%。假设两国当前使用的货币同样接近其各自铸币标准的

程度，且其中一国使用通用货币来支付外国汇票，而另一国使用银行货币来支付外国汇票，那么显然，根据通行算法所得的汇兑有利于用银行货币支付的一国，而实际汇兑应该有利于以通用货币支付的一国；其道理和根据算法所得汇兑有利于用磨损较小的货币，或更接近于其各自标准的货币支付汇票的一方，而实际汇兑则有利于用磨损程度较大的货币支付的一方的道理是一样的。在上一次金币改革之前，在伦敦与阿姆斯特丹、汉堡和威尼斯等地交易时，计算所得的汇兑不利于伦敦，并且我认为，在与所有其他用所谓银行货币支付的地方交易时的情况也都是如此。不过那并不表明实际汇兑也同样不利于伦敦。自金币改革以来，即使在与那些地方交易时，实际汇兑也一直是有利于伦敦的。在伦敦与里斯本、安特卫普、莱戈恩等地交易时，或者，我认为在伦敦和除法国外的大多数欧洲国家的交易中，当以通用货币支付时，根据计算所得的汇兑一般都是有利于伦敦的，且实际汇兑很可能也是有利于伦敦的。

……

第二节　根据其他原则，那些额外的限制也不合理

在上一节中我试图论证了即使根据商业体系的诸项原则，对于来自贸易差额被认为不利于我国的国家的进口商品进行额外限制也是完全不必要的。

然而，事实上整个贸易差额原则根本经不起推敲，但是另一方面，不仅是这些限制，而且几乎所有其他商业监管规则全都是建立在这一原则之上。当两个地方彼此进行贸易时，贸易差额原则认为，如果差额平衡，则双方均没有损失或利润产生；但是如果贸易差额在任何程度上倾向于其中一方，则必有一方遭受损失，另一方获益，其损失和获益的程度与平衡倾斜程度一致。但是这些推想本身就是错误的。通过补贴或垄断等方式强迫进行的贸易，可能并且通常都不利于原本旨在获益的那一方，在接下来的文字中我会竭力证明这一点。而在没有外力强迫或限制

的情况下自然、经常地在任何两地之间进行的贸易对双方都是有利的，不过对双方有利的程度不尽相同。

这里所谓的有利或获益并不是指金银数量的增加，而是指该国土地或劳动年产量的可交换价值的增加，或者其居民年收入的增加。

如果贸易差额平衡，且两地间的贸易完全是用各自本国生产的产品进行交换的话，则在大多数情况下，两地不但都会获益，且获益的程度也完全相同或基本相同；在这种情况下，两国各自会为对方的一部分剩余产品开辟出一块市场；甲方为生产和制造这一部分剩余产品而投入的资本，即在一定数目居民之间分配并为他们提供收入和生计的资本，会由乙方偿还；乙方投入的这部分资本则由甲方偿还。如此说来，两地各有一部分居民的收入或生计是间接从另一方获得的。同样，由于互相交换的商品被认为具有同等价值，在贸易中所使用的两种资本在大多数情况下也就一样多，或几乎一样多；在两国用于生产本国商品的资本，两国居民由此种分配而得的收入与生计，也必然相等或几乎相等。彼此互相提供的收入和生计，根据商务往来的程度，有多有少。举例来说，如果按一年计，两方居民各自所获得的收入或生计高达10万英镑，或者100万英镑，那么两方各自就需要为另一方的居民提供10万英镑或100万英镑的年收入。

如果两边的贸易是这样一种情况，即甲方向乙方出口的全部都是本国生产的商品，而乙方输入甲方的回程货物全都是外国商品，那么贸易差额被认为是平衡的，即双方都在以物易物。在这种情况下，双方也都会获益，但获益的程度不尽相同；纯粹出口本国商品的那个国家的居民，显然从该贸易中获得的收入最多。例如，如果英国从法国进口的商品只包括法国本国生产的商品，而英国本国的商品并不为法国人所需，因而每年向法国输入大量外国商品，例如烟草，或其他东印度商品作为补偿的话，这样的贸易尽管同样能为两国居民带来一定的收入，但为法

国居民带来的收入显然要高于英国居民所得的收入。法国每年用于该贸易的全部资本都将在法国民众之间进行分配。而就英国资本而言，只有一部分，即用于生产英国商品（英国用来购买外国商品）的那部分资本，每年是在英国民众之间分配的，大部分英国资本都被用于补偿在弗吉尼亚、印度和中国使用的资本了，并将为那些遥远国度的居民提供收入和生计。在资本数目相同或几乎相同的情况下，法国用于该贸易的资本为法国民众所增加的收入就要大大高于英国用贸易资本为英国民众增加的收入。在这种情况下，法国与英国进行的是直接的消费品对外贸易，而英国与法国进行的是一种迂回的消费品对外贸易。在直接消费品对外贸易和迂回消费品对外贸易中所使用的资本的不同效果，我在前文中已经详细论述过了。

事实上，任何两个国家之间的贸易既不可能是双方都用本国生产的商品进行交换，也不大可能是一方完全用本国商品，而另一方完全用外国商品进行交换。几乎所有的国家都是用一部分本国商品和一部分外国商品进行交换的。然而，在贸易货物中包含最大比例的本国商品和最小比例的外国商品的国家，必然是主要的获益者。

如果英国不是用烟草和东印度商品，而是用金银来支付每年从法国进口的商品的话，则通常认为在这种情况下贸易差额是不平衡的，因为一国的商品不是用商品，而是用金银支付的。然而在这种情况下，正如前一种情况一样，贸易仍然会带给两国居民一些收入，只不过带给法国居民的收入稍高于英国；英国居民还是会从中获得一些收入。用于生产为购买金银所需的英国商品而投入的资本，即在一定数目居民之间分配并为其产生收入的资本，也因此而被收回，从而继续用于生产英国商品。输出这部分金银并不会减少英国的资本总量，正如输入同等价值的其他商品不会减少其资本总量一样。相反，在大多数情况下，英国的资本总量还会有所增加。商品之所以出口，就是因为国外对该商品的需求要大于国内，因此一般认为，出口所换回的商品在国内的价值要大于出

口商品的价值。如果在英国价值仅10万英镑的烟草被出口到法国之后，购回的葡萄酒的价值可以在英国达到11万英镑，那么这次交易就使得英国的资本总量增加了1万英镑。同理，如果用价值10万英镑的英国黄金所购回的法国葡萄酒在英国的价值高达11万英镑，那么这次交易也同样使得英国的资本总量增加了1万英镑。如果说酒窖中存有价值11万英镑葡萄酒的商人要比仓库中存有价值10万英镑烟草的人富裕的话，那么葡萄酒商人也一定比保险箱里藏有价值10万英镑黄金的商人更加富裕。葡萄酒商人所能够启动的产业数目，并因此而能够为其提供收入、生计和就业者的数目，显然要大于其他二人中的任何一个。然而国家的资本总量等同于其各行各业居民的资本总量，国家一年中所能够维持的产业数目也等同于各行各业的资本所能维持的产业数目。因此一般而言，国家的资本和国家在一年内所能维持的产业数目，将通过这次交换而增加。诚然，如果英国能够用自己生产的五金制品和绒面呢，而不是用弗吉尼亚烟草或巴西和秘鲁的金银来购买法国葡萄酒的话，这次贸易对英国将更加有利；直接的消费品对外贸易永远比迂回贸易更为有利。然而用金银进行交换的迂回的消费品对外贸易，却似乎并不会比其他同类迂回贸易更为不利。一个没有金银矿藏的国家不会因为每年出口这两种金属而造成金银严重短缺，正如一个不生产烟草的国家也不会因为烟草出口而造成烟草资源枯竭。一个有财力购买烟草的国家不会长期短缺烟草；同样，只要有财力购买到金银，任何一个国家也不会长期缺乏金银。

据说，工匠若与麦酒馆进行交易，必对工匠不利；自然，一个制造业国家与生产葡萄酒的国家进行的贸易也同属亏本贸易。我的答案是，与麦酒馆进行的交易不一定是亏本交易。从其本质上来看，它和任何其他交易的获利程度是一样的，只不过这种交易比较容易被滥用。一个酿酒师的职业，或者即使是小酒贩的职业，都必然与其他职业一样，同属必要的劳动分工。在需要时，一个工匠从酿酒师那里购买麦酒通常要比他自己酿造同样数量的麦酒更为划算，如果他是一个穷工匠，则对他来说，从小酒贩那里一点一点买，要比从酿酒师那里大量购买更加划算。

如果此人贪吃好饮，则无疑会从酿酒师和酒贩那里购买大量麦酒，也会从附近其他的商人那里购买其他商品，比如会从屠夫那里购买更多的畜肉，如果此人贪慕时尚，则必然会从附近的布匹商人那里购买大量呢绒布匹。贸易自由有时的确会被滥用，就某些贸易来说尤其如此，但无论如何，就工匠这一整体而言，这些贸易能够自由进行，显然是利大于弊。此外，个人有时会因为过量饮酒而倾家荡产，但对于一个国家而言，似乎没有这等风险。虽说每个国家都有很多人因为饮酒而入不敷出，为此量入而出或根本分文不花的人总是占更大多数。此外还应该指出，根据经验，葡萄酒如此便宜，并没有导致满街酒鬼烂醉如泥，倒反而使人们更有节制。大致说来，生产葡萄酒的国家的居民是全欧洲最有节制的人，例如西班牙人、意大利人以及法国南部各省的居民，人们很少会不加节制地饮食，像温和的啤酒那样廉价的饮料，就算再怎么大肆挥霍，也无法表现出一个人出手阔绰、慷慨好客。相反，在那些因为气候过热或过冷而不生产葡萄，因而葡萄酒变得稀贵的国家，酗酒倒成了一种普遍的恶行，诸如北方诸国，以及所有居住在热带附近的国家，像几内亚海岸的黑人，就是如此。当来自法国北部各省的兵团驻扎在南部某省，即从葡萄酒比较昂贵的省份来到葡萄酒非常便宜的省份时，我经常听人说，那些士兵起初会因为稀罕优质葡萄酒如此便宜而纵饮，但几个月之后，大多数人就会像当地居民一样节制了。如果我们立刻废除对外国葡萄酒征收的关税，并取消对麦芽酒、啤酒和发酵麦芽酒加收的税负，英国的中下阶层民众或许也会出现普遍而短暂的酗酒现象，但很可能过不了多久，几乎所有人都会节制起来，且这种节制将一直延续下去。如今，在上流社会，即有能力消费最昂贵的酒精饮料的人士中，酗酒已经不再是普遍的恶行，因为饮用麦芽酒而烂醉如泥的绅士，实不多见。此外，在英国对葡萄酒贸易所进行的限制，与其说阻止了人们前往酒馆，不如说阻止了人们买到最物美价廉的酒精饮料。此种限制对葡萄牙的葡萄酒贸易更有利，而对法国的葡萄酒贸易不利。据说与法国人相比，葡萄牙人是英国制造业商品更好的顾客，因而与他们进行的贸易应

该得到鼓励。政客们说，既然葡萄牙人照顾了我们，我们理应照顾他们。小商人的卑鄙策略，居然就这样成为一个伟大帝国的政治原则。的确如此，只有小商人，才会把这种策略看作是对待顾客的金科玉律。大商人不会过问这些小节，他们只关心能否在最物美价廉的地方购买到自己需要的商品。

然而，实施通过这类原则，各国最终得出的结论是，他们的利益在于让周围所有的邻国都变成穷国。每个国家最终都以嫉妒之心看待所有与之进行贸易的国家的繁荣，并认为那些国家一旦得利，就必然意味着自己遭受了损失。各国之间的商业，如同个人之间的商业交易一样，原本应该是团结和友爱的纽带，最终却变成了滋生冲突和仇恨的沃土。在本世纪和上世纪，因为王公大臣们的任性和野心而对欧洲和平造成的伤害，远没有商人和制造业者那种无端的嫉妒之心来得更为严重。人类统治者施行的暴力和不公，自古以来就是祸害，在我看来，根据人类行事的规律法则，这种祸害是无法根除的。商人和制造业者既不是也不应该是人类的统治者，他们的贪婪和独占欲也许不能彻底改正，但要其不妨碍其他人的安宁，还是能够轻易做到的。

毫无疑问，最初发明并宣传这种原则的，正是商人们独占和垄断的精神；而最先倡导这种原则的人，却并不像后来笃信这种原则的人那般愚蠢。在任何国家，能够从卖得最便宜的人那里买到自己需要的商品都是也必然是符合最大多数人利益的。这个道理不言自明，所以花费精力论证会显得有些滑稽；商人和制造业者出于自私、精明而故意混淆了这一基本常识，如果不是这样，我们甚至根本无须质疑这一道理。在这方面，他们的利益与大多数民众的利益截然相反。就像行会内自由人的利益在于阻止国内居民雇用其他人而只雇用他们自己一样，这些商人和制造业者的利益，也在于自己保有国内市场的垄断权。因此，英国和几乎所有其他欧洲国家均对所有由外国商人输入的商品课以额外的税负。于是就有了我们如今看到的，对所有可能与我们的制造品进行竞争的外国

制造品征收高关税或干脆明令禁止的现象。因此也正如我们所看到的，对于贸易差额被认为不利于我国的国家，是那些与我国的国民仇视最为激烈的国家，几乎所有商品的进口都施加了额外限制。

然而，尽管在战争或政治中邻国的富裕意味着我国的危险，在贸易中却显然是对我们有利的。在敌对状态下，富裕有可能使敌人保有比我们更为精良的船舰和军队；而在和平的商业状态下，它必然会使邻国与我们进行价值更大的交易，为我们提供更好的市场，使我们得以出售那些自己生产的产品或用那些产品购买任何商品。对于勤劳生产的人来说，有富裕的邻人作为顾客自然要比贫穷的邻人更好，有一个富裕的邻国也是同样的道理。的确，如果富人本身又是一个制造业者，对所有同业的邻人来说不啻一种严重威胁。不过其他邻人，从目前看来也是最大多数邻人却能够从中得益，因为富人的花费为大多数邻人提供了很好的市场。甚至，他的产品比那些贫穷的工匠们生产的同类商品更加低廉，也能使大多数邻人受益。同样，一个富国的制造业者对邻国制造业者而言无疑是非常危险的竞争对手，然而竞争本身对大多数民众是有利的，此外，这样一个富裕的国家在其他方面的巨额花费，也必然为人们提供良好的市场，使之从中得益。希望发财的人绝不会退居穷乡僻壤，而必然居住在首都或者大的商业城镇附近。他们很清楚，如果财富的流通量很小，他们便很难从中受益，而如果财富的流通量极大，他们或许能够从中分得一杯羹。这种原则能够引导一两个，乃至一二十个普通人的常识，也应该能够影响一二百万，乃至一二千万人的判断，应该能够使整个国家认识到，邻国的富裕可以看作是其本身获得财富的可能来源和潜在机遇。一个国家要想通过对外贸易富强起来，那么如果邻国都是富裕而勤勉的商业国家，它自然最容易达到目的。如果一个大国四周都是些游牧的未开化之人或贫穷的野蛮人，那么它无疑只能通过开垦本国的土地或发展国内商业来获取财富，想靠对外贸易则基本无望。古代埃及人和近代[8]中国人似乎正是通过这种方式获得财富的。据说，古埃及人极不重视对外贸易；众所周知，近代中国人极其轻视对外贸易，根本不给

对外贸易以正当的法律保护。由于对外商业贸易的现代原则旨在使所有的邻国陷入贫困，就算能够达到目的，产生其所企望的效果，也必然使得对外商业陷入极其微不足道、受人鄙视的处境。

正是这些原则，导致法国和英国之间的商业往来在两国受到了很多阻碍和限制。然而，如果两个国家考虑一下自己真正的利益，而不要顾及商业上的妒忌或民族仇恨，法国商业为英国带来的利益可能远非任何其他国家可比；出于同样的原因，英国之于法国也是如此。法国是距英国最近的邻国。英国南部沿海各地与法国北部及西北部沿海各地间的贸易，好像国内贸易一样，可以每年往返四次、五次乃至六次。两国投入到这种贸易中的资本，比起投入到对外贸易的大部分其他分支中的等量资本而言，可以启动四倍、五倍乃至六倍的产业活动，为四倍、五倍乃至六倍的人口提供就业和生计。就算是英国和法国距离最远的那些地区之间，其贸易往来至少也能达到每年一次，迄今为止英国从这一贸易中所获得的利益也至少和与大部分其他欧洲国家进行对外贸易的获利一样多。如果与被我们鼓吹夸大的英国和北美殖民地之间的贸易相比——那种贸易至少每三年，甚至常常是每四到五年才能往返一次——则对法贸易的获利至少要高出三倍。此外，据估计法国居民多达2400万，而我们的北美殖民地人口绝不会超过300万；法国要比北美富饶得多；由于更为严重的财富不平等分配的现象，法国的穷人和乞丐人数也要比北美多得多。因此，法国所能提供的市场至少要比北美市场大八倍，且由于贸易往来的频率极高，英国从对法贸易中所得的利益要比对北美殖民地贸易所得的利益高出24倍之多。与英国的贸易对法国也同样有利，且根据两个国家的财富、人口、邻近程度，法国与英国的贸易也同样比法国与其殖民地之间的贸易优越得多。以上就是两种贸易之间的巨大差别：一种是两国的所谓“智者”认为应该阻止的贸易，而另一种是最受他们偏爱的贸易。

然而本该促进两国之间的开放自由贸易，使双方都从中收获甚丰的

现实环境，却最终变成了对这种商业贸易的主要阻碍力量。由于彼此相邻，两国必然成为竞争对手，因此，一方的富强必然会使另一方感到恐惧；本来可以增进民族友谊的有利因素，最终却助长了激烈的民族仇恨。两国都是富饶而勤勉的国家；两国的商人和制造业者都害怕由另一方的高超技能和勤勉劳动所带来的激烈竞争。商业上的嫉妒由强烈的民族仇恨所激起，而强烈的民族仇恨又助长了商业上的嫉妒，两者相互助长；两国的贸易者，都无比笃信其自私自利的谬说，宣称不受限制的国外贸易，必然会生出不利的贸易差额，而不利的贸易差额，又一定会导致国家的毁灭。

在欧洲各商业国家内，秉持这种学说的自命不凡的学者常常预言说：贸易差额的不利必将导致国家濒于灭亡。但在这一切令他们激奋不已的焦虑论调背后，几乎所有贸易国家都试图改变贸易差额，使其有利于本国而不利于邻国，不过，这些努力似乎都是徒劳，无论从哪个方面来说，似乎没有一个欧洲国家曾因上述原因而陷入贫困。相反，每一个城镇和国家都因为对所有国家开放港口而致富，它们并没有像商业体系原则所预期的那样，因为自由贸易而走向毁灭。今日的欧洲，从某些方面来说，虽有几个城镇能够配得上自由贸易港口之称，但真正开放自由贸易的国家却没有一个。荷兰或许要算是最接近这一特征的国家了，却仍然离此目标甚远；众所周知，不仅荷兰的国家财富全部来自对外贸易，其国民必要生计的大部分也来自于对外贸易。

我在上文中已经解释过，还有一种差额全然不同于贸易差额，而这种差额的有利或不利，将必然决定一个国家的兴衰，这就是年产量和年消费量的差额。前文已经指出，如果年产量的可交换价值超过年消费量的可交换价值，则社会在这一年内的资本必然增加，增加的部分正好是前者超出后者的部分。在这种情况下，整个社会就其收入来说是量入而出的局面，整整一年中节省下来的收入自然增加了其资本总量，社会可继而使用这些盈余资本进一步增加年产量。相反，如果年产量的可交换

价值低于年消费量的可交换价值，则整个社会的资本必然减少，减少的部分也正好是前者低于后者的部分。在这种情况下，整个社会就其收入来说，陷入了入不敷出的局面，消费必然会侵蚀资本。因而，社会的资本总量必然减少，随之而减少的，还有工业年产量的可交换价值。

产量和消费量的差额与所谓的贸易差额截然不同。即使是完全没有对外贸易、与世隔绝的国家，也可能存在这种差额。无论整个地球上的财富、人口和土地改良社会进步情况如何逐渐增加或逐渐减退，这种差额始终存在。

即使在所谓的贸易差额从整体而言不利于某一个国家时，产量和消费量之间的差额仍然可能始终有利于该国。也许半个世纪以来，一个国家的进口价值始终超出其出口价值；即使这整个时期流入的金银可能立即流出；即使其流通的铸币逐渐磨损，只能用各种纸币替代铸币；甚至即使该国对与之交易的主要国家的债务逐渐增加，在同一时期内，这个国家真正的财富，它的土地和劳动年产量的可交换价值仍然可能以大大超过这些负面因素的比例与日俱增。

……

农业体系

我认为有必要对政治经济学的贸易或商业体系作出详尽的解释，而对农业体系就不必长篇大论了。

据我所知，没有任何一个国家的农业体系将土地农产品作为该国政府收入和社会财富的唯一来源，这种观点目前仅仅是几个学识渊博且独辟蹊径的法国人的构想。显然，如果一种学说根本没有，甚至可能永远不会对世界上的任何国家造成任何危害，实在没有必要费心去详尽罗列该学说的弊端。不过在此，我还是要尽可能地解释清楚这个天才学说的大致轮廓。

法王路易十四当政期间，鼎鼎有名的财政大臣科尔贝尔先生为人正直、工作勤勉、所学甚详，对审查政府账目有着丰富的经验和敏锐的洞察，简言之，他具备足够的能力，完全可以用新方案来管理政府税收的收支，并处理得井井有条。遗憾的是，这位杰出的财政大臣已经习惯了管理诸多政府部门的方法，习惯了建立必要的核查和监督机制，使这些部门各归其所。商业体系本质上的诸多束缚和严格管制，恰恰迎合了这位兢兢业业的财政大臣的口味，他的头脑中充斥着商业体系带来的所有偏见。他试图将政府部门的管理模式运用到法国的工商业中，不但不允许个体商人在平等、自由、公正、开明的原则下以各自的方式追求利益，还赋予某些工商业部门额外的特权，对另一些部门又特别限制。在城镇工商业和农业两者之间，他不仅和欧洲其他各国的财政大臣一样倾向于鼓励前者的发展，甚至不惜以抑制和阻止后者的发展为代价来辅助前者。为了给城镇居民提供价格低廉的生活必需品，以此来鼓励法国制造业和对外贸易，科尔贝尔先生全线禁止玉米出口，致使该国迄今最重要的工业原料无法进入国外市场。法国有着肥沃的农田和宜人的气候，

自然条件十分优厚，但上述禁令连同各省自古就有的禁止玉米省际运输法案，再加上各省土地耕种者担负的名目繁多的苛捐杂税，导致法国的农业发展严重滞后。政府抑制农业发展的情况在法国各地多少都有所体现，对其原因也展开过各种调查，原因之一似乎是科尔贝尔政府在城镇的工商业和农业之间选择优先发展前者。

常言道，为使一端弯曲的棍棒伸直，必得掰弯另一端。曾提出将农业作为每一个国家政府税收和社会财富的唯一来源的法国哲学家们，似乎恰恰就是以此为座右铭的。如果说在科尔贝尔的方案中，城镇工商业发展被给予过高重视，那么这些哲学家设想的体系无疑又对它太不重视了。在任何方面可能有助于增加一国土地和劳动年产值的各阶层人民主要分为三类。第一类是土地所有者。第二类是土地耕种者、农场主和农村劳动者，这类人被尊称为生产阶级。第三类是饱受歧视并被冠以“非生产阶级或纯消费阶级”这一侮辱性称号的工匠、制造业者和商人。土地所有者对土地年产值的贡献在于，他们不定期投入资本以改良土地、修葺农舍、疏通排水设施、修补篱笆并改善其他设施。有了这些，耕种者就能够在同等资本投入的基础上获得更好的收成，从而缴付更高的地租。增加的这部分地租可以看作土地所有者支出费用或投入资本以改良土地所应得的利息或利润。在农业学说中，这种费用被称为土地费用。

土地耕种者或农场主对土地年产值的贡献在于，他们支出费用耕种土地，在农业学说中，这部分费用被称为原始费用和年度费用。原始费用包括购买农具、牲畜、种子，以及农场主在第一年租种土地期间至少大半年时间或在土地有若干收成之前，维持其家人、雇工和牲畜的费用。年度费用包括购买种子、农具磨损和维修的费用，以及农场主在一年内维持其雇工和牲畜而支出的费用，如果农场主的家人也参与劳动，被视为耕种的雇工，则也包括这部分家人的基本生活费用。对于农场主而言，土地的收成除去上缴的地租应充足有余。首先要在合理的时间内，至少在他租种期间，能够收回他所有的原始费用及其资本产生的一

般利润；其次要能够每年补偿他的所有年度费用及其资本产生的一般利润。这两种费用是农场主在耕种期间投入的资本，如果资本不能定期收回并带来一定的利润，农场主付出的劳动和其他职业就不在同一水平上，那么从自身利益出发，他就必须尽快放弃这种劳动，寻求其他能够带来利润的工作。土地产值中用于使农场主再生产的部分应该留给耕种者专用。如果土地所有者将其挪作他用，其土地的产量必然下降，几年之后农场主将不但难以缴付上调的地租，甚至连原来的合理地租也难以承受。应该归属土地所有者的地租，不过是把先前用于提高土地总产值而支付的所有必要费用完全扣除之后所剩余的部分。正是由于土地耕种者的劳动，在扣除了所有必要费用之后还能产生这样一部分净产值，他们在农业学说里才被冠以“生产阶级”的美称，也正是因此，其原始费用和年度费用才在该学说中被称为“生产性费用”，因为除了能够收回其本身的价值，这些费用每年还能产生一部分净产值。

所谓的土地费用，即土地所有者为改良其土地所花费的成本，在农业学说中也被冠以“生产性费用”的美称。在上调的那部分地租偿还了所支出的所有费用以及所投入资本的一般利润之前，这部分上调的地租应该是神圣而不可侵犯的，教会和国王都不得觊觎：教会不能对其征收什一税，国王不能对其征税。否则，这笔资金的缺失将不利于土地所有者改良土地，从而降低日后教会征缴什一税和国王征税的金额。因此，在一个井然有序的社会里，那些土地费用除了完全再生其本身的价值外，也会在一段时间之后产生净产值，所以在该学说中也被称为“生产性费用”。

不过，土地所有者的土地费用，以及农场主的原始费用和年度费用，是农业学说中仅有的三种生产性费用。其他任何形式的费用和其他任何阶层的人，即使在常人看来是最具有生产能力的，根据这样的标准，也都被视为完全不生产。

工匠和制造业者尤为典型。根据常人的理解，他们的劳动大大增加了土地原产物的价值，可是在农业学说中，他们被认为是完全不生产的阶层。这种学说一般认为，他们的劳动不过是收回了雇用他们的资本，且为这部分资本创造了一般性利润。雇用资本包括由雇主事先垫付的原材料、工具和工资，是专门用于支付其劳动和维持其生活的资金，其所产生的利润则是专门用于维持雇主生活的资金。雇主既垫付了工匠和制造业者劳动所需的原材料、工具和工资，也垫付了维持他自身生活所必需的那部分资金，一般来说，他垫付的这部分资金和他所希冀的劳动价格带来的利润呈正比。如果劳动价格还不能够偿还他维持自身生活的全部费用和投入到雇工劳动中的原材料、工具和工资费用，那么显然，它未能偿还雇主所投资的全部费用。因此，制造业资本的利润不同于地租的利润，不是在偿还了雇主为获得利润所投下的全部费用之后所剩余的净利润。和大制造业者一样，农场主投入的资本也能够创造利润，但它还为他人创造了地租，这是大制造业者的投资所无法做到的。因此——这么说吧——用于雇用和维持工匠和制造业者生活的那部分资本不过只是让它本身的价值继续存在，而没有创造任何新价值。这就是为什么农业学称之为完全不生产的费用。相反，用于雇用农场主或农村劳动力的费用则不仅能够继续维系其自身的价值，还能够产生新价值，即土地所有者的地租，因此它是生产性费用。

商业资本同制造业资本一样，都是不能生产的，都只能维持自身的价值，没有产生任何新价值。商业利润仅仅偿还了其雇主在投资期间、收回资本回报之前垫付给自身维持生活的费用，充其量只补偿了投资所必须支付的一部分费用。

工匠和制造业者的劳动的确从未增加过土地原产品年产量一分一毫的价值，可又的确大大增加了某些特定原产品的价值，不过其所消费的其他部分的价值及其所增加的那部分价值正好相等。因此，在整个过程中，农产品年产总量的价值并未有丝毫增加。举例来讲，一个将褶边加

工成蕾丝的手艺人，有时会将价值仅为几便士的亚麻原料的价值增加到30英镑。乍看之下，他似乎把原材料价值增加了7200多倍，但事实上他一丁点儿都没有增加土地原产品年产总量的价值。加工蕾丝或许要耗去他两年的劳动。完工后所得到的30英磅，不过只是偿还了他在这两年劳动期间的生活花费而已。他日复一日的劳动为那对褶边所增加的价值，不过只是补偿了他那日复一日的劳动过程中的生活花费。因此在整个过程中，他丝毫没有增加土地原产品年产总量的价值：他在此期间所持续消费的农产品部分，总是与他所持续创造的价值相抵。在这个费用高却又不重要的制造业中，受雇的大多数人都很贫穷，这一点恰恰证明，他们的劳动价格一般不超过他们所消耗的生活必需品的价值。而农场主和农村劳动力的情况则不同，一般来说，土地所有者的地租就是其不断产生的价值，而地租又是在扣除了完全补偿劳动者及其雇主的雇用和维持生活所需的全部费用之后剩余的部分。

工匠、制造业者和商人若要增加国家税收和社会财富，唯一的途径就是节俭，或者按照农业学说中的说法，只能靠克己，即自行剥夺原本用于维持自身生活所用的那部分资金。年复一年，他们再生产的只是那部分资金。因此，如果他们每年不节省下一部分资金或限制自己使用一部分资金，他们的劳动就根本不能增加整个社会的税收和财富。农场主和农村劳动力则相反，他们可以充分享有维持自身生活的那部分资金，同时还能增加政府的税收和社会财富。除去维持他们自身生活的花费外，他们年复一年的劳动还创造了净产值，产值的增加必然将增加税收和社会财富。因而诸如法国和英国这样在很大程度上由土地所有者和耕种者组成的国家，劳动之余还能享乐，国家也因此走向富裕。与之相反，荷兰和汉堡这类主要由商人、工匠和制造业者组成的国家，就只能通过节俭和克己来累积财富。由于各国所处的境况截然不同，国家的利害关系也大不相同，国民的性格也各有特点：前一类国家的国民自然而然地形成了善良慷慨，诚实直率，热情友爱的性格；后一类国民则难免狭隘、卑鄙、自私自利，拒绝任何俗世的享乐。

非生产阶层，即商人、工匠和制造业者完全要靠其他两个阶层，即土地所有者和耕种者来维持和雇用。后两者既为前者提供了生产原料和维持其生活所需的费用，又提供了他们在从事该劳动期间所消费的粮食和牲畜。土地所有者和耕种者最终不但要支付非生产阶层所有劳动者的工资，还要支付其雇主的所有利润。那些劳动者及其雇主在某种程度上都受制于生产阶层，只不过他们是在外做工的奴仆，而不是在主人家中做事，不过无论哪一种奴仆，都要靠同一类主人养活。因而两者的劳动都是非生产的，对于土地原产品总价值的增加没有什么影响——不仅没有增加，反倒还需从总价值中抽出一部分来支付自身费用。

尽管如此，非生产阶层不仅不能算作无用，而且对其他两个阶层颇有助益。通过商人、工匠和制造业者的辛勤劳动，土地所有者和耕种者就可以用其自身一小部分的劳动产品，来购买他们所需的他国产品及本国加工的产品；否则，无论是购买别国商品还是本国制造品，因其操作的笨拙和生疏，他们就得付出更多的劳动。因为有了商人、工匠和制造业者的辛勤劳动，土地耕种者才得以心无旁骛地致力于土地的耕种，也正由于这种全力以赴的劳动，他们才能够收获足量的农产品，来支付土地所有者和他们自身为了维持和雇用非生产阶层所支付的全部费用。因此，尽管商人、工匠和制造业者本质上是不生产的，但他们的劳动以这种方式间接增加了土地产量。通过给予生产阶层充分的时间和自由来专注于自己的劳动，即土地耕种，非生产阶层的劳动提高了生产性劳动的生产力；可以这样说，往往由于与耕种毫不相干的人的劳动，耕种的效率得到大大的提高。

对土地所有者和耕种者而言，以任何方式抑制商人、工匠和制造业者的发展，向来都不符合他们的利益。非生产阶层享受的自由度越大，诸多行业间的竞争就越激烈，他们提供给土地所有者和耕种者的商品——无论是别国商品还是本国制造品——就越低廉。

对非生产阶层而言，抑制另外两个阶层的发展也不符合其自身利益。用于维持其生活和雇用其劳动的，正是扣除了土地耕种者和土地所有者维持生活所必需的投资之后剩余的那部分土地农产品。同理，这部分盈余越多，维持和雇用该阶层的费用就越高。建立完全的公正、完全的自由和完全的平等，是这三个阶层最大限度地同臻繁荣的最简单、最有效的秘诀。

在荷兰和汉堡等以商业为主的国家或地区，非生产阶层主要由商人、工匠和制造业者构成，维持和雇用他们的资本也同样要由土地所有者和耕种者承担。唯一的区别是，为这些非生产阶层提供生产和生活资料的大多是其他国家的土地所有者和耕种者，是别国臣民，与荷兰等国的工商业阶级相隔千里，极不便利。

然而这些商业国对于其他国家的居民，不仅有用，而且用处颇大。其他国家居民本应拥有其各自的工商业阶层，但因各国政策的某些缺陷，工商业阶层未能形成。这些以非生产阶层为主的国家在某种程度上填补了这个极其重要的空缺，代替了这些国家的商人、工匠和制造业者。

那些农业国家——我姑且这样称呼它们——也决不会对荷兰等国的贸易或输出的商品课以高额关税，来束缚和限制这些商业国家的发展，这不符合它们自身的利益。高额关税会提高这些商品的价格，由于这些商品是用输入国的土地原产物的盈余，换言之，是以这些剩余产物的价格购买的，如此只会导致本国土地原产物实际价值的贬抑。高额关税只会打击生产阶层的积极性，使之不再乐于增加土地产物的盈余，并进而导致本国土地的改良与耕种受到影响。与之相反，如若想提高剩余部分产物的价值、扩大生产、激励改良和耕种土地，最为有效的策略莫过于允许所有商业国家进行绝对的自由贸易。

这种绝对的自由贸易，从以下这一点来说也是最有效的方案：它能

够及时提供那些农业国所需要的工匠、制造业者和商人，以最恰当、最便利的方式填补这个对他们极为重要的空缺。

土地剩余产物持续增加，在适当的时候，会创造出多于用于耕种和改良土地的利润值的资金，而这部分利润中剩余的部分自然又被投资，用于雇用国内的工匠和制造业者。然而，一旦那些工匠和制造业者发现本国既提供生产原料又提供维持其生活的费用，那么即便他们缺乏精湛的技艺，也极有可能立即生产出与商业国的工匠和制造业者同等低廉的产品，毕竟后者的生产和生活资料要从遥远的地方运来。由于技艺不精，在一段时间内，这些手工业者的制作成本可能不会和他国技艺娴熟的同行一样低廉；可一旦放眼国内市场，他们的产品和那些来自千里之外的异国他乡的产品相比，由于减免运费，价格相差无几，并且随着他们技艺的改善与精进，其产品的价格很快就会更大幅度地降低。这样，那些商业国的工匠和制造业者在这些农业国的市场上就会立刻面临来自对手的竞争，随后其产品销量大减，他们最终被完全挤出该国市场。由于不断改进技艺，农业国的制造业产品价格低廉，假以时日便会走出国门、进军他国市场，且最终会以同样的方式，逐渐将那些商业国家的制造业者挤出市场。

农业国土地原产物和加工产品均保持持续增长，到一定时候会创造一笔较大的资本，其金额会高于用于农业或制造业的费用所产生的一般利润。这部分盈余自然会转向对外贸易，用于将本国土地原产物和制造业产品超出本国消费需求的那一部分输出到其他国家。在向他国输出本国农产品时，和那些商业国家的商人相比，农业国的商人也具有一定的优势，道理和农业国的工匠和制造业者一样，即农业国的商人可在国内得到货物、原料及供给，而商业国家的商人若要得到这些，就得不远万里地去寻找。因此，如果农业国的商人缺乏先进的航海技术，他们和商业国商人输入到外国市场的货物价格基本持平；一旦农业国商人的航海技术发展成熟，他们的产品价格将更加低廉。如此说来，不久他们就可

以在这一部分对外贸易中与商业国家平起平坐，并最终将后者完全挤出市场。

因此，按照这个自由宽宏的制度，一个农业国若要促进本国工匠、制造业者和商人的发展，最有利的办法就是给予其他国家的工匠、制造业者和商人以最大限度的贸易自由。这样可以提高本国土地剩余产物的价值，逐渐积累一笔资金，经一段时间的积累，这笔资金必然能够培养起本国所需的工匠、制造业者和商人。

相反，如果农业国对外贸课以高额关税或设置重重障碍，必然会从两方面危害到自身利益。其一，抬高所有外国商品和其他制造品的价格，必然会降低本国土地剩余产物的实际价值，因为该国是用这些盈余，或换言之，是用这些剩余产物的价格购买那些外国商品和制造品的；其二，通过给予本国商人、工匠和制造业者在国内市场上的某种垄断，提高商业和制造业相对于农业的利润，就会使先前应用于农业的一部分资本流入商业和制造业，或者阻碍了本应用于农业的资本流入农业。因此我们说，这项政策从两个方面挫伤了农业的发展。首先，它降低了农产品的实际价值，因而降低了农业的利润；其次，它提高了所有其他行业的利润。由此，农业相对处于劣势，贸易和制造业则拥有了原本不该有的优势。受到一己私利的驱使，每个人都会尽可能地将自己的资本和劳动从前者转投到后者。

农业国通过实施这项抑制性政策，可藉相对自由贸易以较快的速度培养出自己的工匠、制造业者和商人——这一点非常可疑——然而我们可以说，这是在其还未发展成熟之前，过早地将他们培养起来。过速地培育起某一个行业，就必然会抑制另一个更有价值的行业。被过速培育的这个行业只能回收起初投入的资本并产生一般利润，而被抑制的那个行业在回收该资本并产生一般利润之后还能够产生净值，即支付给地主的地租。这必然会压制生产性劳动，而过早地鼓励非生产性劳动。

……

前面已经谈到，任何国家内规模最大和最重要的商业活动是在城乡居民之间展开的。一方面通过交换，城镇居民获得了土地原产物，从而获得了生产材料和维持生活所需的花费；另一方面，他们在交换中支付加工过的能够立即付诸使用的那部分原产物。在截然不同的两类群体之间开展交易，其实最终是一定数量的原产物与一定数量的加工品之间的交换，因此后者越贵，前者就会越便宜；任何国家无论以任何方式提高加工品价格，都会导致土地原产物价格下跌，从而不利于该国农业的发展。用一定数量的土地原产物，或用一定数量的土地原产物的价格所能购买的加工品的数量越少，这部分土地原产物的可交换价值就越低，就越会打击土地所有者改良土地或农场主耕种土地的积极性。此外，任何国家无论以何种方式减少工匠和制造业者的从业人数，都会导致国内市场萎缩，而国内市场是土地原产物的诸多市场中最为重要的市场，因而该国的农业发展就会进一步受到抑制。由此，那些认为农业胜过任何其他行业的学说，为促进农业的发展，总是对制造业和对外贸易设置障碍，最终却事与愿违，原本旨在促进农业发展，却间接地起到了抑制作用。就这一点来说，其自相矛盾的程度或许要比商业体系的原则更为严重。商业体系对制造业和对外贸易的重视超过对农业的重视，因而从社会资本中抽取部分资本，使社会资本不再用于支持较有优势的行业，转而用于支持不大具备优势的行业。但事实上它最终却能够实现初衷，鼓励其意欲支持的行业的发展。与之相反，重农学说最终只会抑制其所要保护的行业。由此看来，无论是额外鼓励某个行业的发展，增加投入，使之远远超过本应投入的社会资本的制度，还是限制某个行业的发展，减少投入，使之远远低于本应投入的社会资本的制度，事实上都会和原来的目标背道而驰，不仅没有加速富国强民的进程，还降低了土地年产物和劳动力的实际价值。所有学说，无论是优先发展还是抑制发展的学说，一旦完全废除，最明白、最简单的自由制度就会自然而然地建立起来。只要不违背公正原则，任何人都可以完全自由地按照自己的方式谋

求私利，并用他自己的劳动和资本与任何其他个人或阶层展开竞争。

[1]即John Locke。——译者注

[2]即Thomas Mun。——译者注

[3]英国在1663年到1813年间发行的金币，价值相当于1磅1先令。——译者注

[4]古斯巴达法典的制定者。——译者注

[5]即斯巴达。——译者注

[6]长度单位，在陆地上时，1里格相当于3法定英里（4.8千米）。——译者注

[7]位于丹麦东部，是丹麦境内最大的岛屿。——译者注

[8]此处的近代实指18世纪70年代的中国，即闭关锁国的清朝时期。

Adam Smith

The Invisible Hand

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

1
The Division of Labour

The greatest improvement in the productive powers of labour, and the greater part of the skill, dexterity, and judgement with which it is anywhere directed, or applied, seem to have been the effects of the division of labour.

The effects of the division of labour, in the general business of society, will be more easily understood by considering in what manner it operates in some particular manufactures. It is commonly supposed to be carried furthest in some very trifling ones; not perhaps that it really is carried further in them than in others of more importance: but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every different branch of the work can often be collected into the same workhouse, and placed at once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures, on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch of the work employs so great a number of workmen that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture; but one in which the division of labour has been very often taken notice of, the trade of the pin-maker; a workman not educated to this business (which the division of labour has rendered a distinct trade), nor acquainted with the use of the machinery employed in it (to the invention of which the same division of labour has probably given occasion), could scarce, perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which

the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire, another straights it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business, to whiten the pins is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought separately and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they could certainly not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundredth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

In every other art and manufacture, the effects of the division of labour are similar to what they are in this very trifling one; though, in many of them, the labour can neither be so much subdivided, nor reduced to so great a simplicity of operation. The division of labour, however, so far as it can be introduced, occasions, in every art, a proportionable increase of the productive powers of labour. The separation of different trades and employments from one another seems to have taken place in consequence of this advantage. This separation, too, is generally carried furthest in those countries which enjoy the highest degree of industry and improvement; what is the work of one man in a rude state of society being generally that of several in an improved one. In every improved society, the farmer is generally nothing but a farmer; the manufacturer, nothing but a manufacturer. The labour, too, which is necessary to produce any one complete manufacture

is almost always divided among a great number of hands. How many different trades are employed in each branch of the linen and woollen manufactures, from the growers of the flax and the wool, to the bleachers and smoothers of the linen, or to the dyers and dressers of the cloth! The nature of agriculture, indeed, does not admit of so many subdivisions of labour, nor of so complete a separation of one business from another, as manufactures. It is impossible to separate so entirely the business of the grazier from that of the corn-farmer as the trade of the carpenter is commonly separated from that of the smith. The spinner is almost always a distinct person from the weaver; but the ploughman, the harrower, the sower of the seed, and the reaper of the corn, are often the same. The occasions for those different sorts of labour returning with the different seasons of the year, it is impossible that one man should be constantly employed in any one of them. This impossibility of making so complete and entire a separation of all the different branches of labour employed in agriculture is perhaps the reason why the improvement of the productive powers of labour in this art does not always keep pace with their improvement in manufactures. The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbours in agriculture as well as in manufactures; but they are commonly more distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former. Their lands are in general better cultivated, and having more labour and expense bestowed upon them, produce more in proportion to the extent and natural fertility of the ground. But this superiority of produce is seldom much more than in proportion to the superiority of labour and expense. In agriculture, the labour of the rich country is not always much more productive than that of the poor; or, at least, it is never so much more productive as it commonly is in manufactures. The corn of the rich country, therefore, will not always, in the same degree of goodness, come cheaper to market than that of the poor. The corn of Poland, in the same degree of goodness, is as cheap as that of France, notwithstanding the superior opulence and improvement of the latter country. The corn of France is, in the corn provinces, fully as good, and in most years nearly about the same price with the corn of England, though, in opulence and improvement, France is perhaps inferior to England. The corn-lands of England, however, are better cultivated than those of France, and the corn-lands of France are said to be much better cultivated than those of Poland. But though the poor country, notwithstanding the inferiority of its cultivation, can, in some measure, rival the rich in the cheapness and goodness of its corn, it can pretend to no such

competition in its manufactures; at least if those manufactures suit the soil, climate, and situation of the rich country. The silks of France are better and cheaper than those of England, because the silk manufacture, at least under the present high duties upon the importation of raw silk, does not so well suit the climate of England as that of France. But the hardware and the coarse woollens of England are beyond all comparison superior to those of France, and much cheaper too in the same degree of goodness. In Poland there are said to be scarce any manufactures of any kind, a few of those coarser household manufactures excepted, without which no country can well subsist.

This great increase of the quantity of work which, in consequence of the division of labour, the same number of people are capable of performing, is owing to three different circumstances; first, to the increase of dexterity in every particular workman; secondly, to the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another; and lastly, to the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labour, and enable one man to do the work of many.

First, the improvement of the dexterity of the workman necessarily increases the quantity of the work he can perform; and the division of labour, by reducing every man's business to some one simple operation, and by making this operation the sole employment of his life, necessarily increases very much the dexterity of the workman. A common smith, who, though accustomed to handle the hammer, has never been used to make nails, if upon some particular occasion he is obliged to attempt it, will scarce, I am assured, be able to make above two or three hundred nails in a day, and those too very bad ones. A smith who has been accustomed to make nails, but whose sole or principal business has not been that of a nailer, can seldom with his utmost diligence make more than eight hundred or a thousand nails in a day. I have seen several boys under twenty years of age who had never exercised any other trade but that of making nails, and who, when they exerted themselves, could make, each of them, upwards of two thousand three hundred nails in a day. The making of a nail, however, is by no means one of the simplest operations. The same person blows the bellows, stirs or mends the fire as there is occasion, heats the iron, and forges every part of the nail: in forging the head too he is obliged to change his tools. The different operations into which the making of a pin, or of a metal button, is subdivided, are all of them much more simple, and the dexterity of the person, of whose life it has been the sole business to perform them, is usually much greater. The rapidity with

which some of the operations of those manufactures are performed, exceeds what the human hand could, by those who had never seen them, be supposed capable of acquiring.

Secondly, the advantage which is gained by saving the time commonly lost in passing from one sort of work to another is much greater than we should at first view be apt to imagine it. It is impossible to pass very quickly from one kind of work to another that is carried on in a different place and with quite different tools. A country weaver, who cultivates a small farm, must lose a good deal of time in passing from his loom to the field, and from the field to his loom. When the two trades can be carried on in the same workhouse, the loss of time is no doubt much less. It is even in this case, however, very considerable. A man commonly saunters a little in turning his hand from one sort of employment to another. When he first begins the new work he is seldom very keen and hearty; his mind, as they say, does not go to it, and for some time he rather trifles than applies to good purpose. The habit of sauntering and of indolent careless application, which is naturally, or rather necessarily acquired by every country workman who is obliged to change his work and his tools every half hour, and to apply his hand in twenty different ways almost every day of his life, renders him almost always slothful and lazy, and incapable of any vigorous application even on the most pressing occasions. Independent, therefore, of his deficiency in point of dexterity, this cause alone must always reduce considerably the quantity of work which he is capable of performing.

Thirdly, and lastly, everybody must be sensible how much labour is facilitated and abridged by the application of proper machinery. It is unnecessary to give any example. I shall only observe, therefore, that the invention of all those machines by which labour is so much facilitated and abridged seems to have been originally owing to the division of labour. Men are much more likely to discover easier and readier methods of attaining any object when the whole attention of their minds is directed towards that single object than when it is dissipated among a great variety of things. But in consequence of the division of labour, the whole of every man's attention comes naturally to be directed towards some one very simple object. It is naturally to be expected, therefore, that some one or other of those who are employed in each particular branch of labour should soon find out easier and readier methods of performing their own particular work, wherever the nature of it admits of such improvement. A great part of the machines made use of

in those manufactures in which labour is most subdivided, were originally the inventions of common workmen, who, being each of them employed in some very simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it. Whoever has been much accustomed to visit such manufactures must frequently have been shown very pretty machines, which were the inventions of such workmen in order to facilitate and quicken their own particular part of the work. In the first fire-engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of those boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that, by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his play-fellows. One of the greatest improvements that has been made upon this machine, since it was first invented, was in this manner the discovery of a boy who wanted to save his own labour.

All the improvements in machinery, however, have by no means been the inventions of those who had occasion to use the machines. Many improvements have been made by the ingenuity of the makers of the machines, when to make them became the business of a peculiar trade; and some by that of those who are called philosophers or men of speculation, whose trade it is not to do anything, but to observe everything; and who, upon that account, are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade and occupation of a particular class of citizens. Like every other employment too, it is subdivided into a great number of different branches, each of which affords occupation to a peculiar tribe or class of philosophers; and this subdivision of employment in philosophy, as well as in every other business, improves dexterity, and saves time. Each individual becomes more expert in his own peculiar branch, more work is done upon the whole, and the quantity of science is considerably increased by it.

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labour, which occasions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being

exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! How many merchants and carriers, besides, must how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the seller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all

the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and cooperation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

2
The Principle of the Division of Labour

This division of labour, from which so many advantages are derived, is not originally the effect of any human wisdom, which foresees and intends that general opulence to which it gives occasion. It is the necessary, though very slow and gradual consequence of a certain propensity in human nature which has in view no such extensive utility; the propensity to truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another.

Whether this propensity be one of those original principles in human nature of which no further account can be given; or whether, as seems more probable, it be the necessary consequences of the faculties of reason and speech, it belongs not to our present subject to inquire. It is common to all men, and to be found in no other race of animals, which seem to know neither this nor any other species of contracts. Two greyhounds, in running down the same hare, have sometimes the appearance of acting in some sort of concert. Each turns her towards his companion, or endeavours to intercept her when his companion turns her towards himself. This, however, is not the effect of any contract, but of the accidental concurrence of their passions in the same object at that particular time. Nobody ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another dog. Nobody ever saw one animal by its gestures and natural cries signify to another, this is mine, that yours; I am willing to give this for that. When an animal wants to obtain something either of a man or of another animal, it has no other means of persuasion but to gain the favour of those whose service it requires. A puppy fawns upon its dam, and a spaniel endeavours by a thousand attractions to engage the attention of its master who is at dinner, when it wants to be fed by him. Man sometimes uses the same arts with his brethren, and when he has no other means of engaging them to act according to his inclinations, endeavours by every servile and fawning attention to obtain their

good will. He has not time, however, to do this upon every occasion. In civilized society he stands at all times in need of the co-operation and assistance of great multitudes, while his whole life is scarce sufficient to gain the friendship of a few persons. In almost every other race of animals each individual, when it is grown up to maturity, is entirely independent, and in its natural state has occasion for the assistance of no other living creature. But man has almost constant occasion for the help of his brethren, and it is in vain for him to expect it from their benevolence only. He will be more likely to prevail if he can interest their self-love in his favour, and show them that it is for their own advantage to do for him what he requires of them. Whoever offers to another a bargain of any kind, proposes to do this. Give me that which I want, and you shall have this which you want, is the meaning of every such offer; and it is in this manner that we obtain from one another the far greater part of those good offices which we stand in need of. It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest. We address ourselves, not to their humanity but to their self-love, and never talk to them of our own necessities but of their advantages. Nobody but a beggar chooses to depend chiefly upon the benevolence of his fellow-citizens. Even a beggar does not depend upon it entirely. The charity of well-disposed people, indeed, supplies him with the whole fund of his subsistence. But though this principle ultimately provides him with all the necessaries of life which he has occasion for, it neither does nor can provide him with them as he has occasion for them. The greater part of his occasional wants are supplied in the same manner as those of other people, by treaty, by barter, and by purchase. With the money which one man gives him he purchases food. The old clothes which another bestows upon him he exchanges for other old clothes which suit him better, or for lodging, or for food, or for money, with which he can buy either food, clothes, or lodging, as he has occasion.

As it is by treaty, by barter, and by purchase that we obtain from one another the greater part of those mutual good offices which we stand in need of, so it is this same trucking disposition which originally gives occasion to the division of labour. In a tribe of hunters or shepherds a particular person makes bows and arrows, for example, with more readiness and dexterity than any other. He frequently exchanges them for cattle or for venison with his companions; and he finds at last that he can in this manner get more cattle and venison than if he himself went to the field to catch them. From a regard

to his own interest, therefore, the making of bows and arrows grows to be his chief business, and he becomes a sort of armourer. Another excels in making the frames and covers of their little huts or movable houses. He is accustomed to be of use in this way to his neighbours, who reward him in the same manner with cattle and with venison, till at last he finds it his interest to dedicate himself entirely to this employment, and to become a sort of house-carpenter. In the same manner a third becomes a smith or a brazier, a fourth a tanner or dresser of hides or skins, the principal part of the clothing of savages. And thus the certainty of being able to exchange all that surplus part of the produce of his own labour, which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labour as he may have occasion for, encourages every man to apply himself to a particular occupation, and to cultivate and bring to perfection whatever talent or genius he may possess for that particular species of business.

The difference of natural talents in different men is, in reality, much less than we are aware of; and the very different genius which appears to distinguish men of different professions, when grown up to maturity, is not upon many occasions so much the cause as the effect of the division of labour. The difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter, for example, seems to arise not so much from nature as from habit, custom, and education. When they came into the world, and for the first six or eight years of their existence, they were perhaps very much alike, and neither their parents nor play-fellows could perceive any remarkable difference. About that age, or soon after, they come to be employed in very different occupations. The difference of talents comes then to be taken notice of, and widens by degrees, till at last the vanity of the philosopher is willing to acknowledge scarce any resemblance. But without the disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, every man must have procured to himself every necessary and conveniency of life which he wanted. All must have had the same duties to perform, and the same work to do, and there could have been no such difference of employment as could alone give occasion to any great difference of talents.

As it is this disposition which forms that difference of talents, so remarkable among men of different professions, so it is this same disposition which renders that difference useful. Many tribes of animals acknowledged to be all of the same species derive from nature a much more remarkable distinction of genius, than what, antecedent to custom and education, appears

to take place among men. By nature a philosopher is not in genius and disposition half so different from a street porter, as a mastiff is from a greyhound, or a greyhound from a spaniel, or this last from a shepherd's dog. Those different tribes of animals, however, though all of the same species, are of scarce any use to one another. The strength of the mastiff is not in the least supported either by the swiftness of the greyhound, or by the sagacity of the spaniel, or by the docility of the shepherd's dog. The effects of those different geniuses and talents, for want of the power or disposition to barter and exchange, cannot be brought into a common stock, and do not in the least contribute to the better accommodation and conveniency of the species. Each animal is still obliged to support and defend itself, separately and independently, and derives no sort of advantage from that variety of talents with which nature has distinguished its fellows. Among men, on the contrary, the most dissimilar geniuses are of use to one another; the different produces of their respective talents, by the general disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, being brought, as it were, into a common stock, where every man may purchase whatever part of the produce of the other men's talents he has occasion for.

3
The Principle of the Commercial System

Political economy, considered as a branch of the science of a statesman or legislator, proposes two distinct objects: first, to provide a plentiful revenue or subsistence for the people, or more properly to enable them to provide such a revenue or subsistence for themselves; and secondly, to supply the state or commonwealth with a revenue sufficient for the public services. It proposes to enrich both the people and the sovereign.

The different progress of opulence in different ages and nations has given occasion to two different systems of political economy with regard to enriching the people. The one may be called the system of commerce, the other that of agriculture.

[...]

That wealth consists in money, or in gold and silver, is a popular notion which naturally arises from the double function of money, as the instrument of commerce and as the measure of value. In consequence of its being the instrument of commerce, when we have money we can more readily obtain whatever else we have occasion for than by means of any other commodity. The great affair, we always find, is to get money. When that is obtained, there is no difficulty in making any subsequent purchase. In consequence of its being the measure of value, we estimate that of all other commodities by the quantity of money which they will exchange for. We say of a rich man that he is worth a great deal, and of a poor man that he is worth very little money. A frugal man, or a man eager to be rich, is said to love money; and a careless, a generous, or a profuse man, is said to be indifferent about it. To grow rich is to get money; and wealth and money, in short, are, in common language, considered as in every respect synonymous.

A rich country, in the same manner as a rich man, is supposed to be a country abounding in money; and to heap up gold and silver in any country is supposed to be the readiest way to enrich it. For some time after the discovery of America, the first inquiry of the Spaniards, when they arrived upon any unknown coast, used to be, if there was any gold or silver to be found in the neighbourhood? By the information which they received, they judged whether it was worth while to make a settlement there, or if the country was worth the conquering. Plano Carpino, a monk, sent ambassador from the King of France to one of the sons of the famous Gengis Khan, says that the Tartars used frequently to ask him if there was plenty of sheep and oxen in the kingdom of France? Their inquiry had the same object with that of the Spaniards. They wanted to know if the country was rich enough to be worth the conquering. Among the Tartars, as among all other nations of shepherds, who are generally ignorant of the use of money, cattle are the instruments of commerce and the measures of value. Wealth, therefore, according to them, consisted in cattle, as according to the Spaniards it consisted in gold and silver. Of the two, the Tartar notion, perhaps, was the nearest to the truth.

Mr Locke remarks a distinction between money and other movable goods. All other movable goods, he says, are of so consumable a nature that the wealth which consists in them cannot be much depended on, and a nation which abounds in them one year may, without any exportation, but merely by their own waste and extravagance, be in great want of them the next. Money, on the contrary, is a steady friend, which, though it may travel about from hand to hand, yet if it can be kept from going out of the country, is not very liable to be wasted and consumed. Gold and silver, therefore, are, according to him, the most solid and substantial part of the movable wealth of a nation, and to multiply those metals ought, he thinks, upon that account, to be the great object of its political economy.

Others admit that if a nation could be separated from all the world, it would be of no consequence how much, or how little money circulated in it. The consumable goods which were circulated by means of this money would only be exchanged for a greater or a smaller number of pieces; but the real wealth or poverty of the country, they allow, would depend altogether upon the abundance or scarcity of those consumable goods. But it is otherwise, they think, with countries which have connections with foreign nations, and which are obliged to carry on foreign wars, and to maintain fleets and armies

in distant countries. This, they say, cannot be done, but by sending abroad money to pay them with; and a nation cannot send much money abroad unless it has a good deal at home. Every such nation, therefore, must endeavour in time of peace to accumulate gold and silver that, when occasion requires, it may have wherewithal to carry on foreign wars.

In consequence of these popular notions, all the different nations of Europe have studied, though to little purpose, every possible means of accumulating gold and silver in their respective countries. Spain and Portugal, the proprietors of the principal mines which supply Europe with those metals, have either prohibited their exportation under the severest penalties, or subjected it to a considerable duty. The like prohibition seems anciently to have made a part of the policy of most other European nations. It is even to be found, where we should least of all expect to find it, in some old Scotch acts of parliament, which forbid under heavy penalties the carrying gold or silver furth of the kingdom. The like policy anciently took place both in France and England.

When those countries became commercial, the merchants found this prohibition, upon many occasions, extremely inconvenient. They could frequently buy more advantageously with gold and silver than with any other commodity the foreign goods which they wanted, either to import into their own, or to carry to some other foreign country. They remonstrated, therefore, against this prohibition as hurtful to trade.

They represented, first, that the exportation of gold and silver in order to purchase foreign goods, did not always diminish the quantity of those metals in the kingdom. That, on the contrary, it might frequently increase that quantity; because, if the consumption of foreign goods was not thereby increased in the country, those goods might be re-exported to foreign countries, and, being there sold for a large profit, might bring back much more treasure than was originally sent out to purchase them. Mr Mun compares this operation of foreign trade to the seed-time and harvest of agriculture. 'If we only behold,' says he, 'the actions of the husbandman in the seed-time, when he casteth away much good corn into the ground, we shall account him rather a madman than a husbandman. But when we consider his labours in the harvest, which is the end of his endeavours, we shall find the worth and plentiful increase of his actions.'

They represented, secondly, that this prohibition could not hinder the exportation of gold and silver, which, on account of the smallness of their

bulk in proportion to their value, could easily be smuggled abroad. That this exportation could only be prevented by a proper attention to, what they called, the balance of trade. That when the country exported to a greater value than it imported, a balance became due to it from foreign nations, which was necessarily paid to it in gold and silver, and thereby increased the quantity of those metals in the kingdom. But that when it imported to a greater value than it exported, a contrary balance became due to foreign nations, which was necessarily paid to them in the same manner, and thereby diminished that quantity. That in this case to prohibit the exportation of those metals could not prevent it, but only, by making it more dangerous, render it more expensive. That the exchange was thereby turned more against the country which owed the balance than it otherwise might have been; the merchant who purchased a bill upon the foreign country being obliged to pay the banker who sold it, not only for the natural risk, trouble, and expense of sending the money thither, but for the extraordinary risk arising from the prohibition. But that the more the exchange was against any country, the more the balance of trade became necessarily against it; the money of that country becoming necessarily of so much less value in comparison with that of the country to which the balance was due. That if the exchange between England and Holland, for example, was five per cent against England, it would require a hundred and five ounces of silver in England to purchase a bill for a hundred ounces of silver in Holland: that a hundred and five ounces of silver in England, therefore, would be worth only a hundred ounces of silver in Holland, and would purchase only a proportionable quantity of Dutch goods; but that a hundred ounces of silver in Holland, on the contrary, would be worth a hundred and five ounces in England, and would purchase a proportionable quantity of English goods: that the English goods which were sold to Holland would be sold so much cheaper; and the Dutch goods which were sold to England so much dearer by the difference of the exchange; that the one would draw so much less Dutch money to England, and the other so much more English money to Holland, as this difference amounted to: and that the balance of trade, therefore, would necessarily be so much more against England, and would require a greater balance of gold and silver to be exported to Holland.

Those arguments were partly solid and partly sophistical. They were solid so far as they asserted that the exportation of gold and silver in trade might frequently be advantageous to the country. They were solid, too, in

asserting that no prohibition could prevent their exportation when private people found any advantage in exporting them. But they were sophistical in supposing that either to preserve or to augment the quantity of those metals required more the attention of government than to preserve or to augment the quantity of any other useful commodities, which the freedom of trade, without any such attention, never fails to supply in the proper quantity. They were sophistical too, perhaps, in asserting that the high price of exchange necessarily increased what they called the unfavourable balance of trade, or occasioned the exportation of a greater quantity of gold and silver. That high price, indeed, was extremely disadvantageous to the merchants who had any money to pay in foreign countries. They paid so much dearer for the bills which their bankers granted them upon those countries. But though the risk arising from the prohibition might occasion some extraordinary expense to the bankers, it would not necessarily carry any more money out of the country. This expense would generally be all laid out in the country, in smuggling the money out of it, and could seldom occasion the exportation of a single sixpence beyond the precise sum drawn for. The high price of exchange too would naturally dispose the merchants to endeavour to make their exports nearly balance their imports, in order that they might have this high exchange to pay upon as small a sum as possible. The high price of exchange, besides, must necessarily have operated as a tax, in raising the price of foreign goods, and thereby diminishing their consumption. It would tend, therefore, not to increase but to diminish what they called the unfavourable balance of trade, and consequently the exportation of gold and silver.

Such as they were, however, those arguments convinced the people to whom they were addressed. They were addressed by merchants to parliaments and to the councils of princes, to nobles and to country gentlemen, by those who were supposed to understand trade to those who were conscious to themselves that they knew nothing about the matter. That foreign trade enriched the country, experience demonstrated to the nobles and country gentlemen as well as to the merchants; but how, or in what manner, none of them well knew. The merchants knew perfectly in what manner it enriched themselves. It was their business to know it. But to know in what manner it enriched the country was no part of their business. This subject never came into their consideration but when they had occasion to apply to their country for some change in the laws relating to foreign trade. It then

became necessary to say something about the beneficial effects of foreign trade, and the manner in which those effects were obstructed by the laws as they then stood. To the judges who were to decide the business it appeared a most satisfactory account of the matter, when they were told that foreign trade brought money into the country, but that the laws in question hindered it from bringing so much as it otherwise would do. Those arguments therefore produced the wished-for effect. The prohibition of exporting gold and silver was in France and England confined to the coin of those respective countries. The exportation of foreign coin and of bullion was made free. In Holland, and in some other places, this liberty was extended even to the coin of the country. The attention of government was turned away from guarding against the exportation of gold and silver to watch over the balance of trade as the only cause which could occasion any augmentation or diminution of those metals. From one fruitless care it was turned away to another care much more intricate, much more embarrassing, and just equally fruitless. The title of Mun's book, England's Treasure in Foreign Trade, became a fundamental maxim in the political economy, not of England only, but of all other commercial countries. The inland or home trade, the most important of all, the trade in which an equal capital affords the greatest revenue, and creates the greatest employment to the people of the country, was considered as subsidiary only to foreign trade. It neither brought money into the country, it was said, nor carried any out of it. The country, therefore, could never become either richer or poorer by means of it, except so far as its prosperity or decay might indirectly influence the state of foreign trade.

A country that has no mines of its own must undoubtedly draw its gold and silver from foreign countries in the same manner as one that has no vineyards of its own must draw its wines. It does not seem necessary, however, that the attention of government should be more turned towards the one than towards the other object. A country that has wherewithal to buy wine will always get the wine which it has occasion for; and a country that has wherewithal to buy gold and silver will never be in want of those metals. They are to be bought for a certain price like all other commodities, and as they are the price of all other commodities, so all other commodities are the price of those metals. We trust with perfect security that the freedom of trade, without any attention of government, will always supply us with the wine which we have occasion for: and we may trust with equal security that it will always supply us with all the gold and silver which we can afford to purchase

or to employ, either in circulating our commodities, or in other uses.

The quantity of every commodity which human industry can either purchase or produce naturally regulates itself in every country according to the effectual demand, or according to the demand of those who are willing to pay the whole rent, labour, and profits which must be paid in order to prepare and bring it to market. But no commodities regulate themselves more easily or more exactly according to this effectual demand than gold and silver; because, on account of the small bulk and great value of those metals, no commodities can be more easily transported from one place to another, from the places where they are cheap to those where they are dear, from the places where they exceed to those where they fall short of this effectual demand. If there were in England, for example, an effectual demand for an additional quantity of gold, a packet-boat could bring from Lisbon, or from wherever else it was to be had, fifty tons of gold, which could be coined into more than five millions of guineas. But if there were an effectual demand for grain to the same value, to import it would require, at five guineas a ton, a million of tons of shipping, or a thousand ships of a thousand tons each. The navy of England would not be sufficient.

When the quantity of gold and silver imported into any country exceeds the effectual demand, no vigilance of government can prevent their exportation. All the sanguinary laws of Spain and Portugal are not able to keep their gold and silver at home. The continual importations from Peru and Brazil exceed the effectual demand of those countries, and sink the price of those metals there below that in the neighbouring countries. If, on the contrary, in any particular country their quantity fell short of the effectual demand, so as to raise their price above that of the neighbouring countries, the government would have no occasion to take any pains to import them. If it were even to take pains to prevent their importation, it would not be able to effectuate it. Those metals, when the Spartans had got wherewithal to purchase them, broke through all the barriers which the laws of Lycurgus opposed to their entrance into Lacedemon. All the sanguinary laws of the customs are not able to prevent the importation of the teas of the Dutch and Gottenburgh East India companies, because somewhat cheaper than those of the British company. A pound of tea, however, is about a hundred times the bulk of one of the highest prices, sixteen shillings, that is commonly paid for it in silver, and more than two thousand times the bulk of the same price in gold, and consequently just so many times more difficult to smuggle.

It is partly owing to the easy transportation of gold and silver from the places where they abound to those where they are wanted that the price of those metals does not fluctuate continually like that of the greater part of other commodities, which are hindered by their bulk from shifting their situation when the market happens to be either over- or under-stocked with them. The price of those metals, indeed, is not altogether exempted from variation, but the changes to which it is liable are generally slow, gradual, and uniform. In Europe, for example, it is supposed, without much foundation, perhaps, that during the course of the present and preceding century they have been constantly, but gradually, sinking in their value, on account of the continual importations from the Spanish West Indies. But to make any sudden change in the price of gold and silver, so as to raise or lower at once, sensibly and remarkably, the money price of all other commodities, requires such a revolution in commerce as that occasioned by the discovery of America.

If, notwithstanding all this, gold and silver should at any time fall short in a country which has wherewithal to purchase them, there are more expedients for supplying their place than that of almost any other commodity. If the materials of manufacture are wanted, industry must stop. If provisions are wanted, the people must starve. But if money is wanted, barter will supply its place, though with a good deal of inconveniency. Buying and selling upon credit, and the different dealers compensating their credits with one another, once a month or once a year, will supply it with less inconveniency. A well-regulated paper money will supply it, not only without any inconveniency, but, in some cases, with some advantages. Upon every account, therefore, the attention of government never was so unnecessarily employed as when directed to watch over the preservation or increase of the quantity of money in any country.

No complaint, however, is more common than that of a scarcity of money. Money, like wine, must always be scarce with those who have neither wherewithal to buy it nor credit to borrow it. Those who have either will seldom be in want either of the money or of the wine which they have occasion for. This complaint, however, of the scarcity of money is not always confined to improvident spendthrifts. It is sometimes general through a whole mercantile town and the country in its neighbourhood. Over-trading is the common cause of it. Sober men, whose projects have been disproportioned to their capitals, are as likely to have neither wherewithal to buy money nor

credit to borrow it, as prodigals whose expense has been disproportioned to their revenue. Before their projects can be brought to bear, their stock is gone, and their credit with it. They run about everywhere to borrow money, and everybody tells them that they have none to lend. Even such general complaints of the scarcity of money do not always prove that the usual number of gold and silver pieces are not circulating in the country, but that many people want those pieces who have nothing to give for them. When the profits of trade happen to be greater than ordinary, over-trading becomes a general error both among great and small dealers. They do not always send more money abroad than usual, but they buy upon credit, both at home and abroad, an unusual quantity of goods, which they send to some distant market in hopes that the returns will come in before the demand for payment. The demand comes before the returns, and they have nothing at hand with which they can either purchase money, or give solid security for borrowing. It is not any scarcity of gold and silver, but the difficulty which such people find in borrowing, and which their creditors find in getting payment, that occasions the general complaint of the scarcity of money.

It would be too ridiculous to go about seriously to prove that wealth does not consist in money, or in gold and silver; but in what money purchases, and is valuable only for purchasing. Money, no doubt, makes always a part of the national capital; but it has already been shown that it generally makes but a small part, and always the most unprofitable part of it.

It is not because wealth consists more essentially in money than in goods that the merchant finds it generally more easy to buy goods with money than to buy money with goods; but because money is the known and established instrument of commerce, for which everything is readily given in exchange, but which is not always with equal readiness to be got in exchange for every thing. The greater part of goods, besides, are more perishable than money, and he may frequently sustain a much greater loss by keeping them. When his goods are upon hand, too, he is more liable to such demands for money as he may not be able to answer than when he has got their price in his coffers. Over and above all this, his profit arises more directly from selling than from buying, and he is upon all these accounts generally much more anxious to exchange his goods for money than his money for goods. But though a particular merchant, with abundance of goods in his warehouse, may sometimes be ruined by not being able to sell them in time, a nation or country is not liable to the same accident. The whole capital of a merchant

frequently consists in perishable goods destined for purchasing money. But it is but a very small part of the annual produce of the land and labour of a country which can ever be destined for purchasing gold and silver from their neighbours. The far greater part is circulated and consumed among themselves; and even of the surplus which is sent abroad, the greater part is generally destined for the purchase of other foreign goods. Though gold and silver, therefore, could not be had in exchange for the goods destined to purchase them, the nation would not be ruined. It might, indeed, suffer some loss and inconveniency, and be forced upon some of those expedients which are necessary for supplying the place of money. The annual produce of its land and labour, however, would be the same, or very nearly the same, as usual, because the same, or very nearly the same, consumable capital would be employed in maintaining it. And though goods do not always draw money so readily as money draws goods, in the long run they draw it more necessarily than even it draws them. Goods can serve many other purposes besides purchasing money, but money can serve no other purpose besides purchasing goods. Money, therefore, necessarily runs after goods, but goods do not always or necessarily run after money. The man who buys does not always mean to sell again, but frequently to use or to consume; whereas he who sells always means to buy again. The one may frequently have done the whole, but the other can never have done more than the one-half of his business. It is not for its own sake that men desire money, but for the sake of what they can purchase with it.

Consumable commodities, it is said, are soon destroyed; whereas gold and silver are of a more durable nature, and, were it not for this continual exportation, might be accumulated for ages together, to the incredible augmentation of the real wealth of the country. Nothing, therefore, it is pretended, can be more disadvantageous to any country than the trade which consists in the exchange of such lasting for such perishable commodities. We do not, however, reckon that trade disadvantageous which consists in the exchange of the hardware of England for the wines of France; and yet hardware is a very durable commodity, and were it not for this continual exportation might, too, be accumulated for ages together, to the incredible augmentation of the pots and pans of the country. But it readily occurs that the number of such utensils is in every country necessarily limited by the use which there is for them; that it would be absurd to have more pots and pans than were necessary for cooking the victuals usually consumed there; and that

if the quantity of victuals were to increase, the number of pots and pans would readily increase along with it, a part of the increased quantity of victuals being employed in purchasing them, or in maintaining an additional number of workmen whose business it was to make them. It should as readily occur that the quantity of gold and silver is in every country limited by the use which there is for those metals; that their use consists in circulating commodities as coin, and in affording a species of household furniture as plate; that the quantity of coin in every country is regulated by the value of the commodities which are to be circulated by it: increase that value, and immediately a part of it will be sent abroad to purchase, wherever it is to be had, the additional quantity of coin requisite for circulating them: that the quantity of plate is regulated by the number and wealth of those private families who choose to indulge themselves in that sort of magnificence: increase the number and wealth of such families, and a part of this increased wealth will most probably be employed in purchasing, wherever it is to be found, an additional quantity of plate: that to attempt to increase the wealth of any country, either by introducing or by detaining in it an unnecessary quantity of gold and silver, is as absurd as it would be to attempt to increase the good cheer of private families by obliging them to keep an unnecessary number of kitchen utensils. As the expense of purchasing those unnecessary utensils would diminish instead of increasing either the quantity or goodness of the family provisions, so the expense of purchasing an unnecessary quantity of gold and silver must, in every country, as necessarily diminish the wealth which feeds, clothes, and lodges, which maintains and employs the people. Gold and silver, whether in the shape of coin or of plate, are utensils, it must be remembered, as much as the furniture of the kitchen. Increase the use for them, increase the consumable commodities which are to be circulated, managed, and prepared by means of them, and you will infallibly increase the quantity; but if you attempt, by extraordinary means, to increase the quantity, you will as infallibly diminish the use and even the quantity too, which in those metals can never be greater than what the use requires. Were they ever to be accumulated beyond this quantity, their transportation is so easy, and the loss which attends their lying idle and unemployed so great, that no law could prevent their being immediately sent out of the country.

It is not always necessary to accumulate gold and silver in order to enable a country to carry on foreign wars, and to maintain fleets and armies in distant countries. Fleets and armies are maintained, not with gold and

silver, but with consumable goods. The nation which, from the annual produce of its domestic industry, from the annual revenue arising out of its lands, labour, and consumable stock, has wherewithal to purchase those consumable goods in distant countries, can maintain foreign wars there.

A nation may purchase the pay and provisions of an army in a distant country three different ways: by sending abroad either, first, some part of its accumulated gold and silver; or, secondly, some part of the annual produce of its manufactures; or, last of all, some part of its annual rude produce.

The gold and silver which can properly be considered as accumulated or stored up in any country may be distinguished into three parts: first, the circulating money; secondly, the plate of private families; and, last of all, the money which may have been collected by many years parsimony, and laid up in the treasury of the prince.

It can seldom happen that much can be spared from the circulating money of the country; because in that there can seldom be much redundancy. The value of goods annually bought and sold in any country requires a certain quantity of money to circulate and distribute them to their proper consumers, and can give employment to no more. The channel of circulation necessarily draws to itself a sum sufficient to fill it, and never admits any more. Something, however, is generally withdrawn from this channel in the case of foreign war. By the great number of people who are maintained abroad, fewer are maintained at home. Fewer goods are circulated there, and less money becomes necessary to circulate them. An extraordinary quantity of paper money, of some sort or other, such as exchequer notes, navy bills, and bank bills in England, is generally issued upon such occasions, and by supplying the place of circulating gold and silver, gives an opportunity of sending a greater quantity of it abroad. All this, however, could afford but a poor resource for maintaining a foreign war of great expense and several years duration.

The melting down of the plate of private families has upon every occasion been found a still more insignificant one. The French, in the beginning of the last war, did not derive so much advantage from this expedient as to compensate the loss of the fashion.

The accumulated treasures of the prince have, in former times, afforded a much greater and more lasting resource. In the present times, if you except the King of Prussia, to accumulate treasure seems to be no part of the policy of European princes.

The funds which maintained the foreign wars of the present century, the most expensive perhaps which history records, seem to have had little dependency upon the exportation either of the circulating money, or of the plate of private families, or of the treasure of the prince. The last French war cost Great Britain upwards of ninety millions, including not only the seventy-five millions of new debt that was contracted, but the additional two shillings in the pound land-tax, and what was annually borrowed of the sinking fund. More than two-thirds of this expense were laid out in distant countries; in Germany, Portugal, America, in the ports of the Mediterranean, in the East and West Indies. The kings of England had no accumulated treasure. We never heard of any extraordinary quantity of plate being melted down. The circulating gold and silver of the country had not been supposed to exceed eighteen millions. Since the late recoinage of the gold, however, it is believed to have been a good deal under-rated. Let us suppose, therefore, according to the most exaggerated computation which I remember to have either seen or heard of, that, gold and silver together, it amounted to thirty millions. Had the war been carried on by means of our money, the whole of it must, even according to this computation, have been sent out and returned again at least twice in a period of between six and seven years. Should this be supposed, it would afford the most decisive argument to demonstrate how unnecessary it is for government to watch over the preservation of money, since upon this supposition the whole money of the country must have gone from it and returned to it again, two different times in so short a period, without anybody's knowing anything of the matter. The channel of circulation, however, never appeared more empty than usual during any part of this period. Few people wanted money who had wherewithal to pay for it. The profits of foreign trade, indeed, were greater than usual during the whole war; but especially towards the end of it. This occasioned, what it always occasions, a general over-trading in all the parts of Great Britain; and this again occasioned the usual complaint of the scarcity of money, which always follows over-trading. Many people wanted it, who had neither wherewithal to buy it, nor credit to borrow it; and because the debtors found it difficult to borrow, the creditors found it difficult to get payment. Gold and silver, however, were generally to be had for their value, by those who had that value to give for them.

The enormous expense of the late war, therefore, must have been chiefly defrayed, not by the exportation of gold and silver, but by that of British

commodities of some kind or other. When the government, or those who acted under them, contracted with a merchant for a remittance to some foreign country, he would naturally endeavour to pay his foreign correspondent, upon whom he had granted a bill, by sending abroad rather commodities than gold and silver. If the commodities of Great Britain were not in demand in that country, he would endeavour to send them to some other country, in which he could purchase a bill upon that country. The transportation of commodities, when properly suited to the market, is always attended with a considerable profit; whereas that of gold and silver is scarce ever attended with any. When those metals are sent abroad in order to purchase foreign commodities, the merchant's profit arises, not from the purchase, but from the sale of the returns. But when they are sent abroad merely to pay a debt, he gets no returns, and consequently no profit. He naturally, therefore, exerts his invention to find out a way of paying his foreign debts rather by the exportation of commodities than by that of gold and silver. The great quantity of British goods exported during the course of the late war, without bringing back any returns, is accordingly remarked by the author of The Present State of the Nation.

Besides the three sorts of gold and silver above mentioned, there is in all great commercial countries a good deal of bullion alternately imported and exported for the purposes of foreign trade. This bullion, as it circulates among different commercial countries in the same manner as the national coin circulates in every particular country, may be considered as the money of the great mercantile republic. The national coin receives its movement and direction from the commodities circulated within the precincts of each particular country: the money of the mercantile republic, from those circulated between different countries. Both are employed in facilitating exchanges, the one between different individuals of the same, the other between those of different nations. Part of this money of the great mercantile republic may have been, and probably was, employed in carrying on the late war. In time of a general war, it is natural to suppose that a movement and direction should be impressed upon it, different from what it usually follows in profound peace; that it should circulate more about the seat of the war, and be more employed in purchasing there, and in the neighbouring countries, the pay and provisions of the different armies. But whatever part of this money of the mercantile republic Great Britain may have annually employed in this manner, it must have been annually purchased, either with British

commodities, or with something else that had been purchased with them; which still brings us back to commodities, to the annual produce of the land and labour of the country, as the ultimate resources which enabled us to carry on the war. It is natural indeed to suppose that so great an annual expense must have been defrayed from a great annual produce. The expense of 1761, for example, amounted to more than nineteen millions. No accumulation could have supported so great an annual profusion. There is no annual produce even of gold and silver which could have supported it. The whole gold and silver annually imported into both Spain and Portugal, according to the best accounts, does not commonly much exceed six millions sterling, which, in some years, would scarce have paid four months' expense of the late war.

The commodities most proper for being transported to distant countries, in order to purchase there either the pay and provisions of an army, or some part of the money of the mercantile republic to be employed in purchasing them, seem to be the finer and more improved manufactures; such as contain a great value in a small bulk, and can, therefore, be exported to a great distance at little expense. A country whose industry produces a great annual surplus of such manufactures, which are usually exported to foreign countries, may carry on for many years a very expensive foreign war without either exporting any considerable quantity of gold and silver, or even having any such quantity to export. A considerable part of the annual surplus of its manufactures must, indeed, in this case be exported without bringing back any returns to the country, though it does to the merchant; the government purchasing of the merchant his bills upon foreign countries, in order to purchase there the pay and provisions of an army. Some part of this surplus, however, may still continue to bring back a return. The manufacturers, during the war, will have a double demand upon them, and be called upon, first, to work up goods to be sent abroad, for paying the bills drawn upon foreign countries for the pay and provisions of the army; and, secondly, to work up such as are necessary for purchasing the common returns that had usually been consumed in the country. In the midst of the most destructive foreign war, therefore, the greater part of manufactures may frequently flourish greatly; and, on the contrary, they may decline on the return of the peace. They may flourish amidst the ruin of their country, and begin to decay upon the return of its prosperity. The different state of many different branches of the British manufactures during the late war, and for some time after the

peace, may serve as an illustration of what has been just now said.

No foreign war of great expense or duration could conveniently be carried on by the exportation of the rude produce of the soil. The expense of sending such a quantity of it to a foreign country as might purchase the pay and provisions of an army would be too great. Few countries produce much more rude produce than what is sufficient for the subsistence of their own inhabitants. To send abroad any great quantity of it, therefore, would be to send abroad a part of the necessary subsistence of the people. It is otherwise with the exportation of manufactures. The maintenance of the people employed in them is kept at home, and only the surplus part of their work is exported. Mr Hume frequently takes notice of the inability of the ancient kings of England to carry on, without interruption, any foreign war of long duration. The English, in those days, had nothing wherewithal to purchase the pay and provisions of their armies in foreign countries, but either the rude produce of the soil, of which no considerable part could be spared from the home consumption, or a few manufactures of the coarsest kind, of which, as well as of the rude produce, the transportation was too expensive. This inability did not arise from the want of money, but of the finer and more improved manufactures. Buying and selling was transacted by means of money in England then as well as now. The quantity of circulating money must have borne the same proportion to the number and value of purchases and sales usually transacted at that time, which it does to those transacted at present; or rather it must have borne a greater proportion, because there was then no paper, which now occupies a great part of the employment of gold and silver. Among nations to whom commerce and manufactures are little known, the sovereign, upon extraordinary occasions, can seldom draw any considerable aid from his subjects, for reasons which shall be explained hereafter. It is in such countries, therefore, that he generally endeavours to accumulate a treasure, as the only resource against such emergencies. Independent of this necessity, he is in such a situation naturally disposed to the parsimony requisite for accumulation. In that simple state, the expense even of a sovereign is not directed by the vanity which delights in the gaudy finery of a court, but is employed in bounty to his tenants, and hospitality to his retainers. But bounty and hospitality very seldom lead to extravagance; though vanity almost always does. Every Tartar chief, accordingly, has a treasure. The treasures of Mazepa, chief of the Cossacks in the Ukraine, the famous ally of Charles the XIIth, are said to have been very great. The

French kings of the Merovingian race had all treasures. When they divided their kingdom among their different children, they divided their treasure too. The Saxon princes, and the first kings after the conquest, seem likewise to have accumulated treasures. The first exploit of every new reign was commonly to seize the treasure of the preceding king, as the most essential measure for securing the succession. The sovereigns of improved and commercial countries are not under the same necessity of accumulating treasures, because they can generally draw from their subjects extraordinary aids upon extraordinary occasions. They are likewise less disposed to do so. They naturally, perhaps necessarily, follow the mode of the times, and their expense comes to be regulated by the same extravagant vanity which directs that of all the other great proprietors in their dominions. The insignificant pageantry of their court becomes every day more brilliant, and the expense of it not only prevents accumulation, but frequently encroaches upon the funds destined for more necessary expenses. What Dercyllidas said of the court of Persia may be applied to that of several European princes, that he saw there much splendour but little strength, and many servants but few soldiers.

The importation of gold and silver is not the principal, much less the sole benefit which a nation derives from its foreign trade. Between whatever places foreign trade is carried on, they all of them derive two distinct benefits from it. It carries out that surplus part of the produce of their land and labour for which there is no demand among them, and brings back in return for it something else for which there is a demand. It gives a value to their superfluities, by exchanging them for something else, which may satisfy a part of their wants, and increase their enjoyments. By means of it the narrowness of the home market does not hinder the division of labour in any particular branch of art or manufacture from being carried to the highest perfection. By opening a more extensive market for whatever part of the produce of their labour may exceed the home consumption, it encourages them to improve its productive powers, and to augment its annual produce to the utmost, and thereby to increase the real revenue and wealth of the society. These great and important services foreign trade is continually occupied in performing to all the different countries between which it is carried on. They all derive great benefit from it, though that in which the merchant resides generally derives the greatest, as he is generally more employed in supplying the wants, and carrying out the superfluities of his own, than of any other particular country. To import the gold and silver which may be wanted into

the countries which have no mines is, no doubt, a part of the business of foreign commerce. It is, however, a most insignificant part of it. A country which carried on foreign trade merely upon this account could scarce have occasion to freight a ship in a century.

It is not by the importation of gold and silver that the discovery of America has enriched Europe. By the abundance of the American mines, those metals have become cheaper. A service of plate can now be purchased for about a third part of the corn, or a third part of the labour, which it would have cost in the fifteenth century. With the same annual expense of labour and commodities, Europe can annually purchase about three times the quantity of plate which it could have purchased at that time. But when a commodity comes to be sold for a third part of what had been its usual price, not only those who purchased it before can purchase three times their former quantity, but it is brought down to the level of a much greater number of purchasers, perhaps to more than ten, perhaps to more than twenty times the former number. So that there may be in Europe at present not only more than three times, but more than twenty or thirty times the quantity of plate which would have been in it, even in its present state of improvement, had the discovery of the American mines never been made. So far Europe has, no doubt, gained a real conveniency, though surely a very trifling one. The cheapness of gold and silver renders those metals rather less fit for the purposes of money than they were before. In order to make the same purchases, we must load ourselves with a greater quantity of them, and carry about a shilling in our pocket where a groat would have done before. It is difficult to say which is most trifling, this inconveniency or the opposite conveniency. Neither the one nor the other could have made any very essential change in the state of Europe. The discovery of America, however, certainly made a most essential one. By opening a new and inexhaustible market to all the commodities of Europe, it gave occasion to new divisions of labour and improvements of art, which, in the narrow circle of the ancient commerce, could never have taken place for want of a market to take off the greater part of their produce. The productive powers of labour were improved, and its produce increased in all the different countries of Europe, and together with it the real revenue and wealth of the inhabitants. The commodities of Europe were almost all new to America, and many of those of America were new to Europe. A new set of exchanges, therefore, began to take place which had never been thought of before, and which should

naturally have proved as advantageous to the new, as it certainly did to the old continent. The savage injustice of the Europeans rendered an event, which ought to have been beneficial to all, ruinous and destructive to several of those unfortunate countries.

The discovery of a passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, which happened much about the same time, opened perhaps a still more extensive range to foreign commerce than even that of America, notwithstanding the greater distance. There were but two nations in America in any respect superior to savages, and these were destroyed almost as soon as discovered. The rest were mere savages. But the empires of China, Indostan, Japan, as well as several others in the East Indies, without having richer mines of gold or silver, were in every other respect much richer, better cultivated, and more advanced in all arts and manufactures than either Mexico or Peru, even though we should credit, what plainly deserves no credit, the exaggerated accounts of the Spanish writers concerning the ancient state of those empires. But rich and civilised nations can always exchange to a much greater value with one another than with savages and barbarians. Europe, however, has hitherto derived much less advantage from its commerce with the East Indies than from that with America. The Portuguese monopolised the East India trade to themselves for about a century, and it was only indirectly and through them that the other nations of Europe could either send out or receive any goods from that country. When the Dutch, in the beginning of the last century, began to encroach upon them, they vested their whole East India commerce in an exclusive company. The English, French, Swedes, and Danes have all followed their example, so that no great nation in Europe has ever yet had the benefit of a free commerce to the East Indies. No other reason need be assigned why it has never been so advantageous as the trade to America, which, between almost every nation of Europe and its own colonies, is free to all its subjects. The exclusive privileges of those East India companies, their great riches, the great favour and protection which these have procured them from their respective governments, have excited much envy against them. This envy has frequently represented their trade as altogether pernicious, on account of the great quantities of silver which it every year exports from the countries from which it is carried on. The parties concerned have replied that their trade, by this continual exportation of silver, might indeed tend to impoverish Europe in general, but not the particular country from which it was carried on; because,

by the exportation of a part of the returns to other European countries, it annually brought home a much greater quantity of that metal than it carried out. Both the objection and the reply are founded in the popular notion which I have been just now examining. It is therefore unnecessary to say anything further about either. By the annual exportation of silver to the East Indies, plate is probably somewhat dearer in Europe than it otherwise might have been; and coined silver probably purchases a larger quantity both of labour and commodities. The former of these two effects is a very small loss, the latter a very small advantage; both too insignificant to deserve any part of the public attention. The trade to the East Indies, by opening a market to the commodities of Europe, or, what comes nearly to the same thing, to the gold and silver which is purchased with those commodities, must necessarily tend to increase the annual production of European commodities, and consequently the real wealth and revenue of Europe. That it has hitherto increased them so little is probably owing to the restraints which it everywhere labours under.

I thought it necessary, though at the hazard of being tedious, to examine at full length this popular notion that wealth consists in money, or in gold and silver. Money in common language, as I have already observed, frequently signifies wealth, and this ambiguity of expression has rendered this popular notion so familiar to us that even they who are convinced of its absurdity are very apt to forget their own principles, and in the course of their reasonings to take it for granted as a certain and undeniable truth. Some of the best English writers upon commerce set out with observing that the wealth of a country consists, not in its gold and silver only, but in its lands, houses, and consumable goods of all different kinds. In the course of their reasonings, however, the lands, houses, and consumable goods seem to slip out of their memory, and the strain of their argument frequently supposes that all wealth consists in gold and silver, and that to multiply those metals is the great object of national industry and commerce.

The two principles being established, however, that wealth consisted in gold and silver, and that those metals could be brought into a country which had no mines only by the balance of trade, or by exporting to a greater value than it imported, it necessarily became the great object of political economy to diminish as much as possible the importation of foreign goods for home consumption, and to increase as much as possible the exportation of the produce of domestic industry. Its two great engines for enriching the country,

therefore, were restraints upon importation, and encouragements to exportation.

The restraints upon importation were of two kinds.

First, restraints upon the importation of such foreign goods for home consumption as could be produced at home, from whatever country they were imported.

Secondly, restraints upon the importation of goods of almost all kinds from those particular countries with which the balance of trade was supposed to be disadvantageous.

Those different restraints consisted sometimes in high duties, and sometimes in absolute prohibitions.

Exportation was encouraged sometimes by drawbacks, sometimes by bounties, sometimes by advantageous treaties of commerce with foreign states, and sometimes by the establishment of colonies in distant countries.

Drawbacks were given upon two different occasions. When the home manufactures were subject to any duty or excise, either the whole or a part of it was frequently drawn back upon their exportation; and when foreign goods liable to a duty were imported in order to be exported again, either the whole or a part of this duty was sometimes given back upon such exportation.

Bounties were given for the encouragement either of some beginning manufactures, or of such sorts of industry of other kinds as were supposed to deserve particular favour.

By advantageous treaties of commerce, particular privileges were procured in some foreign state for the goods and merchants of the country, beyond what were granted to those of other countries.

By the establishment of colonies in distant countries, not only particular privileges, but a monopoly was frequently procured for the goods and merchants of the country which established them.

The two sorts of restraints upon importation abovementioned, together with these four encouragements to exportation, constitute the six principal means by which the commercial system proposes to increase the quantity of gold and silver in any country by turning the balance of trade in its favour. I shall consider each of them in a particular chapter, and without taking much further notice of their supposed tendency to bring money into the country, I shall examine chiefly what are likely to be the effects of each of them upon the annual produce of its industry. According as they tend either to increase or diminish the value of this annual produce, they must evidently tend either

to increase or diminish the real wealth and revenue of the country.

4
Restraints on the Importation of Goods

By restraining, either by high duties or by absolute prohibitions, the importation of such goods from foreign countries as can be produced at home, the monopoly of the home market is more or less secured to the domestic industry employed in producing them. Thus the prohibition of importing either live cattle or salt provisions from foreign countries secures to the graziers of Great Britain the monopoly of the home market for butcher's meat. The high duties upon the importation of corn, which in times of moderate plenty amount to a prohibition, give a like advantage to the growers of that commodity. The prohibition of the importation of foreign woollens is equally favourable to the woollen manufacturers. The silk manufacture, though altogether employed upon foreign materials, has lately obtained the same advantage. The linen manufacture has not yet obtained it, but is making great strides towards it. Many other sorts of manufacturers have, in the same manner, obtained in Great Britain, either altogether or very nearly, a monopoly against their countrymen. The variety of goods of which the importation into Great Britain is prohibited, either absolutely, or under certain circumstances, greatly exceeds what can easily be suspected by those who are not well acquainted with the laws of the customs.

That this monopoly of the home market frequently gives great encouragement to that particular species of industry which enjoys it, and frequently turns towards that employment a greater share of both the labour and stock of the society than would otherwise have gone to it, cannot be doubted. But whether it tends either to increase the general industry of the society, or to give it the most advantageous direction, is not, perhaps, altogether so evident.

The general industry of the society never can exceed what the capital of the society can employ. As the number of workmen that can be kept in

employment by any particular person must bear a certain proportion to his capital, so the number of those that can be continually employed by all the members of a great society must bear a certain proportion to the whole capital of that society, and never can exceed that proportion. No regulation of commerce can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain. It can only divert a part of it into a direction into which it might not otherwise have gone; and it is by no means certain that this artificial direction is likely to be more advantageous to the society than that into which it would have gone of its own accord.

Every individual is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. It is his own advantage, indeed, and not that of the society, which he has in view. But the study of his own advantage naturally, or rather necessarily, leads him to prefer that employment which is most advantageous to the society.

First, every individual endeavours to employ his capital as near home as he can, and consequently as much as he can in the support of domestic industry; provided always that he can thereby obtain the ordinary, or not a great deal less than the ordinary profits of stock.

Thus, upon equal or nearly equal profits, every wholesale merchant naturally prefers the home trade to the foreign trade of consumption, and the foreign trade of consumption to the carrying trade. In the home trade his capital is never so long out of his sight as it frequently is in the foreign trade of consumption. He can know better the character and situation of the persons whom he trusts, and if he should happen to be deceived, he knows better the laws of the country from which he must seek redress. In the carrying trade, the capital of the merchant is, as it were, divided between two foreign countries, and no part of it is ever necessarily brought home, or placed under his own immediate view and command. The capital which an Amsterdam merchant employs in carrying corn from Konnigsberg to Lisbon, and fruit and wine from Lisbon to Konnigsberg, must generally be the one-half of it at Konnigsberg and the other half at Lisbon. No part of it need ever come to Amsterdam. The natural residence of such a merchant should either be at Konnigsberg or Lisbon, and it can only be some very particular circumstances which can make him prefer the residence of Amsterdam. The uneasiness, however, which he feels at being separated so far from his capital generally determines him to bring part both of the Konnigsberg goods which he destines for the market of Lisbon, and of the Lisbon goods which he

destines for that of Konnigsberg, to Amsterdam: and though this necessarily subjects him to a double charge of loading and unloading, as well as to the payment of some duties and customs, yet for the sake of having some part of his capital always under his own view and command, he willingly submits to this extraordinary charge; and it is in this manner that every country which has any considerable share of the carrying trade becomes always the emporium, or general market, for the goods of all the different countries whose trade it carries on. The merchant, in order to save a second loading and unloading, endeavours always to sell in the home market as much of the goods of all those different countries as he can, and thus, so far as he can, to convert his carrying trade into a foreign trade of consumption. A merchant, in the same manner, who is engaged in the foreign trade of consumption, when he collects goods for foreign markets, will always be glad, upon equal or nearly equal profits, to sell as great a part of them at home as he can. He saves himself the risk and trouble of exportation, when, so far as he can, he thus converts his foreign trade of consumption into a home trade. Home is in this manner the centre, if I may say so, round which the capitals of the inhabitants of every country are continually circulating, and towards which they are always tending, though by particular causes they may sometimes be driven off and repelled from it towards more distant employments. But a capital employed in the home trade, it has already been shown, necessarily puts into motion a greater quantity of domestic industry, and gives revenue and employment to a greater number of the inhabitants of the country, than an equal capital employed in the foreign trade of consumption: and one employed in the foreign trade of consumption has the same advantage over an equal capital employed in the carrying trade. Upon equal, or only nearly equal profits, therefore, every individual naturally inclines to employ his capital in the manner in which it is likely to afford the greatest support to domestic industry, and to give revenue and employment to the greatest number of people of his own country.

Secondly, every individual who employs his capital in the support of domestic industry, necessarily endeavours so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest possible value.

The produce of industry is what it adds to the subject or materials upon which it is employed. In proportion as the value of this produce is great or small, so will likewise be the profits of the employer. But it is only for the sake of profit that any man employs a capital in the support of industry; and

he will always, therefore, endeavour to employ it in the support of that industry of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, or to exchange for the greatest quantity either of money or of other goods.

But the annual revenue of every society is always precisely equal to the exchangeable value of the whole annual produce of its industry, or rather is precisely the same thing with that exchangeable value. As every individual, therefore, endeavours as much as he can both to employ his capital in the support of domestic industry, and so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest value; every individual necessarily labours to render the annual revenue of the society as great as he can. He generally, indeed, neither intends to promote the public interest, nor knows how much he is promoting it. By preferring the support of domestic to that of foreign industry, he intends only his own security; and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain, and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention. Nor is it always the worse for the society that it was no part of it. By pursuing his own interest he frequently promotes that of the society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it. I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.

What is the species of domestic industry which his capital can employ, and of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, every individual, it is evident, can, in his local situation, judge much better than any statesman or law-giver can do for him. The statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted, not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever, and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it.

To give the monopoly of the home market to the produce of domestic industry, in any particular art or manufacture, is in some measure to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, and must, in almost all cases, be either a useless or a hurtful regulation. If the produce of domestic can be brought there as cheap as that of foreign industry, the

regulation is evidently useless. If it cannot, it must generally be hurtful. It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them off the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbours, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for.

What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it off them with some part of the produce of our own industry employed in a way in which we have some advantage. The general industry of the country, being always in proportion to the capital which employs it, will not thereby be diminished, no more than that of the above-mentioned artificers; but only left to find out the way in which it can be employed with the greatest advantage. It is certainly not employed to the greatest advantage when it is thus directed towards an object which it can buy cheaper than it can make. The value of its annual produce is certainly more or less diminished when it is thus turned away from producing commodities evidently of more value than the commodity which it is directed to produce. According to the supposition, that commodity could be purchased from foreign countries cheaper than it can be made at home. It could, therefore, have been purchased with a part only of the commodities, or, what is the same thing, with a part only of the price of the commodities, which the industry employed by an equal capital would have produced at home, had it been left to follow its natural course. The industry of the country, therefore, is thus turned away from a more to a less advantageous employment, and the exchangeable value of its annual produce, instead of being increased, according to the intention of the lawgiver, must necessarily be diminished by every such regulation.

By means of such regulations, indeed, a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and after a certain time may be made at home as cheap or cheaper than in the foreign country. But though the industry of the society may be thus carried with advantage into a particular channel sooner than it could have been otherwise,

it will by no means follow that the sum total, either of its industry, or of its revenue, can ever be augmented by any such regulation. The industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue. But the immediate effect of every such regulation is to diminish its revenue, and what diminishes its revenue is certainly not very likely to augment its capital faster than it would have augmented of its own accord had both capital and industry been left to find out their natural employments.

Though for want of such regulations the society should never acquire the proposed manufacture, it would not, upon that account, necessarily be the poorer in any one period of its duration. In every period of its duration its whole capital and industry might still have been employed, though upon different objects, in the manner that was most advantageous at the time. In every period its revenue might have been the greatest which its capital could afford, and both capital and revenue might have been augmented with the greatest possible rapidity.

The natural advantages which one country has over another in producing particular commodities are sometimes so great that it is acknowledged by all the world to be in vain to struggle with them. By means of glasses, hotbeds, and hot walls, very good grapes can be raised in Scotland, and very good wine too can be made of them at about thirty times the expense for which at least equally good can be brought from foreign countries. Would it be a reasonable law to prohibit the importation of all foreign wines merely to encourage the making of claret and burgundy in Scotland? But if there would be a manifest absurdity in turning towards any employment thirty times more of the capital and industry of the country than would be necessary to purchase from foreign countries an equal quantity of the commodities wanted, there must be an absurdity, though not altogether so glaring, yet exactly of the same kind, in turning towards any such employment a thirtieth, or even a three-hundredth part more of either. Whether the advantages which one country has over another be natural or acquired is in this respect of no consequence. As long as the one country has those advantages, and the other wants them, it will always be more advantageous for the latter rather to buy off the former than to make. It is an acquired advantage only, which one artificer has over his neighbour, who exercises another trade; and yet they both find it more advantageous to buy off one another than to make what does not belong to their particular trades.

Merchants and manufacturers are the people who derive the greatest advantage from this monopoly of the home market. The prohibition of the importation of foreign cattle, and of salt provisions, together with the high duties upon foreign corn, which in times of moderate plenty amount to a prohibition, are not near so advantageous to the graziers and farmers of Great Britain as other regulations of the same kind are to its merchants and manufacturers. Manufactures, those of the finer kind especially, are more easily transported from one country to another than corn or cattle. It is in the fetching and carrying manufactures, accordingly, that foreign trade is chiefly employed. In manufactures, a very small advantage will enable foreigners to undersell our own workmen, even in the home market. It will require a very great one to enable them to do so in the rude produce of the soil. If the free importation of foreign manufactures were permitted, several of the home manufactures would probably suffer, and some of them, perhaps, go to ruin altogether, and a considerable part of the stock and industry at present employed in them would be forced to find out some other employment. But the freest importation of the rude produce of the soil could have no such effect upon the agriculture of the country.

If the importation of foreign cattle, for example, were made ever so free, so few could be imported that the grazing trade of Great Britain could be little affected by it. Live cattle are, perhaps, the only commodity of which the transportation is more expensive by sea than by land. By land they carry themselves to market. By sea, not only the cattle, but their food and their water too, must be carried at no small expense and inconveniency. The short sea between Ireland and Great Britain, indeed, renders the importation of Irish cattle more easy. But though the free importation of them, which was lately permitted only for a limited time, were rendered perpetual, it could have no considerable effect upon the interest of the graziers of Great Britain. Those parts of Great Britain which border upon the Irish Sea are all grazing countries. Irish cattle could never be imported for their use, but must be driven through those very extensive countries, at no small expense and inconveniency, before they could arrive at their proper market. Fat cattle could not be driven so far. Lean cattle, therefore, only could be imported, and such importation could interfere, not with the interest of the feeding or fattening countries, to which, by reducing the price of lean cattle, it would rather be advantageous, but with that of the breeding countries only. The small number of Irish cattle imported since their importation was permitted,

together with the good price at which lean cattle still continue to sell, seem to demonstrate that even the breeding countries of Great Britain are never likely to be much affected by the free importation of Irish cattle. The common people of Ireland, indeed, are said to have sometimes opposed with violence the exportation of their cattle. But if the exporters had found any great advantage in continuing the trade, they could easily, when the law was on their side, have conquered this mobbish opposition.

Feeding and fattening countries, besides, must always be highly improved, whereas breeding countries are generally uncultivated. The high price of lean cattle, by augmenting the value of uncultivated land, is like a bounty against improvement. To any country which was highly improved throughout, it would be more advantageous to import its lean cattle than to breed them. The province of Holland, accordingly, is said to follow this maxim at present. The mountains of Scotland, Wales, and Northumberland, indeed, are countries not capable of much improvement, and seem destined by nature to be the breeding countries of Great Britain. The freest importation of foreign cattle could have no other effect than to hinder those breeding countries from taking advantage of the increasing population and improvement of the rest of the kingdom, from raising their price to an exorbitant height, and from laying a real tax upon all the more improved and cultivated parts of the country.

The freest importation of salt provisions, in the same manner, could have as little effect upon the interest of the graziers of Great Britain as that of live cattle. Salt provisions are not only a very bulky commodity, but when compared with fresh meat, they are a commodity both of worse quality, and as they cost more labour and expense, of higher price. They could never, therefore, come into competition with the fresh meat, though they might with the salt provisions of the country. They might be used for victualling ships for distant voyages and such like uses, but could never make any considerable part of the food of the people. The small quantity of salt provisions imported from Ireland since their importation was rendered free is an experimental proof that our graziers have nothing to apprehend from it. It does not appear that the price of butcher's meat has ever been sensibly affected by it.

Even the free importation of foreign corn could very little affect the interest of the farmers of Great Britain. Corn is a much more bulky commodity than butcher's meat. A pound of wheat at a penny is as dear as a

pound of butcher's meat at fourpence. The small quantity of foreign corn imported even in times of the greatest scarcity may satisfy our farmers that they can have nothing to fear from the freest importation. The average quantity imported, one year with another, amounts only, according to the very well informed author of the tracts upon the corn trade, to twenty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight quarters of all sorts of grain, and does not exceed the five hundred and seventy-first part of the annual consumption. But as the bounty upon corn occasions a greater exportation in years of plenty, so it must of consequence occasion a greater importation in years of scarcity than in the actual state of tillage would otherwise take place. By means of it the plenty of one year does not compensate the scarcity of another, and as the average quantity exported is necessarily augmented by it, so must likewise, in the actual state of tillage, the average quantity imported. If there were no bounty, as less corn would be exported, so it is probable that, one year with another, less would be imported than at present. The corn merchants, the fetchers and carriers of corn between Great Britain and foreign countries would have much less employment, and might suffer considerably; but the country gentlemen and farmers could suffer very little. It is in the corn merchants accordingly, rather than in the country gentlemen and farmers, that I have observed the greatest anxiety for the renewal and continuation of the bounty.

Country gentlemen and farmers are, to their great honour, of all people, the least subject to the wretched spirit of monopoly. The undertaker of a great manufactory is sometimes alarmed if another work of the same kind is established within twenty miles of him. The Dutch undertaker of the woollen manufacture at Abbeville stipulated that no work of the same kind should be established within thirty leagues of that city. Farmers and country gentlemen, on the contrary, are generally disposed rather to promote than to obstruct the cultivation and improvement of their neighbours' farms and estates. They have no secrets such as those of the greater part of manufacturers, but are generally rather fond of communicating to their neighbours and of extending as far as possible any new practice which they have found to be advantageous. Pius Questus, says old Cato, stabilissimusque, minimeque invidiosus; minimeque male cogitantes sunt, qui in eo studio occupati sunt. Country gentlemen and farmers, dispersed in different parts of the country, cannot so easily combine as merchants and manufacturers, who, being collected into towns, and accustomed to that exclusive corporation spirit

which prevails in them, naturally endeavour to obtain against all their countrymen the same exclusive privilege which they generally possess against the inhabitants of their respective towns. They accordingly seem to have been the original inventors of those restraints upon the importation of foreign goods which secure to them the monopoly of the home market. It was probably in imitation of them, and to put themselves upon a level with those who, they found, were disposed to oppress them, that the country gentlemen and farmers of Great Britain so far forgot the generosity which is natural to their station as to demand the exclusive privilege of supplying their countrymen with corn and butcher's meat. They did not perhaps take time to consider how much less their interest could be affected by the freedom of trade than that of the people whose example they followed.

To prohibit by a perpetual law the importation of foreign corn and cattle is in reality to enact that the population and industry of the country shall at no time exceed what the rude produce of its own soil can maintain.

There seem, however, to be two cases in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry.

The first is, when some particular sort of industry is necessary for the defence of the country. The defence of Great Britain, for example, depends very much upon the number of its sailors and shipping. The act of navigation, therefore, very properly endeavours to give the sailors and shipping of Great Britain the monopoly of the trade of their own country, in some cases by absolute prohibitions and in others by heavy burdens upon the shipping of foreign countries. The following are the principal dispositions of this act.

First, all ships, of which the owners and three-fourths of the mariners are not British subjects, are prohibited, upon pain of forfeiting ship and cargo, from trading to the British settlements and plantations, or from being employed in the coasting trade of Great Britain.

Secondly, a great variety of the most bulky articles of importation can be brought into Great Britain only, either in such ships as are above described, or in ships of the country where those goods are purchased, and of which the owners, masters, and three-fourths of the mariners are of that particular country; and when imported even in ships of this latter kind, they are subject to double aliens' duty. If imported in ships of any other country, the penalty is forfeiture of ship and goods. When this act was made, the Dutch were, what they still are, the great carriers of Europe, and by this regulation they were

entirely excluded from being the carriers to Great Britain, or from importing to us the goods of any other European country.

Thirdly, a great variety of the most bulky articles of importation are prohibited from being imported, even in British ships, from any country but that in which they are produced, under pain of forfeiting ship and cargo. This regulation, too, was probably intended against the Dutch. Holland was then, as now, the great emporium for all European goods, and by this regulation British ships were hindered from loading in Holland the goods of any other European country.

Fourthly, salt fish of all kinds, whale-fins, whale-bone, oil, and blubber, not caught by and cured on board British vessels, when imported into Great Britain, are subjected to double aliens' duty. The Dutch, as they are still the principal, were then the only fishers in Europe that attempted to supply foreign nations with fish. By this regulation, a very heavy burden was laid upon their supplying Great Britain.

When the act of navigation was made, though England and Holland were not actually at war, the most violent animosity subsisted between the two nations. It had begun during the government of the Long Parliament, which first framed this act, and it broke out soon after in the Dutch wars during that of the Protector and of Charles the Second. It is not impossible, therefore, that some of the regulations of this famous act may have proceeded from national animosity. They are as wise, however, as if they had all been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom. National animosity at that particular time aimed at the very same object which the most deliberate wisdom would have recommended, the diminution of the naval power of Holland, the only naval power which could endanger the security of England.

The act of navigation is not favourable to foreign commerce, or to the growth of that opulence which can arise from it. The interest of a nation in its commercial relations to foreign nations is, like that of a merchant with regard to the different people with whom he deals, to buy as cheap and to sell as dear as possible. But it will be most likely to buy cheap, when by the most perfect freedom of trade it encourages all nations to bring to it the goods which it has occasion to purchase; and, for the same reason, it will be most likely to sell dear, when its markets are thus filled with the greatest number of buyers. The act of navigation, it is true, lays no burden upon foreign ships that come to export the produce of British industry. Even the ancient aliens' duty, which used to be paid upon all goods exported as well as imported, has,

by several subsequent acts, been taken off from the greater part of the articles of exportation. But if foreigners, either by prohibitions or high duties, are hindered from coming to sell, they cannot always afford to come to buy; because coming without a cargo, they must lose the freight from their own country to Great Britain. By diminishing the number of sellers, therefore, we necessarily diminish that of buyers, and are thus likely not only to buy foreign goods dearer, but to sell our own cheaper, than if there was a more perfect freedom of trade. As defence, however, is of much more importance than opulence, the act of navigation is, perhaps, the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England.

The second case, in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry is, when some tax is imposed at home upon the produce of the latter. In this case, it seems reasonable that an equal tax should be imposed upon the like produce of the former. This would not give the monopoly of the home market to domestic industry, nor turn towards a particular employment a greater share of the stock and labour of the country than what would naturally go to it. It would only hinder any part of what would naturally go to it from being turned away by the tax into a less natural direction, and would leave the competition between foreign and domestic industry, after the tax, as nearly as possible upon the same footing as before it. In Great Britain, when any such tax is laid upon the produce of domestic industry, it is usual at the same time, in order to stop the clamorous complaints of our merchants and manufacturers that they will be undersold at home, to lay a much heavier duty upon the importation of all foreign goods of the same kind.

This second limitation of the freedom of trade according to some people should, upon some occasions, be extended much farther than to the precise foreign commodities which could come into competition with those which had been taxed at home. When the necessaries of life have been taxed in any country, it becomes proper, they pretend, to tax not only the like necessaries of life imported from other countries, but all sorts of foreign goods which can come into competition with anything that is the produce of domestic industry. Subsistence, they say, becomes necessarily dearer in consequence of such taxes; and the price of labour must always rise with the price of the labourers' subsistence. Every commodity, therefore, which is the produce of domestic industry, though not immediately taxed itself, becomes dearer in consequence of such taxes, because the labour which produces it becomes so. Such taxes,

therefore, are really equivalent, they say, to a tax upon every particular commodity produced at home. In order to put domestic upon the same footing with foreign industry, therefore, it becomes necessary, they think, to lay some duty upon every foreign commodity equal to this enhancement of the price of the home commodities with which it can come into competition.

Whether taxes upon the necessaries of life, such as those in Great Britain upon soap, salt, leather, candles, etc, necessarily raise the price of labour, and consequently that of all other commodities, I shall consider hereafter when I come to treat of taxes. Supposing, however, in the meantime, that they have this effect, and they have it undoubtedly, this general enhancement of the price of all commodities, in consequence of that of labour, is a case which differs in the two following respects from that of a particular commodity of which the price was enhanced by a particular tax immediately imposed upon it.

First, it might always be known with great exactness how far the price of such a commodity could be enhanced by such a tax: but how far the general enhancement of the price of labour might affect that of every different commodity about which labour was employed could never be known with any tolerable exactness. It would be impossible, therefore, to proportion with any tolerable exactness the tax upon every foreign to this enhancement of the price of every home commodity.

Secondly, taxes upon the necessaries of life have nearly the same effect upon the circumstances of the people as a poor soil and a bad climate. Provisions are thereby rendered dearer in the same manner as if it required extraordinary labour and expense to raise them. As in the natural scarcity arising from soil and climate it would be absurd to direct the people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals and industry, so is it likewise in the artificial scarcity arising from such taxes. To be left to accommodate, as well as they could, their industry to their situation, and to find out those employments in which, notwithstanding their unfavourable circumstances, they might have some advantage either in the home or in the foreign market, is what in both cases would evidently be most for their advantage. To lay a new tax upon them, because they are already overburdened with taxes, and because they already pay too dear for the necessaries of life, to make them likewise pay too dear for the greater part of other commodities, is certainly a most absurd way of making amends.

Such taxes, when they have grown up to a certain height, are a curse

equal to the barrenness of the earth and the inclemency of the heavens; and yet it is in the richest and most industrious countries that they have been most generally imposed. No other countries could support so great a disorder. As the strongest bodies only can live and enjoy health under an unwholesome regimen, so the nations only that in every sort of industry have the greatest natural and acquired advantages can subsist and prosper under such taxes. Holland is the country in Europe in which they abound most, and which from peculiar circumstances continues to prosper, not by means of them, as has been most absurdly supposed, but in spite of them.

As there are two cases in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry, so there are two others in which it may sometimes be a matter of deliberation; in the one, how far it is proper to continue the free importation of certain foreign goods; and in the other, how far, or in what manner, it may be proper to restore that free importation after it has been for some time interrupted.

The case in which it may sometimes be a matter of deliberation how far it is proper to continue the free importation of certain foreign goods is, when some foreign nation restrains by high duties or prohibitions the importation of some of our manufactures into their country. Revenge in this case naturally dictates retaliation, and that we should impose the like duties and prohibitions upon the importation of some or all of their manufactures into ours. Nations, accordingly, seldom fail to retaliate in this manner. The French have been particularly forward to favour their own manufactures by restraining the importation of such foreign goods as could come into competition with them. In this consisted a great part of the policy of Mr Colbert, who, notwithstanding his great abilities, seems in this case to have been imposed upon by the sophistry of merchants and manufacturers, who are always demanding a monopoly against their countrymen. It is at present the opinion of the most intelligent men in France that his operations of this kind have not been beneficial to his country. That minister, by the tariff of 1667, imposed very high duties upon a great number of foreign manufactures. Upon his refusing to moderate them in favour of the Dutch, they in 1671 prohibited the importation of the wines, brandies, and manufactures of France. The war of 1672 seems to have been in part occasioned by this commercial dispute. The peace of Nimeguen put an end to it in 1678 by moderating some of those duties in favour of the Dutch, who in consequence took off their prohibition. It was about the same time that the French and English began mutually to

oppress each other's industry by the like duties and prohibitions, of which the French, however, seem to have set the first example. The spirit of hostility which has subsisted between the two nations ever since has hitherto hindered them from being moderated on either side. In 1697 the English prohibited the importation of bonelace, the manufacture of Flanders. The government of that country, at that time under the dominion of Spain, prohibited in return the importation of English woollens. In 1700, the prohibition of importing bonelace into England was taken off upon condition that the importation of English woollens into Flanders should be put on the same footing as before.

There may be good policy in retaliations of this kind, when there is a probability that they will procure the repeal of the high duties or prohibitions complained of. The recovery of a great foreign market will generally more than compensate the transitory inconveniency of paying dearer during a short time for some sorts of goods. To judge whether such retaliations are likely to produce such an effect does not, perhaps, belong so much to the science of a legislator, whose deliberations ought to be governed by general principles which are always the same, as to the skill of that insidious and crafty animal, vulgarly called a statesman or politician, whose councils are directed by the momentary fluctuations of affairs. When there is no probability that any such repeal can be procured, it seems a bad method of compensating the injury done to certain classes of our people to do another injury ourselves, not only to those classes, but to almost all the other classes of them. When our neighbours prohibit some manufacture of ours, we generally prohibit, not only the same, for that alone would seldom affect them considerably, but some other manufacture of theirs. This may no doubt give encouragement to some particular class of workmen among ourselves, and by excluding some of their rivals, may enable them to raise their price in the home market. Those workmen, however, who suffered by our neighbours' prohibition will not be benefited by ours. On the contrary, they and almost all the other classes of our citizens will thereby be obliged to pay dearer than before for certain goods. Every such law, therefore, imposes a real tax upon the whole country, not in favour of that particular class of workmen who were injured by our neighbours' prohibition, but of some other class.

The case in which it may sometimes be a matter of deliberation, how far, or in what manner, it is proper to restore the free importation of foreign goods, after it has been for some time interrupted, is, when particular manufactures, by means of high duties or prohibitions upon all foreign goods

which can come into competition with them, have been so far extended as to employ a great multitude of hands. Humanity may in this case require that the freedom of trade should be restored only by slow gradations, and with a good deal of reserve and circumspection. Were those high duties and prohibitions taken away all at once, cheaper foreign goods of the same kind might be poured so fast into the home market as to deprive all at once many thousands of our people of their ordinary employment and means of subsistence. The disorder which this would occasion might no doubt be very considerable. It would in all probability, however, be much less than is commonly imagined, for the two following reasons:—

First, all those manufactures, of which any part is commonly exported to other European countries without a bounty, could be very little affected by the freest importation of foreign goods. Such manufactures must be sold as cheap abroad as any other foreign goods of the same quality and kind, and consequently must be sold cheaper at home. They would still, therefore, keep possession of the home market, and though a capricious man of fashion might sometimes prefer foreign wares, merely because they were foreign, to cheaper and better goods of the same kind that were made at home, this folly could, from the nature of things, extend to so few that it could make no sensible impression upon the general employment of the people. But a great part of all the different branches of our woollen manufacture, of our tanned leather, and of our hardware, are annually exported to other European countries without any bounty, and these are the manufactures which employ the greatest number of hands. The silk, perhaps, is the manufacture which would suffer the most by this freedom of trade, and after it the linen, though the latter much less than the former.

Secondly, though a great number of people should, by thus restoring the freedom of trade, be thrown all at once out of their ordinary employment and common method of subsistence, it would by no means follow that they would thereby be deprived either of employment or subsistence. By the reduction of the army and navy at the end of the late war, more than a hundred thousand soldiers and seamen, a number equal to what is employed in the greatest manufactures, were all at once thrown out of their ordinary employment; but, though they no doubt suffered some inconveniency, they were not thereby deprived of all employment and subsistence. The greater part of the seamen, it is probable, gradually betook themselves to the merchant service as they could find occasion, and in the meantime both they and the soldiers were

absorbed in the great mass of the people, and employed in a great variety of occupations. Not only no great convulsion, but no sensible disorder arose from so great a change in the situation of more than a hundred thousand men, all accustomed to the use of arms, and many of them to rapine and plunder. The number of vagrants was scarce anywhere sensibly increased by it, even the wages of labour were not reduced by it in any occupation, so far as I have been able to learn, except in that of seamen in the merchant service. But if we compare together the habits of a soldier and of any sort of manufacturer, we shall find that those of the latter do not tend so much to disqualify him from being employed in a new trade, as those of the former from being employed in any. The manufacturer has always been accustomed to look for his subsistence from his labour only: the soldier to expect it from his pay. Application and industry have been familiar to the one; idleness and dissipation to the other. But it is surely much easier to change the direction of industry from one sort of labour to another than to turn idleness and dissipation to any. To the greater part of manufactures besides, it has already been observed, there are other collateral manufactures of so similar a nature that a workman can easily transfer his industry from one of them to another. The greater part of such workmen too are occasionally employed in country labour. The stock which employed them in a particular manufacture before will still remain in the country to employ an equal number of people in some other way. The capital of the country remaining the same, the demand for labour will likewise be the same, or very nearly the same, though it may be exerted in different places and for different occupations. Soldiers and seamen, indeed, when discharged from the king's service, are at liberty to exercise any trade, within any town or place of Great Britain or Ireland. Let the same natural liberty of exercising what species of industry they please, be restored to all his Majesty's subjects, in the same manner as to soldiers and seamen; that is, break down the exclusive privileges of corporations, and repeal the statute of apprenticeship, both which are real encroachments upon natural liberty, and add to these the repeal of the law of settlements, so that a poor workman, when thrown out of employment either in one trade or in one place, may seek for it in another trade or in another place without the fear either of a prosecution or of a removal, and neither the public nor the individuals will suffer much more from the occasional disbanding some particular classes of manufacturers than from that of soldiers. Our manufacturers have no doubt great merit with their country, but they cannot

have more than those who defend it with their blood, nor deserve to be treated with more delicacy.

To expect, indeed, that the freedom of trade should ever be entirely restored in Great Britain is as absurd as to expect that an Oceana or Utopia should ever be established in it. Not only the prejudices of the public, but what is much more unconquerable, the private interests of many individuals, irresistibly oppose it. Were the officers of the army to oppose with the same zeal and unanimity any reduction in the numbers of forces with which master manufacturers set themselves against every law that is likely to increase the number of their rivals in the home market; were the former to animate their soldiers in the same manner as the latter enflame their workmen to attack with violence and outrage the proposers of any such regulation, to attempt to reduce the army would be as dangerous as it has now become to attempt to diminish in any respect the monopoly which our manufacturers have obtained against us. This monopoly has so much increased the number of some particular tribes of them that, like an overgrown standing army, they have become formidable to the government, and upon many occasions intimidate the legislature. The member of parliament who supports every proposal for strengthening this monopoly is sure to acquire not only the reputation of understanding trade, but great popularity and influence with an order of men whose numbers and wealth render them of great importance. If he opposes them, on the contrary, and still more if he has authority enough to be able to thwart them, neither the most acknowledged probity, nor the highest rank, nor the greatest public services can protect him from the most infamous abuse and detraction, from personal insults, nor sometimes from real danger, arising from the insolent outrage of furious and disappointed monopolists.

The undertaker of a great manufacture, who, by the home markets being suddenly laid open to the competition of foreigners, should be obliged to abandon his trade, would no doubt suffer very considerably. That part of his capital which had usually been employed in purchasing materials and in paying his workmen might, without much difficulty, perhaps, find another employment. But that part of it which was fixed in work-houses, and in the instruments of trade, could scarce be disposed of without considerable loss. The equitable regard, therefore, to his interest requires that changes of this kind should never be introduced suddenly, but slowly, gradually, and after a very long warning. The legislature, were it possible that its deliberations could be always directed, not by the clamorous importunity of partial

interests, but by an extensive view of the general good, ought upon this very account, perhaps, to be particularly careful neither to establish any new monopolies of this kind, nor to extend further those which are already established. Every such regulation introduces some degree of real disorder into the constitution of the state, which it will be difficult afterwards to cure without occasioning another disorder.

How far it may be proper to impose taxes upon the importation of foreign goods, in order not to prevent their importation but to raise a revenue for government, I shall consider hereafter when I come to treat of taxes. Taxes imposed with a view to prevent, or even to diminish importation, are evidently as destructive of the revenue of the customs as of the freedom of trade.

5
The Unreasonableness of Restraints

Part I
Of the Unreasonableness of those Restraints even upon the Principles of the Commercial System

To lay extraordinary restraints upon the importation of goods of almost all kinds from those particular countries with which the balance of trade is supposed to be disadvantageous, is the second expedient by which the commercial system proposes to increase the quantity of gold and silver. Thus in Great Britain, Silesia lawns may be imported for home consumption upon paying certain duties. But French cambrics and lawns are prohibited to be imported, except into the port of London, there to be warehoused for exportation. Higher duties are imposed upon the wines of France than upon those of Portugal, or indeed of any other country. By what is called the impost 1692, a duty of five-and-twenty per cent of the rate or value was laid upon all French goods; while the goods of other nations were, the greater part of them, subjected to much lighter duties, seldom exceeding five per cent. The wine, brandy, salt and vinegar of France were indeed excepted; these commodities being subjected to other heavy duties, either by other laws, or by particular clauses of the same law. In 1696, a second duty of twenty-five per cent, the first not having been thought a sufficient discouragement, was imposed upon all French goods, except brandy; together with a new duty of five-and-twenty pounds upon the ton of French wine, and another of fifteen pounds upon the ton of French vinegar. French goods have never been omitted in any of those general subsidies, or duties of five per cent, which have been imposed upon all, or the greater part of the goods enumerated in the book of rates. If we count the one-third and two-third subsidies as making a complete subsidy between them, there have been five of these general subsidies; so that before the commencement of the present war seventy-five per cent may be considered as the lowest duty to which the greater part of the

goods of the growth, produce, or manufacture of France were liable. But upon the greater part of goods, those duties are equivalent to a prohibition. The French in their turn have, I believe, treated our goods and manufactures just as hardly; though I am not so well acquainted with the particular hardships which they have imposed upon them. Those mutual restraints have put an end to almost all fair commerce between the two nations, and smugglers are now the principal importers, either of British goods into France, or of French goods into Great Britain. The principles which I have been examining in the foregoing chapter took their origin from private interest and the spirit of monopoly; those which I am going to examine in this, from national prejudice and animosity. They are, accordingly, as might well be expected, still more unreasonable. They are so, even upon the principles of the commercial system.

First, though it were certain that in the case of a free trade between France and England, for example, the balance would be in favour of France, it would by no means follow that such a trade would be disadvantageous to England, or that the general balance of its whole trade would thereby be turned more against it. If the wines of France are better and cheaper than those of Portugal, or its linens than those of Germany, it would be more advantageous for Great Britain to purchase both the wine and the foreign linen which it had occasion for of France than of Portugal and Germany. Though the value of the annual importations from France would thereby be greatly augmented, the value of the whole annual importations would be diminished, in proportion as the French goods of the same quality were cheaper than those of the other two countries. This would be the case, even upon the supposition that the whole French goods imported were to be consumed in Great Britain.

But, secondly, a great part of them might be reexported to other countries, where, being sold with profit, they might bring back a return equal in value, perhaps, to the prime cost of the whole French goods imported. What has frequently been said of the East India trade might possibly be true of the French; that though the greater part of East India goods were bought with gold and silver, the re-exportation of a part of them to other countries brought back more gold and silver to that which carried on the trade than the prime cost of the whole amounted to. One of the most important branches of the Dutch trade, at present, consists in the carriage of French goods to other European countries. Some part even of the French wine drank in Great

Britain is clandestinely imported from Holland and Zealand. If there was either a free trade between France and England, or if French goods could be imported upon paying only the same duties as those of other European nations, to be drawn back upon exportation, England might have some share of a trade which is found so advantageous to Holland.

Thirdly, and lastly, there is no certain criterion by which we can determine on which side what is called the balance between any two countries lies, or which of them exports to the greatest value. National prejudice and animosity, prompted always by the private interest of particular traders, are the principles which generally direct our judgment upon all questions concerning it. There are two criterions, however, which have frequently been appealed to upon such occasions, the custom-house books and the course of exchange. The custom-house books, I think, it is now generally acknowledged, are a very uncertain criterion, on account of the inaccuracy of the valuation at which the greater part of goods are rated in them. The course of exchange is, perhaps, almost equally so.

When the exchange between two places, such as London and Paris, is at par, it is said to be a sign that the debts due from London to Paris are compensated by those due from Paris to London. On the contrary, when a premium is paid at London for a bill upon Paris, it is said to be a sign that the debts due from London to Paris are not compensated by those due from Paris to London, but that a balance in money must be sent out from the latter place; for the risk, trouble, and expense of exporting which, the premium is both demanded and given. But the ordinary state of debt and credit between those two cities must necessarily be regulated, it is said, by the ordinary course of their dealings with one another. When neither of them imports from the other to a greater amount than it exports to that other, the debts and credits of each may compensate one another. But when one of them imports from the other to a greater value than it exports to that other, the former necessarily becomes indebted to the latter in a greater sum than the latter becomes indebted to it; the debts and credits of each do not compensate one another, and money must be sent out from that place of which the debts overbalance the credits. The ordinary course of exchange, therefore, being an indication of the ordinary state of debt and credit between two places, must likewise be an indication of the ordinary course of their exports and imports, as these necessarily regulate that state.

But though the ordinary course of exchange should be allowed to be a

sufficient indication of the ordinary state of debt and credit between any two places, it would not from thence follow that the balance of trade was in favour of that place which had the ordinary state of debt and credit in its favour. The ordinary state of debt and credit between any two places is not always entirely regulated by the ordinary course of their dealings with one another; but is often influenced by that of the dealings of either with many other places. If it is usual, for example, for the merchants of England to pay for the goods which they buy of Hamburg, Dantzic, Riga, etc, by bills upon Holland, the ordinary state of debt and credit between England and Holland will not be regulated entirely by the ordinary course of the dealings of those two countries with one another, but will be influenced by that of the dealings of England with those other places. England may be obliged to send out every year money to Holland, though its annual exports to that country may exceed very much the annual value of its imports from thence; and though what is called the balance of trade may be very much in favour of England.

In the way, besides, in which the par of exchange has hitherto been computed, the ordinary course of exchange can afford no sufficient indication that the ordinary state of debt and credit is in favour of that country which seems to have, or which is supposed to have, the ordinary course of exchange in its favour: or, in other words, the real exchange may be, and, in fact, often is so very different from the computed one, that from the course of the latter no certain conclusion can, upon many occasions, be drawn concerning that of the former.

When for a sum of money paid in England, containing, according to the standard of the English mint, a certain number of ounces of pure silver, you receive a bill for a sum of money to be paid in France, containing, according to the standard of the French mint, an equal number of ounces of pure silver, exchange is said to be at par between England and France. When you pay more, you are supposed to give a premium, and exchange is said to be against England and in favour of France. When you pay less, you are supposed to get a premium, and exchange is said to be against France and in favour of England.

But, first, we cannot always judge of the value of the current money of different countries by the standard of their respective mints. In some it is more, in others it is less worn, clipt, and otherwise degenerated from that standard. But the value of the current coin of every country, compared with that of any other country, is in proportion not to the quantity of pure silver

which it ought to contain, but to that which it actually does contain. Before the reformation of the silver coin in King William's time, exchange between England and Holland, computed in the usual manner according to the standard of their respective mints, was five-and-twenty per cent against England. But the value of the current coin of England, as we learn from Mr Lowndes, was at that time rather more than five-and-twenty per cent below its standard value. The real exchange, therefore, may even at that time have been in favour of England, notwithstanding the computed exchange was so much against it; a smaller number of ounces of pure silver actually paid in England may have purchased a bill for a greater number of ounces of pure silver to be paid in Holland, and the man who was supposed to give may in reality have got the premium. The French coin was, before the late reformation of the English gold coin, much less worn than the English, and was perhaps two or three per cent nearer its standard. If the computed exchange with France, therefore, was not more than two or three per cent against England, the real exchange might have been in its favour. Since the reformation of the gold coin, the exchange has been constantly in favour of England, and against France.

Secondly, in some countries, the expense of coinage is defrayed by the government; in others, it is defrayed by the private people who carry their bullion to the mint, and the government even derives some revenue from the coinage. In England, it is defrayed by the government, and if you carry a pound weight of standard silver to the mint, you get back sixty-two shillings, containing a pound weight of the like standard silver. In France, a duty of eight per cent is deducted for the coinage, which not only defrays the expense of it, but affords a small revenue to the government. In England, as the coinage costs nothing, the current coin can never be much more valuable than the quantity of bullion which it actually contains. In France, the workmanship, as you pay for it, adds to the value in the same manner as to that of wrought plate. A sum of French money, therefore, containing a certain weight of pure silver, is more valuable than a sum of English money containing an equal weight of pure silver, and must require more bullion, or other commodities, to purchase it. Though the current coin of the two countries, therefore, were equally near the standards of their respective mints, a sum of English money could not well purchase a sum of French money containing an equal number of ounces of pure silver, nor consequently a bill upon France for such a sum. If for such a bill no more additional money was

paid than what was sufficient to compensate the expense of the French coinage, the real exchange might be at par between the two countries, their debts and credits might mutually compensate one another, while the computed exchange was considerably in favour of France. If less than this was paid, the real exchange might be in favour of England, while the computed was in favour of France.

Thirdly, and lastly, in some places, as at Amsterdam, Hamburg, Venice, etc, foreign bills of exchange are paid in what they call bank money; while in others, as at London, Lisbon, Antwerp, Leghorn, etc., they are paid in the common currency of the country. What is called bank money is always of more value than the same nominal sum of common currency. A thousand guilders in the bank of Amsterdam, for example, are of more value than a thousand guilders of Amsterdam currency. The difference between them is called the agio of the bank, which, at Amsterdam, is generally about five per cent. Supposing the current money of the two countries equally near to the standard of their respective mints, and that the one pays foreign bills in this common currency, while the other pays them in bank money, it is evident that the computed exchange may be in favour of that which pays in bank money, though the real exchange should be in favour of that which pays in current money; for the same reason that the computed exchange may be in favour of that which pays in better money, or in money nearer to its own standard, though the real exchange should be in favour of that which pays in worse. The computed exchange, before the late reformation of the gold coin, was generally against London with Amsterdam, Hamburg, Venice, and, I believe, with all other places which pay in what is called bank money. It will be no means follow, however, that the real exchange was against it. Since the reformation of the gold coin, it has been in favour of London even with those places. The computed exchange has generally been in favour of London with Lisbon, Antwerp, Leghorn, and, if you except France, I believe, with most other parts of Europe that pay in common currency; and it is not improbable that the real exchange was so too.

[...]

Part II
Of the Unreasonableness of those Extraordinary Restraints

upon other Principles

In the foregoing Part of this Chapter I have endeavoured to show, even upon the principles of the commercial system, how unnecessary it is to lay extraordinary restraints upon the importation of goods from those countries with which the balance of trade is supposed to be disadvantageous.

Nothing, however, can be more absurd than this whole doctrine of the balance of trade, upon which, not only these restraints, but almost all the other regulations of commerce are founded. When two places trade with one another, this doctrine supposes that, if the balance be even, neither of them either loses or gains; but if it leans in any degree to one side, that one of them loses and the other gains in proportion to its declension from the exact equilibrium. Both suppositions are false. A trade which is forced by means of bounties and monopolies may be and commonly is disadvantageous to the country in whose favour it is meant to be established, as I shall endeavour to show hereafter. But that trade which, without force or constraint, is naturally and regularly carried on between any two places is always advantageous, though not always equally so, to both.

By advantage or gain, I understand not the increase of the quantity of gold and silver, but that of the exchangeable value of the annual produce of the land and labour of the country, or the increase of the annual revenue of its inhabitants.

If the balance be even, and if the trade between the two places consist altogether in the exchange of their native commodities, they will, upon most occasions, not only both gain, but they will gain equally, or very near equally; each will in this case afford a market for a part of the surplus produce of the other; each will replace a capital which had been employed in raising and preparing for the market this part of the surplus produce of the other, and which had been distributed among, and given revenue and maintenance to a certain number of its inhabitants. Some part of the inhabitants of each, therefore, will indirectly derive their revenue and maintenance from the other. As the commodities exchanged, too, are supposed to be of equal value, so the two capitals employed in the trade will, upon most occasions, be equal, or very nearly equal; and both being employed in raising the native commodities of the two countries, the revenue and maintenance which their distribution will afford to the inhabitants of each will be equal, or very nearly equal. This revenue and maintenance, thus

mutually afforded, will be greater or smaller in proportion to the extent of their dealings. If these should annually amount to an hundred thousand pounds, for example, or to a million on each side, each of them would afford an annual revenue in the one case of an hundred thousand pounds, in the other of a million, to the inhabitants of the other.

If their trade should be of such a nature that one of them exported to the other nothing but native commodities, while the returns of that other consisted altogether in foreign goods; the balance, in this case, would still be supposed even, commodities being paid for with commodities. They would, in this case too, both gain, but they would not gain equally; and the inhabitants of the country which exported nothing but native commodities would derive the greatest revenue from the trade. If England, for example, should import from France nothing but the native commodities of that country, and, not having such commodities of its own as were in demand there, should annually repay them by sending thither a large quantity of foreign goods, tobacco, we shall suppose, and East India goods; this trade, though it would give some revenue to the inhabitants of both countries, would give more to those of France than to those of England. The whole French capital annually employed in it would annually be distributed among the people of France. But that part of the English capital only which was employed in producing the English commodities with which those foreign goods were purchased would be annually distributed among the people of England. The greater part of it would replace the capitals which had been employed in Virginia, Indostan, and China, and which had given revenue and maintenance to the inhabitants of those distant countries. If the capitals were equal, or nearly equal, therefore this employment of the French capital would augment much more the revenue of the people of France than that of the English capital would the revenue of the people of England. France would in this case carry on a direct foreign trade of consumption with England; whereas England would carry on a round-about trade of the same kind with France. The different effects of a capital employed in the direct and of one employed in the round-about foreign trade of consumption have already been fully explained.

There is not, probably, between any two countries a trade which consists altogether in the exchange either of native commodities on both sides, or of native commodities on one side and of foreign goods on the other. Almost all countries exchange with one another partly native and partly foreign goods.

That country, however, in whose cargoes there is the greatest proportion of native, and the least of foreign goods, will always be the principal gainer.

If it was not with tobacco and East India goods, but with gold and silver, that England paid for the commodities annually imported from France, the balance, in this case, would be supposed uneven, commodities not being paid for with commodities, but with gold and silver. The trade, however, would, in this case, as in the foregoing, give some revenue to the inhabitants of both countries, but more to those of France than to those of England. It would give some revenue to those of England. The capital which had been employed in producing the English goods that purchased this gold and silver, the capital which had been distributed among, and given revenue to, certain inhabitants of England, would thereby be replaced and enabled to continue that employment. The whole capital of England would no more be diminished by this exportation of gold and silver than by the exportation of an equal value of any other goods. On the contrary, it would in most cases be augmented. No goods are sent abroad but those for which the demand is supposed to be greater abroad than at home, and of which the returns consequently, it is expected, will be of more value at home than the commodities exported. If the tobacco which, in England, is worth only a hundred thousand pounds, when sent to France will purchase wine which is, in England, worth a hundred and ten thousand, this exchange will equally augment the capital of England by ten thousand pounds. If a hundred thousand pounds of English gold, in the same manner, purchase French wine which, in England, is worth a hundred and ten thousand, this exchange will equally augment the capital of England by ten thousand pounds. As a merchant who has a hundred and ten thousand pounds worth of wine in his cellar is a richer man than he who has only a hundred thousand pounds worth of tobacco in his warehouse, so is he likewise a richer man than he who has only a hundred thousand pounds worth of gold in his coffers. He can put into motion a greater quantity of industry, and give revenue, maintenance, and employment to a greater number of people than either of the other two. But the capital of the country is equal to the capitals of all its different inhabitants, and the quantity of industry which can be annually maintained in it is equal to what all those different capitals can maintain. Both the capital of the country, therefore, and the quantity of industry which can be annually maintained in it, must generally be augmented by this exchange. It would, indeed, be more advantageous for England that it could purchase the wines of France with its own hardware and

broadcloth than with either the tobacco of Virginia or the gold and silver of Brazil and Peru. A direct foreign trade of consumption is always more advantageous than a round-about one. But a round-about foreign trade of consumption, which is carried on with gold and silver, does not seem to be less advantageous than any other equally round-about one. Neither is a country which has no mines more likely to be exhausted of gold and silver by this annual exportation of those metals than one which does not grow tobacco by the like annual exportation of that plant. As a country which has wherewithal to buy tobacco will never be long in want of it, so neither will one be long in want of gold and silver which has wherewithal to purchase those metals.

It is a losing trade, it is said, which a workman carries on with the alehouse; and the trade which a manufacturing nation would naturally carry on with a wine country may be considered as a trade of the same nature. I answer, that the trade with the alehouse is not necessarily a losing trade. In its own nature it is just as advantageous as any other, though perhaps somewhat more liable to be abused. The employment of a brewer, and even that of a retailer of fermented liquors, are as necessary divisions of labour as any other. It will generally be more advantageous for a workman to buy of the brewer the quantity he has occasion for than to brew it himself, and if he is a poor workman, it will generally be more advantageous for him to buy it by little and little of the retailer than a large quantity of the brewer. He may no doubt buy too much of either, as he may of any other dealers in his neighbourhood, of the butcher, if he is a glutton, or of the draper, if he affects to be a beau among his companions. It is advantageous to the great body of workmen, notwithstanding, that all these trades should be free, though this freedom may be abused in all of them, and is more likely to be so, perhaps, in some than in others. Though individuals, besides, may sometimes ruin their fortunes by an excessive consumption of fermented liquors, there seems to be no risk that a nation should do so. Though in every country there are many people who spend upon such liquors more than they can afford, there are always many more who spend less. It deserves to be remarked too, that, if we consult experience, the cheapness of wine seems to be a cause, not of drunkenness, but of sobriety. The inhabitants of the wine countries are in general the soberest people in Europe; witness the Spaniards, the Italians, and the inhabitants of the southern provinces of France. People are seldom guilty of excess in what is their daily fare. Nobody affects the character of liberality

and good fellowship by being profuse of a liquor which is as cheap as small beer. On the contrary, in the countries which, either from excessive heat or cold, produce no grapes, and where wine consequently is dear and a rarity, drunkenness is a common vice, as among the northern nations, and all those who live between the tropics, the negroes, for example, on the coast of Guinea. When a French regiment comes from some of the northern provinces of France, where wine is somewhat dear, to be quartered in the southern, where it is very cheap, the soldiers, I have frequently heard it observed, are at first debauched by the cheapness and novelty of good wine; but after a few months' residence, the greater part of them become as sober as the rest of the inhabitants. Were the duties upon foreign wines, and the excises upon malt, beer, and ale to be taken away all at once, it might, in the same manner, occasion in Great Britain a pretty general and temporary drunkenness among the middling and inferior ranks of people, which would probably be soon followed by a permanent and almost universal sobriety. At present drunkenness is by no means the vice of people of fashion, or of those who can easily afford the most expensive liquors. A gentleman drunk with ale has scarce ever been seen among us. The restraints upon the wine trade in Great Britain, besides, do not so much seem calculated to hinder the people from going, if I may say so, to the alehouse, as from going where they can buy the best and cheapest liquor. They favour the wine trade of Portugal, and discourage that of France. The Portuguese, it is said, indeed, are better customers for our manufactures than the French, and should therefore be encouraged in preference to them. As they give us their custom, it is pretended, we should give them ours. The sneaking arts of underling tradesmen are thus erected into political maxims for the conduct of a great empire: for it is the most underling tradesmen only who make it a rule to employ chiefly their own customers. A great trader purchases his goods always where they are cheapest and best, without regard to any little interest of this kind.

By such maxims as these, however, nations have been taught that their interest consisted in beggaring all their neighbours. Each nation has been made to look with an invidious eye upon the prosperity of all the nations with which it trades, and to consider their gain as its own loss. Commerce, which ought naturally to be, among nations, as among individuals, a bond of union and friendship, has become the most fertile source of discord and animosity. The capricious ambition of kings and ministers has not, during the present

and the preceding century, been more fatal to the repose of Europe than the impertinent jealousy of merchants and manufacturers. The violence and injustice of the rulers of mankind is an ancient evil, for which, I am afraid, the nature of human affairs can scarce admit of a remedy. But the mean rapacity, the monopolising spirit of merchants and manufacturers, who neither are, nor ought to be, the rulers of mankind, though it cannot perhaps be corrected may very easily be prevented from disturbing the tranquillity of any body but themselves.

That it was the spirit of monopoly which originally both invented and propagated this doctrine cannot be doubted; and they who first taught it were by no means such fools as they who believed it. In every country it always is and must be the interest of the great body of the people to buy whatever they want of those who sell it cheapest. The proposition is so very manifest that it seems ridiculous to take any pains to prove it; nor could it ever have been called in question had not the interested sophistry of merchants and manufacturers confounded the common sense of mankind. Their interest is, in this respect, directly opposite to that of the great body of the people. As it is the interest of the freemen of a corporation to hinder the rest of the inhabitants from employing any workmen but themselves, so it is the interest of the merchants and manufacturers of every country to secure to themselves the monopoly of the home market. Hence in Great Britain, and in most other European countries, the extraordinary duties upon almost all goods imported by alien merchants. Hence the high duties and prohibitions upon all those foreign manufactures which can come into competition with our own. Hence, too, the extraordinary restraints upon the importation of almost all sorts of goods from those countries with which the balance of trade is supposed to be disadvantageous; that is, from those against whom national animosity happens to be most violently inflamed.

The wealth of a neighbouring nation, however, though dangerous in war and politics, is certainly advantageous in trade. In a state of hostility it may enable our enemies to maintain fleets and armies superior to our own; but in a state of peace and commerce it must likewise enable them to exchange with us to a greater value, and to afford a better market, either for the immediate produce of our own industry, or for whatever is purchased with that produce. As a rich man is likely to be a better customer to the industrious people in his neighbourhood than a poor, so is likewise a rich nation. A rich man, indeed, who is himself a manufacturer, is a very dangerous neighbour to all those

who deal in the same way. All the rest of the neighbourhood, however, by far the greatest number, profit by the good market which his expense affords them. They even profit by his underselling the poorer workmen who deal in the same way with him. The manufacturers of a rich nation, in the same manner, may no doubt be very dangerous rivals to those of their neighbours. This very competition, however, is advantageous to the great body of the people, who profit greatly besides by the good market which the great expense of such a nation affords them in every other way. Private people who want to make a fortune never think of retiring to the remote and poor provinces of the country, but resort either to the capital, or to some of the great commercial towns. They know that where little wealth circulates there is little to be got, but that where a great deal is in motion, some share of it may fall to them. The same maxims which would in this manner direct the common sense of one, or ten, or twenty individuals, should regulate the judgment of one, or ten, or twenty millions, and should make a whole nation regard the riches of its neighbours as a probable cause and occasion for itself to acquire riches. A nation that would enrich itself by foreign trade is certainly most likely to do so when its neighbours are all rich, industrious, and commercial nations. A great nation surrounded on all sides by wandering savages and poor barbarians might, no doubt, acquire riches by the cultivation of its own lands, and by its own interior commerce, but not by foreign trade. It seems to have been in this manner that the ancient Egyptians and the modern Chinese acquired their great wealth. The ancient Egyptians, it is said, neglected foreign commerce, and the modern Chinese, it is known, hold it in the utmost contempt, and scarce deign to afford it the decent protection of the laws. The modern maxims of foreign commerce, by aiming at the impoverishment of all our neighbours, so far as they are capable of producing their intended effect, tend to render that very commerce insignificant and contemptible.

It is in consequence of these maxims that the commerce between France and England has in both countries been subjected to so many discouragements and restraints. If those two countries, however, were to consider their real interest, without either mercantile jealousy or national animosity, the commerce of France might be more advantageous to Great Britain than that of any other country, and for the same reason that of Great Britain to France. France is the nearest neighbour to Great Britain. In the trade between the southern coast of England and the northern and north-

western coasts of France, the returns might be expected, in the same manner as in the inland trade, four, five, or six times in the year. The capital, therefore, employed in this trade could in each of the two countries keep in motion four, five, or six times the quantity of industry, and afford employment and subsistence to four, five, or six times the number of people, which an equal capital could do in the greater part of the other branches of foreign trade. Between the parts of France and Great Britain most remote from one another, the returns might be expected, at least, once in the year, and even this trade would so far be at least equally advantageous as the greater part of the other branches of our foreign European trade. It would be, at least, three times more advantageous than the boasted trade with our North American colonies, in which the returns were seldom made in less than three years, frequently not in less than four or five years. France besides, is supposed to contain twenty-four millions of inhabitants. Our North American colonies were never supposed to contain more than three millions; and France is a much richer country than North America; though, on account of the more unequal distribution of riches, there is much more poverty and beggary in the one country than in the other. France, therefore, could afford a market at least eight times more extensive, and, on account of the superior frequency of the returns, four-and-twenty times more advantageous than that which our North American colonies ever afforded. The trade of Great Britain would be just as advantageous to France, and, in proportion to the wealth, population, and proximity of the respective countries, would have the same superiority over that which France carries on with her own colonies. Such is the very great difference between that trade, which the wisdom of both nations has thought proper to discourage, and that which it has favoured the most.

But the very same circumstances which would have rendered an open and free commerce between the two countries so advantageous to both, have occasioned the principal obstructions to that commerce. Being neighbours, they are necessarily enemies, and the wealth and power of each becomes, upon that account, more formidable to the other; and what would increase the advantages of national friendship serves only to inflame the violence of national animosity. They are both rich and industrious nations; and the merchants and manufacturers of each dread the competition of the skill and activity of those of the other. Mercantile jealousy is excited, and both inflames, and is itself inflamed, by the violence of national animosity; and the traders of both countries have announced, with all the passionate confidence

of interested falsehood, the certain ruin of each, in consequence of that unfavourable balance of trade, which, they pretend, would be the infallible effect of an unrestrained commerce with the other.

There is no commercial country in Europe of which the approaching ruin has not frequently been foretold by the pretended doctors of this system from an unfavourable balance of trade. After all the anxiety, however, which they have excited about this, after all the vain attempts of almost all trading nations to turn that balance in their own favour and against their neighbours, it does not appear that any one nation in Europe has been in any respect impoverished by this cause. Every town and country, on the contrary, in proportion as they have opened their ports to all nations, instead of being ruined by this free trade, as the principles of the commercial system would lead us to expect, have been enriched by it. Though there are in Europe, indeed, a few towns which in some respects deserve the name of free ports, there is no country which does so. Holland, perhaps, approaches the nearest to this character of any, though still very remote from it; and Holland, it is acknowledged, not only derives its whole wealth, but a great part of its necessary subsistence, from foreign trade.

There is another balance, indeed, which has already been explained, very different from the balance of trade, and which, according as it happens to be either favourable or unfavourable, necessarily occasions the prosperity or decay of every nation. This is the balance of the annual produce and consumption. If the exchangeable value of the annual produce, it has already been observed, exceeds that of the annual consumption, the capital of the society must annually increase in proportion to this excess. The society in this case lives within its revenue, and what is annually saved out of its revenue is naturally added to its capital, and employed so as to increase still further the annual produce. If the exchangeable value of the annual produce, on the contrary, fall short of the annual consumption, the capital of the society must annually decay in proportion to this deficiency. The expense of the society in this case exceeds its revenue, and necessarily encroaches upon its capital. Its capital, therefore, must necessarily decay, and together with it the exchangeable value of the annual produce of its industry.

This balance of produce and consumption is entirely different from what is called the balance of trade. It might take place in a nation which had no foreign trade, but which was entirely separated from all the world. It may take place in the whole globe of the earth, of which the wealth, population,

and improvement may be either gradually increasing or gradually decaying.

The balance of produce and consumption may be constantly in favour of a nation, though what is called the balance of trade be generally against it. A nation may import to a greater value than it exports for half a century, perhaps, together; the gold and silver which comes into it during all this time may be all immediately sent out of it; its circulating coin may gradually decay, different sorts of paper money being substituted in its place, and even the debts, too, which it contracts in the principal nations with whom it deals, may be gradually increasing; and yet its real wealth, the exchangeable value of the annual produce of its lands and labour, may, during the same period, have been increasing in a much greater proportion.

[...]

6
The Agricultural Systems

The agricultural systems of political economy will not require so long an explanation as that which I have thought it necessary to bestow upon the mercantile or commercial system.

That system which represents the produce of land as the sole source of the revenue and wealth of every country has, so far as I know, never been adopted by any nation, and it at present exists only in the speculations of a few men of great learning and ingenuity in France. It would not, surely, be worth while to examine at great length the errors of a system which never has done, and probably never will do, any harm in any part of the world. I shall endeavour to explain, however, as distinctly as I can, the great outlines of this very ingenious system.

Mr Colbert, the famous minister of Louis XIV, was a man of probity, of great industry and knowledge of detail, of great experience and acuteness in the examination of public accounts, and of abilities, in short, every way fitted for introducing method and good order into the collection and expenditure of the public revenue. That minister had unfortunately embraced all the prejudices of the mercantile system, in its nature and essence a system of restraint and regulation, and such as could scarce fail to be agreeable to a laborious and plodding man of business, who had been accustomed to regulate the different departments of public offices, and to establish the necessary checks and controls for confining each to its proper sphere. The industry and commerce of a great country he endeavoured to regulate upon the same model as the departments of a public office; and instead of allowing every man to pursue his own interest in his own way, upon the liberal plan of equality, liberty, and justice, he bestowed upon certain branches of industry extraordinary privileges, while he laid others under as extraordinary restraints. He was not only disposed, like other European ministers, to encourage more the industry of the towns than that of the country; but, in order to support the industry of the towns, he was willing even to depress and

keep down that of the country. In order to render provisions cheap to the inhabitants of the towns, and thereby to encourage manufactures and foreign commerce, he prohibited altogether the exportation of corn, and thus excluded the inhabitants of the country from every foreign market for by far the most important part of the produce of their industry. This prohibition, joined to the restraints imposed by the ancient provincial laws of France upon the transportation of corn from one province to another, and to the arbitrary and degrading taxes which are levied upon the cultivators in almost all the provinces, discouraged and kept down the agriculture of that country very much below the state to which it would naturally have risen in so very fertile a soil and so very happy a climate. This state of discouragement and depression was felt more or less in every different part of the country, and many different inquiries were set on foot concerning the causes of it. One of those causes appeared to be the preference given, by the institutions of Mr Colbert, to the industry of the towns above that of the country.

If the rod be bent too much one way, says the proverb, in order to make it straight you must bend it as much the other. The French philosophers, who have proposed the system which represents agriculture as the sole source of the revenue and wealth of every country, seem to have adopted this proverbial maxim; and as in the plan of Mr Colbert the industry of the towns was certainly over-valued in comparison with that of the country; so in their system it seems to be as certainly undervalued.

The different orders of people who have ever been supposed to contribute in any respect towards the annual produce of the land and labour of the country, they divide into three classes. The first is the class of the proprietors of land. The second is the class of the cultivators, of farmers and country labourers, whom they honour with the peculiar appellation of the productive class. The third is the class of artificers, manufacturers, and merchants, whom they endeavour to degrade by the humiliating appellation of the barren or unproductive class.

The class of proprietors contributes to the annual produce by the expense which they may occasionally lay out upon the improvement of the land, upon the buildings, drains, enclosures, and other ameliorations, which they may either make or maintain upon it, and by means of which the cultivators are enabled, with the same capital, to raise a greater produce, and consequently to pay a greater rent. This advanced rent may be considered as the interest or profit due to the proprietor upon the expense or capital which

he thus employs in the improvement of his land. Such expenses are in this system called ground expenses (dépenses foncières).

The cultivators or farmers contribute to the annual produce by what are in this system called the original and annual expenses (dépenses primitives et dépenses annuelles) which they lay out upon the cultivation of the land. The original expenses consist in the instruments of husbandry, in the stock of cattle, in the seed, and in the maintenance of the farmer's family, servants, and cattle during at least a great part of the first year of his occupancy, or till he can receive some return from the land. The annual expenses consist in the seed, in the wear and tear of the instruments of husbandry, and in the annual maintenance of the farmer's servants and cattle, and of his family too, so far as any part of them can be considered as servants employed in cultivation. That part of the produce of the land which remains to him after paying the rent ought to be sufficient, first, to replace to him within a reasonable time, at least during the term of his occupancy, the whole of his original expenses, together with the ordinary profits of stock; and, secondly, to replace to him annually the whole of his annual expenses, together likewise with the ordinary profits of stock. Those two sorts of expenses are two capitals which the farmer employs in cultivation; and unless they are regularly restored to him together with a reasonable profit, he cannot carry on his employment upon a level with other employments; but, from a regard to his own interest, must desert it as soon as possible and seek some other. That part of the produce of the land which is thus necessary for enabling the farmer to continue his business ought to be considered as a fund sacred to cultivation, which, if the landlord violates, he necessarily reduces the produce of his own land, and in a few years not only disables the farmer from paying this racked rent, but from paying the reasonable rent which he might otherwise have got for his land. The rent which properly belongs to the landlord is no more than the net produce which remains after paying in the completest manner all the necessary expenses which must be previously laid out in order to raise the gross or the whole produce. It is because the labour of the cultivators, over and above paying completely all those necessary expenses, affords a net produce of this kind that this class of people are in this system peculiarly distinguished by the honourable appellation of the productive class. Their original and annual expenses are for the same reason called, in this system, productive expenses, because, over and above replacing their own value, they occasion the annual reproduction of this net produce.

The ground expenses, as they are called, or what the landlord lays out upon the improvement of his land, are in this system, too, honoured with the appellation of productive expenses. Till the whole of those expenses, together with the ordinary profits of stock, have been completely repaid to him by the advanced rent which he gets from his land, that advanced rent ought to be regarded as sacred and inviolable, both by the church and by the king; ought to be subject neither to tithe nor to taxation. If it is otherwise, by discouraging the improvement of land the church discourages the future increase of her own tithes, and the king the future increase of his own taxes. As in a well-ordered state of things, therefore, those ground expenses, over and above reproducing in the completest manner their own value, occasion likewise after a certain time a reproduction of a net produce, they are in this system considered as productive expenses.

The ground expenses of the landlord, however, together with the original and the annual expenses of the farmer, are the only three sorts of expenses which in this system are considered as productive. All other expenses and all other orders of people, even those who in the common apprehensions of men are regarded as the most productive, are in this account of things represented as altogether barren and unproductive.

Artificers and manufacturers in particular, whose industry, in the common apprehensions of men, increases so much the value of the rude produce of land, are in this system represented as a class of people altogether barren and unproductive. Their labour, it is said, replaces only the stock which employs them, together with its ordinary profits. That stock consists in the materials, tools, and wages advanced to them by their employer; and is the fund destined for their employment and maintenance. Its profits are the fund destined for the maintenance of their employer. Their employer, as he advances to them the stock of materials, tools, and wages necessary for their employment, so he advances to himself what is necessary for his own maintenance, and this maintenance he generally proportions to the profit which he expects to make by the price of their work. Unless its price repays to him the maintenance which he advances to himself, as well as the materials, tools, and wages which he advances to his workmen, it evidently does not repay to him the whole expense which he lays out upon it. The profits of manufacturing stock therefore are not, like the rent of land, a net produce which remains after completely repaying the whole expense which must be laid out in order to obtain them. The stock of the farmer yields him a

profit as well as that of the master manufacturer; and it yields a rent likewise to another person, which that of the master manufacturer does not. The expense, therefore, laid out in employing and maintaining artificers and manufacturers does no more than continue, if one may say so, the existence of its own value, and does not produce any new value. It is therefore altogether a barren and unproductive expense. The expense, on the contrary, laid out in employing farmers and country labourers, over and above continuing the existence of its own value, produces a new value, the rent of the landlord. It is therefore a productive expense.

Mercantile stock is equally barren and unproductive with manufacturing stock. It only continues the existence of its own value, without producing any new value. Its profits are only the repayment of the maintenance which its employer advances to himself during the time that he employs it, or till he receives the returns of it. They are only the repayment of a part of the expense which must be laid out in employing it.

The labour of artificers and manufacturers never adds anything to the value of the whole annual amount of the rude produce of the land. It adds, indeed, greatly to the value of some particular parts of it. But the consumption which in the meantime it occasions of other parts is precisely equal to the value which it adds to those parts; so that the value of the whole amount is not, at any one moment of time, in the least augmented by it. The person who works the lace of a pair of fine ruffles, for example, will sometimes raise the value of perhaps a pennyworth of flax to thirty pounds sterling. But though at first sight he appears thereby to multiply the value of a part of the rude produce about seven thousand and two hundred times, he in reality adds nothing to the value of the whole annual amount of the rude produce. The working of that lace costs him perhaps two years' labour. The thirty pounds which he gets for it when it is finished is no more than the repayment of the subsistence which he advances to himself during the two years that he is employed about it. The value which, by every day's, month's, or year's labour, he adds to the flax does no more than replace the value of his own consumption during that day, month, or year. At no moment of time, therefore, does he add anything to the value of the whole annual amount of the rude produce of the land: the portion of that produce which he is continually consuming being always equal to the value which he is continually producing. The extreme poverty of the greater part of the persons employed in this expensive though trifling manufacture may satisfy us that

the price of their work does not in ordinary cases exceed the value of their subsistence. It is otherwise with the work of farmers and country labourers. The rent of the landlord is a value which, in ordinary cases, it is continually producing, over and above replacing, in the most complete manner, the whole consumption, the whole expense laid out upon the employment and maintenance both of the workmen and of their employer.

Artificers, manufacturers, and merchants can augment the revenue and wealth of their society by parsimony only; or, as it is expressed in this system, by privation, that is, by depriving themselves of a part of the funds destined for their own subsistence. They annually reproduce nothing but those funds. Unless, therefore, they annually save some part of them, unless they annually deprive themselves of the enjoyment of some part of them, the revenue and wealth of their society can never be in the smallest degree augmented by means of their industry. Farmers and country labourers, on the contrary, may enjoy completely the whole funds destined for their own subsistence, and yet augment at the same time the revenue and wealth of their society. Over and above what is destined for their own subsistence, their industry annually affords a net produce, of which the augmentation necessarily augments the revenue and wealth of their society. Nations therefore which, like France or England, consist in a great measure of proprietors and cultivators can be enriched by industry and enjoyment. Nations on the contrary, which, like Holland and Hamburg, are composed chiefly of merchants, artificers, and manufacturers can grow rich only through parsimony and privation. As the interest of nations so differently circumstanced is very different, so is likewise the common character of the people: in those of the former kind, liberality, frankness, and good fellowship naturally make a part of that common character: in the latter, narrowness, meanness, and a selfish disposition, averse to all social pleasure and enjoyment.

The unproductive class, that of merchants, artificers, and manufacturers, is maintained and employed altogether at the expense of the two other classes, of that of proprietors, and of that of cultivators. They furnish it both with the materials of its work and with the fund of its subsistence, with the corn and cattle which it consumes while it is employed about that work. The proprietors and cultivators finally pay both the wages of all the workmen of the unproductive class, and of the profits of all their employers. Those workmen and their employers are properly the servants of the proprietors and

cultivators. They are only servants who work without doors, as menial servants work within. Both the one and the other, however, are equally maintained at the expense of the same masters. The labour of both is equally unproductive. It adds nothing to the value of the sum total of the rude produce of the land. Instead of increasing the value of that sum total, it is a charge and expense which must be paid out of it.

The unproductive class, however, is not only useful, but greatly useful to the other two classes. By means of the industry of merchants, artificers, and manufacturers, the proprietors and cultivators can purchase both the foreign goods and the manufactured produce of their own country which they have occasion for with the produce of a much smaller quantity of their own labour than what they would be obliged to employ if they were to attempt, in an awkward and unskilful manner, either to import the one or to make the other for their own use. By means of the unproductive class, the cultivators are delivered from many cares which would otherwise distract their attention from the cultivation of land. The superiority of produce, which, in consequence of this undivided attention, they are enabled to raise, is fully sufficient to pay the whole expense which the maintenance and employment of the unproductive class costs either the proprietors or themselves. The industry of merchants, artificers, and manufacturers, though in its own nature altogether unproductive, yet contributes in this manner indirectly to increase the produce of the land. It increases the productive powers of productive labour by leaving it at liberty to confine itself to its proper employment, the cultivation of land; and the plough goes frequently the easier and the better by means of the labour of the man whose business is most remote from the plough.

It can never be the interest of the proprietors and cultivators to restrain or to discourage in any respect the industry of merchants, artificers, and manufacturers. The greater the liberty which this unproductive class enjoys, the greater will be the competition in all the different trades which compose it, and the cheaper will the other two classes be supplied, both with foreign goods and with the manufactured produce of their own country.

It can never be the interest of the unproductive class to oppress the other two classes. It is the surplus produce of the land, or what remains after deducting the maintenance, first, of the cultivators, and afterwards of the proprietors, that maintains and employs the unproductive class. The greater this surplus the greater must likewise be the maintenance and employment of

that class. The establishment of perfect justice, of perfect liberty, and of perfect equality is the very simple secret which most effectually secures the highest degree of prosperity to all the three classes.

The merchants, artificers, and manufacturers of those mercantile states which, like Holland and Hamburg, consist chiefly of this unproductive class, are in the same manner maintained and employed altogether at the expense of the proprietors and cultivators of land. The only difference is, that those proprietors and cultivators are, the greater part of them, placed at a most inconvenient distance from the merchants, artificers, and manufacturers whom they supply with the materials of their work and the fund of their subsistence, are the inhabitants of other countries and the subjects of other governments.

Such mercantile states, however, are not only useful, but greatly useful to the inhabitants of those other countries. They fill up, in some measure, a very important void, and supply the place of the merchants, artificers, and manufacturers whom the inhabitants of those countries ought to find at home, but whom, from some defect in their policy, they do not find at home.

It can never be the interest of those landed nations, if I may call them so, to discourage or distress the industry of such mercantile states by imposing high duties upon their trade or upon the commodities which they furnish. Such duties, by rendering those commodities dearer, could serve only to sink the real value of the surplus produce of their own land, with which, or, what comes to the same thing, with the price of which those commodities are purchased. Such duties could serve only to discourage the increase of that surplus produce, and consequently the improvement and cultivation of their own land. The most effectual expedient, on the contrary, for raising the value of that surplus produce, for encouraging its increase, and consequently the improvement and cultivation of their own land, would be to allow the most perfect freedom to the trade of all such mercantile nations.

This perfect freedom of trade would even be the most effectual expedient for supplying them, in due time, with all the artificers, manufacturers, and merchants whom they wanted at home, and for filling up in the properest and most advantageous manner that very important void which they felt there.

The continual increase of the surplus produce of their land would, in due time, create a greater capital than what could be employed with the ordinary rate of profit in the improvement and cultivation of land; and the surplus part

of it would naturally turn itself to the employment of artificers and manufacturers at home. But those artificers and manufacturers, finding at home both the materials of their work and the fund of their subsistence, might immediately even with much less art and skill be able to work as cheap as the like artificers and manufacturers of such mercantile states who had both to bring from a great distance. Even though, from want of art and skill, they might not for some time be able to work as cheap, yet, finding a market at home, they might be able to sell their work there as cheap as that of the artificers and manufacturers of such mercantile states, which could not be brought to that market but from so great a distance; and as their art and skill improved, they would soon be able to sell it cheaper. The artificers and manufacturers of such mercantile states, therefore, would immediately be rivalled in the market of those landed nations, and soon after undersold and jostled out of it altogether. The cheapness of the manufactures of those landed nations, in consequence of the gradual improvements of art and skill, would, in due time, extend their sale beyond the home market, and carry them to many foreign markets, from which they would in the same manner gradually jostle out many of the manufactures of such mercantile nations.

This continual increase both of the rude and manufactured produce of those landed nations would in due time create a greater capital than could, with the ordinary rate of profit, be employed either in agriculture or in manufactures. The surplus of this capital would naturally turn itself to foreign trade, and be employed in exporting to foreign countries such parts of the rude and manufactured produce of its own country as exceeded the demand of the home market. In the exportation of the produce of their own country, the merchants of a landed nation would have an advantage of the same kind over those of mercantile nations which its artificers and manufacturers had over the artificers and manufacturers of such nations; the advantage of finding at home that cargo and those stores and provisions which the others were obliged to seek for at a distance. With inferior art and skill in navigation, therefore, they would be able to sell that cargo as cheap in foreign markets as the merchants of such mercantile nations; and with equal art and skill they would be able to sell it cheaper. They would soon, therefore, rival those mercantile nations in this branch of foreign trade, and in due time would jostle them out of it altogether.

According to this liberal and generous system, therefore, the most advantageous method in which a landed nation can raise up artificers,

manufacturers, and merchants of its own is to grant the most perfect freedom of trade to the artificers, manufacturers, and merchants of all other nations. It thereby raises the value of the surplus produce of its own land, of which the continual increase gradually establishes a fund, which in due time necessarily raises up all the artificers, manufacturers, and merchants whom it has occasion for.

When a landed nation, on the contrary, oppresses either by high duties or by prohibitions the trade of foreign nations, it necessarily hurts its own interest in two different ways. First, by raising the price of all foreign goods and of all sorts of manufactures, it necessarily sinks the real value of the surplus produce of its own land, with which, or, what comes to the same thing, with the price of which it purchases those foreign goods and manufactures. Secondly, by giving a sort of monopoly of the home market to its own merchants, artificers, and manufacturers, it raises the rate of mercantile and manufacturing profit in proportion to that of agricultural profit, and consequently either draws from agriculture a part of the capital which had before been employed in it, or hinders from going to it a part of what would otherwise have gone to it. This policy, therefore, discourages agriculture in two different ways; first, by sinking the real value of its produce, and thereby lowering the rate of its profit; and, secondly, by raising the rate of profit in all other employments. Agriculture is rendered less advantageous, and trade and manufactures more advantageous than they otherwise would be; and every man is tempted by his own interest to turn, as much as he can, both his capital and his industry from the former to the latter employments.

Though, by this oppressive policy, a landed nation should be able to raise up artificers, manufacturers, and merchants of its own somewhat sooner than it could do by the freedom of trade — a matter, however, which is not a little doubtful — yet it would raise them up, if one may say so, prematurely, and before it was perfectly ripe for them. By raising up too hastily one species of industry, it would depress another more valuable species of industry. By raising up too hastily a species of industry which only replaces the stock which employs it, together with the ordinary profit, it would depress a species of industry which, over and above replacing that stock with its profit, affords likewise a net produce, a free rent to the landlord. It would depress productive labour, by encouraging too hastily that labour which is altogether barren and unproductive.

[...]

The greatest and most important branch of the commerce of every nation, it has already been observed, is that which is carried on between the inhabitants of the town and those of the country. The inhabitants of the town draw from the country the rude produce which constitutes both the materials of their work and the fund of their subsistence; and they pay for this rude produce by sending back to the country a certain portion of it manufactured and prepared for immediate use. The trade which is carried on between these two different sets of people consists ultimately in a certain quantity of rude produce exchanged for a certain quantity of manufactured produce. The dearer the latter, therefore, the cheaper the former; and whatever tends in any country to raise the price of manufactured produce tends to lower that of the rude produce of the land, and thereby to discourage agriculture. The smaller the quantity of manufactured produce which any given quantity of rude produce, or, what comes to the same thing, which the price of any given quantity of rude produce is capable of purchasing, the smaller the exchangeable value of that given quantity of rude produce, the smaller the encouragement which either the landlord has to increase its quantity by improving or the farmer by cultivating the land. Whatever, besides, tends to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the land, and thereby still further to discourage agriculture.

Those systems, therefore, which, preferring agriculture to all other employments, in order to promote it, impose restraints upon manufactures and foreign trade, act contrary to the very end which they propose, and indirectly discourage that very species of industry which they mean to promote. They are so far, perhaps, more inconsistent than even the mercantile system. That system, by encouraging manufactures and foreign trade more than agriculture, turns a certain portion of the capital of the society from supporting a more advantageous, to support a less advantageous species of industry. But still it really and in the end encourages that species of industry which it means to promote. Those agricultural systems, on the contrary, really and in the end discourage their own favourite species of industry.

It is thus that every system which endeavours, either by extraordinary encouragements to draw towards a particular species of industry a greater

share of the capital of the society than what would naturally go to it, or, by extraordinary restraints, force from a particular species of industry some share of the capital which would otherwise be employed in it, is in reality subversive of the great purpose which it means to promote. It retards, instead of accelerating, the progress of the society towards real wealth and greatness; and diminishes, instead of increasing, the real value of the annual produce of its land and labour.

All systems either of preference or of restraint, therefore, being thus completely taken away, the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord. Every man, as long as he does not violate the laws of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest his own way, and to bring both his industry and capital into competition with those of any other man, or order of men.

ON NATURAL SELECTION

论自然选择

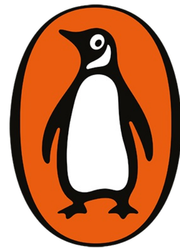
［英］查尔斯·达尔文　著
朱邦芊　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

论自然选择

（英）查尔斯·达尔文/著

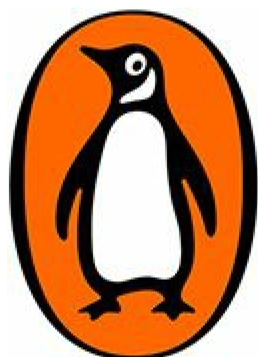
朱邦芊/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

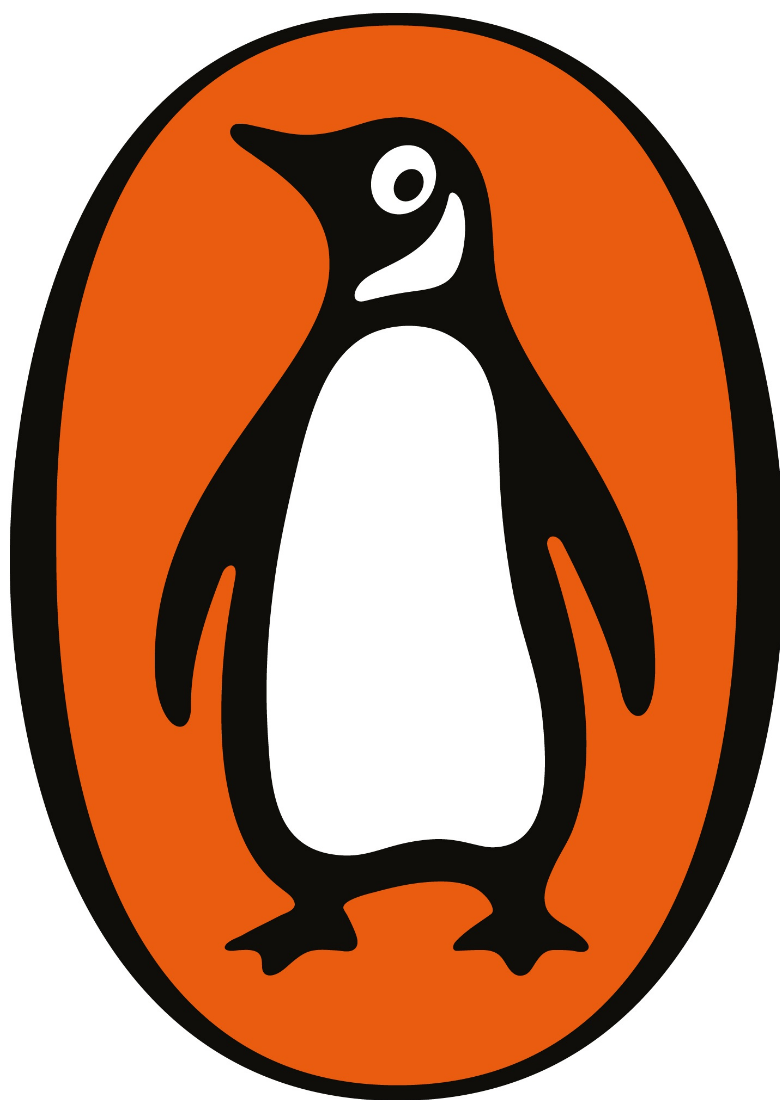
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com.cn
The Origin of Species first published 1859
This extract first published in Penguin Books 2004
Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of The Origin of Species, edited by
J. W. Burrow
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者
西蒙·温德尔

导读

查尔斯·达尔文（Charles Darwin，1809—1882），生于英国的一个医学世家，不过年少时的达尔文却对动植物学、地质学、自然历史、化学等学科表现出浓厚兴趣，经常“游手好闲”地做些与父亲的意愿相违背的事情。终于，忍无可忍的父亲将达尔文送去爱丁堡大学修读医学，之后又转去剑桥大学修读神学。但是，这依然不能阻挡达尔文内心对自然科学的热情与实践，他课余时间依然不断地游山览水、进行狩猎、逛博物馆、撰写动植物观察报告、结交同好、参与社交活动，也算初有所成，颇积累了些名气。1831年底，在朋友的推荐下，当然也源于他在学界的口碑，达尔文才能以博物学家的身份登上“小猎犬号”，开启了一段满是艰辛却又无比充实的环球航程。

小猎犬号在英国普利茅斯起航，先是跨越赤道抵达南美洲，之后驶过太平洋落脚大洋洲，然后横穿印度洋在南非中转，接着又一次越过大西洋抵达南美洲的巴西，最后才沿着佛得角线路返航英国。航程共历时五年，不过达尔文却将途中的绝大多数时间都留在陆地进行探索，他详尽记录了大量的地理现象、动植物化石标本、当地的风土人情，并持续不断地将这些珍贵的材料寄回英国保存、研究。回国之后的达尔文总结一路心得，并出版游记《小猎犬号之旅》一书，也是引起一时轰动，名声大噪。达尔文基于这些第一手的素材进行潜心研究，对生物学、地质学等学科都产生了新的理解，终于逐渐归纳形成了一套系统的生物进化论思想，并于1859年出版巨作《物种起源》。

达尔文的进化论认为自然界中的所有物种都并非是一成不变的，而是由低级向高级不断进化发展的。“变异”为自然界提供了多样物种的可能，物种之间存在天然的“生存竞争”，再经“自然选择”筛选出其中适应

自然的形态，逐渐演变为今日的世界。由此可见，“自然选择”是达尔文进化论的核心概念。本书章节包括“生存竞争”“自然选择”“理论上的难点”与“结论”，分别对应着《物种起源》原作的第3、4、6、15章。本书以“自然选择”为核心，介绍了达尔文进化论中关于“自然选择”的种种内容要素，希望使读者们借此可以一窥原作思想的伟大。

其实在达尔文之前，学界早已经有了一些类似进化论的概念，这甚至可以追溯到古希腊时期。但直到达尔文的《物种起源》，才最终形成了较为成熟系统的进化论学说，并在众多学者的修改与补充之下成为生物界的主流理论。虽然如今有越来越多的专家学者开始对达尔文进化论这一假说进行证伪，不过这依然无法改变其在大众心中的崇高地位。

达尔文进化论自诞生之日起便超越了生物学的范畴，在科学、社会学、哲学等诸多领域中皆产生了重大影响，可谓是继哥白尼的“日心说”之后第二次影响世界的思想巨变。在达尔文之前，西方社会由于宗教思维根深蒂固，普遍坚信人类是由上帝创造；而达尔文的假说则首次以科学的理念撼动了上帝造人说，进一步改造了西方自中世纪以来形成的宗教型世界观。

“自然选择”概念，由翻译家严复先生于19世纪末的《天演论》中首次引入中国，更被阐发为“物竞天择，适者生存”的社会口号，在那个旧时代掀起了一场波澜。自此，礼让谦逊的中国人开始突破传统，重视竞争，社会被装上了强有力的引擎而不断飞跃发展，直至今日这仍是现代中国社会普遍认可的生存法则与评价规范。

今日重读《论自然选择》一书，我们虽然会发现其中的某些生物学观点已被更完善的科学理论所淘汰，但这也恰恰是“自然选择”概念的必然；世界也早已不是两百年前的样子，而这一切的原因皆在本书之中，等待读者觅寻。

柴尔

生存竞争

1.没有什么事情比口头承认普遍生存竞争的真理更为容易，或者说，没有什么事情比将此结论时刻牢记在心更加困难——至少我是这样想的。但除非这一结论在心中已经根深蒂固，否则，我相信，人们将会对整个自然法则以及有关分布、珍稀、繁盛、灭绝与变异等一切事实认识模糊，或者在相当程度上产生误解。我们见到自然界欢欢喜喜光明的一面，我们时常看到食物极大丰富；我们没有看到，或者忘记了那些在我们周围悠闲鸣叫的鸟儿主要以昆虫或种子为生，它们因此不断摧毁生命；或者我们忘记这些鸣禽或其蛋或雏鸟，是如何被食肉鸟类或兽类大量消灭；我们并不总是记得，尽管食物现在可能极大丰富，但年复一年的每一季节并不都是如此。

2.我应该预先说明：我是在广义与比喻的意义上使用“生存竞争”这个术语的，其中包括一种生物对另一种的依存，而且，不仅包括（这一点更加重要）个体的生命，也包括在留下后代方面的成功。也许可以确切地说，两只犬科动物在饥馑时刻彼此争斗，以决定谁将得到食物并且活下去。但是长在沙漠边缘的植物，与其说是与干旱斗争以求存活，不如说是依赖水分。我们也许可以更确切地说：每年结成一千颗种子，平均只有一颗种子能够长成的植物，是与已经长在地面上的同类或异类植物进行竞争。槲寄生依赖苹果树和少数其他树种而生存，但我们只能在牵强意义上说它与这些树木竞争，因为如果同一棵树上生长了太多的这些寄生生物，这棵树就将枯萎而死。但是好几株槲寄生幼苗在同一根树枝上挤在一起生长，更确切的说法或许是它们彼此竞争。槲寄生是靠鸟类传播种子的，所以它的生存依赖于鸟类；为了引诱鸟类吞食来传播它的而不是其他植物的种子，也许我们可以比喻说，槲寄生与其他结果实的植物竞争。在这好几种彼此相通的意义上，为方便起见，我使用

了“生存竞争”这个通用术语。

3.一切有机生物皆有高速繁殖的倾向，其后就必定继之以生存竞争。每一种生物在其自然生命期间都生产好几个卵或种子，在其生命中的某一时刻、某一季节或偶然的一年，必定遭到摧毁，否则，根据几何增加的原理，这种生物的数目就可能异常得多，以至于无地可容。因此，由于产生出来的个体比可能存活下来的个体要多，在任何情况下都必定有生存竞争，生物个体不是与同种的另一个体竞争，就是与异种的个体竞争，或是与生存的物质条件竞争。将繁殖力应用于整个动物与植物王国的正是马尔萨斯[1]的学说；因为在这种情况下，既不能人为地增加食物，也不能谨慎地限制结合。某些物种当前可能或多或少地迅速增加数量，但是并非所有生物都能如此，因为这个世界可能就容不下它们了。

4.各种生物都以如此高的速度自然增加，如果不遭毁灭，地球就可能很快为一对生物的后代所覆盖，这条规则是毫无例外的。即使是繁殖缓慢的人类也会在25年之内增加1倍，按照这样的速度，几千年后，人类的后代可能实际上就没有立足之地了。林奈[2]曾经计算过：如果某种一年生植物只结两粒种子——没有任何植物的生产力会这样低下——而且第二年这两棵幼苗各结两粒种子，以此类推，则20年后可能有100万株这样的植物。在所有已知的动物中，大象被视为繁殖最慢的，但我曾经尽力估计大象自然增长很可能的最低速率；假设大象在30岁时繁殖，一直繁殖到90岁，其间生出3对小象；如果情况果然如此，那么，500年后就可能有1500万只大象存活，它们都是第一对大象的后代。

5.但是在这个问题上我们有比单纯理论计算更好的证据，那就是，在自然状态下，如果在两三个连续季节里环境对各种动物都一直有利，则动物会以令人吃惊的速度增长，这样的无数例子都是可以查证的。更加令人惊讶的证据来自许多种类的家畜，这些家畜在世界上好几个地方

无人管束：在南美洲以及近年来在澳洲繁殖缓慢的牛和马增殖率的报告，如果不是确有实据，简直令人难以置信。植物也是一样：可以给出这样的事例，即不到10年，引进的植物便遍及全岛。如今在拉普拉塔[3]的广阔平原上，数量极多的好几种植物覆盖了好几平方里格[4]地面，几乎排除了所有其他植物，它们却是从欧洲引进的；我从福尔克纳[5]博士处听说，在发现美洲以后便传入印度的植物，现在已经分布在从科摩林角[6]到喜马拉雅一带地方了。在这样的例子，以及可能给出的无数例子中，没有人会假设这些动植物的繁殖力突然、暂时地以任何觉察得到的程度提高了。显而易见的解释是生存条件一直非常有利，因此无论老幼都很少遭到毁灭，几乎所有年轻个体都能繁衍后代。在这类例子中，几何比率的增加速度——其结果永远惊人——就简单地解释了驯化生物为什么在新家异常快速增加并且广泛散布的现象。

6.在自然状况下，几乎每种植物都结籽，而在动物之中很少有每年不交配的。因此我们也许可以大胆断言：所有植物与动物往往以几何速率增加，所有生物都可能最快速地在它们无论以何种方式生存下来的每一生境进行储备，而且这种以几何速率增加的倾向一定在生命的某一时期因毁灭而受到制约。我认为，我们对于大型家畜的熟悉程度往往误导我们：我们没有看到任何大规模毁灭降临到它们头上，而且我们忘记了每年有成千上万头家畜被屠宰作为食物；另外，在自然状况下，同样数目的动物可能已经以某种方式被处理掉了。

7.每年产卵或结籽数以千计的生物与那些产卵或结籽极少的生物之间唯一的区别是：假定某区域非常大，那么在有利条件下，后者可能需要多几年的时间才能布满整个区域。秃鹫产两枚卵，而鸵鸟产20枚，但在同一地区，秃鹫可能是两者之中数量较多的：管鼻鹱（Fulmar petrel）只产一枚卵，但据信它是世界上数量最多的鸟。一只苍蝇产卵数百，而另外的蝇，如虱蝇，只产一枚；但这种区别并不决定在某区域之中这两种蝇各有多少个体能够生存。对于依赖食物数量急剧波动的那

些物种来说，大量的卵具有相当的重要性，因为食物可以让该物种的数量迅速增多。但是大量产卵或结籽的真正重要性在于为生命某个时期的大量毁灭提供补充；在绝大多数情况下，这样的时期是在生命的早期。如果某种动物能够以任何方式保护自己的卵或幼仔，那就可能产出少量的卵或幼仔，但平均储备量依然能够得到充分保持；但是如果许多卵或幼仔遭到毁灭，那就必须大量生产，否则物种就会灭绝。某种树平均存活一千年，如果每千年结一粒种子，假设这粒种子永远不遭毁灭，并保证它在适宜的地方发芽，那么这就足以保持这种树的全部数量了。所以在任何例子中，所有动物或植物的平均数量只间接取决于它们的卵或种子的数量。

8.在观察自然的时候，最必要的就是始终记住上述各种考虑因素——永远不要忘记，可以说我们周围每一种生物都在尽最大努力增加数量；每一种生物在其生命的某一时期都要竞争求存；在每一代或重复间隔期间，无论老幼都不可避免要遭到严重的毁灭。减轻任何制约或毁灭稍许缓和，物种的数量将几乎立即增加到任何数量。可以将自然界的面貌与曲面相比：一万个尖锐的楔子紧紧地挤在一起，被不断向内打击着，有时某个楔子被击中了，然后另外一个却受到更大的打击。

9.制约每一物种增加数量的自然倾向的因素极不明晰。看看最有生命力的物种，纵使它们的个体大量密集，其扩大繁殖的倾向依然愈发强烈。哪怕是在单一的例子里，我们也并不能确切知道制约因素究竟是什么。想到我们在这方面太无知了，这对于任何人来说都不足为奇，哪怕是在人类方面，我们对人类的了解远比对任何其他动物的了解要更加深刻。好几位作者已经高明地涉及过这个主题，我将在日后的著作中以相当长的篇幅论述若干种类的制约，特别是对南美野生动物的制约。我在本文中只略作评论，只是为了让读者注意一些要点。一般说来，卵和幼兽似乎受害最多，但也并非一概如此。就植物来说，种子会遭到大规模的毁灭，但是，根据我的若干观察，在已经密集生长着其他植物的土地

上，我认为受害最多的是萌芽的幼苗。幼苗还因各种敌人而大量毁灭；例如，在一片松过土并除过草的3英尺长2英尺宽的土地上，不会再受到其他植物的抑制，在本地的野草长出以后，我对所有幼苗做了记号，在357棵幼苗中至少有295棵被毁，主要毁于蛞蝓和各种昆虫。如果草地早就刈割过，并让植物任意生长，生命力比较旺盛的植物就会逐渐消灭掉那些生命力较弱的植物，尽管后者已经完全长成，情况可能与被四足动物仔细啃过的草地一样：这样，在一小片草地（3英尺宽4英尺长）上生长着的20个物种中，就有9种因其他物种能够自由生长而灭亡。

10.每一物种能够得到的食物数量自然给出了每一物种能够增加的极限；但决定某个物种平均数量的因素往往不是获得食物，而是被其他动物猎食。因此，似乎很少有疑问的是，在任何大片土地上的山鹑、松鸡和野兔，其数量主要取决于害兽的毁灭。如果今后20年内在英格兰不射杀一头猎物，而且与此同时，如果不毁灭任何害虫，那么，尽管现在每年射杀成千上万头猎物，很可能猎物比现在还少。另一方面，在某些情况下，如同大象与犀牛那样，这两种动物都不是死于食肉兽：即使是印度的老虎也很少胆敢攻击受到母象保护的小象。

11.在决定某一物种的平均数量上，气候起着重要的作用，我认为间歇出现的极端寒冷与干旱是所有制约条件中最有效的。我估计，在1854至1855年冬季，在我自己的家园有五分之四的鸟类被杀死；这是一次重大的毁灭，我们知道，人类传染病的死亡率达到百分之十便是异常惨重了。气候的作用乍看之下似乎完全与生存竞争无关；但是要考虑到气候主要作用是减少食物，造成个体之间最严酷的竞争，不论是同种还是异种之间的竞争，只要是依赖同样的食物生存者都一样。甚至气候例如严寒直接起作用的时候，生命力最不旺盛或者在整个冬季获得食物最少的个体将受害最多。当我们自南向北旅行，或者从潮湿地区走向干燥地区，我们必将看到某些物种渐渐稀少，直至最后消失；而且气候的变化是显著的，我们不由得要将全部效果归因于气候的直接作用。但是这

是相当错误的观点：我们忘记了每个物种即使是在它极其兴旺的地方，也在其生命的某一阶段遭受巨大的破坏，这种破坏来自敌人或者来自争夺同一区域或食物的竞争者；如果这些敌人或竞争者受到任何微小的气候变化的有利影响，其数量就会增加，随着每个地区完全被有些生物占据，其他物种的数量就会减少。如果我们向南旅行并且见到某个物种数量减少，我们可能确定地感到，在相当程度上其原因在于其他物种受益，而此种物种受害。所以，如果我们向北而行，情况也是这样，但在程度上多少有些减轻，因为所有种类的物种及其竞争者的数量，都是向北逐渐减少的；因此在向北而行或者登山的时候，我们遇到形态矮小的植物，这是气候所起的直接伤害作用，这种情况要比我们向南而行或下山时更加常见。如果我们抵达北极地区、积雪的山顶或者纯粹的沙漠，为生存所作的斗争几乎完全是与自然环境的斗争。

12.我们可以在花园里清楚地看到大量植物完全能够忍受我们的气候，却永远不能归化，因为它们不能与本地植物竞争，也不能抵抗本地动物的摧毁，这说明气候主要以间接方式作用以有利于其他物种。

13.如果某一物种由于高度有利的环境而在一小块土地上数量异常增加，那就会出现传染病——至少，我们的猎物似乎一般会发生这样的情况：在这里我们看到与生存竞争无关的限制性制约。但是即使某些所谓的传染病似乎也是由于寄生虫引起的，这类寄生虫出于某种原因，很可能部分地因便于在密集动物中传播而格外获益：于是在寄生虫与其牺牲品之间就发生了某种程度的竞争。

14.另一方面，在许多情况下，与其敌害的数量相比，同一物种的保存绝对需要有大量的个体。因此我们很容易在田间种出许多玉米和油菜籽等，因为这些种子的数量大大超出了以此为食的鸟类数量；而鸟类虽然在这一季有极其丰富的食物，却并不能按照种子供应的数量成比例地增加其数量，因为这些鸟类的数量在冬季是要受到制约的：但是曾经

试做过的人都知道，要从花园里的少量小麦或其他这类植物获得种子是多么困难；我曾在这种情况下失去了每一粒种子。我认为，同一物种为了保存而需要大量个体这一观点解释了自然界中某些异常的事实，诸如相当珍稀的植物在它们的确出现的少数地方有时数量极多；而某些群生植物即使在其群生范围的边缘还能群生。因为在这种情况下，我们可以相信：某种植物也许只在其生存条件有利、能够允许许多这种植物一起生长的地方才能存活，从而免于全部毁灭。我应该加上一句，在这些例子中，有些很可能是由于频繁杂交产生了良好结果，有些则由于近亲交配而产生了不良结果；但是在这一复杂的主题上我不打算在此赘述。

15.许多记录在案的例子表明，在同一地区势必彼此竞争的生物之间，其制约作用和关系是多么复杂和出人意料。我只举一个例子，这例子虽然简单，却令我感兴趣。在斯塔福德郡[7]一位亲戚的地产上，我做过大量的调查研究，那是一片广大而极其荒芜的地块，从来没有人工的痕迹；但是25年以前性质完全相同的一块几百英亩的土地被围起来，并且种上了欧洲赤松。这块荒地上种上的本地植物的变化极其明显，这种变化比在两块相当不同的土地上一般见到的要大：不但荒地植物的比例完全改变，而且有12种植物（禾本科与莕属植物没有计算在内）在种植区域内长势茂盛，这些植物在荒地上本来是见不到的。对于昆虫的影响甚至更大，因为有6种荒地原本看不见的食虫鸟在种植场上却很常见；而这块荒地时常有两三种不同的食虫鸟光顾。在这里我们看到引进一个树种所产生的影响是多么强大，除了围起这块地，防止牛群进入外，其他什么事情也没有做过。但是我在萨里的法纳姆镇[8]附近清楚地看到了，围地这一因素的重要性。那里有广阔的荒地，在远处的小山顶上有几处古老的欧洲赤松：最近10年之内，大片地块围了起来，如今天然播种的冷杉已大批生长，但长得过密，因而未能全部成活。当我确定这些冷杉幼树是并非人力播种或种植的时候，不由对这些冷杉的数量大为惊讶，因此我去了几处观察点，我可以调查上百英亩未被围住的荒地，除了早年间种植的那些老树以外我确实看不到一棵欧洲赤松。但是仔细观

看荒地上树干之间的地方，我发现了许多树苗和幼树，它们总是被牛群吃掉而长不起来。在距离一片老树大约几百码的地方，我在1平方码的地方数出32棵小树；从年轮判断，有一棵小树在26年期间试图长得高出荒地上的茎干，却没有成功。怪不得一旦荒地被围起来，就会密布着生气勃勃的小冷杉了。但这片荒地太荒芜广阔，决没有人会想到牛群可能在那里仔细有效地搜索食物。

我们在这里看到牛群绝对控制着欧洲赤松的生存；但是在世界上好几个地方，昆虫决定了牛群的生存。也许巴拉圭提供了这方面最奇怪的例子；因为这里的牛、马、狗都没有变成野生的，而往南或往北而去，它们都以野生状态群集着；阿萨拉[9]和伦格尔[10]都曾证明这是由于巴拉圭的某种蝇增多的缘故，这种蝇在这些刚出生动物的脐部产卵。这些蝇虽然很多，但其数量的增加必定经常受到某种制约，很可能是鸟类的制约。因此，如果巴拉圭的某种食虫鸟（其数量很可能受到鹰类或食肉兽的制约）数量增加，这种蝇就可能减少——然后牛群和马群就可能变成野生的，而这种现象肯定会大大改变植被（我在南美某些地方的确观察到这种情况）：这种改变又会大大影响到昆虫；而且，如我们在斯塔福德郡曾经看到的那样，这又可能影响到食虫鸟，如此等等，这种复杂关系的圈子不断扩大。我们是从食虫鸟开始这一系列观察的，我们也以食虫鸟作为其结束。自然界中的关系并不总是这样简单。战争之中的战争必定屡屡重现且胜败无常；但是长期说来各种力量平衡得很好，使得自然界的面貌长期保持一致，尽管最微小的事件往往可能使某种生物胜过另外一种。纵然如此，我们的无知程度太深，我们的假定又太之多，致使我们听到某种生物的灭绝就惊叹不已；由于我们看不到其原因，我们就乞灵于灾难来破坏世界，或者造出有关生命形式持续时期的法则！

17.我忍不住要再给出一个例子，以说明在自然界的等级中相距极远的植物和动物是如何被复杂的关系网束缚在一起的。我以后应该有机会表明，在英格兰的这一地区，外来植物毛半边莲（Lobelia fulgens）

是从来没有昆虫访问过的，因此，由于特殊的结构，它从来不结籽。我们的许多兰科植物绝对需要飞蛾的光顾以便带走它们的花粉块，从而使它们受精。我也有理由相信，土蜂是三色堇（Viola tricolor）受精所必不可少的，因为其他蜂类不来访问这种花。根据我所做过的实验，我发现蜂类的来访，如果不是必不可少的话，至少对三叶草的受精是极为有益的；但是土蜂只访问红三叶草（Trifolium-pratense），因为其他蜂类接触不到它的花蜜。因此我几乎毫不怀疑，如果英格兰的整个土蜂属都灭绝了或者变得罕见，那么三色堇和红三叶草就可能变得相当稀少或者完全消失。任何地区的土蜂数目在很大程度上取决于田鼠的数目，因为田鼠破坏土蜂的蜂房与蜂巢；长期注意土蜂习性的H.纽曼[11]先生认为“在英格兰，三分之二以上的土蜂就这样遭到毁灭。”正如大家所知，现在田鼠的数目大体上取决于猫的数目；纽曼先生说：“在村庄和小镇附近，我发现土蜂的蜂巢比别的地方都多，我把这归因于毁灭田鼠的猫的数量。”因此相当可信的是，如果某地区有大量猫科动物，它们也许就会先通过田鼠再通过土蜂决定该地区某种花的增减次数！

18.以每一个物种而论，在其生命的不同时期、在不同的季节或年份，可能有许多不同的制约因素在起作用；某一种或少数几种制约因素一般来说最有威力，但是所有制约因素在决定物种的平均数量甚或其生存方面是共同起作用的。在某些情况下，可以看到极不相同的制约因素在不同地区对同一物种起作用。我们看到混杂的浅滩上长着植物和矮树丛，这时我们不由得将它们的比例数和种类归因于所谓的可能性。但是这种观点是多么错误啊！大家都听说过：美洲的森林遭到砍伐以后，就有截然不同的植被在那里生长起来；但人们已经观察到：美国南部昔日的印第安土丘上现在生长着的树木，展现了与周围原始森林同样美丽的多样性与物种比例。这里几个树种之间必定已经进行了好几个漫长世纪的竞争，每一种树每年都散播数以千计的种子；昆虫与昆虫之间的竞争——昆虫、蜗牛，还有其他动物与食肉鸟兽之间——所有生物都竞争着增加数量，而且所有生物都彼此以对方为食，或者以树木或树木的种子

与幼苗为食，或者以首先在这片土地上生长因而抑制了树木生长的其他植物为食！向天空撒一把羽毛，羽毛就会按照明确的法则落到地上，但是这个问题与无数动植物的作用与反作用相比，与它们在数百年时间里决定了如今长在这片昔日的印第安废墟上的树木之数量和种类相比，又是何等简单！

19.一种生物依赖另一种生物而生存，如寄生虫之于其猎物，这种现象一般发生在自然界等级上相距遥远的生物之间。严格地说，在彼此斗争以求生存的生物之间，如蝗虫与食草的四足动物，是时常发生这种现象的。但是，同物种个体之间的竞争几乎不可避免地是最严酷的，因为它们常去同一地区、需要同样的食物并且暴露于同样的危险之中。在同一物种的各品种间，这种竞争一般来说几乎是同样严酷的，而且我们有时看到争夺很快就决出胜负：例如，如果将好几个小麦品种一起撒播，再将这些混合的种子再次撒播下去，那么最适应土壤与气候、或者天生最能繁殖的若干品种就将打败其他品种，从而结出更多的种子，因此在几年之后便在相当程度上取代其他品种。要想保持即使像各种颜色的香豌豆这样极其接近品种的混合品系，就必须每年分别收割，然后将种子按适当比例混合，要不然比较弱的种类就会在数量上稳步下降并且消失。说到羊的品种也是一样：人们曾经断言，某些山区品种会使其他的山区品种饿死，所以不能把它们放在一起饲养。将不同品种的医用水蛭养在一起也会得到同样的结果。如果让人类家养的植物或动物像在自然状态下那样进行竞争，而且每年不去拣选种子或幼仔，则它们的任何品种是否还能具有如此完全同等的力量、习性与构造，使得某个混合品系原先的比例可以保持6代之久，这甚至是值得怀的。

20.同属的物种通常在习性和构造方面也有若干类似之处——尽管决不总是这样——而且在结构方面永远如此；同属的物种如果彼此竞争，一般来说会比截然不同的属内各物种之间的竞争更加剧烈。我们看到，最近某种燕子在美国一些地方扩大了生存范围，致使另外一种燕子

数量减少。近来，在苏格兰某些地方槲鸫增多，致使歌鸫数量减少。我们有多少次听说，在极其不同的气候条件下，一种老鼠取代了另外一种老鼠！在俄罗斯，小型亚洲蟑螂到处驱逐同属的大型蟑螂。野芥子的一个物种取代了另一物种，在其他例子中也是如此。我们隐约知道，在自然结构中占据着几乎相同位置的近似物种之间，为什么竞争是最剧烈的；但可能是，我们永远都不能确切说明，为什么在伟大的生存竞争中一个物种战胜了另外一个物种。

21.从以上的叙述可以得出具有极其重要意义的推论，那就是，每一种生物的结构是以最本质、却又时常是隐藏方式与所有其他生物的结构有关联的，一种生物与其他生物为了食物或栖息地进行竞争，或者从其身旁逃脱，或者以其为食物。这种情况在老虎的爪与牙的结构上是显而易见的，在附着于虎毛的寄生虫的腿与钩爪上也是明显的。但是，在蒲公英美丽的羽状种子和龙虱扁平而生有排毛的腿上，这种关系似乎第一眼看上去只与空气和水有关。然而羽状种子的优势无疑在于它与已经密布着其他植物的土地最密切地相关；因而蒲公英的种子可以广泛散落到空地上。龙虱的腿很适合潜水，得以与其他水生昆虫竞争，获取猎物并能逃脱其他动物的追捕。

22.许多植物在种子里贮藏营养物质，一眼看来与其他植物没有任何关系。但是如果这些种子（例如豌豆和蚕豆）撒播到深草之中，出土幼株茁壮成长，我推测，种子里这些营养物质的主要用途是有利于幼苗的成长，同时与周围生长茂盛的植物进行竞争。

23.看看生长在分布范围中央的植物吧，它的数量为什么没有翻一番或者两番呢？我们知道它完全能经得住稍热或稍冷、稍湿或稍干的环境，因为它的分布范围能延伸到其他略为热一点或冷一点、潮湿一点或干燥一点的地方。在这种情况下，我们能够清楚地看到，如果我们在想象中希望赋予这种植物增加数量的能力，我们就必须给以超过其竞争者

的若干优势，或者超过以其为食的动物的若干优势。在其地理分布范围内，与气候有关的构造变化对于我们的植物显然是一种优势；但是我们有理由相信，只有很少几种动植物延伸到相当遥远的地方，但仅仅是严酷的气候就能使之归于毁灭。不到生命的极端疆界，如北极地区或纯粹沙漠的边缘，竞争是不会停止的。土地也许极其寒冷或者干燥，但少数物种之间，或者同一物种的个体之间，为了争夺最温暖或最湿润的地点而进行竞争。

24.所以我们也可以看到，如果某种植物或动物被安置在新的地方、处于新的竞争者之中，尽管气候也许与其以前所在的地方完全一样，但它的生活条件一般来说将发生本质的变化。如果我们希望它在新的生息地增加数量，那我们就必须以不同于我们在其本土应该做到的方式来改变它；因为我们应该赋予它以某种优势，以胜过一批不同的竞争者或敌人。

25.因此，试图在我们的想象之中赋予某种形式以胜过另一种形式的一些优势，这样的意愿是良好的。我们很可能无法举出哪怕一个例子，以便于我们知道该做什么才能获得成功。这就使我们确信，我们对所有生物的相互关系一无所知；这是一种必要的信念，因为要获得这种信念似乎是困难的。我们所能做到的是，时刻记住：每一种生物都在努力以几何比率增加；每种生物在其生命的某一时期、一年中的某一季节、每一世代或间隔期间，都必须进行生存竞争，还要遭受巨大的毁灭。当想到这种竞争的时候，我们或许可以用充分的信念来安慰自己，即自然界的战争不是无休无止的，任何恐惧都是感觉不到的，一般说来死亡是迅速的，而强壮、健康和幸运的生物则可生存下去并繁衍后代。

自然选择

1.上一章极简短论述的生存斗争是如何在变异方面起作用呢？我们看到的在人类手中那么有效的选择原则能够应用到自然界中去吗？我认为我们将看到它能够极其有效地起作用。让我们记住，家养生物有无数奇异的特性，而处于自然状态下的生物，其变异程度则较低；还要记住遗传的倾向有多么强。在家养条件下，也许可以确切地说，整个机体组织在某种程度上是适应环境变化的。让我们记住，所有生物的相互关系对于彼此之间以及对于其生存的物质条件来说是多么复杂无穷而密切相关。对人类有利的变异无疑是已经发生了，那么，在伟大而复杂的生存竞争中，在某种方式上对生物有利的其他变异，在千万代的过程中是否有时也会发生，这种想法是否不可能？如果的确发生了这样的事，那我们是否能够怀疑（记住产生出来的个体要比可能活下去的多得多），与其他个体相比具有优势——哪怕这优势很小——的个体也许会有最佳的生存机会并且繁殖后代吗？另一方面，我们可以确信，任何最小程度的有害变异都可能遭到无情毁灭。这种保留有利变异和拒绝有害变异的过程，我称之为“自然选择”。既无用又无害的变异可能不会受到自然选择的影响，它们可能成为波动成分，正如我们在所谓多态性的物种中所看到的那样。

2.我们应该对正在经历某种自然变化（如气候变化）的乡间进行研究，从而极好地理解自然选择的大概过程。那里生物的比例数可能几乎立即发生变化，某些物种也许就灭绝了。从我们看到的每块土地上，生物都以密切而复杂的方式聚集在一起，由此我们可以得出结论，某些生物在数值比例方面独立于气候变化本身的任何变化，都可能极其严重地影响到其他许多生物。如果这块地方的边界是开放的，那么就可能有新的物种形式迁入，而此种情况很可能严重干扰若干原有生物的关系。让

我们记住，从外面仅仅引进一个树种或一头哺乳动物，其影响有多么强大。但是，如果适应性较强的新类型不能自由地进入某个小岛或者一块部分包围起来的地方，就此来说，如果原先栖息在那里的生物有了某种方式的改变，那么在自然结构中的一些位置就会得到更适合的填补；因为，如果这块地方可以自由迁入，那么同样的位置可能就被入侵者占领了。在这种情况下，在时间流逝过程中偶然发生的每一个微小改变，而且这种改变以任何方式使物种中任何个体更好地适应已经变化的条件，从而有利于这些个体，那么，这样的变异往往可能保存下来；这样自然选择就可能在改进工作方面有了自由发挥的余地。

3.我们有理由认为，【……】生存条件的改变特别作用于生殖系统，引起或增加变异性；在上文所说的例子中，假定生存条件已经经历了变化，而这种变化给予有利变异的发生以较好机会，从而显然对自然选择有利；而除非的确发生了有利变异，否则自然选择是做不了什么的。如我所相信的那样，并不需要极其大量的变异性；正如人类肯定能够通过在任何既定方向仅仅积累个体差异而产生巨大的结果一样，自然界也能这样做，只是比人类要容易得多，因为自然界可以自由支配的时间无比悠长。实际上我也认为不需要任何巨大的物理变化，如气候变化或者任何程度不寻常、用以阻止迁移的隔绝手段，产生新的或闲置的位置，以便自然选择通过修正与改进某些变异中的生物来填充这些位置。因为每个地区的所有生物都在以精确平衡的各种力量进行竞争，某种生物结构或习性上极其微小的变化时常都可能给它以胜过其他生物的优势；同样，进一步的改变可能进一步增加这种优势。不能说有任何一块地方如今所有本土生物都已经极完美地彼此适应了，极完美地适应了它们于其中生活的物质条件，因此它们之中没有哪一种还可能有任何改进；因为在所有地方，迄今本土生物总是被驯化的生物打败，让外来者坚定地占有这个地方。由于外来者在所有地方打败了一些本土生物，我们可以确有把握地下结论：本土生物也许已经发生了有利变异，以便更好地抵抗这类入侵者。

4.人类能够而且肯定已经通过系统而无意识的选择手段得到伟大的成果，因此，自然界为什么不能起作用呢？人类只能在外部和可见的性状上起作用：自然界不关心外表，除非外表可能对任何生物有用。自然界能够作用于每个内部器官、各种微小的构造差异、整个生命体系。人类只选择对自己有好处的东西；自然界只为其照管的生物得益而进行选择。每一个选中的性状都由自然界进行充分演练；而且此生物被安置到非常适宜的生存条件之下。人类在同一块地方保留不同气候下的本土生物；人类能以某种特殊而适合的方式训练每一种选中的性状；人类用同样的食物饲养长喙和短喙的鸽子；人类并不以任何特殊方式训练长背或长腿的四足动物；人类使长毛和短毛的羊暴露在同样的气候之下。人类不允许最强壮的雄性去争夺雌性。人类并不严格地消灭所有劣等动物，却在每个不同的季节里尽其所能地保护所有的生物。人类时常从某种半畸形的类型开始进行选择；或者至少从足以吸引其目光的某种变异开始选择，或者选择显然对人类有利的变异。在自然状态下，结构或构造上最微小的差异都可能打破生存竞争的精密平衡，并且就这样保存下来了。人类的愿望与努力是多么短暂！人类的生命是多么短促！因此，与自然界在整个地质时代积累的产出相比，人类的产出将是多么不足称道。自然界的产出在性状上远比人类的产出更为“真实”；它们更能无限地适应最复杂的生存条件，而且显然带有高明得多的技巧的印记；对此，我们难道会感到惊奇吗？

5.可以说自然选择每日每时都在仔细审视着整个世界的每一个变异，甚至是最微小的变异；自然界拒绝坏的变异，保存并且积累所有好的变异；无论何时何地，只要机会出现，就默默地不知不觉地工作着，以改进生物与其有机无机生存条件之间的关系。我们看不见这些缓慢变异的过程，直到时间之手标记出时间的漫长流逝，而我们对于已经过去的长期地质年代知之甚少，使得我们只能看到现在的生命类型与它们以往的形式各不相同。

6.尽管自然选择只能通过每一种生物进行，并且只是为了每一种生物的好处而进行选择，但我们倾向于认为重要性不值一提的生物特征与结构，自然选择却可能对之发生作用。我们看到吃树叶的昆虫是绿色的，吃树皮的昆虫是斑驳灰色的；高山松鸡到冬季是白色的，红松鸡是石南花色的，而黑松鸡是泥煤色的。我们必须相信，这些颜色是保护这些昆虫和鸟类避免危险的。松鸡如果不在其一生的某个时期被杀，就会增加到无数；我们知道食肉鸟大量捕食松鸡；老鹰凭借视力捕杀猎物——鹰的视力非常锐利，欧洲大陆某些地方的人因而受到告诫不要饲养白色鸽子，因为白色鸽子最容易遭到捕杀。因此我看不到有任何理由怀疑自然选择也许在这件事上极其有效：给予各种松鸡以合适的颜色，它们一旦获得这种颜色，大自然就使这种颜色保持纯正不变。我们也不应该认为，具有某种特殊颜色的动物偶然遭到毁灭，其产生的后果可能很小：我们应该记得，在一个白色羊群中消灭掉每一头略带黑色的羊有多么重要。说到植物，植物学家认为，果实上的短绒毛和果肉的颜色是极不重要的性状：但是我们听到优秀的园艺学家唐宁[12]说过，在美国，表皮光滑的果实受一种叫象鼻虫的甲虫的危害远比果皮带绒毛的要大得多；紫色李子受某种病害的程度远比黄色李子更深；但是另外一种疾病对于黄色果肉桃子的伤害远远大于对其他颜色果肉的桃子。如果在各种技术的帮助之下，这些微小的差异在培育出好几个品种方面产生巨大差异，在自然状态下，一些树木肯定不得不与其他树木以及一大群敌害进行竞争，无论是果皮光滑的还是有绒毛的、果肉黄色还是紫色的，这类差异就可能有效地决定哪一个品种应该取得成功。

7.在我们的无知所许可我们进行判断的范围以内，物种之间的许多微小差异看来似乎并不重要，但我们在观察这些差异时，一定不要忘记气候、食物等等很可能产生若干微小而直接的影响。然而，必须记住：存在有许多与生长相关的未知法则，如果生物体系的一部分通过变异而得到修正，而这种修正被自然选择为该生物的好处而积累起来，就会引起其他修正，在这种情况下，这类修正具有最令人感到意外的性质。

8.如我们所看到的那样，那些在家养情况下在生命的任何特殊时期出现的变异，往往在其后代生命的同一时期再次出现——例如，在许多品种的蔬菜与农作物的种子里；在许多品种的家蚕的毛虫期和作茧期；在家禽的蛋中，以及在雏禽羽毛的颜色中；在家养的牛羊接近成年期的时候——所以，在自然状态下积累这一时期的有利变异，并且将这些变异在相应时期遗传下去，自然选择因这种做法而能在任何时期对生物起作用并令其改变。如果大自然让某种植物的种子被风吹送得越来越远，那么我认为，如此这般地受到自然选择的影响，其困难不会大于植棉者选择棉株荚果里的棉绒而增加并且改进棉花。自然选择可能改进某种昆虫的幼虫并且使之适应20种意外事故，这种情况与昆虫的成虫所遇到过的完全不同。这些变异通过相互关系的法则无疑会影响到成虫的结构；而且以那些生命只有几个小时且从不进食的昆虫而论，它们结构中的一大部分很可能仅仅是其幼虫结构连续改变而产生相互关系的结果。所以，反过来说，成虫的变异很可能常常影响到其幼虫的结构；但在任何情况下，自然选择都将保证生命在不同时期随其他变异发生的变异不应有任何程度的害处：因为如果这些变异有害，就可能导致该物种的灭绝。

9.自然选择会根据亲体情况改进幼体结构，也会根据幼体情况改进亲体结构。在群居动物中，自然能使每个个体的结构适应整体的利益；只要每一个体由于被选中的变异而得益。自然选择做不到的是，为了另外物种得益而改进某个物种的结构，却不给它任何好处；虽然可能在博物学著作中找到带有这种意思的说法，我却找不到任何一个经得起追究的案例。动物一生中仅用过一次的结构，如果对该动物极为重要，则自然选择就会对这种结构作出任何程度的改进；例如，某些昆虫具有的、专门用于破茧的大颚——或者是孵化中的雏鸟用来啄破蛋壳的喙的坚硬尖端。有人曾经断言，最好的短喙翻头鸽死在蛋里的多于能够破壳而出的；所以养鸽迷们要在孵化过程中予以帮助。现在，如果大自然为了鸟本身的好处而不得不使发育完全的鸽子的喙很短，那么，这种改进的过

程可能很缓慢，同时还可能对还在蛋里的雏鸽进行最严格的选择，这种雏鸽具有最强健、最坚硬的喙，因为长着软喙的所有雏鸽都会不可避免地死亡：或者就会选中蛋壳脆弱易破的，因为我们知道蛋壳的厚度就像其他所有结构一样，是不同的。

10.性选择。在家养情况下，某些特性时常见于一种性别并且附着于这一性别而遗传下去，在自然状态下，同样的事实也很可能发生，如果是这样的话，自然选择将能够改变一种性别与另一性别的机能关系，或者在涉及两种性别完全不同的生活习性方面对一种性别进行改变，正像有时在昆虫中的例子一样。这使我对我所谓的“性选择”再略作阐述。这种情况不取决于生存竞争，而取决于雄性之间为争夺雌性而进行的竞争；其结果不是竞争失利者的死亡，而是少留后代或竟不留后代。因此，性选择不如自然选择那样严苛。一般说来，生命力最旺盛的雄性，就是那些最能适应其在自然界中的位置的，它们将留下最多的后代。但是在许多例子中，胜利不取决于一般的强壮，而取决于只限于雄性拥有的特殊武器。没有角的雄鹿和没有距的公鸡留下后代的机会可能是很少的。总是允许胜者繁殖的性选择一定会赋予其不屈的勇气、赋予距以长度、赋予翅膀以拍击带距脚的力量，就像野蛮的斗鸡者所做的那样，斗鸡者很清楚，选择最好的公鸡就能改进品种。我不知道在大自然的等级中这种搏斗法则能下降到多低；人们曾经描述雄性短吻鳄为争夺雌性而战斗、吼叫、旋转，就像战舞中的印第安人一样；人们曾经看到雄性鲑鱼整天战斗；雄性鹿角甲虫时常因其他雄性的巨型大颚而带着伤痕。多配偶雄性动物之间的战争也许是最为激烈的，而且这些动物似乎时常配备有特殊武器。雄性食肉动物已经很好地武装起来了；但是对于它们或者其他动物来说，通过性选择可能得到的特殊防御手段，如狮子的鬣毛、公猪的肩垫和雄鲑鱼的钩曲颚；因为就获胜而论，盾牌可能和剑或矛一样重要。

11.在鸟类中，斗争时常以比较和平的性质出现。研究过这个问题

的人都认为，在许多鸟类的雄性之间，最激烈的竞争是用歌唱打动雌鸟。圭亚那的矶鸫、极乐鸟以及其他一些鸟类聚集在一起；雄鸟相继展示华丽的羽毛并且在雌鸟面前作出古怪的姿态，而雌鸟站在一旁观看，最后选择最具吸引力的伴侣。曾经密切注意过笼中鸟的人都知道它们时常各有好恶：R.赫伦爵士因此而描述过一只杂色孔雀对其所有雌孔雀具有多么不同寻常的吸引力。将任何影响都归因于这类显然不具有说服力，这种做法可能显得幼稚：在这里我不能提供必要的细节来证明这种观点；但是如果人类能够按照其审美标准，在短时间内赋予矮脚鸡优雅姿态与美丽，那我就没有理由怀疑雌性矮脚鸡根据其审美标准，在成千世代期间选择音调最优美或最漂亮的雄性之后，也许会产生出一种明显的结果。我充分怀疑某些众所周知的法则：与雏鸟的羽毛相比，可以解释说雄鸟和雌鸟的羽毛主要是通过性选择而改进的，这种改进发生在繁殖期或者在繁殖季节；如此产生的改进可以在相应年龄或相应季节，单单通过雄性或者通过雌雄两性遗传下去；但我在这里没有篇幅来论述这个问题。

12.这样，正如我所认为的一样，任何动物的雌雄两性都具有同样的一般生活习性，但在结构、颜色或装饰上有所不同，差异主要是由性选择造成的；那就是说，个体雄性在连续世代中有若干超过其他雄性的优势，如在其武器、防御手段或吸引力方面；并且把这些优势遗传给了雄性后代。但是，我不愿意把所有这类性别差异都归因于这种作用：因为我们看到家畜有出现特殊性状并且附着于雄性的现象（如雄性个体的垂肉、某些雄性家禽的角状隆起等），我们不能认为这类性状有利于雄性战斗，也不能认为有利于吸引雌性。我们看到自然界中的类似例子，例如火鸡胸上的毛丛，这种毛丛对火鸡来说既无用处也不起装饰作用——的确，如果家禽出现这种毛丛，就应叫作畸形。

13.自然选择的作用。为了说清楚自然选择是如何起作用的，必须允许我在这里举出一或两个想象的例子。以狼为例，狼捕食多种动物，

有些用诡计获取，有些凭借力量，有些则靠快速；我们假设最快速的猎物，比如鹿，由于所在地域的任何变化而数量增加，或者在狼最难获取食物的季节里，其他猎物数量减少。在这类情况下，我没有理由怀疑最迅速、最瘦削的狼可能有最好的生存机会，并且因此而保存下来或者被自然选中——假设在这一季节或者这一年的其他时期，它们一直保存了捕食猎物的体力，其时它们也许被迫猎食其他动物。人们在没有想到改进品种的情况下试图保存最好的狗，于是人类就能够因仔细而系统、或者无意识地选择而提高猎狗的快速程度，由此，我看不出有任何其他理由怀疑这种结果。

14.即使狼获取猎物的比例数没有任何改变，幼狼也可能天生就有追逐某种猎物的先天倾向。我们时常观察到家畜的自然倾向有很大差异，所以我们不能认为这是不大可能的；例如有的猫爱捕捉大鼠，有的爱捕捉小鼠；照圣约翰先生的说法，有一只猫将有翅膀的猎物带回了家，另外一只猫将野兔或家兔带回家，还有一只猫则在沼泽地捕猎并且几乎夜夜抓获山鹬或丘鹬。据悉，捕捉大鼠而不是小鼠的倾向是遗传下来的。现在，如果习性或结构上的任何先天的微小变化有利于某头狼，这头狼就会有最好的机会生存下来并且留下后代。这头狼的若干幼狼很可能继承了同样的习性或结构，多次重复这一过程以后，也许会形成新的品种——不是取代是与其亲本类型共存。再要不然，在山区栖息的狼以及那些时常光顾低地的狼就可能自然而然地被迫捕食不同的猎物；由于持续保存最适应这两个地方的个体，也许就会慢慢地形成两个品种。这些品种可能在相遇时杂交和混合；但我们很快就会回到有关杂交的主题。我也许可以加一句，根据皮尔斯先生的说法，在美国的卡茨基尔群山之中栖息着狼的两个品种，一种有像猎狗那样轻便的身躯，是捕捉鹿的；另外一种身躯较大、腿较短，经常攻击牧人的羊群。

15.我们现在来看一个比较复杂的例子。某些植物分泌甜液显然是为了排除树液里的有害物质：某些豆科植物托叶底部的腺体就起这种作

用，月桂叶背上的腺体也分泌这种汁液。这种汁液虽然量少，却是昆虫贪婪地寻求的对象。现在我们假设一朵花的花瓣基部内侧少量分泌这种甜液。在这种情况下，寻求这种甜液的昆虫可能沾上花粉，而且肯定时常把花粉从一朵花带到另外一朵花的柱头上去。同种的两个不同个体的花就这样产生了杂交；而且我们有很好的理由相信（正如后文将充分提到的那样），这种杂交行为可能产生相当茁壮的幼苗，这种幼苗因而可能有最好的机会繁荣昌盛并且存活下来。这些幼苗中的一部分很可能继承了分泌甜液的能力。那些具有最大的腺体或蜜管并且分泌最多花蜜的个体花朵可能最常受到昆虫的拜访，且可能最常杂交；所以长期说来可能占上风。那些雄蕊和雌蕊的位置与来访的独特昆虫的大小与习性相合，从而在任何程度上方便其花粉在花间传递的花朵，就也可能受益或被自然选择选中。我们也不妨举因收集花粉而不是花蜜而拜访花朵的昆虫为例；由于花粉只是为了繁殖这个唯一目标而形成的，花粉遭到破坏对于植物来说，似乎只是损失；但是如果少量花粉先是偶然地后是经常被吃花粉的昆虫从一朵花带到另外一朵花，而且从而发生杂交，那么，尽管十分之九的花粉遭到破坏，这对于植物来说也许还是巨大的好处；那些越来越多地生产花粉、有更大的花粉囊的花朵可能被自然选择选中。

16.越来越具吸引力的花朵经历了持续保存或自然选择的过程之后，变得非常能够吸引昆虫，这时，昆虫方面可能无意地定期在花朵之间传递花粉；我可以轻易地举出许多显著的例子，说明昆虫传递花粉的工作是极其有效的。我只给出一个例子——不是非常惊人，但也能说明植物性别分化中的一个步骤，这件事我们现在就要提到了。某些冬青树只开雄花，花中有四个雄蕊，产生相当少的花粉，还有一个没有发育好的雌蕊；其他冬青树只开雌花；这些冬青树有充分发育的雌蕊，还有四个雄蕊，但花粉囊已经萎缩，其中找不到一粒花粉。我在距离一棵雄树恰好60码的地方发现了一棵雌树，于是我将不同枝头上的20朵花的柱头放在显微镜下，发现所有柱头上无一例外地都有花粉粒，而且某些柱头

上有过量的花粉。几天以来，风都是从雌树吹向雄树，因此花粉不可能由此传递。天气一直寒冷而且风狂雨骤，对蜜蜂是不利的，纵然如此，我所检验的每一朵雌花都经由为寻求花蜜而在树间往来、偶然沾上了花粉的蜜蜂而成功受精。但是回到我们想象的例子来吧：一旦植物由于能够极大地吸引昆虫，使花粉在花朵间定期传递，另外一个过程也许就开始了。博物学家都不怀疑所谓“生理分工”的好处；由此我们可以认为，只在一朵花或一株树上长雄蕊，而另外一朵花或另外一株树只长雌蕊，这对植物来说是有好处的。处于栽培状态下或者被安置到新的生存条件下的植物，有时其雄性器官、有时其雌性器官或多或少变得不育；现在如果我们假设在自然条件下这种情况极少发生，那么由于花粉已经在花间定期传递，而且根据分工原则，植物性别更加全面地分离可能是有利的，有这种倾向的个体数量越来越多，这种个体就可能持续得益或持续被选中，直到最后实现两性完全分化。

17.现在让我们转向我们想象例子中的食花蜜昆虫：可以假设我们通过持续选择缓慢增加花蜜的植物是一株普通植物；一些昆虫主要以其花蜜为食。我可以举出许多事实，说明蜜蜂是多么急于节省时间；例如，蜜蜂的习性是在某些花朵基部咬出洞来吸食花蜜，但只要多麻烦一点蜜蜂就能进入花的口部。明白了这一事实，我认为没有理由怀疑我们因其太微小而没有意识到的随机偏差，如身体的大小和形状，或是管状吻的曲度和长度等等，也许会对蜜蜂或其他昆虫有利，因而有如此特征的个体有可能更快地得到食物，从而有更好的机会生存并留下后代。其后代很可能继承了一种倾向，即结构发生类似的微小改变。红三叶草和肉色三叶草花冠管的长度粗粗一看没有什么分别；但是蜜蜂能够轻易地吸吮肉色三叶草的花蜜，却吸不到红三叶草的，而红三叶草只有土蜂才去拜访；所以遍布田野的红三叶草虽然向蜜蜂大量提供宝贵的花蜜，却是徒劳无益。如此说来，如果蜜蜂具有稍微长一点或者结构不同的管状吻，就可能大大得益。另一方面，我根据实验发现，三叶草的繁殖极大地依赖于蜜蜂的来访和花冠的可动部分把花粉推向柱头表面。因此，如

果土蜂在任何地方变得数量稀少，那么，红三叶草的花冠如果有较短或裂痕更深的管子，以便蜜蜂访问它的花，就有可能大大得益。这样我就能够理解花和蜂如何通过持续保存体现了共同利益并略为有利的结构差异，同时或先后缓慢地修正并且以最完美的方式彼此适应。

18.我很清楚，用上述想象的例子说明自然选择学说会遭到反对，正如查尔斯·莱尔[13]爵士关于“地球近代的变化可以用来解说地质学”这样杰出的观点起初遭到反对一样；但是，如果将海岸波浪的作用应用到巨大深谷的开凿或形成排列最长的内陆峭壁上，我们就很少听到有人认为这是琐碎或不重要的原因。自然选择只能通过保存和累积有利于被保存生物的每一个微小遗传变异来起作用；而且正如近代地质学已经几乎排除了一次大洪水的波浪就能凿成大山谷的观点那样，如果自然选择是正确的法则，它也就能排除持续创造新的生物的信念，或生物结构能发生任何巨大而突然变异的信念。

【……】

19.有利于自然选择的环境。这是极其复杂的主题。大量可遗传和多样化的变异是有利的，但是我认为仅仅是个体差异就足以完成这件工作了。大量个体因得到更好的机会而得以在任何特定时期内出现有利变异，从而能够对每一个体较少的变异作出补偿，而且我认为这是取得成功的一个极其重要的因素。大自然虽然给自然选择的工作以漫长的时间，但时间并不是无限的；因为可以说，由于每种生物都在大自然结构中力争每一个位置，如果任何物种不在与其竞争者相应的程度上改良和改进，它就会很快灭绝。

20.在人类的系统选择中，育种者为了某个明确的目标进行选择，而自由杂交将使其工作完全陷于停顿。但如果许多人在没有打算改变品种的情况下，有了一个关于完美的接近共同的标准，并且都试图得到最优良的动物且用于繁殖，这样，尽管大量出现与劣等动物杂交的现象，

却肯定会在这种无意识的选择过程之后缓慢地达到大量地改进与修正。大自然也会这样；因为在有限的地区之内，其结构中有若干位置并未像理应如此的那样被完全占据，这时，尽管保存的程度不等，自然选择将总是倾向于保存向着正确方向变异的所有个体，以便更好地填满那未经占据的位置。但是如果这一地区很大，其中的几个区域几乎肯定会呈现不同的生存条件；那么，如果自然选择正在修正与改进几个区域内的同一物种，就要在各区域的边界与同一物种的其他个体杂交。自然选择总是倾向于以完全一样、适应其各自条件的方式改进每一区域的所有个体。在此情况下，很难抵消杂交的影响；因为在连绵不断的地区，一般说来各种条件会随着区域不同而以不易觉察的方式逐渐消逝。杂交最能影响那些每次生育必须结合、流动性强、生育不频繁的动物。所以具有这种天性的动物，如鸟类，通常各品种只限于与外界隔离的地区；我认为情况正是如此。仅仅偶然杂交的雌雄同体的动物，以及每次生育必须结合、流动性差、能够相当迅速地增加数量的动物，也许能够在任何地方迅速形成改良的品种，也许常能在那里聚集成群，这样无论发生什么杂交都可能主要是在同样的新品种的个体之间进行。本地品种一旦如此形成之后，随后也许就缓慢地散布到其他区域。根据上述原理，园丁总是宁愿从大群同一品种的植物中留种，因为这样一来，与其他品种杂交的机会就减少了。

21.即使是繁殖缓慢、每次生育必须结合的动物，我们也一定不要过高估计杂交在阻碍自然选择方面的作用；因为我能够举出相当多的事例，表明在同一地区内，同一动物的品种可以长期保持其独特性，这是因为它们出没于不同地点、繁殖季节略有不同或者是同一品种动物宁愿彼此交配的缘故。

22.在保持同一物种或同一品种的个体性状纯粹与一致上，杂交在大自然中起着相当重要的作用。对于那些每次生育都必须结合的动物来说，杂交对它们起的作用显然远为有效；但是我已经试图表明，我们有

理由认为，所有动物、所有植物偶尔都会杂交。即使间隔很长，我也认为如此产生出来的幼体在体力与繁殖力方面都将胜过长期持续近亲繁殖所产生的后代，而且它们将有更好的机会生存与繁殖；这样，长期说来，即使偶尔杂交一次，其影响也将是巨大的。如果现有生物永不杂交，那么只要生存条件不变，就只有通过遗传原理，以及通过消灭任何偏离固有类型的性状的自然选择，它们性状的一致性才能保留下来；但是如果它们的生存条件发生了变化，并且它们经历了改进，性状的一致性就只能通过保存相同的有利变异的自然选择，传给它们经过改良的后代。

23.与外界隔绝在自然选择过程中也是重要因素。在一块被包围起来或者与外界隔绝的地区，如果范围有限，一般来说有机和无机的生存条件在很大程度上通常是一致的；所以自然选择将倾向于使该地区内一个正在变异的物种的所有个体，按照与同样生存条件有关的同样方式进行变异。否则原本栖息在环境不同的周边地区、同一物种个体间的杂交将受到阻止。但是与外界隔绝的情况在经历了任何自然变化，如气候或陆地上升等等之后，很可能在阻止更能适应的生物迁入方面更加有效地起作用；这样，本地自然结构里的新位置就空了出来，原有生物就通过改进其结构与构造适应新的自然条件，对空位进行争夺。最后，与外界隔绝的状况阻止迁入从而阻止竞争，这种做法将给予任何新品种以时间，以便其缓慢改进；这种情况在产生新物种方面有时可能是重要的。然而，如果一块与外界隔离的地区很小，由于被障碍物围住，或者具有相当特殊的物质条件，则该地区所支持的个体总数必定很少；而个体数目少，减少了有利变异出现的机会，将大大妨碍自然选择产生新物种。

24.如果我们转向自然界来测试这些说法的真实性，并且着眼于任何与外界隔离的小区域，如海岛，尽管我们会发现在这海岛上生存的物种总数很少，【……】但在这些物种之中，有相当大的比例是本地特有的——也就是说，它们只在那里产生，其他任何地方都没有。因此，初

看之下，海岛似乎非常有利于产生新的物种。但是这样一来，我们就可能大大欺骗了自己，因为要肯定一块与外界隔离的小地区，或者像大陆一样开放的大地区，是否对产生新物种极其有利，我们就应该在相等时间内作比较；而这是我们做不到的。

25.我虽然不怀疑隔离在产生新物种方面至关重要，但总的来说，我倾向于认为地域的广阔更为重要，特别是在产生物种方面，地域广阔，才能产出历时久而散布广的物种。在整个开放的大地区，不但该地区所支持的同一物种的大量个体有更好的机会产生有利变异，而且由于已经存在大量物种，生存条件极度复杂；如果许多这些物种得到改良与改进，其他物种就不得不相应地改进，不然就会被灭绝。每一种新类型一旦得到很大改进，就能散布到开放又相连的地区，从而进入与其他许多物种的竞争行列。因此将形成更多的新位置，在大片土地上争夺新位置的竞争将比在小而封闭的地区更加严酷。此外，由于地层的振荡，广阔地区现在虽然相连，却时常以破裂的状态存在，所以与外界隔离所产生的良好效果，一般情况下会在某种程度上与之同时发生。最后，我的结论是，尽管封闭的狭小区域很可能在某些方面极有利于产生新的物种，但物种改良的过程一般在广大区域内更加迅速；更为重要的是，在广大区域产生、已经胜过许多竞争者的新类型将是那些分布最广的、将产生多数新品种和物种，并且将在改变生物界的历史上发挥重要作用的物种。

26.我们也许能根据这些观点，理解关于地理分布的某些事实【……】；例如，较小的大洋洲上的生物，过去和现在也显然不如较大的欧亚地区的生物。所以，在各海岛上大量归化的正是大陆生物。在小岛上，生存竞争的严酷程度较低，灭绝也比较少。因此我们就可以理解，根据奥斯瓦德·希尔[14]的说法，为什么马德拉[15]的植物区系与欧洲已经灭亡的第三纪植物区系相似。所有的淡水盆地加在一起，与海洋或陆地相比只是一个小的区域；因此，淡水生物之间的竞争将不及其他地

方激烈；新类型的形成将更加缓慢，而旧类型的灭绝也更加缓慢。正是在淡水里我们发现了硬鳞鱼的7个属，硬鳞鱼是一度占优势的一个目：我们还在淡水里发现了现在世界上已知的形状最反常的若干种动物，如鸭嘴兽和肺鱼，它们像化石一样，与目前在自然等级中广泛分布的目有着一定程度的联系。这些形状反常的动物几乎可以被称为活化石；由于栖息在封闭区域里，以及遭遇的竞争不那么严酷，它们活到了今天。

27.在这极其复杂的主题所许可的范围内，我们总结一下有利和不利于自然选择的各种环境。我的结论是，展望未来，对于陆栖生物来说，将很可能经历多次地层振荡、从而在长时期内以破裂状态存在的广大的大陆地区，将是最有利于产生许多新的生命类型的地区，这些新类型既可能长久地生存，也可能广泛地分布。因为这块地区首先将作为大陆存在，在此期间大陆上的生物个体与种类数目繁多，将经受非常严酷的竞争。大陆因下沉而变成各自分离的大岛时，每个岛上仍有同一物种的许多个体存在：在每一物种分布的边界上，杂交因此而受阻：经过任何物理变化以后，迁入被阻止，所以每个岛上自然结构中的新位置将不得不通过原有生物的改进而得到填充；各岛上的品种也会有时间充分改进并臻于完美。如果由于重新发生地面上升，各岛重新汇聚为大陆地区，那就又会有激烈竞争：得益最多或改进了的品种将得以分布开来：改进较少的类型就会大量灭绝，而在这块重新形成的大陆上，各种生物的比例数将再次改变；并且再次出现适合的场所，供自然选择进一步改进生物，从而产生新的物种。

28.我完全承认，自然选择总是极其缓慢的。自然选择的作用取决于自然结构中的位置，最好可以由本地正在经历某种改进的若干生物占据这些位置。这类位置的存在时常取决于自然变化，而自然变化一般是很慢的，还取决于更好地适应了的类型迁入受到抑制。但是自然选择的作用还很可能更经常地取决于若干生物的缓慢变异；其他生物中有许多的相互关系因此而受到干扰。除非出现有利的变异，否则什么都不会受

影响，而变异本身似乎总是个相当缓慢的过程。自由杂交往往大大地延缓这一过程。许多人将声称，其中一些原因足够阻止自然选择的作用了。我不这样看。另一方面，我的确认为，自然选择总是相当缓慢地行动，通常只在长时间的间隔才出现，并且一般只见于同一地区、同一时间为数不多的几种生物。我还认为，这一相当缓慢、断断续续的自然选择作用，与地质学告诉我们的地球生物业已经历过变化的速率与方式是完全一致的。

29.自然选择的过程尽管缓慢，但如果说力量薄弱的人类由于人工选择的力量而能够大有作为，那么，我认为，变化的数量、所有生物之间相互适应的美妙与无限复杂性没有什么限制，生物相互之间的关系既有个体之间的，也有与它们生存的物质条件之间的，这种相互关系将因自然选择长时间的作用而受到影响。

30.灭绝。灭绝这个主题将在讨论地质学的章节[16]更加充分地论述；但我必须在这里谈到它，因为灭绝与自然选择有密切的关系。自然选择完全通过以某种方式保存有利的变异来起作用，这类变异因此而持续下去。但是由于所有生物都按照几何比率高速增加，每一个地区都已经充满了生物，于是，随着被选中的和得益的类型数量增加，得益少的类型则数量减少并且变得稀有。如地质学告诉我们的那样，稀少是灭绝的先驱。我们也能看到，由不多几个个体所代表的类型，遇到季节变化不定或敌害数目波动，就很可能完全灭绝。但是我们可以在这个问题上更进一步；因为随着新类型正在持续而缓慢地产生，数量上的优势必定消除殆尽，除非我们认为具体类型永远在增加，而且几乎是无止境地增加。地质学明白地告诉我们，具体类型的数目并没有无限增加过；而且我们的确能看到它们为什么不应无限增加的理由，因为自然结构中位置的数目不是无穷大的——这并不是因为我们有任何方法知道有任何地方迄今已经达到其物种的上限。任何地区都可能尚未完全填满，因为在好望角，挤在那里的植物品种比世界上任何角落的都要多，但某些外来植

物在那里驯化，据我们所知，这没有导致任何本地植物的灭绝。

31.此外，个体数目最多的物种会有最好的机会在任何特定时间内产生有利变异【……】。拥有见于记载的最大量变种或初期物种的，正是普通的物种。因此，稀有物种将在任何特定时间内并不太快地变异或改进，于是它们将因此在生存竞争中被较普通的物种已经变异了的后代打败。

32.根据这几种考虑，我认为以下情况不可避免地随之而来：新的物种随着时间推移通过自然选择而形成，其时，其他物种将越来越稀少，最后归于灭绝。与那些正在经历变异与改进的类型进行最密切竞争的类型，自然而然地受害最大。我们已经在“生存竞争”一章里看到，最密切近似的类型——同物种的各品种、同属或相近属的物种——由于具有近乎一致的结构、构造与习性，一般会在彼此之间进行最激烈的竞争。因此，每一品种或物种在其形成期间，一般对其亲缘最近的压迫最狠，并且往往消灭它们。我们看到，由于人类选择经过改进的类型，家养生物中有同样的灭绝过程。可以给出许多奇特的例子来说明牛、羊和其他动物，还有花卉的品种，是多么迅速地取代了原有、劣等的生物的。在约克郡，人们向来知道，古老的黑牛被长角牛取代，然后长角牛“被短角牛扫除”（我引用一位农业作家的话），“好像被非常危险的瘟疫洗劫了一样”。

33.性状的分歧。在我的理论中，我用这个术语指定的原则是十分重要的，我认为它能解释几个重要的事实。首先，品种，即使是特征显著的品种——如许多时候难以分类的情况所表明的那样——其彼此间的不同肯定比健全而独特的物种之间的不同少得多。纵然如此，根据我的观点，品种就是形成过程中的物种，或者如我曾经称呼它们的那样，是初期物种。那么，品种之间比较少的差异是如何积累到物种之间更大的差异的呢？这种情况经常发生，我们必须从遍布自然界、呈现明显差异

的无数物种中的大多数来进行推断；而品种作为未来的明显物种的假设原型和亲体，却呈现出不甚分明的微小差异。如我们所说的那样，仅仅有机会也许能让某一品种在某些性状方面与其亲体有所不同，这一品种的后代再次在同一性状方面与其亲体不同，但不同的程度较大；光凭这一点可能永远不能解释同种的品种之间以及同属的物种之间为何如此常见且存在巨大的差异。

34.我的一贯做法是从家养生物中一探究竟。我们将在这里找到若干类似的东西。一只喙略短的鸽子引起了养鸽者的注意；另外一位养鸽者则注意到一只喙长得多的鸽子；根据公认原则，即“养鸽者不喜欢也不愿意要中间标准，却喜欢走极端”，这两人着手（翻头鸽实际上就是这样产生的）从喙比较长或比较短的鸽子里进行挑选。我们不妨再假设，早期有某些人偏爱跑得比较快的马；另外一些人喜欢比较强壮和身躯庞大的马。早期的差异可能很微小；随着时间的推移，由于某些养马者持续选择跑得较快的马，另外的养马者则持续选择比较强壮的马，这些差异就可能越来越大，两个亚种可能就由此形成了；最后，几个世纪过去，这些亚种可能成为两个确定、独特的品种。随着差异的缓慢增大，带有中间性状的劣等动物，由于既跑不快又不很强壮，就会遭到忽视，并且倾向于消失。在这里，我们看到家养生物中可以称之为分歧原则的作用，分歧引起差异，起初是几乎领会不到的，然后稳步增长，于是品种彼此之间以及与它们的亲体之间便在性状上出现分歧了。

35.但是人们可能要问，任何类似的原理能够应用于自然界吗？我认为能够，并且的确能最有效率地应用，这是由于这种简单的境况，即任何物种的后代在结构、构造和习性上越是多样化，它们就越能更好地攫取自然结构中许多且广泛多样化的位置，从而能够增加数量。

36.我们能够在习性简单的动物身上清楚地看到这种情况。以食肉的四足动物为例，在任何能够维持其生存的地方，它们的数量很久以前

就达到了最大平均数。如果听任其天然的增长能力起作用，那么它们只能通过其不断变异的后代攫取目前由其他动物占据的位置来增加数量（那块地方的各种条件均未变化）：例如，它们之中有些个体能够以新的猎物为食，无论是死的还是活的；有些到新的地点栖息、爬树、涉水，而有些也许其食肉习性减弱。食肉类动物的结构与习性越是多样化，其后代能够占据的位置就越多。适用于一种动物的原则，任何时候都适用于所有动物——就是说，如果它们变异的话——要不然，自然选择就什么也做不成。植物也是一样。实验证明，如果在一块地上只种一种草，在一块类似的地上种好几种不同属的草，这样就能生长更多数量的植物，并且收获重量更大的干草。在同样大小的地块上，一块先种一个小麦品种，然后在另一块地上混种好几个小麦品种，其结果是同样的。因此，如果任何一个草种要继续变异，并且如果持续选择如同异种、异属草一样彼此有区别的各个品种，那么这个草种更加大量的个体，包括改进了的后代在内，都能成功地生存在同一块土地上。而且我们很清楚，草的每一物种和品种每年都在散播几乎多得数不清的种子；因此，可以说，草正在竭尽全力增加数量。因此，我不怀疑，在数千代的演变过程中，任何一个草种最为显著的品种总有最佳机会取得成功并增加数量，从而取代较不显著的品种；而当品种彼此之间截然不同时，便取得了物种的等级。

37.这一原理的正确之处在于，在许多自然情况下可以看到，最大数量的生命可以由结构的最大多样化来支持。在一个极小的区域，特别是如果这一区域可以自由迁移的话，其间个体之间的竞争必定是严酷的，我们总是发现此区域里的生物呈现高度多样化。例如，我发现一片3英尺乘4英尺大小的草地，那里多年来暴露在完全相同的条件之下，上面长有20种植物，它们属于18个属和8个目，这表明这些植物彼此之间是何等不同。在相同的小岛上植物与昆虫也是这样；淡水池塘里的情况亦复如是。农夫们发现他们能够通过轮种属于极其不同目的植物而收获最多的粮食：自然界遵循所谓同时轮种的规则。密集生存在任何一块小

土地上的动植物多数都能在那里生存（假设这片土地在性质方面没有任何特殊之处），而且可以说生物都竭尽全力以求在那里生存；但是，人们看到，只要它们进入彼此之间最激烈的竞争，结构多样化的优势，加上随之而来的习性与构造方面的差异，就决定了彼此争夺得最厉害的生物一般来说应该是属于我们称之为不同属与目的生物。

38.经人类的作用而使植物在异地驯化，亦属于同样的原理。也许有人料想过：在任何土地上成功驯化的植物一般是与本地植物密切关联的；因为人们通常认为那些植物是特地创造来适应本地条件的。人们也许还会料想，驯化的植物可能属于更加特别适应其新家的某些地点的少数类群。但是情况并非如此；阿方斯·德堪多[17]在他值得钦佩的伟大著作里说得很有道理：驯化植物与本地的属与种的数目相比，从比例上看其新属远比新种多。举一个简单的例子：在阿萨·格雷[18]博士所著的《美国北部植物志》一书的最新版里，列举了260种驯化植物，这些植物属于162个属。我们因而看到这些驯化植物具有高度多样化的性质。此外，它们在很大程度上不同于本地植物，因为在这162个属中，不少于100个属不是本地的，这样，这些州的属就有了较大比例的增加。

39.考虑了与任何地方的土生动植物竞争成功并且驯化的动植物的天性以后，我们可以大体认识到，某些本地动植物可能是如何不得不改进，以便获得胜过其他本地动植物的优势；而且我认为，我们至少可以稳妥地推论，达到新属差异程度的结构多样化对它们可能是有利的。

40.同一地区生物多样化的好处与同一个体内各器官的生理分工的好处实际上是相同的——米尔恩·爱德华兹[19]已经对这个主题作过详细阐释。任何生理学家都不会怀疑，已经习惯于只消化植物类物质或者肉类的胃能够从这些物质中吸取最多的养分。所以在任何土地的一般系统中，动植物因不同的生活习性而多样化的程度越广泛与越完美，就有越多的个体能够生存。一组结构略有多样化的动物可能很难与一组结构更

加完全地多样化的动物竞争。例如，澳洲有袋动物可以分成彼此差异不大的若干类群，如沃特豪斯[20]先生等人所指出的那样，它们不明显地代表着食肉、反刍与啮齿的哺乳类动物，人们也许可以怀疑它们是否能够成功地与这些发育良好的目竞争。我们在澳洲哺乳动物身上看到的多样化过程，处于早期不完整的发展阶段。

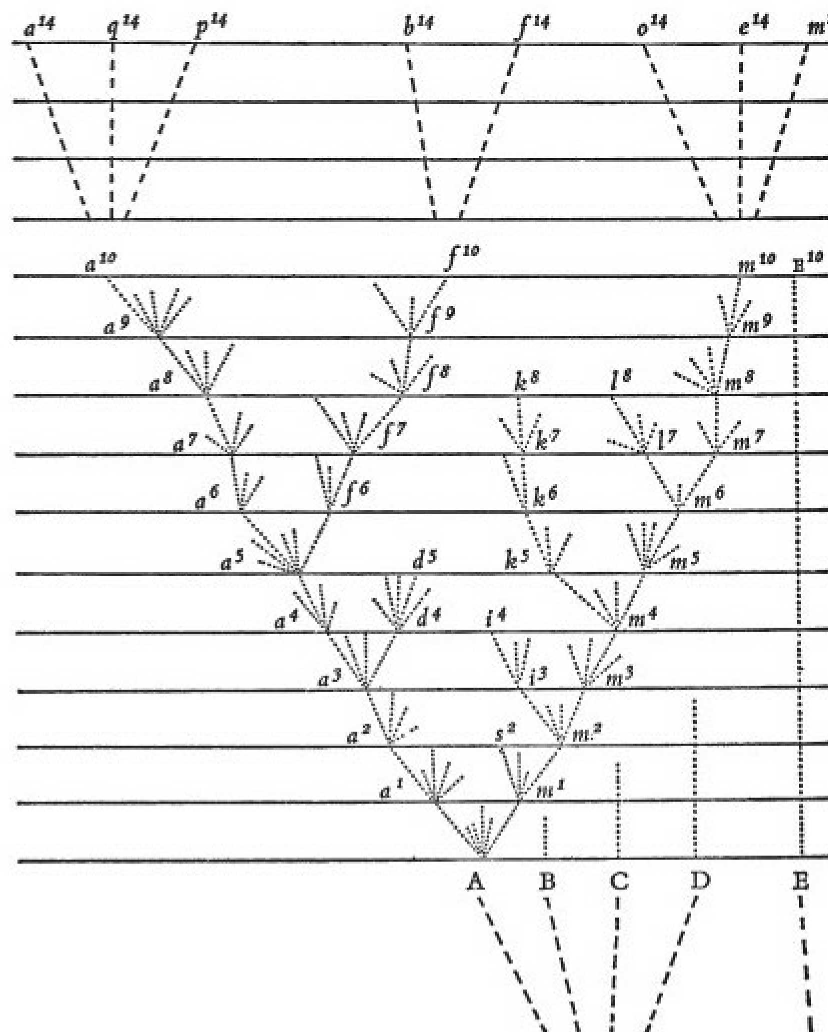
41.在进行了应该扩大范围的以上论述后，我认为，我们可以假设任何物种已经改进的后代将因其结构上的更加多样化而更能成功，并且能够侵犯其他生物占据的位置。现在让我们来看看性状分歧产生巨大利益这条原理与自然选择与灭绝原理结合之后，将会如何起作用。

42.本书所附的图表（第65—66页）有助我们理解这一相当费解的问题。假设A到L代表本地一个大属中的各个物种；这些物种程度不等地彼此类似，如同自然界里普遍呈现的情况那样，也像图表中以不同距离的字母表示。我已经说过是一个大属，因为【……】平均说来大属中的物种要比小属中的物种变异更多；而且大属中正在变异的物种代表品种的数量更多【……】。最普通和分布最广泛的物种，比罕见和分布范围受限制的物种变异更多。假定（A）是分布广泛、不断变异的普通物种，属于本地的一个大属。从（A）发出的不等长且分散的小小扇形虚线可以代表它的变异后代。假定变异极其微小，却具有极其多样化的性质；假定变异不同时发生，而是时常相隔很久以后发生；并且假定它们存在的时期也不相等。只有以某种方式发生的有利变异会被保存下来或者被大自然选中。在这里，性状分歧产生得益的原理的重要性出现了；因为一般说来，这就导致受到自然选择的保存与积累、最不相同或分歧的变异（以外侧虚线表示）。当虚线与水平线相交，在相交点就用一个编号小写字母标出，那是假定已经积累了足够变异，可以形成相当明显的品种，这类品种可认为值得记录在某个系统工作之中。

43.图表中水平线之间的每一间隔都代表一千代；但是如果每一间

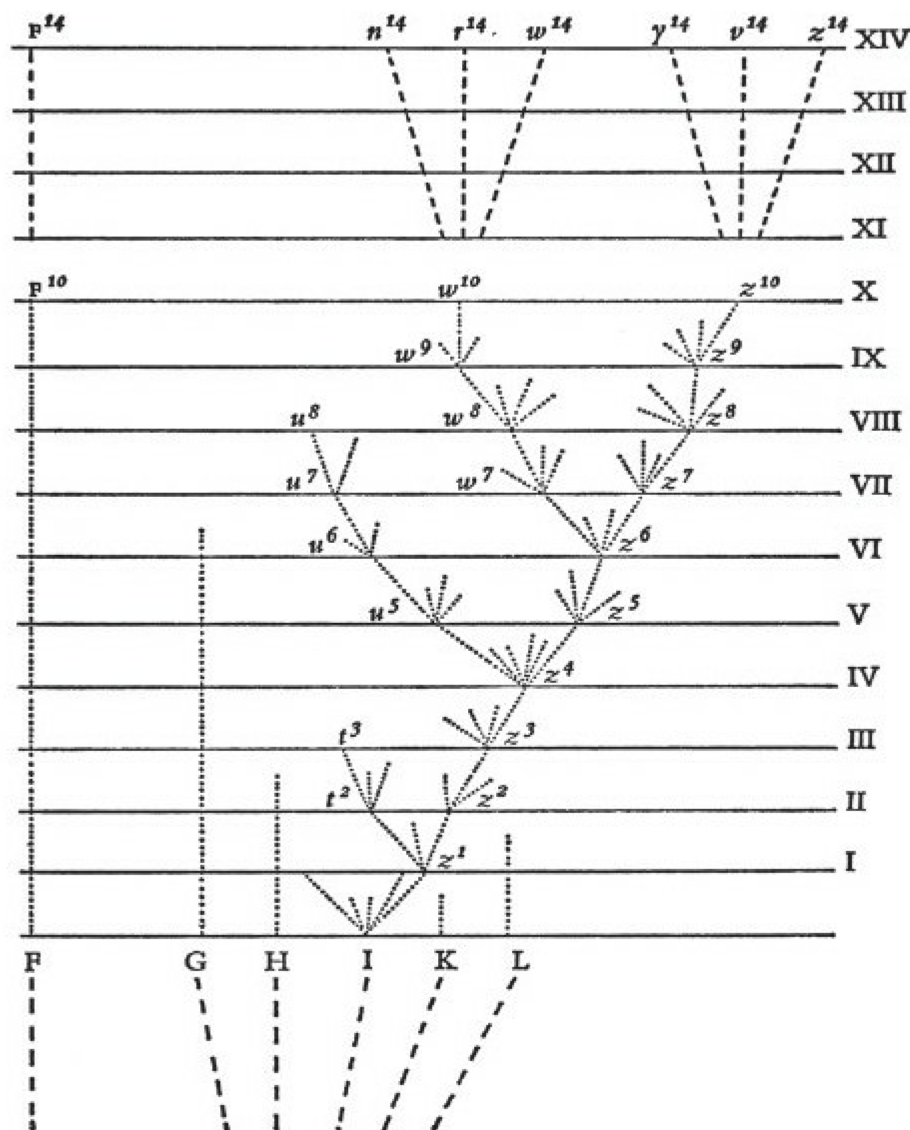
隔代表一万代可能就更好一些。过了一千代以后，假定物种（A）产生了两个相当显著的品种，即a1和m1。这两个品种一般情况下将继续处于使其亲代发生变异的同样条件之下，而且发生变异的倾向本身是遗传下来的，所以它们将倾向于变异，一般来说其变异方式几乎与其亲代相同。此外，这两个品种仅有微小的变异，因此将倾向于继承使其共同亲代（A）比同一地区多数其他生物更多的那些优势；它们也将带有那些更为普遍的优势，这种优势使其亲代所属的那一个属成为本地一个大属。而且我们知道这些条件应该是有利于产生新品种的。

44.那么，如果这两个品种是可变异的，则一般来说，其变异之中最大的分歧在此后一千代中将保存下来。过了这一千代之后，假设图表中的品种a^1产生了品种a^2，由于分歧原理，品种a^2将比品种a^1更加不同于（A）。假设品种m^1产生了两个品种，即m^2和s^2，它们彼此各不相同，而且更明显地不同于其共同亲代（A）我们可以相似的步骤将这个过程延长到任意长的时间；一些品种每隔一千代只产生一个品种，但是在越来越改进的情况下，某些品种会产生两个或三个品种，某些则未能产生任何品种。因此来自共同祖先（A）的品种或经过改进的后代，一般将继续增加数量并且在性状上发生分歧。在图表中这个过程表示到一万代，在压缩和简化的形式下则表示到一万四千代。



45.但是我必须在这里说明，我并不假设这个过程会像图表中那样有规则地进行，尽管图表本身已经多少呈现出不规则性。我毫不认为最分歧的品种必将胜出并大量繁殖：中间类型可能往往生存得长久，而且可能或不可能产生一个以上的经过改进的后代；因为自然选择总是根据未被其他生物占据、或者未被完全占据的位置的性质而起作用；而且这将取决于极其复杂的各种关系。但是作为一种普遍规则，任何一个物种的后代在结构上越有分歧，能够攫取的位置就越多，其变异的后代增加的数量也就越多。在我们的图表中，系统线以有规则间隔的方式中断，在那里标有编号小写字母，它们标志着连续的类型，而且这些类型已经非常独特，足以列为品种。但是这些中断是想象中的，也许可以插在任

何地方，只要间隔的长度允许相当数量的变异积累起来就可以。



46.所有经过改进的后代都来自一个共同且广泛分布的物种，属于一个大属，因此它们倾向于带有使其亲代在生存中取得成功的同样优势，它们一般会继续增加数量，以及在性状上出现分歧：这在图表中由（A）分出的几条虚线表示。从（A）产生、经过改进的后代，以及系统线上更加高度改进的世系分枝，很可能将时常取代从而消灭早些时候改进较少的分支：这在图表中由几条较低、没有达到水平线的分枝来表示。在某些例子中，我不怀疑改进的过程将限于单一的世系线，而后代

的数目将不增加；尽管在连续的世代中分歧变异的量可能已经增加。只要去除所有从（A）出发的线，只留下从a^1到a^{10}的，这种情况就可能在图表中表示出来。例如，英国赛马和英国指示猎犬显然都以同样的方式在性状上缓慢地产生了与其原种不同的分歧，既没有分出任何新的分支，也没有分出任何新的种族。

47.一万代以后，假设物种（A）已经产生了3种类型，即a^{10}、f^{10}和m^{10}，由于经过历代性状的分歧，彼此之间及与其祖先之间将有大的差别，但差别程度可能是不相等的。如果我们假设图表中每条水平线之间的变化量极小，那么这3种类型仍然可能只是明显的品种；要不然它们可能达到令人怀疑的亚种的类别；但是我们只需假设改进过程中的各步骤数目较多或在数量上较大，我们就能将这3种类型转换成显著的物种：这样一来，图表就表明从区别品种的小变异增加到区别物种的较大差异的过程。在更多的世代继续这同样的过程（图表中以压缩和简化的方式来展示），我们就得到了8个物种，用字母a^{14}到m^{14}来表示，它们都是（A）的后代。这样，如我所认为的那样，物种增加了，属也形成了。

48.在一个大属里，很可能有不止一个物种发生变异。我在图表中假设经过一万代以后，第二个物种（I）以类似步骤产生了两个明显的品种（w^{10}和z^{10}）或两个物种，它们是物种还是品种，要根据在水平线之间所代表的假设变化量来决定。在一万四千代以后，假设已经产生了用字母n^{14}到z^{14}标明的6个新物种。在每个属里，已经在性状上极其不同的物种，一般将倾向于产生最大数目的经过改进的后代；因为这些后代有最好的机会占据自然结构中差异很大的新位置：因此在图表中我选择了极端物种（A）与近极端物种（I）作为变异最大、已经产生了新品种和新物种的物种。我们原属里的其他9个物种（用大写字母标明）可能长期继续传下未经变化的后代；在图表中用不等长的向上虚线来表示，由于篇幅所限，这些虚线画得不够长。

49.但是在变异过程中，如图表所示，我们的另外一个原理，即灭绝原理，将起到重要的作用。如同在每一个已经充满生物的地方，自然选择必定通过选中在生存竞争中有胜过其他类型的若干优势的类型而起作用，任何一个物种经过改进的后代，将有一种不变的倾向，那就是在系统下行的每一阶段，把前辈和原有亲代排斥、灭绝掉。应该记住：在习性、构造和结构上彼此最接近的那些类型之间的竞争一般是最严酷的。因此所有处于早些时候与晚些时候状态之间的所有中间类型，即处于某个物种较少与较多改进状态之间的类型，以及最早的亲本物种本身，一般将倾向于灭绝。所以系统线上很多整枝的旁枝很可能就这样灭绝了，它们被后来、经过改进的世系所征服。然而，如果一个物种经过改进的后代进入某个截然不同的地区，或者迅速适应了某种相当新的位置，那里的子代与亲代无需进行竞争，那么两者就可能都生存。

50.如果假设我们的图表表示了相当大量的变异，物种（A）以及所有早期的品种已经灭绝，因为它们已经被8个新物种（a^{14}到m^{14}）取代了；物种（I）已经被6个新物种（n^{14}到z^{14}）所取代。

51.但是我们还可以进一步论述。假设该属的原种以不相等的程度彼此相似，如同自然界里一般出现的情况那样；物种（A）比其他物种更加接近于B、C和D；物种（I）比其他物种更加接近G、H、K和L。假设物种（A）和（I）也是相当普通、广泛分布的两个物种，所以它们原先一定具有若干胜过该属其他物种的优势。它们经过改进的后代，在第一万四千代时有14个物种，它们很可能继承了若干同样的优势：在世系的每一个阶段，它们以多样化的方式也进行了改进与改良，因而适应了其所在地的自然结构中许多有关系的位置。因此，在我看来极其可能的是，它们将占据其位置并且因而使之灭绝的，不单单是亲种（A）和（I），还有与其亲代有最密切亲缘关系的若干原种。因此，能够传到第一万四千代的原种是相当少的。我们不妨假设，在两个与其他9个原种关系最远的物种中只有一个，即（F）将后代传到世系的这一新近阶

段。

52.我们的图表中物种从原先的11个物种传下来的新物种现在是15个了。由于自然选择的分歧倾向，物种a^{14}与z^{14}之间在性状上的极端差异量远比原先的11个物种之间的最大差异量大。此外，新物种将以大为不同的方式彼此关联。在（A）的8个后代中，a^{14}、q^{14}、p^{14}由于都是最近从a^{10}分出的，所以亲缘相近；b^{14}和f^{14}由于是早些时候从a^{5}分出来的，所以将在某种程度上区别于上述3个物种；最后，o^{14}、e^{14}和m^{14}彼此亲缘相近，但是由于在变异的开端时期便有了差异，所以将大大不同于其他5个物种，并且可能构成一个亚属甚至是一个明显的属。

53.（I）的6个后代将形成两个亚属甚至是属。但是（I）作为原种与（A）是大不相同的，（I）在原属里几乎位于极端点，所以（I）的这6个后代由于遗传的缘故，与（A）的8个后代迥然不同；此外，我们假设这两组生物是向不同方向分歧的。联结原种（A）和（I）的中间物种（这是个很重要的因素），除了（F）之外都已灭绝，没有留下后代。所以（I）传下的6个新物种和（A）传下的8个新物种势必列入很不相同的属，甚至可列入截然不同的亚科。

54.所以，我认为两个或更多的属从同属的两个或更多物种是经过变异生成的。但这两个或更多的亲种则假设是从一个早些时候的属里的某个物种传下的。在我们的图表中，这是用大写字母下方的虚线来表示的，其分枝向下收敛趋集于一点；这个点代表单独一个物种，即好几个新亚属和新属的假设的单一祖先。

55.新物种F^{14}的性状值得稍加考虑，假设该物种在性状上分歧不多，保持了（F）的类型，没有或仅有微小程度的改变。既然这样，它与其他14个新物种的密切关系将具有一种奇特而迂回的性质。它是位于两个亲种（A）与（I）之间、假设如今已经灭绝并且不为人所知的一种

类型的后代，因此它的性状将在某程度上位于从这些物种传下来的两群后代之间。但是由于这两群后代在性状上已经从其亲种的类型分歧开去，所以这个新物种（F^{14}）将不会直接位于它们之间，而是介于这两群的类型之间；所有博物学家都能想到若干这类例子。

56.在图表中，至今每一条水平线都被假设为代表一千代，但每一条也可以代表一百万代或一亿代，它们还可以代表含有灭绝生物遗骸的地球的连续地层的一部分。我们在“地质学”这一章里还将论述这个主题，届时我们将看到这张图表说明灭绝生物的亲缘关系，这些灭绝生物虽然一般与当前存活的生物同属、同科或同目，其性状却时常在某种程度上介于现存的生物群之间；我们能够理解这样的事实，因为物种生活在很古老的时代，其时世系分支线的分歧较少。

57.我认为没有理由把像如今解释的变异过程仅限于属的形成。在我们的图表里，如果假设分歧虚线上每个连续的群所代表的变异量是相当大的，则标志为a^{14}到p^{14}、b^{14}到f^{14}、o^{14}到m^{14}的类型将形成三个相当截然不同的属。我们也将有从（I）传下来的两个截然不同的属；因为后面这两个属都来自性状的持续变异，并遗传自一个不同的亲种，所以它们将大大不同于从（A）遗传下来的那3个属，这两个属的两个小群将根据在图表中代表的分歧变异量而形成两个截然不同的科甚至是目。而这两个新科或新目，应是从原属的两个物种传下的；并且这两个物种假设是从一个更加古老而不为人所知的种类传下的。

58.我们已经看到，在各地，最时常出现的品种或初期物种是比较大的属。的确，这也许是人们所期待的；因为自然选择通过在生存竞争中一个类型具有胜过其他类型的优势而起作用，自然选择将主要对那些已经具有若干优势的生物起作用；而任何群的广大，表明了它的物种从一个共同祖先那里继承了某些共同的优势。因此，为产生经过改进的新后代而进行的斗争，将主要发生在较大的群之间，这些大群都试图增加

数量。一个大群将缓慢地征服另外一个大群、减少其数目，从而减少其进一步变异与改进的机会。在同一个大群里，稍后的、更加高度完善的亚群，由于在自然结构中扩展范围并且攫取了许多新的位置，将持续倾向于排斥并消灭早些时候改进较少的亚群。被制服的小群和亚群最后倾向消亡。展望未来，我们可以预言：现在壮大而且成功又最少遭到摧毁即迄今灭绝最少的生物群，将在长期内继续增加。但是没有人能够预言哪些群将最终胜出；因为我们很清楚，许多以前发展极广泛的群现在已经灭绝了。展望更远的未来，我们也许可以说，由于较大的群持续而稳步地增加，许多较小的群最终将彻底灭绝，而且无法留下改进了的后代；因此，生活在任何时期的物种，能够将后代传到遥远未来的只是极少数【……】。我可以加上一句，根据这种观点，即只有极少数比较古老的物种传下了后代，同一物种的所有后代形成一个纲，由此我们就能理解为什么在动植物王国的每一个主要大类里，如今存在的纲很少。尽管最古老物种中只有极少数可能现在还存活着并且有经过改进的后代，但在极其遥远的地质时代，地球上可能和今天一样也分布着许多属、科、目及纲的物种。

59.本章摘要。如果在岁月的长河中，在不断变化的生存条件下，生物构造的好几个部分都要变异，我认为这是无可争议的；如果由于每一物种按照几何比率的高扩繁能力，生物在其生命的某一年龄、季节或年份进行严酷的生存竞争，这肯定是无可争议的；那么，考虑到所有生物彼此之间以及与其生存条件之间的关系的极度复杂性，从而导致有利于生物在其结构、构造与习性上的极度多样化，我认为，如果没有出现过有利于每一生物本身的变异，正如以同样方式发生有利于人类的变异一样，那可真是咄咄怪事。但是，如果有利于任何生物的变异的确发生，具有如此性状的生物肯定将在生存竞争中拥有最佳机会来保存自己；由于强大的遗传法则，生物将倾向于产生具有类似性状的后代。为简明起见，我曾经把这种保存原则叫作自然选择。根据品质在相应年龄遗传的原则，自然选择能够改变卵、种子或幼体，就像改变成体一样容

易。在许多动物中，性选择将为普通选择提供帮助，其方法是保证最强壮、最能适应的雄性有数目最多的后代。在这种雄性与其他雄性进行竞争时，性选择也将只给这种雄性以有用的性状。

60.自然选择是否真的以这种方式作用于自然界，改进不同类型的生命并使其适应不同的生存条件和生存地点，这必须由随后几章给出的总体大意和证据的平衡来判断。但我们已经看到了自然选择是如何导致灭绝的；并且在世界历史上，灭绝所起到的作用有多大，地质学已清楚地作了说明。自然选择还会导致性状的分歧；因为生物在结构、习性和构造上分歧越大，同一地区能够维持的生疏数量就越多，我们只要看看任何一处小地方的生物或驯化的生物，便可以得到证明。因此，在任一物种的后代的改进过程中，以及在一切物种增加数量的无尽竞争中，这些后代的多样性越高，它们在生存竞争中成功的机会就越大。这样，用以区分同一物种间不同品种的微小差异就会倾向于稳步增大，直到这种差异增大到等同于同属各物种间的较大差异，甚至等同于异属之间的较大差异。

61.我们已经看到，变异最大的是较大的属中常见的、广泛传播和分布较广的物种；并且这些物种倾向于将如今使其在本土占优势的优越性传递给其改进的后代。正如上所述，自然选择将导致性状的分歧，并导致改进较少的生命类型和中间类型的大量灭绝。根据这些原则，我认为所有生物的亲缘关系性质还是可以解释的。贯穿一切时间与空间的所有动植物在群从属于群方面，以我们随处可见的方式，即同一物种的各品种最密切地联系在一起、同属的物种较不密切且程度不等地联系在一起，形成组和亚属，不同属的各物种彼此密切有关的程度要低得多，以不同程度相关的属形成亚科、科、目、亚纲和纲；这实在是奇妙的事实——它的奇妙之处我们往往熟视无睹。任何一个纲里的几个次级类群不能列于单一的纵列，但看上去颇像群集的圆点，这些圆点又环绕其他点，如此等等形成几乎是没有终点的环状结构。根据每个物种都是独立

创造出来的观点，在所有生物分类中我找不到对这一伟大事实的解释；但是以我尽可能作出的判断而论，这一事实通过遗传与自然选择的复杂作用得到了解释，自然选择的作用伴随着灭绝与性状的分歧，正如我们在图表中所示。

62.同纲的所有生物的亲缘关系有时以一棵大树来表示。我认为这个比喻大体上说出了事实。萌芽中的绿色小枝可以代表现存的物种；以前历年产生的那些枝条可以代表长期连续的灭绝物种。在每段生长期，所有生长着的小枝都曾试图向各个方面伸展，超过并杀死周围的小枝与分枝，其方式与物种及物种群在巨大的生存竞争中试图压倒其他物种是一样的。主枝分为大枝，大枝分为越来越小的枝，在这棵树还小的时候，这些枝桠都曾一度是萌芽中的小枝；新芽与旧芽由分枝联结的情况可以很好地代表所有灭绝物种与现存物种之间的分类，它们分属不同的群，在其之下又分为群。当这棵树仅仅是一棵矮树时，许多处于旺盛时期的嫩枝中只有两三枝现在长成大枝、至今存活并且分出所有其他大枝；生活在遥远的地质时代的物种也是这样，只有很少物种生存至今并且留下改进了的后代。自从这棵树开始生长以来，许多主枝和大枝都已枯萎脱落；这些大小不等的枯枝可以代表那些现在没有留下后代的整个目、科、属，我们只能从已经发现的化石中去了解它们。如同我们随处可见的那样，一棵树的下部分叉处长出一根细小、孤立的枝条，由于某种机会而得益，至今还在旺盛地生长着；我们偶尔看到像鸭嘴兽和肺鱼一样的动物，由于亲缘关系而在某种较低的程度上与两条生命大枝联结起来，显然由于生活在受保护区域而在致命的生存竞争中得以幸免。如同芽因生长而萌出新芽，这些新芽如果强壮，就分枝出去并且超过各个方向的许多孱弱枝条，所以我认为这棵巨大的生命之树在传代中也是这样，这棵大树以其枯落的枝条填充地壳，并以其不断的分枝和美丽的枝条遮盖地面。

理论上的难点

1.想必读者早在读到本书的这一部分之前，已为许多无法解释的难点困扰许久了。其中有些的确是非常严肃的难题，我到现在想起来仍不免踌躇；不过根据我的判断，其中大部分不过是表面上的难题，而且我认为，即使那些真正的难点也不足以判定我的理论就是错误的。

2.这些难点和异议可以分为以下几类：首先，如果物种是经由无法察觉的渐变从其他物种延伸下来的，为什么我们并没有随处见到无数的过渡类型呢？为什么整个自然界并非一片混乱，而是如我们看到的这般界限分明？

3.其次，举例来说，如果某种动物具有蝙蝠的结构与习性，是否可能是由习性完全不同的某种动物经过变异形成的呢？我们是否可以认定，自然选择一方面可以产生一些基本无用的器官，像长颈鹿的尾巴不过是用来赶走苍蝇等昆虫的困扰；而另一方面，却又能够发展出如眼睛这样构造奇妙的器官，我们至今仍然难以完全理解那种无法仿效的完善性？

4.第三，本能可以通过自然选择获得并改进吗？引导蜜蜂建造蜂巢的神奇本能，事实上出现在深奥的数学发现之前，对此我们该作何置评？

5.第四，物种杂交时不育或产生不育的后代，而品种杂交时生殖能力不受损害，又该如何解释？

6.本章将讨论前两个问题——本能与杂交将在单独的章节中加以论述。[21]

7.关于过渡品种的缺失或罕见。由于自然选择的结果仅仅体现在保留有利变异中，在一个物种丰富的大陆，每一种新类型往往会取代并最终灭绝那些发展不够完善的亲种，或者在竞争中处于不利地位的其他类型。因此正如我们所看到的，自然选择的发生始终伴随着灭绝过程。如此说来，如果我们将每一个物种看作是由某种其他未知形式发展延续而来的，那么一般来说，其亲种和所有过渡品种都必然会在新类型的形成和发展完善过程中逐渐灭绝。

8.但是，既然根据这一理论，自然界必定曾有无数的过渡类型存在过，那么，我们为什么没有发现有大量过渡物种包埋在地壳里呢？【……】对此我只能说，我认为问题的答案主要在于地质学记录要比一般想象的贫乏得多；记录的缺陷主要是由于有机生物并非生活在海洋深处，还因为只有当它们被包埋在足够深厚广泛的大量沉积物中，才能长期抵御未来的大量剥蚀，其残骸才能够嵌在地下保存至未来的某一年代；这类含有化石的团块状物质，只有在堆积着大量沉积物、缓慢下沉的浅海底才能够累积起来。这些偶然事件同时发生的情况极其少见，其每次发生的间隔时间也极为漫长。在海底静止或上升时期，或者几乎没有什么沉积物储存下来时，我们的地质史上就是一片空白。地壳是个巨大的博物馆；然而自然界藏品的收集是非常缓慢的，其间跨过漫长的岁月，相隔久远。

9.但是仍有人极力主张，好几个彼此近似的物种栖息在同一地域时，即使在现在，我们也的确应该看到许多过渡类型。举一个简单的例子：如果从北到南穿越一块大陆，我们一般会在连续的各段旅程看到彼此近似或者有代表性的物种，显然，这些物种在这片大陆的自然结构中几乎占据着相同的地位。这些代表物种往往会相遇或发生关联；随着其中一个物种越来越稀有，另一个物种就越来越常见，直到彻底取代前一个物种。但是，如果我们比较一下这些混合的物种，一般来说，它们的构造完全不同，就像从两个物种的核心栖息地选取的两个标本一样。根

据我的理论，这些相似物种是从同一个亲种衍生来的；在其变异的过程中，每一个物种都会逐渐适应所在地区的生存条件，并取代和灭绝最初的亲种，以及将其自身的过去和现在连接起来的所有过渡品种。因此我们不应该指望如今能够在每个地区看到许多过渡品种，尽管它们的确曾经存在于斯，且可能以化石的形式嵌进那里的地壳。然而如果是这样的话，为什么在具有过渡生存条件的中间地带，我们如今也无法找到关联紧密的中间型品种呢？这个难题也困扰了我很久，不过我觉得它大体上是能够解释的。

10.首先，我们在推论时一定要极为小心，不能因为一个地区现在是连续的，就想当然地认为它在过去很长一段时期以来就一直是连续的。地质学或许会引导我们相信，即使是在距离我们最近的第三纪晚期，几乎每个大陆也都曾经被分裂为多个岛屿；而在这些岛屿中，彼此全然不同的物种或许根本就是各自形成的，不可能有过渡品种存在于中间地带。由于陆地形状和气候的变迁，现在看来连续的海域，即使距离我们最近的地质时期，也多半远远不是现在这样连续和齐整的状态。不过我还是不要采取这样一条避开难题的取巧做法；因为我相信，许多界定鲜明的物种都是在完全连续的地区形成的；尽管我毫不怀疑，某些以前是断裂的、而现在看上去是连续的陆地，在新物种的形成过程中起到了非常重要的作用，对于那些自由杂交和漫游的动物来说尤其如此。

11.观察一下现在分布于某一广大区域的物种，我们一般会看到，它们在大片地带存在的数量繁多，而到了边界地带就会突然变得越来越少，直到最后彻底消失。因此，相对于其各自本身存在的地带来说，两个代表物种之间的中间地带往往较为狭小。在登山时会看到同样的情况，正如阿方斯·德·堪多的观察结果所示，有时一个普通的高山物种会突然消失，这是相当引人注目的。福布斯[22]在用捞网探测海洋深度时，也曾注意到同样的事实。对于那些认为气候或生存的物质条件是物种分布的首要因素的人来说，这些事实无疑会令他们感到吃惊，因为气

候也罢，高度或深度也罢，都是不知不觉地逐渐改变的。然而如果我们还记得这样一个事实：每一个物种，即使是在其本身栖居的核心地带，如果不是因为其他竞争物种的存在，其数量都会大大增加，直至难以计数；几乎所有的物种要么捕食其他物种，要么被其他物种所捕食；简言之，每种生物都会直接或间接地与其他生物有着极为重要的联系，那么我们就必定会明白，任何地方的栖居生物的范围大小绝不仅仅取决于逐渐发生微小变化的物质条件，而是在很大程度上取决于其他物种的存在，它依赖于该物种，或者为该物种所毁灭，或者与之竞争；且由于这些物种已经界限分明地存在（不管这是如何发生的），并没有通过无法察觉的渐变而混淆在一起，任何一个物种的栖居范围，由于它需要取决于其他物种的栖居范围，都会倾向于有明确的界线。此外，在栖居范围的边界上生活的每一个物种，由于在该处数量较少，随着天敌或捕食物的数量上下浮动，或随着季节的变化，极易完全消失，因此它的地理范围也就更容易界限分明。

12.相似物种或代表物种居住在一片相连地区时，一般来说，其分布情况都是各自栖居在一片较大的范围，中间的中立地带相对比较狭窄，在这片中立地带，它们的数量会突然越来越少；如果我的这种看法正确，那么，由于各品种与这些物种本身没有本质区别，同样的规则大概也适用于各品种；也就是说，如果我们在想象中将一个逐渐变异的物种分布在一个很大的地区，我们应该将其中两个品种分布于两个较大的地带，而将第三个品种分布在一个较为狭窄的中间地带。这样一来，该中间型品种因为生活在一个狭小的地带，其数量也相对较少；事实上据我了解，这一规则完全适用于自然状态下的各品种。我遇到过明显的例子可以证明这一规则，在界定分明的藤壶属物种的各个品种之间的中间型品种就是一例。沃森[23]先生、阿萨·格雷博士和沃拉斯顿[24]先生向我提供的材料表明，一般来说，两个物种类型中出现中间型品种时，该中间型品种的数目要比与其所关联的那两个物种类型少得多。因此，如果我们确信这些事实和推断，并就此得出结论，即与其他两个品种相关联

的品种，其数目一般都少于它所关联的物种，于是我们就可以理解为什么中间型品种不应持续存在很长时间——为什么一般说来，它们应该比其最初关联的物种更快地灭绝和消失。

13.如前所述，任何数目较少的物种类型被灭绝的风险都要大于现有数目较多的类型；而在目前这种特殊情况下，中间类型显然极易受到两边紧密相连的物种类型的侵害。然而在我看来，一个远为重要的考虑因素是，根据我的理论，两个品种可能会通过进一步变异，转变并完善为两个截然不同的物种，在此过程中，两个因为栖居于较大区域而数目较多的物种必然要比中间型品种有更大的优势，后者存在于较为狭小的中间地带，数目也相对较少。这是因为在任何特定时，存在数目较多的物种类型总要比数目较少的较稀有物种类型更有机会产生更多有利的变异来适应自然选择。因此，在生存竞争中，物种类型越普遍，就越能够打败并取代较不普遍的类型，因为后者的变异和改善过程更加缓慢。据我所信，正是这条原则能够解释，为什么在每一个地区，普遍的物种【……】平均来说，都要比相对稀有的物种能够出现更多具有显著特征的品种。我可以举例说明我的意思，假设需要保持3个绵羊品种，第一种生活在广袤的山区；第二种生活在相对狭小的丘陵地带；第三种以山底广阔的平原作为其栖居地。假设这3个地区的居民都有同样的决心和技巧，希望通过选种来改良羊群品种；在这种情况下，拥有大量羊群的山区或平原的居民的机会更多，因为他们要比生长在中间的狭小丘陵地带的少量羊群饲养者更快地改善其品种。因此改良后的山区或平原品种不久就会取代改良较慢的丘陵品种。这样一来，起初数目较多的那两个品种就逐渐密切接触，因为已经被取代的中间型丘陵品种不会再夹在两者中间了。

14.总之，我认为，各个物种逐渐发展成为界限较为分明的生物，而不会在任何一个时期因为不断变异的中间环节而呈现出无法解决的混乱状态：首先，因为新品种的形成非常缓慢，变异是一个非常缓慢的过

程，只有等到更有利的变异个体碰巧产生，且只有等到该地区的自然结构中的某个空位可以被某一个或多个栖居生物的某些变异后代所占据，自然选择才能发挥作用。这样一个空位置的产生取决于气候的缓慢变化，或者某种新的栖居生物偶然迁徙至此，或者更重要的是，很可能取决于某些原有栖居生物正在慢慢变异，变异过程产生的新类型和原有类型正在互相发生作用和反作用。因此，在任何一个地区或任何一个时期，我们只能看到少数几个物种呈现出微小的结构变异，且这些变异在某种程度上是稳定而持久的；这的确是我们看到的情形。

15.其次，现在相连的地区，在距离我们不远的地质时期往往必定存在相互隔离的部分，其中许多物种类型，特别是每次生育都需要结合和漫游甚广的那些类型，或许已具备不同于其他物种的特点，足以成为代表物种。在这种情况下，好几种代表物种与其亲种之间的中间型品种，过去一定在这片大陆的各个分离的区域中存在过，不过这些环节后来在自然选择的过程中被取代和灭绝，因此它们不会再继续存活。

16.第三，如果两个或两个以上的品种是在全然相连地区的不同区域形成的，那么这些中间型品种很可能首先在中间地带形成，不过一般来说，它们存在的时间都比较短。这是因为，由于我们已经指出的原因（也就是根据我们所知道的密切联系的物种或代表物种的实际分布情况，以及公认品种的实际分布情况），这些中间型品种在中间地带存在的数量要少于与它们有联系的那些品种的数量。仅仅这一个原因就有可能导致中间型品种濒临灭绝；在通过自然选择进一步发展变异的过程中，这些品种几乎必定要被与其相关联的物种类型所打败和取代；因为总的来说，这些数目较多的物种类型的品种更多，因此可以通过自然选择进一步变异，从而获得更多的优势。

17.最后，如果我的理论是正确的，那么展望整个历史时期、而不是通过任何一个单独的时期，可以确信一定有与同一种群的所有物种联

系最密切的无数中间型品种曾经存在过；但是正如我们在上文中反复提到的，自然选择的过程本身往往会不断地灭绝那些亲种类型或中间环节。因此，其过去曾经存在过的证据只能在化石残骸中找到，这些残骸的记录【……】极不完善且极不连贯。

18.论具有特殊习性和构造的生物的起源和过渡。对我所持有的学说提出异议的人总是会问这样的问题，例如，一种陆栖食肉动物怎么可能是由一种具有亲水习性的动物转变而来的？因为这样一来，处于二者之间的过渡状态的动物如何生存？这很容易证明，因为同一种群的食肉动物中存在有各种中间级别，从真正的水栖习性到严格的陆栖习性，不一而足；由于每一种中间动物都必须为生存而竞争，显然，每种动物所呈现出的习性都已经适应了其所生存的自然地域。北美的美洲水貂（Mustela Vison）就是一例，这是一种蹼足动物，软毛、短腿和尾巴的形状都很像水獭；夏季，这种动物潜入水中捕食鱼类，而在漫长的冬季，它会离开冰冷的水域，像其他鼬鼠科动物一样捕食老鼠和陆栖动物。如果举另外一个例子，询问一只食虫的四足动物怎么能转而变为能飞的蝙蝠，问题就要复杂得多，我目前也无法给出确切答案，不过我觉得解决这样的难题意义不大。

19.面对这类问题以及其他一些理由，自然会让我处于严重不利的局面，因为在我所收集到的许多明显个例中，我只能举出一两个例子证明同一属中密切相关的物种的过渡性习性和构造；以及同一个物种的多样化习性，无论是永久性的还是偶然生成的。要让我解释任何特殊的个例，诸如解决以上关于蝙蝠的难题，我似乎一定要收集一长串关于过渡状态的实例才行，否则就不足以减少其中的困难。

20.看一看松鼠科的动物吧；它们的渐变种类繁多而精细，有些松鼠的尾巴仅仅是稍呈扁平状，而另一些则正如J.理查森[25]爵士所说，身体后部相当宽阔，两肋的皮肤开张得相当充分，这样渐变下去，一直到

所谓的飞鼠；飞鼠的四肢乃至尾巴的根部由一片广阔的皮肤连在一起，其作用就像降落伞一样，足以让飞鼠们从这棵树滑翔到那棵树上，两棵树之间的距离让我们人类望而惊叹。我们确信，每一种构造对于生活在其所在地域的每一种松鼠而言都是有用的，它们使得松鼠可以逃离禽类或兽类的捕食，或者更快地收集食物，或者——我们有理由相信——降低其偶尔从树上跌落的危险。不过这样的事实并不导出以下结论，即每一种松鼠的构造都是其在所有自然条件下所能够发展的最佳构造。如果气候和植被条件发生变化，如果与之竞争的其他啮齿动物或新的食肉动物迁徙到此，或者原有的此类物种发生变异，所有这类情况的发生都可能使我们相信，至少会有一些松鼠的数量会减少甚至灭绝，除非它们也已经相应地进行了变异或在构造上有一定的改善。因此我觉得这个问题不难理解——在生存条件不断发生变化时尤其如此——那些两肋皮膜越来越张大的个体将继续保留下来，每一次变异都是有用的，都会传衍下去，直到这一自然选择过程的累积结果最终产生了构造完美的所谓飞鼠。

21.接下来再看看鼯猴属或者飞狐猴，以前人们把它们错误地归为蝙蝠类。它有极为宽阔的胸膜，从下颚的两角一直延展到尾巴，把生着长趾的四肢也包含在内，这种胸膜还生有伸肌。尽管目前找不到什么适合在空中滑翔的渐变结构的环节将鼯猴属动物与其他狐猴科动物联系起来，但我觉得不难推断出这类环节是曾经存在过的，每一种构造的发展过程都和不够完美的飞鼠的发展变异过程无异；每一级构造对于其主体来说都是有用的。我也找不出有什么无法超越的障碍阻止我们进而认为，鼯猴属动物那以膜连接起来的趾甲和前臂之所以那么长，大概多半也是自然选择的作用；而就飞行器官来说，也正是自然选择将这种动物变异成蝙蝠的。蝙蝠的翼膜从肩头一直延伸至尾巴，将后肢也包含在内，我们或许能够从中看出一些痕迹，这个器官最初构造的目的不是为了飞行，而是为了滑翔。

22.如果大约一打鸟类都灭绝了或者再也不为人所知，又有谁敢冒险推断像大头鸭（Micropterus of Eyton）一样将翅膀仅用来击水的鸟儿；或者像企鹅那样在水中将翅膀用作鳍、在陆地将翅膀用作前腿的鸟儿；像鸵鸟那样把翅膀用作风蓬的鸟儿；以及像几维鸟那样，翅膀根本没有什么功能的鸟儿或许真实地存在过呢？然而在其栖息的各种生存条件下，上述每一类鸟儿的构造对其本身都是有益的，因为每一种鸟都需要依靠竞争来生存；不过该构造并不一定是所有可能的生存条件下所能具有的最佳构造。我们决不能根据这些话贸然推断说，这里所讲的各个级别的翅膀构造（它们可能都是弃用的结果）表明了鸟类获得完善的飞行能力所经历的每一个自然步骤；不过它们至少能够表明，多种多样的过渡方式是完全可能的。

23.看到像甲壳动物和软体动物这些在水中呼吸的物种中有少数成员可以适应陆地生活；看到飞鸟、飞兽和各种类型的飞虫，以及先前曾经存在过的飞爬虫，可以想象，如今那些在空中滑翔很远、依靠鳍的拍击而稍稍上升和旋转的飞鱼，大概也可以变成有着构造完善的翅膀的动物。如果真是这样的话，谁又能想象，在先前的某一个过渡时期，它们曾经是栖居在大洋中的物种，而且据我们所知，那时它们那原始的飞行器官的唯一作用是为了逃脱其他鱼类的吞噬？

24.当我们看到那些为了任何特殊的习性而高度完善的构造，例如鸟类为飞行目的而发展完善的翅膀时，必须铭记，显示出这些构造的早期过渡级别的动物很少能够存活到现在，因为它们已经在通过自然选择进行的发展过程中被取代了。此外，我们可能会得出这样的结论，即为适应截然不同的生命习性而产生的这类构造，其中间过渡级别很少能够在早期还存在有许多从属类型时大量发展完善。那么让我们回到飞鱼那个假想的例子，真正会飞翔的鱼能够以多种方式在陆地和水中捕食猎物，直到它们的飞行器官达到很高的完善程度，使得它们能够在与其他动物进行生存竞争时具备决定性优势，这样的动物似乎多半不会是从许

多从属的类型中发展出来的。因此发现有着过渡性构造的物种，即使是发现这些物种的化石状态，也并非易事，因为相对于那些有着发展完善的构造的物种来说，它们生存的数目较少。

25.接下来我要举两三个例子说明同一物种的不同个体具有不同习性或习性发生改变的情况。上述两种情况之任何一种发生时，自然选择很容易通过其构造的某种变异让个体动物适应其发生变化的习性，或专门适应好几种不同习性中的一种。不过我们很难说——这个问题也不重要——一般来说是习性先发生改变，构造后发生变化呢，还是构造的轻微变异引发习性的改变；二者往往很有可能几乎同时发生改变。关于习性改变的情况，我们只需举出一个例子就足以说明问题，许多英国昆虫现在靠外来植物，或只靠人造食物存活。而关于多种不同习性的情况，我们可以举出无数的例子：我在南美洲常常观察一种霸鹟（Saurophagus sulphuratus），它像红隼那样在一个地方的上空盘旋，随后又飞往另一个地方，有时则静静地立在水边，然后像翠鸟一样冲入水中捕食鱼类。在英国，有时可以看到大山雀（Parus major）几乎像旋木雀一样攀行枝上；有时又像伯劳鸟一样啄击小鸟的头部，将其杀死；我曾多次看到和听到它在树枝上击打紫杉的种子，像五子雀一样把它们敲碎。赫恩[26]曾经在北美看到黑熊在水中游泳好几个小时，大张着口，像鲸鱼一样捕捉水中的昆虫。即使在像这样的极端情况下，如果不断有昆虫供应，且如果该地区尚没有适应性更好的竞争者的话，我倒觉得通过自然选择，熊类的构造和习性很有可能越来越亲水，它们的嘴越来越大，最终变成一种像鲸鱼那样的庞然大物。

26.我们有时会看到同一物种中不同个体的习性与其本身物种以及同一属的其他物种的习性截然不同，根据我的理论，此时我们或许会认为，这类个体有时会产生新的物种，它们有着类似的习性，相对于其本身所属的物种类型，它们的构造要么呈现出些许改变，要么呈现出很大变异。在自然界中，这样的例子的确屡见不鲜。我们能否给出一个更具

说服力的适应自然的例子，而不仅仅是攀爬树木并从树皮的裂缝里捉捕昆虫的啄木鸟呢？然而在北美洲的确存在着大部分时间都依靠水果存活的啄木鸟还，有一些有着很长的翅膀，便于追逐有翅膀的昆虫；在拉普拉塔的平原地带没有一棵树，那里却生长着这样一种啄木鸟，它身体组织的每一个主要部分，甚至它的颜色、它刺耳的鸣叫、高低起伏的飞行，都显示出与我们常见的啄木鸟有着密切的血亲关系；然而那确实是一种从不攀爬树木的啄木鸟！

27.海燕是最擅飞行的海洋鸟类，然而在火地群岛[27]的恬静海峡间生长着一种水雉鸟（Puffinuria berardi），它的一般习性、惊人的潜水能力、游泳的样子以及被迫起飞时的飞翔姿态，都会让人误以为那是海雀或鸊鷉；然而它在本质上的确是海燕，只不过组织构造的许多部分都已经发生了显著的变异。另一方面，最敏锐的观察者也无法通过仔细检验河乌的尸体而发现它有半水栖的习性；然而这种与严格陆栖性鸫科近似的鸟儿却完全以潜水为生——它在水中使用翅膀，用两爪抓握石子。

28.认为每一种生物在创造出来时就是我们今天看到的样子的人，他一定有时会感到奇怪，因为他经常会遇到一种动物的习性与其构造完全不一致。鸭子和鹅的蹼脚的构造是为了便于游泳，没有什么比这更显而易见的了；然而有一种产于高地的鹅也生有蹼脚，它们却很少或者根本不去水边；除了奥杜邦[28]一人之外，没有人看见四趾都有蹼的军舰鸟停留在海面上。另一方面，鸊鷉和海番鸭显然是水栖的，它们的脚趾却只是四周包裹着一层膜而已。涉水禽类长趾的形成就是为了在沼泽地和浮水植物上行走，似乎也没有什么比这更明显的了，然而水鸡几乎和海番鸭一样是水栖性的；而秧鸡则几乎和鹌鹑或山鹑一样是陆地生物。在这类例子中——我们还可以举出很多这样的例子——动物的习性发生了改变，而构造却没有相应发生变化。有人或许会说，高地鹅的蹼脚在功能上已经退化成未成熟的状态，而其构造却并非如此。军舰鸟趾间深凹的膜表明，这种构造已经开始发生变化。

29.认为创造行为是独立和不计其数进行的人会说，这些例子只能说明造物主喜欢创造一种生物来取代另一种生物；不过在我看来，这不过是用庄严的语言重述事实罢了。笃信为生存而竞争以及自然选择原则的人会承认，每一种生物都在不断努力地增加数量；同时也认为，任何一种生物只需在习性或构造上作出一点点改变，就能够获得所在区域的某些其他栖居生物所没有的优势，这样它就能够占有该生物的领地，不管那个领地和它自己所占有的地域有着多大的不同。这样，此人就不会在看到以下现象时感到奇怪：世界上竟有生有蹼脚的鹅或军舰鸟生活在干燥的陆地上或几乎很少在水面上停留；世界上竟有长脚趾的长脚秧鸡生活在草地上而不是沼泽中；有些啄木鸟生长在没有树木的地方；还有会潜水的鸫，以及具有海雀习性的海燕。

30.极度完善和复杂的器官。如果说眼睛这种能够调整不同的焦距、能够接受不同数量的光、能够校正球面和色彩像差、完美得无可比拟的构造是由自然选择形成的，我坦白承认，连我自己都觉得这样的说法非常荒诞。然而理性告诉我，如果我们能够证明，在从非常完美和复杂到非常不完美和简单的眼睛之间，的确曾经存在过无数过渡类型，而每一种过渡类型对其拥有者来说都是有用的；进而如果眼睛的变异非常微小，并且这些变异是能够遗传的（事实的确如此）；如果该器官的任何变异或改进曾经为某种生存条件正在发生变化的动物带来了有益的结果，那么我们很难再否定眼睛这样一个完善而复杂的器官是由自然选择形成的说法，尽管这无论如何都超出了我们的想象。一种神经如何能够感受到光，这个问题和生命最初的起源一样，不属于我们的研究范围；但是我可以说，若干事实让我怀疑，是否任何敏感的神经都会感受到光；同样，是否任何敏感的神经也都会感受到产生声音的空气的粗糙振动。

31.寻找任何物种的某种器官在发展完善的过程中经历的分级过渡时，我们应该单独观察其直系祖先；然而这几乎是不可能的，因此我们

不得不在探讨每一个此类器官时都去观察同一种群的不同物种，也就是观察有着共同的原始亲本的多个旁系，以便观察在发展完善的过程中可能存在哪些分级，这样也有机会看到，某些分级是从变异阶段的初期遗传下来的，没有发生变化或者只发生了微小的变化。在现存的脊椎动物中，我们发现该物种眼睛的构造只经历了少量分级，而从化石状态的物种中我们对此一无所得。就这一大纲的动物来说，我们大概应该在已知的最底化石层以下很深处去发现其早期的发展阶段，此时，眼睛这种器官多半已经发展完善了。

32.在关节海百合亚纲的动物中，我们可以去观察一系列仅仅包裹着色素层、却不带有任何其他机能的视神经；从此低级阶段开始，我们可以发现该构造无数的中间级别通过两条迥然不同的方向不断发展完善，直至达到一种还算高的完善程度。例如，某些甲壳类动物就具有双层角膜，内层角膜分裂成多个小眼面，每个小眼面内都有一个透镜状的鼓胀部位。其他甲壳类动物则只有色素层包裹的透明锥形细胞，这些锥形细胞只能通过阻止两侧的光束才能发生作用，其上端凸起，必须通过聚光方能行使眼睛的功能；其下端似乎存在着不完全的玻璃样物质。目前这些事实的数量极其有限，我们的观察结论也不够完善，然而它们的确表明现存甲壳类动物的眼睛存在着渐变的多样性，此外还须铭记，和已经绝种的动物数量相比，现存动物在数量上可谓微不足道，我实在看不出人们为什么就是不能够相信：是自然选择把仅仅包裹着色素层和透明膜的视神经这样一种简单机能，转变成任何关节海百合亚纲的动物都拥有的高度完善的视觉器官（许多其他构造的情况也别无二致）。

33.如果相信这一点的人在读完本书后发现，大量以前无法解释的事实都能够通过遗传理论进行解释，那么此人就应该毫不犹豫地进一步承认，即使像鹰眼这样一种高度完善的构造也可能是由自然选择形成的，尽管就鹰眼这种具体情形来说，人们对任何过渡级别都一无所知。理性无论如何应该战胜想象，只是我痛感这一定非常困难，所以看到有

人对于将自然选择原理进行如此深远的延伸有任何程度的踌躇，我一点儿也不觉得奇怪。

34.人们很难不把眼睛比作一架望远镜。我们知道，这种仪器的完善是人类最高智力不断努力开拓的结果；因此我们也就很自然地推断出，眼睛的形成也经历了一个差不多相同的过程。但是这样的推论不是太武断了吗？我们有什么权利想当然地认为，造物主也是以人类那样的智力来创造万物的呢？如果我们必须将眼睛比作某种光学仪器的话，我们不妨想象这样一块厚厚的透明组织，其下有一个感光神经，继而假设这层透明组织每一部分的密度是不断缓慢变化的，从而分离成密度和厚度截然不同的地方，彼此之间的距离有长有短，每一层表面的形状也呈现出缓慢变化。进而我们必须假设，有一种力量始终密切注视着这些透明层的每一个微小的偶然变化；并且细心挑选每一种变化，这种精心挑选的变化在不断发生改变的情形下可能以任何方式或在任何程度上产生比较明显的图像。我们必须假设，这种器官的每一种新的状态都以成百万倍的速度增长着；每一种都被保留下来，直到一种更好的状态产生，之后原有的状态就彻底消失了。在生物体内，变异可能导致微小的变化，生殖繁衍会使这些变化几乎无限地倍增，自然选择将通过无比精准的技巧筛选出每一次改进。这种过程持续几百万年，其中每一年都有许多种类的成百万生物个体经历这种过程；难道这还不足以使我们相信，一种生物体的视觉器官的形成要比玻璃光学仪器的制造过程更为复杂和精密，就像造物主的成就要比人类更为高妙？

35.如果能够证明，任何曾经存在的复杂器官是不可能通过无数延续的微小变异形成的，我的理论自然绝对不能成立，不过我实在找不出这样的例子。毫无疑问，对于现存的许多器官而言，我们并不知道其过渡的中间级别，那些十分孤立的物种更是如此，根据我的理论，这些物种周围的物种类型有许多都灭绝了。或者当我们注意观察某个大纲内所有成员共有的一种器官时也是如此，因为在这种情况下，该器官最初一

定是在极为久远的年代形成的，自那以后，该物种类别的许多成员都经历了发展变化；为了发现这种器官经历过的早期过渡级别，我们必须观察极古的师祖类型，可是这些类型早已灭绝。

36.我们必须十分谨慎，决不能轻易断言某种器官不可能是经由某些过渡类别发展形成的。可以有无数低等动物的例子来说明同样的器官能够同时行使全然不同的机能；如蜻蜓的幼虫和泥鳅，它们的消化管兼具呼吸、消化和排泄等机能。又如水螅，这种动物可以把身体内部翻到外面来，使外表面行使消化功能，而胃行使呼吸功能。在这类情形下，如果能够从中得到任何好处的话，自然选择也许就会很轻易地将某一个行使两种机能的部位或器官变得只行使一种机能，这样一来，经过不知不觉的步骤，就彻底改变了这种部位或器官的性质。在同一个体中，有时会有两个完全不同的器官同时行使同一种机能；举例来说，有些鱼类能够用鳃呼吸溶解在水中的空气，同时用鳔呼吸游离的空气，鳔有一个气管向它供给空气，又被血管密集的隔膜分成不同部分。在这种情况下，两个器官中的一个受到另一器官的辅助而很容易地发生变异并发展完善，从而独立行使所有相关机能；继而另一器官大概也会因为某个其他的特殊目的而发生变异，或者就此消失。

37.鱼类的鳔是一个很好的例子，因为它清楚地向我们展示出这样一个极为重要的事实，即一种原本为某种目的（即浮游）而生成的器官完全可能转变成为了另一个全然不同的目的（即呼吸）而存在的器官。某些鱼类的鳔所行使的机能又是作为听觉器官的附件，或者听觉器官的一部分所行使的机能是辅助鳔，我不清楚如今哪一种观点更被普遍接受。所有的生理学家都承认，鳔这个器官的位置和构造都与更为高级的脊椎动物的肺同源，或“理论上相似”。因此在我看来，认定事实上是自然选择将鳔转变为肺或者专门行使呼吸功能的器官，实在不是什么难事。

38.的确，我很难怀疑一切有真肺的脊椎动物都是从同一种具有浮游器官或鳔的古代原始型代代相传而来的，我们对这种原始物种类型一无所知。因此，正如我根据欧文[29]教授对这些器官的有趣描述中所推断出来的结论，我们能够理解咽下去的每一点食物和饮料都必须经过气管开口这一奇怪事实，虽然那里有一种美妙的装置可以使声门紧闭，但食物还是有落入肺部的危险。在较高级的脊椎动物中，腮已经完全消失了——然而在这类动物的胚胎中，颈部两旁的狭长开口和动脉的环状曲线仍然向我们显示出这正是腮先前所在的位置。但可以想象，现在已经完全消失的腮也许被自然选择逐渐利用于某个极为不同的目的：某些博物学家认为，环节动物的气管和背壳与昆虫的翅膀和翅鞘是同源的，在很早以前一度用作呼吸的器官实际上很可能已转变成飞翔器官了。

39.在考虑器官过渡的问题时，我们必须铭记机能转变的概率，我试举一例来突出这一点的重要性。有柄蔓足类动物（pedunculated ciipedes）有两个很小的皮褶，我把它叫作“保卵系带”，它用分泌粘液的方法把卵保持在一起，直至卵在袋中孵化。这些蔓足类动物没有腮，它们使用整个身体表面和卵袋（包括那个很小的系带）来行使呼吸功能。另一方面，藤壶科即无柄蔓足类动物（cirripedes）却没有保卵系带，卵松散地置于袋的底部，外面包裹着密封的壳；但它们却生有大而褶皱的腮。我想现在不会有人再质疑这一科动物的保卵系带和那一科动物的腮是严格同源的，事实上它们是相互逐渐转化生成的。因此我毫不怀疑那些起初作为保卵系带但同时又起到轻微的辅助呼吸作用的小皮褶，是通过自然选择逐渐转变为腮的，转变的过程也很简单，不过是形状逐渐增大、粘液腺最终消失。如果所有有柄蔓足类动物都灭绝了——相对于无柄蔓足类动物，它们的灭绝情况的确要严重得多——谁又能想象到，后一科动物的腮最初的功能是为了防止卵被冲出袋外呢？

40.尽管我们必须极为谨慎，不可贸然断定没有哪一种器官可能通过连续的过渡分级过程产生，毫无疑问，我们面对的一些实例的确很难

解释，我将在以后的著作中讨论其中的某些实例。

41.最难解释的实例之一是无性昆虫，它们的构造往往与雄虫和能育的雌虫截然不同【……】。鱼类的发电器官则是另一个非常难以解释的例子；我们无法想象，这些奇异的器官究竟是经过哪些步骤生成的，然而正如欧文等人所说，它们的内部结构与常见的肌肉的结构非常相似；最近的研究显示，鳐鱼有一个器官和发电器官非常类似，但是正如马泰乌奇[30]所断言，鳐鱼的这种器官并不发电，我们必须承认目前人类还太过无知，无法断言其间不可能存在任何一种过渡类型的器官。

42.这些发电器官还向我们提出了另一个更为严肃的难点；因为它们只出现在大约十多种鱼类的体内，其中几种在亲缘关系上相距甚远。一般来说，如果同一种器官出现在同一科的好几种动物身上，特别是这些动物的生活习性截然不同时，我们可以认为，其存在的原因是它们拥有一个共同的祖先；而同一科的其他动物没有这种器官则可以归因于弃用或自然选择的结果。然而如果发电器官是从某一古代祖先那里继承而来的，我们大概会认为，所有能够发电的鱼类彼此之间都有着特殊的亲缘关系。地质学也根本不会导出这样的结论，认为以前大多数鱼类都有发电器官，而许多经过变异的后代却丧失了该器官。少数分属于不同科目的昆虫体内会有发光器官，这一事实也同样成为本理论中的难点。还可以举出其他例子；例如在植物中，红门兰属和马利筋属植物都有一个相同的奇怪装置，在末端有一种粘液腺的花梗上生有花粉块——在开花植物中，这两个属的植物可谓亲缘关系相去甚远。在所有两个全然不同的物种显然生有同一种类似器官的例子中，我们应该看到，尽管该器官大致的外形和功能或许相同，但一般来说，我们还是能够发现一些根本的不同之处。我倾向于认为，就像有时两个人各自独立作出了完全相同的发明一样，自然选择为了每种生物各自的好处，并且利用相似的变异，有时也会使两种生物各自的部位发生非常相似的变异，而这两种生物在结构上几乎没有什么是遗传自同一祖先的共同之处。

43.尽管在许多情况下我们很难推测出一种器官经过了什么样的过渡才达到现有的状态；然而考虑到现存和已知的物种类型只占已经灭绝和未知类型的很少一部分，让我感到诧异的倒是我们很难说出有哪个已知器官不是经过多个过渡级别发展而来的。博物学中的那句经典格言——“自然界里从无飞跃”，就能够证明我这句话并非妄言。几乎每一个经验丰富的博物学家的著作中都会承认这一点；或者，米尔恩·爱德华兹说得好：自然界种类繁多却创新不足。那么，根据创世说，为什么会这样呢？如果说许多独立生物的所有部位和器官都是为了其本身在自然中的特定位置而单独创造出来的，又为什么所有这些部位和器官普遍被分阶段的诸多步骤连接在一起？为什么自然界不采取从一种器官到另一种器官的飞跃？根据自然选择理论，我们显然能够理解自然界为什么不采取这样的飞跃；因为自然选择只能通过微小的延续性变异起作用；它根本不可能飞跃，而只能通过极为微小而缓慢的步骤前行。

44.缺乏明显重要性的器官。由于自然选择是通过生命和死亡起作用的——发生任何有利变异的个体被保留下来，发生任何不利的构造变异的个体被无情地毁灭——有时我会觉得，我们很难理解简单部位的起源，其重要性似乎不足以导致有着延续性变异的个体被保存下来。而有时像眼睛这样一个完善又复杂的器官也会让我觉得难以理解，尽管在这方面，这个例子和上述情况全然不同。

45.首先，我们对于任何一种生物的全部结构的知识都太过缺乏，因而无法说出什么样的微小变异可能是重要的或是不重要的。在上一章，我曾举出过一些微小性状的例子，例如果实上的绒毛和果肉的颜色，由于这些性状能够决定昆虫是否会来攻击，或与构造性差异相关，它们也许确实能受到自然选择的作用。长颈鹿的尾巴看上去就像人造的苍蝇拍；说它适于现在的用途是经过连续、微小的变异，每次越来越好的变异都更适合于像赶掉苍蝇那样的琐事，乍看起来似乎令人难以置信；然而即使在讨论这样的实例时，我们也要多加考虑，因为我们知

道，在南美洲，牛和其他动物的分布和生存完全取决于其抗拒昆虫攻击的力量：因为任何个体只要可以任何方式防避这些体积微小的敌人，它就能漫游到新牧场，从而获得巨大优势。这并不是说这些庞大的四足动物实际上会被苍蝇消灭（除了一些很少的特例），而是它们的体力因不断受到骚扰而降低，因而较易得病，或在饥荒到来的时候不能有效地找寻食物或逃避食肉兽的攻击。

46.如今看来没有什么重要性的器官，在某些情形下，大概对于早期的始祖类型十分重要，这些器官在以前一个时期的缓慢完善之后，虽然现在已经极少有用了，仍以几乎相同的状态传递给现存的物种；任何事实上有害的构造变异都将不可避免地被自然选择所抑制。看到尾巴在大多数水栖动物身上是何等重要的运动器官，大概就可以解释为什么这种器官普遍存在于众多陆栖动物（从肺或变异了的鳔可以证明它们的水栖起源），以及它的多种用途了。某一种水栖动物有了一个发展完善的尾巴，它后来或许会被用于所有不同的目的，用来拂蝇，用作抓握的器官，或者像狗尾一样作为转弯的辅助器官，尽管其辅助作用一定很小，因为野兔虽然几乎没有什么尾巴，却仍然能够加倍迅速地急转弯。

47.第二，我们有时会认为某些独立于自然选择之外的性状具有重要意义，而实际上这些性状都起源于相当次要的原因，也并不重要。我们应当记得，气候、食物等很可能会对生物的构造产生某些直接的小影响；性状再次出现是由于回复突变的法则；生长的相关作用对于各种结构的变异过程可能有极其重要的影响；最后，性选择时常会在很大程度上改变那些有性意愿的动物的外部性状，给予雄性个体与其他雄性争夺或吸引雌性的优势。此外，由于上述或其他未明原因导致的结构变异，虽然在起初对于一个物种并没有什么优势，此后却会被其经过变异的后代在新的生存条件下和新获得的习性中加以利用。

48.下面我试举几个例子来证明以上结论。如果现存的啄木鸟只有

绿色的，而且我们不知道还有许多黑色和杂色的啄木鸟，我敢说，我们应该会以为它之所以呈现绿色，是为了完美地适应自然界，这样一来，这些频繁往来于树木之间的鸟就能够在敌害面前隐蔽自己；因此我们就会认为这是一种重要的性状，也许是通过自然选择获得的；事实上，我毫不怀疑，这颜色是由于某些极为不同的原因而获得的，很可能应该归因于性选择。马来群岛上生长着一种矮竹，它借助丛生在枝端、构造精致的钩，攀缘高高耸立的树木，这种钩型构造对于该植物无疑极为有用；但是我们在许多非攀缘性树木上也看到了极相似的钩型构造，因而这种矮竹上的钩可能起因于某些未知的生长法则，后来就被正在经历进一步变异并发展攀缘性的植物加以利用了。秃鹫裸露的头皮一般被认为是为了直接适应其大量吞食腐败物质的习性而生成的；也许是这样，或者可能应归因于腐败物质的直接作用；但是当我们看到食用清洁饲料的雄火鸡的头皮也这样裸出时，就应该慎重一些，不该再妄下此类推论了。幼小哺乳动物的头骨上的缝曾被认为是为了很好地适应其辅助分娩的作用而生成，毫无疑问这一构造的确能够方便分娩，或者也许它还是分娩所必需的；但是，幼小的鸟和爬虫不过是从破裂蛋壳里爬出来的，而它们的头骨也有缝，所以我们可以推想这种构造的发生应归因于某些生长法则，只不过高等动物是在分娩时利用了这一构造。

49.对于产生轻微变异和次要变异的原因，我们真是极度无知；只要考虑一下不同地区家畜品种间的差异——特别是在文明程度较低的国家，还极少施用人工选择——就会立刻意识到我们对这一问题的无知。仔细观察者会认定，潮湿的气候会影响毛发的生长，而角又与毛发有关。高山品种与低地品种之间总是有这样那样的差异；多山的地方很可能对生物的后腿有影响，因为那样的地形迫使生物对后腿的使用较多，甚至骨盆的形状也可能因此受到影响；于是，根据同源变异的法则，该生物的前肢乃至头部也很可能受到影响。此外，骨盆的形状还可能会通过压力而影响到子宫中幼仔的头部的形状。我们有某些理由相信，在海拔较高处必须费力呼吸以增大胸腔；也会导致一系列的相关反应。各个

国家的野蛮人所饲养的动物往往不得不为自己的生存而竞争，而且可能会在某种程度上受到自然选择的作用；构造稍有不同的个体在不同的气候条件下可能最易获得成功；我们还有理由相信，构造和生物的颜色是彼此相关的。同样，据一个细心的观察者陈述，牛对于蝇的攻击的敏感性，犹如对于某些植物的毒性的敏感性，也与其体色相关；所以生物的颜色也可能是自然选择作用的结果。但是我们实在所知甚浅，无法推测若干已知和未知的变异法则的相对重要性；我这样说只是要表明，虽说我们一般都认为家养品种的性状差异一般是遗传下来的，但是既然我们连这些性状差异的具体原因都无法解释，也就不必斤斤计较于人类为什么不能了解物种之间类似的微小差异究竟是什么原因所造成。为了同样的目的，我可以接引人种之间非常明显的差异；我还可以对这些差异的起源略加说明，我认为它们主要是通过某一特定的性选择而产生的，但如果不引用大量细节，我的推理就显得毫无意义了。

50.以上论证使我就一些博物学家最近提出的异议多说几句，这些博物学家反对功利说，即生物构造的每一细节都是为了其所有者的利益而产生的论点；他们认为，许多构造都是为了人类眼中的美感，或者只是为了多样性的存在而产生的。如果这种学说是正确的，绝对会对我的学说造成致命的影响。不过，我完全承认许多生物构造对其拥有者的确没有什么直接用途。物质条件很可能会对生物构造产生一些微小的影响，这与生物因此而获得的任何好处全然无关。生长相关性无疑也会起到非常重要的作用，某个部位的一个有用的变异常会引发其他部位多种变化，而这些变化往往没有什么直接的用途。因此同样，某些以前有用、或曾经起因于生长相关作用或其他未明原因的性状，可能就由于回复突变的法则而重新出现，不过现在它们已经没有什么直接用途了。性选择的作用体现为吸引雌性的美感时，可以勉强称之为有用。但是重要得多的考虑是，每一种生物的构造的主要部分都只是遗传而来的；因此，虽然每一种生物的确能够很好地适应在自然界中的位置，当前有许多构造与各个物种的生活习性并没有任何直接的关系。这样一来，我们

很难认定高地鹅或军舰鸟的蹼脚对它们有什么特别和用处；也不能认为生长在猴子的臂、马的前腿、蝙蝠的翅膀以及海豹的鳍脚中的同样骨骼对于这些动物有什么特别的用处；倒是可以很稳妥地把这些构造都归因于遗传。但是蹼脚对于高地鹅和军舰鸟的祖先和如今大多数现存水栖鸟类无疑一样是有用的。因此我们可以认为，海豹的祖先并不生有鳍脚，却生有五个趾的脚，适于行走或抓握；我们还可以进一步大胆地认为：猴子、马和蝙蝠的四肢内的几根骨头遗传自这些生物的共同祖先，这几根骨头对于这个祖先或祖先的祖先曾经有特殊的用途，而对于这些现存的习性截然不同的动物而言，其用途自然就不那么明显了。所以我们可以推论：这几根骨头可能是通过自然选择而获得的，其过程需要遵从遗传、回复变异、生长相关作用等法则，这一点直到如今也是一样。因此，现存的每一种生物的每一个结构上的细节（物质条件的直接作用除外）都可以看作是对于某些始祖类型具有特殊用处，或者如今直接或间接地通过各种复杂的生长法则而对该类型的某些后代具有特殊的用途。

51.自然选择不可能使任何一个物种产生全然有利于另一个物种的任何变异；虽然在整个自然界中，任何一个物种都不断利用并得益于利用其他物种的构造。但是自然选择能够而且的确时常产生出直接有害于别种动物的构造，如我们所看到的蝰蛇的毒牙，以及姬蜂的产卵管——依靠它就能够把卵产在其他活昆虫的身体里。如果能够证明任何一个物种的构造的任何部位全然是为了有利于另一个物种而形成的，那就可以彻底击溃我的理论，因为这样的构造不可能是通过自然选择产生的。虽然在博物学的著作里可以找到许多大意如此的叙述，但我找不到哪怕一个在我看来有任何分量的说法。人们承认，响尾蛇的毒牙是用来自卫和杀死猎物的；但某些作者假定它同时拥有对自己不利的响器，这种响器会发出警告，使猎物逃跑。如果是这样的话，我几乎马上就要认定，猫每每准备纵跳时卷动尾端，竟是为了警告它注定要捕食的老鼠。限于篇幅，我在这里不再就此类实例逐一赘述。

52.自然选择从来不会使一种生物产生对自己有害的任何构造，因为自然选择是完全根据并且为了各种生物的利益而起作用的。正如佩利[31]曾经说过的，没有一种器官的形成是为了给予其拥有者苦痛或损害。如果公平地权衡由各个部位所引发的利与害，我们就可以看到，从整体来说，每一个部位都是有利的。随着时间的推移，在不断变化的生存条件下，如果任何部位变得对生物个体有害，那么它就必须要变异；不然这种生物就会灭绝，无数已经灭绝了的生物就是这种情况。

53.自然选择只会使每一种生物与栖息于同一地方、与之展开生存竞争的其他生物一样完善，或稍微更加完善一些。我们还看到，这就是在自然状态下所能达到的完善程度。例如，新西兰的各种本土生物与彼此相比都是同样完善的；但是在人们从欧洲引进大量先进的植物和动物之后，这些生物显然立即表现出落后和不足。自然选择不会产生绝对的完善，就我们的判断来说，我们也不曾在自然界里遇见过这样高的标准。据高级权威称，就算对于人眼这样近乎完美的器官来说，对光线像差的校正也是不完善的。如果说理性引导我们热烈地赞美自然界里许多天衣无缝的生物构造，那么理性也同样告诉我们（尽管我们在这两方面都很容易犯错误），某些其他构造并没有那么完美无缺。我们能够认为黄蜂或蜜蜂的刺针是完善的吗？刺针刺完敌害以后，因为有倒生的锯齿而无法抽回，蜂的内脏就会被拉出，必然导致死亡。

如果我们认为蜜蜂的刺针在遥远的始祖类型中已经存在，和这个大目里的许多成员的情形一样，原本是穿孔用的锯齿状构造，后来为了现在的目的而变异但却没有发展完善，它的毒素原本用于产生树瘿，后来才变得强烈起来——我们大概就能理解为什么刺针会如此经常地引发这种昆虫自身的死亡：因为如果从整体来看，针刺的力量对于整个蜂群是有用的，它就可以满足自然选择的一切需求，尽管它可能会导致少数成员的死亡。如果我们赞叹许多雄性昆虫依靠绝对奇异的嗅觉能力去寻找雌性昆虫的本领，那么，只为了生殖目的而产生的成千上万的雄蜂，对

于蜂群没有任何其他用处，因而最终被它们勤劳而不育的姊妹们弄死，对此我们也要赞叹吗？也许很难说这是自然界的完美杰作，不过我们还是应当赞叹蜂后那野蛮而本能的仇恨，这种仇恨促使它在幼小的蜂后——它的女儿们刚出生的时候就把它们弄死，或者自己在这场战斗中死亡；因为这对蜂群无疑是有好处的；母爱抑或母恨（幸而后者非常罕见），在自然选择的无情法则面前没有区别。我们赞叹红门兰属植物和许多其他植物的若干巧妙构造，植物们依靠那些构造通过昆虫的力量来受精，那么看到杉树所产生的密云般的花粉只有少数几粒能够碰巧吹送到胚珠上去，我们也要认定它们同样完美无缺、巧夺天工吗？

结论

1.【……】我们之所以自然地不愿意承认一个物种产生了其他截然不同的物种，主要是因为当我们看不到中间步骤的时候，总是迟迟不愿承认任何巨大变化的发生。莱尔最初坚称，狭长的陆地岩壁和巨大河谷的形成都是由于海洋波浪的缓慢作用时，那么多地质学家对此说法难以接受，其感受想必也是一样的。人类的智力可能理解不了亿万年期间的全部意义，也不能将许多微小的变异相加并且察觉其全部效果，要知道这些微小变异可是在几乎无限的世代间积累起来的。

2.虽然我深信本书以摘要形式提出的观点都是真实的，但我决不指望能够说服诸位经验丰富的博物学家，因为他们的脑子里早已装满了大量事实，而长期以来，他们对这些事实所持的固有观点则与我的理论截然相反。人们总是很容易用诸如“创造计划”“设计一致性”之类的词语来掩盖自己的无知，只是换一种说法重述事实就想象自己作出了解释。任何人，只要他的性情使他更重视未经解释的难点，而不关心我已就某些事实提出的解释，就必定会反驳我的理论。少数几位博物学家脑袋比较灵活，而且已经开始对物种的不变性产生怀疑，他们可能会受到本书的影响；然而我对未来以及正在崛起的新一代博物学家充满信心，相信他们一定能够公正地看待问题的两面。无论是谁，只要他受到引导，相信物种是可变的，并负责任地表达出自己深信的观点，就是为人类作出了贡献；因为只有这样，人们才能够逐渐抛弃对本书主题所持有的如许偏见。

3.有几位杰出的博物学家最近出版著作，认为每个属里都有许多公认的物种其实不是真正的物种；不过其他物种是真正的物种，也就是说，是被独立创造出来的物种。在我看来这是一种奇怪的结论。他们承

认，有许多物种类型——直到最近他们自己才改变观点，此前一直都认为这些是造物主的特殊作品，且绝大多数博物学家至今也仍是这样看待它们的，现在他们认为这些物种类型具有真正的物种所具备的所有外部性状特征——这些博物学家承认这些类型是由变异产生的，但是他们拒绝将同样的观点延伸到只有相当微小差异的其他物种类型上去。纵然如此，他们并不谎称自己能够定义甚或推测哪些物种类型是造物主的创造，哪些又是次级法则产生的。他们承认变异在某一情形下是真实原因，在另一种情形下却武断地驳斥这个观点，又不指明这两种情况有何区别。总有一天，这些会被人们当作古怪的例子来表明先入为主的想法是多么盲目。这些作者对奇迹般的创造似乎司空见惯，看到普通的生育倒倍感震惊。但是他们真的相信，在地球历史无限漫长的时期，会有某些元素的原子因为得到命令而突然变成活的组织吗？他们真的相信人类假想的每一个创造行为都会产生一个或许多个体吗？所有的动植物究竟是以卵或种子的形式，还是作为完全长成的个体被创造出来的？而且以哺乳动物而论，难道它们是带着虚假的营养标志从子宫里被创造出来的？博物学家们严格要求我们这些相信物种易变性的人对每一个难点作出充分解释，这一点虽然无可厚非，但在他们自己这一方阵地，这些人却总是以一种在其看来高高在上的沉默，全然无视物种第一次出现的情形这一课题。

4.有人可能会问，我究竟要把物种变异的学说扩展到多远。这个问题很难回答，因为我们可能考虑的类型越是孤立独特，这些论据的说服力就越弱。但是某些分量最重的论据可以扩展得很远。整个纲的所有成员都可以通过亲缘关系链联系在一起，而且所有成员都可以根据同样的原则进行分类，所有类群层层分级。化石遗迹有时可填补现存纲目之间很大的空白。某些生物生有未发展完善的器官，这明白无误地表明，其早期祖先拥有充分发展的器官；在某些情形下这必定暗示其后代发生过极其大量的变异。整个纲里各种生物的构造以同样的方式形成，不同物种在胚胎时期竟极为相似。这些使我毫不怀疑后代变异的学说必定囊括

了同纲的所有成员。我认为动物最多是从4个或5个始祖繁衍而来的，而植物的始祖数目也差不多，或者更少。

5.以此类推，我还可以更进一步，即认为所有动植物都是从某一个原始祖先繁衍下来的。但是类推法很可能误导。纵然如此，所有生物都有共同之处，要么是它们的化学构成，要么是它们的胚胞，要么是它们的细胞结构，要么是它们生长与繁殖所遵循的法则。我们甚至在一个极为无足轻重的情况中也能看到这一点，那就是同一种毒质时常会对动植物有类似的影响；或者五倍子虫分泌的毒质会导致野玫瑰或橡树畸形生长。因此我应该根据类推作出如下推断：很可能在地球上生存过的所有生物都是从某一个原始类型传下来的，正是从那一刻开始了生命的第一次呼吸。

6.我们能够隐约地预见到，一旦本书所持的关于物种起源的观点或者类似观点得到广泛承认，博物学就会发生一场深刻的革命。分类学者将如现在这样继续孜孜不倦地分类；但是他们再也不会经常被怀疑的阴影所笼罩，怀疑这种或那种类型本质上到底是不是物种。根据经验，我可以肯定，这可不是微不足道的安慰。人们终于可以停止那无休止的争论，探讨大约50种英国悬钩子到底是不是真正的物种。分类学家将只需决定（这也不容易）任何类型是否足够持续并截然不同于其他类型；以及它们的存在是否界定分明，与其他类型的差异是否足够重要，值得称之为物种。后一个问题将比现在远为重要；因为任何两个类型之间的差异不论多么微小，如果没有与中间等级相混合，则大多数博物学家仍会认为这足够将其分列为不同的物种。此后我们将被迫承认：物种与明显品种之间的唯一区别是，人们知道或者认为明显品种目前是由中间等级联结起来的，而物种则是以前就这样联结起来的。因此，在不排斥任何两个类型之间目前存在中间等级这个概念的前提下，我们倾向于更加仔细掂量它们之间实际上到底有多大差异，并予以更多重视。很有可能现在一般仅被承认为是品种的类型此后认为应该冠以科学名称，如樱草花

和黄花九轮草；这样，科学语言与通俗语言将趋于一致。总之，我们将不得不以与博物学家对待属的方式来看待物种，博物学家认为，属只是为方便起见而产生的人为合并方式。这可能不是令人高兴的前景；但是我们至少将从此摆脱无用的学术桎梏，不再徒劳地探求物种这个术语未经发现和不可发现的本质。

7.博物学其他更具普遍性的分支的趣味性将大大增加。博物学家所用的术语如亲缘、关系、类群、父系、形态学、适应性状、退化和发育不全的器官等等，将不再是比喻用法，而将具有明白无误的含义。如果我们不再像野蛮人看轮船一样看待生物，认为它们完全超出了我们所能理解的范围，如果我们认为自然界的每一种生物都有自己的历史；如果我们认为每一种复杂构造与本能都是各自对于拥有者有用的许多构造和机能的集大成，几乎就像我们把任何伟大的机械发明都看作劳动、经验、理性乃至许多工人所犯错误的集成一样；如果我们这样看待每一种生物，那么，我凭经验说，博物学研究将远比现在有趣得多！

8.一个极重要的、几乎未经前人涉足的探索领域将被开拓出来，研究变异的原因与法则、生长的相关性、使用与不使用的效果、外部条件的直接作用，等等。对家养生物进行研究的重要性将大大增加。人类培育的新品种将成为一个研究课题，远比在已有记载的无数物种中新增一个物种重要和有趣得多。我们的分类将尽可能逐渐成为系谱；到那时就能够提出真正的所谓“创造计划”。如果我们有明确的目标，分类的规则无疑将变得更加简单。我们没有任何家谱或纹章，因而不得不凭借久已遗传下来的任何性状去发现并追踪自然系谱中许多不断分歧的世系线。未经完全发展的器官将绝对无误地显示出久已灭失的生物构造的本质。称为异常、又可夸张地称为活化石的物种与物种群将帮助我们对古代生物类型形成一个大致的概念。胚胎学将向我们揭示出每一个大纲内原始类型中多少已被弃用的构造。

9.如果我们能够确定：同一物种的所有个体，以及多数属内所有关系密切的亲种，都是在并非相当遥远的过去某个时期从同一个祖先遗传下来的，并且是从某个诞生地移徙到这里的；如果我们根据地质学现有且还将不断更新的有关气候与地层变化的知识，更好地了解移徙的多种方式，那我们肯定就能以绝妙的方式追踪栖居于世界各地的生物以前的移徙情况。即使在目前，通过对某个大陆两边的海洋生物之间的差异进行比较，对在该大陆栖居的各种生物的性质与其迁入手段进行相关研究，我们就能够获得一些古代地质学的知识。

10.地质学这门高尚学科因其记录极其不完善而失去了光辉。一定不要把地壳及嵌在地壳里的遗迹看作内容充实的博物馆，它们只不过是随便、偶然积累起来的贫乏收藏。每一块含化石的遗迹的积累应被看作是诸多情况非同寻常的巧合，各个连续阶段之间的空白间隔也是极其漫长的。但是我们应该能够通过对先前和之后的生物类型进行比较，较为稳妥地衡量这些间隔的持续时间。我们必须十分谨慎，不能随意试图根据生物类型的一般演替，就将两个包括少数相同物种的地层归为严格意义上的同时期地层。物种是由于至今仍然存在的原因缓慢产生和灭绝的，不是奇迹般的创造行为或巨大灾难的结果；生物变化的所有原因中最重要的原因几乎完全独立于物质条件（这些物质条件已经变更而且也许是突然变更的），乃是生物与生物之间的相互作用——某种生物的改进引发其他生物的改进或消灭；由此得出结论：连续地层内化石中的生物变化量很可能是实际时间流逝的一种公平的量度标准。然而，作为一个整体群居生活的若干物种也许长时期不变，而与此同时，这些物种中的几种因为迁入新地区并与不相关的本地生物展开竞争，也许就会发生变异；所以我们一定不要过高评价生物变异在衡量时间方面的准确性。在地球历史的早期，生物类型很可能较少且较为简单，变异的速率很可能也比较缓慢；在地球生命曙光初现的时刻，只有少数几种构造极为简单的生物类型，变化的速率很可能极其低下。如我们目前所知，整个世界的全部历史虽然有很长一段时间是我们很难理解的，今后却会被看作

仅仅是一个时间段，毕竟相对于自从第一个生物，即无数已经灭绝和仍然存活着的后代的那个祖先来到世间之后的漫长岁月，那的确只是一段短暂的时期。

我看到在遥远的将来，必定会有远为重要的、开放的研究领域。心理学将以全新的基础为依据，即每一种智力与能力都是按顺序分阶段获得的。关于人类起源与人类历史，也将不断有全新的发现和观点。

12.最出色的作者似乎能够在每个物种都是单独创造出来的这个观点中得到最充分的满足感。在我看来，世界上过去和现在的生物的产生与消失应该是由于一些次要原因，诸如决定个体的出生与死亡的那些原因，这样的观点更符合我们所知道的“造物主”在物质上留下印记的法则。当我不再把所有生物看作特殊的创造物，而看作在志留纪第一层沉积下来以前很久就生活在地球上的少数几种生物的直系后代时，在我看来，它们只会变得更加高贵。以过去来判断，我们可以放心地推论：没有一个现存的物种会把它未经改变的外表传递到遥远的未来。而在现存的生物之中，很少会有哪一种生物会把任何一种后代传到极其遥远的未来；因为所有生物聚合成群的方式表明，每个属内的大多数物种，以及许多属内的所有物种，都没有留下后代，而是已经完全灭绝。迄今我们能够展望未来而预言，最终胜出并且繁衍出新的优势品种的，将是那些隶属于较大的优势种群中常见且分布广泛的物种。既然所有现存生物都是志留纪以前很久就生活在地球上的生物的直系后代，我们就有把握认为，普通的世代演替从来没有中断过，而且任何灾难也不会使世界变成一片荒芜。因此我们可以怀着一定的信心展望未来，我们有把握的未来在漫长历史时期中也同样微不足道。既然自然选择是完全根据每一种生物的利益并且为了它们的利益而起作用的，所有生物在物质与精神方面的天赋都将不断发展，趋于完善。

凝视一片错综复杂的河岸，河岸上覆盖着许多种类的许多树木，鸟

类在灌木中啁啾，各种昆虫飞来飞去，蚯蚓在湿润的泥土中蠕动；细想一下，这些结构精巧的类型彼此如此相异，以如此复杂的方式彼此依赖，又都是由在我们周围起作用的法则所产生的，这实在非常有趣。这些法则就其最广泛的意义来说，就是伴随繁殖的生长；繁殖几乎总是意味着遗传；变异的起源既是外界生活条件的间接和直接作用，也是使用和弃用；繁殖比率如此之高，必将导致生存竞争，而作为自然选择的一个结果，必将引发性状分歧和改进不大的类型的灭绝。如此看来，自然战争、饥馑与死亡的直接结果，就是我们能够想到的最高尚的目的，即高等动物的产生。这样一种对于生命的看法是庄严的：生命及其好几种能力最初是被注入少数几种甚或一种生物类型中的；就在这个行星根据固有的重力法则始终不断地运行的同时，生命竟从如此简单的开始而不断发展，且至今仍在继续繁衍出无数最美丽、最奇妙的类型。

[1]托马斯·罗伯特·马尔萨斯（Thomas Robert Malthus，1766—1834），英国经济学家，著有《人口论》（*An Essay on the Principle of Popula-tion*，1798），认为人口的增长比食物供应的增长要快，除非对人口的增长采用道德的约束或战争、饥荒和瘟疫加以抑制，否则会导致不可避免的灾难后果。——译者注

[2]卡尔·冯·林奈（Carl von Linne，1707—1778），瑞典自然学者，原名卡罗鲁斯·林奈乌斯（Carolus Linnaeus），现代生物学分类命名的奠基人。1761年被授贵族头衔后，他开始使用这一姓名。

[3]拉普拉塔（La Plata）：阿根廷中东部港口城市，位于布宜诺斯艾利斯东南部。

[4]里格（league）：长度单位，相当于3.0法定英里（约4.8千米）。

[5]休·福尔克纳（Hugh Falconer，1808—1865），苏格兰地质学家、植物学家、古生物学家和古人类学家，他第一个提出了断续性平衡的现代进化理论。

[6]科摩林角（Cape Comorin）：印度最南端的海角，伸入印度洋。

[7]斯塔福德郡（Staffordshire），英格兰中部一地名。

[8]法纳姆（Farrham）镇，英格兰南部的一个镇子，在萨里（Surrey）郡的西北。

[9]费利克斯·曼努埃尔·德阿萨拉（Félix Manuel de Azara，1742—1821），西班牙军官、博物学家和工程师。

[10]约翰·鲁道夫·伦格尔（Johan Rudolph Rengger，1795—1832），德国医生、探险家和博物学家，著有《巴拉圭哺乳动物自然史》（1830年）。

[11]亨利·文曼·纽曼（Henry Wenman Newman，1788—1865），英格兰桑伯里庄园乡绅，曾于军中任职上校。

[12]安德鲁·杰克逊·唐宁（Andrew Jackson Downing，1815—1852），美国园林设计师、作家、《园艺学家》（*The Horticulturist*）编辑。

[13]查尔斯·莱尔（Charles Lyell，1797—1875）爵士，英国地质学家，律师，是均变说的重要论述者。

[14]奥斯瓦德·希尔（Oswald Heer，1809—1883），瑞士地质学家和博物学家。

[15]马德拉（Madeira）岛，位于非洲西北沿海的大西洋中。

[16]本书未收录这一章节。

[17]阿方斯·彼拉姆斯·德堪多（Alphonse Pyramus de Candolle，1806—1893），法国和瑞士植物学家。

[18]阿萨·格雷（Asa Gray，1810—1888），被誉为是19世纪最重要的美国植物学家。

[19]亨利·米尔恩·爱德华兹（Henri Milne-Edwards，1800—1885），卓越的法国动物学家。

[20]弗雷德里克·乔治·沃特豪斯（Frederick George Waterliouse，1815—1898），英国博物学家、动物学家和昆虫学家，在澳大利亚博物学研究方面作出了重大贡献。

[21]本书未收录这些章节。

[22]德华·福布斯（Edward Forbes，1815—1854），博物学家，出生于马恩岛的首府道格拉斯。

[23]伊特·科特雷尔·沃森（Hewett Cottrell Watson，1804—1881），植物学家，植物生态学家和进化论者。

[24]托马斯·弗农·沃拉斯顿（Thomas Vernon Wollaston，1822—1878），英国著名的昆虫学家和软体动物学家。1859年后，他的宗教信仰使他无法继续支持达尔文的学说，但他仍然是达尔文的好友。

[25]约翰·理查森爵士（Sir John Richardson，1787—1865），苏格兰海军医生，博物学家和北极探险家。

[26]塞缪尔·赫恩（Samuel Heame，1745—1792），英国探险家，在北美洲北部从事过大量的探险工作。

[27]火地群岛（西班牙语Tierra del Fuego），南美洲最南端的岛屿群。

[28]约翰·詹姆斯·奥杜邦（John James Audubon，1785—1851），海地裔美国鸟类学家，画家及博物学家，他对北美东部鸟类的广泛观察促成了后来的《美洲鸟类图谱》（The Birds of America，1827—1838）的出版，这部著作被认为是鸟类学上最优秀的作品及美国艺术。

[29]理查德·欧文爵士（Sir Richard Owen，1804—1892），英国生物学家，比较解剖学家和古生物学家，1836年被任命为皇家外科学院的亨特教授（Hunterian Professor）。

[30]卡洛·马泰乌奇（Carlo Matteucci，1811—1968），意大利物理学家和神经生理学家，是生物电研究的先驱。

[31]威廉·佩利（William Paley，1743—1805），英国基督教护教论者，哲学家，实用主义者。

Charles Darwin

On Natural Selection

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Struggle for Existence

1. Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult — at least I have found it so — than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, I am convinced that the whole economy of nature, with every fact on distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction, and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food; we do not see, or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life; or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey; we do not always bear in mind, that though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year.

2. I should premise that I use the term Struggle for Existence in a large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny. Two canine animals in a time of dearth, may be truly said to struggle with each other which shall get food and live. But a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on the moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which on an average only one comes to maturity, may be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. The missletoe is dependent on the apple and a few other trees, but can only in a far-fetched sense be said to struggle with these trees, for if too many of these parasites grow on the same tree, it will languish and die. But several seedling missletoes, growing close together on the same branch, may more truly be said to struggle with each other. As the missletoe is disseminated by birds, its existence depends on birds; and it may metaphorically be said to struggle with other fruit-bearing plants, in order to tempt birds to devour and thus disseminate its seeds rather than those of other plants. In these several senses, which pass into each other, I use for convenience sake the general term of

struggle for existence.

3. A struggle for existence inevitably follows from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase. Every being, which during its natural lifetime produces several eggs or seeds, must suffer destruction during some period of its life, and during some season or occasional year, otherwise, on the principle of geometrical increase, its numbers would quickly become so inordinately great that no country could support the product. Hence, as more individuals are produced than can possibly survive, there must in every case be a struggle for existence, either one individual with another of the same species, or with the individuals of distinct species, or with the physical conditions of life. It is the doctrine of Malthus applied with manifold force to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms; for in this case there can be no artificial increase of food, and no prudential restraint from marriage. Although some species may be now increasing, more or less rapidly, in numbers, all cannot do so, for the world would not hold them.

4. There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would literally not be standing room for his progeny. Linnaeus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds — and there is no plant so unproductive as this — and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned to be the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase: it will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pairs of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million elephants, descended from the first pair.

5. But we have better evidence on this subject than mere theoretical calculations, namely, the numerous recorded cases of the astonishingly rapid increase of various animals in a state of nature, when circumstances have been favourable to them during two or three following seasons. Still more striking is the evidence from our domestic animals of many kinds which have run wild in several parts of the world: if the statements of the rate of increase of slow-breeding cattle and horses in South-America, and latterly in Australia, had not been well authenticated, they would have been quite

incredible. So it is with plants: cases could be given of introduced plants which have become common throughout whole islands in a period of less than ten years. Several of the plants now most numerous over the wide plains of La Plata, clothing square leagues of surface almost to the exclusion of all other plants, have been introduced from Europe; and there are plants which now range in India, as I hear from Dr Falconer, from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya, which have been imported from America since its discovery. In such cases, and endless instances could be given, no one supposes that the fertility of these animals or plants has been suddenly and temporarily increased in any sensible degree. The obvious explanation is that the conditions of life have been very favourable, and that there has consequently been less destruction of the old and young, and that nearly all the young have been enabled to breed. In such cases the geometrical ratio of increase, the result of which never fails to be surprising, simply explains the extraordinarily rapid increase and wide diffusion of naturalised productions in their new homes.

6. In a state of nature almost every plant produces seed, and amongst animals there are very few which do not annually pair. Hence we may confidently assert, that all plants and animals are tending to increase at a geometrical ratio, that all would most rapidly stock every station in which they could any how exist, and that the geometrical tendency to increase must be checked by destruction at some period of life. Our familiarity with the larger domestic animals tends, I think, to mislead us: we see no great destruction falling on them, and we forget that thousands are annually slaughtered for food, and that in a state of nature an equal number would have somehow to be disposed of.

7. The only difference between organisms which annually produce eggs or seeds by the thousand, and those which produce extremely few, is, that the slow-breeders would require a few more years to people, under favourable conditions, a whole district, let it be ever so large. The condor lays a couple of eggs and the ostrich a score, and yet in the same country the condor may be the more numerous of the two: the Fulmar petrel lays but one egg, yet it is believed to be the most numerous bird in the world. One fly deposits hundreds of eggs, and another, like the hippobosca, a single one; but this difference does not determine how many individuals of the two species can be supported in a district. A large number of eggs is of some importance to those species, which depend on a rapidly fluctuating amount of food, for it

allows them rapidly to increase in number. But the real importance of a large number of eggs or seeds is to make up for much destruction at some period of life; and this period in the great majority of cases is an early one. If an animal can in any way protect its own eggs or young, a small number may be produced, and yet the average stock be fully kept up; but if many eggs or young are destroyed, many must be produced, or the species will become extinct. It would suffice to keep up the full number of a tree, which lived on an average for a thousand years, if a single seed were produced once in a thousand years, supposing that this seed were never destroyed, and could be ensured to germinate in a fitting place. So that in all cases, the average number of any animal or plant depends only indirectly on the number of its eggs or seeds.

8. In looking at Nature, it is most necessary to keep the foregoing considerations always in mind — never to forget that every single organic being around us may be said to be striving to the utmost to increase in numbers; that each lives by a struggle at some period of its life; that heavy destruction inevitably falls either on the young or old, during each generation or at recurrent intervals. Lighten any check, mitigate the destruction ever so little, and the number of the species will almost instantaneously increase to any amount. The face of Nature may be compared to a yielding surface, with ten thousand sharp wedges packed close together and driven inwards by incessant blows, sometimes one wedge being struck, and then another with greater force.

9. What checks the natural tendency of each species to increase in number is most obscure. Look at the most vigorous species; by as much as it swarms in numbers, by so much will its tendency to increase be still further increased. We know not exactly what the checks are in even one single instance. Nor will this surprise any one who reflects how ignorant we are on this head, even in regard to mankind, so incomparably better known than any other animal. This subject has been ably treated by several authors, and I shall, in my future work, discuss some of the checks at considerable length, more especially in regard to the feral animals of South America. Here I will make only a few remarks, just to recall to the reader's mind some of the chief points. Eggs or very young animals seem generally to suffer most, but this is not invariably the case. With plants there is a vast destruction of seeds, but, from some observations which I have made, I believe that it is the seedlings which suffer most from germinating in ground already thickly stocked with other plants.

Seedlings, also, are destroyed in vast numbers by various enemies; for instance, on a piece of ground three feet long and two wide, dug and cleared, and where there could be no choking from other plants, I marked all the seedlings of our native weeds as they came up, and out of the 357 no less than 295 were destroyed, chiefly by slugs and insects. If turf which has long been mown, and the case would be the same with turf closely browsed by quadrupeds, be let to grow, the more vigorous plants gradually kill the less vigorous, though fully grown, plants: thus out of twenty species growing on a little plot of turf (three feet by four) nine species perished from the other species being allowed to grow up freely.

10. The amount of food for each species of course gives the extreme limit to which each can increase; but very frequently it is not the obtaining food, but the serving as prey to other animals, which determines the average numbers of a species. Thus, there seems to be little doubt that the stock of partridges, grouse, and hares on any large estate depends chiefly on the destruction of vermin. If not one head of game were shot during the next twenty years in England, and, at the same time, if no vermin were destroyed, there would, in all probability, be less game than at present, although hundreds of thousands of game animals are now annually killed. On the other hand, in some cases, as with the elephant and rhinoceros, none are destroyed by beasts of prey: even the tiger in India most rarely dares to attack a young elephant protected by its dam.

11. Climate plays an important part in determining the average numbers of a species, and periodical seasons of extreme cold or drought, I believe to be the most effective of all checks. I estimated that the winter of 1854—55 destroyed four-fifths of the birds in my own grounds; and this is a tremendous destruction, when we remember that ten per cent is an extraordinarily severe mortality from epidemics with man. The action of climate seems at first sight to be quite independent of the struggle for existence; but in so far as climate chiefly acts in reducing food, it brings on the most severe struggle between the individuals, whether of the same or of distinct species, which subsist on the same kind of food. Even when climate, for instance extreme cold, acts directly, it will be the least vigorous, or those which have got least food through the advancing winter, which will suffer most. When we travel from south to north, or from a damp region to a dry, we invariably see some species gradually getting rarer and rarer, and finally disappearing; and the change of climate being conspicuous, we are tempted

to attribute the whole effect to its direct action. But this is a very false view: we forget that each species, even where it most abounds, is constantly suffering enormous destruction at some period of its life, from enemies or from competitors for the same place and food; and if these enemies or competitors be in the least degree favoured by any slight change of climate, they will increase in numbers, and, as each area is already fully stocked with inhabitants, the other species will decrease. When we travel southward and see a species decreasing in numbers, we may feel sure that the cause lies quite as much in other species being favoured, as in this one being hurt. So it is when we travel northward, but in a somewhat lesser degree, for the number of species of all kinds, and therefore of competitors, decreases northwards; hence in going northward, or in ascending a mountain, we far oftener meet with stunted forms, due to the directly injurious action of climate, than we do in proceeding southwards or in descending a mountain. When we reach the Arctic regions, or snow-capped summits, or absolute deserts, the struggle for life is almost exclusively with the elements.

12. That climate acts in main part indirectly by favouring other species, we may clearly see in the prodigious number of plants in our gardens which can perfectly well endure our climate, but which never become naturalised, for they cannot compete with our native plants, nor resist destruction by our native animals.

13. When a species, owing to highly favourable circumstances, increases inordinately in numbers in a small tract, epidemics — at least, this seems generally to occur with our game animals — often ensue: and here we have a limiting check independent of the struggle for life. But even some of these so-called epidemics appear to be due to parasitic worms, which have from some cause, possibly in part through facility of diffusion amongst the crowded animals, been disproportionably favoured: and here comes in a sort of struggle between the parasite and its prey.

14. On the other hand, in many cases, a large stock of individuals of the same species, relatively to the numbers of its enemies, is absolutely necessary for its preservation. Thus we can easily raise plenty of corn and rape-seed, &c., in our fields, because the seeds are in great excess compared with the number of birds which feed on them; nor can the birds, though having a superabundance of food at this one season, increase in number proportionally to the supply of seed, as their numbers are checked during winter: but any one who has tried, knows how troublesome it is to get seed from a few wheat

or other such plants in a garden; I have in this case lost every single seed. This view of the necessity of a large stock of the same species for its preservation, explains, I believe, some singular facts in nature, such as that of very rare plants being sometimes extremely abundant in the few spots where they do occur; and that of some social plants being social, that is, abounding in individuals, even on the extreme confines of their range. For in such cases, we may believe, that a plant could exist only where the conditions of its life were so favourable that many could exist together, and thus save each other from utter destruction. I should add that the good effects of frequent intercrossing, and the ill effects of close interbreeding, probably came into play in some of these cases; but on this intricate subject I will not here enlarge.

15. Many cases are on record showing how complex and unexpected are the checks and relations between organic beings, which have to struggle together in the same country. I will give only a single instance, which, though a simple one, has interested me. In Staffordshire, on the estate of a relation where I had ample means of investigation, there was a large and extremely barren heath, which had never been touched by the hand of man; but several hundred acres of exactly the same nature had been enclosed twenty-five years previously and planted with Scotch fir. The change in the native vegetation of the planted part of the heath was most remarkable, more than is generally seen in passing from one quite different soil to another: not only the proportional numbers of the heath-plants were wholly changed, but twelve species of plants (not counting grasses and carices) flourished in the plantations, which could not be found on the heath. The effect on the insects must have been still greater, for six insectivorous birds were very common in the plantations, which were not to be seen on the heath; and the heath was frequented by two or three distinct insectivorous birds. Here we see how potent has been the effect of the introduction of a single tree, nothing whatever else having been done, with the exception that the land had been enclosed, so that cattle could not enter. But how important an element enclosure is, I plainly saw near Farnham, in Surrey. Here there are extensive heaths, with a few clumps of old Scotch firs on the distant hill-tops: within the last ten years large spaces have been enclosed, and self-sown firs are now springing up in multitudes, so close together that all cannot live. When I ascertained that these young trees had not been sown or planted, I was so much surprised at their numbers that I went to several points of view, whence

I could examine hundreds of acres of the unenclosed heath, and literally I could not see a single Scotch fir, except the old planted clumps. But on looking closely between the stems of the heath, I found a multitude of seedlings and little trees, which had been perpetually browsed down by the cattle. In one square yard, at a point some hundred yards distant from one of the old clumps, I counted thirty-two little trees; and one of them, judging from the rings of growth, had during twenty-six years tried to raise its head above the stems of the heath, and had failed. No wonder that, as soon as the land was enclosed, it became thickly clothed with vigorously growing young firs. Yet the heath was so extremely barren and so extensive that no one would ever have imagined that cattle would have so closely and effectually searched it for food.

16. Here we see that cattle absolutely determine the existence of the Scotch fir; but in several parts of the world insects determine the existence of cattle. Perhaps Paraguay offers the most curious instance of this; for here neither cattle nor horses nor dogs have ever run wild, though they swarm southward and northward in a feral state; and Azara and Rengger have shown that this is caused by the greater number in Paraguay of a certain fly, which lays its eggs in the navels of these animals when first born. The increase of these flies, numerous as they are, must be habitually checked by some means, probably by birds. Hence, if certain insectivorous birds (whose numbers are probably regulated by hawks or beasts of prey) were to increase in Paraguay, the flies would decrease — then cattle and horses would become feral, and this would certainly greatly alter (as indeed I have observed in parts of South America) the vegetation: this again would largely affect the insects; and this, as we just have seen in Staffordshire, the insectivorous birds, and so onwards in ever-increasing circles of complexity. We began this series by insectivorous birds, and we have ended with them. Not that in nature the relations can ever be as simple as this. Battle within battle must ever be recurring with varying success; and yet in the long-run the forces are so nicely balanced, that the face of nature remains uniform for long-periods of time, though assuredly the merest trifle would often give the victory to one organic being over another. Nevertheless so profound is our ignorance, and so high our presumption, that we marvel when we hear of the extinction of an organic being; and as we do not see the cause, we invoke cataclysms to desolate the world, or invent laws on the duration of the forms of life!

17. I am tempted to give one more instance showing how plants and animals,

most remote in the scale of nature, are bound together by a web of complex relations. I shall hereafter have occasion to show that the exotic Lobelia fulgens, in this part of England, is never visited by insects, and consequently, from its peculiar structure, never can set a seed. Many of our orchidaceous plants absolutely require the visits of moths to remove their pollen-masses and thus to fertilise them. I have, also, reason to believe that humble-bees are indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease (Viola tricolor), for other bees do not visit this flower. From experiments which I have tried, I have found that the visits of bees, if not indispensable, are at least highly beneficial to the fertilisation of our clovers; but humble-bees alone visit the common red clover (Trifolium pratense), as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence I have very little doubt, that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that 'more than two thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England.' Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Mr Newman says, 'Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice.' Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district!

18. In the case of every species, many different checks, acting at different periods of life, and during different seasons or years, probably come into play; some one check or some few being generally the most potent, but all concurring in determining the average number or even the existence of the species. In some cases it can be shown that widely-different checks act on the same species in different districts. When we look at the plants and bushes clothing an entangled bank, we are tempted to attribute their proportional numbers and kinds to what we call chance. But how false a view is this! Every one has heard that when an American forest is cut down, a very different vegetation springs up; but it has been observed that the trees now growing on the ancient Indian mounds, in the Southern United States, display the same beautiful diversity and proportion of kinds as in the surrounding virgin forests. What a struggle between the several kinds of trees must here

have gone on during long centuries, each annually scattering its seeds by the thousand; what war between insect and insect — between insects, snails, and other animals with birds and beasts of prey — all striving to increase, and all feeding on each other or on the trees or their seeds and seedlings, or on the other plants which first clothed the ground and thus checked the growth of the trees! Throw up a handful of feathers, and all must fall to the ground according to definite laws; but how simple is this problem compared to the action and reaction of the innumerable plants and animals which have determined, in the course of centuries, the proportional numbers and kinds of trees now growing on the old Indian ruins!

19. The dependency of one organic being on another, as of a parasite on its prey, lies generally between beings remote in the scale of nature. This is often the case with those which may strictly be said to struggle with each other for existence, as in the case of locusts and grass-feeding quadrupeds. But the struggle almost invariably will be most severe between the individuals of the same species, for they frequent the same districts, require the same food, and are exposed to the same dangers. In the case of varieties of the same species, the struggle will generally be almost equally severe, and we sometimes see the contest soon decided: for instance, if several varieties of wheat be sown together, and the mixed seed be resown, some of the varieties which best suit the soil or climate, or are naturally the most fertile, will beat the others and so yield more seed, and will consequently in a few years quite supplant the other varieties. To keep up a mixed stock of even such extremely close varieties as the variously coloured sweet-peas, they must be each year harvested separately, and the seed then mixed in due proportion, otherwise the weaker kinds will steadily decrease in numbers and disappear. So again with the varieties of sheep: it has been asserted that certain mountain-varieties will starve out other mountain-varieties, so that they cannot be kept together. The same result has followed from keeping together different varieties of the medicinal leech. It may even be doubted whether the varieties of any one of our domestic plants or animals have so exactly the same strength, habits, and constitution, that the original proportions of a mixed stock could be kept up for half a dozen generations, if they were allowed to struggle together, like beings in a state of nature, and if the seed or young were not annually sorted.

20. As species of the same genus have usually, though by no means invariably, some similarity in habits and constitution, and always in structure, the struggle will generally be more severe between species of the same genus,

when they come into competition with each other, than between species of distinct genera. We see this in the recent extension over parts of the United States of one species of swallow having caused the decrease of another species. The recent increase of the missel-thrush in parts of Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush. How frequently we hear of one species of rat taking the place of another species under the most different climates! In Russia the small Asiatic cockroach has everywhere driven before it its great congener. One species of charlock will supplant another, and so in other cases. We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms, which fill nearly the same place in the economy of nature; but probably in no one case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

21. A corollary of the highest importance maybe deduced from the foregoing remarks, namely, that the structure of every organic being is related, in the most essential yet often hidden manner, to that of all other organic beings, with which it comes into competition for food or residence, or from which it has to escape, or on which it preys. This is obvious in the structure of the teeth and talons of the tiger; and in that of the legs and claws of the parasite which clings to the hair on the tiger's body. But in the beautifully plumed seed of the dandelion, and in the flattened and fringed legs of the water-beetle, the relation seems at first confined to the elements of air and water. Yet the advantage of plumed seeds no doubt stands in the closest relation to the land being already thickly clothed by other plants; so that the seeds may be widely distributed and fall on unoccupied ground. In the water-beetle, the structure of its legs, so well adapted for diving, allows it to compete with other aquatic insects, to hunt for its own prey, and to escape serving as prey to other animals.

22. The store of nutriment laid up within the seeds of many plants seems at first sight to have no sort of relation to other plants. But from the strong growth of young plants produced from such seeds (as peas and beans), when sown in the midst of long grass, I suspect that the chief use of the nutriment in the seed is to favour the growth of the young seedling, whilst struggling with other plants growing vigorously all around.

23. Look at a plant in the midst of its range, why does it not double or quadruple its numbers? We know that it can perfectly well withstand a little more heat or cold, dampness or dryness, for elsewhere it ranges into slightly hotter or colder, damper or drier districts. In this case we can clearly see that

if we wished in imagination to give the plant the power of increasing in number, we should have to give it some advantage over its competitors, or over the animals which preyed on it. On the confines of its geographical range, a change of constitution with respect to climate would clearly be an advantage to our plant; but we have reason to believe that only a few plants or animals range so far, that they are destroyed by the rigour of the climate alone. Not until we reach the extreme confines of life, in the arctic regions or on the borders of an utter desert, will competition cease. The land may be extremely cold or dry, yet there will be competition between some few species, or between the individuals of the same species, for the warmest or dampest spots.

24. Hence, also, we can see that when a plant or animal is placed in a new country amongst new competitors, though the climate may be exactly the same as in its former home, yet the conditions of its life will generally be changed in an essential manner. If we wished to increase its average numbers in its new home, we should have to modify it in a different way to what we should have done in its native country; for we should have to give it some advantage over a different set of competitors or enemies.

25. It is good thus to try in our imagination to give any form some advantage over another. Probably in no single instance should we know what to do, so as to succeed. It will convince us of our ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings; a conviction as necessary, as it seems to be difficult to acquire. All that we can do, is to keep steadily in mind that each organic being is striving to increase at a geometrical ratio; that each at some period of its life, during some season of the year, during each generation or at intervals, has to struggle for life, and to suffer great destruction. When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief, that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply.

Natural Selection

1. How will the struggle for existence, discussed too briefly in the last chapter, act in regard to variation? Can the principle of selection, which we have seen is so potent in the hands of man, apply in nature? I think we shall see that it can act most effectually. Let it be borne in mind in what an endless number of strange peculiarities our domestic productions, and, in a lesser degree, those under nature, vary; and how strong the hereditary tendency is. Under domestication, it may be truly said that the whole organisation becomes in some degree plastic. Let it be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each other and to their physical conditions of life. Can it, then, be thought improbable, seeing that variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life, should sometimes occur in the course of thousands of generations? If such do occur, can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favourable variations and the rejection of injurious variations, I call Natural Selection. Variations neither useful nor injurious would not be affected by natural selection, and would be left a fluctuating element, as perhaps we see in the species called polymorphic.

2. We shall best understand the probable course of natural selection by taking the case of a country undergoing some physical change, for instance, of climate. The proportional numbers of its inhabitants would almost immediately undergo a change, and some species might become extinct. We may conclude, from what we have seen of the intimate and complex manner in which the inhabitants of each country are bound together, that any change in the numerical proportions of some of the inhabitants, independently of the change of climate itself, would most seriously affect many of the others. If the country were open on its borders, new forms would certainly immigrate,

and this also would seriously disturb the relations of some of the former inhabitants. Let it be remembered how powerful the influence of a single introduced tree or mammal has been shown to be. But in the case of an island, or of a country partly surrounded by barriers, into which new and better adapted forms could not freely enter, we should then have places in the economy of nature which would assuredly be better filled up, if some of the original inhabitants were in some manner modified; for, had the area been open to immigration, these same places would have been seized on by intruders. In such case, every slight modification, which in the course of ages chanced to arise, and which in any way favoured the individuals of any of the species, by better adapting them to their altered conditions, would tend to be preserved; and natural selection would thus have free scope for the work of improvement.

3. We have reason to believe [...] that a change in the conditions of life, by specially acting on the reproductive system, causes or increases variability; and in the foregoing case the conditions of life are supposed to have undergone a change, and this would manifestly be favourable to natural selection, by giving a better chance of profitable variations occurring; and unless profitable variations do occur, natural selection can do nothing. Not that, as I believe, any extreme amount of variability is necessary; as man can certainly produce great results by adding up in any given direction mere individual differences, so could Nature, but far more easily, from having incomparably longer time at her disposal. Nor do I believe that any great physical change, as of climate, or any unusual degree of isolation to check immigration, is actually necessary to produce new and unoccupied places for natural selection to fill up by modifying and improving some of the varying inhabitants. For as all the inhabitants of each country are struggling together with nicely balanced forces, extremely slight modifications in the structure or habits of one inhabitant would often give it an advantage over others; and still further modifications of the same kind would often still further increase the advantage. No country can be named in which all the native inhabitants are now so perfectly adapted to each other and to the physical conditions under which they live, that none of them could anyhow be improved; for in all countries, the natives have been so far conquered by naturalised productions, that they have allowed foreigners to take firm possession of the land. And as foreigners have thus everywhere beaten some of the natives, we may safely conclude that the natives might have been modified with advantage, so as to

have better resisted such intruders.

4. As man can produce and certainly has produced a great result by his methodical and unconscious means of selection, what may not nature effect? Man can act only on external and visible characters: nature cares nothing for appearances, except in so far as they may be useful to any being. She can act on every internal organ, on every shade of constitutional difference, on the whole machinery of life. Man selects only for his own good; Nature only for that of the being which she tends. Every selected character is fully exercised by her; and the being is placed under well-suited conditions of life. Man keeps the natives of many climates in the same country; he seldom exercises each selected character in some peculiar and fitting manner; he feeds a long and a short beaked pigeon on the same food; he does not exercise a long-backed or long-legged quadruped in any peculiar manner; he exposes sheep with long and short wool to the same climate. He does not allow the most vigorous males to struggle for the females. He does not rigidly destroy all inferior animals, but protects during each varying season, as far as lies in his power, all his productions. He often begins his selection by some half-monstrous form; or at least by some modification prominent enough to catch his eye, or to be plainly useful to him. Under nature, the slightest difference of structure or constitution may well turn the nicely-balanced scale in the struggle for life, and so be preserved. How fleeting are the wishes and efforts of man! how short his time! and consequently how poor will his products be, compared with those accumulated by nature during whole geological periods. Can we wonder, then, that nature's productions should be far 'truer' in character than man's productions; that they should be infinitely better adapted to the most complex conditions of life, and should plainly bear the stamp of far higher workmanship?

5. It may be said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinising, throughout the world, every variation, even the slightest; rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up all that is good; silently and insensibly working, whenever and wherever opportunity offers, at the improvement of each organic being in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life. We see nothing of these slow changes in progress, until the hand of time has marked the long lapses of ages, and then so imperfect is our view into long past geological ages, that we only see that the forms of life are now different from what they formerly were.

6. Although natural selection can act only through and for the good of each

being, yet characters and structures, which we are apt to consider as of very trifling importance, may thus be acted on. When we see leaf-eating insects green, and bark-feeders mottled-grey; the alpine ptarmigan white in winter, the red-grouse the colour of heather, and the black-grouse that of peaty earth, we must believe that these tints are of service to these birds and insects in preserving them from danger. Grouse, if not destroyed at some period of their lives, would increase in countless numbers; they are known to suffer largely from birds of prey; and hawks are guided by eyesight to their prey, — so much so, that on parts of the Continent persons are warned not to keep white pigeons, as being the most liable to destruction. Hence I can see no reason to doubt that natural selection might be most effective in giving the proper colour to each kind of grouse, and in keeping that colour, when once acquired, true and constant. Nor ought we to think that the occasional destruction of an animal of any particular colour would produce little effect: we should remember how essential it is in a flock of white sheep to destroy every lamb with the faintest trace of black. In plants the down on the fruit and the colour of the flesh are considered by botanists as characters of the most trifling importance: yet we hear from an excellent horticulturist, Downing, that in the United States smooth-skinned fruits suffer far more from a beetle, a curculio, than those with down; that purple plums suffer far more from a certain disease than yellow plums; whereas another disease attacks yellow-fleshed peaches far more than those with other coloured flesh. If, with all the aids of art, these slight differences make a great difference in cultivating the several varieties, assuredly, in a state of nature, where the trees would have to struggle with other trees and with a host of enemies, such differences would effectually settle which variety, whether a smooth or downy, a yellow or purple fleshed fruit, should succeed.

7. In looking at many small points of difference between species, which, as far as our ignorance permits us to judge, seem to be quite unimportant, we must not forget that climate, food, &c., probably produce some slight and direct effect. It is, however, far more necessary to bear in mind that there are many unknown laws of correlation of growth, which, when one part of the organisation is modified through variation, and the modifications are accumulated by natural selection for the good of the being, will cause other modifications, often of the most unexpected nature.

8. As we see that those variations which under domestication appear at any particular period of life, tend to reappear in the offspring at the same period;

— for instance, in the seeds of the many varieties of our culinary and agricultural plants; in the caterpillar and cocoon stages of the varieties of the silkworm; in the eggs of poultry, and in the colour of the down of their chickens; in the horns of our sheep and cattle when nearly adult; — so in a state of nature, natural selection will be enabled to act on and modify organic beings at any age, by the accumulation of profitable variations at that age, and by their inheritance at a corresponding age. If it profit a plant to have its seeds more and more widely disseminated by the wind, I can see no greater difficulty in this being effected through natural selection, than in the cotton-planter increasing and improving by selection the down in the pods on his cotton-trees. Natural selection may modify and adapt the larva of an insect to a score of contingencies, wholly different from those which concern the mature insect. These modifications will no doubt affect, through the laws of correlation, the structure of the adult; and probably in the case of those insects which live only for a few hours, and which never feed, a large part of their structure is merely the correlated result of successive changes in the structure of their larvae. So, conversely, modifications in the adult will probably often affect the structure of the larva; but in all cases natural selection will ensure that modifications consequent on other modifications at a different period of life, shall not be in the least degree injurious: for if they became so, they would cause the extinction of the species.

9. Natural selection will modify the structure of the young in relation to the parent, and of the parent in relation to the young. In social animals it will adapt the structure of each individual for the benefit of the community; if each in consequence profits by the selected change. What natural selection cannot do, is to modify the structure of one species, without giving it any advantage, for the good of another species; and though statements to this effect may be found in works of natural history, I cannot find one case which will bear investigation. A structure used only once in an animal's whole life, if of high importance to it, might be modified to any extent by natural selection; for instance, the great jaws possessed by certain insects, and used exclusively for opening the cocoon — or the hard tip to the beak of nestling birds, used for breaking the egg. It has been asserted, that of the best short-beaked tumbler-pigeons more perish in the egg than are able to get out of it; so that fanciers assist in the act of hatching. Now, if nature had to make the beak of a full-grown pigeon very short for the bird's own advantage, the process of modification would be very slow, and there would be

simultaneously the most rigorous selection of the young birds within the egg, which had the most powerful and hardest beaks, for all with weak beaks would inevitably perish: or, more delicate and more easily broken shells might be selected, the thickness of the shell being known to vary like every other structure.

10. Sexual Selection. Inasmuch as peculiarities often appear under domestication in one sex and become hereditarily attached to that sex, the same fact probably occurs under nature, and if so, natural selection will be able to modify one sex in its functional relations to the other sex, or in relation to wholly different habits of life in the two sexes, as is sometimes the case with insects. And this leads me to say a few words on what I call Sexual Selection. This depends, not on a struggle for existence, but on a struggle between the males for possession of the females; the result is not death to the unsuccessful competitor, but few or no offspring. Sexual selection is, therefore, less rigorous than natural selection. Generally, the most vigorous males, those which are best fitted for their places in nature, will leave most progeny. But in many cases, victory will depend not on general vigour, but on having special weapons, confined to the male sex. A hornless stag or spurless cock would have a poor chance of leaving offspring. Sexual selection by always allowing the victor to breed might surely give indomitable courage, length to the spur, and strength to the wing to strike in the spurred leg, as well as the brutal cock-fighter, who knows well that he can improve his breed by careful selection of the best cocks. How low in the scale of nature this law of battle descends, I know not; male alligators have been described as fighting, bellowing, and whirling round, like Indians in a war-dance, for the possession of the females; male salmons have been seen fighting all day long; male stag-beetles often bear wounds from the huge mandibles of other males. The war is, perhaps, severest between the males of polygamous animals, and these seem oftenest provided with special weapons. The males of carnivorous animals are already well armed; though to them and to others, special means of defence may be given through means of sexual selection, as the mane to the lion, the shoulder-pad to the boar, and the hooked jaw to the male salmon; for the shield may be as important for victory, as the sword or spear.

11. Amongst birds, the contest is often of a more peaceful character. All those who have attended to the subject, believe that there is the severest

rivalry between the males of many species to attract by singing the females. The rock-thrush of Guiana, birds of Paradise, and some others, congregate; and successive males display their gorgeous plumage and perform strange antics before the females, which standing by as spectators, at last choose the most attractive partner. Those who have closely attended to birds in confinement well know that they often take individual preferences and dislikes: thus Sir R. Heron has described how one pied peacock was eminently attractive to all his hen birds. It may appear childish to attribute any effect to such apparently weak means: I cannot here enter on the details necessary to support this view; but if man can in a short time give elegant carriage and beauty to his bantams, according to his standard of beauty, I can see no good reason to doubt that female birds, by selecting, during thousands of generations, the most melodious or beautiful males, according to their standard of beauty, might produce a marked effect. I strongly suspect that some well-known laws with respect to the plumage of male and female birds, in comparison with the plumage of the young, can be explained on the view of plumage having been chiefly modified by sexual selection, acting when the birds have come to the breeding age or during the breeding season; the modifications thus produced being inherited at corresponding ages or seasons, either by the males alone, or by the males and females; but I have not space here to enter on this subject.

12. Thus it is, as I believe, that when the males and females of any animal have the same general habits of life, but differ in structure, colour, or ornament, such differences have been mainly caused by sexual selection; that is, individual males have had, in successive generations, some slight advantage over other males, in their weapons, means of defence, or charms; and have transmitted these advantages to their male offspring. Yet, I would not wish to attribute all such sexual differences to this agency: for we see peculiarities arising and becoming attached to the male sex in our domestic animals (as the wattle in male carriers, horn-like protuberances in the cocks of certain fowls, &c.), which we cannot believe to be either useful to the males in battle, or attractive to the females. We see analogous cases under nature, for instance, the tuft of hair on the breast of the turkey-cock, which can hardly be either useful or ornamental to this bird; — indeed, had the tuft appeared under domestication, it would have been called a monstrosity.

13. Illustrations of the action of Natural Selection. In order to make it clear

how, as I believe, natural selection acts, I must beg permission to give one or two imaginary illustrations. Let us take the case of a wolf, which preys on various animals, securing some by craft, some by strength, and some by fleetness; and let us suppose that the fleetest prey, a deer for instance, had from any change in the country increased in numbers, or that other prey had decreased in numbers, during that season of the year when the wolf is hardest pressed for food. I can under such circumstances see no reason to doubt that the swiftest and slimmest wolves would have the best chance of surviving, and so be preserved or selected, — provided always that they retained strength to master their prey at this or at some other period of the year, when they might be compelled to prey on other animals. I can see no more reason to doubt this, than that man can improve the fleetness of his greyhounds by careful and methodical selection, or by that unconscious selection which results from each man trying to keep the best dogs without any thought of modifying the breed.

14. Even without any change in the proportional numbers of the animals on which our wolf preyed, a cub might be born with an innate tendency to pursue certain kinds of prey. Nor can this be thought very improbable; for we often observe great differences in the natural tendencies of our domestic animals; one cat, for instance, taking to catch rats, another mice; one cat, according to Mr St John, bringing home winged game, another hares or rabbits, and another hunting on marshy ground and almost nightly catching woodcocks or snipes. The tendency to catch rats rather than mice is known to be inherited. Now, if any slight innate change of habit or of structure benefited an individual wolf, it would have the best chance of surviving and of leaving offspring. Some of its young would probably inherit the same habits or structure, and by the repetition of this process, a new variety might be formed which would either supplant or coexist with the parent-form of wolf. Or, again, the wolves inhabiting a mountainous district, and those frequenting the lowlands, would naturally be forced to hunt different prey; and from the continued preservation of the individuals best fitted for the two sites, two varieties might slowly be formed. These varieties would cross and blend where they met; but to this subject of intercrossing we shall soon have to return. I may add, that, according to Mr Pierce, there are two varieties of the wolf inhabiting the Catskill Mountains in the United States, one with a light greyhound-like form, which pursues deer, and the other more bulky, with shorter legs, which more frequently attacks the shepherd's flocks.

15. Let us now take a more complex case. Certain plants excrete a sweet juice, apparently for the sake of eliminating something injurious from their sap: this is effected by glands at the base of the stipules in some Leguminosae, and at the back of the leaf of the common laurel. This juice, though small in quantity, is greedily sought by insects. Let us now suppose a little sweet juice or nectar to be excreted by the inner bases of the petals of a flower. In this case insects in seeking the nectar would get dusted with pollen, and would certainly often transport the pollen from one flower to the stigma of another flower. The flowers of two distinct individuals of the same species would thus get crossed; and the act of crossing, we have good reason to believe (as will hereafter be more fully alluded to), would produce very vigorous seedlings, which consequently would have the best chance of flourishing and surviving. Some of these seedlings would probably inherit the nectar-excreting power. Those individual flowers which had the largest glands or nectaries, and which excreted most nectar, would be oftenest visited by insects, and would be oftenest crossed; and so in the long-run would gain the upper hand. Those flowers, also, which had their stamens and pistils placed, in relation to the size and habits of the particular insects which visited them, so as to favour in any degree the transportal of their pollen from flower to flower, would likewise be favoured or selected. We might have taken the case of insects visiting flowers for the sake of collecting pollen instead of nectar; and as pollen is formed for the sole object of fertilisation, its destruction appears a simple loss to the plant; yet if a little pollen were carried, at first occasionally and then habitually, by the pollen-devouring insects from flower to flower, and a cross thus effected, although nine-tenths of the pollen were destroyed, it might still be a great gain to the plant; and those individuals which produced more and more pollen, and had larger and larger anthers, would be selected.

16. When our plant, by this process of the continued preservation or natural selection of more and more attractive flowers, had been rendered highly attractive to insects, they would, unintentionally on their part, regularly carry pollen from flower to flower; and that they can most effectually do this, I could easily show by many striking instances. I will give only one — not as a very striking case, but as likewise illustrating one step in the separation of the sexes of plants, presently to be alluded to. Some holly-trees bear only male flowers, which have four stamens producing rather a small quantity of pollen, and a rudimentary pistil; other holly-trees bear only female flowers; these

have a full-sized pistil, and four stamens with shrivelled anthers, in which not a grain of pollen can be detected. Having found a female tree exactly sixty yards from a male tree, I put the stigmas of twenty flowers, taken from different branches, under the microscope, and on all, without exception, there were pollen-grains, and on some a profusion of pollen. As the wind had set for several days from the female to the male tree, the pollen could not thus have been carried. The weather had been cold and boisterous, and therefore not favourable to bees, nevertheless every female flower which I examined had been effectually fertilised by the bees, accidentally dusted with pollen, having flown from tree to tree in search of nectar. But to return to our imaginary case: as soon as the plant had been rendered so highly attractive to insects that pollen was regularly carried from flower to flower, another process might commence. No naturalist doubts the advantage of what has been called the 'physiological division of labour;' hence we may believe that it would be advantageous to a plant to produce stamens alone in one flower or on one whole plant, and pistils alone in another flower or on another plant. In plants under culture and placed under new conditions of life, sometimes the male organs and sometimes the female organs become more or less impotent; now if we suppose this to occur in ever so slight a degree under nature, then as pollen is already carried regularly from flower to flower, and as a more complete separation of the sexes of our plant would be advantageous on the principle of the division of labour, individuals with this tendency more and more increased, would be continually favoured or selected, until at last a complete separation of the sexes would be effected.

17. Let us now turn to the nectar-feeding insects in our imaginary case: we may suppose the plant of which we have been slowly increasing the nectar by continued selection, to be a common plant; and that certain insects depended in main part on its nectar for food. I could give many facts, showing how anxious bees are to save time; for instance, their habit of cutting holes and sucking the nectar at the bases of certain flowers, which they can, with a very little more trouble, enter by the mouth. Bearing such facts in mind, I can see no reason to doubt that an accidental deviation in the size and form of the body, or in the curvature and length of the proboscis, &c., far too slight to be appreciated by us, might profit a bee or other insect, so that an individual so characterised would be able to obtain its food more quickly, and so have a better chance of living and leaving descendants. Its descendants would probably inherit a tendency to a similar slight deviation of structure. The

tubes of the corollas of the common red and incarnate clovers (Trifolium pratense and incarnatum) do not on a hasty glance appear to differ in length; yet the hive-bee can easily suck the nectar out of the incarnate clover, but not out of the common red clover, which is visited by humble-bees alone; so that whole fields of the red clover offer in vain an abundant supply of precious nectar to the hive-bee. Thus it might be a great advantage to the hive-bee to have a slightly longer or differently constructed proboscis. On the other hand, I have found by experiment that the fertility of clover greatly depends on bees visiting and moving parts of the corolla, so as to push the pollen on to the stigmatic surface. Hence, again, if humble-bees were to become rare in any country, it might be a great advantage to the red clover to have a shorter or more deeply divided tube to its corolla, so that the hive-bee could visit its flowers. Thus I can understand how a flower and a bee might slowly become, either simultaneously or one after the other, modified and adapted in the most perfect manner to each other, by the continued preservation of individuals presenting mutual and slightly favourable deviations of structure.

18. I am well aware that this doctrine of natural selection, exemplified in the above imaginary instances, is open to the same objections which were at first urged against Sir Charles Lyell's noble views on 'the modern changes of the earth, as illustrative of geology;' but we now very seldom hear the action, for instance, of the coast-waves, called a trifling and insignificant cause, when applied to the excavation of gigantic valleys or to the formation of the longest lines of inland cliffs. Natural selection can act only by the preservation and accumulation of infinitesimally small inherited modifications, each profitable to the preserved being; and as modern geology has almost banished such views as the excavation of a great valley by a single diluvial wave, so will natural selection, if it be a true principle, banish the belief of the continued creation of new organic beings, or of any great and sudden modification in their structure.

[...]

19. Circumstances favourable to Natural Selection. This is an extremely intricate subject. A large amount of inheritable and diversified variability is favourable, but I believe mere individual differences suffice for the work. A large number of individuals, by giving a better chance for the appearance

within any given period of profitable variations, will compensate for a lesser amount of variability in each individual, and is, I believe, an extremely important element of success. Though nature grants vast periods of time for the work of natural selection, she does not grant an indefinite period; for as all organic beings are striving, it may be said, to seize on each place in the economy of nature, if any one species does not become modified and improved in a corresponding degree with its competitors, it will soon be exterminated.

20. In man's methodical selection, a breeder selects for some definite object, and free intercrossing will wholly stop his work. But when many men, without intending to alter the breed, have a nearly common standard of perfection, and all try to get and breed from the best animals, much improvement and modification surely but slowly follow from this unconscious process of selection, notwithstanding a large amount of crossing with inferior animals. Thus it will be in nature; for within a confined area, with some place in its polity not so perfectly occupied as might be, natural selection will always tend to preserve all the individuals varying in the right direction, though in different degrees, so as better to fill up the unoccupied place. But if the area be large, its several districts will almost certainly present different conditions of life; and then if natural selection be modifying and improving a species in the several districts, there will be intercrossing with the other individuals of the same species on the confines of each. And in this case the effects of intercrossing can hardly be counterbalanced by natural selection always tending to modify all the individuals in each district in exactly the same manner to the conditions of each; for in a continuous area, the conditions will generally graduate away insensibly from one district to another. The intercrossing will most affect those animals which unite for each birth, which wander much, and which do not breed at a very quick rate. Hence in animals of this nature, for instance in birds, varieties will generally be confined to separated countries; and this I believe to be the case. In hermaphrodite organisms which cross only occasionally, and likewise in animals which unite for each birth, but which wander little and which can increase at a very rapid rate, a new and improved variety might be quickly formed on any one spot, and might there maintain itself in a body, so that whatever intercrossing took place would be chiefly between the individuals of the same new variety. A local variety when once thus formed might subsequently slowly spread to other districts. On the above principle,

nurserymen always prefer getting seed from a large body of plants of the same variety, as the chance of intercrossing with other varieties is thus lessened.

21. Even in the case of slow-breeding animals, which unite for each birth, we must not overrate the effects of intercrosses in retarding natural selection; for I can bring a considerable catalogue of facts, showing that within the same area, varieties of the same animal can long remain distinct, from haunting different stations, from breeding at slightly different seasons, or from varieties of the same kind preferring to pair together.

22. Intercrossing plays a very important part in nature in keeping the individuals of the same species, or of the same variety, true and uniform in character. It will obviously thus act far more efficiently with those animals which unite for each birth; but I have already attempted to show that we have reason to believe that occasional intercrosses take place with all animals and with all plants. Even if these take place only at long intervals, I am convinced that the young thus produced will gain so much in vigour and fertility over the offspring from long-continued self-fertilisation, that they will have a better chance of surviving and propagating their kind; and thus, in the long run, the influence of intercrosses, even at rare intervals, will be great. If there exist organic beings which never intercross, uniformity of character can be retained amongst them, as long as their conditions of life remain the same, only through the principle of inheritance, and through natural selection destroying any which depart from the proper type; but if their conditions of life change and they undergo modification, uniformity of character can be given to their modified offspring, solely by natural selection preserving the same favourable variations.

23. Isolation, also, is an important element in the process of natural selection. In a confined or isolated area, if not very large, the organic and inorganic conditions of life will generally be in a great degree uniform; so that natural selection will tend to modify all the individuals of a varying species throughout the area in the same manner in relation to the same conditions. Intercrosses, also, with the individuals of the same species, which otherwise would have inhabited the surrounding and differently circumstanced districts, will be prevented. But isolation probably acts more efficiently in checking the immigration of better adapted organisms, after any physical change, such as of climate or elevation of the land, &c.; and thus new places in the natural economy of the country are left open for the old inhabitants to struggle for,

and become adapted to, through modifications in their structure and constitution. Lastly, isolation, by checking immigration and consequently competition, will give time for any new variety to be slowly improved; and this may sometimes be of importance in the production of new species. If, however, an isolated area be very small, either from being surrounded by barriers, or from having very peculiar physical conditions, the total number of the individuals supported on it will necessarily be very small; and fewness of individuals will greatly retard the production of new species through natural selection, by decreasing the chance of the appearance of favourable variations.

24. If we turn to nature to test the truth of these remarks, and look at any small isolated area, such as an oceanic island, although the total number of the species inhabiting it, will be found to be small [...] yet of these species a very large proportion are endemic, — that is, have been produced there, and nowhere else. Hence an oceanic island at first sight seems to have been highly favourable for the production of new species. But we may thus greatly deceive ourselves, for to ascertain whether a small isolated area, or a large open area like a continent, has been most favourable for the production of new organic forms, we ought to make the comparison within equal times; and this we are incapable of doing.

25. Although I do not doubt that isolation is of considerable importance in the production of new species, on the whole I am inclined to believe that largeness of area is of more importance, more especially in the production of species, which will prove capable of enduring for a long period, and of spreading widely. Throughout a great and open area, not only will there be a better chance of favourable variations arising from the large number of individuals of the same species there supported, but the conditions of life are infinitely complex from the large number of already existing species; and if some of these many species become modified and improved, others will have to be improved in a corresponding degree or they will be exterminated. Each new form, also, as soon as it has been much improved, will be able to spread over the open and continuous area, and will thus come into competition with many others. Hence more new places will be formed, and the competition to fill them will be more severe, on a large than on a small and isolated area. Moreover, great areas, though now continuous, owing to oscillations of level, will often have recently existed in a broken condition, so that the good effects of isolation will generally, to a certain extent, have concurred. Finally, I

conclude that, although small isolated areas probably have been in some respects highly favourable for the production of new species, yet that the course of modification will generally have been more rapid on large areas; and what is more important, that the new forms produced on large areas, which already have been victorious over many competitors, will be those that will spread most widely, will give rise to most new varieties and species, and will thus play an important part in the changing history of the organic world.

26. We can, perhaps, on these views, understand some facts [...] on geographical distribution; for instance, that the productions of the smaller continent of Australia have formerly yielded, and apparently are now yielding, before those of the larger Europaeo-Asiatic area. Thus, also, it is that continental productions have everywhere become so largely naturalised on islands. On a small island, the race for life will have been less severe, and there will have been less modification and less extermination. Hence, perhaps, it comes that the flora of Madeira, according to Oswald Heer, resembles the extinct tertiary flora of Europe. All fresh-water basins, taken together, make a small area compared with that of the sea or of the land; and, consequently, the competition between fresh-water productions will have been less severe than elsewhere; new forms will have been more slowly formed, and old forms more slowly exterminated. And it is in fresh water that we find seven genera of Ganoid fishes, remnants of a once preponderant order: and in fresh water we find some of the most anomalous forms now known in the world, as the Ornithorhynchus and Lepidosiren, which, like fossils, connect to a certain extent orders now widely separated in the natural scale. These anomalous forms may almost be called living fossils; they have endured to the present day, from having inhabited a confined area, and from having thus been exposed to less severe competition.

27. To sum up the circumstances favourable and unfavourable to natural selection, as far as the extreme intricacy of the subject permits. I conclude, looking to the future, that for terrestrial productions a large continental area, which will probably undergo many oscillations of level, and which consequently will exist for long periods in a broken condition, will be the most favourable for the production of many new forms of life, likely to endure long and to spread widely. For the area will first have existed as a continent, and the inhabitants, at this period numerous in individuals and kinds, will have been subjected to very severe competition. When converted by subsidence into large separate islands, there will still exist many

individuals of the same species on each island: intercrossing on the confines of the range of each species will thus be checked: after physical changes of any kind, immigration will be prevented, so that new places in the polity of each island will have to be filled up by modifications of the old inhabitants; and time will be allowed for the varieties in each to become well modified and perfected. When, by renewed elevation, the islands shall be re-converted into a continental area, there will again be severe competition: the most favoured or improved varieties will be enabled to spread: there will be much extinction of the less improved forms, and the relative proportional numbers of the various inhabitants of the renewed continent will again be changed; and again there will be a fair field for natural selection to improve still further the inhabitants, and thus produce new species.

28. That natural selection will always act with extreme slowness, I fully admit. Its action depends on there being places in the polity of nature, which can be better occupied by some of the inhabitants of the country undergoing modification of some kind. The existence of such places will often depend on physical changes, which are generally very slow, and on the immigration of better adapted forms having been checked. But the action of natural selection will probably still oftener depend on some of the inhabitants becoming slowly modified; the mutual relations of many of the other inhabitants being thus disturbed. Nothing can be effected, unless favourable variations occur, and variation itself is apparently always a very slow process. The process will often be greatly retarded by free intercrossing. Many will exclaim that these several causes are amply sufficient wholly to stop the action of natural selection. I do not believe so. On the other hand, I do believe that natural selection will always act very slowly, often only at long intervals of time, and generally on only a very few of the inhabitants of the same region at the same time. I further believe, that this very slow, intermittent action of natural selection accords perfectly well with what geology tells us of the rate and manner at which the inhabitants of this world have changed.

29. Slow though the process of selection may be, if feeble man can do much by his powers of artificial selection, I can see no limit to the amount of change, to the beauty and infinite complexity of the coadaptations between all organic beings, one with another and with their physical conditions of life, which may be effected in the long course of time by nature's power of selection.

30. Extinction. This subject will be more fully discussed in our chapter[(1)] on Geology; but it must be here alluded to from being intimately connected with natural selection. Natural selection acts solely through the preservation of variations in some way advantageous, which consequently endure. But as from the high geometrical powers of increase of all organic beings, each area is already fully stocked with inhabitants, it follows that as each selected and favoured form increases in number, so will the less favoured forms decrease and become rare. Rarity, as geology tells us, is the precursor to extinction. We can, also, see that any form represented by few individuals will, during fluctuations in the seasons or in the number of its enemies, run a good chance of utter extinction. But we may go further than this; for as new forms are continually and slowly being produced, unless we believe that the number of specific forms goes on perpetually and almost indefinitely increasing, numbers inevitably must become extinct. That the number of specific forms has not indefinitely increased, geology shows us plainly; and indeed we can see reason why they should not have thus increased, for the number of places in the polity of nature is not indefinitely great, — not that we have any means of knowing that any one region has as yet got its maximum of species. Probably no region is as yet fully stocked, for at the Cape of Good Hope, where more species of plants are crowded together than in any other quarter of the world, some foreign plants have become naturalised, without causing, as far as we know, the extinction of any natives.

31. Furthermore, the species which are most numerous in individuals will have the best chance of producing within any given period favourable variations [...] It is the common species which afford the greatest number of recorded varieties, or incipient species. Hence, rare species will be less quickly modified or improved within any given period, and they will consequently be beaten in the race for life by the modified descendants of the commoner species.

32. From these several considerations I think it inevitably follows, that as new species in the course of time are formed through natural selection, others will become rarer and rarer, and finally extinct. The forms which stand in closest competition with those undergoing modification and improvement, will naturally suffer most. And we have seen in the chapter on the Struggle for Existence that it is the most closely-allied forms, — varieties of the same species, and species of the same genus or of related genera, — which, from having nearly the same structure, constitution, and habits, generally come

into the severest competition with each other. Consequently, each new variety or species, during the progress of its formation, will generally press hardest on its nearest kindred, and tend to exterminate them. We see the same process of extermination amongst our domesticated productions, through the selection of improved forms by man. Many curious instances could be given showing how quickly new breeds of cattle, sheep, and other animals, and varieties of flowers, take the place of older and inferior kinds. In Yorkshire, it is historically known that the ancient black cattle were displaced by the long-horns, and that these 'were swept away by the short-horns' (I quote the words of an agricultural writer) 'as if by some murderous pestilence.'

33. Divergence of Character. The principle, which I have designated by this term, is of high importance on my theory, and explains, as I believe, several important facts. In the first place, varieties, even strongly-marked ones, though having somewhat of the character of species — as is shown by the hopeless doubts in many cases how to rank them — yet certainly differ from each other far less than do good and distinct species. Nevertheless, according to my view, varieties are species in the process of formation, or are, as I have called them, incipient species. How, then, does the lesser difference between varieties become augmented into the greater difference between species? That this does habitually happen, we must infer from most of the innumerable species throughout nature presenting well-marked differences; whereas varieties, the supposed prototypes and parents of future well-marked species, present slight and illdefined differences. Mere chance, as we may call it, might cause one variety to differ in some character from its parents, and the offspring of this variety again to differ from its parent in the very same character and in a greater degree; but this alone would never account for so habitual and large an amount of difference as that between varieties of the same species and species of the same genus.

34. As has always been my practice, let us seek light on this head from our domestic productions. We shall here find something analogous. A fancier is struck by a pigeon having a slightly shorter beak; another fancier is struck by a pigeon having a rather longer beak; and on the acknowledged principle that 'fanciers do not and will not admire a medium standard, but like extremes,' they both go on (as has actually occurred with tumbler-pigeons) choosing and breeding from birds with longer and longer beaks, or with shorter and shorter beaks. Again, we may suppose that at an early period one man preferred

swifter horses; another stronger and more bulky horses. The early differences would be very slight; in the course of time, from the continued selection of swifter horses by some breeders, and of stronger ones by others, the differences would become greater, and would be noted as forming two sub-breeds; finally, after the lapse of centuries, the sub-breeds would become converted into two well-established and distinct breeds. As the differences slowly become greater, the inferior animals with intermediate characters, being neither very swift nor very strong, will have been neglected, and will have tended to disappear. Here, then, we see in man's productions the action of what may be called the principle of divergence, causing differences, at first barely appreciable, steadily to increase, and the breeds to diverge in character both from each other and from their common parent.

35. But how, it may be asked, can any analogous principle apply in nature? I believe it can and does apply most efficiently, from the simple circumstance that the more diversified the descendants from any one species become in structure, constitution, and habits, by so much will they be better enabled to seize on many and widely diversified places in the polity of nature, and so be enabled to increase in numbers.

36. We can clearly see this in the case of animals with simple habits. Take the case of a carnivorous quadruped, of which the number that can be supported in any country has long ago arrived at its full average. If its natural powers of increase be allowed to act, it can succeed in increasing (the country not undergoing any change in its conditions) only by its varying descendants seizing on places at present occupied by other animals: some of them, for instance, being enabled to feed on new kinds of prey, either dead or alive; some inhabiting new stations, climbing trees, frequenting water, and some perhaps becoming less carnivorous. The more diversified in habits and structure the descendants of our carnivorous animal became, the more places they would be enabled to occupy. What applies to one animal will apply throughout all time to all animals — that is, if they vary — for otherwise natural selection can do nothing. So it will be with plants. It has been experimentally proved, that if a plot of ground be sown with one species of grass, and a similar plot be sown with several distinct genera of grasses, a greater number of plants and a greater weight of dry herbage can thus be raised. The same has been found to hold good when first one variety and then several mixed varieties of wheat have been sown on equal spaces of ground. Hence, if any one species of grass were to go on varying, and those varieties

were continually selected which differed from each other in at all the same manner as distinct species and genera of grasses differ from each other, a greater number of individual plants of this species of grass, including its modified descendants, would succeed in living on the same piece of ground. And we well know that each species and each variety of grass is annually sowing almost countless seeds; and thus, as it may be said, is striving its utmost to increase its numbers. Consequently, I cannot doubt that in the course of many thousands of generations, the most distinct varieties of any one species of grass would always have the best chance of succeeding and of increasing in numbers, and thus of supplanting the less distinct varieties; and varieties, when rendered very distinct from each other, take the rank of species.

37. The truth of the principle, that the greatest amount of life can be supported by great diversification of structure, is seen under many natural circumstances. In an extremely small area, especially if freely open to immigration, and where the contest between individual and individual must be severe, we always find great diversity in its inhabitants. For instance, I found that a piece of turf, three feet by four in size, which had been exposed for many years to exactly the same conditions, supported twenty species of plants, and these belonged to eighteen genera and to eight orders, which shows how much these plants differed from each other. So it is with the plants and insects on small and uniform islets; and so in small ponds of fresh water. Farmers find that they can raise most food by a rotation of plants belonging to the most different orders: nature follows what may be called a simultaneous rotation. Most of the animals and plants which live close round any small piece of ground, could live on it (supposing it not to be in any way peculiar in its nature), and may be said to be striving to the utmost to live there; but, it is seen, that where they come into the closest competition with each other, the advantages of diversification of structure, with the accompanying differences of habit and constitution, determine that the inhabitants, which thus jostle each other most closely, shall, as a general rule, belong to what we call different genera and orders.

38. The same principle is seen in the naturalisation of plants through man's agency in foreign lands. It might have been expected that the plants which have succeeded in becoming naturalised in any land would generally have been closely allied to the indigenes; for these are commonly looked at as specially created and adapted for their own country. It might, also, perhaps

have been expected that naturalised plants would have belonged to a few groups more especially adapted to certain stations in their new homes. But the case is very different; and Alph. De Candolle has well remarked in his great and admirable work, that floras gain by naturalisation, proportionally with the number of the native genera and species, far more in new genera than in new species. To give a single instance: in the last edition of Dr Asa Gray's 'Manual of the Flora of the Northern United States,' 260 naturalised plants are enumerated, and these belong to 162 genera. We thus see that these naturalised plants are of a highly diversified nature. They differ, moreover, to a large extent from the indigenes, for out of the 162 genera, no less than 100 genera are not there indigenous, and thus a large proportional addition is made to the genera of these States.

39. By considering the nature of the plants or animals which have struggled successfully with the indigenes of any country, and have there become naturalised, we can gain some crude idea in what manner some of the natives would have had to be modified, in order to have gained an advantage over the other natives; and we may, I think, at least safely infer that diversification of structure, amounting to new generic differences, would have been profitable to them.

40. The advantage of diversification in the inhabitants of the same region is, in fact, the same as that of the physiological division of labour in the organs of the same individual body — a subject so well elucidated by Milne Edwards. No physiologist doubts that a stomach by being adapted to digest vegetable matter alone, or flesh alone, draws most nutriment from these substances. So in the general economy of any land, the more widely and perfectly the animals and plants are diversified for different habits of life, so will a greater number of individuals be capable of there supporting themselves. A set of animals, with their organisation but little diversified, could hardly compete with a set more perfectly diversified in structure. It may be doubted, for instance, whether the Australian marsupials, which are divided into groups differing but little from each other, and feebly representing, as Mr Waterhouse and others have remarked, our carnivorous, ruminant, and rodent mammals, could successfully compete with these well-pronounced orders. In the Australian mammals, we see the process of diversification in an early and incomplete stage of development.

41. After the foregoing discussion, which ought to have been much amplified, we may, I think, assume that the modified descendants of any one

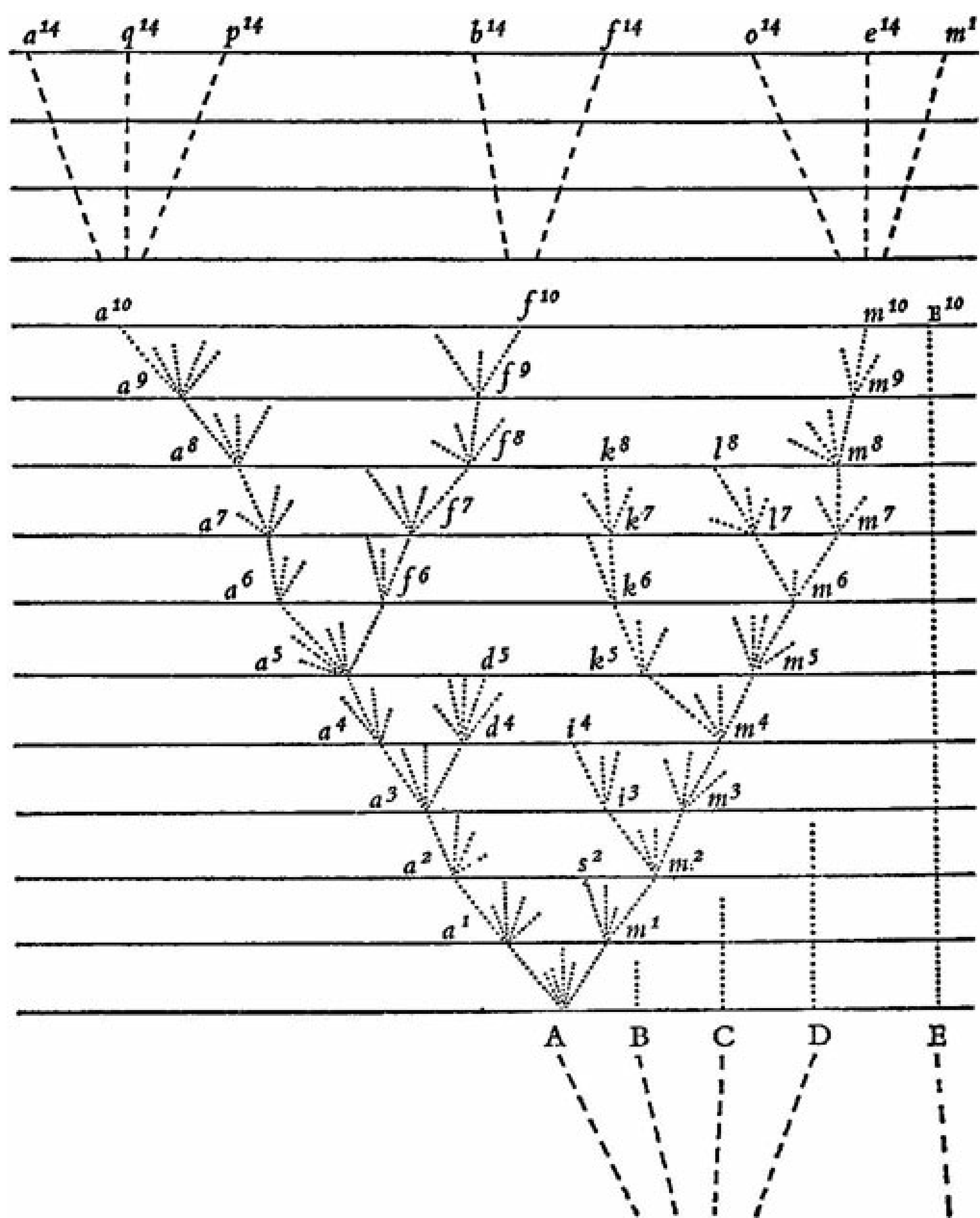
species will succeed by so much the better as they become more diversified in structure, and are thus enabled to encroach on places occupied by other beings. Now let us see how this principle of great benefit being derived from divergence of character, combined with the principles of natural selection and of extinction, will tend to act.

42. The accompanying diagram [pp. 56—57] will aid us in understanding this rather perplexing subject. Let A to L represent the species of a genus large in its own country; these species are supposed to resemble each other in unequal degrees, as is so generally the case in nature, and as is represented in the diagram by the letters standing at unequal distances. I have said a large genus, because [...] on an average more of the species of large genera vary than of small genera; and the varying species of the large genera present a greater number of varieties [...] The species, which are the commonest and the most widely-diffused, vary more than rare species with restricted ranges. Let (A) be a common, widely-diffused, and varying species, belonging to a genus large in its own country. The little fan of diverging dotted lines of unequal lengths proceeding from (A), may represent its varying offspring. The variations are supposed to be extremely slight, but of the most diversified nature; they are not supposed all to appear simultaneously, but often after long intervals of time; nor are they all supposed to endure for equal periods. Only those variations which are in some way profitable will be preserved or naturally selected. And here the importance of the principle of benefit being derived from divergence of character comes in; for this will generally lead to the most different or divergent variations (represented by the outer dotted lines) being preserved and accumulated by natural selection. When a dotted line reaches one of the horizontal lines, and is there marked by a small numbered letter, a sufficient amount of variation is supposed to have been accumulated to have formed a fairly well-marked variety, such as would be thought worthy of record in a systematic work.

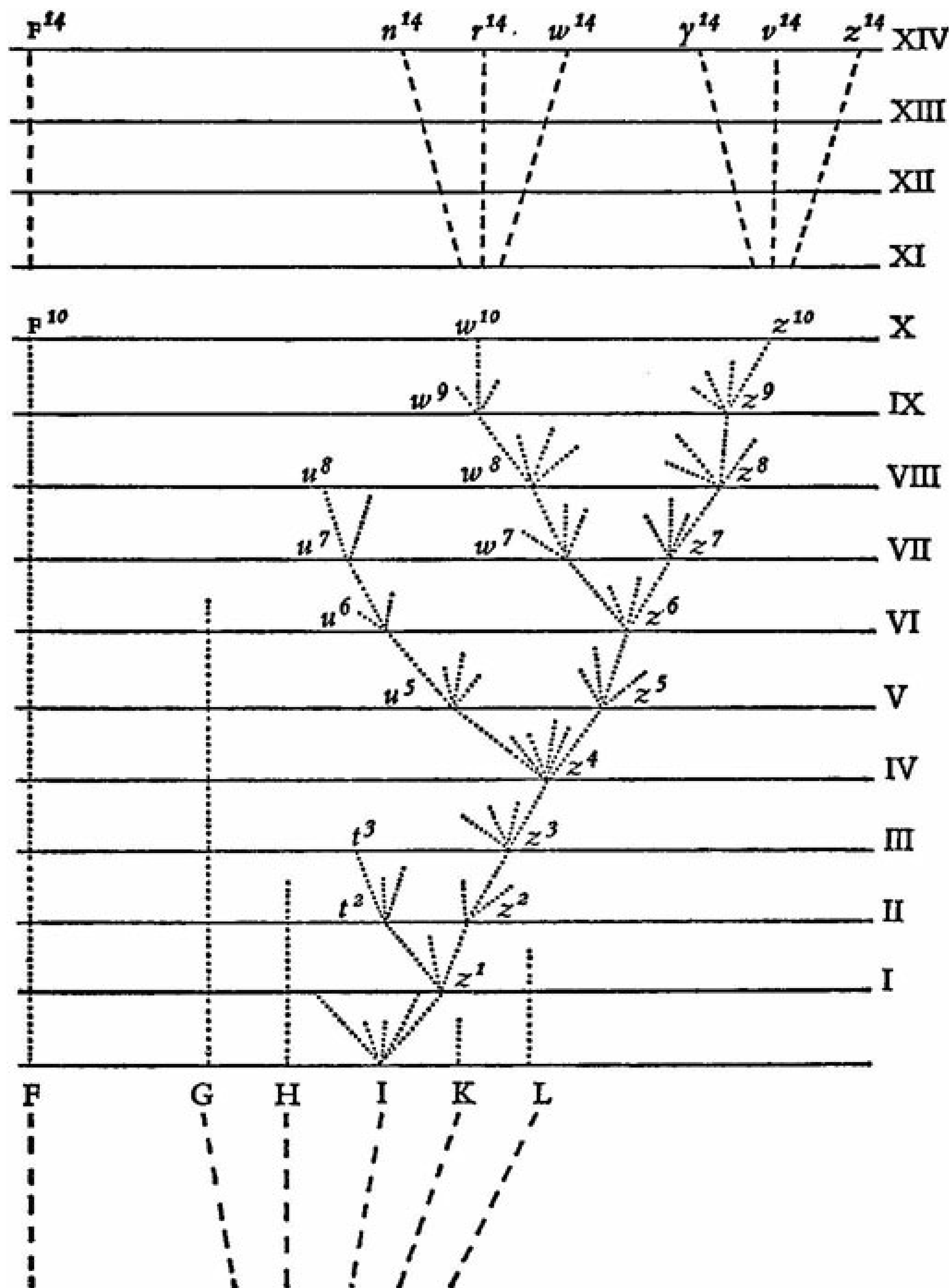
43. The intervals between the horizontal lines in the diagram, may represent each a thousand generations; but it would have been better if each had represented ten thousand generations. After a thousand generations, species (A) is supposed to have produced two fairly well-marked varieties, namely a^1 and m^1. These two varieties will generally continue to be exposed to the same conditions which made their parents variable, and the tendency to variability is in itself hereditary, consequently they will tend to vary, and generally to vary in nearly the same manner as their parents varied. Moreover, these two

varieties, being only slightly modified forms, will tend to inherit those advantages which made their common parent (A) more numerous than most of the other inhabitants of the same country; they will likewise partake of those more general advantages which made the genus to which the parent-species belonged, a large genus in its own country. And these circumstances we know to be favourable to the production of new varieties.

44. If, then, these two varieties be variable, the most divergent of their variations will generally be preserved during the next thousand generations. And after this interval, variety a^1 is supposed in the diagram to have produced variety a^2, which will, owing to the principle of divergence, differ more from (A) than did variety a^1. Variety m^1 is supposed to have produced two varieties, namely m^2 and s^2, differing from each other, and more considerably from their common parent (A). We may continue the process by similar steps for any length of time; some of the varieties, after each thousand generations, producing only a single variety, but in a more and more modified condition, some producing two or three varieties, and some failing to produce any. Thus the varieties or modified descendants, proceeding from the common parent (A), will generally go on increasing in number and diverging in character. In the diagram the process is represented up to the ten-thousandth generation, and under a condensed and simplified form up to the fourteen-thousandth generation.



a^{14} q^{14} p^{14} b^{14} f^{14} o^{14} e^{14} m^{14}
a^{10} f^{10} m^{10} E^{10}
a^9 f^9 m^9
a^8 f^8 k^8 l^8 m^8
a^7 f^7 k^7 l^7 m^7
a^6 f^6 k^6 m^6
a^5 d^5 k^5 m^5
a^4 d^4 i^4 m^4
a^3 i^3 m^3
a^2 s^2 m^2
a^1 m^1
A B C D E



45. But I must here remark that I do not suppose that the process ever goes on so regularly as is represented in the diagram, though in itself made somewhat irregular. I am far from thinking that the most divergent varieties will invariably prevail and multiply: a medium form may often long endure, and may or may not produce more than one modified descendant; for natural selection will always act according to the nature of the places which are

either unoccupied or not perfectly occupied by other beings; and this will depend on infinitely complex relations. But as a general rule, the more diversified in structure the descendants from any one species can be rendered, the more places they will be enabled to seize on, and the more their modified progeny will be increased. In our diagram the line of succession is broken at regular intervals by small numbered letters marking the successive forms which have become sufficiently distinct to be recorded as varieties. But these breaks are imaginary, and might have been inserted anywhere, after intervals long enough to have allowed the accumulation of a considerable amount of divergent variation.

46. As all the modified descendants from a common and widely-diffused species, belonging to a large genus, will tend to partake of the same advantages which made their parent successful in life, they will generally go on multiplying in number as well as diverging in character:this is represented in the diagram by the several divergent branches proceeding from (A). The modified offspring from the later and more highly improved branches in the lines of descent, will, it is probable, often take the place of, and so destroy, the earlier and less improved branches: this is represented in the diagram by some of the lower branches not reaching to the upper horizontal lines. In some cases I do not doubt that the process of modification will be confined to a single line of descent, and the number of the descendants will not be increased; although the amount of divergent modification may have been increased in the successive generations. This case would be represented in the diagram, if all the lines proceeding from (A) were removed, excepting that from a^{1} to a^{10}. In the same way, for instance, the English race-horse and English pointer have apparently both gone on slowly diverging in character from their original stocks, without either having given off any fresh branches or races.

47. After ten thousand generations, species (A) is supposed to have produced three forms, a^{10}, f^{10}, and m^{10}, which, from having diverged in character during the successive generations, will have come to differ largely, but perhaps unequally, from each other and from their common parent. If we suppose the amount of change between each horizontal line in our diagram to be excessively small, these three forms may still be only well-marked varieties; or they may have arrived at the doubtful category of sub-species; but we have only to suppose the steps in the process of modification to be more numerous or greater in amount, to convert these three forms into well-defined species:

thus the diagram illustrates the steps by which the small differences distinguishing varieties are increased into the larger differences distinguishing species. By continuing the same process for a greater number of generations (as shown in the diagram in a condensed and simplified manner), we get eight species, marked by the letters between a^{14} and m^{14}, all descended from (A). Thus, as I believe, species are multiplied and genera are formed.

48. In a large genus it is probable that more than one species would vary. In the diagram I have assumed that a second species (I) has produced, by analogous steps, after ten thousand generations, either two well-marked varieties (w^{10} and z^{10}) or two species, according to the amount of change supposed to be represented between the horizontal lines. After fourteen thousand generations, six new species, marked by the letters n^{14} to z^{14}, are supposed to have been produced. In each genus, the species, which are already extremely different in character, will generally tend to produce the greatest number of modified descendants; for these will have the best chance of filling new and widely different places in the polity of nature: hence in the diagram I have chosen the extreme species (A), and the nearly extreme species (I), as those which have largely varied, and have given rise to new varieties and species. The other nine species (marked by capital letters) of our original genus, may for a long period continue transmitting unaltered descendants; and this is shown in the diagram by the dotted lines not prolonged far upwards from want of space.

49. But during the process of modification, represented in the diagram, another of our principles, namely that of extinction, will have played an important part. As in each fully stocked country natural selection necessarily acts by the selected form having some advantage in the struggle for life over other forms, there will be a constant tendency in the improved descendants of any one species to supplant and exterminate in each stage of descent their predecessors and their original parent. For it should be remembered that the competition will generally be most severe between those forms which are most nearly related to each other in habits, constitution, and structure. Hence all the intermediate forms between the earlier and later states, that is between the less and more improved state of a species, as well as the original parent-species itself, will generally tend to become extinct. So it probably will be with many whole collateral lines of descent, which will be conquered by later and improved lines of descent. If, however, the modified offspring of a

species get into some distinct country, or become quickly adapted to some quite new station, in which child and parent do not come into competition, both may continue to exist.

50. If then our diagram be assumed to represent a considerable amount of modification, species (A) and all the earlier varieties will have become extinct, having been replaced by eight new species (a^{14} to m^{14}); and (I) will have been replaced by six (n^{14} to z^{14}) new species.

51. But we may go further than this. The original species of our genus were supposed to resemble each other in unequal degrees, as is so generally the case in nature; species (A) being more nearly related to B, C, and D, than to the other species; and species (I) more to G, H, K, L, than to the others. These two species (A) and (I), were also supposed to be very common and widely diffused species, so that they must originally have had some advantage over most of the other species of the genus. Their modified descendants, fourteen in number at the fourteen-thousandth generation, will probably have inherited some of the same advantages: they have also been modified and improved in a diversified manner at each stage of descent, so as to have become adapted to many related places in the natural economy of their country. It seems, therefore, to me extremely probable that they will have taken the places of, and thus exterminated, not only their parents (A) and (I), but likewise some of the original species which were most nearly related to their parents. Hence very few of the original species will have transmitted offspring to the fourteen-thousandth generation. We may suppose that only one (F), of the two species which were least closely related to the other nine original species, has transmitted descendants to this late stage of descent.

52. The new species in our diagram descended from the original eleven species, will now be fifteen in number. Owing to the divergent tendency of natural selection, the extreme amount of difference in character between species a^{14} and z^{14} will be much greater than that between the most different of the original eleven species. The new species, moreover, will be allied to each other in a widely different manner. Of the eight descendants from (A) the three marked a^{14}, q^{14}, p^{14}, will be nearly related from having recently branched off from a^{10}; b^{14} and f^{14}, from having diverged at an earlier period from a^{5}, will be in some degree distinct from the three first-named species; and lastly, o^{14}, e^{14}, and m^{14}, will be nearly related one to the other, but from having diverged at the first commencement of the process of modification, will be widely different from the other five species, and may constitute a sub-genus or even

a distinct genus.

53. The six descendants from (I) will form two sub-genera or even genera. But as the original species (I) differed largely from (A), standing nearly at the extreme points of the original genus, the six descendants from (I) will, owing to inheritance, differ considerably from the eight descendants from (A); the two groups, moreover, are supposed to have gone on diverging in different directions. The intermediate species, also (and this is a very important consideration), which connected the original species (A) and (I), have all become, excepting (F), extinct, and have left no descendants. Hence the six new species descended from (I), and the eight descended from (A), will have to be ranked as very distinct genera, or even as distinct sub-families.

54. Thus it is, as I believe, that two or more genera are produced by descent, with modification, from two or more species of the same genus. And the two or more parent-species are supposed to have descended from some one species of an earlier genus. In our diagram, this is indicated by the broken lines, beneath the capital letters, converging in sub-branches downwards towards a single point; this point representing a single species, the supposed single parent of our several new sub-genera and genera.

55. It is worth while to reflect for a moment on the character of the new species F^{14}, which is supposed not to have diverged much in character, but to have retained the form of (F), either unaltered or altered only in a slight degree. In this case, its affinities to the other fourteen new species will be of a curious and circuitous nature. Having descended from a form which stood between the two parent-species (A) and (I), now supposed to be extinct and unknown, it will be in some degree intermediate in character between the two groups descended from these species. But as these two groups have gone on diverging in character from the type of their parents, the new species (F^{14}) will not be directly intermediate between them, but rather between types of the two groups; and every naturalist will be able to bring some such case before his mind.

56. In the diagram, each horizontal line has hitherto been supposed to represent a thousand generations, but each may represent a million or hundred million generations, and likewise a section of the successive strata of the earth's crust including extinct remains. We shall, when we come to our chapter on Geology, have to refer again to this subject, and I think we shall then see that the diagram throws light on the affinities of extinct beings, which, though generally belonging to the same orders, or families, or genera,

with those now living, yet are often, in some degree, intermediate in character between existing groups; and we can understand this fact, for the extinct species lived at very ancient epochs when the branching lines of descent had diverged less.

57. I see no reason to limit the process of modification, as now explained, to the formation of genera alone. If, in our diagram, we suppose the amount of change represented by each successive group of diverging dotted lines to be very great, the forms marked a^{14} to p^{14}, those marked b^{14} and f^{14}, and those marked o^{14} to m^{14}, will form three very distinct genera. We shall also have two very distinct genera descended from (I); and as these latter two genera, both from continued divergence of character and from inheritance from a different parent, will differ widely from the three genera descended from (A), the two little groups of genera will form two distinct families, or even orders, according to the amount of divergent modification supposed to be represented in the diagram. And the two new families, or orders, will have descended from two species of the original genus; and these two species are supposed to have descended from one species of a still more ancient and unknown genus.

58. We have seen that in each country it is the species of the larger genera which oftenest present varieties or incipient species. This, indeed, might have been expected; for as natural selection acts through one form having some advantage over other forms in the struggle for existence, it will chiefly act on those which already have some advantage; and the largeness of any group shows that its species have inherited from a common ancestor some advantage in common. Hence, the struggle for the production of new and modified descendants, will mainly lie between the larger groups, which are all trying to increase in number. One large group will slowly conquer another large group, reduce its numbers, and thus lessen its chance of further variation and improvement. Within the same large group, the later and more highly perfected sub-groups, from branching out and seizing on many new places in the polity of Nature, will constantly tend to supplant and destroy the earlier and less improved sub-groups. Small and broken groups and sub-groups will finally tend to disappear. Looking to the future, we can predict that the groups of organic beings which are now large and triumphant, and which are least broken up, that is, which as yet have suffered least extinction, will for a long period continue to increase. But which groups will ultimately prevail, no man can predict; for we well know that many groups, formerly

most extensively developed, have now become extinct. Looking still more remotely to the future, we may predict that, owing to the continued and steady increase of the larger groups, a multitude of smaller groups will become utterly extinct, and leave no modified descendants; and consequently that of the species living at any one period, extremely few will transmit descendants to a remote futurity [...] I may add that on this view of extremely few of the more ancient species having transmitted descendants, and on the view of all the descendants of the same species making a class, we can understand how it is that there exist but very few classes in each main division of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Although extremely few of the most ancient species may now have living and modified descendants, yet at the most remote geological period, the earth may have been as well peopled with many species of many genera, families, orders, and classes, as at the present day.

59. Summary of Chapter.If during the long course of ages and under varying conditions of life, organic beings vary at all in the several parts of their organisation, and I think this cannot be disputed; if there be, owing to the high geometrical powers of increase of each species, at some age, season, or year, a severe struggle for life, and this certainly cannot be disputed; then, considering the infinite complexity of the relations of all organic beings to each other and to their conditions of existence, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution, and habits, to be advantageous to them, I think it would be a most extraordinary fact if no variation ever had occurred useful to each being's own welfare, in the same way as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterised will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life; and from the strong principle of inheritance they will tend to produce offspring similarly characterised. This principle of preservation, I have called, for the sake of brevity, Natural Selection. Natural selection, on the principle of qualities being inherited at corresponding ages, can modify the egg, seed, or young, as easily as the adult. Amongst many animals, sexual selection will give its aid to ordinary selection, by assuring to the most vigorous and best adapted males the greatest number of offspring. Sexual selection will also give characters useful to the males alone, in their struggles with other males.

60. Whether natural selection has really thus acted in nature, in modifying

and adapting the various forms of life to their several conditions and stations, must be judged of by the general tenour and balance of evidence given in the following chapters. But we already see how it entails extinction; and how largely extinction has acted in the world's history, geology plainly declares. Natural selection, also, leads to divergence of character; for more living beings can be supported on the same area the more they diverge in structure, habits, and constitution, of which we see proof by looking at the inhabitants of any small spot or at naturalised productions. Therefore during the modification of the descendants of any one species, and during the incessant struggle of all species to increase in numbers, the more diversified these descendants become, the better will be their chance of succeeding in the battle of life. Thus the small differences distinguishing varieties of the same species, will steadily tend to increase till they come to equal the greater differences between species of the same genus, or even of distinct genera.

61. We have seen that it is the common, the widely-diffused, and widely-ranging species, belonging to the larger genera, which vary most; and these will tend to transmit to their modified offspring that superiority which now makes them dominant in their own countries. Natural selection, as has just been remarked, leads to divergence of character and to much extinction of the less improved and intermediate forms of life. On these principles, I believe, the nature of the affinities of all organic beings may be explained. It is a truly wonderful fact — the wonder of which we are apt to overlook from familiarity — that all animals and all plants throughout all time and space should be related to each other in group subordinate to group, in the manner which we everywhere behold — namely, varieties of the same species most closely related together, species of the same genus less closely and unequally related together, forming sections and sub-genera, species of distinct genera much less closely related, and genera related in different degrees, forming sub-families, families, orders, subclasses, and classes. The several subordinate groups in any class cannot be ranked in a single file, but seem rather to be clustered round points, and these round other points, and so on in almost endless cycles. On the view that each species has been independently created, I can see no explanation of this great fact in the classification of all organic beings; but, to the best of my judgement, it is explained through inheritance and the complex action of natural selection, entailing extinction and divergence of character, as we have seen illustrated in the diagram.

62. The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been

represented by a great tree. I believe this simile largely speaks the truth. The green and budding twigs may represent existing species; and those produced during each former year may represent the long succession of extinct species. At each period of growth all the growing twigs have tried to branch out on all sides, and to overtop and kill the surrounding twigs and branches, in the same manner as species and groups of species have tried to overmaster other species in the great battle for life. The limbs divided into great branches, and these into lesser and lesser branches, were themselves once, when the tree was small, budding twigs; and this connexion of the former and present buds by ramifying branches may well represent the classification of all extinct and living species in groups subordinate to groups. Of the many twigs which flourished when the tree was a mere bush, only two or three, now grown into great branches, yet survive and bear all the other branches; so with the species which lived during long-past geological periods, very few now have living and modified descendants. From the first growth of the tree, many a limb and branch has decayed and dropped off; and these lost branches of various sizes may represent those whole orders, families, and genera which have now no living representatives, and which are known to us only from having been found in a fossil state. As we here and there see a thin straggling branch springing from a fork low down in a tree, and which by some chance has been favoured and is still alive on its summit, so we occasionally see an animal like the Ornithorhynchus or Lepidosiren, which in some small degree connects by its affinities two large branches of life, and which has apparently been saved from fatal competition by having inhabited a protected station. As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever branching and beautiful ramifications.

注释

〔1〕 Not reproduced in the present volume.

Difficulties on Theory

1. Long before having arrived at this part of my work, a crowd of difficulties will have occurred to the reader. Some of them are so grave that to this day I can never reflect on them without being staggered; but, to the best of my judgment, the greater number are only apparent, and those that are real are not, I think, fatal to my theory.

2. These difficulties and objections may be classed under the following heads: — Firstly, why, if species have descended from other species by insensibly fine gradations, do we not everywhere see innumerable transitional forms? Why is not all nature in confusion instead of the species being, as we see them, well defined?

3. Secondly, is it possible that an animal having, for instance, the structure and habits of a bat, could have been formed by the modification of some animal with wholly different habits? Can we believe that natural selection could produce, on the one hand, organs of trifling importance, such as the tail of a giraffe, which serves as a fly-flapper, and, on the other hand, organs of such wonderful structure, as the eye, of which we hardly as yet fully understand the inimitable perfection?

4. Thirdly, can instincts be acquired and modified through natural selection? What shall we say to so marvellous an instinct as that which leads the bee to make cells, which have practically anticipated the discoveries of profound mathematicians?

5. Fourthly, how can we account for species, when crossed, being sterile and producing sterile offspring, whereas, when varieties are crossed, their fertility is unimpaired?

6. The two first heads shall be here discussed — Instinct and Hybridism in separate chapters.[1]

7. On the absence or rarity of transitional varieties. As natural selection acts solely by the preservation of profitable modifications, each new form will tend in a fully-stocked country to take the place of, and finally to exterminate, its own less improved parent or other less-favoured forms with which it

comes into competition. Thus extinction and natural selection will, as we have seen, go hand in hand. Hence, if we look at each species as descended from some other unknown form, both the parent and all the transitional varieties will generally have been exterminated by the very process of formation and perfection of the new form.

8. But, as by this theory innumerable transitional forms must have existed, why do we not find them embedded in countless numbers in the crust of the earth? [...] I will here only state that I believe the answer mainly lies in the record being incomparably less perfect than is generally supposed; the imperfection of the record being chiefly due to organic beings not inhabiting profound depths of the sea, and to their remains being embedded and preserved to a future age only in masses of sediment sufficiently thick and extensive to withstand an enormous amount of future degradation; and such fossiliferous masses can be accumulated only where much sediment is deposited on the shallow bed of the sea, whilst it slowly subsides. These contingencies will concur only rarely, and after enormously long intervals. Whilst the bed of the sea is stationary or is rising, or when very little sediment is being deposited, there will be blanks in our geological history. The crust of the earth is a vast museum; but the natural collections have been made only at intervals of time immensely remote.

9. But it may be urged that when several closely-allied species inhabit the same territory we surely ought to find at the present time many transitional forms. Let us take a simple case: in travelling from north to south over a continent, we generally meet at successive intervals with closely allied or representative species, evidently filling nearly the same place in the natural economy of the land. These representative species often meet and interlock; and as the one becomes rarer and rarer, the other becomes more and more frequent, till the one replaces the other. But if we compare these species where they intermingle, they are generally as absolutely distinct from each other in every detail of structure as are specimens taken from the metropolis inhabited by each. By my theory these allied species have descended from a common parent; and during the process of modification, each has become adapted to the conditions of life of its own region, and has supplanted and exterminated its original parent and all the transitional varieties between its past and present states. Hence we ought not to expect at the present time to meet with numerous transitional varieties in each region, though they must have existed there, and may be embedded there in a fossil condition. But in

the intermediate region, having intermediate conditions of life, why do we not now find closely-linking intermediate varieties? This difficulty for a long time quite confounded me. But I think it can be in large part explained.

10. In the first place we should be extremely cautious in inferring, because an area is now continuous, that it has been continuous during a long period. Geology would lead us to believe that almost every continent has been broken up into islands even during the later tertiary periods; and in such islands distinct species might have been separately formed without the possibility of intermediate varieties existing in the intermediate zones. By changes in the form of the land and of climate, marine areas now continuous must often have existed within recent times in a far less continuous and uniform condition than at present. But I will pass over this way of escaping from the difficulty; for I believe that many perfectly defined species have been formed on strictly continuous areas; though I do not doubt that the formerly broken condition of areas now continuous has played an important part in the formation of new species, more especially with freely-crossing and wandering animals.

11. In looking at species as they are now distributed over a wide area, we generally find them tolerably numerous over a large territory, then becoming somewhat abruptly rarer and rarer on the confines, and finally disappearing. Hence the neutral territory between two representative species is generally narrow in comparison with the territory proper to each. We see the same fact in ascending mountains, and sometimes it is quite remarkable how abruptly, as Alph. De Candolle has observed, a common alpine species disappears. The same fact has been noticed by Forbes in sounding the depths of the sea with the dredge. To those who look at climate and the physical conditions of life as the all-important elements of distribution, these facts ought to cause surprise, as climate and height or depth graduate away insensibly. But when we bear in mind that almost every species, even in its metropolis, would increase immensely in numbers, were it not for other competing species; that nearly all either prey on or serve as prey for others; in short, that each organic being is either directly or indirectly related in the most important manner to other organic beings, we must see that the range of the inhabitants of any country by no means exclusively depends on insensibly changing physical conditions, but in large part on the presence of other species, on which it depends, or by which it is destroyed, or with which it comes into competition; and as these species are already defined objects (however they may have

become so), not blending one into another by insensible gradations, the range of any one species, depending as it does on the range of others, will tend to be sharply defined. Moreover, each species on the confines of its range, where it exists in lessened numbers, will, during fluctuations in the number of its enemies or of its prey, or in the seasons, be extremely liable to utter extermination; and thus its geographical range will come to be still more sharply defined.

12. If I am right in believing that allied or representative species, when inhabiting a continuous area, are generally so distributed that each has a wide range, with a comparatively narrow neutral territory between them, in which they become rather suddenly rarer and rarer; then, as varieties do not essentially differ from species, the same rule will probably apply to both; and if we in imagination adapt a varying species to a very large area, we shall have to adapt two varieties to two large areas, and a third variety to a narrow intermediate zone. The intermediate variety, consequently, will exist in lesser numbers from inhabiting a narrow and lesser area; and practically, as far as I can make out, this rule holds good with varieties in a state of nature. I have met with striking instances of the rule in the case of varieties intermediate between well-marked varieties in the genus Balanus. And it would appear from information given me by Mr Watson, Dr Asa Gray, and Mr Wollaston, that generally when varieties intermediate between two other forms occur, they are much rarer numerically than the forms which they connect. Now, if we may trust these facts and inferences, and therefore conclude that varieties linking two other varieties together have generally existed in lesser numbers than the forms which they connect, then, I think, we can understand why intermediate varieties should not endure for very long periods; — why as a general rule they should be exterminated and disappear, sooner than the forms which they originally linked together.

13. For any form existing in lesser numbers would, as already remarked, run a greater chance of being exterminated than one existing in large numbers; and in this particular case the intermediate form would be eminently liable to the inroads of closely allied forms existing on both sides of it. But a far more important consideration, as I believe, is that, during the process of further modification, by which two varieties are supposed on my theory to be converted and perfected into two distinct species, the two which exist in larger numbers from inhabiting larger areas, will have a great advantage over the intermediate variety, which exists in smaller numbers in a narrow and

intermediate zone. For forms existing in larger numbers will always have a better chance, within any given period, of presenting further favourable variations for natural selection to seize on, than will the rarer forms which exist in lesser numbers. Hence, the more common forms, in the race for life, will tend to beat and supplant the less common forms, for these will be more slowly modified and improved. It is the same principle which, as I believe, accounts for the common species in each country [...] presenting on an average a greater number of well-marked varieties than do the rarer species. I may illustrate what I mean by supposing three varieties of sheep to be kept, one adapted to an extensive mountainous region; a second to a comparatively narrow, hilly tract; and a third to wide plains at the base; and that the inhabitants are all trying with equal steadiness and skill to improve their stocks by selection; the chances in this case will be strongly in favour of the great holders on the mountains or on the plains improving their breeds more quickly than the small holders on the intermediate narrow, hilly tract; and consequently the improved mountain or plain breed will soon take the place of the less improved hill breed; and thus the two breeds, which originally existed in greater numbers, will come into close contact with each other, without the interposition of the supplanted, intermediate hill-variety.

14. To sum up, I believe that species come to be tolerably well-defined objects, and do not at any one period present an inextricable chaos of varying and intermediate links: firstly, because new varieties are very slowly formed, for variation is a very slow process, and natural selection can do nothing until favourable variations chance to occur, and until a place in the natural polity of the country can be better filled by some modification of some one or more of its inhabitants. And such new places will depend on slow changes of climate, or on the occasional immigration of new inhabitants, and, probably, in a still more important degree, on some of the old inhabitants becoming slowly modified, with the new forms thus produced and the old ones acting and reacting on each other. So that, in any one region and at any one time, we ought only to see a few species presenting slight modifications of structure in some degree permanent; and this assuredly we do see.

15. Secondly, areas now continuous must often have existed within the recent period in isolated portions, in which many forms, more especially amongst the classes which unite for each birth and wander much, may have separately been rendered sufficiently distinct to rank as representative species. In this case, intermediate varieties between the several representative species and

their common parent, must formerly have existed in each broken portion of the land, but these links will have been supplanted and exterminated during the process of natural selection, so that they will no longer exist in a living state.

16. Thirdly, when two or more varieties have been formed in different portions of a strictly continuous area, intermediate varieties will, it is probable, at first have been formed in the intermediate zones, but they will generally have had a short duration. For these intermediate varieties will, from reasons already assigned (namely from what we know of the actual distribution of closely allied or representative species, and likewise of acknowledged varieties), exist in the intermediate zones in lesser numbers than the varieties which they tend to connect. From this cause alone the intermediate varieties will be liable to accidental extermination; and during the process of further modification through natural selection, they will almost certainly be beaten and supplanted by the forms which they connect; for these from existing in greater numbers will, in the aggregate, present more variation, and thus be further improved through natural selection and gain further advantages.

17. Lastly, looking not to any one time, but to all time, if my theory be true, numberless intermediate varieties, linking most closely all the species of the same group together, must assuredly have existed; but the very process of natural selection constantly tends, as has been so often remarked, to exterminate the parent-forms and the intermediate links. Consequently evidence of their former existence could be found only amongst fossil remains, which are preserved [...] in an extremely imperfect and intermittent record.

18. On the origin and transitions of organic beings with peculiar habits and structure. It has been asked by the opponents of such views as I hold, how, for instance, a land carnivorous animal could have been converted into one with aquatic habits; for how could the animal in its transitional state have subsisted? It would be easy to show that within the same group carnivorous animals exist having every intermediate grade between truly aquatic and strictly terrestrial habits; and as each exists by a struggle for life, it is clear that each is well adapted in its habits to its place in nature. Look at the Mustela vison of North America, which has webbed feet and which resembles an otter in its fur, short legs, and form of tail; during summer this

animal dives for and preys on fish, but during the long winter it leaves the frozen waters, and preys like other polecats on mice and land animals. If a different case had been taken, and it had been asked how an insectivorous quadruped could possibly have been converted into a flying bat, the question would have been far more difficult, and I could have given no answer. Yet I think such difficulties have very little weight.

19. Here, as on other occasions, I lie under a heavy disadvantage, for out of the many striking cases which I have collected, I can give only one or two instances of transitional habits and structures in closely allied species of the same genus; and of diversified habits, either constant or occasional, in the same species. And it seems to me that nothing less than a long list of such cases is sufficient to lessen the difficulty in any particular case like that of the bat.

20. Look at the family of squirrels; here we have the finest gradation from animals with their tails only slightly flattened, and from others, as Sir J. Richardson has remarked, with the posterior part of their bodies rather wide and with the skin on their flanks rather full, to the so-called flying squirrels; and flying squirrels have their limbs and even the base of the tail united by a broad expanse of skin, which serves as a parachute and allows them to glide through the air to an astonishing distance from tree to tree. We cannot doubt that each structure is of use to each kind of squirrel in its own country, by enabling it to escape birds or beasts of prey, or to collect food more quickly, or, as there is reason to believe, by lessening the danger from occasional falls. But it does not follow from this fact that the structure of each squirrel is the best that it is possible to conceive under all natural conditions. Let the climate and vegetation change, let other competing rodents or new beasts of prey immigrate, or old ones become modified, and all analogy would lead us to believe that some at least of the squirrels would decrease in numbers or become exterminated, unless they also became modified and improved in structure in a corresponding manner. Therefore, I can see no difficulty, more especially under changing conditions of life, in the continued preservation of individuals with fuller and fuller flank-membranes, each modification being useful, each being propagated, until by the accumulated effects of this process of natural selection, a perfect so-called flying squirrel was produced.

21. Now look at the Galeopithecus or flying lemur, which formerly was falsely ranked amongst bats. It has an extremely wide flank-membrane, stretching from the corners of the jaw to the tail, and including the limbs and

the elongated fingers: the flank-membrane is, also, furnished with an extensor muscle. Although no graduated links of structure, fitted for gliding through the air, now connect the Galeopithecus with the other Lemuridae, yet I can see no difficulty in supposing that such links formerly existed, and that each had been formed by the same steps as in the case of the less perfectly gliding squirrels; and that each grade of structure had been useful to its possessor. Nor can I see any insuperable difficulty in further believing it possible that the membrane-connected fingers and fore-arm of the Galeopithecus might be greatly lengthened by natural selection; and this, as far as the organs of flight are concerned, would convert it into a bat. In bats which have the wing-membrane extended from the top of the shoulder to the tail, including the hind-legs, we perhaps see traces of an apparatus originally constructed for gliding through the air rather than for flight.

22. If about a dozen genera of birds had become extinct or were unknown, who would have ventured to have surmised that birds might have existed which used their wings solely as flappers, like the logger-headed duck (Micropterus of Eyton); as fins in the water and front legs on the land, like the penguin; as sails, like the ostrich; and functionally for no purpose, like the Apteryx. Yet the structure of each of these birds is good for it, under the conditions of life to which it is exposed, for each has to live by a struggle; but it is not necessarily the best possible under all possible conditions. It must not be inferred from these remarks that any of the grades of wing-structure here alluded to, which perhaps may all have resulted from disuse, indicate the natural steps by which birds have acquired their perfect power of flight; but they serve, at least, to show what diversified means of transition are possible.

23. Seeing that a few members of such water-breathing classes as the Crustacea and Mollusca are adapted to live on the land, and seeing that we have flying birds and mammals, flying insects of the most diversified types, and formerly had flying reptiles, it is conceivable that flying-fish, which now glide far through the air, slightly rising and turning by the aid of their fluttering fins, might have been modified into perfectly winged animals. If this had been effected, who would have ever imagined that in an early transitional state they had been inhabitants of the open ocean, and had used their incipient organs of flight exclusively, as far as we know, to escape being devoured by other fish?

24. When we see any structure highly perfected for any particular habit, as the wings of a bird for flight, we should bear in mind that animals displaying

early transitional grades of the structure will seldom continue to exist to the present day, for they will have been supplanted by the very process of perfection through natural selection. Furthermore, we may conclude that transitional grades between structures fitted for very different habits of life will rarely have been developed at an early period in great numbers and under many subordinate forms. Thus, to return to our imaginary illustration of the flying-fish, it does not seem probable that fishes capable of true flight would have been developed under many subordinate forms, for taking prey of many kinds in many ways, on the land and in the water, until their organs of flight had come to a high stage of perfection, so as to have given them a decided advantage over other animals in the battle for life. Hence the chance of discovering species with transitional grades of structure in a fossil condition will always be less, from their having existed in lesser numbers, than in the case of species with fully developed structures.

25. I will now give two or three instances of diversified and of changed habits in the individuals of the same species. When either case occurs, it would be easy for natural selection to fit the animal, by some modification of its structure, for its changed habits, or exclusively for one of its several different habits. But it is difficult to tell, and immaterial for us, whether habits generally change first and structure afterwards; or whether slight modifications of structure lead to changed habits; both probably often change almost simultaneously. Of cases of changed habits it will suffice merely to allude to that of the many British insects which now feed on exotic plants, or exclusively on artificial substances. Of diversified habits innumerable instances could be given: I have often watched a tyrant flycatcher (Saurophagus sulphuratus) in South America, hovering over one spot and then proceeding to another, like a kestrel, and at other times standing stationary on the margin of water, and then dashing like a kingfisher at a fish. In our own country the larger titmouse (Parus major) may be seen climbing branches, almost like a creeper; it often, like a shrike, kills small birds by blows on the head; and I have many times seen and heard it hammering the seeds of the yew on a branch, and thus breaking them like a nuthatch. In North America the black bear was seen by Hearne swimming for hours with widely open mouth, thus catching, like a whale, insects in the water. Even in so extreme a case as this, if the supply of insects were constant, and if better adapted competitors did not already exist in the country, I can see no difficulty in a race of bears being rendered, by natural selection, more and

more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as monstrous as a whale.

26. As we sometimes see individuals of a species following habits widely different from those both of their own species and of the other species of the same genus, we might expect, on my theory, that such individuals would occasionally have given rise to new species, having anomalous habits, and with their structure either slightly or considerably modified from that of their proper type. And such instances do occur in nature. Can a more striking instance of adaptation be given than that of a woodpecker for climbing trees and for seizing insects in the chinks of the bark? Yet in North America there are woodpeckers which feed largely on fruit, and others with elongated wings which chase insects on the wing; and on the plains of La Plata, where not a tree grows, there is a woodpecker, which in every essential part of its organisation, even in its colouring, in the harsh tone of its voice, and undulatory flight, told me plainly of its close blood-relationship to our common species; yet it is a woodpecker which never climbs a tree!

27. Petrels are the most aërial and oceanic of birds, yet in the quiet Sounds of Tierra del Fuego, the Puffinuria berardi, in its general habits, in its astonishing power of diving, its manner of swimming, and of flying when unwillingly it takes flight, would be mistaken by any one for an auk or grebe; nevertheless, it is essentially a petrel, but with many parts of its organisation profoundly modified. On the other hand, the acutest observer by examining the dead body of the water-ouzel would never have suspected its sub-aquatic habits; yet this anomalous member of the strictly terrestrial thrush family wholly subsists by diving, — grasping the stones with its feet and using its wings under water.

28. He who believes that each being has been created as we now see it, must occasionally have felt surprise when he has met with an animal having habits and structure not at all in agreement. What can be plainer than that the webbed feet of ducks and geese are formed for swimming; yet there are upland geese with webbed feet which rarely or never go near the water; and no one except Audubon has seen the frigate-bird, which has all its four toes webbed, alight on the surface of the sea. On the other hand, grebes and coots are eminently aquatic, although their toes are only bordered by membrane. What seems plainer than that the long toes of grallatores are formed for walking over swamps and floating plants, yet the water-hen is nearly as aquatic as the coot; and the landrail nearly as terrestrial as the quail or

partridge. In such cases, and many others could be given, habits have changed without a corresponding change of structure. The webbed feet of the upland goose may be said to have become rudimentary in function, though not in structure. In the frigate-bird, the deeply-scooped membrane between the toes shows that structure has begun to change.

29. He who believes in separate and innumerable acts of creation will say, that in these cases it has pleased the Creator to cause a being of one type to take the place of one of another type; but this seems to me only restating the fact in dignified language. He who believes in the struggle for existence and in the principle of natural selection, will acknowledge that every organic being is constantly endeavouring to increase in numbers; and that if any one being vary ever so little, either in habits or structure, and thus gain an advantage over some other inhabitant of the country, it will seize on the place of that inhabitant, however different it may be from its own place. Hence it will cause him no surprise that there should be geese and frigate-birds with webbed feet, either living on the dry land or most rarely alighting on the water; that there should be long-toed corncrakes living in meadows instead of in swamps; that there should be woodpeckers where not a tree grows; that there should be diving thrushes, and petrels with the habits of auks.

30. Organs of extreme perfection and complication. To suppose that the eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been formed by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest possible degree. Yet reason tells me, that if numerous gradations from a perfect and complex eye to one very imperfect and simple, each grade being useful to its possessor, can be shown to exist; if further, the eye does vary ever so slightly, and the variations be inherited, which is certainly the case; and if any variation or modification in the organ be ever useful to an animal under changing conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by natural selection, though insuperable by our imagination, can hardly be considered real. How a nerve comes to be sensitive to light, hardly concerns us more than how life itself first originated; but I may remark that several facts make me suspect that any sensitive nerve may be rendered sensitive to light, and likewise to those coarser vibrations of the air which produce sound.

31. In looking for the gradations by which an organ in any species has been perfected, we ought to look exclusively to its lineal ancestors; but this is scarcely ever possible, and we are forced in each case to look to species of the same group, that is to the collateral descendants from the same original parent-form, in order to see what gradations are possible, and for the chance of some gradations having been transmitted from the earlier stages of descent, in an unaltered or little altered condition. Amongst existing Vertebrata, we find but a small amount of gradation in the structure of the eye, and from fossil species we can learn nothing on this head. In this great class we should probably have to descend far beneath the lowest known fossiliferous stratum to discover the earlier stages, by which the eye has been perfected.

32. In the Articulata we can commence a series with an optic nerve merely coated with pigment, and without any other mechanism; and from this low stage, numerous gradations of structure, branching off in two fundamentally different lines, can be shown to exist, until we reach a moderately high stage of perfection. In certain crustaceans, for instance, there is a double cornea, the inner one divided into facets, within each of which there is a lens shaped swelling. In other crustaceans the transparent cones which are coated by pigment, and which properly act only by excluding lateral pencils of light, are convex at their upper ends and must act by convergence; and at their lower ends there seems to be an imperfect vitreous substance. With these facts, here far too briefly and imperfectly given, which show that there is much graduated diversity in the eyes of living crustaceans, and bearing in mind how small the number of living animals is in proportion to those which have become extinct, I can see no very great difficulty (not more than in the case of many other structures) in believing that natural selection has converted the simple apparatus of an optic nerve merely coated with pigment and invested by transparent membrane, into an optical instrument as perfect as is possessed by any member of the great Articulate class.

33. He who will go thus far, if he find on finishing this treatise that large bodies of facts, otherwise inexplicable, can be explained by the theory of descent, ought not to hesitate to go further, and to admit that a structure even as perfect as the eye of an eagle might be formed by natural selection, although in this case he does not know any of the transitional grades. His reason ought to conquer his imagination; though I have felt the difficulty far too keenly to be surprised at any degree of hesitation in extending the

principle of natural selection to such startling lengths.

34. It is scarcely possible to avoid comparing the eye to a telescope. We know that this instrument has been perfected by the long-continued efforts of the highest human intellects; and we naturally infer that the eye has been formed by a somewhat analogous process. But may not this inference be presumptuous? Have we any right to assume that the Creator works by intellectual powers like those of man? If we must compare the eye to an optical instrument, we ought in imagination to take a thick layer of transparent tissue, with a nerve sensitive to light beneath, and then suppose every part of this layer to be continually changing slowly in density, so as to separate into layers of different densities and thicknesses, placed at different distances from each other, and with the surfaces of each layer slowly changing in form. Further we must suppose that there is a power always intently watching each slight accidental alteration in the transparent layers; and carefully selecting each alteration which, under varied circumstances, may in any way, or in any degree, tend to produce a distincter image. We must suppose each new state of the instrument to be multiplied by the million; and each to be preserved till a better be produced, and then the old ones to be destroyed. In living bodies, variation will cause the slight alterations, generation will multiply them almost infinitely, and natural selection will pick out with unerring skill each improvement. Let this process go on for millions on millions of years; and during each year on millions of individuals of many kinds; and may we not believe that a living optical instrument might thus be formed as superior to one of glass, as the works of the Creator are to those of man?

35. If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed, which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down. But I can find out no such case. No doubt many organs exist of which we do not know the transitional grades, more especially if we look to much-isolated species, round which, according to my theory, there has been much extinction. Or again, if we look to an organ common to all the members of a large class, for in this latter case the organ must have been first formed at an extremely remote period, since which all the many members of the class have been developed; and in order to discover the early transitional grades through which the organ has passed, we should have to look to very ancient ancestral forms, long since become extinct.

36. We should be extremely cautious in concluding that an organ could not have been formed by transitional gradations of some kind. Numerous cases could be given amongst the lower animals of the same organ performing at the same time wholly distinct functions; thus the alimentary canal respires, digests, and excretes in the larva of the dragon-fly and in the fish Cobites. In the Hydra, the animal may be turned inside out, and the exterior surface will then digest and the stomach respire. In such cases natural selection might easily specialise, if any advantage were thus gained, a part or organ, which had performed two functions, for one function alone, and thus wholly change its nature by insensible steps. Two distinct organs sometimes perform simultaneously the same function in the same individual; to give one instance, there are fish with gills or branchiae that breathe the air dissolved in the water, at the same time that they breathe free air in their swimbladders, this latter organ having a ductus pneumaticus for its supply, and being divided by highly vascular partitions. In these cases, one of the two organs might with ease be modified and perfected so as to perform all the work by itself, being aided during the process of modification by the other organ; and then this other organ might be modified for some other and quite distinct purpose, or be quite obliterated.
37. The illustration of the swimbladder in fishes is a good one, because it shows us clearly the highly important fact that an organ originally constructed for one purpose, namely flotation, may be converted into one for a wholly different purpose, namely respiration. The swimbladder has, also, been worked in as an accessory to the auditory organs of certain fish, or, for I do not know which view is now generally held, a part of the auditory apparatus has been worked in as a complement to the swimbladder. All physiologists admit that the swimbladder is homologous, or 'ideally similar,' in position and structure with the lungs of the higher vertebrate animals: hence there seems to me to be no great difficulty in believing that natural selection has actually converted a swimbladder into a lung, or organ used exclusively for respiration.
38. I can, indeed, hardly doubt that all vertebrate animals having true lungs have descended by ordinary generation from an ancient prototype, of which we know nothing, furnished with a floating apparatus or swimbladder. We can thus, as I infer from Professor Owen's interesting description of these parts, understand the strange fact that every particle of food and drink which we swallow has to pass over the orifice of the trachea, with some risk of

falling into the lungs, notwithstanding the beautiful contrivance by which the glottis is closed. In the higher Vertebrata the branchiae have wholly disappeared — the slits on the sides of the neck and the loop-like course of the arteries still marking in the embryo their former position. But it is conceivable that the now utterly lost branchiae might have been gradually worked in by natural selection for some quite distinct purpose: in the same manner as, on the view entertained by some naturalists that the branchiae and dorsal scales of Annelids are homologous with the wings and wing-covers of insects, it is probable that organs which at a very ancient period served for respiration have been actually converted into organs of flight.

39. In considering transitions of organs, it is so important to bear in mind the probability of conversion from one function to another, that I will give one more instance. Pedunculated cirripedes have two minute folds of skin, called by me the ovigerous frena, which serve, through the means of a sticky secretion, to retain the eggs until they are hatched within the sack. These cirripedes have no branchiae, the whole surface of the body and sack, including the small frena, serving for respiration. The Balanidae or sessile cirripedes, on the other hand, have no ovigerous frena, the eggs lying loose at the bottom of the sack, in the well-enclosed shell; but they have large folded branchiae. Now I think no one will dispute that the ovigerous frena in the one family are strictly homologous with the branchiae of the other family; indeed, they graduate into each other. Therefore I do not doubt that little folds of skin, which originally served as ovigerous frena, but which, likewise, very slightly aided the act of respiration, have been gradually converted by natural selection into branchiae, simply through an increase in their size and the obliteration of their adhesive glands. If all pedunculated cirripedes had become extinct, and they have already suffered far more extinction than have sessile cirripedes, who would ever have imagined that the branchiae in this latter family had originally existed as organs for preventing the ova from being washed out of the sack?

40. Although we must be extremely cautious in concluding that any organ could not possibly have been produced by successive transitional gradations, yet, undoubtedly, grave cases of difficulty occur, some of which will be discussed in my future work.

41. One of the gravest is that of neuter insects, which are often very differently constructed from either the males or fertile females [...] The electric organs of fishes offer another case of special difficulty; it is

impossible to conceive by what steps these wondrous organs have been produced; but, as Owen and others have remarked, their intimate structure closely resembles that of common muscle; and as it has lately been shown that Rays have an organ closely analogous to the electric apparatus, and yet do not, as Matteuchi asserts, discharge any electricity, we must own that we are far too ignorant to argue that no transition of any kind is possible.

42. The electric organs offer another and even more serious difficulty; for they occur in only about a dozen fishes, of which several are widely remote in their affinities. Generally when the same organ appears in several members of the same class, especially if in members having very different habits of life, we may attribute its presence to inheritance from a common ancestor; and its absence in some of the members to its loss through disuse or natural selection. But if the electric organs had been inherited from one ancient progenitor thus provided, we might have expected that all electric fishes would have been specially related to each other. Nor does geology at all lead to the belief that formerly most fishes had electric organs, which most of their modified descendants have lost. The presence of luminous organs in a few insects, belonging to different families and orders, offers a parallel case of difficulty. Other cases could be given; for instance in plants, the very curious contrivance of a mass of pollen-grains, borne on a footstalk with a sticky gland at the end, is the same in Orchis and Asclepias, — genera almost as remote as possible amongst flowering plants. In all these cases of two very distinct species furnished with apparently the same anomalous organ, it should be observed that, although the general appearance and function of the organ may be the same, yet some fundamental difference can generally be detected. I am inclined to believe that in nearly the same way as two men have sometimes independently hit on the very same invention, so natural selection, working for the good of each being and taking advantage of analogous variations, has sometimes modified in very nearly the same manner two parts in two organic beings, which owe but little of their structure in common to inheritance from the same ancestor.

43. Although in many cases it is most difficult to conjecture by what transitions an organ could have arrived at its present state; yet, considering that the proportion of living and known forms to the extinct and unknown is very small, I have been astonished how rarely an organ can be named, towards which no transitional grade is known to lead. The truth of this remark is indeed shown by that old canon in natural history of 'Natura non

facit saltum.' We meet with this admission in the writings of almost every experienced naturalist; or, as Milne Edwards has well expressed it, nature is prodigal in variety, but niggard in innovation. Why, on the theory of Creation, should this be so? Why should all the parts and organs of many independent beings, each supposed to have been separately created for its proper place in nature, be so invariably linked together by graduated steps? Why should not Nature have taken a leap from structure to structure? On the theory of natural selection, we can clearly understand why she should not; for natural selection can act only by taking advantage of slight successive variations; she can never take a leap, but must advance by the shortest and slowest steps.

44. Organs of little apparent importance. As natural selection acts by life and death, — by the preservation of individuals with any favourable variation, and by the destruction of those with any unfavourable deviation of structure, — I have sometimes felt much difficulty in understanding the origin of simple parts, of which the importance does not seem sufficient to cause the preservation of successively varying individuals. I have sometimes felt as much difficulty, though of a very different kind, on this head, as in the case of an organ as perfect and complex as the eye.

45. In the first place, we are much too ignorant in regard to the whole economy of any one organic being, to say what slight modifications would be of importance or not. In a former chapter I have given instances of most trifling characters, such as the down on fruit and the colour of the flesh, which, from determining the attacks of insects or from being correlated with constitutional differences, might assuredly be acted on by natural selection. The tail of the giraffe looks like an artificially constructed fly-flapper; and it seems at first incredible that this could have been adapted for its present purpose by successive slight modifications, each better and better, for so trifling an object as driving away flies; yet we should pause before being too positive even in this case, for we know that the distribution and existence of cattle and other animals in South America absolutely depends on their power of resisting the attacks of insects: so that individuals which could by any means defend themselves from these small enemies, would be able to range into new pastures and thus gain a great advantage. It is not that the larger quadrupeds are actually destroyed (except in some rare cases) by the flies, but they are incessantly harassed and their strength reduced, so that they are more

subject to disease, or not so well enabled in a coming dearth to search for food, or to escape from beasts of prey.

46. Organs now of trifling importance have probably in some cases been of high importance to an early progenitor, and, after having been slowly perfected at a former period, have been transmitted in nearly the same state, although now become of very slight use; and any actually injurious deviations in their structure will always have been checked by natural selection. Seeing how important an organ of locomotion the tail is in most aquatic animals, its general presence and use for many purposes in so many land animals, which in their lungs or modified swimbladders betray their aquatic origin, may perhaps be thus accounted for. A well-developed tail having been formed in an aquatic animal, it might subsequently come to be worked in for all sorts of purposes, as a fly-flapper, an organ of prehension, or as an aid in turning, as with the dog, though the aid must be slight, for the hare, with hardly any tail, can double quickly enough.

47. In the second place, we may sometimes attribute importance to characters which are really of very little importance, and which have originated from quite secondary causes, independently of natural selection. We should remember that climate, food, &c., probably have some little direct influence on the organisation; that characters reappear from the law of reversion; that correlation of growth will have had a most important influence in modifying various structures; and finally, that sexual selection will often have largely modified the external characters of animals having a will, to give one male an advantage in fighting with another or in charming the females. Moreover when a modification of structure has primarily arisen from the above or other unknown causes, it may at first have been of no advantage to the species, but may subsequently have been taken advantage of by the descendants of the species under new conditions of life and with newly acquired habits.

48. To give a few instances to illustrate these latter remarks. If green woodpeckers alone had existed, and we did not know that there were many black and pied kinds, I dare say that we should have thought that the green colour was a beautiful adaptation to hide this tree-frequenting bird from its enemies; and consequently that it was a character of importance and might have been acquired through natural selection; as it is, I have no doubt that the colour is due to some quite distinct cause, probably to sexual selection. A trailing bamboo in the Malay Archipelago climbs the loftiest trees by the aid of exquisitely constructed hooks clustered around the ends of the branches,

and this contrivance, no doubt, is of the highest service to the plant; but as we see nearly similar hooks on many trees which are not climbers, the hooks on the bamboo may have arisen from unknown laws of growth, and have been subsequently taken advantage of by the plant undergoing further modification and becoming a climber. The naked skin on the head of a vulture is generally looked at as a direct adaptation for wallowing in putridity; and so it may be, or it may possibly be due to the direct action of putrid matter; but we should be very cautious in drawing any such inference, when we see that the skin on the head of the clean-feeding male turkey is likewise naked. The sutures in the skulls of young mammals have been advanced as a beautiful adaptation for aiding parturition, and no doubt they facilitate, or may be indispensable for this act; but as sutures occur in the skulls of young birds and reptiles, which have only to escape from a broken egg, we may infer that this structure has arisen from the laws of growth, and has been taken advantage of in the parturition of the higher animals.

49. We are profoundly ignorant of the causes producing slight and unimportant variations; and we are immediately made conscious of this by reflecting on the differences in the breeds of our domesticated animals in different countries, — more especially in the less civilised countries where there has been but little artificial selection. Careful observers are convinced that a damp climate affects the growth of the hair, and that with the hair the horns are correlated. Mountain breeds always differ from lowland breeds; and a mountainous country would probably affect the hind limbs from exercising them more, and possibly even the form of the pelvis; and then by the law of homologous variation, the front limbs and even the head would probably be affected. The shape, also, of the pelvis might affect by pressure the shape of the head of the young in the womb. The laborious breathing necessary in high regions would, we have some reason to believe, increase the size of the chest; and again correlation would come into play. Animals kept by savages in different countries often have to struggle for their own subsistence, and would be exposed to a certain extent to natural selection, and individuals with slightly different constitutions would succeed best under different climates; and there is reason to believe that constitution and colour are correlated. A good observer, also, states that in cattle susceptibility to the attacks of flies is correlated with colour, as is the liability to be poisoned by certain plants; so that colour would be thus subjected to the action of natural selection. But we are far too ignorant to speculate on the relative importance of the several

known and unknown laws of variation; and I have here alluded to them only to show that, if we are unable to account for the characteristic differences of our domestic breeds, which nevertheless we generally admit to have arisen through ordinary generation, we ought not to lay too much stress on our ignorance of the precise cause of the slight analogous differences between species. I might have adduced for this same purpose the differences between the races of man, which are so strongly marked; I may add that some little light can apparently be thrown on the origin of these differences, chiefly through sexual selection of a particular kind, but without here entering on copious details my reasoning would appear frivolous.

50. The foregoing remarks lead me to say a few words on the protest lately made by some naturalists, against the utilitarian doctrine that every detail of structure has been produced for the good of its possessor. They believe that very many structures have been created for beauty in the eyes of man, or for mere variety. This doctrine, if true, would be absolutely fatal to my theory. Yet I fully admit that many structures are of no direct use to their possessors. Physical conditions probably have had some little effect on structure, quite independently of any good thus gained. Correlation of growth has no doubt played a most important part, and a useful modification of one part will often have entailed on other parts diversified changes of no direct use. So again characters which formerly were useful, or which formerly had arisen from correlation of growth, or from other unknown cause, may reappear from the law of reversion, though now of no direct use. The effects of sexual selection, when displayed in beauty to charm the females, can be called useful only in rather a forced sense. But by far the most important consideration is that the chief part of the organisation of every being is simply due to inheritance; and consequently, though each being assuredly is well fitted for its place in nature, many structures now have no direct relation to the habits of life of each species. Thus, we can hardly believe that the webbed feet of the upland goose or of the frigate-bird are of special use to these birds; we cannot believe that the same bones in the arm of the monkey, in the fore leg of the horse, in the wing of the bat, and in the flipper of the seal, are of special use to these animals. We may safely attribute these structures to inheritance. But to the progenitor of the upland goose and of the frigate-bird, webbed feet no doubt were as useful as they now are to the most aquatic of existing birds. So we may believe that the progenitor of the seal had not a flipper, but a foot with five toes fitted for walking or grasping; and we may further venture to

believe that the several bones in the limbs of the monkey, horse, and bat, which have been inherited from a common progenitor, were formerly of more special use to that progenitor, or its progenitors, than they now are to these animals having such widely diversified habits. Therefore we may infer that these several bones might have been acquired through natural selection, subjected formerly, as now, to the several laws of inheritance, reversion, correlation of growth, &c. Hence every detail of structure in every living creature (making some little allowance for the direct action of physical conditions) may be viewed, either as having been of special use to some ancestral form, or as being now of special use to the descendants of this form — either directly, or indirectly through the complex laws of growth.

51. Natural selection cannot possibly produce any modification in any one species exclusively for the good of another species; though throughout nature one species incessantly takes advantage of, and profits by, the structure of another. But natural selection can and does often produce structures for the direct injury of other species, as we see in the fang of the adder, and in the ovipositor of the ichneumon, by which its eggs are deposited in the living bodies of other insects. If it could be proved that any part of the structure of any one species had been formed for the exclusive good of another species, it would annihilate my theory, for such could not have been produced through natural selection. Although many statements may be found in works on natural history to this effect, I cannot find even one which seems to me of any weight. It is admitted that the rattlesnake has a poison-fang for its own defence and for the destruction of its prey; but some authors suppose that at the same time this snake is furnished with a rattle for its own injury, namely, to warn its prey to escape. I would almost as soon believe that the cat curls the end of its tail when preparing to spring, in order to warn the doomed mouse. But I have not space here to enter on this and other such cases.

52. Natural selection will never produce in a being anything injurious to itself, for natural selection acts solely by and for the good of each. No organ will be formed, as Paley has remarked, for the purpose of causing pain or for doing an injury to its possessor. If a fair balance be struck between the good and evil caused by each part, each will be found on the whole advantageous. After the lapse of time, under changing conditions of life, if any part comes to be injurious, it will be modified; or if it be not so, the being will become extinct, as myriads have become extinct.

53. Natural selection tends only to make each organic being as perfect as, or

slightly more perfect than, the other inhabitants of the same country with which it has to struggle for existence. And we see that this is the degree of perfection attained under nature. The endemic productions of New Zealand, for instance, are perfect one compared with another; but they are now rapidly yielding before the advancing legions of plants and animals introduced from Europe. Natural selection will not produce absolute perfection, nor do we always meet, as far as we can judge, with this high standard under nature. The correction for the aberration of light is said, on high authority, not to be perfect even in that most perfect organ, the eye. If our reason leads us to admire with enthusiasm a multitude of inimitable contrivances in nature, this same reason tells us, though we may easily err on both sides, that some other contrivances are less perfect. Can we consider the sting of the wasp or of the bee as perfect, which, when used against many attacking animals, cannot be withdrawn, owing to the backward serratures, and so inevitably causes the death of the insect by tearing out its viscera?

54. If we look at the sting of the bee, as having originally existed in a remote progenitor as a boring and serrated instrument, like that in so many members of the same great order, and which has been modified but not perfected for its present purpose, with the poison originally adapted to cause galls subsequently intensified, we can perhaps understand how it is that the use of the sting should so often cause the insect's own death: for if on the whole the power of stinging be useful to the community, it will fulfil all the requirements of natural selection, though it may cause the death of some few members. If we admire the truly wonderful power of scent by which the males of many insects find their females, can we admire the production for this single purpose of thousands of drones, which are utterly useless to the community for any other end, and which are ultimately slaughtered by their industrious and sterile sisters? It may be difficult, but we ought to admire the savage instinctive hatred of the queen-bee, which urges her instantly to destroy the young queens her daughters as soon as born, or to perish herself in the combat; for undoubtedly this is for the good of the community; and maternal love or maternal hatred, though the latter fortunately is most rare, is all the same to the inexorable principle of natural selection. If we admire the several ingenious contrivances, by which the flowers of the orchis and of many other plants are fertilised through insect agency, can we consider as equally perfect the elaboration by our fir-trees of dense clouds of pollen, in order that a few granules may be wafted by a chance breeze on to the ovules?

注释

〔1〕 Not reproduced in the present volume.

Conclusion

1. [...] The chief cause of our natural unwillingness to admit that one species has given birth to other and distinct species, is that we are always slow in admitting any great change of which we do not see the intermediate steps. The difficulty is the same as that felt by so many geologists, when Lyell first insisted that long lines of inland cliffs had been formed, and great valleys excavated, by the slow action of the coast-waves. The mind cannot possibly grasp the full meaning of the term of a hundred million years; it cannot add up and perceive the full effects of many slight variations, accumulated during an almost infinite number of generations.

2. Although I am fully convinced of the truth of the views given in this volume under the form of an abstract, I by no means expect to convince experienced naturalists whose minds are stocked with a multitude of facts all viewed, during a long course of years, from a point of view directly opposite to mine. It is so easy to hide our ignorance under such expressions as the 'plan of creation,' 'unity of design,' &c., and to think that we give an explanation when we only restate a fact. Any one whose disposition leads him to attach more weight to unexplained difficulties than to the explanation of a certain number of facts will certainly reject my theory. A few naturalists, endowed with much flexibility of mind, and who have already begun to doubt on the immutability of species, may be influenced by this volume; but I look with confidence to the future, to young and rising naturalists, who will be able to view both sides of the question with impartiality. Whoever is led to believe that species are mutable will do good service by conscientiously expressing his conviction; for only thus can the load of prejudice by which this subject is overwhelmed be removed.

3. Several eminent naturalists have of late published their belief that a multitude of reputed species in each genus are not real species; but that other species are real, that is, have been independently created. This seems to me a strange conclusion to arrive at. They admit that a multitude of forms, which till lately they themselves thought were special creations, and which are still thus looked at by the majority of naturalists, and which consequently have

every external characteristic feature of true species, — they admit that these have been produced by variation, but they refuse to extend the same view to other and very slightly different forms. Nevertheless they do not pretend that they can define, or even conjecture, which are the created forms of life, and which are those produced by secondary laws. They admit variation as a vera causa in one case, they arbitrarily reject it in another, without assigning any distinction in the two cases. The day will come when this will be given as a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion. These authors seem no more startled at a miraculous act of creation than at an ordinary birth. But do they really believe that at innumberable periods in the earth's history certain elemental atoms have been commanded suddenly to flash into living tissues? Do they believe that at each supposed act of creation one individual or many were produced? Were all the infinitely numerous kinds of animals and plants created as eggs or seed, or as full grown? and in the case of mammals, were they created bearing the false marks of nourishment from the mother's womb? Although naturalists very properly demand a full explanation of every difficulty from those who believe in the mutability of species, on their own side they ignore the whole subject of the first appearance of species in what they consider reverent silence.

4. It may be asked how far I extend the doctrine of the modification of species. The question is difficult to answer, because the more distinct the forms are which we may consider, by so much the arguments fall away in force. But some arguments of the greatest weight extend very far. All the members of whole classes can be connected together by chains of affinities, and all can be classified on the same principle, in groups subordinate to groups. Fossil remains sometimes tend to fill up very wide intervals between existing orders. Organs in a rudimentary condition plainly show that an early progenitor had the organ in a fully developed state; and this in some instances necessarily implies an enormous amount of modification in the descendants. Throughout whole classes various structures are formed on the same pattern, and at an embryonic age the species closely resemble each other. Therefore I cannot doubt that the theory of descent with modification embraces all the members of the same class. I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number.

5. Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless all living things have much in

common, in their chemical composition, their germinal vesicles, their cellular structure, and their laws of growth and reproduction. We see this even in so trifling a circumstance as that the same poison often similarly affects plants and animals; or that the poison secreted by the gallfly produces monstrous growths on the wild rose or oak-tree. Therefore I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed.

6. When the views entertained in this volume on the origin of species, or when analogous views are generally admitted, we can dimly foresee that there will be a considerable revolution in natural history. Systematists will be able to pursue their labours as at present; but they will not be incessantly haunted by the shadowy doubt whether this or that form be in essence a species. This I feel sure, and I speak after experience, will be no slight relief. The endless disputes whether or not some fifty species of British brambles are true species will cease. Systematists will have only to decide (not that this will be easy) whether any form be sufficiently constant and distinct from other forms, to be capable of definition; and if definable, whether the differences be sufficiently important to deserve a specific name. This latter point will become a far more essential consideration than it is at present; for differences, however slight, between any two forms, if not blended by intermediate gradations, are looked at by most naturalists as sufficient to raise both forms to the rank of species. Hereafter we shall be compelled to acknowledge that the only distinction between species and well-marked varieties is, that the latter are known, or believed, to be connected at the present day by intermediate gradations, whereas species were formerly thus connected. Hence, without quite rejecting the consideration of the present existence of intermediate gradations between any two forms, we shall be led to weigh more carefully and to value higher the actual amount of difference between them. It is quite possible that forms now generally acknowledged to be merely varieties may hereafter be thought worthy of specific names, as with the primrose and cowslip; and in this case scientific and common language will come into accordance. In short, we shall have to treat species in the same manner as those naturalists treat genera, who admit that genera are merely artificial combinations made for convenience. This may not be a cheering prospect; but we shall at least be freed from the vain search for the undiscovered and undiscoverable essence of the term species.

7. The other and more general departments of natural history will rise greatly in interest. The terms used by naturalists of affinity, relationship, community of type, paternity, morphology, adaptive characters, rudimentary and aborted organs, &c., will cease to be metaphorical, and will have a plain signification. When we no longer look at an organic being as a savage looks at a ship, as at something wholly beyond his comprehension; when we regard every production of nature as one which has had a history; when we contemplate every complex structure and instinct as the summing up of many contrivances, each useful to the possessor, nearly in the same way as when we look at any great mechanical invention as the summing up of the labour, the experience, the reason, and even the blunders of numerous workmen; when we thus view each organic being, how far more interesting, I speak from experience, will the study of natural history become!

8. A grand and almost untrodden field of inquiry will be opened, on the causes and laws of variation, on correlation of growth, on the effects of use and disuse, on the direct action of external conditions, and so forth. The study of domestic productions will rise immensely in value. A new variety raised by man will be a far more important and interesting subject for study than one more species added to the infinitude of already recorded species. Our classifications will come to be, as far as they can be so made, genealogies; and will then truly give what may be called the plan of creation. The rules for classifying will no doubt become simpler when we have a definite object in view. We possess no pedigrees or armorial bearings; and we have to discover and trace the many diverging lines of descent in our natural genealogies, by characters of any kind which have long been inherited. Rudimentary organs will speak infallibly with respect to the nature of long-lost structures. Species and groups of species, which are called aberrant, and which may fancifully be called living fossils, will aid us in forming a picture of the ancient forms of life. Embryology will reveal to us the structure, in some degree obscured, of the prototypes of each great class.

9. When we can feel assured that all the individuals of the same species, and all the closely allied species of most genera, have within a not very remote period descended from one parent, and have migrated from some one birthplace; and when we better know the many means of migration, then, by the light which geology now throws, and will continue to throw, on former changes of climate and of the level of the land, we shall surely be enabled to trace in an admirable manner the former migrations of the inhabitants of the

whole world. Even at present, by comparing the differences of the inhabitants of the sea on the opposite sides of a continent, and the nature of the various inhabitants of that continent in relation to their apparent means of immigration, some light can be thrown on ancient geography.

10. The noble science of Geology loses glory from the extreme imperfection of the record. The crust of the earth with its embedded remains must not be looked at as a well-filled museum, but as a poor collection made at hazard and at rare intervals. The accumulation of each great fossiliferous formation will be recognised as having depended on an unusual concurrence of circumstances, and the blank intervals between the successive stages as having been of vast duration. But we shall be able to gauge with some security the duration of these intervals by a comparison of the preceding and succeeding organic forms. We must be cautious in attempting to correlate as strictly contemporaneous two formations, which include few identical species, by the general succession of their forms of life. As species are produced and exterminated by slowly acting and still existing causes, and not by miraculous acts of creation and by catastrophes; and as the most important of all causes of organic change is one which is almost independent of altered and perhaps suddenly altered physical conditions, namely, the mutual relation of organism to organism, — the improvement of one being entailing the improvement or the extermination of others; it follows, that the amount of organic change in the fossils of consecutive formations probably serves as a fair measure of the lapse of actual time. A number of species, however, keeping in a body might remain for a long period unchanged, whilst within this same period, several of these species, by migrating into new countries and coming into competition with foreign associates, might become modified; so that we must not overrate the accuracy of organic change as a measure of time. During early periods of the earth's history, when the forms of life were probably fewer and simpler, the rate of change was probably slower; and at the first dawn of life, when very few forms of the simplest structure existed, the rate of change may have been slow in an extreme degree. The whole history of the world, as at present known, although of a length quite incomprehensible by us, will hereafter be recognised as a mere fragment of time, compared with the ages which have elapsed since the first creature, the progenitor of innumerable extinct and living descendants, was created.

11. In the distant future I see open fields for far more important researches.

Psychology will be based on a new foundation, that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history.

12. Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. When I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped, shows that the greater number of species of each genus, and all the species of many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to fortell that it will be the common and widely-spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Silurian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of equally inappreciable length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

13. It is interesting to contemplate an entangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction; Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; Variability from the indirect and direct action of the external conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection,

entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

ON LIBERTY

论自由

［英］约翰·斯图亚特·密尔　著

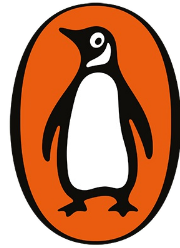
牛云平　译

中 国 出 版 集 团
中　译　出　版　社

论自由

（英）约翰·斯图亚特·密尔/著

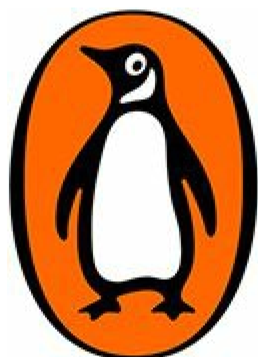
牛云平/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

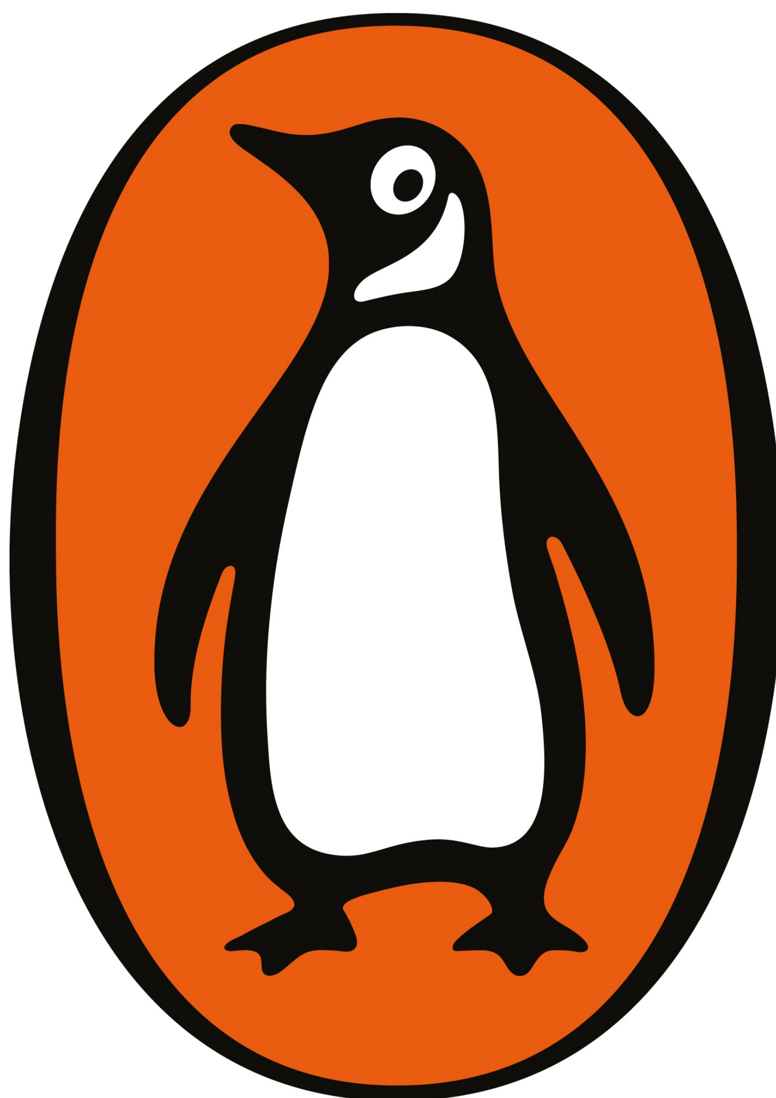
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
First published 1859
This edition published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

约翰·斯图亚特·密尔（1806—1873）是英国哲学家、政治经济学家、政府文官，最富影响的19世纪思想家之一。他的父亲，英国历史学家、经济学家、功利主义哲学家詹姆斯·密尔按照约翰·洛克的认识理论，从密尔童年时期就对他进行了严格的教养。密尔是个早慧的天才。据其自传，他3岁开始学习古希腊语；8岁时已经熟读了大量古希腊和古罗马典籍，学习了代数、物理学和天文学等自然科学知识；12岁时即通晓经院和亚里士多德的逻辑学；13岁时接触到政治经济学，与父亲共同研究了经济学家亚当·斯密和大卫·李嘉图的经济学，协助父亲创建了古典经济学中的生产要素论。密尔在成长过程中，与李嘉图、功利主义哲学家杰里米·边沁、法国政治经济学家让·巴蒂斯特·萨伊、法国空想社会主义者圣西门、法国社会学家奥古斯特·孔德等当世英杰过从甚密，在思想的频繁交流中获益良多。作为不信奉英国国教的新教徒，密尔没有资格进入牛津大学与剑桥大学读书，于是随父亲到东印度公司任职，并在非宗教高校伦敦大学学院接受了教育。在大学期间，他受到了英国法学家约翰·奥斯丁的思想影响。1851年，他与哈莉特·泰勒结束21年的恋爱长跑，步入了婚姻殿堂。聪慧无双的泰勒对密尔影响很大，她包括妇女权利在内的许多思想都在密尔的著作中得以体现。

密尔著述颇丰，覆盖哲学、政治、经济等多个领域，重要著作有《逻辑体系》（1843年）、《政治经济学原理》（1848年）、《论自由》（1859年）、《论代议制政府》（1861年）、《功利主义》（1861年）、《女性的服从》（1869年）等。其中，《论自由》是其哲学代表作。

《论自由》讨论了个人在宗教信仰、思想、言论、个性等方面的自

由，研究了社会对个人可行使权力的性质和界限，明确提出了“多数人的暴政”这一振聋发聩的名言，和“人类无论作为个人或集体，只有出于自卫这唯一目的时，才能干预任何人或人群的行动自由”这一鲜明论点。全文篇幅不长，但思想深刻、视域辽阔，引人入胜；且旁征博引、前后相贯、逻辑严谨、条理清楚、论说明晰。例如，他信手征引了苏格拉底、耶稣、奥勒留大帝、路德等宗教改革家，洪堡、卢梭、斯坦利勋爵、摩门教等古今人物与教派的事迹，列举了食物禁忌、禁酒令、婚姻契约、妇女权益、社会和政府干涉等现实问题，涉及英、法、德、美、俄、中、印度等多个欧洲、美洲、亚洲国家，使本文既具历史的深刻，又具有现实之锋芒。密尔剖析问题时，十分注重多方辩证，使全文读来底气丰沛而思路细密，兼备学者的严谨学风、文学家的生动文采与演说家的敏捷辩才。因此，该书问世以来，影响广播，深受历代读者推崇，跻身经典名著之列。

自清末严复《群己权界论》问世以来，《论自由》已有多种汉译本。按照恩师辜正坤先生“筛选积淀重译论”的内在要求，笔者本应尽数搜罗更逐一研读，多方借鉴而去粗取精，以图继承创新、递进提高，创造出最佳近似原作的译作。惜因多种缘故，未能充分实现。近些年来，在不同译论视角的解构风潮下，百多年前的严复译文数遭诟病。然而，严复翻译此书距密尔原著出版隔不过40年，称得上去古未远，其中西学养亦未必输于今人后学，故此，其译文中虽不免杂有清末的时代噪音，但对密尔之论点与文风的把握，是足以信赖的。笔者在翻译过程中，每遇疑词难句，除多方查阅当世资料之外，亦将拙见考校于严复译文，以求义理精审，兼向先贤筚路蓝缕之功致敬。

此外，笔者曾将书中部分章节的汉译作为课程作业，在河北大学2012级和2013级翻译硕士专业学位研究生“人文社科文献翻译”课堂上进行研讨推究。研究生们各具千秋的理解和译文也对笔者有所启发，在此一并致以谢忱。

最后，密尔原著中个别地方用词过简，或句法过于繁复，逻辑关系缴绕，笔者虽尽力剖解、前后引衬，仍恐译文中有表意不清甚或理解谬误之处。叩请方家不吝赐教。

谨将此书献给我挚爱的、悲痛追忆中的她——我的贤妻益友。是她启发并与我共同创作了我作品中的所有精彩华章。她崇高的真理心与正义感给予我最强劲的激励，她的嘉许是对我最宝贵的奖赏。本书同我多年写出的所有其他作品一样，是我们二人的共同心血。但是，书稿中只有很少部分极其幸运地经她亲手润正，某些最重要的部分本准备请她细加审阅，而今已永无可能了。无数伟大的思想与高贵的情感已随她而长眠地下，倘若我能向世人传述其中的半数，必将令他们受益良多；她的睿智旷世无匹，失去了她的激励与帮助，我的所思所作何足同等裨益世人？！

“这些书页上展现的每句论述都辐辏于一条伟大的主导原则：让人类任意地多样化发展，这一点绝对至关重要。”

——威廉·冯·洪堡

《政府的权限与责任》

一　序言

本文所论并非所谓的“意志自由”——那个不幸与误称为“哲学必然性”的学说相对立的东西，而是“公民或社会自由”，即：社会以何种性质、在何种限度内对个人实施权力才算正当。关于这一问题，尚无人概述及或浮泛而论，但其隐性存在却深深影响着当前的种种现实论争，并将很可能迅速成为未来的关键问题。这一问题绝非新生事物，在某种意义上，人类几乎自诞生之初就被它分裂为不同群体。然而，人类中相对文明的群体如今已进入了新的发展阶段，在新阶段、新形势下，公民自由问题浮现而出，需要人类提出更具实质性的新对策。

自由与威权的斗争是我们熟悉的某些历史阶段的最显著特征，在古希腊、古罗马和英国历史上尤其如此。不过，古代的斗争是臣民或臣民中某些阶层与政府之间的斗争。自由意味着受到保护，免遭政治统治者的暴政之害。统治者们（古希腊某些平民政府中的统治者除外）被认为与其治下的民众必然相互对立。他们或是居于统治地位的个人，或是一个部族或阶级；其威权或由继承而得，或借征服获取。他们的权柄绝非民众可任意予夺，只要有可防范其强权镇压的法子，民众便不会冒险或许也并不愿去争夺他们的尊位。统治者的权力被视为不可或缺但也极其危险之物，是一种既可用以对抗外敌亦可毫不犹豫地对抗臣民的武器。若要防止鹫群中的弱小成员惨遭众秃鹫捕杀，则需委派一只最为强悍的秃鹫做首领，以制伏其他秃鹫。然而，秃鹫王之嗜好劫掠鹫群，绝不亚于那些劲量略小的凶鹫，所以必须永远警惕其尖喙与利爪。故此，那时爱国志士的目标就是为统治者设定权限，防止其对民众滥施权力；这种设限行为就是他们意谓的自由。设限方式有两种：第一，获得统治者对某些名为政治自由或政治权利的承认。统治者若侵犯这些自由或权利就是渎职，他若果真悍然侵犯，那么民众进行某种抵制甚或全民造反就属

合理合法。第二，确立宪法作为制约手段。总体而言，这一方式发生较晚。据此，统治者若想采取某些较为重要的行动，必须先征得民众或被认为代表着民众利益的某个组织的同意。大多数欧洲国家的统治者都或多或少地被迫服从于第一种设限方式，但并未服从第二种方式。使第二种方式奏效，或者在其已部分奏效的情况下使其完全奏效，就成为各国自由爱好者的主要目标。只要人类满足于靠一个敌人对抗另一个敌人，满足于接受某个主人的统治——前提是他多少可以有效地保证不对他们实施暴政，他们便别无祈望。

但是，在人类事务的发展进程中，出现了这样一刻：人们意识到，由与自己利益对立的他者充当统治者，并非天然法则。他们感到，更好的办法是，应该让国家的各种官员充当他们的租户或代表，他们可以随意解约，遣散这些官员。似乎唯有如此，才能绝对确保政府权力不被滥用，他们的利益才不会受损。渐渐地，不论何处，只要存在平民政党，这种靠选举产生临时统治者就会提出新的需求，这在很大程度上取代了以前限定统治者权力的做法，成为该政党的主要奋斗目标；他们力图使统治者产生于被统治者的周期性选举。发展到后来，一些人开始认为，以前太看重限定权力本身这件事了。当统治者利益与民众利益对立时，限定其权力（似乎）只是一种权宜之计。现在所需要的是，让统治者认同民众，让统治者的利益和意志与全体国民的利益和意志合一。国家不必防范自己的意志，不必担忧其会对自己实行暴政。让统治者完全向全体国民负责，国民可以随时罢免他们，因为国民可自主决定权力的用途，所以可放心将权力托付给他们。统治者的权力正是全体国民自身的权力，这种权力高度集中，便于行使。这种想法或感觉，曾普遍出现于上一代欧洲自由主义者之中，并在今天的欧陆自由主义者中仍占主流地位。那些同意给政府——他们认为非法的政府除外——设立权限的人，在欧陆的政治思想家中显得卓尔不群。我国的形势也一度鼓舞了与这些自由主义者想法类似的论调，倘若后来情势未改，这种论调如今可能已甚嚣尘上。

然而，与人生经历一样，在政治和哲学学说中，失败可能会掩藏各种缺陷与弱点，而成功则会暴露它们。当平民政体仅存于梦想或远古历史的传闻之中时，人们无须限定自己对自己行使的权力，这种观念似乎不争自明。法国大革命之类的暂时性社会骚乱也全然没有动摇这一观念。在此观念中，那些最糟糕的骚乱乃是少数篡夺者造成的；它与大众机构的常规运作方式毫无关系，而是反对国王独裁和贵族专制的突发事件。但是，后来一个民主共和国占据了巨幅的国土，且竟然跻身世界强国之列；这一重大事实使人们开始关注和评论选举制、责任制政体。此时，世人方才意识到，“自治”、“人民对自我行使的权力”等词语并未表达事情的实相。行使权力的“人民”与作为权力行使对象的人民并不总是同一群体；所谓“自治”并非每个人自我管治，而是一切别人对他进行管治。而且，“人民的意志”实际上意味着人民当中人数最多或最活跃的群体——即多数派，或那些成功将自己打造为多数派的人——的意志。于是，人民可能会有压迫自己当中部分群体的意愿。这种情况同其他形式的权力滥用一样，都需严加防范。因此，即便掌权者要定期对全民——即其中的最强大派——负责，限定政府对个人的权力仍然至关紧要。上述主张不仅受到思想家们的支持，也获得了欧洲社会中重要阶层的青睐——因为民主政体会损害其实际利益或假定利益，顺利成为了主流观点。现在，各种政治理论已普遍将“多数人的暴政”列为社会需警惕的罪恶之一。

如同其他暴政一样，多数人的暴政主要是通过公权机构的行为实施的，从其诞生至今，令人恐惧不已。但富有思想的人们意识到，倘若社会这一集体本身即是凌驾于其每一单个成员之上的暴君，那么其暴虐手段之丰富，将绝不限于它通过其官吏所实施的那些行为。社会有能力也确实执行着它自己的种种命令：如果发出的命令并非正确，或者竟对无权插手的事情滥发号令，那么它就是在实行比许多其他政治压迫更可怕的社会暴政。这是因为，它虽然通常不以极刑威慑单个成员，却能更深刻地渗透到个人生活的方方面面，束缚住个体的灵魂，令其无可逃遁。

因此，保护人们免遭官员的暴政并不足够，还需保护他们免遭主流意见和大众感觉的暴政，免遭社会的暴政：社会倾向于用民事处罚之外的手段，将自己的主张和做法当作行为规范强加于那些持异议者身上；它倾向于束缚任何与己相左个性的发展、尽可能防止这种个性的形成，并迫使所有的性格特点以社会自身为模型进行自我塑造。所以，集体意见对个人独立性的合法干预是有界限的。发现这一界限，并保护它免遭侵越，同保护人们免遭政治独裁之害一样，对维护人类事务的健康状态而言不可或缺。

然而，一般说来，虽然上述主张通常不太可能遭到反对，但把这一界限设在哪里——如何在个人自主与社会管控之间进行恰当调整，却几乎是个毫无头绪的全新问题。所有人们珍视的生存价值，都有赖于对他人行动的切实约束。因此，必须要强制实行某些行为规范；其手段首先是法律，在许多法律不适用的事项上则要借助舆论。这些行为规范应该是什么呢？这一点就成为人类事务中的重大问题。而倘若我们排除少数最显著的例子，就会发现，它乃是人类最难以解决的问题之一。没有哪个时代、哪个国家对其解决方案与其他时代、其他国家雷同；一个时代、一个国家对它的判定会令另一个时代、另一个国家大为震惊。然而，任何时代、任何国家的人们全浑然不觉其解决之难，似乎人类历来对其看法并无二致。在他们心目中，自己所建立的规程是不言而喻更自证自明的。这种几乎普遍存在的错觉便是一个例证，足以证明习俗之神奇影响。习俗不仅是谚语所说的第二天性，还屡屡被错当成了第一天性。在防止人类对彼此强加的种种行为准则产生疑虑方面，习俗的效果格外彻底。那是因为，人们普遍认为，在这一问题上，无论人与人之间，还是个人，都不需讲什么理由。人们已习惯于相信，也因为受那些向往哲学家风范的人鼓动而相信，在这类问题上，他们的感觉比推理更重要，所以推理毫无用处。指导他们形成人类行为规则的实用原则就是每个人心中的感觉：所有人都必须像他或他赞成的人所希望的那样行动。事实上，谁都不肯承认，他的判断标准只是个人偏好；一个毫无理

据的、衡量某个行为的主张，只能算是个人偏好；就算他亮明了理由，倘若这些理由仅仅是唤起其他人感觉中的类似偏好，那也仍然只是许多人的个人偏好罢了。不过，对普通人而言，他获得别人支持的个人偏好不仅仅是一个完美无瑕的理由，而且是他用以判断自己所有的道义观、趣味观或得体观的唯一依据，甚至也是理解自己宗教信条的总指南，尽管他的道德观、趣味观或得体观都并未明确写入其宗教信条当中。相应地，人们对什么值得赞美、什么值得谴责的看法，是受到一切五花八门动机影响的。那些动机繁多，会潜移默化地影响人们对他人行为的期望；而他们关于任何其他事物的愿望，同样受到数不胜数的诱因的影响。这些动机有时是他们的理智，有时又是某些偏见或迷信，经常是对社群的喜爱之情，也经常是对社群的厌恶之情——羡慕或嫉妒、傲慢或轻蔑，但最通常是他们自己的各种欲求或畏惧——即他们那合法或非法的一己私利。无论哪国，只要存在某个占据支配地位的阶级，该国的道德观就会源于此阶级的阶级利益以及阶级优越感。斯巴达人与其奴隶之间、种植园主与黑奴之间、王侯与臣民之间、贵族与平民之间、男人与女人之间的道德准则，多半就是阶级利益和阶级优越感的产物。由此产生的种种是非观念又作用于该权势阶级内部成员的道德观，影响着他们彼此的关系。反观之，无论哪国，只要存在一个丧失了支配地位或其支配地位已不得人心的权势阶级，该国盛行的道德观念便往往带有对优越感不耐烦甚至厌恶的痕迹。对于已被法律或舆论强加的各种将行和缓行的行为规范，还有一大决定性原则：人类会想象其俗世主人或天上神灵之好恶，并屈己以从。人类这种奴性虽然本质上是自利的，但并不虚伪；它产生的是十足真诚的憎恶之情，驱使人们烧死了巫师和异教徒。许多恶劣因素都会影响道德观念的走势，社会那些普遍且显著的利益无疑是其中之一，而且是一大因素。然而，与其说这些社会利益本身是道德观念的产生原因，不如说它们是道德观念派生的喜恶之情所造就的结果。原本与社会利益无关的人类喜恶之情，在道德观念的建立过程中赫然突显，威力惊人。

这样，社会之好恶，或其中某强势群体之好恶，乃是实际决定道德规范的主要事物。全体成员都要遵循那些规则，否则便会遭到法律或舆论的惩罚。总体而言，那些思想和情感超前于社会的人原则上都会对此情形听之任之，但在某些枝节问题上可能与之发生抵牾。他们忙于探寻社会应对哪些事物产生好恶，而不是质疑社会之好恶应否成为个人必须遵守的法律。他们更乐意努力改变人类对他们持有异见的具体事项的看法，而不愿与其他异端分子一起，共同致力于捍卫自由。只在一件事上，他们不再单打独斗，而是依理占据了制高点且坚守始终；这件事就是宗教信仰。做此事有很多益处，尤其是它极为醒目地表明，所谓道德感是多么不可靠：一个顽固者心中“神学家之间的憎恨”是道德感表现最直白的事例之一。第一批打破自诩为“普世教会”组织之枷锁的人，通常与该教会一样，不愿容忍异己的宗教主张。而一旦冲突结束，哪一方都没有获得完胜，每个教派都会被弱化，各教派都会把期望值降低到能够维持既有的地盘就行；少数派发现没有机会变成多数派，只得恳求那些他们无法改变其信仰的人，允许他们持有不同宗教主张。这样，几乎仅仅在宗教信仰的战场上，才存在个人有权利反对社会原则的理据，才能公开驳斥社会有权管辖异见分子的说法。那些给世界带来了宗教自由的伟大作者大都坚称：良心自由是一项不可废除的权利，并彻底否定了“个人有义务向他者解释自己宗教信仰”的观点。然而，人类天生对自己真正关心的一切不容异议；除了个别宗教观念淡漠的地方，人们因厌烦神学争论而赞成宗教自由之外，宗教自由在任何国度都没有真正实现过。几乎所有宗教信仰者心中，对信仰自由义务的承认都是暗自有所保留的；即便在那些最宽容的国家，情况也是如此。有人会做到容忍教政问题上的异见，但不会容忍教义问题上的异见；有人能宽容任何人，却不能宽容天主教徒或唯一神论者；有人则能宽容任何人，却不能宽容天启教信徒；有些人宽容的程度更进一步，但是在关于上帝和来世的信仰上却又止步不前。无论何处，只要大多数人的宗教情感仍然真诚而热烈，要求全员遵从宗教的呼声就高涨不退。

相比其他欧洲国家，英国政治历史情形特殊，所以其法律的枷锁较轻，而舆论的枷锁较重。英国人对立法或执法当局明目张胆干预私人行为的事情十分戒备。他们这样做并非出于维护个人独立的公正考虑，而是出于将政府视为公众利益对立面的思维习惯。大部分英国人都尚未感觉到政府的权力就是他们自己的权力，或政府的主张就是他们自己的主张。他们若果真感觉如此，个人自由就很可能像遭到舆论侵犯那样，面临政府侵犯的威胁。然而，直至今日，他们仍有一股强烈的情感，可以随时唤起：抵制法律在它以前未曾管辖过的事情上对个人进行管制的任何企图；可他们在这种情感升腾时，却毫不分辨所涉事项是否属于法律管制的范畴。因此，此种情感虽然总体而言十分有益，但很可能在具体事例的处理上对错参半。事实上，并不存在一种公认的原则可常规衡量种种政府干预是否正当；人们的判断依据就是其个人好恶罢了。有些人不管发现有善事需实行，抑或有恶事需矫正，都很乐意鼓动政府采取行动；而其他人则宁愿承受几乎所有的社会弊病，却不肯增加一项允许政府管控的新事物，使人类受益。在任一具体事例中，人们是属于前一群体或后一群体，要看他们大体怀有哪种感觉；倘若那件事被提议由政府作为，就要看他们对此事的兴趣度如何，或者看他们是否相信政府会按他们的意愿作为。判断他们属于哪一类群体，不要看他们对政府适合做什么是否持有始终如一的意见。在我看来，缺乏公认衡量原则或规则的后果是，这一派与那一派同样常常出错，他们错误调用和错误谴责政府干预的频率大体相当。

本文旨在宣明一条十分简单的原则，以完全监管社会强迫以及控制个人的方式施行，无论是法律刑罚的肉体暴力或公共舆论的精神威压。该原则就是，人类无论作为个人或集体，只有出于自卫这唯一目的时，才能干预任何人或人群的行动自由。违反其意志，对一位文明社会的成员正当行使权力的唯一目的是：防止伤害他人。个人的物质或精神利益不足以作为对其行使权力的正当借口。“那样做是为了他好”、“那样做会使他更幸福”、“在别人看来那样做很明智甚或非常正确”，这些都不

是强迫接受或忍受管制的正当理由。我们可以提出许多充足的理由抗议、与之理论、说服或恳求，但没有充足理由逼迫或告知他如若不然必将自吞恶果。要证明这一做法的正当性，必须估算出，要阻止其从事的那一行为会对他人产生何种恶果。任何人需要对社会负责的那些行为都必须是关联他人的；对那些只与个人有关的行为，他都拥有绝对的自主权。个人是自己身体和精神的君主。

也许，我无须指出，这一原则仅仅适用于心智成熟的人。本书所论无关儿童或未及法定成年期的青少年。那些尚需他人照顾的人，应当受到保护，以免他们受到自身造成或外来的伤害。同理，本文所论也并不包括落后的社会，因为处于该社会状态的种族可能被认为尚未成熟。在社会自然演进的早期阶段，存在种种巨大而几乎无法克服的困难；富于进取精神的统治者为了达成某个目标，可以使用任何便宜的手段，否则他就可能无法成功。对待未开化民族时，只要是为了他们自身的进步，只要所用手段确实能产生预期的效果，实施专制统治就是合法的。在人类尚未达到通过自由平等的讨论而进步的阶段时，自由原则是不适用的。处于这一阶段的人群只能绝对服从于某个阿克巴大帝[1]或查理大帝[2]，倘若他们有幸遇到这样的人物。而一旦人类有能力通过接受劝说而实现进步（本文所论及的诸国早已达到这一阶段），威压就不容许了，无论直接的方式还是迫使其服从的痛苦和刑罚等手段。即便使用，目的也只是为了保护他人的安全。

应该说，我并未引用绝对正确这一无关功用的概念以支撑我的论点。我认为，对一切伦理问题而言，功用都是最终的理论诉求；然而，它必须是最大意义上的功用，其基础必须是人作为一种不断进步的存在者的长远利益。我主张，以人的长远利益作为个人自发行为必须服从于外部管控的条件，其适用范围仅限于个人行为关系到他人利益的情况。如果某人作出伤害到他人的事情，就需要用法律制裁他；如果不能确定可否用法律惩罚，就用大众谴责惩罚他。有许多为别人利益而应采取的

积极行为，强迫其实施这些行为乃是正当的。例如，出庭作证、参加集体安全保卫战或其他捍卫社会利益的联合行动，因为自身的利益也受到了保护。其还要实施某些个人慈善行为，如挽救他人的生命、见义勇为，以及诸多任何显然属于人类天职范畴的事情。在这类事上，若袖手旁观，就应受到社会的正当谴责。个人的行动可能危害社会，不作为也可能如此。不管哪种情况，他都应当为此造成的伤害负责。比起前者，后一种情况社会在对他施加强力时必须更为慎重。任何人都要为自己的恶行负责，这是铁律；相对而言，让他为未能阻止恶行负责，则是例外。然而，有许多事实清楚、后果严重的事件足以证明，所谓的例外实为正当要求。在所有个体与他人关联的事情中，他对那些利益攸关者都负有法律责任，并按需充当社会的保护人。不让个人承担责任的理由经常很充足，但这些理由必须源于对所涉事项的特殊考量：原因要么是这样一种情况，倘若他并非受制于社会的全权控制，而是由其自行决定，那么在整件事上他极有可能做得更好；要么是，控制可能会导致另外的、比要防范之恶更严重的恶果。如果这类原因使个人免于承担责任，那么当事人本身的良心应当走上审判席，保护那些无人保护的人们的利益；他尤其要严格地审判自我，因为该事项的特殊情况不容许他接受其他人的审判。

但是，有一个行为领域，社会即便与之利益关联，也只是一种间接的关联，而个人却与之有着千丝万缕的利益关系。这个领域包括生活和行为中所有仅仅影响到个人的活动；倘若这些活动也对他人有所影响的话，则前提必须是他们自由、自愿、理智地同意并参与了这些活动。我所谓“仅仅影响到个人”的意思是，那些活动直接、最先作用于他。因为那作用于他的一切，可能通过他而作用于别人。以此为据反对我的异议将在后文加以讨论，此处不赘。这就是人类自由的恰当范围。首先，它涵盖意识这一内心领域，要求最广泛意义上的良心自由、思想和情感自由，以及在所有话题上绝对的观念及意见自由，不论是现实性话题或思辨性话题；不论是科学话题、道德话题，或神学话题。言论和公开发表

意见的自由似乎应受另外原则的支配，因为它关涉到他者的个人行为。但出于同样的原因，与思想自由几乎同等重要，实际上与后者无法分割。第二，本原则要求趣味和爱好自由、按照个人性格特征设计自己生活的自由，以及虽可能遇到下述情况也要随意行动的自由：只要我们的行为对我们的同类无害，我们的行为就不能受到他们的妨害；即便他们可能以为我们的行为很愚蠢、很荒诞，甚至完全错误。第三，从这项个人自由导出：不同个人在上述行为范围内进行联合的自由，即为任何不损及他者的目的进行结社的自由。其前提是：结社的成员必须已达法定成年年龄，且没有受到逼迫或欺骗。

任何在总体上不尊重上述自由的社会，不论其政府形式如何，都是不自由的；上述自由未能完全地、绝对地存在的社会，其自由是不完整的。名副其实的自由仅指我们以自己的方式追求自己福祉的自由，只要我们不试图剥夺别人的这一自由或阻止别人努力获得这一自由。每个人都是自己身体、心理和精神健康的正当守护者。比起迫使所有人为看似利他的目的而生存，容忍彼此为看似利己的目的而生存，会使人类获益更多。

本书此论并非新说，而且在一些人看来，或许有种老生常谈的腔调。但是，由于现有观念和社会实践的大势所趋，没有哪种学说的针对性比此论更为直接。社会竭尽全力，企图（按照它自己的标准）迫使人们像服从其关于优秀社会的观念那样，服从关于优秀个人的主张。古代共和制国家认为，自己有资格用公权力管控公民的所有个人行为，理由是：对每个公民的身体和精神规训都与国家利益深切相关。古代哲学家们赞同这一观念。那些强敌环伺的小共和国或许向来奉行此种理念，因为它们长期以来深恐外患内忧导致国覆家灭，而不敢稍有精神懈怠和自制简疏。它们哪里等得及自由的长远善果？当代世界，由于政治社群规模更大，最主要是由于精神威权与世俗威权的分离（对人们道德良心的管理和对其世俗事务的管理由此分属不同权力部门负责），法律无法再

大肆干涉个人生活的各种细节。然而，对于个人异于主流意见的自我关注主张，社会机器一向都悍然发动精神压制的引擎，频次甚至超过对其于社会事务之另类主张的压制。宗教是塑造道德感诸因素中最有力者，但支配宗教的力量，几乎始终是试图全方位管制人类行为的某个僧侣统治集团的勃勃野心，或是清教精神。一些站在与往昔宗教全然对立角度上的现代宗教改革者，所提出的人类精神主宰权要求，毫不逊于任何宗教派别。孔德先生[3]即是一个显例。如其《实证政治体系》中揭示的社会组织所示，他完全超越了古代哲学家当中最刻板铁律信奉者的一切政治理念，打算（主要通过道德手段而非法律手段）建立起社会对个人的专制统治。

除个别思想家提出的特殊原则，世人也越来越倾向于借助舆论甚或立法手段，大肆扩张社会权力并凌驾于个人权力之上。尽管世上一切变化的大势所趋乃是强化社会、削减个人的权力，但这种权力侵蚀不像其他恶行那样会自然而然地趋于消失，却会越来越变本加厉。不论是统治者或一般公民，人类都倾向于将自己的主张和偏好当作一种行为准则强加给他人。这种倾向受到人性中某些最善和最恶情感的大力鼓舞，除了让他们手无寸权之外，简直无法抑制。然而，权力并非日渐减少而是日渐增长；在当前的世界环境下，若不能建起一道强大的道德信念屏障阻止其祸害，我们就只能看着它增长。

为论证展开之便，我们不会立即开始讨论主论点，而要首先探讨一个分论点，因为本章阐明的该分论点的指导原则，即便并非全部，也已在一定程度上受到了当下舆论的认可。该分论点就是：思想自由。它与言论和创作自由同根而生、不可分割。虽然在所有公开承认宗教信仰自由和结社自由的国家，上述自由都是其政治道德中的可观组成成分，但这些自由的哲学和现实基础，大众或许并不熟悉，甚或许多意见领袖也未如想象中的那般通晓。一旦人们正确理解了这些哲学和现实基础，就会发现：其适用范围远远超过本文主题的某一方面；对本分论点的透彻

考察乃是解析其他分论点的最佳路径。因此，我希望，那些熟知下文所论内容的读者能够有所谅解，对于这个三百年来的热点论题，我斗胆再论一番。

二　论思想与讨论自由

人们希望，为反对腐败或暴虐的政府而必须捍卫“出版自由”的时代已一去不返了。我们猜想，放任与民众利益相左的立法或执法机关规定他们该持有什么主张、限定他们应当听到什么学说或论点等做法，如今不需继续证伪了。更何况，此前的作家早已反复并成功地证明过这一问题了，不需我在此再加以特别强调。虽然英国关于出版业的法律至今都像都铎王朝时期一样奴态十足，但它几乎不会被付诸实践，镇压议政者；除非是出现了暂时性恐慌事件，对叛乱的畏惧令大臣和法官们风仪扫地[4]。而且，一般而言，在宪政国家，无论政府是否完全向民众负责，都不必忧虑它会经常试图控制言论，除非代表公意，表达的是民众对某种言论的不宽容。因此，我们可以设想，政府与民众完全一致，若非公众赞同，就不会企图施行高压政治；但我拒绝相信，民众有权自行或通过其政府实施此等高压政治。高压政治本身是非法的。最佳政府同最糟政府一样，都无权要求这一权力。高压威权若依照公意施行，会与违逆公意而施行一样产生危害，甚至比后者为害更深。如果除一人之外的全人类都持同一观点，唯有一人持相反观点，人类也无权让此人噤声，正如此人即便掌权，也无权令全人类缄口。倘若某种观点为个人私有，仅对他本人有意义；若禁止他享有该观点，则只会造成对其个人的伤害；所以，这种伤害是仅伤及数人还是伤及多人，区别莫大。然而，钳制言论会造成特别的恶果：人类遭到了剥夺；而且遭到剥夺的不仅是这一代，更包括后代子孙；赞同该言论的人遭到了剥夺，那些反对者则被剥夺更多。如果该观点是正确的，反对者就被剥夺了改误从正的机会；如果该观点是错误的，那么他们被剥夺的几乎是一大利益——他们正确的反对意见与错误观点相冲突，会产生更加清晰、更加鲜活的真理感。

有必要分别考察这两个假设，二者各有其确切的理据支撑。我们绝不会确信，自己竭力要钳噤的观点是错误的；即便我们很有信心，钳噤观点也仍属恶行。

首先，试图用权威禁止的观点可能是正确的。那些试图禁止它的人当然会否认其正确性，但他们不一定不犯错。他们无权替全人类就该问题做出决定，无权排除所有别人的判断。因为他们确信该观点荒谬不经而拒绝给它发表的机会，意味着他们认为自己确定无疑之事就是绝对确定无疑之事。一切对言论的钳塞都意味着钳塞者认定自己判断无谬。要谴责钳制言论，或许可以此寻常理由为据，不可因其寻常就轻忽不用。

遗憾的是，对人类的良好判断力而言，他们可能出错这一事实在其实际判断中并未受到重视，虽然他们在理论上一直是承认可谬性会影响其实际判断的。这是因为，尽管每个人都知道自己可能犯错，但没有人觉得需要防范自己的可谬性，或需要承认这种推测：任何他们极为确信的观点，可能都是他们自认会犯的错误之一。专制君主或其他惯于接受千依百顺的人士，通常在近乎一切事上都对自己的看法绝对自信。地位较高、境遇良好的人们在听到因自己观点惹发的争议时，倘若自己错了，有时能够接受别人的纠正；他们仅完全相信自己那些与周围人等一致的观点，或那些与他们惯于遵从的人一致的观点。因为一个对独立判断缺乏自信的人，通常会完全信任并依赖广泛的“全世界”的无谬性。而对每一个体而言，所谓“全世界”指的就是他所接触到的那个圈子——他所属的政党、学派、教派、社会阶层。比较而言，他可以被视为几乎是个思想自由、胸怀宽广的人；对他而言，“世界”就是其国家或所处时代之类的综合体。他可能意识得到，其他时代、其他国家、其他学派、其他教派、其他阶级和其他政党历来都有——甚至现在仍然持有与自己完全相反的主张。但他对“全世界”之集体权威的信任毫不因此而产生动摇。他向自己的世界传递的责任是：站在“正确的”立场上，反对其他人的异见世界。他从不考虑，决定这世界中哪个才是他信赖所寄之世界

的，只不过是偶然性罢了；使他成为一个生活在伦敦的英国国教徒的同样的原因，也可能使他成为一个生活在北京的佛教徒或儒教徒。况且，时代同个人一样易错，这是一个无论证据多少均可被证明的道理。每一时代都曾持有被后来时代断定为不仅错误而且荒诞的主张。毫无疑问，许多现在广泛认可的观点将会被未来的时代所拒斥，就像现在拒斥许多曾经广泛流传的看法一样。

拒斥本文论点的论证形式可能是这样的：在公权机构根据自己的判断和职责所做的一切事情当中，禁止错误传播就是其最重要的自我无谬性假定。判断力之所以被给予人类，就是为了能让他们作出判断。难道因为人类可能判断失误，就不许其再进行判断了吗？他们禁止自认为有害的事物，并非是在主张免除错误，而是在履行他们义不容辞的责任——尽管他们是在严谨尽责、确信无疑后再采取行动，仍然会出错。倘若因为我们的观念可能有错就不按照观念行动，那么我们就得忽视所有利益，荒废一切职责。适用于一切行为的反对理由，对任何特定行为来说都是无效的反对理由。政府也好，个人也好，都有责任尽量形成最符合事实的见解；并且，形成见解的方式要谨慎周密；如不能确信自己的见解正确，就决不把它们强加于人。然而，（这些分析者可能会说）一旦确信自己的见解正确，却又不依之行动，而任由那些他们真心实意感到危害人类今世或来世福祉的信条四散流传，更恣肆蔓延，这并不是严谨尽责，而是畏缩不前。他们之所以这样做，是因为在开明时代之前，人们也陵压过今人相信为正确的见解。人们可能会说，我们要谨防犯下同样的错误。可是，很多政府和国家在其他事情上——谁都不能否认，在这些事务中运用威权完全恰当——都犯过错误，例如：征收苛捐杂税、发动不义战争。难道我们因此要免除一切税收，且不论敌人如何挑衅也不能开战吗？人类同政府一样，在采取行动时都必须不遗余力。世上不存在绝对确定性这样东西，但存在充分保障人类生活目的这件事。我们可以假定，也必须假定：我们的见解是真实可信的，可用以指引自己的行为。我们在禁止坏人传播我们认为虚妄险恶的意见颠覆社会时，

也并没有超出上述假定。

我的回答是：不，超出了很多。虽然有机会驳斥某一观点，但尚未驳倒它，所以假设它真实无误；这与出于不允许驳倒它的目的而假定它真实无误，二者之间有着天壤之别。拥有反驳和证伪我们见解的完全自由，是证明我们下述行为合理性的前提条件：为采取行动之便，我们可以假定自己见解是正确的。除此而外，一个有着人类身体机能的生物，决无其他条件来保证其见解的正确无误。

我们在考察观念的历史或人类生活的寻常行为时，会将二者都能达到现在这般优良程度的原因归结为什么呢？当然不是人类理解力这一天生能力。这样说是因为，在所有并不自明的问题上，100人中总会有99人完全没有判断能力，只有一人能够做出判断；而那第一百个人的才能也仅仅是相对的。那样说的原因还包括，过去每一代人中的翘楚都曾提出过许多如今已知是谬论的见解，也都做过或赞许过无数如今无人再认为是合理的事情。那么，总体上看，为何理性的主张和理性的行为会成为人类中的主流呢？假如这一主流果真存在——此主流必然存在，否则人类会一直都处于且现在也仍然处于近乎绝境之中——则要归功于人类心智的一大特性。人无论作为一种智力发达的生物，还是作为一种有道德观念的生物，其身上一切可敬的事物都源于人脑的这一特性：可以改正错误。人可以通过讨论和经验修正自己的错误。不是光靠经验就行，必须还要有讨论，以表明经验是如何得到解释的。错误的观念和实践逐渐为事实和理据所取代，而事实和理据必须被带到人类心智面前，才能对它产生影响。倘若没有评议来阐明种种事实的含义，就没有什么事实能够讲述自己的含义。故此，人类判断力的全部力量和价值都取决于人脑的这一特征。当判断力出错时，它可以进行纠正；唯有纠正手段始终与之俱存时，才能够信赖判断力。若某人的判断力确实值得信赖，别人对他的信心如何形成呢？就是因为他能虚心接纳别人对他见解和行为的批评；因为他惯于倾听一切反对意见，从公正的意见中获益，并向自己

且在必要时向他人澄清谬误所在；因为他感到，人能够逐渐全面了解某事物的唯一方法是，倾听主张各异的人们议论此事物时的种种见解，研究心灵特征各异者考虑此事物的所有方式。智者无不以此方式获得智慧，人类智力的本质也决定人只能借此手段变得睿智。惯于通过比较其他人的见解纠正和完成自己的见解，这种稳定的习惯——但在将自己的见解付诸实践时决不疑虑和犹豫——是人应信赖它的唯一坚实基础。这是因为，他知道了所有可能的——至少是明显的——反对意见，采取了与所有反对者对立的态度；也就是说，他深知自己没有规避异议和困难，而是主动探研了它们，所以没有拒斥从任何可能的角度对该问题做出的任何解析。因此，他有权认为，自己的判断优于未曾经历这一思维过程的任何人或任何群体的判断。

人类中那些拥有至高智慧的人最有权信赖自己的判断。要求混杂着少数智者和许多愚人的、被称为公众的群体，服从于这些智慧至高之人提出的、确保其判断可靠的必要条件，并非过分之事。就连天主教会这一诸教派中之最狭隘者，在封圣[5]仪式上都允许一个“魔鬼代言人”出席，并耐心倾听他的论辩。显然，连最圣洁者要想获得身后的殊荣，都必先使世人周知和权衡魔鬼对他的反证。如果当初不许质疑牛顿的自然哲学，那么人类就不会像今天这样完全信服其真理性。那些我们最可信赖的信念，只有一道可靠保障：永远向全世界开放，允请世人证明其无理据性。倘若那些信念不接受挑战，或接受但赢得了挑战，我们仍决不能全盘肯定它们，尽管我们已经尽了人类理智现状允许的最大努力，没有忽略任何让真理有机会到达我们的机会。倘若挑战的清单保持开放，我们就能希望：若真有更优的真理，一旦人类心智有了接受能力，就可以发现它。同时，我们也可以相信，当前的时代已经获得了通往真理的可能路径。这就是人作为一个可谬生物能够获得的全部确定性，这也是获得它的唯一方法。

奇怪的是，人们承认允许自由议论的理由是合理的，但反对将这些

理由“推向极端”。他们没有发现，那些理由如果不适用于某种极端情形，就无益于任何情形。奇怪的是，在下述问题上，他们认为自己并没有假定自我无谬：他们赞同对一切可疑的事情都应自由讨论，但感到应该禁止质疑某个特定原则或学说，理由是该原则或学说确凿无疑——也就是说，因为他们确定它确凿无疑。设有某主张，倘若某人有权否认，他便必然会否认其确定性；然而事实上他却无权否认，那么我们称该主张为确凿无疑，便是在假定自己和我们的赞同者都是深谙确定性问题的法官，而且是偏听偏信的法官。

当前时代被称为“信仰沦丧、怀疑猖狂、人心绝望”的时代，人们确切感到的并非自己的见解正确无误，而是如果失掉见解就将不知所措；保护某种主张免遭受公开指责的理由，不是这一主张如何千真万确，而是它对社会有多么重要。据称，某些信仰极端重要，甚至对人类福祉不可或缺，政府必须像保护其他社会利益那样支持它们。据说，这既是刚性需求，又是政府直接责任所在；因此，比无谬性较弱的要求可以保证甚至强制政府根据其自己的且受到人类公意认可的意见采取行动。经常有人主张，更经常有人感到，只有坏人才打算破坏这些有益的信仰，因此限制坏人、禁止他们胡作非为没有什么不对。这种思维模式使限制讨论是否正当的论题，从一个探讨诸学说真理性的问题变成了衡量它们有用性的问题；由此，该种思维模式得意洋洋地逃脱了责任，充当起了永无过失的意见裁判官。然而，那些如此自鸣得意的人并未察觉，他们的无谬性假定只不过从一个角度转移到了另一个角度。一种意见的有用性本身就是个观点问题，像该意见自身一样可以商榷、讨论，并且需要深入讨论。正如需要一位永无过失的意见裁判官来判断某种观点是否错误，我们也需要这样的法官来判断它是否有害，除非该受到指控的观点有充足的机会进行自我辩护。一方面禁止被控告的异端分子宣称其观点是真理，另一方面却又允许其宣称其观点的功用或无害性，这种做法匪夷所思。一个观点的真理性就是它的部分功用。如果我们想知道某种主张是否值得相信，有可能排除掉它是否正确的考量吗？在至善之人而非

坏人看来，与真理相左的任何信条都不是真正有用的东西。这些至善之人会否认某个据说有用但他们却相信是错误的观点；如果因此而控告他们有罪，你能阻止他们力陈上述抗辩吗？那些站在公认观点一边的人，绝对会最充分地利用这一抗辩。你会看到，他们根本不去关注观点的功用性问题，似乎这一问题完全可与观点的正确性问题分离开来。相反，你会发现，在他们眼中最重要的是，他们的主张才是唯一“真理”，所以人们必须都要掌握或相信它。如果如此关键的理由只能被参与争论的一方运用，而不能被另一方所运用，在观点的有用性问题上就不会有公平的讨论。事实上，如果法律或公共情感不允许争论某种主张正确与否，它们也就不会容忍别人否认该主张的功用。它们至多能够承认该主张的绝对必然性没有那么高，减轻拒斥该主张的实际罪过。

有时人们在自己的判断中已经给某些见解定了罪而拒绝聆听它们的抗辩，为更充分地证明这种危害，我们最好选取某个具体案件进行专门讨论。我首先选取那些对我最为不利的案例。人们认为，在这些案例中，从真理性和功用性两方面反对言论自由的理据最为有力。假设受到指控的观念是对上帝和来世的信仰，或者任何被普遍接受的道德信条，在此战场上开战，会令一个不守规则的对手占尽上风。他肯定会说（许多无意不守规则的人也会在心里说道）：你认为这些信条并非百分百地会受到法律的保护吗？你肯定对上帝的信仰必然是假定了自我无谬性的那些说法之一吗？然而必须允许我说：我之所以称某个学说（无论它内容如何）包含了自我无谬假定，并非由于我感到肯定，而是由于它要在那个问题上替别人做出判断，却不许人家听到反方的发言。这种自命不凡如果也出现在我最重要的信念当中，我也照样会加以谴斥和贬责。不论是谁，不论他多么坚信某种言论不仅虚伪而且为害甚广，不仅为害甚广而且（引用一下我谴责的那些说法）伤风败俗、亵渎神灵；如果他在自行判断时——虽然他得到了本国民众或同时代人公开判断的支持——拒绝倾听别人为该言论所做的辩解，他就是假定了自我无谬。其自我无谬假定决不因别人称该言论有伤风化或亵渎神灵，就受讨厌度较低或危

险性较小；事实上，在所有其他案例中，造成毁灭性后果的恰恰就是这种情况。恰恰就是在这类情况下，一代人会犯下种种可怕的错误，令后代人深感惊骇、厌恨不已。我们发现，正是在这些情况当中，出现了下列重大历史实例：法律的爪牙被用来铲除最优秀的人士和最高尚的主张；它们针对贤才俊杰取得了可耻的胜利，但一些高尚主张却流传下来，（颇富嘲讽意味地）被用来为那些针对它们或其公认反对者的同类迫害行为辩护。

人类总需要被反复提醒，曾有一个叫作苏格拉底的人，他与当时的司法部门以及舆论发生了重大冲突。他所处的时代和国家伟人济济，作为其中最富美德的一员，他的事迹被最了解他与他那个时代的人士流传至今。虽然我们都知道，他是后世所有美德教师的领袖和典范，是柏拉图和审慎的功利主义者亚里士多德——最崇高的灵感之源。后两位“智士之师”，是伦理学和所有其他学科的两大源泉。苏格拉底是迄今为止所有杰出思想家的公认导师，他的美名历经两千多年依然在高升，在分量上几乎超越了令他的家乡辉煌夺目的所有其他人名的总和。但他却在一场法庭判决之后，被他的本国同胞以亵渎神灵、伤风败德的罪名处以死刑。所谓亵渎神灵，就是否认本国公认的众神——实际上，原告指控他（参见《申辩篇》）根本不信神灵；所谓伤风败德，就是用他的学说和教导“腐化青年”。我们如今有充分理由相信，法庭在这些指控下判定他有罪，宣判将这个在当时或许最应得到人类酬报的人作为罪犯处以死刑。

苏格拉底的案子暂且谈到这里，接下来看另外这宗司法不公案例。讲过苏格拉底的罪名之后再谈这桩案例，决不会显得虎头蛇尾。这就是1800多年前发生在各各他[6]的事。有一个人，他的高贵品德深深铭刻在那些见证了他生命和与之交谈的人们的记忆当中，因此18个世纪以来，他被敬为万能的上帝在人间的化身。可是，他却被羞辱地处死了。罪名是什么？是亵渎神明！那些加罪于他的人们不仅误解了他们的恩人，而

且把他误解为完全相反的人，把他当作不敬神明的怪人对待。如今，他们本身反而因此行径被视为亵渎者。今天的人类看待这两件——特别是后一件——人间悲剧时的感情，使他们对那些可恶的原告作出了极为偏颇的判断。表面看来，那些原告并非坏人——并不比一般人坏；相反，他们完全甚至更多地充满了当时人所具有的宗教、道德和爱国之情。他们在各个时代里——也包括我们这个时代——都能够清白无辜、受人尊敬地度过一生。听到那番话之后，大祭司撕裂了自己的衣服；按照当地的观念，他撕裂衣服的行为构成了最为恶劣的罪行[7]。而他感到的惊恐和愤慨很可能十分真切，同如今大多数虔诚而可敬的人在表达他们的宗教和道德情感时一样真切；而今天绝大多数因大祭司的行为而战栗的人，倘若生在那个时代，还恰恰是个犹太人，会作出同他一样的举动。受到诱导的正统基督徒可能会认为，那些投石打死第一批殉道者的人肯定是与自己不同的坏人。然而，他们应当记得，圣保罗[8]就是那些迫害者中的一员。

我们再举一个例子。如果错误的明显程度能用犯错者的智慧与美德衡量，那么这个例子就是最突出的。倘有任何人，既大权在握，又有理由认为自己是同时代人中最优秀、最开明的人，那么他就是马可·奥勒留大帝[9]。他虽贵为整个文明世界的专制君主，但毕生公正、白璧无瑕；而且出人意料的是，在他渊深的斯多亚学养之下，竟有一副极其温柔的心肠。后人所说的他的缺点，实在是他过于宽容罢了。他的著作是古代思想界最高超的伦理学作品，与基督最具典型性的教义即便有所区别，也是微乎其微、察觉不到。此人除了在严格的名分上不是基督徒之外，比起史上所有名义上是基督徒的当政君王，是更优秀的基督徒。而他却迫害了基督徒。奥勒留代表了当时人类成就的巅峰，他的智慧无涯无际，他的伦理著作体现了他堪为基督徒典范的无上品行。但身负重任、恪尽职守的他却没有看出，基督教并不会为恶，而将为善于世界。现存社会境况之弊陋，他是十分清楚的。尽管如此，他发现，或自认为发现，维系社会并阻止其恶化的是对世人公认诸神的信仰与敬畏。作为

人间的统治者，他以防止社会碎散为己任，而没有意识到，在既有的社会纽带失落之后，其可以用其他纽带把社会重组为一体。新的宗教公开表示要消除这些旧纽带，他如果不接受它，就必须镇压它。由于那时的基督教神学在他看来并不正确，也不具有神圣来源；这个关于一个被钉死在十字架上的神的奇怪历史在他看来并不可信，故而，他根本无法预见，以一个他完全不能相信的基础为理论依据创建起的组织，竟能在历尽挫折之后成为重整社会的力量。这位最优雅、最和蔼的哲学家和统治者，在庄严的责任感鼓舞下，颁布了迫害基督徒的谕旨。我感到，这是整个历史上最可悲的事件之一。我难过地想，如果基督教得到了马可·奥勒留的支持而不是康斯坦丁大帝[10]的支持，成为罗马帝国的国教，那么基督教的世界版图将是多么不同！不过，马可·奥勒留确实收到并且批准了臣下要求惩处宣传基督教学说的奏请，就像如今有人竭力主张惩罚反基督教的学说，否认这一点对他同样不公，而且有悖史实。就像基督徒坚信无神论是错的，会导致社会崩溃，马可·奥勒留坚信基督教也是如此。而他是当代被认为最有可能欣赏基督教教义的人。任何赞成传播言论可以治罪并应受到惩罚的人，若不认为自己比马可·奥勒留更睿智、更优秀，更精通当世的学问，智力更加高超，更真诚地追求真理或发现真理后更专注地献身真理，那么，他就应该戒除认为自己和大众均无谬的假定。伟大的安东尼努斯就因这一假定，承受了惨痛的后果。

没有任何论据可以证明，马可·安东尼努斯用惩罚来制止渎神言论的做法无法辩护。宗教信仰自由的反对者们很清楚这一点，所以在受到逼问时就会像约翰逊博士[11]那样说：基督徒的迫害者们是站在正义一边的；迫害是一种严峻的考验，真理应该经受并且总能成功经受这种考验；法律处罚必将对真理无能为力，且有时也会对恶意的错误产生良效。这是为宗教迫害张目的一种论点，非比寻常且十分醒目。

有种说法断言，迫害真理是正当的，因为迫害无害于真理。对这种说法，我们不能指责它对于接受新真理故意怀有敌意，但我们不能认同

它对待那些全人类恩人的宽宏大量。发现和昭显深刻影响着世界而世人却蒙昧未觉的事物，证明世人误解了它某种极其重大的世俗或精神价值，这是人能为同胞做出的重要服务；在早期基督徒和宗教改革家之中，就有一些同约翰逊博士想法一致的人，相信这是人能够馈赠给人类的最宝贵礼物。据上述说法，那些卓越的施恩者得到的回报竟然是殉难，竟然是把他们当作最可耻的罪犯，这并不是人类应该披麻蒙灰[12]进行忏悔的可悲错误和不幸，而是事物的正常和正当状态。从上述说法看来，提倡新真理的人应该像洛克里斯人[13]法律中规定并实施的那样，充当新法律的提案人：他脖子上套着缰绳，公众大会听到他陈述的理由后，如果当场不采纳他的提案，就会立刻拉紧缰绳。有些人既然乐意为这种对待恩人的方式辩护，怎能指望他们看重所受到的恩泽呢？我相信，持有上述看法的主要限于这种人：他们认为新的真理或许曾经很受欢迎，但如今我们拥有的真理已经够多了。

然而，事实上，有许多美好的谎言人人都说，直到变成了陈词滥调，但任何经验都会驳倒它们；所谓真理总会战胜迫害的断言就是其中之一。历史上充满了真理被迫害而亡的实例。它若不是被永久镇压下去，便可能被禁锢许多世纪，不见天日。这里只谈一谈宗教主张吧：在路德[14]之前，宗教改革爆发了至少20次，但全被镇压下去了。布雷西亚的阿诺德[15]被镇压了；多尔齐诺[16]被镇压了；萨沃纳罗拉[17]被镇压了；阿尔比教派[18]被镇压下去了；韦尔多派[19]被镇压下去了；罗拉德派[20]被镇压下去了；胡斯派[21]被镇压下去了。即便到了后路德时代，迫害不管在哪里发生，都取得了胜利。在西班牙、意大利、佛兰德斯[22]、奥地利帝国，新教都被根除；倘若玛丽女王[23]活着，或伊丽莎白女王[24]死掉，英国的新教也很可能下场相同。迫害者总是会取得成功，除非异端分子团体过于强大，无法实施有效的迫害。有判断力的人们谁都不会怀疑，罗马帝国的基督教本有可能被铲除。它之所以能够传播开来并成为主宰，是因为对它的迫害只是偶尔、短暂、间断性的，它

可以几乎不受干扰地流传很长时段。号称“真理仅仅因其是真理，比之错误，具有天然力量，能战胜地牢和火刑柱”，是毫无根据的矫揉作态。人类对真理的热情往往不如对错误的热情高，充足的法律甚至社会惩罚通常会成功阻止对真理或错误的宣传。真理具有的实际优势是：如果某种言论是正确的，那么即便扑灭它一次、两次，或许多次，但随着时代的变迁，总会有人重新发现它；直至它的某次重现适逢其时，种种有利条件可助它逃脱迫害、发展壮大，任何手段都再也奈何它不得。

有人会说，我们可不像先辈那样杀戮预言家，我们不处死提出新主张的人；相反，我们甚至给他们建墓立碑。没错，我们不再处死异端分子，现代人对刑罚——哪怕是对最令人厌恶的言论的刑罚——的容许总量，并未达到灭绝它们的程度。但是，我们不能得意地认为，我们已经清白无瑕，甚至不会实行法律迫害了。法律中仍旧存有对言论的惩罚，至少是对言论表达的惩罚。即便此时此刻，对言论的法律惩罚仍屡见不鲜，令人毫不怀疑某一天这些法律会张牙舞爪，完全复活。1857年夏，康沃尔郡的夏季巡回法庭上，一个据说在生活行为方面无懈可击的人[25]，被判21个月监禁，罪名是他说并且在某扇大门上写了一些对基督教不恭的话。此事发生前后不到一个月，在中央刑事法庭上，两个人在两个不同场合[26]分别被拒绝了陪审员资格，其中一人还遭到了法官和某个法律顾问的下流辱骂。究其原委，是因这二人诚实地宣布他们没有神学信仰。第三桩事是：一个外国人[27]在控告盗贼时，因同样诚实地宣布自己没有神学信仰，而被法官拒绝伸张正义。法官拒绝的依据是如下法律原理：凡是不公开宣称自己信仰神（任何神都可以）和来世的人，都不许在法庭做证。这实际是说，这样的人是逃犯，不受法庭的保护；如果案件发生现场只有他们自己或与他们观念相同的人，那么不仅抢劫或袭击他们是无罪的，而且若证明犯罪事实的证据就是他们的证词，则抢劫或袭击任何别人也是无罪的。法官拒绝上述几人的基础假定是：一个不信来世的人的誓言毫无价值。此基础假定显示，那些赞成者对历史有多么无知（因为史实证明，各个时代中的许多不信教者都以诚

实和气节著称）。任何人，只要稍懂得在以德行和成就驰誉世界的名人中，很多人都是众所周知——至少其亲友熟知——的不信教者，都不会坚持上述基础假定。此外，这条规则也是自杀性的，自毁其根基：它借口无神论者必定都是说谎者，接纳所有愿意说谎的无神论者的证词，而排斥那些宁肯公开认可众所厌恶的信条、勇敢面对众人毁谤也不肯说谎的人。在自己宣布的目标上如此自证荒谬的规则，只能作为仇恨的标记和迫害的遗迹予以保留。它也是一种迫害，其特点在于经受它的前提条件就是要被清楚地证明不应经受它。该规则及其背后原理所侮辱的不仅是不信教者，而且包括信教者。这是因为，如果不信来世的人必须要说谎，那么要防止相信来世的人说谎——倘若能够防止他们的话——就只能靠他们对于地狱的恐惧之情了。我们不想伤害发明和拥护这条规则的人，说他们的基督教美德观念源于其自己的思想意识。

这些事实上是迫害的破衣残片。人们可能认为，与其说它们是迫害欲望的流露，不如说是英国人心智衰弱的表现。这使他们荒谬地乐于宣布某条恶劣原则，尽管他们不再恶劣到希望将其付诸实施。然而，不幸的是，民众的心态并非恒定，谁能保证，恶劣的法律迫害在停止了一个时代之后不会死灰复燃？当前时代，常常扰动日常生活平静表象的，不仅有竭力推广新善行的行为，还有企图复活旧恶行的行为。在狭隘而无知者看来，当前鼓吹宗教复兴总是等同于偏见复活。无论何地，只要民众情感中对异端邪说一直潜藏着强烈的排斥感——这种排斥感始终存在于该国的中产阶级当中——那么不费吹灰之力，就能刺激他们付诸行动，积极迫害那些他们向来认为是合适目标的人[28]。正是这一点——即人们对那些与他们所看重信仰无关的人所持有的见解和情感——使我国成为一个思想不自由的地方。很久以来，法律处罚的主要危害在于，它强化了被处罚者的社会污名。真正发挥作用的是社会污名，它强大到使英国人表白自己持有社会禁止观点的次数，远远低于其他国家国民公开宣称有招致司法惩处之险的观点的次数。从这一角度看，除了那些财产状况足以令其不必在乎他人善意的人，对所有人来说，舆论就如同法

律一样奏效。他们不仅可能被剥夺谋生之计，而且可能被关进监狱。那些生计无虞，无求于权贵、群体或公众的人，无惧于公开发表任何言论，唯有可能遭人心下或口头诋毁而已；他们要面对这等诋毁，应当不需拿出多大英雄气概，也不需诉诸感性论证。然而，我们如今尽管不再像惯常的那样，作恶于与我们意见不同的人，但可能通过把他们当作异己，而作恶于自己。苏格拉底被处死了，但其哲思却如丽日腾空，光被智慧之宇。基督徒被抛给了狮群，但基督教会却成长为一棵枝繁叶茂的伟岸大树，高高遮蔽了那些虽然早发但生机不旺的植株，用浓荫压制着它们。我们纯粹社会性的不容异己未杀一人、未除一说，但诱使人们掩饰自己的主张或避免采取任何积极行动传播这些主张。对我们而言，异端邪说在每个年代或时代都没有明显地盛行过或退却过；它们并未迸发万丈光焰，而是在那些勤奋善思的提出者的小圈子里闷闷燃烧，从未用真正或虚假的光明照亮人类的种种事务。令一些人满意的事态也因而得以保持高涨，这是因为，任何人都没有遭受罚款或囚禁等不快经历：所有流行的观点表面上都未受干扰；持异见者们虽深受思想之痛的折磨，但其理智的运用并未被绝对禁止。纯粹社会性的不容异己是一项便利的计划，能让理性世界太平无事，让其中的一切照旧运转。然而，这种智力绥靖的代价是牺牲了人类精神中的全部道义勇气。它造就了这种形势：大部分最为活跃、最富于探索的英才们发现，明智的做法是，要把支撑他们信念的种种普遍原理和基础依据藏在心中，在对公众谈话时，要尽量让他们的结论适合于他们内心早已否定的那些前提。这种形势根本无法培育出坦荡无畏的人物，无法培育出在思想界光彩夺目的逻辑清楚、始终一贯的智士。在此事态下能够发现的，或者是一味服从陈词滥调的人，或者是顺应时势地找寻真理的人。他们关于所有大问题的言论都并非他们内心早已确信的东西，而是曲意说给听众听的东西。有些人另辟蹊径，把自己的思想和志趣收缩到那些可以不冒原则风险而进行谈论的事物——即那些琐碎的实际问题上。倘若人类的心智得以加强或拓展，这些小问题本会自行解决；而如今要想有效解决它们，须等到人们

抛弃那本可加强或拓展人类心智的东西——对诸种最高主题自由而勇敢的探索——之后。

在一些人眼中，持异见者缄口并不是坏事。这些人首先应该考虑的是，离经叛道者缄默的后果是，再也不能公平透彻地讨论异端邪说了；那些无法参与这种讨论的人虽然不能传布其言论，但并没有消失。然而，禁止异端分子探究任何结论新奇的事物，并不会造成他们的智力急剧衰退；相反，受到重创的是异端分子之外的众人。对异端邪说的畏惧束缚了他们的智力发展、挟持了他们的理性。如果许多富有才智而性格懦弱的人都不敢按照大胆、激烈、独立的思路行动，生怕自己会落入可能被认为毫无信仰、道德败坏的困境，那么谁能估算出这世界的损失有多大？我们可能间或发现，这群人中有人责任心极强、判断力细致入微；他一生都在饰匿他无法压抑的聪明才智，消耗所有谋略以驭使跃动的良心与理智来服从正统观念，但或许至死都未能成功。不论是谁，若认识不到，思想家的第一职责是追随由衷的理智到达任何可能的结论，就不会成为伟大的思想家。设有一人进行了充分研究和准备，独立思考后得出了错误的结论；其他人则不肯经受思考的苦痛，而只是相信正确的主张。比起后者，真理可从前者的错误中获益更多。思想自由并不仅仅是或主要是造就伟大思想家的前提条件；恰恰相反，要让普通人能够达到他们能力可及的思想高度，思想自由同样需要，甚至必不可少。在思想束缚的整体氛围中曾经出现、未来可能仍会出现伟大的个体思想家。但在那种氛围中从未出现、未来也不会出现心智活跃的民众。若有某国民众一时出现了心智活跃的迹象，则是由于该国对异端思想的威迫暂时有所缓和。只要某地存在一种默而不宣的惯例，不容争论原则问题，不许讨论那些能够吸引全人类关注的最重大问题，我们就无望发现那种高超等级的智力活动；令某些历史时段卓越非凡的正是此类心智活动。如果社会争论规避那些足以点燃民众热情的重大主题，那么他们的思维就永远不会从最低状态激起，不会产生甚至能使心智最平庸的人们成为可敬思想者的冲力。对此，我们可以举出下列例子：其一是宗教改

革运动刚刚结束那段时期内欧洲所处的状态；其二是18世纪后半期的思辨运动，虽然它仅限于欧陆文化水平较高的阶层；其三是歌德和费希特时期德国短期的知识界骚动。这三个时期虽然在具体主张上大不相同，但它们却具有一个共同点：在三个时期内，威权桎梏均被打破。每一时期，旧的思想专制都被摆脱，但新的思想威权尚未确立。这三个时期爆发的冲力使欧洲成为目前的欧洲。人类心智或社会体制中所出现的每一项改进都可以清晰地追溯到三者其中之一。一段时间以来，很多现象表明，这三大冲力几乎都已消耗殆尽；若不再次主张思想自由，我们将无望开创新局面。

接下来，我们看看争论的第二个分歧点。让我们搁置“所有公认正确的意见都可能错误”的假定，假设这些意见都是正确的，考查一下，在未曾自由公开讨论它们的正确性之前，人们最可能以何种态度对待它们，以及这态度有何意义。一个拥有强烈主张的人，不管他多么不情愿承认其主张可能是错误的，都应当在进行下述考虑后有所动摇：无论自己的主张多么正确，若不经常对它加以充分、大胆的讨论，那么它就要被看作是僵死的教条，而并非鲜活的真理。

有一类人（幸运的是他们的数量不像从前那样多了）认为，如果有人毫不怀疑地赞同他们认为的真理，这就够了。而事实上，此人根本不知道这些看法的依据是什么，也不会有理有据地驳斥最浮浅的反对意见、捍卫他们的看法。这类人倘若能够从权威那里得到某个信条，就想当然地认为，允许别人质疑该信条只会有害无益。在他们影响可及之处，他们会把那个公认为正确的意见宣传到让人几乎无法明智、慎重地加以拒斥的地步，但完全有人可能会轻率、无知地拒斥它。这是因为，彻底断除别人的讨论几乎是不可能之事；未经切实研讨的信条遭遇哪怕最不像样的争论，马上就会坍塌。然而，放弃这一可能性——而假定正确的观点留在头脑当中，但它的存在形式是偏见，是一种独立于争论且经受得住争论的信仰——这不是一个理性对待真理的合适方式。这并不

是懂得真理；被如此对待的真理尤其是一种邪说——它只是很偶然地依附在了那些阐明某个真理的语词上面罢了。

若说人类的理智和判断力需要培养——这一点新教徒至少不会否认——那么，除了那些必须有所主张的切身之事外，人在什么事情上运用这些能力更为恰当呢？如果理解力的培养主要在于一件事，那肯定就是要懂得自己意见的基本依据。在有些问题上，最要紧的是人们必须有确实的信念；不论他们信念的具体内容如何，都应该能够至少自我辩护，能够驳斥普通的反对意见。但是，有人可能会说："要教给他们自己意见的依据。一些意见没有被反驳，并不意味着一定是人云亦云。几何学的学习者不单是把那些定理记住就够了，他们还要理解并学习其证明过程。要说因为他们从未听到任何人否定或试图证伪那些几何真理，所以他们就对其基础知识一无所知，这是多么荒谬啊！"毋庸置疑，对数学类科目而言，这种教法是够用的，因为对数学问题上的错误一面实在无话可说。数学真理证明的特殊之处在于，所有论据都只指向一个方面；无人反驳数学真理，也无人答复这种反驳。而在人们意见有可能相左的问题上，真理取决于要在相互矛盾的两套理据中达成的某种平衡。甚至在自然哲学[29]当中，对于同一事实，总会存在其他可能的解释。例如，日心说之外有地心说，氧气说之外有燃素说[30]。此外，还要证明另一种说法为何是不正确的；只有做过证明并让我们了解了论证过程，我们才能理解自己意见的依据所在。可是，当我们转向伦理、宗教、政治、社会关系、生命职责等无限复杂的问题时，会发现，对于每个引起争议的观点，四分之三的论证都是为了排除那些对对手观点有利的地方。古代第二伟大的演说家写道，他研究对方理据的细致入微程度总是不亚于甚至高于对自己理据的研究程度。任何人，无论研究任何问题，要想得到真理都必须认真效仿西塞罗使用的成功庭辩术。那种只懂得自己那番道理的人，对此茫无所知。他的论点也许很好，也许尚无人能够驳倒；但若他同样无法驳倒论敌的论点，也不充分了解论敌的论点，他就失去了从两种主张中进行选择的立足点。对他来说，理智的做法就是

暂不判断；若非如此，他或者被权威所导引，或者像一般世人那样，接受他最偏好的那派论点。从自己的指导者那里获知论敌的论点，听从导师对这些论点的陈述以及导师对它们的驳斥，这是不够的。这样对待论敌的论点并不公平，未能让它们与自己的思想真正交锋。他必须能够亲耳聆听那些论敌陈述自己的论点，看他们如何真诚地且竭尽全力地为自己的论点辩护；他必须了解这些论点极其合理和令人信服的方面，必须体会到获得对某问题的正确观点所遭遇和克服的困难有多么巨大，否则他就永远不会真正获得真理之中直面并克服困难的那部分内容。教养良好的人群中百分之九十九的人都处于这种情形，那些可以流利地证明自己论点的人甚至也如此。他们的结论也许是正确的，但也可能是错误的，尽管他们知识渊博。这是因为，他们从未积极站到对手的思想立场上，考虑这些人会说什么；结果是，他们并不真正懂得自己所信奉的学说。他们不懂该学说中解释和证明其余部分的那些内容，不懂有诸多因素可以表明：表面上两个相互冲突的事实是可以调谐一致的，或者在两个看起来都很有力的理据当中应该如何取舍。真理之中决定着真正博通之士之判断的关键内容，他们全然无知；真正懂得其中精粹的，只有那些公正无私地仔细倾听了双方论点、努力将双方论据放在最明亮的光源下加以审视的人。这种训练是真正理解道德与人类诸问题的绝对基础，即使所有重要真理都不存在反对者，也必须假想他们存在，并供给他们最富技巧的魔鬼代言人所能召唤出的最强有力的理据。

为了削弱真理之中这些关键内容的力量，反对自由讨论的人可能会说：没必要让全人类都了解和理解哲学家与神学家为反对或赞成其主张能够讲说的一切；不需要让普通人能够揭发机敏的对手的一切错话和谬论；如果总是有人能够回答那些质疑，能毫无遗漏地反驳任何可能会误导无知者的东西，这就够了；头脑简单的人被反复灌输了真理、并学会了那些真理的明显根据之后，可以把其余事务托付给权威；而且，他们知道自己既无知识又无才能，解决不了任何可能出现的难题，所以可放心地相信，已经出现的一切难题或许都已被那些为此受过专门训练的人

解决了，或者可以交给他们去解决。

这种看法不无道理，一些人用以支持它的极端主张也颇有几分道理：只要对真理的理解程度足够证明自己对它的信仰，他们就心满意足了。即便如此，我对言论自由的主张也丝毫不受影响。这是因为，就连上述看法都承认：人类应该理性地相信，所有反对意见都得到了圆满的驳斥；如果并未提出需要答复的异议，又怎样能得到驳斥呢？或曰，如果反对者没有机会表明这种驳斥并非圆满，我们如何知道它就是圆满的呢？如果公众做不到，那么至少负责解答这些诘难的哲学家和神学家必须要熟悉它们最令人困惑的诘问形式；要做到这一点，就必须允许它们的自由表达，并给予它们所需的最有利的表达环境。天主教会对此尴尬问题有独到的处理方式。它清楚地区分了哪些人可以靠说服接受其教义，哪些人必须毫不质疑地接受其教义。实际上，这两类人都丝毫不能选择接受什么；但教士们，至少是那些可完全信任的教士，却可以为了反驳之需而明悉论敌的观点，并可以因而阅读异端邪书。普通的信众若非得到特许，根本无从获知分毫。这种戒训认可了了解对手论据对教士的益处，而相应地运用手段阻止了其他世人从中受益；由此，那些入选教士比大众得到了更多的思想教养——尽管不是更多的思想自由。天主教会借此获得了达成其目的所需的思想优势，虽然缺乏自由的教养从未造就博大、自由的心灵，但能够造就可服务于某个案件初审诉讼的机灵讼师。不过，在那些信奉新教的国家，天主教会这一办法却遭到否决。原因是新教徒认为——至少在理论上如此——选择哪种宗教是每个人自己的事，不能抛给导师去决定。另外，在当前世态下，被教养者所读的著作完全有可能流传到未被教养者那里。要让人类的导师们透彻认知一切应当了解的事物，就必须允准人们拥有关于任何事物的写作自由和出版自由。

然而，如果公认为正确的意见确实正确，而缺乏讨论自由的危害仅限于使民众不懂那些意见的基本依据，那么有识之士可能会认为：缺乏

讨论自由在道德上决无害处，也不会影响那些公认意见对人类品行的塑造作用。但事实是，缺乏讨论自由令人忘掉的不仅是某观点的理据，而且经常是该观点的含义本身。那些表达该观点的词语不再有意义，或只能让人想到它们本要表达的意义的片段。它们失去了生动的构思和鲜活的信念，只剩下几个死记硬背下来的陈词滥句；或曰，若有遗留，也只是意义的皮壳罢了，精华早已丧失殆尽。人类历史上被这一事实占据和充满的巨大章节永远值得认真研究、深入思考。

几乎所有道德学说和宗教信条的发展历程都证明了这一点。那些学说和信条，对创始人及其亲传弟子而言，意义丰满、生气勃勃。只要它处于与其他学说或信条一决雌雄的斗争状态，其意义就能够毫厘不爽地传播下去，甚或令人感到更加真切。后来，它或者流行昌盛，成为舆论；或者停滞不前，据有已取得的地盘，但不再继续扩张。只要明显出现了这两种结局之一，围绕它展开的争论就会衰退，并渐至消失。信条取代了争议，要么成为既定的观念，要么成为一个思想流派；信仰者们信仰它通常是出于继承而非采信；此时抛弃某派学说而改宗他说的事情十分罕见，完全在信仰者思考之外。信仰者们不再像学说创立之初那样随时准备反抗世人、护卫自己，或说服世人相信自己；相反，他们静默下来，并在能够阻止反对其信条的言论时，既不着意倾听，又不起而自辩，打乱反对者（倘若确实存在这些反对者）的阵脚。这通常便是该学说生命力衰落的开始。我们常常听到各种信条的导师们都在痛惜：信仰者们口头上都承认该信条为真理，但要保持其在他们心中的真切感受，使其能够克服种种情绪扰攘、真正约束他们的行为，这实在太难了。在该信条仍旧为生存而战时，我们是听不到这种怨言的。那时，最柔弱的战士都感觉得到他们在为什么而战、己方信条与其他信条的区别是什么。在每个信条的这一阶段，都能发现：不仅仅是少数人了解该信条根本原则的一切思想表现形式，权衡和思考过这些根本原则的一切重要意义，体验过心灵中漾满对该学说的信念时整个人所产生的那种剧变。可是，一旦当它变成了一种因袭性的信条，要信徒被动而非主动接受——

一旦他们的心灵不再如当初那般被迫体验到它的至烈冲力，感受它对自身信念所提出问题的解答——就会出现一种演变趋势：他们会忘记全部信念，只记得那些套话；或迟钝懒散地赞成它的信念，似乎是不必进行有意了解就毫不质疑地接受了它，或是在用个人经验检验它；最后它几乎完全停止了与他们内心世界的联系。然后就会出现下列情形：该信条可谓是存在于心灵之外，给心灵包上了硬壳，使我们天性中更高部分无法受到其他影响；该信条展现自身力量的方式不是考验任何新鲜、蓬勃的主张，看它是否可以接受，而是无所事事地据守在心灵之外，使它空空如也。在当今世界，这种情况屡见不鲜，各宗各派几乎大都如此。

天然适合在人心中打下最深烙印的学说，可以在多大程度上作为绝对信仰永驻人心，并丝毫不为人的想象力、情感或判断力所察觉？大多数信徒对基督教学说的信仰方式就是典型例证。这里我所谓的基督教即所有教会和宗派都视之为基督教者——即《新约》中的准则和戒律。在自称为基督徒的人心目中，它们十分神圣，是必守的律法。然而，一千个基督徒中没有一个人会用那些律法指引检验自己的行为，这样说并不为过。他实际参照的行为标准乃是本国、本阶级或本教派的习俗。这样，他一方面拥有一整套道德准则，相信它们是由绝对可靠的贤哲赐予他的行为规范；另一方面拥有一套日常判断标准和常规做法，与前面那套道德准则中的某些准则在一定程度上相同，但又与一些准则很不相同，而与另外某些准则完全相反——总体而言，这些日常判断标准和常规做法就是在基督教信条与世俗生活的利益及启发之间达成的一种妥协。他顺从前者，而真正忠实于后者。所有基督徒都相信，有福的是那些穷苦而卑微的人，是那些遭到世人凌辱的人。他们还相信：骆驼通过针眼要比富人进入天国更容易；自己不应评判别人，以免被别人评判；决不应发誓诅咒；像爱自己那样爱邻人；若有人抢走他们的斗篷，就连外套一起奉送给他；不要为明天忧虑；如果想让自己纯洁无瑕，就要出售身外一切财物，并把所获钱款施与穷人。基督徒们自称相信这些训诫时，并非虚情假意；他们确实相信这些，正如人们相信他们历来听到的

被人一味赞美而从不加以研讨的事物。但在理解规制其行为的现实信仰时，基督徒们对上述教条的相信程度刚好限于平日照办的水平。全套的教条是用来攻击对手的武器，所以不难理解：信徒们是把它们当作解释自己种种所谓美德行为的理据，用以向人出示（如有可能的话）的。但若有人提醒他们，教义中的准则还要求完成他们甚至从未想到过的无数事物，他们非但不会心怀感激，反会把他归入那类假装优于别人的不受欢迎者之列。基督之教对普通信徒来说毫无作用——在他们心目中根本不是权威。他们只是习惯性地尊重这些教条的声响，但丝毫不解那些语词所指向的深意，遑论敞开心灵接纳这些言教，遵其为行为法式。无论何时，只要涉及教条的践行，他们便转向甲先生或乙先生求教，询问应该在多大程度上听从基督的教诲。

而我们可以确信，早期基督徒的情形与此不同，完全是天壤之别。倘若早期的信徒与当今一样，基督教根本不可能从声名狼藉的希伯来人的一支无名教派，发展成为全罗马帝国的国教。当基督徒的敌人说："看看这些基督徒是如何爱护彼此吧。"（如今谁都不会这样说了）他们确实比今天的基督徒更加深切地解悟了其学说的意义。究其主因，很可能是现在基督教的疆域没有继续拓展，在18个世纪之后，仍然近乎局限于欧洲人及其后裔。当今那些严格意义上的笃信者真诚地坚信基督教条，比一般人赋予它们更多的意义。可即便是他们，也通常出现这种情况：他们思想中较为活跃的那些内容，正是加尔文[31]、诺克斯[32]，或与他们自身性格相投的类似人物宣扬的学说。基督的言教与加尔文们的学说被动地共存于他们的头脑之中，对他们毫无作用，只有在倾听基督话语时的温和而乏味之感。为何某教派的标志性主张比所有公认教派的通用性主张更富有生机？为何宗教导师们要为保持教义鲜活付出更多辛劳？毋庸置疑，原因是多方面的，而其中一条必定是：那些特定学说受到了更多挑战，必须更经常地针对公开反对者的诘难，为它们进行辩护。一旦敌人从战场消失，导师及其学徒便在各自哨位上酣然入眠。

一般而言，这种情况发生在所有因袭的学说身上，不论是道德学说、宗教学说，还是审慎学说、认识生活的学说。所有的语言和作品中都充满了对生活的普遍观察，不仅说明生活是什么，而且说明人应如何处世。人人都知道这些观察到的东西，人人都会说出或默从地倾听别人说出它们是什么，都把它们作为自明之理加以接受。但大多数人通常是在经历过痛苦之后才看清其真容，才首次真正懂得其含义。有多少次，一个人是从某意外不幸或挫折带来的苦痛中，想起他终生熟悉的某句格言或俗谚，意识到他若在此前懂得了其真义，就不至于遭遇如此困苦。这并非缺乏言论自由所致，而是另有原因：许多真理的全部含义只能依靠个人体验来深刻揭示。但是，如果此人早先倾听了行家里手的往复辩论，本会对那些真理理解得更加透彻，他所理解的内容也会更为精细地镌刻在他的脑海之中。人类喜好停止思考已成定局的事物，他们犯下的错误中，有一半都起因于这种危险的癖好。当代有位作者就很犀利地讲过“一种既定言论的沉睡”。

什么？！（有人可能会问）难道异见纷呈竟是获取真正知识的绝对必要条件？难道必须要求一部分人坚持错误，以便让大家了解真相？难道某种观点一旦被广泛接受，就不再正确、失去了活力——难道透彻理解和体验某种主张的前提是保留对它的某种质疑？一旦人类一致认可了某种真理，它就要在他们中间灭亡吗？迄今为止，智力提升的最高目标和最佳结果，被认为是让人类越来越多地团结起来，认可所有的重要真理；难道一旦达到目标，更高的智力水平就要终结？难道胜利的取得会毁灭胜利的战果？

对这些问题，我的回答绝不是肯定的。随着人类的进步，不再受到争论或质疑的学说的数量肯定会持续上升。已达无异议程度的真理的数量和价值，几乎可以用来衡量人类福祉的多少。围绕一个又一个问题展开的严肃论战停止，是统一意见的必经情形。正确观点的统一十分有益，而错误观点的统一则危害甚大。然而，虽然观点差异的范围逐渐缩

小在两种意义上都是必然的——既必不可免，又必不可少——但我们并不因而被迫断定，其结果必为善事。论战是聪敏、鲜活地理解真理的重要助力，因为在论战中必须要向论敌进行解释，或尽管不足以胜过他，但也必须要驳斥他，为己而辩。故此，停止论战带来的缺憾决非微不足道，而是严重削弱了其举世公认的益处。在任何论战已结束的地方，我承认我想看到人类的导师正竭力提供某种替代方法：他们发明某种方法，让学徒充分感受到正反双方围绕某论题的辩难，如同是一个极高明的反对者为了说服他改宗，而把这些难题强加于他。

可人类导师们不但没有为此目的而寻求新方法，而且丧失了他们以前拥有的手段。苏格拉底辩证法就属于上文所说的新发明，它在柏拉图的《对话录》中得到了充分展现。从本质上讲，苏格拉底辩证法就是对哲学和生命等重大问题的否定式讨论。它技巧圆熟，目的是说服世人承认：他们仅仅是人云亦云地沿用了公认为正确观点的陈词滥调，实际上对所谈问题一无所知——他们并不清晰懂得自己公开信奉的观点；他们只有意识到自己的无知之后，才可能被引入正途，在透彻理解对各种观点的含义及其理据的基础上，获得稳妥的信念。中世纪经院争辩的宗旨与此颇有几分类似。争辩的意图是确保学生理解自己的观点和（必然与之有关的）对立观点，并能加强自己的论据、驳倒对方的论据。这些中世纪的经院争辩实际上有一致命缺陷：学生们所诉诸的前提都出自权威，而非出自理智，因此作为思维训练，这种争辩在各方面都劣于强大的苏格拉底辩证法，后者塑造了“苏格拉底的弟子们”的杰出才智。现代心智虽通常不愿承认，但它实际从上述两种方法中获益良多；当前的教育方式中也没有任何超越二者之处。一个只从老师和书本受教的人，即便能逃脱那不断袭来的满足于死记硬背的诱惑，也是不会热切地渴望听到正反两种意见的。相应地，很少有人能够做到通晓正反双方的论点和论据；即便是思想家中间，这样的人才也十分罕见。这样，任何人对自己主张的辩护中，最薄弱的部分正是他打算用以驳斥对手的内容。当前流行的是贬斥反面逻辑——仅指出理论上的缺点或实践中的错误却没有

建立确凿真理的逻辑。若作为最终的结果，这种消极评论确实毫无可观，但若作为获取实实在在、名副其实的知识或信念的手段，它的价值绝对不容小觑。若不重新系统训练人们掌握反面逻辑，就不会出现伟大的思想家；人类心智中除了数学和物理学两个领域之外，就不会出现普遍而均匀的高智力水平。在任何其他问题上，无论何人，倘若未被迫或主动经历这种反面逻辑思维过程，未按要求主动与其对手进行过公开辩论，那么他的主张就不配得到“知识”之名。因此，如果辩论缺席，就必须冒着困难创造辩论；而如果它自发出现，人们却放弃参加，这将是多么荒谬至极！若我们关注自己信念是否真确或鲜活，无论何人，若辩驳了某种公认为正确的意见，或将在法律或舆论允准时进行辩驳，让我们为此感谢他，敞开心灵倾听他的话，并欢呼庆祝吧，因为竟然有人替我们做了这件事，否则我们就得花大力气自己动手。

有许多重要原因会使观点分歧十分有益，这种现象会持续到人类心智进步的新阶段，虽然目前看来那一阶段无限遥远。有一个重要原因非常值得一提。我们迄今只考虑过两种可能性：公认正确的意见有可能是错的，而其他某个意见则可能是对的；其次，在公认正确意见确实正确的情况下，为了让人清晰地理解和深刻感受其真理性，必须要让它与错误的对立意见发生冲突。然而，在这两种可能性之外，有一种十分普遍的情况：两种相互矛盾的主张并非一对一错，而是全都正确；公认为标准的学说仅仅体现了真理的一部分内容，需要与之对立的学说来补充并完整该真理的其余部分。许多关于抽象问题的公认见解常常是正确的，但很少是或根本不是完整的真理。它们是真理的一部分：有时是较大的部分，有时是较小的部分，但夸大、歪曲并且脱离了那些应当与它们共存或限定它们的真理。另一方面，所谓的异端邪说通常都是一些如此遭受压制或忽视的真理。它们冲破了束缚它们的镣铐，或者希求与公认主张中包含的真理相调和，或者以论敌身份直接挑战公认主张，树立起自己的权威，同样唯我独尊地自命为完整真理。后一种情形历来最为常见。这是因为，片面性始终是支配人心的规则，多面性才是例外。由

此，在观念演进过程中，真理某部分得以确立的同时，其另一部分通常就会衰亡。真理的进步本应是增加新的真理，而实际却一般都只是用一种片断的真理替代另一种片断的真理。这所谓的进步，实则意味着真理的新片段比它所替代的旧片段更为时代亟须、更能满足时代需求罢了。一时公推的观点都有此种片面性，即便其理据真实可靠。所以，无论何种观点，只要其中多少体现着公认主张所缺的部分真理，那么就应该珍视它，不管其中掺杂了多少错误和混乱之处。倘若那些迫使我们注意到否则我们会忽视的真理的人，忽视了我们所看到的那些真理，头脑清醒的人类事务的法官，谁都不会对此怒火填膺。相反，他会认为：既然公认真理都是片面的，那么最为可取的做法是，允许非公认的真理也拥有自己的片面主张者。这通常都是最具活力的观点，也最有可能迫使这些主张者们勉强注意到，他们拥有的也是智慧的片断，而不是他们自诩的完全真理。

于是，在18世纪，几乎所有受过教育的人及其所有的追随者都迷失在对所谓文明、现代科学、文学和哲学的赞羡之中。同时，他们大大高估了今人与古人间的差别，深信今人远胜古人。其中，卢梭悖论一出，如同炸弹引爆，多么惊世骇俗！它们粉碎了片面观点的铁板一块，迫使其要素采用更优的形式，吸收外部因素，进行了重组。这并不意味着，当时的种种观念总体上比卢梭悖论[33]距真理更遥远；相反，它们更接近真理，比卢梭的主张包含了更多的绝对真理、更少的谬误。然而，在卢梭学说中存在着那些公认正确的意见恰恰缺少大量真理，它们随舆论之流漂游而下，舆论大潮退后，它们便沉积下来。简朴生活的优越价值、人为的社会枷锁和虚伪造成的萎靡消沉的恶劣后果，乃是从卢梭至今萦绕在文化阶层心目中的思想。卢梭的这些主张终将产生应有的效果，尽管眼下还需像过去一样坚持它们，而且需要用行动坚持，因为在此问题上，言辞的力量几乎已经耗尽。

关于政治，也有一种老生常谈的观点：一个按部就班的稳健政党和

一个锐意进取的改革政党对于维系政治生活的健康状态均必不可少；直到其中之一扩大了其思想境界，成为既按部就班又锐意进取的政党，懂得何者宜留、何者应废，并能付诸实践。两党的两种思维方式之实效均源于对方之不足，但二者都能保持理性与明智在很大程度上正是由双方的对抗所致。两党分别支持什么？民主制还是贵族制？财产私有还是财富均分？合作还是竞争？豪奢还是节俭？集体性还是个体性？自由还是规训？以及所有其他实际生活中的常规对立问题。若不能就这些问题同等自由地表达己方主张，并用同等才智与精神推行和保障其主张，两党便均无机会取得应得的权力。平衡被打破，一党定会上升，另一党则会下降。在生活的重大现实事务中，真理实为一个调和与融合对立面的问题，而谁都无法心胸开阔、公正无私到根据较为正确的方法而做出转变，所以只能诉诸战争这一粗暴解决手段，让战士们在敌对双方的旗帜下展开搏斗。在前面所列举的任何重大未决问题上，若有一党的主张优于另一方，不仅得到了宽容，而且受到了鼓励和支持，那么它正是由特定时间、特定地方的少数派提出的主张。该主张当时代表的是被忽视的利益、实得少于应得的那部分人类福祉。我知道，我国对前述绝大部分重大问题的观点分歧都是十分宽容的。人们援引多个公认的实例来证明如下事实的普遍性：在人类心智的现状下，只有通过观念的多样化，真理的所有方面才有机会进行公平竞争。在某问题上，举世之见显著一致，而若有些人奉持异见，即便世人一方正确，亦不妨碍异见者的辩解当中有值得一听之处；若他们缄口不言，真理将有所缺损。

有人可能会反对道：“但有些公认的准则，特别是关于那些最高等、最重要问题的准则，远非片面真理。例如，基督教道德规范就是关于道德的全部真理；若有人传授另外的道德准则，他就全错了。”在所有事例中，基督教道德问题确实是最重要的一个，最适合用来检验普遍准则问题。可是，在宣称什么是或不是基督教道德之前，最好先界定基督教道德的含义是什么。如果它指的是《新约》中的道德规范，那么我怀疑，任何从此书中得到其基督教道德知识的人，是否真的认定这本书

里宣示或规划的一套完整的道德学说。《福音书》[34]中总是提及一种既存道德准则，并将自己的规诫局限于一些具体事项上，以表明该道德准则需要纠正，或者需被更广泛、更高级的道德准则所替换。不仅如此，《福音书》的表达方式极其笼统，常常不能按其字面意思理解，其文句与其说体现着法律的精确，不如说充满了诗歌或雄辩的动人特质。若不从《旧约》中寻章摘句勉为补充，就根本不可能从《新约》中提取出一整套道德准则来；也就是说，那套准则必须要借助一个非常复杂的体制方能成立，但该体制在许多方面都十分野蛮，因为它本来就是蛮族之物。圣保罗公然背弃了这种犹太教的教义演释常式，补全了他主人[35]的思想体系。他同样展现了某种既存的道德规范——即希腊人和罗马人的道德观，他对基督徒的劝教在很大程度上是调和基督训诫与希腊、罗马道德观的系列产物——他甚至明确认可了奴隶制。所谓的基督教道德规范其实应该称为神学道德规范；它并非基督或使徒们的言教或身教，而是起源颇近，是1到5世纪的天主教会逐渐建构起来的。尽管近代人和新教徒都没有绝对采纳这套规范，但也都没有对其施行大幅修改。这一点颇出人意表。实际上，他们主要满足于剥除中世纪各教派附加上去的主张——每个教派都按本宗的特质和旨趣，向这一道德体系添加新的主张。我毫不否认，人类从基督教道德规范及其早期导师那里受益极大。但我也毫不讳言，此规范的许多方面都是不完备的、片面的。当初若不是它所反对的那些主张和看法促成了欧洲生活与特征的形成，那么现代的人类事务很可能比现实情况糟糕。（所谓的）基督教道德观有着反动思想的一切特征：在很大程度上，它是对异教信仰的反对；其目标是否定性而非肯定性的，是消极而非积极的，是清白而非崇高，是为免除罪恶的节欲而非对善的孜孜追求——其戒律中（总是这样说）“你不可”的戒律远远超过了“你当”。对声色之欲的恐惧令它把苦行当成了偶像，苦行又逐步退化为对律法的墨守。它用上天堂的希望和下地狱的威胁，作为上帝对信徒生活是否有德的对应赏罚，这与古人那最优秀的道德准则如隔天壤。践行基督教道德观使人类道德从根本上带有

自私性：它割断了个人责任感与其人类同伴利益的关联，虽然其在利己动机的驱动下也时而会顾及后者。基督教道德观根本就是一种宣扬被动服从的主张，它极力要求一切在位的当权者服从于它。实际上，那些当权者命令我们从事宗教禁止的行为时，虽然我们不会积极听从，但也不会反对，更不会反抗，无论他们对我们做了多少坏事。有些最优秀的信仰异教的民族，在其道德观中，个人对国家的义务占有的比例太大，大到侵犯了个人的合法自由权利。而在纯粹的基督教道德中，从未提及或承认那么大份额的个人职责。只有在《古兰经》[36] 而非《新约》中，我们才能读到这条准则："统治者不顾其领土上有更适合的人选，而任命某人担当某职位，就是对真主犯罪、对国家犯罪。"现代道德观中个人对公众的责任感本源自希腊和罗马文化，而非基督教教义，这一点多么鲜为人知！即便在事关个人生活的道德规范中，大度、高尚、个人尊严，乃至幽默感等，均源于我们教育中的纯粹人文教育，而非宗教教育；而且，这些价值观念决不会滋生于那种公然把服从作为唯一珍赏之物的道德标准。这一点同样无人知晓！

我同任何人一样，不会以任何可以想象的方式，妄称这些必然是基督教道德观固有的瑕疵；也不会妄言，它所缺少的、完整的道德主张应具备的许多要素，与基督教道德观水火不容。我更不是要影射基督本人的教义和规诫。我相信：基督之言教完整无缺；我能领会其言教的一切意旨；基督之言语与综合性道德准则的要求毫不抵触；伦理学中的一切精华均可自然而然地融于基督语句之中，而前人试图从中归纳出某套实用行为规范之类时，无不伤辞害理。然而，与此并不矛盾的是，可以相信：基督之言语所包含或打算包含的，仅是部分真理；最高道德准则的许多基本要素，属于基督教创始者语录中所未包含或并未打算包含的事物之列，是被基督教会根据基督语录建立的道德规范体系整个丢弃的东西。鉴于此，我认为，有人以为基督试图在其教义中认可和推行了一整套道德准则，但只提供了部分条款，所以执意要从中找出这套准则，这是一大错误。我也相信，这种狭隘的观点正在演变成一场严重的现实罪

恶，大大损害了诸多好心人殚思竭虑推进的道德培养与教育的价值。有些世俗标准（我找不到更好的名词命名它们）与基督教道德观至今共生并存、补其不足，获得了后者的部分精髓，也灌输给了后者它们的部分精髓。我非常担心，抛弃这些世俗标准，而仅以宗教标准为基础塑造人们的思想与看法，将会——甚至目前已经在——导致一种低劣、卑贱、奴性的品性。它无论如何都会顺从于它所谓的至高意志，根本无法上升或感应到至善思想。在从基督教这个单一源头演化而来的道德规范之外，有许多其他道德规范；我相信，必须让它们与基督教道德规范共存，才能造就人类道德的重生。当人类心智未臻完美时，为了真理的利益要求人类观点的多样化；基督教体系并不在此规则之外。不再忽视基督教中未包含的道德真理，并不意味着人们必须忽视那些它确实含有的真理。这种偏见或疏忽，不论何时出现，都是祸患。但我们无法希望完全避免这种祸患，而必须将其当作为获得无量之善所付出的代价。若真理之一部分唯我独尊地自诩为真理之整体，此类行径必须且应当遭到抗议；若抗议者因一时冲动而反应过激，其片面性固然同那些自诩者一样可悲，但必须得到容忍。如果基督教徒想教导无神论者公正对待基督教，那么他们自己就应当公正对待无神论。所有对文学史略知一二的人都知道，许多含有最崇高、最宝贵道德寓意作品的作者之中，不仅有对基督教信仰一无所知的人，而且有熟知且摈弃了基督教信仰的人。

我并不是在谎称，无边无垠地自由阐明一切可能的观点，就会终止宗教或哲学宗派主义的种种弊病。才智有限的人对他们所虔信的每种真理都言之断然、谆谆劝勉，甚至奉循厉行，似乎世上别无真理，或者必不存在能够限定或描述它的真理。我承认，所有主张都有拉帮结派的倾向，哪怕最自由的讨论都治愈不了这一痼疾；自由讨论甚至会因而加深、加重此种倾向。其结果是，人们本应看到实际却没有看到的真理，只因是他们视作论敌之人的主张，就遭到愈加粗暴的断然拒斥。这种意见冲突只会对更为平静、更为公正的旁观者产生有益影响，而不会对狂热的党人产生良好作用。真理不同部分之间的剧烈冲突固然有害，但真

正可怕的灾祸却是一派对另一派的无声镇压。人们被迫听取双方意见时，总有获取真理的希望；可一旦他们只能倾听一方的意见，错误就会固化为偏见，真理就会终止发挥它作为真理的作用，而被不断夸大而变成了谬误。在人类各种心智属性中，最珍稀的是公正评判能力。有此能力者才可睿智地评判某个问题的两大方面；若他只偏听一方之辞，就只能知悉该问题的局部真理。真理整体之显现，必需该问题的所有方面和包含着该真理之任何片断的所有言论，都能得到合适的辩护人选，且能够被他们妥当地公开论述，以便世人闻知。

我们已经根据4个明确理由认清，有意见自由和意见表达自由对人类心理安康（此乃其他一切福祉的基础）而言必不可少。此处再简要回顾一下这四大理由。

第一，如果某观点被迫沉默，那么该观点有可能是正确的。对此我们能够肯定。否认这一点就是假定自我绝对正确。

第二，尽管被迫沉默的观点可能是错的，但它有可能包含着部分真理——实际也通常如此。在任何问题上，一般或流行的看法极少或从不是整体真理，所以只有通过对立观点间的碰撞，真理的其余部分才有可能得以彰显。

第三，即便公认为正确的看法不仅正确，而且是全部真理，也必须让它确实地受到热烈而认真的争论；否则大部分人都不能理解或感受到它的合理依据，对它的相信也只是偏见罢了。

第四，不仅如此，而且该看法本身的含义有可能消失或衰弱，并丧失对人类品德和行为的至要影响力：它变成了纯粹的礼仪性誓词，永无效用，却妨碍着人类的思想境界，使理智或个人经验无法发展出任何真实、诚挚的信念。

在结束对意见自由的讨论之前，还应关注一下这些人：他们宣称，只要言论方式温和有节，不超出合理讨论的范畴，就应当许可一切言论自由。很多理由都可以证明，根本无法确定所谓合理讨论的边界何在。因为如果检验某种言论算是对持论者的冒犯，我想现实经验已经证明：只要诘难者的意见真实可靠、说服力强，就会惹恼持论者；任何力促持论者并让他们感到理屈词穷的人，只要表现出坚定的看法，就会被他们当作偏激无度的敌手。这一点虽是现实考虑中的重要因素，却从属于更为重要的反对意见。毋庸置疑，表达某种意见——即便是正确的意见——的方式有可能非常令人反感，从而招致别人的激烈指责。然而，只有在诘难者证实持论者确实有误而自己也偶然露出破绽时，才能出现此类主要冒犯行为。其中最严重的冒犯行为是：在争辩时强词夺理；阻止别人提供事实或论据；谎报所涉事端的要素，或歪曲对方的观点。而做出这一切、甚至做到了最恶劣程度的人，在别人眼里都不是无知、无能之辈，而且在很多其他方面也不算无知、无能之人。所以，几乎不可能严正而充分地表明，他们歪曲对方观点的行为犯了道德上的罪过，法律更不可能擅自干预这种引起争议的不当行为。至于一般意义上偏激无度的讨论——即恶言谩骂、冷嘲热讽、人身攻击之类，倘使建议论争双方谁都不得使用，那么人们会更加支持对这些武器的谴责。然而，事实上人们仅仅希望禁止有人运用它们来抨击普遍的看法；若有人使用它们来攻击那些非主流观点，大众则不仅不会反对，而且很可能赞扬其诚实热情和正直义愤。一旦这些武器被用作对付论战中较为无助的那一方，无论其造成什么伤害，那伤害都是巨大的。无论何种观点以此方式获取了何种不义之利，其不义之利最后几乎全都成为普遍看法的新增筹码。一个论争者所能做出的最坏的此类冒犯行为，就是污蔑论敌是品行邪恶的道德败类。这种诽谤特别易于伤害那些持有新异观点的人，因为他们一般人数极少、不成气候，除了他们自己，谁都没兴趣看到他们获得公道对待。可是，就论争的性质看，那些抨击主流意见的人是无权使用诽谤武器的：他们无法在保证自身安全的情况下使用它；即便他们能够使

用，也无甚效果，只反而会伤及自己。总之，那些与群言相左的观点持有者，只能极其谨慎地避免无谓的冒犯行为，靠精心设计的温和语言获得众人的倾听；丝毫不慎就会令他们一败涂地。与此相反，主流意见一方群情汹汹、毫无忌惮的任意辱骂，形成了实实在在的威慑，令人既不敢提出异见，也不敢聆听他人的异见。由此可见，为了真理和正义的利益，禁止主流意见一方使用侮辱性语言更为紧要。例如，如果必须进行选择，那么比起信教者，亟须阻止的乃是对不信教者的羞辱。不过，无论要制止哪一方，都显然不是法律和政府职责所在。在所有案件中，舆论都应当根据具体案情自主做出决定，谴责任何在辩护己方主张时表现虚伪奸猾、恶毒偏执或心胸狭隘的人，无论他站在论争的哪一边；但不因某人所属的阵营而断定他具有这些恶习，即便他站在了我们的对立面；赞誉任何能够平和地看问题、诚实地陈述其对手及其观点实状的人；无论他本人观点如何，都不会夸张生事、败坏对手的名声，也不会故意隐瞒任何于对手有利或他自认为对其有利的事物；这才是公开讨论的真正道德规范。尽管这一规范常遭破坏，但我仍高兴地想道：有许多争论者都在很大程度上遵循着它，还有更多人正在朝着它认真努力。

三　论个性作为幸福的因素之一

上一章所述若干原因使人类势必能够自由形成各种意见，且能毫无保留地自由表达其意见。如果不准许意见自由和意见表达自由，或禁止它们使其无法继续得到主张，就会对人的心智、并通过心智对人的道德特质带来灾难性后果。接下来，我们将探讨的是，上述的这些原因是否要求人类按照其观点自由行动——即：只要他们自负责任、自担风险，就可将其观点付诸生活实践，而不应受到其同类物质或精神上的阻挠。毫无疑问，自负责任、自担风险这一附加条件必不可少。谁都不会妄言，行动应该同观点一样无拘无束。反过来看，一旦意见的表达环境本身构成了实实在在的刺激因素，表达意见就会变成煽动因素，引发骚乱行为，这时就连意见自由也不再安全。说“粮商就是饿死他人的人”，或者“私有制就是掠夺”，这类言论若仅仅是印在报刊上流传，应该可以不受干预；可这类言论若是在粮商门前，面对群情激奋的暴徒进行口头发表，或印成海报散发给那群暴徒，就应当依法惩处。不论何种行为，只要在没有正当理由的情况下伤害到他人，就应当——在更重大的情况下则绝对必须——受到反对观点的管控，并在必要时受到人类的积极干预。个人的自由必须受到这种限制，绝对不能为害他人。但若他足以自制，不会在与他人有关的事情上妨害他人，而在仅仅关乎自身的事情上根据自己的偏好和判断采取行动，那么前文中证明言论自由的所有理由也适用于他，使他应当能够不受干扰、自负代价地将自己的主张付诸实践。人类并非永远正确；人类发现的绝大多数真理都只是片面真理；不经最充分、最自由的比较，就把相互对立的论点协调统一，是不可取的；观点多元并存并非坏事，而是好事，除非将来人类比现在更睿智，能够认知真理的所有方面。这些原则不仅适用于人类的言论，也同样适用于其行为方式。当人类心智尚不完善时，应当允许不同观点的存在。

同理，也应当允许不同生活试验的存在；应当在互不妨害的前提下给予各种个性特征的人以自由的活动空间；只要任何人认为某种生活方式适合自己，就应当允许他们通过实践证明各种生活方式的价值。简而言之，在那些绝少涉及他人的事物上，个人应当坚持自己的选择。无论何处，只要当地不以个人的个性特征，而以他人的传统或习惯为行为规范，就会缺少人类福祉的一大要素——它也是个人发展和社会进步的核心要素。

坚持本条原则可能遭遇的最大困难，并非如何评价为达到某一公认目标而采用的种种手段，而是常人对该公认目标本身的漠不关心。人类个性的自由发展是其福祉的主导性要素之一，它不仅与名为“文明”“教导”“教育”“文化”的一切事物同等重要，而且其自身就是它们必不可少的组成部分和前提条件。倘若人们懂得这些，自由就不会被低估，自由与社会约束之间的界限调整就不会产生特别的困难。而现存的祸患是，普通思维方式几乎认识不到，个人自发行为竟然有其内在价值，竟然值得众人尊重。绝大部分人都满意于人类生活的现状（因为造成这种现状的恰恰就是他们），而无法理解为什么这些生活方式难以适用于所有人；更重要的是，个人自发行为并不从属于大多数道德和社会改革者们的理想目标，而被他们充满戒备地看作棘手甚或反叛性的行为，会阻碍大众接受他们断定为最有益于人类的改革方案。在德国之外，几乎无人懂得威廉·冯·洪堡[37]学说的含义。这位卓越的天才学者和政治家在其专著中写道：“人类的目的就是使他的各种才能获得最高度、最和谐的发展，成为圆满、一贯的完人。这是理智的永恒规定对人类下达的命令，而不是含混、短暂的俗世欲望对人类的启示。”因此，“每个人都必须不懈地竭力达成的、特别是那些想影响同类的人必须永远关注的目标，就是个人能力与发展的独特性”。为达到此目标，有“自由和情况多元”两大要件；从这两大要件的结合中，将产生“个人的活力和千差万别”；后二者又结合于“独创性”之中。

然而，虽然冯·洪堡的学说令人们感到十分陌生，他赋予个性如此崇高的价值也让他们大吃一惊，但是有人肯定认为，这不过是个程度问题。没有人会认为，人们毫不越轨地完全相互照搬生活模式，才是行为美德。没有人会宣称，人们决不应在自己的生活方式，在涉及自己的行动上，打下任何自己观念或个性的烙印。另一方面，极其荒诞的做法是：诡称人们的生活方式必须完全新奇，仿佛在他们出生之前世人对一切都浑然无知一般，仿佛人类经验毫无作用，不能展现某种生存或行为方式为何优于其他生活或行为方式。无人否认，人们在年轻时应接受良好的教育和训练，懂得已经人类经验确证的成果，并从中获益。然而，只有当人的个性成熟之后，方有特权、有合适条件以其独特方式使用和诠释人类经验。他必须澄清，现存人类经验中哪个部分真正适用于所身处的境况及其个性特征。在某种程度上，他人的传统与惯例只能表明他们的经验教授了他们什么；此类推定性依据有资格要求他遵从。但是，首先，别人的经验也许范围太小，或者他们也许未能对前人经验做出正确的解释。其次，他们的诠释或许正确，但对他而言并不适用。惯例是为惯常的情境和惯常的性格准备的，他所处的情境或他的个性或许非比寻常。第三，即便那些惯例非常良好，也适用于他，但仅仅把惯例作为惯例遵从，他就不会培养或发展出任何体现人类独特天赋的特质。人类的洞察力、判断力、辨别力、心智活动，甚至道德偏好等各种才赋，只有在作出抉择时才可获得锻炼。那些凡事都按照惯例来办的人，并没有做出抉择。他们失去了练习辨别或期望何为最优事物的机会。人的心智与道德能力同肌肉的能力一样，都只能通过使用得以提升。一人若仅仅因为他人做某事就随之也做此事，就与仅仅因为他人相信某事物就跟着也相信此事物一样，根本无从锻炼其才赋。如果在此人的理性看来，某意见的依据并不确凿可靠，而他竟然采信了此意见，那么他的理智就无法增强，反而极可能减弱。如若使他采取某行动的诱因与其本身的感受和性格并不一致（该行动无关别人的情感或权利），那么采取此行动多半会导致他的感受和个性变得迟钝而麻木，而不是敏捷而活跃。

那类让世人或身边人代他们选择人生计划的人，除了类人猿般的模仿能力之外，根本不需要任何其他才赋。那类自择人生方案的人方能运用其所有才赋：必须运用观察力进行观看，运用推理和判断力进行预见，运用行动力收集数据以供决策，运用辨别力进行决断，并在做出决断后运用毅力和自制力将自己的慎重决策贯彻到底。如果根据自己的判断和感受决定实施的行为能够产生巨大作用，那么其上述才能必然得到相应的全面调动和充分训练。倘若没有这些能力，或也有可能被人引上某条正确路径远离危险。但那样一来，作为一个人的比较价值是什么？不仅懂得人们做了什么很重要，而且懂得做此事人们的行为特征也的确非常重要。在人类正确地消耗其生命以不断完善和美化的诸种功业之中，无上重要的必定是人本身。假定机器——人形的机械——能够建房造屋、种收粮食、攻城打仗、听讼断案，甚或创宗立派、祈祝颂祷，那么把目前居住在世上较为文明国度的男男女女——他们无疑只是自然能够且将要制造的饿殍标本罢了——替换为这些人形机器，也将是一大损失。人性不是一架可以按照模型制造、根据严格指令做工的机器，而是一棵树，有着使其成为一个生物的内在力量，并需要依循这股内力的走势全面成长和自由伸展。

有人可能会勉强承认：好吧，可以让人们训练自己的理解力；机灵地遵从惯例、甚或机灵地背离惯例的做法，要强于只是盲目、机械地坚持惯例。有人在一定程度上承认，我们确实应有属于自己的理解力；但他们并不乐意承认，我们也应同样有属于自己的欲望和冲动，或曰这些属于自己的、任何强度的冲动绝非危险和罗网。不过，欲望和冲动与信条和限制一样，都是完人的组分。强烈的冲动仅仅在得不到适当制衡时才是危险的：一组目标和意愿发展强大起来，而应当与之并存的目标和意愿却仍然微弱呆滞。人类之所以做出坏事，并非因其欲望太强，而是因其良心太弱。强烈的冲动和微弱的良心之间不存在天然关联。天然关联的是相反的情形。说某人的欲望和感受比别人更强烈、更杂多，仅仅说明他有更多的人性原料，所以也许比别人更坏，但肯定比别人更好。

强烈的冲动只是活力的别名。活力或许会被用来做坏事，但比起怠惰冷漠的性格，活力蓬勃的性格往往能成就更多的好事。那些天性最容易冲动的人，也总是那些可能情操陶冶得最高雅的人。一些炽盛的灵敏感受，既可造成劲猛剧烈的个人冲动，又可涵育生发出最激昂的热爱美德之情和最严格的自制力。社会得以履行自己的职责、保卫自身的利益，正是通过对这些灵敏感受的培育，而不是拒斥这造就英雄的原料，因为它不懂得该如何创造英雄。据说，如果一人的欲望和冲动都发自本心，是本人天性的表露，且展现了其后天教养对天性的发展和改良，那么此人就有个性。若一人的欲望和冲动并非发自本心，他就毫无个性，如同一台蒸汽机一样毫无个性。如果他的冲动不仅是自发的，而且很强烈，并受到强大意志的监管，那么他就有着精力充沛的性格特征。无论是谁，只要认为不该鼓励人类个性之欲望和冲动的自发流露，都必然会坚称：社会不需要那些强烈的性格特征——它并未因包括许多个性鲜明的人而有所改良；社会活力的总平均数那么高也没有什么好处。

在一些尚处于早期发展阶段的社会中，个人欲望和冲动的力量有可能——实际上也确实——远远超过社会能够用于规训和驾驭它们的力量。个性自发行动曾一度泛滥，令社会道德准则疲于应付。当时的困难是，如何让那些体魄强健或心理刚强的人服从于所有要求他们控制其冲动的社会规则。为克服这一困难，法律和道德规范就像对抗各国君主的历任教皇一样，坚称自己有权管辖人的整体，要管制人的全部生活，最终管制其个性——因为社会当时未能找到其他任何有效方法约束他的个性。可如今，社会已经完全战胜了人的个性，人性面临的危机不是个人的冲动和嗜好太多，而是太少了。事情发生了剧变。从前那些因其社会地位或个人天赋而势强力大者的激情，一贯喜欢反抗法律和习俗，所以要把它们牢牢锁住，让处在它们阴影笼罩下的人的安全能够有所保障。在我们这个时代，全社会从顶层到底层，人人都仿佛生活在审查制度那敌对、可怕的目光之下。不单在关乎他人的事物上，在仅仅关乎自己的事物上，个人或家庭都不会自问：我喜欢什么？什么会适合我的性格脾

气？什么能让我最优秀、最高超的才赋得到公正对待并可以长足充分发展？他们自问的是：什么事物才适合我的社会地位？与我地位、财产状况相当的人通常要做什么？（更糟的是）比我地位高、家境好的人通常要做什么？我并不是说，他们抛弃了适合自己偏好的事物，而选择了惯常的事物；实际上，他们根本就没有想到自己会有什么偏好，只知道惯常的事物。这样，人的精神自动低头钻进了枷锁：就连在娱乐这件事上，人们首先想到的也是“随大流”。他们喜欢待在群体之中，仅仅在平凡的事情上运用选择权。在他们心目中，奇特趣味、古怪行为同犯罪一样，避之唯恐不及。他们决不遵循自己的天性，结果天性泯灭，无从遵循；他们作为人的才能凋零、枯死，无法再产生任何强烈的愿望或纯真的快乐，完全没有自发的主张或感受——更准确地说，是完全没有自己的主张。这难道就是——或曰不是——人类天性的理想状态吗？

是的，加尔文派教义如是说，这就是人类天性的理想状态。按照该派教义看，人类最大的罪行就是任性而为；人类能够实现的全部美德都蕴含在驯顺之中；你无可选择，因此你必须且唯有顺从：“任何职分之外的事都是罪。”人性根本上是堕落的，所以任何人若想得救，就必须先把他心中的人性彻底消灭。对信仰该教义的人而言，扑灭人的任何才赋、能力、敏感，均不是恶行，因为人除了把自己交给上帝的意志之外，不需要任何能力；如果他敢把任何才能另作他用，而非更有效地实践上述假定的意愿，那么对他而言，没有这些才能会更好。这就是加尔文派的主张。现在有许多并不自认为是加尔文信徒的人都在信仰它，只是形式较为温和罢了。他们对所谓上帝意志的解释禁欲色彩略淡，宣称上帝的意志允许人类满足自己的某些意愿；当然，满足这些意愿时，他们决不能用自己喜好的方式，而要使用温顺的方式；也就是说，其方式要由权威所规定，从而由具体事例的必要条件而定——无论是谁，都得用同一方式。

眼下就有一种强烈的趋势，用上述阴险形式，把人们引向这种狭隘

的人生论及那类压扁的、收紧的人性特征。毫无疑问，许多人真诚地相信，如此钳梏、挤压而成的人才符合造物者设计的人类型范；就像许多人相信，树木被修剪成截头树或各种动物造型，而不是保持其天然形态，才会更漂亮。可是，宗教若果真相信人是某个至善存在者创造的产物，那么更前后一贯的信仰应该是：该存在者赋予了人类一切才能，为的是让他们能够接受教化、打开心胸，而不是让这些才能被铲除、被摧残；该存在者乐于看到他的创造物运用各种更为便捷的方法，实现他预置于他们心中的完美蓝图；乐于看到他们的理解力、行动力或欣赏力等诸种能力的节节提升。有一种与加尔文派理想完全不同的人类美德，它认为，人的天性之所以赋予人类，绝不是要人类戒除它。“不信神者的自以为是”同“基督徒的自我否定”一样，都是人类价值的组成元素。古希腊人有个理想是自我发展，柏拉图和基督教的自治理想中混合了这一古希腊观念，但并未取而代之。成为约翰·诺克斯[38]式的人物或许优于成为亚西比德[39]式的人物，但比起这二者，更优的选择是成为伯里克利[40]式的人物。如果现在真有伯里克利式的人物，他身上也必然会有约翰·诺克斯的某些优秀品质。

人类之所以能成为高贵、美丽的思考对象，并非因为他们把自己的个性磨蚀净尽，变得万夫一面，而是因为他们不断培养自己的个性，让它粲然展露。正如任何作品都会带有其制作者的特征，人生也同样借此而变得丰富多彩、生机蓬勃，为高远的思想和高昂的情感提供丰富滋养，让人这种生物永远越来越值得归属，巩固那将每一个人与其种属紧密相连的纽带。随着其个性不断发展，每个人对自己而言都变得更为宝贵，因此也对他人而言变得更为宝贵；每个人因其存在而使生命更加充实。如果基本单元更加富有活力，那么它们所组成的整体将更加富有活力。为防人性中强悍者侵犯他人的权利，必须要有足够的弹压手段，故而禁制不可或缺。但是，甚至从人类发展的立场看，对此也有充分的补偿办法。个人天性中伤害他人的倾向被压制而得不到满足，他在该发展手段方面受到了损失，而获得了他人发展的重大代价补偿。即便对个人

而言，正因约束了自己天性中的利己部分，才获得了其中利群部分的更大发展，这也是等价补偿。为了他人利益而强制个人遵守严格的正义法则，会使个人生发出多种以他人利益为目标的感觉和能力。而仅仅因为别人不悦就禁止他从事无碍他们利益的事情，不会使他发展出什么有价值的知觉和能力，只能逐渐形成一种能够对抗管束的人格力量。如果他顺从了这种管制，他的全部天性就会变得黯淡而麻木。为了让每一个体的天性合理发挥，最关键的做法是允许不同的人过不同的生活。一个时代在多大程度上行使了这一自由，对后人而言，它便相应地具有关注价值。只要允许人类的个性存在，那么即便是独裁统治也不会产生最糟糕的结果；反之，凡是毁碎了人类个性的，必然是独裁统治，无论其名义如何，无论它宣称自己执行的是上帝意志或人类的训令。

上文讨论过，人类的个性与发展同一不二，只有通过培养个性才能产生健康的人类。至此，我应该结束讨论了：人类事务的任何状况，除了使人类自身更加接近他们能够成为的最优秀人物之外，还有什么更值得赞扬呢？任何妨碍人类利益的事物，除了阻碍人类自身更加接近他们能够成为的最优秀人物之外，还有什么更值得批判呢？可毋庸置疑的是，这些因素并不足以说服那些最需要说服的人；我必须进一步证明，对那些不够健康的人而言，这些健康的人还是有用的——必须向那些不渴望自由、不肯接受自由的人指出，如果他们允许别人畅通无阻地运用自由，就可能得到显著的回报。

首先，我认为，那些不渴望自由、不肯接受自由的人有可能从这些健康人那里习得一些东西。谁都不会否认，独创性在人类事务中是一个宝贵因素。永远要有一些人发现新的真理，指出曾经的真理已经不再正确，并创造新的惯例，开创更为文明的行为、更高的人生趣味和人生意义。无论是谁，只要不相信这世界在一切方面、一切事上都已臻完美，便都不会反驳这一点。确实，不是每个人都能够带来这样的益处。与全人类相比，只有极少数人的尝试值得效仿，且如果被他人所效仿，极有

可能会改进惯例。而这少数人是社会的栋梁，没有他们，人类生活将是死水一潭。正是这些栋梁之材不仅将前所未有的优秀事物带给了人类，而且为既有事物赋予了生机。倘若再也没有需要创造的新鲜事物，人类智力是否会变得多余？那些重复旧事物的人是否因此应该遗忘做这些事情的初衷，要像牲畜而不是像人类那样继续下去？所有的最佳观念和最好惯例都有一种退化为机械行为的强烈趋势。若非总有一批人前仆后继地运用其不断涌现的创造力，阻止它们蜕变为陈陈相因的腐套，这些呆板的观念和惯例就无法抗拒任何来自真正鲜活事物的最微小打击，人类文明就会消亡——拜占庭帝国就是个显例。没错，天才人物很可能总是极少数，可是为了拥有他们，必须保留能让天才得以成长的沃土。天才只能在自由的空气中自由地呼吸；天赋异禀的人，据该词本义来看，比其他人更为独特，因此比别人更难以把自己不受伤害性压迫的情况下装进任何社会模型之中——社会为其成员提供了少数模型，以免除他们各塑个性之烦劳。倘若他们因胆怯而同意被装进某个模型，从而导致他们个性当中受到压抑而无法伸展的一切特性永远蜷曲下去，社会将对他们的天才无益。倘若他们性格刚强，打破了桎梏，那未能迫使他们降格为平庸凡人的社会就会把他们当作“粗野放荡”“古怪反常”等特征的靶子，指着他们发出严厉的警告。其情景颇像有人竟会抱怨尼亚加拉河[41]为什么不能像荷兰的运河那样，在两岸之间平缓流动。

因此，我坚持强调天赋才能的重要性，以及允许天赋才能在思想和实践中自由展开的重要性。我非常清楚，理论上谁都不会否认这一态度，但我也十分明白，实际上几乎所有人都对此无动于衷。如果天才能让人写出一首动人的诗，或画出一幅画，人们都会认为天才真是样好东西。然而，天才的真正意义是指在思想和行动上的独创性。虽然无人会说，天才这样东西不值得称赞，但几乎所有人都在心中认为，没有天才他们照样过得很好。不幸的是，这件事太稀松平常了，谁都不会大感诧异。独创性就是无独创性的头脑感觉不到其用处的那样东西。缺乏独创性的头脑无法看出，独创性能为它们做什么——它们怎能看得出来呢？

倘若它们看得出这一点，所谓的独创性也就不是真正的独创性了。独创性能够为它们做的第一件事就是打开它们的眼睛。这件事一旦充分完成，那么无独创性的头脑自身就有机会变成独创性的了。同时，让它们想一想，它们谁都并未开创任何新事物，一切优秀事物都是独创性的成果；然后它们就应足够谦逊地相信，必定还有需要独创性完成的事物，并更清楚地知道，它们越需要独创性，就越不会感到优秀事物匮乏。

然而现实真相是，无论人们在口头或行动上多么尊敬真正或假定的卓越思想，全世界事物的总体发展趋势却是：平庸正在成为支配人类的力量。在古代历史上、在中世纪，个人本身就是一个统治者；如果他天赋卓著或社会地位极高，就是一个强大的统治者。在封建时代至今漫长的变迁过程中，他的权力渐渐减弱了。到了现在，个人消失在了人群之中。在政治上，“舆论统治了世界”几乎是不值一提的平凡论调；名副其实具有统治力的只有群众和主动成为群众偏好与直觉之喉舌的政府。对于私人生活中道德与社会事务以及公共生活中的种种事务，这一点都千真万确。以舆论为名大行己意的那些人，并不总是同一批公众：在美国，公众指的是全部白人；在英国，则主要指中产阶级。但无论如何，他们都是群众，也就是说，是集体的平庸。要论公众有何新颖之处，就是他们如今不再从教会或世俗政府的权贵显要、冒牌领袖那里或书本当中获取意见了。一些与他们非常相像的人在报纸上替他们做出了思考，告知他们应持什么意见，或者索性直接代表他们发表意见。我并不是在抱怨这一切。我并不是在主张：通常说来，有些事物更适合当前这种低劣的人类精神状态。可这并不会阻碍管辖平庸之才的政府成为平庸的政府。民众或无数贵族控制的政府，无论是其政治活动，还是其所养成的言论、品质和精神状态，都未曾或未能超越平庸。例外的情况是：管理国家的众人能够听从天赋极高、教养极高的某个人或某几个人，让他或他们的建议和影响指引自己（盛世的统治者历来如此）。一切高明或高贵事物的创生都始于或必然始于某些个人，且最初通常始自某一个人。一名普通人的荣誉和辉煌就在于：能够拥护这一倡议，能够在内心响应

高明或高贵的事物，且目不转睛地被它们引至近前。我并非在此处支持“英雄崇拜”——此论调赞许天赋异禀的强者紧紧攫取统治世界的大权，让世界服从他而不是它自己的命令。这样的强者所能要求的唯一事物是：允许他向世人指明通往高明或高贵事物路径的自由。以强权迫使他人服从他的指引，不仅触犯了所有他人的自由和发展权利，而且会损害强者自身的利益。不过，完全由普通人组成的群众提出的种种看法，在世界各地都已成为或正在成为主导力量；此时此刻，制衡和矫正这种势头的手段，确实只有那些思想更为高超者越来越彰显的个性了。在这种极为特殊的情境下，不应阻止那些才具非凡的人，而应鼓励他们采取与众不同的行动。在其他时代，他们这么做并无益于事，除非他们的行动不仅与众不同，而且优越超胜。在这个时代，仅仅是特立独行、在惯俗面前挺直腰杆，就大有作用。这全然是因为，舆论已经暴虐到使反常行为成为耻辱；所以要战胜那一暴虐，人们必须言行古怪。在个性力量充足的时代和地方，反常言行总屡见不鲜；在一个社会中，反常言行的数量通常都与其中天才、精神活力和道义勇气的数量成正比。如今无人敢于特立独行，恰恰标志着本时代的主要危机在于何处。

我说过，要让不同寻常的事物享有最大可能的自由，以便及时展现其中的哪些事物适合转化为习俗，这一点十分重要。行动自主和忽视惯例有可能揭示更佳的行为方式、更值得大家采纳的习惯。这些行为不仅仅是为此受到鼓励而已；能够正当地要求以自己的方式过活的人，也不仅仅是那些确实思想优胜的人。要求所有人都必须按照某一种或某些种模型构建其生活方式，这是毫无理由的。若某人拥有基本够用的生活常识和经验，那么他为自己规划的生存方式就是最佳的；之所以这样说，不是因为其生存方式本身是最优的，而是因为那是他自己的生存方式。人类不同于羊群；即便是羊，也并非两两无别而彼此雷同。人若想得到合身的衣服或合脚的靴子，就必须或量身定做，或坐拥整个仓库的鞋服可供挑选。他更容易找到适合他的生活方式还是更容易得到合身的衣服？人与人的整体物质和精神结构更相像还是他们的脚形更相像？仅仅

人与人趣味不同这一条，就足以阻止他们必须遵从同一种生活方式的要求。然而，不同人的精神发展也需要不同的条件；他们无法在同一套道德规范下健康生存，就像不同种类的植物无法在同样的物质、空气和气候条件中健康生存。同一组事物，对一人培养其高级天性大有助益，对另一人则是重重障碍。同一种生活模式，能充分调动一人之行动与享受官能，令其精神抖擞、康泰愉悦，而完全阻滞或扰乱了另一人的精神生活，令他心烦气躁、情绪低落。人类就是这样在快乐的源泉、对痛苦的感受以及不同物质和精神因素对其影响等方面都各不相同，如果不允许他们的生活模式相应地多种多样，他们就无法公平享有应得的幸福，也无法发展到其天性足以达到的心智、道德和审美高度。因此，为什么公众意见只能宽容那些迫使大批支持者顺从自己心意的生活趣味和生活模式呢？如今，没有一个地方（某些僧侣机构除外）完全不认可生活趣味的多样化。一个人可以不受指责地喜欢或不喜欢划船、抽烟、音乐、体育运动、下棋、打牌或学习。这是因为，喜欢任何这类事物的人和不喜欢它们的人数量都太大了，谁都无法压制对方。可是，因为做了“谁都不做的事情”或不做“大家都做的事情”而遭到指责的人，尤其是女人，却成为贬议诋谤的对象，仿佛他或她犯了某种极其严重的道德罪行。人们需要拥有某个头衔，或其他等级标志，或位高势重者的关照，才能享受到少许随心所欲的欢愉，而免遭毁谤、保持令名。我重复一下，他们只能享受少许；因为不论何人，若敢肆意随心所欲，就会招致比毁誉更严重的巨大危险——他们可能遭到某个疯癫调查委员会的调查，他们的财产可能被剥夺、分给亲属[42]。

目前舆论有一个发展趋势，尤其可能导致它不能容忍任何显著流露的个性。不仅人类智慧的总体平均值十分普通，而且其偏好的总体平均值也十分中庸：他们丝毫没有能使他们乐于做任何独特事情的强烈趣味或愿望，因此毫不理解那些具有这种强烈趣味或愿望的人，而会把这样的人归入野蛮人和他们通常蔑视的放荡者之列。现今，除了这一普遍现实之外，我们只好断定，一场旨在改进道德规范的强大运动已经出现；

我们只好期待的结果已经彰显。近段时间以来，这场运动已经开始，可以感受到，道德规范确实已经日益严格，过分行为也日益减少；到处都洋溢着一种慈善精神，而其理想用武之地，非改进我国同胞之品行和审慎美德莫属。这些时代潮流致使大众比以往任何时候都更乐意规定一般行为准则，更竭力迫使全体社会成员都遵从公推的行为准则——不管是直截了当地明言或心照不宣地默认，该准则都是：不要强烈渴求任何事物。其理想中的人类性格就是毫无性格；人性中凡引人瞩目者、会令某人与常人性格概貌显著有别的部分都要压残折损，如同中国妇女的裹脚一般。

像所有摒弃了一半优良之物的理想那样，目前得到嘉许的道德标准仅仅能够制造出剩余半边的低劣赝品。它的产物不是由健壮理性积极导引下的蓬勃活力，不是严正意志强大监控下的强烈感情，而是脆弱的感情和虚弱的活力，因此其意志或理智毫无力量，仅能在表面上服从道德规则。在我国，大量拥有生龙活虎性格的人都已走进了历史，活力之出口唯余经商一途。可以说，用在了这一方面的活力仍然很可观；其余点滴活力则都耗费在了某种嗜好上，虽然这嗜好也许有点用处，甚或是慈善性的，但它总是某一件具体事物，而且通常都是琐碎小事。今天英国的伟大是整体性的，但从个人角度看它很渺小；我们只是靠习惯性的联合显得似乎能够完成一切伟大的事业罢了，可我们那些道德和宗教慈善家却对此心满意足。不过，那些把英国变成了一个伟大国家的并不是这种人，而是另一类人；阻止英国衰落所需的仍然是那另一类人。

无论何处，习俗之专制都是阻止人类进步的顽固障碍，不停地对抗着那种渴求优于惯常事物之事物的性格特征。这种性格特征在不同形势下有不同的名称，或称自由精神，或称进步精神，或称改良精神。改良精神并非总是自由精神，因为它有可能强迫人们接受改良；而自由精神反对这种强迫人们改良的企图，它有可能局部、暂时地与改良运动的反对者联手。不过，改良之唯一可靠而恒久的源泉就是自由，因为凭借自

由才可能产生许多独立的改良运动中心，有多少个人就可能有多少这样的中心。可是，不论进步之天性表现为对自由的热爱还是对改良的热爱，其对立面却是习俗之主宰——进步至少包括摆脱后者的枷锁；二者之间的竞争也构成了人类历史上最引人瞩目的事件。准确说来，大部分世人都没有历史，因为习俗完全统治了他们。整个东方即是如此。在那里，无论何事，最终都要诉诸习俗；正义与权利意味着遵从习俗；除了某个只手遮天、忘乎所以的暴君之外，无人想对抗习俗的意见。其结果我们都看到了。那些东方民族肯定曾拥有创造力，他们并非在地球上甫一出现就人口众多、富有文化、精通各种生活技艺；他们在历史上为自己创造了那一切，成为了世上最伟大、最强大的民族。可现在的他们呢？竟然成为某些部落的臣民或附庸！当那些部落的祖先仍在丛林之中游荡时，他们祖先就已住上了宏伟壮丽的宫殿和华美夺目的庙宇。但习俗仅用自由和进步对他们分别进行了统治。一个民族似乎可以在一段时间的进步之后停滞不前——它停滞于何时呢？就在其成员失去个性的那一刻。倘若同样的变化降临到欧洲各民族头上，变化的形态将不会与东亚完全相同。习俗之专制统治对这些民族的威胁形式并非完全固化不动；它明令禁止特异性，但并不杜绝变化，前提是一切同时发生变化。我们抛弃了祖先那些固定的装束，每个人的穿戴都必须同别人一致，但时装可能一年一变或两变。因此我们非常注意，发生变化的目的只能是为了变化本身，而非为了美丽或便利；这是因为，同一个美丽或便利观念不会同时出现在全部世人的脑海里，也不会在另一时刻被他们同时抛去一边。但我们不仅善变而且不断进步：我们不断发明新的机械装置，并使用至更优的机械装置取代它们那时为止；我们渴望政治、教育甚至道德规范不断改进，尽管我们对道德规范改进的观念主要限于说服或强迫他人同我们一样优秀。我们所反对的并不是进步；恰恰相反，我们自鸣得意地认为我们是有史以来最具进取精神的民族。我们的斗争对象是个性：我们认为，倘若我们全部彼此相同，就是创造了奇迹；我们忘记了，通常说来，正是由于人们彼此差异，才会引起他们注意到自己这一

类人的缺点和另一类人的优点，才有可能让他们将双方的优点结合，造就比二者更好的人物。中国就是一个值得引起我们警醒的反例。这个民族天分很高，在某些方面甚至富有智慧。这是因为他们在很早以前就极其幸运地获得了一套格外优良的习俗——这套习俗在一定程度上是一批中国古人的杰作，就连最博洽的欧洲人都必须在一定条件下赋予他们圣贤和哲人的名号。不仅如此，他们还通过其卓越无双的评注作品，明确且尽量多地把他们的最佳理念镌刻在了每个社会成员的思想之中，并确保那些最多吸纳了这些理念的人，会获得荣耀而权重的职位。毫无疑问，中国人通过上述做法已经发现了人类进步的机密，并必定会让自己稳稳居于世界变化的前列。可是，恰恰相反，他们一成不变了——就那样停滞了数千年之久；他们若想继续改进，就只能借助外来者。他们成功地踏入了绝境：全民族的人如出一辙，都用同一套准则和规程调控自己的思想和行为。这就是他们的成果。英国慈善家们也正在为此目标夙夜劳碌。舆论在欧洲的现代统治正是中国组织化教育和政治体制的翻版，只不过形式上无组织罢了。如果个性无法成功地坚持自我主张、抗拒舆论枷锁，一度拥有高贵祖先、自称信奉基督教的欧洲，将会逐渐变成另一个中国。

是什么至今都在保护欧洲免遭此种命运呢？是什么使欧洲各民族成为一个常改常新而非静止不变的人类大家庭呢？答案并非他们有什么更高级的杰出之处——这种杰出之处即便存在，也并非作为原因而存在，而只是作为结果而存在——而是他们有着异常多样的性格和文化。欧洲的个人之间、阶级之间、民族之间历来绝不相同；他们开创出了各种各样的道路，每条道路都通向某种宝贵之物。尽管在每段时期，在不同道路上行进的人们都互不容忍，每人都认为，如果所有别人被迫来追随自己的脚步该有多好，但他们彼此试图阻挠对方发展的行为几乎从来都仅仅成功一时，而且每人都最终坚持了下来，享受到了别人提供的好处。在我看来，欧洲之所以能够历久弥新、多面发展，全系此路径多元性所赐；但是，欧洲对这种益处的享有程度已经开始大幅锐减了，它正在坚

定不移地向使万众一面的中国式理想推进。德·托克维尔[43]先生在他最后一本重要著作中评论说，当前的法国人彼此相像的程度甚至远超上一代法国人。这句话也可用来描述英国人，只是他们的趋同程度比法国人要大得多。我在前文引用过威廉·冯·洪堡的一段话，他在其中指出，人类发展有两大让人们彼此不同的必要条件：自由和环境多元。在我国，二者中的第二大条件正逐日减少；围绕着不同阶级和不同个体、塑造着他们各自性格特征的种种环境，正在逐日趋同。从前，不同阶层、不同社区、不同行业和职业的人，可以说是生活在不同的世界之中；如今，他们很大程度上是生活在同一个世界当中。与过去相比，他们如今读的是同样东西，听的是同样东西，见的是同样东西，去的是同样地方，希求同样的目标，恐惧同样的事物，享有同样的权利和自由，用同样的手段维护这些权利和自由。尽管他们的社会身份仍然相差悬殊，但比起那些已经消失的差别，这种身份差异根本不值一提。人们的同化仍在继续。当代的一切政治变迁都助长了这种同化态势，因为所有的政治变革都倾向于提高低贱者的地位、降低高贵者的地位。教育范围的每一扩展都助长了这种同化态势，因为教育将人们置于共同的影响之下，让他们都可获取作为公器的各种事实与观点。通联手段的不断改进助长了这种同化态势，因为这些手段使遥分两地的居民得以直接联系，使人们得以迅速从此地迁居他处。商业和工业增长助长了这种同化态势，因为它们把舒适环境的种种好处更广地传播开去，将人们渴求的一切目标——甚至包括那些最高贵的目标——变成了大众争夺的对象；于是渴望成功不再是某个特定阶级的特点，而成为各个阶级共有的特征。有一股力量甚至超越了这一切因素，使全人类普遍趋同：在我国和其他崇尚自由的国家，舆论已经完全确立了其对政府的支配地位。种种社会声望曾使那些名流闻人敢于漠视大众的意见，如今却渐渐变得平淡无奇；在发现民众确实有某种意志之后，务实的从政者们越来越彻底地从其脑海中抹除了违背民众意志的想法；特立独行再也无法获得任何社会支持——特立独行指的是社会中的任何独立力量，它反对大众的主导地位，乐于挺身而

出保护与众不同的看法和意向。

上述所有因素共同导致了大量反个性势力的形成，使人难以预料个性如何才能坚守阵地、毫不退缩。如果不能唤醒民众中的智士感受个性的价值——发现允许差异存在会带来好处，即便这些差异不会产生更好的结果，即便在他们看来某些差异可能还要产生较坏的影响——个性会在维护自我时遭遇越来越大的困难。个性若要宣示其种种主张，目前正当其时，因为眼下尚不具备被彻底同化的诸多条件；只有在同化的初期阶段，个性才能成功抵制同化趋势的蚕食。“所有人都必须像我们一样”这种要求，一旦有所成功便会得寸进尺、越发威风。如果直等到人生已被缩减到几乎仅余一种式样时才奋起抗击，那么对该式样的所有偏离都会被视为不敬、不义之举，甚至是骇人听闻、违反自然的恶行。一旦人类哪怕短暂地习惯了千篇一律，其心智就会迅速失明，再也无法想象出生活会怎样丰富多彩。

四　论社会对个人的权威之限度

那么，个人自主权的正当界限是什么？社会对个人的管制从何处开始？人类生活中哪些部分应属于个人自主？哪些部分应属于社会管制？

倘若个人自主和社会管制各与人类生活中的特定部分有着极为特别的关联，那么二者都会获得对应的应用领域。人类生活中主要涉及个人利益的部分应当归于个人自主范围，而主要涉及社会利益的部分则应属社会管制范围。

虽然社会的构建并非基于契约，尽管为演绎出种种社会责任而捏造某个契约并不能达成任何良好目标，但是无论何人，只要受到了社会的保护，就应为此益处回报社会；人生活在社会中这一客观事实也要求，所有人都责无旁贷，必定要为了他人利益而遵循某种行为方式。首先，这种行为不能损害彼此的利益，或曰某些利益；这些利益或由法律明文规定或由人们不言而喻地认定，都应算作人的权利。第二，这种行为包括：每人为保卫社会或其成员免受伤害和烦扰，要承担自己的那份劳务和牺牲（这一份额要根据某种公正的标准加以确定）。对此，若有些人力图抗拒不从，社会可以完全正当且不惜一切代价地强制他们行动。社会可以做的不仅如此而已。某人的行为可能会伤害他人，或没有预先充分虑及别人的福祉，但未达到侵犯他们既定权利的程度。于是，冒犯者虽不会受到法律惩罚，但有可能受到舆论的公正惩罚。只要某人之行为的任何部分对他人利益造成了有害影响，社会就有权管辖其行为；社会对此行为的干预是否会促进公共福祉，则是一个有待讨论的问题。但若某人之行为的影响仅限于其自身的利益，而与他人毫不相干，或不需影响到他人，除非他们乐意受到影响（所有相关人等都已达法定成年年龄，且对此行为具有常规了解），则上述问题根本就不成立。在所有此

类情况下，个人应享有完全的法律和社会自由，能够实施其行为并承担相应后果。

若有人认为，我是在此主张人应自私而冷漠，谎称人类与彼此的生活行为无关，且在不涉及个人利益的时候不应关心彼此的善举与福祉，那么他就完全错解了本文的论点。我并未倡导人们少管闲事；恰恰相反，我要指出的是，现在亟须人们更加公正无私地大力增进他人的利益。但公正无私的善行可以另寻其他手段，而不是靠字面意义和比喻意义上的鞭笞与拷打，来说服人们增进他人的利益。我毫不轻视那些关注自我利益的美德，我认为它们在重要性上仅次于社会美德——倘若它们确实次要的话。教育界的职责是同等地培养这两种美德。可连教育都是靠强制和证明说服两种手段实施的；一旦教育阶段结束，便只能借助证明与说服这种手段，来向人们反复灌输关注自我利益的美德了。人类正是靠互相帮助才区分开了何者为好何者为坏，靠互相鼓励才实现了趋利避害。他们应当永远激励彼此更频繁地运用他们的高级才能，更频繁地把他们的感受和目标导向睿智高明、引人向上的事物与思想，远离愚蠢荒谬、低劣可耻的事物与思想。然而，没有哪个人或哪些人会理直气壮地告诉另一位成年人，说不会为了自己的利益而在决定献身的事物上全力以赴。他是最关注自己福祉的人。与其自身的关注程度相比，和他没有紧密个人关系的任何别人对他福祉的关注都是微不足道的；社会对他个人（他作用于别人的行为除外）的关注极其有限且毫不直接，而对于自己的感受与境遇，最平凡的男女都比任何别人有着无限深刻的认知。社会干预会推翻个人对那些仅仅关乎他自身事物的判断和意图，所以这种干预必须基于种种一般推测。社会的推测有可能完全错误；即便推测正确，也要尽最大可能避免被那些像局外人一般毫不了解内情的人滥用于分析各种个案。因此，在人类事务的这一方面，个性有其特定的作用场域。人类在相互作用的行为中，必须在绝大部分情形下遵循一般规则，以便人们知道他们只能期望什么。但在每个人的个人事务中，他有权任意发挥其独特自发性；其他人可能向他提供参考意见、帮助他做出

判断，用规劝勉励他矢志不渝，甚至强迫他接受建议和规劝，但他自己才是最终的裁夺者。他不听建议与忠告而可能犯下的所有错误，其弊端之严重远低于允许别人强制他做认为对他有利的事。

我并不是说，别人对某人的看法和感觉决不应受到他关注自我利益的那些特征或缺点的影响；这种意见既不可能又不可取。如果在那些有助于某人达到自我利益的品格特征之中，某种特征十分显著，那么他就可以正当地受到人们的钦佩；因为他比别人更接近理想中的完美人性。如果他严重欠缺那些性格特征，那么人们就会对他产生与钦佩相反的某种情感。某人的表现可能在一定程度上很愚蠢和一定程度上可以称作趣味低下或堕落；尽管这些性格特征不是应该伤害他的正当理由，但会让他不可避免、毫不冤屈地成为一个惹人讨厌的对象，在某些极端情形下甚至会成为被人轻蔑的对象——人若不能对此种卑劣的性格特征产生厌恶之情，就不能对相反的性格特征产生恰如其分的钦慕之情。尽管他的愚蠢和堕落行为不会妨害任何他人，但会迫使我们把他视作傻瓜，或看成劣等动物。他会竭力避免使这种看法和态度成为现实，因此我们预先警告他这一后果或任何他会自作自受的其他不利后果，乃是在帮他的大忙。实际上，倘若我们不用当前寻常观念所允许的委婉方式，而能够更加直率地提供这种帮助；倘若一人能够诚实地告知另一个人他认为后者有过错，而不会被认为是粗野无礼、专横无耻，那么此事就会顺利圆满。我们还有权根据我们对某人的负面看法，以多种方式采取行动；这样做时，我们不会压制他的个性，而会发挥我们的个性。例如，我们坚决不会与他交好；我们有权避免与他交往（但不会张扬此事），因为我们有权选择最合自己心意的友朋。如果我们认为他的行事或谈话很可能会对他的交往对象产生恶劣影响，就有权——也有责任——劝告别人提防他。我们在可选择地帮助他人时，可以优先帮助别人而不是他，除非我们希望他有所改进而施之以援手。在这种种情况下，此人因仅直接影响他自身的种种缺点，而可能受到来自他人的严厉惩罚。但他如此受到惩罚的必要条件是，这些惩罚都是他的种种缺点自然而然导致的后果，

而并非专门为了惩罚而故意强加给他的。倘若有人表现得很粗鲁、顽固、自负——不能以温和适度的方式生活，不能约束自己的有害嗜好，牺牲那些情感和智力上的乐趣去追求兽性的快感——那么，他就只能指望被别人鄙视和厌烦了。但对此他无权抱怨，除非他用极为优秀的社交关系赢得了他们的赞同，并进而获取了能够得到他们帮助的资格——这种资格不受他那些自作自受所犯过失的影响。

我所主张的是：一人只应经受的困扰，仅限于与别人对其否定性评判不可分割的那些繁难，因为他的那些行为和性格仅仅关乎他自己的利益，而丝毫影响不到别人的利益，虽然他们与他有所关联。可若他的行为伤害到了别人，则这类行为需要受到完全不同的处置。侵犯别人的权利；在他不需捍卫自身权利的情况下令别人蒙受损失或伤害；与别人的交易中说谎或欺诈；不公平不慷慨地利用自己的优势欺负别人；自私地不肯保护别人免遭伤害——凡此种种，均应正当地受到道德谴责；如果事情严重，则应正当地受到道德报复和惩罚。不仅这些行为，就连导致这些行为的性情，都完全是邪恶悖德的，均应受到指责甚至憎恨。性情残暴；包藏祸心和居心不良；所有强烈感情中最反社会、最可憎者——妒忌；虚饰和伪善；为鸡毛蒜皮而暴跳如雷和因睚眦小事而恨入骨髓；热衷于盛气凌人；过分地独占所有好处的欲望（古希腊人所谓的贪婪狂）；以贬低别人为乐的自满；认为自己和自己关注的事物最为重要，并以对自己有利的方式解决所有未决问题的利己主义——凡此种种都是道德罪恶，它们组成了一种恶劣、可憎的道德品质。它们不同于上述那些关注自我利益的缺点，因为后者不是准确意义上的道德败坏，无论发挥到何种程度，都算不上邪恶。那些关注自我利益的缺点或许可作为蠢行的证据，或者缺乏人格尊严和自尊心的证据，但当它们导致了未履行对他人义务的失职行为时，只能受到道德谴责，因为当事人理应首先自顾，而后顾他。所谓的对我们自身的责任并不具有社会强制性，除非形势使然，这些对自己的责任同时也成为对他人的责任。“对自己的责任”一词倘若不仅仅意味着审慎，还意味着自我尊重或自我发展；谁都

没有义务向他的同类解释这些事项，因为其中没有一项需要他为了全人类的利益而向他们进行解释说明。

一人若不够审慎或缺乏人格尊严，有可能自作自受地引起别人的不敬；他若侵犯别人的权利，就会受到应得的责罚。这二者之间的区分不仅仅是名义上的。他是在我们认为自己有权管制他的事物上触怒了我们呢？还是在我们自知无权管制他的事物上触怒了我们呢？我们对待他的态度和行为因这种区分而差别巨大。倘若他冒犯了我们，我们就可以表明对他的厌恶；我们既可避开某种惹怒我们之物，也可避开惹恼我们之人；但我们不一定因此受到刺激，决心让他的生活麻烦起来。我们应该深思：他已经在承担或将要承担自己的错误带来的惩罚；如果他处置失当、毁掉了自己的生活，我们就不应因此希望对他造成进一步的打击；我们不但不希望惩罚他，相反，还应让他知道，怎样可以避免或消除他的行为会给自己带来的灾祸，从而尽力减轻他所受到的惩罚。对我们而言，他可能是个同情的对象，或讨厌的对象，但不会是恼怒或憎恨的对象；我们不应把他作为社会之仇敌看待。如果我们并不通过表现出对他的兴趣或关注而进行善意干预，那么我们富有正当理由的最严重做法是：对他置之不理。然而，倘若他违犯了那些为保护同类个体或集体所必需的规则，我们就要采取与此截然不同的措施。因为那样的话，他行为造成的恶果并不会落到他自己头上，而会降临到别人身上。社会作为其所有成员的保护者，必须对他进行反击，必须出于明确的惩罚目的而迫使他遭受痛苦，且必须保证这种痛苦足够强烈。在后一种情况下，他是站在我们法庭上的罪犯，我们接受召唤而来，不仅是为了审判他，而且是为了以某种形式执行我们的判决。而在前一种情况下，我们要起的作用不是强迫他忍受苦痛。例外的情形是，我们在自由地管理自己的事务时，不经意地产生了令他痛苦的结果；可是，我们也允许他运用同一种自由管理他自己的事务。

本文区分了个人生活中仅仅涉及自己的部分和涉及别人的部分。许

多人都会拒绝承认这种区分。（他们可能会问）一名社会成员之行为的任何部分怎么可能令其他成员无动于衷呢？谁都不是完全与世隔绝的生物；一人若做了严重或长久地有害于他自身的事情，其危害不可能不传播——它至少能影响到他的至爱亲朋，且经常远远超出这一亲友范畴。他若毁坏了自己的财产，就是损害了那些直接或间接以之为生活来源的人的利益，并通常或多或少地减少了社会的财富总量。他若损坏了自己的机体或精神能力，就不仅给所有依靠他获得某种幸福的人带来了灾难，并且会令他本人再无资格为他的全体同类提供分内的服务，也许还会成为他们感情或善行上的负担。倘若这种行为频繁发生，就会超越任何已知罪行，最为严重地耗损社会的利益总量。最后，倘若一人的罪行或蠢行没有直接伤害到他人，可他仍然（人们可能会说）会用自身实例造成危害，因此必须迫使他管制自我，以免那些看到或听说他的行为的人会被其腐化或误入歧途。

（人们会补充说：）即便能够控制行为不端的后果，使它仅影响到邪恶或轻率的实施者自身，难道社会就该放弃那些明显无法控制自我的人，让他们放任自流吗？如果世人公认应该保护儿童和未成年人免受自我伤害，那么社会不该为那些同样不能自我管控的成年人提供同样的保护吗？如果赌博、酗酒、放纵、懒惰、不洁等等，与法律明令禁止的许多或大多数行为一样，危害着人类的幸福、严重阻碍着人类的进步，那么只要符合可行性要求，社会条件适宜，（人们可能会问）难道法律不该也竭力镇压它们吗？作为对法律在所难免之种种不足的补充，难道舆论不能至少组成一支强大的治安力量，对抗这些恶行，用社会处罚严厉惩治那些已知的作恶者吗？（人们可能会说）这些事情与限制个性问题无关，与阻止生活创新实验和尝试新事物问题无关。此处力求制止的只有一类事物：从世界初创至今已经过尝试并宣布为不安全的事物、经验已经证明对任何人的个性培养都无用或不适宜的事物。必须要在一定时段和一定量经验之后，才能认为某个道德或慎重真理已经确立；人们仅仅期望它能阻止一代又一代的人类，使他们不会在祖先殒命的同一处悬

崖失足坠落。

我完全承认，一人对自己的损害有可能通过感情渠道和利益渠道严重影响到与其联系密切的人，并在较小程度上影响到全社会。一旦有人做出这种行为，而致使他违背了被清晰明确规定了的、某个或某些他对别人应尽的义务，此事就不再属于关注自我利益的事类范畴，而进入了社会道德层面，要严格接受道德谴责。例如，如果某人因放纵奢侈而无力还债，或虽已承担起养育家庭的道德责任，但因放纵奢侈而无法养活或教育儿女，他就当然应受斥责，且可能受到应有的惩罚。但这种惩罚针对的不是他的奢侈放纵，而是他对家庭或债主所负责任的违背。倘若那些本应交给家人或债主的财富，被他挪用进行最为慎重的投资活动，他仍然犯下了同样的道德罪行。乔治·巴恩威尔[44]害死自己的叔父，为的是给情妇弄到钱财，若他为的是自己从商，则同样要被判处绞刑。再如，有种十分常见的案例是：某人因沉迷恶习给自己的家庭带来了不幸，他因自己的刻薄无情或忘恩负义受到了应有的谴责。若他为了培养无害的习惯而令家人痛苦，则同样应该受到谴责，因为他们要与他终生相伴，或者因个人关系而有赖他提供慰藉。无论何人，只要他在未被某种更紧要的责任所迫，或没有正当理由允准他自行优选某事物的情况下，未按照一般规则尊重别人的正当利益与合理情感，就必须为其冷漠承担责任， 接受道德谴责。所以，谴责针对的既不是漠视他人利益与情感的原因，也不是仅仅殃及自身的那些过失——虽然那些过失可能与他的冷漠有着非常细微的因果关系。同样，一旦某人仅仅出于关注自我利益这一角度而有所行动，从而使自己无法履行某项义不容辞、服务公众的具体责任，他就犯有侵犯社会罪。谁都不会仅仅因为醉酒而受到惩罚，但士兵或警察若在值班时喝醉，就应当受到惩罚。总之，不论何时，只要确已出现或必将出现损害个人或公众利益的事物，事件就不再属于自由的范畴，而要置于道德规范或法律的视野中进行考量。

若某人的行为既没有违背对公众应尽的任何特定义务，也没有明显

地伤害到除自己之外的特定别人，但他却令社会受到了纯粹偶然性的——或可称作结构性的——伤害，那么对于这种伤害所导致的不幸，为了人类自由这一更重大的利益，社会是能够容忍的。若成年人因未能正常地照顾好自己而受到惩罚，我宁愿那惩罚是为了他们自身的利益，而不希望惩罚的实施者借口说，那是为了防止他们损害到自己为社会创造利益的能力。因为社会不会妄称自己有权苛求那些利益。但我不能同意就此争论下去，似乎社会毫无办法将其成员的素质提升到行为符合理性的平常标准，只能坐等他们做出荒谬之事，然后依法或依道德准则惩办他们。在他们生命的整个早期阶段，社会对他们拥有绝对权力：在他们的整个儿童时期和未成年时期内，社会都可以进行试验，看看能否培养出他们理性处世的能力。现存这代人深知该怎样培育未来一代，也掌控着全部现实情况；但他们确实无法令未来一代变得十足睿智、绝对优秀，因为他们自身就很遗憾地缺乏美德和智慧。在很多事例中，他们虽已竭尽全力，但结果总是未能大获成功。然而，他们完全能够让成长中的这代人在整体上同他们那代人一样良好，且比他们更好一些。如果社会放任相当多的成员在长大后仍然天真幼稚，不能理性地考虑长远动机并据以采取行动，那么它就必须为此后果而责备自己。社会全副武装，不仅拥有教育的一切权势，而且占据着支配地位，某个公认为正确的观点总是借此地位扬威施暴，统治着那些最不适于独立判断事物的头脑；社会还有种种天然惩罚手段作为后援，这些惩罚会无可阻挡地降临到那些令其熟人感到厌恶或蔑视的人的头上。所以不要让社会谎称，它除了所有这些之外，仍然需要更多权力发号施令，强制个人在纯粹私人的事务上也要服从它的意志。根据所有正义原则和行动原理，纯粹私人事务的决定权应当属于那些即将承受后果的人。有些手段能使人类行为转好，有些则令人类行为变坏；没有哪种方法比采取后者更会败坏前者的名誉、阻挠前者的成功了。在社会试图迫使其变得审慎或节制的那些人之中，倘若任何人有着朝气蓬勃、独立自主的性格特质，他们就必然会奋起反抗那套社会枷锁。这些人谁都不会认为别人有权管制他的个人事

务，正如他们必将阻止他破坏他们的个人事务。悍然违抗这种篡窃威权、炫耀性地公然抗命与它对着干，此类行为很容易被视为有气概、有胆魄的标志；查理二世[45]时代，人们就曾明目张胆地抗拒清教徒那狂热、偏狭的清规戒律。有人说，必须要保护社会，剔除那些伤风败俗、自我放纵的有害事例。对此，我的回答是：没错，有害的事例确实可能产生致命的影响，特别是做坏事伤害了别人却不受任何惩罚的那种事例。但我们现在所谈的事例是：某行为虽然无损于别人，但可能严重地伤害到行为者本人。我发现，那些坚信这一点的人都认为这个事例总体来讲绝对是利多弊少；除此而外，他们别无他想。因为在他们看来，该事例若展示了上述胡作非为现象，便会同时展示其痛苦或可耻的后果；若该不端行为应受严厉指责，那么其全部或大部分结果必然也应受到大力批判。

但是，在所有反对公众干涉纯粹私人事务的理据中，最强大的莫过于：倘若公众确实进行干涉的话，那么其干涉方式、干涉地点都很可能是错误的。在社会道德、对他人应尽的责任义务等问题上，公众的主张——即居于主导地位的大多数人的主张——虽然常常是错误的，但很可能在更多时候是正确的；因为在这些问题上，他们需要进行的判断仅仅关乎自己的利益，关乎若允许执行某种行为模式，它将会通过什么方式影响到他们。但是，同一批大多数人在关注自身利益之行为的种种问题上，作为法律强加给自身的那种意见，对错概率很可能是各占一半。原因是，在此类情况下，“公认为正确的意见”至多意味着某些人替他们提出了何者为对何者为错的意见；而经常发生的实际情况是，所谓“公认为正确的意见”甚至连这一点都做不到——公众完全漠视他们所指斥的行为者的愿望或利益，只会考虑他们自己的嗜好。许多人因为厌恶某种行为就认为这种行为伤害到他们，而愤恨地说它迫害了他们的情感。例如，某个宗教偏执狂在别人指责他忽视了他们的宗教感情时反驳说，他们顽固地坚持他们那恶劣的宗教礼拜或教义，就是忽视他的感受。但是，一人对自己意见的感受，和另一人因他有此感受而受到冒犯的感

受，二者之间毫无平等可言；就像小偷偷窃钱包的欲望和钱包主人要保住钱包的欲望之间毫无平等可言。一人之趣味与他的意见或钱包一样，都是属于他私人专有的事物。任何人都可以轻易想象出一批完美的公众，他们允许个人在一切归属未明的事物上不受干扰地尽情自由选择，而仅仅要求他们规避那些普遍经验已经证明为不恰当的行为模式。然而，有谁在哪里见到过一批界定了其审查权限的公众呢？公众何时自寻烦恼地探索过普遍经验？他们在干涉个人行为时，除了想到这厮竟敢罪恶滔天地采取与己不同的行动、怀有与己不同的情感，什么其他想法都没有。每10个道德家和理论作家之中，有9人都会近乎不加掩饰地把这种评判标准作为宗教命令和哲学规定，展示在人类眼前。这些人教导说，事物之所以正确是因为它们正确，是因为我们感到它们正确。他们告诉我们，要在我们的头脑和心灵深处寻找约束我们自己和所有他人的行为法则。不幸的公众倘若对道德家和理论作家们的态度还算一致，且要对全世界负责，那么除了践行这些教导、自主决定善恶问题之外，还能做什么呢？

上述弊端不仅仅存在于理论之中。有人或许会希望我举出某些实例，以表明当代英国的公众错误地给自己的偏好赋予了道德律条性质。本文论题并非现存道德情感的差错；那个话题十分重大，无法在本文中以例证方式附带论及。然而，我仍需举出几个例子，以证实我所宣称的原则有着多么重大的实践意义，表明我并非在竭力筑起一道屏障，防范假想中的罪恶。而且，通过很多实例不难证明：将可称作“道德治安”事项的边界扩张，扩张到侵犯了最无可置疑地确属个人合法自由的范围，这种行为乃是所有人类习性中最具普遍性者之一。

首先，思考一下人们憎恶的某些事物。与其他一些持有不同宗教主张、奉行不同教规特别是不同饮食禁忌的人的理由相比，他们憎恶那些事物的理由根本好不到哪儿去。权且举一个极其平凡的例子吧：在基督徒的教条或宗教活动中，没有什么比食用猪肉更令穆罕默德的信徒们愤

恨不已、恶意相向的了。基督徒和欧洲人对任何事物的憎恶程度，都比不上伊斯兰教徒对食用猪肉这种充饥方法那毫不掩饰的憎恶。第一，食用猪肉是对他们宗教信仰的冒犯。但这一事实绝不足以解释他们那憎恶之情的程度或性质；因为伊斯兰教同样禁止饮酒，所有教徒都认为喝酒是错误的，但并不令人作呕。相反，他们对那种“污秽动物”肉的嫌恶有种很奇异的特点，像是一种本能的反感。“污秽”观念一旦完全沉潜入教徒的情感之中，似乎总能激起哪怕个人生活习惯最为邋遢龌龊的教徒的厌恶之情。印度教教徒对于宗教性污浊的厌恶感十分强烈，这种情感就是一个显著的例子。假设现有一批人，其中大多数是伊斯兰教徒；假设这批大多数人会坚决强调，本国境内不允许食用猪肉——这一点对伊斯兰教国家而言毫不新奇[46]。在舆论的道德威权下，禁止食用猪肉会不会在该国成为合法行为？倘若答案是不会，为什么？在这批公众看来，食用猪肉的行为可是令人极其恶心的。他们还真诚地相信，神憎恨且禁止人们食用猪肉。可是，不能指斥这种禁止是宗教迫害——虽然禁止的原因可能是宗教性的，但既然没有哪个人的宗教要求他必须食用猪肉，所以此种禁止行为并不算是宗教迫害。在谴责这种禁忌时，唯一站得住脚的理由是：对于个人趣味和种种关注自我的纯个人性事务，众人无权妄加干涉。

让我们回到我国附近来吧。大部分西班牙人都认为，用罗马天主教之外的方式礼拜那位至高无上者是极端无礼的公然不敬；所以在西班牙国土上，其他公开敬拜方式都是违法的。在整个南欧的人们看来，一个已婚牧师不仅是没有宗教信仰，而且是放荡、下流、粗俗、令人作呕的。新教徒怎么看待这些十足真诚的情感呢？怎么看待迫使这些情感服务于反对非天主教徒斗争的企图呢？然而，如果人类在那些丝毫无关他人利益的事物上，能够正当地互相干涉彼此的自由，那么能够根据什么前后一贯的原则来排除这类事例呢？若人们希望镇压他们认为神人共愤的某种丑行，谁能够指责他们呢？任何被认为是个人败德行为的产物都会遭到禁止；在证明此种禁令合理的诸事例中，最有力者莫过于那些把

它们视为渎神行径、需要镇压的人编造出的东西。我们若采纳迫害者的逻辑，就会乐意宣称：我们是正确的，所以就可以迫害别人；他们是错误的，所以坚决不能迫害我们。如果我们并不赞同这种逻辑，就必须提防自己认可某条己所不欲的原则——若有人把它施加在我们身上，我们会感到极其冤屈和愤恨。

有人可能会不讲理地反驳上述实例，说它们全是些不可能出现在我们身边的意外事件：在我国，舆论根本不可能强制人们不食用某些肉类，不可能干涉人们的礼拜方式，不可能干涉人们按照自己的信条或偏好结婚或不结婚。但是，下一个例子确确实实地展现了自由是如何受到干涉的，而我们却丝毫没有逃脱它带来的一切危险。无论何处，例如在新英格兰[47]，在英国的共和国时期[48]，只要清教徒权力足够大，便会竭尽全力并相当成功地取缔一切大众的和近乎一切私人的娱乐活动，尤其是音乐、舞蹈、公共娱乐或其他以消遣为目的的群体集会、戏剧。如今，仍有大批英国人从自己的道德和宗教观念出发，认为这些消遣活动有害无益。他们中的绝大部分都是中产阶级，主导着王国当前的社会和政治态势，故此，持有这些看法的人会在某个时刻控制议会中的大多数，这绝对是可能做到之事。社会中的其余人等若获准进行娱乐活动，他们是否乐意享受那些加尔文派和卫理公会派[49]更为严厉的宗教和道德感监管下的娱乐呢？难道他们不会非常专横地要求这些虔诚而冒昧的社会成员少管闲事？无论哪国政府、哪国公众，但凡敢妄称谁都不能享受任何它们认定为错误的娱乐，就应该受到此种质问。然而，一旦其标榜的原则得到认可，谁都无法合理地违抗大多数人或本国其他某些主导势力的意见，无法不遵照执行。倘若某种与其观念相类的宗教信仰要成功收复失地——众所周知，许多被认为已经衰落的宗派经常力挽狂澜而重获新生——所有人都必须做好准备，遵奉“基督教共和国”这一观念；新英格兰早期殖民者就认定，存在一个这样的共和国。

想象一下另一个偶然事件，它或许比上一个更有可能变成现实。大

家公认，当代世界上有一股很强劲的势头：不管是否有配套的民主政治制度，都要建立一个民主社会。有人断言：在迄今实现该趋势最彻底的那个国家——它拥有最民主的社会和政府——美国，大多数人的感受相当有效地扮演着禁奢法的角色，因为他们一旦发现，存在着任何自己根本无望可及的浮华或奢华生活方式，就会十分恼火；于是，在美国许多地方，收入极丰的人实在难以不受公众责难地找到任何豪奢的消费方式。尽管这种陈述现存事实的说法不无夸张，但它所描述的事态不仅仅是民主意见可以想象并能够想出的画面，而且是它与“公众有权禁止个人的财产消费方式”这一观念共同作用下非常有可能造就的结果。我们只需进一步推测一下，社会党主张广泛传播开来之后，在大多数人眼里，拥有超出了某个菲薄总额数量的财产，或不事体力劳动而获得收入，就会成为伤风败俗的无耻行径。一些与此相仿的意见已经在手工业者阶级中广为流行，沉重地压在了那些听从该阶级特有舆论的人的心头。也就是说，这些意见只会令该阶级自身的成员烦恼不已。众所周知，构成许多工业部门劳动力主体的那些无技能工人，毫无疑问地主张：拙劣工人应当获得与优秀工人相同的工钱；任何人都不应当靠优良技艺或勤奋劳动、以计件工作或其他方式，挣得比那些没有优良技艺、不肯勤奋劳动的人更多的工钱。他们利用一批道德警察——它们有时会变成现实中的警察——恐吓熟练工人和雇主，使前者不敢靠提供更有用的服务获取更高的报酬，使后者不敢为这种更有用的服务支付更高的报酬。倘若公众能拥有任何管辖别人个人事务的权力，我就看不出这些群体有什么过失，也看不出专司管辖任何个人的那批公众声称自己有权管制其个人行为这种说法有何不当——普通大众就是这样坚称他们有权管制普通人群。

但是，不必深思那些假设的事例了。此时此刻，我们的现实生活中就发生着公然侵夺私人生活自由的事件。还有一些事件性质更为严重，且有可能大肆横行；另有论调鼓吹说，公众应该获得无限权力，不仅有权依法禁止任何他们认为错误的事物，而且为了对付这些错误事物，还

要有权禁止任何数量的他们承认为无辜的事物。

在防止放纵行为的名义下，某个英国殖民地的人们和几乎半数的美国人，被法律禁止以医学用途之外的任何方式使用任何种类的发酵饮料。因为正如禁酒令的意图所在，禁止售卖发酵饮料事实上就是禁止使用它们。因为根本无法实际执行，所以美国当初通过该法令的几个州已经废除了禁酒法，包括那个因禁酒法得以命名的州[50]。虽然如此，许多自称为慈善家的人已经开始尝试并相当热情投入地煽动人们也在英国设立一条类似的法令。为此目的，他们创建了一个团体，或曰“同盟”——这是它的自称。在英国，只有极个别公众人物坚信，政界人士的主张应当基于某些原则。在这极个别公众人物中，有一人与上述禁酒团体的干事有通信往来。通信内容公开后，该团体一下变得声名狼藉。有些人懂得，斯坦利勋爵[51]在某些公开场合露面时表现出的品性特征，在那些身处政治生活的人中间显得非常罕见，这很不妙。所以他们计划，让斯坦利勋爵借这次通信强化人们已经对他寄予的厚望。那位“同盟”的喉舌曾声称，“若有人歪曲任何原则，来证明顽冥不化和迫害行为的合理性”，他将“强烈谴责认可该原则的行为”。他现在则承诺，要指出那横亘在此类原则与该禁酒团体所遵循原则之间的“不可逾越的宽阔障碍”。他说：“在我看来，一切与思想、意见、良知有关的事项都在法律范围之外；一切与社会行为、习惯、关系有关的事项都在法律范围之内。这是因为，唯一能够支配后者的，乃是国家自身合法拥有的自由决定权，而个人则未被赋予这种自由决定权。”他根本没有提及第三类事物，它们与他所说的两类事项都不相同。这第三类事物即不是社会性而纯属个人性的那些行为和习惯。饮用发酵酒精饮料的行为无疑就属于这一种类。然而，售卖发酵酒精饮料是贸易，而贸易是社会行为。可人们所抗议的侵犯行为侵犯的并非卖家的自由，而是买家兼消费者的自由；因为政府不仅完全可以禁止人饮酒，还完全可以故意让他弄不到酒。但是，那位干事却说：“无论何时，当我的社会权利被另一位公民的社会行为所侵犯，我作为一位公民，就有权通过立法来维

权。”现在我们来看看他是如何解释这些“社会权利”的吧。“如果说有什么事侵犯了我的社会权利，那无疑就是非法买卖酒类。它不断地制造和引发社会骚乱，从而破坏了我最基本的安全权。它靠制造不幸获利，可我却得交税替那不幸买单，从而侵犯了我的平等权。它在我的道路四周布满了危险，削弱和腐化了社会，使我难以行使我可从社会中获得他人帮助和交往的权利，从而妨碍了我自由发展自身道德和心智的权利”。这就是他的“社会权利”观。在他之前，很可能没有哪种语言如此显著明确地表达过类似论调。这种见解简直是在表白：所有个人都拥有这一绝对的社会权利；所有他人都应在所有方面规行矩步；无论何人，只要在某方面某个最微眇的细节上有丝毫闪失，便是侵犯了我的社会权利，因而使我有资格要求立法机关为我申冤雪辱。这条骇人听闻的原则比任何干涉自由的行为都危险得多。对于任何侵犯自由的行为，它都能够证明其正当性。它不承认人类享受任何自由权，也许唯一的例外是，它只承认人们可以秘密持有意见但永远不能公之于众的自由。这是因为，我认为有害的某种意见一旦越过了某人的唇齿，便侵犯了该“同盟”赋予我的全部“社会权利”。该团体的学说认为，每个人的道德、心智乃至身体是否完善，都与全人类利益攸关；只是这项利益的具体内容需要由每个利益相关者按照其自己的标准加以确定。

另一个非法干涉个人正当自由的例子是关于安息日制度的立法。它不仅是可能发生的事情，而且是早已取得显著成效的事情。只要生活急务容许，每周都有一天停止日常劳作，进行休息；这种宗教禁忌对犹太人之外的人来说，虽然完全没有义务履行，但实际是一项十分有益的习俗。要遵守这一习俗，就需要工人阶级普遍赞同其成效；因此，只要某些劳动者可强迫他人接受其必要性，那么该关于安息日制度的立法便可暂停某一天的大范围工业作业，从而保证所有人都同该习俗的奉行者一样奉行它。这一辨析依据的理由是：每位个人对该惯例的奉行都直接关乎其他人的利益。但上述辨析并不适用于那些个人自选的职业，因为在这类职业中，个人可能感到利用闲暇工作并无不妥。此外，它也毫不适

于用作对法律管制娱乐的理由。确实，有些人的日常工作就是为他人提供娱乐；但许多人的快乐——甚至有用的休闲活动——需要少数人的劳动付出，前提是后者自由选择了这一工作，也可以自由放弃它。工人们完全正确地认为：如果大家都在周日工作，那么7天的工作只能得到6天的工资；但只要各行各业都休息一天，为了别人享受娱乐而必须工作的那一小批人，便会获得相应的工资增长；而且倘若他们也想休闲而不想挣钱，就不必始终从事这些服务工作。若要寻找进一步的解决方案，可以考虑：根据习俗，为这些特定人群在一周当中另选一天，设立为休息日。这样，管制周日娱乐所能找到的唯一理由必然是：从宗教角度看，周日娱乐是错误的。这一立法动机永远不会受到强烈反对。"获罪于神，神其治之。"尚需证明的是：若其任何负责人受到了上天的委任，要报复某一假定的触怒了全能者的罪行——虽然这罪行对人类而言毫不为错。有观念认为，个人有责任使另一人信教。这种观念正是一切宗教迫害暴行的依据；若获得允许，它还会全面证明此类罪行的正当性。人们多次试图阻止火车在周日运行，抵制各种博物馆开放，等等。他们在诸如此类的行为中爆发出的激动情绪并没有古代宗教迫害者的那种残暴，但其中透露出的心态则是根本一致的，即：既然迫害者的宗教规定不准做此事，那就决不容忍别人做其宗教允许的事。这种决心也是一种信念：上帝不仅憎恶邪教徒的行为，而且如若我们放任邪教徒自行其是，还会认定我们有罪。

这些例子表明：人类自由普遍地受到了忽视。除此之外，我忍不住再举一例：我国报刊上骤现的露骨的迫害性语言。不论何时，只要这些报刊感到必须评论摩门教[52]那奇特的现象时，都会使用这种语言。号称从上帝那里获得新启示而创立的摩门教，明显是个破绽百出的骗局，就连其创始人那非凡品质与赫赫威望也无法证明其合理性。但是，在这个报纸林立、铁路通达、电讯便捷的时代，它竟有数十万上百万的信徒，还竟然组建了一个公司！对此匪夷所思、富有教益的事实，可说的实在太多。但我们此处所关注的是，该教像其他较好的宗教一样，也有

殉道者；其先知兼创建者因宣传其教义，被一伙暴徒杀害；该教的其他拥护者同样丧命于非法暴力之下；摩门教派作为一个整体，被暴力驱逐出他们最初成长的地区；虽然他们如今已被赶入沙漠中的某个荒山野谷，还有许多英国人公然声称：公正（但又并不方便）的做法是，派遣一支远征军去打击他们，用武力迫使他们遵从其他人的意见。摩门教有一条教义，最令世人忍无可忍，它冲破了宗教宽容的常规限制、激起了强烈的憎恶之情，即准许多妻制。伊斯兰教徒、印度教徒和中国人都允许一夫多妻制，可一旦说英语、声称是某种形式基督徒的人也实施这种制度，似乎就会激起不可遏制的汹汹恨意。我对这一摩门教制度谴责之强烈程度是无人可比的。我之所以如此，是由于在其他原因之外，还有一条主因：这一制度根本不是对自由原则的支持，而是对自由原则的直接违犯——一夫多妻制完全钉牢了束缚着一半摩门教教徒的枷锁，解脱了另一半摩门教教徒对她们应尽的互利义务。此外，我必须要提醒的是，从摩门教有关女教徒方面讲，这种关系同任何其他形态的一夫多妻制情况一样，在很大程度上是自愿的，尽管她们可能被认为是此制度的受害者。我必须要提醒：不论这一事实看起来多么不可思议，都能够在全世界的普通观念和习俗中找到原因。这些观念和风俗教导妇女，使她们认为婚姻是必不可少之物，使她们知道，宁可同许多其他妇女嫁给同一个丈夫，也不能没有丈夫。摩门教并没有要求其他地区和国家认可这种婚姻，也没有要求各地各国让出任何数量的居民，准许他们不再遵守本国法律，而改从摩门教的主张。但是，这些异教徒屈从了教外民众的敌意，做了太多的让步而提出了太少的正当要求。他们离开了那些反对摩门教义的地区，在地球上一个偏远的角落获得了立足之地，作为当地第一批居民，把那里开垦成为适宜人类居住的家园。他们从未侵凌过其他民族，也允许那些对他们做法不满的人完全自由地离去。当他们做了这一切之后，我们很难看出，除了专制主义之外，我们还能根据什么原则，阻止他们在自认为合适的制度下生活在那里。最近有位在某些方面相当优秀的作家提议说（我引用他本人的话）：对这个实行多妻制的组

织，应该用教化运动而非征伐运动，以终结其在他看来是令文明倒退的堕落行径。我赞同他对一夫多妻制的这种看法；但我感到，任一社群都无权强迫另一社群走上文明之路。只要那种恶劣制度的受害者们并未祈求其他社群对她们进行救助，我就不能容许与她们毫无关联的人介入，要求终结所有利益直接相关者好像都很满意的某一事态，理由是：在成千上万英里以外、与之丝毫无干的人们看来，此事是一宗丑行。这些局外人如果乐意，完全可以派遣传教团来宣讲该丑行的诸种罪恶，也可以借助任何正当手段（钳噤摩门教传教士不算）来对抗与摩门教类似的教义在这些外部人群中的传播。当世界上充斥的只有野蛮时，如果文明战胜了野蛮，那么在野蛮早已被完全制服之后，文明人还声称因唯恐野蛮会卷土重来，进而征服文明而忧心忡忡，实在太不像话。一种这么容易屈服于其手下败将的文明，必然早已堕落到这种程度，无论是它所指派的牧师和导师，或任何他人，都没有能力或愿意费心来捍卫它了。倘若果真如此，那么这种文明越早收到要求它认输的通知，效果就越好。它只能从朽坏走向更坏，直到（像西罗马帝国那样）被活力蓬勃的蛮族摧毁与重建。

五　论自由原则之应用

这些书页中所坚称的两大原则共同构成了本文的学说整体。我必须让世人更加广泛地承认，它们乃是深入讨论细节的根本依据，而后才可尝试将其前后一致地应用于政府和道德的所有部门，并期望它们的优势充分展现。我将对细节问题所做的观察评论，为的是举例说明这两大原则，不是要将其贯彻到底，直至产生结果。我下文将提出的内容，与其说是这两大准则的用途，毋宁说是其应用样本；这些样本可能会更清楚地展现二者的意义和局限，并在那些难以看出哪条准则适用的案例中，帮助我们在二者之间做出抉择。

这两大准则是：第一，只要个人的活动与他人无关而仅关乎本人，那么他就不必为之向社会负责。如果别人觉得，为了他们自身的利益，必须对他进行忠告、教诲、劝说、躲避，那么这些忠告等等，都不过是社会使用的手段罢了，以便理由充分地表达自己对他行为的厌恶或谴责。第二，个人要对自己有损于他人利益的行为负责，并且可能受到社会制裁或法律制裁——如果社会感到必需其中之一来保护自我。

首先，虽然损害到或可能会损害他人利益就会招致社会的正当干涉，但绝不能因此断定社会干涉永远是正当合理的。在许多情况下，个人在追求某一合法目标时，必然且因而合理地会给他人带来痛苦或损失，或者致使他人有望获得的正当利益功败垂成。这种个人利益间的冲突往往源自恶劣的社会制度，只要这种制度仍然存在，此种冲突就不可避免；其中的某些冲突在任何制度下都是不可避免的。不论何人，只要在同行过多的职业或竞争激烈的考试中取得成功，只要在他与别人为获得同一个目标的竞争中胜出，就是从别人的失败、徒然努力和失望中获利。可是，无人否认，人们不应被这种结果所震慑，而应继续追求其目

标；这样做更利于提升人类的总体利益。换言之，社会并未赋予那些失望的竞争者有任何法律或道义权利，使他们能够免于这种苦痛。只有当他们的对手为取得成功而使用违背人类总体利益的禁用手段——即造假或诈骗、暴力——时，社会才会感到有责任进行干预。

同样，贸易也是一种社会行为。任何向公众出售任何类型商品的人，都是在从事影响他人利益和社会总体利益的工作。因此，他的行为在原则上属于社会的管辖范畴。于是，过去，在一切被认为价值重大的问题上，定价和控制生产过程都被认为是政府的职责所在。但如今人们已经认识到——虽然是经过漫长的努力才产生了这种认识：要有效促成价廉物美商品的供应，就要给予生产者和销售者完全的自由；唯一的审查手段是，让购买者享有同样的自由，他们可到别处购买别的商品。这就是所谓的自由贸易理论。该理论的依据与本文主张的个人自由原则有所不同，但二者同样坚实可靠。对贸易的限制或对为贸易而进行的生产的限制，都是实实在在的限制。任何限制都是罪恶。但此处所论的限制，仅仅影响人类行为中社会应当限制的部分；之所以称这些限制是错误的，只是因为它们并未真正产生社会期望的结果。个人自由原则与自由贸易理论无关，也与关于该理论之应用界限的绝大部分问题无关。那些问题很多，例如：为防止掺假欺诈，可允许多大程度的公共管控；为保护从事危险职业的雇工，应该在多大程度上强制雇主采取卫生预防措施或条件。在其他条件不变的情况下，让人们自行其便总是优于管制他们；仅当此时，上述那类自由贸易理论之应用界限问题才涉及对自由因素的考虑。虽说如此，但为了达到上述目的而合法地管制他们，从原则上讲也是完全可行的。另一方面，一些与干涉贸易相关的问题，在本质上也是事关自由的问题。例如，前文已提到的《禁酒法》问题、禁止向中国输入鸦片问题、限制有毒物质销售问题，等等。简而言之，所有以使人无法或难以获得某种特定商品为目的的社会干涉案例，都属于这类问题。这些干涉行为之所以应该反对，不是因为它们侵犯了生产者或销售者的自由，而是因为它们侵犯了购买者的自由。

其中的一例，就是关于有毒物质销售，这引发了一个新的问题：可称为“公共管制职责”的恰当界限在哪里？或曰，为了预防犯罪或意外事故，可在多大程度上合法地侵犯个人自由？政府无可争议的职责之一，就是不仅要在犯罪行为发生后查明案情、惩罚罪犯，而且要采取预防措施，防患于未然。可是，政府对犯罪的防范职能远比其惩罚职能更容易被滥用，而损害个人自由；因为在个人合法的行为自由当中，没有哪个部分不会被描述为——而且被清清楚楚地描述为——增强了这种或那种犯罪的便利条件。然而，倘若某个政府部门，甚至某个个人，发现有人显然在准备实施犯罪，他们不一定要袖手旁观地等到犯罪行为发生之后再采取行动，而可以积极干预，及时阻止。如果购买或使用有毒物质的唯一目的是进行谋杀犯罪，那么正当的做法是严禁制造和销售毒物。然而，人们购买这些毒药的目的可能不但清白无辜而且颇有益处，而限制条款则不可能在一个案例中被强制实施，到了另一案例中就销声匿迹。同理，预防意外事件也是公权机关的一项正当职能。倘若某个公职人员或另外的人发现，有人打算要经过一座已经查明的危桥，但已来不及向他发出危险警告了，他们可以抓住他把他拉回来；这根本算不上对他个人自由的干涉，因为自由意味着做自己想做的事情，而他并不想掉进河里。不过，有时，某件事并不必然会产生危害，而只是有产生危害的风险，除当事者本人之外，谁都无法判断他究竟在多大程度上愿意承受可能的风险；在这种情况下，我认为，（除非他是个未成年人，或神志不清，或处于某种亢奋或沉迷状态而不能充分调用其反应能力）别人就应当只是提醒他有潜在的危险，而不应强迫他远离危险。将上述需考虑因素应用于销售有毒物质这类问题，同样能使我们判定，在所有可能的管控模式中，哪些有理，哪些无理。例如，用某个能充分表现其毒性的词命名那种毒物，这样的预防措施不会侵犯个人自由，可以强制推行；购买者不会不希望知道，他拥有的这件东西是有毒之物。但若无论如何都要求购买者出具开业医师证书，会令他总要付出高价才能获得——有时甚至无法获得——该物品。我发现，只有一个方法值得考虑，它既能为

犯罪设置重重困难，又不会侵犯那些为其他目的而需要此毒物者的自由。套用边沁[53]那贴切的术语来讲，这个方法就是：提供“预先约定的证据”。众所周知，这一预备措施的常见应用就是契约。在签署契约时，通常且正确的做法是：法律会要求订约双方履行一些正式手续作为契约实施的条件，例如签名、证人的证词等等，以便日后出现纠纷时，能有证据证明该契约已经真正订立，证明在这种情况下什么都无法令它丧失法律效力。其效果就是，设置巨大障碍，防止出现假契约或者在已知将破坏其合法性的情形下签订的契约。在销售可被用作犯罪手段的物品时，可以采取与此同样性质的预防措施。例如，可要求销售者在一个登记簿上注明该笔交易的准确时间、购买者的姓名与地址、商品的精确类型和数量；他还要询问该商品的购买用途，并记录买方的回答。若购买者没有携带医学处方，就需要有第三方在场，确保购买者清楚全部实情，以防日后他有将该物品用于犯罪目的的借口。通常而言，这些管制措施不会实质性地妨碍购买者获得该商品，但会严重阻碍他不被人察觉地违法使用它。

社会防卫自己免遭犯罪这一天然权利，表露了本文所述个人行为自由准则的明显界限：对于纯粹关注自我利益的错误行为，为了预防或惩罚目的而胡乱干涉并不恰当。例如，在普通情况下，法律干预手段并不适用于酗酒。但倘若某人有前科，曾在酒精作用下对他人犯有暴行，就应针对他个人设置某种特殊法律限制。例如，以后若再发现他醉酒，就要进行处罚；若他再次在醉酒状态下犯罪，那么对其罪行的惩罚将更加严厉。我认为，这种处罚是完全合法的。一个一旦醉酒就会危害他人的人，若把自己灌醉，就是在对他人犯罪。同样，对于游手好闲行为，不能暴力地进行法律惩处，除非这种行为来自某个受到公众救济的人，或是构成了违背契约的行为。但是，如果无论是出于懒散或其他本可避免的原因，某人未能履行他对别人的法定责任——例如，抚养亲生儿女——那么在别无他法的情况下，用强制劳动迫使他履行此责任，就不是暴举。

同理，许多行为只会直接伤害到施为者本人，所以不应当被法律所禁止；但是若他们公开实施这种行为，就是粗暴无礼，因而属于冒犯他人的行为范畴了，要依法禁止。此外，许多行为本身无可指摘，也不应受到指摘，但人们同样强烈地反对传扬这类行为；有伤风化罪指的就是此类行为，但它们与本文主题并无直接关联，我就不必详加论述了。

另有一个亟待解决的问题与本文所主张的两大原则一脉相承。在一些事例中，个人行为虽可谓有过失，但对个人自由原则的遵守却会使社会无法阻止或惩罚这类行为，因为其直接恶果完全降临到了施为者的头上。施为者能够自由从事的事情，其他人应该同样自由地劝告或怂恿他吗？这个问题难以回答。一人请求另一人采取某一行动，严格地讲，这样的事例并非关注自我利益的行为。对任何人进行劝告或诱导是一种社会行为，因此，同能够影响他人的一般活动一样，应该可以受到社会的管控。但是稍加反思，就可以意识到上述第一印象的错误之处：即便此事并不严格符合个人自由的界定，可个人自由原则所依据的理由也完全可以用作它的理由。如果人们在任何仅仅关乎自己的事情上，都必须能够以其自认为最好的方式、后果自负地采取行动，那么他们就必须能够同等自由地彼此咨询，探讨什么做法适合前述目的，也能够同等自由地交换意见、提出和接受建议。凡是获准做的事情，都必须获准接受建议。仅当建议者因其建议而获得某种个人利益时，仅当他为了生计或钱财受益，以促成社会或国家认为是罪恶的事为职业时，才会变得疑点重重。实际上，那时会出现一种新的复杂化因素，即：存在某一类人，他们的利益与被认为是公共福利的事物相对立，他们的生活方式恰恰基于对公共福利的违背。应该对这件事进行干涉吗？还是不该？例如，必须容忍通奸现象，也必须容忍赌博现象；但是人能够自由地成为皮条客，或拥有赌场吗？这个例子同许多事例一样，恰恰处于两大原则之间的分界线上，乍看之下，无法判断将它归属哪一原则更为恰当。同意干涉和不同意干涉的双方都振振有词。建议采取容忍态度的一方可能会说：从事任何职业借以谋生或从中获利这件事，不可能蓄养出其他生存方式会

容许的罪犯；这种谋生行为或者被始终允许，或者始终禁止；倘若我们至今捍卫的原则真实有效，那么社会作为社会就无权判断任何仅仅关乎个人的事物为错；此种谋生行为不可能无法劝阻，正如一人应拥有说服的自由，另一人应拥有劝阻的自由。反对容忍的一方可能会主张：尽管公众或国家无法保证能够权威地断定，仅仅影响个人利益的某行为是好还是坏，而需要对其实施压制或惩罚，但它们完全有理由假定，若视之为坏事，那么该行为的好坏至少还是个可以商榷的问题。在这样假定之后，公众或国家在竭力消除利益相关的诱惑者或有所偏向的怂恿者之影响时，就不会举措失误。某行为被断定为好或坏直接关系到那些怂恿者的个人利益，他们所赞同的判断，国家却相信是错误的；他们公然宣扬该行为的好处或坏处，完全是为了个人利益。有人可能会极力建议，可以这样安排事务：人们必须自作主张，聪明或愚蠢地做出自主选择，尽量避免有些人诡计多端地为了个人利益和目的而怂恿他们选择某种做法；这么一来，就能够确保万无一失，人们的利益就不会受损。这样（有人可能会说），虽然针对非法游戏的法规完全站不住脚，虽然所有人都应自由地在自家或别人家，或他们自费建起、仅对成员或访客开放的聚会场所赌博，但是不应准许公共赌场的存在。确实，禁令从未奏效，不论赋予了警方多大的暴力执法权，赌场都总能改头换面而长期存在；但它们也许被迫在某种程度的机密或神秘状态下运营，除了那些找寻它们的赌客之外，谁都对它们一无所知；除此之外，社会不应再对它们有其他企图。这些说法相当有力，我不敢贸然断定它们是否足以证明下述道义反常现象的合理性：惩罚从犯而允准（且必然允准）主犯逍遥法外；受到罚款或监禁的是皮条客而非通奸者，是赌场老板而非赌客。根据类似理由，平常的买卖行为受到的干涉应当更少。近乎所有被买卖的商品都会被滥用，卖家为了多赚钱，会鼓励买家过度使用那些商品。但是，这并不能作为依据，来论证《禁酒法》之类的社会干涉行为是多么卓越。因为烈性饮料的经销商群体虽然很乐于人们酗酒，但必然会被要求保证这些烈性酒得到合理使用。然而，这些经销商若怂恿人们放

纵，便是真正犯下了恶行，因此，国家可正当地迫使他们接受管制、要求他们提交保证金；若非出于这一正当理由，国家的上述做法就是干涉了他们的合法自由。

接下来的问题是，虽然情况容许，但国家是否应当间接阻止它认为会违背施为者最佳利益的行为呢？例如，国家是否应采取措施，让导致人们喝醉的手段变得更加昂贵？或通过限制销售点的数量，使人们难以获得这些商品？与大部分其他现实问题一样，在这件事上，要进行多重区分。仅仅为了让人们更难以获得这些兴奋性饮料而对它们课税，这种措施与完全禁止只是在程度上有别而已，而且仅当它正当时它才会是正当的。对那些囊中羞涩、望价兴叹的人而言，每次提价都是一次禁令；而对那些钱包鼓胀、出得起价的人而言，提价是对他们满足自己某种特殊偏好的一种惩罚。在他们履行过自己对国家和对个人的法定与道德义务后，他们选择什么样的消遣方式、怎样花光收入的消费方式，都是他们的私事，必须由他们自主判断。乍看之下，这些意见似乎是在谴责那种为收税而把酒类作为特别课税对象的做法。但我们必须牢记：为财政目的而征税是绝对必要的；在绝大多数国家，这类税收之中相当大的部分必须是间接征收的；因此，国家不得不对人们使用某消费品的行为进行罚款。对某些人而言，这种罚款过于昂贵、承受不起。因此，国家在征税时有责任考虑，消费者最好不买哪些商品；更不容置疑的是，它有责任优先选择那些用量一旦超出某个适度数值，就肯定会产生危害的商品。于是，对酒类征收的税率高达能够带来最大数额财政收入的程度（假设国家需要酒税带来的全部税收），这不仅可以容许，而且应当赞许。

可否让销售这些商品变成一个或大或小的专属特权？这个问题必须根据限制手段所要服务的目的，来给出不同的回答。所有公共聚集地点都需要治安力量控制秩序，这类地方异常需要治安管理，是因为针对社会的罪行特别容易在那里产生。所以，恰当的做法就是：限制酒类商品

的销售权，只能卖给那些已知或已有人保证的行为得体的人（至少是当场饮用）；还要明文规定商家开门关门的具体营业时间，以便公众监督之需；如果某酒馆老板的纵容或无能导致此处反复发生违反治安事件，或如果该酒馆成为犯罪分子谋划和准备犯罪行为的集合地点，就要撤销其酒类销售许可证书。我想象不出，此外还有什么其他在原则上无可非议的限制手段。举例来说，为了增加人们获得酒类的难度、减少他们受到诱惑的机会这一明确目标，限制销售啤酒和烈性酒酒馆的数量，这种做法不仅会给全社会制造麻烦，而且仅适用于某种特定的社会状态。说它会制造麻烦是因为有些人会滥用这一点；在那种特定的社会状态下，劳动阶级被公然当作儿童或野蛮人加以对待，并被置于束缚式的教育之下，好把他们打造得适合在未来获准进入自由的特权。但是，任何自由国家在表面上都绝非照此原则来管理其劳动阶级；真正看重自由的人没有谁会支持劳动阶级受到这般统治，除非社会和国家已经竭尽各种努力，教给他们自由、把他们作为自由人来管理，但最终证明他们只能像儿童那样接受管控。这种对其他可能性的赤裸陈述表明，认为上述努力无论如何都已做出，这是多么荒谬的假定！我们就此讨论一下这个荒谬假定。正因为我国的体制与习俗是一团矛盾百出的乱麻，所以原本属于专制政府或所谓父权制政府体制下的事物找到机会溜进了我们的日常生活，而我国体制与习俗中的普遍自由使我们无法对其进行必要的适度管控，无法以道德教育形式对其实施任何卓有成效的限制措施。

前文已然指出，个人在仅仅关乎自身利益事物上的自由意味着，任何数量的个人群体能够通过相互协定，自由地管理与他们自己共同相关——与他们这一群体之外的别人无关——的事情。只要事情涉及的所有人的意志始终不变，这一相互协定、自我管理问题就不难解决。但众人的意志可能会改变，所以他们经常相互签订契约；一旦他们签订了契约，那么按照一般规则，他们就应遵守约定。不过，很可能在每个国家的法律中，这种一般规则都有某些例外情况：法律不仅要求签约双方信守那些侵犯了第三方权益的契约，而且还会以某契约也会伤害双方当事

人的自身利益为充分理由，解除他们的约定关系。例如，在英国和其他大多数文明国家，若某份契约规定一人将自己或允许他人将他卖作奴隶，那么这就是一份无效契约，不会受到法律或舆论的强制执行。为什么如此限制自愿卖掉自己一生命运的权力呢？其原因不言而喻，在此极端情况下清清楚楚地展现在了人们面前：人们之所以不干涉某人的自愿行为，若非为了别人的利益，就是为了尊重个人自由。他的自主选择证明：他所选择的事物对他来说是理想之物，或至少是可以忍受之物；允许他采用自己的方法追求该事物，总体而言，就是最充分地保障了他的利益。然而，将自身卖作奴隶时，就是放弃了他的个人自由；此举之后，他完全放弃了对个人自由的任何使用权。这样一来，他就在自己的案例中违背了自己的本意，而他的本意恰恰就是证明允许他卖掉自己是正当做法的理据。他失去了自由，此后就处于一种他若自愿停留其中就会如愿以偿的状态，而这种状态是无法再做出自主自利的假定的。个人自由原则不可能规定，他可以自由地决定自己要失去自由。为同意他放弃自己的自由，而批准给他的并不是自由。上述原因的巨大力量在此特异个案中得到了十分醒目的展现。显而易见，这些原因有着更为广阔的应用范围。但种种生活必然性处处都给它们设下了界限，并不断对我们提出要求：不是要求我们必须真的放弃个人自由，而是要求我们同意那卡在了我们个人自由两端的限界。可是，前述准则之一要求，个人在仅仅涉及他们自己的所有活动中都拥有无限的自由；这条原则规定意味着：那些被仅涉及当事双方、无干第三方的事物协定密切联系在一起的人，应当能够互相解除对方的契约义务。甚至可以说，如果没有这种自发的解除义务行为，或许根本就没有契约或约定，但与钱财或钱财价值有关的契约除外。对于与钱财有关的契约，人们敢说，根本就不应当有任何撤销的自由。威廉·冯·洪堡男爵在我前文曾引用过的那篇文章中说道：他确信，关于人际关系或个人服务的协定，超出一定时限之后，应当不再具有法律约束力；这类协定中最重要的就是婚姻；婚姻的特殊之处是，若夫妻双方不能琴瑟和谐，那么双方都会十分沮丧；因此，解除

婚姻的要求只有一条——夫妻之任一方宣布其离婚意愿即可。婚姻这个话题过于重要，也过于复杂，本文无法附带论及，所以我只是出于例证之需，在此略提几句。洪堡男爵的宏论若非极其简洁概括，使他在此论题上满足于不谈前提就直接阐明结论，那么他肯定已经意识到，这个问题不可能根据他所宣称的那类简单理由而获得解决。倘若某人的明确承诺或成功行为促使另一人相信，他会继续按某一方式行动——使对方建立起对他的期望和估计，并根据这一预测冒险制定了其人生计划的任何部分——他就向对方担负起了一系列新的道德义务。对于那些新的道德义务，他虽然可以拒绝，但是却无法忽视。同理，如果订约双方的关系产生了影响到他人的结果，如果双方关系使第三方处于某种特殊位置，或者像上述婚姻案例中那样，甚至导致产生了第三方，那么订约双方便都对这些处于第三方状态的人负有新的义务。要履行这些新义务，或总之要采取什么履行方式，都必然受到当初订约双方的关系仍然存续或已经中断这一状态的剧烈影响。这并不意味着，且我也不承认，这些新义务甚至包括，要求订约双方为了被动卷入的第三方的福祉，不惜一切代价地履行契约。但这些新增义务是整个问题中无法回避的因素。即便像冯·洪堡所称，它们对订约双方解除契约的合法自由毫无影响（我也同意，它们不应当造成很大影响），但必然会对其道义自由造成重大影响。人在决定采取某个可能影响到他人重大利益的步骤之前，必须要通盘考虑全部情况；倘若他不能正确地重视他人的重大利益，就已经在道义上犯了错误，而应负相应责任。这些观点浅显明白，我在此论述它们，是为了更清晰地说明个人自由这一普遍原则，而并非因为它们对婚姻问题不可或缺。可实际情况与此恰恰相反，在通常对婚姻问题的讨论中，似乎孩子的利益便是全部，而父母的利益无关紧要。

我已注意到，由于缺乏任何公认的一般原则，在本应给予自由的场合反倒经常拒不准许自由；在本应拒绝自由的场合反倒经常给予自由。在当今欧洲世界的很多事实中，自由之情十分强烈。其中一例在我看来，是完全错误地寄托了这种沸腾的自由之情。在仅关乎个人的事物

上，人应当能够自由地依愿行事；但当代表别人时，就不应借口别人的事务就是他本人的事务而随心所欲。国家一方面尊重每个人在私人事务中的个人自由，另一方面也必须警惕地保持对他运用自由的管控，以防其利用个人自由获得凌驾于他人之上的权力，并对他们为所欲为。但是，在家庭关系上，国家的这项责任几乎被彻底漠视了。家庭直接影响着人类的福祉，它的重要性超过其他一切影响因素之和。本文不需详述丈夫对妻子近乎暴君式的专横权力；为彻底消除这种罪恶，唯一要做的是让妻子拥有与所有他人同样的权利、获得与法律给予所有他人的同样方式的保护。因为，在这个问题上，既定不公习俗的拥护者们根本不肯采纳我们对自由的辩解，而是作为强权的捍卫者公然站了出来。正是在涉及孩子们的案件中，各种被滥用的自由观念构成了阻止国家履行其职责的真正障碍。人们几乎会认为：一个男人的儿女应该是他的一部分——这不是比喻，而是实实在在的看法——所以，他对他们拥有绝对的、独享的支配权；法律只能在最低限度上实施对这种父权的干涉。这种见解实在是太谨慎了，几乎比所有干涉他自身行为自由的意见都更加慎重——在大多数人心目中，权力比自由重要得多。例如，想想教育这件事吧。国家应该要求和强制所有生而为其公民的人接受达到某种程度的教育，这难道不是自明之理吗？然而，有谁毫不畏惧地认识到并坚决提出了这一真理呢？事实上，没有谁会否认，父母（或者，按照法律和习俗的观点，父亲）在把一个人带到这个世界中来之后，其最神圣的责任之一就是给予他某种教育，使他能够在生活中为别人和自己扮演好他的角色。然而，尽管人们一致公认这是为父者的责任，但我国几乎谁都不忍听到某个父亲被迫履行该责任的传闻。没有人要求他为了让孩子接受教育而费尽心力或做出牺牲；恰恰相反，教育是免费提供的，他只需选择接受与否！人们尚未认识到的是：若既无能力为孩子的肉体存活和成长提供食物，又无能力为孩子的心智存在和发展提供教导和训练，在这种黯淡的前景下生育孩子，就是对那个不幸的孩子和对社会的道德犯罪；倘若那个做父亲的没有履行其责任，国家就应在尽量由该父亲承担

全部费用的情况下，确保这一责任得到履行。

一旦人们接受了国家强制实施普及教育的职责，那么国家该教授什么内容、以什么方式教授等纷争便会终止；而如今的争执已把教育问题变成了一个诸党众派较量的战场，致使那本应花在教育上的时间与精力，都浪费在了围绕教育发生的争吵上面。倘若国家肯下定决心，要求所有儿童都受到良好教育，那么它就可能省掉了提供教育的麻烦。国家可允许父母在他们满意的地方、以他们满意的方式让孩子获得教育；国家自己则满足于帮助贫困儿童缴纳学费，支付那些无其他收入来源孩子们的全部学杂费用。那些合理反对国家教育的主张，并没有请求国家强制推行教育，而是请求它主动承担指导教育的责任，二者完全不同。我同任何人一样，坚决反对“应把全部或任意大部分的教育民众权交到国家手里”的意见。前文就保持个人特征、观点多元和行为方式多样之重要性所讲的一切，实则也包括教育多样化那难以言传的同等的重要性。普及性国家教育完全是一种把民众塑造成如出一辙的人为手段。用来塑造他们的铸模是政府中的主导势力——无论它是某个君主、某个神职人员集团、某个贵族阶层，还是当代人中的大多数——感到满意的形态，所以这个铸模越有效、越成功，那主导势力就越高兴。这样，政府中的主导势力就会确立对心灵的专制统治，继而自然而然地建立起对肉体的专制统治。国家创建并控制的教育倘若果真存在，也只能作为一种试验，与许多相互竞争的试验共存，为了起到范例和激励作用而坚持进行，以便使其他教育试验达到某种优秀标准。事实上，除非全社会普遍处于某种落后状态，不能或不愿为自己提供任何适当的教育机构，否则，政府就不能承担该任务；确实，直到那时，政府作为两大祸患之中的较轻者，才能主动承担起创办中小学校和大学的责任，就像该国在尚未产生适合承担重大工业业务的私营企业形态时，政府才能主动接过创办和经营股份公司的任务。但一般而言，如果该国存在数量足够的合格人才，能够在政府主持下提供教育，那么他们就会有能力、有意愿，在义务教育法为其提供工资保障、国家帮助贫困生支付所有开销的条件

下，提供同样优质的义务制教育。

强制实施义务制教育法律的手段非统考莫属。所有儿童都要在很小时参加这些统考。可以规定每名儿童必须在几岁参加考试，以查明他（或她）是否识字。如果考试结果表明某个儿童不识字，那么其父亲就要被处以适量的罚款，必要时让他以工代罚，以便为该儿童接受学校教育付费。统考每年都要举办一次，考试科目逐步增多，考查范围逐步扩大，以便儿童普遍学习和记住某种最低限度的一般知识——实际上即必须掌握的知识。在那一最低限度之外，所有科目还应有各科的自愿考试，凡是能达到某种水平标准的考生，都可以获得一个合格证书。为防止国家通过这些安排不正当地影响舆论，应当把通过某项考试所需的知识范围（即语言及其用法之类工具性知识之外的知识）完全限定为事实类和实证科学类知识，即便那些等级较高的考试也是如此。对宗教、政治和其他有争议话题的考查内容不应是判断各种观点的正误，而应是事实本身，例如，某作者、某学派或某教派根据某理由提出了某论点。在这种制度下，关于所有存在争议的事实，年轻一代面临的窘境就不会比如今这代更糟。他们将与现在一样，被培养成为牧师或持异议者；国家仅需确保他们是有教养的牧师，或有教养的持异议者。如果他们的父母决定让他们学习宗教，那么他们就可以在教授其他知识的同一所学校里，不受任何妨碍地学习宗教。国家若试图影响其公民对有争议问题的结论，就是犯罪；但它可以非常正当地帮助查清和证明，某人具备任一值得关注问题的相关必要知识，能够得出自己的结论。学习哲学的学生不论更赞同洛克[54]还是更赞同康德[55]，或哪位都不赞成，若他有能力通过考查二人学说的考试，就是优秀的学生。若考查一个无神论者学生关于基督教的征兆问题，而不要求他宣称相信那些迹象，则通达事理的人都不会反对此项考试。但我认为，在较高知识分支领域的考试应该是完全自愿的。倘若允许政府阻止任何人从事许多职业，甚至允许它能以不够资格为借口，拒绝任何人从事教师职业，就是把一种极为危险的权力交给了政府。我同威廉·冯·洪堡一样认为：所有参加考试并通过了测

验的人，都应该获得学位或其他公开表明持有者具备了科学或职业技能的证书；但是，除了舆论可能对其证明价值的推崇之外，这些文凭不应给予其持有者任何超过竞争对手的优势。

定位不当的自由概念使人们既认识不到父母对孩子应负的道德义务，也无法强制他们负起对孩子的法律责任，这种情况不仅仅出现于教育问题当中。无论何处，只要一直存在着前一问题最为顽固的基础，它也就经常会成为后一问题坚不可摧的根据。导致一个人生存于世这一事情本身，乃是人类生活当中责任最为重大的行为之一。担负起这一责任——把一个或祸端或福分的生命赋予某个生物——乃是对那个生物犯罪，除非那个被赋予生命的生物即将拥有至少是很普通的获得良好生存条件的机会。在一个人口已经过剩或者即将过剩的国家，生育儿女的数量若超过某个很小的数值，且其生存竞争导致了工资减少的后果，那么超额生育便是对那些靠工资过活的劳动者犯下了严重罪行。许多欧陆国家的法律规定，若当事人不能证明他们有能力养活一个家庭，那么他们就不能结婚。这些法规并没有超出国家的合法权力范畴，不论它们是否得当（这个问题主要取决于当地的具体情况和人们的感受），都没有令人厌恶地触犯个人自由。这些法规是国家为禁止某种恶行而采取的干预措施，因为该行为会伤害他人，应当受到谴责，并背负社会耻辱，即便人们认为并不适合对其追加法律惩罚方法。可是，当前人们对自由的看法虽然很容易屈从于外界对私人事务中个人自由的真实侵犯，却会成功抵制试图约束个人之偏好的限制手段——倘若此人沉迷嗜好的后果是一代或几代儿孙在悲惨、堕落的生活中饱受煎熬，并影响到与他过从甚密的亲友的生活，令他们蒙受多种灾祸。人类对自由充满了多么奇怪的敬意！他们对自由又是多么奇怪地缺乏尊重！当我们把这两种现象相比时，可伴以这样的想象：某人拥有伤害他人的绝对必要权利，却丝毫无权在不给他人造成痛苦的情况下取悦自己。

我把一大类关于政府干涉之限度的问题留待最后讨论，是因为它们

虽然与本文论题密切相关，但在严格意义上，却不属于本文范畴。在这类问题中，反对政府干涉的理由与自由原则无关；问题的核心不是限制人们的行动，而是要帮助他们；问题的内容是政府是否应当主动或被动地为他们的利益做某事，而不是让他们自己或自发组织起来去完成某事。

许多政府干涉行为尚未达到侵犯个人自由的程度。这时，对其干涉行为的反对意见可以分为三类。

第一类，个人很可能会比政府更好地完成目标事项的情况。一般而言，无人能够比那些本身非常感兴趣的人更胜任某个行业的事务，或更善于判断该怎样或由谁来执行该事务。这一原理表明，立法机关或政府官员曾普遍干预产业界常规作业进程，那是错误的做法。但问题的这一方面已经被政治经济学家们非常充分地阐述清楚了，并且与本文探讨的自由原则没有特殊关联。

第二类反对意见与本文主题关联度更大一些。在许多情况下，虽然人们做某件特定事情的能力平均而言并不如政府官员强，但值得让他们去尝试，而不交由政府完成。这是一种他们教育自己心智的方法，借此方法，他们能够加强其实践才能、锻炼其判断力、通晓摆在其面前的问题。这就是参加陪审团审案（非政治性案件）、自由的公共地方机构和市政机构、民间志愿社团经营的工业企业和慈善事业的可取之处。这些都不是自由问题，而仅在趋势上与自由有着间接关系；但它们都是发展问题。本文受主题所限，不便对这些属于国民教育范畴的事情详加讨论。实际上，这些事情是对公民的专门培训，是对自由民众的政治教育中的实践部分。这些手段能使他们跳出个人与家庭私利的狭小圈子，逐渐领悟到共同利益的意义和共同事业的经营——使他们习惯于根据公共性或半公共性的动机采取行动，并用使其团结一心而非分崩离析的目标指引他们的行为。若不形成这些习惯和力量，自由宪法将既无法得以实

施，也无从得到保护。有些国家的政治自由过于经常地转瞬即逝，就是典型的例子。其原因就在于，这些国家的政治自由并不是以各种局部自由为充分基础建立起来的。正如前文所述，发展的个性化和行为方式的多样化会产生众多益处。这些益处充分表明：由各地管理其完全地方性的事务，由自愿提供资金的人联合管理各大工业企业，都是极为可取的做法。各国的政府工作都大同小异。而若让个人和民间志愿社团参与进来，就会出现形形色色的试验，获得无限多样的经验。国家所能做的有用之事，就是让自己成为一个中心仓库兼敏捷的循环器和扩散器，储存、流通和扩散从大量试验中获得的经验。国家的任务不是仅仅容忍自己的试验，而是帮助每个试验者从其他人的试验中获益。

第三类，也是反对者限制政府干涉的最令人信服的理由，就是多余地增加它自身的权力。这是政府的重大罪行。除了政府的现有功能之外，继续为其增加的每项功能，都会大幅扩散政府对人们种种希望和恐惧的影响，并越来越多地把公众中的积极分子和野心家变成政府的攀附者，或某个志在组阁的政党的攀附者。如果各公路、各铁路、各银行、各保险公司、各大股份公司、各大学、各慈善机构都成为政府的分支；此外，如果各地市政当局、各地方董事会接受了下放给他们的责权利，成为中央行政机关的部门；如果所有这些不同单位的员工都由政府任命和发薪，指望政府给予他们每次升职机会；那么，即便有着完整的出版自由，即便立法机构由平民组成，也不都能使英国或任何其他国家获得真正的自由，而非名义上的自由。行政机构的构造越高效、越科学——它为自身获取能力最强的专业人才和领袖人物所做的安排越巧妙——它所产生的罪恶就越严重。在英国，最近有人提议，政府文职部门的所有人员都应当通过竞争性考试选拔，以便为那些岗位获得才智最超群、教养最良好的可得人才。对此提议，人们或口头或书面地表达了大量的赞成意见和反对意见。反对者们强调最多的论据之一是，终生从事国家公务员的工作，并不能提供获取足够高薪水、居足够高职位的光明前景，所以难以吸引顶尖人才；顶级人才总是能够在那些专业性很强的职业或

公司及其他公共机构中找到更具吸引力的毕生事业。如果这条证据被提议者们用来回答针对其提议的诘难，谁都不会感到奇怪；可令人称奇的是，这条证据竟然来自反对者一边。有条被竭力主张的反对意见是：这套选拔考试体制的安全阀是什么？确实，倘若一个国家的全部高素质人才都能够被吸引到政府公务员队伍中，那么旨在产生此种结果的提议很可能会令人焦虑不安。社会事业需要有条不紊、同心协力的团队，或视野开阔、考虑周全的人才，倘若这项事业的方方面面都掌握在政府手里，倘若所有的政府岗位都让最有才干的人占据，那么本国所有的开明教养和熟练天才都会集中在无数的官僚身上。社会的其他成员只能从他们那里寻求一切：群众向他们寻求执行各种任务的指示和命令；有才干有志向的人向他们寻求个人晋升的机会。获准进入这个官僚体制，并在成为其中一员后青云直上，就成为人们雄心壮志中的唯一目标。在这种体制下，不仅外部民众因缺乏实践经验而无法恰切地批判或制止整个官僚机构的运转模式，而且即便专制机构的意外事件或平民机构的正常工作偶尔把一个或一群具有改革意向的统治者推上了权力之巅，也不会产生任何违反官僚集团利益的改革。这就是俄罗斯帝国的悲惨境况，那些拥有充分条件的观察者就是这样描述它的。沙皇自己根本无法对抗整个官僚集团；他能够把他们中的任何人流放到西伯利亚，却不能抛开他们或违背他们的意愿，独自统治国家。对于他的任何命令，他们都心照不宣地默然否决——他们只需毫不作为、不加执行就够了。在文明程度更高、造反精神更强的国家，民众已经习惯了等待国家为他们做好一切，或至少是：国家若不请求他们做某事，甚至虽然请求过但没有告诉他们如何做，他们就不会为自己做此事。这些国家的民众自然而然地相信，国家应该对所有发生在他们身上的坏事负责；倘若那些坏事令他们忍无可忍，他们就会起而反抗政府，造成可谓革命的事件。于是，统治者之外的某个人，不论有否得到全国民众认可的合法权威，就会跃上统治者的宝座，向官僚集团发号施令，一切又像从前那样运转起来。官僚集团依然如故，外来者谁都无法取而代之。

在一个惯于自己办理所有事务的民族中，会发现一派迥异景象。在法国，大多数民众都服过兵役，其中许多人至少获得过军士军衔；所以每次民众起义中都会有一群干将带头，当场制定出某项不错的行动计划。正如法国人在军事上富有才干，美国人在所有种类的国家事务上都极富才干。倘若美国人没有政府，任何美国人团体都能当场组成一个政府，机智灵活、条理井然、坚决果断地继续进行面前那项或其他的公共事务。他们是所有自由民族应该学习的榜样，能够这样做的民族定然是自由的民族；自由的民众绝不容许自己受到任何人或任何组织的奴役，因为他们足以掌握和驾驭中枢行政机构。哪个官僚集团都无法希望让这样的民众执行或忍受他们不喜欢的任何事情。但是，不论哪个国家，只要凡事都得通过官僚机构实行，那么对官僚集团不利的任何事情都根本无法实行。这类国家的宪法是一种组织，它把全体国民的经验和实践能力组织起来，交给一个训练有素的团体，让他们来控制其他民众。那个组织自身越完备，越能成功地从全社会所有阶层中为自己吸引和训练最有才干的人员，它就越彻底地奴役着全体国民——包括官僚集团的所有成员。这是因为，统治者是自己组织和纪律的奴隶，正如被统治者是统治者的奴隶。中国的政府高官同其最低贱的农民一样，都是专制制度的工具和产物。单个的耶稣会士是修会中极度卑微的奴隶，虽然修会自身因其所有成员的集体力量和名望而存在[56]。

而且，我们不能忘记，将全国之主要干才集中于管理团体，早晚会毁灭该团体自身的精神动力和先进性质。这个被聚集在一起的群体——他们操纵着一个系统，而那个系统像所有系统一样，必须在很大程度上按固定的规则运行——这个官员团体一直处于这些诱惑之下：沉沦到懒散的常规日程之中消磨时光；或者，如果他们时而丢开那种拉磨马儿转不完的磨坊路，能有某个领导者突发奇想，带领团队不经思考地率直行动。对这两种乍看相反、实则紧密相联的倾向，唯一的制约手段，同时也是能够保持团队自身能力处于很高水平的唯一激励因素，就是向来自本团体之外、与其能力旗鼓相当的警示与批判负责。因此，必须要存在

某种独立于政府的手段，以塑造这一能力，为之提供机会和经验，使之对各种重大的实践性事务做出正确判断。倘若我们能永远拥有一个老练、高效的官吏团体——它首先是一个有能力主动进步、有意愿采纳改良措施的团体，如果我们不希望我们的官僚机构堕落为一个迂腐的学究统治集团，就必须禁止这个群体垄断所有能够塑造和培养治理人类所需的各种才能的职业。

社会在其公认领袖人物的指挥下，凝心聚力，全力铲除阻挠社会福祉的障碍。威胁着人类自由和进步的种种可怕罪恶到底从何而起？或曰，它们从何时开始超过了社会运用其力量时伴生的益处呢？怎样确定这一时刻，怎样既尽可能多地获得权力和智力集中的种种好处，又防止过多的社会活动转入政府渠道，乃是管理艺术中最困难、最复杂的问题之一。在很大程度上，这是个细节问题，在处理这个问题时，有很多不同的因素必须要加以考虑，而且无法制定绝对的规则。但我相信，包含着安全的实践原则、需要牢记的理想目标、用来检验为克服困难而做出的所有部署的标准，都可以在下列语句中得到表达：为实现高效率而最大限度地分权，但要尽最大可能地集中情报并从中心传播出去。因此，在内政方面，需要像新英格兰各州那样，在各地选出的不同政府官员之间进行极为精细的分工，让他们负责所有不适合由直接利益相关者管理的事务；但除此之外，在各个地方事务部门中还要设立一个监管中心，构成政府整体中的一个分支。这个监管机构会如同聚焦一般把各种情报和经验汇集到一起：有的来自各地的公共事务部门，有的来自与外国做法相似的一切，有的来自政治学的一般原则。该中枢机构应该有权了解所发生的一切事情，其特殊职责应该是令一个地区获得的消息能为其他地区所知晓。居高临下的地位和全方位的观察视角使此中枢监管机构摆脱了地方性的琐碎偏见和狭隘视野，所以其建议应该自然而然地权威可靠。但我觉得，它作为一个常设机构，只能强制地方官员服从那些为指引他们而制定的法律，这就是它实际权力应到达的极限。对于普遍性法规之外的事物，应该允许那些官员自主裁量，对他们的选民负责；他们

若违反法规，就应受到法律的制裁——那些法规本身应该由立法机构制定。中枢监管部门只负责监管这些法规的执行情况；倘若它们未能得以正确实施，该部门就要根据案件性质，诉请特别法庭秉公执法，或诉请选民们罢免那些歪曲法律精神、滥权执法的官吏。这就是英国成立济贫法事务局，从而对全国收取贫民救济税的行政官吏实行中央监管的总体构想。在那个特殊案件中，无论该事务局越界使用了什么权力，都是正当、必要的；因为它必须要彻底消除弊政之根深蒂固的种种陋习——很多不仅深刻影响着各个地区，而且影响着全英国的事务都深受其荼毒。在道德上，哪个地方都没有权利用错误的管理方式在本地筑起一个贫穷的温床，并不可避免地让贫穷蔓延到其他地方，损害整个劳工群体的道德与身体状态。济贫法事务局拥有行政强制权和从属立法权（但这些权力因受到了舆论对此问题的看法态势影响，几乎没有使用过），虽然用在某桩引发全国高度关注的案件中完全正当合理，但若用在对纯属地方利益的监管中，则是完全失当。然而，一个为所有地区提供情报和指示的中央机构，对所有行政部门而言都同样是宝贵的。那类不会妨碍个人的努力与发展，而会帮助和激励其努力与发展的活动，政府不能举办太多。一旦政府不是唤起个人和团体的自发活动与自身力量，而是代之以它自己的活动；一旦它不用影响、规劝手段或在必要时用谴责手段使他们劳作，而是让他们戴着枷锁劳作，或命令他们退到一边，替他们完成工作；这时危害就会出现。长远看，国家的价值就是其所有成员个人价值的总和。一个国家若将拓展和提升国民心智的利益置于次要位置，却把行政技能或体现在烦琐事务中的类似实践技能这类细枝末节放在首位；一个国家若为使国民变成自己手中更温驯的工具——即便出于对他们有利的目的——而阻遏他们成长；那么它将会发觉：这群卑微弱小的国民令它无法真正成就任何伟大的事业；而它牺牲一切建造得尽善尽美的政府机制，到头来毫无益处；因为那个机制完全没有生命力——为了让它运转得更加平稳，国家已经根除了这一关键要素。

[1]阿克巴大帝（Akbar，1543—1605）：印度莫卧儿王朝最伟大的皇帝（1556—1605在位），也是印度历史上的伟大帝王之一。他征服了北印度地区，建立了幅员辽阔的帝国，并推行灵活务实的内政外交政策，包括宗教宽容政策。——译者注

[2]查理大帝（Charlemagne，742—814）：也称作查里曼、查里大帝、卡尔大帝，法兰克王国加洛林王朝国王（768—814年在位），800年由教皇利奥三世加冕于罗马，成为神圣罗马帝国第一任皇帝（一说962年加冕的德意志国王、萨克森王朝的奥托一世是神圣罗马帝国第一任皇帝）。他于中世纪早期统一了西欧大部分地区，为现代的法、德两国奠定了基础，享有“欧洲之父”的美誉。他在帝国的经济、行政、军事、文教、宗教等方面都建树卓越。——译者注

[3]奥古斯特·孔德（Auguste Comte，1798—1857）：法国哲学家，社会学、实证主义的创始人，著有《实证哲学教程》《实证主义概论》《实证政治体系》等，被后人尊为“社会学之父”。——译者注

[4]我正待写出这些文字时，就出现了1858年的政府控告出版物事件（指1858年后半年，法国政府控告并审讯查尔斯·蒙塔朗贝尔伯爵事件。事情的起因是蒙塔朗贝尔伯爵写了一篇名为《在英国议会辩论印度问题》的文章。法国政府认为，该文中的某些段落“富有煽动性地批判了现任政府”。——译者注），似乎是要故意高调反驳我似的。然而，那场对公共言论自由的轻率干涉并未促使我更改本文中的片言只语，也丝毫没有削弱我的信念。我坚信，除了恐慌时期之外，我国用痛苦和惩罚对付政治言论的时代已经结束。这是因为，首先，那些控告并未顽固坚持下去；第二，它们也并不是严格意义上的政治控告。1858年事件中被指控的罪行并非抨击某些机构，或抨击当政者们的行为或人身，而是传播一种被认为不道德的学说——诛杀暴君是合法的。
倘若本章的探讨正当合理，那么作为道德信念，就应该存在最充分的表达和讨论任何学说的自由，无论别人认为该学说如何悖德。因此，诛杀暴君的学说是否悖德与本文无关，不宜在此加以考察。我将满足于声称，该问题始终是诸未决道德问题之一；满足于说明，若某罪犯通过凌驾于法律之上而使自己免于法律惩罚或管制，那么，在所有民族的心目中，在人类一些睿智的佼佼者心目中，某公民个人击毙该罪犯的行为历来都不是罪行，而是高尚的德行；满足于表明，此事不论对错，都不属于暗杀性质，而属内战性质。同样，我认为，在某具体案件中，可以惩罚煽动刺杀行为，但前提是随后出现了实际刺杀行动，并且该行动与煽动行为之间至少可以建立起可能性较大的联系。即便如此，也要由遭到攻击的政府本身，而不是某个外国政府，来进行自卫，依法惩处那些企图颠覆它的袭击行为。

[5]封圣（canonization）：指天主教会、东正教会和英国国教宣布某个已故教徒为圣徒的行为。——译者注

[6]各各他（Calvary）：据基督教《圣经》称，各各他是耶路撒冷城墙外一个形似骷髅的小山的名字，因此又译骷髅地；耶稣在此被钉死在十字架上。——译者注

[7]据《马太福音》第26章记载：耶稣被带到大祭司该亚法那里去当众受审。大祭司该亚法要求耶稣当着永生神起誓告诉人们，他是神子基督。耶稣承认这一点后，说：然而我告诉你们，后

来你们要看见人子坐在那权能者的右边，驾着天上的云降临。听到此言，该亚法就撕开衣服，说耶稣说了亵渎神灵的话，诱请在场的人要求处死他。＜br/＞在普通犹太人当中，在听到噩耗或令人惊悚的事情时，常常要撕裂衣服，露出胸口，表示悲痛、惊恐或义愤。但是，根据《利未记》，祭司不许执行这一风俗。无论在任何情形之下，祭司都不可撕裂自己的衣服。头上倒过膏油、受过圣职、穿了金色圣衣的大祭司尤其要严守这一规定，不可蓬头散发、不许撕裂衣服，也不可挨近尸体等不洁之物，哪怕是他父母的尸体。这是因为，他的穿戴、态度、言语和精神，都要完全无瑕，象征上帝的圣洁、荣耀和完全。大祭司若敢撕裂衣服或穿着撕裂的衣服执行圣职，就是损毁上帝的象征，丧失了代表上帝的身份，必然要被判死刑。——译者注

[8]耶稣死后，作为异教徒的基督教徒曾惨遭迫害。本来笃信犹太教的圣保罗在基督教形成初期，激烈反对这种新宗教，并积极参加迫害活动，力图消灭它。但在去大马士革的一次旅途中，他受到耶稣显灵的感化，从此改变信仰，变成了基督教最有力的支持者和最早的传教者。他的传教足迹遍布1世纪时罗马帝国东部的古希腊、小亚细亚、叙利亚和巴勒斯坦等地区，说服了大量的非犹太人，并在欧洲和小亚细亚建立了多个教会团体。另外，传统上认为，《新约》27部书中，有14部都是保罗所作。因此他对基督教思想的影响十分巨大。——译者注

[9]马可·奥勒留·安东尼努斯（Marcus Aurelius Antoninus，121—180）是古罗马帝国安东尼王朝皇帝（161—180在位）。他从小受到了良好的教育，温和宽厚、学识渊博、为政勤勉、公正开明，富有军事天才但又热爱和平，是西方历史上的著名贤君、斯多亚派哲学家，他用希腊文写成的《沉思录》为传世名作。奥勒留在位期间，迫害基督徒案件的数量和严重程度都有显著增加。——译者注

[10]康斯坦丁大帝（Constantine，272—337）是第一位信仰基督教的罗马皇帝。在他的政策鼓励下，基督教迅速发展壮长为主导欧洲的宗教。——译者注

[11]约翰逊博士即萨缪尔·约翰逊（Samuel Johnson，1709—1784），英国诗人、作家、道德家、编辑、词典编纂家，对英国文学贡献巨大。——译者注

[12]披麻蒙灰指身披麻衣或麻布，洒满灰烬，表示自己如同尘芥一般卑微。基督教《圣经》中多次记载人们披麻蒙灰、禁食祈祷，进行忏悔。——译者注

[13]洛克里斯人（Locrians）是生活在古希腊中部地区的一个希腊部族。洛克里斯人扎莱乌库斯设计出了第一部希腊成文法典，称为《洛克里斯法典》。——译者注

[14]路德指马丁·路德（1483—1546），德国人，16世纪欧洲宗教改革倡导者，基督教新教路德宗创始人。——译者注

[15]布雷西亚的阿诺德（Arnold of Brescia，1090—1155）是意大利伦巴第地区的基督教神职人员。他呼吁教会改革，放弃财产权，倡导苦修。他的影响巨大，几度遭教皇流放。1143年回到罗马后，他参加了罗马公社（1144—1193），热情洋溢地站在民众一边，迅速成为公社的智力领袖，疾呼自由和民主权利。他与几任教皇的斗争互有胜负，但最终于1155年被抓，被教廷当

作叛徒审判，处以绞刑后又遭焚尸。教廷憎恨他在民间和低层神职人员中的威望和美名，把他的骨灰抛进台伯河，以免他的墓地成为殉道圣地而受到敬仰。——译者注

[16]多尔齐诺（Fra Dolcino，1250—1307）是意大利的激进基督教牧师，反对教阶制度和封建体制，提倡教会回归谦卑和贫穷的原始典范，提倡人类的完全解放，创建彻底平等、互助互尊的共产社会组织。他曾领导一群激进改革者对抗教会。十字军抓住他后处死了他。——译者注

[17]萨沃纳罗拉（Girolamo Savonarola，1452—1498）意大利文艺复兴时期佛罗伦萨多明我会的修道士和牧师。他预言了佛罗伦萨的壮美革新、世俗艺术和文化的毁灭，批判教士阶级的腐化，呼吁基督教的重建，谴责专制统治以及富人对穷人的剥削。他获得了佛罗伦萨民众的敬重和梵蒂冈的仇恨。1498年，萨沃纳罗拉和另两位教友被囚禁，遭到折磨，被教会和市政当局处以绞刑和火刑。他们的骨灰被抛入了亚诺河。——译者注

[18]阿尔比教派（The Albigeois）：阿尔比是法国南部的一个城市，从主教座堂发展而来。12—13世纪，活跃于西欧的一个中世纪基督教派别卡特里派（又译清洁派）传入阿尔比城，因此又称阿尔比派。他们是二元论者，认为精神世界属于善神，包括肉体在内的物质世界属于恶神。善恶两神不断斗争。他们认为，地上的一切事物都是朽坏的、恶的，耶稣、圣灵都不是神，而是受造的事物；连教会和教界都与物质世界沆瀣一气，所以反对教阶制度、神职人员财产权和天主教圣礼。他们还反对杀生、婚姻、战争和死刑，主张完全素食、禁欲和脱离轮回。教会对这一派深恶痛绝，宣布他们为异端。1209年，教皇英诺森三世发起了一场阿尔比圣战，历时20年，重创了阿尔比教派。1234年，宗教裁判所创立，对不肯悔改的阿尔比派信徒实施背负十字架朝圣、囚禁和火刑等种种惩罚手段。几十年的武力镇压、强迫改宗、典籍毁灭和组织破坏，使该教派式微，进入14世纪后，则逐渐消亡。——译者注

[19]韦尔多派（The Vaudois或The Waldensians）是1170年代晚期出现于里昂的一个教派。其创始人彼得·韦尔多本是里昂一个有学问的富商，在1160年前后经历的系列事件使他成为一个激进基督徒。他把自己的财产分给了家人和穷人，开始了使徒式的清贫余生。他专心传道和钻研《圣经》，为了让不懂拉丁语的普通人懂得基督教《圣经》，他资助把《福音书》等书籍翻译成当地人使用的普罗旺斯语。他吸引了大批的平民信徒，但他以平民信徒身份传道和破坏教会规矩翻译经书等行为很快招致了罗马天主教会的不满。1215年，教会宣布韦尔多派为异端，开始大肆迫害他们。1229年，十字军结束了讨伐阿尔比派的战争之后，开始攻击韦尔多教派。宗教裁判所也迅速加入进来，严惩他们。韦尔多派活动转入地下，许多信徒逃到了普罗旺斯地区和意大利。到了16世纪，他们加入了新教运动，开始公开活动，却屡遭屠杀和镇压。其中最惨烈的就是1545年的普罗旺斯地区梅兰多村大屠杀（The Massacre of Mérindol）。17世纪时几乎灭绝。——译者注

[20]罗拉德派（The Lollards）又称威克利夫派，是14世纪中期至16世纪英国宗教改革期间发生于英国的一个政治和宗教运动。创始人约翰·威克利夫是著名神学家，就读并随后任教于牛津大学，他学识渊博，影响极大，1369年起任英王的神父，后兼任教区长、皇家神学顾问等职。1376年，他反对教会和教皇的腐化，提倡回归《圣经》本身，主张各国教会应隶属于本国国

王，而遭到教皇的谴责逮捕与坎特伯雷大主教的通缉。他1381年被逐出牛津大学。威克利夫及其在牛津大学的同事们形成了第一批罗拉德派，他们不顾坎特伯雷大主教的威迫继续扩张，把基督教《圣经》译成了英文。1399年，亨利四世继位，他伙同教廷一起禁止私人翻译或拥有《圣经》，称违反者将作为异端被施以火刑，开始了对罗拉德派的镇压。在严厉惩罚措施的压迫下，15世纪早期，罗拉德派被迫转入地下。14至15世纪，英国多次处死罗拉德派信徒。高压之下，罗拉德派渐趋式微，最终并入新教教派。——译者注

[21]胡斯派是14至15世纪之交出现在捷克的宗教改革运动。其先行者扬·胡斯（约1369—1415）是捷克宗教改革者，继约翰·威克利夫之后的著名宗教改革理论家，对新教影响巨大。康斯坦茨宗教会议将胡斯诱骗到了康斯坦茨，宣判他为异端并处以火刑。捷克的胡斯派信徒视此为国耻，随后发动了胡斯战争（1419—约1434），针对教廷进行宗教和政治斗争。1434年，战争结束，胡斯派同意服从波西米亚国王和教廷的权威。——译者注

[22]佛兰德斯（Flanders）是中世纪的一个西欧国家，位于今欧洲西北部地区，在北海沿岸，包括法国西北部部分地区、现比利时的东佛兰德省、西佛兰德省以及荷兰的西南部部分地区。——译者注

[23]玛丽女王指玛丽一世（Mary I，1516—1558）是亨利八世和凯瑟琳王后的独生女，英格兰和爱尔兰女王（1553—1558在位），都铎王朝第四任君主。她继承的是乃弟爱德华六世（Edward VI，1537—1553）的王位（1546—1553在位）。9岁即位的爱德华六世是英国第一位新教徒国王，他在位期间对宗教事务十分感兴趣，确立了新教的地位，实施了一些宗教改革措施。他在1553年病逝时，指定信奉新教的珍·格雷为王位继承人。玛丽是爱德华六世的同父异母姐姐，信仰天主教。她用武力废黜了珍·格雷，自任女王。她在位的短短5年期间处死了许多新教徒，被对手称为“血腥玛丽”。——译者注

[24]伊丽莎白女王指伊丽莎白一世（Elizabeth I，1533—1603），是亨利八世与其第二任妻子安妮王后的独生女，英格兰和爱尔兰女王（1558—1603在位），都铎王朝第五任君主。伊丽莎白是爱德华六世的同父异母姐姐、玛丽一世的同父异母妹妹，信仰新教。玛丽一世在位时，因恐她支持新教徒反叛，把她囚禁了将近一年。伊丽莎白上任之初，就建立了一个英国新教教会，自任最高总管。该教会后来发展为英国国教会。她在位期间，实施温和的宗教自由政策，避免宗教迫害活动。——译者注

[25]指1857年7月31日，博德明巡回法庭，托马斯·普雷。当年12月，国王特赦了他。

[26]指1857年8月17日，乔治·雅各布·霍利约克；1857年7月，爱德华·特鲁拉夫。

[27]指1857年8月4日，万宝路大街治安法庭，格雷肯男爵。

[28]我们需要高度警惕，迫害者的狂热情绪中掺杂着我国民族性中的劣根性。这种劣根性在印度民族起义时（指1857年5月—1858年6月北部和中部印度反对英国殖民统治的民族起义。这次起义以东印度公司的印度士兵哗变开始，以英国胜利、印度再次成为其殖民地告终。——译者

注）展露无遗。教堂讲坛上狂热分子或骗子的疯言乱语也许不值一顾，但福音派头头们的声明不容忽视。他们宣布：他们管理印度教教徒和伊斯兰教徒的规则是：任何不教授基督教《圣经》的学校都不能获得公款资助；与此相应的必然结果是，任何不是真正或伪装的基督徒的人都不能获得公职。据称，一位副国务大臣（威廉·纳·梅西）在1857年11月12日向其选民发表的演说中提到："对他们信仰的宽容"（一亿英属国国民的信仰），"英国政府称之为宗教的那种迷信已经产生了妨碍英国声誉的效果，阻碍了基督教的健康发展……宗教宽容是我国宗教自由的伟大基石，但休让他们滥用了宽容这一珍贵的语词。照他看来，宗教宽容意味着所有人的完全自由，意味着基督徒的敬拜自由，因为他们敬拜的基础相同；意味着容忍基督徒的所有宗派和教派，因为他们相信的中介相同。"我希望诸位注意这一事实：一个被认为适合充任我国政府要职、在自由派内阁领导下工作的人，竟然发表这种言论，主张将所有不信仰基督神性的人排除在宗教宽容的围栏之外。听到这番蠢话之外，谁还能沉醉在错觉之中，相信宗教迫害已经一去不返了呢？

[29]自然哲学（natural philosophy）：自然科学特别是物理学的旧称。——译者注

[30]燃素说是17世纪后期至18世纪，化学家们针对燃烧和生锈等燃烧现象提出的解释。他们认为，可燃物中普遍存在着一种火一样的、被称为燃素的物质。燃烧就是可燃物中的燃素释放的过程。——译者注

[31]加尔文（John Calvin，1509—1564）：著名法国宗教改革家、神学家，基督教新教加尔文宗的创始人。——译者注

[32]诺克斯（John Knox，1514—1572）：苏格兰宗教改革家、神学家，苏格兰长老会的创始人。曾受教于加尔文。——译者注

[33]卢梭（Jean-Jacques Rousseau，1712—1788）：法国启蒙时代的思想家、作家，法国大革命的思想先驱。他是一个生活与思想充满悖论的人。例如：他是当时的杰出作家之一，却没受过正规教育，并娶了一个文盲女工；他专门论述过教育问题，却把自己的孩子们都送进了育婴堂；他讨厌革命，但被法国大革命的领袖们奉为偶像；他被认为是领导启蒙运动的哲学家，却称赞无知，反对艺术和科学。他的主要著作有《论人类不平等的起源和基础》《社会契约论》《爱弥儿》《忏悔录》等。——译者注

[34]福音书（Gospel）：指《新约》中的《马太福音》《马可福音》《路加福音》和《约翰福音》四卷福音书。——译者注

[35]即耶稣。——译者注

[36]《古兰经》（*Koran*）：又译《可兰经》，伊斯兰教经典。——译者注

[37]威廉·冯·洪堡（Wilhelm von Humboldt，1767—1835）：德国哲学家、教育改革家、外交官、语言学家。——译者注

[38]诺克斯能力卓越。他作为苏格兰教会的改革者，据说参与了1546年杀害苏格兰最后一任红衣主教大卫·比顿的谋杀案，干预了苏格兰王后、法国吉斯王族的玛丽的摄政，被流放至英格兰。流放期间，他参加了英格兰圣公会的工作，并步步高升，成为英王爱德华六世的王室牧师。1553年，爱德华六世去世，玛丽一世即英格兰王位后复辟罗马天主教，诺克斯被迫辞职，转赴日内瓦和法兰克福。最后，他回到苏格兰，与当地信仰新教的贵族一起领导了苏格兰的新教改革运动。——译者注

[39]亚西比德（Alcibiade，约450—404），雅典政治家、演说家、军事家。他极富政治和军事天才，不循常规，为其所服务的政权屡建奇功；但同时，他性情不拘，所到之处也屡树强敌，导致自己无法久留。在伯罗奔尼撒战争（前430—404）中，因本邦政敌作对，他从雅典逃到斯巴达，不久又迫于斯巴达的政敌势力，逃往波斯；虽然后被雅典的盟友召回，但其政敌几年后再次成功流放了他。——译者注

[40]伯里克利（Pericles，约495—429），雅典政治家、演说家、军事家。他当政期间（约461—429），把提洛同盟变成了一个雅典帝国，取得了对波斯战争的最终胜利。他鼓励文艺事业，使雅典成为当时希腊的世界文化和教育中心。伯里克利时代，雅典民主政治获得了较大发展，其中包括公民的言论自由。——译者注

[41]尼亚加拉河是位于北美洲五大湖区、加拿大和美国交界处的河流，全程水位落差很大，水力资源丰富。河上有著名的尼亚加拉瀑布。——译者注

[42]近几年来，根据某种卑劣而可怕的证据，能依法宣布任何人不适宜管理自己的事务；并且，如果某人的财产足以支付诉讼费用——诉讼费要从这笔财产中划出——就会在他死后宣布他对自己财产的处理方案无效。他日常生活的所有细枝末节都会被打探得清清楚楚；通过卑劣者中之最卑劣者的感受和描述来看，只要他的行为表现中有任何蛛丝马迹不像是十足平庸寻常之事，就会被作为他精神失常的证据提交到陪审团的面前，且经常胜诉。这是因为，与上述证人相比，那些陪审员几乎同样粗鄙无知；而办案的法官则与向来令我们震惊的英国律师一样，因对人性与人生极度无知，经常误导那些陪审员。这些审判深刻地说明了大众对人类自由所持的态度与看法。在一干法官和陪审员人等眼中，非但个性没有任何价值——他们非但不尊重任何个人在无干他人的事物上根据自己的判断和偏好采取行动的权利，而且甚至无法设想一个神志正常的人会希望拥有这种自由。从前，有人提议烧死无神论者时，宅心仁厚的人都常常会建议不要烧死他们，而要把他们关进疯人院；如今，如果我们目睹此类事情发生，亦应不足为怪；建议者们也甚为得意，因为他们没有实施宗教迫害，而用如此仁爱、高尚的方式对待这些不幸的人——同时，看到这些“不幸者”咎由自取，他们心中也无不暗自满意。

[43]德·托克维尔（Alexis-Charles-Henri Clérel de Tocqueville，1805—1859）：法国政治思想家、历史学家。早年热心参政，曾任议员、外交部部长等职。著有《论美国的民主》（1835年、1840年）、《旧制度与大革命》（1856年）等。——译者注

[44]乔治·巴恩威尔（George Barnwell）是17世纪一首英国民谣中的主人公。该民谣说的是发生于英格兰什普罗郡的一场谋杀案。乔治·巴恩威尔与妓女萨拉·米尔伍德私通，并在后者的唆使

下，为谋取钱财杀死了自己的叔父。事发后，二犯被处以绞刑。1731年，这个故事被英国作家乔治·利洛（George Lillo）写成悲剧《伦敦商人》（*The London Merchant, or the History of George Barnwell*），搬上了舞台，受到观众普遍欢迎。——译者注

[45]查理二世（Charles II of England, Scotland, and Ireland，1630—1685，在位1660—1685）：英国内战中被处死的英王查理一世的儿子，内战中曾与清教徒代表、后成为护国公的克伦威尔作战，败逃欧陆，在法国、荷兰等国流亡，1660年复辟。他机警灵变，在政治上与议会达成了妥协，并实施宗教宽容政策。他因个人生活放荡，被称为“快活王”。——译者注

[46]孟买的帕西人就是一个很奇特的例子。这个勤劳刻苦、勇于进取的民族的祖先是波斯拜火教教徒。在历代哈里发大军的驱赶下，那些拜火教徒逃离了自己的祖国，来到了印度西部。当地的印度教君主们对他们实行宽容政策，但条件是他们不能食用牛肉。后来，印度西部各地被攻陷，成为伊斯兰教征服者的领地，帕西人又得到了这些伊斯兰教统治者的宗教宽容，但条件是他们不能食用猪肉。这种原本是对威权的顺从变成了帕西人的第二天性，他们至今都忌食牛肉和猪肉。这一双重禁忌虽然并非他们的宗教规定，但已经在历史过程中演变为他们民族的习俗。在东方，习俗就是一种宗教。

[47]新英格兰（New England）指美国东北部的一个地区，由今天的康涅狄格州、缅因州、马萨诸塞州、新罕布什尔州、罗得岛州和佛蒙特州6个州组成。1620年，著名的五月花号将一批躲避查理一世宗教迫害的独立派新教徒带到了这里；此后，清教徒陆续到达，并在这一带繁衍。这一地区的殖民者以自耕农为主，他们自给自足的生活方式同清教工作伦理非常契合。另外，据信，他们还发扬了《五月花号公约》精神，创建了根深蒂固的民主传统。——译者注

[48]英国的共和国（the Commonwealth）时期指1649—1660间的英格兰、苏格兰和爱尔兰共和国。第二次英国内战以奥利弗·克伦威尔等人领导的议会军的胜利和国王查理一世领导的保皇派的失败告终，1649年1月，查理一世被处决；5月，英国宣布为共和国。在内战前和内战过程中，克伦威尔因其坚定的清教信仰和赫赫战功而威望日隆。1653年，他从议会手中谋取了全部权力，自任“英格兰、苏格兰和爱尔兰共和国”的护国公，直至1659年逝世。此间他虽拒绝了国王之名，但握有国王之实，故这几年又称为护国公执政时期。克伦威尔实施了一系列卓有成效的内政建设与外交策略，许多政策带有明显的清教特色。他的儿子李查·克伦威尔继任护国公，但威望和能力均不胜任。在多股国内外势力反复较量之后，1660年，在欧洲流亡的查理二世回到伦敦，复辟王位，英国共和国时期结束。清教盛期也随之结束。——译者注

[49]卫理公会派（the Methodists）：18世纪英国圣公会牧师、神学家约翰·卫斯理（John Wesley，1703—1791）创建的一支新教派别，又译循道宗、循道公会、卫斯理宗等。与加尔文派的绝对预定论神学观点不同，该派相信自由意志，承认传统的三位一体神性论，宣称忠于《圣经》教义，所有人都有可能得救、受到神的保护。该派强调帮助穷人和平民，注重通过社会服务建立与他人的友善联系，并培养人的完善品格。——译者注

[50]指缅因州。最初由新英格兰清教徒发起的禁酒运动虽屡有争议，但不断发展，于19世纪中期取得了不少成果。其标志之一是，缅因州于1851年通过了《禁酒法》（Maine Law），禁止生

产和售卖含酒精饮料。该法令受到了许多工人和移民的抵制，最显著者为1855年波特兰市的骚乱事件。1856年该法令被废止。但《禁酒法》得到了国际认可。受其影响，英国于1853年成立了禁酒组织“联合王国同盟”（United Kingdom Alliance），并把曼彻斯特市的一条街改名为“缅因街”，以纪念该法令。——译者注

[51]此斯坦利勋爵即爱德华·亨利·斯坦利（Edward Henry Stanley，15th Earl of Derby，1826—1893），英国政治世家、保守党中坚力量斯坦利家族的成员，第十五任德比伯爵。斯坦利家族是英国历史上最富有的大地主之一。其父爱德华·乔治·杰奥弗里·史密斯-斯坦利曾三度出任英国首相。1866—1868和1874—1878斯坦利本人曾两度出任英国外交大臣之职。但在政治上，他更同情自由党而不是保守党。——译者注

[52]摩门教（Mormonism）是美国人约瑟夫·史密斯（Joseph Smith，1805—1844）创建的宗教派别。生于纽约州一个商人兼农夫家庭的史密斯适逢美国号称第二次大觉醒的宗教兴盛时期。他参加了教堂的学习班，读了《圣经》。根据他的回忆，他多次在祈祷中受到了神启。1823—1827，他自称一位天使指引他挖掘到了一本美洲原住民写在金片上的经书，又赋予他语言神力进行翻译。该书于1829年完成翻译，1830年出版，是为《摩门经》。该经书自叙是美洲原住民的一部编年史，把他们描述为信仰宗教的犹太人，并且在基督降生之前几百上千年前就已经信仰他了。摩门教主史密斯一方面是个宗教狂，另一方面熟悉多种骗术。他教导、欺骗、引诱、谋害过别人，也被别人暴打、追捧、驱逐、支持、背叛、崇拜、通缉、审讯、监禁、批判过。例如：在1837年，他与其他几位教派领袖创建了一个名为柯特兰安全社（Kirtland Safety Society）的股份公司，作为准银行运营。然而不到一个月，这个公司就垮掉了。1838年，爆发了摩门教战争。1839年前后，他派使团去欧洲传教，吸引了无数人入教，其中包括大批工厂工人。1843—1844，他还竞选过美国总统。1844年，他被控犯有叛国罪收监，随后被一伙蒙面人枪杀在监狱中。在他的“神谕”指引下，摩门教在发展壮大的同时，也不断遭到周围民众的憎恶和围攻而被迫转移，在纽约州、宾夕法尼亚州、俄亥俄州、密苏里州、伊利诺伊州等地流动。史密斯死后，该教派在与教外民众不断冲突的压力下，继续转移，在内布拉斯加州短暂停留后，把总部确定在了后来成为犹他州、内华达州和怀俄明州的部分地区、科罗拉多州的西部荒漠和山区一带。摩门教历史上几度更名，1851年起采用的正式名称是耶稣基督后期圣徒教会（The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints）。与传统的新教不同，他们相信圣父、圣子、圣灵并非三位一体，而是三个独立的实体，但三者在思想、行动和目标上是一体的，因此通常把此集合体叫作“一神”或“神性”。该派认为，全人类作为神的子孙，都能得到提升，继承神的一切，会像耶稣那样得道成神。该教派奉行一夫多妻制，因此而屡次遭到外界激烈批判；迫于压力，1890年时任教主宣布废止该制度。——译者注

[53]边沁（Jeremy Bentham，1748—1832）：英国哲学家、法理学家、经济学家、社会改革家，现代功利主义哲学创始人。他的政治思想激进，积极影响了社会福利制度的发展。除了著名的“最大幸福原则”论之外，他提倡个人和经济自由、政教分离、言论自由、男女权利平等、动物权利等主张，呼吁废除奴隶制、死刑、体罚等制度。著有《政府片论》（1776年）、《道德与立法原则导论》（1780年、1789年）等。他影响了詹姆斯·穆勒及其子约翰·斯图亚特·穆勒、罗伯特·欧文、米歇尔·福柯等一大批人。——译者注

[54]洛克（John Locke，1632—1704）：英国哲学家，欧洲启蒙时代最伟大的思想家之一，被称作“古典自由主义之父”。他的思想尤其对认识论和政治哲学贡献巨大，伏尔泰、卢梭、苏格兰启蒙思想家群体、美国革命者们等都深受他的影响。主要作品：《论宗教宽容》（1689年）、《政府论》（1689年）、《人类理解论》（1690年）等。——译者注

[55]康德（Immanuel Kant，1724—1804）：德国哲学家，近代西方哲学的核心人物，对形而上学、认识论、伦理学、政治学、美学均有巨大而深远的影响。主要作品：《纯粹理性批判》（1781年）、《实践理性批判》（1788年）、《判断力批判》（1790年）等。——译者注

[56]耶稣会（the Society of Jesus）是天主教中的一个男修会，由原西班牙贵族骑士、后成为隐士和神父的伊格内修斯·罗耀拉（Ignatius of Loyola，1491—1556）于1534年与另外6人共同创建，1540年被教皇保罗三世正式批准。因为罗耀拉的军事背景，耶稣会仿照军队建制，实行高度的中央集权，有着严密的组织和纪律；其成员要“希望成为天主（上帝）的战士”，要绝对服从上级，要特别努力地捍卫天主教信仰的传播，时刻准备在世界各地接受天主和总会长的命令，包括忍受各种极端境况。罗耀拉1541年就任耶稣会第一任总会长（Superior General，字面义：“高级将军”）。耶稣会会员称为耶稣会士（Jesuit），属于托钵僧，他们誓守贫穷、贞洁、顺从的生活，还特别立誓，绝对服从教皇的差遣。作为16世纪宗教改革运动中发展起来的组织，耶稣会吸取了改革派的成功经验，注重传教和神学研究，并为此目的，在世界各地开办学校、大学和神学院等机构，一度是天主教会中最具文化修养的群体。——译者注

John Stuart Mill

On Liberty

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings – the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward – I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination, which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom.

‘The grand, leading principle, towards which every argument unfolded in these pages directly converges, is the absolute and essential importance of human development in its richest diversity.’

Wilhelm von Humboldt,

Sphere and Duties of Government

I
Introductory

The subject of this Essay is not the so-called Liberty of the Will, so unfortunately opposed to the misnamed doctrine of Philosophical Necessity; but Civil, or Social Liberty: the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual. A question seldom stated, and hardly ever discussed, in general terms, but which profoundly influences the practical controversies of the age by its latent presence, and is likely soon to make itself recognized as the vital question of the future. It is so far from being new, that, in a certain sense, it has divided mankind, almost from the remotest ages; but in the stage of progress into which the more civilized portions of the species have now entered, it presents itself under new conditions, and requires a different and more fundamental treatment.

The struggle between Liberty and Authority is the most conspicuous feature in the portions of history with which we are earliest familiar, particularly in that of Greece, Rome, and England. But in old times this contest was between subjects, or some classes of subjects, and the Government. By liberty, was meant protection against the tyranny of the political rulers. The rulers were conceived (except in some of the popular governments of Greece) as in a necessarily antagonistic position to the people whom they ruled. They consisted of a governing One, or a governing tribe or

caste, who derived their authority from inheritance or conquest, who, at all events, did not hold it at the pleasure of the governed, and whose supremacy men did not venture, perhaps did not desire, to contest, whatever precautions might be taken against its oppressive exercise. Their power was regarded as necessary, but also as highly dangerous; as a weapon which they would attempt to use against their subjects, no less than against external enemies. To prevent the weaker members of the community from being preyed upon by innumerable vultures, it was needful that there should be an animal of prey stronger than the rest, commissioned to keep them down. But as the king of the vultures would be no less bent upon preying on the flock than any of the minor harpies, it was indispensable to be in a perpetual attitude of defence against his beak and claws. The aim, therefore, of patriots was to set limits to the power which the ruler should be suffered to exercise over the community; and this limitation was what they meant by liberty. It was attempted in two ways. First, by obtaining a recognition of certain immunities, called political liberties or rights, which it was to be regarded as a breach of duty in the ruler to infringe, and which, if he did infringe, specific resistance, or general rebellion, was held to be justifiable. A second, and generally a later expedient, was the establishment of constitutional checks, by which the consent of the community, or of a body of some sort, supposed to represent its interests, was made a necessary condition to some of the more important acts of the governing power. To the first of these modes of limitation, the ruling power, in most European countries, was compelled, more or less, to submit. It was not so with the second; and, to attain this, or when already in some degree possessed, to attain it more completely, became everywhere the principal object of the lovers of liberty. And so long as mankind were content to combat one enemy by another, and to be ruled by a master, on condition of

being guaranteed more or less efficaciously against his tyranny, they did not carry their aspirations beyond this point.

A time, however, came, in the progress of human affairs, when men ceased to think it a necessity of nature that their governors should be an independent power, opposed in interest to themselves. It appeared to them much better that the various magistrates of the State should be their tenants or delegates, revocable at their pleasure. In that way alone, it seemed, could they have complete security that the powers of government would never be abused to their disadvantage. By degrees this new demand for elective and temporary rulers became the prominent object of the exertions of the popular party, wherever any such party existed; and superseded, to a considerable extent, the previous efforts to limit the power of rulers. As the struggle proceeded for making the ruling power emanate from the periodical choice of the ruled, some persons began to think that too much importance had been attached to the limitation of the power itself. *That* (it might seem) was a resource against rulers whose interests were habitually opposed to those of the people. What was now wanted was, that the rulers should be identified with the people; that their interest and will should be the interest and will of the nation. The nation did not need to be protected against its own will. There was no fear of its tyrannizing over itself. Let the rulers be effectually responsible to it, promptly removable by it, and it could afford to trust them with power of which it could itself dictate the use to be made. Their power was but the nation's own power, concentrated, and in a form convenient for exercise. This mode of thought, or rather perhaps of feeling, was common among the last generation of European liberalism, in the Continental section of which it still apparently predominates. Those who admit any limit to what a government may do,

except in the case of such governments as they think ought not to exist, stand out as brilliant exceptions among the political thinkers of the Continent. A similar tone of sentiment might by this time have been prevalent in our own country, if the circumstances which for a time encouraged it, had continued unaltered.

But, in political and philosophical theories, as well as in persons, success discloses faults and infirmities which failure might have concealed from observation. The notion, that the people have no need to limit their power over themselves, might seem axiomatic, when popular government was a thing only dreamed about, or read of as having existed at some distant period of the past. Neither was that notion necessarily disturbed by such temporary aberrations as those of the French Revolution, the worst of which were the work of an usurping few, and which, in any case, belonged, not to the permanent working of popular institutions, but to a sudden and convulsive outbreak against monarchical and aristocratic despotism. In time, however, a democratic republic came to occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, and made itself felt as one of the most powerful members of the community of nations; and elective and responsible government became subject to the observations and criticisms which wait upon a great existing fact. It was now perceived that such phrases as 'self-government', and 'the power of the people over themselves', do not express the true state of the case. The 'people' who exercise the power are not always the same people with those over whom it is exercised; and the 'self-government' spoken of is not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest. The will of the people, moreover, practically means the will of the most numerous or the most active *part* of the people; the majority, or those who succeed in making

themselves accepted as the majority; the people, consequently, *may* desire to oppress a part of their number; and precautions are as much needed against this as against any other abuse of power. The limitation, therefore, of the power of government over individuals loses none of its importance when the holders of power are regularly accountable to the community, that is, to the strongest party therein. This view of things, recommending itself equally to the intelligence of thinkers and to the inclination of those important classes in European society to whose real or supposed interests democracy is adverse, has had no difficulty in establishing itself; and in political speculations 'the tyranny of the majority' is now generally included among the evils against which society requires to be on its guard.

Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still vulgarly, held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons perceived that when society is itself the tyrant - society collectively, over the separate individuals who compose it - its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates: and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practises a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough: there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling; against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on

those who dissent from them; to fetter the development, and, if possible, prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its ways, and compel all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence: and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism.

But though this proposition is not likely to be contested in general terms, the practical question, where to place the limit - how to make the fitting adjustment between individual independence and social control - is a subject on which nearly everything remains to be done. All that makes existence valuable to any one, depends on the enforcement of restraints upon the actions of other people. Some rules of conduct, therefore, must be imposed, by law in the first place, and by opinion on many things which are not fit subjects for the operation of law. What these rules should be, is the principal question in human affairs; but if we except a few of the most obvious cases, it is one of those which least progress has been made in resolving. No two ages, and scarcely any two countries, have decided it alike; and the decision of one age or country is a wonder to another. Yet the people of any given age and country no more suspect any difficulty in it, than if it were a subject on which mankind had always been agreed. The rules which obtain among themselves appear to them self-evident and self-justifying. This all but universal illusion is one of the examples of the magical influence of custom, which is not only, as the proverb says, a second nature, but is continually mistaken for the first. The effect of custom, in preventing any misgiving respecting the rules of conduct which mankind impose on one another, is all the more complete

because the subject is one on which it is not generally considered necessary that reasons should be given, either by one person to others, or by each to himself. People are accustomed to believe, and have been encouraged in the belief by some who aspire to the character of philosophers, that their feelings, on subjects of this nature, are better than reasons, and render reasons unnecessary. The practical principle which guides them to their opinions on the regulation of human conduct, is the feeling in each person's mind that everybody should be required to act as he, and those with whom he sympathizes, would like them to act. No one, indeed, acknowledges to himself that his standard of judgment is his own liking; but an opinion on a point of conduct, not supported by reasons, can only count as one person's preference; and if the reasons, when given, are a mere appeal to a similar preference felt by other people, it is still only many people's liking instead of one. To an ordinary man, however, his own preference, thus supported, is not only a perfectly satisfactory reason, but the only one he generally has for any of his notions of morality, taste, or propriety, which are not expressly written in his religious creed; and his chief guide in the interpretation even of that. Men's opinions, accordingly, on what is laudable or blameable, are affected by all the multifarious causes which influence their wishes in regard to the conduct of others, and which are as numerous as those which determine their wishes on any other subject. Sometimes their reason - at other times their prejudices or superstitions: often their social affections, not seldom their antisocial ones, their envy or jealousy, their arrogance or contemptuousness: but most commonly, their desires or fears for themselves - their legitimate or illegitimate self-interest. Wherever there is an ascendant class, a large portion of the morality of the country emanates from its class interests, and its feelings of class superiority. The morality between Spartans and Helots,

between planters and negroes, between princes and subjects, between nobles and roturiers, between men and women, has been for the most part the creation of these class interests and feelings: and the sentiments thus generated, react in turn upon the moral feelings of the members of the ascendant class, in their relations among themselves. Where, on the other hand, a class, formerly ascendant, has lost its ascendancy, or where its ascendancy is unpopular, the prevailing moral sentiments frequently bear the impress of an impatient dislike of superiority. Another grand determining principle of the rules of conduct, both in act and forbearance, which have been enforced by law or opinion, has been the servility of mankind towards the supposed preferences or aversions of their temporal masters, or of their gods. This servility, though essentially selfish, is not hypocrisy; it gives rise to perfectly genuine sentiments of abhorrence; it made men burn magicians and heretics. Among so many baser influences, the general and obvious interests of society have of course had a share, and a large one, in the direction of the moral sentiments: less, however, as a matter of reason, and on their own account, than as a consequence of the sympathies and antipathies which grew out of them: and sympathies and antipathies which had little or nothing to do with the interests of society, have made themselves felt in the establishment of moralities with quite as great force.

The likings and dislikings of society, or of some powerful portion of it, are thus the main thing which has practically determined the rules laid down for general observance, under the penalties of law or opinion. And in general, those who have been in advance of society in thought and feeling, have left this condition of things unassailed in principle, however they may have come into conflict with it in some of its details. They have occupied themselves

rather in inquiring what things society ought to like or dislike, than in questioning whether its likings or dislikings should be a law to individuals. They preferred endeavouring to alter the feelings of mankind on the particular points on which they were themselves heretical, rather than make common cause in defence of freedom, with heretics generally. The only case in which the higher ground has been taken on principle and maintained with consistency, by any but an individual here and there, is that of religious belief: a case instructive in many ways, and not least so as forming a most striking instance of the fallibility of what is called the moral sense: for the *odium theologicum*, in a sincere bigot, is one of the most unequivocal cases of moral feeling. Those who first broke the yoke of what called itself the Universal Church, were in general as little willing to permit difference of religious opinion as that church itself. But when the heat of the conflict was over, without giving a complete victory to any party, and each church or sect was reduced to limit its hopes to retaining possession of the ground it already occupied; minorities, seeing that they had no chance of becoming majorities, were under the necessity of pleading to those whom they could not convert, for permission to differ. It is accordingly on this battle field, almost solely, that the rights of the individual against society have been asserted on broad grounds of principle, and the claim of society to exercise authority over dissentients, openly controverted. The great writers to whom the world owes what religious liberty it possesses, have mostly asserted freedom of conscience as an indefeasible right, and denied absolutely that a human being is accountable to others for his religious belief. Yet so natural to mankind is intolerance in whatever they really care about, that religious freedom has hardly anywhere been practically realized, except where religious indifference, which dislikes to have its peace disturbed by theological

quarrels, has added its weight to the scale. In the minds of almost all religious persons, even in the most tolerant countries, the duty of toleration is admitted with tacit reserves. One person will bear with dissent in matters of church government, but not of dogma; another can tolerate everybody, short of a Papist or an Unitarian; another, every one who believes in revealed religion; a few extend their charity a little further, but stop at the belief in a God and in a future state. Wherever the sentiment of the majority is still genuine and intense, it is found to have abated little of its claim to be obeyed.

In England, from the peculiar circumstances of our political history, though the yoke of opinion is perhaps heavier, that of law is lighter, than in most other countries of Europe; and there is considerable jealousy of direct interference, by the legislative or the executive power, with private conduct; not so much from any just regard for the independence of the individual, as from the still subsisting habit of looking on the government as representing an opposite interest to the public. The majority have not yet learnt to feel the power of the government their power, or its opinions their opinions. When they do so, individual liberty will probably be as much exposed to invasion from the government, as it already is from public opinion. But, as yet, there is a considerable amount of feeling ready to be called forth against any attempt of the law to control individuals in things in which they have not hitherto been accustomed to be controlled by it; and this with very little discrimination as to whether the matter is, or is not, within the legitimate sphere of legal control; insomuch that the feeling, highly salutary on the whole, is perhaps quite as often misplaced as well grounded in the particular instances of its application. There is, in fact, no recognized principle by which the propriety or impropriety of government interference is customarily

tested. People decide according to their personal preferences. Some, whenever they see any good to be done, or evil to be remedied, would willingly instigate the government to undertake the business; while others prefer to bear almost any amount of social evil, rather than add one to the departments of human interests amenable to governmental control. And men range themselves on one or the other side in any particular case, according to this general direction of their sentiments; or according to the degree of interest which they feel in the particular thing which it is proposed that the government should do, or according to the belief they entertain that the government would, or would not, do it in the manner they prefer; but very rarely on account of any opinion to which they consistently adhere, as to what things are fit to be done by a government. And it seems to me that in consequence of this absence of rule or principle, one side is at present as often wrong as the other; the interference of government is, with about equal frequency, improperly invoked and improperly condemned.

The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because,

in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that this doctrine is meant to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties. We are not speaking of children, or of young persons below the age which the law may fix as that of manhood or womanhood. Those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others, must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury. For the same reason, we may leave out of consideration those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered as in its nonage. The early difficulties in the way of spontaneous progress are so great, that there is seldom any choice of means for overcoming them; and a ruler full of the spirit of improvement is warranted in the use of any expedients that will attain an end, perhaps otherwise unattainable. Despotism is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians, provided the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end. Liberty, as a principle, has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. Until then, there is nothing for them but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so

fortunate as to find one. But as soon as mankind have attained the capacity of being guided to their own improvement by conviction or persuasion (a period long since reached in all nations with whom we need here concern ourselves), compulsion, either in the direct form or in that of pains and penalties for non-compliance, is no longer admissible as a means to their own good, and justifiable only for the security of others.

It is proper to state that I forgo any advantage which could be derived to my argument from the idea of abstract right, as a thing independent of utility. I regard utility as the ultimate appeal on all ethical questions; but it must be utility in the largest sense, grounded on the permanent interests of man as a progressive being. Those interests, I contend, authorize the subjection of individual spontaneity to external control, only in respect to those actions of each, which concern the interest of other people. If any one does an act hurtful to others, there is a *prima facie* case for punishing him, by law, or, where legal penalties are not safely applicable, by general disapprobation. There are also many positive acts for the benefit of others, which he may rightfully be compelled to perform; such as, to give evidence in a court of justice; to bear his fair share in the common defence, or in any other joint work necessary to the interest of the society of which he enjoys the protection; and to perform certain acts of individual beneficence, such as saving a fellowcreature's life, or interposing to protect the defenceless against ill-usage, things which whenever it is obviously a man's duty to do, he may rightfully be made responsible to society for not doing. A person may cause evil to others not only by his actions but by his inaction, and in either case he is justly accountable to them for the injury. The latter case, it is true, requires a much more cautious exercise of compulsion than the former. To make any

one answerable for doing evil to others, is the rule; to make him answerable for not preventing evil, is, comparatively speaking, the exception. Yet there are many cases clear enough and grave enough to justify that exception. In all things which regard the external relations of the individual, he is *de jure* amenable to those whose interests are concerned, and if need be, to society as their protector. There are often good reasons for not holding him to the responsibility; but these reasons must arise from the special expediencies of the case: either because it is a kind of case in which he is on the whole likely to act better, when left to his own discretion, than when controlled in any way in which society have it in their power to control him; or because the attempt to exercise control would produce other evils, greater than those which it would prevent. When such reasons as these preclude the enforcement of responsibility, the conscience of the agent himself should step into the vacant judgment seat, and protect those interests of others which have no external protection; judging himself all the more rigidly, because the case does not admit of his being made accountable to the judgment of his fellow-creatures.

But there is a sphere of action in which society, as distinguished from the individual, has, if any, only an indirect interest; comprehending all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or if it also affects others, only with their free, voluntary, and undeceived consent and participation. When I say only himself, I mean directly, and in the first instance: for whatever affects himself, may affect others through himself; and the objection which may be grounded on this contingency, will receive consideration in the sequel. This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought

and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow: without impediment from our fellow-creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual, follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals; freedom to unite, for any purpose not involving harm to others: the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

No society in which these liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name, is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.

Though this doctrine is anything but new, and, to some persons, may

have the air of a truism, there is no doctrine which stands more directly opposed to the general tendency of existing opinion and practice. Society has expended fully as much effort in the attempt (according to its lights) to compel people to conform to its notions of personal, as of social excellence. The ancient commonwealths thought themselves entitled to practise, and the ancient philosophers countenanced, the regulation of every part of private conduct by public authority, on the ground that the State had a deep interest in the whole bodily and mental discipline of every one of its citizens; a mode of thinking which may have been admissible in small republics surrounded by powerful enemies, in constant peril of being subverted by foreign attack or internal commotion, and to which even a short interval of relaxed energy and self-command might so easily be fatal, that they could not afford to wait for the salutary permanent effects of freedom. In the modern world, the greater size of political communities, and above all, the separation between spiritual and temporal authority (which placed the direction of men's consciences in other hands than those which controlled their worldly affairs), prevented so great an interference by law in the details of private life; but the engines of moral repression have been wielded more strenuously against divergence from the reigning opinion in self-regarding, than even in social matters; religion, the most powerful of the elements which have entered into the formation of moral feeling, having almost always been governed either by the ambition of a hierarchy, seeking control over every department of human conduct, or by the spirit of Puritanism. And some of those modern reformers who have placed themselves in strongest opposition to the religions of the past, have been noway behind either churches or sects in their assertion of the right of spiritual domination: M. Comte, in particular, whose social system, as unfolded in his *Système de Politique Positive*, aims at establishing (though

by moral more than by legal appliances) a despotism of society over the individual, surpassing anything contemplated in the political ideal of the most rigid disciplinarian among the ancient philosophers.

Apart from the peculiar tenets of individual thinkers, there is also in the world at large an increasing inclination to stretch unduly the powers of society over the individual, both by the force of opinion and even by that of legislation: and as the tendency of all the changes taking place in the world is to strengthen society, and diminish the power of the individual, this encroachment is not one of the evils which tend spontaneously to disappear, but, on the contrary, to grow more and more formidable. The disposition of mankind, whether as rulers or as fellow-citizens, to impose their own opinions and inclinations as a rule of conduct on others, is so energetically supported by some of the best and by some of the worst feelings incident to human nature, that it is hardly ever kept under restraint by anything but want of power; and as the power is not declining, but growing, unless a strong barrier of moral conviction can be raised against the mischief, we must expect, in the present circumstances of the world, to see it increase.

It will be convenient for the argument, if, instead of at once entering upon the general thesis, we confine ourselves in the first instance to a single branch of it, on which the principle here stated is, if not fully, yet to a certain point, recognized by the current opinions. This one branch is the Liberty of Thought: from which it is impossible to separate the cognate liberty of speaking and of writing. Although these liberties, to some considerable amount, form part of the political morality of all countries which profess religious toleration and free institutions, the grounds, both philosophical and

practical, on which they rest, are perhaps not so familiar to the general mind, nor so thoroughly appreciated by many even of the leaders of opinion, as might have been expected. Those grounds, when rightly understood, are of much wider application than to only one division of the subject, and a thorough consideration of this part of the question will be found the best introduction to the remainder. Those to whom nothing which I am about to say will be new, may therefore, I hope, excuse me, if on a subject which for now three centuries has been so often discussed, I venture on one discussion more.

II
Of the Liberty of Thought and Discussion

The time, it is to be hoped, is gone by, when any defence would be necessary of the 'liberty of the press' as one of the securities against corrupt or tyrannical government. No argument, we may suppose, can now be needed, against permitting a legislature or an executive, not identified in interest with the people, to prescribe opinions to them, and determine what doctrines or what arguments they shall be allowed to hear. This aspect of the question, besides, has been so often and so triumphantly enforced by preceding writers, that it needs not be specially insisted on in this place. Though the law of England, on the subject of the press, is as servile to this day as it was in the time of the Tudors, there is little danger of its being actually put in force against political discussion, except during some temporary panic, when fear of insurrection drives ministers and judges from their propriety;[1] and, speaking generally, it is not, in constitutional countries, to be apprehended, that the government, whether completely responsible to the people or not, will often attempt to control the expression of opinion, except when in doing so it makes itself the organ of the general intolerance of the public. Let us suppose, therefore, that the government is entirely at one with the people, and never thinks of exerting any power of coercion unless in agreement with what

it conceives to be their voice. But I deny the right of the people to exercise such coercion, either by themselves or by their government. The power itself is illegitimate. The best government has no more title to it than the worst. It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion, than when in opposition to it. If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error.

It is necessary to consider separately these two hypotheses, each of which has a distinct branch of the argument corresponding to it. We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is a false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.

First: the opinion which it is attempted to suppress by authority may possibly be true. Those who desire to suppress it, of course deny its truth; but they are not infallible.

They have no authority to decide the question for all mankind, and

exclude every other person from the means of judging. To refuse a hearing to an opinion, because they are sure that it is false, is to assume that *their* certainty is the same thing as *absolute* certainty. All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility. Its condemnation may be allowed to rest on this common argument, not the worse for being common.

Unfortunately for the good sense of mankind, the fact of their fallibility is far from carrying the weight in their practical judgment, which is always allowed to it in theory; for while every one well knows himself to be fallible, few think it necessary to take any precautions against their own fallibility, or admit the supposition that any opinion, of which they feel very certain, may be one of the examples of the error to which they acknowledge themselves to be liable. Absolute princes, or others who are accustomed to unlimited deference, usually feel this complete confidence in their own opinions on nearly all subjects. People more happily situated, who sometimes hear their opinions disputed, and are not wholly unused to be set right when they are wrong, place the same un bounded reliance only on such of their opinions as are shared by all who surround them, or to whom they habitually defer: for in proportion to a man's want of confidence in his own solitary judgment, does he usually repose, with implicit trust, on the infallibility of 'the world' in general. And the world, to each individual, means the part of it with which he comes in contact; his party, his sect, his church, his class of society: the man may be called, by comparison, almost liberal and large-minded to whom it means anything so comprehensive as his own country or his own age. Nor is his faith in this collective authority at all shaken by his being aware that other ages, countries, sects, churches, classes, and parties have thought, and even now think, the exact reverse. He devolves upon his own world the

responsibility of being in the right against the dissentient worlds of other people; and it never troubles him that mere accident has decided which of these numerous worlds is the object of his reliance, and that the same causes which make him a Churchman in London, would have made him a Buddhist or a Confucian in Pekin. Yet it is as evident in itself, as any amount of argument can make it, that ages are no more infallible than individuals; every age having held many opinions which subsequent ages have deemed not only false but absurd; and it is as certain that many opinions, now general, will be rejected by future ages, as it is that many, once general, are rejected by the present.

The objection likely to be made to this argument, would probably take some such form as the following. There is no greater assumption of infallibility in forbidding the propagation of error, than in any other thing which is done by public authority on its own judgment and responsibility. Judgment is given to men that they may use it. Because it may be used erroneously, are men to be told that they ought not to use it at all? To prohibit what they think pernicious, is not claiming exemption from error, but fulfilling the duty incumbent on them, although fallible, of acting on their conscientious conviction. If we were never to act on our opinions, because those opinions may be wrong, we should leave all our interests uncared for, and all our duties unperformed. An objection which applies to all conduct, can be no valid objection to any conduct in particular. It is the duty of governments, and of individuals, to form the truest opinions they can; to form them carefully, and never impose them upon others unless they are quite sure of being right. But when they are sure (such reasoners may say), it is not conscientiousness but cowardice to shrink from acting on their opinions, and

allow doctrines which they honestly think dangerous to the welfare of mankind, either in this life or in another, to be scattered abroad without restraint, because other people, in less enlightened times, have persecuted opinions now believed to be true. Let us take care, it may be said, not to make the same mistake: but governments and nations have made mistakes in other things, which are not denied to be fit subjects for the exercise of authority: they have laid on bad taxes, made unjust wars. Ought we therefore to lay on no taxes, and, under whatever provocation, make no wars? Men, and governments, must act to the best of their ability. There is no such thing as absolute certainty, but there is assurance sufficient for the purposes of human life. We may, and must, assume our opinion to be true for the guidance of our own conduct: and it is assuming no more when we forbid bad men to pervert society by the propagation of opinions which we regard as false and pernicious.

I answer, that it is assuming very much more. There is the greatest difference between presuming an opinion to be true, because, with every opportunity for contesting it, it has not been refuted, and assuming its truth for the purpose of not permitting its refutation. Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion, is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right.

When we consider either the history of opinion, or the ordinary conduct of human life, to what is it to be ascribed that the one and the other are no worse than they are? Not certainly to the inherent force of the human understanding; for, on any matter not self-evident, there are ninety-nine

persons totally incapable of judging of it, for one who is capable; and the capacity of the hundredth person is only comparative; for the majority of the eminent men of every past generation held many opinions now known to be erroneous, and did or approved numerous things which no one will now justify. Why is it, then, that there is on the whole a preponderance among mankind of rational opinions and rational conduct? If there really is this preponderance - which there must be unless human affairs are, and have always been, in an almost desperate state - it is owing to a quality of the human mind, the source of everything respectable in man either as an intellectual or as a moral being, namely, that his errors are corrigible. He is capable of rectifying his mistakes, by discussion and experience. Not by experience alone. There must be discussion, to show how experience is to be interpreted. Wrong opinions and practices gradually yield to fact and argument: but facts and arguments, to produce any effect on the mind, must be brought before it. Very few facts are able to tell their own story, without comments to bring out their meaning. The whole strength and value, then, of human judgment, depending on the one property, that it can be set right when it is wrong, reliance can be placed on it only when the means of setting it right are kept constantly at hand. In the case of any person whose judgment is really deserving of confidence, how has it become so? Because he has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct. Because it has been his practice to listen to all that could be said against him; to profit by as much of it as was just, and expound to himself, and upon occasion to others, the fallacy of what was fallacious. Because he has felt, that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject, is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every

character of mind. No wise man ever acquired his wisdom in any mode but this; nor is it in the nature of human intellect to become wise in any other manner. The steady habit of correcting and completing his own opinion by collating it with those of others, so far from causing doubt and hesitation in carrying it into practice, is the only stable foundation for a just reliance on it: for, being cognizant of all that can, at least obviously, be said against him, and having taken up his position against all gainsayers - knowing that he has sought for objections and difficulties, instead of avoiding them, and has shut out no light which can be thrown upon the subject from any quarter - he has a right to think his judgment better than that of any person, or any multitude, who have not gone through a similar process.

It is not too much to require that what the wisest of mankind, those who are best entitled to trust their own judgment, find necessary to warrant their relying on it, should be submitted to by that miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals, called the public. The most intolerant of churches, the Roman Catholic Church, even at the canonization of a saint, admits, and listens patiently to, a 'devil's advocate'. The holiest of men, it appears, cannot be admitted to posthumous honours, until all that the devil could say against him is known and weighed. If even the Newtonian philosophy were not permitted to be questioned, mankind could not feel as complete assurance of its truth as they now do. The beliefs which we have most warrant for, have no safeguard to rest on, but a standing invitation to the whole world to prove them unfounded. If the challenge is not accepted, or is accepted and the attempt fails, we are far enough from certainty still; but we have done the best that the existing state of human reason admits of; we have neglected nothing that could give the truth a chance of reaching us: if the lists

are kept open, we may hope that if there be a better truth, it will be found when the human mind is capable of receiving it; and in the meantime we may rely on having attained such approach to truth, as is possible in our own day. This is the amount of certainty attainable by a fallible being, and this the sole way of attaining it.

Strange it is, that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but object to their being 'pushed to an extreme'; not seeing that unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good for any case. Strange that they should imagine that they are not assuming infallibility, when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can possibly be *doubtful*, but think that some particular principle or doctrine should be forbidden to be questioned because it is so *certain*, that is, because *they are certain* that it is certain. To call any proposition certain, while there is any one who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselves, and those who agree with us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.

In the present age - which has been described as 'destitute of faith, but terrified at scepticism' - in which people feel sure, not so much that their opinions are true, as that they should not know what to do without them - the claims of an opinion to be protected from public attack are rested not so much on its truth, as on its importance to society. There are, it is alleged, certain beliefs, so useful, not to say indispensable to well-being, that it is as much the duty of governments to uphold those beliefs, as to protect any other of the interests of society. In a case of such necessity, and so directly in the line of their duty, something less than infallibility may, it is maintained,

warrant, and even bind, governments, to act on their own opinion, confirmed by the general opinion of mankind. It is also often argued, and still oftener thought, that none but bad men would desire to weaken these salutary beliefs; and there can be nothing wrong, it is thought, in restraining bad men, and prohibiting what only such men would wish to practise. This mode of thinking makes the justification of restraints on discussion not a question of the truth of doctrines, but of their usefulness; and flatters itself by that means to escape the responsibility of claiming to be an infallible judge of opinions. But those who thus satisfy themselves, do not perceive that the assumption of infallibility is merely shifted from one point to another. The usefulness of an opinion is itself matter of opinion: as disputable, as open to discussion, and requiring discussion as much, as the opinion itself. There is the same need of an infallible judge of opinions to decide an opinion to be noxious, as to decide it to be false, unless the opinion condemned has full opportunity of defending itself. And it will not do to say that the heretic may be allowed to maintain the utility or harmlessness of his opinion, though forbidden to maintain its truth. The truth of an opinion is part of its utility. If we would know whether or not it is desirable that a proposition should be believed, is it possible to exclude the consideration of whether or not it is true? In the opinion, not of bad men, but of the best men, no belief which is contrary to truth can be really useful: and can you prevent such men from urging that plea, when they are charged with culpability for denying some doctrine which they are told is useful, but which they believe to be false? Those who are on the side of received opinions, never fail to take all possible advantage of this plea; you do not find *them* handling the question of utility as if it could be completely abstracted from that of truth: on the contrary, it is, above all, because their doctrine is the 'truth', that the knowledge or the belief of it is

held to be so indispensable. There can be no fair discussion of the question of usefulness, when an argument so vital may be employed on one side, but not on the other. And in point of fact, when law or public feeling do not permit the truth of an opinion to be disputed, they are just as little tolerant of a denial of its usefulness. The utmost they allow is an extenuation of its absolute necessity, or of the positive guilt of rejecting it.

In order more fully to illustrate the mischief of denying a hearing to opinions because we, in our own judgment, have condemned them, it will be desirable to fix down the discussion to a concrete case; and I choose, by preference, the cases which are least favourable to me - in which the argument against freedom of opinion, both on the score of truth and on that of utility, is considered the strongest. Let the opinions impugned be the belief in a God and in a future state, or any of the commonly received doctrines of morality. To fight the battle on such ground, gives a great advantage to an unfair antagonist; since he will be sure to say (and many who have no desire to be unfair will say it internally), Are these the doctrines which you do not deem sufficiently certain to be taken under the protection of law? Is the belief in a God one of the opinions, to feel sure of which, you hold to be assuming infallibility? But I must be permitted to observe, that it is not the feeling sure of a doctrine (be it what it may) which I call an assumption of infallibility. It is the undertaking to decide that question *for others*, without allowing them to hear what can be said on the contrary side. And I denounce and reprobate this pretension not the less, if put forth on the side of my most solemn convictions. However positive any one's persuasion may be, not only of the falsity but of the pernicious consequences - not only of the pernicious consequences, but (to adopt expressions which I altogether condemn) the

immorality and impiety of an opinion; yet if, in pursuance of that private judgment, though backed by the public judgment of his country or his cotemporaries, he prevents the opinion from being heard in its defence, he assumes infallibility. And so far from the assumption being less objectionable or less dangerous because the opinion is called immoral or impious, this is the case of all others in which it is most fatal. These are exactly the occasions on which the men of one generation commit those dreadful mistakes, which excite the astonishment and horror of posterity. It is among such that we find the instances memorable in history, when the arm of the law has been employed to root out the best men and the noblest doctrines; with deplorable success as to the men, though some of the doctrines have survived to be (as if in mockery) invoked, in defence of similar conduct towards those who dissent from *them*, or from their received interpretation.

Mankind can hardly be too often reminded, that there was once a man named Socrates, between whom and the legal authorities and public opinion of his time, there took place a memorable collision. Born in an age and country abounding in individual greatness, this man has been handed down to us by those who best knew both him and the age, as the most virtuous man in it; while *we* know him as the head and prototype of all subsequent teachers of virtue, the source equally of the lofty inspiration of Plato and the judicious utilitarianism of Aristotle, '*i maëstri di color che sanno*', the two headsprings of ethical as of all other philosophy. This acknowledged master of all the eminent thinkers who have since lived - whose fame, still growing after more than two thousand years, all but outweighs the whole remainder of the names which make his native city illustrious - was put to death by his countrymen, after a judicial conviction, for impiety and immorality. Impiety, in denying

the gods recognized by the State; indeed his accuser asserted (see the *Apologia*) that he believed in no gods at all. Immorality, in being, by his doctrines and instructions, a 'corrupter of youth'. Of these charges the tribunal, there is every ground for believing, honestly found him guilty, and condemned the man who probably of all then born had deserved best of mankind, to be put to death as a criminal.

To pass from this to the only other instance of judicial iniquity, the mention of which, after the condemnation of Socrates, would not be an anti-climax: the event which took place on Calvary rather more than eighteen hundred years ago. The man who left on the memory of those who witnessed his life and conversation, such an impression of his moral grandeur, that eighteen subsequent centuries have done homage to him as the Almighty in person, was ignominiously put to death, as what? As a blasphemer. Men did not merely mistake their benefactor; they mistook him for the exact contrary of what he was, and treated him as that prodigy of impiety, which they themselves are now held to be, for their treatment of him. The feelings with which mankind now regard these lamentable transactions, especially the later of the two, render them extremely unjust in their judgment of the unhappy actors. These were, to all appearance, not bad men - not worse than men commonly are, but rather the contrary; men who possessed in a full, or somewhat more than a full measure, the religious, moral, and patriotic feelings of their time and people: the very kind of men who, in all times, our own included, have every chance of passing through life blameless and respected. The high-priest who rent his garments when the words were pronounced, which, according to all the ideas of his country, constituted the blackest guilt, was in all probability quite as sincere in his horror and

indignation, as the generality of respectable and pious men now are in the religious and moral sentiments they profess; and most of those who now shudder at his conduct, if they had lived in his time, and been born Jews, would have acted precisely as he did. Orthodox Christians who are tempted to think that those who stoned to death the first martyrs must have been worse men than they themselves are, ought to remember that one of those persecutors was Saint Paul.

Let us add one more example, the most striking of all, if the impressiveness of an error is measured by the wisdom and virtue of him who falls into it. If ever any one, possessed of power, had grounds for thinking himself the best and most enlightened among his cotemporaries, it was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Absolute monarch of the whole civilized world, he preserved through life not only the most unblemished justice, but what was less to be expected from his Stoical breeding, the tenderest heart. The few failings which are attributed to him, were all on the side of indulgence: while his writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ. This man, a better Christian in all but the dogmatic sense of the word, than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned, persecuted Christianity. Placed at the summit of all the previous attainments of humanity, with an open, unfettered intellect, and a character which led him of himself to embody in his moral writings the Christian ideal, he yet failed to see that Christianity was to be a good and not an evil to the world, with his duties to which he was so deeply penetrated. Existing society he knew to be in a deplorable state. But such as it was, he saw, or thought he saw, that it was held together, and prevented from being

worse, by belief and reverence of the received divinities. As a ruler of mankind, he deemed it his duty not to suffer society to fall in pieces; and saw not how, if its existing ties were removed, any others could be formed which could again knit it together. The new religion openly aimed at dissolving these ties: unless, therefore, it was his duty to adopt that religion, it seemed to be his duty to put it down. Inasmuch then as the theology of Christianity did not appear to him true or of divine origin; inasmuch as this strange history of a crucified God was not credible to him, and a system which purported to rest entirely upon a foundation to him so wholly unbelievable, could not be foreseen by him to be that renovating agency which, after all abatements, it has in fact proved to be; the gentlest and most amiable of philosophers and rulers, under a solemn sense of duty, authorized the persecution of Christianity. To my mind this is one of the most tragical facts in all history. It is a bitter thought, how different a thing the Christianity of the world might have been, if the Christian faith had been adopted as the religion of the empire under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius instead of those of Constantine. But it would be equally unjust to him and false to truth, to deny, that no one plea which can be urged for punishing anti-Christian teaching, was wanting to Marcus Aurelius for punishing, as he did, the propagation of Christianity. No Christian more firmly believes that Atheism is false, and tends to the dissolution of society, than Marcus Aurelius believed the same things of Christianity; he who, of all men then living, might have been thought the most capable of appreciating it. Unless any one who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions, flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius - more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time, more elevated in his intellect above it - more earnest in his search for truth, or more single-minded in his devotion to it when found; -

let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude, which the great Antoninus made with so unfortunate a result.

Aware of the impossibility of defending the use of punishment for restraining irreligious opinions, by any argument which will not justify Marcus Antoninus, the enemies of religious freedom, when hard pressed, occasionally accept this consequence, and say, with Dr Johnson, that the persecutors of Christianity were in the right; that persecution is an ordeal through which truth ought to pass, and always passes successfully, legal penalties being, in the end, powerless against truth, though sometimes beneficially effective against mischievous errors. This is a form of the argument for religious intolerance, sufficiently remarkable not to be passed without notice.

A theory which maintains that truth may justifiably be persecuted because persecution cannot possibly do it any harm, cannot be charged with being intentionally hostile to the reception of new truths; but we cannot commend the generosity of its dealing with the persons to whom mankind are indebted for them. To discover to the world something which deeply concerns it, and of which it was previously ignorant; to prove to it that it had been mistaken on some vital point of temporal or spiritual interest, is as important a service as a human being can render to his fellow-creatures, and in certain cases, as in those of the early Christians and of the Reformers, those who think with Dr Johnson believe it to have been the most precious gift which could be bestowed on mankind. That the authors of such splendid benefits should be requited by martyrdom; that their reward should be to be dealt with as the vilest of criminals, is not, upon this theory, a deplorable

error and misfortune, for which humanity should mourn in sackcloth and ashes, but the normal and justifiable state of things. The propounder of a new truth, according to this doctrine, should stand, as stood, in the legislation of the Locrians, the proposer of a new law, with a halter round his neck, to be instantly tightened if the public assembly did not, on hearing his reasons, then and there adopt his proposition. People who defend this mode of treating benefactors, cannot be supposed to set much value on the benefit; and I believe this view of the subject is mostly confined to the sort of persons who think that new truths may have been desirable once, but that we have had enough of them now.

But, indeed, the dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution, is one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes. History teems with instances of truth put down by persecution. If not suppressed for ever, it may be thrown back for centuries. To speak only of religious opinions: the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. Arnold of Brescia was put down. Fra Dolcino was put down. Savonarola was put down. The Albigeois were put down. The Vaudois were put down. The Lollards were put down. The Hussites were put down. Even after the era of Luther, wherever persecution was persisted in, it was successful. In Spain, Italy, Flanders, the Austrian empire, Protestantism was rooted out; and, most likely, would have been so in England, had Queen Mary lived, or Queen Elizabeth died. Persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted. No reasonable person can doubt that Christianity might have been extirpated in the Roman Empire. It spread, and became predominant, because the

persecutions were only occasional, lasting but a short time, and separated by long intervals of almost undisturbed propagandism. It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either. The real advantage which truth has, consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times, but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to rediscover it, until some one of its reappearances falls on a time when from favourable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it.

It will be said, that we do not now put to death the introducers of new opinions: we are not like our fathers who slew the prophets, we even build sepulchres to them. It is true we no longer put heretics to death; and the amount of penal infliction which modern feeling would probably tolerate, even against the most obnoxious opinions, is not sufficient to extirpate them. But let us not flatter ourselves that we are yet free from the stain even of legal persecution. Penalties for opinion, or at least for its expression, still exist by law; and their enforcement is not, even in these times, so unexampled as to make it at all incredible that they may some day be revived in full force. In the year 1857, at the summer assizes of the county of Cornwall, an unfortunate man,[2] said to be of unexceptionable conduct in all relations of life, was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment, for uttering, and writing on a gate, some offensive words concerning Christianity. Within a month of the same time, at the Old Bailey, two persons, on two separate

occasions,[3] were rejected as jurymen, and one of them grossly insulted by the judge and by one of the counsel, because they honestly declared that they had no theological belief; and a third, a foreigner,[4] for the same reason, was denied justice against a thief. This refusal of redress took place in virtue of the legal doctrine, that no person can be allowed to give evidence in a court of justice, who does not profess belief in a God (any god is sufficient) and in a future state; which is equivalent to declaring such persons to be outlaws, excluded from the protection of the tribunals; who may not only be robbed or assaulted with impunity, if no one but themselves, or persons of similar opinions, be present, but any one else may be robbed or assaulted with impunity, if the proof of the fact depends on their evidence. The assumption on which this is grounded, is that the oath is worthless, of a person who does not believe in a future state; a proposition which betokens much ignorance of history in those who assent to it (since it is historically true that a large proportion of infidels in all ages have been persons of distinguished integrity and honour); and would be maintained by no one who had the smallest conception how many of the persons in greatest repute with the world, both for virtues and for attainments, are well known, at least to their intimates, to be unbelievers. The rule, besides, is suicidal, and cuts away its own foundation. Under pretence that atheists must be liars, it admits the testimony of all atheists who are willing to lie, and rejects only those who brave the obloquy of publicly confessing a detested creed rather than affirm a falsehood. A rule thus self-convicted of absurdity so far as regards its professed purpose, can be kept in force only as a badge of hatred, a relic of persecution; a persecution, too, having the peculiarity, that the qualification for undergoing it, is the being clearly proved not to deserve it. The rule, and

the theory it implies, are hardly less insulting to believers than to infidels. For if he who does not believe in a future state, necessarily lies, it follows that they who do believe are only prevented from lying, if prevented they are, by the fear of hell. We will not do the authors and abettors of the rule the injury of supposing, that the conception which they have formed of Christian virtue is drawn from their own consciousness.

These, indeed, are but rags and remnants of persecution, and may be thought to be not so much an indication of the wish to persecute, as an example of that very frequent infirmity of English minds, which makes them take a preposterous pleasure in the assertion of a bad principle, when they are no longer bad enough to desire to carry it really into practice. But unhappily there is no security in the state of the public mind, that the suspension of worse forms of legal persecution, which has lasted for about the space of a generation, will continue. In this age the quiet surface of routine is as often ruffled by attempts to resuscitate past evils, as to introduce new benefits. What is boasted of at the present time as the revival of religion, is always, in narrow and uncultivated minds, at least as much the revival of bigotry; and where there is the strong permanent leaven of intolerance in the feelings of a people, which at all times abides in the middle classes of this country, it needs but little to provoke them into actively persecuting those whom they have never ceased to think proper objects of persecution.[5] For it is this - it is the opinions men entertain, and the feelings they cherish, respecting those who disown the beliefs they deem important, which makes this country not a place of mental freedom. For a long time past, the chief mischief of the legal penalties is that they strengthen the social stigma. It is that stigma which is really effective, and so effective is it, that the profession of opinions which

are under the ban of society is much less common in England, than is, in many other countries, the avowal of those which incur risk of judicial punishment. In respect to all persons but those whose pecuniary circumstances make them independent of the good will of other people, opinion, on this subject, is as efficacious as law; men might as well be imprisoned, as excluded from the means of earning their bread. Those whose bread is already secured, and who desire no favours from men in power, or from bodies of men, or from the public, have nothing to fear from the open avowal of any opinions, but to be ill-thought of and ill-spoken of, and this it ought not to require a very heroic mould to enable them to bear. There is no room for any appeal *ad misericordiam* in behalf of such persons. But though we do not now inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us, as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain, or even lose, ground in each decade or generation; they never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. And thus is kept up a state of things very satisfactory to some minds, because, without the unpleasant process of fining or imprisoning anybody, it maintains all prevailing opinions outwardly

undisturbed, while it does not absolutely interdict the exercise of reason by dissentients afflicted with the malady of thought. A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification, is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the general principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical, consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world. The sort of men who can be looked for under it, are either mere conformers to commonplace, or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative, do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles, that is, to small practical matters, which would come right of themselves, if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then: while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned.

Those in whose eyes this reticence on the part of heretics is no evil, should consider in the first place, that in consequence of it there is never any fair and thorough discussion of heretical opinions; and that such of them as could not stand such a discussion, though they may be prevented from spreading, do not disappear. But it is not the minds of heretics that are

deteriorated most, by the ban placed on all inquiry which does not end in the orthodox conclusions. The greatest harm done is to those who are not heretics, and whose whole mental development is cramped, and their reason cowed, by the fear of heresy. Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought, lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or im moral? Among them we may occasionally see some man of deep conscientiousness, and subtle and refined understanding, who spends a life in sophisticating with an intellect which he cannot silence, and exhausts the resources of ingenuity in attempting to reconcile the promptings of his conscience and reason with orthodoxy, which yet he does not, perhaps, to the end succeed in doing. No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize, that as a thinker it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think. Not that it is solely, or chiefly, to form great thinkers, that freedom of thinking is required. On the contrary, it is as much and even more indispensable, to enable average human beings to attain the mental stature which they are capable of. There have been, and may again be, great individual thinkers, in a general atmosphere of mental slavery. But there never has been, nor ever will be, in that atmosphere, an intellectually active people. When any people has made a temporary approach to such a character, it has been because the dread of heterodox speculation was for a time suspended. Where there is a tacit convention that principles are not to be disputed; where the discussion of the greatest questions which can occupy

humanity is considered to be closed, we cannot hope to find that generally high scale of mental activity which has made some periods of history so remarkable. Never when controversy avoided the subjects which are large and important enough to kindle enthusiasm, was the mind of a people stirred up from its foundations, and the impulse given which raised even persons of the most ordinary intellect to something of the dignity of thinking beings. Of such we have had an example in the condition of Europe during the times immediately following the Reformation; another, though limited to the Continent and to a more cultivated class, in the speculative movement of the latter half of the eighteenth century; and a third, of still briefer duration, in the intellectual fermentation of Germany during the Goethian and Fichtean period. These periods differed widely in the particular opinions which they developed; but were alike in this, that during all three the yoke of authority was broken. In each, an old mental despotism had been thrown off, and no new one had yet taken its place. The impulse given at these three periods has made Europe what it now is. Every single improvement which has taken place either in the human mind or in institutions, may be traced distinctly to one or other of them. Appearances have for some time indicated that all three impulses are well nigh spent; and we can expect no fresh start, until we again assert our mental freedom.

Let us now pass to the second division of the argument, and dismissing the supposition that any of the received opinions may be false, let us assume them to be true, and examine into the worth of the manner in which they are likely to be held, when their truth is not freely and openly canvassed. However unwillingly a person who has a strong opinion may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the

consideration that however true it may be, if it is not fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed, it will be held as a dead dogma, not a living truth.

There is a class of persons (happily not quite so numerous as formerly) who think it enough if a person assents undoubtingly to what they think true, though he has no knowledge whatever of the grounds of the opinion, and could not make a tenable defence of it against the most superficial objections. Such persons, if they can once get their creed taught from authority, naturally think that no good, and some harm, comes of its being allowed to be questioned. Where their influence prevails, they make it nearly impossible for the received opinion to be rejected wisely and considerately, though it may still be rejected rashly and ignorantly; for to shut out discussion entirely is seldom possible, and when it once gets in, beliefs not grounded on conviction are apt to give way before the slightest semblance of an argument. Waiving, however, this possibility - assuming that the true opinion abides in the mind, but abides as a prejudice, a belief independent of, and proof against, argument - this is not the way in which truth ought to be held by a rational being. This is not knowing the truth. Truth, thus held, is but one superstition the more, accidentally clinging to the words which enunciate a truth.

If the intellect and judgment of mankind ought to be cultivated, a thing which Protestants at least do not deny, on what can these faculties be more appropriately exercised by any one, than on the things which concern him so much that it is considered necessary for him to hold opinions on them? If the cultivation of the understanding consists in one thing more than in another, it is surely in learning the grounds of one's own opinions. Whatever people believe, on subjects on which it is of the first importance to believe rightly,

they ought to be able to defend against at least the common objections. But, some one may say, 'Let them be *taught* the grounds of their opinions. It does not follow that opinions must be merely parroted because they are never heard controverted. Persons who learn geometry do not simply commit the theorems to memory, but understand and learn likewise the demonstrations; and it would be absurd to say that they remain ignorant of the grounds of geometrical truths, because they never hear any one deny, and attempt to disprove them.' Undoubtedly: and such teaching suffices on a subject like mathematics, where there is nothing at all to be said on the wrong side of the question. The peculiarity of the evidence of mathematical truths is, that all the argument is on one side. There are no objections, and no answers to objections. But on every subject on which difference of opinion is possible, the truth depends on a balance to be struck between two sets of conflicting reasons. Even in natural philosophy, there is always some other explanation possible of the same facts; some geocentric theory instead of heliocentric, some phlogiston instead of oxygen; and it has to be shown why that other theory cannot be the true one: and until this is shown, and until we know how it is shown, we do not understand the grounds of our opinion. But when we turn to subjects infinitely more complicated, to morals, religion, politics, social relations, and the business of life, three-fourths of the arguments for every disputed opinion consist in dispelling the appearances which favour some opinion different from it. The greatest orator, save one, of antiquity, has left it on record that he always studied his adversary's case with as great, if not with still greater, intensity than even his own. What Cicero practised as the means of forensic success, requires to be imitated by all who study any subject in order to arrive at the truth. He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that. His reasons may be good, and no one may have

been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposite side; if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion. The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he contents himself with that, he is either led by authority, or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied by what they offer as refutations. That is not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind. He must be able to hear them from persons who actually believe them; who defend them in earnest, and do their very utmost for them. He must know them in their most plausible and persuasive form; he must feel the whole force of the difficulty which the true view of the subject has to encounter and dispose of; else he will never really possess himself of the portion of truth which meets and removes that difficulty. Ninety-nine in a hundred of what are called educated men are in this condition; even of those who can argue fluently for their opinions. Their conclusion may be true, but it might be false for anything they know: they have never thrown themselves into the mental position of those who think differently from them, and considered what such persons may have to say; and consequently they do not, in any proper sense of the word, know the doctrine which they themselves profess. They do not know those parts of it which explain and justify the remainder; the considerations which show that a fact which seemingly conflicts with another is reconcilable with it, or that, of two apparently strong reasons, one and not the other ought to be preferred. All that part of the truth which turns the scale, and decides the judgment of a completely informed mind, they are strangers to; nor is it ever really known, but to those who have attended equally and

impartially to both sides, and endeavoured to see the reasons of both in the strongest light. So essential is this discipline to a real understanding of moral and human subjects, that if opponents of all important truths do not exist, it is indispensable to imagine them, and supply them with the strongest arguments which the most skilful devil's advocate can conjure up.

To abate the force of these considerations, an enemy of free discussion may be supposed to say, that there is no necessity for mankind in general to know and understand all that can be said against or for their opinions by philosophers and theologians. That it is not needful for common men to be able to expose all the misstatements or fallacies of an ingenious opponent. That it is enough if there is always somebody capable of answering them, so that nothing likely to mislead uninstructed persons remains unrefuted. That simple minds, having been taught the obvious grounds of the truths inculcated on them, may trust to authority for the rest, and being aware that they have neither knowledge nor talent to resolve every difficulty which can be raised, may repose in the assurance that all those which have been raised have been or can be answered, by those who are specially trained to the task.

Conceding to this view of the subject the utmost that can be claimed for it by those most easily satisfied with the amount of understanding of truth which ought to accompany the belief of it; even so, the argument for free discussion is no way weakened. For even this doctrine acknowledges that mankind ought to have a rational assurance that all objections have been satisfactorily answered; and how are they to be answered if that which requires to be answered is not spoken? or how can the answer be known to be satisfactory, if the objectors have no opportunity of showing that it is

unsatisfactory? If not the public, at least the philosophers and theologians who are to resolve the difficulties, must make themselves familiar with those difficulties in their most puzzling form; and this cannot be accomplished unless they are freely stated, and placed in the most advantageous light which they admit of. The Catholic Church has its own way of dealing with this embarrassing problem. It makes a broad separation between those who can be permitted to receive its doctrines on conviction, and those who must accept them on trust. Neither, indeed, are allowed any choice as to what they will accept; but the clergy, such at least as can be fully confided in, may admissibly and meritoriously make themselves acquainted with the arguments of opponents, in order to answer them, and may, therefore, read heretical books; the laity, not unless by special permission, hard to be obtained. This discipline recognizes a knowledge of the enemy's case as beneficial to the teachers, but finds means, consistent with this, of denying it to the rest of the world: thus giving to the *élite* more mental culture, though not more mental freedom, than it allows to the mass. By this device it succeeds in obtaining the kind of mental superiority which its purposes require; for though culture without freedom never made a large and liberal mind, it can make a clever *nisi prius* advocate of a cause. But in countries professing Protestantism, this resource is denied; since Protestants hold, at least in theory, that the responsibility for the choice of a religion must be borne by each for himself, and cannot be thrown off upon teachers. Besides, in the present state of the world, it is practically impossible that writings which are read by the instructed can be kept from the uninstructed. If the teachers of mankind are to be cognizant of all that they ought to know, everything must be free to be written and published without restraint.

If, however, the mischievous operation of the absence of free discussion, when the received opinions are true, were confined to leaving men ignorant of the grounds of those opinions, it might be thought that this, if an intellectual, is no moral evil, and does not affect the worth of the opinions, regarded in their influence on the character. The fact, however, is, that not only the grounds of the opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the meaning of the opinion itself. The words which convey it, cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate. Instead of a vivid conception and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost. The great chapter in human history which this fact occupies and fills, cannot be too earnestly studied and meditated on.

It is illustrated in the experience of almost all ethical doctrines and religious creeds. They are all full of meaning and vitality to those who originate them, and to the direct disciples of the originators. Their meaning continues to be felt in undiminished strength, and is perhaps brought out into even fuller consciousness, so long as the struggle lasts to give the doctrine or creed an ascendancy over other creeds. At last it either prevails, and becomes the general opinion, or its progress stops; it keeps possession of the ground it has gained, but ceases to spread further. When either of these results has become apparent, controversy on the subject flags, and gradually dies away.

The doctrine has taken its place, if not as a received opinion, as one of the admitted sects or divisions of opinion: those who hold it have generally inherited, not adopted it; and conversion from one of these doctrines to

another, being now an exceptional fact, occupies little place in the thoughts of their professors. Instead of being, as at first, constantly on the alert either to defend themselves against the world, or to bring the world over to them, they have subsided into acquiescence, and neither listen, when they can help it, to arguments against their creed, nor trouble dissentients (if there be such) with arguments in its favour. From this time may usually be dated the decline in the living power of the doctrine. We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognize, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence: even the weaker combatants then know and feel what they are fighting for, and the difference between it and other doctrines; and in that period of every creed's existence, not a few persons may be found, who have realized its fundamental principles in all the forms of thought, have weighed and considered them in all their important bearings, and have experienced the full effect on the character, which belief in that creed ought to produce in a mind thoroughly imbued with it. But when it has come to be an hereditary creed, and to be received passively, not actively - when the mind is no longer compelled, in the same degree as at first, to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formularies, or to give it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed with the necessity of realizing it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience; until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were outside the mind, incrusting and petrifying

it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant.

To what an extent doctrines intrinsically fitted to make the deepest impression upon the mind may remain in it as dead beliefs, without being ever realized in the imagination, the feelings, or the understanding, is exemplified by the manner in which the majority of believers hold the doctrines of Christianity. By Christianity I here mean what is accounted such by all churches and sects - the maxims and precepts contained in the New Testament. These are considered sacred, and accepted as laws, by all professing Christians. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that not one Christian in a thousand guides or tests his individual conduct by reference to those laws. The standard to which he does refer it, is the custom of his nation, his class, or his religious profession. He has thus, on the one hand, a collection of ethical maxims, which he believes to have been vouchsafed to him by infallible wisdom as rules for his government; and on the other, a set of everyday judgments and practices, which go a certain length with some of those maxims, not so great a length with others, stand in direct opposition to some, and are, on the whole, a compromise between the Christian creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life. To the first of these standards he gives his homage; to the other his real allegiance. All Christians believe that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world; that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that they should judge not, lest they be judged; that they should swear not at all; that they should love their

neighbour as themselves; that if one take their cloak, they should give him their coat also; that they should take no thought for the morrow; that if they would be perfect, they should sell all that they have and give it to the poor. They are not insincere when they say that they believe these things. They do believe them, as people believe what they have always heard lauded and never discussed. But in the sense of that living belief which regulates conduct, they believe these doctrines just up to the point to which it is usual to act upon them. The doctrines in their integrity are serviceable to pelt adversaries with; and it is understood that they are to be put forward (when possible) as the reasons for whatever people do that they think laudable. But any one who reminded them that the maxims require an infinity of things which they never even think of doing, would gain nothing but to be classed among those very unpopular characters who affect to be better than other people. The doctrines have no hold on ordinary believers - are not a power in their minds. They have an habitual respect for the sound of them, but no feeling which spreads from the words to the things signified, and forces the mind to take *them* in, and make them conform to the formula. Whenever conduct is concerned, they look round for Mr A and B to direct them how far to go in obeying Christ.

Now we may be well assured that the case was not thus, but far otherwise, with the early Christians. Had it been thus, Christianity never would have expanded from an obscure sect of the despised Hebrews into the religion of the Roman empire. When their enemies said, 'See how these Christians love one another' (a remark not likely to be made by anybody now), they assuredly had a much livelier feeling of the meaning of their creed than they have ever had since. And to this cause, probably, it is chiefly owing

that Christianity now makes so little progress in extending its domain, and after eighteen centuries, is still nearly confined to Europeans and the descendants of Europeans. Even with the strictly religious, who are much in earnest about their doctrines, and attach a greater amount of meaning to many of them than people in general, it commonly happens that the part which is thus comparatively active in their minds is that which was made by Calvin, or Knox, or some such person much nearer in character to themselves. The sayings of Christ co-exist passively in their minds, producing hardly any effect beyond what is caused by mere listening to words so amiable and bland. There are many reasons, doubtless, why doctrines which are the badge of a sect retain more of their vitality than those common to all recognized sects, and why more pains are taken by teachers to keep their meaning alive; but one reason certainly is, that the peculiar doctrines are more questioned, and have to be oftener defended against open gainsayers. Both teachers and learners go to sleep at their post, as soon as there is no enemy in the field.

The same thing holds true, generally speaking, of all traditional doctrines - those of prudence and knowledge of life, as well as of morals or religion. All languages and literatures are full of general observations on life, both as to what it is, and how to conduct oneself in it; observations which everybody knows, which everybody repeats, or hears with acquiescence, which are received as truisms, yet of which most people first truly learn the meaning, when experience, generally of a painful kind, has made it a reality to them. How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying, familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he does now, would have saved him from the calamity. There are indeed

reasons for this, other than the absence of discussion: there are many truths of which the full meaning *cannot* be realized, until personal experience has brought it home. But much more of the meaning even of these would have been understood, and what was understood would have been far more deeply impressed on the mind, if the man had been accustomed to hear it argued *pro* and *con* by people who did understand it. The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful, is the cause of half their errors. A cotemporary author has well spoken of 'the deep slumber of a decided opinion'.

But what! (it may be asked) Is the absence of unanimity an indispensable condition of true knowledge? Is it necessary that some part of mankind should persist in error, to enable any to realize the truth? Does a belief cease to be real and vital as soon as it is generally received - and is a proposition never thoroughly understood and felt unless some doubt of it remains? As soon as mankind have unanimously accepted a truth, does the truth perish within them? The highest aim and best result of improved intelligence, it has hitherto been thought, is to unite mankind more and more in the acknowledgement of all important truths: and does the intelligence only last as long as it has not achieved its object? Do the fruits of conquest perish by the very completeness of the victory?

I affirm no such thing. As mankind improve, the number of doctrines which are no longer disputed or doubted will be constantly on the increase: and the well-being of mankind may almost be measured by the number and gravity of the truths which have reached the point of being uncontested. The cessation, on one question after another, of serious controversy, is one of the

necessary incidents of the consolidation of opinion; a consolidation as salutary in the case of true opinions, as it is dangerous and noxious when the opinions are erroneous. But though this gradual narrowing of the bounds of diversity of opinion is necessary in both senses of the term, being at once inevitable and indispensable, we are not therefore obliged to conclude that all its consequences must be beneficial. The loss of so important an aid to the intelligent and living apprehension of a truth, as is afforded by the necessity of explaining it to, or defending it against, opponents, though not sufficient to outweigh, is no trifling drawback from, the benefit of its universal recognition. Where this advantage can no longer be had, I confess I should like to see the teachers of mankind endeavouring to provide a substitute for it; some contrivance for making the difficulties of the question as present to the learner's consciousness, as if they were pressed upon him by a dissentient champion, eager for his conversion.

But instead of seeking contrivances for this purpose, they have lost those they formerly had. The Socratic dialectics, so magnificently exemplified in the dialogues of Plato, were a contrivance of this description. They were essentially a negative discussion of the great questions of philosophy and life, directed with consummate skill to the purpose of convincing any one who had merely adopted the commonplaces of received opinion, that he did not understand the subject - that he as yet attached no definite meaning to the doctrines he professed; in order that, becoming aware of his ignorance, he might be put in the way to attain a stable belief, resting on a clear apprehension both of the meaning of doctrines and of their evidence. The school disputations of the middle ages had a somewhat similar object. They were intended to make sure that the pupil understood his own opinion, and

(by necessary correlation) the opinion opposed to it, and could enforce the grounds of the one and confute those of the other. These last-mentioned contests had indeed the incurable defect, that the premises appealed to were taken from authority, not from reason; and, as a discipline to the mind, they were in every respect inferior to the powerful dialectics which formed the intellects of the 'Socratici viri': but the modern mind owes far more to both than it is generally willing to admit, and the present modes of education contain nothing which in the smallest degree supplies the place either of the one or of the other. A person who derives all his instruction from teachers or books, even if he escape the besetting temptation of contenting himself with cram, is under no compulsion to hear both sides; accordingly it is far from a frequent accomplishment, even among thinkers, to know both sides; and the weakest part of what everybody says in defence of his opinion, is what he intends as a reply to antagonists. It is the fashion of the present time to disparage negative logic - that which points out weaknesses in theory or errors in practice, without establishing positive truths. Such negative criticism would indeed be poor enough as an ultimate result; but as a means to attaining any positive knowledge or conviction worthy the name, it cannot be valued too highly; and until people are again systematically trained to it, there will be few great thinkers, and a low general average of intellect, in any but the mathematical and physical departments of speculation. On any other subject no one's opinions deserve the name of knowledge, except so far as he has either had forced upon him by others, or gone through of himself, the same mental process which would have been required of him in carrying on an active controversy with opponents. That, therefore, which when absent, it is so indispensable, but so difficult, to create, how worse than absurd it is to forgo, when spontaneously offering itself! If there are any persons who

contest a received opinion, or who will do so if law or opinion will let them, let us thank them for it, open our minds to listen to them, and rejoice that there is some one to do for us what we otherwise ought, if we have any regard for either the certainty or the vitality of our convictions, to do with much greater labour for ourselves.

It still remains to speak of one of the principal causes which make diversity of opinion advantageous, and will continue to do so until mankind shall have entered a stage of intellectual advancement which at present seems at an incalculable distance. We have hitherto considered only two possibilities: that the received opinion may be false, and some other opinion, consequently, true; or that, the received opinion being true, a conflict with the opposite error is essential to a clear apprehension and deep feeling of its truth. But there is a commoner case than either of these; when the conflicting doctrines, instead of being one true and the other false, share the truth between them; and the nonconforming opinion is needed to supply the remainder of the truth, of which the received doctrine embodies only a part. Popular opinions, on subjects not palpable to sense, are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth. They are a part of the truth; sometimes a greater, sometimes a smaller part, but exaggerated, distorted, and disjoined from the truths by which they ought to be accompanied and limited. Heretical opinions, on the other hand, are generally some of these suppressed and neglected truths, bursting the bonds which kept them down, and either seeking reconciliation with the truth contained in the common opinion, or fronting it as enemies, and setting themselves up, with similar exclusiveness, as the whole truth. The latter case is hitherto the most frequent, as, in the human mind, one-sidedness has always been the rule, and many-sidedness

the exception. Hence, even in revolutions of opinion, one part of the truth usually sets while another rises. Even progress, which ought to superadd, for the most part only substitutes, one partial and incomplete truth for another; improvement consisting chiefly in this, that the new fragment of truth is more wanted, more adapted to the needs of the time, than that which it displaces. Such being the partial character of prevailing opinions, even when resting on a true foundation, every opinion which embodies somewhat of the portion of truth which the common opinion omits, ought to be considered precious, with whatever amount of error and confusion that truth may be blended. No sober judge of human affairs will feel bound to be indignant because those who force on our notice truths which we should otherwise have overlooked, overlook some of those which we see. Rather, he will think that so long as popular truth is one-sided, it is more desirable than otherwise that unpopular truth should have one-sided asserters too; such being usually the most energetic, and the most likely to compel reluctant attention to the fragment of wisdom which they proclaim as if it were the whole.

Thus, in the eighteenth century, when nearly all the instructed, and all those of the uninstructed who were led by them, were lost in admiration of what is called civilization, and of the marvels of modern science, literature, and philosophy, and while greatly overrating the amount of unlikeness between the men of modern and those of ancient times, indulged the belief that the whole of the difference was in their own favour; with what a salutary shock did the paradoxes of Rousseau explode like bombshells in the midst, dislocating the compact mass of one-sided opinion, and forcing its elements to recombine in a better form and with additional ingredients. Not that the current opinions were on the whole farther from the truth than Rousseau's

were; on the contrary, they were nearer to it; they contained more of positive truth, and very much less of error. Nevertheless there lay in Rousseau's doctrine, and has floated down the stream of opinion along with it, a considerable amount of exactly those truths which the popular opinion wanted; and these are the deposit which was left behind when the flood subsided. The superior worth of simplicity of life, the enervating and demoralizing effect of the trammels and hypocrisies of artificial society, are ideas which have never been entirely absent from cultivated minds since Rousseau wrote; and they will in time produce their due effect, though at present needing to be asserted as much as ever, and to be asserted by deeds, for words, on this subject, have nearly exhausted their power.

In politics, again, it is almost a commonplace, that a party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life; until the one or the other shall have so en larged its mental grasp as to be a party equally of order and of progress, knowing and distinguishing what is fit to be preserved from what ought to be swept away. Each of these modes of thinking derives its utility from the deficiencies of the other; but it is in a great measure the opposition of the other that keeps each within the limits of reason and sanity. Unless opinions favourable to de mocracy and to aristocracy, to property and to equality, to co-operation and to competition, to luxury and to abstinence, to sociality and individuality, to liberty and discipline, and all the other standing antagonisms of practical life, are expressed with equal freedom, and enforced and defended with equal talent and energy, there is no chance of both elements obtaining their due; one scale is sure to go up, and the other down. Truth, in the great practical concerns of life, is so much a question of the reconciling and combining of

opposites, that very few have minds sufficiently capacious and impartial to make the adjustment with an approach to correctness, and it has to be made by the rough process of a struggle between combatants fighting under hostile banners. On any of the great open questions just enumerated, if either of the two opinions has a better claim than the other, not merely to be tolerated, but to be encouraged and countenanced, it is the one which happens at the particular time and place to be in a minority. That is the opinion which, for the time being, represents the neglected interests, the side of human well-being which is in danger of obtaining less than its share. I am aware that there is not, in this country, any intolerance of differences of opinion on most of these topics. They are adduced to show, by admitted and multiplied examples, the universality of the fact, that only through diversity of opinion is there, in the existing state of human intellect, a chance of fair play to all sides of the truth. When there are persons to be found, who form an exception to the apparent unanimity of the world on any subject, even if the world is in the right, it is always probable that dissentients have something worth hearing to say for themselves, and that truth would lose something by their silence.

It may be objected, 'But *some* received principles, especially on the highest and most vital subjects, are more than half-truths. The Christian morality, for instance, is the whole truth on that subject, and if any one teaches a morality which varies from it, he is wholly in error.' As this is of all cases the most important in practice, none can be fitter to test the general maxim. But before pronouncing what Christian morality is or is not, it would be desirable to decide what is meant by Christian morality. If it means the morality of the New Testament, I wonder that any one who derives his knowledge of this from the book itself, can suppose that it was announced, or

intended, as a complete doctrine of morals. The Gospel always refers to a pre-existing morality, and confines its precepts to the particulars in which that morality was to be corrected, or superseded by a wider and higher; expressing itself, moreover, in terms most general, often impossible to be interpreted literally, and possessing rather the impressiveness of poetry or eloquence than the precision of legislation. To extract from it a body of ethical doctrine, has never been possible without eking it out from the Old Testament, that is, from a system elaborate indeed, but in many respects barbarous, and intended only for a barbarous people. St Paul, a declared enemy to this Judaical mode of interpreting the doctrine and filling up the scheme of his Master, equally assumes a pre-existing morality, namely that of the Greeks and Romans; and his advice to Christians is in a great measure a system of accommodation to that; even to the extent of giving an apparent sanction to slavery. What is called Christian, but should rather be termed theological, morality, was not the work of Christ or the Apostles, but is of much later origin, having been gradually built up by the Catholic church of the first five centuries, and though not implicitly adopted by moderns and Protestants, has been much less modified by them than might have been expected. For the most part, indeed, they have contented themselves with cutting off the additions which had been made to it in the middle ages, each sect supplying the place by fresh additions, adapted to its own character and tendencies. That mankind owe a great debt to this morality, and to its early teachers, I should be the last person to deny; but I do not scruple to say of it, that it is, in many important points, incomplete and one-sided, and that unless ideas and feelings, not sanctioned by it, had contributed to the formation of European life and character, human affairs would have been in a worse condition than they now are. Christian morality (so called) has all the characters of a reaction; it is, in

great part, a protest against Paganism. Its ideal is negative rather than positive; passive rather than active; Innocence rather than Nobleness; Abstinence from Evil, rather than energetic Pursuit of Good: in its precepts (as has been well said) 'thou shalt not' predominates unduly over 'thou shalt'. In its horror of sensuality, it made an idol of asceticism, which has been gradually compromised away into one of legality. It holds out the hope of heaven and the threat of hell, as the appointed and appropriate motives to a virtuous life: in this falling far below the best of the ancients, and doing what lies in it to give to human morality an essentially selfish character, by disconnecting each man's feelings of duty from the interests of his fellow-creatures, except so far as a self-interested inducement is offered to him for consulting them. It is essentially a doctrine of passive obedience; it inculcates submission to all authorities found established; who indeed are not to be actively obeyed when they command what religion forbids, but who are not to be resisted, far less rebelled against, for any amount of wrong to ourselves. And while, in the morality of the best Pagan nations, duty to the State holds even a disproportionate place, infringing on the just liberty of the individual; in purely Christian ethics, that grand department of duty is scarcely noticed or acknowledged. It is in the *Koran*, not the New Testament, that we read the maxim - 'A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State.' What little recognition the idea of obligation to the public obtains in modern morality, is derived from Greek and Roman sources, not from Christian; as, even in the morality of private life, whatever exists of magnanimity, highmindedness, personal dignity, even the sense of honour, is derived from the purely human, not the religious part of our education, and never could have grown out of a standard of ethics in which the only worth,

professedly recognized, is that of obedience.

I am as far as any one from pretending that these defects are necessarily inherent in the Christian ethics, in every manner in which it can be conceived, or that the many requisites of a complete moral doctrine which it does not contain, do not admit of being reconciled with it. Far less would I insinuate this of the doctrines and precepts of Christ himself. I believe that the sayings of Christ are all, that I can see any evidence of their having been intended to be; that they are irreconcilable with nothing which a comprehensive morality requires; that everything which is excellent in ethics may be brought within them, with no greater violence to their language than has been done to it by all who have attempted to deduce from them any practical system of conduct whatever. But it is quite consistent with this, to believe that they contain, and were meant to contain, only a part of the truth; that many essential elements of the highest morality are among the things which are not provided for, nor intended to be provided for, in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity, and which have been entirely thrown aside in the system of ethics erected on the basis of those deliverances by the Christian Church. And this being so, I think it a great error to persist in attempting to find in the Christian doctrine that complete rule for our guidance, which its author intended it to sanction and enforce, but only partially to provide. I believe, too, that this narrow theory is becoming a grave practical evil, detracting greatly from the value of the moral training and instruction, which so many well-meaning persons are now at length exerting themselves to promote. I much fear that by attempting to form the mind and feelings on an exclusively religious type, and discarding those secular standards (as for want of a better name they may be called) which heretofore co-existed with and supplemented

the Christian ethics, receiving some of its spirit, and infusing into it some of theirs, there will result, and is even now resulting, a low, abject, servile type of character, which, submit itself as it may to what it deems the Supreme Will, is incapable of rising to or sympathizing in the conception of Supreme Goodness. I believe that other ethics than any which can be evolved from exclusively Christian sources, must exist side by side with Christian ethics to produce the moral regeneration of mankind; and that the Christian system is no exception to the rule, that in an imperfect state of the human mind, the interests of truth require a diversity of opinions. It is not necessary that in ceasing to ignore the moral truths not contained in Christianity, men should ignore any of those which it does contain. Such prejudice, or oversight, when it occurs, is altogether an evil; but it is one from which we cannot hope to be always exempt, and must be regarded as the price paid for an inestimable good. The exclusive pretension made by a part of the truth to be the whole, must and ought to be protested against; and if a reactionary impulse should make the protestors unjust in their turn, this one-sidedness, like the other, may be lamented, but must be tolerated. If Christians would teach infidels to be just to Christianity, they should themselves be just to infidelity. It can do truth no service to blink the fact, known to all who have the most ordinary acquaintance with literary history, that a large portion of the noblest and most valuable moral teaching has been the work, not only of men who did not know, but of men who knew and rejected, the Christian faith.

I do not pretend that the most unlimited use of the freedom of enunciating all possible opinions would put an end to the evils of religious or philosophical sectarianism. Every truth which men of narrow capacity are in earnest about, is sure to be asserted, inculcated, and in many ways even acted

on, as if no other truth existed in the world, or at all events none that could limit or qualify the first. I acknowledge that the tendency of all opinions to become sectarian is not cured by the freest discussion, but is often heightened and exacerbated thereby; the truth which ought to have been, but was not, seen, being rejected all the more violently because proclaimed by persons regarded as opponents. But it is not on the impassioned partisan, it is on the calmer and more disinterested bystander, that this collision of opinions works its salutary effect. Not the violent conflict between parts of the truth, but the quiet suppression of half of it, is the formidable evil; there is always hope when people are forced to listen to both sides; it is when they attend only to one that errors harden into prejudices, and truth itself ceases to have the effect of truth, by being exaggerated into falsehood. And since there are few mental attributes more rare than that judicial faculty which can sit in intelligent judgment between two sides of a question, of which only one is represented by an advocate before it, truth has no chance but in proportion as every side of it, every opinion which embodies any fraction of the truth, not only finds advocates, but is so advocated as to be listened to.

We have now recognized the necessity to the mental well-being of mankind (on which all their other well-being depends) of freedom of opinion, and freedom of the ex pression of opinion, on four distinct grounds; which we will now briefly recapitulate.

First, if any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility.

Secondly, though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very

commonly does, contain a portion of truth; and since the general or prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied.

Thirdly, even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth; unless it is suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will, by most of those who receive it, be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. And not only this, but, fourthly, the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost, or enfeebled, and deprived of its vital effect on the character and conduct: the dogma becoming a mere formal profession, inefficacious for good, but cumbering the ground, and preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction, from reason or personal experience.

Before quitting the subject of freedom of opinion, it is fit to take some notice of those who say, that the free expression of all opinions should be permitted, on condition that the manner be temperate, and do not pass the bounds of fair discussion. Much might be said on the impossibility of fixing where these supposed bounds are to be placed; for if the test be offence to those whose opinion is attacked, I think experience testifies that this offence is given whenever the attack is telling and powerful, and that every opponent who pushes them hard, and whom they find it difficult to answer, appears to them, if he shows any strong feeling on the subject, an intemperate opponent. But this, though an important consideration in a practical point of view, merges in a more fundamental objection. Undoubtedly the manner of asserting an opinion, even though it be a true one, may be very objectionable,

and may justly incur severe censure. But the principal offences of the kind are such as it is mostly impossible, unless by accidental self-betrayal, to bring home to conviction. The gravest of them is, to argue sophistically, to suppress facts or arguments, to misstate the elements of the case, or misrepresent the opposite opinion. But all this, even to the most aggravated degree, is so continually done in perfect good faith, by persons who are not considered, and in many other respects may not deserve to be considered, ignorant or incompetent, that it is rarely possible on adequate grounds conscientiously to stamp the misrepresentation as morally culpable; and still less could law presume to interfere with this kind of controversial misconduct. With regard to what is commonly meant by intemperate discussion, namely invective, sarcasm, personality, and the like, the denunciation of these weapons would deserve more sympathy if it were ever proposed to interdict them equally to both sides; but it is only desired to restrain the employment of them against the prevailing opinion: against the unprevailing they may not only be used without general disapproval, but will be likely to obtain for him who uses them the praise of honest zeal and righteous indignation. Yet whatever mischief arises from their use, is greatest when they are employed against the comparatively de fenceless; and whatever unfair advantage can be derived by any opinion from this mode of asserting it, accrues almost exclusively to received opinions. The worst offence of this kind which can be committed by a polemic, is to stigmatize those who hold the contrary opinion as bad and immoral men. To calumny of this sort, those who hold any unpopular opinion are peculiarly exposed, because they are in general few and uninfluential, and nobody but themselves feels much interested in seeing justice done them; but this weapon is, from the nature of the case, denied to those who attack a prevailing opinion: they can neither use it with safety to themselves, nor, if

they could, would it do anything but recoil on their own cause. In general, opinions contrary to those commonly received can only obtain a hearing by studied moderation of language, and the most cautious avoidance of unnecessary offence, from which they hardly ever deviate even in a slight degree without losing ground: while unmeasured vituperation employed on the side of the prevailing opinion, really does deter people from professing contrary opinions, and from listening to those who profess them. For the interest, therefore, of truth and justice, it is far more important to restrain this employment of vituperative language than the other; and, for example, if it were necessary to choose, there would be much more need to discourage offensive attacks on infidelity, than on religion. It is, however, obvious that law and authority have no business with restraining either, while opinion ought, in every instance, to determine its verdict by the circumstances of the individual case; condemning every one, on whichever side of the argument he places himself, in whose mode of advocacy either want of candour, or malignity, bigotry, or intolerance of feeling manifest themselves; but not inferring these vices from the side which a person takes, though it be the contrary side of the question to our own: and giving merited honour to every one, whatever opinion he may hold, who has calmness to see and honesty to state what his opponents and their opinions really are, exaggerating nothing to their discredit, keeping nothing back which tells, or can be supposed to tell, in their favour. This is the real morality of public discussion: and if often violated, I am happy to think that there are many controversialists who to a great extent observe it, and a still greater number who conscientiously strive towards it.

[1]These words had scarcely been written, when, as if to give them an emphatic contradiction, occurred the Government Press Prosecutions of 1858. That ill-judged interference with the liberty of public discussion has not, however, induced me to alter a single word in the text, nor has it at all weakened my conviction that, moments of panic excepted, the era of pains and penalties for political discussion has, in our own country, passed away. For, in the first place, the prosecutions were not persisted in; and, in the second, they were never, properly speaking, political prosecutions. The offence charged was not that of criticizing institutions, or the acts or persons of rulers, but of circulating what was deemed an immoral doctrine, the lawfulness of Tyrannicide.

If the arguments of the present chapter are of any validity, there ought to exist the fullest liberty of professing and discussing, as a matter of ethical conviction, any doctrine, however immoral it may be considered. It would, therefore, be irrelevant and out of place to examine here, whether the doctrine of Tyrannicide deserves that title. I shall content myself with saying that the subject has been at all times one of the open questions of morals; that the act of a private citizen in striking down a criminal, who, by raising himself above the law, has placed

himself beyond the reach of legal punishment or control, has been accounted by whole nations, and by some of the best and wisest of men, not a crime, but an act of exalted virtue; and that, right or wrong, it is not of the nature of assassination, but of civil war. As such, I hold that the instigation to it, in a specific case, may be a proper subject of punishment, but only if an overt act has followed, and at least a probable connexion can be established between the act and the instigation. Even then, it is not a foreign government, but the very government assailed, which alone, in the exercise of self-defence, can legitimately punish attacks directed against its own existence.

[2]Thomas Pooley, Bodmin Assizes, 31 July 1857. In December following, he received a free pardon from the Crown.

[3]George Jacob Holyoake, 17 August 1857; Edward Truelove, July 1857.

[4]Baron de Gleichen, Marlborough-street Police Court, 4 August 1857.

[5]Ample warning may be drawn from the large infusion of the passions of a persecutor, which mingled with the general display of the worst parts of

our national character on the occasion of the Sepoy insurrection. The ravings of fanatics or charlatans from the pulpit may be unworthy of notice; but the heads of the Evangelical party have announced as their principle for the government of Hindoos and Mahomedans, that no schools be supported by public money in which the Bible is not taught, and by necessary consequence that no public employment be given to any but real or pretended Christians. An Under-Secretary of State [William N. Massey], in a speech delivered to his constituents on the 12th of November 1857, is reported to have said: 'Toleration of their faith' (the faith of a hundred millions of British subjects), 'the superstition which they called religion, by the British Government, had had the effect of retarding the ascendancy of the British name, and preventing the salutary growth of Christianity . . . Toleration was the great corner-stone of the religious liberties of this country; but do not let them abuse that precious word toleration. As he understood it, it meant the complete liberty to all, freedom of worship, among Christians, who worshipped upon the same foundation. It meant toleration of all sects and denominations of Christians who believed in the one mediation.' I desire to call attention to the fact, that a man who has been deemed fit to fill a high office in the

government of this country, under a liberal Ministry, maintains the doctrine that all who do not believe in the divinity of Christ are beyond the pale of toleration. Who, after this imbecile display, can indulge the illusion that religious persecution has passed away, never to return?

III
Of Individuality, as One of the Elements of Well-being

Such being the reasons which make it imperative that human beings should be free to form opinions, and to express their opinions without reserve; and such the baneful consequences to the intellectual, and through that to the moral nature of man, unless this liberty is either conceded, or asserted in spite of prohibition; let us next examine whether the same reasons do not require that men should be free to act upon their opinions - to carry these out in their lives, without hindrance, either physical or moral, from their fellow-men, so long as it is at their own risk and peril. This last proviso is of course indispensable. No one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions. On the contrary, even opinions lose their immunity, when the circumstances in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act. An opinion that corn-dealers are starvers of the poor, or that private property is robbery, ought to be unmolested when simply circulated through the press, but may justly incur punishment when delivered orally to an excited mob assembled before the house of a corn-dealer, or when handed about among the same mob in the form of a placard. Acts, of whatever kind, which, without justifiable cause, do harm to others, may be, and in the more important cases

absolutely require to be, controlled by the unfavourable sentiments, and, when needful, by the active interference of mankind. The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited; he must not make himself a nuisance to other people. But if he refrains from molesting others in what concerns them, and merely acts according to his own inclination and judgment in things which concern himself, the same reasons which show that opinion should be free, prove also that he should be allowed, without molestation, to carry his opinions into practice at his own cost. That mankind are not infallible; that their truths, for the most part, are only half-truths; that unity of opinion, unless resulting from the fullest and freest comparison of opposite opinions, is not desirable, and diversity not an evil, but a good, until mankind are much more capable than at present of recognizing all sides of the truth, are principles applicable to men's modes of action, not less than to their opinions. As it is useful that while mankind are imperfect there should be different opinions, so is it that there should be different experiments of living; that free scope should be given to varieties of character, short of injury to others; and that the worth of different modes of life should be proved practically, when any one thinks fit to try them. It is desirable, in short, that in things which do not primarily concern others, individuality should assert itself. Where, not the person's own character, but the traditions or customs of other people are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the principal ingredients of human happiness, and quite the chief ingredient of individual and social progress.

In maintaining this principle, the greatest difficulty to be encountered does not lie in the appreciation of means towards an acknowledged end, but in the indifference of persons in general to the end itself. If it were felt that the free development of individuality is one of the leading essentials of well-

being; that it is not only a co-ordinate element with all that is designated by the terms civilization, instruction, education, culture, but is itself a necessary part and condition of all those things; there would be no danger that liberty should be undervalued, and the adjustment of the boundaries between it and social control would present no extraordinary difficulty. But the evil is, that individual spontaneity is hardly recognized by the common modes of thinking, as having any intrinsic worth, or deserving any regard on its own account. The majority, being satisfied with the ways of mankind as they now are (for it is they who make them what they are), cannot comprehend why those ways should not be good enough for everybody; and what is more, spontaneity forms no part of the ideal of the majority of moral and social reformers, but is rather looked on with jealousy, as a troublesome and perhaps rebellious obstruction to the general acceptance of what these reformers, in their own judgment, think would be best for mankind. Few persons, out of Germany, even comprehend the meaning of the doctrine which Wilhelm von Humboldt, so eminent both as a *savant* and as a politician, made the text of a treatise - that 'the end of man, or that which is prescribed by the eternal or immutable dictates of reason, and not suggested by vague and transient desires, is the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole'; that, therefore, the object 'towards which every human being must ceaselessly direct his efforts, and on which especially those who design to influence their fellow-men must ever keep their eyes, is the individuality of power and development'; that for this there are two requisites, 'freedom, and variety of situations'; and that from the union of these arise 'individual vigour and manifold diversity', which combine themselves in 'originality'.

Little, however, as people are accustomed to a doctrine like that of von Humboldt, and surprising as it may be to them to find so high a value attached to individuality, the question, one must nevertheless think, can only be one of degree. No one's idea of excellence in conduct is that people should do absolutely nothing but copy one another. No one would assert that people ought not to put into their mode of life, and into the conduct of their concerns, any impress whatever of their own judgment, or of their own individual character. On the other hand, it would be absurd to pretend that people ought to live as if nothing whatever had been known in the world before they came into it; as if experience had as yet done nothing towards showing that one mode of existence, or of conduct, is preferable to another. Nobody denies that people should be so taught and trained in youth, as to know and benefit by the ascertained results of human experience. But it is the privilege and proper condition of a human being, arrived at the maturity of his faculties, to use and interpret experience in his own way. It is for him to find out what part of recorded experience is properly applicable to his own circumstances and character. The traditions and customs of other people are, to a certain extent, evidence of what their experience has taught *them*; presumptive evidence, and as such, have a claim to his deference: but, in the first place, their experience may be too narrow; or they may not have interpreted it rightly. Secondly, their interpretation of experience may be correct, but unsuitable to him. Customs are made for customary circumstances, and customary characters; and his circumstances or his character may be uncustomary. Thirdly, though the customs be both good as customs, and suitable to him, yet to conform to custom, merely *as* custom, does not educate or develope in him any of the qualities which are the distinctive endowment of a human being. The human faculties of perception,

judgment, discriminative feeling, mental activity, and even moral preference, are exercised only in making a choice. He who does anything because it is the custom, makes no choice. He gains no practice either in discerning or in desiring what is best. The mental and moral, like the muscular powers, are improved only by being used. The faculties are called into no exercise by doing a thing merely because others do it, no more than by believing a thing only because others believe it. If the grounds of an opinion are not conclusive to the person's own reason, his reason cannot be strengthened, but is likely to be weakened, by his adopting it: and if the inducements to an act are not such as are consentaneous to his own feelings and character (where affection, or the rights of others, are not concerned) it is so much done towards rendering his feelings and character inert and torpid, instead of active and energetic.

He who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation. He who chooses his plan for himself, employs all his faculties. He must use observation to see, reasoning and judgment to foresee, activity to gather materials for decision, discrimination to decide, and when he has decided, firmness and self-control to hold to his deliberate decision. And these qualities he requires and exercises exactly in proportion as the part of his conduct which he determines according to his own judgment and feelings is a large one. It is possible that he might be guided in some good path, and kept out of harm's way, without any of these things. But what will be his comparative worth as a human being? It really is of importance, not only what men do, but also what manner of men they are that do it. Among the works of man, which human life is rightly employed in perfecting and beautifying, the first in importance surely is man himself. Supposing it were

possible to get houses built, corn grown, battles fought, causes tried, and even churches erected and prayers said, by machinery - by automatons in human form - it would be a considerable loss to exchange for these automatons even the men and women who at present inhabit the more civilized parts of the world, and who assuredly are but starved specimens of what nature can and will produce. Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develope itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.

It will probably be conceded that it is desirable people should exercise their understandings, and that an intelligent following of custom, or even occasionally an intelligent deviation from custom, is better than a blind and simply mechanical adhesion to it. To a certain extent it is admitted, that our understanding should be our own: but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise; or that to possess impulses of our own, and of any strength, is anything but a peril and a snare. Yet desires and impulses are as much a part of a perfect human being, as beliefs and restraints: and strong impulses are only perilous when not properly balanced; when one set of aims and inclinations is developed into strength, while others, which ought to co-exist with them, remain weak and inactive. It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill; it is because their consciences are weak. There is no natural connexion between strong impulses and a weak conscience. The natural connexion is the other way. To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another, is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps of more evil, but

certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses; but more good may always be made of an energetic nature, than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling, are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful, are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control. It is through the cultivation of these, that society both does its duty and protects its interests: not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made, because it knows not how to make them. A person whose desires and impulses are his own - are the expression of his own nature, as it has been developed and modified by his own culture - is said to have a character. One whose desires and impulses are not his own, has no character, no more than a steam-engine has a character. If, in addition to being his own, his impulses are strong, and are under the government of a strong will, he has an energetic character. Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself, must maintain that society has no need of strong natures - is not the better for containing many persons who have much character - and that a high general average of energy is not desirable.

In some early states of society, these forces might be, and were, too much ahead of the power which society then possessed of disciplining and controlling them. There has been a time when the element of spontaneity and individuality was in excess, and the social principle had a hard struggle with it. The difficulty then was, to induce men of strong bodies or minds to pay obedience to any rules which required them to control their impulses. To overcome this difficulty, law and discipline, like the Popes struggling against

the Emperors, asserted a power over the whole man, claiming to control all his life in order to control his character - which society had not found any other sufficient means of binding. But society has now fairly got the better of individuality; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency, of personal impulses and preferences. Things are vastly changed, since the passions of those who were strong by station or by personal endowment were in a state of habitual rebellion against laws and ordinances, and required to be rigorously chained up to enable the persons within their reach to enjoy any particle of security. In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves - what do I prefer? or, what would suit my character and disposition? or, what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still) what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke: even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done: peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes: until by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow: their human capacities are withered and starved: they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly

their own. Now is this, or is it not, the desirable condition of human nature?

It is so, on the Calvinistic theory. According to that, the one great offence of man is self-will. All the good of which humanity is capable, is comprised in obedience. You have no choice; thus you must do, and no otherwise: 'whatever is not a duty, is a sin.' Human nature being radically corrupt, there is no redemption for any one until human nature is killed within him. To one holding this theory of life, crushing out any of the human faculties, capacities, and susceptibilities, is no evil: man needs no capacity, but that of surrendering himself to the will of God: and if he uses any of his faculties for any other purpose but to do that supposed will more effectually, he is better without them. This is the theory of Calvinism; and it is held, in a mitigated form, by many who do not consider themselves Calvinists; the mitigation consisting in giving a less ascetic interpretation to the alleged will of God; asserting it to be his will that mankind should gratify some of their inclinations; of course not in the manner they themselves prefer, but in the way of obedience, that is, in a way prescribed to them by authority; and, therefore, by the necessary conditions of the case, the same for all.

In some such insidious form there is at present a strong tendency to this narrow theory of life, and to the pinched and hidebound type of human character which it patronizes. Many persons, no doubt, sincerely think that human beings thus cramped and dwarfed, are as their Maker designed them to be; just as many have thought that trees are a much finer thing when clipped into pollards, or cut out into figures of animals, than as nature made them. But if it be any part of religion to believe that man was made by a good Being, it is more consistent with that faith to believe, that this Being gave all

human faculties that they might be cultivated and unfolded, not rooted out and consumed, and that he takes delight in every nearer approach made by his creatures to the ideal conception embodied in them, every increase in any of their capabilities of comprehension, of action, or of enjoyment. There is a different type of human excellence from the Calvinistic; a conception of humanity as having its nature bestowed on it for other purposes than merely to be abnegated. 'Pagan self-assertion' is one of the elements of human worth, as well as 'Christian self-denial'. There is a Greek ideal of self-development, which the Platonic and Christian ideal of self-government blends with, but does not supersede. It may be better to be a John Knox than an Alcibiades, but it is better to be a Pericles than either; nor would a Pericles, if we had one in these days, be without anything good which belonged to John Knox.

It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation; and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to. In proportion to the development of his individuality, each person becomes more valuable to himself, and is therefore capable of being more valuable to others. There is a greater fulness of life about his own existence, and when there is more life in the units there is more in the mass which is composed of them. As much compression as is necessary to prevent the stronger specimens of human nature from encroaching on the rights of others, cannot

be dispensed with; but for this there is ample compensation even in the point of view of human development. The means of development which the individual loses by being prevented from gratifying his inclinations to the injury of others, are chiefly obtained at the expense of the development of other people. And even to himself there is a full equivalent in the better development of the social part of his nature, rendered possible by the restraint put upon the selfish part. To be held to rigid rules of justice for the sake of others, developes the feelings and capacities which have the good of others for their object. But to be restrained in things not affecting their good, by their mere displeasure, developes nothing valuable, except such force of character as may unfold itself in resisting the restraint. If acquiesced in, it dulls and blunts the whole nature. To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. Even despotism does not produce its worst effects, so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men.

Having said that Individuality is the same thing with development, and that it is only the cultivation of individuality which produces, or can produce, well-developed human beings, I might here close the argument: for what more or better can be said of any condition of human affairs, than that it brings human beings themselves nearer to the best thing they can be? or what worse can be said of any obstruction to good, than that it prevents this? Doubtless, however, these considerations will not suffice to convince those who most need convincing; and it is necessary further to show, that these

developed human beings are of some use to the undeveloped - to point out to those who do not desire liberty, and would not avail themselves of it, that they may be in some intelligible manner re warded for allowing other people to make use of it without hindrance.

In the first place, then, I would suggest that they might possibly learn something from them. It will not be denied by anybody, that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better taste and sense in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few persons, in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist; it is they who keep the life in those which already existed. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no

reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini*, *more* individual than any other people - less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these moulds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point at with solemn warning as 'wild', 'erratic', and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost every one, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which

originality has to render them, is that of opening their eyes: which being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original. Meanwhile, recollecting that nothing was ever yet done which some one was not the first to do, and that all good things which exist are the fruits of originality, let them be modest enough to believe that there is something still left for it to accomplish, and assure themselves that they are more in need of originality, the less they are conscious of the want.

In sober truth, whatever homage may be professed, or even paid, to real or supposed mental superiority, the general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the ascendant power among mankind. In ancient history, in the middle ages, and in a diminishing degree through the long transition from feudality to the present time, the individual was a power in himself; and if he had either great talents or a high social position, he was a considerable power. At present individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses, and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses. This is as true in the moral and social relations of private life as in public transactions. Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinion, are not always the same sort of public: in America they are the whole white population; in England, chiefly the middle class. But they are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity. And what is a still greater novelty, the mass do not now take their opinions from dignitaries in Church or State, from ostensible leaders, or from books. Their thinking is done for them by men much like themselves, addressing them or speaking in their name, on the spur of the moment, through the newspapers. I am not complaining of all this. I do

not assert that anything better is compatible, as a general rule, with the present low state of the human mind. But that does not hinder the government of mediocrity from being mediocre government. No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things, comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual. The honour and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open. I am not countenancing the sort of 'hero-worship' which applauds the strong man of genius for forcibly seizing on the government of the world and making it do his bidding in spite of itself. All he can claim is, freedom to point out the way. The power of compelling others into it, is not only inconsistent with the freedom and development of all the rest, but corrupting to the strong man himself. It does seem, however, that when the opinions of masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise and corrective to that tendency would be, the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought. It is in these circumstances most especially, that exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. In other times there was no advantage in their doing so, unless they acted not only differently, but better. In this age, the mere example of nonconformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service. Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as

to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigour, and moral courage which it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of the time.

I have said that it is important to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, in order that it may in time appear which of these are fit to be converted into customs. But independence of action, and disregard of custom, are not solely deserving of encouragement for the chance they afford that better modes of action, and customs more worthy of general adoption, may be struck out; nor is it only persons of decided mental superiority who have a just claim to carry on their lives in their own way. There is no reason that all human existence should be constructed on some one or some small number of patterns. If a person possesses any tolerable amount of common sense and experience, his own mode of laying out his existence is the best, not because it is the best in itself, but because it is his own mode. Human beings are not like sheep; and even sheep are not undistinguishably alike. A man cannot get a coat or a pair of boots to fit him, unless they are either made to his measure, or he has a whole warehouseful to choose from: and is it easier to fit him with a life than with a coat, or are human beings more like one another in their whole physical and spiritual conformation than in the shape of their feet? If it were only that people have diversities of taste, that is reason enough for not attempting to shape them all after one model. But different persons also require different conditions for their spiritual development; and can no more exist healthily in the same moral, than all the

variety of plants can in the same physical, atmosphere and climate. The same things which are helps to one person towards the cultivation of his higher nature, are hindrances to another. The same mode of life is a healthy excitement to one, keeping all his faculties of action and enjoyment in their best order, while to another it is a distracting burthen, which suspends or crushes all internal life. Such are the differences among human beings in their sources of pleasure, their susceptibilities of pain, and the operation on them of different physical and moral agencies, that unless there is a corresponding diversity in their modes of life, they neither obtain their fair share of happiness, nor grow up to the mental, moral, and aesthetic stature of which their nature is capable. Why then should tolerance, as far as the public sentiment is concerned, extend only to tastes and modes of life which extort acquiescence by the multitude of their adherents? Nowhere (except in some monastic institutions) is diversity of taste entirely unrecognized; a person may, without blame, either like or dislike rowing, or smoking, or music, or athletic exercises, or chess, or cards, or study, because both those who like each of these things, and those who dislike them, are too numerous to be put down. But the man, and still more the woman, who can be accused either of doing 'what nobody does', or of not doing 'what everybody does', is the subject of as much depreciatory remark as if he or she had committed some grave moral delinquency. Persons require to possess a title, or some other badge of rank, or of the consideration of people of rank, to be able to indulge somewhat in the luxury of doing as they like without detriment to their estimation. To indulge somewhat, I repeat: for whoever allow themselves much of that indulgence, incur the risk of something worse than disparaging speeches - they are in peril of a commission *de lunatico*, and of having their

property taken from them and given to their relations.[1]

There is one characteristic of the present direction of public opinion, peculiarly calculated to make it intolerant of any marked demonstration of individuality. The general average of mankind are not only moderate in intellect, but also moderate in inclinations: they have no tastes or wishes strong enough to incline them to do anything unusual, and they consequently do not understand those who have, and class all such with the wild and intemperate whom they are accustomed to look down upon. Now, in addition to this fact which is general, we have only to suppose that a strong movement has set in towards the improvement of morals, and it is evident what we have to expect. In these days such a movement has set in; much has actually been effected in the way of increased regularity of conduct, and discouragement of excesses; and there is a philanthropic spirit abroad, for the exercise of which there is no more inviting field than the moral and prudential improvement of our fellow-creatures. These tendencies of the times cause the public to be more disposed than at most former periods to prescribe general rules of conduct, and endeavour to make every one conform to the approved standard. And that standard, express or tacit, is to desire nothing strongly. Its ideal of character is to be without any marked character; to maim by compression, like a Chinese lady's foot, every part of human nature which stands out prominently, and tends to make the person markedly dissimilar in outline to commonplace humanity.

As is usually the case with ideals which exclude one-half of what is desirable, the present standard of approbation produces only an inferior imitation of the other half. Instead of great energies guided by vigorous

reason, and strong feelings strongly controlled by a conscientious will, its result is weak feelings and weak energies, which therefore can be kept in outward conformity to rule without any strength either of will or of reason. Already energetic characters on any large scale are becoming merely traditional. There is now scarcely any outlet for energy in this country except business. The energy expended in this may still be regarded as considerable. What little is left from that employment, is expended on some hobby; which may be a useful, even a philanthropic hobby, but is always some one thing, and generally a thing of small dimensions. The greatness of England is now all collective: individually small, we only appear capable of anything great by our habit of combining; and with this our moral and religious philanthropists are perfectly contented. But it was men of another stamp than this that made England what it has been; and men of another stamp will be needed to prevent its decline.

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than customary, which is called, according to circumstances, the spirit of liberty, or that of progress or improvement. The spirit of improvement is not always a spirit of liberty, for it may aim at forcing improvements on an unwilling people; and the spirit of liberty, in so far as it resists such attempts, may ally itself locally and temporarily with the opponents of improvement; but the only unfailing and permanent source of improvement is liberty, since by it there are as many possible independent centres of improvement as there are individuals. The progressive principle, however, in either shape, whether as the love of liberty or of improvement, is antagonistic to the sway of Custom, involving at least emancipation from that

yoke; and the contest between the two constitutes the chief interest of the history of mankind. The greater part of the world has, properly speaking, no history, because the despotism of Custom is complete. This is the case over the whole East. Custom is there, in all things, the final appeal; justice and right mean conformity to custom; the argument of custom no one, unless some tyrant intoxicated with power, thinks of resisting. And we see the result. Those nations must once have had originality; they did not start out of the ground populous, lettered, and versed in many of the arts of life; they made themselves all this, and were then the greatest and most powerful nations of the world. What are they now? The subjects or dependents of tribes whose forefathers wandered in the forests when theirs had magnificent palaces and gorgeous temples, but over whom custom exercised only a divided rule with liberty and progress. A people, it appears, may be progressive for a certain length of time, and then stop: when does it stop? When it ceases to possess individuality. If a similar change should befall the nations of Europe, it will not be in exactly the same shape: the despotism of custom with which these nations are threatened is not precisely stationariness. It proscribes singularity, but it does not preclude change, provided all change together. We have discarded the fixed costumes of our forefathers; every one must still dress like other people, but the fashion may change once or twice a year. We thus take care that when there is change it shall be for change's sake, and not from any idea of beauty or convenience; for the same idea of beauty or convenience would not strike all the world at the same moment, and be simultaneously thrown aside by all at another moment. But we are progressive as well as changeable: we continually make new inventions in mechanical things, and keep them until they are again superseded by better; we are eager for improvement in politics, in education, even in morals,

though in this last our idea of improvement chiefly consists in persuading or forcing other people to be as good as ourselves. It is not progress that we object to; on the contrary, we flatter ourselves that we are the most progressive people who ever lived. It is individuality that we war against: we should think we had done wonders if we had made ourselves all alike; forgetting that the unlikeness of one person to another is generally the first thing which draws the attention of either to the imperfection of his own type, and the superiority of another, or the possibility, by combining the advantages of both, of producing something better than either. We have a warning example in China - a nation of much talent, and, in some respects, even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs, the work, in some measure, of men to whom even the most enlightened European must accord, under certain limitations, the title of sages and philosophers. They are remarkable, too, in the excellence of their apparatus for impressing, as far as possible, the best wisdom they possess upon every mind in the community, and securing that those who have appropriated most of it shall occupy the posts of honour and power. Surely the people who did this have discovered the secret of human progressiveness, and must have kept themselves steadily at the head of the movement of the world. On the contrary, they have become stationary - have remained so for thousands of years; and if they are ever to be farther improved, it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at - in making a people all alike, all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules; and these are the fruits. The modern *régime* of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able

successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.

What is it that has hitherto preserved Europe from this lot? What has made the European family of nations an improving, instead of a stationary portion of mankind? Not any superior excellence in them, which, when it exists, exists as the effect, not as the cause; but their remarkable diversity of character and culture. Individuals, classes, nations, have been extremely unlike one another: they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable; and although at every period those who travelled in different paths have been intolerant of one another, and each would have thought it an excellent thing if all the rest could have been compelled to travel his road, their attempts to thwart each other's development have rarely had any permanent success, and each has in time endured to receive the good which the others have offered. Europe is, in my judgment, wholly indebted to this plurality of paths for its progressive and manysided development. But it already begins to possess this benefit in a considerably less degree. It is decidedly advancing towards the Chinese ideal of making all people alike. M. de Tocqueville, in his last important work, remarks how much more the Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another, than did those even of the last generation. The same remark might be made of Englishmen in a far greater degree. In a passage already quoted from Wilhelm von Humboldt, he points out two things as necessary conditions of human development, because necessary to render people unlike one another; namely, freedom, and variety of situations. The second of these two conditions is in this country every day diminishing. The circumstances which surround different classes and

individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more assimilated. Formerly, different ranks, different neighbourhoods, different trades and professions, lived in what might be called different worlds; at present, to a great degree in the same. Comparatively speaking, they now read the same things, listen to the same things, see the same things, go to the same places, have their hopes and fears directed to the same objects, have the same rights and liberties, and the same means of asserting them. Great as are the differences of position which remain, they are nothing to those which have ceased. And the assimilation is still proceeding. All the political changes of the age promote it, since they all tend to raise the low and to lower the high. Every extension of education promotes it, because education brings people under common influences, and gives them access to the general stock of facts and sentiments. Improvements in the means of communication promote it, by bringing the inhabitants of distant places into personal contact, and keeping up a rapid flow of changes of residence between one place and another. The increase of commerce and manufactures promotes it, by diffusing more widely the advantages of easy circumstances, and opening all objects of ambition, even the highest, to general competition, whereby the desire of rising becomes no longer the character of a particular class, but of all classes. A more powerful agency than even all these, in bringing about a general similarity among mankind, is the complete establishment, in this and other free countries, of the ascendancy of public opinion in the State. As the various social eminences which enabled persons entrenched on them to disregard the opinion of the multitude, gradually become levelled; as the very idea of resisting the will of the public, when it is positively known that they have a will, disappears more and more from the minds of practical politicians; there ceases to be any social support for nonconformity - any

substantive power in society, which, itself opposed to the ascendancy of numbers, is interested in taking under its protection opinions and tendencies at variance with those of the public.

The combination of all these causes forms so great a mass of influences hostile to Individuality, that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty, unless the intelligent part of the public can be made to feel its value - to see that it is good there should be differences, even though not for the better, even though, as it may appear to them, some should be for the worse. If the claims of Individuality are ever to be asserted, the time is now, while much is still wanting to complete the enforced assimilation. It is only in the earlier stages that any stand can be successfully made against the encroachment. The demand that all other people shall resemble ourselves, grows by what it feeds on. If resistance waits till life is reduced *nearly* to one uniform type, all deviations from that type will come to be considered impious, immoral, even monstrous and contrary to nature. Mankind speedily become unable to conceive diversity, when they have been for some time unaccustomed to see it.

---

[1]There is something both contemptible and frightful in the sort of evidence on which, of late years, any person can be judicially declared unfit for the management of his affairs; and after his death, his disposal of his property can be set aside, if there is enough of it to pay the expenses of litigation - which are charged on the property itself. All the minute details of his daily life are pried into, and whatever is found which, seen through the medium of the perceiving and

describing faculties of the lowest of the low, bears an appearance unlike absolute commonplace, is laid before the jury as evidence of insanity, and often with success; the jurors being little, if at all, less vulgar and ignorant than the witnesses; while the judges, with that extraordinary want of knowledge of human nature and life which continually astonishes us in English lawyers, often help to mislead them. These trials speak volumes as to the state of feeling and opinion among the vulgar with regard to human liberty. So far from setting any value on individuality - so far from respecting the right of each individual to act, in things indifferent, as seems good to his own judgment and inclinations, judges and juries cannot even conceive that a person in a state of sanity can desire such freedom. In former days, when it was proposed to burn atheists, charitable people used to suggest putting them in a mad-house instead: it would be nothing surprising now-a-days were we to see this done, and the doers applauding themselves, because, instead of persecuting for religion, they had adopted so humane and Christian a mode of treating these unfortunates, not without a silent satisfaction at their having thereby obtained their deserts.

IV
Of the Limits to the Authority of Society Over the Individual

What, then, is the rightful limit to the sovereignty of the individual over himself ? Where does the authority of society begin? How much of human life should be assigned to individuality, and how much to society?

Each will receive its proper share, if each has that which more particularly concerns it. To individuality should belong the part of life in which it is chiefly the individual that is interested; to society, the part which chiefly interests society.

Though society is not founded on a contract, and though no good purpose is answered by inventing a contract in order to deduce social obligations from it, every one who receives the protection of society owes a return for the benefit, and the fact of living in society renders it indispensable that each should be bound to observe a certain line of conduct towards the rest. This conduct consists first, in not injuring the interests of one another; or rather certain interests, which, either by express legal provision or by tacit understanding, ought to be considered as rights; and secondly, in each person's bearing his share (to be fixed on some equitable principle) of the labours and sacrifices incurred for defending the society or its members from

injury and molestation. These conditions society is justified in enforcing at all costs to those who endeavour to withhold fulfilment. Nor is this all that society may do. The acts of an individual may be hurtful to others, or wanting in due consideration for their welfare, without going the length of violating any of their constituted rights. The offender may then be justly punished by opinion, though not by law. As soon as any part of a person's conduct affects prejudicially the interests of others, society has jurisdiction over it, and the question whether the general welfare will or will not be promoted by interfering with it, becomes open to discussion. But there is no room for entertaining any such question when a person's conduct affects the interests of no persons besides himself, or needs not affect them unless they like (all the persons concerned being of full age, and the ordinary amount of understanding). In all such cases there should be perfect freedom, legal and social, to do the action and stand the consequences.

It would be a great misunderstanding of this doctrine to suppose that it is one of selfish indifference, which pretends that human beings have no business with each other's conduct in life, and that they should not concern themselves about the well-doing or well-being of one another, unless their own interest is involved. Instead of any diminution, there is need of a great increase of disinterested exertion to promote the good of others. But disinterested benevolence can find other instruments to persuade people to their good, than whips and scourges, either of the literal or the metaphorical sort. I am the last person to undervalue the self-regarding virtues; they are only second in importance, if even second, to the social.

It is equally the business of education to cultivate both. But even

education works by conviction and persuasion as well as by compulsion, and it is by the former only that, when the period of education is past, the self-regarding virtues should be inculcated. Human beings owe to each other help to distinguish the better from the worse, and encouragement to choose the former and avoid the latter. They should be for ever stimulating each other to increased exercise of their higher faculties, and increased direction of their feelings and aims towards wise instead of foolish, elevating instead of degrading, objects and contemplations. But neither one person, nor any number of persons, is warranted in saying to another human creature of ripe years, that he shall not do with his life for his own benefit what he chooses to do with it. He is the person most interested in his own well-being: the interest which any other person, except in cases of strong personal attachment, can have in it, is trifling, compared with that which he himself has; the interest which society has in him individually (except as to his conduct to others) is fractional, and altogether indirect: while, with respect to his own feelings and circumstances, the most ordinary man or woman has means of knowledge immeasurably surpassing those that can be possessed by any one else. The interference of society to overrule his judgment and purposes in what only regards himself, must be grounded on general presumptions; which may be altogether wrong, and even if right, are as likely as not to be misapplied to individual cases, by persons no better acquainted with the circumstances of such cases than those are who look at them merely from without. In this department, therefore, of human affairs, Individuality has its proper field of action. In the conduct of human beings towards one another, it is necessary that general rules should for the most part be observed, in order that people may know what they have to expect; but in each person's own concerns, his individual spontaneity is entitled to free exercise. Considerations to aid his

judgment, exhortations to strengthen his will, may be offered to him, even obtruded on him, by others; but he himself is the final judge. All errors which he is likely to commit against advice and warning, are far outweighed by the evil of allowing others to constrain him to what they deem his good.

I do not mean that the feelings with which a person is regarded by others, ought not to be in any way affected by his self-regarding qualities or deficiencies. This is neither possible nor desirable. If he is eminent in any of the qualities which conduce to his own good, he is, so far, a proper object of admiration. He is so much the nearer to the ideal perfection of human nature. If he is grossly deficient in those qualities, a sentiment the opposite of admiration will follow. There is a degree of folly, and a degree of what may be called (though the phrase is not unobjectionable) lowness or depravation of taste, which, though it cannot justify doing harm to the person who manifests it, renders him necessarily and properly a subject of distaste, or, in extreme cases, even of contempt: a person could not have the opposite qualities in due strength without entertaining these feelings. Though doing no wrong to any one, a person may so act as to compel us to judge him, and feel to him, as a fool, or as a being of an inferior order: and since this judgment and feeling are a fact which he would prefer to avoid, it is doing him a service to warn him of it beforehand, as of any other disagreeable consequence to which he exposes himself. It would be well, indeed, if this good office were much more freely rendered than the common notions of politeness at present permit, and if one person could honestly point out to another that he thinks him in fault, without being considered unmannerly or presuming. We have a right, also, in various ways, to act upon our unfavourable opinion of any one, not to the oppression of his individuality,

but in the exercise of ours. We are not bound, for example, to seek his society; we have a right to avoid it (though not to parade the avoidance), for we have a right to choose the society most acceptable to us. We have a right, and it may be our duty, to caution others against him, if we think his example or conversation likely to have a pernicious effect on those with whom he associates. We may give others a preference over him in optional good offices, except those which tend to his improvement. In these various modes a person may suffer very severe penalties at the hands of others, for faults which directly concern only himself; but he suffers these penalties only in so far as they are the natural, and, as it were, the spontaneous consequences of the faults themselves, not because they are purposely inflicted on him for the sake of punishment. A person who shows rashness, obstinacy, self-conceit - who cannot live within moderate means - who cannot restrain himself from hurtful indulgences - who pursues animal pleasures at the expense of those of feeling and intellect - must expect to be lowered in the opinion of others, and to have a less share of their favour-able sentiments; but of this he has no right to complain, unless he has merited their favour by special excellence in his social relations, and has thus established a title to their good offices, which is not affected by his demerits towards himself.

What I contend for is, that the inconveniences which are strictly inseparable from the unfavourable judgment of others, are the only ones to which a person should ever be subjected for that portion of his conduct and character which concerns his own good, but which does not affect the interests of others in their relations with him. Acts injurious to others require a totally different treatment. Encroachment on their rights; infliction on them of any loss or damage not justified by his own rights; falsehood or duplicity

in dealing with them; unfair or ungenerous use of advantages over them; even selfish abstinence from defending them against injury - these are fit objects of moral reprobation, and, in grave cases, of moral retribution and punishment. And not only these acts, but the dispositions which lead to them, are properly immoral, and fit subjects of disapprobation which may rise to abhorrence. Cruelty of disposition; malice and ill-nature; that most anti-social and odious of all passions, envy; dissimulation and insincerity; irascibility on insufficient cause, and resentment disproportioned to the provocation; the love of domineering over others; the desire to engross more than one's share of advantages (the πλεονεξια of the Greeks); the pride which derives gratification from the abasement of others; the egotism which thinks self and its concerns more important than everything else, and decides all doubtful questions in its own favour; - these are moral vices, and constitute a bad and odious moral character: unlike the self-regarding faults previously mentioned, which are not properly immoralities, and to whatever pitch they may be carried, do not constitute wickedness. They may be proofs of any amount of folly, or want of personal dignity and self-respect; but they are only a subject of moral reprobation when they involve a breach of duty to others, for whose sake the individual is bound to have care for himself. What are called duties to ourselves are not socially obligatory, unless circumstances render them at the same time duties to others. The term duty to oneself, when it means anything more than prudence, means self-respect or self-development; and for none of these is any one accountable to his fellow-creatures, because for none of them is it for the good of mankind that he be held accountable to them.

The distinction between the loss of consideration which a person may

rightly incur by defect of prudence or of personal dignity, and the reprobation which is due to him for an offence against the rights of others, is not a merely nominal distinction. It makes a vast difference both in our feelings and in our conduct towards him, whether he displeases us in things in which we think we have a right to control him, or in things in which we know that we have not. If he displeases us, we may express our distaste, and we may stand aloof from a person as well as from a thing that displeases us; but we shall not therefore feel called on to make his life uncomfortable. We shall reflect that he already bears, or will bear, the whole penalty of his error; if he spoils his life by mismanagement, we shall not, for that reason, desire to spoil it still further: instead of wishing to punish him, we shall rather endeavour to alleviate his punishment, by showing him how he may avoid or cure the evils his conduct tends to bring upon him. He may be to us an object of pity, perhaps of dislike, but not of anger or resentment; we shall not treat him like an enemy of society: the worst we shall think ourselves justified in doing is leaving him to himself, if we do not interfere benevolently by showing interest or concern for him. It is far otherwise if he has infringed the rules necessary for the protection of his fellow-creatures, individually or collectively. The evil consequences of his acts do not then fall on himself, but on others; and society, as the protector of all its members, must retaliate on him; must inflict pain on him for the express purpose of punishment, and must take care that it be sufficiently severe. In the one case, he is an offender at our bar, and we are called on not only to sit in judgment on him, but, in one shape or another, to execute our own sentence: in the other case, it is not our part to inflict any suffering on him, except what may incidentally follow from our using the same liberty in the regulation of our own affairs, which we allow to him in his.

The distinction here pointed out between the part of a person's life which concerns only himself, and that which concerns others, many persons will refuse to admit. How (it may be asked) can any part of the conduct of a member of society be a matter of indifference to the other members? No person is an entirely isolated being; it is impossible for a person to do anything seriously or permanently hurtful to himself, without mischief reaching at least to his near connexions, and often far beyond them. If he injures his property, he does harm to those who directly or indirectly derived support from it, and usually diminishes, by a greater or less amount, the general resources of the community. If he deteriorates his bodily or mental faculties, he not only brings evil upon all who depended on him for any portion of their happiness, but disqualifies himself for rendering the services which he owes to his fellow-creatures generally; perhaps becomes a bur-then on their affection or benevolence; and if such conduct were very frequent, hardly any offence that is committed would detract more from the general sum of good. Finally, if by his vices or follies a person does no direct harm to others, he is nevertheless (it may be said) injurious by his example; and ought to be compelled to control himself, for the sake of those whom the sight or knowledge of his conduct might corrupt or mislead.

And even (it will be added) if the consequences of misconduct could be confined to the vicious or thoughtless individual, ought society to abandon to their own guidance those who are manifestly unfit for it? If protection against themselves is confessedly due to children and persons under age, is not society equally bound to afford it to persons of mature years who are equally incapable of self-government? If gambling, or drunkenness, or incontinence,

or idleness, or uncleanliness, are as injurious to happiness, and as great a hindrance to improvement, as many or most of the acts prohibited by law, why (it may be asked) should not law, so far as is consistent with practicability and social convenience, endeavour to repress these also? And as a supplement to the unavoidable imperfections of law, ought not opinion at least to organize a powerful police against these vices, and visit rigidly with social penalties those who are known to practise them? There is no question here (it may be said) about restricting individuality, or impeding the trial of new and original experiments in living. The only things it is sought to prevent are things which have been tried and condemned from the beginning of the world until now; things which experience has shown not to be useful or suitable to any person's individuality. There must be some length of time and amount of experience, after which a moral or prudential truth may be regarded as established: and it is merely desired to prevent generation after generation from falling over the same precipice which has been fatal to their predecessors.

I fully admit that the mischief which a person does to himself may seriously affect, both through their sympathies and their interests, those nearly connected with him, and in a minor degree, society at large. When, by conduct of this sort, a person is led to violate a distinct and assignable obligation to any other person or persons, the case is taken out of the self-regarding class, and becomes amenable to moral disapprobation in the proper sense of the term. If, for example, a man, through intemperance or extravagance, becomes unable to pay his debts, or, having undertaken the moral responsibility of a family, becomes from the same cause incapable of supporting or educating them, he is deservedly reprobated, and might be

justly punished; but it is for the breach of duty to his family or creditors, not for the extravagance. If the resources which ought to have been devoted to them, had been diverted from them for the most prudent investment, the moral culpability would have been the same. George Barnwell murdered his uncle to get money for his mistress, but if he had done it to set himself up in business, he would equally have been hanged. Again, in the frequent case of a man who causes grief to his family by addiction to bad habits, he deserves reproach for his unkindness or ingratitude; but so he may for cultivating habits not in themselves vicious, if they are painful to those with whom he passes his life, or who from personal ties are dependent on him for their comfort. Whoever fails in the consideration generally due to the interests and feelings of others, not being compelled by some more imperative duty, or justified by allowable self-preference, is a subject of moral disapprobation for that failure, but not for the cause of it, nor for the errors, merely personal to himself, which may have remotely led to it. In like manner, when a person disables himself, by conduct purely self-regarding, from the performance of some definite duty incumbent on him to the public, he is guilty of a social offence. No person ought to be punished simply for being drunk; but a soldier or a policeman should be punished for being drunk on duty. Whenever, in short, there is a definite damage, or a definite risk of damage, either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty, and placed in that of morality or law.

But with regard to the merely contingent, or, as it may be called, constructive injury which a person causes to society, by conduct which neither violates any specific duty to the public, nor occasions perceptible hurt to any assignable individual except himself; the inconvenience is one which

society can afford to bear, for the sake of the greater good of human freedom. If grown persons are to be punished for not taking proper care of themselves, I would rather it were for their own sake, than under pretence of preventing them from impairing their capacity of rendering to society benefits which society does not pretend it has a right to exact. But I cannot consent to argue the point as if society had no means of bringing its weaker members up to its ordinary standard of rational conduct, except waiting till they do something irrational, and then punishing them, legally or morally, for it. Society has had absolute power over them during all the early portion of their existence: it has had the whole period of childhood and nonage in which to try whether it could make them capable of rational conduct in life. The existing generation is master both of the training and the entire circumstances of the generation to come; it cannot indeed make them perfectly wise and good, because it is itself so lamentably deficient in goodness and wisdom; and its best efforts are not always, in individual cases, its most successful ones; but it is perfectly well able to make the rising generation, as a whole, as good as, and a little better than, itself. If society lets any considerable number of its members grow up mere children, incapable of being acted on by rational consideration of distant motives, society has itself to blame for the consequences. Armed not only with all the powers of education, but with the ascendancy which the authority of a received opinion always exercises over the minds who are least fitted to judge for themselves; and aided by the *natural* penalties which cannot be prevented from falling on those who incur the distaste or the contempt of those who know them; let not society pretend that it needs, besides all this, the power to issue commands and enforce obedience in the personal concerns of individuals, in which, on all principles of justice and policy, the decision ought to rest with those who are to abide the consequences. Nor is there

anything which tends more to discredit and frustrate the better means of influencing conduct, than a resort to the worse. If there be among those whom it is attempted to coerce into prudence or temperance, any of the material of which vigorous and independent characters are made, they will infallibly rebel against the yoke. No such person will ever feel that others have a right to control him in his concerns, such as they have to prevent him from injuring them in theirs; and it easily comes to be considered a mark of spirit and courage to fly in the face of such usurped authority, and do with ostentation the exact opposite of what it enjoins; as in the fashion of grossness which succeeded, in the time of Charles II, to the fanatical moral intolerance of the Puritans. With respect to what is said of the necessity of protecting society from the bad example set to others by the vicious or the self-indulgent; it is true that bad example may have a pernicious effect, especially the example of doing wrong to others with impunity to the wrong-doer. But we are now speaking of conduct which, while it does no wrong to others, is supposed to do great harm to the agent himself: and I do not see how those who believe this, can think otherwise than that the example, on the whole, must be more salutary than hurtful, since, if it displays the misconduct, it displays also the painful or degrading consequences which, if the conduct is justly censured, must be supposed to be in all or most cases attendant on it.

But the strongest of all the arguments against the interference of the public with purely personal conduct, is that when it does interfere, the odds are that it interferes wrongly, and in the wrong place. On questions of social morality, of duty to others, the opinion of the public, that is, of an overruling majority, though often wrong, is likely to be still oftener right; because on

such questions they are only required to judge of their own interests; of the manner in which some mode of conduct, if allowed to be practised, would affect themselves. But the opinion of a similar majority, imposed as a law on the minority, on questions of self-regarding conduct, is quite as likely to be wrong as right; for in these cases public opinion means, at the best, some people's opinion of what is good or bad for other people; while very often it does not even mean that; the public, with the most perfect indifference, passing over the pleasure or convenience of those whose conduct they censure, and considering only their own preference. There are many who consider as an injury to themselves any conduct which they have a distaste for, and resent it as an outrage to their feelings; as a religious bigot, when charged with disregarding the religious feelings of others, has been known to retort that they disregard his feelings, by persisting in their abominable worship or creed. But there is no parity between the feeling of a person for his own opinion, and the feeling of another who is offended at his holding it; no more than between the desire of a thief to take a purse, and the desire of the right owner to keep it. And a person's taste is as much his own peculiar concern as his opinion or his purse. It is easy for any one to imagine an ideal public, which leaves the freedom and choice of individuals in all uncertain matters undisturbed, and only requires them to abstain from modes of conduct which universal experience has condemned. But where has there been seen a public which set any such limit to its censorship? or when does the public trouble itself about universal experience? In its interferences with personal conduct it is seldom thinking of anything but the enormity of acting or feeling differently from itself; and this standard of judgment, thinly disguised, is held up to mankind as the dictate of religion and philosophy, by nine-tenths of all moralists and speculative writers. These teach that things

are right because they are right; because we feel them to be so. They tell us to search in our own minds and hearts for laws of conduct binding on ourselves and on all others. What can the poor public do but apply these instructions, and make their own personal feelings of good and evil, if they are tolerably unanimous in them, obligatory on all the world?

The evil here pointed out is not one which exists only in theory; and it may perhaps be expected that I should specify the instances in which the public of this age and country improperly invests its own preferences with the character of moral laws. I am not writing an essay on the aberrations of existing moral feeling. That is too weighty a subject to be discussed parenthetically, and by way of illustration. Yet examples are necessary, to show that the principle I maintain is of serious and practical moment, and that I am not endeavouring to erect a barrier against imaginary evils. And it is not difficult to show, by abundant instances, that to extend the bounds of what may be called moral police, until it encroaches on the most unquestionably legitimate liberty of the individual, is one of the most universal of all human propensities.

As a first instance, consider the antipathies which men cherish on no better grounds than that persons whose religious opinions are different from theirs, do not practise their religious observances, especially their religious abstinences. To cite a rather trivial example, nothing in the creed or practice of Christians does more to envenom the hatred of Mahomedans against them, than the fact of their eating pork. There are few acts which Christians and Europeans regard with more unaffected disgust, than Mussulmans regard this particular mode of satisfying hunger. It is, in the first place, an offence

against their religion; but this circumstance by no means explains either the degree or the kind of their repugnance; for wine also is forbidden by their religion, and to partake of it is by all Mussulmans accounted wrong, but not disgusting. Their aversion to the flesh of the 'unclean beast' is, on the contrary, of that peculiar character, resembling an instinctive antipathy, which the idea of uncleanness, when once it thoroughly sinks into the feelings, seems always to excite even in those whose personal habits are anything but scrupulously cleanly, and of which the sentiment of religious impurity, so intense in the Hindoos, is a remarkable example. Suppose now that in a people, of whom the majority were Mussulmans, that majority should insist upon not permitting pork to be eaten within the limits of the country. This would be nothing new in Mahomedan countries.[1] Would it be a legitimate exercise of the moral authority of public opinion? and if not, why not? The practice is really revolting to such a public. They also sincerely think that it is forbidden and abhorred by the Deity. Neither could the prohibition be censured as religious persecution. It might be religious in its origin, but it would not be persecution for religion, since nobody's religion makes it a duty to eat pork. The only tenable ground of condemnation would be, that with the personal tastes and self-regarding concerns of individuals the public has no business to interfere.

To come somewhat nearer home: the majority of Spaniards consider it a gross impiety, offensive in the highest degree to the Supreme Being, to worship him in any other manner than the Roman Catholic; and no other public worship is lawful on Spanish soil. The people of all Southern Europe look upon a married clergy as not only irreligious, but unchaste, indecent, gross, disgusting. What do Protestants think of these perfectly sincere

feelings, and of the attempt to enforce them against non-Catholics? Yet, if mankind are justified in interfering with each other's liberty in things which do not concern the interests of others, on what principle is it possible consistently to exclude these cases? or who can blame people for desiring to suppress what they regard as a scandal in the sight of God and man? No stronger case can be shown for prohibiting anything which is regarded as a personal immorality, than is made out for suppressing these practices in the eyes of those who regard them as impieties; and unless we are willing to adopt the logic of persecutors, and to say that we may persecute others because we are right, and that they must not persecute us because they are wrong, we must beware of admitting a principle of which we should resent as a gross injustice the application to ourselves.

The preceding instances may be objected to, although unreasonably, as drawn from contingencies impossible among us: opinion, in this country, not being likely to enforce abstinence from meats, or to interfere with people for worshipping, and for either marrying or not marrying, according to their creed or inclination. The next example, however, shall be taken from an interference with liberty which we have by no means passed all danger of. Wherever the Puritans have been sufficiently powerful, as in New England, and in Great Britain at the time of the Commonwealth, they have endeavoured, with considerable success, to put down all public, and nearly all private, amusements: especially music, dancing, public games, or other assemblages for purposes of diversion, and the theatre. There are still in this country large bodies of persons by whose notions of morality and religion these recreations are condemned; and those persons belonging chiefly to the middle class, who are the ascendant power in the present social and political

condition of the kingdom, it is by no means impossible that persons of these sentiments may at some time or other command a majority in Parliament. How will the remaining portion of the community like to have the amusements that shall be permitted to them regulated by the religious and moral sentiments of the stricter Calvinists and Methodists? Would they not, with considerable peremptoriness, desire these intrusively pious members of society to mind their own business? This is precisely what should be said to every government and every public, who have the pretension that no person shall enjoy any pleasure which they think wrong. But if the principle of the pretension be admitted, no one can reasonably object to its being acted on in the sense of the majority, or other preponderating power in the country; and all persons must be ready to conform to the idea of a Christian commonwealth, as understood by the early settlers in New England, if a religious profession similar to theirs should ever succeed in regaining its lost ground, as religions supposed to be declining have so often been known to do.

To imagine another contingency, perhaps more likely to be realized than the one last mentioned. There is confessedly a strong tendency in the modern world towards a democratic constitution of society, accompanied or not by popular political institutions. It is affirmed that in the country where this tendency is most completely realized - where both society and the government are most democratic - the United States - the feeling of the majority, to whom any appearance of a more showy or costly style of living than they can hope to rival is disagreeable, operates as a tolerably effectual sumptuary law, and that in many parts of the Union it is really difficult for a person possessing a very large income, to find any mode of spending it,

which will not incur popular disapprobation. Though such statements as these are doubtless much exaggerated as a representation of existing facts, the state of things they describe is not only a conceivable and possible, but a probable result of democratic feeling, combined with the notion that the public has a right to a veto on the manner in which individuals shall spend their incomes. We have only further to suppose a considerable diffusion of Socialist opinions, and it may become infamous in the eyes of the majority to possess more property than some very small amount, or any income not earned by manual labour. Opinions similar in principle to these, already prevail widely among the artizan class, and weigh oppressively on those who are amenable to the opinion chiefly of that class, namely, its own members. It is known that the bad workmen who form the majority of the operatives in many branches of industry, are decidedly of opinion that bad workmen ought to receive the same wages as good, and that no one ought to be allowed, through piecework or otherwise, to earn by superior skill or industry more than others can without it. And they employ a moral police, which occasionally becomes a physical one, to deter skilful workmen from receiving, and employers from giving, a larger remuneration for a more useful service. If the public have any jurisdiction over private concerns, I cannot see that these people are in fault, or that any individual's particular public can be blamed for asserting the same authority over his individual conduct, which the general public asserts over people in general.

But, without dwelling upon supposititious cases, there are, in our own day, gross usurpations upon the liberty of private life actually practised, and still greater ones threatened with some expectation of success, and opinions propounded which assert an unlimited right in the public not only to prohibit

by law everything which it thinks wrong, but in order to get at what it thinks wrong, to prohibit any number of things which it admits to be innocent.

Under the name of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes: for prohibition of their sale is in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use. And though the impracticability of executing the law has caused its repeal in several of the States which had adopted it, including the one from which it derives its name, an attempt has notwithstanding been commenced, and is prosecuted with considerable zeal by many of the professed philanthropists, to agitate for a similar law in this country. The association, or 'Alliance' as it terms itself, which has been formed for this purpose, has acquired some notoriety through the publicity given to a correspondence between its Secretary and one of the very few English public men who hold that a politician's opinions ought to be founded on principles. Lord Stanley's share in this correspondence is calculated to strengthen the hopes already built on him, by those who know how rare such qualities as are manifested in some of his public appearances, unhappily are among those who figure in political life. The organ of the Alliance, who would 'deeply deplore the recognition of any principle which could be wrested to justify bigotry and persecution', undertakes to point out the 'broad and impassable barrier' which divides such principles from those of the association. 'All matters relating to thought, opinion, conscience, appear to me', he says, 'to be without the sphere of legislation; all pertaining to social act, habit, relation, subject only to a discretionary power vested in the State itself, and not in the individual, to be within it.' No mention is made of a third class, different from

either of these, viz. acts and habits which are not social, but individual; although it is to this class, surely, that the act of drinking fermented liquors belongs. Selling fermented liquors, however, is trading, and trading is a social act. But the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the State might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it. The Secretary, however, says, 'I claim, as a citizen, a right to legislate whenever my social rights are invaded by the social act of another.' And now for the definition of these 'social rights'. 'If anything invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does. It destroys my primary right of security, by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality, by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery I am taxed to support. It impedes my right to free moral and intellectual development, by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralizing society, from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse.' A theory of 'social rights', the like of which probably never before found its way into distinct language: being nothing short of this - that it is the absolute social right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular, violates my social right, and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance. So monstrous a principle is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except perhaps to that of holding opinions in secret, without ever disclosing them: for, the moment an opinion which I consider noxious passes any one's lips, it invades all the 'social rights' attributed to me by the Alliance. The doctrine ascribes to all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral,

intellectual, and even physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard.

Another important example of illegitimate interference with the rightful liberty of the individual, not simply threatened, but long since carried into triumphant effect, is Sabbatarian legislation. Without doubt, abstinence on one day in the week, so far as the exigencies of life permit, from the usual daily occupation, though in no respect religiously binding on any except Jews, is a highly beneficial custom. And inasmuch as this custom cannot be observed without a general consent to that effect among the industrious classes, therefore, in so far as some persons by working may impose the same necessity on others, it may be allowable and right that the law should guarantee to each the observance by others of the custom, by suspending the greater operations of industry on a particular day. But this justification, grounded on the direct interest which others have in each individual's observance of the practice, does not apply to the self-chosen occupations in which a person may think fit to employ his leisure; nor does it hold good, in the smallest degree, for legal restrictions on amusements. It is true that the amusement of some is the day's work of others; but the pleasure, not to say the useful recreation, of many, is worth the labour of a few, provided the occupation is freely chosen, and can be freely resigned. The operatives are perfectly right in thinking that if all worked on Sunday, seven days' work would have to be given for six days' wages: but so long as the great mass of employments are suspended, the small number who for the enjoyment of others must still work, obtain a proportional increase of earnings; and they are not obliged to follow those occupations, if they prefer leisure to emolument. If a further remedy is sought, it might be found in the

establishment by custom of a holiday on some other day of the week for those particular classes of persons. The only ground, therefore, on which restrictions on Sunday amusements can be defended, must be that they are religiously wrong; a motive of legislation which never can be too earnestly protested against. 'Deorum injuriæ Diis curæ.' It remains to be proved that society or any of its officers holds a commission from on high to avenge any supposed offence to Omnipotence, which is not also a wrong to our fellow-creatures. The notion that it is one man's duty that another should be religious, was the foundation of all the religious persecutions ever perpetrated, and if admitted, would fully justify them. Though the feeling which breaks out in the repeated attempts to stop railway travelling on Sunday, in the resistance to the opening of Museums, and the like, has not the cruelty of the old persecutors, the state of mind indicated by it is fundamentally the same. It is a determination not to tolerate others in doing what is permitted by their religion, because it is not permitted by the persecutor's religion. It is a belief that God not only abominates the act of the misbeliever, but will not hold us guiltless if we leave him unmolested.

I cannot refrain from adding to these examples of the little account commonly made of human liberty, the language of downright persecution which breaks out from the press of this country, whenever it feels called on to notice the remarkable phenomenon of Mormonism. Much might be said on the unexpected and instructive fact, that an alleged new revelation, and a religion founded on it, the product of palpable imposture, not even supported by the *prestige* of extraordinary qualities in its founder, is believed by hundreds of thousands, and has been made the foundation of a society, in the age of newspapers, railways, and the electric telegraph. What here concerns

us is, that this religion, like other and better religions, has its martyrs; that its prophet and founder was, for his teaching, put to death by a mob; that others of its adherents lost their lives by the same lawless violence; that they were forcibly expelled, in a body, from the country in which they first grew up; while, now that they have been chased into a solitary recess in the midst of a desert, many in this country openly declare that it would be right (only that it is not convenient) to send an expedition against them, and compel them by force to conform to the opinions of other people. The article of the Mormonite doctrine which is the chief provocative to the antipathy which thus breaks through the ordinary restraints of religious tolerance, is its sanction of polygamy; which, though permitted to Mahomedans, and Hindoos, and Chinese, seems to excite unquenchable animosity when practised by persons who speak English, and profess to be a kind of Christians. No one has a deeper disapprobation than I have of this Mormon institution; both for other reasons, and because, far from being in any way countenanced by the principle of liberty, it is a direct infraction of that principle, being a mere rivetting of the chains of one-half of the community, and an emancipation of the other from reciprocity of obligation towards them. Still, it must be remembered that this relation is as much voluntary on the part of the women concerned in it, and who may be deemed the sufferers by it, as is the case with any other form of the marriage institution; and however surprising this fact may appear, it has its explanation in the common ideas and customs of the world, which teaching women to think marriage the one thing needful, make it intelligible that many a woman should prefer being one of several wives, to not being a wife at all. Other countries are not asked to recognize such unions, or release any portion of their inhabitants from their own laws on the score of Mormonite opinions. But when the dissentients

have conceded to the hostile sentiments of others, far more than could justly be demanded; when they have left the countries to which their doctrines were unacceptable, and established themselves in a remote corner of the earth, which they have been the first to render habitable to human beings; it is difficult to see on what principles but those of tyranny they can be prevented from living there under what laws they please, provided they commit no aggression on other nations, and allow perfect freedom of departure to those who are dissatisfied with their ways. A recent writer, in some respects of considerable merit, proposes (to use his own words) not a crusade, but a *civilizade*, against this polygamous community, to put an end to what seems to him a retrograde step in civilization. It also appears so to me, but I am not aware that any community has a right to force another to be civilized. So long as the sufferers by the bad law do not invoke assistance from other communities, I cannot admit that persons entirely unconnected with them ought to step in and require that a condition of things with which all who are directly interested appear to be satisfied, should be put an end to because it is a scandal to persons some thousands of miles distant, who have no part or concern in it. Let them send missionaries, if they please, to preach against it; and let them, by any fair means (of which silencing the teachers is not one) oppose the progress of similar doctrines among their own people. If civilization has got the better of barbarism when barbarism had the world to itself, it is too much to profess to be afraid lest barbarism, after having been fairly got under, should revive and conquer civilization. A civilization that can thus succumb to its vanquished enemy, must first have become so degenerate, that neither its appointed priests and teachers, nor anybody else, has the capacity, or will take the trouble, to stand up for it. If this be so, the sooner such a civilization receives notice to quit, the better. It can only go on

from bad to worse, until destroyed and regenerated (like the Western Empire) by energetic barbarians.

---

[1]The case of the Bombay Parsees is a curious instance in point. When this industrious and enterprising tribe, the descendants of the Persian fire-worshippers, flying from their native country before the Caliphs, arrived in Western India, they were admitted to toleration by the Hindoo sovereigns, on condition of not eating beef. When those regions afterwards fell under the dominion of Mahomedan conquerors, the Parsees obtained from them a continuance of indulgence, on condition of refraining from pork. What was at first obedience to authority became a second nature, and the Parsees to this day abstain both from beef and pork. Though not required by their religion, the double abstinence has had time to grow into a custom of their tribe; and custom, in the East, is a religion.

V
Applications

The principles asserted in these pages must be more generally admitted as the basis for discussion of details, before a consistent application of them to all the various departments of government and morals can be attempted with any prospect of advantage. The few observations I propose to make on questions of detail, are designed to illustrate the principles, rather than to follow them out to their consequences. I offer, not so much applications, as specimens of application; which may serve to bring into greater clearness the meaning and limits of the two maxims which together form the entire doctrine of this Essay, and to assist the judgment in holding the balance between them, in the cases where it appears doubtful which of them is applicable to the case.

The maxims are, first, that the individual is not accountable to society for his actions, in so far as these concern the interests of no person but himself. Advice, instruction, persuasion, and avoidance by other people if thought necessary by them for their own good, are the only measures by which society can justifiably express its dislike or disapprobation of his conduct. Secondly, that for such actions as are prejudicial to the interests of others, the individual is accountable, and may be subjected either to social or to legal punishment, if society is of opinion that the one or the other is

requisite for its protection.

In the first place, it must by no means be supposed, because damage, or probability of damage, to the interests of others, can alone justify the interference of society, that therefore it always does justify such interference. In many cases, an individual, in pursuing a legitimate object, necessarily and therefore legitimately causes pain or loss to others, or intercepts a good which they had a reasonable hope of obtaining. Such oppositions of interest between individuals often arise from bad social institutions, but are unavoidable while those institutions last; and some would be unavoidable under any institutions. Whoever succeeds in an overcrowded profession, or in a competitive examination; whoever is preferred to another in any contest for an object which both desire, reaps benefit from the loss of others, from their wasted exertion and their disappointment. But it is, by common admission, better for the general interest of mankind, that persons should pursue their objects undeterred by this sort of consequences. In other words, society admits no right, either legal or moral, in the disappointed competitors, to immunity from this kind of suffering; and feels called on to interfere, only when means of success have been employed which it is contrary to the general interest to permit - namely, fraud or treachery, and force.

Again, trade is a social act. Whoever undertakes to sell any description of goods to the public, does what affects the interest of other persons, and of society in general; and thus his conduct, in principle, comes within the jurisdiction of society: accordingly, it was once held to be the duty of governments, in all cases which were considered of importance, to fix prices, and regulate the processes of manufacture. But it is now recognized, though

not till after a long struggle, that both the cheapness and the good quality of commodities are most effectually provided for by leaving the producers and sellers perfectly free, under the sole check of equal freedom to the buyers for supplying themselves elsewhere. This is the so-called doctrine of Free Trade, which rests on grounds different from, though equally solid with, the principle of individual liberty asserted in this Essay. Restrictions on trade, or on production for purposes of trade, are indeed restraints; and all restraint, *quâ* restraint, is an evil: but the restraints in question affect only that part of conduct which society is competent to restrain, and are wrong solely because they do not really produce the results which it is desired to produce by them. As the principle of individual liberty is not involved in the doctrine of Free Trade, so neither is it in most of the questions which arise respecting the limits of that doctrine; as for example, what amount of public control is admissible for the prevention of fraud by adulteration; how far sanitary precautions, or arrangements to protect workpeople employed in dangerous occupations, should be enforced on employers. Such questions involve considerations of liberty, only in so far as leaving people to themselves is always better, *cœteris paribus*, than controlling them: but that they may be legitimately controlled for these ends, is in principle undeniable. On the other hand, there are questions relating to interference with trade, which are essentially questions of liberty; such as the Maine Law, already touched upon; the prohibition of the importation of opium into China; the restriction of the sale of poisons; all cases, in short, where the object of the interference is to make it impossible or difficult to obtain a particular commodity. These interferences are objectionable, not as infringements on the liberty of the producer or seller, but on that of the buyer.

One of these examples, that of the sale of poisons, opens a new question; the proper limits of what may be called the functions of police; how far liberty may legitimately be invaded for the prevention of crime, or of accident. It is one of the undisputed functions of government to take precautions against crime before it has been committed, as well as to detect and punish it afterwards. The preventive function of government, however, is far more liable to be abused, to the prejudice of liberty, than the punitory function; for there is hardly any part of the legitimate freedom of action of a human being which would not admit of being represented, and fairly too, as increasing the facilities for some form or other of delinquency. Nevertheless, if a public authority, or even a private person, sees any one evidently preparing to commit a crime, they are not bound to look on inactive until the crime is committed, but may interfere to prevent it. If poisons were never bought or used for any purpose except the commission of murder, it would be right to prohibit their manufacture and sale. They may, however, be wanted not only for innocent but for useful purposes, and restrictions cannot be imposed in the one case without operating in the other. Again, it is a proper office of public authority to guard against accidents. If either a public officer or any one else saw a person attempting to cross a bridge which had been ascertained to be unsafe, and there were no time to warn him of his danger, they might seize him and turn him back, without any real infringement of his liberty; for liberty consists in doing what one desires, and he does not desire to fall into the river. Nevertheless, when there is not a certainty, but only a danger of mischief, no one but the person himself can judge of the sufficiency of the motive which may prompt him to incur the risk: in this case, therefore, (unless he is a child, or delirious, or in some state of excitement or absorption incompatible with the full use of the reflecting

faculty) he ought, I conceive, to be only warned of the danger; not forcibly prevented from exposing himself to it. Similar considerations, applied to such a question as the sale of poisons, may enable us to decide which among the possible modes of regulation are or are not contrary to principle. Such a precaution, for example, as that of labelling the drug with some word expressive of its dangerous character, may be enforced without violation of liberty: the buyer cannot wish not to know that the thing he possesses has poisonous qualities. But to require in all cases the certificate of a medical practitioner, would make it sometimes impossible, always expensive, to obtain the article for legitimate uses. The only mode apparent to me, in which difficulties may be thrown in the way of crime committed through this means, without any infringement, worth taking into account, upon the liberty of those who desire the poisonous substance for other purposes, consists in providing what, in the apt language of Bentham, is called 'preappointed evidence'. This provision is familiar to every one in the case of contracts. It is usual and right that the law, when a contract is entered into, should require as the condition of its enforcing performance, that certain formalities should be observed, such as signatures, attestation of witnesses, and the like, in order that in case of subsequent dispute, there may be evidence to prove that the contract was really entered into, and that there was nothing in the circumstances to render it legally invalid: the effect being, to throw great obstacles in the way of fictitious contracts, or contracts made in circumstances which, if known, would destroy their validity. Precautions of a similar nature might be enforced in the sale of articles adapted to be instruments of crime. The seller, for example, might be required to enter in a register the exact time of the transaction, the name and address of the buyer, the precise quality and quantity sold; to ask the purpose for which it was

wanted, and record the answer he received. When there was no medical prescription, the presence of some third person might be required, to bring home the fact to the purchaser, in case there should afterwards be reason to believe that the article had been applied to criminal purposes. Such regulations would in general be no material impediment to obtaining the article, but a very considerable one to making an improper use of it without detection.

The right inherent in society, to ward off crimes against itself by antecedent precautions, suggests the obvious limitations to the maxim, that purely self-regarding misconduct cannot properly be meddled with in the way of prevention or punishment. Drunkenness, for example, in ordinary cases, is not a fit subject for legislative interference; but I should deem it perfectly legitimate that a person, who had once been convicted of any act of violence to others under the influence of drink, should be placed under a special legal restriction, personal to himself; that if he were afterwards found drunk, he should be liable to a penalty, and that if when in that state he committed another offence, the punishment to which he would be liable for that other offence should be increased in severity. The making himself drunk, in a person whom drunkenness excites to do harm to others, is a crime against others. So, again, idleness, except in a person receiving support from the public, or except when it constitutes a breach of contract, cannot without tyranny be made a subject of legal punishment; but if, either from idleness or from any other avoidable cause, a man fails to perform his legal duties to others, as for instance to support his children, it is no tyranny to force him to fulfil that obligation, by compulsory labour, if no other means are available.

Again, there are many acts which, being directly injurious only to the agents themselves, ought not to be legally interdicted, but which, if done publicly, are a violation of good manners, and coming thus within the category of offences against others, may rightfully be prohibited. Of this kind are offences against decency; on which it is unnecessary to dwell, the rather as they are only connected indirectly with our subject, the objection to publicity being equally strong in the case of many actions not in themselves condemnable, nor supposed to be so.

There is another question to which an answer must be found, consistent with the principles which have been laid down. In cases of personal conduct supposed to be blameable, but which respect for liberty precludes society from preventing or punishing, because the evil directly resulting falls wholly on the agent; what the agent is free to do, ought other persons to be equally free to counsel or instigate? This question is not free from difficulty. The case of a person who solicits another to do an act, is not strictly a case of self-regarding conduct. To give advice or offer inducements to any one, is a social act, and may, therefore, like actions in general which affect others, be supposed amenable to social control. But a little reflection corrects the first impression, by showing that if the case is not strictly within the definition of individual liberty, yet the reasons on which the principle of individual liberty is grounded, are applicable to it. If people must be allowed, in whatever concerns only themselves, to act as seems best to themselves at their own peril, they must equally be free to consult with one another about what is fit to be so done; to exchange opinions, and give and receive suggestions. Whatever it is permitted to do, it must be permitted to advise to do. The question is doubtful, only when the instigator derives a personal benefit from

his advice; when he makes it his occupation, for subsistence or pecuniary gain, to promote what society and the State consider to be an evil. Then, indeed, a new element of complication is introduced; namely, the existence of classes of persons with an interest opposed to what is considered as the public weal, and whose mode of living is grounded on the counteraction of it. Ought this to be interfered with, or not? Fornication, for example, must be tolerated, and so must gambling; but should a person be free to be a pimp, or to keep a gambling-house? The case is one of those which lie on the exact boundary line between two principles, and it is not at once apparent to which of the two it properly belongs. There are arguments on both sides. On the side of toleration it may be said, that the fact of following anything as an occupation, and living or profiting by the practice of it, cannot make that criminal which would otherwise be admissible; that the act should either be consistently permitted or consistently prohibited; that if the principles which we have hitherto defended are true, society has no business, *as* society, to decide anything to be wrong which concerns only the individual; that it cannot go beyond dissuasion, and that one person should be as free to persuade, as another to dissuade. In opposition to this it may be contended, that although the public, or the State, are not warranted in authoritatively deciding, for purposes of repression or punishment, that such or such conduct affecting only the interests of the individual is good or bad, they are fully justified in assuming, if they regard it as bad, that its being so or not is at least a disputable question: That, this being supposed, they cannot be acting wrongly in endeavouring to exclude the influence of solicitations which are not disinterested, of instigators who cannot possibly be impartial - who have a direct personal interest on one side, and that side the one which the State believes to be wrong, and who confessedly promote it for personal objects

only. There can surely, it may be urged, be nothing lost, no sacrifice of good, by so ordering matters that persons shall make their election, either wisely or foolishly, on their own prompting, as free as possible from the arts of persons who stimulate their inclinations for interested purposes of their own. Thus (it may be said) though the statutes respecting unlawful games are utterly indefensible - though all persons should be free to gamble in their own or each other's houses, or in any place of meeting es tablished by their own subscriptions, and open only to the members and their visitors - yet public gambling-houses should not be permitted. It is true that the prohibition is never effectual, and that, whatever amount of tyrannical power may be given to the police, gambling-houses can always be maintained under other pretences; but they may be compelled to conduct their operations with a certain degree of secrecy and mystery, so that nobody knows anything about them but those who seek them; and more than this, society ought not to aim at. There is considerable force in these arguments. I will not venture to decide whether they are sufficient to justify the moral anomaly of punishing the accessary, when the principal is (and must be) allowed to go free; of fining or imprisoning the procurer, but not the fornicator, the gambling-house keeper, but not the gambler. Still less ought the common operations of buying and selling to be interfered with on analogous grounds. Almost every article which is bought and sold may be used in excess, and the sellers have a pecuniary interest in encouraging that excess; but no argument can be founded on this, in favour, for instance, of the Maine Law; because the class of dealers in strong drinks, though interested in their abuse, are indispensably required for the sake of their legitimate use. The interest, however, of these dealers in promoting intemperance is a real evil, and justifies the State in imposing restrictions and requiring guarantees which, but for that

justification, would be infringements of legitimate liberty.

A further question is, whether the State, while it permits, should nevertheless indirectly discourage conduct which it deems contrary to the best interests of the agent; whether, for example, it should take measures to render the means of drunkenness more costly, or add to the difficulty of procuring them by limiting the number of the places of sale. On this as on most other practical questions, many distinctions require to be made. To tax stimulants for the sole purpose of making them more difficult to be obtained, is a measure differing only in degree from their entire prohibition; and would be justifiable only if that were justifiable. Every increase of cost is a prohibition, to those whose means do not come up to the augmented price; and to those who do, it is a penalty laid on them for gratifying a particular taste. Their choice of pleasures, and their mode of expending their income, after satisfying their legal and moral obligations to the State and to individuals, are their own concern, and must rest with their own judgment. These considerations may seem at first sight to condemn the selection of stimulants as special subjects of taxation for purposes of revenue. But it must be remembered that taxation for fiscal purposes is absolutely inevitable; that in most countries it is necessary that a considerable part of that taxation should be indirect; that the State, therefore, cannot help imposing penalties, which to some persons may be prohibitory, on the use of some articles of consumption. It is hence the duty of the State to consider, in the imposition of taxes, what commodities the consumers can best spare; and *a fortiori*, to select in preference those of which it deems the use, beyond a very moderate quantity, to be positively injurious. Taxation, therefore, of stimulants, up to the point which produces the largest amount of revenue (supposing that the

State needs all the revenue which it yields) is not only admissible, but to be approved of.

The question of making the sale of these commodities a more or less exclusive privilege, must be answered differently, according to the purposes to which the restriction is intended to be subservient. All places of public resort require the restraint of a police, and places of this kind peculiarly, because offences against society are especially apt to originate there. It is, therefore, fit to confine the power of selling these commodities (at least for consumption on the spot) to persons of known or vouched-for respectability of conduct; to make such regulations respecting hours of opening and closing as may be requisite for public surveillance, and to withdraw the licence if breaches of the peace repeatedly take place through the connivance or incapacity of the keeper of the house, or if it becomes a rendezvous for concocting and preparing offences against the law. Any further restriction I do not conceive to be, in principle, justifiable. The limitation in number, for instance, of beer and spirit houses, for the express purpose of rendering them more difficult of access, and diminishing the occasions of temptation, not only exposes all to an inconvenience because there are some by whom the facility would be abused, but is suited only to a state of society in which the labouring classes are avowedly treated as children or savages, and placed under an education of restraint, to fit them for future admission to the privileges of freedom. This is not the principle on which the labouring classes are professedly governed in any free country; and no person who sets due value on freedom will give his adhesion to their being so governed, unless after all efforts have been exhausted to educate them for freedom and govern them as freemen, and it has been definitively proved that they can only be

governed as children. The bare statement of the alternative shows the absurdity of supposing that such efforts have been made in any case which needs be considered here. It is only because the institutions of this country are a mass of inconsistencies, that things find admittance into our practice which belong to the system of despotic, or what is called paternal, government, while the general freedom of our institutions precludes the exercise of the amount of control necessary to render the restraint of any real efficacy as a moral education.

It was pointed out in an early part of this Essay, that the liberty of the individual, in things wherein the individual is alone concerned, implies a corresponding liberty in any number of individuals to regulate by mutual agreement such things as regard them jointly, and regard no persons but themselves. This question presents no difficulty, so long as the will of all the persons implicated remains unaltered; but since that will may change, it is often necessary, even in things in which they alone are concerned, that they should enter into engagements with one another; and when they do, it is fit, as a general rule, that those engagements should be kept. Yet, in the laws, probably, of every country, this general rule has some exceptions. Not only persons are not held to engagements which violate the rights of third parties, but it is sometimes considered a sufficient reason for releasing them from an engagement, that it is injurious to themselves. In this and most other civilized countries, for example, an engagement by which a person should sell himself, or allow himself to be sold, as a slave, would be null and void; neither enforced by law nor by opinion. The ground for thus limiting his power of voluntarily disposing of his own lot in life, is apparent, and is very clearly seen in this extreme case. The reason for not interfering, unless for the sake

of others, with a person's voluntary acts, is consideration for his liberty. His voluntary choice is evidence that what he so chooses is desirable, or at the least endurable, to him, and his good is on the whole best provided for by allowing him to take his own means of pursuing it. But by selling himself for a slave, he abdicates his liberty; he forgoes any future use of it beyond that single act. He therefore defeats, in his own case, the very purpose which is the justification of allowing him to dispose of himself. He is no longer free; but is thenceforth in a position which has no longer the presumption in its favour, that would be afforded by his voluntarily remaining in it. The principle of freedom cannot require that he should be free not to be free. It is not freedom, to be allowed to alienate his freedom. These reasons, the force of which is so conspicuous in this peculiar case, are evidently of far wider application; yet a limit is everywhere set to them by the necessities of life, which continually require, not indeed that we should resign our freedom, but that we should consent to this and the other limitation of it. The principle, however, which demands uncontrolled freedom of action in all that concerns only the agents themselves, requires that those who have become bound to one another, in things which concern no third party, should be able to release one another from the engagement: and even without such voluntary release, there are perhaps no contracts or engagements, except those that relate to money or money's worth, of which one can venture to say that there ought to be no liberty whatever of retractation. Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, in the excellent essay from which I have already quoted, states it as his conviction, that engagements which involve personal relations or services, should never be legally binding beyond a limited duration of time; and that the most important of these engagements, marriage, having the peculiarity that its objects are frustrated unless the feelings of both the parties are in harmony

with it, should require nothing more than the declared will of either party to dissolve it. This subject is too important, and too complicated, to be discussed in a parenthesis, and I touch on it only so far as is necessary for purposes of illustration. If the conciseness and generality of Baron Humboldt's dissertation had not obliged him in this instance to content himself with enunciating his conclusion without discussing the premises, he would doubtless have recognized that the question cannot be decided on grounds so simple as those to which he confines himself. When a person, either by express promise or by conduct, has encouraged another to rely upon his continuing to act in a certain way - to build expectations and calculations, and stake any part of his plan of life upon that supposition - a new series of moral obligations arises on his part towards that person, which may possibly be overruled, but cannot be ignored. And again, if the relation between two contracting parties has been followed by consequences to others; if it has placed third parties in any peculiar position, or, as in the case of marriage, has even called third parties into existence, obligations arise on the part of both the contracting parties towards those third persons, the fulfilment of which, or at all events the mode of fulfilment, must be greatly affected by the continuance or disruption of the relation between the original parties to the contract. It does not follow, nor can I admit, that these obligations extend to requiring the fulfilment of the contract at all costs to the happiness of the reluctant party; but they are a necessary element in the question; and even if, as von Humboldt maintains, they ought to make no difference in the *legal* freedom of the parties to release themselves from the engagement (and I also hold that they ought not to make *much* difference), they necessarily make a great difference in the *moral* freedom. A person is bound to take all these circumstances into account, before resolving on a step which may affect such

important interests of others; and if he does not allow proper weight to those interests, he is morally responsible for the wrong. I have made these obvious remarks for the better illustration of the general principle of liberty, and not because they are at all needed on the particular question, which, on the contrary, is usually discussed as if the interest of children was everything, and that of grown persons nothing.

I have already observed that, owing to the absence of any recognized general principles, liberty is often granted where it should be withheld, as well as withheld where it should be granted; and one of the cases in which, in the modern European world, the sentiment of liberty is the strongest, is a case where, in my view, it is altogether misplaced. A person should be free to do as he likes in his own concerns; but he ought not to be free to do as he likes in acting for another, under the pretext that the affairs of the other are his own affairs. The State, while it respects the liberty of each in what specially regards himself, is bound to maintain a vigilant control over his exercise of any power which it allows him to possess over others. This obligation is almost entirely disregarded in the case of the family relations, a case, in its direct influence on human happiness, more important than all others taken together. The almost despotic power of husbands over wives needs not be enlarged upon here, because nothing more is needed for the complete removal of the evil, than that wives should have the same rights, and should receive the protection of law in the same manner, as all other persons; and because, on this subject, the defenders of established injustice do not avail themselves of the plea of liberty, but stand forth openly as the champions of power. It is in the case of children, that misapplied notions of liberty are a real obstacle to the fulfilment by the State of its duties. One would almost

think that a man's children were supposed to be literally, and not metaphorically, a part of himself, so jealous is opinion of the smallest interference of law with his absolute and exclusive control over them; more jealous than of almost any interference with his own freedom of action: so much less do the generality of mankind value liberty than power. Consider, for example, the case of education. Is it not almost a self-evident axiom, that the State should require and compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born its citizen? Yet who is there that is not afraid to recognize and assert this truth? Hardly any one indeed will deny that it is one of the most sacred duties of the parents (or, as law and usage now stand, the father), after summoning a human being into the world, to give to that being an education fitting him to perform his part well in life towards others and towards himself. But while this is unanimously declared to be the father's duty, scarcely anybody, in this country, will bear to hear of obliging him to perform it. Instead of his being required to make any exertion or sacrifice for securing education to the child, it is left to his choice to accept it or not when it is provided gratis! It still remains unrecognized, that to bring a child into existence without a fair prospect of being able, not only to provide food for its body, but instruction and training for its mind, is a moral crime, both against the unfortunate offspring and against society; and that if the parent does not fulfil this obligation, the State ought to see it fulfilled, at the charge, as far as possible, of the parent.

Were the duty of enforcing universal education once admitted, there would be an end to the difficulties about what the State should teach, and how it should teach, which now convert the subject into a mere battle-field for sects and parties, causing the time and labour which should have been

spent in educating, to be wasted in quarrelling about education. If the government would make up its mind to *require* for every child a good education, it might save itself the trouble of *providing* one. It might leave to parents to obtain the education where and how they pleased, and content itself with helping to pay the school fees of the poorer classes of children, and defraying the entire school expenses of those who have no one else to pay for them. The objections which are urged with reason against State education, do not apply to the enforcement of education by the State, but to the State's taking upon itself to direct that education: which is a totally different thing. That the whole or any large part of the education of the people should be in State hands, I go as far as any one in deprecating. All that has been said of the importance of individuality of character, and diversity in opinions and modes of conduct, involves, as of the same unspeakable importance, diversity of education. A general State education is a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another: and as the mould in which it casts them is that which pleases the predominant power in the government, whether this be a monarch, a priesthood, an aristocracy, or the majority of the existing generation, in proportion as it is efficient and successful, it establishes a despotism over the mind, leading by natural tendency to one over the body. An education established and controlled by the State should only exist, if it exist at all, as one among many competing experiments, carried on for the purpose of example and stimulus, to keep the others up to a certain standard of excellence. Unless, indeed, when society in general is in so backward a state that it could not or would not provide for itself any proper institutions of education, unless the government undertook the task: then, indeed, the government may, as the less of two great evils, take upon itself the business of schools and universities, as it may that of joint stock companies, when

private enterprise, in a shape fitted for undertaking great works of industry, does not exist in the country. But in general, if the country contains a sufficient number of persons qualified to provide education under government auspices, the same persons would be able and willing to give an equally good education on the voluntary principle, under the assurance of remuneration afforded by a law rendering education compulsory, combined with State aid to those unable to defray the expense.

The instrument for enforcing the law could be no other than public examinations, extending to all children, and beginning at an early age. An age might be fixed at which every child must be examined, to ascertain if he (or she) is able to read. If a child proves unable, the father, unless he has some sufficient ground of excuse, might be subjected to a moderate fine, to be worked out, if necessary, by his labour, and the child might be put to school at his expense. Once in every year the examination should be renewed, with a gradually extending range of subjects, so as to make the universal acquisition, and what is more, retention, of a certain minimum of general knowledge, virtually compulsory. Beyond that minimum, there should be voluntary examinations on all subjects, at which all who come up to a certain standard of proficiency might claim a certificate. To prevent the State from exercising, through these arrangements, an improper influence over opinion, the knowledge required for passing an examination (beyond the merely instrumental parts of knowledge, such as languages and their use) should, even in the higher classes of examinations, be confined to facts and positive science exclusively. The examinations on religion, politics, or other disputed topics, should not turn on the truth or falsehood of opinions, but on the matter of fact that such and such an opinion is held, on such grounds, by such

authors, or schools, or churches. Under this system, the rising generation would be no worse off in regard to all disputed truths, than they are at present; they would be brought up either churchmen or dissenters as they now are, the State merely taking care that they should be instructed churchmen, or instructed dissenters. There would be nothing to hinder them from being taught religion, if their parents chose, at the same schools where they were taught other things. All attempts by the State to bias the conclusions of its citizens on disputed subjects, are evil; but it may very properly offer to ascertain and certify that a person possesses the knowledge, requisite to make his conclusions, on any given subject, worth attending to. A student of philosophy would be the better for being able to stand an examination both in Locke and in Kant, whichever of the two he takes up with, or even if with neither: and there is no reasonable objection to examining an atheist in the evidences of Christianity, provided he is not required to profess a belief in them. The examinations, however, in the higher branches of knowledge should, I conceive, be entirely voluntary. It would be giving too dangerous a power to governments, were they allowed to exclude any one from professions, even from the profession of teacher, for alleged deficiency of qualifications: and I think, with Wilhelm von Humboldt, that degrees, or other public certificates of scientific or professional acquirements, should be given to all who present themselves for examination, and stand the test; but that such certificates should confer no advantage over competitors, other than the weight which may be attached to their testimony by public opinion.

It is not in the matter of education only, that misplaced notions of liberty prevent moral obligations on the part of parents from being recognized, and

legal obligations from being imposed, where there are the strongest grounds for the former always, and in many cases for the latter also. The fact itself, of causing the existence of a human being, is one of the most responsible actions in the range of human life. To undertake this responsibility - to bestow a life which may be either a curse or a blessing - unless the being on whom it is to be bestowed will have at least the ordinary chances of a desirable existence, is a crime against that being. And in a country either over-peopled, or threatened with being so, to produce children, beyond a very small number, with the effect of reducing the reward of labour by their competition, is a serious offence against all who live by the remuneration of their labour. The laws which, in many countries on the Continent, forbid marriage unless the parties can show that they have the means of supporting a family, do not exceed the legitimate powers of the State: and whether such laws be expedient or not (a question mainly dependent on local circumstances and feelings), they are not objectionable as violations of liberty. Such laws are interferences of the State to prohibit a mischievous act - an act injurious to others, which ought to be a subject of reprobation, and social stigma, even when it is not deemed expedient to superadd legal punishment. Yet the current ideas of liberty, which bend so easily to real infringements of the freedom of the individual in things which concern only himself, would repel the attempt to put any restraint upon his inclinations when the consequence of their indulgence is a life or lives of wretchedness and depravity to the offspring, with manifold evils to those sufficiently within reach to be in any way affected by their actions. When we compare the strange respect of mankind for liberty, with their strange want of respect for it, we might imagine that a man had an indispensable right to do harm to others, and no right at all to please himself without giving pain to any one.

I have reserved for the last place a large class of questions respecting the limits of government interference, which, though closely connected with the subject of this Essay, do not, in strictness, belong to it. These are cases in which the reasons against interference do not turn upon the principle of liberty: the question is not about restraining the actions of individuals, but about helping them: it is asked whether the government should do, or cause to be done, something for their benefit, instead of leaving it to be done by themselves, individually, or in voluntary combination.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education - a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which

they are thus left to deal. This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns - habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too-often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do, is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others; instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government, is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government, causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employés of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name. And the evil would be greater, the more efficiently and scientifically the administrative machinery was constructed - the more skilful the arrangements for obtaining the best qualified hands and heads with which to work it. In England it has of late been proposed that all the members of the civil service of government should be selected by competitive examination, to obtain for those employments the most intelligent and instructed persons procurable; and much has been said and written for and against this proposal. One of the arguments most insisted on by its opponents, is that the occupation of a permanent official servant of the State does not hold out sufficient prospects of emolument and importance to attract the highest talents, which will always be able to find a more inviting career in the professions, or in the service of companies and other public bodies. One

would not have been surprised if this argument had been used by the friends of the proposition, as an answer to its principal difficulty. Coming from the opponents it is strange enough. What is urged as an objection is the safety-valve of the proposed system. If indeed all the high talent of the country *could* be drawn into the service of the government, a proposal tending to bring about that result might well inspire uneasiness. If every part of the business of society which required organized concert, or large and comprehensive views, were in the hands of the government, and if government offices were universally filled by the ablest men, all the enlarged culture and practised intelligence in the country, except the purely speculative, would be concentrated in a numerous bureaucracy, to whom alone the rest of the community would look for all things: the multitude for direction and dictation in all they had to do; the able and aspiring for personal advancement. To be admitted into the ranks of this bureaucracy, and when admitted, to rise therein, would be the sole objects of ambition. Under this régime, not only is the outside public ill-qualified, for want of practical experience, to criticize or check the mode of operation of the bureaucracy, but even if the accidents of despotic or the natural working of popular institutions occasionally raise to the summit a ruler or rulers of reforming inclinations, no reform can be effected which is contrary to the interest of the bureaucracy. Such is the melancholy condition of the Russian empire, as shown in the accounts of those who have had sufficient opportunity of observation. The Czar himself is powerless against the bureaucratic body; he can send any one of them to Siberia, but he cannot govern without them, or against their will. On every decree of his they have a tacit veto, by merely refraining from carrying it into effect. In countries of more advanced civilization and of a more insurrectionary spirit, the public, accustomed to

expect everything to be done for them by the State, or at least to do nothing for themselves without asking from the State not only leave to do it, but even how it is to be done, naturally hold the State responsible for all evil which befals them, and when the evil exceeds their amount of patience, they rise against the government and make what is called a revolution; whereupon somebody else, with or without legitimate authority from the nation, vaults into the seat, issues his orders to the bureaucracy, and everything goes on much as it did before; the bureaucracy being unchanged, and nobody else being capable of taking their place.

A very different spectacle is exhibited among a people accustomed to transact their own business. In France, a large part of the people having been engaged in military service, many of whom have held at least the rank of non-commissioned officers, there are in every popular insurrection several persons competent to take the lead, and improvise some tolerable plan of action. What the French are in military affairs, the Americans are in every kind of civil business; let them be left without a government, every body of Americans is able to improvise one, and to carry on that or any other public business with a sufficient amount of intelligence, order, and decision. This is what every free people ought to be: and a people capable of this is certain to be free; it will never let itself be enslaved by any man or body of men because these are able to seize and pull the reins of the central administration. No bureaucracy can hope to make such a people as this do or undergo anything that they do not like. But where everything is done through the bureaucracy, nothing to which the bureaucracy is really adverse can be done at all. The constitution of such countries is an organization of the experience and practical ability of the nation, into a disciplined body for the purpose of

governing the rest; and the more perfect that organization is in itself, the more successful in drawing to itself and educating for itself the persons of greatest capacity from all ranks of the community, the more complete is the bondage of all, the members of the bureaucracy included. For the governors are as much the slaves of their organization and discipline, as the governed are of the governors. A Chinese mandarin is as much the tool and creature of a despotism as the humblest cultivator. An individual Jesuit is to the utmost degree of abasement the slave of his order, though the order itself exists for the collective power and importance of its members.

It is not, also, to be forgotten, that the absorption of all the principal ability of the country into the governing body is fatal, sooner or later, to the mental activity and progressiveness of the body itself. Banded together as they are - working a system which, like all systems, necessarily proceeds in a great measure by fixed rules - the official body are under the constant temptation of sinking into indolent routine, or, if they now and then desert that mill-horse round, of rushing into some half-examined crudity which has struck the fancy of some leading member of the corps: and the sole check to these closely allied, though seemingly opposite, tendencies, the only stimulus which can keep the ability of the body itself up to a high standard, is liability to the watchful criticism of equal ability outside the body. It is indispensable, therefore, that the means should exist, independently of the government, of forming such ability, and furnishing it with the opportunities and experience necessary for a correct judgment of great practical affairs. If we would possess permanently a skilful and efficient body of functionaries - above all, a body able to originate and willing to adopt improvements; if we would not have our bureaucracy degenerate into a pedantocracy, this body must not

engross all the occupations which form and cultivate the faculties required for the government of mankind.

To determine the point at which evils, so formidable to human freedom and advancement, begin, or rather at which they begin to predominate over the benefits attending the collective application of the force of society, under its recognized chiefs, for the removal of the obstacles which stand in the way of its well-being; to secure as much of the advantages of centralized power and intelligence, as can be had without turning into governmental channels too great a proportion of the general activity - is one of the most difficult and complicated questions in the art of government. It is, in a great measure, a question of detail, in which many and various considerations must be kept in view, and no absolute rule can be laid down. But I believe that the practical principle in which safety resides, the ideal to be kept in view, the standard by which to test all arrangements intended for overcoming the difficulty, may be conveyed in these words: the greatest dissemination of power consistent with efficiency; but the greatest possible centralization of information, and diffusion of it from the centre. Thus, in municipal administration, there would be, as in the New England States, a very minute division among separate officers, chosen by the localities, of all business which is not better left to the persons directly interested; but besides this, there would be, in each department of local affairs, a central superintendence, forming a branch of the general government. The organ of this superintendence would concentrate, as in a focus, the variety of information and experience derived from the conduct of that branch of public business in all the localities, from everything analogous which is done in foreign countries, and from the general principles of political science. This central organ should have a right to know all that is

done, and its special duty should be that of making the knowledge acquired in one place available for others. Emancipated from the petty prejudices and narrow views of a locality by its elevated position and comprehensive sphere of observation, its advice would naturally carry much authority; but its actual power, as a permanent institution, should, I conceive, be limited to compelling the local officers to obey the laws laid down for their guidance. In all things not provided for by general rules, those officers should be left to their own judgment, under responsibility to their constituents. For the violation of rules, they should be responsible to law, and the rules themselves should be laid down by the legislature; the central administrative authority only watching over their execution, and if they were not properly carried into effect, appealing, according to the nature of the case, to the tribunals to enforce the law, or to the constituencies to dismiss the functionaries who had not executed it according to its spirit. Such, in its general conception, is the central superintendence which the Poor Law Board is intended to exercise over the administrators of the Poor Rate throughout the country. Whatever powers the Board exercises beyond this limit, were right and necessary in that peculiar case, for the cure of rooted habits of maladministration in matters deeply affecting not the localities merely, but the whole community; since no locality has a moral right to make itself by mismanagement a nest of pauperism, necessarily overflowing into other localities, and impairing the moral and physical condition of the whole labouring community. The powers of administrative coercion and subordinate legislation possessed by the Poor Law Board (but which, owing to the state of opinion on the subject, are very scantily exercised by them), though perfectly justifiable in a case of first-rate national interest, would be wholly out of place in the superintendence of interests purely local. But a central organ of information and instruction for

all the localities, would be equally valuable in all departments of administration. A government cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates, individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activity for theirs; when, instead of informing, advising, and, upon occasion, denouncing, it makes them work in fetters, or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation, to a little more of administrative skill, or of that semblance of it which practice gives, in the details of business; a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes - will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything, will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.

THE FIRST TEN BOOKS

论语

［春秋］孔丘　著

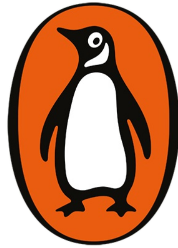
付雅丽　白话文翻译、注释

中国出版集团
中译出版社

论语

（春秋）孔丘/著

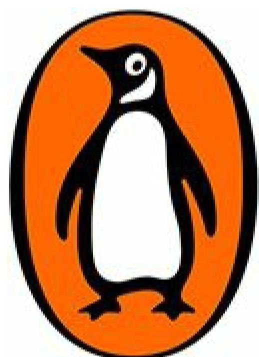
付雅丽　白话文/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.

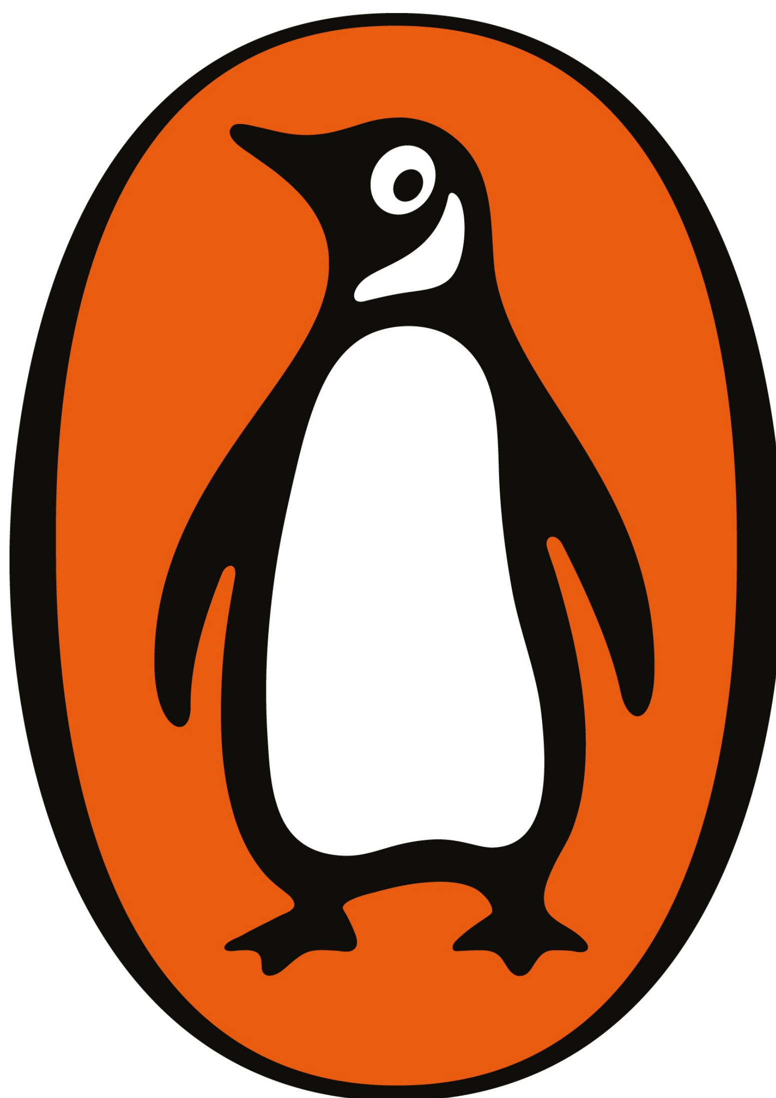


Penguin Random House North Asia

www.penguin.com.cn
The Analetcs first published in Penguin Classics 1979
This extract published in Penguin Books 2005

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of The Analects,
translated and introduced by D. C. Lau
Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

孔丘（公元前551—前479），字仲尼，后世尊称为孔子，是活跃于春秋时代的教育家与哲学家，儒家学派的创始人。孔子出生于鲁国，祖上是一个没落的宋国贵族，而且相传其父母的婚姻也并不合礼制。三岁时，孔子的父亲病逝，开始由母亲单独抚养，二人过着极为清贫艰辛的生活。不过孔子却并不以此为意，依然十分好学上进，还常常以演练礼仪为幼年时的游戏。三十岁前的孔子在鲁国初入仕途，担任一些无关紧要的职位，只能算是小有名气；自三十岁开始，孔子渐露锋芒，其政治理念受到齐景公等贵族赏识，而且还开私学广收徒，得到各个阶层的支持。这就是孔子所谓的“三十而立”（《论语·为政》）。公元前517年，由于鲁国的内乱，孔子也背井离乡来到齐国，以期实现自己“君君臣臣父父子子”（《论语·颜渊》）的政治理念，不过碍于政治斗争，最后当然以失败告终，不得不于两年后返回鲁国暂别仕途。又经过了十年磨砺的孔子，此时对诸多人生问题的看法越发透彻，也即“四十不惑”（《论语·不惑》）。直到前501年，时年51岁的孔子才再次出仕鲁国，并凭政绩一路迁升至大司寇之位，也因此得罪了掌权的“三桓”势力。慢慢地，孔子越发觉得自己的政治抱负难以在鲁国实现，于是在55岁时带着众位徒弟开始了一段长达十四年的列国游历，所到之处包括卫、曹、宋、郑、陈、蔡等国，虽受万般尊敬，却皆不受重用。晚年的孔子终于返回鲁国，专心整理经典，授徒讲道。

相传孔子精通“六艺”（礼、乐、射、御、书、数），又广收门徒，共弟子三千、贤人七十二，更编撰《诗》《书》《礼》《易》《乐》《春秋》。孔子是儒家的至圣先师，其思想脱胎于周的礼乐传统，以“仁”“义”“礼”（孟子与董仲舒又相继添入“智”与“信”合称“五常”）为道德观，而“仁”又是核心。不过，孔子却从未对“仁”这一概念有过明确

的解释，由此可见，“仁”是一个极其复杂、包罗万象的综合性概念——是一种道德规范，是一种人格境界，是一种治国理念，是一种社会制度，也是一种哲学思辨。

《论语》并非由孔子所撰，而是孔子的弟子及再传弟子记录孔子言行的语录体经典，其中包括大量的对话，具有明显的口语特色，简练平白、朴实无华、意蕴深远，也因此能被世世代代争相传诵。《论语》与《大学》《中庸》《孟子》并称“四书”，是儒家学子终生的无上经典。全书现存共20卷（篇），每篇以该篇正文首两（或三）字为名，分别为“学而”“为政”“八佾”“里仁”“公冶长”“雍也”“述而”“泰伯”“子罕”“乡党”“先进”“颜渊”“子路”“宪问”“卫灵公”“季氏”“阳货”“微子”“子张”与“尧曰”。

“伟大的思想”系列收录《论语》一书，选萃其中前十篇：

“学而”，为《论语》首篇，从道德修身方面劝喻修学之士。

“为政”，讲述孔子的治国理政之道。

“八佾”，讲述孔子的礼乐观念。

“里仁”，讲述仁义等概念。

“公冶长”，记录孔子对古今人物的评价。“雍也”，记录孔子弟子的言行。

“述而”，讲述孔子的治学教育理念。

“泰伯”，记录孔子对古代先王的评价。

“子罕”，记录孔子的行事方法。

“乡党”，记录孔子衣食住行的规范。

当然，仅凭寥寥数语，自然是难以详述每篇意旨，还需要读者仔细研读，方能得其一二。

纵观孔子一生，出仕为官、周游列国、著书立说、传道授业，无不在为实现心中理想而努力。只可惜造化弄人，孔子始终未能跳脱出那个只需要霸道秩序的战乱天下，也未能等到儒家理想实现的一天。直到三百多年后，大汉王朝早已天下一统，又先后经历“文景之治”与“汉武盛世”，更是四海归心、天下咸服，逐渐成形的中华民族社会亟须在道德与文化层面建立起一种普世的秩序规范，故而以“仁”为核心的儒家思想才开始真正得到统治阶层与民间社会的普遍重视，并被重新认知与发掘，更在之后的近两千年岁月里，逐渐成为中华民族最重要的精神脊梁。可以说，儒家思想在某种程度上正代表了中华民族的性格，甚至成了东方人的共同标签。

当今天的读者重读这本意蕴丰富的经典，品读那一字一句的智慧语录之时，必定能一窥先人的伟大思想。

柴尔

卷一

1.子曰："学而时习[1]之，不亦说[2]乎？有朋自远方来，不亦乐乎？人不知[3]而不愠[4]，不亦君子乎？"

孔子说："将学到的东西不断地用于实践不是一件很开心的事吗？有志同道合的朋友从远方来看望自己难道不会很快乐吗？自己的学识、抱负没有人认可或知道而不心存怨恨，这难道不是君子吗？"

2.有子[5]曰："其为人也孝弟[6]，而好犯上者[7]，鲜[8]矣；不好犯上，而好作乱者，未之有也[9]。君子务本[10]，本立而道[11]生。孝弟也者，其为仁之本与[12]？"

有子说："一个人很孝顺父母且敬爱兄长，却又经常对别的长辈或地位比自己高的人不恭敬，这样的人是很少存在的；不会对比自己年长的人或地位高的人不恭，却又经常胡作非为的人我从来没有见过。君子专心致力于根本的事务，基础建立了，治国做人的原则也就有了。孝顺父母、敬爱兄长，这就是仁的根本啊！"

3.子曰："巧言令色[13]，鲜[14]矣仁。"

孔子说："总是花言巧语，假装和颜悦色的人很少是仁慈的。"

4.曾子[15]曰："吾日三省吾身[16]。为人谋而不忠乎？与朋友交而不信乎？传不习[17]乎？"

曾子说："我每天都会反省自己很多次，帮别人做事是否尽心尽力？与朋友交往有没有不守信用？学到的知识是否不断温习或应用起

来？”

5.子曰：“道[18]千乘之国[19]，敬事而信，节用而爱人[20]，使民以时。”

孔子说：“治理大国的人应该做到：做事兢兢业业、信守承诺，认真严谨地处理国家政事，节约财政开支，友爱同僚，役使民众而不误他们的农时。”

6.子曰：“弟子[21]入则孝，出则弟[22]，谨而信，泛爱众，而亲仁[23]。行有余力，则以学文。”

孔子说：“年轻人在家要孝敬父母，出门要友敬爱兄长，为人处事谨慎而又言而有信，尊敬爱护每一个人，亲近有仁德的人。做到了这些并且有余力就可以继续学习各种文化知识。”

7.子夏[24]曰：“贤贤[25]易[26]色；事父母，能竭其力；事君，能致其身[27]；与朋友交，言而有信。虽曰未学，吾必谓之学矣。”

子夏说：“尊敬贤德的人并不断向他们学习，改正自己错误的做法；侍奉父母要尽心尽力，竭尽自己的力量；服务君王能全身心地奉献；与朋友交往重诺守义，言而有信。即使这样的人没有读过一天书，我一定说他是很有学问的。”

8.子曰：“君子不重[28]则不威；学则不固[29]。主忠信[30]。无[31]友不如己者[32]；过[33]则勿惮[34]改。”

孔子说：“一个人不自重自爱就不会有威严；不断学习才不会鄙陋；恪守忠信，与志同道合的人做朋友；有了过错要去改正，不要害怕改变。”

9.曾子曰：“慎终[35]，追远[36]，民德归厚矣。”

曾子说：“慎重地对待丧礼，虔诚地举行祭祀，民风就会慢慢转好的。”

10.子禽[37]问于子贡[38]曰：“夫子[39]至于是邦[40]也，必闻其政，求之与，抑[41]与之与？”子贡曰：“夫子温、良、恭、俭、让[42]以得之。夫子之求之也，其诸[43]异乎人之求之与？”

子禽向子贡请教问题：“老师（孔子）每到一个国家就总是能知道这个国家的政令、政风，这是老师去请求得来的呢，还是有人主动告诉他的呢？”子贡回答说：“老师温良如玉、恭敬俭朴谦让，所以才会有资格知道这些事。老师得到的方法大概与别人的方法不同吧！”

11.子曰：“父在，观其[44]志；父没，观其行[45]；三年[46]无改于父之道[47]，可谓孝矣。”

孔子说：“父亲在世的时候，应该观察儿子的思想、志向；父亲去世以后应该观察儿子的所作所为。如果过了很长一段时间儿子都没有改变当时好的作为，就可以说他是很孝顺的了。”

12.有子[48]曰：“礼之用，和为贵。先王[49]之道，斯为美，小大由之。有所不行，知和而和，不以礼节之，亦不可行也。”

有子说：“礼的应用，以和谐为关键。先代圣王的治国方法最可贵的地方就在于他们做所有的事都以此为出发点。如果不能做到这一点，只为求和谐的目的而去做，但不以‘礼’的精髓制约行为，也是行不通的。”

13.有子曰：“信近[50]于义[51]，言可复[52]也；恭近于礼，远[53]耻辱也；因[54]不失其亲，亦可宗[55]也。”

有子说：“信守承诺的行为合乎于‘义’，这样的言辞才能够被履行；态度容貌的庄重矜持要符合于礼，这样的行为才不至于遭受侮辱；所依靠的人都是关系亲密、值得依靠的人，这样才可靠。”

14.子曰：“君子食无求饱，居无求安，敏于事而慎于言，就[56]有道[57]而正[58]焉，可谓好学也已。”

孔子说：“君子（代指一般有德行的人）在饮食上不求饱足，果腹即可；住所上不求安逸，栖身则已；对事情有敏锐的看法而又慎于言辞，向有道德的人看齐并不断端正自己的行为，这样就算是好学的人了。”

15.子贡曰：“贫而无谄[59]，富而无骄，何如[60]？”子曰：“可也。未若贫而乐[61]，富而好礼者也。”子贡曰：“《诗》云，‘如切如磋！如琢如磨’[62]，其斯之谓与？”子曰：“赐[63]也！始可与言《诗》已矣，告诸往而知来者[64]。”

子贡说：“没钱而不谄媚别人，有钱而不骄奢待人，怎么样呀？”孔子说：“这样的人也算是不错了，但是不如虽然贫穷却乐观地生活，富贵而谦恭好礼的人呀！”子贡说：“《诗经》讲，要像对待骨、角、象牙、玉石一样，切磋它，琢磨它，这就是做人或做学问的方法吧？”孔子赞叹道：“赐啊！已经可以和你讲解《诗经》了，你已能从我讲的过去的事情中领会到另外没有说到的意思了。

16.子曰：“不患[65]人[66]之不已知，患不知人也。”

孔子说：“不担心别人不知道自己，而担心自己不了解别人啊！”

卷二

1.子曰："为政以德[67]，譬如北辰[68]，居其所而众星共[69]之。"

孔子说："如果君王以'德'治理国家，那就会像北极星一样，安居在自己的位置而其余众星有序地环绕在它的周围（随它的方向前进）。"

2.子曰："《诗》三百[70]，一言以蔽之，曰：'思无邪[71]。'"

孔子说："《诗经》的全部内容用一句话来概括就是：思想纯正。"

3.子曰："道[72]之以政，齐之以刑，民免而无耻；道之以德，齐之以礼，有耻且格[73]。"

孔子说："如果用行政命令来训导民众，用严刑峻法来整束民众，民众只会千方百计避免获罪而丧失廉耻之心；如果用道德引导民众，用礼仪约束民众，民众就会有羞耻之心并且努力（改正自己）以达到要求。"

4.子曰："吾十有[74]五而志于学，三十而立[75]，四十而不惑[76]，五十而知天命[77]，六十而耳顺[78]，七十而从心所欲不逾矩[79]。"

孔子说："我十五岁的时候立下了学习的志向，三十岁时说话做事都很得当，四十岁时掌握了知识开始不因外界事物困惑，五十岁时知晓天命，六十岁对不利于自己的意见也会正确对待，七十岁以后则能行动都随自己的心意而又不会越过世俗规矩。"

5.孟懿子[80]问孝。子曰：“无违[81]。”樊迟[82]御，子告之曰：“孟孙问孝于我，我对曰‘无违’。”樊迟曰：“何谓也？”子曰：“生，事之以礼；死，葬之以礼，祭之以礼。”

孟懿子向孔子请教关于“孝”的问题。孔子回答他说：“不要违背。”当樊迟为孔子驾车的时候，孔子告诉他说：“孟孙（孟懿子）问我什么是孝，我告诉他就是‘不要违背’。”樊迟问道：“这是什么意思呢？”孔子回答道：“父母在世，以礼来侍奉他们；父母过世，以礼来安葬他们，以礼来祭祀怀念他们。”

6.孟武伯[83]问孝，子曰：“父母唯其疾之忧[84]。”

孟武伯问孔子什么是“孝”，孔子回答说：“孝顺父母就是要（时刻）关心他们的身体，为他们的疾病担忧。”

7.子游[85]问孝，子曰：“今之孝者，是谓能养。至于犬马，皆能有养[86]，不敬，何以别乎？”

子游向孔子请教什么是“孝”，孔子说：“今天我们说到‘孝’，就说是能够赡养老人就可以了。但我们对家里的狗、马也能做到很好地喂养它们。所以，如果没有用恭敬的态度对待父母，那么这种赡养与喂养家里的动物有什么区别呢？”

8.子夏问孝，子曰：“色难[87]。有事，弟子服其劳[88]；有酒食，先生[89]馔[90]，曾是以为孝乎？”

子夏问孔子什么是“孝”，孔子说：“要做到和颜悦色，始终恭敬最不容易。如果只是父母长辈有什么事，晚辈子女帮他们完成，服侍他们，有好的饮食也都先拿来奉给他们，你以为这样就是做到‘孝’了吗？”

9.子曰："吾与回[91]言，终日不违[92]，如愚。退而省其私[93]，亦足以发，回也不愚。"

孔子说："每次我跟颜回说些什么，一整天他都不会提出什么相反的意见或问题来，就好像很愚钝一样。但通过观察他私下里与其他人的言行，其实对我们平时讨论的问题有很多阐发。颜回也并不是很愚钝呀！"

10.子曰："视其所以[94]，观其所由[95]，察其所安[96]，人焉廋[97]哉？人焉廋哉？"

孔子说："（要考察一个人）只要看他所做过的事情，观察他曾经的经历，看他的秉性涵养，这样一个人怎么能掩藏起自己来呢？怎么能掩藏起自己来呢？"

11.子曰："温故而知新[98]，可以为师矣。"

孔子说："不断温习以前学到的知识，不断从中阐发出新的体会，这样的人可以做老师了。"

12.子曰："君子不器[99]。"

孔子说："君子不会像器皿一样只具备某一方面的才能。"

13.子贡问君子。子曰："先行其言而后从之。"

子贡问孔子怎样做一个君子。孔子说："对于要说的话，先将它付诸于行动，然后再将它说出来（这样才是君子）。"

14.子曰："君子周[100]而不比[101]，小人[102]比而不周。"

孔子说："君子与人相处合群而不勾结，小人则是与人勾结而不合

群。”

15.子曰：“学而不思则罔[103]，思而不学则殆[104]。”

孔子说：“单纯学习知识但不去思索就会茫然、迷惑，只是不断空想但不学习实践就会迷惑茫然。

16.子曰：“攻[105]乎异端[106]，斯[107]害也已[108]。

孔子说：“（不讲道理地）攻击反对不同于己的言论或事物，这种行为也是错误的。”

17.子曰：“由[109]，诲女[110]，知之乎？知之为知之，不知为不知，是知也。”

孔子说：“由啊，我教导你的你明白吗？对一件事，知道就是知道，不知道就是不知道，这就是有智慧啊。”

18.子张[111]学干禄[112]，子曰：“多闻阙[113]疑[114]，慎言其余，则寡尤[115]；多见阙殆，慎行其余，则寡悔。言寡尤，行寡悔，禄在其中矣。”

子张问怎样求取官职。孔子回答说：“多听取别人的意见，有疑问的就先将它搁置在一边，对有把握的事也不要轻易地谈论，这样说话就会少犯错误；遇到事情要多观察，有怀疑的就先不做，对有把握的事也要谨慎地去处理，这样做事就不会有太多悔恨。做到少说错话、少做错事，官职俸禄自然就能得到。”

19.哀公[116]问曰：“何为则民服？”孔子对曰[117]：“举直错诸枉[118]，则民服；举枉错诸直，则民不服。”

鲁哀公问孔子："怎样做才能使民众臣服？"孔子回答说："选拔任用正直公平的人，把不正直的人放置一旁，那么人民就会臣服；任用不正直的人而将正直无私的人放置不予任用，则民众不会臣服。"

20.季康子[119]问："使民敬、忠以[120]劝[121]，如之何？"子曰："临[122]之以庄，则敬；孝慈[123]，则忠；举善而教不能，则劝。"

季康子问孔子："要使民众恭敬、忠厚，并且自勉努力，应该怎样做呢？"孔子说："对待民众庄重威严，他们就会态度恭敬；通过自己的行为引导百姓孝敬父母、慈爱兄弟，则民风忠厚；提拔良善的人而教导能力差的人，人们就会自勉努力了。"

21.或[124]谓孔子曰："子奚[125]不为政？"子曰："《书》[126]云：'孝乎惟孝，友于兄弟，施于有政[127]。'是亦为政，奚其为为政？"

有人对孔子说："先生为什么不从事政治呢？"孔子回答道："《尚书》里说过，孝就是孝敬父母，友爱兄弟。用这孝的风气去影响当政者，也就是从政了，难道只有做官才能算是从事政治吗？"

22.子曰："人而无信，不知其可也。大车无輗[128]，小车无軏[129]，其何以行之哉？"

孔子说："一个人做事没有信誉，会让人不知道他到底想做什么，让人无所适从。就像牛车上没有輗，小车上没有一样，它凭什么来行进呢？"

23.子张问："十世[130]可知也？"子曰："殷因[131]于夏礼，所损益[132]可知也；周因于殷礼，所损益可知也。其或继周者，虽百世，可知也。"

子张问孔子："今后十世（的礼仪制度）可以知道吗？"孔子回答

说：“殷代沿用夏代的礼制，周代沿用殷代的礼制，他们在因循的过程中对这些礼制的修整变化是可以考察到的。以后别的继承周代的国家就算历任百世，他的礼制也可以推出来。”

24.子曰：“非其鬼[133]而祭之；谄[134]也。见义[135]不为，无勇也。”

孔子说：“不是自己家的祖先而去祭祀他，这是谄媚的行为，见到应该做的事而不做是没有勇气。”

卷三

1.孔子谓季氏[136]：“八佾[137]舞于庭，是可忍[138]，孰不可忍也！”

孔子评论季平子说：“季家用违反礼仪的八佾在自家庭院里演出，如果这种事情都能容忍的话，还有什么事情不能容忍呢？”

2.三家[139]者以《雍》彻[140]。子曰：“‘相维辟公，天子穆穆’[141]，奚取于三家之堂[142]？”

在鲁国当政的孟孙氏、叔孙氏、季孙氏三家在祭祖完毕撤去祭品时，也命乐工唱《雍》这篇诗。孔子评论说：“‘助祭的是诸侯，天子严肃静穆地在那里主祭。（诗《雍》中的两句）’这样的意思，怎么能用在你们三家祭祖的庙堂里呢？”

3.子曰：“人而不仁，如礼何？人而不仁，如乐何？”

孔子说：“为人没有仁德，他要怎样实行礼制呢？为人没有仁德，他要怎样运用乐制呢？”

4.林放[143]问礼之本。子曰：“大哉问！礼，与其奢也，宁俭；丧，与其易[144]也，宁戚[145]。”

林放向孔子询问“礼”的根本。孔子回答说：“这是多么重要的问题呀！礼仪，与其奢侈宁愿俭朴；丧礼，与其仪式铺张不如内心悲戚。”

5.子曰：“夷狄[146]之有君，不如诸夏[147]之亡[148]也。”

孔子说：“蛮荒之地的人即使有君主统治也不如中原礼仪之邦的人没有君主统治。”

6.季氏旅[149]于泰山，子谓冉有[150]曰：“女[151]弗能救[152]与？”对曰：“不能。”子曰：“呜呼！曾谓泰山不如林放[153]乎？”

季氏将要祭祀泰山，孔子问冉有：“你难道不能劝阻他这种不合礼制的行为吗？”冉有回答说：“不能。”孔子叹道：“唉！难道泰山神还不如林放知礼而接受不合规矩的祭礼吗？”

7.子曰：“君子无所争，必也射[154]乎！揖[155]让而升，下而饮，其争也君子。”

孔子说：“君子没有什么争强好胜的心，如果有的话，那就在射箭比赛上表现最明显了。开始比赛时，先拱手行礼以示尊敬，相互礼让后上场，射完箭又相互作揖，再退下来一起喝酒。这种争的方式也是君子的做法。”

8.子夏问曰：“‘巧笑倩兮，美目盼兮，素以为绚兮’。[156]何谓也？”子曰：“绘事后素[157]。”曰：礼后乎？”子曰：“起予者商也[158]，始可与言《诗》已矣。”

子夏问孔子说：“《诗经》上说，乖巧的笑容多迷人，美丽的眼睛多灵动，用素粉来打扮多漂亮啊。这几句话是什么意思呢？”孔子回答道：“这是说先有白底然后才能画画。”子夏又问道：“那么说礼也是后起的事了？”孔子答道：“商，你真是能启发我的人，现在可以同你一起讨论《诗经》了。”

9.子曰：“夏礼吾能言之，杞[159]不足征[160]也；殷礼吾能言之，宋[161]不足征也。文献[162]不足故也。足，则吾能征之矣。”

孔子说：“夏代的礼制我还能说出来，但单凭杞国现存的礼制已不足以证明我所说的了；殷代的礼制我能说出来，但凭宋国的礼制也已经不能证明我所说的了。这是因为他们的文献资料和贤人不足的缘故啊。如果足够的话，我就能证明给你们看了。”

10.子曰：“禘[163]自既灌[164]而往者，吾不欲观之矣[165]。”

孔子说：“对于行禘礼的仪式，从第一次献酒以后，我就不愿意再往下看了。”

11.或问禘之说[166]，子曰：“不知也。知其说者之于天下也，其如示诸斯[167]乎！”指其掌。

有人向孔子询问关于禘祭的规定，孔子回答说：“我不知道。真正懂得‘禘’这个文化精神的人，看天下国家事务的道理，就好像是呈现在这里这么清楚明白。说完指指掌心。”

12.祭如在，祭神如神在。子曰：“吾不与祭，如不祭。”

祭祀祖先就要像祖宗在自己面前一样（恭敬），祭神就要像真正面对神灵一样虔诚。孔子说：“如果我没有全心投入到祭祀中去，不如不去祭祀。”

13.王孙贾[168]问曰：“与其媚[169]于奥[170]，宁媚于灶[171]，何谓也？"子曰：“不然。获罪于天[172]，无所祷也。”

卫国大臣王孙贾问孔子：“（有人说）与其向奥神献媚，不如向灶神献媚，这是什么意思？”孔子回答道：“不是这样的。当所做的事为天理难容时，无论向谁祈祷都没有用。”

14.子曰：“周监[173]于二代[174]，郁郁[175]乎文哉，吾从周。”

孔子说：“周代承继借鉴了夏商两朝的礼仪文化，它的礼制文化非常丰富、伟大与光辉，我遵从周代的礼制。”

15.子入太庙[176]，每事问。或曰：“孰谓鄹[177]人之子知礼乎？入太庙，每事问。”子闻之，曰：“是礼也。”

孔子到了太庙每遇一件事都会详细询问。有人说：“不是说孔子对礼制很有研究吗，那为什么进了太庙事无巨细都要询问呢？”孔子听到后说：“这件事（对每一件事都详细询问）本身就是懂礼制的表现啊！”

16.子曰：“射不主皮[178]，为力不同科[179]，古之道也。”

孔子说：“比赛射箭时不在于能让箭穿透靶子，因为各人的力气大小不同。这是自古以来就有的规矩。”

17.子贡欲去告朔[180]之饩羊[181]。子曰：“赐也！尔爱[182]其羊，我爱其礼。”

子贡想要取消每月初一祭祀时用的活羊。孔子知道后说：“赐啊！你舍不得你的羊，但我舍不得的是我的礼呀！”

18.子曰：“事君尽礼，人以为谄也。”

孔子说：“侍奉君王一切都按照礼制的要求去做，别人却以为是在向君主献媚。”

19.定公[183]问：“君使臣，臣事君，如之何？”孔子对曰：“君使臣以礼，臣事君以忠。”

鲁定公问孔子：“君主役使臣子，臣子侍奉君主，都应该怎样去做啊？”孔子回答道：“君王让臣子做事应该以礼待臣；臣子应以忠心报

君，全心侍奉君主。”

20.子曰：“《关雎》[184]，乐而不淫，哀而不伤。”

孔子说：“《关雎》这首诗，快乐而不放荡，悲哀而不痛苦。”

21.哀公问社[185]于宰我，宰我[186]对曰：“夏后氏以松，殷人以柏，周人以栗，曰：使民战栗[187]。”子闻之，曰：“成事不说，遂事不谏，既往不咎。”

鲁哀公问宰我土地神的神主应该用什么树木制作，宰我说：“夏代用松树，殷代用柏树，周代用栗树，取其‘让民众恐惧、发抖’之意。”孔子听说后说：“已经做过的事就不用提了，已经完成的事就不用再去劝阻了，已经过去的事也就不必再追究了。”

22.子曰：“管仲[188]之器小哉！”或曰：“管仲俭乎？”曰：“管氏有三归[189]，官事不摄[190]，焉得俭？”“然则管仲知礼乎？”曰：“邦君树塞门[191]，管氏亦树塞门；邦君为两君之好有反坫[192]，管氏亦有反坫。管氏而知礼，孰不知礼？”

孔子说：“管仲的器量还是太小了呀！”有人问：“管仲节俭吗？”孔子说：“管仲收取人民大量市租，他家里的管事也是一人一职而不兼任，这怎么会是节俭呢？”有人又问：“那么管仲懂得礼制吗？”孔子回答说：“齐君在大门口筑了一道照壁，管仲也在大门口筑一道照壁；齐君为招待别国国君而设置用来放置献过酒的空杯子的台子，管仲也设置一个。如果说管仲知道礼制，那还有谁是不知礼的呢？”

23.子语[193]鲁大师[194]乐，曰：“乐其可知也：始作，翕[195]如也；从[196]之，纯[197]如也，皦[198]如也，绎[199]如也，以成。”

孔子告诉鲁太师演奏音乐的道理："音乐的演奏是有规律的。刚开始演奏的时候，各种乐音和谐地配合，轻轻地舒展开，慢慢地发声；继续展开下去，音乐由小而大，悠扬悦耳，音节分明，到了高潮，或激昂慷慨或非常庄严肃穆，最后这个乐曲演奏完了，但还是余音缭绕，后面好像还有悠悠未尽之意。"

24.仪封人[200]请见，曰："君子之至于斯也，吾未尝不得见也。"从者见之[201]。出，曰："二三子何患于丧[202]乎？天下之无道也久矣，天将以夫子为木铎[203]。"

仪地镇守边疆的官员请求拜见孔子，他说："凡是来到这里的有德行的人，没有一个是我不能见到的。"于是孔子的学生请求孔子接见他。官员拜见完孔子后对学生说："你们为何要担心失去官职呢？天下文化礼制丧失已久，上天让孔子降生，就是想以他来警醒世人啊！"

25.子谓《韶》[204]："尽美[205]矣，又尽善[206]也。"谓《武》[207]："尽美矣，未尽善也。"

孔子谈论到《韶》乐的时候说："这支乐舞的音调、舞蹈美极了，表现的思想也善极了。"当谈到《武》乐的时候则说："这支乐舞美极了，但还没做到善极。"

26.子曰："居上不宽，为礼不敬，临丧不哀，吾何以观之哉？"

孔子说："居于统治地位而不宽以待人，行礼的时候也不庄严肃穆，对待丧事不真心哀戚，这种样子我怎么能看得下去呢？"

卷四

1.子曰：“里仁为美[208]，择不处[209]仁，焉得知[210]？”

孔子说：“跟仁德的人做邻居才好，如果居住时不选择住在贤德的人的附近，我们又怎么能得到智慧呢？”

2.子曰：“不仁者不可以久处约[211]，不可以长处乐。仁者安仁[212]，知者利仁。”

孔子说：“没有仁德之心的人不能长久地处在贫困中，也不能长久地处于安乐中。有仁德的人安于仁道，有智慧的人则是知道仁对自己有利才去实行仁道的。”

3.子曰：“唯仁者能好[213]人，能恶[214]人。”

孔子说：“唯有仁德的人能正确地喜欢一个人、厌恶一个人。”

4.子曰：“苟志于仁矣，无恶也。”

孔子说：“如果立定志向实行仁道的话，总是没有坏处的。”

5.子曰：“富与贵，是人之所欲也，不以其道得之，不处也；贫与贱，是人之所恶也，不以其道得之，不去也。君子去仁，恶乎成名？君子无终食之间违仁，造次必于是，颠沛必于是。”

孔子说：“财富与地位是每一个人所向往的，但不是以正当方式得到的，君子是不会接受的。贫穷与卑微是每个人所厌恶的，如果不是用正当的手段去改变这种境况，君子宁愿不改变。君子如果离开了仁德，

又怎么能叫君子呢？君子不会在哪怕一顿饭的时间里背离仁德，即使在最紧迫的时刻也必须按照仁德办事，就是在颠沛流离的时候，也一定会按仁德去办事。”

6.子曰：“我未见好仁者，恶不仁者。好仁者，无以尚之；恶不仁者，其为仁矣，不使不仁者加乎其身。有能一日用其力于仁矣乎？我未见力不足者。盖有之矣，我未之见也。”

孔子说：“我没有见过爱好仁德的人，也没有见过厌恶不仁的人。爱好仁德的人，那是不能再好的了；厌恶不仁的人，在实行仁德的时候，只是不想让不仁德的人或事影响自己。有能每天都把自己的力量用在实行仁德上的人吗？我没有见过力量不够的（只是没有人去这样做罢了）。这种人大概也还是有的，但我没见过。”

7.子曰：“人之过也，各于其党。观过，斯知仁矣。”

孔子说：“一个人的过错各属于一定类型。通过仔细考察这个人所犯的错误，就可以知道他是什么样的人了。”

8.子曰：“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”

孔子说：“如果在早上听闻了真理，即使晚上就会死去也没有什么遗憾了。”

9.子曰：“士志于道，而耻恶衣恶食者，未足与议也。”

孔子说：“如果读书人立志要探求真理，却又对吃粗粮穿破衣的生活感到羞耻，这种人是不足以与他谈论人生至理的。”

10.子曰：“君子之于天下也，无适[215]也，无莫[216]也，义[217]之与比[218]。”

孔子说：“君子对于天下的人和事，没有固定的厚薄亲疏，怎样合理恰当，便怎样做。”

11.子曰：“君子怀[219]德，小人怀土[220]；君子怀刑[221]，小人怀惠。

孔子说：“君子时刻不忘记德行，小人时刻惦记的只是乡土；君子关心法度，小人关心恩惠。”

12.子曰：“放[222]于利而行，多怨[223]。”

孔子说：“只是为了追求利益而去做事，很容易招致别人的怨恨。”

13.子曰：“能以礼让为国乎，何有[224]？不能以礼让为国，如礼何[225]？”

孔子说：“能够用礼让的原则来治理国家，那还有什么困难的呢？不能用礼让的原则来治理国家，怎么能实行礼制呢？”

14.子曰：“不患无位，患所以立；不患莫己知，求为可知也。”

孔子说：“（君子）不担心没有地位，只担心自己没有学到得以安身立命的知识；不担心没有人知道自己，只求自己能成为有真才实学，值得为人们知道的人。”

15.子曰：“参[226]乎，吾道一以贯之。”曾子曰：“唯。”子出，门人问曰：“何谓也？”曾子曰：“夫子之道，忠恕[227]而已矣。”

孔子说：“参呀，我的学说是由一个基本的思想贯彻始终的。”曾子说：“是的。”孔子出去以后，别的学生问曾子：“先生说的是什么

意思呀？”曾子说：“老师的学说，主要是讲忠和恕罢了。”

16.子曰：“君子喻于义，小人喻于利[228]。”

孔子说：“君子明白的是义，小人只知道利。”

17.子曰：“见贤思齐焉，见不贤而内自省[229]也。”

孔子说：“看见贤德的人就要努力学习向他靠齐，看见不贤德的人就要立即反省自己有没有类似的缺点。”

18.子曰：“事父母几[230]谏，见志不从，又敬不违，劳[231]而不怨。”

孔子说：“侍奉父母，（当他们有错的时候）要婉转地进行劝谏，如果他们不听从自己的意见，那也要态度恭敬而不要忤逆违背他们的意愿，要为他们担忧操劳而不要心存怨恨。”

19.子曰：“父母在，不远游[232]，游必有方[233]。”

孔子说：“父母在世的时候，不要离开他们去很远的地方，（避免他们没有人照顾，）不得已而外出必须要告诉他们要去的地方。”

20.子曰：“三年无改于父之道，可谓孝矣。”

孔子说：“如果过了很长一段时间儿子都没有改变父亲在世时的好的作为，就可以说他是很孝顺的了。”

21.子曰：“父母之年，不可不知也。一则以喜，一则以惧。”

孔子说：“父母的年龄是不可以不知道的。一方面可以为他们的长寿而开心，另一方面也要为他们的年老而担忧。”

22.子曰：“古者言之不出，耻躬之不逮也。”

孔子说：“古代的人言语不轻易说出口，因为他们担心自己的行为会有做不到的地方。”

23.子曰：“以约[234]失之者鲜[235]矣。”

孔子说：“时刻以礼制约束自己而又总犯错误的人是很少见的呀。”

24.子曰：“君子欲讷[236]于言而敏[237]于行。”

孔子说：“君子言语要谨慎，行动要勤敏。”

25.子曰：“德不孤，必有邻。”

孔子说：“有道德的人是不会孤独的，一定会有志同道合的人来与他做伴。”

26.子游曰：“事君数[238]，斯[239]辱矣；朋友数，斯疏矣。”

子游说：“侍奉君主过于烦琐，就会招致羞辱；对待朋友太过烦琐反而会导致疏远。”

卷五

1.子谓公冶长[240]：“可妻也。虽在缧绁[241]之中，非其罪也。”以其子[242]妻之。

孔子评论公冶长说：“（这个人），可以将女儿嫁给他。虽然现在身陷监牢，但这并不是他的过错造成的。”于是就将自己的女儿嫁给了公冶长。

2.子谓南容[243]：“邦有道[244]，不废[245]；邦无道，免于刑戮[246]。”以其兄之子妻之。

孔子评价南宫适说：“国家政治清明时，他是不会被埋没的；国家政治昏暗时，他也能善于自处，免去刑戮。”于是就将自己兄长的女儿嫁给南宫适。

3.子谓子贱[247]：“君子哉若人[248]！鲁无君子者，斯焉取斯[249]？”

孔子评论子贱说：“这个人是君子呀！假若鲁国没有君子，那么这种人又是从哪里培养出这种好品德的呢？”

4.子贡问曰：“赐也何如？”子曰：“女，器也。”曰：“何器也？”曰：“瑚琏[250]也。”

子贡问孔子：“我这个人怎么样啊？”孔子说：“你好比是一个器具。”子贡问道：“什么器具呀？”孔子回答道：“你就是宗庙里盛黍稷的瑚琏。”

5.或曰：“雍[251]也仁而不佞[252]。”子曰：“焉用佞？御人以口给

[253]，屡憎于人，不知其仁[254]。焉用佞？”

有人评论冉雍说：“冉雍这个人很有仁德但是没有口才。”孔子说：“要那么好的口才干什么呢？靠伶牙俐齿和人辩论，常常会招致别人的厌恶，这样的人我不知道他是不是能做到有仁德。那么冉雍又何必一定要能言善辩呢？”

6.子使漆雕开[255]仕。对曰：“吾斯之未能信。”子说[256]。

孔子让漆雕开去做官。漆雕开说：“我对做官这件事还没有信心。”孔子听后很高兴。

7.子曰：“道不行，乘桴[257]浮于海，从[258]我者，其由与！”子路闻之喜。子曰：“由也好勇过我，无所取材。”

孔子说：“如果我的主张最终不能实现，那我就会乘一个木筏子去海外了。跟随我的人恐怕只有仲由吧。”子路听说后非常高兴。孔子见了说道：“仲由这个人太冲动鲁莽了，这种好勇的精神大大超过了我，这样的话做事就会缺少明断。”

8.孟武伯问子路仁乎？子曰：“不知也。”又问。子曰：“由也，千乘之国，可使治其赋[259]也，不知其仁也。”“求也何如？”子曰：“求也，千室之邑[260]，百乘之家[261]，可使为之宰[262]也，不知其仁也。”“赤[263]也何如？”子曰：“赤也，束带立于朝[264]，可使与宾客[265]言也，不知其仁也。”

孟武伯问孔子子路算不算有仁德，孔子回答说：“不知道。”孟武伯又继续询问，孔子说：“仲由这个人啊，在有一千乘马车的大国里，可以让他负责兵役和军政的工作。至于他有没有仁德，我不晓得。”

孟武伯又问：“冉求这个人怎么样呢？”孔子说：“冉求呢，在有

千户人家的公邑或有百辆兵车的采邑里当总管是可以的。至于他有没有仁德，我不晓得。”

孟武伯问：“公西赤又怎么样呢？”孔子说：“公西赤嘛，可以让他穿着礼服，站在朝堂上接待贵宾，但我也不知道他是不是做到了仁。”

9.子谓子贡曰：“女与回也孰愈[266]？”对曰：“赐也何敢望回？回也闻一以知十[267]，赐也闻一以知二[268]。”子曰：“弗如也。吾与[269]女弗如也。”

孔子对子贡说：“你和颜回谁的学问更好一些呢？”子贡说：“我怎么可以和颜回相比呢？颜回听到一件事就可以推知十件事，而我知道一件事只能推知两件事。”孔子说：“是不如他呀，我同意你说的，是不如他。”

10.宰予昼寝，子曰：“朽木不可雕也，粪土[270]之墙不可圬[271]也，于予与何诛[272]！”子曰：“始吾于人也，听其言而信其行；今吾于人也，听其言而观其行。于予与[273]改是。”

宰予大白天在屋里睡觉。孔子说：“腐烂了的木头没有办法在上面雕刻，腐土垒起的墙壁没有办法粉刷；至于宰予嘛，我又怎么能去责备他呢？”孔子又说：“最开始的时候，我观察一个人，听到他所说的话，便相信他的行为；现在我观察一个人，会在听到他的话后，继续考察他的行为。宰予这件事以后，我才改变了态度的。”

11.子曰：“吾未见刚者。”或对曰：“申枨[274]。”子曰：“枨也欲，焉得刚？”

孔子说：“我没有见过刚毅不屈的人。”有的人回答道：“申枨就

是呀。孔子说："申枨做事情还是会存有一些欲望，这样的人又怎么会刚毅不屈呢？"

12.子贡曰："我不欲人之加诸我也，吾亦欲无加诸人。"子曰："赐也，非尔所及也。"

子贡说："我不希望别人强加给我一些事，我也不会强加给别人事情。"孔子说："赐啊，这样的事你还做不到呢。"

13.子贡曰："夫子之文章[275]，可得而闻也；夫子之言性[276]与天道[277]，不可得而闻也。"

子贡说："先生在诗书礼乐等各方面的学问我们可以（在日常学习中）学到，先生关于人性和天道命运方面的学识则是我们怎么学也学不到的。"

14.子路有闻，未之能行，唯恐有闻。

子路听到一个道理但没有能够亲自实行的时候，唯恐又听到新的道理。

15.子贡问曰："孔文子[278]何以谓之'文'也？"子曰："敏[279]而好学，不耻下问，是以谓之'文'也。"

子贡问孔子："孔文子的谥号为什么是'文'呢？"孔子说："聪明勤勉而又刻苦学习，遇到不懂的问题，随时向人请教，而不在乎别人身份地位的高低，所以谥号为'文'。"

16.子谓子产[280]有君子之道四焉："其行己也恭，其事上也敬，其养民也惠，其使民也义。"

孔子评价子产有四种行为合于君子之道："他自己的行为举止庄严

肃穆，他对待君王恭敬有礼，他教导人民恩惠有加，他役使百姓合于义理法度。”

17.子曰：“晏平仲[281]善与人交，久而敬之[282]。”

孔子说：“晏平仲很会跟人交往，交往越久，别人对他越恭敬有礼。”

18.子曰：“臧文仲[283]居蔡[284]，山节藻棁[285]，何如其知也！”

孔子说：“臧文仲养了一只大龟，龟室的斗拱雕成山的形状，短柱上画以水草花纹，他这个人又怎么能算是有智慧的人呢？”

19.子张问曰：“令尹子文[286]三仕为令尹，无喜色；三已[287]之，无愠色。旧令尹之政，必以告新令尹。何如？”子曰：“忠矣。”曰：“仁矣乎？”曰：“未知。焉得仁？”“崔子[288]弑[289]齐君[290]，陈子文[291]有马十乘，弃而违之，至于他邦，则曰：‘犹吾大夫崔子也。’违之。之一邦，则又曰：‘犹吾大夫崔子也。’违之，何如？”子曰：“清矣。”曰：“仁矣乎？”曰：“未知，焉得仁？”

子张问孔子说：“楚国的令尹子文几次做楚国宰相，没有显出高兴的样子，几次被免职，也没有显出怨恨的样子；他每次被免职时一定把以前的政务都告诉给来接任的新宰相。这个人怎么样啊？”孔子说：“可算尽忠于国家了。”子张问：“算得上仁了吗？”孔子说：“不知道。这怎么能算仁呢？”

子张又问：“崔杼杀了他的君主齐庄公，陈文子家很富有，有四十匹马，都舍弃不要而离开了齐国，到了另一个国家，他说，这里的执政者也和我们齐国的大夫崔杼差不多，于是就离开了。到了另一个国家，又说，这里的执政者也和我们的大夫崔杼差不多，又离开了。这个人你看怎么样？”孔子说：“可以算得上清高了。”子张说：“这算不算仁

呢？”孔子说：“不知道。这怎么能算得上仁呢？”

20.季文子[292]三思而后行。子闻之，曰：“再，斯[293]可矣。”

季文子每做一件事都要考虑很多次才行动。孔子听说后，说：“想两次就可以了。”

21.子曰：“宁武子[294]，邦有道则知，邦无道则愚[295]，其知可及也，其愚不可及也。”

孔子说：“宁武子这个人，在国家太平时节他就显得聪明，当国家无道昏暗时，他就装傻。他的那种聪明别人可以做得到，他那种装傻别人就做不到了。”

22.子在陈[296]曰：“归与！归与！吾党之小子[297]狂简[298]，斐然[299]成章，不知所以裁[300]之。”

孔子在陈国，说：“回去吧！回去吧！我们家乡的学生有远大志向，但行为粗率简单；文采斐然可观，但还不知道怎样来约束自己。”

23.子曰：“伯夷叔齐[301]不念旧恶[302]，怨是用希[303]。”

孔子说：“伯夷、叔齐这两兄弟不记念过去的仇恨，因此别人对他们的怨恨也就很少。”

24.子曰：“孰谓微生高[304]直？或乞醯[305]焉，乞诸其邻而与之。”

孔子说：“谁说微生高这个人直率？有人向他借点醋，他不直说自己没有，却跑到邻居家里讨了点转借给人。”

25.子曰：“巧言令色足恭[306]，左丘明[307]耻之，丘亦耻之。匿怨而友其人，左丘明耻之，丘亦耻之。”

孔子说：“花言巧语，伪善的脸色，逢迎的姿态，低三下四的恭顺，这种态度，左丘明认为可耻，我也认为可耻。内心怀有怨恨，表面上却装出友好的样子，这种行为，左丘明认为可耻，我也认为可耻。”

26.颜渊、季路侍[308]。子曰：“盍[309]各言尔志。”子路曰：“原车马，衣轻裘，与朋友共，敝之而无憾。”颜渊曰：“愿无伐[310]善，无施劳[311]。”子路曰：“愿闻子之志。”子曰：“老者安之，朋友信之，少者怀之[312]。”

颜渊、子路两人侍立在孔子身边。孔子说：“何不各人说说自己的志向？”子路说：“愿意把我的车马、衣服、皮袍与朋友共同使用，即使用坏了也不抱怨。”颜渊说：“我愿意不夸耀自己的长处，不表白自己的功劳。”子路向孔子说：“希望听听您的志向。”孔子说：“我的志向是让年长者生活安逸，让朋友们信任我，让年轻的子弟们得到关怀。”

27.子曰：“已矣乎！吾未见能见其过而内自讼者也。”

孔子说：“算了吧，我还从来没见过能够看到自己的错误便能从内心责备自己的人。”

28.子曰：“十室之邑，必有忠信如丘者焉，不如丘之好学也。”

孔子说：“就是在只有十户人家的小村子，也一定会有像我这样讲忠信的人，只是不如我那样好学罢了。”

卷六

1.子曰："雍也可使南面。"

孔子说："冉雍这个人，可以让他去做（某一方面的）长官。"

2.仲弓问子桑伯子[313]，子曰："可也，简[314]。"仲弓曰："居敬[315]而行简[316]，以临[317]其民，不亦可乎？居简而行简，无乃[318]大[319]简乎？"子曰："雍之言然。"

仲弓向孔子询问桑伯子这个人。孔子说："这个人还可以，可以用'简单、豁达'来评价。"仲弓又问："如果依礼严格要求自己，做事简明扼要，用这种方式来为百姓处理事务，不也可以吗？而如果用只求简单、少找麻烦的态度简单处理政务，不是太不负责任了吗？"孔子听了说："冉雍，你说的很对啊。"

3.哀公问："弟子孰为好学？"孔子对曰："有颜回者好学，不迁怒[320]不贰过[321]，不幸短命死矣[322]。今也则亡[323]，未闻好学者也。"

鲁哀公问孔子："你的学生里面哪一个最好学呀？"孔子回答说："有一个叫颜回的学生很好学，他从不迁怒于别人，也从不犯同样的过错。但很不幸很早就死了。现在学生里已经没有这样的人了，没有听说谁好学。"

4.子华[324]使于齐，冉子[325]为其母请粟[326]。子曰："与之釜[327]。"请益。曰："与之庾[328]。"冉子与之粟五秉[329]。子曰："赤之适齐也，乘肥马，衣轻裘。吾闻之也：君子周[330]急不继富。"

公西赤出使齐国，冉有替他的母亲向孔子请求补助一些谷米。孔子

说：“给她一釜。”冉有请求再增加一些。孔子说：“再给她一庾。”冉有却给她五秉。孔子说：“公西赤去齐国，乘着骏马拉的车子，穿着暖和轻便的皮袍。我听说过，君子只是雪中送炭周济急需，而不是锦上添花为富人增富。”

5.原思[331]为之宰[332]，与之粟九百[333]，辞。子曰：“毋，以与尔邻里乡党[334]乎！”

原宪做孔子家的总管，孔子给他俸米九百，原宪推辞不要。孔子说：“你不要推辞。（如果有多的）给你的邻里（中需要它们的人）吧。”

6.子谓仲弓，曰：“犁牛[335]之子骍且角[336]。虽欲勿用[337]，山川[338]其舍诸[339]？”

孔子评价仲弓说：“耕牛产下了长着红色的毛、端正的角的牛犊，人们虽然不想用它做祭品，但山川之神难道会舍弃它吗？”

7.子曰：“回也，其心三月[340]不违仁，其余则日月[341]至焉而已矣。”

孔子说：“颜回这个人，他的心可以长久不离仁德，其余的学生则只能在短时间内做到或者想到仁罢了。”

8.季康子[342]问：“仲由可使从政也与？”子曰：“由也果[343]，于从政乎何有？”曰：“赐也可使从政也与？”曰：“赐也达[344]，于从政乎何有？”曰：“求也可使从政也与？”曰：“求也艺[345]，于从政乎何有？”

季康子问孔子：“仲由这个人，可以让他管理国家政事吗？”孔子说：“仲由做事果断，让他管理国家政事有什么困难呢？”季康子又问：“端木赐这个人，可以让他管理国家政事吗？”孔子说：“端木赐

通达事理，他管理政事又能有什么困难呢？”季康子又问道：“冉求这个人，可以让他管理国家政事吗？”孔子说：“冉求多才多艺，他管理国家政事有什么困难呢？”

9.季氏使闵子骞[346]为费[347]宰，闵子骞曰：“善为我辞焉！如有复我[348]者，则吾必在汶上[349]矣。”

季氏派人请闵子骞做费邑的长官，闵子骞（对来请他的人）说：“请你替我好好地推辞掉吧！如果再来召我，那我一定会逃跑到汶水那边（的齐国）去的。”

10.伯牛[350]有疾，子问之，自牖[351]执其手，曰：“亡之[352]，命矣夫[353]，斯人也而有斯疾也！斯人也而有斯疾也！”

冉耕生病了，孔子去探望他。孔子从窗户外面握着他的手说：“没办法呀，这大概是命里注定的吧！这样的人竟会得这样的病啊，这样的人竟会得这样的病啊！”

11.子曰：“贤哉回也，一箪[354]食，一瓢饮，在陋巷[355]，人不堪其忧，回也不改其乐[356]。贤哉回也。”

孔子说：“颜回的品德多么高尚啊！一竹筐篮饭，一瓢水，住在简陋的地方，别人都忍受不了这种穷苦的生活，颜回却没有改变他好学的天性。颜回的品德多么高尚啊！”

12.冉求曰：“非不说[357]子之道，力不足也。”子曰：“力不足者，中道而废。今女画[358]。”

冉求说：“我不是不喜欢老师的学说，而是我的能力不够呀。”孔子说：“能力不够的话应该是走到半路才停下来，而现在是你自己给自己划定界限不往前走呀。”

13.子谓子夏曰：“女为君子儒，无为小人儒。”

孔子对子夏说：“你要做君子式的儒者，不要做小人般的儒者。”

14.子游为武城[359]宰。子曰：“女得人焉尔[360]乎？”曰：“有澹台灭明[361]者，行不由径[362]，非公事，未尝至于偃[363]之室也。”

子游做了武城的长官。孔子问他：“你在那里找到人才了吗？”子游回答说：“有一个叫澹台灭明的人，从来不走邪路，不是公事，绝不到我居处来。”

15.子曰：“孟之反[364]不伐[365]，奔[366]而殿[367]，将入门，策其马，曰：‘非敢后也，马不进也。’”

孔子说：“孟之反这个人从来不自夸。（当在抵御齐国的战役中右翼的）军队溃退时，他走在最后，掩护全军；快要进城门的时候，他便鞭打着自己的马说：‘不是我勇于殿后，而是马跑得不快的缘故。’”

16.子曰：“不有祝鮀[368]之佞，而[369]有宋朝[370]之美，难乎免于今之世矣。”

孔子说：“没有祝鮀那样的口才，也没有宋朝那样的美貌，那在今天的社会上处世立足就比较困难了。”

17.子曰：“谁能出不由户，何莫由斯道也？”

孔子说：“有谁能不经过屋门而走出去呢，为什么没有人走（我所指出的）这条道路呢？”

18.子曰：“质胜文则野，文胜质则史[371]。文质彬彬[372]，然后君子。”

孔子说："质朴多于文采，就会流于粗俗；文采多于质朴，就流于虚伪浮夸。只有质朴和文采配合恰当，才能成为君子。"

19.子曰："人之生也直，罔[373]之生也幸而免。"

孔子说："一个人生存是靠正直，至于不正直的人也能生存，那是他侥幸地避免了灾祸。"

20.子曰："知之者[374]不如好之者，好之者不如乐之者。"

孔子说："（对任何学问和事业，）懂得它的人，不如爱好它的人；爱好它的人，又不如以它为乐的人。"

21.子曰："中人以上，可以语上也；中人以下，不可以语上也。"

孔子说："具有中等以上才智的人，可以给他讲授高深的学问；只有中等水平以下才智的人，就不能告诉他太高深的知识。"

22.樊迟[375]问知。子曰："务民之义，敬鬼神而远之，可谓知矣。"问仁。曰："仁者先难而后获[376]，可谓仁矣。"

樊迟问孔子怎样才算是智，孔子说："专心教导百姓遵从义理道德，对鬼神心存敬畏但又要远离它，这样就算是智了。"

樊迟又问什么是仁，孔子说："有仁德的人先付出力量，然后再求收获，这可以说是仁了。"

23.子曰："知者乐水，仁者乐山[377]；知者动，仁者静；知者乐，仁者寿。"

孔子说："聪明的人爱水（因为他像水一样灵动），仁德的人爱山（因为他像山一样稳重）。聪明人活泼，仁德人沉静。聪明人快乐，仁

德人长寿。”

24.子曰：“齐一变，至于鲁；鲁一变，至于道。”

孔子说：“齐国（的政治和教育）稍微改变一下，便可以达到鲁国的程度了；鲁国（的政治和教育）再稍有变革，便能合乎大道了。”

25.子曰：“觚[378]不觚，觚哉！觚哉！”

孔子说：“觚不像觚了，这也算是觚吗，这也算是觚吗？”

26.宰我问曰：“仁者虽告之曰井有仁[379]焉，其从之也？”子曰：“何为其然也？君子可逝[380]也，不可陷[381]也；可欺也，不可罔也。”

宰我问孔子：“有仁德的人，就是告诉他井里掉下去一位仁人了，他会跟着下去吗？”孔子说：“为什么要这样做呢？可以叫君子远远走开不再回来，却不可以陷害他；可以欺骗他，却不可以愚弄他。”

27.子曰：“君子博学于文[382]，约之以礼，亦可以弗畔[383]矣夫。”

孔子说：“君子广泛地学习古代的文化典籍，再用礼仪约束自己，就可以不离经叛道了。”

28.子见南子[384]，子路不说[385]。夫子矢[386]之曰：“予所否[387]者，天厌之！天厌之！”

孔子去和南子见面，子路很不高兴。孔子发誓道：“如果我做什么不正当的事，让上天谴责我吧！让上天谴责我吧！”

29.子曰：“中庸[388]之为德也，其至矣乎！民鲜久矣。”

孔子说：“中庸作为一种道德，应该是最高的了吧！人们缺少这种道德已经很久了。”

30.子贡[389]曰：“如有博施于民而能济众，何如？可谓仁乎？”子曰：“何事于仁？必也圣乎！尧、舜[390]其犹病诸！夫仁者，己欲立而立人，己欲达而达人[391]。能近取譬[392]，可谓仁之方也已。”

子贡说：“假若有一个人，他能广泛地给人民好处，又能帮助大家生活得很好，怎么样，可以算是仁人了吗？”孔子说：“这怎么会只是仁者，一定是圣德了！就连尧、舜都不一定能做到这样呢！仁是什么呢？就是自己要站得住，同时也帮助别人站得住；自己要事事行得通，同时也帮助别人事事行得通。凡事能就近以自己作比，而推及别人，可以说就是实行仁的方法了。”

卷七

1.子曰：“述而不作[393]，信而好古，窃比于我老彭[394]。”

孔子说：“只传述而不创作，相信并且喜好古代的东西，我私下里把自己比作老彭。”

2.子曰：“默而识[395]之，学而不厌，诲人不倦，何有于我哉[396]？”

孔子说：“把所学到的知识默默地记在心里，努力学习而不厌烦，教导别人而不疲倦，这对我有什么困难呢？”

3.子曰：“德之不修，学之不讲，闻义不能徙[397]，不善不能改，是吾忧也。”

孔子说：“品德不培养，学问不讲习，听到义不能去做，有了缺点不能改正，这些都是我所忧虑的事情。”

4.子之燕居[398]，申申[399]如也；夭夭[400]如也。

孔子闲居在家里的时候，衣冠整洁，仪态温和，悠闲自在。

5.子曰：“甚矣吾衰也！久矣吾不复梦见周公[401]。”

孔子说：“我衰老得多厉害呀！我已经很长时间没再梦见周公了！”

6.子曰：“志于道，据于德，依于仁，游于艺[402]。”

孔子说：“以道为志向，以德为根据，以仁为凭借，游憩于礼、

乐、射、御、书、数六艺之中。”

7.子曰：“自行束脩[403]以上，吾未尝无诲焉。”

孔子说：“只要自愿拿学礼来见我的人，我从来没有不教导的。”

8.子曰：“不愤[404]不启，不悱[405]不发。举一隅不以三隅反，则不复也。”

孔子说：“教导学生，不到他想求明白而不得的时候，不去开导他；不到他想说却说不出来的时候，不去启发他。教给他事物的一个方面，他却不能由此而推知其他几个方面，那就不用再教他了。”

9.子食于有丧者之侧，未尝饱也。

孔子在服丧的人旁边吃饭，从来没有吃饱过。

10.子于是日哭，则不歌。

孔子如在一天曾哭泣，就不再唱歌了。

11.子谓颜渊曰：“用之则行，舍之则藏[406]，惟我与尔有是夫[407]！”子路曰：“子行三军[408]，则谁与[409]？”子曰：“暴虎[410]冯河[411]，死而无悔者，吾不与也。必也临事而惧[412]，好谋而成者也。”

孔子对颜渊说：“如果任用我，我就去干；不用我，我就隐藏起来，只有我和你才能做到这样吧！”

子路问孔子：“老师您如果统帅三军，那么将与谁在一起共事呢？”孔子说：“赤手空拳和老虎搏斗，徒步涉水过河，死了都不会后悔的人，我是不会和他一起共事的。我要找的，一定是遇事小心谨慎，善于谋划，最终能完成任务的人。”

12.子曰："富[413]而可求[414]也，虽执鞭之士[415]，吾亦为之。如不可求，从吾所好。"

孔子说："如果富贵合乎于道就可以去追求，即使是做地位低下的下等差事，我也愿意。如果得到富贵的方法不合于道，那就还是按我的爱好去干事吧。"

13.子之所慎：齐[416]、战、疾。

孔子小心慎重对待的事有三件：斋戒、战争、疾病。

14.子在齐闻《韶》[417]，三月不知肉味，曰："不图为乐之至于斯也。"

孔子在齐国听到《韶》乐后，有很长时间尝不出肉的滋味，他说："想不到《韶》乐的美达到了这样迷人的程度。"

15.冉有曰："夫子为[418]卫君[419]乎？"子贡曰："诺[420]，吾将问之。"入，曰："伯夷、叔齐何人也？"曰："古之贤人也。"曰："怨乎？"曰："求仁而得仁，又何怨？"出，曰："夫子不为也。"

冉有（问子贡）说："老师会帮助卫国的国君吗？"子贡说："嗯，我去问问他。"

于是子贡进去拜见老师，问道："伯夷、叔齐是什么样的人呢？"孔子说："古代的贤人。"子贡问："他们（互相推让，都不肯做孤竹国的国君，结果都跑到国外，）有怨恨吗？"孔子说："他们求仁而得到了仁，为什么有怨恨呢？"子贡出来对冉有说："老师不会帮助卫君。"

16.子曰："饭疏食[421]，饮水，曲肱[422]而枕之，乐亦在其中矣。不

义而富且贵，于我如浮云。”

孔子说：“吃粗粮，喝白水，弯起胳膊当枕头，乐趣也就在这里面了。用不正当的手段得来的富与贵，对我来说就像空中一吹即散的云彩一样。”

17.子曰：“加[423]我数年，五十以学易[424]，可以无大过矣。”

孔子说：“假如再多给我几年时间，到五十岁时候去学习《易经》，就可以没有什么大过错了。”

18.子所雅言[425]，《诗》、《书》、执礼，皆雅言也。

孔子有用普通话的时候，如他读《诗》、《书》、赞礼，都用普通话。

19.叶公[426]问孔子于子路[427]，子路不对。子曰：“女奚不曰，其为人也，发愤忘食，乐以忘忧，不知老之将至云尔[428]。”

叶公问子路孔子是什么样的人，子路没回答。后来孔子对子路说：“你为什么不这样说：他的为人，用功便忘记吃饭，快乐便忘记忧愁，不晓得衰老会到来，如此而已。”

20.子曰：“我非生而知之者，好古，敏以求之[429]者也。”

孔子说：“我不是生来就有知识的人，只是爱好古代文化，勤奋敏捷去求索知识的人。”

21.子不语怪、力、乱、神。

孔子不谈论关于怪异、强力、叛乱和鬼神的事。

22.子曰：“三人行，必有我师焉。择其善者而从之，其不善者而改之。”

孔子说：“几个人在一起做事，其中一定有可以为我所取的人：我选择他善的品德向他学习，看到他不善的地方就作为借鉴，改掉自己的缺点。”

23.子曰：“天生德于予，桓魋[430]其如予何？”

孔子说：“上天把高尚的品德赋予了我，桓魋又能把我怎么样呢？”

24.子曰：“二三子[431]以我为隐乎？吾无隐乎尔。吾无行而不与二三子者，是丘也。”

孔子说：“学生们，你们以为我（在教导你们方面）对你们有什么隐瞒的吗？我丝毫没有隐瞒。我没有什么知识是不教授给你们的。我孔丘就是这样的人。”

25.子以四教：文[432]、行[433]、忠[434]、信[435]。

孔子教授学生四项内容：历代文献，社会生活的实践，对待别人的忠诚，与人交际的信实。

26.子曰：“圣人吾不得而见之矣！得见君子者，斯[436]可矣。”子曰：“善人吾不得而见之矣！得见有恒[437]者，斯可矣。亡而为有，虚而为盈，约[438]而为泰[439]，难乎有恒矣。”

孔子说：“圣人我是不可能看到了，能看到君子也就可以了。”孔子又说：“善人我不可能看到了，能见到有一定操守的人也就可以了。本来没有，却装作有；本来空虚，却装作充足；本来穷困，却装作富

足，这样的人便难以保持一定操守了。”

27.子钓而不纲[440]，弋[441]不射宿[442]。

孔子只用有一个渔钩的钓竿钓鱼，而不用有许多渔钩的大绳钓鱼；只射飞鸟，而不射归巢歇宿的鸟。

28.子曰：“盖有不知而作之者，我无是也。多闻，择其善者而从之，多见而识之，知之次也。”

孔子说：“大概有一种人，他什么都不懂却在那里凭空创造，但我没有这样做过。广泛听取见解，选择其中好的来学习；多观察事物，然后记在心里，这是次一等的智慧。”

29.互乡[443]难与言，童子见，门人惑。子曰：“与[444]其进[445]也，不与其退也，唯何甚？人洁己[446]以进，与其洁也，不保其往[447]也。”

（孔子认为）很难与互乡那个地方的人交流，但互乡的一个年轻人却受到了孔子的接见，学生们为此都感到迷惑不解。孔子说：“我们肯定他的进步，不肯定他的倒退。何必做得太过分呢？别人改正了错误以求进步，我们要肯定他改正了错误，不要总抓住他的过去不罢休。”

30.子曰：“仁远乎哉？我欲仁，斯仁至矣。”

孔子说：“仁德离我们很远吗？只要我们想达到仁德，仁德就会来。”

31.陈司败[448]问：“昭公[449]知礼乎？“孔子曰：“知礼。”孔子退，揖[450]巫马期[451]而进之曰：“吾闻君子不党[452]，君子亦党乎？君取[453]于吴，为同姓[454]谓之吴孟子[455]。君而知礼，孰不知年礼？”巫马期以告。子曰：“丘也幸，苟有过，人必知之。”

陈司败向孔子询问鲁昭公懂不懂礼，孔子说：“懂礼。”孔子出去以后，陈司败便向巫马期行礼，请他走近自己，对他说：“我听说君子无所偏袒，难道孔子也包庇别人吗？鲁君从吴国娶了位夫人，吴和鲁是同姓国家，（因不便叫她作吴姬，）于是称她为吴孟子。如果鲁君算是知礼，还有谁不知礼呢？”巫马期将这些话转告给孔子。孔子说：“我真幸运，一旦有错，别人一定会给我指出来。”

32.子与人歌而善，必使反之，而后和之。

孔子与别人一起唱歌，如果（那个人）唱得好，（孔子）一定请他再唱一遍，然后一起唱和他。

33.子曰：“文，莫[456]吾犹人也。躬行君子，则吾未之有得。”

孔子说：“就书本上的学问来说，大概我和别人知道的差不多。但要做一个身体力行的君子，我还没有做到。”

34.子曰：若圣与仁，则吾岂敢？抑[457]为之[458]不厌，诲人不倦，则可谓云尔[459]已矣。”公西华曰：“正唯弟子不能学也。”

孔子说：“讲到圣和仁，我怎么敢当？我不过是向圣与仁的方向不断努力去做而不感厌烦，教导别人也从不感觉疲倦，只不过如此罢了。”公西华说：“这正是我们学不会的呀。”

35.子疾病[460]，子路请祷[461]。子曰：“有诸[462]？”子路对曰：“有之。《诔》[463]曰：‘祷尔于上下神祇[464]。’”子曰：“丘之祷久矣。”

孔子病情严重，子路向鬼神祈祷。孔子问：“有这回事吗？”子路回答道：“有的。《诔》文上说过：‘替你向天地神灵祈祷。’”孔子说：“我早就祈祷过了。”

36.子曰：“奢则不孙[465]，俭则固[466]。与其不孙也，宁固。”

孔子说：“奢侈了就会越礼，节俭了就会寒酸。与其越礼，宁可寒酸。”

37.子曰：“君子坦荡荡[467]，小人长戚戚[468]。”

孔子说：“君子心胸宽广，小人总是忧愁。”

38.子温而厉，威而不猛，恭而安。

孔子温和而又严肃，有威仪而不凶狠，庄重而又安详。

卷八

1.子曰："泰伯[469]，其可谓至德也已矣。三[470]以天下让，民无得而称焉[471]。"

孔子说："泰伯可以说是品德最高尚的人了，多次把王位让给季历，老百姓都找不到恰当的词语来称赞他。"

2.子曰："恭而无礼则劳，慎而无礼则葸[472]，勇而无礼则乱，直而无礼则绞[473]。君子笃于亲，则民兴于仁；故旧不遗，则民不偷[474]。"

孔子说："只是注重态度的恭敬而不以礼来指导，就未免劳倦；只知言行的谨慎却不知礼，就流于畏缩懦弱；有敢作敢为的胆量，却不用礼来制约，就会冲动招祸；太心直口快而不知礼，就会尖刻刺人。在上位的人如果厚待自己的亲属，老百姓当中就会兴起仁德的风气；在上位的人如果不遗弃老同事、老朋友，那老百姓就不会对人冷淡无情了。"

3.曾子有疾，召门弟子曰："启[475]予足！启予手！《诗》云[476]：'战战兢兢，如临深渊，如履薄冰。'而今而后，吾知免[477]夫，小子[478]！"

曾参病得很重，他把学生召集到身边来说道："看看我的脚！看看我的手！《诗经》上说：'小心谨慎呀！好像站在深渊旁边，好像踩在薄冰上面。'从今以后，我知道自己的身体已经不会再受到损伤了！学生们！"

4.曾子有疾，孟敬子[479]问[480]之。曾子言曰："鸟之将死，其鸣也哀；人之将死，其言也善。君子所贵乎道者三：动容貌[481]，斯远暴

慢[482]矣；正颜色[483]，斯近信矣；出辞气[484]，斯远鄙倍[485]矣。笾豆之事[486]则有司[487]存。”

曾子有病，孟敬子去探望他。曾子对他说：“鸟快死了，它的叫声是悲哀的；人快死了，他说的话是善意的。君子待人接物时有三方面事项应该注重：使自己的仪态威严，这样可以避免粗暴、放肆；使自己的脸色庄重，这样就接近于诚信；使自己说话的言辞和语气谨慎小心，这样就可以避免鄙陋粗俗和错误。至于礼仪的细节，自有主管这些事务的官吏来负责。”

5.曾子曰：“以能问于不能，以多问于寡，有若无，实若虚；犯而不校[488]——昔者吾友[489]尝从事于斯矣。”

曾子说：“自己有才能却向没有才能的人请教，自己知识渊博却向知识少的人请教，有学问却像没学问一样，知识很充实却好像很空虚；纵被人欺侮，也从不计较——从前我的朋友就是这样做的。”

6.曾子说：“可以托六尺之孤[490]，可以寄百里之命[491]，临大节而不可夺也。君子人与？君子人也。”

曾子说：“可以托付年幼的君主，可以托付国家的政权，面临生死存亡的紧急关头而不动摇屈服。这样的人是君子吗？是君子啊！”

7.曾子曰：“士不可以不弘毅[492]，任重而道远。仁以为己任，不亦重乎？死而后已，不亦远乎？”

曾子说：“读书人不可以不刚强而有毅力，因为他责任重大，路程遥远。以实现仁德于天下为自己的责任，难道还不重大吗？奋斗终身，死而后已，难道路程还不遥远吗？”

8.子曰：“兴[493]于《诗》，立于礼，成于乐。”

孔子说：“（人的修养）开始于学习《诗》，自立于学习《礼》，完成于学习《乐》。”

9.子曰：“民可使由之，不可使知之。”

孔子说：“对于老百姓，可以让他们按照我们所引导的道路去走，但不可以让他们知道那是为什么。”

10.子曰：“好勇疾[494]贫，乱也。人而不仁[495]，疾之已甚[496]，乱也。”

孔子说：“喜好勇敢却又厌恶贫困，是一种祸患。太憎恨不仁德的人或事，也会出乱子。”

11.子曰：“如有周公之才之美，使骄且吝，其余不足观也已。”

孔子说：“即使一个人有周公那样美好的才能，如果骄傲自大而且吝啬小气，那其他方面也就不值得一看了。”

12.子曰：“三年学，不至于谷[497]，不易得也。”

孔子说：“读书三年并不存做官的念头，这是难得的。”

13.子曰：“笃信好学，守死善道，危邦不入，乱邦不居。天下有道则见[498]，无道则隐。邦有道，贫且贱焉，耻也；邦无道，富且贵焉，耻也。”

孔子说：“坚定信念并努力学习，誓死捍卫并完善治国与为人的大道；不进入政局不稳的国家，不居住在动乱的国家。天下政治清明就出来工作；天下混乱就隐居。国家有道、政治清明而自己贫贱，是耻辱；国家无道、政治黑暗而自己富贵，也是耻辱。”

14.子曰："不在其位，不谋其政。"

孔子说："不在那个职位上，就不要去考虑属于那个职位才应该做的事。"

15.子曰："师挚之始[499]，《关雎》之乱[500]，洋洋乎盈耳哉！"

孔子说："从太师挚演奏的音乐的序曲开始，到最后演奏《关雎》的结尾，丰富而优美的音乐就一直在我耳边回荡。"

16.子曰："狂[501]而不直，侗[502]而不愿[503]，悾悾[504]而不信，吾不知之矣。"

孔子说："狂妄而不正直，无知而不谨慎，表面上诚恳而不信守承诺，我不知道有这样的人。"

17.子曰："学如不及，犹恐失之。"

孔子说："做学问就好像（在追逐什么东西似的，）生怕赶不上；（赶上了，）还生怕丢掉了。"

18.子曰："巍巍[505]乎，舜禹[506]之有天下也而不与[507]焉！"

孔子说："舜和禹多崇高伟大呀！他们虽贵为天子，富有四海，却完全不是为了自己。"

19.子曰："大哉尧[508]之为君也！巍巍乎，唯天为大，唯尧则[509]之。荡荡[510]乎，民无能名[511]焉。巍巍乎其有成功也，焕乎其有文章！"

孔子说："尧这样的君主真伟大，真崇高啊！只有天最高最大，只有尧才能效法天的高大。他的恩德多么广博啊，百姓们不知道该用什么

语言来称赞他。他的功绩多么崇高，他制定的礼仪制度多么光辉灿烂啊！”

20.舜有臣五人[512]而天下治。武王曰：“予有乱臣十人[513]。”孔子曰：“才难，不其然乎？唐虞之际[514]，于斯[515]为盛，有妇人焉[516]，九人而已。三分天下有其二[517]，以服事殷。周之德，其可谓至德也已矣。”

舜有五位贤臣，天下就被治理好了。周武王也曾说过：“我有十个帮助我治理国家的臣子。”孔子因此说：“人才难得，难道不是这样吗？唐尧和虞舜时代到周武王这个时期，人才最为兴盛。但武王的十个大臣中有一人是妇女，实际上只是九个人罢了。周文王已经统治了商朝疆土的三分之二，仍然殷勤侍奉商纣，周朝的道德，可以说是最高的了。”

21.子曰：“禹，吾无间[518]然矣。菲[519]饮食而致[520]孝乎鬼神，恶衣服而致美乎黻冕[521]；卑[522]宫室而尽力乎沟洫[523]。禹，吾无间然矣。”

孔子说：“对于禹，我没有什么可以挑剔的。他自己吃的饮食很简单却把祭品办得极丰盛；他平时穿的衣服很简朴，而祭祀时尽量穿得华美；他自己住的宫室很低矮，而把力量完全用于修治水利事宜。对于禹，我确实没有什么可以挑剔的。”

卷九

1.子罕[524]言利与命与仁。

孔子很少主动谈到功利、命运和仁德。

2.达巷党人[525]曰："大哉孔子！博学而无所成名[526]。"子闻之，谓门弟子曰："吾何执？执御乎？执射乎？吾执御矣。"

达巷有人说："孔子真伟大啊！他学问广博，可惜没有足以树立名声的专长。"孔子听说后对他的学生说："我要专长于哪个方面呢，驾车呢，还是射箭呢？我还是驾车吧。"

3.子曰："麻冕[527]，礼也；今也纯[528]，俭[529]，吾从众。拜下[530]，礼也；今拜乎上，泰[531]也。虽违众，吾从下。"

孔子说："礼帽用麻料制作，这是合于传统礼制规定的；今天大家都用黑色丝绸制作，这样比过去节省了，我赞成大家的做法。臣见国君首先要在堂下跪拜，然后升堂时又磕头，这是符合传统礼制的。今天大家都免去了堂下跪拜的礼节，只在升堂后磕头，这是倨傲的表现。虽然违反大家意愿，我仍然主张要先在堂下跪拜。"

4.子绝四：毋意[532]，毋必[533]，毋固[534]，毋我[535]。

孔子杜绝了四种毛病："不主观猜疑，不绝对肯定，不拘泥固执，不唯我独是。"

5.子畏于匡[536]，曰："文王[537]既没，文不在兹[538]乎？天之将丧斯文也，后死者[539]不得与[540]于斯文也；天之未丧斯文也，匡人其如予

何[541]？”

孔子被匡地的人们围困时，他说：“周文王死了以后，周代的礼乐文化不都在我这里吗？上天如果想要消灭这种文化，那我也不会掌握它们了；上天如果不消灭这种文化，那么匡人又能把我怎么样呢？”

6.太宰[542]问于子贡曰：“夫子圣者与？何其多能也？”子贡曰：“固天纵[543]之将圣，又多能也。”子闻之，曰：“太宰知我乎？吾少也贱，故多能鄙事[544]。君子多乎哉？不多也。”

太宰问子贡说：“孔先生是位圣人吧，为什么这样多才多艺呢？”子贡说：“这一定是上天让他成为圣人，而且使他多才多艺。”孔子听到后说：“太宰怎么会了解我呢？我小时候穷苦，所以会许多卑贱的技艺。君子会有这么多的技艺吗？不会的。”

7.牢[545]曰：“子云：‘吾不试[546]，故艺。’”

牢说：“孔子说过：‘我（年轻时）没有去做官，所以学会了许多技艺。’”

8.子曰：“吾有知乎哉？无知也。有鄙夫[547]问于我，空空如也[548]。我叩[549]其两端[550]而竭[551]焉。”

孔子说：“我有知识吗？没有啊。有一个乡下人问我，我对他问的问题本来一点也不知道。我只是从问题的两端去问，这样就把这个问题全部搞清楚了。”

9.子曰：“凤鸟[552]不至，河不出图[553]，吾已矣夫！”

孔子说：“凤凰不飞来了，黄河中也不出现八卦图了，我这一生恐怕是完了吧！”

10.子见齐衰[554]者，冕衣裳者[555]与瞽[556]者，见之，虽少，必作[557]；过之，必趋[558]。

孔子遇见居丧的人、当官的人和盲人时，即使他们比自己年轻，也一定要站起来；从他们面前经过时，一定要快步走过以示恭敬。

11.颜渊喟[559]然叹曰："仰之弥[560]高，钻[561]之弥坚，瞻[562]之在前，忽焉在后。夫子循循然善诱人[563]，博我以文，约我以礼，欲罢不能。即竭吾才，如有所立卓尔[564]。虽欲从之，末由[565]也已。"

颜渊感叹地说："对于老师的学问与道德，越抬头看，越觉得高；越用力钻研，越觉得深。看着它好像在前面，忽然又像在后面。虽然他的学问这样高深和不容易捉摸，可老师善于有步骤地诱导我们，用各种典籍来丰富我的知识，又用各种礼节来约束我的言行，使我想停止学习都不可能。我尽我所有的才能、力量跟他学习，感觉很成功，好像自己已经能独立站起来了，但要想再向前迈进一步，又不知怎样去做了。"

12.子疾病，子路使门人为臣[566]。病间[567]，曰："久矣哉，由之行诈也。无臣而为有臣。吾谁欺？欺天乎？且予与其死于臣之手也，无宁[568]死于二三子之手乎？且予纵不得大葬[569]，予死于道路乎？"

孔子病得很厉害，子路便命孔子的学生做家臣，负责料理后事。后来，孔子的病好一些了，就说道："仲由干这种弄虚作假的勾当居然这么久呀！我本不该有治丧的组织，却一定要派人组织治丧。我骗谁呢，欺骗上天吗？与其在家臣的侍候下死去，我宁可在你们这些学生的侍候下死去，这样不是更好吗？而且即使不能隆重地办理丧葬，难道我就会被丢在路边没人埋吗？"

13.子贡曰："有美玉于斯，韫椟[570]而藏诸？求善贾[571]而沽诸？"子曰："沽[572]之哉，沽之哉！我待贾者也。"

子贡道：“这里有一块很好的玉，是把它放在匣子里藏起来呢，还是找一个识货的商人卖掉呢？”孔子道：“卖掉吧，卖掉吧！我正在等着识货的人呢。”

14.子欲居九夷[573]。或曰：“陋[574]，如之何？”子曰：“君子居之，何陋之有？”

孔子想搬到九夷去住。有人说：“那地方非常落后闭塞、不开化，怎么能住呢？”孔子说：“有君子去住，就不闭塞落后了。”

15.子曰：“吾自卫反鲁[575]，然后乐正[576]，《雅》、《颂》[577]各得其所。”

孔子说：“我从卫国回到鲁国后，才把乐曲各篇整理出来，使《雅》《颂》都有合适的安置。”

16.子曰：“出则事公卿，入则事父兄，丧事不敢不勉，不为酒困，何有于我哉。”

孔子说：“在外侍奉长官，在家孝敬父兄，有丧事不敢不尽力去办，不被酒食困扰，这些事对我来说有什么困难呢？”

17.子在川上曰：“逝者如斯夫，不舍昼夜。”

孔子在河边，感叹道：“消逝的时光就像这河水一样啊，日夜不停地向前流去。”

18.子曰：“吾未见好德如好色者也。”

孔子说：“我没有看见过追求道德胜过追求美貌的人。”

19.子曰：“譬如为山，未成一篑[578]，止，吾止也；譬如平地，虽

覆一篑，进，吾往也。”

孔子说：“（做学问）好比堆土成山，只要再加一筐土便完成了，但如果这时停下来，那是自己要停止的。又好比在平地上堆山，虽然只是刚刚倒下一筐土，如果决心努力前进，那还是自己坚持前进的呀！”

20.子曰：“语之而不惰者，其回也与！”

孔子说：“听我教导而能始终不懈怠的，大概只有颜回一个人吧！”

21.子谓颜渊曰：“惜乎！吾见其进也，未见其止也。”

孔子谈到颜渊时说道：“可惜（他死了）呀！（在做学问方面）我从来都只看见他不断地进步，没见他停止过。”

22.子曰：“苗而不秀[579]者有矣夫；秀而不实者有矣夫！”

孔子说：“庄稼出了苗而不吐穗扬花的情况是有的，吐穗扬花而不结果的情况也是有的呀！”

23.子曰：“后生可畏，焉知来者之不如今也？四十、五十而无闻焉，斯亦不足畏也已。”

孔子说：“年轻人是值得敬畏的，怎么就知道后一代不如前一代呢？如果一个人到了四五十岁时还默默无闻，那他就没有什么值得敬畏的了。”

24.子曰：“法语之言[580]，能无从乎？改之为贵。巽与之言[581]，能无说[582]乎？绎[583]之为贵。说而不绎，从而不改，吾末[584]如之何也已矣。”

孔子说：“用严肃而符合礼法的语言进行规劝，谁能不接受呢？但（只有按它来）改正自己的错误才是可贵的。恭顺赞许的话，谁听了能不高兴呢？但只有认真分析鉴别它（的真伪是非）才是可贵的。只是高兴而不去分析，只是表示听从而不改正错误，这样的人我拿他也没有办法。”

25.子曰：“主忠信，毋友不如己者，过则勿惮改。”

孔子说：“恪守忠信，与志同道合的人做朋友，有了过错要去改正，不要害怕改变。”

26.子曰：“三军[585]可夺帅也，匹夫[586]不可夺志也。”

孔子说：“一国军队，可以使它丧失主帅；但一个男子汉，却不能强迫他放弃自己的志向。”

27.子曰：“衣[587]敝缊袍[588]，与衣狐貉[589]者立而不耻者，其由也与？‘不忮不求[590]，何用不臧？’”子路终身诵之。子曰：“是道也，何足以臧？”

孔子说：“穿着破旧的丝绵袍子与穿着狐貉皮袍的人站在一起而不认为是羞耻的，大概只有仲由吧。《诗经》上说：‘不嫉妒，不贪求，为什么会不好呢？’”子路听了，便反复吟诵这句诗。孔子见了又说：“只做到这个样子，怎么能说够好了呢？”

28.子曰：“岁寒，然后知松柏之后凋也。”

孔子说：“只有到了寒冷的季节，才知道松树和柏树是最后凋零的。”

29.子曰：“知者不惑，仁者不忧，勇者不惧。”

孔子说：“聪明人不会被迷惑，有仁德的人不会忧愁，勇敢的人无所畏惧。”

30.子曰：“可与共学，未可与适道[591]；可与适道，未可与立[592]；可与立，未可与权[593]。”

孔子说：“可以一起学习的人，未必可以与他一起追求真理；可以一起追求至真道理的人，未必可以一起坚持真理而不改变；可以一起坚守真理的人，未必可以一起通权达变。”

31.“唐棣[594]之华，偏其反而[595]。岂不尔思，室是远而[596]。”子曰：“未之思也，夫何远之有？”

古代有一首诗说：“唐棣树的花朵啊，随风翩翩摇摆。怎么会是我不想念你呢？只是由于家住得太遥远了。”孔子说：“他还不是真的想念啊，如果真的想念，又怎么会有什么遥远呢？”

卷十

1.孔子于乡党，恂恂[597]如也，似不能言者。其在宗庙、朝廷，便便[598]言，唯谨尔。

孔子在本乡显得很温和恭敬，像是不会说话的样子。但他在宗庙里、朝堂上，却很善于言辞，只是说得比较谨慎而已。

2.朝，与下大夫言，侃侃[599]如也；与上大夫言，訚訚[600]如也。君在，踧踖[601]如也，与与[602]如也。

孔子上朝的时候，（如果君主还没有到来，）他同下大夫说话，是温和而快乐的样子；同上大夫说话，是正直而恭敬的样子。如果君主来了，又是恭敬而心中不安、小心谨慎、威仪适中的样子。

3.君召使摈[603]，色勃如也[604]；足躩[605]如也。揖所与立，左右手，衣前后，襜[606]如也。趋进，翼如也[607]。宾退，必复命曰：“宾不顾矣。”

国君派孔子去接待宾客，孔子的脸色立即矜持庄重，脚步也快起来，他向站在两旁的人行礼，手或向左或向右作揖，衣服前后摆动，却整齐不乱；快步走的时候，像鸟儿舒展开双翅一样。宾客辞别后一定向君主回报说：“客人已经不回头张望了。”

4.入公门，鞠躬如[608]也，如不容。立不中门，行不履阈[609]。过位，色勃如也，足躩如也，其言似不足者。摄齐[610]升堂，鞠躬如也，屏气似不息者。出，降一等[611]，逞[612]颜色，怡怡如也。没阶[613]，趋进，翼如也。复其位，踧踖如也。

孔子走进朝堂大门，是谨慎而恭敬的样子，就好像没有他的容身之地一样。站的时候绝不站在门的中间；走的时候不踩门槛。当经过国君的座位时，面色立刻庄重起来，脚步也加快起来，也没有太多的言辞。提起衣服下摆向堂上走的时候，恭敬谨慎的样子，憋住气好像不呼吸一样。退出来，刚走下一级台阶，脸色便舒展开了，怡然自得的样子。走完了台阶，快快地向前走几步，姿态像鸟儿舒展翅膀。回到自己的位置上时，是恭敬而内心不安的样子。

5.执圭[614]，鞠躬如也，如不胜。上如揖，下如授。勃如战色[615]，足蹜蹜[616]，如有循[617]。享礼[618]，有容色。私觌[619]，愉愉如也。

孔子出使其他诸侯国时，拿着圭，恭敬谨慎，像是举不起来的样子。向上举时好像在作揖，放在下面时好像是在交给别人。脸色庄重得像战栗的样子，步伐也紧凑狭促，好像沿着一条直线往前走。在举行赠送礼物的仪式时，显得和颜悦色。以私人身份和外国君臣会见时，显得轻松愉快。

6.君子不以绀饰[620]，红紫不以为亵服[621]。当暑，袗絺绤[622]，必表而出之[623]。缁衣[624]，羔裘[625]，素衣，麑[626]裘；黄衣，狐裘。亵裘长，短右袂[627]。必有寝衣[628]，长一身有半。狐貉之厚以居[629]。去丧，无所不佩。非帷裳[630]，必杀之[631]。羔裘玄冠[632]不以吊[633]。吉月[634]，必朝服而朝。

君子不用深青透红或黑中透红色的布镶边，不用近乎赤色的浅红色和紫色布来做居家的衣服。夏天穿着粗或细的葛布单衣，但一定着内衣。黑色的衣配黑色的羔羊皮袍，白色的衣配白色的鹿皮袍，黄色的衣配黄色的狐皮袍。平常在家穿的皮袍做得长一些，但右边的袖子要做得短些。睡觉一定有睡衣，而且一定要长过身体。用狐貉的厚皮毛做坐垫。服丧期满以后，什么东西都可以佩带。如果不是礼服，一定要加以

剪裁。不穿着黑色的羔羊皮袍和戴着黑色的帽子去吊丧。每月初一，一定穿着朝服去朝拜君主。

7.齐[635]，必有明衣[636]，布。齐必变食[637]，居必迁坐[638]。

斋戒沐浴的时候，一定要有布做的浴衣。斋戒的时候，一定要改变平常的饮食，居处也一定要搬移到别处，（不与妻妾同房）。

8.食不厌精，脍[639]不厌细。食饐[640]而餲[641]，鱼馁[642]而肉败，不食。色恶，不食。臭恶，不食。失饪[643]，不食。不时，不食，割不正，不食。不得其酱，不食。肉虽多，不使胜食气[644]。唯酒无量，不及乱[645]。沽酒市脯[646]，不食。不撤姜食，不多。

粮食不嫌舂得精，鱼和肉不嫌切得细。粮食霉烂发臭了，鱼和肉腐烂了，都不吃。食物的颜色改变了，不吃。气味变了，不吃。烹调不当，不吃。不是吃饭的时间，不吃。不是按一定方法切割的肉，不吃。佐料放得不适当，不吃。席上的肉虽多，但吃的量不超过主食。只有酒不限量，但从不喝醉。从市上买来的肉干和酒，不吃。每餐必须有姜，但也不多吃。

9.祭于公，不宿肉[647]，祭肉[648]不出三日。出三日，不食之矣。

孔子参与国家祭祀典礼时分到的肉，不会把它留到第二天。别的祭祀用过的肉留存也都不超过三天。超过三天，就不吃了。

10.食不语，寝不言。

吃饭的时候不交谈，睡觉的时候不说话。

11.虽疏食菜羹[649]，瓜祭[650]，必齐[651]如也。

即使是糙米饭蔬菜汤，吃饭前也要取出一些来祭祖，而且表情一定恭恭敬敬，就像正式斋戒时那样严肃恭敬。

12.席[652]不正，不坐。

坐席摆放的方法与位置不合礼制，不坐。

13.乡人饮酒[653]，杖者[654]出，斯出矣。

行乡饮酒礼的仪式结束后，孔子一定要等老年人都出去了，自己才出去。

14.乡人傩[655]，朝服而立于阼阶[656]。

本地举行迎神驱鬼的宗教仪式时，孔子总是穿着朝服站在东边的台阶上。

15.问[657]人于他邦，再拜而送之[658]。

孔子托人向在其他诸侯国的朋友问候送礼时，在送行时总要向受托者行两次礼。

16.康子馈药，拜而受之。曰："丘未达，不敢尝。"

季康子给孔子赠送药品，孔子拜谢之后接受了，却说道："我对药性不很了解，不敢轻易尝试。"

17.厩焚。子退朝，曰："伤人乎？"不问马。

孔子的马棚失火了。孔子从朝堂回来知道这件事后问道："伤人了吗？"而没有问马的情况。

18.君赐食，必正席先尝之。君赐腥[659]，必熟而荐[660]之。君赐生，必畜之。侍食于君，君祭，先饭。

国君赐给熟食，孔子一定摆正座位先尝一尝。国君赐给生肉，一定煮熟了先给祖宗上供。国君赐给活物，一定要饲养起来。同国君一起吃饭，在国君举行饭前祭礼的时候，一定要先尝一尝。

19.疾，君视之，东首[661]，加朝服，拖绅[662]。

孔子病了，国君来探视，他便头朝东躺着，把上朝的礼服披在身上，系上大带子。

20.君命召，不俟驾行矣。

国君召见孔子，他不等车马驾好就先步行向前了。

21.入太庙，每事问。

孔子一进太庙，就问这问那，几乎每一件事他都问到了。

22.朋友[663]死，无所归，曰：“于我殡[664]。”

孔子的朋友死了，没有亲属来负责敛埋，孔子便说：“丧事由我来料理吧。”

23.朋友之馈，虽车马，非祭肉，不拜。

朋友的赠品，即使是车马，只要不是祭肉，孔子在接受的时候都是不行礼的。

24.寝不尸，居不客。

孔子睡觉时不像死尸一样直躺着，平日家居也不像接见客人或出门

做客时一样跪着两膝在席上。

25.见齐衰[665]者，虽狎[666]，必变。见冕者与瞽者[667]，虽亵[668]，必以貌。凶服[669]者式[670]之。式负版者[671]。有盛馔[672]，必变色而作[673]。迅雷风烈必变。

孔子看见穿丧服的人，即使是关系很亲密的，也一定改变态度，表示同情。看见当官的和盲人，即使是彼此很熟悉，也一定要有礼貌。在乘车时遇见穿丧服的人，便把身体向前俯，手扶着车前的横木，表示同情。遇见背负国家图籍的人，也这样做以示敬意。做客时，如果有丰盛的菜肴，一定改变神色，站起来致谢。遇见迅雷大风的天气，一定要改变神色以示对上天的敬畏。

26.升车，必正立，执绥[674]。车中，不内顾[675]不疾言[676]不亲指[677]。

孔子上车时，一定先端正地站好，然后拉着扶手带上车。在车上不回头张望，不高声说话，不用手指指画画。

27.色斯举矣[678]，翔而后集[679]。曰："山梁雌雉[680]，时哉时哉[681]！"子路共[682]之，三嗅而作[683]。

孔子在山谷中行走，看见几只野鸡。孔子的脸色一动，野鸡便飞向天空，盘旋一阵，然后又都停在一处。孔子道："这些山梁上的母野鸡，得到了它们的时运呀，得到了它们的时运呀！"子路向它们拱拱手，它们又振一振翅膀飞走了。

[1]习：可指温习和实习。

[2]说：同“悦”。

[3]人不知：“知”字无宾语，可能是不懂道理，也可能是不了解自己。从下一句“而不愠”来看，后一解释更顺一些。

[4]愠：音yùn，怨恨。

[5]有子：孔子的学生，姓有，名若，比孔子小13岁，一说小33岁。后一说较为可信。在《论语》书中，记载的孔子学生，一般都称字，只有曾参和有若称“子”。因此，许多人认为《论语》即由曾参和有若所著述。

[6]孝弟：孝，奴隶社会时期所认为的子女对待父母的正确态度；弟，读音和意义与“悌”（音tì）相同，即弟弟对待兄长的正确态度。旧注说：善事父母曰孝，善事兄长曰弟。

[7]犯上：犯，冒犯、干犯。上，指在上位的人。

[8]鲜：音xiǎn，少的意思。

[9]未之有也：此为“未有之也”的倒装句型。

[10]务本：务，专心、致力于。本，根本。

[11]道：在中国古代思想里，道有多种含义。此处的道，指孔子提倡的仁道，即以仁为核心的整个道德思想体系及其在实际生活中的体现。简单讲，就是治国做人的基本原则。

[12]为仁之本：仁是孔子哲学思想的最高范畴，又是伦理道德准则。为仁之本，即以孝悌作为仁的根本。还有一种解释，认为古代的“仁”就是“人”字，为仁之本即做人的根本。

[13]巧言令色：朱熹注曰：“好其言，善其色，致饰于外，务以说人。”巧和令都是美好的意思，但此处指装出和颜悦色的样子。

[14]鲜：少的意思。

[15]曾子：曾参（shēn），孔子的重要弟子。

[16]三省吾身：“省”音xǐng，反省。也可理解为反省三件事，不过根据《论语》的句法，如是此意，“三”字应放在句末：吾日省吾身者三。

[17]习：有温习、实习二义。

[18]道：治理。

[19]千乘之国：有兵车千辆的国家，在当时是大国。乘，音shèng。

[20]爱人：此处的“人”可能指官员或上层人士。下句“使民以时”的“民”字则指民众。

[21]弟子：可指年轻人或学生，此处指年轻人。

[22]出则弟：“弟”同“悌”，意为尊敬兄长。

[23]亲仁：“仁”指有仁德之人。

[24]子夏：姓卜，名商，字子夏，孔子的学生，比孔子小44岁，生于公元前507年。孔子死后，他在魏国宣传孔子的思想主张。

[25]贤贤：第一个“贤”字作动词用，尊重的意思。贤贤即尊重贤者。

[26]易：有两种解释：一是改变的意思，此句即为尊重贤者而改正自己错误的做法；二是轻视的意思，即看重贤德而轻视女色。

[27]致其身：致，意为“献纳”“尽力”。这是说把生命奉献给君主。

[28]重：庄重、自持。

[29]学则不固：有两种解释：一作坚固解，与上句相连，不庄重就没有威严，所学也不坚固；二作固陋解，喻人见闻少，学了就可以不固陋。

[30]主忠信：以忠信为主。

[31]无：通毋，“不要”的意思。

[32]不如己：一般解释为不如自己。另一种解释说：“不如己者，不类乎己，所谓‘道不同不相为谋’也。”把“如”解释为“类似”。后一种解释更为符合孔子的原意。

[33]过：过错、过失。

[34]惮：音dàn，害怕、畏惧。

[35]慎终：慎重地对待丧礼。终指丧礼。

[36]追远：指祭祀时要虔诚。

[37]子禽：姓陈，名亢，字子禽。郑玄所注《论语》说他是孔子的学生，但《史记·仲尼弟子列传》未载此人，故一说子禽非孔子学生。

[38]子贡：姓端木名赐，字子贡，卫国人，比孔子小31岁，是孔子的学生，生于公元前520年。子贡善辩，孔子认为他可以做大国的宰相。据《史记》记载，子贡在卫国做了商人，家有财产

千金，成了有名的商业家。

[39]夫子：这是古代的一种敬称，凡是做过大夫的人都可以取得这一称谓。孔子曾担任过鲁国的司寇，所以他的学生们称他为“夫子”。后来，因此而沿袭以称呼老师。《论语》书中所说的“夫子”，都是孔子的学生对他的称呼。

[40]邦：指当时割据的诸侯国家。

[41]抑：表示选择的文言连词，有“还是”的意思。

[42]温、良、恭、俭、让：就字面理解即为：温顺、善良、恭敬、俭朴、谦让。这是孔子的弟子对他的赞誉。

[43]其诸：语气词，有“大概”“或者”的意思。

[44]其：他的，指儿子，不是指父亲。

[45]行：指行为举止等。

[46]三年：指要经过一个较长的时间而已，不一定仅指三年的时间。

[47]道：有时候是一般意义上的名词，无论好坏、善恶都可以称作道。但更多时候是积极意义的名词，表示善的、好的东西。这里表示“合理内容”的意思。

[48]有子：有若，字子有，人们尊称为有子，是孔子的重要学生。

[49]先王：指尧、舜、禹、汤、文王、武王等圣贤君主。

[50]近：接近、符合的意思。

[51]义：义是儒家的伦理范畴，是指思想和行为符合一定的标准。这个标准就是“礼”。

[52]复：实践的意思。朱熹《集注》云：“复，践言也。”

[53]远：动词，使动用法，使之远离的意思，此外亦可以译为远：动词，使动用法，使之远离的意思，此外亦可以译为避免。

[54]因：依靠、凭借。一说因应写作姻，但从上下文看似有不妥之。

[55]宗：主、可靠。

[56]就：靠近、看齐。

[57]有道：指有道德的人。

[58]正：匡正、端正。

[59]谄：音chǎn，意为巴结、奉承。

[60]何如：《论语》书中的“何如”，都可以译为“怎么样”。

[61]贫而乐：一本作“贫而乐道”。

[62]如切如磋，如琢如磨：此二句见《诗经·卫风·淇澳》。有两种解释：一说切磋琢磨分别指对骨、象牙、玉、石四种不同材料的加工，否则不能成器；一说加工象牙和骨，切了还要磋，加工玉石，琢了还要磨，有精益求精之意。

[63]赐：子贡名，孔子对学生都称其名。

[64]告诸往而知来者：诸，同之；往，过去的事情；来，未来的事情。

[65]患：忧虑、担心。

[66]人：指别人。

[67]为政以德：以，用的意思。此句是说统治者应以道德进行统治，即“德治”。

[68]北辰：北极星。

[69]共：同“拱”，环绕。

[70]《诗》三百：《诗经》中有三百零五篇诗，说“《诗》三百”是说一整数。

[71]“思无邪”：这是《诗经·鲁颂》中的一句，孔子借来概括《诗经》的内容。

[72]道：同“导”。

[73]格：符合规格，达到要求。

[74]有：同“又”。

[75]立：站得住的意思。

[76]不惑：掌握了知识，不因外界事物而困惑。

[77]天命：指不能为人力所支配的事情。

[78]耳顺：对此有多种解释。一般而言，指对那些于己不利的意见也能正确对待。

[79]从心所欲不逾矩：从，遵从的意思；逾，越过；矩，规矩。

[80]孟懿子：鲁国的大夫，复姓仲孙或孟孙，故下文称孟孙。

[81]无违：古人常用“违”来指违礼。

[82]樊迟：名须，字子迟，孔子的学生。

[83]孟武伯：孟懿子的儿子，名彘，音zhi。武是他的谥号。

[84]父母唯其疾之忧：其，代词，指父母。疾，病。

[85]子游：姓言名偃，字子游，孔子的学生。

[86]养：指饲养。

[87]色难：色，脸色。难，不容易的意思。

[88]服劳：服，从事、担负。服劳即服侍。

[89]先生：先生指长者或父母。前面说的弟子，指晚辈、儿女等。

[90]馔：音zhuàn，意为饮食、吃喝。

[91]回：姓颜名回，字子渊，生于公元前521年，比孔子小30岁，鲁国人，孔子的得意门生。

[92]不违：不提相反的意见和问题。

[93]退而省其私：考察颜回私下里与其他学生讨论学问的言行。

[94]所以：所做的事情。

[95]所由：所经历的事情。

[96]所安：所安的心境。

[97]廋：音sōu，隐藏、藏匿。

[98]温故而知新：故，过去的。新，刚刚学到的知识或新的体会。

[99]器：器具。孔子用“君子不器”来主张君子要具备多种才能和技艺。

[100]周：合群。

[101]比：音bì，勾结。

[102]小人：没有道德修养的人。

[103]罔：迷惑、糊涂。

[104]殆；疑惑、危险。

[105]攻：攻击。有人将“攻”解释为“治”。不妥。

[106]异端：不正确的言论。另外、不同的一端。

[107]斯：代词，这。

[108]也巳：这里用作语气词。

[109]由：姓仲名由，字子路。生于公元前542年，孔子的学生。

[110]女：同“汝”，你。

[111]子张：姓颛孙名师，字子张，生于公元前503年，比孔子小48岁，孔子的学生。

[112]干禄：干，求的意思。禄，即古代官吏的俸禄。干禄就是求取官职。

[113]阙：缺。此处意为放置在一旁。

[114]疑：怀疑。

[115]寡尤：寡，少的意思。尤，过错。

[116]哀公：姓姬名蒋，哀是其谥号，鲁国国君，公元前494—前468年在位。

[117]对曰：《论语》中记载对国君及在上位者问话的回答都用“对曰”，以表示尊敬。

[118]举直错诸枉：举，选拔的意思。直，正直公平。错，同“措”，放置。枉，不正直。

[119]季康子：姓季孙名肥，康是他的谥号，鲁哀公时任正卿，是当时政治上最有权势的人。

[120]以：连接词，与“而”同。

[121]劝：勉励。这里是自勉努力的意思。

[122]临：对待。

[123]孝慈：一说当政者自己孝慈；一说当政者引导老百姓孝慈。此处采用后者。

[124]或：有人。不定代词。

[125]奚：疑问词，相当于“为什么”。

[126]《书》：指《尚书》。

[127]施于有政：施，一作施行讲；一作延及讲。

[128]輗：音ní，古代大车车辕前面横木上的木销子。大车指的是牛车。

[129]軏：音yuè，古代小车车辕前面横木上的木销子。没有和，车就不能走。

[130]世：古时称30年为一世。也有的把“世”解释为朝代。

[131]因：因袭、沿用、继承。

[132]损益：减少和增加，即优化、变动之义。

[133]鬼：有两种解释：一是指鬼神，二是指死去的祖先。

[134]谄：音chǎn，谄媚、阿谀。

[135]义：应该做的事就是义。

[136]季氏：鲁国正卿季孙氏，即季平子。

[137]八佾：佾音yì，行列的意思。古时一佾八人，八佾就是64人，据《周礼》规定，只有周天子才可以使用八佾，诸侯为六佾，卿大夫为四佾，士用二佾。季氏是正卿，只能用四佾。

[138]可忍：可以容忍。一说可以忍心。

[139]三家：鲁国当政的三家：孟孙氏、叔孙氏、季孙氏。他们都是鲁桓公的后代，又称“三桓”。

[140]《雍》：《诗经·周颂》中的一篇。古代天子祭宗庙完毕撤去祭品时唱这首诗。

[141]穆穆：庄严肃穆。

[142]堂：接客祭祖的地方。

[143]林放：鲁国人。

[144]易：治理。这里指有关丧葬的礼节仪式办理得很周到。一说谦和、平易。

[145]戚：心中悲哀的意思。

[146]夷狄：古代中原地区的人对周边地区的贬称，谓之不开化，缺乏教养，不知书达礼。

[147]诸夏：古代中原地区华夏族的自称。

[148]亡：同“无”。古书中的“无”字多写作“亡”。

[149]旅：祭名。祭祀山川为旅。当时，只有天子和诸侯才有祭祀名山大川的资格。

[150]冉有：姓冉名求，字子有，生于公元前522年，孔子的弟子，比孔子小29岁。当时是季氏的家臣，所以孔子责备他。

[151]女：同“汝”，你。

[152]救：挽求、劝阻的意思。这里指谏止。

[153]林放：见本篇第四章之注。

[154]射：原意为射箭。此处指古代的射礼。

[155]揖：拱手行礼，表示尊敬。

[156]巧笑倩兮，美目盼兮，素以为绚兮：前两句见《诗经·卫风·硕人》篇。倩，音qiàn，笑得好看。兮，语助词，相当于“啊”。盼，眼睛黑白分明。绚，有文采。

[157]绘事后素：绘，画。素，白底。

[158]起予者商也：起，启发。予，我，孔子自指。商，子夏名商。

[159]杞：春秋时国名，是夏禹的后裔。在今河南杞县一带。

[160]征：证明。

[161]宋：春秋时国名，是商汤的后裔，在今河南商丘一带。

[162]文献：文，指历史典籍；献，指贤人。

[163]禘：音dì，古代只有天子才可以举行的祭祀祖先的非常隆重的典礼。

[164]灌：禘礼中第一次献酒。

[165]吾不欲观之矣：我不愿意看了。

[166]禘之说：说，理论、道理、规定。禘之说，意为关于禘祭的规定。

[167]示诸斯：“斯”指后面的“掌”字。

[168]王孙贾：卫灵公的大臣，时任大夫。

[169]媚：谄媚、巴结、奉承。

[170]奥：这里指屋内位居西南角的神。

[171]灶：这里指灶旁管烹饪做饭的神。

[172]天：以天喻君，一说天即理。

[173]监：音jiàn，同“鉴”，借鉴的意思。

[174]二代：这里指夏代和商代。

[175]郁郁：文采盛貌。丰富、浓郁之意。

[176]太庙：君主的祖庙。鲁国太庙，即周公旦的庙，供鲁国祭祀周公。

[177]鄹：音zōu，春秋时鲁国地名，又写作“陬”，在今山东曲阜附近。“鄹人之子”指孔子。

[178]皮：皮，用兽皮做成的箭靶子。

[179]科：等级。

[180]告朔：朔，农历每月初一为朔日。告朔，古代制度，天子每年秋冬之际，把第二年的历书颁发给诸侯，告知每个月的初一日。

[181]饩羊：饩，音xì。饩羊，祭祀用的活羊。

[182]爱：爱惜，舍不得的意思。

[183]定公：鲁国国君，姓姬名宋，定是谥号。公元前509至前495年在位。

[184]《关雎》：雎，音jū。这是《诗经》的第一篇。此篇写一君子“追求”淑女，思念时辗转反侧，寤寐思之的忧思，以及结婚时钟鼓乐之琴瑟友之的欢乐。

[185]社：土地神，祭祀土神的庙也称社。

[186]宰我：名予，字子我，孔子的学生。

[187]战栗：恐惧，发抖。

[188]管仲：姓管名夷吾，齐国人，春秋时期的法家先驱。齐桓公的宰相，辅助齐桓公成为诸侯的霸主，公元前645年去世。

[189]三归：市租。

[190]摄：兼任。

[191]树塞门：树，树立。塞门，在大门口筑的一道短墙，以别内外，相当于屏风、照壁等。

[192]反坫：坫，音diàn。古代君主招待别国国君时，放置献过酒的空杯子的土台。

[193]语：音yù，告诉，动词用法。

[194]大师：大，音tài。大师是乐官名。

[195]翕：音xī。意为合、聚、协调。

[196]从：音zòng，意为放纵、展开。

[197]纯：美好、和谐。

[198]皦：音jiǎo，音节分明。

[199]绎：连续不断。

[200]仪封人：仪为地名，在今河南兰考县境内。封人，系镇守边疆的官。

[201]从者见之：随行的人见了他。

[202]丧：失去，这里指失去官职。

[203]木铎：木舌的铜铃。古代天子发布政令时摇它以召集听众。

[204]相传是古代歌颂虞舜的一种乐舞。

[205]指乐曲的音调、舞蹈的形式而言。

[206]指乐舞的思想内容而言的。

[207]相传是歌颂周武王的一种乐舞。

[208]里仁为美：里，住处，借作动词用。住在有仁者的地方才好。

[209]处：居住。

[210]知：音zhì，同智。

[211]约：穷困、困窘。

[212]安仁、利仁：安仁是安于仁道；利仁，认为仁有利自己才实行仁道。

[213]好：音hào，喜爱的意思。作动词。

[214]恶：音wù，憎恶、讨厌。作动词。

[215]适：音dí，意为亲近、厚待。

[216]莫：疏远、冷淡。

[217]义：适宜、妥当。

[218]比：亲近、相近、靠近。

[219]怀：不忘记。

[220]土：乡土。

[221]刑：法制惩罚。

[222]放：音fǎng，同“仿”，效法，引申为追求。

[223]怨：别人的怨恨。

[224]何有：全意为“何难之有”，即不难的意思。

[225]如礼何：把礼怎么办？

[226]参：曾参，又称曾子，孔子的学生。

[227]忠恕：忠是“己欲立而立人，己欲达而达人”，也就是忠诚待人。恕是“己所不欲，勿施于人”，也就是推己及人。

[228]义、利：此句中的“义”主要指伦理道德，比“正义”的含义广泛些。孔子这句话引起后世持续的“义利之辩”。

[229]内自省：检查自己有没有类似的缺点。

[230]几：音jī，轻微、婉转的意思。

[231]劳：忧愁、烦劳的意思。

[232]游：指游学、游宦、经商等外出活动。

[233]方：一定的地方。

[234]约：约束。这里指“约之以礼”。少的意思。

[235]鲜：少的意思。

[236]讷：迟钝。这里指说话要谨慎。

[237]敏：敏捷、快速的意思。

[238]数：音shuò，屡次、多次，引申为烦琐的意思。

[239]斯：就。

[240]公冶长：姓公冶名长，齐国人，孔子的弟子。

[241]缧绁：音léi xiè，捆绑犯人用的绳索，这里借指牢狱。

[242]子：古时无论儿、女均称子。

[243]南容：姓南宫名适（音kuò），字子容。孔子的学生，通称他为南容。

[244]道：孔子这里所讲的道，是说国家的政治符合最高的和最好的原则。

[245]废：废置，不任用。

[246]刑戮：刑罚。

[247]子贱：姓宓（音fú），名不齐，字子贱。生于公元前521年，比孔子小49岁。

[248]若人：这个人，此人。

[249]斯焉取斯：斯，此。第一个“斯”指子贱，第二个“斯”字指子贱的品德。

[250]瑚琏：古代祭祀时盛粮食用的器具。

[251]雍：姓冉名雍，字仲弓，生于公元前522年，孔子的学生。

[252]佞：音nìng，能言善辩，有口才。

[253]口给：言语便捷，嘴快话多。

[254]不知其仁：指有口才者有仁与否不可知。

[255]漆雕开：姓漆雕名开，字子开，一说字子若，生于公元前540年，孔子的门徒。

[256]说：音yuè，同“悦”。

[257]桴：音fú，用来过河的木筏子。

[258]从：跟随、从。

[259]赋：兵赋，向居民征收的军事费用。

[260]千室之邑，邑是古代居民的聚居点，大致相当于后来的城镇，有一千户人家的大邑。

[261]百乘之家：指卿大夫的采地，当时大夫有车百乘，是采地中的较大者。

[262]宰：家臣、总管。

[263]赤：姓公西名赤，字子华，生于公元前509年，孔子的学生。

[264]束带立于朝：指穿着礼服立于朝廷。

[265]宾客：指一般客人和来宾。

[266]愈：胜过、超过。

[267]十：指数的全体，旧注云："一，数之数；十，数之终。"

[268]二：旧注云："二者，一之对也。"

[269]与：赞同、同意。

[270]粪土：腐土、脏土。

[271]圬：音wū，抹墙用的抹子。这里指用抹子粉刷墙壁。

[272]诛：意为责备、批评。

[273]与：语气词。

[274]申枨：枨，音chéng。姓申名枨，字周，孔子的学生。

[275]文章：这里指孔子传授的诗书礼乐等。

[276]性：人性。《阳货篇》第十七中谈到性。

[277]天道：天命。《论语》书中孔子多处讲到天和命，但不见有孔子关于天道的言论。

[278]孔文子：卫国大夫孔圉（音yǔ），"文"是谥号，"子"是尊称。

[279]敏：敏捷、勤勉。

[280]子产：姓公孙名侨，字子产，郑国大夫，做过正卿，是郑穆公的孙子，为春秋时郑国的贤相。

[281]晏平仲：齐国的贤大夫，名婴。《史记》卷六十二有他的传。"平"是他的谥号。

[282]久而敬之："之"在这里指代晏平仲。

[283]臧文仲：姓臧孙名辰，"文"是他的谥号。因不遵守周礼，被孔子指责为"不仁""不智"。

[284]蔡：国君用以占卜的大龟。蔡这个地方产龟，所以把大龟叫作蔡。

[285]山节藻棁：节，柱上的斗拱。棁，音zhuō，房梁上的短柱。把斗拱雕成山形，在棁上绘以水草花纹。这是古时装饰天子宗庙的做法。

[286]令尹子文：令尹，楚国的官名，相当于宰相。子文是楚国的著名宰相。

[287]三已：三，指多次。已，罢免。

[288]崔文：齐国大夫崔杼（音zhù），曾杀死齐庄公，在当时引起极大反应。

[289]弑：地位在下的人杀了地位在上的人。

[290]齐君：即指被崔样所杀的齐庄公。

[291]陈文子：陈国的大夫，名须无。

[292]季文子：即季孙行父，鲁成公、鲁襄公时任正卿，"文"是他的谥号。

[293]斯：就。

[294]宁武子：姓宁名俞，卫国大夫，"武"是他的谥号。

[295]愚：这里是装傻的意思。

[296]陈：古国名，大约在今河南东部和安徽北部一带。

[297]吾党之小子：古代以五百家一为党。吾党意即我的故乡。小子，指孔子在鲁国的学生。

[298]狂简：志向远大但行为粗率简单。

[299]斐然：斐，音fěi，有文采的样子。

[300]裁：裁剪，节制。

[301]伯夷、叔齐：殷朝末年孤竹君的两个儿子。父亲死后，二人互相让位，都逃到周文王那里。周武王起兵伐纣，他们认为这是以臣弑君，是不忠不孝的行为，曾加以拦阻。周灭商统一天下后，他们以吃周朝的粮食为耻，逃进深山中以野草充饥，饿死在首阳山中。

[302]恶：嫌隙，仇恨。

[303]希：同“稀”。

[304]微生高：姓微生名高，鲁国人。当时人认为他为直率。

[305]醯：音xī，即醋。

[306]足恭：一说是两只脚作出恭敬逢迎的姿态来讨好别人；另一说是过分恭敬。这里采用后说。

[307]左丘明：姓左丘名明，鲁国人，相传是《左传》一书的作者。

[308]侍：服侍，站在旁边陪着尊贵者叫侍。

[309]盍：何不。

[310]伐：夸耀。

[311]施劳：施，表白。劳，功劳。

[312]少者怀之：让少者得到关怀。

[313]桑伯子：人名，此人生平不可考。

[314]简：简要，不烦琐。

[315]居敬：为人严肃认真，依礼严格要求自己。

[316]行简：指推行政事简而不繁。

[317]临：面临、面对。此处有治理的意思。

[318]无乃：岂不是。

[319]大：同“太”。

[320]不迁怒：不把对此人的怒气发泄到彼人身上。

[321]不贰过：“贰”是重复、一再的意思。这是说不犯同样的错误。

[322]短命死矣：颜回死时年仅31岁。

[323]亡：同“无”。

[324]子华：姓公西名赤，字子华，孔子的学生，比孔子小42岁。

[325]冉子：冉有，在《论语》书中被孔子弟子称为“子”的只有四五个人，冉有即其中之一。

[326]粟：在古文中，粟与米连用时，粟指带壳的谷粒，去壳以后叫作米。粟字单用时，就是指米了。

[327]釜：音fǔ，古代计量单位，一釜约等于六斗四升。

[328]庾：音yǔ，古代计量单位，一庾等于二斗四升。

[329]秉：音bǐng，古代计量单位，十六斛。五秉则是八十斛。古代以十斗为斛。南宋贾似道时才改为五斗一斛，一石两斛，沿用到民国初年，这一计量单位现已废除。周秦的八十斛合今天的十六石。

[330]周：周济、救济。

[331]原思：姓原名宪，字子思，鲁国人。孔子的学生，生于公元前515年。孔子在鲁国任司法官的时候，原思曾做他家的总管。

[332]宰：家宰，管家。

[333]九百：没有说明单位是什么。

[334]邻里乡党：相传古代以五家为邻，二十五家为里，一万二千五百家为乡，五百家为党。此处指原思的同乡，或家乡周边的百姓。

[335]犁牛：即耕牛。古代祭祀用的牛不能以耕牛代替，系红毛长角，单独饲养的。

[336]骍且角：骍，音xīn，红色。祭祀用的牛，毛色为红，角长得端正。

[337]用：用于祭祀。

[338]山川：山川之神。此喻上层统治者。

[339]其舍诸：其，有“怎么会”的意思。舍，舍弃。诸“之于”二字的合音。

[340]三月：指较长的时间。

[341]日月：指较短的时间。

[342]季康子：他在公元前492年继其父为鲁国正卿，此时孔子正在各地游说。八年以后，孔子返回鲁国，冉求正在帮助季康子推行革新措施。孔子于是对此三人作出了评价。

[343]果：果断、决断。

[344]达：通达、顺畅。

[345]艺：有才能技艺。

[346]闵子骞：姓闵名损，字子骞，鲁国人，孔子的学生，比孔子小15岁。

[347]费：音bì，季氏的封邑，在今山东费县西北一带。

[348]复我：再来召我。

[349]汶上：汶，音wèn，水名，即今山东大汶河，当时流经齐、鲁两国之间。在汶上，是说要离开鲁国到齐国去。

[350]伯牛：姓冉名耕，字伯牛，鲁国人，孔子的学生。孔子认为他的“德行”较好。

[351]牖：音yǒu，窗户。

[352]亡之：一作丧夫解，一作死亡解。

[353]夫：音fú，语气词，相当于“吧”。

[354]箪：音dàn，古代盛饭用的竹器。

[355]巷：此处指颜回的住处。

[356]乐：乐于学。

[357]说：音yuè，同“悦”。

[358]画：划定界限，停止前进。

[359]武城：鲁国的小城邑，在今山东费县境内。

[360]焉尔乎：此三个字都是语助词。

[361]澹台灭明：姓澹台名灭明，字子羽，武城人，孔子弟子。

[362]径：小路，引申为邪路。

[363]偃：言偃，即子游，这是他自称其名。

[364]孟之反：名侧，鲁国大夫。

[365]伐：夸耀。

[366]奔：败走。

[367]殿：殿后，在全军最后作掩护。

[368]祝鮀：鮀，音yīn，字子鱼，卫国大夫，有口才，以能言善辩受到卫灵公重用。

[369]而：这里是“与”的意思。

[370]宋朝：宋国的公子朝，《左传》中曾记载他因美丽而惹起乱的事情。

[371]史：虚伪浮夸。

[372]文质彬彬：原意为文与质两种品质的适当结合，后被用来描写文雅有礼的人。

[373]罔：诬罔不直的人。

[374]知之者：这个和后面的三个“之”字代表什么并不明确。从孔子的思想看，可以假定它代表“道”或真理。

[375]樊迟：孔子的学生，名樊须，字子迟，故称樊迟。

[376]先难而后获：先付出力量，然后再求收获。

[377]知者乐水，仁者乐山：“知”，音zhì，同“智”；乐，古音yào，喜爱的意思。

[378]觚：音gū，古代盛酒的器具，上圆下方，有棱，容量约有二升。后来觚被改变了，所以孔子认为觚不像觚。

[379]仁：这里指有仁德的人。

[380]逝：往。

[381]陷：陷入。

[382]文：指各种文献、经典。

[383]畔：同“叛”。

[384]南子：卫国灵公的夫人，当时实际上左右着卫国政权，有淫乱的行为。

[385]说：音yuè，同“悦”。

[386]矢：同“誓”，此处讲发誓。

[387]否：不对，不是，指做了不正当的事。

[388]中庸：中，谓之无过无不及。庸，平常。

[389]子贡：端木赐，字子贡，是孔子的重要门徒之一，他口才好，是位外交家。

[390]尧、舜：古代传说中的圣君。

[391]己欲达而达人：另一种解释是：自己想理解，也帮助别人理解。

[392]能近取譬：从自己的愿望出发，推己及人。

[393]述而不作：这表示孔子认为他的思想是其前代圣人思想的继续和阐明。他整理古籍，但并不著书，也许与这种认识有关。

[394]老彭：究竟指谁，尚无定论。有人认为指老子和彭祖（古代一个长寿的贵族），也有人认为指商代的一个名老彭的大夫。

[395]识：音zhì，记住。此句中的“之”应代表知识。

[396]何有于我哉：另一种理解是“我做到哪些呢？”

[397]徙：音xǐ，迁移。此处指靠近义、做到义。

[398]燕居：安居、家居、闲居。

[399]申申：衣冠整洁。

[400]夭夭：行动迟缓、斯文和舒和的样子。

[401]周公：姓姬名旦，周文王的儿子，周武王的弟弟，成王的叔父，鲁国国君的始祖，传说是西周典章制度的制定者，他是孔子所崇拜的所谓“圣人”之一。

[402]游于艺：“艺”指六艺，即礼、乐、射、御、书、数。人应愉快地学习六艺，如游憩其中。

[403]束脩：脩，音xiū，干肉，又叫脯。束脩就是十条干肉。孔子要求他的学生，初次见面时要拿十条干肉作为学费。后来，就把学生奉给老师的学费叫作“束脩”。

[404]愤：心求通而尚未通。

[405]悱：音fěi，口欲言而不能言。

[406]舍之则藏：舍，舍弃，不用。藏，隐藏。

[407]夫：语气词，相当于“吧”。

[408]三军：是当时大国所有的军队，每军约一万二千五百人。

[409]与：在一起的意思。

[410]暴虎：空拳赤手与老虎进行搏斗。

[411]冯河：无船而徒步过河。冯，音píng。

[412]临事不惧：惧是谨慎、警惕的意思。遇到事情便格外小心谨慎。

[413]富：指升官发财。

[414]求：指合于道，可以去求。

[415]执鞭之士：古代为天子、诸侯和官员出入时手执皮鞭开路的人。意思指地位低下的职事。另一种说法是市场的守门人，手执皮鞭来维持秩序。

[416]齐：同斋，斋戒。古人在祭祀前要沐浴更衣，不吃荤，不饮酒，不与妻妾同寝，整洁身心，表示虔诚之心，这叫作斋戒。

[417]韶：舜时古乐曲名。

[418]为：这里是帮助的意思。

[419]卫君：卫出公辄，是卫灵公的孙子。公元前492年—前481年在位。他的父亲因谋杀南子而被卫灵公驱逐出国。灵公死后，辄被立为国君，其父回国与他争位。

[420]诺：答应的说法。

[421]饭疏食，饭，这里是“吃”的意思，作动词。疏食即粗粮。

[422]曲肱：肱，音gōng，胳膊，由肩至肘的部位。曲肱，即弯着。

[423]加：这里通“假”字，给予的意思。

[424]易：指《易经》，古代占卜用的一部书。

[425]雅言：周王朝的京畿之地在今陕西地区，以陕西语音为标准音的周王朝官话，在当时被称作“雅言”。孔子平日谈话时用鲁国的方言，但在诵读《诗》《书》和赞礼时，则以当时陕西语音为准。

[426]叶公：楚国叶县的县长，名叫沈诸梁，是位贤官。

[427]子路：孔子门徒。

[428]云尔：如此而已。

[429]知之，求之：这两个“之”字代表什么并不明确，语译中姑且用“知识”作为两个动词的宾语。也可以认为“之”字代表“道”。

[430]桓魋：魋，音tuí，任宋国主管军事行政的官——司马，是宋桓公的后代。

[431]二三子：这里指孔子的学生们。

[432]文：文献、古籍等。

[433]行：指德行，也指社会实践方面的内容。

[434]忠：尽己之谓忠，对人尽心竭力的意思。

[435]信：以实之谓信。诚实的意思。

[436]斯：就。

[437]恒：指恒心。

[438]约：穷困。

[439]泰：这里是奢侈的意思。

[440]纲：大绳。这里作动词用。在水面上拉一根大绳，在大绳上系许多渔钩来钓鱼，叫纲。

[441]弋：音yì，用带绳子的箭来射鸟。

[442]宿：指归巢歇宿的鸟儿。

[443]互乡：地名，具体所在已无可考。

[444]与：赞许。

[445]进、退：一说进步、退步；一说进见请教，退出以后的作为。

[446]洁己：洁身自好，努力修养，成为有德之人。

[447]不保其往：保，一说担保，一说保守。往，一说过去，一说将来。

[448]陈司败：陈国主管司法的官，姓名不详，也有人说是齐国大夫，姓陈名司败。

[449]昭公：鲁国的君主，名惆，音chóu，公元前541至前510年在位。“昭”是谥号。

[450]揖：作揖，行拱手礼。

[451]巫马期：姓巫马名施，字子期，孔子的学生，比孔子小30岁。

[452]党：偏袒、包庇的意思。

[453]取：同“娶”。

[454]为同姓：鲁国和吴国的国君同姓姬。周礼规定：同姓不婚，昭公娶同姓女，是违礼的行为。

[455]吴孟子：鲁昭公夫人。春秋时代，国君夫人的称号，一般是她出生的国名加上她的姓，但因她姓姬，故称为吴孟子，而不称吴姬。

[456]莫：约莫、大概、差不多。

[457]抑：转折的语气词，“只不过是”的意思。

[458]为之：指圣与仁。

[459]云尔：这样说。

[460]疾病：疾指有病，病指病情严重。

[461]请祷：向鬼神请求和祷告，即祈祷。

[462]有诸：诸，“之于”的合音。意为：有这样的事吗。

[463]《诔》音lěi，祈祷文。

[464]神祇：祇：音qí，古代称天神为神，地神为祇。

[465]孙：同“逊”，恭顺。不孙，即为不顺，这里的意思是“越礼”。

[466]固：简陋、鄙陋。这里是寒酸的意思。

[467]坦荡荡：心胸宽广、开阔、容忍。

[468]长戚戚：经常忧愁、烦恼的样子。

[469]泰伯：周代始祖古公亶父的长子。

[470]三：多次的意思。

[471]民无得而称焉：百姓找不到合适的词句来赞扬他。

[472]葸：音xǐ，畏惧不前。

[473]绞：尖刻刺人。

[474]偷：无情义。

[475]启：开启，曾子让学生掀开被子看自己的手脚。

[476]诗云：以下三句引自《诗经·小雅·小旻》篇。

[477]免：指身体免于损伤。

[478]小子：对弟子的称呼。

[479]孟敬子：即鲁国大夫孟孙捷。

[480]问：探望、探视。

[481]动容貌：使自己的仪态威严。

[482]暴慢：粗暴、放肆。

[483]正颜色：使自己的脸色庄重。

[484]出辞气：出言，说话。指注意说话的言辞和口气。

[485]鄙倍：鄙，粗野。倍同“背”，背理。

[486]笾豆之事：笾（音biān）和豆都是古代祭祀和典礼中的用具。

[487]有司：指主管某一方面事务的官吏，这里指主管祭祀、礼仪事务的官吏。

[488]校：音jiào，同“较”，计较。

[489]吾友：我的朋友。旧注上一般都认为这里指颜渊。

[490]托六尺之孤：孤：死去父亲的小孩叫孤，六尺指15岁以下，古人以七尺指成年。托孤，受君主临终前的嘱托辅佐幼君。

[491]寄百里之命：寄，寄托、委托。百里之命，指掌握国家政权和命运。

[492]弘毅：弘，广大。毅，强毅。

[493]兴：开始。

[494]疾：恨、憎恨。

[495]不仁：不符合仁德的人或事。

[496]已甚：已，太。已甚，即太过分。

[497]谷：古代以谷作为官吏的俸禄，这里用“谷”字代表做官。不至于谷，即不做官。

[498]见：音xiàn，同“现”。

[499]师挚之始：师挚是鲁国的太师。“始”是乐曲的开端，即序曲。古代奏乐，开端叫“升歌”，一般由太师演奏，师挚是太师，所以这里说是“师挚之始”。

[500]《关雎》之乱：“始”是乐曲的开端，“乱”是乐曲的终了。“乱”是合奏乐。此时奏《关雎》乐章，所以叫“《关雎》之乱”。

[501]狂：急躁、急进。

[502]侗：音tóng，幼稚无知。

[503]愿：谨慎、小心、朴实。

[504]悾悾：音kōng，同“空”，诚恳的样子。

[505]巍巍：崇高、高大的样子。

[506]舜禹：舜是传说中的圣君明主。禹是夏朝的第一个国君。传说古时代，尧禅位给舜，舜后来又禅位给禹。

[507]与：参与、相关的意思。

[508]尧：中国古代传说中的圣君。

[509]则：效法。

[510]荡荡：广大的样子。

[511]名：形容、称说、称赞。

[512]舜有臣五人：传说是禹、稷、契、皋陶、伯益等人。契：音xiè。陶，音táo。

[513]乱臣：据《说文》：“乱，治也。”此处所说的“乱臣”，应为“治国之臣”。

[514]唐虞之际：传说亮在位的时代叫唐，舜在位的时代叫虞。

[515]斯：指周武王时期。

[516]有妇人焉：指武王的乱臣十人中有武王之妻邑姜。

[517]三分天下有其二：《逸周书·程典篇》说：“文王令九州之侯，奉勤于商。”相传当时分九州，文王得六州，是三分之二。

[518]间：空隙的意思。此处用作动词。

[519]菲：菲薄，不丰厚。

[520]致：致力、努力。

[521]黻冕：音fǔmiǎn，祭祀时穿的礼服叫黻；祭祀时戴的帽子叫冕。

[522]卑：低矮。

[523]沟洫：洫，音xù，沟渠。

[524]罕：稀少，很少。

[525]达巷党人：古代五百家为一党，达巷是党名。这是说达巷这地方的人。

[526]博学而无所成名：学问渊博，因而不能以某一方面来称道他。

[527]麻冕：麻布制成的礼帽。

[528]纯：丝绸，黑色的丝。

[529]俭：俭省，麻冕费工，用丝则俭省。

[530]拜下：大臣面见君主前，先在堂下跪拜，再到堂上跪拜。

[531]泰：这里指骄纵、傲慢。

[532]意：同“臆”，猜想、猜疑。

[533]必：必定。

[534]固：固执己见。

[535]我：指自私，唯我独尊。

[536]畏于匡：匡，地名，在今河南省长垣县西南。畏，受到威胁。公元前496年，孔子从卫国到陈国去经过匡地。匡人曾受到鲁国阳虎的掠夺和残杀。孔子的相貌与阳虎相像，匡人误以孔子就是阳虎，所以将他围困。

[537]文王：周文王，姓姬名昌，西周开国之君周武王的父亲。

[538]兹：这里，指孔子自己。

[539]后死者：孔子这里指自己。

[540]与：同“举”，这里是掌握的意思。

[541]如予何：奈我何，把我怎么样。

[542]太宰：官名，掌握国君宫廷事务。这里的太宰，有人说是吴国的太宰伯，但不能确认。

[543]纵：让，使，不加限量。

[544]鄙事：卑贱的事情。

[545]牢：郑玄说此人系孔子的学生，但在《史记·仲尼弟子列传》中未见此人。

[546]试：用，被任用。

[547]鄙夫：孔子称乡下人、社会下层的人。

[548]空空如也：指孔子自己心中空空无知。

[549]叩：叩问、询问。

[550]两端：两头，指正反、始终、上下方面。

[551]竭：穷尽、尽力追究。

[552]凤鸟：古代传说中的一种神鸟。传说凤鸟在舜和周文王时代都出现过，它的出现象征着“圣王”将要出世。

[553]河不出图：传说在上古伏羲氏时代，黄河中有龙马背负八卦图而出。它的出现也象征着“圣王”将要出世。

[554]齐衰：音zīcuī，丧服，古时用麻布制成。

[555]冕衣裳者：指贵族。

[556]瞽：音gǔ，盲。

[557]作：站起来，表示敬意。

[558]趋：快步走，表示敬意。

[559]喟：音kuì，叹息的样子。

[560]弥：更加，越发。

[561]钻：钻研。

[562]瞻：音zhān，视、看。

[563]循循然善诱人：循循然，有次序地。诱，劝导，引导。

[564]卓尔：高大、超群的样子。

[565]末由：末，无、没有。由，途径，路径。这里是没有办法的意思。

[566]为臣：臣，指家臣，总管。孔子当时不是大夫，没有家臣，但子路让门人充当孔子的家臣，准备由此人负责总管安葬孔子之事。

[567]病间：病情减轻。

[568]无宁：宁可。“无”是发语词，没有意义。

[569]大葬：指大夫之葬。

[570]韫椟：音yùn dú，收藏物件的匣子。

[571]善贾：识货的商人。

[572]沽：卖出去。

[573]九夷：中国古代对于东方少数民族的通称。

[574]陋：鄙野，文化闭塞，不开化。

[575]自卫反鲁：公元前484年（鲁哀公十一年）冬，孔子从卫国返回鲁国，结束了14年游历不定的生活。

[576]乐正：调整乐曲的篇章。

[577]《雅》、《颂》：指雅乐、颂乐等乐曲名称。也指《诗经》中两类不同的诗的名称。

[578]篑：音kuì，土筐。

[579]秀：稻、麦等庄稼吐穗扬花叫秀。

[580]法语之言：法，指礼仪规则。这里指以礼法规则正言规劝。

[581]巽与之言：巽，音xùn，恭顺，谦逊。与，称许，赞许。这里指恭顺赞许的话。

[582]说：音yuè，同“悦”。

[583]绎：原义为“抽丝”，这里指推究，追求，分析，鉴别。

[584]末：没有。

[585]三军：一万二千五百人为一军，三军包括大国所有的军队。此处言其多。

[586]匹夫：平民百姓，主要指男子。

[587]衣：穿，当动词用。

[588]敝缊袍：敝，坏。缊，音yùn，旧的丝绵絮。这里指破旧的丝绵袍。

[589]狐貉：用狐和貉的皮做的裘皮衣服。

[590]不忮不求，何用不臧：这两句见《诗经·邶风·雄雉》篇。忮，音zhì，害的意思。臧，善，好。

[591]适道：适，往。这里是志于道，追求道的意思。

[592]立：坚持道而不变。

[593]权：秤锤。这里引申为权衡轻重。

[594]唐棣：一种植物，属蔷薇科，落叶灌木。

[595]偏其反而：形容花摇动的样子。

[596]室是远而：只是住的地方太远了。

[597]恂恂：音xún，温和恭顺。

[598]便便：辩，善于辞令。

[599]侃侃：说话理直气壮，不卑不亢，温和快乐的样子。

[600]訚訚：音yín，正直，和颜悦色而又能直言诤辩。

[601]踧踖：音cù jí，恭敬而不安的样子。

[602]与与：小心谨慎、威仪适中的样子。

[603]摈：音bìn，动词，负责招待国君的官员。

[604]色勃如也：脸色立即庄重起来。

[605]足躩：躩，音jué，脚步快的样子。

[606]襜：音chán，整齐之貌。

[607]翼如也：如鸟儿展翅一样。

[608]鞠躬如：谨慎而恭敬的样子。

[609]履阈：阈，音yù，门槛，脚踩门槛。

[610]摄齐：齐，音zi，衣服的下摆。摄，提起。提起衣服的下摆。

[611]降一等：从台阶上走下一级。

[612]逞：舒展开，松口气。

[613]没阶：走完了台阶。

[614]圭：一种上圆下方的玉器，举行典礼时，不同身份的人拿着不同的圭。出使邻国，大夫拿着圭作为代表君主的凭信。

[615]战色：战战兢兢的样子。

[616]蹜蹜：小步走路的样子。

[617]如有循：循，沿着。好像沿着一条直线往前走一样。

[618]享礼：享，献上。指向对方贡献礼物的仪式。使者受到接见后，接着举行献礼仪式。

[619]觌：音dí，会见。

[620]不以绀饰：绀，音gàn，深青透红，斋戒时服装的颜色。緅，音zōu，黑中透红，丧服的颜色。这里是说，不以深青透红或黑中透红颜色的布给平常穿的衣服镶上边作饰物。

[621]红紫不以为亵服：亵服，平时在家里穿的衣服。古人认为，红紫不是正色，便服不宜用红紫色。

[622]袗絺绤：袗，音zhěn，单衣。絺，音chi，细葛布。绤，音xì，粗葛布。这里是说，穿粗的或细的葛布单衣。

[623]必表而出之：把麻布单衣穿在外面，里面还要衬有内衣。

[624]缁衣：黑色的衣服。

[625]羔裘：羔皮衣。古代的羔裘都是黑羊皮，毛皮向外。

[626]麑：音ní，小鹿，白色。

[627]短右袂：袂，音me，袖子。右袖短一点，是为了便于做事。

[628]寝衣：睡衣。

[629]狐貉之厚以居：狐貉之厚，厚毛的狐貉皮。居，坐。

[630]帷裳：上朝和祭祀时穿的礼服，用整幅布制作，不加以裁。

[631]必杀之：一定要裁去多余的布。杀，裁。

[632]羔裘玄冠：黑色的羔羊皮袍和黑色的礼帽。

[633]不以吊：不用于丧事。

[634]吉月：每月初一。一说正月初一。

[635]齐：同“斋”。

[636]明衣：斋前沐浴后穿的浴衣。

[637]变食：改变平常的饮食。指不饮酒，不吃葱、蒜等有刺激味的食物。

[638]居必迁坐：指从内室迁到外室居住，不和妻妾同房。

[639]脍：音kuài，切细的鱼、肉。

[640]饐：音yì，陈旧。食物放置时间长了。

[641]餲：音ài，变味了。

[642]馁：音něi，鱼腐烂，这里指鱼不新鲜。

[643]饪：烹调制作饭菜。

[644]气：同“饩”，音xì，即粮食。

[645]不及乱：乱，指酒醉。不到酒醉时。

[646]脯：音fǔ，熟肉干。

[647]不宿肉：不使肉过夜。古代大夫参加国君祭祀以后，可以得到国君赐的祭肉。但祭祀活动一般要持续两三天，所以这些肉就已经不新鲜，不能再过夜了。超过三天，就不能再过夜了。

[648]祭肉：这是祭祀用的肉。

[649]菜羹：用菜做成的汤。

[650]瓜祭：古人在吃饭前，把席上各种食品分出少许，放在食具之间祭祖。

[651]齐：同“斋”。

[652]席：古代没有椅子和桌子，人们都坐在铺于地面的席子上。

[653]乡人饮酒：指当时的乡饮酒礼。

[654]杖者：拿拐杖的人，指老年人。

[655]傩：音nuó。古代迎神驱鬼的宗教仪式。

[656]阼阶：阼，音zuò，东面的台阶。主人立在大堂东面的台阶，在这里欢迎客人。

[657]问：问候。古代人在问候时往往要致送礼物。

[658]再拜而送之：在送别客人时，两次拜别。

[659]腥：生肉。

[660]荐：供奉。

[661]东首：头朝东。

[662]绅：束在腰间的大带子。

[663]朋友：指与孔子志同道合的人。

[664]殡：停放灵柩和埋葬都可以叫殡，这里是泛指丧葬事务。

[665]齐衰：zi cui，指丧服。

[666]狎：音xiá，亲近的意思。

[667]瞽者：盲人，指乐师。

[668]亵：音xiè，常见、熟悉。

[669]凶服：丧服。

[670]式：同“轼”，古代车辆前部的横木。这里作动词用。遇见地位高的人或其他人时，驭手身子向前微俯，伏在横木上，以示尊敬或者同情。这在当时是一种礼节。

[671]负版者：背负国家图籍的人。当时无纸，用木板来书写，故称“版”。

[672]馔：音zhuàn，饮食。盛馔，盛大的宴席。

[673]作：站起来。

[674]绥：上车时扶手用的索带。

[675]内顾：回头看。

[676]疾言：大声说话。

[677]不亲指：不用自己的手指点。

[678]色斯举矣：色，脸色。举，鸟飞起来。

[679]翔而后集：飞翔一阵，然后落到树上。鸟群停在树上叫。

[680]山梁雌雉：聚集在山上的母野鸡。

[681]时哉时哉：得其时呀！得其时呀！这是说野鸡时运好，能自由飞翔，自由落下。

[682]共：同“拱”。

[683]三嗅而作：嗅应为狊字之误。狊，音jú，鸟张开两翅。一本作“戛”字，鸟的长叫声。

Confucius

The First Ten Books

TRANSLATED BY
D. C. LAU

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Book Ⅰ

1． The Master said, 'Is it not a pleasure, having learned something, to try it out at due intervals? Is it not a joy to have friends come from afar? Is it not gentlemanly not to take offence when others fail to appreciate your abilities?'

2． Yu Tzu said, 'It is rare for a man whose character is such that he is good as a son and obedient as a young man to have the inclination to transgress against his superiors; it is unheard of for one who has no such inclination to be inclined to start a rebellion. The gentleman devotes his efforts to the roots, for once the roots are established, the Way will grow therefrom. Being good as a son and obedient as a young man is, perhaps, the root of a man's character.'

3． The Master said, 'It is rare, indeed, for a man with cunning words and an ingratiating face to be benevolent.'

4． Tseng Tzu said, 'Every day I examine myself on three counts. In what I have undertaken on another's behalf, have I failed to do my best? In my dealings with my friends have I failed to be trustworthy in what I say? Have I passed on to others anything that I have not tried out myself?'

5． The Master said, 'In guiding a state of a thousand chariots, approach your duties with reverence and be trustworthy in what you say; avoid excesses in expenditure and love your fellow men; employ the labour of the common people only in the right seasons.'

6． The Master said, 'A young man should be a good son at home and an obedient young man abroad, sparing of speech but trustworthy in what he says, and should love the multitude at large but cultivate the friendship of his fellow men. If he has any energy to spare from such action, let him devote it to making himself cultivated.'

7． Tzu-hsia said, 'I would grant that a man has received instruction who

appreciates men of excellence where other men appreciate beautiful women, who exerts himself to the utmost in the service of his parents and offers his person to the service of his lord, and who, in his dealings with his friends, is trustworthy in what he says, even though he may say that he has never been taught.'

8. The Master said, 'A gentleman who lacks gravity does not inspire awe. A gentleman who studies is unlikely to be inflexible.

'Make[1] it your guiding principle to do your best for others and to be trustworthy in what you say. Do not accept as friend anyone who is not as good as you.

'When you make a mistake, do not be afraid of mending your ways.'

9. Tseng Tzu said, 'Conduct the funeral of your parents with meticulous care and let not sacrifices to your remote ancestors be forgotten, and the virtue of the common people will incline towards fullness.'

10. Tzu-ch'in asked Tzu-kung, 'When the Master arrives in a state, he invariably gets to know about its government. Does he seek this information? or is it given him?'

Tzu-kung said, 'The Master gets it through being cordial, good, respectful, frugal and deferential. The way the Master seeks it is, perhaps, different from the way other men seek it.'

11. The Master said, 'Observe what a man has in mind to do when his father is living, and then observe what he does when his father is dead. If, for three years, he makes no changes to his father's ways, he can be said to be a good son.'[2]

12. Yu Tzu said, 'Of the things brought about by the rites, harmony is the most valuable. Of the ways of the Former Kings, this is the most beautiful, and is followed alike in matters great and small, yet this will not always work: to aim always at harmony without regulating it by the rites simply because one knows only about harmony will not, in fact, work.'

13. Yu Tzu said, 'To be trustworthy in word is close to being moral in that it enables one's words to be repeated. To be respectful is close to being

observant of the rites in that it enables one to stay clear of disgrace and insult. If, in promoting good relationship with relatives by marriage, a man manages not to lose the good will of his own kinsmen, he is worthy of being looked up to as the head of the clan.'

14．The Master said, 'The gentleman seeks neither a full belly nor a comfortable home. He is quick in action but cautious in speech. He goes to men possessed of the Way to be put right. Such a man can be described as eager to learn.'

15．Tzu-kung said, '"Poor without being obsequious, wealthy without being arrogant." What do you think of this saying?'

The Master said, 'That will do, but better still "Poor yet delighting in the Way, wealthy yet observant of the rites."'

Tzu-kung said, 'The Odes say,

> Like bone cut, like horn polished,
> Like jade carved, like stone ground.

Is not what you have said a case in point?'

16．The Master said, 'Ssu, only with a man like you can one discuss the Odes. Tell such a man something and he can see its relevance to what he has not been told.'

The Master said, 'It is not the failure of others to appreciate your abilities that should trouble you, but rather your failure to appreciate theirs.'

注释

【1】 The whole of what follows is found also in Ⅸ.25.

【2】 This sentence is found again in Ⅳ.20.

Book Ⅱ

1. The Master said, 'The rule of virtue can be compared to the Pole Star which commands the homage of the multitude of stars without leaving its place.'

2. The Master said, 'The Odes are three hundred in number. They can be summed up in one phrase,

> Swerving not from the right path.'[1]

3. The Master said, 'Guide them by edicts, keep them in line with punishments, and the common people will stay out of trouble but will have no sense of shame. Guide them by virtue, keep them in line with the rites, and they will, besides having a sense of shame, reform themselves.'

4. The Master said, 'At fifteen I set my heart on learning; at thirty I took my stand; at forty I came to be free from doubts; at fifty I understood the Decree of Heaven; at sixty my ear was atuned;[2] at seventy I followed my heart's desire without overstepping the line.'

5. Meng Yi Tzu asked about being filial. The Master answered, 'Never fail to comply.'

Fan Ch'ih was driving. The Master told him about the interview, saying, 'Meng-sun asked me about being filial. I answered, "Never fail to comply."'

Fan Ch'ih asked, 'What does that mean?'

The Master said, 'When your parents are alive, comply with the rites in serving them; when they die, comply with the rites in burying them; comply with the rites in sacrificing to them.'

6. Meng Wu Po asked about being filial. The Master said, 'Give your father and mother no other cause for anxiety than illness.'

7. Tzu-yu asked about being filial. The Master said, 'Nowadays for a man to

be filial means no more than that he is able to provide his parents with food. Even hounds and horses are, in some way, provided with food. If a man shows no reverence, where is the difference?'

8. Tzu-hsia asked about being filial. The Master said, 'What is difficult to manage is the expression on one's face. As for the young taking on the burden when there is work to be done or letting the old enjoy the wine and the food when these are available, that hardly deserves to be called filial.'

9. The Master said, 'I can speak to Hui all day without his disagreeing with me in any way. Thus he would seem to be stupid. However, when I take a closer look at what he does in private after he has withdrawn from my presence, I discover that it does, in fact, throw light on what I said. Hui is not stupid after all.'

10. The Master said, 'Look at the means a man employs, observe the path he takes and examine where he feels at home. In what way is a man's true character hidden from view? In what way is a man's true character hidden from view?'

11. The Master said, 'A man is worthy of being a teacher who gets to know what is new by keeping fresh in his mind what he is already familiar with.'

12. The Master said, 'The gentleman is no vessel.'[3]

13. Tzu-kung asked about the gentleman. The Master said, 'He puts his words into action before allowing his words to follow his action.'

14. The Master said, 'The gentleman enters into associations but not cliques; the small man enters into cliques but not associations.'

15. The Master said, 'If one learns from others but does not think, one will be bewildered. If, on the other hand, one thinks but does not learn from others, one will be in peril.'

16. The Master said, 'To attack a task from the wrong end can do nothing but harm.'

17. The Master said, 'Yu, shall I tell you what it is to know. To say you know when you know, and to say you do not when you do not, that is knowledge.'

18. Tzu-chang was studying with an eye to an official career. The Master said, 'Use your ears widely but leave out what is doubtful; repeat the rest with caution and you will make few mistakes. Use your eyes widely and leave out what is hazardous; put the rest into practice with caution and you will have few regrets. When in your speech you make few mistakes and in your action you have few regrets, an official career will follow as a matter of course.'

19. Duke Ai asked, 'What must I do before the common people will look up to me?'

Confucius answered, 'Raise the straight and set them over the crooked and the common people will look up to you. Raise the crooked and set them over the straight and the common people will not look up to you.'

20. Chi K'ang Tzu asked, 'How can one inculcate in the common people the virtue of reverence, of doing their best and of enthusiasm?'

The Master said, 'Rule over them with dignity and they will be reverent; treat them with kindness and they will do their best; raise the good and instruct those who are backward and they will be imbued with enthusiasm.'

21. Someone said to Confucius, 'Why do you not take part in government?'

The Master said, 'The Book of History says, "Oh! Simply by being a good son and friendly to his brothers a man can exert an influence upon government." In so doing a man is, in fact, taking part in government. How can there be any question of his having actively to "take part in government"?'

22. The Master said, 'I do not see how a man can be acceptable who is untrustworthy in word. When a pin is missing in the yoke-bar of a large cart or in the collar-bar of a small cart, how can the cart be expected to go?'

23. Tzu-chang asked, 'Can ten generations hence be known?'

The Master said, 'The Yin built on the rites of the Hsia. What was added

and what was omitted can be known. The Chou built on the rites of the Yin. What was added and what was omitted can be known. Should there be a successor to the Chou, even a hundred generations hence can be known.'

24． The Master said, 'To offer sacrifice to the spirit of an ancestor not one's own is obsequious.

'Faced with what is right, to leave it undone shows a lack of courage.'

注释

【1】 This line is from Ode 297 where it describes a team of horses going straight ahead without swerving to left or right.

【2】 The expression erh shun is very obscure and the translation is tentative.

【3】 i.e., he is no specialist, as every vessel is designed for a specific purpose only.

Book Ⅲ

1． Confucius said of the Chi Family, 'They use eight rows of eight dancers each[1] to perform in their courtyard. If this can be tolerated, what cannot be tolerated?'

2． The Three Families[2] performed the yung[3] when the sacrificial offerings were being cleared away. The Master said,

> 'In attendance were the great lords,
> In solemn dignity was the Emperor.

What application has this to the halls of the Three Families?'

3． The Master said, 'What can a man do with the rites who is not benevolent? What can a man do with music who is not benevolent?'

4． Lin Fang asked about the basis of the rites. The Master said, 'A noble question indeed! With the rites, it is better to err on the side of frugality than on the side of extravagance; in mourning, it is better to err on the side of grief than on the side of formality.'

5． The Master said, 'Barbarian tribes with their rulers are inferior to Chinese states without them.'

6． The Chi Family were going to perform the sacrifice to Mount T'ai.[4] The Master said to Jan Ch'iu,[5] 'Can you not save the situation?'

'No. I cannot.'

The Master said, 'Alas! Who would have thought that Mount T'ai would suffer in comparison with Lin Fang?'[6]

7． The Master said, 'There is no contention between gentlemen. The nearest to it is, perhaps, archery. In archery they bow and make way for one another as they go up and on coming down they drink together. Even the way they

contend is gentlemanly.'

8. Tzu-hsia asked,

> 'Her entrancing smile dimpling,
> Her beautiful eyes glancing,
> Patterns of colour upon plain silk.

What is the meaning of these lines?'

The Master said, 'The colours are put in after the white.'

'Does the practice of the rites likewise come afterwards?'

The Master said, 'It is you, Shang, who have thrown light on the text for me. Only with a man like you can one discuss the Odes.'

9. The Master said, 'I am able to discourse on the rites of the Hsia, but the state of Ch'i does not furnish sufficient supporting evidence; I am able to discourse on the rites of the Yin, but the state of Sung does not furnish sufficient supporting evidence. This is because there are not enough records and men of erudition. Otherwise I would be able to support what I say with evidence.'

10. The Master said, 'I do not wish to witness that part of the ti sacrifice[7] which follows the opening libation to the impersonator.'[8]

11. Someone asked about the theory of the ti sacrifice. The Master said, 'It is not something I understand, for whoever understands it will be able to manage the Empire as easily as if he had it here,' pointing to his palm.

12. 'Sacrifice as if present' is taken to mean 'sacrifice to the gods as if the gods were present.'

The Master, however, said, 'Unless I take part in a sacrifice, it is as if I did not sacrifice.'

13. Wang-sun Chia said,

> 'Better to be obsequious to the kitchen stove
> Than to the south-west corner of the house.[9]

What does that mean?'

The Master said, 'The saying has got it wrong. When you have offended against Heaven, there is nowhere you can turn to in your prayers.'

14. The Master said, 'The Chou is resplendent in culture, having before it the example of the two previous dynasties.[10] I am for the Chou.'

15. When the Master went inside the Grand Temple,[11] he asked questions about everything. Someone remarked, 'Who said that the son of the man from Tsou[12] understood the rites? When he went inside the Grand Temple, he asked questions about everything.'

The Master, on hearing of this, said, 'The asking of questions is in itself the correct rite.'

16. The Master said,

> 'In archery the point lies not in piercing the hide,[13]
> For the reason that strength varies from man to man.

This was the way of antiquity.'

17. Tzu-kung wanted to do away with the sacrificial sheep at the announcement of the new moon. The Master said, 'Ssu, you are loath to part with the price of the sheep, but I am loath to see the disappearance of the rite.'

18. The Master said, 'You will be looked upon as obsequious by others if you observe every detail of the rites in serving your lord.'

19. Duke Ting asked, 'What is the way the ruler should employ the services of his subjects? What is the way a subject should serve his ruler?'

Confucius answered, 'The ruler should employ the services of his subjects in accordance with the rites. A subject should serve his ruler by doing his best.'

20. The Master said, 'In the kuan chü[14] there is joy without wantonness, and sorrow without self-injury.'

21. Duke Ai asked Tsai Wo about the altar to the god of earth. Tsai Wo

replied, 'The Hsia used the pine, the Yin used the cedar, and the men of Chou used the chestnut (li), saying that it made the common people tremble (li).'

The Master, on hearing of this reply, commented, 'One does not explain away what is already done, one does not argue against what is already accomplished, and one does not condemn what has already gone by.'

22. The Master said, 'Kuan Chung was, indeed, a vessel of small capacity.'

Someone remarked, 'Was Kuan Chung frugal, then?'

'Kuan Chung kept three separate establishments, each complete with its own staff. How can he be called frugal?'

'In that case, did Kuan Chung understand the rites?'

'Rulers of states erect gate-screens; Kuan Chung erected such a screen as well. The ruler of a state, when entertaining the ruler of another state, has a stand for inverted cups; Kuan Chung had such a stand as well. If even Kuan Chung understood the rites, who does not understand them?'

23. The Master talked of music to the Grand Musician of Lu, saying, 'This much can be known about music. It begins with playing in unison. When it gets into full swing, it is harmonious, clear and unbroken. In this way it reaches the conclusion.'

24. The border official of Yi requested an audience, saying, 'I have never been denied an audience by any gentleman who has come to this place.' The followers presented him. When he came out, he said, 'What worry have you, gentlemen, about the loss of office? The Empire has long been without the Way. Heaven is about to use your Master as the wooden tongue for a bell.'[15]

25. The Master said of the shao[16] that it was both perfectly beautiful and perfectly good, and of the wu[17] that it was perfectly beautiful but not perfectly good.

26. The Master said, 'What can I find worthy of note in a man who is lacking in tolerance when in high position, in reverence when performing the rites and in sorrow when in mourning?'

注释

【1】 A prerogative of the Emperor.

【2】 The three noble families of the state of Lu: Meng-sun, Shu-sun and Chi-sun.
【3】 Ode 282, from which the couplet quoted comes.
【4】 Not being the lord of the state of Lu, the head of the Chi Family was not entitled to perform the sacrifice to Mount T'ai and it would be a violation of the rites for Mount T'ai to accept the sacrifice.
【5】 Who was in the service of the Chi Family.
【6】 See Ⅲ.4 above where Lin Fang showed a concern for the basis of the rites.
【7】 An important sacrifice performed by the Emperor, but the privilege of performing it was granted to the Duke of Chou, the founder of the state of Lu.
【8】 The young boy or girl who impersonates the dead ancestor to whom the offerings are made.
【9】 By 'the south-west corner of the house', which is the place of honour, Wang-sun Chia, being a minister of Wei, presumably meant to refer to the lord of Wei and by 'the kitchen stove' to himself.
【10】 The Hsia and the Yin.
【11】 The temple of the Duke of Chou, the founder of the state of Lu.
【12】 The man from Tsou refers to Confucius' father.
【13】 i.e., the bull's eye fixed in the centre of a cloth target.
【14】 The first ode in the Odes.
【15】 To rouse the Empire.
【16】 The music of Shun who came to the throne through the abdication of Yao.
【17】 The music of King Wu who came to the throne through overthrowing the Yin by military force.

Book Ⅳ

1. The Master said, 'Of neighbourhoods benevolence is the most beautiful. How can the man be considered wise who, when he has the choice, does not settle in benevolence?'

2. The Master said, 'One who is not benevolent cannot remain long in straitened circumstances, nor can he remain long in easy circumstances.

'The benevolent man is attracted to benevolence because he feels at home in it. The wise man is attracted to benevolence because he finds it to his advantage.'

3. The Master said, 'It is only the benevolent man who is capable of liking or disliking other men.'

4. The Master said, 'If a man sets his heart on benevolence, he will be free from evil.'

5. The Master said, 'Wealth and high station are what men desire but unless I got them in the right way I would not remain in them. Poverty and low station are what men dislike, but even if I did not get them in the right way I would not try to escape from them.[1]

'If the gentleman forsakes benevolence, in what way can he make a name for himself? The gentleman never deserts benevolence, not even for as long as it takes to eat a meal. If he hurries and stumbles one may be sure that it is in benevolence that he does so.'

6. The Master said, 'I have never met a man who finds benevolence attractive or a man who finds unbenevolence[2] repulsive. A man who finds benevolence attractive cannot be surpassed. A man who finds unbenevolence repulsive can, perhaps, be counted as benevolent, for he would not allow what is not benevolent to contaminate his person.

'Is there a man who, for the space of a single day, is able to devote all his strength to benevolence? I have not come across such a man whose strength

proves insufficient for the task. There must be such cases of insufficient strength, only I have not come across them.'

7. The Master said, 'In his errors a man is true to type. Observe the errors and you will know the man.'

8. The Master said, 'He has not lived in vain who dies the day he is told about the Way.'

9. The Master said, 'There is no point in seeking the views of a Gentleman who, though he sets his heart on the Way, is ashamed of poor food and poor clothes.'

10. The Master said, 'In his dealings with the world the gentleman is not invariably for or against anything. He is on the side of what is moral.'

11. The Master said, 'While the gentleman cherishes benign rule, the small man cherishes his native land. While the gentleman cherishes a respect for the law, the small man cherishes generous treatment.'[3]

12. The Master said, 'If one is guided by profit in one's actions, one will incur much ill will.'

13. The Master said, 'If a man is able to govern a state by observing the rites and showing deference, what difficulties will he have in public life? If he is unable to govern a state by observing the rites and showing deference, what good are the rites to him?'

14. The Master said, 'Do not worry because you have no official position. Worry about your qualifications. Do not worry because no one appreciates your abilities. Seek to be worthy of appreciation.'

15. The Master said, 'Ts'an! There is one single thread binding my way together.'

Tseng Tzu assented.

After the Master had gone out, the disciples asked, 'What did he mean?'

Tseng Tzu said, 'The way of the Master consists in doing one's best and

in using oneself as a measure to gauge others. That is all.'

16． The Master said, 'The gentleman understands what is moral. The small man understands what is profitable.'

17． The Master said, 'When you meet someone better than yourself, turn your thoughts to becoming his equal. When you meet someone not as good as you are, look within and examine your own self.'

18． The Master said, 'In serving your father and mother you ought to dissuade them from doing wrong in the gentlest way. If you see your advice being ignored, you should not become disobedient but remain reverent. You should not complain even if in so doing you wear yourself out.'

19． The Master said, 'While your parents are alive, you should not go too far afield in your travels. If you do, your whereabouts should always be known.'

20． The Master said, 'If, for three years, a man makes no changes to his father's ways, he can be said to be a good son.'

21． The Master said, 'A man should not be ignorant of the age of his father and mother. It is a matter, on the one hand, for rejoicing and, on the other, for anxiety.'

22． The Master said, 'In antiquity men were loath to speak. This was because they counted it shameful if their person failed to keep up with their words.'

23． The Master said, 'It is rare for a man to miss the mark through holding on to essentials.'

24． The Master said, 'The gentleman desires to be halting in speech but quick in action.'

25． The Master said, 'Virtue never stands alone. It is bound to have neighbours.'

26．Tzu-yu said, 'To be importunate with one's lord will mean humiliation. To be importunate with one's friends will mean estrangement.'

注释

【1】 This sentence is most likely to be corrupt. The negative is probably an interpolation and the sentence should read: 'Poverty and low station are what men dislike, but if I got them in the right way I would not try to escape from them.'

【2】 The word 'unbenevolence' has been coined because the original word has a positive meaning lacking in 'non-benevolence'.

【3】 The distinction here between 'the gentleman' and 'the small man' is not, as is often the case, drawn between the ruler and the ruled but within the class of the ruled.

Book Ⅴ

1． The Master said of Kung-yeh Ch'ang that he was a suitable choice for a husband, for though he was in gaol it was not as though he had done anything wrong. He gave him his daughter in marriage.

2． The Master said of Nan-jung that when the Way prevailed in the state he was not cast aside and when the Way fell into disuse he stayed clear of the humiliation of punishment. He gave him his elder brother's daughter in marriage.

3． The Master's comment on Tzu-chien was 'What a gentleman this man is! If there were no gentlemen in Lu where could he have acquired his qualities?'

4． Tzu-kung asked, 'What do you think of me?'

The Master said, 'You are a vessel.'

'What kind of vessel?'

'A sacrificial vessel.'[1]

5． Someone said, 'Yung is benevolent but does not have a facile tongue.'

The Master said, 'What need is there for him to have a facile tongue? For a man quick with a retort there are frequent occasions on which he will incur the hatred of others. I cannot say whether Yung is benevolent or not, but what need is there for him to have a facile tongue?'

6． The Master told Ch'i-tiao K'ai to take office. Ch'i-tiao K'ai said, 'I cannot trust myself to do so yet.' The Master was pleased.

7． The Master said, 'If the Way should fail to prevail and I were to put to sea on a raft, the one who would follow me would no doubt be Yu.' Tzu-lu, on hearing this, was overjoyed. The Master said, 'Yu has a greater love for courage than I, but is lacking in judgement.'

8． Meng Wu Po asked whether Tzu-lu was benevolent. The Master said, 'I

cannot say.' Meng Wu Po repeated the question. The Master said, 'Yu can be given the responsibility of managing the military levies in a state of a thousand chariots, but whether he is benevolent or not I cannot say.'

'What about Ch'iu?'

The Master said, 'Ch'iu can be given the responsibility as a steward in a town with a thousand households or in a noble family with a hundred chariots, but whether he is benevolent or not I cannot say.'

'What about Ch'ih?'

The Master said, 'When Ch'ih, putting on his sash, takes his place at court, he can be given the responsibility of conversing with the guests, but whether he is benevolent or not I cannot say.'

9. The Master said to Tzu-kung, 'Who is the better man, you or Hui?'

'How dare I compare myself with Hui? When he is told one thing he understands ten. When I am told one thing I understand only two.'

The Master said, 'You are not as good as he is. Neither of us is as good as he is.'

10. Tsai Yü was in bed in the daytime. The Master said, 'A piece of rotten wood cannot be carved, nor can a wall of dried dung be trowelled. As far as Yü is concerned what is the use of condemning him?' The Master added, 'I used to take on trust a man's deeds after having listened to his words. Now having listened to a man's words I go on to observe his deeds. It was on account of Yü that I have changed in this respect.'

11. The Master said, 'I have never met anyone who is truly unbending.'

Someone said, 'What about Shen Ch'eng?'

The Master said, 'Ch'eng is full of desires. How can he be unbending?'

12. Tzu-kung said, 'While I do not wish others to impose on me, I also wish not to impose on others.'

The Master said, 'Ssu, that is quite beyond you.'

13. Tzu-kung said, 'One can get to hear about the Master's accomplishments, but one cannot get to hear his views on human nature and the Way of Heaven.'

14. Before he could put into practice something he had heard, the only thing Tzu-lu feared was that he should be told something further.

15. Tzu-kung asked, 'Why was K'ung Wen Tzu called "wen"?'
The Master said, 'He was quick and eager to learn: he was not ashamed to seek the advice of those who were beneath him in station. That is why he was called "wen".'

16. The Master said of Tzu-ch'an that he had the way of the gentleman on four counts: he was respectful in the manner he conducted himself; he was reverent in the service of his lord; in caring for the common people, he was generous and, in employing their services, he was just.

17. The Master said, 'Yen P'ing-chung excelled in friendship: even after long acquaintance he treated his friends with reverence.'

18. The Master said, 'When housing his great tortoise, Tsang Wen-chung had the capitals of the pillars carved in the shape of hills and the rafterposts painted in a duckweed design. What is one to think of his intelligence?'

19. Tzu-chang asked, 'Ling Yin[2] Tzu-wen gave no appearance of pleasure when he was made prime minister three times. Neither did he give any appearance of displeasure when he was removed from office three times. He always told his successor what he had done during his term of office. What do you think of this?'
The Master said, 'He can, indeed, be said to be a man who does his best.'
'Can he be said to be benevolent?'
'He cannot even be said to be wise. How can he be said to be benevolent?'
'When Ts'ui Tzu assassinated the Lord of Ch'i, Ch'en Wen Tzu who owned ten teams of four horses each abandoned them and left the state. On arriving in another state, he said, "The officials here are no better than our Counsellor Ts'ui Tzu." He left and went to yet another state. Once more, he said, "The officials here are no better than our Counsellor Ts'ui Tzu," and he again left. What do you think of this?'
The Master said, 'He can, indeed, be said to be pure.'
'Can he be said to be benevolent?'

'He cannot even be said to be wise. How can he be said to be benevolent?'

20. Chi Wen Tzu always thought three times before taking action. When the Master was told of this, he commented, 'Twice is quite enough.'

21. The Master said, 'Ning Wu Tzu was intelligent when the Way prevailed in the state, but stupid when it did not. Others may equal his intelligence but they cannot equal his stupidity.'

22. When he was in Ch'en, the Master said, 'Let us go home. Let us go home. Our young men at home are wildly ambitious, and have great accomplishments for all to see, but they do not know how to prune themselves.'

23. The Master said, 'Po Yi and Shu Ch'i never remembered old scores. For this reason they incurred little ill will.'

24. The Master said, 'Who said Wei-sheng Kao was straight? Once when someone begged him for vinegar, he went and begged it off a neighbour to give it to him.'

25. The Master said, 'Cunning words, an ingratiating face and utter servility, these things Tso-ch'iu Ming found shameful. I, too, find them shameful. To be friendly towards someone while concealing one's hostility, this Tso-ch'iu Ming found shameful. I, too, find it shameful.'

26. Yen Yüan and Chi-lu were in attendance. The Master said, 'I suggest you each tell me what it is you have set your hearts on.'

Tzu-lu said, 'I should like to share my carriage and horses, clothes and furs with my friends, and to have no regrets even if they become worn.'

Yen Yüan said, 'I should like never to boast of my own goodness and never to impose onerous tasks upon others.'

Tzu-lu said, 'I should like to hear what you have set your heart on.'

The Master said, 'To bring peace to the old, to have trust in my friends, and to cherish the young.'

27．The Master said, 'I suppose I should give up hope. I have yet to meet the man who, on seeing his own errors, is able to take himself to task inwardly.'

28．The Master said, 'In a hamlet of ten households, there are bound to be those who are my equal in doing their best for others and in being trustworthy in what they say, but they are unlikely to be as eager to learn as I am.'

注释

【1】 Made of jade.
【2】 This was the title in the state of Ch'u for the prime minister.

Book Ⅵ

1. The Master said, 'Yung could be given the seat facing south.'[1]

2. Chung-kung asked about Tzu-sang Po-tzu. The Master said, 'It is his simplicity of style that makes him acceptable.'

Chung-kung said, 'In ruling over the common people, is it not acceptable to hold oneself in reverence and merely to be simple in the measures one takes? On the other hand, is it not carrying simplicity too far to be simple in the way one holds oneself as well as in the measures one takes?'

The Master said, 'Yung is right in what he says.'

3. When Duke Ai asked which of his disciples was eager to learn, Confucius answered, 'There was one Yen Hui who was eager to learn. He did not vent his anger upon an innocent person, nor did he make the same mistake twice. Unfortunately his allotted span was a short one and he died. Now there is no one. No one eager to learn has come to my notice.'

4. Jan Tzu asked for grain for the mother of Tzu-hua who was away on a mission to Ch'i. The Master said, 'Give her one fu.'[2] Jan Tzu asked for more. 'Give her one yü.' Jan Tzu gave her five ping of grain.

The Master said, 'Ch'ih went off to Ch'i drawn by well-fed horses and wearing light furs. I have heard it said, A gentleman gives to help the needy and not to maintain the rich in style.'

5. On becoming his[3] steward, Yüan Ssu was given nine hundred measures of grain which he declined. The Master said, 'Can you not find a use for it in helping the people in your neighbourhood?'

6. The Master said of Chung-kung, 'Should a bull born of plough cattle have a sorrel coat and well-formed horns, would the spirits of the mountains and rivers allow it to be passed over even if we felt it was not good enough to be used?'

7. The Master said, 'In his heart for three months at a time Hui does not lapse from benevolence. The others attain benevolence merely by fits and starts.'

8. Chi K'ang Tzu asked, 'Is Chung Yu good enough to be given office?'

The Master said, 'Yu is resolute. What difficulties could there be for him in taking office?'

'Is Ssu good enough to be given office?'

'Ssu is a man of understanding. What difficulties could there be for him in taking office?'

'Is Ch'iu good enough to be given office?'

'Ch'iu is accomplished. What difficulties could there be for him in taking office?'

9. The Chi Family wanted to make Min Tzu-ch'ien the steward of Pi. Min Tzu-ch'ien said, 'Decline the offer for me tactfully. If anyone comes back for me, I shall be on the other side of the River Wen.'[4]

10. Po-niu was ill. The Master visited him and, holding his hand through the window, said, 'We are going to lose him. It must be Destiny. Why else should such a man be stricken with such a disease? Why else should such a man be stricken with such a disease?'

11. The Master said, 'How admirable Hui is! Living in a mean dwelling on a bowlful of rice and a ladleful of water is a hardship most men would find intolerable, but Hui does not allow this to affect his joy. How admirable Hui is!'

12. Jan Ch'iu said, 'It is not that I am not pleased with your way, but rather that my strength gives out.' The Master said, 'A man whose strength gives out collapses along the course. In your case you set the limits beforehand.'

13. The Master said to Tzu-hsia, 'Be a gentleman ju,[5] not a petty ju.'

14. Tzu-yu was the steward of Wu Ch'eng. The Master said, 'Have you made any discoveries there?'

'There is one T'an-t'ai Mieh-ming who never takes short-cuts and who

has never been to my room except on official business.'

15. The Master said, 'Meng chih Fan was not given to boasting. When the army was routed, he stayed in the rear. But on entering the gate, he goaded his horse on, saying, 'I did not lag behind out of presumption. It was simply that my horse refused to go forward.'

16. The Master said, 'You may have the good looks of Sung Chao, but you will find it difficult to escape unscathed in this world if you do not, at the same time, have the eloquence of the Priest T'uo.'

17. The Master said, 'Who can go out without using the door? Why, then, does no one follow this Way?'

18. The Master said, 'When there is a preponderance of native substance over acquired refinement, the result will be churlishness. When there is a preponderance of acquired refinement over native substance, the result will be pedantry. Only a well-balanced admixture of these two will result in gentlemanliness.'

19. The Master said, 'That a man lives is because he is straight. That a man who dupes others survives is because he has been fortunate enough to be spared.'

20. The Master said, 'To be fond of something is better than merely to know it, and to find joy in it is better than merely to be fond of it.'

21. The Master said, 'You can tell those who are above average about the best, but not those who are below average.'

22. Fan Ch'ih asked about wisdom. The Master said, 'To work for the things the common people have a right to and to keep one's distance from the gods and spirits while showing them reverence can be called wisdom.'

Fan Ch'ih asked about benevolence. The Master said, 'The benevolent man reaps the benefit only after overcoming difficulties. That can be called benevolence.'

23. The Master said, 'The wise find joy in water; the benevolent find joy in mountains. The wise are active; the benevolent are still. The wise are joyful; the benevolent are long-lived.'

24. The Master said, 'At one stroke Ch'i can be made into a Lu, and Lu, at one stroke, can be made to attain the Way.'

25. The Master said, 'A ku[6] that is not truly a ku. A ku indeed! A ku indeed!'

26. Tsai Wo asked, 'If a benevolent man was told that there was another benevolent man in the well, would he, nevertheless, go and join him?'

The Master said, 'Why should that be the case? A gentleman can be sent there, but cannot be lured into a trap. He can be deceived, but cannot be duped.'

27. The Master said, 'The gentleman widely versed in culture but brought back to essentials by the rites can, I suppose, be relied upon not to turn against what he stood for.'

28. The Master went to see Nan Tzu.[7] Tzu-lu was displeased. The Master swore, 'If I have done anything improper, may Heaven's curse be on me, may Heaven's curse be on me!'

29. The Master said, 'Supreme indeed is the Mean as a moral virtue. It has been rare among the common people for quite a long time.'

30. Tzu-kung said, 'If there were a man who gave extensively to the common people and brought help to the multitude, what would you think of him? Could he be called benevolent?'

The Master said, 'It is no longer a matter of benevolence with such a man. If you must describe him, "sage" is, perhaps, the right word. Even Yao and Shun would have found it difficult to accomplish as much. Now, on the other hand, a benevolent man helps others to take their stand in so far as he himself wishes to take his stand,[8] and gets others there in so far as he himself wishes to get there. The ability to take as analogy what is near at hand[9] can be called the method of benevolence.'

注释

【1】 The seat of the ruler.

【2】 Fu, yü and ping are dry measures in ascending order of capacity.

【3】 i.e., Confucius'.

【4】 i.e., over the border into the state of Ch'i.

【5】 The original meaning of the word is uncertain, but it probably referred to men for whom the qualities of the scholar were more important than those of the warrior. In subsequent ages, ju came to be the name given to the Confucianists.

【6】 A drinking vessel with a regulation capacity.

【7】 The notorious wife of Duke Ling of Wei.

【8】 It is on the rites that one takes one's stand. Cf. 'Take your stand on the rites' (Ⅷ.8).

【9】 viz., oneself.

Book Ⅶ

1. The Master said, 'I transmit but do not innovate; I am truthful in what I say and devoted to antiquity. I venture to compare myself to our Old P'eng.'[1]

2. The Master said, 'Quietly to store up knowledge in my mind, to learn without flagging, to teach without growing weary, these present me with no difficulties.'

3. The Master said, 'It is these things that cause me concern: failure to cultivate virtue, failure to go more deeply into what I have learned, inability, when I am told what is right, to move to where it is, and inability to reform myself when I have defects.'

4. During his leisure moments, the Master remained correct though relaxed.

5. The Master said, 'How I have gone downhill! It has been such a long time since I dreamt of the Duke of Chou.'

6. The Master said, 'I set my heart on the Way, base myself on virtue, lean upon benevolence for support and take my recreation in the arts.'

7. The Master said, 'I have never denied instruction to anyone who, of his own accord, has given me so much as a bundle of dried meat as a present.'

8. The Master said, 'I never enlighten anyone who has not been driven to distraction by trying to understand a difficulty or who has not got into a frenzy trying to put his ideas into words.

'When I have pointed out one corner of a square to anyone and he does not come back with the other three, I will not point it out to him a second time.'

9. When eating in the presence of one who had been bereaved, the Master

never ate his fill.

10. On a day he had wept, the Master did not sing.

11. The Master said to Yen Yüan, 'Only you and I have the ability to go forward when employed and to stay out of sight when set aside.'

Tzu-lu said, 'If you were leading the Three Armies whom would you take with you?'

The Master said, 'I would not take with me anyone who would try to fight a tiger with his bare hands or to walk across the River[2] and die in the process without regrets. If I took anyone it would have to be a man who, when faced with a task, was fearful of failure and who, while fond of making plans, was capable of successful execution.'

12. The Master said, 'If wealth were a permissible pursuit, I would be willing even to act as a guard holding a whip outside the market place. If it is not, I shall follow my own preferences.'

13. Fasting, war and sickness were the things over which the Master exercised care.

14. The Master heard the shao[3] in Ch'i and for three months did not notice the taste of the meat he ate. He said, 'I never dreamt that the joys of music could reach such heights.'

15. Jan Yu said, 'Is the Master on the side of the Lord of Wei?'[4] Tzu-kung said, 'Well, I shall put the question to him.'

He went in and said, 'What sort of men were Po Yi and Shu Ch'i?'

'They were excellent men of old.'

'Did they have any complaints?'

'They sought benevolence and got it. So why should they have any complaints?'

When Tzu-kung came out, he said, 'The Master is not on his side.'

16. The Master said, 'In the eating of coarse rice and the drinking of water, the using of one's elbow for a pillow, joy is to be found. Wealth and rank attained through immoral means have as much to do with me as passing

clouds.'

17. The Master said, 'Grant me a few more years so that I may study at the age of fifty and I shall be free from major errors.'

18. What the Master used the correct pronunciation for: the Odes, the Book of History and the performance of the rites. In all these cases he used the correct pronunciation.

19. The Governor of She asked Tzu-lu about Confucius. Tzu-lu did not answer. The Master said, 'Why did you not simply say something to this effect: he is the sort of man who forgets to eat when he tries to solve a problem that has been driving him to distraction, who is so full of joy that he forgets his worries and who does not notice the onset of old age?'

20. The Master said, 'I was not born with knowledge but, being fond of antiquity, I am quick to seek it.'

21. The topics the Master did not speak of were prodigies, force, disorder and gods.

22. The Master said, 'Even when walking in the company of two other men, I am bound to be able to learn from them. The good points of the one I copy; the bad points of the other I correct in myself.'

23. The Master said, 'Heaven is author of the virtue that is in me. What can Huan T'ui do to me?'[5]

24. The Master said, 'My friends, do you think I am secretive? There is nothing which I hide from you. There is nothing I do which I do not share with you, my friends. There is Ch'iu for you.'

25. The Master instructs under four heads: culture, moral conduct, doing one's best and being trustworthy in what one says.

26. The Master said, 'I have no hopes of meeting a sage. I would be content if I met someone who is a gentleman.'

The Master said, 'I have no hopes of meeting a good man. I would be content if I met someone who has constancy. It is hard for a man to have constancy who claims to have when he is wanting, to be full when he is empty and to be comfortable when he is in straitened circumstances.'

27. The Master used a fishing line but not a cable;[6] he used a corded arrow but not to shoot at roosting birds.

28. The Master said, 'There are presumably men who innovate without possessing knowledge, but that is not a fault I have. I use my ears widely and follow what is good in what I have heard; I use my eyes widely and retain what I have seen in my mind. This constitutes a lower level of knowledge.'

29. People of Hu Hsiang were difficult to talk to. A boy was received and the disciples were perplexed. The Master said, 'Approval of his coming does not mean approval of him when he is not here. Why should we be so exacting? When a man comes after having purified himself, we approve of his purification but we cannot vouch for his past.'[7]

30. The Master said, 'Is benevolence really far away? No sooner do I desire it than it is here.'

31. Ch'en Ssu-pai asked whether Duke Chao was versed in the rites. Confucius said, 'Yes.'

After Confucius had gone, Ch'en Ssu-pai, bowing to Wu-ma Ch'i, invited him forward and said, 'I have heard that the gentleman does not show partiality. Does he show it nevertheless? The Lord took as wife a daughter of Wu, who thus is of the same clan as himself,[8] but he allows her to be called Wu Meng Tzu.[9] If the Lord is versed in the rites, who isn't?'

When Wu-ma Ch'i recounted this to him, the Master said, 'I am a fortunate man. Whenever I make a mistake, other people are sure to notice it.'[10]

32. When the Master was singing in the company of others and liked someone else's song, he always asked to hear it again before joining in.

33. The Master said, 'In unstinted effort I can compare with others, but in

being a practising gentleman I have had, as yet, no success.'

34. The Master said, 'How dare I claim to be a sage or a benevolent man? Perhaps it might be said of me that I learn without flagging and teach without growing weary.' Kung-hsi Hua said, 'This is precisely where we disciples are unable to learn from your example.'

35. The Master was seriously ill. Tzu-lu asked permission to offer a prayer. The Master said, 'Was such a thing ever done?' Tzu-lu said, 'Yes, it was. The prayer offered was as follows: pray thus to the gods above and below.' The Master said, 'In that case, I have long been offering my prayers.'

36. The Master said, 'Extravagance means ostentation, frugality means shabbiness. I would rather be shabby than ostentatious.'

37. The Master said, 'The gentleman is easy of mind, while the small man is always full of anxiety.'

38. The Master is cordial yet stern, awe-inspiring yet not fierce, and respectful yet at ease.

注释

【1】 It is not clear who Old P'eng was.

【2】 In ancient Chinese literature, 'the River' meant the Yellow River.

【3】 The music of Shun. Cf. III.25.

【4】 i.e., Che, known in history as the Ousted Duke, son of Prince K'uai K'ui who was son of Duke Ling. After failing in an attempt to kill Nan Tzu, the notorious wife of his father, Prince K'uai K'ui fled to Chin. On the death of Duke Ling, Che came to the throne. With the backing of the Chin army, Prince K'uai K'ui managed to install himself in the city of Ch'i in Wei, waiting for an opportunity to oust his son. At that time Confucius was in Wei, and what Jan Yu wanted to know was whether he was for Che.

【5】 According to tradition, this was said on the occasion when Huan T'ui, the Minister of War in Sung, attempted to kill him.

【6】 Attached to a net.

【7】 It has been suggested that this sentence should stand at the beginning of Confucius' remark.

【8】 Bearing the name Chi.

【9】 when she should be called Wu Chi. Calling her Wu Meng Tzu was an attempt to gloss over the fact that she shared the same clan name of Chi.

【10】 Being a native of Lu, Confucius would rather be criticized for partiality than appear to be openly critical of the Duke.

Book Ⅷ

1．The Master said, 'Surely T'ai Po can be said to be of the highest virtue. Three times he abdicated his right to rule over the Empire, and yet he left behind nothing the common people could acclaim.'

2．The Master said, 'Unless a man has the spirit of the rites, in being respectful he will wear himself out, in being careful he will become timid, in having courage he will become unruly, and in being forthright he will become intolerant.

'When the gentleman feels profound affection for his parents, the common people will be stirred to benevolence. When he does not forget friends of long standing, the common people will not shirk their obligations to other people.'

3．When he was seriously ill Tseng Tzu summoned his disciples and said, 'Take a look at my hands. Take a look at my feet. The Odes say,

> In fear and trembling,
> As if approaching a deep abyss,
> As if walking on thin ice.[1]

Only now am I sure of being spared,[2] my young friends.'

4．Tseng Tzu was seriously ill. When Meng Ching Tzu visited him, this was what Tseng Tzu said,

> 'Sad is the cry of a dying bird;
> Good are the words of a dying man.

There are three things which the gentleman values most in the Way: to stay clear of violence by putting on a serious countenance, to come close to being trusted by setting a proper expression on his face, and to avoid being boorish and unreasonable by speaking in proper tones. As for the business of sacrificial vessels, there are officials responsible for that.'

5. Tseng Tzu said, 'To be able yet to ask the advice of those who are not able. To have many talents yet to ask the advice of those who have few. To have yet to appear to want. To be full yet to appear empty.[3] To be transgressed against yet not to mind. It was towards this end that my friend[4] used to direct his efforts.'

6. Tseng Tzu said, 'If a man can be entrusted with an orphan six ch'ih[5] tall, and the fate of a state one hundred li square, without his being deflected from his purpose even in moments of crisis, is he not a gentleman? He is, indeed, a gentleman.'

7. Tseng Tzu said, 'A Gentleman must be strong and resolute, for his burden is heavy and the road is long. He takes benevolence as his burden. Is that not heavy? Only with death does the road come to an end. Is that not long?'

8. The Master said, 'Be stimulated by the Odes, take your stand on the rites and be perfected by music.'

9. The Master said, 'The common people can be made to follow a path but not to understand it.'

10. The Master said, 'Being fond of courage while detesting poverty will lead men to unruly behaviour. Excessive detestation of men who are not benevolent will provoke them to unruly behaviour.'

11. The Master said, 'Even with a man as gifted as the Duke of Chou, if he was arrogant and miserly, then the rest of his qualities would not be worthy of admiration.'

12. The Master said, 'It is not easy to find a man who can study for three years without thinking about earning a salary.'

13. The Master said, 'Have the firm faith to devote yourself to learning, and abide to the death in the good way. Enter not a state that is in peril; stay not in a state that is in danger. Show yourself when the Way prevails in the Empire, but hide yourself when it does not. It is a shameful matter to be poor and

humble when the Way prevails in the state. Equally, it is a shameful matter to be rich and noble when the Way falls into disuse in the state.'

14. The Master said, 'Do not concern yourself with matters of government unless they are the responsibility of your office.'

15. The Master said, 'When Chih, the Master Musician, begins to play and when the Kuan chü[6] comes to its end, how the sound fills the ear!'

16. The Master said, 'Men who reject discipline and yet are not straight, men who are ignorant and yet not cautious, men who are devoid of ability and yet not trustworthy are quite beyond my understanding.'

17. The Master said, 'Even with a man who urges himself on in his studies as though he was losing ground, my fear is still that he may not make it in time.'

18. The Master said, 'How lofty Shun and Yü were in holding aloof from the Empire when they were in possession of it.'

19. The Master said, 'Great indeed was Yao as a ruler! How lofty! It is Heaven that is great and it was Yao who modelled himself upon it. He was so boundless that the common people were not able to put a name to his virtues. Lofty was he in his successes and brilliant was he in his accomplishments!'

20. Shun had five officials and the Empire was well governed. King Wu said, 'I have ten capable officials.'

Confucius commented, 'How true it is that talent is difficult to find! The period of T'ang and Yü[7] was rich in talent.[8] With a woman amongst them, there were, in fact, only nine.[9] The Chou continued to serve the Yin when it was in possession of two-thirds of the Empire. Its virtue can be said to have been the highest.'

21. The Master said, 'With Yü I can find no fault. He ate and drank the meanest fare while making offerings to ancestral spirits and gods with the utmost devotion proper to a descendant. He wore coarse clothes while sparing no splendour in his robes and caps on sacrificial occasions. He lived

in lowly dwellings while devoting all his energy to the building of irrigation canals. With Yü I can find no fault.'

注释

【1】 Ode 195.

【2】 i.e., to have avoided, now that he was on the point of death, the risk of the mutilation of his body — a duty which he owed to his parents.

【3】 This is in contrast to the man 'who claims to have when he is wanting, to be full when he is empty' (Ⅶ.26).

【4】 According to tradition, this refers to Yen Hui.

【5】 The ch'ih in Tseng Tzu's time was much shorter than the modern foot.

【6】 The first ode in the Odes.

【7】 T'ang here is the name of Yao's dynasty and Yü the name of Shun's dynasty, not to be confused with T'ang the founder of the Yin or Shang dynasty and Yü the founder of the Hsia dynasty.

【8】 Yet Shun had only five officials.

【9】 In the case of King Wu.

Book Ⅸ

1. The occasions on which the Master talked about profit, Destiny and benevolence were rare.

2. A man from a village in Ta Hsiang said, 'Great indeed is Confucius! He has wide learning but has not made a name for himself in any field.' The Master, on hearing of this, said, to his disciples, 'What should I make myself proficient in? In driving? or in archery? I think I would prefer driving.'

3. The Master said, 'A ceremonial cap of linen is what is prescribed by the rites. Today black silk is used instead. This is more frugal and I follow the majority. To prostrate oneself before ascending the steps is what is prescribed by the rites. Today one does so after having ascended them. This is casual and, though going against the majority, I follow the practice of doing so before ascending.'

4. There were four things the Master refused to have anything to do with: he refused to entertain conjectures or insist on certainty; he refused to be inflexible or to be egotistical.

5. When under siege in K'uang, the Master said, 'With King Wen dead, is not culture (wen) invested here in me? If Heaven intends culture to be destroyed, those who come after me will not be able to have any part of it. If Heaven does not intend this culture to be destroyed, then what can the men of K'uang do to me?'

6. The t'ai tsai[1] asked Tzu-kung, 'Surely the Master is a sage, is he not? Otherwise why should he be skilled in so many things?' Tzu-kung said, 'It is true, Heaven set him on the path to sagehood. However, he is skilled in many things besides.'

The Master, on hearing of this, said, 'How well the t'ai tsai knows me! I was of humble station when young. That is why I am skilled in many menial things. Should a gentleman be skilled in many things? No, not at all.'

7. Lao[2] said, 'The Master said, "I have never been proved in office. That is why I am a Jack of all trades."'

8. The Master said, 'Do I possess knowledge? No, I do not. A rustic put a question to me and my mind was a complete blank. I kept hammering at the two sides of the question until I got everything out of it.'[3]

9. The Master said, 'The Phoenix does not appear nor does the River offer up its Chart.[4] I am done for.'

10. When the Master encountered men who were in mourning or in ceremonial cap and robes or were blind, he would, on seeing them, rise to his feet, even though they were younger than he was, and, on passing them, would quicken his step.[5]

11. Yen Yüan, heaving a sigh, said, 'The more I look up at it the higher it appears. The more I bore into it the harder it becomes. I see it before me. Suddenly it is behind me.

'The Master is good at leading one on step by step. He broadens me with culture and brings me back to essentials by means of the rites. I cannot give up even if I wanted to, but, having done all I can, it[6] seems to rise sheer above me and I have no way of going after it, however much I may want to.'

12. The Master was seriously ill. Tzu-lu told his disciples to act as retainers.[7] During a period when his condition had improved, the Master said, 'Yu has long been practising deception. In pretending that I had retainers when I had none, who would we be deceiving? Would we be deceiving Heaven? Moreover, would I not rather die in your hands, my friends, than in the hands of retainers? And even if I were not given an elaborate funeral, it is not as if I was dying by the wayside.'

13. Tzu-kung said, 'If you had a piece of beautiful jade here, would you put it away safely in a box or would you try to sell it for a good price?' The Master said, 'Of course I would sell it. Of course I would sell it. All I am waiting for is the right offer.'

14. The Master wanted to settle amongst the Nine Barbarian Tribes of the east. Someone said, 'But could you put up with their uncouth ways?' The Master said, 'Once a gentleman settles amongst them, what uncouthness will there be?'

15. The Master said, 'It was after my return from Wei to Lu that the music was put right, with the ya and the sung[8] being assigned their proper places.'

16. The Master said, 'To serve high officials when abroad, and my elders when at home, in arranging funerals not to dare to spare myself, and to be able to hold my drink — these are trifles that give me no trouble.'

17. While standing by a river, the Master said, 'What passes away is, perhaps, like this. Day and night it never lets up.'

18. The Master said, 'I have yet to meet the man who is as fond of virtue as he is of beauty in women.'

19. The Master said, 'As in the case of making a mound, if, before the very last basketful, I stop, then I shall have stopped. As in the case of levelling the ground, if, though tipping only one basketful, I am going forward, then I shall be making progress.'

20. The Master said, 'If anyone can listen to me with unflagging attention, it is Hui, I suppose.'

21. The Master said of Yen Yüan, 'I watched him making progress, but I did not see him realize his capacity to the full. What a pity!'

22. The Master said, 'There are, are there not, young plants that fail to produce blossoms, and blossoms that fail to produce fruit?'

23. The Master said, 'It is fitting that we should hold the young in awe. How do we know that the generations to come will not be the equal of the present? Only when a man reaches the age of forty or fifty without distinguishing himself in any way can one say, I suppose, that he does not deserve to be held in awe.'

24. The Master said, 'One cannot but give assent to exemplary words, but what is important is that one should rectify oneself. One cannot but be pleased with tactful words, but what is important is that one should reform oneself. I can do nothing with the man who gives assent but does not rectify himself or the man who is pleased but does not reform himself.'

25. The Master said, 'Make it your guiding principle to do your best for others and to be trustworthy in what you say. Do not accept as friend anyone who is not as good as you. When you make a mistake do not be afraid of mending your ways.'

26. The Master said, 'The Three Armies can be deprived of their commanding officer, but even a common man cannot be deprived of his purpose.'

27. The Master said, 'If anyone can, while dressed in a worn-out gown padded with old silk floss, stand beside a man wearing fox or badger fur without feeling ashamed, it is, I suppose, Yu.

> Neither envious nor covetous,
> How can he be anything but good?'[9]

Thereafter, Tzu-lu constantly recited these verses. The Master commented, 'The way summed up in these verses will hardly enable one to be good.'

28. The Master said, 'Only when the cold season comes is the point brought home that the pine and the cypress are the last to lose their leaves.'

29. The Master said, 'The man of wisdom is never in two minds;[10] the man of benevolence never worries;[11] the man of courage is never afraid.'

30. The Master said, 'A man good enough as a partner in one's studies need not be good enough as a partner in the pursuit of the Way; a man good enough as a partner in the pursuit of the Way need not be good enough as a partner in a common stand; a man good enough as a partner in a common stand need not be good enough as a partner in the exercise of moral

discretion.'

31.

> The flowers of the cherry tree,
> How they wave about!
> It's not that I do not think of you,
> But your home is so far away.【12】

The Master commented, 'He did not really think of her. If he did, there is no such thing as being far away.'

注释

【1】 This is the title of a high office. It is not clear who the person referred to was or even from which state he came.

【2】 The identity of the person referred to here is uncertain.

【3】 The whole section is exceedingly obscure and the translation is tentative.

【4】 Both the Phoenix and the Chart were auspicious omens. Confucius is here lamenting the hopelessness of putting the Way into practice in the Empire of his day.

【5】 as a sign of respect.

【6】 Throughout this chapter the 'it' refers to the way of Confucius.

【7】 When Confucius, no longer in office, was not in a position to have them.

【8】 The ya and the sung are sections in the Odes.

【9】 Ode 33.

【10】 About right and wrong.

【11】 About the future.

【12】 These lines are not to be found in the present Odes.

Book Ⅹ

1． In the local community, Confucius was submissive and seemed to be inarticulate. In the ancestral temple and at court, though fluent, he did not speak lightly.

2． At court, when speaking with Counsellors of lower rank he was affable; when speaking with Counsellors of upper rank, he was frank though respectful. In the presence of his lord, his bearing, though respectful, was composed.

3． When he was summoned by his lord to act as usher, his face took on a serious expression and his step became brisk. When he bowed to his colleagues, stretching out his hands to the left or to the right, his robes followed his movements without being disarranged. He went forward with quickened steps, as though he was gliding on wings. After the withdrawal of the guest, he invariably reported, 'The guest has stopped looking back.'

4． On going through the outer gates to his lord's court, he drew himself in, as though the entrance was too small to admit him.

When he stood, he did not occupy the centre of the gateway;[1] when he walked, he did not step on the threshold.

When he went past the station of his lord, his face took on a serious expression, his step became brisk, and his words seemed more laconic.

When he lifted the hem of his robe to ascend the hall, he drew himself in, stopped inhaling as if he had no need to breathe.

When he had come out and descended the first step, relaxing his expression, he seemed no longer to be tense.

When he had reached the bottom of the steps he went forward with quickened steps as though he was gliding on wings.

When he resumed his station, his bearing was respectful.

5． When he held the jade tablet, he drew himself in as though its weight was too much for him. He held the upper part of the tablet as though he was

bowing; he held the lower part of the tablet as though he was ready to hand over a gift. His expression was solemn as though in fear and trembling, and his feet were constrained as though following a marked line.

When making a presentation, his expression was genial.

At a private audience, he was relaxed.

6. The gentleman avoided using dark purple and maroon coloured silk for lapels and cuffs. Red and violet coloured silks were not used for informal dress.

When, in the heat of summer, he wore an unlined robe made of either fine or coarse material, he invariably wore it over an underrobe to set it off.

Under a black jacket, he wore lambskin; under an undyed jacket, he wore fawnskin; under a yellow jacket, he wore fox fur.

His informal fur coat was long but with a short right sleeve.

He invariably had a night robe which was half as long again as he was tall.[2]

Their fur being thick, pelts of the fox and the badger were used as rugs.

Once the period of mourning was over, he placed no restrictions on the kind of ornament that he wore.

Other than skirts for ceremonial occasions, everything else was made up from cut pieces.

Lambskin coats and black caps were not used on visits of condolence.

On New Year's Day, he invariably went to court in court dress.

7. In periods of purification, he invariably wore a house robe made of the cheaper sort of material.

In periods of purification, he invariably changed to a more austere diet and, when at home, did not sit in his usual place.

8. He did not eat his fill of polished rice, nor did he eat his fill of finely minced meat.

He did not eat rice that had gone sour or fish and meat that had spoiled. He did not eat food that had gone off colour or food that had a bad smell. He did not eat food that was not properly prepared nor did he eat except at the proper times. He did not eat food that had not been properly cut up, nor did he eat unless the proper sauce was available.

Even when there was plenty of meat, he avoided eating more meat than

rice.

Only in the case of wine did he not set himself a rigid limit. He simply never drank to the point of becoming confused.

He did not consume wine or dried meat bought from a shop.

Even when he did not have the side dish of ginger cleared from the table, he did not eat more than was proper.

9. After assisting at a sacrifice at his lord's place, he did not keep his portion of the sacrificial meat overnight. In other cases, he did not keep the sacrificial meat for more than three days. Once it was kept beyond three days he no longer ate it.

10. He did not converse at meals; nor did he talk in bed.

11. Even when a meal consisted only of coarse rice and vegetable broth, he invariably made an offering from them and invariably did so solemnly.

12. He did not sit, unless his mat was straight.

13. When drinking at a village gathering, he left as soon as those carrying walking sticks had left.

14. When the villagers were exorcizing evil spirits, he stood in his court robes on the eastern steps.[3]

15. When making inquiries after someone in another state, he bowed to the ground twice before sending off the messenger.

16. When K'ang Tzu sent a gift of medicine, [Confucius] bowed his head to the ground before accepting it. However, he said, 'Not knowing its properties, I dare not taste it.'

17. The stables caught fire. The Master, on returning from court, asked, 'Was anyone hurt?' He did not ask about the horses.

18. When his lord gave a gift of cooked food, the first thing he invariably did was to taste it after having adjusted his mat. When his lord gave him a

gift of uncooked food, he invariably cooked it and offered it to the ancestors. When his lord gave him a gift of a live animal, he invariably reared it. At the table of his lord, when his lord had made an offering before the meal he invariably started with the rice first.

19. During an illness, when his lord paid him a visit, he would lie with his head to the east, with his court robes draped over him and his grand sash trailing over the side of the bed.

20. When summoned by his lord, he would set off without waiting for horses to be yoked to his carriage.

21. When he went inside the Grand Temple, he asked questions about everything.

22. Whenever a friend died who had no kin to whom his body could be taken, he said, 'Let him be given a funeral from my house.'

23. Even when a gift from a friend was a carriage and horses — since it lacked the solemnity of sacrificial meat — he did not bow to the ground.

24. When in bed, he did not lie like a corpse, nor did he sit in the formal manner of a guest when by himself.

25. When he met a bereaved person in mourning dress, even though it was someone he was on familiar terms with, he invariably assumed a solemn expression. When he met someone wearing a ceremonial cap or someone blind, even though they were well-known to him, he invariably showed them respect.

On passing a person dressed as a mourner he would lean forward with his hands on the cross-bar of his carriage to show respect; he would act in a similar manner towards a person carrying official documents.

When a sumptuous feast was brought on, he invariably assumed a solemn expression and rose to his feet.

When there was a sudden clap of thunder or a violent wind, he invariably assumed a solemn attitude.

26．When climbing into a carriage, he invariably stood squarely and grasped the mounting-cord.

When in the carriage, he did not turn towards the inside, nor did he shout or point.

27．Startled, the bird rose up and circled round before alighting. He said, 'The female pheasant on the mountain bridge, how timely her action is, how timely her action is!' Tzu-lu cupped one hand in the other in a gesture of respect towards the bird which, flapping its wings three times, flew away.

注释

【1】 A position which would have been presumptuous.

【2】 It has been suggested that this sentence has got out of place and should follow the first sentence in the next section.

【3】 The place for a host to stand.

DAYS OF READING

阅读的时光

［法］马塞尔·普鲁斯特　著

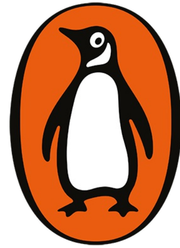
魏柯玲　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

阅读的时光

（法）马塞尔·普鲁斯特/著

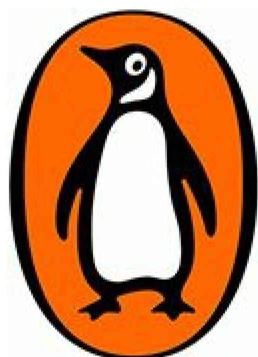
魏柯玲/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

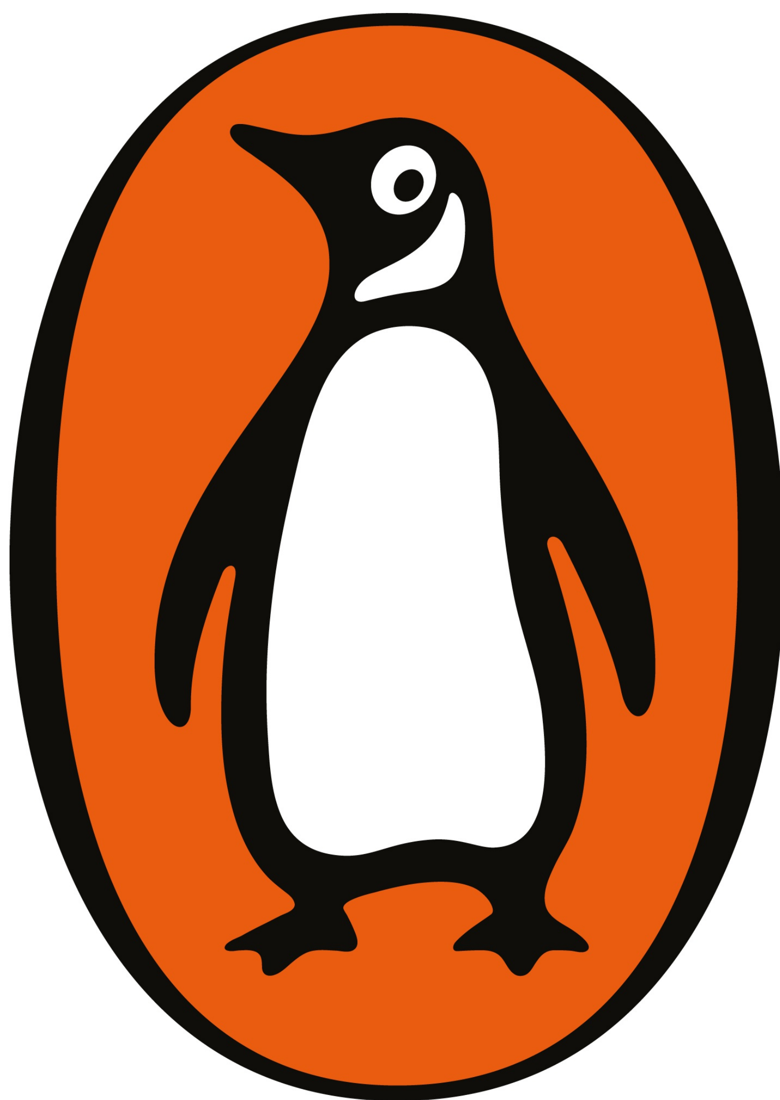
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com.cn
Against Saint-Beuve and Other Essays first published 1988
This selection with some revisions and abridgements by the translator first published 2008

Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

人为何要读书？普鲁斯特在这些启迪心灵的文章中，阐述了约翰·罗斯金的思想及其作品之美，展现了他孩提时代沉浸于文学作品时那种忘我的欢乐，也借此探寻了我们阅读书籍时获得的种种愉悦、作出的种种尝试。

阅读普鲁斯特的作品是项挑战。部分原因是，读者没有那么多时间可用来熟悉他的写作风格。这也正是我首次阅读普鲁斯特的作品时的感受。他的文风引人入胜，令我对那些从未亲历的时代与地点充满怀恋。

普鲁斯特的许多文章貌似都是东拉西扯，但他在闲散漫谈时用的语言却清晰而简洁。读者每次随他“漫游”后总能回到话题原点，而且深觉不虚此行。

阅读普鲁斯特的作品是一大乐事，但读者们对他的写作手法持不同态度。我在阅读时，不得不改变心态，学会感受他文字的氛围，而非像通常那般随着情节或思路而感觉自己有所收获。开始的几页令人备感折磨，但知道作者将从容道来，读者便会任自己随他“漫游”，或者和他一起品味对生活的缓缓沉思。

本书首篇文章谈的是约翰·罗斯金如何增进了人们对艺术和建筑的理解与鉴赏，特别是他如何受到了基督教的启迪，揭示了艺术是如何在数个世纪里反映了基督教的伟大（当它确实如此时）并深入我们的情感，文中的每一实例都是与往古的一次亲密交流。这篇文章颂扬了我们的创造力所能创获的成就，也研究了我们自身。

儿童的脑海中总是充满了天马行空的纯真想象，因此那些回忆儿时

的文章，特别是回忆儿时读书时光的文章读来十分回肠荡气。普鲁斯特展现了重读图书如何令往日时光重现，再现了艺术自古以来如何深刻地影响了人类思想，也再现了往昔的思想如何塑造了现代生活，遑论那些永恒的角色、书籍，以及那久久流传、人人同庆的欢乐。

“只要阅读这位‘煽动者’，能用它神奇的钥匙为我们打开内心深处我们本不懂得如何进入的所在，那么这‘煽动’也不无裨益。”

普鲁斯特的文章常常离题万里，句子结构纷纭多变，但却比狄更斯某些精推细敲的篇章更易理解。如今，我们的时间已经非常匮乏，书籍推荐每天都会新增无数，为何还要专门留出时间阅读普鲁斯特的作品呢？读者浸入书中的沉思乃是对作者人生的间接体验。就我而言，这种体验从未如此深透。上文所引已自证了本书的品质，此外我还可以找出更多例子来充分证明这一点。

本书同企鹅出版社其他“伟大的思想”系列图书一样，没有前言或注释（除非作者本人写作过程中加了自注），却价廉质优。尽管普鲁斯特不会适合所有人的口味，但我这篇简短的导读不会花费您太多时间，却可使您洞悉伟大的思想。希望您将来能充分享受深入探索思想的乐趣。

史蒂夫·约翰逊著

牛云平译

约翰·罗斯金[1]

1.一个个地，如同“离开了父亲阿波罗而为世界带去光明的缪斯”，罗斯金的思想相继离开那诞生它们的神圣头颅，化身在鲜活的书籍里，为各民族带去启示。罗斯金退隐于孤独之中：先知们的生命经常于此终结，直到这苦修者完成了自己超人的工作，上帝一时高兴将他召回。人们只能透过圣洁之手拉下的面纱来猜测那正在实现的神迹，那蕴藏了不朽于后世的易逝头脑的缓慢毁灭。

2.今天，死亡使人类拥有了罗斯金留下的巨大遗产。因为天才只有以其自身所承载的人类的榜样为蓝本，而非依据其凡人形象，才能创造出不朽的作品。他的思想在某种意义上暂时与他相伴一生。他死之后它们便回归全人类并予以启示。就像居斯塔夫·莫罗[2]在世时，人们知道居住在拉罗什富科街的尊贵家族是莫罗一家，而他死后那里便成为莫罗博物馆。

3.约翰·罗斯金博物馆（位于谢菲尔德）久已存在。博物馆目录仿佛是所有艺术与科学的缩影。大师绘画作品的照片与矿藏品相邻，就像在歌德的居所。同罗斯金博物馆一样，罗斯金的作品无所不包。他追寻真理，即便在编年表和社会法则里也能找到美。但逻辑学家们对“美术”的定义既然将矿物学和政治经济学排除在外，我在此便只谈及作为美学家和艺术批评家的罗斯金，以及他在一般意义上的“美术”作品。

4.有人说他是现实主义者。不错，他经常重申，艺术家应该致力于对自然的纯粹模仿，“不对任何事物加以摒弃、蔑视和选择”。

5.有人说他是知性论者，因为他写到，最好的绘画包含着最崇高的思想。论及在透纳[3]的《迦太基的建筑》一画的前景中玩耍小船的孩子

们时，他总结道：“这一场景表现的是一种主导性的激情，那新兴城市的伟大未来便由此产生……此绝妙场景用词语和颜料均可表达，同绘画技巧无关，寥寥数笔亦可同精心设色的图画一样向心灵传达同样的思想。这思想远远高于所有艺术，它是最高意义的史诗。”密勒桑[4]引用了此段文字并补充道：“同样，在分析丁托列托[5]的《圣家庭》时，罗斯金凭借一段残垣和一个刚开工的建筑物发现了大师的不同凡响，艺术家以此让我们从象征意义上理解到耶稣的诞生是犹太经济的终结和新联盟的兴起。这位威尼斯画家的另一件作品《耶稣受难》被罗斯金视为杰作，因为艺术家通过一个表面上无足轻重的细节，即在受难地背景中啃食棕榈叶的一头驴子，来表达一种深刻的思想，即正是犹太物质主义——伴随着它对纯现世意义上救主的期待和进入耶路撒冷时的幻灭——从根本上导致了对耶稣所倾泻的仇恨及其死亡。”

6.有人说他过于强调科学在艺术中的作用，以至抹杀了想象力。他难道这样说过吗？“……画家必须以地质学和气象学的精确度了解每种岩石、土壤和云朵……每种地质构成都有其特点；决定性的裂纹造成了岩石和土壤的固定形态；特殊的植物还要因气候与海拔的不同加以细分……[画家]需观察植物色彩形状的每一特点……把握其或僵直或静穆……的线条……观察其当地习性，其对特定地点的偏爱或厌憎，某些特殊影响对它的滋养或摧残。他在头脑中把这一切同植物生活环境的所有特征结合起来……他必须用雨丝一般轻柔精妙的笔触表现出坍塌中的土壤那细微的裂纹、下降的曲线、还有波动的阴影……最伟大的绘画当最大限度地向观者传达最伟大的思想。”

7.相反，有人说他给予想象太大的空间，以至于毁了科学。不错，下面这段话不禁让人想起贝纳丹·德·圣皮埃尔[6]那天真的终极论，他说上帝将瓜果分成片只是为了方便人们享用：“……上帝在自己的创造物上使用色彩作为其最纯洁、最无辜、最珍贵之处的永恒陪衬；而在仅仅是有贵重物质用途或者有害的东西上则使用普通的颜色……看看鸽子的

颈部，再比较一下蝰蛇的灰色后背……同样，鳄鱼是灰色的，而无辜的蜥蜴则有着美丽的绿色。”

8.有人说他使艺术沦为科学的附庸，因为他的理论认为艺术品使我们认识到事物的性质，甚至声称“一幅透纳的作品要比任何学院都能更多地呈现出岩石的属性”，以及“像丁托列托这样的艺术家举手之间便能揭示出关于肌肉活动的大量真相，足以令全世界的解剖学家汗颜”，但也有人说他在艺术面前贬低科学。

9.最后，有人说他是唯美主义者，他唯一的宗教便是美，因为事实上他一生热爱美。

10.另一方面，还有人说他甚至不是艺术家，因为他在对美的欣赏中掺入了别的思考，这些思考可能高于审美，但显然与审美无关。《建筑七灯》开宗明义，阐明建筑师需使用最珍贵最持久的材料，这一要求源于耶稣的牺牲，以及上帝所认可的这一牺牲的永久条件，我们没有理由认为这些条件已更改，因为上帝并未明确告知我们。在《现代画家》一书中，为解决色彩论与明暗论者之间谁对谁错的问题，他所采纳的论据之一是：“……从更广阔的角度来看自然界，将彩虹、日出、玫瑰、紫罗兰、蝴蝶、鸟雀、金鱼、红宝石、蛋白石、珊瑚等笼统地同鳄鱼、河马……鲨鱼、蛞蝓、骨殖、菌类、苔藓，以及所有那些腐蚀性的、尖锐的、毁坏性的东西相比较，你就能领悟到这问题在色彩论和明暗论者之间应如何定位——谁这边是自然与生命，谁那边是罪恶和死亡。”

11.既然关于罗斯金有这么多互相矛盾的说法，结论便是他就是自相矛盾的。

12.有关罗斯金面貌的许多个侧面，因为我们曾经见过而最熟悉的肖像，或者——如果我可以这么说的话——最令人着力研究、最成功、最震撼和最广为人知的肖像便是那个终其一生只以美为唯一宗教的罗斯

金。

13.对美的顶礼膜拜是罗斯金终其一生的活动，这可能是千真万确的。但我认为他生命的目标，他深刻、秘密而长久的意图藏于他处，我这么说并非为了反对德·拉·西兹拉纳[7]的观点，而是为了防止用一种错误的但却似乎是自然而然、不可避免的解释使读者在心目中低估这些观点。

14.不仅罗斯金的主要信仰是宗教本身（我稍后将回到这一点，因为它支配并反映了他的美学观），只在目前就其“美的宗教”而言，我们的时代必须警醒地认识到，如果我们想要忠实于罗斯金，我们就不能说出这个词而不重新考虑其含义，因为人们很容易赋予其浅薄的唯美意义。实际上，在这个猎奇的唯美时代，所谓美的膜拜者是这样的人，他不奉行其他信仰，也不承认任何其他神祇，终生沉溺于对艺术品心醉神迷的观赏。

15.但是，出于一些超出这篇短文范畴的纯粹超验的原因，如果人们只是因为快感而热爱美的话，这热爱便难成正果。正如为幸福而寻求幸福只会使人感到乏味，要找到幸福必须寻找别的什么，同样，如果我们为了美而热爱美，把它当作存在于身外，远比它带来的快乐重要得多的真实的事物，我们会额外地获得审美快感。罗斯金远非浅薄猎奇的唯美主义者，恰好相反，他是卡莱尔[8]式的人物，天生警惕所有享乐的虚荣，本能地察觉到身边那永恒现实的存在。这类人天赋超群，拥有把握现实的能力，并满怀激情，好像听命于灵魂一般将自己短暂流逝的一生献给这全能而永恒的现实，并为之带来价值。他们关注而焦虑地面对着等待解释的宇宙，某位引领他们的神灵、某种他们听得到的声音为他们宣示着这现实的一些部分，使之昭显于天才的永恒灵感。罗斯金的特殊天赋在于美感，无论在自然界还是在艺术中。他的天纵禀赋驱使他在美中追寻现实，从而将全部的宗教生命投身于审美之中。但他并不将自己

为之献身的美视为享乐，而是把它看作无上重要的现实，宁愿为此献出生命。你会看到罗斯金的全部美学便来源于此。你首先要理解的是，他认识一个新的建筑或绘画流派的年代很可能是他道德生命的重要里程碑。在谈到哥特式建筑向他呈现的年代时，他就如基督徒谈到真理昭示的日子，带着同样的肃穆，同样反复的感动，以及同样的安详态度。他一生中的事件均属于灵智的范畴，那些重要的日子是这样一些时刻，比如当他洞察了一种新的艺术形式的时候，那一年他理解了阿布为利[9]，那一年他理解了鲁昂[10]，还有那天，他感到提香[11]的绘画及其画作上的阴影要比鲁本斯[12]的绘画及阴影更加高贵的时刻。

16.随后你要理解的是，和卡莱尔一样，对于罗斯金来说，诗人便是誊写者，听从自然的指示书写其或多或少重要的秘密，而艺术家的第一要务就是丝毫不将自己的印记加诸神示。从这个高度来看，对罗斯金的指责，无论说他是现实主义还是知性主义，都可以像笼罩大地的云彩一般烟消云散了。这样的批评意见是无的放矢，因为它们瞄准得还不够高。它们站错了高度。艺术家必须记录的现实既是物质的又是精神的。物质是真实的，因为它是心灵的表现。没有人比罗斯金更擅长嘲讽那些认为艺术品是单纯模仿表象的人。他说："无论模仿的主题是英雄还是他的马，单纯模仿的乐趣都将正好是同样的程度（如果准确度可以相等的话）……我们既可以认为眼泪是出于痛苦，也可以认为是出于艺术，但不能认为同时出于两者。如果我们把它当作艺术的眼泪而惊叹，那我们就不可能把它当作痛苦的眼泪而感动。"如果说他如此看重事物的外表，那是因为单从外表便可揭示出其深刻的本性。德·拉·西兹拉纳出色地翻译过罗斯金的一段话，其中说明一棵树的"主导"线条可以让我们发现哪些惹事的树曾把它挤到一边，什么样的风曾折磨过它，等等。一个物体的构形不单单是其本性的形象，还是其命运的线索和历史的痕迹。

17.这种对艺术的看法还产生了另一个后果，那就是：如果现实是唯一的，天才是能够看到这现实的人，那么，他用来表现这现实的物

质，无论是绘画、雕塑、交响乐、法律还是行为，又有什么重要性呢？在《英雄与英雄崇拜》中，卡莱尔将莎士比亚和克洛维尔[13]，穆罕默德和彭斯[14]相提并论。爱默生[15]则将斯维登堡[16]和蒙田[17]一并列入他的《代表人物》。该体系的过火之处在于未能对反映这唯一现实的不同方式加以足够深刻的区分。卡莱尔说因为薄伽丘[18]和彼特拉克[19]是优秀的诗人，他们便一定会是优秀的外交家。罗斯金犯了同样的错误，他说："绘画之美能够到达这样的程度，即它用画面所传达的思想独立于画面的语言。"如果说罗斯金的思想体系有任何偏差，那在我看来便体现于此。因为绘画无法达到事物的整体现实，因而无法同文学竞争，除非它不是文学性的。

18.罗斯金规定艺术家的职责便是严格服从自身天才的"声音"去传达现实，因为他本人有过这样的经验，了解什么是真正的灵感，什么是不息的热情和丰饶的景仰。尽管在我们每个人身上激起热情与景仰并启发灵感的原因各不相同，但我们最终都会赋予它一种尤为神圣的特征。可以说，对于罗斯金，这启示和向导就是《圣经》。

19.在此，在罗斯金美学的重心处，像在一个定点，让我们稍作停留。这样看来，他的宗教感指引着他的审美感。首先，对于这类观点，即认为他的美感因之而变质，认为他在对建筑、雕塑和绘画的欣赏中掺入了本不应有的宗教思考，我的回答是正好相反的。罗斯金在艺术品所激发的情感中深刻地体会到一种神圣，正是这情感的深邃与独特之处，决定了他的品位而不会使之变味。与人们常常认为的相反，他在表达这情感时带着虔诚的景仰，小心翼翼不加丝毫歪曲，这使他从来不会在对艺术品的感受中掺入任何与之无关的矫饰的思辨。因此，把他看成一个道德家或布教者，热爱艺术中非艺术的东西，或者无视他审美情感的深刻本质，将之混同于享乐的唯美主义，这两种观点同样是错误的。所以，最终，他的宗教热忱标志并巩固着他审美的真诚，并使之免受任何外界的干扰。他那崇高美学中的某一概念是否有误对我们来说无关紧

要。所有对天才的发展规律略知一二的人都知道，天才更多是由其信仰的力量来衡量，而不在于这信仰的对象从常识角度看所带来的某种满足感。但既然罗斯金的基督教精神便是其精神气质的本质，他同样深邃的艺术爱好必然与之有着密切关系。所以，正如他对透纳风景画的热爱与他对为自己带来巨大快乐的自然的热爱相对应，与他思想中深刻的基督教本质相对应的是他对法国中世纪的建筑与雕塑及意大利中世纪的建筑、雕塑和绘画等可称为基督教艺术的恒久不变的钟爱，它支配着他全部的生命，全部的作品。无需在其生活中寻找痕迹，他的著作便可证明他对这些艺术品的无私热情。他的阅历是如此丰富，以致他在一部作品中所显示出的最精深的学识，在别的作品中，即便是恰如其分，也常常不再利用，甚至连提都不提，哪怕是稍作暗示。他的学识极为渊博，不但将其言论供我们借鉴，而且送给我们不再收回。比如，你知道他就亚眠[20]大教堂写了一本书。你可能会得出结论认为那是他最热爱或最了解的教堂。但在《建筑七灯》中，鲁昂大教堂提到了40次，贝叶[21]大教堂提到了9次，亚眠则一次未曾提及。在《阿诺河谷》中，他吐露最令他心醉的哥特教堂是特鲁瓦[22]的圣于尔班教堂。但在《建筑七灯》和《亚眠的圣经》中却只字未提该教堂。就《建筑七灯》不曾提及亚眠大教堂一事，你也许会猜想是因为他快到生命结束时才认识亚眠？绝非如此。1859年，在肯辛顿的一次讲演中，他将亚眠大教堂的金圣母雕像同夏尔特尔[23]大教堂中支撑西门廊的雕像进行了长时间的比较，认为后者在艺术技巧上稍逊一筹，但有着更深刻的情感。而在人们认为他集中了自己所有关于亚眠的思想的《亚眠的圣经》中，在许多讨论金圣母雕像的篇幅里，他只字未提夏尔特尔大教堂的雕像。这便是他无比丰富渊博的爱与学识。通常，一名作家会一再援引自己喜爱的例子，甚至重复某些观点的阐发，这提醒我们，面前是一个凡人，他有特定的生活，有特定的知识来取代一些别的知识，他还会尽量利用自己有限的经验。但只要查看一下罗斯金著作中的索引就可以知道，他引用的作品永远是新的，他会轻易舍弃仅用过一次的某样知识，甚至永不再使用，这让我

们感到某种超人的东西，或者不如说给我们留下这样的印象，即每部书都是由不同的作者写就，他拥有不同的知识，不同的经验，另类的人生。

20.他用自己无穷无尽的财富从事着一场愉快的游戏，从他奇妙的记忆珠宝箱中永远能取出新的珍宝：今天是亚眠大教堂珍贵的玫瑰窗，明天是阿布维利门廊上的金色花边，又将它们融合于令人眩目的意大利宝藏。

21.他的确能这样从一个国家转换到另一个国家，因为他在比萨[24]的石刻中顶礼膜拜的灵魂同样赋予了夏尔特尔石刻不朽的形式。对于从阿诺河岸延伸到索姆河岸的中世纪基督教艺术，没有人拥有他那样的整体感，他在我们心中实现了那些伟大的中世纪主教们对“基督教的欧洲”的梦想。如果像人们所说，他的名字必然同前拉斐尔派[25]密切相连，那么我们应该明白这里所说的前拉斐尔派不是透纳之后，而是源于拉斐尔之前。今天，我们可以忘记他对亨特、罗塞蒂、米莱斯所做的工作，但不能忘记他对乔托、卡尔帕乔、贝利尼[26]所作的贡献。他天神般的工作不在于唤醒生者，而在于使死者复活。

22.在一些篇章里，他的想象力用来自意大利的神奇光芒照亮了法国的石像，这难道不是处处显示出中世纪基督教艺术的整体性吗？刚才我们看到他在《英国的快乐》中比较亚眠大教堂中的爱德雕像和乔托笔下的爱德女神。在《哥特式的性质》中，且看他如何以鲁昂的圣马克鲁教堂的门廊为例，将意大利哥特式和法国哥特式建筑对火焰饰的处理进行比较。在《建筑七灯》中，请看意大利的色彩是如何变幻于这同一座门廊的灰色石刻的。

23.“门楣中心处浮雕的主题是末日审判，其地狱部分带有一种力量，那令人生畏的丑怪只能让我描述为奥尔卡涅[27]和贺加斯[28]思想的混合。那些恶魔可能比奥尔卡涅的更加可怕。对极端绝望中堕落人类的

表现也至少能与英国画家贺加斯相媲美。同样狂野的是想象力，它将愤怒与恐惧体现在所有雕像的安排上。一名恶天使扇动翅膀，带领被判罪的众人从审判椅前经过……这些人被他如此狂怒地驱赶着，不仅一直被赶到此场景的尽头——该场景被雕塑家限定在门楣中心的其他地方——而且出了门楣进入到拱顶的壁龛里。而追随他们的火焰仿佛在天使翅膀的猛击下弯曲，也一路迸发着直冲入壁龛，最下面的三个壁龛表现为正在熊熊燃烧，其通常为拱形凸起的顶盖各被一个恶魔占据，他翅膀合拢，在黑影中。”

24.他并不仅仅停留于对不同种类的艺术和不同国家的类比，他将有更深入的发现。异教形象和基督教形象中某些宗教思想的一致性将令他震惊。阿利·勒南[29]十分深刻地指出在居斯塔夫·莫罗的普罗米修斯中已含有耶稣的成分。罗斯金对基督教艺术的虔诚从未使他蔑视异教艺术，他怀着审美感和宗教感比较了圣热罗姆[30]的狮子与尼米亚猛狮[31]，维吉尔[32]与但丁[33]，参孙[34]与赫拉克勒斯，忒修斯[35]与黑王子[36]，以赛亚[37]与库米女预言家[38]的预言。罗斯金和居斯塔夫·莫罗当然没有可比之处，但我们可以说对原始艺术的了解在他们身上孕育出一种自然的倾向，使他们两人都反对在艺术中表现狂暴的情感，至于对象征形象的研究，这一倾向使他们对形象本身的崇拜带有某种拜物性，不过这种拜物性并无甚危险，因为他们的思想植根于形象所代表的情感，可以在各个形象间转换，不会为单纯表象的多样化所羁绊。说到在艺术中全面禁止表现狂暴的情感，除了《米开朗基罗与丁托列托之关系》[1]中的篇章，哪里还能找到对勒南称为“美丽的无为”的原则更好的定义？难道不正是对中世纪法国和意大利艺术的研究使他对象征形象产生了几乎排他性的崇拜吗？由于他在艺术品之下寻找的是时代的灵魂，夏尔特尔教堂大门的雕像与比萨壁画之间的相似之处必然会触动他，让他认为这表明了启发艺术家灵感的典型的精神特质，而其不同之处则恰好证明了后者的多样性。换成任何其他人，审美感受都有可能被推理所冷却。

但对他而言，一切均是爱，他心目中的圣像研究不如称为圣像崇拜。在这一点上，艺术批评让位给一些可能更加崇高的东西。它几乎具有科学的程序，是对历史的贡献。教堂的门廊上出现的一些新的特征使我们得知不仅在艺术史而且在文明史上所产生的变化，就如同出现在地球上的新物种让地质学家所了解到的文明史上的变化同样深刻。自然界的鬼斧神工并不比艺术家的雕刻更具启发性，一件保存着古老神怪的石刻也并不比一件表现一个新的神祇的石刻对我们更有意义。

25.从这个角度看，伴随罗斯金文字的绘画意义重大。在同一个图版上你可以看到出现在利兹由、贝叶、维罗纳和帕多瓦的同样的建筑图案，就好像某一品种的蝴蝶在不同气候地区的变种。但他如此热爱的石刻对他来说从来就不是抽象的例子。每一块石刻上都凝聚着那流逝岁月的细微变化与许多个世纪的色彩。他告诉我们："……赶在太阳从塔尖上落下之前跑过街道再去看一看圣维尔佛朗大教堂，这就是我们珍存过去——直到最终的原因。"他甚至走得更远。他并不将教堂本身与其背景，即它们浮现于其中的那些河流和山谷区分开来，就像在原始绘画中一样。最能说明这一点的是"我们的父辈告诉我们"中题为"亚眠，死者纪念日"的第二幅版画作品。在那些因为罗斯金的驻留而不朽的城市，如亚眠、阿布维尔、博韦和鲁昂，他或者在教堂写生（"而不受教徒们的干扰"），或者在露天写生。他带领的素描者和版画家在这些城市是多么可爱而转瞬即逝的一群人，就像柏拉图为我们描绘的跟随着普罗泰哥拉[39]辗转于各个城市的智者们，又像喜欢栖息在教堂的古老屋顶和塔楼上的群燕。也许我们还能与罗斯金的一些弟子偶遇，他们伴随着他去到了重新皈依的索姆河岸，仿佛又回到了圣佛尔明和圣萨尔瓦的时代，他们在聆听这位新使徒的言谈，他像解释《圣经》一样解释亚眠时，记下的不是笔记，而是速写，而保存着这些优美记录的文件当能在一些英国博物馆找到，我猜想它们会以维奥莱—勒—杜克[40]的风格对现实略加改动。版画《亚眠，死者纪念日》看上去美得不真实。难道仅仅是那将亚眠大教堂和圣洛教堂拉近的加宽的索姆河岸的远景不真实

吗？不错，罗斯金可能会再次把他在《鹰巢》中引用过的透纳的话拿来回答我们，德·拉·西兹拉纳将之翻译如下：“……早年的透纳心情好时会向人展示他的创作。一天他正在画一幅普利茅斯港的画，其上可见逆光处距离一两英里远的一些船只。他向一位海军军官展示这幅画，那军官惊奇地端详了一阵，以十分正当的不满抗议说那些船只没有舷窗。‘没有，’透纳说，‘当然没有。如果你登上艾支康布山，逆着夕阳观看那些船只，你会发现你看不到舷窗。’‘不错，可是，’海军军官仍然不满地说，‘你明知是有舷窗的。’‘是的，’透纳说，‘我很清楚。但我的工作是画我所看到的，而不是我知道的。’”

26.如果在亚眠，站在朝向屠宰场的方向，你会看到和版画里一样的景象。你会看到，由于距离的缘故，以艺术家虚幻而美妙的眼光来看，建筑物的分布方式有所改变，但如果你走近些，它们又会回到早先十分不同的位置。比如，你会看到一座水塔的形状印在大教堂的正面，因而从三维几何中产生出一种平面效果。但如果你还是发现从你的角度看到的饶有意味的景象仍然同罗斯金的画作有所不同，你不妨归咎于在罗斯金逗留过后几乎20年的时光给城市外观带来的变化，就像他本人谈到他热爱的另一处：“从我上次在那儿作画或者思考以来，发生了很多的改观。”

27.但至少《亚眠的圣经》中的这幅版画会在你的回忆中将索姆河岸和大教堂紧密相连，要比你亲眼所见更加密切，无论你处在城市的哪个位置。这幅画比我所说的一切都更好地证明罗斯金从不将大教堂之美同其所处的乡村魅力分割开来，每个参观者都能领会到这种魅力，它依然存在于那独特的充满诗意的乡村，还有他在那里度过的下午时分或朦胧或金色的回忆。不仅《亚眠的圣经》的第一章命名为“在水边”，罗斯金计划撰写的关于夏尔特尔大教堂的书也将题为《厄尔之泉》。因此他不仅仅在绘画中将教堂置于河岸，而且将哥特式大教堂的伟大同优美的法国风光联系在一起。[2]我们会更加敏锐地感受到某处风景的个性魅

力，如果我们不是拥有那魔法靴似的高速火车的话，如果我们还像从前那样，为到达某个偏远之地，不得不途经许多个乡村，它们与我们的目的地渐趋一致，就好像渐次递进的和谐之地，让外界元素难以进入，并以一种温柔而神秘的方式保护着它，使之免于雷同，不仅在自然界将之环绕，也在我们的头脑中为看到它作好了准备。

28.罗斯金对基督教艺术的研究仿佛印证着他的基督教思想，还有其他我们无法在此阐发的思想，其中最著名的应该稍后让罗斯金本人进行定义：即他对机械主义和工业艺术的厌恶。“所有美好的事物都创造于中世纪，当人们笃信基督教纯粹、欢乐与美好教义的时候。”从那之后他认为艺术随着信仰一同衰落，技巧取代了情感。当他看到创造美的力量是信仰时代的专利时，他只会更加强烈地信奉信仰的善。他最后的著作《我们的父辈告诉我们》中的每一卷（只有第一卷已完稿）都将包括四个章节，其中前三章讨论信仰，最后一章研究因信仰而诞生的杰作。就这样，孕育了罗斯金审美情感的基督教被无上神圣化了。当他领着身为新教徒的女读者来到圣母像前的时候，他嘲笑她道：“你必须理解，无论是玛利亚崇拜还是任何其他女性崇拜……都从未对任何人造成过伤害”，或者在圣奥诺雷的雕像前，哀叹“在以他命名的巴黎市郊，人们现在很少谈起”这位圣徒，随后，他还可能像在《阿诺河谷》的结尾处那样说：“世人哪，耶和华指示你何为善，他向你所要的是什么呢？只要你行公义，好怜悯，存谦卑之心，与上帝同行。”如果你关注人类的生存境遇，你会发现这样的遵从总是会得到现世赐福的报偿。如果你背离那可悲可悯的残酷野心，那无所皈依的轻慢信仰，而去关注那些无人在意的芸芸众生，关注他们在沉默中的劳作，谦卑中的膜拜，就如基督教王国的雪带来了耶稣诞生的回忆，或者春日阳光让人想起他的复生，你就会了解伯利恒天使的许诺的确成了现实；你就会祈祷如阿诺河岸一般欢乐的英国田野还能将其最纯洁的百合奉献给花中的圣玛丽。

29.最后，罗斯金的中世纪研究，加之他坚信信仰之善，证实了他

的信念，即人类需要工作来获得自由、欢乐与个性，无需机械主义的干扰。在此我录下一段极具罗斯金特点的话，你就能更好地理解这一点。他谈到的是鲁昂大教堂书商门廊处数百个微型雕像中一个仅几厘米高的小人像。

30.“……这狡黠的家伙看上去不安而困惑。他的手用力压着自己的面颊骨，眼睛下面的肌肉因这压力皱了起来。如果你把它同精细的版画相比，整个形象看上去的确拙劣粗糙。但考虑到它只是为了填充教堂大门外部的缝隙，而且是三百多个雕像中的一个（我的估计还不包括外部基座），它证明了当时艺术中蕴含的极为高贵的生命力……”

31.“我们有些工作是为了谋生，那需付出辛苦；其他工作是为了乐趣，那需要热忱：这两种工作都需要意愿，不能够三心二意；不值得付出努力的便根本不必去做。也许我们所做的一切只不过是对心灵和意志的训练，其本身毫无用处。但无论怎样，如果不值得我们动手出力，它可能有的那一点用处也无必要了。同我们的尊严不相称的投机取巧，或者忍受某种本无必要的器械夹在中间，这都配不上我们的不朽：情愿不用自己的双手而用器械去创造的人也会，如果可能的话，送给天堂里的天使们一些手摇风琴以便他们更轻松地演奏音乐。人类生活中已然充斥着白日梦、世俗性和感官享受，无需我们将少有的闪亮时刻机械化。既然我们的生命充其量不过是转瞬即逝的气体，就让它至少像高空的云朵般浮现，而不是像笼罩在狱火和转轮之上的浓重黑影。”

32.我承认，在罗斯金去世之时重读这段文字的时候，我产生了想去看一看这小人像的欲望。于是我去了鲁昂，仿佛听命于某种遗嘱，仿佛罗斯金在临终时将这可怜的造物托付给了他的读者，这造物因他的文字而复生，并且在不知情中永远失去了这个同最初的雕刻者一样对自己意义重大的人。但当我走近那巨大的教堂，站在阳光沐浴下满是圣徒像的门前时，我向上看，从刻满了伟大国王的柱廊一直到我以为空无一物

的最高处，但就在那里，一位隐修士离群索居，任鸟儿在他的额上停留，另一处，在一群鸽子飞翔的翅影下，一群使徒正在聆听身边一位合拢翅膀的天使的预言，不远处，一个背负孩子的人像正以一种突兀却亘古的姿势转过头来。当我看到门廊前或塔楼栏杆处这成排的雕像，这座神秘城市中呼吸着阳光或清晨的阴凉的石雕客人们，我意识到我不可能在这非凡的群像中找到一个几厘米高的人像。我还是去了书商门廊处。但如何从数百座雕像中认出那一个小人呢？突然，一位年轻有为、前途远大的雕塑家L.伊特曼女士对我说："这个看上去很像。"我们稍往下看，看到……就在那儿。它还没有十厘米高。已相当残损，但那目光仍在，石头上仍然有托出瞳孔的洞，那表情让我认出它来。就在那儿，在上千座雕刻中，一个死去已几百年的艺术家留下了这个小人，它每天死去一点，它早已死去多时，永远，失落在那众多雕像中。但他把它安放在那儿。一天，来了一个人，一个对他来说不存在死亡，不存在物质的无穷尽，不存在遗忘的人，他把那压迫我们的虚无远远抛开，去追求支配他一生的目标，那些他无法全部实现而我们却缺乏的目标，这个人来了，他为那些仿佛波涛般参差的石雕逐个命名，从中看出了生命的所有法则，灵魂的所有思想，并说着："看，这是这个，这是那个。"正像不远处表现的审判日，他的声音如天使长的号角一般回响："那些活过的还会活着，物质无关紧要。"的确，就像在这门楣不远处所表现的死者，他们被天使长的号角唤醒，起来重新恢复了自己的形状，再次充满生机，让人可以辨认，同样，那小人像也重新复活，恢复了他的目光，审判长说："你已活过，你应活着。"他自己并非不死的法官，他的身体会死去。但那有什么！他从事着不朽的工作，就好像他不会死去，并不在意那占据他时间的物体的大小，并且，虽然只有一次人生，他却面对一座教堂无数雕像中的一个消磨数日的时光。他把它画下来，毫不在意自己已近暮年。对他来说它应和着头脑中旋转的思想。他画下它，谈论它。那丑陋的、与世无争的小人便从那似乎比所有其他雕像都要绝对的死亡中复苏，它湮灭于无数因相像而籍籍无名的群体，唯有天才才能让

我们迅速指出它来。在那里重新发现这小人像，我们只有感动。它好像还活着，还在凝视着，或者不如说就在那凝视中被死亡攫去，就像那些动作戛然中止的庞贝人。实际上被静止的岩石所凝固于此的正是雕刻家的思想。在那里再次发现它让我感动。曾经活着的都没有死去，无论是雕刻家的思想还是罗斯金的思想。

33.与这小人像的邂逅对罗斯金是必要的，他罕有的几幅作为插图（《建筑七灯》）的版画之一便以它为主题，因为对他来说它是其思想真实而持久的一部分，这邂逅对我来说则是愉快的，因为他的思想对我是不可或缺的，他指引着我自己的思想，我们两人在途中不期而遇，我们感到自己同那些在门楣上雕刻了末日审判群像的艺术家们心意相接，他们相信个体，作为个人及其意志的最独特之处，不会死去，而是保存在上帝的回忆中，终将复活。哈姆雷特和掘墓人，一个看到的仅仅是个头盖骨，另一个因之浮想联翩，他们两人谁对呢？科学会说：掘墓人；但它忽略了莎士比亚，他会令这冥想的回忆持续下去，即使那头盖骨已成灰烬。在天使的召唤下，每个死者都还在那里，各得其所，而我们以为他们早已归于尘土。在罗斯金的召唤下，我们发现了那最小的人像，它构成一个微小的四叶饰，从其形态中复生，以其不变的目光，那占据了不到岩石一毫米见方的目光凝视着我们。无疑，可怜的小丑八怪，我本眼拙，本无法从这城市成千上万的石块中找到你，辨认你，还你以个性，呼唤你，令你复活。无穷、无数、虚无压垮了我们，并非由于它们强大，而是因为我的心灵不够强大。不错，你真是毫无美感。我本来永远不会注意到你凄惨的面容，你并无有趣的表情，不过你当然有，就像每一个人都有他人从不具有的表情一样。但既然你曾活着，继续用那同样歪斜的目光凝视着，能让罗斯金注意到你，并在他说出你的名字之后，让他的读者能认出你，你现在是否活得足够，是否被爱得足够？人们想着你的时候只会充满温情，尽管你神情丑恶，因为你是活的造物，因为，在那漫长的世纪里，你早已死去，没有复活之望，又因为你复活了。这些天里也许另一个人会在那大门上寻找你，温情地注视你倾斜丑

怪的面庞，那已复苏的面庞，因为出自一个人的心灵的东西会在某一天截获另一个心灵，后者又深深吸引我们的心灵。你是对的，待在那儿，无人理睬，逐渐塌裂。从那物质中你毫无指望，置身其中你不过是虚无。但那些小小的人像无须惧怕什么，死者也是一样。因为有时神灵会造访尘世。他所过之处死者复生，那些几乎被忘却的面容重新凝眸注视着生者，后者为了这些面容抛开那些不再活着的生者，只在神灵启示之处，在早已化为尘土但却仍然包含着人类思想的石块中找寻生命。

34.阳光以其飘忽的微笑投向那些古老教堂亘古的美丽，这个人用更多的爱与欢乐笼罩着它们，如果我们用心去了解，他是不会错的。精神世界便如同物质世界，一座喷泉的高度超不过水最开始降落的高度。文学之大美对应着一些什么，在艺术中，激情便是真理的标准。假设作为批评家的罗斯金对一部作品价值的判断有时不甚准确，但他错误判断中的美常常超出他所评判的作品的美，并对应着一些虽非作品本身，但只会同样珍贵的东西。罗斯金论及“亚眠的美丽神像”时说“没有一座雕像能够或者应该满足懂得信仰基督的热忱灵魂的希望。但这座雕像所传达的温柔慈爱在当时已无其他作品能及”，而于斯曼先生[41]将这同一座亚眠的神像称为“长着绵羊脸的矜骄子弟”，我们并不相信罗斯金是错误的，也不认为于斯曼是正确的，但正确与否无关紧要。那“亚眠的美丽神像”是否如罗斯金所想，这对我们毫不重要。正如布丰[42]所说：“（一种美丽风格）所具有的智性之美，及其所有的组合关系，都构成了有益的真理，而且，对公众思想来说，也许比其所针对的主题的真相还要宝贵。”那么，在《圣经》一书中，讨论有关亚眠之美丽神像的段落之美自有其真理和价值，独立于雕像本身之美，但罗斯金若以轻蔑的口气谈论这雕像，他就无从发现这些真理，只要拥有热情，他便拥有了发现真相的力量。

35.我们将永远无从知道，也无论如何无法在此探寻的，是他那了不起的灵魂是以怎样的忠实反映宇宙的，而谎言是以怎样令人迷惑的形

式潜入了他理智的诚实中。无论答案如何，如果我们想要了解和热爱美的一个新的部分，那么我们中间即使是天生聪颖的人也需要那些“天才”的指引，而罗斯金便是其中之一。我们这代人在思想交流中所说的许多话都带有他的印记，就好像硬币上君主的肖像。在冥界他继续启迪着我们，就像那些早已熄灭的星星，其光芒仍然照耀着我们，他在透纳去世时所说的话我们可以用在他身上：“通过这深深坟茔中永远闭合的双眼，尚未出生的后世将看到自然。”

36.“谎言是以怎样诱人而华美的形式潜入了他理智诚实的深处……”我想说的是：没有人比罗斯金本人在《艺术演讲录》中更好地定义了偶像崇拜：“我大体上如此认为，虽说这也会产生一些良好的后果，因为每种大恶都在其逆流中带有些许的善——我认为，无论是在异教的还是在基督教的土地上，无论是体现为华丽的言辞还是色彩，抑或美丽的形式，艺术的致命功能在深层意义上确实可称为偶像崇拜——它令我们竭尽心智服务于我们为自己创造的一些或珍贵或悲伤的幻象，当我们违背了主耶稣的现世召唤，他没有死去，也没有昏倒在十字架下，而要求我们掮起我们自己的十字架。”

37.现在看来在罗斯金工作的基础上，在他天才的源头，确实存在着这种偶像崇拜。无疑他从不允许它完全掩盖——即便是作为修饰——他的理智和道德的真诚，完全使之僵硬、瘫痪并最终毁掉它。他写下的每一句话，如同他生命中的每一刻，都表现出他需要用真诚与偶像崇拜相对抗，真诚宣布着偶像崇拜的虚荣，并令美屈从于义务，即便这义务是不美的。关于这一点我不会从他的生活中寻找例子（他并不像拉辛、托尔斯泰或梅特林克，他们的生活中审美为先，道德为后，在他的生命中道德感从一开始就在其美学思想的最中心确立了特权——同时从未像我刚刚提到的这些大师那样完全、释放它。）我无需重复这道德感的各个阶段，它们已广为人知，比如早期他为一边喝茶一边观看提香的画作而感到羞愧，直到后来，把父亲留给他的500万尽数花在社会和慈善事

业上之后，他决定卖掉透纳的作品。但唯美主义在他身上并不是以一种主动外在的方式（他已将之克服）表现出来，而以一种更加隐秘的形式存在，他的偶像崇拜和他的诚实感之间的真正决斗并不发生在他生活的某些时刻，也不在他著作的某些段落，而是终其一生，在那些最深最隐秘之处，那些我们自己几乎未知的地方，在那里我们的性格从我们的想象中获得意象，从理智中获得思想，从回忆中获得词语，并不断地从中作出选择以证明自己，不断地在某种意义上以我们的道德与精神生活的命运为赌注。我感到在那些地方，罗斯金从未停止过犯下偶像崇拜的罪过。就在他鼓吹真诚的时候他却缺乏真诚，不是其内容而是其方式。他的教诲是道德的而非审美的，但他却为了美而选择教义。由于他想呈现的并非其美而是其真，他不得不就选择它们的真正原因对自己撒谎。因此他不断地违背良心，以至于对他思想的正直诚实性来说，更危险的可能是那些言不由衷、屈从于他不曾承认的审美偏爱的道德宣言，倒不如他去真诚地鼓吹不道德的信条。事实上，选择对一件事情如何解释，对一件作品如何评价，以及如何遣词造句时，他不断地犯下这罪——最终导致虚伪的态度，而心灵总是退让。为让读者能够更好地评判罗斯金的障眼法——出自他笔下的障眼法不但为别人，也是为他自己——我将引用在我看来他最美但其罪过也最昭彰的一段文字。你会看到，如果说在理论上（在表面上，也就是说一个作者思想的内容始终是表象，其形式则是现实）美是从属于道德感和真理的话，在实际上则是真理和道德感从属于审美感，一种多少被那些无休止的妥协所扭曲的美感。引文的主题是“威尼斯衰落的原因”。

38.“大理石凿就透明的力量，拱门排列成虹彩，这并非出于财富的挥霍，也并非为了徒劳地满足感观的欲望或人生的自豪。在那色彩中写着一个预言，它曾经写在血液里；在那穹顶中回响着一个声音，它有一天将回荡在天堂的穹顶，——‘他将回来作出判决并带来公正。’他赋予威尼斯强大，只要她将之铭记：当她遗忘，她将毁灭；她无可挽回地毁灭了，因为她毫无理由地遗忘。从没有一座城市有过更加光彩夺目的圣

经群像。在北方的国度里，粗糙阴郁的雕像以其混乱难以辨认的图像充满了庙宇。但在威尼斯，东方的技艺和珍宝为每一个字母镀金、为每一幅书页敷彩，直到那圣书如同伯利恒之星在远处闪闪发光。在其他城市，人们常常在与宗教无关的地方聚会，常常导致暴力和变乱。在那些危机四伏的城墙的茅草中，在那些混乱街道的尘土里所达成的一些事务或协约，我们若不能为之正名，有时尚可以原谅它们。但威尼斯的罪恶，无论是在宫殿还是在广场，都是在她右手持着《圣经》的时候犯下的。篆刻着基督戒条的大理石墙同保护着城市议会或关押着政治犯的围墙只有数英寸之隔。当她在最后的时光抛开所有的羞耻与约束，当城市广场为全世界的疯狂所充斥，请记住她的罪行是加倍的严重，因为这罪行就发生在闪耀着主的法则的上帝的殿堂前面。骗子们和戴假面具者狂笑而去；并非没有预警的沉默随之而来；在这一切中间，穿越无数个世纪积聚的虚荣和腐烂的罪恶，圣马可大教堂白色的穹顶对威尼斯死去的双耳说道：‘记住，为所有这一切上帝会带来他的审判。’”

39.如果罗斯金对自己完全诚实的话，他就不会认为威尼斯人的罪行要比其他人的更不可原谅，应受到更严厉的惩罚，因为他们的教堂不是用石灰岩而是用华彩的大理石建成，因为总督的宫殿就在圣马可大教堂旁边而不是在城市的另一头，还因为在拜占庭教堂里，用镶嵌画构成的《圣经》篇章不像在北方教堂的雕像那样朴素，而是伴以摘自福音书或预言录的烫金字母。不错，这段出自《威尼斯之石》的文字优美动人，尽管难以解释其缘由。这美在我看来是建立在谎言之上，我不愿对它低头。

40.但这其中必定是有些真理的。在严格的意义上没有完全错误的美，因为伴随着对真理的发现而产生的愉悦正是审美愉悦。难以判断的是这段文字给读者带来的强烈的愉悦感所对应的是何种真理。这段话本身便是神秘的，同时充满了美和宗教的意象，正如圣马可教堂，在那里所有出自《旧约》和《新约》的形象都呈现在一种华美的黑暗和闪烁明

灭的灿烂背景之上。我记得我第一次读到这段文字时恰好在圣马可教堂，在一个风雨大作的黑暗时分，当那些镶嵌画只以自身的物质之光，以一种内在的、尘世的和古老的金色而闪耀，即便是威尼斯的太阳，那令钟楼上的天使仿佛在燃烧一般的太阳都无法再增加其光芒。在所有这些衬着四周黑暗的明亮天使中间，我在读到这段文字时产生的情感十分强烈，但也许并不十分纯洁。正如我在看到这些美丽而神秘的形象时油然而生欢乐一样，但当我看到在它们笼罩着光环的额头旁边以拜占庭手写体出现的经文时，那欢乐便因这学识的愉悦而黯淡，同样，罗斯金的意象之美因他对《圣经》的贸然影射而活跃并遭到损害。这欢乐中难免有自恋的回归自我，其中学识掺杂了艺术，审美愉悦也许能更强烈但无法保持纯洁。因此，《威尼斯之石》中的这段文字之美也许首先在于它恰恰让我感到了在圣马可教堂所感到的那种混合的欢乐，因为它正像那拜占庭教堂一般，在阴影衬托下炫目如镶嵌画般的文体的意象旁撰刻着《圣经》的语录。更何况，这段文字难道不是正如圣马可教堂的镶嵌画吗，其目的在于说教，不在于艺术之美？今天，除了愉悦它再不能给予我们任何东西。而这说教带给学者的乃是一种自私的愉悦，艺术家所感受到的最无私的愉悦仍然来自于美，那些以教育为目的的人轻蔑甚或无视这美，把它当成额外之物。

41.在《亚眠的圣经》的最后一页，“如果……你将在意那承诺”这段话是一个类似的例子。还是在《亚眠的圣经》里，罗斯金以这句话结束关于埃及的部分：“她是摩西的监护人和耶稣的主人。”我们可以接受摩西的监护人这一说法：为了教育的目的有些说教是必要的。但耶稣的“女主人”一说也许能为句子增色，但它真的适用于对埃及神灵之美德的理性评估吗？

42.我一直在与自己最珍视的审美印象作斗争，试图将理智之真诚推向极限。还需要补充吗，如果我耽于这广义的评释，或在某种意义上耽于这绝对性，这并非针对罗斯金的作品，更多的是有感于其深刻的启

迪性和美感，而他对我来说仍然是所有时代和国度最伟大的作家之一。我并非抨击罗斯金特有的某一缺点，而是试图将他作为特别有利于思考的“主题”，来探索人类思想中固有的缺陷。读者一旦完全理解了这“偶像崇拜”的含义，他便可以对自己解释为什么罗斯金在评论中极其看重艺术品中的烫印文字（我在序言中过于简略地指出了他重视文字的另一个原因），以及为什么他错用了“不敬的”和“傲慢的”这两个词：“我们无需破解的秘密，或我们因傲慢而想要去攻克的困难”“让艺术家别信任选择的精神，那是一种傲慢的精神”“一个不敬的人很可能认为中殿太窄，而不是拱顶太高”，等等——以及这两个词所揭示的精神状态。想着这偶像崇拜的时候（我也想到了罗斯金将句子均衡排列时感到的愉悦，似乎这种均衡为他的思想带来了对称感，而不是由思想来指导语句的对称）[3]，我说过：“我不必寻找那些令人迷惑的形式，谎言借此潜入了他理智之诚实的深处。”但正好相反，我本应寻找它们，而且如果我继续躲在这种本质上是罗斯金式的崇敬形式之后的话，本会犯下同样的偶像崇拜罪。并非我不了解崇拜的益处，它正是爱的条件。但在爱中止的地方，敬仰永远不能代替爱，让我们不加辨别地相信，并在信任的基础上崇拜。更何况罗斯金会第一个赞同我不赋予他的文字以绝对的权威，因为他甚至对《圣经》都拒绝这权威：“……将绝对真理同任何形式的人类语言联系起来是毫无可能的……”但他喜欢“敬仰”的态度，他相信“破解秘密是傲慢的”。为把偶像崇拜的问题作一个了结，也为了更确定我和我的读者之间关于这点不再有误解，我想请来一位我们时代最为人所称道的人物（他在其他地方同罗斯金毫无相似之处！），他在其谈话中，而不是作品中，表现出了这个错误，而且表现得如此淋漓尽致，很容易让人辨认和演示，再不需要费力地放大它。在谈话中他被偶像崇拜所——愉快地——折磨着。那些曾经听过他谈话的人会发现我的“模仿”颇为生硬，他的风趣迷人在其中荡然无存，不过人们仍然能从下面的叙述中猜出我想援引的是哪位同代人。这个人曾满怀仰慕地从一位悲剧女演员身上看出与居斯塔夫·莫罗的画作《年轻人与死神》中死

神所穿的同样的衣料，或者发现一位女性友人的长裙和发型与“卡迪央王妃第一次见到大丹士[43]那天一模一样”。他在看到那女演员的衣料或者那上流女子的长裙时为这高贵的联想而感动，惊呼：“多美啊！”但这美并非衣物之美，而是因为它出于莫罗的画作或巴尔扎克的描写，因而变得永恒地神圣……对于这位偶像崇拜者。在他的卧室你会看到一种牡丹花，或插在瓶中，或由他的画家朋友绘在墙上，因为这种花出现在韦兹莱[44]的圣玛德莱娜教堂。同样，他怀着虔诚的崇敬珍藏着一些曾属于波德莱尔或米什莱或雨果的物品。这种敬奉以其特殊的愉悦，给予我们的偶像崇拜者以灵感，让他的即兴谈话机智而风趣，令我极为享受，甚至深深为之吸引，丝毫不愿为此与他纠缠不休。

43.但就在我极度享受这谈话的同时，我问自己，这无与伦比的谈话者——还有让他一直说下去的听众——是否同样犯了不诚实的罪；是否因为一朵花（受难花）上带有耶稣受难的印记，把它送给异教徒便是渎神，或者一所房子是否因为曾是巴尔扎克的居所（如果那里不再有什么关于巴尔扎克的东西）就更加美丽？如果仅仅因为一个女子的名字同《吕西安·娄凡》[45]的女主角一样是巴蒂尔德，我们是否真的应该，除了赞扬她的美貌之外，还要更偏爱她呢？

44.卡迪央夫人的衣着是巴尔扎克的美妙发明，因为它让我们获悉她的艺术趣味，以及她希望在大丹士身上留下的印象和她的一些“秘密”。但是一旦去除了它所包含的意义，它就只不过是一个去掉了含义的符号，亦即空无；如若继续对它顶礼膜拜，甚至在一个现实生活中的女人身上发现它时达到心醉神迷的程度，那就是真正的偶像崇拜。这是艺术家们钟爱的理智之罪，他们中很少有人能不为之倾倒。幸运之罪啊！你会情不自禁这样说，当你看到它使他们创造出多少美妙作品的时候。但他们至少不应该毫无反抗地屈服。自然界任何一种特殊的形式，无论多美，其价值均只在于它自身所代表的那一部分无限之美。就连盛开的苹果花和粉色的山楂花亦然。我对这些花儿的爱是无限的，每年春

天因离它们太近而产生的烦恼（花粉病）足以证明我的爱并非人人能及。但即使是对它们，对这些毫无文学意义、无关任何审美传统的花朵，这些并非用罗斯金的话来说是“丁托列托某幅画中所能看到的实际的花朵”，也并不出现在我们的那位同代人会提到的列奥纳多的某幅素描中（在他为我们揭示的许多事物中，有一样就是现在人人谈论但在他之前无人注意的——威尼斯学院素描），我也总是要小心避免产生一种排他的崇拜感，这种崇拜感可能在令我愉悦之外赋予这些花儿一些别的东西，并且，因了这种崇拜，我可能以自恋的方式使它们成为“我的”花朵，并且用描绘着它们的艺术品装饰我的卧室来专门向它们致敬。不，我不会因为艺术家在前景中描绘了一朵山楂花而认为这幅画更美，尽管我不知道还有比山楂花更美的东西，因为我想保持真诚，我知道一幅画的美与其所画的东西无关。我不会收集山楂花的图像。我不会对山楂花顶礼膜拜，我只去观赏并呼吸它的芬芳。在此我任由自己短暂地进入了当代文学的领域——这绝非冒犯——因为在我看来经过这般放大，尤其是经过如此大力的鉴别之后，读者便能够清楚地看出罗斯金身上蕴藏的偶像崇拜的特征。无论如何，我请求我的这位同代人，如果他在我这张拙劣的速写中认出自己，请相信我毫无恶意，正如我说过的，我需要走到对自己真诚的极限才能就这一点对罗斯金提出批评，并在我对他的绝对景仰中发现这一脆弱之处。因此，不仅“同罗斯金共享批评丝毫无损其名誉”，而且我认为赞美他的最好方式就是把对罗斯金的批评用在他身上。我几乎遗憾自己过于谨慎，没有吐露他的名字。因为当一个人被允许来到罗斯金的身边，即便只是处于奉献的态度，只是为了举起他的书来好让别人更好地阅读，那也是一种荣誉而非惩罚。

45.回到罗斯金。我对他已如此“习以为常”，因此要想掌握这偶像崇拜的证据，研究其性质，并探索在那最深切的文学愉悦感之外我有时感受到的轻微的虚假造作之感，我需要深深进入自我。但在我刚开始热爱他的著作时，这偶像崇拜一定曾常常令我震惊，随后我才逐渐对这缺陷视若无睹，就好像恋爱一样。同一个人的恋爱有时会以利欲开始，随后

才得到净化。一个男人接近一个女人是因为她能帮他达到一个与她无关的目标。一旦他了解了她，他便因为她本身而爱她，并毫不犹豫地为她牺牲那在她帮助下实现的目标。所以最早在我对罗斯金著作的热爱中掺杂了一些自私的东西，即我能在智识上从中获益的愉快。事实上，从最初的阅读中感觉到那力量和魅力后，我便努力不去抵制它们，不同我自己过度争辩，因为我感到，如果有一天罗斯金的思想对我的吸引力扩大到他触及过的一切，简言之，如果我彻底迷醉于他的思想，那么我在此之前一直未知的一切，包括哥特式教堂，还有英国和意大利的绘画，将大大丰富我的世界，因为这一切将唤醒我身上沉睡的渴望，而没有它便永远不会有真正的知识。因为罗斯金的思想与诸如爱默生[46]等人的思想不同，后者将一切囊括于一本书中，是某种抽象的东西，纯粹自身的符号。而与罗斯金的思想密不可分并贯彻其中的并不是非物质的东西，它散落在地球的表面。人们必须到处寻找，去比萨、佛罗伦萨、威尼斯、国家美术馆、鲁昂、亚眠，以及瑞士的山脉。这样的思想有其自身之外的物质实体，在空间自我实现，不再是无限而自由的，而是受到限制和约束，化身于大理石雕像、白雪覆盖的山峦、绘画中的面庞。也许不如纯粹的思想神圣，但它令宇宙，至少是某些部分，某些叫得出名字的部分更美，因为它触动了这些部分，促使我们去爱——如果我们愿意理解的话——进而去了解。

46.是的，宇宙突然间又为我呈现出无尽的价值。我对罗斯金的景仰使得他让我学会去热爱的东西变得无比重要，在我看来比生命本身还要珍贵。事实的确如此，有一次我认为自己来日无多。我出发去威尼斯，为的是在死前去接近、触摸那化身于中世纪本土建筑宫殿中的罗斯金的思想，那些宫殿虽然在衰败中，却依然挺立，依然鲜活。像威尼斯这样一座如此特殊而具体地定位于时空的城市，对于一个即将告别人世的人来说，到底具有什么样的重要性和现实意义呢？我可能在那里研究并从活生生的例子中验证的有关本土建筑的理论又如何能够成为“支配死亡，让我们对它无所畏惧，甚至使我们热爱它的真理”（勒南）呢？

天才的力量在于让我们热爱美，让我们感到它比我们自身还要真实，它存在于那些他人看来和我们自身同样特殊而易逝的东西之中。

47.诗人说："如果你的眼睛这么说，我便说它们是美的。"这并非完全正确，如果诗里的眼睛指的是被爱者的眼睛。在某种意义上，同样从诗歌的立场来看，无论爱可能为我们带来怎样精彩的补偿，自然总会因之失去诗意。对于恋爱中的男子，地球充其量是为情人那"可爱的孩子般的双足所准备的地毯"，而自然无非是"她的庙宇"。爱情一方面为我们揭示了许多心理方面的深刻道理，另一方面又使我们对自然不再具有诗意的感受，因为它将我们封闭在一种自私的心理状态中（爱情是最高程度的自私，但仍然是自私），使我们很难产生诗意。相反，对某人思想的崇敬则在每一步都激发美，因为它不断激起对美的欲望。凡俗的人通常以为听凭我们所崇拜的书籍的引导会使我们失去独立判断能力。"罗斯金所感与你何关：你自己去感受。"这种看法犯了心理学的错误，不会为有信仰的人所认可，因为信仰使他们的理解力和感受力都得到了无限提高，而且从未损害其批判力。因了这纯粹的天恩惠顾，我们所有的能力、批判意识及其他意识都大为提高。因此这种自愿的服从是自由的开始。感受自我的最好方式便是努力去感受大师之所感。从这深深的努力中我们同大师的思想一道发现了自己的思想。只有拥有目标，我们才有自由的人生：我们早已揭穿那关于冷漠的自由的诡辩。那些不断掏空自己的思想，试图摆脱所有外界影响以保持个性的作者其实是在无意中听从一种同样天真的诡辩。事实上，我们唯一真正能够完全依赖自己理智的全部力量的时候，恰恰是我们不相信我们是在独立行动的时候，是我们不为自己的努力任意选择一个目标的时候。小说家的主题，诗人的意象，哲学家的真理，它们均以一种几乎是必然的方式强加于他们，可以说外在于他们的思想。正是通过把自己的思想用于传达那意象、接近那真理，艺术家才真正变成他自己。

48.但是在谈到对罗斯金思想的激情——开始多少有些矫饰但到后

来如此深刻的时候——我谈到的是由回忆之光所照亮的，仅限于追述事实，“但丝毫无法重新拥有遥远过去”的回忆。只有当我们生命中的某些时段永远结束，当我们即使仿佛拥有那力量和自由时也被禁止偷偷开启通向它们的大门，当我们连一刻也无法回到我们曾经久处其中的状态时，只有在这些时候我们才拒绝接受这些事已被彻底抹去了。我们无法再歌唱它们，因为我们未能听从歌德智慧的告诫，即只有在我们还能够感知的事物当中才有诗歌。但如果无法重新点燃过去的火苗，我们希望至少还能收拾其灰烬。因为无法复活我们业已无能为力的东西，我们希望至少还能描述它、了解它，带着我们保存的关于它的冰冷回忆——关于那些事实的回忆，它告诉我们：“你曾是这样或那样的”，但我们已无法回去，它证实了失落的天堂，不可能在回忆中复原。只有当罗斯金离我们远去的时候我们才诠释他的著作，试图尽可能近似地把握他思想的特点。因此你将听到的并非出自我们的信仰或爱的声音，你将在这儿那儿窥见的只是我们的虔诚，它寂静漠然，像那个底比斯的处女般忙于修复一座坟茔。

【注释】

[1]同样，在《阿诺河谷》中，圣马可雄狮是尼米亚雄狮的直接后代，其鬃毛就是在加马里纳的赫拉克勒斯头上可见的，在书中其他地方指出其区别在于“那个赫拉克勒斯杀死了野兽并用它的皮做成头盔和斗篷；希腊人则让野兽皈依并使它成为布教士”。（《阿诺河谷》，8，cciii.）

我引用这段文字不是为了给尼米亚雄狮找到另一个神圣的后裔，而是为了强调《亚眠的圣经》这一章结尾处的总体思想，即“存在着神圣的古典艺术”。罗斯金不想将希腊（《阿诺河谷》）同基督教相比，而只想将它同哥特艺术相比，“因为圣马可同赫拉克勒斯一样是希腊人”。在这里我们接触到了罗斯金最重要的思想之一，或更确切地说他

为希腊和基督教艺术品的思考与研究带来的最独特的情感之一，要想完整地传达这情感必须摘录《圣马可的栖息》中的一段，这段文字在我看来最清晰地表现出罗斯金独特的思想态度，即他并不看重基督教的降临，却在异教作品中认出一种基督教艺术之美，并描绘出一直贯穿到中世纪作品中的顽强的希腊理想。很肯定地，这种在我看来是完全审美的思想态度至少在本质上是符合逻辑的，如果说在来源上不遵守时代顺序的话，罗斯金将这思想系统化，扩大至历史和宗教批评。但即使是当罗斯金将希腊王权同法兰克王权相比（见《阿诺河谷》中的“法国化”一章），或者在《亚眠的圣经》中宣称“基督教并未过多改变人类道德与幸福的理想”，或者像我们在前面所述谈到贺拉斯的宗教时，他所作的一切都是从审美愉悦中得出理论性的结论，就像他在重新发现诸如希罗底的女像柱、天使中的哈比、拜占庭庙宇中的一只希腊花瓶时一样。下面就是这段出自《圣马可的栖息》的文字：“不光拜占庭艺术，这一点适于所有的希腊艺术……今天让我们别再用……‘拜占庭’这个词。只有一个希腊学院，从荷马的时代一直到塞尔沃总督的时代。圣马可的这些镶嵌画是真正蕴含着代达罗斯的力量，带有希腊的建筑灵感……就像库普赛罗的胸膛或厄瑞克修姆庙的门柱。”

罗斯金随后进入圣马可洗礼堂，说道：“大门上方是希律的宴会。希罗底的女儿头上顶着施洗者约翰的头颅在舞蹈，——完全是希腊花瓶上希腊女子头顶水瓶的翻版……现在接着进入穹顶深处更远的小教堂。那里更加黑暗，非常黑暗。——我的昏花老眼几乎分辨不出什么，但你若有一双年轻明亮的眼睛，你应看出那美，因为它确是贝利尼、契马和卡尔帕乔所绘的所有金顶的根源；它本是一只希腊花瓶，带着新的神祇。在圣坛后的壁龛里有一只十翼天使，胸上有一圈的文字，‘智慧充盈’。这确是圣灵的呼吸。但它曾经是一个希腊哈比，其鸟爪般的四肢虽已毁损但仍依稀可见肌肉……其上，耶稣在一群天使的环绕下出现并降落，正如同贝利尼和卡尔帕乔的天顶画不过是这哈比天顶的放大，丁托列托的天堂亦不过是这狭窄穹顶所包含的思想的最终结果……毫无疑

问这些镶嵌画不会早于13世纪。然而它们在所有的思想方式和表达形式上都是绝对希腊式的。那火焰和喷泉完全是客迈拉和佩瑞涅的形状；那舞蹈的少女，尽管是13世纪身穿袖口镶白鼬皮长袍的公主，却一如阿卡狄亚泉边汲水的甜美的希腊少女。”（《圣马可的栖息》，第92页及以下。引文不是连续的。）又比如罗斯金说：“我相信我是唯一还同希罗多德一道思考的人。”任何一个思想敏锐、足以被一名作家的面貌特征所吸引的人，一个不为有关罗斯金的种种无聊说法——说他是先知、预言家、新教徒等其他无甚意义的说法——所动的人，都会感到他的面貌特征，尽管是次要的，却是十分“罗斯金式”的。罗斯金同所有时代的伟大灵魂生活在一起，他只在意他们能够回答那些永恒的问题，对他来说没有什么古典和现代之分，他可以像谈论一个当代人那样谈论希罗多德。古人对他来说除了在“目前”能够对我们的日常思考有所帮助之外没有别的价值，他便并不把他们当作古人。因此他们所说过的所有那些未因过时而被抛弃、也不被视为只属于某一特定时代的话语对他来说更加重要，它们在某种意义上将其曾经拥有但为时间所剥夺的科学价值保存了下来。从荷拉斯描绘班都斯亚泉的方式，罗斯金推断说他是虔诚的，“以弥尔顿的方式”。就在13岁时，他为了消遣阅读阿那克里翁的赞歌，从中发现“非常肯定地，希腊人就像我一样喜爱鸽子、燕子和玫瑰，后来对希腊艺术的研究证明这一点对我极为有利”。（Praeterita, lxxxi.）显然，对于爱默生这样的人，“文化”有着同样的价值。但我们暂不去耽于两者之间的深刻差别，为了强调罗斯金面貌的特殊之处，让我们首先指出，由于他对科学和艺术一视同仁，他在谈到作为科学家的古人和谈到作为艺术家的古人一样满怀崇敬。关于自然史的发现，他引用了第104篇赞美诗，关于一个宗教史问题他同意希罗多德的观点（恰同当代科学家的观点相反），他很欣赏卡尔帕乔的一幅画，认为它为鹦鹉的描述史作出了重大贡献（《圣马可的栖息》：“奴隶的圣坛”）。显然我们很快应该回到他的古典神圣艺术观，“只有一个希腊艺术，圣热罗姆和赫拉克勒斯，等等”，每一个这

样的观念又引向其他。但此刻我们面前只有这样一个深深留恋着自己藏品的罗斯金，他对科学和艺术一视同仁，相信一项科学理论能够始终正确，正如一件艺术品能够始终美丽（他从未明确提出这一观点，但它暗中支配着其他所有的观点，没有它其他都将成为不可能），他会为了自然史或思辨哲学去求证于一首古代赞歌或者一件中世纪浮雕，因为他深信任何年代任何国度的智者都比哪怕是当代的愚人更值得去咨询。当然，他恰如其分的批判意识始终约束着这一倾向，让我们对他可以完全信任，他的夸张仅仅是为了开个诸如“13世纪昆虫学”等的小玩笑。

[2]从英国人眼中看法国风景，这会是多么有趣的展品：透纳笔下的法国河流；波宁顿的“凡尔赛”；沃尔特·佩特的“奥塞尔”或“瓦朗西安”，“韦兹莱”或“亚眠”；斯蒂文森的“枫丹白露”；还有更多更多！

[3]我现在没有时间阐明这一缺憾，但我猜想通过我的翻译——尽管它很乏味——读者能够看出，就像透过强光照亮的厚厚的鱼缸玻璃，思想被语句迅速地驱赶，在瞬间受到损害。

阅读的日子（一）

1.我的童年过得最充实的日子也许就是那些我以为我不曾生活过的日子，那些伴随着一本心爱的书度过的日子。在那些日子里，每一件与他人有关的事，每一件被我当作是对那神奇享受的庸俗妨碍而推开的事：正读到最有趣的段落有小伙伴来找我玩耍，讨厌的蜜蜂或一束阳光使我不得不从书页中抬起头来或者变换姿势，为我端来的茶点放在旁边一动未动，而在头顶的蓝天，太阳的威力正在减弱，我必须回去用晚餐，其间唯一的念头就是饭后直接上楼读完剩余的章节。阅读本应让我觉得这些事不胜其烦，但相反，它们镌刻在我心中的回忆是如此甜美（在我现在的感受中要比当时如此全心阅读的东西珍贵得多），以至于到今天，我有时还会去翻阅这些过去的书籍，那只不过是将它们作为唯一保存了逝去日子的日历，希望在那些书页中还能找到早已消失不在的房屋和池塘的影子。

2.谁会不记得，如我回忆之中，那些假期中的阅读时光，一天中所有那些安宁不受干扰、足以庇护阅读的时光。上午，从公园回来之后，当其他人都去散步时，我会溜进餐厅，在那儿，一直到尚遥远的午餐时间，除了年迈寡言的费利西之外没有人会进来，我唯一的、最尊重阅读的同伴，便是挂在墙上的彩盘，刚刚撕下前一页的日历，自言自语不求回答的钟表和炉火，它们的窃窃私语不具意义，不像人类的话语一般用别的意义取代你正在阅读的语句。我会坐在一张椅子上，在一小堆柴火旁边，关于这火我那早起的照管花园的叔叔会在午餐时说：“这可不碍什么事！我们容得下这点儿火的，你知道六点钟的时候菜园里可真冷。想想吧，离复活节只有一星期了！”离我不得不中断阅读的午餐时间还有整整两小时。时而能听到要流出水的水泵的声音，让我抬头透过关着的窗户注视它，那儿紧挨着小花园的一条幽径，环绕着用砖和半月形陶

瓷装饰的三色堇花坛：这些三色堇好像是从天上摘下来的，那无比美好、色彩斑斓、仿佛倒映在有时能从村庄的房顶之间看到的教堂彩窗上的天空，有时出现在暴风雨之前的惨淡天空，或者在那之后，很晚了，暮色即将降临。不幸的是，厨娘会早早进来安放餐具，要是她能不说话该有多好！可她觉得自己有必要说："您看上去不太舒服，我把桌子挪近点好吗？"仅只回答一句："不用，谢谢。"我就得将嘴里的声音从远处召回，令它戛然中止，而它正在无声而流利地念诵着眼睛看到的所有词语。我得停下，再发出声音，还它以早已遗失的日常表象和应答的语调，只为了礼貌地发出一句"不用，谢谢"。时间在流逝，常常离午餐时间还早就开始有人来到餐厅，有人走累了，选了一条捷径，从"梅塞格里斯路"回来，或者有人要"写点东西"，那天早晨没有出去散步。当然，他们会说："我不想打扰你。"但他们立刻开始走近柴火，看看时间，表示现在就吃饭也不错。无论是谁"留下来写点东西"，他们都会带着一种特别的敬意含笑对他或她说："您在保持通信呐。"这笑容里含着尊敬、神秘、猥亵和小心，就好像这小小的"通信联系"既是国家机密，又是一种特权、一种暧昧关系和一种病态。有人不再等待，早早坐在自己的位置上。这真叫人难过，因为他们给后来者树立了个坏榜样，让他们以为已经是中午了，我的父母便会过早地说出那句致命的话："好了，合上书，我们要吃午饭了。"万事俱备，桌布上摆好了每个人的餐具，没有上桌的只是在餐后才会摆上来的器具，比如我那既是园丁又是厨师的叔叔用来在桌上亲手泡制咖啡的玻璃壶，那好像物理仪器般复杂、味道芳香的管状器皿，看着那突然产生的沸腾泡沫升上玻璃罩，将芬芳的褐色余渣留在充满蒸汽的内壁，这实在让人愉快。还有奶油和草莓，我这位叔叔总是以同样的比例将之调和，以五彩画家的经验和美食家的预见性精确地达到他要求的粉色。这午餐显得多么漫长啊！我的婶祖母对每道菜肴浅尝辄止，便能以一种大度却不容置疑的平静提出她的见解。对于她所精通的小说或诗歌，她总是以女性的谦卑对其他更有见地的人的意见表示尊重。她相信那属于随心所欲的范畴，个人的喜好无

法作为真理去评判。但对于那些由母亲传授的规矩与准则，比如怎样烹调某些菜肴，怎样演奏莫扎特的奏鸣曲，或者什么是优雅的待客之道，她确信自己知道怎样做才恰如其分，并能够判断他人做到了几分。何况，这三样事具有同样的完美标准：简洁、适度、迷人。她憎恶在菜肴中加入并非必需的调味品，矫揉造作或过多使用踏板的演奏，以及在待客时不具备完全自然态的自己。只要尝一口菜，听头几个音符，看一眼便笺，她就称自己知道面前是不是一个好厨师，一个真正的音乐家，或者一位有教养的女子。“她也许技巧比我熟练，但她演奏那段简单的行板时过于夸张，说明她毫无品位。”“她也许是个出色的女子，但在这种场合夸夸其谈可见其缺乏分寸。”“她也许是个在行的厨子，但她不会做土豆煎牛排。”正因简单所以难做的土豆煎牛排是一个理想的比赛项目，好比烹饪中的悲怆奏鸣曲，在美食方面等同于社交生活中一位夫人前来询问有关仆人的事，从这件简单的行为中便可看出她是否知分寸有修养。我祖父自尊心十足，希望每一道菜成功，但极不擅烹饪，从来不知道何处不妥。他很想承认有些菜确有不妥之处，但那十分罕见，而且完全是出于意外。而我婶祖母那永远有理有据、暗示厨子不会做菜的批评必然让祖父难以忍受。为了避免和他争论，婶祖母经常忍住不发言，只用嘴唇碰一下那道菜，但我们即刻便知道那为她所不喜。她保持着沉默，但从那双慈爱的眼睛里看得出深思熟虑、不可动摇的否认，令祖父狂怒。他会嘲讽地请她发表意见，对她的沉默很不耐烦，不断地向她提问，大发脾气，但我们能感到婶祖母宁愿忍受折磨也不愿承认祖父所相信的：点心并不是太甜。

3.午餐之后我立刻重新开始读书，特别是天气十分暖和的日子，所有人都上楼回到卧室，我也马上沿着一节窄仄的楼梯回到自己的屋子，它在很低的单独一层，从窗台上轻易就能直接跳到外面街上。我去关上窗户，但仍未能躲开对面的枪炮匠同我打招呼，他趁着放下雨篷的机会，每天午饭后在门前抽烟斗，同过路人打招呼，他们有时会停下来和他聊天。梅坡公司[47]和英国室内设计师们严格遵守的威廉·莫里斯[48]的

理论规定，一间卧室是否漂亮的唯一条件是它只陈放对我们有用的物品，而任何有用的物品，哪怕是一枚钉子，都不应遮盖而应暴露在外。在这些洁净的卧室里，在完全裸露的铜条床架之上，光秃秃的墙上挂着几幅名画的复制品。以这样的审美观来看，我的卧室绝谈不上美，因为里面充满无用的物品，它们谦逊地挡住了那些还有些用处的东西，让人用起来极为困难。但对我而言，我的房间之美正源于这些不为我方便、只为其自身愉悦而存在的物品。高高的白色帷帐挡住了视线，床仿佛隐蔽在一所祭坛深处；散落的绸料压脚被、花朵图案的床罩、刺绣被套、细亚麻布枕套，我的床在白天消失在所有这一切东西的下面，好像玛丽月花彩之下的祭坛，到了晚上，为了能睡觉，我得把它们小心地放在旁边的扶手椅上，让它们在那儿过夜；床边，蓝色花纹的三件套玻璃制品，配套的糖罐和水罐（我到达的第二天姑母便嘱咐我里面不要盛水，怕我碰倒它），好像某种宗教仪式的器具——几乎同旁边小玻璃瓶中珍贵的白色香橙花液体一般神圣——它们如同圣体盒一般，我不会冒犯它们，更不会私自使用它们，但我会在脱衣之前长时间地凝视它们，担心不小心碰倒它们；那些小小的镂空钩编长巾为椅背覆盖了一层白色的玫瑰，它们一定有刺，因为每当我阅读完毕准备起身时都会发现自己被挂住了；用玻璃罩围起来以防被不慎碰到的钟对着来自远方的贝壳和一朵古老的伤感之花窃窃私语，它十分沉重，很难抬得起来，一旦停摆，除了钟表匠以外没人会鲁莽地给它上发条；白色的镂空花边布像覆盖着祭坛一样罩着五斗橱，其上装饰着两只花瓶、一幅圣像和一支圣枝，就像是圣餐桌（每天整理完卧室之后摆在那里的祈祷跪凳更让人产生如此联想），但它开松的边线总是夹进抽屉的缝隙中，让抽屉完全无法工作，即使为拿一条手帕出来我也必须将圣像、圣花瓶和圣枝全部拿下来，而且总是跌跌撞撞，不得不抓牢跪凳。最后还有薄布窗帘、沉重的细布窗帘和更沉重的花缎窗帘组成的三重窗帘，它们在阳光照耀下总是像山楂花一样明亮喜人，但每当我想要打开或关上窗户，它们就会笨重而顽固地在平行的木杆上滑动，十分恼人地互相裹挟并缠绕在窗子上，如果我

成功地解开了第一层，第二层便会立即裹进连接处，将之完全堵塞，就像有一棵真正的山楂树或者真有一只异想天开的燕子在那儿筑巢，其结果就是，如果没有另一个家庭成员帮忙，我永远也别想完成开关窗子这看似简单的动作。所有这些物件非但不能满足我的任何需求，而且颇有些碍事。显然，它们放在那儿并非为任何人所用，它们让我的房间充满了某种私密沉思的气氛，带着那种自己选择所爱的生存与享受方式的神情，就像林间空地上的树，抑或路边或一段老墙上的花朵。它们使之充满了种种静默的生命，充满了让我的个体既失落其中又为之着迷的神秘。它们让这房间变为一所小教堂，阳光——在穿过我叔叔安在窗户上方的红色玻璃窗格之后——先将窗帘上的山楂花变成粉红色，又在墙壁上洒下奇异的闪烁斑点，就好像这小教堂藏身于一座彩窗的教堂大殿之中。在这里，因为离得近，响亮地回荡着乡村教堂的钟声，在盛大宗教节日，教堂的临时祭坛更通过一条花路与我们的房子相连，这钟声让我幻想它就敲响在我们的屋顶下，在窗子上面，从那里我常常问候手拿日课经的牧师、晚祷归来的姑母，或者为我们带来圣餐面包的唱诗班男孩。至于布朗所摄波提切利[49]的《春》，或者里尔博物馆的《无名女士》复制品，威廉·莫里斯对其无用之美作出了让步，让它们出现在梅坡公司室内的墙壁和壁炉架上，而我必须承认，在我的房间里，它们让位于一幅表现欧仁亲王的版画，他身着土耳其式长袍，英俊而令人生畏。一天夜里，在一个火车站餐厅入口处，在火车与冰雹的猛烈撞击声中，我震惊地看到这幅画，他为一个饼干牌子做的广告，依然英俊而令人生畏。现在我怀疑这幅画是我的祖父从前得自于一个慷慨的制造商，随后才永久地挂在我的卧室里。但当时我并不关心其似乎古老神秘的来源，也不曾想象可能存在不止一件复制品，因为在我看来他是一个活生生的人，是这房间永久的居住者，而我只不过同他共用这房间，在这里每一年我都会重新发现他，永恒不变。距离我上次看到他已经很久了，我想我再也不会见到他了。但若上天赐福我还能见到他的话，我相信他会比波提切利的《春》有更多话要对我说。让那些有品位的人用他们崇

拜的名作的复制品去装饰自己的家吧，让他们把那些对他们而言珍贵的画作放进木刻相框，从而免去保存的烦恼。让那些有品位的人依其品位来安排自己的卧室，在里面放满符合其品位的物件。对于我自己，只有在每件物品都是迥异于我的生活、同我的口味截然相反的创造与表现的房间里，我才能感到自己在生活与思考，在那里没有什么与我的意识有关，我的想象力因潜入非我的深处而奔放。只有当我踏入——在俯视港口的车站大道，或在教堂广场——外省的一间旅馆时我才感到幸福，它们有着长长的寒冷的走廊，外面的寒风战胜了中央暖气，墙上唯一的装饰便是当地的详细地图，每一种声音都更烘托出寂静，房间里保留着一种腐旧的味道，新鲜空气将之清洗却无法根除，鼻孔上百次将它吸入，想象力为之着迷，将它视为样本，试图通过思想与回忆再造它所包含的一切。傍晚，当你打开房门，你感觉你侵犯了其中四处散落的那全部生命，关上门之后，当你进到房间深处，到桌子或窗户那里，你好像冒失地伸手拉住了这生命。坐在那小镇装饰工自以为的巴黎风格装饰的长椅上，你感到与那生命自由自在地亲密共处；你感到自己到处触摸到它赤裸的存在，当你欲以自己熟悉的一切来惊扰自己，当你四处堆放着自己的东西，装作是这漫溢着其他灵魂的房间的主人，而一直到薪架的形状或窗帘的图案都还保存着他们梦想的痕迹，当你赤足走在那陌生的地毯上；你感到自己仿佛将这秘密的生命锁入了自身，就在你浑身颤抖着去闩门的时候；你感到它在你前面上了床，最后和你一起躺在那一直盖到你脸上的大白被单里，就在这时，附近教堂的钟声为整个小镇敲响了对情人与垂死者而言无眠的时光。

4.我在房间里读不多久书就得去离村子1000米远的公园。把装在篮子里的点心分发给岸边的孩子们，我的书放在草地上不得拿起，但这强制的游玩活动结束后，我会在下午茶点快结束时早早离开。稍远一些，在公园茂盛而神秘的地带，河流不再是浮着天鹅、两边环以喜人的雕塑小径、时有鲤鱼跳跃的笔直的人工河道，它加快了速度，迅速越过公园围墙，变成一条地理意义上的河流——一条本应有名字的河流——并且

立刻四处蔓延（它还是那条雕塑环绕天鹅漂浮的河吗？），奔流在毛茛草已被淹没的牛群睡卧的牧场和被它弄得颇为泥泞的草地中间，一边通过一些据说是中世纪遗迹的无法辨形状的塔楼同村子相连，另一边沿着蜿蜒上升的蔷薇和山楂花小径通向"自然"，将那些有过其他姓名的未知的村庄延伸至无穷。我会离开其他人，让他们继续在公园低处天鹅旁边吃完茶点，我会远远地跑到曲径深处某个树荫下，背靠修剪过的榛子丛，无人察觉地坐下，观看石刁柏苗床、草莓丛的边缘，马儿时常转着圈去汲水的水池，以及上面"公园尽头"的白色大门，还有更远处，开满罂粟花和矢车菊的草地。在我的荫蔽处笼罩着深深的寂静，几乎没有被发现的危险，从下面传来的远远的徒劳的呼唤声只让我的安全感加倍，这声音有时甚至更近些，沿着开始的斜坡向上，到处搜寻未果，又转回去，随后是一片寂静，只有从远处平原那边时时传来的金色钟声仿佛来自蓝天之外，提醒我时间已过。但惊异于那悠扬，不安于那更深沉的寂静，失落于接踵而至的最后几个音符，我从来不清楚钟鸣了几响。这不是当你重新进入村庄时听到的那雷鸣般的钟声——当你走近教堂，从近处看它恢复了那高耸僵直的外表，石板顶端栖满了乌鸦，映衬着傍晚黛色的天空——在村庄广场上那声音裂成了碎片，为了传扬"世间之善"。它们传到公园尽头的时候变得轻柔微弱，不是为我鸣响，而是朝着整个乡间，所有的村庄，那些分散在田间的乡民，丝毫无意让我抬头观望，只是从我身边经过，把时间带到遥远之地，不曾看见我、认出我或者打扰我。

5.有时，在房间里，在我的床上，晚餐早已结束，傍晚的最后时光也能用来读书，但我只将这些时光用于阅读一本书最后的章节，即将结束前的篇幅。那时，冒着一旦发现便会受到惩罚，或者读完全书后可能一夜失眠的危险，一等父母上床我便重新点燃蜡烛，就在近旁街道，在沉浸于寂静中的枪炮匠的房子和邮局之间，黑暗而湛蓝的天空繁星密布，在左边，在那蜿蜒上升的小巷之上，你能感到教堂庞大的黑色后殿在守望着，还有它一夜无眠的雕像，而这乡村教堂却自有其久远的历

史，是神奇的居所，里面有慈爱的主、圣体面包、多彩的圣徒像，还有来自邻近庄园的妇人，她们在节日里“坐着马车”前来做弥撒，在穿过市场的时候让母鸡们咯咯直叫，长舌妇们眼睛发直，在回去的路上，刚刚离开门廊的阴影，信徒们从那里推开前厅大门时驱散了殿内逡巡的小鸟，她们总不忘记从广场的点心铺里买些用帘子遮挡着日晒的塔形糕点——曼格黄油蛋糕、奶油小饼、杏仁果酱小蛋糕——对我而言，它们慵懒甜美的气息仍然同大弥撒的钟声及礼拜日的欢乐掺杂在一起。

6.然后，最后一页读完了，书看完了。眼睛，和那无声地跟随着文字、停下来只为稍作喘息的嗓音，它们狂热的奔跑不得不中止于一声深深的叹息。随后，为了将我内心停留过久、无法平息的躁动引向其他方向，我会起身在床边踱步，眼睛仍然注视着不存在于房间内外任何地方的某一点，它停驻于灵魂的距离，与别的距离不同，无法用米尺或英里去衡量，你不会弄错，一旦见到那些思想在“别处”的人，“遥远”的目光就能立刻认出它来。然后呢，这本书就是这样了吗？我们对其中人物给予了比现实生活中的人还要多的关注和感情，但并不总是敢于承认自己是多么热爱他们，甚至，当父母对我读书时的激动报以微笑时，我会作出无动于衷的样子或假装无聊地合上书。我永远不会再见到这些我曾为之屏息静气或哭泣的人，永远不会再知道他们的消息。早在最后几页，作者在他残酷的“跋”里，已经用心地以一种令人难以置信的冷淡态度将他们“隔离出去”，而我们知道他曾如何一步步满怀关切地跟踪着他们。他们生活中的每一刻都被详加描述。然后，突然之间：“这些事情发生20年之后，那老人可能还会出现在富热尔的街上，仍然身材挺拔，等等。”[1]还有婚姻，我们在整整两卷书中不时瞥见那令人欢喜的可能性，为每一个障碍忧心忡忡，为每一次障碍的清除欢欣雀跃，却在“跋”中，从某个小人物不经意的一句话里听说婚礼已经举行，而我们并不确切知道是在何时，这令人吃惊的结尾好像来自上天，由一个对我们的短暂激情无动于衷的人代替作者写就。我们多么希望书中的故事继续下去，或者，如果这不可能的话，能够了解人物目前生活的一些情

况，能够用我们的生活去体验一些与他们在我们心中激起的爱有关的东西[2]，而这爱的对象已不再，多希望我们并不仅仅是短暂徒劳地热爱过他们，而他们在明天就只不过是同我们的生活无关的一本书中被忘却的一页里的一个名字而已，我们一定错误地估计了这书的价值，因为现在我们看出，就像我们的父母用不屑的一句话教给我们的那样，它在此间的归宿根本不像我们想象的那样包含着全宇宙以至我们自己的命运，而只不过是在公证人的书架上，在一册册乏味的《彩图时装报》和《厄尔一卢瓦尔省地理》之间占据着一个窄窄的位置。

7.在进入《国王的宝藏》一文之前，在试图阐明我的意见之前，即阅读并不像罗斯金在这篇小文中所讲的应该占据生活中的重要位置，在此之前我必须将可爱的童年时代的阅读时光排除在外，那回忆应永远成为我们每个人的恩宠。无疑，上述文字的长度和内容只是更好地证明了我在本文一开始所说过的：阅读留给我们的是当时当地的影像。我未能逃脱它的咒语。我想谈的是阅读，但我谈到了书籍以外的一切，因为阅读对我讲述的并不是书本。但也许阅读赠予我的一个个回忆也会在我的读者心中苏醒，在他徘徊于这循环往返的花径时，慢慢引导他在心中重新创造出阅读这一独特的心理活动，并给予他足够强大的力量，让他现在能从自己内心深处聆听我即将陈述的意见。

8.我们知道《国王的宝藏》是罗斯金1864年12月6日在曼彻斯特附近拉绍尔默市政厅所作的关于阅读的讲演，目的是帮助拉绍尔默学院创立一所图书馆。12月14日他作了第二场讲演——《女王的花园》，讨论女性的作用，以帮助在安科茨建立学校。科林伍德先生在他令人钦佩的《罗斯金的生活与作品》中说：“那整整一年他都留在家中，除了……频频造访卡莱尔。他12月在曼彻斯特所作的一系列讲演后来收于《芝麻与百合》一书，成为他最广为人知的作品，从他思想最闪亮之处我们看得出当时他正处于身体与理智最健康的状态。从他所谈及的英勇、高贵、坚忍的理想观，以及他对书籍和公共图书馆价值的坚持，我们听到

了他同卡莱尔交谈的回响，卡莱尔是伦敦图书馆的创办人。”

9.既然我在这里想做的只是讨论罗斯金的理论本身，不涉及其历史渊源，那么用笛卡尔的话即可相当准确地对之加以总结：“阅读好书就好像同过往时代最优秀的人物交谈。”罗斯金也许并不知道这位法国哲学家这多少有些枯燥的比喻，但这观点却贯穿了他的讲演，只不过笼罩在融合了英格兰薄雾的金色阳光中，就像那照亮了他所钟爱的英国画家笔下风景的阳光。“但是，即使我们有择友的意愿和见识，又有几人有那能力！或至少，对大多数人来说，那选择的范围多么有限！……我们无法知道我们会选择谁……幸运的话，我们可能瞥见一位伟大的诗人，聆听他的声音；或向科学家提问，得到友善的答复。我们可能占用一位内阁部长10分钟的时间同我们交谈，……或者在一生中有一两次与女王仁慈的目光相遇的殊荣。我们渴求这些短暂的运气；我们花费时光、激情与权力去追逐的不过如此。而与此同时，有一个社会圈子永远向我们开放，他们永远会与我们交谈，多久都行，无论我们的地位或职业为何……他们是如此数量众多，温文尔雅，可以一整天等待着，不是为了接见听众，而是希望被听众接见，达官贵人们耐心地徘徊在那朴素狭窄的接待室，即我们的书架上，而我们并不以之为意，也许一整天连一句他们想说的话都不听！”“你也许会告诉我，”罗斯金补充道，“你更愿意同活着的人交谈，因为你能看到他们的面孔”，等等，驳斥了这个以及下一个反对意见之后，他说明，阅读恰恰是同比我们周围可能遇见的人要聪明有趣得多的人对话。在本文的注释中我试图说明阅读并不等同于对话，哪怕是同最有智慧者的对话。一本书和一位友人的本质区别不在于其或多或少的智慧，而在于我们与之交流的方式，阅读同对话正好相反，在阅读时，我们每个人在接受他人思想交流的同时仍然保持孤独，亦即仍然享受着我们在孤独中享有的智力优势，而交谈却会顷刻间将之瓦解，同时仍然接受启迪，思想仍然富有成效地工作着。如果罗斯金对后来陈述的其他真理进行总结的话，他很有可能得出与我类似的结论。但显然他并没有去探求阅读的中心意旨。为了教导我们阅读的价值，他

只是以希腊人的简洁讲述了一个动人的柏拉图式的神话，希腊人为我们揭示了几乎所有的真理，却留给现代的有心人对其进行深入探索的机会。尽管我认为阅读在本质上，就其于孤独中实现的丰硕的交流奇迹而言，有着不同于罗斯金所说的更丰富的东西，我却并不就此承认它在我们的精神生活中具有罗斯金似乎想赋予它的重要地位。

10.其地位的局限性源于其功能。我仍然要回到童年的阅读经验去发现这些功能是什么。那本书，你刚刚看到我在餐厅的炉火旁，在卧室里，蜷在罩着钩编头靠的扶手椅里，或在下午的美好时光，在公园的榛子树和山楂花下捧读的那本书，在那里，来自遥远无边原野的所有气息在我身边静静嬉戏，无声地为我心不在焉的鼻翼送来苜蓿和驴食草的香味，令我时而抬起疲倦的双眼：这本书，你靠近的眼睛无法穿过20年的时光辨认出它来，只有我的记忆，凭着它更适合此种观察的视觉，才能告诉你它的名字：《佛拉卡西上尉》，戈蒂埃[50]著。在这本书里我最爱的有两三个句子，它们在我看来是全书最优美独特之处。我无法想象别的作者写过可与之媲美的句子。但我感到这优美对应着一种现实，戈蒂埃只在每卷书的一两处让我们瞥见这现实的一角。因为我相信他一定了解其全部，我便想读他别的作品，其中所有的句子都应同这几句一样美，其内容都是有关我想知道的他的见解。“笑就其本质而言并不残酷，它将人与动物区别开来，就像希腊诗人荷马的《奥德赛》所表现的，它是幸福者和不朽神灵的特权，他们在永恒的闲散时光里像奥林匹斯诸神一般笑了个够。”[3]这句话真正令我心醉神迷。我以为透过唯有戈蒂埃才能向我揭示的中世纪，我窥见了一个奇妙的古代。但我更希望他不是像现在这样，用太多我不认识的词汇对一个我根本无法想象的城堡进行冗长描述之后一笔带过这句话，而是让书里充满这样的句子，并告诉我一些全书结束之后我还能继续了解并热爱的东西。我更希望这位掌握真理的智者能告诉我应该怎样恰如其分地看待莎士比亚、圣梯纳、索福克勒斯、欧里庇得斯、西尔维奥·佩利科[51]，我在一个非常寒冷的三月读了佩利科的书，每次合上书我便走着，跺着脚，沿着小径疾走，

因为刚刚结束的阅读，因为我一动不动所积聚的能量，因为吹过村庄街道的令人振奋的风而狂喜。我还特别希望他告诉我是否更有机会接近真理，如果我重修六年级，或者以后成为外交官或高等法院的律师。但这句优美的句子刚刚结束，他便开始描绘一张“铺了一层厚厚的尘土，手指能在上面写字”的桌子，这话在我看来无甚意义，我的注意力无法为之停留。我只好想象戈蒂埃哪些其他的书能更好地满足我的渴望，让我最终了解他的全部思想。

11.确实，好书最伟大奇妙的特点之一（这让我们看到阅读在我们的精神生活中能够起到的根本而有限的作用）便在于对作者可称为“结论”，但对读者则是“激励”。我们强烈地感到我们的智慧开始于作者的智慧中止之处，我们希望他给予我们答案，而他所能做的全部便是给予我们欲望。他只有让我们注视他以艺术之全力达到的极致的美才能在我们身上唤醒这些欲望。但是从精神角度一个独特而神奇的法则来看（这法则意味着我们也许无法从任何其他人那里获得真理，而必须自己去创造真理），他们智慧的终点正是我们智慧的起点，所以就在他们说尽了所有能说的话的时候，我们却感到他们什么都没有说。而且，如果我们提出他们无法回答的问题，我们也就是在向他们要求对我们毫无用处的答案。诗人在我们心中激起的爱所产生的效果之一便是，仅对他们具有个人情感意义的事物被我们赋予了重大意义。在他们为我们呈现的每一幅图画中，我们仅能在瞬间瞥见那迥异于世界其他地方的景象，我们希望进入那奇妙的深处。“请带领我们，”我们想对梅特林克先生[52]和诺阿伊夫人[53]说，“去到那开放着古老花朵的泽兰花园，沿着充满‘苜蓿和蒿草’芳香的大路，去到世界所有那些你们在书中未曾提及但却认为同样美好的地方。”我们想去探访米勒[54]（因为画家以与诗人一样的方式给我们以教诲）在《春季》中展示的田野，想让莫奈[55]带我们去塞纳河边的吉维尼，看看他画中透过清晨的雾霭几乎难以分辨的河流弯道。而实际上，诺阿伊夫人或梅特林克或米勒或莫奈选择去描绘那条路、那座花园、那片田野、那段河流，而不是别的什么，那仅仅是因为偶然的亲

戚关系使他们在那里停留。它们在我们眼中比世界其他地方更特别更美，因为它们飘忽不定地反映着天才心中的印象，这印象，同样特别，同样霸道，飘过所有他可能描绘的风景那顺从而漠然的面容。这表象迷惑我们、令我们失望，让我们想走得更远，它便是这在某种意义上不具深度的东西的本质——截留于画布的幻影——一种视象。而我们渴望的双眼想要穿越的迷雾就是艺术家的结束语。作家和画家至高无上的努力不过是为我们部分地揭开了那让我们在宇宙面前无动于衷的丑陋无聊的面纱。随后他说：

看吧，看吧，

充满苜蓿与艾蒿的芳香，

拥抱着狭窄奔腾的溪流，

是那埃纳与瓦兹之地。

“看那泽兰的房舍，粉红闪亮如一只贝壳。看啊！学着去看！”就在这时他消失了。这便是阅读的价值所在，也是它的不足之处。将它变成教条就是赋予启蒙过于重要的角色。阅读是精神生活的开始，它将我们引入精神生活：它并不构成它。

12.但在某些情形下，比如精神抑郁症的病例，这时阅读可以作为一种治疗方式加以运用，通过反复的激励，将懒惰的心灵重新不断地引入精神生活中去。那时书籍起到的作用便类似于针对某些精神衰弱症的心理疗法。

13.我们知道在某些精神系统的疾病中，虽然器官本身无恙，患者却深陷于一种失去意愿的状态而无力自拔，如果没有一只有力的援助之手向他伸出的话，最终将会衰竭。他的大脑、双腿、肺部和胃部均很健全。他并非完全失去了工作、行走、耐寒、饮食的能力。但他没有意愿

去做这些完全有能力做到的动作。器官的衰竭会最终演变成他本没有的病症，造成无可挽回的后果，如果他自身无法找到的推力没有从外部出现，没有医生愿意为他作出决定，直到他慢慢恢复各种感官的意志。有一些人的情形可以同这种病患相比，他们受滞于一种惰怠[4]或无聊，无法自觉地深入到真正的精神生活开始的深层的自我中去。一旦有人将他们引入这自我深处，他们并不缺乏发现和探索那真正丰富性的能力，但是由于缺乏外界的干涉，他们便生活在表面，处于永远遗忘自我的消极状态，这使他们嬉游于各种享乐，甘心混同于周遭的熙攘，就好比一个出身高贵但从童年起便与街头盗贼厮混的人，早已不再使用因而不再记得自己的姓名，如果没有外力迫使他们重新开启恢复思考和创造力的精神生活，他们最终会丧失精神高贵性的所有感觉和回忆。但显然，惰怠的心灵必须在孤独中接受这来自外界的推动力，正如我们已看到的，没有孤独便无法产生创造活动，而创造活动恰恰是这推力所要激发的。在单纯的孤独中惰怠的心灵将一无所获，因为它不能自己进行创造性活动。但最高深的交谈和最紧迫的建议也无济于事，因为它们无法直接产生这种独特的活动。这时所需要的是来自他人但却生发于我们内心深处的影响，它确是来自另一个心智的推动，但我们在孤独之中接受它。我们已经看出，这恰恰是阅读的定义，而且只适于阅读。因此，唯一能够对这样的心灵施加有益影响的训练便是阅读：借用几何术语，证明完毕。但我重申，阅读只能作为激励，决不能代替我们的个体活动。它仅仅满足于帮助我们恢复其功能，就像我在前面比喻过的神经疾病，心理医生只能为患者恢复其意志力去运用自己仍然健康的胃、腿和脑。也许所有的心智或多或少都有些深层滞碍的惰性，尽管阅读并非必要条件，但其所带来的兴奋或许会对我们的写作产生好的影响，总之人们发现不止一位作家喜欢在写作之前先读篇好文章。爱默生很少不重读几页柏拉图就开始写作。但丁也并非唯一由维吉尔引入天堂大门的诗人。

14.因为，只要阅读对我们是激励性的，用神奇的钥匙为我们打开了内心深处我们本不懂得如何进入的所在，那么它便起到了有益的作

用。反之它就是危险的，如果它不是唤醒我们心灵的个体生命，而是试图取而代之，如果真理不再表现为只有靠我们自己思想的隐秘的进步及我们自己心灵的努力才能实现的理想，而只是好像置于书页间的一件物品，就像他人酿好的蜂蜜，我们只需从书架上取下来就可以在心灵与身体的完全静止中消极地品味。有时，在一些特别的、不那么危险的情形下，始终被视作外在的真理离我们十分遥远，隐藏在难于到达的某处。比如某些机密的资料，未发表的通信或回忆录，可能出人意料地揭示某些特点，但却很难获得。对于厌倦于在内心寻找真理的理智来说，这是怎样的幸福与休憩呵，当它发现这真理就存在于外界，被小心翼翼地保存在荷兰一所隐修院的对开本书籍中，虽然我们得费些功夫才能抵达，但辛苦的只是身体，对理智而言不过是迷人的消遣。这将意味着一段漫长的旅程，你得乘坐驳船穿越风声呜咽的沼泽地，岸边的芦苇在无尽的波动中连绵起伏；你得在多德雷赫特停留，它那常青藤覆盖的教堂倒映在纵横交错沉睡的运河与金光颤动的墨兹河上，晚上，船只划过水面，搅乱了一条条红色屋顶与蓝色天空的倒影；而一直到最后到达目的地，你仍不能肯定能够借阅到这本书。为此必须想方设法运用强大的影响力，比如结交那位有一张前冉森教徒般英俊的四方脸的尊敬的乌得勒支大主教，还有阿姆斯福特[56]那位虔诚的档案保管人。在这种情形下获得真知就好像是某种外交使命的胜利，不乏艰险的旅途和充满变数的谈判。但那有什么关系？我们能否获得真知全靠乌得勒支这个古老的小教堂里所有这些可爱的成员，他们17世纪的面孔有别于我们惯常所见，与他们保持联系，至少通通信将是多么有趣的事。他们在持续与我们通信中一次次表现出的尊敬使我们颇为自诩，并把他们的信件作为证件和珍玩保存起来。对这些赠我们以……真知的人，我们不会忘记将来把我们的书题献给他们，这自然是我们所能做到的最起码的事。至于我们不得不在隐修院图书室里进行的少量研究工作则是获取真知的必要前提——谨慎起见，为了避免遗忘，我们会记笔记——抱怨这些工作所带来的麻烦简直就是不知好歹：古老隐修院的安宁清冷是如此得迷人，修女们仍

然像在会客室悬挂的韦登[57]的画中一样头戴带有白色边缘的高帽；当我们工作时，一抹苍白的阳光照耀着醺醺然沉醉于17世纪温柔的排钟声里的天真的运河水，两旁从夏天结束便一直光秃秃的枝条拂过两岸悬挂在三角形房舍上的镜子。[5]

15.对思想的呼唤置若罔闻，只听从外界的影响，认为通过推荐信便能获得真知，不必了解，只要在物质上拥有，就能将之交到我们手中，并能誊录到笔记本上，这种真理观倒远不是最危险的。因为，通常历史学家甚或学者深入一本书中所寻找的，从严格意义上说并不是真理本身，而是其迹象或印证，进而为另一个它预告或证明的真理留下了空间，这至少还是他们自己思想的个别创造。文人却完全不同。他为了阅读而阅读，为了留住阅读的东西而阅读。对他，书籍并不是在他打开天堂花园大门那一瞬间便振翅飞去的天使，而是静止的偶像，他为它自身的缘故而崇拜它，并不从它激起的思想中获得一种真正的尊严，而是带给周遭一切一种虚假的尊严。文人微笑地援引它，向维尔阿杜安或薄伽丘[58]作品中的人物表示敬意[6]，或者维护维吉尔笔下的某些风俗。他的思想没有独创活动，不能从书中找出增强心智的东西，却被整部书拖累，书籍于他不是可吸收的元素，生命的原则，而只是异体，死亡的原则。自然，如果我说这种对书籍的喜爱、拜物般的崇拜是不健康的话，那是相对于完美心智的理想习惯而言，而完美的心智是不存在的，正如生理学家所描述的机体的正常工作状态在常人身上是罕见的一样。相反，在现实生活中，正如没有完全健康的身体一样，也没有完美无缺的心智，我们称为具有“伟大心灵”的人和其他人一样会染上这种“文学病”。也许比其他人更为严重。对书籍的热爱似乎同理智一起增长，略低于它但处在同一根枝干上，正如任何激情均伴随着对其对象的周围及相关事物的偏爱，并在它不在时仍然谈论它。因此最伟大的作家在未与自己的思想作直接交流的时候，喜欢与书籍为伴。它们难道不正是为了他们所写吗；它们难道不是向他们揭示那许多为大众所不知的美吗？但事实上，高尚的心智可能被称为嗜书者，但这决不证明这并非缺陷。平

庸之人通常勤勉，聪明人则常常是懒惰的，但从中并不能得出结论：就心智训练而言，勤奋并不比懒惰好。尽管如此，在伟人身上看到我们自己的缺点总会使我们去想它是否在根本上是一种被误会的美德，我们不无愉快地发现雨果将昆提斯·库尔提乌斯、塔西佗和查士丁尼一世[59]的著作熟记于心，如果某个词的合理性当面受到挑战，他便可以旁征博引追述其来龙去脉。（我在别的地方说明，在他身上，学识是滋养而不是压制了他的天才，正如一捆木柴能扑灭一小簇火苗但只能让一大簇火焰燃得更旺。）在我看来，梅特林克是文人的反面，其心灵永远敞开接纳由蜂巢、花床或牧场所激起的数不清的无名情感，当他以收藏家的身份描述雅各布·凯茨[60]或桑德儒斯神父的老版著作里的版画时，我们便可大大放心于博学甚至是嗜书的危险。这种危险即使存在，它对理智构成的威胁要比对感性小得多，而思想家要比想象力丰富的诗人更具备从阅读中获益的能力。比如叔本华[61]，他生机焕发的心灵轻松地负载着大量的阅读，因为每一条新的知识都能立刻被压缩到阅读所包含的现实和生活的部分。

16.叔本华提出任何见解都会同时用数条引言来佐证，但你会感到，对他来说，他所引的文章仅为举例之用，是下意识的提前暗示，他喜欢在其中发现自己思想的一些特点，但它们绝非其灵感来源。我还记得《作为意志与表象的世界》中的一页，其中大约有连续20条引语。这段文字的主题是悲观（我自然会将这些引言加以缩写）："伏尔泰在《老实人》中，以轻松愉快的方式同乐观作战。拜伦则在《该隐》中以其悲剧性的风格做同样的事。希罗多德记叙色雷斯人用哀叹迎接新生儿，却欢欣地对待死亡。这也是普卢塔克用以下动人的文字所表达的：这遭遇太多不幸的人儿，他为了自伤自怜而被孕育，等等。墨西哥人的祈愿习俗也必归因于此，斯威夫特亦必有同感，他从年轻时代就习惯于将生日作为苦难日来庆祝（如果相信司各特爵士的传记的话）。大家都知道柏拉图在《苏格拉底的申辩》中的段落，他在其中说死亡值得钦羡。赫拉克里特的箴言表达了同样的意思：如果说生命的名字是'生

命’，其作品却是死亡。特奥格尼斯动人的诗篇十分著名：人最伟大的命运便是不曾出生，等等。索福克勒斯在《俄狄浦斯在科洛诺斯》中简述如下：不诞生便远胜其他，等等。欧里庇得斯说：人的一生充满痛苦（《希波吕托斯》）。荷马也早已说过：无论何地，所有呼吸的生物都没有人类悲惨，等等。普林尼也这样说：没有什么好过适时的死亡。莎士比亚从年迈的亨利四世王口中说出：‘噢，如果此景可见——最幸福的青年——当合上书本，坐下死去。’最后仍是拜伦：‘死去更妙。’巴尔塔沙·葛拉西安在《批评大师》中用最黑暗的色调描绘生存，等等。”如果我不是已被叔本华带到这么远的话，我会很高兴用《智慧书》来结束这段小小的论述，在所有我所知道的书中，它也许见证了一位博览群书的作者的最独到之处，因此在这本充满引语的书的书眉，叔本华会郑重其事地写上：“编纂并非我的强项。”

17.友谊对于个体而言也许无足轻重，而阅读是友谊的一种。但至少它是真诚的，由于面对的是死者或不在场者从而带有一种无私的、几乎感人之处。而且，这种友谊摆脱了所有其他友谊所包含的丑恶。既然我们这些活着的人都是尚未赴约的死者，我们在所有那些枯燥乏味，我们称之为尊敬、感激或虔诚的门厅处的礼貌用语和问候里掺进了太多的谎言。而且——从我们最早的善意、敬仰或感激的关系开始——我们最早说出的话、最早写下的文字就开始在我们周围编织出习惯之网、真正的生活方式之网，在其后的友情中我们再无法从中解脱。还没算上这时我们饶舌的话，它始终像我们必须兑现的期票，或者我们因为听任它被拒付而终生悔恨，须以更大的代价来偿还。而在阅读中，友谊突然回归了其原初的纯粹，如同书籍不存在虚伪的友善。如果我们整个晚上与之为伴，那是因为我们真心希望如此。我们常常离开他们，但只会带着遗憾。而且离开之后不会有这些损害友谊的念头：“他们会怎么想我们？”“我们是否得体？”“他们喜欢我们吗？”，或者担心因为别的什么人而遭遗忘。所有这些关于友谊的疑惧都在阅读这纯净安详的形式面前消失了。也无须毕恭毕敬，我们对莫里哀的话大笑就只是因为它很可

笑。他令我们烦闷时我们也不必害怕显得烦闷，确信读够了之后我们便突兀地把他放回去，仿佛他既非天才也非名人。这种纯粹友谊的氛围是沉默，它比话语更加纯粹。因为我们是为他人而说，自己只有沉默。所以沉默不像话语那样带着我们的错误或造作的痕迹。它是纯粹的，真正是一种氛围。在作者和我的思想之间并不夹杂着我们各自不同的自我对思想顽固的抵制。书的语言本身是纯粹的（如果它配得上被称为书的话），作者的思想更使其透明，凡不属于思想本身的均已清除，语言便是思想的忠实影像。每个句子在本质上都与其他句子相似，因为所有的语句均出自同一个拥有独特个性的语调。书中因而有一种连续性，而生活中的种种关系因掺杂了与思想无关的因素而不带有这种连续性，这使我们能很快跟上作者思想的轨迹，以及他反映在这宁静镜面中的面貌特征。我们能够愉快地观照而无需崇拜这些特征，因为对理智而言，能够辨认出这些深刻的画像，能够以无私无言的友情去爱，这真乃一大乐事。就像我们喜爱戈蒂埃，因为他是个高雅的好人（他被认为是艺术完美性的代表，这让我觉得好笑），仅此而已。我并不高估他的精神力量，在他的《西班牙游记》中，每一个句子都在无意中强调并延伸了他个性中十分优雅而欢快的特点（词语自行组合来描绘这特点，因为正是他的个性选择了它们并将其按顺序排列），但我不得不认为他的创作手法远称不上真正的艺术：他逼迫自己对每一种形式都加以详细描绘，并伴以并非源于任何愉快强烈的印象的比较，因此毫无动人之处。当他将种植着各种农作物的田野同“粘有长裤和马甲式样的裁缝的名片”相比较时，或者当他说从巴黎到昂古莱姆一路上无甚可欣赏之处时，我们不得不责怪他想象力贫乏得可怜。而这位狂热的哥特风格爱好者在夏尔特尔时连大教堂都懒得去参观，这不禁让人好笑。（“我很遗憾经过夏尔特尔时没能去看看大教堂”，《西班牙游记》。）

18.但是多好的脾气，多好的品味啊！我们多么心甘情愿地跟随这位快活的伙伴去历险，他是如此令人愉快，连他周围的一切也是如此。在他因风暴耽搁在那条“黄金般闪耀”的漂亮大船上，同勒巴尔毕耶·德·

提南船长共度数日之后，我们悲哀地看到他只字不再提起这位友善的海员，让我们永远离开他，不知道他后来怎样了。[7]我们能感觉到他夸夸其谈的快乐和一阵阵的忧郁都来自记者放荡不羁的习性。但我们宽容这一切，对他唯命是从，当他满身湿透、饥累交加回来时觉得很有趣，当他像个报纸专栏作家一样追述那些与他同代的早夭的人名时又不禁随之悲伤。我说过他的句子描绘着他的面貌，而他并不知晓。因为如果词语不是我们的思想根据其本质的亲和力所选择，而是出于我们自我描绘的欲望的话，它们所表现的便是那欲望，不是我们。佛洛芒丹和缪塞[62]虽然才华横溢，但他们想将自己的肖像留传后世，于是这肖像便十分平庸。但也正因如此它们令我们极感兴趣，因为其失败之处颇具启发意义。因此，当一本书不能反映一种强有力的个性时，它倒反映了其思想中有趣的缺陷。当我们仔细阅读佛洛芒丹或缪塞的书时，我们注意到前者某种“高雅”里所包含的狭隘和幼稚，而在后者则是滔滔雄辩中的空虚。

19.如果说我们对书籍的热爱随着我们智力的成长而成长，那么其危险，像我们所看到的，则随之减弱。有独创力的精神能够使阅读服从其个体的活动。对它而言，阅读仅仅是最高贵的消遣，而且首先是最能使人高贵的，因为仅凭阅读和知识便能培养出“有教养的”心智。我们只能在内心，在我们精神生活的深处发展我们感性和智力的能力。但正是在同其他心灵的接触，即阅读活动中，我们心灵的“修养”才得以形成。无论如何，博览群书仍然同过去一样是心智超群的特征，不知道某本书或某条文学知识，哪怕对于天才也将始终是智力平庸的标志。对于精神来说也是如此，优越和高贵体现在一种习惯的默契和对传统的继承上。[8]

20.大作家们在其广泛的阅读中非常容易偏爱古人的著作。即使那些被同代人视为最“浪漫”的作家也几乎只读古典作品。谈到自己近来在读的作品时，在雨果口中最常出现的名字是莫里哀、贺拉斯、奥维德和

雷尼亚尔。都德是书生气最少的作家，他的作品生机勃勃、充满现代感，好像摒弃了所有古典的传承，但他不间断地阅读、引用、评注的是帕斯卡尔、蒙田、狄德罗和塔西佗。[9]我们几乎可以走得更远，以一种当然并不完全的诠释方式，重新解释古典派与浪漫派的传统区分，说明公众（当然是聪明的公众）是浪漫派的，而大师（即使是浪漫派公众所喜爱的被称为浪漫派的大师）则是古典派的。（这一观察可推广至所有其他艺术。公众去聆听丹第的音乐，后者却在重温蒙西尼的作品。[10]公众去观看维亚尔或莫里斯·德尼[63]的作品展，他们却去参观卢浮宫。）这种现象产生的原因可能是，独具创见的作家和艺术家使公众得以接触和喜爱的一些当代思想在某种程度上早已成为他们的一部分，所以他们更容易为不同的思想所打动。为此他们须付出更大的努力去获得更多的乐趣。在阅读中我们总喜欢到身外之地去旅行。

21.最后，我更愿意把伟大心灵对古老作品的偏爱归于另一个原因。[11]这就是，同当代作品不同，对于我们，它们具有的不仅仅是其创造者置于其中的美。它们还有另一种更感人的美，来自其物质，我指它们所写就的语言，如同一面生活的镜子。就好像我们在类似博恩这样的城市中散步所感到的幸福，那里完好无损地保存着15世纪的救济院、水井、洗衣房，贴彩绘木板的天花板拱顶，高高的人字屋顶，嵌着带有薄薄的铅铂尖顶饰的老虎窗（所有一个时代消逝时仿佛被遗忘的东西，所有只属于那个时代的东西，因为从那之后所有其他的时代均未曾见过任何类似的东西产生），当我们徜徉在拉辛的悲剧或圣西门的一卷著作中时，再次感到那种幸福。因为它们包含着所有早已湮灭的美丽的语言形式，其中保存着业已不存在的习俗或感觉方式的记忆，还有那些与现在的一切毫无相像之处的过去长存的痕迹，只有时间才能为其增光添彩。

22.拉辛的一部悲剧或圣西门的一卷回忆录仿佛是不再产生的美丽物品。伟大的艺术家用来雕琢它们的语言具有一种自由之美，闪耀着柔

和的光芒，突出了天生的力量，令我们感动不已，就像过去工匠所使用的，今天已不多见的大理石。无疑，这些古建筑中的石头忠实地保存着雕刻家的思想，但也多亏了雕刻家，今天已无人知晓的石头也保留了下来，带着雕刻家从中发掘、显现、调和的所有色彩。我们在拉辛的诗文中所乐于发现的正是17世纪法国的活句法——及其早已消弭的习惯和措辞方式。让我们感动的正是这句法形式本身，袒露在他如此率直而细腻的刻刀之下，其俗语的运用风格既奇特又大胆[12]，就在最为温柔圆润的段落里，突兀的构思忽如利剑般穿过，或以美妙的断句转回。我们前往拉辛作品中观赏的正是这些从过去的生活本身截取下来的古老形式，正如一座保存完好的老城。面对这些语言形式我们有着同样的感动，就像面对那些同样早已消亡的建筑形式，现在只能在由塑造它们的过去遗留下来的罕见而华美的范例中欣赏它们：比如古老的城墙、城堡和塔楼、教堂的洗礼堂。比如，回廊附近，或教堂庭院的藏骸所下那小小的墓地，它在蝴蝶和花草之下，将葬礼之泉和死亡之灯遗忘在阳光下。

23.而且，为我们描绘古老灵魂形状的并不仅仅是句子本身。在语句之间——我想到那些最早为人诵读的古籍，——在那字里行间，到今天仍然充塞着许多个世纪以来的沉寂，就像一间不可侵犯的地下墓室。常常，在“路加福音”中，当我看到遍布书中许多赞美诗般的段落之前的“冒号”时，[13]我仿佛听到祈祷者的静默，他刚刚大声朗读完毕，准备吟诵下面的诗句，[14]又似乎想到了圣经中更古老的诗篇。这寂静仍然充满在语句的停顿中，这些句子分成两行将其包围，保留了它的形状。不止一次，我在读到这些段落时闻到了微风从敞开的窗子吹进来的玫瑰的芳香，它飘散在举行聚会的上房中，两千年间仍未消散。在《神曲》或莎士比亚的剧作中，我感到过去的片断仿佛楔入了此时此刻。那种令人为之一振的印象使得某些“阅读的日子”就如同徜徉在威尼斯圣马可广场，在那里，在你面前，在近在咫尺又隔着许多个世纪之遥的物质的半真实的色彩中，你看到两根粉色和灰色的石灰岩立柱，柱头上一个是圣马可之狮，另一个是脚踩鳄鱼的圣狄奥多尔。这两个美丽修长的异乡人

来自东方，穿过在他们脚下碎裂的海洋；他们听不懂四周的话语，在今天的人群中依然过着他们12世纪的日子，就在你身边的公共广场依然闪耀着他们遥远恍惚的微笑。

【注释】

[1]我必须承认，直陈式未完成过去时——这一残酷的时态，它的某些运用将生活描绘得既短暂又被动，它在追述过去的行动时使之沦为一种幻觉，并陷于过去的虚无，而不像完成时态那样留给我们行动切实存在过的安慰——这时态对我始终是一种神秘悲哀感的无尽来源。就在今天，我可以连续几小时冷静地沉浸于对死亡的思考。但只要我打开圣伯夫的《月曜日丛谈》中的一卷，例如，我刚好看到拉马丁的这段文字（关于达尔巴尼夫人）“那时在她身上没有什么还让人想得起[rappelait]……她曾经是[c'etait]一个矮小的女人，其身体因肥胖而衰弱，最终死去，等等”，我就立刻感到自己被最深沉的忧郁吞没。面对那些作者明显想让人痛苦的小说，我们更需做好防备。

[2]我们可以采用一种间接的方式，用并非完全虚构、带有深层的历史真实性的书来验证这一点。例如巴尔扎克，其著作混合着思想和基本未经改造的现实，在某种意义上来说并不纯粹，有时候尤其适合这种阅读方式。至少阿尔贝·索莱尔便是巴氏作品的读者中最令人钦佩的历史学家之一，他曾就《黑暗的勾当》和《现代史内幕》写下了无与伦比的评论文章。的确，像阅读这样既热烈又静谧的享乐看起来多么适合索莱尔先生的探索精神和平静强壮的身体。在阅读中，无数诗意朦胧的幸福感从我们安乐的身心深处欢喜地起飞，为读者的遐想营造出蜜一般金色甜美的愉悦。索莱尔先生的阅读艺术登峰造极，而这并不止于半历史性的作品。即便只是一部普通作品，他也会有独到有力的见解。我会永远记得——并衷心感谢——他为我的《亚眠的圣经》的法文翻译写下的评论——也许是他最强有力的文字。

[3]事实上在《佛拉卡西上尉》里找不到这句话，至少不是以这种形式出现。并非“就像希腊诗人荷马的《奥德赛》所表现的”，而只是“根据荷马的说法”。但书中其他地方出现过“就像荷马所表现的”和“就像《奥德赛》所表现的”这样的说法，并且这些说法我都可以愉快接受。我为了使这例子对读者更具震撼力，允许自己把这所有的美熔于一炉，而今天，说实话，我对此已不再虔诚地崇拜了。在《佛拉卡西上尉》中的其他地方，荷马也被描述为希腊诗人，无疑这也曾令我着迷。但我不再能足够准确地感受到这些早已忘却的欢乐，无法确定我在一句话中堆积了这许多的美妙的词语，是否走得太远，越过了界限！但我并不这样想。我遗憾地意识到，当我漫步在砾石小径，对着垂在河岸上方的鸢尾花和长春花反复吟诵《佛拉卡西上尉》里的这句话时，如果我能像今天一样，用自己的创造在《戈蒂埃》的一句话中聚集起这许多迷人的词语，那么我感到的欣悦之情会更加甜美，虽然今天它已不再带给我任何愉悦。

[4]我在丰丹纳身上便感到这懒惰的苗头，圣伯夫写道：“他身上有着非常强烈的享乐的一面……倘不是这些耽于物欲的习性，以丰丹纳的才华，他本能创造出更多……更持久的作品。”别忘了无能的人总是宣称自己并不无能。丰丹纳说：

照他们的话我在浪费时间，

只有他们才增添这世纪的光

并向我们保证自己的勤勉。

柯勒律治则是一个更加病态的例子。卡彭特说（转引自里博的杰作《意志的疾病》）：“在他的时代，或许在任何其他时代，没有一个人像柯勒律治那样将哲学家的逻辑能力同诗人的想象力融于一身。但也没有一个人像他那样，如此天纵英才却如此浪费自己的才华：他性格的重

大缺陷便是缺乏意志力，不能将其天赋加以运用，因而纵然他脑中总是浮动着庞大的计划，他却从未真正努力去实现其中的一个。在创作生涯之初，一位慷慨的书商曾许诺为他背诵过的诗支付30个几尼，等等。而他宁愿每个星期去乞讨，也不愿写下来一行诗就能获得自由。”

[5]毋庸讳言，在乌得勒支附近寻找这家隐修院毫无意义，因为这整段文字都纯属虚构。不过，其灵感来自雷翁·塞舍就圣伯夫所写的下列文字：“他（圣伯夫）在列日的时候，有一天决定与乌得勒支的小教堂联系。天色已晚，乌得勒支距巴黎很远，我不知道是否‘沉迷’足以让阿姆斯福特档案室的大门为他敞开。我对此颇为怀疑，因为即使在《波尔罗亚尔》的前两卷之后，也有虔敬的学者主管这些档案。圣伯夫好不容易让好心的卡斯坦先生允许他瞧瞧那些纸箱子……打开《波尔罗亚尔》的第二版，你能找到圣伯夫对卡斯坦先生表示感谢的文字。”至于那旅程的细节，全仰赖当前的印象。我并不知道去乌得勒支是否要经过多德雷赫特，但我就像看到了一样加以描述。我是在去沃伦丹而不是去乌得勒支的一次旅途中乘坐过穿越沼泽的驳船。我安排在乌得勒支的运河实际上位于戴夫特。我是在博恩医院里看到了一幅韦登的画和一群修道会的修女，我相信她们是来自佛兰德斯的，她们戴着的头饰不曾出现在韦登的画中，却和我在荷兰见过的其他画家画中的一样。

[6]纯粹的附庸风雅则更加无辜。因为某人先祖参加过十字军东征，而喜欢与其为伴，这属于虚荣，与理智无关。但如果而是因为某人祖父的名字频繁出现在维尼或夏多布里昂的笔下，喜欢与其为伴，或者（我必须承认这对我是不可抵制的诱惑）是因为其家族的纹章（该女士无需此纹章便大大值得我们崇敬）出现在亚眠圣母院的大玫瑰窗上的话，那这就是理智之罪开始的地方。尽管我还有很多要说，但我在别处已经用很长的篇幅讨论过这点，在此就不必再加强调了。

[7]我听说他变成著名的德迪南海军上将，艺术家们仍然钟爱的佩

舍·德迪南夫人的父亲，以及英勇的骑兵上尉的祖父。我相信他还在盖尔特之前负责弗兰西斯二世和那不勒斯女王之间的供应与联络（见皮埃尔·德拉·高斯的《第二帝国史》）。

[8]而且，真正的高雅好像总是只与同样高雅的人对话，它并不去“解释”。法朗士的书暗示其丰富的才学，其中总是包含着众多易为大众忽略的典故，除了该书其他的优美之处，它们自身便具有无与伦比的高贵。

[9]可能这就是为什么，当一位伟大的作家从事评论时，他大量谈论的常常是古代作品的现今版本，而很少提及当代作品。例如圣伯夫的《月曜日丛谈》和法朗士的《文学生活》。但如果说法朗士是当代作家的杰出评论家的话，圣伯夫便是曲解了与他同时代的所有伟大作家。请勿反对，他是被个人的敌意蒙蔽了双眼。在令人难以置信地诋毁了司汤达的写作才华之后，他对其谦逊机敏的作风大加赞赏作为补偿，就好像他再没有别的好处可言！圣伯夫对当代作家的无视同他自称的清明和预见能力形成了奇怪的对比。他在《夏多布里昂和他的文学团体》中说：“每个人都擅长就拉辛和博絮埃发表意见……但审判官的洞察力与评论家的机敏首先要在尚未被大众所知的新作品中得到验证。第一眼就去评判、预言、指导，那是批评家的天赋。极少人有这天赋。”

[10]反之亦然，古典派中并没有比“浪漫派”更好的评论家。只有浪漫派作家才真正懂得怎样阅读古典作品，因为他们将古典派作品当作浪漫派作品，因为要恰当地阅读一个诗人或散文家的作品，你自己就必须是诗人或散文家，而不是学者。对于最不“浪漫”的作品也是如此。让我们注意到布瓦洛的优美诗句的人不是修辞学教授，而是维克多·雨果：

在被她的美所沾污的四块手帕里

她的玫瑰和百合被送到洗衣工那里

或者法朗士的诗行：

无知与谬误在他新生的剧目中

身着侯爵的装束，伯爵夫人的长裙

《拉丁复兴》的最新一卷（1905年5月15日）里有一个最新的例子，让我在修改校样时把这一观察推广至美术领域。文中（作者为莫克莱尔）说罗丹是希腊雕塑的真正评论家。

[11]他们自己通常认为这种偏爱是偶然的：他们假定

最好的书籍恰巧都是古人所著；这无疑是可能的，因为我们阅读的古老书籍是从所有的“过去”中挑选出来的，而过去同当代相比是如此广泛。但在某种意义上偶然不足以解释如此普遍的思想态度。

[12]比如，我认为人们通常从《安德洛玛刻》这些诗行中发现魅力：为什么杀他？他做了什么？凭什么？谁告诉你的？其魅力恰恰来源于被刻意打断的常用句式。“凭什么”指的不是前面紧接着的“他做了什么？”，而是“为什么杀他？”“谁告诉你的”指的也是“谋杀”（根据《安德洛玛刻》的另一行文字“谁告诉你的，我的主人，说他蔑视我？”我们可以猜想“谁告诉你的”意为“谁告诉你去谋杀他？”）。表达的曲折（上文提到的反复的断句）并未使意思显得隐晦，因此我听到过一位伟大的女演员，更重视叙述的明晰而非韵律的准确，她直白地说出：“为什么杀他？凭什么？他做了什么？”拉辛最著名的诗行的确迷人，其大胆的口语形式就像一座桥梁飞架于“温和”的两岸。“Je t'aimais inconstant,qu'aurait—je fait fidele?”[我不专一，我却爱过你，我若忠诚，我又会如何？]这些表达的漂亮组合是多么令人愉快，它们的通俗简单为其意义添加了如此柔美的丰满与动

人的色彩，就像曼特尼亚画笔下的面庞：

我的青春登上狂野的爱情让三颗纷争的心合于一处。

这就是为什么我们应阅读古典作家作品的全文而非节选。在这些作品的著名段落中，其语言的内在经络通常被选文几乎无所不在的美遮掩。我不认为格鲁克音乐的精髓在咏叹调的壮丽中要比在宣叙调的某些顿挫中表现得更充分。在后者，每当我们听到他的喘息时，其和音落在无意识的音调上，就像他天才的声音本身，表现出天真的肃穆和高贵。每个见过威尼斯圣马可大教堂照片的人（我说的只是其外观而已）都可以认为他对这拱顶教堂多少有些了解，但只有当你走近并亲手触摸那些美妙多彩的圆柱，只有当你看到柱头上只从近处才辨认得出的包围着叶饰或栖息鸟儿的奇异庄严的力量，只有在广场亲自体会这低低的建筑，沿着整个正面排列的花饰立柱和喜庆的雕饰领略它“展览大厅”般的气象，你才能体会到从这些没有任何照片能够捕捉到的次要而关键的特征中爆发出的真实复杂的个性。

[13]“于是玛丽亚说：‘我的灵魂颂扬主，因主而喜悦，’等等。她的父亲萨迦利亚心中充满圣灵，预言道：‘感谢主，以色列的神，为他所赎回的，’等等。‘他拥抱她，感谢主，说道：“主啊，让你的仆人在平安中离去。”’”

[14]事实上没有直接证据证明当吟诵者阅读这一段时会唱出圣路可穿插在福音书中的赞美诗。但将勒南，特别是圣保罗、使徒列传、马可·奥勒利乌斯等不同段落进行比较之后，我认为这一点足够强烈地表现了出来。

阅读的日子（二）

1.你一定读过布瓦涅伯爵夫人[64]的《回忆录》。眼下就有“许多生病的人”，所以很少有人读书了，女性也不例外。当一个人无法出去会客时，他可能宁愿在家待客而不是读书。但“在这传染病流行的日子”，即便是在家待客也有危险。比如有位女士在你的家门口停住脚步——只是片刻而已——，好像这样就可以限制危险发生一样，并向你喊道：“你怕腮腺炎或者猩红热吗，我必须提醒我女儿和外孙们生了这病。我能进来吗？”然后不等你回答便进来了。另一位婉转些的女士，掏出表来说：“我得赶快回家，三个女儿都得了麻疹，我得轮流照顾她们，我的英国女仆从昨天起就发高烧病倒了，我很担心该轮到我了。因为起床时我就感到不适，但我排除万难，必须来看你……”

2.所以，你宁肯少去应酬。既然不能总打电话，那就读书吧，虽然这只是万不得已的选择。首先，我们打许多电话。由于我们是孩子，与那神奇的力量玩耍而不为其神秘所动，我们只是发现电话“很方便”；或者，由于我们是被宠坏的孩子，发现电话“很不方便”，于是牢骚满腹地翻阅着《费加罗报》，认为电话这魔法工具变得还不够快，有时要花好几分钟的时间才让那位我们早渴望与之交谈的女友出现。她是一种“无形的存在”，虽然她仍然在自己桌边，在她居住的遥远城市，在与我们不同的天空下，与此处不同的气候中，在我们一无所知但她即将告诉我们的情形和事务中，在一个我们随心选定的时刻。她突然从百十英里之外前来（她自己还有她沉浸其中的全部氛围），“出现”在我们耳边。我们就像童话中的人物，借助巫师的力量，通过看一本书，流几滴眼泪，或者摘几朵花，便能如心中渴盼、魔术般地清晰看到自己的未婚妻出现在身边，虽然她其实仍在远方。

3.为了让这奇迹再次发生，我们只需把嘴唇贴近那神奇的电话板上呼叫——当然，有时得花些时间——那些警觉的接线女郎，我们每天听到她们的声音却不曾见过她们的面容，她们是我们的守望天使，万般谨慎地守护着令人眩晕的黑暗之门，多亏了她们的全知全能，电话另一端的人的面容才得以浮现眼前，虽然仍无以得见；我们只需呼叫这些不可见的达纳伊得斯姐妹[65]，她们不断地倒空、盛满那些黑暗的声音之壶，相互传递。当我们对女友吐露私情，希望没有人听见的时候，她们是嫉妒的愤怒女神，讥讽地对我们呼叫："我在线上。"这些神秘的暴躁仆人，无情的神灵，电话中的少女！就在那一刻，她们的呼叫响在黑暗中，那里充满了只有我们的双耳才能捕捉到的幻影，一个微弱的声音，抽象的声音——距离消除了——女友在对我们说话。

4.如果那一刻，一个路人的歌声，自行车的喇叭声，或者远处军乐队的声音从窗口飘入打扰了正在对我们讲话的她，这些声音也将同样清晰地响在我们耳畔（就好像要证明她，还有她周遭敲击着她的耳鼓，分散她注意力的一切，确实在我们身边）——那些真实的细节，同主题无关，自身毫无作用，但却因而更显必要，因为它们为我们揭示出那奇迹的全部真实性——就像诗人在需要使人物栩栩如生并再现其环境时所描绘的一样，从她居处所见的外省的街道和马路有着平凡而动人的地方色彩。

5.正是她，正是她的声音在对我们说话，就在那里。但那是多么遥远啊！有多少次我能够做到聆听她的声音而不深感痛苦，就好像她的声音近在耳畔，我们却面临着没有长时间的旅行便不可能相见的事实，我更加清晰地感到这仿佛最甜蜜的相依是多么令人失望，我们同所爱之人的距离是多么遥远，即使此刻我们似乎只需伸出双手就能将之挽留。真实的存在——声音近在咫尺——实际上却处于分离。但这同时也是长久分离的预兆。常常，这样地听着这声音，无法看到从那么遥远的地方对我讲话的人，她的声音好像是从无尽的深渊发出的呼喊，让我感到焦

虑。而当一个声音就这样传来，孤零零的，独立于我永难再见的身体，在我的耳边呢喃着我渴望拥抱的话语，它们经过的嘴唇却已永远化为灰烬，这种焦虑，终有一天会攫住我。

6.我说过，在下决心读书之前，我们总是试着继续聊天、打电话，一个又一个地询问电话号码。但有时，那夜晚的女儿，话语的信使，无面目的女神，善变的守护神不能或不愿为我们打开那不可见之门，我们所乞求的神秘装聋作哑，印刷术可敬的发明者和热爱印象派作品同时又是汽车手的年轻亲王——古登堡和瓦格拉姆（两个巴黎电话局）！——被她们不知疲倦地呼叫着，却对她们的请求概不作答。那时，我们既不能会客，也不愿待客，电话女郎无法为我们接通，我们便任自己沉默，我们便开始读书。

7.在几个星期的时间里我们就能读完诺阿伊夫人的一本新诗《炫目》（我不知道这题目会不会保留下来），它甚至胜于她其他的天才作品，如《无数的心》和《岁月之影》，在我看来可媲美《秋叶》或《恶之花》[66]。不过我们也可以阅读由R.杜梅耶精彩翻译的巴里[67]所著纯粹精致的《玛格丽特·奥吉维》，它简单地描述了一位诗人讲述他的农妇母亲的生活。但是，一旦听任自己去阅读，我们更愿意选择像布瓦涅夫人的《回忆录》这样的书，它们让我们产生继续会客的幻觉，好像我们在拜访从前无缘得见的客人，因为在路易十六时代我们尚未出生，但他们同你认识的人并无太大区别，因为出于对你衰退记忆的感人的善意，他们的后代和你的友人，仍然保留着同样的名字，仍然叫作：奥东、吉斯兰、尼维隆、维克图尼安、约瑟兰、雷奥诺、阿尔图斯、图克杜阿、阿德奥姆或者雷努夫。这还是些优美的教名，如果对之加以嘲笑你就错了。它们来自如此久远的过去，那不同寻常的光泽中仿佛仍然散发着神秘，就像撰刻在我们教堂的彩色玻璃上那些先知和圣徒的简写名字。“日昂”这个名字，虽说像今天的名字，难道不更像用蘸着紫色、群青色或天蓝色的毛笔在一本历书中写下的哥特式字体吗？面对这样的名

字，人们也许会重复那首蒙玛特尔之歌：

布拉冈斯，我们知道这人物！

他必定自傲自大

才有这么个名字！

他难道不能起个和别人一样的名字吗！

8.但诗人如果真诚的话，并不会觉得这有什么好笑，他会注视着这样的名字所揭示的过去，像魏尔兰[68]那样回答：

我看到、听到很多东西

在他加洛林王朝时代[69]的名字里

9.那也许非同寻常的过去。我愿意相信，这些极少数由于一些家族重视传统而流传至今的名字在过去都是很普通的——无论是农奴还是贵族——于是，这些名字为我们展现了幻灯机般原始的色彩，我们看到的不仅有蓝胡子的威严领主或塔楼中的安娜嬷嬷，还有躬身在草地上的农民或驱马在13世纪尘土飞扬的马路上的士兵。

10.无疑，这些名字所带来的中世纪的印象常常在不曾保有亦不解其诗意的使用者身上湮灭；但是，当最美好的东西最难与之匹配，当没有一处风景、城市或河流能够平息它们的名字在我们心头激起的梦幻的渴望时，我们能够理智地要求人类配得上他们的名字吗？明智的做法应该是用阅读欧洲王族家谱年鉴或火车时刻表来取代我们所有的社交联络和旅行……

11.18世纪末到19世纪初的回忆录，比如布瓦涅夫人的作品，其感人之处在于，它们好像是处在历史的前景，为我们当今毫无美感的生活

提供了一种颇为高贵而忧郁的视角。它们使我们轻而易举地通过我们在生活中遇到的人——或我们的父母认识的人——认识到这些人的父母，他们就是这些回忆录的作者或其中的人物有关，他们也许亲历过法国大革命，看到过玛丽·安托瓦内特[70]从身旁经过。因此，我们可能见过或认识的人——我们亲眼见过的人——就像全景画的前景中那些真人大小的蜡像一样，他们踏在真正的草地上，持着从商店里买来的手杖，好像仍然是注视着他们的人群中的一员，他们将我们渐渐引向背景画布，通过设计精巧的过渡，显示出三维的生活和现实感。这位原名多斯蒙的布瓦涅夫人告诉我们，她在路易十六和玛丽·安托瓦内特的身边长大，年少时我常常在舞会上见到她的侄女，年迈的马耶公爵夫人，她亦原名多斯蒙，虽已年过80仍神采奕奕，灰色的头发从前额向上梳起，令人想起高等法院法官头戴的卷曲假发。我还记得我的父母常常同布瓦涅夫人的侄子多斯蒙先生共进晚餐，她的回忆录便是为他所写。我曾在父母的信件中见过他的照片，也见过许多他写给我父母的信件。所以我自己关于舞会的最早记忆由我父母已不甚清晰但仍真实的叙述之线牵着，通过几乎早已无形的联系与布瓦涅夫人保存下来的回忆相连，她在其中对我们讲述了自己亲身经历的最早的社交活动；所有这一切织成一张琐碎但诗意盎然的网，它像梦境般终结，如同一座纤细的桥梁飞架于现在和已然远去的过去之间，将生活与历史相连，使历史充满生机，使生活有史可循。

12.唉，我已经写到报纸第三栏的篇幅，却尚未开始我的文章。文章题目本该是“虚荣与后世”，但我不能留着这个标题，因为我已填满了为我预留的空白，却只字未提有关虚荣或后世这两位你认为一定不会再碰面的人物，这尤其是后者的福气，关于他我本想让你听听我受布瓦涅夫人回忆录的启发得出的思考。那只能等到下次了。到时，如果不断出现在我的思想和其目标之间的幻影又像在梦中一样前来干扰我的注意力，让我分心，我会将其推开，就像尤利西斯[71]用宝剑推开拥挤在身边向他乞求人形或得以埋葬的影子们那样。

13.而今天我无力抗拒这些幻象的诱惑，我看到它们漂浮于半空，在我思想的透明中。我尝试过，但未能像玻璃制作大师那样获得成功，他会在他的幻梦显现之处将其转移并固定，在两种被黑暗的粉色反光所笼罩的液体之间，在半透明的物质里，来自中心的一道道光芒会让它们以为仍然存在于活的思想当中。就像古代雕刻家从海水中攫取的仙女涅瑞伊德[72]，她们游弋于浮雕的大理石波浪中，还能够相信自己仍然浸没在大海中。我错了。这再也不会发生了。下一次我会与你讨论虚荣与后世，不再跑题。如果有什么不合时宜的想法，什么鲁莽的异想天开的念头想要掺杂进来，再次打断我们，我会立即求它放过我们："小姐，我们正在谈话，请别打断我们！"

圣伯夫之道[73]

（节选）

……

1.因此在我看来，关于圣伯夫，我有些话自有其重要性，这在当前更多的是借其发挥而不是只论及他本人，而且，通过指出他作为作家和评论家的错误之处，我应该能够就我常常想到的事发表些意见，如批评应该是什么，艺术是什么。作为附带，关于他，就像他经常做的那样，我会以他为借口谈到一些生活的形式……

……

2.关于对圣伯夫方法的定义与褒扬，我曾参考过保罗·布尔热[74]的文章，因为他的定义简洁，褒扬具有权威性。我还能再引用其他20个评论家。为理解某人的作品及其天才的特质，他为其撰写心灵的自然史，参考其生平、其家族史及其所有的特殊之处，人们公认这是圣伯夫的独到之处，他本人也这么认为，而且确乎其然。丹纳[75]本人便梦想着一部更加系统化、规范化的人类精神的自然史，尽管圣伯夫就种族问题与他有分歧，他对圣伯夫的颂扬却并无异议：“圣伯夫的方法同他的作品一样珍贵。在这点上他是先驱，他将自然史的进程引入了精神史。”

……

3.但在艺术中并无创始者或先驱（至少在科学的意义上是如此）。一切存乎个人，每一个个体为了自己重新开始艺术或文学的求索。前人的作品并不像在科学中那样构成已知真理，可供后人获利。今天一名天才作家自有其一切要做，他并不比荷马先进许多。

4.但对于那些无法在艺术中找到真实且独立于所有科学的东西的哲学家，他们不得不认为艺术、批评等就像科学一样，前人必然不如后人先进。

5.但何必引用所有那些认为这便是圣伯夫方法论的独到出色之处的名人呢？只需让他自己说话便可。

6.“对我而言，”圣伯夫说，“文学与人及其结构的其他方面并无不同，并且无论如何不可分离……如果想去了解一个人，一个不仅仅是纯粹理智的人，那么用再多不同的方式或从再多不同的视角出发都不为过。直到你就一个作家提出了一系列的问题并找到了答案，哪怕只是悄声为自己回答，你才能确定掌握了他的整体，即使这些问题似乎与其写作的性质完全无关：他的宗教思想为何？自然界的现象是如何影响着他？他对女人、金钱的态度如何？他是富有还是贫穷？他的饮食规律、日常习惯是什么？他的缺陷或弱点是什么？所有这些问题的答案都不是无关紧要的，如果我们要对一名作者或一本书作出判断的话，只要这书不是单纯的几何论文集，如果这是一部囊括一切的文学作品的话，那就更是如此，等等。”他下意识地终生使用这种方法，并最终勾勒出某种文学植物学的框架……

7.圣伯夫的作品并无深奥之处。他著名的方法论，根据丹纳、保罗布尔热和众多他人的见解，那使他成为19世纪无与匹敌的批评大师的方法论——不将人与其作品分开，认为除非是“纯几何论文集”，我们若想判断一位作家的话就应首先回答那些似乎与其作品无关的问题（他如何为人处世……），收集关于他的所有事实，整理他的所有通信，向所有认识过他的人询问，他们若还活着就去采访他们，若已死去就去阅读所有他们写下的关于他的东西——这种方法论未能认识到任何对自身稍有深层了解便知道的：一本书是另一个自我的产物，无关我们在习惯、交往、缺陷中所展示的自我。如果我们试着在内心重新创造，我们就可能

成功地尝试并理解这自我，这深藏内心的自我。这是心灵的努力，别无他途。这是一种真理，一点一滴都要我们去创造……别过于轻易地以为它会在某个晴朗的早晨以未发表的信件的形式通过邮件来到我们手里，由一位当图书馆员的友人寄来，或者能够从一个熟知作者的人的口中得知。在谈到司汤达[76]的作品在几位新一代作家当中所激起的敬仰之情时，圣伯夫说："请允许我告诉他们，如果我们要清晰且毫无夸张地评判他那相当复杂的思想，我会抛开自己的印象和回忆，去询问在他的全盛时代和刚刚开始写作生涯的时候认识他的人们的意见，去询问梅里美、安培，还有雅克蒙[77]对他的看法，假设他还活着的话，简言之，去询问见过他并喜爱过他早期作品的人们。"

8.为什么？司汤达的友人如何能够帮助我们更好地评价他？相反，这很可能构成严重的妨碍。对这些密友来说，创造作品的自我被另一个自我所掩盖，后者可能远逊于许多其他人外在的自我。对这一点最好的验证就是，认识司汤达，收集了所有从"梅里美先生"和"安培先生"那里得来的事实，总之用所有据他所说能使批评家更准确评价一部作品的一切武装了自己之后，圣伯夫这样评价司汤达："我刚刚读过，或者试着刚刚读过司汤达的小说，坦白地说，令人厌憎。"

……

9.他以这两条宝贵的见解作结："尽管直率地批评贝尔的小说，我倒也不责怪他写了它们……他的小说虽然如此，但并不庸俗。它们就像他的评论，主要为撰写它们的人服务……"还有该文的结语："说完我们的意见之后，千万不要忘记承认他在为人处事上根本的坦白和可靠。"总而言之，一个大好人。要得出这个结论也许大可不必煞费苦心地多次借晚餐之机或在学院拜会梅里美先生，或者经常"安排安培先生谈话"，而读过这一结论后我们亦不必如圣伯夫那样为晚生后代忧心忡忡了。

……

10.圣伯夫似乎从未曾把握灵感或写作活动的特殊性，以及它与其他人或作家的其他活动迥然不同之处。在孤独的写作活动中，我们赶走那些和他人共用的词语，那些让我们即便在独处时判断事物也会失去自我的词语，我们终于再次与自我面对，寻求倾听并还原我们心灵的真正声音——而他却将写作和交谈混为一谈！

11.虚假的表象让作家的作品显得模糊而外在，却让社交显得深刻而具沉思感。事实上作家向公众展示的是他独自为自己所写，在很大程度上是他自我的产品……一个人在社交中，亦即在谈话中（无论是多么高雅的谈话，而最高雅的也是最糟的，因为它关乎我们的精神生活，从而将之扭曲：福楼拜同他的侄女或钟表匠的交谈便无此危险），或者在为至交亲朋准备的作品，也就是只为吸引极少数人，充其量不过是书面谈话的作品中，所展示的都是十分外在的自我，而不是深层的自我，这深层的自我只有在不去理会他人，也不去理会与他人相识的那个自我时才能被发现，你同他人在一起时它就在一旁等待，你能清晰地感到那才是唯一真实的自我，艺术家最终只为它而活，它如神祇般令艺术家越来越难以离弃，并甘愿为之牺牲生命，那只为它带来荣耀的生命。

……

12.不曾看到将作家与名流分裂的鸿沟，不曾理解作家的自我仅仅表现在他的书里，他向社交界人物（即便是面对其他作家，他们只在独处时才重新成为作家，在社交场合便都是社交界人物）所展现的只是他作为名流的一面，不曾明了这一切，圣伯夫便抛出了那著名的，让丹纳、布尔热还有许多其他人纷纷认可的使他一举成名的方法论，其要旨是，为了理解一名诗人或作家，需热切征询那些认识过他、与他常往来的人，向他们探听诸如他与女人的相处之道等所有那些恰恰无关诗人真实自我的方方面面。

……

13.我们发现圣伯夫相信他所享受的沙龙生活对文学不可或缺，并使之穿越世纪的时光，时而到路易十四的宫廷，时而到督政府的名人圈中，因而……事实上这位全天候创造者常常在星期天亦不休息，取悦好的鉴赏家，驳斥坏的鉴赏家，在每个星期一从中领受名誉的奖赏，他将全部文学看成是一种《月曜日丛谈》，也许有人会再去读它，但它们在当时必定是根据好鉴赏家的意见写成的，为了取悦而顾不得后世如何。他将文学归于时间范畴。[……]文学于他似乎是件时事，取决于人的价值。总之，宁可扮演重要的政治角色而不写作，也不要政治上不得志而去写一部道德的书……因此他与爱默生不同，后者说我们必须胸系宇宙，而他却试图纠缠于最偶然之事：政治。

……

14.有时我会想，圣伯夫的诗是否仍可被称为他最好的东西。他的诗篇中不再有智力游戏。他不再以无穷无尽的聪明伶俐迂回曲折。神奇而可恶的循环被打破了。不再用散文体说话他便不再撒谎，就好像对他而言，他思想不间断的谎言来自精心雕琢的表达技巧。正如一名被迫用拉丁文表达的学生，不得不放弃修辞，将思想袒露，圣伯夫发现自己第一次直面现实并获得了直接的感受。[……]至于他自己，他深层的、无意识的、个体的自我，除了拙劣之外几乎别无所长。他频频如此，乃是天性使然。但他的诗虽微不足道却真诚而令人愉快，它们笔法巧妙，有时成功地表达了爱的纯洁、都市里午后的忧伤、回忆的魔力、阅读的激情、多疑老者的惆怅，这些诗——我们感到这是关于他唯一真实的事物——表明，作为批评家，他那浩如烟海、天花乱坠的作品毫无意义——因为不过如此。《月曜日丛谈》，表象而已。这几首小诗才是现实。这是一名批评家的诗，在他所有的作品中只有这些诗能令永恒的天平向他倾斜。

普鲁斯特解释《在斯万家那边》

[发表于1913年11月]

1.“我即将发表的是全称为《追忆似水年华》的小说中的一卷，《在斯万家那边》。我本想一次全部带来，但分成几卷的作品已不再发表了。就好像我有一幅对现在的寓所来说太大的挂毯，不得不将之剪开。”

2.“年轻作家们——我在其他方面倒与他们颇为投契——却与此相反，鼓吹简洁的情节，少量的人物。那并非我的小说观。怎样对你解释呢？你知道有平面几何和立体几何。那么，对于我，小说并不仅只是平面心理，而是时间中的心理。我曾试图分离出时间这不可见的物质，但为此必须进行长久的实验。我希望在我的书的结尾处，某个微不足道的社交事件，比如两个在第一卷中属于完全不同世界的人的婚姻能够表明，时间流逝了，它会呈现出如凡尔赛宫绿锈斑斑的铅制品之美，那是时间将其封存于绿宝石般的外壳之中。”

3.“那么，就像你乘着一列沿着弯曲轨道行驶的火车，外面的城市时现于左、时现于右，某个人物在另一个人的眼中会呈现出多个侧面，甚至像是不同而连续的几个人物，这会带来——但只是因此带来——时间流逝的感觉。特定的人物到后来会表现得与在当前这一卷中完全不同，也会异于人们认为他们将要成为的样子，就像生活中常常发生的那样。”

4.“这并不是同样的人物在作品进程中会以不同的面貌重新出现，像在巴尔扎克的某些系列中那样，而是，”普鲁斯特先生对我们说，“在单个人物当中某些深刻的、几乎是无意识的印象。”

5.“从这个观点来看，”普鲁斯特先生接着说，“我的书也许看起来像是‘无意识小说’的尝试。如果我相信这一点的话我会毫无愧色地称之为‘柏格森式的小说’[78]，因为在每一个时代都是如此，文学总是试图将自己——当然是后知后觉——与流行的哲学思潮联系起来。但这么说并不准确，因为主宰我作品的是无意识回忆和有意识回忆之间的区别，这一区别在柏格森先生的哲学中不但不曾出现，而且与之相抵触。”

6.“您如何验证这一区别？”

7.“对我，有意识的回忆首先是理智和视觉的回忆，它仅仅带来过去的一些方面，其中并无真相。但当我们在完全不同的场合再次与一种气息或味道邂逅，不自觉地将过去唤醒，我们便能感到这过去与我们以为还记得的过去是多么不同，后者被我们的有意识回忆用错误的色彩去描绘，就像一个拙劣的画家一样。就在这第一卷里，你会发现自称‘我’（他并不是我）的叙述者突然间，在啜饮着浸过一点儿玛德琳蛋糕的茶水时，重新找回了他久已忘却的年代、花园、人物。无疑他也能有意识地想起它们，但并无其神采。我借他之口说，就像那小小的日本游戏，你把一团团薄薄的纸浸入水碗中，它们便开始伸展、卷曲，形成花朵和人物，同样，他花园里的所有花朵，维弗纳的睡莲，村子里的好人们，他们小小的房子和教堂，还有整个贡布雷及其周遭环境，所有能够产生形状与质地的东西，城镇与花园，都在他的茶杯中浮现。”

8.“你看，我相信艺术家唯有求助于无意识回忆才能找到其作品的原材料。首先，正因为它们是无意识的，完全凭自己的心意形成，源于一些同样时刻的相似性，它们本身便带着真实性的标记。其次，它们所带来的事物仍以原来精确的记忆与遗忘的比例呈现。最后，因为它们让我们领略到的是在完全不同的场合下同样的感受，这感受便脱离了偶然性，具有了超时间的本质，而这便是优秀风格的内涵，是唯有风格之美才能揭示的普遍必然的真理。”

9.“如果我允许自己这样理性地分析我的书，”普鲁斯特先生接着说道，“那是因为它在任何程度上都不是理性的产物，它最细微的元素均由我的感性带来，我首先从内在自我的深处觉察到它们，并不理解并且很难将它们转变成某种理智的东西，就如同——我该怎么说呢——音乐动机一般与理智世界格格不入。我猜你觉得这一切太高深莫测了。但你放心，正好相反，它是现实。我们无需为自己澄清的东西，早已经明晰的东西（比如逻辑概念），并不真正属于我们，我们甚至不知道它是否真实。它是我们任意选择的‘可能性’的一部分。此外，你知道，你从风格上立刻就能辨别出来。”

10.“风格绝非某些人认为的是一种修饰，它甚至不是技术问题，它是——就像画家手中的色彩——视相的特质，是仅我们每个人自己所见、不为他人得见的隐秘宇宙的显现。艺术家为我们带来的愉悦就是引领我们进入另一个宇宙。”

[1]约翰·罗斯金（John Ruskin，1819—1900），英国艺术评论家，著有《现代画家》《建筑七灯》《亚眠的圣经》《威尼斯之石》《芝麻与百合》等。——译者注。后文如无特殊说明，注释均为译者标注。

[2]塔夫·莫罗（Gustave Moreau，1826—1898），法国象征主义画家。

[3]透纳（Joseph Mallord William Turner，1775—1851），英国风景画家。

[4]密勒桑（Joseph Antoine Milsand，1817—1886），法国评论家。

[5]丁托列托（Tintoretto，1518—1594），意大利文艺复兴后期威尼斯画派画家。

[6]丹·德·圣皮埃尔（Bernardin de Saint-Pierre，1737—1814），法国作家、植物学家，最著名的小说是《保尔与薇吉妮》。

[7]德·拉·西兹拉纳（Robert de la Sizeranne，1866—1932），法国评论家。

[8]卡莱尔（Thomas Carlyle，1795—1881），苏格兰散文作家和历史学家。

[9]阿布维利（Abbeviile），法国北部城市，发现欧洲旧石器时代早期文化。

[10]鲁昂（Rouen），法国北部城市。

[11]提香（Titian，1490—1576），意大利文艺复兴盛期威尼斯画家。

[12]鲁本斯（Rubens，1577—1640），佛兰德斯画家，巴罗克艺术代表人物。

[13]克洛维尔（Cromwell，1599—1658），英国军人、政治家、独立派领袖。后成立共和国。

[14]彭斯（Burns，1759—1796），苏格兰诗人。

[15]爱默生（Emerson，1803—1882），美国思想家、散文家、诗人。

[16]斯维登堡（Swedenborg，1688—1772），瑞典科学家和神学家。

[17]蒙田（Montaigne，1533—1592），法国思想家、散文作家。

[18]薄伽丘（Boccaccio，1313—1375），意大利文艺复兴时期作家，代表作为《十日谈》。

[19]彼特拉克（Petrarch，1304—1374），意大利诗人、学者。

[20]亚眠（Amiens），法国北部城市。

[21]贝叶（Bayeux），法国城市。

[22]特鲁瓦（Troyes），法国中部城市。

[23]夏尔特尔（Chartres），法国城市。

[24]比萨（Pisa），意大利西北部城市。

[25]拉斐尔派（Pre-Raphaelitism），1848年在英国兴起的美术改革运动，早期主要成员为亨特、罗塞蒂和米莱斯。

[26]乔托（Giotto，1267—1337），卡尔帕乔（Carpaccio，1450—1525），贝利尼（BeHini，1430—1516），意大利文艺复兴时期画家。

[27]奥尔卡涅（Orcaga，1308—1368），意大利画家、雕刻家、建筑师。

[28]贺加斯（Wiiliam Hornarth，1697—1764），英国油画家、版画家、艺术理论家。

[29]阿利·勒南（Ary Renan，1858—1900），法国艺术家、评论家。

[30]圣热罗姆（St Jerome），传说因为一只狮子除去了爪上的荆刺而与之为友。

[31]希腊神话中大力神赫拉克勒斯（Hercules）在尼米亚杀死的一头猛狮。

[32]维吉尔（Virgl，公元前70—前19），古罗马诗人。

[33]但丁（Dante，1265—1321），意大利诗人，文艺复兴先驱，名著《神曲》。

[34]参孙（Samson），古犹太人领袖之一，以身强力大著称。

[35]忒修斯（Theseus），希腊神话中的雅典国王。

[36]即爱德华（1330—1376）王子，英格兰国王爱德华三世之子，英法百年战争中战功卓著。

[37]以赛亚（Isaiah），公元前8世纪希伯来预言家。

[38]库米女预言家（Cumean Sibyl），希腊神话中的女预言家。

[39]普罗泰哥拉（Protagras，公元前490?—前420?），古希腊哲学家，智者派的代表人物。

[40]维奥莱—勒—杜克（Viollet-le-Duc，1814—1879），法国哥特复兴式建筑代表。

[41]于斯曼先生（Huysmans，1848—1907），法国小说家。

[42]布丰（Buffon，1707—1788），法国博物学家。

[43]巴尔扎克小说《卡迪央王妃》中的人物。

[44]韦兹莱（Vézelay），法国城镇。

[45]《吕西安·娄凡》（Lucien Leuwen），司汤达小说，又名《红与白》。

[46]爱默生（Emerson，1803—1883），美国思想家、散文家、诗人。

[47]梅坡公司（Maple＆Co.），伦敦一家家具制造商，在巴黎开有分店。

[48]威廉·莫里斯（William Morris，1834—1896），英国工艺美术运动领袖之一，家具、室内设计家兼画家。

[49]波提切利（Botticelli，1445—1510），意大利文艺复兴时期画家。

[50]戈蒂埃（Théophile Gautier，1811—1872），法国诗人、小说家、评论家，首倡“为艺术而艺术”。

[51]圣梯纳（Santine，1798—1865），法国戏剧家、小说家；索福克勒斯（Sophocles，公元前496?—前406）和欧里庇得斯（Euripides，公元前前485—406）均为古希腊悲剧诗人；西尔维奥·佩利科（Silvio Pelli-co，1789—1854），意大利作家。

[52]梅特林克（Maeterlinck，1862—1949），比利时法语诗人和剧作家，象征派戏剧代表。

[53]诺阿伊（Noailles，1876—1933），法国女诗人。

[54]米勒（Millet，1814—1875），法国画家。

[55]莫奈（Claude Monet，1840—1926），法国印象派画家。

[56]多德雷赫特（Dordrecht）、墨兹（Meuse）、乌得勒支（Utrecht）、阿姆斯福特（Amersfoort），均为荷兰地名。

[57]韦登（Roger van der Weyden，1399?—1464），佛兰德斯画家。

[58]维尔阿杜安（Villehardouin，1160—1212），法国历史学家，散文家；薄伽丘（Boccaccio，1313—1375），意大利文艺复兴时期作家。

[59]昆提斯·库尔提乌斯（Quintus Curtius，大约公元1世纪），古罗马历史学家；塔西佗（Tacitus，55?—120?），古罗马历史学家；查士丁尼一世（Justinian，483—565），拜占庭皇帝，主持编纂《查士丁尼法典》。

[60]雅各布·凯茨（Jacob Cats，1577—1660），丹麦诗人、政治家。

[61]叔本华（Schopenhauer，1788—1860），德国哲学家，唯意志论的创始人。

[62]佛洛芒丹（Fromentin，1820—1876），法国画家和作家；缪塞（Musset，1810—1857），

法国诗人、剧作家。

[63]丹第（Vincent d'Indy，1851—1931），蒙西尼（Monsigny，1729—1817），法国作曲家；维亚尔（Vuillard，1868—1940），莫里斯·德尼（Maurice Denis，1870—1943），法国画家。

[64]布瓦涅伯爵夫人（Countesse de Boigne，1781—1866），亲历法国路易十六时代至拿破企倒台，著有著名的《回忆录》。

[65]达纳伊得斯（Danaids），希腊神话中的50个姐妹，因罪被罚在地狱中永远用筛取水。

[66]分别为雨果和波德莱尔的诗集。

[67]巴里（James Barrie，1860—1937），英国作家，著名儿童剧《彼得潘》的作者。

[68]魏尔兰（Verlaine，1844—1896），法国诗人。

[69]8世纪中叶—10世纪统治法兰克王国的封建王朝（751—987）。

[70]玛丽·安托瓦内特（Marie-Antoinette，1755—1793），法王路易十六的王后，死于断头台。

[71]尤利西斯（Ulysses），即希腊神话传说中的奥德修斯，是希腊西部伊塔卡岛之王，曾参加特洛伊战争，随后历经10年艰辛返回家乡。《尤利西斯》为爱尔兰作家詹姆斯·乔伊斯的长篇小说。

[72]涅瑞伊德（Nereids），希腊神话中海神涅柔斯的50个女儿。

[73]节选自普鲁斯特批评圣伯夫的著名论著《驳圣伯夫》。

[74]保罗·布尔热（Paul Bourget，1852—1935），法国小说家、评论家。

[75]丹纳（H.A.Taine，1828—1893），法国著名文艺评论家及史学家，名著《艺术哲学》。

[76]司汤达（Stendhal，1783—1842），一译斯当达尔，原名昂里·贝尔，法国小说家，代表作为《红与黑》（1830）。

[77]梅里美（Mérimée，1803—1870），法国小说家；安培（Ampere，1800—1864），法国作家和历史学家；雅克蒙（Jacquemont，1801—1832），法国植物学家，司汤达的朋友。

[78]柏格森（Bergson，1859—1941），法国哲学家，倡导生命哲学与直觉主义，1927年获诺贝尔文学奖。

Marcel Proust
Days of Reading

TRANSLATED BY JOHN STURROCK

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

John Ruskin

1. One by one, like the 'muses leaving their father Apollo to go and bring light to the world', Ruskin's ideas left the godlike head which had borne them and, embodied in living books, went to bring instruction to the nations. Ruskin had withdrawn into the solitude in which prophetic existences often end until it pleases God to call back the cenobite or ascetic whose superhuman task is done. And the mystery which was being fulfilled, the slow destruction of a perishable brain which had harboured an immortal posterity, could only be guessed at, through the veil stretched over it by pious hands.
2. Today death has put mankind in possession of the immense inheritance that Ruskin bequeathed to it. For the man of genius can only give birth to works which will not die by creating them in the image not of the mortal being that he is, but of the exemplum of mankind he bears within him. His thoughts are in some sense lent to him for his lifetime, of which they are the companions. On his death they return to mankind and instruct it. Such as that august family dwelling in the rue de la Rochefoucauld known as the home of Gustave Moreau while he yet lived and since his death as the Musée Gustave Moreau.
3. There has long been a John Ruskin Museum (in Sheffield). Its catalogue is like an epitome of all the arts and all the sciences. Photographs of paintings by the masters are found next to collections of minerals, as in Goethe's house. Like the Ruskin Museum, Ruskin's oeuvre is universal. He sought the truth, he found beauty even in chronological charts and the laws of society. But the logicians having so defined the 'Fine Arts' as to exclude mineralogy as well as political economy, it is only of that part of Ruskin's oeuvre which concerns the 'Fine Arts' as they are generally understood, of Ruskin as aesthetician and art critic, that I shall have to speak here.
4. It was said first of all that he was a realist. And indeed he often reiterated that the artist should apply himself to the pure imitation of nature, 'without rejecting, despising, choosing anything'.
5. But it has been said also that he was an intellectualist for he wrote that the best picture was the one which contained the loftiest ideas. Speaking of the

group of children who are amusing themselves sailing toy boats in the foreground of Turner's 'Building of Carthage', he concludes: 'The exquisite choice of this incident, as expression of the ruling passion which was to be the source of the future greatness of the new city ... is quite as appreciable when it is told as when it is seen, it has nothing to do with the technicalities of painting; a scratch of the pen would have conveyed the idea and spoken to the intellect as much as the elaborate realizations of colour. Such a thought as this is something far above all art; it is epic poetry of the highest order.' 'In the same way,' adds Milsand, who quotes this passage, 'when he analyses a "Holy Family" by Tintoretto, the feature by which Ruskin recognizes a great master is a ruined wall and the beginnings of some masonry, by means of which the artist gives us symbolically to understand that the birth of Christ was the end of the Jewish economy and the advent of the new alliance. A composition by the same Venetian painter, a "Crucifixion", Ruskin finds to be a masterpiece of painting because the artist has been able, by a seemingly insignificant incident, by introducing a donkey grazing off some palm leaves in the background to Calvary, to state the profound idea that it was Jewish materialism, with its expectation of a purely temporal Messiah and with the disappointment of its hopes at the entry into Jerusalem, that was the source of the hatred unleashed against the Saviour and hence of his death.'

6. It has been said that he did away with the role of imagination in art by giving too large a role to science. Did he not say that: '... every class of rock, earth and cloud, must be known by the painter, with geologic and meteorologic accuracy ... Every geological formation has features peculiar to itself; definite lines of fracture, giving rise to fixed resultant forms of rock and earth; peculiar vegetable products, among which still further distinctions are wrought out by variations of climate and elevation ... [The painter] observes every character of the plant's colour and form ... he seizes on its lines of ... rigidity or repose ... observes its local habits, its love or fear of peculiar places, its nourishment or destruction by particular influences; he associates it in his mind with all the features of the situation it inhabits ... He must render the delicate fissure, and descending curve, and undulating shadow of the mouldering soil with gentle and fine finger like the touch of the rain itself ... The greatest picture is that which conveys to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of the greatest ideas.'

7. But it has been said in return that he ruined science by giving too large a place in it to the imagination. And indeed, one can but think of the simple-

minded finalism of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre saying that God has divided melons into slices so as to make them easier for men to eat, when one reads passages such as this: '... God has employed colour in His creation as the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent, and most precious; while for things precious only in material uses, or dangerous, common colours are used ... look at a dove's neck, and compare it with the grey back of a viper ... So again, the crocodile and alligator are grey, but the innocent lizard green and beautiful.'

8. Although it has been said that he reduced art to being merely the vassal of science, since he carried his theory of the work of art seen as giving us facts about the nature of things to the point of declaring that 'a Turner discloses more about the nature of rocks than any academy will ever know,' and that 'a Tintoretto need only let his hand go to reveal a multitude of truths about the play of the muscles which will confound all of the world's anatomists,' it has been said also that he humbled science before art.

9. It has been said lastly that he was a pure aesthetician and that his one religion was that of Beauty, because he in fact loved it throughout his life.

10. But it has been said on the other hand that he was not even an artist, because into his appreciation of beauty he intruded considerations that were perhaps higher but were certainly alien to aesthetics. The first chapter of The Seven Lamps of Architecture lays down that the architect should use the most precious and durable materials, an obligation made to derive from the sacrifice ofJesus and the permanent conditions of that sacrifice agreeable to God, conditions we have no call to think have been modified, God not having let us know explicitly that they have been. And here is one of his arguments in Modern Painters, in order to settle the question of knowing who is right between the supporters of colour and the adepts of chiaroscuro: '... but take a wider view of nature, and compare generally rainbows, sunrises, roses, violets, butterflies, birds, gold-fish, rubies, opals, and corals, with alligators, hippopotami, ... sharks, slugs, bones, fungi, fogs, and corrupting, stinging, destroying things in general, and you will feel then how the question stands between the colourists and the chiaroscurists,—which of them have nature and life on their side, and which have sin and death.'

11. And because so many contrary things have been said about Ruskin, the conclusion is that he was contradictory.

12. Of all these aspects of Ruskin's physiognomy, the one we are most familiar with, because it is the one of which we possess, if I may so put it, the

most painstaking and successful, the most striking and widely known portrait, is the Ruskin who throughout his life knew of only one religion: that of Beauty.

13. It may be the literal truth that the worship of Beauty was the perpetual activity of Ruskin's life; but I adjudge that the object of that life, its deep, secret and constant intention, was other, and if I say so it is not in order to go against the system of M. de la Sizeranne, but to prevent his being depreciated in readers' minds by an interpretation which is false but natural and as if inevitable.

14. Not only was Ruskin's principal religion religion as such (I shall return to this point in a moment, because it dominates and characterizes his aesthetic), but to remain for the present with his 'Religion of Beauty', our own age must be warned that, if it wishes to refer truthfully to Ruskin, it cannot utter these words without emending the sense which its aesthetic dilettantism is too inclined to lend to them. In fact, for an age of dilettantes and aesthetes, a worshipper of Beauty is a man who, practising no other form of worship but his own, and acknowledging no other god but it, must spend his life in the enjoyment afforded by the voluptuous contemplation of works of art.

15. But, for reasons the wholly metaphysical search for which would go beyond a mere essay on art, Beauty cannot be loved in a fruitful manner if one loves it simply for the pleasures it affords. And just as to seek for happiness for its own sake leads only to tedium, and to find it one must seek for something other than it, so aesthetic pleasure is given to us in addition if we love Beauty for its own sake, as something real existing outside of ourselves and infinitely more important than the joy it affords us. Very far from being a dilettante or an aesthete, Ruskin was the precise opposite, one of those Carlyle-like men warned by their genius of the vanity of all pleasure and at the same time of the presence close beside them of a timeless reality, intuitively perceived by their inspiration. Their talent is given to them as an ability to capture this omnipotent and timeless reality, to which they dedicate, enthusiastically and as if in obedience to a command from their conscience, their fleeting lifetimes, in order to endow them with value. Such men, attentive and anxious, faced by a universe needing to be deciphered, are warned as to those elements of reality on which their special gifts will shed a peculiar light for them, by a sort of demon who guides them, of a voice that they can hear, the timeless inspiration of beings of genius. Ruskin's special gift was the sense of Beauty, in nature as in art. It was in Beauty that his

temperament led him to seek for reality, and hence his wholly religious life was spent wholly aesthetically. But he did not conceive of the Beauty to which he thus found himself devoting his life as an object of enjoyment designed to attract him, but as a reality infinitely more important than life itself, for which he would have given his own life. You will see Ruskin's aesthetic follow from this. You must understand first of all that the years in which he came to know a new school of architecture or of painting may have been the principal landmarks of his moral life. He can speak of the years when the Gothic made its appearance for him with the same gravity, the same recurrence of emotion, the same serenity as a Christian speaks of the day when the truth was revealed to him. The events of his life were intellectual ones and its important landmarks those when he penetrated into a new form of art, the year when he understood Abbeville, the year when he understood Rouen, the day when the painting of Titian and the shadows in Titian's painting seemed nobler to him than the painting of Rubens and the shadows in Rubens's painting.

16. You must understand next that the poet being for Ruskin, as for Carlyle, a sort of scribe writing down at nature's dictation a more or less important part of her secret, the artist's first duty is to add nothing of his own pressing to this message from God. From which height the complaints of realism as well as of intellectualism directed at Ruskin can be seen to evaporate, like clouds that hug the ground. If such objections are wide of the mark, it is because they do not aim high enough. Such criticisms mistake the right altitude. The reality which the artist must record is at once material and intellectual. Matter is real because it is an expression of the mind. As for mere appearances, no one was more sardonic than Ruskin about those who see the object of art as being their imitation. 'The simple pleasure in the imitation,' he says, 'would be precisely of the same degree (if the accuracy could be equal), whether the subject of it were the hero or his horse ... we may consider tears as a result of agony or of art, whichever we please, but not of both at the same moment. If we are surprised by them as an attainment of the one, it is impossible we can be moved by them as a sign of the other.' If he attaches such importance to the way things look, this is because it alone reveals their underlying nature. M. de la Sizer-anne has given us an admirable translation of a passage where Ruskin shows that the 'leading' lines of a tree can reveal to us which troublesome trees have pushed it to one side, which winds have tormented it, etc. The configuration of something is not simply the image of its nature, it is

the clue to its destiny and the transcript of its history.
17. Another consequence of which conception of art is this: if reality is one and the man of genius he who sees it, what importance does the substance in which he represents it have, be it pictures, statues, symphonies, laws, actions? In his Heroes and Hero-Worship Carlyle makes no distinction between Shakespeare and Cromwell, Mohammed and Burns. Emerson numbers Swedenborg as well as Montaigne among his Representative Men. Where the system goes too far is, because the reality being translated is one, in not distinguishing profoundly enough between the different modes of translation. Carlyle says that it was inevitable that Boccaccio and Petrarch should have been good diplomats because they were good poets. Ruskin commits the same error when he says that 'a painting is beautiful to the extent that the ideas it translates into images are independent of the language of images.' If Ruskin's system errs in any direction, it is in this one, it seems to me. Because painting cannot attain to the unitary reality of things and hence compete with literature, except on condition that it not be literary.
18. If Ruskin promulgated the artist's duty as being scrupulously to obey these 'voices' of his genius which tell him what is real and to be transcribed, it was because he himself had had experience of what was genuine in inspiration, infallible in enthusiasm and fruitful in reverence. Only, although what excites enthusiasm, commands reverence and prompts inspiration be different for each one of us, we each end by attributing to it a more particularly sacred character. It can be said that for Ruskin this revelation, this guide was the Bible.
19. Here let us pause as at a fixed point, at the centre of gravity of Ruskin's aesthetic. Thus it was that his religious sense directed his aesthetic sense. And first, to those who may think that it adulterated it, that into the artistic appreciation of monuments, statues and pictures it introduced religious considerations which had no place there, I shall answer that it was quite the reverse. That something divine which Ruskin sensed deep inside the feeling inspired in him by works of art was precisely what was profound and original about that feeling, which imposed itself on his taste without being susceptible to modification. And the religious reverence that he brought to the expression of this feeling, his fear of subjecting it to the least distortion in translating it, prevented him, contrary to what has often been supposed, from ever introducing into his impressions of works of art any artifice of reasoning that was foreign to them. So that those who see in him a moralist or an apostle

loving in art what is not art, are equally as mistaken as those who, ignoring the profound essence of his aesthetic feeling, confuse it with a sensual dilettantism. So that, finally, his religious fervour, which had been the token of his aesthetic sincerity, further reinforced it and shielded it against all interference from without. It is as I see it of no importance that this or that notion of his supernatural aesthetic should be false. All those who have some idea of the laws by which genius develops know that its strength is measured more by the strength of its beliefs than by whatever satisfaction the object of those beliefs may offer to common sense. But since Ruskin's Christianity was of the very essence of his intellectual nature, his artistic preferences, equally profound, had to have some kinship with it. And so, just as his love of Turner's landscapes corresponded in Ruskin to that love of nature which afforded him his greatest joys, so to the fundamentally Christian nature of his thought there corresponded his permanent predilection, which dominated the whole of his life, the whole of his work, for what may be called Christian art: the architecture and sculpture of the French Middle Ages, the architecture, sculpture and painting of the Italian Middle Ages. There is no need to search in his life for evidence of the disinterested passion with which he loved their works, you will find the proof of it in his books. So vast was his experience that very often the most thorough knowledge displayed in one work is neither used nor mentioned, even by way of allusion, in those other of his books where it would be appropriate. Such are his resources that he does not lend us his words; he gives them to us and does not take them back. You know, for example, that he wrote a book on Amiens cathedral. From which you might conclude that that was the cathedral he loved the most and knew the best. Yet in The Seven Lamps of Architecture, where Rouen cathedral is named forty times as an example, and that of Bayeux nine times, Amiens is not named once. In Val d'Arno, he confesses that the church that made him the most profoundly drunk on Gothic was Saint-Urbain in Troyes. Yet, not once in The Seven Lamps nor in The Bible of Amiens is mention made of Saint-Urbain. So far as the lack of references to Amiens in The Seven Lamps is concerned, perhaps you imagine that he only came to know Amiens at the end of his life? Far from it. In 1859, in a lecture given in Kensington, he compares the Vierge Dorée of Amiens at length with the statues, less skilful as art but more profound in feeling, which appear to be holding up the west porch of Chartres. Yet in The Bible of Amiens, where one might suppose that he had brought together all his thoughts about Amiens, not once, in the pages

where he speaks of the Vierge Dorée, does he make reference to the statues of Chartres. Such is the infinite wealth of his love and of his knowledge. Usually, with a writer, the harking back to certain favourite examples, or even the repetition of certain developments, reminds us that we have to deal with a man who had a certain life, particular knowledge which took the place of some other knowledge, and a limited experience from which he drew all the advantage he could. Merely by consulting the index to Ruskin's various books, the constant novelty of the works cited there, and even more the spurning or, very often, abandoning for good of an item of knowledge used only once, give one a sense of something more than human, or rather the impression that each book is by someone new, who has other knowledge, not the same experience, another life.

20. The delightful game he played with his inexhaustible riches was forever to be drawing new treasures out from the wonderful jewel-cases of his memory: one day the precious rose window of Amiens, another day the golden lacework of the porch at Abbeville, and to wed these to the dazzling gems of Italy.

21. He was able indeed to pass from one country to another in this way because the same soul that he had worshipped in the stones of Pisa was that which had also given their immortal form to the stones of Chartres. No one has had his sense of the oneness of the Christian art of the Middle Ages, from the banks of the Somme to the banks of the Arno, and he has realized in our hearts the dream of the great medieval popes for a 'Christian Europe'. If, as has been said, his name has to remain tied to Pre-Raphaelitism, we should understand by that not the one following Turner but that from before Raphael. Today we can forget the services he rendered to Hunt, to Rossetti, to Millais; but we cannot forget what he did for Giotto, for Carpaccio, for Bellini. His godlike task was not to arouse the living but to resurrect the dead.

22. Is this oneness of the Christian art of the Middle Ages not everywhere to be seen in the perspective of those passages in which his imagination here and there illuminates the stones of France with a magical reflection from Italy? A moment ago we saw him in Pleasures of England comparing the Amiens Charity with that of Giotto. In The Nature of Gothic see how he compares the way in which flames are treated in Italian Gothic and in French, where he takes the porch of Saint-Maclou in Rouen for his example. And in The Seven Lamps of Architecture, in connection with this same porch, see how something of the colours of Italy plays over its grey stones.

23. 'The subject of the tympanum bas-relief is the Last Judgement, and the sculpture of the Inferno side is carried out with a degree of power whose fearful grotesqueness I can only describe as a mingling of the minds of Orcagna and Hogarth. The demons are perhaps even more awful than Orcagna's; and, in some of the expressions of debased humanity in its utmost despair, the English painter is at least equalled. Not less wild is the imagination which gives fury and fear even to the placing of the figures. An evil angel, poised on the wing, drives the condemned troops from before the Judgement seat ... but they are urged by him so furiously, that they are driven not merely to the extreme limit of that scene, which the sculptor confined elsewhere within the tympanum, but out of the tympanum and into the niches of the arch; while the flames that follow them, bent by the blast, as it seems, of the angel's wings, rush into the niches also, and burst up through their tracery, the three lowermost niches being represented as all on fire, while, instead of their usual vaulted and ribbed ceiling, there is a demon in the roof of each, with his wings folded over it, grinning down out of the black shadow.'

24. Nor was this parallelism between the different kinds of art and different countries the most profound one he was to insist on. He was to be struck by the identity of certain religious ideas in pagan and Christian symbols. M. Ary Renan has remarked, very profoundly, how much of Christ there is in Gustave Moreau's Prometheus. Ruskin, whose devotion to Christian art never made him contemptuous of paganism, compared in an aesthetic and religious sense the lion of St Jerome with the Nemean lion, Virgil with Dante, Samson with Hercules, Theseus with the Black Prince, the prophecies of Isaiah with the prophecies of the Cumean sibyl. There is no call, certainly, to liken Ruskin to Gustave Moreau, but it can be said that a natural tendency, fostered by their acquaintance with the Primitives, led both to proscribe in art the expression of violent feelings and, in so far as it was applied to the study of symbols, to a certain fetishism in the worship of the symbols themselves, a fetishism that carried few dangers however for minds so fundamentally attached to the feeling symbolized that they could pass from one symbol to another without being detained by mere differences of surface. As for the systematic prohibition of the expression of violent emotion in art, the principle which M. Ary Renan has called the principle of Beautiful Inertia, where can we find it better defined than in the passages on 'The relation of Michaelangelo to Tintoretto'?[1] Was it not inevitable that his study of

medieval French and Italian art should lead to his somewhat exclusive worship of symbols? And because he was searching, beneath the work of art, for the soul of an age, the resemblance between the symbols of the portal at Chartres and the frescoes of Pisa was bound to affect him as a proof of the originality typical of the spirit by which artists were then inspired, and their differences as evidence of its variety. With anyone else the aesthetic response might have risked being chilled by reasoning. But in him all was love, and iconography, as he understood it, might better have been called iconolatry. At this point, moreover, art criticism gives way to something greater perhaps; its procedures are those almost of science, it is a contribution to history. The appearance in the porches of cathedrals of some new quality informs us of changes no less profound in the history, not only of art but of civilization, as those announced to geologists by the appearance on earth of a new species. The stone sculpted by nature is no more instructive than the stone sculpted by the artist, and we derive no greater profit from that which preserves for us some ancient monster than that which exhibits a new god to us.

25. From this point of view the drawings which accompany Ruskin's writings are highly significant. In the one plate you may find a single architectural motif as treated at Lisieux, Bayeux, Verona and Padua, as if we had to do with the varieties of a single species of butterfly in different climes. But the stones which he so loved never become abstract examples for him. On each stone you can see the nuance of the passing moment joined with the colour of the centuries. '... Rushing down the street to see St Wulfran again,' he tells us, 'before the sun was off the towers, are things to cherish the past for, — to the end.' He went further even; he made no separation between the cathedrals and that background of rivers and valleys against which they appear to the traveller as he approaches, like in a primitive painting. One of his most instructive drawings in this respect is that reproduced in the second engraving of 'Our Fathers have told us' entitled 'Amiens, Jour des Trépassés'. In the towns of Amiens, Abbeville, Beauvais and Rouen, consecrated by Ruskin's stay in them, he spent his time sketching, either in the churches ('without being disturbed by the sacristan') or else in the open air. And what delightful, transient colonies they must have formed in these towns, the troupe of sketchers and engravers whom he took with him, just as Plato shows us the Sophists following Protagoras from town to town, and similar also to the swallows, in imitation of which they would pause for choice on the old roofs and ancient towers of the cathedrals. Perhaps some of these disciples of

Ruskin's are still to be met with who accompanied him to the banks of this re-evangelized Somme, as if the days of St Firmin and St Salve had returned, and who, while the new apostle was talking and explicating Amiens like a Bible, made instead of notes drawings, graceful notes the folder of which is doubtless to be found in some English museum room and in which I imagine reality will have been slightly rearranged, in the style of Viollet-le-Duc. The engraving 'Amiens, Jour des Trépassés' seems a little too beautiful to be true. Is it the perspective alone which, from the banks of a widened Somme, brings the cathedral and the church of St Leu so close together? Ruskin it is true might answer us back by repeating on his own account the words of Turner which he quotes in The Eagle's Nest and which M. de la Sizeranne has translated: '... Turner, in his early life, was sometimes good- natured, and would show people what he was about. He was one day making a drawing of Plymouth harbour, with some ships at the distance of a mile or two, seen against the light. Having shown this drawing to a naval officer, the naval officer observed with surprise, and objected with very justifiable indignation, that the ships of the line had no port-holes. "No," said Turner, "certainly not. If you will walk up to Mount Edgecumbe, and look at the ships against the sunset, you will find you can't see the port-holes." "Well, but," said the naval officer, still indignant, "you know the port-holes are there." "Yes," said Turner, "I know that well enough; but my business is to draw what I see, and not what I know is there."'
26. If, when in Amiens, you take the direction of the slaughter-house, you will get a prospect no different from that in the engraving. You will see the distance arrange, in the deceptive but happy manner of an artist, monuments which, if you then draw closer, will resume their earlier, quite different positions; you will see it, for example, inscribe the shape of one of the town's water installations on the façade of the cathedral, and create a plane out of a three-dimensional geometry. But if you nevertheless find this landscape, tastefully composed by your perspective, somewhat different from that recounted by Ruskin's drawing, you may lay the blame above all on the changes brought about in the appearance of the town by the almost twenty years which have elapsed since Ruskin stayed there, and as he himself said of another location which he loved: 'Since I last composed, or meditated there, various improvements have taken place.'
27. But at least this engraving in The Bible of Amiens will have associated the banks of the Somme and the cathedral more closely together in your

memory than your eyes no doubt could have done, no matter at what point in the town you had been placed. It will prove to you better than anything I could have said that Ruskin made no separation between the beauty of the cathedrals and the charm of the country out of which they arose, and which everyone who visits them can savour still in the particular poetry of the country and the misty or golden recollection of the afternoon he spent there. Not only is the first chapter of The Bible of Amiens called 'By the Rivers of Waters', but the book that Ruskin planned to write on Chartres cathedral was to be entitled. 'The Springs of Eure'. So it was not only in his drawings that he set churches on the edge of rivers and associated the grandeur of the Gothic cathedrals to the gracefulness of their French settings.[2] We would be more keenly alive to the individual charm of a landscape if we did not have at our disposal those seven-league boots which are the great expresses and were obliged, as in the old days, in order to get to some remote spot, to pass through countrysides more and more like that we are making for, like zones of graduated harmony which, by making it less easily penetrable by what is different from itself, and protecting it gently and mysteriously against brotherly resemblances, not only envelop it in nature but also prepare it in our minds.
28. These studies of Ruskin's of Christian art were for him like the verification and counter-proof of his ideas on Christianity and of other ideas I have been unable to indicate here but the most celebrated of which I shall allow Ruskin himself to define in a moment: his horror of machinism and of industrial art. 'All beautiful things were made when the men of the Middle Ages believed in the pure, joyous and beautiful lesson of Christianity.' After that he saw art as having declined along with faith, and dexterity as having taken the place of feeling. When he saw the power to realize beauty that was the privilege of the ages of faith, his belief in the goodness of faith could only grow stronger. Each volume of his last book, Our Fathers Have Told Us (only the first was written), was to have comprised four chapters, the last of them devoted to the masterpiece that was the fruition of the faith whose study had been the aim of the first three chapters. Thus did the Christianity that had been the cradle of Ruskin's aesthetic feeling receive its supreme consecration. And having mocked at his Protestant reader, at the moment when he led her before the statue of the Madonna, 'who must understand that neither Madonna-worship, nor Lady-worship of any sort ... ever did any human creature any harm', or before the statue of St Honoré, after lamenting that this

saint was 'little talked of now in his Parisian faubourg', he might have said as at the end of Val d'Arno: 'And if you will fix your minds only on the conditions of human life which the Giver of it demands, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" you will find that such obedience is always acknowledged by temporal blessing. If, turning from the manifest miseries of cruel ambition, and manifest wanderings of insolent belief, you summon to your thoughts rather the state of unrecorded multitudes, who laboured in silence, and adored in humility, as the snows of Christendom brought memory of the Birth of Christ, or her spring sunshine, of His Resurrection, you may know that the promise of the Bethlehem angels has been literally fulfilled; and will pray that your English fields, joyfully as the banks of Arno, may still dedicate their pure lilies to St Mary of the Flowers.'

29. Finally, Ruskin's medieval studies confirmed, together with his belief in the goodness of faith, his belief in the need for work to be free, joyous and personal, without interference from machinism. This you will best understand if I transcribe here a passage highly characteristic of Ruskin. He is talking of a small figure, a few centimetres high, lost amidst hundreds of minuscule figures, in the portal of the Booksellers in Rouen cathedral.

30. '... the fellow is vexed and puzzled in his malice; and his hand is pressed hard on his cheekbone, and the flesh of the cheek is wrinkled under the eye by the pressure. The whole, indeed, looks wretchedly coarse, when it is seen on a scale in which it is naturally compared with delicate figure etchings; but considering it as a mere filling of an interstice on the outside of a cathedral gate, and as one of more than three hundred (for in my estimate I did not include the outer pedestals), it proves very noble vitality in the art of the time ...

31. 'We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any

instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules: and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapour that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel.'

32. I will confess that rereading this passage at the time of Ruskin's death I was seized with a desire to see the little man he speaks of. And I went to Rouen as if in obedience to some testamentary thought, as if in dying Ruskin had somehow entrusted to his readers that poor creature whose life he had restored by speaking of him and who had, without knowing it, just lost for ever someone who had done as much for him as his original sculptor. But when I came close to the immense cathedral, before the door where the saints were warming themselves in the sun, higher up, from the galleries of radiant kings up to the very topmost heights of stone that I supposed to be uninhabited but where, in one place, a sculpted hermit led his isolated life, allowing the birds to dwell on his forehead, while in another a coterie of apostles was listening to the message of an angel who had settled beside them, wings folded, beneath a flock of pigeons that were opening theirs, and not far from a personage who had received a child on his back and was turning his head with a sudden, age-old gesture; when I saw, in rows before its porches or leaning from the balconies of its towers, all these stone guests of the mystical city breathing in the sunshine or the early morning shadows, I realized it would be impossible to find a figure a few centimetres high amidst this superhuman population. I went to the portal of the Booksellers none the less. But how to recognize the little figure among the hundreds of others? Suddenly a young sculptress of talent and of promise, Mme L. Yeatman, said to me: 'Here's one that looks like it.' We looked a little lower down, and ... there it was. It wasn't ten centimetres high. It has been worn away yet its gaze is there still, the stone still has the hole picking out the pupil and lending it the expression by which I recognized it. There, amidst thousands of others, an artist dead centuries before has left this little person who dies a little each

day, and who had been dead for a very long time, lost in the midst of that host of others, for ever. But he had set it there. And one day a man for whom there is no death, no infinity of matter, no oblivion, a man who, casting far away from him that annihilation which weighs us down, to pursue ends that dominated his life, so many that he was unable to achieve them all whereas we seem to lack them, this man came, and seeing, in those waves of stone where one jagged crest seemed just like another, all the laws of life, all the soul's thoughts, named them by their names, and said: 'Look, it is this, it is that.' As at the Day of judgement, which is represented not far away, the trumpet of the archangel is to be heard in his words as he says: 'Those who have lived shall live, matter is nothing.' And indeed, like the dead represented not far away in the tympanum, who have been awoken by the archangel's trumpet and have arisen, have resumed their form, are recognizable and alive, so the little figure has come alive again and has recovered its gaze, and the Judge has said: 'Thou hast lived, thou shalt live.' He himself is not an immortal judge and his body will die; but what matter! He carries out his immortal task as if he were not going to die, unconcerned by the size of the object that occupies his time and, though having but one human life to live, he spends several days in front of one of the ten thousand figures on a church. He drew it. For him it corresponded to the ideas stirring in his brain, heedless of approaching old age. He drew it, he spoke of it. And the monstrous, inoffensive little figure was to be resurrected, against all hope, from that death which seems more absolute than others, that disappearance into the midst of an infinite number made anonymous by their resemblance, but out of which genius can quickly draw us also. Rediscovering it there, one could not but be moved. It seems to live and to be gazing, or rather to have been taken by death in the very act of gazing, like those Pompeians whose movements remain suspended. In fact it is the sculptor's idea that has been seized here in its movement by the immobility of the stone. I was touched to rediscover it there; nothing then dies of what has once lived, the sculptor's thought any more than that of Ruskin.

33. Coming upon it there, necessary to Ruskin, who devoted one of the very few engravings illustrating his book to it (The Seven Lamps of Architecture) because for him it was an actual and enduring part of his thought, and pleasing to me because his thought is necessary to me, a guide to my own which met with his along the way, I felt myself to be in a state of mind closer to that of the artists who carved the Last Judgement in the tympanum and

who believed that the individual, that which is most particular in a person, in an intention, does not die but remains in the memory of God and will be resurrected. Who is right out of Hamlet and the gravedigger, when the one sees only a skull and the other recalls a fancy? Science may say: the gravedigger; but it reckons without Shakespeare, who will cause the memory of that fancy to endure beyond the dust of the skull. At the angel's summons, each one of the dead is found to be still there, in his place, when we had thought him long since turned to dust. At Ruskin's summons, we find the smallest figure, framing a tiny quatrefoil, resurrected in its form, gazing at us with the same gaze which seems to fit inside no more than a millimetre of stone. No doubt, poor little monster, I would not have been clever enough to find you, amongst the thousands of stones in our towns, to pick out your figure, to rediscover your personality, to summon you, to make you live again. Infinity, numbers, annihilation weigh us down, but it is not that they are so strong; it is that my mind is not very strong. True, there was nothing really beautiful about you. Your poor face, that I would never have noticed, does not have a very interesting expression, although obviously it has, as everyone does, an expression that no one else has ever had. But since you were sufficiently alive to continue to gaze with that same sideways gaze, for Ruskin to notice you and, after he had spoken your name, for his reader to be able to recognize you, are you sufficiently alive now, are you sufficiently loved? One can but think on you with tenderness, unkind though your look be, because you are a living creature, because, through long centuries, you were dead without hope of resurrection and because you have been resurrected. And one of these days perhaps some other person will go to seek you out in your portal, looking fondly on your oblique and spiteful face, now resurrected, because what has come from a human mind can alone one day arrest another mind which, in its turn, has fascinated our own. You were right to remain there, unregarded, crumbling away. You could hope for nothing from matter, in which you were mere nothingness. But the little ones have nothing to fear, nor do the dead. For sometimes the Spirit visits the earth; and as it passes the dead arise, and little forgotten faces recover their gaze to engage that of the living who, for their sake, abandon the living who are not alive and go to seek for life only where the Spirit has shown it to them, in stones which are already dust yet still contain human thought.
34. The man who enveloped the old cathedrals in more love and more joy than is bestowed on them by the sun when it adds its fugitive smile to their

centuries-old beauty, cannot, if we understand him aright, have been mistaken. In the world of the spirit it is as in the universe of physics, where the height of a fountain can not exceed the height of the place from which the water has originally descended. The great beauties of literature correspond to something, and in art it is enthusiasm perhaps which is the criterion of truth. If we suppose Ruskin to have sometimes been mistaken, as a critic, in the exact assessment of a work's value, the beauty of his wrong judgement is often of greater interest than that of the work being judged and corresponds to something which may be other than it but no less precious. I do not believe that Ruskin was wrong to say of the 'Beau Dieu of Amiens' that 'no sculpture would satisfy, or ought to satisfy, the hope of any loving soul that has learned to trust in Him; but at the time, it was beyond what till then had been reached in sculptured tenderness,' and M. Huysmans right to call this same Amiens God 'a fop with a sheep's face', but it hardly matters that we should know. Whether or not the 'Beau Dieu of Amiens' is what Ruskin thought it was is of no importance for us. Just as Buffon said that 'all the intellectual beauties to be found (in a beautiful style), all the relations of which it is made up, are so many truths as useful and perhaps more precious for the public mind than those which may constitute the subject-matter,' so the truths making up the beauty of the passages in the Bible about the Beau Dieu of Amiens have value independently of the beauty of the statue, but Ruskin would not have found them had he spoken of it disdainfully, for enthusiasm alone could give him the power to discover them.

35. What it will never be given to us to know perhaps, and what in any case we cannot search for here, is just how faithfully that marvellous soul reflected the universe, and in what tempting and pathetic forms falsehood may, for all that, have insinuated itself into the very heart of his intellectual sincerity. Whatever the answer, he was one of those 'geniuses' of whom even those amongst us who were endowed at birth by the fairies have need if we are to be initiated into the knowledge and love of a new part of Beauty. Much of what is said by our contemporaries in their intellectual exchanges bears his imprint, just as on coins one sees the effigy of the reigning sovereign. In death he continues to enlighten us, like those extinguished stars whose light still reaches us, and it can be said of him what he said when Turner died: 'It is through those eyes, closed for ever in the depths of the grave, that generations yet unborn will see nature.'

36. 'In what tempting and magnificent forms falsehood may have insinuated

itself into the very heart of his intellectual sincerity ...' This is what I meant to say: there is a sort of idolatry which no one has defined better than Ruskin himself, in a passage from the Lectures on Art: 'Such I conceive generally, though indeed with good arising out of it, for every great evil brings some good in its backward eddies — such I conceive to have been the deadly function of art in its ministry to what, whether in heathen or Christian lands, and whether in the pageantry of words, or colours, or fair forms, is truly, and in the deep sense, to be called idolatry — the serving with the best of our hearts and minds, some dear or sad fantasy which we have made for ourselves, while we disobey the present call of the Master, who is not dead, and who is not now fainting under His cross, but requiring us to take up ours.' 37. Now it certainly seems that at the basis of Ruskin's work, at the root of his talent, one finds this very idolatry. No doubt he never allowed it completely to overlay — even as an embellishment, — to immobilize, paralyse and finally to kill his intellectual and moral sincerity. In every line he wrote, as at each moment of his life, one senses this need for sincerity struggling against idolatry, proclaiming its vanity and humbling beauty before duty, be it an unaesthetic duty. I shall not take examples of this from his life (which was not like the lives of Racine, or Tolstoy, or Maeterlinck, aesthetic at first and later moral, but one in which morality established its rights from the outset and in the very heart of his aesthetic — without perhaps ever liberating itself as completely as in the lives of the other Masters I have just named). I have no need to recall its stages, for they are quite well known, from the early scruples which he felt at drinking tea while looking at Titians, up until the time when, having swallowed up the five millions left him by his father on his social and philanthropic work, he decided to sell his Turners. But there is a more inward form of dilettantism than the active form (which he had overcome) and the real duel between his idolatry and his sincerity was fought out not at certain moments of his life, or in certain passages in his books, but the whole time, in those deep and secret places, unknown almost to ourselves, where our personality receives images from the imagination, ideas from the intellect and words from the memory, and affirms itself in the ceaseless choices it makes from them and ceaselessly wagers in a sense the destiny of our moral and spiritual lives. I have the impression that in those places the sin of idolatry never ceased to be committed by Ruskin. And at the very moment when he was preaching sincerity he lacked it himself, not in what he said but in the manner in which he said it. The

doctrines he was professing were moral and not aesthetic doctrines, yet he chose them for their beauty. And as he did not want to present them as beautiful but as true, he was obliged to lie to himself concerning the nature of the reasons which had led him to adopt them. Hence a compromising with his conscience so unceasing that immoral doctrines sincerely professed might have been less dangerous for the integrity of his mind than these moral doctrines whose affirmation is not wholly sincere, having been dictated by an unacknowledged aesthetic preference. This sin was being committed constantly, in the actual choice of each explanation he gave of a fact, of each judgement he passed on a work, in his actual choice of the words he used — and it finally lent a mendacious attitude to the mind that was constantly giving way to it. So that the reader may be better able to judge the sort of trompe l'oeil which a passage from Ruskin is for anyone, including for Ruskin himself, I shall quote one of those which I find most beautiful yet where this defect is at its most flagrant. You will see that if in theory (in appearance, that is, the content of a writer's ideas being always the appearance, and their form the reality) beauty has been subordinated to the moral sense and to truth, in actual fact truth and the moral sense have been subordinated to the aesthetic sense, and to an aesthetic sense somewhat distorted by these perpetual compromises. The subject is 'The Causes of Venice's Decline'.
38. 'Not in the wantonness of wealth, not in vain ministry to the desire of the eye or the pride of life, were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them, that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults, that one day shall fill the vault of heaven, — "He shall return to do judgement and justice." The strength of Venice was given her, so long as she remembered this: her destruction found her when she had forgotten this; and it found her irrevocably, because she forgot it without excuse. Never had a city a more glorious Bible. Among the nations of the North, a rude and shadowy sculpture filled their temples with confused and hardly legible imagery; but, for her, the skill and the treasures of the East had gilded every letter, and illumined every page, till the Book-Temple shone from afar off like the star of the Magi. In other cities, the meetings of the people were often in places withdrawn from religious association, subject to violence and to change; and on the grass of the dangerous rampart, and in the dust of the troubled street, there were deeds done and counsels taken, which, if we

cannot justify, we may sometimes forgive. But the sins of Venice, whether in her palace or in her piazza, were done with the Bible at her right hand. The walls on which its testimony was written were separated but by a few inches of marble from those which guarded the secrets of her councils, or confined the victims of her policy. And when in her last hours she threw off all shame and all restraint, and the great square of the city became filled with the madness of the whole earth, be it remembered how much her sin was greater, because it was done in the face of the House of God, burning with the letters of His Law. Mountebank and masquer laughed their laugh and went their way; and a silence has followed them, not unforetold; for amidst them all, through century after century of gathering vanity and festering guilt, that white dome of St Mark's had uttered in the dead ear of Venice: "Know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgement."

39. Now if Ruskin had been entirely sincere with himself he would not have thought that the crimes of the Venetians had been more inexcusable and more severely punished than those of other men because they possessed a church of multicoloured marble instead of a limestone cathedral, because the Doge's palace was next to St Mark's instead of at the other end of the town, and because in Byzantine churches, instead of being simply represented as in the sculpture of northern churches, the biblical texts of the mosaics are accompanied by lettering forming a quotation from the Gospel or the prophecies. It is none the less true that this passage from The Stones of Venice is of great beauty, even though it is quite difficult to account for the reasons for that beauty. It seems to me to rest on something false and I feel some scruples about yielding to it.

40. Yet there must be some truth in it. There is no altogether false beauty properly speaking, for aesthetic pleasure is that very pleasure which goes with the discovery of a truth. What is quite hard to say is to what order of truth the very keen aesthetic pleasure one gets from reading such a passage can correspond. It is itself mysterious, full at once of images of beauty and of religion like that same church of St Mark's, where all the figures from the Old and New Testaments appear against a background of a sort of splendid darkness and fitful brilliancy. I remember having read it for the first time in St Mark's itself, during an hour of storm and darkness when the mosaics shone with their own material light alone, with an inner, earthly and ancient gold, to which the Venetian sun, which sets even the angels of the campaniles

on fire, no longer added anything of itself; the emotion which I felt on reading this passage, amidst all these angels bright against the surrounding gloom, was very strong and yet not perhaps very pure. Just as my joy grew at seeing these beautiful and mysterious figures, yet was tainted by the pleasures of erudition as it were, which I felt as I took in the texts appearing in Byzantine script beside their haloed brows, so the beauty of Ruskin's images was quickened and corrupted by the presumption of his allusions to the sacred texts. A sort of egotistical return into the self is inevitable in these joys, in which erudition mixes with art and where the aesthetic pleasures may become keener but not remain so pure. So perhaps this passage from The Stones of Venice was beautiful above all for affording me precisely those mixed joys I had felt in St Mark's, for it too, like the Byzantine church, had its biblical quotations inscribed beside the images in the mosaic of its style, dazzling amidst the shadows. Did the same not hold for it, moreover, as for the mosaics in St Mark's, whose purpose was to instruct and which laid no great store by their artistic beauty? Today they no longer give us anything except pleasure. Yet the pleasure their didacticism gives the scholar is a selfish one, and the most disinterested pleasure is still that given to the artist by a beauty despised by, or even unknown to those whose one purpose was to educate the people and who gave it to them as something extra.
41. On the last page of The Bible of Amiens, the 'if ... you would care for the promise to you' is an example of the same kind. When, again in The Bible of Amiens, Ruskin ends the section on Egypt by saying: 'She was the Tutress of Moses and the Hostess of Christ,' we can allow the tutress of Moses: certain virtues are required in order to educate. But the fact of having been the 'hostess' of Christ may add beauty to the sentence but can it really come into the reckoning in a reasoned appreciation of the virtues of the Egyptian genius?
42. I have been trying to wrestle here with my most cherished aesthetic impressions, attempting to carry intellectual sincerity to its ultimate and cruellest limits. Do I need to add that if I enter this general caveat, in some sense in the absolute, less about Ruskin's works than about their essential inspiration and the quality of their beauty, he nevertheless remains for me one of the greatest writers of all times and all countries. Rather than seeking to decry a defect peculiar to Ruskin, I have been trying to lay hold in him, as in a 'subject' particularly favourable to such observation, of an infirmity essential to the human mind. Once the reader has understood fully in what

this 'idolatry' consists, he will be able to explain to himself the excessive importance that Ruskin attaches in his essays to lettering in works of art (an importance another reason for which I indicated, far too summarily, in my preface), as well as his misuse of the words 'irreverent' or 'insolent': 'mystery which we are not required to unravel, or difficulties which we should be insolent in desiring to solve,' 'let the artist distrust the spirit of choice, it is an insolent spirit,' 'where it is just possible for an irreverent person rather to think the nave narrow than the apse high,' etc., etc. — and the state of mind which they reveal. I was thinking of this idolatry (I was thinking also of the pleasure Ruskin takes in balancing his phrases in an equilibrium which seems rather to impose a symmetrical arrangement on his thought than to receive one from it)[3] when I said: 'I do not have to look for the tempting and pathetic forms in which falsehood may have insinuated itself into the very heart of his intellectual sincerity.' But I should, on the contrary, have looked for them and I should be committing that same sin of idolatry were I to continue to shelter behind this essentially Ruskinian formula of reverence. It is not that I fail to recognize the virtues of reverence, it is the very condition of love. But where love ceases, it must never be substituted for it, so enabling us to believe without examination and to admire on trust. Ruskin moreover would have been the first to approve my not according to his writings an infallible authority, since he even refused it to the Holy Scriptures: '... and there is no possibility of attaching the idea of infallible truth to any form of human language ...' But he liked the attitude of 'reverence' which believes it 'insolent to throw light on a mystery'. In order to have done with idolatry and to make yet more certain that no misunderstanding remains concerning it between myself and my reader, I would like to bring on here one of our most justly celebrated contemporaries (as unlike Ruskin in other ways as could be!) who allows this fault to show in his conversation, though not in his books, carried to such an excess that it is easier to recognize and to demonstrate it in his case, with no need any more to strive so hard to magnify it. When he talks he is afflicted — delightfully — with idolatry. Those who have once heard him will find an 'imitation' very crude in which nothing survives of his attractions, but they will know however of whom I wish to speak, whom I am taking here as my example, when I tell them that in the material in which a tragic actress is draped he recognizes admiringly the same stuff as is worn by Death in Gustave Moreau's 'The Young Man and Death', or in the costume of one of his lady friends: 'the very dress and hairstyle worn

by the Princesse de Cadignan the day she saw d'Arthez for the first time.' And as he looks at the actress's drapery or at the society woman's dress he is moved by such noble associations and exclaims: 'Quite lovely!' not because the material is lovely, but because it is the material painted by Moreau or described by Balzac and hence forever sacred ... to idolaters. In his bedroom you will find dielytras, either real ones in a vase or painted ones in a mural done by artist friends, because this is the very flower one sees represented in the Madeleine at Vézélay. As for some object that has belonged to Baudelaire, or to Michelet, or to Hugo, that he hedges about with a religious reverence. I savour too profoundly, am even carried away by, the witty improvisations into which our idolater is led and inspired by the particular kind of pleasure he finds in such veneration to wish in the very least to wrangle with him over it.

43. But at the very height of my enjoyment I ask myself whether this incomparable talker — and the listener who lets him go on talking — are not equally guilty of insincerity; whether because a flower (the passion flower) bears on it the instruments of the passion, it is a sacrilege to offer it to someone of another religion, or whether the fact of a house's having been lived in by Balzac (if nothing remains there anyway which might tell us something about him) makes it more beautiful. Ought we really, other than to pay her an aesthetic compliment, to prefer someone because her name is Bathilde, like the heroine of Lucien Leuwen?

44. Mme de Cadignan's costume is a ravishing invention of Balzac's because it gives us an idea of Mme de Cadignan's artistry, and informs us of the impression she wishes to make on d'Arthez and of some of her 'secrets'. But once deprived of the idea it contains, it is no more than a sign deprived of its meaning, that is to say, nothing; and to continue to worship it, to the point of going into ecstasies when one finds it again in real life on the body of a woman, that is true idolatry. This is the favourite intellectual sin of artists, to which very few of them have failed to succumb. Felix culpa! one is tempted to say when one sees how fruitful it has been for them in terms of charming inventions. But they should at least not succumb without a struggle. There is in nature no particular form, however beautiful, which has value except for that portion of the infinite beauty that has been able to embody itself there: not even the apple blossom, not even the blossom of the pink hawthorn. My love for these is infinite and the affliction (hay fever) which proximity to them brings on enables me each spring to give them a proof of that love not

within reach of everyone. But even towards them, which are far from literary, far from being linked to any aesthetic tradition, which are not 'the actual flower to be seen in such and such a picture by Tintoret' as Ruskin would say, or such and such a drawing by Leonardo as our contemporary would say (who has revealed to us, among many other things, which everyone now speaks of yet to which no one had paid any regard before him — the drawings in the Accademia in Venice), I shall always beware of an exclusive cult that might attach itself to anything in them other than the delight they afford me, a cult in whose name, by an egotistical return into the self, I might make of them 'my' flowers and take care to honour them by decorating my bedroom with the works of art in which they appear. No, I shall not find a picture more beautiful because the artist has painted a hawthorn in the foreground, although I know of nothing more beautiful than the hawthorn, because I want to remain sincere and I know that a picture's beauty does not depend on the things portrayed in it. I shall not collect images of the hawthorn. I do not venerate the hawthorn, I go to see it and to breathe it in. I have allowed myself this brief incursion — which is not in any way an offensive — on to the ground of contemporary literature because it seemed to me that the features of idolatry there in germ in Ruskin would stand out clearly to the reader when thus magnified, all the more for being so strongly differentiated. I beg our contemporary in any case, should he have recognized himself in this very clumsy pencil sketch, to believe that it was done without malice and that, as I have said, I needed to go to the furthermost limits of sincerity with myself to make this complaint against Ruskin and discover this fragile element in my absolute admiration for him. Now not only is there 'nothing at all dishonourable in sharing with Ruskin', but also I could never find any greater compliment to pay this contemporary than to have addressed the same criticism to his as to Ruskin. I can almost regret having been so discreet as not to name him. For when one is admitted into the presence of Ruskin, be it in the attitude of a donor, solely in order to hold up his book and to help it to be read more attentively, that is not a punishment but an honour.
45. I come back to Ruskin. So 'used' am I to him today that to grasp the evidences, and study the nature of this idolatry, and the slight factitiousness it sometimes adds to the keenest literary pleasures that he affords us, I need to descend deep into my own self. But it must often have shocked me when I was starting to love his books, before gradually closing my eyes to their defects, as happens in any love-affair. Love-affairs with living people may

sometimes have a sordid origin which is later purified. A man makes the acquaintance of a woman because she can help him to achieve an end unconnected with herself. Then, once he knows her, he loves her for herself, and unhesitatingly sacrifices to her that end she was merely to have helped him to attain. Thus originally there was something self-interested mixed in with my love for Ruskin's books, a delight in the intellectual profit I was to derive from them. The fact is that, sensing the power and attraction of the very first pages I read, I made an effort not to resist them, not to argue too much with myself, because I felt that if one day the attraction of Ruskin's thought should extend for me over everything he had touched, in short if I became completely enamoured of his thought, the world would be enriched by everything of which I had hitherto been ignorant, by Gothic cathedrals and by any number of pictures in England and in Italy which had not yet awoken in me that desire without which there is never true knowledge. For Ruskin's thought is not like the thought of an Emerson, for example, which is contained in its entirety in a book, something abstract that is, a pure sign of itself. The object to which a thought like Ruskin's is applied and from which it is inseparable, is not immaterial, it is scattered across the surface of the earth. One must go to seek it wherever it is to be found, to Pisa, to Florence, to Venice, to the National Gallery, to Rouen, to Amiens, into the mountains of Switzerland. Such a thought, which has an object other than itself, which has realized itself in space, which is thought no longer infinite and free but limited and subjugated, which is incarnate in bodies of sculpted marble, in snow-covered mountains, in painted faces, is perhaps less godlike than pure thought. But it makes the universe more beautiful for us, or at least certain parts of it, certain named parts, because it has touched them and initiated us into them by forcing us, if we would understand them, to love them.

46. And so indeed it was; the universe suddenly took on for me again an infinite value. And my admiration for Ruskin lent to the things which he had brought me to love so great an importance that they seemed to me charged with a value higher than that of life itself. This was literally so on an occasion when I believed that my days were numbered; I set off for Venice in order, before I died, to approach, to touch, to see embodied, in palaces that were decaying yet still upright, still pink, Ruskin's ideas on the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages. What importance, what reality can a town so special, so localized in time and so particularized in space as Venice have in the eyes of someone about to take leave of the earth, and how could the

theories of domestic architecture that I might study there and verify from living examples, be amongst those 'truths which dominate death, which keep us from fearing it and cause us almost to love it' (Renan)? The power of genius is to make us love a beauty we feel to be more real than ourselves, in those things which in the eyes of others are as particular and as perishable as ourselves.

47. The poet's 'I shall say they are beautiful once your eyes have said so' is not very true, if the eyes in question are those of the beloved. In a certain sense and whatever splendid compensations, on this same ground of poetry, it may be preparing for us, love depoeticizes nature. To the man in love the earth is nothing more than 'the carpet for the lovely child's feet' of his mistress, nature nothing more than 'her temple'. That love which uncovers so many profound psychological truths for us, excludes us on the other hand from the poetic feeling for nature, because it puts us into selfish frames of mind (love is at the highest point along the scale of selfishness, but it is still selfish) in which the poetic feeling occurs only with difficulty. Admiration for someone's thought, on the contrary, causes beauty to arise at every step because it is constantly awakening the desire for it. The mediocre usually imagine that to let ourselves be guided by the books we admire robs our faculty of judgement of part of its independence. 'What can it matter to you what Ruskin feels: feel for yourself.' Such a view rests on a psychological error which will be discounted by all those who have thus accepted a spiritual discipline and feel thereby that their power of understanding and of feeling is infinitely enhanced, and their critical sense never paralysed. Then we are simply in a state of grace in which all our faculties, our critical sense as much as the others, are enhanced. And so this voluntary servitude is the beginning of freedom. There is no better way of coming to be aware of what feels oneself than by trying to recreate in oneself what a master has felt. In this profound effort it is our thought itself that we bring out into the light, together with his. We are free in life but only if we have an aim: the sophism of an indifferent freedom was exposed long ago. Those writers who are forever emptying their minds, thinking to rid them of all outside influence so as to be quite sure of remaining personal, are obeying, unknowingly, a sophism equally as naive. In point of fact, the only occasions when we can truly call on the full power of our minds are those when we do not believe we are acting independently, when we do not choose an arbitrary objective for our endeavours. The theme of the novelist, the vision of the poet, the truth of the

philosopher, impose themselves on them in an almost necessary way, externally to their minds so to speak. And it is by submitting his mind to the conveying of that vision, to the approximation to that truth, that the artist becomes truly himself.

48. But in speaking of the passion, somewhat artificial to start with but later so very profound, which I had for Ruskin's thought, I speak by the light of memory and of a memory which recalls only the facts 'but can repossess nothing of the deep past'. It is only when certain periods of our lives are forever closed, when, even at those times when we seem to have been granted the power and the freedom, we are forbidden to reopen the doors to them by stealth, when we are incapable of reverting even for an instant to the state in which we were for so long, only then do we refuse to accept that such things should have been entirely abolished. We can no longer sing of them, having failed to heed Goethe's wise admonition, that there is no poetry but in the things one can still feel. But if we are unable to relight the fires of the past, we would like at least to gather up their ashes. For want of a resurrection of which we are no longer capable, we would like at least, with the frozen memory we have preserved of these things — the memory of the facts which tells us: 'you were this or that' without enabling us to become it again, which affirms the reality of a paradise lost instead of restoring it to us in memory, — to describe it and to constitute the knowledge of it. It is when Ruskin is far away from us that we translate his books and try to capture the characteristics of his thought in a close likeness. And so it is not the accents of our faith or of our love that you will come to know, but our piety alone that you will perceive here and there, stealthy and impassive, busied, like the Theban virgin, on the restoration of a tomb.

Notes

【1】1. Similarly in Val d'Arno, the lion of St Mark is the direct descendant of the lion of Nemea, and its plumed crest is the one to be seen on the head of the Hercules of Camarina, with the difference pointed out elsewhere in the same book 'that Herakles kills the beast and makes a helmet and cloak of its skin; the Greek St Mark converts the beast and makes an evangelist of him.' [Val d'Arno, 8, cciii.]

It is not in order to find another sacred lineage for the lion of Nemea that I have quoted this passage, but to emphasize the whole idea of the end of this chapter in The Bible of Amiens, 'that there is a Sacred classical art'. Ruskin did not want (Val d'Arno) Greek to be contrasted with Christian but with the Gothic, 'because St Mark is Greek like Herakles'. We touch here on one of

Ruskin's most important ideas, or more accurately on one of the most original sentiments he brought to the contemplation and study of Greek and Christian works of art, to convey which fully it is necessary to quote a passage from St Mark's Rest which is, in my opinion, one of those where there emerges the most clearly anywhere in Ruskin, where that particular attitude of mind can most easily be seen at work which led him to pay no heed to the advent of Christianity, to recognize a Christian beauty already in the works of paganism and to trace the persistence of a Hellenic ideal into the works of the Middle Ages. It is quite certain that this attitude of mind, wholly aesthetic in my view, at least logically in its essence if not chronologically in its origins, became systematized in Ruskin's mind and that he extended it into his historical and religious criticism. But even when Ruskin is comparing Greek royalty with Frankish (Val d'Arno, chapter on 'Franchise'), or when he is declaring in The Bible of Amiens that 'Christianity brought no great alteration to the ideal of virtue and of human happiness,' or when he speaks as we have seen on the preceding page of the religion of Horace, all he is doing is to draw theoretical conclusions from the aesthetic pleasures he had felt on rediscovering a canephoros in a Herodias, a Harpy in a cherub, a Greek vase in a Byzantine dome. Here is the passage in St Mark's Rest: 'And this is true, not of Byzantine art only, but of all Greek art ... Let us leave, today ... the word "Byzantine". There is but one Greek school, from Homer's day down to the Doge Selvo's; and these St Mark's mosaics are as truly wrought in the power of Daedalus, with the Greek constructive instinct ... as ever chest of Cypselus or shaft of Erectheum.'

Then Ruskin enters the baptistery of St Mark's and says: 'Over the door is Herod's feast. Herodias's daughter dances with John the Baptist's head in the charger, on her head, — simply the translation of any Greek maid on a Greek vase, bearing a pitcher of water on her head ... Pass on now into the further chapel under the darker dome. Darker, and very dark; — to my old eyes scarcely decipherable, to yours, if young and bright, it should be beautiful, for it is indeed the origin of all those golden-domed backgrounds of Bellini, and Cima, and Carpaccio; itself a Greek vase, but with new Gods. That ten-winged cherub in the recess of it, behind the altar, has written on the circle on its breast, "Fulness of Wisdom". It is the type of the Breath of the Spirit. But it was once a Greek Harpy, and its wasted limbs remain scarcely yet clothed with flesh from the claws of birds that they were ... Above, Christ himself ascends, home in a whirlwind of angels; and, as the vaults of Bellini

and Carpaccio are only the amplification of the Harpy vault, so the Paradise of Tintoret is only the final fulfilment of the thought in this narrow cupola ... there is no question but that these mosaics are not earlier than the thirteenth century. And yet they are still absolutely Greek in all modes of thought and forms of tradition. The Fountains of fire and water are merely forms of the Chimera and the Peirene; and the maid dancing, though a princess of the thirteenth century in sleeves of ermine, is yet the phantom of some sweet water-carrier from an Arcadian spring.' [St Mark's Rest, 92, et seq. The quotations are not continuous.] Cf., when Ruskin says: 'I am alone, as I believe, in thinking still with Herodotus.' Anyone of a mind sufficiently discerning to be struck by the features characteristic of a writer's physiognomy, and who does not hold where Ruskin is concerned to everything he may have been told, that he was a prophet, a seer, a Protestant and other things which mean very little, will feel that such features, though certainly secondary, are yet very 'Ruskinian'. Ruskin lives in a sort of brotherhood with all the great minds of every age, and since he is interested in them only to the extent that they are able to answer the eternal questions, for him there are no ancients or modems and he can talk of Herodotus as he would of a contemporary. As the ancients have no value for him except in so far as they are 'of the present day', and can serve as illustrations for our daily meditations, he does not treat them at all as ancients. And so all those of their words which have not been rejected as obsolete and are no longer seen as relating to a given epoch, have a greater importance for him, and preserve in some sense the scientific value they may once have had but of which time had deprived them. From the manner in which Horace speaks of the spring of Bandusia, Ruskin deduces that he was pious, 'in Milton's fashion'. And even at the age of eleven, learning the odes of Anacreon for pleasure, he learnt from them 'with certainty, what in later study of Greek art it proved extremely advantageous to me to know, that the Greeks liked doves, swallows, and roses just as well as I did.' [Praeterita, lxxxi.] Obviously for an Emerson 'culture' has the same value. But without even pausing over the differences, which are profound, let us note first of all, to stress those features peculiar to the physiognomy of Ruskin, that because he saw no distinction between science and art he speaks of the ancients as scientists with the same reverence as of the ancients as artists. When it comes to discoveries in natural history he invokes the 104th psalm, falls in with the view of Herodotus (readily opposing it to the opinion of a contemporary scientist) on a question

of religious history, and admires one of Carpaccio's paintings as an important contribution to the descriptive history of parrots (St Mark's Rest: 'The Shrine of the Slaves'). Obviously we should soon join up again here with the idea of a classical sacred art, 'there is only one Greek art, St Jerome and Herakles, etc.', each one of these ideas leading to the rest. But for the time being we still only have a Ruskin deeply attached to his library, making no distinction between science and art, believing in consequence that a scientific theory may remain true just as a work of art may remain beautiful (this idea he never expresses explicitly, but secretly it governs all the others and alone can have made them possible), and going to an ode from antiquity or a medieval bas-relief for facts of natural history or of critical philosophy, convinced that all the sages from every age and every country are better worth consulting than the fools, be they contemporary. This inclination is of course held in check by a critical sense so right that we can have full confidence in him, and he exaggerates it only for the pleasure of making little jokes about 'thirteenth-century entomology' etc., etc.

【2】2. What an interesting collection might be made of French landscapes as seen through English eyes: the rivers of France by Turner; Bonington's 'Versailles'; Walter Pater's 'Auxerre' or 'Valenciennes', 'Vézélay' or 'Amiens'; Stevenson's 'Fontainebleau'; and how many more!

【3】3. I do not have the time today to make myself clear concerning this failing, but I fancy that through my translation, however flat it may be, the reader may be able to see, as through the thick but abruptly illuminated glass of a fish-tank, the rapid but perceptible snatching away of the thought by the phrase, and the instant wasting which the thought suffers.

Days of Reading (Ⅰ)

1. There are no days of my childhood which I lived so fully perhaps as those I thought I had left behind without living them, those I spent with a favourite book. Everything which, it seemed, filled them for others, but which I pushed aside as a vulgar impediment to a heavenly pleasure: the game for which a friend came to fetch me at the most interesting passage, the troublesome bee or shaft of sunlight which forced me to look up from the page or to change my position, the provisions for tea which I had been made to bring and which I had left beside me on the seat, untouched, while, above my head, the sun was declining in strength in the blue sky, the dinner for which I had had to return home and during which my one thought was to go upstairs straight away afterwards, and finish the rest of the chapter: reading should have prevented me from seeing all this as anything except importunity, but, on the contrary, so sweet is the memory it engraved in me (and so much more precious in my present estimation than what I then read so lovingly) that if still, today, I chance to leaf through these books from the past, it is simply as the only calendars I have preserved of those bygone days, and in the hope of finding reflected in their pages the houses and the ponds which no longer exist.

2. Who cannot recall, as I can, the reading they did in the holidays, which one would conceal successively in all those hours of the day peaceful and inviolable enough to be able to afford it refuge. In the mornings, after returning from the park, when everyone had gone out for a walk, I would slip into the dining-room, where no one would be coming until the still distant hour for lunch except for the old, relatively silent Félicie, and where I would have for my sole companions, most respectful of reading, the painted plates hanging on the wall, the calendar from which the previous day's page had been newly torn, the clock and the fire, which speak but without demanding that one answer them and whose quiet remarks are void of meaning and do not, unlike human speech, substitute a different meaning for that of the words you are reading. I would settle myself on a chair, near the small log fire of which, during lunch, my early rising uncle, the gardener, would say: 'That doesn't do any harm! I can put up with a bit of fire; it was jolly cold in the

vegetable garden at six o'clock I can assure you. And to think it's only a week to Easter!' Before lunch, which would, alas, put a stop to my reading, lay two whole hours. From time to time one heard the sound of the pump, from which the water was about to flow, causing one to look up and gaze at it through the closed window, close by on the little garden's solitary path that edged its beds of pansies with bricks and half-moons of pottery: pansies gathered so it seemed in those too beautiful skies, those versicoloured skies that were as if reflected from the stained-glass of the church sometimes to be seen between the roofs of the village, the sad skies that appeared before a storm, or afterwards, too late, when the day was about to end. Unfortunately, the cook would come in well ahead of time to set the table; if only she had set it without speaking! But she felt it her duty to say: 'You're not comfortable like that; supposing I move the table nearer?' And merely to reply: 'No, thank you,' one had to stop one's voice dead and bring it back from far away, that voice which, inside one's lips, had been noiselessly repeating, fluently, all the words one's eyes had been reading; one had to stop it, to bring it out, and, in order to say an appropriate 'No, thank you,' to give it a semblance of ordinary life, the intonation of a reply, which it had lost. Time was passing; often there would start to arrive in the dining-room, long before lunch, those who had felt tired and had cut short their walk, had 'taken the Méréglise way' or those who had not gone out that morning, having some 'writing to do'. They would say, admittedly: 'I don't want to disturb you,' but would at once start to approach the fire, to look at the time, to declare that lunch would not be unwelcome. Whoever had 'stayed in to write' was met with a particular deference and they would say to him or her: 'You've been keeping up your little correspondence' with a smile into which there entered respect, mystery, ribaldry and circumspection, as if this 'little correspondence' were at once a state secret, a prerogative, an amorous liaison and an indisposition. Some could wait no longer and would take their places at the table, ahead of time. This was heartbreaking because it would set a bad example to the other arrivals, would make them think it was already midday and bring from my parents all too soon the fatal words: 'Come on, close your book, we're going to have lunch.' Everything was ready, the places were fully laid on the table-cloth, where all that was missing was what was only brought in at the end of the meal, the glass device in which my uncle, the horticulturalist and cook, himself made the coffee at the table, tubular and complicated like some piece of physics apparatus that smelt good and in which it was most agreeable to

watch the sudden ebullition rise into the glass dome and then leave its fragrant brown ash on the steamed-up sides; as well as the cream and the strawberries which this same uncle would mix, always in identical proportions, stopping precisely at the pink colour that he required, with the experience of a colourist and the instinctive foresight of a gourmand. How long lunch seemed to last! My great-aunt did no more than sample the dishes so as to give her opinion with a quietness which would tolerate but not admit contradiction. Over a novel, or a poem, things she was an expert in, she always deferred, with a woman's humility, to the opinion of those more competent. She believed that to be the fluctuating domain of caprice in which the preference of an individual is unable to establish the truth. But over things the rules and principles of which had been taught her by her mother, the way of cooking certain dishes, of playing Beethoven sonatas, or of entertaining graciously, she was sure she knew what a proper perfection was and could tell how close or not others had come to it. In these three things, what is more, perfection was almost the same: a sort of simplicity of means, of sobriety and of charm. She rejected with horror the addition of seasonings to dishes that did not absolutely require them, that one should play affectedly or with too much pedal, that when 'entertaining' one should be other than perfectly natural or talk overmuch about oneself. From the very first mouthful, the first notes, a simple invitation, she would claim to know whether she had to deal with a good cook, a genuine musician, a woman who had been well brought up. 'She may have many more fingers than I do, but she has no taste to play that very simple andante with so much emphasis.' 'She may be a very brilliant woman full of good qualities, but it is wanting in tact to talk about oneself in such circumstances.' 'She maybe a very knowledgeable cook, but she doesn't know how to do a bifteck aux pommes.' A bifteck aux pommes, the ideal competition piece, difficult by its very simplicity, a sort of Pathetic Sonata of cooking, a gastronomic equivalent of, in social life, the visit of the lady who has come to ask you to tell her about a servant yet who, in this simple act, is able to display, or to lack, so much tact and education. Such was my grandfather's amour propre that he would have liked all the dishes to be a success, but so ill-informed was he about cooking that he never knew when they had failed. He was quite willing to admit on occasions that they had, but very rarely and only on purely accidental grounds. My great-aunt's always justified criticisms, implying on the contrary that the cook had not known how to make a certain dish, could not fail to

seem especially intolerable to my grandfather. Often, to avoid arguing with him, my great-aunt, after merely brushing it with her lips, would then withhold her opinion, which at once let us know that it was unfavourable. She remained silent, but in her kindly eyes we could read an unshakeable and meditated disapproval, which had the gift of driving my grandfather into a fury. He would beg her ironically to give her opinion, grow impatient at her silence, press her with questions, lose his temper, but one sensed that she would have accepted martyrdom rather than be made to confess what my grandfather believed: that the dessert had not been over-sweetened.

3. After lunch, my reading resumed straight away; especially if the day was at all warm, everyone withdrew upstairs into their bedrooms, which enabled me at once to gain my own, up the little flight of close-set stairs, on the solitary upper storey, so low that once astride the windowsill a child might have jumped down into the street. I would go to close my window without having been able to escape the greeting of the gunsmith opposite who, on the pretext of lowering his awnings, came every day after lunch to smoke his pipe in front of his doorway and to say good-afternoon to the passers-by, who would sometimes stop to converse. The theories of William Morris, applied so consistently by Maple and the English interior designers, decree that a bedroom is beautiful solely on condition that it contain only objects that are useful to us and that any useful object, be it a simple nail, should be not concealed but showing. Above the slatted and completely uncovered brass bedstead, on the bare walls of these hygienic bedrooms, a few reproductions of masterpieces. Judged by the principles of which aesthetic, my own bedroom was in no way beautiful, for it was full of objects that could serve no purpose and which modestly concealed, to the extent of making it extremely hard to use them, those which did serve a purpose. But for me it was from these very objects which were not there for my convenience, but seemed to have come for their own pleasure, that my bedroom derived its beauty. The tall white curtains which hid from view the bed, set back as if in a sanctuary; the scattering of marceline quilts, flowered counterpanes, embroidered bedspreads, and batiste pillow-slips beneath which it disappeared during the day, like an altar beneath its flowers and festoons in the month of Mary, and which, in the evening, so that I could get into bed, I would lay cautiously down on an armchair where they consented to spend the night; beside the bed, the trinity of the glass with its blue designs, the matching sugar bowl and the water-jug (empty ever since the day following

my arrival on the orders of my aunt, who was afraid to have me 'upsetting' it), like the implements of some religion — almost as holy as the precious orange-blossom liqueur sitting next to them in a glass phial — which I would no more have thought myself permitted to profane or even possible to make use of for my own personal ends than if they had been consecrated ciboria, but which I contemplated at length before getting undressed, for fear of upsetting them by some false movement; the little crochet-work stoles which cast a mantle of white roses over the backs of the armchairs and which cannot have been thornless because, whenever I had finished reading and tried to stand up, I noticed I was still hooked on to them; the glass dome beneath which, immured from vulgar contact, the clock chattered intimately away for the seashells brought from afar and for an old sentimental flower, but which was so heavy to lift up that when the clock stopped, no one, except the clockmaker, would have been rash enough to undertake to rewind it; the white point-lace cloth which had been thrown like an altar-covering over the commode decorated with two vases, a picture of the Saviour and a palm-frond, making it look like the Communion Table (the evocation of which was completed by a prie-dieu, put away there every day when the bedroom was 'done'), but whose frayed ends were perpetually catching in the cracks of the drawers and stopping them so completely from working that I could never take out a handkerchief without all at once bringing down the picture of the Saviour, the holy vases, and the palm-frond, and without myself stumbling and holding on to the prie-dieu; the triple thickness finally of thin butter-cloth curtains, heavy muslin curtains and still heavier damask curtains, always cheerful and white as the mayblossom and often with the sun on them, yet fundamentally most annoying in the clumsy, obstinate way they moved around their parallel wooden rods and became caught one in the other and all of them together in the window the moment I wanted to open or close it, a second one being ever ready, if I had succeeded in freeing a first, immediately to take its place in the joins, which they stopped up as completely as a real hawthorn bush might have done or the nests of swallows that had taken it into their heads to build there, with the result that I could never manage this apparently very simple operation, of opening or closing my casement, without help from a member of the household; all these objects which not only could not answer to any of my needs but which actually placed an obstacle, albeit slight, in the way of their satisfaction, and which had obviously never been put there to be useful to anyone, peopled my

bedroom with thoughts that were somehow personal, with that air of predilection of having chosen to live and enjoy themselves there which trees often have in a clearing, or flowers by the roadside or on old walls. They filled it with a diverse and silent life, with a mystery in which my person was at once lost and entranced; they made that bedroom into a sort of chapel where the sunshine — once it had passed through the little panes of red glass which my uncle had inserted into the tops of the windows, — after turning the mayblossom of the curtains to pink, speckled the walls with glimmerings as strange as if the little chapel had been enclosed within a larger nave of stained-glass; and where the sound of the bells reached one so resonantly, our house being close to the church, to which we were joined moreover, on high feast-days, by the floral way of the altars of rest, that I could fancy that they were being rung in our own roof, just above the window from which I would often greet the priest with his breviary, or my aunt on her way back from vespers, or the choirboy bringing us consecrated bread. As for the photograph by Brown of Botticelli's 'Spring' or the cast of the 'Unknown Woman' from the museum in Lille, which were William Morris's concession to a useless beauty on the walls and mantelpieces of Maple's bedrooms, I have to confess that in my bedroom they had been replaced by a sort of engraving showing Prince Eugène, handsome and terrible in his dolman, which I was greatly astonished to catch sight of one night, amidst a great crashing of locomotives and hailstones, still handsome and terrible, in the entrance to a station buffet, where it was serving as an advertisement for a make of biscuits. Nowadays I suspect my grandfather of having got it in the old days as a bonus from a generous manufacturer, before installing it permanently in my bedroom. But at that time I was unconcerned by its origins, which seemed to me historical and mysterious, and I did not imagine that there might be several copies of what I looked on as a person, as a permanent inhabitant of the room which I merely shared with him and where every year I rediscovered him, forever the same. It is a long time now since I saw him, and I suppose that I shall never see him again. But were such good fortune to befall me, I believe he would have many more things to say to me than Botticelli's 'Spring'. I leave it to people of taste to decorate their homes with reproductions of the masterpieces which they admire and to relieve their memories of the trouble of preserving a precious image for them by entrusting it to a carved wooden frame. I leave it to people of taste to make of their bedrooms the very image of their taste and to fill them only with those objects of which it can approve. For myself, I

only feel myself live and think in a room where everything is the creation and the language of lives profoundly different from my own, of a taste the opposite of mine, where I can rediscover nothing of my conscious thought, where my imagination is exhilarated by feeling itself plunged into the heart of the non-self; I only feel happy when I set foot — in the Avenue de la Gare, overlooking the harbour, or in the Place de l'Eglise — in one of those provincial hotels with long cold corridors where the wind from outside is winning the battle against the efforts of the central heating, where the detailed map of the locality is still the only decoration on the walls, where each sound serves only to make the silence apparent by displacing it, where the bedrooms preserve a musty aroma which the fresh air washes away but cannot erase, and that the nostrils breathe in a hundred times to carry it to the imagination, which is enchanted by it and makes it pose as a model to try and recreate it within itself with all it contains by way of thoughts and memories; where in the evenings, when you open the door of your bedroom, you feel you are violating all the life that remains dispersed there, taking it boldly by the hand as, the door once closed, you enter further in, up to the table or the window; that you are sitting in a sort of free promiscuity with it on a settee made by the upholsterer in the county town in what he believed was the Parisian style; that you are everywhere touching the bareness of this life in the intention of disturbing yourself by your own familiarity, as you put your things down in this place or that, playing the proprietor in a room filled to overflowing with the souls of others and which preserves the imprint of their dreams in the very shape of the firedogs or the pattern on the curtains, or as you walk barefoot over its unknown carpet; then you have the sense of locking this secret life in with you, as you go, trembling all over, to bolt the door; of driving it ahead of you into the bed and at last of lying down with it in the great white sheets which come up above your face, while, close by, the church tolls for the whole town the hours that are without sleep for lovers and for the dying.

4. I had not been reading in my room for very long before having to go to the park, a kilometre out of the village. But this enforced playtime over, I would cut short the end of tea, which had been brought in baskets and handed out to the children by the river bank, on the grass where my book had been laid with orders not to pick it up again. A little further on, in certain rather overgrown and rather mysterious reaches of the park, the river ceased from being an artificial, rectilinear water-course, covered with swans and lined by paths of

cheerful statues, and skipping now and again with carp, and gathered speed, flowed rapidly on past the enclosure of the park to become a river in the geographical sense of the word — a river which must have had a name — and to lose no time in spreading itself out (was it really the same one as between the statues and beneath the swans?) between pastures where cattle slept and whose butter-cups it had drowned, a sort of meadowland it had made quite marshy, attached on one side to the village by some shapeless towers, remains it was said, of the Middle Ages, while on the other side it was joined, up climbing paths of eglantine and hawthorn, to 'nature', which stretched away into infinity, villages which had other names, the unknown. I would leave the others to finish having tea at the bottom of the park, beside the swans, and run up into the maze as far as some arbour or other and there sit, unfindable, my back against the clipped hazel bushes, taking note of the asparagus bed, the edging of strawberry plants, the ornamental lake up into which, on certain days, the water would be pumped by circling horses, the white gate at the top which was the 'end of the park' and, beyond it, the fields of poppies and cornflowers. In my arbour the silence was profound, the risk of being discovered negligible, my security made all the sweeter by the distant shouts summoning me in vain from down below, which at times even drew closer, mounted the first banks, searching everywhere, but then turned back again, not having found; then, no further sound; only, from time to time, the golden notes of the bells that, far away, beyond the plains, seemed to be ringing out behind the blue sky and might have warned me that time was passing; but surprised by their softness and troubled by the deeper silence, emptied of their last notes that ensued, I was never certain of the number of strokes. These were not the thunderous bells you heard when re-entering the village — as you approached the church which, from close to, had resumed its tall, rigid stature, its slate cowl punctuated by corbels standing up against the blue of the evening — shivering the sound into splinters on the village square 'for the good things of the earth'. They were soft and feeble by the time they reached the end of the park and being directed not at me, but at the whole countryside, at all the villages, at the country people isolated in their fields, they in no way obliged me to look up but passed close beside me, carrying the time to distant places, without seeing me, or recognizing me, or disturbing me.

5. And sometimes in the house, in my bed, long after dinner, the last hours of the evening would also give shelter to my reading, but only on days when I

had come to the last chapters of a book, when there was not much to be read before getting to the end. Then, at the risk of being punished if I was discovered, or of an insomnia which might last right through the night once the book was finished, as soon as my parents were in bed I relit my candle; while in the street nearby, between the gunsmith's house and the post office, both steeped in silence, the dark yet blue sky was full of stars, and to the left, above the raised alley-way where one began the winding ascent to it, you could sense the monstrous black apse of the church to be watching, whose sculptures did not sleep at night, a village church yet a historic one, the magical dwelling-place of the Good Lord, of the consecrated loaf, of the multicoloured saints and of the ladies from the neighbouring châteaux who set the hens squawking and the gossips staring as they crossed the marketplace on feast-days, when they came to mass 'in their turn-outs', and who, on their way home, just after they had emerged from the shadow of the porch where the faithful were scattering the vagrant rubies of the nave as they pushed open the door of the vestibule, did not fail to buy from the pâtissier in the square some of those cakes shaped like towers, which were protected from the sunlight by a blind — 'manqués', 'saint-honorés' and 'genoa cakes', whose indolent, sugary aroma has remained mingled for me with the bells for high mass and the gaiety of Sundays.

6. Then the last page had been read, the book was finished. The frantic career of the eyes and of the voice which had been following them, noiselessly, pausing only to catch its breath, had to be halted, in a deep sigh. And then, so as to give the turbulence loose inside me for too long to be able to still itself other movements to control, I would get up and start walking up and down by my bed, my eyes still fixed on some point that might have been looked for in vain either inside the room or without, for it was the distance of a soul away, one of those distances not to be measured in metres or in miles, unlike others, and which it is impossible moreover to mistake for them once one sees the 'remote' stare of those whose thoughts are 'elsewhere'. Was there no more to the book than this, then? These creatures on whom one had bestowed more attention and affection than on those in real life, not always daring to admit to what extent you loved them, and even, when my parents found me reading and seemed to smile at my emotion, closing the book with studied indifference or a pretence of boredom; never again would one see these people for whom one had sobbed and yearned, never again hear of them. Already, in the last few pages, the author himself, in his cruel 'Epilogue', had

been careful to 'space them out' with an indifference not to be credited by anyone who knew the interest with which he had followed them hitherto, step by step. The occupation of each hour of their lives had been narrated to us. Then, all of a sudden: 'Twenty years after these events an old man might have been met with in the rue des Fougères, still erect, etc.'[1] And the marriage, the delightful possibility of which we have been enabled to glimpse through two whole volumes, fearful at first and then overjoyed as each obstacle was raised and then smoothed away, we learn from a casual phrase by some minor character that it has been celebrated, we do not know exactly when, in this astonishing epilogue written, it would seem, from up in heaven, by someone indifferent to our momentary passions who has taken the author's place. One would have so much liked for the book to continue or, if that was impossible, to have other facts about all these characters, to learn something of their lives now, to employ our own on things not altogether unconnected with the love they have inspired in us,[2] whose object was now all of a sudden gone from us, not to have loved in vain, for an hour, human beings who tomorrow will be no more than a name on a forgotten page, in a book unrelated to our lives and as to whose value we were certainly mistaken since its fate here below, as we could now see and as our parents had taught us when need arose by a dismissive phrase, was not at all, as we had thought, to contain the universe and our own destiny, but to occupy a very narrow space in the lawyer's bookcase, between the unglamorous archives of the Journal de modes illustré and La Géographie d'Eure-et-Loir.

7. Before attempting to show, on the threshold to 'Of Kings' Treasuries', why in my opinion Reading should not play the preponderant role in life assigned to it by Ruskin in this little work, I needed to make an exception for that delightful childhood reading the memory of which must remain a benediction for each one of us. No doubt the length and nature of the preceding exposition proves only too well what I had first of all claimed for it: that what it chiefly leaves behind in us is the image of the places and the times when we did it. I have not escaped from its spell; I wanted to speak of my reading but I have spoken of everything except books because it was not of them that my reading spoke to me. But perhaps the memories it has given me back, one after the other, will themselves have awakened in my reader and led him gradually, as he dwelt along these flowery, circuitous paths, to recreate in his own mind the original psychological act known as Reading, sufficiently

strongly for him to be able now to follow, as if within himself, the few reflections it remains to me to proffer.

8. We know that 'Of Kings' Treasuries' was a lecture on reading given by Ruskin in the town hall of Rusholme, near Manchester, on 6 December 1864, to help in the setting-up of a library at the Rusholme Institute. On 14 December he gave a second, 'Of Queens' Gardens', about the role of women, to help found schools in Ancoats. 'All through that year,' says Mr Collingwood in his admirable Life and Work of Ruskin, 'he remained at home, except for ... frequent evenings with Carlyle. And when, in December, he gave those lectures in Manchester which afterwards, as Sesame and Lilies, became his most popular work, we can trace his better health of mind and body in the brighter tone of his thought. We can hear the echo of Carlyle's talk in the heroic, aristocratic, stoic ideals, and in the insistence on the value of books and free public libraries, — Carlyle being the founder of the London Library.'

9. Since all I wish to do here is to discuss Ruskin's thesis in itself, without concerning myself with its historical origins, it may be summed up quite accurately in the words of Descartes, that 'the reading of all good books is like a conversation with the worthiest individuals of past centuries who were their authors.' Ruskin did not perhaps know of this somewhat and reflection of the French philosopher, but it is one in point of fact which is to be found throughout his lecture, only swathed in an Apollonian gold fused with the mists of England, like those whose splendour illuminates the landscapes of his favourite painter. 'But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! ... We cannot know whom we would ... We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, ... or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of ... arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; ... And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, — and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience but to gain it — kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our

bookcase shelves, — we make no account of that company, — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!' 'You may tell me perhaps,' adds Ruskin, 'that if you prefer to talk with the living, it is because you can see their faces,' etc., and rebutting this first objection, and then a second, he shows that reading is precisely a conversation with men much wiser and more interesting than those whom we may have occasion to meet with around us. In the notes which I have added to this volume I have tried to show that reading cannot be assimilated in this way to a conversation, even with the wisest of men; that the difference essentially between a book and a friend lies not in their greater or lesser wisdom, but in the manner in which we communicate with them, reading being the reverse of conversation, consisting as it does for each one of us in receiving the communication of another's thought while still being on our own, that is, continuing to enjoy the intellectual sway which we have in solitude and which conversation dispels instantly, and continuing to be open to inspiration, with our minds still at work hard and fruitfully on themselves. Had Ruskin drawn the consequences of other truths which he states a few pages later on, he would probably have reached a conclusion analogous to my own. But obviously he was not seeking to get to the very heart of the idea of reading. In order to teach us the value of reading, he seeks only to recount a sort of beautiful Platonic myth, with the simplicity of the Greeks who showed us almost all the true ideas and left it to modern scruples to explore them more fully. But although I think that reading, in its original essence, in the fertile miracle of a communication effected in solitude, is something more, and something other than what Ruskin says that it is, I do not for all that think that one can allow it the preponderant role in our spiritual lives which he seems to assign to it.

10. The limitations of its role derive from the nature of its virtues. And it is to my childhood reading once again that I shall go to find out in what these virtues consist. The book which you saw me reading just now beside the fire in the dining-room, in my bedroom, in the depths of the armchair with its crocheted head-rest, or on fine afternoons, beneath the nut trees and hawthorns in the park, where every breath from the boundless fields came from so far off to play silently at my side, holding mutely out to my distracted nostrils the scent of the clover and the sainfoin to which my weary eyes would sometimes be raised: that book, since your eyes as you lean towards it would be unable to make out its title across those twenty years, my memory, whose eyesight is better suited to this kind of perception, will tell

you what it was: Le Capitaine Fracasse, by Théophile Gautier. In it I loved before all else two or three sentences which seemed to me the most beautiful and original in the book. I could not imagine that any other author had written comparable ones. But I had the feeling that their beauty corresponded to a reality of which Théophile Gautier allowed us to glimpse only a small corner once or twice in each volume. And as I believed that he must assuredly know it in its entirety, I would have liked to read other books by him in which all the sentences would be as beautiful as these and would have as their subject the things on which I would have liked to have his opinion. 'Laughter is not cruel by its nature; it distinguishes man from the animals and is, so it appears from the Odyssey of Homerus, the Grecian poet, the prerogative of the blessed and immortal gods who laugh their Olympian fill as they lounge away eternity.'[3] This sentence produced a genuine intoxication in me. I thought I caught sight of a marvellous antiquity through the Middle Ages as Gautier alone could reveal them to me. But I would have wished that instead of saying this furtively, after the tedious description of a château containing too many terms I did not know for me to be at all able to visualize it, he had written sentences of this kind all through the volume and spoken to me of things that once his book was finished I could continue to know and to love. I would have wished for him, the one wise custodian of the truth, to tell me what I ought rightly to think of Shakespeare, of Saintine, of Sophocles, of Euripides, of Silvio Pellico whom I had read one very cold March, walking, stamping my feet, running along the paths, whenever I had just closed the book, exhilarated by having finished my reading, by the energy accumulated by my immobility, and by the salubrious wind blowing down the village streets. I would have wished him above all to tell me whether I would have a better chance of arriving at the truth if I repeated my first-form year at school or later on by becoming a diplomat or an advocate at the Court of Appeal. But as soon as the beautiful sentence was finished he set to describing a table covered 'with a layer of dust so thick that a finger might have traced letters in it', too insignificant a thing in my eyes for me to be able even to let my attention pause at it; and I was reduced to wondering what other books Gautier had written which might better satisfy my aspirations and enable me finally to know the whole of his thought.

11. Indeed, it is one of the great and wonderful characteristics of good books (which will give us to see the role at once essential yet limited that reading may play in our spiritual lives) that for the author they may be called

'Conclusions' but for the reader 'Incitements'. We feel very strongly that our own wisdom begins where that of the author leaves off, and we would like him to provide us with answers when all he is able to do is to provide us with desires. And he can only awaken these desires by making us contemplate the supreme beauty to which the utmost efforts of his art have enabled him to attain. But by a singular and moreover providential law of mental optics (a law which signifies perhaps that we are unable to receive the truth from anyone else but must create it ourselves), the end-point of their wisdom appears to us only as the beginning of our own, so that it is at the moment when they have told us everything they could have told us that they give rise to the feeling in us that as yet they have told us nothing. Moreover, if we put questions to them which they are unable to answer, we also ask them for answers which would teach us nothing. For an effect of the love which poets arouse in us is to make us attach a literal importance to things significant to them only of personal emotions. In each picture that they show us, they seem to afford us only a brief glimpse of some marvellous location, different from the rest of the world, and we would like them to make us enter into the very heart of it. 'Take us,' we would like to be able to say to M. Maeterlinck or Mme de Noailles, '"into the Zeeland garden where the old-fashioned flowers grow", along the highway scented "with clover and artemisia", and into all those places on the earth of which you have not spoken in your books but which you adjudge to be as beautiful as these.' We would like to go and visit the field which Millet (for painters teach us in the same manner as poets) shows us in his 'Springtime', we would like M. Claude Monet to take us to Giverny, on the Seine, to that bend in the river which he allows us barely to make out through the morning mist. Yet, in actual fact, it was the mere chance of an acquaintance or family connection which gave Mme de Noailles, or Maeterlinck, or Millet, or Claude Monet occasion to pass or to stay nearby and made them choose to paint that road, that garden, that field, that bend in the river rather than another. What makes them seem other and more beautiful to us than the rest of the world is that they bear on them like some elusive reflection the impression they made on a genius, and which we might see wandering just as singular and despotic across the submissive and indifferent face of all the landscapes he may have painted. This surface with which they charm and disappoint us, and beyond which we would like to go, is the very essence of that in a sense depthless thing — a mirage arrested on a canvas — which is a vision. And the mist which our eager eyes would like to

pierce is the last word in the painter's art. The supreme effort of the writer as of the artist only succeeds in raising partially for us the veil of ugliness and insignificance that leaves us incurious before the universe. Then does he say: 'Look, look,

Parfumés de trèfle et d'armoise
Serrant leurs vifs ruisseaux étroits
Les pays de l'Aisne et de l'Oise.

Scented with clover and artemisia
Gripping their quick, narrow streams
The country of the Aisne and of the Oise.

'Look at the house in Zeeland, pink and shiny as a seashell. Look! Learn to see!' At which moment he disappears. That is the value of reading, and also its inadequacy. To make it into a discipline is to give too large a role to what is only an incitement. Reading is on the threshold of the spiritual life; it can introduce us to it: it does not constitute it.

12. There are certain cases, however, certain as it were pathological cases of spiritual depression, when reading may become a sort of healing discipline and be entrusted, by way of repeated incitements, with reintroducing a lazy mind perpetually into the life of the spirit. Then books play a role for it analogous to that of psychotherapists for certain cases of neurasthenia.

13. We know that in certain affections of the nervous system, without any of the organs themselves being affected, the patient is mired in a sort of impossibility of willing, as if in a deep rut, from which he cannot escape unaided and where ultimately he would waste away, if a strong and helping hand were not held out to him. His brain, his legs, his lungs, his stomach are sound. He is not truly incapacitated from working, from walking, from exposing himself to the cold, from eating. But he is incapable of willing these various actions, which he would be perfectly capable of performing. And an organic degeneration, which would end by becoming the equivalent of the diseases he does not have, would be the irremediable consequence of this inertia of the will, if the impulsion he is unable to find in himself were not to come to him from outside, from a doctor who will will for him, until such time as his various organic wills have been re-educated. Now there exist certain minds that might be compared to patients such as these, who are

prevented by a sort of laziness[4] or frivolity from descending spontaneously into the deeper parts of the self where the true life of the spirit begins. It is not that once they have been shown the way there they are incapable of discovering and exploiting its true riches, but that, failing such intervention from without, they live on the surface in a perpetual forgetfulness of themselves, in a sort of passivity which makes them the plaything of every pleasure and reduces them to the stature of those roundabout who excite them, so that, like the man of gentle birth who, having shared the life of highway robbers ever since childhood, could not remember his name any more so long ago was it that he had ceased to bear it, they would end by abolishing in themselves all sense and recollection of their spiritual nobility, were an outside impulsion not to come to reintroduce them forcibly in a sense into the life of the mind, where they suddenly recover the power of thinking for themselves and of creating. Now it is clear that this impulsion, which the lazy mind cannot find in itself but which has to come to it from another, must be received in that solitude outside of which, as we have seen, the very activity of creation that is to be resuscitated cannot occur. From pure solitude the lazy mind can derive nothing, since it is incapable of setting its creative activity in motion of its own accord. But the most lofty conversation and the most pressing advice are of no assistance to it either, for they cannot produce this original activity directly. What it takes then, is an intervention which, though it comes from someone else, occurs deep inside ourselves, the impulsion certainly of another mind but received in the midst of our solitude. But we have already seen that this was exactly the definition of reading, and applicable to reading alone. Thus the one discipline that can exercise a favourable influence on such minds is reading: quod erat demonstrandum, as the geometers say. But here again, reading works only as an incitement which can in no way take the place of our own personal activity; it is content simply to restore the use of it to us, just as, in the nervous ailments to which I was alluding a little earlier, the psychotherapist merely restores to the patient the willpower to make use of his still sound stomach, legs and brain. Whether it is that all minds have more or less of such laziness, of this stagnation of the lower depths, or whether, though it may not be essential, the exaltation that some reading can produce has a propitious influence on our own work, more than one writer is quoted as having liked to read some choice extract before sitting down to work. Emerson seldom began to write without having reread a few pages of Plato. And Dante is not the only poet whom Virgil has

conducted to the threshold of paradise.
14. For as long as reading is for us the instigator whose magic keys have opened the door to those dwelling-places deep within us that we would not have known how to enter, its role in our lives is salutary. It becomes dangerous on the other hand, when, instead of awakening us to the personal life of the mind, reading tends to take its place, when the truth no longer appears to us as an ideal which we can realize only by the intimate progress of our own thought and the efforts of our own heart, but as something material, deposited between the leaves of books like a honey fully prepared by others and which we need only take the trouble to reach down from the shelves of libraries and then sample passively in a perfect repose of mind and body. Sometimes even, in certain somewhat exceptional and anyway, as we shall see, less dangerous cases, the truth, still conceived of as something external, is at a distance from us, concealed in a place difficult of access. Then it is some secret document, some unpublished correspondence, some memoir which may shed an unexpected light on certain characters, but which can be imparted to us only with difficulty. What happiness, what respite for the mind weary of seeking within for the truth to tell itself that it is to be found without, in the sheets of an in-folio jealously preserved in a convent in Holland, and that though it may cost us some effort to come at it, this will be a purely material effort and no more than a charming relaxation for the mind. It will mean a long journey by passenger barge, no doubt, across fenlands moaning with the wind, as on the bank the reeds bend and straighten by turns in an endless undulation; it will mean stopping in Dordrecht, whose ivy-clad church will be mirrored in the tangle of dormant canals and in the golden, tremulous Meuse, where in the evening the boats, as they glide past, break up the reflections of the lines of red roofs and the blue sky; and when at last we come to our destination, we shall still not be certain of being given the truth. For that, powerful influences must be brought into play and friends made with the venerable Archbishop of Utrecht, his handsome square face like that of an old Jansenist, and with the pious keeper of the archives in Amersfoort. In such instances the conquest of the truth is seen as the triumph of a sort of diplomatic mission in which the journey was not without its difficulties nor the negotiation without its hazards. But what matter? All these members of the little old church in Utrecht, on whose good will our entering into possession of the truth depends, are charming folk whose seventeenth-century faces make a change from those we are used to and with whom it will

be most amusing to remain in touch, at least by letter. The esteem with which, from time to time, they will continue to send us their evidence will raise us in our own eyes and we shall keep their letters as a warranty and as a curiosity. And we shall not fail one day to dedicate one of our books to them, which is certainly the least one can do for people who have made one a gift ... of the truth. And as for the few enquiries, the brief labour that we shall be obliged to undertake in the library of the convent, and which will be the indispensable prelude to the act of entering on possession of the truth — that truth on which, for prudence's sake and so as not to risk its escaping from us, we shall take notes — it would be ungrateful to complain of the pains they may have cost us: the peace and coolness of the old convent are so exquisite, where the nuns still wear the tall headdresses with white wings that they have in the Roger van der Weyden in the visiting-room; and as we are working the seventeenth-century carillons fondly take the chill off the artless waters of the canal, which a little pale sunlight is sufficient to make to dazzle us between the double row of trees, bare since the summer ended, that brush against the mirrors hanging from the gabled houses on either bank.[5]

15. This conception of a truth deaf to the appeals of reflection but docile to the exercise of influence, of a truth to be obtained through letters of recommendation, which is put into our hands by whoever had charge of it materially without perhaps even knowing of it, of a truth which allows itself to be copied out into a notebook, such a conception of the truth is yet far from being the most dangerous of all. Because very often, for the historian and even for the scholar, the truth which they go to seek far away in a book is not so much the truth itself, properly speaking, as its index or its proof, leaving room consequently for another truth of which it is the promise or the verification and which is, this time at least, an individual creation of their own minds. It is not at all the same for the literary man. He reads in order to read, to retain what he has read. For him the book is not the angel who takes wing the moment he has opened the gates into the celestial garden, but a motionless idol, which he adores for its own sake and which, instead of acquiring a true dignity from the thoughts it arouses, communicates a factitious dignity to everything around it. The literary man invokes it smilingly in honour of some name to be found in Villehardouin or in Boccaccio,[6] or in favour of some custom described in Virgil. His mind has no original activity of its own and is unable to pick out in books the substance which might fortify it; it encumbers itself with them as a whole so that,

instead of being an assimilable element for him, a principle of life, they are merely a foreign body, a principle of death. Is there any need to say that if I qualify this fondness, this sort of fetishistic reverence for books as unhealthy, it is relative to what the ideal habits of a mind without defects would be, which does not exist, just as physiologists do who describe the normal workings of organs such as are hardly to be met with in living persons. In real life, on the contrary, where there are no perfect minds any more than entirely healthy bodies, those whom we call great minds are afflicted as others are by this 'literary disease'. More so than others, one might say. It seems that the liking for books grows along with the intellect, a little below it but on the same stem, just as any passion goes with a predilection for what surrounds its object, has some connection with it and still speaks of it in its absence. And so the greatest writers, at those times when they are not in direct communication with their own thought, take pleasure in the company of books. Is it not above all for them, moreover, that they were written; do they not disclose to them untold beauties which remain hidden from the masses? But in truth, the fact that superior minds may be what one terms bookish in no way proves that this is not a failing in someone. From the fact that mediocre men are often industrious and intelligent ones often lazy, one cannot conclude that hard work is not a better discipline for the mind than laziness. In spite of which, to meet with one of our own faults in a great man always sets us to wondering whether it was not at bottom an unacknowledged virtue, and it is not without pleasure that we learn that Hugo knew Quintus Curtius, Tacitus and Justinian by heart, and that if the legitimacy of a word was challenged in his presence he was quite ready to trace its genealogy back to its origins, by quotations that demonstrated a genuine erudition. (I have shown elsewhere how in his case this erudition fostered his genius instead of stifling it, just as a bundle of sticks may put out a small fire but helps a large one.) Maeterlinck, who is for me the opposite of a literary man, whose mind is perpetually open to the countless anonymous emotions conveyed by the beehive, the flowerbed or the pasture, reassures us largely as to the dangers of erudition, and almost of bibliophilia, when he describes as an amateur the engravings decorating an old edition of Jacob Cats or the Abbé Sanderus. These dangers, when they exist, are anyway much less of a threat to our intellect than to our sensibility, and the capacity to read with profit is, if I may so express it, much greater among thinkers than among imaginative writers. Schopenhauer for example, offers us the image of a mind whose

vitality wears the most enormous reading lightly, each new item of knowledge being at once reduced to its element of reality, to the portion of life that it contains.

16. Schopenhauer never puts forward an opinion without at once supporting it by several quotations, but one has the feeling that for him the texts he cites are merely examples, unconscious or anticipatory allusions in which he likes to discover a few features of his own thought but which have in no way been his inspiration. I recall a passage in The World as Will and Idea where there are perhaps twenty quotations in a row. The subject is pessimism (I will abridge the quotations, naturally): 'Voltaire, in Candide, wages war on optimism in an agreeable manner. Byron did so, in his tragic style, in Cain. Herodotus reports that the Thracians greeted the newborn with lamentations and rejoiced at each death. This is what is expressed in the lovely lines that Plutarch records: Lugere genitum, tanta, qui intravit mala, etc. To which must be attributed the custom among the Mexicans of wishing, etc., and Swift was obeying the same sentiment when from his young days on (if Sir Walter Scott's biography is to be believed) he was accustomed to celebrating the day of his birth as a day of affliction. Everyone knows the passage in Plato's Apology where he says that death is a good to be admired. A maxim of Heraclitus is similarly framed: Vitae nomen quidam est vita, opus autem mors. As for the lovely lines of Theognis, they are famous: Optima sors homini natum non esse, etc. Sophocles in Oedipus at Colonus, summarizes it as follows: Natum non esse sortes vincit alias omnes, etc. Euripides says: Omnis hominum vita est plena dolore (Hippolytus), and Homer had already said it: Non enim quidquam alicubi est calamitosius homine omnium, quotquot super terram spirant, etc. Pliny said so too, moreover: Nullum melius esse tempestiva morte. Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of the old king Henry Ⅳ: 'Oh if this were seen — The happiest youth — Would shut the book and sit him down and die.' Byron finally: "'Tis something better not to be." Balthasar Gracián paints existence for us in the blackest colours, including the Criticón, etc.' Had I not already let myself be carried too far by Schopenhauer, I would have been happy to round off this little demonstration with the help of Aphorisms on Wisdom in Life, which is of all the books known to me perhaps the one which presupposes in its author the most originality along with the widest reading, so that at the head of the book, each page of which contains several quotations, Schopenhauer was able to write in all seriousness: 'Compilation is not my forte.'

17. Friendship, friendship in respect of individuals, is no doubt a frivolous thing, and reading is a form of friendship. But at least it is a sincere form, and the fact that it is directed at someone who is dead, who is not there, lends something disinterested, almost moving to it. It is a form of friendship freed moreover from all that makes other forms ugly. Since we are all of us, the living, but dead people who have not yet taken up their appointment, all those politenesses, all those salutations in the entrance-hall that we call deference, or gratitude, or devotion, and into which we mix so much falsehood, are wearisome and sterile. What is more — from our very first relations of sympathy, admiration or gratitude — the first words that we utter, the first letters we write weave around us the first threads of a canvas of habit, of a veritable mode of existence, which we are no longer able to rid ourselves of in our subsequent friendships; not to mention that during this time the excessive things we have said remain like promissory notes that we must settle, or that we shall pay for even more dearly all through our lives by our remorse at having allowed them to be protested. In reading, friendship is suddenly brought back to its original purity. There is no false amiability with books. If we spend the evening with these friends, it is because we genuinely want to. We often take leave of them, at least, only with regret. And once we have left them, none of those thoughts that spoil friendship: 'What did they think of us?' 'Were we not tactless?' 'Did they like us?' or the fear of being forgotten in favour of someone else. All these qualms of friendship expire on the threshold of the pure and peaceful form of it that is reading. There is no deference either, we laugh at what Molière has to say only just so far as we find it funny; when he bores us we are not afraid to look bored, and once we have definitely had enough of him we put him back in his place as abruptly as if he had neither genius nor celebrity. The atmosphere of this pure form of friendship is silence, which is purer than speech. Because we speak for others, but remain silent for ourselves. So silence, unlike speech, does not bear the trace of our faults or affectations. It is pure, it is genuinely an atmosphere. Between the author's thought and our own it does not interpose the irreducible elements, refractory to thought, of our two distinct egos. The very language of the book is pure (if it is worthy to be called a book), made transparent by the thought of the author, which has removed whatever was not itself to make of it its own faithful image; each sentence, at bottom, resembling the others, because all are spoken with the unique inflection of a personality; hence a sort of continuity that in life our commerce with others

excludes by mixing in with our own thought elements foreign to it, and which very quickly enables us to follow the actual line of the author's thought, the features of his physiognomy as they are reflected in this tranquil mirror. We are able to take pleasure in the features of each one in turn, without asking that they be admirable, for the mind delights in making out these profound portraits and loving them with an unselfish, unassuming friendship, as if for their own sake. Thus do we take to a Gautier, simple, a good fellow, with excellent taste (it amuses me to think that they could see him as representing perfection in art). I do not overestimate his spiritual capacities, and in his Voyage en Espagne, where every sentence, without his suspecting it, stresses and extends the very graceful, very cheerful line of his personality (the words arranging themselves of their own accord to trace it, because his personality it was that chose them and set them out in order), I cannot help but see as anything but true art the obligation he felt himself to be under not to let a single form go by without a full description, and accompanied by a comparison which does not originate in any strong or agreeable impression and is therefore by no means appealing. When he likens the countryside with its different forms of cultivation 'to those tailors' cards which have samples of trousers and waistcoats stuck down on them', one can but blame the pitiful poverty of his imagination, as when he says that there is nothing to admire between Paris and Angoulême. And one smiles at this fervent Gothicist who could not even be bothered in Chartres to go and visit the cathedral. ('I regret having passed through Chartres without managing to see the cathedral', Voyage en Espagne.)

18. But what good humour and what taste! how willingly we follow this very buoyant companion on his adventures; so sympathetic is he that we find everything around him so too. And after the few days he spends with Captain Lebarbier de Tinan, delayed by the storm on board his fine vessel, 'glistening like gold', we are sad he should have nothing more to say about that amiable sailor but makes us take leave of him for ever without telling us what became of him.[7] One certainly has the sense that his cheerful bragging like his fits of melancholy were in his case the somewhat unbuttoned habits of the journalist. But we give him all that, we do what he wants, we are amused when he comes home soaked to the skin, dying of hunger and for some sleep, and sad when, as mournfully as any feuilletoniste, he recites the names of all those men of his own generation dead before their time. I was saying about him that his sentences traced his physiognomy but without his suspecting it;

for if words are chosen, not by our minds in accordance with the affinities of their essence, but by our desire to portray ourselves, he represents that desire, he does not represent us. For all their gifts, Fromentin and Musset, because they wanted to leave their own portraits to posterity, painted them very indifferently; yet they interest us enormously for that very reason, because their failure is instructive. So that even when a book is not the mirror of a powerful individuality, it is still the mirror of interesting defects in the mind. When we read closely a book by Fromentin or a book by Musset, we notice in the first how fundamentally limited and stupid a certain 'distinction' is, and in the second how vacuous is eloquence.

19. If, as we grow intellectually, our liking for books grows also, its dangers, as we have seen, are reduced. An original mind is able to subordinate its reading to its own personal activity. For it, reading is merely the noblest of distractions, above all the most ennobling, for reading and knowledge alone make for a 'well-mannered' mind. We can only develop the power of our sensibility and our intellect in ourselves, in the depths of our spiritual lives. But it is in this contact with other minds that is reading that the 'ways' of our minds are inculcated. In spite of everything, the well-read remain the intellectual 'quality' as it were, and not to know a particular book, or a particular item of literary knowledge, will always be, even in a man of genius, a mark of intellectual ill-breeding. In the order of the mind too, distinction and nobility consist in a sort of freemasonry of usage and a heritage of traditions.[8]

20. The preference of great writers, in this taste and diversion of reading, is very readily given to books by the ancients. Even those whom their contemporaries saw as the most 'romantic' read hardly anything except the classics. When, in conversation, Victor Hugo talks about what he has been reading, it is the names of Molière, of Horace, of Ovid, of Régnard, which recur the most frequently. Alphonse Daudet, the least bookish of writers, whose oeuvre is so thoroughly vital and modern it seems to have rejected the whole classical inheritance, was ceaselessly reading, quoting, glossing Pascal, Montaigne, Diderot, Tacitus.[9] One might almost go so far as to say, so renewing perhaps, by an anyway wholly partial interpretation, the old distinction between classics and romantics, that it is audiences (intelligent audiences, of course) which are romantic, whereas the masters (even the masters said to be romantic, those preferred by romantic audiences) are classic. (An observation that could be extended to all the arts. The public

goes to hear the music of M. Vincent d'Indy, M. Vincent d'Indy rereads that of Monsigny.[10] The public goes to exhibitions by M. Vuillard or M. Maurice Denis, whereas the latter go to the Louvre.) This stems doubtless from the fact that the contemporary ideas which writers and artists of originality make accessible and desirable to the public, are to some extent so much part of them that they are more easily diverted by different ideas. It asks a greater effort of them, to go to where these are, and so gives them more pleasure; we always like to be taken out of ourselves a little, to travel, when we read.

21. But there is another cause to which, finally, I would rather ascribe this predilection in great minds for old works.[11] Which is that, unlike contemporary works, they do not only have for us the beauty which the mind that created them was able to put into them. They receive another beauty, more affecting still, from the fact that their substance, I mean the language in which they were written, is like a mirror of life. Something ofthe happiness one feels walking in a town like Beaune, whose fifteenth-century hospice has been preserved intact, with its well, its wash-house, the painted panels of its wooden ceiling, the tall gabled roof, pierced by dormer windows surmounted by frail finials of beaten lead (all the things that an age left behind there as it were when it vanished, all the things that were its alone since none of the ages which followed saw anything similar arise), one feels something of that happiness again as one wanders in the midst of a tragedy by Racine or a volume of Saint-Simon. For these contain all the lovely suppressed forms of a language that preserve the memory of usages or ways of feeling which no longer exist, persistent traces of the past unlike anything in the present and whose colours time alone, as it passed over them, has been able further to enhance.

22. A tragedy by Racine or a volume of Saint-Simon's memoirs resemble beautiful objects which are no longer made. The language from which they have been sculpted, by great artists, with a freedom which shows off its mellowness and brings out its native vigour, affects us like the sight of certain marbles, uncommon today, which were used by the workmen of old. No doubt in this old building or that the stone has faithfully preserved the sculptor's thought, but also, thanks to the sculptor, the stone itself, of a kind unknown today, has been preserved for us, dressed in all the colours he was able to extract from it, to show off and to harmonize. It is very much the living syntax of seventeenth-century France — and in it customs and a way

of thinking that have vanished — which we love to discover in the poetry of Racine. It is the actual forms of this syntax, laid bare, reverenced, embellished by his very free yet very delicate chisel, which move us in those turns of phrase so colloquial as to be both strange and daring,[12] whose abrupt pattern we can see, in the gentlest and tenderest of passages, pass swiftly by like an arrow or turn back in lovely, broken lines. It is these obsolete forms drawn from the life of the past itself which we go to visit in the work of Racine as in some ancient yet still intact citadel. Before them we feel the same emotion as before those architectural forms, likewise suppressed, which we can now admire only in the rare and magnificent examples of them bequeathed to us by the past which fashioned them: such as old town walls, keeps and towers, or the baptisteries of churches; such as, next to the cloister, or beneath the charnel-house of the Aître, the little burial ground where, beneath its butterflies and its flowers, the funerary Fountain and the Lantern of the Dead stand forgotten in the sun.

23. Furthermore, it is not only the phrases themselves that trace for us the forms of the ancient soul. Between the phrases — I am thinking of those books of antiquity which were originally recited, — in the interval which separates them, there is still contained today, as in some inviolate hypogeum, filling their interstices, a silence many centuries old. Often, in St Luke's Gospel, when I come upon the 'colons' which punctuate it before each of the almost canticle-like passages with which it is strewn,[13] I have heard the silence of the worshipper who has just stopped from reading out loud so as to intone the verses following,[14] like a psalm reminding him of the older psalms in the Bible. This silence still filled the pause in the sentence which, having been split into two so as to enclose it, had preserved its shape; and more than once, as I was reading, it brought to me the scent of a rose which the breeze entering by the open window had spread through the upper room where the Gathering was being held and which had not evaporated in almost two thousand years. The Divine Comedy or the plays of Shakespeare also give one an impression of contemplating something of the past, inserted into the present moment; that very uplifting impression which makes certain 'days of reading' resemble days spent strolling in Venice, on the Piazzetta for example, where before you, in their half unreal colours of objects at once a few paces and many centuries distant, you have the twin columns of pink and grey granite bearing on their capitals, the one the lion of St Mark and the other St Theodore trampling on the crocodile; these two beautiful and slender

foreigners came once from the East, across the sea that is breaking at their feet; uncomprehending of the remarks exchanged around them, they continue to live out their twelfth-century days amidst the crowds of today, on that public square where, close beside you, there still gleams their remote and distracted smile.

Notes

【1】1. I have to admit that a certain use of the imperfect indicative — that cruel tense which portrays life to us as something both ephemeral and passive, and which, in the very act of retracing our actions, reduces them to an illusion, annihilating them in the past without, unlike the perfect, leaving us with the consolation of activity — has remained for me an inexhaustible source of mysterious sadness. Even today I can have been reflecting calmly on death for hours on end; but I only have to open a volume of Sainte-Beuve's Lundis and light, for example, upon these words of Lamartine's (they concern Mme d'Albany). 'Nothing about her at that time recalled [rappelait] ... She was [c'était] a small woman whose figure had somewhat collapsed beneath her weight and lost, etc.,' to feel myself at once invaded by the profoundest melancholy. In novels the author's intention of making us suffer is so obvious that we brace ourselves rather better.

【2】2. One can try this, in a roundabout way, with books which are not pure imagination but have a substratum of history. Balzac, for example, whose work is in a sense impure, being a mixture of thought and of a reality insufficiently transformed, sometimes lends himself particularly well to being read in this way. He has at any rate found the most admirable of 'historical readers' in M. Albert Sorel, who has written matchless essays on Une Ténébreuse affaire and L'Envers de l'histoire contemporaine. How well reading, indeed, an enjoyment at once ardent and sedate, seems to suit M. Sorel, with his inquiring spirit and his calm, powerful body, reading, in the course of which the countless sensations of poetry and of a vague contentment that wing cheerfully up from the depths of our well-being come to create a pleasure as sweet and as golden as honey around the reader's reverie. It is not only with semi-historical works, either, that M. Sorel has perfected this art of encompassing so many powerful and original reflections within a single reading. I shall always remember — and with such gratitude — that my study of The Bible of Amiens was the subject of perhaps the most powerful pages he has ever written.

【3】3. In point of fact this sentence is not to be found in Le Capitaine Fracasse, at least in this form. Instead of 'so it appears from the Odyssey of Homerus, the Grecian poet,' we have simply 'according to Homerus'. But since the expressions 'it appears from Homerus' and 'it appears from the Odyssey', to be found elsewhere in the book, gave me the same degree of delight, I have permitted myself, so that the example might be more striking for my readers, to fuse all these beauties into one, now that, truth to tell, I no longer feel a religious veneration for them. Elsewhere in Le Capitaine Fracasse, Homerus is again described as a Grecian poet, and I do not doubt but that this too enchanted me. All the same I am no longer capable of recovering these forgotten joys with sufficient accuracy to be sure that I have not gone too far and overstepped the mark in amassing so many wonderful things in a single sentence! I do not think so, however. And I reflect to my regret that the exhilaration with which I used to repeat that sentence from Le Capitaine Fracasse to the irises and the periwinkles overhanging the river-bank, as I trod the gravel of the path, would have been more delightful still had I been able to find in a single sentence of Gautier's so many of the charms which my own artifice has gathered here today, though without, alas, affording me any pleasure.

【4】4. The germ of it is there I sense in Fontanes, of whom Sainte-Beuve said: 'This epicurean side was very strong in him ... but for these rather materialistic habits, Fontanes, with his talent, would

have produced much more ... and more lasting works.' Note that the impotent man always claims not to be so. Fontanes says:

If they are to be believed I waste my time,
They alone do honour to the century

and assures us of his own industry.

Coleridge's is a more pathological case still. 'No man of his time, or perhaps of any other time,' says Carpenter (quoted by M. Ribot in his fine book on Diseases of the Will), 'combined better than Coleridge the power of reasoning of the philosopher with the imagination of the poet, etc. And yet no one gifted with such remarkable talents has ever made so little of them: the great defect of his character was a lack of willpower to turn his natural gifts to advantage, so that although he always had gigantic projects floating in his brain, he never made a serious effort to execute a single one of them. Thus, from the outset of his career, he found a generous bookseller who promised him thirty guineas for the poems he had been reciting, etc. He preferred to come begging each week without supplying a single line of the poem he needed only to write down to be set free.'

【5】5. I have no need to say that it would be pointless to look for this convent near Utrecht and that this whole passage is pure imagination. It was suggested to me however by the following lines in M. Léon Séché's book on Sainte-Beuve: 'He (Sainte-Beuve) took it into his head one day, while he was at Liège, to get in touch with the little church in Utrecht. It was quite late but Utrecht was a good long way from Paris and I do not know whether Volupté would have sufficed to open the doors to the archives in Amersfoort wide to him. I rather doubt it, because even after the first two volumes of his Port-Royal, the devout scholar who then had charge of these archives, etc. With difficulty Sainte-Beuve obtained permission from the good M. Karsten to glance inside certain cardboard boxes ... Open the second edition of Port-Royal and you will find the gratitude which Sainte-Beuve expressed to M. Karsten.' As for the details of the journey, all of them rely on actual impressions. I do not know whether one goes through Dordrecht to get to Utrecht, but I have described it just as I saw it. It was when going to Vollendam, and not to Utrecht, that I travelled by passenger barge, amongst the reeds. The canal which I have set in Utrecht is in Delft. It was in the Hôpital of Beaune that I saw a Van der Weyden and nuns of an order which came, I believe, from Flanders, and who still wear the same headdresses, not as in the Roger van der Weyden but as in other paintings I saw in Holland.

【6】6. Pure snobbery is more innocent. To take pleasure in someone's company because he had an ancestor at the Crusades, that is vanity, intelligence does not enter into it. But to take pleasure in someone's company because the name of his grandfather recurs frequently in Alfred de Vigny or in Chateaubriand, or (a truly irresistible attraction for me, I must confess) who has her family coat-of-arms (the woman in question is richly deserving of admiration without this) in the great rose-window of Notre-Dame in Amiens, that is where the intellectual sin begins. I have anyway analysed this at too great a length elsewhere, although I have much left to say on the matter, to need to insist on it further here.

【7】7. I am told that he became the celebrated Admiral de Tinan, father of Mme Pochet de Tinan, whose name artists still hold dear, and the grandfather of the dashing cavalry officer. It was he also, I believe, who was in charge of supplies and communications between Francis II and the Queen of Naples before Gaeta (see Pierre de la Gorce's Histoire du Second Empire).

【8】8. True distinction, moreover, always feigns to be addressing itself only to persons of distinction who know the same usages, it does not 'explain'. A book by Anatole France hints at a mass of erudite knowledge, and contains constant allusions that the masses will overlook but which, independently of its other beauties, constitute its incomparable nobility.

【9】9. This is no doubt why often, when a great writer turns critic, he talks a lot about the available editions of old works, and very little about contemporary books. Example, the Lundis of Sainte-Beuve and Anatole France's Vie littéraire. But whereas M. Anatole France is a wonderful judge

of his contemporaries, it may be said that Sainte-Beuve misinterpreted all the great writers of his own day. And let it not be objected that he was blinded by personal animosities. After, unbelievably, having disparaged the novelist in Stendhal, by way of compensation he extols the modesty and tactful dealings of the man, as if there were nothing else to be said in his favour! This blindness in Sainte-Beuve, where his own time was concerned, contrasts oddly with his pretensions to clear-sightedness and to prescience. 'Everyone is adept,' he says in Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire, 'at prononucing on Racine and Bossuet ... But the sagaciousness of the judge and the perspicacity of the critic prove themselves above all on new writings as yet untried by the public. To judge at first sight, to divine, to lead the way, that is the gift of the critic. How few possess it.'

【10】10. And, vice versa, the classics have had no better commentators than the 'Romantics'. The Romantics alone indeed know how to read classical works, because they read them as they were written, romantically, because to read a poet or a prose writer properly, one has oneself to be, not a scholar, but a poet or a prose writer. This is true for the least 'Romantic' of works. It was not the professors of rhetoric who drew our attention to Boileau's beautiful lines, but Victor Hugo:

Et dans quatre mouchoirs de sa beauté salis
Envoie au blanchissuer ses roses et ses lys.

And in four handkerchiefs soiled by her beauty
Sends to the laundryman her roses and her lilies.

Or M. Anatole France:

L'ignorance et l'erreur à ses naissantes pièces
En habits de marquis, en robes de comtesse.

Ignorance and error in his newborn plays
In a marquis's clothes, in a countess's robes.

The latest issue of La Renaissance latine (15 May 1905) has enabled me, as I was correcting my proofs, to extend this observation to the fine arts, by means of a fresh example. This shows M. Rodin, indeed (in an article by M. Mauclair), to be the true commentator on Greek statuary.

【11】11. A predilection which they themselves generally believe to be fortuitous: they assume that the best books merely chance to have been written by ancient authors; and this may happen no doubt, because the old books which we read have been selected from the past as a whole, so vast compared with the modern age. But an in a sense accidental reason can not suffice to explain an attitude of mind so general.

【12】12. I think for example that the charm normally found in these lines from Andromaque:

Pourquoi l'assassiner? Qu'a-t-il fait? A quel titre?
Qui te l'a dit?

Why murder him? What has he done? On what grounds?
Who told you?

comes precisely from the fact that the usual syntactical links have been deliberately broken. 'On what grounds?' relates not to the 'What has he done' immediately preceding, but to 'Why murder him?'

And 'Who told you?' also relates to 'murder' (Recalling another line in Andromaque: 'Who told you, my Lord, that he despises me?' one might imagine that 'Who told you?' stands for 'Who told you to murder him?'). Zigzags in the expression (the recurring, broken line I speak of above) which do not fail to obscure the sense somewhat, so that I have heard a great actress, more concerned for the clarity of the speech than the accuracy of the prosody, say straight out: 'Why murder him? On what grounds? What has he done?' Racine's most celebrated lines are so in point of fact because we are charmed when some bold colloquialism is thus thrown like an impetuous bridge between two mellow river-banks. 'Je t'aimais inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle.' [I was inconstant and loved you, what would I have done had I been true.] And what pleasure they give, these splendid encounters with expressions whose almost vulgar simplicity lends to their meaning, as to certain of Mantegna's faces, so sweet a fullness, such lovely colours:

Et dans un fol amour ma jeunesse embarquée ...
And on a mad love my youth embarked
Réunissons trois coeurs qui n'ont pu s'accorder.
Let us unite three hearts unable to agree.

This is why it is right to read classical authors in the text and not be satisfied with extracts. The famous passages of writers are often those where this intimate contexture of their language is disguised by the beauty — almost universal in character — of the extract. I do not believe that the essence peculiar to the music of Gluck reveals itself in any one of his sublime arias so much as in certain cadences of his recitative, where the harmony is like the actual sound of the voice of his genius as it drops on an involuntary intonation on which is stamped all of his artless gravity and distinction, each time one hears him catch his breath so to speak. Anyone who has seen photographs of St Mark's in Venice may imagine (but I speak only of the outside of that monument) that he has some idea of that domed church, whereas it is only as you approach the mottled curtain of its cheerful columns, until you can touch them with your hand, only when you see the strange and solemn power that has wreathed the foliage or made birds to perch in those capitals, distinguishable only from close to, only when you have had an impression from the square itself of this low-set building, and the full length of its facade, with its flowered masts and festival decoration, its 'exhibition-hall' look, that you feel its true and complex individuality burst forth from these significant yet subsidiary features which no photograph can capture.

【13】13. 'And Mary said: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," etc. Zacharias her father was filled with the Holy Ghost and prophesied saying: "Blessed be the Lord, God of Israel for that he has redeemed," etc. "He took him up in his arms, blessed God and said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"'

【14】14. In truth there is no positive evidence enabling me to affirm that when reading like this the reciter chanted the sort of psalms which St Luke has inserted into his gospel. But it seems to me to come out sufficiently strongly from a comparison of various passages in Renan and notably in St Paul, the Apostles, Marcus Aurelius, etc.

Days of Reading (Ⅱ)

1. You have no doubt read the Memoirs of the Countess de Boigne. There are 'so many people ill' at the moment, that books are finding readers, even female ones. When one is unable to go out and pay calls, one would rather receive them no doubt than read. But 'in these days of epidemics' even the calls one receives are not without danger. There is the lady who pauses for a moment — just for a moment — in the doorway, where she puts a frame round her threat, to call to you: 'You're not afraid of mumps or scarlet fever? I must warn you that my daughter and my grandchildren have got them. Can I come in?'; and comes in without waiting for a reply. There is another lady, less candid, who pulls out her watch: 'I must be off home; my three daughters have got measles; I go from one to the other; my English girl has been in bed since yesterday with a high fever, and I'm very much afraid it may be my turn to be caught, because I felt off colour when I got up. But I had to make the big effort to come and see you ...'

2. So one prefers not to entertain too much and since one cannot be always telephoning, one reads. One reads only as an absolutely last resort. First, we do a lot of telephoning. And, since we are children who play with the sacred powers unawed by their mystery, we find merely with the telephone that 'it is convenient', or rather, since we are spoilt children, that 'it is not convenient' and fill Le Figaro with our complaints, finding this wonderful fairy-land still not fast enough in its transformations, when several minutes may sometimes elapse indeed before there appears beside us, invisible yet present, the friend to whom we had desired to speak and who, though still at her table, in the far-off town where she lives, beneath skies different from ours, in weather not as it is here, in the midst of circumstances and pre-occupations of which we know nothing but of which she is about to tell us, finds herself suddenly transported a hundred miles away (herself, and the whole ambience in which she remains immersed), against our ear, at a moment ordained by our own whim. And we are like the character in the fairy-tale who, this being what he has wished for, is shown his betrothed by a wizard, with a magical clarity, in the act of looking through a book, or shedding tears, or picking flowers, right beside him, yet in the place where she then is, far away.

3. For this miracle to be renewed for us, we have only to put our lips to the magic planchette-board and summon — for quite some time on occasions, I will agree — the vigilant Virgins whose voices we hear every day without ever knowing their faces and who are our guardian angels in that vertiginous darkness whose gates they watch over jealously, the Omnipotent ones thanks to whom the faces of the absent loom up beside us without our being allowed to see them; we have only to summon these Danaids of the Invisible who empty, recharge and hand on to one another unceasingly the dark urns of sounds, the jealous Furies who, as we murmur a confidence to a woman friend, call out to us ironically: 'I'm on the line,' at a moment when we were hoping no one could hear us, the irate servants of the Mystery, the implacable Divinities, the Damsels of the telephone! And the instant their summons has sounded in the night full of apparitions to which our ears alone are opened, a faint sound, an abstract sound — of distance being suppressed — and the voice of our friend is addressing us.
4. If at that moment the singing of a passer-by, the horn of a bicyclist or a distant regimental band should enter by the window to importune her as she is speaking to us, they ring out just as distinctly for us (as if to prove that it is indeed she who is beside us, with everything that surrounds her at that moment, that is striking her ear and distracting her attention) — truthful details, nothing to do with the subject, useless in themselves, but all the more necessary as revealing to us the full evidence of the miracle — prosaic and charming elements of local colour, descriptive of the provincial street and roadway to be seen from her house, such as a poet chooses when he wants to bring a character alive and evokes his milieu.
5. It is she, it is her voice which is speaking to us, which is there. But how far away it is! How many times have I been able to listen to it without anguish, as if, faced by the impossibility of seeing, without long hours of travelling, the person whose voice was so close to my ear, I sensed more clearly how disappointing this semblance of the sweetest proximity is and how far distant we may be from the things we love at the moment when it seems we need only stretch out our hand to detain them. A real presence — this voice so close — in an effective separation. But an anticipation also of an everlasting separation. Very often, listening to it in this fashion, unable to see the person who was speaking to me from so far away, her voice seemed to be crying out from the depths from which one does not reascend, and I experienced the anxiety that would one day seize hold of me, when a voice returned to me

thus, alone no longer dependent on a body I should never set eyes on again, to murmur in my ear words I would like to have been able to embrace as they passed on lips that are forever dust.

6. I was saying that before making up our minds to read, we try to keep on conversing, to telephone, we ask for number after number. But sometimes the Daughters of the Night, the Messengers of the Word, the faceless Goddesses, the capricious Guardians cannot or will not open the gates of the Invisible to us, the Mystery we solicit remains deaf, the venerable inventor of printing and the young prince who was both a lover of Impressionist painting and a motorist — Gutenberg and Wagram! [two Parisian telephone exchanges] — upon whom they call tirelessly, leave their supplications unanswered; then, since we cannot pay calls, since we do not wish to receive them, since the damsels of the telephone cannot connect us, we resign ourselves to being silent, we read.

7. In only a few weeks' time we shall be able to read the new volume of poetry by Mme de Noailles, Les Eblouissements (I do not know whether it will keep that title), superior even to those books of genius, Le Coeur innombrable and L'Ombre des jours, the equal in fact, it seems to me, of the Feuilles d'automne or the Fleurs du mal. Meanwhile, we might read the pure and exquisite Margaret Ogilvy de Barrie, wonderfully well translated by R. d'Humières, which is simply the life of a peasant woman told by a poet, her son. But no; the moment we resign ourselves to reading, we choose for preference books like the Memoirs of Mme de Boigne, books which give us the illusion of continuing to pay calls, calls on people we had not been able to visit before because we were not yet born under Louis XVI, but who are not so very different as it happens from the people whom you know because almost all of them bear the same names as they do, their descendants and your friends who, by a touching courtesy towards your ailing memory, have kept the same first names and are still called: Odon, Ghislain, Nivelon, Victurnien, Josselin, Léonor, Artus, Tucdual, Adhéaume or Raynulphe. Fine baptismal names moreover, which one would do wrong to smile at; they come from a past so profound that in their unwonted lustre they seem to sparkle mysteriously, like those names of prophets and saints inscribed in brief in the stained-glass of our cathedrals. Does Jehan itself, although more like one of today's names, not appear inevitably as if traced in Gothic characters in a Book of Hours by a brush dipped in purple, ultramarine or azure? Faced with such names, the common people would perhaps repeat the

Montmartre song:

> Bragance, on le connaît ct'oiseau-là;
> Faut-il que son orgueil soye profonde
> Pour s'être f... u un nom comme ça!
> Peut donc pas s'appeler comme tout le monde!
> Bragance, we know that character;
> He must be really big-headed
> To have got himself a f ... ing name like that!
> Couldn't he have a name like everyone else!

8. But the poet, if he is sincere, does not share in such merriment but, with his eyes fixed on the past that such names disclose to him, will reply with Verlaine:

> Je vois, j'entends beaucoup de choses
> Dans son nom Carlovingien.
>
> I see, I hear many things
> In his Carolingian name.

9. An enormous past perhaps. I should like to think that these names, so few examples of which have come down to us, thanks to the attachment to tradition of certain families, were in the old days very common names — the names of villeins as well as noblemen — so that, through the naive colours of the magic-lantern slides that such names offer us, it is not only the mighty lord with the blue beard or Sister Anne in her tower that we can see, but also the peasant bent over the ripening meadow or the men-at-arms riding along dusty thirteenth-century roads.
10. Very often no doubt the medieval impression their names give off does not survive an acquaintance with those who bear them and who have neither preserved nor understood their poetry; but can we reasonably ask of human beings that they should show themselves worthy of their names when the most beautiful things have so much difficulty in living up to theirs, when there is no landscape, no city, no river the sight of which can assuage the dreamlike desire its name had given birth to in us? The sensible thing would be to replace all our society connections and many journeys by a reading of

the Almanach de Gotha or the railway timetable ...

11. What is moving about Memoirs from the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, like those of the Countess de Boigne, is that they lend to the contemporary age, to our own days that are lived without beauty, a rather noble, rather melancholy perspective, by making them as it were into the foreground of History. They enable us to pass easily from the persons whom we have met with in life — or whom our parents have known — to the parents of those persons, who themselves, as authors or as characters in these Memoirs, may have witnessed the Revolution and seen Marie-Antoinette go by. So that the people whom we may have been able to glimpse or to know — the people we have seen with our own eyes — are like those life-size wax models in the foreground of panoramas, treading on real grass and holding up a cane bought from a shop, who seem still to be part of the crowd that is gazing at them and lead us gradually to the painted backcloth, to which, thanks to skilfully contrived transitions, they lend the three-dimensional appearance of life and reality. This Mme de Boigne then, born a d'Osmond and brought up, so she tells us, on the laps of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette, as an adolescent I very often saw her niece at balls, the old Duchess de Maillé, née d'Osmond, over eighty yet still splendid beneath the grey hair brushed upwards from her forehead which put one in mind of the bob-wigs worn by presidents in the High Court. And I recall that my parents very often dined with Mme de Boigne's nephew, M. d'Osmond, for whom she wrote these Memoirs and whose photograph I found among their papers, together with many letters he had addressed to them. So that my own earliest memories of balls, which hang by a thread from the for me somewhat less distinct yet still very real accounts of my parents, are connected by an already almost immaterial link to the memories which Mme de Boigne had preserved and which she recounts to us of the earliest entertainments at which she was present; all of which weaves a tissue of frivolities, yet a poetic one, for it ends as the stuff of dreams, a slender bridge thrown between the present and an already distant past, and which joins life to history, making history more alive and life almost historical.

12. Here I am, alas, at the third column of the newspaper and I have not yet begun my article even. It was to have been called. 'Snobbery and Posterity', but I am not going to be able to leave it with that title since I have filled the entire space reserved for me without saying a single word to you as yet about either Snobbery or Posterity, two persons whom you no doubt thought would

never be called upon to meet, for the greater good fortune of the second, and on the topic of whom I was intending to subject you to a few reflections inspired by reading the Memoirs of Mme de Boigne. That must wait until next time. And if then one of those phantoms that interpose themselves ceaselessly between my mind and its object, as happens in dreams, should again come to solicit my attention and distract it from what I have to say to you, I shall thrust it aside just as Ulysses thrust aside with his sword the shades that crowded round him imploring him for a human form or for burial.
13. Today I have been unable to resist the appeal of these visions that I could see floating halfway down, in the transparency of my mind. And I have attempted without success what the master glassmaker so often achieved when he transported and fixed his dreams, at the very distance at which they had appeared to him, between two waters clouded by dark, pink reflections, in a translucid substance in which at times a fitful ray of light, coming from its heart, might have made them think that they were still at play inside a living mind. Like the Nereids which the sculptor of antiquity had snatched from the sea but who could still believe themselves to be immersed in it as they swam between the marble waves of the bas-relief that figured it. I was wrong. It will not happen again. Next time I shall talk to you of snobbery and posterity, without digressing. And should some untoward idea, some indiscreet fancy seek to meddle in what is none of its business and threaten once more to interrupt us, I shall at once beg it to let us be: 'We are talking, do not cut us off, mademoiselle!'

From The Method of Sainte-Beuve (extracts)

[...]

1. Thus it seems to me that I would have things that have their importance perhaps to say about Sainte-Beuve, and presently much more in connection with him than about him, that by showing where he sinned, in my view, both as writer and as critic, I should perhaps come to say some things about which I have often thought as to what criticism should be and what art is. In passing, and in his connection, as he does so often, I shall use him as the excuse for talking about certain forms of life ...

[...]

2. For the definition and eulogizing of Sainte-Beuve's method I have looked to the article by M. Paul Bourget, because the definition was short and the eulogy authoritative. I could have cited twenty other critics. To have written the natural history of minds, to have looked to the biography of the man, to the history of his family, to all his peculiarities, for an understanding of his work and the nature of his genius, that is what everyone recognizes to have been his originality, and what he recognized himself, in which moreover he was right. Taine himself, who dreamt of a more systematic and better codified natural history of men's minds and with whom as it happens Sainte-Beuve did not agree over questions of race, says no differently in his eulogy of Sainte-Beuve: 'M. Sainte-Beuve's method is no less valuable than his work. In this he was a pioneer. He imported into moral history the procedures of natural history.'

[...]

3. Now, in art there are no initiators or precursors (at least in the scientific sense). Everything is in the individual, each individual starts the artistic or literary endeavour over again, on his own account; the works of his predecessors do not constitute, unlike in science, an acquired truth from which he who follows after may profit. A writer of genius today has it all to do. He is not much further advanced than Homer.
4. But those philosophers who have been unable to find what is real and independent of all science in art have been forced to imagine art, criticism, etc., to themselves as sciences in which the predecessor is necessarily less far advanced than whoever follows after him.
5. But why trouble anyway to name all those who see in this the originality and excellence of Sainte-Beuve's method? One need only let him speak for himself.
6. 'For me,' said Sainte-Beuve, 'literature is not distinct or at any rate separable from the rest of the man and of his organization ... We cannot go about it in too many different ways or from too many different angles if we are to get to know a man, something more than a pure intelligence, that is. Until such time as one has put to oneself a certain number of questions about an author, and has answered them, be it only to oneself alone and under one's breath, one cannot be sure of having grasped him entire, even though the questions may seem quite foreign to the nature of his writings: What were his religious ideas? How did the spectacle of nature affect him? How did he behave in the matter of women, of money? Was he rich, poor; what was his diet, his daily routine? What was his vice or his weakness? None of the answers to these questions is irrelevant if we are to judge the author of a book or the book itself, provided that book is not a treatise on pure geometry, if it is a work of literature above all, one, that is, which brings in everything, etc.' This method which he applied instinctively all his life and in which towards the end he saw the first outlines of a sort of literary botany ...

7. Sainte-Beuve's is not a profound oeuvre. The famous method which in fact, according to Taine, to M. Paul Bourget and to so many others, made him the peerless master of nineteenth-century criticism — that method which consists of not separating the man from the work, of considering that it is not irrelevant if we are to judge the author of a book, unless the book is 'a treatise on pure geometry', to have first answered questions which seem quite foreign to his work (how did he behave ...), to surround oneself with all the possible

facts about a writer, to collate his correspondence, to question the people who knew him, talking with them if they are still alive, reading what they may have written about him if they are dead — such a method fails to recognize what any more than merely superficial acquaintance with ourselves teaches us: that a book is the product of a self other than that which we display in our habits, in company, in our vices. If we want to try and understand this self, it is deep inside us, by trying to recreate it within us, that we may succeed. This is an effort of the heart from which nothing can absolve us. It is a truth every bit of which we have to create and... It is too easy to suppose that it will arrive one fine morning among our mail, in the form of an unpublished letter imparted to us by a librarian friend, or that we shall gather it from the lips of someone who knew the author well. Speaking of the great admiration aroused in several writers of the new generation by the work of Stendhal [Henri Beyle], Sainte-Beuve says: 'May they permit me to tell them, that if we are clearly to judge that rather complicated mind and not exaggerate at all in any direction, I shall always come back for preference, independently of my own impressions and memories, to what those who knew him in his prime and when he was starting out have to say about him, to M. Mérimée, to M. Ampère, to what Jacquemont would have to tell me about him were he still alive, to those, in short, who saw and savoured much of him in his earlier version.'
8. Why so? How does the fact of having been a friend of Stendhal make us better able to judge him? On the contrary, it would probably be a serious hindrance. For such intimates the self which produces the works is obscured by the other self, which may be very inferior to the outward self of many other men. The best proof of which moreover is that, having known Stendhal, and having collected up all the facts he could from 'M. Mérimée' and 'M. Ampère', having equipped himself, in short, with everything which, according to him, enables a critic to judge a book more accurately, Sainte-Beuve judged Stendhal in the following manner: 'I have just reread, or tried to, the novels of Stendhal; they are frankly detestable.'

[...]

9. He ends with these two gems: 'Criticize Beyle's novels with some candour though I may, I am far from censuring him for having written them ... His novels are what they may be, but they are not vulgar. They are like his

criticism, for the use chiefly of those who write them ...' And the concluding words of the article: 'Beyle had a fundamental straightforwardness and reliability in his personal dealings which we must never forget to acknowledge once we have said our piece about him.' A good fellow, Beyle, all things considered. To reach which conclusion it was perhaps scarcely worth the trouble of meeting M. Mérimée so often at dinner or at the Academy, or 'setting M. Ampère talking' so much, and once having read it one is less anxious than Sainte-Beuve was at the thought of the new generations to come.

[...]

10. At no time does Sainte-Beuve seem to have grasped what is peculiar to inspiration or the activity of writing, and what marks it off totally from the occupations of other men and the other occupations of the writer. He drew no dividing line between the occupation of writing, in which, in solitude and suppressing those words which belong as much to others as to ourselves, and with which, even when alone, we judge things without being ourselves, we come face to face once more with our selves, and seek to hear and to render the true sound of our hearts — and conversation!

11. It is only the deceptive appearance of the image here which lends something vaguer and more external to the writer's craft and something deeper and more contemplative to sociability. In actual fact what one gives to the public is what one has written when alone, for oneself, it is very much the work of one's self... What one gives to sociability, that is to conversation (however refined it may be, and the most refined is the worst of all, because it falsifies our spiritual life by associating itself to it: Flaubert's conversations with his niece or with the clockmaker are without risk) or to those productions intended for one's intimates, that is to say reduced so as to appeal to a few and which are barely more than written conversation, is the work of a far more external self, not of the deep self which is only to be found by disregarding other people and the self that knows other people, the self that has been waiting while one was with others, which one feels clearly to be the only real self, for which alone artists end by living, like a god whom they leave less and less and to whom they have sacrificed a life that serves only to do him honour.

[...]

12. And not having seen the gulf that separates the writer from the society man, not having understood that the writer's self shows itself only in his books, that he only shows society men (even those society men that other writers are, when in society, who only become writers again once on their own) a society man like themselves, he was to launch that famous method which, according to Taine, Bourget and so many others, is his claim to fame, and which consists, in order to understand a poet or writer, in questioning avidly those who knew him, who frequented him, who may be able to tell us how he behaved in the matter of women, etc., that is, on all those very points where the poet's true self is not involved.

[...]

13. Just as we find Sainte-Beuve believing that the salon life which he enjoyed was indispensable to literature, and projecting it across the centuries, here to the court of Louis XIV, there to the select circle of the Directory, so ... In point of fact this seven-days-a-week creator, who often did not rest even on Sundays and who received his wages of fame on Mondays from the pleasure he gave to good judges and the knocks he inflicted on the unkind ones, saw all of literature as a sort of Lundis which may perhaps be reread but which have had to be written in their own time heedful of the opinion of the good judges, in order to please and not relying too much on posterity. He sees literature under the category of time. [...] Literature seems to him to be of its period, to be worth what the person was worth. In sum, it is better to play a major role in politics and not to write than to be a political malcontent and write a book on morality ... etc. He was not like Emerson, therefore, who said that we must hitch our wagon to a star. He tries to hitch his to the most contingent thing of all, to politics.

[...]

14. I wonder at times whether what is still best in Sainte-Beuve is not his poetry. There the intellectual games have ceased. He no longer comes at things obliquely, with endless clevernesses and trickery. The magic and infernal circle has been broken. In ceasing to speak in prose he ceases to tell

lies, as if the constant mendacity of his thought stemmed in his case from his contrived skill in expression. Just as a student, forced to translate his thoughts into Latin, is forced to lay them bare, so Sainte-Beuve finds himself for the first time in the presence of reality and receives a direct sense of it. [...] of him, of the deep, unconscious, personal self there is hardly anything bar the clumsiness. That recurs frequently, as nature will. But the trifling thing, the trifling yet also delightful and sincere thing that is his poetry, that skilful and at times successful attempt to express the purity of love, the sadness of late afternoons in large towns, the magic of memory, the emotion of reading, the melancholy of an unbelieving old age, demonstrates — because one feels that it is the only real thing about him — the lack of significance in his vast, marvellous, ebullient oeuvre as a critic — for all these marvels come down to this. Mere appearance, the Lundis. The reality, this handful of poems. The poems of a critic, they it is out of all his writings that tip eternity's scales.

Swann Explained by Proust

[Published November 1913]

1. 'I am publishing only one volume, Du côté de chez Swann, of a novel whose general title will be A la recherche du temps perdu. I would like to have brought the whole of it out at once; but works in several volumes are no longer being published. I am like someone who has a tapestry too large for present-day apartments, and who has been obliged to cut it up.
2. 'Young writers, with whom I am otherwise in sympathy, advocate on the contrary a succinct plot with few characters. That is not my conception of the novel. How to put it to you? You know that there is plane geometry and solid geometry. Well, for me, the novel is not only plane psychology, but psychology in time. I have attempted to isolate the invisible substance of time, but to do that the experiment had to be able to be long-lasting. I hope that at the end of my book, some minor social event of no importance, some marriage between two persons who in the first volume belong to very different worlds, will indicate that time has passed and will take on the beauty of certain patinated leadwork at Versailles, which time has encased in an emerald sheath.
3. 'Then, like a town which, as the train follows a curve in the track, appears now on our right hand and now on our left, the various aspects that a single character has taken on in someone else's eyes, to the extent of being like different and successive characters, will convey — but only by this — the sensation of time having elapsed. Particular characters will later reveal themselves as different from what they are in the present volume, and different from what they will be believed to be, as very often happens in life for that matter.
4. 'It is not only the same characters who will reappear in the course of the work under different aspects, as in certain cycles by Balzac, but,' M. Proust tells us, 'certain profound, almost unconscious impressions within a single character.

5. 'From this point of view,' M. Proust goes on, 'my book would perhaps be like an attempt at a sequence of "Novels of the Unconscious"; I would not be at all ashamed to say "Bergsonian novels" if I believed that, for it happens in every age that literature attempts to attach itself — post hoc, of course — to the prevailing philosophy. But that would not be accurate, for my work is dominated by the distinction between involuntary and voluntary memory, a distinction which not only does not appear in M. Bergson's philosophy but is even contradicted by it.'
6. 'How do you substantiate this distinction?'
7. 'For me, voluntary memory, which is above all a memory of the intellect and of the eyes, gives us only facets of the past that have no truth; but should a smell or a taste, met with again in quite different circumstances, reawaken the past in us, in spite of ourselves, we sense how different that past was from what we thought we had remembered, our voluntary memory having painted it, like a bad painter, in false colours. Already, in this first volume, you will find the character who tells the story and who says "I" (who is not me) suddenly recovering years, gardens, people he has forgotten, in the taste of a mouthful of tea in which he has soaked a bit of madeleine; he could have remembered them no doubt, but without their colour or their charm; I have been able to make him say that, as in that little Japanese game where you soak flimsy bits of paper which, the moment you immerse them in the bowl, spread out and writhe and turn into flowers and characters, all the flowers in his garden, and the water-lilies of the Vivonne, and the good people of the village and their little houses and the church, and the whole of Combray and its surroundings, whatever can take on shape and solidity, has emerged, town and gardens, out of his cup of tea.
8. 'You see, I believe that it is really only to involuntary memories that the artist should go for the raw material of his work. First, precisely because they are involuntary and take shape of their own accord, drawn by the resemblance of some identical moment, they alone bear the hallmark of authenticity. Then, they bring things back to us in exact proportions of memory and oblivion. And finally, since they give us to enjoy the same sensation in quite other circumstances, they release it from all contingency, they give us its extratemporal essence, which is the very content of good style, that general and necessary truth that the beauty of a style alone can reveal.
9. 'If I permit myself to rationalize about my book like this,' M. Proust

continues, 'that is because it is not in any degree a product of the reason, for its least elements were supplied to me by my sensibility, I perceived them first deep inside myself, without understanding them and had as much difficulty converting them into something intelligible as if they had been as alien to the world of the intellect — as what shall I say — a musical motif. You are thinking I imagine that this is over-subtle. But I assure you, on the contrary, that it is a reality. What we have not had to elucidate for ourselves, what was clear already (the ideas of logic for example), is not truly ours, we do not even know whether it is the real. It is a part of the "possible" that we select arbitrarily. Besides, you can tell that right away, you know, by the style.

10. 'Style is not at all an embellishment as certain people think, it is not even a matter of technique, it is — like colour with painters — a quality of vision, the revelation of the private universe that each one of us can see and which others cannot see. The pleasure an artist affords us is to introduce us to one universe the more.'

SILLY NOVELS BY LADY NOVELISTS

女作家写的蠢故事

［英］乔治·艾略特　著

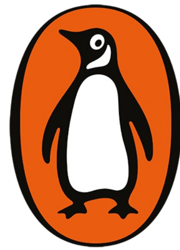
孙平华　石伟东　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

女作家写的蠢故事

（英）乔治·艾略特/著

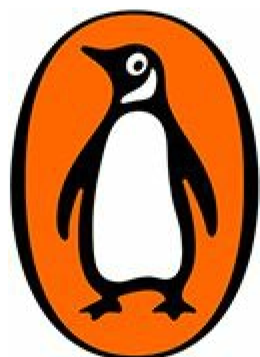
孙平华　石伟东/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

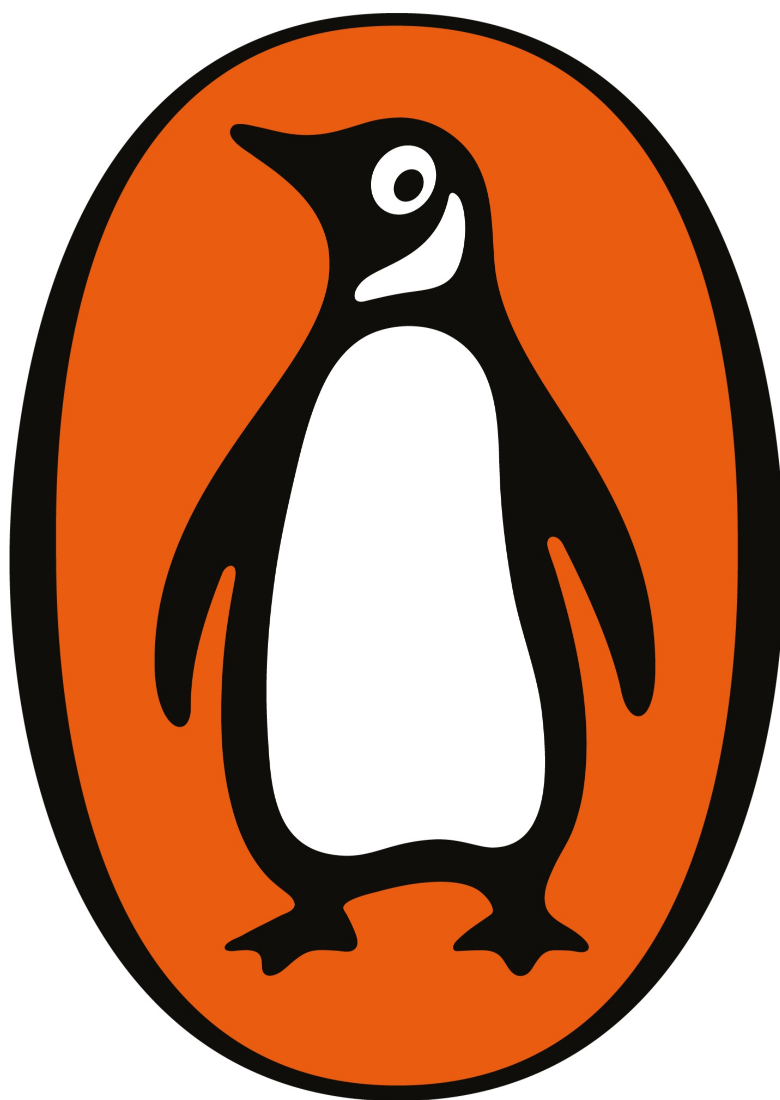
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
This selection published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

乔治·艾略特（George Eliot，原名Mary Ann Evans，玛丽·安·伊万斯，1819—1880），英国小说家，与狄更斯和萨克雷齐名。她出生于英国华威郡一个中产阶级商人家庭（父亲曾是木匠，后暴发成为房地产商人）。三十几岁时，她因翻译工作而开始文学生涯，之后还担任《威斯敏斯特评论》杂志的编辑；由于曾在两所宗教气息浓厚的学校就读，艾略特受宗教影响颇深；平日最喜研究语言，拉丁文、法文、德文、意大利文、希伯来文、希腊文皆能通晓。艾略特年近四十岁才开始写作，并发表文章于杂志上；1859年发表了她的第一部长篇小说《亚当·比德》；之后，她发表了两部极为成功的著名之作《织工马南传》与《弗洛斯河上的磨坊》，奠定了在英国文坛的地位。

乔治·艾略特是英国文学发展史上，同时也是女性文学发展史上一位重要的作家。肖尔瓦特曾指出，在英国小说的版图里，女性的领土通常被描绘成四周被山峦包围的荒漠，这些山峦即“奥斯汀巅峰、勃朗特峭壁、艾略特山脉、伍尔夫丘陵”，这足以证明艾略特在英国文坛的重要性。

除了小说，艾略特的论文和书评也饱含了杰出的思辨能力和极高的写作水平。本书收录了六篇艾略特极具代表性的论文以及书评，第一篇就是她非常著名的文章《女作家写的蠢故事》，她在文中颠覆了世人以往对女性作家的看法，提出不能因为作者是女性就在批评时手软。她以俏皮诙谐的口吻讽刺了同时代女性作家互相模仿、不思进取的写作陋习，并且戏谑地将女作家写的愚蠢故事分成了女帽类、白色圣领体、神谕体以及现代仿古类小说。艾略特着重介绍了女帽类小说，借由英国女士们都十分喜爱的帽子来暗讽她们的作品虚有其表，没有实际的用处，

并且选取了几本时下流行的女性作品进行分析，文笔活泼犀利，向读者展示了十九世纪英国女性作家的通病；她还在文章结尾处奉劝没有真材实料的女性不要踏入写作这个圈子。

第二篇是《法国女作家：萨布莱夫人》，艾略特首先介绍了女性在法国文学中的重大影响，并且分析了其原因，接着详细描述了低调而谦逊的法国女作家萨布莱夫人，其间穿插着法国女性文学发展史，包括沙龙文学、肖像文学、箴言文学等。艾略特以丰富的背景知识和精练的语言向读者展示了萨布莱夫人独特的人格魅力以及她一些可笑的小缺点。萨布莱夫人一生影响了很多著名的政治家、哲学家、作家和诗人，是众多女性作家中熠熠生辉的一位。

第三篇是《评杰拉尔丁·朱伊斯伯里的〈康斯坦斯·赫伯特〉》，艾略特用短小精悍的篇幅抨击了杰拉尔丁的新小说《康斯坦斯·赫伯特》，她认为作者花费大量篇幅诉说自己的道德观是极不明智的。

在第四篇《玛格丽特·富勒和玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特》中，艾略特对比了美国和英国这两位著名的女权主义作家。这两位作家虽然在时间上相差六十多年，空间上隔着大西洋，但是她们在很多女性观点上都是一致的。艾略特引用了两位作家的一系列观点，例如男性纵容女性的愚昧、男性控制女性的受教育权利、社会上对女性职业的偏见等，呼吁女性应当获得与男性平等的受教育和择业权利。

第五篇是艾略特的另一篇书评，她在该文中评论了当时三位来自不同国家的著名作家的新书：美国作家哈丽雅特·比彻·斯托的《德雷德》，英国小说家查尔斯·里德的《改过不嫌晚》，以及瑞典女权主义者弗雷德里卡·布雷默的《赫莎》。艾略特认为斯托夫人的《德雷德》并没有走出《汤姆叔叔的小屋》的套路，但是书中对希伯来基督教的细致描写是一大看点；里德的《改过不嫌晚》具有夸张的戏剧效果，虽然书中有各种小缺陷，但仍然值得一读；布雷默的《赫莎》则是一本目的

很明确的小说，因为作者布雷默把妇女解放看作是一生的追求。

最后一篇是短文《翻译和译者》，艾略特列举了一些著名的翻译者在翻译时犯的错误，以此说明翻译不仅需要天赋，还需要知识的积累，并不是一件易事。

该书是乔治·艾略特个人观点的集中展现，无论是杂文还是书评，都体现了她的机智和幽默。她一方面呼吁女性的觉醒，另一方面又批判当时文学女性的局限性；她希望女性获得和男性平等的权利，也希望文学女性能真正充实自己，避免写出更多的蠢故事。乔治·艾略特具有同时期女作家所没有的批判精神和幽默感，她视野广阔，极具开拓精神，该书是研究乔治·艾略特的宝贵文献，是研究女性文学史及女权主义思潮的参考书籍，也是窥探同时期法国、美国、瑞典等其他国家女性文学作品的重要资料。

女作家写的蠢故事[1]

女作家写的蠢故事内容丰富，风格多样；按照愚蠢的不同特质，它包含了浅薄空洞型、单调涣散型、一片虔诚型、迂腐卖弄型等多种文风。然而，所有这些展示女性愚昧的作品中，有一个分支流派数量最为庞大，我们暂且管它叫女帽类小说[2]。此类蠢故事往往是这样开始的，女主角是一位继承人或者颇有家产的贵族夫人，书中前半部分都在详细描述她的几位情人：一位桀骜不驯的准男爵，一位和善亲切的公爵，以及一位魅力四射的年轻侯爵；中途一定还会有个牧师或诗人追求她；当然，她身后还跟着一群各式各样的追求者，书里只是轻描淡写地一笔带过。通常来说，这位女主角的眼睛闪耀着美丽的光泽，头脑机智非凡；她的鼻子挺拔，就像她的品性那样端庄；她的声音甜美，思维敏捷；她穿戴讲究，笃信宗教。跳舞时，她宛如曼妙的西尔芙精灵；读起书来更是了不得，能读懂原版[3]的《圣经》。另外一种女主角拥有所有这些美好品质，只不过她不是继承人，也没有万贯家财，然而她总是有跻身上流社会的机缘，为了觅得如意郎君而拒绝很多绅士的追求，最终成为了大家眼中正直不阿、极具传统家庭观念的贤良淑女。男人面对她机智的言语常常无力还击，只好保持沉默；或者，在某些适当的场合，她原本表示责难的话，在男士听来也意味深长，反而因此被打动；诚然，这些女主角都有长篇大论滔滔不绝的潜质，甚至连她自己一个人就寝时也能高谈阔论一番。人们能从她文章的字里行间看出她的伶牙俐齿，而从她的谈吐感受到她的诙谐和巧思。她懂得如何通过学习粗浅的哲学道理增加自己的见解和洞察力，她敏锐的直觉就像精确的钟表一样，男人只需跟随她的节奏，一切都能进展顺利。事实上，男人在她身边只是扮演了跑龙套的角色。然而时不时的，你又能从书中某些暗示里感受到男女主人公之间的暧昧关系，让你又开始坚信男女之间亘古不变的自然爱情法

则，心里有了些许欣慰。但显然，在该女主角领衔主演的这部漫长人生影片中，男人存在的最终目的也只不过是扮演了女主角的护送者而已。他们的相遇总是很俗套：男人们在一次舞会上对她一见钟情，在某次花展上被她迷住，在短途旅行中被她精湛的骑术所征服，或是在教堂瞥见了她庄重又甜美的姿态。总之，她在感觉、精神甚至穿着上全方位地符合了男性心中理想的女神形象。尽管如此，女主角有时也会嫁给一个桀骜不驯的准男爵，让她饱受情感折磨。但是这个男爵为了她而浪子回头，渐渐完全钟情于咱们的女主角，并愿意为她献出生命。邪恶的男爵最终一定会在决斗中丧生，躺在床上奄奄一息，他请求妻子一定要再嫁给她最爱的人，并且已经自作主张给她的情人派送了信件，就当作是对将死的自己的一种恩赐。当情节发展到此，我们也跟随高贵、可爱、有才的女主角一起体验了她之前诸多的倒霉遭遇，但是无论她经历了多少变迁和苦难，就算曾经哭湿了刺绣镶边的精致手绢，晕倒在价值连城的高档坐垫上，她依旧能在走出马车的那一瞬间保持容光焕发，或是在心血来潮剪了个短发之后愈发显得明艳动人。这些，都无不让各位读者内心宽慰。

我们可能会这样评价，正是因为淑女小说家写出了这些愚蠢的小说，把我们引入了一个高贵时尚又充满爱的世界，才让我们释怀。我们会因此推断，那些穷困潦倒的女人之所以选择当小说家或是家庭教师，是因为她们实在找不到别的“女性化”生存之道了。基于这样的假设，我们即使发现小说中有语病、有错误，也会像看到盲人卖针垫和睡帽那样，虽然觉得他卖的东西毫无用处且样式丑陋，却会因为心中的同情而原谅这些瑕疵。我们会告诉自己，这些物品虽然有缺陷，但是我们所付的钱却能解救那些穷苦女性。我们的脑海里播放着这样的画面：那些寂寞的单身女性为了生存而苦苦写作，妻子们为了偿还丈夫的债务、女儿们为了给生病的父亲买件礼物而孜孜不倦地辛勤“炮制”着所谓的纯粹英雄主义的小说。在这样的印象下，我们对于淑女小说的评价就比较含蓄了：她的小说有语病，但她的写作动机却无可指责；她的想象力毫无创

意，但她坚持不懈的精神令人感动。似乎，我们因作者的困境而原谅了她们写的白痴故事，因为眼泪而相信了那些废话。但事实并不是这样！我们的这种想法以及类似的冠冕堂皇的观点都可以丢弃了！女作家的这些小说是在完全不同于我们想象的状态下写出来的。这些女作家们出行都坐马车，只透过车窗和卖东西的小贩交谈；她们除了和自己的仆人打交道以外和工人阶级毫无交集；她们觉得五百英镑的年薪简直少得可怜；贝尔格莱维亚区[4]和“豪华大别墅”才是她们的最终目标；而男性若不是一位有身份地位的政治家，或者至少是个富有的资本家，那她们甚至连看都不愿看一眼。很显然，她们是坐在优雅的闺房里，用紫罗兰颜色的墨水和红宝石笔尖的钢笔写作的人群；她们对出版商的出价完全不在乎，她们一点都不穷困潦倒，拮据的是她们的脑容量。她们所描绘的上流社会的确惟妙惟肖，令人羡慕；但同时，她们的文字却流露出对其他阶层的陌生。这足以证明，她们生活圈子里的同胞都很富有，否则她们所描写的文人雅士、车马商人就不会如此栩栩如生；以她们的智商，在对自己的所见所闻进行再创作时能保持还原现实的态度，但是对那些没有见过也闻所未闻的事物就只好虚构与想象了。

我们认为，有些女士根本就没有见过五岁以下的孩子，但是最近一部自称“源自真人真事”的女帽类小说《补偿》（Compensation）中，却有一个才四岁半的小女孩在以奥西恩式[5]的口吻说话：

“我太开心了，亲爱的外婆！我遇到了一个如此令人心旷神怡的人：他就像所有美好的事物——像芬芳的花朵，像从本洛蒙德山上看到的景致那般——噢！不！比那还要美——当我一想到他、见到他时就非常非常幸福；他唱歌时就像妈妈那样温柔，他的前额如同远方的大海一般，”小女孩手指向蔚蓝色的地中海继续说道，“没有边际；又像温暖的夏夜里，我抬头仰望天空时最爱的那一群星星……不要这样看着我啊，你现在的额头就像是被阳光照射、被风吹皱了的罗蒙湖面，我最喜欢平静湖面上的阳光了……就像现在，天上飘着些深色云朵，当太阳冲

破云层，阳光瞬间就给旁边的丛林和紫色的岩石镀上了金色，倒映在湖面上，显得那么美丽。”

文中的神童小女孩完全展现了一个成人在醉酒后才有的滔滔不绝，这并不奇怪，我们就当是她再现了她母亲的特质，所谓有其母必有其女嘛。于是，我们一遍一遍地告诉自己，文中的小女孩就是这样一个对自己的创造力有“自觉意识”的神童，而且她足够幸运，遇上了一个同样“最具独创性”的令她倾心的天才爱人。

按照书中所写，这位神童的爱人虽然与她“在家境和能力”上都惊人地相似，但“在宗教信仰和未来发展上”却更胜一筹。她把他当作自己的“挚爱”（Agape）——这个词多么少见——她在读希腊文的圣经新约时学到这个词并且一直憧憬，这完全得益于她平常习得语言的超常能力以及阅读原版经文的习惯。当然，希腊语和希伯来语对于女主角来说只不过是小菜一碟，要她讲梵语更是易如反掌；事实上，除了英语之外，她还能准确无误地用其他任何语言交流。她不仅会跳波尔卡舞，还通晓数国语言，她简直就是一位穿着裙子的外交家。可怜的男人们！你们有几个看得懂希伯来语，你们唯一可以夸耀的恐怕只是知道博林布鲁克[6]怎么拼写吧；你们可能正在迷恋那些偶尔挂念你们的女人，自己讲的闪族语却还磕磕巴巴呢。然而，我们都知道这样一个道理，女主角常常有一颗“爱美之心”，她的聪明才智因为对服饰搭配和行为举止的关注而过早地被激发出来，因此，对她们而言，选择说东方语言而不讲自己的母语就像是蝴蝶采蜜的本能那样简单。另外，读者根本不用费心去研究女主角的学识到底有多深，因为作者已经写得很明白了。

在另外一本女帽类小说《劳拉·盖伊》（Laura Gay）中，女主角并不精通希腊语和希伯来语，但她对拉丁古典文学的熟稔弥补了这一缺点——她熟读“亲爱的老维吉尔[7]”、“优雅的贺拉斯[8]、仁慈的西塞罗[9]，以及令人愉悦的李维[10]”，各种经典烂熟于心。正如《劳拉·盖伊》中写

的那样，当和一群贵妇人以及绅士外出聚会野餐时，女主角能旁征博引拉丁名著是一件多么重要的事情！“那些所谓的高人一等的男性根本不会对这些话题产生嫉妒，是的，一定不会。”书中继续写道，“若在场的多数人是理智且高贵的绅士，他们必定不会对女士的卖弄产生嫉妒感；但在场的若都是温德姆小姐和雷德福先生这种普通之流，那么就必须得作出牺牲证明一下自己了”。我们认为，他们这种引经据典的自我牺牲并不是出于对拉丁经典的狂热兴趣，对于理智且高贵的少数男性来说，他们更愿意主动避免和愚蠢且无知的大多数人产生正面冲突。在男女混合的聚会场所，有教养的男性和女性都很少谈论拉丁名著，他们即使熟读“仁慈的西塞罗”，即便是“令人愉悦的李维”几欲脱口而出，也能在平常的谈话交流中不卖弄自己的学识。然而，对于书中的盖伊小姐来说，拉丁经典西塞罗之类只是她最基础的谈资。一次在帕拉丁山上，她对一众观光客作出了如下脉络清晰、内容全面而丰富的评论：

“真理是完全客观的，甚至那些被分门别类的主观性教义，每一种都多多少少沾染了些许迷信的色彩；例如罗马天主教中的无知、爱好、古老的偶像崇拜、宗教权威等，都在纯正的真理基础之上逐渐积淀，并最终转化成有众多跟随者的大型宗教，这样的转变是多么难得啊！要探索这种积淀就像是发掘出这堆垃圾下价值连城的珍珠一样，需要热忱、勇气与智慧。”

如果仔细想想，我们或许见过很多比劳拉·盖伊更加清新脱俗、思想深刻的女性，但是肯定没遇见过如此啰唆的。有一位刚刚爱上盖伊小姐的贵族牧师正是因为听了以上那一段深沉的评论，于是开始有些怀疑她是个独立思考的女性，担心不好把控。但是他想错了！当他有一次深陷痛苦，想请求“唤起她的回忆，唤醒那种我们很容易忘却、只有在经历过生活的磨难之后才明白的力量和安慰”之时，她却对这种文绉绉的话完全听不懂。所以，虽然《劳拉·盖伊》中所描写的各种奢华财富和高雅生活都散发着正统气息，然而只要我们用“理智的头脑来分析”，或

者亲自研读过“仁慈的西塞罗”，就会发现这种正统也不过虚有其表罢了。

相比之下，《补偿》一书更具教条主义风格，但是其中堆砌了更多势利世俗以及荒诞的插曲，夹杂着虔诚与轻浮的矛盾感。书中的女主角琳达比劳拉·盖伊更精明、更聪敏，她被呈现得很全面，她的爱人更多；书中还介绍了各种邪恶但令人着迷的女人——甚至包括一个法国悍妇；此书不遗余力地讲述了你所能想象到的恶俗小说中各种令人兴奋的故事。事实上，这本书就是一个大杂烩：有苏格兰人的预言、罗杰斯先生的早餐、意大利强盗、临终剧情大反转、优越感十足的女作家、意大利女教师、毒杀老妇人、有关信仰与宗教的探讨，以及“最具原创性的思想”。书中的女作家苏珊·巴顿小姐是个天才，她提起笔“写小说时一挥而就”，但她拒绝了一桩好婚姻（她拒绝了琳达父亲的求婚）；虽然她的年纪大到已经足够当琳达的母亲，但她最终选择了一位年轻的伯爵，情定这位曾被女主角拒绝过的情人。当然，天赋和道德若不是有合适的支持者，就会显得乏味；同样，虔诚也必须融入到“社会”最好的圈子里才能合乎礼仪。

《阶级与美女》（Rank and Beauty）是一本更加浅薄、宗教色彩相对较弱的女帽类小说。书中是这样写我们的女主角的：“即使她出身卑微，但如果她继承了父亲的风骨、母亲的美貌，加上具有符合她年龄的奔放与热情，这些特质将最终升华成敢爱敢恨的勇气，她的后代会觉得这些是他们能够得到的最好的财富。”这位青春热血的年轻女士在读父亲的报纸时爱上了首相先生。这个住在乡下的灰姑娘温德姆小姐，通过阅读头条新闻以及国会辩论中的个人简介，觉得首相先生就是她在这世间独一无二的真爱，像一颗闪亮的星星照耀着自己。但是她很快就选择做了乌姆弗拉维尔男爵的夫人，当她搬进春日公园的豪宅时，她的美貌和成就惊艳了周围的人，正如你所想的，她不久就将会碰到那位素未谋面的首相先生了。可能“首相”一词总让你想起满脸皱纹、一身赘肉的六

十多岁的老头儿，但是现在赶紧把这些印象都抹干净吧，鲁伯特·康威首相“被称为是这个宇宙中青春永驻的男性”，头条新闻和国会辩论的个人简介对他的描述没有丝毫是胡乱编造的，全都符合事实。

“门又打开了，鲁伯特·康威走了进来。伊夫琳[11]小姐抬头看了一眼，这一眼就足够了！他完全没让她失望。这一眼似乎就像是她之前一直盯着一幅画看，而现在画中人竟然走了出来的感觉。他的个头、他非凡的气质，就像是范戴克——他的一位骑士祖先再世。她幻想着他的这位骑士祖先曾经率领乌姆弗拉维尔征战异教徒，将他们赶到了海的另一边。这些都是真实的吗？”

当然不是。

故事的进展很明确，渐渐地，首相先生对她动心了，这发生在乌姆弗拉维尔夫人在温莎堡觐见女王的时候——

这是她（温德姆小姐）在王宫的最后一晚了，骑马回来后，温德姆先生带着她和一群伙伴到围墙顶上看风景。她倚在城墙边，站在最高处俯瞰脚下的城池，不禁感叹：“这风景真是无与伦比的美丽啊！”而这时，鲁伯特正在她身边。

“是很美！但是也只有站在这样的高度才看得到如此美景啊！这次旅行觉得高兴吗？”

“简直令人陶醉！为女王而生，为女王而死，为女王尽忠！”

“哈！”他叫出声来，脸上露出找到知音般的欣喜。

这种“找到知音般的表情”为第三卷中他们最终结婚埋下了伏笔，但是在那美满的结局之前，女主角和一位名叫勒特雷尔·威彻利的先生经历了一段充满误解的复杂感情。这位威彻利先生是一位天才诗人，在各

方面都是个非凡的角色。他不仅是浪漫的诗人，潇洒的浪子，还是个愤世嫉俗的才子。他对乌姆弗拉维尔女士的极端爱慕使他的讽刺才能变得如此匮乏，以至于在交谈中他的形象是那么可怜。她拒绝他时，这位先生竟然冲进灌木林在泥里打滚，并且开始了最为邪恶和煞费苦心的报复历程。他伪装成一位从事全科诊疗的江湖医生，并且假装预言伊夫琳生了重病必须由他来医治。最终，他的计划泡汤，他写了一封长信跟她道别，信中洋溢着他的满腹才华：

“噢，亲爱的小姐，当你沉浸在美好和喜悦中时，你能否想起，给你写信的我，这痛苦的灵魂？当你的镀金豪华轮船驶入平静的大海，当你的心境被令人陶醉的乐声抚平时，你能否听到来自远方的，我的叹息？”

总之，虽然故事浅薄空洞，但是和其他两部小说比较起来，大家还是更喜欢这本《阶级与美女》。书中当然也有令人觉得愚蠢无语的时候，但是作者写的对话贴近生活且生机勃勃，没有丁点矫揉造作和卖弄学问的痕迹。读者不需要去研究作者所写的怀疑论者与哲学家的相互驳斥，也不用分析和探寻宇宙的奥秘问题，就能自然地相信女主角依旧是个智慧十足的女孩儿。

女帽类小说的作者们在写作措辞上都十分雷同。在她们的小说中，总有一位女士或者绅士像见血封喉树一般阴险毒辣，扮演着大反派：他男子气概十足，精神世界丰富多彩，内心却空虚寂寞；他算计朋友，做任何事都追求利益；他性格的形成可以追溯到幼年时期；他的住房简陋，天晴时太阳照耀着他的沙发，下雨时雨滴则掉在他身上，生活对于他来说充满忧伤；阿尔比恩和斯科舍仅仅是他对话中使用的绰号和诨名。这些人物的道德评价也惊人地相似，例如“所有人，无论贫富，都会被不好的榜样所影响，这是个令人忧伤的事实”“读者在任何一本不起眼的书中都能获取有用的信息”“邪恶总是能打着美德的幌子横行”“小说

写得再喧嚣浮夸，也没那么容易欺骗熟读何为人性的读者，所以美德和高尚是必不可少的元素”以及“我们只有被伤害过，才能学会原谅”等等。毫无疑问，这些评论对有一部分读者可以说是一针见血、辛辣刺激。我们常常看到一些读者手握铅笔一遍又一遍地在书上作标注，因为他们的生活与书中描写相差甚远，所以被这些新奇却生硬的创作所打动，那些充满赞叹的标注就是证据。这些小说的语言特点在于使用很多具有独创性的倒装句，并且刻意避免日常生活中的普通用语。愤怒的年轻人这样惊呼“就是这样，我认为”；再听听晚餐前半小时，一位年轻女士和她的邻居谈论她第一次读莎士比亚的经历：“我偷偷溜进公园里，坐在绿色的树冠下，兴高采烈地阅读着这位如同魔术大师般的人所写的带给人无限惊喜的书页。”但是此类女帽类小说家最显著的贡献在于她们的哲学思考。例如《劳拉·盖伊》的女作家让女主角和男主角最终结婚，证明了“如果那些怀疑论者的眼睛只是长期盯着物质看，那么他们就看不到这个人身上别的特点了；当他们的目光移开物质，全心全意投入到精神的福祉当中，就会发现一个人的灵魂和肉体有着不同的起源，其本质也是不一样的。”淑女小说家似乎能看到除却物质层面的其他内容，她们不局限于观察到现象，而是能透过现象洞察更深；自然，她们就比其他任何人更能抗衡那些虽负盛名，但是我们并不熟知的怀疑主义者，并说服他们：一个人的灵魂和肉体在本质上是不一样的。

在淑女作家所写的愚蠢小说中，还有一种“神谕体”（oracular species）最令人惋惜叹气，这类小说致力于阐释作者自己的宗教哲学和道德观。在女性中似乎广泛存在着这样一个概念，她们相信只有通过最简单的言论和行为，才能增长人类的知识，才是启发人类智慧最合适的方式。通过她们的写作来判断，总有那么一些女作家认为，对科学和生活的完全无知，是对复杂的道德及推理问题形成自身观点的最好途径。显然，她们解决类似难题的秘诀都像这样：用一颗女性特有的头脑，加上对哲学和文学零零碎碎的一知半解，对社会固执己见的错误认识，用自己有限的英语水平，每天现学现卖地在书桌前写上好几个小时。你很

少能碰见一个“神谕体”的淑女小说家会质疑她自己对神学问题的判断能力，她从不怀疑自己，自认为在任何宗教聚会中都能精确地区分出善与恶；她们能准确地发现男人们迄今为止出了哪些毛病，并且对没有机会向她请教的哲学家们表示遗憾。然而，真正伟大的作家总是谦逊地将自己的经历写进小说，用以展示人和物最本真的样子；与此不同，神谕体女作家认为这种写作能力实在是不敢恭维：“他们并没有解决什么重大问题啊”——于是乎她时刻准备着，通过讲述一个爱情故事来弥补所谓的伟大作家们的缺陷，给读者补习人生道理，普及神学指南；这样的爱情故事中，来自富裕家庭的女士和先生们总是会经历上层社会特有的种种磨难。另外，她还会讲解自然神论者、皮由兹[12]以及极端新教徒（ultra-Protestants）理论，虽然她自己都搞不太清楚；接着，她时而采用浓缩的语句总结，时而通过三百三十多页的长篇大论阐释有关基督教的特殊观点。你会觉得，无论这些先生和女士们在小说中拥有好运或是遭遇不幸，都与你曾经碰到过的人完全不一样。因为，在通常情况下，一个女作家描写她同胞真实生活的能力，与她谈论上帝的能力成反比；而她想要凭借自己的经验来描写从未见过的事物是完全行不通的。

《一个谜团：来自乌尔克里庄园档案中的一页》（The Enigma：A Leaf from the Chronicles of Wolchor-ley House，后简称《谜团》）是我们能见到的最典型的“神谕体”小说。书中，破解该“谜团”所需要的能力不会超过一个女作家的能力，不多不少，刚刚符合了作者的智力水平。作者已经在小说的第一页提出了难题，答案也欲隐欲现。留着乌黑头发、生机勃勃的年轻女士说，“一切生命都是难以解开的谜团”；而顶着褐色头发的另一位温柔女士，对着自己临摹的圣母像说，“曾几何时，有解开这些谜团的方法”。这种小说的风格同它的目的一样崇高，即使书中有斜体字和小写字母的详细注释，但有些段落我们可能花了很长时间研究却仍然不懂；或许，我们必须等到智力进一步开发才能理解书中的内容。那就让我们来开开眼吧。书中写了一位年轻的模范牧师欧内斯特，无论在什么情况下，他都能把每个人校正到最佳状态，他认为“婚

姻是不可交易的，那是对神灵的亵渎”。在某个晚上，“他辗转难眠，悲痛与欢快的情感充斥着他挣扎的内心”，“他不能容忍任何形式的买卖婚姻，即使这种行为自有其价值，不管是出于尊敬抑或是阶级需要，他正直的灵魂都对之深恶痛绝，自欺欺人者的最后结论对于他来说只是一个神圣的谎言，因为他们‘生活在一出虚无的演出中，欺骗别人并且被人欺骗’，而他觉得自己的护经匣以及衣服夸张的下摆并不只是一种社交摆设”。（我们多么希望原文中的斜体字和小写字母有助于读者理解文意啊。）文中另一位莱昂内尔先生是个模范老绅士，“除了不散漫不颓废，人们对中世纪人物的典型印象似乎在他身上都得到了体现，将人们团结在一起的正是一种英雄主义纽带。原始信仰和真理的色彩镌刻在普通人的内心，随着法律准则的出现和积累，融入到更加广泛的兄弟情谊中，并且互相依赖，越来越臻于完美”。是的，看了这句话，你是否能明白这些色彩是如何铭刻在心中，又是怎样融合成一道情谊之桥——显然这是一条彩虹——准则的出现和积累又是如何使得这座情谊之桥越来越完美？看到这里，你肯定还需要更多的提示才知道莱昂内尔先生到底是干什么的。我们接着来告诉你，他的灵魂深处，“相比较于原始脉搏周围晃动的空气，他的逻辑思想更能够显示出善与真的最佳和谐状态！”当他在封信时，“瞧！这位好人胸膛中跳动着一颗充满真与善的心，如同他装满爱意的双眼，充盈着对祖先的崇敬和自豪，似乎在凝视着家族那清晰的箴言——忠诚”。

小说的作者总是想寻找到高尚的方式来代替庸俗。普通人可能会说休息室的桌上摆着一本莎士比亚手抄本，可是《谜团》的女作家决心迂回地表现自己的文采，会这样描述桌上的书：“《莎士比亚》，那是人类思想和感情的结晶，时刻教化着人们的内心世界。”又比如，一位夜巡人看到某间窗户里的灯比平常亮得久了一些，他就会感慨这些熬夜的人为何傻到有机会早睡却不珍惜；但是，作者唯恐这些事实对于我们来说太过平淡无奇，于是采用了如下这种引人注目且形而上学的方式为我们描述：“他惊叹——因为人们通常会以一种完全独立的人格考虑其他

人，于是容易处在错误的精神前提下思考问题（尽管有人不接受这种观点）——自己要如何拥有独树一帜的表现，要如何夸奖一部分人才能让屋内所有的人都欢欣鼓舞呢。”一位叫詹姆斯的普通侍从，他小腿粗壮，发元音总带着气音，现在正开门去迎客，作者立即抓住了这样一个机会开始描写：他是“众多养尊处优的奴仆中的一员，就像是中了该隐[13]一样的诅咒——成为世间的‘流浪者’，通过客人的财富和出价来给他们分级别……噢！英格兰！所有的这些都是你病态子民的浮光而已！”是的，我们曾经听过很多人讲“浮光”，从卡明博士到罗伯特·欧文[14]，从皮由兹到灵魂导师，但是之前我们还从未听过一介女流所谈论的“浮光”。

同样，在《谜团》的作者看来，人们十分普通的生活情节都可能隐藏着最为糟糕的危机；例如那些身着宽下摆长裙和中国水袖的女士，看似贤淑，她们的一言一行却像残暴音乐剧中的女主角。《谜团》中的珀西太太是一位肤浅且虚荣的妇人，她希望自己的儿子贺勒斯能娶一位富有的女继承人：褐色头发的格蕾斯；而贺勒斯却有自己的主张，他爱的是女继承人的表妹：黑头发的凯特，即便凯特没有任何财产；此外，格蕾斯对贺勒斯本来也没有任何好感。在这种情景设定下，儿子一般要么阴沉忧郁，要么脾气暴躁，母亲则强势主动且尖刻易怒，而那位没有财产的灰姑娘只得在夜深人静时躺在床上默默哭泣。我们已经很熟悉这些套路了，就像我们已经了解了天狗吃月的道理，再也犯不着在看到月食的时候敲锣打鼓地把天狗吓跑了。然而，书中的珀西太太在这种状况下的表现真是太出其不意了，读者倒是真没见过。有一天，珀西太太碰巧看到自己的儿子贺勒斯和格蕾斯在窗前谈话，距离远到根本听不见他们在谈什么，而且众所周知，高贵的庄园继承人格蕾斯小姐根本没有任何理由会接受贺勒斯，但是珀西太太就直冲冲地奔了过去，紧紧抱住他们俩，她的脸色因为激动和兴奋而泛红，说道：“幸福的一幕终于上演了啊！那我现在是不是不能叫你格蕾斯了？我的格蕾斯，贺勒斯的格蕾斯！我亲爱的孩子们！”贺勒斯连忙解释，指出这只是一个误会，自己

已经和凯特订了婚，于是，我们就看到了以下场景和画面。

她（珀西太太）听到这个消息后，眼睛充满怒火，声音提到了前所未有的高度，她用嘶哑和愤怒的语气吼道：“你这个不孝子！”她双拳紧握继续说：“你不知道这个糟糕的决定会带来什么后果！低下你悲惨的头颅，让妈妈——”

“不要诅咒他了！”此刻，从珀西太太身后传来一句低低的反驳声。这一声就像是上天派来的天使，打断了珀西太太恶毒的语言；反正她是被吓住了，停止了讲话。

而与此同时，贺勒斯正双手捂脸，悲伤地跪在母亲的脚下。

母亲的那些可怕语言很过分，已深深刺伤了他，就像是挥之不去的魔咒，将一直留存在他的心间。那一声反驳是谁说的？是他真正的守护神发话了！

站在珀西太太身后的人正是凯特，她脸色苍白，站得笔直，全身笼罩着死寂一般的镇定——她是当下唯一一个冷静的人了，她抑扬顿挫地缓慢地讲着，语气中充满悲愤和哀伤，一字一句都像是敲在人心上。

“他是作了他的决定，但是我并没有接受！所以，你不能，也没有权力诅咒他！我现在，”此时，凯特又大又黑的双眼闪烁着庄严和痛苦的光泽，她伸出一只手向天起誓，“在这里对天发誓，无论福祸甘苦，如果没有贺勒斯母亲的同意和祝福，我绝不答应贺勒斯·乌尔克里先生的求婚！”

看到了吧，女作家所写的蠢故事就是这样的出乎意料，让我们继续来见识一下。《谜团》本来是一个描写现代社会的故事——在这个社会中，人们跳波尔卡，谈论皮由兹主义，而作者写的人物和事件仅仅是捡了这些丰富多彩故事的零头碎末。书中写了一个爱尔兰竖琴家，他

是“很久很久以前一位特立独行的吟游诗人的后裔”，他来到这个普通的英国小村庄，在教堂主日学校举办的茶点庆祝会上惊艳出场。另外，有一个疯狂的吉普赛人，她披着鲜红的斗篷，爱唱浪漫的歌曲，在她临终的时候还揭露了一个秘密：年轻的模范牧师欧内斯特是凯特的哥哥。这一秘密是有证人的，是一个矮小、吝啬的商人，他爱诅咒陌生人并且对着他们发出邪恶的笑声。作者还写了一位极其正直的爱尔兰人巴尼，他通过比对一份文件的落款日期和签名日期证实了它是一份假文件，虽然这份文件已经通过了法庭的审核并且已经生效。谈到莱昂内尔先生的住所，那是他古老家族留下来的珍贵房产，而女作家的想象力就此开始跳跃到城堡和城墙，“听啊，守卫吹响了号角”，据普利斯曼·X回忆，居民夜里都住在内屋卧室；一开始，外面的风很微弱，接着渐渐变大，把香柏的枝杈吹到了草地上，于是女作家开始了中世纪式的描述（黑体是我们加的）：“守夜人挥舞着旗帜，旗面随着声音而展开，猫头鹰受到惊吓后突地窜进了常春藤丛；而苍天正透过它的‘天眼’俯瞰着这个世界——天眼是百眼巨人，掌管无声旋律的神。噢，听吧！守卫塔的钟敲了两声，楼下回荡着报时人‘凌晨两点’的回音。”

《谜团》中的故事就是如此混搭，就像我们在观赏一幅完全源自小朋友想象力的画：右边画着一处时髦的别墅，中间却是两个穿着盔甲的骑士在搏斗，而左边竟然画着一只咧着嘴的老虎在丛林中趴着，这些没有联系的事物被混在了一起，仅仅是因为作者觉得它们各自很有特色，或者真正的原因是她在其他的画中见过这些场景，所以全部拿来为己所用。

然而，比起女作家写“神谕体”小说谈论“本我”、“主观”、“客观”，并且将基督教真理划分得一清二楚，一旦人们偏离了这条分界线就得接受她恩赐般的教诲，我们更喜欢她的中世纪写作风格。书中一位名叫茵西奎林的小姐通过醒目的黑体字告诉我们：“作为内心不可或缺的对外表达方式，在这样一个唱诗的年纪，宗教渐渐地吸引了她，这是一种功

能，而不是形式。”另一位福音派的美嘉女士，她十分擅长探访病危的女人并且谈论她们的心理状态；她告诉我们，那位模范牧师“并不反对人们顶着巨大的压力，主观上想着善良，而客观上却追求真实的利益”。当她说到句中的黑体字时，我们可以想象着她加重了音调，并且略微点了点下巴。我们在这里就不引用她别的神学教条式段落，因为相对于我们的语言来说，她所讲述的内容实在是太严肃了。

对于《谜团》这本受众很广并且饱含作者心血的小说，我们说它“愚蠢”似乎不太合适。不过，“愚蠢”这个评论的确是经过我们深思熟虑才给出的。如果大家很早之前就公认，大量词语的堆积并不能成就一个智慧的男人，那么以此类推，一半数量的词语堆积也不能成就一个智慧的女人。女性最顽皮的愚蠢形式表现在文学作品上，因为人们往往对妇女的教育背景存有偏见。当男人看到淑女们耗费光阴谈论礼帽和舞会礼服时，看到姑娘们为了爱情时而傻笑时而神伤时，或是看到中年妇女热衷于说长道短而管不好自家孩子时，他们禁不住感叹：“上帝啊！让女孩们多读些书吧！让她们的头脑里多些有价值的东西好吗？”但是，当他们与一位神谕体女作家谈论几个小时，或者读了她的书之后，男人们又会这样说：“算了吧，当女人有了学识，看看她们是怎么利用这些学识的！她的知识仅仅停留在习得时候的样子，并没有融入到文化中去；她并没有结合谦逊和朴素、通过思考或者学以致用的方式将知识吸收，而是急于表现自己的造诣；她脑袋里装了一面精神镜子，并且时不时地沉浸在自己的‘才华’里；她会用形而上学式的问题去嘲讽别人做的小松饼；她会在晚餐桌上利用自己通过旁门左道得来的知识‘战胜’男人；或者是在晚宴上抓住机会与我们讨论终极哲学问题：物质与意识的关系。然后，再看看她写的东西！她错把模糊当作深邃，将夸张的言辞看作文采，把矫揉造作等同于创造力；她在自己作品的第一页还在炫耀自己的学识，眼睛却瞟向下一页，对着第三页做鬼脸，却又在第四页里歇斯底里。她肯定是读过很多伟大的男性作家的作品，以及少许伟大的女性作家的作品，但是她根本就不能分辨他们的风格和自己的风格，就

像一个约克郡人分不清自己的口音和伦敦音的区别，大言不惭正是她天生的风格。天呐！所以，一般来说，女人的资质还是像贫瘠且脆弱的土壤，经受不起太多的耕种，只适合最轻的农作物罢了。”

诚然，男人们仅根据表面观察和片面推断而得出这样的结论并不明智；但我们在此不是要反驳他们的观点——而只是指出，有很大一部分自认为很有才华的女作家恰恰印证了他们的观点。如果一个男人和一位真正有修养的女人交谈过，真正有修养是指那种真正吸收了学识、而不是被学识所淹没的女人，那么他就不会得出以上观点了。一个真正有修养的女人，正如一个真正有修养的男人，她能公正地看待自己以及自己的观点，她越有知识只会越加朴素，越不事张扬。她不会拿知识当垫脚的高台，洋洋自得地以为站在这里便可以对底下所有的人和事一览无余；而会把知识当作一个观察点，由此可对自己形成正确的评价。她不会动不动就口喷诗句或引证西塞罗，这种沉默并不意味着她输给了男人，反而，她觉得脸红脖子粗地和别人比拼记忆力和争论拉丁名著简直是有损自己的优雅气质。她写书不是为了让哲学家困惑，或许正因为她能写出让哲学家感到愉悦的书，在谈话中，她是最不难缠的对象，因为她了解你，而又不想让你知道其实你根本不了解她。她不是在教化你，而是在给你赞同——这才是有教养的最高境界。

比起小众的神谕体小说（被少数高教会派[15]和超验基督徒推崇），数量相对比较庞大的愚蠢小说我们叫作“白色圣领体”[16]，之所以叫这个名字，是因为牧师脖子上佩戴的白色硬领能展示出福音派[17]的思想氛围和虔诚基调。这类小说描绘的大多是上流社会的有教养人士，可谓是低教会派[18]年轻女士的最爱；人们热衷于寻求新鲜感，于是用福音派小说替代流行小说，把参加五月集会当成是看话剧；就连贵格会[19]的小朋友玩的洋娃娃也与众不同，它不能身着俗气的亮片薄纱裙，必须身穿单色礼服，头戴黑色软帽。而且，这类小说中的年轻女士都有着一段爱情故事，这很正常，她们又不是联合兄弟会教堂的，那里

的人们都过着没有任何性生活的婚姻。因此，福音派的年轻女士们拥有福音派爱情故事，这样的爱情经过各种磨难之后，因为重生和赎罪而变得神圣起来。这种小说不同于神谕体小说，就像低教会派女教徒不同于高教会派女教徒一样：她们不那么傲慢，却更加无知，她们的句法使用水平提高了一点，却更加粗俗。

福音派文学的主角一般都是年轻的牧师，从中产阶级的观点来看，牧师衣服上的亚麻带对年轻女士的吸引力就如同军服肩章对非福音派女士的吸引力。这类福音派小说的男主角无一例外都是一个忧国忧民的年轻牧师，市井的老妇们对他可能不屑一顾，但是她们年轻的女儿们“却再也不能忘怀他的布道”，轻易就被他俘获芳心；人们只能在讲道坛的阶梯上看到他温柔的一瞥，而不是在话剧包厢里；他的言谈时常引用圣经，而不是文学类诗集；他对女主角感情状态的关心还会深入到对她灵魂的担心。这位牧师的背景总是很好，要么出生在上流社会，要么家庭富裕、衣着得体——其实，福音派小说也具备其他类别小说的愚蠢之处，作者在前一页还在跟你讲赎罪，下一页又开始描写贵族的礼仪和他们的高谈阔论。作者所描绘的上流社会只不过是她的福音派想象力的奇怪彰显罢了；但是在众多白色圣领体小说类别中有一点是异常真实的——万年不变的男主角：传福音的年轻牧师，通常这也是最无聊的一点。

最近刚巧有一本这种类型的小说面世——《古老的灰教堂》（The Old Grey Church）。这本书完全平淡无味，本书的作者对小说的受众没有明确定位。我们完全不知所措，揣测她把自己生命经验中的哪个阶段写进了小说，但能确定的是，她粗鲁低俗的用语风格已足以让人明白，虽然她有这种优势，但她并没有发挥好，将那些男男女女的习惯和特征混为一谈，当然这些男女并不像他们的前辈那样被已经完善过的传统主义所蹂躏。她无端地在权威阶层和劳动阶层间做文章，这在福音派小说家来说是比较少见的。可是真正的福音派故事就应当存在于中低产阶

级，这个阶层中存在着很多优质的素材，前提是你得有一双善于发现的眼睛，并且能用文字重现这些剧情。难道我们的福音派观点就只能被有权势的人所理解，而不能被弱势群体所接受吗？为什么我们的福音派女作家就不能向大多数普通人展现她们的宗教观点呢？这些“大多数”普通人没钱买马车，“更别说是镶黄铜的轻便型双轮马车了”，甚至在家吃饭的时候连银制的刀叉都用不起，而且女作家们蹩脚的英语在他们看来却是极其通顺的。我们为什么不能描绘一下英国工人阶层的宗教生活，就像斯托夫人[20]描绘黑人宗教生活那样，一定也会很有意思。然而事实上，这些虔敬的女作家却写些令人恶心的老段子，譬如一个世俗的妇女如何被感化而信教：虽然她还是那么喜欢晚宴，但是她不再宴请花花公子而是邀请牧师；她虽仍旧沉迷于服饰，但她挑选颜色和图案的品味却变得严肃和清醒；她的言语依旧琐碎，但琐碎的言论中却充斥着福音而不是小道传闻。在《古老的灰教堂》一书中，我们同样能看到与流行小说一致的滑稽片段，而且总会有各种品行不端却魅力无边的准男爵。有必要引用小说中的一段话来证明，这种出身高贵的人与斯桂尔斯小姐是相配的。这类谈话中充斥着大量的黑体字和显而易见的暗讽。在一个夜晚，年轻的尤斯塔斯牧师为了和勒欣顿小姐能单独谈话，在聚会时带着她去参观罗马斗兽场遗址。准男爵对此很嫉妒，于是就有了以下这段对勒欣顿的气话：

“毫无疑问，勒欣顿和他在一起是十分安全的，因为他有尤斯塔斯教皇一世般的神圣指引。他会给勒欣顿小姐说教，告诉她很多年前，就在这里，在罗马斗兽场，邪恶的异教徒放出凶猛的野兽袭击我们的门徒保罗——噢，不！顺便说一句，我觉得我错了，那并不是门徒保罗，也并不是在罗马斗兽场。但是内容的真假没关系，他依旧可以布道，从这些离谱的故事讲到那些堕落的异教徒，描述他们不恰当的行为，并且以这样的训词结尾：‘醒来吧！不要和他们同流合污！’——而且我确定，勒欣顿小姐，你十分虔诚地遵守了当晚的禁令，因为我们自从到达聚会就没有看见你。可是，大家都公认今晚是个快乐且迷人的聚会，而

且我们都十分感激格雷先生提议举办这个聚会，他是如此慷慨的一位向导，我希望他也能觉得愉快。”

这种喋喋不休的对话以及喋喋不休的叙述就像一幅糟糕的画，什么都没表达出来，或者仅勉强表现了全书有意想要表现的一部分。但是毫无疑问的是，我们和蔼可亲的女作家认为这是一本极具教育意义的小说，虔诚的基督徒妈妈肯定会把这本书塞到她们女儿的手中。我们可能会遇到这样的美国素食者，他们平常只吃干粮，当没有胃口时，会吃些流食改善一下。所以，我们可以把《古老的灰教堂》看作是福音派小说圈子里口味独特的一味菜品，或许有的人读起来还是会觉得很有力量很有趣呢。

然而，可能最不具有可读性的女作家写的蠢故事要数“现代仿古类”[21]小说了。这类小说给读者讲述雅尼和佯庇[22]的家庭生活、亚述王西拿基立[23]的个人感情经历、或是银匠迪米特里厄斯的内心挣扎和最终皈依。其实别的大多数蠢故事至少能够博得读者一笑，而现代仿古类简直就是给人完全呆板和沉重的感觉，其愚昧程度让人禁不住想要咆哮。比起文学女性时常假定某个任务只能由她们和凤毛麟角的天才合作才能完成，还有什么比这类小说更能证明她们根本就没有正确衡量自己的能力呢？重现过去最好的办法只能是模仿——她们通常会在古老的故事脚本中多多少少注入些时代的精神——

“时代精神是什么？

那就是做自我精神的主宰，

由此映射出的时代精神。”[24]

我们承认有些天才对过去任何一个时期都了如指掌，他们可以通过丰富的想象力修复“人类历史之声”里缺失的音符，并且将这些碎片重构

成一个整体，从而把久远的过去呈现在我们面前。这种天才的想象力十分稀有，因为它不仅要求有准确和详细的知识，而且需要极其鲜活的创造力。然而，现代仿古类女性作家总用一些适得其反的写作技巧来暴露她们平庸的资质：她们借用古人的名字，把多愁善感用在罗马修女和埃及公主身上，并且引用大量犹太主教和希腊哲学家的修辞论证。这种极度愚昧的小说最近有《亚多尼雅：犹太人驱逐史》（Adonijah, a Tale of the Jewish Dispersion，后简称《亚多尼雅》），这一系列的故事“结合了品味、幽默和合理的原则”。我们能在《亚多尼雅》一书中读到合理的原则，而在其他几本中读到品味和幽默。小说的封面上说，“此书将带你体会与众不同的阅读乐趣”，而且前言这样写道：“如果你对被驱逐的以色列人和朱迪亚人感兴趣，本书会向你提供相关重大历史事件的信息并带来别样的阅读体验。”因为书中所谓的“重大历史事件”并未详细说明，所以有很多深奥的意义我们根本读不懂；然而要说被驱逐的以色列人和朱迪亚人这段历史，任何一个爱读书的女学生知道的都比这本小说中提供的信息要多。至于《亚多尼雅》中的爱情故事可以算是最无力的了，而我们假定它尚且具有一定的教育意义，一是因为小说的男主角是个犹太俘虏，女主角是个罗马修女，他俩以及他们的朋友在经过“促进犹太人改变信仰协会”最简单、最快速的感化之后都皈依了基督教；二是因为作者为了让小说看起来比较复古，并不用平实的语言来写，而是采用了夸张的书面语言，例如“尼禄大帝毋庸置疑拥有天下最杰出的头脑”、“这一贵族气数将尽”、“他忠贞不渝的床笫伴侣”、“啊！对维斯塔灶神起誓！”“罗马人，尔等听着！”等等。本册书的封面上有众多名人推荐和介绍，有一句来自辛克莱小姐：“理性、智慧、虔诚的人都会坦坦荡荡地选择读这本充满想象力的小说”，据此读者可以愉快地推理，无论是多贝尼医生、米勒先生还是莫里斯先生，都是公开地阅读《亚多尼雅》，而不是将其偷偷藏在沙发垫子底下或者在桌子下断断续续地阅读。

俗语说：“若是黄油做的脑袋，就别去当面包师。”变通一下也可以

说，如果没有准备好接受后果，女士们就不要投身于写作事业。我们意识到，我们的评论与别的评论者的语气完全不同。评论者的情感常年循环，完全相似，就像护士对待产妇的重复性工作那样，向每一位女性作家的作品“欣然致敬”。我们同样也意识到，我们所批评的那些女作家已经习惯了别人对她们的夸奖：小说的措辞十分考究，描写的生活十分生动，人物性格刻画突出，风格令人着迷，而且人物的精神高尚等等。但是如果她们怨恨我们正直的言论，我们则建议这些女作家应该好好审视一下那些虚有其表的赞词和无关痛痒的批评，给出这些赞词的评论家认为她们的作品在不久的将来就会成为经典。一位女性一旦展现出她的天赋或是影响力，那么她就应当接受适度的赞扬和严厉的批评。若是用一支温度计来度量女性的才华，那么，如果这位女作家的才华本身为零，媒体夸奖她作品的热度则可能达到沸点；若是她的才华算得上平庸，外界的称赞则能达到酷暑的温度；倘若她才华横溢，外界的评论热情却会降到冰点。哈丽雅特·马蒂诺、柯勒·贝尔以及加斯克尔夫人若是男人，那么她们定会得到骑士般的待遇。如果哪个评论家对女作家的评论很高，那么从原则上来说，他一定得是个中立者，并且不对文学女性的作品有特殊偏好。因为评论女性文学很难做到公平公正，评论者面临的最大问题在于往往忽略了书中所缺乏的智力因素，例如看到女作家的耐心勤奋和对作品的责任心，并且欣赏作者的写作技艺时，就会因主观原因提升了对作品的评价。在女性大部分的著作中，由于缺乏高标准的约束而存在着大量愚昧的拼接或是拙劣的模仿，其实一丁点的自我批评就能使其原形毕露；但是，就好像听歌的人若不能正确给出评价，唱歌的人就会跑调一样；倘若听歌的人有那么一些音乐细胞，就会让唱歌的人闭上嘴。单纯地想让文字变成出版物的虚荣心似乎鼓舞了很多女性，她们错误地认为只要会写作就好像高人一等了，可是写出来的作品却充满智力和道德的退化，毫无用处，她们就是没有这一点自知之明。在这样的前提下，我们认为女性的平均智力被大部分女性文学作品所代表了，而且这种代表有失公平；极少数写作水平很高的女作家则远远超出普通水

平，当然，还有多数女作家的写作能力远远低于平均水平。因此，严厉的书评肩负着一项十分具有骑士精神的任务，即剥夺女性作者的虚假威望，制止她们具有迷惑性的吸引力，并且劝阻那些资质平庸的女性就不要写小说了——这是她们作为女性对文坛能做的唯一贡献。

女性不经任何特殊资格证明就成为作家，其根源在于社会上的其他职业长期将女性拒之门外。看来，社会真是个十恶不赦的存在，小到有毒的咸菜，大到糟糕的文学，社会都应当对这些有害身体的物品负责。然而，社会，就像“物质”、女王陛下的政府或者其他崇高的抽象概念一样褒贬参半。如果有一个女性是为了生计而写作，那么必定有三个女性是为了名利而写作；是否为生计工作这一事实很好辨认，然而那些最没用、最蹩脚的女性文学明显不是迫于生计而产生的。虽然俗语说“一切劳动必有收益”，但是我们认为女性作家的这些蠢故事只能算作是瞎忙活。

幸运的是，我们并不需要去论证、去证明在小说这个领域，女性就不如男性。我们可以列出一长串的女性小说家名字，无论是已故的还是健在的，她们的小说不仅仅写得还行，有的还写得非常好，比起男性小说的阳刚之气，这些女性小说有着宝贵的特性。即使没有受到完整的教育，女性仍然不会被挡在写小说的门外，而其他艺术形式则没有如此简单的入门原则。就好像水晶石可以在任何形态下呈现美丽，而我们只需要在写小说时加入诚恳的观察、幽默以及热情，就能成就好小说。可是，正是因为写小说的门槛太低，才使得很多能力不够的女性也加入了写作的队伍。正如女性的琴技很难骗人，在弹琴的技巧上，只要战胜几处实际的难点，弹奏中的缺点是必然可以克服的。在一定程度上，任何一种讲求绝对技巧的艺术，都会自动抵制能力不足引发的愚蠢行为。然而，在小说写作中，即使你能力不够，也没有什么外在的条件来约束你，也不会阻碍你把愚昧的能力当作写作天赋。于是我们一次又一次地见证了拉封丹的故事：他将鼻孔对准长笛，发现竟然奏出了声音，于是

他激动地大叫："我！我能吹笛子了！"最后，我们把这个寓言故事谨献给那些想加入"写蠢故事的女作家"行列的女性读者，还是好自为之吧。

法国女作家：萨布莱夫人[25]

1847年，一位名叫康特·利奥波德·菲力的人在帕多瓦[26]去世，留下了一间私人图书馆，其藏书涵盖了世界各国女性作家的作品，多达三万二千多册。我们并不需要像《唐·吉诃德》（Don Quixote）中的牧师那样，在判断这些书籍孰轻孰重时将它们扔到火中检验，我们很清晰地认为，最需要解救和关注的应当数法国女作家的作品。女性文学中品质上乘的小说可谓凤毛麟角，而品质一般的作品如果由男性作者来写则会更优秀；当模仿还不太拙劣时，她们只不过是夸大了男性写作风格，像一个身着男性服装的差劲女演员，大摇大摆地踱着步。女作家的这些作品勉强还算得上是文学，就好像学术获奖诗作也算作诗一样。很少有英语类女性作家能像理查德森·C.女士那样写作。科学没有性别之分：不论男女，只要他们有认知和推理能力，并且进行正确的探索，那么最终都会经历相同的过程，达到相同的结果。而现在我们可以确定，说文学作品没有性别之分是极大的错误。艺术和文学蕴含着整个生命活动，关系着自然界中的每个细节，任何个体进行的独特修正都会对其产生影响，而女性对于文学与艺术作出的贡献是无与伦比的。对于任何一种可能存在的社会场景，女性必然会有其自身的感受和情绪——这种母性的情感，男性是无从得知的；另外，女性相对来说体力较弱，这一事实很难被改变，女性的这种独特体质必然会产生不同于男性的奇妙感情和情愫，继而引发与众不同的想法与灵感。男女之间的心理差异源自不同的性别，这种差异并不会随着女性智力和道德本性的完全发展而消失。事实上，不论是晨曦的微光还是露水的清香，不管是正午阳光的强度还是亮度，只要它们带给男女不同的感受，那么这种差异就是产生多样性和美好作品的永恒源泉。从17世纪初到18世纪末，那些令人身心愉悦的法国女人为法国的政治和文学史书写了最精彩的几笔，这些女性角色往往

富有开拓精神，丝毫不畏惧犯错和付出。她们并没有想过为自己创造一番事业，也根本没想过要成为公众人物；她们只不过是给情人、朋友写信，写日记记录自己每天的生活，描写自己认识的人的爱情故事，描述发生在自己眼前的各种悲喜剧。她们精致有涵养，优雅且诙谐，她们审慎明智，兢兢业业地记录所见所闻、所感所想；她们写作的目的并不是要证明女性和男性一样能够写作，她们也并不想去影响男性的观点或者说解放女性。有人说，至少对于17世纪的女性来说，写作就是她们在记录多彩生活过程中的美丽意外，就像玫瑰花的花瓣随风摇摆，自然而然地散发出了淡淡的芬芳。所以，也只有在法国，女性对文学进步的影响是至关重要的；只有在法国，女性的思想和语言如同电流般清晰确切，不像在其他国家那样沉重且模糊不清；只有在法国，如果没有了女性的文学作品，那么法国的历史将出现断层。

爱国主义者可能又要开始叫嚣了，他们认为英国女作家如果愿意，也能把小说写得像法国女性那样好。但这个问题我们还是留给文学评论者去评说吧。毋庸置疑的是，在女性文学作品的各种类别中，法国女性取得的成就是最高的。我们承认，意大利的女性作家大多被冠以教授权威，她们熟识民法和教会法，但她们的作品令人望而生畏，我们并不熟悉；当然还有很多其他地下女性文学根本没有纳入探讨范围，可是我们确信它们根本不能和市面上的作品匹敌，因此，我们认为有关女性文学之间的较量只存在于英国和法国之间。直到今天，塞维涅夫人依旧是在充满男性成功典范的文学世界中至高无上的女性代表；达钦夫人（Madame Dacier）[27]仍旧是学者界的女王，虽然她不听劝告地学了那么多希腊语；当我们要列举出一位机智非凡的女性时，斯塔尔夫人必定是最先被想到的一位；罗兰夫人深受爱戴，她那充满智慧和严肃的史诗也无人能敌；乔治·桑更是一位无可媲美的女作家，就像让·雅克的评语那样，她对外界的感知十分深刻，能够将人物性格的刻画和悲剧式的浓烈激情融合得恰到好处；这些伟大的名字是法国各个时代的里程碑，她们像高高的松树一样耸立在并不那么引人注目却依旧风采不减的女性作

家之林中。另外，在这片树林里，还分布着大量的山楂树、野蔷薇和忍冬，这些女性为人所知的缘由并非她们自己创作的作品，而是她们激发男性创作出的作品。她们发挥自己的聪明才智和个人魅力开辟了文化沙龙这一全新形式；在那里，文学、哲学还有科学得以从陈旧迂腐的束缚中解放出来，进入到一个更加明媚通透的发展阶段。

那么，是什么原因促使了法国文学的早期发展以及女性才华的充分展现呢？最基本的原因可能要追溯到法国种族的生理特征上——他们脑子小，秉性活泼、有生气，这就让本性脆弱的女性具备了创造性才思的最高级原料；而英国人和德国人的大脑相对较大，性情缓慢，女性常常爱空想并且态度消极。后者的情感可能更广泛复杂，所以需要更多的条件才能产生出一个完美的标准。纵观动物世界，机能越高的群体，越容易背离标准；我们不常看到进化并不完美的昆虫，但很少看到完美匀称的人类。因此，如果一个女性具有一颗优秀的法国头脑，那么她就不会同时达到日耳曼人的标准。我的这一理论可以由我们自己国家的女性来证实，英国的文学女性通常热情奔放但不复杂，倾向于法国人的特征，而不是日耳曼人类型。另外，那些脑容量大的女性会不停地吸收更多的知识，她的自身条件已经决定了她缺乏对突发情况的应对能力；就好像压力不够集中就不能形成钻石一样，她的脑海中虽然漂浮着各种伟大的思想和念头，却不善于将这些思想固化，即捕捉到这些想法并用语言表述出来。我们认为，比起外部环境等种种因素，这才是造成女性很少在艺术领域开拓创新、在科学领域有所发现、在哲学领域作出深度探索的原因。她们不具备哲学思考所必需的自身条件。然而在充满光明的未来，我们相信这些条条框框将会随着妇女机能的完善得以打破，上述原因也将被推翻。但是就目前来看，我们的这一理论的确为法国女性智力较高提供了生理学基础。

第二个原因则是人们在观念上和实践上对婚姻的散漫态度。但愿我们不要去为法国人的道德观辩论，这一辩论大部分都会是关于婚姻的！

但是不可否认，婚姻是随着双方思想和情感的成熟而产生，最后因内心的契合和相互吸引而定下来的，这种联合使得女性给男性带来了更多智力上的支持，并且增加了女性在政治事件中的参与度。对于文化程度高的人来说，他们毫无疑问偏爱稳定且安全的婚姻关系，因为这是他们生活最高品质的表现，但他们缺乏激情。激情是一种神奇的东西，它能唤醒人内心的动力——将懒惰转化为行动，将漠不关心转变成热血沸腾，将模棱两可变得清晰简单，并帮助人们得到最心爱的东西。殷勤和私情虽然本身可鄙，但是相对于刺绣和家务事，却足以激起女性还在沉睡的才华，尤其是在17世纪法国的上流社会，女性受到西班牙骑士精神的熏陶，同时又受到意大利刻薄习俗的约束，这些爱异想天开的少女们在为人妻为人母之后被现实惊醒，她们抛弃了自己幻想出来的幻象，学会爱那个在政治舞台的仇恨和竞争中挣扎着的真真切切的男人；她要拥护他的言论，将自己的财富和影响力都化作他野心的垫脚石；她曾经认定自己就是一支“即将凋谢的玫瑰”，而此刻她决定要改变，这一次，她想成为女主角。女性对于婚姻的鲜明兴趣必定会明显提高她们的智力水平，并督促她们付诸实践；但是与爱情相伴的产物——心痛和悔恨——也同样加深和丰富了她们的本性，她们鼓励自己要克服这些困难，并且继续活下去。我们可以想象，没有哪个明智的人想要回到17世纪的法国社会，除非他认为女性的理想人生应该是十五岁结婚，从二十岁到三十八岁接受男性的殷勤，然后在忏悔和虔诚中度过余生。话虽如此，但这种曾经存在过的社会状态也有其好的结果，就像十字军东征也有积极的影响一样。

当然，法国女性文学发展最无可争议的来源应当是沙龙的影响。全世界都知道，沙龙是一个允许女性与男性智力激荡的地方。在那里，人们谈论的话题从社会现象到笛卡尔的哲学，可谓包罗万象。黎塞留[28]在沙龙里树立了一种将文学品味与社会的文雅习惯和对野心的追求融为一体的风尚。在17世纪前期，巴黎已经出现了大大小小的旅馆，这些旅馆分散在巴黎的大街小巷，或与法院毗邻，或紧挨着贵族和资产阶级矛

盾频发的地点；在当时，这种旅馆是各行各业的人交流思想、展示才华的固定场所。在众多旅馆中，洪布耶府邸是最出名的一间，它在1630年达到鼎盛，直到1648年法国兴起投石党运动[29]才逐渐没落，因为出入洪布耶府邸的常客被怀疑有政治目的而遭到迫害。这间沙龙的首席领袖是洪布耶侯爵夫人[30]，她是一个能把各种不协调元素融合在一起的典范；她美貌，却不卖弄风骚；她才华横溢，极其崇尚有才华的人，自己却从不炫耀学问；她谈吐举止精致优雅，而且待人温和，慷慨大方；她不会拿自己的作品愉悦客人，也不会用自己的广博知识让客人叹服。她曾打算学习拉丁语，后来因为一场大病停止了。在一个缺少本国文学经典的时代，或许只读意大利和西班牙作品更好，因为这些作品是不懂拉丁语的文化人最好的精神食粮。洪布耶夫人温和可人的性格正是融合了西班牙高尚的骑士精神和意大利尖刻的智慧以及精妙的讽刺，并且由此诞生了一种新的艺术风格——极端热烈的感情和极其简练的语言。女性十分适合这种风格，原因如下：首先，她们时常把爱情、感情、想象力混合在一起，并且细化成情绪；其次，她们担心简单困苦或者单调的生活会使得智力负荷过重，于是对轻松空灵的表达产生本能的偏爱，这让她们抛弃冗长啰唆的叙事方式，并且抵制各种长篇大论。在谈话交流中，独具女子气概的特征和装点着黎塞留、高乃依、康德、巴尔扎克和鲍修埃的观点相碰撞时，所产生的结果毋庸置疑是辛辣活泼并且令人着迷的。然而，来光顾洪布耶府邸的著名人士，他们的第一要务并不是和女士们闲聊调情，继而转战酒店角落里讨论自己真正感兴趣的话题，他们更愿意在聪明伶俐有修养的女士面前侃侃而谈，展现自己成熟的观点。当然，他们的谈话不仅限于文学，还包括散发着文雅和睿智的所有话题——战争、政治、宗教，以及日常生活的点滴。另外，洪布耶夫人的府邸并不光是文学者的聚集地，除了作家，还有企业家和军人。在这样一个圈子里，女性自然不会沦为卖弄学问的学者或是不切实际的说教者，她们对世界和人性并不无知，对人对事有着独特的洞察力和深刻的见解。如此，也并不难理解这样一种现象：在巴黎以及其他省份，出现

了大批模仿沙龙聚会却并不成功的人，他们将简洁扭曲成矫揉造作，把高贵的情感夸张地理解成超越自然，因此这种高雅派（Précieux）遭到了大量批评和嘲讽，尤其是《可笑的女才子》（Précieuses ridicules）和《女学究》（Les Femmes savantes）[31]这两本书的出版，把该讽刺风潮推到了顶点。这两本书分别出版于1660年和1673年，书中的马德隆和卡多丝作为斯卡莉小姐的直系后裔，就像洪布耶府邸的女主人一样举办沙龙。每周六，聚集在她们沙龙上的团体都是精通文学的学者，偶尔会有几个贵族来拜访，他们满口资产阶级的典雅，醉心于各种情歌、十四行诗，咬文嚼字、玩弄尾韵；他们把装腔作势渗透进优雅的谈吐中，而这种矫揉造作是违背高雅派的初衷的。其实，看到比自己高的阶级但又不甘心屈居其下时才会产生这种可笑的东施效颦。

另外一处影响较大的女性文学出现在卢森堡宫，多奥里昂小姐因为参与了投石党活动而在宫廷里不受待见，于是她自己举办聚会，让自己沉浸在生机勃勃的精神和文学世界中。在一个明媚的早晨，这位公主又邀请来了她聚会的常客，包括塞维涅夫人、拉斐特夫人以及拉罗什福科[32]，她提议让这些朋友们来个自我描述，带头要求大家能坦白地说出自己的缺点和优点。多亏了公主的这个点子，让平常没有机会或者是不够勇敢为自己写点儿什么的作家找到了契机。

“这就是多奥里昂小姐和她的朋友们在1657年和1658年的娱乐消遣方式，”库辛先生说，“这种消遣却渐渐演变成了一种文学形式。1659年，赛格雷改进了这种自述，增加了大篇幅的散文体甚至是诗歌体描述，并集结成册，取名叫《名人群像》（Divers Portraits），并且以漂亮的四开本出版，印刷极其精美，流传至今的已经十分稀有。多奥里昂小姐当时只印刷了三十本，并不用于出售，而只是当作礼物送给她们。这一作品取得了意想不到的成功，并且满足了斯卡莉小姐窥探别人生活的私欲——她不仅很高兴看到自己的自传被写得如此完美，也满足了对别人传记的好奇。中产阶级总是十分关注并且想要了解贵族圈子都

发生了些什么（在那个年代，了解他人生活的途径是很有限的），而那些平常如雷贯耳的名人们也第一次如此详尽地被描述并且全方位地展现在人们面前，这些贵妇人转瞬变成了作家，并且在不知不觉中创造了一种新的写作方式，不需要其他任何书籍的说教，而是对贵族生活最自然的讲述。这种无法给出名字的写作方式融合了自然、朴素、宜人和卓越等特色，一经面世就吸引了整个宫廷和整座小城的眼球；早在1659年，就有书商请求多奥里昂小姐出版这本书的大众版。”

这种人物描写的风潮席卷了整个法国，直到1688年拉布吕耶尔的《品格论》（Characters）出版，他在人物描写中加入了对人物性格的刻画，使之上升到了一个新的高度。现在看来，拉布吕耶尔的作品固然伟大，但仍旧是受到一个女人的启发（多奥里昂小姐的《名人群像》）才写出来的；可见，多奥里昂小姐的沙龙虽然比不上洪布耶夫人的府邸，其影响力也不容小觑。

随着一个国家的文学日渐丰富、文化逐渐分散，相应的，个人力量在创造新的文学形式以及在社会进步中的影响就会变小。不再是圈内人影响文学的发展趋势，而变成文学来影响圈内人；代表“大众”的圈子在前所未有地扩大，取得更大成就的野心在膨胀，沙龙也渐渐退出了历史舞台。曾经长篇大论的谈话都变成写作素材或“文章”，目的不是为了交流，而是保持原创性。随着老式的公路被铁路所代替，新闻界开始将传播的方式从对话转变为报刊，就算读者的范围会因此受到限制，也比“大众”这种根本不明确的抽象概念好。人们开始通过写作来表述自己的观点，而不只是靠谈话。我们（女性）开始在茶几上偷偷翻看《阿西娜神庙》（Athenaeum），在社交晚会上看《哲学日报》（Philosophical Journal）并且做笔记，我们邀请朋友，赠送给他们书籍；我们十分期盼看到“女士”表达她们自己观点的独家报道，相信有一天轻轻松松就能“挺进”《泰晤士报》（Times）。实际上，现在人们的交流方式越来越有限，这一趋势让人们开始担忧面对面的对话将越来越少，唯恐电报

的进一步发展会让我们陷入一个无声的世界，或者担心会在昆虫的启示下，开始使用自己发明出来的天线进行沟通。在上个世纪，科技还远远没有达到这个程度；即便文学和社会已经超出了旧圈子的发展，即便那时有很多模仿洪布耶夫人府邸的沙龙，它们也仅仅局限于娱乐消遣，并不构成一种影响力。但毫无疑问的是，那时候的夜晚美好得令人嫉妒，如果时光能够倒流到那个时代，我们会很难抉择，到底是和达兰贝尔、德斯皮纳斯小姐、格林姆一起奔赴乔佛弘夫人的晚宴，还是去三十年后的严肃社团与孔多赛和他年轻美丽的妻子相见。沙龙仍然有它的吸引力，但是它的鼎盛时期已经一去不返：历史的河流越来越宽，越来越深，不是这条小溪所能撼动的。

17世纪和18世纪的法国女人各有千秋，不分伯仲，不过在这一问题上很容易出现不同的派别。前者大多对自己高尚的情操自视甚高，却对自己的才情少有自知之明，甚至比卢梭的噩梦——作家德毕内夫人还不自知。18世纪法国女人的观点更加丰富多彩——并非因为她们有多少独创性，而是指她们比17世纪的女性多了整整一个世纪的素材用来学习和加工。17世纪的女性，当她们的爱情逝去，她们只是温和地默默奉献，而英国女性则拿起笔杆开始写作，绝不妥协；18世纪的女性，当鲍修埃[33]和马西隆让位于伏尔泰和卢梭时，当她们的年轻和美貌都逐渐消逝时，只好将筹码放在自己的道德力量上。

库辛尤其迷恋17世纪的法国女作家。他甚至挤出自己研究哲学的宝贵时间来研读描写她们生活的原始文献。去年，库辛用一卷书的内容向我们展示了他对德·隆格维尔公爵夫人[34]青年时期的研究成果，接下来，他将继续用一卷的篇幅，通过描写公爵夫人与其好朋友萨布莱夫人的关系，来详述公爵夫人的职业生涯。他将要用到的手稿和文献主要来自两位名人：一位是来自法兰西学院的第一秘书康尔特，他是被同辈人视为奇葩却被后辈奉为珍宝的人；另外的手稿则来自瓦兰特，他曾经是一名内科医生，也是萨布莱夫人的秘书兼管家，他在萨布莱夫人晚年

时，经允许私藏了大量别人写给萨布莱夫人的信件，以及萨布莱夫人回复给他们的谈论个人或者文学的信件。从这些手稿中，库辛挑选了许多之前并未经过编辑的文件。虽然他的作品经常给读者留下欲言又止、留有悬念的感觉，但是这次他写的介绍萨布莱夫人的新书却很吸引我们，即便书中的故事相当分散，而且包含很多以小号字体标注的解释附录；不过萨布莱夫人的事迹足以让我们连续看完三百多页还保持兴趣。库辛恰如其分地这样描述萨布莱夫人的性格，“（她是）一个充满幸福的混合体，理智、机敏、愉悦且善良”，而且，很少有女性像她那样对所有事物都怀有同情心；她是以整个人格而不是某一特殊品质在影响着我们；她的人格并不耀眼夺目，却像是多种颜色和谐地混合在一起，令人赏心悦目，即便是每天都能看见，也不觉得疲累，就像让眼睛得到了休息。萨布莱夫人是对法国文学有着重大影响的杰出人物之一，因此，她本来就值得被研究。如果读者跟我们想法相同，那么库辛可能会像我们一样，倾向于继续研究萨布莱夫人的生活和性格。

玛德琳·德·苏威尔的父亲古登瓦侯爵是著名的贵族，被路易十三选中为官员。玛德琳生于1599年，在17世纪中期算是一位杰出的天才。她的才华不仅体现在她的头脑，也体现在她的人生经历上。1635年，苏威尔的一位更加出名的朋友波旁小姐，即隆格维尔公爵夫人，第一次出现在洪布耶夫人的府邸，而那时的萨布莱夫人已经经历了女人年轻貌美的时期而进入熟女阶段。萨布莱夫人于1614年嫁给了博伊斯—杜芬的庄园主，萨布莱侯爵菲利普·伊曼纽尔·德·拉瓦尔—蒙莫朗西，除了他在1640年去世，人们对他一无所知，给她留下了四个孩子，同时留下的财富根本不够家用。我们有很多证据可以证明萨布莱夫人不仅有聪明的头脑，还有美丽的外貌和极高的地位，因此我们有十足的理由相信她年轻时期是非常风光的。关于她的美貌，向来严肃冷静的莫特维尔夫人都不惜言辞这样描述她：“光彩照人且真实自然，毫无矫揉造作之感”，并且在以下段落中活灵活现地展现了萨布莱夫人的性格特征：

萨布莱侯爵夫人的美貌甚至可以媲美英国的女王。但是如果她和蔼可亲，那就更好了；这位年轻女士的自恋使得她对男士的眼光十分敏感。那时在法国还保留着凯瑟琳·德·梅第奇从意大利引进的礼节，从马德里引进的新式戏剧、散文和诗歌，所有这些无一不精致且高雅，她（萨布莱夫人）对西班牙人从摩尔人处学到的殷勤十分赞赏。

别人告诉她，男人对女人展现柔情的时候从来不会犯错——为了取悦女性，男性一般都会表现出最好的一面——例如唤醒自己的才华，激发出文采，展现各种美德；但是，另一方面，女性作为世界上不可或缺的装饰品，生来就是被服侍和宠爱的，她们其实只是在乎男性对她们的尊重和关心。我们这位女士以她的智慧和美貌证明了这一点，她在她的时代塑造了权威，而关注她的人越来越多，并且延续到现在，西班牙人管这叫“微妙之处”（finezas）。

这就是最初版本的高雅派淑女的基础元素，莫特维尔夫人曾详细描绘了萨布莱夫人的一位狂热爱慕者——极其有学问的蒙莫朗西公爵。一开始，萨布莱夫人对他的殷勤也有所回应，但是当她发现（具体时间不详）蒙莫朗西公爵对女王暗送秋波之后，她就立刻和公爵分手了。莫特维尔夫人说：“我听她说，她对蒙莫朗西公爵十分高傲，自从蒙莫朗西公爵第一次表现出对她的变心之后，她就决定再也不和他见面，因为她不能忍受和最伟大的公主殿下分享他的爱慕。”塔利门特·德卢克斯的证言虽然不是百分之百可信，但仍旧能证明萨布莱夫人除此之外没有别的风流韵事，当然这一假设也有可能被轻易打破，因为萨布莱夫人有那么多特殊的友谊。和萨布莱夫人关系最好的是她早年间的朋友多娜·德阿蒂琪，然后是摩尔女伯爵，这些友谊陪伴着她度过了无忧无虑的青年时期和充满浪漫爱情的中年时期，直到她1663年离开人世。她友谊中的超验主义思想颇具特色，有个小插曲使得她所有感情都带有超验色彩，这一点值得用大量篇幅详细阐述。一次，德阿蒂琪小姐不满黎塞留对待她亲友的态度，于是怀着悲痛和忧伤离开了巴黎，准备去投奔她的好友萨

布莱，而就在此时她偶然发现萨布莱夫人在给洪布耶夫人的信中说自己最大的幸福就是和洪布耶一起相处，其次是和蒙托西耶。她这才意识到，原来她在萨布莱夫人心中并不是最好的朋友，这对于德阿蒂琪来说简直就是塞纳河友谊（lèse-amitié）之罪，再多的解释都不能安抚她。萨布莱的那些文字对她来说是一种冒犯，她不能接受，甚至不能自欺欺人说这种沙龙式语言只不过是萨布莱一时的“胡言乱语”而已。德阿蒂琪放弃了这次行程，并且给萨布莱写了封信。当萨布莱夫人决定销毁自己年轻时期的文献时，唯一选择保留了德阿蒂琪的这一封信，信的内容如下：

“虽然你说那封信都是胡言乱语，但我还是看了信的内容，而且并不觉得你在胡言乱语。相反，你的表达再清晰不过了，你想对洪布耶夫人说的话一清二楚，你说，‘如果我自己想要一段完美且幸福的生活，那么我只想和你洪布耶在一起’。你知道，我是最能信服她才华的人，但是这次，我不得不说你为了讨好她深深地伤害了我们俩之间的友谊。姑且相信你只是为了给她一个令人愉快的赞美，所以才那样写；我不敢相信你的殷勤会背叛你真实的内心，尤其是在这件事情上；我想你更应该掩藏你对洪布耶夫人的这些感情，因为我对你的感情众所周知，尤其是洪布耶。所以我怀疑你如此给她写信，她看到的可能并不是你有多么迷恋她，而是你如何地伤害了我。你的那封信阴差阳错地被我看见，真是应了贝尔托的这句话：

‘无知是一件不幸的事情，

而更加不幸的则是无知还被人知道。’

因为那封信，我对自己的生活支柱丧失了信任，我根本不用再考虑去投奔你。我觉得自己在这样的季节颠簸六十多英里来找你实在是太不合时宜了，因为我是那么地不配你，这么多年来我的真情没有得到你应有的回应，你此生最大的快乐竟然是不要和我在一起。所以我独自一人

离开了，我要好好反省，并且消化那些给我带来如此多不愉快的缺点，如若我还没有改正好这些缺点，我见到你只会更困惑，而不会高兴。”

能和如此多愁善感的德阿蒂琪小姐成为朋友，足以证明萨布莱夫人的魅力所在。不过，萨布莱夫人还有很多热情的朋友，例如隆格维尔夫人等等。当然，她有时也会怀疑别人对她的情感，所以只会被动地等待感情的积累，而不会去积极经营。我们能从隆格维尔夫人的言论中找到很多蛛丝马迹，萨布莱夫人一会儿和朋友们隔离，一会儿又在纠结自己的信写得是否完美。下面引用一段能够反映出萨布莱夫人矛盾特质的文字，爱人或朋友都能从中获取些实用经验：

“如果我关心你、在乎你，那么我非常害怕自己知道什么时候能见到你之后，将很长时间不再有那种相见时的快乐，那种快乐是你我做什么都买不到的，因为我发现，每次我们的友谊出现问题，在你没有彻底恢复之时，我的解释只会徒增烦恼，所以我害怕解释。就算解释本身是好的，是出于给人们带来安慰，是为了缓和气氛，但遗憾的是，不得不承认，解释的起因都是不好的，而且若是解释得不合时宜，有时会让两人更加生气，让双方的交流更加不畅。我是从你的举止行为了解这些道理的，所以我觉得，我应该写信问你，今天是否想跟我和好。”

圣佩韦[35]曾描述内克尔夫人有一个缺点，那就是太完美了，显然，萨布莱夫人远远没有这一缺陷，我们能够看到她外表及内心的优美之处恰好是她的不完美，她有对缺点的感知力。隆格维尔夫人在信中谈到这一点，让我们见识了萨布莱在四十不惑的年龄时魅力依旧，她这样写道：“我确信，你是我在这世界上最想要见到的人，我们之间的沟通那样真实可靠，没有人可以替代你。岁月变迁，时光流逝，我对你的喜欢依旧没变；我要感谢上帝赐予我的欢乐，虽然他让我很多的朋友都流失了，但我还是会全心全意地感谢上帝让你一直在我身边。”

既然我们谈到了萨布莱夫人的缺点，那就不得不听听她的朋友们对

她的评价——她极端关注自己的健康，特别害怕传染病，甚至怕那种并不会传染的病。或许她的这种忧虑不仅是身体上的，也是美学上的；她对疾病深恶痛绝，不愿让自己的身心受到折磨。她觉得若是感染风寒抑或是肠胃绞痛，那么必定会影响她谈论文艺，势必会影响到她成为“世间的装饰品”，并且不再“受人爱戴”。即便是坚固的友谊也没能让她克服对传染病的恐惧。当波旁小姐成为隆格维尔公爵夫人后染上了天花，洪布耶夫人常常去照看她，萨布莱夫人不仅不敢去探望病人，而且连洪布耶也不敢见了。洪布耶知道这件事后给她写了封信，那个年代的才女们对于处理类似的情况十分熟练，信中都是饱含技术含量的揶揄调侃，我们在此略引用一段：

洪布耶小姐致萨布莱侯爵夫人

要是让沙莱小姐（萨布莱夫人的女性伴侣）来朗读这封信，她一定感同身受。

夫人：

我认为最近来见你是不太可能的事，因为我听说你在见我之前和之后，要花很长的时间斟酌，还要咨询很多医生，需要克服极大的心理恐惧，这些时间足够我出去散散步了。所以，我会选择在离开康德旅馆（隆格维尔公爵夫人生病下榻的地方）三天之后再来拜访你，而且会选择寒冷的一天，我保证会与你隔一个座位坐，并且保持至少四步的距离。你可以在你的卧室里生火取暖，在房间四角燃放杜松，在你身边摆放芸香和苦艾，并且用皇室的熏醋消毒，只要你不要让我剪掉我的头发。如果上述这些条件让你觉得有安全感，我发誓我会立即去执行；如果你对这些条件还有所顾虑，那么我告诉你吧，肖德伯尼先生在探访过德·波旁夫人之后，女王还同意接见他呢；德艾吉永夫人在传染病这些问题上也很讲究，但是她并没有因为我而对此心怀顾虑，她甚至放话，如果我不去见她，她就会主动来找我。

萨布莱夫人面对这样的揶揄显然有些退缩，这在她的回复中有所体现；基于隆格维尔夫人已经康复的事实，她起草了一份十分严肃但礼貌的回复，并且激起了她克服恐惧心理去拜访隆格维尔的勇气。洪布耶夫人后来通过她俩的共同朋友伏尔蒂得知，她的讽刺力度过猛以致于自找麻烦，还得绞尽脑汁给萨布莱一个极具安抚性却又彰显自己尊严的道歉。萨布莱夫人害怕疾病的这种怪癖随着年龄的增长而愈发强烈，因此在十五年之后，我们看到德奥里昂夫人在她的《帕夫拉戈尼亚公主》（Princesse de Paphlagonia）中描绘了如下有趣的场面——该书描写了发生在宫殿中的喧嚣的爱情故事——或者在一定程度上说是一出讽刺剧，讽刺了萨布莱夫人严重的恐病症以及同样具有这个怪癖的她的朋友摩尔伯爵夫人（也就是影射德阿蒂琪小姐）。在这本书中，萨布莱和德阿蒂琪分别化身帕尔泰尼公主和蕾娜·德·米奥尼，出现在读者面前。

“一天中的每时每刻她俩都在一起讨论如何避免死亡、如何长生不老这件事。她们谈话的地点不同于常人，她们总是担心所呼吸的空气太冷或者太热，担心风太干燥或是太湿润——总之，她们总是夸大天气的因素，认为那不利于自己保持健康，于是便待在各自房间里飞信传书。如果这些手稿有幸能被找到，那么都足够出版成一本文集了。我得知她们会为如何养生制定规则，并且适时地服用些预防药剂，但是，这些药剂是用希波克拉底[36]和伽林都没听过的医术炼制而成的。这本文集若要问世，定会惠及大众，给巴黎和蒙彼利埃的相关医疗机构带来暴利；若这些信件曝光，将会因此产生很多优势，因为即便是公主殿下也知道没有什么是永垂不朽的，她们知道自己终有一死。读她们的书信，我们能感受到严谨文雅的风格，以及谈论各种话题时显露出来的优雅气质。她们用各种技巧从自己的伙伴那里了解世界各国发生的事情，几乎无所不知；她们在谈论勇气或者其他事情时，总能给出重要的意见；她们有时还帮忙调停争执和纠纷，有时给朋友们带来惊喜，她们的朋友们总能因她们而获益——总之，她们是那种知道世界上所有秘密的人。帕尔泰尼公主（也就是萨布莱夫人的化身）的味觉如同她的思想般敏锐，她的

手艺很少有人能够匹敌，她的每道菜都精致美味；另外，她的洁癖也达到了超乎想象的程度。在她们那个年代，人们才开始写作，在那之前，除了结婚契约是手写的外，书信这种东西连听也没听说过；所以我们真应该感谢她们推动了人类书信交流的进程。”

之后，在1669年，最顽固的波尔罗亚尔信徒[37]开始低调地向萨布莱夫人征税，原因是萨布莱夫人没有在香榭丽舍的波尔罗亚尔女修道院加入他们。我们看到萨布莱夫人给德·赛维尼先生这样写道：“除了放手离开，我没有其他更好的选择了。没有可以为我治疗的医生和医疗技术，这让我非常害怕。”

另外，我们可以看到，萨布莱夫人还十分热爱美食，这也是朋友们对她众多缺点中诟病最多的一个，尤其是当她结束了自己的宗教事业之后。她做甜点十分有一套，知道如何将甜品做得既精致又美味。她神经质的特征还表现在其他方面：她经常给朋友送可口的食物，并且和他们谈论餐桌文化，交流自己的心得和品味。隆格维尔夫人完全没有像萨布莱夫人那样的奢华味觉，她这样写道：“连上帝都知道，你做出来的东西完全没有什么滋味，更谈不上丰盛了。上帝呀，难道就没有什么可以吃的了吗，你知道的，这些都不合我胃口，这让我真的很不安。”但其他朋友则很感激萨布莱的好意。伏尔蒂感谢她送的甜瓜，并且赞扬它们比自己以前吃过的都好；乔伊喜夫人则希望约翰逊主义[38]的思想不要成为萨布莱继续给自己送沙拉的阻碍；拉·罗什富科写信给她：“如果你能给送信人尝尝你的橘子酱和美味的蜜饯那就太好了，我真心乞求你能给他这个机会。如果我能尝到你的两道新菜，我的一生都将感激涕零。”对于我们来说，那些崇尚精神生活的人喜欢将一种缺点转变成一种原则，并且对自己迟钝的味觉引以为荣，我们尽可能要和他们保持亲善，并且不把萨布莱夫人的甜点看作是一种缺点。库辛曾经这样说以表达歉意：

“人们对美味佳肴的过度迷恋以及对故作高雅的些许崇拜还比较容易理解。萨布莱夫人不可能像常人一样吃饭，因为对于高雅的淑女来说那是多么独树一帜的事。我们从莫特维尔夫人那里节选了一段有关萨布莱夫人年轻时在洪布耶夫人府邸的文字，她那时还是主张女性生来就是世界的装饰品，理应得到男性的爱慕和敬仰的。而值得爱慕的那些女性常常不在意物质追求，甚至在最质朴和原始的生活方式中依然坚持着卓越和纯粹的精神世界。民以食为天，但总是被忽略。萨布莱夫人依旧在饮食上坚持着她的洁癖。据她说，并不是每个女人都能在吃饭时泰然自若地面对自己的爱侣，仅仅是吃东西时的面部表情，就足以毁掉所有浪漫的气氛。大鱼大肉这种饭菜还是留给资本家去享受吧，讲究的女人们只用吃一点营养品维持体力就行，她们甚至还很享受吃少许点心、饮料里加冰块的饮食方式。财富并不能满足她们的生活，她们需要的是独特的才智和习惯。萨布莱夫人正是深谙这门艺术的女能人，她成功地将贵族气质、尊贵高雅、文学修养和美味都融入了自己的烹饪技术中。她的晚餐虽不奢华，却被众人追捧并且模仿。”

据此，我们认为萨布莱夫人十分享受味觉的满足，事实上也的确如此。她在波尔罗亚尔修道院的时候，已经年迈到丧失了敏锐味觉的程度，于是她写信给梅尔·艾格尼丝寻求安慰。艾格尼丝在早年就丧失了味觉，她用一种十分神圣和坚定的口吻回复了萨布莱：“我亲爱的姐妹，你已经尝遍美食，如果你把这种损失当作是向上帝的赎罪，那么损失也未尝不是一种收获。”斯卡龙[39]这样描述她：

“与木头或海豚不同，

女士们对自己的要求总是很多。”

这些语句似乎在说，萨布莱做的珍馐美味不仅源自她的个人习惯，还源自她的情感和智慧。

我们知道，一直以来，萨布莱夫人的生活都相当平静，直到1640年她的丈夫过世，留给她一笔财产需要打理。后来，她在勒内—德隆格伊找到了一位朋友，即麦松庄园主热内·德·隆盖帮助自己管理财务。而这位朋友却偷偷地出售她家的房地产，这导致后来1649年巴黎大封锁时，萨布莱不得不住到麦松家。其实，她对麦松的行为早就不满，在和他对簿公堂时，她凭借自己的信誉最终赢得了皇室的审判。除去这些金钱的纷争，最令萨布莱夫人痛心的是她失去了自己最疼爱的儿子——勇敢并且英俊的盖·德拉瓦尔。德拉瓦尔在孔代的竞选时表现突出，但在1646年的敦刻尔克围剿中被杀害，年仅二十四岁。他的人格魅力让他在军中赢得了很多赞誉，尤其是孔代亲王十分重用他，并且给他介绍了瑟桂尔大臣的女儿认识，为他开启了美好的未来。德拉瓦尔的离世可以算是萨布莱夫人生命当中最痛心疾首的事件。接踵而至的则是法国投石党暴乱，导致社会动乱，众叛亲离。一直倚仗古维尔权威的勒内特说，萨布莱夫人因为接受了两千克朗[40]的抚恤金，因此对皇室仍肩负着极大的义务；无论如何，她都始终坚持忠于女王和马萨林，尽可能和其他激烈的党派保持距离；她同时听从两方的部署和裁决，并且维系着两个阵营的朋友，扮演着调停者的角色。德摩尔伯爵虽然是最为顽固的投石党派，但德摩尔伯爵夫人和萨布莱却是一生相惜的朋友；另外，萨布莱夫人与投石党派中可爱且勇敢的女英雄隆格维尔夫人也保持着长久的书信联络。她通过让蒙特鸠家族和投石党的贾布列家族联姻而消减双方的仇恨，她极力撮合孔代亲王以及他的兄弟和马萨林的侄女联姻，并且让马萨林的三个侄女和投石党三位杰出贵族领袖联姻。虽然她的计划没有全部实现，但是她的中间人地位却让她保全了自己的友谊。当这场政治风暴完结之后，萨布莱夫人还是能在她的府邸、在波尔罗亚尔修道院像以前一样集结自己的朋友圈。虽然这时的萨布莱已经步入六十岁，但是她的思想和人格魅力却让她的追随者数量丝毫不逊色于年轻女性，正如她当时所宣扬的宗教理念那样，社会上对“拯救”的关注度变得紧迫起来，这一点都不令人惊讶。她虽然退休不研习宗教了，这意味着她的年龄见

长、薪水变少，但是她的个人生活依旧很舒适，并没有影响到她继续接待文人墨客。约翰逊主义开始在当时的天主教中流行，就像皮由兹运动在当今的英格兰本土宗教中流行一样——那是一种极其讲究形式和内容的信仰模式，普通老百姓不信那个，明眼人一看便知道这必定受到附庸风雅的高雅派的追捧。萨布莱夫人退休后去了波尔罗亚尔女修道院，并不是因为她已经相信约翰逊主义，而是想要去了解；她想和来自世界各地的朋友们交谈，她享受这种乐趣，于是她为自己在修道院旁边盖了一套公寓。这里的一切都令人舒心，公寓里住着她的管家兼秘书瓦兰特医生、她之前的女性伴侣以及现在的好友沙莱小姐、一位出色的厨师、几位随从，大部分时间里还有一辆四轮马车和一位车夫。正如库辛所写，萨布莱夫人平常和几位好友不用离家太远，就能远离尘世喧嚣，一方面保鲜着自己的友谊，一方面享受眼前的美好风景——“自由自在地忙于她的永福和健康”。

至此，我们只是单一地了解了萨布莱夫人在文学方面的特征和影响。但她远远不止我们了解的这样：她是贵族女性和杰出男性们值得信赖的珍贵朋友，她是法国社会中令人鼓舞的精神领袖，一种新的文学形式因她而产生；她不仅才华横溢，而且胸怀宽广，连帕斯卡[41]也愿意取悦她，阿尔诺在《论逻辑》（Logic）的前言中感谢她的意见，而对拉罗什福科说：“您知道我认为您对一些章节是不确信的，尤其是这些内心深处的。”瓦兰特秘书所收藏的那些手稿则说明了萨布莱夫人和大量不同阶层形形色色的人都保持着书信联络，萨布莱为了和他们联系一直笔耕不辍。男人把她当作寄托思想的港湾，女人则把她看作倾诉痛苦的知音；一旦她销声匿迹几天，她的朋友们一定会抓狂，就像是在追求心上人时那样心急如焚。隆格维尔夫人在她的耳边诉说自己的烦心事以及遭遇的困难，拉斐特夫人则向她倾诉自己的担忧，她生怕年轻的德圣保罗伯爵发现自己和拉罗什福科之间的亲密关系。[42]少数幸存下来的萨布莱夫人的书信显示了她极其擅长的洪布耶式书信体，其中一封是应帕斯卡的姐夫斐瑞尔先生所托，写给蒙托西耶夫人的，这封信展示了她

独特的品味和才华。但是我们更愿意引用她的另一封信，是写给拉特里穆耶公爵夫人的，这封信风格活泼轻快，含义深远，却又不像肥皂泡般一戳就破：

“我认为只有我自己可以面对跟自己如此对立的事，因为尽管您可能会不相信，但您确实是我最尊敬的人了。我深知这并不足以说服您，我不配拥有您的体谅和问候，我已经拖延了太长时间没有给您回信了，而且还必须要再等上十五天才能给您回信表示敬意。事实上，女士，我除此之外对于其他的事都更负有责任。我确实特别喜欢做这样一个人：着手干一件非常艰难但可以证明自我的事。但是，从骨子里，我又觉得自己是如此地无辜，就好像您在千里之外能够感觉到我是如此地尊敬您、崇拜您、爱您一样似的，尽管我没有对您说过一句这样的话。这就给了我直到那时才给您回信的勇气，但是这不会妨碍我很长时间了。我开始被迫食言，犯了很多错误，我为我所做的事感到羞耻，我向您承诺，到了那个时间，如果我还没有得到使我安心的信任——这种从我对您的特殊的爱里提炼出来的品质的话，我就再也不敢让您记起我来了。但是我确信您会忘了这所有的一切，因为我保证：我不会再对我的错误无动于衷了，而且这个保证是永远不可违反的。女士，您真挚的……”

写这封信的女主人将从容惬意和优雅得当结合得恰到好处，她的智慧让人们愿意跟她讨论理性和哲学问题，她的感情真挚动人，她时刻不忘关心他人，作为一个大作家却毫无野心，对做果酱和蔬菜炖肉情有独钟，这样一个人难道不是汇集了各种特质的奇异混合体吗？难怪，她在波尔罗亚尔女隐修院的沙龙是拉菲耶特夫人、蒙托西耶夫人、隆格维尔夫人、奥特福尔夫人以及帕斯卡、拉罗什福科、尼克尔、多玛等人最乐意去拜访的场所。瓦兰特的手稿收藏还展示了他们在沙龙中最常谈起的话题。神学当然是最主要的议题，其次是谈论很广泛的道德问题，有时会讨论到物理和玄学。瓦兰特还保留了一张“论加尔文主义”的会议摘要手稿。当罗奥在帕斯卡的气压试验启发下发明了玻璃管时，索迪斯侯爵

随即在纸上写了一篇《水为什么能在玻璃管中上升》的文章向大众普及知识。那时，笛卡尔哲学也是令人兴奋的谈论主题，甚至整个法国都在谈论笛卡尔，有人为其摇旗呐喊，也有人反对质疑，随便拿起一份报纸，上面写的都是《论笛卡尔的思想》。这些高深的主义在不同的讨论中时刻被提及，例如在谈论爱情、友谊、戏剧，以及天地之间所有令人做白日梦的哲学问题时。另外，道德作为对人类感情、情绪，以及行为的概括，也是他们十分钟爱的谈资；探讨的目的是为了锻炼口才，将这些话题缩减为简练的警句模式以便记忆，这就是萨布莱夫人沙龙圈子的特点，当然也是受到沙龙主人的影响。正如洪布耶府邸孕育出了优美的书信体，卢森堡宫廷诞生了"肖像体"和"品格论"，萨布莱夫人的沙龙则培养出了格言体，最出色的当数帕斯卡的《思想录》（Pensées），以及拉罗什福科的《箴言集》（Maximes）。萨布莱夫人自己也在朋友圈子里写些格言，在她去世之后，艾比·德艾丽将这些格言结集出版。我们可以从中感受到萨布莱夫人的丰富情感和高贵情操，但她的格言因缺乏个性而谈不上是天才之作；比起拉罗什福科的《箴言集》，萨布莱夫人的格言用词较为乏味，就像是用粘土制作的花瓶，而拉罗什福科的格言却像是被火焰烧制过的花瓶，晶莹透亮。她写过一篇有关教育的杂文，虽然都是些简短的格言，却得到了拉罗什福科和德艾丽的赞扬，可惜原文早已遗失，或许是因为论教育没有像《论友谊》那样写得精致而用心。显然，萨布莱夫人的长处并不在于自己写作，而在于激发他人写作，她对别人的赞同和欣赏就像早晨的阳光般令人舒适且振奋。她用理解的方式鼓励着他人展现才华，这是女性对文化进步能作出的最好贡献了；另外，独创性的缺失反而让她被更多具有创造力的人所接受。

帕斯卡的《思想录》手稿显示，这不是一部仅仅为宗教作品提供原材料的普通书籍，帕斯卡一遍遍地修改和雕琢它，目的是想达到最大限度的简练和完美，而并非只让别的更伟大的作品去援引它。如果思想只是被当作搜罗来的材料，那就像是盖房子时堆放的石头那样，就不会经过打磨而变成紫水晶或者绿宝石。帕斯卡和他的姐姐斐瑞尔夫人（萨布

莱夫人最亲密的朋友之一）是第一批在波尔罗亚尔女隐修院拜访萨布莱夫人沙龙的客人，我们可以想象他们必定需要在大大小小的格言圈里先展示一下自己打磨的珠宝（作品），就像交登记费一样先亮个相。他们出口就是经典的格言，为的就是吸引活力四射、博学多才的女性，他们仿佛是哲圣拉罗什福科附身，甚至达到了一个新的级别。但不可否认的是，萨布莱夫人对帕斯卡的《思想录》起了极大的催化作用，如果没有她，拉罗什福科也写不出《箴言集》。就像在其他沙龙圈子里，有些致力于创造最棒的双关语，有些则致力于创造出最好的字谜，萨布莱夫人的波尔罗亚尔沙龙的消遣方式则是打造最出色的箴言。拉罗什福科说："树立行为准则的愿望像感冒一样传播着。"但是，他非但没有宣称自己开创了这种写作方式，还指出是雅克·埃斯普利特——另一位萨布莱夫人沙龙的常客——激起了自己写箴言的兴致。埃斯普利特是一位学者，他之前经常出入洪布耶府邸，已经出版了一本名为《韵文箴言集》（Maximes en vers）的书，之后又创作了一本《虚假的人类美德》（La Fausseté des vertus humaines），数落了单调的拉罗什福科主义以及变质的加尔文主义[43]。虽然如此，拉罗什福科还是赞扬了埃斯普利特，请求他给自己评价，邀请他一起创作箴言，并且听从他的意见将作品交给萨布莱夫人征求意见。他还曾将自己写的一些箴言单独给萨布莱，想让她用一种食物来比喻自己的作品："这是我写的格言，你觉得是像胡萝卜汤还是像炖羊肉呢？"拉罗什福科和埃斯普利特的品味才华互相辉映，但是直到最后，拉罗什福科才意识到自己在格言圈子的杰出性，并且发现自己拥有更加广泛的读者，由此才诞生了家喻户晓、毋庸赘言的《箴言集》。现在，几乎每个人都深信，《箴言集》在形式上十分完美，在内容上包含了毋庸置疑的真实性，却又不全都正确；真实是在于它的内容刚好和社会上依旧流行的人的自私本性相契合，不完全正确则在于它把自私片面当作人性所有的可能性，以偏概全。我们认为拉罗什福科在人性的广泛性上有所摇摆，这种摇摆体现在某些箴言内容上，且时不时地提醒着他，在美德之下还存在着相对应的一面，但是他从未抓

住过那一面——这一点甚至从未在他的意识中出现过。

拉罗什福科对以作家的身份出现在公众面前这件事十分担忧和紧张，这尤其令人惊奇。在书稿付梓之时，他还偷偷潜入印刷厂，征询读后感来试探读者的回馈。据萨布莱夫人说，他还将多份手稿送给品味不等、才华各异的男男女女，征求他们的意见和评论，很多收到的回复至今还保存完整。大多数女性读者对箴言不感冒，但是男性则十分赞许。因为这些男性读者大多是神职人员，他们的职责就是拷问人的本性并且启迪思想，渴望达到一种高尚且神圣的思想境界。当时奥古斯丁主义[44]和加尔文主义正主导着宗教思想，其人性堕落的教义和箴言所表现出的愤世嫉俗正好在拉罗什福科的一些观点里找到共鸣，并且以一种辛辣的方式体现，因此得到不少赞许。有个作家写到："为了使人们信仰上帝，相信他的思想和意愿，我说不出一句比教理者的箴言更准确的话。当圣灵和福音书存在于世界时，我将成为基督教徒，一方面可以教我认识自己的不幸，另一方面则教我恳求救星的到来。"在拉罗什福科的书出版之后，曼特农夫人更赞扬说《箴言集》和《约伯记》（Book of Job）是她唯一愿意读的书。

萨布莱夫人对于拉罗什福科的为人和他的《箴言集》都抱着一种宽容且公正的态度，这种态度一方面体现在他俩一致的写作风格上，他们的箴言都饱含了对美好人性的信心，虽然她的箴言比拉罗什福科的略逊一筹；另一方面还体现在她回复绍姆贝格夫人的批评之中。萨布莱夫人这样说："作者是通过反省自己的懒散而写出的那些箴言，他有别人无可比拟的闲暇时间来反省，我认为他的内心和他的意志一样闲散懒惰。他从来没有为别人做些什么，在他伟大的欲望和期盼中，我甚至觉得他对自己也是放任不管的。"但是，她对《箴言集》还是非常感兴趣的，在一定程度上她的养女对作者也十分推崇，却并不苛求从作者那里获得任何回报。另外，值得一提的是她的养女深得爱尔维修[45]信徒的喜爱。我们可以看到，萨布莱夫人给了拉罗什福科全方位的支持，不仅为

《箴言集》提供批评建议，还提出改进办法，当该书最终出版后，她还为当时唯一的报纸《学者报》（Journal des savants）写了推荐公告。这份公告本来是对作品特点的概述，汇集了对作品支持或反对的两方观点，萨布莱夫人最后用温和的语气赞扬了该作品的机智、才华，以及对人性的深刻洞察力。但是当她把这份公告交给拉罗什福科时，拉罗什福科却并不接受里面的负面意见，且执意让她修改。但是，萨布莱夫人固执地不愿意做任何改动，并且把公告退还给拉罗什福科，还附上了以下便条：

“我给您寄的这篇公告是我精心写出来要发表在《学者报》上的，我选取了您最容易感知的章节，是要让您克服羞愧，使您觉得前言没有什么可以删改的；我不担心选取这一章节，因为我确信您会出版的，尽管您非常喜欢余下的内容。我也向您保证，如果您想按照您自己的意愿对此公告进行修改，我还不如把它烧了，那样我会更加感激您的。像我们这样拥有丰富作品的作者，一点也不害怕失去一篇文章，请来信告诉我您对此有什么看法。”

拉罗什福科利用这份授权，自己“编辑”了萨布莱夫人的公告，他将用词打磨润色，还删掉了其中对作品的反面意见。《学者报》最终刊登了修改后的公告，我们可以看到，当时新闻界的年轻人还是很有远见的。

萨布莱夫人就这样扮演着拉罗什福科的文学知音，同时也是法国“纯文学”（belles lettres）的灵魂人物，引起了社会的极大关注，另外，她同样活跃在雕塑领域。萨布莱夫人仍然同波尔罗亚尔女隐修院的女性们保持着连续不断的交谈或是书信交流，附近的加尔默罗会[46]女修道院的女性们也常常找她攀谈，她们很多都曾是受到追捧和尊敬的“人世间的装饰品”。有证据证明萨布莱夫人也意识到自己得到她们的敬重。当加尔默罗会女隐修院的玛丽·玛德琳公主重病不能亲自拜访萨

布莱夫人时，萨布莱夫人派人在她的病房挂了一幅自己年轻时的画像，同时收到了梅尔·艾格尼丝的俏皮留言。没错，我们在上文引用过这位艾格尼丝的警世恒言，这次她的留言描写了这幅画像如何在“我们梅尔女佣”的医院里发挥了它的作用。此外，萨布莱夫人还对圣经《新约》的翻译有浓厚的兴趣。《新约》的翻译是沙西、阿尔诺、尼科尔、勒梅特以及吕纳公爵的共同作品，沙西是主要译者。前文我们提到阿尔诺向萨布莱夫人征求自己《论逻辑》一书前言的意见，由此可见，阿尔诺在其他很多事情上也得到过她的宝贵建议。此外，对波尔罗亚尔信徒的迫害开始时，萨布莱夫人联合隆格维尔夫人一同援助和保护她虔诚的朋友们。鉴于她对约翰逊主义的中庸态度，就像她对其他任何事物的态度一样，不会走极端，萨布莱夫人进行了一次十分著名的谴责奥古斯丁主义的演说，她指出奥古斯丁的教义最初都源自约翰逊；像往常一样，她相信可以通过非暴力的调解方式解决问题，当然她的中庸并不代表没有行动。她曾一度因受到威胁而想离开波尔罗亚尔女隐修院，也曾想过退休，搬到巴黎附近的小村庄奥特伊，住进当地的宗教家庭。事实上，她的确在那里度过了几个夏天。偶尔，她也在自己的兄弟索夫勒司令家避难，或者在蒙托西耶夫人或隆格维尔夫人家。在这些人中，隆格维尔夫人最为勇敢，而且她丰厚的财富以及崇高的地位能给予波尔罗亚尔信徒更加高效的帮助。阿尔诺和尼科尔在隆格维尔夫人的府邸住了五年，正是在她的保全之下才完成了《新约》的翻译；而且，正是因为隆格维尔夫人的不懈努力，在1669年，对波尔罗亚尔隐修院的迫害最终被解除。同样，萨布莱夫人也在竭尽自己的人脉和机智帮助他们，当然，就像她在其他事件里发挥的作用那样，她的价值只是起到联络和催化的作用，激发他人做某事，而不是自己亲力亲为。正是因为她，隆格维尔夫人才得以在波尔罗亚尔事件中获得胜利，而且我们会发现，虽然萨布莱相对来说更加羞怯内向，内心却真挚诚恳，富有真知灼见，勇敢热心的隆格维尔夫人也不时地向她寻求意见和建议。

1669年，当萨布莱夫人最终不再担心受迫害时，她已经七十岁高龄

了，而且我们知道，她在接下来的九年里专注于自己的精神修炼。在她风风火火的年轻时代，她对死亡是恐惧的，而现在这种循序渐进、平静沉着的衰老方式抚平了她对死亡的恐惧，最终，她在平静和信任中离开了人世。在她生命的最终时刻，她不希望人们把她和家人葬在一起，甚至不愿意和自己神圣且高尚的同伴们葬在波尔罗亚尔女隐修院——她选择了自己教区的公墓，就像普通人一样被埋在那里，没有浮华的墓碑，也没有盛大的告别仪式，这是一种多么高尚的美德啊。

有一点值得我们注意，在那个封建制度逐渐解体的时代，萨布莱夫人和其他卓越非凡的法国女性一样，她生活中最为人感兴趣并且成果最丰硕的时候是女性同胞们满怀忧伤地期待着她。当萨布莱夫人五六十岁的时候，她仍被各路哲学家、智者、美人、思想才俊所包围，当然，大家最想知道的是她持久保持这份吸引力的法宝。我们认为她经久不衰的吸引力很大程度上来自于她卓越的智商和情商；她聪慧的智力带给自己深刻的感悟能力，而她宽容的性格则让她能够接纳各种性格迥异的人，这对于当时的女性来说是一件很难得的事。下面我们来谈谈她和隆格维尔夫人的一点区别，以下引用的是圣佩韦发掘出来的由艾比·圣·皮埃尔执笔的有趣段子，放心，我们并没有跑题，这些文字完美地从侧面凸显了我们萨布莱夫人伟大的人格魅力。

“有一天，我让尼科尔先生给我讲讲隆格维尔夫人的智力特点。他说，隆格维尔夫人的洞察力非常敏锐且精细，但是她对科学和推理的理解则十分有限，甚至对于所有不涉及感情的事务都力不从心。他举了一个例子，有一次，他跟夫人打赌说他能证明在巴黎至少有两个人的头发数目是一模一样的，虽然不可能具体指出是哪两个人。但是隆格维尔夫人坚决不同意，她认为除非真正数清了头发的数目，否则是不能够证明的。但是尼科尔已经开始证明了：‘我假定一颗头上最多有二十万根头发，而最少的也得有一根；那么，如果你假设二十万个人的头发数量都不一样，但是每个人的头发数量都在一到二十万根之间，若是这二十万

个数字中刚好有两个是相等的，那么我的打赌就赢了。继续假设，这二十万人的头发数量都不相同，但是现在又多了一个人，他的头发数量也不超过二十万根，那么他的头发数量一定在一到二十万根之间，于是就必定和之前的二十万人中的一个人拥有相同的头发数了。现实是，别说比二十万人多了，巴黎的居民都快超过八十万人了，显而易见，他们之中一定至少有两人的头发数量是相等的，而我根本不用去数头发的数量。’隆格维尔夫人始终不能理解这种证明方式，她还是相信唯一的证明是亲自去数清楚。”

当然，大多数对女性文学感兴趣的热情爱慕者都会被隆格维尔夫人这种死脑筋所激怒，转而去崇拜更加智慧的萨布莱夫人。论优雅、精致和女性气质，萨布莱夫人并不逊于隆格维尔夫人，况且，萨布莱夫人还有层次清晰的推理能力，并且对科学感兴趣，这种感性与理性的结合让她拥有了独具一格的魅力：她不是天才，也不是女英雄，男性对她远不止爱——她是他们的挚友、知音和顾问，她不仅能为他们分担欢乐和痛苦，还懂得他们的思想和抱负。

这就是萨布莱夫人，因为她在文学和历史中总是那么谦逊和低调，所以对于很多读者来说她的名字还比较陌生。我们也看到，萨布莱夫人可以算是众多女性作家的苍穹中熠熠生辉的一颗，当历史传记的望远镜对准这一领域时，她的人生经历和人格魅力丝毫不逊色于其他星星。现在，如果读者好好回想一下萨布莱夫人同时期的英国，即在詹姆斯一世和两位查尔斯统治时期，英国上流社会中女性的地位和平均智力水平，那么我们不得不承认，英国女性的地位只能达到法国早期的女性水平，这一事实以及它的原因不仅仅是一个历史问题：直到现在，它仍旧极大地影响着当代英国的女性文学。女性在法国拥有崇高地位，是因为她们被公平对待，她们被认为和男性一样有着相同的思想和目标，这就是法国女性文学得以繁荣发展以及社会和谐的真正根源所在。我们并不奢望女士们都能在女性学术座谈会上滔滔不绝地谈论阿波罗和战神；但是我

们却希望学校的机构或学术集会能做出实际行动，将更多的妇女从织布绣花和打扫房间中解救出来。我们希望所有领域的大门都向妇女敞开，我们希望女性特有的细腻情感能填补人类生命中真善美的缺失，而不是像现在的社会这样充满性别歧视和不和谐；只有这种思想的交汇，才会迸发出足够精彩的思想色彩，才能描绘出希望之虹，才能让人类收获真正的幸福。

评杰拉尔丁·朱伊斯伯里的《康斯坦斯·赫伯特》

本季度的英国小说中，除了查尔斯·金斯利[47]的《向西去！》（Westward Ho！）能吸引人眼球之外，就数《康斯坦斯·赫伯特》（Constance Herbert）这本书还比较有趣了。朱伊斯伯里小姐自己创立的那套评论体系，恐怕只会招来更多的批评。我们若是用她自己的标准来衡量她的小说，只能给个差评；但若是以女性作家的一般水平来衡量，这倒是一篇十分优秀的小说。在这篇小说中我们理所当然地见到了作者在《两姐妹》（Half Sisters）中塑造的美丽淑女形象，让我们忽略了她新创造出来的其他角色；这对于她来说并不公平，如果我们仅仅把眼光放在她作品的不足上，而忽略令我们满意的地方，对于自我要求极高甚至是苛刻的她来说，这更像是一种称赞。这本书叙事简单却让人读着很愉悦，它用一种安详且低调的方式讲述了一些高尚的情感，描写人物的性格和优点时又呈现出难得的真实和坦率，这种沉稳风格给人的感觉是，书的内容均来自深深的信念和历练之泉，而不是人云亦云如暴风雨似的一时热忱；这些优点已经足以让此书凌驾于图书馆中的普通小说之上，可是，它还算不上是一部优秀的小说，或者说并没有达到朱伊斯伯里小姐应有的水平。《康斯坦斯·赫伯特》可以算是一部训导型小说[48]；其中人物和事件的选择都考虑到不能违背某些原则。要实现的大原则是坚定不移地为责任和义务奉献自我，而具体到小说中的小原则是：有精神病遗传史则不能结婚。到目前为止，我们的观点都和朱伊斯伯里小姐一致。但是我们认为她想要树立的模式，不管是通过《使节》（Envoi）中的理论，还是通过小说中的叙述，都是错误的人生观点，而且事实上，她的这种观点正好和她之前的主张相悖。她在《使节》中说：“如果我们成功地在这本书中植入某个原则，那就是恳请我们的读者，鼓起勇气去实践这些既定的最严厉的要求。虽然有时候这好像是在

强迫读者，但最终，这些原则被证明是正确的。为了一个更高原则而自我克制，这是值得的。”黑体字是我们用来证明朱伊斯伯里小姐的道德观有问题的证据。她的道德观体现在小说中三位女性的故事上。这三位女士要么抛弃了自己的爱人，要么被爱人所抛弃，她们安慰自己说那些爱人只不过是“无用之人”，达到了一种十分释然的安稳状态。我们并没有在其中看到真正的“自我克制”原则，也没有看到真实的生活；而朱伊斯伯里竟然要花掉三大卷书来说教这样的道德观，这让我们对她的洞察力和真诚深感抱歉。问题不在于我们有义务进行自我克制，或者说这种坚持是否值得；而在于，如果我们有义务这样做，那么自我克制就不再是一种道德英雄主义，而只是一种经过思考的谨慎行为而已了。让我们再看看朱伊斯伯里小姐在小说中描写的这种特殊情况，若是一位女性遇到类似情况，也会像康斯坦斯·赫伯特一样放弃婚姻，因为她不想将精神病带给另一个家庭；她对自己的感情很坚定，不是对菲利普·马奇蒙特那样自私浅薄的世俗之人，而是对一个能带给她幸福生活的人；她曾拒绝他，她会觉得这种因爱而生的牺牲会让他之后的人生越发依恋和感激她。只有在这一点上，我们认为自我克制还算得上是难能可贵，那是一种不需要任何补偿的大义凛然，是凄美与英雄主义的统一。康斯坦斯·赫伯特的高尚之举只有一种动机，那就是对人性的痛苦与不幸的真切同情，女性宁愿牺牲自己，也不会将不幸传递给别人；但是，当人们发现曾经所珍视的一切在现实中竟然毫无价值时，这种动机也是站不住脚的。对于女性来说，任务虽然艰巨，但她自始至终都手捧蜜饯，并且告诉我们总有一天能得到奖赏，这是乐天派最爱采用的伪善之言，她们以为在坎坷的荒野中探寻人生之路就好像找到荷兰园林中的小径那样简单；可是，将外在因素由动机永久地替换为行动，这的的确确破坏了真正的道德发展；相反，一时兴起的激情或正义却足以保证一个人的行为品德端正。我们似乎该讲讲小说这个严肃的话题了，但是朱伊斯伯里小姐花了大量篇幅强调她的道德观，这不得不让我们认为她的书是一本训导书，而不是小说，以致让我们一直在驳斥她的观点，而忽略了她所讲

的故事。换一个角度，我们之所以不得不反驳她一下，是因为我们承认她的影响力，所以必须时刻关注她的观点是否把我们领往正确的方向。书中除了哈罗普先生一直在忠心等待着一位妻子给自己的生命增添意义之外，其他男性角色要么懦弱无能，要么背信弃义、卑鄙无赖；而书中所有女性都是宽宏大量、忠贞不二的典型代表；这回狮子们，即女性同胞们，手中有了可以复仇的笔，就可以对从亚当之后所有中伤过自己的男性们进行报复了。或许，我们允许她们写得夸张些，这样会显得比较公平。但是我们仍旧要低调地表示一下我们并不能接受片面的观点，即使是人生楷模玛格丽特姑妈的话。玛格丽特姑妈告诉我们，她在青春貌美时已经具备了高尚的美德和文学造诣，却由于自己一方全心全意的付出而使丈夫疏远了自己。她说："没有一个男人能忍受完全意义上的付出。"这让我联想到一个酒徒在某个晚上喝了几杯白兰地和白水混合的饮料，隔天的早上抱怨白水让自己身体不适。我们倾向于认为，通常并非是女性的付出使男性疏远了她们，而是掺杂在付出中的东西，比如愚蠢、怒气或紧张，这些情感只要加入些许剂量，就会引起激烈的后果。事实上，男性处在一个很艰难的位置上：一方面，格蕾斯·李小姐或某个像她一样意志坚定的女性，怒斥男性想得到女性的爱戴和敬仰，而憎恨具有自我独立意识的女性；另一方面，一位具有忧郁气质的维尔拉，抱怨男性从来不感激女性的付出，而只关注那些对他们态度漠然的女性。这对于所有男女来说，是个多么令人沮丧的观点啊！严肃地说，我们对于如何理解女性的真实地位关注本来就多，所以当看到朱伊斯伯里小姐这样的女作家在这一问题上又增添了她自己的观点，让我们的认识更加混乱时，我们不能不感到遗憾。

玛格丽特·富勒和玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特

最近新书不多，正好有机会去重新翻阅那些迄今为止被我们忽略的书。在此，我们选了玛格丽特·富勒[49]最新版本的《十九世纪的女性》（Woman in the Nineteenth Century），因为和当时同类别的书比起来，该书的内容更加充实和公正，算得上是同类别书中的翘楚。虽然这本书中也具有和美国其他伟大作品相似的缺点，例如混杂着模棱两可的唯心论以及不切实际的豪言壮语，但是它仍旧十分难得：书中散发着高贵和谐的热忱，全书基调中庸、涉及面广，为读者提供了大量充满活力和修养的内容。书中并没有夸大女性的道德品质抑或智力水平，也没有盲目地去强调女性适合做哪些迄今为止被男性所垄断的事情；作者只是冷静地呼吁废除针对女性的不公正法律以及人为的约束，创造一个能让她们全面发挥资质的空间：

帮助她们摆脱一种寄生状态，这种状态看似在助她们进步，实则在拖她们的后腿；

带领她们来到充满希望和新生的田野，看繁花遍地，帮助她们认识真实的自己；

让全社会都关注并且学习，如何保护和支持与众不同的女性权利。

玛格丽特·富勒的这本书最早在1843年出版，如果把它和六七十年前玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特[50]的《女权辩护》（Rights of Woman）作个对比，那将是一件十分有趣的事。《女权辩护》仅有一卷，但是它所涵盖的内容与富勒的书相比，至少在道德意识上绝对让上世纪的女性受益匪浅。某些评论者对《女权辩护》一书颇有微词，认为它在某些方面应受到谴责，但是读者若是抱着这样的印象翻开此书，只会惊讶地发现这本

书实际上十分严肃，而且道德感厚重——或许是因为这本书到1796年已经绝版，而现存的也很稀有了。两本书的观点有时候非常相似，有时候却又大相径庭。两本书都表现出了作者充分的理解力。玛格丽特·富勒的观点似乎总是局限在美国大陆的范围之内，让人常常在刚刚经历了明媚的“透彻”之后又立马进入到神秘纠结的迷雾森林——她经常在前一段还逻辑严密地推理，之后却又如梦呓般含糊其辞；而她所处的独特的文化背景也让她拥有了超强的描写能力。另一方面，玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特则极其理性，她的书中没有炫耀性的渊博学识，也没有展示灵动的想象力。我们可以透过这两个作家看到，在她们坚硬或是真挚的秉性之下，都跳动着一颗充满爱的女性之心，这让她们不会低估任何一个具有细小关爱和善心的人或机构。玛格丽特·富勒是个激情澎湃的女性，她多愁善感，习惯了以笔抒情、以文明志；而我们认为玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特并不是为了写作而写作，她的写作动机更加复杂。虽然两人生活在不同的时代，但是她们在思想轨迹上却有着惊人的相似之处。《女权辩护》中说，对于男孩和女孩的教育应当将家庭教育和普通的学校教育相结合，除了这一观点，书中其他重要的思想都在玛格丽特·富勒的文章中有所重现。

两位作家都写到过的一个观点是，男性害怕另外一个性别群体的能力和修养也达到自己的水平，所以一直处在一种满足于女性无知、愚昧的状态。玛格丽特·富勒说：

“只要男性的成长环境没有任何贫困和愚昧，充分享受到了家中壁炉的温暖以及生活中的美好，那么此时，女性更具影响力，如果她选择使用这些权力，也经常倾向于这么做，这与她们的无知、幼稚和虚荣心的程度成一定比例。她们根本没考虑过生命的重要性和意义，从小被教导如何卖弄风骚、贪图小便宜，目光仅仅局限于自己某个时刻的享乐，而政府的动荡不安以及市场的萧条竟然能抚慰她们的内心。尽管英国商铺老板的妻子们没有选举权，但是她们却对政治家们奉承般的游说感兴

趣。”

她接着说：

“当病人们（容许我们把这样的男性叫作病人）不再戒备时，所有的妻子们，无论品德好坏，无论爱与不爱，都不可避免地会使用到她们所拥有的权力，并且掺杂着自己的情感影响她们的丈夫。”

对于相同的话题，玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特这样说：

“女性被囿于自身的愚昧和奴性依赖已经很多很多年了，但是她们依旧怡然自得，喜欢浪子和军人，醉心于玩具，她们的虚荣心让她们更注重成就而忽略美德。历史已经给我们展示了一部令人心寒的女性犯罪记录，这些罪行都是她们试图超越她们的主人、运用自己的智慧犯下的……我把女性说成奴隶是有原因的，这是政治和公民上的含义；她们间接地拥有很多权力，可惜被她们争取不法权力的行为所削弱……成功男士的自由玩乐以及他们的美德，一直是鼓动女人超越男人的强大推力；而这些弱小的女人们，在孩子气和自私的虚荣心的驱使下，将会对男人们所认定的事物产生合理怀疑；而实际上，她们应该采纳他们的判断。对于爱幻想以及对生活乐观的大部分男人，他们都能一方面把自己的人生事务管理得井井有条，另一方面在女性社会中放松自己；当然，我不需要从历史上搬出大量的反例，也不用详述由于好心的愚蠢干涉所引起的悲剧，因为这些反对是由于女性的独断专行造成的。在业务处理中，宁愿和无赖打交道，也不要和傻瓜打交道，因为无赖尚且知道依照计划办事，可以提前认清采取计划的动机，而不是像愚者那样不知何时才能顿悟。有些无耻愚蠢的女人爱管教睿智的男人，她们通常都是臭名昭著的。”

在男性中似乎广泛流传着这样一种观点，那就是一个受过良好教育、具有自己独立观点的女士，更容易变成一个爱唱反调的个性女子：

当她的丈夫想要往西时，她却要往东，说话时满口深奥的道理，还喜欢枕边训导。当然，只要你意识到这一点，你就会知道，在不能使用暴力、鞭子、缰绳和脚镣的情况下，你家那位毫不讲理的妻子便是世上最难对付的生物了。但在女性自己看来，通过在体罚的旧俗和现代教育之间找到一种合适的中间状态，以此让男性能够理智地对待他们的妻子是不可能的。当弱小不受控制时它就会泛滥成灾；就好像一位强壮的男人手牵着一个调皮的小孩，你可以看到那小孩是如何为了挣脱大人的束缚而左右拉扯，最后挣扎累了便只好乖乖地跟着大人继续前行。一个真正有教养的女人应当和一个真正有教养的男人一样，都得做好最终被生活琐事所征服的准备。由此可见，松散的逻辑和薄弱的意志之间并没有什么牢固的联系，一位对哲学一窍不通的女士，她对厨房的热情也不会那么不屈不挠。真正有文化的女性不会因为有了学问就自以为高人一等，只有对真知一知半解的女性才会有至高无上的优越感，就像马勒普太太[51]所说，这种优越感源自“女性身上徒劳无益的品质”——她那些知识只是随处搜刮来的，并没被完全吸收，没有真正融入到自己的品格中去。

回到玛格丽特·富勒，她谈及社会上对女性最大的偏见在于对女性性格的绝对定义以及对女性使命的绝对划分。她说：“女人们的性格反映在很多侧面，就好像她们不受规则约束一样，我们必须承认女性性格的多样性。”她接着说：“如果她们的天性不被束缚，她们的言论不被扼杀，这就够了。当她们需要抒发自己的情感时，能够自由地书写或倾诉，那将是多么令人欣慰的一件事。当然，若她们依旧保持一贯的沉默，并不是因为男权的压迫，而是因为神的召唤，那么这种沉默还算不上是灾难。”玛格丽特说了下面这一段话，其中第一句的引用频率颇高：

“如果你问我，女性适合什么职业，我将毫不犹豫地回答：任何职业。我不在乎你假设的情景，如果可以，她们还能当女船长呢，我从不怀疑她们的能力，如果要选择女船长，我将非常荣幸地推荐萨拉戈萨、

密淑伦其的少女们，苏列特的女英雄或者艾米丽·普莱特。我认为在这样一个时期，女性尤其需要一个广阔的就业面和众多的职业选择，激发她们潜在的力量……我们会发现，有些小女孩在家里被木工活所吸引，或者自己爱研究木工的器具，如果她们的这种兴趣能被接受并被正确引导，她们将身心愉悦，而且培养出木工的技艺；但是，如果家长们认为木工活不适合女孩子干，那么小女孩们的这种兴致就被扼杀了，她们可能会因此变得易怒且淘气。傅立叶[52]曾经研究过女性的这些兴趣，他认为大人都能看出小女孩的渴望，也很容易看出成年女性的空虚无聊，当然那些具有一技之长或是保有自己兴趣爱好的女性除外。所以，他主张制造业和看护动植物等行业至少要向三分之一的女性开放，让她们具有和男性一样的追求，当然女性职业也应当向三分之一的男性开放。但是，我敢肯定，即便是有这样的呼吁，大部分女性还是会和现在一样选择职业，因为她们迫于很多因素很难改变。母亲们自然而然地会把家庭营造得温暖舒适，这就是天性，就好像想要高飞、想要鸣叫的鸟儿，不需要帮它拍打翅膀，它也能一飞冲天，或者说人们很难发现一只翅膀没有力量的小鸟。唯一需要说明的是，不能因为某些职业不适合女性就认为所有职业都不适合女性。”

针对这一问题，玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特提出了这样的建议，该建议已经在美国妇女中开始实施，她说：

“所有的女性，都想成为淑女。当她们接触到一些自己曾经很少关心的领域，总是无精打采、无所事事，那是因为她们不知道该谈论些什么。那么女性在社会中应该干些什么呢？有人可能会这样回答：‘迈着优美的步伐闲逛吗？或者就放任她们哺育小孩子，或是记载些无足轻重的琐事。’不！女性应该学习医术，成为医师或者护士……她们能进军各行各业，前提是她们得到正规的受教育的机会……女性不应当迫于生计而结婚，这样会使男性被动接受婚姻而忽略应尽的义务。”

事实上，男性不愿意鼓励女性自助和独立的同时，也让自己尝尽了苦头。许多青年才俊宝贵的时间在日复一日的辛勤工作中流逝，他们设立的“原则”是不让女性们明白自己的小心思，只需要她们安静地待在休息室，就像圣母端坐在神祠里一样。这都没问题。但是，想要改变人们对女性建立起来的陈旧观念，或者放弃偏见，仰视一下自己的妻子，这却显得那么困难。罗马神话中的富豪罗米拉斯说：“就把男人当作神灵吧，就好像他已经死去了一样”；而男人们也这样说女人：“就把她们看作是木偶吧，身穿漂亮的衣物却毫无用处，即便我们不承认她们是严格意义上的人类，我们仍旧得到她们的尊重”。

社会上有一方的观点认为，只有女性的素质提高了，她们的地位才会提高；另一方观点则认为，如果女性的地位没有改变，她们就很难变得更好——这就需要更加公平公正的法律以及针对女性的更广阔的择业机会。然而，与此同时，我们也时常能听到解决人权问题的种种难处。在个体和社会机构之间总是存在着一种作用力和反作用力，难以调和；我们必须尽力去修补双方的关系，哪怕这样的尝试步履维艰，任重道远，但也只有这样才是唯一能改善人权的方式。不幸之处在于，许多过度热心的极端妇女认定自己和男人们是完全平等的——噢！还不止，她们认为女性的道德水平甚至超越了男性——基于此，她们极力倡导将女性从令人窒息的法律法规和社会惯例中解放出来。可是，她们因为错误的定位而大大削弱了自己的力量。如果她们提出的根据是真实的，那么奴隶制度和愚昧无知岂不是成了培养美德的摇篮，人们岂不是就得支持奴役制的延续了？但我们想为女性争取更多自由和文化，因为长久以来，她们习惯了顺从和愚昧，这使得她们的地位下降，可是——

如果她们弱小、脾气傲慢、生活痛苦，

那么男人们又怎么成长？

玛格丽特·富勒和玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特两人有足够的智慧来证明这

句多愁善感的夸大之词，她们热切地希望女性能改变现状。当谈到男人和女人的道德水平时，玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特坚定地说：

“比起男性，女性的情感更加敏锐，可以说更加人性化，因为她们感情专一，并且随时怀揣着怜悯之情；但是她们对愚昧的执着却易发展成为自私或极端的情绪，例如对孩子的溺爱或对野兽的憎恨。我认识很多意志力薄弱的女人，她们原本丰富的情感被丈夫所钝化，甚至连基本的人性情感都所剩无几，只有偶尔会窜出一丝的同情心。一位著名的演说家说过，人性并不是从‘神经质的耳朵里听来的，它应当来自心灵和头脑’。虽然女性这种独特的情感可能让个体变得软弱，但它却不能被当作证明某种性别不如另一性别的证据，因为这种情感是基于各种束缚和压迫后自然产生的。就算是情感十分丰富的女性，如果她们不关注工作和个人规划，很少在意道德品质，那么她们的英雄主义般热烈的情感，抑或是精神，也只会在被爱情驱使的情况下一生只出现一次。我因此倒也同意有些伦理学家主张的‘女人不如男人般慷慨大方’；女性的情感领域时常因为保全正义和仁慈而变得狭窄，这使得在和男性作比较时处于劣势；但是我想说，若是女性不想再被男性的观点所束缚，那么就请打开心房，学会包容和接纳，让心充满力量吧。”

我们还找到了玛格丽特·富勒的一些观点，但是我们的主题只需要点到为止，并不需要长篇大论地赘述，所以此处就略去不引用了；我觉得，上文所列的各种断断续续的内容已经足够向读者说明我的观点了。

哈丽雅特·比彻·斯托的《德雷德》[53]、查尔斯·里德的《改过不嫌晚》，以及弗雷德里卡·布雷默的《赫莎》

我们终于等来了斯托夫人的新小说，在过去三周里，男女老少都在全神贯注地读着这本小说——书中描绘的美景、幽默或温暖的场景，以及粗鲁的英雄主义让他们时而欢笑，时而哭泣——当然，他们也会对书中所写的粗野行径义愤填膺。这样的一本书是一股很难操纵的力量，评论更是各执一词，有反对也有支持——有人抱怨斯托夫人酷爱重复叙事，导致情节不够完美，全书充斥着赞美诗和宗教对话，拖沓啰唆，由此还产生了不公平的偏见——但这些抱怨的人就像是手拿喷壶去浇灭草原火灾的救火人，力量单薄。在此期间，《德雷德》（Dred）已经被数以百万计的人所阅读，他们大多数认为这是一部天才之作，并且没有那么多苛刻的评论。我承认，我们很多人都在这数以万计之列，只是不习惯与法德拉蒂圣人之流相提并论。我们被德雷德深深感动，并且精确地评估着它与汤姆叔叔[54]的差距；我们也对斯托夫人的套路留下了深刻印象，以至于完全知道她将要写些什么。我们对她小说的钦佩已经超越了废奴制度等大问题，并不只是停留在所谓的“纯文学”上了。即使我们并不完全赞同斯托夫人的观点，认为她夸大了她所塑造的人物形象，但《德雷德》仍旧算是一部少见的优秀小说，因为作者不仅功底深厚，而且所写的故事情节张弛有度。

如果从艺术的角度看，我们没有理由因斯托夫人的新小说还是在继续上一本书里的黑人和殖民者生活的故事而感到遗憾，像司各特[55]刚写完《威弗利》（Waverley），本该将苏格兰高地的生活重复写进《罗布·罗伊》（Rob Roy）以及《珀斯的美丽姑娘》（The Fair Maid of

Perth）那样。斯托夫人创造了黑人文学小说，此类小说不仅具有新颖的内容、独特的手法，而且包含了奥古斯特·蒂尔里[56]指出的极具罗曼蒂克情节的种族冲突——司各特的《艾凡赫》（Ivanhoe）[57]也是一例。文学作品中的创造力并不像制造男女外套或是防水公寓那样无穷无尽，对于读者来说，读文学作品的乐趣可能就在于看书中各式各样的重复和模仿，所以，我们对斯托夫人又写了一部黑人小说应当持宽容的态度；或许，她只会写这类小说呢，因为她的写作才能的确比较特殊。她写的《晴天记忆》（Sunny Memories）简直搬不上台面，但是不管她还写过什么，或者是以后还会继续写什么，我们都不可否认，《汤姆叔叔的小屋》以及《德雷德》已经让她跻身于一流小说家之列，她以最高的水平给读者描绘了国民生计各个阶段的情形——大众的、贵族的、幽默的、悲伤的、政治的、宗教的——生动而全面。

当然，斯托夫人的小说里并不是只有种族冲突那类宏大的主题，和司各特一样，她的作品中还有另一个重要的内容，从某种程度上讲，她对这一主题的描写成就甚至超过了司各特。这个主题就是对希伯来基督教的细节重现。在当时，希伯来基督教还十分鼎盛，圣经《旧约》的教义渗透在人们日常生活的方方面面。司各特塑造了贝尔福的伯利，生动描写了杜门罗格和博斯维尔布里格战役以及以法莲·麦克布瑞尔的审判，还有谁能超越他的这些成果呢？而斯托夫人所写的德雷德沼泽地的阴暗景色、长老会教徒和循道宗信徒的野营集会则可以与之匹敌，前提是我们忽略掉司各特在《清教徒》（Old Mortality）中描写的精彩打斗。斯托夫人自己的宗教情感是她自身的一种艺术优势，她绝不会让你觉得她在无情地算计后果，你看到的只是她一时之间疯狂的热情、未加思量的信念以及德雷德、缇夫和迪克森神父的烈士精神。不仅如此，敏锐的幽默感也让她的语言远离浮夸和单调；虽然她总是从好的方面描绘虔诚的黑人们，但他们还是黑人，斯托夫人从来不会对自己塑造的人物失去掌控，也不会让本该妙趣横生的对话变成毫无生气的演说。当然了，这就是斯托夫人的特点：她的戏剧本能随时开启着，无论是风格怪

异的老缇夫、爱做白日梦的妮娜、直率的智者伯尼姆神父，还是极其绅士的弗兰克·罗素，她都能把这些角色塑造得栩栩如生，使得她在竞争激烈的优秀小说家之林中占据一席之地。

若是从争论角度看待斯托夫人的小说，人们对她的反对意见也是其众多艺术瑕疵中的一个。大家认为她在成名前的小说中没有描写一定比例的黑奴真是太可惜了。从她的观点来看，黑人种族大大优于白人，甚至是在某些非奴隶制国家——这一点足以击败斯托夫人对某些将奴隶制度称作“基督化制度”[58]之人的暗讽和挖苦。如果说奴化的黑人真的如此优良，那么奴隶制度就算得上是道德准则了。但是除了这种自杀式的论点之外，斯托夫人却因触动了种族之间最悲剧的元素而唤醒了被压迫在恶习中的涅墨西斯复仇女神。她暗指奴隶中也有败坏的道德，但并未给予详细的描述，可是，她为什么花了那么长的篇幅来写勒格雷和汤姆·戈登，却在黑奴的道德堕落问题上如此惜字如金呢？

我相信，用不了多久，斯托夫人的这本小说大家就会人手一本，所以我根本就不用提及该书的内容，要做的只是称赞它是一本伟大的小说，衡量政治意义这件事就留给别人去做吧。

合上《德雷德》，我们现在翻开的是查尔斯·里德[59]的《改过不嫌晚》（It is Never Too Late to Mend），这又是一本值得一读的好书，能深深地拨动我们的心弦。这本书在叙事风格和本质特征上与《德雷德》形成鲜明的对比。里德先生的小说再现了一些英国人真实的悲惨生活：正直的青年农夫乔治·菲尔丁赶上了这个“不景气”的时代，在家里农场颗粒无收的情况下，为了和自己心爱的女人苏珊·默顿结婚，他只好到澳大利亚去寻求财富。还有一位聪明的盗贼罗宾逊，他本是菲尔丁在乡下时的房客，作者通过他描写了阴森的监狱生活和无知残暴的监狱长，这些平常很难看到的情节令人不寒而栗。读者跟随英勇的牧师一起在书中抗争这种愚蠢且不公正的迫害，最终导致了伯明翰监狱的悲剧；比起

真人真事，人们的同情心似乎更容易被小说激发。接着，我们来到澳大利亚，目睹了菲尔丁的幸运和不幸——首先经历了澳大利亚大牧羊场的考验，然后是极具戏剧性的淘金之旅，这让他收获了四千磅的财富并且及时赶回家，避免了心爱的苏珊被自己的头号情敌娶走。

可以说，这部小说有三个亮点：引人入胜的场景，真挚感人的情感，还有极具说服力的写作水平。在监狱中遇到的那个最佳伙伴可能很令人讨厌，但是当他决定要退场时又让读者舍不得。菲尔丁对苦难生活的抗争在澳大利亚再次上演，但这次，朋友们的友谊点亮了他的惨淡生活，包括那位改过自新的盗贼罗宾逊以及他的小狗卡洛，还有澳大利亚土著人——令人鼓舞的“杰克”，这群鲜活的朋友是吸引你看完整本书的动力。“杰克”是一个全新的人物，他举止优雅并且风趣幽默，完全不像其他野蛮人。而读过这本小说的农夫都会对书中的一些英国生活场景产生共鸣：例如乔治·菲尔丁和兄弟威廉的小口角，女主人苏珊·默顿的保守思想以及其他众多的优点。总之，《改过不嫌晚》是一本非常优秀的小说，不仅适合无所事事和文化程度不高的人读，也适合成天忙碌、博古通今的人阅读。

然而，里德先生的小说还没有超越“机智”这个水平：我们的确能在全书中感受到他高效利用各种素材的天资，因为读者只会赞叹将素材进行重组归纳和再创造的“天才”作者，却常常忽略制造精巧素材的原创人。当然，市面上探讨天才和灵感的废话比比皆是，就好像天才不需要动脑一样；但是，有些作家的作品能让你瞬间着迷，而有些作家只能唤醒你的好奇心，这二者之间还是有很大差别的，差别的根源可能是跟作家的“天赋”有关吧。事实上，这种差别的真正原因可能在于此——第一种作家完全将自己投入了所写的作品，本人的情感与角色融为一体；第二种作家将自己置身于故事之外，只是一个劲儿地装扮着角色。斯托夫人算得上是第一种作家，她对自己的作品充满了激情，并且被自己塑造的每个角色所鼓励着；她丰富的内心，而非下意识的雕琢，最终让她的

作品取得了最佳戏剧效果。相反，里德先生似乎总是存在于一种自觉状态中，他时刻经营着自己的角色，一遍一遍地润色修饰；他塑造的人物可能此时是一种状态，而彼时又随着情节的发展和之前的性格相差甚远。这种跳跃式的描写习惯导致他乐于在写作中追寻对比强烈的冲突和夸张的戏剧效果，然而这种快节奏的情节更适合观看舞台剧的观众，并不适合一部小说的读者，因为小说的时间线和容量都比剧本要大，小说应当通过均匀的描写，着重赋予人物更多现实主义色彩，而非仅仅追求情节的起落。看里德的小说，我们仿佛看到了一个被“打造”得非常完美的剧场绅士，注视着舞台下的观众，用抑扬顿挫的语调述说着书中的对话，此处引用一例：当伊登先生做完关于盗窃的晨训之后，监狱长霍斯听了十分赞同，跟狱吏弗赖伊吩咐，应该让大家都听听这样的讲解。于是当天下午弗赖伊又请人举办了一场关于残暴行为的训诫，霍斯问弗赖伊：“我不是让他在神坛上给其他人讲课吗？”弗赖伊答道：“是的，长官，我就是这样说的，可是你有说过想让他在其他人面前说教吗？”“我说过，”霍斯生气地回答，“但不是让他对着我讲！你个笨蛋！”这场景若是在舞台上必然会引起一阵小轰动，同时还展现了些许人物性格；但是出现在小说中时，人们有足够多的时间思考和怀疑这种极端的朴素，还不如自己创造一两句可以感知的诗句呢。

里德先生似乎从来不相信节制和简单。他描写的监狱生活夸张到漏洞百出，前后的重复也让读者产生了审美疲劳；他的男女主角都设定在伯克郡家园，这可以算是一个创举；可是接下来他将浪漫和邪气相结合的努力却显得幼稚且格格不入：伊萨克·利瓦伊是一个拼接式的多重性格的犹太人，极具远见的马基雅维利主义者[60]梅多斯先生竟然穿长筒靴，甚至是他自言自语时也在怒斥人性的弱点，并且召唤上帝和他人见证自己的愤怒，这完全就是混淆了原因和结果的重要性。但是像里德先生这样的大作家，他真正的缺点可能要算过于信赖排版的效果。我们通常认为，在大量理念和大量样式之间很难建立联系，因为这种联系总是会被文字的样式所限制；但是我们的里德先生总能不遗余力地通过现代

事物、运用大写字母给读者留下深刻印象，例如突然在书页中出现几个夸张的大字“这个不可思议的时代”。也许，我们如此鸡蛋里挑骨头是件不道德的事，毕竟《改过不嫌晚》带给我们那么多快乐；但不可否认，正是我们对里德先生智慧的钦佩使得他书中的瑕疵变得那么令人伤脑筋，让我们在介绍他的作品时不得不提及。

布雷默[61]小姐的新书让我们回想起十年前，小说界的人们曾热烈讨论《友邻》（The Neighbours）、《总统的女儿》（The President's Daughters）、《H家族》（The H-Family）等瑞典小说的情景。那次大讨论引发了文学界和图书销售界的“瑞典小说”热潮，但是热潮如同昙花一现般很快退去。可能很少有一种类型的小说像布雷默女士的小说那样在英国轰动一时，却在之后的文学史上销声匿迹。没有人再引用它们，也没有人再谈及它们：当人们迈入四十多岁的年纪时，思想成熟，回想起当年对瑞典小说的狂热，不禁会对那时的“年轻不羁”报以一笑。那么为什么会这样？布雷默小姐独特的写作才华不仅给英国读者带来了新鲜感，同时还给写作带来了非同寻常的影响——活泼生动的想象力、诗意的情感、丰富的语言、对细节的感知以及能给日常生活点滴增添色彩的轻快而朴素的幽默感。那么回到之前的问题，为什么布雷默小姐的小说在读者中的评价并不高呢？当我们精读一下《赫莎》（Hertha）就会发现第一个原因，她所有的优点都被过度的多愁善感给毁了，就好像在美洲的森林里看到一只嗅觉并不灵敏的爬行动物，却让人觉得周围弥漫的都是危险气息。她总是在小说中做些怪异的拼接，例如把模糊虚构的空想主义和不同寻常的类荷兰现实主义结合；她在前一页还在写丰盛的香肠三明治、啤酒、牛奶甜酒，而接下来描写的历险记却根本不像是吃三明治喝甜酒的人能干出来的，更像是精灵或是火蜥蜴种族。布雷默小姐的小说经不起时间考验的另一个原因，在于贯穿小说始终的过于绝对的宗教哲学口气。当一个小说家夸口她要表达的理论能解决世人所有的困难时，那么显然，她的小说只不过是自说自话而已。

在《赫莎》中，布雷默的多愁善感和教条式自信这两点表现得十分明显，但是对比她前期的小说，缺少了对细节的描述以及现实主义幽默感。《赫莎》并不是一本单纯出于艺术灵感而写成的小说，它的目标很明确，就是要把女性从有碍她们发展的法律和教育限制中解救出来，把她们从没有工作机会而只能致力于婚姻生活的无聊人生中解救出来。我们认为，所有具有判断能力的人都会佩服布雷默，因为她在很多年前就已经为自己赢得了名声和独立的人格，并且将自己的余生都奉献给了妇女解放事业，她这种慷慨激昂的能量是当时妇女所严重缺乏的。看着她在《赫莎》中阐述的那些智慧且高尚的事，我们不由得惋惜，她提出的所谓解决困难和实际问题的观点，并没有考虑到当时的时代局限性，而只不过像粉色烟雾般浪漫和不切实际罢了。《赫莎》的故事简介如下：

赫莎自幼丧母，她的父亲是个典型的思想狭隘、贪得无厌的传统男人，要求儿女百分之百的顺从。在她二十七岁时，赫莎对父亲的束缚越来越不满，同时，父亲还专横地阻止了赫莎的姐姐阿尔玛同她心爱的人结婚，阿尔玛因此陷入悲痛之中。我们的女主角第一次亮相是在一次化装舞会的预演中，她脸上写满了忧郁和痛苦，舞会将于几天后在孔斯雪平镇举行。她在舞会上认识了不少朋友，其中一位年轻人叫英韦·诺丁，赫莎十分赞同他关于女性地位的论断。接着，我们跟随女主角回到她了无生趣的家，在那里住着她的“独裁者”父亲，父亲会因为她们没有在规定的八点之前回家而狠狠训斥她们；在那里还有她的精神依靠，她的姐姐阿尔玛，她总是向阿尔玛倾吐内心的痛苦以及在父亲的压迫下而滋生的仇恨和叛逆。虽然赫莎和阿尔玛从母亲那里继承了部分财产，但是依据瑞典法律，她们还是未成年人，因此没有实际的财产支配权。就在当晚，镇上发生火灾，破坏范围极大，“独裁父亲”的家也被烧毁，他自己还是被我们的女主角赫莎救出火海的。当时，赫莎冲进父亲的房间，背起瘦弱的父亲冲出了大火。这一孝顺的举动，加上阿尔玛的遗言，为赫莎从父亲那里争取到了自由的许诺，当然，这一自由也是有限制的。父亲仍旧掌管着她的财产权，直到她成年；但是赫莎在家里已经

有了地位，并且有更多出门活动的自由。为了帮助火灾中的伤员和病员，妇女们组建了一个“妇女救助社”，赫莎也是其中一员。碰巧的是，她接待的伤员正好是英韦·诺丁，英韦受了重伤，现在寄住在救助社社长——一位好心的牧师家。赫莎照顾英韦的这段日子是他们培养友谊的绝好时机，赫莎发现，诺丁宽大的内心和渊博的学识一方面抚慰了自己的伤痛，一方面激发了自己的思想；后来，这种友谊渐渐发酵，最终变成了爱情。在经历了种种猜忌和怀疑之后，独裁父亲终于勉强答应了英韦对赫莎提出的求婚，前提是英韦必须找到一份稳定的工作。英韦于是出国寻求财富，赫莎为了等他一直延后婚期，一直到七年后，英韦重病奄奄一息的时候，赫莎才放下顾虑嫁给他。在与英韦分离的那七年里，赫莎做了很多有意义的事，她创办并且管理着两所学校——一所是专门给女孩提供基础教学的学校，另一所学校则更像是导师制的护士学院，在那里，学生通过听赫莎的朗读、与她直接交谈，以及受她人格魅力的影响，而提升自己的思想境界和人生追求。她的学校非常成功，但是英韦的去世令她悲痛不已，她随后不久也离开了人世。

这个简要的故事梗概只能展示而不能完全解释我们对《赫莎》一书的批评。我们的批评在于：书中提出的问题大多只能通过十分绝对的观点和特别详细的事实来解决，当然还得用到空洞的口才以及轻浮的爱情故事。试举一例，书中提到是否应该让女性学医并且从事医疗职业。而作家采用女性成功从事医学事业的例子来证明了这一点，我们杰出的女作家认为，只要女性足够认真，学习了足够多的课程，那么根据“生动的观察和坚定的意志必定带来思想顿悟”这一理论，她们仅仅通过在病床旁边观摩病人，再演绎一段爱情故事，而不经过长期的临床试验，就能成为一名好医生、好护士。当然，女性们不用证明自己很情绪化、偶尔狂热和唯心主义，因为这些都是大家所公认的。她们需要证明是：自己也有精确的思维能力、严谨的学习态度和持续的自控力，虽然这几点我们都很难心甘情愿地同意，因为从布雷默小姐的笔下，我们更容易被女主角的满口正义和她精妙的观察能力所吸引。在此，我们实在是没有

足够的空间来引用赫莎抱怨其他女性不懂自然科学的长篇大论了，仅仅摘出一小段来：“在我很小的时候，就对自然界中的一切抱着浓厚的兴趣，我爱观察山川河流、一草一木，期望能了解它们的性格，它们的生命，以及它们存在的意义。但是因为自己有限的知识和机会，大自然于我就像是一个高深莫测的谜团，直到现在，我还是会为它迷人的景致和神秘所倾倒，它就像是赋予我生命活力的甘泉，让我源源不断地从它那里汲取灵感。噢！感谢伟大的造物主！”

翻译和译者

一位像查尔斯·霍尼曼那样的牧师曾告诉我们，他不到周六晚上是不会着手准备他的布道辞的，因为他“听从天意的安排”。我想，类似“听从天意”的安排也存在于译者当中，他们大多数相信有这样一种超能力：

可以赋予任何人翻译的能力

即使人们对那种语言一窍不通——

这让我们对早期译者的神奇往事——耶稣的七十个弟子将圣经《旧约》翻译成希腊语的故事——产生了共鸣。传说托勒密将他们分别关在不同的单间里进行翻译，最终比对他们的翻译成果时，竟然发现翻译的结果惊人地吻合！当然，我们认为，七十子译本的译者们肯定还是有一定的语言天赋，否则也不会得到上帝赋予他们的超级翻译能力，因为至少在翻译这件事上，我们相信“天助自助者”；这句话我要献给所有年轻的女士和中年绅士们，尤其是那些对自己母语掌握得不够好的人，以及那些以外语作为基础必备技能的译者们。

虽然天才大多从事翻译事业，但是翻译这件事并不需要多少天赋，这是一个事实。翻译所需要的能力会因原始作品难易程度的不同而不同：译者若具有一般的资质，则足以翻译一本普通游记或是轻小说；但是要翻译推理或是科学的作品，则需要能力非凡和知识渊博的译者来完成。后者例如康德的《纯粹理性批判》（Critique of Pure Reason），对于译者来说就是一部很有难度的翻译作品——就像一颗难以敲开的坚果，要将其中要义有条理地铺陈开来不是件容易的事，但是我们很开心地看到，已经有能力很强的译者翻译过这本书了。以前有很多德国形而

上学作品的译本都不太对劲，给人的感觉是译者还没学会游泳就一头扎进了深水里，仅仅依靠字典和听从“上帝的指示”进行翻译。而看看我们面前的这个译本，它简直太与众不同了。不得不说，米克尔约翰先生的翻译棒极了，完全还原了原作者应有的大师风范，这也让英国读者第一次有机会读到康德的《纯粹理性批判》。

我们在此提到一部思想如此深刻的书似乎有点奇怪，用博特小姐（或夫人）所编的德国抒情诗集译本中的话来说，这本书就像是装着九十门大炮的大船，一点也不令人轻松愉快。当然，我们在此只谈翻译，不会牵扯到康德的哲学或者德国抒情诗的内容；巧的是，这二者刚好在最近的翻译领域频频出现。若是翻译散文，我们可以用到戈德史密斯的秘诀，他说，译者经历的痛苦越多，就越能理解作者的心，翻译得也就越好；若是翻译诗歌，我们就不能保证这个“痛苦”秘诀能产生令人满意的成果了。这就不得不谈谈博特小姐的《德国诗歌选集》（Specimens of the German Poets）。博特小姐具有其他译者都羡慕的知识和能力，但是她翻译的诗歌缺乏一种诗意，会让那些读过原著的人觉得还不够完美。但是对于那些没有读过原著的读者来说，博特小姐的译本已经足够好了，读者的热情让诗集出了第二版。博特小姐野心颇大，她大胆地尝试着翻译了歌德著名的《奉献》（Zueignung），下面引用一段。歌德伴着神圣的感情和音乐这样唱着——

Für andre wächst in mir das edle Gut,

Ich kann und will das Pfund nicht mehr vergraben,

Warum sucht'ich den Weg so sehnsuchtsvoll,

Wenn ich ihn nicht den Brüdern zeigen soll?

而博特小姐的翻译则像是用单簧口琴去演奏钢琴曲般风格迥异——

我的才华渐渐逝去，

但是谁还曾拥有像我这样的智慧？

噢！为什么如此热情地要找到出路

若是我没有带领同胞们一同上路？

这样的版本就好像是著名绅士的脸庞和报纸上的画像对不上号一样。鉴于我们对外国诗人的了解大多间接地来源于一些译作，因此评论家肩上的担子就重了，他们需要对诗歌翻译一遍又一遍地进行批评，才能迫使译者在翻译时力求精益求精。

德国人翻译我们诗作的水平大大超过了我们翻译德文诗作的水平，这是因为他们的语言风格多变，在散文中如同一匹缓慢笨拙的驿马，但在诗歌中则像一匹优雅矫健的阿拉伯战马；而且从事诗歌翻译的德国人大多数都是才华横溢的男性。例如，我们记得弗莱里格拉特的翻译，若是我们首先读到的是英文版，那一定会被诗歌中精妙的语言迷住。诚然，德国人对自己的翻译水平自视甚高，尤其是被一些愚蠢的英国读者追捧后更甚，有些英国人认为施莱格尔翻译的莎士比亚甚至比原著更出彩——不仅仅是指对于德国人来说更容易理解，而且翻译本身就算得上是诗。施莱格尔的翻译的确是精准和典雅的结合，如果比对原著研读他的翻译，那将是一件令人无比快乐的事情，就好像在检阅一座基于最爱的画而创作出的精美木雕。他所使用的德语和英语一样能传达正确的意思——就好像是用另一种优秀的乐器奏响音乐一样。然而他也有翻译得不好的时候，这时他的翻译更像是无力的回音，在通篇华丽的语言里显得毫无吸引力。例如洛兰佐对杰西卡说的这段话。莎士比亚这样写道——

寂静的幽夜，

是最适宜于谐和的乐声。[62]

施莱格尔将其翻译成德语——

Sanfte Still und Nacht

Sie werden Tasten süsser Harmonie

意思是：“寂静的幽夜弹奏出了谐和的乐声。”另外，蒂克（他与施莱格尔的翻译水平不相上下）在《麦克白》（Macbeth）独白的翻译中犯了一个更大的错误。原文的台词如下——

如果这一击能够让事情在这里大功告成，

并毕其功于一役，那么在这里，

在这人世的涯岸与沙滩上，

我们就顾不得来世了。[63]

蒂克将Upon this bank and shoal of time译成Auf dieser Schülerbank der Gegenwart，意思从“在这人世的涯岸与沙滩上”变成了“在这学校里的长凳边”，这个极大的错误就是因为蒂克根本没有完全理解原著。再举一例小错误，科里奥兰纳斯[64]说——

就像是雄鹰在鸽棚上方展翅，

在科里奥利统治着沃尔西人。[65]

施莱格尔在翻译“展翅”时却用了德语里类似“盘旋”一词。这种小瑕疵在翻译中可谓屡见不鲜。

像施莱格尔和蒂克这样聪明杰出的人都会在翻译中出错，更别说那

些学问不精的人了，他们更难去理解那些伟大的诗歌作品，这一事实已经被各种有难度的翻译任务所证实。虽然一个极好的译者比不上创作出经典作品的原作家，但是他绝对比那些写出三流作品的作家出色万分。我们想要强调的是，一个译者应当具有以下道德品质——耐心、对原文的忠诚度，以及解读另一种思想时的责任感。当然，我们对这一话题的讨论也不是一天两天了。

[1]《女作家写的蠢故事》是艾略特1856年写给《威斯敏斯特评论》（Westminster Review）的一篇论文。——译者注

[2]女帽类小说（mind-and-millinery species），作者借由英国女士们都十分喜爱的帽子来暗讽女作家的作品虽然样式纷繁、精巧别致，但基本上都虚有其表，华而不实。——译者注

[3]用希伯来语和希腊文写的《圣经》。——译者注

[4]贝尔格莱维亚区（Belgravia），伦敦的上流住宅区。——译者注

[5]奥西恩风格（Ossianic fashion）是指十分夸张的口吻，类似现在的琼瑶体。——译者注

[6]博林布鲁克（Bolingbroke），英格兰国王亨利四世的姓。——译者注

[7]维吉尔（Virgil，前70—前19），古罗马诗人。——译者注

[8]贺拉斯（Horace，前85—前8），古罗马诗人，批评家。

[9]西塞罗（Cicero，前106—前43），古罗马哲学家。——译者注

[10]李维（Livy，前59—17），古罗马历史学家。——译者注

[11]伊夫琳·温德姆（Evelyn Wyndham），文中的乌姆弗拉维尔夫人、伊夫琳都是温德姆小姐。——译者注

[12]皮由兹运动（Puseyism），又称牛津运动，或书册派运动，19世纪中期由英国牛津大学部分教授发动的宗教复兴运动。该运动主张恢复教会昔日的权威和早期的传统，保留罗马天主教的礼仪。运动领导者纽曼、凯布勒、皮由兹等人发表了一系列书册或论文，为这些主张作了理论说明或论证。——译者注

[13]该隐（Cain），亚当与妻子夏娃所生的两个儿子之一，后来因为嫉妒弟弟亚伯，而将其杀害，受到上帝惩罚。根据《圣经·创世记》4:1-12，耶和华对该隐说：‘你做了什么事呢？你兄弟的血的声音通过地向我哀告。地开了口，从你手里接受你兄弟的血。现在你必从这地受咒诅。你种地，地不再给你效力，你必流离飘荡在地上。’——译者注

[14]罗伯特·欧文（Robert Owen，1771—1858），英国的空想社会主义者、企业家、慈善家。代表作品有《新社会观》和《新道德世界书》。——译者注

[15]高教会派（High Churchmen），基督教新教圣公会派别之一。专指英格兰教会和英国国教会中的信徒，追随皮由兹运动。与“低教会派”对立。——译者注

[16]白色圣领体（white neck-cloth）源自牧师的穿着，牧师一般穿黑色长袍，脖子上戴着白色硬领，习惯上被称作罗马领，牧师在不穿长衫的时候也会把罗马领戴在普通的衬衫上，白色的罗

马领成了他们身份的标签。——译者注

[17]福音派（Evangelical）：这个词始于16世纪，当时的宗教改教者以此称呼表明反对罗马天主教的立场。凡接受基督教新教信仰的人都被称为福音派，福音派重视圣经权威和学术研究，因其较罗马天主教更注重直接与上帝建立信约而不通过耶稣以外的任何人作中保，更加恪守传统教义。——译者注

[18]低教会派（Low Church）观点较倾向于清教徒而反对倾向于天主教，不赞成高教会派恢复旧制的倡导，认为主教制度、神职圣品与圣事礼仪相对而言并不重要，强调福音派及新教的做法。——译者注

[19]贵格会（Quaker）是基督教新教的一个教派，又称教友派或者公谊会。该派成立于17世纪，创始人为乔治·福克斯，因一名早期领袖的号诫“听到上帝的话而发抖”而得名Quaker，音译贵格会。该派反对任何形式的战争和暴力，不尊敬任何人也不要求别人尊敬自己，不起誓，主张任何人之间要像兄弟一样，主张和平主义和宗教自由。——译者注

[20]哈丽雅特·比彻·斯托夫人（Harriet Beecher Stowe，1811—1896），美国小说家，代表作是《汤姆叔叔的小屋》。——译者注

[21]现代仿古类（Modern-antique）小说的作者一般是胡乱设定某个历史场景作为故事背景，然后完全不考据，便将自己想写的东西套进该时代。——译者注

[22]雅尼和佯庇（Jannes and Jambres），埃及法老所御用的与摩西斗法的术士。——译者注

[23]西拿基立（Sennacherib），古亚述国的国王，公元前704至前681在位。——译者注

[24]出自歌德的《浮士德》。——译者注

[25]本文最早发表于1854年10月的《威斯敏斯特评论》（Westminster Re-view）。——译者注

[26]帕多瓦（Padua）：意大利北部城市。——译者注

[27]达钦夫人（也就是后来的勒费夫尔小姐Mademoiselle Le Fèvre）给克里斯汀娜女王（Queen Christina）寄过自己的卡里马科斯手抄本。女王这样给她回信：“大家都说你是一位漂亮讨喜的姑娘，但是你如此博学，你不知道女子无才便是德吗？你不为此感到羞愧吗？”

[28]黎塞留（Richelieu，1585—1642），法国宰相，法国历史上最伟大、最具谋略，也最无情的政治家。——译者注

[29]投石党运动（Fronde，音译为“福隆德”运动），Fronde是一种投石器，故又称投石党运动，是17世纪中叶在法国发生的反对专制王权的政治运动。运动可分两个时期：前期为1648—1649年高等法院福隆德运动；后期为1650—1653年亲王福隆德运动。——译者注

[30]洪布耶夫人（Madame Rambouillet，1588—1665），第一座文学沙龙是在1618年成立的，位于洪布耶夫人的府邸。洪布耶夫人原名凯瑟琳（Catherine de Vivonne），十二岁时嫁给洪布耶伯爵，来到法国亨利四世的宫廷之后，对于当时宫廷的粗俗生活感到惊讶和失望，于是决定在自己的家里主持沙龙。——译者注

[31]法国作家莫里哀（Molière）的两部喜剧作品。Précieuses原本的意思是有价值的女人或珍贵的女人，该词是用来嘲弄她们赋予许多没有价值的东西不该有的价值，首先是她们自己。——译者注

[32]拉罗什福科（La Rochefoucauld，1613—1680），17世纪法国古典作家，代表作有《箴言集》。——译者注

[33]鲍修埃（Bossuet，1629—1704），17世纪时主张君权神授的法国神学家、政治理论家。——译者注

[34]隆格维尔公爵夫人（Duchese de Longueville），原名安妮·德·波旁（Anne Geneviève de Bourbon，1619—1679），法国女王族，以貌美风流和在投石党内战中的影响而闻名。——译者注

[35]圣佩韦（Sainte-Beuve，1804—1869），法国19世纪文艺批评家。——译者注

[36]希波克拉底（Hippocrates），希腊名医，被称为医药之父。——译者注

[37]波尔罗亚尔信徒（Port-Royalists）：17世纪法国天主教约翰逊派教徒，活动中心在巴黎附近的波尔罗亚尔女隐修院。——译者注

[38]约翰逊主义（Jansenism）是罗马天主教在17世纪的运动，由康内留斯·奥图·约翰逊（Cornelius Otto Jansen，1585—1638）创立，其理论强调原罪、人类的全然败坏、恩典的必要和宿命论。——译者注

[39]保罗·斯卡龙（Paul Scarron，1610—1660），法国诗人、小说家、剧作家。——译者注

[40]克朗（crown），英国25便士的货币。——译者注

[41]布莱士·帕斯卡（Blaise Pascal，1623—1662），法国数学家、物理学家、思想家。——译者注

[42]我们所提到的这封信中有这样很妙的描写：“我对这个年龄的人恨得要命，他们认为我有追求女人的本事和手段，就好像我们比他们老一百岁似的，他们还处于对人类的问题特别惊讶的状态。”

[43]加尔文主义主张人类不能通过正义的行为获得救赎，恢复逐渐被天主教所遗弃的奥古斯丁学说“救恩独作说”。——译者注

[44]奥古斯丁主义涵盖宇宙论、恩宠论、圣事论、教会论、历史观等神学和哲学的领域，认为上帝是宇宙中唯一真实的存在，人类由于始祖犯罪，本性已经败坏，无力行善避恶，只有依靠上帝的恩宠才能得救。——译者注

[45]克洛德·阿德里安·爱尔维修（Claude Adrien Helvétius，1715—1771），18世纪法国哲学家、功利主义与唯物主义者。他的主要著作包括《论精神》和《论人的理智能力和教育》。——译者注

[46]加尔默罗会（Carmelites），又称圣衣会，会规要求会士安贫、守贞、服从、静默、斋戒。——译者注

[47]查尔斯·金斯利（Charles Kingsley，1819—1875），英国作家，代表作《向西去！》写于1855年，内容是伊丽莎白时代反对天主教和击败西班牙舰队的故事。——译者注

[48]训导型小说（Tendenz-Roman），指通过一定的故事或者说教而让读者接受某种观点，德国人将这种作品称为训导型小说。——译者注

[49]玛格丽特·富勒（Margaret Fuller，1810—1850），美国作家、评论家、社会改革家、早期女权运动领袖。她是新英格兰先验论派的著名成员。——译者注

[50]玛丽·沃斯通克拉夫特（Mary Wollstonecraft，1759—1797），18世纪的英国作家、哲学家和女权主义者。——译者注

[51]马勒普太太（Mrs.Malaprop），爱尔兰喜剧《情敌》中的人物，喜欢搬弄漂亮的词句，却不懂其含义，因此经常闹出笑话。人们普遍把用词不当称作马勒普风格。——译者注

[52]夏尔·傅立叶（Charles Fourier，1772—1837），法国空想社会主义者，代表作为《新的工业世界和社会事业》。——译者注

[53]《德雷德》（Dred：a tale of the great Dismal Swamp），全名《德雷德：阴暗的大沼地的故事》，出版于1865年。——译者注

[54]斯托夫人的另一部作品《汤姆叔叔的小屋》（Uncle Tom's Cabin）中的主角，发表于1863年。——译者注

[55]沃尔特·司各特（Sir Walter Scott，1771—1832），苏格兰历史小说家、诗人。——译者注

[56]奥古斯特·蒂尔里（Augustin Thierry，1795—1856），法国历史学家。——译者注

[57]又译《撒克逊劫后英雄传》。——译者注

[58]指奴隶从小被灌输敬畏上帝、逆来顺受、忠顺于主人这类的基督教说教。——译者注

[59]查尔斯·里德（Charles Reade，1814—1884），英国小说家、剧作家，代表作为《患难与忠

诚》（The Cloister and the Hearth）。——译者注

[60]马基雅维利主义（Machiavelianism），又叫权术主义，主张为达目的可以不择手段。——译者注

[61]弗雷德里卡·布雷默（Fredrika Bremer，1801—1865），瑞典小说家，女权主义者。——译者注

[62]出自《威尼斯商人》第五幕第一景。——译者注

[63]出自《麦克白》第一幕第七景。——译者注

[64]科里奥兰纳斯（Coriolanus）是莎士比亚晚年创作的一出可与四大悲剧相媲美的古罗马历史悲剧《科里奥兰纳斯》中的人物。——译者注

[65]出自《科里奥兰纳斯》第五幕第六景。——译者注

George Eliot

Silly Novels by Lady Novelists

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Silly Novels by Lady Novelists

Silly novels by Lady Novelists are a genus with many species，determined by the particular quality of silliness that predominates in them–the frothy，the prosy，the pious，or the pedantic. But it is a mixture of all these–a composite order of feminine fatuity，that produces the largest class of such novels，which we shall distinguish as the *mind-and-millinery* species. The heroine is usually an heiress，probably a peeress in her own right，with perhaps a vicious baronet，an amiable duke，and an irresistible younger son of a marquis as lovers in the foreground，a clergyman and a poet sighing for her in the middle distance，and a crowd of undefined adorers dimly indicated beyond. Her eyes and her wit are both dazzling；her nose and her morals are alike free from any tendency to irregularity；she has a superb *contralto* and a superb intellect；she is perfectly well-dressed and perfectly religious；she dances like a sylph，and reads the Bible in the original tongues. Or it may be that the heroine is not an heiress–that rank and wealth are the only things in which she is deficient；but she infallibly gets into high society，she has the triumph of refusing many matches and securing the best，and she wears some family jewels or other as a sort of crown of righteousness at the end. Rakish men either bite their lips in impotent confusion at her repartees，or are touched to penitence by her reproofs，which，on appropriate occasions，rise to a lofty strain of rhetoric；indeed，there is a general propensity in her to make speeches，and to rhapsodize at some length when she retires to her bedroom. In her recorded conversations she is amazingly eloquent，and in her unrecorded

conversations，amazingly witty. She is understood to have a depth of insight that looks through and through the shallow theories of philosophers，and her superior instincts are a sort of dial by which men have only to set their clocks and watches，and all will go well. The men play a very subordinate part by her side. You are consoled now and then by a hint that they have affairs，which keeps you in mind that the working-day business of the world is somehow being carried on，but ostensibly the final cause of their existence is that they may accompany the heroine on her‘starring’expedition through life. They see her at a ball，and are dazzled；at a flower-show，and they are fascinated；on a riding excursion，and they are witched by her noble horsemanship；at church，and they are awed by the sweet solemnity of her demeanour. She is the ideal woman in feelings，faculties，and flounces. For all this，she as often as not marries the wrong person to begin with，and she suffers terribly from the plots and intrigues of the vicious baronet；but even death has a soft place in his heart for such a paragon，and remedies all mistakes for her just at the right moment. The vicious baronet is sure to be killed in a duel，and the tedious husband dies in his bed，requesting his wife，as a particular favour to him，to marry the man she loves best，and having already dispatched a note to the lover informing him of the comfortable arrangement. Before matters arrive at this desirable issue our feelings are tried by seeing the noble，lovely，and gifted heroine pass through many *mauvais moments*，but we have the satisfaction of knowing that her sorrows are wept into embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs，that her fainting form reclines on the very best upholstery，and that whatever vicissitudes she may undergo，from being dashed out of her carriage to having her head shaved in a fever，she comes out of them all with a complexion more blooming and locks more

redundant than ever.

We may remark, by the way, that we have been relieved from a serious scruple by discovering that silly novels by lady novelists rarely introduce us into any other than very lofty and fashionable society. We had imagined that destitute women turned novelists, as they turned governesses, because they had no other'lady-like'means of getting their bread. On this supposition, vacillating syntax and improbable incident had a certain pathos for us, like the extremely supererogatory pincushions and ill-devised nightcaps that are offered for sale by a blind man. We felt the commodity to be a nuisance, but we were glad to think that the money went to relieve the necessitous, and we pictured to ourselves lonely women struggling for a maintenance, or wives and daughters devoting themselves to the production of'copy'out of pure heroism, –perhaps to pay their husband's debts, or to purchase luxuries for a sick father. Under these impressions we shrank from criticizing a lady's novel: her English might be faulty, but, we said to ourselves, her motives are irreproachable; her imagination may be uninventive, but her patience is untiring. Empty writing was excused by an empty stomach, and twaddle was consecrated by tears. But no! This theory of ours, like many other pretty theories, has had to give way before observation. Women's silly novels, we are now convinced, are written under totally different circumstances. The fair writers have evidently never talked to a tradesman except from a carriage window; they have no notion of the working classes except as'dependants'; they think £500 a year a miserable pittance; Belgravia and'baronial halls'are their primary truths; and they have no idea of feeling interest in any man who is not at least a great landed proprietor, if not a prime minister. It is clear that they write in

elegant boudoirs，with violet-coloured ink and a ruby pen；that they must be entirely indifferent to publishers' accounts，and inexperienced in every form of poverty except poverty of brains. It is true that we are constantly struck with the want of verisimilitude in their representations of the high society in which they seem to live; but then they betray no closer acquaintance with any other form of life. If their peers and peeresses are improbable，their literary men，tradespeople，and cottagers are impossible；and their intellect seems to have the peculiar impartiality of reproducing both what they *have* seen and heard，and what they have *not* seen and heard，with equal unfaithfulness.

There are few women，we suppose，who have not seen something of children under five years of age，yet in *Compensation*，a recent novel of the mind-and-millinery species，which calls itself a'story of real life'，we have a child of four and a half years old talking in this Ossianic fashion：–

> 'Oh, I am so happy, dear gran'mamma; –I have seen, –I have seen such a delightful person: he is like everything beautiful, –like the smell of sweet flowers, and the view from Ben Lomond; –or no, better than that–he is like what I think of and see when I am very, very happy; and he is really like mamma, too, when she sings; and his forehead is like that distant sea,' she continued, pointing to the blue Mediterranean; 'there seems no end–no end; or like the clusters of stars I like best to look at on a warm fine night...Don't look so...your forehead is like

Loch Lomond, when the wind is blowing and the sun is gone in; I like the sunshine best when the lake is smooth...So now－I like it better than ever...it is more beautiful still from the dark cloud that has gone over it, when the sun suddenly lights up all the colours of the forests and shining purple rocks, and it is all reflected in the waters below.’

We are not surprised to learn that the mother of this infant phenomenon，who exhibits symptoms so alarmingly like those of adolescence repressed by gin，is herself a phœnix．We are assured，again and again，that she had a remarkably original mind，that she was a genius，and‘conscious of her originality’，and she was fortunate enough to have a lover who was also a genius，and a man of‘most original mind’．

This lover，we read，though‘wonderfully similar’to her‘in powers and capacity’，was‘infinitely superior to her in faith and development’，and she saw in him the‘“Agape”–so rare to find–of which she had read and admired the meaning in her Greek Testament；having，*from her great facility in learning languages*，read the Scriptures in their original *tongues*．’Of course！Greek and Hebrew are mere play to a heroine；Sanscrit is no more than *a b c* to her；and she can talk with perfect correctness in any language except English．She is a polking polyglot，a Creuzer in crinoline．Poor men！There are so few of you who know even Hebrew；you think it something to boast of if，like Bolingbroke，you only‘understand that sort of learning，and what is writ about it’；and you are perhaps adoring women who can think slightingly of you in all the Semitic languages successively．

But，then，as we are almost invariably told，that a heroine has a‘beautifully small head’，and as her intellect has probably been early invigorated by an attention to costume and deportment，we may conclude that she can pick up the Oriental tongues，to say nothing of their dialects，with the same aërial facility that the butterfly sips nectar. Besides，there can be no difficulty in conceiving the depth of the heroine's erudition，when that of the authoress is so evident.

In *Laura Gay*，another novel of the same school，the heroine seems less at home in Greek and Hebrew，but she makes up for the deficiency by a quite playful familiarity with the Latin classics–with the‘dear old Virgil’，‘the graceful Horace，the humane Cicero，and the pleasant Livy’；indeed，it is such a matter of course with her to quote Latin，that she does it at a picnic in a very mixed company of ladies and gentlemen，having，we are told，‘no conception that the nobler sex were capable of jealousy on this subject. And if，indeed，’continues the biographer of Laura Gay，‘the wisest and noblest portion of that sex were in the majority，no such sentiment would exist；but while Miss Wyndhams and Mr Redfords abound，great sacrifices must be made to their existence. ’Such sacrifices，we presume，as abstaining from Latin quotations，of extremely moderate interest and applicability，which the wise and noble minority of the other sex would be quite as willing to dispense with as the foolish and ignoble majority. It is as little the custom of well-bred men as of well-bred women to quote Latin in mixed parties；they can contain their familiarity with‘the humane Cicero’without allowing it to boil over in ordinary conversation，and even references to‘the pleasant Livy’are not absolutely irrepressible. But Ciceronian Latin is the mildest

form of Miss Gay's conversational power. Being on the Palatine with a party of sightseers, she falls into the following vein of well-rounded remark: –

> Truth can only be pure objectively, for even in the creeds where it predominates, being subjective, and parcelled out into portions, each of these necessarily receives a hue of idiosyncrasy, that is, a taint of superstition more or less strong; while in such creeds as the Roman Catholic, ignorance, interest, the bias of ancient idolatries, and the force of authority, have gradually accumulated on the pure truth, and transformed it, at last, into a mass of superstition for the majority of its votaries; and how few are there, alas! whose zeal, courage, and intellectual energy are equal to the analysis of this accumulation, and to the discovery of the pearl of great price which lies hidden beneath this heap of rubbish.

We have often met with women much more novel and profound in their observations than Laura Gay, but rarely with any so inopportunely long-winded. A clerical lord, who is half in love with her, is alarmed by the daring remarks just quoted, and begins to suspect that she is inclined to free-thinking. But he is mistaken; when in a moment of sorrow he delicately begs leave to'recall to her memory, a *dépôt* of strength and consolation under affliction, which, until we are hard pressed by the trials of life, we are too apt to forget', we learn that she really has'recurrence to that sacred

dépôt'，together with the teapot．There is a certain flavour of orthodoxy mixed with the parade of fortunes and fine carriages in *Laura Gay*，but it is an orthodoxy mitigated by study of'the humane Cicero'，and by an'intellectual disposition to analyse'．

Compensation is much more heavily dosed with doctrine，but then it has a treble amount of snobbish worldliness and absurd incident to tickle the palate of pious frivolity．Linda，the heroine，is still more speculative and spiritual than Laura Gay，but she has been'presented'，and has more，and far grander，lovers；very wicked and fascinating women are introduced–even a French *lionne*；and no expense is spared to get up as exciting a story as you will find in the most immoral novels．In fact，it is a wonderful *pot pourri* of Almack's，Scotch second-sight，Mr Rogers's breakfasts，Italian brigands，death-bed conversions，superior authoresses，Italian mistresses，and attempts at poisoning old ladies，the whole served up with a garnish of talk about'faith and development'，and'most original minds'．Even Miss Susan Barton，the superior authoress，whose pen moves in a'quick decided manner when she is composing'，declines the finest opportunities of marriage；and though old enough to be Linda's mother（since we are told that she refused Linda's father），has her hand sought by a young earl，the heroine's rejected lover．Of course，genius and morality must be backed by eligible offers，or they would seem rather a dull affair；and piety，like other things，in order to be *comme il faut*，must be in'society'，and have admittance to the best circles．

Rank and Beauty is a more frothy and less religious variety of the mind-and-millinery species．The heroine，we are told，'if she inherited her

father's pride of birth and her mother's beauty of person，had in herself a tone of enthusiastic feeling that perhaps belongs to her age even in the lowly born，but which is refined into the high spirit of wild romance only in the far descended，who feel that it is their best inheritance’. This enthusiastic young lady，by dint of reading the newspaper to her father，falls in love with the *prime minister*，who，through the medium of leading articles and‘the *résumé* of the debates’，shines upon her imagination as a bright particular star，which has no parallax for her，living in the country as simple Miss Wyndham. But she forthwith becomes Baroness Umfraville in her own right，astonishes the world with her beauty and accomplishments when she bursts upon it from her mansion in Spring Gardens，and，as you foresee，will presently come into contact with the unseen *objet aimé*. Perhaps the words‘prime minister’suggest to you a wrinkled or obese sexagenarian；but pray dismiss the image. Lord Rupert Conway has been‘called while still almost a youth to the first situation which a subject can hold in the *universe*’，and even leading articles and a *résumé* of the debates have not conjured up a dream that surpasses the fact.

> The door opened again, and Lord Rupert Conway entered. Evelyn gave one glance. It was enough; she was not disappointed. It seemed as if a picture on which she had long gazed was suddenly instinct with life, and had stepped from its frame before her. His tall figure, the distinguished simplicity of his air－it was a living Vandyke, a cavalier, one of his noble cavalier ancestors, or one to whom her fancy had always likened him, who long of yore had, with an

> Umfraville, fought the Paynim far beyond sea. Was this reality?

Very little like it, certainly.

By and by, it becomes evident that the ministerial heart is touched. Lady Umfraville is on a visit to the Queen at Windsor, and, –

> The last evening of her stay, when they returned from riding, Mr Wyndham took her and a large party to the top of the Keep, to see the view. She was leaning on the battlements, gazing from that ‘stately height’ at the prospect beneath her, when Lord Rupert was by her side. ‘What an unrivalled view!’ exclaimed she.
>
> ‘Yes, it would have been wrong to go without having been up here. You are pleased with your visit?’
>
> ‘Enchanted! “A Queen to live and die under”, to live and die for!’
>
> ‘Ha!’ cried he, with sudden emotion, and with a eureka expression of countenance, as if he had indeed found a heart in unison with his own.

The‘*eureka* expression of countenance’, you see at once to be prophetic of marriage at the end of the third volume; but before that desirable consummation, there are very complicated misunderstandings, arising chiefly from the vindictive plotting of Sir Luttrell Wycherley, who is a genius, a poet, and in every way a most remarkable character indeed. He

is not only a romantic poet，but a hardened rake and a cynical wit；yet his deep passion for Lady Umfraville has so impoverished his epigrammatic talent，that he cuts an extremely poor figure in conversation. When she rejects him，he rushes into the shrubbery，and rolls himself in the dirt；and on recovering，devotes himself to the most diabolical and laborious schemes of vengeance，in the course of which he disguises himself as a quack physician，and enters into general practice，foreseeing that Evelyn will fall ill，and that he shall be called in to attend her. At last，when all his schemes are frustrated，he takes leave of her in a long letter，written，as you will perceive from the following passage，entirely in the style of an eminent literary man：–

> Oh, lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure, will you ever cast one thought upon the miserable being who addresses you? Will you ever, as your gilded galley is floating down the unruffied stream of prosperity, will you ever, while lulled by the sweetest music–thine own praises, –hear the far-off sigh from that world to which I am going?

On the whole，however，frothy as it is，we rather prefer *Rank and Beauty* to the two other novels we have mentioned. The dialogue is more natural and spirited；there is some frank ignorance，and no pedantry；and you are allowed to take the heroine's astounding intellect upon trust，without being called on to read her conversational refutations of sceptics and philosophers，or her rhetorical solutions of the mysteries of the universe.

Writers of the mind-and-millinery school are remarkably unanimous in

their choice of diction. In their novels, there is usually a lady or gentleman who is more or less of a up as tree: the lover has a manly breast; minds are redolent of various things; hearts are hollow; events are utilized; friends are consigned to the tomb; infancy is an engaging period; the sun is a luminary that goes to his western couch, or gathers the rain-drops into his refulgent bosom; life is a melancholy boon; Albion and Scotia are conversational epithets. There is a striking resemblance, too, in the character of their moral comments, such, for instance, as that'It is a fact, no less true than melancholy, that all people, more or less, richer or poorer, are swayed by bad example'; that'Books, however trivial, contain some subjects from which useful information may be drawn'; that'Vice can too often borrow the language of virtue'; that'Merit and nobility of nature must exist, to be accepted, for clamour and pretension cannot impose upon those too well read in human nature to be easily deceived'; and that, 'In order to forgive, we must have been injured'. There is, doubtless, a class of readers to whom these remarks appear peculiarly pointed and pungent; for we often find them doubly and trebly scored with the pencil, and delicate hands giving in their determined adhesion to these hardy novelties by a distinct *très vrai*, emphasized by many notes of exclamation. The colloquial style of these novels is often marked by much ingenious inversion, and a careful avoidance of such cheap phraseology as can be heard every day. Angry young gentlemen exclaim–''Tis ever thus, methinks'; and in the half hour before dinner a young lady informs her next neighbour that the first day she read Shakspeare she'stole away into the park, and beneath the shadow of the greenwood tree, devoured with rapture the inspired page of the great magician'. But the most remarkable efforts of the mind-and-millinery writers lie in their

philosophic reflections．The authoress of *Laura Gay*，for example，having married her hero and heroine，improves the event by observing that‘if those sceptics，whose eyes have so long gazed on matter that they can no longer see aught else in man，could once enter with heart and soul into such bliss as this，they would come to say that the soul of man and the polypus are not of common origin，or of the same texture’．Lady novelists，it appears，can see something else besides matter；they are not limited to phenomena，but can relieve their eyesight by occasional glimpses of the *noumenon*，and are，therefore，naturally better able than any one else to confound sceptics，even of that remarkable，but to us unknown school，which maintains that the soul of man is of the same texture as the polypus．

The most pitiable of all silly novels by lady novelists are what we may call the *oracular* species–novels intended to expound the writer's religious，philosophical，or moral theories．There seems to be a notion abroad among women，rather akin to the superstition that the speech and actions of idiots are inspired，and that the human being most entirely exhausted of common sense is the fittest vehicle of revelation．To judge from their writings，there are certain ladies who think that an amazing ignorance，both of science and of life，is the best possible qualification for forming an opinion on the knottiest moral and speculative questions．Apparently，their recipe for solving all such difficulties is something like this：–Take a woman's head，stuff it with a smattering of philosophy and literature chopped small，and with false notions of society baked hard，let it hang over a desk a few hours every day，and serve up hot in feeble English，when not required．You will rarely meet with a lady novelist of the oracular class who is diffident of her ability to decide on theological questions，–who has any suspicion that

she is not capable of discriminating with the nicest accuracy between the good and evil in all church parties，–who does not see precisely how it is that men have gone wrong hitherto，–and pity philosophers in general that they have not had the opportunity of consulting her. Great writers，who have modestly contented themselves with putting their experience into fiction，and have thought it quite a sufficient task to exhibit men and things as they are，she sighs over as deplorably deficient in the application of their powers. ‘They have solved no great questions’–and she is ready to remedy their omission by setting before you a complete theory of life and manual of divinity，in a love story，where ladies and gentlemen of good family go through genteel vicissitudes，to the utter confusion of Deists，Puseyites，and ultra-Protestants，and to the perfect establishment of that particular view of Christianity which either condenses itself into a sentence of small caps，or explodes into a cluster of stars on the three hundred and thirtieth page. It is true，the ladies and gentlemen will probably seem to you remarkably little like any you have had the fortune or misfortune to meet with，for，as a general rule，the ability of a lady novelist to describe actual life and her fellow-men，is in inverse proportion to her confident eloquence about God and the other world，and the means by which she usually chooses to conduct you to true ideas of the invisible is a totally false picture of the visible.

As typical a novel of the oracular kind as we can hope to meet with，is *The Enigma*：*A Leaf from the Chronicles of Wolchorley House*. The‘enigma’which this novel is to solve，is certainly one that demands powers no less gigantic than those of a lady novelist，being neither more nor less than the existence of evil. The problem is stated，and the answer dimly foreshadowed on the very first page. The spirited young lady，with raven

hair，says，‘All life is an inextricable confusion’；and the meek young lady，with auburn hair，looks at the picture of the Madonna which she is copying，and–‘*There* seemed the solution of that mighty enigma．’The style of this novel is quite as lofty as its purpose；indeed，some passages on which we have spent much patient study are quite beyond our reach，in spite of the illustrative aid of italics and small caps；and we must await further‘development’in order to understand them．Of Ernest，the model young clergyman，who sets every one right on all occasions，we read，that‘he held not of marriage in the marketable kind，after a social desecration’；that，on one eventful night，‘sleep had not visited his divided heart，where tumultuated，in varied type and combination，the aggregate feelings of grief and joy’；and that，‘for the *marketable* human article he had no toleration，be it of what sort，or set for what value it might，whether for worship or class，his upright soul abhorred it，whose ultimatum，the self-deceiver，was to him THE *great spiritual lie*，“living in a vain show，deceiving and being deceived”；since he did not suppose the phylactery and enlarged border on the garment to be *merely* a social trick．’（The italics and small caps are the author's，and we hope they assist the reader's comprehension．）Of Sir Lionel，the model old gentleman，we are told that‘the simple ideal of the middle age，apart from its anarchy and decadence，in him most truly seemed to live again，when the ties which knit men together were of heroic cast．The first-born colours of pristine faith and truth engraven on the common soul of man，and blent into the wide arch of brotherhood，where the primæval law of *order* grew and multiplied，each perfect after his kind，and mutually interdependent．’You see clearly，of course，how colours are first engraven on a soul，and then blent into a wide arch，on which arch of

colours–apparently a rainbow–the law of order grew and multiplied，each–apparently the arch and the law–perfect after his kind？If，after this，you can possibly want any further aid towards knowing what Sir Lionel was，we can tell you，that in his soul‘the scientific combinations of thought could educe no fuller harmonies of the good and the true，than lay in the primæval pulses which floated as an atmosphere around it！’and that，when he was sealing a letter，‘Lo！ the responsive throb in that good man's bosom echoed back in simple truth the honest witness of a heart that condemned him not，as his eye，bedewed with love，rested，too，with something of ancestral pride，on the undimmed motto of the family–LOIAUTÉ．’

The slightest matters have their vulgarity fumigated out of them by the same elevated style．Commonplace people would say that a copy of Shakspeare lay on a drawing-room table；but the authoress of *The Enigma*，bent on edifying periphrasis，tells you that there lay on the table，‘that fund of human thought and feeling，which teaches the heart through the little name，“Shakspeare”’．A watchman sees a light burning in an upper window rather longer than usual，and thinks that people are foolish to sit up late when they have an opportunity of going to bed；but，lest this fact should seem too low and common，it is presented to us in the following striking and metaphysical manner：‘He marvelled–as man *will* think for others in a necessarily separate personality，consequently （though disallowing it）in false mental premise，–how differently *he* should act，how gladly *he* should prize the rest so lightly held of within．’A footman–an ordinary Jeames，with large calves and aspirated vowels–answers the door-bell，and the opportunity is seized to tell you that he was a‘type of the large class of pampered menials，who follow the curse of Cain–“vagabonds”on

the face of the earth，and whose estimate of the human class varies in the graduated scale of money and expenditure...These，and such as these，O England，be the false lights of thy morbid civilization！’We have heard of various‘false lights’，from Dr Cumming to Robert Owen，from Dr Pusey to the Spiritrappers，but we never before heard of the false light that emanates from plush and powder．

In the same way very ordinary events of civilized life are exalted into the most awful crises，and ladies in full skirts and *manches à la chinoise*，conduct themselves not unlike the heroines of sanguinary melodramas．Mrs Percy，a shallow woman of the world，wishes her son Horace to marry the auburn-haired Grace，she being an heiress；but he，after the manner of sons，falls in love with the raven-haired Kate，the heiress's portionless cousin；and，moreover，Grace herself shows every symptom of perfect indifference to Horace．In such cases，sons are often sulky or fiery，mothers are alternately manœuvring and waspish，and the portionless young lady often lies awake at night and cries a good deal．We are getting used to these things now，just as we are used to eclipses of the moon，which no longer set us howling and beating tin kettles．We never heard of a lady in a fashionable‘front’behaving like Mrs Percy under these circumstances．Happening one day to see Horace talking to Grace at a window，without in the least knowing what they are talking about，or having the least reason to believe that Grace，who is mistress of the house and a person of dignity，would accept her son if he were to offer himself，she suddenly rushes up to them and clasps them both，saying，‘with a flushed countenance and in an excited manner’–‘This is indeed happiness；for，may I not call you so，Grace？–my Grace–my Horace's Grace！–my dear children！’Her son tells

her she is mistaken，and that he is engaged to Kate，whereupon we have the following scene and tableau：–

> Gathering herself up to an unprecedented height, （! ）her eyes lightning forth the fire of her anger: -
>
> ‘Wretched boy! ’she said, hoarsely and scornfully, and clenching her hand. ‘Take then the doom of your own choice! Bow down your miserable head and let a mother's–’
>
> ‘Curse not! ’spake a deep low voice from behind, and Mrs Percy started, scared, as though she had seen a heavenly visitant appear, to break upon her in the midst of her sin.
>
> Meantime, Horace had fallen on his knees at her feet, and hid his face in his hands.
>
> Who, then, is she–who! Truly his ‘guardian spirit’hath stepped between him and the fearful words, which, however unmerited, must have hung as a pall over his future existence; –a spell which could not be unbound–which could not be unsaid.
>
> Of an earthly paleness, but calm with the still, ironbound calmness of death–the only calm one there, –Katherine stood; and her words smote on the ear in tones whose appallingly slow and separate intonation rung on the heart like the chill, isolated tolling of some fatal knell.

> ‘He would have plighted me his faith, but I did not accept it; you cannot, therefore–you dare not curse him. And here, ’ she continued, raising her hand to heaven, whither her large dark eyes also rose with a chastened glow, which, for the first time, suffering had lighted in those passionate orbs, – ‘here I promise, come weal, come woe, that Horace Wolchorley and I do never interchange vows without his mother's sanction–without his mother's blessing! ’

Here，and throughout the story，we see that confusion of purpose which is so characteristic of silly novels written by women. It is a story of quite modern drawing-room society–a society in which polkas are played and Puseyism discussed；yet we have characters，and incidents，and traits of manner introduced，which are mere shreds from the most heterogeneous romances. We have a blind Irish harper，‘relic of the picturesque bards of yore’，startling us at a Sunday-school festival of tea and cake in an English village；we have a crazy gypsy，in a scarlet cloak，singing snatches of romantic song，and revealing a secret on her death-bed which，with the testimony of a dwarfish miserly merchant，who salutes strangers with a curse and a devilish laugh，goes to prove that Ernest，the model young clergyman，is Kate's brother；and we have an ultra-virtuous Irish Barney，discovering that a document is forged，by comparing the date of the paper with the date of the alleged signature，although the same document has passed through a court of law，and occasioned a fatal decision. The‘Hall’in which Sir Lionel lives is the venerable country-seat of an old family，and this，we suppose，sets the imagination of the authoress flying to donjons

and battlements，where‘lo! the warder blows his horn’; for，as the inhabitants are in their bedrooms on a night certainly within the recollection of Pleaceman X. ，and a breeze springs up，which we are at first told was faint，and then that it made the old cedars bow their branches to the greensward，she falls into this mediæval vein of description （the italics are ours）：‘The banner *unfurled* it at the sound，and shook its guardian wing above，while the startled owl *flapped her* in the ivy；the firmament looking down through her“argus eyes”–

Ministers of heaven's mute melodies.
And lo! two strokes tolled from out the warder tower,
and “Two o'clock” re-echoed its interpreter below. ’

Such stories as this of The Enigma remind us of the pictures clever children sometimes draw ‘out of their own head’, where you will see a modern villa on the right, two knights in helmets fighting in the foreground, and a tiger grinning in a jungle on the left, the several objects being brought together because the artist thinks each pretty, and perhaps still more because he remembers seeing them in other pictures.

But we like the authoress much better on her mediæval stilts than on her oracular ones, –when she talks of the Ich and of ‘subjective’ and ‘objective’, and lays down the exact line of Christian verity, between ‘right-hand excesses and left-hand declensions’. Persons who

> deviate from this line are introduced with a patronizing air of charity. Of a certain Miss Inshquine she informs us, with all the lucidity of italics and small caps, that ‘function, not form, AS THE INEVITABLE OUTER EXPRESSION OF THE SPIRIT IN THIS TABERNACLED AGE, weakly engrossed her’. And à propos of Miss Mayjar, an evangelical lady who is a little too apt to talk of her visits to sick women and the state of their souls, we are told that the model clergyman is ‘not one to disallow, through the super crust, the undercurrent towards good in the subject, or the positive benefits, nevertheless, to the object’. We imagine the double-refined accent and protrusion of chin which are feebly represented by the italics in this lady's sentences. We abstain from quoting any of her oracular doctrinal passages, because they refer to matters too serious for our pages just now.

The epithet‘silly’may seem impertinent，applied to a novel which indicates so much reading and intellectual activity as *The Enigma*；but we use this epithet advisedly．If，as the world has long agreed，a very great amount of instruction will not make a wise man，still less will a very mediocre amount of instruction make a wise woman．And the most mischievous form of feminine silliness is the literary form，because it tends to confirm the popular prejudice against the more solid education of women．When men see girls wasting their time in consultations about bonnets and ball dresses，and in giggling or sentimental love-confidences，

or middle-aged women mismanaging their children，and solacing themselves with acrid gossip，they can hardly help saying，‘For Heaven's sake，let girls be better educated；let them have some better objects of thought–some more solid occupations．’But after a few hours' conversation with an oracular literary woman，or a few hours' reading of her books，they are likely enough to say，‘After all，when a woman gets some knowledge，see what use she makes of it！Her knowledge remains acquisition，instead of passing into culture；instead of being subdued into modesty and simplicity by a larger acquaintance with thought and fact，she has a feverish consciousness of her attainments；she keeps a sort of mental pocket-mirror，and is continually looking in it at her own‘intellectuality’；she spoils the taste of one's muffin by questions of metaphysics；‘puts down’men at a dinner-table with her superior information；and seizes the opportunity of a *soirée* to catechize us on the vital question of the relation between mind and matter．And then，look at her writings！She mistakes vagueness for depth，bombast for eloquence，and affectation for originality；she struts on one page，rolls her eyes on another，grimaces in a third，and is hysterical in a fourth．She may have read many writings of great men，and a few writings of great women；but she is as unable to discern the difference between her own style and theirs as a Yorkshireman is to discern the difference between his own English and a Londoner's：rhodomontade is the native accent of her intellect．No–the average nature of women is too shallow and feeble a soil to bear much tillage；it is only fit for the very lightest crops．’

It is true that the men who come to such a decision on such very superficial and imperfect observation may not be among the wisest in the

world；but we have not now to contest their opinion–we are only pointing out how it is unconsciously encouraged by many women who have volunteered themselves as representatives of the feminine intellect. We do not believe that a man was ever strengthened in such an opinion by associating with a woman of true culture，whose mind had absorbed her knowledge instead of being absorbed by it. A really cultured woman，like a really cultured man，is all the simpler and the less obtrusive for her knowledge；it has made her see herself and her opinions in something like just proportions；she does not make it a pedestal from which she flatters herself that she commands a complete view of men and things，but makes it a point of observation from which to form a right estimate of herself. She neither spouts poetry nor quotes Cicero on slight provocation；not because she thinks that a sacrifice must be made to the prejudices of men，but because that mode of exhibiting her memory and Latinity does not present itself to her as edifying or graceful. She does not write books to confound philosophers，perhaps because she is able to write books that delight them.
In conversation she is the least formidable of women，because she understands you，without wanting to make you aware that you *can't* understand her. She does not give you information，which is the raw material of culture，–she gives you sympathy，which is its subtlest essence.

A more numerous class of silly novels than the oracular，（which are generally inspired by some form of High Church，or transcendental Christianity，）is what we may call the *white neck-cloth* species，which represent the tone of thought and feeling in the Evangelical party. This species is a kind of genteel tract on a large scale，intended as a sort of

medicinal sweetmeat for Low Church young ladies；an Evangelical substitute for the fashionable novel，as the May Meetings are a substitute for the Opera．Even Quaker children，one would think，can hardly have been denied the indulgence of a doll；but it must be a doll dressed in a drab gown and a coal-scuttle bonnet–not a worldly doll，in gauze and spangles．And there are no young ladies，we imagine，–unless they belong to the Church of the United Brethren，in which people are married without any love-making–who can dispense with love stories．Thus，for Evangelical young ladies there are Evangelical love stories，in which the vicissitudes of the tender passion are sanctified by saving views of Regeneration and the Atonement．These novels differ from the oracular ones，as a Low Churchwoman often differs from a High Churchwoman：they are a little less supercilious，and a great deal more ignorant，a little less correct in their syntax，and a great deal more vulgar．

The Orlando of Evangelical literature is the young curate，looked at from the point of view of the middle class，where cambric bands are understood to have as thrilling an effect on the hearts of young ladies as epaulettes have in the classes above and below it．In the ordinary type of these novels，the hero is almost sure to be a young curate，frowned upon，perhaps，by worldly mammas，but carrying captive the hearts of their daughters，who can‘never forget *that* sermon’；tender glances are seized from the pulpit stairs instead of the opera-box；*tête-à-têtes* are seasoned with quotations from Scripture，instead of quotations from the poets；and questions as to the state of the heroine's affections are mingled with anxieties as to the state of her soul．The young curate always has a background of well-dressed and wealthy，if not fashionable society；–for Evangelical

silliness is as snobbish as any other kind of silliness; and the Evangelical lady novelist, while she explains to you the type of the scapegoat on one page, is ambitious on another to represent the manners and conversation of aristocratic people. Her pictures of fashionable society are often curious studies considered as efforts of the Evangelical imagination; but in one particular the novels of the White Neck-cloth School are meritoriously realistic, –their favourite hero, the Evangelical young curate, is always rather an insipid personage.

The most recent novel of this species that we happen to have before us, is *The Old Grey Church*. It is utterly tame and feeble; there is no one set of objects on which the writer seems to have a stronger grasp than on any other; and we should be entirely at a loss to conjecture among what phases of life her experience has been gained, but for certain vulgarisms of style which sufficiently indicate that she has had the advantage, though she has been unable to use it, of mingling chiefly with men and women whose manners and characters have not had all their bosses and angles rubbed down by refined conventionalism. It is less excusable in an Evangelical novelist, than in any other, gratuitously to seek her subjects among titles and carriages. The real drama of Evangelicalism–and it has abundance of fine drama for any one who has genius enough to discern and reproduce it–lies among the middle and lower classes; and are not Evangelical opinions understood to give an especial interest in the weak things of the earth, rather than in the mighty? Why then, cannot our Evangelical lady novelists show us the operation of their religious views among people (there really are many such in the world) who keep no carriage, 'not so much as a brass-bound gig', who even manage to eat their dinner without a silver fork, and

in whose mouths the authoress's questionable English would be strictly consistent? Why can we not have pictures of religious life among the industrial classes in England, as interesting as Mrs Stowe's pictures of religious life among the negroes? Instead of this, pious ladies nauseate us with novels which remind us of what we sometimes see in a worldly woman recently'converted'; –she is as fond of a fine dinner table as before, but she invites clergymen instead of beaux; she thinks as much of her dress as before, but she adopts a more sober choice of colours and patterns; her conversation is as trivial as before, but the triviality is flavoured with Gospel instead of gossip. In *The Old Grey Church*, we have the same sort of Evangelical travesty of the fashionable novel, and of course the vicious, intriguing baronet is not wanting. It is worth while to give a sample of the style of conversation attributed to this high-born rake–a style that in its profuse italics and palpable innuendoes, is worthy of Miss Squeers. In an evening visit to the ruins of the Colosseum, Eustace, the young clergyman, has been withdrawing the heroine, Miss Lushington, from the rest of the party, for the sake of a *tête-à-tête*. The baronet is jealous, and vents his pique in this way: –

> There they are, and Miss Lushington, no doubt, quite safe; for she is under the holy guidance of Pope Eustace the First, who has, of course, been delivering to her an edifying homily on the wickedness of the heathens of yore, who, as tradition tells us, in this very place let loose the wild beasties on poor Saint Paul! –Oh, no! by the bye, I believe I am wrong, and betraying my want of clergy, and that it was not at

all Saint Paul, nor was it here. But no matter, it would equally serve as a text to preach from, and from which to diverge to the degenerate heathen Christians of the present day, and all their naughty practices, and so end with an exhortation to 'come out from among them, and be separate'; –and I am sure, Miss Lushington, you have most scrupulously conformed to that injunction this evening, for we have seen nothing of you since our arrival. But every one seems agreed it has been a charming party of pleasure, and I am sure we all feel much indebted to Mr Grey for having suggested it; and as he seems so capital a cicerone, I hope he will think of something else equally agreeable to all.

This drivelling kind of dialogue, and equally drivelling narrative, which, like a bad drawing, represents nothing, and barely indicates what is meant to be represented, runs through the book; and we have no doubt is considered by the amiable authoress to constitute an improving novel, which Christian mothers will do well to put into the hands of their daughters. But everything is relative; we have met with American vegetarians whose normal diet was dry meal, and who, when their appetite wanted stimulating, tickled it with *wet* meal; and so, we can imagine that there are Evangelical circles in which *The Old Grey Church* is devoured as a powerful and interesting fiction.

But, perhaps, the least readable of silly women's novels, are the

modern-antique species，which unfold to us the domestic life of Jannes and Jambres，the private love affairs of Sennacherib，or the mental struggles and ultimate conversion of Demetrius the silversmith. From most silly novels we can at least extract a laugh；but those of the modern-antique school have a ponderous，a leaden kind of fatuity，under which we groan.

What can be more demonstrative of the inability of literary women to measure their own powers，than their frequent assumption of a task which can only be justified by the rarest concurrence of acquirement with genius？

The finest effort to reanimate the past is of course only approximative–is always more or less an infusion of the modern spirit into the ancient form，–

Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst,
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist,
In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln.

Admitting that genius which has familiarized itself with all the relics of an ancient period can sometimes，by the force of its sympathetic divination，restore the missing notes in the‘music of humanity’，and reconstruct the fragments into a whole which will really bring the remote past nearer to us，and interpret it to our duller apprehension，–this form of imaginative power must always be among the very rarest，because it demands as much accurate and minute knowledge as creative vigour. Yet we find ladies constantly choosing to make their mental mediocrity more conspicuous，by clothing it in a masquerade of ancient names；by putting their feeble sentimentality into the mouths of Roman vestals or Egyptian princesses，and attributing their rhetorical arguments to Jewish high-priests and Greek philosophers. A recent example of this heavy imbecility is

Adonijah，*a Tale of the Jewish Dispersion*，which forms part of a series，‘uniting，’we are told，‘taste，humour，and sound principles’. *Adonijah*，we presume，exemplifies the tale of‘sound principles’；the taste and humour are to be found in other members of the series. We are told on the cover，that the incidents of this tale are‘fraught with unusual interest’，and the preface winds up thus：‘To those who feel interested in the dispersed of Israel and Judea，these pages may afford，perhaps，information on an important subject，as well as amusement’. Since the‘important subject’on which this book is to afford information is not specified，it may possibly lie in some esoteric meaning to which we have no key；but if it has relation to the dispersed of Israel and Judea at any period of their history，we believe a tolerably well-informed school-girl already knows much more of it than she will find in this‘Tale of the Jewish Dispersion’. *Adonijah* is simply the feeblest kind of love story，supposed to be instructive，we presume，because the hero is a Jewish captive，and the heroine a Roman vestal；because they and their friends are converted to Christianity after the shortest and easiest method approved by the‘Society for Promoting the Conversion of the Jews’；and because，instead of being written in plain language，it is adorned with that peculiar style of grandiloquence which is held by some lady novelists to give an antique colouring；and which we recognize at once in such phrases as these：–‘the splendid regnal talents undoubtedly possessed by the Emperor Nero’–‘the expiring scion of a lofty stem’–‘the virtuous partner of his couch’–‘ah，by Vesta！’–and‘I tell thee，Roman’. Among the quotations which serve at once for instruction and ornament on the cover of this volume，there is one from Miss Sinclair，which informs us that‘Works of imagination are *avowedly* read by men of science，wisdom，and piety’；from which we

suppose the reader is to gather the cheering inference that Dr Daubeny，Mr Mill，or Mr Maurice，may openly indulge himself with the perusal of *Adonijah*，without being obliged to secrete it among the sofa cushions，or read it by snatches under the dinner-table.

‘Be not a baker if your head be made of butter，’says a homely proverb，which，being interpreted，may mean，let no woman rush into print who is not prepared for the consequences. We are aware that our remarks are in a very different tone from that of the reviewers who，with a perennial recurrence of precisely similar emotions，only paralleled，we imagine，in the experience of monthly nurses，tell one lady novelist after another that they‘hail’ her productions‘with delight’. We are aware that the ladies at whom our criticism is pointed are accustomed to be told，in the choicest phraseology of puffery，that their pictures of life are brilliant，their characters well-drawn，their style fascinating，and their sentiments lofty. But if they are inclined to resent our plainness of speech，we ask them to reflect for a moment on the chary praise，and often captious blame，which their panegyrists give to writers whose works are on the way to become classics. No sooner does a woman show that she has genius or effective talent，than she receives the tribute of being moderately praised and severely criticized. By a peculiar thermometric adjustment，when a woman's talent is at zero，journalistic approbation is at the boiling pitch；when she attains mediocrity，it is already at no more than summer heat；and if ever she reaches excellence，critical enthusiasm drops to the freezing point. Harriet Martineau，Currer Bell，and Mrs Gaskell have been treated as cavalierly as if they had been men. And every critic who forms a high estimate of the share women may ultimately take in literature，will，on principle，abstain

from any exceptional indulgence towards the productions of literary women. For it must be plain to every one who looks impartially and extensively into feminine literature，that its greatest deficiencies are due hardly more to the want of intellectual power than to the want of those moral qualities that contribute to literary excellence–patient diligence，a sense of the responsibility involved in publication，and an appreciation of the sacredness of the writer's art. In the majority of women's books you see that kind of facility which springs from the absence of any high standard；that fertility in imbecile combination or feeble imitation which a little self-criticism would check and reduce to barrenness；just as with a total want of musical ear people will sing out of tune，while a degree more melodic sensibility would suffice to render them silent. The foolish vanity of wishing to appear in print，instead of being counterbalanced by any consciousness of the intellectual or moral derogation implied in futile authorship，seems to be encouraged by the extremely false impression that to write *at all* is a proof of superiority in a woman. On this ground，we believe that the average intellect of women is unfairly represented by the mass of feminine literature，and that while the few women who write well are very far above the ordinary intellectual level of their sex，the many women who write ill are very far below it. So that，after all，the severer critics are fulfilling a chivalrous duty in depriving the mere fact of feminine authorship of any false prestige which may give it a delusive attraction，and in recommending women of mediocre faculties–as at least a negative service they can render their sex–to abstain from writing.

The standing apology for women who become writers without any special qualification is，that society shuts them out from other spheres of

occupation. Society is a very culpable entity, and has to answer for the manufacture of many unwholesome commodities, from bad pickles to bad poetry. But society, like'matter', and Her Majesty's Government, and other lofty abstractions, has its share of excessive blame as well as excessive praise. Where there is one woman who writes from necessity, we believe there are three women who write from vanity; and, besides, there is something so antiseptic in the mere healthy fact of working for one's bread, that the most trashy and rotten kind of feminine literature is not likely to have been produced under such circumstances. 'In all labour there is profit'; but ladies' silly novels, we imagine, are less the result of labour than of busy idleness.

Happily, we are not dependent on argument to prove that Fiction is a department of literature in which women can, after their kind, fully equal men. A cluster of great names, both living and dead, rush to our memories in evidence that women can produce novels not only fine, but among the very finest; –novels, too, that have a precious speciality, lying quite apart from masculine aptitudes and experience. No educational restrictions can shut women out from the materials of fiction, and there is no species of art which is so free from rigid requirements. Like crystalline masses, it may take any form, and yet be beautiful; we have only to pour in the right elements–genuine observation, humour, and passion. But it is precisely this absence of rigid requirement which constitutes the fatal seduction of novel-writing to incompetent women. Ladies are not wont to be very grossly deceived as to their power of playing on the piano; here certain positive difficulties of execution have to be conquered, and incompetence inevitably breaks down. Every art which has its absolute *technique* is, to a

certain extent，guarded from the intrusions of mere left-handed imbecility. But in novel-writing there are no barriers for incapacity to stumble against，no external criteria to prevent a writer from mistaking foolish facility for mastery. And so we have again and again the old story of La Fontaine's ass，who puts his nose to the flute，and，finding that he elicits some sound，exclaims，‘Moi，aussi，je joue de la flute’; –a fable which we commend，at parting，to the consideration of any feminine reader who is in danger of adding to the number of‘silly novels by lady novelists’.

Woman in France: Madame de Sablé

In 1847，a certain Count Leopold Ferri died at Padua，leaving a library entirely composed of works written by women，in various languages，and this library amounted to nearly 32,000 volumes. We will not hazard any conjecture as to the proportion of these volumes which a severe judge，like the priest in Don Quixote，would deliver to the flames，but for our own part，most of those we should care to rescue would be the works of French women. With a few remarkable exceptions，our own feminine literature is made up of books which could have been better written by men；books which have the same relation to literature in general，as academic prize poems have to poetry：when not a feeble imitation，they are usually an absurd exaggeration of the masculine style，like the swaggering gait of a bad actress in male attire. Few English women have written so much like a woman as Richardson's Lady C. Now，we think it an immense mistake to maintain that there is no sex in literature. Science has no sex：the mere knowing and reasoning faculties，if they act correctly，must go through the same process，and arrive at the same result. But in art and literature，which imply the action of the entire being，in which every fibre of the nature is engaged，in which every peculiar modification of the individual makes itself felt，woman has something specific to contribute. Under every imaginable social condition，she will necessarily have a class of sensations and emotions–the maternal ones–which must remain unknown to man；and the fact of her comparative physical weakness，which，however it may

have been exaggerated by a vicious civilization，can never be cancelled，introduces a distinctively feminine condition into the wondrous chemistry of the affections and sentiments，which inevitably gives rise to distinctive forms and combinations．A certain amount of psychological difference between man and woman necessarily arises out of the difference of sex，and instead of being destined to vanish before a complete development of woman's intellectual and moral nature，will be a permanent source of variety and beauty，as long as the tender light and dewy freshness of morning affect us differently from the strength and brilliancy of the mid-day sun．And those delightful women of France，who，from the beginning of the seventeenth to the close of the eighteenth century，formed some of the brightest threads in the web of political and literary history，wrote under circumstances which left the feminine character of their minds uncramped by timidity，and unstrained by mistaken effort．They were not trying to make a career for themselves；they thought little，in many cases not at all，of the public；they wrote letters to their lovers and friends，memoirs of their every-day lives，romances in which they gave portraits of their familiar acquaintances，and described the tragedy or comedy which was going on before their eyes．Always refined and graceful，often witty，sometimes judicious，they wrote what they saw，thought，and felt，in their habitual language，without proposing any model to themselves，without any intention to prove that women could write as well as men，without affecting manly views or suppressing womanly ones．One may say，at least with regard to the women of the seventeenth century，that their writings were but a charming accident of their more charming lives，like the petals which the wind shakes from the rose in its bloom．And it is but a twin fact with this，that in France alone woman has had a vital influence on the development of

literature; in France alone the mind of woman has passed like an electric current through the language, making crisp and definite what is elsewhere heavy and blurred; in France alone, if the writings of women were swept away, a serious gap would be made in the national history.

Patriotic gallantry may perhaps contend that English women could, if they had liked, have written as well as their neighbours; but we will leave the consideration of that question to the reviewers of the literature that might have been. In the literature that actually is, we must turn to France for the highest examples of womanly achievement in almost every department. We confess ourselves unacquainted with the productions of those awful women of Italy, who held professional chairs, and were great in civil and canon law; we have made no researches into the catacombs of female literature, but we think we may safely conclude that they would yield no rivals to that which is still unburied; and here, we suppose, the question of pre-eminence can only lie between England and France. And to this day, Madame de Sévigné remains the single instance of a woman who is supreme in a class of literature which has engaged the ambition of men; Madame Dacier still reigns the queen of blue-stockings, though women have long studied Greek without shame; [1]Madame de Staël's name still rises first to the lips when we are asked to mention a woman of great intellectual power; Madame Roland is still the unrivalled type of the sagacious and sternly heroic, yet lovable woman; George Sand is the unapproached artist who, to Jean-Jacques' eloquence and deep sense of external nature, unites the clear delineation of character and the tragic depth of passion. These great names, which mark different epochs, soar like tall pines amidst a forest of less conspicuous, but not less fascinating, female writers; and beneath

these again are spread，like a thicket of hawthorns，eglantines，and honeysuckles，the women who are known rather by what they stimulated men to write，than by what they wrote themselves–the women whose tact，wit，and personal radiance，created the atmosphere of the *salon*，where literature，philosophy，and science，emancipated from the trammels of pedantry and technicality，entered on a brighter stage of existence.

What were the causes of this earlier development and more abundant manifestation of womanly intellect in France？The primary one，perhaps，lies in the physiological characteristics of the Gallic race：–the small brain and vivacious temperament which permit the fragile system of woman to sustain the superlative activity requisite for intellectual creativeness；while，on the other hand，the larger brain and slower temperament of the English and Germans are，in the womanly organization，generally dreamy and passive. The type of humanity in the latter may be grander，but it requires a larger sum of conditions to produce a perfect specimen. Throughout the animal world，the higher the organization，the more frequent is the departure from the normal form；we do not often see imperfectly-developed or ill-made insects，but we rarely see a perfectly-developed，well-made man. And thus the *physique* of a woman may suffice as the substratum for a superior Gallic mind，but is too thin a soil for a superior Teutonic one. Our theory is borne out by the fact，that among our own countrywomen，those who distinguish themselves by literary production，more frequently approach the Gallic than the Teutonic type；they are intense and rapid rather than comprehensive. The woman of large capacity can seldom rise beyond the absorption of ideas；her physical conditions refuse to support the energy required for spontaneous activity；

the voltaic-pile is not strong enough to produce crystallizations; phantasms of great ideas float through her mind, but she has not the spell which will arrest them, and give them fixity. This, more than unfavourable external circumstances, is, we think, the reason why woman has not yet contributed any new form to art, any discovery in science, any deep-searching inquiry in philosophy. The necessary physiological conditions are not present in her. That under more favourable circumstances in the future, these conditions may prove compatible with the feminine organization, it would be rash to deny. For the present, we are only concerned with our theory so far as it presents a physiological basis for the intellectual effectiveness of French women.

A secondary cause was probably the laxity of opinion and practice with regard to the marriage-tie. Heaven forbid that we should enter on a defence of French morals, most of all in relation to marriage! But it is undeniable, that unions formed in the maturity of thought and feeling, and grounded only on inherent fitness and mutual attraction, tended to bring women into more intelligent sympathy with men, and to heighten and complicate their share in the political drama. The quiescence and security of the conjugal relation, are doubtless favourable to the manifestation of the highest qualities by persons who have already attained a high standard of culture, but rarely foster a passion sufficient to rouse all the faculties to aid in winning or retaining its beloved object–to convert indolence into activity, indifference into ardent partisanship, dullness into perspicuity. Gallantry and intrigue are sorry enough things in themselves, but they certainly serve better to arouse the dormant faculties of woman than embroidery and domestic drudgery, especially when, as in the high society of France in the

seventeenth century，they are refined by the influence of Spanish chivalry，and controlled by the spirit of Italian causticity. The dreamy and fantastic girl was awakened to reality by the experience of wifehood and maternity，and became capable of loving，not a mere phantom of her own imagination，but a living man，struggling with the hatreds and rivalries of the political arena；she espoused his quarrels，she made herself，her fortune，and her influence，the stepping-stones of his ambition；and the languid beauty，who had formerly seemed ready to‘die of a rose’，was seen to become the heroine of an insurrection. The vivid interest in affairs which was thus excited in woman，must obviously have tended to quicken her intellect，and give it a practical application；and the very sorrows–the heart-pangs and regrets which are inseparable from a life of passion–deepened her nature by the questioning of self and destiny which they occasioned，and by the energy demanded to surmount them and live on. No wise person，we imagine，wishes to restore the social condition of France in the seventeenth century，or considers the ideal programme of woman's life to be a *mariage de convenance* at fifteen，a career of gallantry from twenty to eight-and-thirty，and penitence and piety for the rest of her days. Nevertheless，that social condition had its good results，as much as the madly-superstitious Crusades had theirs.

But the most indisputable source of feminine culture and development in France was the influence of the *salons*；which，as all the world knows，were *réunions* of both sexes，where conversation ran along the whole gamut of subjects，from the frothiest *vers de société* to the philosophy of Descartes. Richelieu had set the fashion of uniting a taste for letters with the habits of polite society and the pursuits of ambition；and in the first quarter

of the seventeenth century，there were already several *hôtels* in Paris，varying in social position from the closest proximity of the Court to the debatable ground of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie，which served as a rendezvous for different circles of people，bent on entertaining themselves either by showing talent or admiring it. The most celebrated of these rendezvous was the Hôtel de Rambouillet，which was at the culmination of its glory in 1630，and did not become quite extinct until 1648，when，the troubles of the Fronde commencing，its *habitués* were dispersed or absorbed by political interests. The presiding genius of this *salon*，the Marquise de Rambouillet，was the very model of the woman who can act as an amalgam to the most incongruous elements；beautiful，but not preoccupied by coquetry or passion；an enthusiastic admirer of talent，but with no pretensions to talent on her own part；exquisitely refined in language and manners，but warm and generous withal；not given to entertain her guests with her own compositions，or to paralyse them by her universal knowledge. She had once *meant* to learn Latin，but had been prevented by an illness；perhaps she was all the better acquainted with Italian and Spanish productions，which，in default of a national literature，were then the intellectual pabulum of all cultivated persons in France who were unable to read the classics. In her mild，agreeable presence was accomplished that blending of the high-toned chivalry of Spain with the caustic wit and refined irony of Italy，which issued in the creation of a new standard of taste–the combination of the utmost exaltation in sentiment with the utmost simplicity of language. Women are peculiarly fitted to further such a combination，–first，from their greater tendency to mingle affection and imagination with passion，and thus subtilize it into sentiment；and next，from that dread of what over-taxes their intellectual energies，either by difficulty or

monotony, which gives them an instinctive fondness for lightness of treatment and airiness of expression, thus making them cut short all prolixity and reject all heaviness. When these womanly characteristics were brought into conversational contact with the materials furnished by such minds as those of Richelieu, Corneille, the Great Condé, Balzac, and Bossuet, it is no wonder that the result was something piquant and charming. Those famous *habitués* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet did not, apparently, first lay themselves out to entertain the ladies with grimacing'small-talk', and then take each other by the sword-knot to discuss matters of real interest in a corner; they rather sought to present their best ideas in the guise most acceptable to intelligent and accomplished women. And the conversation was not of literature only; war, politics, religion, the lightest details of daily news–everything was admissible, if only it were treated with refinement and intelligence. The Hôtel de Rambouillet was no mere literary *réunion*; it included *hommes d'affaires* and soldiers as well as authors, and in such a circle, women would not become *bas bleus* or dreamy moralizers, ignorant of the world and of human nature, but intelligent observers of character and events. It is easy to understand, however, that with the herd of imitators who, in Paris and the provinces, aped the style of this famous *salon*, simplicity degenerated into affectation, and nobility of sentiment was replaced by an inflated effort to outstrip nature, so that the *genre précieux* drew down the satire, which reached its climax in the *Précieuses ridicules and Les Femmes savantes*, the former of which appeared in 1660, and the latter in 1673. But Madelon and Cathos are the lineal descendants of Mademoiselle Scudéry and her satellites quite as much as of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The society which assembled every Saturday in her *salon* was exclusively literary, and, although

occasionally visited by a few persons of high birth, bourgeois in its tone, and enamoured of madrigals, sonnets, stanzas, and *bouts rimés*. The affectation that decks trivial things in fine language, belongs essentially to a class which sees another above it, and is uneasy in the sense of its inferiority; and this affectation is precisely the opposite of the original *genre précieux*.

Another centre from which feminine influence radiated into the national literature was the Palais du Luxembourg, where Mademoiselle d'Orléans, in disgrace at court on account of her share in the Fronde, held a little court of her own, and for want of anything else to employ her active spirit, busied herself with literature. One fine morning, it occurred to this princess to ask all the persons who frequented her court, among whom were Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Fayette, and La Rochefoucauld, to write their own portraits, and she at once set the example. It was understood that defects and virtues were to be spoken of with like candour. The idea was carried out; those who were not clever or not bold enough to write for themselves employing the pen of a friend.

> 'Such,' says M. Cousin, 'was the pastime of Mademoiselle and her friends during the years 1657 and 1658: from this pastime proceeded a complete literature. In 1659, Ségrais revised these portraits, added a considerable number in prose and even in verse, and published the whole in a handsome quarto volume, admirably printed, and now become very rare, under the title, Divers Portraits. Only thirty

copies were printed, not for sale, but to be given as presents by Mademoiselle. The work had a prodigious success. That which had made the fortune of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's romances–the pleasure of seeing one's portrait a little flattered, curiosity to see that of others, the passion which the middle class always have had an d will have for knowing what goes on in the aristocratic world (at that time not very easy of access), the names of the illustrious persons who were here for the first time described physically and morally with the utmost detail, great ladies transformed all at once into writers, and unconsciously inventing a new manner of writing, of which no book gave the slightest idea, and which was the ordinary manner of speaking of the aristocracy; this undefinable mixture of the natural, the easy, and at the same time of the agreeable, and supremely distinguished–all this charmed the court and the town, and very early in the year 1659 permission was asked of Mademoiselle to give a new edition of the privileged book for the use of the public in general.

The fashion thus set, portraits multiplied throughout France, until in 1688, La Bruyère adopted the form in his *Characters*, and ennobled it by divesting it of personality. We shall presently see that a still greater work than La Bruyère's also owed its suggestion to a woman, whose salon was hardly a less fascinating resort than the Hôtel de Rambouillet itself.

In proportion as the literature of a country is enriched and culture becomes more generally diffused，personal influence is less effective in the formation of taste and in the furtherance of social advancement．It is no longer the coterie which acts on literature，but literature which acts on the coterie；the circle represented by the word *public*，is ever widening，and ambition，poising itself in order to hit a more distant mark，neglects the successes of the *salon*．What was once lavished prodigally in conversation，is reserved for the volume，or the‘article’；and the effort is not to betray originality rather than to communicate it．As the old coach-roads have sunk into disuse through the creation of railways，so journalism tends more and more to divert information from the channel of conversation into the channel of the Press：no one is satisfied with a more circumscribed audience than that very indeterminate abstraction‘the public’，and men find a vent for their opinions not in talk，but in‘copy’．We read the *Athenæum* askance at the tea-table，and take notes from the *Philosophical Journal* at a soirée；we invite our friends that we may thrust a book into their hands，and presuppose an exclusive desire in the‘ladies’to discuss their own matters，‘that we may crackle the *Times*’at our ease．In fact，the evident tendency of things to contract personal communication within the narrowest limits makes us tremble lest some further development of the electric telegraph should reduce us to a society of mutes，or to a sort of insect，communicating by ingenious antennæ of our own invention．Things were far from having reached this pass in the last century；but even then，literature and society had outgrown the nursing of coteries，and although many *salons* of that period were worthy successors of the Hôtel de Rambouillet，they were simply a recreation，not an influence．Enviable evenings，no doubt，were passed in them；and if we could be carried back to any of them at

will, we should hardly know whether to choose the Wednesday dinner at Madame Geoffrin's, with d'Alembert, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, Grimm, and the rest, or the graver society which, thirty years later, gathered round Condorcet and his lovely young wife. The *salon* retained its attractions, but its power was gone: the stream of life had become too broad and deep for such small rills to affect it.

A fair comparison between the French women of the seventeenth century and those of the eighteenth would, perhaps, have a balanced result, though it is common to be a partisan on this subject. The former have more exaltation, perhaps more nobility of sentiment, and less consciousness in their intellectual activity–less of the *femme auteur*, which was Rousseau's horror in Madame d'Epinay, but the latter have a richer fund of ideas–not more ingenuity, but the materials of an additional century for their ingenuity to work upon. The women of the seventeenth century, when love was on the wane, took to devotion, at first mildly and by halves, as English women take to caps, and finally without compromise; with the women of the eighteenth century, Bossuet and Massillon had given way to Voltaire and Rousseau; and when youth and beauty failed, then they were thrown on their own moral strength.

M. Cousin is especially enamoured of the women of the seventeenth century, and relieves himself from his labours in philosophy by making researches into the original documents which throw light upon their lives. Last year he gave us some results of these researches, in a volume on the youth of the Duchesse de Longueville, and he has just followed it up with a second volume, in which he further illustrates her career by tracing it in

connexion with that of her friend, Madame de Sablé. The materials to which he has had recourse for this purpose, are chiefly two celebrated collections of manuscripts: that of Conrart, the first secretary to the French Academy, one of those universally curious people who seem made for the annoyance of contemporaries and the benefit of posterity; and that of Valant, who was at once the physician, the secretary, and general steward of Madame de Sablé, and who, with or without her permission, possessed himself of the letters addressed to her by her numerous correspondents during the latter part of her life, and of various papers having some personal or literary interest attached to them. From these stores M. Cousin has selected many documents previously unedited; and though he often leaves us something to desire in the arrangement of his materials, this volume of his on Madame de Sablé is very acceptable to us, for she interests us quite enough to carry us through more than three hundred pages of rather scattered narrative, and through an appendix of correspondence in small type. M. Cousin justly appreciates her character as 'un heureux mélange de raison, d'esprit, d'agrément, et de bonté'; and perhaps there are few better specimens of the woman who is extreme in nothing, but sympathetic in all things; who affects us by no special quality, but by her entire being; whose nature has no *tons criards*, but is like those textures which, from their harmonious blending of all colours, give repose to the eye, and do not weary us though we see them every day. Madame de Sablé is also a striking example of the one order of influence which woman has exercised over literature in France; and on this ground, as well as intrinsically, she is worth studying. If the reader agrees with us he will perhaps be inclined, as we are, to dwell a little on the chief points in her life and character.

Madeline de Souvré，daughter of the Marquis of Courtenvaux，a nobleman distinguished enough to be chosen as governor of Louis XIII，was born in 1599，on the thresh-old of that seventeenth century，the brilliant genius of which is mildly reflected in her mind and history. Thus，when in 1635 her more celebrated friend，Mademoiselle de Bourbon，afterwards the Duchesse de Longueville，made her appearance at the Hôtel de Rambouillet，Madame de Sablé had nearly crossed that table-land of maturity which precedes a woman's descent towards old age. She had been married，in 1614，to Philippe Emanuel de Laval-Montmorency，Seigneur de Bois-Dauphin，and Marquis de Sablé，of whom nothing further is known than that he died in 1640，leaving her the richer by four children，but with a fortune considerably embarrassed. With beauty and high rank added to the mental attractions of which we have abundant evidence，we may well believe that Madame de Sablé's youth was brilliant. For her beauty，we have the testimony of sober Madame de Motteville，who also speaks of her as having‘beaucoup de lumière et de sincérité’；and in the following passage very graphically indicates one phase of Madame de Sablé's character：–

> The Marquise de Sablé was one of those whose beauty made the most noise when the Queen came into France. But if she was amiable, she was still more desirous of appearing so; this lady's self-love rendered her too sensitive to the regard which men exhibited towards her. There yet existed in France some remains of the politeness which Catherine de Médici had introduced from Italy, and the new dramas, with all the other

> works in prose and verse, which came from Madrid, were thought to have such great delicacy, that she (Madame de Sablé) had conceived a high idea of the gallantry which the Spaniards had learned from the Moors.
>
> She was persuaded that men can, without crime, have tender sentiments for women–that the desire of pleasing them led men to the greatest and finest actions–roused their intelligence, and inspired them with liberality, and all sorts of virtues; but, on the other hand, women, who were the ornament of the world, and made to be served and adored, ought not to admit anything from them but their respectful attentions. As this lady supported her views with much talent and great beauty, she had given them authority in her time, and the number and consideration of those who continued to associate with her, have caused to subsist in our day what the Spaniards call finezas.

Here is the grand element of the original *femme précieuse*, and it appears further, in a detail also reported by Madame de Motteville, that Madame de Sablé had a passionate admirer in the accomplished Duc de Montmorency, and apparently reciprocated his regard; but discovering (at what period of their attachment is unknown) that he was raising a lover's eyes towards the Queen, she broke with him at once. 'I have heard her say,' tells Madame de Motteville, 'that her pride was such with regard to the Duc de Montmorency, that at the first demonstrations which he gave of his change, she refused to see him any more, being unable to receive with

satisfaction attentions which she had to share with the greatest princess in the world. 'There is no evidence, except the untrustworthy assertion of Tallemant de Réaux, that Madame de Sablé had any other liaison than this; and the probability of the negative is increased by the ardour of her friendships. The strongest of these was formed early in life with Mademoiselle Dona d'Attichy, afterwards Comtesse de Maure; it survived the effervescence of youth and the closest intimacy of middle age, and was only terminated by the death of the latter in 1663. A little incident in this friendship is so characteristic in the transcendentalism which was then carried into all the affections, that it is worth relating at length. Mademoiselle d'Attichy, in her grief and indignation at Richelieu's treatment of her relative, quitted Paris, and was about to join her friend at Sablé, when she suddenly discovered that Madame de Sablé, in a letter to Madame de Rambouillet, had said, that her greatest happiness would be to pass her life with Julie de Rambouillet, afterwards Madame de Montausier. To Anne d'Attichy this appears nothing less than the crime of *lèse-amitié*. No explanations will appease her: she refuses to accept the assurance that the offensive expression was used simply out of unreflecting conformity to the style of the Hôtel de Rambouillet–that it was mere'*galimatias*'. She gives up her journey, and writes a letter, which is the only one Madame de Sablé chose to preserve, when, in her period of devotion, she sacrificed the records of her youth. Here it is: –

> I have seen this letter in which you tell me there is so much galimatias, and I assure you that I have not found any at all. On the contrary, I find everything very plainly expressed, and among others, one which is

too explicit for my satisfaction–namely, what you have said to Madame de Rambouillet, that if you tried to imagine a perfectly happy life for yourself, it would be to pass it all alone with Mademoiselle de Rambouillet. You know whether any one can be more persuaded than I am of her merit; but I confess to you that that has not prevented me from being surprised that you could entertain a thought which did so great an injury to our friendship. As to believing that you said this to one, and wrote it to the other, simply for the sake of paying them an agreeable compliment, I have too high an esteem for your courage to be able to imagine that complaisance would cause you thus to betray the sentiments of your heart, especially on a subject in which, as they were unfavourable to me, I think you would have the more reason for concealing them, the affection which I have for you being so well-known to every one, and especially to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, so that I doubt whether she will not have been more sensible of the wrong you have done me, than of the advantage you have given her. The circumstance of this letter falling into my hands, has forcibly reminded me of these lines of Bertaut: -

Malheureuse est l'ignorance.
Et plus malheureux le savoir.

Having through this lost a confidence which alone rendered life supportable to me, it is impossible for me to take the journey so much thought of. For would there be any propriety in travelling sixty miles in this season, in order to burthen you with a person so little suited to you, that after years of a passion without parallel, you cannot help thinking that the greatest pleasure of your life would be to pass it without her? I return, then, into my solitude, to examine the defects which cause me so much unhappiness, and unless I can correct them, I should have less joy than confusion in seeing you.

It speaks strongly for the charm of Madame de Sablé's nature that she was able to retain so susceptible a friend as Mademoiselle d'Attichy in spite of numerous other friendships，some of which，especially that with Madame de Longueville，were far from lukewarm–in spite too of a tendency in herself to distrust the affection of others towards her，and to wait for advances rather than to make them．We find many traces of this tendency in the affectionate remonstrances addressed to her by Madame de Longueville，now for shutting herself up from her friends，now for doubting that her letters are acceptable．Here is a little passage from one of these remonstrances which indicates a trait of Madame de Sablé，and is in itself a bit of excellent sense，worthy the consideration of lovers and friends in general：–

I am very much afraid that if I leave to you the care

of letting me know when I can see you, I shall be a long time without having that pleasure, and that nothing will incline you to procure it me, for I have always observed a certain lukewarmness in your friendship after our explanations, from which I have never seen you thoroughly recover; and that is why I dread explanations, for however good they may be in themselves, since they serve to reconcile people, it must always be admitted, to their shame, that they are at least the effect of a bad cause, and that if they remove it for a time they sometimes leave a certain facility in getting angry again, which, without diminishing friendship, renders its intercourse less agreeable. It seems to me that I find all this in your behaviour to me; so I am not wrong in sending to know if you wish to have me to-day.

It is clear that Madame de Sablé was far from having what Sainte-Beuve calls the one fault of Madame Necker–absolute perfection. A certain exquisiteness in her physical and moral nature was，as we shall see，the source of more than one weakness，but the perception of these weaknesses，which is indicated in Madame de Longueville's letters， heightens our idea of the attractive qualities which notwithstanding drew from her，at the sober age of forty，such expressions as these：–‘I assure you that you are the person in all the world whom it would be most agreeable to me to see，and there is no one whose intercourse is a ground of truer satisfaction to me. It is admirable that at all times，and amidst all

changes，the taste for your society remains in me；and，*if one ought to thank God for the joys which do not tend to salvation*，I should thank him with all my heart for having preserved that to me at a time in which he has taken away from me all others．’

Since we have entered on the chapter of Madame de Sablé's weaknesses，this is the place to mention what was the subject of endless raillery from her friends–her elaborate precaution about her health，and her dread of infection，even from diseases the least communicable．Perhaps this anxiety was founded as much on aesthetic as on physical grounds，on disgust at the details of illness as much as on dread of suffering：with a cold in the head or a bilious complaint，the exquisite *précieuse* must have been considerably less conscious of being‘the ornament of the world’，and‘made to be adored’．Even her friendship，strong as it was，was not strong enough to overcome her horror of contagion；for when Mademoiselle de Bourbon，recently become Madame de Longueville，was attacked by small-pox，Madame de Sablé for some time had not courage to visit her，or even to see Mademoiselle de Rambouillet，who was assiduous in her attendance on the patient．A little correspondence *à propos* of these circumstances so well exhibits the graceful badinage in which the great ladies of that day were adepts，that we are tempted to quote one short letter．

Mademoiselle de Rambouillet to the Marquise de Sablé

Mademoiselle de Chalais （*dame de compagnie* to the Marquise）will please to read this letter to Madame la Marquise，*out of* a draught．

Madame，

> I do not think it possible to begin my treaty with you too early, for I am convinced that between the first proposition made to me that I should see you, and the conclusion, you will have so many reflections to make, so many physicians to consult, and so many fears to surmount, that I shall have full leisure to air myself. The conditions which I offer to fulfil for this purpose are, not to visit you until I have been three days absent from the Hôtel de Condé (where Madame de Longueville was ill), to choose a frosty day, not to approach you within four paces, not to sit down on more than one seat. You may also have a great fire in your room, burn juniper in the four corners, surround yourself with imperial vinegar, with rue and wormwood. If you can feel yourself safe under these conditions, without my cutting off my hair, I swear to you to execute them religiously; and if you want examples to fortify you, I can tell you that the Queen consented to see M. Chaudebonne, when he had come directly from Mademoiselle de Bourbon's room, and that Madame d'Aiguillon, who has good taste in such matters, and is free from reproach on these points, has just sent me word that if I did not go to see her, she would come to me.

Madame de Sablé betrays in her reply that she winces under this raillery, and thus provokes a rather severe though polite rejoinder, which, added to

the fact that Madame de Longueville is convalescent，rouses her courage to the pitch of paying the formidable visit．Mademoiselle de Rambouillet，made aware，through their mutual friend Voiture，that her sarcasm has cut rather too deep，winds up the matter by writing that very difficult production，a perfectly conciliatory yet dignified apology．Peculiarities like this always deepen with age，and accordingly，fifteen years later，we find Madame d'Orléans，in her *Princesse de Paphlagonia*–a romance in which she describes her court，with the little quarrels and other affairs that agitated it–giving the following amusing picture，or rather caricature，of the extent to which Madame de Sablé carried her pathological mania，which seems to have been shared by her friend the Countess de Maure （Mademoiselle d'Attichy）．In the romance，these two ladies appear under the names of the Princesse Parthénie and the Reine de Mionie．

> There was not an hour in the day in which they did not confer together on the means of avoiding death, and on the art of rendering themselves immortal. Their conferences did not take place like those of other people; the fear of breathing an air which was too cold or too warm, the dread lest the wind should be too dry or too moist－in short, the imagination that the weather might not be as temperate as they thought necessary for the preservation of their health, caused them to write letters from one room to the other. It would be extremely fortunate if these notes could be found, and formed into a collection. I am convinced that they would contain rules for the regimen of

life, precautions even as to the proper time for applying remedies, and also remedies which Hippocrates and Galen, with all their science, never heard of. Such a collection would be very useful to the public, and would be highly profitable to the faculties of Paris and Montpelier. If these letters were discovered, great advantages of all kinds might be derived from them, for they were princesses who had nothing mortal about them but the knowledge that they were mortal. In their writings might be learned all politeness in style, and the most delicate manner of speaking on all subjects. There is nothing with which they were not acquainted; they knew the affairs of all the States in the world, through the share they had in all the intrigues of its private members, either in matters of gallantry, as in other things on which their advice was necessary; either to adjust embroilments and quarrels, or to excite them, for the sake of the advantages which their friends could derive from them; –in a word, they were persons through whose hands the secrets of the whole world had to pass. The Princess Parthénie (Madame de Sablé) had a palate as delicate as her mind; nothing could equal the magnificence of the entertainments she gave; all the dishes were exquisite, and her cleanliness was beyond all that could be imagined. It was in their time that writing came into use;

previously, nothing was written but marriage contracts, and letters were never heard of; thus it is to them that we owe a practice so convenient in intercourse.

Still later，in 1669，when the most uncompromising of the Port-Royalists seemed to tax Madame de Sablé with lukewarmness that she did not join them at Port-Royal des Champs，we find her writing to the stern M．de Sévigny：‘En vérité，je crois que je ne pourrois mieux faire que de tout quitter et de m'en aller là．Mais que deviendroient ces frayeurs de n'avoir pas de médecins à choisir，ni de chirurgien pour me saigner？’

Mademoiselle，as we have seen，hints at the love of delicate eating，which many of Madame de Sablé's friends numbered among her foibles，especially after her religious career had commenced．She had a genius in *friandise*，and knew how to gratify the palate without offending the highest sense of refinement．Her sympathetic nature showed itself in this as in other things：she was always sending *bonnes bouches* to her friends，and trying to communicate to them her science and taste in the affairs of the table．Madame de Longueville，who had not the luxurious tendencies of her friend，writes–‘Je vous demande au nom de Dieu，que vous ne me prépariez aucun ragoût．Surtout ne me donnez point de festin．Au nom de Dieu，qu'il n'y ait rien que ce qu'on peut manger，car vous savez que c'est inutile pour moi；de plus j'en ai scrupule．’But other friends had more appreciation of her niceties．Voiture thanks her for her melons，and assures her that they are better than those of yesterday；Madame de Choisy hopes that her ridicule of Jansenism will not provoke Madame de Sablé to refuse

her the receipt for salad; and La Rochefoucauld writes: ‘You cannot do me a greater charity than to permit the bearer of this letter to enter into the mysteries of your marmalade and your genuine preserves, and I humbly entreat you to do everything you can in his favour. If I could hope for two dishes of those preserves, which I did not deserve to eat before, I should be indebted to you all my life. ’For our own part, being as far as possible from fraternizing with those spiritual people who convert a deficiency into a principle, and pique themselves on an obtuse palate as a point of superiority, we are not inclined to number Madame de Sablé's *friandise* amongst her defects. M. Cousin, too, is apologetic on this point. He says:

> It was only the excess of a delicacy which can be readily understood, and a sort of fidelity to the character of précieuse. As the précieuse did nothing according to common usage, she could not dine like another. We have cited a passage from Madame de Motteville, where Madame de Sablé is represented in her first youth at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, maintaining that woman is born to be an ornament to the world, and to receive the adoration of men. The woman worthy of the name, ought always to appear above material wants, and retain, even in the most vulgar details of life, something distinguished and purified. Eating is a very necessary operation, but one which is not agreeable to the eye. Madame de Sablé insisted on its being conducted with a peculiar

cleanliness. According to her, it was not every woman who could with impunity be at table in the presence of a lover; the first distortion of the face, she said, would be enough to spoil all. Gross meals, made for the body merely, ought to be abandoned to bourgeoises, and the refined woman should appear to take a little nourishment merely to sustain her, and even to divert her, as one takes refreshments and ices. Wealth did not suffice for this; a particular talent was required. Madame de Sablé was a mistress in this art. She had transported the aristocratic spirit and the genre précieux, good breeding and good taste, even into cookery. Her dinners, without any opulence, were celebrated and sought after.

It is quite in accordance with all this, that Madame de Sablé should delight in fine scents, and we find that she did; for being threatened, in her Port-Royal days, when she was at an advanced age, with the loss of smell, and writing for sympathy and information to Mère Agnès, who had lost that sense early in life, she receives this admonition from the stern saint: 'You would gain by this loss, my very dear sister, if you made use of it as a satisfaction to God, for having had too much pleasure in delicious scents.' Scarron describes her as

La non pareille Bois-Dauphine,
Entre dames perle très fine,

and the superlative delicacy implied by this epithet seems to have belonged

equally to her personal habits, her affections, and her intellect.

Madame de Sablé's life, for anything we know, flowed on evenly enough until 1640, when the death of her husband threw upon her the care of an embarrassed fortune. She found a friend in René de Longueil, Seigneur de Maisons, of whom we are content to know no more than that he helped Madame de Sablé to arrange her affairs, though only by means of alienating from her family the estate of Sablé, that his house was her refuge during the blockade of Paris, in 1649, and that she was not unmindful of her obligations to him, when, subsequently, her credit could be serviceable to him at court. In the midst of these pecuniary troubles came a more terrible trial–the loss of her favourite son, the brave and handsome Guy de Laval, who, after a brilliant career in the campaigns of Condé, was killed at the siege of Dunkirk, in 1646, when scarcely four-and-twenty. The fine qualities of this young man had endeared him to the whole army, and especially to Condé, had won him the hand of the Chancellor Séguire's daughter, and had thus opened to him the prospect of the highest honours. His loss seems to have been the most real sorrow of Madame de Sablé's life. Soon after followed the commotions of the Fronde, which put a stop to social intercourse, and threw the closest friends into opposite ranks. According to Lenet, who relies on the authority of Gourville, Madame de Sablé was under strong obligations to the court, being in the receipt of a pension of 2,000 crowns; at all events, she adhered throughout to the Queen and Mazarin, but being as far as possible from a fierce partisan, and given both by disposition and judgement to hear both sides of a question, she acted as a conciliator, and retained her friends of both parties. The Countess de Maure, whose husband was the most obstinate of

frondeurs，remained throughout her most cherished friend，and she kept up a constant correspondence with the lovely and intrepid heroine of the Fronde，Madame de Longueville. Her activity was directed to the extinction of animosities，by bringing about marriages between the Montagues and Capulets of the Fronde–between the Prince de Condé，or his brother，and the niece of Mazarin，or between the three nieces of Mazarin and the sons of three noblemen who were distinguished leaders of the Fronde. Though her projects were not realized，her conciliatory position enabled her to preserve all her friendships intact，and when the political tempest was over，she could assemble around her in her residence，in the Place Royale，the same society as before. Madame de Sablé was now approaching her twelfth lustrum，and though the charms of her mind and character made her more sought after than most younger women，it is not surprising that，sharing as she did in the religious ideas of her time，the concerns of‘salvation’seemed to become pressing. A religious retirement，which did not exclude the reception of literary friends，or the care for personal comforts，made the most becoming frame for age and diminished fortune. Jansenism was then to ordinary Catholicism what Puseyism is to ordinary Church of Englandism in these days–it was a *recherché* form of piety unshared by the vulgar；and one sees at once that it must have special attractions for the *précieuse*. Madame de Sablé，then，probably about 1655 or 1656，determined to retire to Port-Royal，not because she was already devout，but because she hoped to become so；as，however，she wished to retain the pleasure of intercourse with friends who were still worldly，she built for herself a set of apartments at once distinct from the monastery and attached to it. Here，with a comfortable establishment，consisting of her secretary，Dr Valant，Mademoiselle de Chalais，formerly

her *dame de compagnie*，and now become her friend；an excellent cook；a few other servants，and for a considerable time a carriage and coachman；with her best friends within a moderate distance，she could，as M．Cousin says，be out of the noise of the world without altogether forsaking it，preserve her dearest friendships，and have before her eyes edifying examples–‘vaquer enfin à son aise aux soins de son salut et à ceux de sa santé’．

We have hitherto looked only at one phase of Madame de Sablé's character and influence–that of the *précieuse*．But she was much more than this：she was the valuable，trusted friend of noble women and distinguished men；she was the animating spirit of a society whence issued a new form of French literature：she was the woman of large capacity and large heart，whom Pascal sought to please，to whom Arnauld submitted the Discourse prefixed to his Logic，and to whom La Rochefoucauld writes：‘Vous savez que je ne crois que vous êtes sûr de certains chapitres，et surtout sur les replis du cœur．’The papers preserved by her secretary，Valant，show that she maintained an extensive correspondence with persons of various rank and character；that her pen was untiring in the interest of others；that men made her the depositary of their thoughts，women of their sorrows；that her friends were as impatient，when she secluded herself，as if they had been rival lovers and she a youthful beauty．It is into her ear that Madame de Longueville pours her troubles and difficulties，and that Madame de la Fayette communicates her little alarms，lest young Count de St Paul should have detected her intimacy with La Rochefoucauld．[2]The few of Madame de Sablé's letters which survive show that she excelled in that epistolary style which was the speciality of the Hôtel de Rambouillet；one to Madame de

Montausier, in favour of M. Périer, the brother-in-law of Pascal, is a happy mixture of good taste and good sense; but amongst them all we prefer quoting one to the Duchesse de la Trimouille. It is light and pretty, and made out of almost nothing, like soap-bubbles.

> Je crois qu'il n'y a que moi qui face si bien tout le contraire de ce que je veux faire, car il est vrai qu'il n'y a personne que j'honore plus que vous et j'ai si bien fait qu'il est quasi impossible que vous le puissiez croire. Ce n'estoit pas assez pour vous persuader que je suis indigne de vos bonnes grâces et de votre souvenir que d'avoir manqué fort longtemps à vous écrire; il falloit encore retarder quinze jours à me donner l'honneur de répondre à votre lettre. En vérité, madame, cela me fait parôitre si coupable, que vers tout autre que vous j'aimerois mieux l'etre en effet que d'entreprendre une chose si difficile qu'est celle de me justifier. Mais je me sens si innocente dans mon âme, et j'ai tant d'estime, de respect et d'affection pour vous, qu'il me semble que vous devez le connôitre à cent lieues de distance d'ici, encore que je ne vous dise pas un mot. C'est ce que me donne le courage de vous écrire à cette heure, mais non pas ce qui m'en a empêché si longtemps. J'ai commencé à faillir par force, ayant eu beaucoup de maux, et depuis je l'ai fait par honte, et je vous avoue que si je n'avois à cette

heure la confiance que vous m'avez donnée en me rassurant, et celle que je tire de mes propres sentiments pour vous, je n'oserois jamais entreprendre de vous faire souvenir de moi; mais je m'assure que vous oublierez tout, sur la protestation que je vous fais de ne me laisser plus endurceir en mes fautes et de demeurer inviolablement, madame, votre, etc.

Was not the woman, who could unite the ease and grace indicated by this letter, with an intellect that men thought worth consulting on matters of reasoning and philosophy, with warm affections, untiring activity for others, no ambition as an authoress, and an insight into *confitures* and *ragoûts*, a rare combination? No wonder that her salon at Port-Royal was the favourite resort of such women as Madame de la Fayette, Madame de Montausier, Madame de Longueville, and Madame de Haute-fort; and of such men as Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Nicole, and Domat. The collections of Valant contain papers which show what were the habitual subjects of conversation in this *salon*. Theology, of course, was a chief topic; but physics and metaphysics had their turn, and still more frequently morals, taken in their widest sense. There were *Conferences on Calvinism*, of which an abstract is preserved. When Rohault invented his glass tubes to serve for the barometrical experiments, in which Pascal had roused a strong interest, the Marquis de Sourdis entertained the society with a paper, entitled *Why Water Mounts in a Glass Tube*. Cartesianism was an exciting topic here, as well as everywhere else in France; it had its partisans and opponents; and papers were read, containing *Thoughts on the Opinions of M. Descartes*. These lofty matters were varied by discussions

on love and friendship，on the drama，and on most of the things in heaven and earth which the philosophy of that day dreamt of. Morals–generalizations on human affections，sentiments，and conduct–seem to have been the favourite theme；and the aim was to reduce these generalizations to their briefest form of expression，to give them the epigrammatic turn which made them portable in the memory. This was the specialty of Madame de Sablé's circle，and was，probably，due to her own tendency. As the Hôtel de Rambouillet was the nursery of graceful letter-writing，and the Luxembourg of‘portraits’and‘characters’，so Madame de Sablé's *salon* fostered that taste for the sententious style，to which we owe，probably，some of the best *Pensées* of Pascal，and，certainly，the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld. Madame de Sablé herself wrote maxims，which were circulated among her friends；and，after her death，were published by the Abbé d'Ailly. They have the excellent sense and nobility of feeling which we should expect in everything of hers；but they have no stamp of genius or individual character：they are，to the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld，what the vase moulded in dull，heavy clay，is to the vase which the action of fire has made light，brittle，and transparent. She also wrote a treatise on Education，which is much praised by La Rochefoucauld and M. d'Andilly；but which seems no longer to be found：probably it was not much more elaborate than her so-called‘Treatise on Friendship’，which is but a short string of maxims. Madame de Sablé's forte was evidently not to write herself，but to stimulate others to write；to show that sympathy and appreciation which are as genial and encouraging as the morning sunbeams. She seconded a man's wit with understanding–one of the best offices which womanly intellect has rendered to the advancement of culture；and the absence of originality made her all the more receptive towards the originality

of others.

The manuscripts of Pascal show that many of the *Pensées*，which are commonly supposed to be raw materials for a great work on religion，were remodelled again and again，in order to bring them to the highest degree of terseness and finish，which would hardly have been the case if they had only been part of a quarry for a greater production. Thoughts which are merely collected as materials，as stones out of which a building is to be erected，are not cut into facets，and polished like amethysts or emeralds. Since Pascal was from the first in the habit of visiting Madame de Sablé at Port-Royal，with his sister，Madame Périer （who was one of Madame de Sablé's dearest friends），we may well suppose that he would throw some of his jewels among the large and small coin of maxims，which were a sort of subscription-money there. Many of them have an epigrammatic piquancy，which was just the thing to charm a circle of vivacious and intelligent women；they seem to come from a La Rochefoucauld，who has been dipped over again in philosophy and wit，and received a new layer. But whether or not Madame de Sablé's influence served to enrich the *Pensées* of Pascal，it is clear that but for her influence the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld would never have existed. Just as in some circles the effort is，who shall make the best puns （*horribile dictu*！），or the best charades，in the *salon* of Port-Royal the amusement was to fabricate maxims. La Rochefoucauld said，'L'envie de faire des maximes se gagne comme le rhume.'So far from claiming for himself the initiation of this form of writing，he accuses Jacques Esprit，another *habitué* of Madame de Sablé's *salon*，of having excited in him the taste for maxims，in order to trouble his repose. The said Esprit was an academician，and had been a

frequenter of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. He had already published *Maximes en vers*, and he subsequently produced a book called *La Fausseté des vertus humaines*, which seems to consist of Rochefoucauldism become flat with an infusion of sour Calvinism. Nevertheless, La Rochefoucauld seems to have prized him, to have appealed to his judgement, and to have concocted maxims with him, which he afterwards begs him to submit to Madame de Sablé. He sends a little batch of maxims to her himself, and asks for an equivalent in the shape of good eatables: ‘Voilà tout ce que j'ai de maximes; mais comme je ne donne rien pour rien, je vous demande un potage aux carottes, un ragoût de mouton, ’etc. The taste and the talent enhanced each other; until, at last, La Rochefoucauld began to be conscious of his preeminence in the circle of maxim-mongers, and thought of a wider audience. Thus grew up the famous *Maximes*, about which little need be said. Every one is now convinced, or professes to be convinced, that, as to form, they are perfect, and that as to matter, they are at once undeniably true and miserably false; true as applied to that condition of human nature in which the selfish instincts are still dominant, false if taken as a representation of all the elements and possibilities of human nature. We think La Rochefoucauld himself wavered as to their universality, and that this wavering is indicated in the qualified form of some of the maxims; it occasionally struck him that the shadow of virtue must have a substance, but he had never grasped that substance–it had never been present to his consciousness.

It is curious to see La Rochefoucauld's nervous anxiety about presenting himself before the public as an author; far from rushing into print, he stole into it, and felt his way by asking private opinions. Through Madame de

Sablé he sent manuscript copies to various persons of taste and talent，both men and women，and many of the written opinions which she received in reply are still in existence. The women generally find the maxims distasteful，but the men write approvingly. These men，however，are for the most part ecclesiastics who decry human nature that they may exalt divine grace. The coincidence between Augustinianism or Calvinism，with its doctrine of human corruption，and the hard cynicism of the maxims， presents itself in quite a piquant form in some of the laudatory opinions of La Rochefoucauld. One writer says：–‘On ne pourroit faire une instruction plus propre à un catéchumène pour convertir à Dieu son esprit et sa volonté...Quand il n'y auroit que cet escrit au monde et l'Evangile je voudrois être chrétien. L'un m'apprendroit à connoistre mes misères，et l'autre à implorer mon libérateur. ’Madame de Maintenon sends word to La Rochefoucauld，after the publication of his work，that the Book of Job and the *Maximes* are her only reading！

That Madame de Sablé herself had a tolerably just idea of La Rochefoucauld's character，as well as of his maxims，may be gathered not only from the fact that her own maxims are as full of the confidence in human goodness which La Rochefoucauld wants，as they are empty of the style which he possesses，but also from a letter in which she replies to the criticisms of Madame de Schomberg. ‘The author，’she says，‘derived the maxim on indolence from his own disposition，for never was there so great an indolence as his，and I think that his heart，inert as it is，owes this defect as much to his idleness as his will. It has never permitted him to do the last action for others；and I think that，amidst all his great desires and great hopes，he is sometimes indolent even on his own behalf. ’Still she

must have felt a hearty interest in the *Maximes*, as in some degree her foster-child, and she must also have had considerable affection for the author, who was lovable enough to those who observed the rule of Helvetius, and expected nothing from him. She not only assisted him, as we have seen, in getting criticisms, and carrying out the improvements suggested by them, but when the book was actually published, she prepared a notice of it for the only journal then existing–the *Journal des savants*. This notice was originally a brief statement of the nature of the work, and the opinions which had been formed for and against it, with a moderate eulogy, in conclusion, on its good sense, wit, and insight into human nature. But when she submitted it to La Rochefoucauld he objected to the paragraph which stated the adverse opinion, and requested her to alter it. She, however, was either unable or unwilling to modify her notice, and returned it with the following note: –

> Je vous envoie ce que j'ai pu tirer de ma teste pour mettre dans le Journal des savants. J'y ai mis cet endroit qui vous est le plus sensible, afin que cela vous fasse surmonter la mauvaise honte qui vousfit mettre la préface sans y rien retrancher, et je n'ai pas craint de le mettre, parce que je suis assurée que vous ne le ferez pas imprimer, quand même le reste vous plairoit. Je vous assure aussi que je vous serai plus obligée, si vous en usez comme d'une chose qui servit à vous pour le corriger ou pour le jeter au feu. Nous autres grands auteurs, nous sommes trop riches pour craindre de rien perdre de nos

productions. Mandez-moi ce qu'il vous semble de ce dictum.

La Rochefoucauld availed himself of this permission，and‘edited’the notice，touching up the style，and leaving out the blame. In this revised form it appeared in the *Journal des savants*. In some points，we see，the youth of journalism was not without promise of its future.

While Madame de Sablé was thus playing the literary confidante to La Rochefoucauld，and was the soul of a society whose chief interest was the *belles lettres*，she was equally active in graver matters. She was in constant intercourse or correspondence with the devout women of Port-Royal，and of the neighbouring convent of the Carmelites，many of whom had once been the ornaments of the court；and there is a proof that she was conscious of being highly valued by them in the fact that when the Princess Marie-Madeline，of the Carmelites，was dangerously ill，not being able or not daring to visit her，she sent her youthful portrait to be hung up in the sick-room，and received from the same Mère Agnés whose grave admonition we have quoted above，a charming note，describing the pleasure which the picture had given in the infirmary of‘Notre bonne Mère’. She was interesting herself deeply in the translation of the New Testament，which was the work of Sacy，Arnauld，Nicole，Le Maître，and the Duc de Luynes conjointly，Sacy having the principal share. We have mentioned that Arnauld asked her opinion on the Discourse prefixed to his *Logic*，and we may conclude from this that he had found her judgement valuable in many other cases. Moreover，the persecution of the Port-Royalists had commenced，and she was uniting with Madame de Longueville in aiding

and protecting her pious friends. Moderate in her Jansenism, as in everything else, she held that the famous formulary denouncing the Augustinian doctrine, and declaring it to have been originated by Jansenius, should be signed without reserve, and, as usual, she had faith in conciliatory measures; but her moderation was no excuse for inaction. She was at one time herself threatened with the necessity of abandoning her residence at Port-Royal, and had thought of retiring to a religious house at Auteuil, a village near Paris. She did, in fact, pass some summers there, and she sometimes took refuge with her brother, the Commandeur de Souvré, with Madame de Montausier, or Madame de Longueville. The last was much bolder in her partisanship than her friend, and her superior wealth and position enabled her to give the Port-Royalists more efficient aid. Arnauld and Nicole resided five years in her house; it was under her protection that the translation of the New Testament was carried on and completed, and it was chiefly through her efforts that, in 1669, the persecution was brought to an end. Madame de Sablé co-operated with all her talent and interest in the same direction; but here, as elsewhere, her influence was chiefly valuable in what she stimulated others to do, rather than in what she did herself. It was by her that Madame de Longueville was first won to the cause of Port-Royal; and we find this ardent brave woman constantly seeking the advice and sympathy of her more timid and self-indulgent, but sincere and judicious friend.

In 1669, when Madame de Sablé had at length rest from these anxieties, she was at the good old age of seventy, but she lived nine years longer–years, we may suppose, chiefly dedicated to her spiritual concerns. This gradual, calm decay allayed the fear of death which had

tormented her more vigorous days; and she died with tranquillity and trust. It is a beautiful trait of these last moments, that she desired not to be buried with her family, or even at Port-Royal, among her saintly and noble companions, but in the cemetery of her parish, like one of the people, without pomp or ceremony.

It is worth while to notice, that with Madame de Sablé, as with some other remarkable French women, the part of her life which is richest in interest and results, is that which is looked forward to by most of her sex with melancholy as the period of decline. When between fifty and sixty, she had philosophers, wits, beauties, and saints clustering around her; and one naturally cares to know what was the elixir which gave her this enduring and general attraction. We think it was, in a great degree, that well-balanced development of mental powers which gave her a comprehension of varied intellectual processes, and a tolerance for varied forms of character, which is still rarer in women than in men. Here was one point of distinction between her and Madame de Longueville; and an amusing passage, which Sainte-Beuve has disinterred from the writings of the Abbé St Pierre, so well serves to indicate, by contrast, what we regard as the great charm of Madame de Sablé's mind, that we shall not be wandering from our subject in quoting it.

> I one day asked M. Nicole what was the character of Madame de Longueville's intellect; he told me it was very subtle and delicate in the penetration of character, but very small, very feeble; and that her comprehension was extremely narrow in matters of

science and reasoning, and on all speculations that did not concern matters of sentiment. For example, he added, I one day said to her that I could wager and demonstrate that there were in Paris, at least two inhabitants who had the same number of hairs, although I could not point out who these two men were. She told me, I could never be sure of it until I had counted the hairs of these two men. Here is my demonstration, I said: –I take it for granted that the head which is most amply supplied with hairs has not more than 200,000 and the head which is least so has but one hair. Now, if you suppose that 200,000 heads have each a different number of hairs, it necessarily follows that they have each one of the numbers of hairs which form the series from 1 to 200,000; for if it were supposed that there were two among these 200,000 who had the same number of hairs, I should have gained my wager. Supposing, then, that these 200,000 inhabitants have all a different number of hairs, if I add a single inhabitant who has hairs, and who has not more than 200,000, it necessarily follows that this number of hairs, whatever it may be, will be contained in the series from 1 to 200,000, and consequently will be equal to the number of hairs on one of the previous 200,000 inhabitants. Now as, instead of one inhabitant more than 200,000, there are nearly 800,000 inhabitants in Paris, you see clearly that there must

be many heads which have an equal number of hairs, though I have not counted them. Still Madame de Longueville could never comprehend that this equality of hairs could be demonstrated, and always maintained that the only way of proving it was to count them.

Surely，the most ardent admirer of feminine shallowness must have felt some irritation when he found himself arrested by this dead wall of stupidity，and have turned with relief to the larger intelligence of Madame de Sablé，who was not the less graceful，delicate，and feminine，because she could follow a train of reasoning，or interest herself in a question of science．In this combination consisted her pre-eminent charm：she was not a genius，not a heroine，but a woman whom men could more than love–whom they could make their friend，confidante，and counsellor；the sharer，not of their joys and sorrows only，but of their ideas and aims．

Such was Madame de Sablé，whose name is，perhaps，new to some of our readers，so far does it lie from the surface of literature and history． We have seen，too，that she was only one amongst a crowd–one in a firmament of feminine stars which，when once the biographical telescope is turned upon them，appear scarcely less remarkable and interesting．Now， if the reader recollects what was the position and average intellectual character of women in the high society of England during the reigns of James I and the two Charleses–the period through which Madame de Sablé's career extends–we think he will admit our position as to the early superiority of womanly development in France：and this fact，with its causes，has not merely an historical interest，it has an important bearing on the culture of

women in the present day. Women become superior in France by being admitted to a common fund of ideas, to common objects of interest with men; and this must ever be the essential condition at once of true womanly culture and of true social well-being. We have no faith in feminine conversazioni, where ladies are eloquent on Apollo and Mars; though we sympathize with the yearning activity of faculties which, deprived of their proper material, waste themselves in weaving fabrics out of cobwebs. Let the whole field of reality be laid open to woman as well as to man, and then that which is peculiar in her mental modification, instead of being, as it is now, a source of discord and repulsion between the sexes, will be found to be a necessary complement to the truth and beauty of life. Then we shall have that marriage of minds which alone can blend all the hues of thought and feeling in one lovely rainbow of promise for the harvest of human happiness.

---

[1] Queen Christina, when Madame Dacier (then Mademoiselle Le Fèvre) sent her a copy of her edition of *Callimachus*, wrote in reply; –'Mais vous, de qui on m'assure que vous êtes une belle et agreeable fille, n'avez vous pas honte de'être si savante? '[The sentence translates as'But you, a handsome and pleasing maid, as I am told, are you not ashamed of being so learned? ']

[2] The letter to which we allude has this charming little touch; –'Je hais comme la mort que les gens de son age puissent croire que j'ai des galanteries. Il semble qu'on leur parait cent ans des qu'on est plus vieille qu'eux, et ils sont tout propre à s'étonner qu'il y ait encore question des gens. '[This translates as'I hate like death the idea that people of his own age might believe me to have liaisons. To all appearances one is deemed to be a hundred years old the moment one is older than they–and they are all too prone to wonder at there still being men ['gens' may be translated in various ways] about one. '(Editors).]

Geraldine Jewsbury's Constance Herbert

Next in interest to *Westward Ho*！ at least among the English novels of the quarter，is *Constance Herbert*．Miss Jewsbury has created precedents for herself which make critics exacting towards her．We measure her work by her own standard，and find it deficient；when if measured by the standard of ordinary feminine novelists，it would perhaps seem excellent．We meet with some beauties in it which，coming from the author of the *Half Sisters*，we take as a matter of course，but we miss other beauties which she has taught us to expect；we feel that she is not equal to herself；and it is a tribute to her well-attested powers if we dwell on what has disappointed us，rather than on what has gratified us. An easy，agreeable style of narrative，some noble sentiments expressed in the quiet，unexaggerated way that indicates their source to be a deep spring of conviction and experience，not a mere rain-torrent of hearsay enthusiasm，with here and there a trait of character or conduct painted with the truthfulness of close observation，are merits enough to raise a book far above the common run of circulating library fiction；but they are not enough to make a good novel，or one worthy of Miss Jewsbury's reputation．*Constance Herbert is a Tendenz-roman*；the characters and incidents are selected with a view to the enforcement of a principle．The general principle meant to be enforced is the unhesitating，uncompromising sacrifice of inclination to duty，and the special case to which this principle is applied in the novel，is the abstinence from marriage where there is an inheritance of insanity．So far，we have no

difference of opinion with Miss Jewsbury. But the *mode* in which she enforces the principle, both theoretically in the *Envoi* and illustratively in the story of her novel, implies, we think, a false view of life, and virtually nullifies the very magnanimity she inculcates. ‘If,’she says in the *Envoi*, ‘we have succeeded in articulating any principle in this book, it is to entreat our readers to have boldness to act up to the sternest requirements that duty claims as right. Although it may at the time seem to slay them, it will in the end prove life. *Nothing they renounce for the sake of a higher principle, will prove to have been worth the keeping*.’The italics are ours, and we use them to indicate what we think false in Miss Jewsbury's moral. This moral is illustrated in the novel by the story of three ladies, who, after renouncing their lovers, or being renounced by them, have the satisfaction of feeling in the end that these lovers were extremely‘good-for-nothing’, and that they (the ladies) have had an excellent riddance. In all this we can see neither the true doctrine of renunciation, nor a true representation of the realities of life; and we are sorry that a writer of Miss Jewsbury's insight and sincerity should have produced three volumes for the sake of teaching such copy-book morality. It is not the fact that what duty calls on us to renounce, will invariably prove‘not worth the keeping’; and if it were the fact, renunciation would cease to be moral heroism, and would be simply a calculation of prudence. Let us take the special case which Miss Jewsbury has chosen as her illustration. It might equally happen that a woman in the position of Constance Herbert, who renounces marriage because she will not entail on others the family heritage of insanity, had fixed her affections, not on an egotistic, shallow worldling like Philip Marchmont, but on a man who was fitted to make the happiness of a woman's life, and whose subsequent career would only impress on her more

and more deeply the extent of the sacrifice she had made in refusing him. And it is this very perception that the thing we renounce is precious, is something never to be compensated to us, which constitutes the beauty and heroism of renunciation. The only motive that renders such a resolution as Constance Herbert's noble, is that keen sympathy with human misery which makes a woman prefer to suffer for the term of her own life, rather than run the risk of causing misery to an indefinite number of other human beings; and a mind influenced by such a motive will find no support in the very questionable satisfaction of discovering that objects once cherished were in fact worthless. The notion that duty looks stern, but all the while has her hand full of sugar-plums, with which she will reward us by and by, is the favourite cant of optimists, who try to make out that this tangled wilderness of life has a plan as easy to trace as that of a Dutch garden; but it really undermines all true moral development by perpetually substituting something extrinsic as a motive to action, instead of the immediate impulse of love or justice, which alone makes an action truly moral. This is a grave question to enter on *à propos* of a novel; but Miss Jewsbury is so emphatic in the enunciation of her moral, that she forces us to consider her book rather in the light of a homily than of a fiction–to criticize her doctrine rather than her story. On another point, too, we must remonstrate with her a little, chiefly because we value her influence, and should like to see it always in what seems to us the right scale. With the exception of Mr Harrop, who is simply a cipher awaiting a wife to give him any value, there is not a man in her book who is not either weak, perfidious, or rascally, while almost all the women are models of magnanimity and devotedness. The lions, i. e. , the ladies, have got the brush in their hands with a vengeance now, and are retaliating for the calumnies of men from Adam downwards.

Perhaps it is but fair to allow them a little exaggeration. Still we must meekly suggest that we cannot accept an *ex parte* statement, even from that paragon Aunt Margaret, as altogether decisive. Aunt Margaret tells us that in the bloom of youth and beauty, with virtues and accomplishments to correspond, she alienated her husband by pure devotion to him. ‘No man,’she says, ‘can bear entire devotion.’This reminds us of a certain toper, who after drinking a series of glasses of brandy-and-water one night, complained the next morning that the water did not agree with him.

We are inclined to think that it is less frequently devotion which alienates men, than something infused in the devotion–a certain amount of silliness, or temper, or *exigeance*, for example, which, though given in small doses, will, if per-severed in, have a strongly alterative effect. Men, in fact, are in rather a difficult position: in one ear a Miss Grace Lee, or some such strong-minded woman, thunders that they demand to be worshipped, and abhor a woman who has any self-dependence; on the other, a melancholy Viola complains that they never appreciate devotion, that they care only for a woman who treats them with indifference. A discouraging view of the case for both sexes! Seriously, we care too much for the attainment of a better understanding as to woman's true position, not to be sorry when a writer like Miss Jewsbury only adds her voice to swell the confusion on this subject.

Margaret Fuller and Mary Wollstonecraft

The dearth of new books just now gives us time to recur to less recent ones which we have hitherto noticed but slightly；and among these we choose the late edition of Margaret Fuller's *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*，because we think it has been unduly thrust into the background by less comprehensive and candid productions on the same subject．Notwithstanding certain defects of taste and a sort of vague spiritualism and grandiloquence which belong to all but the very best American writers，the book is a valuable one：it has the enthusiasm of a noble and sympathetic nature，with the moderation and breadth and large allowance of a vigorous and cultivated understanding．There is no exaggeration of woman's moral excellence or intellectual capabilities；no injudicious insistence on her fitness for this or that function hitherto engrossed by men；but a calm plea for the removal of unjust laws and artificial restrictions，so that the possibilities of her nature may have room for full development，a wisely stated demand to disencumber her of the

> Parasitic forms
> That seem to keep her up, but drag her down－
> And leave her field to burgeon and to bloom
> From all within her, make herself her own
> To give or keep, to live and learn and be
> All that not harms distinctive womanhood.

It is interesting to compare this essay of Margaret Fuller's，published in its earliest form in 1843，with a work on the position of woman，written between sixty and seventy years ago–we mean Mary Wollstonecraft's *Rights of Woman*. The latter work was not continued beyond the first volume；but so far as this carries the subject，the comparison，at least in relation to strong sense and loftiness of moral tone，is not at all disadvantageous to the woman of the last century. There is in some quarters a vague prejudice against the *Rights of Woman* as in some way or other a reprehensible book，but readers who go to it with this impression will be surprised to find it eminently serious，severely moral，and withal rather heavy–the true reason，perhaps，that no edition has been published since 1796，and that it is now rather scarce. There are several points of resemblance，as well as of striking difference，between the two books. A strong understanding is present in both；but Margaret Fuller's mind was like some regions of her own American continent，where you are constantly stepping from the sunny‘clearings’into the mysterious twilight of the tangled forest–she often passes in one breath from forcible reasoning to dreamy vagueness；moreover，her unusually varied culture gives her great command of illustration. Mary Wollstonecraft，on the other hand，is nothing if not rational；she has no erudition，and her grave pages are lit up by no ray of fancy. In both writers we discern，under the brave bearing of a strong and truthful nature，the beating of a loving woman's heart，which teaches them not to undervalue the smallest offices of domestic care or kindliness. But Margaret Fuller，with all her passionate sensibility，is more of the literary woman，who would not have been satisfied without intellectual production；Mary Wollstonecraft，we imagine，wrote not at all for writing's sake，but from the pressure of other motives. So far as the

difference of date allows，there is a striking coincidence in their trains of thought；indeed，every important idea in the *Rights of Woman*，except the combination of home education with a common day-school for boys and girls，reappears in Margaret Fuller's essay.

One point on which they both write forcibly is the fact that，while men have a horror of such faculty or culture in the other sex as tends to place it on a level with their own，they are really in a state of subjection to ignorant and feeble-minded women. Margaret Fuller says：–

> Wherever man is sufficiently raised above extreme poverty or brutal stupidity, to care for the comforts of the fireside, or the bloom and ornament of life, woman has always power enough, if she choose to exert it, and is usually disposed to do so, in proportion to her ignorance and childish vanity. Unacquainted with the importance of life and its purposes, trained to a selfish coquetry and love of petty power, she does not look beyond the pleasure of making herself felt at the moment, and governments are shaken and commerce broken up to gratify the pique of a female favourite. The English shopkeeper's wife does not vote, but it is for her interest that the politician canvasses by the coarsest flattery.

Again：–

> All wives, bad or good, loved or unloved, inevitably

> influence their husbands from the power their position not merely gives, but necessitates of colouring evidence and infusing feelings in hours when the – patient, shall I call him? – is off his guard.

Hear now what Mary Wollstonecraft says on the same subject: –

> Women have been allowed to remain in ignorance and slavish dependence many, very many years, and still we hear of nothing but their fondness of pleasure and sway, their preference of rakes and soldiers, their childish attachment to toys, and the vanity that makes them value accomplishments more than virtues. History brings forward a fearful catalogue of the crimes which their cunning has produced, when the weak slaves have had sufficient address to overreach their masters...When, therefore, I call women slaves, I mean in a political and civil sense; for indirectly they obtain too much power, and are debased by their exertions to obtain illicit sway...The libertinism, and even the virtues of superior men, will always give women of some description great power over them; and these weak women, under the influence of childish passions and selfish vanity, will throw a false light over the objects which the very men view with their eyes who ought to enlighten their judgement. Men of fancy, and those sanguine characters who mostly hold

> the helm of human affairs in general, relax in the society of women; and surely I need not cite to the most superficial reader of history the numerous examples of vice and oppression which the private intrigues of female favourites have produced; not to dwell on the mischief that naturally arises from the blundering interposition of well-meaning folly. For in the transactions of business it is much better to have to deal with a knave than a fool, because a knave adheres to some plan, and any plan of reason may be seen through sooner than a sudden flight of folly. The power which vile and foolish women have had over wise men who possessed sensibility is notorious.

There is a notion commonly entertained among men that an instructed woman，capable of having opinions，is likely to prove an impracticable yoke-fellow，always pulling one way when her husband wants to go the other，oracular in tone，and prone to give curtain lectures on metaphysics. But surely，so far as obstinacy is concerned，your unreasoning animal is the most unmanageable of creatures，where you are not allowed to settle the question by a cudgel，a whip and bridle，or even a string to the leg. For our own parts，we see no consistent or commodious medium between the old plan of corporal discipline and that thorough education of women which will make them rational beings in the highest sense of the word. Wherever weakness is not harshly controlled it must *govern*，as you may see when a strong man holds a little child by the hand，how he is pulled hither and thither，and wearied in his walk by his submission to the whims and feeble

movements of his companion. A really cultured woman, like a really cultured man, will be ready to yield in trifles. So far as we see, there is no indissoluble connexion between infirmity of logic and infirmity of will, and a woman quite innocent of an opinion in philosophy, is as likely as not to have an indomitable opinion about the kitchen. As to airs of superiority, no woman ever had them in consequence of true culture, but only because her culture was shallow or unreal, only as a result of what Mrs Malaprop well calls'the ineffectual qualities in a woman'–mere acquisitions carried about, and not knowledge thoroughly assimilated so as to enter into the growth of the character.

To return to Margaret Fuller, some of the best things she says are on the folly of absolute definitions of woman's nature and absolute demarcations of woman's mission. 'Nature,' she says, 'seems to delight in varying the arrangements, as if to show that she will be fettered by no rule; and we must admit the same varieties that she admits.' Again: 'If nature is never bound down, nor the voice of inspiration stifled, that is enough. We are pleased that women should write and speak, if they feel need of it, from having something to tell; but silence for ages would be no misfortune, if that silence be from divine command, and not from man's tradition.' And here is a passage, the beginning of which has been often quoted: –

> If you ask me what offices they (women) may fill, I reply–any. I do not care what case you put; let them be sea-captains if you will. I do not doubt there are women well fitted for such an office, and, if so, I should be as glad as to welcome the Maid of

Saragossa, or the Maid of Missolonghi, or the Suliote heroine, or Emily Plater. I think women need, especially at this juncture, a much greater range of occupation than they have, to rouse their latent powers...In families that I know, some little girls like to saw wood, others to use carpenter's tools. Where these tastes are indulged, cheerfulness and good-humour are promoted. Where they are forbidden, because ‘such things are not proper for girls’, they grow sullen and mischievous. Fourier had observed these wants of women, as no one can fail to do who watches the desires of little girls, or knows the ennui that haunts grown women, except where they make to themselves a serene little world by art of some kind. He, therefore, in proposing a great variety of employments, in manufactures or the care of plants and animals, allows for one third of women as likely to have a taste for masculine pursuits, one third of men for feminine...I have no doubt, however, that a large proportion of women would give themselves to the same employments as now, because there are circumstances that must lead them. Mothers will delight to make the nest soft and warm. Nature would take care of that; no need to clip the wings of any bird that wants to soar and sing, or finds in itself the strength of pinion for a migratory flight unusual to its kind. The difference would be that all need not be constrained

> to employments for which some are unfit.

A propos of the same subject, we find Mary Wollstonecraft offering a suggestion which the women of the United States have already begun to carry out. She says: –

> Women, in particular, all want to be ladies. Which is simply to have nothing to do, but listlessly to go they scarcely care where, for they cannot tell what. But what have women to do in society? I may be asked, but to loiter with easy grace; surely you would not condemn them all to suckle fools and chronicle small beer. No. Women might certainly study the art of healing, and be physicians as well as nurses...Business of various kinds they might likewise pursue, if they were educated in a more orderly manner...Women would not then marry for a support, as men accept of places under government, and neglect the implied duties.

Men pay a heavy price for their reluctance to encourage self-help and independent resources in women. The precious meridian years of many a man of genius have to be spent in the toil of routine, that an'establishment'may be kept up for a woman who can understand none of his secret yearnings, who is fit for nothing but to sit in her drawing-room like a doll-Madonna in her shrine. No matter. Anything is more endurable than to change our established formulæ about women, or to run the risk of looking up to our wives instead of looking down on them. *Sit divus*,

dummodo non sit vivus（let him be a god，provided he be not living），said the Roman magnates of Romulus；and so men say of women，let them be idols，useless absorbents of precious things，provided we are not obliged to admit them to be strictly fellow-beings，to be treated，one and all，with justice and sober reverence.

On one side we hear that woman's position can never be improved until women themselves are better；and，on the other，that women can never become better until their position is improved–until the laws are made more just，and a wider field opened to feminine activity. But we constantly hear the same difficulty stated about the human race in general. There is a perpetual action and reaction between individuals and institutions；we must try and mend both by little and little–the only way in which human things can be mended. Unfortunately，many over-zealous champions of women assert their actual equality with men–nay，even their moral superiority to men–as a ground for their release from oppressive laws and restrictions. They lose strength immensely by this false position. If it were true，then there would be a case in which slavery and ignorance nourished virtue，and so far we should have an argument for the continuance of bondage. But we want freedom and culture for woman，because subjection and ignorance have debased her，and with her，Man；for–

> If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How shall men grow?

Both Margaret Fuller and Mary Wollstonecraft have too much sagacity to fall into this sentimental exaggeration. Their ardent hopes of what women may become do not prevent them from seeing and painting women as they are.

On the relative moral excellence of men and women Mary Wollstonecraft speaks with the most decision: –

> Women are supposed to possess more sensibility, and even humanity, than men, and their strong attachments and instantaneous emotions of compassion are given as proofs; but the clinging affection of ignorance has seldom anything noble in it, and may mostly be resolved into selfishness, as well as the affection of children and brutes. I have known many weak women whose sensibility was entirely engrossed by their husbands; and as for their humanity, it was very faint indeed, or rather it was only a transient emotion of compassion. Humanity does not consist 'in a squeamish ear', says an eminent orator. 'It belongs to the mind as well as to the nerves.' But this kind of exclusive affection, though it degrades the individual, should not be brought forward as a proof of the inferiority of the sex, because it is the natural consequence of confined views; for even women of superior sense, having their attention turned to little employments and private plans, rarely rise to heroism, unless when spurred on by love! and love, as an heroic passion, like genius, appears but once in an age. I therefore agree with the moralist who asserts 'that women have seldom so much generosity as men'; and that their narrow affections, to which

justice and humanity are often sacrificed, render the sex apparently inferior, especially as they are commonly inspired by men; but I contend that the heart would expand as the understanding gained strength, if women were not depressed from their cradles.

We had marked several other passages of Margaret Fuller's for extract，but as we do not aim at an exhaustive treatment of our subject，and are only touching a few of its points，we have，perhaps，already claimed as much of the reader's attention as he will be willing to give to such desultory material.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's Dred, Charles Reade's It is Never Too Late to Mend and Frederika Bremer's Hertha

At length we have Mrs Stowe's new novel，and for the last three weeks there have been men，women，and children reading it with rapt attention–laughing and sobbing over it–lingering with delight over its exquisite landscapes，its scenes of humour，and tenderness，and rude heroism–and glowing with indignation at its terrible representation of chartered barbarities．Such a book is an uncontrollable power，and critics who follow it with their objections and reservations–who complain that Mrs Stowe's plot is defective，that she has repeated her-self，that her book is too long and too full of hymns and religious dialogue，and that it creates an unfair bias–are something like men pursuing a prairie fire with desultory watering-cans．In the meantime，*Dred* will be devoured by the million，who carry no critical talisman against the enchantments of genius．We confess ourselves to be among the million，and quite unfit to rank with the sage minority of Fadladeens．We have been too much moved by *Dred* to determine with precision how far it is inferior to *Uncle Tom*，too much impressed by what Mrs Stowe *has* done to be quite sure that we can tell her what she ought to have done．Our admiration of the book is quite distinct from any opinions or hesitations we may have as to the terribly difficult problems of Slavery and Abolition–problems which belong to quite other than‘polite literature’．Even

admitting Mrs Stowe to be mistaken in her views， and partial or exaggerated in her representations， *Dred* remains not the less a novel inspired by a rare genius–rare both in intensity and in range of power.

Looking at the matter simply from an artistic point of view， we see no reason to regret that Mrs Stowe should keep to her original ground of Negro and planter life， any more than that Scott should have introduced Highland life into *Rob Roy* and *The Fair Maid of Perth*， when he had already written *Waverley*. Mrs Stowe has *invented* the Negro novel， and it is a novel not only fresh in its scenery and its manners， but possessing that *conflict of races* which Augustin Thierry has pointed out as the great source of romantic interest–witness *Ivanhoe*. Inventions in literature are not as plentiful as inventions in the paletot and waterproof department， and it is rather amusing that we reviewers， who have， for the most part， to read nothing but imitations of imitations， should put on airs of tolerance towards Mrs Stowe because she has written a second Negro novel， and make excuses for her on the ground that she perhaps would not succeed in any other kind of fiction. Probably she would not； for her genius seems to be of a very special character： her *Sunny Memories* were as feeble as her novels are powerful. But whatever else she may write， or may not write， *Uncle Tom* and *Dred* will assure her a place in that highest rank of novelists who can give us a national life in all its phases–popular and aristocratic， humorous and tragic， political and religious.

But Mrs Stowe's novels have not only that grand element–conflict of races； they have another element equally grand， which she also shares with Scott， and in which she has， in some respects， surpassed him. This is the

exhibition of a people to whom what we may call Hebraic Christianity is still a reality，still an animating belief，and by whom the theocratic conceptions of the Old Testament are literally applied to their daily life．Where has Scott done anything finer than the character of Balfour of Burley，the battles of Drumelog and Bothwell Brigg，and the trial of Ephraim MacBriar？And the character of Dred，the death scenes in the Swamp，and the Camp Meeting of Presbyterians and Methodists，will bear comparison–if we except the fighting–with the best parts of *Old Mortality*．The strength of Mrs Stowe's own religious feeling is a great artistic advantage to her here；she never makes you feel that she is coldly calculating an effect，but you see that she is all a-glow for the moment with the wild enthusiasm，the unreasoning faith，and the steady martyr-spirit of Dred，of Tiff，or of Father Dickson．But with this，she has the keen sense of humour which preserves her from extravagance and monotony；and though she paints her religious Negroes *en beau*，they are always specifically Negroes–she never loses hold of her characters，and lets dramatic dialogue merge into vague oratory．Indeed，here is her strongest point：her dramatic instinct is always awake；and whether it is the grotesque Old Tiff or the aërial Nina，the bluff sophist Father Bonim or the gentlemanly sophist Frank Russell，her characters are always like themselves；a quality which is all the more remarkable in novels animated by a vehement polemical purpose．

The objection which is patent to every one who looks at Mrs Stowe's novels in an argumentative light，is also，we think，one of their artistic defects；namely，the absence of any proportionate exhibition of the Negro character in its less amiable phases．Judging from her pictures，one would conclude that the Negro race was vastly superior to the mass of whites，even

in other than slave countries–a state of the case which would singularly defeat Mrs Stowe's sarcasms on the cant of those who call slavery a‘Christianizing Institution’. If the Negroes are really so very good，slavery has answered as moral discipline. But apart from the argumentative suicide involved in this one-sidedness，Mrs Stowe loses by it the most terribly tragic element in the relation of the two races–the Nemesis lurking in the vices of the oppressed. She alludes to demoralization among the slaves，but she does not depict it；and yet why should she shrink from this，since she does not shrink from giving us a full-length portrait of a Legree or a Tom Gordon？

It would be idle to tell anything about the story of a work which is，or soon will be，in all our readers' hands；we only render our tribute to it as a great novel，leaving to others the task of weighing it in the political balance.

Close upon *Dred* we have read Mr Charles Reade's novel–*It is Never Too Late to Mend*；also a remarkable fiction，and one that sets vibrating very deep chords in our nature，yet presenting a singular contrast with *Dred*，both in manner and in the essential qualities it indicates in the writer. Mr Reade's novel opens with some of the true pathos to be found in English country life：the honest young farmer，George Fielding，unable to struggle against‘bad times’and an exhausted farm，is driven to Australia to seek the fortune that will enable him to marry Susan Merton，the woman he loves. It then carries us，with a certain Robinson，a clever thief，who has been rusticating as George Fielding's lodger，to the gaol，and makes us shudder at the horrors of the separate and silent system，administered by an

ignorant and brutal gaoler，while we follow with keen interest the struggle of the heroic chaplain against this stupid iniquity–thus bringing home the tragedy of Birmingham gaol to people whose sympathies are more easily roused by fiction than by bare fact. Then it takes us to Australia，and traces George Fielding's fortunes and misfortunes–first through the vicissitudes of the Australian‘sheep-run’，and then through the fierce drama of gold-digging–bringing him home at last with £4,000 in his pocket，in time to prevent his Susan from marrying his worst enemy.

In all the three‘acts’of this novel，so to speak，there are fine situations，fine touches of feeling，and much forcible writing；especially while the scene is in the gaol，the best companion who drops in you will probably regard as a bore，and will become earnest in inviting to remain only when you perceive he is determined to go. Again，honest George Fielding's struggles，renewed at the antipodes，and lightened by the friendship of Carlo the dog–of the reformed thief，Robinson–and of the delightful‘Jacky’，the Australian native–are a thread of interest which you pursue with eagerness to the *dénouement*. ‘Jacky’is a thoroughly fresh character，entirely unlike any other savage *frotté de civilisation*，and drawn with exquisite yet sober humour. In the English scenes every one who has seen anything of life amongst our farmers will recognize many truthful，well-observed touches：the little‘tiff’between the brothers George and William Fielding，old Merton's way of thinking，and many traits of manner in the heroine，Susan Merton. In short，*It is Never Too Late to Mend* is one of the exceptional novels to be read not merely by the idle and the half-educated，but by the busy and the thoroughly informed.

Nevertheless，Mr Reade's novel does not rise above the level of cleverness：we feel throughout the presence of remarkable talent，which makes effective use of materials，but nowhere of the genius which absorbs material，and reproduces it as a living whole，in which you do not admire the ingenuity of the workman，but the vital energy of the producer． Doubtless there is a great deal of nonsense talked about genius and inspiration，as if genius did not and must not labour；but，after all，there remains the difference between the writer who thoroughly possesses you by his creation，and the writer who only awakens your curiosity and makes you recognize his ability；and this difference may as well be called‘genius’as anything else．Perhaps a truer statement of the difference is，that the one writer is himself thoroughly possessed by his creation–he lives in his characters；while the other remains outside them，and dresses them up． Here lies the fundamental contrast between Mrs Stowe's novel and Mr Reade's．Mrs Stowe seems for the moment to glow with all the passion，to quiver with all the fun，and to be inspired with all the trust that belongs to her different characters；she attains her finest dramatic effects by means of her energetic sympathy，and not by conscious artifice．Mr Reade，on the contrary，seems always self-conscious，always elaborating a character， after a certain type，and carrying his elaboration a little too far–always working up to situations，and over-doing them．The habit of writing for the stage misleads him into seeking after those exaggerated contrasts and effects which are accepted as a sort of rapid symbolism by a theatrical audience，but are utterly out of place in a fiction，where the time and means for attaining a result are less limited，and an impression of character or purpose may be given more nearly as it is in real life–by a sum of less concentrated particulars．In Mr Reade's dialogue we are constantly imagining that we see

a theatrical gentleman，well‘made up’，delivering a repartee in an emphatic voice，with his eye fixed on the pit. To mention one brief example：– Hawes，the gaoler，tells Fry，the turnkey，after Mr Eden's morning sermon on *theft*，that he approves of preaching *at* people. The same day there is an afternoon sermon on *cruelty*；where-upon Hawes remarks again to Fry，‘I'll teach him to preach at people from the pulpit. ’‘Well，’answers Fry，‘that is what I say，Sir：but you said you liked him to preach at folk？’‘So I do，’replied Hawes，angrily，‘but not at me，ye fool！’This would produce a roar on the stage，and would seem a real bit of human nature；but in a novel one has time to be sceptical as to this extreme *naïveté* which allows a man to make palpable epigrams on himself.

In everything，Mr Reade seems to distrust the effect of moderation and simplicity. His picture of gaol life errs by excess，and he wearies our emotion by taxing it too repeatedly；the admirable inspiration which led him to find his hero and heroine among Berkshire homesteads，is counteracted by such puerile and incongruous efforts at the romantic and diabolical，as the introduction of the Jew，Isaac Levi，who is a mosaic character in more senses than one，and the far-seeing Machiavelianism of the top-booted Mr Meadows；and even when he is speaking in his own person，he lashes himself into fury at human wrongs，and calls on God and man to witness his indignation，apparently confounding the importance of the effect with the importance of the cause. But the most amazing foible in a writer of so much power as Mr Reade，is his reliance on the magic of typography. We had imagined that the notion of establishing a relation between magnitude of ideas and magnitude of type was confined to the literature of placards，but we find Mr Reade endeavouring to impress us with the Titanic character of

modern events by suddenly bursting into capitals at the mention of‘THIS GIGANTIC AGE！’It seems ungrateful in us to notice these minor blemishes in a work which has given us so much pleasure，and roused in us so much healthy feeling as *It is Never Too Late to Mend*；but it is our very admiration of Mr Reade's talent which makes these blemishes vexatious to us，and which induces us to appeal against their introduction in the many other books we hope to have from his pen．

The appearance of a new novel by Miss Bremer，revives the impressions of ten years ago，when all the novel-reading world was discussing the merits of *The Neighbours*，*The President's Daughters*，*The H—Family*，and the rest of the‘Swedish novels’，which about that time were creating a strong current in the literary and book-selling world．The discussion soon died out；and perhaps there is hardly another instance of fictions so eagerly read in England which have left so little trace in English literature as Miss Bremer's．No one quotes them，no one alludes to them：and grave people who have entered on their fourth decade，remember their enthusiasm for the Swedish novels among those intellectual‘wild oats’to which their mature wisdom can afford to give a pitying smile．And yet，how is this？For Miss Bremer had not only the advantage of describing manners which were fresh to the English public；she also brought to the description unusual gifts–lively imagination，poetic feeling，wealth of language，a quick eye for details，and considerable humour，of that easy，domestic kind which throws a pleasant light on every-day things．The perusal of *Hertha* has confirmed in our minds the answer we should have previously given to our own question．One reason，we think，why Miss Bremer's novels have not kept a high position among us is，that her luxuriant

faculties are all over-run by a rank growth of sentimentality，which，like some faint-smelling creeper on the boughs of an American forest，oppresses us with the sense that the air is unhealthy．Nothing can be more curious than the combination in her novels of the vapourishly affected and unreal with the most solid Dutch sort of realism．In one page we have copious sausage sandwiches and beer posset，and on another rhapsodies or wildly improbable incidents that seem rather to belong to sylphs and salamanders，than to a race of creatures who are nourished by the very excellent provisions just mentioned．Another reason why Miss Bremer's novels are not likely to take rank among the permanent creations of art，is the too confident tone of the religious philosophy which runs through them．When a novelist is quite sure that she has a theory which suffices to illustrate all the difficulties of our earthly existence，her novels are too likely to illustrate little else than her own theory．

These two characteristics of sentimentality and dogmatic confidence are very strongly marked in *Hertha*，while it has less of the attention to detail，less of the humorous realism，which was the ballast of Miss Bremer's earlier novels．It has been written not simply from an artistic impulse，but with the object of advocating the liberation of women from those legal and educational restrictions which limit her opportunities of a position and a sphere of usefulness to the chance of matrimony；and we think there are few well-judging persons who will not admire the generous energy with which Miss Bremer，having long ago won fame and independence for herself，devotes the activity of her latter years to the cause of women who are less capable of mastering circumstance．Many wise and noble things she says in *Hertha*，but we cannot help regretting that she has not presented her views

on a difficult and practical question in the‘light of common day’，rather than in the pink haze of visions and romance. The story is very briefly this：–

Hertha，who has lost her mother in childhood，is，at the age of seven-and-twenty，becoming more and more embittered by her inactive bondage to a narrow-minded，avaricious father，who demands obedience to the pettiest exactions. Her elder sister，Alma，is slowly dying in consequence of the same tyranny，which has prevented her from marrying the man she loves. We meet our heroine，with her gloomy and bitter expression of face，first of all，at the rehearsal of a fancy ball，which is to take place in a few days in the good town of Kungsköping；and after being introduced to the various *dramatis personæ*–among the rest，to a young man named Yngve Nordin，who interests Hertha by his agreement in her opinions about women，we accompany her to her cheerless home，where she is roughly chid by her father，the rigid old Director，for being later than the regulation-hour of eight；and where，by the bedside of her sister Alma，she pours out all the bitterness of her soul，all her hatred and smothered rebellion towards her father for his injustice towards them. She and Alma have inherited a share in their mother's fortune，but according to the Swedish law they are still minors，and unable to claim their property. This very night，however，afire breaks out，and lays waste a large district of the town. The Director's house is consumed，and he himself is only saved by the heroic exertions of Hertha，who rushes to his room，and carries his meagre，feeble body through the flames. This act of piety，and the death of Alma，who，in her last moments，extracts from her father a promise to give Hertha independence，win some ungracious concessions from the crabbed Director towards his daughter. He still withholds her property and a declaration of

her majority; but she has power in the household, and greater freedom of action out of doors. A Ladies' Society has been organized for relieving the sufferers from the fire, and Hertha is one of those whose department is the care of the sick and wounded. The patient who falls to her share is no other than Yngve Nordin, who has been severely hurt in his benevolent efforts on the fatal night, and is now lodged in the house of the good pastor, who is at the head of the Society. Here is an excellent opportunity for discovering that Yngve is just the friend she needs to soothe and invigorate her mind, by his sympathy and riper experience; and the feeling which is at first called friendship, is at last confessed to be love. After certain jealousies and suspicions, which are satisfactorily cleared up, Yngve asks the Director for Hertha's hand, but is only accepted prospectively, on condition of his attaining an assured position. Yngve goes abroad, and for seven years Hertha submits to the procrastination of her marriage, rather than rebel against her father in his last years. It is only when Yngve is hopelessly ill that she sacrifices her scruples and marries him. In the mean time she has made her seven years of separation rich in active usefulness, by founding and superintending two schools–one in which girls are instructed in the ordinary elements of education, forming a sort of nursery-garden for the other, in which voluntary pupils are to be led to a higher order of thought and purpose by Hertha's readings, conversation, and personal influence. Her schools are successful; but after Yngve's death she begins to sink under her long trial, and follows him rapidly to the grave.

This bare outline of the story can only suggest and not fully explain the grounds of our objection to *Hertha*. Our objection is, that it surrounds questions, which can only be satisfactorily solved by the application of very

definite ideas to specific facts，with a cloudy kind of eloquence and flighty romance. Take，for example，the question whether it will not be well for women to study and practise medicine. It can only tend to retard the admission that women may pursue such a career with success，for a distinguished authoress to imply that they may be suitably prepared for effective activity by lectures on such a very nebulous thesis as this–‘The consciousness of thought ought to be a living observation and will’，or to associate the attendance of women by the sick-bed，not with the hard drudgery of real practice，but with the vicissitudes of a love-story. Women have not to prove that they can be emotional，and rhapsodic，and spiritualistic；every one believes that already. They have to prove that they are capable of accurate thought，severe study，and continuous self-command. But we say all this with reluctance，and should prefer noticing the many just and pathetic observations that Miss Bremer puts into the mouth of her heroine. We can only mention，and have not space to quote，a passage where Hertha complains of the ignorance in which women are left of Natural Science. ‘In my youth，’she concludes，‘I used to look at the rocks，the trees，the grass，and all objects of nature，with unspeakable longing，wishing to know something about their kinds，their life，and their purpose. But the want of knowledge，the want of opportunity to acquire it，has caused nature to be to me a sealed book，and still to this moment it is to me a tantalizing，enticing，and ever-retreating wave，rather than a life-giving fountain which I can enjoy，and enjoying，thank the Creator. ’

Translations and Translators

A clergyman （of the Charles Honeyman species）once told us that he never set about preparing his sermons till Saturday evening，for he‘trusted to Providence’. A similar kind of trust，we suppose，must be prevalent among translators，for many of them are evidently relying on some power which

Can teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech –

a *Nachklang*，or resonance，perhaps，of the famous legend about those early translators，the Seventy who turned the Old Testament into Greek， which legend tells how Ptolemy shut them up in separate cells to do their work，and how，when they came to compare their renderings，there was perfect agreement！We are convinced，however，that the translators of the Septuagint had some understanding of their business to begin with，or this supernatural aid would not have been given，for in the matter of translation，at least，we have observed，that‘God helps them who help themselves. ’A view of the case，which we commend to all young ladies and some middle-aged gentlemen，who consider a very imperfect acquaintance with their own language，and an anticipatory acquaintance with the foreign language，quite a sufficient equipment for the office of translator.

It is perfectly true that，though geniuses have often undertaken translation，translation does not often demand genius．The power required in the translation varies with the power exhibited in the original work：very modest qualifications will suffice to enable a person to translate a book of ordinary travels，or a slight novel，while a work of reasoning or science can be adequately rendered only by means of what is at present exceptional faculty and exceptional knowledge．Among books of this latter kind，Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* is perhaps the very hardest nut–the peachstone–for a translator to crack so as to lay open the entire uninjured kernel of meaning，and we are glad at last to believe that a translator of adequate power has been employed upon it．For so far as we have examined the version placed at the head of our article，it appears to us very different indeed from the many renderings of German metaphysical works，in which the translator，having ventured into deep waters without learning to swim，clings to the dictionary，and commends himself to Providence．Mr Meiklejohn's translation–so far，we must again observe，as we have examined it–indicates a real mastery of his author，and，for the first time，makes Kant's *Critik der reinen Vernunft* accessible to English readers．

It may seem odd that we should associate with this mighty book–this terrible ninety-gun ship–such a little painted pleasure-boat as Miss （or Mrs）Burt's miscellaneous collection of translations from German lyric poets．But we are concerning ourselves here simply with translation–not at all with Kant's philosophy or with German lyrics considered in themselves，and these two volumes happen to be the specimens of translation most recently presented to our notice．With regard to prose，we may very generally use Goldsmith's critical recipe，and say that the translation would

have been better if the translator had taken more pains; but of poetical attempts we are often sure that no amount of pains would produce a satisfactory result. And so it is with Miss Burt's *Specimens of the German Poets*. She appears to have the knowledge and the industry which many translators want, but she has not the poetic power which makes poetical translations endurable to those acquainted with the originals. Amongst others, however, who have no such acquaintance, Miss Burt's translations seem to have been in some demand, since they have reached a second edition. She has been bold enough to attempt a version of Goethe's exquisite *Zueignung* (*Dedication*), and here is a specimen of her rendering. Goethe sings with divine feeling and music–

Für andre wächst in mir das edle Gut,
Ich kann und will das Pfund nicht mehr vergraben,
Warum sucht'ich den Weg so sehnsuchtsvoll,
Wenn ich ihn nicht den Brüdern zeigen soll?

Miss Burt follows him much as a Jew's harp would follow a piano–

Entombed no longer shall my talent be,
That treasure I amass, shall others share?
To find the road–oh, why such zeal display,
If I guide not my brethren on their way?

A version like this bears about the same relation to the original as the portraits in an illustrated newspaper bear to the living face of the distinguished gentlemen they misrepresent; and considering how often we hear opinions delivered on foreign poets by people who only know those

poets at second hand，it becomes the reviewer's duty to insist again and again on the inadequacy of poetic translations.

The Germans render our poetry better than we render theirs，for their language，as slow and unwieldy as their own post-horses in prose，becomes in poetry graceful and strong and flexible as an Arabian war-horse. Besides，translation among them is more often undertaken by men of genius. We remember，for example，some translations of Burns，by Freiligrath，which would have arrested us by their beauty if we had seen the poems for the first time，in this language. It is true the Germans think a little too highly of their translations，and especially are under the illusion，encouraged by some silly English people，that Shakspeare according to Schlegel is better than Shakspeare himself–not simply better to a German as being easier for him to understand，but absolutely better as poetry. A very close and admirable rendering Schlegel's assuredly is，and it is a high pleasure to track it in its faithful adherence to the original，just as it is to examine a fine engraving of a favourite picture. Sometimes the German is as good as the English–the same music played on another but as good an instrument. But more frequently the German is a feeble echo，and here and there it breaks down in a supremely fine passage. An instance of this kind occurs in the famous speech of Lorenzo to Jessica. Shakspeare says–

Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

This Schlegel renders–

Sanfte Still und Nacht

Sie werden Tasten süsser Harmonie.

That is to say，‘Soft stillness and the night *are* the *fingerboard* of sweet harmony.’A still worse blunder is made by Tieck （whose translation is the rival of Schlegel's）in the monologue of Macbeth. In the lines–

That but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here－
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
I'd jump the life to come－

Tieck renders，‘Upon this bank and shoal of time’，‘Auf dieser *Schülerbank* der Gegenwart’，that is，‘On this *school-bench* of the present！’These are cases of gross inaccuracy arising from an imperfect understanding of the original. Here is an instance of feebleness. Coriolanus says–

And like an eagle in the dovecote, I
Flutter'd the Volscians in Corioli.

For the admirably descriptive word‘fluttered’，Schlegel gives *schlug*，which simply means‘slew’. Weak renderings of this kind are abundant.

Such examples of translators' fallibility in men like Schlegel and Tieck might well make less accomplished persons more backward in undertaking the translation of great poems，and by showing the difficulty of the translator's task，might make it an object of ambition to real ability. Though a good translator is infinitely below the man who produces *good* original works，he is infinitely above the man who produces *feeble* original works. We had meant to say something of the moral qualities especially

demanded in the translator–the patience，the rigidfidelity，and the sense of responsibility in interpreting another man's mind．But we have gossiped on this subject long enough．

THE STATE AS A WORK OF ART

意大利文艺复兴时期的文化

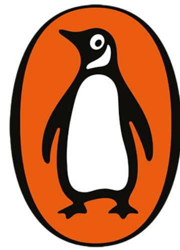
［瑞士］雅各布·布克哈特　著
孙平华　于艳芳　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

意大利文艺复兴时期的文化

（瑞士）雅各布·布克哈特/著

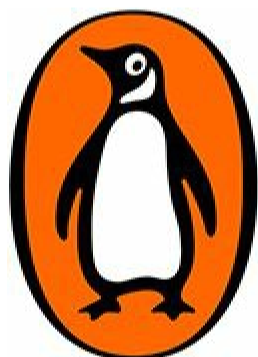
孙平华　于艳芳/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

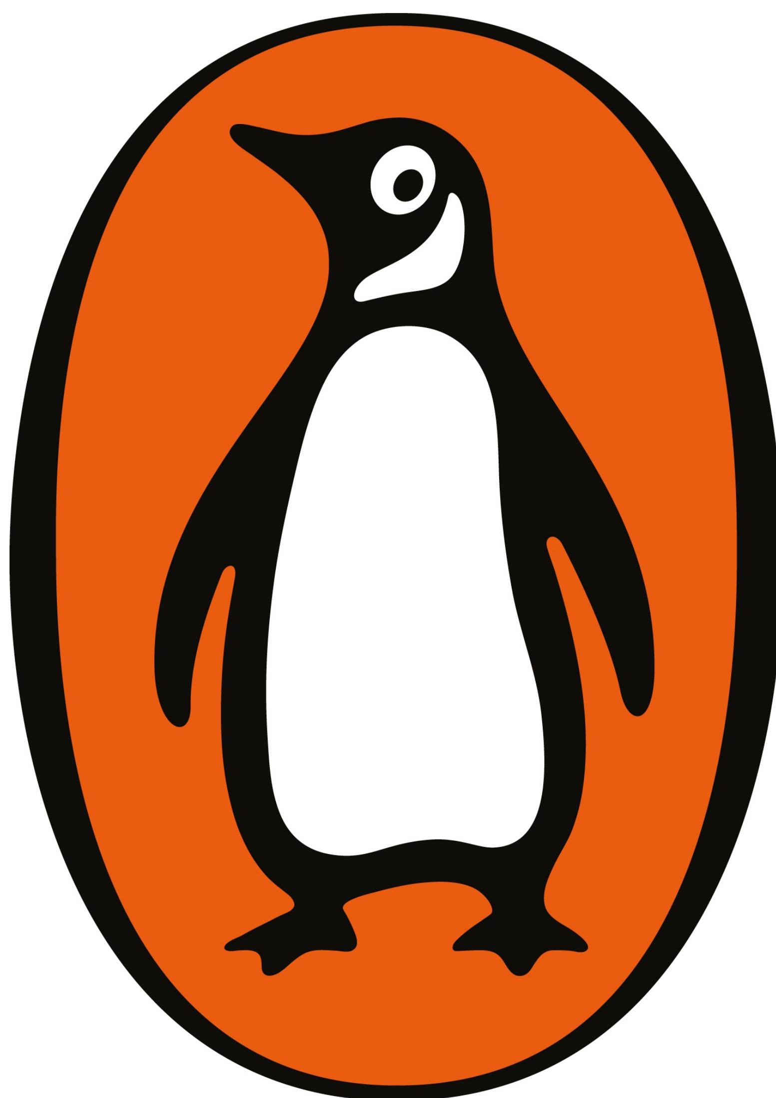
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
Taken from The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy ,
Published by Penguin Classics 1990
This selection published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

雅各布·布克哈特（Jacob Burckhardt，1818—1897），19世纪杰出的文化历史学家，出生于瑞士巴塞尔一个古老的名门望族家庭。1839年至1843年留学德国，获哲学博士学位。回国后，在巴塞尔大学执教，长期担任历史学与艺术史教席教授。1897年8月8日，在巴塞尔的寓所去世。布克哈特终生未婚，并一直定居巴塞尔。重点研究欧洲艺术史及人文主义。

布克哈特最重要的著作有《君士坦丁大帝时代》（*Die Zeit Konstantin des Großen*）（1853年）、《向导：意大利艺术品鉴赏导论》（*Der Cicerone.EineAnleitung zum Genuß der Kunstwerke Italiens*）（1855年）、《意大利文艺复兴时期的文化》（*Die Kultur der Renaissance in Italien*）（1860年），还有作者去世后由他人整理和出版的两部重要作品《世界历史沉思录》（*Weltgeschichtliche Betrachtungen*）和三卷本的《希腊文化史》（*Griechische Kulturgeschichte*）。其中最具代表性的是《意大利文艺复兴时期的文化》一书。文艺复兴是欧洲历史上具有重大意义的新文化运动。恩格斯评价为："这是一次人类从未经历过的最伟大的、进步的变革。"[1]

布克哈特最突出的贡献是关于意大利文艺复兴运动的研究。欧洲的传统历史学家，一直到19世纪，都认为历史学的研究范围在于政治和军事；而文艺复兴属于思想、文学和艺术领域，在传统的历史学中没有地位。布克哈特在古典主义学派温克尔曼（Johann Joachim Winckelmanns）和歌德（Johann Wolfgang Goethe）等人的影响下，形成了以美学、人类学作为观察人类历史和思想的出发点的研究方式，这与前人过分重视政治和军事不同。德国埃森文化科学研究所所长、当代

著名历史理论家耶尔恩·吕森在为《世界历史沉思录》中译本撰写的一篇长篇序言中，如此评价布克哈特：“他尝试把人类学当作历史思维的基础，并以此来代替历史哲学，从而发展了考察历史的新方法。”[2]

布克哈特的代表作《意大利文艺复兴时期的文化》是自伏尔泰以来，欧洲学术界第一部关于文艺复兴运动综合研究的专著，它奠定了近代西方历史学在此领域的正统理论，具有划时代意义。英国著名历史学家阿克顿勋爵评价此书是“现有著作中关于文化史的一部最深刻、最精确的研究著作”。

《意大利文艺复兴时期的文化》全书共有六篇，记述了从13世纪下半叶到16世纪中叶这300年间意大利文化的发展情况，依次阐述了政治、思想、学术、社交生活和道德宗教等方面的内容。本书收录的是《意大利文艺复兴时期的文化》的第一篇也是最长的一篇——“论作为艺术品的国家”，约占全书四分之一左右，下分10章，从不同侧面叙述了文艺复兴时期意大利的政治制度和政治形势。书中，布克哈特重视的不是具体的政治事件，而是影响社会变化的政治背景。这种以论述政治形势开始，接着介绍文化状况的撰史方法，为欧洲后来的文化史著述树立了一个范例。

《意大利文艺复兴时期的文化》自出版以来，各种译本风行不衰，以其经典的地位一直吸引着每一代读者。

引言

本书的题目从最严谨的字面意义来说是一篇论文的题目。作者比任何人都清楚他自己是以何等有限的方法和力量来进行如此艰巨的工作的。即使他能更自信地看待自己的研究，也很难由此就对获得有识之士的认可多一分把握。也许任何一种文化在每个人的眼中都会呈现出不同的画面；在探讨一种孕育了我们自身的、现在仍然在影响着我们的文化时，必然会随时显示出作者和读者个人的判断和感觉。正如我们在一望无际的大海上冒险航行时可能面临许多路线和方向，本书采用的研究材料在别人手中也很可能因处理方式和应用方式迥异，而得出截然不同的结论。的确，本课题非常重要，仍需进一步的探索，也许从不同的视角研究起来更具优势。如果有人耐心倾听，并对本书加以整体的评判，我们就很满足了。撰写文化史的最大困难在于，为了各方面易于理解，一个伟大的智识进程必须被分成一个个阶段，并且常常近乎武断地予以分门别类。我们原打算写一本专门论文艺复兴时期艺术的著作来弥补一些本书未及论述的内容——然而，此想法只得到部分的实现。教皇们与霍亨斯陶芬王朝之间的斗争使意大利处于一种与西方其他国家完全不同的政治环境中。在法国、西班牙和英格兰，封建制度组织极其严密，以至于当它解体时很自然地成为统一的君主制国家。在德国，封建制度至少有助于维持帝国表面上的统一；而意大利几乎已完全摆脱了封建制度。14世纪的历代皇帝，即使在最顺利的情况下，也不再是作为封建领主而是作为已存各势力可能的领袖和支柱，受到人们的承认和尊敬。而罗马教皇政权及其傀儡和同盟，有力量阻止未来的国家统一，本身却无力完成统一。在皇帝和教皇政权之间，有许多政治组织——共和国和专制君主国——一些历史较久，一些刚刚兴起，这些政治组织只是依靠维持自己生存的实力才得以存在。从它们身上，我们第一次觉察到欧洲的现代

政治精神，即随心所欲以及经常呈现出的极端自私的最恶劣特征，侵害每一种权利，扼杀健康文化的每一个萌芽。但是无论在什么地方，只要阻止了或以任何方式补偿了这种邪恶的趋势，历史上就会出现一个新的事实——经过深思和谋算所产生的国家，作为一种艺术品的国家。这种新生活以千百种形式，在共和国家和专制国家中表现出来，也决定了他们的内部政治制度，还有国家的外交政策。我们的探讨范围仅限于由专制国家所表现出来的这种更完整、更明确的国家类型。

南意大利和西西里的诺曼帝国，在弗里德里克二世改革之后，为暴君统治下的国家的内部情况提供了一个令人难忘的近似写照。弗里德里克，这位首位登上王位宝座的现代型的统治者，由于成长于邻邦撒拉森人的叛乱和危险中，因此很早就习惯于非常客观地处理各种事务。他对撒拉森国家的内部局势和管理情况的熟悉以及与教皇的殊死斗争，迫使他及其对手倾尽全力应付此事。弗里德里克所采取的措施（尤其是在1231年之后），目的是完全摧毁封建政体，把人民变成无意志、无反抗手段却最能为国库带来收入的广大群众。他用一种在此之前整个西方国家无人知晓的方式，把整个司法权和行政权集于一身。任何职位的任用都不需要人民的选举，如有提出异议的地区，则摧毁其城池，把其居民变为奴隶，以示惩罚。各种赋税，根据综合评估以及伊斯兰教国家的做法，以残酷而严苛的方式来征收。的确，如果不以此方式，要想从东方人那儿收到钱是不可能的。简言之，在这里，我们看到的不是人民，而仅仅是一群唯命是从的臣民。比如，不经特别许可，不准与外国人结婚并且绝不允许在国外求学。那不勒斯大学是我们所知道的第一所限制学习自由的大学，而东方各国，在这些方面不管怎样是不限制他们的年轻人的。弗里德里克按照伊斯兰教国家统治者的做法，为了自己个人的利益，在地中海各地进行贸易，把许多商品垄断在自己手中，并以各种方式限制臣民的商业活动。法蒂玛王朝的哈里发们尽管不信仰秘教，但至少在初期，他们容忍人民的各种宗教信仰。而弗里德里克却通过设立审判异端的宗教法庭来建立他的政府体制。当我们记起他以异教徒之名迫

害自治城市的自由民代表时，这种宗教法庭似乎更应予以谴责。最后，国内警察，还有对外作战的军队的核心，是由从西西里带到诺切拉和卢切拉的撒拉森人组成的——这些人对人民痛苦的呼声置若罔闻，并且也不在乎教堂的禁令。后期，人民因为久已不习武备，只好坐视曼弗雷的灭亡和安茹的查理攫取政权，后者发现这一体制行之有效，便继续使用。

这个实行中央集权政治的皇帝身边还出现了一个最令人感到奇怪的篡位者，即他的代理主教及女婿埃兹利诺·达·罗曼诺。他不是任何政府或组织的代表，因为他所有的活动都浪费在了北意大利东部地区的最高权力的争夺上。但是作为一种政治典型人物，他对于未来的重要性并不亚于他的保护人弗里德里克皇帝。在此之前发生在中世纪的征服和篡权，不是以真正或虚假的继承权为理由，就是以反对不信教者和开除教籍的人为借口。在这里，第一次公开通过大屠杀和无休止的暴行努力建立政权，总之，采用一切手段，只为达到最终目的。埃兹利诺的后继者们，甚至凯撒·波几亚，也比不上埃兹利诺所犯下的滔天大罪。但是先行者的榜样是不会被人忘记的，他的灭亡在各国并没带来正义的回归，也没有起到对后来篡位者的警示作用。

在这样一个时期，生为弗里德里克臣民的圣托马斯·阿奎那徒劳地创立了君主立宪的理论，提出君主应得到由自己命名的上议院的支持，并且君主是由人民选举产生的代表。这些理论在讲堂外得不到任何反响，并且弗里德里克和埃兹利诺过去是、现在仍然是意大利13世纪伟大的政治形象。他们那带有半传奇色彩的人物性格构成了《古代故事百篇》中最重要的主题，这本书无疑是在本世纪[3]创作的。在讲述埃兹利诺的故事中，由于他给人以威力无边的印象而让人心生敬畏。从亲历者的编年史到后来诗人们半神话式的悲剧作品，埃兹利诺的形象已成为整个文学的中心。

第一章　十四世纪的暴君

14世纪大大小小施行暴政的国家证明像这样的事例一直在持续。他们的恶行昭著，并且历史学家在其著作中不断详细描述。作为只能依靠自己而生存，并为此目的科学构建内部组织的国家，它们比历史故事更能引起我们的兴趣。

由于有目的地采用了当时意大利之外的君主未想到的手段，并把此手段与国内实行的几乎绝对的权力相结合，所以在暴君中产生了奇怪的人和奇怪的生活方式。一个精明的统治者治理国家的要诀是：尽可能在他所发现的或者在他起初安排的项目上征税。主要的收入来源包括：根据估定价值所征收的土地税、有明确数额的消费品税、进出口货物关税，还有统治家族的私有财产。税收增加的唯一可能性在于商业的发展和国家整体上的更加昌盛。像我们在自由城市里所见到的贷款，在这里是没有的。只要公信力不动摇，经过周密计划实行的没收所获得的钱财被认为是一种可取的筹款方式——例如，由迫使财政官下台并抢夺其财产这一真正东方人的方式来达到的一种目的。

从此收入中支出小朝廷、卫兵、雇佣军和公共建筑的费用，以及服侍君主个人的滑稽演员和其他有特长人员的费用。暴君统治的不合法使他陷于孤立，并不断被危险包围。他所结成的最值得尊敬的联盟就是有知识的人，而不管其出身。13世纪北方君主只限于对骑士和歌功颂德的贵族豪爽大方，而意大利的暴君做法不同。他渴望声名，热衷不朽的作品，因此他所需要的是才能，而不是出身。与诗人、学者为伍，他感觉自己处于一个新的位置，确实，他觉得自己几乎拥有了新的合法性。

在这方面，没有其他君主比维罗纳的统治者坎·格兰德·戴拉·斯卡拉

更出名，此人在宫廷中招待著名的流亡者，在整个意大利的代表中是数一数二的。文人并非不感激。彼特拉克因拜谒这些人的宫廷一直受到的指责，描述了一幅14世纪君主的理想图画。他虽然向他的保护人帕多瓦君主提出很高的要求，但是他提出的方式却表明，他认为是君主是有能力实现的。

您一定不要做臣民的主人，而要做他们的父亲，像爱您自己的孩子、爱您自己的身体一样爱他们。武器、卫兵和军队，您可用来抵御敌人；而对于您的臣民，善意足矣。提到人民，当然，我指的是那些热爱现存秩序的人；至于那些每天渴望变革的人，他们是谋反者和叛徒，对他们要通过严苛的法律加以惩治。

接着，文章对国家的无限权力进行了详细、完全现代式的描述。君主应该掌管一切事务，维护和修建教堂和公共建筑，维持城市秩序，排净沼泽的水，监督酒类和粮食的供应；摊派捐税时，使人民认识到税收的必要性；他还要帮助病人和无助者，并保护和招待优秀学者，这些人影响到他后世声名的流传。

但是，这种制度不管有什么闪光点和个别统治者的优点，14世纪的人们仍然多多少少明显意识到这种大多数君主国家的短暂性和不确定性。由于像这样的政治组织机构的安全与其疆域的大小成正比，这样就驱使着较大的王国不断吞并较小的国家。当时，上百个小君主牺牲在了维斯康提这一个家族手中。这种外部的危险直接导致内部无休止的骚乱。这种局势对统治者的性格一般造成了最坏的影响。握有绝对的权力、沉溺于奢华、放纵自私，还有敌人及谋反者所带来的危险，所有这些不可避免地使他变成最坏的暴君。要是他能信任最近的亲戚就好了！但是在一切都不合法的情况下，无论是王位的继承，还是统治者财产的分配，都不可能有规范的继承法；因此，如果继承者无能或未成年，为了家族本身的利益，他就可能被更果敢坚定的叔伯或堂兄弟所取代。对

私生子的承认或排除是争斗的根源，因此这些家庭大多数都被一群心存不满和伺机报复的族人所困扰。这种情况引起一次次叛乱和家族杀戮的可怕场面。有时，觊觎王位者流亡在国外，像维斯康提家族，当时在加达湖上捕鱼为生，却冷漠而又耐心地关注着国内的局势。当对手的使者询问他们中的一位，他考虑什么时候、以什么方式回米兰时，他回答道："和当年驱逐我的那些人一样的方式，但要等到他的罪恶超过我当年罪恶的时候。"有时，暴君十分恶劣地违背了公众的道德，基于拯救家族的考虑，他被其亲属所杀，以平息他所引起的公愤。有几个这样的情况，政府掌握在整个家族手中或至少统治者必须要听从他们的意见，在这里，对财产和权势的分配也常常引起激烈的争夺。

这整个制度激起了当时佛罗伦萨的作家们深切而持久的仇恨。即使暴君用以给民众留下印象而不是满足自己虚荣心所举办的庆典排场，也引起了作家们最辛辣的嘲讽。有人胆敢冒险，如果落入作家手中，那就倒霉了。像比萨的崛起者阿盖罗总督（1364年），常常手持金杖，骑马出行，有时出现在王宫的窗口，让民众观看。"像遗物被展览"，他斜倚在绣花织物和软垫上，被跪着的侍从像服侍教皇或皇帝一样服侍着。然而，佛罗伦萨的老作家们常常以一种高傲的严肃语气来谈论这个话题。但丁清楚地看出新君主的野心勃勃与粗俗平庸。他们的喇叭和钟铃，他们的号角和长笛，有何意义？不过是警示"刽子手来了，抢劫者来了"。暴君的城堡像大家所想象的，是一座高耸孤零的建筑，里面布满了地牢和偷听管道，是残忍和痛苦之源。对于所有那些为暴君服务的人，已经预先被告知要遭到不幸，即使暴君自己也最终变成了让人可怜的对象，他们必然成为所有善良正直的人们的敌人，他不可能相信任何人，并且从他臣民的脸上能够读出期待他下台的信息。随着暴君专制国家的崛起、发展和巩固，在其中也暗暗滋长着注定使它们瓦解和灭亡的因素。但是还没谈到这种憎恨的最深层根源，佛罗伦萨当时是人类个性得到最丰富发展的地方，而对于暴君们，除了他们自己的以及最亲近依附者的个性外，不容忍其他人个性的存在和发展。严格实施对个人的控制，甚

至建立了护照的制度。

许多暴君迷信占星术、不信仰宗教，在同时代人心中，这种被上帝舍弃的可怕的存在被涂上了一层怪异的色彩。当卡拉拉家族的最后一位君主不能再保卫遭受瘟疫袭击的帕多瓦的城墙和城门，四面又被威尼斯人所包围时（1405年），卫兵听到他对魔鬼喊道：“杀死我吧。”

从乔万尼大主教去世后（1354年），在米兰的维斯康提家族中无疑能发现14世纪最完整的、最具启示性的暴君专制的类型。贝尔那博和罗马最坏的皇帝家族是多么相像啊。当时人们生活的重中之重就是君主的野猪狩猎活动，不管是谁，只要妨碍狩猎，就施以极刑。满心恐惧的人们被迫喂养5000头猎犬，并要严格保证它们的健康和安全。君主想尽一切办法强征各种捐税；他的7个女儿每人得到一笔10万金弗罗林的嫁妆；他还搜刮了大量的金银珠宝。他妻子去世时（1384年），他向臣民发布一个告示，要他们分担他的哀伤（就像他们曾经分享他的快乐一样），并且要穿丧服一年。他的侄子吉安加利佐使他就范于自己权力之下的“突袭事件”（1385年）——至今仍使后世的历史学家惊心动魄的著名阴谋之一——清楚刻画出吉安加利佐的性格特征。

在吉安加利佐身上最大程度地表现出大部分暴君所具有的对修建巨大工程的狂热。他以30万金弗罗林为代价，承担了巨大堤坝的建造工程。必要时，把明乔河水从曼图亚改道，把布莱塔河水从帕多瓦改道，结果，致使这两个城市全无防御能力。事实上，他很可能考虑要排干威尼斯的湖水。他在帕维亚修建了女修道院中最好的切尔托莎修道院；并修建了雄伟壮丽超越基督教界所有教堂的米兰大教堂。帕维亚王宫由其父加利佐初建，他在位时竣工，很可能是欧洲王宫中最宏伟的。他把他著名的图书室和他所收集的大批圣贤遗物（对此他有一种奇怪的信仰）转移至此处。要是这种性格的君主对政治没有最高野心的话，那真让人感到奇怪。温切斯劳斯国王封他为大公（1395年），当他病逝时（1402

年），他所渴望的只是意大利王国或帝国的王冠。据说，单单一年，他整个领地付给他除了120万金弗罗林的常规贡赋外，还有不少于80万金弗罗林的特别补贴。在他死后，他用各种武力统一起来的领地四分五裂了；并有一段时期，他的继任者连维持原来的核心王国都有困难。他的儿子乔万尼·马利亚（死于1412年）和菲利波·马利亚（死于1417年），若是生活在不同国家，或身处其他传统中，不好说会变成什么样的人；但是，作为这个家族的后嗣，他们继承了一代代积累的残忍和怯懦的可怕资产。

乔万尼·马利亚也以他的狗著称，然而这些狗不再用来打猎，而是专为撕扯人肉。它们的名字像皇帝瓦伦廷尼安一世的熊一样一一流传下来。1409年5月，当战事正酣，饥饿的人们在街上向他喊着“和平！和平！”时，他派雇佣军扑向他们，200人被夺取了生命；他禁止人们说“和平”和“战争”这两个词语，违者处以绞刑，加以严惩，并且命令牧师“赐给我们安宁”来取代“赐给我们和平”。最后，一群谋反者利用这个丧心病狂的统治者的雇佣兵大队长法西诺·凯内在帕维亚生病的时机，在米兰的圣哥达多教堂杀死了乔万尼·马利亚。同一天，奄奄一息的法西诺让其部下宣誓效忠继任者菲利波·马利亚，他自己要求他的妻子在他死后嫁给菲利波·马利亚，他妻子比阿特丽丝·第·丹达听从了他的劝告。在文章的后面我们要讲到菲利波·马利亚。

在这样的时期，柯拉·第·利恩奇梦想在腐朽的罗马居民摇摇晃晃的热情上建设一个即将危及整个意大利的新国家。他和我们已描述过的那些统治者相比，好像不过是个可怜的自欺欺人的傻瓜而已。

第二章　十五世纪的暴君专制

15世纪暴君专制国家的特点已有所改变。许多不太重要的暴君和一些较大的暴君，像斯卡拉和卡拉拉，都已灭亡；而靠征服别国变得更加强大的暴君们已使他们的制度得到各具特色的发展。例如，那不勒斯从新的阿拉戈纳王朝获得了一种新的更强大的推动力。这一新时代的显著特征是许多雇佣兵队长企图建立他们自己的独立王朝。人们不再考虑传统的评价，而只注重事实和事情之间的真实关系；才能和冒险是人人追求的目标。小国的暴君们，为了得到可信赖的靠山，开始服务于较大的国家，他们自己成了雇佣兵队长，作为效劳的回报，他们从这些大国领取金钱并且如果他们有不端行为，只要不是扩张本国领土，可以免受惩罚。所有暴君，无论大小，必须更加努力，其行为必须更加谨慎和深思，必须学会抑制住实施大规模暴行的冲动；舆论只容许为了实现大家期待的目标而必然会犯的错误，公正的旁观者当然不挑剔这种错误。在这里，看不到任何支持西方合法君主的那种半宗教式的忠诚的痕迹；我们所能发现的最接近这种忠诚的，是个人声望。才能和算计是前进道路上唯一的手段。像大胆查理那样，在狂热追求不切实际的目标中耗尽心力的性格，意大利人难于理解。“瑞士人只是些农民，如果全部被杀死，对有可能阵亡的勃艮第贵族们也不能补偿。如果勃艮第大公不战而拥有整个瑞士，他的收入也不会多加5000金币。查理性格中的中世纪特点、他身上所具有的骑士精神的抱负和理想，长期以来让意大利人难以理解。当南方的外交官们看到他殴打军官后，却还让他们继续服役；当他因军队打败仗而施以惩罚，以此虐待他们，而又在这些军人面前责备他的顾问官时，他们认为这个人已无任何希望。而路易十一，尽管其政策胜过意大利各君主按自己的方式所制定的政策，并且公开宣称自己是弗兰切斯科·斯福查的崇拜者，但在文化和优雅诸方面，人们认为他与

这些统治者还相差甚远。

15世纪的意大利诸国中，美德与邪恶令人奇怪地并存。统治者的个性发展很充分，其个性往往又具有非常深刻的意义，并且极具那一时代社会状况和需求的特点，因此要对它作一恰当的道德判断并不是一件容易的事情。

这种暴君专制制度的基础过去是，现在也仍然是不合法的，并且没有什么能消除它身上的魔咒。皇帝的批准或者授权对此并无任何改变，因为暴君从国外某处或从过境的陌生人手中购买羊皮纸授权书这件事，人民对此并不以为然。要是皇帝对于任何事情都处理得当的话——依毫无判断力的常识的逻辑这样推论——他就根本不会让暴君兴起。自查理四世的罗马远征起，皇帝们在意大利除了批准那些不依靠他们帮助而兴起的暴君政权外，没有做任何事情；他们给予暴君专制的实际权威，除来自皇帝诏书之外，无其他任何方式。查理在意大利的整个行为是一场充满丑闻的政治喜剧。马提奥·维兰尼讲到维斯康提家族怎样陪查理游览他们的领地并且最后护送他出境，途中查理怎样为了得到钱，像小贩一样叫卖他的货物（特权等）；他在罗马的形象是多么庸俗小气，以及怎样在最后，甚至剑都没出鞘，就带着金银宝箱越过阿尔卑斯山满载而归。西吉斯蒙多来了，至少在第一次（1414年），怀着劝说教皇约翰二十三世参加他的议会的美好愿望。就在旅途中，当教皇和皇帝从克雷莫纳的高塔上眺望伦巴第的景色时，他们的东道主，暴君加比诺·丰多洛满心想的是把两人推下高塔。第二次，西吉斯蒙多只是作为一个冒险家来到意大利，半年多的时间里，他都像不敢出门的欠债者一样在锡耶纳闭门不出；克服重重困难，后来才在罗马成功加冕。那么想一想弗里德里克三世，又是什么情况呢？正是那些想让他确认其特权或者为了满足其招待过皇帝的虚荣心的那些人，使他的意大利之行充满了假期旅行或短途游乐的气氛。后者就像那不勒斯的阿尔方索，他为了皇帝访问的荣耀而付出15万弗罗林。在费拉拉，当弗里德里克第二次从罗马归来时

（1469年），一整天没离开他的房间，颁发了不少于80个头衔，他授封了骑士、伯爵、博士、公证人——伯爵，实际上分有不同等级，例如，有宫廷伯爵，还有有权授封至多五个博士的伯爵，以及有权予以私生子合法地位和任命公证人的伯爵，等等。作为回报，这位颁发头衔的人期望从这些封赠中得到获取报酬的特权，而这在费拉拉被认为是过多了。当博尔索的皇室庇护人给所有小朝廷颁发头衔和委任状时，他也被册封为摩德纳和勒佐公爵；作为回报，他每年需缴纳4000金弗罗林，博尔索对此事的想法，并未提及。人文主义者，也就是那个时代的主要发言人，根据个人的利益，对于此事的看法有所分歧，而其中几人以罗马皇室的诗人们常用的歌颂向皇帝表示致敬。波吉奥坦承，他不再知道加冕典礼有什么意义；在古时候，只有凯旋的大将军才被加冕，那时他被用桂冠加冕。

马克西米利安一世即位后，不仅开始了对外国的普遍干涉，而且开始实施针对意大利的新的帝国政策。第一步——授封洛多维科·摩罗为米兰大公和除掉他那不幸的侄子——就不是一个有好结果的措施。按照现代的干涉理论，当两方正在争斗瓜分一个国家时，就可能有第三方插手进来并获取自己的那份利益。罗马帝国就是按照这个原则来采取行动的，但人们却不再诉诸公理和正义。当人们期待路易十二到热那亚时（1502年），帝国之鹰从公爵宫殿的大殿上被除掉而代之以彩绘的百合花。历史学家塞纳雷加问及侥幸逃过那么多变乱而留下来的鹰究竟有什么意义、帝国对于热那亚提出什么要求时，除了“热那亚是帝国的账房”这句老生常谈外，没人有更多的了解。最后，当查理五世把西班牙和帝国合并起来时，他能够凭借西班牙的军事力量提出帝国的要求，但臭名昭著的是他由此所得并非给帝国，而是给西班牙君主国带来了利益。

与15世纪各个朝代政治上的非婚生身份有密切关系的是民众对于合法婚生身份的不在乎态度，这一点对于外国人来说——例如，科米斯

——似乎非常不寻常。这二者自然并行不悖。在北方国家，像在勃艮第，私生子的后代依靠独特的附属封地为生，如主教管区之类；在葡萄牙，非婚生世系只能通过不断的努力在王位上延续下去；在意大利，情况相反，已没有即使在直系后代中也不容许私生子存在的王室家族。那不勒斯的阿拉戈纳世系的君主们属于非婚生世系，阿拉戈纳王国本身传给了阿尔方索一世的兄弟。也许乌尔比诺的伟大的弗里德里克根本就不是蒙特费尔特罗家族的后裔。当教皇庇护二世在去曼图亚会议（1459年）的路上时，伊斯特王室家族的八个私生子在费拉拉骑马去迎接他，其中有在位的博尔索大公本人和他的非婚生兄弟、前任大公利奥纳洛的两个私生子。利奥纳洛也曾经有一个妻子，是那不勒斯的阿尔方索一世和一个非洲女人的私生女。当婚生子女年幼而同时国内局势处于生死存亡之际，私生子往往被允许继承王位；年长者的统治开始被承认，而不再考虑其出身的纯正与否。个人的健康、价值和能力比在西方其他地方盛行的所有法律和惯例都更重要。确实，那正是教皇的儿子们正在建立王朝的时代。16世纪，由于国外的思想和当时开始的反宗教改革运动的影响，整个问题才得以更严格地判断。瓦尔奇发现：婚生子对于王位的继承是“理智所赋予的，并且是上帝的旨意”。红衣主教伊波利托·得·美第奇基于他也许是一个合法婚姻所生的后代，并且无论如何是一个淑女的儿子，而不像阿利桑德罗大公是一个女佣的儿子这个事实，提出佛罗伦萨君主权要求。这时开始了在15世纪，无论在政治的或道德的基础上都是毫无意义的上层社会男子与下层社会女子的恋爱婚姻。

但是15世纪最高的和最受人仰慕的非婚生形式是雇佣兵队长，他无论是什么出身，自己已升到了独立的统治者的地位。说到底，诺曼人在11世纪占领南意大利就属于这一性质。那时这种企图开始使这个半岛处于不断的动荡中。

一个雇佣兵队长在他的雇主由于缺乏金钱或者军队而以此方式为他提供生计时，即使不经过夺权，也有可能获得一个地方的君主身份。雇

佣兵队长，无论在何种情况下，即使暂时解散了他的大部分军队，也需要一个能够建立冬营并储藏军需物品的安全地方，第一个获得这样的君主身份的队长是约翰·霍克伍德，他被教皇格雷戈里十一世封为巴尼亚那卡瓦洛和科蒂尼约拉地方的君主。当意大利的军队和统治者们与阿伯利哥·达·巴比亚诺的共同势力开始强大时，就有了更多建立一个公国或者扩张一个已建立公国的机会。第一次血腥的重大军事暴乱发生在吉安加利佐死后（1402年）的米兰公国。他的两个儿子所施行政策的目的，主要是消灭雇佣兵队长们所建立的新暴君专制政权；从这些雇佣兵队长中最大的法西诺那里，维斯康提家族继承了很多城市和40万金弗罗林，以及法西诺的寡妇，不用说还有比阿特丽丝·第·丹达所带来的她前夫的士兵。从那时起，15世纪所特有的、政府和它们的雇佣兵队长之间的完全不道德的关系变得越来越普遍。一个虚虚实实、影影绰绰的老故事对此有如下描述：某城市（好像指的是锡耶纳）的人们曾有一个为他们服务的军官，这名军官曾从外来侵略中解放了他们，每天这些人都在商议怎样回报他，商议的结果是，他们的力量太微弱，即使选他做那个城市的君主，也不足以酬报他的恩德。最后，其中一人站起来说："让我们杀了他，然后把他当作我们的庇护圣徒来崇拜吧！"然后他们这样做了，仿照罗马元老院处置罗慕路斯的先例。事实上，雇佣兵队长们有理由最畏惧他们的主人。如果他们打了胜仗，他们就成了危险人物，就像罗伯托·马拉泰斯达，为教皇西克塔斯四世打了胜仗后就被处死（1482年）；如果他们打了败仗，威尼斯人对卡马尼约拉的报复给他们显示了他们会有什么样的危险（1432年）。这种处境道德上的特点是，雇佣兵队长常常不得不把他们的妻子儿女当人质，尽管如此，他们不仅自己不放心，别人对他们也不放心。他们必须一直是克制私欲的英雄，本性像贝利撒留将军那样，不为仇恨和怨毒所腐蚀；只有最完美的优秀品质才能拯救他们免于罪大恶极。那么我们如果发现他们对一切神圣的事物充满蔑视，对他们的同胞——那些不关心自己是否会死于教会禁令的人——残忍而奸诈，就不会感到奇怪了。与此同时，迫于这种形势，他们

中许多人的天才和能力获得了能想象到的最高度发展，并为他们赢得了部下的景仰和献身。他们的军队是现代历史上第一支以统帅的人格魅力为唯一动力的军队。弗兰切斯科·斯福查的一生就是一个光辉的典范；对他出身的任何偏见都不能阻止他必要时从他所打交道的每一个人那里赢得无限忠诚并加以利用；不止一次，他的敌人一看到他，就放下了武器，恭敬地脱帽向他致意，每人都尊敬他为“所有军人共同的父亲”。斯福查家族有这种特别的，从它家族历史一开始，我们似乎就能追溯到的努力追求王冠的兴趣。这个家族的幸运基于家庭中惊人的人丁兴旺。弗兰切斯科的父亲亚科波本人就是一个名人，他有20个兄弟姊妹，都在法恩扎附近的科蒂尼约拉没经过多少管教地长大，在他们成长过程中，一直处于自己家族和帕索利尼家族之间在罗马尼约尔的无尽的族间仇杀的危险之中。全家人的住处只不过是一个军火库和堡垒，母亲和女儿们都像家中男子一样地尚武好战。亚科波13岁时，离家逃到班尼加尔的教皇雇佣兵队长博尔德利诺那里——此人甚至死后还在继续领导他的军队，命令从停放着涂有香膏的遗体的营帐中发出，直至最后找到了合适的统帅来接替他。当亚科波在为不同的雇佣兵队长服务中最终使自己变得实力强大时，他派人把他的亲属找到一起，并从他们那里获得了如同一个君主从人口众多的王国那里所得到的同样的好处。当他被俘在那不勒斯的乌奥沃城堡里做阶下囚时，是他的亲属保住了军队免于解散。他妹妹亲手拘捕王室使者，并把他们关进监狱，以这种报复手段拯救了他的生命。亚科波在金钱问题上绝对值得信赖这件事，表明他做事深谋远虑；甚至在他打了败仗的时候，他都能从银行家那里得到钱。他经常保护农民免遭军队的骚扰，并且情非得已才摧毁或破坏一个被占领的城市。他为了免除与王室姻亲联盟关系的束缚，让他众所周知的情妇，即弗兰切斯科的母亲露西亚嫁给了别人。即使他亲属的婚姻也都是按照一定的计划来安排的。他远离同时代人的邪恶放纵的生活，并抚养儿子弗兰切斯科，遵从三条诫律：“不要染指别人的妻子；不要殴打你的追随者，或者如果你打了他，就把受伤的人发配远方；不要骑难咬马嚼子的马或脱

落了蹄铁的马。”但他的影响力主要源自他即使不是一个伟大的将军，至少他也拥有一个伟大的军人所具有的品质。他的体格孔武有力，并且通过各种锻炼得到增强；他那一张农民的面孔和坦率直白的性格赢得大众的欢迎；他的记忆力惊人，经过多年之后仍能记起部下的姓名、他们马匹的数目和他们薪俸的数目。他所受的教育纯粹是意大利式的：他利用闲暇时间研读历史，并命人翻译了许多希腊语和拉丁语作品以供参考。弗兰切斯科，他那比他还著名的儿子，从一开始就决心建立一个强大的国家，并且通过其卓越的统率才能和对任何事都毫不犹豫的奸诈作风，拥有了米兰这座伟大的城市（1447—1450）。

他的榜样具有感染力量。伊尼亚斯·希尔维优斯对于这一时期曾写道：“在我们这热爱变革的意大利，在这个没有任何事情是一成不变的地方，在这个古代的王朝已不存在的地方，一个佣人轻易地就能变成国王。”有一个特别的标榜自己是“幸运之人”的人，让全国人们充满了想象：他是尼科洛的儿子亚科波·皮奇尼诺。他是否也能成功建立一个王室，这是一个当时激起激烈争论的问题。较大的国家明显要阻止它，甚至弗兰切斯科·斯福查也认为那张自我封君的名单最好不要再扩大了。但是在当时，例如，亚科波·皮奇尼诺想要做锡耶纳的君主时，那些被派去攻打他的兵士和队长们却意识到拥护他对他们自己有利：“要是他完蛋了，我们就不得不回家去种地。”甚至把他围困在奥贝泰罗期间，他们还给他给养；并且他体面地脱离了困境。但是最终命运突袭了他。在他（1465年）访问了米兰的斯福查之后，去那不勒斯的费兰特国王那里的时候，全意大利都在就他此行的结果打赌。尽管他得到过保证，尽管他和权贵有联系，他还是在乌奥沃城堡里被人谋杀了。连通过继承而获得领地的雇佣兵队长也从来没有感到他们自己是安全的。当罗伯托·马拉泰斯达和乌尔比诺的菲德利哥，一个在罗马，另一个在波洛尼亚，在同一天去世的时候（1482年），人们发现他们曾建议把自己的国家交给对方来治理。为反对胆大妄为之人所做的任何事都被认为是允许的。弗兰切斯科·斯福查年轻时娶了一个富有的卡拉布里亚女继承人波丽森

娜·露莎，即蒙达多女伯爵，生下一个女儿；而她的姑母却毒死了母女二人，从而攫取了继承权。

自皮奇尼诺死后，由雇佣兵队长建立新国家的所作所为成了一件令人不能容忍的丑事。四个伟大的政权，那不勒斯、米兰、教皇政权和威尼斯，在它们之间形成了一种不容许有任何干扰的政治均衡。在教皇的属邦里，蜂拥着许多小暴君。其中部分是，或者曾经是雇佣兵队长，自教皇西克塔斯四世的时代以来，历任教皇的侄子们独占了所有这些暴君所承担事务的权利。但是一有政治危机的苗头，这些做过雇佣兵队长的军人们就又出现在现场。在教皇英诺森八世的邪恶治理下，有一个从前曾在勃良第军队中服役的叫博卡利诺的人，几乎要把自己及其统治下的奥西莫镇献给了土耳其军队；幸运的是，由于庄严之人洛伦佐的干涉，他愿意拿到一笔钱后离去。在1495年，当查理八世的战争把意大利搞得天翻地覆时，布雷西亚的雇佣兵队长维多韦罗试了试自己的实力：他已经夺取了切泽纳市镇并屠杀了很多贵族和自由民；但却没攻下城堡而被迫撤退。然后他率领着另外一个恶棍——已经谈到过的罗伯托的儿子、威尼斯的雇佣兵队长、里米尼的潘多福·马拉泰斯达——借给他的一队人马，从拉文纳的大主教那里强夺了乌奥沃城堡。威尼斯人，恐怕情况变得更糟糕，也是受教皇的催促，命令潘多福，“怀有最善良的意愿”利用一个机会逮捕了他的好朋友维多韦罗：尽管逮捕是“怀着深深的遗憾”进行的，但接着传来了把他送到绞刑架上的命令。潘多福体贴地在监狱里先勒死了他，然后把尸体给人们看。这种篡位者的最后一个引人注目的例子是著名的慕索城堡总管，他在帕维亚之战（1525年）后的米兰领地的混乱中，在科莫湖畔临时拥有了统治权。

第三章　小专制国家

关于15世纪的暴君专制，一般可以说，最大的罪恶常常发生在最小的国家。在这些家族人口众多、并且所有成员都希望以适合他们身份的方式生活的小国家里，有关继承权的争端不可避免。加米里诺的伯尔那多·瓦拉诺处死了他的两个弟兄（1434年），想要把他们的财产分给他自己的儿子们。如果某一个城镇的统治者以英明、温和和仁慈的政治以及对知识文化的热情而著称，一般情况下，他要么是某个大家族的一员，要么在政治上依靠那个大家族。例如，阿利桑德罗·斯福查（死于1473年）就是这样的情况。他是佩扎罗的君主，伟大的弗兰切斯科的兄弟，乌尔比诺的菲德利哥的继父。由于管理上谨慎、治理措施公正仁慈，所以经过数年战乱以后，他享有安定的统治，建立了宏伟的图书馆，并在知识或宗教问题的对话中消磨闲暇时光。属于同样情况的另一个人是乔万尼二世，波洛尼亚的本蒂伏利奥（1462—1506），他的政策取决于伊斯特和斯福查两个家族的政策。另一方面，在加米里诺的瓦拉诺家族、里米尼的马拉泰斯达家族、法恩扎的曼弗雷家族中间，尤其是在佩鲁贾的巴利奥家族中间，却让人看到了多么残忍和血腥的暴行。我们在格拉齐亚尼和马达拉佐令人赞美的历史记载中，看到上述最后一个家族在15世纪末所做事件的惊人写照。

巴利奥家族是那些从未采取公开宣称的暴君专制形式的家族之一。它倒是通过其巨大财富和对挑选官员的实际影响来行使领导权。在家族内部，有一个人被承认为首领，但在不同族系的成员中间却深藏着嫉妒。在巴利奥家族的对立面，是由奥地家族领导的另一个贵族党派。1487年，佩鲁贾城变成了军营，豪门望族的家里挤满了亡命之徒，暴乱事件每天都在发生。在一个死于暗杀的德意志学生的葬礼上，两所大学的学生拿起武器兵戎相见；有时住在不同家里的亡命之徒甚至在广场上

打起来。商人和工人抱怨也没用；罗马教皇派来的治理者和“亲族”或保持缄默，或一遇到机会就离去。最终奥地家族被迫放弃了佩鲁贾，而这个城市在巴利奥家族——他们甚至把大教堂当兵营——的绝对专制统治下变成了一个被围困的要塞。密谋和偷袭遭到灭绝人性的报复；1491年，在处死了130名冲入城内的叛乱者并陈尸于市政厅前之后，他们在广场上建起了35个祭坛，一连三天举行弥撒和宗教游行，以消除施于此地的魔咒。教皇英诺森八世的一个侄子于光天化日之下在街上被刺杀；被派来此地平息事端的亚历山大六世的一个侄子，由于民众的公然蔑视而被斥退。在这一时期，这个统治家族的两个首领，圭多和利都弗，正在和一个拥有圣徒之名和超自然能力的多密尼克会修女里埃蒂的科伦芭频繁会晤。她命令他们和解，否则会遭到大灾祸的惩罚——这自然是徒劳的。尽管如此，在编年史中却也给在这个恐怖的统治时期佩鲁贾城中一些较好人士的奉献精神和虔诚行为留下一席之地。当1494年查理八世兵临城下时，佩鲁贾的巴利奥家族和在阿西西城内及其附近宿营的流亡者进行了非常残酷的战争，以致山谷中的的每一间房子都被夷为平地。田地无人耕种，农民变成杀人越货的野人，新长起来的灌木丛中都是牡鹿和狼群，这些野兽靠吃死去的战士尸体——所谓“基督徒肉”而膘肥体壮。当教皇亚历山大六世在查理八世面前撤退（1495年）到翁布里亚的时候，后者当时刚从那不勒斯归来，在佩鲁贾，他发现现在他可以一劳永逸地把巴利奥家族除掉。他向圭多提议举行一个庆典或一个比赛，或者其他类似的集会，这样可以把整个家族聚在一起。然而，圭多却持有这一观点，即“最感人的壮观场面将是看到集合到一起的佩鲁贾的全部武装力量”，因此教皇放弃了他的计划。不久，流亡者们进行了第二次袭击，并且只靠巴利奥家族的个人英勇行为就打败了他们，取得了胜利。就在当时，西蒙那多·巴利奥，一个刚满18岁的小伙子，带着几个部下在广场上和数百敌人作战：最后他身上带着20多处伤倒下了；但当阿斯多利·巴利奥来增援时，他再次站起，身穿镀金盔甲，头戴饰有猎鹰的头盔，跨上战马，“忍耐力和行为俨如战神，投身于战斗中”。

此时，拉斐尔，一个12岁的孩子，正在彼埃特罗·佩路基诺门下求学。这些日子的印象也许通过他早期的圣米凯尔和圣乔治这些小画而永留人世；可能是这些印象中的某些东西永远留存在他的圣米凯尔的大型画幅中；如果说阿斯多利·巴利奥在某处被尊封为神的形象，那就是在拉斐尔的壁画——赫利奥多路斯——里边的天廷骑马勇士的形象。

巴利奥家族敌对者的一部分在恐怖时期被消灭，一部分逃散，因此没有能力再进行这种冒险行为。过了一段时间，达成了部分和解，一些流亡者被准许回来。但佩鲁贾并未变得更安全或更稳定：统治家族的内部倾轧以可怕的暴行形式爆发。两个圭多和利都弗的侄孙，也就是格里丰和卡洛·巴奇格利亚——后者是加米里诺君主瓦拉诺的侄子并且也是以前的一个流亡者耶罗尼莫·德拉·潘那的姐夫——组成反对派，对抗圭多和利都弗以及他们的儿子们吉安保罗、西蒙那多、阿斯多利、吉斯蒙多、贞提尔、马堪托尼奥，等等。西蒙那多为预感到一种不祥，跪请他的叔父准许他把潘那杀死，但他此举徒劳：圭多拒绝了。阴谋突然在1500年仲夏，趁阿斯多利和拉维尼亚·柯伦纳结婚这个时机得逞了。结婚庆典开始并且在阴郁的预示中持续了几天，马达拉佐极好地描写了这些预示的越来越深的影响。瓦拉诺用恶魔般的机智酝酿并促进了阴谋的形成：他以独掌大权的前景和捏造格里丰的妻子珍诺比娅与吉安保罗私通的故事来做格里丰的工作。最后，两个叛乱者每人都选定了自己的袭击目标。（巴利奥家族所有人都各自住在自己的房子里，大部分都在现在的城堡旧址上。）他俩每人带领15名刺客，其余的人则被派去放哨。在7月15日夜间，他们破门而入，谋杀了圭多、阿斯多利、西蒙那多和吉斯蒙多，其余的人逃掉了。

当阿斯多利的尸体在街市上被陈列在西蒙那多的尸体旁边时，围观者们，“尤其是外国学生”，把他比作古代的罗马人——他看起来是如此高大、仪表堂堂。在西蒙那多的面容上仍能看出就是死神也不能驯服的冒险和挑战的精神。胜利者们到处去走访这个家族的朋友们，并竭尽全

力把自己推荐给他们；但他们发现所有的人都在流泪并且准备搬往乡间去。同时，逃跑的巴利奥家族聚集起失去城市的兵力，第二天由吉安保罗率领攻入城内，并迅速在巴奇格利亚以死相威胁的人中找到了追随者。当格里丰在圣艾科罗诺教堂附近落入他们手中的时候，吉安保罗把他交给了他的部下去处死。巴奇格利亚和潘那逃去投奔在加米里诺的瓦拉诺，他是这场悲剧的主要作者；顷刻之间，几乎没有遭受任何损失，吉安保罗成了这座城市的主人。

阿塔兰达，格里丰的依然年轻貌美的母亲，前一天刚刚和格里丰的妻子珍诺比娅还有吉安保罗的两个孩子撤退到乡下的住宅，她曾不止一次以母亲的身份咒骂斥责儿子，现在她和儿媳回到城里来找寻那奄奄一息的人。当这两个女人走近的时候，所有的人躲在一边，每个人都不敢向前，害怕被认出是杀害格里丰的凶手，受到这位母亲的诅咒。但是他们想错了：她自己恳求儿子宽恕那个致他于死地的人，然后儿子带着母亲的祝福死去。人们恭敬地目送这两个穿着有血污的衣裙的女人走过广场。拉斐尔后来画的闻名世界的《耶稣圣尸降架》就是为阿塔兰达所作的，画中她把自己母亲的悲痛敬献在一个更崇高、更神圣的苦难的脚下。

与悲剧发生地相毗邻的大教堂，被酒冲洗过，重新变成圣地。为婚礼而建的凯旋门依然矗立着，上面绘有阿斯多利的事迹和诗人马达拉佐对其颂扬的诗句。

讲述这些暴行的一种传说从巴利奥家族的早期就开始出现。据说，这个家族的所有成员从一开始就不祥地死去——一次就死了27人；有人说他们的房子从前曾被夷为平地，并且佩鲁贾的街道就是用这些砖铺筑的——还有更多这一类的说法。在教皇保罗三世统治下，他们的宫殿真的毁灭了。

曾有一个时期，他们似乎已形成好的决议，似乎已整顿好自己的党

派，并已经保护官吏们不受贵族阶层的专横行为的欺压。但过去的诅咒像郁积的怒火一样再次显示了威力。1520年，吉安保罗被诱惑去了教皇列奥十世统治下的罗马，在那里被砍头。他的一个儿子，欧拉齐奥，只在佩鲁贾统治了很短一个时期，并且作为乌尔比诺大公（大公本人也受到了教皇的威胁）的死党，又一次在自己的家族中用最暴力的手段重复了过去的恐怖。他谋杀了他的叔父和三个堂兄弟，以致大公派人告诉他做得过火了。他的兄弟，马拉泰斯达·巴利奥，佛罗伦萨的将军，因1530年的投敌叛国事件而名载史册。马拉泰斯达的儿子利都弗，这个家族的最后一代，通过1534年谋杀教皇使节和官吏而获得了短暂但血腥的统治时期。

我们到处都会遇到里米尼的统治者们的名字。像西吉斯蒙多·马拉泰斯达（死于1467年）一样，一个既肆无忌惮、不敬神灵，又具有军事才能和高度文化的人，是很少见的。但这样一个家族积聚的罪恶最后必将超过才能，不管有多大的才能，都会被这个暴君拖入无底深渊。上面所提到过的西吉斯蒙多的侄子潘多福，成功地保住了自己的地位，原因只有一个，即不管雇佣兵队长被控犯有什么样的罪行，威尼斯人拒绝放弃他；当他的臣民被深深激怒后炮轰他在里米尼的城堡（1497年），后又让他逃掉的时候，尽管他因杀害弟兄和其他暴行而罪行累累，一个威尼斯的长官还是把他带了回来。30年后，马拉泰斯达家族成了不名一文的流亡者。1527年，像在凯撒·波几亚的时代那样，一种瘟疫降临到这些小暴君身上；他们没有几个人活下来，而且没人有好下场。在皮科家族弱小的君主统治下的米朗多拉，1533年，有一个穷学者利略·格雷戈里·吉拉尔第从罗马逃难到了著名的乔万尼的侄子、年迈好客的乔万尼·弗兰切斯科·皮科家里；在关于这个君主正在为自己建立的墓碑的讨论结束后，他写了一篇碑文，这篇碑文题献的日期是这一年的四月。碑文的后记语气沉痛——“今年十月，不幸的君主在夜间遭到侄儿的袭击，并被夺取了生命和王位；而我侥幸脱险，此刻正处在痛苦的深渊中。”

像潘多福·佩特路奇从1490年起在锡耶纳所实行，后来由于派系斗争而分裂的那种没有典型特征的伪暴君专制几乎不值得密切关注。他弱小而恶毒，在一个法学教授和占星术家的帮助下进行统治，不时进行谋杀以恐吓臣民。他夏日的消遣是从阿绵达的山顶向下滚大石块，从不在乎砸到什么东西或什么人。他虽然成功逃脱了凯撒波几亚所设的陷阱；但在死时，仍旧被人唾弃鄙视。他的儿子们在此后许多年内维持着一个合格的统治权。

第四章　大王朝

论及意大利的主要王朝，因阿拉戈纳王朝本身的特点，把它与其他王朝分开讨论较为方便。始于诺曼人时期、以贵族为地方最高权力的形式而延续下来的封建制度，给那不勒斯的政治制度以一种鲜明的色彩；而意大利的其他地方，除了只是教皇领地的南部地区和少数其他地区外，都实行土地的直接使用权，并且法律明令禁止继承权。从1435年以来在那不勒斯统治的大阿尔方索（死于1458年），与他真正或假称的后人不同。他一生辉煌，不怕和人民密切来往，与人交往时态度高贵和蔼，即使在年老时与露克瑞佳·德·阿莱尼亚的恋爱，也是让人称羡而非受人谴责；但是，他奢靡浪费的坏品质，自然会给他带来恶果。肆无忌惮的财政官们在宫中长期握有无限权力，直到破产的国王掠夺了他们的赃款；鼓吹进行宗教改革运动借以向教士们征税；当阿布鲁齐发生大地震时，幸存者被迫赔付死者的税款。通过这些手段，阿尔方索能够以无与伦比的豪华排场来款待显贵的客人；他在无休止的花费中得到快乐，即使让他的敌人受益，并且在文学作品的奖励方面，根本没有任何分寸。波吉奥因翻译色诺芬的《希腊远征波斯记》而得到了500枚金币。

继承他王位的费兰特，是他和一个西班牙女人所生的私生子，但也很可能是瓦伦西亚混血的摩尔人的儿子。不管是他的血统，还是贵族们所设计的谋害他的阴谋使他的性格变得恶毒阴险，他的残酷暴行在同时代的君主中无人能敌。他积极活跃、不知疲倦，被认为是当时最有势力的政治人物之一。没有荒淫挥霍的恶癖，他集中全部力量——其中包括深藏不露和一种势不两立的复仇精神——消灭他的反对者。他受到了全面攻击，因为那些贵族首领们虽然和他有姻亲关系，但也是他的外国敌人的同盟者。采取极端措施成了他日常政策的一部分。他与贵族进行斗争以及聚敛对外战争所需财力的方式，与弗里德里克二世所引入的伊斯

兰教国的方式相同：政府专营油和谷类粮食；国家的整个商业由费兰特交由富商弗兰切斯科·科伯拉掌管；科伯拉控制全部海岸的停泊税，并和国王分享利润。财政亏空由强制的贷款、处死刑后没收的财产、公开买卖圣职和向教会团体征收的捐献来弥补。除了不顾所有财产权而进行的狩猎以外，费兰特还有两种乐趣：他喜欢让反对者在他近旁，活着时被关在警卫森严的监狱里；死后尸体涂上香膏防腐，并身穿死者生前所穿的服装。和朋友们谈到这些俘虏时，他常常开心地笑，并且对于他的木乃伊博物馆的任何事毫不隐瞒。他的受害者大多是由于他的背信弃义而落入虎口的人，有些甚至是在御宴上做客时被拘捕的。他对待首相——安多尼洛·佩特路奇——简直是魔鬼的行为。佩特路奇在任时已变得衰老多病，因为日益惧怕死亡而被他不断地勒索“礼物”。最后，因怀疑他参与贵族们最近一次的阴谋，使他找到了逮捕佩特路奇并处以死刑的借口；和他一起死去的有科伯拉。加拉奇奥罗和波吉奥关于所有这一切的叙述方式使人毛骨悚然。

国王的长子，卡拉布里亚大公阿尔方索，在父亲晚年时和他共同执政。他是一个野蛮残暴的浪子，只在坦率这一点上胜过费兰特，他公开宣称对宗教及其习俗的蔑视。意大利专制政权较好和较高贵的特征在这一世系的君主中不会被发现；他们对于他们那个时代的艺术和文化所拥有的一切只是为了奢侈和炫耀。即使真正的西班牙人也几乎总是在意大利堕落；但是这个杂种王室（1494年和1503年）的终结清楚证明它缺乏纯正的血统。费兰特死于精神疾患；阿尔方索以叛国罪指控他的兄弟菲德利哥——这个家族中唯一诚实的人——并以最卑劣的方式侮辱他。尽管阿尔方索到此为止被认为是意大利最有才干的将军之一，但最终他逃到西西里并丢了脑袋；他留下的儿子小费兰特成了法国人和国内叛国者的猎物。像这样的王朝，如果它的子孙想要恢复大业，至少必须和敌人进行殊死的战斗。不过，如科米斯在这件事上所说的——这说法虽然片面但大体正确，“残暴的人从来不会是勇敢的”：没有更残忍的人了。

米兰大公们的专制政治——其统治从吉安加利佐时代以来就是一种最彻底的君主专制制度——显示出15世纪真正的意大利特征。维斯康提家族的最后一个统治者菲利波·马利亚（1412—1447）是一个有着奇特兴趣的人物，幸而给我们留下了一些关于他这种兴趣的描述。一个具有非凡才能和崇高地位的人能因极度恐惧变成什么样子，在这里用可称作数学上的完备性显现出来。国家的全部资源只为一个目的，即确保他的个人安全；而幸运的是，他冷酷的利己主义没有使他堕落到无目的地嗜血杀人的地步。他住在米兰的城堡内，周围环绕着壮丽的花园、凉亭和草坪。数年以来，他从没去过城内，只在乡间短途旅行，那里有他几座富丽堂皇的城堡；由最快的骏马牵引着的舰队可以沿着专门开凿的河道将他带到各城堡中，整个行程安排得极为严格。不管谁进入城堡都会受到无数眼睛的监视；甚至站在窗前也被禁止，以免向城堡外的人发送信号。所有被允许做君王私人侍从的人都受到一系列最严格的检查；随后，一经录用，就被委以最高的外交事务和最谦卑的贴身差役——这两者在宫中都很光荣。这个人进行了长期的艰苦战争，习惯处理头等重要的政治事务，每天都派全权大臣到意大利各地去。他的安全在于，他的臣下不相信其他任何人，他的雇佣兵队长被间谍监视和欺骗，他的大使和高级官员由于人为培养起来的妒忌，特别是由于把诚实之人和恶棍安排在一起的做法而心有隔阂、不团结。他内心的信念也是建立在对立和矛盾的体系上；他相信盲目的必然性，相信星宿的影响，并且同时向各种各样的救星祈祷；他喜欢研读古代作家的作品和法国骑士小说。他不准当他面提及死亡，还让人将垂死的宠臣送出城堡，免得死亡的阴影落到他幸福的居所。但也同样是这个人，他以故意掩盖其伤口，拒绝放血，来加速自己的死亡，最终带着尊严，优雅死去。

他的女婿兼继承者，幸运的雇佣兵队长弗兰切斯科·斯福查（1450—1466），也许是15世纪所有意大利人中最合他那个时代的人的心意了。天才和个人力量的胜利，从没人能像他那样在自己身上表现得如此闪亮耀眼；那些不愿承认他优点的人至少也得为他这个幸运的宠儿而感

到惊叹。米兰人公开宣称由如此卓越的君主治理是一种光荣；当他进入城内的时候，蜂拥的群众把骑在马上的他推挤到了大教堂里，而没有给他下马的机会。让我们听一听教皇庇护二世——一个在这类事情上的裁判者——对他生平的评价：

1459年，当这位大公来参加在曼图亚举行的代表大会时，已经60岁了（实际是58岁），但骑在马上的他看起来像一个年轻人；他身材伟岸，仪表堂堂，神色凝重，谈话安详亲切，举止俨然王侯，身心秉赋当世无人能敌，战场上无往不胜——这就是那个使自己从卑微的地位升到控制整个帝国的人。他的妻子美丽贤良，子女犹如天使；他很少生病并且几乎他所有的愿望均已实现。但他也并非没有不幸。他妻子出于忌妒杀死了他的情妇；他的老伙伴和老朋友，特劳伊洛和布鲁诺罗，背弃他而投靠阿尔方索国王；另一个旧友奇阿波伦内因为叛国罪被他处以绞刑；他不得不遭受他的兄弟阿利桑德罗引法国人来攻打他的痛苦；他的一个儿子策划阴谋陷害他而被关进监狱；他作战赢得的安科纳玛驰地区，又以同样的方式失去了。没人享有如此圆满的幸运，以致无需在逆境中拼搏。几乎无忧患之人即幸福之人。

给了幸福的消极定义后，这位知识渊博的教皇离开了读者。要是他能看到未来，或者愿意停下来讨论一个没有任何束缚的暴君专制的后果的话，一个无处不在的事实一定不会逃过他的注意——即对于未来的所有保障的缺失。那些子女们尽管美若天使，接受了精致完整的教育，但长大后都堕落成了无可救药的利己主义的牺牲品。只讲究外表的加利佐·马利亚（1466—1476），以自己漂亮的双手，所付出的高薪，享有的财政信用，贮存的200万金锭，环绕在他身边的卓越人士和所豢养的军队与猎鹰而骄傲。他喜爱自己说话的声音，而当他有机会侮辱一个威尼斯大使时，他会说得很流利，或许也是说得最流利的时候。他常常反复无常，曾让人在一夜之间把一个房间绘满了各种图案；尤其恶劣的是，他常常发疯虐待最亲近的朋友。对于一小撮狂热分子来说，他这个暴君

太坏，不该再活下去；他们谋杀了他，然后把国家交由他的兄弟们统治，其中一个兄弟，洛德维科·伊·摩洛，把侄子监禁起来，自己掌握了政权。紧随此次篡位而来的是法国的干涉和降落在整个意大利的灾难。

洛德维科·斯福查被称作“伊·摩洛”，摩尔人，是当时暴君的最完美典型；并且作为自然的产物，几乎消除了我们的道德判断。尽管他采用的手段极端不道德，但他却十分巧妙地使用它们；当了解到一个人不仅在选择的目的上，而且在选择的手段上也要在道德上负责时，也许没有人比他更感到震惊的了；他宁愿认为他尽可能避免过于自由地使用死刑作为惩罚是一种非凡的德行。他认为由于他的政治天赋，意大利人对他的无比尊敬只不过是他应得的。1496年，他吹嘘亚力山大教皇是他的宫廷牧师，马克西米利安皇帝是他的雇佣兵队长，威尼斯是他的宫廷管家，法兰西国王是他的信使，这些人必须听从他的吩咐往来。他有着不可思议的理智，甚至在他面临绝境时（1499年），他也权衡了所有可能的逃跑方式，最后为了荣誉，他决定一切听凭人性的善良；他以从前的一次争吵为借口，驳回了他的弟弟阿斯卡尼奥枢机主教想要继续留在米兰城堡的提议：“主教阁下，不要不高兴，但是我不信任你，尽管你是我弟弟”；他委任一个他一直施予恩惠的人来守卫城堡，作为“他回来的保证”，但是那个人还是背叛了他。在国内，这个摩尔人是一个优秀而有用的统治者，并且直到最后，他还依赖他在米兰和科莫的名望。在后来的岁月中（1496年以后），他过度耗费国家的资源，并且在克雷莫纳，完全出于权宜之计，他命令把一个曾讲话反对新税的可敬公民悄悄闷死。从那时起，他用一个护栏把来访者和他本人隔开，以约束听众，因此那些人和他交谈时，不得不以最高嗓门讲话。在他的自勃艮第王朝灭亡以来欧洲最辉煌的宫廷里，极端不道德的事情到处存在；女儿被父亲所卖，妻子被丈夫所卖，姊妹被兄弟所卖。君主本人积极活跃，永不停歇，并且作为一个独创事业的人，他声称和所有像他自己一样靠个人才能而立身的人——学者、诗人、画家和音乐家——有联系。他创立的学院，与其说是为了学者们教学，倒不如说是为了他自己的目的；对于

围绕在他身边的那些卓越人士，他所看重的不是他们的名望，而是他们的交往作伴和效劳。确定无疑的是，起初布拉曼特薪资微薄；而列奥那多直到1496年才得到适当的报酬——并且，如果不是他自愿，有什么能够使他留在宫中呢？也许那个时代没有人能像列奥那多一样，世界对他是开放的；如果关于洛德维科·伊·摩洛的天性中有比较高尚的成分缺乏证据，它可以在这位谜一般的大师在他的宫中长期逗留这件事上被发现。列奥那多后来为凯撒·波几亚和弗朗西斯一世效劳，很可能是由于他对这两人非凡和惊人的性格感兴趣。

这个摩尔人倒台后，他的儿子们在陌生的环境中被不正确地抚养长大。他的长子马西米利亚诺没有像他的地方；他的次子弗兰切斯科还尚有一些他的精神。米兰在那些年代里常常更换统治者，并且在更迭的过程中遭受难以述说的痛苦，尽力确保自己不会再次更换。1512年，在马西米利亚诺和西班牙人的武装力量面前撤退的法国人，被劝诱发表了一项声明，称米兰人不曾参与他们的驱逐，并且，由于没犯叛乱罪，他们可以向一个新征服者投降。一个具有重大政治意义的事实是：在这种过渡时刻，这个不幸的城市像阿拉戈纳家族逃走时的那不勒斯一样，很容易成为一群恶棍（常常是高层的贵族）的猎物。

曼图亚的贡查加家族和乌尔比诺的蒙特费尔特罗家族在15世纪后半期是秩序最好、人才最多的家族之一。贡查加家族是一个还算和谐的家庭，长期以来没有听说他们家出现过谋杀事件，他们家的死者能无所畏惧地展示给世人。弗兰切斯科·贡查加侯爵和他的妻子，伊斯特家的伊莎贝拉，虽有少许不正当行为，却是一对和谐体面的夫妻，并且在他们小而重要的国家不断遭受的危机的时候，他们把儿子们抚养成为成功而卓越的人物。弗兰切斯科，不论是作为政治家或是作为军人，竟会采取一种格外诚实的政策，这是威尼斯皇帝或法兰西国王不可能预料或想要的；但是，自塔罗之战（1495年）以来，就军事上的荣誉而言，他的感觉和表现是一个意大利爱国者，并且把同样的精神传递给了他妻子。每

一个忠诚英勇的行为，诸如以保卫法恩扎来抵抗凯撒·波几亚，她都认为是在维护意大利的荣誉。我们对她的评价不需要依靠画家和作家们对她的颂扬，这些人把这位美丽的侯爵夫人描述成她对他们所提供的保护的丰厚回报。她自己的书信向我们显示了她是一个毫不动摇、坚定不移的女士，充满了仁爱幽默的见解。本波、邦德罗、阿里奥斯托和伯尔那多·塔索都把他们的作品送往这个宫廷，即使它弱小且国库空虚。自从过去的乌尔比诺宫廷消亡（1508年）以来，在意大利看不到比贡查加家族的曼图亚宫廷更光耀更有魅力的圈子；并且在某一方面，在活动的自由上，费拉拉宫廷的社交聚会不如曼图亚宫廷。在美术方面，伊莎贝拉有着精准的知识，她的画作少而精，令爱好美术的人看了无不为之动容。

在大菲德利哥（1444—1482）时代，不管他是不是真正的蒙特费尔特罗家族后裔，乌尔比诺所拥有的是一位君主统治的辉煌代表。作为一个雇佣兵队长，他拥有命运无常的军人们的政治品德，一种不独他们所具有的缺点的品德；作为他的狭小领地的统治者，他采取把从国外赚的钱花在国内的计划，并尽可能少地向人民征税。关于他和他的两个继承者圭多巴尔多和弗兰切斯科·马利亚，我们读到如下内容：“他们建造房屋，开垦耕地，在国内居住，并且给许多人提供工作：他们的臣民爱戴他们。”但是不仅仅这个国家，就连这个宫廷也是一件讲究艺术和结构作品。菲德利哥有500个仆从；宫廷的布置像最伟大的君主国的都城一样齐全，但什么都不浪费；一切都有它的目的，一切都得到细心地关注和控制。在宫廷里没有不道德和浪费的恶习：它的作用是一个为其他大家族的子弟们提供军事教育的学校，这些人文化与教育的完善被大公认为是种荣誉。他所建造的宫殿，即使不属于最宏伟的，也是构思设计完美，具有古典风格的。那里存放着他最伟大的珍宝和著名的藏书。在他的统治下人人有工作有钱赚，没有乞丐；治安非常好，因此他常常出去不带武器，并且几乎不带随从。在他那个时代的君主中，唯有他敢在外面公园里散步，或是一边在无人警戒的房间里简单用餐，一边让人为他

朗读李维的著作，或者，在斋戒期间朗读一些祈祷方面的著作。同一天下午，他常常听一个关于某个古典主题的讲座，然后去克拉利兹女修道院，隔着格栅和女修道院院长讨论宗教上的事情。晚上他经常在以壮美景色著称的圣弗兰切斯科教堂的草地上督察宫中青年的军事操练，并且确保所有武艺都在以最完美的方式进行训练。在访问作坊里为他干活的工匠时，在和来访的常客交谈时，他都尽最大努力做到温和亲切，平易近人，并尽可能满足每个人当天所提出的请求。难怪他走在街上时，人们跪倒高呼："殿下啊，上帝保佑您！"他被思想界的人称为"意大利之光"。他才华横溢的儿子圭多巴尔多体弱多病，遭到各种不幸，但最终（1508年）能把国家交到可靠的侄子弗兰切斯科·马利亚（也是教皇优里乌斯二世的侄子）手中；弗兰切斯科·马利亚至少保全了领土免遭外国人的永久占领。令人惊异的是，圭多巴尔多在凯撒·波几亚面前，弗兰切斯科在教皇列奥十世的大军面前，具有何等的信心才能屈服和逃走。每一个人都知道国家从无用的抵抗中受创越少，恢复就越容易，就越受群众欢迎。当洛德维科在米兰做同样的打算时，他忘记了有许多反对他的怨恨因素。圭多巴尔多的宫廷被巴达萨尔·卡斯蒂利昂描述为优雅举止的最高学府而流芳后世，他曾为了对这个宫廷社会表示敬意而当场朗诵他的牧歌《泰西斯》（1506年），后来（1518年）把他的《廷臣论》中对话的场景安排在多才多艺的伊丽莎贝塔·贡查加女公爵的社交圈。

伊斯特家族在费拉拉、德纳和勒佐的统治展现出暴行和受人爱戴这种令人好奇的对照。宫中可怕的事情接二连三；一个王后因为被人指称和继子通奸而被砍头（1425年）；婚生子和私生子逃出宫廷，甚至在国外，他们的生命也受到被派去追杀他们的刺客的威胁（1471年）。来自宫廷外部的阴谋持续不断；一个私生子的私生子企图从合法继承者赫克里一世手中抢夺王冠。据说，后者后来（1493年）发现他妻子受她兄弟那不勒斯的费兰特的教唆要毒死他，所以就把她毒死了。这一系列悲剧的终止是由于两个私生子密谋反对他们的兄弟，掌权的阿尔方索大公一

世和枢机主教伊波利托（1506年），这个阴谋被及时发现并判处他们终身监禁。这个国家的财政体系是最完善的一种，而这是必然的，因为意大利的大国和中等国家中没有面临如此的危险并不断需要武装力量和防御工事。统治者们希望人民富裕程度能够跟得上捐税的不断增加；尼科洛侯爵（死于1441年）过去常常表达他的这一愿望，即他的臣民也许能比其他国家的人民更富有。如果人口的快速增长是衡量实际已达到的繁荣的一个尺度，那么一个重要的事实是，1497年，尽管首都有了显著扩大，但仍然没有房子出租。费拉拉是欧洲第一个真正现代的城市；根据统治者的命令，新建了许多大型的、建设优良的城区，由于集中了许多官员阶层，并且积极促进商业贸易的发展，这里首次形成了真正的首府；来自意大利各地富有的逃亡者，尤其是佛罗伦萨人，在费拉拉定居下来，建起了自己的豪华住宅。间接的征税让人勉强能够负担。政府确实采取了其他的意大利暴君，如加利佐·马利亚·斯福查，也用过的减轻民众疾苦的措施：荒年从远处运来谷物，好像是无偿分给了民众；但平常的时候，却用垄断补偿损失，如果不是对谷物的垄断，也是对许多其他生活必需品的垄断——如鱼、盐、肉、水果和蔬菜等，蔬菜是在城墙上和附近精心种植的。然而，最大的收入来源是每年对官位的出售——一种整个意大利都很普遍的风气，而在费拉拉的实行情况，我们有更准确的资料。比如1502年新年，大多数官员以“高价”买到了自己的位置；最多类别的公务员、关税官、法警、公证人、市镇长官、法官，甚至战略家，即省城的副职官员都名列其中。作为高价买官位、“比魔鬼更可恨的”、“榨干人民血汗的人”之一蒂托·斯特罗齐——让我们希望他不是那著名的拉丁诗人——被提及。大约每年的同一个时间，公爵们习惯在费拉拉进行巡回的访问，即所谓的“不时的巡视”，在访问期间他们从更富有的公民那里收取礼物。然而，这些礼物不包括现金，而只是天然的产品。

令费拉拉公爵感到自豪的是，全意大利都知道以下事实：在费拉拉，士兵的薪饷和大学教授的薪资都能一天不差地准时领到；士兵们从

不敢随意欺压任何一个市民或农民；这个城市不怕任何攻击，坚不可摧；并且城堡中储藏着数量巨大的金币。似乎没有必要设立两套帐目：财政大臣同时也是公爵家务的管理者。由博尔索（1430—1471年）、赫克里斯一世（至1505年）和阿尔方索一世（至1534年）建造的建筑物非常多，但规模小；这些建筑具有君主家族的特征：尽管喜爱豪华——博尔索每次露面都身穿刺绣衣着，满身珠光宝气——但并没有沉迷于任意的挥霍。阿尔方索也许已预见到他那迷人的小别墅的命运——有着绿荫花园的贝尔维德尔别墅和有着喷泉和漂亮壁画的蒙达那别墅。

不可否认的是，这些君主们不断遭遇到的危险培养了他们身上各种惊人的能力。在这样一个讲究虚饰的世界里，只有具有尽善尽美谈吐的人才有希望获得成功；每一个想要卓尔不群的人都不能不以自己的个人价值来证实他所声称的事情，并显示他自己值得拥有他所寻求的王冠。他们的性格并不是没有阴暗面；但是在他们所有人身上都有当时意大利作为理想所追求的某些品质。当时欧洲哪个君主为了自己的文化，能像阿尔方索一世这样努力呢？他为了学习到法兰西、英格兰和荷兰旅行；通过这种旅行，他获得了这些国家工商业方面精确的知识。责备他闲暇时干镟工工作——尽管这和他铸炮的技术有关，责备他无任何偏见地让身边围绕擅长每种技艺的人是荒唐可笑的。意大利的君主们不像同时代的北欧君主那样，认为只有自己这个阶级值得重视，并把这同样的自高自大传染给贵族阶级。在意大利，君主被许可并且被迫结识和任用社会中每个阶层的人物；贵族，虽然在出身上是一个特权阶级，但在社会交往中却不得不靠个人的才能。这一点我们将在下文中进行更充分的讨论。

费拉拉人对于统治家族的感情是一种奇怪的混合物——既有沉默的恐惧，又有真正意大利人精于算计利益得失的意识，还有现代臣民的忠诚，即个人的钦敬变成一种新的担负责任的思想感情。费拉拉城于1451年建了一座骑马的铜像以纪念他们十年前去世的君主尼科洛；博尔索

（1454年）毫不迟疑地把自己也是铜制，不过是坐姿的雕像，建在市场的近旁；除此以外，这个城市在他初登王位时已发布命令为他建“大理石凯旋柱”。某个公民在国外威尼斯时曾当众说过博尔索的坏话，一回国就被告发并被判以流放和没收财产的处罚。一个忠诚的市民努力控制住自己没有在法庭上用刀砍他，这个冒犯者脖子上绕着绳子，走到公爵面前请求彻底饶恕。政府精心配备了间谍；旅店老板被严令要求呈报每天的旅客名单，公爵要亲自过目。在渴望让每个著名客人都感受到礼遇的博尔索统治时期，这种规定的目的是为了殷勤好客；赫克里一世却只是把它用作一种预防措施。在波洛尼亚，在乔万尼二世本蒂伏利奥统治时，规定从一个城门进来的旅客必须领取一张票，才能从另外一个城门出去。一项总是受人欢迎的措施就是突然开除欺压人民的官员。当博尔索亲自逮捕他的首席枢密顾问官时，当赫克里一世开除并贬黜一个多年来一直吸吮人民血汗的收税官时，人们燃起篝火，敲响钟，向他们表示敬意。不过，赫克里一世对他一个部下的态度却让事情走得太远。一个警察局的管理者，或者我们随意把他叫作什么（法庭长），是卢卡的格里高利奥·扎邦特——一个不适合这种职务的本地人。即使是公爵的儿子和弟兄们在此人面前也会发抖；他所开出的的罚金高达成百上千金币，甚至案件还未审理就施以酷刑；他从有钱的罪犯那里接受贿赂，并假传公爵的命令来赦免罪犯。人民无论拿出多少钱给统治者都会愿意，只要能赶走这个“上帝和人类的敌人”。但是赫克里一世却授他以骑士爵位，并让他做自己孩子们的教父；而年复一年扎邦特都能攒下2000金币。他只敢吃自己家里养的鸽子，并且如果没有一队弓箭手和勇士们保护，他不可能走过街道。除掉他的时候到了。1496年，两个学生和一个他致命迫害过的改变宗教信仰的犹太人乘他在家午睡时杀死了他，然后骑着事前准备好的马驰过城内，高喊着：“出来吧！出来吧！我们已经杀死扎邦特了！”追捕者来得太迟，发现他们已经安全越过了边境。针对这件事有很多讽刺作品——其中有一些是以十四行诗的形式，另外一些是以颂歌的形式。

正是完全以这种制度的精神，君主向为朝廷尽忠和为人民造福的下属表达尊敬。当1469年博尔索的私人顾问洛德维科·卡塞拉去世的时候，没有一个法庭或者城内的商业场所或者大学讲堂被允许开放：所有人都不得不送殡到圣多密尼克教堂，因为公爵想要亲自到场。事实上，“参加臣民葬礼的伊斯特家族的第一个人”身穿黑色衣服，走在棺材后边，哭泣着，而后面跟着卡塞拉的亲属，每人由一个廷臣引导：这个普通公民的遗体由贵族们从教堂抬往修道院，在那里被安葬。这种以君主的感情所表示的官方同情首次出现在意大利国家。这种做法的根源也许是一种美好仁慈的感情；其感情的流露，尤其是在诗人中，真挚性常常令人怀疑。阿里奥斯托青年时期的一首诗，哀悼赫克里一世的妻子阿拉贡的莉奥诺拉，除了散见于所有时代的挽歌里的不可避免的墓地花朵以外，还含有某些完全现代的特点：

这一死亡给了费拉拉多年也难以恢复的一击：它的女施主现在是它天堂中的拥护者，因为地上不值得她居住；死亡天使真的没有拿着血污的镰刀像来到我们普通人这里那样来到她那里，而是优雅地带着减轻任何恐惧的和善面容来到她那里。

但是，我们也遇到了一种不同类型的同情。完全依靠自己的保护人之宠爱的小说家们，甚至在君主还没去世就以一种后人看来极不慎重，当时却被认为只是一种无害的赞颂方式向我们讲述了他的爱情故事。抒情诗人甚至走得更远，歌颂他们已合法结婚的君主的非法爱情，例如，安吉洛·波利齐亚诺歌颂“庄严者”洛伦佐的情人们，乔维诺·庞达诺用一种非凡的热情歌颂卡拉布里亚的阿尔方索的情人们。被谈论的这首诗无意中暴露了这个阿拉戈纳统治者的可憎性情；在这些事情方面，他也必须是最幸运的人，否则苦难就降临在那些更成功的人身上吧！这样，最伟大的艺术家们，例如列奥那多·达·芬奇，竟然画他们保护人的情妇们，也不过是一件理所当然的事。

但是伊斯特家族并不满足于别人的赞美；它还要自己为自己庆祝。在斯基法诺亚王宫，博尔索让人把自己画在一系列的历史事件中，赫克里（始于1472年）通过比得上耶稣圣体节的游行来庆祝他的即位周年纪念，商店像礼拜天一样关门，在队伍的中间走着身穿刺绣长袍的君主家族的所有成员（包括私生子）。王冠是荣誉和权威的源泉，个人的显达只能来源于此，这在这个宫廷中长久以来由金马刺勋章被表达出来——一个和中世纪骑士气概没有任何共同点的勋章。赫克里一世在马刺外又加上一把剑、一件金边斗篷和一笔赏金，作为对这些的回报，无疑要求提供经常的服务。

这个宫廷享誉世界的对艺术和文学的保护是通过一所意大利最完善的大学，并以给予为君主个人或宫廷服务的官位来实行的；因此这种保护不需要额外的花费。博亚尔多，作为富裕的乡绅和高官，属于这一类。当阿里奥斯托初露头角的时候，在米兰或佛罗伦萨都不存在真正意义上的宫廷了，很快在乌尔比诺或那不勒斯也没有了。他不得不满足于在枢机主教伊波利托的音乐家和魔术师中占有一席之地，直到阿尔方索招他为自己服务。再后来，托尔夸托·塔索就不一样了，人们嫉妒地寻求让他来宫廷里的机会。

第五章　暴君的反对者

面对这种中央集权，所有发生在国境内的合法反抗都是徒劳的。为了共和国的恢复所需要的环境要素已经被永远摧毁，而这个场地在为暴力和暴君专制做准备。即使拥有封建产业，毫无政治权力的贵族们可以随意地把自己称作圭尔夫派或吉伯林派，可以用加了衬的紧身裤、用有羽毛的帽子，或者用他们喜欢的其他方式来装扮他们的勇士；像马基雅维利这样有思想的人却非常清楚，米兰和那不勒斯已经太“腐败”，不可能建立共和国。有些奇怪的评价落到了这两个现在只是用来给个人争端和家庭争端以官方制裁的所谓政党的身上。有个意大利的君主——内提斯海姆的阿格利巴劝其取缔这两个政党——回答说，他们的不和一年使他收获12000多金币的罚款。1500年，在洛德维科·伊·摩洛短暂回国期间，托尔托纳城的圭尔夫党人为了一劳永逸地消灭他们的反对者，把一部分邻近的法国军队召引到城内来，当然法国人以掠夺和摧毁吉伯林党人开始，但以对圭尔夫党人采取同样的手段，直到托尔托纳城完全被损毁而结束。在像温床一样催生每一种强烈激情的的罗马涅，这两个政党的名字长久以来已经丧失了一切政治意义。人民有一种政治上的错觉，他们常常相信圭尔夫派自然是法国人的同盟，而吉伯林派是西班牙人的同盟。很难看到那些试图通过这种错误取利的人们这样做获得了多大的好处。法兰西，在所有干涉后，最终不得不放弃这个半岛，而西班牙，在摧毁意大利后是什么情况，每一个读者已很了解。

但现在回到文艺复兴时期的暴君。我们可能认为，一个头脑单纯的人可能会辩解说，既然全部权力来自上帝，这些君主们，如果得到全体臣民忠诚可靠的支持，他们自己迟早一定会得到改善并去掉其暴力天性的所有痕迹。但是由激情和野心所激发的性格和想象，不可能期待有这种理智的想法。他们像庸医一样，认为通过消除症状就治愈了疾病，并

且幻想着如果杀死暴君，自由自然而然就会到来。或者，甚至连这也没想到，他们只是试图为大家的仇恨提供一个发泄的出口或者为家庭的不幸或为个人的受辱报仇。因为政府拥有绝对的权力，而且不受所有法律的限制，所以反对者以同样的自由选择了自己的武器。薄伽丘公开声明：

要我称呼那个暴君为国王或者君主，并且像对待我的主人一样来忠诚地服从他吗？不，因为他是国家的敌人。我可以使用武器、阴谋、密探、伏击和欺诈来对付他；这样做是一件神圣而必要的事情。没有什么比暴君之血更可接受的献祭了。

我们没有必要讨论个人的事例；马基雅维利，在其《史论集》中著名的一章里，探讨了从希腊暴君时代以来的古今阴谋，并按照其各种各样的计划和结局以冷漠的中立态度进行了分类。我们从中只需注意两种情况：首先是在教堂里实施的谋杀，其次是古代习惯做法的影响。暴君得到如此严密的保卫，以致除了在庄严的宗教礼拜式上，在别处几乎不可能对其下手；而且在别的任何场合都不可能看到整个家族聚在一起。就为此，法布利亚诺人在大弥撒（1435年）当中，当唱到被作为暗号的《使徒信经》中“圣神降孕”时，谋杀了他们的统治家族——贾维斯特利的全家。在米兰，乔万尼·马利亚·维斯康提公爵（1412年）在圣格达多的教堂入口处被暗杀；加利佐·马利亚·斯福查（1476年）在圣斯蒂芬的教堂被暗杀；洛德维科·伊·摩洛（1484年）因从另一个门而不是预料的那个门进入圣安布洛吉奥教堂，而侥幸逃脱了被遗孀波娜女公爵追随者的短剑刺死的命运。暗杀者们在这种行动中没有想要不敬神明；暗杀加利佐的凶手们在谋杀前依旧向教堂的守护圣徒祈祷，并虔诚聆听了第一场弥撒。然而，帕齐家族谋杀洛伦佐·美第奇和朱利亚诺·美第奇（1478年）的阴谋部分地失败了，原因之一是曾说好在一个宴会上实施谋杀的凶手蒙特西科拒绝在佛罗伦萨的大教堂动手。“熟悉那个神圣的地方因此绝无任何恐惧”的教士们中有一个被劝诱着代替他干了此事。

关于对古代习惯做法的效仿，这些古代习惯做法对道德，尤其是我们会经常提到的政治问题的影响，统治者们自己做了榜样，无论在他们的国家观念上还是在他们的个人行为上，他们都公开宣称以古代的罗马帝国为楷模。同样，他们的反对者在用一种审慎的理论开始采取行动时，就用古代的诛戮暴君者作为模式。也许很难证明，在主要问题上——在下这个决心本身方面——他们是有意识地因循了古代的例子；但诉诸于古代的做法却不仅仅是一句空话。关于加利佐·斯福查的谋杀者——兰普尼亚诺、奥尔加提和维斯康提的事例给我们以最惊人的揭露。尽管这三人有个人目的，但他们的冒险行为可以部分地归之于一个更普遍的理由。大约在这个时候，柯拉·德·蒙泰尼，一个人文主义者并且是修辞学教授，已经在米兰的许多青年贵族中间唤起了对于荣耀和爱国事业的一种模糊的热情，而且曾向兰普尼亚诺和奥尔加提提到了他解救米兰的希望。这很快就引起了对他的怀疑：他被从城中驱逐出去，他的学生们放纵于由他所激发起来的狂热中。大约在事发前十天，他们在圣安布洛吉奥的修道院里集会并庄严宣誓。“那时，”奥尔加提说，“在一个远处的角落，在守护圣徒的画像前，我抬眼望着他，为我们自己和他的全体人民恳求他的帮助。”这个城市的天堂中的保护神被祈求保佑这件事，然后他们又向实施谋杀事件的教堂的圣徒圣斯蒂芬祈福。这时，许多同谋者都被告知了这个秘密计划，每夜的集会在兰普尼亚诺的家里举行，暗杀者们用他们的剑鞘为谋杀进行练习。事情成功了，兰普尼亚诺被公爵的一些随从当场杀死；其他人被俘。维斯康提后悔了，但奥尔加提经历了所有酷刑依然坚持这是献给上帝的可以接受的行为，并且当刽子手打断他的肋骨时，他大声说：“勇敢，吉罗拉谟！你会永远被铭记；死亡痛苦，但光荣永存。”

但是无论这种阴谋的目的和意图貌似多么理想，实施阴谋的方式却暴露了所有阴谋者中最坏的那个——卡提利那，一个思想中毫无自由可言的人的影响。锡耶纳的编年史明确地告诉我们，这些阴谋者的所作所为是从撒路斯特那里学来的，这一事实由奥尔加提的自白间接地进一步

得到证实。我们在别处也见到了卡提利那这个名字，除了他所遵循的目的外，几乎不可能发现一个更有吸引力的阴谋者的模式了。

在佛罗伦萨人中，无论何时当他们除掉或者试图除掉美第奇家族时，诛戮暴君是一种他们普遍接受和同意的做法。在1494年美第奇家族逃亡后，多那太洛的青铜群像——朱迪思和死去的的霍洛芬斯的铜像——从他们的收藏品中被取出，并被放在总督府前，即现在米开朗琪罗的《大卫》雕像所在的地方；上面刻着“挽救国家的榜样，全体公民建于1495年”。没有比小布鲁图斯更受欢迎的例子了，由于他叛变了罗马帝国，在但丁的《神曲》中他和卡西乌斯以及犹大同处地狱的最底层。密谋反对美第奇家族的朱利亚诺、乔万尼和朱利奥而失败（1513年）的彼埃特罗·保罗·巴斯卡利是布鲁图斯的狂热崇拜者，为了紧随他的步伐，等待找到一个卡西乌斯，他遇到了阿古斯丁诺·卡伯尼，在其身上发现他是这样一个同伙。他在狱中最后所说的话——当时的宗教感情的一个惊人证据——表明他为了要像基督徒那样死去而费了多大的努力从脑中排除那些古代的想象。他的朋友和忏悔神父两人不得不向他保证，圣·托马斯·阿奎那绝对会给那些阴谋者定罪；但后来这个忏悔神父向那个朋友承认，圣·托马斯是有区别的，他允许那些反对违背人民意志强行欺压人民的暴君的阴谋。

在洛伦奇诺·美第奇谋杀了阿利桑德罗公爵（1537年）然后逃走之后，对此事的道歉很有可能是他自己所作，当然是为了他的利益而作，在其中他称赞诛戮暴君是一种最高尚的行为；假设阿利桑德罗是一个合法婚生的美第奇，和他有亲属关系，即使仅仅是远亲，他勇敢地把自己和为国家而杀害自己弟兄的提摩利昂相比。其他人，在同样的情形下，常常和布鲁图斯相比；从米开朗琪罗在巴尔杰洛博物馆里雕塑的布鲁图斯半身像上可以推断，甚至在晚年，米开朗琪罗对于这种想法也并不反对。像几乎他的所有作品一样，这尊雕像他也没有完成，但如同雕像下的声明所写，这当然不是因为谋杀凯撒事件与他的感情有矛盾。

以反对后来时代的君主制形式出现的大众的激进主义在文艺复兴时期的暴君专制国家里是不可能找到的。每一个个人心里抗议暴君专制，但都更愿意和它达成可忍受的或有利的协议，而不愿和别人联合起来消灭它。情况一定像民众联合起来消灭或者驱逐统治家族之前的加米里诺、法布利亚诺和里米尼一样坏。大多数情况下，他们太清楚了，这只是意味着更换主人而已。当然，共和国之星在陨落。

第六章　共和国：威尼斯和佛罗伦萨

意大利的自治城市早期已有些信号证明有把城市转变成国家的力量。剩下的只是这些城市应该联合成一个大联邦；而且这种想法不断被意大利政治家们提起，不管它时不时呈现出来的形式有多么不同。实际上，在12世纪和13世纪的斗争中，强大的联盟其实已由这些城市组成；西斯蒙第持有这种意见：在伦巴第联盟反对巴巴若萨（自1168年始）的最终武装力量形成之时即整个意大利联盟变为可能之时。但是那些更加强大的国家已经发展到具有了一些使任何这样的计划行不通的特点。在商业交易中，他们采取非常极端的方法来减少参与，这会损害竞争者；他们使较弱的邻邦处于一种无助的从属地位——总之，每个国家都想着能够不靠其他国家帮助自己发展下去，这样就为未来侵占其他国家铺平了道路。这位侵占者随着以下情况的发生即将出现：当贵族和人民之间以及贵族各派别之间的长期冲突唤起了人们对一个强有力政府的渴望时，以及当那些准备并且愿意把自己的帮助出卖给最高投标人的雇佣兵队伍已经取代了从市民中征募的军队时，这些军队被党派领袖们认为已不符合他们的要求。暴君们破坏了大多数城市的自由；他们到处受到驱逐，但并不彻底，或者仅仅是短时期的；他们总是被恢复王位，因为国内状况对他们有利，并且反对势力已筋疲力尽。

在那些仍然保持独立的城市中间，有两个对于人类历史具有深刻意义的城市：一是佛罗伦萨，这个不断发生运动的城市，给我们留下了一份三个世纪以来所有参与这种运动的每个人的思想和抱负的记载；二是威尼斯，这个貌似停滞和处于政治秘密状态的城市。所能想象到的对比没有一个比这两个城市所提供给我们的更强烈，这两个城市哪个也不能和迄今为止世上已产生的任何东西作比较。

威尼斯从一开始就认识到自己是一个奇怪而神秘的创造物——一个高于人类灵智的力量的产物。这个城市的庄严奠基是一个传奇故事的主题。413年3月25日中午，来自帕多瓦的移民在利亚尔图放下了第一块石头，以便他们可以在野蛮人的蹂躏下有一个神圣不被侵犯的避难所。后世的作家们把对于这个城市未来的崇高伟大有所预感这件事归之于它的建立者们。安托尼奥·萨伯利科在他六音步诗篇的尊贵叙述中歌颂了这件大事，他让做完献祭仪式的牧师向天高喊："当从此以后我们尝试伟大事业的时候，愿上帝赐予我们繁荣富足！现在我们跪在粗劣的祭坛前；但如果我们的发誓并非徒劳，上帝啊，成百座用黄金和大理石所建的神殿将为你而立。"这个岛城在15世纪末是世界的珍宝盒。萨伯利科曾描写到，这里有古代的圆屋顶、斜塔，镶嵌大理石的建筑物正面，最富丽的装饰也没有阻碍对每个角落的实际利用时所浓缩的壮观。他带我们到利亚尔图的圣吉亚科米多教堂前拥挤的市场中，全世界的商业正在那里进行交易，不是在喊叫和混乱中，而是在压低声音的嗡嗡声中进行的；广场周围和邻近街道的门廊里坐着成百上千的货币兑换商和金匠，他们头上是一排排没有尽头的商铺和货栈。他描写了桥那边德国人的大商业区，那里有他们的货物和住所，大商业区前，他们的船并排停泊在运河里；再往上是装满了酒和油的整个船队，和它并排，在蜂拥着搬运工的岸上，是商人们住房的圆顶；然后从利亚尔图到圣马可广场一路上是客栈和香料店。所以他带领读者从一个市区到另一个市区，直至最后来到了两所属于公共福利机构的医院——在威尼斯，公共福利机构的数量多到无处可比。不光是在战争战时期，就算是在和平时期，对人民的关怀也是这个政府的特点，它对伤员，甚至是敌人的伤员的照顾，得到了其他国家的敬佩。

每一种公共机构都能在威尼斯找到他们的模式；有序执行退休工作人员的退休金制度，包括给孤儿寡母的抚恤金。富裕、政治安定和对其他国家的了解，使它对于这些问题的思考已经成熟。这些迈着轻轻而小心的步伐、说着经过深思的话语、身材纤细的金发男人，只是在服装和

举止上彼此有些细微的差别。装饰品，尤其是珍珠，专供妇人和女孩子们佩戴。那时，尽管在土耳其人那里遭受了一些损失，普遍的繁荣富足仍然令人眼花缭乱；这个城市所积蓄的力量以及整个欧洲对它的偏爱，使它在很久以后能够从通往印度的海路的发现、埃及马穆卢克人的灭亡和坎姆布雷同盟的战争所给予它的沉重打击中生存下来。

出生在蒂沃利附近、有着他那个时代学者们讲话坦率而滔滔不绝习惯的萨伯利科，在别的地方有些惊讶地评论说，早晨来听他讲演的青年贵族们并不能被说服进行政治问题的讨论。“当我问他们，人们对于意大利的某个运动的想法、言论和期待是什么的时候，他们异口同声回答，他们对此事一无所知。”还有，虽然这个国家有严格的强制要求，但许多情况仍然会被那些愿意出高价的人从贵族中比较腐化的人那儿了解到。在15世纪最后的25年，在最高级的官员中间出现了叛国者；教皇们、意大利的君主们，甚至在政府服役的处于社会二等阶层的雇佣兵队长们，都有他们的御用情报员，有时还给这些情报员固定的薪金；事情甚至发展到这样的地步，十人议会发现要非常小心地封锁重要的政治消息，不让大议会知道，甚至认为洛德维科·伊·摩洛在大议会里控制了一定数量的选票。个别犯罪者的绞刑和高额赏金——像给告发犯罪者的人以60金币的终身年金——是否有很大作用，很难判断；引起弊端的主要原因之一是贵族中许多人的贫穷不可能一朝一夕就被消除。1492年，处于贵族中贫穷阶层的两个人强烈提议，国家应该每年救济不担任公职的贫穷贵族70000金币；这个提议几乎要被提到大议会上，在那里也许有多数人支持，这时十人议会及时干涉，并把这两个提议者终身流放到塞浦路斯的尼科西亚去。大约在同一时期，一个姓索伦佐的人因盗窃圣物罪被绞死——尽管不是在威尼斯本城，一个姓康达利尼的人因夜晚入室盗窃罪而被囚禁；康达利尼家族中的另一个人，在1499年，来到总督署里抱怨说他多年没有任职，他每年只有16金币的收入但有九个孩子，他的债务已高达60金币，他不会谋生之道，最近已流落街头。我们能够理解为什么有些比较富有的贵族建造房屋，有时是整排整排的房屋，给他

们贫苦的同胞提供免费的住处。这种建造房屋的工程在作为慈善行为的遗嘱中被列出来。

但是，如果威尼斯的敌人把希望认真地建立在这类弊端上，他们就大错特错了。大家也许认为，让最卑微的人也能通过劳动获得丰厚报酬的城市商业活动以及地中海东海岸的殖民地，将使社会中的危险因素远离政治问题；但是热那亚，虽有类似的有利条件，它的政治历史难道不是最动荡的吗？威尼斯社会稳定的根源更多在于，只有在国家团结和谐的环境中才能发现的各种情况的结合。由于无懈可击的位置，它从一开始就能够最充分冷静地思考处理外交事务，而几乎完全忽略瓜分意大利其余各地的党派，避免卷入永久同盟的纠缠，并为那些它认为适合缔结的同盟付出最高的代价。因此，威尼斯性格的基调是一种自豪和傲然独立的精神，这种精神加上可感觉到的意大利其他地区对这个城市的仇恨，就产生了内部团结一致的强烈意识。同时，居民们在与殖民地交易和与大陆领地交易时，被最有力的利益这条纽带联系在一起，迫使大陆领地的人们，也就是一直到贝尔加莫的各城镇的居民只能在威尼斯进行买卖。一个依靠如此人为手段的政权只能通过内部的和谐与团结来维持；这种信念非常广泛地散布在市民中间，以至于阴谋者几乎找不到可以举事的因素。即使有心怀不满的人，也因贵族和自由民之间巨大的区别，而导致彼此之间不容易相互理解。另一方面，在贵族阶层内部，旅行、商业经营还有和土耳其人的不断战争，使他们中的富人和危险分子远离了进行阴谋活动的有效根源——无所事事。在这些战争中，他们被掌权的将领所饶恕，经常到了一种犯罪的程度，如果贵族们这种“彼此给予痛苦”的顾虑不惜以损害正义为代价继续下去的话，威尼斯人加图预言了这个城市的灭亡。即使如此，这种公开的自由活动仍然使威尼斯的贵族们整体来看具有一种健康的倾向。

当嫉妒和野心需要满足时，一个官方牺牲者唾手可得，合法的手段和当局已准备好。所有威尼斯人有目共睹的弗兰切斯科·福斯卡里总督

（死于1457年）多年来所遭受的精神上的折磨，是一个只有在贵族统治的国家才可能出现的可怕的报复例子。十人议会插手所有事务，无需上诉就可以处理生死、财务和军事任命的事务，审问官就是其成员，并且十人议会推翻了福斯卡里，像它以前推翻许多有权势的人一样——这个议会每年从整个统治机构大议会中重新选举成员组成，因此十人议会最直接代表着大议会的意志。因为任期短而责任大使其成为乏人问津的一个目标，所以选举中不大可能发生重大的阴谋事件。尽管这个议会和其他权力机关的行径既暴力又难以理解，但真正的威尼斯人却宁可接受也不逃避他们的判决，这不仅仅是因为这个共和国法网恢恢，并且若抓不到本人，就可能采取惩罚他的家人的做法；也是因为在大多数的情形下，它是出于理性动机而不是嗜血的欲望来行事。确实，没有一个国家曾像它一样，对自己的无论国内还是国外的臣民有更强大的道义上的影响。如果元老院中发现叛徒，那么每一个国外的威尼斯人都是自己国家的天生密探这一事实也足以弥补了。在罗马的威尼斯枢机主教把罗马教皇主持、各地枢机主教参加的教议会上院的秘密会议的相关消息发送到国内是一件很自然的事情。枢机主教多密尼克·格里马尼在罗马附近（1500年）让人截取了阿斯卡尼奥·斯福查正送给他弟弟洛德维科·伊·摩洛的文件，并把文件送往威尼斯；他当时正受到严重起诉的父亲在大议会上，换句话说，也就是在全世界面前，要求公众看在他儿子的这一做法上而受到宽大处理。

我们已经提到过威尼斯政府给它的雇佣兵队长薪俸这种行为。唯一能够从雇佣兵队长身上获得他们忠诚的进一步保障在于他们人数众多；由于人数众多，叛变难以实施就像叛变容易被发现一样。看一看威尼斯的军籍表，人们只是惊讶于如此各色人等所组成的军队怎么可能采取任何共同行动。在1495年战役的编制表中，我们看到有15526名骑兵，他们被分成许多小分队。曼图亚的贡查加一人就有1200百名，乔佛里多·波几亚有740名；然后是6个小分队队长，各有600名到700名，10个小分队队长，各有400名，12个小分队队长，各有400名到200名，14个左右

的小分队队长，各有200名到100名，9个小分队队长，各有80名，6个小分队队长，各有50名到60名等。这些军队一部分由原有的威尼斯部队组成，一部分由威尼斯城或者乡村贵族所领导的老兵组成；不过，大多数将领是各城市的君主和统治者或者他们的亲属。除这些军队外，还必须加上24000名步兵——我们不知道，他们是怎样被招募和指挥的——还有另外3300名的军队，他们大概属于特殊的职责范围。和平时期，大陆上的城市全部不设防或者由不重要的军队驻守。威尼斯所依靠的，即使不能准确地说是它的臣民的忠诚，也至少是他们的正确意识；在坎姆布雷同盟战争（1509年）中，众所周知，它免去了他们忠诚于政府的发誓，让他们把被外国占领的舒适和他们所习惯的温和的政治作比较。因为他们放弃圣马可并不算作叛国，所以他们不会害怕受到惩罚，并且他们怀着最热切的心情回到了旧主人身边。我们可以附带说一句，这次战争是一个世纪以来反对威尼斯扩张野心的呼吁的结果。事实上，威尼斯人也没有免除那些相信他们的敌人不会采取无理性、轻率行为的聪明过度的人们的错误。受这种乐观主义、也许是贵族统治所具有的奇怪弱点的误导，他们不仅完全忽视了穆罕默德二世为夺取君士坦丁堡所做的准备，而且甚至忽视了查理八世的武装备战，直至意外的打击最终降临。坎姆布雷同盟，在它显然违背两个主要成员——路易七世和教皇优里乌斯二世——的利益方面，是属于同一性质的事件。全意大利反对这个胜利城市的仇恨似乎都汇聚在这个教皇的头脑中，使他看不到外国干涉的恶行；至于阿姆布阿斯枢机主教和他的国王的政策，威尼斯本应该很早就认识到它是怀有恶意的愚笨行为而彻底加以警惕。这个同盟的其他成员由于妒忌参加进来，这种妒忌对于特别富强的国家也许能起到一种有益的矫正作用，但它本身却是一种乞丐般的情绪。威尼斯光荣地经受了这一场斗争，但依然遭受到永久性的伤害。

一个政权基础如此复杂，活动和利益的舞台如此宽广，如果没有系统的全盘监督，没有对于方法和负担、利润和损失的定期估算，是不可想象的。威尼斯可以证实它所声称的，它是，也许和佛罗伦萨一起，是

统计科学的诞生地，并被其他较开明的暴君国家所效仿。中世纪的封建国家除了对于领主的权利和财产这些目录外，对于其他一无所知；它把总产量看作是固定的数量，只有仅涉及地产时，它大体上才是如此。另一方面，整个西方城镇从很早就意识到依靠工商业的总产量变化很大；然而，即使在汉萨同盟的最繁荣时代，它们所得到的也不过是一张简单的商业资产负债表。舰队、军队、政治的权力和影响都落在商人总账的借方和贷方之下。在意大利的各城市国家里，一种清醒的政治意识、穆罕默德式的行政管理模式和长期积极的工商业活动结合起来，首次产生了一种真正的统计科学。在南意大利，弗里德里克二世的君主专制国家被组建起来，唯一的目标就是为他所从事的生死斗争确保一个集中的权力。相反在威尼斯，最高的目标则是对于生活和权力的享受、所继承利益的增加、最赚钱的工业形式的创立以及新商业渠道的开辟。

当时的作家以最大的自由来谈论这些事情。我们知道，1422年该城人口达到19万；意大利人可能是第一个没有按照家庭、或者拿得动武器的人、或者有能力行走的人等等来计算人口，而是按照“生命”来计算的人，所以能够为进一步的计算取得最中立的根据。大约在这一时期，当佛罗伦萨人希望和威尼斯结成同盟反对菲利波·马利亚·维斯康提时，当时就被拒绝了，威尼斯依据准确的商业利润相信：一场威尼斯和米兰，也就是卖方和买方之间的战争，是愚蠢的。即使米兰公爵只是扩充军队，米兰人由于必须缴纳较重的赋税，也会变成较差的主顾。“最好让佛罗伦萨人被打败，然后，尽管他们习惯于城邦的生活，但他们也会像卢卡人在困境中所做的那样，到我们这儿定居并带来他们的丝织品和毛织品。”奄奄一息的莫森尼哥总督（1423年）对他派人召集到床前的几个元老的讲话仍然非同寻常。它包含威尼斯全部资源统计账目的主要项目。我说不出是否有或者哪里有对于这份错综复杂的文件的一个详细阐释；作为举例说明，可以引用下列事实。在偿还了400万金币的战争贷款后，国家公债（总额）仍然达到600万金币；往来贸易（似乎是这样）达到1000万金币，文献告诉我们，这可以产出400万金币的利润。

3000只“小船”，300只“大船”，和45艘军舰分别配备17000、8000和11000名海员（每艘军舰200多人）。此外，还必须加上16000名造船木工。威尼斯的房屋价值700万，房租收入50万。有1000名贵族收入范围从70到4000金币不等。在另一段里记载着同一年这个国家的一般收入为110万金币；由于战争造成的对于贸易的干扰，这个世纪中期国家收入降到80万金币。

如果威尼斯以这种计算的精神和她所给予它的实际应用，是第一个充分体现了现代政治生活的一个重要方面的国家的话，那么，另一方面，在意大利当时最看重的文化方面，她并没有站在前列。总的来说，对于文学的推动，尤其是在其他各地所盛行的对于古典文化的热情，在这里是缺乏的。萨伯利科说，威尼斯人哲学和雄辩方面的卓越才能本身并不亚于他们商业和政治上的才能；于1459年把柏拉图《法学》的拉丁文译本献给威尼斯总督特列比松的乔治，被任命为哲学教授，年薪150金币，最后把他的《修辞学》献给了元老院。然而，如果我们查看弗兰切斯科·桑索维诺附录在他著名的著作后边的威尼斯文学史，我们就会发现，在14世纪除了历史和神学、法学与医药专著外，几乎没有任何其他作品；在15世纪，直到我们看到伊尔莫劳·巴巴罗和阿尔多·曼纽奇，人文主义的文化对于一个如此重要的城市体现得非常贫乏。贝萨利昂枢机主教遗赠给国家的藏书（1468年）侥幸逃过散失和破坏的命运。帕多瓦大学当然培养对于知识的学习；可是，在那里医学专家和司法专家——后者是写作法律意见的人——收入最高。在意大利的诗歌创作方面，威尼斯所占的比例长久以来就无足轻重，直到16世纪初，她在这方面的不足才有所弥补。就连文艺复兴时期的艺术也是从外部传入这个城市的，就在15世纪末，她才以独立的自由和力量学习进入这一领域。但是我们看到能够说明其知识依然落后的更显著的事例。这个政府，虽然把教士如此完全地置于自己的掌控中，把所有重要教职的任命权都保留在自己手中，并且一次又一次地敢于蔑视罗马教廷，却展现出一种非常独特的官方的虔诚。土耳其征服希腊后，从希腊运入的圣徒遗体和其他

遗物被以最大的代价购买，并由总督以庄严的仪式列队恭迎。为了一件无缝的僧袍，决定（1455年）出价10000金币，但最终没有得到。这些做法并不是大家头脑一热的结果，而是政府首脑们冷静决策的结果，并且就是不这样做也不会引起任何评论，在佛罗伦萨，同样情形下，当然就不会这样做了。我们不谈群众的虔诚和他们对于一张亚力山大六世的赦罪券的坚定信仰。但这个国家本身，在它同化教会到一个在其他地方闻所未闻的程度以后，它的结构中确实有着某种宗教成分；并且这个国家的象征，总督本人，出现在12次盛大的有着半宗教性质的游行队伍中。它们几乎全部是为了纪念政治事件的庆典，并且其壮观程度可以和教会的盛大节日相媲美；其中最辉煌的一次，即最著名的“与海结婚”是在基督升天节举行的。

我们发现最进步的政治思想和最多样化的人类发展的形式在佛罗伦萨的历史上结合在一起，从这个意义上说，她称得上是世界上最现代化的国家。在这里，全体人民忙于在暴君专制的城邦里属于单个家庭的事情。那种奇特的佛罗伦萨精神——既有尖锐的批判同时又有艺术的创造——不断地改变着这个国家的社会政治状况，并不断地描述和评价这种变化。因此佛罗伦萨成了政治学说和理论、实验和突然变革的家园，但也像威尼斯一样，成了统计科学的家园，而且超越其他国家，独自成了在现代意义上的历史再现的家园。古罗马的辉煌和熟悉古罗马最主要的作家对佛罗伦萨并非没有影响。乔万尼·维兰尼承认在1300年的罗马纪念节庆典上，他第一次产生了写作他那部伟大作品的念头，一回到家就马上开始写起来。然而那一年的20万朝圣者中间有多少人在天赋和文学旨趣上也许像他一样，但还是没有写出他们自己城邦的历史！因为不是所有人都能用这种想法鼓励自己：“罗马在陨落；我的城市在兴起，已准备好完成伟大的事业，因此我想要叙述它过去的历史，并希望把故事一直写到现代，只要我一息尚存。”佛罗伦萨通过其历史学者们获得了比历史见证更进一步的东西——盛名，超越了意大利任何其他城市。

我们现在的任务并不是要写这座卓越城市国家的历史，而只是要说明佛罗伦萨人因之感谢这一历史的知识分子的自由和独立。

意大利其他任何一个城市的政党斗争都没有这样激烈，开始得那么早，持续得那么长久。关于这些斗争的描述确实开始于较晚的时期，但这些描述清楚地证明了佛罗伦萨批判主义精神的优越性。

这些斗争危机的牺牲者之一，是在家乡和流放生活中成长起来的但丁·阿利基里，这是一个多么伟大的政治家啊！他在强硬的诗行中，表达了对于故乡城市宪法不断修改和实验的轻蔑，只要同样的政治事件再次发生，这些诗行就会一直流传下去。他用既蔑视又向往、足以拨动同胞心弦的话语向家乡人发表讲话。但是他的思想遍布意大利和整个世界；如果他对于帝国的热情像他所构想的，只不过是一种幻想，那也必须承认，对于一种新生的政治事业的青春梦想就他而言，具有诗歌的崇高壮丽。他很自豪是第一个走上这条路的人，当然是沿着亚里士多德的足迹，却又是独立地以他自己的方式行走的人。他理想的皇帝是一个富有正义感和人道主义精神的法官，他只依靠上帝，是得到大自然、正义和上帝意志所认可的罗马帝国之世界统治的继承人。根据这一观点，征服世界是正义的行为，是建立在罗马帝国和世界其他国家之间的神授裁决上，并且上帝许可这个帝国这样做，因为在其荣光下，他成为人，出生时上报给奥古斯都皇帝的人口普查，死去时呈送给庞提乌斯·彼拉多的审判。也许我们发现很难欣赏这些和其他类似的辩解；但是但丁的热情总会使我们同意他的意见。在他的信件中，他作为最早的时事评论员之一出现，并且也许是第一个以这种形式出版政治小册子的俗人。他开始得很早，在比阿特丽丝死后不久，他就写了一本关于佛罗伦萨这个国家的小册子——《给世界上的伟大人物》；而从他被放逐时起，在后来的岁月里所发表的公开言论全都针对皇帝、君主和枢机主教。在这些信件和他的著作《俗语论》中，反复萦绕着一种用极端痛苦的辛劳所换来的感觉，即这个被放逐者也许只可以在别处，而不是在他的家乡找到一

个语言和文化的知识分子的家园，这个家园不可能从他身边带走。关于这一点，我们在下文中要详述。

相较于维兰尼两兄弟——乔万尼和马提奥——的深刻的政治思索，我们更感激其新颖而实际的观察、佛罗伦萨统计的要素和对其他国家的重要短评。在这里贸易和商业也曾推动了经济学和政治学的发展。世界上没有任何一个地方关于财政事务有这样准确的资料。阿维尼翁的教廷的财产，在教皇约翰二十二世去世时达到2500万金弗罗林，如果不是根据可靠的权威记载，会令人难以置信。只有在佛罗伦萨这里，我们才能见到像英格兰国王从佛罗伦萨的巴尔第和佩鲁齐家族那里所签订的巨额贷款，他们在国王陛下身上损失了136.5万金弗罗林（1338年）——这是他们自己及其合伙人的钱——但不管怎么说他们还是从这次打击中恢复了过来。这里记载着有关佛罗伦萨这个时期现状的更重要的事实：国家收入（超过30万金弗罗林）和花销；这个城市的人口数——这是按照面包的消耗量，比如每人的口粮，只是大约估计——定为9万人，还有整个领土上的人口数；在每年受洗的5800到6000个婴儿中间，男婴比女婴多出300到500人；在小学生中，有8000到10000人学习阅读，六所学校里的1000到1200人学习算术；除此之外，还有600个学生在四所学校里学习拉丁文法和逻辑。接着记载着以下各项的统计：教会和修道院、医院——有1000多个床位、羊毛贸易——附有最宝贵的详细资料、造币厂、城市的粮食供应、公职人员等等。我们在翻阅中也偶然了解了许多稀奇古怪的事实：例如在1353年，当首次确定发行公债时，方济各会修道士怎样在布道坛上赞成这项措施，而多米尼克会修道士和奥古斯丁会修道士怎样反对它。有关黑死病的经济上的后果，整个欧洲没有任何其他地方像这个城市一样做过或者能够作出观察和描述。只有一个佛罗伦萨人才可能把下面这种情况记录下来：人们是怎样期待着减少的人口会使各种物品价格便宜，相反，劳务和商品的价格，在这种期待没有实现的情况下，又是如何涨了一倍；普通人是怎样最初根本不愿意工作而只沉湎于享乐；在这个城市是怎样必须付给极高的薪资才能找到男女仆

人；农民是怎样只耕作最好的土地而任由其余土地荒芜；庞大的遗产是怎样在瘟疫中遗赠给穷人而后来似乎毫无用处，因为穷人或者已经死去或者已不再贫穷。最后，利用一个无子女的慈善家给这个城市的每一个乞丐六个“达那利”银币的大额遗赠的机会，文献试图对佛罗伦萨的乞丐情况做一个全面的统计。

这种对于事物的统计观点后来在佛罗伦萨得以更高度的发展，与此有关值得注意的一点是，一般说来，我们能够看到它与历史的更高方面、与艺术以及通常所说的文化的联系。在同一文献中，1422年的一份财产报表提到了“新市场”周围的72个交换所；流通中的硬币的数量（200万金弗罗林）；然后是当时新兴的金织工业；丝制品；菲利波·布鲁内莱斯科——当时正忙于从坟墓中挖掘古代建筑；共和国大臣列奥那多·阿雷提诺正努力复兴古代文学和修辞学；最后，它谈到了这个城市当时不受政治斗争影响的普遍繁荣和意大利摆脱了外国雇佣兵的幸运。上面所引述的大约从同一年开始的威尼斯统计，当然证明了威尼斯所拥有的更大财富和利润，以及更广阔的商业范围；在佛罗伦萨派出首批军舰（1422年）到亚力山大港之前，威尼斯长久以来就已是海上霸主。但是每一个读者都能够清楚地认识到佛罗伦萨文献更高的精神气魄。这些以及各种类似的一览表每隔十年再次出现，系统地加以安排和列表显示，而在其他地方我们最多发现一些偶然的简单介绍。我们能够对名列第一位的美第奇家族的财产和产业形成一个约略的估计；他们从1434年到1471年用于慈善、公共建筑和各种税的付出不少于663755金弗罗林，其中40多万是柯西莫一个人承担的，而洛伦佐·麦格尼菲柯很高兴这笔钱花得如此恰当。在1478年，我们对于这个城市的商业和贸易再次有了非常重要、在此方面算是完整的发现，其中一些可以全部或部分地被看作属于精致的艺术品——比如那些必须与锦缎、金银刺绣、木雕镶嵌、在大理石和沙石上的阿拉伯式雕花、蜡像、珠宝以及金制品等等打交道的商业和贸易。佛罗伦萨人对于外部生活系统化的与生俱来的才能在他们关于农业、商业和家庭经济方面的著作中得到表现，他们这些书籍明

显优于15世纪其他欧洲人的著作。出版这些著作的选集是正确的决定，尽管需要做大量的研究以便从中提炼出清楚而明确的结论。不论怎样，我们认识这个城市毫不费力，在这里，弥留之际的父母在他们的遗嘱中请求政府，如果他们的儿子拒绝从事一份常规的工作就罚他们1000弗罗林。

16世纪的上半叶，也许世界上没有一个国家拥有像瓦尔奇对于佛罗伦萨的辉煌描写那样的文献资料。它在这个城市的自由和伟大沉入坟墓之前，在叙述性的统计上，像很多其他事情一样，给我们留下了另一个范例。

可是，这种对于外部生活的统计上的估计始终如一地伴随着对于我们已提到过的政治事件的叙述。

佛罗伦萨不仅存在于比意大利和整个欧洲的自由国家更变化多端的政治形式下，而且它在这些政治形式上的反映更深刻。它是一面忠实的镜子，反映了个人以及阶级和反复无常的整体的关系。如弗鲁瓦沙尔所描绘的那样，反映法兰西和法兰德斯伟大的市民民主的图画，以及14世纪德意志编年史作者的叙述，确实非常重要；但在思想的全面和故事的合乎情理的发展上，没有一部作品能和佛罗伦萨人的相比拟。贵族的统治、暴君、中产阶级和无产阶级的斗争，有限制的和没有限制的民主、伪民主、一家一户的秘密、萨沃那罗拉的神权政治，以及为美第奇的暴君专制铺平道路的混合政治形式——全被非常详尽地描述出来，以至于演员最隐秘的动机都暴露在灯光之下。马基雅维利在他的佛罗伦萨历史（到1492年止）中把故乡城市描述为一个活着的有机体，把它的发展描述为一个自然而单独的过程；他是现代人中第一个将此上升到这样一种观念的人。我们的研究范围不包括判断马基雅维利是否并在哪些点上歪曲了历史，像他的卡斯特鲁乔·卡斯特拉卡内传这个臭名昭著的例子——关于那位典型暴君的一幅空想出来的图画。我们也许可以发现一些

反驳他所著《佛罗伦萨史》的每一行的材料，但整部著作伟大而独特的价值不会受到影响。他的同时代的人和后继者们，亚科波·彼蒂、圭奇阿尔狄尼、塞尼、瓦尔奇、维托利，这是一组多么卓越优秀的名字啊！这些大师们向我们讲述的是多么精彩的故事啊！这里展现着佛罗伦萨共和国最后几十年里所发生的伟大而值得纪念的戏剧性事件。这本记载了当时世界所能呈现的最高最独特生活的衰落的多卷本著作，在一个人看来，也许不过像是一部奇闻异事集，在另一个人心里也许会唤起他看到如此高贵而富丽堂皇的生活像船只失事般毁灭所产生的魔鬼般的喜悦，对于第三个人来说，也许看起来像是一个伟大的历史审判；对于所有人它将永远是一个思索和研究的对象。永远扰乱这个城市和平的恶行，就是它对于像比萨这样曾经强大而现在被征服的对手的统治——一种其后果必然是长期暴力状态的统治。唯一的补救措施——当然是一个极端的办法，而且除了萨沃那罗拉没人能说服佛罗伦萨接受——就是选择恰当时机消灭托斯卡纳，使它变成一个自由城市的联邦国家。后来，这个不过是一个过去时代的梦想的计划把卢卡的一个爱国公民送上了绞刑架（1548年）。由于这一恶行，并由于佛罗伦萨的注定要倒霉的圭尔夫派对一个外国君主抱有同情，佛罗伦萨不断遭到外国的干涉，带来了随后的所有灾难。但是谁不敬佩这个民族呢？这个民族由可敬的传教士培养起一种持久不变的高尚心境，以至于首次在意大利树立了不杀降敌的榜样，虽然它过去的整个历史所教导的无非是复仇与消灭。那种把爱国主义融入具有道德新生的人身上的光辉，当从远处看时，也许好像很快就消逝了；但它最好的结果却在值得纪念的1529至1530年之围中重新闪耀。他们是“傻瓜”，像圭奇阿尔狄尼当时所写的，给佛罗伦萨带来了这一风暴，但他自己也承认他们做成了好像是让人难以置信的事情；当他宣称明智的人民会逃脱这一危险时，他的意思不过是说佛罗伦萨本应该默默地、不光彩地投降，落入敌手。毫无疑问这会保存它壮丽的城郊和花园，还有无数市民的生命和富足的生活，但是相较于它最伟大最崇高的一次记忆来，这就很不体面。

在许多主要优点方面，佛罗伦萨人是意大利人，一般来说也是现代欧洲人的模式和最早的类型；同样，在许多缺点方面他们也是如此。当但丁把这个总是在修改其政体的城市和一个不断变换姿势以摆脱痛苦的病人相比较时，他用比较的方式触及了佛罗伦萨政治生活的永恒特征。那些认为通过把现存势力和各种趋势结合起来就可以创造一种政体的重大现代谬论，不断地在动乱的时候出现；就连马基雅维利也没有完全免于此。从不缺乏这样的政治艺术家，他们通过对政治权力的一种巧妙分配和划分，通过最复杂的间接选举，通过设立名义上的职务的方法，寻求建立事情的一种永久秩序，并且寻求满足或者欺骗富人，同样还有穷人。他们天真地效法古代的做法，借用政党名称“清流党”、“贵族党”，是一件自然的事。从那时起人们就习惯了这些名称并赋予它们一种传统的欧洲意义，而所有先前的党派名称则纯粹具有民族性，这些名字或者代表不和的原因，或者是由于事件偶然得名。但是，一个名字对于一个政治事业色彩的渲染或褪去，其作用是多么大啊！

在所有那些认为有可能建设一个国家的人们当中，最无与伦比、最伟大的是马基雅维利。他把存在的各种力量看作是有生命和主动的，对于可能的选择，有一个大的而准确的看法，试图既不误导自己也不误导别人。没人比他更能不受虚荣和浮夸的影响，确实，他写作不是为民众，而是为君主和管理者，或是为个人的朋友。对于他的危险并不在于天才的装模作样或对于思想观点顺序安排的错误，而是在于他显然难以控制的强大的想象力。他的政治评价的客观性，在真实性方面有时令人震惊；但它是生死危亡之际而非平常之需的标志，那时，很难相信正义，或者信任别人有公正的行为。我们抛弃了对于他的道德上的声讨，我们已经看到我们自己这个世纪的政治家们是从什么意义上理解政治道德的。不管怎么说，马基雅维利能够在自己的事业中忘记自己。事实上，尽管他的作品（除了个别词句）完全没有热情，并且最后佛罗伦萨人自己把他看作是一个罪人，但他是一个完完全全的爱国者。尽管他像他的大多数同时代人一样，在言语和道德方面很自由，但他始终思考的

是国家的福利。

他在佛罗伦萨建立一个新政治制度的最完整的方案是在他纪念教皇列奥十世的文章中提出来的，此文作于小洛伦佐·美第奇——乌尔比诺公爵（死于1519年）——死后，他曾把他的著作《君主论》献给这位公爵。国家那时正处于穷途末路、腐败不堪的状态，所提出的补救措施在道德上并不总是正当的；但非常有趣的是看到他如何希望建立具有温和民主形式的共和国，它好像是美第奇家族的女继承人。我们想象不出一个比这更巧妙的对教皇、对教皇的各种信徒，以及对佛罗伦萨的不同利益作出让步的计划；我们可以想象自己在观察一个钟表的装置。原则、观察报告、比较、政治预测诸如此类，大量出现在其著作《史论集》中，其中闪耀着远见卓识的光辉。例如，他清楚地认识到共和制度及其组织机构的尽管不是一以贯之却是持续不断的发展规律，并要求宪法要灵活、能变化，作为避免杀戮和放逐的唯一手段。同样的原因，为了防范私人的暴力和外国的干涉——“所有自由的死亡杀手”——他希望看到引进一种司法程序（“起诉”）来处置被憎恨的市民，而在此之前佛罗伦萨只有审理丑闻案件的法庭。他以大师的手笔使不情愿判决和非自愿判决各具特点，这两种判决在共和国家的紧要关头起着非常重要的作用。有一次，他被他的想象力和各种事件的压力所误导，作出了与他能力不相符的事——称赞了人民，他说人民比任何君主能更好地选出他们自己的官员，并且能够用“善意的劝告”来使他们改正错误。关于托斯卡纳政府，他毫不怀疑它属于他的故乡城市，在一篇特别的“论文”中，他强调重新征服比萨是一个生死攸关的问题；他痛惜阿雷佐在1502年的叛乱之后没有被夷为平地；他整体上承认，必须允许意大利的共和国自由扩张，增加领土，以便在国内享有和平，并且不会受到外来的攻击；但他宣称，佛罗伦萨总是从错误的一端开始，从一开始就树立了比萨、卢卡和锡耶纳这些死敌，而“被待如兄弟”的皮斯托亚自愿地服从它。

把15世纪仍然存在的其他几个共和国和这个独特的城市——这个意

大利的，确实也是现代欧洲精神的最重要的创造工厂——作比较是不合乎情理的。锡耶纳苦于其最严重的组织弊病，就此来说，它艺术上和工业上的相对繁荣一定不会误导我们。伊尼亚斯·希尔维优斯从他的家乡心怀向往，远望“快乐的”德意志帝国城市，那里没有土地和货物的没收充公，没有恣意妄为的官吏，没有政治党派所有这些使生活更加痛苦的因素。热那亚几乎不在我们讨论的范围内，因为在安德烈·多利亚的时代之前，它几乎没有参与文艺复兴。确实，里维埃拉的居民在意大利人中间以蔑视所有更高的文化而臭名昭著。党派之争在这里表现出非常激烈的特性，并且极为严重地扰乱了整个生活进程，以至于我们很难理解，热那亚人在经过这么多革命和侵略之后，怎么设法恢复到一个能持久的状况。也许是由于这一事实：几乎所有参加公共事务的人同时几乎无一例外地都是积极经商的人。热那亚的例子以惊人的方式表明拥有远方的殖民地与什么样的不安全财富和庞大的商业，什么样的内部骚乱，是可以和谐共存的。

卢卡在15世纪并不重要。

第七章　外交政策

意大利的大多数城市国家，就像在其内部政体结构上是艺术品，即深思熟虑和精心改造适应的结果一样，它们彼此之间以及和外国的关系也是一种艺术品。这些国家几乎全都是新近篡权的产物，这一事实对于他们的对外政策和对内政策一样有着致命的影响。它们没有一个无保留地承认另一个国家；对于建立和巩固一个朝代起过作用的同样的机会也可以颠覆另一个朝代。是否能保持安定和平，并不总是一件由暴君来做选择的事。所有非法政权无一例外必然进行运动和扩张。所以意大利就变成了一个“外交政策”的舞台，这种政策，也像在其他国家一样，逐渐地获得了一个公认的国际法律体系的地位。这种对于国际事务既无偏见也无道德顾虑的纯客观处理，达到了完美的程度；有时其本身并非没有某种美好和伟大之处，但整体来说，它却给我们以无底深渊的印象。

阴谋、军队、同盟、腐化和谋反构成了这一时期意大利的外部历史。尤其是威尼斯很久以来都受到各方谴责，指责它试图征服整个半岛，或者逐渐削弱半岛的力量，以致最终一个个国家必定会落入她手中。但根据深入观察，这种怨言很明显并非来自人民，而是来自被人民所憎恶的宫廷和官员阶层，而威尼斯的温和政府已经为自己获得普遍的信任作了保证。就连有着难以控制的从属城市的佛罗伦萨，除了对威尼斯商业上的妒忌和威尼斯在罗马涅的发展，也发现自己相对于威尼斯处在一种虚假的地位。最后，坎姆布雷同盟确实给了这个全意大利本应该以联合的力量给予支持的国家以沉重一击。

其他国家也被同样不友好的感情所驱使，时刻准备使用其邪恶本性所想到的斗争手段来互相攻击。洛德维科·伊·摩洛，那不勒斯的阿拉戈纳国王们和教皇西克塔斯四世——不必说那些较小的政权——使意大利

处于一种持续不断的危险动荡之中。要是这种残暴的角逐仅限于意大利就好了；但这种角逐具有这一性质，即最终会向外国人——尤其是向法兰西人和土耳其人——寻求干涉和帮助。

人民大众的同情完全在法兰西一边。佛罗伦萨从未停止过以令人震惊的天真承认其对于法兰西人有着老圭尔夫派的偏爱。当查理八世出现在阿尔卑斯山南部地区时，全意大利以一种他本人及其追随者似乎都不能解释的热情迎接他。在意大利人的想象中，以萨沃那罗拉为例，一个明智、公正和强有力的救世主和统治者的理想形象仍然活着，不同之处在于：他不再是但丁所祈求的皇帝，而是法兰西的卡贝族国王。这种幻想随着他的离去破灭了；但很久以后，所有人才明白查理八世、路易十二世和弗朗西斯一世是怎样完全误解了他们和意大利的真正关系，以及受到多么低劣动机的引导。就君主们来说，他们试图用完全不同的方式来利用法兰西。当法英战争结束时，当路易十一世四面八方到处布置他外交的罗网时，当勃艮第的查理开始他愚蠢的冒险行动时，意大利各内阁政府准备在各个方面应付他们。很明显，即使法兰西从没要求过那不勒斯和米兰的领土，它的干涉也只是个时间问题，并且它过去对热那亚和皮埃蒙特的干涉仅仅是一个要仿效的先例。其实，威尼斯人早在1462年就已经预料到这一点了。米兰的加利佐·马利亚公爵在勃艮第战争中显然既是路易的同盟又是查理的同盟，因此他有理由害怕来自双方的攻击，他这种战争期间的道义上的恐惧在他的书信里明显地表现出来。就像“豪华者”洛伦佐所理解的使四个主要的意大利政权保持均势的计划，只是一种令人愉快的乐观主义精神的假设，这种乐观主义精神比一个试验政策的轻率和佛罗伦萨的圭尔夫主义的迷信有过之而无不及，并一直坚持往最好处着想。当“豪华者”洛伦佐对那不勒斯的费兰特和教皇西克塔斯四世作战，路易十一世向他提供援助时，他回答说：“我不能把自己的利益置于全意大利的安全之上，但愿在这个国家尝试他们力量的想法从未进入过法兰西国王们的头脑中！要是他们这样做，意大利就完了。”对于其他君主，法兰西国王是轮流吓唬他们自己和他们的敌人的

鬼怪，每当他们看到再也没有可行的办法来走出困境时，他们就威胁着要把他召来。在教皇们这方面，则幻想他们可以利用法兰西而对自己没有任何危险，甚至英诺森八世也想象他可以撤退到北方生气，然后从那里率领一支法兰西军队作为征服者返回意大利。

的确，有思想的人在查理八世远征之前很久就预见了外国的征服。当查理再次回到阿尔卑斯山的那一边时，每个人都清楚地看到一个干涉的时代已经开始。这时不幸一个个纷至沓来；法兰西和西班牙这两个主要侵略者，已经成为欧洲的强大政权，他们已不再满足于口头上的效忠，而是拼死争夺在意大利的势力和领土，人们对此明白得太晚了。他们已经开始变得和意大利的中央集权国家相似，实际上是开始模仿它们，只不过是放大比例地模仿。吞并领土或交换领土的计划一时间无限增多。其结果，如大家所熟知，是西班牙的完全胜利，它就像反宗教改革的剑和盾一样，长期使教廷位列它的其他附属国之中。哲学家们的悲叹只能向他们表明，那些引狼入室的人都没有好下场。

在同一时期，和土耳其人结成的联盟也毫无顾忌或掩饰；这一做法被认为不比任何其他政治上的权宜之计更糟糕。西方基督教界团结的信仰在十字军东征过程的不同时期被严重动摇过，弗里德里克二世也许已经摆脱了这种信仰。但是，东方各民族新近的发展和希腊帝国的危急与灭亡在整个西欧又重燃旧日的感情，虽然它不如以前强烈。然而，意大利对此却是个惊人的例外。尽管对土耳其人和来自他们的实际危险怀有极大的恐惧，但是几乎没有一个举足轻重的政府不和穆罕默德二世及其继承者们共同密谋反对意大利其他国家的。即使他们没有这样做，人们仍然相信他们这样做了；这种恶行也敌不过派间谍在威尼斯的贮水池里下毒，这是对那不勒斯国王阿尔方索的继承者们的指控。对于西吉斯蒙多·马拉泰斯达那样的恶棍，人们不能期待他会作出比竟然召土耳其人进入意大利更好的事情来。但是我们读到，穆罕默德在其他意大利政府，尤其是威尼斯的怂恿下，曾经从其手中强夺了奥特朗托（1480年）

的那不勒斯的阿拉戈纳君主们，后来也煽动苏丹巴雅泽特二世反对威尼斯人。对于洛德维科·伊·摩洛也有同样的指控。“在土耳其人手中被害者的鲜血和囚犯们的凄惨境遇，都在呼吁上帝报复他。”国史编撰者说。在政府能够得知一切消息的威尼斯，大家都知道，佩札罗的统治者，摩尔的表兄弟乔万尼·斯福查曾经招待去米兰途中的土耳其大使们。15世纪的教皇中最受人尊敬的两位，尼古拉五世和庇护二世，因土耳其人的势力发展感到深深的悲痛而死去，的确，后者是在希望亲自率领十字军东征的准备中死去的；他们的继承者们贪污了基督教界为此目的而捐献的财物，并把作为回报而颁发的赎罪券降为私人的商业投机买卖。英诺森八世为了获得逃亡者杰姆王子的兄弟巴雅泽特二世所付的报酬，同意把杰姆王子关进监狱做其看守；而亚历山大六世支持在君士坦丁堡的洛德维科·伊·摩洛所采取的推进土耳其对威尼斯攻击的措施（1498年），因此威尼斯用召开宗教会议来威胁他。很明显，弗朗西斯一世和苏里曼二世之间臭名昭著的联盟并不是什么新鲜事或者前所未闻的事。

确实，我们发现这样的例子：在全体居民看来，整体归顺土耳其人似乎并不是特别的罪恶。即使它只是作为对于压迫人民的政府的一种威胁而被提出，那也至少证明这种想法已被大家所熟知。早在1480年，巴蒂斯塔·曼托万诺就使我们清楚地明白亚德里亚海岸的大部分居民预见到这种事情，尤其安科那渴望发生这种事。当罗马涅遭受列奥十世的压迫统治时，拉文纳的一个代表公开对罗马教皇的使者，枢机主教朱利奥·美第奇说：“主教大人，尊敬的威尼斯共和国因怕和教皇的争端不会接受我们；但是，如果土耳其人来到腊古扎，我们将把自己置于他们掌控下。”

对于当时西班牙人开始的对于意大利的奴役来说，这是一种可怜却并非毫无根据的安慰，至少这个国家免去了等待其在土耳其统治下要堕入的原始野蛮状态。尽管它已四分五裂，但靠它自身的力量几乎不可能逃脱这一命运。

有着所有这些弊端，如果说这一时期意大利政治家的才能还有值得我们称赞之处，那只是由于它对那些不受恐惧、激情或恶意影响的问题的切合实际而无成见的处理。这里没有效仿北方风气对各种权利进行人为规划的封建制度；有的只是每一个人所拥有的像在理论上一样在实践中所持有的权力。这里没有侍从贵族在君主头脑中培养中世纪的会产生各种奇怪后果的荣誉感；而是君主们和顾问官员们根据特殊事件的紧急状态和他们心中的目的采取一致的行动。对于那些不管来自何处的效劳同盟者的人，不会对有可能疏远支持者的特权阶级有自豪感；出身无足轻重的雇佣兵队长这一阶层的存在，足以清楚表明真正的权力掌握在哪种人手中；最后，开明的暴君手中的政府，有着同时代北方诸国无可比拟的对本国和邻邦的准确了解，并且能够最精确地估计友邦和敌国经济上和道义上的能力。那些统治者，虽有严重错误，但都是天生的统计学大师。与这样的一些人一起，谈判是可能的；可以设想，当把实际的理由摆在他们面前时，他们是会被说服的，并且他们的观点也会被修改。当那不勒斯伟大的阿尔方索成为菲利波·马利亚·维斯康提的阶下囚时（1434年），他能够使监禁他的人相信：安茹家族在那不勒斯的统治而不是他自己的统治将使法兰西人成为意大利的主人；菲利波·马利亚没要赎金就释放了他，并和他结成联盟。一个北方的君主几乎不会作出同样的事情，道德观念在其他方面像维斯康提的君主当然也不会。对于注重自身利益的巨大信心表现在“豪华者”洛伦佐对背信弃义的那不勒斯的费兰特访问中——费兰特当然想要囚禁他，并且这样做绝不是过于审慎——这次访问令佛罗伦萨人普遍感到震惊。因为拘捕一个强大的君主，勒令他签字要不然就侮辱他，然后再释放，就像“大胆者”查理在佩龙纳对路易十一所为（1468年），对于意大利人来说，似乎是一种疯狂的举动；因此人们预计洛伦佐载誉归来，要不然就是一去不返。政治说服的艺术，在此时，被提到一定的高度——尤其是被威尼斯的大使们——北方各民族首次从意大利人那里获得一种概念，并且正式的演说提供了一个极不完全的观点。这些演说只不过是人文主义者的辞令。外交中虽另

有客气的礼节，但在必要时，也不乏粗暴而率直的讲话。像马基雅维利那样的一个人在他的《使节》中是以一种悲哀的色彩出现的。尽管得到有限的指示，装备又很寒酸，并且被看作是一个地位卑下的代表，但他绝没有失去他自由而广泛的观察力或是喜爱生动逼真的描写的才能。

这本书将专门有一部分讨论对于作为个人和作为民族的人的研究，这一研究在意大利人中间是和对于人类生活的外部状况的研究相互联系的。

第八章　战争艺术

这里必须简要地说明，战争艺术是采取什么步骤而表现出一种深思熟虑的产物的特点。所有的西方国家，中世纪时对个别兵士的训练在当时普遍的攻守体系的范围内是很完备的。在围攻和筑城设防的艺术方面，也并不缺乏心灵手巧的发明家。但是，战略和战术两方面的发展却受到了军队中服役的性质和期限以及贵族们的野心的阻碍，这些贵族们大敌当前却争论地位的优先问题，并且只是缺少纪律而招致了像克雷西和莫佩提乌斯那样伟大战役的失败。相反，意大利是第一个采取需要一种完全不同的组织的雇佣兵制度的国家；并且较早引进火器促使战争成为平民的事务，这不仅是因为最坚固的城堡也抵挡不住炮轰，而且也是因为工程师、枪炮铸造师和炮手们——这些属于贵族以外的另一个阶层的人们——的技术当时在战役中最重要。让人感到遗憾的是，过去曾经是这个小而组织良好的雇佣兵队伍灵魂的个人价值，将会遭到这些在远处发挥作用的新手段的破坏；有些雇佣兵队长至少是极端反对引进最近德意志发明的步枪的。我们读到保罗·维特利，当他识别出大炮并自己使用时，他挖掉了敌军战俘“火枪手”的眼睛，砍掉了他们的手，因为他认为，一个勇敢的、也许是高贵的骑士，被一个平凡卑贱的步卒所杀伤是可耻的。然而总的来说，这些新发现直到意大利人在建筑防御工事和攻打它们的方法两方面成为全欧洲的导师时才被接受和采用。像乌尔比诺的菲德利哥和费拉拉的阿尔方索那样的君主都精通这一科目，与此相比，就连马克西米利安一世的知识也显得很肤浅。在意大利，早于其他地方，有一种全面的军事科学和技术；在这里，第一次，只有很强的指挥才能本身才受到大家无偏见的喜爱，确实，这一指挥才能也许是由于党派的频繁更换和雇佣兵队长完全感情用事的情绪所产生的。在1451年和1452年发生在弗兰切斯科·斯福查和亚科波·皮奇尼诺之间的米兰与威

尼斯战争期间，学者吉安·安托尼奥·波尔切洛·德·潘多尼参加了后者的指挥总部，他受那不勒斯的阿尔方索的委派，撰写这一战役的报告。这个报告是用虽不是最纯粹却很流畅的拉丁文写的，有点过于追求当时人文主义的夸张风格，它模仿凯撒的《高卢战记》，一些演讲词、奇闻怪事之类散布其间。在此之前的100年以来，人们一直认真地争论西庇阿·阿非利加奴斯和汉尼拔谁更伟大，皮奇尼诺在全书中偏偏被称为西庇阿，而斯福查偏被称为汉尼拔。但是关于米兰的军队也得写一些正面的事情；这位博学者参见了斯福查，由他陪同检视了军队，高度称赞他所看到的一切，并答应把它写下来传诸后代。除了他，当时意大利的作品对于战争和战略手段的描述也很丰富，这些作品不仅供专业人士而且也为受一般教育的人士阅读使用。而同时代北方人的记叙，如迪博尔德·席林所著《勃艮第战争》则仍然保留纯编年史的平铺直叙、就事论事、枯燥乏味的特点。最伟大的军事艺术爱好者马基雅维利当时正忙于创作他的《战争艺术》，他曾以军事爱好者的身份进行创作。但是，士兵个人的发展在一对或者多对决斗者的公开而严肃的决斗中得到了最充分的体现，这种决斗早在著名的“巴尔莱达挑战”（1503年）之前很久就有了。胜利者得到保证会获得诗人和学者的赞扬，而北方的战士则得不到。这些决斗的结果不再被看作是上帝的判决，而被看作是个人才能的胜利，并且在旁观者的心中，它似乎既是一场激烈竞争的裁决，也是一种军队或国家荣誉的满足感。

很显然，这种对于战争事务的纯粹理性的处理方式，即使没有强烈的政治仇恨，但在某些情况下，如已答应部队可以劫掠城市时，就会产生最残暴的恶行。斯福查曾被迫准许他的士兵抢劫皮亚琴察（1447年），这个市镇经过40天的蹂躏后，长期无人居住，最后不得不用武力强迫人们迁来居住。然而像这样的暴行比之后来由外国军队，特别是西班牙军队所带给意大利的悲惨命运算不了什么。在这些西班牙人身上，或许是些许的东方人的血液，或者是熟悉异端裁判所场面，竟释放出人类天性中魔鬼的一面。在看到他们在普拉托、罗马和其他地方的所作所

为之后，很难对“天主教徒”斐迪南和查理五世产生任何更大的兴趣，他们知道这是什么样的游牧人群，然而却不加约束。从这些统治者的密室里逐渐曝光的大批文献材料，将永远是历史资料的重要来源；但从这样的人身上不可能期盼找到任何政治概念的硕果。

第九章　罗马教皇政府

罗马教会的教皇政府和领地是这样奇怪的产物，以至于我们到目前为止，在确定意大利城市国家的一般特点时，只是偶尔提到过它们。其他国家极感兴趣的对于政治计谋的审慎选择和改变适应，我们在罗马却很少看到；因为在这里，宗教权力经常能够掩盖或弥补世俗权力的缺陷。在14世纪和15世纪初，当教皇被带到阿维尼翁监禁起来时，这个国家经历了像火炙烤般的多么严峻的考验啊！起初，一切都陷于混乱之中，但教皇有金钱、军队和一位伟大的政治家兼将军——西班牙人阿尔沃诺斯，他重新使这个教会国家完全顺服。在教会分立时，这个国家所面临的最终解体的危险更大，那时罗马教皇和法国教皇双方都没有充足的财力重新征服新近丢失的国家；但这在罗马教会恢复统一之后，在马丁五世时做到了，而在又一次面临同样的危险时，又在尤金尼斯四世时做到了。但是这个教会国家在意大利的各个政权当中一直是个完全异常的国家；在罗马本城及其附近，教皇正遭到科伦纳、奥尔西尼、萨维利和安吉拉拉等大家族的公然反抗；在翁布里亚、边境地区、罗马涅和那些市民共和国——教皇政府对于它们的忠诚一直以来没有什么感激——已经几乎不存在了；它们已经被一群大大小小的君主王朝所取代，这些王朝的忠诚和服从并不重要。作为靠自身的能力而自我独立的政权，它们只关注自己；从这一点来看，它们之中最重要的王朝我们已讨论过。

尽管如此，也几乎不能省却对教皇政府作几句一般的评述。在15世纪的进程中，新的奇怪的危险和考验降临到这个国家，因为这个民族的政治精神开始在各方面控制它，并且把它拉进自己的活动范围内。这些危险中最次要的来自人民或来自外国；最严重的根植于教皇们自身的性格。

此刻，让我们先撇开阿尔卑斯山那一边的国家不论。当教皇政府在意大利面临致命危险时，它没有也不可能从当时路易十一统治下的法兰西，或者从被玫瑰战争牵涉很大精力的英格兰，或者从当时秩序混乱的西班牙王国，或者从新近在巴塞尔宗教会议上被出卖的德意志获得一点帮助。在意大利本国，有一些受过教育，甚至没受过教育的人们，他们的民族虚荣心因教皇政府的意大利性质而感到荣幸；许多人的个人利益取决于教皇政府具有和保持这种性质；广大的人民群众仍然信仰教皇赐福和授任圣职的功德；其中像维特洛佐·维特利那样臭名昭著的罪人，在教皇的儿子令人把他绞死的时候，还在祈求亚历山大六世赦免他的罪恶。但是，就是把所有这些同情的理由加在一起，也不足以从敌人手中拯救教皇政府，要是后者真正认真起来，并且知道怎样利用人们对这个制度的妒忌和仇恨的话。

就在指望外援如此渺茫的时候，在教皇政府内部出现了最危险的症状，像它此时这样，以世俗的意大利君主政府的精神生活做事，它就不能不像它们那样遭受同样阴暗的经历；但是，它自身特殊的本性给予这些阴影一抹特有的色彩。

就罗马这个城市本身而论，它内部的煽动力量微乎其微，如此众多的是被人民的骚动驱逐之后又回来的教皇，并且教廷驻在罗马对于罗马人的利益，意义如此重大。但是，罗马不仅有时候表现出一种明确的反教皇的激进主义，而且在当时所策划的最严重的阴谋中，表明有来自外部的无形操纵。斯蒂法诺·波尔卡罗反对尼古拉五世（1453年）——那位对这个城市的繁荣付出最多的教皇——的阴谋就是如此。波尔卡罗的目的是彻底推翻教皇的统治，他有杰出的同谋者，尽管他们的名字没有留传下来，但肯定能在当时意大利的国家政府里找到。就在这位教皇的任期内，洛伦佐·瓦拉以希望罗马教会国家快速世俗化，作为他那著名的反对君士坦丁礼物的慷慨激昂演说的结论。

教皇庇护二世不得不与之斗争的卡提里那集团（1460年），同样坦率地公开宣称，他们决心推翻教士的政府，这个集团的领袖提伯吉奥把责任推在确定他那一年能实现愿望的占卜者身上。罗马的几个主要人物塔伦特君主、亚科波·皮奇尼诺雇佣兵队长都是提伯吉奥的同谋和支持者。确实，当我们想一想富有的高级教士的邸宅中所积聚的赃物——阴谋者尤其关注阿奎莱雅枢机主教——我们很惊讶，在一个几乎不设防的城市，这样的企图竟然没有更频繁、更成功。教皇庇护二世宁愿住在任何地方也不愿住在罗马，保罗二世则被置于极大的不安之中，因为一些被撤职的人在普拉提那的指挥下将梵蒂冈围困了20天。要是教皇政权不根除那些贵族集团——这些抢劫帮派正是在其保护下才出头肇事的——它早晚一定会是这些阴谋活动的牺牲品。

这一任务由可怕的教皇西克塔斯四世承担起来。他是第一个把罗马和邻近地区完全置于他控制之下的教皇，特别是在击败了科伦纳家族以后，无论是在他的意大利政策上还是在教会的内部事务上，他都敢于以蛮横无理的挑衅态度行事，并蔑视来自欧洲各地的怨言和召集宗教裁判会议的威胁。他用买卖圣职的办法来获得他自己必需的钱款，这种买卖的范围之广一下子增加到闻所未闻的程度，从枢机主教的任命到最小恩惠的赐予无不如此。西克塔斯自己若不求助这种手段就不会得到教皇的高位。

如此普遍的腐败也许早晚会给罗马教廷带来灾难性后果，但是这还是不可知的未来之事。裙带关系就不是如此了，它一度产生了导致教皇政权彻底毁灭的威胁。在所有的“族亲”中，枢机主教彼埃得罗·利阿里奥起初享有西克塔斯主要，几乎是全部的宠爱。很快他就吸引了全意大利的目光，部分是由于他那极度奢华的生活，部分是由于有关他反对宗教和他政治计划的传言。他和米兰的加利佐·马利亚公爵商定（1473年），后者成为伦巴第国王，然后后者供以金钱和军队帮助他回到罗马，登上教皇的宝座；好像西克塔斯会自愿地向他屈服。这个计划，通

过使教皇职位世袭制，最终会使这个教皇国家世俗化，但因彼埃得罗的突然去世而失败。第二个“族亲”吉罗拉谟·利阿里奥，一直是个俗世的人，没有寻求过教皇职位。从这个时候起，这些“族亲”因为要为自己建立世俗的君主国，变成了意大利混乱的新根源。教皇们甚至试图实现他们对那不勒斯所提出的封建权益的要求，以讨他们的欢心。但是，自从卡利克塔斯三世失败后，这样的计划不再可行了，吉罗拉谟·利阿里奥在征服佛罗伦萨（谁知道还有多少其他地方）的企图失败后，也不得不满足于在教皇领土范围内建立国家。罗马涅的君主们和城市暴君们威胁着要彻底摆脱教皇至高无上的权力，并且面临着很快变成斯福查或威尼斯人的猎物的危险，这时罗马出面阻止它，这样做被认为是正当的。但是，在这样的时刻和状况下，谁能保证已变成君主的“族亲”及其后人对于他们已不再在乎的教皇会继续服从呢？即使在教皇的一生中，他对于自己的儿子或侄子也并不总是有把握，因此驱逐前任教皇的“族亲”而代之以自己“族亲”的诱惑非常强烈。整个制度对于教皇政权本身的反作用具有最严重的性质；所有无论世俗的或者宗教的强制手段，为了道德上最不可靠的目的而被毫无顾忌地使用，教皇的所有其他目标相对于这些目的都被变成从属的了。当这些目的不惜以革命和流放的一切代价达到的时候，一个只对毁灭教皇政权最感兴趣的王朝就建立起来了。

在西克塔斯去世的时候，吉罗拉谟只能靠他自己的最大努力和他妻子的娘家斯福查家族的帮助，来维持他篡夺的弗尔利和伊摩拉的世俗君主政权。在西克塔斯去世之后的选举教皇会议上（1484年）——英诺森八世在此会议上当选——发生了一件似乎给教皇政权提供一个新的外部保障的事件。两个枢机主教，同时是统治家族的君主——费兰特国王的儿子阿拉戈纳的乔万尼和摩尔的兄弟阿斯卡尼奥·斯福查，最厚颜无耻地卖掉了他们的选票；因此，那不勒斯和米兰的统治家族，由于能够获得赃物，不管怎么说，对教皇制度的继续存在变得有兴趣。在下届选举教皇会议上，除五人外，当所有的枢机主教都出卖自己时，阿斯卡尼奥又一次获得巨额贿赂，但并未抱有在下一次选举中自己会成为被支持的

候选人的希望。

至于“豪华者”洛伦佐，极力希望美第奇家族不要两手空空被发配远方。他把自己的女儿玛达丽娜嫁给新教皇——第一位公开承认自己有孩子的教皇——的儿子弗兰切斯克托·奇博，他不仅期望他自己的儿子枢机主教乔万尼，即后来的列奥十世能得到种种恩惠，而且也期望他的女婿能快速升迁。但关于后者，他的要求是不可能的事。在英诺森八世统治下，国家曾由其建立起来的蛮横鲁莽的裙带关系失去了任何机会，因为弗兰切斯克托自己是个卑劣的家伙，像他的父亲教皇一样，他寻求权力只是为了最卑下的目的聚敛钱财。然而，父亲和儿子施政的这种方式早晚一定会导致最后的大灾祸——国家的解体。要是西克塔斯是通过出售宗教的高位和恩典的办法来充实他的国库的话，那么至于英诺森和他的儿子，则是设立了一个出售世俗恩典的部门，这里高价出售对谋杀罪和屠杀罪的赦免。每一笔罚款中有150金币付给教皇的国库，多出来的钱归给弗兰切斯克托。罗马，在这个教皇任期的后期，蜂拥着有执照的和没执照的暗杀者；西克塔斯曾开始压制的宗派集团又和以前一样活跃起来；在梵蒂冈受到很好保卫的教皇，对于时不时地设置一个陷阱，偶尔能捕获一个富有的犯罪者感到满意。对于弗兰切斯克托，主要问题是知道在教皇去世时能够用什么办法带着装得满满的宝箱逃跑。他最终在听到他父亲死亡的一个假报告时（1490年）暴露了自己，他企图带走教皇国库中所有的钱，当这证明是不可能的事时，他坚持无论如何土耳其的王子杰姆必须和他一起走，作为一个活资本，以备卖个好价钱，也许卖给那不勒斯的费兰特。很难估计遥远时期的政治可能性，但我们禁不住要问自己这个问题，罗马是否在这样的两三任教皇之后还能幸存下来。甚至对于欧洲信仰宗教的国家，让事情发展到了这种地步——不仅旅行者和朝圣者，而且罗马国王马克西米利安的整个使团人员，都在罗马的邻近地区被剥得只剩衬衫，并且使节们经常还没踏足城内就不得不转回来——也是非常鲁莽的。

对于才华横溢的亚历山大六世（1492—1503年在位），这样的状况与其深受鼓舞的权力概念和权力乐趣是不相容的。他做的第一件事就是恢复公共秩序——至少是暂时恢复——和按时支付一切薪金。

严格地说，像我们现在正在讨论意大利文明的空话一样，既然波几亚家族和那不勒斯的家族同样都不是意大利人，这个教皇可以忽略不谈。亚历山大在公众场合和凯撒说西班牙语；露克瑞佳一进入费拉拉，就在那儿穿着西班牙服装，受到西班牙滑稽戏演员的歌唱欢迎；他们的心腹侍从，也像在1500年战争中凯撒最声名狼藉的军队一样，由西班牙人组成；甚至他的绞刑刽子手唐·米切莱托和他的下毒杀手塞瓦斯蒂安·平松·克里蒙尼斯似乎同样是西班牙籍。除其他成就外，凯撒以真正的西班牙方式在围起来的场地中按照斗牛术的规则杀死了六条野公牛。但是，在这个家族里似乎已达顶点的罗马的腐败，在他们来到这个城市时已经得到高度发展。

他们的为人以及所做的事情经常被详细地描述着。他们的直接目的——实际上他们达到了——是彻底征服这个教皇国家。所有那些小暴君——其中大部分是教廷多少有点难以驾驭的封臣——都被驱逐或消灭了，就是在罗马城内，所谓的圭尔夫派的奥尔西尼以及所谓的吉伯林派的科伦纳这两个大宗派集团也被消灭了。但是，所采用的手段具有极为恐怖的性质，要不是父亲和儿子同时被毒死这件事的突然介入而改变了整个局势的面貌的话，这些手段当然会最终导致教皇政权的毁灭。基督教界道德上的愤慨对于亚历山大来说，当然不是招致危险的什么大不了的根源；在国内，他的力量足够强大，可以迫使人们恐惧和服从；外国统治者被争取到他那一边，路易十二甚至尽全力帮助他。整个欧洲的人民几乎想不出在中部意大利正在发生什么事。唯一真正充满危险的时刻——当查理八世在意大利的时候——意外幸运地过去了，就是在那时，也不是教皇政权处于如此的危险中，而是亚历山大有被一个更可尊敬的教皇所取代的危险。教皇政权巨大、永久和日益增长的危险存在于亚历

山大本人，尤其是在他儿子凯撒·波几亚的身上。

在父亲的天性中，野心、贪婪、肉欲与坚强和才华横溢的品质结合在一起。所有来自权力和奢侈的享乐，从他教皇任期的第一天起，就最大部分地授予了自己。为达此目的，在手段的选择上，他毫无顾忌；人们马上知道了他会为他选举时所受的损失赔偿自己更多的钱财，并且卖者的买卖圣职罪将会远远超过买者的买卖圣职罪。必须记住，亚历山大先前所担任过的副财政大臣和其他职务已经教会他比教廷的任何其他成员对于各种收入来源都更熟悉，更能实际利用。早在1494年，一个白袍僧，热那亚的亚当——他曾经在罗马讲道攻击过买卖圣职一事——被发现遭人谋杀在床上，身上有20处伤。如果不付出巨额的金钱，几乎没有一个枢机主教能得到任命。

但是，当教皇逐渐受到儿子凯撒·波几亚影响的时候，他的暴力措施就呈现出那种必然对所追求目的起作用的凶暴残忍的性质。在和罗马的贵族以及罗马涅的暴君斗争中的所作所为，在背信弃义和野蛮程度方面甚至超过了世人所熟悉的那不勒斯的阿拉戈纳统治者们的措施；而那种欺诈天赋也更高一筹。凯撒孤立父亲，谋杀弟兄、姻弟兄和其他亲属或廷臣——或者是这些人得到教皇恩宠的时候，或者是他们在任何其他方面的地位于他不利的时候——所采用的方式，实在是骇人听闻。亚历山大被迫默许谋杀他最爱的儿子，甘底亚公爵，因为他自己每时每刻也都生活在对凯撒的恐惧中。

凯撒的最终目的是什么呢？就连在他暴政的最后几个月，当他已经在西尼加利亚谋杀了雇佣兵队长，并且实质上已是这个教皇国家的主人时（1503年），那些站在他左右的人们所给予的谦虚回答是，公爵只是希望镇压宗派集团和暴君们，所有这一切都只为了教廷的利益；至于公爵自己，除罗马涅的君主身份外，他别无所求，而且由于他为所有后来的教皇们除去了奥尔西尼和科伦纳两大家族，他已赢得了教皇们的感

激。但是没人愿意承认这是他的最终目的。亚历山大教皇本人，当把他的儿子托付威尼斯保护时，在和威尼斯大使的讨论中，说得比这更透彻。“我要确保，”他说，“将来有一天教皇政府或者属于他，或者属于你们。”凯撒当然也加上一句，没有威尼斯的同意，没人能够成为教皇，为此目的，威尼斯的枢机主教们只好团结在一起。他指的是不是他自己，我们不能说；不管怎么样，他父亲的声明足以证明他的目的在于教皇的宝座。我们进一步从露克瑞佳·波几亚那里得到了一定数量的间接的证据，这是就埃科尔·斯特罗齐的诗中某些段落很可能反映了她作为费拉拉的女大公允许自己使用的表达。在这里，也主要谈到了凯撒对于教皇政权的希望；但是时不时地也暗示了他对全意大利最高统治权的期望；最后使我们了解到的是，作为世俗的统治者，凯撒的这些计划是最伟大的，为了这些计划，他先前放弃了他的枢机主教的职位。事实上，凯撒，在亚历山大死后是否被选为教皇，都打算不惜任何代价保有这个教皇国家；但是在他犯了所有这些重大罪行后，就是作为教皇他也不可能永久地保有这个国家，这一点不可能有任何疑问。如果有人，那也是他能够使教廷的国家世俗化，为了保住这些国家，他将不得不这样做。除非我们受到很大的欺骗，否则这就是马基雅维利对这个重大罪犯心怀隐秘同情的真正原因；只能希望凯撒，别无他人，“将从伤口中拔出剑来”，换句话说，就是消灭这个教皇政权——所有外国干涉和所有分裂意大利的根源。那些认为能揣测凯撒目的的阴谋者，当向凯撒提出托斯卡纳王国的希望时，好像是被轻蔑地打发走了。

但是，从他的这些前提中得出的所有符合逻辑的结论都是无效的，这不是因为他的不可理解的天才——事实上他具有的天才的特点和弗里德兰大公一样少；而是因为他采用的手段与任何大而始终如一的行动方针不一致。确实，如果没有终止他统治的意外事件的发生，也许在他的穷凶极恶中存在着拯救教皇政权的前景。

即使我们假定他在这个教皇国家中消灭那些小暴君，除收获同情外

别无所得，即使我们把那支由意大利的最优秀的官兵所组成、由列奥那多·达·芬奇作总工程师、在1502年继承财富的军队作为他伟大计划的证明，其他事实仍具有如此一种无理性的特点，以至于我们的判断，像当时的观察家们的判断一样，完全不知道如何解释它们。这类事实之一就是凯撒对于新征服国家的蹂躏和虐待，而他仍想保有和统治它。另外一个事实就是这个教皇任期最后几十年的罗马和教廷的状况。无论是父子曾起草一份公布处死人员的正式名单，还是一个接一个地解决谋杀事件，无论哪种情况，这对波几亚父子都是志在秘密消灭所有那些挡道的或者觊觎其遗产的人。在这些遗产中，现金和动产构成最小的一部分，教皇更庞大的收益来源是：那些教会高级僧侣由于被杀死而停发的薪俸，在这些职位空缺期间的该项薪俸，还有这些被害者的继任者所填补的空缺职位的价钱。威尼斯大使保罗·卡佩洛在1500年宣称："每夜都发现四五个被谋杀的人，这些人中有主教、高级教士和其他人，因此整个罗马都在颤抖，害怕被公爵（凯撒）消灭。"他自己常常带着卫士们夜间在罗马城内漫步，我们有一切理由相信他这样做不仅仅是因为像提贝留一样害怕在白天会暴露他此时令人厌恶的相貌；而且也是因为要满足他杀人嗜血的疯狂欲望，也许甚至是对那些他不认识的人下手。

早在1499年，绝望的情绪如此巨大、如此普遍，以至于许多教皇卫士们都遭伏击被杀死。而这对波几亚父子不能用公开的暴力来袭击的那些人，就成了他们毒药的牺牲品。对于有些需要慎重的情况，他们使用一种味道可口的白色粉末，这种粉末并不当场而是慢慢地、逐渐地起作用，并且能够放在任何菜肴或酒里而不被发现。杰姆王子在被亚历山大交付给查理八世（1495年）之前已经在一杯甜酒里喝下去一些。在这对波几亚父子事业的最后，他们由于偶然品尝了本来为一个富有的枢机主教准备的蜜饯反而被这种粉末毒死了。教皇史的摘录史官乌诺弗利奥·潘维尼奥提到了三个奉亚历山大之命被毒死的枢机主教奥尔西尼、费雷里奥和米奇尔，并暗示还有第四个，即乔万尼·波几亚；而凯撒把他置于自己的控制之下——尽管也许富有的高级教士在当时很少有死在罗马

而不引起这种怀疑的。就连那些已经离开罗马城退居到某个地方市镇潜心书斋的学者也逃不脱这种无情的毒杀。一种隐秘的恐怖似乎笼罩着教皇；穿透墙壁和卧室的风暴雷电，在早些时候经常光顾惊吓他；在1500年，当这些现象再次发生的时候，它们被认为是“魔鬼的故事”。关于这些事件的故事，最后好像是通过有众多人参加的1500年的大赦年纪念盛典，被广泛地传播到欧洲的所有国家；不需别的，只是那声名狼藉的赦罪券交易就足以让人把所有目光投向罗马。除了回国的朝圣者们，奇怪的白袍忏悔者也从意大利来到了北方，其中有来自这个教皇国家的伪装的逃亡者，他们不可能保持沉默。然而没人能估算出在这种流言蜚语和基督教界的愤慨变成亚历山大的紧急危险的根源之前，它们可能发展到了什么地步。潘维尼奥在别处说：“要不是他为儿子进行的伟大计划由于去世而终止，为了得到所有其他富有的枢机主教和高级教士的财产，他将会除掉这些人。”如果凯撒在他父亲去世时，自己没有卧病在床，他有什么不可能得到啊！那将是一个什么样的教皇秘密选举啊——他此时，全副武装，可以勒令由于他考虑周到地毒杀而人数减少的教皇选举团选举他——并且当时并没有法国军队在近旁！在做这样一种假设时，后果不堪设想。

这种假设没有发生，取而代之的是庇护三世当选的那次教皇秘密选举会议，并且，在他很快去世后，是优里乌斯二世当选的会议——这两次选举都是全体反应的结果。

不管优里乌斯二世的私人道德可能是什么样，从根本上说他是教皇政权的救世主。他对于自他叔父西克塔斯任教皇以来的各种事件的熟悉，使他对于教皇权威的根据和条件有着深刻的认识。基于这些根据和条件，他制定了自己的政策，并在这一政策上倾注他坚定意志的全部力量和热情。他不是通过买卖圣职的方法而是在全体赞成中登上教皇宝座的台阶，而且不管怎样，随后他停止了教廷最高职位的不加掩饰的买卖。优里乌斯有亲信，其中有一些是卑劣的，但是一种特殊的运气使他

凌驾于“族亲”的诱惑之上。他的弟弟乔万尼·德拉·罗维里是乌尔比诺的女继承人——蒙特费尔特罗家族最后一代，圭多巴尔多的妹妹——的丈夫，他们结婚后在1491年生下一个儿子弗兰切斯科·马利亚·罗维里，他既是教皇的侄子同时又是乌尔比诺公爵爵位的继承人。优里乌斯在别处——或者是在战场上或者是以外交方式——得到的东西，他都自豪地赠给了教会而不是他的家族；他把他发现处于解体状态的教会领土遗赠给完全屈服于他的继承者，因而增加了新领土帕尔马和皮亚琴察。费拉拉没有被划入教廷版图并不是他的错。在圣安吉洛城堡中储存的70万金币将会由地方长官只移交给未来的教皇。他使他自己成为枢机主教，事实上是所有在罗马去世的教士的财产继承人，并且这是通过最专制的手段做到的；但他没有谋杀或者毒死他们任何一个人。他在一个人在意大利被迫或者做锤子或者做铁砧的时代，在个性比最无可争议的权力更有力量的时代，亲自率领军队打仗，这对他来说是无可避免的需要，也为他带来诸多好处。如果说尽管他大声疾呼“把野蛮人赶出去！”，然而他又比任何人都对西班牙人在意大利扎下稳固的根基贡献更大，他可能认为这是一件对于教皇政权来说无关紧要的事，或者甚至，像当时的情况，是比较有利的事情。在意大利的君主们只热爱反对教廷渎圣计划的时代里，教廷对谁能够比对西班牙更快地寻求真诚而持久的尊敬呢？但尽管这样，他那种既不吞咽愤怒也不隐藏真正好意的强有力的独特本性，整体给人一种对于他的处境非常有利的印象——“好厉害的教皇”。他甚至能够比较敢于问心无愧地召集一个针对罗马的宗教会议，以公然蔑视全欧洲的反对派所提出的召开宗教会议的叫嚷。一个这种类型的统治者需要某个体现他的概念的伟大外部象征；优里乌斯在圣彼得大教堂的重建中找到了它。大教堂重建的计划，正像布拉曼特希望表现的，也许是能够想象的统一权力的最壮观表达。除建筑外，在其他艺术中，这个教皇的面貌和记忆也以其最理想的形式流传下来。并非毫无意义的是：就连当时的拉丁文诗篇也对优里乌斯表现出一种与对其前任们迥然不同的热情。在枢机主教阿德里安·达·科尔内多所作的《优里乌斯二世的旅程》

一诗结尾，进入波洛尼亚城独具一种辉煌壮丽之感，乔万尼·安多尼奥·弗拉密尼奥在一篇最美好的挽歌里，呼吁这位教皇的爱国精神给意大利以保护。

在他的拉特兰宗教会议的章程中，优里乌斯庄严地痛斥教皇选举中的买卖圣职一事。在他1513年去世后，爱财的枢机主教们试图通过以下提议逃避这个禁令：当选的候选人目前为止所拥有的用于捐赠的资金和担任的职位应该在枢机主教们中间平分，这样，他们就会选举那位资产最多的枢机主教——无能的拉斐尔·利阿里奥。但是，出现了一个主要来自神圣教皇选举团的较年轻成员们的反对力量，他们渴望一位自由开明的教皇，从而使这个可耻的计划没有成功。乔万尼·美第奇当选，即著名的列奥十世。

我们在讨论文艺复兴的全盛时期的时候将经常谈到他；在这里我们仅仅希望指出在他的统治下，教皇政权再一次遭受重大的国内外的危险。这些危险当中，我们不算佩特路奇、德·绍利斯、利阿里奥和科尔内多（1517年）这些枢机主教们的阴谋，这些阴谋最多偶尔带来人员的变化，并且对此列奥找到了真正的解药——创造性地任命了前所未闻的31个新枢机主教，这是一个带有额外好处的措施，至少在某些情况下，奖赏了真正的功绩。

但是，列奥在任职期间的前两年所允许自己踩踏的某些小径，危险到了极点。他认真地尽力通过谈判确保他的兄弟朱利亚诺得到那不勒斯王国，并确保他的侄子洛伦佐得到一个强大的北部意大利国家，由米兰、托斯卡纳、乌尔比诺和费拉拉组成。很显然，这个教皇国家，这样四面八方被围在里面，将会成为美第奇家族的一个附属国，并且事实上也没有进一步使其世俗化的必要。

这个计划在当时的政治状况下遇到了无法逾越的障碍。朱利亚诺很早去世了。为了给洛伦佐做准备，列奥着手从乌尔比诺驱逐弗兰切斯科

·马利亚·德拉·罗维里公爵，但是从这个战争中除了仇恨和贫困，别无所得；并且，当1519年洛伦佐追随他的叔父进入坟墓时，列奥被迫把艰难赢得的占领地交给了教廷。他是被强制这样做的，因此并无荣誉，要是他自愿这样做，那将会是他不朽的光荣。他企图攻击费拉拉的阿尔方索，但实际上只攻击了少数小暴君和雇佣兵队长们，这件事肯定不能提高他的名声。并且这发生在一个西方君主越来越习惯于以意大利的这个省或那个省作赌注进行大规模政治赌博的时候。既然在最后几十年里他们在国内权力的增长如此巨大，谁能保证他们的野心还没扩展到教廷属邦就会停止呢？列奥亲眼目睹了在1527年所实现的事情的序幕；在1520年底，几个西班牙的步兵队伍出现在教皇领土的边界——好像是他们做主——目的是强迫教皇付给占领军特别税，但是被教皇的军队赶回去了。公众反对僧侣统治腐败的情绪也在后来几年快速地达到顶点，像小皮科·德拉·米朗多拉那些放眼未来的人们迫切要求改革。与此同时，路德也已出现在历史舞台上。

在阿德里安六世（1522—1523年）的统治下，为伟大的德国宗教改革运动所实行的少数几个怯懦的改进来得太迟了。他对目前为止事态的发展，如买卖圣职、裙带关系、挥霍无度、抢劫掠夺和荒淫放荡，除声明表示极端厌恶外，几乎无所作为。从路德教徒那方面来的危险绝不是最大的；一个来自威尼斯的敏锐的观察家吉罗拉谟·尼格罗说出了他的恐惧——一个迅速而可怕的灾难就要降临罗马这个城市。

在克莱门七世的统治下，罗马的整个地平线上雾气氤氲，好像非洲风暴笼罩在坎帕尼亚地区的浅灰色沉重面纱，以致最后几个夏季几欲令人窒息而死。教皇在国内外均遭人痛恨。有识之士满心忧虑，隐士现身在罗马的街头和广场，预言意大利和世界的命运，并把教皇叫作“反基督者”；科伦纳宗派集团公然抬头；那个仅仅其存在对于教皇政权就是一个永久威胁的坚贞不屈的枢机主教蓬佩奥·科伦纳，在1526年冒险突然袭击了这个城市，希望克莱门被杀或被俘后，在查理五世的帮助下，

立刻就能成为教皇。后者设法逃到了圣安吉洛城堡，这对罗马来说并非什么福气，并且他自己逃过这一劫的命运倒不如说比死亡更差。

由于一系列的只有强者敢于一试、却给弱者招致毁灭的谎话欺骗，克莱门招来了波旁和弗隆兹堡统帅下的德意志与西班牙军队的进犯（1527年）。可以肯定地说，查理五世内阁是打算给予他严重惩罚的，并且事前不能估算出没有薪饷、出身游牧部落的抢劫者的狂热会把他们带到多远。要不是众所周知罗马是这次远征的目标，想不给任何饷金在德意志征兵，就会是白费力气。给波旁的书面命令有一天可能被发现，这些书面命令还有可能被证明是措词温和的。但是，历史的批判不会允许自己被领入歧途。这个天主教国王和皇帝多亏他的运气，教皇和枢机主教们没有被他的军队杀害。要是此事发生的话，世界上任何诡辩都不能为他在这次犯罪中的责任开脱。对无数无足轻重的人们的大屠杀，对其余人们的劫掠，以及所有严刑拷打和买卖人口的恐怖，足以清楚表明在“罗马的劫掠”中可能发生的事情。

查理似乎本来希望从这个第二次逃到圣安吉洛城堡的教皇处勒索一大笔钱，然后把他带到那不勒斯的。克莱门逃到奥尔维多肯定没有得到西班牙方面的默许，这个皇帝是否曾认真考虑过人人都已为此做好准备的把教廷属邦世俗化，他是否真的是被英格兰的亨利八世的抗议所劝阻而没有这样做，也许绝不会弄明白了。

但是如果真有这样的计划，它们也不可能持续太久：从这个被蹂躏的城市中兴起了一种既改革教廷又改革这个国家的新精神。这种新精神马上被人感觉到了。枢机主教萨多莱托是许多见证人中的一个，他这样写道：

如果通过我们受苦能够偿还上帝的愤怒和正义，如果这些可怕的惩罚重新为更好的法律和道德开辟道路，那么我们的不幸也许不是最大的……属于上帝的，他将给予照顾；在我们面前是一种改革的生活，任

何暴力都不能从我们手中夺走。让我们管控我们的行为和思想吧，以便只有在上帝那里寻求教会全体教士的真正荣光和我们自己真正的伟大和力量。

事实上，1527年这个生死存亡的一年，目前来说有个成果：持重的人们能够重新使他们的声音得以倾听。罗马所遭受的苦难如此深重，甚至在保罗三世的统治下，也不能回归到列奥十世的那种放荡腐败的状况。

教皇政府在它的苦难如此深重的时候开始激发出一种半宗教半政治的同情。国王们不能容忍他们中有人僭取教皇监禁犯人的权利，因而订立了《亚眠条约》（1527年8月18日），目的之一就是释放克莱门。因此，无论如何，他们要利用帝国军队的行为所引起的公众的反感。同时，皇帝甚至在西班牙也遇到大麻烦，在那里高级教士和贵族们一见他就提出最迫切的劝谏。当计划着由僧侣和世俗人组成、全体穿丧服的总代表团时，查理害怕像几年前镇压的暴动一样会引起乱子，就禁止了这一计划。他不仅不敢延长对教皇的虐待，而且，甚至除了对国外政治的所有考虑，他绝对是被迫与他曾如此严重伤害过的教皇政府和解。因为肯定与他背道而驰的德意志人的性格，在他看来像一般德意志的事情一样，不能作为制订一项政策的基础。也有可能，像一个威尼斯人所坚持的，罗马劫掠这个负担的记忆沉重地压在他的良心上，他倾向于快速抵罪，这种想法掩藏在佛罗伦萨人永久臣服于美第奇家族这件事中。教皇的“族亲”，新位的公爵阿利桑德罗·美第奇娶了皇帝的私生女。

在之后的岁月中，一次宗教会议的方案使查理能够在所有基本问题上把教皇政府置于自己的控制下，同时既保护它又压迫它。所有危险中最大的危险——世俗化——这一来自教皇政府内部，来自教皇们自己本身和他们的“族亲”的危险，由于德国宗教改革运动而中止了数个世纪。正像这个危险本身曾使反对罗马（1527年）的远征成为可能并获得成功

一样，这一危险也迫使教皇政权重新变成全世界宗教力量的表现，把它自己从所处的卑鄙的堕落状态中提升到处于这一改革运动的所有反动势力的领导者的地位。克莱门七世任期中的后来数年，以及在保罗三世、保罗四世及其继任者们的统治时期，面临半个欧洲的背叛而有所发展的教会是一个新的、得到提高的僧侣统治，它避免了先前时代所有重大而危险的丑行，尤其是企图扩张领土以及与天主教君主们结盟的“裙带关系”，现在它被一种新生的宗教力量所推动，把主要工作放在恢复已失去的事情上。它当时只是在反对宗教分离者中才存在下来，也才为现在的人们所理解。在这个意义上能够完全正确地说，教皇政权的精神拯救应归功于它的俗世的敌人。这时它的政治地位，尽管肯定是在西班牙的永久监护之下，也变得十分稳固；几乎没费力气，在它的附庸国灭亡时，它就继承了伊斯特和德拉·罗维里家族，即费拉拉和乌尔比诺的公国的合法世系。但是，没有这一宗教改革运动，整个教皇国家早就会传到世俗手中。

第十章　爱国主义精神

总之，让我们简要考虑一下这些政治状况对于这个民族精神上一般的影响。

显然，14世纪和15世纪期间意大利所存在的一般政治上的不稳定，是一种能够激发当时比较优秀的人物心中出于爱国心的厌恶和反对情绪。但丁和皮特拉克在他们的时代大声宣告一个共同的意大利——她所有儿女们最崇高的奋斗目标。也许有人反对说，这只是少数受过高等教育的人们的热情，人民群众与此无缘；但是甚至在德意志也是如此，虽然至少在名义上那个国家是统一的，并承认皇帝是一个最高元首。德国文学作品中爱国主义感情的最初表达，如果我们排除“行吟诗人”的某些诗歌，属于马克西米利安一世及其以后时代的人文主义者们，这些作品读起来像意大利慷慨激昂雄辩的回响。然而，事实上自罗马时代起，德意志很久以前就比意大利更是一个具有真正意义的国家。法兰西的国家统一的意识主要归功于和英吉利人的冲突，而西班牙从未永久成功地吞并过葡萄牙，尽管两国关系密切。对于意大利，这个教皇国家的存在及其所赖以继续下去的条件，是意大利国家统一的永久的障碍，一个似乎无望消除的障碍。因此，当15世纪的政治交往中，共同的祖国这个名字有时被着重提到时，它在大多数的情况下会引起其他意大利国家的不快。直到后来才又听到对于民族感情的极其严肃而又怀着深深悲哀的呼吁，那时统一的时机已成为过去，当时这个国家到处是法兰西人和西班牙人。地方爱国主义的意识在某种程度上也可以说已经取代了这种感情，尽管前者只是这种感情的一种可怜的等价物。

[1]中共中央马克思恩格斯列宁斯大林著作编译局编，《马克思恩格斯选集》（第三卷，1995年版），北京：人民出版社，第445页。

[2]载于雅各布·布克哈特著作《世界历史沉思录》（2007年版），北京：北京大学出版社，第1页。

[3]指作者所处的19世纪。——译者注

Jacob Burckhardt
The State as a Work of Art

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Introduction

This work bears the title of an essay in the strictest sense of the word. No one is more conscious than the writer with what limited means and strength he has addressed himself to a task so arduous. And even if he could look with greater confidence upon his own researches, he would hardly thereby feel more assured of the approval of competent judges. To each eye, perhaps, the outlines of a given civilization present a different picture; and in treating of a civilization which is the mother of our own, and whose influence is still at work among us, it is unavoidable that individual judgement and feeling should tell every moment both on the writer and on the reader. In the wide ocean upon which we venture, the possible ways and directions are many; and the same studies which have served for this work might easily, in other hands, not only receive a wholly different treatment and application, but lead also to essentially different conclusions. Such indeed is the importance of the subject, that it still calls for fresh investigation, and may be studied with advantage from the most varied points of view. Meanwhile we are content if a patient hearing is granted us, and if this book be taken and judged as a whole. It is the most serious difficulty of the history of civilization that a great intellectual process must be broken up into single, and often into what seem arbitrary categories, in order to be in any way intelligible. It was formerly our intention to fill up the gaps in this book by a special work on the art of the Renaissance — an intention, however, which we have been able to fulfil only in part. The struggle between the popes and the Hohenstaufen left Italy in a political condition which differed essentially from that of other

countries of the West. While in France, Spain and England the feudal system was so organized that, at the close of its existence, it was naturally transformed into a unified monarchy, and while in Germany it helped to maintain, at least outwardly, the unity of the empire, Italy had shaken it off almost entirely. The emperors of the fourteenth century, even in the most favourable case, were no longer received and respected as feudal lords, but as possible leaders and supporters of powers already in existence; while the papacy, with its creatures and allies, was strong enough to hinder national unity in the future, not strong enough itself to bring about that unity. Between the two lay a multitude of political units — republics and despots — in part of long standing, in part of recent origin, whose existence was founded simply on their power to maintain it. In them for the first time we detect the modern political spirit of Europe, surrendered freely to its own instincts, often displaying the worst features of an unbridled egotism, outraging every right, and killing every germ of a healthier culture. But, wherever this vicious tendency is overcome or in any way compensated, a new fact appears in history — the state as the outcome of reflection and calculation, the state as a work of art. This new life displays itself in a hundred forms, both in the republican and in the despotic states, and determines their inward constitution, no less than their foreign policy. We shall limit ourselves to the consideration of the completer and more clearly defined type, which is offered by the despotic states.

The internal condition of the despotically governed states had a memorable counterpart in the Norman empire of Lower Italy and Sicily, after its transformation by the emperor Frederick II. Bred amid treason and peril in the neighbourhood of the Saracens, Frederick, the first ruler of the modern type who sat upon a throne, had early accustomed himself to a thoroughly

objective treatment of affairs. His acquaintance with the internal condition and administration of the Saracenic states was close and intimate; and the mortal struggle in which he was engaged with the papacy compelled him, no less than his adversaries, to bring into the field all the resources at his command. Frederick's measures (especially after the year 1231) are aimed at the complete destruction of the feudal state, at the transformation of the people into a multitude destitute of will and of the means of resistance, but profitable in the utmost degree to the exchequer. He centralized, in a manner hitherto unknown in the West, the whole judicial and political administration. No office was henceforth to be filled by popular election, under penalty of the devastation of the offending district and of the enslavement of its inhabitants. The taxes, based on a comprehensive assessment, and distributed in accordance with Muhammadan usages, were collected by those cruel and vexatious methods without which, it is true, it is impossible to obtain any money from Orientals. Here, in short, we find, not a people, but simply a disciplined multitude of subjects, who were forbidden, for example, to marry out of the country without special permission, and under no circumstances were allowed to study abroad. The university of Naples was the first we know of to restrict the freedom of study, while the East, in these respects at all events, left its youth unfettered. It was after the example of Muhammadan rules that Frederick traded on his own account in all parts of the Mediterranean, reserving to himself the monopoly of many commodities, and restricting in various ways the commerce of his subjects. The Fatimite Caliphs, with all their esoteric unbelief, were, at least in their earlier history, tolerant of all the differences in the religious faith of their people; Frederick, on the other hand, crowned his system of government by a religious inquisition, which will seem the more reprehensible when we remember that

in the persons of the heretics he was persecuting the representatives of a free municipal life. Lastly, the internal police, and the kernel of the army for foreign service, was composed of Saracens who had been brought over from Sicily to Nocera and Lucera — men who were deaf to the cry of misery and careless of the ban of the Church. At a later period the subjects, by whom the use of weapons had long been forgotten, were passive witnesses of the fall of Manfred and of the seizure of the government by Charles of Anjou; the latter continued to use the system which he found already at work.

At the side of the centralizing emperor appeared a usurper of the most peculiar kind: his vicar and son-in-law, Ezzelino da Romano. He stands as the representative of no system of government or administration, for all his activity was wasted in struggles for supremacy in the eastern part of Upper Italy; but as a political type he was a figure of no less importance for the future than his imperial protector Frederick. The conquests and usurpations which had hitherto taken place in the Middle Ages rested on real or pretended inheritance and other such claims, or else were effected against unbelievers and excommunicated persons. Here for the first time the attempt was openly made to found a throne by wholesale murder and endless barbarities, by the adoption, in short, of any means with a view to nothing but the end pursued. None of his successors, not even Cesare Borgia, rivalled the colossal guilt of Ezzelino; but the example once set was not forgotten, and his fall led to no return of justice among the nations, and served as no warning to future transgressors.

It was in vain at such a time that St Thomas Aquinas, a born subject of Frederick, set up the theory of a constitutional monarchy, in which the prince was to be supported by an upper house named by himself, and a representative body elected by the people. Such theories found no echo

outside the lecture-room, and Frederick and Ezzelino were and remain for Italy the great political phenomena of the thirteenth century. Their personality, already half legendary, forms the most important subject of The Hundred Old Tales, whose original composition falls certainly within this century. In them Ezzelino is spoken of with the awe which all mighty impressions leave behind them. His person became the centre of a whole literature from the chronicle of eye-witnesses to the half-mystical tragedy of later poets.

Despots of the Fourteenth Century

The tyrannies, great and small, of the fourteenth century afford constant proof that examples such as these were not thrown away. Their misdeeds cried forth loudly and have been circumstantially told by historians. As states depending for existence on themselves alone, and scientifically organized with a view to this object, they present to us a higher interest than that of mere narrative.

The deliberate adaptation of means to ends, of which no prince out of Italy had at that time a conception, joined to almost absolute power within the limits of the state, produced among the despots both men and modes of life of a peculiar character. The chief secret of government in the hands of the prudent ruler lay in leaving the incidence of taxation so far as possible where he found it, or as he had first arranged it. The chief sources of income were: a land tax, based on a valuation; definite taxes on articles of consumption and duties on exported and imported goods; together with the private fortune of the ruling house. The only possible increase was derived from the growth of business and of general prosperity. Loans, such as we find in the free cities, were here unknown; a well-planned confiscation was held a preferable means of raising money, provided only that it left public credit unshaken — an end attained, for example, by the truly oriental practice of deposing and plundering the director of the finances.

Out of this income the expenses of the little court, of the bodyguard, of the mercenary troops, and of the public buildings were met, as well as of the buffoons and men of talent who belonged to the personal attendants of the

prince. The illegitimacy of his rule isolated the tyrant and surrounded him with constant danger; the most honourable alliance which he could form was with intellectual merit, without regard to its origin. The liberality of the northern princes of the thirteenth century was confined to the knights, to the nobility which served and sang. It was otherwise with the Italian despot. With his thirst for fame and his passion for monumental works, it was talent, not birth, which he needed. In the company of the poet and the scholar he felt himself in a new position, almost, indeed in possession of a new legitimacy.

No prince was more famous in this respect than the ruler of Verona, Can Grande della Scala, who numbered among the illustrious exiles whom he entertained at his court representatives of the whole of Italy. The men of letters were not ungrateful. Petrarch, whose visits at the courts of such men have been so severely censured, sketched an ideal picture of a prince of the fourteenth century. He demands great things from his patron, the lord of Padua, but in a manner which shows that he holds him capable of them.

> Thou must not be the master but the father of thy subjects, and must love them as thy children; yea, as members of thy body. Weapons, guards and soldiers thou mayest employ against the enemy — with thy subjects goodwill is sufficient. By citizens, of course, I mean those who love the existing order; for those who daily desire change are rebels and traitors, and against such a stern justice may take its course.

Here follows, worked out in detail, the purely modern fiction of the omnipotence of the state. The prince is to take everything into his charge, to maintain and restore churches and public buildings, to keep up the municipal police, to drain the marshes, to look after the supply of wine and corn; so to distribute the taxes that the people can recognize their necessity; he is to

support the sick and the helpless, and to give his protection and society to distinguished scholars, on whom his fame in after ages will depend.

But whatever might be the brighter sides of the system, and the merits of individual rulers, yet the men of the fourteenth century were not without a more or less distinct consciousness of the brief and uncertain tenure of most of these despotisms. Inasmuch as political institutions like these are naturally secure in proportion to the size of the territory in which they exist, the larger principalities were constantly tempted to swallow up the smaller. Whole hecatombs of petty rulers were sacrificed at this time to the Visconti alone. As a result of this outward danger an inward ferment was in ceaseless activity; and the effect of the situation on the character of the ruler was generally of the most sinister kind. Absolute power, with its temptations to luxury and unbridled selfishness, and the perils to which he was exposed from enemies and conspirators, turned him almost inevitably into a tyrant in the worst sense of the word. Well for him if he could trust his nearest relations! But where all was illegitimate, there could be no regular law of inheritance, either with regard to the succession or to the division of the ruler's property; and consequently the heir, if incompetent or a minor, was liable in the interest of the family itself to be supplanted by an uncle or cousin of more resolute character. The acknowledgement or exclusion of the bastards was a fruitful source of contest; and most of these families in consequence were plagued with a crowd of discontented and vindictive kinsmen. This circumstance gave rise to continual outbreaks of treason and to frightful scenes of domestic bloodshed. Sometimes the pretenders lived abroad in exile, and like the Visconti, who practised the fisherman's craft on the Lake of Garda, viewed the situation with patient indifference. When asked by a messenger of his rival when and how he thought of returning to

Milan, one gave the reply, 'By the same means as those by which I was expelled, but not till his crimes have outweighed my own.' Sometimes, too, the despot was sacrificed by his relations, with the view of saving the family, to the public conscience which he had too grossly outraged. In a few cases the government was in the hands of the whole family, or at least the ruler was bound to take their advice; and here, too, the distribution of property and influence often led to bitter disputes.

The whole of this system excited the deep and persistent hatred of the Florentine writers of that epoch. Even the pomp and display, with which the despot was perhaps less anxious to gratify his own vanity than to impress the popular imagination, awakened their keenest sarcasm. Woe to an adventurer if he fell into their hands, like the upstart Doge Agnello of Pisa (1364), who used to ride out with a golden sceptre, and show himself at the window of his house, 'as relics are shown', reclining on embroidered drapery and cushions, served like a pope or emperor, by kneeling attendants. More often, however, the old Florentines speak on this subject in a tone of lofty seriousness. Dante saw and characterized well the vulgarity and commonplace which marked the ambition of the new princes. 'What mean their trumpets and their bells, their horns and their flutes; but come, hangman — come, vultures?' The castle of the tyrant, as pictured by the popular mind, is a lofty and solitary building, full of dungeons and listening-tubes, the home of cruelty and misery. Misfortune is foretold to all who enter the service of the despot, who even becomes at last himself an object of pity: he must needs be the enemy of all good and honest men; he can trust no one, and can read in the faces of his subjects the expectation of his fall. 'As despotisms rise, grow, and are consolidated, so grows in their midst the hidden element which must produce their dissolution and ruin.' But the deepest ground of dislike has not been

stated; Florence was then the scene of the richest development of human individuality, while for the despots no other individuality could be suffered to live and thrive but their own and that of their nearest dependants. The control of the individual was rigorously carried out, even down to the establishment of a system of passports.

The astrological superstitions and the religious unbelief of many of the tyrants gave, in the minds of their contemporaries, a peculiar colour to this awful and Godforsaken existence. When the last Carrara could no longer defend the walls and gates of the plague-stricken Padua, hemmed in on all sides by the Venetians (1405), the soldiers of the guard heard him cry to the devil 'to come and kill me'.

The most complete and instructive type of the tyranny of the fourteenth century is to be found unquestionably among the Visconti of Milan, from the death of the Archbishop Giovanni onwards (1354). The family likeness which shows itself between Bernabò and the worst of the Roman emperors is unmistakable; the most important public object was the prince's boar-hunting; whoever interfered with it was put to death with torture; the terrified people were forced to maintain 5,000 boar-hounds, with strict responsibility for their health and safety. The taxes were extorted by every conceivable sort of compulsion; seven daughters of the prince received a dowry of 100,000 gold florins apiece; and an enormous treasure was collected. On the death of his wife (1384) an order was issued 'to the subjects' to share his grief, as once they had shared his joy, and to wear mourning for a year. The coup de main (1385) by which his nephew Giangaleazzo got him into his power — one of those brilliant plots which make the heart of even late historians beat more quickly — was strikingly characteristic of the man.

In Giangaleazzo that passion for the colossal which was common to most of the despots shows itself on the largest scale. He undertook, at the cost of 300,000 golden florins, the construction of gigantic dykes, to divert in case of need the Mincio from Mantua and the Brenta from Padua, and thus to render these cities defenceless. It is not impossible, indeed, that he thought of draining away the lagoons of Venice. He founded that most wonderful of all convents, the Certosa of Pavia, and the cathedral of Milan, 'which exceeds in size and splendour all the churches of Christendom'. The Palace in Pavia, which his father Galeazzo began and which he himself finished, was probably by far the most magnificent of the princely dwellings of Europe. There he transferred his famous library, and the great collection of relics of the saints, in which he placed a peculiar faith. It would have been strange indeed if a prince of this character had not also cherished the highest ambitions in political matters. King Wenceslaus made him Duke (1395); he was hoping for nothing less than the kingdom of Italy or the imperial crown, when (1402) he fell ill and died. His whole territories are said to have paid him in a single year, besides the regular contribution of 1,200,000 gold florins, no less than 800,000 more in extraordinary subsidies. After his death the dominions which he had brought together by every sort of violence fell to pieces; and for a time even the original nucleus could with difficulty be maintained by his successors. What might have become of his sons Giovanni Maria (died 1412) and Filippo Maria (died 1417), had they lived in a different country and among other traditions, cannot be said. But, as heirs of their house, they inherited that monstrous capital of cruelty and cowardice which had been accumulated from generation to generation.

Giovanni Maria, too, is famed for his dogs, which were no longer, however, used for hunting but for tearing human bodies. Tradition has

preserved their names, like those of the bears of the Emperor Valentinian I. In May 1409, when war was going on, and the starving populace cried to him in the streets, Pace! Pace!, he let loose his mercenaries upon them, and 200 lives were sacrificed; under penalty of the gallows it was forbidden to utter the words pace and guerra, and the priests were ordered, instead of dona nobis pacem, to say tranquillitatem. At last a band of conspirators took advantage of the moment when Facino Cane, the chief condottiere of the insane ruler, lay ill at Pavia, and cut down Giovanni Maria in the church of San Gottardo at Milan; the dying Facino on the same day made his officers swear to stand by the heir Filippo Maria, whom he himself urged his wife to take for a second husband. His wife, Beatrice di Tenda, followed his advice. We shall have occasion to speak of Filippo Maria later on.

And in times like these Cola di Rienzi was dreaming of founding on the rickety enthusiasm of the corrupt population of Rome a new state which was to comprise all Italy. By the side of rulers such as those whom we have described, he seems no better than a poor deluded fool.

Despots of the Fifteenth Century

The despotisms of the fifteenth century show an altered character. Many of the less important tyrants, and some of the greater, like the Scala and the Carrara, had disappeared, while the more powerful ones, aggrandized by conquest, had given to their systems each its characteristic development. Naples, for example, received a fresh and stronger impulse from the new Aragonese dynasty. A striking feature of this epoch is the attempt of the condottieri to found independent dynasties of their own. Facts and the actual relations of things, apart from traditional estimates, are alone regarded; talent and audacity win the great prizes. The petty despots, to secure a trustworthy support, begin to enter the service of the larger states, and become themselves condottieri, receiving in return for their services money and impunity for their misdeeds, if not an increase of territory. All, whether small or great, must exert themselves more, must act with greater caution and calculation, and must learn to refrain from too wholesale barbarities; only so much wrong is permitted by public opinion as is necessary for the end in view, and this the impartial bystander certainly finds no fault with. No trace is here visible of that half-religious loyalty by which the legitimate princes of the West were supported; personal popularity is the nearest approach we can find to it. Talent and calculation are the only means of advancement. A character like that of Charles the Bold, which wore itself out in the passionate pursuit of impracticable ends, was a riddle to the Italians. 'The Swiss were only peasants, and if they were all killed, that would be no satisfaction for the Burgundian nobles who might fall in the war. If the duke got possession of all

Switzerland without a struggle, his income would not be 5,000 ducats the greater.' The medieval features in the character of Charles, his chivalrous aspirations and ideals, had long become unintelligible to the Italians. The diplomatists of the South, when they saw him strike his officers and yet keep them in his service, when he maltreated his troops to punish them for a defeat, and then threw the blame on his counsellors in the presence of the same troops, gave him up for lost. Louis XI, on the other hand, whose policy surpasses that of the Italian princes in their own style, and who was an avowed admirer of Francesco Sforza, must be placed in all that regards culture and refinement far below these rulers.

Good and evil lie strangely mixed together in the Italian states of the fifteenth century. The personality of the ruler is so highly developed, often of such deep significance, and so characteristic of the conditions and needs of the time, that to form an adequate moral judgement on it is no easy task.

The foundation of the system was and remained illegitimate, and nothing could remove the curse which rested upon it. The imperial approval or investiture made no change in the matter, since the people attached little weight to the fact that the despot had bought a piece of parchment somewhere in foreign countries, or from some stranger passing through his territory. If the emperor had been good for anything — so ran the logic of uncritical common sense — he would never have let the tyrant rise at all. Since the Roman expedition of Charles IV, the emperors had done nothing more in Italy than sanction a tyranny which had arisen without their help; they could give it no other practical authority than what might flow from an imperial charter. The whole conduct of Charles in Italy was a scandalous political comedy. Matteo Villani relates how the Visconti escorted him round their territory, and at last out of it; how he went about like a hawker selling his

wares (privileges, etc.) for money; what a mean appearance he made in Rome, and how at the end, without even drawing the sword, he returned with replenished coffers across the Alps. Sigismund came, on the first occasion at least (1414), with the good intention of persuading John XXIII to take part in his council; it was on that journey, when pope and emperor were gazing from the lofty tower of Cremona on the panorama of Lombardy, that their host, the tyrant Gabrino Fondolo, was seized with the desire to throw them both over. On his second visit Sigismund came as a mere adventurer; for more than half a year he remained shut up in Siena, like a debtor in gaol, and only with difficulty, and at a later period, succeeded in being crowned in Rome. And what can be thought of Frederick III? His journeys to Italy have the air of holidaytrips or pleasure-tours made at the expense of those who wanted him to confirm their prerogatives, or whose vanity it flattered to entertain an emperor. The latter was the case with Alfonso of Naples, who paid 150,000 florins for the honour of an imperial visit. At Ferrara, on his second return from Rome (1469), Frederick spent a whole day without leaving his chamber, distributing no less than eighty titles; he created knights, counts, doctors, notaries — counts, indeed, of different degrees, as, for instance, counts palatine, counts with the right to create doctors up to the number of five, counts with the right to legitimatize bastards, to appoint notaries, and so forth. The chancellor, however, expected in return for the patents in question a gratuity which was thought excessive at Ferrara. The opinion of Borso, himself created Duke of Modena and Reggio in return for an annual payment of 4,000 gold florins, when his imperial patron was distributing titles and diplomas to all the little court, is not mentioned. The humanists, then the chief spokesmen of the age, were divided in opinion according to their personal interests, while the emperor was greeted by some of them with the

conventional acclamations of the poets of imperial Rome. Poggio confessed that he no longer knew what the coronation meant; in the old times only the victorious Imperator was crowned; and then he was crowned with laurel.

With Maximilian I begins not only the general intervention of foreign nations, but a new imperial policy with regard to Italy. The first step — the investiture of Lodovico il Moro with the duchy of Milan and the exclusion of his unhappy nephew — was not of a kind to bear good fruits. According to the modern theory of intervention, when two parties are tearing a country to pieces, a third may step in and take its share, and on this principle the empire acted. But right and justice were appealed to no longer. When Louis XII was expected in Genoa (1502), and the imperial eagle was removed from the hall of the ducal palace and replaced by painted lilies, the historian Senarega asked what, after all, was the meaning of the eagle which so many revolutions had spared, and what claims the empire had upon Genoa. No one knew more about the matter than the old phrase that Genoa was a camera imperii. In fact, nobody in Italy could give a clear answer to any such questions. At length, when Charles V held Spain and the empire together, he was able by means of Spanish forces to make good imperial claims; but it is notorious that what he thereby gained turned to the profit, not of the empire, but of the Spanish monarchy.

Closely connected with the political illegitimacy of the dynasties of the fifteenth century was the public indifference to legitimate birth, which to foreigners — for example, to Comines — appeared so remarkable. The two things went naturally together. In northern countries, as in Burgundy, the illegitimate offspring were provided for by a distinct class of appanages, such as bishoprics and the like; in Portugal an illegitimate line maintained itself on

the throne only by constant effort; in Italy, on the contrary, there no longer existed a princely house where, even in the direct line of descent, bastards were not patiently tolerated. The Aragonese monarchs of Naples belonged to the illegitimate line, Aragon itself falling to the lot of the brother of Alfonso I. The great Frederick of Urbino was, perhaps, no Montefeltro at all. When Pius II was on his way to the Congress of Mantua (1459), eight bastards of the house of Este rode to meet him at Ferrara, among them the reigning duke Borso himself and two illegitimate sons of his illegitimate brother and predecessor Lionello. The latter had also had a lawful wife, herself an illegitimate daughter of Alfonso I of Naples by an African woman. The bastards were often admitted to the succession where the lawful children were minors and the dangers of the situation were pressing; and a rule of seniority became recognized, which took no account of pure of impure birth. The fitness of the individual, his worth and capacity, were of more weight than all the laws and usages which prevailed elsewhere in the West. It was the age, indeed, in which the sons of the popes were founding dynasties. In the sixteenth century, through the influence of foreign ideas and of the Counter-Reformation which then began, the whole question was judged more strictly: Varchi discovers that the succession of the legitimate children 'is ordered by reason, and is the will of heaven from eternity'. Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici founded his claim to the lordship of Florence on the fact that he was perhaps the fruit of a lawful marriage, and at all events son of a gentlewoman, and not, like Duke Alessandro, of a servant girl. At this time began those morganatic marriages of affection which in the fifteenth century, on grounds either of policy or morality, would have had no meaning at all.

But the highest and the most admired form of illegitimacy in the fifteenth century was presented by the condottiere, who, whatever may have

been his origin, raised himself to the position of an independent ruler. At bottom, the occupation of Lower Italy by the Normans in the eleventh century was of this character. Such attempts now began to keep the peninsula in a constant ferment.

It was possible for a condottiere to obtain the lordship of a district even without usurpation, in the case when his employer, through want of money or troops, provided for him in this way; under any circumstances the condottiere, even when he dismissed for the time the greater part of his forces, needed a safe place where he could establish his winter quarters, and lay up his stores and provisions. The first example of a captain thus portioned is John Hawkwood, who was invested by Gregory XI with the lordship of Bagnacavallo and Cotignola. When with Alberigo de Barbiano Italian armies and leaders appeared upon the scene, the chances of founding a principality, or of increasing one already acquired, became more frequent. The first great bacchanalian outbreak of military ambition took place in the duchy of Milan after the death of Giangaleazzo (1402). The policy of his two sons was chiefly aimed at the destruction of the new despotisms founded by the condottieri; and from the greatest of them, Facino Cane, the house of Visconti inherited, together with his widow, a long list of cities, and 400,000 golden florins, not to speak of the soldiers of her first husband whom Beatrice di Tenda brought with her. From henceforth that thoroughly immoral relation between the governments and their condottieri, which is characteristic of the fifteenth century, became more and more common. An old story — one of those which are true and not true, everywhere and nowhere — describes it as follows: The citizens of a certain town (Siena seems to be meant) had once an officer in their service who had freed them from foreign aggression; daily they took counsel how to recompense him,

and concluded that no reward in their power was great enough, not even if they made him lord of the city. At last one of them rose and said, 'Let us kill him and then worship him as our patron saint.' And so they did, following the example set by the Roman senate with Romulus. In fact, the condottieri had reason to fear none so much as their employers; if they were successful, they became dangerous, and were put out of the way like Roberto Malatesta just after the victory he had won for Sixtus IV (1482); if they failed, the vengeance of the Venetians on Carmagnola showed to what risks they were exposed (1432). It is characteristic of the moral aspect of the situation that the condottieri had often to give their wives and children as hostages, and notwithstanding this, neither felt nor inspired confidence. They must have been heroes of abnegation, natures like Belisarius himself, not to be cankered by hatred and bitterness; only the most perfect goodness could save them from the most monstrous iniquity. No wonder then if we find them full of contempt for all sacred things, cruel and treacherous to their fellows — men who cared nothing whether or no they died under the ban of the Church. At the same time, and through the force of the same conditions, the genius and capacity of many among them attained the highest conceivable development, and won for them the admiring devotion of their followers; their armies are the first in modern history in which the personal credit of the leader is the one moving power. A brilliant example is shown in the life of Francesco Sforza; no prejudice of birth could prevent him from winning and turning to account when he needed it a boundless devotion from each individual with whom he had to deal; it happened more than once that his enemies laid down their arms at the sight of him, greeting him reverently with uncovered heads, each honouring in him 'the common father of the men-at-arms'. The race of the Sforza has this special interest, that from the very beginning of its history we

seem able to trace its endeavours after the crown. The foundation of its fortune lay in the remarkable fruitfulness of the family; Francesco's father, Jacopo, himself a celebrated man, had twenty brothers and sisters, all brought up roughly at Cotignola, near Faenza, amid the perils of one of the endless Romagnole vendettas between their own house and that of the Pasolini. The family dwelling was a mere arsenal and fortress; the mother and daughters were as warlike as their kinsmen. In his thirteenth year Jacopo ran away and fled to Panicale to the papal condottiere Boldrino — the man who even in death continued to lead his troops, the word of order being given from the bannered tent in which the embalmed body lay, till at last a fit leader was found to succeed him. Jacopo, when he had at length made himself a name in the service of different condottieri, sent for his relations, and obtained through them the same advantages that a prince derives from a numerous dynasty. It was these relations who kept the army together when he lay a captive in the Castel dell'Uovo at Naples; his sister took the royal envoys prisoner with her own hands, and saved him by this reprisal from death. It was an indication of the breadth and the range of his plans that in monetary affairs Jacopo was thoroughly trustworthy; even in his defeats he consequently found credit with the bankers. He habitually protected the peasants against the licence of his troops, and reluctantly destroyed or injured a conquered city. He gave his well-known mistress, Lucia, the mother of Francesco, in marriage to another, in order to be free for a princely alliance. Even the marriages of his relations were arranged on a definite plan. He kept clear of the impious and profligate life of his contemporaries, and brought up his son Francesco to the three rules: 'Let other men's wives alone; strike none of your followers, or, if you do, send the injured man far away; don't ride a hard-mouthed horse, or one that drops his shoe.' But his chief source of

influence lay in the qualities, if not of a great general, at least of a great soldier. His frame was powerful, and developed by every kind of exercise; his peasant's face and frank manners won general popularity; his memory was marvellous, and after the lapse of years could recall the names of his followers, the number of their horses, and the amount of their pay. His education was purely Italian: he devoted his leisure to the study of history, and had Greek and Latin authors translated for his use. Francesco, his still more famous son, set his mind from the first on founding a powerful state, and through brilliant generalship and a faithlessness which hesitated at nothing, got possession of the great city of Milan (1447—50).

His example was contagious. Aeneas Sylvius wrote about this time: 'In our change-loving Italy, where nothing stands firm, and where no ancient dynasty exists, a servant can easily become a king.' One man in particular, who styles himself 'the man of fortune', filled the imagination of the whole country: Giacomo Piccinino, the son of Niccolò. It was a burning question of the day if he, too, would succeed in founding a princely house. The greater states had an obvious interest in hindering it, and even Francesco Sforza thought it would be all the better if the list of self-made sovereigns were not enlarged. But the troops and captains sent against him, at the time, for instance, when he was aiming at the lordship of Siena, recognized their interest in supporting him: 'If it were all over with him, we should have to go back and plough our fields.' Even while besieging him at Orbetello, they supplied him with provisions; and he got out of his straits with honour. But at last fate overtook him. All Italy was betting on the result, when (1465), after a visit to Sforza at Milan, he went to King Ferrante at Naples. In spite of the pledges given, and of his high connections, he was murdered in the Castel Nuovo. Even the condottieri, who had obtained their dominions by

inheritance, never felt themselves safe. When Roberto Malatesta and Frederick of Urbino died on the same day (1482), the one at Rome, the other at Bologna, it was found that each had recommended his state to the care of the other. Against a class of men who themselves stuck at nothing, everything was held to be permissible. Francesco Sforza, when quite young, had married a rich Calabrian heiress, Polissena Russa, Countess of Montalto, who bore him a daughter; an aunt poisoned both mother and child, and seized the inheritance.

From the death of Piccinino onwards, the foundations of new states by the condottieri became a scandal not to be tolerated. The four great powers, Naples, Milan, the papacy and Venice, formed among themselves a political equilibrium which refused to allow of any disturbance. In the States of the Church, which swarmed with petty tyrants, who in part were, or had been, condottieri, the nephews of the popes, since the time of Sixtus IV, monopolized the right to all such undertakings. But at the first sign of a political crisis, the soldiers of fortune appeared again upon the scene. Under the wretched administration of Innocent VIII it was near happening that a certain Boccalino, who had formerly served in the Burgundian army, gave himself and the town of Osimo, of which he was master, up to the Turkish forces; fortunately, through the intervention of Lorenzo the Magnificent, he proved willing to be paid off, and took himself away. In the year 1495, when the wars of Charles VIII had turned Italy upside down, the condottiere Vidovero, of Brescia, made trial of his strength: he had already seized the town of Cesena and murdered many of the nobles and the burghers; but the citadel held out, and he was forced to withdraw. He then, at the head of a band lent him by another scoundrel, Pandolfo Malatesta of Rimini, son of the Roberto already spoken of, and Venetian condottiere, wrested the town of

Castelnuovo from the Archbishop of Ravenna. The Venetians, fearing that worse would follow, and urged also by the pope, ordered Pandolfo, 'with the kindest intentions', to take an opportunity of arresting his good friend: the arrest was made, though 'with great regret', whereupon the order came to bring the prisoner to the gallows. Pandolfo was considerate enough to strangle him in prison, and then show his corpse to the people. The last notable example of such usurpers is the famous castellan of Musso, who, during the confusion in the Milanese territory which followed the battle of Pavia (1525), improvised a sovereignty on the Lake of Como.

The Smaller Despotisms

It may be said in general of the despotisms of the fifteenth century that the greatest crimes are most frequent in the smallest states. In these, where the family was numerous and all the members wished to live in a manner befitting their rank, disputes respecting the inheritance were unavoidable. Bernardo Varano of Camerino put two of his brothers to death (1434), wishing to divide their property among his sons. Where the ruler of a single town was distinguished by a wise, moderate and humane government, and by zeal for intellectual culture, he was generally a member of some great family, or politically dependent on it. This was the case, for example, with Alessandro Sforza, Prince of Pesaro (d. 1473), brother of the great Francesco, and step-father of Frederick of Urbino. Prudent in administration, just and affable in his rule, he enjoyed, after years of warfare, a tranquil reign, collected a noble library, and passed his leisure in learned or religious conversation. A man of the same class was Giovanni II Bentivoglio of Bologna (1462—1506), whose policy was determined by that of the Este and the Sforza. What ferocity and bloodthirstiness is found, on the other hand, among the Varani of Camerino, the Malatesta of Rimini, the Manfreddi of Faenza, and above all among the Baglioni of Perugia. We find a striking picture of the events in the last-named family, towards the close of the fifteenth century, in the admirable historical narratives of Graziani and Matarazzo.

The Baglioni were one of those families whose rule never took the shape of an avowed despotism. It was rather a leadership exercised by means of

their vast wealth and of their practical influence in the choice of public officers. Within the family one man was recognized as head; but deep and secret jealousy prevailed among the members of the different branches. Opposed to the Baglioni stood another aristocratic party, led by the family of the Oddi. In 1487 the city was turned into a camp, and the houses of the leading citizens swarmed with bravos; scenes of violence were of daily occurrence. At the burial of a German student, who had been assassinated, two colleges took arms against one another; sometimes the bravos of the different houses even joined battle in the public square. The complaints of the merchants and artisans were vain; the papal governors and nipoti held their tongues, or took themselves off on the first opportunity. At last the Oddi were forced to abandon Perugia, and the city became a beleaguered fortress under the absolute despotism of the Baglioni, who used even the cathedral as barracks. Plots and surprises were met with cruel vengeance; in the year 1491, after 130 conspirators who had forced their way into the city were killed and hung up at the Palazzo Comunale, thirty-five altars were erected in the square, and for three days mass was performed and processions held, to take away the curse which rested on the spot. A nephew of Innocent VIII was in open day run through in the street. A nephew of Alexander VI, who was sent to smooth matters over, was dismissed with public contempt. All the while the two leaders of the ruling house, Guido and Ridolfo, were holding frequent interviews with Suor Colomba of Rieti, a Dominican nun of saintly reputation and miraculous powers, who under penalty of some great disaster ordered them to make peace — naturally in vain. Nevertheless the chronicle takes the opportunity to point out the devotion and piety of the better men in Perugia during this reign of terror. When in 1494 Charles VIII approached, the Baglioni from Perugia and the exiles encamped in and near Assisi

conducted the war with such ferocity that every house in the valley was levelled to the ground. The fields lay untilled, the peasants were turned into plundering and murdering savages, the fresh-grown bushes were filled with stags and wolves, and the beasts grew fat on the bodies of the slain, on so-called 'Christian flesh'. When Alexander VI withdrew (1495) into Umbria before Charles VIII, then returning from Naples, it occurred to him, when at Perugia, that he might now rid himself of the Baglioni once for all; he proposed to Guido a festival or tournament, or something else of the same kind, which would bring the whole family together. Guido, however, was of the opinion 'that the most impressive spectacle of all would be to see the whole military force of Perugia collected in a body', whereupon the pope abandoned his project. Soon after, the exiles made another attack in which nothing but the personal heroism of the Baglioni won them the victory. It was then that Simonetto Baglione, a lad of scarcely eighteen, fought in the square with a handful of followers against hundreds of the enemy: he fell at last with more than twenty wounds, but recovered himself when Astorre Baglione came to his help, and mounting on horseback in gilded armour with a falcon on his helmet, 'like Mars in bearing and in deeds, plunged into the struggle'.

At that time Raphael, a boy of twelve years of age, was at school under Pietro Perugino. The impressions of these days are perhaps immortalized in the small, early pictures of St Michael and St George: something of them, it may be, lives eternally in the great painting of St Michael: and if Astorre Baglione has anywhere found his apotheosis, it is in the figure of the heavenly horseman in the Heliodorus.

The opponents of the Baglioni were partly destroyed, partly scattered in terror, and were henceforth incapable of another enterprise of the kind. After a time a partial reconciliation took place, and some of the exiles were allowed

to return. But Perugia became none the safer or more tranquil: the inward discord of the ruling family broke out in frightful excesses. An opposition was formed against Guido and Ridolfo and their sons Gianpaolo, Simonetto, Astorre, Gismondo, Gentile, Marcantinio and others, by two great-nephews, Grifone and Carlo Barciglia; the latter of the two was also nephew of Varano, Prince of Camerino, and brother-in-law of one of the former exiles, Ieronimo della Penna. In vain did Simonetto, warned by sinister presentiment, entreat his uncle on his knees to allow him to put Penna to death: Guido refused. The plot ripened suddenly on the occasion of the marriage of Astorre with Lavinia Colonna, at midsummer 1500. The festival began and lasted several days amid gloomy forebodings, whose deepening effect is admirably described by Matarazzo. Varano fed and encouraged them with devilish ingenuity: he worked upon Grifone by the prospect of undivided authority, and by stories of an imaginary intrigue of his wife Zenobia with Gianpaolo. Finally each conspirator was provided with a victim. (The Baglioni lived all of them in separate houses, mostly on the site of the present castle.) Each received fifteen of the bravos at hand; the remainder were set on the watch. In the night of 15 July the doors were forced, and Guido, Astorre, Simonetto and Gismondo were murdered; the others succeeded in escaping.

As the corpse of Astorre lay by that of Simonetto in the street, the spectators, 'and especially the foreign students', compared him to an ancient Roman, so great and imposing did he seem. In the features of Simonetto could still be traced the audacity and defiance which death itself had not tamed. The victors went round among the friends of the family, and did their best to recommend themselves; they found all in tears and preparing to leave for the country. Meantime the escaped Baglioni collected forces without the city, and on the following day forced their way in, Gianpaolo at their head,

and speedily found adherents among others whom Barciglia had been threatening with death. When Grifone fell into their hands near Sant' Ercolano, Gianpaolo handed him over for execution to his followers. Barciglia and Penna fled to Varano, the chief author of the tragedy, at Camerino; and in a moment, almost without loss, Gianpaolo became master of the city.

Atalanta, the still young and beautiful mother of Grifone, who the day before had withdrawn to a country house with the latter's wife Zenobia and two children of Gianpaolo, and more than once had repulsed her son with a mother's curse, now returned with her daughter-in-law in search of the dying man. All stood aside as the two women approached, each man shrinking from being recognized as the slayer of Grifone, and dreading the malediction of the mother. But they were deceived: she herself besought her son to pardon him who had dealt the fatal blow, and he died with her blessing. The eyes of the crowd followed the two women reverently as they crossed the square with blood-stained garments. It was Atalanta for whom Raphael afterwards painted the world-famed Deposition, with which she laid her own maternal sorrows at the feet of a yet higher and holier suffering.

The cathedral, in the immediate neighbourhood of which the greater part of this tragedy had been enacted, was washed with wine and consecrated afresh. The triumphal arch, erected for the wedding, still remained standing, painted with the deeds of Astorre and with the laudatory verses of the narrator of these events, the worthy Matarazzo.

A legendary history, which is simply the reflection of these atrocities, arose out of the early days of the Baglioni. All the members of this family from the beginning were reported to have died an evil death — twenty-seven on one occasion together; their houses were said to have been once before

levelled to the ground, and the streets of Perugia paved with the bricks — and more of the same kind. Under Paul III the destruction of their palaces really took place.

For a time they seemed to have formed good resolutions, to have brought their own party into order, and to have protected the public officials against the arbitrary acts of the nobility. But the old curse broke out again like a smouldering fire. In 1520 Gianpaolo was enticed to Rome under Leo X, and there beheaded; one of his sons, Orazio, who ruled in Perugia for a short time only, and by the most violent means, as the partisan of the Duke of Urbino (himself threatened by the pope), once more repeated in his own family the horrors of the past. His uncle and three cousins were murdered, whereupon the duke sent him word that enough had been done. His brother, Malatesta Baglione, the Florentine general, has made himself immortal by the treason of 1530; and Malatesta's son Ridolfo, the last of the house, attained, by the murder of the legate and the public officers in the year 1534, a brief but sanguinary authority.

Here and there we meet with the names of the rulers of Rimini. Unscrupulousness, impiety, military skill and high culture have been seldom combined in one individual as in Sigismondo Malatesta (d. 1467). But the accumulated crimes of such a family must at last outweigh all talent, however great, and drag the tyrant into the abyss. Pandolfo, Sigismondo's nephew, who has been mentioned already, succeeded in holding his ground, for the sole reason that the Venetians refused to abandon their condottiere, whatever guilt he might be chargeable with; when his subjects, after ample provocation, bombarded him in his castle at Rimini (1497), and afterwards allowed him to escape, a Venetian commissioner brought him back, stained as he was with fratricide and every other abomination. Thirty years later the

Malatesta were penniless exiles. In the year 1527, as in the time of Cesare Borgia, a sort of epidemic fell on the petty tyrants; few of them outlived this date, and none to their own good. At Mirandola, which was governed by insignificant princes of the house of Pico, lived in the year 1533 a poor scholar, Lilio Gregorio Giraldi, who had fled from the sack of Rome to the hospitable hearth of the aged Giovanni Francesco Pico, nephew of the famous Giovanni; the discussions as to the sepulchral monument which the prince was constructing for himself gave rise to a treatise, the dedication of which bears the date of April in this year. The postscript is a sad one — 'In October of the same year the unhappy prince was attacked in the night and robbed of life and throne by his brother's son; and I myself escaped narrowly, and am now in the deepest misery.'

A pseudo-despotism without characteristic features, such as Pandolfo Petrucci exercised from the year 1490 in Siena, then torn by faction, is hardly worth a closer consideration. Insignificant and malicious, he governed with the help of a professor of jurisprudence and of an astrologer, and frightened his people by an occasional murder. His pastime in the summer months was to roll blocks of stone from the top of Monte Amiata, without caring what or whom they hit. After succeeding, where the most prudent failed, in escaping from the devices of Cesare Borgia, he died at last forsaken and despised. His sons maintained a qualified supremacy for many years afterwards.

The Greater Dynasties

In treating of the chief dynasties of Italy, it is convenient to discuss the Aragonese, on account of its special character, apart from the rest. The feudal system, which from the days of the Normans had survived in the form of a territorial supremacy of the barons, gave a distinctive colour to the political constitution of Naples; while elsewhere in Italy, excepting only in the southern part of the ecclesiastical dominion, and in a few other districts, a direct tenure of land prevailed, and no hereditary powers were permitted by the law. The great Alfonso, who reigned in Naples from 1435 onwards (d. 1458), was a man of another kind than his real or alleged descendants. Brilliant in his whole existence, fearless in mixing with his people, dignified and affable in intercourse, admired rather than blamed even for his old man's passion for Lucrezia d'Alagnam, he had the one bad quality of extravagance, from which, however, the natural consequence followed. Unscrupulous financiers were long omnipotent at court, till the bankrupt king robbed them of their spoils; a crusade was preached as a pretext for taxing the clergy; when a great earthquake happened in the Abruzzi, the survivors were compelled to make good the contributions of the dead. By such means Alfonso was able to entertain distinguished guests with unrivalled splendour; he found pleasure in ceaseless expense, even for the benefit of his enemies, and in rewarding literary work knew absolutely no measure. Poggio received 500 pieces of gold for translating Xenophon's Cyropaedeia.

Ferrante, who succeeded him, passed as his illegitimate son by a Spanish lady, but was not improbably the son of a half-caste Moor of Valencia.

Whether it was his blood or the plots formed against his life by the barons which embittered and darkened his nature, it is certain that he was equalled in ferocity by none among the princes of his time. Restlessly active, recognized as one of the most powerful political minds of the day, and free from the vices of the profligate, he concentrated all his powers, among which must be reckoned profound dissimulation and an irreconcilable spirit of vengeance, on the destruction of his opponents. He had been wounded in every point in which a ruler is open to offence; for the leaders of the barons, though related to him by marriage, were yet the allies of his foreign enemies. Extreme measures became part of his daily policy. The means for this struggle with his barons, and for his external wars, were exacted in the same Muhammadan fashion which Frederick II had introduced: the government alone dealt in oil and corn; the whole commerce of the country was put by Ferrante into the hands of a wealthy merchant, Francesco Coppola, who had entire control of the anchorage on the coast, and shared the profits with the king. Deficits were made up by forced loans, by executions and confiscations, by open simony, and by contributions levied on the ecclesiastical corporations. Besides hunting, which he practised regardless of all rights of property, his pleasures were of two kinds: he liked to have his opponents near him, either alive in well-guarded prisons, or dead and embalmed, dressed in the costume which they wore in their lifetime. He would chuckle in talking of the captives with his friends, and made no secret whatever of the museum of mummies. His victims were mostly men whom he had got into his power by treachery; some were even seized while guests at the royal table. His conduct to his first minister, Antolello Petrucci, who had grown sick and grey in his service, and from whose increasing fear of death he extorted 'present after present', was literally devilish. At length the suspicion of complicity with the last

conspiracy of the barons gave the pretext for his arrest and execution. With him died Coppola. The way in which all this is narrated in Caracciolo and Porzio makes one's hair stand on end.

The elder of the king's sons, Alfonso, Duke of Calabria, enjoyed in later years a kind of co-regency with his father. He was a savage, brutal profligate, who in point of frankness alone had the advantage of Ferrante, and who openly avowed his contempt for religion and its usages. The better and nobler features of the Italian despotisms are not to be found among the princes of this line; all that they possessed of the art and culture of their time served the purposes of luxury or display. Even the genuine Spaniards seem to have almost always degenerated in Italy; but the end of this cross-bred house (1494 and 1503) gives clear proof of a want of blood. Ferrante died of mental care and trouble; Alfonso accused his brother Federigo, the only honest member of the family, of treason, and insulted him in the vilest manner. At length, though he had hitherto passed for one of the ablest generals in Italy, he lost his head and fled to Sicily, leaving his son, the younger Ferrante, a prey to the French and to domestic treason. A dynasty which had ruled as this had done must at least have sold its life dear, if its children were ever to hope for a restoration. But, as Comines one-sidedly and yet on the whole rightly observes on this occasion, 'Jamais homme cruel ne fut plus hardi': there was never a more cruel man.

The despotism of the dukes of Milan, whose government from the time of Giangaleazzo onwards was an absolute monarchy of the most thoroughgoing sort, shows the genuine Italian character of the fifteenth century. The last of the Visconti, Filippo Maria (1412—47), is a character of peculiar interest, and of which fortunately an admirable description has been left us. What a

man of uncommon gifts and high position can be made by the passion of fear is here shown with what may be called a mathematical completeness. All the resources of the state were devoted to the one end of securing his personal safety, though happily his cruel egotism did not degenerate into a purposeless thirst for blood. He lived in the Citadel of Milan, surrounded by magnificent gardens, arbours and lawns. For years he never set foot in the city, making his excursions only in the country, where lay several of his splendid castles; the flotilla which, drawn by the swiftest horses, conducted him to them along canals constructed for the purpose, was so arranged as to allow of the application of the most rigorous etiquette. Whoever entered the Citadel was watched by a hundred eyes; it was forbidden even to stand at the window, lest signs should be given to those without. All who were admitted among the personal followers of the prince were subjected to a series of the strictest examinations; then, once accepted, were charged with the highest diplomatic commissions, as well as with the humblest personal services — both in this court being alike honourable. And this was the man who conducted long and difficult wars, who dealt habitually with political affairs of the first importance, and every day sent his plenipotentiaries to all parts of Italy. His safety lay in the fact that none of his servants trusted the others, that his condottieri were watched and misled by spies, and that the ambassadors and higher officials were baffled and kept apart by artificially nourished jealousies, and in particular by the device of coupling an honest man with a knave. His inward faith, too, rested upon opposed and contradictory systems; he believed in blind necessity, and in the influence of the stars, and offering prayers at one and the same time to helpers of every sort; he was a student of the ancient authors, as well as of French tales of chivalry. And yet the same man, who would never suffer death to be mentioned in his presence, and

caused his dying favourites to be removed from the castle, that no shadow might fall on the abode of happiness, deliberately hastened his own death by closing up a wound, and, refusing to be bled, died at last with dignity and grace.

His son-in-law and successor, the fortunate condottiere Francesco Sforza (145o—66), was perhaps of all the Italians of the fifteenth century the man most after the heart of his age. Never was the triumph of genius and individual power more brilliantly displayed than in him; and those who would not recognize his merit were at least forced to wonder at him as the spoilt child of fortune. The Milanese claimed it openly as an honour to be governed by so distinguished a master; when he entered the city the thronging populace bore him on horseback into the cathedral, without giving him the chance to dismount. Let us listen to the balance-sheet of his life, in the estimate of Pope Pius II, a judge in such matters:

In the year 1459, when the duke came to the congress at Mantua, he was sixty (really fifty-eight) years old; on horseback he looked like a young man; of a lofty and imposing figure, with serious features, calm and affable in conversation, princely in his whole bearing, with a combination of bodily and intellectual gifts unrivalled in our time, unconquered on the field of battle — such was the man who raised himself from a humble position to the control of an empire. His wife was beautiful and virtuous, his children were like the angels of heaven; he was seldom ill, and all his chief wishes were fulfilled. And yet he was not without misfortune. His wife, out of jealousy, killed his mistress; his old comrades and friends, Troilo and Brunoro, abandoned him and went over to King Alfonso; another, Ciarpollone, he was forced to hang for treason; he had to suffer it that his brother Alessandro set the French upon him; one of his sons formed intrigues against him, and was imprisoned; the March of Ancona, which he had won in war, he lost again the same way. No man enjoys so unclouded a fortune, that he has not somewhere to struggle with adversity. He is happy who has but few troubles.

With this negative definition of happiness the learned pope dismisses the reader. Had he been able to see into the future, or been willing to stop and discuss the consequences of an uncontrolled despotism, one pervading fact would not have escaped his notice — the absence of all guarantee for the future. Those children, beautiful as angels, carefully and thoroughly educated as they were, fell victims, when they grew up, to the corruption of a measureless egotism. Galeazzo Maria (1466—76), solicitous only of outward effect, took pride in the beauty of his hands, in the high salaries he paid, in the financial credit he enjoyed, in his treasure of two million pieces of gold, in the distinguished people who surrounded him, and in the army and birds of chase which he maintained. He was fond of the sound of his own voice, and spoke well, most fluently, perhaps, when he had the chance of insulting a Venetian ambassador. He was subject to caprices, such as having a room painted with figures in a single night; and, what was worse, to fits of senseless debauchery and of revolting cruelty to his nearest friends. To a handful of enthusiasts, he seemed a tyrant too bad to live; they murdered him, and thereby delivered the state into the power of his brothers, one of whom, Lodovico il Moro, threw his nephew into prison, and took the government into his own hands. From this usurpation followed the French intervention, and the disasters which befell the whole of Italy.

Lodovico Sforza, called 'il Moro', the Moor, is the most perfect type of the despot of that age, and, as a kind of natural product, almost disarms our moral judgement. Notwithstanding the profound immorality of the means he employed, he used them with perfect ingeniousness; no one would probably have been more astonished than himself to learn that for the choice of means as well as of ends a human being is morally responsible; he would rather

have reckoned it as a singular virtue that, so far as possible, he had abstained from too free a use of the punishment of death. He accepted as no more than his due the almost fabulous respect of the Italians for his political genius. In 1496 he boasted that the Pope Alexander was his chaplain, the Emperor Maximilian his condottiere, Venice his chamberlain, and the King of France his courier, who must come and go at his bidding. With marvellous presence of mind he weighed, even in his last extremity (1499), all possible means of escape, and at length decided, to his honour, to trust to the goodness of human nature; he rejected the proposal of his brother, the Cardinal Ascanio, who wished to remain in the Citadel of Milan, on the ground of a former quarrel: 'Monsignore, take it not ill, but I trust you not, brother though you be'; and appointed to the command of the castle, 'that pledge of his return', a man to whom he had always done good, but who nevertheless betrayed him. At home the Moor was a good and useful ruler, and to the last he reckoned on his popularity both in Milan and in Como. In later years (after 1496) he had overstrained the resources of his state, and at Cremona had ordered, out of pure expediency, a respectable citizen, who had spoken against the new taxes, to be quietly strangled. Since that time, in holding audiences, he kept his visitors away from his person by means of a bar, so that in conversing with him they were compelled to speak at the top of their voices. At his court, the most brilliant in Europe, since that of Burgundy had ceased to exist, immorality of the worst kind was prevalent; the daughter was sold by the father, the wife by the husband, the sister by the brother. The prince himself was incessantly active, and, as son of his own deeds, claimed relationship with all who, like himself, stood on their personal merits — with scholars, poets, artists and musicians. The academy which he founded served rather for his own purposes than for the instruction of scholars; nor was it the fame of

the distinguished men who surrounded him which he heeded, so much as their society and their services. It is certain that Bramante was scantily paid at first; Leonardo, on the other hand, was up to 1496 suitably remunerated — and besides, what kept him at the court, if not his own free will? The world lay open to him, as perhaps to no other mortal man of that day; and if proof were wanting of the loftier element in the nature of Lodovico il Moro, it is found in the long stay of the enigmatic master at his court. That afterwards Leonardo entered the service of Cesare Borgia and Francis I was probably due to the interest he felt in the unusual and striking character of the two men.

After the fall of the Moor, his sons were badly brought up among strangers. The elder, Massimiliano, had no resemblance to him; the younger, Francesco, was at all events not without spirit. Milan, which in those years changed its rulers so often, and suffered so unspeakably in the change, endeavored to secure itself against a reaction. In the year 1512 the French, retreating before the arms of Maximilian and the Spaniards, were induced to make a declaration that the Milanese had taken no part in their expulsion, and, without being guilty of rebellion, might yield themselves to a new conqueror. It is a fact of some political importance that in such moments of transition the unhappy city, like Naples at the flight of the Aragonese, was apt to fall a prey to gangs of (often highly aristocratic) scoundrels.

The house of Gonzaga at Mantua and that of Montefeltro of Urbino were among the best ordered and richest in men of ability during the second half of the fifteenth century. The Gonzaga were a tolerably harmonious family; for a long period no murder had been known among them, and their dead could be shown to the world without fear. The Marquis Francesco Gonzaga and his wife, Isabella of Este, in spite of some few irregularities,

were a united and respectable couple, and brought up their sons to be successful and remarkable men at a time when their small but most important state was exposed to incessant danger. That Francesco, either as statesman or as soldier, should adopt a policy of exceptional honesty, was what neither the emperor, nor Venice, nor the King of France could have expected or desired; but certainly since the battle of the Taro (1495), so far as military honour was concerned, he felt and acted as an Italian patriot, and imparted the same spirit to his wife. Every deed of loyalty and heroism, such as the defence of Faenza against Cesare Borgia, she felt as a vindication of the honour of Italy. Our judgement of her does not need to rest on the praises of the artists and writers who made the fair princess a rich return for her patronage; her own letters show her to us as a woman of unshaken firmness, full of kindliness and humorous observation. Bembo, Bandello, Ariosto and Bernardo Tasso sent their works to this court, small and powerless as it was, and empty as they found its treasury. A more polished and charming circle was not to be seen in Italy, since the dissolution (1508) of the old court of Urbino; and in one respect, in freedom of movement, the society of Ferrara was inferior to that of Mantua. In artistic matters Isabella had an accurate knowledge, and the catalogue of her small but choice collection can be read by no lover of art without emotion.

In the great Federigo (1444—82), whether he were a genuine Montefeltro or not, Urbino possessed a brilliant representative of the princely order. As a condottiere he shared the political morality of soldiers of fortune, a morality of which the fault does not rest with them alone; as ruler of his little territory he adopted the plan of spending at home the money he had earned abroad, and taxing his people as lightly as possible. Of him and his two successors, Guidobaldo and Francesco Maria, we read: 'They erected

buildings, furthered the cultivation of the land, lived at home, and gave employment to a large number of people: their subjects loved them.' But not only the state, but the court too, was a work of art and organization, and this in every sense of the word. Federigo had 500 persons in his service; the arrangements of the court were as complete as in the capitals of the greatest monarchs, but nothing was wasted; all had its object, and all was carefully watched and controlled. The court was no scene of vice and dissipation: it served as a school of military education for the sons of other great houses, the thoroughness of whose culture and instruction was made a point of honour by the duke. The palace which he built, if not one of the most splendid, was classical in the perfection of its plan; there was placed the greatest of his treasures, the celebrated library. Feeling secure in a land where all gained profit or employment from his rule, and where none were beggars, he habitually went about unarmed and almost unaccompanied; alone among the princes of his time he ventured to walk in an open park, and to take his frugal meals in an open chamber, while Livy, or in time of fasting some devotional work, was read to him. In the course of the same afternoon he would listen to a lecture on some classical subject, and thence would go to the monastery of the Clarisses and talk of sacred things through the grating with the abbess. In the evening he would overlook the martial exercises of the young people of his court on the meadow of San Francesco, known for its magnificent view, and saw to it well that all the feats were done in the most perfect manner. He strove always to be affable and accessible to the utmost degree, visiting the artisans who worked for him in their shops, holding frequent audiences, and, if possible, attending to the requests of each individual on the same day that they were presented. No wonder that the people, as he walked along the street, knelt down and cried: 'Dio ti mantenga, signore!' He was called by

thinking people 'the light of Italy'. His gifted son Guidobaldo, visited by sickness and misfortune of every kind, was able at the last (1508) to give his state into the safe hands of his nephew Francesco Maria (nephew also of Pope Julius II), who at least succeeded in preserving the territory from any permanent foreign occupation. It is remarkable with what confidence Guidobaldo yielded and fled before Cesare Borgia and Francesco before the troops of Leo X; each knew that his restoration would be all the easier and the more popular the less the country suffered through a fruitless defence. When Lodo-vico made the same calculation at Milan, he forgot the many grounds of hatred which existed against him. The court of Guidobaldo has been made immortal as the high school of polished manners by Baldassare Castiglione, who represented his eclogue 'Thyrsis' before, and in honour of, that society (1506), and who afterwards (1518) laid the scene of the dialogue of his Cortigiano in the circle of the accomplished Duchess Elisabetta Gonzaga.

The government of the family of Este at Ferrara, Modena and Reggio displays curious contrasts of violence and popularity. Within the palace frightful deeds were perpetrated; a princess was beheaded (1425) for alleged adultery with a step-son; legitimate and illegitimate children fled from the court, and even abroad their lives were threatened by assassins sent in pursuit of them (1471). Plots from without were incessant; the bastard of a bastard tried to wrest the crown from the lawful heir, Ercole I; this latter is said afterwards (1493) to have poisoned his wife on discovering that she, at the instigation of her brother Ferrante of Naples, was going to poison him. This list of tragedies is closed by the plot of two bastards against their brothers, the ruling Duke Alfonso I and Cardinal Ippolito (1506), which was discovered in time, and punished with imprisonment for life. The financial system in this

state was of the most perfect kind, and necessarily so, since none of the large or second-rate powers of Italy were exposed to such danger and stood in such constant need of armaments and fortifications. It was the hope of the rulers that the increasing prosperity of the people would keep pace with the increasing weight of taxation, and the Marquis Niccolò (d. 1441) used to express the wish that his subjects might be richer than the people of other countries. If the rapid increase of the population be a measure of prosperity actually attained, it is certainly a fact of importance that in the year 1497, notwithstanding the wonderful extension of the capital, no houses were to be let. Ferrara is the first really modern city in Europe; large and well-built quarters sprang up at the bidding of the ruler: here, by the concentration of the official classes and the active promotion of trade, was formed for the first time a true capital; wealthy fugitives from all parts of Italy, Florentines especially, settled and built their palaces at Ferrara. But the indirect taxation, at all events, must have reached a point at which it could only just be borne. The government, it is true, took measures of alleviation which were also adopted by other Italian despots, such as Galeazzo Maria Sforza: in time of famine corn was brought from a distance and seems to have been distributed gratuitously; but in ordinary times it compensated itself by the monopoly, if not of corn, of many other of the necessaries of life — fish, salt, meat, fruit and vegetables, which last were carefully planted on and near the walls of the city. The most considerable source of income, however, was the annual sale of public offices, a usage which was common throughout Italy, and about the working of which at Ferrara we have more precise information. We read, for example, that at the new year 1502 the majority of the officials bought their places at 'prezzi salati'; public servants of the most various kinds, custom-house officers, bailiffs (massari), notaries, 'podestà', judges and even

captains, i. e. lieutenant-governors of provincial towns, are quoted by name. As one of the 'devourers of the people' who paid dearly for their places, and who were 'hated worse than the devil', Tito Strozza — let us hope not the famous Latin poet — is mentioned. About the same time every year the dukes were accustomed to make a round of visits in Ferrara, the so-called 'andar per ventura', in which they took presents from, at any rate, the more wealthy citizens. The gifts, however, did not consist of money, but of natural products.

It was the pride of the duke for all Italy to know that at Ferrara the soldiers received their pay and the professors at the university their salary not a day later than it was due; that the soldiers never dared lay arbitrary hands on a citizen or peasant; that the town was impregnable to assault; and that vast sums of coined money were stored up in the citadel. To keep two sets of accounts seemed unnecessary: the Minister of Finance was at the same time manager of the ducal household. The buildings erected by Borso (1430—71), by Ercole I (till 1505), and by Alfonso I (till 1534), were very numerous, but of small size; they are characteristic of a princely house which, with all its love of splendour — Borso never appeared but in embroidery and jewels — indulged in no ill-considered expense. Alfonso may perhaps have foreseen the fate which was in store for his charming little villas, the Belvedere with its shady gardens, and Montana with its fountains and beautiful frescoes.

It is undeniable that the dangers to which these princes were constantly exposed developed in them capacities of a remarkable kind. In so artificial a world only a man of consummate address could hope to succeed; each candidate for distinction was forced to make good his claims by personal merit and show himself worthy of the crown he sought. Their characters are not without dark sides; but in all of them lives something of those qualities

which Italy then pursued as its ideal. What European monarch of the time laboured for his own culture as, for instance, Alfonso I? His travels in France, England and the Netherlands were undertaken for the purpose of study: by means of them he gained an accurate knowledge of the industry and commerce of these countries. It is ridiculous to reproach him with the turner's work which he practised in his leisure hours, connected as it was with his skill in the casting of cannon, and with the unprejudiced freedom with which he surrounded himself by masters of every art. The Italian princes were not, like their contemporaries in the North, dependent on the society of an aristocracy which held itself to be the only class worth consideration, and which infected the monarch with the same conceit. In Italy the prince was permitted and compelled to know and to use men of every grade in society; and the nobility, though by birth a caste, were forced in social intercourse to stand upon their personal qualifications alone. But this is a point which we shall discuss more fully in the sequel.

The feeling of the Ferrarese towards the ruling house was a strange compound of silent dread, of the truly Italian sense of well-calculated interest, and of the loyalty of the modern subject: personal admiration was transferred into a new sentiment of duty. The city of Ferrara raised in 1451 a bronze equestrian statue to their Prince Niccolò, who had died ten years earlier; Borso (1454) did not scruple to place his own statue, also of bronze, but in a sitting posture, hard by in the market; in addition to which the city, at the beginning of his reign, decreed to him a 'marble triumphal pillar'. A citizen who, when abroad in Venice, had spoken ill of Borso in public was informed against on his return home, and condemned to banishment and the confiscation of his goods; a loyal subject was with difficulty restrained from cutting him down before the tribunal itself, and with a rope round his neck

the offender went to the duke and begged for a full pardon. The government was well provided with spies, and the duke inspected personally the daily list of travellers which the inn-keepers were strictly ordered to present. Under Borso, who was anxious to leave no distinguished stranger unhonoured, this regulation served a hospitable purpose; Ercole I used it simply as a measure of precaution. In Bologna, too, it was then the rule, under Giovanni II Bentivoglio, that every passing traveller who entered at one gate must obtain a ticket in order to go out at another. An unfailing means of popularity was the sudden dismissal of oppressive officials. When Borso arrested in person his chief and confidential counsellors, when Ercole I removed and disgraced a tax-gatherer who for years had been sucking the blood of the people, bonfires were lighted and the bells were pealed in their honour. With one of his servants, however, Ercole let things go too far. The director of the police, or by whatever name we should choose to call him (capitano di giustizia), was Gregorio Zampante of Lucca — a native being unsuited for an office of this kind. Even the sons and brothers of the duke trembled before this man; the fines he inflicted amounted to hundreds and thousands of ducats, and torture was applied even before the hearing of a case: bribes were accepted from wealthy criminals, and their pardon obtained from the duke by false representations. Gladly would the people have paid any sum to this ruler for sending away the 'enemy of God and man'. But Ercole had knighted him and made him godfather to his children; and year by year Zampante laid by 2,000 ducats. He dared only eat pigeons bred in his own house, and could not cross the street without a band of archers and bravos. It was time to get rid of him; in 1496 two students and a converted Jew whom he had mortally offended killed him in his house while he was taking his siesta, and then rode through the town on horses held in waiting, raising the cry, 'Come out! Come out! We

have slain Zampante!' The pursuers came too late, and found them already safe across the frontier. Of course it now rained satires — some of them in the form of sonnets, others of odes.

It was wholly in the spirit of this system that the sovereign imposed his own respect for useful servants on the court and on the people. When in 1469 Borso's privy councillor Lodovico Casella died, no court of law or place of business in the city, and no lecture-room at the university, was allowed to be open: all had to follow the body to San Domenico, since the duke intended to be present. And, in fact, 'the first of the house of Este who attended the corpse of a subject' walked, clad in black, after the coffin, weeping, while behind him came the relatives of Casella, each conducted by one of the gentlemen of the court: the body of the plain citizen was carried by nobles from the church into the cloister, where it was buried. Indeed this official sympathy with princely emotion first came up in the Italian states. At the root of the practice may be a beautiful, humane sentiment; the utterance of it, especially in the poets, is, as a rule, of equivocal sincerity. One of the youthful poems of Ariosto, on the death of Leonora of Aragon, wife of Ercole I, contains besides the inevitable graveyard flowers, which are scattered in the elegies of all ages, some thoroughly modern features:

> This death had given Ferrara a blow which it would not get over for years: its benefactress was now its advocate in heaven, since earth was not worthy of her; truly the angel of Death did not come to her, as to us common mortals, with blood-stained scythe, but fair to behold [onesta] and with so kind a face that every fear was allayed.

But we meet, also, with a sympathy of a different kind. Novelists, depending wholly on the favour of their patrons, tell us the love-stories of the prince,

even before his death, in a way which, to later times, would seem the height of indiscretion, but which then passed simply as an innocent compliment. Lyrical poets even went so far as to sing the illicit flames of their lawfully married lords, e. g. Angelo Poliziano, those of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Gioviano Pontano, with a singular gusto, those of Alfonso of Calabria. The poem in question betrays unconsciously the odious disposition of the Aragonese ruler; in these things too, he must needs be the most fortunate, else woe be to those who are more successful! That the greatest artists, for example Leonardo, should paint the mistresses of their patrons was no more than a matter of course.

But the house of Este was not satisfied with the praises of others; it undertook to celebrate them itself. In the Palazzo Schifanoia Borso caused himself to be painted in a series of historical representations, and Ercole (from 1472 on) kept the anniversary of his accession to the throne by a procession which was compared to the feast of Corpus Christi; shops were closed as on Sunday; in the centre of the line walked all the members of the princely house (bastards included) clad in embroidered robes. That the crown was the fountain of honour and authority, that all personal distinction flowed from it alone, had been long expressed at this court by the Order of the Golden Spur — an order which had nothing in common with medieval chivalry. Ercole I added to the spur a sword, a gold-laced mantle and a grant of money, in return for which there is no doubt that regular service was required.

The patronage of art and letters for which this court has obtained a world-wide reputation was exercised through the university, which was one of the most perfect in Italy, and by the gift of places in the personal or official service of the prince; it involved consequently no additional expense.

Boiardo, as a wealthy country gentleman and high official, belonged to this class. At the time when Ariosto began to distinguish himself, there existed no court, in the true sense of the word, either at Milan or Florence, and soon there was none either at Urbino or at Naples. He had to content himself with a place among the musicians and jugglers of Cardinal Ippolito till Alfonso took him into his service. It was otherwise at a later time with Torquato Tasso, whose presence at court was jealously sought after.

The Opponents of the Despots

In face of this centralized authority, all legal opposition within the borders of the state was futile. The elements needed for the restoration of a republic had been for ever destroyed, and the field prepared for violence and despotism. The nobles, destitute of political rights, even where they held feudal possessions, might call themselves Guelphs or Ghibellines at will, might dress up their bravos in padded hose and feathered caps or how else they pleased; thoughtful men like Machiavelli knew well enough that Milan and Naples were too 'corrupt' for a republic. Strange judgements fall on these two so-called parties, which now served only to give an official sanction to personal and family disputes. An Italian prince, whom Agrippa of Nettesheim advised to put them down, replied that their quarrels brought him more than 12,000 ducats a year in fines. And when in the year 1500, during the brief return of Lodovico il Moro to his states, the Guelphs of Tortona summoned a part of the neighbouring French army into the city, in order to make an end once for all of their opponents, the French certainly began by plundering and ruining the Ghibellines, but finished by doing the same to the Guelphs, till Tortona was utterly laid waste. In Romagna, the hotbed of every ferocious passion, these two names had long lost all political meaning. It was a sign of the political delusion of the people that they not seldom believed the Guelphs to be the natural allies of the French and the Ghibellines of the Spaniards. It is hard to see that those who tried to profit by this error got much by doing so. France, after all her interventions, had to abandon the peninsula at last, and what became of Spain, after she had destroyed Italy, is known to every

reader.

But to return to the despots of the Renaissance. A pure and simple mind, we might think, would perhaps have argued that, since all power is derived from God, these princes, if they were loyally and honestly supported by all their subjects, must in time themselves improve and lose all traces of their violent origin. But from characters and imaginations inflamed by passion and ambition, reasoning of this kind could not be expected. Like bad physicians, they thought to cure the disease by removing the symptoms, and fancied that if the tyrant were put to death, freedom would follow of itself. Or else, without reflecting even to this extent, they sought only to give a vent to the universal hatred, or to take vengeance for some family misfortune or personal affront. Since the governments were absolute, and free from all legal restraints, the opposition chose its weapons with equal freedom. Boccaccio declares openly:

> Shall I call the tyrant king or prince, and obey him loyally as my lord? No, for he is the enemy of the commonwealth. Against him I may use arms, conspiracies, spies, ambushes and fraud; to do so is a sacred and necessary work. There is no more acceptable sacrifice than the blood of a tyrant.

We need not occupy ourselves with individual cases; Machiavelli, in a famous chapter of his Discorsi, treats of the conspiracies of ancient and modern times from the days of the Greek tyrants downwards, and classifies them with cold-blooded indifference according to their various plans and results. We need make but two observations, first on the murders committed in church, and next on the influence of classical antiquity. So well was the tyrant guarded that it was almost impossible to lay hands upon him elsewhere than at solemn religious services; and on no other occasion was the whole

family to be found assembled together. It was thus that the Fabrianese murdered the members of their ruling house, the Chiavelli, during high mass (1435), the signal being given by the words of the Creed, 'Et incarnatus est.' At Milan the Duke Giovan Maria Visconti (1412) was assassinated at the entrance of the church of San Gottardo, Galeazzo Maria Sforza (1476) in the church of Santo Stefano, and Lodovico il Moro only escaped (1484) the daggers of the adherents of the widowed Duchess Bona through entering the church of Sant' Ambrogio by another door than that by which he was expected. There was no intentional impiety in the act; the assassins of Galeazzo did not fail to pray before the murder to the patron saint of the church, and to listen devoutly to the first mass. It was, however, one cause of the partial failure of the conspiracy of the Pazzi against Lorenzo and Giuliano Medici (1478), that the brigand Montesecco, who had bargained to commit the murder at a banquet, declined to undertake it in the cathedral of Florence. Certain of the clergy 'who were familiar with the sacred place, and consequently had no fear' were induced to act in his stead.

As to the imitation of antiquity, the influence of which on moral and more especially on political questions we shall often refer to, the example was set by the rulers themselves, who, both in their conception of the state and intheir personal conduct, took the old Roman empire avowedly as their model. In like manner their opponents, when they set to work with a deliberate theory, took pattern by the ancient tyrannicides. It may be hard to prove that in the main point — in forming the resolve itself — they consciously followed a classical example; but the appeal to antiquity was no mere phrase. The most striking disclosures have been left us with respect to the murderers of Galeazzo Sforza — Lampugnani, Olgiati and Visconti. Though all three had personal ends to serve, yet their enterprise may be partly

ascribed to a more general reason. About this time Cola de' Montani, a humanist and professor of eloquence, had awakened among many of the young Milanese nobility a vague passion for glory and patriotic achievements, and had mentioned to Lampugnani and Olgiati his hope of delivering Milan. Suspicion was soon aroused against him: he was banished from the city, and his pupils were abandoned to the fanaticism he had excited. Some ten days before the deed they met together and took a solemn oath in the monastery of Sant' Ambrogio. 'Then,' says Olgiati, 'in a remote corner I raised my eyes before the picture of the patron saint, and implored his help for ourselves and for all his people.' The heavenly protector of the city was called on to bless the undertaking, as was afterwards St Stephen, in whose church it was fulfilled. Many of their comrades were now informed of the plot, nightly meetings were held in the house of Lampugnani, and the conspirators practised for the murder with the sheaths of their daggers. The attempt was successful, but Lampugnani was killed on the spot by the attendants of the duke; the others were captured. Visconti was penitent, but Olgiati through all his tortures maintained that the deed was an acceptable offering to God, and exclaimed while the executioner was breaking his ribs, 'Courage, Girolamo! Thou wilt long be remembered; death is bitter, but glory is eternal.'

But however idealistic the object and purpose of such conspiracies may appear, the manner in which they were conducted betrays the influence of that worst of all conspirators, Catiline — a man in whose thoughts freedom had no place whatever. The annals of Siena tell us expressly that the conspirators were students of Sallust, and the fact is indirectly confirmed by the confession of Olgiati. Elsewhere, too, we meet with the name of Catiline, and a more attractive pattern of the conspirator, apart from the end he

followed, could hardly be discovered.

Among the Florentines, whenever they got rid of, or tried to get rid of, the Medici, tyrannicide was a practice universally accepted and approved. After the flight of the Medici in 1494, the bronze group of Donatello — Judith with the dead Holofernes — was taken from their collection, and placed before the Palazzo della Signoria, on the spot where the David of Michelangelo now stands, with the inscription, 'Exemplum salutis publicae cives posuere 1495'. No example was more popular than that of the younger Brutus, who, in Dante, lies with Cassius and Judas Iscariot in the lowest pit of hell, because of his treason to the empire. Pietro Paolo Boscoli, whose plot against Giuliano, Giovanni and Giulio Medici failed (1513), was an enthusiastic admirer of Brutus, and in order to follow his steps, only waited to find a Cassius. Such a partner he met with in Agostino Capponi. His last utterances in prison — a striking evidence of the religious feeling of the time — show with what an effort he rid his mind of these classical imaginations, in order to die like a Christian. A friend and the confessor both had to assure him that St Thomas Aquinas condemned conspirators absolutely; but the confessor afterwards admitted to the same friend that St Thomas drew a distinction and permitted conspiracies against a tyrant who had forced himself on a people against their will.

After Lorenzino Medici had murdered the Duke Alessandro (1537), and then escaped, an apology for the deed appeared, which is probably his own work, and certainly composed in his interest, in which he praises tyrannicide as an act of the highest merit; on the supposition that Alessandro was a legitimate Medici, and, therefore, related to him, if only distantly, he boldly compares himself with Timoleon, who slew his brother for his country's sake. Others, on the same occasion, made use of the comparison with Brutus, and

that Michelangelo himself, even late in life, was not unfriendly to ideas of this kind, may be inferred from his bust of Brutus in the Bargello. He left it unfinished, like nearly all his works, but certainly not because the murder of Cesare was repugnant to his feeling, as the couplet beneath declares.

A popular radicalism in the form in which it is opposed to the monarchies of later times is not to be found in the despotic states of the Renaissance. Each individual protested inwardly against despotism but was rather disposed to make tolerable or profitable terms with it, than to combine with others for its destruction. Things must have been as bad as at Camerino, Fabriano or Rimini before the citizens united to destroy or expel the ruling house. They knew in most cases only too well that this would but mean a change of masters. The star of the republics was certainly on the decline.

The Republics: Venice and Florence

The Italian municipalities had, in earlier days, given signal proof of that force which transforms the city into the state. It remained only that these cities should combine in a great confederation; and this idea was constantly recurring to Italian statesmen, whatever differences of form it might from time to time display. In fact, during the struggles of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, great and formidable leagues actually were formed by the cities; and Sismondi is of the opinion that the time of the final armaments of the Lombard confederation against Barbarossa (from 1168 on) was the moment when a universal Italian league was possible. But the more powerful states had already developed characteristic features which made any such scheme impracticable. In their commercial dealings they shrank from no measures, however extreme, which might damage their competitors; they held their weaker neighbours in a condition of helpless dependence — in short, they each fancied they could get on by themselves without the assistance of the rest, and thus paved the way for future usurpation. The usurper was forthcoming when long conflicts between the nobility and the people, and between the different factions of the nobility, had awakened the desire for a strong government, and when bands of mercenaries ready and willing to sell their aid to the highest bidder had superseded the general levy of the citizens, which party leaders now found unsuited to their purposes. The tyrants destroyed the freedom of most of the cities; here and there they were expelled, but not thoroughly, or only for a short time; and they were always restored, since the inward conditions were favourable to them, and the

opposing forces were exhausted.

Among the cities which maintained their independence are two of deep significance for the history of the human race: Florence, the city of incessant movement, which has left us a record of the thoughts and aspirations of each and all who, for three centuries, took part in this movement, and Venice, the city of apparent stagnation and of political secrecy. No contrast can be imagined stronger than that which is offered us by these two, and neither can be compared to anything else which the world had hitherto produced.

Venice recognized itself from the first as a strange and mysterious creation — the fruits of a higher power than human ingenuity. The solemn foundation of the city was the subject of a legend. On 25 March 413, at midday, the emigrants from Padua laid the first stone at the Rialto, that they might have a sacred, inviolable asylum amid the devastations of the barbarians. Later writers attributed to the founders the presentiment of the future greatness of the city; M. Antonio Sabellico, who has celebrated the event in the dignified flow of his hexameters, makes the priest who completes the act of consecration cry to heaven, 'When we hereafter attempt great things, grant us prosperity! Now we kneel before a poor altar; but if our vows are not made in vain, a hundred temples, O God, of gold and marble shall arise to Thee.' The island city at the end of the fifteenth century was the jewel-casket of the world. It is so described by the same Sabellico, with its ancient cupolas, its leaning towers, its inlaid marble facades, its compressed splendour, when the richest decoration did not hinder the practical employment of every corner of space. He takes us to the crowded piazza before San Giacometto at the Rialto, where the business of the world is transacted, not amid shouting and confusion, but with the subdued hum of many voices; where in the porticoes

round the square and in those of the adjoining streets sit hundreds of money-changers and goldsmiths, with endless rows of shops and warehouses above their heads. He describes the great Fondaco of the Germans beyond the bridge, where their goods and their dwellings lay, and before which their ships are drawn up side by side in the canal; higher up is a whole fleet laden with wine and oil, and parallel with it, on the shore swarming with porters, are the vaults of the merchants; then from the Rialto to the square of St Mark come the inns and the perfumers' cabinets. So he conducts the reader from one quarter of the city to another till he comes at last to the two hospitals which were among those institutions of public utility nowhere so numerous as at Venice. Care for the people, in peace as well as in war, was characteristic of this government, and its attention to the wounded, even to those of the enemy, excited the admiration of other states.

Public institutions of every kind found in Venice their pattern; the pensioning of retired servants was carried out systematically, and included a provision for widows and orphans. Wealth, political security and acquaintance with other countries had matured the understanding of such questions. These slender fair-haired men with quiet cautious steps and deliberate speech differed but slightly in costume and bearing from one another; ornaments, especially pearls, were reserved for the women and girls. At that time the general prosperity, notwithstanding the losses sustained from the Turks, was still dazzling; the stores of energy which the city possessed and the prejudice in its favour diffused throughout Europe enabled it at a much later time to survive the heavy blows which were inflicted by the discovery of the sea route to the Indies, by the fall of the Mamelukes in Egypt, and by the war of the League of Cambrai.

Sabellico, born in the neighbourhood of Tivoli, and accustomed to the

frank loquacity of the scholars of his day, remarks elsewhere with some astonishment that the young nobles who came of a morning to hear his lectures could not be prevailed on to enter into political discussions. 'When I ask them what people think, say and expect about this or that movement in Italy, they all answer with one voice that they know nothing about the matter.' Still, in spite of the strict imposition of the state, much was to be learned from the more corrupt members of the aristocracy by those who were willing to pay enough for it. In the last quarter of the fifteenth century there were traitors among the highest officials; the popes, the Italian princes, and even second-rate condottieri in the service of the government had informers in their pay, sometimes with regular salaries; things went so far that the Council of Ten found it prudent to conceal important political news from the Council of the Pregadi, and it was even supposed that Lodovico il Moro had control of a definite number of votes among the latter. Whether the hanging of single offenders and the high rewards — such as a life-pension of sixty ducats paid to those who informed against them — were of much avail, it is hard to decide; one of the chief causes of this evil, the poverty of many of the nobility, could not be removed in a day. In the year 1492 a proposal was urged by two of that order, that the state should spend 70,000 ducats for the relief of those poorer nobles who held no public office; the matter was near coming before the Great Council, in which it might have had a majority, when the Council of Ten interfered in time and banished the two proposers for life to Nicosia in Cyprus. About this time a Soranzo was hanged, though not in Venice itself, for sacrilege, and a Contarini put in chains for burglary; another of the same family came in 1499 before the Signoria, and complained that for many years he had been without an office, that he had only sixteen ducats a year and nine children, that his debts amounted to sixty ducats, that

he knew no trade and had lately been turned on to the streets. We can understand why some of the wealthier nobles built houses, sometimes whole rows of them, to provide free lodging for their needy comrades. Such works figure in wills among deeds of charity.

But if the enemies of Venice ever founded serious hopes upon abuses of this kind, they were greatly in error. It might be thought that the commercial activity of the city, which put within reach of the humblest a rich reward for their labour, and the colonies on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean would have diverted from political affairs the dangerous elements of society. But had not the political history of Genoa, notwithstanding similar advantages, been of the stormiest? The cause of the stability of Venice lies rather in a combination of circumstances which were found in union nowhere else. Unassailable from its position, it had been able from the beginning to treat of foreign affairs with the fullest and calmest reflection and ignore nearly altogether the parties which divided the rest of Italy, to escape the entanglement of permanent alliances, and to set the highest price on those which it thought fit to make. The keynote of the Venetian character was, consequently, a spirit of proud and contemptuous isolation, which, joined to the hatred felt for the city by the other states of Italy, gave rise to a strong sense of solidarity within. The inhabitants meanwhile were united by the most powerful ties of interest in dealing both with the colonies and with the possessions on the mainland, forcing the population of the latter, that is, of all the towns up to Bergamo, to buy and sell in Venice alone. A power which rested on means so artificial could only be maintained by internal harmony and unity; and this conviction was so widely diffused among the citizens that the conspirator found few elements to work upon. And the discontented, if there were such, were held so far apart by the division between the noble and

the burgher that a mutual understanding was not easy. On the other hand, within the ranks of the nobility itself, travel, commercial enterprise and the incessant wars with the Turks saved the wealthy and dangerous from that fruitful source of conspiracies — idleness. In these wars they were spared, often to a criminal extent, by the general in command, and the fall of the city was predicted by a Venetian Cato, if this fear of the nobles 'to give one another pain' should continue at the expense of justice. Nevertheless this free movement in the open air gave the Venetian aristocracy, as a whole, a healthy bias.

And when envy and ambition called for satisfaction an official victim was forthcoming, and legal means and authorities were ready. The moral torture, which for years the Doge Francesco Foscari (d. 1457) suffered before the eyes of all Venice, is a frightful example of a vengeance possible only in an aristocracy. The Council of Ten, which had a hand in everything, which disposed without appeal of life and death, of financial affairs and military appointments, which included the Inquisitors among its number, and which overthrew Foscari, as it had overthrown so many powerful men before — this council was yearly chosen afresh from the whole governing body, the Gran Consiglio, and was consequently the most direct expression of its will. It is not probable that serious intrigues occurred at these elections, as the short duration of the office and the accountability which followed rendered it an object of no great desire. But violent and mysterious as the proceedings of this and other authorities might be, the genuine Venetian courted rather than fled their sentence, not only because the republic had long arms, and if it could not catch him might punish his family, but because in most cases it acted from rational motives and not from a thirst for blood. No state, indeed, has ever exercised a greater moral influence over its subjects, whether abroad

or at home. If traitors were to be found among the Pregadi, there was ample compensation for this in the fact that every Venetian away from home was a born spy for his government. It was a matter of course that the Venetian cardinals at Rome sent home news of the transactions of the secret papal consistories. The Cardinal Domenico Grimani had the dispatches intercepted in the neighbourhood of Rome (1500) which Ascanio Sforza was sending to his brother Lodovico it Moro, and forwarded them to Venice; his father, then exposed to a serious accusation, claimed public credit for this service of his son before the Gran Consiglio; in other words, before all the world.

The conduct of the Venetian government to the condottieri in its pay has been spoken of already. The only further guarantee of their fidelity which could be obtained lay in their great number, by which treachery was made as difficult as its discovery was easy. In looking at the Venetian army list, one is only surprised that among forces of such miscellaneous composition any common action was possible. In the catalogue for the campaign of 1495 we find 15,526 horsemen, broken up into a number of small divisions. Gonzaga of Mantua alone had as many as 1,200, and Gioffredo Borgia 740; then follow six officers with a contingent of 600 to 700, ten with 400, twelve with 400 to 200, fourteen or thereabouts with 200 to 100, nine with 80, six with 50 to 60, and so forth. These forces were partly composed of old Venetian troops, partly of veterans led by Venetian city or country nobles; the majority of the leaders were, however, princes and rulers of cities or their relatives. To these forces must be added 24,000 infantry — we are not told how they were raised or commanded — with 3,300 additional troops, who probably belonged to the special services. In time of peace the cities of the mainland were wholly unprotected or occupied by insignificant garrisons. Venice relied, if not exactly on the loyalty, at least on the good sense of its subjects;

in the war of the League of Cambrai (1509) it absolved them, as is well known, from their oath of allegiance, and let them compare the amenities of a foreign occupation with the mild government to which they had been accustomed. As there had been no treason in their desertion of St Mark, and consequently no punishment was to be feared, they returned to their old masters with the utmost eagerness. This war, we may remark parenthetically, was the result of a century's outcry against the Venetian desire for aggrandizement. The Venetians, in fact, were not free from the mistake of those over-lever people who will credit their opponents with no irrational and inconsiderate conduct. Misled by this optimism, which is, perhaps, a peculiar weakness of aristocracies, they had utterly ignored not only the preparations of Muhammad II for the capture of Constantinople, but even the armaments of Charles VIII, till the unexpected blow fell at last. The League of Cambrai was an event of the same character, in so far as it was clearly opposed to the interests of the two chief members, Louis XII and Julius II. The hatred of all Italy against the victorious city seemed to be concentrated in the mind of the pope, and to have blinded him to the evils of foreign intervention; and as to the policy of Cardinal d'Amboise and his king, Venice ought long before to have recognized it as a piece of malicious imbecility, and to have been thoroughly on its guard. The other members of the League took part in it from that envy which may be a salutary corrective to great wealth and power, but which in itself is a beggarly sentiment. Venice came out of the conflict with honour, but not without lasting damage.

A power, whose foundations were so complicated, whose activity and interests filled so wide a stage, cannot be imagined without a systematic oversight of the whole, without a regular estimate of means and burdens, of profits and losses. Venice can fairly make good its claim to be the birthplace

of statistical science, together, perhaps, with Florence, and followed by the more enlightened despotisms. The feudal state of the Middle Ages knew of nothing more than catalogues of signorial rights and possessions (urbaria); it looked on production as a fixed quantity, which it approximately is, so long as we have to do with landed property only. The towns, on the other hand, throughout the West must from very early times have treated production, which with them depended on industry and commerce, as exceedingly variable; but, even in the most flourishing times of the Hanseatic League, they never got beyond a simple commercial balance-sheet. Fleets, armies, political power and influence fall under the debit and credit of a trader's ledger. In the Italian states a clear political consciousness, the pattern of Muhammadan administration, and the long and active exercise of trade and commerce combined to produce for the first time a true science of statistics. The absolute monarchy of Frederick II in Lower Italy was organized with the sole object of securing a concentrated power for the death-struggle in which he was engaged. In Venice, on the contrary, the supreme objects were the enjoyment of life and power, the increase of inherited advantages, the creation of the most lucrative forms of industry, and the opening of new channels for commerce.

The writers of the time speak of these things with the greatest freedom. We learn that the population of the city amounted in the year 1422 to 190,000 souls; the Italians were, perhaps, the first to reckon, not according to hearths, or men able to bear arms, or people able to walk, and so forth, but according to animae, and thus to get the most neutral basis for further calculation. About this time, when the Florentines wished to form an alliance with Venice against Filippo Maria Visconti, they were for the moment refused, in the belief, resting on accurate commercial returns, that a war between Venice and

Milan, that is, between seller and buyer, was foolish. Even if the duke simply increased his army, the Milanese, through the heavier taxation they must pay, would become worse customers. 'Better let the Florentines be defeated, and then, used as they are to the life of a free city, they will settle with us and bring their silk and woollen industry with them, as the Lucchese did in their distress.' The speech of the dying Doge Mocenigo (1423) to a few of the senators whom he had sent for to his bedside is still more remarkable. It contains the chief elements of a statistical account of the whole resources of Venice. I cannot say whether or where a thorough elucidation of this perplexing document exists; by way of illustration, the following facts may be quoted. After repaying a war-loan of four million ducats, the public debt (il monte) still amounted to six million ducats; the current trade (so it seems) ten million, which yielded, the text informs us, a profit of four million. The 3,000 navigli, the 300 navi, and the 45 galleys were manned respectively by 17,000, 8,000 and 11,ooo seamen (more than 200 for each galley). To these must be added 16,000 shipwrights. The houses in Venice were valued at seven million, and brought in a rent of half a million. There were 1,000 nobles whose income ranged from 70 to 4,000 ducats. In another passage the ordinary income of the state in that same year is put at 1,100,000 ducats; through the disturbance of trade caused by the wars it sank about the middle of the century to 800,000 ducats.

If Venice, by this spirit of calculation, and by the practical turn which she gave it, was the first fully to represent one important side of modern political life, in that culture, on the other hand, which Italy then prized most highly she did not stand in the front rank. The literary impulse, in general, was here wanting, and especially that enthusiasm for classical antiquity which prevailed elsewhere. The aptitude of the Venetians, says Sabellico, for

philosophy and eloquence was in itself not less remarkable than for commerce and politics. George of Trebizond, who, in 1459, laid the Latin translation of Plato's Laws at the feet of the doge, was appointed professor of philology with a yearly salary of 150 ducats, and finally dedicated his Rhetoric to the Signoria. If, however, we look through the history of Venetian literature which Francesco Sansovino has appended to his well-known book, we shall find in the fourteenth century almost nothing but history, and special works on theology, jurisprudence and medicine; and in the fifteenth century, till we come to Ermolao Barbaro and Aldo Manucci, humanistic culture is, for a city of such importance, most scantily represented. The library which Cardinal Bessarion bequeathed to the state (1468) narrowly escaped dispersion and destruction. Learning was certainly cultivated at the university of Padua, where, however, the physicians and the jurists — the latter as the authors of legal opinions — received by far the highest pay. The share of Venice in the poetical creations of the country was long insignificant, till, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, her deficiencies were made good. Even the art of the Renaissance was imported into the city from without, and it was not before the end of the fifteenth century that she learned to move in this field with independent freedom and strength. But we find more striking instances still of intellectual backwardness. This government, which had the clergy so thoroughly in its control, which reserved to itself the appointment to all important ecclesiastical offices, and which, one time after another, dared to defy the court of Rome, displayed an official piety of a most singular kind. The bodies of saints and other relics imported from Greece after the Turkish conquest were bought at the greatest sacrifices and received by the doge in solemn procession. For the coat without a seam it was decided (1455) to offer 10,000 ducats, but it was not to be had. These measures were not the fruit of

any popular excitement, but of the tranquil resolutions of the heads of the government, and might have been omitted without attracting any comment, and at Florence, under similar circumstances, would certainly have been omitted. We shall say nothing of the piety of the masses, and of their firm belief in the indulgences of an Alexander VI. But the state itself, after absorbing the Church to a degree unknown elsewhere, had in truth a certain ecclesiastical element in its composition, and the doge, the symbol of the state, appeared in twelve great processions (andate) in a half-clerical character. They were almost all festivals in memory of political events, and competed in splendour with the great feasts of the Church; the most brilliant of all, the famous marriage with the sea, fell on Ascension Day.

The most elevated political thought and the most varied forms of human development are found united in the history of Florence, which in this sense deserves the name of the most modern state in the world. Here the whole people are busied with what in the despotic cities is the affair of a single family. That wondrous Florentine spirit, at once keenly critical and artistically creative, was incessantly transforming the social and political condition of the state, and as incessantly describing and judging the change. Florence thus became the home of political doctrines and theories, of experiments and sudden changes, but also, like Venice, the home of statistical science, and alone and above all other states in the world, the home of historical representation in the modern sense of the phrase. The spectacle of ancient Rome and a familiarity with its leading writers were not without influence; Giovanni Villani confesses that he received the first impulse to his great work at the jubilee of the year 1300, and began it immediately on his return home. Yet how many among the 200,000 pilgrims of that year may have been like him in gifts and tendencies and still did not write the history of

their native cities! For not all of them could encourage themselves with the thought, 'Rome is sinking; my native city is rising, and ready to achieve great things, and therefore I wish to relate its past history, and hope to continue the story to the present time, and as long as my life shall last.' And besides the witness to its past, Florence obtained through its historians something further — a greater fame than fell to the lot of any other city of Italy.

Our present task is not to write the history of this remarkable state, but merely to give a few indications of the intellectual freedom and independence for which the Florentines were indebted to this history.

In no other city of Italy were the struggles of political parties so bitter, of such early origin, and so permanent. The descriptions of them, which belong, it is true, to a somewhat later period, give clear evidence of the superiority of Florentine criticism.

And what a politician is the great victim of these crises, Dante Alighieri, matured alike by home and by exile! He uttered his scorn of the incessant changes and experiments in the constitution of his native city in verses of adamant, which will remain proverbial so long as political events of the same kind recur; he addressed his home in words of defiance and yearning which must have stirred the hearts of his countrymen. But his thoughts ranged over Italy and the whole world; and if his passion for the Empire, as he conceived it, was no more than an illusion, it must yet be admitted that the youthful dreams of a newborn political speculation are in his case not without a poetical grandeur. He is proud to be the first who trod this path, certainly in the footsteps of Aristotle, but in his own way independently. His ideal emperor is a just and humane judge, dependent on God only, the heir of the universal sway of Rome to which belonged the sanction of nature, of right and of the will of God. The conquest of the world was, according to this

view, rightful, resting on a divine judgement between Rome and the other nations of the earth, and God gave his approval to this Empire, since under it he became Man, submitting at his birth to the census of the Emperor Augustus, and at his death to the judgement of Pontius Pilate. We may find it hard to appreciate these and other arguments of the same kind, but Dante's passion never fails to carry us with him. In his letters he appears as one of the earliest publicists, and is perhaps the first layman to publish political tracts in this form. He began early. Soon after the death of Beatrice he addressed a pamphlet on the state of Florence 'to the Great ones of the Earth', and the public utterances of his later years, dating from the time of his banishment, are all directed to emperors, princes and cardinals. In these letters and in his book De Vulgari Eloquio the feeling, bought with such bitter pains, is constantly recurring that the exile may find elsewhere than in his native place an intellectual home in language and culture, which cannot be taken from him. On this point we shall have more to say in the sequel.

To the two Villani, Giovanni as well as Matteo, we owe not so much deep political reflection as fresh and practical observations, together with the elements of Florentine statistics and important notices of other states. Here too trade and commerce had given the impulse to economical as well as political science. Nowhere else in the world was such accurate information to be had on financial affairs. The wealth of the papal court at Avignon, which at the death of John XXII amounted to 25 million gold florins, would be incredible on any less trustworthy authority. Here only, at Florence, do we meet with colossal loans like that which the King of England contracted from the Florentine houses of Bardi and Peruzzi, who lost to His Majesty the sum of 1,365,000 gold florins (1338) — their own money and that of their partners — and nevertheless recovered from the shock. Most important facts

are here recorded as to the condition of Florence at this time: the public income (over 300,000 gold florins) and expenditure; the population of the city, here only roughly estimated, according to the consumption of bread, in bocche, i. e. mouths, put at 90,000, and the population of the whole territory; the excess of 300 to 500 male children among the 5,800 to 6,000 annually baptized; the schoolchildren, of whom 8,000 to 10,000 learned reading, 1,000 to 1,200 in six schools arithmetic; and besides these, 600 scholars who were taught Latin grammar and logic in four schools. Then follow the statistics of the churches and monasteries; of the hospitals, which held more than a thousand beds; of the wool-trade, with its most valuable details; of the mint, the provisioning of the city, the public officials, and so on. Incidentally we learn many curious facts; how, for instance, when the public funds (monte) were first established, in the year 1353, the Franciscans spoke from the pulpit in favour of the measure, the Dominicans and Augustinians against it. The economical results of the black death were and could be observed and described nowhere else in all Europe as in this city. Only a Florentine could have left it on record how it was expected that the scanty population would have made everything cheap, and how instead of that labour and commodities doubled in price; how the common people at first would do no work at all, but simply gave themselves up to enjoyment; how in the city itself servants and maids were not to be had except at extravagant wages; how the peasants would only till the best lands, and left the rest uncultivated; and how the enormous legacies bequeathed to the poor at the time of the plague seemed afterwards useless, since the poor had either died or had ceased to be poor. Lastly, on the occasion of a great bequest, by which a childless philanthropist left six danari to every beggar in the city, the attempt is made to give a comprehensive statistical account of Florentine mendicancy.

This statistical view of things was at a later time still more highly cultivated at Florence. The noteworthy point about it is that, as a rule, we can perceive its connection with the higher aspects of history, with art, and with culture in general. An inventory of the year 1422 mentions, within the compass of the same document, the seventy-two exchange offices which surrounded the Mercato Nuovo; the amount of coined money in circulation (2 million golden florins); the then new industry of gold spinning; the silk wares; Filippo Brunellesco, then busy in digging classical architecture from its grave; and Leonardo Aretino, secretary of the republic, at work at the revival of ancient literature and eloquence; lastly, it speaks of the general prosperity of the city, then free from political conflicts, and of the good fortune of Italy, which had rid itself of foreign mercenaries. The Venetian statistics quoted above, which date from about the same year, certainly give evidence of larger property and profits and of a more extensive scene of action; Venice had long been mistress of the seas before Florence sent out its first galleys (1422) to Alexandria. But no reader can fail to recognize the higher spirit of the Florentine documents. These and similar lists recur at intervals of ten years, systematically arranged and tabulated, while elsewhere we find at best occasional notices. We can form an approximate estimate of the property and the business of the first Medici; they paid for charities, public buildings and taxes from 1434 to 1471 no less than 663,755 gold florins, of which more than 400,000 fell on Cosimo alone, and Lorenzo il Magnifico was delighted that the money had been so well spent. In 1478 we have again a most important and in its way complete view of the commerce and trades of this city, some of which may be wholly or partly reckoned among the fine arts — such as those which had to do with damasks and gold or silver embroidery, with woodcarving and intarsia, with the sculpture of

arabesques in marble and sandstone, with portraits in wax, and with jewellery and work in gold. The inborn talent of the Florentines for the systematization of outward life is shown by their books on agriculture, business and domestic economy, which are markedly superior to those of other European people in the fifteenth century. It has been rightly decided to publish selections of these works, although no little study will be needed to extract clear and definite results from them. At all events, we have no difficulty in recognizing the city, where dying parents begged the government in their wills to fine their sons 1,000 florins if they declined to practise a regular profession.

For the first half of the sixteenth century probably no state in the world possesses a document like the magnificent description of Florence by Varchi. In descriptive statistics, as in so many things besides, yet another model is left to us, before the freedom and greatness of the city sank into the grave.

This statistical estimate of outward life is, however, uniformly accompanied by the narrative of political events to which we have already referred.

Florence not only existed under political forms more varied than those of the free states of Italy and of Europe generally, but it reflected upon them far more deeply. It is a faithful mirror of the relations of individuals and classes to a variable whole. The pictures of the great civic democracies in France and in Flanders, as they are delineated in Froissart, and the narratives of the German chroniclers of the fourteenth century, are in truth of high importance; but in comprehensiveness of thought and in the rational development of the story none will bear comparison with the Florentines. The rule of the nobility, the tyrannies, the struggles of the middle class with the proletariat, limited and unlimited democracy, pseudo-democracy, the primacy of a single house, the theocracy of Savonarola, and the mixed forms of

government which prepared the way for the Medicean despotism — all are so described that the inmost motives of the actors are laid bare to the light. At length Machiavelli in his Florentine history (down to 1492) represents his native city as a living organism and its development as a natural and individual process; he is the first of the moderns who has risen to such a conception. It lies without our province to determine whether and in what points Machiavelli may have done violence to history, as is notoriously the case in his life of Castruccio Castracani — a fancy picture of the typical despot. We might find something to say against every line of the Storie Fiorentine, and yet the great and unique value of the whole would remain unaffected. And his contemporaries and successors, Jacopo Pitti, Guicciardini, Segni, Varchi, Vettori, what a circle of illustrious names! And what a story it is which these masters tell us! The great and memorable drama of the last decades of the Florentine republic is here unfolded. The voluminous record of the collapse of the highest and most original life which the world could then show may appear to one but as a collection of curiosities, may awaken in another a devilish delight at the shipwreck of so much nobility and grandeur, to a third may seem like a great historical assize; for all it will be an object of thought and study to the end of time. The evil, which was for ever troubling the peace of the city, was its rule over once powerful and now conquered rivals like Pisa — a rule of which the necessary consequence was a chronic state of violence. The only remedy, certainly an extreme one and which none but Savonarola could have persuaded Florence to accept, and that only with the help of favourable chances, would have been the well-timed dissolution of Tuscany into a federal union of free cities. At a later period this scheme, then no more than the dream of a past age, brought (1548) a patriotic citizen of Lucca to the scaffold. From this evil and from the

ill-starred Guelph sympathies of Florence for a foreign prince, which familiarized it with foreign intervention, came all the disasters which followed. But who does not admire the people, which was wrought up by its venerated preacher to a mood of such sustained loftiness, that for the first time in Italy it set the example of sparing a conquered foe, while the whole history of its past taught nothing but vengeance and extermination? The glow which melted patriotism into one with moral regeneration may seem, when looked at from a distance, to have soon passed away; but its best results shine forth again in the memorable siege of 1529—30. They were 'fools', as Guicciardini then wrote, who drew down this storm upon Florence, but he confesses himself that they achieved things which seemed incredible; and when he declares that sensible people would have got out of the way of the danger, he means no more than that Florence ought to have yielded itself silently and ingloriously into the hands of its enemies. It would no doubt have preserved its splendid suburbs and gardens, and the lives and prosperity of countless citizens; but it would have been the poorer by one of its greatest and most ennobling memories.

In many of their chief merits the Florentines are the pattern and the earliest type of Italians and modern Europeans generally; they are so also in many of their defects. When Dante compares the city which was always mending its constitution with the sick man who is continually changing his posture to escape from pain, he touches with the comparison a permanent feature of the political life of Florence. The great modern fallacy that a constitution can be made, can be manufactured by a combination of existing forces and tendencies, was constantly cropping up in stormy times; even Machiavelli is not wholly free from it. Constitutional artists were never wanting who by an ingenious distribution and division of political power, by

indirect elections of the most complicated kind, by the establishment of nominal offices, sought to found a lasting order of things, and to satisfy or to deceive the rich and the poor alike. They naïvely fetch their examples from classical antiquity, and borrow the party names ottimati, aristocrazia, as a matter of course. The world since then has become used to these expressions and given them a conventional European sense, whereas all former party names were purely national, and either characterized the cause at issue or sprang from the caprice of accident. But how a name colours or discolours a political cause!

But of all who thought it possible to construct a state, the greatest beyond all comparison was Machiavelli. He treats existing forces as living and active, takes a large and an accurate view of alternative possibilities, and seeks to mislead neither himself nor others. No man could be freer from vanity or ostentation; indeed, he does not write for the public, but either for princes and administrators or for personal friends. The danger for him does not lie in an affectation of genius or in a false order of ideas, but rather in a powerful imagination which he evidently controls with difficulty. The objectivity of his political judgement is sometimes appalling in its sincerity; but it is the sign of a time of no ordinary need and peril, when it was a hard matter to believe in right, or to credit others with just dealing. Virtuous indignation at his expense is thrown away upon us who have seen in what sense political morality is understood by the statesmen of our own century. Machiavelli was at all events able to forget himself in his cause. In truth, although his writings, with the exception of very few words, are altogether destitute of enthusiasm, and although the Florentines themselves treated him at last as a criminal, he was a patriot in the fullest meaning of the word. But free as he was, like most of his contemporaries, in speech and morals, the

welfare of the state was yet his first and last thought.

His most complete programme for the construction of a new political system at Florence is set forth in the memorial to Leo X, composed after the death of the younger Lorenzo Medici, Duke of Urbino (d. 1519), to whom he had dedicated his Prince. The state was by that time in extremities and utterly corrupt, and the remedies proposed are not always morally justifiable; but it is most interesting to see how he hopes to set up the republic in the form of a moderate democracy, as heiress to the Medici. A more ingenious scheme of concessions to the pope, to the pope's various adherents, and to the different Florentine interests cannot be imagined; we might fancy ourselves looking into the works of a clock. Principles, observations, comparisons, political forecasts and the like are to be found in numbers in the Discorsi, among them flashes of wonderful insight. He recognizes, for example, the law of a continuous though not uniform development in republican institutions, and requires the constitution to be flexible and capable of change, as the only means of dispensing with bloodshed and banishments. For a like reason, in order to guard against private violence and foreign interference — 'the death of all freedom' — he wishes to see introduced a judicial procedure (accusa) against hated citizens, in place of which Florence had hitherto had nothing but the court of scandal. With a masterly hand the tardy and involuntary decisions are characterized, which at critical moments play so important a part in republican states. Once, it is true, he is misled by his imagination and the pressure of events into unqualified praise of the people, which chooses its officers, he says, better than any prince, and which can be cured of its errors by 'good advice'. With regard to the government of Tuscany, he has no doubt that it belongs to his native city, and maintains, in a special Discorso, that the reconquest of Pisa is a question of life or death; he deplores that Arezzo, after

the rebellion of 1502, was not razed to the ground; he admits in general that Italian republics must be allowed to expand freely and add to their territory in order to enjoy peace at home, and not to be themselves attacked by others, but declares that Florence had always begun at the wrong end, and from the first made deadly enemies of Pisa, Lucca and Siena, while Pistoia, 'treated like a brother', had voluntarily submitted to her.

It would be unreasonable to draw a parallel between the few other republics which still existed in the fifteenth century and this unique city — the most important workshop of the Italian, and indeed of the modern European spirit. Siena suffered from the gravest organic maladies, and its relative prosperity in art and industry must not mislead us on this point. Aeneas Sylvius looks with longing from his native town over to the 'merry' German imperial cities, where life is embittered by no confiscations of land and goods, by no arbitrary officials, and by no political factions. Genoa scarcely comes within range of our task, as before the time of Andrea Doria it took almost no part in the Renaissance. Indeed, the inhabitant of the Riviera was proverbial among Italians for his contempt of all higher culture. Party conflicts here assumed so fierce a character, and disturbed so violently the whole course of life, that we can hardly understand how, after so many revolutions and invasions, the Genoese ever contrived to return to an endurable condition. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that nearly all who took part in public affairs were at the same time almost without exception active men of business. The example of Genoa shows in a striking manner with what insecurity wealth and vast commerce, and with what internal disorder the possession of distant colonies, are compatible.

Lucca is of small significance in the fifteenth century.

Foreign Policy

As the majority of the Italian states were in their internal constitution works of art, that is, the fruit of reflection and careful adaptation, so was their relation to one another and to foreign countries also a work of art. That nearly all of them were the result of recent usurpations was a fact which exercised as fatal an influence in their foreign as in their internal policy. Not one of them recognized another without reserve; the same play of chance which had helped to found and consolidate one dynasty might upset another. Nor was it always a matter of choice with the despot whether to keep quiet or not. The necessity of movement and aggrandizement is common to all illegitimate powers. Thus Italy became the scene of a 'foreign policy' which gradually, as in other countries also, acquired the position of a recognized system of public law. The purely objective treatment of international affairs, as free from prejudice as from moral scruples, attained a perfection which sometimes is not without a certain beauty and grandeur of its own. But as a whole it gives us the impression of a bottomless abyss.

Intrigues, armaments, leagues, corruption and treason make up the outward history of Italy at this period. Venice in particular was long accused on all hands of seeking to conquer the whole peninsula, or gradually so to reduce its strength that one state after another must fall into her hands. But on a closer view it is evident that this complaint did not come from the people, but rather from the courts and official classes, which were commonly abhorred by their subjects, while the mild government of Venice had secured for it general confidence. Even Florence, with its restive subject cities, found

itself in a false position with regard to Venice, apart from all commercial jealousy and from the progress of Venice in Romagna. At last the League of Cambrai actually did strike a serious blow at the state which all Italy ought to have supported with united strength.

The other states, also, were animated by feelings no less unfriendly, and were at all times ready to use against one another any weapon which their evil conscience might suggest. Lodovico il Moro, the Aragonese kings of Naples and Sixtus IV — to say nothing of the smaller powers — kept Italy in a constant perilous agitation. It would have been well if the atrocious game had been confined to Italy; but it lay in the nature of the case that intervention and help should at last be sought from abroad — in particular from the French and the Turks.

The sympathies of the people at large were throughout on the side of France. Florence had never ceased to confess with shocking naïveté its old Guelph preference for the French. And when Charles VIII actually appeared on the south of the Alps, all Italy accepted him with an enthusiasm which to himself and his followers seemed unaccountable. In the imagination of the Italians, to take Savonarola for an example, the ideal picture of a wise, just and powerful saviour and ruler was still living, with the difference that he was no longer the emperor invoked by Dante, but the Capetian King of France. With his departure the illusion was broken; but it was long before all understood how completely Charles VIII, Louis XII and Francis I had mistaken their true relation to Italy, and by what inferior motives they were led. The princes, for their part, tried to make use of France in a wholly different way. When the Franco-English wars came to an end, when Louis XI began to cast about his diplomatic nets on all sides, and Charles of Burgundy to embark on his foolish adventures, the Italian Cabinets came to meet them

at every point. It became clear that the intervention of France was only a question of time, even though the claims on Naples and Milan had never existed, and that the old interference with Genoa and Piedmont was only a type of what was to follow. The Venetians, in fact, expected it as early as 1462. The mortal terror of the Duke Galeazzo Maria of Milan during the Burgundian war, in which he was apparently the ally of Charles as well as of Louis, and consequently had reason to dread an attack from both, is strikingly shown in his correspondence. The plan of an equilibrium of the four chief Italian powers, as understood by Lorenzo the Magnificent, was but the assumption of a cheerful optimistic spirit, which had outgrown both the recklessness of an experimental policy and the superstitions of Florentine Guelphism, and persisted in hoping for the best. When Louis XI offered him aid in the war against Ferrante of Naples and Sixtus IV, he replied, 'I cannot set my own advantage above the safety of all Italy; would to God it never came into the mind of the French kings to try their strength in this country! Should they ever do so, Italy is lost.' For the other princes, the King of France was alternately a bugbear to themselves and to their enemies, and they threatened to call him in whenever they saw no more convenient way out of their difficulties. The popes, in their turn, fancied that they could make use of France without any danger to themselves, and even Innocent VIII imagined that he could withdraw to sulk in the North, and return as a conqueror to Italy at the head of a French army.

Thoughtful men, indeed, foresaw the foreign conquest long before the expedition of Charles VIII. And when Charles was back again on the other side of the Alps, it was plain to every eye that an era of intervention had begun. Misfortune now followed on misfortune; it was understood too late that France and Spain, the two chief invaders, had become great European

powers, that they would be no longer satisfied with verbal homage, but would fight to the death for influence and territory in Italy. They had begun to resemble the centralized Italian states, and indeed to copy them, only on a gigantic scale. Schemes of annexation or exchange of territory were for a time indefinitely multiplied. The end, as is well known, was the complete victory of Spain, which, as sword and shield of the Counter-Reformation, long held the papacy among its other subjects. The melancholy reflections of the philosophers could only show them how those who had called in the barbarians all came to a bad end.

Alliances were at the same time formed with the Turks too, with as little scruple or disguise; they were reckoned no worse than any other political expedients. The belief in the unity of Western Christendom had at various times in the course of the Crusades been seriously shaken, and Frederick II had probably outgrown it. But the fresh advance of the oriental nations, the need and the ruin of the Greek empire, had revived the old feeling, though not in its former strength, throughout Western Europe. Italy, however, was a striking exception to this rule. Great as was the terror felt for the Turks, and the actual danger from them, there was yet scarcely a government of any consequence which did not conspire against other Italian states with Muhammad II and his successors. And when they did not do so, they still had the credit of it; nor was it worse than the sending of emissaries to poison the cisterns of Venice, which was the charge brought against the heirs of Alfonso, King of Naples. From a scoundrel like Sigismondo Malatesta nothing better could be expected than that he should call the Turks into Italy. But the Aragonese monarchs of Naples, from whom Muhammad — at the instigation, we read, of other Italian governments, especially of Venice — had once wrested Otranto (1480), afterwards hounded on the Sultan Bajazet

II against the Venetians. The same charge was brought against Lodovico il Moro. 'The blood of the slain, and the misery of the prisoners in the hands of the Turks, cry to God for vengeance against him,' says the state historian. In Venice, wherethe government was informed of everything, it was known that Giovanni Sforza, ruler of Pesaro, the cousin of the Moor, had entertained the Turkish ambassadors on their way to Milan. The two most respectable among the popes of the fifteenth century, Nicholas V and Pius II, died in the deepest grief at the progress of the Turks, the latter indeed amid the preparations for a crusade which he was hoping to lead in person; their successors embezzled the contributions sent for this purpose from all parts of Christendom, and degraded the indulgences granted in return for them into a private commercial speculation. Innocent VIII consented to be gaoler to the fugitive Prince Djem, for a salary paid by the prisoner's brother Bajazet II, and Alexander VI supported the steps taken by Lodovico il Moro in Constantinople to further a Turkish assault upon Venice (1498), whereupon the latter threatened him with a Council. It is clear the notorious alliance between Francis I and Soliman II was nothing new or unheard of.

Indeed, we find instances of whole populations to whom it seemed no particular crime to go over bodily to the Turks. Even if it were only held out as a threat to oppressive governments, this is at least a proof that the idea had become familiar. As early as 1480 Battista Mantovano gives us clearly to understand that most of the inhabitants of the Adriatic coast foresaw something of this kind, and that Ancona in particular desired it. When Romagna was suffering from the oppressive government of Leo X, a deputy from Ravenna said openly to the legate, Cardinal Giulio Medici: 'Monsignore, the honourable Republic of Venice will not have us, for fear of a dispute with the Holy See; but if the Turk comes to Ragusa we will put

ourselves into his hands.'

It was a poor but not wholly groundless consolation for the enslavement of Italy then begun by the Spaniards that the country was at least secured from the relapse into barbarism which would have awaited it under the Turkish rule. By itself, divided as it was, it could hardly have escaped this fate.

If, with all these drawbacks, the Italian statesmanship of this period deserves our praise, it is only on the ground of its practical and unprejudiced treatment of those questions which were not affected by fear, passion or malice, Here was no feudal system after the northern fashion, with its artificial scheme of rights; but the power which each possessed he held in practice as in theory. Here was no attendant nobility to foster in the mind of the prince the medieval sense of honour, with all its strange consequences; but princes and counsellors were agreed in acting according to the exigencies of the particular case and to the end they had in view. Towards the men whose services were used and towards allies, come from what quarter they might, no pride of caste was felt which could possibly estrange a supporter; and the class of the condottieri, in which birth was a matter of indifference, shows clearly enough in what sort of hands the real power lay; and lastly, the government, in the hands of an enlightened despot, had an incomparably more accurate acquaintance with its own country and that of its neighbours than was possessed by northern contemporaries, and estimated the economical and moral capacities of friend and foe down to the smallest particular. The rulers were, notwithstanding grave errors, born masters of statistical science. With such men negotiation was possible; it might be presumed that they would be convinced and their opinion modified when practical reasons were laid before them. When the great Alfonso of Naples

was (1434) a prisoner of Filippo Maria Visconti, he was able to satisfy his gaoler that the rule of the House of Anjou instead of his own at Naples would make the French masters of Italy; Filippo Maria set him free without ransom and made an alliance with him. A northern prince would scarcely have acted in the same way, certainly not one whose morality in other respects was like that of Visconti. What confidence was felt in the power of self-interest is shown by the celebrated visit which Lorenzo the Magnificent, to the universal astonishment of the Florentines, paid the faithless Ferrante at Naples — a man who would be certainly tempted to keep him a prisoner, and was by no means too scrupulous to do so. For to arrest a powerful monarch, and then to let him go alive, after extorting his signature and otherwise insulting him, as Charles the Bold did to Louis XI at Peronne (1468), seemed madness to the Italians; so that Lorenzo was expected to come back covered with glory, or else not to come back at all. The art of political persuasion was at this time raised to a point — especially by the Venetian ambassadors — of which northern nations first obtained a conception from the Italians, and of which the official addresses give a most imperfect idea. These are mere pieces of humanistic rhetoric. Nor, in spite of an otherwise ceremonious etiquette, was there in case of need any lack of rough and frank speaking in diplomatic intercourse. A man like Machiavelli appears in his Legazioni in an almost pathetic light. Furnished with scanty instructions, shabbily equipped, and treated as an agent of inferior rank, he never loses his gift of free and wide observation or his pleasure in picturesque description.

A special division of this work will treat of the study of man individually and nationally, which among the Italians went hand in hand with the study of the outward conditions of human life.

War as a Work of Art

It must here be briefly indicated by what steps the art of war assumed the character of a product of reflection. Throughout the countries of the West the education of the individual soldier in the Middle Ages was perfect within the limits of the then prevalent system of defence and attack: nor was there any want of ingenious inventors in the arts of besieging and of fortification. But the development both of strategy and of tactics was hindered by the character and duration of military service, and by the ambition of the nobles, who disputed questions of precedence in the face of the enemy, and through simple want of discipline caused the loss of great battles like Crécy and Maupertuis. Italy, on the contrary, was the first country to adopt the system of mercenary troops, which demanded a wholly different organization; and the early introduction of firearms did its part in making war a democratic pursuit, not only because the strongest castles were unable to withstand a bombardment, but because the skill of the engineer, of the gun-founder and of the artillerist — men belonging to another lass than the nobility — was now of the first importance in a campaign. It was felt, with regret, that the value of the individual, which had been the soul of the small and admirably organized bands of mercenaries, would suffer from these novel means of destruction, which did their work at a distance; and there were condottieri who opposed to the utmost the introduction at least of the musket, which had been lately invented in Germany. We read that Paolo Vitelli, while recognizing and himself adopting the cannon, put out the eyes and cut off the hands of the captured schioppettieri of the enemy, because he held it

unworthy that a gallant, and it might be noble, knight should be wounded and laid low by a common, despised foot soldier. On the whole, however, the new discoveries were accepted and turned to useful account, till the Italians became the teachers of all Europe, both in the building of fortifications and in the means of attacking them. Princes like Federigo of Urbino and Alfonso of Ferrara acquired a mastery of the subject compared to which the knowledge even of Maximilian I appears superficial. In Italy, earlier than elsewhere, there existed a comprehensive science and art of military affairs; here, for the first time, that impartial delight is taken in able generalship for its own sake which might, indeed, be expected from the frequent change of party and from the wholly unsentimental mode of action of the condottieri. During the Milano-Venetian war of 1451 and 1452, between Francesco Sforza and Jacopo Piccinino, the headquarters of the latter were attended by the scholar Gian Antonio Porcello dei Pandoni, commissioned by Alfonso of Naples to write a report of the campaign. It is written, not in the purest, but in a fluent Latin, a little too much in the style of the humanistic bombast of the day, is modelled on Caesar's Commentaries, and interspersed with speeches, prodigies and the like. Since for the past hundred years it had been seriously disputed whether Scipio Africanus or Hannibal was the greater, Piccinino through the whole book must needs be called Scipio and Sforza Hannibal. But something positive had to be reported, too, respecting the Milanese army; the sophist presented himself to Sforza, was led along the ranks, praised highly all that he saw, and promised to hand it down to posterity. Apart from him the Italian literature of the day is rich in descriptions of wars and strategic devices, written for the use of educated men in general as well as of specialists, while the contemporary narratives of northerns, such as the Burgundian War by Diebold Schilling, still retain the shapelessness and

matter-of-fact dryness of a mere chronicle. The greatest dilettante who has ever treated in that character of military affairs, Machiavelli, was then busy writing his Arte della Guerra. But the development of the individual soldier found its most complete expression in those public and solemn conflicts between one or more pairs of combatants which were practised long before the famous 'Challenge of Barletta' (1503). The victor was assured of the praises of poets and scholars, which were denied to the northern warrior. The result of these combats was no longer regarded as a divine judgement, but as a triumph of personal merit, and to the minds of the spectators seemed to be both the decision of an exciting competition and a satisfaction for the honour of the army or the nation.

It is obvious that this purely rational treatment of warlike affairs allowed, under certain circumstances, of the worst atrocities, even in the absence of a strong political hatred, as, for instance, when the plunder of a city had been promised to the troops. After the forty days' devastation of Piacenza, which Sforza was compelled to permit to his soldiers (1447), the town long stood empty, and at last had to be peopled by force. Yet outrages like these were nothing compared with the misery which was afterwards brought upon Italy by foreign troops, and most of all by the Spaniards, in whom perhaps a touch of oriental blood, perhaps familiarity with the spectacles of the Inquisition, had unloosed the devilish element of human nature. After seeing them at work at Prato, Rome and elsewhere, it is not easy to take any interest of the higher sort in Ferdinand the Catholic and Charles V, who knew what these hordes were, and yet unchained them. The mass of documents which are gradually brought to light from the Cabinets of these rulers will always remain an important source of historical information; but from such men no fruitful political conception can be looked for.

The Papacy

The papacy and the dominions of the Church are creations of so peculiar a kind that we have hitherto, in determining the general characteristics of Italian states, referred to them only occasionally. The deliberate choice and adaptation of political expedients, which gives so great an interest to the other states, is what we find least of all at Rome, since here the spiritual power could constantly conceal or supply the defects of the temporal. And what fiery trials did this state undergo in the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the papacy was led captive to Avignon! All, at first, was thrown into confusion; but the pope had money, troops and a great statesman and general, the Spaniard Albornoz, who again brought the ecclesiastical state into complete subjection. The danger of a final dissolution was still greater at the time of the schism, when neither the Roman nor the French pope was rich enough to reconquer the newly lost state; but this was done under Martin V, after the unity of the Church was restored, and done again under Eugenius IV, when the same danger was renewed. But the ecclesiastical state was and remained a thorough anomaly among the powers of Italy; in and near Rome itself, the papacy was defied by the great families of the Colonna, Orsini, Savelli and Anguilara; in Umbria, in the Marches and in Romagna, those civic republics had almost ceased to exist, for whose devotion the papacy had showed so little gratitude; their place had been taken by a crowd of princely dynasties, great or small, whose loyalty and obedience signified little. As self-dependent powers, standing on their own merits, they have an interest of their own; and from this point of view the most important

of them have already been discussed.

Nevertheless, a few general remarks on the papacy can hardly be dispensed with. New and strange perils and trials came upon it in the course of the fifteenth century, as the political spirit of the nation began to lay hold upon it on various sides, and to draw it within the sphere of its action. The least of these dangers came from the populace or from abroad; the most serious had their ground in the characters of the popes themselves.

Let us, for this moment, leave out of consideration the countries beyond the Alps. At the time when the papacy was exposed to mortal danger in Italy, it neither received nor could receive the slightest assistance either from France, then under Louis XI, or from England, distracted by the Wars of the Roses, or from the then disorganized Spanish monarchy, or from Germany, but lately betrayed at the Council of Basel. In Italy itself there was a certain number of instructed and even uninstructed people whose national vanity was flattered by the Italian character of the papacy; the personal interests of very many depended on its having and retaining this character; and vast masses of the people still believed in the virtue of the papal blessing and consecration; among them notorious transgressors like Vitelozzo Vitelli, who still prayed to be absolved by Alexander VI, when the pope's son had him strangled. But all these grounds of sympathy put together would not have sufficed to save the papacy from its enemies, had the latter been really in earnest, and had they known how to take advantage of the envy and hatred with which the institution was regarded.

And at the very time when the prospect of help from without was so small, the most dangerous symptoms appeared within the papacy itself. Living, as it now did, and acting in the spirit of the secular Italian principalities, it was compelled to go through the same dark experiences as

they; but its own exceptional nature gave a peculiar colour to the shadows.

As far as the city of Rome itself is concerned, small account was taken of its internal agitations, so many were the popes who had returned after being expelled by popular tumult, and so greatly did the presence of the Curia minister to the interests of the Roman people. But Rome not only displayed at times a specific anti-papal radicalism, but in the most serious plots which were then contrived, gave proof of the working of unseen hands from without. It was so in the case of the conspiracy of Stefano Porcari against Nicholas V (1453), the very pope who had done most for the prosperity of the city. Porcari aimed at the complete overthrow of the papal authority, and had distinguished accomplices, who, though their names are not handed down to us, are certainly to be looked for among the Italian governments of the time. Under the pontificate of the same man, Lorenzo Valla concluded his famous declamation against the gift of Constantine with the wish for the speedy secularization of the states of the Church.

The Catilinarian gang, with which Pius II had to contend (1460), avowed with equal frankness their resolution to overthrow the government of the priests, and its leader, Tburzio, threw the blame on the soothsayers, who had fixed the accomplishment of his wishes for this very year. Several of the chief men of Rome, the Prince of Taranto and the condottiere Jacopo Piccinino were accomplices and supporters of Tiburzio. Indeed, when we think of the booty which was accumulated in the palaces of wealthy prelates — the conspirators had the Cardinal of Aquileia especially in view — we are surprised that, in an almost unguarded city, such attempts were not more frequent and more successful. It was not without reason that Pius II preferred to reside anywhere rather than in Rome, and even Paul II was exposed to no small anxiety through a plot formed by some discharged abbreviators, who,

under the command of Platina, besieged the Vatican for twenty days. The papacy must sooner or later have fallen a victim to such enterprises, if it had not stamped out the aristocratic factions under whose protection these bands of robbers grew to a head.

This task was undertaken by the terrible Sixtus IV. He was the first pope who had Rome and the neighbourhood thoroughly under his control, especially after his successful attack on the House of Colonna, and consequently, both in his Italian policy and in the internal affairs of the Church, he could venture to act with a defiant audacity, and to set at nought the complaints and threats to summon a Council which arose from all parts of Europe. He supplied himself with the necessary funds by simony, which suddenly grew to unheard-of proportions, and which extended from the appointment of cardinals down to the granting of the smallest favours. Sixtus himself had not obtained the papal dignity without recourse to the same means.

A corruption so universal might sooner or later bring disastrous consequences on the Holy See, but they lay in the uncertain future. It was otherwise with nepotism, which threatened at one time to destroy the papacy altogether. Of all the nipoti, Cardinal Pietro Riario enjoyed at first the chief and almost exclusive favour of Sixtus. He soon drew upon him the eyes of all Italy, partly by the fabulous luxury of his life, partly through the reports which were current of his irreligion and his political plans. He bargained with Duke Galeazzo Maria of Milan (1473) that the latter should become King of Lombardy, and then aid him with money and troops to return to Rome and ascend the papal throne; Sixtus, it appears, would have voluntarily yielded to him. This plan, which, by making the papacy hereditary, would have ended in the secularization of the papal state, failed through the sudden death of Pietro.

The second nipote, Girolamo Riario, remained a layman, and did not seek the pontificate. From this time the nipoti, by their endeavours to found principalities for themselves, became a new source of confusion to Italy. It had already happened that the popes tried to make good their feudal claims on Naples in favour of their relatives! But since the failure of Calixtus III, such a scheme was no longer practicable, and Girolamo Riario, after the attempt to conquer Florence (and who knows how many other places) had failed, was forced to content himself with founding a state within the limits of the papal dominions themselves. This was justifiable in so far as Romagna, with its princes and civic despots, threatened to shake off the papal supremacy altogether, and ran the risk of shortly falling a prey to Sforza or the Venetians, when Rome interfered to prevent it. But who, at times and in circumstances like these, could guarantee the continued obedience of nipoti and their descendants, now turned into sovereign rulers, to popes with whom they had no further concern? Even in his lifetime the pope was not always sure of his own son or nephew, and the temptation was strong to expel the nipote of a precedessor and replace him with one of his own. The reaction of the whole system on the papacy itself was of the most serious character; all means of compulsion, whether temporal or spiritual, were used without scruple for the most questionable ends, and to these all the other objects of the Apostolic See were made subordinate. And when they were attained, at whatever cost of revolutions and proscriptions, a dynasty was founded which had no stronger interest than the destruction of the papacy.

At the death of Sixtus, Girolamo was only able to maintain himself in his usurped principality of Forlì and Imola by the utmost exertions of his own, and by the aid of the House of Sforza, to which his wife belonged. In the conclave (1484) which followed the death of Sixtus — that in which

Innocent VIII was elected — an incident occurred which seemed to furnish the papacy with a new external guarantee. Two cardinals, who, at the same time, were princes of ruling houses, Giovanni d'Aragona, son of King Ferrante, and Ascanio Sforza, brother of the Moor, sold their votes with the most shameless effrontery; so that, at any rate, the ruling houses of Naples and Milan became interested, by their participation in the booty, in the continuance of the papal system. Once again, in the following conclave, when all the cardinals but five sold themselves, Ascanio received enormous sums in bribes, but without cherishing the hope that at the next election he would himself be the favoured candidate.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, for his part, was anxious that the House of Medici should not be sent away with empty hands. He married his daughter Maddalena to the son of the new pope — the first who publicly acknowledged his children — Franceschetto Cibò, and expected not only favours of all kinds for his own son, Cardinal Giovanni, afterwards Leo X, but also the rapid promotion of his son-in-law. But with respect to the latter, he demanded impossibilities. Under Innocent VIII there was no opportunity for the audacious nepotism by which states had been founded, since Franceschetto himselfwas a poor creature who, like his father the pope, sought power only for the lowest purpose of all — the acquisition and accumulation of money. The manner, however, in which father and son practised this occupation must have led sooner or later to a final catastrophe — the dissolution of the state. If Sixtus had filled his treasury by the sale of spiritual dignities and favours, Innocent and his son, for their part, established an office for the sale of secular favours, in which pardons for murder and manslaughter were sold for large sums of money. Out of every fine 150 ducats were paid into the papal exchequer, and what was over to

Franceschetto. Rome, during the latter part of this pontificate, swarmed with licensed and unlicensed assassins; the factions, which Sixtus had begun to put down, were again as active as ever; the pope, well guarded in the Vatican, was satisfied with now and then laying a trap, in which a wealthy misdoer was occasionally caught. For Franceschetto the chief point was to know by what means, when the pope died, he could escape with well-filled coffers. He betrayed himself at last, on the occasion of a false report (1490) of his father's death; he endeavoured to carry off all the money in the papal treasury, and when this proved impossible, insisted that, at all events, the Turkish prince, Djem, should go with him, and serve as a living capital, to be advantageously disposed of, perhaps to Ferrante of Naples. It is hard to estimate the political possibilities of remote periods, but we cannot help asking ourselves the question, if Rome could have survived two or three pontificates of this kind. Even with reference to the believing countries of Europe, it was imprudent to let matters go so far that not only travellers and pilgrims, but a whole embassy of Maximilian, King of the Romans, were stripped to their shirts in the neighbourhood of Rome, and that envoys had constantly to turn back without setting foot within the city.

Such a condition of things was incompatible with the conception of power and its pleasures which inspired the gifted Alexander VI (1492—1503), and the first event that happened was the restoration, at least provisionally, of public order, and the punctual payment of every salary.

Strictly speaking, as we are now discussing phases of Italian civilization, this pontificate might be passed over, since the Borgias are no more Italian than the House of Naples. Alexander spoke Spanish in public with Cesare; Lucrezia, at her entrance to Ferrara, where she wore a Spanish costume, was sung to by Spanish buffoons; their confidential servants consisted of

Spaniards, as did also the most ill-famed company of the troops of Cesare in the war of 1500; and even his hangman, Don Micheletto, and his poisoner, Sebastian Pinzon Cremonese, seem to have been of the same nation. Among his other achievements, Cesare, in true Spanish fashion, killed, according to the rules of the craft, six wild bulls in an enclosed court. But the Roman corruption, which seemed to culminate in this family, was already far advanced when they came to the city.

What they were and what they did has been often and fully described. Their immediate purpose, which, in fact, they attained, was the complete subjugation of the pontifical state. All the petty despots, who were mostly more or less refractory vassals of the Church, were expelled or destroyed; and in Rome itself the two great factions were annihilated, the so-called Guelph Orsini as well as the so-called Ghibel-line Colonna. But the means employed were of so frightful a character that they must certainly have ended in the ruin of the papacy, had not the contemporaneous death of both father and son by poison suddenly intervened to alter the whole aspect of the situation. The moral indignation of Christendom was certainly no great source of danger to Alexander; at home he was strong enough to extort terror and obedience; foreign rulers were won over to his side, and Louis XII even aided him to the utmost of his power. The mass of the people throughout Europe had hardly a conception of what was passing in Central Italy. The only moment which was really fraught with danger — when Charles VIII was in Italy — went by with unexpected fortune, and even then it was not the papacy as such that was in peril, but Alexander, who risked being supplanted by a more respectable pope. The great, permanent and increasing danger for the papacy lay in Alexander himself, and, above all, in his son Cesare Borgia.

In the nature of the father, ambition, avarice and sensuality were

combined with strong and brilliant qualities. All the pleasures of power and luxury he granted himself from the first day of his pontificate in the fullest measure. In the choice of means to this end he was wholly without scruple; it was known at once that he would more than compensate himself for the sacrifices which his election had involved, and that the simony of the seller would far exceed the simony of the buyer. It must be remembered that the vice-chancellorship and other offices which Alexander had formerly held had taught him to know better and turn to more practical account the various sources of revenue than any other member of the Curia. As early as 1494, a Carmelite, Adam of Genoa, who had preached at Rome against simony, was found murdered in his bed with twenty wounds. Hardly a single cardinal was appointed without the payment of enormous sums of money.

But when the pope in course of time fell under the influence of his son Cesare Borgia, his violent measures assumed that character of devilish wickedness which necessarily reacts upon the ends pursued. What was done in the struggle with the Roman nobles and with the tyrants of Romagna exceeded in faithlessness and barbarity even that measure to which the Aragonese rulers of Naples had already accustomed the world; and the genius for deception was also greater. The manner in which Cesare isolated his father, murdering brother, brother-in-law and other relations or courtiers, whenever their favour with the pope or their position in any other respect became inconvenient to him, is literally appalling. Alexander was forced to acquiesce in the murder of his best-loved son, the Duke of Gandia, since he himself lived in hourly dread of Cesare.

What were the final aims of the latter? Even in the last months of his tyranny, when he had murdered the condottieri at Sinigaglia, and was to all intents and purposes master of the ecclesiastical state (1503), those who stood

near him gave the modest reply that the duke merely wished to put down the factions and the despots, and all for the good of the Church only; that for himself he desired nothing more than the lordship of the Romagna, and that he had earned the gratitude of all the following popes by riding them of the Orsini and Colonna. But no one will accept this as his ultimate design. The Pope Alexander himself, in his discussions with the Venetian ambassador, went further than this, when committing his son to the protection of Venice: 'I will see to it,' he said, 'that one day the papacy shall belong either to him or to you.' Cesare certainly added that no one could become pope without the consent of Venice, and for this end the Venetian cardinals had only to keep well together. Whether he referred to himself or not we are unable to say; at all events, the declaration of his father is sufficient to prove his designs on the pontifical throne. We further obtain from Lucrezia Borgia a certain amount of indirect evidence, in so far as certain passages in the poems of Ercole Strozza may be the echo of expressions which she as Duchess of Ferrara may easily have permitted herself to use. Here, too, Cesare's hopes of the papacy are chiefly spoken of; but now and then a supremacy over all Italy is hinted at, and finally we are given to understand that as temporal ruler Cesare's projects were of the greatest, and that for their sake he had formerly surrendered his cardinalate. In fact, there can be no doubt whatever that Cesare, whether chosen pope or not after the death of Alexander, meant to keep possession of the pontifical state at any cost, and that this, after all the enormities he had committed, he could not as pope have succeeded in doing permanently. He, if anybody, could have secularized the States of the Church, and he would have been forced to do so in order to keep them. Unless we are much deceived, this is the real reason of the secret sympathy with which Machiavelli treats the great criminal; from Cesare, or from nobody, could it be hoped that he

'would draw the steel from the wound', in other words, annihilate the papacy — the source of all foreign intervention and of all the divisions of Italy. The intriguers who thought to divine Cesare's aims, when holding out to him hopes of the kingdom of Tuscany, seem to have been dismissed with contempt.

But all logical conclusions from his premises are idle, not because of the unaccountable genius which in fact characterized him as little as it did Wallenstein, but because the means which he employed were not compatible with any large and consistent course of action. Perhaps, indeed, in the very excess of his wickedness some prospect of salvation for the papacy may have existed even without the accident which put an end to his rule.

Even if we assume that the destruction of the petty despots in the pontifical state had gained for him nothing but sympathy, even if we take as proof of his great projects the army, composed of the best soldiers and officers in Italy, with Leonardo da Vinci as chief engineer, which followed his fortunes in 1502, other facts nevertheless wear such a character of unreason that our judgement, like that of contemporary observers, is wholly at a loss to explain them. One fact of this kind is the devastation and maltreatment of the newly won state, which Cesare still intended to keep and to rule over. Another is the condition of Rome and of the Curia in the last decades of the pontificate. Whether it were that father and son had drawn up a formal list of proscribed persons, or that the murders were resolved upon one by one, in either case the Borgias were bent on the secret destruction of all who stood in their way or whose inheritance they coveted. Of this money and movable goods formed the smallest part; it was a much greater source of profit for the pope that the incomes of the clerical dignitaries in question were suspended by their death, and that he received the revenues of their offices

while vacant, and the price of these offices when they were filled by the successors of the murdered men. The Venetian ambassador Paolo Capello announces in the year 1500: 'Every night four or five murdered men are discovered — bishops, prelates and others — so that all Rome is trembling for fear of being destroyed by the duke [Cesare].' He himself used to wander about Rome in the night-time with his guards, and there is every reason to believe that he did so not only because, like Tiberius, he shrank from showing his now repulsive features by daylight, but also to gratify his insane thirst for blood, perhaps even on the persons of those unknown to him.

As early as the year 1499 the despair was so great and so general that many of the papal guards were waylaid and put to death. But those whom the Borgias could not assail with open violence fell victims to their poison. For the cases in which a certain amount of discretion seemed requisite, a white powder of an agreeable taste was made use of, which did not work on the spot, but slowly and gradually, and which could be mixed without notice in any dish or goblet. Prince Djem had taken some of it in a sweet draught, before Alexander surrendered him to Charles VIII (1495), and at the end of their career father and son poisoned themselves with the same powder by accidentally tasting a sweetmeat intended for a wealthy cardinal. The official epitomizer of the history of the popes, Onofrio Panvinio, mentions three cardinals, Orsini, Ferrerio and Michiel, whom Alexander caused to be poisoned, and hints at a fourth, Giovanni Borgia, whom Cesare took into his own charge — though probably wealthy prelates seldom died in Rome at that time without giving rise to suspicions of this sort. Even tranquil scholars who had withdrawn to some provincial town were not out of reach of the merciless poison. A secret horror seemed to hang about the pope; storms and thunderbolts, crushing in walls and chambers, had in earlier times often

visited and alarmed him; in the year 1500, when these phenomena were repeated, they were held to be cosa diabolica. The report of these events seems at last, through the well-attended jubilee of 1500, to have been carried far and wide throughout the countries of Europe, and the infamous traffic in indulgences did what else was needed to draw all eyes upon Rome. Besides the returning pilgrims, strange white-robed penitents came from Italy to the North, among them disguised fugitives from the papal state, who are not likely to have been silent. Yet none can calculate how far the scandal and indignation of Christendom might have gone before they became a source of pressing danger to Alexander. 'He would,' says Panvinio elsewhere, 'have put all the other rich cardinals and prelates out of the way, to get their property, had he not, in the midst of his great plans for his son, been struck down by death.' And what might not Cesare have achieved if, at the moment when his father died, he had not himself been laid upon a sickbed! What a conclave would that have been, in which, armed with all his weapons, he had extorted his election from a college whose numbers he had judiciously reduced by poison — and this at a time when there was no French army at hand! In pursuing such a hypothesis the imagination loses itself in an abyss.

Instead of this followed the conclave in which Pius III was elected, and, after his speedy death, that which chose Julius II — both elections the fruits of a general reaction.

Whatever may have been the private morals of Julius II, in all essential respects he was the saviour of the papacy. His familiarity with the course of events since the pontificate of his uncle Sixtus had given him a profound insight into the grounds and conditions of the papal authority. On these he founded his own policy, and devoted to it the whole force and passion of his unshaken soul. He ascended the steps of St Peter's chair without simony and

amid general applause, and with him ceased, at all events, the undisguised traffic in the highest offices of the Church. Julius had favourites, and among them were some the reverse of worthy, but a special fortune put him above the temptation to nepotism. His brother, Giovanni della Rovere, was the husband of the heiress of Urbino, sister of the last Montefeltro Guidobaldo, and from this marriage was born, in 1491, a son, Francesco Maria della Rovere, who was at the same time papal nipote and lawful heir to the duchy of Urbino. What Julius elsewhere acquired, either on the field of battle or by diplomatic means, he proudly bestowed on the Church, not on his family; the ecclesiastical territory, which he found in a state of dissolution, he bequeathed to his successor completely subdued, and increased by Parma and Piacenza. It was not his fault that Ferrara too was not added to the dominions of the Church. The 700,000 ducats which were stored up in the Castel Sant' Angelo were to be delivered by the governor to none but the future pope. He made himself heir of the cardinals, and, indeed, of all the clergy who died in Rome, and this by the most despotic means; but he murdered or poisoned none of them. That he should himself lead his forces to battle was for him an unavoidable necessity, and certainly did him nothing but good at a time when a man in Italy was forced to be either hammer or anvil, and when personality was a greater power than the most indisputable right. If, despite all his high-sounding 'Away with the barbarians!' he nevertheless contributed more than any man to the firm settlement of the Spaniards in Italy, he may have thought it a matter of indifference to the papacy, or even, as things stood, a relative advantage. And to whom, sooner than to Spain, could the Church look for a sincere and lasting respect, in an age when the princes of Italy cherished none but the sacrilegious projects against her? Be this as it may, the powerful, original nature, which could swallow no anger and conceal no genuine good-

will, made on the whole the impression most desirable in his situation — that of the pontefice terribile. He could even, with a comparatively clear conscience, venture to summon a Council to Rome, and so bid defiance to that outcry for a Council which was raised by the opposition all over Europe. A ruler of this stamp needed some great outward symbol of his conceptions; Julius found it in the reconstruction of St Peter's. The plan of it, as Bramante wished to have it, is perhaps the grandest expression of power in unity which can be imagined. In other arts besides architecture the face and the memory of the pope live on in their most ideal form, and it is not without significance that even the Latin poetry of those days gives proof of a wholly different enthusiasm for Julius than that shown for his predecessors. The entry into Bologna, at the end of the Iter Julii Secundi, by the Cardinal Adriano da Corneto, has a splendour of its own, and Giovan Antonio Flaminio, in one of the finest elegies, appealed to the patriot in the pope to grant his protection to Italy.

In a constitution of his Lateran Council, Julius had solemnly denounced the simony of the papal elections. After his death in 1513, the money-loving cardinals tried to evade the prohibition by proposing that the endowments and offices hitherto held by the chosen candidate should be equally divided among themselves, in which case they would have elected the best-endowed cardinal, the incompetent Raphael Riario. But a reaction, chiefly arising from the younger members of the Sacred College, who, above all things, desired a liberal pope, rendered the miserable combination futile; Giovanni Medici was elected — the famous Leo X.

We shall often meet with him in treating of the noonday of the Renaissance; here we wish only to point out that under him the papacy was again exposed to great inward and outward dangers. Among these we do not

reckon the conspiracy of the Cardinals Petrucci, De Saulis, Riario and Corneto (1517), which at most could have occasioned a change of persons, and to which Leo found the true antidote in the unheard-of creation of thirty-one new cardinals, a measure which had the additional advantage of rewarding, in some cases at least, real merit.

But some of the paths which Leo allowed himself to tread during the first two years of his office were perilous to the last degree. He seriously endeavoured to secure, by negotiation, the kingdom of Naples for his brother Giuliano, and for his nephew Lorenzo a powerful North Italian state, to comprise Milan, Tuscany, Urbino and Ferrara. It is clear that the pontifical state, thus hemmed in on all sides, would have become a mere Medicean appanage, and that, in fact, there would have been no further need to secularize it.

The plan found an insuperable obstacle in the political conditions of the time. Giuliano died early. To provide for Lorenzo, Leo undertook to expel the Duke Francesco Maria della Rovere from Urbino, but reaped from the war nothing but hatred and poverty, and was forced, when in 1519 Lorenzo followed his uncle to the grave, to hand over the hard-won conquests to the Church. He did on compulsion and without credit what, if it had been done voluntarily, would have been to his lasting honour. What he attempted against Alfonso of Ferrara, and actually achieved against a few petty despots and condottieri, was assuredly not of a kind to raise his reputation. And this was at a time when the monarchs of the West were yearly growing more and more accustomed to political gambling on a colossal scale, of which the stakes were this or that province of Italy. Who could guarantee that, since the last decades had seen so great an increase of their power at home, their ambition would stop short of the States of the Church? Leo himself witnessed

the prelude of what was fulfilled in the year 1527; a few bands of Spanish infantry appeared — of their own accord, it seems — at the end of 1520, on the borders of the pontifical territory, with a view of laying the pope under contribution, but were driven back by the papal forces. The public feeling, too, against the corruptions of the hierarchy had of late years been drawing rapidly to a head, and men with an eye for the future, like the younger Pico della Mirandola, called urgently for reform. Meantime Luther had already appeared upon the scene.

Under Adrian VI (1522—3), the few and timid improvements, carried out in the face of the great German Reformation, came too late. He could do little more than proclaim his horror of the course which things had taken hitherto, of simony, nepotism, prodigality, brigandage and profligacy. The danger from the side of the Lutherans was by no means the greatest; an acute observer from Venice, Girolamo Negro, uttered his fears that a speedy and terrible disaster would befall the city of Rome itself.

Under Clement VII the whole horizon of Rome was filled with vapours, like that leaden veil which the scirocco drew over the Campagna, and which made the last months of summer so deadly. The pope was no less detested at home than abroad. Thoughtful people were filled with anxiety, hermits appeared upon the streets and squares of Rome, foretelling the fate of Italy and of the world, and calling the pope by the name of Antichrist; the faction of the Colonna raised its head defiantly; the indomitable Cardinal Pompeo Colonna, whose mere existence was a permanent menace to the papacy, ventured to surprise the city in 1526, hoping, with the help of Charles V, to become pope then and there, as soon as Clement was killed or captured. It was no piece of good fortune for Rome that the latter was able to escape to the Castel Sant' Angelo, and the fate for which he himself was reserved may

well be called worse than death.

By a series of those falsehoods, which only the powerful can venture on, but which bring ruin upon the weak, Clement brought about the advance of the Germano-Spanish army under Bourbon and Frundsberg (1527). It is certain that the Cabinet of Charles V intended to inflict on him a severe castigation, and that it could not calculate beforehand how far the zeal of its unpaid hordes would carry them. It would have been vain to attempt to enlist men in Germany without paying any bounty, if it had not been well known that Rome was the object of the expedition. It may be that the written orders to Bourbon will be found some day or other, and it is not improbable that they will prove to be worded mildly. But historical criticism will not allow itself to be led astray. The Catholic king and emperor owed it to his luck and nothing else that pope and cardinals were not murdered by his troops. Had this happened, no sophistry in the world could clear him of his share in the guilt. The massacre of countless people of less consequence, the plunder of the rest, and all the horrors of torture and traffic in human life show clearly enough what was possible in the Sacco di Roma.

Charles seems to have wished to bring the pope, who had fled a second time to the Castel Sant' Angelo, to Naples, after extorting from him vast sums of money, and Clement's flight to Orvieto must have happened without any connivance on the part of Spain. Whether the emperor ever thought seriously of the secularization of the States of the Church, for which everybody was quite prepared, and whether he was really dissuaded from it by the representations of Henry VIII of England, will probably never be made clear.

But if such projects really existed, they cannot have lasted long: from the devastated city arose a new spirit of reform both in Church and state. It made itself felt in a moment. Cardinal Sadoleto, one witness of many, thus

writes:

> If through our suffering a satisfaction is made to the wrath and justice of God, if these fearful punishments again open the way to better laws and morals, then is our misfortune perhaps not of the greatest ... What belongs to God He will take care of; before us lies a life of reformation, which no violence can take from us. Let us so rule our deeds and thoughts as to seek in God only the true glory of the priesthood and our own true greatness and power.

In point of fact, this critical year, 1527, so far bore fruit that the voices of serious men could again make themselves heard. Rome had suffered too much to return, even under a Paul III, to the gay corruption of Leo X.

The papacy, too, when its sufferings became so great, began to excite a sympathy half religious and half political. The kings could not tolerate that one of their number should arrogate to himself the rights of papal gaoler, and concluded (18 August 1527) the Treaty of Amiens, one of the objects of which was the deliverance of Clement. They thus, at all events, turned to their own account the unpopularity which the deeds of the imperial troops had excited. At the same time the emperor became seriously embarrassed, even in Spain, where the prelates and grandees never saw him without making the most urgent remonstrances. When a general deputation of the clergy and laity, all clothed in mourning, was projected, Charles, fearing that troubles might arise out of it, like those of the insurrection quelled a few years before, forbade the scheme. Not only did he not dare to prolong the maltreatment of the pope, but he was absolutely compelled, even apart from all considerations of foreign politics, to be reconciled with the papacy which he had so grievously wounded. For the temper of the German people, which certainly pointed to a different course, seemed to him, like German affairs generally, to

afford no foundation for a policy. It is possible, too, as a Venetian maintains, that the memory of the sack of Rome lay heavy on his conscience, and tended to hasten that expiation which was sealed by the permanent subjection of the Florentines to the Medicean family of which the pope was a member. The nipote and new duke, Alessandro Medici, was married to the natural daughter of the emperor.

In the following years the plan of a Council enabled Charles to keep the papacy in all essential points under his control, and at one and the same time to protect and to oppress it. The greatest danger of all — secularization — the danger which came from within, from the popes themselves and their nipoti, was adjourned for centuries by the German Reformation. Just as this alone had made the expedition against Rome (1527) possible and successful, so did it compel the papacy to become once more the expression of a world-wide spiritual power, to raise itself from the soulless debasement in which it lay, and to place itself at the head of all the enemies of this Reformation. The institution thus developed during the latter years of Clement VII, and under Paul III, Paul IV, and their successors, in the face of the defection of half Europe, was a new, regenerated hierarchy, which avoided all the great and dangerous scandals of former times, particularly nepotism, with its attempts at territorial aggrandizement, and which, in alliance with the Catholic princes, and impelled by a new-born spiritual force, found its chief work in the recovery of what had been lost. It only existed and is only intelligible in opposition to the seceders. In this sense it can be said with perfect truth that the moral salvation of the papacy is due to its mortal enemies. And now its political position, too, though certainly under the permanent tutelage of Spain, became impregnable; almost without effort it inherited, on the extinction of its vassals, the legitimate line of Este and the house of della

Rovere, the duchies of Ferrara and Urbino. But without the Reformation — if, indeed, it is possible to think it away — the whole ecclesiastical state would long ago have passed into secular hands.

Patriotism

In conclusion, let us briefly consider the effect of these political circumstances on the spirit of the nation at large.

It is evident that the general political uncertainty in Italy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was of a kind to excite in the better spirits of the time a patriotic disgust and opposition. Dante and Petrarch, in their day, proclaimed loudly a common Italy, the object of the highest efforts of all her children. It may be objected that this was only the enthusiasm of a few highly instructed men, in which the mass of the people had no share; but it can hardly have been otherwise even in Germany, although in name at least that country was united, and recognized in the emperor one supreme head. The first patriotic utterances of German literature, if we except some verses of the Minnesänger, belong to the humanists of the time of Maximilian I and after, and read like an echo of Italian declamations. And yet, as a matter of fact, Germany had been long a nation in a truer sense than Italy ever was since the Roman days. France owes the consciousness of its national unity mainly to its conflicts with the English, and Spain has never permanently succeeded in absorbing Portugal, closely related as the two countries are. For Italy, the existence of the ecclesiastical state, and the conditions under which alone it could continue, were a permanent obstacle to national unity, an obstacle whose removal seemed hopeless. When, therefore, in the political intercourse of the fifteenth century, the common fatherland is sometimes emphatically named, it is done in most cases to annoy some other Italian state. But those deeply serious and sorrowful appeals to national sentiment

were not heard again till later, when the time for unity had gone by, when the country was inundated with Frenchmen and Spaniards. The sense of local patriotism may be said in some measure to have taken the place of this feeling, though it was but a poor equivalent for it.

Penguin Random House North Asia

让我们遇见在。。

企鹅图书 微博(penguinbooks)

企鹅图书微信订阅号

微信搜一搜

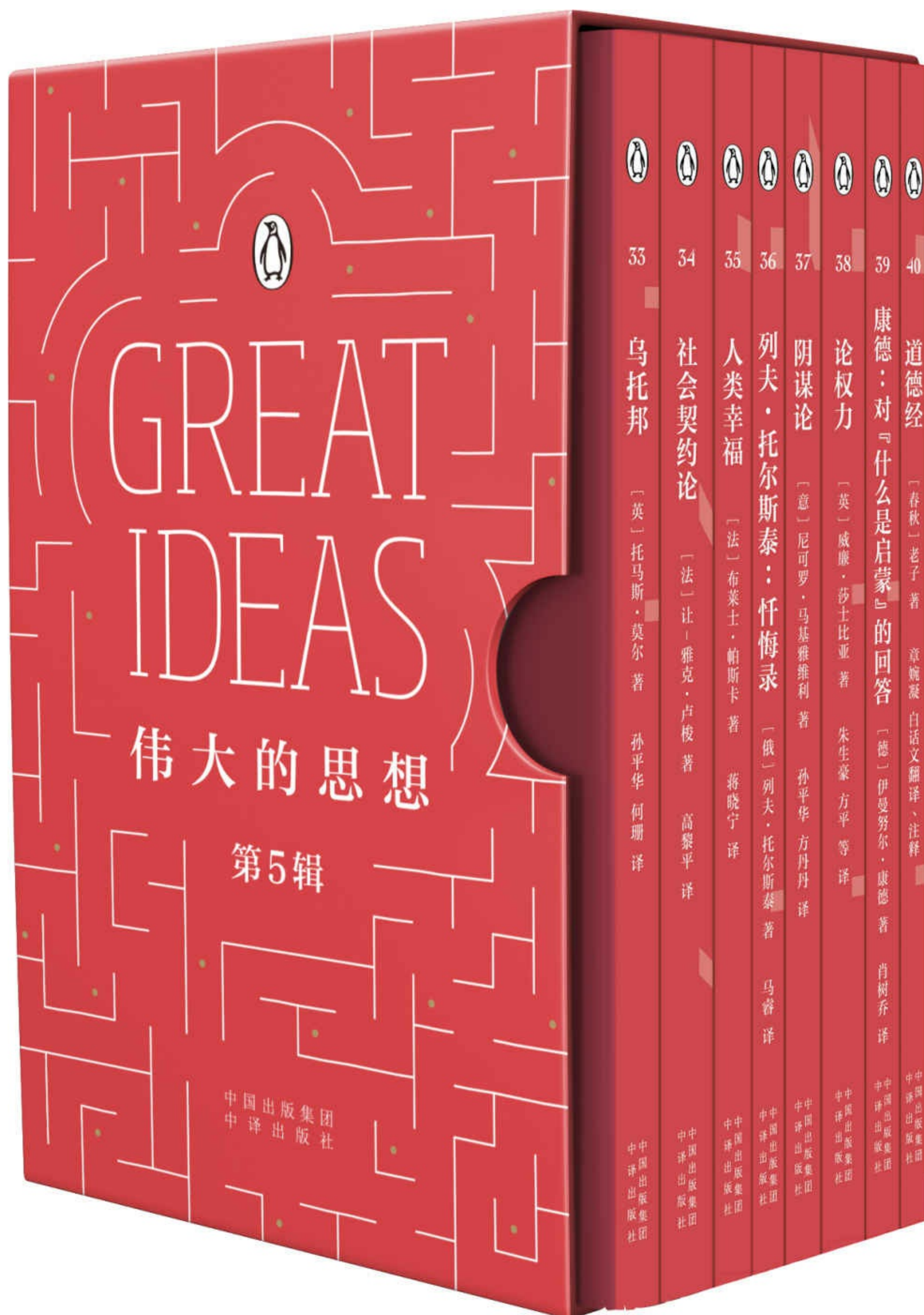
企鹅图书

企鹅图书数字业务微信服务号

微信搜一搜

企鹅兰登服务号

更多关于我们对信息请
访问企鹅兰登北亚官网 PRHNA.COM


GREAT IDEAS
伟大的思想
第5辑
中国出版集团
中译出版社
33 乌托邦 [英] 托马斯·莫尔 著 孙平华 何珊 译
34 社会契约论 [法] 让-雅克·卢梭 著 高黎平 译
35 人类幸福 [法] 布莱士·帕斯卡 著 蒋晓宁 译
36 列夫·托尔斯泰：忏悔录 [俄] 列夫·托尔斯泰 著 马睿 译
37 阴谋论 [意] 尼可罗·马基雅维利 著 孙平华 方丹丹 译
38 论权力 [英] 威廉·莎士比亚 著 朱生豪 方平 等 译
39 康德：对『什么是启蒙』的回答 [德] 伊曼努尔·康德 著 肖树乔 译
40 道德经 [春秋] 老子 著 章婉凝 白话文翻译、注释

目录

UTOPIA

乌托邦

[英] 托马斯·莫尔　著

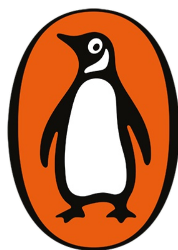
孙平华　何珊　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

乌托邦

（英）托马斯·莫尔/著

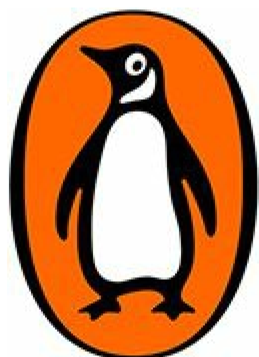
孙平华　何珊/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

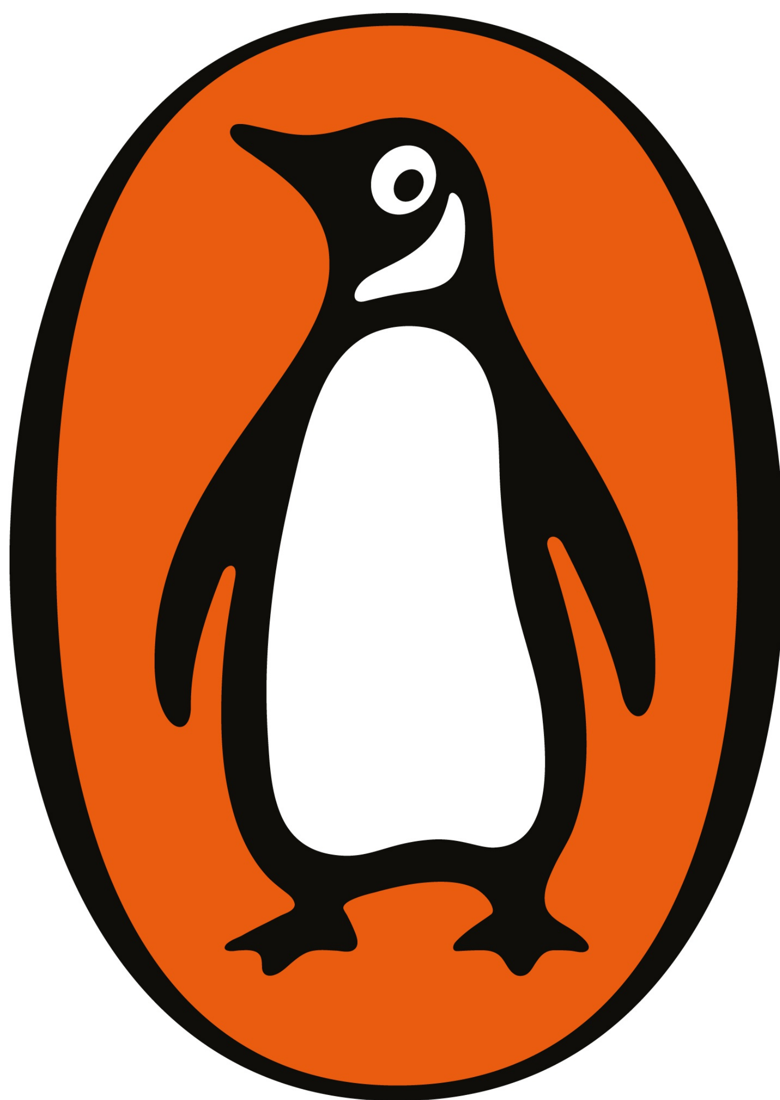
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin
Random House
North Asia

www.penguin.com
This edition first published in Penguin Books 2009

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

托马斯·莫尔（St.Thomas More，又称Sir Thomas More，1478—1535），英格兰政治家、人文主义学者及欧洲空想主义创始人。1478年生于伦敦的一个法学家庭，毕业于牛津大学，曾任律师、国会议员、财政副大臣、国会下院议长、大法官。1535年因反对亨利八世兼任教会首脑而被处死。

莫尔最著名的作品《乌托邦》全名为《关于最完美的国家制度和乌托邦新岛的既有益又有趣的全书》，该书用拉丁语写成，约于1516年出版。莫尔在牛津大学攻读古典文学期间广泛阅读了柏拉图、伊壁鸠鲁、亚里士多德等人的作品，并深受人文主义和柏拉图思想的影响，后来有评论家将《乌托邦》称为柏拉图《理想国》的续篇。乌托邦一词源于希腊语，意为“没有的地方”或“好地方”，寓意一个虚构的美好地方。莫尔采用对话的方式，通过主人公拉斐尔的叙述以游记小说的表现形式描绘了一个理想社会。

《乌托邦》分为两部。第一部中，莫尔借拉斐尔之口揭露了当时英国社会的各种弊端，对十六世纪初欧洲国家，尤其是英国的政治制度和社会制度进行了尖锐的讽刺和深刻的揭露，并将批判的矛头直指私有制。莫尔对当时英国社会的描述及批判与第二部中乌托邦的描写形成鲜明的对比和反衬。第二部中，莫尔系统地介绍了乌托邦这个神秘岛国的政治、经济、科学文化、社会生活、宗教及外交。大至政治、经济、外交等社会制度，小至婚嫁、饮食、着装等社会习俗，莫尔无不进行了详尽细致的描述，将乌托邦这一神秘的国度活灵活现地展现在读者的眼前。政治上民主，经济上平等，生活上健康积极，宗教上自由宽容，外交上友好和平，乌托邦社会的各个方面都具有社会主义制度的雏形，小

说《乌托邦》也开创了社会主义小说的先河。马克思和恩格斯称赞《乌托邦》一书显示出“共产主义思想的微光”。但由于历史的局限性，《乌托邦》也具有一定的片面性，例如，书中提到的“平均主义”在当时生产力水平低下的社会中根本行不通，只能是一种空想，然而这并不影响《乌托邦》成为不朽之作。

《乌托邦》最大的贡献在于第一个提出了消灭私有制、建立公有制的问题，并对社会主义制度的构想进行了详尽的描述，提出了一套完整的社会主义体系和具体原则。莫尔以这种独特的方式表达了对当时英国统治阶级的强烈不满和严厉的批判，并以一个空想的国度来寄托自己的社会理想。然而，在当时，莫尔不可能对资本主义有全面和深刻的认识，也无法寻得实现他所构想的社会制度的正确途径，因此“乌托邦”成为了空想的代名词。译者在翻译过程中力图使用最简洁的语言准确传达原著的意义，并对文中一些词汇作了简要的注解，以期读者能对这一不朽著作有更准确、更清晰的理解。

莫尔致彼得·贾尔斯的信

我亲爱的彼得·贾尔斯，我真不好意思寄给你这本关于乌托邦国家的小书，因为让你等了将近一年时间，而你一定期望在一个半月之内就能得到这本书。你知道在这本书中我不难找到我自己的主题，也不必苦苦思索一种合适的形式——我必须做的事情就是将拉斐尔对我们讲的内容复述一下而已。不必在措辞上费神太多，因为他在语言风格上并没有特别的润色——一切都是随时的即兴交谈，并且你也知道，他的拉丁语也不像他的希腊语那样好。因此，我越是接近他简朴的即席语言表达风格，我就越是贴近真实，在这种情况下，我所担心的也是应该担心的所有内容就是真实性。

是的，彼得，我知道。那么多的工作都已准备就绪，实际上我没有要做的事情了。告诉你吧，在其他任何情况下，创作和组织像这样的一本书，即使是有天赋、有学问的人也需要投入大量的时间来构思。如果既要尊重这一风格又要准确，我也就没有时间和精力来完成它了。但事实上，我免除了所有那些头痛的事情。我的工作只是将我所听到的记录下来，这确实极为容易——可是，其他的许多事情忙得我都没有一点时间来做这项极为容易的工作。我一直忙于法院的事情，或是参与辩护，或是主持审判，或是民事案件，或是刑事案件。再有就是总有因为公事或是出于礼貌要去拜访的人。我实际上整天在外面忙，与其他人打交道——剩余的时间就是与家人在一起，因此，我自己就没有剩下时间写作了。

你知道，我回家后必须与妻子聊天，与孩子们交流，与仆人讨论事情。我把这些也当作我应尽的义务，因为如果我不想在自己家中做一个陌生人，就绝对有必要这样做。除此之外，一个人应该善待一起生活的

人，不管是谨慎选择为伙伴，或者只是由于偶然的机会或家族关系而共同生活——即应该尽量善待而不能损害他们，也不能把仆人变为主人。

因此，一天天、一月月，乃至一年年就这样悄然流逝。你可能会问，那么我何时写作呢？好了，到目前为止我还没有提及睡眠，或者是吃饭——许多人在吃饭上消耗的时间与睡眠一样多——其实我所获得的仅有时间都是我从睡眠和吃饭中偷来的。这些时间不多，因此我的进展就比较缓慢——但是至少还是有些时间，所以我已经最后完成了《乌托邦》这本书，现在寄给你，我亲爱的彼得，希望你能够阅读它，如有遗漏的地方就告诉我，我对那个得分感到相当的自信——因为我仅仅希望我的学问和智力能够达到我的记忆水准——但是我并不太自信我什么也没有忘记。

如你所知，我的年轻助手约翰·克莱门，那时也跟我们在一起。凡是有些教育价值的谈话我都决不让他错过，因为他已经开始在拉丁语和希腊语方面展现了希望，我期待着他有朝一日成就大事。对了，他使我感到有一个很难确定的细节问题。根据我的回忆，拉斐尔告诉我们空中城堡中的乌水河上的那座桥长五百码，但是约翰想让我把这个数字减少两百，因为他说那条河在那个地方不会超过三百码。请你根据你的记忆回忆一下正确的数字好吗？如果你同意他说的对，我就采取你一样的看法，确定我错了。但是如果你全忘记了，我就采用我的数字，因为这是我似乎记得的情况。你知道我极其想把事实搞对，有任何事情难以肯定的时候，我的任何讲述背离真实之处都不是我的意愿，因为我宁愿做老实人也不愿装聪明人。

尽管如此，最简单的解决方案就是你去问一下拉斐尔本人，或是口头，或是书面——事实上你必须去问，因为还有突然冒出来的一个小问题。我不知道是谁的错，是我、是你还是拉斐尔的错，我们从未想起来问过，而他又从未想起来告诉我们，乌托邦在新世界的哪里。我的钱不

多，但我却极为愿意拿出这些钱来弥补这一过失。一方面，这使我感到相当愚蠢，我毕竟写了关于这座岛屿的故事，但却不知道它位于哪个海里。另一方面，有一两位英格兰人想去那里。尤其是有一位虔诚的神学家，他极其渴望去访问乌托邦，并不是因为无聊好奇而想去，而是因为既然那里已经成功地将基督教介绍进去了，他想进一步推进。因为他希望正式推动基督教在当地发展，他已决定设法让教皇委派他去，并实际上创设乌托邦主教。任何恳求升任的顾虑不能够阻碍他的希望。他认为这件事做起来极其正确，不是出于趋名逐利，而纯属是热情所驱。

因此，亲爱的彼得，如果你方便，能够安排面见一下拉斐尔或者是写信给他好吗？以确信我的这部作品写的东西都是全部真实的。也许你将该书拿给他看看就最好了，因为他是最有资格改正任何错误的人，而他也只有在通读全文之后，才能够改好。另外，通过这种方式，你就能发现他对我所写的他的研究结果是怎么样的态度。因为如果他计划亲自来写，他很可能不愿意我来代写——我当然也不应该将乌托邦过早地公布于众，使他的故事丧失新奇的魅力。

可是说实话，我还没有决定是否出版这部书。人们的口味差异很大，有的人极其严肃，有的人甚为苛刻，有的人偏执荒谬却对之加以蔑视，或者至少不表示感谢。大多数读者对文学一无所知——不少人蔑视文学。没有文化教养的人对任何不是完全没文化的事情都难以理解。有文化修养的人对任何不是古文体的东西都认为粗俗而加以反对。一些人只喜欢古典作品，一些人只喜欢自己的作品。一些人极为严肃不喜欢各种笑话，还有的人相当愚蠢，他们不能忍受风趣。一些人头脑迟钝，一听到一点讽刺话就害怕，就像狂犬病人听到水声一样。其他人每次站起来或坐下去都会得出不同的结论。一些旧经学派批评家，他们坐在公共酒店，以权威自居，随意谴责他人的作品。他们抓住你的作品，就像摔跤选手抓住对手的头发一样，将你摔倒，而他们自己却仍然保持不受任何伤害，因为他们无毛的脑袋完全光秃秃的——因此，没有你能够抓得

住的东西。

另外有一些读者，他们即使极为欣赏一本书，也对作者没有景慕之情，这一点令人反感。他们就像失礼的来客，受到丰盛的晚宴款待之后，对邀请他们的主人连一句感谢的话也没有就回家去了。至于自愿向挑剔和不知其口味，又怀有深厚感激之情的那部分公众作出富有教益谈话的贤人，就不多说了。

但是，如我所说，一定要与拉斐尔取得联系。我之后还会想到其他问题——尽管现在开始对事物敏感已经真的晚了，我已经费尽气力写完了这本书。因此，如果他不反对的话，我是否出版该书将听从朋友的建议，尤其是要听从你的建议。

再见吧，我最最亲爱的彼得·贾尔斯，并向你美丽的妻子问好。对我的友爱始终如一吧，我比以前更加爱你了。

你忠实的

托马斯·莫尔

贾尔斯致巴斯雷德的信

安特卫普

1516年11月1日

我亲爱的巴斯雷德：

有一天你的一个伟大朋友，托马斯·莫尔——我肯定你会同意他是我们当代的一大荣耀——将与世隔绝的乌托邦的描述寄给我。目前，还很少有人了解这个岛屿，但是每个人应该都想了解它，因为他像柏拉图的《共和国》，但更好——因为它是由这样一个有天才的作者来描绘的。他把所有的事情如此栩栩如生地展现在人们眼前，通过阅读他的语句，我仿佛比过去拉斐尔的声音在我耳边回响时获得的图像更加清晰——因为交谈时我与莫尔就在一起。然而，拉斐尔讲得特别好。他显然不是在兜售别人的故事，确实是在描绘他自己在一个地方的经历，他在这里居住了相当长一段时间。我个人认为，他要比尤利西斯对这个世界的了解更多，我怀疑过去至少八百年中是否有过像他这样的人。他使我们感到万斯普赛绝对啥也没有看到。

这人好像在阐述方面也有特别的天赋——尽管我认为，与描绘我们道听途说的事物相比，我们总是能够更好地描绘我们亲眼所见的事物。但是，当我思索莫尔对同一主题类似画面式的描述时，我有时感觉到我就实际生活在乌托邦。实际上，我诚实地认为，在他对这座岛屿的描述中，有比拉斐尔自己在其所呆五年间看到的东西更多。一个人能在每一页书上看到这么多精彩的事情，使我几乎不知道首先该羡慕的是什么——他的记忆异常准确，能够一句句地写出极长的演讲——他的聪明在于能够迅速掌握每个社会邪恶的现实和潜在的原因，尽管至今大半都并

不为人所知——或者他那个人风格的力量和语言的流畅，他那处理各种话题的能力，并以正确的和强有力的拉丁语来表述——尤其是他还被如此多的公务和家务所分心。但是，所有这一切对像他这样的杰出学者都似乎不必感到惊奇。另外，你对他是那么熟悉，并且那么熟悉他那异乎常人的智力，如果不是从正面来理解的话。

他所写的内容我再也想不出可以增加什么了——除了我以乌托邦语言添加了四行诗，拉斐尔在莫尔走了之后碰巧将这诗与乌托邦字母表一起给我看过。我还补充了几个页边注释。随便说一下，莫尔有一点担心，因为他不知道那座岛屿的确切地址。事实上，拉斐尔的确提起过，但仅是十分简略地偶然提起，尽管他当时的意思是以后还会谈到这个问题——因为某些不为人知的原因，我们两个都没有听到。你知道，正当拉斐尔触及到这一主题时，一个仆人来找莫尔，并且在他耳边耳语了些什么。尽管这使得我极专注地听着，但就是那个时候他的一个同事大声咳嗽——我想他是在船上患了感冒——结果拉斐尔的话一点也没有听清楚。尽管如此，在不搞清楚这一点之前我是不会罢休的，直到能够告诉你这座岛屿的确切位置、纬度等。还有，我们的朋友拉斐尔是否仍然安然无恙？因为我已经听到几个有关他的故事。有人说他已在旅途中死在某地了。有人说他已经返回祖国。还有人说他又回到了乌托邦，部分原因是他对乌托邦很怀旧，还有一部分原因是他不能忍受欧洲人的行为。

你也许惊讶的是为什么在任何地理著作中都没有提到乌托邦，但是拉斐尔本人对这个问题已给予圆满解答。他说很可能古代人已知道这座岛屿但名字不同，或者他们从来也没有听说过——因为现在总是发现一些旧地理书上从没提到过的国家。尽管如此，我也不必争论去证实我的观点，我能够求助于像莫尔这样的权威。

我理解并尊重他犹豫是否出版该书时表现出来的谦虚。尽管我个人认为，它是那种绝不应该压制那么长时间的书，而是应该尽快发行，最

好是附上你的一封推荐信——因为你对莫尔的天才有特别的认识，谁能比一个多年从事公共服务并以其智慧和诚实赢得高度赞扬的人更有资格将这些合理的思想介绍给公众呢？

向所有对学术成就的赞助人致以最良好的祝愿，你也是这个时代的荣耀。

你忠实的

彼得·贾尔斯

第一部

统治艺术的伟大专家、战无不胜的英王亨利八世与尊贵的卡斯提尔国王查理殿下二人之间，近期存有相当严重的意见分歧。英王派我出使法兰德斯去讨论并解决事端，和我同行的还有我的好朋友卡斯波特·特斯托尔，一个优秀的人，最近被任命为案卷法官，大家都甚为满意。他的学问和优秀品德是我无话可说的——不是因为我担心似乎有赞成他的偏见，而是因为他们太出色了，我难以给出恰如其分的描述，而且是太众所周知了，根本不需加以描述。我不想劳神于这些显而易见的事务。

按照卡斯提尔外交使节的事先安排，我们在布鲁日见面，这些使节都是些极为杰出的人。他们的名义领队是布鲁日的市长，一个严肃的人物，但是大多数思路和发言都是出自于加塞尔城的教会长乔治·德·塞姆塞克。此人是天生的好口才，又训练有素。他还是一位法律专家，不仅禀赋好，而且是具有丰富经验的谈判高手。经过一两次会议之后，我们在若干问题上仍然没能达成一致看法，因此他们就向我们告别几天，到布鲁塞尔去听取他们国王的意见。这时，我因自己的事去了趟安特卫普。

我在那里的时候，有几个经常的来访者，但是我最喜欢的一个就是年轻的安特卫普本地人，名字叫彼得·贾尔斯。他很受当地人的尊重，而且在那座城担任着重要的职位；他真是完全值得享有最崇高的地位，因为我说不出是哪一点对我印象最为深刻，是他的聪明才智还是他的优秀品德。当然，他是一个很优秀的人，也是一个很优秀的学者。他对每个人都一视同仁，对朋友更是真诚、坦率、关爱有加，他几乎就是唯一在各个方面称得起完美的朋友了。他异常的谦虚、完全的诚实而又极为单纯。他也是一个轻松愉快的交谈者，他那诙谐的谈吐不会伤害任何人

的感情。我渴望回到英国去看望我的妻子和孩子，因为我离开家已经有四个多月了。他的愉快陪伴和愉快交谈在很大程度上减轻了我的思乡之情。

一天，我在圣母院做礼拜，这是一座华丽的教堂，挤满了人。我正想回宾馆，这时正巧看到了彼得·贾尔斯和一个上了年纪的陌生人在谈话，那人面孔黝黑，留着长长的胡子，肩上随意披着一件斗篷。从他的外貌和衣服我断定他是一个船员。就在这时，彼得看到了我。他立刻走过来打招呼，接着，我还没来得及回答，他就把我拉过去指着刚刚与之交谈的那个人，问道："你看见对面那个人了吗？我正想带他来见你。"

我回答说："如果他是你的朋友，我当然很高兴见他。"

彼得说："当你听说了他是哪种人的话，你肯定很高兴见他——因为当今没有人像他一样能够告诉你那么多关于陌生国家和其居民的故事了。我知道这是你急切想听到的东西。"

我说："我猜得不太错吧，我一看到他，就想他是一个水手。"

"这一次你完全错了，"他回答道，"我的意思是，他不是巴里纽拉斯那样的水手。他更像是尤利西斯，或者甚至像柏拉图。你知道，我们的朋友拉斐尔——因为那就是他的名字，拉斐尔·诺森索——是一个大学者。他懂不少的拉丁语和大量的希腊语。因为他主要对哲学感兴趣，他集中力量研究希腊语。他发现这门学科使用拉丁语写的没有重要的东西，除了辛尼加和西塞罗的一些东西。他想看看这个世界，因此他把管理葡萄牙家产的事交给了他的兄弟们——他是葡萄牙人——就加入了亚美利哥·韦斯普奇（Amerigo Vespucci）一行。你知道人人都在读的他那本《记四次航行》的书吗？拉斐尔是他后三次航行中形影不离的旅伴，只是最后一次他没有陪他回来。相反，他几乎是强迫亚美利哥让他成为留在那个要塞上的二十四个人之中的一员。因此，他就留在了那里，按

照他的意愿醉心于旅行，这是他真正关心的事情，他不介意他最终死于何地，他有两句最喜欢的名言：‘死后没棺材，青天作遮盖’，以及‘条条大路通天堂’——要不是老天的保佑，他这种态度可能导致他极大的麻烦。尽管如此，在韦斯普奇走后，拉斐尔和其他五个留在要塞上的人作了许多探险。最后，一次机缘巧合之下，他到了锡兰。从那里他转到了卡利卡特。在当地他幸运地遇到了几条葡萄牙船，最后又出乎意料地回到了本国。”

“好，非常感谢你，”我说，“我当然喜欢与这样的人交谈，你给我这样一个机会真是太感谢你了。”

我接着走向拉斐尔与他握手。我们就像人们初次介绍时通常所做的那样说了几句客套话，然后一同来到我住所的花园，在那里我们坐在草苔丛生的凳子上，开始更加自由的交谈。

拉斐尔首先告诉我们他和其他留在要塞上的人所发生的故事，从韦斯普奇离开他们谈起。通过礼貌和友好表现，他们渐渐迎合了当地居民。很快彼此不仅保持了平安相处的关系，而且还产生了好感。他们尤其是与某一位国王相处得很好，他的名字和国籍我已经忘记了。他非常慷慨地为拉斐尔及他的五个探险同伴提供了旅行的食物和资金，还有旅行使用的船只和车辆。他还提供了一位最为可靠的导游与其他各个国王取得联系，并给他们写了介绍信。就这样，在旅行了好几天之后，他们来到了一些大城镇和人口密集的地区，这里有着高标准的政治组织。

显然，在赤道上，在大多数热带地区，你会看到永不停歇的炎热炙烤着广袤的荒原。一切看上去都是那么可怕与荒凉。这里没有耕作的痕迹，也没有牲畜生活，只有毒蛇猛兽，或者是一样危险的人类。但是，如果你再往前走一些，情况就会逐渐好转。气候变得不那么酷热，地面上长满了可爱的青草，人和动物也没有那样凶猛。最后，你就到了人们居住的城镇。他们不仅彼此之间，或者与近邻之间，甚至于同相当遥远

的国家都一直有着水陆贸易。

拉斐尔说："这给了我四处旅游的机会，因为无论何时我发现有船只起航，我就问能否让我和我的朋友搭乘，他们总是很高兴地让我们上船。我们最初见到的船都是平底的，帆都是由纸草或柳枝编成，也有些是皮革的。可是，后来我们所遇到的船有尖龙骨和帆布品蓬，一般与我们的船就一样了。那里的水手还没有很好的风浪知识，但是我通过解释指南针的用法赢得了他们特别的好感。他们之前从来没有听说过指南针，因此一直相当害怕大海，除了夏天，他们是很少冒险出海的。但是现在，他们非常信赖指南针，冬天航海也不在话下了——尽管这种新的安全感还纯粹是主观的。事实上，他们过于自信反倒将一项显然有用的发明变成灾难的根源。"

要重复一遍他告诉我们的每一个地方、每一件事情需要太长的时间。另外，那也不是本书的目的。我也许会在另一本书里讲述他的故事，强调故事中最有教育意义的部分，如他在不同的文明社会中所注意到的明智安排。这些是我向他热切提问的要点，而且他也乐于将此内容加以细说。我们没有问他是否见到过魔怪，因为魔怪已经不再是新闻了。也不乏一些可怕的捕食人类的动物，夺取人们的食物，或者吞噬这里的人群；但这样的事例在聪明的社会计划中是不容易找到的。

当然，在这个新的世界他看到了很多需要谴责的东西，但他也发现了几个规则，可能为欧洲社会的改革提供一些方法。我已经说过，这些将留待以后再说。我当前的计划只是复述一下他所讲述的有关乌托邦的法律和风俗。

我必须从记录交谈开始，这就回到了最早提到过的这个共和国。在敏锐地指出地球两边都犯过的错误后——当然是有大量的错误——拉斐尔继续讨论新旧两个世界立法的更敏感特征。他似乎对每一个国家的事情都了如指掌——即使他在某处只停留一个晚上都好像呆过了一辈子。

彼得·贾尔斯对此印象特别深刻。

彼得：我亲爱的拉斐尔，我不明白你为什么不到某个国王那儿去呢。我肯定任何国王都会急切地想抓住机会用你。你的知识和经验，不仅可以提供娱乐，还可以提供指导性的先例和有益的建议。同时，你还可以寻求自己的利益，并对你所有的朋友和亲戚有帮助。

拉斐尔：我真的不担心他们。我感到我对他们已经尽了我的义务。很多人拥有自己的财产，直到年老多病也不肯放弃——即使放弃也很为勉强。但是我在很年轻也很健康的时候就将我的财产分给我的亲朋好友了。我想他们应该对此已经满足了。他们不能再进一步指望我为了他们的利益去做国王奴仆了。

彼得：但愿不会！我建议是协助而不是服侍国王。

拉斐尔：那也没多大区别。

彼得：那好吧，你爱怎么叫就随意吧，但我仍然认为这是你以个人及集体形式帮助他人的最好办法，并且这也能使你的生活更愉快。

拉斐尔：我又怎么能够违背我的直觉去那样做呢？目前，我活得自由自在，我觉得我这要比大多数朝廷官员能够说的更多。另外，国王已经有相当多的人巴结他，缺了一两个像我这样的人也不会有什么大不了的困难。

莫尔：我亲爱的拉斐尔，你显然对金钱和权势不感兴趣，如果你是地球最伟大的国王的话，我对你的尊重将无以复加。但肯定的是，即使你是以个人的一些不便为代价，应用你的天赋和勤奋为公众谋福利，也是与你那令人欣赏的哲学态度一致的。要成功地做到这一点，你就必须获得某个伟大国王的信任，我知道，你能够向他提供真正的好建议。因为每一个国王都是一种源泉，涌出的是能够不断造福或危害全国人民的

甘露或雨水。你有这么丰富的理论知识和丰富的实践经验，任何一个方面都足以使你成为一个理想的议事会成员。

拉斐尔：我亲爱的莫尔，你真搞错了，首先对我而言，其次是对工作本身而言。我不像你所说的那么高明，即使我是这样，通过给我自己增加许多额外工作，我仍然不能为公众作出一点点有益的事情。首先，几乎所有的国王对于战争科学的兴趣都大于对和平年代的有用技术的兴趣，而我对于前者却一窍不通，并且也不想弄通。他们更关心的是采取什么方式去夺取新的王国，而不是治理好现有王国。另外，朝廷大臣都个个聪明而自负，无需从别人那里听取意见——尽管他们必然总是巴结国王宠臣们，同意那些他们所说的最为愚蠢的话。毕竟，人人都喜欢自己的话语能够吸引别人，这是人的本性。这就像雏乌鸦总是受到父母的喜爱，母猴子总是发现自己的宝宝极为漂亮一样。

因此，在那里你有一群人极其看不起别人的观点，或者是他们自以为是。假设在这一群人中你建议一项你看来在别处被采纳的政策，或者你因此而引用历史范例，将会发生什么呢？他们的表现就好似他们的职业声誉受到危害，如果他们不能够对你的建议提出一些反对意见的话，他们的余生就显得极为愚蠢。一旦其他都不能奏效时，他们就使出最后一招，说：“这对我们祖先来说是够好的了，我们是什么人竟质疑他们的明智？”他们坐回到自己的椅子上，怀有一种就此事我不再多说一句话的神态——就好似谁要是比他的祖先更明智的话，那将是巨大的灾难！然而，我们并不准备彻底改变他们最明智的决定。只是那些不够明智的决定我们才紧紧抓住不放。在很多地方我就碰到过这种傲慢、愚蠢和固执。有一次甚至在英国我也遇见过。

莫尔：真的吗？那么，你也去过我的国家了？

拉斐尔：当然去过了。我在那里待了几个月，就是在那场可怕的大战之后不久，那场战争是以西方国家的一场革命开始的，以对反叛者可

怕的大屠杀为结局的。在我逗留期间，我得到了最受人尊敬的坎特伯雷大主教约翰·莫顿的关心，他也是英国当时的大法官。我必须给你讲述一下他的事，彼得——因为我敢说没有他不知道的事情。他是一位才智非凡、德高望重、非常令人尊重的人。他中等身材，尽管他年事已高，但一点也不弯腰驼背，他那张面孔总是和蔼可亲，任何人也不会感到害怕。尽管他总是严肃而高贵，但他却很容易相处。不可否认，他对那些求他找工作的人会粗鲁些，但并没有伤害的意味。他这样做主要是来考验一下他们的智力和心理素质，因为他发现这些素质很相似，只要他们谨慎使用，这些素质也最为适于公职。他言辞精炼，讲话注意效率，而且精通法律知识。他有十分杰出的理解力和记忆力，他这两种天赋经过训练和实践得以进一步发展。

显然，国王很信任他的判断，我在这里访问时似乎整个国家都要依靠他。这几乎一点也不令人感到意外，因为他经历了从大学到法院直接转化，当他刚不算是一个儿童的时候，就参与了公共事务，要处理一系列的危机，这一艰难的历程造就了他的远见卓识。这样所学的东西是不容易忘记的。

有一次我碰巧与大主教一起进餐，当时一个英国律师也在场。我忘了是怎样谈起这个话题，但他以极大的热情谈到了对盗窃者所采取的严厉措施。

“我们随处将他们执行死刑，”他说道，“我见到过一个绞刑台就有二十人之多。这就是我所发现的奇怪事。你想很少有人漏网，为什么还有那么多盗窃犯呢？”

“这有什么奇怪呢？”我问道——因为我在大主教面前从来都是毫无忌讳地说话。“这种处理盗窃犯的方法既不公正也不是社会所期望的。作为一种处罚，它过于严厉了，但是作为一种威慑，也是无效的。小的盗窃罪不足以处以死刑，而如果只有盗窃才是他们获得食物的唯一办法

的话，世界上死刑也不能制止人们盗窃。在这方面，你们英国人和其他很多国家的人一样，使我想到不称职的教书匠，他们宁可灌输学生而不去教育他们。一个好得多的办法是为每个人提供谋生之道，而不是对之施以可怕的刑法，这样任何人就不至于冒着始而盗窃继而被处死的危险。”

“对此我们已经有了足够的规定，”律师回答说，“有很多营生他们可以做。田地里也总是有活需要干。如果他们想老实谋生的话，也不困难，但是他们还是有意选择走犯罪的道路。”

“你不能轻易摆脱这种情况，”我说，“我们暂且不论那些残疾的士兵，为了国王和国家在对内或者对外战争中致残——或许是与康瓦尔叛军作战，或者是不久前与法国作战。当他回到家园，却发现由于身体致残已不能从事先前的行当，由于年龄太大又学不了其他行当。依我来说，我们暂且不考虑这些人，因为战争只是断断续续的现象。我们就来说每天都在发生的事情。

“首先，大批贵族像雄蜂一样靠别人的劳动养活自己，换句话说，靠在自己田庄上做活的佃农养活自己，通过不断提高租金压榨他们的血汗。因为这就是他们唯一的赚钱的方法——否则的话他们总是过度铺张浪费，很快破产。而且还带有一大批游手好闲的随从，他们从未学习过任何谋生的手段。他们的主人一旦亡故，或者他们自己一旦生病，就会立刻被赶出去——因为那些贵族宁愿养活那些闲客，也不愿养活病号。贵族的继承人也往往无力像先人那样维持偌大的门户。这些人如果不借用暴力，就只好挨饿。他们还有别的办法吗？当然，他们可以四处流浪直到衣衫褴褛、身体虚弱不堪。然而，在这种情况下，没有任何绅士会屈尊雇用他，农民也不会冒险去雇用他——因为他不会为了些微薄的报酬和温饱而老老实实地拿起锄头汗流浃背地帮一个穷人干活，他们在奢侈中长大，并习惯于穿着军装大摇大摆，看不起任何其他的邻居。”

“但是，我们要加以鼓励的就是这种人，”律师反驳说，“在战争年代，他是军队的支柱，因为他比普通的商人或者农民都更有精神和自尊。”

“你或许也会说，”我说，“为了战争的目的你必须鼓励盗窃。好吧，你们肯定少不了盗窃犯，只要你那样看待那些人。当然，你的确是对的——盗窃犯确实能成为能干的兵，而兵也能成为有事业心的盗窃犯。这两种职业有很多相通的地方。然而，这种毛病在你们国家尽管很猖獗，但它并不仅限于英国。它实际上流传于整个世界。比如法国，就患有一种更加严重的灾难。即使在和平时期，整个法国到处都挤满了雇佣兵——如果你这样称呼的话——这与英国养一批懒散的随从的原因很是一样。你知道，专家决定，为了公共安全必须拥有一支强有力的常备军，包括的主要是老兵——因为他们不太信任新兵，他们精心地发动战争以锻炼这些新兵，使他们盲目杀人就像是塞拉斯特所说的不能放着手不用，“就是要不断用手。”

“因此，法国通过伤心的经历才认识到养着这批野蛮畜牲是多么危险，但是，罗马、迦太基、叙利亚和许多其他国家历史上也有许多类似的教训。常备军一次一次抓住机会推翻雇佣他们的政府，毁灭了他们的土地和城市。而且这支常备军也是相当不必要的。事实已经很显然，经过精心训练的法国士兵也不能经常夸口能够战胜新招来的士兵——这点我不想多谈，以免好像在奉承你们。

“另外，一般对你所提到的那种类型的人，无论是城里的商人，还是农村里的无知农民，他们都不会害怕那些懒散的随从——除了那些身体不够健壮和勇猛者，或者那些家境贫困而意志消沉者。事实上，尽管这些随从开始时体格强健——因为绅士所要腐蚀的正是他手下的这些人——他们很快就因为无所事事、缺乏男子汉的气概、自吹自擂而趋于衰弱。因此，他们失去男子汉的气魄也不是太大的事，如果他们学会从事

有用的生意和像男子汉一样工作。无论如何，我都不明白，养一大批这样扰乱和平的人以准备战争，是可能出于公共的利益？如果你不想战争的话就不必有战争，而和平是无比的重要。

“但这还不是唯一迫使人盗窃的事。还有其他因素在起作用，这就是你们这个国家的特色情况了，我认为。

“那是什么呢？”大主教问道。

“羊，”我告诉他，“这种驯服的动物，一向要求很少的食物，现在明显变得极为贪婪，变成了吃人的动物。田地、房屋、城镇，一切的一切都被他们吃掉了。更明确地说，在王国的那些出产最精致最贵重羊毛的地方，贵族和绅士们，就不用说几个圣人之类的主教了，他们对祖传地产上的收入感到不够满意了。他们不再满足于过闲适安逸的生活，这对生活一点益处也没有——他们还积极主动地要危害社会，通过将所有的田地圈起来作为牧场，不留下可以耕种的土地。他们甚至拆除房屋、毁掉城镇——当然，只留下教堂作为羊栏。尽管他们浪费于丛林和运动场地的土地还不多，这些人还毁掉了人们居住的地方，并把每块地变为荒野。

“因此，会发生什么事呢？每一个贪婪的个体都在像恶魔一样在危害他的国家，一块一块的占有土地，用一条栏栅把数千英亩地圈上。结果就是——成百上千农民被驱逐。他们有的是被欺骗或者是被迫放弃自己的财产，或者是受尽屈辱直到最后被迫卖掉自己的财产。无论是哪一种方式，这些不幸的人只好离开家园——男人、女人、丈夫、妻子、寡妇、孤儿、母亲和小孩，还有他们的雇工——人数多但不是财富的象征，只是这样一个事实，就是你没有足够的劳动力就无法种田。他们离开了他们太熟悉的家园，他们找不到任何可以安身的地方。他们的全部家当，即使能够等到适合的买主，也值钱不多。但是他们等不起，因此他们的家当卖钱很少。他们在流浪中花完这点钱之后，他们只好去盗窃

而正适于被绞死吗？当然，他们总是可以成为流浪汉或者沿街乞讨，即使是这样，他们也会被作为无所事事的流浪汉抓进监狱——尽管他们极其想找到工作，但没有人愿意雇佣他们。因为他们过去就是干农活的，但没有了可以种的地，也就没有农活可干。毕竟，需要多人劳动才能产生粮食的地，用于牧羊，只需要一个牧人就够了。

“同理，粮食的生产在很多地区更贵了，而羊毛的价格也急剧高涨，穷织工买不起羊毛，这就意味着许多人就会失业。这部分地是因为一场瘟疫传染病的降临，这场疾病就在耕地改为牧场之后不久，大量羊群死亡。就好像是对土地所有者因贪婪作出的判决一样——只是他们应该患上这种病，而不是由羊来代替。

“尽管有很多羊，有了羊的市场，但羊的价格却没有降低，因为如果严格来讲不是垄断，也就是说并不是只有卖家——只有一个卖家的话就是垄断了。我的意思是说它几乎全部被几个富人所控制，这些富人不想卖就不必要卖，而他们得不到要求的价格就不想卖。这也是其他各类牲畜同样高价的原因，尤其是鉴于因为农田被毁、农业大萧条而造成的无人从事饲养牲畜。因为我所谈论的富人绝不会自己去养羊或养牛，他们只是从别人那里廉价买了瘦弱的牛羊，在他们自己的牧场把它们喂肥了，再高利润卖出。我认为这就是为什么这种情况的全部影响人们还没有感觉到。直到现在，他们仅在出售牲畜的地方高抬价格，但是，他们如果在其他地方不断采购牲畜，超过该地饲养的速度，来源市场将会逐渐减少，直到最后各处都出现牲畜短缺。

“这样，几个贪婪的人把英国最大的自然优势之一变成了一个国家的灾难。因为食物的高价位使得雇主大量减少雇佣人数——这就不可避免地意味着把那些人变为乞丐或盗贼。盗窃对有精神的人就更容易了。

“更为糟糕的是，这一令人可怜的贫穷又多与奢侈生活不协调地联系在一起。仆人、商人、甚至农场的劳动者，实际上社会的各个阶层都

在讲究穿着、纵情吃喝。想想有多少妓院，包括那些以酒店、餐馆为名的场所。想想人们玩得那些不正当的游戏——骰子、纸牌、十五子棋戏、网球、滚木球、掷圈环——这都是让人很快把钱花光的办法，并把他径直送上盗窃之路。

“除掉这些害人的实践吧。制定法律来规定人人有责将毁坏的农田或乡镇恢复，或转交给那些愿意恢复的人。禁止富人囤积居奇和实际垄断市场。减少无所事事的人。振兴农业和羊毛工业，以便为那一批无业大军充分提供诚实而有用的工作——我说的无业大军不仅是指那些现有的盗贼，而且还有流浪汉和无所事事的帮闲，他们最终也将沦为盗窃犯。你不把这些事情搞好，你就无权夸口如何公正惩罚盗窃犯，因为正义比现实的需求和社会的需求更为珍贵。你们让这些人在最为糟糕的方式下生活，并且他们从很小的时候起就逐步走向堕落。最后，他们长大成人，走向犯罪，这是他们注定要走的犯罪道路，早从他们儿童时代，你就开始惩罚他们。换句话说，你造就了盗窃犯，却继而因他们盗窃而惩罚他们。”

我还没讲完，那个律师就准备给予答复。很显然，他是采用重复而不是答复的那种辩论方法的人——就好像他有一个好的记忆力就万事大吉了。

“那是一个很好的努力，”他说道，“尤其是对于一个获得间接信息的外国人，所以不够准确——正如我还要简要说明一样。我将你所说的依次举出，然后我指明你在何处因对当地情况无知所犯的错误。最后，我要批驳你的所有观点。按照这个顺序，我认为你有四个方面——”

“等一下，”大主教打断说，“这样介绍之后，你的答复似乎不会三言两语就能讲完。因此，现在就不要讲了——下次见面再讲好了。如果你们两个明天有空的话，为什么不明天讲呢？同时，我亲爱的拉斐尔，我很想听听你为何反对盗窃犯适用死刑呢？而且你认为处以什么样的刑

罚才对社会更有好处呢？我深信，即使是你也感觉到盗窃应该禁止。尽管规定了死刑，但盗窃依然盛行，如果他们不再担心被处死，究竟什么力量可以制止犯罪、什么样的威慑才能见效？当然，任何减刑都将被解释为一种对犯罪的积极的诱导。”

“大人，”我说，“一个人因为他拿走了一点钱就得丧失生命，这在我看来是太不公道了。我认为，再多的财产也比不上人的生命宝贵。如果说这种惩罚不是由于金钱被盗，而是由于违反法律、侵犯正义，这一绝对正义的概念不就是绝对的不正义吗？人民真的不能认可一种体制如此独断，一点轻微的犯法就被处死，也反对斯多葛学派的律条，所有的犯罪都等量齐观——杀人和盗窃在法律上没有任何区别，尽管在公正方面这两件事情如此完全不同。

“上帝命令‘你不准杀人’——我们能把偷盗一小笔钱的盗窃者处死吗？如果这种戒律仅适用于非法杀害，有什么可以禁止人们类似地同意将强奸、私通和伪誓合法化呢？鉴于上帝甚至禁止我们杀害自身，我们真的能够相信在没有上帝的权威，纯粹是人类的规定可以互相残杀，就使杀人者不受第六戒律的制约吗？那不就更像是说这一特别的戒律不比人定的法律更有效吗？——在这种情况下，这一原则可以无限延伸，直到生活的一切领域，人类有权决定应在多大程度上执行上帝的戒律。

“根据摩西的法律（从良心上看够严厉的了，它是为那时的奴隶和反叛者设定的），盗窃者不被绞死，而仅仅是罚款。我们简直无法想象，慈悲为怀的新法律训示我们如同上帝以父亲般的慈悲训示他的儿女，竟然比旧法律更容许我们彼此残忍相待。

“所以，这就是我提反对意见的道德依据。从现实的观点来看，显然，以同样的方式惩罚盗贼和杀人犯不仅是荒唐的，而且对公众是极其危险的。如果盗贼知道杀人犯获罪并不比盗窃获罪更重的话，他自然就会杀害那个他本来只是想抢劫的人。这样如果他被逮住的话，结果也不

会更糟，并且由于杀人灭口更能够掩盖罪行从而有机会逃脱。这样，我们虽然使用酷刑威慑盗窃犯，而事实上却在怂恿他们杀害无辜。

“现在回到那个普通的问题上来——什么样的惩罚更好些？若你问的是什么惩罚更糟糕的话，我会觉得更难回答。那么，对于罗马管理专家长久以来一直颇为满意的制度，我们还要怀疑其价值吗？正如我们所知，他们让那些判刑的重犯带上镣铐，终身在矿山或采石场服刑。

“尽管如此，我所了解的最好的一种安排是我在波斯旅行时见到的，就是通常被称之为陶斯陶瑞亚的一个地区。陶斯陶瑞亚人组成一个庞大又组织良好的社区，除了要给波斯国王交税以外，完全自治。因为他们离海很远，实际上被群山环绕着，他们自给自足，土地肥沃，与外部很少联系。他们绝对不想扩大疆域，他们有群山作为屏障，并向波斯伟大的国王缴纳保护费，因此它社会安全，不受外界侵略。这就意味着他们免除了兵役，因此他们的生活不算奢侈但安逸，不算真的出名或者荣耀但幸福——因为除了他们的近邻之外，我想很少有人曾经听说过他们。

“在陶斯陶瑞亚，一个人犯了盗窃罪必须将所盗窃财物归还失主，不像其他许多国家，要交给国王——根据陶斯陶瑞亚的法律，国王和盗窃犯都没有权利获得赃物。如果盗窃的物品已经不再为盗贼所有，就要用他的个人财产来抵扣赃物的价值，剩余的财产交给他的妻子儿女。他本人判处劳役。除非他使用暴力抢劫，否则不会被监禁或戴上脚镣，而是可以自由行走并被雇佣为公众服劳役。如果他放弃劳动、行动迟缓，他们也不会给他戴上锁链束缚手脚——他们通过鞭挞以使其加快速度。如果他工作努力的话，就根本不会受到很差的待遇。他要每天晚上回答点名，夜里要关起来——但是，除了要干很长时间的活之外，生活还是相当舒服。

“比如说，食物很好，由公家开支，因为罪犯是替公家干活。凑集

这笔资金的办法各地都不一样。在一些地区，资金来自自愿捐赠。这种办法虽不稳定，但实际上比其他任何办法都筹集的多，因为当地人非常慈善。有的地方，拨出部分公共的税收或按人头征收一项特殊赋税来支付该项费用。也有的地方，罪犯不是为公众服劳役，而是受雇于私有企业。任何需要他们干活的人都可以去市场上雇佣他们，按日发给固定工资，但工资要比雇佣自由劳动力低得多。如果他们劳动不够努力，雇主可以鞭打。这一体制保证了他们绝不会失业，他们靠工作养活自己，同时犯人还每天为国库增加收入。

“他们都穿着一种特殊颜色的服装，别人是不穿的。他们也不剃光头，但把两耳上面的头发剪短，且削去一个耳垂。允许他们的朋友给他们食物和饮料，以及符合规定颜色的衣服。但对送钱或收钱的人来说都是死罪。自由人无论以什么理由接受任何奴隶（定罪犯人通常被如此称呼）的钱，或者奴隶接触武器，都同样会有被处死的危险。

“每个奴隶都挂一个标牌以标明他属于哪个区域，取下标牌，不在自己的区域，或与其他区域的奴隶交谈，都构成死罪。对于逃跑来说，密谋逃亡和实际逃亡是同样的冒险。对任何逃亡计划的同谋者，若是奴隶则被处死，若是自由民则罚令为奴隶。相反，揭发逃亡计划的自由人将获得现金奖励，若揭发者是奴隶，则恢复自由。在任何一种情况下，对以上两种人都免于追究其同谋的罪行，其原则是：作恶到头的人决不能比及早回头的人更安全。

“这就是这一体制的运行方式，显然它是最为便利也最为人道的。它严厉惩罚犯罪，但却挽救罪犯的性命，以这种方式对待他们，使他们变成好公民，用自己的后半生弥补过去犯下的罪过。

“事实上，他们很少有重新犯罪的危险。对于长途旅行者来说，他们通常被认为是最为安全的向导，旅行者可以雇佣他们打接力，走过一个地区就雇佣该区域的奴隶。你知道，奴隶没有劫路的工具。他们不允

许携带武器。如发现他们身上带钱，就证明他们有罪。他们如果一旦被捕，自然就会受到惩罚。他们要想逍遥法外是一点希望都没有——因为他们的衣服和通常人的衣服绝无相同之处，除非赤身上路，怎么能够逃走而不被发现呢？——即使赤身上路，你的耳朵也会背叛你，让人认出来。

“当然，也有一种理论上的风险，就是他们可能开始密谋推翻政府。但是任何一个地区的奴隶怎么样能够组织一个大规模的举动而无需先对其他许多地区的奴隶进行试探或煽动呢？这根本是不可能的。他们连见面都不允许，不能交谈、不能打招呼，更别说共同密谋了。另外，你能否设想一下奴隶会高兴地将一个密谋泄露给他同一个区域的其他奴隶，但隐瞒密谋者是危险的，而告发者会得到很大好处？另一方面，每个奴隶都希望恢复自由，只有按照要求去做，并能让当局有理由信任他将来能走向正路——因为每年都有一批这样的人由于服从管教而被豁免。”

我接着说道，我不明白为何英国不采用这一制度。这要比被律师高度赞扬的所谓司法措施产生更好的效果。

听到这话，我们那位有学问的朋友——我指的是那位律师——摇了摇头。

他轻蔑地一笑说道，“这套制度绝不可能在英国采用，它会将整个国家搞得极为危险。”

那是他所说的所有的话——实际上每个其他人都同意他的观点。

然后，大主教发表了自己的观点。

他说，“不给予实验，就难以预测这一体制是否奏效。但是假设国王如果要在实验阶段推迟执行死刑——先废除所有庇护权。如果结果好

的话，我们再长期执行就是正当的。如果结果不好的话，原来的判刑仍将执行，这比起现在就执行，也一样有利于社会，而且一样公正。同时，也没有任何危害。事实上，我认为以同样的方式对待游民也根本不是一个坏办法。我们总是制定法律来制裁他们，但截止到目前，一点效果也没有。”

大主教的这一番话，使大家赞叹不已，但在从我口里提出时，没有人当作一回事。他们尤其喜欢涉及游民的部分，因为那是大主教自己的意见。

也许，我应该省略谈话的后半部分，因为那是很不严肃的。不过我还是得讲，它本身无害，而且与我们讨论的问题有关。当时在场的有一位清客，他想给人只是扮演一下滑稽动作，但扮演的太滑稽了。他让人笑的努力确实无效，人们倾向于笑他本人而不是笑他的笑话。但有时他的话讲得还不错，这就证明了一条谚语的真实性：如果你最初不成功，就一遍遍不停地尝试。有一个人通过评论大主教和我之间解决盗窃犯和游民的问题作出暗示，所以只剩下来确定适当的国家行动方案，以应对那些年龄太大或者是因疾病而无法谋生的穷人。

“这就交给我吧，”这位清客说道，“我会确切告诉你该做什么。事实上，我最巴不得将这类人从我面前打发走。他们总是唱着那种凄惨呼号式的乐曲来缠着我讨钱，但我从来都是分文不给的，往往不外乎两种情况——或者是我不愿意给钱，或者是我手头空空，无钱可给。因此，他们现在学会不再浪费精力了。当他们看见我经过时，就让我过去，一言不发。他们知道我或许是一位牧师，再也不想从我这里得到什么帮助了。现在，我提出一条法令，把全部乞丐分配到各个本笃会修道院，男的去做庶务修士——那是修道士的专业术语，女的做修女。”

大主教微笑着，像玩笑似的表示同意。其他人也都这样，忍着不笑。只有一个修道士例外，他明显是研究神学的。他平常是那种极其严

肃的人，但他对这些挖苦牧师与修道士的话颇感兴趣，因此他也想取笑一番。

“啊，你不可能那么容易使乞丐绝迹，”他说道，“你对我们这些托钵僧修道士怎么办？”

“可是，这已经给予关照了呀，”那位清客回答道，“大主教那了不起的规定把流浪者管禁起来，让他们工作，这你不记得了吗？”

大家都看了大主教一眼，见他接受这些话，并且也没有表示不同意，因此评论受到鼓掌欢迎——只有修道士例外。那是不足为奇的，他在这番讽刺的冲击下，大发雷霆、破口大骂。他骂对方时把能想到的脏话都用上了，包括恶魔的儿子，还从《圣经》中引用了一些可怕的咒语。

这时，小丑开始认真地嘲笑起来，他显然感到得意自如。

“我亲爱的修道士，”他说，“你不必如此生气。你知道《圣经》所说，‘你们常存忍耐就能拥有灵魂’。”

“你这该死的东西，我倒不是生气，”修道士嚷道——那就是他的原话，“或者如果我生气了，但我也是没有错的。因为圣歌中这样唱道，‘你生气吧，但不要犯罪。’”

大主教很温和地告诫修道士不应该发脾气。

“我发脾气，大人，”他说，“我发脾气没有错。我说话出于一颗善良的热切之心，圣洁的人是有热切之心的。因此，圣书说，‘你殿堂的热情将我吞噬。’或者是我们在教堂中所唱的圣歌：

他们取笑伟大的以利沙，

当他上伯特利去时

秃头者的热心使他们受到惩罚。

我想那个开玩笑的家伙也许同样有所感受。”

“你的热情肯定值得信赖，”大主教说道，“但是我觉得，你若是不和一个傻瓜争论使你自己显得也犯傻的话，你的行为未必使你显得更有道行，但肯定显得更加聪明。”

“不，大人，”修道士反驳说，“我不会显得更加聪明，因为有谁能够比所罗门聪明呢？所罗门说过：‘按照傻瓜的傻话回答傻瓜’——我现在就是这样做的。我向他指出他如不小心就会掉进去的无底深坑。在以利沙那种情况下，四十二个取笑者针对一个秃头者，他的热心足以惩罚他们。这儿一个取笑者针对的是基督教世界的所有修道士，而秃头的人数所占比例很高，这个人的感觉就是那么的糟糕呀！另外，我们还有教皇的谕旨，它禁止任何人取笑我们，对取笑者可以开除教籍。”

看到这件事将没完没了，大主教示意清客走开，机智地转到另一个话题。几分钟之后，他站起身把我们打发走，因为他得去会见一些请他帮助的人们。

亲爱的莫尔，恐怕我的啰唆故事也真使你听得够累的了。要不是你很想听——并且你听得那么聚精会神，我觉得你不愿我略去谈话中的任何一个部分——我真不好意思讲这么长时间。尽管如此，谈话似乎值得重复，哪怕只是讲个大概，以便你能了解这些人的思维方式。你知道，他们对我所说的一切都很轻蔑，而看到大主教对这些话也不反对——他们接着就都表示赞同。他们如此奉承大主教，甚至于准备鼓掌，对他的马屁精的建议也几乎当真，仅仅是因为大主教当作万象而不加反对。由此你可以猜测人们对我和宫廷对我的建议会多么的轻视。

莫尔：“我亲爱的拉斐尔，我喜欢这个故事中的每一个词。你所说的每一件事都有这么多的智慧和学问。另外，它使我不仅回到了英国，而且有一种回到我童年的感觉——它使我愉快地想起大主教，我就是在他家长大的。我一开始就喜欢你，我亲爱的拉斐尔，但是你真难相信我是多么因此更加对你有好感了。然而，我仍然禁不住认为，你如果能够克服对宫廷生活的厌恶，你的建议将对公众极为有利。作为一个善良的人，这是你的责任。你爱读的作家柏拉图这样说过——只要哲学家做国王或是国王从事哲学研究，国家才有康乐。假如哲学家甚至不屑于向国王献计进言，康乐将是一件多么无限遥远的事情呀！”

拉斐尔：“噢，哲学家还没有那么坏。他们只是不愿意提出建议——事实上，许多哲学家在他们出版的著作中已经这样做了——只要是统治者能够听从他们的建议。这无疑是与柏拉图的意思是一样的。他意识到国王受童年时错误思想的影响太深不会接受任何哲学家的建议，除非他们自己成为哲学家。柏拉图从自己与代俄尼喜阿交往的经验中，学到了以上真理。假如我告诉国王让他制定明智的法律，彻底清除他心灵中的毒素，难道你料想不到我不是马上被撵走就是受到奚落吗？

例如，假如我在法国，参加内阁会议。国王亲自主持会议，所有谋臣围坐在桌旁，都在殷勤地讨论解决如下问题的方式和方法：怎样能够占住米兰不放，夺回失去的那不勒斯，然后击败威尼斯，征服意大利；更进而通知法兰德斯、布拉邦特，最终控制整个勃艮底——更不必说那些他早就梦想入侵的其他国家了。

一个谋臣建议和威尼斯达成协定，只要法王认为便利，协定便持续下去。他有事要与他们商议，并让他们享受一部分掠夺物，等到事情如愿以偿，不妨索回原物。另一位谋臣提出招募德意志雇佣兵，还有谋臣想贿赂瑞士人。更有谋臣要国王用黄金作为可以接受的礼物，消解神圣罗马帝国的怒气。又有谋臣献计须与阿拉贡国王言归于好。作为和平的

保证，应把属于别人的纳瓦尔国割让给他。同时，也还有谋臣建议让卡斯提尔国王上钩，使他指望与法国联姻，并用固定的年金收买他宫廷上某些贵族，使之支持法国。

现在有一个最为苦恼的问题——怎么样对付英国？显然，第一步必须安排和平谈判，对于一个脆弱的联盟，充其量只能通过严肃的契约去加强，称他们为朋友，但必须把他们看作潜在的敌人。所以，苏格兰人必须有所准备，英格兰人一有动静，就让苏格兰人抓住机会对他们下手。也可能要暗中支持某个流亡在外的贵族——既有条约，就不好公开支持——赞助他对于英国王位的要求，借此限制一个不堪信任的国王。

在这一问题上，大家都很卖力，许多杰出的人才都在提出属于战争性质的建议，而我这个无足轻重的拉斐尔站起来提出完全不同的方针。我建议国王忘了意大利、待在本国。我告诉他法国已经够大的了，一个人难以治理好，因此，真的不必要为拓宽疆土担忧了。

然后，我就给他讲述乌托邦岛东南方闹兰迪亚国家的历史故事。依据一些古老的婚姻关系，闹兰迪亚国王认为自己是另一个王国的合法继承人，因此，他的人马发动了战争以夺取该王国。最后他们赢得了胜利，结果却发现要保住这个王国带来的麻烦与夺去它所花的气力一样大，经常有内部叛乱和外部入侵的骚扰，他们不得不经常作战加以保护或加以制裁，因而绝没有机会退伍，同时他们也就堕落了。他们的金钱流出国外，他们为了别人的区区野心而献出生命。国内的情况也不比战争时更安全，因为受到杀人和盗窃风气的鼓励，道德风尚败坏。法律受到蔑视，因为国王要关注两个王国，因此任何一个王国都不能治理得宜。

鉴于如果他们对此采取一些措施的话，这种令人失望的状况就将肯定持续下去。闹兰迪亚人最终决定采取一个行动，就是非常礼貌地请求国王看他想保留哪一个王国。

“你不能两个都保留，”他们解释道，“因为半个国王难以统治那么多人。因为即使我们是许多强人，照顾我们还是一个全身心的工作。

因此，这位模范的国王被迫将这个新的王国让给了一位朋友——自己去管理原来的王国——他的朋友后来不久就被赶走了。

我也提醒法国国王，即使他的确开始了这些战争，并在所有这些不同国家制造混乱，他仍然会发现他已经毁掉了自己，还毁掉了他的人民，最后却一场空。所以，我建议他集中精力将祖传的王国治理好，尽力使之美丽而繁荣，爱惜臣民并为臣民所爱，同他们一同生活并妥善对他们加以管理，放弃所有拓宽疆域的念头，因为他所统辖的土地对他已经绰绰有余了。

那么，你告诉我，亲爱的莫尔，你认为他将怎样回应我的建议？

莫尔：不是太好，我必须承认。

拉斐尔：现在我们再设想另一种情况。假设国王的某些财政谋士筹划如何聚敛财富。某个人建议国王在支付时将货币升值，当他收进时，可将其贬值。这样就可以产生如下效果，即刻增加他的收入减少他的支出。另一个人建议国王应该虚张声势作战，为他额外税收提供借口。然后，在他自己认为合适的时候庄严地讲和，作出姿态好像是为了老百姓的利益，因为慈悲的统治者不忍心生灵涂炭。第三个人提醒他一些过时的法典，因长期不用而荒废的法典——每个人都触犯它，因为没有人意识到它的存在——督促国王对不遵守法典的人课以罚金。这是最大的生财之道，且最为名正言顺，又以执法为幌子。第四个人建议他对一些犯罪通过立法规定严厉罚款，尤其是处罚反社会类型的犯罪。这样，他可以从出卖这些法律免责权来收取金钱。这就可以保证受到公众的欢迎，又有双重进项：既向贪图横财而陷入法网的人勒索罚金，又从另一些人收取专门的管理金。当然，这些价格是依据国王的道德品质的比例而变

化。他的原则越高，他就越不愿意让任何人侵害公共利益——因此这种特别管理费也就越高。

第五个人建议国王将法官约束起来，这样他们总是作出有利于国王的判决。他应该召见法官到王宫，向他们当面咨询他的法律地位。他可能明显很是不当，但其中一个法官肯定能够发现一个击败正义的漏洞。无论是他这样做的动机是什么——或是存心不同于别人，或是不喜欢明显的东西，或是仅仅为邀宠——结果都一样。很快，每个法官都会有自己的不同意见，会出现争议，最简单的事实要受到质疑。这就正好给国王一个很好的机会来根据自己的利益解释法律。每个人都会同意，或者是害怕，或者是出于礼貌。最后，这一解释大胆地作为法庭的判决。毕竟，有很多种方法来证明国王作出的判决是合理的。或者颠倒其意思，或者是凭借无可争议的国王特权，对有责任心的法官来说，国王特权高出任何法律。

大家都赞成格拉苏的名言，就是如果你要维持一个部队，你的钱总是不够的。大家一般也都同意一个国王即使很想做错事也不能做，因为一切都归国王所有，包括这个国家的每一个人，并且私人财产是不存在的，除非国王足以善良而不去巧取豪夺。他应该总是减少这种临时私有财产的最低限度，因为他的安全依赖于禁止他的国民过于富有或过于自由。因为国民一旦拥有过多的财富和自由，就不愿意忍受不公正和压迫。但贫困可以使他们迟钝而顺服，遏制他们高贵的反抗精神。

这时，我起身争辩，说做这些事情不是明智之举，且有损于国王的荣誉，因为他的威望和安全系于国民的富裕，而不是系于自己的富裕。

我问他："你为什么不认为他们选出你做国王首先是为了他们自己的利益，而不是你的利益呢？他们的意图是让你勤于朝政，使他们的生活更加安逸，保护他们免受不公待遇。因此，国王的工作就是关心国民而不是你个人的幸福——正如牧羊人的工作，严格来说，他的工作就是

喂饱羊，而不是喂饱他自己。至于国民穷就能维持安全的理论，是与事实完全矛盾的。乞丐是社会上争吵最凶的一部分人。还有比不满于生活现状的人更可能造反的吗？还有比一无所有的人更为冲动去为了个人的利益将一切都搞乱的吗？

“没有，如果一个国王被他的国民如此憎恶、蔑视的话，他就不能使他们遵守秩序，除非通过暴力、敲诈、查抄把他们都沦为乞丐，那他还不如辞去王位。这种保持王位权势的手段可能使国王徒有虚名，而毁掉了国王尊严。国王统治的不是繁荣幸福的人民，而是一群乞丐，这样的国王就毫无尊严可言了。这点正是令人敬仰的斐布里希的意见，他宁愿治理富有的国民，而不愿自己富有。诚然，一个人享受奢侈的生活而其他所有的人都在呻吟哀嚎，这个人就几乎不能被称之为国王，而更像一个管理监狱的人。

“简而言之，一个庸医不可能给人治好病而不给这个人带来另一种病。一个国王不降低生活水平就不能为制止犯罪的话，应该承认他并不知道怎么样治理自由民。他应该从戒除自己的弊病——自傲和懒惰开始，因为这两个弊病使得他受到人们的憎恶和蔑视。他必须依靠自己为生而无损于他人。他应该量入为出。他应该制止犯罪，正确引导人们，而不是任之发展而事后惩罚。他不应该实施那些长期不用的法律——尤其是如果没有，而人们却生活得很好者。并且，他绝不发明一种罪行，以此为借口征收罚款——任何私人都不允许这样不诚实地做事。”

我然后继续给他讲述一个距乌托邦不远的国家——哈佩兰德的制度。他们的国王在登基那一天举行庄严的献祭，宣誓他所持有的黄金或者白银的价值绝不超过一千英镑。显然，这一制度是从一位非常贤明的国王开始的，这位国王更加关心的是国家的福利，而不是他自己的福利。他认为这将阻止皇室的财富积累到导致国家贫困的程度，之所以选择这样一个数字，是因为他计算过这些资金将足以制止革命或抵抗侵

略，但不足以鼓励一个国王拥有对外征服的野心。这是他的主要想法，但不是仅就这一个想法。他还希望这一安排能够保障总是足够的流通资金供普通的交易所用，并且国王没有不正当敛财的动机，因为不允许他持有超过法律所规定数字限度的金额。这样的国王使坏人害怕，受好人爱戴。——但是，如果我这些话是讲给那些决计持相反观点的人，你认为他们会听我的吗？

莫尔：当然，他们不会听你的。但是我不能责备他们。坦率地说，我不明白你那样说的意图，或者是你为何给他们提出明明知道他们不会接受的建议呢？这样做有什么好处吗？怎么能够期待他们采取一种完全不熟悉又与他们所有偏见相抵触的思维路线呢？这类事情在一个友好的交谈中是很有意思的，但内阁会议上，有重要决策需要作出，这些经院哲学就彻底没有了地位。

拉斐尔：这确实就是我所说的——宫廷与哲学无缘。

莫尔：当然与经院哲学无缘，而经院哲学所谈论的是纯粹的思想，它与环境无关。但是一种更具文明形式的哲学却深知自己活动的舞台，尽管按照场景讲话，并在演出中扮演适当的角色。这是你应该采用的那类哲学。否则，将像普劳塔斯的戏剧演出时，一群家奴正在舞台上傻玩，你却披上哲学家的外衣走上舞台，朗诵《屋大维娅》剧本中对尼禄皇帝的争辩。当然，把一场戏弄成又悲又喜的杂烩，还不如扮演一个哑巴角色更好些吧？即使你的贡献对前面的演出是一种进步，但由于其效果的不协调，你将毁掉整个演出。你要尽力使当前的演出获得成功——不要因为你碰巧想起另外一个你更加喜欢的戏而毁掉整个剧本。

同样的规则可以应用到宫廷中的政治生活。如果你不能彻底根除错误的主张，不能称心满意地治理好积久的弊端，那不是你不面对公共生活的借口。在风暴中，你不能因为控制不了风就将船抛弃。

另一方面，不要将完全崭新的主张强加于人，那些对此新主张持有偏见的人肯定不会接受。你必须间接地工作。你必须尽你力所能及地机智地做事，凡是你不能使之好转的事就尽量少出错。因为事情永远不会完美无瑕，除非人是完美的——我不能期望他们在近几年内完美无缺！

拉斐尔：那种方法的唯一优点，就是在真正努力治疗他人精神病时，我可能发现他们没有那么精神失常。但我必须讲实话，我必须说那些你反对的事情。我不知道哲学家说谎话是不是对，但那绝对不是我做事的方式。另外，尽管他们可能被我所说的话所激怒，但我看不出普通的事情为何被看得那么荒谬。它不像我推荐的柏拉图所设想的共和国制度，或者是推荐乌托邦现在的制度。尽管那些制度无疑要比我们的制度优越，但他们看来是很离奇的，因为他们的制度是以共有财产而不是以私有财产为基础的。

当然，他们可以不喜欢我的建议。他们已经对某一行动路线下了决心，自然也就不喜欢有人指出前途有危险及告知让他放弃这一切。但是，除此之外，我的谈话内容有哪些是不能够或者不应该到处提出的呢？如果我们绝不讲那些可能被认为非传统的话，担心它听起来荒谬可笑。我们即便是在基督教国家，对救世主的一切教导也不张扬。但这都是救世主最不愿意做的事情。他难道没有告诉弟子他对他们附耳低声所说的话应该到屋顶上公开宣扬吗？在现代习俗方面，他的大部分教导比我的任何建议都差异很大。除非他的教条已经得到精明的传道士的修改——无疑依据的是你的建议！

这些传教士势必认为："我们将绝不会按照基督教的准则来调节人的行为，因此，就让我们调整基督教的准则来适应人的行为。这样，至少二者之间就会有某些关联。"

然而，我不明白他们这样做有何好处。他们只是使得人们更加心安理得地去做坏事罢了——那就是我在内阁会议上所能够做的一切。因为

我只能做两件事，要么投票反对我的同僚，那几乎与根本不投票相同；或者是投票赞成我的同僚，在这种情况下，如同特楞斯戏中的密西欧一样，我将“助长他们的疯狂”。

至于你提到的间接工作方法，当一切都无济于事的时候，至少要极力机智行事，并尽量不要搞坏。我也很难能够看到这会起到作用。在宫廷中你不能不发表自己的意见，或者仅仅是默许他人的犯罪。你必须公开支持最糟糕的政策，支持最有害的决议。如果你对一个坏的法律不显出足够的热情，你将被看作是间谍甚至于是叛徒。另外，当你与这样的同僚共事时，你有什么机会做好事呢？你绝不会改造他们——他们更可能是带坏你，不管你是多么好的人。通过与他们的交往，你要么会丧失自己的正直，要么会习惯于隐瞒他们的愚蠢和邪恶。你所提到的间接的方法的实际结果就是这样！

在柏拉图的书中有一个愉快的形象，它解释了为什么一个明智的人有权不参与政治事务。他看到人们涌向街头，回身被如注的大雨淋湿。他不能说服他们进屋避雨。他知道，如果他也出去的话，他也会一样被淋湿。因此，他只是自己待在家里，因为他对别人的愚蠢无能为力，只好用这样的想法安慰自己：“还好，尽管他们被淋湿了，我没事的。”

不过，我亲爱的莫尔，我把内心的感想告诉你，我觉得，只要有私有财产，并且任何事情都以金钱来衡量，你就不可能得到真正的正义和成功——除非你认为最坏的人过着最好的生活是正义的，或者是极少数人瓜分所有的财富，你认为这称得上国家繁荣——其余的人只是过着凄惨生活的话，这少数人不会完全感到幸福。

实际上，当我想到乌托邦公正和贤明的制度时，他们法律那么少，但一切都管理的那么有效。意识到每个人的所得都与平均繁荣相一致——当我将乌托邦与许多资本主义国家比较时，发现资本主义国家总是制定新的法规，但却绝对称不上管理的好。那里每天都通过几十项法

律，但仍然不能足以保证他们获得、保持或安全地标示出自己所谓的私有财产——为什么有层出不穷的法律诉讼呢？——当我想到这一切，我就更加赞成柏拉图，就更不奇怪他不肯为反对平等原则的城市立法了。很显然像他这样的伟大哲人当然清楚，健康社会的基本条件就是物资的平均享有——这在资本主义社会是不可能的。因为，当每一个有权获得他所能获得的物资时，所有的财产不管有多少，都将落在一小部分人手中。这就意味着这里每个人都是贫困的。财富总是与善良成反比的。富人极为贪婪、肆无忌惮、毫无用处，而穷人朴实、谦虚，他们的日常工作对社会的利益远大于对他们自己的利益。

换句话说，我相信，除非你废除了私有财产，否则你决不会得到公正的物资分配，人的生活也绝对得不到满意的组织。只要私有制存在，人类中的绝大部分，也就是最为优秀的一部分，都将不可避免背负贫穷、困苦和苦恼的重担。我不是说这个重担不能减轻，但你确实无法取消它。你当然可以规定一些法律，限制每个人所允许拥有的资金和土地。通过适当的立法，你可以保持国王和臣民之间的权力平衡。你可以通过法律手段，防止卖官鬻爵，不允许因公务而个人得以铺张浪费——否则的话，他就会通过欺骗及敲诈去充实私囊，这些职位是以财富而不是贤明作为基本任职资格。这一类法律将肯定能够减轻症状，就像不治之症的病人因为不间断的医治可以获得拖延。但只要私有财产继续下去，那就绝对无法治愈。如果你专心治疗某一个局部，你会加重其他部分的病情。对一个人是良药，而对另一个人则是毒药——因为你不抢劫甲的你就不能支付给乙。

莫尔：我不同意。我不相信在共产主义制度下，你能享有合理的生活标准。因为没有人愿意辛勤劳动，总是物资缺少。由于缺乏利益驱动，每个人都变得懒惰，并依靠他人为己工作。然后，物资极为短缺时，不可避免的结果就是一系列的流血与暴乱，因为谁都没有合法的手段来保护他自己的劳动产品——尤其是在没有了对当局的尊重的情况

下，我无从想象在一个没有阶级的社会中将会是一种什么状况。

拉斐尔：你会持有这种观点，那是因为你是不能想象它将是什么状况——无论如何，你也不能确切知道。但是，你若和我一起到过乌托邦，像我一样到处看看的话——我在那里居住了五年之久，你知道，我离开那里的唯一原因就是我想告诉人们这个新的世界——你是第一位承认没有看到过组织得如此井然有序的国家。

彼得：我必须说明，我发现很难相信，那个新世界比我们这个古老的世界的一切都组织得更加秩序井然得多。我应该认为我们同他们一样聪明有才智，我们的文明更加悠久。它因此能够体现悠久的经验积累的成果，而借助这些经验，我们使得生活更加舒适——就更不用说几次偶然的发现了，它是精心计划所决不能实现的。

拉斐尔：如果你读过他们的历史书，你对他们文明年代就能作出更加正确的判断了。若是我们必须相信那些记载，那么，我们这儿还没有人类生活的时候，那个新世界就已经有城市了。至于你所说的聪明才智和偶然发现，没有理由认为只有我们才有。我们可以比他们聪明也可以没他们聪明，但我深信不疑的是他们的实干和勤奋远远超出了我们。根据他们的记录，他们对于我们的活动一无所知，他们称呼我们为赤道那边的人——只知道一千两百年前，一个偶然的机会，一只遭风暴的船曾经在乌托邦岛失事。包括几个罗马人和埃及人的幸存者游上岸，在岛上住下来。

现在，这就使你了解到他们很好地利用了这一机会。凡是罗马帝国有用的技艺，他们或是从这些乘船失事的外来人学会了，或者是从得到的线索自己研究加以发现。我们这半球与他们的仅仅一次接触，他们竟因此获益匪浅。但是，如果有类似的事件发生，一个乌托邦的人飘到我们的国土上，我们会忘记得一干二净，正如我认为人们将会很快忘记我曾经到过那里一样。他们一见到我们，就立即采纳了欧洲所有的好主张

——但是，我怀疑我们是否能够很快采用他们更加优越的制度。我认为，那就是主要原因，为什么尽管他们的才智和自然资源都不如我们，但在政治和经济上却领先我们那么多。

莫尔：在那种情况下，我亲爱的拉斐尔，我恳求你把这个岛描述一番，不要说得太简略——从不同的方面给我们详细讲述一遍——包括地理、社会、政治、法律诸方面——事实上，凡是你认为我们想了解而又不了解的一切事物。

拉斐尔：我再喜欢不过了，因为那些情况我还记忆犹新。但是你知道，说来话长呀。

莫尔：那好啊，我们到里面共进午餐吧，餐后我们随意支配整个下午的时间。

拉斐尔：就这么办吧。

于是我们入内就餐。饭后，我们回到了原处，坐在原来的那条长凳上，吩咐仆人莫来打扰。然后，彼得·贾尔斯和我就请拉斐尔兑现他的许诺。见我们真的要听他讲，他沉思了片刻，整理了一下思路，便开始了如下的讲述。

第二部

拉斐尔：乌托邦岛屿中部最宽，约达二百英里。全岛大部分都与此宽度差不了太多，只是两端逐渐尖削呈圆弧形，就像是用圆规画出来的一样，从一头到另一头周围五百英里。因此，你可以将该岛画为新月形状，两角间有长约十一英里的海峡。海水通过这个海峡流入，然后展开成的一个大湖——尽管它看上去像一个巨大的平静水塘，因为它被陆地环绕，完全不受风的侵袭，水面平静，波澜不惊。这样，整个岛国的内部几乎成为一个港口，航船可以驶向四面八方，这对每个人都有用。

港口甚为险要，布满浅滩和暗礁。几乎就在入口中间，有一岩石矗立水面之上，因为高出水面，所以对航行没有危险，其上建有堡垒，常年驻扎守军。但其他岩石都是暗礁，极其危险。仅有乌托邦人才知道哪里的水道安全，因此，没有乌托邦人领航，外国船只实际上不可能进入海湾。即使是本地居民，如果没有岸上的明显标志作为指引，也足够危险的——这些标志一经移位，不管有多少敌军战舰，都将被诱趋于灭亡。当然，在岛的另一边也有许多港湾，但是它们到处都防御极佳，有天然的或人工的防御工程，少数守兵就可轻易阻止强军近岸。

据说，或许你自己实际上也能看得出，乌托邦最初并不是一个岛屿而只是半岛。尽管如此，他被某个名为乌托普的人所征服——由他给这个岛起了个名字——而它过去的名字为萨斯库劳铁——乌托普也负责将岛上未开化的淳朴居民培养成为现在这样，或许是世界上最文明的国度。他一登上岛屿并控制了这个国家后，立即在本岛连接大陆的一面掘开连接乌托邦和大陆的十五英里的地峡，这样海水就环绕了小岛。担心如果他让当地居民将这样的工程完全干完可能产生怨恨，就让所有士兵也都参与了进去。有了这么多劳力参与，任务完成得异常快速，使大陆

一边的人们惊讶失色，他们当初还在嘲笑整个设想呢。

岛上有五十四座壮丽的大城市，语言、法律、习俗和机构设置都一样。它们依据同样的计划来建造，只要地势许可的话，它们都建得看上去完全相同。两地之间的最小距离是二十四英里，最大距离也不超过一天的步行路程。

每个城市每年有三名富有经验的老年公民到艾尔卡索集会商讨该岛的一般事宜。艾尔卡索被看作首都，因为它地处全国中心，全国各地都容易抵达。土地这样安排，每个城市每一个方向都至少有十二英里长的区域，而较远的一面更远些，即两地间能达到的最大距离。每个城都没有丝毫去拓展疆域的欲望，因为它们认为自己是土地的耕种者，而不是占有者。

农村中到处是间隔适宜的农场住宅，配有农具，市民依次到这里居住。每个农户至少居住四十个成年人，外加长期依附的农奴二人，由一对德高望重的老年夫妇经营，每三十户由一名管片员负责。每户每年有在农村住满两年的二十人返回城市，其空额由城市来的另外二十人填补。这些新来者从已经在这儿住过一年因而较熟悉耕作的人接受训练。一年之后，这些受训者又变成了施训者，如此循环。这一制度减少了缺乏粮食的危险。如果大家都是不懂农业生产的新来者，就可能出现缺粮危机。

一般是在农村干两年，这样任何人都不会被迫从事颇为艰苦的工作时间太久，但对那些喜欢农村生活的人——很多人都喜欢农村的生活——可以获得特别许可多几年。农业人员的职责是负责耕地、养殖牲畜、砍伐木材，视方便而定或经陆路或经水路把木材运往城里。他们用巧妙的方法大规模养鸡。母鸡不用孵蛋，人们用同样的温度一次性地大量孵化——结果呢，小鸡一破壳，就把饲养员当作妈妈，跟着他到处跑。

他们养的马不多，也不是真正驯化的，这些马用来供作骑马训练。犁地和拉车都用牛，他们承认牛不如马跑得快，但是乌托邦人说马野性而很少得病。牛养起来省事、费用也少，并且它们超过服役年龄，还可供食用。

谷物仅用来制作面包，因为他们不喝啤酒，仅喝葡萄酒、苹果或梨子酿造的酒，或只喝水。有时喝水时喜欢加上些当地盛产的蜂蜜和甘草。每个城市当局对整个地区每年消耗的食品数量虽然心中有数，但却总是生产出远远超出所需的谷物和牲畜。因此，他们还可有许多剩余为邻市居民分享。

农村里没有的任何物品，都可以在城里得到，因为每个月都有一天假期，很多人都可去城里。你只要要求城里的官员提供你所需要的东西，他就会发给你，不需要任何付款。

收获季节之前，管片员通知城市当局应派遣下乡的人数。这批收获大军就可以如期到达，如果天气晴朗，就可在二十四小时内收割完毕。

但是，我必须再讲述一下有关这些城市的情况。你只要看过一个城市，你就看到过所有的城市了，因为只要当地地形允许的话，它们都建设的一样。因此，这里我就给你举一个例子，以哪一个城市为例都无关紧要。尽管如此，显然要选择艾尔卡索，因为国会在此开会的事实使得它特别受到重视，而且也是我最为熟悉的一个城市，我在那里住过五年时间。

艾尔卡索建在一个不太陡的山坡上，呈现正方形。它从邻近山顶处往下延伸到乌水河，河宽两英里，沿河部分延伸稍长些。

乌水河源头是八十英里上游的一小股水，但由于汇入了若干支流，其中两个支流很大，因此，当它到达艾尔卡索的时候，河水宽度已经达

到半英里宽。然后，河面继续加宽，直到抵达六十英里以外的大海。就在城的上边，甚至到城几英里外的上游，每隔六小时有一次潮涨潮落。涨潮时，海水灌入河水达三十英里，充满河床，河水被迫后退。这时，连远至三十英里之外的河水都是咸的，再往上游，咸味逐渐消失，流经艾尔卡索城的河水绝对是淡水。退潮时，河水又流往大海，保持清澈而无污染，直到河口。

该城由一座很好的拱桥与河的另一岸连接，桥基不是用木桩而是用巨大的石头建成。这座桥位于距海最远的地方，因此，并不妨碍船只沿城通航。还有另一条小河，它不太大，但却是宜人的平静和舒缓。它发源于艾尔卡索城所在的那座山，穿过城的中部流入乌水河。这条河的源头就在城外，人们便在外围筑有城墙，以便在外敌入侵时，河水不至于被截断、改道或被放毒污染供水。从水流出的地方到城的较低处，水都由瓦管系统流下来。在不适宜使用瓦管的地方，他们设有容积巨大的雨水池，也一样便利。

城周围建有很厚的高墙，按一定间隔筑有瞭望塔和堡垒。城的三面均有壕沟，没有水，但很宽很深，其中荆棘丛生，难以越过。剩下的一面就是那条河作为护城河。街道布局很好，有利于交通和避免风害。建筑物美观，平台屋顶，面对面建造，整条街上的房屋一字排开。房屋前面有一条宽二十英尺的大路将两边隔开。房屋后面是一个大花园，也和街道一样长，并且完全被另一条街的后面所隔开。每家房屋有一个前门通往街道，和一个后门通往花园。两个门都是双折门，便于推开和之后自动关闭。任何人都可以进去，因为没有一样东西是私有的。这些房子都是抽签分配的，大约十年调换一次。

他们特别喜欢这些花园。他们在花园里栽种果树，包括葡萄树，也有花草。他们栽培得法，事实上，我从来也没有见过如此漂亮而多产的花园。艾尔卡索人热衷于搞好花园，不仅是因为他们喜欢而且是因为街

道之间有竞争最好花园的比赛。当然，很难找到任何城市特征能比这给公众带来快乐和实惠的了——这使得我想到园艺就是这座城的建立者特别感兴趣的一件事。

建立者我是指乌托普国王本人，据说是他从一开始就设计了整座城的规划。尽管如此，他将修饰和加工留给了后人去完成，因为他意识到一个人穷毕生精力也不可能完成。根据他们的历史记载，从征服之日起的一千七百六十年都写得非常翔实，最初的房子仅仅是棚舍或者是小屋，使用手头现成的木材草草建造。房子都是泥墙，屋顶呈脊状，由茅草覆盖。但是现在每个房子都很气派，为三层的楼房。墙壁用坚石或涂上泥灰，也有砖砌的，里面填以碎石。坡面的屋顶也抬升为平顶，使用一种特制水泥，虽然极为便宜但却可以比铅板还能抵抗坏天气，也能防火。他们使用玻璃窗防风，玻璃在那里使用很广泛；也有时使用涂有透明油料或琥珀的细麻布代替玻璃装窗。这样，窗子既透明又能起到密封的作用。

现在讲述他们当地的政府体系。人口按每三十户分为一组，每组每年选出一位官员，叫作斯蒂沃德。斯蒂沃德是旧的乌托邦头衔——现在称之为管片员。每十个斯蒂沃德及其所代表的住户设有一个贲慈特，或称之为高级管片员。

每个城市有两百个斯蒂沃德，他们承担选举市长的责任。他们经过严格的宣誓对认为最为合适的人秘密投票。市长必须是从所有选民所推举的四个候选人当中产生。因为全城四个区，每个区提交一个候选人名单给贲慈特议事会。市长为终身制，除非因为他有阴谋想建立暴政而遭废黜。贲慈特每年都要选举，但他们通常不更换。其他所有的任命官员都是一年一选。

如果需要，贲慈特每三天与市长开一次会，商量公务并迅速解决任何私人纠纷，尽管这些纠纷是很罕见的。他们总是邀请两位贲慈特，每

天是不同的两位，来参加会议。并且有一个规定，就是任何涉及国家事务的问题，不经过三天的讨论，就不得最后作出决定。在议事会外或在大会外议论公事，就是死罪。很显然，这种措施不鼓励市长和贲慈特共谋对人民专制压迫和变革国家的宪法。正是基于同样的原因，凡是重要的事情都要提交贲慈特议事会，由贲慈特通知各人所管理的住户，在住户之间开展讨论，然后将其观点报告议事会。偶尔也有事情提交国会。

议事会还有一个规定，当天提交的问题不得在当天讨论决议。所有的讨论都必须推迟到下次参会人数多的会议。否则的话，某人就会未经思考就信口讨论，往往为自己的话辩论而不是为了公众的利益。那种人是以自己的名声来牺牲公众的利益。正是因为尽管听起来荒唐，但碍于面子不愿承认自己的主张可能是错误的——他一开始就应该先想好了再发表意见。

现在讲讲他们的工作状况。他们不分性别，都做一种工作，就是务农。他们从小学农。他们在学校学习农业理论，在附近城市农庄进行实习旅行。他们在那里不仅观看农活是如何做的，还亲自参与做一些农活，作为一种训练形式。

除了我所说的农活作为每个人的工作之外，每个人还得学习一门专项手艺。学织毛衣或织麻布，或者成为泥水匠、铁匠或木匠。那些就是所能用得上劳力的所有手艺。他们既没有水手，也没有裁缝，因为这个岛上的每一个人都身着同类衣服，只按照性别和婚否稍加区别，款式绝不改变。这些衣服看上去很舒服，穿上行动便捷，适合于冷暖天气变化——最重要的是，这些衣服都是自己做的。因此，每个人都学会一种我所提到的手艺，我所说的每个人指的是包括妇女和男子。尽管妇女因体弱给予的工作较轻，像毛织和麻纺，而男子干较重的活。

多数孩子长大都是子承父业，因为他们一般都有这种自然情感倾向。但如果一个孩子对其他某一手艺感兴趣，他就寄养在操他所喜爱的

手艺的这个家庭里。当然，他的父亲或是地方当局，都关心替他找一个体面可敬的户主。当你学好一门手艺之后——如果你愿意的话，还可以准许学习另一门手艺。当你两门手艺都学好时，你可以根据你的偏好选择工作，除非另一种手艺对公众更为重要。

贲慈特的最主要事务，其实也是他们唯一的事务，就是要做到没有一个闲员，而且每个人都在从事自己的工作。但也不至于从早到晚从事劳作而筋疲力尽，累得像牛马一般。那只是奴隶的生活——然而这也如同世界上其他各地劳动人民的生活一样。乌托邦人民每天工作六个小时——上午三个小时，然后吃午饭，之后休息两个小时，下午再工作三个小时，接着吃晚饭。他们晚上八点睡觉，睡眠时间为八个小时。一天中的其他时间都随自己支配——不在偷懒和自我放纵方面浪费时间，而是很好地利用时间从事一些适宜的活动。大多数人将这些自由时间花在进修方面，因为每天上午的第一件事是有很多公共演讲。参与听讲的人出于自愿，除非挑选出来从事学术培训的人必须参加。但所有各界人士，无论男女，都挤着去听讲。我的意思是说，不同人去听不同的演讲，正是一种精神鼓舞着他们。尽管如此，如果你想这样做的话，没有什么可以阻止你将额外的时间花在你的手艺上。许多人就是这样的情况，他们没有做智力活的能力，他们搞自己的手艺还令人羡慕，因为这是符合公共精神的行为。

晚饭后有一小时娱乐时间，或者是在花园中，或者是在公共食堂。根据一年中的时间而定。有的人演奏音乐，有的人只是聊天。他们从来也没有听说过像玩骰子如此愚蠢和令人泄气的游戏了，但是他们有两种游戏，很像象棋。第一种是一类斗数，一个数“吃掉”另一个数。第二种是罪恶和美德之间的战斗，它极为巧妙地显示出罪恶之间彼此倾轧，继而又联合对抗美德。它也显示罪恶反对美德，罪恶如何聚焦力量直接对抗美德，采取什么迂回策略，美德需要什么帮助来战胜罪恶，用什么样的最好方法来阻止罪恶的袭击，以及最后通过什么来决定一方战胜另一

方。

但是，为了避免你产生误会，有一点需要特别注意。既然他们每天只需工作六个小时，你可能会认为势必导致货物短缺。相反，那六个小时足够了，能够生产出舒适生活所需的一切，而且还绰绰有余。如果你考虑一下在其他国家完全不干活的人口所占的比例有多大，你就会理解为何会是这样。

首先是所有的妇女，她们占全民的一半。在一些妇女有活干的国家，男子往往闲荡不干活。而且，那伙牧师和大量的所谓宗教信徒，他们干多少活呢？再加上所有的富人，特别是那些称之为贵族和绅士的地主。包括他们家的雇员——我指的前面所提到的那帮武装的恶棍们。最后，再加上那些身强力壮的乞丐，他们假装有病，找借口乞讨。把这些人都算在一起，你一定会惊奇地发现那些为人类生产消费品的人数极少。

现在再想想，在少数劳动者中那些从事必要工作的人又是多少——因为在那里金钱是唯一衡量价值的标准，人们从事数十种不必要的行业，仅仅提供奢侈品和娱乐。即使现有的劳力分配到为满足适宜生活的少数几个行业中，也将出现产品过剩，并使得物价下降，从而使得工人难以靠干活维持生计。但是，如果你让这些所有参与无益劳动的人，和那些所有不工作的懒汉（他们每个人所消耗的别人的劳动的成果就等于两个工人所消耗的数量）都去参加做有益的事情的话，你就很快发现只需要多么少的工作时间便足以生产出生活上需要与便利所必不可少的一切，甚至于也会增加真正又自然的享乐。

乌托邦的事实也说明问题了。这里，每一座城和附近的地区中，凡是身体适于劳动的男女都要参加普通劳动，只有不到五百人免于劳动。这包括斯蒂沃德，他们尽管法律上规定免于劳动，但却自愿劳动以树立榜样。也包括哪些永久免于其他义务的人，以便能够集中精力于学术研

究。这一特权自由只有经过教士的推荐以及斯蒂沃德以秘密投票的形式确认后才能获得。并且如果任何做学问的人辜负了人民的希望，他就调回去从事做工。另一方面，往往也会有这样的情况，一个工人在业余时间辛勤钻研学问，并取得很大进步，他就可以不再从事自己的手艺，提升为学者从事学问研究。

他们正是从这些人当中选出了自己的外交使节、牧师、贲慈特以及市长。过去他们把市长叫作巴桑，现在他通常被称之为侬皮袍。几乎其他所有居民如果都从事工作，而且又都是从事有益工作的话，你就可想而知他们将在不多的几个小时干很多工作了。他们的劳力问题也会减少，因为他们使用比我们更为经济的手段来应对必要的工作。例如，之所以房屋的建设工作通常吸引那么多劳力，是因为人们建起了房子，而不知爱惜财力的后人任其毁掉。因此，下一代人又得再重新建设，这要比保持原有的房子花费的代价肯定要高。事实上，经常出现这样的情况：甲建了一座很昂贵的房子，但随后就不再满足乙的挑剔口味。因此，乙就不把它看在眼里，结果它很快被毁掉了，然后在别处花钱再建一所同样昂贵的房子，但在乌托邦，一切都有国家控制，房子很少建筑在完全新的地方。房子该修的时候，哪怕不能提前维修，也会马上进行维修。这样，他们以最小的劳动代价使房子达到最大使用期限。这就意味着，建设者有时实际上无事可做。在这种情况下，他们就回到家里锯好木板，准备好石头，以便一旦有房子要建设，可以更快地建起来。

接着我们再来看看他们在衣服上省多少钱吧。他们的工作服都是粗布服装，这种衣服可以至少用上七年。当他们出入公共场合时，他们披上外套遮上工作服；衣服的颜色都一样，都是羊毛的自然色。这样，他们不仅消耗的毛绒世界上最少，而且这种材料的生产成本也最低。因为亚麻布更容易生产，所以也较多使用，但是只要亚麻是白色的和羊毛是干净的就行，他们不在乎纤维精致与否。在其他国家，一个人不会满足于不到五六件丝绸背心，而挑剔的人每人都要十多件。而在乌托邦，一

人有一件就很满足了，一件一般都能穿上两年时间。他为何要更多件呢？衣服多了既不能使他更暖和，也不会使他更漂亮。

由于每个人都做有益的工作，工作量就减少到最低限度，因此，他们就不时地积累了大量的物品，可以腾出大量劳力去修补道路。如果没任何事情可干，当局通常就宣布更短的工作时间。他们从来也不强迫人们从事不必要的工作，因为整个经济的主要目的就是给每个人充裕的时间，免于体力劳动，只要是社会所允许。这样，他们就可以培养思维能力，他们认为这是幸福生活的秘诀。

现在，我最好来解释一下他们的社会安排——即社会是如何组织的，他们彼此间如何交往，以及货物如何分配等。社会的最小单位是家庭，它实际上是家的同义词。女孩子长大之后结婚，就嫁到丈夫家，但男孩子每一代都在自己家，并听从于最年长男性家长——除非他年事已高，有年纪第二大的家长接替他。

除了郊区外，每个城市都有六千个家庭。并且为了保持人口的稳定，法律规定每个家庭都不得少于十名或多于十六名成年人，因为他们不好固定孩子的数量。这一法律容易遵行，他们只要把一家中过多的成年人转到较少的一家就行了。如果一座城市的人口过多，多出的人就转到相对人口少的城市去。如果整个岛屿人口过多的话，他们就从每座城市分派出一定数量的人去附近大陆开辟聚居区，那里有很大区域当地居民还没有开垦。这样的聚居区由乌托邦人管理，但如果当地人愿意参与管理也是允许的。当地人参与管理的时候，当地人和移居者联合起来，融为一体，形成共同的生活方式，这对双方都有好处。因为在乌托邦人的管理下，那些过去被认为不能生产出够一方人所消耗的产品的土地，现在很多人都能够生产出足以供两方人使用的产品了。

如果当地人不愿意按照所要求的去做，他们就被从乌托邦人圈定的土地上逐出。如果他们反抗的话，乌托邦人便宣战——因为当一个国家

否定另一国家从任何土地上获得营养的自然权利，而原来的所有者自己不使用这些土地，仅仅作为无价值的地产让其荒芜，乌托邦人认为战争是完全正义的。

一旦乌托邦任何城市人口减少，不能从岛上其他地方取得补充而不使其他市的人口减少到最低限度之下（据说历史上这种情况出现过两次，每次都是因为瘟疫流行），他们就把移居出去的人调回来充实。他们的原则就是宁愿丢失新的聚居区，也不愿意丢失乌托邦自身的任何部分。

现在我们再回到他们的社会组织上。正如我前面所说，每一个家庭都由最长的男性当家。妻子从属于丈夫，孩子从属于父母，一般来说，年轻人照顾老年人。每个市都划分为四个大小一样的区，每个区中心有自己的购物中心。任何一户的产品都存放在仓库中，然后根据不同商店的类型分发。当户主自己或家庭需要物资时，他就到其中的一个商店去领。无论他要什么，都允许他拿走货物而不需任何形式的付款，既不付现金，也不需要其他补偿。究竟有什么理由不允许给予他所需的物品呢？一切货物都有充足的供应，因此无须担心有人所求超出自己的所需。一个人知道绝对不会出现物资短缺时，还有什么理由想要储存呢？没有天生贪婪的生物，除非是担心供应短缺。或者就人类而言，贪婪是出自虚荣心，也就是你能够显示一下占有的东西超过他人就比他人好。但这类事情在乌托邦不存在。

这些购物中心包括食品市场，运到这儿的有肉和鱼，也有面包、水果和蔬菜。市外有专门的地方，在那里首先将所有的血迹和污染用流水清洗干净。牲畜的屠宰和尸体的清洗由奴隶来做。他们不让普通人屠宰动物，因为他们认为这会逐渐毁掉人性的恻隐之心。并禁止将不干净的东西或不健康的东西带进城里，因为担心污染了环境而导致疾病。

你沿着一条街走下去经常会走到一个巨大的建筑物，它有自己专有

的名字。那就是斯蒂沃德住的地方，他所管理的三十户，左右两方各十五户，在此就餐。负责这些餐厅的伙食人员每天按时到食品市场去，在那里报告注册人数，并适当领取食品。

但是，医院病人最为优先。噢，对了，城区共有四家医院，就在城墙外边。每家医院大约有一个小镇那么大。这样的目的是避免过于拥挤，并有利于传染病例的隔离。这些医院管理的很好，配备有完善的各类医疗设备，护士们很体贴人也很负责，经常有很多有经验的医生，不过没有人是被迫住进医院的，实际上每个人生病时都乐于离家而住院治疗。

尽管如此，一旦医院伙食员拿到医生的订单，所有领取的最好食物都根据注册人数比例平均分配给各个餐厅。只有某些人员给予特殊照顾，如市长、主教、责慈特和外交使节。对外国人的供应也是相同的——外国人并不多见；但是，当确实有外国人时，则为他们专门提供住宿。

在午餐和晚餐时响起喇叭声，除了那些有病待在医院或者待在家里的人外，整个斯蒂沃德居民在餐厅集合。然而，餐厅开始供应后，你也相当自由地可以从市场上带回食物。因为大家都知道除非你没办法要不你不愿意这样做。我的意思是说，尽管没有规定反对，但没有人愿意在家吃饭。一方面，在家吃饭被认为是很不好的一种形式。另一方面，就在街道旁边的餐厅中既然饭菜如此精美丰盛，一个人却自找麻烦去从事质量差的烹饪，显得也太傻了。

在这些餐厅中，所有粗活和脏活都由奴隶来干，但是食物的准备、烹调、菜单的安排都完全有值班的家庭妇女承担，因为不同的家庭有责任每天提供饭菜。其他成年人根据他们的人数在三桌或更多桌前进餐，男的背靠墙而坐，女的坐在外边，因此如果后来者感到突然不适（如孕妇经常这样），她们可以起身离开到保姆室，而不至于打扰其他人。

我说的保姆室就是留出照料母亲和婴儿的房屋。那里总是生着火并提供充足的清洁用水。还设有许多吊床，因此妈妈可以将婴儿放在床上，或者如果乐意的话，也可以解开婴儿襁褓，让其在火前面玩耍。婴儿总是由其母亲哺育，母亲死亡或生病的除外。万一母亲死亡或生病，斯蒂沃德的夫人就很快找到一个保姆。这件事并不困难，因为任何能胜任这一事情的妇女都乐意做这件事。这种慈善得到人们的普遍赞扬，孩子也总将她看作自己的亲生母亲。

保姆室也是五岁以下孩子吃饭的地方。其他孩子，那些不到结婚年龄的男女，就在餐厅内的餐桌旁等候。如果他们太年幼，就安静地站在那里。以上两种情况下，他们都没有单独的就餐时间，他们都是从成年人的餐桌上获得饭菜。

高桌正中间是一个荣光的位置，它位于大厅尽头的平台上，这里可以看到全体进餐的人。这一桌就餐的是斯蒂沃德和他的妻子，另外还有两个年龄最长的居民，因为就餐总是四人一桌。如果在斯蒂沃德区域刚好设有教堂，牧师夫妇就自然就座于斯蒂沃德席。两旁餐桌都是四位年轻人使用，接下去一桌又是四位老年人使用，整个大厅就是这样安排的。换句话说，年龄相同的人一桌，而又与不同年龄组的人交叉。他们告诉我这样安排，尊重上一辈老年人可以防止年轻人之间的言行失检，因为这些年轻人的一言一行都能够被旁边的老年人看到。

端上食物时，不是从这一头的桌子到另一头的桌子依次提供。他们首先端给那些有明显标记的老年人餐桌，然后再端给其他餐桌。尽管如此，如果某种美味不够全体享用，老年人认为合适的话可以与邻桌的其他人分享其美味食物。这样，老年人受到理所应得的尊重，而每个人最终也都有所得。

午餐和晚餐开始前有一段文学作品朗诵，但内容简短，不至于让听者厌烦。接着老年人以开朗的和略带风趣的方式讨论严肃的问题。但老

年人并不是整个席间都自己长篇大论。相反，他们爱听年轻人发言，并故意引出他们的话，以便他们能够考验每一个年轻人的性格与才华，因为在这样一种宽松而又非正式的氛围中年轻人容易显示自己。

午餐时间很短，因为午餐后要接着工作，而晚餐时间倒可以放开些，因为晚餐后接着的是一整夜的就寝，他们认为一整夜的就寝有助于胃肠消化。晚餐时总有音乐，最后提供各类甜点和水果。他们燃香并喷洒香水。事实上，他们尽力使得每一位就餐者过得愉快，因为他们十分相信所有无害的乐趣都是完全合法的。

这就是城市里的生活。在农村，因为大家住处彼此相距较远，每个人都在家中用餐。当然，他们的食物与城里的一样好，因为城里人吃的东西都是由农村生产的。

现在讲述一下旅游设施。如果你想拜访一些其他城市的朋友，或者只是想看看城市本身，你通过申请很容易就会得到你们斯蒂沃德和赉慈特准许，除非你急需待在家里。你将同一批出游者一起出发，持有市长签发的集体护照，上写着你回来的日期。你可以领到一种交通工具，一名赶车驾牛的奴隶照看牛和车。但是，除非旅伴中有妇女，他们多数是不要车的，认为有车反而更加麻烦。你不必带行李，因为你无论到哪里，都和家一样，你想要啥都有。如果你在一个地方超过二十四小时，会要求你去干你那一行，这将受到当地同行的热烈欢迎。

如果你没有护照并擅自越过自己本城辖区而被逮住的话，你就会被不光彩地遣返回家，并将被作为逃亡者给予严厉的惩罚。第二次重犯将被贬为奴隶。尽管如此，如果你急于想到本城郊区游览的话，只要你父亲允许，妻子不反对的话，就不会禁止你。当然，无论在哪里，只有你做过上午或下午的活，才能受到伙食款待。但除此之外，你可以在本城辖区内自由活动。正如你待在家里一样，你正是社会中有用的一员。

你可以看出，不管在哪儿，你总是需要工作。绝没有任何借口可以偷懒。也没有酒店、没有妓院、没有诱惑的机会、没有秘密幽会之处。每个人都看着你，你实际上只好被迫干好自己的工作，并正当地利用好你的业余时间。

在这种制度下，所有的东西都必须丰富，因为所有的东西都是全体居民平均分配，很显然不可能有任何穷人或乞丐。记住，每一座城市都会派三个代表参加一年一度在艾尔卡索举行的滥套客（Lietalk）会议，或者叫议会。会上他们收集当年的生产详细情况，弄清楚哪个地区的商品生产充足和哪个地区的供应不足，就马上安排一系列调拨以平衡地区供应。这些调拨是单向的交易，不需要回报补偿。但实际上，甲城免费给予乙城的礼物由免费从丙城获得的礼物所平衡。因此，整个岛就像一个大家庭。

他们只有储备有够一年使用的物资时，才认为已经做到了能满足他们自身之需，随后一年会发生什么情况就无所谓了，其余的都出口海外。出口物有大量谷物、蜂蜜、羊毛、亚麻、木材、大红和紫色布料、生皮、黄蜡、油脂、皮革以及牲口。他们把全部出口商品的七分之一送给这些国家的穷人，其他部分则以合理价格出售。这种对外贸易不仅购买了基本进口产品，通常只是铁器，而且还可带回大量金钱。实际上，通过很长一段时间他们逐渐积累了大量的金银，多到令人难以置信。因此，他们现在并不介意是售货得到现款，还是用赊欠的办法。其实，他们几乎所有的售货都是使用赊欠的办法。可是他们对于赊欠，并不满足于私人的保证，而是必须由进口地当局签订合法合同，并密封和传递过来。付款日期一到，当局就从所涉及的私人债户收齐欠款存入公库，在提取之前可以作为资金使用。实际上，他们从来也没这样使用过，因为他们认为一个人用不着，而其他人确有用，将钱从别人处取出是不公平的。

然而，如果他们觉得有必要将这批资产的一部分借给另一个国家，他们就收回债款，因此在战时也是这样做的，因为在他们心目中战争是一件积累所有财富的事情。你知道，在任何重要危机和紧急之时，这能够起到保护他们的作用。

这些钱的主要作用就是用来为招募外国雇佣兵提供巨额资金。他们宁可使用这些人上阵冒险，也不愿使用自己人。他们深知有大量钱币也可以收买和出卖敌人，或者使其互怀鬼胎或公开动武而互相残杀。而这就是他们储存大量贵金属的唯一原因，但是他们却不视之为宝贝。事实上说出来有些难为情，担心你们难以置信——我这样担心也有一定的原因，若非亲眼所见，我也不会轻易相信。这在所难免，越是不符合我们思维习惯的事物，就越难令我们相信。正如同他们其他的制度和我们存在极大的差异，他们对待金银有不同的标准也就不足为奇了。乌托邦人自己不用钱，而是储存起来用以应付可能发生也可能永远不会发生的突发事件。

同时，他们只按作为金钱原料的金银本身的真实性质对待它们，不会超过其本身应得的价值——众所周知，金银远不及铁有用。人们没有了铁，就好比没有了火和水，将难以生存。但如果我们没有物以稀为贵的愚蠢概念，没有金银，仍能够轻松生活。然而，自然犹如仁慈而宽容的母亲，已经赐予我们一切最有用的东西，像空气、水以及我们眼前的大地，将空虚无益的东西与人类隔离开来。

倘若金银锁藏在乌托邦一间封闭安全的密室，一般人会胡猜乱想——你知道的，他们在这方面总具有一些天赋——他们会疑心这是市长及议事会的骗人伎俩，企图自己从中取利。当然，乌托邦人也可以将金银制成饮器或其他工艺品。但是，如果将其全部熔毁用作支付军饷，他们知道老百姓是不愿让出这些曾经心爱的东西的。

为了解决以上问题，乌托邦人想出了一种符合他们习惯规范的制度

办法，和我们对待金银的态度截然不同——他们并非视黄金为珍宝。除非你亲眼所见，否则无法相信。这个制度规定乌托邦人的饮食用陶器及玻璃器之类制作精美而价格低廉的器皿。然而，金银也是常规材料，无论是公共厅馆还是私人住宅，主要制成粪桶溺盆之类的用具。再则套在奴隶身上的链铐也是取材于坚固的金银。因犯罪而成为可耻的人需要戴着金耳环、金戒指、金项圈以及一顶金冠。事实上，乌托邦人就是这样千方百计使金银成为可耻的标志。也就是说，一旦拿走他们身上的金银，没有人会感到有所损失，而不是像其他民族失去金银会万分悲痛，心惊胆战。

乌托邦人对待珠宝也是同样的态度。他们在海滨捡珍珠，在某些崖壁上采翠玉钻石——但他们从不刻意寻找这种东西。但是，如果他们偶然碰到，会将它们捡回去打磨加工一番，给孩子们做装饰品。刚开始，幼小的儿童会颇为得意拥有此类珠宝，等他们长大以后会明白这些东西只是托儿所的玩物，便将其扔掉，这种行为不是出于父母的劝告，而纯粹是由于自尊心——就如同我国的儿童一旦成人也扔掉洋娃娃、弹球以及护身符。乌托邦特别的制度也产生了相应奇妙的结果，浮莱图安外交使节的例子令我印象深刻。

这些外交使节到达艾尔卡索时，我正在那儿，因为他们有重要的事情前来商谈，所以乌托邦每座城市已派有三位议会代表在此等待会见。曾经到过这里的使节都很了解乌托邦的风俗习惯，知道华服盛装不受重视，穿戴丝绸会受到鄙视，黄金是可耻的标志，所以这些外交官来时总是穿得合乎场合地朴素。可是浮莱图安人住在遥远的地方，和乌托邦人平时很少来往。他们只听说过在乌托邦大家穿着一样的衣服，而且料子粗陋——便认定乌托邦所不用的东西是因为乌托邦人没有这些东西。所以这些高傲的人决心用豪华的装束把自己打扮成天神一般，让穷酸的乌托邦人在珠光宝气的装扮前眼花缭乱。

当使节团到达乌托邦，虽然只有三位使者，却跟随了一百名随从，无不穿着艳丽，大部分用丝绸制成。三位使节本人在自己的国家是身份显贵的，所以穿的金锻，戴着重金项圈及金耳环，手上还有金戒指。他们的帽子上装饰着成串的珍珠及宝石。事实上，他们装扮自己的全部饰品恰恰是乌托邦人用来处罚奴隶，污辱罪犯，以及逗孩童开心的东西。

当然，任何细节我都不会错过。这三位使节把自己身上的华丽盛装和涌到街头看他们走过的乌托邦人的衣服相比时，更洋洋得意起来。但实际情况并非他们所预料的那样受重视，反而令他们很失望。在乌托邦人看来，除了那些少数因事出过国的以外，这种华丽的排场是丢脸的。因此他们把使团中最下等的仆从当作主人来敬礼，却完全无视使节本人，把使节们当成了戴着金链的奴隶。

是呀，你还可以发现，那些已经扔掉珍珠宝石的稍大一些的孩童看见这些使节帽子上镶有珍珠宝石，都轻推他们的母亲。低声说道：

"快看呀，妈妈，多么大了还戴珍珠宝石，怎么像个小孩子呀！"

母亲们非常严肃地回答道："小声点，孩子！我猜他可能是外国使节身边的小丑吧。"

许多乌托邦人对那些金链子很不满。

"我看那些金链子不好用，"有人说道，"看上去太细了，很容易就被奴隶挣断了，而且太松了，奴隶可以随时挣脱逃跑呀！"

这些使节在乌托邦住上一两天后，发现情况有些不对劲。乌托邦金银无数，毫不值钱，被看作极其卑贱的标志，与他们自己珍视金银的情形恰恰相反。他们看到了一个逃亡的奴隶身上所戴的金银链铐比他们三个使节一起佩戴的金子还要多。因此，他们不再炫耀，并对自己感到羞愧万分，脱下自己傲慢华丽的服饰，尤其是和乌托邦人亲切交谈后，他

们更加了解那里的风俗和见解了。比如，乌托邦人很不理解，一个人可以仰视天空中群星乃至太阳，为何仍喜欢小小石头的闪闪微光。他们也不明白为何有人因为自己身上穿的是细线羊毛衣，就料想自己比其他人更加高贵。毕竟不管羊毛质地多么细，起初都是出自羊身上，且他们认为这东西再好也不过就是一只羊。

同样，乌托邦人也不理解本身毫无用处的黄金何以在世界各地目前如此受重视，甚至比活生生的人还要珍贵，而黄金的价值是由人创造，黄金本身也只是供人使用的。结果是一个木头脑袋的傻子，不正直，不懂事，只因为他拥有非常多的金币，就可以奴役大批聪明人和善良的人。同样，如果由于时运不济或是某种法律骗局（这种骗局如运气一样易使贵者贱者角色互换），之前的黄金从其主人手中转到他全家最卑微的杂役手中，这个主人无疑不久会去伺候他的旧仆人，似乎他是金钱的附属品，成为了自己仆人的仆人。但是更让乌托邦人感到惊奇而且也憎恨的是，某些人疯狂地崇拜富人，并非因为他们自己欠富人的债，或受富人的权力掌控，却仅仅因为他们富有而崇拜，尽管他们很清楚富人吝啬小气，只要还活在世上一天也不会分给他们一分钱。

乌托邦人形成这些见解一方面来自于他们成长的社会制度，因为完全不同于上面说的那种愚昧无知，也来自他们的阅读和教育。当然，并不是每一个学生都可免除其余一切工作全日学习，只有每个城市极少数从小天资聪颖爱好学问的人可以专门从事学术工作。然而所有孩子都接受基础教育，大部分公民，无分男女，都可以利用上文提到的体力劳动后的剩余时间进行学习。他们用本国语言学习各科知识，这种语言既拥有丰富的词汇，发音也悦耳动听，又极富表现力。在这个小世界的每个角落，人们都说着相同的语言，只是在其他各地或多或少运用不同程度的形式而已。

我们来到乌托邦以前，他们对任何欧洲著名的哲学家一无所知。但

是在音乐、逻辑、算术以及几何各个领域，他们发现的原理就几乎赶上了我们早期的哲学家。然而尽管他们在其他多数学科方面可以和古人相提并论，但他们远不如我们现在的逻辑学家成就斐然。比如，我们的儿童在《逻辑入门》这一科中普遍要学习了限制、扩大、假定等我们独创出的各条规则，但乌托邦人还未发现其中的任何一条。关于“再概念”乌托邦人也未曾思考，甚至都无从认出人本身作为一般化的概念。现在如你所知，这样的人比任何巨人还更巨大，虽然我们解释的非常清楚，但他们还是无法理解。

另一方面，乌托邦人是天文学方面的专家，发明了多种仪器，可以精确测定日月以及他们所在半球能见到的各种天体的位置及运行。而对于占星学的星辰相生相克和根据星辰占人或所有的骗人把戏，他们视为怪诞胡说，做梦也没有想过去研究。

他们从长期实践总结的确切征兆，可以预测风雨及其他一切天气变化。如上述各种现象的起因，潮汐何以形成，海水何以含盐，总之，关于天体和宇宙的起源及本质，他们的论点和我们古代哲学家的论点大致相同。和我们古代哲学家相互之间有一定程度分歧一样，他们之间对问题的理解也存在分歧，共同创建全新的理论的学者，彼此也会秉持不同的意见。

在道德层面上，他们的争论和我们相同。他们区分了心理、生理以及环境这三类“善”。他们同样疑惑“善”这个名称是指这三者呢，还是仅仅是心理的特性。他们讨论美德及快乐，但主要的争论的是人类幸福的本质依赖于一个因素还是多个因素？关于这个问题，他们似乎过分倾向于享乐主义的观点，认为快乐是构成人类全部幸福或主要幸福的因素。尤其令人惊讶的是，他们竟援引宗教为这种放纵的学说作辩护，而他们的宗教原则即使不冷酷无情，也是认真严肃的。可以看出他们所讨论的幸福问题总是与哲学的理性和宗教的原则相关联，否则理性本身就无法

定义真正的幸福。

这些原则首先认为每一个灵魂都是不灭的，是上帝创造的，灵魂生来注定享有幸福。其次，我们行善修德，在另一个世界将有所回报；我们为非作恶，死后将受到惩罚。这些固然是属于宗教的原则，然而乌托邦人主张，人们承认这些原则是出于理性。一旦你不遵守这些原则将会怎样？乌托邦人便毫不迟疑告诉你，无论多么愚笨的人都知道该如何做。你应当全力追求自己的快乐，不必顾虑对错。只不过你须力求不要贪图小的快乐而妨碍大的快乐，也不要贪图会招致痛苦后果的快乐。如果没有渴望得到的事物，何需追求严峻艰苦的德行，放弃人生的甜蜜，刻意忍受痛苦呢？乌托邦人认为这是极不明智的行为。如果没有任何好处，死后未能得到补偿，又何必一生过不快乐、悲惨的日子呢？

乌托邦人并不把每一种快乐都视为幸福——只有更高层次的快乐才能称为真正的幸福。他们也不把拥有美德视为幸福的源泉——除非这种思想与众不同。通常人们认为美德促使我们的自然本性走向幸福，正如走向至善一样，即遵循人的本性，上帝创造我们就是要我们这样生活。但是，这包括遵循人的天性，在自己的喜恶方面服从理性。而理性也教导我们，首先是人们要对全能的上帝有爱意和尊敬，因为是上帝创造了我们并使得我们能享受幸福。其次，理性劝告人们尽量过舒适快乐的生活，并帮助其他同伴也过上这样的生活。

事实上，就算是最严厉的修道者对快乐的指责也会有某些矛盾的地方。他虽然叫人经历充满苦役、睡眠不足和不够舒适的生活，但同时也劝导人尽力减轻他人的痛苦和贫困。他把改善人们生活处境的努力视为值得赞扬的人道主义行为，因为没有什么比减轻他人的痛苦，结束他们的悲哀并使他们重获生活的乐趣即追求快乐的资格，更加符合人性或更加符合自然。因此，为什么我们不遵循自然同样对待自己呢？

或者，享受生活即体验快乐是坏事，那么你不应该帮助别人追求这

样的生活，而应该尽量将所有人从这种可怕的命运中解救出来——抑或，享受生活对别人来说是好事，且不只是你的专权，而应该使别人也能够享受生活，既然如此为什么自己不首先享受生活呢？毕竟，你不仅仅要对你身边的人负责，还要对自己负责，而且，大自然要你善待他人的同时并不会转过头来要你苛待自己。所以乌托邦人认为享受生活——即快乐——是大自然指示人们追求的目标，乌托邦人认为美德就是遵循自然规律。然而，大自然还要我们在追求快乐的生活时互相帮助，这样做的理由非常充分，因为没有谁能成为大自然唯一眷顾的对象，大自然对所有人都是一视同仁的。因此，大自然告诫我们，追求自身利益不能以牺牲他人的利益为代价。

在这个原则的基础上，乌托邦人认为不仅要遵守私人之间的合约，还应该遵守有关生活物资——即获得快乐的物质的分配的公共法令——这些法令或是由贤明的当政者正式颁布的，或是由未遭受任何形式的暴政和欺骗的人民一致通过的。他们认为，在法令允许的范围内追求个人利益才是明智的，另外，还要照顾公共利益，那是道德上的责任。为了使自己快乐而剥夺他人的快乐是不公平的，而将自己的快乐分加给他人是一种人道主义行为，这样做你得到的快乐将比你失去的要更多。一方面，对方通常会将利益回报给你。另一方面，由于做了好事帮助他人得到他人的喜爱和善意所产生的精神上的满足感远比失去的那一点点物质上的快乐要多得多。最后——信仰宗教的人很容易接受的观点是——上帝会给予我们永恒的大快乐来奖励我们放弃短暂快乐的作出的小小牺牲。因此，他们认为，归根结底，快乐是人类所追求的最根本的幸福，甚至包括道德行为在内。

乌托邦人认为快乐就是一种自然而然感到愉悦的身心状态或活动。在这里关键词是“自然而然”。他们认为，我们的理性和本能都驱使我们通过自然的途径享受快乐，这种快乐不会伤害他人，也不会妨碍更大的快乐或造成不良后果。然而人类却愚蠢地将本不是快乐的事物称之为快

乐——好似改变定义就能轻易地改变事实一样。现在乌托邦人认为，这种事物不但不能带来快乐，反而使快乐成为不可能得到的事物——因为，一旦你适应了这种所谓的快乐，你将无法追求真正的快乐，而只是沉迷在虚幻的快乐中。这些事物本身通常并不能带来快乐，事实上大多数只会带来不愉快。可是由于不良诱惑的驱使，这些事物不仅成为了生活中最重要的快乐，甚至成为了生活的主要原因。

在追求虚假快乐的人当中，乌托邦人把我先前提及的那类人也包括在内，他们自以为穿了比别人更高级的衣服就高人一等。事实上他们在认为自己的衣服高级和自己高级这两方面都错了。从实用的观点来看，为什么穿着细毛线就比粗毛线好呢？但他们却认为细毛线当然更加高级，穿上这样高级的衣服他们就身价倍增。因而他们觉得自己有资格享有原本穿着不甚考究时所不敢觊觎的尊敬，倘若受到怠慢，他们就会愤怒不已。

谈到尊敬，看重空虚无益的尊敬不也是非常愚蠢么？别人对你脱帽下跪能给你带来什么真正的快乐呢？这能够治好你膝盖上的风湿病或者减轻你的头疼吗？当然，很多相信这种虚假快乐的人都认为自己很“高贵”并非常自负。而现今，那仅仅意味着他们有幸出生在世代富有的家庭而已，尤其是富有地产的家庭。但即使他们未曾继承到上述遗产，或早已将所继承的财产挥霍一空，他们仍然认为自己很“高贵”。

还有另一种我先前提到的人，他们贪爱珠宝，如果他得到某种稀世珍宝，尤其是当时在他的国家最值钱的珠宝，他们就会快乐似神仙——因为同样的宝石在不同的地方和时代具有不同的价值。但是他们唯恐被表象所蒙蔽，所以不取下所有镶金的外壳仔细检察宝石的本色他们是绝不会购买的。而且还必须要珠宝商郑重地保证并写下书面担保，确认宝石是正品才肯购买。但是我亲爱的先生，如果你无法辨别真假，那么假货何以无法像真货一样给你带来快乐呢？就好像对一个瞎子来说——真

货和假货对你来说没有任何区别！

而现在，那些以聚集多余的财富为乐，不为别的只为欣赏的人又如何呢？他们的快乐是真正的快乐还只是虚假的快乐呢？另一种疯狂的人，他们把金子埋藏起来，永不使用，并且可能永远都不再过目。实际上，在他们担心失去这些金子的时候却刻意地使自己失掉了这些金子——因为这些金子埋在地下之后，既对金子的主人没有任何益处，也不可能对别人有任何好处，这样一来不是失去又是什么呢？然而，他却以收藏金子为乐。因为这样他似乎就不必为丢失财物而担心了。但是，假如那些财物被盗，而财物的主人十年后在不知财物被盗的情况下去世了，在财物丢失的这十年期间他照样活得好好的，那么在这十年当中这些钱财在与不在对他来说又有什么分别呢？这些钱对他来说毫无用处。

乌托邦人认为，沉迷于这类愚蠢的快乐的人还包括赌博——这是一种乌托邦人听说过但从未实践过的愚蠢行为，以及打猎和鹰猎。乌托邦人不明白，在桌子上掷色子有什么乐趣？而且，即使一开始有乐趣，那么整天玩也总该厌烦了吧？而听到一群猎狗狂吠大叫，除了令人反感外，又有什么乐趣可言呢？为何看见狗追兔比看见狗追狗更让人开心呢？

如果奔跑能使你开心的话，那么这两者的本质是一样的。但是如果你真正的乐趣在于杀戮并眼看一只动物在你面前被撕碎，那么，看到一只弱小无辜的小兔子被一只凶残的狗吞食不是应该让你感到同情才对吗？

所以，乌托邦人认为打猎有损自由人民的尊严，并将所有的打猎活动交给屠夫，我在前面说过，屠夫是奴隶。在他们看来，打猎是屠宰工作中最卑贱的一部分，因为屠夫的其他工作比打猎更实用更值得尊敬。普通的屠夫比猎人更加有节制地宰杀牲畜，他们只在必要的时候才宰杀，而猎人却以残杀可怜的小动物为乐。乌托邦人认为，除非生性残忍

或者由于经常干这种野蛮的事而变得残忍，否则即使在动物之间也不会有如此血腥的杀戮。

有许许多多类似的事情通常都被当作快乐，但是乌托邦人却深信这些算不上真正的快乐，因为这些事物的本质上没有令人快乐之处。很多人的确从这些事情上获得了享受，而享受似乎就意味着感官上的快乐，但是这个争论动摇不了乌托邦人的信念。他们认为这只是坏习惯导致的主观反应，这种坏习惯使得人把不快乐的事当成快乐的，就好比孕妇有时口味坏了，会觉得板油或松节油比蜂蜜还甜。然而无论坏习惯或病态对人的判断力影响有多坏，都改变不了快乐的本质，就如同改变不了其他任何事物的本质一样。

他们把真正的快乐分为两类，精神上的快乐和肉体上的快乐。精神上的快乐包括获取知识和追求真理所获得的满足感，还包括对美好生活的回忆和对未来幸福的展望。肉体上的快乐又分为两种。第一种能让人充分感受到快感。这种快感可能是由身体消耗掉的自然热能得到补充替换所带来的，比如当我们吃饭或喝水时感到的快乐；也可能是由排泄体内一些过剩物质所带来的，例如大便、性交或任何能够减轻疼痛的摩擦或抓挠。然而，还有一种快乐，它既不来自于满足器官的需求，也不来自于减轻先前提到的不适。它以一种神秘的却又明显的方式直接触动我们的感官，占据人们的感应。这就是音乐带来的快乐。

第二种身体的快乐来自于身体的平静和协调的运作——即不受任何疾病干扰的健康的身体状态所带来的快乐。即使没有外部引发的快乐，没有精神上的不适就能给人愉悦的感觉。当然，和吃喝所带来的原始的快感相比，这种快乐并不那么明显，也不会给人以强烈的感受，尽管如此，这种快乐常常被认为是生活中最大的快乐。几乎所有的乌托邦人认为健康是非常重要的快乐，因为，健康是其他一切快乐的基础。只要有健康，就能享受快乐的生活，如果没有健康，就谈不上其他快乐。然

而，失去了健康但不觉得痛苦的人，乌托邦人认为他们并不是快乐，而是麻木。

一些思想家通常主张，和谐平静的健康状态不能称为快乐，因为只有在与它的对立面相比较时才能够察觉它的存在——是的，他们对这个问题作了彻底的研究。但这个理论已经是陈旧的观点了，而现在，几乎所有人都赞同健康确实是一种快乐的观点。有这样一种争论——疾病带来痛苦，痛苦是快乐的大敌，而疾病是健康的大敌，所以健康带来快乐。他们认为不论你说疾病就是痛苦还是说疾病带来痛苦都不重要。两者的结果是一样的。同样，不论你认为健康就是快乐，或者健康带来快乐，就如同火必然带来热一样，所得出的合理的结论就是：拥有健康体魄的人才能享受快乐！

此外，他们还说，我们吃东西时，是这么回事。我们衰退的健康借助食物的力量打败饥饿。渐渐地，健康开始获胜，并且身体在这个过程中恢复了元气，并感受到使我们神清气爽的愉悦。现在，既然健康享受这种战斗之乐，那它能不为胜利而喜悦吗？或者我们设想，当健康最终恢复了固有的活力——它一直为之战斗的目标——难道它就立刻昏迷，对自己的胜利毫无意识或不加利用吗？对于除非通过它的对立面，否则健康就无法被感觉到的观点，乌托邦人认为这种说法是完全不实的。每个人都能很好地意识到健康，除非他麻木不仁或已病入膏肓。即使最迟钝最冷漠的人也会承认健康的愉悦——愉悦不就是快乐的同义词吗？

乌托邦人尤其喜欢精神的快乐，他们认为那是最重要的，并将这种快乐归因于良好的品行和问心无愧。他们最为推崇的肉体上的快乐是健康。当然，他们主张吃饭、喝水以及诸如此类的享受，但这些享受都只是为了促进健康，因为就这些享受本身而言没什么快乐——只是这些是抵御疾病侵袭的方法而已。他们认为，一个明智的人宁愿保持健康而不愿寻医问药；宁愿感受快乐，而不愿寻求安慰。同样，与其沉溺于这种

快乐，还不如不要这样的快乐。因为，如果你认为这类事物能使你快乐，那你就得承认你所认为的非常幸福的生活就是不断地饥饿、口渴、发痒，然后不断地吃、喝、擦和挠——这显然会是最不愉快、最令人厌恶的生活。毫无疑问，这些快乐是最低级的快乐，因为它们非常不纯。例如，吃饭的快乐总是伴随着饥饿的痛苦，且两者比例也不平衡——因为痛苦更加强烈也更加持久。它产生于快乐之前，直到快乐和它一同消失它才停止。

所以，除非必要，乌托邦人并不过多追求这类快乐。然而他们也还是享受这种快乐，并对大自然母亲充满感激，因为她鼓励她的孩子成就了日常生活所需的一切美好的事物。试想假使我们每天用来治疗饥渴的东西，就像治疗疾病的苦药一样，生活该多么乏味！

乌托邦人珍视大自然赐予人类的特殊礼物，诸如美丽、强壮以及敏捷。他们也喜欢视觉、听觉和嗅觉上的快乐，这些是人类所特有的——因为其他任何生物都无法领略世界的美好，除寻找食物之外无法闻到任何气味，也不能区别和谐与纷争。他们认为这些是生活的调味品。

然而，他们在这一切事物中遵守这样的规定，不因小快乐而妨碍大快乐，且不因快乐而引起痛苦——他们认为不道德的快乐必然招致痛苦。但是，他们从来不去想象轻视自己的美，损耗自己的体力，把敏捷的身体变得迟钝，用绝食来损坏自己的体魄，毁掉自己的健康，或摒弃大自然的其他任何礼物，除非他们这么做是为了给他人或社会谋福利，期望上帝回报他更大的快乐。因为他们认为以虚假的名声折磨自己是非常荒谬的，这种虚假的名声不能给任何人带来好处，或者是为了锻炼自己，使自己能够抵御永远不会到来的灾难。他们认为这样的行为纯粹是一种自我毁灭，也是对大自然忘恩负义的表现——犹如，拒绝大自然的恩赐是因为不屑于从大自然获得任何东西。

好了，以上就是乌托邦人的道德观，并且，他们认为如果没有神明

的启示，人类理智不可能想出更正确的观点。我们没有时间去探究他们的观点正确与否——事实上也没必要去探究，因为我的任务就是描述他们的生活方式，而不是为其辩护。

但有一件事我确信无疑。不管你们对他们的观点抱有什么样的看法，世上再也找不出比他们更繁荣的国家或更优秀的民族。身体上，他们非常敏捷，充满活力，比他们的体型所显示的更加强壮——而你不能说他们个子并不矮小。他们的土地并不很肥沃，而且气候也并不是非常好，但通过平衡的饮食，他们建立起了对恶劣气候状况的抵御机制，并通过精心耕作改善土质。其结果是，乌托邦人打破了粮食和牲畜产量的所有纪录，他们是世界上寿命预期值最高，且发病率最低的。因此，通过科学方法，他们在原本贫瘠的一个国家中创造出了奇迹。他们的才能不仅仅局限在耕作上。你还会发现他们将整座森林连根拔起然后种植到别处，这不是为了增加产量，而是通过将树林种植在靠近海、或河流、或城市，方便木材的运输——因为通过陆路运木材比运粮食更加费劲。那里的人既亲切又聪明，富有幽默感。虽然他们喜欢轻松的生活，但必要时，他们也能参加辛苦的体力劳动。除非他们不怎么喜欢这种劳动——但他们对用脑子的活从不感到厌倦。

我向他们谈起希腊文学和哲学时——由于我不认为拉丁语中有什么让他们特别喜欢的东西——他们非常渴望在我的讲解下学习原作。于是我开始给他们上课，起初只是因为我本不愿拒绝，并没有期望能取得什么成效。但很快我便意识到，有如此勤奋刻苦的学生，我的努力不会白费。他们在字母和发音的学习上毫无困难，记忆东西如此之快，背诵的如此流利，如果不是我知道自愿学习课程的学员都是通过议会批准的成熟的优秀学者，我会觉得这简直是一大奇迹。所以，在不到三年的时间里，他们精通了希腊文，并且，他们能毫不费劲地阅读任何名家的作品，除非原文中有错误。

我推测希腊文和他们的语言有某种相通的地方，所以他们觉得希腊文很容易掌握。要知道，我不禁在想他们肯定是希腊人出身，因为尽管他们的语言更像波斯语，但其中的地名和官名都保留有希腊文的痕迹。我赠送给他们一些希腊书籍——因为在我第四次出航时，我打算长期不返航，也许干脆再也不返航了，所以，我在船上装了满满一大箱子的书，而没装出售的货物。我给了他们许多柏拉图的著作，亚里士多德的著作更多，还有西俄夫拉斯塔斯的关于植物的书——但遗憾的是，这本书被严重损坏了，由于我在航海途中疏于保管，被一只猴子发现，它将书拿去玩耍，东扯掉一页，西扯掉一页，并将它们撕碎了。我带给他们的唯一一本语法书是拉斯卡里斯的，因为我并没有把狄奥多的书带来，而词典我也只给他们带了黑西基阿斯和代俄斯科里提斯的。他们也读普卢塔克的作品，这是他们最喜爱的作家，同时，他们也发现琉善的作品妙趣横生。诗歌方面有以亚里士多芬、荷马、和幼里披底斯为代表的作品——对了，还有索福克里斯的作品——用小号阿尔德排版的，历史方面，有修西得底斯和希罗多德的作品，更不消说赫罗提安的作品了。

我的朋友汤米罗德也带来了一些医学方面的书，有希波格拉底一些短文以及伽林的《小技艺》。乌托邦人很重视这些书，因为，虽然在世界各国中，乌托邦对医药的需求最少，但乌托邦人最尊重医药。他们认为医学是最有意思也是最重要学科中的一种——而且，在他们看来，对自然的探索不仅是一个愉快的过程，更是博得造物主赞许的最佳方式。因为他们设想，造物主就如艺术家一样，将宇宙不可思议的系统呈现在人类面前让人去观察——因为只有人类才有能力理解它——想必造物主一定特别喜欢仔细观察并赞赏他杰作的人，而不是那种对他的杰作视而不见，像低等动物一样在令人惊叹的奇观面前无动于衷的人。

他们通过将经过锻炼的智力运用到各学科，变得非常善于发明各种运用在日常生活中的物品。但是，有两种发明他们还得感谢我们——虽然大部分还是要归功于他们自己。因为当我们给他们看阿尔德用纸张印

刷的书，并谈起一些有关印刷和造纸时——由于我们对这两门技术也知之甚少，我们没法对这些做很正确的解释——他们立刻非常聪明地推测出这些是怎么完成的。在那之前，他们只会制造皮革、树皮、或纸草手本，但现在他们立即开始造纸和印刷样本了。一开始他们并不太成功，但经过反复试验之后，他们很快便完全掌握了这两门技术，如果不是缺少原著，他们恐怕早已拥有所有的希腊书籍。实际上，他们只有我刚才提到的那些书，可是他们已经将这些书印刷出版了好几千册。

对于外国游客，如果他们才智出众，或游历过许多不同的国家见多识广，定会受到乌托邦人的热情欢迎。这就是他们如此乐意见到我们的原因，因为他们对世界其他各地所发生的事喜闻乐见。但很少有商人造访乌托邦，因为除了铁之外，乌托邦人没有什么需要进口的，而金银则是商人要从这里带回家的。至于他们自己的出口贸易，他们更愿意自己来运输而不是让外人来取，因为这样能使他们获得更多关于外部世界的经历，同时多锻炼自己的航海技术。

顺便提一下，我偶尔提到的奴隶并不是你们想象的那样，他们不是战俘、不是天生的奴隶或者从别国奴隶市场买来的。乌托邦的奴隶要么是本国犯人，要么更多的是被判刑的外国犯人，他们获得了大批这样的奴隶，有时候是花少量的钱买来的，但通常都是免费要来的。虽然乌托邦的奴隶比外国奴隶受到更严厉的处罚，但这两种奴隶都要戴着镣铐辛苦地劳作。他们的观点是这样的，如果一个受到最优越的教育和非常优秀的道德教育的人仍然要成为罪犯，这是尤其可悲的事——所以理应受到更加严厉的处罚。

另一种奴隶是外国的工人，他们自愿到乌托邦来当奴隶也不愿在自己的国家过悲惨贫困的日子。这些人受到人们的尊重，并和乌托邦的公民享受同等的待遇，只是他们工作辛苦一些，因为他们早已习惯了干重活。如果他们想要离开乌托邦，这种情况不常发生，他们完全有自由离

开，还会收到乌托邦人的一件小赠品。

就如我告诉过你们的那样，如果有人生病了，他们会受到最周到的照料，并得到能够帮助恢复健康的各种药物或特殊食物。对于那些患有不治之症的病人，护士会与他们促膝交谈来减轻他们的痛苦，并想尽一切办法来缓解他们的病症。但是，如果病痛不但无药可治，还会使病人受尽病痛的折磨，一些教士和政府官员会去看望病人，并对他们说：

“让我们面对现实吧，你已经无法过正常的生活了。你已成为别人的麻烦和自己的负担——实际上你的存在早已过了死亡期限。这样的话为什么还要让病菌存活下去呢？既然活着对你来说如此痛苦，为什么还要在死亡面前犹豫？你就像被囚禁在酷刑室里一样——为什么你不挣脱并逃到另一个更美好的世界去呢？或者你可以提出要求，我们帮助你得到解脱。这样做是要减轻你的痛苦。这也是听从教士的劝诫的虔诚的行为，因为教士代表上帝的意志。”

如果病人听从这些劝诫，他或者会绝食而死，或者吃点安眠药毫无痛苦地结束他悲惨的生命。但这必须是完全自愿的，而且，如果病人宁愿继续活着，所有人都会一如既往地悉心照料他。官方认可的安乐死被认为是一种光荣的死亡——但是如果你为了教士和议员都认为不够充分的理由而自杀，那么你就没有权利得到安葬或火化，并且你的尸体会被随意抛弃进水塘。

女子在十八岁之前不允许结婚——男子则还要等四年。任何男女在婚前私通都会受到严厉的处罚，而且以后永远没有资格结婚，除非他们得到市长的宽恕。在发生这种事情的家庭里，管事的男女户主也会蒙受耻辱，因为他们没有尽好自己的职责。乌托邦人对这种罪行处罚非常严厉，因为他们认为如果不认真防止婚前性行为，那么很少会有人愿意结婚——结婚意味着和另一半共同生活一辈子，并忍受婚姻生活中的各种麻烦。

当他们考虑结婚时，他们的做法在我们看来非常荒谬，但他们非常严肃的遵循这种做法。不管准新娘是未婚还是寡妇，都会全身裸露，由一位受人尊敬的已婚妇女带到准新郎的面前，同样，新郎也是全身赤裸，由一位适合的男伴带到新娘面前。当我们笑话这样的制度，认为这太愚蠢时，乌托邦人会立刻反过来笑话我们。

他们说："让我们觉得太奇怪的是其他国家的愚蠢的做法。你在买一匹马时，这件事其实无关紧要，只是需要花点钱而已，你尚且谨慎小心。虽然这只动物几乎是赤裸的，但你仍要取下马鞍和所有挽具确定下面没有任何烂疮才肯付钱。但是在挑选妻子，一个不管怎么样都将陪伴你一生的人时，你却那么不仔细。你甚至连包装都懒得拆开。仅仅从几平方英寸大的脸来评价一个女子的全部，你能看到的就只是她的脸，然后就决定娶她——冒着当你看见真实的她时发现根本就不是你所喜欢的人的风险。如果你只注重美德那当然就不用担心了——但不是所有人都这么明智，而且就算是明智的男人有时也发现，结婚之后，一个美丽的身体可以是对一个美丽灵魂的最有效补充。那些包装确实能够轻易掩盖足以毁掉丈夫对妻子感情的丑陋，但这时候要分开已经来不及了。当然，如果妻子是在婚后才变丑的，丈夫就只能认命——但是人的确需要法律的保护以防在婚姻问题上受骗。"

根据他们的情况，这种预防是很有必要的，因为与他们的邻国不同的是，乌托邦人实行严格的一夫一妻制。对于大多数已婚夫妇而言，只有死亡才会导致他们分离，除非发生通奸行为或者有令对方无法忍受的恶劣行为，这种情况下受害的一方会得到议会的许可另行择偶——有过错的一方则会蒙受耻辱并被罚永远单身。但是如果妻子没有过失，只是身体状况恶化，丈夫不能以此为由离弃妻子。在一个人最需要安慰的时候将其抛弃是非常残忍的，乌托邦人认为，如果允许这种事情的发生，那么人到老年将没有任何安全感，因为年老不仅会导致许多疾病，且年老本身就是一种疾病。

可是，有时候夫妻双方因感情不和，在丈夫和妻子都找到能够使他们幸福的伴侣时，允许他们在双方一致同意的情况下离婚。但是这种情况需要获得特别批准，只有在经过议员和他们的妻子的严格调查之后才能获得批准。即使理由充分且经过了严格的调查，他们也很不愿意批准离婚，因为他们认为，没有什么比轻易离婚更不利于巩固婚姻关系。

通奸者要判苦役。假使双方都已经结婚，那么他们的受害者如果愿意的话可以获得批准离婚并相互结合，或者和自己选择的其他任何人结婚。但是，倘若受害者仍然爱着不值得他们爱的配偶，只要受害者愿意和充当奴隶的配偶一起干活，那么他们就可以继续维持婚姻关系。这种情况下，市长有时会被有罪一方的懊悔和无辜一方的忠贞所感动并让他们都重获自由。但是如果再犯，他将会被处死刑。

在其他罪行方面，法律并没有规定明确的处罚——议会根据每个案件的情况来处以适当的判决。除非是罪行严重到不得不由官方处理，以便于促进社会道德，一般情况下，丈夫有责任惩罚妻子，父母有责任惩罚孩子。对于重罪的处罚通常是充当奴隶。他们认为对于犯人来说，充当奴隶与判处死刑同样可怕，且把他们罚为奴隶比把他们立刻消灭更有利于社会，因为活着的劳力比死了的犯人更有社会价值，并能起到更长久遏制犯罪的作用。然而，如果罪犯胆敢反抗这样的处罚，且不服从任何形式的监狱惩罚，那么他们就会像野兽一般被杀死。那些接受惩罚的人的出路也不是没有任何希望。如果经过多年的艰苦劳作的驯服，他们能够表现出对自己的所作所为真心忏悔而不是为自己感到遗憾，那么或者通过市长的指令，或者全民公决，就可以减轻或完全取消对他们的惩罚。

企图诱奸会受到和实际诱奸同样的处罚。这同样适用于其他任何罪行——任何蓄意犯罪者在法律上都被认定为犯有该罪。乌托邦人认为，蓄意犯罪者并不是由于主观意愿而没有实现犯罪，因此，为何要因为他

犯罪未遂而不加追究呢？

乌托邦人很喜欢弱智者，虽然侮辱他们被看作是不合礼貌的举止，但是人们可以从他们愚蠢的行为中获得乐趣。事实上，这被认为是对弱智者更加有益的，因为，如果你没有幽默细胞，欣赏不了他们的言行，那么你显然不适合观赏他们的表演。我的意思是，他们唯一有益的就是娱乐大众，如果你没有把他们当作一种娱乐，你就不可能友善对待他们。

否则你讥笑别人的丑陋或残疾，人们反而会讥笑你。因为如果你认为人们要因自己无能为力的事情受到责备的话，那么你自己就成为了一个十足的蠢人——因为虽然不好好保养天生的美貌被认为是非常懒散的，但是乌托邦人非常不赞同化妆。事实上，经验使乌托邦人发现，比起美丽的外表，丈夫更需要妻子贤淑端庄并对自己恭敬顺从。漂亮的脸蛋或许能够吸引一个男人，但是要得到他的心还需要良好的品性和温顺的脾气。

乌托邦的体制不仅阻止犯罪，而且还以公共荣誉来激励良好的品行。例如，他们在广场上给为社会作出突出贡献的伟人建立雕像，一方面纪念他们的丰功伟绩，另一方面通过对前人荣誉的景仰来激励后代更加奋发上进。但如果有人设法谋取公职，那么他将永远失去资格。乌托邦的社会关系总是和谐友好，因为官员的态度从不傲慢或令人畏惧。百姓通常称官员为“父”，而官员也确实尽到了父母官的职责。人人都尊敬他们，但没有人是被迫这样做的。甚至市长的衣着也极为普通，也没有任何特殊的头饰。唯一显示他是官员的标志是他携带的一束谷穗——就像主教总是拿着一只小蜡烛一样。

他们的法律很少，因为对于他们的社会制度来说，只需要很少的法律就足够了。实际上，他们对于其他国家的最大的抱怨就是，虽然他们已经有了种种法律以及释文，却永远都不够用。因为乌托邦人认为，用

普通公民无法通读的冗长而又晦涩的法律条款来约束人们是极不公正的。而且，他们也没有操纵案情、曲解法律的律师。他们认为最好每个人为自己辩护，并直接向法官陈述他本要告知律师的事由。这样一来，问题就不易被掩盖，也更容易找出事实的真相——因为假如没人学律师那样满口谎言，法官就能运用他的聪明才智权衡案件的真相，帮助保护淳朴的人免受狡猾之人肆无忌惮的攻击。

这种制度在其他国家无法实行，因为他们有大量的复杂的法律要处理。但在乌托邦，人人都是法律专家，理由很简单，就像我前面说的，因为他们只有极少的法律，并且他们认为对法律最简洁的解释就是最正确的解释。他们认为法律的唯一目的就是提醒人们应尽的义务，因此，对法律的解释越深奥，法律的作用就越小，因为只有少数人才能理解——然而意思简洁而明了的法律人人都能一目了然。对普通民众来说，即对社会中人数最多且最需要启发的人来说，最好就不要制定法律，因为制定法律之后还要经过一系列巧妙的争辩之后才能得出对法律的解释——对于每天忙于生计的普通百姓来说，他们既没有时间也没有精力来做这样的研究。

由于乌托邦人拥有如此多的美德，许多邻国邀请他们前往担任政府官员，任期一年或五年。当然，这只能发生在人民能够自己当家作主的国家——但乌托邦早已帮助周边的大部分国家摆脱了独裁统治。当这些官员任职期满，他们载誉回国，然后会有其他乌托邦人接替他们的工作。这些国家的举措当然是非常明智的，因为一个国家的安宁完全取决于行政官的品质，而乌托邦人显然是最适合这项工作的。他们不可能收受贿赂徇私枉法，因为他们不久就会回国，金钱对他们来说毫无用处。再者由于他们也不熟悉当地居民，他们也不会受个人喜好影响而作出错误的决定。这些品质对于法官来说尤为重要，因为偏见和贪财是影响法庭公正的两大罪恶，一旦这两种罪恶控制了人的思想，他们就会摧毁公正，破坏社会秩序。

乌托邦人把那些请求他们派遣官员的国家称为“盟邦”，而那些他们曾经以其他形式帮助的国家称为“友邦”。其他国家频繁制定、破坏、又重订条约，但乌托邦人从不签订这样的条约。他们问道，条约有什么用处呢？人类本身不就已经联系在一起了吗？且如果人有意忽视这样的本质上的联系，那么他可能会重视形式上的承诺吗？他们持这种观点主要是因为，在他们这部分世界，国王们并不会谨慎遵守契约和协议。在欧洲，当然，尤其是在基督教盛行的地方，条约是神圣不可侵犯的，一方面因为国王贤明公正，另一方面大家都非常敬重教皇。众所周知，这些教皇不仅自己虔诚地履行自己的职责，而且要求其他所有的统治者无论如何都要遵守诺言，违抗者会受到教会严厉的处罚。显然，他们完全有理由认为，如果连所谓的“忠实信徒”都不信守条约，那是极其恶劣的。

然而在他们那部分世界，不论是社会风俗和道德伦理还是地理位置都与我们这里的世界完全相反的地方，条约根本没有效力。订约越是严肃庄重，毁约也就越快，他们只需找出措辞上的漏洞就能轻易撕毁条约。实际上，这些漏洞通常是故意加在原始条约中，这样一来，不管他们的承诺多么有约束力，他们总是能够设法逃避条约的约束，从而破坏条约，背信弃义。事实是，这种外交手段完全是一直欺诈。如果那些怂恿统治者使用这种欺骗伎俩并引以为傲的人，发现同样的伎俩出现在私人合同中，他们会第一个跳出来尖锐地、自以为是地指责这是亵渎神明、罪该万死的。这似乎意味着，诚实只是平民百姓的美德，远在王权的威严之下——或者说，至少有两种诚实。一种适用于普通民众，一匹蹒跚的驽马，套着牢固的拴绳以防它翻越任何栅栏。另一种，是属于国王的，那是一种比驽马高贵得多的动物，享有比驽马更多的自由——因为它可以做任何想做的事情。

总之，这就是那里国王们的所作所为，正如我说的，这大概就是为什么乌托邦人从不订立条约。也许如果他们住在欧洲的话可能会改变他们的想法——虽然事实上他们不赞成签订条约，但他们却严格遵守约

定。他们说条约使得人们视彼此为天敌。住在同一座小山的两侧或同一条河两岸的人似乎就被割断了所有联系，使两个国家毁灭对方的企图正当化，除非有特别的条约禁止。而且即使有这样的条约，也不意味着他们能友好相处，如果条约起草者一时疏忽没有把相关规定纳入条约中，他们就仍会互相掠夺。而乌托邦人的观点恰恰相反。他们认为不应该把从没对你造成伤害的人视为敌人，人性本身就构成了一种条约，人类的善良能比条约更有效地团结在一起，情感比文字更有效。

谈到战争，乌托邦人非常讨厌战争。他们认为战争是不适合人类的活动，虽然人类比任何低等动物都更沉迷于战事。事实上，乌托邦人几乎是世界上唯一不把战争中的任何事情看成荣耀的人。当然，乌托邦的男男女女都要定期参加军事训练，以防一旦需要打仗时无法作战。但他们不会轻易交战，除非需要自卫、击退友邦的侵略者、或者解放独裁统治的受害者——他们这么做是出于人道主义精神，仅仅因为同情他们。然而，乌托邦不但为友邦的自卫战争提供军事援助，也参加反击侵略的讨伐战争。这通常都要事先征得乌托邦人的同意，在他们觉得开战的理由充足，而提出的索赔遭到拒绝，且战争完全由乌托邦人控制的条件下才参战。他们认为，充足的开战理由不仅仅包括军事掠夺。他们甚至采取更强有力的行动来保护在外国受到不公正待遇商人的利益，这些不公正或者由于不公正的法律，或者由于对公正法律的故意曲解。

这就是前不久他们与柏林兰之间的战争的起因。乌托邦人给予格罗迪人军事援助，原因是一些格罗迪商人在柏林兰受到某种法律欺骗——乌托邦人大概这么认为。不论谁对谁错，结果引发了一场大战，由于周边各国的介入，加剧了原本的冲突所带来的怨恨。到战事结束时，一些强国被削弱，其他国家也损失惨重。至于柏林兰人，经历一系列灾难后，他们终于投降了。乌托邦人没有从中获得任何战利品——他们的动机自始至终都是公正无私的——但是柏林兰人沦为了格罗迪人的奴隶，过去格罗迪人的实力根本无法与柏林兰人相提并论。

如你所见，乌托邦人是如何很快就为他们的朋友所受的伤害进行报复的，哪怕只是涉及金钱的问题。但他们对自己所受的伤害却更加容忍。如果乌托邦商人被骗去了货物，但是没有受到人身伤害，那么他们采取的最强硬的行动也只是与该国停止贸易往来，直到他们得到补偿为止。他们这么做不是因为他们更不关心本国人民的利益——只是其他国家的人民更易受到欺骗的伤害，因为那意味着他们损失的是他们自己的私有财产，而乌托邦人在同样的情况下什么个人损失也没有，损失由国家承担。此外，丢失的货物都是国内需求过剩的物资，否则的话他们是绝不会出口的。所以没有人会为这点损失感到难过——而且，他们认为为了一些对任何一个乌托邦人的生命或生活毫无影响的损失去进行报复而杀害许多生命是非常残忍的。但如果致使他们的公民身体残废或丧命，不管是因为外国政府还是因为外国个人，他们的立场就完全不同了。他们一旦通过外交渠道获得这种事故的消息，便会立即宣战。任何形式的让步都不可能息事宁人，除非对方交出为该事件负责的罪犯——这种情况下，罪犯会被处以死刑或被贬为奴隶。

他们不喜欢沾满血腥的胜利——事实上他们觉得那是非常可耻的，因为他们认为花过高的代价去购买任何东西都是很愚蠢的，不论这样东西有多么贵重。他们真正引以为豪的是用智慧战胜敌人。他们用胜利游行来庆祝这样的胜利，并树立胜利纪念碑，为英雄行为记功。你瞧，他们认为了不起的人就是要以人类特有的方式取得胜利，即运用智慧的力量取胜。他们说任何动物都可以靠身体去搏斗——熊、狮子、野猪、狼、狗都能用身体对付敌人，而且这些野兽大多数比人类更加强壮更加凶猛——但是人类的理性和智慧使人类比野兽更高级。

他们发动战争只是为了达到用和平手段无法达到的目的——或者，既然非作战不可，他们就要严厉处罚侵犯者，使任何人不敢再犯。他们用速战速决来达到这些目的——但是一切以自身安全第一，国家声望第二为原则。一经宣战，他们通过特工人员在敌人境内一些显眼的地方同

时张贴大量公告。这些公告上盖有乌托邦政府的公章，对杀死敌国国王者有重赏。他们对杀死公告名单中其他人员也提供了次等但也很可观的大笔奖金，因为他们是仅次于国王的反乌托邦政策的主要支持者。活捉这些人的奖金是杀死他们的一倍——若是被捕的人员反过来对付自己的伙伴，乌托邦也向他们提供同样丰厚的奖金，并给他们自由。

这样做的直接结果就是名单里提到的每个人都变得草木皆兵，他们互相猜疑，互不信任。他们长期处在恐惧状态中，这完全是事出有因的——因为听说所有的敌人，包括国王自己也被身边最信任的人出卖。事实上，有钱能使鬼推磨，而乌托邦人准备的金钱是没有限数的。考虑到反水者的风险，乌托邦人会谨慎地给予他们相应的利益作为补偿。所以，除了大量的黄金之外，乌托邦人还允诺在安全友好的邻邦给予价值不菲的房产——且乌托邦人向来信守承诺。

这种贿赂买通敌人的方法通常被认为卑鄙而残忍的，但乌托邦人认为这是值得夸耀的。他们认为能够不费一兵一卒而解决这样一场大战是非常明智的，且牺牲少数有罪之人来拯救数以千计的无辜生命也是最为仁慈的。他们为所有可能战死沙场的士兵着想，即考虑自己这一方，也考虑对方——因为他们既同情本国的人民，也同样同情敌方的人民。他们认识到如果不是被他们的统治者的疯狂所迫，他们是绝不会投入战争的。

如果这种方法失败，乌托邦人就会通过鼓动国王的兄弟或其他王亲贵族觊觎王位而使敌人内部产生不和。如果内部不和有消失的迹象，他们就翻出某些陈年旧账，国王们从不缺乏此类劣迹，进而引发一些邻国的敌意。他们承诺在战争中对倒戈者给予支持，并提供充足的金钱和少许人力——因为他们彼此非常珍爱，不愿意牺牲任何一个乌托邦公民，即使用一个公民去换敌国的国王，他们也不干。但他们更乐意把黄金白银拿出来，因为储存金银就是为了应战，且他们知道即使他们把金银都

花光也丝毫不会影响他们的生活水平。此外，除了国内的资金外，他们还拥有大量国外资产，因为，正如我上面所说，很多国家都欠他们债。

因此，乌托邦的大多数战争都是由雇佣兵去打。他们从世界各地招募雇佣兵，特别是从一个叫维纳利亚的地方，这是个离乌托邦东面五百英里的地方。维纳利亚人非常野蛮而又凶残——他们喜欢他们生长的原始森林和险峻的山地。他们身强体壮，耐热耐寒且不怕身体上的劳苦。他们完全不知道快乐为何物，从来不会耕作，且对衣着和住房也同样随意。除了寻找战事之外，他们多以打猎和偷窃为生。事实上，他们似乎天生合适打仗。他们总是寻求打仗的机会，当他们找到了机会，只要提供微薄报酬，他们就成千上万的去为任何一个需要士兵的国家服务。因为杀戮是他们唯一懂得的谋生方法。

他们对雇主忠心耿耿，但不能保证他们会持续多久。他们加入你第二天就可能加入你的敌人一方，只要对方出更高的佣金，假如给得价钱更高一点，再过一天他们又会回来。在许多战争中，你都会发现双方的士兵中有许多都是维纳利亚人。因此你能想象到会发生什么样的事情。同一个家庭的两个成员应征在同一军队。他们忽而是最要好的朋友——忽而又互相敌对并像死敌一样对峙。他们忘记所有的血缘亲情和友谊并拼命互相残杀。他们互相消灭的唯一动机就是不同的国王付给他们的一点点金钱——金钱对他们来说非常重要，因此一天多给半便士就足以使他们倒戈相向。但虽然他们很快便贪婪成性，却没得到半点好处，因为他们把流血杀生挣来的钱立刻投入堕落肮脏的生活。

这些人愿意为乌托邦对抗世界上任何国家，因为世上再没有谁愿意付这么多钱给他们。你瞧，乌托邦人既善于雇用好人，也热衷于发掘并利用坏人。所以必要时他们就用丰厚的赏金来引诱维纳利亚人去从事疯狂的事情，去做这样的事情的人多数都再也没命回来索要他们的酬劳。但那些完成任务的人都能领取到全部酬金，这样他们会觉得值得因而将

来会再次冒险。因为乌托邦人不在乎有多少维纳利亚人为他们送命。他们说，要是他们能够将那些肮脏的糟粕从地球上完全清除掉，他们就能给人类带来一个很好的转变。

乌托邦的第二人力来源于他们为维护其利益而作战的国家。其次就是其他友邦，最后是乌托邦自己的公民，并从自己的公民中选出一位经过考验的有能力者指挥联合军队。他们还在指挥官身边安排另外两人，在指挥官一切安好时，他们没有什么特殊职责。但如果指挥官被杀或被俘，这两人中之一就继任指挥官的职位——且，如果情况需要，另一个人再接替。这就可以在战场发生偶然变化，即使将军遇到什么情况，都能确保不会使整个军队陷入无组织的混乱状态。

乌托邦分遣队是由各个城市的志愿者组成的——因为没有人会被招募到国外去服役。他们认为胆怯的人不仅不可能成为好士兵，还可能削弱身边同伴的士气。但是，如果有入侵，只要身体强健，这些胆怯的人也会被编入海军在可靠的人员身边，或者安排他们在城墙上服役，这样他们就没有机会逃跑。当他们真的与敌人交锋，他们碍于公众舆论，加上无路可逃，通常会战胜自己的恐惧并在绝境中像英雄一样战斗。

但是没有人会被强迫去海外参战，同样，妻子如果愿意跟随丈夫到前线，也不会被迫待在家中。相反，这样的事是受到鼓励和赞扬的。这些妻子会立即被安排在她们在战场上的丈夫身边，孩子和其他亲戚也都会安排在他身边。他们认为，那些有最强烈本能互相帮助的人会紧密团结在一起并能够渡过难关。如果丈夫回来失去了妻子，或妻子回来失去了丈夫，又或是孩子回来失去了父母，都会是极大的耻辱。这意味着一旦上了战场，如果敌人有意负隅顽抗，他们就要战斗到底。只要能够用雇佣军作战，乌托邦人就尽量避免本国公民参战，但如果最终被迫战斗，他们的勇猛也不亚于他们之前的谨慎。

他们不是一开战就猛烈战斗，但是渐渐地，随着战事的发展，他们

会变得越来越坚决，宁死也寸土不让。他们知道不必为家人的生计担心，也不用为孩子的未来担忧——这两项担忧往往会瓦解战士的斗志——这使得他们斗志高昂，志在必胜。他们接受的军事训练也大大增加了他们的信心。最后，从小受他们的教育和社会环境的影响所禀受的坚定信念也增强了他们的勇气。这确保了他们会珍惜生命，不会轻率地牺牲自己，但应该放弃生命时也不会苟且偷生。

在战事激烈时，会有一群经过精心选拔并发誓团结一致的青年设法消灭敌军首领。他们不断尝试各种方法干掉他——正面攻击，埋伏突袭，远程射击，近身搏斗。他们从远处冲向他不停地以楔形队形攻击，在点上的人不断更换，这样就会不断有新人来替代精疲力竭的人。这样一来，对方的首领不是被杀就是被捕——除非他能逃跑保命。

如果乌托邦人打了胜仗，他们不会大肆屠杀。他们宁可俘虏败兵也不会残杀逃兵。他们还定下了这样的规则，除非他们至少有一列队伍保有战斗队形，否则绝不追击。他们在一方面非常严格，假如在援军到达之前他们没能打胜仗，他们宁可让整个敌军都逃脱也不会开先例为追击而打乱队列。你知道，他们仍然记得自己多次用过的策略。每当乌托邦的主力军被击败，敌军得意扬扬地四处追赶掉队散兵时，这时候整个战局就会被事先埋伏好的少数乌托邦战士所扭转。他们寻找机会对四散的敌军突然袭击，由于敌军这时以为自己是安全的，所以毫无防备。因此，很多次胜利都是从敌人手中强夺过来的，从而反败为胜。

很难说是他们的攻击策略巧妙，还是他们的防御策略更巧妙。你可能以为他们要撤退，但这却是他们最后才考虑的事——当他们真正要撤退时，你可能想都没有想到他们会这么做。当他们觉得兵力严重不足或地势对他们不利时，他们会在夜间悄无声息地撤退或用其他方法迷惑敌军。不然他们就在白天撤军，但撤退时，他们秩序井然，且保持着完美的队列，在撤退时攻击他们和在行进时攻击他们一样危险。

他们的战营总是防御森严，用又深又宽的壕沟来加强防御，用壕沟里挖出的土从内侧筑起壁垒。他们不会用奴隶来做这项工作，而是士兵自己来做，军队中除了少数在壁垒前站岗以防突发状况的哨兵之外，所有的士兵共同完成。由于人手充足，他们高效完成如此巨大的防御工程，速度之快令人难以置信。

他们的盔甲非常的坚固，足以提供充分的保护，但是又适合身体的各种活动。这种盔甲甚至还能穿着游泳——事实上他们从军事训练起始期就接受了身着盔甲游泳的训练。他们所使用的远程武器是箭，骑兵和步兵都是训练有素，挽弓有力，射箭精准的好手。打近身战时，他们不用刀剑，而是用战斧，因为这种战斧沉重而又锋利，用来砍杀和刺杀都同样具有杀伤力。他们还发明和制造了具有独创性的机械武器，且在使用之前绝对保密——否则如果这些武器可能被看作笑话而降低了使用效果。在研发这些设备时，他们特别考虑设备携带方便和易于操作。

他们一旦签订了休战协议，无论别人如何煽动，也从不破坏协议。他们从不蹂躏敌国的领土，或烧毁他们土地上的谷物——因为他们把这些谷物视为对自己有益的事物，所以他们尽力确保这些谷物不被他们的骑兵或步兵践踏。他们从不伤害手无寸铁的民众，除非他是间谍。他们对任何投降的城市都加以保护，即使是他们攻占的城市，也不洗劫。他们只处死那些反对投降的头目，而剩下的守卫则贬为奴隶。对所有的民众则毫发不动。如果得知任何人曾建议投降，他们就会将被判死刑或贬为奴隶的人的财产分一部分给这些人。其余的就赠送给盟军——因为乌托邦没有任何一个人分取战利品。

战争结束后，他们不要求使他们破费的友邦支付费用，而是要求战败国来支付。他们要求支付一部分现金，留作下一次战争的储备，一部分索要敌国境内具有自由保有权的不动产。因此他们在很多不同的国家都获得了财产，由此获得的收入，由各种来源逐渐组成的收入已经多达

每季度三十二万七千英镑。他们派出一些乌托邦公民到这些国家去充当收租人，但实际上是去过豪华的生活并成为当地的显贵。但仍有充足的资金充盈国库，除非他们愿借给所在的国家，他们经常借给这些国家，在他们自己需要用钱的时候——即使这样的情况下他们也很少全部要回。他们将这些财产中的一部分送给那些曾经被他们劝服去做我之前提过的实施冒险之举的人。

如果有哪个国王想交战，企图侵占乌托邦的领土，他们会派出大量军力将他拦截在境外——因为如果可以，他们从不在自己的土地上开战，而且不管在任何情况下，他们都不会允许盟军进驻本岛。

最后，我想给你们说说他们的宗教思想。岛上有几种不同的宗教，事实上，每个城镇的宗教都不同。有人崇拜日神，有人崇拜月神，还有人崇拜其他各种星辰。有人不仅把一些伟大的或优秀的先贤奉为神明，甚至尊为至高无上的神。然而，绝大多数人的观念更加理智，他们认为只有某一个单一的神，这个神是未知的、永恒的、无限的、奥妙无穷的、人类智慧无法理解的，他以一种威力而不是以物质的形式存在于整个宇宙之中。他们称这种力量为“万物之父”。他们将万物的起源与结束、生长、发展和演变都归功于他。除了他，乌托邦人不承认任何形式的神明。

在这一点上，诚然，所有不同的教派都意见一致——即只有一个至高无上的神，他是宇宙的创造者和主宰者，且用乌托邦的语言中他们一致称它为“密特拉”（Mythras）。他们所不一致的就是密特拉是谁。有人说是这个，有些人又说是那个——但所有人都坚称自己的至高无上的神明就是大自然，所有的民族都承认它的伟大力量是万事万物的唯一起源。然而，乌托邦人在所有的低等信仰上有渐行渐远的趋势，并一致接受了最合理的一种信仰。且毫无疑问，若不是人们用迷信来解释厄运，其他信仰本来早就消失了，当有人考虑更换信仰时遭到厄运，他们不认

为这是巧合，而把这当作是遭到天谴——仿佛是被放弃的神明在惩罚他们的不忠。

但当我们给他们讲述基督，基督的教义，他的品行，他的奇迹，以及同样令人惊叹的殉道者的奉献，他们甘愿流血牺牲，使得许多国家皈依基督教，你想象不到使他们皈依基督教竟也如此容易。也许他们下意识地受到了某些神秘灵感的感召，又或许是基督教和他们自己的宗教原则颇为相似——虽然我应该想到他们是知道基督规定他的门徒共同生活的故事，且这种生活方式在那些最虔诚的基督教国家仍在实行，这使他们受到了很大影响。无论如何，不管作何解释，很多乌托邦人接受了我们的宗教信仰，并接受了洗礼。

可惜我们四个人中没有一个是教士——是的，只有我们四个人幸存——其他两人已经死去。所以，虽然他们已经履行了其他所有的宗教仪式，但我们的皈依者还未能接受只有教士才能主持的圣礼。但他们已经了解了有关教士的事宜，并希望由他们来实行圣礼，这比世界上任何事情都急迫。事实上，眼下他们正在热烈讨论在未派来基督教主教来主持仪式的情况下，是否可以从他们中间选出一个人任命为教士。看来他们肯定要推选出一名候选人来担任这项职务，虽然在我们离开之前他们还没有选出来。

当然，有许多乌托邦人拒绝接受基督教，但即使这样，他们并不阻止别人接受这一信仰，也不会侵犯已经皈依基督的人——我在当地的时候，却有一名我们公理会的成员因此陷入了麻烦。他刚接受洗礼，尽管我们劝诫过他，他仍公开发表有关基督教义的演说，他的狂热超过了谨慎。最后他情绪太过激动，不但声称基督教是最好的宗教，甚至还谴责其他宗教。他不断高声咆哮，说其他宗教都是邪恶的迷信，而信仰这些宗教的人是亵渎神明的怪物，将永远在地狱中受火刑。由于他多次这样做，最后终于被捕并遭到控告，控告理由不是亵渎神明，而是制造骚乱

扰乱和平。他被证明有罪并处以流放——因为乌托邦最古老的法律原则之一就是宗教自由。

这条原则要追溯到当年诺曼人征服英国的时候。那时一直为宗教争吵不休，且各个冲突的教派无法联合起来保卫他们的国家。乌托普得知他们这样之后，认识到他之所以能够征服他们所有人的原因所在。所以他取得胜利之后就立刻制定了法律，规定每个人都能够自由信仰他喜欢的宗教，也可以规劝别人皈依自己的宗教，但是要求温和礼貌的方式通过合理的劝说使其皈依。如果他劝说失败，绝不允许对其他的宗教进行尖刻的攻击，也不能使用暴力或谩骂他人。在宗教问题上争斗过于激烈的人，通常会受到流放或贬为奴隶的处罚。

乌托普制定这样的法律，不仅为了维护和平，防止无休止的争辩和不可调和的斗争将和平破坏殆尽，而且还因为他认为这对宗教本身也是有利的。他不断言哪种信条是正确的。显然他认为或许上帝使不同的人信仰不同的事物，因为上帝希望人们以不同的方式崇拜他。但他非常确信，强迫人人接受自己的信条是非常愚蠢又傲慢的。但他明显非常确定，即使只有一种宗教是真理，其他宗教都没有什么意思，真理最终会靠自身的力量战胜一切——只要能用温和理性的方式来讨论问题。但如果是由暴力解决问题，即使是最好最神圣的宗教也会沦为最愚蠢的迷信，就像谷物容易生长过旺于灌木和荆棘之中——因为最坏的人往往总是最顽固不化的。

因此乌托普将信仰选择作为一个尚未解决的问题，让人民根据自己的意志决定自己的信仰——除了他严格而又庄重地禁止他们的人民相信任何违背人尊严的事物，例如相信灵魂随肉体消亡的信条，和宇宙是无目的运行且不受神意志支配的信条。这就是为什么他们确信人死之后会有因果报应。在他们看来，任何持不同观点的人都将丧失作为人的资格，因为他将自己不朽的灵魂降低到和动物的躯体同一水平。他们更不

把这种人看作是乌托邦的公民。他们说这样的人对乌托邦的生活方式毫不在乎——只是他们不敢这样说。理所当然地，如果一个人除了法律对任何事物都无所忌惮，且对死后也没有任何期盼，他就会为了满足自己的私欲逃避或践踏国家的法律。所以任何怀有这样的信条的人都不允许获得任何公众荣誉，担任任何公职或为任何公共机关服务。事实上，这样的人通常都被视为极其卑劣的。

但这些人不管怎样都不会受到处罚，因为没有人会因为信仰受到处罚。他们也不会被威胁隐瞒自己的观点，因为乌托邦人完全不能容忍虚伪，他们认为虚伪就等同于欺骗。无可否认，任何人争辩维护自己的信仰都是违法的，但也只是在公共场合才违法。但是在与教士或其他严肃人物的私下讨论中允许甚至积极鼓励他为自己的观点申辩，因为大家坚信，这种谬见最终要为理性让步。

甚至有些乌托邦人——实际上有不少人——远远偏离了唯物主义，走向了另一个极端。当然，没有法律禁止他们，因为他们的观点也有一定的道理，且这些人本身也都非常正派。这些人认为动物也有不朽的灵魂，虽然动物的灵魂比人类的灵魂要低级得多，且注定只能得到比人类更低等的幸福。几乎人人都深信，人类在另一个世界会得到无尽的幸福，虽然他们总是为伤病感到遗憾，但他们从不哀悼死亡——除非死者显然非常不安和不愿意离开人世。他们认为这是非常不祥之兆。似乎暗示着这个人的灵魂意识到了自己的罪恶，且因预感到即将到来的惩罚而沮丧——所以对死亡感到恐惧。此外，他们认为如果一个人不是欣然从命听从上帝的召唤，而是极不情愿地被迫来到上帝面前，上帝未必会乐意见到他。所以，他们害怕见到这样的死亡，并在悲伤中默默地举行葬礼。他们只是说“愿上帝宽恕他的灵魂，原谅他的软弱”，然后他们就埋葬他的尸体。

但是当有人在高高兴兴而又乐观的气氛中死去，没有人会为他哀

悼。他们在他的葬礼上欢快地歌唱，并满怀爱意地将他的灵魂交托给上帝。最后，更多的是怀着敬意而不是悲伤，他们将尸体火化，并在死者的坟前立碑，在碑上刻上墓志铭。然后他们回到家后，讲述死者的品质和事迹，但他们最乐于谈论的还是他临死前的怡然从容的精神状态。他们认为，以这种方式纪念死者良好品行，不仅是鼓励生者效仿其美德的最好的方法，也是死者最乐于接受的敬意——因为人们谈论死者时，死者就与他们同在，虽然肉眼看不见他。毕竟，享受天堂之乐的灵魂意味着拥有绝对的行动自由，且任何有感情的人都不会不想在死后回来看望他的好友，如果他在生前与他们有过真挚的友谊。反之，乌托邦人认为一个善良的人友爱的能力犹如他身上其他美好的品质一样，在死后不会消失反而会增强。所以，乌托邦人认为死者会自由自在地存在于生者当中，目睹生者的一言一行。其实乌托邦人几乎认为死者是守护天使，这使得他们在处理问题时更具信心。而且，由于觉得他们的祖先在身边，他们也就不敢私下做任何亏心事。

他们不关心预兆、占卜，或在其他国家相当盛行的任何迷信活动。事实上他们把这些迷信当笑话看待。但他们非常崇拜那些不是由自然原因引起的奇迹，因为他们将这些奇迹看作上帝显灵和能力的证明。他们说乌托邦常有这样的奇迹发生。甚至，在危急关头，举国上下都会祈求发生奇迹，且他们的信念如此强烈，有时还真有求必应。

大部分乌托邦人觉得通过研究自然世界，赞美上帝的杰作，就能够取悦上帝。但一大部分人由于宗教的引导，他们并不追求知识。他们对科学不感兴趣——他们只是没有工夫去研究这些事，因为他们认为要在死后获得幸福就必须用一辈子去行善。他们有的照顾老弱病残，而其他人有的修路，有的清理沟渠，有的改造桥梁，有的挖除杂草砂石，有的砍树劈柴，或者将柴粮等物资运送到城镇去。总之，他们做事像仆人一样卖力，且工作比奴隶还要更加辛苦，不仅为公家干活是这样，给私人干活也是这样。他们欣然接受所有粗活、脏活和各种苦差事，一般人对

这些活都避之不及，或者觉得过于劳累，或者因为厌恶这些工作，或者觉得根本无法完成。因此他们不停地劳作，让别人享受清闲——而他们却不以此居功。他们从不贬低别人的生活方式或夸耀自己的生活方式。因此他们越是像奴隶一般劳作，就越受到人们的尊敬。

这类人分为两派，其中一派是独身主义。他们都是绝对的禁欲主义者，不仅戒除性行为，还戒除肉食，且在某些情况下戒除所有的动物性食品。他们放弃所有的生活乐趣，因为他们认为那是有罪的，而只向往来世。为了来世的快乐，他们辛苦流汗，日夜劳作——但这样的来世即将到来的希望使得他们生活得热忱而又积极。另一派人，虽然同样热衷于辛勤劳作，但他们赞成婚姻，因为他们不轻视婚姻带来的安乐。且他们认为生殖繁育是对自然也是对国家应尽的责任。他们不反对享乐，只要不影响工作就行。在这一原则上，他们大量的吃肉，因为他们认为吃肉能使他们更有力气干辛苦的工作。乌托邦人认为这类人更加睿智，而另一类人则更加虔诚。当然，如果第一派人以理性为由为他们的行为辩护，他们只会遭到嘲笑。但既然他们承认他们是出于宗教的动机而不是理性使然，乌托邦人则会对他们充满敬意——因为乌托邦人总是小心翼翼，从不在宗教问题上妄下论断。这一派人在他们的语言中被称为考帕森（Cowparson），可粗略译为笃信宗教的世俗同胞。

乌托邦人的教士都是极其虔诚的，这意味着他们中只有极少数的人——通常每个城镇十三个，或每个教会一个。但在战时，这十三名教士中的七名要随军出征，而由另外七名教士暂时代替他们的职位。出征的牧师回来后，就恢复了原来职位，而临时教士就任主教的侍从——因为原来十三名教士中就有一名任这一职务——直到原任在职主教身故他们才能一个一个的继任空缺职位。

教士是由全民选举出来的。就像所有的公职一样，选举采取无记名投票的形式，以防结党营私，选举胜出的候选人会由他的同僚授予圣

职。教士的职责是主持教会事务、组织宗教活动、监察社会道德。被教会法庭传唤或因行为恶劣被教士训斥被看作是奇耻大辱。当然，对罪行真正的镇压和惩罚是市长和其他政府机构的职责。教士只是进行劝诫和警告——虽然他们可以将屡犯开除教籍，几乎没有什么惩罚比这让人害怕。你瞧，被开除教籍的人不仅颜面尽失，内心也会受到害怕圣神复仇的折磨。他的人身安全也会受到威胁，因为除非他能尽快使教士相信他已经悔改，否则将以不虔诚的罪名被议会逮捕并受到惩罚。

教士还负责教育儿童和青少年，这种教育不仅注重知识的培养，同样也注重道德的培养。他们尽量确保在孩子易受影响的阶段向他们传输正确的观点——这种观点最有利于维护他们的社会结构。如果这些观念能够在儿童时期被完全接受，那么这些观念将会伴随他们一生，从而极大地促进社会安定，没有什么比错误的观点引发的道德缺陷更加严重威胁社会安定。

男教士允许结婚——因为没有什么能够阻止女性成为教士，虽然很少有女性当选这个职务，且只有年长的寡妇才有资格。事实上，教士的妻子是全国最优秀的女性，因为没有什么公众人物比教士更受人尊敬。人们如此尊敬教士，以至于即使教士犯了罪，他也可能不会被控告。人们只是将他交由上帝和他自己的良心来裁决，因为，乌托邦人认为，不论教士做了什么，都不应由人类逮捕他，因为他已经将自己献给上帝了。乌托邦人发现这项规则很容易遵守，因为教士人数很少，且都是经过非常慎重才选出来的。毕竟，一个从优秀的候选人当中选拔出来的人，且他所任命的职位也是完全因为他高尚的道德品质，这样的人会突然堕落腐化是不太可能的。即使我们不得不接受这样的可能性——人性是如此的不可预测，极少数毫无实权的人几乎不能对社会构成任何严重危害。他们减少教士的数量，以免由于享有这份荣誉的人数泛滥而降低他们任职的崇高声望——尤其是如他们所说，要物色很多适合这个职位的人并非易事，因为这个职位要求有高尚道德而不是有普通修养就行。

乌托邦教士在国外的声望和在国内一样高。我想从战场上发生的事中能够找到这样的例证和原因。当战争正在进行，教士跪在不远处，身披法衣，伸出双手朝天。他们首先祈求和平，然后祈求在不流血的情况下乌托邦能取得胜利——双方都不流血的情况下。当乌托邦军队占了上风，教士就会立刻赶到战场阻止任何滥杀无辜的行为。如果教士出现在战场，敌军只要向他呼救就能保住性命，如果他能触摸到教士飘扬的法衣，不仅能够保住性命，还能使他的财产也免受战争摧毁。这使得教士在各个国家都赢得了尊重，且获具有真正的威严，他们往往既能够保护本国的士兵又能保护敌国的士兵。有时，当乌托邦士兵全线溃退，而敌军又紧追不舍，要对他们进行屠杀和洗劫时，教士介入就避免一场杀戮，他将战士分离开来，从而得以签署公正的和约。所有的国家，且即使是最野蛮最残暴的民族都将乌托邦的教士视为神圣而不可侵犯的。

乌托邦在每月和每年的第一天和最后一天定为宗教节日——顺便说一下，他们的日历是根据太阳年，划分阴历月。在他们的语言中他们将每月的第一天称为多格德，每月的最后一天称为特德斯——换句话说，就是开始的节日和结束的节日。

他们的教堂最令人印象深刻，不仅仅因为它们建得如此美轮美奂，还因为雄伟壮观。你知道，由于教堂并不多，他们必需能够容纳许多人才行。但是，它们光线不足，他们告诉我这并不是建筑失误，而是有意为之。因为教士认为太多的光线会分散人们的注意力，昏暗的光线能够使人集中精力并促进虔诚。乌托邦不止一种宗教，虽然他们的方式各不相同，但目标却是一致的，即崇拜神明。因此他们的教堂内没有与各种宗教相冲突的事物。任何独特的宗教仪式都在家中举行，而公共场合的礼拜也井然有序，绝不会与各个宗教相抵触。

在这一原则下，他们的教堂中不设神像，因此人人都能根据自己最喜欢的宗教，随意将其想象成他所选择的任何形态。他们也没有对神有

什么特殊的称呼。只是称之为密特拉，一个人们普遍称呼神明的称谓，不论是什么神。同样，没有什么祈祷文会损害教会中某些人的特殊信仰。

在结束的节日，他们整日斋戒，夜晚他们聚集在教堂，感谢神让他们幸运度过这一年或这一个月。第二天，即开始的节日，他们清早聚集在教堂，祈祷在新的一年或新的月份里能幸福繁荣。但是在结束的节日，他们赶赴教堂之前，在家中，妻子会跪在丈夫面前，孩子会跪在父母面前，为自己所有的疏忽和过错忏悔并祈求原谅。这样一来，就能够消除弥漫在家庭中小小的怨恨，这样，人人都能带着绝对纯净的心灵参加祭礼。因为心中带着烦闷参加祭礼被认为是亵渎神明的。所以，任何人如果明显对别人感到愤怒或怨恨，在参加祭礼之前必须和那人言归于好，并使自己不愉快的情绪得到净化，以免立即遭到严厉的惩罚。

他们进入教堂后，男人转向右边，女人转向左边，座位都安排得井然有序，每家每户的男性都坐在他们的父亲前面，而母亲也坐在女子的后面。这样就确保了在家管束子女的家长在公共场合也能监督子女的行为。他们也特别注意，年轻人必须和年长的坐在一起——因为孩子们待在一起定会嬉戏打闹，但这时应该是他们对神敬畏的时刻，即使不是唯一的时机，也是激发他们良好德行的最佳时机。

他们从不宰杀动物来献祭，因为他们认为，仁慈的上帝不会喜欢看到杀戮和流血的。他们说上帝给了万物生命，是因为上帝有好生之德。但他们供奉一些烧祭品——焚香或其他芳香物品，并点燃许多蜡烛。他们当然很清楚，神并不需要这些香烛，但他们认为这种献祭方式并无害处，且他们觉得这些芳香和烛光以及其他仪式能够不可思议地提高人的思想境界，使他们更加虔诚膜拜神明。

人们身着白衣参加圣会，而教士则穿着彩色的法衣，做工细致，设计精美，但是由廉价的布料制作——既不是金线织成，也没有镶嵌宝

石，是用各种鸟羽装饰。另一方面，这些法衣作为艺术品的价值远远超过了世界上最值钱的材料。此外，这些羽毛编织成象征着神圣真理的特殊图案，且教士对这些象形文字的意义作详细的解说，因为他们要让人们想起上帝对他们的恩泽，以及他们对上帝和彼此的职责。

身着这样法衣的教士从圣堂出来时，所有人都恭敬地跪在地上，整个教堂鸦雀无声。这种气氛令人敬畏，人们似乎能够感觉到神明显灵。不一会儿，教士指示他们起立。然后他们就伴随着乐器演奏的音乐唱起赞美诗，他们的乐器与我们的大不相同。大部分乐器的旋律比我们的更加悦耳，虽然有些乐器无法与欧洲的乐器相提并论。但是在某一点上，毫无疑问他们远胜过我们。他们所有的音乐，不论是声乐还是乐器，都很好表达出自然的情感。演奏出的音乐都能很好适应现场气氛，无论是祈祷还是庆祝，激动还是平静，悲伤还是愤怒，它们的旋律都能恰如其分地表达出适当的情感。因而能够深深打动听众的心灵，使人们的内心受到极大鼓舞。

仪式以教士和教众一起朗诵祈祷文而结束。祈祷的经文措辞使得一起朗诵的每一个人都能将其应用到自己的身上。祈祷经文大致是这样：

神啊，你是我的创造者，我的主宰，是一切美好事物的源泉。感谢神的恩泽，尤其感谢神让我生在世上最幸福的国度，并信仰最虔诚的宗教。如果是我弄错了，如果还有其他更好的宗教或社会制度是神更加赞许的，请求神让我知道，因为我愿意跟随神的引导。但如果我们的制度的确是最好的，我所信仰的宗教也是最虔诚的，那么请让我对它们忠贞不移，并让其他所有人也过和我一样的生活，拥有同样的信仰——除非现存各种不同的信仰时神难以捉摸的意志。请求神让我轻松的离世，向神皈依。我不敢奢求这样的解脱来得早还是晚。但如果是神的旨意，我宁愿以最痛苦的方式解脱以便早日向神皈依，也不愿过最快乐的世俗生活而离神如此遥远。

念完这些祈祷文之后，他们再次跪拜片刻，之后才起身走开用餐。这一天剩余的时间就用于娱乐和军事训练。

好了，我已经力求准确地向你们描述了乌托邦理想国了。在我看来，它不仅是世界上最好的国家，而且是唯一有资格被称为理想国的国度。在别的国家，虽然人们总是谈论公共利益，但所有人关心的都只是个人利益。在乌托邦，不存在私有财产，人们都认真履行公共义务。而这两种情形都合情合理。在其他“共和国”，几乎人人都知道，如果人不为自己打算，他就会活活饿死，无论他的国家是多么繁荣。因此他会将自己的私人利益凌驾于国家利益之上，也就是放在别人的利益之上。但是在乌托邦，一切都是公共所有，只要公共仓库充盈，就没有人会担心缺少什么。人人都能得到公平的分配，因而从来都没有穷人或乞丐。人人都一无所有，但人人又都很富裕——因为有什么财富能比得上愉快、平静的心灵和无忧无虑的生活？不被衣食之忧所困扰，也不被妻子的苦苦哀求所烦扰，不怕儿子会贫困，不用为女儿的嫁妆发愁，乌托邦人有绝对的把握，他、他的妻子、他的孩子、他的孙子、他的曾孙、他的玄孙，以及无穷无尽的后代都能过上丰衣足食、幸福无忧的生活。人们另外还想到，那些上了年纪因而丧失劳动能力的人也应受到和劳动者同样的待遇。

现在，有人敢将乌托邦的公平制度和其他国家所谓的公平作个比较吗？——如果我能看到一丝一毫的公正和公平就真是活见鬼了。这算什么公正呢？贵族、金匠或高利贷者要么无所事事，要么做些毫无必要的事，对这种人的懒惰和无益之功却报以豪华奢侈的生活。而像驽马一样不停地辛勤工作的劳动者、车夫、木匠、农场工人，他们从事如此重要的工作，假使他们罢工，用不了一年，任何国家都会停止运转——他们又是什么境遇呢？他们食不果腹，过着悲惨的生活，甚至连牛马都不如。然而，至少牛马还不用工作这么长时间，吃的也还不错，味道也更可口，也不用为未来担心。实际上，他们不仅现在不得不一无所获地劳

累受苦，也不禁为受贫困潦倒的老年而发愁——因为他们的日薪连一天的开支都无法维持，更谈不上存钱养老了。

在所谓的贵族、金匠这些游手好闲或只会从事奢侈和娱乐之事的人身上浪费大量金钱，而对社会存在和发展不可或缺的农场工人、矿工、劳动者、车夫或木匠却没有这样的待遇，这样的社会有何公平和感恩可言？当这些人又老又病，穷困潦倒时，这种忘恩负义简直达到了极点。在利用完他们的大好青春之后，社会却忘记他们不眠不休的服务，对他们所作的重要贡献的回报就是任由他们悲惨死去。不仅如此，富人还要剥削穷人微薄的收入，不仅用私下欺诈的方式，还利用公共法令巧取豪夺。似乎为社会贡献最多的人就理所应当得到最少的回报，他们甚至更加恶劣，还制定法律把不公平冠以公平之名。

事实上，我在细想当今世界上所有盛行的社会制度时，我敢断言，我所见到的都是富人在管理社会的名义下牟取私利的阴谋。他们想出各种诡计和托词，首先是保存自己的不义之财，然后就用最廉价的工钱榨取穷人的劳动。一旦富人决定这些诡计和托词应该正式得到社会的认可——包括穷人和富人——这些诡计和托词就成了法律。因此，一些少数不择手段的人在贪得无厌的欲望的驱使下将本足以满足整个社会需求的物资占为己有。而这些人又能比乌托邦人幸福多少呢？在那里，随着金钱和对钱的欲望同时消失，解决了多少社会问题，又根除了多少罪恶啊！因为，显然金钱终结意味着每日的惩罚都无法阻止的所有罪行的终结：欺诈、偷盗、抢劫、争吵、暴乱、骚乱、叛乱、凶杀、谋反，以及巫术。且随着金钱的消亡，人们的恐惧、不安、焦虑、劳累过度，以及不眠之夜都会随之消失。咳，甚至连贫困，这个似乎只有金钱才能解决的问题，也会立即随金钱的终止而消失。

让我把这一点解释得更清楚一些。回想收成最差的一年，成千上万的人死于饥荒。那么，我敢打赌如果你在歉收的年末调查所有富人的谷

仓，你会发现那里有足够挽救所有因营养不良或疾病而失去的生命的粮食，也能防止人们受天气和土壤影响而受罪。如果不是金钱这个该死的东西，人人都能丰衣足食。这个伟大的发明本来是为了使我们更容易获得食物，但实际上恰恰是金钱妨碍了食物的获得。

我敢肯定，连富人也一定意识到了这一点，也认识到与其占有太多，不如知足常乐——与其被巨大的财富所包围，不如一起从危险地带撤退。同样毫无疑问，不管是自身利益，还是救世主基督的威严——基督是如此明智，他知道什么是对我们最有利的，基督又是如此仁慈，任何事情他都会劝诫我们——如果不是因为狂妄这个万恶之源，基督早就应该引导全世界采用乌托邦的制度了。因为狂妄衡量成功的标准不是自己得到了什么，而是其他人得不到什么。狂妄甚至不愿意踏入天堂，如果她觉得天堂没有可以任她凌辱和使唤的可怜虫——如果没有谁的痛苦能够衬托她的幸福，或如果炫耀她的财富不能使别人的贫困更难以忍受。狂妄，就像凶恶的毒蛇盘绕在人们心头——或者，我们可以说，犹如一条紧拽着国家这艘船的大鱼？——它总是把我们往后拽，阻碍我们向更美好的生活进发。

但由于这样的错误在人性中已经扎根太深，所以不易根除，我很高兴看到至少有一个国家致力于建立我希望全世界都能够采取的制度。乌托邦的生活方式不仅为文明社会奠定了幸福的基础，而且很有可能能够永远持续下去。他们消除了野心、政治冲突和其他类似罪恶的根源。所以没有发生内部纠纷的危险，这曾经摧毁了许多无法征服的城市。只要国内团结一致并管理健全，不论邻国国王多么嫉妒，他们也无法动摇或破坏乌托邦政权。他们过去曾多次来犯，但终究都败退了。

拉斐尔在为我们讲述这一切时，我心中不断产生许多异议。这个国家的法律和风俗，在许多情况下对我来说都荒谬至极。更何况他们的军事战术、宗教和礼拜仪式，他们整个社会的基础即没有资金流通的共产

主义，尤为荒谬。单凭这一点就意味着高贵的终结，进而是尊严、显赫以及权威尽失，这些都是任何国家真正引以为荣的。

然而，我看得出拉斐尔说了这么多已经累了，而我也不是很确定他是否能容忍任何反对意见——尤其是我记得他曾经讽刺过那些如果不对他人的观点吹毛求疵就生怕被人当作傻瓜的人。所以我很客气地评价了乌托邦的制度，并感谢了他有趣的谈话——之后我挽着他的胳膊带他一起去晚餐，我告诉他：

“好的，我会好好考虑这个问题，或许以后我们还能再见，到时候还能进行更深入的探讨。”

我当然希望有朝一日这能够实现。同时，虽然他具有渊博的学识且见多识广，但我不能同意他所说的一切。但我坦率地承认，乌托邦共和国的许多特征——我希望欧洲也能采用——可是我很难指望这能够实现。

Thomas More

Utopia

TRANSLATED BY PAUL TURNER

PENGUIN BOOKS—GREAT IDEAS

Contents

More's Letter to Peter Gilles

My dear Peter Gilles,

I feel almost ashamed to send you this little book about the Utopian Republic, for I've kept you waiting for nearly a year, and you doubtless expected to get it within six weeks. You knew that in this work I didn't have the problem of finding my own subject-matter and puzzling out a suitable form—all I had to do was repeat what Raphael told us. There was no need to bother very much about the wording, since his style wasn't particularly polished—the whole thing was improvised on the spur of the moment, and, as you know, his Latin isn't quite as good as his Greek. So the closer I could get to his simple, off-hand way of expressing himself, the closer I'd be to the truth, which in this case is all I'm worrying about, and all I ought to worry about.

Yes, Peter, I know. So much of it was ready made, that there was practically nothing left for me to do. Mind you, in any other circumstances the creation and organization of a thing like this would have demanded a good deal of time and thought—even from a reasonably intelligent and cultivated person. And if the style had had to be graceful as well as accurate, no amount of time and thought would have enabled me to do it. As it was, I was relieved of all such headaches. My job was simply to write down what I'd heard, which was really perfectly easy—but my other commitments have left me less than no time to get this perfectly easy job done. I've been kept hard at work in the law courts, either at the Bar or on the Bench, either in civil or in criminal cases. Then there's always someone that has to be visited, either on business, or as a matter of courtesy. I'm out practically all day, dealing with other people—the rest of the day I spend with my family—so there's no time left for me, that is, for my writing.

You see, when I come home, I've got to talk to my wife, have a chat with my children, and discuss things with my servants. I count this as one of my commitments, because it's absolutely necessary, if I'm not to be a stranger in my own home. Besides, one should always try to be nice to the people one lives with, whether one has chosen their company deliberately, or merely been thrown into it by chance or family-relationship—that is, as nice as one

can without spoiling them, or turning servants into masters.

Thus the days, the months, the years slip by. You may ask, when do I write then? Well, so far I haven't mentioned sleep, or meals—which many people allow to consume as much time as sleep itself—and in fact the only time I ever get to myself is what I steal from sleep and meals. There isn't very much of it, so my progress has been slow—but there has at least been some, so I've finally finished Utopia, and I'm sending it to you, my dear Peter, in the hope that you will read it, and tell me if I've left anything out. I feel fairly confident on that score—for I only wish my scholarship and intelligence were up to the standard of my memory—but not quite confident enough to assume that nothing could have slipped my mind.

As you know, my young assistant, John Clement, was with us at the time. I never let him miss any conversation that might have some educational value, for he has already begun to show such promise in Latin and Greek that I expect great things of him one day. Well, he has made me feel very doubtful about one point. As far as I can recall, Raphael told us that the bridge across the river Nowater at Aircastle was five hundred yards long, but John wants me to reduce this number by two hundred, for he says the river wasn't more than three hundred yards wide at that point. Will you please search your memory for the correct figure? If you agree with him, I'll take your word for it, and assume that I've made a mistake. But if you've completely forgotten, I'll let my figure stand, for that's how I seem to remember it. You see, I'm extremely anxious to get my facts right, and, when in doubt, any lies that I tell will be quite unintentional, for I'd much rather be thought honest than clever.

However, the simplest solution would be for you to ask Raphael himself, either by word of mouth or by letter—in fact you must do that anyway, because of another little problem which has cropped up. I don't know whose fault it was, mine, yours, or Raphael's, but we never thought of asking, and he never thought of telling us whereabouts in the New World Utopia is. I'd gladly give what little money I possess to repair the omission. For one thing, it makes me feel rather a fool, after all I've written about the island, not to know what sea it's in. For another, there are one or two people in England who want to go there. In particular, there's a very pious theologian, who's desperately keen to visit Utopia, not in a spirit of idle curiosity, but so that he can foster the growth of Christianity, now that it's been successfully introduced into that country. As he wishes to do it officially, he has decided

to get himself sent out there by the Pope, and actually created Bishop of Utopia. He's not deterred by any scruples about begging for preferment. He thinks that sort of thing is perfectly all right if it's done, not for the sake of profit or prestige, but purely out of zeal.

So, Peter, will you please arrange to see Raphael, if you conveniently can, or else write to him, and make sure that my work contains the whole truth and nothing but the truth? Perhaps it would be best for you to show him the book itself, for he's the person best qualified to correct any mistakes, and he can't very well do so, unless he reads the thing right through. Besides, in that way you'll be able to find out how he reacts to the idea of my writing up the results of his researches. For if he's planning to write them up himself, he'd probably rather I didn't—and I certainly shouldn't want to give Utopia premature publicity, so that his story lost the charm of novelty.

To tell you the truth, though, I still haven't made up my mind whether I shall publish it at all. Tastes differ so widely, and some people are so humourless, so uncharitable, and so absurdly wrong-headed, that one would probably do far better to relax and enjoy life than worry oneself to death trying to instruct or entertain a public which will only despise one's efforts, or at least feel no gratitude for them. Most readers know nothing about literature—many regard it with contempt. Lowbrows find everything heavy going that isn't completely lowbrow. Highbrows reject everything as vulgar that isn't a mass of archaisms. Some only like the classics, others only their own works. Some are so grimly serious that they disapprove of all humour, others so half-witted that they can't stand wit. Some are so literal-minded that the slightest hint of irony affects them as water affects a sufferer from hydrophobia. Others come to different conclusions every time they stand up or sit down. Then there's the alcoholic school of critics, who sit in public houses, pronouncing ex cathedra verdicts of condemnation, just as they think fit. They seize upon your publications, as a wrestler seizes upon his opponent's hair, and use them to drag you down, while they themselves remain quite invulnerable, because their barren pates are completely bald—so there's nothing for you to get hold of.

Besides, some readers are so ungrateful that, even if they enjoy a book immensely, they don't feel any affection for the author. They're like rude guests who after a splendid dinner-party go home stuffed with food, without saying a word of thanks to their host. So much for the wisdom of preparing a feast of reason at one's own expense for a public with such fastidious and

unpredictable tastes, and with such a profound sense of gratitude!

But do, as I say, get in touch with Raphael. I can think about the other question later—though really it's too late to start being sensible now, when I've gone to all the trouble of writing the book. So if he has no objection, whether I publish it or not will depend on what my friends, and especially what you advise.

Best wishes, my dearest Peter Gilles, to you and your charming wife. And please go on liking me as much as ever—because I like you even more than ever.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS MORE

Gilles's Letter to Busleiden

Antwerp
1 November 1516

My dear Busleiden,

The other day a great friend of yours, Thomas More —who is, I'm sure you'll agree, one of the glories of our age—sent me the enclosed account of Utopia. At present very few people know about this island, but everyone should want to, for it's like Plato's Republic, only better —especially as it's described by such a talented author. He sets it all so vividly before one's eyes that by reading his words I seem to get an even clearer picture of it than I did while Raphael Nonsenso's voice was actually sounding in my ears—for I was with More when the conversation took place. And yet Raphael spoke extraordinarily well. He obviously wasn't retailing somebody else's story, but describing his own experiences in a place where he'd lived for quite a long time. Personally, I think he must have seen even more of the world than Ulysses, and I doubt if there has been anyone like him for at least eight hundred years. He made us feel that Vespucci had seen absolutely nothing!

The man also appeared to have a special talent for exposition—though I suppose we can always describe what we've seen more effectively than what we've heard. But when I consider More's quasi-pictorial treatment of the same theme, I sometimes get the impression that I'm actually living in Utopia. In fact, I honestly believe there's more to be seen in his account of the island than Raphael himself can have seen during all those five years that he spent there. One comes across so many wonderful things on every page, that I hardly know what to admire first or most—the remarkable accuracy of his memory, which could reproduce an immensely long speech practically word for word—his cleverness in immediately grasping the actual and potential causes, hitherto largely unknown, of every social evil—or the force and fluency of his style, his ability to deal with such a variety of topics in such correct and muscular Latin—especially as he's distracted by so many official and domestic responsibilities. But all this will seem less surprising to a fine scholar like you. Besides, you already know him intimately, and are quite

familiar with the prodigious, if not positively superhuman power of his intellect.

I can't think of anything to add to what he has written—except that I've attached four lines of verse in the Utopian language, which Nonsenso happened to show me after More had gone, together with the Utopian alphabet. I've also added a few marginal notes. By the way, More's a bit worried because he doesn't know the exact position of the island. As a matter of fact Raphael did mention it, but only very briefly and incidentally, as though he meant to return to the question later—and, for some unknown reason, we were both fated to miss it. You see, just as Raphael was touching on the subject, a servant came up to More and whispered something in his ear. And although this made me listen with even greater attention, at the critical moment one of his colleagues started coughing rather loudly—I suppose he'd caught cold on the boat—so that the rest of Raphael's sentence was completely inaudible. However, I shan't rest until I've cleared up that point too, and can tell you exactly where the island is, latitude and all. That is, if our friend Raphael is still safe and sound, for I've heard several different stories about him. Some people say that he has died somewhere on his travels. Others that he has gone back to his own country. Others again that he has returned to Utopia, partly because he felt nostalgic about it, and partly because he couldn't stand the way Europeans behaved.

You may wonder why no reference to Utopia appears in any geographical work, but this problem has been very neatly solved by Raphael himself. He says it's quite possible that the ancients knew of the island under another name, or else that they never heard of it at all—for nowadays countries are always being discovered which were never mentioned in the old geography books. However, I need no arguments to prove my point, when I can appeal to the authority of a man like More.

I understand and respect the modesty that makes him hesitate to publish. Personally, though, I think it's the sort of work that should on no account be suppressed for long, but should be put into circulation as quickly as possible, preferably with a letter from you to recommend it to the world—because you have a special insight into More's genius, and who could be better qualified to introduce sound ideas to the public than one who has spent many years in the public service and earned the highest praise for his wisdom and integrity?

With all good wishes to a great patron of scholarship, who is also among the glories of this age,

Yours sincerely,
PETER GILLES

Book One

There was recently a rather serious difference of opinion between that great expert in the art of government, His Invincible Majesty, King Henry the Eighth of England, and His Serene Highness, Prince Charles of Castile. His Majesty sent me to Flanders to discuss and settle the matter, along with my friend Cuthbert Tunstall, an excellent person who has since been appointed Master of the Rolls, much to everyone's satisfaction. Of his learning and moral character I shall say nothing—not because I am afraid of seeming prejudiced in his favour, but because they are too remarkable for me to describe adequately, and too well known to need describing at all. I have no wish to labour the obvious.

We were met at Bruges, as previously arranged, by the envoys from Castile, who were all men of great distinction. Their nominal leader was the Mayor of Bruges, and a splendid fellow he was; but most of the thinking and talking was done by the Provost of Cassel, George de Theimsecke. This man was a born speaker, as well as a highly trained one. He was also a legal expert, and both by temperament and by long experience a first-rate negotiator. After one or two meetings there were still some points on which we had failed to agree, so they said goodbye to us for a few days and set off for Brussels, to consult their royal oracle. In the meantime I went to Antwerp on business of my own.

While I was there, I had several frequent visitors, but the one I liked best was a young native of Antwerp called Peter Gilles. He is much respected by his own people, and holds an important post in that town; but he fully deserves promotion to the highest post of all, for I do not know which impressed me more, his intellectual or his moral qualities. Certainly he is a very fine person, as well as a very fine scholar. He is scrupulously fair to everyone, but towards his friends he shows so much genuine kindness, loyalty, and affection, that he must be almost unique in his all-round capacity for friendship. He is unusually modest, utterly sincere, and has a shrewd simplicity all his own. He is also a delightful talker, who can be witty without hurting anyone's feelings. I was longing to get back to England and see my wife and children, as I had been away for over four months; but my

homesickness was to large extent relieved by the pleasure of his company and the charm of his conversation.

One day I had been to a service at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a magnificent building which is always packed with people. I was just starting back to my hotel when I happened to see Peter Gilles talking to an elderly foreigner with a sunburnt face, a long beard, and a cloak slung carelessly over one shoulder. From his complexion and costume I judged him to be a sailor. At this point Peter caught sight of me. He immediately came up and said good morning, then before I had time to reply, drew me a little further away.

'Do you see that man over there?' he asked, indicating the one he had been talking to. 'I was just bringing him along to visit you.'

'If he's a friend of yours,' I said, 'I'll be very glad to see him.'

'When you hear the sort of person he is,' said Peter, 'you'll be glad to see him anyway—for there's not a man alive today who can tell you so many stories about strange countries and their inhabitants as he can. I know what a passion you have for that kind of thing.'

'Then I didn't guess too far wrong,' I remarked. 'The moment I saw him, I thought he must be a sailor.'

'In that case you made a big mistake,' he replied. 'I mean, he's not a sailor of the Palinurus type. He's really more like Ulysses, or even Plato. You see, our friend Raphael—for that's his name, Raphael Nonsenso—is quite a scholar. He knows a fair amount of Latin and a tremendous lot of Greek. He's concentrated on Greek, because he's mainly interested in philosophy, and he found that there's nothing important on that subject written in Latin, apart from some bits of Seneca and Cicero. He wanted to see the world, so he left his brothers to manage his property in Portugal—that's where he comes from—and joined up with Amerigo Vespucci. You know those Four Voyages of his that everyone's reading about? Well, Raphael was his constant companion during the last three, except that he didn't come back with him from the final voyage. Instead, he practically forced Amerigo to let him be one of the twenty-four men who were left behind in that fort. So he stayed out there, to indulge his taste for travel, which was all he really cared about. He didn't mind where he eventually died, for he had two favourite quotations, "The unburied dead are covered by the sky" and "You can get to heaven from anywhere"—an attitude which, but for the grace of God, might have led to serious trouble. Anyway, when Vespucci had gone, Raphael did a lot of exploring with five other members of the garrison. Finally, by an amazing

stroke of luck, they turned up in Ceylon. From there he made his way to Calicut, where he was fortunate enough to find some Portuguese ships, and so, quite unexpectedly, got a passage home.'

'Well, thank you very much,' I said. 'I'll certainly enjoy talking to a man like that. It's most kind of you to give me a chance of doing so.'

I then walked up to Raphael and shook hands with him. After making a few stock remarks, as people generally do when first introduced, we adjourned to the garden of my hotel, where we sat down on a bench covered with a layer of turf, and began to talk more freely.

First of all Raphael told us what happened to him and the other men in the fort, from the point where Vespucci left them. By polite and friendly behaviour they gradually started ingratiating themselves with the local inhabitants. Soon relations were not merely peaceful but positively affectionate. They got on particularly well with a certain king, whose name and nationality have slipped my memory. He most generously provided Raphael and his five fellow-explorers with food and money for their journeys, which involved the use of boats as well as carriages. He also supplied a most reliable guide, who was told to put them in touch with various other kings, to whom they were given letters of introduction. Thus after travelling for many days they came to some large towns and densely populated areas, with quite a high standard of political organization.

Apparently, at the equator, and throughout most of the torrid zone, you find vast deserts parched by perpetual heat. Everything looks grim and desolate. There are no signs of cultivation, and no animal life, except for snakes and wild beasts, or equally wild and dangerous human beings. But, if you go on a bit further, things gradually improve. The climate becomes less extreme, the earth grows green and pleasant, human beings and animals are not so fierce. Finally, you come to people living in towns and cities, who are constantly engaged in trade, both by land and by sea, not only with one another or with their immediate neighbours, but even with quite distant countries.

'This gave me the chance,' said Raphael, 'of travelling about all over the place, for whenever I found a ship just setting sail I asked if my friends and I might go on board, and they were always glad to let us. The first ships we saw were flat-bottomed, with sails made of papyrus leaves stitched together, or else of wicker-work, or in some cases of leather. But the ones we came across later had sharp keels and canvas sails, and were generally just like

ours. The sailors out there have a good knowledge of winds and tides, but I made myself extraordinarily popular with them by explaining the use of the magnetic compass. They'd never heard of it before, and for that reason had always been rather frightened of the sea, and seldom risked going on it except during the summer. But now they put such faith in their compasses that they think nothing of winter voyages—although this new sense of security is purely subjective. In fact their overconfidence threatens to convert an apparently useful invention into a source of disaster.'

It would take too long to repeat everything he told us about each place. Besides, that is not the purpose of this book. I may conceivably do so in another one, emphasizing the most instructive parts of his story, such as the sensible arrangements that he noticed in various civilized communities. These were the points on which we questioned him most closely, and he enlarged most willingly. We did not ask him if he had seen any monsters, for monsters have ceased to be news. There is never any shortage of horrible creatures who prey on human beings, snatch away their food, or devour whole populations; but examples of wise social planning are not so easy to find.

Of course, he saw much to condemn in the New World, but he also discovered several regulations which suggested possible methods of reforming European society. These, I say, will have to be dealt with later. My present plan is merely to repeat what he said about the laws and customs of Utopia.

I must start by recording the conversation which led up to the first mention of that republic. After shrewdly pointing out the mistakes that have been made on both sides of the globe—and there are certainly plenty of them—Raphael went on to discuss the more sensible features of Old and New World legislation. He seemed to have the facts about every single country at his fingertips—as though he had spent a lifetime wherever he had stopped for a night. Peter Gilles was particularly impressed.

PETER: My dear Raphael, I can't think why you don't enter the service of some king or other. I'm sure any king would jump at the chance of employing you. With your knowledge and experience, you'd be just the man to supply not only entertainment, but also instructive precedents and useful advice. At the same time you could be looking after your own interests, and being a great help to all your friends and relations.

RAPHAEL: I'm not really worried about them. I feel I've done my duty by them already. Most people hang on to their property until they're too old

and ill to do so any longer—and even then they relinquish it with a very ill grace. But I shared out mine among my friends and relations when I was still young and healthy. I think they should be satisfied with that. They can hardly expect me to go a stage further, and become a king's slave for their benefit.

PETER: God forbid! Service, not servitude, was what I suggested.

RAPHAEL: A few letters don't make all that difference.

PETER: Well, call it what you like, I still think it's your best method of helping other people, both individually and collectively, and also of making life pleasanter for yourself.

RAPHAEL: How can I do that by acting against all my instincts? At present I live exactly as I please, which is more, I suspect, than the vast majority of court officials can say. Besides, kings have quite enough people competing for their friendship already. It won't be any serious hardship for them to do without me, and a handful of others like me.

MORE: My dear Raphael, you're obviously not interested in money or power, and I couldn't respect you more if you were the greatest king on earth. But surely it would be quite in keeping with this admirably philosophical attitude if you could bring yourself, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience, to apply your talents and energies to public affairs? Now the most effective way of doing so would be to gain the confidence of some great king or other, and give him, as I know you would, really good advice. For every king is a sort of fountain, from which a constant shower of benefits or injuries rains down upon the whole population. And you've got so much theoretical knowledge, and so much practical experience, that either of them alone would be enough to make you an ideal member of any privy council.

RAPHAEL: You're quite mistaken, my dear More, first about me and then about the job itself. I'm not so highly qualified as you seem to think, and, even if I were, I still shouldn't do the slightest good to the community by giving myself a lot of extra work. To start with, most kings are more interested in the science of war—which I don't know anything about, and don't want to—than in useful peacetime techniques. They're far more anxious, by hook or by crook, to acquire new kingdoms than to govern their existing ones properly. Besides, privy councillors are either too wise to need, or too conceited to take advice from anyone else—though of course they're always prepared to suck up to the king's special favourites by agreeing with the silliest things they say. After all, it's a natural instinct to be charmed by one's own productions. That's why raven chicks are such a delight to their

parents, and mother apes find their babies exquisitely beautiful.

So there you have a group of people who are deeply prejudiced against everyone else's ideas, or at any rate prefer their own. Suppose, in such company, you suggest a policy that you've seen adopted elsewhere, or for which you can quote a historical precedent, what will happen? They'll behave as though their professional reputations were at stake, and they'd look fools for the rest of their lives if they couldn't raise some objection to your proposal. Failing all else, their last resort will be: 'This was good enough for our ancestors, and who are we to question their wisdom?' Then they'll settle back in their chairs, with an air of having said the last word on the subject—as if it would be a major disaster for anyone to be caught being wiser than his ancestors! And yet we're quite prepared to reverse their most sensible decisions. It's only the less intelligent ones that we cling on to like grim death. I've come across this curious mixture of conceit, stupidity, and stubbornness in several different places. On one occasion I even met it in England.

MORE: Really? Have you been to my country too, then?

RAPHAEL: Certainly I have. I was there for several months, soon after that disastrous civil war which began with a revolution in the west country, and ended with a ghastly massacre of the rebels. During my stay, I received a lot of kindness from the Most Reverend John Morton, the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was also a Cardinal, and at that time Lord Chancellor of England. I must tell you about him, Peter—for I can't tell More anything he doesn't know already. He was a person that one respected just as much for his wisdom and moral character as for his great eminence. He was of average height, without a trace of a stoop, although he was fairly old. He had the sort of face that inspires reverence rather than fear. He was quite easy to get on with, though always serious and dignified. Admittedly he was rather inclined to be rude to people who asked him for jobs, but he meant no harm by it. He only did it to test their intelligence and presence of mind, for he found these qualities very congenial, so long as they were used with discretion, and considered them most valuable in public life. He was a polished and effective speaker, with a thorough knowledge of the law. He also had a quite remarkable intellect, and a phenomenal memory—two natural gifts which he'd further developed by training and practice.

Apparently the King had great confidence in his judgement, and at the time of my visit the whole country seemed to depend on him. This was hardly

surprising, since he'd been rushed straight from the university to Court, when he was not much more than a boy, and had spent the rest of his life in the public service, learning wisdom the hard way, by having to cope with a long series of crises. And what one learns like that isn't easily forgotten.

I once happened to be dining with the Cardinal when a certain English lawyer was there. I forgot how the subject came up, but he was speaking with great enthusiasm about the stern measures that were then being taken against thieves.

'We're hanging them all over the place,' he said, 'I've seen as many as twenty on a single gallows. And that's what I find so odd. Considering how few of them get away with it, why are we still plagued with so many robbers?'

'What's odd about it?' I asked—for I never hesitated to speak freely in front of the Cardinal. 'This method of dealing with thieves is both unjust and socially undesirable. As a punishment it's too severe, and as a deterrent it's quite ineffective. Petty larceny isn't bad enough to deserve the death penalty, and no penalty on earth will stop people from stealing, if it's their only way of getting food. In this respect you English, like most other nations, remind me of incompetent schoolmasters, who prefer caning their pupils to teaching them. Instead of inflicting these horrible punishments, it would be far more to the point to provide everyone with some means of livelihood, so that nobody's under the frightful necessity of becoming first a thief and then a corpse.'

'There's adequate provision for that already,' replied the lawyer. 'There are plenty of trades open to them. There's always work on the land. They could easily earn an honest living if they wanted to, but they deliberately choose to be criminals.'

'You can't get out of it like that,' I said. 'Let's ignore, for the sake of argument, the case of the disabled soldier, who has lost a limb in the service of King and Country, either at home or abroad—perhaps in that battle with the Cornish rebels, or perhaps during the fighting in France, not so long ago. When he comes home, he finds he's physically incapable of practising his former trade, and too old to learn a new one. But as I say, let's forget about him, since war is only an intermittent phenomenon. Let's stick to the type of thing that happens every day.

'Well, first of all there are lots of noblemen who live like drones on the labour of other people, in other words, of their tenants, and keep bleeding

them white by constantly raising their rents. For that's their only idea of practical economy—otherwise they'd soon be ruined by their extravagance. But not content with remaining idle themselves, they take round with them vast numbers of equally idle retainers, who have never been taught any method of earning their living. The moment their master dies, or they themselves fall ill, they're promptly given the sack—for these noblemen are far more sympathetic towards idleness than illness, and their heirs often can't afford to keep up such large establishments. Now a sacked retainer is apt to get violently hungry, if he doesn't resort to violence. For what's the alternative? He can, of course, wander around until his clothes and his body are both worn out, and he's nothing but a mass of rags and sores. But in that state no gentleman will condescend to employ him, and no farmer can risk doing so—for who could be less likely to serve a poor man faithfully, sweating away with mattock and hoe for a beggarly wage and a barely adequate diet, than a man who has been brought up in the lap of luxury, and is used to swaggering about in military uniform, looking down his nose at everyone else in the neighbourhood?'

'But that's exactly the kind of person we need to encourage,' retorted the lawyer. 'In wartime he forms the backbone of the army, simply because he has more spirit and self-respect than an ordinary tradesman or farmhand.'

'You might as well say,' I answered, 'that for purposes of war you have to encourage theft. Well, you'll certainly never run short of thieves, so long as you have people like that about. And, of course, you're perfectly right—thieves do make quite efficient soldiers, and soldiers make quite enterprising thieves. The two professions have a good deal in common. However, the trouble is not confined to England, although you've got it pretty badly. It's practically a world-wide epidemic. France, for instance, is suffering from an even more virulent form of it. There the whole country is overrun even in peacetime—if you can call it that—by mercenaries who have been brought in for much the same reasons as you gave for supporting idle retainers. You see, the experts decided, in the interests of public safety, that they must have a powerful standing army, consisting mostly of veterans—for they put so little faith in raw recruits that they deliberately start wars to give their soldiers practice, and make them cut throats "just to keep their hands in", as Sallust rather nicely puts it.

'So France has learnt by bitter experience how dangerous it is to keep these savage pets, but there are plenty of similar object-lessons in the history

of Rome, Carthage, Syria, and many other countries. Again and again standing armies have seized some opportunity of overthrowing the government that employed them, devastating its territory, and destroying its towns. And yet it's quite unnecessary. That's obvious enough from the fact that for all their intensive military training the French can't often claim to have beaten your wartime conscripts—I won't put it more strongly than that, for fear of seeming to flatter present company.

'Besides, it's not generally thought that either of the types you mentioned, the tradesman in town or the ignorant farmhand in the country, is actually so very frightened of the retainers in question—unless his physical strength isn't equal to his courage, or his spirit has been broken by privations at home. The fact is that though these retainers start off with powerful physiques—for no gentleman would stoop to corrupt an inferior specimen—they soon get soft and flabby by sitting around doing nothing, or nothing that a woman couldn't do. So there's really not much risk of their losing all their manhood, if they were taught useful trades and made to work like men. In any case I don't see how it can possibly be in the public interest to prepare for a war, which you needn't have unless you want to, by maintaining innumerable disturbers of the peace—when peace is so infinitely more important.

'But that's not the only thing that compels people to steal. There are other factors at work which must, I think, be peculiar to your country.'

'And what are they?' asked the Cardinal.

'Sheep,' I told him. 'These placid creatures, which used to require so little food, have now apparently developed a raging appetite, and turned into man-eaters. Fields, houses, towns, everything goes down their throats. To put it more plainly, in those parts of the kingdom where the finest, and so the most expensive wool is produced, the nobles and gentlemen, not to mention several saintly abbots, have grown dissatisfied with the income that their predecessors got out of their estates. They're no longer content to lead lazy, comfortable lives, which do no good to society—they must actively do it harm, by enclosing all the land they can for pasture, and leaving none for cultivation. They're even tearing down houses and demolishing whole towns—except, of course, for the churches, which they preserve for use as sheepfolds. As though they didn't waste enough of your soil already on their coverts and game-preserves, these kind souls have started destroying all traces of human habitation, and turning every scrap of farmland into a

wilderness.

'So what happens? Each greedy individual preys on his native land like a malignant growth, absorbing field after field, and enclosing thousands of acres with a single fence. Result—hundreds of farmers are evicted. They're either cheated or bullied into giving up their property, or systematically ill-treated until they're finally forced to sell. Whichever way it's done, out the poor creatures have to go, men and women, husbands and wives, widows and orphans, mothers and tiny children, together with all their employees—whose great numbers are not a sign of wealth, but simply of the fact that you can't run a farm without plenty of manpower. Out they have to go from the homes that they know so well, and they can't find anywhere else to live. Their whole stock of furniture wouldn't fetch much of a price, even if they could afford to wait for a suitable offer. But they can't, so they get very little indeed for it. By the time they've been wandering around for a bit, this little is all used up, and then what can they do but steal—and be very properly hanged? Of course, they can always become tramps and beggars, but even then they're liable to be arrested as vagrants, and put in prison for being idle—when nobody will give them a job, however much they want one. For farm-work is what they're used to, and where there's no arable land, there's no farm-work to be done. After all, it only takes one shepherd or cowherd to graze animals over an area that would need any amount of labour to make it fit for corn production.

'For the same reason, corn is much dearer in many districts. The price of wool has also risen so steeply that your poorer weavers simply can't afford to buy it, which means a lot more people thrown out of work. This is partly due to an epidemic of the rot, which destroyed vast numbers of sheep just after the conversion of arable to pasture land began. It almost looked like a judgement on the landowners for their greed—except that they ought to have caught it instead of the sheep.

'Not that prices would fall, however many sheep there were, for the sheep market has become, if not strictly a monopoly—for that implies only one seller—then at least an oligopoly. I mean it's almost entirely under the control of a few rich men, who don't need to sell unless they feel like it, and never do feel like it until they can get the price they want. This also accounts for the equally high prices of other types of livestock, especially in view of the shortage of breeders caused by the demolition of farms, and the general decline of agriculture. For the rich men I'm talking about never bother to breed either sheep or cattle themselves. They merely buy scraggy specimens

cheap from someone else, fatten them up on their own pastures, and resell them at a large profit. I imagine that's why the full effects of the situation have not yet been felt. So far they've only inflated prices in the areas where they sell, but, if they keep transferring animals from other districts faster than they can be replaced, stocks in the buying areas too will gradually be depleted, until eventually there'll be an acute shortage everywhere.

'Thus a few greedy people have converted one of England's greatest natural advantages into a national disaster. For it's the high price of food that makes employers turn off so many of their servants—which inevitably means turning them into beggars or thieves. And theft comes easier to a man of spirit.

'To make matters worse, this wretched poverty is most incongruously linked with expensive tastes. Servants, tradesmen, even farm-labourers, in fact all classes of society are recklessly extravagant about clothes and food. Then think how many brothels there are, including those that go under the names of wine-taverns or alehouses. Think of the demoralizing games people play—dice, cards, backgammon, tennis, bowls, quoits—what are they but quick methods of wasting a man's money, and sending him straight off to become a thief?

'Get rid of these pernicious practices. Make a law that anyone responsible for demolishing a farm or a country town must either rebuild it himself or else hand over the land to someone who's willing to do so. Stop the rich from cornering markets and establishing virtual monopolies. Reduce the number of people who are kept doing nothing. Revive agriculture and the wool industry, so that there's plenty of honest, useful work for the great army of unemployed—by which I mean not only existing thieves, but tramps and idle servants who are bound to become thieves eventually. Until you put these things right, you're not entitled to boast of the justice meted out to thieves, for it's a justice more specious than real or socially desirable. You allow these people to be brought up in the worst possible way, and systematically corrupted from their earliest years. Finally, when they grow up and commit the crimes that they were obviously destined to commit, ever since they were children, you start punishing them. In other words, you create thieves, and then punish them for stealing!'

Long before I'd finished, the lawyer was ready with his answer. He was evidently one of those people whose method of argument consists in repeating what you've said, rather than replying to it—as though having a

good memory were all that mattered.

'That was a very fine effort,' he said, 'especially for a foreigner whose information is bound to be second-hand, and therefore inaccurate—as I'll very briefly demonstrate. I'll begin by running through the points you've made. Then I'll show where you've gone wrong through your ignorance of local conditions. And finally I'll refute all your arguments. Proceeding in that order, I think you've made four—'

'Just a moment,' interrupted the Cardinal. 'After such an introduction, your reply seems unlikely to be as brief as you suggest. So don't bother to produce it now—keep it fresh for your next meeting. Why not make it tomorrow, if you're both free then? Meanwhile, my dear Raphael, I'd very much like to hear just why you object to capital punishment for theft, and what penalty you think would be more in the public interest. For even you, I take it, feel that stealing should be stopped. And since it goes on merrily in spite of the death penalty, what power on earth could stop it, what possible deterrent could be effective, if the fear of death were removed? Surely any reduction of sentence would be interpreted as a positive invitation to crime?'

'Your Grace,' I said, 'it seems to me quite unjust to take a man's life because he's taken some money. To my mind no amount of property is equivalent to a human life. If it's argued that the punishment is not for taking the money, but for breaking the law and violating justice, isn't this conception of absolute justice absolutely unjust? One really can't approve of a régime so dictatorial that the slightest disobedience is punishable by death, nor of a legal code based on the Stoic paradox that all offences are equal—so that there's no distinction in law between theft and murder, though in equity the two things are so completely different.

'God said, "Thou shalt not kill" —does the theft of a little money make it quite all right for us to do so? If it's said that this commandment applies only to illegal killing, what's to prevent human beings from similarly agreeing among themselves to legalize certain types of rape, adultery, or perjury? Considering that God has forbidden us even to kill ourselves, can we really believe that purely human arrangements for the regulation of mutual slaughter are enough, without any divine authority, to exempt executioners from the sixth commandment? Isn't that rather like saying that this particular commandment has no more validity than human laws allow it?—in which case the principle can be extended indefinitely, until in all spheres of life human beings decide just how far God's commandments may conveniently be

observed.

'Under the law of Moses—which was harsh enough in all conscience, being designed for slaves, and rebellious ones at that—thieves were not hanged, but merely fined. We can hardly suppose that the new dispensation, which expresses God's fatherly kindness towards His children, allows us more scope than the old for being cruel to one another.

'Well, those are my objections on moral grounds. From a practical point of view, surely it's obvious that to punish thieves and murderers in precisely the same way is not only absurd but also highly dangerous for the public. If a thief knows that a conviction for murder will get him into no more trouble than a conviction for theft, he's naturally impelled to kill the person that he'd otherwise merely have robbed. It's no worse for him if he's caught, and it gives him a better chance of not being caught, and of concealing the crime altogether by eliminating the only witness. So in our efforts to terrorize thieves we're actually encouraging them to murder innocent people.

'Now for the usual question—what punishment would be better? I'd have found it much harder to answer, if you'd asked me what would be worse. Well, why should we doubt the value of a system which those expert administrators, the Romans, found satisfactory for so long? They, as we know, sentenced people convicted of major crimes to penal servitude for life in mines or stone quarries.

'However, the best arrangement I know is one I came across while travelling through Persia, in a district generally known as Tallstoria. The Tallstorians form quite a large and well-organized community, which is completely autonomous, except for having to pay taxes to the King of Persia. As they're a long way from the sea, practically encircled by mountains, and content to live on the produce of their own soil, which is extremely fertile, they have little contact with foreigners. They've never had any wish to increase their territory, which is secured against external aggression both by the mountains and by the protection-money that they pay to the Great King. This means that they're exempt from military service, so they're able to live in comfort, if not in luxury, and be happy, if not exactly famous or glorious—for, apart from their immediate neighbours, I doubt if anyone has ever heard of them.

'Well, in Tallstoria a convicted thief has to return what he's stolen to its owner, not, as in most other countries, to the King—who according to the Tallstorians has just about as much right to it as the thief himself. If the stolen

goods are no longer in his possession, their value is deducted from his own property, the rest of which is handed over intact to his wife and children. He himself is sentenced to hard labour. Except in cases of robbery with violence, he's not put in prison or made to wear fetters, but left quite free and employed on public works. If he downs tools or goes slow, they don't slow him down still more by loading him with chains—they accelerate his movements with a whip. If he works hard, he's not treated at all badly. He has to answer a roll-call every evening, and he's locked up for the night—but otherwise, apart from having to work very long hours, he has a perfectly comfortable life.

'The food, for instance, is quite reasonable. It's provided at the public expense, since convicts work as servants of the public. The procedure for raising the money varies from place to place. In some districts it's collected from voluntary contributions. This sounds an unreliable method, but in practice it brings in more than any other, for the people there are extraordinarily kind-hearted. Elsewhere, certain public revenues are set aside for the purpose, or a special poll-tax is levied. There are also some places where, instead of being employed on public works, convicts are hired out to private enterprise. Anyone needing their services goes to the market-place and engages them by the day, at a rather lower wage than he would pay for free labour. He's also allowed to whip them if they don't work hard enough. This system ensures that they're never out of work, their meals are provided for them, and each convict makes a daily contribution to public funds.

'They all wear clothes of a special colour, which nobody else wears. Their heads aren't actually shaved, but the hair is clipped short just above the ears, and a tiny piece is cut off one of them. Their friends are allowed to give them food and drink, and clothes of the regulation colour, but it's a capital crime for anyone to give them money, or for them to accept it. So it is for free men to accept money on any pretext from slaves—as convicts are usually called—or for slaves to touch any kind of weapon.

'Each slave is given a badge to show which district he belongs to, and it's a capital crime to take one's badge off, to be seen outside one's own district, or to speak to a slave from another district. As for running away, it's just as risky to plan it as to do it. The penalty for being accessory to any such plan is death for a slave, and slavery for a free man—whereas by betraying an escape-project you can earn a reward in cash, if you're a free man, or your freedom, if you're a slave. In either case the informer receives a pardon for his part in the plot, on the principle that it must always be safer to abandon a

criminal undertaking than to go ahead with it.

'Well, that's how the system works, and it's obviously most convenient and humane. It comes down heavily on crime, but it saves the lives of criminals, treating them in such a way that they're forced to become good citizens, and spend the rest of their lives making up for the harm they've done in the past.

'In fact there's so little risk of their relapsing into their old habits, that they're generally regarded as the safest possible guides for long-distance travellers, who employ them in relays, one for each district they pass through. You see, slaves have no facilities for highway-robbery. They're not allowed to carry weapons. If money is found on them, it proves that they've committed a crime. If they're caught, punishment is automatic, and they haven't the slightest hope of not being caught—for how can you make an unobtrusive getaway when your clothes are quite different from ordinary people's, unless you decamp in the nude?—and even then your ear will betray you.

'There's still, of course, a theoretical risk that they might start a conspiracy to overthrow the government. But how could the slaves of any one district hope to organize such a large-scale operation, without first sounding and stirring up the slaves in several other districts? And that's physically impossible. They're not even allowed to meet them, or talk to them, or say good morning to them, let alone conspire with them. Besides, can you imagine anyone cheerfully letting the other slaves of his district into a secret which would be so dangerous for them to keep, and so very profitable for them to betray? On the other hand, every slave has some hope of recovering his freedom, simply by doing what he's told and giving the authorities reason to believe that he'll go straight in future—since a certain number of slaves are released every year for good conduct.'

I then added that I didn't see why this system shouldn't be adopted in England. It would produce far better results than the so-called 'justice' that the lawyer had praised so highly.

At this our learned friend—I mean the lawyer—shook his head.

'Such a system,' he announced, with a smile of contempt, 'could never be adopted in England, without serious danger to the country.'

That was all he said—and practically everyone else agreed with him.

Then the Cardinal gave his opinion.

'It's hard to predict,' he said, 'without giving it a trial, whether it would

work or not. But suppose the King were to postpone the execution of death sentences for an experimental period—having first abolished all rights of asylum. If the results were good, we'd be justified in making the arrangement permanent. If not, the original sentences could still be carried out, with quite as much benefit to society, and quite as much justice, as if they were carried out now. In the meantime no great harm could have been done. As a matter of fact, I don't think it would be at all a bad idea to treat vagrants in the same way. We're always making laws about them, but so far nothing has had the slightest effect.'

This, from the Cardinal, was enough to make everyone wildly in favour of an idea which nobody had taken seriously when I produced it. They were particularly keen on the bit about vagrants, since that was his own contribution.

Perhaps I ought to leave out the next part of the conversation, which was not wholly serious. But I don't think I shall, because it was perfectly harmless, and had a certain relevance to the point at issue. Among those present was a professional diner-out, who wanted you to think that he was merely acting the fool but played the part almost too convincingly. His efforts to raise a laugh were usually so feeble that one tended to laugh at him rather than with him. But occasionally he'd come out with something rather good, thus restoring one's faith in the proverb, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' Well, somebody gave him his cue by remarking that the Cardinal and I between us had solved the problem of thieves and vagrants, so it only remained to decide on appropriate state action to deal with poor people who were either too old or too ill to earn their living.

'Just leave it to me,' said this gentleman. 'I'll tell you exactly what to do. The fact is, I'm desperately anxious to get that sort of person out of my sight. I've suffered so often from demands for money in that whining sing-song of theirs—a form of music which has never charmed a penny out of me. What always happens is this—either I don't feel like giving them anything, or else I do, but I can't, because I haven't got anything to give. So now they're learning not to waste their energy. When they see me walking past, they just let me walk past, without saying a word. They know I might as well be a priest, for all the help I'll be to them. Well, I propose a law for the compulsory enrolment of beggars in Benedictine monasteries, the males to become lay brethren—that's the technical term for monks—and the females to become nuns.'

The Cardinal smiled, and jokingly agreed. So did all the others, with perfectly straight faces. The only exception was a certain friar, who'd apparently studied theology. Normally a grimly serious type of person, he was so delighted by these digs at priests and monks that he too started trying to be funny.

'Ah, but you won't get rid of beggars quite so easily,' he said. 'What are you going to do about us mendicant friars?'

'Why, that's already taken care of,' replied the wag. 'Don't you remember the Cardinal's splendid regulation for the control and useful employment of tramps?'

Everyone glanced at the Cardinal, to see how he was taking it, and, as he showed no signs of disapproval, the remark was greeted with applause—except by the friar. He, not very surprisingly, reacted to this cold douche of satire by losing his temper and becoming downright abusive. He called the man every rude name he could think of, including a son of Belial, and wound up with some fearful curses out of Holy Scripture.

At this point the clown started clowning in real earnest. He obviously felt in his element.

'My dear friar,' he began, 'you mustn't get so angry. You know what it says in the Bible, "Ye shall possess your souls in patience".'

'I'm not angry, damn you!' shouted the friar—those were his very words. 'Or if I am, I've every right to be. "Be ye angry, and sin not", that's what it says in the Psalms.'

The Cardinal gently suggested that he should try to keep his temper.

'My temper, sir?' he repeated. 'There's nothing wrong with my temper. It's righteous zeal that makes me say these things, the sort of righteous zeal that inspired the saints. Hence the words of the Psalmist, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up", or of the hymn that we sing in church:

They who mocked the great Elisha,
As he mounted up to Bethel,
By a baldhead's zeal was punished.

And I dare say this filthy sneering idiot may find the same thing happening to him.'

'I'm sure your feelings do you great credit,' said the Cardinal, 'but I wonder if your behaviour wouldn't be even more saintly—it would certainly be wiser—if you refrained from making a fool of yourself by arguing with a

fool.'

'No, sir,' retorted the friar, 'it would not be wiser, for who could be wiser than Solomon? And Solomon says, "Answer a fool according to his folly"—which is precisely what I'm doing. I'm showing him the bottomless pit that he's liable to fall into, if he isn't very careful. In Elisha's case, it was forty-two mockers against only one baldhead, and yet his zeal was enough to punish them. So how much worse it's going to be for this man here—a single mocker against all the friars in Christendom, a very high proportion of whom are bald! Besides, we have a Papal Bull expressly forbidding anyone to mock us, on pain of excommunication.'

Seeing that the thing would go on indefinitely, the Cardinal gave the wit a sign to withdraw, and tactfully changed the subject. A few minutes later he got up and dismissed us, as he had to interview some people who'd applied to him for help.

Well, my dear More, I'm afraid I've subjected you to a very long lecture. Only you really did ask for it—and you listened so attentively that I felt you wouldn't want me to leave anything out. Anyway, the conversation seemed worth repeating, if only in general outline, so as to give you some idea of the way these people think. You see, everything I said was treated with contempt, until it appeared that the Cardinal was not against it—and then they were immediately all for it. In their efforts to flatter him, they were even prepared to applaud, and almost take seriously the suggestions made by a hanger-on of his, simply because the great man laughingly approved of them. So you can guess how much notice people would take of me and my advice at Court!

MORE: My dear Raphael, I enjoyed every word of it. There's so much wit and wisdom in everything you say. Besides, it all carried me back, not merely to England, but in a sense to my own boyhood—it recalled such pleasant memories of the Cardinal, in whose household I was brought up. I liked you from the start, my dear Raphael, but you've no idea how much your warm tribute to his memory has increased my feeling for you. But I still can't help thinking that if you could only overcome your aversion to court life, your advice would be extremely useful to the public. Which means that it's your positive duty, as a good man, to give it. You know what your friend Plato says—that a happy state of society will never be achieved, until philosophers are kings, or kings take to studying philosophy. Well, just think how infinitely remote that happy state must remain, if philosophers won't even condescend to give kings a word of advice!

RAPHAEL: Oh, philosophers aren't as bad as all that. They'd be only too glad to offer advice—in fact many of them have done so already in their published works—if only people in power would listen to them. And that's doubtless what Plato meant. He realized that kings are too deeply infected with wrong ideas in childhood to take any philosopher's advice, unless they become philosophers themselves—as he learned by experience with Dionysius. What do you suppose would happen if I started telling a king to make sensible laws, or trying to expel the deadly germs of bad ones from his mind? I'd be promptly thrown out, or merely treated as a figure of fun.

For instance, just imagine me in France, at a top-secret meeting of the Cabinet. The King himself is in the chair, and round the table sit all his expert advisers, earnestly discussing ways and means of solving the following problems: how can His Majesty keep a grip on Milan, and get Naples back into his clutches? How can he conquer Venice, and complete the subjection of Italy? How can he then establish control over Flanders, Brabant, and finally the whole of Burgundy?—not to mention all the other countries that he has already invaded in his dreams.

One gentleman proposes a pact with the Venetians, to remain in force for just so long as the King shall find convenient. He should take them into his confidence, and even allow them a certain amount of the plunder—he can always demand it back later, when he has got what he wants. Another gentleman recommends the employment of German mercenaries, and a third is in favour of greasing the palms of the Swiss. A fourth advises His Majesty to propitiate the Holy Roman Empire with a sacrifice of gold. A fifth thinks it might be wise for him to improve relations with the King of Aragon, and as a peace-offering hand over the kingdom of Navarre—which doesn't belong to him anyway. Meanwhile a sixth is proposing that the Prince of Castile should be enticed into the French camp by promises of a marriage alliance, and that some of his courtiers should be paid a regular salary for their support.

And now for the knottiest problem of all—what's to be done about the English? Well, obviously the first step is to arrange a peace-conference, and conclude a solemn treaty of alliance which means absolutely nothing. In other words, call them friends, but regard them as potential enemies. The Scotch must therefore be kept standing by, ready to start an invasion at a moment's notice, in case the English make the slightest move. It might also be as well to offer secret encouragement—under the terms of the treaty it can't be done openly—to some exiled English nobleman with pretensions to

the throne. This would give His Majesty an extra hold over the King of England, whom he otherwise wouldn't trust an inch.

At this point, while all these mighty forces are being set in motion, and all these worthy gentlemen are producing rival plans of campaign, up gets little Raphael, and proposes a complete reversal of policy. I advise the King to forget about Italy and stay at home. I tell him that France is already almost too big for one man to govern properly, so he really needn't worry about acquiring extra territory.

I then refer to an incident in the history of Nolandia, a country just south-east of Utopia. On the strength of some ancient marriage, the King of Nolandia thought he had a hereditary claim to another kingdom, so his people started a war to get it for him. Eventually they won, only to find that the kingdom in question was quite as much trouble to keep as it had been to acquire. There were constant threats of internal rebellion and external aggression. They were always having to fight either for their new subjects or against them. They never got a chance to demobilize, and in the meantime they were being ruined. All their money was going out of the country, and men were losing their lives to pay for someone else's petty ambition. Conditions at home were no safer than they'd been during the war, which had lowered moral standards, by encouraging people to kill and steal. There was no respect whatever for the law, because the King's attention was divided between the two kingdoms, so that he couldn't concentrate properly on either.

Seeing that this hopeless situation would continue indefinitely, if they didn't do something about it, the Nolandians finally decided on a course of action, which was to ask the King, quite politely, which kingdom he wanted to keep.

'You can't keep them both,' they explained, 'because there are too many of us to be governed by half a king. Why, even if we were a lot of mules, it would be a full-time job looking after us!'

So that exemplary monarch was forced to hand over the new kingdom to a friend of his—who was very soon thrown out—and make do with the old one.

I also remind the French King that even if he does start all these wars and create chaos in all these different countries, he's still quite liable to find in the end that he has ruined himself and destroyed his people for nothing. I therefore advise him to concentrate on the kingdom that his ancestors handed down to him, and make it as beautiful and as prosperous as he can, to love his

own subjects and deserve their love, to live among them and govern them kindly, and to give up all ideas of territorial expansion, because he has got more than enough to deal with already.

Now tell me, my dear More, how do you think he'll react to my advice?

MORE: Not terribly well, I must admit.

RAPHAEL: Now let's imagine another situation. Suppose some king's financial advisers are discussing how to increase his capital. One suggests raising the value of the currency when the King has to pay money out, and lowering it abnormally when payments are due to him. This will have the effect of increasing his receipts, and reducing the cost of meeting his liabilities. A second suggests that the King should pretend to start a war. This will give him an excuse for levying extra taxes. Then, at his own convenience, he can solemnly make peace, while posing, for the benefit of the lower orders, as a kind ruler who can't bear the thought of bloodshed. A third reminds him of some moth-eaten old law, which has long been obsolete—which everybody breaks, because nobody's aware of its existence—and urges him to collect the fines so incurred. It will greatly redound to his credit, in a moral as well as a financial sense—for the operation will be carried out under the cloak of justice. A fourth advises him to introduce legislation imposing heavy fines for certain offences, preferably of the most anti-social type. He can then sell exemption from such laws to anyone who finds them inconvenient. This will ensure his popularity with the general public, while providing a double source of revenue—for first he'll get the fines collected from profiteers who fall into his trap, and secondly he'll get the money paid for special dispensations. Of course, the price of these will vary in proportion to the King's moral character. The higher his principles, the more reluctant he'll be to let anyone act against the public interest—so the more a dispensation will cost.

A fifth recommends him to get some hold over the judges, so that they'll always give a verdict in his favour. He should also invite them to the Palace, and consult them about his legal position. He may be quite obviously in the wrong, but one of the judges is sure to discover a loophole which will serve to defeat justice. Whatever motives he may have for doing so—a passion for contradiction, a dislike of the obvious, or a simple wish to please—the result will be the same. Soon every judge will be voicing a different opinion, a perfectly clear case will begin to seem controversial, and the plainest facts will be questioned. This will give the King a splendid chance of interpreting

the law to his own advantage. Everyone else will agree, from either fear or politeness, and eventually this interpretation will be boldly pronounced from the Bench. After all, there are so many ways of justifying a verdict for the Crown. One can either appeal to equity, or to the letter of the law; or to some perversion of its meaning, or in the last resort to a principle which carries more weight with conscientious judges than any law on earth—the 'indisputable royal prerogative'.

There's unanimous support for the doctrine of Crassus, that you can never have enough money, if you've got an army to maintain. It's also generally agreed that a King can do no wrong, however much he may want to, because everything belongs to him, including every human being in the country, and private property does not exist, except in so far as he's kind enough not to seize it. He should always reduce such provisional private property to a minimum, since his safety depends on preventing his subjects from having too much wealth or freedom. These things make people less willing to put up with injustice and oppression, whereas poverty and privation make them dull and submissive, and stifle the noble spirit of rebellion.

At this point I get up again, and say that it would be most unwise as well as most immoral for the King to do any of these things, because his prestige and security depend less on his own than on his subjects' wealth.

'Why do you suppose they made you king in the first place?' I ask him. 'Not for your benefit, but for theirs. They meant you to devote your energies to making their lives more comfortable, and protecting them from injustice. So your job is to see that they're all right, not that you are—just as a shepherd's job, strictly speaking, is to feed his sheep, not himself. As for the theory that peace is best preserved by keeping the people poor, it's completely contradicted by the facts. Beggars are far the most quarrelsome section of the community. Who is more likely to start a revolution than a man who's discontented with his present living conditions? Who could have a stronger impulse to turn everything upside down in the hope of personal profit, than a man who'd got nothing to lose?

'No, if a king is so hated or despised by his subjects that he can't keep them in order unless he reduces them to beggary by violence, extortion, and confiscation, he'd far better abdicate. Such methods of staying in power may preserve the title, but they destroy the majesty of a king. There's nothing majestic about ruling a nation of beggars—true majesty consists in governing

the rich and prosperous. That's what that admirable character Fabricius meant when he said he'd rather govern rich men than be one. Certainly a man who enjoys a life of luxury while everyone else is moaning and groaning round him can hardly be called a king—he's more like a gaoler.

'In short, it's a pretty poor doctor who can't cure one disease without giving you another, and a king who can't suppress crime without lowering standards of living should admit that he just doesn't know how to govern free men. He should start by suppressing one of his own vices—either his pride or his laziness, for those are the faults most liable to make a king hated or despised. He should live on his own resources, without being a nuisance to others. He should adapt his expenditure to his income. He should prevent crime by sound administration rather than allow it to develop and then start punishing it. He should hesitate to enforce any law which has long been disregarded—especially if people have got on perfectly well without it. And he should never invent a crime as an excuse for imposing a fine—no private person would be allowed to do anything so dishonest.'

I then proceed to tell them about a system they have in Happiland, a country not far from Utopia. There the King has to swear a solemn oath at his coronation that he'll never keep more than a thousand pounds of gold in his treasury, or an equivalent amount of silver. Apparently the system was started by an excellent king of theirs, who cared more about his country's welfare than his own. He thought it would prevent the accumulation of royal wealth on such a scale as to cause national poverty, and chose that particular figure because he reckoned it would be enough to suppress a revolution or repel an invasion, but not enough to inspire a king with thoughts of foreign conquest. That was his main idea, but not his only one. He also hoped this arrangement would ensure that there was always enough money in circulation for ordinary purposes of exchange, and that the King would have no motive for raising money unfairly, since he wouldn't be allowed to keep any capital in excess of the statutory limit. Now there you have the type of king who's feared by bad men and loved by good ones—but if I said things like that to people who were quite determined to take the opposite view, do you think they'd listen to me?

MORE: Of course they wouldn't, and I can't say I'd blame them. Frankly, I don't see the point of saying things like that, or of giving advice that you know they'll never accept. What possible good could it do? How can they be expected to take in a totally unfamiliar line of thought, which goes

against all their deepest prejudices? That sort of thing is quite fun in a friendly conversation, but at a Cabinet meeting, where major decisions of policy have to be made, such philosophizing would be completely out of place.

RAPHAEL: That's exactly what I was saying—there's no room at Court for philosophy.

MORE: There's certainly no room for the academic variety, which says what it thinks irrespective of circumstances. But there is a more civilized form of philosophy which knows the dramatic context, so to speak, tries to fit in with it, and plays an appropriate part in the current performance. That's the sort you should go in for. Otherwise it would be like interrupting some comedy by Plautus, in which a lot of slaves were fooling about, by rushing on to the stage dressed up as a philosopher, and spouting a bit of that scene in the Octavia where Seneca is arguing with Nero. Surely it would be better to keep your mouth shut altogether than to turn the thing into a tragicomedy by interpolating lines from a different play? For, even if your contribution were an improvement on what had gone before, the effect would be so incongruous that you'd ruin the whole show. No, do the best you can to make the present production a success—don't spoil the entire play just because you happen to think of another one that you'd enjoy rather more.

The same rule applies to politics and life at Court. If you can't completely eradicate wrong ideas, or deal with inveterate vices as effectively as you could wish, that's no reason for turning your back on public life altogether. You wouldn't abandon ship in a storm just because you couldn't control the winds.

On the other hand, it's no use attempting to put across entirely new ideas, which will obviously carry no weight with people who are prejudiced against them. You must go to work indirectly. You must handle everything as tactfully as you can, and what you can't put right you must try to make as little wrong as possible. For things will never be perfect, until human beings are perfect—which I don't expect them to be for quite a number of years!

RAPHAEL: The only advantage of that method would be that I mightn't find it quite so maddening as making a real effort to cure other people's madness. But if I'm to speak the truth, I'll have to say the sort of things that you object to. I don't know whether it's right for a philosopher to tell lies, but it's certainly not my way. Besides, though they might be annoyed by what I said, I don't see why it should be thought so fantastically out of the ordinary.

It's not as if I'd recommended the system operated in Plato's imaginary Republic, or in Utopia today. Now that, while undoubtedly better than ours, might well strike them as rather odd, because it's based on communal ownership instead of private property.

Of course they wouldn't like my proposals. Having set their hearts on a certain course of action, they'd naturally resent being shown the dangers that lay ahead, and told to give the whole thing up. But apart from that, what did I say that couldn't or shouldn't be said in any company? If we're never to say anything that might be thought unconventional, for fear of its sounding ridiculous, we'll have to hush up, even in a Christian country, practically everything that Christ taught. But that was the last thing He wanted. Didn't He tell His disciples that everything He had whispered in their ears should be proclaimed on the housetops? And most of His teaching is far more at variance with modern conventions than anything I suggested, except in so far as His doctrines have been modified by ingenious preachers—doubtless on your recommendation!

'We'll never get human behaviour in line with Christian ethics,' these gentlemen must have argued, 'so let's adapt Christian ethics to human behaviour. Then at least there'll be some connection between them.'

But I can't see what good they've done. They've merely enabled people to sin with a clear conscience—and that's about all I could do at a Cabinet meeting. For I'd either have to vote against my colleagues, which would be equivalent to not voting at all, or else I'd have to vote with them, in which case, like Micio in Terence, I'd be 'aiding and abetting insanity'.

As for working indirectly, and when things can't be put right, handling them so tactfully that they're as little wrong as possible, I don't quite see what that means. At Court you can't keep your opinions to yourself, or merely connive at other people's crimes. You have to give open support to deplorable policies, and subscribe to utterly monstrous resolutions. If you don't show enough enthusiasm for a bad law, you'll be taken for a spy or even a traitor. Besides, what chance have you got of doing any good, when you're working with colleagues like that? You'll never reform them—they're far more likely to corrupt you, however admirable a character you are. By associating with them you'll either lose your own integrity, or else have it used to conceal their folly and wickedness. So much for the practical results of your indirect method!

There's a delightful image in Plato, which explains why a sensible

person is right to steer clear of politics. He sees everyone else rushing into the street and getting soaked in the pouring rain. He can't persuade them to go indoors and keep dry. He knows if he went out too, he'd merely get equally wet. So he just stays indoors himself, and, as he can't do anything about other people's stupidity, comforts himself with the thought: 'Well, I'm all right, anyway.'

Though, to tell you the truth, my dear More, I don't see how you can ever get any real justice or prosperity, so long as there's private property, and everything's judged in terms of money—unless you consider it just for the worst sort of people to have the best living conditions, or unless you're prepared to call a country prosperous, in which all the wealth is owned by a tiny minority—who aren't entirely happy even so, while everyone else is simply miserable.

In fact, when I think of the fair and sensible arrangements in Utopia, where things are run so efficiently with so few laws, and recognition of individual merit is combined with equal prosperity for all—when I compare Utopia with a great many capitalist countries which are always making new regulations, but could never be called well-regulated, where dozens of laws are passed every day, and yet there are still not enough to ensure that one can either earn, or keep, or safely identify one's so-called private property—or why such an endless succession of never-ending lawsuits?—when I consider all this, I feel much more sympathy with Plato, and much less surprise at his refusal to legislate for a city that rejected egalitarian principles. It was evidently quite obvious to a powerful intellect like his that the one essential condition for a healthy society was equal distribution of goods—which I suspect is impossible under capitalism. For, when everyone's entitled to get as much for himself as he can, all available property, however much there is of it, is bound to fall into the hands of a small minority, which means that everyone else is poor. And wealth will tend to vary in inverse proportion to merit. The rich will be greedy, unscrupulous, and totally useless characters, while the poor will be simple, unassuming people whose daily work is far more profitable to the community than it is to them.

In other words, I'm quite convinced that you'll never get a fair distribution of goods, or a satisfactory organization of human life, until you abolish private property altogether. So long as it exists, the vast majority of the human race, and the vastly superior part of it, will inevitably go on labouring under a burden of poverty, hardship, and worry. I don't say that the

burden can't be reduced, but you'll never take it right off their shoulders. You might, of course, set a statutory limit to the amount of money or land that any one person is allowed to possess. You might, by suitable legislation, maintain a balance of power between the King and his subjects. You might make it illegal to buy, or even to apply for a public appointment, and unnecessary for a state official to spend any money of his own—otherwise he's liable to recoup his losses by fraud and extortion, and wealth, rather than wisdom, becomes the essential qualification for such posts. Laws of that type would certainly relieve the symptoms, just as a chronic invalid gets some benefit from constant medical attention. But there's no hope of a cure, so long as private property continues. If you try to treat an outbreak in one part of the body politic, you merely exacerbate the symptoms elsewhere. What's medicine for some people is poison for others—because you can never pay Paul without robbing Peter.

MORE: I disagree. I don't believe you'd ever have a reasonable standard of living under a communist system. There'd always tend to be shortages, because nobody would work hard enough. In the absence of a profit motive, everyone would become lazy, and rely on everyone else to do the work for him. Then, when things really got short, the inevitable result would be a series of murders and riots, since nobody would have any legal method of protecting the products of his own labour—especially as there wouldn't be any respect for authority, or I don't see how there could be, in a classless society.

RAPHAEL: You're bound to take that view, for you simply can't imagine what it would be like—not accurately, at any rate. But if you'd been with me in Utopia, and seen it all for yourself, as I did—I lived there for more than five years, you know, and the only reason why I ever left was that I wanted to tell people about the New World—you'd be the first to admit that you'd never seen a country so well organized.

PETER: I must say, I find it hard to believe that things are so much better organized in the New World than in the Old. I should think we're just as intelligent as they are, and our civilization is older. It therefore embodies the fruits of long experience, by which I mean all the schemes that we've worked out for making life more comfortable—not to mention several chance discoveries, which could never have been achieved by deliberate planning.

RAPHAEL: You'd be more qualified to judge the age of their civilization, if you'd read their history books. If these are to be trusted, there

were towns in the New World before human life had even begun in the Old. As for what you say about intelligence and chance discoveries, there's no reason to suppose we have a monopoly of either. We may or may not be more intelligent than they are, but I'm quite sure they leave us far behind in their capacity for concentration and hard work. According to their records, they'd had no contact whatsoever with Trans-equatorials, as they call us, until we landed there—except on one occasion, twelve hundred years ago, when a ship was driven off its course in a storm, and wrecked on the coast of Utopia. A few survivors managed to swim ashore, including some Romans and Egyptians, who settled there for good.

Now, this will give you some idea what good use they make of their opportunities. There wasn't a single useful technique practised anywhere in the Roman Empire that they didn't either learn from these survivors, or else work out for themselves, once they'd been given the first clue. They got all that from just one contact with our hemisphere. But if, by any similar accident, a Utopian has ever found his way over here, we've completely forgotten about it, as I dare say people will soon forget that I was ever there. On the strength of our first meeting, they immediately adopted all the best ideas that Europe has produced—but I doubt if we'd be quite so quick to take over any of their arrangements which are better than ours. And that's the main reason, I think, why although they've got no more intelligence or natural resources than we have, they're so much ahead of us politically and economically.

MORE: In that case, my dear Raphael, for goodness' sake tell us some more about the island in question. Don't try to be too concise—give us a detailed account of it from every point of view, geographical, sociological, political, legal—in fact, tell us everything you think we'd like to know, which means everything we don't know already.

RAPHAEL: There's nothing I'd enjoy more, for it's all quite fresh in my memory. But it'll take some time, you understand.

MORE: All right, let's go in to lunch straight away. Then we'll have the whole afternoon at our disposal.

RAPHAEL: Let's do just that.

So we went indoors and had lunch. After the meal we returned to the same spot, sat down on the same bench, and told the servants we were not to be disturbed. Then Peter Gilles and I asked Raphael to keep his promise. Seeing that we really meant it, he took a few moments to collect his thoughts,

and then began as follows:

Book Two

RAPHAEL: Well, the island is broadest in the middle, where it measures about two hundred miles across. It's never much narrower than that, except towards the very ends, which gradually taper away and curve right round, just as if they'd been drawn with a pair of compasses, until they almost form a circle five hundred miles in circumference. So you can picture the island as a sort of crescent, with its tips divided by a strait approximately eleven miles wide. Through this the sea flows in, and then spreads out into an enormous lake—though it really looks more like a vast standing pool, for, as it's completely protected from the wind by the surrounding land, the water never gets rough. Thus practically the whole interior of the island serves as a harbour, and boats can sail across it in all directions, which is very useful for everyone.

The harbour mouth is alarmingly full of rocks and shoals. One of these rocks presents no danger to shipping, for it rises high out of the water, almost in the middle of the gap, and has a tower built on it, which is permanently garrisoned. But the other rocks are deadly, because you can't see them. Only the Utopians know where the safe channels are, so without a Utopian pilot it's practically impossible for a foreign ship to enter the harbour. It would be risky enough even for the local inhabitants, if it weren't for certain landmarks erected on the shore—and by simply shifting these landmarks they could lure any number of enemy warships to destruction. Of course, there are plenty of harbours on the other side of the island, but they're all so well fortified, either naturally or artificially, that a handful of men could easily prevent a huge invading force from landing at any of them.

They say, though, and one can actually see for oneself, that Utopia was originally not an island but a peninsula. However, it was conquered by somebody called Utopos, who gave it its present name—it used to be called Sansculottia—and was also responsible for transforming a pack of ignorant savages into what is now, perhaps, the most civilized nation in the world. The moment he landed and got control of the country, he immediately had a channel cut through the fifteen-mile isthmus connecting Utopia with the mainland, so that the sea could flow all round it. Fearing it might cause

resentment if he made the local inhabitants do all the work, he put his whole army on the job as well. With this colossal labour force, he got it done incredibly quickly, to the great surprise and terror of the people on the mainland, who'd begun by making fun of the whole idea.

There are fifty-four splendid big towns on the island, all with the same language, laws, customs, and institutions. They're all built on the same plan, and, so far as the sites will allow, they all look exactly alike. The minimum distance between towns is twenty-four miles, and the maximum, no more than a day's walk.

Each town sends three of its older and more experienced citizens to an annual meeting at Aircastle, to discuss the general affairs of the island. Aircastle is regarded as the capital, because of its central position, which makes it easy to get at from every part of the country. The distribution of land is so arranged that the territory of each town stretches for at least twenty miles in every direction, and in one direction much farther—that is, where the distance between towns reaches its maximum. No town has the slightest wish to extend its boundaries, for they don't regard their land as property but as soil that they've got to cultivate.

At regular intervals all over the countryside there are houses supplied with agricultural equipment, and town dwellers take it in turns to go and live in them. Each house accommodates at least forty adults, plus two slaves who are permanently attached to it, and is run by a reliable, elderly married couple, under the supervision of a District Controller, who's responsible for thirty such houses. Each year twenty people from each house go back to town, having done two years in the country, and are replaced by twenty others. These new recruits are then taught farming by the ones who've had a year on the land already, and so know more about the job. Twelve months later the trainees become the instructors, and so on. This system reduces the risk of food shortages, which might occur if the whole agricultural population were equally inexperienced.

Two years is the normal period of work on the land, so that no one's forced to rough it for too long, but those who enjoy country life—and many people do—can get special permission to stay there longer. Landworkers are responsible for cultivating the soil, raising livestock, felling timber, and transporting it to the towns, either by land or sea, whichever is more convenient. They breed vast numbers of chickens by a most extraordinary method. Instead of leaving the hens to sit on the eggs, they hatch out dozens

at a time by applying a steady heat to them—with the result that, when the chicks come out of the shells, they regard the poultryman as their mother, and follow him everywhere!

They keep very few horses, and no really tame ones, as they only use them for riding practice. Ploughing and pulling carts is done by oxen. Admittedly they can't go as fast as horses, but the Utopians say they're tougher and subject to fewer diseases. They're also less trouble and less expensive to feed, and, when they're finally past work, they're still useful as meat.

Corn is used solely for making bread, for they drink no beer, only wine, cider, perry, or water—sometimes by itself, but often flavoured with honey or liquorice, which are both very plentiful. The authorities of each town work out very accurately the annual food consumption of their whole area, but they always grow corn and breed livestock far in excess of their own requirements, so that they've plenty to spare for their neighbours.

Any necessary equipment which is not available in the country is got from one's home town—for there's a holiday once a month, when most people go there. You simply ask an official for what you want, and he hands it over, without any sort of payment.

Just before harvest-time District Controllers notify the urban authorities how much extra labour they'll need. So exactly that number of harvesters turns up punctually on the right day, and, if the weather's good, gets the whole job done in something like twenty-four hours.

But I must tell you some more about the towns. Well, when you've seen one of them, you've seen them all, for they're as nearly identical as local conditions will permit. So I'll just give you one example—it doesn't much matter which. However, the obvious choice is Aircastle, for the fact that Parliament meets there gives it a special importance, and it's the one I know best, having lived there for five years.

Aircastle is built on a gently sloping hill-side, and its ground-plan is practically square. It stretches from just below the top of the hill to the River Nowater, two miles away, and extends for two miles and a bit along the river-bank.

The source of the Nowater is quite a small spring eighty miles further inland, but it's joined by several tributaries, two of them pretty big ones, so by the time it gets to Aircastle it's already more than fifty yards wide. It then keeps on growing wider, until it reaches the sea sixty miles away. Right up to

the town, and for several miles beyond it, there are strong tidal currents which change direction every six hours. At high tide the sea comes thirty miles inland, filling the whole river-bed and forcing the river back. The water turns brackish for some distance further up-stream, but after that the taste of salt gradually disappears, and the water which flows past Aircastle is absolutely fresh. At low tide the river chases the sea back, and continues pure and uncontaminated practically all the way to the coast.

The town is connected with the other bank of the river by a splendid arched bridge, with stone piers—not just wooden ones. That's at the landward end, so that ships can have unobstructed access to one whole side of the town. There's also another river, not very big, but delightfully calm and peaceful. It gushes out of the hill on which Aircastle is built, and flows down through the middle of it to join the Nowater. The fountain-head is just outside the town, but they've brought it within the circuit of the city wall, so that in case of invasion the enemy couldn't either cut off, divert, or poison their water supply. From that point water is run off to the lower districts of the town through a system of brickwork pipes. Where this method won't work, they have huge cisterns to collect rainwater—which serves the purpose equally well.

The town is surrounded by a thick, high wall, with towers and blockhouses at frequent intervals. On three sides of it there's also a moat, which contains no water, but is very broad and deep, and obstructed by a thornbush entanglement. On the fourth side the river serves as a moat. The streets are well designed, both for traffic and for protection against the wind. The buildings are far from unimpressive, for they take the form of terraces, facing one another and running the whole length of the street. The fronts of the houses are separated by a twenty-foot carriageway. Behind them is a large garden, also as long as the street itself, and completely enclosed by the backs of other streets. Each house has a front door leading into the street, and a back door into the garden. In both cases they're double swing-doors, which open at a touch, and close automatically behind you. So anyone can go in and out—for there's no such thing as private property. The houses themselves are allocated by lot, and changed round every ten years.

They're extremely fond of these gardens, in which they grow fruit, including grapes, as well as grass and flowers. They keep them in wonderful condition—in fact, I've never seen anything to beat them for beauty or fertility. The people of Aircastle are keen gardeners not only because they

enjoy it, but because there are interstreet competitions for the best-kept garden. Certainly it would be hard to find any feature of the town more calculated to give pleasure and profit to the community—which makes me think that gardening must have been one of the founder's special interests.

By the founder I mean Utopos himself, who is said to have designed the whole layout of the town right from the start. However, he left posterity to embellish it and add the finishing touches, which he realized would take more than a single lifetime. According to their historical records, which cover a period of 1,760 years from the Conquest, and have always been most carefully written up, the original houses were merely small huts or cottages, built hurriedly with the first timber that came to hand. The walls were plastered with mud, the roofs ridged and thatched. But nowadays every house is an imposing three-storey structure. The walls are faced with flint or some other hard stone, or else with bricks, and lined with roughcast. The sloping roofs have been raised to the horizontal, and covered with a special sort of concrete which costs next to nothing, but is better than lead for resisting bad weather conditions, and is also fireproof. They keep out draughts by glazing the windows—oh yes, they use a great deal of glass there—or sometimes by fitting screens of fine linen treated with clear oil or amber, which has the effect of making it more transparent and also more airtight.

Now for their system of local government. The population is divided into groups of thirty households, each of which elects an official called a Styward every year. Styward is the Old Utopian title—the modern one is District Controller. For every ten Stywards and the households they represent there is a Bencheater, or Senior District Controller.

Each town has two hundred Stywards, who are responsible for electing the Mayor. They do it by secret ballot, after solemnly swearing to vote for the man that they consider best qualified. He has to be one of four candidates nominated by the whole electorate—for each quarter of the town chooses its own candidate and submits his name to the Council of Bencheaters. The Mayor remains in office for life, unless he's suspected of wanting to establish a dictatorship. Bencheaters are elected annually, but they're not normally changed. All other municipal appointments are for one year only.

Every three days, or more often if necessary, the Bencheaters have a meeting with the Mayor, at which they discuss public affairs, and promptly settle any private disputes—though these are very rare. They always invite two Stywards, a different pair each day, to attend their meetings, and there's a

rule that no question affecting the general public may be finally decided until it has been debated for three days. It's a capital crime to discuss such questions anywhere except in the Council or the Assembly. Apparently this is to discourage the Mayor and Bencheaters from plotting to override the people's wishes and change the constitution. For the same reason any major issue is referred to the Assembly of Stywards, who explain it to all their households, talk it over among themselves, and then report their views to the Council. Occasionally the matter is referred to Parliament.

There's also a rule in the Council that no resolution can be debated on the day that it's first proposed. All discussion is postponed until the next well-attended meeting. Otherwise someone's liable to say the first thing that comes into his head, and then start thinking up arguments to justify what he has said, instead of trying to decide what's best for the community. That type of person is quite prepared to sacrifice the public to his own prestige, just because, absurd as it may sound, he's ashamed to admit that his first idea might have been wrong—when his first idea should have been to think before he spoke.

And now for their working conditions. Well, there's one job they all do, irrespective of sex, and that's farming. It's part of every child's education. They learn the principles of agriculture at school, and they're taken for regular outings into the fields near the town, where they not only watch farm-work being done, but also do some themselves, as a form of exercise.

Besides farming which, as I say, is everybody's job, each person is taught a special trade of his own. He may be trained to process wool or flax, or he may become a stonemason, a blacksmith, or a carpenter. Those are the only trades that employ any considerable quantity of labour. They have no tailors or dressmakers, since everyone on the island wears the same sort of clothes—except that they vary slightly according to sex and marital status—and the fashion never changes. These clothes are quite pleasant to look at, they allow free movement of the limbs, they're equally suitable for hot and cold weather—and the great thing is, they're all home-made. So everybody learns one of the other trades I mentioned, and by everybody I mean the women as well as the men—though the weaker sex are given the lighter jobs, like spinning and weaving, while the men do the heavier ones.

Most children are brought up to do the same work as their parents, since they tend to have a natural feeling for it. But if a child fancies some other trade, he's adopted into a family that practises it. Of course, great care is taken, not only by the father, but also by the local authorities, to see that the

foster-father is a decent, respectable type. When you've learned one trade properly, you can, if you like, get permission to learn another—and when you're an expert in both, you can practise whichever you prefer, unless the other one is more essential to the public.

The chief business of the Stywards—in fact, practically their only business—is to see that nobody sits around doing nothing, but that everyone gets on with his job. They don't wear people out, though, by keeping them hard at work from early morning till late at night, like cart-horses. That's just slavery—and yet that's what life is like for the working classes nearly everywhere else in the world. In Utopia they have a six-hour working day—three hours in the morning, then lunch—then a two-hour break—then three more hours in the afternoon, followed by supper. They go to bed at 8 p.m., and sleep for eight hours. All the rest of the twenty-four they're free to do what they like—not to waste their time in idleness or self-indulgence, but to make good use of it in some congenial activity. Most people spend these free periods on further education, for there are public lectures first thing every morning. Attendance is quite voluntary, except for those picked out for academic training, but men and women of all classes go crowding in to hear them—I mean, different people go to different lectures, just as the spirit moves them. However, there's nothing to stop you from spending this extra time on your trade, if you want to. Lots of people do, if they haven't the capacity for intellectual work, and are much admired for such public-spirited behaviour.

After supper they have an hour's recreation, either in the gardens or in the communal dining-halls, according to the time of year. Some people practise music, others just talk. They've never heard of anything so silly and demoralizing as dice, but they have two games rather like chess. The first is a sort of arithmetical contest, in which certain numbers 'take' others. The second is a pitched battle between virtues and vices, which illustrates most ingeniously how vices tend to conflict with one another, but to combine against virtues. It also shows which vices are opposed to which virtues, how much strength vices can muster for a direct assault, what indirect tactics they employ, what help virtues need to overcome vices, what are the best methods of evading their attacks, and what ultimately determines the victory of one side or the other.

But here's a point that requires special attention, or you're liable to get the wrong idea. Since they only work a six-hour day, you may think there

must be a shortage of essential goods. On the contrary, those six hours are enough, and more than enough to produce plenty of everything that's needed for a comfortable life. And you'll understand why it is, if you reckon up how large a proportion of the population in other countries is totally unemployed. First you have practically all the women—that gives you nearly fifty per cent for a start. And in countries where the women do work, the men tend to lounge about instead. Then there are all the priests, and members of so-called religious orders—how much work do they do? Add all the rich, especially the landowners, popularly known as nobles and gentlemen. Include their domestic staffs—I mean those gangs of armed ruffians that I mentioned before. Finally, throw in all the beggars who are perfectly hale and hearty, but pretend to be ill as an excuse for being lazy. When you've counted them up, you'll be surprised to find how few people actually produce what the human race consumes.

And now just think how few of these few people are doing essential work—for where money is the only standard of value, there are bound to be dozens of unnecessary trades carried on, which merely supply luxury goods or entertainment. Why, even if the existing labour force were distributed among the few trades really needed to make life reasonably comfortable, there'd be so much over-production that prices would fall too low for the workers to earn a living. Whereas, if you took all those engaged in non-essential trades, and all who are too lazy to work—each of whom consumes twice as much of the products of other people's labour as any of the producers themselves—if you put the whole lot of them on to something useful, you'd soon see how few hours' work a day would be amply sufficient to supply all the necessities and comforts of life—to which you might add all real and natural forms of pleasure.

But in Utopia the facts speak for themselves. There, out of all the able-bodied men and women who live in a town, or in the country round it, five hundred at the most are exempted from ordinary work. This includes the Stywards, who, though legally exempt, go on working voluntarily to set a good example. It also includes those who are permanently relieved of other duties so that they can concentrate on their studies. This privilege is only granted on the recommendation of the priests, confirmed by the Stywards in a secret ballot—and, if such a student produces disappointing results, he's sent back to the working class. On the other hand, it's not at all unusual for a manual worker to study so hard in his spare time, and make such good

progress, that he's excused from practising his trade, and promoted to the intelligentsia.

This is the class from which the diplomats, priests, Bencheaters, and, of course, mayors are recruited. The old-fashioned word for a mayor, by the way, is Barzanes, though nowadays he's usually called a Nopeople. As hardly any other member of the population is either unemployed or non-productively employed, you can guess how much good work they get done in a few hours. Their labour problem is also reduced by the fact that they tackle essential jobs with more economy of effort than we do. For instance, the reason why the building trade usually absorbs so much labour is that people put up houses which their improvident heirs allow to tumble down. So the next generation has to start building all over again, which costs infinitely more than it would have cost to keep the original houses standing. In fact, what often happens is this: A builds a very expensive house, which then fails to satisfy B's fastidious taste. B therefore neglects it so badly that it's soon in ruins, and builds himself an equally expensive house elsewhere. But in Utopia, where everything's under state control, houses are very seldom built on entirely new sites, and repairs are carried out immediately they become necessary, if not before. Thus they achieve maximum durability with the minimum of labour, which means that builders sometimes have practically nothing to do. On such occasions they're sent home to saw up planks and get stones ready squared, so that if they do have to build anything it can go up all the faster.

Then think how much labour they save on clothes. Their working clothes are just loose-fitting leather overalls, which last for at least seven years. When they go about in public, they cover these rough garments with a sort of cloak, which is always the same colour—the natural colour of wool. Thus not only is their consumption of woollen fabric the lowest in the world, but so are their production costs for this material. Linen is even easier to produce, and therefore more often used—but, as long as the linen is white and the wool is clean, they don't care how fine or coarse the thread is. So whereas in other countries you won't find anyone satisfied with less than five or six suits and as many silk shirts, while dressy types want over ten of each, your Utopian is content with a single piece of clothing every two years. For why should he want more? They wouldn't make him any warmer—or any better looking.

With everybody doing useful work, and with such work reduced to a

minimum, they build up such large reserves of everything that from time to time they can release a huge labour force to mend any roads which are in bad condition. And quite often, if there's nothing of that sort to be done, the authorities announce a shorter working day. They never force people to work unnecessarily, for the main purpose of their whole economy is to give each person as much time free from physical drudgery as the needs of the community will allow, so that he can cultivate his mind—which they regard as the secret of a happy life.

Now I'd better explain their social arrangements—how society is organized, how they behave towards one another, how goods are distributed, and so on. Well, the smallest social unit is the household, which is virtually synonymous with the family. When a girl grows up and gets married, she joins her husband's household, but the boys of each generation stay at home, under the control of their oldest male relative—unless he becomes senile, in which case the next oldest takes over.

Each town consists of six thousand households, not counting the country ones, and to keep the population fairly steady there's a law that no household shall contain less than ten or more than sixteen adults—as they can't very well fix a figure for children. This law is observed by simply moving supernumerary adults to smaller households. If the town as a whole gets too full, the surplus population is transferred to a town that's comparatively empty. If the whole island becomes over-populated, they tell off a certain number of people from each town to go and start a colony at the nearest point on the mainland where there's a large area that hasn't been cultivated by the local inhabitants. Such colonies are governed by the Utopians, but the natives are allowed to join in if they want to. When this happens, natives and colonists soon combine to form a single community with a single way of life, to the great advantage of both parties—for, under Utopian management, land which used to be thought incapable of producing anything for one lot of people produces plenty for two.

If the natives won't do what they're told, they're expelled from the area marked out for annexation. If they try to resist, the Utopians declare war—for they consider war perfectly justifiable, when one country denies another its natural right to derive nourishment from any soil which the original owners are not using themselves, but are merely holding on to as a worthless piece of property.

Should any town become so depopulated that it can't be brought up to

strength by transfers from elsewhere on the island, without reducing the population of some other town below the prescribed minimum—a thing which is said to have happened only twice in their history, each time as the result of a violent epidemic—they recall colonists to fill the gap, on the principle that it's better to lose a colony than to weaken any part of Utopia itself.

But let's get back to their social organization. Each household, as I said, comes under the authority of the oldest male. Wives are subordinate to their husbands, children to their parents, and younger people generally to their elders. Every town is divided into four districts of equal size, each with its own shopping centre in the middle of it. There the products of every household are collected in warehouses, and then distributed according to type among various shops. When the head of a household needs anything for himself or his family, he just goes to one of these shops and asks for it. And whatever he asks for, he's allowed to take away without any sort of payment, either in money or in kind. After all, why shouldn't he? There's more than enough of everything to go round, so there's no risk of his asking for more than he needs—for why should anyone want to start hoarding, when he knows he'll never have to go short of anything? No living creature is naturally greedy, except from fear of want—or in the case of human beings, from vanity, the notion that you're better than people if you can display more superfluous property than they can. But there's no scope for that sort of thing in Utopia.

These shopping centres include provision markets, to which they take meat and fish, as well as bread, fruit and vegetables. But there are special places outside the town where all blood and dirt are first washed off in running water. The slaughtering of livestock and cleaning of carcasses are done by slaves. They don't let ordinary people get used to cutting up animals, because they think it tends to destroy one's natural feelings of humanity. It's also forbidden to bring anything dirty or unhygienic inside the town, for fear of polluting the atmosphere and so causing disease.

Every so often, as you walk down a street, you come to a large building, which has a special name of its own. That's where the Styward lives, and where his thirty households—fifteen from one direction and fifteen from the other—have their meals. The caterers for such dining-halls go off at a certain time each day to the provision market, where they report the number of people registered with them, and draw the appropriate rations.

But hospital patients get first priority—oh yes, there are four hospitals in the suburbs, just outside the walls. Each of them is about the size of a small town. The idea of this is to prevent overcrowding, and facilitate the isolation of infectious cases. These hospitals are so well run, and so well supplied with all types of medical equipment, the nurses are so sympathetic and conscientious, and there are so many experienced doctors constantly available, that, though nobody's forced to go there, practically everyone would rather be ill in hospital than at home.

However, once the caterers for the hospital have got what the doctors have ordered, all the best food that's left is divided equally among the dining-halls—that is, in proportion to the number registered at each—except that certain people receive preferential treatment, such as the Mayor, the Bishop, Bencheaters, and diplomats. The same applies to foreigners—not that there often are any; but, when there are, they're provided with special furnished accommodation.

At lunch-time and supper-time a bugle is blown, and the whole Sty assembles in the dining-hall—except for anyone who's in hospital or ill at home. However, you're quite at liberty to take food home from the market, once the dining-halls have been supplied, for everyone knows you wouldn't do it unless you had to. I mean, no one likes eating at home, although there's no rule against it. For one thing, it's considered rather bad form. For another, it seems silly to go to all the trouble of preparing an inferior meal, when there's an absolutely delicious one waiting for you at the dining-hall just down the street.

In these dining-halls all the rough and dirty work is done by slaves, but the actual business of preparing and cooking the food, and planning the menus, is left entirely to the women of the household on duty—for a different household is responsible for providing the meals every day. The rest of the adults sit at three tables or more, according to their numbers, with the men against the wall and the women on the outside—so that if they suddenly feel sick, as pregnant women do from time to time, they can get up without disturbing anyone else, and retire to the nursery.

By the nursery I mean a room reserved for nursing mothers and their babies, where there's always a good fire and plenty of clean water. There are also plenty of cots, so that mothers can either put their babies to bed, or, if they like, undress them and let them play in front of the fire. Babies are always breast-fed by their mothers, except when death or illness makes this

impossible, in which case the Styward's wife takes immediate steps to find a wet-nurse. This presents no problem, for any woman who's in a position to do so will be only too glad to volunteer for the job. You see, such acts of mercy are universally admired, and the child itself will always regard her as its real mother.

The nursery is also the place where the under-fives have their meals. The other children, that is, all boys and girls who aren't old enough to be married, wait at table in the dining-room, or if they're too young for that, just stand there and keep absolutely quiet. In neither case do they have a separate meal-time—they're fed from the tables of the grown-ups.

The place of honour is the centre of the high table, which is on a platform across the end of the hall, and so commands a view of the whole company. Here sit the Styward and his wife, with two of the oldest residents—for the seating is always arranged in groups of four. If there happens to be a church in the Sty, the priest and his wife automatically take precedence, and sit with the Styward. On either side of them are four younger people, then four more older ones, and so on right round the hall. In other words, you sit with your contemporaries, but you're also made to mix with a different age group. The theory of this, I'm told, is that respect for the older generation tends to discourage bad behaviour among the younger ones—since everything they say or do is bound to be noticed by the people sitting just beside them.

When they're handing out food, they don't work straight along the table from one end to the other. They start by giving the best helpings to the older groups, whose places are clearly marked, and then serve equal portions to the others. However, if there's not enough of some particular delicacy to go round, the older ones share their helpings, as they think fit, with their neighbours. Thus the privilege of age is duly respected—but everyone gets just as much in the end.

Lunch and supper begin with a piece of improving literature read aloud—but they keep it quite short, so that nobody gets bored. Then the older people start discussing serious problems, but not in a humourless or depressing way. Nor do they monopolize the conversation throughout the meal. On the contrary, they enjoy listening to the young ones, and deliberately draw them out, so that they can gauge each person's character and intelligence, as they betray themselves in a relaxed, informal atmosphere.

Lunch is pretty short, because work comes after it, but over supper they

rather spread themselves, since it's followed by a whole night's sleep, which they consider more conducive to sound digestion. During supper they always have music, and the meal ends with a great variety of sweets and fruit. They also burn incense, and spray the hall with scent. In fact, they do everything they can to make people enjoy themselves—for they're rather inclined to believe that all harmless pleasures are perfectly legitimate.

Well, that's what life is like in the towns. In the country, because of the greater distances involved, everyone eats at home. Of course, they have just as good food as they'd have in town—for they're the ones who produce what the town-dwellers eat.

Now about travel facilities. If you want to visit friends in some other town, or would simply like to see the town itself, you can easily get permission to go there, unless you're urgently needed at home, by applying to your Styward and your Bencheater. You'll be sent with a party of people travelling on a group passport, signed by the Mayor, which says when you've got to be back. You'll be offered some sort of vehicle, with a slave to drive the oxen and look after them—but, unless there are women in the party, most people find this more trouble than it's worth, and prefer to do without. You needn't take any luggage, for wherever you go you'll be equally at home, and able to get everything you want. If you stay in any place for more than twenty-four hours, you'll be expected to carry on with your ordinary work—and be welcomed with open arms by the other people who do it there.

If you're caught without a passport outside your own district, you're brought home in disgrace, and severely punished as a deserter. For a second offence the punishment is slavery. However, if you feel the urge to go wandering about the countryside near the town, there's nothing to stop your doing so, provided your father gives his permission, and your wife doesn't object. Of course, you won't be able to get a meal anywhere, until you've done either a morning's or an afternoon's work there—but, apart from that, you're free to go wherever you like within the territory of your own town, and you're just as useful a member of society as if you'd stayed at home.

You see how it is—wherever you are, you always have to work. There's never any excuse for idleness. There are also no wine-taverns, no ale-houses, no brothels, no opportunities for seduction, no secret meeting-places. Everyone has his eye on you, so you're practically forced to get on with your job, and make some proper use of your spare time.

Under such a system, there's bound to be plenty of everything, and, as

everything is divided equally among the entire population, there obviously can't be any poor people or beggars. Each town, you remember, sends three representatives to the annual Lietalk, or Parliament, at Aircastle. There they collect details of the year's production, and as soon as it's clear which products are plentiful in each area, and which are in short supply, they arrange for a series of transfers to equalize distribution. These transfers are one-way transactions, requiring nothing in return—but in practice the free gifts that Town A makes to Town B are balanced by the free gifts that it receives from Town C. So the whole island is like one big household.

When they've made adequate provision for their own needs—which they don't consider they've done, until their reserves are big enough to last them for a year, no matter what happens during the next twelve months—the remainder is exported. Such exports include vast quantities of corn, honey, wool, flax, timber, scarlet and purple cloth, rawhide, wax, tallow, leather, and livestock. One seventh of their total exports to any country go as a free gift to the poor—the rest they sell at reasonable prices. This foreign trade not only pays for essential imports—which normally means just iron—but also brings in a great deal of money. In fact, over a long period they've built up incredibly large reserves of gold and silver. So nowadays they don't much care whether they sell for cash or on credit, and nearly all their trade is of the second kind. However, when giving credit, they're not content with private securities, but insist on having a legal contract signed, sealed, and delivered by the local authority of the importing area. When payment becomes due, this authority collects the money from the individuals concerned, puts it in the public funds, and enjoys the use of it until such time as the Utopians call it in —which they practically never do, for they think it unfair to deprive other people of anything that's useful to them, if one doesn't need it oneself.

However, if they find it necessary to lend part of this capital to another country, then they do ask for it back—and so they do in wartime, for war is the one thing they have in mind when accumulating all that wealth. You see, it's meant to protect them in the event of any major crisis or emergency. Its chief function is to provide colossal rates of pay for foreign mercenaries—whose lives they risk more willingly than their own. They're also well aware that even enemies can be bribed, if you offer them enough, to betray one another or start fighting among themselves. And that's the only reason why they keep such huge stocks of precious metals. Not that they regard them as precious. In fact, I hardly like to tell you how they do regard them, for fear

you shouldn't believe me—a fear which seems all the more reasonable when I think how difficult I'd have found it to believe myself, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. For things always sound incredible if they're remote from one's own habits of thought. Still, I suppose it's rather illogical to be surprised at the way they use silver and gold, considering how different all their other customs are from ours. I'm thinking particularly of the fact that they don't use money themselves, but merely keep it for use in an emergency which may or may not arise.

In the meantime silver and gold, the raw materials of money, get no more respect from anyone than their intrinsic value deserves—which is obviously far less than that of iron. Without iron human life is simply impossible, just as it is without fire or water—but we could easily do without silver and gold, if it weren't for the idiotic concept of scarcity-value. And yet kind Mother Nature has deliberately placed all her greatest blessings, like earth, air, and water, right under our noses, and tucked away out of sight the things that are no use to us.

Now if they locked these metals up in a strong-room, the man in the street might get some silly idea into his head—you know what a talent he has for that kind of thing—that the Mayor and the Bencheaters were cheating him, and somehow making a profit out of the stuff. It could, of course, be converted into ornamental bowls or other objets d'art. But then people would grow so fond of them that, if they ever had to melt them down and pay soldiers with them, it would be a terrible wrench.

To get around these difficulties, they've devised a system which, while perfectly consistent with their other conventions, is diametrically opposed to ours—especially to the way we treasure up gold. So you'll probably think it incredible, until you've actually seen it for yourselves. According to this system, plates and drinking-vessels, though beautifully designed, are made of quite cheap stuff like glass or earthenware. But silver and gold are the normal materials, in private houses as well as communal dining-halls, for the humblest items of domestic equipment, such as chamber-pots. They also use chains and fetters of solid gold to immobilize slaves, and anyone who commits a really shameful crime is forced to go about with gold rings on his ears and fingers, a gold necklace round his neck, and a crown of gold on his head. In fact they do everything they can to bring these metals into contempt. This means that if they suddenly had to part with all the gold and silver they possess—a fate which in any other country would be thought equivalent to

having one's guts torn out—nobody in Utopia would care two hoots.

It's much the same with jewels. There are pearls to be found on the beaches, diamonds and garnets on certain types of rock—but they never bother to look for them. However, if they happen to come across one, they pick it up and polish it for some toddler to wear. At first, children are terribly proud of such jewellery—until they're old enough to register that it's only worn in the nursery. Then, without any prompting from their parents, but purely as a matter of self-respect, they give it up—just as our children grow out of things like dolls, and conkers, and lucky charms. This curious convention is liable to cause some equally curious reactions, as I realized most vividly in the case of the Flatulentine diplomats.

These diplomats visited Aircastle while I was there, and, as they were coming to discuss a matter of great importance, each town had sent its three Members of Parliament to meet them. Now all foreign diplomats who'd been there before had come from places just across the channel, and were therefore quite familiar with Utopian ideas. They knew it was a country where expensive clothes were not admired, silk was despised, and gold was a dirty word, so they'd dressed as simply as they could for the occasion. But these Flatulentines lived too far away to have had much contact with the Utopians. All they knew was that everyone in Utopia wore the same sort of clothes, and pretty crude ones at that—presumably because they'd nothing better to wear. So they adopted a policy more arrogant than diplomatic, which was to array themselves in positively godlike splendour, and dazzle the wretched Utopians with their magnificence.

When the legation arrived, it consisted of only three men, but these were escorted by a hundred retainers, all wearing multi-coloured clothes, mostly made of silk. As for the great men themselves—for they were great men in their own country—they wore cloth of gold, with great gold chains round their necks, gold ear-rings dangling from their ears, and gold rings on their fingers. Their very hats were festooned with glittering ropes of pearls and other jewels. In fact they were fully equipped with all the things used in Utopia for punishing slaves, humiliating criminals, or amusing small children.

Well, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. There were these three gentlemen, looking terribly pleased with themselves, as they compared their own appearance with that of the local inhabitants—for of course the streets were packed with people. And there was the actual effect that they were

producing—so very unexpected and disappointing. You see, from the Utopians' point of view—apart from a few who'd had occasion to go abroad—all that splendour was merely degrading. So they reserved their most respectful greeting for the least distinguished members of the party, and completely ignored the diplomats themselves, assuming from their gold chains that they must be slaves.

Oh, but you should have seen the faces of the older children, who'd grown out of things like pearls and jewels, when they saw the ones on the envoys' hats. They kept nudging their mothers and whispering:

'I say, Mother, just look at that great baby! Fancy wearing jewellery at his age!'

To which the mother would reply, very seriously:

'Sh, dear! I imagine he must be a clown attached to the embassy.'

The gold chains also came in for a lot of criticism.

'I don't think much of that chain,' someone would say. 'It's so thin, the slave could easily break it. Besides, it's far too loose. He could wriggle out of it any time he liked, and run off scot-free!'

But when they'd been there for a day or two, the Flatulentines began to realize the situation. They saw that gold was plentiful, and held extremely cheap—in fact despised as heartily as they themselves admired it. They also noticed that a single runaway slave carried more silver and gold on his person than the three of them put together. So eventually they stopped trying to show off, and, feeling rather ashamed of themselves, abandoned all the finery that they'd been so proud of—especially after a few friendly talks with their hosts, which gave them some insight into local conventions and attitudes. For instance, the Utopians fail to understand why anyone should be so fascinated by the dull gleam of a tiny bit of stone, when he has all the stars in the sky to look at—or how anyone can be silly enough to think himself better than other people, because his clothes are made of finer woollen thread than theirs. After all, those fine clothes were once worn by a sheep, and they never turned it into anything better than a sheep.

Nor can they understand why a totally useless substance like gold should now, all over the world, be considered far more important than human beings, who gave it such value as it has, purely for their own convenience. The result is that a man with about as much mental agility as a lump of lead or a block of wood, a man whose utter stupidity is paralleled only by his immorality, can have lots of good, intelligent people at his beck and call, just because he

happens to possess a large pile of gold coins. And if by some freak of fortune or trick of the law—two equally effective methods of turning things upside down—the said coins were suddenly transferred to the most worthless member of his domestic staff, you'd soon see the present owner trotting after his money, like an extra piece of currency, and becoming his own servant's servant. But what puzzles and disgusts the Utopians even more is the idiotic way some people have of practically worshipping a rich man, not because they owe him money or are otherwise in his power, but simply because he's rich—although they know perfectly well that he's far too mean to let a single penny come their way, so long as he's alive to stop it.

They get these ideas partly from being brought up under a social system which is directly opposed to that type of nonsense, and partly from their reading and education. Admittedly, no one's allowed to become a full-time student, except for the very few in each town who appear as children to possess unusual gifts, outstanding intelligence, and a special aptitude for academic research. But every child receives a primary education, and most men and women go on educating themselves all their lives during those free periods that I told you about. Everything's taught in their own language, for it has quite a rich vocabulary. It's also quite pleasant to listen to, and extremely expressive. People are beginning to speak it all over that part of the world—though always in a more or less debased form.

Until we arrived, they didn't even know the name of any famous European philosopher. And yet they'd discovered much the same principles, in music, logic, arithmetic, and geometry, as those early authorities of ours. But though in most things they're on a par with the Ancients, they're no match for the Moderns when it comes to logic. For instance, they've still failed to invent a single one of those rules about Restrictions, Amplifications, and Suppositions which have been so cleverly worked out in A Short Introduction to Logic, for all our schoolboys to learn by heart. And so far from being equal to investigating Second Intentions, they're even blind to the existence of that notorious Universal, M A N. Now he, as you know, is a pretty conspicuous figure, bigger than any giant you ever heard of—but, though we pointed him out quite clearly, none of them could see him.

On the other hand they're great experts in astronomy, and have invented several ingenious instruments for determining the precise positions and movements of the sun and moon, and of all other heavenly bodies visible in their hemisphere. But as for astrology—friendships and quarrels between the

planets, fortune-telling by the stars, and all the rest of that humbug—they've never even dreamt of such a thing.

They've learnt by long experience to recognize the signs of approaching rain, wind, and other changes in the weather. But if you asked them to explain the theory of such phenomena, or to say why the sea is salt, or what causes tides, or to give a general account of the origin and nature of the universe, you'd get various different answers. Some of them would be in line with the views of our ancient philosophers. However, as these weren't always unanimous, you won't be surprised to hear that the Utopians have produced some entirely new theories of their own, which aren't wholly consistent with one another either.

In ethics they discuss the same problems as we do. Having distinguished between three types of 'good', psychological, physiological, and environmental, they proceed to ask whether the term is strictly applicable to all of them, or only to the first. They also argue about such things as virtue and pleasure. But their chief subject of dispute is the nature of human happiness—on what factor or factors does it depend? Here they seem rather too much inclined to take a hedonistic view, for according to them human happiness consists largely or wholly in pleasure. Surprisingly enough, they defend this self-indulgent doctrine by arguments drawn from religion—a thing normally associated with a more serious view of life, if not with gloomy asceticism. You see, in all their discussions of happiness they invoke certain religious principles to supplement the operations of reason, which they think otherwise ill-equipped to identify true happiness.

The first principle is that every soul is immortal, and was created by a kind God, Who meant it to be happy. The second is that we shall be rewarded or punished in the next world for our good or bad behaviour in this one. Although these are religious principles, the Utopians find rational grounds for accepting them. For suppose you didn't accept them? In that case, they say, any fool could tell you what you ought to do. You should go all out for your own pleasure, irrespective of right and wrong. You'd merely have to make sure that minor pleasures didn't interfere with major ones, and avoid the type of pleasure that has painful after-effects. For what's the sense of struggling to be virtuous, denying yourself the pleasant things of life, and deliberately making yourself uncomfortable, if there's nothing you hope to gain by it? And what can you hope to gain by it, if you receive no compensation after death for a thoroughly unpleasant, that is, a thoroughly miserable life?

Not that they identify happiness with every type of pleasure—only with the higher ones. Nor do they identify it with virtue—unless they belong to a quite different school of thought. According to the normal view, happiness is the summum bonum towards which we're naturally impelled by virtue—which in their definition means following one's natural impulses, as God meant us to do. But this includes obeying the instinct to be reasonable in our likes and dislikes. And reason also teaches us, first to love and reverence Almighty God, to Whom we owe our existence and our potentiality for happiness, and secondly to get through life as comfortably and cheerfully as we can, and help all other members of our species to do so too.

The fact is, even the sternest ascetic tends to be slightly inconsistent in his condemnation of pleasure. He may sentence you to a life of hard labour, inadequate sleep, and general discomfort, but he'll also tell you to do your best to ease the pains and privations of others. He'll regard all such attempts to improve the human situation as laudable acts of humanity—for obviously nothing could be more humane, or more natural for a human being, than to relieve other people's sufferings, put an end to their miseries, and restore their joie de vivre, that is, their capacity for pleasure. So why shouldn't it be equally natural to do the same thing for oneself?

Either it's a bad thing to enjoy life, in other words, to experience pleasure—in which case you shouldn't help anyone to do it, but should try to save the whole human race from such a frightful fate—or else, if it's good for other people, and you're not only allowed, but positively obliged to make it possible for them, why shouldn't charity begin at home? After all, you've a duty to yourself as well as to your neighbour, and, if Nature says you must be kind to others, she can't turn round the next moment and say you must be cruel to yourself. The Utopians therefore regard the enjoyment of life—that is, pleasure—as the natural object of all human efforts, and natural, as they define it, is synonymous with virtuous. However, Nature also wants us to help one another to enjoy life, for the very good reason that no human being has a monopoly of her affections. She's equally anxious for the welfare of every member of the species. So of course she tells us to make quite sure that we don't pursue our own interests at the expense of other people's.

On this principle they think it right to keep one's promises in private life, and also to obey public laws for regulating the distribution of 'goods'—by which I mean the raw materials of pleasure—provided such laws have been properly made by a wise ruler, or passed by common consent of a whole

population, which has not been subjected to any form of violence or deception. Within these limits they say it's sensible to consult one's own interests, and a moral duty to consult those of the community as well. It's wrong to deprive someone else of a pleasure so that you can enjoy one yourself, but to deprive yourself of a pleasure so that you can add to someone else's enjoyment is an act of humanity by which you always gain more than you lose. For one thing, such benefits are usually repaid in kind. For another, the mere sense of having done somebody a kindness, and so earned his affection and good will, produces a spiritual satisfaction which far outweighs the loss of a physical one. And lastly—a belief that comes easily to a religious mind—God will reward us for such small sacrifices of momentary pleasure, by giving us an eternity of perfect joy. Thus they argue that, in the final analysis, pleasure is the ultimate happiness which all human beings have in view, even when they're acting most virtuously.

Pleasure they define as any state or activity, physical or mental, which is naturally enjoyable. The operative word is naturally. According to them, we're impelled by reason as well as an instinct to enjoy ourselves in any natural way which doesn't hurt other people, interfere with greater pleasures, or cause unpleasant after-effects. But human beings have entered into an idiotic conspiracy to call some things enjoyable which are naturally nothing of the kind—as though facts were as easily changed as definitions. Now the Utopians believe that, so far from contributing to happiness, this type of thing makes happiness impossible—because, once you get used to it, you lose all capacity for real pleasure, and are merely obsessed by illusory forms of it. Very often these have nothing pleasant about them at all—in fact, most of them are thoroughly disagreeable. But they appeal so strongly to perverted tastes that they come to be reckoned not only among the major pleasures of life, but even among the chief reasons for living.

In the category of illusory pleasure-addicts they include the kind of person I mentioned before, who thinks himself better than other people because he's better dressed than they are. Actually he's just as wrong about his clothes as he is about himself. From a practical point of view, why is it better to be dressed in fine woollen thread than in coarse? But he's got it into his head that fine thread is naturally superior, and that wearing it somehow increases his own value. So he feels entitled to far more respect than he'd ever dare to hope for, if he were less expensively dressed, and is most indignant if he fails to get it.

Talking of respect, isn't it equally idiotic to attach such importance to a lot of empty gestures which do nobody any good? For what real pleasure can you get out of the sight of a bared head or a bent knee? Will it cure the rheumatism in your own knee, or make you any less weak in the head? Of course, the great believers in this type of artificial pleasure are those who pride themselves on their 'nobility'. Nowadays that merely means that they happen to belong to a family which has been rich for several generations, preferably in landed property. And yet they feel every bit as 'noble' even if they've failed to inherit any of the said property, or if they have inherited it and then frittered it all away.

Then there's another type of person I mentioned before, who has a passion for jewels, and feels practically superhuman if he manages to get hold of a rare one, especially if it's a kind that's considered particularly precious in his country and period—for the value of such things varies according to where and when you live. But he's so terrified of being taken in by appearances that he refuses to buy any jewel until he's stripped off all the gold and inspected it in the nude. And even then he won't buy it without a solemn assurance and a written guarantee from the jeweller that the stone is genuine. But my dear sir, why shouldn't a fake give you just as much pleasure, if you can't, with your own eyes, distinguish it from a real one? It makes no difference to you whether it's genuine or not—any more than it would to a blind man!

And now, what about those people who accumulate superfluous wealth, for no better purpose than to enjoy looking at it? Is their pleasure a real one, or merely a form of delusion? The opposite type of psychopath buries his gold, so that he'll never be able to use it, and may never even see it again. In fact, he deliberately loses it in his anxiety not to lose it—for what can you call it but lost, when it's put back into the earth, where it's no good to him, or probably to anyone else? And yet he's tremendously happy when he's got it stowed away. Now, apparently, he can stop worrying. But suppose the money is stolen, and ten years later he dies without ever knowing it has gone. Then for a whole ten years he has managed to survive his loss, and during that period what difference has it made to him whether the money was there or not? It was just as little use to him either way.

Among stupid pleasures they include not only gambling—a form of idiocy that they've heard about but never practised—but also hunting and hawking. What on earth is the fun, they ask, of throwing dice on to a table?

Besides, you've done it so often that, even if there was some fun in it at first, you must surely be sick of it by now. How can you possibly enjoy listening to anything so disagreeable as the barking and howling of dogs? And why is it more amusing to watch a dog chasing a hare than to watch one dog chasing another? In each case the essential activity is running—if running is what amuses you. But if it's really the thought of being in at the death, and seeing an animal torn to pieces before your eyes, wouldn't pity be a more appropriate reaction to the sight of a weak, timid, harmless little creature like a hare being devoured by something so much stronger and fiercer?

So the Utopians consider hunting below the dignity of free men, and leave it entirely to butchers, who are, as I told you, slaves. In their view hunting is the vilest department of butchery, compared with which all the others are relatively useful and honourable. An ordinary butcher slaughters livestock far more sparingly, and only because he has to, whereas a hunter kills and mutilates poor little creatures purely for his own amusement. They say you won't find that type of blood-lust even among animals, unless they're particularly savage by nature, or have become so by constantly being used for this cruel sport.

There are hundreds of things like that, which are generally regarded as pleasures, but everyone in Utopia is quite convinced that they've got nothing to do with real pleasure, because there's nothing naturally enjoyable about them. Nor is this conviction at all shaken by the argument that most people do actually enjoy them, which would seem to indicate an appreciable pleasure-content. They say this is a purely subjective reaction caused by bad habits, which can make a person prefer unpleasant things to pleasant ones, just as pregnant women sometimes lose their sense of taste, and find suet or turpentine more delicious than honey. But however much one's judgement may be impaired by habit or ill health, the nature of pleasure, as of everything else, remains unchanged.

Real pleasures they divide into two categories, mental and physical. Mental pleasures include the satisfaction that one gets from understanding something, or from contemplating truth. They also include the memory of a well-spent life, and the confident expectation of good things to come. Physical pleasures are subdivided into two types. First there are those which fill the whole organism with a conscious sense of enjoyment. This may be the result of replacing physical substances which have been burnt up by the natural heat of the body, as when we eat or drink. Or else it may be caused by

the discharge of some excess, as in excretion, sexual intercourse, or any relief of irritation by rubbing or scratching. However, there are also pleasures which satisfy no organic need, and relieve no previous discomfort. They merely act, in a mysterious but quite unmistakable way, directly on our senses, and monopolize their reactions. Such is the pleasure of music.

Their second type of physical pleasure arises from the calm and regular functioning of the body—that is, from a state of health undisturbed by any minor ailments. In the absence of mental discomfort, this gives one a good feeling, even without the help of external pleasures. Of course, it's less ostentatious, and forces itself less violently on one's attention than the cruder delights of eating and drinking, but even so it's often considered the greatest pleasure in life. Practically everyone in Utopia would agree that it's a very important one, because it's the basis of all the others. It's enough by itself to make you enjoy life, and unless you have it, no other pleasure is possible. However, mere freedom from pain, without positive health, they would call not pleasure but anaesthesia.

Some thinkers used to maintain that a uniformly tranquil state of health couldn't properly be termed a pleasure since its presence could only be detected by contrast with its opposite—oh yes, they went very thoroughly into the whole question. But that theory was exploded long ago, and nowadays nearly everybody subscribes to the view that health is most definitely a pleasure. The argument goes like this—illness involves pain, which is the direct opposite of pleasure, and illness is the direct opposite of health, therefore health involves pleasure. They don't think it matters whether you say that illness is or merely involves pain. Either way it comes to the same thing. Similarly, whether health is a pleasure, or merely produces pleasure as inevitably as fire produces heat, it's equally logical to assume that where you have an uninterrupted state of health you cannot fail to have pleasure.

Besides, they say, when we eat something, what really happens is this. Our failing health starts fighting off the attacks of hunger, using the food as an ally. Gradually it begins to prevail, and, in this very process of winning back its normal strength, experiences the sense of enjoyment which we find so refreshing. Now, if health enjoys the actual battle, why shouldn't it also enjoy the victory? Or are we to suppose that when it has finally managed to regain its former vigour—the one thing that it has been fighting for all this time—it promptly falls into a coma, and fails to notice or take advantage of

its success? As for the idea that one isn't conscious of health except through its opposite, they say that's quite untrue. Everyone's perfectly aware of feeling well, unless he's asleep or actually feeling ill. Even the most insensitive and apathetic sort of person will admit that it's delightful to be healthy—and what is delight, but a synonym for pleasure?

They're particularly fond of mental pleasures, which they consider of primary importance, and attribute mostly to good behaviour and a clear conscience. Their favourite physical pleasure is health. Of course, they believe in enjoying food, drink, and so forth, but purely in the interests of health, for they don't regard such things as very pleasant in themselves—only as methods of resisting the stealthy onset of disease. A sensible person, they say, prefers keeping well to taking medicine, and would rather feel cheerful than have people trying to comfort him. On the same principle it's better not to need this type of pleasure than to become addicted to it. For, if you think that sort of thing will make you happy, you'll have to admit that your idea of perfect felicity would be a life consisting entirely of hunger, thirst, itching, eating, drinking, rubbing, and scratching—which would obviously be most unpleasant as well as quite disgusting. Undoubtedly these pleasures should come right at the bottom of the list, because they're so impure. For instance, the pleasure of eating is invariably diluted with the pain of hunger, and not in equal proportions either—for the pain is both more intense and more prolonged. It starts before the pleasure, and doesn't stop until the pleasure has stopped too.

So they don't think much of pleasures like that, except in so far as they're necessary. But they enjoy them all the same, and feel most grateful to Mother Nature for encouraging her children to do things that have to be done so often, by making them so attractive. For just think how dreary life would be, if those chronic ailments, hunger and thirst, could only be cured by foul-tasting medicines, like the rarer types of disease!

They attach great value to special natural gifts such as beauty, strength, and agility. They're also keen on the pleasures of sight, hearing, and smell, which are peculiar to human beings—for no other species admires the beauty of the world, enjoys any sort of scent, except as a method of locating food, or can tell the difference between a harmony and a discord. They say these things give a sort of relish to life.

However, in all such matters they observe the rule that minor pleasures mustn't interfere with major ones, and that pleasure mustn't cause pain—

which they think is bound to happen, if the pleasure is immoral. But they'd never dream of despising their own beauty, overtaxing their strength, converting their agility into inertia, ruining their physique by going without food, damaging their health, or spurning any other of Nature's gifts, unless they were doing it for the benefit of other people or of society, in the hope of receiving some greater pleasure from God in return. For they think it's quite absurd to torment oneself in the name of an unreal virtue, which does nobody any good, or in order to steel oneself against disasters which may never occur. They say such behaviour is merely self-destructive, and shows a most ungrateful attitude towards Nature—as if one refused all her favours, because one couldn't bear the thought of being indebted to her for anything.

Well, that's their ethical theory, and short of some divine revelation, they doubt if the human mind is capable of devising a better one. We've no time to discuss whether it's right or wrong—nor is it really necessary, for all I undertook was to describe their way of life, not to defend it.

But one thing I'm quite sure of. Whatever you may think of their doctrines, you won't find a more prosperous country or a more splendid lot of people anywhere on earth. Physically, they're very active, full of energy, and stronger than their height would suggest—though you couldn't call them exactly short. Their land isn't always very fertile, and their climate's not too good, but by a well-balanced diet they build up their resistance to bad weather conditions, and by careful cultivation they correct the deficiencies of the soil. The result is that they've beaten all records for the production of corn and livestock, their expectation of life is the highest in the world, and their disease-rate the lowest. Thus, by scientific methods, they've done wonders with a country that's naturally rather barren. Not that their talents are confined to ordinary farming. You'll also find them uprooting whole forests and replanting them elsewhere, not to increase the yield, but to facilitate the transport of timber, by bringing it nearer to the sea, or to a river, or to a town—for it's not so easy to carry timber long distances by roads as corn. The people themselves are friendly and intelligent, with a good sense of humour. Though fond of relaxation, they're capable of hard physical work when necessary. Otherwise they don't much care for it—but they never get tired of using their brains.

When I told them about Greek literature and philosophy—for I didn't think there was anything in Latin that they'd like very much—they became extraordinarily anxious to study the original texts, under my tuition. So I

started giving them lessons, at first merely because I didn't like to refuse, rather than from any hope of getting good results. But I soon realized that with such hardworking pupils my own efforts wouldn't be wasted. They had so little difficulty with the letters and pronunciation, learned things so quickly by heart and repeated them so accurately, that I'd have thought it quite miraculous, if I hadn't known that everyone who'd volunteered for the course, and got permission from the Council to join it, was a mature scholar of outstanding intelligence. So in less than three years they knew the language perfectly, and, apart from corruptions in the text, there was nothing to stop them from reading straight through any good author.

My own guess is that Greek somehow came naturally to them, and that's why they found it so easy to learn. You see, I can't help thinking they must be of Greek extraction, since their language, though otherwise more like Persian, contains some traces of Greek in place-names and official titles. I presented them with several Greek texts—for when I started out on the fourth voyage I didn't intend to come back for a very long time, if at all, so, instead of packing a lot of things to sell, I took on board a pretty large trunk full of books. I gave them most of Plato, even more of Aristotle, and Theophrastus's work on botany—but this, I'm sorry to say, was in rather poor condition, as I'd carelessly left it lying around while we were at sea, and a monkey had got hold of it. He'd amused himself by playfully ripping out odd pages here and there, and tearing them to pieces. The only grammar I could let them have was the one by Lascaris, for I hadn't brought my Theodorus with me, and their only dictionaries are those of Hesychius and Dioscorides. They've also got Plutarch, who is their favourite author, and Lucian, whom they find delightfully entertaining. The poets are represented by Aristophanes, Homer, and Euripides—oh yes, and Sophocles—in the miniature Aldine edition, and the historians by Thucydides and Herodotus, not to mention Herodianus.

My friend Tommy Rot had also brought some medical text-books with him, a few short works by Hippocrates, and Galen's Handbook. The Utopians think very highly of them, for, though nobody in the world needs medicine less than they do, nobody has more respect for it. They consider it one of the most interesting and important departments of science—and, as they see it, the scientific investigation of nature is not only a most enjoyable process, but also the best possible method of pleasing the Creator. For they assume that He has the normal reactions of an artist. Having put the marvellous system of the universe on show for human beings to look at—since no other species is

capable of taking it in—He must prefer the type of person who examines it carefully, and really admires His work, to the type that just ignores it and like the lower animals remains quite unimpressed by the whole astonishing spectacle.

By applying their trained intelligence to scientific research, they've become amazingly good at inventing things that are useful in everyday life. Two inventions, however, they owe to us—though even there much of the credit should go to them. For the moment we showed them some books that Aldus had printed, and talked a bit about printing and paper-making—we couldn't explain them properly, as none of us knew much about either process—they immediately made a shrewd guess how the things were done. Up till then they'd only produced skin, bark, or papyrus manuscripts, but now they instantly started to manufacture paper, and print from type. At first they weren't too successful, but after repeated experiments they soon mastered both techniques so thoroughly that, if it weren't for the shortage of original texts, they could have all the Greek books they wanted. As it is, they have only the works I mentioned, but of these they've already printed and published several thousand copies.

They welcome foreign tourists with open arms, if they've any special talents to recommend them, or have done a lot of travelling and know about many different countries. That's why they were so glad to see us, for they love hearing what goes on in other parts of the world. But traders don't often call there, for apart from gold and silver, which most traders would rather take home with them, the Utopians import nothing but iron. As for their own export trade, they prefer to deliver things themselves than have people come and fetch them, as this gives them more experience of the outside world, and more practice in navigation.

By the way, the slaves that I've occasionally referred to are not, as you might imagine, non-combatant prisoners-of-war, slaves by birth, or purchases from foreign slave markets. They're either Utopian convicts or, much more often, condemned criminals from other countries, who are acquired in large numbers, sometimes for a small payment, but usually for nothing. Both types of slaves are kept hard at work in chaingangs, though Utopians are treated worse than foreigners. The idea is that it's all the more deplorable if a person who has had the advantage of a first-rate education and a thoroughly moral upbringing still insists on becoming a criminal—so the punishment should be all the more severe.

Another type of slave is the working-class foreigner who, rather than live in wretched poverty at home, volunteers for slavery in Utopia. Such people are treated with respect, and with almost as much kindness as Utopian citizens, except that they're made to work harder, because they're used to it. If they want to leave the country, which doesn't often happen, they're perfectly free to do so, and receive a small gratuity.

As I told you, when people are ill, they're looked after most sympathetically, and given everything in the way of medicine or special food that could possibly assist their recovery. In the case of permanent invalids, the nurses try to make them feel better by sitting and talking to them, and do all they can to relieve their symptoms. But if, besides being incurable, the disease also causes constant excruciating pain, some priests and government officials visit the person concerned, and say something like this:

'Let's face it, you'll never be able to live a normal life. You're just a nuisance to other people and a burden to yourself—in fact you're really leading a sort of posthumous existence. So why go on feeding germs? Since your life's a misery to you, why hesitate to die? You're imprisoned in a torture-chamber—why don't you break out and escape to a better world? Or say the word, and we'll arrange for your release. It's only common sense to cut your losses. It's also an act of piety to take the advice of a priest, because he speaks for God.'

If the patient finds these arguments convincing, he either starves himself to death, or is given a soporific and put painlessly out of his misery. But this is strictly voluntary, and, if he prefers to stay alive, everyone will go on treating him as kindly as ever. Officially sanctioned euthanasia is regarded as an honourable death—but if you commit suicide for reasons which the priests and the Bencheaters do not consider adequate, you forfeit all rights to either burial or cremation, and your body is just thrown unceremoniously into a pond.

Girls aren't allowed to marry until they're eighteen—boys have to wait four years longer. Any boy or girl convicted of premarital intercourse is severely punished, and permanently disqualified from marrying, unless this sentence is remitted by the Mayor. The man and woman in charge of the household in which it happens are also publicly disgraced, for not doing their jobs properly. The Utopians are particularly strict about that kind of thing, because they think very few people would want to get married—which means spending one's whole life with the same person, and putting up with all the

inconveniences that this involves—if they weren't carefully prevented from having any sexual intercourse otherwise.

When they're thinking of getting married, they do something that seemed to us quite absurd, though they take it very seriously. The prospective bride, no matter whether she's a spinster or a widow, is exhibited stark naked to the prospective bridegroom by a respectable married woman, and a suitable male chaperon shows the bridegroom naked to the bride. When we implied by our laughter that we thought it a silly system, they promptly turned the joke against us.

'What we find so odd,' they said, 'is the silly way these things are arranged in other parts of the world. When you're buying a horse, and there's nothing at stake but a small sum of money, you take every possible precaution. The animal's practically naked already, but you firmly refuse to buy until you've whipped off the saddle and all the rest of the harness, to make sure there aren't any sores underneath. But when you're choosing a wife, an article that for better or worse has got to last you a lifetime, you're unbelievably careless. You don't even bother to take it out of its wrappings. You judge the whole woman from a few square inches of face, which is all you can see of her, and then proceed to marry her—at the risk of finding her most disagreeable, when you see what she's really like. No doubt you needn't worry, if moral character is the only thing that interests you—but we're not all as wise as that, and even those who are sometimes find, when they get married, that a beautiful body can be quite a useful addition to a beautiful soul. Certainly those wrappings may easily conceal enough ugliness to destroy a husband's feelings for his wife, when it's too late for a physical separation. Of course, if she turns ugly after the wedding, he must just resign himself to his fate—but one does need some legal protection against marriage under false pretences!'

In their case, some such precautions are particularly necessary, since unlike all their neighbours they're strictly monogamous. Most married couples are parted only by death, except in the case of adultery or intolerably bad behaviour, when the innocent party may get permission from the Council to marry someone else—the guilty party is disgraced, and condemned to celibacy for life. But in no circumstances can a man divorce his wife simply because, through no fault of her own, she has deteriorated physically. Quite apart from the cruelty of deserting a person at the very time when she most needs sympathy, they think that, if this sort of thing were allowed, there'd be

no security whatever for old age, which not only brings many diseases with it, but is really a disease in itself.

Occasionally, though, divorce by mutual consent is allowed on grounds of incompatibility, when both husband and wife have found alternative partners that seem likely to make them happier. But this requires special permission, which can only be got after a thorough investigation by the Bencheaters and their wives. Even then they're rather reluctant to give it, for they think there's nothing less calculated to strengthen the marriage tie than the prospect of easy divorce.

Adulterers are sentenced to penal servitude of the most unpleasant type. If both offenders are married, their injured partners may, if they like, obtain a divorce and marry one another, or anyone else they choose. But if they continue to love their undeserving mates, they're allowed to stay married to them, provided they're willing to share their working conditions. In such cases the Mayor is sometimes so touched by the guilty party's remorse and the innocent party's loyalty that he lets them both go free. But a second conviction means capital punishment.

Otherwise there are no fixed penalties prescribed by law—the Council decides in each case what sentence is appropriate. Husbands are responsible for punishing their wives, and parents for punishing their children, unless the offence is so serious that it has to be dealt with by the authorities, in the interests of public morality. The normal penalty for any major crime is slavery. They say it's just as unpleasant for the criminals as capital punishment, and more useful to society than getting rid of them right away, since live workers are more valuable than dead ones, and have a more prolonged deterrent effect. However, if convicts prove recalcitrant under this treatment, and don't respond to any sort of prison discipline, they're just slaughtered like wild beasts. But the prospects of those who accept the situation aren't absolutely hopeless. If, after being tamed by years of hardship, they show signs of feeling really sorry, not merely for themselves, but for what they've done, their sentence is either reduced or cancelled altogether, sometimes at the discretion of the Mayor, and sometimes by a general plebiscite.

Attempted seduction is punished no less severely than actual seduction. The same applies to every other type of offence—anyone who deliberately tries to commit a crime is legally assumed to have committed it. It's no fault of his, they argue, that he didn't bring it off, so why give him credit for his

failure?

They're extremely fond of people who are mentally deficient and, though it's considered very bad form to insult them, it's quite in order to find their silly behaviour amusing. In fact, it's thought better for them that you should, for, if you haven't enough sense of humour to see anything funny about the things they say and do, you're obviously not the right person to look after them. I mean, if you don't value them even as a source of entertainment, which is the only thing they're good for, you won't treat them kindly enough.

But if you start laughing at anyone who's ugly or deformed everyone will start laughing at you. You'll have made an awful fool of yourself by implying that people are to blame for things they can't help—for, although one's thought very lazy if one doesn't try to preserve one's natural beauty, the Utopians strongly disapprove of make-up. Actually, they've found by experience that what husbands look for in their wives is not so much physical beauty, as modesty and a respectful attitude towards themselves. A pretty face may be enough to catch a man, but it takes character and good nature to hold him.

The Utopian system includes not only deterrents from crime, but also incentives to good behaviour in the form of public honours. For instance, they put up statues in the market-place of people who've distinguished themselves by outstanding services to the community, partly to commemorate their achievements, and partly to spur on future generations to greater efforts, by reminding them of the glory of their ancestors. But anyone who deliberately tries to get himself elected to a public office is permanently disqualified from holding one. Social relations are uniformly friendly, for officials are never pompous or intimidating in their manner. They're normally addressed as 'Father', and that's how they behave. Everyone treats them with proper respect, but nobody's forced to do so. Even the Mayor himself wears perfectly ordinary clothes, without any special headdress. His only badge of office is a bunch of corn that he carries—just as a Bishop carries a taper.

They have very few laws, because, with their social system, very few laws are required. Indeed, one of their great complaints against other countries is that, although they've already got books and books of laws and interpretations of laws, they never seem to have enough. For, according to the Utopians, it's quite unjust for anyone to be bound by a legal code which is too long for an ordinary person to read right through, or too difficult for him to understand. What's more, they have no barristers to be over-ingenious about

individual cases and points of law. They think it better for each man to plead his own cause, and tell the judge the same story as he'd otherwise tell his lawyer. Under such conditions, the point at issue is less likely to be obscured, and it's easier to get at the truth—for, if nobody's telling the sort of lies that one learns from lawyers, the judge can apply all his shrewdness to weighing the facts of the case, and protecting simple-minded characters against the unscrupulous attacks of clever ones.

This arrangement wouldn't work very well in other countries, because there's such a mass of complicated legislation to deal with. But in Utopia everyone's a legal expert, for the simple reason that there are, as I said, very few laws, and the crudest interpretation is always assumed to be the right one. They say the only purpose of a law is to remind people what they ought to do, so the more ingenious the interpretation, the less effective the law, since proportionately fewer people will understand it—whereas the simple and obvious meaning stares everyone in the face. From the point of view of the lower orders, who form the largest section of the community, and are most in need of such reminders, you might just as well not make a law at all, as make one and then interpret it in a sense that can only be established after a lot of clever argument—for the ordinary person who's busy earning his living hasn't either the time or the mental capacity for that type of research.

Because of their many good qualities, the Utopians are asked by several of their neighbours to supply them with government officials, some on an annual and some on a quinquennial basis. Of course, this only happens where the people are free to make their own decisions—but the Utopians liberated most of the countries round them from dictatorships long ago. When their tour of duty expires, these officials are repatriated with every mark of honour and esteem, and replaced by other Utopians. It's certainly a very wise move on the part of the countries concerned, for the welfare of a state depends entirely on the quality of its administrators, and the Utopians are obviously ideal for the job. They can't be bribed to do anything dishonest, as they'll soon be going home, where money is no use to them. And as they don't know any of the local inhabitants, they're never tempted by private likes or dislikes to make a wrong decision. These qualifications are particularly important for a judge, because personal prejudice and financial greed are the two great evils that threaten courts of law, and once they get the upper hand they immediately hamstring society, by destroying all justice.

When the Utopians talk about their 'allies' they mean these countries

which they supply with administrators. 'Friendly powers' are countries that they've helped in any other way. But they never make any actual treaties of the kind that are so constantly being made, broken, and renewed by other nations. What, they ask, is the good of a treaty? Aren't all human beings natural allies already? And if a person's prepared to ignore a fundamental bond like that, is he likely to pay much attention to a mere form of words? They take this view mainly because, in their part of the world, kings aren't very scrupulous about observing pacts and agreements. In Europe, of course, especially the Christian parts of it, treaties are universally regarded as sacred and inviolate, partly because our kings are so good and just themselves, and partly because they're so much in awe of the Popes. They, as we know, not only discharge their own obligations most religiously, but command all other rulers to keep their promises whatever happens, and administer stern pastoral rebukes to any who fail to do so. They evidently think, quite rightly, that it looks extremely bad for the so-called 'faithful' to break faith in such matters.

But in their part of the world, which is diametrically opposed to ours, no less in a social and moral than in a geographical sense, you can't rely on treaties at all. The more solemnly they're made, the sooner they're violated, by the simple process of discovering some loophole in the wording. Indeed, such loopholes are often incorporated deliberately in the original text, so that, no matter how binding one's commitments appear to be, one can always wriggle out of them, thus breaking both treaty and faith simultaneously. The fact is, such diplomacy is downright dishonest. If the very people who pride themselves on suggesting such tricks to their rulers found the same sort of thing going on in connection with a private contract, they'd be the first to denounce it, in shrill, self-righteous tones, as sacrilegious and criminal. The implication seems to be that honesty is a low plebeian virtue, far beneath the dignity of royalty—or at least that there are two kinds of honesty. One is suitable for ordinary people, a plodding hack which is kept securely tethered, so that it can't go leaping any fences. The other, reserved for kings, is a far nobler animal which enjoys far greater freedom—for it's allowed to do exactly what it likes.

Anyway, that's how kings behave out there, and that, as I was saying, is presumably why the Utopians make no treaties. Perhaps if they lived in Europe they'd change their minds—though actually they disapprove of treaties on principle, however scrupulously they're observed. They say treaties make people regard one another as natural enemies. The mere fact of

living on different sides of a small hill or river is supposed to sever all ties of humanity, and justify two nations in trying to destroy each other, unless there's a special treaty to forbid it. And even if there is such a treaty, it still doesn't mean that they're friends, for they always retain the right to rob one another, in so far as the drafters of the treaty have carelessly failed to include enough provisions to the contrary. The Utopians take precisely the opposite view. They think no one should be regarded as an enemy who hasn't done you any harm. Human nature constitutes a treaty in itself, and human beings are far more effectively united by kindness than by contracts, by feelings than by words.

And that brings us to the subject of war. Well, fighting is a thing they absolutely loathe. They say it's a quite subhuman form of activity, although human beings are more addicted to it than any of the lower animals. In fact, the Utopians are practically the only people on earth who fail to see anything glorious in war. Of course, both sexes are given military training at regular intervals, so that they won't be incapable of fighting if they ever have to do it. But they hardly ever go to war, except in self-defence, to repel invaders from friendly territory, or to liberate the victims of dictatorship—which they do in a spirit of humanity, just because they feel sorry for them. However, they give military support to 'friendly powers', not only in defensive wars, but also in attempts to make reprisals for acts of aggression. This is always on condition that they're consulted well in advance, that they think the casus belli adequate, that compensation has been demanded and refused, and that the control of operations is left entirely to them. Their idea of an adequate casus belli includes more than robbery by force of arms. They take even stronger action to protect the rights of traders who are subjected to any kind of legal injustice in foreign countries, either as a result of unfair laws, or of fair ones deliberately misinterpreted.

That's how the war with Blindland started, a little before our time. The Utopians gave military aid to the Cloudians, because some Cloudian businessmen operating in Blindland had been the victims of some sort of legal fraud—or so the Utopians thought. Whether they were right or wrong, the result was a major war, for the bitterness of the original conflict was stepped up by the intervention of all the surrounding countries. By the time it was over, the strength of several great powers had been shattered, and others had sustained crippling losses. As for the Blindlanders, after a series of disasters they finally had to give in. The Utopians got nothing out of it—their

motives were quite disinterested throughout—but the Blindlanders became the slaves of the Cloudians, who in the old days had been no match for them at all.

So you see how quick the Utopians are to avenge injuries done to their friends, even in money matters. But they're far more tolerant of injuries done to themselves. If a Utopian trader is cheated out of his goods, but suffers no physical injury, the strongest action they take is to suspend trade relations with the country concerned, until they receive compensation. Not that they care less about their own people—it's just that members of other nations are far more vulnerable to fraud, since it means the loss of their own private property, whereas a Utopian in similar circumstances loses nothing whatever. The loss is borne by the state. Besides, any goods lost are surplus to home requirements, or they'd never have been exported. So nobody feels any the worse for it—and they think it would be cruel to kill large numbers of people in revenge for something which hasn't made the slightest difference to the life or the livelihood of a single Utopian. But they take a very different line if one of their citizens is physically disabled or killed, either by a foreign government or by an individual foreigner. The moment they get news of such an incident through diplomatic channels, they immediately declare war. No form of appeasement has any effect, except the surrender of the people responsible—in which case they're sentenced to death or slavery.

They don't like bloody victories—in fact they feel ashamed of them, for they consider it stupid to pay too high a price for anything, however valuable it is. What they're really proud of is outwitting the enemy. They celebrate any success of this kind by a triumphal procession, and by putting up a trophy, as for some feat of heroism. You see, their idea of quitting themselves like men is to achieve victory by means of something which only man possesses, that is, by the power of the intellect. They say any animal can fight with its body—bears, lions, boars, wolves, dogs can all do it, and most of them are stronger and fiercer than we are—but what raises us above them is our reason and intelligence.

Their one aim in wartime is to get what they've previously failed to get by peaceful means—or, if that's out of the question, to punish the offenders so severely that nobody will ever dare to do such a thing again. They make for these objectives by the shortest possible route—but always on the principle of safety first, and national prestige second. So the moment war's declared they arrange through secret agents for lots of posters to go up

simultaneously at all points on enemy territory where they're most likely to be seen. These posters carry the official seal of the Utopian government, and offer a huge reward for killing the enemy king. They also offer smaller, but still very considerable sums for killing certain individuals, whose names appear on a list, and who are presumed to be the chief supporters, after the king, of anti-Utopian policies. The reward for bringing such people in alive is twice as much as for killing them—and they themselves are offered the same amount of money, plus a free pardon, for turning against their own associates.

The immediate result is that everyone mentioned on the list becomes suspicious of everything in human shape. They all stop trusting one another, and stop being trustworthy. They live in a constant state of terror, which is perfectly justified—for it's often been known to happen that all of them, including the king himself, are betrayed by the very person that they pinned most faith on. The fact is, people will do anything for money, and there's no limit to the amount of money that the Utopians are prepared to give. Bearing in mind the risks that they're inviting each traitor to run, they're very careful to offer him compensating advantages. So, in addition to vast quantities of gold, they also promise him the freehold of a valuable estate in safe and friendly territory—and such promises they invariably keep.

This system of making take-over bids for the enemy is generally considered mean and cruel, but the Utopians are very proud of it. They say it's extremely sensible to dispose of major wars like this without fighting a single battle, and also most humane to save thousands of innocent lives at the cost of a few guilty ones. They're thinking of all the soldiers who would have been killed in action, on one side or the other—for they feel almost as much sympathy for the mass of the enemy population as they do for their own. They realize that these people would never have started a war if they hadn't been forced into it by the insanity of their rulers.

If this method fails, they sow and foster the seeds of discord among their enemies, by encouraging the king's brother or some other member of the aristocracy to aspire to the throne. If internal dissension shows signs of flagging, they inflame hostility in some adjacent country by digging up one of those ancient claims that kings are always so well provided with. They promise to support the claimant's war effort, and do it by supplying plenty of money and very little manpower—for they're much too fond of one another to be willing to sacrifice a single Utopian citizen, even in exchange for the enemy king himself. But they're perfectly happy to hand out silver and gold,

because that's all they keep it for, and they know it won't make any difference to their standard of living if they spend the whole lot. Besides, quite apart from their capital at home, they possess vast foreign assets, for, as I explained before, a great many countries owe them money.

So most of their fighting is done by mercenaries. They recruit them from all over the world, but especially from a place called Venalia, which is about five hundred miles to the east of Utopia. The Venalians are extremely primitive and savage—like the wild forests and rugged mountains among which they grow up. They're very tough, and can stand any amount of heat, cold, and physical hardship. They've no idea of enjoying themselves, never do any farming, and are equally careless about their clothes and their houses. Apart from looking after cattle, they live mostly by hunting and stealing. In fact, they seem naturally designed for nothing but war. They're always looking for a war to fight in, and when they succeed in finding one they go rushing off in their thousands to offer their services cheap to anyone who needs soldiers. For taking lives is the only method they know of earning a living.

They fight for their employers with great loyalty and zeal, but won't guarantee how long they'll continue to do so. They join you on the understanding that they'll join your enemy tomorrow, if he'll pay them better, and be back with you the day after that, if you'll give them a little bit more. There aren't many wars in which you won't find that most of the soldiers on each side are Venalians. So you can imagine the sort of thing that's always happening. Two members of a family enlist in the same army. For a while they're the best of friends—the next moment they're on opposite sides, and going for one another like deadly enemies. All ties of blood and friendship are forgotten, and they're busy cutting each other's throats. And yet their only motive for mutual destruction is the fact that different kings are paying them small sums of money—and money means such a lot to them that an extra halfpenny a day is quite enough to make them change sides. But although they yield so quickly to the temptations of avarice, they get nothing out of it, for what they earn by bloodshed they immediately spend on debauchery of the most squalid type.

These people will fight for the Utopians against any nation in the world, because no one else is prepared to pay them so much. You see, the Utopians are just as anxious to find wicked men to exploit as good men to employ. So when necessary they tempt Venalians with lavish promises to engage in

desperate enterprises, from which most of them never come back to claim their earnings. But those who do are always paid in full, so that they'll think it worth while to take similar risks in future. For the Utopians don't care how many Venalians they send to their deaths. They say, if only they could wipe the filthy scum off the face of the earth completely, they'd be doing the human race a very good turn.

Their second source of manpower is the nation for whose benefit they've gone to war. Next come contingents supplied by other friendly powers, and last of all their own citizens, from whom they choose a man of proved ability to command the combined forces. They also keep two others standing by, who have no particular duties so long as the general is all right. But if he's killed or taken prisoner, one of them inherits his command—and, if necessary, the other takes over from him. This is to allow for the changing fortunes of war, and ensure that the whole army won't become disorganized, no matter what happens to the general.

The Utopian contingent is made up of volunteers from every town—for no one is conscripted for military service abroad. They feel that nervous people are not only unlikely to make good soldiers, but also apt to lower the morale of those around them. However, in case of invasion, able-bodied men of this type are either drafted into the navy, to serve alongside more reliable personnel, or posted at intervals on some city wall, where they've no chance of running away. When they actually come face to face with the enemy, respect for public opinion, combined with the fact that there's simply no escape, usually overcomes their fear, and in the last resort they often fight like heroes.

But nobody's forced to fight overseas, and similarly no wife is forced to stay at home, if she'd rather go with her husband to the front. On the contrary, that sort of thing is much encouraged and admired. Any such wife is stationed immediately beside her husband on the battlefield, along with his children and the rest of his relations. The idea is that those who have the strongest natural instinct to help one another should be enabled to do so, by being kept as close together as possible. It's a terrible disgrace for a husband to come back without his wife, or a wife without her husband, or a child without its parents. This means that once their forces are engaged, they go on fighting to the bitter end—that is, if the enemy is prepared to stick it out. So long as they're able to wage war by proxy, the Utopians do everything they can to keep out of action, but when they're finally compelled to fight their

courage is fully equal to their previous caution.

They don't fly into a fury at the first attack, but gradually, as time goes on, they grow more and more determined, until they'd rather die than yield an inch. They know there's no need to worry about food for their families, or about their children's future—two sources of anxiety that usually tend to undermine a soldier's morale—and this gives them a lofty contempt for the very idea of defeat. Their confidence is also increased by their military training. And finally they're fortified by the sound principles which they absorbed in childhood, both from their education and from their social environment. These ensure that they value life too much to throw it recklessly away, but not enough to cling on to it in a mean and cowardly manner, when it's their duty to give it up.

When the battle is at its height, a group of specially selected young men, who have sworn to stick together, try to knock out the enemy general. They keep hammering away at him by every possible method—frontal attacks, ambushes, long-range archery, hand-to-hand combat. They bear down on him in a long, unbroken wedge-formation, the point of which is constantly renewed as tired men are replaced by fresh ones. As a result, the general is nearly always killed or taken prisoner—unless he saves his skin by running away.

If the Utopians win a battle, they don't go in for any massacres. Once they've got the enemy on the run they prefer capturing to killing. They also make it a rule never to start off in pursuit, unless they can keep at least one line of troops drawn up in battle formation. They're so strict about this that, if they fail to win a battle until their rearguard goes into action, they're prepared to let the whole enemy army escape rather than establish a precedent for breaking ranks in order to pursue it. You see, they never forget a trick that they've played several times themselves. On each of these occasions the main Utopian army had been totally defeated, and the enemies were triumphantly chasing stragglers about in all directions. At this point the entire outcome of the battle was reversed by a handful of Utopians who'd been stationed in reserve. Watching for their opportunity, they suddenly counter-attacked the scattered enemy troops, who were taking no precautions, because they thought they were safe. Thus certain victory was wrested from the enemy's grasp, and the vanquished became the victors.

It's hard to say which are more cunning, their offensive or their defensive tactics. You may think they're going to retire, when it's the last

thing they have in mind—and when they've really decided to do so, you'd never think it to look at them. If they feel seriously outnumbered or handicapped by the terrain, they decamp during the night without a sound, or find some other method of deluding the enemy. Or else they withdraw in daylight, but do it so gradually, and preserve such perfect formation, that they're just as dangerous to attack while retreating as while advancing.

They're always careful to fortify their camp with a very deep, broad trench, throwing the earth from inside to form a rampart. For this job they don't rely on slave labour. The soldiers do it themselves, which means every soldier in the army, except for a few armed sentries who are posted in front of the rampart to watch out for emergencies. With so many hands at work, they can get a large area effectively fortified in an incredibly short time.

Their armour is strong enough to give adequate protection, but yields to every movement of the body. It doesn't even interfere with swimming—in fact they practise swimming in armour from a very early stage of their military training. Their long-range weapons are arrows, which cavalry as well as infantry learn to discharge with great force and accuracy. For close combat they use not swords but battle-axes, which because of their weight and sharpness are equally deadly for slashing or for stabbing. They also invent and manufacture most ingenious mechanical weapons, which are carefully kept out of sight until it's time to put them into action—otherwise such things are liable to be treated as a joke, and are therefore less effective. In designing this type of apparatus they concentrate particularly on making it mobile and easy to operate.

Once they've signed an armistice, they never break it, however much they've provoked. They never devastate enemy territory, or burn corn growing on it—for they regard such corn as being grown for their own benefit, so they do all they can to ensure that it's not trampled down either by their cavalry or by their infantry. They never hurt an unarmed man, unless he's a spy. They give protection to any town that surrenders, and even if they have to take it by storm they still don't loot it. They merely kill those responsible for its failure to surrender, and enslave the rest of the garrison. The whole civilian population remains untouched. Anyone known to have spoken in favour of surrender is given part of the property left by those condemned to death or slavery. The residue is presented to the allied forces—for nobody in Utopia gets any share of the spoil.

When the war's over, they send in the bill, not to the friendly powers for

whose sake the expenses were incurred, but to the defeated enemy. They demand to be paid partly in cash, which is put aside for use in future wars, and partly in freeholds of valuable estates on enemy territory. Thus they've acquired property in many different countries, and the resultant income, built up gradually from various sources, has now reached the equivalent of more than £327,000 per annum. To each of these countries they send out Utopian citizens, nominally to act as rent-collectors, but actually to live there in grand style and play the part of distinguished local residents. Still, there's plenty of money left over to pay into the Exchequer, unless they prefer to lend it to the country concerned, which they often do, until such time as they actually need it themselves—and even then they very seldom call in the whole amount. Some of these estates they make over to individuals whom they've persuaded to take the sort of risks that I mentioned before.

If any king goes to war with them and prepares to invade their territory, they send off a large force to intercept him before he reaches the frontier—for they never fight on their own soil if they can help it, and in no circumstances will they allow allied troops to set foot on the island itself.

Finally, let me tell you about their religious ideas. There are several different religions on the island, and indeed in each town. There are sun-worshippers, moon-worshippers, and worshippers of various other planets. There are people who regard some great or good man of the past not merely as a god, but as the supreme god. However, the vast majority take the much more sensible view that there is a single divine power, unknown, eternal, infinite, inexplicable, and quite beyond the grasp of the human mind, diffused throughout this universe of ours, not as a physical substance, but as an active force. This power they call 'The Parent'. They give Him credit for everything that happens to everything, for all beginnings and ends, all growth, development, and change. Nor do they recognize any other form of deity.

On this point, indeed, all the different sects agree—that there is one Supreme Being, Who is responsible for the creation and management of the universe, and they all use the same Utopian word to describe Him: Mythras. What they disagree about is, who Mythras is. Some say one thing, some another—but everyone claims that his Supreme Being is identical with Nature, that tremendous power which is internationally acknowledged to be the sole cause of everything. However, people are gradually tending to drift away from all these inferior creeds, and to unite in adopting what seems to be the most reasonable religion. And doubtless the others would have died out

long ago if it weren't for the superstitious tendency to interpret any bad luck, when one's thinking of changing one's religion, not as a coincidence, but as a judgement from heaven—as though the discarded god were punishing one's disloyalty.

But when we told them about Christ, His teaching, His character, His miracles, and the no less miraculous devotion of all the martyrs who, by voluntarily shedding their blood, converted so many nations to the Christian faith, you've no idea how easy it was to convert them too. Perhaps they were unconsciously influenced by some divine inspiration, or perhaps it was because Christianity seemed so very like their own principal religion—though I should imagine they were also considerably affected by the information that Christ prescribed of His own disciples a communist way of life, which is still practised today in all the most truly Christian communities. Anyway, whatever the explanation, quite a lot of Utopians adopted our religion, and were baptized.

Unfortunately none of us four was a priest—yes, there were only four of us left—the other two had died. So though they've been admitted to all the other rites of the Church, our converts haven't yet received the sacraments that only priests can administer. But they understand about them, and want them more than anything on earth. In fact, just now they're busy discussing whether it would be in order for one of them to be ordained priest, without sending for a Christian bishop to perform the ceremony. And it certainly looked as if they were going to choose a candidate for the job, though they hadn't actually done so by the time I left.

Of course, many Utopians refuse to accept Christianity, but even they make no attempt to discourage other people from adopting it, or to attack those who do—though there was one member of our congregation who got into trouble while I was there. Immediately after his baptism, in spite of all our advice to the contrary, this man started giving public lectures on the Christian faith, in which he showed rather more zeal than discretion. Eventually he got so worked up that, not content with asserting the superiority of our religion, he went so far as to condemn all others. He kept shouting at the top of his voice that they were all vile superstitions, and that all who believed in them were monsters of impiety, destined to be punished in hell-fire for ever. When he'd been going on like this for some time, he was arrested and charged, not with blasphemy, but with disturbance of the peace. He was duly convicted and sentenced to exile—for one of the most ancient

principles of their constitution is religious toleration.

This principle dates right back to the time of the Conquest. Up till then there'd been constant quarrels about religion, and the various warring sects had refused to cooperate in the defence of their country. When Utopos heard how they'd behaved, he realized that this was why he'd been able to conquer the whole lot of them. So immediately after his victory he made a law, by which everyone was free to practise what religion he liked, and to try and convert other people to his own faith, provided he did it quietly and politely, by rational argument. But, if he failed to convince them, he was not allowed to make bitter attacks on other religions, nor to employ violence or personal abuse. The normal penalty for being too aggressive in religious controversy is either exile or slavery.

Utopos made this law, not only to preserve the peace, which he saw being completely destroyed by endless disputes and implacable feuds, but also because he thought it was in the best interests of religion itself. He didn't presume to say which creed was right. Apparently he considered it possible that God made different people believe different things, because He wanted to be worshipped in many different ways. But he was evidently quite certain that it was stupid and arrogant to bully everyone else into adopting one's own particular creed. It seemed to him perfectly obvious that, even if there was only one true religion, and all the rest were nonsense, truth would eventually prevail of its own accord—as long as the matter was discussed calmly and reasonably. But if it was decided by force of arms, the best and most spiritual type of religion would go down before the silliest forms of superstition, just as corn is liable to be overgrown by thorns and brambles—for the worst people are always the most obstinate.

So he left the choice of creed an open question, to be decided by the individual according to his own ideas—except that he strictly and solemnly forbade his people to believe anything so incompatible with human dignity as the doctrine that the soul dies with the body, and the universe functions aimlessly, without any controlling providence. That's why they feel so sure that there must be rewards and punishments after death. Anyone who thinks differently has, in their view, forfeited his right to be classed as a human being, by degrading his immortal soul to the level of an animal's body. Still less do they regard him as a Utopian citizen. They say a person like that doesn't really care a damn for the Utopian way of life—only he's too frightened to say so. For it stands to reason, if you're not afraid of anything

but prosecution, and have no hopes of anything after you're dead, you'll always be trying to evade or break the laws of your country, in order to gain your own private ends. So nobody who subscribes to this doctrine is allowed to receive any public honour, hold any public appointment, or work in any public service. In fact such people are generally regarded as utterly contemptible.

They're not punished in any way, though, for no one is held responsible for what he believes. Nor are they terrorized into concealing their views, because Utopians simply can't stand hypocrisy, which they consider practically equivalent to fraud. Admittedly, it's illegal for any such person to argue in defence of his beliefs, but that's only in public. In private discussions with priests or other serious-minded characters, he's not merely allowed but positively encouraged to do so, for everyone's convinced that this type of delusion will eventually yield to reason.

Indeed there are some Utopians—quite a lot of them actually—who, so far from being materialists, go to the opposite extreme. Of course, there's no law against them, for they have a certain amount of reason on their side, and are quite decent characters in themselves. These people believe that animals have immortal souls too, though much inferior to ours, and designed for happiness on a lower plane. As for the infinite happiness in store for human beings, practically everyone feels so sure of it that, although they always mourn for an illness, they never mourn for a death—unless the person in question was obviously uneasy and unwilling to let go of life. This they regard as a very bad sign. It seems to suggest that the soul is conscious of its own guilt, and has gloomy forebodings of punishment to come—hence its terror of dying. Besides, they doubt if God will be at all pleased to see someone who, instead of running gladly to answer His summons, has to be dragged into His presence by force. So they shudder to see a death of this type, and perform the funeral rites in sorrowful silence. They merely say, 'God have mercy on his soul, and forgive his weaknesses.' Then they bury the body.

But when a person dies in a cheerful and optimistic mood, nobody mourns for him. They sing for joy at his funeral, and lovingly commend his soul to God. Finally, more in a spirit of reverence than of grief, they cremate the body, and mark the spot by a column engraved with an epitaph. Then they go home and discuss the dead man's character and career, and there's nothing in his life that they dwell on with such pleasure as the happy state of mind in

which he left it. This method of recalling his good qualities is thought the best way of encouraging similar virtues in the living, and also of pleasing the dead—for the subject of these discussions is believed to be present at them, though invisible to human eyes. After all, perfect happiness implies complete freedom of movement, and no one with any feeling would stop wanting to see his friends when he died, if they'd been really fond of one another while he was alive. On the contrary, the Utopians assume that a good man's capacity for affection, like every other good thing about him, is increased rather than diminished by death. So they believe that the dead mix freely with the living, and observe everything they say and do. In fact they regard them almost as guardian angels, and this gives them greater confidence in tackling all their problems. Also, the sense of their ancestors' presence discourages any bad behaviour in private.

They pay no attention to omens, fortune-telling, or any of the superstitious practices that are taken so seriously in other countries. In fact they treat them as a joke. But they have a great respect for miracles which aren't attributable to natural causes, because they see them as evidence of God's presence and power. They say such miracles often happen there. Indeed at moments of crisis the whole country prays for a miracle, and their faith is so great that the prayer is sometimes answered.

Most Utopians feel they can please God merely by studying the natural world, and praising Him for it. But quite a lot of them are led by their religion to neglect the pursuit of knowledge. They're not interested in science—they simply have no time for that sort of thing, since they believe that the only way to earn happiness after death is to spend one's life doing good works. Some of them look after invalids, while others mend roads, clean out ditches, repair bridges, dig up turf, sand, or stone, cut down and saw up trees, or cart such things as timber and corn into the towns. In short, they behave like servants, and work harder than slaves, not only for the community, but also for private individuals. They cheerfully undertake all the rough, dirty, and difficult jobs that the average person fights shy of, either because of the physical effort involved, or just because he dislikes them, or despairs of ever getting them done. Thus they create leisure for other people by working ceaselessly themselves—and yet they take no credit for it. They never find fault with other ways of life, or boast about their own. So the more they make slaves of themselves, the more everybody respects them.

They're divided into two sects, of which one believes in celibacy. Its

members are total abstainers, not only from sexual intercourse, but also from meat, and in some cases from every form of animal food. They renounce all the pleasures of this life, which they regard as sinful, and yearn only for the life to come. This they try to earn by the sweat of their brows, and by going without sleep—but the hope of reaching it any day now keeps them lively and cheerful. The other sect, though equally keen on hard work, approves of marriage, on the grounds that its comforts are not to be despised, and that procreation is a duty which one owes both to nature and to one's country. They have no objection to pleasure, so long as it doesn't interfere with work. On that principle they eat a lot of meat, because they think it enables them to work harder. They're generally considered more sensible than the others, though the others are thought more devout. Of course, if the members of the first sect tried to justify their behaviour on logical grounds, they'd merely be laughed at. But as they admit that their motives are religious rather than rational, they're regarded with great reverence—for Utopians are always extremely careful to avoid rash judgements in the matter of religion. People who belong to this sect are known in their own language as Cowparsons which may be roughly translated, Lay Brethren.

All their priests are exceptionally pious, which means that there are very few of them—normally thirteen per town, or one per church. But in wartime seven of the thirteen go off with the troops, and seven more priests are ordained as temporary substitutes. When the army chaplains return, they get back their old livings, and the extra priests remain on the staff of the Bishop—for one of the thirteen is given this status—until they succeed, one by one, to vacancies created by the death of the original incumbents.

Priests are elected by the whole community. The election is by secret ballot, as it is for all public appointments, to prevent the formation of pressure groups, and the successful candidates are then ordained by their colleagues. Priests are responsible for conducting services, organizing religions, and supervising morals. It's considered very shameful to be had up before an ecclesiastical court, or even reprimanded by a priest for bad behaviour. Of course, the actual suppression and punishment of crime is the job of the Mayor and other public officials. Priests merely give advice and warning—though they can also excommunicate persistent offenders, and there's hardly any punishment that people fear more. You see, a person who has been excommunicated is not only completely disgraced and racked with fears of divine vengeance. His physical security is threatened too, for, unless

he can very soon convince the priests that he's a reformed character, he's arrested and punished by the Council for impiety.

Priests are also responsible for the education of children and adolescents, in which quite as much stress is laid on moral as on academic training. They do their utmost to ensure that, while children are still at an impressionable age, they're given the right ideas about things—the sort of ideas best calculated to preserve the structure of their society. If thoroughly absorbed in childhood, these ideas will persist throughout adult life, and so contribute greatly to the safety of the state, which is never seriously threatened except by moral defects arising from wrong ideas.

Male priests are allowed to marry—for there's nothing to stop a woman from becoming a priest, although women aren't often chosen for the job, and only elderly widows are eligible. As a matter of fact, clergymen's wives form the cream of Utopian society, for no public figure is respected more than a priest. So much so that, even if a priest commits a crime, he's not liable to prosecution. They just leave him to God and his own conscience, since, no matter what he has done, they don't think it right for any human being to lay hands on a man who has been dedicated as a special offering to God. They find this rule quite easy to keep, because priests represent such a tiny minority, and because they're so carefully chosen. After all, it's not really very likely that a man who has come out top of a list of excellent candidates, and who owes his appointment entirely to his moral character, should suddenly become vicious and corrupt. And even if we must accept that possibility—human nature being so very unpredictable—a mere handful of people without any executive power can hardly constitute a serious danger to the community. They keep the numbers down, in order not to lower the present high prestige of the priesthood, by making the honour less of a rarity—especially as they say it's hard to find many people suitable for a profession which demands considerably more than average virtues.

The reputation of Utopian priests is just as good abroad as it is at home. The evidence and, I think, the reason for this may be found in what happens on the battlefield. While the fighting is in progress, the priests kneel a short way off, wearing their holy vestments, and hold up their hands to heaven. They pray first for peace, and then for a bloodless victory—bloodless on both sides. As soon as their own troops start getting the best of it, the priests hurry on to the battlefield and stop all unnecessary violence. Once they appear on the scene, an enemy soldier can save his life simply by calling out to them,

and, if he can manage to touch their flowing robes, his property too is safe from any sort of war damage. This earns them so much respect in every country, and gives them so much genuine authority, that they've often been able to protect their own soldiers quite as effectively as they normally protect the enemy's. Sometimes, at desperate moments when the Utopian forces were in full retreat, and their enemies were rushing after them, intent on killing and looting, the intervention of the priests has been known to prevent a massacre, part the combatants, and bring about the conclusion of a peace on equal terms. For the person of a Utopian priest is universally regarded as sacred and inviolable even among the most savage and barbarous nations.

They have religious festivals on the first and last days of each month, and also of each year—their calendar, by the way, is based on the solar year, divided into lunar months. These first days are called Dogdates in their language, and the last ones Turndates—in other words, Beginning Feasts and Ending Feasts.

Their churches look most impressive, not only because they're so beautifully built, but also because of their size. You see, as there are so few of them, they have to be capable of holding vast numbers of people. However, they're all rather dark, which is not, I'm told, a mistake on the part of the architects, but a matter of policy. The priests think that too much light tends to distract one's attention, whereas a sort of twilight helps one to collect one's thoughts, and intensifies religious feeling. Now this doesn't take the same form with everyone, though all its varieties lead by different routes, as it were, to the same destination: the worship of the Divine Being. For that reason, there's nothing to be seen or heard in their churches which can't equally well be applied to all religions. Any ceremonies which are peculiar to individual sects are performed privately at home, and public services are so arranged as not to detract in any way from these private ones.

On the same principle, their churches contain no visual representations of God, so that everyone's left free to imagine Him in whatever shape he chooses, according to which religion he thinks the best. Nor is God addressed by any special names there. He is simply called Mythras, a general term used by everybody to designate the Supreme Being, whoever He may be. Similarly, no prayers are said in which each member of the congregation cannot join without prejudice to his own particular creed.

At Ending Feasts they fast all day, and go to church in the evening, to thank God for bringing them safely to the end of the year or month in

question. Next day, which is of course a Beginning Feast, they meet at church in the morning to pray for happiness and prosperity during the year or month which has just begun. But before going to church at an Ending Feast, wives kneel down at home before their husbands, and children before their parents, to confess all their sins of omission and commission, and ask to be forgiven. This gets rid of any little grudges that may have clouded the domestic atmosphere, so that everyone can attend divine service with an absolutely clear mind. To do so when one is feeling upset is thought positively blasphemous. For that reason, anyone who's conscious of feeling anger or resentment towards another person stays away from church until he's made it up, and purged himself of these unpleasant emotions, for fear of being promptly and severely punished otherwise.

As they enter the church, the men turn to the right and the women to the left, and the seating is so arranged that the males of each household are in front of the house-father, and the house-mother acts as a rearguard for the females. This ensures that everyone's conduct in public is watched by those who are responsible for his discipline at home. Here too they take great care to see that a young person always sits next to an older one—for if children are left to themselves they're apt to waste their time in church playing childish games, when they ought above all to be developing a sense of religious awe, the strongest, if not the only incentive to good behaviour.

They never sacrifice any animals, for they can't imagine a merciful God enjoying slaughter and bloodshed. They say God gave His creatures life, because He wanted them to live. But they do make certain burnt offerings—of incense and other aromatic substances, and of innumerable candles. Of course they realize that such things are no use to the Divine Being, but they see no harm in them as a form of tribute, and feel that these scents and lights and other elements of ritual somehow raise people's thoughts, and make them more eager to worship God.

The congregation is dressed in white, and the priest wears multi-coloured vestments, magnificent in workmanship and design, but made of quite cheap materials—for instead of being woven with gold thread, or encrusted with rare jewels, they're merely decorated with the feathers of various birds. On the other hand, their value as works of art is far greater than that of the richest material in the world. Besides, the feathers are arranged in special patterns which are said to symbolize certain divine truths, and the priests are careful to teach the meaning of these hieroglyphics, since they

serve to remind worshippers of God's favours towards them, of their duty towards Him in return, and of their duty towards one another.

The moment the priest appears from the sanctuary wearing these vestments, everyone bows down to the ground in reverence, and there is deep silence throughout the building. The effect is so awe-inspiring that one almost seems to feel a divine presence. After a few minutes the priest gives a sign for the congregation to stand up. Then they sing hymns of praise to God, accompanied by musical instruments, which are generally quite different from anything to be seen in our part of the world. Most of these have a much sweeter tone than ours, though some of them simply won't bear comparison with European instruments. But in one respect they're undoubtedly far ahead of us. All their music, both vocal and instrumental, is wonderfully expressive of natural feelings. The sound is so well adapted to the sense that whether the theme is prayer or rejoicing, agitation or calm, sorrow or anger, the melodic line exactly represents the appropriate emotion. It therefore enters deeply into the hearer's consciousness, and has an extraordinarily stimulating effect.

The service ends with a set form of prayer repeated by both priests and congregation. It's worded in such a way that, while they're all saying it together, each person can apply it to himself. It goes something like this:

O God, I acknowledge Thee to be my creator, my governor, and the source of all good things. I thank Thee for all Thy blessings, but especially for letting me live in the happiest possible society, and practise what I hope is the truest religion. If I am wrong, and if some other religion or social system would be better and more acceptable to Thee, I pray Thee in Thy goodness to let me know it, for I am ready to follow wherever Thou shalt lead me. But if our system is indeed the best, and my religion the truest, then keep me faithful to both of them, and bring the rest of humanity to adopt the same way of life, and the same religious faith—unless the present variety of creeds is part of Thy inscrutable purpose. Grant me an easy death, when Thou takest me to Thyself. I do not presume to suggest whether it should be late or soon. But if it is Thy will, I would much rather come to Thee by a most painful death, than be kept too long away from Thee by the most pleasant of earthly lives.

After saying this prayer, they again bow down to the ground for a few moments, and then get up and go off to lunch. The rest of the day is spent in recreation and military training.

Well, that's the most accurate account I can give you of the Utopian Republic. To my mind, it's not only the best country in the world, but the only one that has any right to call itself a republic. Elsewhere, people are always talking about the public interest, but all they really care about is private property. In Utopia, where there's no private property, people take their duty to the public seriously. And both attitudes are perfectly reasonable.

In other 'republics' practically everyone knows that, if he doesn't look out for himself, he'll starve to death, however prosperous his country may be. He's therefore compelled to give his own interests priority over those of the public; that is, of other people. But in Utopia, where everything's under public ownership, no one has any fear of going short, as long as the public storehouses are full. Everyone gets a fair share, so there are never any poor men or beggars. Nobody owns anything, but everyone is rich—for what greater wealth can there be than cheerfulness, peace of mind, and freedom from anxiety? Instead of being worried about his food supply, upset by the plaintive demands of his wife, afraid of poverty for his son, and baffled by the problem of finding a dowry for his daughter, the Utopian can feel absolutely sure that he, his wife, his children, his grand-children, his great-grandchildren, his great-great-grandchildren, and as long a line of descendants as the proudest peer could wish to look forward to, will always have enough to eat and enough to make them happy. There's also the further point that those who are too old to work are just as well provided for as those who are still working.

Now, will anyone venture to compare these fair arrangements in Utopia with the so-called justice of other countries?—in which I'm damned if I can see the slightest trace of justice or fairness. For what sort of justice do you call this? People like aristocrats, goldsmiths, or money-lenders, who either do no work at all, or do work that's really not essential, are rewarded for their laziness or their unnecessary activities by a splendid life of luxury. But labourers, coachmen, carpenters, and farmhands, who never stop working like cart-horses, at jobs so essential that, if they did stop working, they'd bring any country to a standstill within twelve months—what happens to them? They get so little to eat, and have such a wretched time, that they'd be almost better off if they were cart-horses. Then, at least, they wouldn't work quite such long hours, their food wouldn't be very much worse, they'd enjoy it more, and they'd have no fears for the future. As it is, they're not only ground down by unrewarding toil in the present, but also worried to death by the prospect of a poverty-stricken old age—since their daily wages aren't enough to support them for one day, let alone leave anything over to be saved up for when they're old.

Can you see any fairness or gratitude in a social system which lavishes such great rewards on so-called noblemen, goldsmiths, and people like that, who are either totally unproductive or merely employed in producing luxury

goods or entertainment, but makes no such kind provision for farm-hands, coal-heavers, labourers, carters, or carpenters, without whom society couldn't exist at all? And the climax of ingratitude comes when they're old and ill and completely destitute. Having taken advantage of them throughout the best years of their lives, society now forgets all the sleepless hours they've spent in its service, and repays them for all the vital work they've done, by letting them die in misery. What's more, the wretched earnings of the poor are daily whittled away by the rich, not only through private dishonesty, but through public legislation. As if it weren't unjust enough already that the man who contributes most to society should get the least in return, they make it even worse, and then arrange for injustice to be legally described as justice.

In fact, when I consider any social system that prevails in the modern world, I can't, so help me God, see it as anything but a conspiracy of the rich to advance their own interests under the pretext of organizing society. They think up all sorts of tricks and dodges, first for keeping safe their ill-gotten gains, and then for exploiting the poor by buying their labour as cheaply as possible. Once the rich have decided that these tricks and dodges shall be officially recognized by society—which includes the poor as well as the rich—they acquire the force of law. Thus an unscrupulous minority is led by its insatiable greed to monopolize what would have been enough to supply the needs of the whole population. And yet how much happier even these people would be in Utopia! There, with the simultaneous abolition of money and the passion for money, how many other social problems have been solved, how many crimes eradicated! For obviously the end of money means the end of all those types of criminal behaviour which daily punishments are powerless to check: fraud, theft, burglary, brawls, riots, disputes, rebellion, murder, treason, and black magic. And the moment money goes, you can also say good-bye to fear, tension, anxiety, overwork, and sleepless nights. Why, even poverty itself, the one problem that has always seemed to need money for its solution, would promptly disappear if money ceased to exist.

Let me try to make this point clearer. Just think back to one of the years when the harvest was bad, and thousands of people died of starvation. Well, I bet if you'd inspected every rich man's barn at the end of that lean period you'd have found enough corn to have saved all the lives that were lost through malnutrition and disease, and prevented anyone from suffering any ill effects whatever from the meanness of the weather and the soil. Everyone could so easily get enough to eat, if it weren't for that blessed nuisance,

money. There you have a brilliant invention which was designed to make food more readily available. Actually it's the only thing that makes it unobtainable.

I'm sure that even the rich are well aware of all this, and realize how much better it would be to have everything one needed, than lots of things one didn't need—to be evacuated altogether from the danger area, than to dig oneself in behind a barricade of enormous wealth. And I've no doubt that either self-interest, or the authority of our Saviour Christ—Who was far too wise not to know what was best for us, and far too kind to recommend anything else—would have led the whole world to adopt the Utopian system long ago, if it weren't for that beastly root of all evils, pride. For pride's criterion of prosperity is not what you've got yourself, but what other people haven't got. Pride would refuse to set foot in paradise, if she thought there'd be no under-privileged classes there to gloat over and order about—nobody whose misery could serve as a foil to her own happiness, or whose poverty she could make harder to bear, by flaunting her own riches. Pride, like a hellish serpent gliding through human hearts—or, shall we say, like a sucking-fish that clings to the ship of state?—is always dragging us back, and obstructing our progress towards a better way of life.

But as this fault is too deeply ingrained in human nature to be easily eradicated, I'm glad that at least one country has managed to develop a system which I'd like to see universally adopted. The Utopian way of life provides not only the happiest basis for a civilized community, but also one which, in all human probability, will last for ever. They've eliminated the root-causes of ambition, political conflict, and everything like that. There's therefore no danger of internal dissension, the one thing that has destroyed so many impregnable towns. And as long as there's unity and sound administration at home, no matter how envious neighbouring kings may feel, they'll never be able to shake, let alone to shatter, the power of Utopia. They've tried to do so often enough in the past, but have always been beaten back.

While Raphael was telling us all this, I kept thinking of various objections. The laws and customs of that country seemed to me in many cases perfectly ridiculous. Quite apart from such things as their military tactics, religions, and forms of worship, there was the grand absurdity on which their whole society was based, communism minus money. Now this in itself would mean

the end of the aristocracy, and consequently of all dignity, splendour, and majesty, which are generally supposed to be the real glories of any nation.

However, I could see that he was tired after talking so much, and I was not quite sure how tolerant he would be of any opinion that contradicted his own—especially when I remembered his sarcastic reference to the sort of person who is afraid of looking a fool if he cannot pick holes in other people's ideas. So I just made some polite remarks about the Utopian system, and thanked him for his interesting talk—after which I took his arm and led him in to supper, saying:

'Well, I must think it over. Then perhaps we can meet again and discuss it at greater length.'

I certainly hope we shall, some day. In the meantime I cannot agree with everything that he said, for all his undoubted learning and experience. But I freely admit that there are many features of the Utopian Republic which I should like—though I hardly expect—to see adopted in Europe.

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

社会契约论

［法］让－雅克·卢梭　著

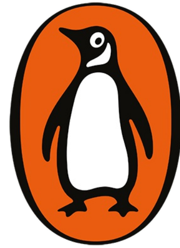
高黎平　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

社会契约论

（法）让-雅克·卢梭/著

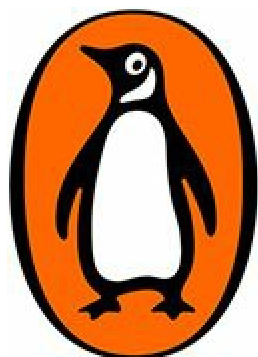
高黎平/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

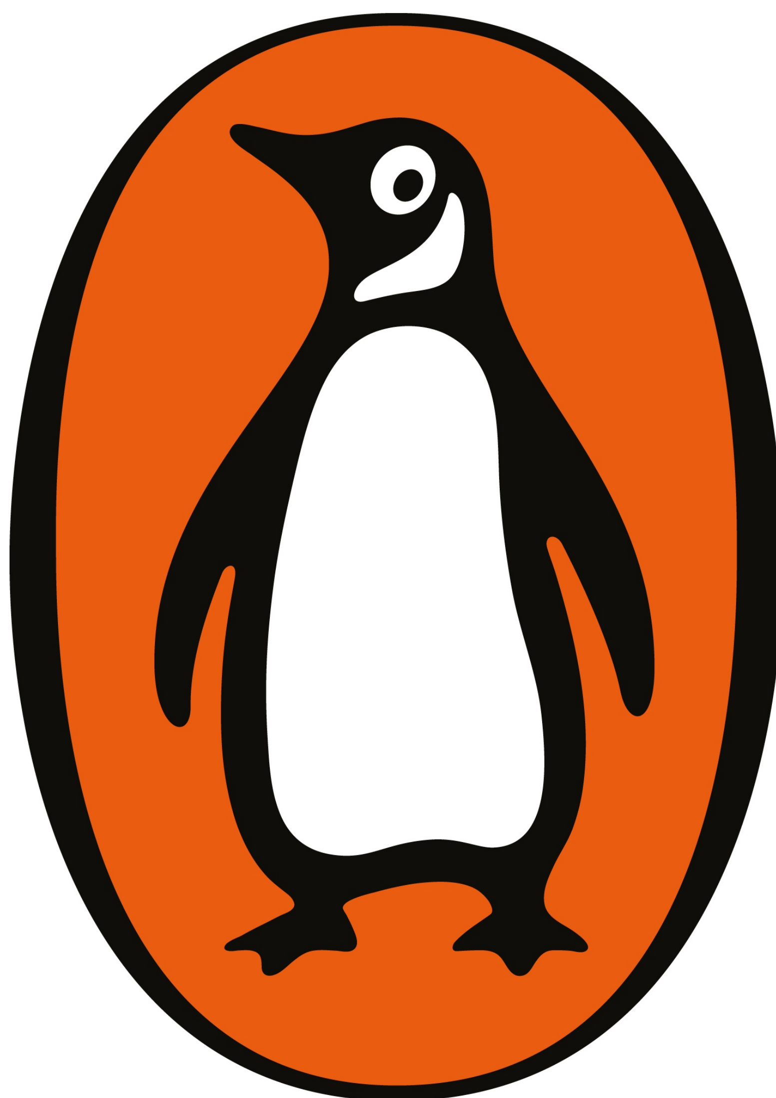
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
Le Contrat Social first published 1762
This translation first published in Penguin Classics 1968
This edition published 2004

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of The Social Contract,
translated and edited by Maurice Cranston
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

让-雅克·卢梭（Jean-Jacques Rousseau，1712—1778），法国著名的思想家、哲学家、政治家、教育家、文学家与音乐家，是欧洲启蒙运动的代表人物之一。卢梭出生于日内瓦一个清贫的家庭，自幼便多遭磨砺，不过爱好读书，涉猎广泛。三十岁时，卢梭移居巴黎，并相继结识了狄德罗（Denis Diderot，1713—1784）等“百科全书派”的代表人物，甚至应邀参与了《百科全书》的撰写工作。之后的两篇论文《论科学与艺术》和《论人类不平等的起源和基础》，使他在法国名声大噪，而《社会契约论》与《爱弥儿》的相继出版则更是把他推上了时代的风口浪尖。

卢梭是一个有着极其复杂性格的人，那种偏执、好斗、敏感、脆弱的性格要素使他渐渐成为一个不被大众认可的人，他甚至还深深得罪了曾经的好友们，如“百科全书派”一众人物与思想泰斗伏尔泰（Voltaire，1694—1778）等，同时，他“主权在民”的政治理念又与自然与法国当局的统治所不调和。所以在群起的声讨之中，卢梭开始了晚年颠沛流离、异常艰辛的流亡生涯，直到七十年代才被允许重回法国。1778年，时年六十六岁的卢梭在孤独与交困中走完了自己复杂的一生。法国大革命结束之后，卢梭被移葬先贤祠，这也是对他不凡成就的最高肯定。

卢梭完全称得上是一位“百科全书”式的人物。《社会契约论》的民权思想是“法国大革命”与“北美殖民地的独立运动”的奠基之石，《爱弥儿》中描绘的“性善论”教育系统在教育史上掀起了一场革命，猛烈讴歌爱情的小说《新爱洛伊斯》成为欧洲一时纸贵的文学读物，《忏悔录》开天辟地的自传式文体，他还为《百科全书》撰写音乐部分……

在卢梭生平活跃的十八世纪欧洲，“文艺复兴”运动种下的“人文主义”精神已然开花结果，中世纪神学彻底走下神坛，科学逐渐成为真理，人性的意义变得不言自明。在此基础上，以“理性”为基础概念的“启蒙运动”接连登场，社会上已更早地酝酿出一种“自由”与“平等”的氛围。法国，作为欧洲的中心，作为这股社会思潮的中心，更是人心思变、群情激昂，成为所有热爱自由的人心向往之的伟大国家。而卢梭亦是如此，自中年移居法国之后，不断探索、发现、升华，终于在1762年出版《社会契约论》这一部政治思想的集大成之作。

《社会契约论》是卢梭政治思想的代表作，处处体现着以社会契约精神为核心的民权思想，自问世以来即受到普罗大众的追捧，不仅点燃了之后轰轰烈烈的“法国大革命”之火，更鼓舞了世界各地人民对自由与民主的不懈追求，尤以北美殖民地独立运动为代表。书中首章首句“人生而自由，却无处不受枷锁的束缚”成为跨越时代的名言金句，一语道破契约社会的本质秩序。书中“主权在民”的思想为现代民主制度奠基。原作共四卷，第一卷论述了社会结构和社会契约，第二卷论述了主权及其权利，第三卷论述了政府及其运作方式，第四卷讨论了几种社会组织。“伟大的思想”系列收录《社会契约论》一书，希望读者能从中一窥卢梭伟大的政治思想。

“社会契约”的概念其实古已有之，而其中又以霍布斯（Thomas Hobbes，1588—1679）与洛克（John Locke，1632—1704）等两位英国政治家的理论为代表，不过卢梭的思想则与二位前辈不尽相同。卢梭认为人人生而自由平等，人们通过平等地放弃天然自由，转而获取平等的契约自由，这些订立的契约的集合便是国家的组成。人民才是国家的主人，而政府只是人民意志的执行者而已。当政府站在人民意志的对立面时，人民有权通过起义的方式推翻它。

如果说现代民权思想是一棵参天巨树，世人皆生活在其福荫之下，

那社会契约精神则是孕育这棵巨树的良土，由卢梭等先贤精心栽种，再经过世世代代无数先人的不懈奋斗与努力，血泪汗水的挥洒浇灌，终于茁壮而成，不容撼动。品读《社会契约论》，我们不仅能体会到缜密的思维方式，也能如临其境般置身于那段热血的岁月。民智如何走向开化，我们所处的现代契约社会从何处发端，又将去往何方，这一系列的问题，读者皆可从本书中找到满意的答案。

柴尔

第一卷

我写本文的意图是想思考，从人的现实情况与法律的可能情况来看，在政治社会中是否存在什么合法又可靠的政权法则。为探究这一目的，我必须始终努力将权利容许什么与利益规定什么结合起来，这样，正义与功利不致有所分歧。

我一开始并不试图证明主题的重要性。或许人们会问，我是一位君主还是一名立法者，从而要论述政治？我要回答：都不是。实际上，这正是我要讨论政治的理由。我若是一位君主或是一名立法者，就不应该在谈论本该做什么的问题上浪费时间，而应该当好我的君主或立法者，否则就保持沉默。

既然我生来是一个自由国家的公民，是主权国家的一员，无论我的呼声对公共事务的影响多么微弱，我所拥有的对公共事务的选举权赋予我研究它们的责任。无论何时，细想到各种政权，我就会欣喜地发现，我的研究总能给予我热爱自己国家政权的新理由。

第一章　第一卷的主题

人生而自由，却无处不受枷锁的束缚。那些自认为可以主宰他人的人，反而成为他人的奴隶。这种从主人到奴隶的角色转换是如何发生的呢？我不得而知。我们又如何能够使这种转换合法化呢？我相信我能够解答这个问题。

如果我只是考虑强权以及强权的种种后果，我会说：“只要一个人被迫顺从他人，并且顺从了，那么这个人做得对；但是，一旦他能够挣脱枷锁，并且挣脱了，那么他做得更对。既然一个人以与被剥夺自由一

样的权利重新获得自由，那么要么他有权寻回自由，要么当初人们无权剥夺他的自由。”然而，社会秩序是一种神圣的权利，是其他所有权利的基础。同时，由于它不是一种源于自然的权利，它必然建立在各种约定的基础之上。问题是要确定那些约定都是什么。可是，在切入这个问题之前，我必须对迄今为止我所谈的东西加以证实。

第二章　论原始社会

在所有社会中，最古老的、唯一自然的社会是家庭。然而，只有孩子们为了自身的生存需要父亲养育时，他们才倚赖于父亲。一旦没有了这种需要，父子关系就此了结。一旦孩子从对父亲的顺从中解脱出来，一旦父亲从对孩子的负担中解脱出来，双方都同样重获独立。假如他们继续保持父子关系，那么，这种情况就不再是一种自然的状态，而是他们自愿的选择，而家庭本身只是依靠契约得以维持。

这种共有的自由是人性的一种产物。人类的首要法则是维护自身的生存；人的首要关怀对象是自己。而人一旦到了具有理智的年龄，可以自行判断保存自我的最佳手段，那么他也就成了自己的主人。

因此，家庭或许可以被视为政治社会的原始模式：国家领袖是父亲的形象，人民就是孩子的形象，而所有生来自由平等的人，只有当他们在放弃自由中看到好处时，才会放弃其自由。唯一不同的是，在家庭中，父亲对孩子的爱从他给予他们的关心中得到回报，而在一个统治者对其臣民没有如此感情的国家里，统治者对发号施令的乐趣必然取代其对子民的爱。

格劳秀斯引用奴隶制度的例子并否认，一切人类政府都是为了被统治者的利益而建立的。他另具一格的推理方法总是为建立人权提供佐证。人们还可以采取另一种更能自圆其说的方法，但也不见得对暴君就更为有利。

因而，按格劳秀斯的说法，究竟是人类属于一百个人，还是这一百个人附属于人类，这是难以预测的，尽管在整本书中他似乎更倾向于前一种见解，而这也正是霍布斯的看法。这些作者向我们表明，人类就像被分成各种类别的牛群，每一支牛群都有一个首领，首领保护牛群只是因为想吃掉它们。

正如牧羊人的品性优于羊群的品性一样，那些人类的牧羊人——他们的统治者——的品性也优于人民的品性。据菲洛记载，卡里古拉皇帝就是这样类推的，并得出这样的结论：国王都是神明，或者说，人民都是畜牲。

卡里古拉的推理与霍布斯及格劳秀斯的推理相吻合。的确，亚里士多德在他们之前就曾说过，既然一些人生来是奴隶，而一些人生来是主人，那么，人根本不是生而平等的。

亚里士多德是对的，可他把结果误认为原因。任何在奴隶制下出生的人都为奴隶制而生——这话说得再贴切不过了。枷锁之下的奴隶失去了一切，甚至也失去了摆脱枷锁的渴望。他们热衷于被奴役，就像尤利西斯的伙伴们热衷于禽兽一般的生活一样。[1]因此，如果说有天生的奴隶，那只是因为世上早已有违背天性的奴隶。强权造就了第一批奴隶，而他们的懦弱使他们永世为奴。

我不曾谈论过亚当王或挪亚皇，也就是瓜分世界的三大君主之父，尽管有人以为在他们身上也能看出像萨士林儿子那样的行为。我希望读者会对这种谦逊的态度心存感激，因为既然我是那些或许排行老大的君主之一的直系，或许还是长房的后代，谁知如果考证起族谱来，我就不会发现自己是全人类合法的国王呢？不管怎样，没有人能否认亚当是世界之王，就像鲁滨逊是荒岛的主人一样——因为他是岛上唯一的居民。而这样一个帝国的巨大优势在于，君主能安享王位宝座，没有必要担心叛乱、战争或阴谋篡权。

第三章　论最强者的权利

最强者决非强大到足以自始至终做主人，除非他能将强力转化为权利，将顺从转化为义务。由此就得出了"最强者的权利"，这种权利听起来有些嘲讽，实际上已作为一种原则确定下来。但是，我们不需要让人解释一下这个名词吗？强力不过是一种物理力量，我不明白，强力的影响能够产生什么样的道德。屈服于强力是一种必要的行为，而不是一种意志的行为，它充其量只是一种谨慎的行为。在何种意义上它才算是一种义务呢？

我们不妨假设，这种所谓的权利是存在的。我认为，这种权利只能招致无法解释的混乱，因为一旦强力变成权利，因果关系便会倒置，而每一种强力都能征服另一种强力，那么前者继承了属于被征服者的权利。要是人们不服从却又不会受到惩罚，其不服从的行为就变得合法了。既然最强者始终是对的，那么唯一的问题就是如何成为最强者。可是，这种随强力的终止而消失的权利，又是怎样一种权利呢？假设强力驱使人们服从，那就没有必要根据义务而服从了，而假设强力不驱使人们服从，他们也就不再有服从的义务了。因而，"权利"一词并没有给强力增添什么东西；它在此毫无意义。

服从权力。如果这意味着屈服于强力的话，这条箴言虽好，却属多余；我想它绝不会遭到违背。我承认一切权力都来自上帝；可一切疾病也是上帝的旨意。那就意味着我们不能请医生看病吗？如果我在森林边上被一个强盗抢劫的话，强盗的勒索迫使我交出钱包。可假如我能以某种方式设法保住钱包而不让强盗抢走，那我从良心上依然得被迫交出钱包吧？毕竟，强盗手中的手枪无疑也是一种权力。

那么，确实必须承认的是，强力并不构成权利，而人们对合法的权力才有服从的义务。因而，仍然要回到我初始的问题上来。

第四章　论奴隶制

既然没人对自己的伙伴行使什么自然的权力，既然强力独自不赋予人们什么权利，人们当中的一切合法权力必然要建立在约定的基础上。

格劳秀斯说过："如果一个个体能转让其自由而成为主人的奴隶，那么整个民族为什么就不能转让其自由而成为国王的随从呢？"在这一评论中，有不少模棱两可的词需要加以解释。可就将我们自己的目光限制在"转让"这个问题上吧。转让是给予或出卖的意思。一个成为别人奴隶的人并没有给予自己什么，他出卖自己至少是为了个人的生存。那么，整个民族出卖自己又为了什么呢？国王远不能供养他的臣民，反而只能从臣民那里获得他自身的生活供养。按照拉伯雷的说法，要供养国王付出的不是一星半点。那么，臣民就应该为君主而献身，同时以国王接受其财产为条件吗？假设是这样，我就看不出他们还剩什么了。

有人会说，专制者向他的臣民保证国内安宁。这很好，可如果他的野心所引起的战争、他的难以餍足的贪求、他统治下的恶毒与羞辱，这一切对人们的迫害更有甚于人们内部的纠纷的话，那么人们从这里又得到什么呢？如果这份安宁对人民而言是一种苦难，人们在这里又得到什么呢？在地牢中会有安宁，可是那样的安宁足以使人们感到舒适吗？希腊人虽在独眼巨人的魔窟里安宁而居，可他们正等着被吃掉。

说一个人只讲奉献而不求任何回报，这是荒唐可笑、不可思议的。只因为如此行事的人都不理智，这样的行为便不合法理、毫无价值。说整个民族有过同样的行为，就等于幻想出一个疯癫之国，而疯癫是不能形成权利的。

纵然每个人能够转让自己，他也无法转让其孩子，因为他们生来是人，是自由的。他们的自由属于他们。除了他们自己，没人有权剥夺他们的自由。在他们到了具有理智的年龄之前，他们的父亲可以以他们的

名义，为了保护他们及其幸福而制定某些规则，可是却不能彻底无条件地出卖他们的自由，因为这种天赋权利总是与自然目标相矛盾的，它超出了父权的范围。因此，唯有在每一新生代能够接受或拒绝的情况下，专制的政府才是合法的，在这种情况下，这样的政府才不会专制。

放弃自由等于放弃作为人的特性——人的权利甚至是义务。对于放弃一切的人是无法给予补偿的。实际上，这种放弃与人性相悖，因为如果你剥夺了意志的一切自由，你就使一个人的行为失去一切道德上的意义。最终，任何规定一方绝对权威、规定另一方绝对服从的约定，都是无效且自相矛盾的。有权请求一切的人并不承担任何义务，这不是很明白的吗？难道这种既不等价又无交换的唯一条件，其本身不就包含着这种行为的无效性吗？我的奴隶有什么权利来反对我？假设他所拥有的一切都属于我，他的权利就是我的权利，那么，自己反对自己的权利，简直就是一派胡言。

格劳秀斯和其他人声称，他们从战争中引出了这种所谓的奴役权的另一个起源。他们认为，胜利者拥有杀死失败者的权利，而失败者可以用自由换取生命的延续——这种约定更为合法，因为这对双方都是有利的。

可是，这种所谓的杀死失败者的权利显然无法从战争状态中取得。唯独由于这一原因，生活在其原始独立条件下的人缺乏足够定期的交流，其结果不是和平状态就是战争状态，因而人们并非自然成为仇敌。正是对事情的冲突而不是人们之间的争论，才引发战争，而形成战争状态并不出自纯粹的个人关系，而只是出自所有权关系。一个人与另一个人之间的私人战争，既不存在于一个没有固定财产的自然状态之中，也不存在于一个一切都置于法律权威下的社会状态之中。

个人之间的斗殴、决斗或小冲突无法构建任何一种状态。至于法兰西国王路易九世的法令所允许的那些私人战争，以及上帝的和平所中止

的那些战争，都不过是封建政权的滥用——如果曾有过这样一种体制的话，这是一种不合理的体制，它不但违背了自然之法，也违背了一切健全的政权。

那么，战争不是人与人之间的关系，而是国与国之间的关系。在战争中，每个个体并不以人的身份，甚至也不以公民的身份，[2]而只以士兵的身份参战，他们偶然地成为敌人，他们这时并不作为国家的成员，而只作为国家的保卫者。总而言之，一国只能把另一国而非国人当作敌人，因为在具有不同内在性质的东西之间不存在真正的关系。

这一原则既符合一切时代所制定的法则，也符合一切文明民族的恒定惯例。宣战与其说是对臣民发出警告，倒不如说是对政权发出警告。假如外国人——不论他是一位君主、一个个体，还是一整个民族——抢劫、杀害或扣押另一个君主的臣民却没有向该君主宣战的话，他就不是敌人，而是强盗。即使在战争当中，要是一个正义的君主掠夺了敌人领土上所能掠夺的公众财产，他仍然要尊重臣民及其个人的财产，也要尊重自己的权利所依据的原则。既然战争的目标是征服敌对国，当士兵全副武装时，他们就有权杀死敌对国的守军。一旦放下武器向对方投降，他们就既不是敌对国的敌人，也不是敌对国的工具，他们只是再一次成为普通人，而敌对国再也无权夺去他们的生命。有时不杀死一兵一卒也可摧毁一个国家。战争不会产生不为目的所需的权利。这些原则既不是格劳秀斯的发明创造，也不是诗人笔下的凭空杜撰，它们源自事物的本性，建立在理性的基础之上。

征服权除了有最强者的法则之外，就没有什么其他基础。假设战争并不赋予征服者屠杀被征服者的人民的任何权利，那么这种他所不具有的权利，就不能用来证明奴役是正当的。只有当无法奴役敌人时，人们才有权杀死他们的敌人，这样，奴役权就不可能出自杀害权。让被征服者以其自由换取胜利者不法索取的生命，因而这是一场不公正的交易。

将生死权建立在奴役权基础上、将奴役权建立在生死权基础上的争论，是一场恶性循环的争论。

甚至假设存在这种可怕的屠杀权，那么战争的奴役，或被征服的民族不再有义务服从主人，除非他被迫服从主人。胜利者夺取受害者生命的等价物后，对受害者没有施恩。胜利者是以剥削受害者的方式，而不是以无利的方式消灭受害者。因此，胜利者与失败者之间的战争在继续，除以武力在失败者身上获得权力之外，胜利者决不能获取更多的权力。胜利者与失败者的相互关系是战争的结果，而战争权的使用意味着和平条约的不复存在。约定确实已经制定了，可那种约定完全终止不了战争，而是预示着战争的继续。

因而，不管我们怎样看待这一问题，奴役权是不存在的。之所以不存在，不仅是因为其无法被证实，而且也是因为其荒谬、无任何意义。“奴役”与“权利”这两个词相互矛盾，相互排斥。不论是人与人之间，还是人与整个民族之间，说：“我特此与你签订契约，该契约完全由你付出代价而完全有利于我，只要我高兴，我就遵守契约，而只要我高兴，你必须遵守契约。”这样的话岂不荒唐可笑。

第五章　论我们总该追溯到原始契约

即使我要承认迄今为止我反驳过的一切，可专制的斗士总不会有什么好结果。征服一大批人与统治一个社会之间将始终存在天壤之别。如果一个人接二连三地奴役许多单一的个体，不管数目有多大，在这里我只看到主人与奴隶，而根本看不到人民与其统治者。或许就存在一个集合体的关系，但肯定不是一个联合体的关系，因为他们既没有共同的利益，也不属于同一个政体。即使这样的一个人奴役了全球一半的人，他仍然只是一个个体，而他那总与他人截然不同的利益，只不过是个人利益而已。当他死去时，他所留下的帝国会分崩离析，就像一棵橡树被大火燃得精光，化为一堆灰烬一样。

格劳秀斯说过："一个民族可以将自身交给国王。"因此，依格劳秀斯的说法，在将自己奉献给国王之前，一个民族就是一个民族。这种奉献本身就是一种公民行为。它预示着公众的深思熟虑。因此，在考虑一个民族选择国王的行为之前，我们应该仔细审视一下民族之所以成为一个民族的行为，因为那种后者的行为必然先于前者，而这才是社会的真正基础。

实际上，如果不存在更早的约定的话，除非选举一致通过，不然，怎么会存在少数服从多数的义务呢？希望得到一个主人的一百人有什么权利代表不希望得到一个主人的十人投票呢？多数投票法本身以约定为依据，它意味着至少有一次全体一致的情况。

第六章　论社会公约

我设想人们达到这样一种状态：自然状态下，阻碍人们维持现状的力量已超过了每个个体在该状态下用以自保的力量。如果不改变其生存模式的话，那么原有状态将无法持续，人类必将消亡。

既然人们无法形成新的势力，那只好将那些早已存在的势力联合起来，并加以控制。他们能够保存自己的唯一方法是，在一个强大到足以克服任何抵抗的集体中联合起个体的力量，并在单一动力的驱动下朝着一个目标一致行动。

各种势力的联合只有依靠个体联合才能产生，但是，因为每个人自身的力量和自由又是其生存的首要手段，要是他自己不去冒险，不愿忽视对自己所应有的关怀，他又怎么能融合他人的力量呢？根据我现有的主题，这一难题可以用以下这句话来表达：

"如何找到一种以一切集体力量保护个人及其利益的联合方式，以这种方式，每个个体在与他人联合时，除听从自己外，无需服从他人，

依旧可以像以前那样自由自在？”这是社会契约所要解决的根本问题。

该契约的条款按行为的性质规定得如此严密，哪怕微小的修改都可能使其变得空洞无效。它们就是这样确定的，虽然可能从未在形式上加以说明，但是无论在哪里它们都是相同的，无论在哪里都是被默许认可的。这个社会公约一旦遇到破坏，每个人就会重新获得其原有权利，而在恢复其自然自由的同时，又会失去其用自然自由换来的公民自由。

这些关于联合的条款可以简化为一句话，即每个联合者自身及他对整个集体的权利的全盘转让。首先，由于每个个体完全交出自己，所以对大众来说条件都是一样的，正因为对于每个人的条件都相同，所以在没有个人利益的情况下，就不会有人想让这种条件成为别人的负担。

其次，既然这种转让是无保留的，联合体会尽可能完美无缺，而每个联合者就不会有什么要求了。因为假设个体保留了某些权利，个体与公众之间将缺乏更高的裁判权威，每个个体从某种意义上说便可以自行作出判断，因而很快就会要求在一切事务中自行作出判断。这样一来，自然状态就会继续下去，而联合体不可避免地变成暴政或是空话。

最后，既然每个人都把自己交给了大众，就等于没把自己交给任何人。既然从任何一种联合里，人们都可以获得与自己让渡给他人的同等的权利，那么他就重新获取其所失去的每样东西的等价物，并且在讨价还价之中，获取更多的权力以保存其所拥有的东西。

那么，如果从社会公约中删除一切不太重要的东西，我们就会发现社会公约可以简化为如下词句：“我们每个人在公意的最高指示下，将其个体及其一切力量都投入到集体中，并且作为一个整体，我们接纳作为整体不可分割的一部分的每一个成员。”

紧接着，这种联合行为产生一个道德的与集体的共同体，以代替每

个契约方的个人，该共同体由众多像与会的选举人那样的成员组成。通过这样的相同行为，共同体获得其团结且普遍的自我、生活和意志。因而，由所有其他人联合产生的公共人格过去被称为城市，[3]而现在被认为是共和国或政体。在被动情况下，它被称为国家；在主动情况下，它就是主权者；和自己的同类相比，它就是政权。至于联合者，他们集体被称为人民，而其中的个体作为主权权威的参与者，可称之为公民，也可称他们为臣民，因为他们已处于国家法律制度的管辖之下。不过，这些词汇常常混淆不清，每个词都可能被误解为另一个词。重要的是，在以确切的含义使用这些词时，要知道如何辨别它们。

第七章　论主权者

这一法则表明，联合行动包括社会与个体之间的相互规约，其结果是，在与自己制定的契约中，每个人都会发现自己承担着双重义务，第一，与个体相比，作为主权者主体的一员；第二，与主权者相比，作为国家公民的一员。但是在这里，民法上的准则却不适用，民法上写道：每个人并不受与自己的规约的约束，因为在对自己尽责和对个体作为整体一部分所涉及的某事尽责之间，存在着巨大的差别。

我必须补充说明的是，一次公众决策可能把一项义务强加给服从于主权者的臣民，由于两方面的原因每个人都能被理解，而相反的是，如此的决策并不可能把一项义务强加给主权者本身。由此，这必然违背了为主权者服务的政体的真正本性，因为主权者为自身制定其不能违反的法律。只有以唯一相同的关系来考虑，主权者才处在与自己订约的个人地位，这表明，既不存在也不可能存在任何把人民共同体捆绑起来作为一个主体的基本法，甚至是社会契约本身，也不可能做到这一点。这并不意味着，只要不违背该契约，整个主体就可以与其他国家订约，因为相对于国外势力而言，该政体只是一个简单的实体、个体而已。

不过，既然政体或主权者将其存在只归于契约的神圣性，那么甚至

在与外国势力制定的条约中，它也不能让自己承担任何损害这一初始行为的义务，例如，它无法将自己的一部分转让或呈送给另一个主权者。违背自己赖以生存的法令，必将自我毁灭。巧妇难为无米之炊啊。

因而，民众一联合起来就成为一个集体，要是不进攻这个集体，就没有人能够伤害到集体中的任何一员。要不是每个成员都受到攻击，仍然不太可能伤害到整体。因而，义务与自我利益同样强制契约双方互相援助。而同样的这些人应试图在这双重关系中，将与此相关的一切利益结合起来。

现在，由于主权者完全由构成主权者的个体组成，所以主权者没有也不能有任何对立于个体利益的利益。于是，主权者没有必要向臣民作种种保证，因为一个主体希望伤害其所有的成员，这是不可能的，而我们之后会看到，主体不能伤害任何一个特定的成员。主权者，正因为他是主权者，便永远是他应有的样子。

但是，这并非臣民与主权者之间关系的真实写照。不管他们的共同利益如何，除非主权者能找到确保臣民忠诚的方法，否则臣民都不愿意受其所负责任的约束，除非他们保证其忠诚的方法。

因为作为人的每个个体，都可能有个人意志，而这一意志对立或有别于他作为公民所具有的公意。他的个人利益可以大声呼吁，其呼声大大有别于公众利益的呼声。他绝对自然独立的生命，可能使他将其所要归于公共事业的东西，既看作无偿奉献，也看作损失，不过这种损失与他的沉重付出相比，不那么令人痛苦。试想一下，那个创建国家的非自然人只是一个虚构的实体（既然他不是一个人），他可能试图享受各种权利，而又不想对臣民尽什么义务。这种不公正的滋生势必引发政体的毁灭。

由此，为了使社会公约不至于成为一个空洞的法则，社会公约就要

在约定中默示——给予所有其他人以强力——任何拒绝服从公意的人都将由全体迫使其这样做，这除了必须迫使其获得自由之外，没有任何其他意思，因为这是在让每个公民献身国家时，保证他免于一切人身依附的必要条件，正是这一条件，才使政治机器设计成型，并使其正常运转，而政治机器本身将合法性赋予公民契约。没有这一条件，如此的契约肯定是荒唐可笑、专制残暴、易于被严重滥用的。

第八章　论公民社会

在从自然状态到公民社会的发展历程中，人类发生了惊人的变化。公民社会将作为行为准则的正义置于本能的位置，赋予其行为以其前所未有的道德品质。只有到那时，当义务的呼声已经取代了生理的冲动，权利取代了欲望，至今只想到自己的人才会发现自己被迫根据他人准则去行事，去求教自己的理智，而不去研究自我倾向。在公民社会中，虽然一个人转让了一些属于自然状态的利益，可是他却能获得更大利益作为回报。他的才能得到锻炼和发展，其思想得到拓展，其情操变得高尚，其整体精神得到提升，其结果是，如果在多种情况下滥用新的条件不会将自己降低到比出发点更糟糕的地步，他应该经常祈佑幸福的时光。这幸福的时光已使其脱离自然状态，也使其从一头愚笨的、受限制的畜牲变成了有智力的动物，乃至变成了人。

假定我们起草一份资产负债表，以便可以很容易地比较赢亏。对任何诱导他及其可获取的东西来说，一个人在社会契约中所亏损的东西是他的自然自由与绝对权利。他在社会契约中赢得的东西，是公民的自由及其所有物的财产权。如果想避免犯厚此薄彼的错误，我们必须清楚区分仅以个人力量为界限的自然自由，以及受限于公意的公民自由；我们还必须区分仅建立在强力或“最先占有权”基础上的享有权，以及必须倚赖法定所有权的财产权。

我还得补充一点，一个与公民社会往来的人，应该获得道德自由，

唯有道德自由才能使其成为自己的主人，因为奴隶制只受肉欲支配，而服从为自己制定的法律才是自由。然而，就这一主题我已经说过好多次，而“自由”一词的哲学含义并不是本主题所要论述的。

第九章　论财产权

集体的每个成员，在集体存在的瞬间就将当时情况下存在的自我——他自己及其所有资产，包括一切动产——交给了这个集体。这并不是说，这样一来，享有权在转手过程中改变其性质，变成主权者掌握的财产权。更准确地说，由于国家的资产与个体的那些资产比要大得无以言状，所以个人财产虽然不再合理合法——可不管怎样，在陌生人的眼里，公共财产其实比个人财产更安全，也更不可变更。因为在面对国家的公民时，国家变成了他们全部动产的主人，这有赖于社会契约，这是由于社会契约在国家内部充当所有其他权利的基础，面对其他国家时，本国只有源自个体的“最先占有权”。

“最先占有权”尽管比“最强者的权利”更为真实，可是直到创立了财产权才变成一种真正的权利。每个人对自己所需要的东西都拥有自然权利。但是，使一个人变成某一财产的所有者的积极行为，却把他排除在别的一切事物之外。他一旦得到自己的份额，必然将自己局限于那一份财产，也就更没有权利违背集体了。因而，我们明白，在自然状态下脆弱的“最先占有权”，在政治社会中却迫使每个公民尊重它。这种权利让人们意识到，属于别人的东西并不比属于他自己的东西来得少。

作为一条普遍的法则，为了证明对任何一块土地的最先占有权是正当的，我们必须满足下列条件：第一，土地必须尚未被任何其他人占有；第二，所有权者仅仅拥有他为生存所需要的土地；第三，他不是通过游手好闲的方式，而是通过实实在在耕地的方式取得享有权——这是在缺乏法定所有权时需要别人尊重的所有权的唯一标志。

的确可以说，试图把“最先占有权”变成人们的需要，并能操作得起来，这使其内涵得到最大限度地延伸。一个人真的能够避免给权利设定限制条件吗？一个人两脚踏上一片共用的土地，便马上声称这块土地归自己所有，这就足够了吗？以强力不让别人接近一会儿，以便剥夺他人永久的回归权，这就足够了吗？一个人或一个民族又怎么能够掠夺广袤的土地，拒其他民族于门外，除非是罪犯的霸占——由于这种行为劫掠了其余人的住所及自然给予他们共有的一切，那就足够了吗？当努涅斯·德·巴尔波亚站在海岸上，以卡斯提王权的名义占有了南太平洋和整个南美洲的时候，那就足以剥夺一切居住者，把世上所有的君主排除在外吗？假如是这样的话，这些仪式不断上演，枉然无益。天主教皇要是没离开皇室，可能会拥有全世界，除非后来帝国所在地区已属于别的君主。

我们会明白，私人土地被统一连片时，是怎样变成公共土地的；我们也会明白，主权者权利从臣民扩大到他们所占有的土地时，是怎样既涵盖财产权又涉及人的。这使那些土地所有者都变得更加依赖别人，然后把自己的实力变成了忠于他人的保证。古代君王似乎没有看到这一好处，因为他们自称波斯人或斯基泰人或马其顿人时，好像认为自己宁可是人们的统治者，而不是国家的主人。当今的君主更精明地称自己为法国国王，或西班牙国王，或英国国王等，他们以这种方式占有国土，那么也就拥有了国土上的居民。

社会契约所具有的唯一特点是：集体在接受个体动产，远非剥夺个体的财产。相反，集体只是保证个体对财产的合法享有权，这就将侵占变成了有效的权利，将享有变成了合法所有权。因此，每个所有者都被认为是公共财产的托管人，其权利就必须得到国家每个其他公民的尊重，并且受到集体力量的保护以抵御异乡人的侵犯。通过对公众有利并对他们更有利的让与，人们就已经获取了一切，可以说是他们已放弃的一切——这一似是而非的论点，很容易通过区分主权者所拥有的权利和

所有者对这一财产所拥有的权利加以解释，这一点可从下文了解。

还可能发生这样的事，人们在一无所有时，就已经开始联合了，在扩大土地并使其大到足以分给其所有者之后，他们开始共享土地，或者在他们中间交替地分配土地，不是平等分配就是由主权者决定按份额分配。不管所得物以什么方式安排，任何个体对自己财产的所有权都必须从属于集体对一切财产的所有权，因为要是没有了这一权利，就失去了社会契约的约束力，也失去了行使主权的有效力量。

我将以一种可作为整个社会制度基础的观点结束本章——第一卷：换句话说，社会公约决不可能破坏自然平等，恰恰相反，它将用一种道德上的合法平等代替自然可能强加给人的任何物质上的不平等，其结果是，不管在人力和智力方面如何不平等，人们依靠契约和权利都会变得平等。[4]

第二卷

第一章　论主权是不可转让的

迄今已建立的种种原则的首要也是最重大的结果在于，唯有公意才能按照已创建的国家想获得共同利益的目标来指导国家的各种力量。因为如果个人利益之间的冲突已使必要的公民社会得以建立的话，那些相同利益之间的和谐一致就会使公民社会的建立成为可能。正是那些不同利益的共同点才产生这种社会联系。假如没有了与个体利益相一致的契合点，那么可以想象，社会就不可能存在。因此社会就是必须在这共同利益的基础上进行治理。

那么我的论点是，主权不外乎公意的运作，因而决不能转让。主权者只是一个集体存在，因而不能由任何其他人代表，而只能由本人代表——权力可以由他人代表，意志却不能由他人代表。

实际上，个意与公意在某些点上相互一致不是不可能的，但至少这种一致不可能连续持久。因为个意本质上倾向于偏私，而公意则倾向于平等。甚至更不可思议的是，在个意与公意之间的和谐一致可以有保证，即使如此，这种保证还要一直继续下去，因为如此持久的和谐一致往往是碰巧产生的，而不是人为的结果。主权者可能会说："我现在想要的正是这个人想要的，或者至少是他说他想要的。"但是，没有一位主权者会说："这个人明天想要的，也是我想要的。"因为一个人希望在未来受到束缚，这是荒谬可笑的，而且说一个人希望同意与其利益相悖的观点，这是自相矛盾的。如果一个民族只是唯命是从，那么这个民族会因为这样的承诺而解体。因为一旦有了一位主人，就不再有主权，原有政体因而消亡。

这并不是说，如果主权者有反对的自由却没有这么做，领袖的命令也不能算是公意。在这种情况下，人民的沉默可视为人民的同意。这一点将在下文详细阐述。

第二章　论主权是不可分割的

正如主权是不可转让的，同样的道理，主权也是不可分割的，因为意志要么是公意，[5]要么不是。主权不是民族主体的意志，只是一部分人的意志。在前者中，主权宣布意志是主权国家与宪法法律的行为；而在后者中，主权宣布意志只是特定意志的表达，或者说是管理机构的行为，它充其量不过是一道法令。

然而，我们那些无法对主权原则分类的政治理论家们，将主权原则按其意图来分类。他们将主权原则分为权力与意志，即将其分为行政权与立法权，征税权、司法权与战争权，内政权与外交权。我们的理论家们时而将这些东西混为一谈，时而将它们割裂开来。他们把主权者变成一只空想的动物、一件用破布缝制的拼缀物，更确切地说，仿佛他们是用几个人的肢体来凑成一个人体的样子——其中一个人有眼，一个人有腿，而另一人则只有脚。据说，日本的江湖郎中可以当着旁观者把一个小孩切开，将身体的不同部位抛向空中，然后让这个小孩落下来，结果每一部位都有生命。这或多或少是我们的政治理论家玩弄的戏法——总之，他们用一种只配在露天市场上耍弄的手法肢解社会主体之后，再将碎片拼凑在一起。

这一错误出自没有形成主权者权威的正确概念，也出自仅仅把权威的派生产物误认为权威本身的各个部分。例如，宣战与媾和都被认为是主权行为，它们实际上并不是主权行为，因为这些行为都不构成法律，而只是法律的应用、决定该法律如何加以解释的特定行为——我给附在“法律”这个词上的思想下完定义之后，这一切就显而易见了。

如果我们以同样的方式仔细考察关于主权其他假定的分类法，我们应该会发现，无论何时我们认为主权被分类，我们都搞错了，因为被认为是主权的那一部分权利，实际上现已被证实只是从属于主权，预示着主权付诸实施的最高意志的存在。

当到了法律理论家该运用自己的原则来分别确定君主和人民的权利时，这种缺乏确切性的情况已大大模糊了他们自己所下的那些结论。读过格劳秀斯第一部作品中的第一卷第三、四章的读者都会明白，这位渊博的学者及其译者巴贝拉克是怎样陷入他们自己的诡辩论中的，他们担心不是说得太多就是说得太少（根据他们的偏见），也担心违背了他们需要调和的各种利益。格劳秀斯，一个在法兰西的流亡者，对自己的国家心怀不满，逃离本国，想追随路易十三，将自己的书献给路易十三，所以他不遗余力地剥夺各民族的一切权利，并千方百计地将那些权利奉献给君主。这肯定非常合巴贝拉克的胃口，巴贝拉克将自己翻译的格劳秀斯的译著献给英国国王乔治一世。然而，不幸的是，詹姆斯二世的被逐——巴贝拉克称之为一次“逊位”——迫使他把话说得明显有所保留、含糊其辞、模棱两可，以免暗示威廉三世是一个篡夺者。如果这两个作家采用了正确的原则，他们的所有困难就都烟消云散，他们的论点也就一致了。但可悲可叹的是，他们本该说出真理，并且只追随公民。真理不会给他们带来财富，而公民也不是授予他们大使、教授头衔和给之高薪厚俸的人。

第三章　论公意是否会出错

由我所论证的论题可见，公意总是正义的，并且总是趋向于公共利益。但这并不表明，公民的讨论总是有同样的正确性。我们总想得到对我们有利的东西，可我们总是辨别不出对我们有利的东西。人民决不会腐败，可他们常常误入歧途。而只有在这时，人民似乎愿意要不好的东西。

众意（一切个体想要的东西）与公意之间常常存在极大的差异。公意只研究公共利益，而众意则研究个人利益——确实只不过是个体欲望的总和。但是，如果我们从这些相同的意志中去掉互相抵销的加减数，那么剩下的总数依然是公意。[6]

当公民能够充分了解情况并展开讨论，而公民彼此之间有没有任何勾结时，许许多多的小分歧往往会产生公意，所作出的决策总会是正确的。但是，如果以牺牲大集体为代价而形成小团体，则每个小团体的意志对自己的成员来说成了公意，而对国家来说却成了个意。那么，我们可能会说，投票数不再与人数相等，而是与现有的组群相等了。分歧变少，结果是产生更少的公意。最终，当其中一个小团体变得很大，大到能够超过其余的小团体，其结果不再是许多小分歧的总和，而是只有一个唯一的分歧。到那时，就不存在公意，而那占上风的意见不过是个意而已。

因而，为了公意能够得到清楚的表达，国家中不应该存在各种派系，而每个公民应该只为自己做决定，这是绝对必要的[7]——这便是伟大的利库尔戈斯那独一无二的发明。可如果存在着各种派系，那就成倍增加它们的数量，并像梭伦、努玛和塞尔维乌斯所做的那样，防止它们中出现不平等。这些是能确保公意始终得到启迪、人们不会误入歧途的唯一预防措施。

第四章　论主权者权力的限度

如果国家或城邦，只是一个道德人格——由成员联盟构成其生命，如果它最担忧的东西是其生存，那它就需要具有普遍的强制力，以便以对整体最有利的方式推动并应对每一部分。正如大自然给予每个人以支配自己四肢的绝对力量一样，社会公约赋予政体以支配其所有成员的绝对权力。正是这相同的权力，在公意的指引下，才有了像我所说的主权的名称。

然而，除公众之外，我们还得考虑构成公众的个人，个人的生命和自由自然独立于公众之外。由此，我们必须清楚地区分公民与主权者各自的权利，[8]而且还必须将公民作为臣民所应尽的义务与他们作为人所应享受的自然权利区别开来。

我们承认，每个人可按社会公约转让其与集体有关的权力、动产和自由的；可还必须承认的是，唯有主权者才是上述关系的裁断者。

无论公民能够为国家作出什么样的贡献，只要主权者要求，他就应该去做；而主权者不能将对集体不必要的任何负担强加给臣民。事实上，主权者甚至不能有这样的意图，这与其说是依照凡事必有因的自然法则，倒不如说是依照推理的法则。

将我们与社会团体联结在一起的之所以是义务，只是因为它们是相互的。鉴于其性质如此，一个人在尽义务的过程中，要是不能同时为自己工作，就无法为其他人工作。公意总是正当合法的，所有人常常希望获得各自的幸福，只是大众将“各自”一词用在自己身上，在投票中都想着自己，这怎么可能呢？这表明，权利的平等及平等所产生公正的概念得自于每个人对自己的偏爱，因此也得自于同样的人性。这还表明，公意若要成为真正的公意，就必须在其目的和在其性质上都是普遍的。公意应该从公众为了公意延伸到公意适用于公众。当对准任何特别限定的目标时，公意就会失去其自然的公正——因为在判断陌生事物时，我们没有任何真正的公正原则来引导我们。

实际上，无论何时，在我们处理一件特定的事情或权利，且其未能按照事先的公约得到解决时，事情就会变得有争议。这是一种个人利益和公共利益针锋相对的冲突，我既看不到需要遵循的法律，也看不到作出裁判的仲裁者。这在如此有赖于公意决策的争论中，显得荒唐可笑，因为得出的结论只能有利于其中一方，而对另一方而言则认为这是一种不相同、不公平的，在如此情况下有失公正而犯过失的意志。于是，正

如个意无法代表公意，如果公意试图处理个体情况的话，也将改变其性质，它也就不能再作为公意对任何人或任何事作出裁决了。例如，雅典人在任命或罢免其领导人时，授荣誉予一个人，而惩罚另一个人，并且按照许多特别的规定，不加选择地行使行政的一切职能，那么，此时雅典人不再使明白无误的东西变成公意，不再像主权者那样做事，反而像行政官那样做事。所有这一切似乎与通常接受的观念并不一致，但是，请给我时间来详细说明我自己的观点。

从我迄今为止所说的来看，公意产生其公意性，与其说源自人们的选票数目，倒不如说源自人们结合在一起的共同利益——因为公意是一项制度，在这一制度下，每个人都必须服从他所施加给别人的相同条件。利益与正义之间这值得赞美的和谐一致性给予了社会讨论以公正性，但这种公正性在讨论个体事件时会立刻消失，因为不存在一种能够将判决方和争论方各自的判决结合统一起来的共同利益。

无论以哪种方式看待这件事，我们始终都要回到同样的结论：社会公约在公民中建立起平等，因为他们遵从相同的条件，也都必须享有相同的权利。因此，按照契约的性质，主权者的每一个行为，即公意的每一次真实的行动，同样约束或有利于所有公民，结果是主权者只认识到民族的整体，而不区分构成民族的任何成员之间的差异。那么，什么东西真正称得上是主权行为呢？它并不是高贵者与低贱者之间的契约，而是主体与其每个成员之间的契约。它是一种合法的契约，因为它的基础是社会契约；它是一份公正的契约，因为它对公众而言是共用的；它是一份有益的契约，因为除了共同利益外它别无所求；它也是一份持久的契约，因为它得到武力和最高权力的保障。只要臣民履行这样的契约，他们就不是顺从任何人而是顺从自己的意志。而要问主权者和公民的各自权利延伸多远，那就等于问这两类人共同履约的程度如何，也就是问每个人对全体及全体对每个人履约的程度如何。

由此可见，很显然，主权者的权力事实上是完全绝对的、神圣不可侵犯的，但它并不超越也不能超越公共契约的限制。因而，每个人都可以随心处置这些契约留给他的财富和自由。由此推断，主权者绝对没有将负担厚此薄彼地强加给臣民的权利，因为一旦发生这种情况，事情就会变成个人的事，主权者的权利对此不再奏效。

一旦承认这些差异，要断言个体会按照社会契约作出什么真正的放弃，明显变得不真实。的确，由于这种契约，他们发觉自己处在一种比以前更为优越的处境中。为谋取利益，他们用了不确定且不稳定的生命来交换更美好更安全的生命，而不是进行转让；他们用了自然的独立交换自由，也交换为享有自己的安全却伤害他人的权力；他们用了其可被战胜的权力交换社会联盟使其不可战胜的权利。他们抵押给国家的真正生命始终受到国家的保护；甚至当他们冒着生命危险保卫国家时，除了归还他们从国家那儿接受的东西外，还做了什么呢？除了他们不再经常做的事之外，在面临更大的危险时，在每个人不可避免地处在战争、冒生命危险保卫任何为维护生命而服务于自己的自然状态中，还做了什么呢？确实，所有人现在都必须在万一需要时为自己的国家而战，但是，至少每个人不再为自己而战。为了保障安全，我们只需要冒着在没有这种保障时每个人所必须独自面对的危险中的一部分，这难道不算是某种受益吗？

第五章　论生死权

有人会问，无权掌控自己生命的个体，怎么能将他们不曾拥有的权利转让给主权者？这个问题看起来似乎难以解答，只因为问题提得很糟糕。每个人都有权冒生命危险以保存生命。你听说过一个跳出窗口逃避火灾的人犯有自杀罪吗？一个人上船时知道有危险而死于暴风雨，能以此认定他自杀吗？

社会契约的目的是维护契约方。不论哪一方，想要达到目的，就要

有手段，而这种手段与一定的危险，乃至一定的牺牲是分不开的。无论谁想要以别人的生命代价来保全自己的性命，就必须在必要时为别人献身。现在作为公民，个人不再自行判断法律要求他冒的是哪种危险。而当君主对他说："你应该死，这对国家来说是有利的。"那么，他应该死，因为正是这样的条件让他得以安全生活至今，而且，他的生命不再是自然的赠物，而是国家给予他的一种有条件的礼物。

判处罪犯死刑可以用相同的方式来看待：正是为了避免自己成为杀人事件的被害人，如果一个人本身成了杀人犯，他才同意去死。在社会契约中一个人只会想到保住性命，而决不会想舍弃性命。我们绝不认为，任何契约方会从开始就设想自己被绞杀。

此外，每个罪犯都会触犯社会法律，按其行为被判为叛乱者、叛国者。他违反了国家法律，便不再是国家的一员。甚至于，他对国家发动战争。在这种情况下，国家存亡与其个人生存是不相容的，要么国亡，要么人死。而当这个罪人被处死时，他与其说是公民，倒不如说是敌人。审判和判决证明并且宣布他违反了社会契约，结果他再也不是这个国家的一员了。既然他接受了这样的成员资格，就其公民身份而言，就应该将其作为社会公约的违犯者驱逐出境，或者将其作为众矢之的处死。这样的敌人不是一个虚构的人，而是一个活生生的人，因此，战争权使杀人变得合法。

可有人会说，谴责一个罪犯是个体的行为。这我同意。接下来，这样的行为并不从属于主权者，谴责罪犯是主权者可赋予却不可自行运用的一项权利。我的所有想法都融会在一起，但我无法一下子描述清楚。

此外，频繁的惩罚是政权软弱或涣散的标志。不存在一个坏到一无是处的人。人不该被处以死刑，即使是以儆效尤，也不该如此。如果他对社会不构成危险，就应该放他一条生路。

至于赦免或免除一个法律判定有罪且法官已宣判的罪犯刑罚的权利，这只属于凌驾于法官和法律之上的那种人，即主权者。可即使是的话，这种权利也并非十分清晰，并且极少付诸实施。在一个管理良好的国家，极少有人受处罚，这不是因为有许多的赦免，而是因为极少有罪犯：而在一个日渐衰落的国家，大量犯罪的涌现才确保了罪犯不受惩罚。在古罗马共和国的统治下，元老院和执政官绝对都不想赦免罪犯，古罗马人也是如此，尽管他们有时取消了自己的判决。经常性的赦免标志着犯罪将很快不需要赦免，任何人都能明白那必然导致的结果。然而，我能感觉到我的心正在低语，并且正在阻止我下笔。让我们把对这些问题的讨论留给那些从不犯错因而无需赦免的公正的人吧！

第六章　论法律

我们已按社会公约赋予政体以生命和存在，而现在按立法赋予政体以运动和意志却成了问题，因为联合形成政体所依据的原始行为并不决定其为保存自身所要做的事。

事物的美好和井然有序皆源于其真正的本性，而与人类契约无关。一切的正义都来自那唯一的源泉——神，如果我们知道如何从这高贵的源泉中获取正义的话，我们就既不需要政权也不需要法律了。毋庸置疑，存在一种完全出自理性的普遍正义，但要认可那种正义，它就必须是互惠的。从人性上说，由于缺少自然的制裁，自然正义的法则便不适用于人间。其实，这样的法则只益于恶劣的人，却伤害了正直的人，因为正义的人尊重法则，而其他人却不以尊重法则作为回报。于是，就必须有契约和明确的法律，以此将权利和义务相结合，并将正义引向其目标。在一切事物都处于公共的自然状态下，我对那些我未曾许诺过的人并没有什么亏欠，并且我认识到，对我没用的那些东西只属于别人。但是，在一切权利依法而定的公民社会中，就不再是那样了。

然而，究竟什么是法律呢？如果我们根据形而上学的观点简单地给

法律下定义的话，我们就会继续谈论下去，却无法理解。即使我们能说出自然法则是什么，也仍旧无法理解国家法。

我已说过，公意不可能涉及任何特定的目标，因为这样的特定目标不是在国家之内，就是在国家之外。如果它是在国家之外，那么，一种与其无关的意志对其而言就不是公意；如果它是在国家之内，那么它将构成自然的一部分。因而，整体与部分就形成了一种关系，这其中包含两个独立的存在，一个是部分，一个是除掉这一部分后的整体。可是，除掉这一部分后的整体不再是一个整体，于是，只要这种关系存在的话，就没有整体而只有两个不平等的部分。由此可见，其中一方的意志从不是另一方的公意。

但是，当全体人民为全体人民制定规则时，就只考虑自身。而如果有什么关系出现的话，这种关系则存在于一种观点下的整体和另一种观点下的整体之间，全体不存在分裂。在此，制定规则就像制定规则的意志一样，是普遍的。这就是我称之为法律的行为。

当我说法律的对象总是普遍的时候，我的意思是，法律只考虑全体臣民及所有抽象行为，可它并不考虑任何个人或任何特定的行为。因而，法律可以规定应该存在有特权，但不可能指名将特权赋予某一个人；法律可以给公民划分多个等级，甚至确定各个等级的准入资格，但不可能指名把某某人列入某个等级之中；法律可以创建一个王室政权，并安排一个世袭继承人，但不可能选举一个君主或指定一个王室家庭——总之，涉及个体的职能并不在立法权的范畴之列。

根据这一观点，立刻就能发现，我们再也不用问由谁来制定法律，因为法律是公意行为；再也不用问君主是否可以凌驾于法律之上，因为君主只是国家的一部分；再也不用问法律是否可以是非正义的，因为没有人对自己是非正义的；再也不用问我们如何能做到既自由自在又受法律约束，因为法律不过是我们自己意愿的记录。

我们还能发现，既然法律将意志的普遍性与立法范畴的普遍性统一起来，任何人，不管是谁，依据自己的权力所要求的任何东西都不是法律，甚至主权者本身就某一特定目标所指令的东西也不是一条法律，而是一道法令，它不是主权的行为，而是政权的行为。

因此，我称任何有法可依的国家为“共和”，不论其宪法形式如何，因为只有到那时，公共利益才能得以统治，并且只有到那时，公共利益才是真实存在的东西。所有合法政府都是“共和的”。[9]我下面会解释政权是什么。

实际上，法律只是公民社会赖以存在的条件。既然人人都得服从法律，他们就应该是法律的制定者。制定社会规则的权利只属于构成社会的那些人；但是，他们如何运用法律呢？法律靠的是公共契约，还是突发的灵感？政体拥有一个宣布其意志的机构吗？谁将赋予法律以必要阐明条例和提前宣布条例的远见卓识呢？法律将如何在必要时宣布条例呢？一大群盲人常常不知想要什么，因为他们很少知道什么东西对其有用，他们怎么会独自承担像立法制度那样宏大而艰难的事业呢？人们自己总是很想得到好东西，可他们自己并非总能辨认出好东西。公意总是正当合法的，可引导公意的判断并非总是明智的。必须促使公意看事物的本质，而且有时也要看事物的表象；还必须为其指明所探索的美好之路，以便抵御个体欲望的诱惑；还必须赋予其对地点和时间的感知，以便其在眼前切实优势和未来隐患间加以权衡。个体看到好东西却拒绝了它，公众期望好东西却又看不到它。两者都同样需要加以引导。必须强迫个体使其意志服从其理性，必须教会公众识别其所期许的东西。这样的公众启迪将在社会团体中使理解与意志结合起来，使各个部分达到完美协调，使整体提升至拥有最大力量。为此，我们需要立法者。

第七章　论立法者

为了寻求最适合国家的社会法则，需要有一个能理解人之七情六欲

但本身无欲无求的高明智者。这个智者与我们的天性无关，却又对其了如指掌；他的幸福并不依赖于我们的幸福，然而他始终致力于为我们谋求福祉，且愿意在长久的时间里平静等待一份不知何日才会授予他的荣耀。他总是在年轻时劳动而在年老时享受劳动的果实。[10]人类总得需要神明给予其法律。

为了给公民或国王下定义，柏拉图曾在他的对话录《政治家》中，从哲学角度应用了与卡里古拉从经验主义角度所应用的相同推理。如果说伟大的君主很少出现是事实的话，一个伟大立法者的出现又该有多稀罕呢？毕竟，君主只需遵循立法者提供的模式即可。立法者是发明机器的工程师；而君主只不过是启动并操作机器的机械师。孟德斯鸠说过：在政治社会诞生之时，规范种种制度的是共和国领袖，而后来，造就共和国领袖的是种种制度。

无论是谁在建立民族的艰巨事业上冒险，要我们说，都必须准备改变人类的本性，将每个自身彻底完整而孤独的个体改变为更大整体的一部分，到那时，从某种意义上说，同样的个体会从这个整体得到自己的生命与存在。国家的缔造者必须削弱人的组织以强化国家，并用道德上的集体存在取代我们大家从自然那儿得到的物质上的独立存在。总之，每个人都必然要被剥夺去自己的权力，并被赋予对他来说是外部的、而在没有别人的帮助下却无法使用的种种权力。人们的自然权力越是接近灭绝或消灭，社会制度就越是强大和完美，因此，当每个公民若不与别人合作就绝对一事无成，且整体所获取的权力等于或大于个体中每个人的自然权力的总和时，我们便可以说，法律的制定已经达到尽善尽美的程度。

在一个国家里，立法者从各方面看都是非同寻常的存在。非同寻常既是指他的天赋，也是指他肩负着的、既非行政者也非主权者的职责。这种赋予共和国以宪法的职责在这宪法中却不占一席之地。这是一项与

帝权无关的、特别的、超然的职责，因为，正如指挥人的人没必要掌握法律一样，掌握法律的人也没必要指挥人。否则，当法律成了立法者感情的产物，不公正的判决便会层出不穷，并不可避免地损害立法者之事业的神圣性。

在利库尔戈斯为自己的国家制定法律时，他是以放弃自己君主之位的方式开始这项工作的。将制定城市法框架的任务授予异乡人原是大多数希腊城市的惯例。意大利现代的共和国往往仿效这个惯例。日内瓦共和国也是这样做的，并且发觉这种做法挺管用。[11]古罗马早在其最繁荣的年代便已显现暴政死灰复燃的迹象，而它后来的覆灭只有一个原因，那就是立法权和主权的合二为一。

然而，即使是古罗马的十大行政官，他们本身也从未以自己的权力霸占立法权。他们曾对公民说："我们对你们提出的东西，未经你们同意，都不可能成为法律。能制定出确保人民幸福之法律的，只有古罗马人自己。"

正是由于这个原因，制定法律的人既没必要也不应该拥有立法权，而且就算人民心甘情愿，也绝不可以任由他们将这一权利拱手相让，因为按照基本的契约，能约束个体的只有公意，如果没有举行公民的自由投票、让个体发表意见，个意与公意的相互一致便无法确保——这一点我已经说过，但它值得我重复论述。

于是，在立法者的工作中我们发现两件看起来似乎互相矛盾的事情——超越人权的任务及其不存在的行政权力。

还有一道难题值得一提。由于有成千上万个无法译成大众化习语的概念，那些坚持用自己的语言对凡夫俗子说话的圣人，肯定不为人所明白。一些普遍的观点及其生僻的用意同样超越了普通人群所理解的范围；在一些人眼里，只有为他们的利益服务的政策才是好的政策，他们

很难明白，优秀的法律对人施加的种种限制能带来益处。对一个刚建立起来的民族而言，若要求人人理解英明的政治原理，并遵守治国要领的基本法则，那就必须将因果倒置；也就是说，必须让作为社会制度产物的社会精神反过来支配制度的建设；而人也应该在法律出现之前就自发将自己变成法律的遵守者。出于以上这些原因，立法者既不能使用权力，也不能展开辩论，所以必须求助于另一制度的权威——不用暴力就能强迫他人、不用规劝就能说服他人的人。

正是这样，历史上各国的缔造者才不得不求助于神的调和，并将他们自己的智慧归功于神，因为只有当民众像顺从自然法则那样顺从国家的法律、认为人与城邦出自于同一造物主之手的时候，他们才能真正出于自己的意愿听人发话，并温顺地接受公众幸福必须被束缚的现实。

立法者就是使用了这样高妙的技巧，借神的嘴巴将自己的决策传达下去，并且不让普通民众察觉其中的原理，这样一来，神权便驱动了那些不相信由人制定的审慎决策的人。[12]但是，有一点要注意，不是人人都能让神开口说话，或是假扮神之旨意的解释者来获取民众的信任的。立法者必须彰显其灵魂之伟大，并证明自己的存在有如奇迹，因此有资格肩负使命。任何人都能用一些粗劣的手段来装神弄鬼、显示自己的与众不同，比如雕刻石碑、贿赂一名预言者、声称秘密接触过神学、训练一只小鸟在自己的耳边窃窃私语等。可以想象得出，一个会做这种事情的人，可能会聚集起一群蠢人，但他永远也创建不了一个帝国，那些不入流的小把戏只会随他一起消亡。毫无价值的伎俩也许能成为暂时的纽带，但只有智慧才能维系永久的联盟。至今仍流行的希伯来法律，以及以实玛利的后代使用的、统治了半个世界多达千年的的法律，现今依然显示出最初的制定者的伟大。即使傲慢的哲学家和目中无人的派别认为他们不过是走运的骗子，真正的政治家也能看得出谁拥有那只伟大之手，以及隐藏在千秋功业后面的强大智慧。

然而，通过以上的论述，我们并不能得出与瓦波顿一样的结论：宗教和政治都有着同样的目的。我们只能说，在国家成立之时，宗教充当了政治的工具。

第八章　论人民

正像建筑师初次安装建筑测量仪，以检验地面能否承载重量那样，明智的立法者一开始并不是制定对自己有利的法律，而是判定那些对法律感兴趣的人是否能支持法律。这样的推理导致柏拉图拒绝为阿卡迪亚人或塞伦人提供法律，因为他很清楚，那些富人无法容忍平等。克里特岛也提供了一个好法律和坏民众的例子，米洛斯人本身的恶习不改，即便引进法律也是无益。

这个世界已见证过成百上千个灿烂辉煌的民族，它们基本都没接受过好法律，甚至那些据说接受过好法律的民族，也可能只是在其历史上有过短暂的法治时期。民族[13]就像人一样，只有在其青年时期是可教的；随着年龄的增长，民族就变得积习难改。一旦习惯形成了，偏见根深蒂固，改造民族便成了危险而无果的事业；人们非但不会自发地消灭民族内的邪恶，还会全力阻碍他人来揭露自己的缺点，就像愚蠢胆怯的病人一看见医生就发抖那样。

我并不否认，正如某些痛苦搅乱人们的思想并消除人们对往事的记忆一样，在民族中也有某些重大的暴力事件或革命会对公民产生影响。不过，疾病只会使人遗忘，而历史留下的是清晰的恐惧感。在遭内战毁灭后，民族可以说是在一片废墟中再生，跨过了存亡之关隘，重新获得青春的活力。利库尔戈斯时代斯巴达人的经历是如此；塔尔昆之后古罗马的经历是如此；在近代世界驱逐专制君主之后，荷兰和瑞士的经历也是如此。

可是，这样的事件并不寻常：它们都是需要由国家特别机构加以解

释的例外情况。这种情况不可能第二次在同样的民族身上发生，因为虽然一个民族在仍未开化时可以使自己自由，但当这个民族的成员筋疲力尽时，它就无力抗争了。到那时，骚乱会导致覆灭，而且连革命也不能挽救这个民族的命运，其结果是锁链一旦被打破，民族就土崩瓦解、不复存在；之后，其所需要的便是一个主人，而不是一个解放者了。自由的人儿，请你们记住这句格言：自由可以获得，但决不可以重新获得。

民族与人一样，若要使其服从法律，必须等到成熟期；民族的成熟是不易被察觉的；一些事情做得太快，结果反而夭折。而且不同民族之间也有差别；有的民族从一开始就懂得约束自己，而有的民族即使延续千年也依然桀骜不驯。俄国人永远不会成为归顺的臣民，因为这个民族在还未成熟的时候就受到了强制性的统治。彼得大帝有模仿者的才能，但没有真正创造性的天资。他所做的一些事情是好的，可大多数时候他会误入歧途。他明白，他的人民尚未开化，可他并不明白自己的人民尚未为政权做好准备：在本应适当指导臣民的阶段，他却试图让他们文明起来。他努力将他们变成德国人或英国人，而不是变成俄国人。他敦促他们脱胎换骨，而不是以自然的方式成长。法国的家庭教师也是这样，这就是为什么他们训练出来的学生在童年时展露才华，成年后却大失风彩。俄罗斯帝国想征服欧洲，却反被征服。鞑靼人——俄罗斯帝国的邻居和臣民——则成为俄罗斯帝国乃至更广疆域的主人。依我之见，这场革命必将到来，欧洲所有国王都在齐心协力做工作以加快这一进程。

第九章　论人民（续）

自然已给一个发育健全的人设定了身高范围，出了这范围他不是巨人就是矮子。同样，国家体制若要达到最佳状态，也必须在规模上有所限制，这一规模既不能大到不好治理，也不能小到无法维护自身。一个政体有其力量的上限，通常来说，随着政体扩张，这一极限会愈来愈可望而不可及。而社会关系就如同皮筋，拉得越长，越容易松弛。所以，

若是以面积与实力所成的比例为标准，那么小国往往强于大国。

成百上千次的思考应该能证明这一结论的准确性。第一，大国幅员辽阔，偏远地区的行政工作不能顺畅进行，这就像物体放在杠杆长的那一端，就得花更大力气去抬动一样。由于领土扩张，政府在治理方面的任务也更加繁重了。每个城镇的居民都要为他们自己的管理机构支付运行费用；城镇所属的每个区同样设有政府，费用还是居民来出；到了省里，又有更高一级的管理机构，然后是再上面的政府、总督府或总督辖区。越是往上，民众越是得掏更多的钱来支付管理成本，而国家最高行政机构的花费更是成为了每个人必须肩负的重担。如此大量、层层叠叠的费用使得臣民精疲力竭。而且，这种分级的管理结构远没有达到其治理目的，相反，如果只有一个行政机构，民众的生活会轻松不少。事实上，庞大的管理体系消耗了太多资金，以至于几乎没有剩余的公共税收能用来应急，一旦有状况发生，国家便会在崩溃的边缘摇摇欲坠。

这还没完。在实施法律、避免骚乱、纠正恶习、防止偏远居民区发生暴动等方面，有问题的不仅仅是软弱无比、反应迟钝的政府，还有无动于衷的人民。他们对素未谋面的政府官员、疆域辽阔的祖国、千千万万形同陌路的同胞缺乏更多的热情。相同的法律并不适用于许多不同的省份，因为它们有着各自的风俗习惯和千差万别的气候，形式划一的管理是行不通的。然而，各地偏偏又处在相同的统治之下，若是施行不同的法律，只会在相互往来的民族中产生曲解，造成混淆；在这种情况下，若是不同族群混居并通婚，他们甚至会搞不清楚自己是否有权继承遗产。当众多对彼此毫无了解的人通过一个单一的最高管理机构聚集在同一地方，人才就会被埋没，德行就会被忽视，恶行也将得不到惩罚。政府官员事务繁多，自顾不暇，在小事上很少亲力亲为，因此，实际上在处理国家政务的是那些普通职员们。同时，官员们逃避职责或滥用权力也是必然现象，一个政府为了维护基本的权威，往往得想尽一切办法监督这些官员，不管他们身在多么偏远的地方。如果做到了这些，政府

便再没有什么余力去关心公民的幸福快乐了，而且若是受到攻击，它也毫无自我防御的能力。这个因其建制过于庞大而与国家规模不符的政府，将会在其自身的重压下崩溃，乃至灭亡。

另一方面，假如一个国家要有势力的话，它就必须为自己打下扎实的基础，以便能抵抗其必受的种种打击，并且能进行延续自身之存在的种种活动，因为所有民族都会产生一种离心力，凭着这种离心力，它们不断磨擦、互相抗击，都试图以牺牲邻国为代价，像笛卡儿的旋涡一样扩张自己的势力。因而，弱者总是处在被吞食的危险境地。的确，没有哪个民族能妥善地保护好自己，除非它与其他民族达成一种势均力敌的平衡。

这就向我们表明，扩张和收缩都自有其意义；实际上，要准确判断两者混合的比例、使国家顺风顺水地发展下去，其中的政治智慧不可小觑。一般地说，扩张是外部的、相对的，而收缩是内部的、绝对的，因此后者的意义更为重大。强健的组织是一个国家所期待的第一样东西，因为这种出自好政体的势力，比起大片领土所产生的资源更加可靠。

人们可能会补充说，已存在这样的国家，其政治结构要求它必须把征服作为国家体制的一部分；对它们来说，不停地扩张领土实属维护自身的无奈之举。或许，它们的人民也会暗中庆幸，毕竟国家的强大正是仰仗了征服的必要性。可是，这种必要性本身就是一个预兆，揭示了这些国家的最终命运——繁荣过后，便是崩塌。

第十章　论人民（再续）

衡量一个政体有两种方式，一是按其领土的广阔程度，二是按其人口的数量；如果国家想达到最佳规模的话，在这两个方面之间必须存在一定的平衡。公民创造国家，而土地滋养公民；因此，这种均衡要求国家以足够的土地养育人民，而人民的数量又刚好能为土地所承受。正是

在这种均衡之中，已知数量的人口得以产生最大限度的力量，因为如果拥有太多的土地，治理便成了沉重负担，国家的劳动力不足，且无力消耗过量的产品，这样很快就会引来别国的侵略；而另一方面，如果拥有的土地太少，国家便不得不依靠从邻国进口的东西来维持生存，这又必然发展成进攻别国的理由。任何须在商业与战争之间抉择的民族，实质上都是虚弱的；它不但依赖其邻国，还要靠运气来撑过难关，因此终究只能在动荡不安的局势中短暂存在。它不是去征服别国、结束自己的困境，就是被别国征服然后消亡。要么弱小到毫无威胁，要么强大到战无不胜，只有这两种手段能让它保全自己的自由。

由于物产的性质、气候的影响，由于不同地方的不同特征以及土地肥沃程度的差异，还由于居住在不同区域的人——有些鱼米之乡的居民格外节俭，也有些荒蛮之地的居民生活优渥——存在性格上的差异，一个国家无法在其国土面积和居民数量之间确定一个应有的、数学上的确切比例。并且，我们还应该将妇女的生育能力的强弱、不同土地的特点和宜居程度、立法者希望其制度能吸引的移民数量考虑在内。由此可见，立法者必须根据其预见而非所见作出决策，计算出与其说是现有人口的数量，不如说是人口必须自然达到的数量。最后，意外事件会导致数量众多的特殊情况，要求或允许少数人生活在似乎不必要的大面积的土地上。比如，耕作型山区农村——森林地和牧场——不需要太多的劳动力，由于那里的妇女通常拥有比平原妇女更强的生育能力，且陡峭山坡仅留下平地边缘角落能用来种植植物，这个地区的居民确实需要更广阔的土地。与此相反的是海边的情况，在那儿，人们会聚集在一个狭小的区域，甚至聚集在几乎贫瘠的沙石地当中，因为捕鱼可以弥补当地农业生产的诸多不足，且密集的聚落帮助人们更好地抵抗海盗；此外，他们还更易于以殖民的办法来减轻小面积国土的人口负担。

然而，还有一个创建民族的条件，即人们必须享有和平与富足。这一条件是其他条件所无法替代的，没有了它，所有的其余条件都归于无

效。这是因为，一个处在形成时期的国家期就像一个正在列阵的军团，抵抗力最弱，也最容易被摧毁。这段酝酿的时间危机四伏，比国家局势陷入混乱还要糟糕，因为此时每个人只考虑自身的处境，而不是共同的危险。如果在这紧要关头爆发一场战争，或是发生饥荒和骚乱的话，国家将不可避免地走向灭亡。

诚然，许多政体都是在这样的混乱中成功建立起来的，但是随后，这些政体自身却成了国家覆灭的原因。一个要颠覆国家的篡夺者，总是会选择在多事之秋利用民众的普遍恐慌来制定他们在冷静时决不愿意接受的法律。立法者之事业有别于暴君之事业的最明确的特点之一就是：为民族制定宪法的时机。

那么，哪些民族适合接受法律呢？我的回答是：一个已经与现有的某种联盟、利益或习俗紧密联系在一起，但还未正式被严密法律所束缚的民族；一个没有根深蒂固的风俗习惯或迷信的民族；一个不惧怕突然的入侵、不参与邻国的纷争也不畏惧任何邻国、能获得一国支援去抵抗另一国的民族；一个让内部每个成员都能为大家所知，且不强迫任何成员过度劳动民族；一个不依靠别国，也不被别国依靠的民族；[14]一个既不富裕也不贫穷，恰好能维持自己生存的民族；最后，一个将古代民族的凝聚力与现代民族的可塑性结合起来的民族。使立法者工作变得如此之难的，与其说是必须创建的东西，不如说是必须摧毁的东西；而使其成功变得如此稀罕的，则是自然之简单朴素与社会产生的需求的不相容性。把所有这些条件融为一体是有困难的。这就是为何体制完备又能生存下来的国家少之又少。

在欧洲还有一个适合接受法律的国家，它就是科西嘉岛。为了重获和捍卫其自由，这个无畏的民族展现出了无与伦比的英勇和忠诚，他们理应得到一些智者的指导，学习如何维护并延续这份自由。我有一个预感：这个小岛总有一天将让欧洲为之震动。

第十一章　论不同的法律制度

如果我们要问，那个造福全体人民、应该成为每种法律制度目标的最好的结果究竟是什么，我们会发现它有两个主要方面：自由与平等：之所以自由，是因为但凡个体不独立，国家主体的力量就会被大幅削弱；之所以平等，是因为它对自由的实现来说必不可少。

我已经解释过什么是公民自由；至于平等，这个词的意思绝不是说所有人都应拥有完全等量的权力与财富，而是说，权力不该成为任何暴力，而只有凭公正的权威与法律才能加以行使，同时，在财富方面，既不能让一个公民富得足以买下另一个公民，也不能让一个公民穷得被迫出卖自己。这反过来表明，地位较高者必须在财富和权力上有所节制，而地位较低者必须在贪婪和私欲上有所节制。[15]

有人会说，这样的平等完全是一个虚构的理论，它事实上并不存在。可就算恶习不可避免，难道我们不该至少尝试去抑制它吗？正因为环境的力量总是趋于破坏平等，我们才应该一如既往地用立法的力量去维护平等。

然而，一切制度的普遍目标必须在各国加以修正来满足当地的条件、适应相关民族的特性。正是根据这样的要素，一个国家才必须给每个民族制定专门的体制，这种体制在本质上或许不是最好的，但对那个采用它的国家来说应当是最好的。例如，你的国家土地贫瘠、一片荒芜吗？或者它的领土对居民来说太小了吗？那么，这个国家可以重点发展工业和手工业，并用工业品来交换短缺的天然资源。另一方面，假定你的国家拥有富饶的平原和肥沃的坡地，但优质的土地上却没有足够的人口，那么最好的解决办法就是集中精力搞好农业，增加人口，同时尽量避免居民进行工艺活动，因为此类工作不但会减少农村人口，还会让仅有的那些居民向少数城市中心聚集。[16]你的国家拥有便于船只停靠的宽阔海岸吗？那么，若是大量造船、发展贸易和航海业，你的国家即便

历史短暂，也能繁荣富强。如果你的国家运气没那么好，只有一条风急浪高、岩石嶙峋的海岸线，那么也不必强求，顺其自然、像原始人一样捕鱼为生即可。这样，你的生活将更平静，或许也将更好，而且你一定会觉得更加幸福。总之，除了那些为大家所共用的原则之外，每个民族都有其特殊的理由以自己的方式去接受这些原则，并且遵循适合自身的法律。因此，古代的希伯来人和近代的阿拉伯人把宗教当作主要目标，雅典人搞文学，迦太基人和提尔人搞贸易，罗得西亚人出海远航，斯巴达人打仗，而古罗马人注重公民道德建设。《论法的精神》一书的作者已经用几十个例子表明，立法者的艺术是怎样为各国的体制指明其各自的目标的。

要想国家的体制变得真正持久强大，就要对惯例和习俗进行仔细的考量，使自然与法律逐渐在各方面变得和谐。这时候，我们就可以说，法律不管维护、伴随和纠正何种事物，都是在遵循自然规律。然而，立法者也有可能搞错目标，建立与环境要求不一致的原则。当他的原则和环境背道而驰，比如一个倾向于奴役而另一个倾向于自由、一个倾向于财富而另一个倾向于人口增长、一个倾向于和平而另一个倾向于征战时，法律将不知不觉地被削弱，体制将退化，国家将一直处于动乱，直到被毁灭或改朝换代。到那时，不可征服的自然将重新建起自己的帝国。

第十二章　论法律的分类

为了使一切井然有序，也为了给公众带来最可行的法律形式，有各种各样需要考虑的关系。第一，整个政体对自身的作用，换句话说，就是整体与整体之间的关系，或主权者与国家之间的关系。而正如我们会看到的那样，这种大关系由是由许多两者之间的个体的小关系构成的。

制定这种关系的法律被称为政治法，也叫作基本法——只有那些明智的法律才担得起这个称号。因为，如果国家只有一种规范秩序的好办

法，那么制定这一办法的民族理应遵守它。但是，如果已建立的秩序不太好，那么这种阻碍人们获得幸福的法律又有什么基本性可言呢？而且，在任何情况下，一个民族都应有修改法律的自由，哪怕那条法律已经十分完美。毕竟，一个人无论做什么事，就算他是要伤害自己，别人也无权干涉。这对民族来说也是如此。

第二种关系是政体成员之间的关系，或个体与整体之间的关系。个体之间的关系应尽可能受制约，而个体与整体之间的关系应尽可能广泛。这是为了让每个公民既完全独立于其他公民，又十分依赖共和国——既然只有国家权力才能使其成员变得自由，这一结果总是以同样的手段获得，民法正是源自这第二种关系。

我们可能会考虑到人与法之间的第三种关系，即不服从法律和处罚之间的关系。刑法的制定就是以这一点为基础的，不过，与其说刑法是一种特殊法律，不如说它是所有法律背后的准则。

在这三类法律之外还有最为重要的第四类。它既不是雕在大理石上，也不是刻在黄铜上，而是铭记在公民的心坎上。它是一种构成国家真正宪法的法律；它每天都在凝聚力量，当其他法律变得陈旧或衰退时，它便会提供新的动力，或直接取而代之；它在其制度精神的鼓舞下维护国家，不知不觉地以习惯势力代替官方势力。我所说的这第四类法律，正是道德、风俗以及信仰：这一特性虽不为我们的政治理论家所知，却是所有其他法律成功的必要条件；伟大的立法者正是对此特性给予着秘密关注，尽管他们似乎将自己局限于法律详尽的条款，但这些条款只不过是拱顶的拱架，立法者清楚地知道，发展更为缓慢的道德最终将成为国家毫不动摇的基石。

在那些不同类型的法律中，唯有构成政体形式的政治法才与我的主题相关。

第三卷

在讲不同政府形式之前，让我们先来明确政府这个词的具体意思，该词至今尚未得到很好的解释。

第一章　政府总论

我必须提醒读者，本章应当仔细阅读，因为对于那些不想全神贯注的人，我是没有办法讲明白的。

每一种自由的行为都有两个使其发生的原因，一个是道德——确定这一行为的意志，另一个是身体——实施行为的体力。当我们走向一个目标时，首先是要想好该走哪条路，然后就是得确保我们的双脚能带着我们走到那儿。当一个瘫痪病人决心要跑步时，当一个健康的人决心不走时，两者都会停留在他们所在的位置。政体具有相同的两个动力——并且我们能在意志和体力之间作出相同的区分：前者为立法权；后者为行政权。要是两者不相一致，在这政体中就没有什么事能够或者应该做成。

我们已经明白，立法权属于且只属于公民。另一方面，从以上（第二卷第四章和第六章）所制定的原则不难看出，行政权不可能像立法权和主权那样属于一般人，因为行政权只在处于法律范畴之外的特定行动中实施，而既然主权仅有制定法律的职能，那这些行动也就自然不属于主权的范畴。

这样一来，公众力量便需要靠一个代理人才能集中起来，并公意的指导下实施行动。这个代理人是国家与主权者之间沟通的手段，就像一个个体需要灵魂与肉体的结合才能完整一样，公众也需要代理人的牵线

搭桥来发挥其应有的力量。这就是国家需要政府的原因之所在。某些时候，人们会因为分不清政府和主权者而产生误会，但其实对于主权者来说，政府扮演的完全是大臣一样的角色。

那么，什么是政府呢？政府就是臣民与主权者之间为了相互沟通建立起来的中间体，它的职责是行使法律，同时维护社会自由和政治自由。

这个主体的成员被称作行政官或国王，换句话说就是执政者，而整个主体又被冠以君主的名称。[17]因而，那些不承认人民服从统治者的行为是一种契约的理论家们是完全正确的。那种行为只不过是一种委任，也就是说，执政者只不过是被主权者雇佣、以其名义代行其权利罢了，而且主权者随时可以凭自己的意志限制、改变，然后再次赋予执政者这种权利。既然如此，这种权力的转让便与社会主体的性质不可兼容，而且也违背了社会联盟建立的初衷。

因此，我把“政府”或“最高行政”称作行政权的合法行使，而把“君主”或“行政官”称为负责管理机构的人或主体。

正是在政府中，我们才可能辨别出构成整体与整体之间、或主权者与国家之间相互关系的中间力量。这最后一个关系，可描述为一种几何意义上的连续，有着明确的两个端点，而政府的位置就是这个连续的中项。政府从主权者那儿接受其给予公民的敕令；如果想让国家处于完全平衡的状态，就必须对一切进行精确计算，最后得出一个等式——政府权力的二次方等于既是主权者、又是权力实施之对象的公民权力的二次方。

此外，这三个条件中的任何一个都不得被破坏，否则比例立刻会发生改变。不管是主权者试图统治、行政官试图立法还是臣民拒绝服从，秩序都将让位于混乱，权力和意志将停止步调一致的行动，解体的国家

不是陷入专制政治，就是陷入无政府状态。最后，由于两个极端之间只有一个几何学平均值，所以一个国家也只能有一种好的政府形式；但是，许许多多的事件可能会改变一个国家内部的种种关系，在这个基础上，除了不同的民族可以拥有各不相同的好政府，同一个民族也可能在多个时期拥有不同形式的好政府。

为了设法解说可能存在于这两个极端之间的种种关系，我将以人口数量为例，因为这是一种不难表达的比率。

假设一个国家由一万个公民组成。在这里，主权者只能被共同视为主体，而每个成员作为臣民必然被视为个体。因而，主权者与臣民的比率就是一万比一，那就是说，国家中每个成员只有万分之一的主权份额，尽管他自己是完全从属于主权者的。现在，假设这个民族的人口增加到十万。每个臣民的地位并没有改变，因为每个人与其他人一道平等地支撑起整个法律体系，而作为主权者，人们的投票份额减少到十万分之一，结果就是，一个人在法律制定方面的影响力也按比例骤减了。因而，当主权者与臣民的比率随公民数量而增大时，臣民依然还是单一的个体。由此可见，国家越扩大，自由就越减小。

当说到比率增加时，我是以一作为标准的。这样，数学意义上的比率越大，现实中的比率就越小，因为在前者中，根据数量考虑的比率是用商数来衡量的，而在后者中，根据相等考虑的比率是用相似值来衡量的。

个意与公意，即人们的道德与法律之间的比率越小，需要使用的压制力就越大。因此，要想维持一个好的政府，就应该让其力量与人口数量同步增长。

在人口比率中，既然国家的扩大意味着为官员提供更多的诱惑，以及更多滥用手中权力的机会，那么当政府管理公民的权力增大时，主权

者也需要有更大的权力来制约政府。我在此所说的并非绝对权力，而是国家不同成分的相对权力。

由这种双重关系可见，主权者、君主和公民之间的几何连续并不是一个任意的概念，而是政体性质的必然结果。由此还可见，既然公民在两个极端之间作为一而存在，那么每当连续的平方发生增减，连续本身同样会增减。中间项——即政府——也就随之改变。这就表明，不存在唯一绝对的政府形式，有多少大小不同的国家，就有多少不同类型的政府。

如果有人会对这种体系不以为然，并说：按照我的思路，想要建立一个好政府，即找到这个几何连续的中项，只需算出人口数的平方根即可。那么，我的回答是，我在此仅以数量为例；我所讲的比率不仅以人口数来衡量，而且更多地以无数原因并发产生的作用量来衡量；我得补充说明的是，虽然为了用三言两语表达自己的想法，我刚才借用过数学语言，但是我仍然意识到，数学的精确度完全表达不出精神层面的深刻考量。

包含政府在内的政体规模有多大，政府本身的规模就有多小。政府是一个被赋予某些功能的、像主权者那样积极却像国家那样被动的虚构人格，它可以再被细分为几种相似的关系，而新的比率由此产生。在每一种比率中，我们都可根据行政官的等级继续分析，直至我们取得唯一不可分割的中间项，也就是唯一的最高行政官为止，他可以被认为是分数数列和整数数列之间的“一”。

我们也可以不纠结这些复杂的概念，只把政府简单当作国家之内的一个新主体，它与公民和主权者都不相同，而且正好处于这两者的正中间。

这新旧两个主体之间存在着本质上的差异——国家就其本身而言是

存在的，而政府只有借助主权者才能存在。因而，君主的统治意志是或应该只是公意或法律；他的权力仅仅是公共权力的集中体现。一旦他决心以自己的权威施行某些绝对不受约束的行为，整个主体就会开始涣散。最后，如果君主拥有了比主权者更积极的个意，而且他为了贯彻这一个意而利用了手中的公众权力，以至于让两个主权者同时存在——一个是权利上的，另一个是事实上的——那么，联系社会的纽带便会即刻消失，政体也会随之瓦解。

即便如此，为了让政府本身拥有一个真实的、有别于国家的确切存在形式，也为了使它的全部成员能步调一致地依照政府设立的初衷提供服务，它必须有一个特定的“自我”、一种所有成员共有的觉悟、一种力量、一种倾向于延续自身的意志。如此特定的存在形式就需要有大会、内阁会议、审议权和决定权、头衔和专属于君主的特权，而且对于那些担当艰难任务的行政官，君主要用自己的特权给予他们相应的尊贵地位。难的是找到一种方法，在整体中妥善安排这个附属性的整体，使政府在自我调整的时候，不对总的国家体制造成影响。只有这样，政府用以维持其生存的自身力量，才能与保障国家之存续的公众力量区别开来。总而言之，国家应该始终准备为了公民牺牲政府，而不是为了政府牺牲公民。

再者，即使政府这个人造主体是另一个相似人造主体的产物，且它仅仅具有一种模仿的、附属的存在形式，但这并不妨碍它能以或多或少的活力和或快或慢的速度自由行动。同样，它的健康程度也完全由自身决定。最后，虽然政府不会直接走上与其设定好的种种目标相悖的道路，但根据其被构建起来的方式，政府确实有可能在不同程度上偏离那些目标。

正是这些差异促成了应当存在于政府与国家主体之间的多样化的关系，且这些使国家本身发生变化的关系都遵照种种偶然的、特定的比

率。因为，若不想让本质上最好的政府演变为最邪恶的政府，就必须让它与国家的关系保持在最优状态，从而弥补它所属政体的种种不足。

第二章　论不同政府形式的建制原则

既然我已经在国家与主权者之间做过区分，所以为了解释这些差异的一般原因，现在有必要在君主和政府之间也做一番区分。

行政官主体可能由或多或少的成员组成。我们已经知道，人口越是众多，人民的主权份额就越小。通过明显的类推，我们可以说，政府较之行政官也有同样的比率。

不论何时，政府的整体力量就是国家的力量，这一点是永远不会改变的；由此可见，政府为其成员消耗的力量越多，它用在全体公民身上的力量就越小。

所以行政官的数量越多，政府就显得越弱。由于这是一项基本原则，那就让我们努力把它弄得更清楚吧。

我们可在行政官个人身上辨别出三个本质上不同的意志。第一，他作为个体拥有的、只倾向于他个人利益的意志。第二，行政官的集体意志，这种意志只涉及君主的利益，可以被称为团体的意志，因为它与对政府来说是普遍的，而对包含政府在内的国家来说又是特殊的。第三，公民意志或主权者意志，这种意志不管是对作为整体的国家来说，还是对作为整体一部分的政府来说，都是普遍的。

在一个立法健全的体制中，个意或特殊意志是不该存在的，而政府自身的团体意志也应该处于非常次要的地位。这样一来，公意或主权者意志就永远起到主导作用，并且成为所有其他意志的唯一规范。

相反，在自然秩序中，这些不同的意志越是各行其道，他们就越是

活跃。因此，公意始终是最软弱的，而团体意志排列第二，特殊意志名列第一；结果，在政府内部，每个成员首先是个人的自我，其次是行政官，最后才是公民。这一排序正好与社会秩序所要求的相反。

这一点成立之后，让我们假设政府被掌握在单一个体的手中。那时，特殊意志与团体意志将完美地结合在一起，而团体意志也从而得以被提升到尽可能高的程度。既然已知权力的行使取决于意志，而政府的绝对权力总是不变的，那么我们就可以得出一个结论，即最具活力的政府就是一个人的政府。

然而，如果我们将条件替换，使政府和立法权威相结合，使君主成为主权者，使每个公民成为行政官——结果就是，与公意合并的团体意志变得与公意一样不活跃，只剩下特殊意志去指挥整个权力。而这样一个始终被同一个绝对力量所掌控的政府，势必只能拥有最少的相对力量和活力。

这些关系是无可争议的，而其他的思考也可以进一步补充证据。例如，我们清楚，每个在政府机构内的行政官肯定比每个在国家主体内的公民活跃。因此，政府行为比主权者行为更容易受到特殊意志的影响，因为每个行政官基本上都肩负着政府的某种特有职能，而公民作为个体却并不承担主权的任何职能。此外，国家扩张得越大，其真正的力量就增加得越多，尽管这两种增长不成一个固定的比例。然而，如果成倍增长的不是国家面积，而是行政官的数量的话，政府便无法从中获得任何实际的力量，毕竟政府力量就是国家力量，这两者总是完全相等的。所以，在其绝对或真正力量不可能增加的情况下，政府的行政官越多，它的相对力量或相对活力就越是减少。

而且，毋庸置疑的是，公众事务的处理速度会随着负责人的增加而下降。庞大的机构过于谨慎，不爱碰运气，往往会错失许多机会；他们花大量的时间深思熟虑，反而使思考的结果一文不值。

我刚刚说过，行政官成倍增加，政府就会涣散。我之前也提到，人口数量越多，对人施加的约束力也必须相应增大。由此可见，行政官与政府的比率应该跟臣民与主权者的比率相反；换句话说，国家扩张得越大，政府越得缩小自身的规模，从而让行政官数量按人口的增加成比例地减少。

我得补充一点，我在此谈的是政府的相对力量，而不是其行为特性。因为，反过来讲，行政官人数越多，他们的团体意志就越接近公意，而在唯一的行政官行使职权的情况下，唯一的的团体意志就像我所说的那样，只是一种特殊意志。所以，在一方面有所失，在另一方面就有所得；立法者的艺术就在于懂得如何确定这样的一个点：让始终在比率上背道而驰的政府力量与政府意志按最有利于国家的比率结合起来。

第三章　论政府的分类

从上一章我们了解到，为何要按组成政府的成员数量来区分政府的各种类型或各种形式；本章将继续阐明政府的分类如何进行的问题。

首先，主权者可能将政府交到全体公民或绝大多数人手中，使得作为行政官的公民比普通公民更多。这种政府形式就是民主制。

此外，主权者可能将政权限制在少数人手中，这样，普通公民就比行政官更多：这种政府形式就是贵族制。

再次，主权者可能将整个政府集中在唯一的一个行政官手中，所有其他人都从他那儿得到权力。这第三种政府的形式最为普遍，被称作君主制或王室政府。

应当注意的是，所有这些形式，或者至少前两种形式都可以增强或减弱其程度；它们具有相当明显的伸缩性。民主制可能包括所有人，但其实只要有一半以上的人数它就能成立。而贵族制既可以包括多达一半

的人，也可以局限于极少数人。即使是王室政府，在某种程度上也可能由人们分享。斯巴达按其宪法，通常有两个国王；而在维持统一的基础上，古罗马帝国以同时拥有过多达八个君主而闻名于世。因而，每一种政府形式总有与另一种政府形式重叠的地方。另外，很明确的一点是，政府虽然只有三种名称，但它实际上的形式却有许多种，就像国家拥有众多不同的公民一样。

再者，既然一个政府在某些方面能够将自己细分成几个独立的部分，并让这些部分以不同方式进行行政工作，那么这三种政府便可以结合起来，产生多个混合形式，而每种混合形式又可以与三种原有形式结合。

在每个历史朝代，人们都争论过这样一个问题："什么是政府的最佳形式？"然而，他们不明白，每一种可能存在的形式在某种情况下都是最佳的，但在另一种情况下又会变成最坏的。

假设在每个特定的国家，最高行政官数量都应与跟公民人数成反比，那么我们就会得出以下结果：一般地说，民主政府适于小国；贵族政府适于不大不小的国家；君主政府则适于大国。这一法则可以直接从我们的定理中得出；可是，我们怎么去计算那些可能出现的例外情况呢？

第四章　论民主制

制定法律的人比任何其他人都清楚法律应该如何实施与解释。这样看来，不可能有比行政权与立法权相结合更好的体制了；事实上，正是这种结合使政府的形式在某些方面变得不完善，因为本应该被分开的东西没有分开，而且，合为一体的君主与主权者只会造就一个徒有其表的政府。

让制定法律的人去执行法律，或者让公民共同体不关注普遍的观点而关注特殊的对象，都不是什么好事。在公共事务中，没有什么会比私利的影响更加危险了。立法者若追逐私利，就必将导致腐败，造成比政府滥用法律还要邪恶的后果。这种情况发生时，国家便会从自身的肌体内开始腐败，再进行改良也无济无事。一个从不滥用政府各种权力的民族，同样也不会滥用独立自主，而一个始终自我管理良好的民族，是无需由别人来管理的。

从严格意义上说，至今还未曾有过真正的民主制，而且将来也决不会有。管理人员比被管理人员还多，这是违背自然法则的。我们几乎无法想象所有人都永久地坐在大会席位上处理公务的情形，同时也很容易明白，我们不可能以此为目的成立委员会，除非连行政形式也一起改变。

我的确相信，人们可以制定这样一条原则：当政府的种种职能由若干委员会分别掌握时，那些拥有最少成员的委员会迟早会获得最大的权力。这不是出于别的原因，而是由调度事务的机制所导致的自然结果。

此外，民主形式的政府还需具备多少难以同时拥有的条件呢？第一，它必须要在一个非常小的国家，因此能迅速地将人们聚集在一起，而且使每个公民都很容易相互认识。第二，作风上要简朴，道德上要单纯，从而避免过多的事务和棘手的争论。第三，要竭力保持社会等级和财富的平等，若非如此，则权利和权威的平等也不会持久。第四，要尽量杜绝奢侈，因为奢侈要么是财富带来的结果，要么是人们视敛财为必要的动因。奢侈不但腐化富人，也腐化穷人；奢侈导致懒惰和虚荣之风盛行，也让一个国家失去所有公民，因为不管是拥有奴隶的人还是成为奴隶的人，全部都是观念的奴隶。

这就是为什么过去的一个著名作家主张将美德作为一个共和国的基本原则，因为没有美德，我前文所说的一切条件就不可能成立。然而，

就算天才如这位伟大的作家，他也没能分辨一些必要的区别，因此常常犯错，有时还令人费解。他无法明白，既然主权者的权威放之四海而皆准，那么同样的原理在每个健全的国家就都应占有一席之地——当然，或多或少也要考虑到该国的政府形式。

我们可以补充说，没有一个政府会像民主政府或人民政府那样，极易发生内战和自相残杀的冲突，因为没有哪个政府会如此坚定有力地趋向于改朝换代，也没有哪个政府需要那么多的警惕性和勇气以维护其不变的状态。正是在这种体制而非其他的情况下，公民必须用力量和忠诚武装自身，并且于每天的生活中发自内心地反复重温一位善良的巴拉丁[18]在波兰议会上曾说过的话："我愿自由而有危险，但不愿安宁而受奴役。"[19]

如果真的有一个天神之国，那它想必就是以民主的形式存在的。然而，如此完美的国家并不适合我们人类。

第五章　论贵族制

我们这里有两个截然不同的人造人格，即政府和主权者，所以也就有了两个公意，一个属于全体公民，另一个只属于行政官。因而，政府虽可随意制定其内部规章，但除非以主权者的名义，否则它决不能直接向公民传达意见。这一点我们必须牢记。

最初，社会都是由贵族治理的。家族的首领们组成小圈子商讨公共事务：年轻人则心甘情愿地服从经验的权威。因此，就有了宗师、长老、元老、长者等名称。北美洲的野蛮人现在仍然保留着这种治理方法，且卓有成效。

可是，当人为的的不平等渐渐胜过自然的不平等时，财富与权力[20]便显得比年龄更为重要了，因此，贵族社会开始实行选举。最后，

决定一个家族显赫与否的是父辈遗留给子辈的权力和附带的财产，于是一些家族就有了世袭政权的资格；到那时，年仅二十的年轻人也能当元老了。

如此，就有了三种贵族制，即自然的、选举的和世袭的。第一种类型只适合原始社会，而第三种类型是所有贵族制中最糟糕的一种。第二种类型最好，并且代表了贵族制这个词的真正含义。

贵族制的好处，不仅在于它能将主权者与政府区别开，还在于它可以对行政官进行挑选。在公民政府中，所有公民生来都是行政官，而在贵族制国家，只有少数人能被选举[21]成为行政官，这一方法使得诚实、明智、经验以及所有其他受人喜爱并尊重的理由成为了优质政府的进一步保证。

此外，集会的安排也将变得更加容易，方便人们进行细致的商议，在处理事务时更加有序、恪尽职守；在外人看来，比起身世平凡、人微言轻的无名之辈，德高望重的元老更能维护国家的声誉。

总之，如果我们能确定，最英明的人会为大众利益而非为一己之利治理国家的话，那么由这样的人来统治大众就是最佳最自然的安排。同时，一味地增设机构毫无益处，我们也不该雇两万人来完成一百个出色的人就能圆满完成的任务。不过，必须注意到的是，这样一来，共同利益就会渐渐不再只按公意来引导国家力量了；更不可避免的趋向是，一部分权力的执行将脱离法律的管控。

若考虑与政府形式相适宜的状况，那么国家的面积就不必太小，公民也不必非得那么单纯、那么正直，以至于就像在理想的民主制社会一样，法律的实施可以完全遵照公意。同时，国家也没必要大到足以让四处分散的地方行政长官自立门户、侵占主权，从追求独立渐渐发展成各霸一方。

可是，如果说比起公民政府，贵族制更不在意人们普遍的美德的话，它对一些特定的美德却要求更高，比如让富人懂得节制、让穷人学会满足，因为严格的平等不但在这里无法实现，甚至在斯巴达也是见所未见的。

此外，如果政府的这种形式牵涉到一些财富上的不平等，那么好的做法应该是把公共事务委托给那些能全心全意投身于此的人，而不是像亚里士多德所主张的那样委托给富人。作出这样的选择是有必要的，因为那会时不时提醒人们：人的功绩比财富更有资格得到优先考虑。

第六章　论君主制

到目前为止，我们一直把君主看作是一个集体的、人造的人格，他与法律的力量融为一体，并在国家中扮演行政权的受托人的角色。现在，若是我们把这个人格换成一个自然的、真正的人，即只有这个人能够依法行使这种权利，那么他就可以被称为君主或国王。

这正好与其他管理机构相反。在其他机构，集体集中体现为一个个体，而君主制是让一个个体代表整个集体，所以，君主的精神统一性同时又是物质统一性，使得其他制度用法律难以聚拢的力量，在这里却能自然而然地聚拢起来。

由此，公民的意志、君主的意志、国家的公众力量、政府的个体权力，所有这些都听从同一个行为者的调遣，所有机器杠杆都掌握在同一个人手中，所有行为都指向同一个目标，不存在什么相互对抗的矛盾。面对这样一种体制，我们再也想象不出有什么别的形式能使一个国家以更少的努力获得更多的成果。阿基米德静静地坐在海岸上，却能毫不费力地发动一艘巨轮，这就是一位身居斗室而管理广阔疆域的君主的理想形象。他必然十分熟悉治国之道，所以即使自身不动，也能使国家的一切有序运转。

但是，如果说君主制是最为朝气蓬勃的一种政府，那么它同时也是最容易让特殊意志压倒其他所有意志的政府。诚然，在君主制国家，各方都在朝着同样的目标努力，可那个目标并不是公众的幸福。另一方面，就连行政权力本身也持续不断地为国家带来危害。

国王们都想尽可能地巩固自己的地位，而人们的声音从远处传来：若想高枕无忧，最好办法是使自己得到公民的爱戴。这是一条很好的箴言，甚至在某些方面还是一条千真万确的箴言。不幸的是，这条箴言总在宫廷里遭到嘲笑。建立在民众拥护基础上的权力无疑是最强大的权力，不过也是不稳固的、暂时的权力；君主们绝不会对此心满意足。再好的国王，都会想要一边为所欲为，一边稳坐一国之主的位子；一个政治说教者很可能会对国王说：既然公民的力量就是国王的力量，那么国王的最大利益就是使得民族繁荣昌盛、人丁兴旺、外敌不敢来犯。可是，国王们其实都非常明白，这并非事实。对他们的个人利益来说，首要的就是，人民应该软弱、不幸且永远无力反抗。我承认，如果国王拥有的是一群完全顺从于他的臣民，那么他的个人利益自然也就要求他使公民变得强大，因为这样一来，他便能将公民的力量作为自己的力量，从而对邻国施威；可既然这只是一种次要的、从属的利益，而且既然公民的强大与顺从不可兼得，君主们总是优先采纳更能带来直接利益的主张。这就是塞缪尔极力向希伯来人强调的东西，也是马基雅维利很清楚地证明过的东西——他表面上是在指导国王，实际上是给人民上了重要的一课。马基雅维利的《君王论》是一部为共和论者而写的指南。[22]

通过对一般比率的讨论，我们已经知道，君主制只适合大国，而且当我们检验君主制本身时，这一点也十分明显。公共行政人员的数量越多，君主与臣民的比率就减少得越多、越接近相等，乃至在民主制中达到一比一，即完全相等。而随着政府的收缩，这一比率会越来越大，且在政权掌握于唯一一人手里的情况下达到最大限度。到那时，君主与公民之间存在太大的差距，国家便缺少团结的纽带。要想形成纽带，就必

须增加中间社会阶层，并以王公、大臣和贵族来填充。但是，这一切都不适合一个小国，因为它承受不了如此之多的社会阶级。

如果管好一个大国是有难度的，那要一个人单枪匹马管好大国就是难上加难了；每个人都知道，当一个国王找来许多副手治理国家时会发生什么情况。

一个使君主制始终不如共和制的关键而又不可避免的缺陷是，在共和国中，民众只会选择有知识、有能力的人来担任举足轻重的职位，而且这些人也会以相应的业绩来回报这份荣誉。相反，那些在君主制下加官进爵的人，几乎总是糊里糊涂的平庸之辈、身无长处的流氓和卑鄙的阴谋家，他们的小聪明只够让自己在宫廷里爬到高位，一旦履行起职务来，他们的无能便在公众面前暴露无遗。比起君主，公民更不经常在这样的选择中犯错。一个真正有才的人给王室当阁臣，几乎就像一个傻子在共和政府里当首相一样稀奇罕见。因此，如果在一个君主制国家中，碰巧有一位天生的明君出世，在一批糟糕到足以使巨轮倾覆的行政官中力挽狂澜、执掌事务之舵，那么每个人都会惊愕于他发展国家的能力，而他的统治也将在国史上开创一个新纪元。

君主制国家要想得到很好的治理，其领土大小和边界范围都应与统治者的才能成比例。征服一个国家比治理一个国家来得容易。一根手指在足够长的杠杆的帮助下可以撬动地球；可如果要一直撑住地球，一个人必须拥有一副大力神赫克里斯的肩膀。无论一个国家有多小，其君主的力量也几乎总是不足以顾及方方面面。而当两者地位颠倒，即国家对其统治者而言竟显得太小时，这个国家的治理肯定只会更差，因为这样一个统治者在高瞻远瞩时忽略了公民的利益；他过度使用自身强大能力给人民带来的不幸，可能比才能平平的统治者给人民带来的不幸还要多。同样，一个王国也需要根据各朝君主的能力来决定要扩张还是收缩。另一方面，共和国在选举元老院成员时已经基本确定了他们的水

平，所以国家在面积上就不必再有变动，而行政机构的运转也可以保持顺畅。

一人掌权的政府最显而易见的缺点，就是缺乏继承者之间的连续性，而在另两种体制中却存在着一条持续不断的纽带。当国王驾崩时，新国王必定要继位；在下一个统治者人选得到确定之前，有一段危险的间歇，国家往往要经历一场狂风暴雨。而且，在这样一种体制下，除非全体公民都能保持超乎寻常的公正无私和团结一致，否则贿赂和腐化的现象必将出现。要让一个已经买下国家的人到头来既不把它转手卖掉，也不向弱者收回强者从他那儿勒索走的黄金，基本是不可能的。在这样一种行政机构的管理下，迟早一切都会成为贪污腐败的交易筹码，同时，比起动荡的政权空白期，人们在国王统治的和平时期反而会过得更糟糕。

为了避免这种邪恶的境况，人们都做了什么呢？其中一种做法是指定某些家族来世袭王位，并且设立继承秩序，以避免国王的驾崩引发任何争端——换句话说，为了避免王位争夺和新王继位带来的不利，明智的政体选择接受表面的和平，他们宁可冒着由小孩、怪胎或傻瓜来担任统治者的风险，也不愿意为了选出一位好国王而发生纠纷。他们没有意识到，在将自己置于种这两难境地时，这其实是在为一种非常小的可能性孤注一掷。小但尼斯的父亲因其不光彩的行为而责备他："我给你树立过这样的榜样吗？"小但尼斯答道："啊！可您的父亲不是国王啊。"这是一句多么精辟的话语。

当一个人生来就是要被培养成统治者时，他周围的一切都会来争相剥夺他的正义感与理性。我们听说过，年轻的统治者历经磨难是为了更好地掌握治国的艺术，但根据现实情况来看，这种教育对他们似乎并没有什么好处。相反，他们还不如将服从的艺术作为学习的起点。史上已知最伟大的国王，都不是接受了从小到大的教育才成为统治者的，因为

统治是一门必须通过大量实践才能基本掌握的学问，而且比起发号施令，懂得顺从往往能帮助统治者更好地领悟其中的精髓。*Nam utilissimus idem acbrevissimus bonarum malarumque rerum delectus, cogitare quid aut nolueris sub alio Principe aut volue-ris*（因为区分好坏最有效最简便的方法是：如果当君主的不是自己而是别人，那就考虑一下自己想要什么，不想要什么）。[23]

这种缺乏连贯性的后果之一，便是王室政府的不稳定，这种政府时而由这个方针指导，时而由那个方针指导，一切都取决于在位国王或是替他执政的人们的个性。因此，这种政府无法长久地拥有一个固定的目标或连贯的政策，且这种不稳定的状况使得国家的准则和国家的方针也漂移不定。在其他政府形式中，由于统治者始终固定不变，这一缺陷便自然得以避免。因而，我们明白，如果通常在王室宫廷中有更多的狡诈，那么在元老院中就有更多的智慧，而共和国也能遵循更稳定、更有效的引导——这对每次管理层变革都意味着一次国家变革的君主制国家来说是不可能的——毕竟所有大臣和近乎所有国王都无一例外地要颠覆他们先辈的政策。

此外，这种缺乏连贯性还给保皇党政治思想家们常有的一种谬论提供了不实的依据，他们不仅把公民政府和家族政府作比较、把君主和一家之长作比较——我已经反驳过这种谬误——而且把治国的所有美德赋予一位国王，假定他已经是一位最优秀的统治者。若是这种假定成立，那么王室政府显然要比其他政府更优越，因为它无可争议是最强大的政府；要是它也有一个与公意相协调的团体意志的话，它必然也是最佳的政府。

可是，如果根据柏拉图的说法，一个天生的国王十分罕见的话，那天性与好运合二为一、使这样的人登基的可能性又有多大呢？而且，如果王室教育必然会腐化那些受教育者的话，我们又如何指望那些被培养

出来的继任者会成为明君呢？

将王室政府与有一个好国王的政府混为一谈，这是故意自欺欺人。要了解政府的这种形式究竟是什么，人们必须把平庸或邪恶君主统治下的政府也考虑在内，因为这些君主若非本身就昏庸无道，那他们就只能是因为王位才变成了这个样子。

的确，我们的作家们都注意到了以上这些困难，但是困难从未使他们处于进退两难的尴尬境地。他们说，毫无怨言地去服从是一剂良药。神愤怒时强行把坏国王给了我们，于是，必须将其作为一次神的惩罚来忍受。这个观点无疑是有启发性的；不过，我想比起政治理论书，它更适和被用来布道。若一个医生许诺奇迹会发生，而他的全部医术就是教病人训练耐性，对这样的医生我们还有什么话可说呢？

我们大家都知道，当一个政府不好时，我们不得不容忍这样一个坏政府；真正的问题是，我们如何去寻找一个好政府。

第七章　论混合政府

严格地说，一种形式简单的政府是生存不下去的。一个国家元首必须有属下的行政官；一个公民政府必须有一个首脑。因而，在行政权力的分配中，总是存在着从较大到较小的等级——其中的差异就在于，有时少数服从多数，有时多数服从少数。

有时，还存在一个平等的划分，要么像英国政府一样，各个组成部分相互依赖，要么像波兰的情况那样，每部分的权力都是独立而不完善的。后者的形式不是很好，因为这样一来，非但政府内部无法团结，整个国家也缺乏联系的纽带。那么哪一种政府更好？是简单形式的政府还是混合形式的政府呢？这是一个政治理论家们争论已久的问题，也是一个我本人在早先探讨政府的所有形式时就给过答案的问题。

就其本身来说，简单形式的政府是最好的，因为它的简单就是优点。但是，当行政权不完全依附于立法权，即当君主与主权者的比率大于公民与君主的比率时，这种不平衡就必须通过划分政府来加以矫正。因为到那时，政府的各个部分依旧对臣民有足够的权威，但零散的结构将使政府不再有力量与主权者相抗衡。

同样的不利还可以通过设立居间的行政官来避免，这些行政官与整个政权分隔开来，只起到平衡这两种权力的作用，并为维护双方的权利而提供服务。那么，这样一种政府就不是混合的，而是调和的。

与此相反的不利也可以用类似的方法加以补救；当政府太涣散时，可设立一些委员会使之集中化。在前一种情况下，划分政府是为了将其削弱；而在目前所说的这种情况下，加强政府才是主要目的。这是所有民主制的惯用做法。简单形式的政府既有可能极端强大，也有可能极端弱小，而混合形式则可以让政府维持一种适中的强度。

第八章　论所有政府形式并非适合所有国家

自由并非每种社会思潮的产物，因此不是每个民族都能获得自由的。人们对孟德斯鸠的这一理论思考得越多，就越会觉得其中蕴含着真理。同时，人们越是想要反驳这个理论，就会为它提供越多新的证据。

在世界上的每个政府中，公众人格都是只消费、不生产的。那么，它从哪儿得到其所消费的物质呢？是从其成员的劳动中得到的。正是私人生产的过剩保证了大众衣食的供给。由此可见，只有当成员的劳动生产所得比其自身所需要的多，公民国家才能生存下去。

可是，这种过剩在世界上的每个国家不尽相同。在一些国家是相当过剩，而在另一些国家是中等过剩；在一些国家是没有过剩，而在另一些国家是亏空。过剩的比例取决于气候的适宜与否、不同土地对应的劳

动种类、产品的性质、居民的力量、居民的消费水平以及其余各种各样的因素。

另外，并非所有政府都拥有相同的本性。一些政府比另一些政府更贪婪；它们之间的差异建立在以下的原则基础上——民众贡献的提供者和接受者之间的距离越远，造成的负担就越重。要衡量这种负担，不应看它的具体数量，而应该看它的回报最终落到生产者头上要经过多远的距离；如果这一流程运作得快捷且良好，那不管产出的要求是多是少，都没有关系；人们将一直富有，财政也将昌盛。相应地，就算人们给出得再少，若是一点回报都不返还给他们，那他们很快就会在不断的付出中将自己消耗殆尽；于是国家就永远富裕不起来，公民就永远赤贫。

这表明，公民与政府之间的距离越大，负税就变得越重，因此，人们的税金负担在民主社会最少，在贵族社会较多，而在君主国家则是三者中最多的。所以，君主制适宜于富国，贵族制适宜于那些富裕程度与领土大小适中的国家，而民主制则适宜于贫穷小国。

的确，人们思考得越多，对自由国与君主国之间存在差异的这个问题就认识得越深；在前者中，一切都为共同的利益所用；而在后者中，私人利益与公众利益则相互竞争，即一个要只能通过削弱另一个而增加。至于专制统治，它的目的从来不是使人民幸福，而是尽可能使他们过得悲惨，从而无力进行抗争。

于是，根据每个地区特有的自然因素，人们可以决定该地区所需要的政府形式；我们甚至还可以说出每个政府必须拥有什么样的居民。

有些地方一片荒芜，产出的物品抵偿不了所付出的劳动，所以人们不应该耕作，而应该放任不管，或者只让未开化的野人来居住。有些地方的生产所得只能勉强维持人们的生活，所以应该让缺乏教养的民族定居，因为政治社会不可能在那儿发展起来。有些地方条件尚可，适度的

劳动就能换来过剩的产品，所以应该让崇尚自由的民族居住。有些地方环境优越，少量的劳动就能带来丰厚回报，所以应该实行君主制，以便君主的奢侈生活可以消费掉臣民过剩的产品——因为由政府来吸收这些多余产品总好过它们被私人用来浪费。我知道有例外的情况，不过这些例外本身就证实了这一规则，即它们迟早都会产生种种变革，使得事物回到自然的秩序。

我们应当始终把一般法则与无法预测其结果的特殊原因区别开来。纵然整个南方由共和党人居住，而整个北方由专制国家占据，我们也依然可以说一个法则是正确的，即根据气候条件，专制适宜于气候炎热的国家，野蛮适宜于气候寒冷的国家，优良的制度适宜于气候温和的地区。我意识到，人们虽然肯定这个一般法则，但它的应用却可能遭到质疑；有人会说，气候十分寒冷的国家也有非常肥沃的土地，而气候十分炎热的国家也有非常贫瘠的土地。不过，只有那些不从全面的比率看情况的人才会对这一问题无从下手。正如我曾说过的那样，人们必须考虑到生产、力量、消费等因素，然后问题便会迎刃而解。

假设有两块大小相同的土地，一块生产五份产品，另一块生产十份产品。如果前者的居民消费掉四份，后者的居民消费掉九份的话，一个过剩五分之一，另一个过剩十分之一。这两种过剩的比率与其产量的比率是相反的，其结果是，生产五份产品的土地所显示的过剩是生产十份产品土地的两倍。

但是，这个两倍指的仅仅是过剩比例，而不是产品数量。我相信，任何人都不敢把寒冷国家的生产能力等同于炎热国家的生产能力。不过，让我们暂且假设这是相等的吧：例如，让我们两两比较一下英国和西西里岛、波兰和埃及。再往南有非洲和印度；再往北就什么都没有了。为了达到产品的同等，不同国家在农业技术方面需要作出怎样的改变呢？在西西里岛，简单地耙一耙土壤就足够了，而在英国，要解决问

题则需要付出多么大的努力啊！这就说明，需要更多人手才能获得一样多产品的地方，过剩必然更少。

除此之外，在炎热的国家，同样数量的人会消费更少的东西。炎热的气候要求人们变得饮食有度以保持健康——那些试图在炎热国家保持原有生活习惯的欧洲人都死于痢疾和胃病。沙尔丹说："与亚洲人相比，我们是食肉动物，是狼。一些人把波斯人的饮食有度归因于他们国家耕种的土地较少；可相反，我认为，他们国家之所以在食品方面不够丰富，是因为居民需求量较少。如果他们的节俭[他继续]是由土地不足导致的，那么应该只有穷人才吃得很少；但实际上，他们每个人都是这样；人们发现，王国上上下下所有人都一样节俭，并没有哪个省份的人根据土地的肥沃程度吃得更多或更少。他们对自己的生活方式颇感自豪，并且说：人们只须看他们的气色就会明白，他们的生活方式比其他国家的优越得多。的确，波斯人的面色都干干净净，他们的皮肤精致、细嫩又光滑，而依附于他们的亚美尼亚人，生活习惯和欧洲人一样，他们的皮肤就粗糙而易于长斑，身体也肥胖笨拙。"

人们离赤道越近，生活就越节俭。他们几乎不吃肉；大米、玉米、蒸粗麦粉、小米和木薯是他们的日常食品。在印度，有好几百万人一天的饮食费用都不到一便士。而在欧洲本土，我们注意到，北欧人的胃口和南欧人的明显不同。德国人的一顿晚饭，可以让一个西班牙人吃上八天。在人们胃口比较大的国家，消费也更加奢侈。在英国，奢侈表现为在餐桌上堆满各种肉食；而在意大利，人们只要有糖和鲜花就心满意足了。

服装的奢侈显示出同样的差异。在季节变化又快又明显的国家，人们拥有更为简单而优质的衣服；在人们穿衣只考虑外表的国家，人们更注重衣服的款式而非实用性，且衣服本身也成了一种奢侈品。在那不勒斯，你天天都会看到人们身穿绣金外套而不穿长统袜沿着普斯里普漫

步。那儿的建筑也是同样的风格；当人们不必担心气候问题时，他们就会注重建筑的宏伟壮丽。在巴黎或在伦敦，人们首先想居住得温暖舒适。在马德里，人们拥有华丽的会客室，但房子的整体质量却不怎么样，窗户都是关不上的，而卧室也像是耗子洞一般。

在炎热的国家，食物更加充足、种类丰富——这是第三种差异，它对第二种差异不能不产生影响。在意大利，人们为何吃很多的蔬菜呢？因为人们认为蔬菜好，有营养，且味道极其可口。而在法国，人们觉得蔬菜除了含水份外，根本就没有营养，在餐桌上算不了什么东西；即便如此，在蔬菜种植方面，法国人开垦的土地、耗费的其实并不比意大利人少。试验表明，巴巴利的小麦能产出更多面粉，因此优于法国的小麦；而法国的小麦又比北欧的小麦产量高。由此可以得出这样的结论：从赤道到地球极点，其间的各个地区都可以观察到类似的差异。产出同等数量的农产品，得到的食物却更少，这岂不是一个实实在在的劣势吗？

我可能得在所有这些思考中补上另一点。这一点源自这些思考，并且对它们也有所加强：炎热的国家比寒冷的国家需要更少的居民，但其物资却可以养活更多人——这就产生了有利于专制的双倍剩余。同样的人口，分布在越广阔的地区，叛乱就越困难，因为他们无法迅速秘密地集中起来，而政府总能轻而易举地看出这种企图，并且切断他们的交通。另一方面，越多人挤在一块，政府就越不容易侵占主权；民众首领在私人房间里商讨事务，就像政务院里的君主一样安全，而公共广场上的人群集结速度之快，堪比兵营里的部队。因而，广袤的领土有利于专制政府运筹于千里之外。在作为支点的防守战略据点的援助下，根据杠杆作用的原则，其势力因距离而增加。[24]

恰恰相反，公民的力量只有当集中起来时才是有效的；当公民的力量分散时，它就大幅衰减，正如撒在地上的火药只能一粒一粒地点燃。

因而，人口少的国家最适合暴政，就像野生动物只有在沙漠里才可称王。

第九章　论好政府的标志

因此，如果有谁提问，在绝对条件下什么是最好的政府，人们便无法给出答案，因为这个问题是不确定的；或者，我们也可以说，一个民族的绝对地位与相对地位有多少种可能存在的组合，这个问题的好答案就有多少个。

可是，如果问的是人们根据什么标志才能判断一个特定民族在治理方面的好坏，那就是另一码事了；作为一个实际的问题，这是可以回答的。

即便如此，人们还没有给出过确切的答案，因为每个人都会以自己的方式来回答这个问题。臣民珍视公共的安宁；公民珍视个体的自由——前者更喜欢财产安全，而后者则更喜欢人身安全；臣民认为最好的政府最苛刻，而公民则认为最好的政府最温和；前者要惩罚犯罪，而后者则要避免犯罪；臣民认为让邻国惧怕是一件好事，而公民则宁愿被邻国忽视；只要货币流通，前者就满足，而后者则要求人们必须有面包吃。那么，纵使各方能在诸如此类的问题上达成一致，我们就能更进一步地探讨吗？道德的尺度没有精确的衡量标准；即使我们认同了这些标志，我们又该如何认同其价值呢？

对我自己来说，我总感到惊讶的是，人们竟识别不出一个如此简单的标志，或者竟如此不诚实地否认这个标志。什么是一切政治团体的目标呢？这个目标就是保护其成员，让他们繁荣起来。什么又是他们被保护和得到繁荣的标志呢？是人口的数量。那么，就别再舍近求远，去找别的未经论证的证据了。由于所有其他条件都是平等的，所以要是没有像移民这样的外援，使公民人数增加最多的政府，必然是最好的政府。

而使公民减少、民族衰亡的政府就是最差的政府。统计学家们，这可是你们的工作了：请你们算一算、测一测、比一比吧。[25]

第十章　论政府的滥用职权及其衰退的趋势

就像特殊意志不断反对公意一样，政府也不断极力反对主权。这种努力越加大，体制向坏处转变得就越多。由于在这种情况下，没有明显的团体意志能够与君主意志相抗衡并达到一种平衡状态，所以君主意志迟早将不可避免地压制主权，破坏社会公约。这是政府固有的、无法回避的缺陷，这一缺陷从政体诞生之日起就无情地使其趋于毁灭，就像老年与死亡必然摧毁一个人的身体一样。

政府的衰退通常有两种方式——其本身的萎缩和国家的解体。

当政府成员人数从较多变为较少，即民主制转向贵族制，或贵族制转向王室政府时，政府就萎缩。这是政府发展的自然趋势。[26]如果成员人数从较少变为较多，政府可以说是松散了；但是，这样一种逆向发展是不可能的。

事实上，政府从来不会改变其形式，除非它消耗了太多能量以至于无法保持原有的状态。假如政府要一边扩大，一边使自身变得松散，它就必然会失去所有力量，更有可能直接消亡。因此，当政府开始松散时，一定要收拢并紧缩结构，因为不这样的话，依赖于政府的国家将陷于毁灭的境地。

国家的解体可能以两种方式发生。

第一，当君主不再依法治国而是侵占主权时，国家便解体。接着一个显著的变化就发生了，由于不是政府在收缩，而是国家在收缩——我的意思是，国家作为一个整体解体，并在其内部形成一个仅由原政府成员组成的国家，对其余人民来说，这个新国家只能是主人，是暴君。其

结果是，新政府一旦侵占主权，社会公约便遭到破坏。于是依照权利恢复其自然自由的所有普通公民，便被强迫——并不是由道德驱使地——顺从新政府。

当作为个体的政府成员分别侵占了只能由集体来行使的权力时，同样的情形也会发生，因为这同样违反了法律，而且还会产生更大的混乱。到那时候，可以说每位行政官都成了君主，而国家和政府一样处于四分五裂的状态，不是灭亡就是改变形式。

当国家解体时，政府滥用权力，不论是以什么样的形式，这种情况都可以称为无政府状态。更准确地说，民主政治退化为暴民政治，贵族政治退化为寡头政治，而且我还得补充说，王室政治退化为暴君政治，但最后这个词含糊不清，需要加以解释。

在通常理解的意思中，暴君就是凭借暴力而非正义和法律来治理国家的国王。但更严谨地说，暴君应该是指一个没有任何王室权利却将王室权力据为己有的人。这就是希腊人对“暴君”一词的理解。不管是一位好君主还是坏君主，只要他权力的来源是不合法的，希腊人就会说他是暴君。[27]因而，暴君和篡权者的意思是相同的。为了进行区别，我称王室权力篡夺者为“暴君”，称主权权力篡夺者为“专制君主”。暴君是一个违法干政却依法治国的人；而专制君主则是一个让自己凌驾于法律之上的人。所以，暴君不必是专制君主，而专制君主则永远是暴君。

第十一章　论政体的灭亡

制度健全的政府不可避免的趋势自然就是如此。既然斯巴达和古罗马都灭亡了，还有什么国家能期望永世长存呢？如果我们希望建立起一种持久的体制，那就别幻想让它永恒不朽。只有当我们既不去进行徒劳的尝试，也不因自己能够为人类之事业付出超人的耐力而沾沾自喜时，我们才会成功。

政体跟人的身体一样，一出生就开始走向死亡，其内部有着导致自身毁灭的种种原因。但是，这两种体质都有可能拥有一个特定强健程度的构成，而这种构成最为适合维持其或长或短的生命。一个人的身体组织是自然的产物，而国家的组织则是人为的产物；人对延长自身的寿命无能为力，但尽量给予国家可能拥有的最好组织来延长其生命，却是我们可以做到的事。最好的体制虽然也会走到尽头，但总归是比其他形式的体制终结得更晚，除非一些预料不到的危险在那之前降临。

政治生命的原则在于主权的权威。立法权是国家的心脏，而行政权是控制所有活动器官的头脑。头脑瘫痪了，个体会陷入痴呆状态，但仍然有可能活下去，可心脏一旦不起作用，人就会死亡。

国家能维持生存并不是借助法律，而是借助立法权。昨天的法律并不约束今天的行动，然而我们可以把沉默当作默许，将主权者有权废除但没有废除的法律视为可以继续生效的。主权者宣布过的一切意志——至少在主权者发布一道废除令之前，它们永远会是主权者的意志。

那么，为什么古代法律会博得那么多人的青睐呢？准确地说，就是因为它们的古老。我们应当相信，正是这种法律的卓越才使它们可以持续那么长时间；如果主权者不是一直都认为它们是有益的，它们肯定已经被废除过成百上千次了。这就是每个体制健全之国家的法律不但不会被削弱、反而不断获得新生力量的原因之所在；人们对古老之物有一种偏爱，因此它们会越来越受到尊敬；另一方面，若是法律随着时代的变化愈加软弱，那便说明这个国家已经不再有立法权，而且必将走向灭亡。

第十二章　论主权者权威如何维护

主权者只能借助法律而行动，因为他除了立法权以外没有任何其他权力。而既然法律就是公意的正当表达，那么主权者行动时还必须将公

民聚集到一起。把公民召集起来，可以说——简直就是幻想！在今天，这确实是一个幻想；可在两千年前其实不然。难道是人性发生了如此大的变化吗？

道德领域可能存在的界线并不像我们想象中一样狭隘；正是我们的弱点、恶习及其偏见才限制了它们的拓展。卑鄙的头脑不会去相信伟人；低贱的奴隶则嘲笑“自由”这个词。

根据我们过去的所作所为，让我们来考虑一下现在有什么是可以做的。古希腊共和国我就不谈了；不过在我看来，古罗马共和国是一个伟大的国家，罗马城也是一个伟大的城市。最后一次人口普查给出的数据是，古罗马有四十万武装人员，而整个帝国不算臣民、外国人、妇女、儿童和奴隶，总共有四百多万公民。

人们总是认为，把首都及其周边大量的人经常集中起来必然是一件难事。然而，古罗马人基本每周都有集会，甚至一周还可以集中好几次。他们不但行使主权，而且还行使一部分政权，比如处理某些事务、审理某些案件等。在集会中，全体人民都扮演行政官的角色，而且他们使用这一身份的时间和使用公民身份的时间是一样长的。

回顾各国最早的历史，我们注意到，大多数古代政府，甚至像马其顿和法兰克那样的君主政府，都有过类似的民众集会。不管怎样，一个不可争议的事实已经回答了我们的问题；在我看来，从实际情况推论可能存在的情况，是很符合逻辑的。

第十三章　论主权者权威如何维护（续）

集会的人们一旦认可一套法律，就等于是确定了国家的体制，但这是不够的；他们创建了一个永久性的政府，或者为行政官的选举制定了一劳永逸的方法，但还是不够。除预料不到的事情可能需要的特别集会

之外，还必须有固定的、周期性的、任何事都不可取消或中止的集会，使人们在指定日期依法正当地被召集在一起，而无需任何其他正式的召集手续。

但是，除这些按期举行的合法集会外，任何——只要不是由职责在身的行政官按规定形式召集的——公民集会，都应该被视作不合法的，而且其所做的一切决定都应该是无效的，因为召集集会的命令本身必须合法下达。

至于合法的集会应该以怎样的频率举行，这取决于无法预先规定准确规则的许多情况。我们只能说，通常政府拥有的权力越大，主权者就越应该经常举行集会。

有人会告诉我，这种集会可能对单个城市来说是有好处的，可如果国家有若干个城市，那又得怎么办呢？主权者的权力要进行分割吗？或者主权者应该集中在某一个城市，并使所有其他城市成为其附属吗？我的回答是，这样那样的事都不该做。首先，主权者权力只是一个单一的单位，分割就意味着将它摧毁。其次，一个城市同一个国家一样，不能合法地屈从于另一个城市，因为政体的本质在于自由与服从的结合，这样，“臣民”与“主权者”才是同义且相关的两个词，而它们的意思也就共同构成了“公民”。

我应当更进一步回答，要把一个国家中的若干个城市联合起来，这始终不是件好事。不论谁希望形成这样的联盟，都不能自以为能避免种种天然的负面影响。向那些只想要小国的人抱怨大国带来的祸害，是没有用的。可是，怎样给予小国足够的力量以抵抗大国，就像希腊城邦抵抗过波斯王，以及前不久荷兰和瑞士抵抗过奥地利王朝一样？

无论如何，假如国家无法被限定在合理的边境内，那么就只剩一种办法，即不设立固定的首都，而将政府所在地不断从一个地方迁移到另

一个地方，在各个城市轮流举行全国会议。

让人口均匀地分布在国土上，赋予每个人相同的权利，并且使每个地区同样富足、生机勃勃——只有这样，才会产生一个在力量和治理方面都尽善尽美的国家。请记住：城墙造得越雄伟，乡村的房屋就越破败。每当我在首都看到一幢在建的大楼，我心里都会想，我能看到整个农村遍地布满简陋的茅舍。

第十四章　论主权者权威如何维护（再续）

当人民作为主权者团体合法集会之时，政府的所有管辖权就不再起作用，其行政权也就中断。于是最卑贱的公民跟最高贵的行政官具有同样神圣不可侵犯的人格，因为既然被代表人全部在场，就再也不需要什么代表人了。古罗马各种集会上的骚乱，大多数都是因为人们不知道、不重视这条法则才发生的。在集会中，执政官只不过是人民的首领，保民官仅仅是人民的议长[28]，而元老院就什么都不是了。

在这种权力中断的间歇，君主将认识到——或者应该认识到——一个比他地位更高的存在，而这总是会使他警觉起来；人民的集会是政体的盾牌和政府的制动器，并且一直是首领的梦魇；所以，身居高位的人不余遗力地提出异议、问题、许诺，希望使公民转而反抗集会。如果公民贪图钱财、胆怯懦弱、热爱休息胜过热爱自由，他们就很容易在政府的这种长期攻势下服软。由于反对派势力不断增加，最终主权者的权威一落千丈而不复存在，于是大多数共和国纷纷崩溃，提前灭亡。

但是，在主权权威与专断政府之间，有时会插入一种我们现在必须论及的中间力量。

第十五章　论议员或代表

当公共服务不再是公民关注的主要对象，并且他们逐渐更乐于以资

金而非人力来提供服务时，国家就已接近毁灭。军队需要参战吗？他们可以给雇佣兵报酬，而自己呆在家里。人们需要参加集会吗？他们可以给议员报酬，而自己呆在家里。由于懒惰和金钱，这个国家最终将被士兵奴役、被官员出卖。

正是由于商业和手工业的兴旺，正是由于唯利是图、柔弱娇气、贪图安逸，原本由人提供的服务才转变为金钱交易。人们放弃一部分利益以增加舒适的休闲时间。就这样利用金钱吧！你很快就会为金钱所束缚。“钱财”这个词是奴隶的话语，土生土长的共和国公民都不会知道它。在一个真正的自由国家，公民们用自己的双手做每样事情，而用钱是办不了任何事的；他们非但不会花钱免除职责，反而会为了亲自履行义务而付出金钱。我完全不同意目前大众普遍接受的观念，反之，我认为，税收比义务服务更违背自由。

国家创建得越好，公务便越优先于公民心目中的私事。而且私事的数量会大大减少，因为整个公众幸福就代表大部分的个人幸福，于是，个体便没有太多需要追求的幸福了。在一个管理完善的国家，每个人都会赶去参加各种集会；而在一个管理不善的国家，没人愿意参加集会，而且连这样的念头都不会有，因为他们对大会上发生的事一点也不感兴趣。毕竟，正如他们所料，公意在那里并不占优势。归根结底，人们的注意力已经全都放在了家庭事务上，所以无暇参与集会。好法律使人制定出更好的法律；而坏法律则使人制定出更坏的法律。要是有人一谈到国事，就说：“这关我什么事？”到那时一个国家就算完了。

爱国心的冷却、私人利益的活动、国家的庞大、征服他人、滥用政权——所有这些都导致我们不得不在国家的各种集会中任命人民议员或人民代表作为权宜之计。他们被某些国家的人们公然称为第三阶层——把两个阶级的私有利益摆在前两位，而公共利益只占第三位。

主权不能被代表，就像主权不能被转让一样；主权的本质是公意，

而意志是不能由他人代表的——它要么是自己，要么就是另外一种东西，不存在中间的可能性。因而，人民议员不是也不可能是人民代表；他们只不过是办事员而已；他们无法最终决定任何事。人民未亲自认可的一切法律都是无效的，根本就不算什么法律。英国人认为自己是自由的；他们是大错特错了；他们只在选举议会议员的时候是自由的；议员一选出来，人民就遭受奴役，变得什么也不是了。在那短暂的自由时刻，英国人是如此充分地使用了自己的自由，所以他们之后失去自由也就不那么可惜了。

代表是一个近代的观念。它从封建政权——人类就是被这种邪恶荒唐的体制玷污了名声、剥夺了尊严的——中诞生，一直发展到今天。在共和国中，甚至在古代的君主制中，人民从来就没有什么代表，也没听说过代表这个词。值得注意的是，在古罗马，保民官的职责是如此神圣，以至于人们从未想过他们会不会篡夺人民的权力；同时，尽管有那么多的公民，但任何一次公民投票都没有出现过有人试图转让自己权力的情况。要知道，在格拉古时代，许多公民甚至得站在屋顶上投票，造成十分尴尬的局面。

在权利和自由就是一切的地方，没有人会怕麻烦。这些明智的人们会对每样东西给予公正的衡量；保民官不敢做的事，就让执法吏去做，而人们无需担心这些执法吏会企图越俎代庖。

即便如此，要解释保民官究竟如何代表人民，想一想政府是如何代表主权者就足够了。既然法律除了是公意的宣言之外什么都不是，那么显然在立法权上就不可能有人民的代表；不过，行政权，可能并且应该有这样的代表，因为行政权仅仅是行使法律的工具。由此得知，我们只要仔细观察，就会发现几乎没有什么国家拥有法律。无论如何，有一点是确凿无疑的，即没有任何行政权的保民官，决不可能以自己的职权来代表罗马人民，除非他篡夺了元老院的权力。

在希腊人当中，人民要做的一切都由他们自己来做；市场中经常举办集会。希腊人生活在温和的气候中；他们不具备贪婪的个性。奴隶负责干活，而希腊人整天要考虑的是他们的自由。如今，没了这些有利条件，同样的权利又怎么能维持呢？严酷的气候使得你们产生更多的需求；[29]公共场所一年中有六个月都无法举办集会；你们那发不出声音的舌头在露天说话都难以让人听清；比起你们的自由，你们更在乎自己的利益；你们觉得当奴隶也不比当穷人更可怕。

什么？自由只有依靠奴隶制才能维持吗？或许吧。自由与奴隶制两个极端碰到了一起。任何诞生于自然之外的事物都有其不利之处，而文明社会是所有这些事物中最为不利的。确实有一些如此不幸的情形，以致于人们只能牺牲别人的自由来维护自己的自由；而且只有当奴隶完全是奴隶时，公民才能完全自由。斯巴达的情况就是如此。至于你们这些现代人，你们没有奴隶，可你们自身就是奴隶；你们用自己的自由为奴隶的自由买单。你们认为这是一桩善事，并自吹自擂，但在我看来这只是徒劳；我从中看到的更多是懦弱，而不是仁慈。

我所说的这些并非想暗示奴隶的存在是必要的，或奴隶制的存在是合法的，因为我所证明过的与之恰恰相反。我只是想说明，自认为自由的现代人为何还要有代表、以及古代人为何不曾有代表的种种理由。无论如何，一个民族一旦接受了代表，它就不再自由，也不再存在了。

纵观一切之后，我认为主权者已经无法继续在我们之间行使自己的权利，除非我们是在一个非常小的共和国。可是，如果非常小，它会不会被别国征服呢？我的答案是，不会的。大民族的防御力量怎样才能与小国的自由政权及其良好的秩序结合在一起，我将在后面的文章中[30]对此加以说明。

第十六章　论政府的建制并不是一种契约

确立了立法权之后，就应该以同样的方式确立行政权，因为只由特殊行为操作的行政权与立法权迥然不同，且自然分离。设想，如果主权者拥有了行政权，那么法律与事实将被混淆，以致于人们再也不知道什么是法律、什么不是法律；由此，这种误入歧途的政体很快就会成为暴力的牺牲品，尽管政体设立的初衷就是要避免暴力。

所有公民按照社会契约一律平等，于是集体中的个体便集体的行动有决定权。原本，一个人是无权要求另一个人必须替自己做事的，但在这种情况下这一点却能成立。主权者在创建政府时赋予君主的，正是这种对政体生命和活动不可或缺的权利。

一些理论家主张，创建政府这种行为是人民与其自身指派的行政官之间的一项契约，即一项双方之间规定一方施令而另一方服从的契约。我确信，应当承认的是，这是一种奇特的契约方式。但是，让我们看一看这种理论是否站得住脚吧。

第一，最高权威不可转让，同样也是不可更改的；限制最高权威就等于破坏最高权威。让主权者设立一个比自身更高的存在，这是荒唐可笑、自相矛盾的，就好比一边使自己服从一个主人的命令，一边又要求回归到绝对的自由状态。

第二，我们很清楚，人们与这样那样的人签订契约总是一种特别行为。由此可见，这种契约既不可能是法律，也不可能是一种主权行为，所以它就是不合法的。

进一步讲，契约签订的各方只服从于自然法则，于是就不存在什么他们相互约束的保证——这与公民国家完全是对立的。既然大权在握的人最终总是做决定的那一方，这就像是在说，“契约”的意思是一个人告诉另一个人：“我把所有的财产给你，你可以随意决定要还给我多少。”

国家只有一种契约：联合体本身的契约，且它把所有其他契约排除在外。要想出一个不违背原始契约的公共契约，是绝无可能的。

第十七章　论政府的建制

那么，我们应该以什么概念来看待建立政府这一行为呢？我得先解释一下，这种行为是复杂的，或者说是由其他两种行为构成的，即法律的制定与法律的执行。

第一种行为使主权者规定，一个政府主体要以这样那样的形式建立起来；显然，这种行为就是一项法律。

第二种行为使人民任命行政官来管理已经建立好的政府。由于人民的任命是一种特殊行为，它就不是第二项法律，而只是第一项法律的后果，是政府的一种职能。

令人费解的是，在政府存在之前怎么就有了政府的行为，还有，仅仅是主权者或臣民的公民在某些情况下怎么会成为君主或行政官。

于是，正是在此处，我们得以再一次发现政体中的一个令人惊讶的特性，按照这一特性，政体调和了似乎相互矛盾的行动。由于这种调和是通过主权到民主制的突然转变来完成的，所以政体没有发生显而易见的变化。仅仅是出于一种整体与整体的新型关系，公民就变成了行政官，而且实现了从普遍行为到特殊行为、从法令到执行的过渡。

这种关系的变化并非是纸上谈兵的投机性理论；相反，我们每天都可以在英国议会找到这样的实例。在某些场合中，议会下院往往担任代表上、下议院的委员会，以便更好地商讨事务，这样，下院就一瞬间从主权之所在转变成了一个单纯的委员会，尽管它实际上依旧是原来的那个下院。于是，就出现了这样的情形：身为委员会的下院自己对自己作报告，声明自己刚刚成为了上下两院的委员会，并且以一个新名义再次

讨论它之前已经以旧名义所决定的事项。

正是由于这种民主政府特有的优势，它的建立只需要公意的一个简单行为。在此之后，如果这个临时政府的形式刚好是人们所需要的，那么它就会被沿用下去；如果不是，那么就以主权者的名义重新确立一个遵循法律的政府。这样一来，一切就都符合规定了。这也是唯一一种方式，能既不违背之前所说的原则，又以合法的方式创建政府。

第十八章　论预防篡夺政府权力的手段

综上所述，就可以得出符合第十六章内容的结论，即创建政府的行为不是一种契约，而是一项法律；行政权的持有者并不是人民的主人，而是人民的办事员；人民可以随心所欲地任命和开除他们；而对办事员来说，这不是要他们签订契约，是要他们服从；在履行国家赋予他们的职务时，他们只是在行应尽的义务，并没有谈条件的权利。

因而，当人民创建一个世袭政府时，无论它是家族世袭的君主制，还是特定公民阶层世袭的贵族制，那都不是真正的政府形式，而只是人民在出于自己的意愿另作安排之前给予管理机构的一个临时形式。

确实，如果真的要改变政府形式，那总是很危险的，人们决不应该去碰一个已经建立好的政府，除非它变得与公共利益水火不容；不过，如此的慎重只是政治的箴言，而不是法律的规则；同样，就像国家没有必要把军事权交给将军一样，它也没必要把公民权交给行政官。

还有一点是千真万确的。在此类情况下，为了正确区分合法的行为与煽动性的骚乱、区别全体人民的意志与派系的要求，人们再怎么小心谨慎地仔细观察也不为过。其中，人们尤其必须避免屈从于社会上有害的主张，除非是在法律的容许范围内。同时，正是在这一义务的履行中，君主才得了大好的机会，掌握了与人民相抗衡的力量，而且人民还

不能说他是篡夺了权力。因为对君主来说，当他看起来似乎只是在行使其权利时，其实就能轻而易举地扩大那些权利，并以公众安宁为托辞阻止为重建良好政府而策划的种种集会。通过这样一种方式，君主使人民难以打破一种沉默，或不得不承认一种特殊事态，这正是他的目的，因为接下来他便可以假定那些因害怕而一言不发的人都是他的支持者，并惩罚那些胆敢发言的人。古罗马的十人会议就是如此。最初他们当选时，规定的任期是一年。第二年，他们连任了。到了第三年，他们终于不再允许公民集会，以期用这种方式永久地保留其权利。世界上所有的政府，一旦有了公共力量作武装，迟早会通过这种简单的手段篡夺主权权威。

我已说到的那些周期性集会——尤其是那些不需要通过正式手续召集的集会——都是避免或延缓这种恶行的正确方法，因为君主若是阻止集会，就等于宣布自己是法律的违犯者和国家的敌人。

这些只以维护社会公约为目的的集会，应该以两个决不可取消且必须单独表决的提议为开场。

第一个提议："主权者期望保持现有的政府形式吗？"

第二个提议："人民期望那些目前负责管理机构的人继续当政吗？"

我相信我已经论证了一些东西，所以我在这里就以它们作为假设的前提：国家不存在任何不可废除的基本法，甚至也不存在不可废除的社会公约，因为如果所有公民聚集起来，一致决定终止这条公约，我们就必须认为它是被非常合法地终止的。格老秀斯确实也认为，每个公民都可以放弃其公民资格、从一个国家离开，并即刻恢复其自然的自由及本来拥有的财物。[31]这样看来，如果所有联合起来的公民甚至都不能做他们中的每个人单独能做的事，那肯定是荒谬可笑的。

第四卷

第一章　论公意是不可摧毁的

只要聚集在一起的几个人认为他们自己是一个整体，他们的意志就合而为一，为他们的共同生存和普遍幸福做考虑。这时，国家所有充满活力的力量都变得朝气蓬勃、单纯朴素；其原则也都变得清清楚楚；它的内部不存在不可兼容或相互冲突的利益；而且对所有具备常识的人来说，共同利益是如此显而易见。和平、团结和平等是政治之算计的敌人。正直朴素的人正因为他们的质朴而不会轻易受骗；花言巧语会使傻瓜上当，却打动不了他们，因为他们甚至比傻瓜还要不敏锐。当我们看到一群世上最幸福的人，看到一群农民在橡树下规划国家事务、作出明智决定时，难道不会情不自禁地瞧不起那些处心积虑使自身变得显赫、然而时常失算的精明国家吗？

治理有道的国家只需要少量的法律条文。如果某一天它需要颁布新法律，那么这种需要肯定已经被每个人意识到了。第一个提出颁布新法的人，只不过是说出每个人已经感觉到的东西；把人人都已经决意要做的事情变成法律，这既不是阴谋也不是雄辩问题，只要这个人能确定别人的想法都同他一样就可以了。

使理论家们误入岐途的是，由于他们只看到一开始就创建得很坏的国家，所以便认定这样的政体不可能长久。他们嘲笑大众都是愚钝之人，因为仅仅一个聪明的流氓或狡猾的雄辩家就能唆使巴黎人或伦敦人干出蠢事。但他们没有意识到，自己远远低估了人民的力量。克伦威尔差点被伯尔尼人关进监狱，波弗特公爵曾被日内瓦人监禁起来。

但是，当社会的纽带开始松懈，而国家变得衰弱时，当特殊利益初

现苗头、部分社会开始对总体社会施加影响时，共同利益就从内部变得腐败，并与其原本目标背道而驰；这时，投票不再是一致通过；公意不再是大家的意志；矛盾与争端出现；甚至最好的意见也会遭受许多阻挠、难以实行。

最后，处在覆灭边缘的国家只能以空洞虚幻的方式维护自身，人们心中的社会契约不复存在，而最自私的利益则洋洋得意地为自己套上公共利益的神圣名称。到那时，公意便沉默了：在隐秘动机的促使下，每个人作为公民再也不发表言论了，仿佛这个国家从未存在过；更有甚者，表面奉行法律，实则推出以私利为唯一目的的不公正政令。

那么，照这样发展下去，公意将消亡或腐化吗？不，公意总是不变的、坚定的、纯粹的，只不过有些时候它会屈服于压倒它的其他意志。每个要将私利从公共利益中分离出来的人都清楚地明白，他无法将两种利益彻底分开，但是，与他试图独占的那份个人利益相比，他需要承担的公共利益的损失就不算什么了。如果不涉及个人私利，那么他还是会像任何其他人一样迫切追求公共利益的。甚至在为了金钱而出卖其选票的时候，他也不是消灭了自身内在的公意，而是一时回避了它。他所犯的错误，在于改变了提问方式，而且还答非所问。所以，他的投票不是在表示：“这样做对国家是有益的。”而是在说：“若采纳这样那样的提议，某个特定的人或党派会从中受益。”由于这种原因，公众集会规则的制定目标便不仅是要支持公意，而更是要确保公意总是能被质疑，并总是能给出答复。

在此，我对任何人无法从公民身上剥夺掉的、每个主权行动中最简单的投票权有很多想谈的。另外还有关于发言权、建议权、分议权和讨论权的问题——政府向来小心确保只有本国成员拥有这些权利。然而，这些重要的主题需要单独论述，我无法将其一一收录于本书中。

第二章　论投票权

显然，根据上一章所说，管理公共事务的方式足以表明一个政体的道德品质和健康状况。在公众集会中，人们越是能协调一致，换句话说，公众意见越接近统一，公意就越占统治地位；反之，长期的争论、分歧和骚乱象征特殊利益的增加和国家的衰弱。

当国家体制包含有两种或若干种等级时，这一结论便不那么明显。比如，古罗马有贵族也有平民，而这些人的争论甚至在共和国的鼎盛时期也常常扰乱公民大会。可是，这并不能算是真正的例外情况，因为在古罗马，由于政体与生俱来的缺陷，国家相当于是分裂成了两个。上述结论不适用于整体国家，但对这两个部分来说却是准确的。事实上，即使在最动荡的年代，只要元老院不对他们加以干涉，公民们总是能将投票流程很平静地走完，并遵守少数服从多数原则。公民的利益只有一种；公民意志也只有一个。

但是，在循环的另一极端，即沦落到奴隶状态的公民再也没有自由或意志的时候，全体一致便会再次出现。这时，人们出于恐惧或讨好，对所有投票都只会表示赞成；公民已经不是在商讨问题，而是在表达崇拜或者暗自诅咒。在罗马皇帝的统治下，元老院就用这种可耻的方式对人民施加自己的意志的，而且有时候它会以一种荒诞的谨慎来做这件事。塔西佗讲过：在奥索的统治时期，元老们对维特里乌斯非常憎恨，但在咒骂他的时候却又小心留意，将自己的话语混入众人的吵闹中。这样，万一维特里乌斯有朝一日成为主人，他也无法辨别出他们每个人都说过些什么。

基于以上这些各种各样的考量，人们应该制定计票和比较不同意见的规则。这不但取决于公意被认知的难易程度，还取决于国家的盛衰程度。

世界上只有一种法律因其天性需要人们的一致赞成。那就是社会公约：因为公民联合是世界上最自愿的行为；每个人都是生来自由的，并

且都是自己的主人，若未经其同意，任何人都不得以任何借口使其屈从。断言奴隶的儿子天生是奴隶，这等于断言他天生就不是人。

然而，即使在社会公约制定时出现了反对意见，契约也并不会作废；它只不过是把反对派排除在外了；由此，反对派在公民当中成了外人。而在国家创建之后，居留便代表同意，人们居住在哪块领土上就要服从哪个主权。[32]

除了这种原始契约之外，投票中的多数派始终可以约束其余的人；这是契约本身产生的结果。然而，人们可能要问，一个人怎样才能获得自由，而不用被迫遵从他人的意志呢？投票中的少数派怎样才能做到既自由又服从于他们所不赞成的法律呢？

我的回答是，这个问题提得很糟糕。所有法律都已经被公民所同意。即使某些法律有违部分人的意志，即使人们违反任何一条法律都会受到惩罚，但这一前提始终是成立的。国家所有公民的长期意志就是公意；正是通过公意他们才成为公民，才变得自由。[33]当一条法律在公民大会上提出时，这并非是在问每个人批不批准，而是要看这条法律与代表他们意志的公意是否一致；每个人都会通过投票就这一问题提出意见，于是票数的统计就说明了公意。因此，当与我本人相反的意见占上风时，这仅仅表明，我犯了错误；我所认为的公意其实并不是公意。而且，如果我的个人意见竟然压倒了公意，那么这个结果其实是不符合我的意愿的，所以我也就不是一个自由人了。

诚然，这一结论的前提条件是，公意的所有特性能够在多数派中找到；若是公意的特性不存在于任何一方，那么不管人们采取什么主张，都是毫无自由可言的。

我在前些章节里就已经解释了特殊意志是如何在公众商讨中逐渐取代公意的，并且十分清楚地说明了有哪些可行的手段能够避免这种情

况。下面，我将重新回到这一主题。至于可以用来宣布公意的投票比例数，我也已经制定了种种原则来对它进行测算。一票之差会破坏双方相等；一票反对也会破坏全体一致；可是，在全体一致与双方相等之间，还有许多数字不等的比例，而根据政体的状况和需求，我们可以找到任何一种符合条件的适当比例。

确定这些比例时，可以遵照两条普遍的准则：第一，要决定的事情越重要越严肃，人们意见应该越接近全体一致；第二，问题要求决断得越快，对赞同票的比例要求就可以越低；在必须立刻作出决定时，只要一方比另一方多一票就可以了。第一条准则似乎更适宜于法律；第二条则更适宜于管理事务的派遣。无论如何，必须将这两条准则结合，我们才能确定多数派的适当比例。

第三章　论选举制

如我所述，君主和行政官的选举是一种纷繁复杂的活动，可以通过自愿或抽签两种方法进行筹备。这两种方法都曾在不同的共和国使用过，而在威尼斯共和国的执政者选举中，我们还可以看到两种方法被十分复杂地混和使用。孟德斯鸠说：“抽签选举是民主制的天性。”这我同意。可为何会是如此呢？他继续说：“抽签是一种选举法，这种办法不伤害任何人，还能让每个公民有一种服务国家的合理愿望。”不过，这些都不是充分的理由。

假如我们记得，行政官的选举是政府而不是主权的一项职能的话，我们就会明白，为何抽签法对民主制而言是自然的。这是因为，在民主制中，行政机构的活动越少，它就越能达到越好的状态。

在每个真正的民主制中，行政官并不是一种特权，而是一副沉重的担子，所以不管它落在谁的身上，都有失公平。唯独法律可以将这种担子强加给抽到签的人，因为在这种情况下，既然各种条件对大家都是平

等的，选择又不取决于任何人的意志，那么法律的普遍性就不会被哪个特殊作用所影响。

在贵族制中，君主选择君主，而政府靠自己的运作使自己永存不朽。所以，按个体意志进行选举，在这里是非常合适的。

威尼斯共和国执政者选举的例子非但不是对这种差异的否定，反而还对其有所加强：如此的混合形式正适宜于混合政府。认为威尼斯政府是真正的贵族制，那本来就是一种误解。与其说那里的人民在政府中不占一席之地，不如说真正能算威尼斯人民的其实是威尼斯贵族。贫穷的巴纳比人数量众多，他们是绝对当不了行政官的，即使是他们之中的显贵，也只不过是拥有一个阁下的空头衔、被允许出席大会议而已。而由于那个大会议的参与者跟我们的日内瓦众议会一样多，所以其中最杰出的议员也并不比我们普通公民有更多的特权。因此，若是不看两个共和国之间的悬殊差异，那么我们日内瓦的资产阶级分子就对应威尼斯的贵族；我们的本地人和居民对应威尼斯的公民和平民，而我们的农民对应威尼斯陆上的臣民。概而言之，除了威尼斯的面积大小之外，无论我们从什么观点来看这个共和国，它的政府都跟我们的一样，决不会是贵族制。区别仅仅在于，我们没有终身在职的首领，于是我们也不需要抽签。

在真正的民主制中，抽签几乎没什么不利之处，因为当所有人都既在天性和才能上平等，又在原则和财富上平等时，选中谁其实都是一样的。不过，正如我曾说过的，真正的民主制是不存在的。

当同时采用选举法和抽签法时，选举应该用在特殊人才的选择上，例如军事指挥。而对于需要常识、公正、正直品性的政治职位，抽签就足够了，因为在一个体制健全的国家，这样的品性在所有的公民的身上都能找到。

在君主制的统治下，抽签和选举都不会被采用。既然君主既是唯一的国王又是仅有的长官，那么其属下的任命都只能取决于他。当圣彼埃尔的神父建议增加法国国王的内阁阁臣，并通过投票选举成员时，他没有意识到他那时正在建议改变政权的形式。

我还想谈一谈投票和在公民大会的计票方法，但或许古罗马的政体历史能更好地说明我想提出的所有原则。深入地思考一下一个拥有二十万人的大会是如何处理公众事务和个人事务的，这对一个有头脑的读者来说想必并不在话下。

第四章　论古罗马公民大会

我们没有可信赖的古罗马早期历史记载，甚至大多数我们听说过的故事都可能只是传说。[34]事实上，一般各民族编年史中最有教育意义的部分就是他们的政体创建史，而这也是我们最缺少的部分。过去的经验每天都在告诉我们帝国大变革的种种原因，可是，由于现在不再有新的民族崛起，所以我们也就只能靠推测来解释过去的民族是怎么创建起来的。

我们已经发现了许多惯例，这起码可以表明：它们必然有一个源头。所以，如果有传说能追溯这个源头，或者得到最权威的支持和最理性的认可，那么我们就应该认为这样的传说是最真实可信的。在探究世上最自由最强大的民族如何行使他们的最高权力时，我试图遵循的原则就是如此。

古罗马创建之后，新生的共和国，即建国者队伍由三种人组成：奥尔本人、萨宾人和异乡人。他们以部族作为区分。每一个部族分为十个库里亚，每一个库里亚又细分为若干德库里亚，它们的首领分别叫库里昂和德库里昂。

此外，每个部族选出一百个特权市民或骑士， 他们组成的团体称为百人团。这表明，最初是军事上的需要产生了这些对城市来说没什么意义的分类。然而，就好像有一种伟大的本能引领着古罗马一般，这个小城用完全适合打造世界之都的体制开始了自己的发展。

可这种原始分类很快就产生了不利的后果。奥尔本人和萨宾人的部族保持原来的状态，而异乡人的部族则因人口增长不断扩大，不久，它容纳的成员就比其他两个部族合在一起还要多了。塞尔维乌斯为了纠正这个致命错误，决定改变分类的依据。他废除了旧的分类法，重新以每个部族占据的城市区域进行划分。他将原来的三个部族分为四个，使它们各自占领罗马的一个山岗，并以此为名。于是，他既纠正了现存的不平等，又预防了将来的不平等；为确保这种分类是按人而不是按区进行，他禁止居民在区域间搬迁，以避免不同部族的融合。

他还把自古以来就有的三个骑兵百人团增加了一倍，并额外编制了十二个团，不过它们都保留原有的名称；这是一种精明简单的手段，他用这种手段成功地将骑士主体与公民主体区分开来，而且不使后者抱怨。

在四个城市部族的基础上，塞尔维乌斯又按区域划分增加了十五个由乡村居民构成的乡村部族。此后，随着新部族陆续建立完毕，古罗马人最终被分为了三十五个部族，这一数目直到共和国终结都没有改变过。

城市部族与乡村部族之间的区别产生了一个值得注意的现象，它之所以特别，一方面是因为没有类似的先例，一方面也是因为古罗马的道德存续和帝国发展都要归功于它。肯定有人会想，一旦划分完成，城市部族必然很快将权力和荣誉垄断，并且迅速贬低乡村部族的地位。然而，实际发生的事情却恰恰相反。早期古罗马人对乡村生活的喜好众所周知。这种喜好源自于他们智慧的创立者，他不但将自由精神结合到乡

村劳动和兵役之中，还在某种意义上将手工业、贸易、阴谋算计、财富和奴隶制全部转移到了城市。

这样一来，既然所有杰出的罗马人都居住在乡村耕田种地，那么把乡村看作共和国中流砥柱的观点就变得非常普遍了。由于这种生活方式被大多数贵族所采用，大家便对它十分青睐；在众人眼里，乡下人朴素的劳动生活比古罗马资产阶级分子宽松空闲的城市生活更优越。而且，一个在城里不过是可怜的无产者的人，一旦下乡种地，就立刻成了受人尊重的公民。瓦戎说过，我们开明的祖先将乡村作为那些强健者和勇敢者的休养生息之地，使后者在战争期间保卫他们，在和平时期滋养他们。这话是很有道理的。普林尼也声明，乡村部族之所以受到尊敬，是因为那些居住其中的人；而当人们故意要羞辱一个胆怯者时，他就会被不留情面地送到城市部族里去。萨宾人阿皮乌斯·克劳底乌斯在罗马是一位显赫人物，他被授予各种荣誉，并作为乡村部族的一员为后人所铭记。这个乡村部族后来沿用了他家族的名字。最后，所有被释放的奴隶都加入了城市部族，而且他们永远也进不了乡村部族。毕竟，共和国上下没有任何一个先例是让被释放的奴隶来当行政官的，即便他们已经成了公民。

这种原则本来是很好的，但它被推行得太过火，所以最终发生了变化，实际上成了政体中被滥用的手段。

首先，由于监察官长期掌握将公民从一个部族转换到另一个部族的仲裁权，他们渐渐竟容许大多数人随意加入自己挑选的部族。这一让步肯定没有什么好处，它使审查制度失去了一种最大的能力。况且，既然大权在握的高贵者们都加入了乡村部族，而被释放的奴隶和普通人留在了城市部族中，那么部族就不再以地方或领地为基础了。大家混杂在一起，人们不查登记表就无法确定任何人的身份。这就是为什么部族这个词逐渐有了个人的而非地域的含义，更准确地说，逐渐变得徒有虚名。

还发生过这样的事：更接近市中心的城市部族由于距离优势，在公民大会中往往一家独大，而他们在接受了别有居心之人的贿赂之后，竟任其操纵投票，以卑鄙的方式出卖国家。

再来说说库里亚。由于创立者已在每个部族中成立了十个库里亚，所以当时城墙以内的全体古罗马人由三十个库里亚组成。每个库里亚都有自己的神殿、神祇、官员、祭司以及自己的各种节日，这些节日称为大路节，类似后来乡村部族举办的乡村节。

当塞尔维乌斯引入他的新分类法时，三十个库里亚无法平分为四个部族，于是他就没有进行划分；结果是，库里亚独立于部族，成了罗马的另一种分类方式。不过，在乡村部族或属于部族的人当中不存在有关库里亚的问题，因为部族已经成为纯粹的公民组织，且在引入了新的征兵体制后，罗穆卢斯的军事划分便没有什么意义了。这样一来，虽然每个公民都必然是某一部族的成员，但他们却往往不是库里亚的成员。

塞尔维乌斯还做了与前两种毫无关系的第三种分类，这种分类从其结果看是三者中最重要的。他既不以人也不以其住处，而是以财富将整个罗马的公民分成六类。其结果是，第一类挤满了富人；最后一类净是穷人；而中间一类为拥有中等财富的人。这六大类细分为一百九十三个团体，称为百人团。这些团体又有另外的分类方式：第一类占半数以上，而最后一类却只包括一个百人团。于是我们发现，人数最少的那一类拥有最多的百人团，而最后一类只作一个百人团的细分类来算，尽管它容纳罗马半数以上的居民。

为了不让人们察觉这种分类的后果，塞尔维乌斯以军事的形式掩饰它；他在第二类和第四类各放入了两个军队百人团。而且除了最后一类，他在其他每个类别中都做了老少之间的划分，换句话说，就是划分需服兵役的人与年纪太大不必服役的人；比起财富的区分，这种划分更有必要进行经常性的人口统计。最后，他还规定集会应在玛尔斯教场上

举行；所有那些兵役适龄者都应扛着武器参加集会。

他在最后一类的老少之间不做同样区分的理由只是，参军为国效力是一种荣誉，而属于这一类的人没有资格获得这种荣誉；一个人只有先拥有家园，才有保卫它的权力。虽然今天各个国家的军队里都有无数乞丐，但在士兵被视为自由保卫者的那个年代，大概每一个乞丐都会被古罗马人轻蔑地逐出军团。

然而，在最后一类中，还有对无产者和被称作“按人头计数”的人的区分。前者并非是完全没有地位，他们至少算是国家公民，甚至在国家万分急需时也可以当兵。但是，那些一无所有、只充当计算人数之用的人，就相当于是不存在的。直到马留乌斯的时代，他才第一个打破陈规，招收他们入伍。

在此，我们不讨论这第三种分类实际上是好是坏，可以确定的一点是，它之所以可行，正是因为早期古罗马人简朴的习惯、对农业的喜好，以及相应的对商业和敛财的蔑视。然而，与他们相反，现代民族往往贪得无厌、内心不安、要弄阴谋，且永远处在局势的变化和盛衰的循环中。有哪个这样的民族能够让这一体制持续二十年而不将整个国家颠覆呢？我们还应该记住一点，古罗马的人民和审查机构拥有足以纠正这种体制之弊端的道德力量，而且在当时，富人若是过度炫富自己的财产，就会被转到穷人的阶级中去。

了解了这些情况，我们便不难理解，为何人们总是只提到五种古罗马人的分类，而实际上却有六类。第六个类别极少受到关注，因为它既不为军队输送士兵，也不为玛尔斯教场[35]提供选民，于是在共和国中便几乎起不到任何实际作用。

古罗马人的不同分类就是如此。接下来，让我们来关心一下这些类别在各种集会中所产生的影响。那些合法召集的集会被称作公民大会，

它们通常在古罗马的公共会场或玛尔斯教场上举行，根据所采用的形式，它们可以分为库里亚大会、百人团大会和部族大会三个种类。库里亚大会和百人团大会分别由罗穆卢斯和塞尔维乌斯创立，而部族大会则由保民官发明。除了公民大会，没有任何其他地方能批准法律、选举行政官。由于每个公民至少是库里亚、百人团和部族三者之一的成员，所以他们所有人都拥有投票权，且在法律和事实上都是真正的主权者。

为了合法召集公民大会，并使其行动有法律约束力，必须满足三个条件：第一，召集集会的主体或行政官必须被授予必要的权威；第二，集会必须在法律规定的某一天举行；第三，必须有一个好的占卜的结果。

第一个条件的理由无需解释。第二个条件与政策相关，集会不可以在假日或集市日进行，因为那几天人人都去了罗马城里办事，没时间在广场上参加集会。第三个条件使元老院得以遏制一个自负且躁动的民族，并缓和保民官的激情，让他们不要再继续煽动人民——尽管保民官也有种种逃避审查的方式。

公民大会的作用并不仅仅是裁决法律和选举官员。由于政府最重要的那些职能都掌握在古罗马人民的手里，我们可以说，欧洲的命运就在那些集会上决定的。公共事务具有多样性，因此根据集会讨论的内容，公民大会采用过若干方式。

为了判断这些不同的方式，有必要将它们做一番比较。在建立库里亚的过程中，罗穆卢斯的打算是让元老院和公民处于平衡状态、互相防备，好让他本人同时对双方施加控制。在这样的精心筹划下，他赋予人民数量上的权威，用以平衡他留给贵族的权力与财富的权威。不过，按照君主制的精神，他仍然给了贵族极大的利益，因为他们可以用钱收买人心，从而使人民这一方不再具有人数上的优势。这种妙不可言的庇护人制度和受庇护人制度是政治和人道的杰作，没有这一制度，与共和国

精神如此对立的贵族制就无法存续。给予世界以这一崇高范例的荣誉应当独属于古罗马人；在这种制度中，权力从未被滥用，但至今还没有任何国家对其进行仿效。

库里亚的这种方式一直延续到塞尔维乌斯的统治时期，且由于人们通常认为塔尔昆的统治是建于非法基础之上的，所以古罗马王政时代的法令就被统称为库里亚法。

在共和国中，库里亚仍然被限制在那四个城市部族之内，并且仍然只包括罗马城内的居民，不管是对领导着贵族的元老院，还是对本身不是平民、但领导着较富有公民的保民官，它都提供不了什么便利。由此，库里亚陷入了不被信任的尴尬境地，它陷得如此之深，以致于需要由一整个公民大会去做的事情，他们只能交给三十个扈从去做。

百人团的分类对贵族制极为有利，因而人们最初不易看出，为何元老院始终不能在以百人团为名的公民大会中占优势，而审议会、监察官和其他行政官却借此名义当选。事实上，在构成全体罗马人六个类别的一百九十三个百人团中，第一分类有九十八个百人团。既然投票是以百人团来计数的，那么第一类的票数就比所有其他类别加起来还要多。当所有第一类的百人团抱成一团时，剩余的投票甚至都不用计算了。此时，由少数人决定的东西被看作是多数人的决议，并顺利通过了；于是我们可以说，在百人团大会中，事事都由金钱多少来决定，而不由选票多少来决定。

可是，这种过度的权力在两个方面得到了调节。第一，保民官和大多数平民通常都被归为富人那一阶级，因此他们抑制了贵族在第一类中的影响。

第二，百人团并不总是被召集起来按顺序或按等级投票，否则的话，投票就会永远从第一类开始；百人团是通过抽签选出来的。[36]先

让这个百人团进行选举，之后再在不同的日子召集其他百人团重新按等级顺序重复该项选举，通常结果都是一样的。于是，范例的权威便根据民主制的原则，不再属于等级，而属于偶然性。

这种惯例还有另一个好处；它意味着来自乡村的居民在数次选举之间，有时间亲自了解暂时被提名的候选人的优点，因而他们就不会在无知中投票。但是，借着加快投票程序的名头，这一惯例最终被废除了。两次选举还是被放在同一天进行。

严格地说，部族大会才是古罗马人的议会，它只能由保民官召集。保民官在这里被选举出来以后，又在同样的这个地方批准通过公民投票的结果。元老院不但在部族大会中没有地位，其成员甚至还被大会排斥在外。于是，他们就不得不服从那些在他们没有发言权的情况下被制定出来的法律，在这一点上，他们还不如最卑贱的公民来得自由。这种不公正在构想上是非常不妥当的，因为光凭这一点，就可以证明一个主体没有将它所有公民的意见考虑在内，所以它颁布的法律理应是无法成立的。所有贵族在出席大会的时候都只是单纯的个体，并不会对按人计数的投票产生巨大影响，因为在这里，最卑贱的无产者与首席元老享有同样的地位。

由此可知，除了由众多公民投票采用的不同方法产生的秩序之外，这几种方法本身也具有相当的重要性；每一种方法都会产生各种影响，这些影响与引导人们选择这种方法的观念息息相关。

我不想再深究细节，依照前文给出的解释，我们已经可以得出结论，即部族大会最有利于人民的政府；百人团大会最有利于贵族制。而在库里亚大会中，古罗马人民仅在人数上构成了大多数，这就有利于暴政的施行以及不光彩的恶行的滋生。正是出于这个原因，甚至连那些想要煽风点火的势力都尽量不参加库里亚大会，免得他们的野心暴露得过于彻底。毫无疑问，古罗马人的尊严只有在百人团大会上才能显示得淋

漓尽致；只有这样一种集会才是包括了所有人的。与其相反，库里亚大会把乡村部族排除在外，而部族大会又将元老院和贵族拒之门外。

古罗马人所使用的投票制就像他们的举止和道德一样简单，虽然比起斯巴达人来说还是要稍微复杂一点儿。每个人以口头表决的方式投票，然后由一个书记员将票数记下来；在每个部族中，多数派的决定等于本部族的投票结果，而多数部族的决定就等于全体人民的投票结果；库里亚和百人团也是如此。这种投票方式不失为一种好办法，但只有在参加投票的公民普遍诚实正直、耻于当众支持一种非正义的动机或一个无才无德的候选人的情况下，这种方式才行得通。所以，当人们变得腐败，且选票可以被任意买卖时，就应该采用秘密计票的方式，让贿选者无法确保他们的钱能买来选票，也让那些流氓无赖们由于无处抛售选票而不必沦为卖国贼。

我清楚，西塞罗是谴责这种方式的改变的，他还表示，这种改变得为共和国的衰败承担部分责任。虽然西塞罗在这方面的权威毋庸置疑，我却不能同意他的看法。相反，我认为正是因为此类改变做得还不够，才加速了国家的衰败。就像健康者的食物不合适给病人吃一样，人们也不该试图用适用于善良人民的法律来管理腐化的人民。没有什么会比威尼斯共和国的经久不衰更能证实这一原理了，这一政体之所以至今仍有痕迹存留，就是因为威尼斯的法律仅适用于坏人。

现在，罗马公民每个人都被分到了一张选票，他们可以在别人不知其意见的情况下把它投出去。同时，罗马人还为收牌、计票、监表等作出新的安排，但这并不表示那些被委以职责的官员们就可以不受到监督，相反，他们的忠诚会一直接受人们的质疑。最后，设计好的法令通告被大量散发，以防有人密谋和买卖选票，结果，法令的数目之多反而使其显得毫无效率。

在共和国的最后几年，古罗马人常常被迫求助于特别的权宜之计以

弥补法令的不足。有时，他们假借神意，故意制造一些奇迹，但那些手段只能使人民上当，并不能吓住人民的统治者。有时，大会被仓促召集，为的是让候选人来不及进行贿赂；有时，若人们被邪恶的一方引诱、即将作出错误的决策，一些变故就会突然发生，阻碍议案的通过。但是，野心勃勃的人最终还是使这一切努力落了空；在所有的事实中最令人难以置信的是：多亏那些古老的秩序规定，即使是在权力被如此滥用的年代，广大人民仍也能继续选举行政官、制定法律、判决案件、经营私事、管理公务，而且这些事做起来并不艰难，因为人民所掌握的资源和元老院几乎是一样多的。

第五章　论保民官制

当国体的不同部分之间无法达成一个精确的平衡，或者当无法控制的因素持续改变它们之间的关系时，一个特别的行政机构便被建立起来。它虽然独立于别的行政机构，却能使各种因素趋于平衡；在君主与人民、君主与主权者之间，它起到联系或从中协调的作用，而且，如有必要，这两种关系的协调也可以同步进行。

我称之为保民官制度的这个主体，是法律和立法权的监护人。它有时保护主权者以对抗政府，就像罗马的保民官所做的那样；有时支持政府以对抗人民，就像现今十人会议在威尼斯所做的一样；有时，它又在二者之间维持一种平衡，就像斯巴达的监察官所做的一样。

保民官制度并不是共和国体制的一部分，它既不该分享立法权，也不该分享行政权，可正是由于这种原因，保民官制度自身的权力才达到最大的极限，因为它虽然自身无所作为，却可以阻止他人作为。作为法律的保卫者，它比行使法律的君主和确立法的主权者更加神圣、更加令人崇拜。这一点十分清楚地体现在罗马的情形中，在罗马，傲慢的贵族总是鄙视所有人民，但却不得不在一位普通的人民官员面前点头哈腰，即使这个官员既无神职上的权威，又无法律上的权威。

保民官制度若是把控得高明，便是一个良好国体强有力的支柱，而一旦它拥有了超过其所必要的最底限度的权力，它就将颠覆一切。保民官制度本性上并不趋于软弱。只要它存在，它的力量就必定会比其应有的更强。

保民官制度原本的作用是充当行政权的协调员并保护法律，而当它侵占了这一权力并试图制定法律时，它就会退化为暴政。在斯巴达士气高涨的时候，监察官的巨大权力并不会带来什么危险，但只要国家出现了一点腐败的迹象，它就会大大加速这一进程。阿吉斯虽然被暴君们杀死，但他继承者最终完成了复仇；同样，监察官犯下的罪行和受到的惩罚也加速了共和国的崩溃。克利蒙特的时代结束后，斯巴达的辉煌便不复存在了。古罗马也是以同样的方式灭亡的，而且，虽然法律是为维护自由而制定的，但它却最终使保民官所拥有的过多权力落入了毁掉自由的君主之手。至于威尼斯的十人会议，那是一个血腥的法庭，这种法庭对贵族和人民同样有害；它决不是给予现已降格的法律以最高的保护，而只是为无人敢于揭露的隐秘恶行而服务。

像政府那样，保民官制度也会随其成员的增加而受到削弱。当古罗马人的保民官——原来是两个，后来增加到五个——试图再增加一倍时，元老院同意了，并自信可以利用一方控制另一方，这一招果然奏效。

阻止这样一个强大主体篡权的最好方法——尽管它是任何政府从未留意过的方法——就是不让保民官制度持久存在，并规定一个其应处于暂停期的时间间隔。这些时间间隔不宜太长，以免使人有机会滥用各种权利，为此，可以制定详细的法律，规定这一间隔可以在必要时被特别的职权所缩短。

这种方法对我来说没有什么缺点，因为既然保民官制度如我所述决不是国体的一部分，那么将它删去也必定不会有什么害处；我还认为这

种方法是非常灵验的，因为一个刚上任的行政官不会用他前任所拥有的权力，而只会用法律所赋予他的权力来执政。

第六章　论独裁制

法律的不变性妨碍法律适应于环境，所以它不但可能在某种情况下使法律变得腐败，还会在紧要关头导致国家的覆灭。法律所规定的正式程序往往进展缓慢，但很多时候局势并不容许它耗费这么长时间。有许多事是立法者无法预见的，而光是明白这一点，就是一种非常必要的预见了。

由于这种原因，人们不应试图使政治制度变得如此僵化，以致于让自己丧失了中止政治制度运行的能力。即便是斯巴达，有时也会让其法律处于休眠的状态。

然而，唯有最大的危险才值得人们去冒变更公共秩序的危险；法律神圣的权力决不应该被中止，除非国家正处于生死关头。在这些极为罕见但很容易就能理解的情况下，一道特别的法令会将公共安全托付给一位最靠得住的人物。托付方式有两种，具体的选择取决于紧急情况的性质。

如果只靠政府增加活动就足以排除危险，那么这种活动应该集中在政府的一两个成员手中。在这种情况下，并不是法律的权威被削减了，而只是行政方式发生了变更。然而，如果情况已经危险到连法律机器本身都成为了安全障碍，那么就必须任命一个人为最高首领，并赋予其压制一切的法律权力，同时暂时中止主权者的权力。在这种情况下，公意就不容置疑，因为很显然，人们主要关注的是国家的生死存亡。因而，中止立法权并非废止立法权，压制立法权的行政官也不能直接掌握这一权力；他控制立法权，却不是它的代表。他可以做其他任何事情，唯独不能立法。

古罗马元老院使用的是第一种方法，它根据一项神圣的程序将共和国安全委托给两位执政官；而当他们之一拥立一个独裁者掌权时，方法一变更为方法二。这种方法是古罗马从阿尔巴那里学到的。[37]

在共和国初期，古罗马人常常采用独裁的手段，因为国家的根基尚未稳固，光靠宪法是不足以维护自身的。然而，古罗马人的道德品质使得他们不必像其他国家那样进行诸多防范，人们既不担忧独裁者会滥用职权，也不担忧他会企图超限延长执政时间。相反，如此多的权力对那些行使权力的人来说倒成了一个负担，因为他们急急忙忙想使自己摆脱这些权力，仿佛将行使法律的权力握在手里是什么极其麻烦又危险的职责似的。

所以，这里的危险情况并不是权力的滥用，而是对权力的贬低。人们往往因此而谴责罗马共和国在早期对这种最高行政官制度的使用过于轻率。因为当权力被浪费在选举、献祭以及纯粹的形式化的事情中时，他们便有理由担心权力会在真正需要它施展力量的时候显得软弱无力，并且他们也会逐渐认为，独裁只是一种空洞的形式，其唯一作用便是让种种毫无用处的仪式显得煞有其事。

到共和国晚期，比以往慎重许多的古罗马人在实行独裁的过程中又变得十分吝啬，这一切是没什么理由的，就像他们同样解释不了为什么之前对权力如此放任一样。不难看出，他们的谨慎并没有确实的根据。当时，为了不让行政官拥有太大的权力，人们的对策是让首都处于较弱的地位；独裁者在某种情况下可以保护公众自由，却不能侵犯它；古罗马的镣铐不是在它内部铸成的，而是在军队之中；塞尔维乌斯无力抵抗苏拉和庞培无力抵抗恺撒这两件事清楚地表明，内部的权威在面临外部的力量是多么不堪一击。

这种偏差导致古罗马人犯下极大的错误。例如，在喀提林事件中，人们没能扶持一位独裁者上位。鉴于那次事件只关系到城市本身，或者

顶多还涉及意大利的几个省区，法律赋予独裁者的无限权力本该轻易粉碎那场阴谋，但事实上，若不是发生了一连串侥幸的意外事件，情况还会继续恶化。这种侥幸，恰恰是与古罗马人的谨慎最不相容的。

元老院不去任命独裁者，反而十分满意地将其所有权力交给执政官，这就导致西塞罗为进行有效的行动而不得不在关键时刻僭越了他的权限。并且，尽管在最初的喜悦之中，古罗马人赞成了他的举动，他也依然应当为其行为造成的后果负全责，包括公民因违反法律而受到的肉体伤害——这原本是一种不可能向独裁者提出的指责。然而，这位执政官的雄辩却为他扫清了一切障碍。他本人尽管是一个古罗马人，可是他爱自己的荣耀胜过爱自己的国家；他企图在国务中为自己获得一切荣誉，而不去寻求一种报国的合理合法手段。[38]因而，他被公正地誉为罗马的解放者，同时也作为古罗马法律的违犯者受到了应有的惩罚。不管他所描述的自己被流放的经历有多么辉煌，那也毫无疑问是在赎罪。

此外，无论这个重要的独裁者的任命是以什么方式被授予的，其任期都必须被限制为一个绝对不能延长的、较短的时间；在需要建立独裁制的紧急情况下，国家要么很快灭亡，要么很快脱离险境。一旦这种急需没有了，独裁不是变成暴政就是变得一文不值。在古罗马，这个期限是六个月，大多数独裁者会在期满之前辞职。假设这个期限可以被延长，那他们就可能在延长的基础上再作出调整，以进一步延长期限，就像原本任期一年的古罗马十大行政官那样。独裁者被给予的时间，只能刚好够他解决当前的问题，而不能让他有余地考虑更长远的计划。

第七章　论监察官制

正如公意是通过法律途径加以宣布的一样，公众的裁决是通过监察官来宣布的；公众的意见是一种法律，而监察官就是这种法律的执行者，而且，按照君主的模式，这种法律也只能应用在特殊情况中。

由此，监察官仲裁的决不是公众意见，它只是代言人；一旦脱离了这一点，其种种决策就空洞无效。

将民族的道德与其尊崇的对象分隔开来是徒劳无益的，因为两者都源自同样的原理，必然会相互混杂。对世上所有的民族来说，并不是天性，而是意见决定了他们对快乐的选择。若是改变人们的意见，他们的道德便将自动得到净化。人们总是喜爱好东西或他们认为好的东西，然而，正是由于这种判断，他们才会犯下错误；所以，应该对他们的判断加以调整。判断道德，就是判断荣誉的授予标准；判断荣誉的授予标准，就是把意见当作法律来看待。

一个民族的种种意见都来源于其自身的体制；尽管法律并不规定道德，但道德确实是因立法才产生的；当立法被弱化时，道德就堕落；而监察官的裁决势必完成不了法律尚未完成的任务。

由此可见，在维护道德方面，监察官制度可能有所作为，但是在恢复道德方面它却绝对无能为力。监察官制度应该建立在法律仍然充满活力的时候，因为活力一旦失去，一切就都无所指望；法律一旦不再具有力量，任何合法的东西也就不具有力量了。

监察官制度为了维护道德，不但要防止各种意见受到腐化、用明智的规划阻止它们偏离正道，有时还要在它们尚未成形时就对其加以固定。在法兰西王国，决斗中使用助手曾经是人们强烈支持的做法，但仅仅由于国王在法令中说了一句话——“至于那些胆怯到要找助手的人”——这种做法就被废止了。公共意见之所以能一下子被扭转过来，是因为有人对它进行了准确预判。可当同样的法令试图表明对抗决斗也是胆怯时——尽管这很有道理，但却与大众意见背道而驰——大众就会对此加以嘲笑，因为他们自己已经有了对这件事的判断。

我在其他地方说过，既然公众意见并不屈从于强制力，那么在已建

立起的代表公众意见的监察官制中就不该留下强制的痕迹。这种现代人完全不熟悉的技巧，古罗马人曾经运用得很好，而斯巴达人更是深谙此道。在此，我们只能对他们致以最高的敬意。

过去，有一个品行不好的人在斯巴达内阁会议上提出了一个很好的想法，监督官对他不屑一顾，却听取了一个善良公民提出的同样的意见。二者既没受到表扬，也没受到责备，然而这对后者来说是怎样的荣誉、对前者来说是怎样的耻辱啊；来自萨摩斯岛的几个醉鬼曾经弄脏监察官的席位，次日，就有公共布告允许萨摩斯岛居民今后可以做各种坏事。这种惩罚比真正的惩罚更为严厉。在斯巴达声明了什么是体面的、什么是不体面的之后，希腊便直接接受了这一判断标准。

第八章　论公民宗教

原始时期，人们没有国王，却有神祇。他们唯一的政权就是神权。他们像卡力古拉那样推理，因此便能得出正确的结论。在一个人决定接受自己的同类作为主人，并说服自己做此决定是有益处的之前，他需要一段较长的时间来调整他的感觉和观念。

每个政治社会都有其信奉的神。由这一事实可见，神跟民族是一样多的。两个互相疏远、几乎总是敌对的民族，不可能长期认同同一个主人，两支交战的军队也不可能服从同一个指挥官。因而，民族的互不相容就产生了如此之多的神，而且这反过来又产生了宗教层面和民间层面的不宽容。之后我便要解释，这两种不宽容必然是相同的。

古希腊人的幻想——他们是在野蛮人崇拜的诸神中找到自己的神祇的——源于他们的一种习惯，即把自己看作那些民族的自然主权者。可到了我们这个时代，若是还不懂得如何分辨各民族的神——不管是无法区别闪米族神、农神和克罗诺，还是把腓尼基人的邪神、希腊人的宙斯和古罗马人的朱庇特混为一谈——就未免过于可笑了；仿佛是在说，这

些拥有不同名称的幻想生命之间是有共通之处的！

可是，或许有人会问，为何那些国家在有自己的宗教礼拜和神祇且信奉异教的情况下没有发生宗教战争？我的回答是：这是由于这样一个真实的情况——每个拥有自己的信仰和自己的政权的国家，并不区分自己的神祇和法律。政治战争就是神学战争。每个神的职权是由不同民族的边界所决定的。一个民族的神无权超越其他民族的神。异教徒的神决不是嫉妒的，它们在彼此之间划分世界；甚至连摩西人和希伯莱人在论及以色列的神时也会采用这个观念。诚然，他们完全不在乎迦南人的神，迦南人是一个受排斥的民族，注定要毁灭，而他们将要占领迦南人的国家。但是，想一想他们是怎样谈论自己无法侵略的邻国民族的神的吧。耶弗他对阿摩尼特斯人说："属于你们的神基抹的东西难道不是你合法应得的东西吗？正如我们有权占领一块土地，只要我们善于征伐的神已经攻下了它。"[39]

但是，犹太人以前屈从于巴比伦君主，后来屈从于叙利亚君主，当他们试图坚定不移地承认自己的神祇，而不承认其他神祇时，这番拒绝就被视为一种向征服者发起的叛乱。我们在犹太人历史上所读到的那些迫害，正是因这个理由而发生的，而且在基督教诞生之前，我们没有找到其他这样的例子。[40]

既然每种宗教都如此唯一地依附于对它作出规定的国家法律，且既然除了征服就没有使人皈依宗教的手段，那么，唯有征服者才是传教士；既然改变信仰是被征服国家的法定义务之一，那么就有必要在布道使人皈依之前就进行征服。比起人类为了神而战，情况倒更像是荷马书中所说的那样，是诸神为了人类而战；每个民族都会向神祈求胜利，并偿还神以新的祭坛。古罗马人在拿下一座城池之前，都会拜请那儿的神放弃城池；他们之所以允许塔伦土姆人维护他们愤怒的神，是因为他们相信，别的神已经屈从于他们的神，并被迫向他们表示敬意。他们允许

被征服者保有自己的神，就好比是允许被征服者保有自己的法律。通常，这种宽容的唯一条件，就是被征服者必须向主神殿的朱庇特献上一顶王冠。

最后，随着帝国的扩张，古罗马人也传播了他们的信仰和神，而且他们还常常给予所有人同等的公民权利，从而将被征服者的宗教和神都纳入了自己的体系。这个庞大帝国的各民族逐渐发现自己拥有许多的神祇和信仰，而且各地的情况都差不多；这就是异教在当时世界成为了唯一宗教形式的原因。

正是在这些情况下，耶稣出现了，并在全球建立起一个精神王国；这个将神学体系与政治分离的王国，不但意味着国家已不是一个统一体，还造成了宗教内部的分裂，将信仰基督教的各民族置于无休无止的动荡之中。可是，既然另一世界王国的新观念从未被灌输到异教徒的头脑中，他们就始终把基督教徒视为真正的叛乱者，并且认为这些叛乱者披着虚情假意屈服的外衣，在力量薄弱时服从权威，但一有机会就会侵占这种权威、独立称霸。宗教迫害的原因便是如此。

异教徒所担忧的事真的发生了；那时一切都变了样；谦卑的基督教徒改变了他们的调子，并且在一个具有实体的首领的统治下，所谓另一世界的王国很快变成了这世上最暴力的专制。

然而，既然各位君主和各种公民法律依旧存在，这个双重权力的结果就只能是一场没完没了的司法冲突，这场冲突基督教国家不可能拥有任何一种好的政府制度，因为在这些国家，人们从来就不知道他们是该服从公民的统治者，还是该听从神父。

许多民族，甚至包括欧洲或其周边国家的民族，都曾试图维护或重新建立古代的制度，可它们都没有成功：基督精神已大获全胜。宗教崇拜一直保持着，或重新恢复了其独立于主权的地位，并且与国家没有必

要的联系。穆罕默德的观念是很合理的，他努力维护其政体的统一，而且只要在他的继任者哈里发的掌权期间，这一政体形式能够维持下去，从今以后它就是牢不可破的了，从某种程度上来说，它也会是一个很好的政体。然而，阿拉伯人后来变得富裕、有教养了，同时也更文雅、娇贵和软弱了，以至于被野蛮人征服；然后两权分割重新开始。即使与基督教徒相比，穆斯林之间的分裂更不明显，但它确实是存在的，阿里教派的这一现象尤为严重，而在像波斯那样的国家中，人们一直都会有分裂的感觉。

在我们当中，英国国王和沙皇已经自封为教会领袖了。然而这个称号并非使他们真正成为了教会的主人，倒更像是成了教会的大臣，而他们掌握的力量也只够保存教会，并不能让其作出改变；他们并不是立法者，而只是君主。无论牧师在哪里设立一个团体，[41]他在自己的机构中就是主人和立法者。因而，英国和俄国就有两种权力、两个主权者，和别的国家并没有区别。

在所有基督教作家中，哲学家霍布斯是唯一清楚地看出了其邪恶之处，并找到了根治方法的人，他敢于建议将鹰的两个头重新合并，彻底恢复政治统一，因为如果不统一，国家和政府就都无法健全。不过，他应该也已看出基督教的主导精神与其体制互不相容——君主利益总是高于国家利益。霍布斯体系招人憎恨的原因不在于它的可怕、虚假的部分，而恰恰在于其合理、真实的部分。[42]

我相信，如果用这个观点来分析历史事实，我们就不难反驳贝尔和华伯登相互对立的观念了，他们一个认为宗教对政体无益，一个认为基督教是政体的坚强后盾。通过阐述国家没有宗教作为基础就无法创建的道理，我们可以驳斥第一个观点；通过证明基督教法则对健全的国体其实不是有利而是有害，我们也可以驳斥第二个观点。为了使大家理解得更透彻，我想我只需把与主题有关的、特别含混不清的宗教观念说得更

明确一点即可。

从与社会的联系——不管是普通的还是特别的——来看，宗教可以分为两种：人类宗教和公民宗教。人类宗教没有神殿、祭坛或仪式，只受限于对至高无上神的内在忠诚和道德的外在义务，它是纯洁朴素的福音宗教、是真正的有神论，可以被称为神圣的自然法则。公民宗教是在一国之内建立起来的宗教；它让那个国家拥有自己的神祇，也就是特别的守护神；它有自己的教条、礼节和由法律规定的崇拜形式；对一个提倡这种宗教的国家来说，外在的一切都是异教的、不相容的、野蛮的；它只把人的权利与义务限定在祭坛一样狭窄的范围内。所有早期民族的宗教就是如此；我们可以给它取名为公民的或积极的神圣法则。

还有第三种更古怪的宗教，它们给予人们两套立法规则、两位统治者、两个祖国，让人们承担两种相互矛盾的义务，并且阻止人们同时具有教民与公民的身份。拉马斯人的宗教如此，日本人的宗教如此，天主基督教也如此。人们可以称其为牧师的宗教。它产生一种混合的、反社会的法律体系，这种体系没有名称。

从政治上看，这三种宗教每一种都有其缺陷。第三种宗教坏得如此明显，以至于一切对其坏处的证明都是在浪费时间。破坏社会统一的一切事物都是毫无价值的；使人自相矛盾的一切制度也是毫无价值的。

第二种宗教的优点在于它把拜神与守法相结合，而且，通过使公民崇拜祖国，它也教会了他们一点：为国家作贡献就是为守护神作贡献。这是一种君主即为唯一教主、行政官即为唯一牧师的神权政体。在这里，为自己国家而死的人就是殉道者；违法就是不虔诚；让罪人承受大众的诅咒就等于让神的怒火来裁决他：sacer esto（让神诅咒他去吧！）。

不过，这种宗教也是恶劣的；既然它依赖谬误和谎言，它就会欺骗

人们，使人们轻信、迷信；它在空洞的礼仪中将对神的真正崇拜掩盖起来。当它变得孤傲、残暴，并且使一个民族变得嗜血、偏狭时，它就更加恶劣了，不但让人们成天只顾谋杀和屠杀，还让他们相信杀害那些不接受其神明的人是一桩神圣的义举。这样一来，这个民族就陷入与其他所有民族对峙或交战的自然状态，它的自身安全于是毫无保障。

剩下的就只有人类宗教，也就是基督教。这里讲的不是如今的基督教，而是那种完全不同的的福音基督教。在这种神圣的、崇高的、真正的宗教的影响下，人们作为同一个神的孩子，把其他人视为兄弟姐妹，并且他们联结而成的那个社会自始至终都不会解体。

可是，这种宗教既没有与政体的特定联系，也不能让法律在原有的基础上增加任何权力，所以它就缺乏一种维系特别社会所必需的纽带。更有甚者：这种宗教非但不会使公民的内心依附于国家，反而会使他们与尘世的一切东西分离。我不知道还有什么会比这更加违反社会精神了。

有人说，一个真正基督教徒的民族总是可以建立人们所能想到的最完美无缺的社会。我只看出这个假设有一个大缺陷，即一个真正基督教徒的社会肯定不是一个人类社会。

我甚至还要说，这个想象的社会若有尽善尽美的一切，就决不会是最强大、最持久的。它的完美使它缺乏连结的纽带；其致命的缺陷就在于其极致的完美。

人人都要履行义务；人人都要服从法律；统治者要公正温和；行政官要诚实廉洁；士兵要藐视死亡；既不能虚荣也不能奢侈；这一切十分美好。不过，让我们再往下瞧一瞧吧！

基督教是一种地地道道精神上的宗教，它只涉及天堂的东西；基督

教徒的祖国并不属于这个世界。基督教徒履行其义务，这一点并不假，可他是抱着一种完全不在乎行为成功与否的态度在履行义务。假如他对自己没什么好责备的话，那这世上的一切是否顺利对他来说便无关紧要了。如果国家繁荣昌盛，他就几乎不敢享受公众的快乐，而是害怕他会因国家的荣耀而骄傲起来；如果国家灭亡，他就会祝福上帝对其子民施加的重压。

为了使社会得以太平、和谐得以保持，每个公民毫无例外都必须成为好的基督徒。假如不幸出现了一个野心勃勃的家伙、一个伪君子、一个谋反者，或者比如在他们当中出现了一个克伦威尔的话，那人一定会轻易地将他虔诚的同胞玩弄于股掌之中。因为基督的仁慈不容许我们动不动就把邻居往坏处想。当那人狡猾到掌握了利用别人的技巧，并成功窃取了一部分公共权威时，他就会得到无上荣誉；神的意志就要求人们对他尊敬；不久，他的权利越来越大，神的意志就要求人们服从他。就算他想滥用人们委托给他的权力，他也可以说是神在惩罚其子民。基督教徒会对驱逐篡夺者顾虑重重，因为那意味着妨碍大家的和睦相处，还要动用暴力，导致流血事件，而所有这些极不符合基督教的温和精神。一个人活在苦难的世间，是享受自由还是当个奴隶都无所谓，重要的只有上天堂这一件事，而听天由命正是升入天堂的方法之一。

假如爆发了一场对外战争，公民们会欣然上战场；他们当中没有人会想逃之夭夭；大家都会尽义务——不过他们不以胜利的激情来尽义务；比起如何打胜仗，他们更知道如何去献身。他们不在乎自己是胜利者还是失败者。上帝难道不比他们更清楚什么是必要的吗？可想而知，一个得意的、蛮横的、意气风发的敌人会从他们的斯多葛哲学中汲取到什么好处。找一个慷慨激昂、内心充满对荣誉和国家的热爱的民族，让基督徒去与他们对战吧；设想一下基督教共和国遇上斯巴达或古罗马，那些虔诚的基督教徒在发挥出他们的聪明才智之前就会被挫败、镇压和消灭；如果没有，那只是因为敌人对他们心怀鄙夷。

我自己认为，费比乌斯手下的士兵们遵循的是非常好的誓言；他们并不发誓要去征服他人，或是为国献身，而只是发誓要以凯旋的姿态归来，他们说到做到。而基督教徒从来不敢这样做；他们会以为这是在试探上帝。

不过，我在谈到基督教共和国时，就已经犯了一个错，因为这两个术语是相互矛盾的。基督教只宣扬奴性和顺从。它的精神对暴政太有利了，以致于专制政治想不得到好处都不行。真正的基督教徒就是要当奴隶的；他们对此很清楚，却毫不在乎；因为尘世的短暂生活在他们眼里太没有价值了。

有人说基督教军队很出色。我否认这种说法。给我展示一下这样的军队吧。据我所知，世上根本就没有这样的例子。人们可能会提到十字军东征。我不会否认十字军东征的英勇无畏，可我必须说，他们决不是基督教徒。他们是牧师的士兵，是教派的公民；他们为了教派的精神家园而战，而教派却以某种奇特的方式使这个精神家园落在了现实世界。严格地说，这个讨论又属于异教的主题了；因为既然福音书从不创立任何国教，那么在基督教徒当中便不可能有神圣的战争。

在异教徒君主的统治下，基督教徒士兵个个骁勇善战。所有基督徒作家都告诉我们这一点。我相信他们说的；但那些士兵正是为了抗击异教徒的荣誉才战斗。一旦君主们都成为基督教徒，这种对抗就会终止；一旦十字架将鹰驱赶出去，所有古罗马人的英勇无畏精神就会消失。

现在把政治考虑搁置一边，让我们回到关于权利的问题上来，再确定一下解决这个重要问题的种种原则。如我所说，社会公约给予主权者统治臣民的权利不能超过公共实用的界限。[43]臣民没有义务向主权者说明他们的信仰，除非那些信仰对共同体来说意义重大。有一点对国家非常关键，那就是每个公民都应该有一种使其热爱自己职责的宗教，但那种宗教的教条既不是为国家谋利，也不是为国家成员谋利，除非只要

那些教条涉及道德和义务，这些道德和义务就必然为每个以那种宗教为业者所履行。此外，每个人都可以依据自己的喜好持有意见，不必经主权者的审查，因为在另一个世界里，主权者显然没有任何力量；只要臣民在今生的生活中当好公民，他们后世的命运不管怎样都跟主权者无关。

因而，就有了一种纯粹为公民信仰的宣言，而主权者的职能就是确定条条框框。它们并非严格得像宗教的教条，而更像像社会良知的表达，没有这种良知，想成为一个好的公民或一个忠诚的臣民都是不可能的。[44]主权者不能强迫人人都得相信这些条条框框，但可以将任何不相信它们的人驱逐出境；驱逐的理由不是对神不敬，而是由于他是一个反社会的人，不能真诚热爱法律和正义，也不会在必要时为职责牺牲生命。如果有人已经公开接受了教条，他的行为却显示他并不相信它们，那么就把他处死吧，因为他犯下滔天大罪，即在法律面前撒谎的罪。

公民宗教的教条必须既简单又少量，表达精确，无需解释或评注。全能的、理智的、仁慈的、先知先觉神性的存在，来生，正义的快乐，惩罚罪人，社会契约和法律的圣洁——这些都是积极的教条。至于消极的教条，我把它们限于一条：不宽容。它属于我们已经拒绝的宗教之列。

依我看，那些区分政治的不宽容和神学的不宽容的人都错了。不宽容的这两种形式是不可分割的。我们无法与将堕入地狱的人和睦相处，爱他们就等于憎恨将要惩罚他们的神；我们若不挽救他们，就得折磨他们，这是一项责无旁贷的义务。无论神学的不宽容在哪里被应用，它必然造成某种政治的结果，[45]这时，主权者就不再是主权者了，即使是在世俗层面上；在这个阶段，牧师成为真实的主人，而君主只不过成了牧师的办事员。

由于现在没有也不再可能有一个唯一的国教，凡是对其他宗教宽容

的宗教，我们就必须宽容，只要它们的教条不含任何与公民的义务相对立的东西。然而，任何敢说“在教堂之外没有拯救”的人都应该从他的国家被驱逐出去，除非那个国家就是教会，并且君主就是主教。这样一种教条只有在神权政体中是好的；而在任何其他政体中却是有害的。据说，亨利四世接受天主教的那个理由，本该使所有诚实的人——特别是所有懂得思考的君主——都放弃天主教。

第九章　结论

在陈述了政治权利的真正原则，并且尝试在这些原则的基础上创建国家之后，我应该思考国家的对外关系，包括国际法、商业、战争权与征服权、公共法、联盟、谈判、条约等等，以此来结束我的研究。但是，所有这些都代表一个新主题，这个主题对才疏识浅的我来说显得太大了；我应该始终关注我力所能及的种种问题。

[1]见普鲁塔克的一篇题为《动物应用理性》的短论文。

[2]古罗马人比世上任何民族都更了解也更尊重战争权。在这方面，他们非常顾忌，以至于在一个公民未正式表示反抗敌人，并特别指名反抗某个敌人之前，不许作为志愿军服役。当小卡图最先参加波比里乌斯领导的军队改编时，老卡图就写信给波比里乌斯说，如果他仍然要他的儿子继续在他手下服役的话，就应让他重新进行一次战争宣誓。其理由是他儿子的第一次宣誓已经无效，儿子不能再扛枪杀敌。卡图还写信给儿子，警告他没有再宣誓就别参战。＜br/＞我知道，有人可能引用克鲁修姆之围和古罗马历史上的其他例子来反驳我，但我引用的是法律和惯例。没有哪个民族会比古罗马人更遵纪守法，也没有哪个民族会比古罗马人有如此完善的法律。

[3]当城镇与城市被认为是同一的东西，公民被认为跟市民一样时，这个名词的真正含义在近代几乎完全消失了。人们忘了，城镇是由房屋构成的，而只有市民才能构成城市。迦太基人曾为这一错误付出惨重的代价。我从未见过（公民）这个称号赋予任何君主统治下的臣民，即使对古代马其顿人或当今英国人也不行，尽管他们比其他民族都更接近自由。唯独法语以相似的意思来处理“公民”这个词，因为他们不知道这个词是什么意思，他们的不同词典已证明了这一点。如果真知道这词的含义，他们就要犯大逆不道的篡位罪了。事实上，他们用这个词表示社会地位，而不表示合法权利。当博丹要表达公民与市民时，他完全错误地张冠李戴。达朗贝先生没犯这个错误，并且在他的《日内瓦》一文里，正确区别我们城镇所发现的四个等级的人（或五个等级的人，如果算上异邦人的话），而其中两个等级的人组成共和国。就我所知，没有别的法国作家了解“公民”这个词的真正含义。

[4]在一个不良政府的统治下，这种平等只是一种表面现象，一种幻想。它只能使穷人继续处于悲惨的境地，使富人继续处在富有的地位。事实上，法律总是有益于拥有财产的人，而对一无所有的人却是有害的。由此可见，只有当大家都拥有一些东西而又无人拥有过多的东西时，这种社会状态才会对人有益。

[5]由于意志要成为公意，所以意志没必要总是全体一致，但必须把全部票数都计算在内。任何形式上的例外都会破坏其普遍性。

[6]阿冉松侯爵说过：“每种利益都有其不同的原则。两种利益之间的协调是由与第三种利益相对立而形成的。”他可能会补充说，所有利益的协调是由与个人利益相对立而形成的。如果没有不同利益的话，我们就几乎意识不到一种永远都碰不到障碍的共同利益。一切都将轻松自如地运转，政治也就不再是一种艺术了。

[7]马基雅维利说：“事实上，划分有时有害于一个共和国，有时则是有益的。害处是由派系派别造成的，而益处则是由没有派系派别的党派带来的。因此，既然一个国家的缔造者不可能预防敌意，至少他必须尽可能预防派系纠纷。”（见《佛罗伦萨史》第七卷）

[8]请细心的读者不要因为矛盾而急于责备我。由于语言贫乏，所以我无法避免用语上的矛盾，

不过等待吧。

[9]“共和的”这个词，我不仅理解贵族制或民主制，而且还大致理解在成为法律的公意指导下的任何政府。如果公意是合法的，政府就不能与主权者混为一谈，而只能是主权者的执政人，从而君主制也可以是共和制。这一点将在第三卷中加以说明。

[10]一个民族直到其国体开始衰退时才出名。我们不知道，在争相谈论希腊其他地方之前，莱格古士的国体给斯巴达人带来了多少世纪的幸福。

[11]把加尔文只当作是一位神学家的那些人，并没有意识到其天才的程度。他在我们充满智慧的法令汇编中起到很大的作用，这给他带来的莫大荣誉不亚于他的《基督教要义》。无论怎样的革命可能在我们的宗教信仰中发生，当对祖国和自由的热爱在我们心中没有泯灭时，那些宗教家们将永远以崇敬的心情缅怀这位伟人。

[12]马基雅维利在文中写道：“事实上，在任何国家从没有过任何不求助于上帝的特殊立法者；否则，法律便不为人所接受；一个智者知道许多有用的真理，而这些真理无法以像说服他人那样的一种方式加以示范。”（《论李维》第五卷第十一章）（原文为意大利语——译者注）

[13]（在1782年版中被修订为“大多数民族……”。——译者注）

[14]如果两个相邻的民族彼此依存，这种状况对一方是艰难而对另一方却是危险的。在这种情况下，任何聪明的民族都将尽快地让另一个民族从这种依附状态下摆脱出来。处于墨西哥帝国包围中的斯拉斯加拉共和国，不但不向墨西哥人购买食盐度日，甚至也不接受他们馈赠的食盐。聪明的斯拉斯加拉人看出隐藏在对方宽宏大量背后的阴谋诡计。他们维护了自己的自由，而这个封锁在大帝国领土内的小国最终成为帝国毁亡的原因。

[15]你希望国家具有凝聚力吗？那么就尽可能地消除贫富悬殊现象吧；不许有富豪，也不许有赤贫。这两个自然分化的阶级对公共幸福来说是同样致命的；一个阶级会产生暴政的支持者，而另一个阶级则会产生暴君。这两个阶级始终在做公共自由的交易：一个购买自由，另一个则出卖自由。

[16]阿冉松侯爵说过：“任何外贸部门对整个王国来说，都只不过带来一种虚幻的利益；它可以使一些人甚至一些城市发财致富，但是整个国家却一无所获，而且全体人民的生活也没有因此变得更好。”

[17]因此，在威尼斯人们仍称大议会为最尊敬的君主，即使当大公不出席的时候。

[18]波兹南侯爵，即波兰国王的父亲，洛林公爵。

[19]“我愿自由而有危险，但不愿安宁而受奴役。”

[20]很显然，对古人来说“贵族”这个词并不是指最好，而是指最强。

[21]最为重要的是，必须用法律来规定行政官的选举方式；因为如果这是委托给君主的意志，那就不可避免地会沦为世袭贵族制，就像威尼斯共和国和伯尔尼共和国曾发生过的那样。威尼斯长期以来就是一个衰败的国家，而伯尔尼则仅由于其元老院极其英明才得以生存——这一规则无一例外是很荣耀的，可也是很危险的。

[22]马基雅维利是个绅士，也是个良好公民；可因为他依附于梅狄奇家族，所以不得不在国人的压迫下把对自由的热爱伪装起来。他恰好选择了一位可恶的主人公，这就显示了他的秘密意图；而他的《君王论》一书的准则与他的《李维论》和《佛罗伦萨史》两书的准则之间相互对立，这种对立证明，这位深刻的政治思想家至今都只有一些肤浅的或曲解的读者。罗马教皇曾严禁这本书。我确信这一点，因为这本书描写得最直白的就是罗马宫廷。

[23]“因为辨别好坏最有效也是最简洁的方法，就是假如做国王的不是自己而是另一个人的话，想一想自己要什么，不要什么。”（见塔西佗《历史》，第一卷）

[24]这跟我在第二卷第九章论大国的劣势时所说的并不矛盾，因为前面我论述的是政府对其成员的权威，而这里的问题则是它对付臣民的势力。它分散各地的官员，作为它从远距离给公民施压的许多支点，可它却没有可以给官员施压的支点。因此，在一种情况下，杠杆过长便成了政府的软肋；而在另一种情况下，则又成了政府的力量。

[25]人们必须根据这同一条原则来判断，就人类繁荣而言，哪些是值得我们赞许的世纪。对于所目睹的工艺品和文学的繁荣，我们赞美得太多了，但却从未深究这些文化隐藏的目的，也未考虑它们致命的后果：“愚人称之为人道的，其实那已是奴役的开始。”难道在书中的那些箴言背后，我们就看不出促使作者们说的那些原始的私利吗？不，无论他们说些什么，一个国家尽管灿烂辉煌，可只要其人口减少，就绝不会真的是一切都好。一个诗人年薪十万里弗，这不足以说明他所处的就是历史长河中最好的时代。应该少考虑表面的平静和统治者的安宁，而更多地关注整个民族的幸福，特别是那些人口最多国家的幸福。冰雹可能毁坏一些国家的行政区，却很少造成饥荒。骚动和内战可能引起统治者的强烈恐慌，它们却并非民族真正的不幸；当谁是下一个暴君尚未定论时，公民至少有数月可以休养生息。他们的灾难和幸福都起于他们的持久状态。当大家仍处在枷锁的束缚时，一切都将衰败；只有在这时统治者才能任意摧残公民，当他们把国土沦为废墟时，他们会说和平到来了。当举国的争论搅动着法兰西王国时，当巴黎副主教怀揣匕首出席会议时，这并不妨碍法国公民在一种真正自由的安逸中享受幸福，生儿育女。古希腊是在最残酷的战争中达到繁盛的巅峰；虽然血流成河，可是整个国土上还是住满了人。马基雅维利说过：“看起来我们的共和国似乎就是在暗杀、流放与内战之中变得比以往任何时候都强大；公民的德行、道德与独立性起到的加强国家的作用，胜过一切争端引起的削弱作用。”一点点震荡倒会使人们的内在富有活力；真正能使种族繁荣昌盛的不是和平，而是自由。

[26]威尼斯共和国在其环礁湖中缓慢形成与发展，提供了这个过程一个值得注意的范例；一千二百多年之后，威尼斯人似乎仍处在1198年由西拉尔·康塞里奥开启的第二个阶段，这真令人惊讶。至于人们所责难的那些古代大公们，无论《威尼斯自由论》这本书怎么讲，都不是他们的主权者，这一点有据可循。＜br/＞肯定会有人引用罗马共和国的例子来反驳我，说罗马共和国

遵循了一个完全相反的时间顺序，它从君主制过渡到贵族制，再从贵族制过渡到民主制。可我却决不同意这种看法。＜br/＞罗穆鲁斯最初创建的是一个混合政府，这个混合政府迅速退化为一个专制政体。由于特殊原因，这个国家过早夭折，就像人们有时看到婴儿在未成年以前就死去一样。驱逐塔尔干王朝之日才是共和国真正诞生之时。但是罗马共和国起初并非采取一种固定的形式，因为罗马人尚未废除贵族制，只是半途而废。因为在所有合法管理机构中最糟糕的世袭贵族制仍然与民主制相冲突，所以政府的形式总是变幻不定，直到设立保民官时才固定下来（正如马基雅维利证明过的一样）；只有到那时才有了真正的政府和真正的民主制；事实上，到那时公民不仅是主权者，还是行政官和法官；元老院不过是一个从属的执政议会，用以调和与集中政权，而执政官本身——尽管他们是贵族、首席行政官、战时的绝对指挥官——在罗马不过是公民的议长罢了。＜br/＞从那时起，我们看得出来，罗马政府遵循其自然倾向并强烈地趋于贵族制。贵族制似乎是自我毁灭，因此也就不再处于贵族的主体内，像是在威尼斯和热那亚一样，而是处在由贵族和平民所组成的元老院的主体内，甚至处在——当保民官开始篡夺主动权时——保民官的主体内，因为名字是改变不了什么的，所以当公民有了代表他们治理国家的首领时，无论这些人有什么称号，这仍然是一个贵族制。＜br/＞贵族制的滥用造成了内战与三人执政的局面。苏拉、尤利西斯·恺撒、奥古斯都实际上相当于君主；最后，在提贝留乌斯的专制下，国家终于解体。那么，罗马的历史不是与我的原则不相符，而是肯定了我的原则。

[27]“凡是在一个习惯于自由的城市里永远当权的人，就会被人称为或视为暴君。”（见科尔奈利乌斯·尼波斯的《密蒂阿德传》）确实，亚里士多德（见《尼各马可伦理学》第八卷第十章）区分过暴君与国王，暴君是为自己的利益而统治，国王则只是为臣民的利益而统治；然而，所有的希腊作家通常都在另一层意思上使用“暴君”这个词，尤其像色诺芬所写的《希罗》那样；此外，根据亚里士多德的这一准则还可以得出：自从有了这个世界，还从未有过一个国王。

[28]这个词在此的用法有几分英国议会所具有的意思。纵然一切管辖权都已中止，这种职能之间的相似性还是会引起执政官与保民官之间的冲突的。

[29]要在寒冷的国家接受东方人的奢侈与温柔，就等于想给自己戴上枷锁，也就等于比东方人更不可避免地向这两者屈服。

[30]这就是我在本书剩余部分所要做的事，在论述对外关系中，我将要涉及到邦联制的主题。这是一个全新的主题，其原则还有待确定。

[31]这可以理解为：没有人可能为逃避职责而离开自己的国家，或者当国家需要他时为避免拯救自己的国家而离开。在这种情况下，逃跑一定是犯罪，该受惩罚；逃跑不一定是撤退，而一定是潜逃。

[32]这应该始终理解为仅指自由的国家，因为在别处家庭、财产、缺乏庇护、必需品以及暴力，这些都可能勉强使一个居民留在国内；到那时纯粹的居住不再表示他是同意契约还是违背契约。

[33]在热那亚，所有监狱的大门上和大帆船的锁链上，都可以看到“自由”这个词。把这个词当作座右铭来用真是美妙又恰当。其实，正是各国犯罪分子才妨碍公民得到自由。在一个所有这般人都在大帆船上的国家里，人们一定会享受到最完美的自由。

[34]“罗马”这个名字，据说出自罗穆鲁斯，其实是希腊语，意思是“力量”；“努玛”这个名字也是希腊语，意思是“法律”。罗马城最早的两位国王在其执政前就有了与他们所从事的事业极其有关的名字，这样的可能性有多大呢？

[35]我之所以说“玛尔斯教场”，是因为百人团大会在这里召开。至于集会的其他两种形式，人民在广场上或在别的地方开会，而“按人头计数”的人就具有跟一流公民同样的影响和权威。

[36]被这样抽中的百人团享有“优先权”，因为要求它第一个投票；这就是我们所用的“特权”这个词的由来。

[37]这一任命在夜间秘密进行，好像他们为把一个人凌驾于法律之上而感到羞耻。

[38]如果他提出任命一名独裁者，他原本对此并无把握，因为他既不敢毛遂自荐，也无法确定他的同僚会提他的名。

[39]‘*Nonne ea quae possidet Chamos deus tuus, tibi jure debentur?*’，这句话是拉丁文圣经的原文。贾立蔼神父将它译为：“你们难道不认为有权拥有属于你们的神基抹的东西吗？”我不知道希伯来原文写的是什么；可我注意到：在拉丁文中耶弗肯定地承认神基抹的权力，但是法语译文却增加了拉丁文本中所没有的“依你的说法”，从而削弱了原意。

[40]那场号称圣战的福西人的战争并不是一场宗教战争。其目的是要惩罚渎神者，而不是要使不信教者屈从，这显然没有争论的余地。

[41]应当注意到，把教士集中在一个团体中，这并不是很正式的集会（像法国的那样），倒更像是教会的圣餐。圣餐与开除教籍是教士们的社会契约；通过这个公约，他们始终既是人民的主人，又是国王的主人。所有一起沟通的牧师都是同胞公民，纵然他们身处地球的两极。这种发明成为政治的一大杰作。在异教的牧师当中未曾有过像这样的事，所以他们也就从未组织过教士团体。

[42]此外，请看格老秀斯1643年4月11日给他兄弟的一封信，从中可以看出，在《公民论》一书中这位学者赞许什么，反对什么。诚然，他看在作者优点的份上很宽容地原谅了作者的缺点；可并非人人都如此宽宏大度。

[43]阿冉松侯爵说过：“在共和国，每个人都可以完全自由地不做伤害别人的事。”这是一条不可更改的做人底线；人们无法更确切地表达这句话。尽管他的手稿并不为人所知，可是我一直无法否认有时引用他的手稿中时的愉快心情，以对这位卓越可钦的人物表示敬意，甚至作为首相，他还始终保持着一颗真正的公民之心，并且对本国政府持有一种公正、坚定的观点。

[44]恺撒在为卡提里那辩护时，曾试图确立一种灵魂死亡的教条。卡图和西塞罗在反驳这一教条时，根本就不想费功夫用哲学去论证；他们满意地指出：恺撒像一个坏公民那样在发言，并提出一种有害于国家的学说。罗马元老院要判决的正是这一点，而不是什么神学问题。

[45]例如，婚姻是一项公民契约，具有政治影响，没有了这项契约，社会本身想要生存下去是不可能的。现在让我们设想一下，在一个特定的国家，牧师居然获得婚姻许可权，而这种权利也是任何不宽容的宗教必然要争取的；他们就此在提高教会权威中取消君主的权威，那么君主所剩的只有牧师允许他拥有的臣民了，这不是很明显的吗？牧师可以根据人们是否接受这样那样的教义，承认或拒绝这样那样的婚姻，或者根据人们的虔诚程度，如果牧师精明地行事并坚定地执行，难道这不是明显地说，只有它才能适时处理继承、职位、公民等事务，甚至治理国家吗？因为全靠私生子组成的国家是不会长久生存下去的。可你们也许会说，我们可以号召现有的力量，发布命令，授予权利并占领教会财产。多么可怜的见解！如果牧师有一点点的常识——我不是说有一点点的勇气，它会任凭一切顺其自然；它可以安然地让别人去宣告，授权和接管，最终他还是主人。我以为，当你有把握获得整体时，放弃局部并不算作出很大的牺牲。

Jean-Jacques Rousseau

The Social Contract

TRANSLATED BY MAURICE CRANSTON

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Book Ⅰ

MY purpose is to consider if, in political society, there can be any legitimate and sure principle of government, taking men as they are and laws as they might be. In this inquiry I shall try always to bring together what right permits with what interest prescribes so that justice and utility are in no way divided.

I start without seeking to prove the importance of my subject. I may be asked whether I am a prince or a legislator that I should be writing about politics. I answer no: and indeed that that is my reason for doing so. If I were a prince or a legislator I should not waste my time saying what ought to be done; I should do it or keep silent.

Born as I was the citizen of a free state and a member of its sovereign body, the very right to vote imposes on me the duty to instruct myself in public affairs, however little influence my voice may have in them. And whenever I reflect upon governments, I am happy to find that my studies always give me fresh reasons for admiring that of my own country.

CHAPTER 1
The subject of Book Ⅰ

MAN was born free, and he is everywhere in chains. Those who think themselves the masters of others are indeed greater slaves than they. How did this transformation come about? I do not know. How can it be made legitimate? That question I believe I can answer.

If I were to consider only force and the effects of force, I should say: 'So long as a people is constrained to obey, and obeys, it does well; but as soon as it can shake off the yoke, and shakes it off, it does better; for since it regains its freedom by the same right as that which removed it, a people is either justified in taking back its freedom, or there is no justifying those who took it away.' But the social order is a sacred right which serves as a basis for all other rights. And as it is not a natural right, it must be one founded on covenants. The problem is to determine what those covenants are. But before

we pass on to that question, I must substantiate what I have so far said.

CHAPTER 2
The First Societies

THE oldest of all societies, and the only natural one, is that of the family; yet children remain tied to their father by nature only so long as they need him for their preservation. As soon as this need ends, the natural bond is dissolved. Once the children are freed from the obedience they owe their father, and the father is freed from his responsibilities towards them, both parties equally regain their independence. If they continue to remain united, it is no longer nature, but their own choice, which unites them; and the family as such is kept in being only by agreement.

This common liberty is a consequence of man's nature. Man's first law is to watch over his own preservation; his first care he owes to himself; and as soon as he reaches the age of reason, he becomes the only judge of the best means to preserve himself; he becomes his own master.

The family may therefore perhaps be seen as the first model of political societies: the head of the state bears the image of the father, the people the image of his children, and all, being born free and equal, surrender their freedom only when they see advantage in doing so. The only difference is that in the family, a father's love for his children repays him for the care he bestows on them, while in the state, where the ruler can have no such feeling for his people, the pleasure of commanding must take the place of love.

Grotius denies that all human government is established for the benefit of the governed, and he cites the example of slavery. His characteristic method of reasoning is always to offer fact as a proof of right.[1] It is possible to imagine a more logical method, but not one more favourable to tyrants.

According to Grotius, therefore, it is doubtful whether humanity belongs to a hundred men, or whether these hundred men belong to humanity, though he seems throughout his book to lean to the first of these views, which is also that of Hobbes. These authors show us the human race divided into herds of cattle, each with a master who preserves it only in order to devour its members.

Just as a shepherd possesses a nature superior to that of his flock, so do those shepherds of men, their rulers, have a nature superior to that of their people. Or so, we are told by Philo, the Emperor Caligula argued, concluding,

reasonably enough on this same analogy, that kings were gods or alternatively that the people were animals.

The reasoning of Caligula coincides with that of Hobbes and Grotius. Indeed Aristotle, before any of them, said that men were not at all equal by nature, since some were born for slavery and others born to be masters.

Aristotle was right; but he mistook the effect for the cause. Anyone born in slavery is born for slavery—nothing is more certain. Slaves, in their bondage, lose everything, even the desire to be free. They love their servitude even as the companions of Ulysses loved their life as brutes.[2] But if there are slaves by nature, it is only because there has been slavery against nature. Force made the first slaves; and their cowardice perpetuates their slavery.

I have said nothing of the King Adam or of the Emperor Noah, father of the three great monarchs who shared out the universe between them, like the children of Saturn, with whom some authors have identified them. I hope my readers will be grateful for this moderation, for since I am directly descended from one of those princes, and perhaps in the eldest line, how do I know that if the deeds were checked, I might not find myself the legitimate king of the human race? However that may be, there is no gainsaying that Adam was the king of the world, as was Robinson Crusoe of his island, precisely because he was the sole inhabitant; and the great advantage of such an empire was that the monarch, secure upon his throne, had no occasion to fear rebellions, wars or conspirators.

CHAPTER 3
The Right of the Strongest

THE strongest man is never strong enough to be master all the time, unless he transforms force into right and obedience into duty. Hence 'the right of the strongest'—a 'right' that sounds like something intended ironically, but is actually laid down as a principle. But shall we never have this phrase explained? Force is a physical power; I do not see how its effects could produce morality. To yield to force is an act of necessity, not of will; it is at best an act of prudence. In what sense can it be a moral duty?

Let us grant, for a moment, that this so-called right exists. I suggest it can only produce a tissue of bewildering nonsense; for once might is made to be right, cause and effect are reversed, and every force which overcomes another force inherits the right which belonged to the vanquished. As soon as man

can disobey with impunity, his disobedience becomes legitimate; and as the strongest is always right, the only problem is how to become the strongest. But what can be the validity of a right which perishes with the force on which it rests? If force compels obedience, there is no need to invoke a duty to obey, and if force ceases to compel obedience, there is no longer any obligation. Thus the word 'right' adds nothing to what is said by 'force'; it is meaningless.

'Obey those in power.' If this means 'yield to force' the precept is sound, but superfluous; it will never, I suggest, be violated. All power comes from God, I agree; but so does every disease, and no one forbids us to summon a physician. If I am held up by a robber at the edge of a wood, force compels me to hand over my purse. But if I could somehow contrive to keep the purse from him, would I still be obliged in conscience to surrender it? After all, the pistol in the robber's hand is undoubtedly a power.

Surely it must be admitted, then, that might does not make right, and that the duty of obedience is owed only to legitimate powers. Thus we are constantly led back to my original question.

CHAPTER 4
Slavery

SINCE no man has any natural authority over his fellows, and since force alone bestows no right, all legitimate authority among men must be based on covenants.

Grotius says: 'If an individual can alienate his freedom and become the slave of a master, why may not a whole people alienate its freedom and become the subject of a king?' In this remark there are several ambiguous words which call for explanation; but let us confine ourselves to one — to 'alienate'. To alienate is to give or sell. A man who becomes the slave of another does not give himself, he sells himself in return for at least a subsistence. But in return for what could a whole people be said to sell itself? A king, far from nourishing his subjects, draws his nourishment from them; and kings, according to Rabelais, need more than a little nourishment. Do subjects, then, give their persons to the king on condition that he will accept their property as well? If so, I fail to see what they have left to preserve.

It will be said that a despot gives his subjects the assurance of civil tranquillity. Very well, but what does it profit them, if those wars against other powers which result from a despot's ambition, if his insatiable greed,

and the oppressive demands of his administration, cause more desolation than civil strife would cause? What do the people gain if their very condition of civil tranquillity is one of their hardships? There is peace in dungeons, but is that enough to make dungeons desirable? The Greeks lived in peace in the cave of Cyclops awaiting their turn to be devoured.

To speak of a man giving himself in return for nothing is to speak of what is absurd, unthinkable; such an action would be illegitimate, void, if only because no one who did it could be in his right mind. To say the same of a whole people is to conjure up a nation of lunatics; and right cannot rest on madness.

Even if each individual could alienate himself, he cannot alienate his children. For they are born men; they are born free; their liberty belongs to them; no one but they themselves has the right to dispose of it. Before they reach the years of discretion, their father may, in their name, make certain rules for their protection and their welfare, but he cannot give away their liberty irrevocably and unconditionally, for such a gift would be contrary to the ends of nature and an abuse of paternal right. Hence, an arbitrary government would be legitimate only if every new generation were able to accept or reject it, and in that case the government would cease to be arbitrary.

To renounce freedom is to renounce one's humanity, one's rights as a man and equally one's duties. There is no possible quid pro quo for one who renounces everything; indeed such renunciation is contrary to man's very nature; for if you take away all freedom of the will, you strip a man's actions of all moral significance. Finally, any covenant which stipulated absolute dominion for one party and absolute obedience for the other would be illogical and nugatory. Is it not evident that he who is entitled to demand everything owes nothing? And does not the single fact of there being no reciprocity, no mutual obligation, nullify the act? For what right can my slave have against me? If everything he has belongs to me, his right is my right, and it would be nonsense to speak of my having a right against myself.

Grotius and the rest claim to find in war another justification for the so-called right of slavery. They argue that the victor's having the right to kill the vanquished implies that the vanquished has the right to purchase his life at the expense of his liberty — a bargain thought to be the more legitimate because it is advantageous to both parties.

But it is clear that this so-called right to kill the vanquished cannot be

derived from the state of war. For this reason alone, that men living in their primitive condition of independence have no intercourse regular enough to constitute either a state of peace or a state of war; and men are not naturally enemies. It is conflicts over things, not quarrels between men which constitute war, and the state of war cannot arise from mere personal relations, but only from property relations. Private wars between one man and another can exist neither in a state of nature, where there is no fixed property, nor in society, where everything is under the authority of law.

Private fights, duels, skirmishes, do not constitute any kind of state; and as for the private wars that were permitted by the ordinances of Louis IX, King of France, and suspended by the Peace of God, these were no more than an abuse of feudal government, an irrational system if there ever was one, and contrary both to natural justice and to all sound polity.

War, then, is not a relation between men, but between states; in war individuals are enemies wholly by chance, not as men, not even as citizens,[3] but only as soldiers; not as members of their country, but only as its defenders. In a word, a state can have as an enemy only another state, not men, because there can be no real relation between things possessing different intrinsic natures.

This principle conforms to the established rules of all times and to the constant practice of every political society. Declarations of war are warnings not so much to governments as to their subjects. The foreigner —whether he is a king, a private person or a whole people — who robs, kills or detains the subjects of another prince without first declaring war against that prince, is not an enemy but a brigand. Even in the midst of war, a just prince, seizing what he can of public property in the enemy's territory, nevertheless respects the persons and possessions of private individuals; he respects the principles on which his own rights are based. Since the aim of war is to subdue a hostile state, a combatant has the right to kill the defenders of that state while they are armed; but as soon as they lay down their arms and surrender, they cease to be either enemies or instruments of the enemy; they become simply men once more, and no one has any longer the right to take their lives. It is sometimes possible to destroy a state without killing a single one of its members, and war gives no right to inflict any more destruction than is necessary for victory. These principles were not invented by Grotius, nor are they founded on the authority of the poets; they are derived from the nature of things; they are based on reason.

The right of conquest has no other foundation than the law of the strongest. And if war gives the conqueror no right to massacre a conquered people, no such right can be invoked to justify their enslavement. Men have the right to kill their enemies only when they cannot enslave them, so the right of enslaving cannot be derived from the right to kill. It would therefore be an iniquitous barter to make the vanquished purchase with their liberty the lives over which the victor has no legitimate claim. An argument basing the right over life and death on the right to enslave, and the right to enslave on the right over life and death, is an argument trapped in a vicious circle.

Even if we assumed that this terrible right of massacre did exist, then slaves of war, or a conquered people, would be under no obligation to obey their master any further than they were forced to do so. By taking an equivalent of his victim's life, the victor shows him no favour; instead of destroying him unprofitably, he destroys him by exploiting him. Hence, far from the victor having acquired some further authority besides that of force over the vanquished, the state of war between them continues; their mutual relation is the effect of war, and the continuation of the rights of war implies that there has been no treaty of peace. An agreement has assuredly been made, but that agreement, far from ending the state of war, presupposes its continuation.

Thus, however we look at the question, the 'right' of slavery is seen to be void; void, not only because it cannot be justified, but also because it is nonsensical, because it has no meaning. The words 'slavery' and 'right' are contradictory, they cancel each other out. Whether as between one man and another, or between one man and a whole people, it would always be absurd to say: 'I hereby make a covenant with you which is wholly at your expense and wholly to my advantage; I will respect it so long as I please and you shall respect it so long as I wish.'

CHAPTER 5
That We Must Always Go Back To an Original Covenant

EVEN if I were to concede all that I have so far refuted, the champions of despotism would be no better off. There will always be a great differece between subduing a multitude and ruling a society. If one man successively enslaved many separate individuals, no matter how numerous, he and they would never bear the aspect of anything but a master and his slaves, not at all

that of a people and their ruler; an aggregation, perhaps, but certainly not an association, for they would neither have a common good nor be a body politic. Even if such a man were to enslave half the world, he would remain a private individual, and his interest, always distinct from that of the others, would never be more than a personal interest. When he died, the empire he left would be scattered for lack of any bond of union, even as an oak crumbles and falls into a heap of ashes when fire has consumed it.

'A people,' says Grotius, 'may give itself to a king.' Therefore, according to Grotius a people is a people even before the gift to the king is made. The gift itself is a civil act; it presupposes public deliberation. Hence, before considering the act by which a people submits to a king, we ought to scrutinize the act by which people become a people, for that act, being necessarily antecedent to the other, is the real foundation of society.

In fact, if there were no earlier agreement, how, unless the election were unanimous, could there be any obligation on the minority to accept the decision of the majority? What right have the hundred who want to have a master to vote on behalf of the ten who do not? The law of majority-voting itself rests on an agreement, and implies that there has been on at least one occasion unanimity.

CHAPTER 6
The Social Pact

I ASSUME that men reach a point where the obstacles to their preservation in a state of nature prove greater than the strength that each man has to preserve himself in that state. Beyond this point, the primitive condition cannot endure, for then the human race will perish if it does not change its mode of existence.

Since men cannot create new forces, but merely combine and control those which already exist, the only way in which they can preserve themselves is by uniting their separate powers in a combination strong enough to overcome any resistance, uniting them so that their powers are directed by a single motive and act in concert.

Such a sum of forces can be produced only by the union of separate men, but as each man's own strength and liberty are the chief instruments of his preservation, how can he merge his with others' without putting himself in peril and neglecting the care he owes to himself? This difficulty, in terms of

my present subject, may be expressed in these words:

'How to find a form of association which will defend the person and goods of each member with the collective force of all, and under which each individual, while uniting himself with the others, obeys no one but himself, and remains as free as before.' This is the fundamental problem to which the social contract holds the solution.

The articles of this contract are so precisely determined by the nature of the act, that the slightest modification must render them null and void; they are such that, though perhaps never formally stated, they are everywhere the same, everywhere tacitly admitted and recognized; and if ever the social pact is violated, every man regains his original rights and, recovering his natural freedom, loses that civil freedom for which he exchanged it.

These articles of association, rightly understood, are reducible to a single one, namely the total alienation by each associate of himself and all his rights to the whole community. Thus, in the first place, as every individual gives himself absolutely, the conditions are the same for all, and precisely because they are the same for all, it is in no one's interest to make the conditions onerous for others.

Secondly, since the alienation is unconditional, the union is as perfect as it can be, and no individual associate has any longer any rights to claim; for if rights were left to individuals, in the absence of any higher authority to judge between them and the public, each individual, being his own judge in some causes, would soon demand to be his own judge in all; and in this way the state of nature would be kept in being, and the association inevitably become either tyrannical or void.

Finally, since each man gives himself to all, he gives himself to no one; and since there is no associate over whom he does not gain the same rights as others gain over him, each man recovers the equivalent of everything he loses, and in the bargain he acquires more power to preserve what he has.

If, then, we eliminate from the social pact everything that is not essential to it, we find it comes down to this: 'Each one of us puts into the community his person and all his powers under the supreme direction of the general will; and as a body, we incorporate every member as an indivisible part of the whole.'

Immediately, in place of the individual person of each contracting party, this act of association creates an artificial and corporate body composed of as many members as there are voters in the assembly, and by this same act that body acquires its unity, its common ego, its life and its will. The public

person thus formed by the union of all other persons was once called the city, [4] and is now known as the republic or the body politic. In its passive role it is called the state, when it plays an active role it is the sovereign; and when it is compared to others of its own kind, it is a power. Those who are associated in it take collectively the name of a people, and call themselves individually citizens, in that they share in the sovereign power, and subjects, in that they put themselves under the laws of the state. However, these words are often confused, each being mistaken for another; but the essential thing is to know how to recognize them when they are used in their precise sense.

CHAPTER 7
The Sovereign

THIS formula shows that the act of association consists of a reciprocal commitment between society and the individual, so that each person, in making a contract, as it were, with himself, finds himself doubly committed, first, as a member of the sovereign body in relation to individuals, and secondly as a member of the state in relation to the sovereign. Here there can be no invoking the principle of civil law which says that no man is bound by a contract with himself, for there is a great difference between having an obligation to oneself and having an obligation to something of which one is a member.

We must add that a public decision can impose an obligation on all the subjects towards the sovereign, by reason of the two aspects under which each can be seen, while, contrariwise, such decisions cannot impose an obligation on the sovereign towards itself; and hence it would be against the very nature of a political body for the sovereign to set over itself a law which it could not infringe. The sovereign, bearing only one single and identical aspect, is in the position of a private person making a contract with himself, which shows that there neither is, nor can be, any kind of fundamental law binding on the people as a body, not even the social contract itself. This does not mean that the whole body cannot incur obligations to other nations, so long as those obligations do not infringe the contract; for in relation to foreign powers, the body politic is a simple entity, an individual.

However, since the body politic, or sovereign, owes its being to the sanctity of the contract alone, it cannot commit itself, even in treaties with foreign powers, to anything that would derogate from the original act of

association; it could not, for example, alienate a part of itself or submit to another sovereign. To violate the act which has given it existence would be to annihilate itself; and what is nothing can produce nothing.

As soon as the multitude is united thus in a single body, no one can injure any one of the members without attacking the whole, still less injure the whole without each member feeling it. Duty and self-interest thus equally oblige the two contracting parties to give each other mutual aid; and the same men should seek to bring together in this dual relationship, all the advantages that flow from it.

Now, as the sovereign is formed entirely of the individuals who compose it, it has not, nor could it have, any interest contrary to theirs; and so the sovereign has no need to give guarantees to the subjects, because it is impossible for a body to wish to hurt all of its members, and, as we shall see, it cannot hurt any particular member. The sovereign by the mere fact that it is, is always all that it ought to be.

But this is not true of the relation of subject to sovereign. Despite their common interest, subjects will not be bound by their commitment unless means are found to guarantee their fidelity.

For every individual as a man may have a private will contrary to, or different from, the general will that he has as a citizen. His private interest may speak with a very different voice from that of the public interest; his absolute and naturally independent existence may make him regard what he owes to the common cause as a gratuitous contribution, the loss of which would be less painful for others than the payment is onerous for him; and fancying that the artificial person which constitutes the state is a mere fictitious entity (since it is not a man), he might seek to enjoy the rights of a citizen without doing the duties of a subject. The growth of this kind of injustice would bring about the ruin of the body politic.

Hence, in order that the social pact shall not be an empty formula, it is tacitly implied in that commitment — which alone can give force to all others — that whoever refuses to obey the general will shall be constrained to do so by the whole body, which means nothing other than that he shall be forced to be free; for this is the necessary condition which, by giving each citizen to the nation, secures him against all personal dependence, it is the condition which shapes both the design and the working of the political machine, and which alone bestows justice on civil contracts — without it, such contracts would be absurd, tyrannical and liable to the grossest abuse.

CHAPTER 8
Civil Society

THE passing from the state of nature to the civil society produces a remarkable change in man; it puts justice as a rule of conduct in the place of instinct, and gives his actions the moral quality they previously lacked. It is only then, when the voice of duty has taken the place of physical impulse, and right that of desire, that man, who has hitherto thought only of himself, finds himself compelled to act on other principles, and to consult his reason rather than study his inclinations. And although in civil society man surrenders some of the advantages that belong to the state of nature, he gains in return far greater ones; his faculties are so exercised and developed, his mind is so enlarged, his sentiments so ennobled, and his whole spirit so elevated that, if the abuse of his new condition did not in many cases lower him to something worse than what he had left, he should constantly bless the happy hour that lifted him for ever from the state of nature and from a stupid, limited animal made a creature of intelligence and a man.

Suppose we draw up a balance sheet, so that the losses and gains may be readily compared. What man loses by the social contract is his natural liberty and the absolute right to anything that tempts him and that he can take; what he gains by the social contract is civil liberty and the legal right of property in what he possesses. If we are to avoid mistakes in weighing the one side against the other, we must clearly distinguish between natural liberty, which has no limit but the physical power of the individual concerned, and civil liberty, which is limited by the general will; and we must distinguish also between possession, which is based only on force or 'the right of the first occupant', and property, which must rest on a legal title.

We might also add that man acquires with civil society, moral freedom, which alone makes man the master of himself; for to be governed by appetite alone is slavery, while obedience to a law one prescribes to oneself is freedom. However, I have already said more than enough on this subject, and the philosophical meaning of the word 'freedom' is no part of my subject here.

CHAPTER 9
Of Property

EVERY member of the community gives himself to it at the moment it is brought into being just as he is — he himself, with all his resources, including all his goods. This is not to say that possession by this act changes its nature in changing hands and becomes property in the grasp of the sovereign; but rather, that as the resources of the nation are incomparably greater than those of an individual, public possession is in simple fact more secure and more irrevocable than private possession, without being any more legitimate — at any rate, in the eyes of foreigners; for the state, vis-à-vis its own members, becomes master of all their goods by virtue of the social contract, which serves, within the state, as the basis of all other rights; while vis-à-vis other nations, the state has only the 'right of the first occupant', which it derives from individuals.

The 'right of the first occupant', although more real than the 'right of the strongest', does not become a true right until the institution of property. Every man has a natural right to what he needs; but the positive act which makes a man the proprietor of any estate excludes him from everything else. His share having once been settled, he must confine himself to it, and he has no further right against the community. Thus we see how 'the right of the first occupant', weak as it is in the state of nature, compels in political society the respect of all men. What this right makes one aware of is less what belongs to others than what does not belong to oneself.

As a general rule, to justify the right of the first occupant to any piece of land whatever, the following conditions must obtain: first, that the land shall not already be inhabited by anyone else; secondly, that the claimant occupies no more than he needs for subsistence; thirdly, that he takes possession, not by an idle ceremony, but by actually working and cultivating the soil — the only sign of ownership which need be respected by other people in the absence of a legal title.

It can, indeed, be said that tying 'the right of the first occupant' to need and work is stretching it as far as it will go. Can one really avoid setting limits on the right? Is it enough to put one's feet on a piece of common land in order to claim it at once as one's own? Is it enough to have the power to keep other men off for one moment in order to deprive them of the right ever to return? How could a man or a people seize a vast territory and keep out the rest of the human race except by a criminal usurpation — since the action would rob the rest of mankind of the shelter and the food that nature has given them all in common? When Nunez Balbao stood on the shore and took possession of the

southern seas and of South America in the name of the crown of Castille, was that enough to dispossess all the inhabitants and to exclude all the other princes of the world? If so, such idle ceremonies would have had no end; and the Catholic King might without leaving his royal chamber have taken possession of the whole universe, only excepting afterwards those parts of his empire already belonging to other princes.

We can see how the lands of private persons, when they are united and contiguous, become public territory; and how the right of sovereignty, extending from the subjects to the soil they occupy, covers both property and persons; it makes the owners all the more dependent, and turns their own strength into the guarantee of their fidelity. This advantage seems to have eluded the ancient monarchs, who, in calling themselves simply the King of the Persians or the Scythians or the Macedonians, appear to have regarded themselves rather as rulers of men than as masters of their countries. Monarchs of the present day call themselves more shrewdly the King of France, or of Spain, or of England and so on; in holding thus the land, they are very sure of holding the inhabitants.

What is unique about the alienation entailed by the social contract is that the community in accepting the goods of an individual is far from depriving him of them; on the contrary it simply assures him of their lawful possession; it changes usurpation into valid right and mere enjoyment into legal ownership. Since every owner is regarded as a trustee of the public property, his rights are respected by every other member of the state, and protected with its collective force against foreigners; men have, by a surrender which is advantageous to the public and still more to themselves, acquired, so to speak, all that they have given up — a paradox which is easily explained by the distinction between the rights which the soverign has and which the owner has over the same property, as will be seen later.

It may also happen that men begin to unite before they possess anything, and spreading over a territory large enough for them all, proceed to enjoy it in common, or, alternatively, divide it among themselves either equally or in shares determined by the sovereign. In whatever manner this acquisition is made, the right of any individual over his own estate is always subordinate to the right of the community over everything; for without this there would be neither strength in the social bond nor effective force in the exercise of sovereignty.

I shall end this chapter — and Book I — with an observation which

might serve as a basis for the whole social system: namely, that the social pact, far from destroying natural equality, substitutes, on the contrary, a moral and lawful equality for whatever physical inequality that nature may have imposed on mankind; so that however unequal in strength and intelligence, men become equal by covenant and by right.[5]

Note

【1】 'Learned researches on public law are often only the history of ancient abuses, and one is misled when one gives oneself the trouble of studying them too closely.' Traité manuscrit des intérêts de la France avec ses voisins by the Marquis d'Argenson.

【2】 See a short treatise of Plutarch entitled: That Animals use Reason.

【3】 The Romans, who understood and respected the rights of war better than any other nation, carried their scruples on this subject so far that a citizen was forbidden to volunteer without engaging himself expressly against the enemy and against an enemy specifically named. When the legion in which the younger Cato fought his first campaign under Popilius was re-formed, the elder Cato wrote to Popilius saying that if he wished his son to continue to serve under him, he should administer a fresh military oath, on the grounds that his son's first oath was annulled, and that he could no longer bear arms against the enemy. Cato also wrote to his son warning him not to go into battle without first taking the oath.

I realize that the siege of Clusium and other incidents from Roman history may be quoted against me, but I am citing laws and customs. No nation has broken its own laws less frequently than the Romans, and no nation has ever had such excellent laws.

【4】 The real meaning of this word has been almost entirely lost in the modern world, when a town and a city are thought to be identical, and a citizen the same as a burgess. People forget that houses may make a town, while only citizens can make a city. The Carthaginians once paid dearly for this mistake. I have never read of the title cives being given to the subject of any prince, not even to the Macedonians in ancient times or the English today, in spite of their being closer to liberty than any other people. The French alone treat the same 'Citizen' with familiarity, and that is because they do not know what it means, as their Dictionaries prove; if they did know, they would be guilty, in usurping it, of lèse-majesté; as it is, they use the word to designate social status and not legal right. When Bodin wanted to speak of citizens and burgesses, he made the gross error of mistaking the one for the other. Monsieur d'Alembert avoids this mistake; and in his article on 'Geneva' he correctly distinguishes between the four orders of men (five, if aliens are included) which are found in our town, and of which only two compose the republic. No other French author to my knowledge has understood the real meaning of the word 'citizen'.

【5】 Under a bad government, this equality is only an appearance and an illusion; it serves only to keep the poor in their wretchedness and sustain the rich in their usurpation. In truth, laws are always useful to those with possessions and harmful to those who have nothing; from which it follows that the social state is advantageous to men only when all possess something and none has too much.

Book II

CHAPTER 1
That Sovereignty is Inalienable

THE first and most important consequence of the principles so far established is that the general will alone can direct the forces of the state in accordance with that end which the state has been established to achieve — the common good; for if conflict between private interests has made the setting up of civil societies necessary, harmony between those same interests has made it possible. It is what is common to those different interests which yields the social bond; if there were no point on which separate interests coincided, then society could not conceivably exist. And it is precisely on the basis of this common interest that society must be governed.

My argument, then, is that sovereignty, being nothing other than the exercise of the general will, can never be alienated; and that the sovereign, which is simply a collective being, cannot be represented by anyone but itself — power may be delegated, but the will cannot be.

For indeed while it is not impossible for a private will to coincide with the general will on some point or other, it is impossible for such a coincidence to be regular and enduring; for the private will inclines by its very nature towards partiality, and the general will towards equality. It is even more inconceivable that there could be a guarantee of harmony between the private and the general will, even if it were to continue always, for such lasting harmony would be the result of chance and not of design. The sovereign might say: 'What I want at present is precisely what this man wants, or at least what he says he wants'; but no sovereign could say: 'What this man is going to want tomorrow I too shall want', for it is absurd that anyone should wish to bind himself for the future, and it is a contradiction in terms to say that any human being should wish to consent to something that is the reverse of his own good. If a people promises simply and solely to obey, it dissolves itself by that very pledge; it ceases to be a people; for once there is a master, there is no longer a sovereign, and the body politic is therefore annihilated.

This is not to say that the commands of leaders may not pass for the general will if the sovereign, while free to oppose them, does not do so. In such a case the silence of the people permits the assumption that the people consents. This will be explained more fully in a later chapter.

CHAPTER 2
That Sovereignty is Indivisible

JUST as sovereignty is inalienable, it is for the same reason indivisible; for either the will is general[1] or it is not; either it is the will of the body of the people, or merely that of a part. In the first case, a declaration of will is an act of sovereignty and constitutes law; in the second case, it is only a declaration of a particular will or an act of administration, it is at best a mere decree.

Nevertheless, our political theorists, unable to divide the principle of sovereignty, divide it in its purpose; they divide it into power and will, divide it, that is, into executive and legislative, into the rights of levying taxation, administering justice and making war, into domestic jurisdiction and the power to deal with foreign governments. Sometimes our theorists confuse all the parts and sometimes they separate them. They make the sovereign a creature of fantasy, a patchwork of separate pieces, rather as if they were to construct a man of several bodies — one with eyes, one with legs, the other with feet and nothing else. It is said that Japanese mountebanks can cut up a child under the eyes of spectators, throw the different parts into the air, and then make the child come down, alive and all of a piece. This is more or less the trick that our political theorists perform —after dismembering the social body with a sleight of hand worthy of the fairground, they put the pieces together again anyhow.

The mistake comes from having no precise notion of what sovereign authority is, and from taking mere manifestations of authority for parts of the authority itself. For instance, the acts of declaring war and making peace have been regarded as acts of sovereignty, which they are not; for neither of these acts constitutes a law, but only an application of law, a particular act which determines how the law shall be interpreted — and all this will be obvious as soon as I have defined the idea which attaches to the word 'law'.

If we were to scrutinize in the same way the other supposed divisions of sovereignty, we should find that whenever we thought that sovereignty was divided, we had been mistaken, for the rights which are taken to be part of

that sovereignty prove in fact to be subordinate to it, and presuppose the existence of a supreme will which they merely serve to put into effect.

This want of precision has obfuscated immeasurably the conclusions of our legal theorists when they have come to apply their own principles to determine the respective rights of kings and of peoples. Every reader of the third and fourth chapters of the first book of Grotius can see how that learned man and his translator, Barbeyrac, are trapped in their own sophisms, frightened of saying either too much or alternatively too little (according to their prejudices) and so offending the interests they wish to flatter. Grotius, a refugee in France, discontented with his own country and out to pay court to Louis XIII, to whom his book is dedicated, spares no pains to rob peoples of all their rights and to invest those rights, by every conceivable artifice, in kings. This would have been very much to the taste of Barbeyrac, who dedicated his translation of Grotius to the King of England, George Ⅰ. But unfortunately the expulsion of James Ⅱ — which Barbeyrac calls an 'abdication' — obliged him to speak with a marked reserve, to hesitate and equivocate, so as not to suggest that William Ⅲ was a usurper. If these two writers had adopted sound principles, all their difficulties would have vanished, and their arguments would have been logical; but then they would, alas for them, have told the truth and paid court only to the people. The truth brings no man a fortune; and it is not the people who hand out embassies, professorships and pensions.

CHAPTER 3
Whether the General Will Can Err

IT follows from what I have argued that the general will is always rightful and always tends to the public good; but it does not follows that the deliberations of the people are always equally right. We always want what is advantageous to us but we do not always discern it. The people is never corrupted, but it is often misled; and only then does it seem to will what is bad.

There is often a great difference between the will of all [what all individuals want] and the general will; the general will studies only the common interest while the will of all studies private interest, and is indeed no more than the sum of individual desires. But if we take away from these same wills, the pluses and minuses which cancel each other out, the balance which

remains is the general will.[2]

From the deliberations of a people properly informed, and provided its members do not have any communication among themselves, the great number of small differences will always produce a general will and the decision will always be good. But if groups, sectional associations are formed at the expense of the larger association, the will of each of these groups will become general in relation to its own members and private in relation to the state; we might then say that there are no longer as many votes as there are men but only as many votes as there are groups. The differences become less numerous and yield a result less general. Finally, when one of these groups becomes so large that it can outweigh the rest, the result is no longer the sum of many small differences, but one great divisive difference; then there ceases to be a general will, and the opinion which prevails is no more than a private opinion.

Thus if the general will is to be clearly expressed, it is imperative that there should be no sectional associations in the state, and that every citizen should make up his own mind for himself[3] — such was the unique and sublime invention of the great Lycurgus. But if there are sectional associations, it is wise to multiply their number and to prevent inequality among them, as Solon, Numa and Servius did. These are the only precautions which can ensure that the general will is always enlightened and the people protected from error.

CHAPTER 4
The Limits of Sovereign Power

IF the state, or the nation, is nothing other than an artificial person the life of which consists in the union of its members and if the most important of its cares is its preservation, it needs to have a universal and compelling power to move and dispose of each part in whatever manner is beneficial to the whole. Just as nature gives each man an absolute power over all his own limbs, the social pact gives the body politic an absolute power over all its members; and it is this same power which, directed by the general will, bears, as I have said, the name of sovereignty.

However, we have to consider beside the public person those private persons who compose it, and whose life and liberty are naturally independent of it. Hence we have to distinguish clearly the respective rights of the citizen

and of the sovereign,[4] and distinguish those duties which the citizens owe as subjects from the natural rights which they ought to enjoy as men.

We have agreed that each man alienates by the social pact only that part of his power, his goods and his liberty which is the concern of the community; but it must also be admitted that the sovereign alone is judge of what is of such concern.

Whatever services the citizen can render the state, he owes whenever the sovereign demands them; but the sovereign, on its side, may not impose on the subjects any burden which is not necessary to the community; the sovereign cannot, indeed, even will such a thing, since according to the law of reason no less than to the law of nature nothing is without a cause.

The commitments which bind us to the social body are obligatory only because they are mutual; and their nature is such that in fulfilling them a man cannot work for others without at the same time working for himself. How should it be that the general will is always rightful and that all men constantly wish the happiness of each but for the fact that there is no one who does not take that word 'each' to pertain to himself and in voting for all think of himself? This proves that the equality of rights and the notion of justice which it produces derive from the predilection which each man has for himself and hence from human nature as such. It also proves that the general will, to be truly what it is, must be general in its purpose as well as in its nature; that it should spring from all for it to apply to all; and that it loses its natural rectitude when it is directed towards any particular and circumscribed object — for in judging what is foreign to us, we have no sound principle of equity to guide us.

For, indeed, whenever we are dealing with a particular fact or right, on a matter which has not been settled by an earlier and general agreement, that question becomes contentious. It is a conflict in which private interests are ranged on one side and the public interest on the other; and I can see neither the law which is to be followed nor the judge who is to arbitrate. It would be absurd in such a dispute to rely on an express decision of the general will; for a decision could only be a conclusion in favour of one of the contending parties, and it would be regarded by the other party as an alien, partial will, a will liable in such circumstances to be unjust and so to fall into error. So we see that even as a private will cannot represent the general will, so too the general will changes its nature if it seeks to deal with an individual case; it cannot as a general will give a ruling concerning any one man or any one

fact. When the people of Athens, for example, appointed or dismissed its leaders, awarding honours to one, inflicting penalties on another, and by a multitude of particular decrees indiscriminately exercised all the functions of an administration, then the people of Athens no longer had what is correctly understood as a general will and ceased to act as sovereign and acted instead as magistrate. All this may seem at variance with commonly accepted notions; but I must be given time to expound my own.

It should nevertheless be clear from what I have so far said that the general will derives its generality less from the number of voices than from the common interest which unites them — for the general will is an institution in which each necessarily submits himself to the same conditions which he imposes on others; this admirable harmony of interest and justice gives to social deliberations a quality of equity which disappears at once from the discussion of any individual dispute precisely because in these latter cases there is no common interest to unite and identify the decision of the judge with that of the contending parties.

Whichever way we look at it, we always return to the same conclusion: namely that the social pact establishes equality among the citizens in that they all pledge themselves under the same conditions and must all enjoy the same rights. Hence by the nature of the compact, every act of sovereignty, that is, every authentic act of the general will, binds or favours all the citizens equally, so that the sovereign recognizes only the whole body of the nation and makes no distinction between any of the members who compose it. What then is correctly to be called an act of sovereignty? It is not a covenant between a superior and an inferior, but a covenant of the body with each of its members. It is a legitimate covenant, because its basis is the social contract; an equitable one, because it is common to all; a useful one, because it can have no end but the common good; and it is a durable covenant because it is guaranteed by the armed forces and the supreme power. So long as the subjects submit to such covenants alone, they obey nobody but their own will; and to ask how far the respective rights of the sovereign and the citizen extend is to ask how far these two can pledge themselves together, each to all and all to each.

From this it is clear that the sovereign power, wholly absolute, wholly sacred, wholly inviolable as it is, does not go beyond and cannot go beyond the limits of the general covenants; and thus that every man can do what he pleases with such goods and such freedom as is left to him by these

covenants; and from this it follows that the sovereign has never any right to impose greater burdens on one subject than on another, for whenever that happens the matter becomes private and is outside the sovereign's competence.

Granted these distinctions, it becomes manifestly false to assert that individuals make any real renunciation by the social contract; indeed, as a result of the contract they find themselves in a situation preferable in real terms to that which prevailed before; instead of an alienation, they have profitably exchanged an uncertain and precarious life for a better and more secure one; they have exchanged natural independence for freedom, the power to injure others for the enjoyment of their own security; they have exchanged their own strength which others might overcome for a right which the social union makes invincible. Their very lives, which they have pledged to the state, are always protected by it; and even when they risk their lives to defend the state, what more are they doing but giving back what they have received from the state? What are they doing that they would not do more often, and at greater peril, in the state of nature, where every man is inevitably at war and at the risk of his life, defends whatever serves him to maintain life? Assuredly, all must now fight in case of need for their country, but at least no one has any longer to fight for himself. And is there not something to be gained by running, for the sake of the guarantee of safety, a few of those risks we should each have to face alone if we were deprived of that assurance?

CHAPTER 5
The Right of Life and Death

IT will be asked how individuals, who have no right whatever to take their own lives, can transfer to the sovereign a right they do not possess. This question looks difficult to answer only because it is badly formulated. Every man has the right to risk his own life in order to preserve it. Has it ever been said that a man who leaps out of a window to escape from a fire is guilty of suicide? Would the same crime be imputed to a man who perishes in a storm on the grounds that he knew of the danger when he embarked?

The purpose of the social treaty is the preservation of the contracting parties. Whoever wills the end wills also the means, and certain risks, even certain casualties are inseparable from these means. Whoever wishes to

preserve his own life at the expense of others must give his life for them when it is necessary. Now, as citizen, no man is judge any longer of the danger to which the law requires him to expose himself, and when the prince says to him: 'It is expedient for the state that you should die', then he should die, because it is only on such terms that he has lived in security as long as he has and also because his life is no longer the bounty of nature but a gift he has received conditionally from the state.

The death-penalty inflicted on criminals may be seen in much the same way: it is in order to avoid becoming the victim of a murderer that one consents to die if one becomes a murderer oneself. Far from taking one's life under the social treaty, one thinks only of assuring it, and we shall hardly suppose that any of the contracting parties contemplates being hanged.

Moreover, since every wrongdoer attacks the society's law, he becomes by his deed a rebel and a traitor to the nation; by violating its law, he ceases to be a member of it; indeed, he makes war against it. And in this case, the preservation of the state is incompatible with his preservation; one or the other must perish; and when the guilty man is put to death, it is less as a citizen than as an enemy. Trial and judgement are the proof and declaration that he has broken the social treaty, and is in consequence no longer a member of the state. And since he has accepted such membership, if only by his residence, he must either be banished into exile as a violator of the social pact or be put to death as a public enemy: such an enemy is not a fictitious person, but a man, and therefore the right of war makes it legitimate to kill him.

But, it will be said, the condemnation of a criminal is an individual act. Agreed; and it follows that such duties do not pertain to the sovereign; condemnation of criminals is a right the sovereign can confer but not exercise himself. All my ideas hold together, but I cannot elaborate them all at once.

In any case, frequent punishments are a sign of weakness or slackness in the government. There is no man so bad that he cannot be made good for something. No man should be put to death, even as an example, if he can be left to live without danger to society.

As for the right of pardon, or of exempting a guilty man from the penalty prescribed by law and imposed by a judge, this belongs only to that entity which is superior to both the judge and the law, namely the sovereign; but even this right is not entirely clear and it will be exercised very seldom. In a well-governed state few are punished, not because there are many pardons

but because there are few criminals. In a decaying state the very multiplicity of crimes assures impunity. Under the Roman Republic neither the Senate nor the consuls ever attempted to pardon criminals; nor did the people do so, though they sometimes revoked their own sentences. Frequent pardons signalize that crimes will soon need no pardon; and anyone can see what that must lead to. However, I can feel my heart whispering and restraining my pen; let us leave the discussion of these questions to the just man who has never erred and has therefore had no need of pardons.

CHAPTER 6
On Law

WE have given life and existence to the body politic by the social pact; now it is a matter of giving it movement and will by legislation. For the original act by which the body politic is formed and united does not determine what it shall do to preserve itself.

What is good and in conformity with order is such by the very nature of things and independently of human agreements. All justice comes from God, who alone is its source; and if only we knew how to receive it from that exalted fountain, we should need neither governments nor laws. There is undoubtedly a universal justice which springs from reason alone, but if that justice is to be acknowledged as such it must be reciprocal. Humanly speaking, the laws of natural justice, lacking any natural sanction, are unavailing among men. In fact, such laws merely benefit the wicked and injure the just, since the just respect them while others do not do so in return. So there must be covenants and positive laws to unite rights with duties and to direct justice to its object. In the state of nature, where everything is common, I owe nothing to those to whom I have promised nothing, and I recognize as belonging to others only those things that are of no use to me. But this is no longer the case in civil society, where all rights are determined by law.

Yet what, in the last analysis, is law? If we simply try to define it in terms of metaphysical ideas, we shall go on talking without reaching any understanding; and when we have said what natural law is, we shall still not know what the law of the state is.

I have already said that the general will cannot relate to any particular object. For such a particular object is either within the state or outside the

state. If it is outside, then a will which is alien to it is not general with regard to it: if the object is within the state, it forms a part of the state. Thus there comes into being a relationship between the whole and the part which involves two separate entities, the part being one, and the whole, less that particular part, being the other. But a whole less a particular part is no longer a whole; and so as long as this relationship exists there is no whole but only two unequal parts, from which it follows that the will of the one is no longer general with respect to the other.

But when the people as a whole makes rules for the people as a whole, it is dealing only with itself; and if any relationship emerges, it is between the entire body seen from one perspective and the same entire body seen from another, without any division whatever. Here the matter concerning which a rule is made is as general as the will which makes it. And this is the kind of act which I call a law.

When I say that the province of the law is always general, I mean that the law considers all subjects collectively and all actions in the abstract; it does not consider any individual man or any specific action. Thus the law may well lay down that there shall be privileges, but it may not nominate the persons who shall have those privileges; the law may establish several classes of citizen, and even specify the qualifications which shall give access to those several classes, but it may not say that this man or that shall be admitted; the law may set up a royal government and an hereditary succession, but it may not elect a king or choose a royal family — in a word, no function which deals with the individual falls within the province of the legislative power.

On this analysis, it is immediately clear that we can no longer ask who is to make laws, because laws are acts of the general will; no longer ask if the prince is above the law, because he is a part of the state; no longer ask if the law can be unjust, because no one is unjust to himself; and no longer ask how we can be both free and subject to laws, for the laws are but registers of what we ourselves desire.

It is also clear that since the law unites universality of will with universality of the field of legislation, anything that any man, no matter who, commands on his own authority is not a law; even what the sovereign itself commands with respect to a particular object is not a law but a decree, not an act of sovereignty but an act of government.

Any state which is ruled by law I call a 'republic', whatever the form of its constitution; for then, and then alone, does the public interest govern and then

alone is the 'public thing' — the res publica — a reality. All legitimate government is 'republican'.[5] I shall explain later what government is.

Laws are really nothing other than the conditions on which civil society exists. A people, since it is subject to laws, ought to be the author of them. The right of laying down the rules of society belongs only to those who form the society; but how can they exercise it? Is it to be by common agreement, by a sudden inspiration? Has the body politic an organ to declare its will? Who is to give it the foresight necessary to formulate enactments and proclaim them in advance, and how is it to announce them in the hour of need? How can a blind multitude, which often does not know what it wants, because it seldom knows what is good for it, undertake by itself an enterprise as vast and difficult as a system of legislation? By themselves the people always will what is good, but by themselves they do not always discern it. The general will is always rightful, but the judgement which guides it is not always enlightened. It must be brought to see things as they are, and sometimes as they should be seen; it must be shown the good path which it is seeking, and secured against seduction by the desires of individuals; it must be given a sense of situation and season, so as to weigh immediate and tangible advantages against distant and hidden evils. Individuals see the good and reject it; the public desires the good but does not see it. Both equally need guidance. Individuals must be obliged to subordinate their will to their reason; the public must be taught to recognize what it desires. Such public enlightenment would produce a union of understanding and will in the social body, bring the parts into perfect harmony and lift the whole to its fullest strength. Hence the necessity of a lawgiver.

CHAPTER 7
The Lawgiver

To discover the rules of society that are best suited to nations, there would need to exist a superior intelligence, who could understand the passions of men without feeling any of them, who had no affinity with our nature but knew it to the full, whose happiness was independent of ours, but who would nevertheless make our happiness his concern, who would be content to wait in the fullness of time for a distant glory, and to labour in one age to enjoy the fruits in another.[6] Gods would be needed to give men laws.

The same reasoning which Caligula used empirically, Plato used

philosophically in his dialogue The Statesman to reach a definition of civil or kingly man. But if it is true that great princes seldom appear, how much more rare must a great lawgiver be? A prince has only to follow a model which the lawgiver provides. The lawgiver is the engineer who invents the machine; the prince is merely the mechanic who sets it up and operates it. Montesquieu says that at the birth of political societies, it is the leaders of the republic who shape the institutions but that afterwards it is the institutions which shape the leaders of the republic.

Whoever ventures on the enterprise of setting up a people must be ready, shall we say, to change human nature, to transform each individual, who by himself is entirely complete and solitary, into a part of a much greater whole, from which that same individual will then receive, in a sense, his life and his being. The founder of nations must weaken the structure of man in order to fortify it, to replace the physical and independent existence we have all received from nature with a moral and communal existence. In a word each man must be stripped of his own powers, and given powers which are external to him, and which he cannot use without the help of others. The nearer men's natural powers are to extinction or annihilation, and the stronger and more lasting their acquired powers, the stronger and more perfect is the social institution. So much so, that if each citizen can do nothing whatever except through cooperation with others, and if the acquired power of the whole is equal to, or greater than, the sum of the natural powers of each of the individuals, then we can say that law-making has reached the highest point of perfection.

The lawgiver is, in every respect, an extraordinary man in the state. Extraordinary not only because of his genius, but equally because of his office, which is neither that of the government nor that of the sovereign. This office which gives the republic its constitution has no place in that constitution. It is a special and superior function which has nothing to do with empire over men; for just as he who has command over men must not have command over laws, neither must he who has command over laws have command over men; otherwise, the laws, being offspring of the legislator's passions, would often merely perpetuate his injustices, and partial judgements would inevitably vitiate the sanctity of his works.

When Lycurgus gave laws to his country, he began by abdicating his monarchical functions. It was the habit of most Greek cities to confer on foreigners the task of framing their laws. The modern republics of Italy have

often copied this custom; the republic of Geneva did so, and found that it worked well.[7] Rome in its happiest age saw all the crimes of the Tyranny revived within its borders, and came near to perishing simply because it had put both the legislative authority and the sovereign power in the same hands.

And yet even the decemvirs themselves never arrogated the right to make any law on their own authority alone. 'Nothing we propose to you,' they said to the people, 'can become law without your consent. Romans, be yourselves the authors of the laws which are to ensure your happiness.'

Thus the man who frames the laws has not nor ought to have any legislative right, and the people itself cannot, even should it wish, strip itself of this untransferable right; for, according to the fundamental compact, it is only the general will which binds individuals and there can be no assurance that an individual will is in conformity with the general will until it has submitted to the free suffrage of the people — I have said this already, but it is worth repeating.

And so we find in the work of the lawgiver two things which look contradictory — a task which is beyond human powers and a non-existent authority for its execution.

There is another difficulty which deserves mention. Those sages who insist on speaking in their own language to the vulgar instead of in the vulgar language will not be understood. For there are thousands of ideas which cannot be translated into the popular idiom. Perspectives which are general and goals remote are alike beyond the range of the common herd; it is difficult for the individual, who has no taste for any scheme of government but that which serves his private interest, to appreciate the advantages to be derived from the lasting austerities which good laws impose. For a newly formed people to understand wise principles of politics and to follow the basic rules of statecraft, the effect would have to become the cause; the social spirit which must be the product of social institutions would have to preside over the setting up of those institutions; men would have to have already become before the advent of law that which they become as a result of law. And as the lawgiver can for these reasons employ neither force nor argument, he must have recourse to an authority of another order, one which can compel without violence and persuade without convincing.

It is this which has obliged the founders of nations throughout history to appeal to divine intervention and to attribute their own wisdom to the Gods; for then the people, feeling subject to the laws of the state as they are to those

of nature, and detecting the same hand in the creation of both man and the nation, obey freely and bear with docility the yoke of the public welfare.

This sublime reasoning, which soars above the heads of the common people, is used by the lawgiver when he puts his own decisions into the mouth of the immortals, thus compelling by divine authority persons who cannot be moved by human prudence.[8] But it is not for every man to make the Gods speak, or to gain credence if he pretends to be an interpreter of the divine word. The lawgiver's great soul is the true miracle which must vindicate his mission. Any man can carve tablets of stone, or bribe an oracle, claim a secret intercourse with some divinity, train a bird to whisper in his ear, or discover some other vulgar means of imposing himself on the people. A man who can do such things may conceivably bring together a company of fools, but he will never establish an empire, and his bizarre creation will perish with him. Worthless tricks may set up transitory bonds, but only wisdom makes lasting ones. The Law of the Hebrews, which still lives, and that of the child of Ishmael which has ruled half the world for ten centuries, still proclaim today the greatness of the men who first enunciated them; and even though proud philosophy and the blind spirit of faction may regard them as nothing but lucky impostors, the true statesman sees, and admires in their institutions, the hand of that great and powerful genius which lies behind all lasting things.

Even so, we must not conclude from this, with Warburton, that religion and politics have the same purpose among men; it is simply that at the birth of nations, the one serves as the instrument of the other.

CHAPTER 8
The People

JUST as an architect who puts up a large building first surveys and tests the ground to see if it can bear the weight, so the wise lawgiver begins not by laying down laws good in themselves, but by finding out whether the people for whom the laws are intended is able to support them. Such reasoning led Plato to refuse to provide laws for the Arcadians or the Cyreneans, because he well knew that those peoples, being rich, would not tolerate equality. Crete, too, provides an example of good laws and bad men, for the people Milos tried to discipline were dominated by their vices.

The world has seen a thousand splendid nations that could not have

accepted good laws, and even those that might have accepted them could have done so only for short periods of their long history. Nations,[9] like men, are teachable only in their youth; with age they become incorrigible. Once customs are established and prejudices rooted, reform is a dangerous and fruitless enterprise; a people cannot bear to see its evils touched, even if only to be eradicated; it is like a stupid, pusillanimous invalid who trembles at the sight of a physician.

I am not denying that just as certain afflictions unhinge men's minds and banish their memory of the past, so there are certain violent epochs or revolutions in states which have the same effect on peoples that personal crises may have on individuals; only instead of forgetting the past, they look back on it in horror, and then the state, after being consumed by civil war, is born again, so to speak, from its own ashes, and leaps from the arms of death to regain the vigour of youth. Such was the experience of Sparta at the time of Lycurgus, of Rome after the Tarquins, and, in the modern world, of Holland and Switzerland after the expulsion of the tyrants.

But such events are unusual; they are exceptional cases to be explained by the special constitution of the states concerned. It could not even happen twice to the same people; because although a people can make itself free while it is still uncivilized, it cannot do so when its civil energies are worn out. Disturbances may then destroy a civil society without a revolution being able to restore it, so that as soon as the chains are broken, the state falls apart and exists no longer; then what is needed is a master, not a liberator. Free peoples, remember this maxim: liberty can be gained, but never regained.

For nations, as for men, there is a time of maturity which they must reach before they are made subject to law; but the maturity of a people is not always easily recognized; and something done too soon will prove abortive. Peoples differ; one is amenable to discipline from the beginning; another is not, even after ten centuries. The Russians will never be effectively governed because the attempt to govern them was made too early. Peter the Great had the talent of a copyist; he had no true genius, which is creative and makes everything from nothing. Some of the things he did were sound; most were misguided. He saw that his people was uncivilized, but he did not see that it was unready for government; he sought to civilize his subjects when he ought rather to have drilled them. He tried to turn them into Germans or Englishmen instead of making them Russians. He urged his subjects to be what they were not and so prevented them from becoming what they might

have been. This is just how a French tutor trains his pupil to shine for a brief moment in his childhood and then grow up into a nonentity. The Russian Empire would like to subjugate Europe and will find itself subjugated. The Tartars, its subjects or neighbours, will become its masters — and ours. Such a revolution seems to me inevitable. All the kings of Europe are labouring in concert to hasten its coming.

CHAPTER 9
The People: Continued

JUST as nature has set bounds to the stature of a well-formed man, outside which he is either a giant or a dwarf, so, in what concerns the best constitution for a state, there are limits to the size it can have if it is to be neither too large to be well governed nor too small to maintain itself. In the body politic there is a maximum of strength which must not be exceeded, and which is often fallen short of as a result of expansion. The more the social bond is stretched, the slacker it becomes; and in general a small state is relatively stronger for its size than a large one.

A thousand considerations bear witness to the truth of this. First, administration becomes more difficult over great distances, just as a weight becomes heavier at the end of a long lever. Government becomes more burdensome as its area is enlarged, for each town has its own administration, which the people pays for, and each region has its administration, which the people also pays for, then each province has one, and so on up to the greater governments, the satrapies, the viceroyalties, each costing more the higher they rise and always paid for by the unfortunate populace; and then on top of all comes the supreme administration, bearing down on everyone. Such a great number of charges added to charges continually exhausts the subjects; and far from being better governed by this hierarchy of orders, they are much worse off than they would be if they had only one administration over them. As it is, there is hardly any public revenue available for emergencies, and when the state is faced with such a need, it trembles on the verge of ruin.

Nor is this all. Not only is the government less vigorous and swift in enforcing respect for the law, in preventing nuisances, correcting abuses and thwarting any seditious movements that may arise in distant quarters, but at the same time the people has less affection for governors whom it never sees, for a homeland that seems as vast as the world, and for fellow-citizens who

are mostly strangers. The same laws will not suit so many various provinces, which, with their different customs and contrasting climates, cannot tolerate the same form of government. Having different laws only creates misunderstanding and confusion among peoples who live under the same governors and are in continuous communication with one another; they intermingle and intermarry, but if different sets of rules prevail, they will not even know if what they call their patrimony is really their own. Talents are hidden, virtues are ignored and vices remain unpunished when such a multitude of men, who do not know one another, is brought together in the same place by one single seat of supreme administration. The governors have too much to do to see everything for themselves; their clerks rule the state. And the measures needed to maintain a general authority, which so many scattered officials try to evade or exploit, absorb all political attention, so none is left to study the people's happiness, and hardly any left for its defence in case of need. This body which is too big for its constitution collapses and perishes, crushed by its own weight.

On the other hand, a state if it is to have strength must give itself some solid foundation, so that it can resist the shocks that it is bound to experience and sustain the exertions that it must make to preserve itself; for all peoples generate a kind of centrifugal force, by which they brush continuously against one another, and they all attempt to expand at the expense of their neighbours, like the vortices of Descartes. Thus the weak are always in danger of being swallowed up, and indeed no people can well preserve itself except by achieving a kind of equilibrium with all the others which makes the pressure everywhere the same for all.

This shows us that there are reasons for expansion and reasons for contraction; and indeed it is not the least part of political wisdom to judge, as between the one and the other, the precise balance which is most conducive to the preservation of the state. In general one might say that any reasons for expansion, which are exterior and relative, ought to be less compelling than the reasons for contraction, which are internal and absolute. A strong and healthy constitution is the first thing to look for because the strength which comes from good government is more reliable than the resources which large territories yield.

One may add that there have been states whose political structure was such that the necessity of conquest was part of their very constitution, states which, in order to maintain themselves at all, were obliged to enlarge

themselves unceasingly. Possibly they have congratulated themselves on this, as a fortunate necessity; but reflection on the same necessity must also have shown them that at the end of their greatness lay the inevitable moment of their fall.

CHAPTER 10
The People: Continued

THERE are two ways of measuring a body politic, by the extent of its territory and by the number of its people; and there must be a certain balance between these two dimensions if the state is to achieve its best size. Men make the state and the soil nourishes men; thus the right balance requires that there be land enough to feed the inhabitants and as many inhabitants as the land can feed. It is in this proportion that the maximum strength of a given number of persons is brought forth; for if there is too much territory, care of it is burdensome, cultivation inadequate and produce excessive; and this soon becomes the cause of defensive wars; while if, on the other hand, there is too little land, the state must live on what it can import at the discretion of its neighbours, and this soon becomes the cause of offensive wars. Any people which has to choose between commerce and war is essentially weak; it depends on its neighbours; it depends on contingencies; it will never have more than a short, uncertain existence; either it conquers and ends its predicament, or it is conquered and exists no more. It can safeguard itself in freedom only by means of littleness or bigness.

One cannot specify the exact mathematical proportion there should be between the area of the land and the number of inhabitants, because of the different characteristics of different places, differences in degrees of fertility, in the nature of the produce, in the effects of climate; and also because of the differences there are between the temperaments of men who inhabit the different territories, some consuming little in a fertile country and others living well off a frugal soil. Again we should have to consider the greater or lesser fecundity of the women, the distinctive features of the land, whether more or less favourable to population; the number of immigrants that the lawgiver might hope to attract by his institutions. From this it follows that he must make his decisions in the light not of what he sees, but of what he foresees, calculating not so much the number of the existing population as the number which the population must naturally reach. Finally, there are a

thousand occasions when some particular accident of situation demands or allows the assimilation of more land than appears necessary. In a mountainous country, where the type of cultivation — woodland and pastures — requires less work, where the women are shown by experience to be more fecund than in the plains, and where the steep slopes of hills leave only a marginal degree of that flat land which alone can be relied on for vegetation, men will spread out more widely. The contrary is the case on the edge of the sea, where men will draw together in a small area, even among rocks and sands that are almost barren; for fishing can make up for much of the deficiency of agricultural produce; and being close together enables such men the better to resist pirates; and they can easily rid themselves by overseas settlement of any surplus population.

There is yet another condition for the institution of a people, one condition which no other can replace and without which all the rest are unavailing: a peace and plenty must be enjoyed; for the period of the formation of a state, like that of the lining up of a regiment, is the time when it is least capable of resistance and most open to destruction. A state can defend itself more effectively amid total chaos than during the time of fermentation, when everyone is thinking about his own position and not about the common danger. If there is a war, famine or sedition during this critical period, the state will inevitably be overthrown.

It is true that many governments have been set up during such disturbances, but then it is the governments themselves which destroy the state. Usurpers always choose troubled times to enact, in the atmosphere of general panic, laws which the public would never adopt when passions were cool. One of the surest ways of distinguishing the work of a lawgiver from that of a tyrant is to note the moment he chooses to give a people its constitution.

Which people, then, is fit to receive laws? I answer: a people which, finding itself already bound together by some union of origin, interest or convention, has not yet borne the yoke of law; a people without deep-rooted customs or superstitions; one which does not fear sudden invasion, and which, without intervening in the quarrels of its neighbours, can stand up to any of them, or secure the help of one to resist another; a people in which every member may be known to all; where there is no need to burden any man with more than he can bear; a people which can do without other peoples and which other peoples can do without;[10] one which is neither rich

nor poor, but has enough to keep itself; and lastly one which combines the cohesion of an ancient people with the malleability of a new one. What makes the task of the lawgiver so difficult is less what has to be established than what has to be destroyed; and what makes success so rare is the impossibility of finding the simplicity of nature together with the needs that society creates. It is difficult to combine all these conditions; and that is why so few well-constituted states exist.

There is still one country in Europe which is fit to receive laws, and that is the island of Corsica. The valour and fidelity with which this brave people has recovered and defended its freedom entitle it to be taught by some wise man how to preserve that freedom. I have a presentiment that this little island will one day astonish Europe.

CHAPTER 11
Various Systems of Law

IF we enquire wherein lies precisely the greatest good of all, which ought to be the goal of every system of law, we shall find that it comes down to two main objects, freedom and equality: freedom because any individual dependence means that much strength withdrawn from the body of the state, and equality because freedom cannot survive without it.

I have already explained what civil freedom is; as for equality, this word must not be taken to imply that degrees of power and wealth should be absolutely the same for all, but rather that power shall stop short of violence and never be exercised except by virtue of authority and law, and, where wealth is concerned, that no citizen shall be rich enough to buy another and none so poor as to be forced to sell himself; this in turn implies that the more exalted persons need moderation in goods and influence and the humbler persons moderation in avarice and covetousness.[11]

Such equality, we shall be told, is a chimera of theory and could not exist in reality. But if abuse is inevitable, ought we not then at least to control it? Precisely because the force of circumstance tends always to destroy equality, the force of legislation ought always to tend to preserve it.

However, these general objectives of all institutions must be modified in each country to meet local conditions and suit the character of the people concerned. It is in the light of such factors that one must assign to each people the particular form of constitution which is best, not perhaps in itself,

but for that state for which it is destined. For example, is your soil meagre and barren or the territory too narrow for its inhabitants? Then look to industry and crafts, so that manufactured goods may be exchanged for the natural resources that are lacking. Suppose, on the other hand, you have rich plains and fertile slopes, good land too little inhabited. Then concentrate on agriculture, to increase the population, and eschew artisanry, which invariably depopulates the countryside and brings the few inhabitants there are together in certain urban centres.[12] Have you a long and convenient coastline? Then fill the sea with ships, develop trade and navigation, and you will have a brilliant if short existence. Does the sea, along your shores, wash against almost inaccessible rocks? Then remain ichthyphagous barbarians; you will live more peacefully, better perhaps, and certainly more happily. In short, apart from those principles which are common to all, each people has its special reasons for adopting these principles in its own way and for having laws that are fitted to itself alone. Thus it was, in the past, that the Hebrews, and more recently the Arabs, took religion as their chief object, while the Athenians had literature, Carthage and Tyre trade, Rhodes seafaring, Sparta war, and Rome civic virtue. The author of L'Esprit des lois has shown with scores of examples how the art of the lawgiver directs the constitution towards each of its ends.

What makes the constitution of a state really strong and durable is such a close observance of conventions that natural relations and laws come to be in harmony on all points, so that the law, shall we say, seems only to ensure, accompany and correct what is natural. But if the lawgiver mistakes his object and builds on principles that differ from what is demanded by the circumstances; if his principle tends towards servitude while circumstances tend towards liberty, the one towards wealth and the other towards increased population, the one towards peace and the other towards conquest, then the laws will be weakened imperceptibly, the constitution will deteriorate, and the state will continue to be disturbed until it is finally destroyed or transformed, and invincible Nature regains her empire.

CHAPTER 12
Classification of Laws

FOR everything to be well ordered and the best possible form given to the republic, there are various relations to be considered. First, there is the action

of the whole body politic on itself, that is to say, the relation of all with all, or of the sovereign with the state, and this relation, as we shall see, is made up of relations between intermediary bodies.

The laws which regulate this relation bear the name of Political Laws, and are also called Fundamental Laws — not unreasonably, if the laws are wise ones. For if in each state there is only one good way of regulating it, the people which has found that way ought to keep to it. But if the established order is bad, why should the laws which prevent its being good be regarded as fundamental? Besides, a people is in any case entirely at liberty to alter its laws, even its best laws; and if it chooses to do itself an injury, who has the right to prevent it from doing so?

The second relation is that of the members of the body politic among themselves, or of each with the entire body: their relations among themselves should be as limited, and relations with the entire body as extensive, as possible, in order that each citizen shall be at the same time perfectly independent of all his fellow citizens and excessively dependent on the republic — this result is always achieved by the same means, since it is the power of the state alone which makes the freedom of its members. It is from this second relationship that Civil Laws are born.

We may consider a third kind of relation between the person and the law, namely that of disobedience and its penalty. It is this which gives rises to the establishment of Criminal Laws, though at bottom these are less a specific kind of law than the sanction behind all laws.

To these three sorts of law must be added a fourth, the most important of all, which is inscribed neither on marble nor brass, but in the hearts of the citizens, a law which forms the true constitution of the state, a law which gathers new strength every day and which, when other laws age or wither away, reanimates or replaces them; a law which sustains a nation in the spirit of its institution and imperceptibly substitutes the force of habit for the force of authority. I refer to morals, customs and, above all, belief: this feature, unknown to our political theorists, is the one on which the success of all the other laws depends; it is the feature on which the great law-giver bestows his secret care, for though he seems to confine himself to detailed legal enactments, which are really only the arching of the vault, he knows that morals, which develop more slowly, ultimately become its immovable keystone.

Among these various classes of law, it is only Political Laws, which

constitute the form of government, that are relevant to my subject.

Note

【1】 For the will to be general, it does not always have to be unanimous; but all the votes must be counted. Any formal exclusion destroys its universality.

【2】 'Every interest,' says the Marquis d'Argenson, 'has its different principles. Harmony between two interests is created by opposition to that of a third.' He might have added that the harmony of all interests is created by opposition to those of each. If there were no different interests, we should hardly be conscious of a common interest, as there would be no resistance to it; everything would run easily of its own accord, and politics would cease to be an art.

【3】 'Divisions,' says Machiavelli, 'sometimes injure and sometimes aid a republic. The injury is done by cabals and factions; the service is rendered by a party which maintains itself without cabals and factions. Since, therefore, it is impossible for the founder of a republic to provide against enmities, he must make the best provision he can against factions.' History of Florence, Book Ⅶ.

【4】 Please, attentive reader, do not hasten to accuse me of contradiction. I cannot avoid a contradiction of words, because of the poverty of language; but wait.

【5】 By this word I understand not only an aristocracy or democracy, but generally any government directed by the general will, which is law. If it is to be legitimate, the government must not be united with the sovereign, but must serve it as its ministry. So even a monarchy can be a republic. This will be clarified in Book Ⅲ.

【6】 A people does not become famous until its constitution begins to decline. We do not know for how many centuries the constitution of Lycurgus gave happiness to the Spartans before there was talk about them in the rest of Greece.

【7】 Those who think of Calvin merely as a theologian do not realize the extent of his genius. The codification of our wise edicts, in which he had a large share, does him as much credit as his Institutes. Whatever revolutions may take place in our church, the memory of that great man will not cease to be honoured among the adepts of that religion while the love of country and of liberty still lives among us.

【8】 'The truth is,' writes Machiavelli, 'that there has never been in any country an extraordinary legislator who has not invoked the deity; for otherwise his laws would not have been accepted. A wise man knows many useful truths which cannot be demonstrated in such a way as to convince other people.' (Discourses on Livy, Book Ⅴ, Chapter xi.) [In Italian in original. Trans.]

【9】 (Altered in Edition of 1782 to 'Most nations...' Trans.)

【10】 If two neighbouring peoples cannot do without one another the situation is hard for the one and dangerous for the other. Any wise nation, in such a case, will hasten to deliver the other from its dependence. The republic of Thlascala, an enclave within the Mexican Empire, preferred to do without salt rather than buy it from the Mexicans, rather even than take it from them when it was offered as a gift. The wise Thlascalians saw the trap concealed in the Mexican generosity. They kept their freedom; and their little state, locked within the territory of a great Empire, was in the end the instrument of that Empire's ruin.

【11】 Do you want coherence in the state? Then bring the two extremes as close together as possible; have neither very rich men nor beggars, for these two estates, naturally inseparable, are equally fatal to the common good; from the one class come friends of tyranny, from the other, tyrants. It is always these two classes which make commerce of the public freedom: the one buys, the other sells.

【12】 Any branch of foreign trade, says the Marquis d'Argenson, brings only an illusory advantage to the kingdom in general; it may enrich a few individuals, even a few big towns, but the nation as a whole gains nothing and the people is none the better for it.

Book Ⅲ

BEFORE speaking of the various forms of government, let us try to fix the precise meaning of this word, which has not hitherto been very well explained.

CHAPTER 1
Of Government in General

I MUST warn the reader that this chapter should be read with care, for I have not the skill to make myself clear to those who do not wish to concentrate their attention.

Every free action has two causes which concur to produce it, one moral — the will which determines the act, the other physical — the strength which executes it. When I walk towards an object, it is necessary first that I should resolve to go that way and secondly that my feet should carry me. When a paralytic resolves to run and when a fit man resolves not to move, both stay where they are. The body politic has the same two motive powers — and we can make the same distinction between will and strength, the former is legislative power and the latter executive power. Nothing can be, or should be, done in the body politic without the concurrence of both.

We have seen that the legislative power belongs, and can only belong, to the people. On the other hand, it is easy to see from principles established above [Book Ⅱ, Chapters 4 and 6] that executive power cannot belong to the generality of the people as legislative or sovereign, since executive power is exercised only in particular acts which are outside the province of law and therefore outside the province of the sovereign which can act only to make laws.

The public force thus needs its own agent to call it together and put it into action in accordance with the instructions of the general will, to serve also as a means of communication between the state and the sovereign, and in a sense to do for the public person what is done for the individual by the union of soul and body. This is the reason why the state needs a government,

something often unhappily confused with the sovereign, but of which it is really only the minister.

What, then, is the government? An intermediary body established between the subjects and the sovereign for their mutual communication, a body charged with the execution of the laws and the maintenance of freedom, both civil and political.

The members of this body are called magistrates or kings, that is to say governors, and the whole body bears the name of prince.[1] Thus, those theorists who deny that the act by which a people submits itself to leaders is a contract are wholly correct. For that act is nothing other than a commission, a form of employment in which the governors, as simple officers of the sovereign, exercise in its name the power it has placed in their hands, a power which the sovereign can limit, modify and resume at pleasure, since the alienation of such a right would be incompatible with the nature of the social body and contrary to the purpose of the social union.

I therefore call 'government' or 'supreme administration' the legitimate exercise of the executive power, and I call 'prince' or 'magistrate' the man or the body charged with that administration.

It is in the government that we may discern those intermediary forces whose relations constitute those of all with all, or of the sovereign with the state. This last relation can be depicted as one between the first and last terms of a geometric progression, of which the geometric mean is the government. The government receives from the sovereign the orders which it gives to the people; and if the state is to be well balanced, it is necessary, all things being weighed, that the product of the power of the government multiplied by itself should equal the product or the power of the citizens who are sovereign in one sense and subjects in another.

Furthermore, no one of these three terms can be changed without destroying the ratio. If the sovereign seeks to govern, or if the magistrate seeks to legislate, or if the subjects refuse to obey, then order gives way to chaos, power and will cease to act in concert, and the state, disintegrating, will lapse either into despotism or into anarchy. Lastly, as there is only one geometrical mean between two extremes, there is only one good government possible for any state; but as a thousand events may change the relations within a nation, different governments may not only be good for different peoples, but good for the same people at different times.

To try to give some idea of the various relations which may exist between

the two extremes, I shall take as an example the number of the people, as this is a relation easily expressed as a ratio.

Suppose the state is made up of ten thousand citizens. The sovereign can only be considered collectively and as a body, but every member as a subject has to be considered as an individual. Thus the sovereign is to the subject as ten thousand is to one, that is to say, each single member of the state has as his own share only a ten-thousandth part of the sovereign authority, although he submits himself entirely to it. Now if the people is increased to a hundred thousand men, the position of each subject is unaltered, for each bears equally with the rest the whole empire of the laws, while as sovereign his share of the suffrage is reduced to one hundred-thousandth, so that he has ten times less influence in the formulation of the laws. Hence, while the subject remains always one single individual, the ratio of sovereign to subject increases according to the number of citizens. Whence it follows that the more the state is enlarged, the more freedom is diminished.

When I say that the ratio increases, I mean that it is farther removed from unity. So the greater ratio in the mathematical sense, the smaller the relationship in the popular sense; for in the former, the ratio, considered according to this, is measured by the quotient, whereas in the latter, the relationship, considered according to identity, is judged by similarity.

The smaller the relationship between the particular wills and the general will, that is, between the people's morals and the law, the more repressive force will have to be employed. Hence, for the government to be good, its strength must be increased to the extent that the people is more numerous.

In proportion as the enlargement of the state means offering the holders of public authority more temptations and more opportunities to abuse their power, it follows that the more power the government needs to control the people, the more power the sovereign needs, in its turn, to control the government. I am speaking here not of an absolute power, but of the relative power of the different elements in the state.

It follows from this dual relationship that the geometric progression between sovereign, prince and people is by no means an arbitrary idea, but a necessary consequence of the nature of the body politic. It follows further that one of the terms, namely the people as subject, is represented by unity, every time the square of the ratio is increased or diminished, the simple ratio increases or diminishes in the same way, and the middle term, the government, is in consequence changed. This shows that there is no one

unique and absolute constitution of government, but that there may be as many different kinds of government as there are states of different sizes.

If anyone, wishing to ridicule this system, suggested that in order to find this geometrical mean and construct the body of the government one need only on my view take the square root of the number of the people, I should reply that I am here using numbers only as an example; and the ratios of which I speak are not measured merely by the number of men but more generally by the amount of activity, which results from the concurrence of innumerable causes; I should add that although I have borrowed momentarily for the sake of expressing myself in fewer words, the language of mathematics, I am still well aware that mathematical precision has no place in moral calculations.

The government is in small what the body politic (which includes it) is in large. It is a fictitious person endowed with certain faculties, active like the sovereign, passive like the state; and it can be broken down into similar relations; in consequence these relations yield a new ratio; and within each we can continue the process of analysis according to the order of the magistracies until we reach a single indivisible middle term, that is, a single chief or supreme magistrate, who may be shown at the centre of this geometrical progression, as the unifying term between the series of fractions and the series of whole numbers.

Without burdening ourselves with such a multiplication of terms, let us simply consider the government as a new body within the state, distinct from both people and sovereign and intermediary between the two.

There is this essential difference between the two bodies — the state exists in itself while the government exists only through the sovereign. Thus the dominant will of the prince is, or ought to be, only the general will or the law, and his force nothing other than the public force concentrated in his hands; as soon as he resolves to perform on his own authority some absolute and independent act, the union of all begins to slacken. And if in the end it comes about that the prince has a particular will more active than that of the sovereign, and if, to enforce obedience to this particular will, he uses the public force which is in his hands, with the result that there are, so to speak, two sovereigns, one de jure and the other de facto, then the social bond vanishes at once and the body politic is dissolved.

Even so, for the body of the government to have an existence, a real life distinct from the body of the state, and for all its members to be able to act in

concert and serve the purpose for which the government has been set up, it must have a particular ego, a consciousness common to its members, a force, a will of its own tending to its preservation. Such a particular existence implies assemblies, councils, a power to deliberate and determine rights, titles, and privileges which belongs exclusively to the prince, and which should make the position of the magistrate the more honourable in proportion to the extent to which it is the more arduous. The difficulty is to find a method of ordering this subordinate whole within the greater whole, so that it does not weaken the general constitution while strengthening its own, and so that its private force, designed for its own preservation, shall always be distinct from the public force, designed for the preservation of the state; in short, so that it will always be ready to sacrifice the government to the people and not the people to the government.

Moreover, even though the artificial body of the government is the work of another equally artificial body, and even though it has only a kind of borrowed and subordinate life, this does not prevent its being able to act with greater or less vigour and speed, and enjoying, so to speak, a health that may be more robust or less. Lastly, without departing directly from the purposes for which it has been set up, it may deviate from them in varying degrees according to the manner in which it has been constituted.

It is all these differences which give rise to the various relations that ought to exist between the government and the body of the state, in accordance with the fortuitous and particular relations by which this same state is changed. For often the government which is in itself the best becomes the most evil unless its relations with the state are modified to meet the defects of the body politic to which it belongs.

CHAPTER 2
The Constitutive Principle of the Different Forms of Government

To explain the general reason for these differences, it is necessary to distinguish here between the prince and the government, as I have already distinguished between the state and the sovereign.

The body of the magistrates may be composed of a greater or lesser number of members. We have already observed that the ratio of sovereign to subjects is greater to the extent that the people are more numerous, and by an

obvious analogy we can say the same of the government in relation to the magistrates.

As the total power of the government is at all times that of the state, it never varies; and from this it follows that the more force the government exerts over its own members, the less there remains for it to use over the whole people.

Hence the more numerous the magistrates, the weaker the government. As this principle is fundamental, let us try to make it clearer.

We may distinguish in the person of the magistrate three essentially different wills. First, there is the will which belongs to him as an individual, and tends only to his personal advantage. Secondly, there is the collective will of the magistrates; this is concerned only with the advantage of the prince, and might be called the corporate will, since it is general vis-à-vis the government and particular vis-à-vis the state of which the government is a part. Thirdly, there is the will of the people or the sovereign will, which is general both with regard to the state considered as a whole and with regard to the government considered as part of the whole.

In a perfect system of legislation, the individual or particular will would be nonexistent, the government's own corporate will very subordinate, and the general or sovereign will therefore always dominant and always the sole regulator of all the others.

In the order of nature, on the contrary, these different wills become the more active the more they are self-centred. Hence, the general will is always the weakest, the corporate will takes second place, and the particular will comes first of all; so much so, that within the government, each member is primarily a private self, secondly a magistrate, and thirdly a citizen. This sequence is exactly the reverse of what the social order demands.

That being so, let us suppose that the government is in the hands of a single individual. Then the particular will and the corporate will will be perfectly united, and the corporate will accordingly raised to its highest possible degree of intensity. Now, since the exercise of power depends on the degree of will, and since the absolute power of the government is invariable, it follows that the most active government is that of one man.

If, on the other hand, we combine the government and the legislative authority, make the prince the sovereign, and each citizen a magistrate — then the corporate will, being merged in the general will, will be no more active than the general will, and so leave the particular will to command the

totality of power. Thus the government, having always the same absolute strength, will be left with a minimum of relative strength and activity.

These relations are indisputable, and other considerations add further confirmation. It is clear, for example, that each magistrate is more active within the body of the government than is each citizen within the body of the state, and hence that the particular will has more influence over the acts of the government than it has over those of the sovereign, for every magistrate is nearly always entrusted with some distinct function of government, while no citizen, taken singly, has any distinct function of sovereignty. Besides, the more the state expands, the more its real strength is increased, though not in proportion to its expansion; but if the state remains the same size, the magistrates can be multiplied without the government gaining thereby any real strength, since its strength is that of the state, which is always the same. In this way the relative strength or activity of the government diminishes without there being any possibility of its absolute or real power increasing.

Again, there is no doubt that the dispatch of public business becomes slower in proportion as there are more persons responsible for it; attaching too much importance to prudence, large bodies attach too little to luck; they miss opportunities, and they deliberate so long that they lose the profits of deliberation.

I have just shown that the government slackens to the extent that the magistrates are multiplied, and I showed earlier that the more numerous the people, the more the repressive force must increase. From this it follows that the ratio of magistrates to government should be the inverse of the ratio of subjects to sovereign; that is to say, the more the state is enlarged, the more the government must reduce its ranks, so that the number of magistrates diminishes in proportion to the increase of the people.

I should add that I am speaking here of the relative strength of the government and not the quality of its behaviour; for, on the contrary, the more numerous the magistrates, the closer their corporate will approaches the general will, while under a single magistrate that same corporate will is, as I have said, only a particular will. Thus there is lost on the one side what could be gained on the other; and the art of the lawgiver is to know how to settle the point at which the strength and the will of the government, which always stand in inverse ratio, can be combined in the proportion most beneficial to the state.

CHAPTER 3
Classification of Governments

IN the preceding chapter we saw why the different types or forms of government are distinguished according to the number of members who compose them; it remains to be seen in the present chapter how this classification is made.

First, the sovereign may put the government in the hands of the whole people, or of the greater part of the people, so that there are more citizen-magistrates than there are ordinary private citizens. This form of government is known as democracy.

Alternatively, the sovereign may confine the government to the hands of a few, so that there are more ordinary citizens than there are magistrates: this form of government is called aristocracy.

Yet again, the sovereign may concentrate the entire government in the hands of one single magistrate, from whom all the others will derive their power. This third form of government is the most common, and is called monarchy or royal government.

It should be noticed that all these forms, or at any rate the first two, can be had in greater or lesser degrees; they have a fairly marked elasticity. Democracy may include all the people or it may be limited so as to include only half. Aristocracy in its turn may extend to half the people or be limited to the smallest possible number. Even royal government can to some extent be shared. Sparta had always two kings according to its constitution, and the Roman Empire is known to have had as many as eight Emperors at once without it being true to say that the Empire was divided. Thus there is always a point at which each form of government overlaps the next form; and it is clear that although government has only three names, it is actually open to as many variations of form as the state has citizens.

Moreover, since a government is able in certain respects to divide itself into separate parts, one administered in one way and the other in another way, the three forms of government may be combined to yield a multitude of mixed forms, each of which it can multiply by the three simple forms.

Throughout the ages men have debated the question 'What is the best form of government?', and yet they have failed to see that each of the possible forms is the best in some cases and the worst in others.

If in each particular state the number of supreme magistrates should be in

inverse ratio to the number of citizens, it follows that, in general, democratic government suits small states, aristocratic government suits states of intermediate size and monarchy suits large states. This rule follows directly from our axiom; but how are we to calculate the multitude of particular circumstances which may offer exceptions to the rule?

CHAPTER 4
Democracy

HE who makes the law knows better than anyone how it should be executed and interpreted. So it might seem that there could be no better constitution than one which united the executive power with the legislative; in fact, this very union makes that form of government deficient in certain respects, for things which ought to be kept apart are not, and the prince and the sovereign being the same person constitute, so to speak, a government without government.

It is not good that he who makes the law should execute it or that the body of the people should turn its attention away from general perspectives and give it to particular objects. Nothing is more dangerous in public affairs than the influence of private interests, and the abuse of the law by the government is a lesser evil than that corruption of the legislator which inevitably results from the pursuit of private interests. When this happens, the state is corrupted in its very substance and no reform is possible. A people which never misused the powers of government would never misuse independence, and a people which always governed itself well would not need to be governed.

In the strict sense of the term, there has never been a true democracy, and there never will be. It is contrary to the natural order that the greater number should govern and the smaller number be governed. One can hardly imagine that all the people would sit permanently in an assembly to deal with public affairs; and one can easily see that they could not appoint commissions for that purpose without the form of administration changing.

I believe indeed that one can lay down as an axiom that when the functions of government are divided between several commissions, those with the fewest members acquire sooner or later the greatest authority, if only because the facility of dispatching business leads naturally in that direction.

Besides, how many things that are difficult to have at the same time does the democratic form of government not presuppose? First, a very small state,

where the people may be readily assembled and where each citizen may easily know all the others. Secondly, a great simplicity of manners and morals, to prevent excessive business and thorny discussions. Thirdly, a large measure of equality in social rank and fortune, without which equality in rights and authority will not last long. Finally, little or no luxury; for luxury is either the effect of riches or it makes riches necessary; it corrupts both the rich and the poor; it surrenders the country to indolence and vanity; it deprives the state of all its citizens by making some the slaves of others and all the slaves of opinion.

This is why a celebrated author has made virtue the cardinal principle of a republic; for all the conditions that I have named cannot prevail without virtue. But this same great genius, having failed to make the necessary distinctions, was often wrong and sometimes obscure, and failed to see that since the sovereign authority is everywhere the same, the same principles should have a place in every well-constituted state, though to a greater or lesser extent, assuredly, according to the form of the government.

We may add that there is no government so liable to civil war and internecine strife as is democracy or popular government, for there is none which has so powerful and constant a tendency to change to another form or which demands so much vigilance and courage to maintain it unchanged. It is under this constitution, more than others, that the citizen must be armed with strength and fidelity, and repeat from the bottom of his heart every day of his life the words a virtuous Palatine[2] once spoke in the Diet of Poland: 'Malo periculosam libertatem quam quietum servitium.'[3]

If there were a nation of Gods, it would govern itself democratically. A government so perfect is not suited to men.

CHAPTER 5
Aristocracy

WE have here two distinct artificial persons, namely the government and the sovereign, and therefore two general wills, one belonging to all the citizens, and the other to members of the administration only. Thus, although the government may regulate its interior discipline as it pleases, it can never speak to the people except in the name of the sovereign, that is, in the name of the people itself — something that must never be forgotten.

The first societies were governed aristocratically. The heads of families

deliberated on public business among themselves; the young people yielded willingly to the authority of experience. Hence the names of priests, elders, the senate, gerontes. The savages of North America still retain today this method of government, and they are very well governed.

But to the extent that artificial inequality came to prevail over natural inequality, riches and power[4] came to be preferred to age, and aristocracy became elective. Lastly, the bequeathing of power together with property by fathers to their children made families patrician and so made government hereditary; and then there appeared senators aged twenty.

There are thus three types of aristocracy, natural, elective and hereditary. The first is suited only to primitive peoples; the third is the worst of all governments; the second is the best, and this is aristocracy in the true sense of the word.

Aristocracy has not only the advantage of distinguishing between the sovereign and the government, it has also the advantage of selecting its magistrates. Under popular government all the citizens are born magistrates, while this other system limits itself to a small number of magistrates, every one of whom is elected,[5] a method which makes honesty, sagacity, experience and all the other grounds of popular preference and esteem further guarantees of wise government.

Besides, assemblies can be more easily arranged, business can be better discussed and be dispatched with more order and diligence; the credit of the state is better upheld in the eyes of foreigners by venerable senators than it is by an unknown and despised multitude.

In a word, it is the best and most natural arrangement for the wisest to govern the multitude, if we are sure that they will govern it for its advantage and not for their own. One ought never to multiply devices uselessly, or employ twenty thousand men to do what a hundred picked men could do much better. But it must be noted that the corporate interest begins at this point to direct the forces of the state less strictly in accordance with the general will, and that a further inevitable tendency is for a part of the executive power to escape the control of law.

As for the circumstances which suit this form of government, it is not necessary to have the state so small or the people so simple and upright that the execution of the law follows directly from the public will, as is the case in a good democracy. Nor must the nation be so large that the magistrates, being widely scattered, have to take upon themselves some of the powers of the

sovereign, each in his own region; and so begin by making themselves independent and end by becoming masters.

But if aristocracy calls for rather fewer virtues than does popular government, it still calls for virtues of its own, such as moderation among the rich and contentment among the poor; for it seems that strict equality would be out of place; it was not observed even in Sparta.

Moreover, if this form of government involves a certain inequality of wealth, it is good that the administration of public affairs be entrusted to those who can best give all their time to it, and not, as Aristotle asserted, so that the rich should always be chosen. On the contrary, it is necessary that an opposite choice should occasionally teach people that merit is a more important qualification than riches for preferment.

CHAPTER 6
Monarchy

So far we have considered the prince as a collective and artificial person, unified by the force of the law and acting as trustee of executive power in the state. We have now to consider that power being held in the hands of a natural person, a real man, one having the sole right to exercise it according to the law. Such a man is known as a monarch or king.

Contrary to the other administrations, where a collective being represents an individual, in this one an individual represents a collective being; so that the moral unity which constitutes the prince is at the same time a physical unity, bringing together naturally those faculties which the law brings together with such difficulty in the other forms of administration.

Thus the will of the people and the will of the prince, the public force of the state and the individual power of the government, all respond to the same mover; all the levers of the machine are in the same hands; all act towards the same end; there are no conflicting movements to counteract one another, and we cannot imagine any constitution where more action would be produced by less effort. Archimedes sitting quietly on the shore and effortlessly launching a large ship is the model of a skilful monarch governing his vast kingdom from his chamber and making everything move while he himself seems motionless.

But if there is no government more vigorous than monarchy, there is also none where the particular will has more command, and more easily

dominates the other wills. Everything moves towards the same end, it is true, but that end is not the public happiness; and the very strength of the administration operates continuously to the disadvantage of the state.

Kings want to be absolute, and from afar men cry out to them that the best way of becoming absolute is to make themselves loved by their people. This is a fine precept; and even in some respects a very true one. Unfortunately, it will always be laughed at in courts. The power which rests on the love of the people is undoubtedly the greatest, but is precarious and provisional; and princes will never be satisfied with it. The best kings want to be able to be bad if they feel like it without ceasing to be masters; a political sermonizer may well tell kings that since the people's force is the king's force, a king's best interest is to have the people flourishing, numerous and formidable; but kings know very well that this is not true. Their personal interest is primarily that the people should be weak, wretched and never able to resist them. I admit that if the subjects were always perfectly submissive, then it would be to the interest of the prince for the people to be strong, so that the people's strength, being also the prince's strength, would make him feared by his neighbours; but since this is only a secondary and subordinate advantage, and since strength is incompatible with submissiveness, it is natural that princes always prefer the doctrine that is more immediately useful to them. This is what Samuel put forcefully to the Hebrews, and what Machiavelli has proved very clearly — under the pretence of instructing kings, he has taught important lessons to the people. Machiavelli's Prince is a handbook for republicans.[6]

We have seen from the discussion of general proportions that monarchy is suited only to large states, and we find this again when we examine monarchy in itself. The more numerous the public administrators, the more the ratio between prince and subjects diminishes and approaches parity, coming to a point where the ratio is one to one, or equality itself, in democracy. This same ratio is greater to the extent that the government contracts, and reaches its maximum when the government is in the hands of a single man. Then there is too great a distance between the prince and the people and the state lacks bonds of union. For such bonds to be formed there must be intermediary ranks, with princelings, grandees, and a nobility to fill them. But all this is unsuited to a small state, which would be ruined by so many social orders.

But if it is difficult for a large state to be well governed, it is still more

difficult for it to be well governed by a single man; and everyone knows what happens when a king rules through deputies.

An essential and inevitable defect, which will always make monarchical government inferior to republican government, is that whereas in republics the popular choice almost always elevates to the highest places only enlightened and capable men, who fill their office with honour, those who rise under monarchies are nearly always muddled little minds, petty knaves and intriguers with small talents which enable them to rise to high places in courts, but which betray their ineptitude to the public as soon as they are appointed. The people is much less often mistaken in such choices than is a prince, and a man of real merit is almost as rare in a royal ministry as a fool at the head of a republican government. Thus, when by some happy chance a born ruler takes the helm of affairs in a monarchy that is almost wrecked by swarms of egregious administrators, then everyone is amazed at the resources he discovers, and his reign marks an epoch in the history of the country.

For a monarchy to be well governed, its size and extent ought to be proportionate to the talents of those who govern. It is easier to conquer than to administer. With enough leverage, a finger could overturn the world; but to support the world, one must have the shoulders of Hercules. However small the state may be, princes are almost always inadequate. When, on the other hand, it happens that the state is too small for its ruler, a very rare thing, then it is even worse governed, because such a ruler, in following his own broad vision, forgets the people's interest; and he makes them no less miserable by the misuse of his superabundant abilities than a mediocre ruler would make them through the defects of an insufficient talent. It is as if kingdoms ought, so to speak, to expand or contract with each successive reign, according to the capacity of the prince. In a republic, on the other hand, where the talents of the senate are of a more settled measure, the state can have fixed boundaries without the administration working any less well.

The most perceptible disadvantage of government by one man is the lack of that continuity of succession which provides an uninterrupted bond of union in the other two systems. When a king dies, another is needed; elections leave a dangerous interval; they are stormy; and unless the citizens have more disinterestedness and integrity than is usual under such governments, there will be bribery and corruption. It is difficult for one to whom the state has been sold not to sell it in his turn, and recover from the weak the gold which the strong have extorted from him. Sooner or later,

under such an administration everything becomes venal; and the peace which is then enjoyed under kings is worse than the disturbances of interregnums.

What has been done to prevent this evil? Thrones have been made hereditary in certain families, and an order of succession thus set up to prevent any dispute on the death of the king — that is to say, by substituting for the disadvantages of elections, the disadvantages of regencies, apparent peace has been preferred to wise administration, and the risk of having children or monsters or imbeciles for rulers preferred to having to dispute the choice of a good king. People do not realize that in exposing themselves to the hazards of these alternatives, they are gambling against all the odds. It was a very shrewd remark that the young Dionysus made to his father, when his father, reproaching him for a dishonourable action, said: 'Did I set you such an example?' 'Ah,' replied the son, 'your father was not a king.'

When someone is brought up to command others, everything conspires to rob him of justice and reason. Great pains are taken, we are told, to teach young princes the art of ruling; but it does not appear that this education does them any good. It would be better to begin by teaching them the art of obeying. The greatest kings known to history were not among those brought up to rule, for ruling is a science that is least well mastered by too much practice; it is one a man learns better in obeying than in commanding. Nam utilissimus idem ac brevissimus bonarum malarumque rerum delectus, cogitare quid aut nolueris sub alio Principe aut volueris.[7]

One consequence of this lack of coherence is the instability of royal government, which, being sometimes directed according to one plan and sometimes according to another, depending on the personality of the king who rules, or of those who rule for him, cannot long have a fixed objective or a consistent policy; this unsettledness makes the state drift from principle to principle, and from project to project, a defect not found in those forms of government where the prince is always the same. Thus we see that, in general, if there is more cunning in a royal court, there is more wisdom in a republican senate, and that republics have a more stable and effective guidance — something which cannot obtain where every revolution in the administration means a revolution in the state — for it is the universal rule of all ministers and nearly all kings to reverse the policy of their predecessors.

This same lack of cohesion gives the lie to a fallacy which is very common among royalist political thinkers, that is, not only of comparing civil government to household government and the prince to the father of a family

— a fallacy I have already refuted — but also of generously attributing to a royal ruler all the virtues he has need of, and always assuming that the prince is everything he should be. With the help of these assumptions, royal government becomes manifestly preferable to all other kinds, because it is incontestably the strongest, and needs only a corporate will more in harmony with the general will to be also the best form of government.

But if, according to Plato, a born king is a very rare being — how often do Nature and Fortune combine to enthrone such a man? And if a royal education necessarily corrupts those who receive it, what must be expected of a succession of men brought up to rule?

It is deliberate self-deception to confuse royal government with the government of a good king. To understand what this form of government is inherently, one must consider it as it is under mediocre or evil princes, for either princes will be such when they accede to the throne or such is what occupying the throne will make them.

Although these difficulties do not escape our authors, they have never been in the least embarrassed by them. The remedy, they say, is to obey without a murmur. God in his wrath inflicts bad kings on us, so they must be endured as a divine punishment. This argument is undoubtedly edifying; but I fancy it is more suited to the pulpit than to a book of political theory. What would be said about a physician who promised miracles, and whose whole art was to teach the sick to practise patience?

We all know that we have to put up with a bad government when it is bad; the problem is to find a good government.

CHAPTER 7
Mixed Forms of Government

STRICTLY speaking, no government of a simple form exists. A single head of state has to have subordinate magistrates; a people's government must have a head. Thus in the division of executive power there is always a gradation from the larger number to the smaller — with this difference, that sometimes the many submit to the few, and sometimes the few submit to the many.

Sometimes there is an equal division, either when the constitutive parts are mutually dependent, as in the government of England, or when the authority of each part is independent but imperfect, as in the case of Poland. This latter form is bad, because there is no unity in the government, and the state lacks

bonds of union. Which is better: a simple form of government or a mixed one? This is a question much debated by political theorists, and one to which I myself must give the answer I gave earlier about all forms of government.

In itself, the simple form of government is the best, precisely because it is simple. But when the executive power is not sufficiently subordinate to the legislative — that is to say, when the ratio of prince to sovereign is greater than that of people to prince — this lack of proportion has to be remedied by dividing the government, for then all the diverse elements of the government will have no less authority over the subjects, but their separation will make them less powerful against the sovereign.

The same disadvantage can also be prevented by establishing intermediate magistrates who, separated from the government altogether, serve only to balance the two powers, and uphold their respective rights. Then the government is not mixed, it is tempered.

The opposite disadvantage can be remedied by similar means; and when the government is too slack, commissions can be set up to give it concentration. In the first case, the government is divided in order to weaken it; in the second, in order to strengthen it. This is the practice of all democracies. The maximum of strength and of weakness are equally found in the simple forms of government, whereas the mixed forms provide a moderate degree of strength.

CHAPTER 8
That All Forms of Government Do Not Suit All Countries

FREEDOM is not a fruit of every climate, and it is not therefore within the capacity of every people. The more one reflects on this doctrine of Montesquieu, the more one is conscious of its truth. And the more often it is challenged, the more opportunities are given to establish it with new evidence.

In every government in the world, the public person consumes but does not produce anything. Whence does it obtain the substance it consumes? From the labour of its members. It is the surplus of private production which furnishes public subsistence. From this it follows that the civil state can subsist only if men's work yields more than they themselves need.

But this surplus is not the same in every country of the world. In some it is substantial, in others middling, in some nil, in others a deficit. The proportion

depends on the fertility of the climate, on the kind of labour which the soil requires, on the nature of its products, on the strength of the inhabitants, and on the degree of consumption that is necessary for them, and on various other factors which go to make up the whole proportion.

In addition, all governments do not have the same nature; some are more voracious than others; and their differences are based on this next principle — that the further public contributions are from their source, the more burdensome they are. This burden should not be measured by the quantity of the contributions exacted, but by the distance they have to go to return to the hands from which they come; when this circulation is rapid and well established, it does not matter whether much or little is paid; the people will always be rich and finances will flourish. Correspondingly, however little the people gives, when that little does not return to it, it soon exhausts itself in continuous payments; the state is never rich and the people is always penurious.

This demonstrates that the greater the distance between the people and the government, the more onerous the taxes become; so that in a democracy the people is least burdened, in an aristocracy more burdened, and in a monarchy it bears the greatest weight of all. Monarchy is thus suited only to opulent nations, aristocracy to those of moderate wealth and size, and democracy to small and poor countries.

Indeed, the more one reflects, the more one recognizes that in this matter there are differences between free states and monarchies: in the former everything is used for the common advantage, while in the latter, private power and public power are competitive, and the one is increased only by weakening the other. As for despotism, instead of governing the subjects in order to make them happy, it makes them miserable in order to govern them.

Thus in every climate there are natural factors on the basis of which one can determine the form of government to which that climate leads; and we can even say what sort of inhabitants each must have.

Mean and sterile places, where the product does not repay the labour, must remain uncultivated and deserted, or peopled only by savages. Places which yield only the bare necessities of men's lives must be inhabited by barbarous peoples, since no political society is possible. Places where the surplus of product over labour is moderate are suited to free peoples. Places where an abundant and fertile soil gives a lavish return for little labour will want monarchical government, so that the luxury of the prince may consume the

surplus of the product of the subjects — for it is better that this surplus should be absorbed by the government than dissipated by private persons. There are exceptions, I know, but these exceptions themselves confirm the rule, in that sooner or later they produce revolutions which put things back into the order of nature.

We must always distinguish general laws from particular causes which can modify their effect. If all the South were covered with republics and all the North with despotic states, it would still be true that, in terms of climate, despotism suits hot countries, barbarism cold countries, and that a good polity suits temperate regions. I realize that this general rule may be admitted and its application disputed; it could be argued that there are very fertile cold countries and very barren southern ones. But this is a difficulty only for those who fail to see the thing in all its ramifications. One must, as I have already said, consider the factors of production, strength, consumption and so on.

Suppose there are two equal territories, one yielding five units, the other ten. If the inhabitants of the former consume four and those of the latter nine, the surplus of the one will be one-fifth and of the other one-tenth. The ratio of these two surpluses will then be the inverse of that of their products, so that the territory yielding five units will show a surplus double that of the territory yielding ten.

But there is no question of a double product, and I do not believe anyone could venture to equate the fertility of a cold country with that of a hot country. But let us assume such equality; let us, for example, compare England and Sicily, Poland and Egypt. Farther south there will be Africa and India; farther north, there will be nothing. What differences in agricultural technique will be needed to achieve this equality of product? In Sicily, it is enough simply to scratch the soil, while in England, how much effort is needed to work it! Now where more hands are required to obtain the same product, the surplus is necessarily less.

Note a further point, that the same number of men consume much less in hot countries. The climate requires a man to be abstemious to keep fit — and Europeans who try to live in hot countries as they live at home die of dysentry and stomach disorders. 'We,' says Chardin, 'are carnivorous beasts, wolves, compared to the Asians. Some attribute the abstemiousness of the Persians to the fact that their country is less cultivated; but I, on the contrary, believe that their country is less rich in foodstuffs because the inhabitants need less. If their frugality [he continues] were the effect of the poverty of the

soil, it would be the poor alone who ate little; in fact everybody does; and instead of finding people eating less or more in each province according to the fertility of the land, one finds the same frugality throughout the kingdom. They are very proud of their way of life, and say that one has only to look at their complexions to see how superior their way is to that of other nations. And indeed, the complexion of the Persians is clear, their skin is fair, delicate and smooth, while that of the Armenians, their subjects who live in the European manner, is rough and blotchy, and their bodies are fat and heavy.'

The closer men are to the equator, the more frugally they live. They eat hardly any meat; rice, maize, couscous, millet and cassava are their daily food. In India there are millions of men whose food costs less than a penny a day. In Europe itself we notice a marked difference of appetite between the peoples of the north and those of the south. A Spaniard could live eight days on the dinner of a German. In countries where men are more gluttonous, luxury is turned towards the things men consume. In England, it shows itself in tables loaded with meats; in Italy one is regaled on sugar and flowers.

Luxury in clothing reveals similar differences. In countries where the changes of season are swift and violent, people have better and simpler clothes; in countries where they dress only for appearance, people care more for show than utility, and clothes themselves are a luxury. In Naples you will see men strolling daily along the Posillipo in gold-embroidered jackets and no hose. It is the same thing with buildings; people attach importance to magnificence when they have nothing to fear from the climate. In Paris or London people want to be housed warmly and comfortably. In Madrid, they have superb reception rooms, but no windows that close and their bedrooms are like rat holes.

Foodstuffs are more substantial and richer in hot countries — this is a third difference and it does not fail to influence the second. Why does one eat so many vegetables in Italy? Because they are good, nourishing and of excellent flavour. In France, where they get nothing but water, they are not at all nourishing, and count for nothing at the table; but even so they take up no less ground and cost just as much to cultivate. Experiment has shown that the wheats of Barbary, otherwise inferior to those of France, yield much more flour; and that the French wheats, in turn, yield more than those of the North. From this one can deduce that a similar gradation may be observed along a line from the equator to the pole. Now is it not a tangible disadvantage to have a smaller amount of nourishment in an equal quantity of produce?

To all these various considerations, I may add another which flows from, and which reinforces them, that is, that hot countries need fewer inhabitants than cold countries, and can feed more — which provides a double surplus to the advantage of despotism. The wider the area that is occupied by the same number of people, the more difficult revolts become; for the inhabitants cannot get together quickly and secretly, while it is always easy for the government to discover plots and to cut communications. On the other hand, the more a numerous people is packed together, the less easily can the government infringe on the sovereign; popular leaders deliberate as securely in their private rooms as the prince in his council, and the crowd gathers as swiftly in the public squares as the troops in their barracks. It is thus to the advantage of tyrannical government to act over great distances. With the aid of strongpoints to serve as fulcra, its strength increases with distance, on the principle of leverage.[8]

The strength of the people, on the contrary, is effective only if it is concentrated; it evaporates and is lost when it is dispersed, just as gunpowder scattered on the ground ignites only grain by grain. The least populous countries are thus the most fitted to tyranny; wild beasts reign only in deserts.

CHAPTER 9
The Signs of a Good Government

WHEN, therefore, one asks what in absolute terms is the best government, one is asking a question which is unanswerable because it is indeterminate; or alternatively one might say that there are as many good answers as there are possible combinations in the absolute and relative positions of peoples.

But if it is asked by what signs one can tell whether a given people is well or badly governed, that is another matter; and as a question of fact it could be answered.

Even so, it is not really answered, because everyone will want to answer it in his own way. Subjects prize public tranquillity; citizens the freedom of the individual — the former prefer security of possessions, the latter security of person; subjects think the best government is the most severe, citizens that it is the mildest; the former want crimes to be punished, the latter want them prevented; subjects think it is a good thing to be feared by their neighbours, citizens prefer to be ignored by them; the former are satisfied so long as money circulates, the latter demand that the people shall have bread. But even

if there were agreement on these and suchlike points, should we be any more advanced? Moral dimensions have no precise standard of measurement; even if we could agree about signs, how should we agree on their value?

For myself, I am always astonished that people should fail to recognize so simple a sign, or be so insincere as not to accept it as such. What is the object of any political association? It is the protection and the prosperity of its members. And what is the surest evidence that they are so protected and prosperous? The numbers of their population. Then do not look beyond this much debated evidence. All other things being equal, the government under which, without external aids like naturalization and immigration, the citizens increase and multiply most, is infallibly the best government. That under which the people diminishes and wastes away is the worst. Statisticians, this is your problem: count, measure, compare.[9]

CHAPTER 10
The Abuse of Government and its Tendency to Degenerate

JusT as the particular will acts unceasingly against the general will, so does the government continually exert itself against the sovereign. And the more this exertion increases, the more the constitution changes for the worse, and, as in this case there is no distinct corporate will to resist the will of the prince and so to balance it, sooner or later it is inevitable that the prince will oppress the sovereign and break the social treaty. This is the inherent and inescapable defect which, from the birth of the political body, tends relentlessly to destroy it, just as old age and death destroy the body of a man.

There are two common ways by which a government degenerates — when it itself contracts and when the state dissolves.

The government contracts when its members pass from a greater to a smaller number, that is, from democracy to aristocracy, or from aristocracy to royal government. This is its natural tendency.[10] If it were to move in the other direction from a smaller number to a greater, the government might be said to slacken; but such an inverse progression is impossible.

For indeed, a government never changes its form unless its exhausted energies are too feeble to maintain its original form. If it slackened while expanding, its strength would be absolutely null, and it would be even less likely to survive. It must therefore wind up and tighten the mechanism as it begins to slacken, for otherwise the state which depends on it will fall into

ruin.

The dissolution of the state may take place in two ways.

First it takes place when the prince ceases to administer the state according to the law and usurps the sovereign power. Then a remarkable change occurs; for it is not the government but the state which contracts — by which I mean that the state as a whole is dissolved and another is formed inside it, one composed only of members of the government and having no significance for the rest of the people except that of a master and a tyrant, so that the moment the government usurps sovereignty, the social pact is broken, and all the ordinary citizens, recovering by right their natural freedom, are compelled by force, but not morally obliged, to obey.

The same situation occurs when the members of the government separately usurp the power which they ought only to exercise as a body; for this is no less an infraction of the law, and it produces an even greater disorder. For then there are, so to speak, as many princes as there are magistrates, and the state being no less divided than the government, perishes or changes its form.

When the state is dissolved, the abuse of government, whatever it may be, takes the general name of anarchy. More precisely democracy degenerates into ochlocracy, aristocracy into oligarchy, and I would add that royal government degenerates into tyranny, except that this last word is ambiguous and requires explanation.

In the commonly understood sense, a tyrant is a king who governs by force and without regard to justice and the law. In the exact sense, a tyrant is an individual who arrogates to himself royal authority without having any right to it. It is thus that the Greeks understood the word 'tyrant'. They applied it indiscriminately to good and bad princes whenever their authority was not legitimate.[11] Thus tyrant and usurper are perfectly syonymous words. To give different names to different things, I call a usurper of royal authority a 'tyrant' and the usurper of the sovereign power a 'despot'. The tyrant is one who intrudes, contrary to law, to govern according to the law; the despot is one who puts himself above the law. Thus the tyrant need not be a despot, but a despot is always a tyrant.

CHAPTER 11
The Death of the Body Politic

SUCH is the natural and inevitable tendency of the best constituted

governments. If Sparta and Rome perished, what state can hope to last for ever? If we wish, then, to set up a lasting constitution, let us not dream of making it eternal. We can succeed only if we avoid attempting the impossible and flattering ourselves that we can give to the work of man a durability that does not belong to human things.

The body politic, no less than the body of a man, begins to die as soon as it is born, and bears within itself the causes of its own destruction. Either kind of body may have a constitution of greater or less robustness, fitted to preserve it for a longer or shorter time. The constitution of a man is the work of nature; that of the state is the work of artifice. It is not within the capacity of men to prolong their own lives, but it is within the capacity of men to prolong the life of the state as far as possible by giving it the best constitution it can have. And although even the best constitution will come to an end, it will do so later than any other, unless some unforeseen hazard fells it before its time.

The principle of political life dwells in the sovereign authority. The legislative power is the heart of the state, the executive power is the brain, which sets all the parts in motion. The brain may become paralysed and the individual still live. A man can be an imbecile and survive, but as soon as his heart stops functioning, the creature is dead.

It is not through the law that the state keeps alive; it is through the legislative power. Yesterday's law is not binding today, but silence gives a presumption of tacit consent and the sovereign is taken to confirm in perpetuity the laws it does not abrogate while it has power to abrogate them. Everything which it has once declared to be its will, it wills always — at least until it issues a revocation.

Why then do ancient laws command so much respect? Precisely because they are ancient. We must believe that it is only the excellence of such laws that has enabled them to last so long; if the sovereign had not continually recognized them as salutary, they would have been revoked a thousand times. This is why the laws, far from growing weaker, constantly gain new strength in every well-constituted state; the prejudice in favour of antiquity makes them every day more revered; in those cases, on the other hand, where the laws become weaker with age, this shows that there is no longer any legislative power and that the state is dead.

CHAPTER 12

How the Sovereign Authority Maintains Itself

THE sovereign, having no other force than the legislative power, acts only through the laws, and since the laws are nothing other than authentic acts of the general will, the sovereign can act only when the people is assembled. The people assembled, it will be said — what an illusion! It is indeed an illusion today; but two thousand years ago it was not. Has human nature so much changed?

The boundaries of the possible in the moral realm are less narrow than we think; it is our own weaknesses, our vices and our prejudices that limit them. Base minds do not believe in great men; low slaves jeer in mockery at the word 'freedom'.

In the light of what has been done, let us consider what can be done. I shall not speak of the ancient republics of Greece; but the Roman Republic was, it seems to me, a large state and the town of Rome a large town: the last census gave four hundred thousand men in Rome carrying arms, and the last census calculation under the Empire more than four million citizens without counting subjects, foreigners, women, children or slaves.

One would suppose that it must have been difficult to bring together frequently the numerous people of the capital and its surroundings. In fact, very few weeks passed without the Roman people being assembled, even several times in one week. This people not only exercised the rights of sovereignty, but also a part of the government. It dealt with certain business; it tried certain cases; and the entire people in the public assemblies enacted the role of magistrate almost as often as that of citizen.

Looking back to the earliest history of nations, we notice that the majority of ancient governments, even monarchical ones like those of the Macedonians and the Franks, had similar assemblies. In any case, the one indisputable fact I have cited answers our question; it seems to me good logic to reason from the actual to the possible.

CHAPTER 13
The Same — Continued

IT is not enough that the assembled people should have once determined the constitution of the state by giving sanction to a body of laws; it is not enough that it should set up a perpetual government, or that it should have provided

once and for all for the election of magistrates. In addition to the extraordinary assemblies that unforeseen events may necessitate, there must be fixed and periodic assemblies which nothing can abolish or prorogue, so that on the appointed day the people is rightfully summoned by the law itself without any further formal convocation being needed.

But apart from these assemblies which are lawful by their date alone, any assembly of the people which has not been summoned by the magistrate appointed for that duty and according to the prescribed form must be held to be unlawful, and everything it does must be void, for the order to assemble should itself emanate from the law.

As to whether legitimate assemblies should be more or less frequent, this depends on so many circumstances that one cannot lay down in advance any precise rules. One can only say that in general the more strength the government has, the more frequently the sovereign should meet in assemblies.

This, I shall be told, may be good for one single town, but what is to be done if the state consists of several towns? Is the sovereign authority to be divided? Or should it be concentrated in one single town holding the others as subject? I answer that neither the one thing nor the other should be done. In the first place, the sovereign authority is simply one single unit; it cannot be divided without being destroyed. In the second place, a town cannot legitimately be subject to another any more than a nation may be, because the essence of the political body lies in the union of freedom and obedience so that the words 'subject' and 'sovereign' are identical correlatives, the meaning of which is brought together in the single word 'citizen'.

I should answer further that it is always an evil to unite several towns in one nation, and whoever wishes to form such a union should not flatter himself that the natural disadvantages can be avoided. It is no use complaining about the evils of a large state to someone who wants only small ones. But how are small states to be given enough strength to resist large states, as the Greek cities once resisted a great king and as, more recently, Holland and Switzerland resisted the House of Austria?

Nevertheless, if the state cannot be limited to reasonable boundaries, there remains one remedy, and that is to have no fixed capital, but to move the seat of government from one place to another and to assemble the estates of the country in each in turn.

People the territory evenly, extend the same rights to everyone, carry the

same abundance and life into every quarter — it is by these means that the state will become at once the strongest and the best governed that is possible. Remember that the walls of towns are made only from the debris of rural houses. Every time I see a mansion being built in the capital I fancy I can see the whole countryside covered with hovels.

CHAPTER 14
The Same — Continued

THE moment the people is lawfully assembled as a sovereign body all jurisdiction of the government ceases; the executive power is suspended, and the person of the humblest citizen is as sacred and inviolable as that of the highest magistrate, for in the presence of the represented there is no longer any representation. Most of the disturbances which took place in the Roman assemblies were the result of this rule being either unknown or neglected. The consuls were no more than the presidents of the people; the tribunes were mere speakers;[12] the senate was nothing at all.

These intervals of suspension, when the prince recognizes — or ought to recognize — who is superior, are always alarming for princes; and the assemblies of the people, which are the shield of the body politic and the brake on the government, have always been the nightmare of magistrates; hence the latter spare no effort in raising objections, problems, promises to turn the citizens against assemblies. When the citizens are avaricious, cowardly, pusillanimous, and love repose more than freedom, they do not hold out against the redoubled efforts of the government. It is thus that, as the opposing force increases continuously, the sovereign authority atrophies in the end and the majority of republics fall and perish before their time.

But between the sovereign authority and arbitrary government there is sometimes interposed an intermediate power of which we must now speak.

CHAPTER 15
Deputies or Representatives

As soon as public service ceases to be the main concern of the citizens and they come to prefer to serve the state with their purse rather than their person, the state is already close to ruin. Are troops needed to march to war? They pay mercenaries and stay at home. Is it time to go to an assembly? They pay

deputies and stay at home. Thanks to laziness and money, they end up with soldiers to enslave the country and deputies to sell it.

It is the bustle of commerce and the crafts, it is the avid thirst for profit, it is effeminacy and the love of comfort that commute personal service for money. Men give up a part of their profits so as to increase the rest at their ease. Use money thus, and you will soon have chains. The word 'finance' is the word of a slave; it is unknown in the true republic. In a genuinely free state, the citizens do everything with their own hands and nothing by means of money; far from paying for exemption from their duties, they would pay to discharge them in person. I am very far from sharing received ideas: I believe that compulsory service is less contrary to liberty than is taxation.

The better the state is constituted, the more does public business take precedence over private in the minds of the citizens. There is indeed much less private business, because the sum of the public happiness furnishes a larger proportion of each individual's happiness, so there remains less for him to seek on his own. In a well-regulated nation, every man hastens to the assemblies; under a bad government, no one wants to take a step to go to them, because no one feels the least interest in what is done there, since it is predictable that the general will will not be dominant, and, in short, because domestic concerns absorb all the individual's attention. Good laws lead men to make better ones; bad laws lead to worse. As soon as someone says of the business of the state — 'What does it matter to me?' — then the state must be reckoned lost.

The cooling-off of patriotism, the activity of private interest, the vastness of states, conquests, the abuse of government — all these have suggested the expedient of having deputies or representatives of the people in the assemblies of the nation. This is what in certain countries they dare to call the third estate — the private interest of two classes being there given first and second place, and the public interest only third place.

Sovereignty cannot be represented, for the same reason that it cannot be alienated; its essence is the general will, and will cannot be represented — either it is the general will or it is something else; there is no intermediate possibility. Thus the people's deputies are not, and could not be, its representatives; they are merely its agents; and they cannot decide anything finally. Any law which the people has not ratified in person is void; it is not law at all. The English people believes itself to be free; it is gravely mistaken; it is free only during the election of Members of Parliament; as soon as the

Members are elected, the people is enslaved; it is nothing. In the brief moments of its freedom, the English people makes such a use of that freedom that it deserves to lose it.

The idea of representation is a modern one. It comes to us from feudal government, from that iniquitous and absurd system under which the human race is degraded and which dishonours the name of man. In the republics and even in the monarchies of the ancient world, the people never had representatives; the very word was unknown. It is remarkable in the case of Rome, where the tribunes were so sacred, that no one ever imagined that they might usurp the functions of the people; and in the midst of such a great multitude, they never attempted to pass on their own authority a single plebiscit-@ium. One can judge, however, the embarrassment the crowd sometimes caused from what happened at the time of the Gracchi, when a great part of the citizens voted from the rooftops.

Where rights and freedom are everything, inconveniences are nothing. Among these wise people, everything was given its just measure; the lictors were allowed to do what the tribunes would not have dared to do; the people were not afraid that their lictors would wish to represent them.

To explain how, even so, the tribunes did represent the people, it is enough to consider how the government represents the sovereign. Since the law is nothing other than a declaration of the general will, it is clear that there cannot be representation of the people in the legislative power; but there may and should be such representation in the executive power, which is only the instrument for applying the law. This indicates that if we look carefully, we shall find that very few nations have laws. However that may be, it is certain that the tribunes, having no part of the executive power, could never represent the Roman people by the rights of their own office, but only by usurping those of the senate.

Among the Greeks, all that the people had to do, it did itself; it was continuously assembled in the market place. The Greek people lived in a mild climate; it was not at all avaricious; slaves did the work; its chief concern was its freedom. Without the same advantages, how can the same rights be preserved? Your harsher climate creates more necessities;[13] six months of the year the public places are uninhabitable; your muted tongues cannot make themselves heard in the open air; you care more for your profits than your freedom; and you fear slavery less than you fear poverty.

What? Is freedom to be maintained only with the support of slavery?

Perhaps. The two extremes meet. Everything outside nature has its disadvantages, civil society more than all the rest. There are some situations so unfortunate that one can preserve one's freedom only at the expense of the freedom of someone else; and the citizen can be perfectly free only if the slave is absolutely a slave. Such was the situation of Sparta. You peoples of the modern world, you have no slaves, but you are slaves yourselves; you pay for their liberty with your own. It is in vain that you boast of this preference; I see more cowardice than humanity in it.

I do not mean by all this to suggest that slaves are necessary or that the right of slavery is legitimate, for I have proved the contrary. I simply state the reasons why peoples of the modern world, believing themselves to be free, have representatives, and why peoples of the ancient world did not. However that may be, the moment a people adopts representatives it is no longer free; it no longer exists.

All things carefully considered, I do not see how it will be possible henceforth among people like us for the sovereign to maintain the exercise of its rights unless the republic is very small. But if it is very small, will it not be subjugated? No. I shall show later[14] how the defensive strength of a large people can be combined with the free government and good order of a small state.

CHAPTER 16

That the Institution of the Government is not a Contract

ONCE the legislative power is well established, it remains to establish similarly the executive power; for the latter, which operates only by particular acts, is essentially different from the former, and is naturally separate from it. If it were possible for the sovereign, considered as such, to have the executive power, then the de jure and the de facto would be so confused that people would no longer know what was law and what was not; and the body politic, thus perverted, would soon fall prey to that very violence it was instituted to prevent.

The citizens being all equal by the social contract, all may prescribe what all must do, instead of nobody having a right to demand that another shall do what he does not do himself. For it is precisely this right, indispensable for giving life and movement to the body politic, that the sovereign gives to the prince in instituting the government.

Several theorists have claimed that this act of institution is a contract between the people and the magistrates it sets over itself, a contract which stipulates between the two parties the conditions under which the one undertakes to command and the other to obey. It will be admitted, I am sure, that this is a strange way of contracting. But let us see if the theory is tenable.

First, the supreme authority can no more be modified than it can be alienated; to limit it is to destroy it. It is absurd and self-contradictory that the sovereign should give itself a superior; to undertake to obey a master would be to return to absolute freedom.

Furthermore, it is clear that this contract of the people with such or such persons would be a particular act. From this it follows that this contract could not be a law, or an act of sovereignty, and hence that it would be illegitimate.

We see further that the contracting parties would, between themselves, be subject only to natural law, and so without any guarantee of their reciprocal commitments — and this is wholly contrary to the civil state. Since the man who has force in his hand is always the master of what shall be done, this is like giving the name of 'contract' to the act of a man who says to another: 'I give you all my property on condition that you give me back what you please.'

There is only one contract in the state: that of the association itself, and this excludes all others. One cannot imagine any public contract that would not be a violation of the original contract.

CHAPTER 17
The Institution of the Government

IN what conceptual terms then should we think of the act by which the government is instituted? I shall explain first that this act is complex, or composed of two others, namely the establishment of the law and the execution of the law.

By the first, the sovereign enacts that there shall be a body of government established with such or such form; and it is clear that this act is a law.

By the second, the people names the magistrates who are to be invested with the government thus established. Since this nomination is a particular act, it is not a second law, but simply a sequel to the first and a function of government.

The difficulty is to understand how there can be an act of government

before the government exists, and how the people, which is only sovereign or subject, can in certain circumstances become prince or magistrate.

Now it is here once more that the body politic reveals one of those astonishing properties by which it reconciles operations that seem to be contradictory. For this operation is accomplished by the sudden transformation of the sovereignty into democracy in such a way that without undergoing any visible change, and simply through a new relation of all to all, the citizens become magistrates and pass from general acts to particular acts, and from the law to its execution.

This change of relation is not a construction of speculative theory without example in practice; it happens every day in the English parliament, where the lower House on certain occasions transforms itself into a committee of the whole House the better to discuss affairs, and so becomes a simple committee of that sovereign court which it was itself a moment before; then later it reports to itself, in its capacity of House of Commons, on what it has just settled as a committee of the whole House, and again debates under one name what it has already decided under another.

It is the advantage peculiar to democratic government that it can be established in fact by a simple act of the general will. After this, the provisional government remains in office if such is the form adopted, or there is established in the name of the sovereign whatever government is prescribed by the law; and everything is then in order. It is not possible to institute the government in any other legitimate manner, without abandoning the principles established in earlier chapters.

CHAPTER 18
Means of Preventing the Usurpation of Government

FROM these explanations, it follows, in confirmation of Chapter 16, that the act which institutes the government is not a contract but a law, and that the holders of the executive power are not the people's masters but its officers; and that the people can appoint them and dismiss them as it pleases; and that there is no question of their contracting, but of obeying; and that in discharging the functions which the state imposes on them, they are only doing their duty as citizens, without having any sort of right to argue terms.

Thus when it happens that the people institutes a hereditary government, whether monarchical in one family, or aristocratic in a class of citizens, it

does not enter into any undertaking; hereditary government is simply a provisional form that it gives to the administration until such time as it pleases to arrange it differently.

It is true that such changes are always dangerous, and that one should never touch an established government unless it has become incompatible with the public welfare; but such circumspection is a precept of politics and not a rule of law; and the state is no more bound to leave civil authority to its magistrates than military authority to its generals.

It is true again that in such cases one cannot observe with too great care all the formalities required to distinguish a correct and legitimate act from a seditious tumult, and the will of a whole people from the clamour of a faction. It is here above all that one must avoid yielding to socially harmful claims any more than is required by the strict application of the law; and it is from this obligation too that the prince derives a great opportunity of holding his power in defiance of the people, without it being possible to say that he has usurped it. For while appearing to exercise only his rights it is very easy for him to enlarge those rights and to prevent, on the pretext of public tranquillity, assemblies designed to re-establish good government; thus he exploits the silence which he prevents men breaking, and the irregularities which he makes them commit, to assume in his own favour the tacit consent of those whose mouths are closed by fear and to punish those who dare to speak. It was thus that the decemvirs, having been first elected for one year, and then continued for another, tried to retain their power in perpetuity, by no longer allowing the comitia to assemble. And it is by this simple means that all the governments of the world, once armed with the public force, sooner or later usurp the sovereign authority.

The periodic assemblies of which I have already spoken are the right means to prevent or postpone this evil, above all those assemblies where no formal convocation is needed; for then the prince cannot prevent their meeting without openly proclaiming himself a violator of the laws and an enemy of the state.

At the opening of these assemblies, of which the only purpose is the maintenance of the social treaty, two motions should be put, motions which may never be annulled and which must be voted separately:

The first: 'Does it please the sovereign to maintain the present form of government?'

The second: 'Does it please the people to leave the administration to those

at present charged with it?'

I assume here what I believe I have demonstrated, namely, that there is not in the state any fundamental law which may not be revoked, not even the social pact; for if all the citizens assemble to end this pact by a common accord, one cannot doubt that it is very legitimately ended. Grotius indeed thinks that each citizen may renounce his membership of the state, and recover his natural liberty and his goods on withdrawing from the country.【15】 And it would be absurd if all the citizens united could not do what each of them separately can do.

Note

【1】 Thus in Venice the ruling college is called the Most Serene Prince even when the Doge is not present.

【2】 The Palatine of Posen, father of the King of Poland and Duke of Lorraine.

【3】 Better freedom with danger than peace with slavery.'

【4】 It is clear that the word Optimates, for the ancients, did not mean the best but the strongest.

【5】 It is of the utmost importance that the law should regulate the procedure of election of magistrates, for if this is left to the will of the prince, there will be no avoiding a decline into hereditary aristocracy, as happened in the Republics of Venice and Berne. The first of these two states has long since fallen into decay, while the other preserves itself only by the extreme wisdom of its senate — a very honourable and very dangerous exception to the rule.

【6】 Machiavelli was a gentleman and a good citizen; but being attached to the house of Medici, he was forced during the oppression of his country to disguise his love of liberty. The very choice of an execrable hero reveals his secret intention, and the antithesis between his principles in his book The Prince and those in his Discourses on Livy and The History of Florence proves that this profound political thinker has so far had only superficial or corrupted readers. The Pope's court strictly prohibited his book, which I can well believe, since that was the Court he depicts most plainly.

【7】 'The best as well as the shortest way to find out what is good and what is bad is to consider what you would have wished to happen if someone other than yourself had been Prince.' (Tacitus, History, Book Ⅰ.)

【8】 This does not contradict what I said in Book Ⅱ, Chapter 9, about the disadvantages of a large state, for there I was dealing with the authority of the government over its own members, and here it is a question of the government's strength over the subjects. Its scattered members serve it as so many fulcra to exert pressure on the people from a distance, but it has no such fulcrum to exert pressure on its own members. Thus in the one case the length of the lever is its weakness; in the other, its strength.

【9】 One must judge on the same principle the centuries that merit preference in respect of the prosperity of the human race. People have too much admired those that have witnessed a flourishing of crafts and letters without penetrating the secret purpose of their culture, and without considering its fatal consequences, idque apud imperitos humanitas vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset. Shall we never see behind the precepts of books the crude self-interest which prompts the authors to speak? No, whatever they may say, when, notwithstanding its brilliance, a country is depopulated, it is simply not true that all is going well; and it is not enough for a poet to have an income of 100,000 livres for his century to be the best of all. It is less important to consider the apparent repose and tranquillity of rulers than the wellbeing of whole nations and above all of the most populous states. A hailstorm may devastate a few cantons, but it rarely causes famine. Riots and civil wars may greatly alarm rulers, but they are not the true misfortunes of peoples, who can at least have a few months' respite during the

quarrels as to who is to be the next tyrant. Their calamities and their happiness both arise from their permanent condition. When all remain supine under the yoke, it is then that everything decays, it is then that the rulers can destroy them at their ease, ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant. When the quarrels of the state disturbed the kingdom of France, and the Coadjutor of Paris attended the Parlement with a dagger in his pocket, this did not prevent the French people living happily and multiplying in a free and decent ease. In ancient times, Greece flourished at the height of the cruellest wars; blood flowed in torrents, but the whole country was thickly populated. 'It appeared,' says Machiavelli, 'that in the midst of murder, proscription and civil wars, our republic became stronger than ever; the civil virtue of the citizens, their morals, and their independence, served more effectively to strengthen it than all their dissensions may have done to weaken it.' A little disturbance gives vigour to the soul, and what really makes the species prosper is not peace but freedom.

【10】 The slow formation and progress of the Republic of Venice in its lagoons provides a notable example of this progression; and it is really astonishing that after more than twelve hundred years, the Venetians seem still to be at the second stage, which began with the Serrar di Consiglio in 1198. As for the ancient Doges, for whom the Venetians are reproached, whatever may be said by the squittinio della libertà veneta, there is proof that the Doges were not their sovereigns.

People will not fail to quote against me the case of the Roman Republic, which is said to have followed a reverse sequence, from monarchy to aristocracy and from aristocracy to democracy. But I am very far from sharing this opinion.

The first constitution of Romulus was a mixed government, which promptly degenerated into a despotism. For special reasons, the state perished before its time, just as one sometimes sees an infant die before reaching the age of maturity. The expulsion of the Tarquins was the real moment of the birth of the Republic. But it did not at first assume a fixed form, because the failure to abolish the patriciate left the task half-finished. For the hereditary aristocracy, which is the worst of all legitimate administrations, remained in conflict with democracy, and the form of government, continuously uncertain and wavering, was not fixed (as Machiavelli has proved) until the establishment of the tribunes; only then was there a true government and a true democracy. For indeed the people then was not only sovereign, but also magistrate and judge; and the senate was no more than a subordinate commission to temper and concentrate the government, while the consuls themselves — in spite of their being patricians, chief magistrates and absolute commanders in war — were never more in Rome than presidents of the people.

From that time, the government was seen to follow its natural inclination, and tend strongly towards aristocracy. The patriciate having as it were abolished itself, the aristocracy was no longer seated in the body of the patricians, as in Venice and Genoa, but in the body of the senate composed of patricians and plebeians, even in the body of the tribunes, when they began to usurp the active power. For words do not alter things, and when the people have chiefs who govern on their behalf, this is still an aristocracy no matter what name those persons bear.

The abuse of aristocracy gave birth to civil war and the triumvirate. Sulla, Julius Caesar and Augustus became in fact as good as monarchs, and finally under the despotism of Tiberius the state was dissolved. Roman history, then, does not belie my principle: it confirms it.

【11】 'Omnes enim et habentur et dicuntur Tyranni qui potestate utuntur perpetua, in ea Civitate quae libertate usa est.' ('For all are thought and called tyrants who exercise perpetual power in a city accustomed to freedom.' Cornelius Nepos, Life of Miltiades.) It is true that Aristotle (Nicomachean Ethics, Ⅷ, 10) distinguishes between a tyrant and a king, saying the former governs for his own advantage while the latter governs only for the advantage of his subjects; but in addition to the fact that in general all the Greek authors used the word 'tyrant' in another sense, as we see above all in the Hiero of Xenophon, it would follow from Aristotle's criterion, that there had never yet been a single king since the beginning of the world.

【12】 The word is used here somewhat in the sense it has in the English parliament. The resemblance between these functions would have caused conflict between the Consuls and the

Tribunes, even if all jurisdiction had been suspended.

【13】 To adopt in cold countries the luxury and softness of the orientals is to ask to have their chains, to make submission even more inevitable than theirs.

【14】 This is what I intended to do in the remaining part of this work, when, in dealing with foreign relations, I should have come to the subject of confederations. This subject is entirely new, and its principles have yet to be established.

【15】 It being understood that none may leave the country to evade his duty, or avoid saving his country when it needs him. In such a case, flight would be criminal and punishable; it would not be withdrawal but desertion.

Book Ⅳ

CHAPTER 1
That the General Will is Indestructible

So long as several men assembled together consider themselves a single body, they have only one will, which is directed towards their common preservation and general well-being. Then all the animating forces of the state are vigorous and simple; its principles are clear and luminous; it has no incompatible or conflicting interests; the common good makes itself so manifestly evident that only common sense is needed to discern it. Peace, unity, equality are enemies of political sophistication. Upright and simple men are difficult to deceive precisely because of their simplicity; strategems and clever arguments do not prevail upon them; they are not indeed subtle enough to be dupes. When we see among the happiest people in the world bands of peasants regulating the affairs of state under an oak tree, and always acting wisely, can we help feeling a certain contempt for the refinements of other nations, which employ so much skill and mystery to make themselves at once illustrious and wretched?

A state thus governed needs very few laws, and whenever there is a need to promulgate new ones, that need is universally seen. The first man to propose such a law is only giving voice to what everyone already feels, and there is no question either of intrigues or of eloquence to secure the enactment of what each has already resolved to do as soon as he is sure that all the others will do likewise.

What misleads theorists is that, as a result of looking only at states which are badly constituted from the beginning, they are struck by the impossibility of maintaining such a régime there. They laugh at the thought of all the follies that a clever knave or a sly orator could persuade the people of Paris or London to commit. They do not realize that Cromwell would have been put to forced labour by the people of Berne, and the Duc de Beaufort imprisoned by the Genevese.

However, when the social tie begins to slacken and the state to weaken,

when particular interests begin to make themselves felt and sectional societies begin to exert an influence over the greater society, the common interest becomes corrupted and meets opposition; voting is no longer unanimous; the general will is no longer the will of all; contradictions and disputes arise; and even the best opinion is not allowed to prevail unchallenged.

In the end, when the state, on the brink of ruin, can maintain itself only in an empty and illusory form, when the social bond is broken in every heart, when the meanest interest impudently flaunts the sacred name of the public good, then the general will is silenced: everyone, animated by secret motives, ceases to speak as a citizen any more than as if the state had never existed; and the people enacts in the guise of laws iniquitous decrees which have private interests as their only end.

Does it follow from this that the general will is annihilated or corrupted? No, that is always unchanging, incorruptible and pure, but it is subordinated to other wills which prevail over it. Each man, in detaching his interest from the common interest, sees clearly that he cannot separate it entirely, but his share of the public evil seems to him to be nothing compared to the exclusive good he seeks to make his own. Where his private good is not concerned, he wills the general good in his own interest as eagerly as anyone else. Even in selling his vote for money, he does not extinguish the general will in himself; he evades it. The fault he commits is to change the form of the question, and to answer something different from what is asked him; so that instead of saying, with his vote, 'It is advantageous to the state', he says, 'It is advantageous to this man or to that party that such or such a proposal should be adopted.' For this reason the sensible rule for regulating public assemblies is one intended not so much to uphold the general will there as to ensure that it is always questioned and always responds.

I might say a great deal here about the simple right of voting in every act of sovereignty, a right of which nothing can deprive citizens, and also about the right of speaking, proposing, dividing and debating — a right which the government always takes great care to assign only to its own members — but this important subject would require a separate treatise, and I cannot put everything in this one.

CHAPTER 2
The Suffrage

IT will be evident from what has been said in the preceding chapter that the manner in which public affairs are conducted gives a sufficiently accurate indication of the moral character and the state of health of the body politic. The greater harmony that reigns in the public assemblies, the more, in other words, that public opinion approaches unanimity, the more the general will is dominant; whereas long debates, dissensions and disturbances bespeak the ascendance of particular interests and the decline of the state.

This will seem less evident when two or several orders enter into the constitution, as in Rome with its patricians and plebeians, whose quarrels often disturbed the comitia even in the finest days of the Republic; but this exception to the rule is more apparent than real, for in Rome, as a result of an inherent defect in the body politic, there were, in a manner of speaking, two states in one, and what is not true of both together is true of each separately. And, indeed, even in the most tumultuous times, the plebiscites of the people always proceeded peacefully when the senate did not interfere, and votes were given with large majorities. The citizens having only one interest, the people had only one will.

At the other extreme of the cycle, unanimity reappears. This is when the citizens, lapsed into servitude, have no longer either freedom or will. Then fear and flattery change voting into acclamation; people no longer deliberate, they worship or they curse. Such was the shameful manner in which the senate gave voice to its opinions under the emperors. Sometimes it did so with absurd precautions. Tacitus mentions that under Otho, the senators covered Vitellius with execrations, but took care at the same time to make a deafening noise, so that Vitellius would not be able to distinguish what each one of them had said, lest he should ever by any chance become master.

These various considerations suggest the principles by which the counting of votes and the comparing of opinions should be arranged, depending on whether the general will is more or less easy to recognize, and on whether the state is more or less in decline.

There is only one law which by its nature requires unanimous assent. This is the social pact: for the civil association is the most voluntary act in the world; every man having been born free and master of himself, no one else may under any pretext whatever subject him without his consent. To assert that the son of a slave is born a slave is to assert that he is not born a man.

If, then, there are opposing voices at the time when the social pact is made, this opposition does not invalidate the contract; it merely excludes the

dissentients; they are foreigners among the citizens. After the state is instituted, residence implies consent: to inhabit the territory is to submit to the sovereign.[1]

Apart from this original contract, the votes of the greatest number always bind the rest; and this is a consequence of the contract itself. Yet it may be asked how a man can be at once free and forced to conform to wills which are not his own. How can the opposing minority be both free and subject to laws to which they have not consented?

I answer that the question is badly formulated. The citizen consents to all the laws, even to those that are passed against his will, and even to those which punish him when he dares to break any one of them. The constant will of all the members of the state is the general will; it is through it that they are citizens and free.[2] When a law is proposed in the people's assembly, what is asked of them is not precisely whether they approve of the proposition or reject it, but whether it is in conformity with the general will which is theirs; each by giving his vote gives his opinion on this question, and the counting of votes yields a declaration of the general will. When, therefore, the opinion contrary to my own prevails, this proves only that I have made a mistake, and that what I believed to be the general will was not so. If my particular opinion had prevailed against the general will, I should have done something other than what I had willed, and then I should not have been free.

This presupposes, it is true, that all the characteristics of the general will are still to be found in the majority; when these cease to be there, no matter what position men adopt, there is no longer any freedom.

When I showed earlier in this essay how particular wills come to take the place of the general will in public deliberations, I made sufficiently clear what practical means may prevent that abuse, and I shall return to this subject later. As for the proportional number of votes required to declare the general will, I have also set forth the principles by which that number can be determined. A difference of a single vote destroys an equal division; a single opposing voice destroys unanimity; but between unanimity and an equal division there are numerous unequal divisions, and the desired proportion can be fixed at any of these points in accordance with the condition and on the needs of the body politic.

Two general maxims may serve to determine these ratios: the first, that the more important and serious the matter to be decided, the closer should the opinion which is to prevail approach unanimity; the second, the swifter the

decision the question demands, the smaller the prescribed majority may be allowed to become; and in decisions which have to be given immediately, a majority of one must suffice. The first of these maxims might seem to be more suited to the enactment of laws, the second to the dispatch of administrative business. At all events, it is by a combination of the two maxims that we can determine the right size for the majority that is to decide on any question.

CHAPTER 3
Elections

ELECTIONS of the prince and magistrates, which are, as I have said, complex acts, can be arranged in two ways, by choice or by lot. Both means have been employed in different republics, and a very complicated mixture of the two can still be seen in the election of the Doge of Venice. 'Election by lot,' says Montesquieu, 'is natural to democracy.' I agree. But why is this so? 'Drawing lots,' he continues, 'is a method of election that wounds no one and gives every citizen a reasonable hope of serving his country.' But these are not good reasons.

If we remember that the election of magistrates is a function of government and not of sovereignty, we shall see why the method of lot is natural to democracy, where the administration is all the better in proportion as its acts are fewer.

In every true democracy, magistrature is not a privilege but a heavy responsibility, so that it cannot justly be imposed on one man rather than another. The law alone can impose this burden on the man to whom the lot falls. For in this case, since the conditions are equal for all and the choice does not depend on any human will, the universality of the law is not distorted by any particular application.

In an aristocracy the prince chooses the prince, the government perpetuates itself by its own actions; and then election by choice is appropriate.

The example of the election of the Doge of Venice, far from undermining this distinction, confirms it: such a mixed form suits a mixed government. It is a mistake to regard the government of Venice as a genuine aristocracy. For while the Venetian people has no part in the government, the Venetian nobility is itself a people. A multitude of poor Barnabites never comes near any magistrature, and its nobility rests on the empty title of Excellency and

the right to attend the Great Council. And since this Great Council is as numerous as our General Council in Geneva, its illustrious members have no more privileges than our plain citizens. Hence there is no doubt that, apart from the extreme disparity between the two republics, the bourgeoisie of Geneva corresponds precisely to the patriciate of Venice; our natives and inhabitants correspond to the townsmen and the people of Venice, and our peasants to their subjects on the mainland; to sum up, from whatever point of view the Venetian Republic is considered, apart from its size, its government is no more aristocratic than our own. The whole difference lies in the fact that we have no head of state who holds office for life, and so we have not the same need for the method of election by lot.

Election by lot would have few disadvantages in a true democracy, for where all men were equal in character and talent as well as in principles and fortune, it would hardly matter who was chosen. But as I have already said, no true democracy exists.

When election by choice and election by lot are both employed, choice should be used to fill places that call for special skills, such as military commands, and lot for those where common sense, justice and integrity are enough, as in the case of political offices, for in a well-constituted state, such qualities are found among all the citizens.

Under monarchical government, neither election by lot nor election by choice has any place. Since the monarch is by right the sole prince and only magistrate, the choice of his lieutenants belongs to him alone. When the Abbé de St Pierre proposed to increase the Councils of the King of France and have their members elected by ballot, he did not realize that he was proposing to change the form of government!

I have yet to speak of the method of voting and collecting votes in the people's assembly, but perhaps the history of the Roman system would serve to demonstrate more forcefully all the principles that I might myself set forth. It will not be beneath the dignity of a thoughtful reader to consider in some detail how public and private business was conducted in an assembly of two hundred thousand men.

CHAPTER 4
The Roman Comitia

WE have no trustworthy records of the early history of Rome, and there is

every likelihood that most of the tales we are told are fables;[3] indeed, in general, that most instructive part of the annals of peoples, which is the history of their institution, is the part we most lack. Experience teaches us daily the causes of revolutions in empires, but as peoples are no longer instituted, we have nothing better than conjecture to explain how they were once instituted.

The customs that we find established show at least that such customs must have had an origin. Traditions that recall these origins, that are supported by the best authorities, and confirmed by the best reasons, should pass for the most certain. Such are the principles I have tried to follow in enquiring how the freest and strongest people of the world exercised its supreme power.

After the foundation of Rome, the new-born Republic — that is, the founder's army, made up of Albans, Sabines and foreigners — was divided into three classes, which acquired by this division the name of tribes. Each of these tribes was further divided into ten curiae, and each curia subdivided into decuriae, with chiefs named curiones and decuriones placed at their head.

In addition to this, there was drawn from each tribe a body of a hundred equites or knights, called a century, which indicates that these divisions, hardly necessary in a city, were in the first place purely military. But it seems that an instinct for greatness led this little town of Rome to provide itself from the outset with a system well suited to the capital of the world.

However, this original division soon had one disadvantageous consequence. The tribes of Albans and Sabines remained constant, while the tribe of foreigners grew continuously as more foreigners were recruited, and it soon contained more members than the other two tribes combined. The remedy that Servius found for this dangerous fault was to alter the basis of the division, and in place of the racial distinction, which he abolished, he introduced one based on the district of the town occupied by each of the tribes. Instead of three tribes, he set up four, each occupying one of the hills of Rome and bearing its name. Thus he both corrected an existing inequality and forestalled any future inequality; and to ensure that the division should be one of men and not of places, he forbade the inhabitants of one district to move to another, and so prevented the races from merging together.

He also doubled the three original centuries of equites and added twelve new ones, but he let them keep their former names — a shrewd and simple means by which he succeeded in distinguishing the body of knights from that

of the people without making the latter complain.

To these four urban tribes, Servius added fifteen others which were called rustic tribes, because they were formed of inhabitants of the country, arranged in so many cantons. Afterwards as many new tribes were formed, and the Roman people found itself divided into thirty-five tribes, a number which remained unchanged until the end of the Republic.

This distinction between tribes of the town and tribes of the country had one consequence worth noting since there is no other instance of it, and since Rome was indebted to it both for the preservation of her morals and for the growth of her empire. It might have been thought that the urban tribes would have soon monopolized the power and the honours and have been quick to diminish the standing of the rustic tribes. What happened was the contrary. The taste of the early Romans for a country life is well known. This taste came from their wise founder, who made freedom go together with rural labour and military service and, in a manner of speaking, relegated crafts, trades, intrigue, wealth and slavery to the city.

Since all the illustrious men in Rome thus lived in the country and cultivated the land, it became customary to look to the country for the mainstays of the Republic. And as this way of life was that of the most noble patricians, it was honoured by everyone; the simple and laborious life of villagers was preferred to the loose and idle life of the Roman bourgeois, and a man who would have been nothing but a miserable proletarian in the town became as a tiller of the soil a respected citizen. It was not without reason, says Varro, that our magnanimous ancestors established in the village the nursery of those robust and valiant men who defended them in time of war and nourished them in time of peace. Pliny states positively that the rustic tribes were honoured because of the men who belonged to them, and that whenever it was intended to degrade a coward, he was transferred in disgrace to one of the urban tribes. When Appius Claudius, the Sabine, came to set himself up in Rome, he was loaded with honours and inscribed as a member of a rustic tribe which afterwards took the name of his family. Finally, all the freed men joined the urban and never the rustic tribes, and throughout the Republic there was not a single example of any one of these freed men acceding to any magistrature, even though he had become a citizen.

This principle was excellent; but it was pushed so far that it finally produced an alteration, and certainly an abuse in the political system.

First, the censors, having long arrogated to themselves the right arbitrarily

to transfer citizens from one tribe to another, allowed most men to enrol in the tribe of their choice, a concession which certainly did no good and which deprived the censorship of one of its great advantages. Moreover, the exalted and powerful men all had themselves enrolled in the rustic tribes, and the freed men remained with the common people in the urban tribes, so that the tribes generally ceased to have any local or territorial bases, and all were so muddled together that it was no longer possible to identify anyone without consulting the register; and this is why the word tribe came to have a personal instead of a territorial meaning, or rather came to be virtually fictitious.

It also came about that the urban tribes, being closer to the centre, often found themselves the strongest group in the comitia, and sold the state to such as deigned to buy the votes of the rabble who composed that assembly.

As for the curiae, since the founder had created ten in each tribe, the whole of the Roman people, at that time enclosed within the walls of the city, was composed of thirty curiae, each with its own temples, its Gods, its officials, its priests and its festivals called compitalia, which resembled the Paganalia later held by the rustic tribes.

When Servius introduced his new division, this number of thirty could not be divided equally between his four tribes, and he did not wish to alter it; in conse quence, the curiae, becoming independent of the tribes, formed another category of inhabitants of Rome. But there was no question of curiae in the rustic tribes or among the people who belonged to them; for after the tribes had become a purely civil institution, and another system introduced for the levying of troops, the military divisions of Romulus proved superfluous. Thus, although each citizen was enrolled in a tribe, there were many who were not members of a curia.

Servius made yet a third division, which had nothing to do with the first two, and which became by reason of its consequences the most important of all. He distributed the whole Roman people into six classes, arranged neither on a personal nor on a residential basis, but according to wealth; so that the first classes were filled with the rich, the last with the poor, and the intermediate classes with men of moderate fortunes. These six classes were subdivided into 193 other bodies called centuries, and these bodies were so distributed that the first class accounted for more than half of them, and the last class for a single one only. Thus it came about that the class with the fewest number of men had the greatest number of centuries, while the last whole class counted only as one single subdivision, although it contained

more than half the inhabitants of Rome.

In order that the people should less well perceive the consequences of this division, Servius disguised it in a military form; he put into the second class two centuries of armourers and into the fourth class two centuries of weapon-makers. In each class, except the last, he differentiated between young and old, that is to say, between those liable to bear arms and those legally exempt on grounds of age; and this distinction, more than that of wealth, made it necessary to hold frequent censuses. Finally he prescribed that the assembly should be held in the Campus Martius, and that all those of military age should attend bearing arms.

The reason he did not make the same differentiation between young and old in the last class is simply that the common people who belonged to it did not have the honour of bearing arms in the service of their country; only those who owned hearths had the right to defend them. Among the countless hordes of beggars who ornament the armies of kings today there is perhaps none who would not have been expelled with disdain from a Roman cohort in the days when soldiers were the defenders of liberty.

In the last class, however, a distinction was made between proletarians and those who were called capite censi. The former, not wholly reduced to nothing, at least gave citizens to the state, even sometimes soldiers in times of pressing need. But those who possessed nothing whatever, and could be reckoned only by the counting of heads, were considered to be nonentities, and Marius was the first who condescended to enrol them.

Without deciding here whether this third classification was good or bad in itself, one can, I think, safely say that it was practicable only because of the simple habits of the early Romans, their taste for agriculture, and their contempt alike for commerce and for the pursuit of profit. Where is the modern people, whose devouring greed, unsettled hearts, intrigue, continual movement and constant reversals of fortune would have allowed such a system to last for twenty years without overturning the whole state? It should also be remembered that the morals of the Roman people and the office of censorship had the strength to correct the evils of this system, and that a rich man could find himself relegated to the class of the poor for making too ostentatious a display of his wealth.

From all this it is easy to understand why more than five Roman classes are hardly ever mentioned, even though there were actually six. The sixth, which provided neither soldiers for the army nor voters for the Campus

Martius[4] and had therefore virtually no function in the Republic, was seldom given any thought.

Such were the different divisions of the Roman people. Let us now consider the effect the divisions had in the assemblies. The assemblies which were lawfully convened were called comitia, and generally met in the Roman forum or in the Campus Martius; they were distinguished as comitia curiata, comitia centuriata and comitia tributa, according to which form was employed. The comitia curiata was founded by Romulus, the comitia centuriata by Servius, and the comitia tributa originated in the tribunes of the people. No law was sanctioned and no magistrate elected except in the comitia, and as there was no citizen who was not enrolled in a curia, century or tribe, it follows that no citizen was excluded from the right to vote, and that the Roman people was truly sovereign, both in law and in fact.

For the comitia to be legally convened and for its decisions to have the force of law, three conditions had to be observed: first, the body or the magistrate convening the assembly had to be vested with the necessary authority; secondly, the assembly had to be held on one of the days permitted by law; thirdly, the auguries had to be favourable.

The reason for the first of these rules needs no explanation. The second was a matter of policy; the assembly was not allowed to meet on holidays or market days, because the country people, who came to Rome to do business, did not have time to spend the day in the forum. The third rule enabled the Senate to keep a restraining hand on a proud and restless people and temper the ardour of seditious tribunes — although the latter found more than one way of evading this check.

Laws and the election of chiefs were not the only matters submitted to the judgement of the comitia. Since the Roman people had usurped the most important functions of government, one could say that the fate of Europe was determined in those assemblies. The variety of public business explains the several forms which the comitia took, according to the matters which had to be decided.

To judge these various forms it is necessary only to compare them. Romulus, in establishing the curiae, aimed to balance the Senate against the people and balance the people against the Senate, while himself dominating both alike. Under this arrangement he gave the people all the authority of numbers to balance the authority of power and wealth which he left to the patricians. But true to the spirit of monarchy, he nevertheless gave the great

advantage to the patricians, in that they could buy clients to influence numerical majorities. This admirable institution of patrons and clients was a masterpiece of politics and humanity, without which the patriciate, so contrary to the spirit of the Republic, could not have survived. To Rome alone belongs the honour of giving the world this noble example, from which no abuse has ever come, but which has never been followed elsewhere.

This same form of curiae continued under the kings up to Servius, and as the reign of the last of the Tarquins was not held to be legitimate, the royal laws were generally known by the name of leges curiatae.

Under the Republic, the curiae, which were still limited to the four urban tribes, and still included only the population of Rome, pleased neither the Senate, which led the patricians, nor the tribunes who, in spite of being plebeian, led the more moneyed citizens. Thus the curiae fell into discredit, fell so low indeed that their thirty lictors met to do what the comitia curiae should have done.

The division into centuries was so favourable to the aristocracy that it is not at first easy to see why the Senate did not always carry the day in the comitia which bore that name, and by which the consuls, censors and other cural magistrates were elected. For indeed, of the 193 centuries which formed the six classes of the entire Roman people, the first class contained ninety-eight, and since votes were counted by centuries only, this first class had a majority over all the others. When all these centuries were in agreement, the rest of the votes were not even counted; and what had been decided by a minority passed for a decision of the multitude; so it can be said that in the centuriate assemblies matters were decided by majorities of money rather than of votes.

But this excessive power was tempered in two ways. First, the tribunes ordinarily, and a large number of plebeians always, were in a class with the rich, and balanced the influence of the patricians in the first class.

Secondly, the centuries were not always summoned to vote in their order or rank, which would have meant beginning with the first class; instead, a century was chosen by lot[5] and that century alone went on to elect, after which the other centuries were convened on a different day by order of rank to repeat the election, and generally they confirmed it. Thus the authority of example was taken away from rank and given to chance, according to the principle of democracy.

This custom had yet another advantage; it meant that the citizens from the

country had time between the elections to inform themselves of the merits of the candidates provisionally nominated, and therefore did not vote in ignorance. But under the pretext of speeding up procedure this custom was finally abolished, and both elections were held on the same day.

The comitia tributa was, strictly speaking, the council of the Roman people. It could be convened only by the tribunes; it was the assembly where the tribunes were elected and it was there that they passed their plebiscites. Not only had the Senate no status in the assembly, but no senator had even the right to attend, and being thus forced to submit to laws in the enactment of which they had no voice, the senators were to that extent less free than the humblest citizen. This injustice was altogether ill conceived, and alone sufficed to invalidate the decrees of a body to which all its members were not admitted. Had all the patricians attended the comitia, according to their rights as citizens, they would not, as simple individuals, have had any great influence on a vote taken by enumerating heads, and in which the humblest proletarian would count for as much as the prince of the Senate.

Thus, it will be seen that besides the order which emerged from the various systems of collecting the votes of so vast a people, these several methods were not in themselves insignificant, but that each had effects connected with the opinions that led to its being chosen.

Without going further into long details, it emerges from the explanation already given, that the comitia tributa was the assembly most favourable to popular government and the comitia centuriata to aristocracy. In the case of the comitia curiata, where the populace of Rome alone formed the majority, their tendency to favour tyranny and evil designs led them to fall into disrepute, so that even the seditious elements avoided these assemblies lest their presence should arouse suspicion concerning their conspiracies. There is no doubt that the whole majesty of the Roman people was to be seen only in the comitia centuriata; this alone was a full assembly, for the comitia curiata excluded the rustic tribes and the comitia tributa excluded the Senate and patricians.

The system of voting used by the Romans was as simple as were their manners and morals, if less simple than that of Sparta. Each man gave his vote by word of mouth, and a clerk recorded it; the majority of individual votes in each tribe determined the decision of that tribe, the majority of tribal votes the decision of the people; and the same thing was done in the curiae and centuriae. This was a good method so long as honesty prevailed among

the citizens and everyone was ashamed to give his vote in public to an unjust cause or an unworthy candidate. But when the people grew corrupt and votes were bought, it became expedient for the ballot to be cast in secret, so that the buyers of votes might be restrained by mistrust of the sellers, and scoundrels given the chance of not being traitors also.

I am aware that Cicero condemns this change of method, and holds it partly responsible for the ruin of the Republic. But while I am mindful of the weight which the authority of Cicero ought to bear, I do not agree with him. On the contrary, I think that it was by having too few such changes that the ruin of the state was accelerated. For just as the diet of healthy people is unsuited to the sick, so one should not try to give to a corrupt people the same laws as those which suit a virtuous people. Nothing does more to bear out this principle than the long life of the Republic of Venice, which still retains a simulacrum of existence solely because its laws are uniquely suited to wicked men.

Now the Roman citizens had tablets distributed among them, so that each might cast his vote without anyone's knowing his opinion. New arrangements were also devised for the collection of tablets, the counting of votes, the comparison of numbers, and so forth. This did not prevent the officers entrusted with these functions from being suspected of dishonesty. Finally, edicts designed to prevent intrigue and the buying and selling of votes were passed in such numbers that their very multiplicity proclaims their ineffectiveness.

Towards the last years of the Republic, the Romans were often forced to resort to extraordinary expedients to make up for the inadequacy of the law. Sometimes miracles were invoked, but this device, if it could impose on the people, did not overawe those who ruled them. Sometimes assemblies were hurriedly convened, before candidates had time to pay out their bribes; sometimes a whole session was taken up with filibustering, when it was seen that the people had been seduced and was about to make a wrong decision. But ambition in the end overcame all obstacles; and the most incredible fact of all is that so numerous a people, in the midst of so many abuses, still continued, thanks to its ancient rules of order, to elect magistrates, to enact laws, to judge cases and to conduct private and public business with almost as much facility as the Senate itself might have commanded.

A wisely tempered tribunate is the strongest buttress of a good constitution, but if it has the least degree of power beyond what is necessary,

it will overthrow everything. It is not by its nature prone to weakness, and if it is anything at all, it will never be less than it ought to be.

It degenerates into tyranny when it usurps the executive power of which it is only the moderator, and when it tries to make the laws it ought only to protect. The enormous power of the Ephors, which represented no danger so long as Sparta preserved its morale, sped corruption once corruption began. The blood of Agis shed by the tyrants was avenged by his successor; the crimes and the punishments of the Ephors equally hastened the collapse of the Republic, and after Cleomenes, Sparta was nothing. Rome perished in the same way, and the excessive power which the tribunes usurped by degrees finally served, with the aid of laws made to defend liberty, to protect the very emperors who destroyed liberty. As for the Council of Ten in Venice, it is a tribunal of blood, which is baneful as much to the patricians as to the people, and which, far from giving supreme protection to the law, serves only, now that the law has been debased, for the striking of stealthy blows that none dare look upon.

A tribunate, like a government, is weakened by the multiplication of its members. When the tribunes of the Roman people, originally two, then five, sought to double their number, the Senate gave its consent, confident of using one part to check the others; and this it did not fail to effect.

The best method of preventing the usurpations of such a formidable body — though it is a method which no government has ever yet employed — would be not to make the tribunate permanent but to prescribe the intervals during which it should remain suspended. These intervals, which should not be so great as to give abuses time to take root, could be specified by law in such a manner that in case of need they might be shortened by an extraordinary commission.

This method appears to me to have no disadvantages, for since, as I have said, the tribunate is in no sense a part of the constitution, it can be removed without detriment to it; this also seems to me an efficacious method, since a newly established magistrate would not enter office with the power that his predecessors had, but only with that given him by law.

CHAPTER 6
Dictatorship

THE inflexibility of the laws, which prevents them from bending to

circumstances, may in certain cases make them injurious, and bring about in a time of crisis the ruin of the state. The ordered and slow procedures of legal formalities require a measure of time that circumstances do not always afford. There may be a thousand eventualities which the lawgiver has not foreseen, and it is a very necessary part of foresight to know that one cannot foresee everything.

For this reason, one should not seek to make political institutions so rigid that one is deprived of the power to suspend their operation. Even Sparta allowed its laws at times to lie dormant.

But it is only the greatest emergency that can counterweigh the dangers of tampering with the public order; and the sacred power of the laws should never be suspended except when the safety of the fatherland is at stake. In these rare and obvious cases, the public security is provided for by a special act making that security the responsibility of the person who is most worthy. This responsibility may be assigned in two ways, according to the nature of the emergency.

If increasing the activity of the government is adequate to counteract the danger, then this activity should be concentrated in the hands of one or two members of the government. In this case, it is not the authority of the laws which is being diminished, but only the form of the administration. But if the danger is such that the apparatus of law is itself an obstacle to safety, then a supreme head must be nominated with power to silence all the laws and temporarily suspend the sovereign authority. In such a case the general will is indubitable; for it is clear that the prime concern of the people is that the state shall not perish. Thus the suspension of the legislative authority does not abolish it; the magistrate who silences it cannot speak for it; he dominates it, without having the power to represent it; he can do everything, except make laws.

The first of these two methods was used by the Roman Senate when, according to a hallowed formula, it entrusted the consuls with the safety of the Republic; the second was used when one of the two consuls nominated a dictator[6] — a device that Rome had learned from Alba.

At the beginning of the Republic, the Romans often resorted to dictatorship, because conditions were not yet sufficiently settled for the state to maintain itself by the strength of its constitution. The people's moral character made unnecessary at that time many of the precautions which might have been needed at other times, so men did not fear that a dictator would

abuse his position or that he would attempt to prolong his office beyond its term. It seemed, on the contrary, that so much power was a burden to those who wielded it; for they hastened to divest themselves of it, as if standing in the place of the laws made it altogether too onerous and perilous an office.

So it is not because there was a danger of its being abused, but because there was a danger of its being degraded that one condemns the imprudent employment of this supreme magistrature in the early days of the Republic. For while it was wasted on elections, dedications and purely formal things, there was reason to fear that it would become less forceful when it was really needed, and that the people would come to regard dictatorship as an empty title used only to give dignity to idle ceremonies.

Towards the end of the Republic, the Romans, becoming more circumspect, were as sparing in their use of dictatorship as they had once been prodigal, and with as little reason. It was easy to see that their fears were ill founded, and that the weakness of the capital was at that time its protection against the magistrates it had in its midst, that a dictator could in certain cases defend the public freedom without ever being able to invade it, and that the fetters of Rome were not forged in Rome itself, but in the Roman armies; the weak resistance that Marius offered Sulla, and Pompey Caesar, showed plainly what could be expected of internal authority faced with external force.

This mistake led the Romans to commit great wrongs. There was, for example, their failure to nominate a dictator in the Catilina affair; for since this was a matter which concerned only the city itself, or at most some Italian province, the unlimited authority which the law gave a dictator would have facilitated the ready crushing of that conspiracy, which was in fact suppressed only by a concurrence of lucky accidents, such as human prudence could never have expected.

Instead of naming a dictator, the Senate was content to transmit all its powers to the consuls, as a result of which Cicero, in order to act effectively, was obliged to exceed his powers on a crucial point; and though, in a first transport of joy, the Romans approved of his conduct, it was not without justice that he was afterwards asked to account for the blood of citizens shed in violation of the laws — a reproach which could not have been addressed to a dictator. But the consul's eloquence carried everything before him, and he himself, though a Roman, loved his own glory better than his country; and instead of seeking a lawful and certain means of serving the state, he sought all the honour of the affair for himself.[7] Thus he was justly honoured as the

liberator of Rome, and no less justly punished as the violator of Roman laws. However splendid his recall from exile may have been, it was undoubtedly an act of pardon.

For the rest, in whatever manner this important commission of dictatorship is conferred, it is imperative to limit its duration to one short term that can never be prolonged; in the emergencies which call for its institution, the state is soon lost or saved, and once the urgent need is over, dictatorship becomes either tyrannical or useless. In Rome, where the term was of six months, most of the dictators abdicated before that time had expired. If the term had been longer, they might have been tempted to prolong it still further, like the decemvirs, who held office for a year. The dictator, having only the time to meet the need which had prompted his appointment, had none in which to meditate on further projects.

CHAPTER 7
The Censorial Tribunal

JUST as the general will is declared by the law, so is the public judgement declared by the censorial office; public opinion is that form of law of which the censor is the minister, and which he, on the model of the prince, merely applies to particular cases.

Far, then, from the censorial tribunal being the arbiter of the people's opinion, it is only the spokesman; and as soon as it departs from this, its decisions are void and without effect.

It is useless to separate the morals of a nation from the objects of its esteem; for both spring from the same principle and both necessarily merge together. Among all the peoples of the world, it is not nature but opinion which governs the choice of their pleasures. Reform the opinions of men, and their morals will be purified of themselves. Men always love what is good or what they think is good, but it is in their judgement that they err; hence it is their judgement that has to be regulated. To judge morals is to judge what is honoured; to judge what is honoured, is to look to opinion as law.

The opinions of a people spring from its constitution; although the law does not regulate morals, it is legislation that gives birth to morals; when legislation weakens, morals degenerate; and then the rulings of the censors will not accomplish what the law has failed to achieve.

From this it follows that the censorial office may be useful in preserving

morals, but never in restoring morals. Set up censors while the laws are still vigorous; for as soon as the vigour is lost, everything is hopeless; nothing legitimate has any force once the laws have force no longer.

The censorial office sustains morals by preventing opinions from being corrupted, by preserving their integrity with wise rulings, and sometimes even by settling points on which opinion is uncertain. The use of seconds in duels, carried to an impassioned extreme in the kingdom of France, was abolished by a single edict of the King: 'as for those who are cowardly enough to name seconds'. This judgement anticipated that of the public, and settled it with one stroke. But when the same edicts sought to declare that it was also cowardice to fight duels — which is very true, but at variance with popular opinion — the public scoffed at this decision on a matter about which its mind was made up.

I have said elsewhere that since public opinion is not subject to constraint, there should be no vestige of constraint in the tribunal established to represent it. We cannot too greatly admire the skill with which this device, entirely alien to the moderns, was put into effect by the Romans and even better by the Lacedaemonians.

Once when a man of bad character put forward a good idea in the council of Sparta, the Ephors, ignoring him, had the same thing proposed by a virtuous citizen. What an honour for the one, what a disgrace for the other; yet neither praise nor blame was given to either. Certain drunkards from Samos once defiled the tribunal of the Ephors; the following day the Samians were given permission by public edict to be filthy. An actual punishment would have been less severe than such a form of impunity. When Sparta has pronounced on what is and what is not decent, Greece does not dispute its judgements.

CHAPTER 8
The Civil Religion

AT first men had no kings but the Gods, and their only government was theocratic. They reasoned like Caligula, and in the circumstances they reasoned rightly. A prolonged modification of feelings and ideas was needed before man could make up his mind to accept one of his own kind as master, and to persuade himself that in doing so he had done well.

From this single fact, that a God was placed at the head of every political

society, it follows that there were as many Gods as peoples. Two peoples alien to one another, and nearly always enemies, could not long recognize the same master: two armies going into battle could not obey the same commander. Thus national divisions produced polytheism, and this in turn produced religious and civil intolerance, which are naturally the same, as I shall explain later.

The fanciful idea of the Greeks that they had discovered their own Gods being worshipped by barbarian peoples originated in the Greek habit of regarding themselves as the natural sovereigns of those same peoples. But in our own times, it is a ludicrous parody of learning which studies the identity of the Gods of different nations, as if Moloch, Saturn and Chronos could be the same God, as if the Baal of the Phoenicians, the Zeus of the Greeks, and the Jupiter of the Romans could be identical; as if there could be anything in common between chimerical beings with different names!

But if it is asked why under paganism, when each state had its own religious cult and its own Gods, there were no wars of religion, I answer that it was due to this very fact that each state, having its own faith as well as its own government, did not distinguish between its Gods and its laws. Political war was just as much theological war; the provinces of the Gods were determined, so to speak, by the frontiers of nations. The God of one people had no rights over other peoples. The Gods of the Pagans were in no sense jealous Gods; they divided the empire of the world between them; even Moses and the Hebrew people sometimes countenanced this idea by speaking of the God of Israel. It is true that they did not recognize the Gods of the Canaanites, a proscribed people who were doomed to destruction, and whose country they were to occupy; but consider how they spoke of the divinities of neighbouring peoples, whom they were forbidden to attack: 'Is not the possession of that which belongs to Chamos your God lawfully your due?' says Jephthah to the Ammonites. 'By the same title we possess the lands which our conquering God has taken.'[8]

But when the Jews, subject to the Kings of Babylon, and afterwards to the Kings of Syria, stubbornly sought to recognize no other God but their own, this refusal was regarded as a rebellion against their conquerors, and it brought on the Jews those persecutions of which we read in their history, and of which we find no other example before the coming of Christianity.[9]

Since each religion was thus attached exclusively to the laws of the state which prescribed it, and since there was no means of converting people

except by subduing them, the only missionaries were conquerors; and since the obligation to change faith was part of the law of conquest, it was necessary to conquer before preaching conversion. Far from men fighting for the Gods, it was, as in Homer, the Gods who fought for men; each people asked its own God for victory, and paid for it with new altars. The Romans, before taking a town, called upon its Gods to abandon it; when they allowed the Tarentines to keep their angry Gods, it was in the belief that those Gods were subject to their own and obliged to pay them homage. They let the vanquished keep their own Gods just as they let them keep their own laws. A crown dedicated to Jupiter of the Capitol was often the only tribute they exacted.

In the end, when the Romans had spread their faith and their Gods with their empire, and often themselves adopted those of the vanquished in giving all and sundry the rights of citizenship, the peoples of this vast empire gradually found themselves with a multitude of Gods and faiths, which were everywhere almost the same; and this is how paganism became one and the same religion throughout the known world.

It was in these circumstances that Jesus came to establish a spiritual kingdom on earth; this kingdom, by separating the theological system from the political, meant that the state ceased to be a unity, and it caused those intestine divisions which have never ceased to disturb Christian peoples. Now as this new idea of a kingdom of another world could never have entered the minds of pagans, they always regarded the Christians as true rebels who, under the cloak of hypocritical submission, only awaited the moment to make themselves independent and supreme, and cunningly to usurp that authority which they made a show of respecting while they were weak. Such was the cause of the persecutions.

What the pagans feared did indeed happen; then everything altered its countenance; the humble Christians changed their tune and soon the so-called kingdom of the other world was seen to become, under a visible ruler, the most violent despotism of this world.

However, since princes and civil laws continued to exist, the consequence of this dual power has been an endless conflict of jurisdiction, which has made any kind of good polity impossible in Christian states, where men have never known whether they ought to obey the civil ruler or the priest.

Many peoples, even in Europe or nearby, have tried to preserve or re-establish the ancient system, but without success: the spirit of Christianity has

won completely. The religious cult has always kept, or recovered, its independence of the sovereign, and has lacked its necessary connexion with the state. Mahomet had very sound opinions, taking care to give unity to his political system, and for as long as the form of his government endured under the caliphs who succeeded him, the government was undivided and, to that extent, good. But the Arabs, in becoming prosperous, cultured, polite, effeminate and soft, were subjugated by the barbarians; then the division between the two powers was started afresh, and even though the division is less apparent among the Moslems than among the Christians, it nevertheless exists, above all in the sect of Ali and in states like Persia where it has never ceased to make itself felt.

Among us, the Kings of England have established themselves as heads of the church and the Czars have done the same. But with this title they have made themselves not so much masters as ministers, and have acquired not so much the right to change the church as the power to preserve it; they are not legislators, they are only princes. Wherever the clergy constitutes a body,[10] it is master and legislator in its own house. Thus there are two powers, two sovereigns, in England and in Russia, just as there are elsewhere.

Of all Christian authors, the philosopher Hobbes is the only one who saw clearly both the evil and the remedy, and who dared to propose reuniting the two heads of the eagle and fully restoring that political unity without which neither the state nor the government will ever be well constituted. But he should have seen that the dominant spirit of Christianity was incompatible with his system, and that the interest of the prince will always be stronger than that of the state. It is not so much the horrible and false parts of Hobbes's system that have made it hated, but the parts which are just and true.[11]

I believe that if the historical facts were analysed from this point of view, we could easily refute the opposing beliefs of both Bayle and Warburton, the one holding that no religion is useful to the body politic, the other that Christianity is its best support. We could refute the first by showing that no state has ever been founded without religion as its base; and we could refute the second by showing that the Christian law is at bottom more injurious than serviceable to a robust constitution of the state. For this to be clearly understood, I think I have only to give a little more precision to the exceedingly vague idea of religion, as it bears upon my subject.

Religion, considered in connexion with societies, whether general or particular, can be divided into two categories, the religion of the man and the

religion of the citizen. The first, without temples, altars or rituals, and limited to inward devotion to the supreme God and the eternal obligations of morality, is the pure and simple religion of the Gospel, the true theism, and might be called the divine natural law. The religion of the citizen is the religion established in a single country; it gives that country its Gods and its special tutelary deities; it has its dogmas, its rituals, its external forms of worship laid down by law; and to the one nation which practises this religion, everything outside is infidel, alien, barbarous; and it extends the rights and duties of man only so far as it extends its altars. Such were the religions of all the early peoples; and we might give it the name of civil or positive divine law.

There is a third and more curious kind of religion, which, giving men two legislative orders, two rulers, two homelands, puts them under two contradictory obligations, and prevents their being at the same time both churchmen and citizens. Such is the religion of the Lamas, such is that of the Japanese, and such is Catholic Christianity. One might call this the religion of the priest. It produces a kind of mixed and anti-social system of law which has no name.

From the political point of view, each of these three kinds of religion has its defects. The third kind is so manifestly bad that the pleasure of demonstrating its badness would be a waste of time. Everything that destroys social unity is worthless; and all institutions that set man at odds with himself are worthless.

The second kind of religion is good in that it joins divine worship to a love of the law, and that in making the homeland the object of the citizens' adoration, it teaches them that the service of the state is the service of the tutelary God. This is a kind of theocracy, in which there can be no pontiff other than the prince, and no priests except the magistrates. Then to die for one's country is to become a martyr, to break the law to be impious, and to subject a guilty man to public execration is to hand him over to the wrath of God: sacer esto.

But this kind of religion is also bad; since it is based on error and lies, it deceives men, and makes them credulous and superstitious; it buries the true worship of God in empty ceremonials. It is bad, again, when it becomes exclusive and tyrannical, and makes a people bloodthirsty and intolerant, so that men breathe only murder and massacre, and believe they are doing a holy deed in killing those who do not accept their Gods. This puts the people

concerned into a natural state of war with all others, and this is something destructive of its own security.

There remains the religion of humanity, or Christianity, not the Christianity of today, but that of the Gospel, which is altogether different. Under this holy, sublime and true religion, men, as children of the same God, look on all others as brothers, and the society which unites them is not even dissolved by death.

But this religion, having no specific connexion with the body politic, leaves the law with only the force the law itself possesses, adding nothing to it; and hence one of the chief bonds necessary for holding any particular society together is lacking. Nor is this all: for far from attaching the hearts of the citizens to the state, this religion detaches them from it as from all other things of this world; and I know of nothing more contrary to the social spirit.

It is said that a people of true Christians would form the most perfect society imaginable. I see but one great flaw in this hypothesis, namely that a society of true Christians would not be a society of men.

I would even say that this imagined society, with all its perfection, would be neither the strongest nor the most durable. Being perfect, it would be without bonds of union; its ruinous defect would lie in its very perfection.

Everyone would do his duty; the people would obey the law; the rulers would be just and moderate; the magistrates would be honest and incorruptible; the soldiers would scorn death; there would be neither vanity nor luxury; and all that is very fine. But let us look further.

Christianity is a wholly spiritual religion, concerned solely with the things of heaven; the Christian's homeland is not of this world. The Christian does his duty, it is true, but he does it with profound indifference towards the good or ill success of his deeds. Provided that he has nothing to reproach himself for, it does not matter to him whether all goes well or badly here on earth. If the state prospers, he hardly dares to enjoy the public happiness; he fears lest he become proud of his country's glory; if the state perishes, he blesses the hand of God that weighs heavily on His people.

For such a society to be peaceful and for harmony to prevail, every citizen without exception would have to be an equally good Christian. If, unhappily, there should appear one ambitious man, one hypocrite, one Catilina, for example, or one Cromwell among them, that man would readily exploit his pious compatriots. Christian charity does not allow us readily to think ill of our neighbours. When a man is cunning enough to master the art of imposing

on others, and gains a part of the public authority, there, behold, is a man who is given honours; and God wills that he be respected; soon, we see a man of power, and God wills that he be obeyed. Suppose he abuses the power of which he is the trustee? Then he is the scourge with which God chastises his children. Christians would have scruples about expelling the usurper; for that would mean disturbing the public peace, using violence, shedding blood, and all this accords ill with Christian mildness. And after all what does it matter whether one is free or a slave in this vale of tears? The essential thing is to go to paradise, and resignation is but one more means to that end.

Suppose a foreign war breaks out. The citizens will march without reluctance to war; no one among them will think of flight; all will do their duty — but they will do it without passion for victory; they know better how to die than to conquer. It does not matter to them whether they are victors or vanquished. Does not providence know better than they what is needful? One can imagine what advantage a proud, impetuous and passionate enemy would draw from their stoicism. Set them at war against a generous people whose hearts are devoured by an ardent love of glory and their country; imagine your Christian republic confronted by Sparta or Rome, and your pious Christians will be beaten, crushed, destroyed before they have time to collect their wits, or they will owe their salvation only to the contempt which their enemy feels for them.

I myself think it was an excellent oath that was taken by the soldiers of Fabius; they did not swear to conquer or die, but to return as conquerors, and they kept their word. Christians would never have dared to do this; they would have felt that it was tempting God.

But I err in speaking of a Christian republic; for each of these terms contradicts the other. Christianity preaches only servitude and submission. Its spirit is too favourable to tyranny for tyranny not to take advantage of it. True Christians are made to be slaves; they know it and they hardly care; this short life has too little value in their eyes.

It is said that Christian troops are excellent. I deny it. Show me these Christian troops. Personally I know of none. You may mention the crusades. But without disputing the valour of the crusaders, I shall say that they were far from being Christians. They were soldiers of the priests. They were citizens of the Church; they were fighting for its spiritual homeland, which it had in some strange way made temporal. Strictly speaking, this comes under the heading of paganism; for since the Gospel never sets up any national

religion, holy war is impossible among Christians.

Under the pagan Emperors, Christian soldiers were brave. All the Christian authors tell us this, and I believe them; but those soldiers were competing for honour against pagan troops. Once the Emperors became Christian, this emulation ceased; and once the cross had driven out the eagle, all Roman valour disappeared.

But leaving aside considerations of politics, let us return to those of right; and settle the principles which govern this important question. The right which the social pact gives the sovereign over the subjects does not, as I have said, go beyond the boundaries of public utility.[12] Subjects have no duty to account to the sovereign for their beliefs except when those beliefs are important to the community. Now it is very important to the state that each citizen should have a religion which makes him love his duty, but the dogmas of that religion are of interest neither to the state nor its members, except in so far as those dogmas concern morals and the duties which everyone who professes that religion is bound to perform towards others. Moreover, everyone may hold whatever opinions he pleases, without the sovereign having any business to take cognizance of them. For the sovereign has no competence in the other world; whatever may be the fate of the subjects in the life to come, it is nothing to do with the sovereign, so long as they are good citizens in this life.

There is thus a profession of faith which is purely civil and of which it is the sovereign's function to determine the articles, not strictly as religious dogmas, but as expressions of social conscience, without which it is impossible to be either a good citizen or a loyal subject.[13] Without being able to oblige anyone to believe these articles, the sovereign can banish from the state anyone who does not believe them; banish him not for impiety but as an anti-social being, as one unable sincerely to love law and justice, or to sacrifice, if need be, his life to his duty. If anyone, after having publicly acknowledged these same dogmas, behaves as if he did not believe in them, then let him be put to death, for he has committed the greatest crime, that of lying before the law.

The dogmas of the civil religion must be simple and few in number, expressed precisely and without explanations or commentaries. The existence of an omnipotent, intelligent, benevolent divinity that foresees and provides; the life to come; the happiness of the just; the punishment of sinners; the sanctity of the social contract and the law — these are the positive dogmas.

As for the negative dogmas, I would limit them to a single one: no intolerance. Intolerance is something which belongs to the religions we have rejected.

In my opinion, those who distinguish between civil and theological intolerance are mistaken. These two forms of intolerance are inseparable. It is impossible to live in peace with people one believes to be damned; to love them would be to hate the God who punishes them; it is an absolute duty either to redeem or to torture them. Wherever theological intolerance is admitted, it is bound to have some civil consequences,【14】 and when it does so, the sovereign is no longer sovereign, even in the temporal sphere; at this stage the priests become the real masters, and kings are only their officers.

Now that there is not, and can no longer be, an exclusive national religion, all religions which themselves tolerate others must be tolerated, provided only that their dogmas contain nothing contrary to the duties of the citizen. But anyone who dares to say 'Outside the church there is no salvation' should be expelled from the state, unless the state is the church and the prince the pontiff. Such a dogma is good only in a theocratic government; in any other, it is pernicious. The reason for which Henri Ⅳ is said to have embraced the Catholic religion is one which should make all honest men abandon it, above all any prince who knows how to reason.

CHAPTER 9
Conclusion

AFTER setting out the true principles of political right, and trying to establish the state on the basis of those principles, I should complete my study by considering the foreign relations of the state, including international law, commerce, the rights of war and conquest, public law, leagues, negotiations, treaties and so forth. But all this would represent a new subject too vast for my weak vision; and I ought always to keep my eyes fixed on matters more within my range.

Note

【1】 This should always be understood to refer only to free states, for elsewhere family, property, lack of asylum, necessity or violence may keep an inhabitant in the country unwillingly, and then his mere residence no longer implies consent either to the contract or to the violation of the contract.

【2】 In Genoa the word Libertas may be seen on the doors of all the prisons and on the fetters of

the galleys. This use of the motto is excellent and just. In fact, it is only the malefactors of all states who prevent the citizens from being free. In a country where all such people were in the galleys, the most perfect liberty would be enjoyed.

【3】 The name 'Rome', which is said to derive from Romulus, is really Greek, and it means force; the name 'Numa' is also Greek, and it means law. Is it very probable that the first two kings of that city should have borne before they reigned names so clearly related to what they did?

【4】 I say 'Campus Martius' because this was where the comitia centuriata met. In the other two forms of assembly, the people met in the forum or elsewhere, and then the capite censi had as much influence and authority as the leading citizens.

【5】 The century thus drawn was called praerogativa because it was the first required to cast its vote; and this is the origin of our word 'prerogative'.

【6】 This nomination took place by night and in secret, as if they were ashamed to put a man above the law.

【7】 He could not have been sure of this if he had proposed appointing a dictator, for he did not dare to name himself, and he could not be sure that his colleagues would name him.

【8】 Nonne ea quae possidet Chamos deus tuus, tibi jure debentur? Such is the text of the Vulgate. Father de Carrières translates it thus: 'Do you not believe that you have a right to possess that which belongs to your God Chamos?' I do not know the bearing of the Hebrew text, but I notice that in the Vulgate, Jephthah positively recognizes the rights of the God Chamos, and that the French translation weakens this recognition by adding an 'according to you' which is not in the Latin.

【9】 It is clear beyond dispute that the Phocian war, called the Holy War, was not a war of religion. Its object was to punish sacrilege, and not to make unbelievers submit.

【10】 It should be noted that it is not so much the formal assemblies, like those of France, which bind the clergy together in a body, but rather the communion of churches. Communion and excommunication are the social compact of the clergy, one through which they will always be masters of both peoples and kings. All the priests who communicate together are fellow citizens, even though they are at opposite ends of the earth. This invention is a masterpiece of politics. There was nothing like it among the pagan priests; hence they never constituted a body of clergy.

【11】 See, among other things, in a letter of Grotius to his brother dated 11 April 1643, what that learned man approved of and what he disapproved of in Hobbes's De Cive. It is true that, being inclined to indulgence, he forgives that author the good points for the sake of the bad, but not everyone is so merciful.

【12】 'In the republic,' says the M(arquis) d'A(rgenson), 'everyone is perfectly free to do what does not injure others.' Here is the invariable boundary; one could not express it more exactly. I have not been able to deny myself the pleasure of quoting sometimes from this manuscript, although it is not known to the public, in order to pay homage to the memory of an illustrious and honourable man, who, even as a Minister of State, kept the heart of a true citizen, together with just and sound opinions on the government of his country.

【13】 Caesar pleading for Catilina tried to establish the dogma of the mortality of the soul. Cato and Cicero, to refute it, did not waste time with philosophy; they were content to show that Caesar was speaking like a bad citizen and advancing a doctrine that was injurious to the state. And this was what the Senate had to give judgement on, not any question of theology.

【14】 Marriage, for example, being a civil contract, has civil consequences without which it would be impossible for society itself to subsist. Let us suppose that in a given country the clergy reached the point of gaining the sole right of permitting marriage, a right which it is bound to usurp under any intolerant religion. Is it not then clear that in making the authority of the church supreme in this matter, it will nullify that of the prince, who will then have no subjects other than those the clergy allow him to have? Enable priests to decide whether to marry people according to their assent to this or that doctrine, their assent to this or that formula, or according to their being more or less devout, then is it not clear that if the clergy acts shrewdly and holds firm, it will in time alone dispose of inheritances,

offices, the citizens and the state itself, since the latter could not endure if composed only of bastards? But, you may say, men will call upon the temporal power, issue summonses and warrants, seize church properties. What a sorry sight! If the clergy has even a little, I do not say courage, but common sense, it will allow everything to go its own way; it will quietly let the summonses, the warrants and seizures take place and still end up as master. It is no great sacrifice, I feel, to give up a part when you are sure of securing the whole.

HUMAN HAPPINESS

人类幸福

［法］布莱士·帕斯卡　著

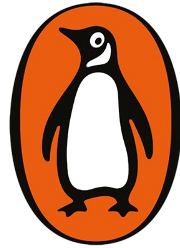
蒋晓宁　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

人类幸福

（法）布莱士·帕斯卡/著

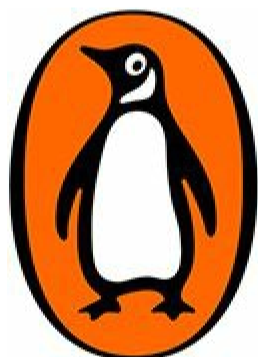
蒋晓宁/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

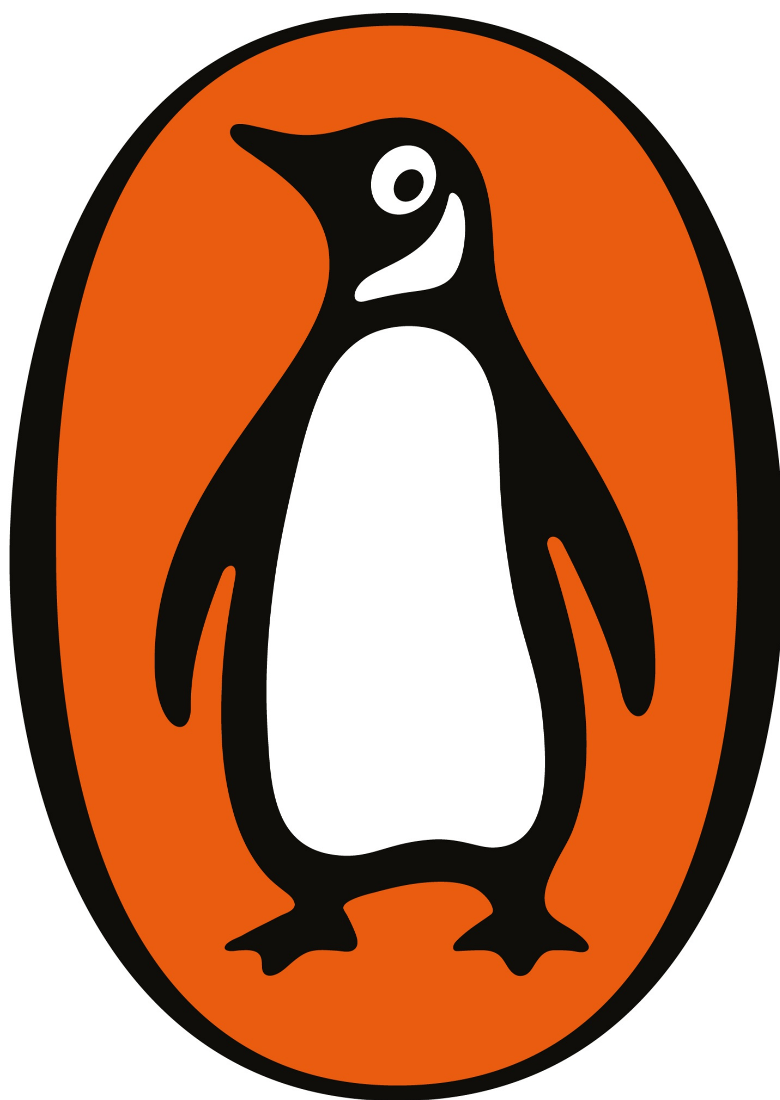
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
This translation first published as a Penguin Classic 1966
Revised edition first published 1995
This selection first published 2008

Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

布莱士·帕斯卡（Blaise　Pascal，1623—1662），生于法国城镇克莱蒙费朗（Clermont-Ferrand），神学家、哲学家、数学家、物理学家、化学家、音乐家、教育家、气象学家。帕斯卡早年从事自然科学研究，在数学、物理学等领域都取得了重要的成就，如在数学上提出“帕斯卡定理”、发现“帕斯卡三角”等，同时，帕斯卡也是早期概率学的创始人之一，他在和著名的“业余数学家”费马的书信往来中讨论了相关问题；而在物理学领域，帕斯卡发现了关于流体传递压力的“帕斯卡定律”，并改进了托里拆利的大气压实验，澄清了压强和真空的概念，后人为纪念其功绩，用他的名字“帕斯卡”来命名压强单位。帕斯卡晚年专注于神学和哲学领域的文学创作，代表作有《致外省人书》《思想录》（未完成）等。

《人类幸福》节选自帕斯卡的散文集《思想录》，书中汇总了帕斯卡的近千条箴言与短篇散文，这些文字记述了帕斯卡对于人性、宗教以及人与神之间关系的思考。帕斯卡的文字简洁明了、富有深意，振聋发聩的名言“人是一根会思想的芦苇”即出自本书。这些文字长则千字余，短则只言片语，章节与章节间并未按主题划分，只有部分章节前会标明本段探讨的主题，但更多的则是天马行空般的畅所欲言，帕斯卡个人的思想主张也在这些碎片化的文字中隐隐放射出来。作为法国思想家蒙田的拥趸，帕斯卡的思想也受到其怀疑主义的影响，而在神学领域，帕斯卡则是杨森主义的忠实信徒，认为人类具有原罪，不被上帝选择者穷极一生也无法自赎，这种思想在帕斯卡的字里行间可见一斑，如其所说，“人的伟大在于他知道自己可悲”，贪欲、狂妄、蔑视、憎恶，这些在我们眼中用来描述罪行的贬义词语，却被帕斯卡屡屡用在对人类天性的描述中，尽管帕斯卡的措辞看起来稍显消极，但其本人却并非一个完

全的悲观主义者，他对于人性与社会，更多的是持一种客观的态度来进行解构，无论是平民或贵胄，抑或是幸福与悲伤，帕斯卡都使用一种冷冰冰的，不掺杂个人感情的方式来进行评断。同时，怀疑主义也在一定程度上影响了帕斯卡对于事物的判断与分析，“矛盾”或者说“两面性”，是其文字的主题之一，他用许多篇目表达了他对于人类认知程度、社会秩序、道德准则以及人性的怀疑，许多事物在帕斯卡的眼中或是一个状态中的两个极端，或是一种矛盾体达到的稳态，“生命仅处于半路，在我们和天堂或地狱之间，是世界上最脆弱的东西”，诚如其言，“正直的人，认为自己是罪人，罪人，以为自己是正直的”“骄傲的人，你自身是一个怎样的悖论！”。

帕斯卡同时对于耶稣和宗教的话题着墨颇多。而作为一个坚定的有神论者，帕斯卡在叙述这个问题时则与谈论人性相反，稍显出个人的激情与狂热来，帕斯卡认为无神论者是“应当被怜悯的，但以此为傲者应当被痛骂”“人从神恩而造，对上帝心向往之，分享他的神性，没有神恩，他将被视为田野之诸兽”，在帕斯卡的眼中，与带有原罪的人类站在对立两面的上帝则是至上的存在，“世界上只有三种人：发现了上帝，并侍奉他的人；忙于寻觅他，但还没有寻觅到的人；活着，但既不寻觅也没有寻觅到的人。第一类人合乎情理而幸福，中间一类人不幸福但合乎情理，最后一类人愚蠢而不幸福”，倘若将其笔墨间的“上帝”二字换为“真理”的话，这句话读起来似乎也仍然流畅无阻，可见在帕斯卡的心中，上帝就等于真理，《福音书》中所记载的耶稣在他的心中也是绝对的神圣与美德的象征，在其笔下的多处描写中都不难看出他对耶稣牺牲精神的歌颂，“他从这荣耀中得到了什么好处？没有人享有过如此巨大的荣耀，也没有人蒙受过更大的耻辱。这一切荣耀归我们受用，是我们能够认识他，而他自己却没有享受过一丝一毫”。受长期神学研究的影响，帕斯卡的许多行文风格中也可以看到圣经的影子，他的遣词排句有种如神谕般的讳莫如深，一些箴言如“鹦鹉擦拭嘴巴，即使已经很干净”“如果雷电袭击低洼的地方，等等，诗人和只能争论这类事情的民

众得不到证据”等，都带有一种耐人寻味的神秘感，难以在阅读之初就找到帕斯卡真正的寓意。

《人类幸福》一书的另一个特色在于其内容的普适性。尽管帕斯卡在文中只记录了关于人性与神的思考，但我们从中可以看到的却不止这些，这些文字就像一根树枝，如果我们顺着树枝看下去，便会首先领略到整个树干，紧接着，我们便可以经由这树干，看到无数繁茂的枝叶，这些树干中最粗壮的一座，便是其辩证的思维模式，即从一个事物的两面性去看待它，并从一个状态的两种极端来看待其中现象的存在形式，帕斯卡正是借此来分析人性以及各种社会现象的因果。尽管帕斯卡对于无神论者和非基督教徒的观点有些许偏颇，但如果跳脱出宗教的设定，而如前文所说，将上帝看作是真理的化身，那么我们其实看到的是帕斯卡对于真理的追求，和对拒绝追求真理者的鄙夷，这些看似受信仰限制的言论其实也体现了其思想的普适性，无论是帕斯卡对于人性，还是对历史和社会的评断，今天看来依然毫不过时，阅读帕斯卡的这些文章与箴言，我们也往往会从原本的旨意中咀嚼出意想不到的味道，获得远超出字面理解的感悟与收获。

石凯文

本选集中每个思想片段的编码

同企鹅经典系列版编码

人类幸福

21　太年轻会影响人的判断，太老也一样。

考虑欠周或者过虑，都会使人固执己见，痴迷不悟。

完成一项工作，马上去审视，我们仍然深陷其中；太久，又断了线索。

这就像欣赏离得太远或太近的画。唯有那么一个不可分割的点，是合适的位置。

其他的点，要么太近或太远，要么太高或太低。在绘画中，这个点取决于透视原理，那么就真理和道德而言，这个点又取决于什么？

22　苍蝇很强大，能战胜我们，麻痹我们的大脑，吞噬我们的肌体。

23　*科学的无助*。苦恼之际，自然科学知识无法安慰我对道德观的无知，而道德观方面的知识却可以安慰我对自然科学的无知。

24　*人类的境况*。反复无常，厌倦无聊，焦躁不安。

25　君王出行总是伴以侍卫、鼓乐、臣仆，以及所有其他随身用具，这种情景使人敬畏之情油然而生，因此，即使他们独处时的神态，也足以令臣民们满怀敬畏。这是因为，我们的大脑无法将君王本人和总是陪伴君王的随从区分开来。世人不知这是习惯使然，却相信是来自某种自然的力量，因此，有俗语道：“神相刻在脸上。”

26　建立王权的基础是臣民的理性和愚昧，尤其是他们的愚昧。世间最伟大、最重要的事物皆建立在臣民软弱无能的基础上。这是可以牢牢把握的根基，因为没有什么能比臣民的软弱无能更牢靠了。完全建立于理性之上的事物，比如对智慧的崇尚，根基不牢。

30　我们不会选择船上出身最高贵的人做船长。

31　我们只是城市的过客，不会顾及留在那里的声誉，但要待上一段时间就会在意。这一段时间是多长呢？它同我们虚荣琐碎的生活成正比。

33　最令我惊异的是，世人不惊异于自己的无能。我们行为严肃，人人遵循内心的意愿，但不是因为这样做真正有益，符合风气，而好像人人都确切地知道什么是理性，什么是品行正直。我们不断地失望，荒唐的谦卑使我们自责，却不将此归咎于我们总是引以为豪的本领。周围有相当一部分人不是怀疑论者，他们表明，人可以发表最极端的见解，既然他确信人不是生来无能而是天生智慧，这对维护怀疑论的声望倒是件好事。

36　谁看不到世界的空虚，谁就是空虚的人。那么，除了喧哗、消遣、憧憬未来的年轻人，还有谁看不到世界的空虚？

但不消遣的话，他们会无聊得要命。他们感到自己无足轻重，却不了解这种状态。这是因为，人一旦被迫反省，没有消遣，马上会沮丧得不堪忍受，这种感觉糟糕透顶。

42　有多少王国对我们一无所知！

43　琐事让人感到宽慰，因为琐事能使人感到烦恼。

44　想象。想象是人的主要天赋，因为人是谬误和谎言高手，如果

不总是这样的话，欺骗性就更强；因为如果想象是判断谎言的绝对可靠标准的话，它也是判断真理的绝对可靠标准。然而，由于它总是虚假的，显示不出品质如何，因此给真理和谎言打上相同的印记。

我不是在谈论傻瓜，而是在谈论聪明绝顶之人，他们的想象富于感染力。理性的反对无济于事，不能决定事物的价值。

这股傲慢的力量阻碍、支配它的敌人理性，乐意到处显示它的势力，证实了人具有第二天性。想象拥有快乐的人和不快乐的人，患病的人和健康的人，也拥有富人和穷人；它使我们相信、怀疑、否定理性；它麻痹感官，又唤醒它们；它款待傻瓜，也款待贤能，它让宾客心满意足，而理性永远望尘莫及，这让我们无比恼火。善于想象的人比小心谨慎、理智地愉悦自己的人对自己更满意。他们神态傲慢，睥睨他人，辩论时胆大自信，而别人却羞怯犹疑；他们神采飞扬，常常能赢得听众的有利裁决，因为具有想象的智慧的人能赢得具有同样素质的法官的好感。想象力不会使傻瓜变得聪明，但能使他们高兴，理性就相反，只能让朋友沮丧：一个令朋友荣耀，另一个使他们蒙羞。

谁来分配声望？谁使我们尊敬他人、工作、法律、伟人？除了想象力，还能有谁？没有它的恩准，世上的财富就微不足道。那位地方法官一大把年纪让大家肃然起敬，你难道能不说他是在纯粹、高度的理性支配下，是在公正但不拘细枝末叶地断案吗？而照顾小节只会得罪弱者的想象力。看看他去听布道时虔诚、热忱的样子，流露出的仁爱之情更显得他判案公正，他正怀着值得效仿的崇敬心情等待布道开始。如果布道者出现时带着一副天生嘶哑的嗓音、一张奇怪的面孔，胡须被理发师刮得马马虎虎，恰好又衣冠不整，那么我敢打赌，不管他宣讲什么真理，我们的元老院议员都无法板着脸。

把世界上最伟大的哲学家放到一块木板上，木板比实际需要的要宽一些；如果脚下是峭壁，虽然理性可能使他相信自己是安全的，但想象

仍会占上风。很多人只需想一下这个情景都会脸色发白，浑身冒汗。

我不想罗列出想象力的所有效果。谁都知道，看到猫或老鼠，听到煤块刺耳的爆裂声，等等，够使理智失常的。说话的腔调能影响最明智的人，能影响一篇演讲或一首诗的效果。

爱或憎改变正义的面目。如果辩护律师事先拿到了优厚的报酬，他会觉得自己辩护的诉讼案更合理。他的举止充满魄力，法官们被这种表面的东西所蒙蔽，觉得他的诉讼更正当。随风倒的理性多么荒唐！我应该列出人的几乎全部行为，除了想象，没有什么能让他激动，因为理性不得不屈服，明智地采纳人类的想象力在每个转折关头草率订立的原则。一味执着于追随理性的人会证明自己是傻瓜。既然理性这样合人心意，我们必须从早到晚工作，以得到想象中的好处，然后，睡眠消除了理性带来的疲劳，一觉醒来，神清气爽，我们要马上跳起身来，去追寻这个世界统治者的幽灵，忍受它制造的印象。这是错误的渊源，但不是唯一的一个。

让这两股力量结盟是对的，虽然在这种和平态势下想象占有很大优势，但在对立状态下它占有更绝对的优势。理性永远不会彻底战胜想象，相反的情况倒是常见。

我们的地方法官们表明他们深谙这一奥秘，他们的红色法袍、他们像毛绒绒的猫咪一样蜷缩在里面的白貂皮、他们端坐判案的法庭、鸢尾花旗帜[1]，所有这些，庄严的场面必不可少。如果医生不穿大褂，不骑骡子，如果满腹经纶的博士不戴方帽，不穿四倍于合适尺寸的肥大袍子，他们永远也不会蒙骗世人，而世人觉得他们这种样子真实可信，无法抗拒。如果他们拥有纯粹的公正，如果医生掌握真正的医术，他们就不必戴方帽；庄严的科学本身就会赢得尊敬。但是，因为只掌握想象的科学，他们只能借助这些无用的装备来激发想象，这才是他们真正关心的东西，实际上，这也正是他们如何赢得尊敬的东西。

唯有士兵不用这种方式掩饰自己，因为他们更具有实质性的作用；他们用武力证实自己，其他人却用外在的样子证明自己。

这就是为什么国王从来不设法掩饰自己。他们不必用非同寻常的衣装打扮自己，以显示身份，不过，他们有侍卫和伤痕累累的老兵保护。这支武装队伍的人员只有双手和力量是属于他们自己的，有鼓号在行进队伍的最前列奏响，还有千军万马在四周围绕，这千军万马够使最坚毅的人发抖。他们身上没有官阶佩饰，只是散发出一股威力。看到土耳其皇帝住在富丽堂皇的宫殿里，有四万禁卫军把守，还觉得他跟其他人一样，这需要多么强健的理智。

只要看到律师戴着帽子，穿着长袍，就尽可以相信其能力。

想象决定一切；它创造美丽、正义、幸福这些世界上最美好的东西。我非常想读那本意大利语的书，但我只看得懂书名，*Dell’opinione regina del mondo*仅这书名就比几本书都有价值。我不了解这本书，但支持书里的观点，不论里面有什么样的邪恶。

这样的情况或多或少都是这种骗人的本领导致的结果，显然别有用心地赋予我们这种本领，让我们必犯错误。我们还有很多犯错误的其他信念。

不仅长期存有的印象误导我们；新奇事物也具有相同的魔力，所以才产生了辩论，人们要么谴责对方追随儿时的假象，要么谴责对方草率地追随新的印象。如果谁发现了中庸之道，那就让他出来证明吧。任何信念，不管有多自然，即使儿时就埋在心底，也可能会被当成教育或感官造成的假象。

他们说：“因为你自幼相信，如果看不到盒子里的东西，里面就是空的。你相信真空可能存在。这只是感官的幻觉，被习惯强化，要由科

学来更正。”其他人则说：“学校里教你没有真空这种东西，你违背了常识；在产生错误印象之前，这一点明白无误，现在，要回到你最初的状态才能更正这种印象。”那么究竟谁骗了你，是感官还是教育？

我们还有一种针对疾病的错误信念，它妨碍我们判断和感觉。如果重病确实危及健康，我毫不怀疑，不那么重的病对健康的危害程度可以相应减小。

自身利益是另一个使我们情愿盲目的绝好工具。世上最公正的人，也不容许他判自己的案子。我知道一种人，为避免偏袒自己的危险，适得其反地倒向极不公正的一边。想让一个原本合理的诉讼案败诉，最保险的办法是将它委托给近亲打理。正义和真理是两个微妙的点，我们粗糙的工具无法精确地量到。就算能碰得着，也会把点弄得模糊，处处量到虚假，而不是真相。

那么，人类对真理没有确切的信念，对虚伪倒是有几个极好的信念。现在让我们来看看有多少。

然而，犯错误最荒唐的信念是感性和理性之间的争斗。

46　虚荣。爱的因与果。克利奥佩特拉[2]。

47　我们从来不活在当下。我们回忆过去；我们预见未来，好像嫌它来得太慢，催它快些；或者回忆过去，好像要留住它飞逝的时光。我们愚蠢得在不属于自己的时光里徜徉，不理会唯一属于我们的一刻。我们枉然地向往逝去的时光，又盲目地逃离唯一存在的一刻。这样，当下往往使我们痛楚。把它丢到视线以外是因为它使我们忧伤；觉得它令人愉悦就会惋惜地看着它消逝。我们设法给予它未来的支持，思量如何安排无法掌控的事情，安排到一个我们从没有把握企及的时间。

让我们每个人审视一下自己的想法；他会发现，他只关心过去和未

来。我们几乎从不考虑当下，真正考虑的时候，也只是看看它对未来的计划有什么帮助。当下从来不是我们的目标。过去和当下是我们的工具，只有未来是我们的目标。因此，我们从没有真正生活过，只是渴望生活，而且，既然我们总是计划如何快乐，就必然不会。

49　在我看来，恺撒[3]用征服世界取悦自己时，年事已高，这种消遣对奥古斯都[4]和亚历山大[5]还可以；他们是年轻人，不那么容易被遏制。恺撒应该表现得更为成熟一些。

53　人类向禽兽屈服，甚至崇拜禽兽，真是无耻之尤。

54　*反复无常*。事物的性质多样，心灵的意向纷呈。这是因为呈送给心灵的都不是简单的事情，心灵也从不简单地凡事劳神。这就是为什么同一件事情，可以让我们发笑，也可以使我们哭泣。55*反复无常*。我们以为摆弄人就像摆弄一架普通的风琴。他确实是架风琴，但离奇、变换、不定。只会弹奏普通风琴的人，永远不会在这架风琴上弹出和谐的曲调。你得知道琴键在哪里。

56　一件事情，可以让我们快活，出了差错时，也可以让我们烦恼，这令人郁闷。成千上万的事情都可能，也确实经常碰到这种情况。事情顺利时愉快，不顺利时也不烦恼，能发现这个奥秘的人就是找到了诀窍。这是一种恒动。

57　太自由不好。

应有尽有不好。

58　专制在于妄图统治一切，无视秩序。

强壮的人、标致的人、聪明的人、虔诚的人，在这些人所处的各个不同领域里，每个人都只是他自己房间的主人，不涉及其他地方。有时

他们相遇，强壮的人和英俊的人便相互争夺优势。这很愚蠢，因为他们拥有不同的优势。他们彼此不了解，又错误地妄图到处统治。不能这样做，即使是力量：它在学术界就行不通，因为它只能统治表面行为。——因此，这些论点是错误的……

专制。专制在于妄图以一种方式获得只能以另一种方式获得的东西。我们为不同的功绩支付不同的代价；我们肯定喜欢魅力，害怕力量，相信知识。

为获得这些功绩必须付出代价，拒绝付出是错误的，要求获得其他功绩也是错误的。因此，下面这些论点是错误、专横的："我漂亮，所以你要怕我。我强壮，所以你要爱我。我……"同样认为："他不强壮，所以我不尊敬他。他不聪明，所以我不怕他。"也是错误、专横的。

65　多样性。神学是一门科学，但同时又是多少门科学？人是一种物质，但如果将其解剖，他又是什么？头颅、心脏、腹部、血管、每一根血管、每一节血管、血、血的汁液？

一个市镇或一道风景，从远处看是一个市镇或一道风景，但待走近就变成了房舍、树木、瓦片、树叶、小草、蚂蚁、蚂蚁的腿等，无穷无尽。所有这些都包含在"风景"这个词里。

68　我短暂的一生会溶入其前后的无边岁月——像对一位只逗留了一日的客人的回忆——我看到自己占有的狭小空间被广袤无垠的空间吞没，而我对这空间一无所知，空间对我也是如此，每当想到这些时，我便会恐惧，且惊诧地看到自己在这里，而不是那里；我没有理由在这里，而不是那里，没有理由是这时，而不是那时。是谁把我放置在这里？是谁的旨意和行动，把此时、此地分配给了我？

69　悲惨。约伯[6]和所罗门[7]。

70　如果我们处于真正幸福的状态，就不必回避考虑它。

71　对立性。骄傲抵消了所有的悲惨境遇；人类要么藏起它们，要么展示它们，并为自己意识到这种悲惨境遇而自豪。

72　人要了解自己，即使这样做无助于发现真理，但至少有助于经营自己的日子，这样做很妥帖。

73　反复无常的原因是，人认识到眼前的快乐是虚假的，同时还有一个原因是，他认识不到不存在的快乐是虚幻的。

77　骄傲。好奇心只不过是虚荣心。我们通常只是为了有谈资才想了解点什么；换句话说，如果不是想谈论海的话，就不会作海上旅行，这只不过是因为热衷于向别人描述而去见识点什么。

78　对人的描述。依赖、独立的欲望、需求。

79　放弃痴迷上的东西很累人。一个人家庭生活美满，但只要碰到一个赏心悦目的女人，或是去赌博，快活五六天，再回到先前的日子时，他会满心遗憾。这样的事情每天都有。

80　尊敬意味着：让自己退场。这可能看起来毫无意义，但很有道理，因为这等于说：如果你需要，我当然应该让自己退场，因为你不退出的时候，我才这样做；另外，尊敬是用来彰显伟人的。如果尊敬意味着坐在扶手椅上，那是向所有人表示尊敬，也就无法显示区别。我们让自己退场后，就凸显出区别来了。

81　唯一能被普遍接受的法则，在日常事务中是一国之法，在其他事务中是大多数人的意愿。为什么会这样？因为其中蕴含着权力问题。

这就是为什么君王由于另有权力来源，不听从多数大臣的意见。

毫无疑问，平均占有财富是公平的，但是，人无法让权势服从权利，就只好让权利服从权势。因为不能强化公平，就只好让势力公平化。这样，权利和权势共处，天下太平，这是至善。

82　智慧将我们带回童年，除非你变回幼童。

83　世界是个事物的好裁判，因为它处于一种天然的蒙昧状态，人类确实处于这种状态。知识有两极，两极可以相遇。一极是每个人出生时那种纯粹、天然的蒙昧状态；另一极是才智之士领略了人类整个知识范畴后达到的境界，但达到后却发现自己一无所知，回到了出发时的蒙昧状态，然而这是一种明智的蒙昧，一种自知之明。有的人停在半路，他们脱离了天生的蒙昧，但并没有达到另一极；他们对一些必须掌握的知识略知一二，却装作什么都懂。他们让世界烦恼，把一切都弄错。

平庸的人和比他们聪明的人构成世界的趋势；前者鄙视世界，也被世界鄙视。他们的判断有失公允，而世界对他们的判断却公正无误。

84　笛卡尔。总之我们一定会说："那是数字和运动的结果。"因为事实就是这样，但说出它们究竟是什么，并把机器装配起来，就显得可笑了，这样做没有意义，靠不住，也很辛苦。即使真的是这样，整个哲学也不值得我们付出哪怕一小时的努力。

86　论真正的公允。我们不再拥有，如果有，也不应该像一个人应该遵守一国习俗那样，把它当作公正原则来接受。

这就是为什么找不到权利的时候，我们会找到权势。

87　大法官神情庄重，身着精致长袍，因为他的职位是虚幻的；国王就用不着这样，他享有权力，用不着想象。法官、医生，等等，除了享有想象力，其他一无所有。

88　是能力的结果，而不是习惯，因为富有独创性的人很少。大多数人只会亦步亦趋，并拒绝认可那些希望自己的独创性得到认可的人。如果这些人坚持要别人认可，又看不起没有独创性的人，别人就会给他们安上可笑的骂名嘲弄他们，甚至施以拳脚。因此，不要傲气夺人，偷偷地沾沾自喜吧。

94　人民的忠告。最大的祸害是内讧。

如果要奖励优点的话，必然会带来祸害，因为人人都会申明自己值得奖励。如果傻瓜生来就有继承权，带来的祸害就没有那么可怕，也未必要怕。

95　人民的忠告。优雅不仅仅是虚荣，因为它能表明很多人在为你效劳。你的头发表明你有仆人，有香水制作者，等等，领饰、配线、镶边，等等，表明……很多人服侍一个人，并不仅仅意味着肤浅的炫耀或穿着。

雇佣的人手越多，就越有权力。优雅是展示权力的手段。

98　为什么跛脚的人不会惹怒我们，而蹩脚的头脑却会？因为跛脚的人承认我们是昂首挺胸走路，而蹩脚的头脑却说瘸着走路的是我们。不过，我们应该为此感到遗憾，而不是生气。

埃皮克提图[8]问得更深刻：为什么有人说我们头痛时，我们不生气，可当有人说我们的论点或选择有问题时，我们却会生气？

99　原因是我们确信自己不头痛，不跛脚，但不敢确定是否作出了正确的选择。由于我们只对自己掌握的证据有把握，当别人掌握的证据得出相反结论的时候，我们便犹豫不决，措手不及。当有一千人嘲笑我们的选择时，情况就更是如此，因为我们应该更看重自己的判断，而不是众人的，但这样做需要胆识，所以很难。对于跛脚的人从来没有观点

上的冲突。

人就是这样：如果反复跟他说他是个傻瓜，他就相信。这样说多了，他就会说服自己相信。这是因为，人独处时在内心跟自己对话，所以有必要恰当地控制这种对话。有害的交流败坏风度。我们必须尽可能远离沉默，只在内心谈论上帝。因为我们知道上帝是真实的，所以能说服自己相信这一点。

103　权利、权势。追随权利正确无疑，追随权势确有必要。

没有权势的权利无助，没有权利的权势专横。

没有权势的权利要经受挑战，因为恶人总是无处不在。没有权利的权势要遭受指责。因此，我们必须将权利和权势结合在一起，为着这个目的，我们将权利铸进权势，或将权势铸进权利。

权利易受争论，权势易被认可，所以没有争论的余地。因此，权利不可能变成权势，因为权势会挑战权利，宣称权利不公正而自己是公正的。

由此而来，无法将权利铸进权势，我们就把权势铸进了权利。

104　生为贵族享有多么优越的地位，它赋予一个十八岁的人身份、认可和尊敬，而别人五十岁之前都可能无法赢得。这意味着他毫不费力地赢得三十年的领先优势。

105　如果在狩猎时，动物理智地作出了凭本能才能做的事，理智地说出了凭本能才能说的话，或者警告同伴错过或发现了猎物，它当然接着就会谈起对它影响更大的话题，比如它会说：“咬段这根绳子，它弄疼我了，我够不着。”

106　伟大。因果关系表明，人因为自己的贪欲创造出这么杰出的秩序，有多么伟大。

107　鹦鹉擦拭嘴巴，即使已经很干净。

108　我们身体的哪个部位能体会到快乐？是手、胳膊、肌肉，还是血液？显然是一种非物质的东西。

109　反对怀疑论。很奇怪，我们不把问题弄得模糊不清，便无法下定义；我们总是没完没了地纠缠在这些问题上。我们假设，每个人都以相同的方式推测这些问题，但这是无端的假设，因为不能得到证明。我确实看到大家在一些相同的场合使用某些词句；每当两个人看到一个物体移动位置时，都会用相同的词句表达看到的现象，每个人都会说，那个物体移动了。这种用词的一致性导致人们断言说，思想也具有一致性，但这种断言根本没有说服力，虽然奇怪的是，情况确实如此，因为我们知道，不同的假设经常得出相同的结论。

至少这足以把问题弄得模糊不清，虽然没有完全遮挡住自然之光，而在这些问题上自然之光倒能提供确定性。柏拉图主义者会为此打赌，但这会使光线更暗，惹怒教条主义者，把荣耀归于怀疑论者的小集团，它代表含混不清的模糊和费解的晦涩，我们的疑虑无法遮挡住其中的所有光亮，就像自然之光不能驱散所有黑暗。

110　我们不仅仅凭借理性掌握真理，也凭借心灵。正是凭借后者，我们才掌握了第一原理；理性与此无关，只是枉然地驳斥这些原理。除了这一点，怀疑论者没有其他攻击的目标，只是漫无目标地白费力气。我们知道自己不是在做梦，但可能无法理智地证明这一点；我们的无能除了证明理性的无能，别的什么也证明不了，也证明不了我们所掌握的全部知识的不确定性，而且这种不确定性会一直存在下去。关于第一原理的知识，如空间、时间、物体的运动、数量，正如其他凭借理

性获得的知识一样可靠，正是基于这些凭借心灵和本能获得的知识，理性才得以使用和建立论据。心灵感到，存在三维空间，存在一个无穷数列；理性接着证明，没有两个平方数，其中的一个是另一个的两倍。原理感觉到了，命题证明了，双方都得到了肯定，虽然是通过不同手段。如果理性在同意接受来自于心灵的第一原理以前，要求先证明它们，这既毫无意义，又荒谬可笑。如同心灵在同意接受所有命题以前，要求获得经过理性证明的关于命题的直觉知识，一样荒谬可笑。

我们的无能因此只效力于谦卑的理由，可它却想做万物的判官，但又不能驳倒我们的确凿事实。好像只有通过理性才能学习知识！对于上帝，则恰恰相反，我们从来不需要理性，我们凭直觉和感觉了解一切！但是大自然拒绝赋予我们这样的福祉，它赐予我们的这类知识微不足道；其他一切知识都要凭理性去获取。

这就是为什么有些人很幸运，因为上帝感动了他们的心，赋予其宗教信仰，使他们感到完全有理由信从上帝。而对那些没有信仰的人，我们只能通过推理让其获得信仰，直到上帝感化了他们，赋予其信仰；不为上帝感化而获得的信仰只是世俗的，对救赎毫无用处。

111　我诚然可以想象一个人没有手，没有脚，或没有头，因为只有经验告诉我们，头比脚更重要。但我无法想象一个人没有思想，那他将是一块石头或一个动物。

112　本能和理性，两种天性的标志。

113　*思想的芦苇*。我无须从空间寻求人的尊严，而是寻求我思想的秩序。拥有土地对我毫无益处。凭借空间，宇宙会像对一个微粒那样掌握我，吞噬我；凭借思想，我却可以掌握宇宙。

114　人的伟大在于他知道自己可悲：一棵树不知道自己可悲。

因此，知道自己可悲，这本身就可悲，但知道自己可悲，是伟大的。

115　灵魂的非物质性。当哲学家压抑了自己的激情时，是什么物质取得了这个效果？

116　所有这些悲惨的例子证明了他的伟大。这是一个圣明的主的悲惨，一个被废黜的王的悲惨。

117　人的伟大。人的伟大是如此之明显，甚至可以从他的悲惨推断出来，因为在动物身上是天性的东西，在人身上便称作悲惨，承认这一点的话，如果如今人的天性同动物的一样，他一定已经从曾经所处的更高境界堕落了。

除了被废黜的君主，谁真的会为自己不在王位而闷闷不乐？有谁认为保罗·哀米利乌斯[9]为自己不是执政官而不快吗？相反，人人认为他很高兴自己曾经担任这一职务，因为这个职务不是永久的。人们认为珀修斯[10]被废黜时很不高兴，因为王位是永久的，对他能够忍受不在王位的生活感到惊讶。谁会为只有一张嘴而不高兴？谁不会为只有一只眼睛而不高兴？也许从来没有人为自己没有三只眼睛而苦恼，但一只眼睛也没有的人就无以慰藉了。

118　人的伟大，甚至在于他的贪欲。他以此建立了如此杰出的体系，从而树立起真正仁爱的形象。

119　对立性。（在展示了人是如何邪恶、如何伟大以后。）现在，让人来判断自己的价值，让他自爱，因为他天生具有行善的能力；但这不是他爱自身的卑劣的理由。让他鄙视自己，因为他仍然缺乏这种能力；但这不是他鄙视这种本能的理由。让他恨自己，让他爱自己；他本身具有掌握真理，保持幸福的能力，但他并不拥有恒久不变，或令人

满意的真理。

因此，我应当激起人寻求真理的欲望，明白自己的知识如何被情绪蒙上了阴影，从而随时准备抛弃情绪，追随真理，无论在何处找到它。我想让他讨厌自身的贪欲，因为贪欲会替他做主，这样，他抉择时就不会被贪欲蒙蔽，而一旦作出抉择，也不会被贪欲妨碍。

120　我们如此狂妄，我们要全世界知道自己，甚至是那些在我们身后才来到世上的人。周围几个人的溢美之词就能让我们心满意足，这就是我们的虚荣心。

121　太明确地向人解释他如何等同于动物而不指出他的伟大之处，这是危险的；过多地说他的伟大之处，而不指出他的卑劣，这也是危险的。两种情况都不让他了解，就更危险；而两种情况都向他表明，则最为重要。

不能让人相信，他要么等同于动物，要么等同于天使；也不能让他认为，自己既不等同于动物，也不等同于天使；但他必须知道，自己既等同于动物，又等同于天使。

122　伟大和可悲。由于可悲和伟大可以互为推断出来，有些人更倾向于得出这样的结论，即人是可悲的，因为他用自己的伟大证明了这一点。而另一些人则用可悲的证据得出更中肯的结论，即人是伟大的。一方称作伟大性的证明，在另一方只不过是推断可悲的论据，因为堕落得越深，就越是可悲；反之亦然。在无休无止的循环中，一个紧跟另一个，因为可以肯定的是，人的洞见越来越深刻，所以他发现自身同时存在着可悲和伟大之处。总之，人知道自己可悲，因而，他是可悲的，因为事实如此。而正因为他知道这一点，他是真正伟大的。

123　对立性。蔑视我们的存在，无谓的死亡，憎恨我们的存在。

124　对立性。人天生轻信、怀疑、羞怯、大胆。

125　天然的信念，除了说它是习惯性的信念，还能意味着什么？对于儿童，是从父辈那里继承下来的习惯性信念，如同笼中捕兽。

习惯的改变，会产生不同的天然信念，这可由经验证明。如果存在一些习惯所不能根除的信念，就会存在其他既是习惯性的，又是非天然的信念，天性或新习惯都无法将其根除。这一切都取决于一个人的性情。

126　父辈唯恐子女天然的爱心会泯灭。那么，这种可泯灭的天性是什么？

习惯是第二天性，可以摧毁第一天性。但什么是天性？为什么习惯不是天生的？恐怕天性本身不过是第一习惯，就像习惯是第二天性一样。

127　人的天性，可以用两种方式考虑：要么以他的结局来考虑，那他就是伟大的，不可媲美的；要么以大众的品评来考虑，因为马和狗的天性是大众根据其奔跑和驱赶陌生人的能力来评判的，这样的话，人是下贱又邪恶的。这两种方式导致了不同的看法，引起了哲学家之间的争论，因为个人都否认别人的假说。

有人说：“人不是为这种结局而生的，因为他的所作所为辜负了这种结局。”其他人说：“人的行为如此卑鄙，他离这种结局相去甚远。”

128　有两样东西教导人什么是他的全部天性：本能和经验。

129　行业。思想。一切为一个整体，又变化万千。

人的天性中又有多少种天性！有多少种职业！多么偶然，多么平

淡，大家听到赞许便选择了职业。善于转向的脚跟。

130　如果他颂扬自己，我便鄙视他。

如果他鄙视自己，我便颂扬他。

我不断地否定他，直到他明白自己是一个怪物，不可理喻。

131　怀疑论者最有力的论点，暂且不提次要的论点，就是，除了能肯定这些信念是通过某种天生的直觉获得的，我们无法肯定这些信念真实可靠（信仰和神启除外）。现在这种天生的直觉没有提供令人信服的证据，证明这些信念真实可靠。除了信仰，还不能确定人是由一个仁慈的上帝创造的，还是由一个恶魔创造的，或者只是出于偶然。这样的话，根据我们的由来，这些固有的信念究竟是正确的，还是错误的，还是含糊不定，总是一个疑问。

此外，除信仰以外，没有人可以肯定他是睡着还是醒着，因为我们入眠时，我们也同样坚信我们像现在一样醒着。正如我们经常梦到我们在做梦，一个梦里又套着另一个梦，有没有可能我们的前半生不过是一场梦，其他的梦移植在里面，当我们死后，才能从中醒来呢？有没有可能在这场持续的梦境里，我们对真理和美德准则的掌握，会像在平常的睡眠里掌握得那么少呢？所有这些时间和生命的流逝、所有这些我们能感觉得到的各式各样的身体、令我们激动的种种想法，都可能只不过是幻觉，如同时间的流逝，和梦境里虚无的魅影。我们认为，我们看见了空间、形状、物体的运动，我们感觉到时间在流逝，我们计量它的流逝，事实上，我们的行为像醒着的时候一样。结果，因为前半生在睡眠中度过，我们自己承认，除了表面现象，我们对真理茫然不知，因为所有的直觉都是那段时间里的幻觉。有谁知道我们的后半生不过又是一觉，虽然自己认为是醒着，同第一觉稍有区别，睡着以后，一个个梦移植上去，然后从中醒来，虽然自己以为还睡着？又有谁会怀疑，如果我

们和别人一起做梦，大家的梦又碰巧相同，这倒是常事，如果醒来时孤单一人，我们会觉得事情颠三倒四？

这些就是各方的要点，暂且不提那些次要的论点，比如那些怀疑论者用来反对习惯、教育和当地习俗等的影响的论点，怀疑论呼一小口气就能将其推翻，虽然这种影响说服了大多数普通人，但这些人的信条是建立在这种虚假的基础之上的。你只需看看怀疑论者的书；如果你没有被彻底说服，很快就会了，也许会被过分说。

我暂且停在教条主义者唯一的可取之处，即，平心而论，我们不能怀疑天然的信念。

怀疑论者对此的简短答复是，我们由来的不确定性，必然导致我们天性的不确定性。教条主义者自从世界的开端就一直在试图回应这一说法。

（若有人想获得更多的有关怀疑论者的情况，应该去读读他们的书；他很快就会被说服，也许会被过分说服。）

这意味着人们之间的公开战争，其中每个人都必须采取立场，要么站在教条主义一边，要么站在怀疑论者一边，因为谁想象他能保持中立的话，就是一个出类拔萃的怀疑论者。这种中立性就是他们那个小集团的本质。只要不反对他们，就是他们的坚定支持者，这正是他们的优势所在。他们甚至不顾自己的利益，中立，冷漠，不再评判任何事情，包括他们自己。

那么，在这种事态下人应该何去何从？去怀疑一切，怀疑他是否醒着，是否被挤压或被焚烧？怀疑他是否在怀疑，怀疑他是否存在？

没有人会这么过分，而且我坚持认为，从来没有十足真诚的怀疑论者。是天性支撑着无可奈何的理性，防止它太失控，误入歧途。

另外，他会说他确实拥有真理，可稍有压力就不能证明自己的说法，而被迫放弃吗？

那么，人是个什么样的怪物啊！多么奇异、多么可恶、多么混乱、多么自相矛盾、多么惊心动魄！万物的判官、软弱的小人、真理的宝库、怀疑和谬误的巢穴、宇宙的荣耀和糟粕！

谁来解除这个困惑？这当然是教条主义和怀疑论望尘莫及的，是所有人类哲学望尘莫及的。人类超越了人类的理性范围。那么就让我们向怀疑论者所一贯倡导的让步，他们认为真理超出了我们力所能及的范围，是无法企及的目标，真理不是尘世的居民，它以天堂为家，躺在上帝的膝上，只有当它取悦上帝时，上帝才揭示它，让我们了解它。让我们从尚未创造出的真理和真理的化身来了解自己的真实天性吧。

如果凭借理性寻求真理，我们就无法回避这三个学派中的任何一个。没有沉闷的天性，你就不能做一个怀疑论者，或柏拉图主义者；不背叛理性，你就不能做一个教者。

天性使柏拉图主义者和怀疑论者困惑，理性使教条主义者困惑。那么，凭借天然的理性探寻自己的真实情况的你，作为人，会怎么样？你不能回避这三个学派中的一个，也不可能在三者中任何一个里面生存。

那么就知道了，骄傲的人，你自身是一个什么样的悖论。谦卑吧，无能的理性！沉默吧，软弱的天性！要明白人无限地超越人类的理性范围，要倾听你的主人讲述你的真实情况，你对此一无所知。

倾听上帝的声音吧。

人的境况具有双重性，这难道不像白昼一样清晰明了吗？问题是，如果人从未堕落过，他会清白无辜、心安理得地享有真理和幸福，而且，如果人除了堕落没有做过别的，他就不懂得什么是真理，什么是幸

福。因为我们这么不幸福（而且如果我们的境况中没有伟大的因素的话，我们应该没有这么不幸福），我们便懂得什么是幸福，但没法得到它。我们觉察得到真理的形象，但除了谎言我们一无所有，对真理我们不是绝对无知，也不是绝对了解；因此，很显然，我们曾经拥有一定程度的完美，又不幸地从中堕落。

那么，让我们设想，人的境况具有双重性。让我们设想，人类无限地超越人类的理性范围，而没有信仰相助，他仍将认为自己是不可揣测的，因为谁也看不到，除非我们认识到人类的双重性，不然我们将仍旧对自己的真相一无所知，无可奈何？

然而，令人惊骇的是，没有远离我们知识领域的奥秘，没有罪恶转嫁说，我们对自己就一无所知。

毫无疑问，能让我们的理性震惊的莫过于说，始祖的罪行牵连了后人，而他们离原罪那么遥远，似乎不可能是同犯。这个罪恶的渊源在我们看来不仅是不可能的，诚然也是最不公正的。因为在一个小孩子存在之前六千年犯下的罪行中，他的角色微不足道，也根本无法行使自己的意愿，却把他罚入永久的地狱，还有什么比这更有悖于我们可怜的正义规则？没有什么比这更粗野地震惊我们，然而，恰恰因为这个谜，这个最令人费解的谜，我们仍然令自己费解。我们的境况纠缠成一个结，给抛进那个深渊，结果，在不存在这个谜的情况下揣摩人，比人自己揣摩这个谜更难。

这表明，上帝希望我们无法理解因存在而面临的重重困难，所以才把那个结藏得那么高，或者更准确地说，藏得那么低，使我们无法够得到。因此，我们真正了解自己，不是凭借理性骄傲的活动，而是凭借它简单的顺从。

这些基本事实牢固地树立在神圣不可侵犯的宗教权威之上，告诫我

们，确实存在着两个同样永恒不变的真理。一个是人被创造出来，或者说，他沐浴着神的恩典，高高地屹立于整个自然之上，生而仰望上帝，共享他的神性；另一个是人从第一状态堕落，陷于罪恶之中，变成了野兽。这两个命题同样确定无疑。

《圣经》在一些地方公开宣布了这一点：喜悦归于人子——我要将我的灵浇灌凡有血气的——你们是神；而在另一些地方却说：凡有血气的尽都如草——人如死亡的畜类一样——我心里说，这乃为世人的缘故。

这清楚地表明，人从神恩而造，对上帝心向往之，分享他的神性，没有神恩，他将被视为田野之诸兽。

136　消遣。有时，当我开始思考人从事的各种活动，在宫廷里或争战中面临的危险和麻烦，由此引起的诸多争吵和狂怒，狂妄而常为邪恶的野心等。我就常说，人不快乐的唯一原因是他不知道如何安静地待在屋里。一个人如果一生富足，就不会离家去航海；如果懂得享受居家生活，就不会去围攻什么堡垒；如果能消受得了城里的生活，终其一生，人们都不会付出那么大的代价去买军职，而只会寻机赌博消遣，找人做伴，因为不喜欢待在家里。

但寻找引起所有不快乐的具体原因后，仔细想想，既然我了解大概的原因，我发现了一个非常切实的理由，人对自己软弱的凡人境况存有天然的不满，这境况太悲惨，认真地思索一下，便觉得无以慰藉。

想象你喜欢的任何情形，总括你可能得到的所有祝福，称王仍然是世上最美妙的事情；但是，如果你想象，一个人拥有这个地位带来的一切好处，却没办法消遣，只能苦思冥想自己生为何人，这种虚伪的福气让他过不下去；他必将开始考虑面临的所有威胁、犯上作乱的可能，最后要考虑不可避免的死亡和疾病，结果是，如果被剥夺了所谓的消遣，

他就不快乐，实在是比他最卑微的臣民还不快乐，而他们是可以享受运动和消遣的。

因此，唯一对人有好处的，是不去思索自己生为何人，方式可以是要么谋一份差事，权且忘掉这个问题；要么用新奇、惬意的嗜好让自己忙碌起来，比如赌博、狩猎、观看饶有趣味的表演，简而言之，是用消遣的方式。

这就是为什么人如此热衷于赌博和女性朋友圈子、战争和要职。这并不是说它们真正给人带来了幸福，也没有任何人指望真正的幸福在于拥有赌博赢来的钱，或猎获的野兔：谁也不会将其当作礼物。人们想要的，不是会使人想起自己不幸境况的惬意平静的生活，不是战争的危险，也不是工作的负担，而是鼓动自己停止思考，娱乐自己。这就是为什么我们喜欢狩猎胜过捕获。

这就是为什么人如此喜欢热闹；这就是为什么监禁的惩罚如此可怕；这就是为什么独处的快乐如此不可理喻。事实上，这就是为国王最大的快乐，因为人们总是试图让他消遣，让他尽情欢乐。围绕在国王身边的人唯一想做的就是让他消遣，不让他想到自己，因为尽管身为国王，一想到自己便会闷闷不乐。

这就是人为获得幸福而作的全部谋划；从哲学的观点考虑这种谋划的人坚持认为，人整天追逐野兔，但它却又不是自己想买的东西，实在是不理智。持有这种看法的人对我们的天性了解太少。野兔本身不会让我们免于思考死亡和苦难这些令人苦恼的话题，但狩猎本身却有这样的作用。因此，当有人建议皮拉斯[11]休息时，他也一直在努力争取休息，却很难做到。[12]

让一个人去休息，如同让他愉快地生活。这意味着建议他享受一种充分快乐的状态，在其中悠闲地思考，有苦恼。这意味着不了解人的天

性。

因此，人们回避休息胜过回避其他事情，因为他们生来明白自己是怎么回事；为找麻烦，他什么都可做。

那么，责怪他们就不对了；他们寻求刺激没有错——如果只是为消遣。麻烦的是，他们寻求刺激，好像一旦寻求的东西到手，就不会不由衷地快乐。这就是为什么有理由说他们的寻求是枉然的。所有这一切表明，无论是批评者还是被批评者，他们都不了解人的真正天性。

人们因急切追求永远无法满足自己的东西而受到责备时，如果认真地考虑一下，最恰当的回答应该是，他们只不过是在寻求一份激烈的、充满活力的工作，以占据自己的头脑，这就是为什么他们选择的目标足以诱惑自己，能怂恿自己热切地追求。他们的对手找不到答案，（名利，炫耀的乐趣。舞蹈，考虑好往哪里放脚。）

而他们也不那样回答，因为他们不了解自己。他们不知道，自己最需要的是狩猎，而不是捕获的猎物。贵族诚然知道，狩猎是一项伟大的运动，是王者的运动，但他的猎人没有这种感受。他们设想，如果能获得某项任命，过后就可以享受休息了，他们没有意识到天性的疯狂和贪婪。当他们真正需要的不过是活动的时候，却以为自己真心希望休息。

他们有一种秘密本能，驱使他们寻找外部的消遣和工作，这是挥之不去的苦难感带来的结果。他们还有一种秘密本能，源自天性中的伟大，他们会告诉自己，唯一真正的幸福在于休息而不是神经兴奋。这两个对立的本能搞乱藏在灵魂深处的计划，使得他们用活动的方式寻求休息，而又使得他们总是设想，一旦克服了某些明显的困难，能打开房门欢迎休息时，错失的满足感自然会到。

我们的日子都是这样度过的：我们挣扎着克服某些障碍以寻求休

息，一旦克服了，休息却显得无法忍受，因为它招致无聊。我们必须摆脱它，去渴望兴奋。

我们不考虑当下，也不考虑可能来临的苦难，而且即使我们在各方面都感到很安全，无聊也不会不从我们内心深处浮出——那是它自然扎根的地方，然后毒害我们的整个大脑。

人真是不高兴，即使没有理由也会感到百无聊赖，这是他天然的性情所致；他也真是不可救药，即使有一千零一个基本的理由让他无聊，哪怕最微不足道的事情，比如用台球杆推动一只球，也足以让他消愁解闷。

你会说："但是，他做这些的目的究竟是什么？"正因为这样做了，他明天才能向朋友们夸耀，说自己比别人打得好。同样，其他人在书房里埋头苦干，这样就可以向学者证明，他们解决了一些迄今无法解决的代数问题。许多人在我看来也一样愚蠢，他们甘冒最大的风险，这样过后就可以自诩，攻下了某个要塞。还有一些人疲于奔命，观察上面这些现象，不是为变得更明智，只是为表明他们认识那些人。这些人是地段上最大的傻瓜，因为他们明白自己在做什么，但是人人都看得出来，如果他们也明白的话，别人就不会再愚蠢下去了。

假设一个人每天赌一点小钱日子就不会乏味。如果每天早上给他一笔钱，这笔钱的数目是他当天会赢到的，但前提是他不去赌博，那你会令他闷闷不乐。或许可以这样辩解，他想要的是赌博的乐趣，而不是赢到的钱。那么就让他玩，但不赢什么，可是这样就激不起他的兴趣，会让他感到无聊，因此他想要的不仅是娱乐。让人三心二意、不能兴奋起来的娱乐会使人变得无聊。他需要刺激，他必须哄骗自己去想象：放弃赌博得到的礼物自己并不想要，而赌博赢到了才会开心。他必须为自己的爱好设定某个目标，然后为这个既定目标激起欲望、愤怒、恐惧，像小孩子涂抹出一副面孔，却吓着自己。

这就是为什么，一个人数月前失去了独子，今早又因为诉讼案和与人争吵而烦躁郁闷，可这会儿他的思绪全然不在丧子之痛。不要惊讶；他的注意力都集中在野猪将向哪个方向逃跑，他的狗已经猛烈地追逐了六个小时。这就是他所需要的。虽然一个人可能悲伤不已，但如果你能说服他做点什么来消遣一下，做的过程中他会很快乐；虽然一个人可能心情舒畅，但如果没有消遣，没有让他沉醉的激情或娱乐去摆脱无聊，他很快就会闷闷不乐。没有消遣就没有快乐；有了消遣就没有悲伤。这就是构成达官显贵快乐的东西，因为有一大批人为其提供消遣，而且他们有能力保持这种状态。

请不要误会。做总监、大法官、首席法官，其中很多人每天早上从各地赶来，不留出一个小时考虑自己，这除了说明他们享有地位，还意味着什么？而一旦失宠，被贬到乡下的房子里，没有财富享用，也没有仆人伺候，无法满足其需要，这时他们必然凄惨、沮丧，因为没有人阻止他们想到自己的惨境。

139　消遣。人自幼便有责任照应自己的荣誉、自己的财产、自己的朋友，甚至朋友的财产和荣誉，他们担负着履行职责、参加语言培训和运动的重任，并要自己懂得，如果他们或他们朋友的身体、荣誉、财产不是一切正常的话，自己就决不会快乐。他们还要懂得，只要有一件事出了差错，自己就会不快乐。因此，他们背负着责任和义务，从每天的第一刻起就开始烦恼。你会说，这个让人快乐的办法实在是奇怪；能想出更高明的办法让人不快乐吗？不然人又能做什么？你只需消除他所有的牵挂，这样他们就会看到自己，想想自己是谁、从何处来、往何处去。这就是为什么人不能太忙碌、太苦恼，这就是为什么当他们有空闲从纷繁的事物中解脱出来的时候，会有人建议他们花些时间去消遣和参加体育活动，总是让自己忙碌着。

人心是多么虚伪而险恶！

148　没有信仰的人不懂得至善，也不懂得公正。

所有人都谋求幸福，概莫能外。虽然使用的手段不同，他们都朝着这一目标努力。之所以一些人去征战，一些人却没有，其实是出于相同的愿望，只不过是用两种不同的方式表达。不是为了这个目标，愿望一小步都不肯挪动。这就是每个人采取每项行动的动机，包括那些绞死自己的人。

然而，多年以来，没有一个没有信仰的人能达到那个目标，那个人人都在不断瞄准的目标。所有人都怨声载道：王子、臣民、贵族、平民、老人、青年，精壮的、虚弱的、有学问的、无知的、健康的、生病的，在每一个国度、在每一时刻、在所有年龄段、在所有情形下。

一项持续已久、从没有停顿或变化的试验应该能说服我们相信，我们无法凭自己的努力达到至善。不过能说服我们的实例很少。没有两个例子相像得连微妙的区别都不存在，而正是这一点让我们猜想，我们的期望这次不会落空，不像上次。因此，现实从没有满足我们，经验却欺骗了我们，引导我们从一个不幸走向另一个不幸，直到死亡来临，那是终极的、永恒的高潮。

这种渴望，这种无助，除了宣布人曾经拥有真正的幸福，而现在只剩下其空空的脚印和踪迹，还有什么可宣布的？他徒劳地试图用周围的一切填补空虚，从不存在的东西里寻求从存在的东西里寻求不到的补救办法，虽然一切都爱莫能助，因为这无底的深渊只能用一个无限、永恒不变的东西填补；换句话说，就是用上帝本人。

只有上帝是人的至善，而奇怪的事实是，自从人抛弃了他，还没有发现大自然中有什么东西接替了他的位置：星辰、天空、地球、化学元素、植物、白菜、韭菜、动物、昆虫、牛、蛇、发热、瘟疫、战争、饥荒、堕落、通奸、乱伦。自从失去了他的至善，人能够从任何东西里，

甚至从他的自我毁灭里，发现他的至善，虽然这同时有悖于上帝、理性和天性。

有的人从权威中求善，有的求之于脑力研究和知识，有的求之于欢愉。

还有一些人，确实更接近至善，他们发现，人人所期盼的这个众所周知的善不可能存在于任何一个特定的物体中，因为这个物体只能由一个人独占，一旦共享，拥有者对缺失部分的哀伤，大于他对独占部分的满足。他们意识到，至善应该是这样的：它可以同时被大家拥有，不会因此而缩小，也没人嫉妒，没有人因失去它而违反自己的意愿。他们的理由是，人有这种愿望是自然的，因为所有的人必然能感觉到至善，人不能没有它，他们因此得出结论……

151　依赖伙伴的陪伴是荒唐的，跟我们自己一样可悲，无可救药；他们不会帮助我们，我们将孤独地死去。

那么，我们必须孑身一人那样去行动。如果是这样，我们会去建造精巧的房子等吗？我们应该毫不迟疑地去寻求真理。不过如果我们拒绝的话，就表明我们对人的声望的尊敬，胜过对追求真理的尊敬。

152　生命仅处于半路，在我们和天堂或地狱之间，是世界上最脆弱的东西。

153　除了十年的自爱（因为下的赌注为十年），你究竟许诺我什么了，那么努力地讨好都没用，更不要说那些痛苦了？

155　心灵

本能

信念。

156　怜悯那些正在寻觅的无神论者，是因为他们不够快乐吗？痛骂那些以此夸耀的人。

157　无神论显示精神力量，但只限于某种程度。

158　选择的时候，你必须甘愿麻烦而寻求真理，因为没有尊奉真正的原则就死去，你将迷失自己。你说：“但是，如果他要我尊奉他，他会给我留下一些迹象昭示他的旨意。”他是这样做的，你却没有理会。那么就去寻找吧；非常值得。

159　如果我们应该放弃自己一周的生命，就应该放弃一年。

160　世界上只有三种人：发现了上帝，并侍奉他的人；忙于寻觅他，但还没有寻觅到的人；活着，但既不寻觅也没有寻觅到的人。第一类人合乎情理而幸福，最后一类人愚蠢而不幸福，中间一类人不幸福但合乎情理。

161　无神论者应该谈论十分明确的事情。现在还不十分明确说灵魂是物质的。

162　以怜悯不信者开始；他们的状况足以使自己不幸福。

他们不应该遭到辱骂，除非对他们有好处，但实际上有害。

163　囚禁在牢里的人不知道对他的判决是否已宣布，只有一个小时的时间弄清楚，而一旦知道已经判决了，一个小时也足以把它推翻。如果他不利用那一小时弄清楚是否判决已宣布，却去打牌，那就太不正常了。

因此，如果人，……，就违背了所有天性。这拖累了上帝之手。

因此，这是那些寻求证明上帝存在的人的热情，也是不寻求他的人的愚昧。

164　*开始。牢狱。*我同意不必深究哥白尼的意见。而是这样：

了解灵魂可朽还是不朽，这影响我们一生。

165　剧的最后一幕很血腥，不过其余部分还不错。他们把泥土撒到你头上，这样就永远结束了。

166　我们把东西挡在面前，以防自己看到深渊，然后又懵头懵脑地跳进去。

193　*偏见导致谬误。*可悲的是看到大家争论手段，却从不争论结局。人人都考虑如何在事业上出人头地，但到了选择职业或国家的时候，却是命运为我们做主。

真是可怜，看到这么多的土耳其人、异教徒、不信从者追随着父辈的脚印，只是因为他们在成长过程中就相信这是最好的道路。这就是为什么我们每个人选择了锁匠、军人等作为自己的职业。

这就是为什么野蛮人不在乎普罗旺斯。

194　为什么要把我的知识、身高、寿命的限度设在一百年，而不是一千年？自然为什么把一切造就成这样，因为没有一个中数比另一个更引人注目，可是在没有更多的理由去选择一个中数而不选择另一个的时候，却从所有的无穷数里选择了这个，而不是那个？

195　*每样一点点。*因为我们不可能成为全才，知道应该知道的每样事情的全部，所以必须每样事情知道一点，因为每一样事情都知道一些，远远胜过知道一些事情的每一样。这种通才是最好的。两方面都做

得到，那就更好，但是，如果要选择的话，就这样选择。世人都知道这一点，也是这样做的，因为世人常常是优秀的裁判。

196　某种癖好使我讨厌声音沙哑的人，或一边吃东西一边喷气的人。癖好举足轻重。这对我们有什么好处？我们放纵癖好是因为它是天生的吗？不，是因为我们抗拒癖好。

197　想证明人类的虚荣心，最好的办法是考虑爱情的因与果，因为整个世界可以因它而改变。克利奥佩特拉的鼻子。

198　每当我看到人盲目和悲惨的处境，每当我探究整个无言的世界和没有光明的人，他好像被遗失在宇宙的这个角落，不知道是谁把他放置在那里，他来做什么，死后会怎么样，对这些一无所知，每当这时，我就感慨得惊恐，如同人在睡梦里被送到某个可怕的荒岛，醒来后倍感迷惘，走投无路。于是，我感到惊讶，如此悲惨的境地竟不能逼人绝望。我看到周围的人处境跟我一样。我问他们，是否比我更了解情况，他们说不是。然后，这些茫然可怜的人儿环顾四周，被一些东西吸引，接着便沉溺于其中。至于我，就从未沉于这种东西，而且，考虑到极有可能存在着我所看不见的东西，我曾尝试弄清楚上帝是否留下过任何踪迹。

我看到一些宗教之间发生冲突，因此，除了一种宗教，其余的都是假的。每个宗教都希望人们信从自己的权威，并威胁不信从者。我不相信他们的说法。任何人都可以这样说。任何人都可以自称为先知，但我发现了基督教，寻到了它的预言，不是所有人都有这种预言的能力。

199　人的失衡。这是我们从纯粹的知识中得出的。如果它不正确，人就不具备真理；如果正确，他就有充分的理由感到羞耻；这两种情况下他都要谦卑。

而且，由于他不相信这个知识就不能生存，在对自然进行更广泛的探究之前，我希望他认真、从容地考虑一下自然，而且也看看他自己，把自己和自然作个比较，再判断两者之间是否存在着均衡。

让人深思整个大自然丰富崇高的伟大，让他把目光掠过身边微不足道的物体；让他注目凝视那耀眼的光芒，它像点亮的灯盏，永远照耀着整个宇宙，让他把地球看作一个小点，由这颗恒星划出的巨大轨道衬托下的一颗微粒，这让他惊讶地看到，由在苍穹中运行的众多恒星划出的轨道衬托下，这个巨大的轨道只不过是其中最微小的一个点。如果我们就此收住目光，那就放开想象吧；趁大自然还没有厌倦创造，想象一下她能创造出什么产物，连想象力也会疲惫。整个可见的世界只是大自然宽广怀抱里一个觉察不到的点点。没有什么想象可以接近它；没有必要将概念延伸到可想象的空间以外，我们只消将现实世界比作原子。自然是个无边无际的球体，其中心无处不在，圆周不见踪迹。总之，它是展示上帝全能的最伟大的可见标志，我们的想象会迷失于这个想法中。

让人回头思索自己本身，把自己与存在的物体相比较；让他暂且认为自己迷失了，让他从自己寄居的这个小小牢笼里，我指的是宇宙，学会以其应有的价值接受地球、地球的疆域、地球的城邦、地球的房舍，以及他自己。

人在苍穹中的角色是什么？

为了再向他展示一个同样令其震惊的奇观，让他探究已知的最微小的东西。让一只螨虫向他展示自己小小身躯里小得无与伦比的各个部分——带关节的腿、腿里的血管、血管里的血、血里的汁液、汁液里的血滴，血滴里的水汽；让他继续把这些东西分割下去，直到想象力穷尽，并让最后一样物质作为我们讨论的话题。他也许会认为这是自然界最最细微的物质。

我想向他展示一个新的深渊。我不仅想向他描绘这个可见的宇宙，还要描绘包含在这个微小原子里可以想象的广袤自然的一切。让他看到有众多无边的宇宙，每个都有自己的苍穹、自己的行星、自己的地球，比例和可见世界里的相同，那个地球上有各种动物，最后是螨虫，从这些螨虫身上得出和第一只一样的结果；从其他螨虫身上也发现了同样的东西，无穷无尽，他将迷失在这些奇迹中，惊异于它们的细微，像惊异于其他物体的广阔。谁能不惊诧，我们的身体，片刻之前在一个宇宙里还感觉不到，因为它处在一个整体的怀抱里，细微得让人感觉不到，现在，同无法企及的虚无相比，它却应该是一个巨人、一个世界，或者说一个整体？用这样的方式思索自身的人会被自己吓着，而且，看到自然赋予他的质量将他维系在无限和虚无这两个深渊之间，他将面对这奇迹发抖。我相信，随着好奇心变成赞叹，他将更倾向于默默地思考，而不是带着假设去探究这些奇迹。

人在自然中的角色究竟是什么？与无限相比，是一种虚无，与虚无相比，是一个整体，是一切和虚无之间的中间点，无限地远离认识的极限；事情的结局和本源不可企及，深藏于无法破解的秘密之中。

看不到他出自于其中的虚无，也看不到他淹没于其中。

那么，除了感知些微中间状态的表象，而永远没有希望知道其本源或结局，他还有什么可为？一切出自虚无，归于无限。谁能懂得这些惊人的过程？只有奇迹的创造者，没有他人。

由于没有考虑到这些无限性，人们贸然承诺探索自然，好像他们和大自然之间存在着某种均衡。

奇怪的是，他们被一个像自己探究的对象一样无限的假设激励着，想了解事物的本源，然后从那里出发继续去探究一切。毫无疑问，没有无限的假设，或没有像自然一样无限的能力，就发现不了这个计划。

我们认识得更清楚时，我们就会理解，既然自然雕刻出自己及其所有产物的创造者的形象，它们就几乎都拥有大自然的双重无限性。因此，我们看到，各门科学都具有无限的研究范围，因为，以数学为例，谁能怀疑数学阐释无限命题的无限性？科学的无限性也体现于其原则的多重性和细微性，因为任何人都可以看到，那些应该是终极的东西，却不能自圆其说，而要依赖其他学说，其他学说又依赖其他学说，因此永远也没有结局。

在理性看来是终极的东西我们才将其看作是终极的，如同对物质的东西，由于我们的感官感觉不到一个点以外的东西，我们便称其为不可分割的点，虽然根据其性质是可以无限分割下去的。

科学的这两个无限性当中，范围的无限广阔更为明显，这就是为什么几乎没有人声称他们无所不知。“我要论及一切。”德谟克利特[13]常常这样说。

但是无限的细微却难以觉察。哲学家们却很轻率地声明已经达到了细微的程度，而这正是他们犯错误之处。那些人们熟悉的标题便来源于此，像《事物的原则》《哲学原理》等，这些题目实在是自命不凡，虽然看起来不像《可知的一切》这个言过其实的题目一样。

我们自然相信，我们掌握事物核心的能力比掌握其外表要大，世界的可见程度显然比我们所见的要大。由于从我们来看，比小的东西大，我们便认为自己更有能力驾驭它们，然而，企及虚无需要的能力并不比企及整体需要的小。无论哪种情况下，都需要一种无限的能力，而且在我看来，任何人理解了事物的终极原则，就会成功地领会无限。一个依赖于另一个，由一个通向另一个。这些极端从相反的方向接触，会合，它们相会于上帝，也只有相会于上帝。

那么，让我们来认识自身的局限。我们是某物，但不是万物。我们

的自身存在对我们隐瞒了来自于虚无的第一原理的知识，我们自身存在的渺小使我们的视线无法触及无限性。

我们的智慧在智力序列中所处的顺序，等同于我们的身体在整个自然领域中所处的位置。

因为各方面的局限，我们发现这一个反映在我们各项能力上的两个极端间的中间状态。我们的感官感觉不到极端；喧哗过度使人耳聩，光线太亮令人目眩；太远或太近，都看不清楚；论据过长或过短都含糊不清，真理过多让我们困惑。我知道有人弄不懂为什么零减四等于零。第一原理对我们来说太过直白；太多的快乐导致苦恼；乐曲里和弦太多惹人心烦，过分的好意使我们恼怒；我们希望能超额偿还债务。好意在能偿还的条件下才受欢迎。太过分时，感激变成了仇恨。

我们感觉不到极度的热，也感觉不到极度的冷。过度的高品质并不好，让人觉察不到；我们再也感觉不到，反而受罪。太年轻和太老都影响思考；学识太多和太少也一样。

总之，极端好像不为我们存在，我们也不为极端存在；极端逃离了我们，或者我们逃离了极端。

这就是我们的真实状态。它使得我们无法获得确凿的知识，也无法绝对地无知。我们漂浮在一个范围广阔的中间状态里，总是行踪不定，给吹来吹去；每当我们认为有个固定的点可以抓住安身时，它却转身离开我们。我们跟上去，它就躲避我们，挣脱我们的抓握，永远逃离我们。没有什么因我们而一成不变。这就是我们的自然状态，但最有悖于我们的意愿。我们热切地希望找到一个坚固的立足点，一个终极、持久的基座，在上面建立一个直达无限的高塔，但我们的基座整个塌陷，大地裂开，变为深渊。

那么，让我们不追求确定也不追求稳定；我们的理性总是被表象的不一致所欺骗。没有什么可以确定两个无限之间的有限，因为这两个无限包含有限，又回避有限。

一旦清楚地认识到这一点，我觉得每个人就可以安静地停留在一种状态里，就是大自然把我们安置于其中的状态。既然分配给我们的中间站总是远离极端，如果别人对事物的理解略高一筹又有何妨？如果他是这样，而且理解得更深刻一点，他不是仍然无限地远离目标吗？我们融入永恒的生命即使延长十年，不也是同样短暂吗？

从这些无限性的角度来看，所有的有限都地位平等，于是我认为没有理由把想象力放于其中的一个而不是另一个之上。仅仅把我们自己同有限相比较就令人痛苦。

如果人探究自己，他将看到自己是多么无力取得进展。部分怎么可能知道整体？也许他会渴望至少知道跟自己有关的那些部分，然而，世界的各部分紧密相连，我觉得不可能只知道一部分，而不知道其他或整体。

例如，一个人和他已知事物之间的关系。他需要容纳他的空间、他存活的时间、生存的动机、构成他的元素、滋养他的温度和食物、呼吸的空气。他看得见光线，感觉得到身体，总之一切都与他有关。因此要了解人，一个人必须知道他为什么要靠空气生存，要了解空气，一个人必须知道它与人的生命有怎样的关系，等等。

没有空气，火焰就不能燃烧，所以，想了解一样，就必须了解另一样。

因此，既然一切事物都既是结果，也是原因，既是接受援助的，也是提供援助的，既是间接的，也是直接的，将一个链条上最远、最迥异

的东西无形中自然地联结在一起，相互支持，那么，我认为不了解整体就不可能了解各个部分，如同不了解各个部分就不了解整体。

事物本身的永恒，或存在于上帝的永恒，一定仍然使我们惊奇，贯穿短暂的一生。

大自然固定、始终如一的不动性，相比我们自身的不断变化，一定会产生同样的效果。

我们之所以无法完全地认识事物是因为它们本身简单，而我们却是由两个不同、对立的性质构成的，即灵魂和肉体。这是因为，我们能推理的那个部分，除了是精神的，不可能是别的，即使它被宣布为完全是肉体的，而这会更加妨碍我们了解事物，因为，说物质了解自己，没有比这更不可思议的。我们不可能知道它如何了解自己。

因此，如果我们完全是物质的，我们就一无所知，而且，如果我们是由精神和物质构成的，我们就不能完全了解那些仅仅是精神的，或仅仅是肉体的东西。

这就是为什么几乎所有的哲学家都混淆了对事物的看法。他们从精神的角度谈论物质的东西。从物质的角度谈论精神的东西，因为他们敢于断言，肉体趋向于堕落，追求自己的核心，逃离毁灭，害怕空虚，有自己的爱好、同情、反感等一切只跟精神有关的东西。谈到精神时，他们认为精神处于一个地方，有从一个地方运动到另一个地方的属性，然而这些东西只跟肉体有关。

我们不接受这些事物纯正的概念，却用我们自己的品质给它们涂上色彩，把我们混合而成的自我存在刻印在所考虑的简单事物上。

看见我们把精神和物质混为一谈，谁能不认为这种混合体对我们来说其实有多么清晰明了？然而这正是我们最不了解的事物；人对自己来

说是自然界最伟大的奇迹，因为他无法想象肉体为何物，更无法想象精神为何物，最无法想象肉体何以能联结到精神上。这是他最大的难题，然而这却是他的自身存在。精神何以寄居到肉体上，这是人所无法理解的，然而这正是人的构成。

最后，为完成对我们自身无能的证明，我就以对这两个问题的考虑结束……

200　人只是棵芦苇，自然界中最脆弱的东西，但却是棵思想的芦苇。整个宇宙没有必要挥拳将其粉碎：蒸汽、水滴就足以将其扼杀。即使宇宙要将其粉碎，它仍然比刽子手高贵，因为它知道自己行将死去，知道宇宙比它强大，然而宇宙对这些却毫不知情。

因此，我们所有的尊严都在于思想。正是思想，我们要依靠其复兴，而不是依靠空间和时间，因为我们永远无法将其填补。那么让我们力求深思熟虑，这是基本的道德原则。

201　无限空间的永恒沉默让我充满恐惧。

202　尽管放心；你并不求它来自于你本身，正相反，你要以对自己无所求的方式去求它。

271　耶稣的所作所为是教人爱自己，教人知晓自己是奴仆、盲人、患者，悲苦不幸、罪孽深重，教人知晓他必须传播福音，启迪心灵，洗清罪过，治愈病痛，教人知晓他的痛苦和十字架上的殉难，他们会悔过自新，追随自己，这样他的教导便会如愿以偿。

273　那些难以信从的人寻找借口，说犹太人不信从。他们说："如果是那么清晰的话，他们为什么不信从？"他们几乎想让自己信从，这样他们就不会因犹太人拒绝信从的例子而断了皈依的念头，然而，正是他们的拒绝才成全了我们的信念。如果他们站在我们的立场，我们就不

会这么心甘情愿地信从；那样的话，我们应该找个更好的借口。

让犹太人喜欢预言，仇视应验，这是件非常好的事情。

281　永恒。这个宗教信仰在于，相信人类已经从荣耀和与神交流的状态堕落到暗淡无光、悔过自新、与神疏远的地步，但此生之后，我们会蒙应许的弥赛亚而再生，这信仰一直存在于世。

一切均已消逝，只有让万物蒙恩的信仰永世长存。

在世界初期，人受引诱犯下各种罪行，但有像以诺、拉麦等那样的圣人，他们自世界开端便耐心祈盼应许给他们的基督。诺亚看透了人的邪恶，他用自己的美德拯救世界，对他所预示的弥赛亚满怀希望。亚伯拉罕蒙上帝展示弥赛亚的奥秘，从远处欢呼，那时他正被偶像崇拜者包围。以撒和雅各的时代，世人彼此憎恶，但这些圣人坚守信念，雅各临终前停下给孩子的祝福，满怀喜悦地呼喊："主啊，我祈盼着你应许的救世主。"

埃及人盛行偶像崇拜和魔术，即使是上帝的子民也被他们的做法冲昏了头脑。然而，摩西和其他人仰望到埃及人无法看到的上帝，并尊奉他，期待着他为他们准备的永恒的礼物。

其次，希腊人和拉丁人顶礼膜拜假神。诗人发明了一百门神学，哲学家将其划分成一千个教派。然而，在犹太人的内心，总是有上帝的选民预言弥赛亚的降临，只有他们获此晓谕。他终于在时机成熟之际降临，从那以后，我们经历了频繁的分裂和异端邪说、众多国家的倾覆、纷繁的变化，而教会对他的尊奉从没有停止。这个宗教肇始就饱受攻击，却得以生存下来，这足以显示其美妙绝伦的神圣。它无数次面临毁灭，每一次都有上帝昭显非凡的力量，挽救其于彻底毁灭的边缘。它没有向专制统治者卑躬屈膝却延续了下来，这足以让世人惊奇；这是因为

在一个尚存的国度里，法律有时要向需求让步，这不足为怪，但是……（见《蒙田》中圈出的部分）

284　唯一违背天性、违背常识、违背我们欢悦的宗教，是唯一永存的那个。

308　肉体和精神间的无限距离，象征着精神和仁慈之间更无限的距离，因为仁慈是超自然的。

伟大所具有的全部辉煌，都不足以供给那些追求精神的人们所需的光亮。

智力佼佼者的伟大对君王、富人、将领来说是看不见的，因为后者的伟大属于肉体意义上的。

智慧的伟大，如果不是来自神明，便一无是处，肉体的人或心智非凡的人看不到它。这三者是性质不同的三个秩序。

伟大的天才自有自己的力量、自己的辉煌、自己的伟大、自己的胜利和自己的荣耀，他们不需要肉体的伟大，因为肉体的伟大与他们毫不相干。他们由精神而不是眼睛认可，这对他们足矣。

圣人自有圣人的力量、圣人的辉煌、圣人的胜利、圣人的荣耀，不需要肉体的或心智的伟大，这与他们毫不相干，因为这既不增加什么，也不减少什么。他们由上帝和他的使者而不是肉体或好奇心认可。上帝对他们足矣。

阿基米德即便令人费解也让人心怀崇敬。他从未在有形的战场作战，但他的发现丰富了每一个心灵。他照亮了人心！

耶稣既不富有，也没有外在的学识，但自有其圣洁的秩序。他没有

发明创造，也不实行君主统治，但他谦逊、耐心，对神明虔诚，令魔鬼畏惧，又纯洁无瑕。在感知智慧的心灵里，他的降临是多么伟大、辉煌、壮丽的盛况！

阿基米德用不着在其数学专著里扮演王子的角色，虽然他就是王子。

我们的主耶稣基督用不着以王者的身份，闪耀着他神圣统治的光辉降临，而千真万确，他是披载着自己秩序的辉煌降临人间。

为耶稣的卑微而震惊，实在荒唐，好像他的卑微同他的降临彰显的伟大为同一秩序。

如果我们考虑到他的伟大彰显于他的一生、他的激情、他的默默无闻、他的死、他选择使徒的方式、使徒对他的遗弃、他的秘密复活，以及一切的一切之中，我们没有理由为一种毫不相干的卑微感到震惊。能认识到这一点就了不起。

但有些人只能欣赏肉体的伟大，好像不存在精神的伟大。而其他人只钦佩精神的伟大，好像不存在更加无限崇高的智慧的伟大。

所有的肉体、苍穹、星辰、地球和它上面的王国，都比不上一点点精神，因为精神了解它们，也了解自己，而肉体却一无所知。

把所有的肉体放在一起，把所有的精神放在一起，创造出的产物也不值得仁慈产生一丝冲动。这是一个无限至高无上的秩序。

用所有的肉体也不能创造出一丝思想。这是不可能的，这是一个不同的秩序。用所有的肉体和精神也无法让真正的仁慈产生一丝冲动。这是不可能的，这是一个不同的、超自然的秩序。

310　耶稣基督存在的证明。认为使徒是恶棍的假设实在是荒诞不经。顺着这个假设一直想下去，设想这十二个人在耶稣遇难后聚会，密谋对外宣称他复活了，这意味着向一切权势发起进攻。人心容易因浮躁、变化、承诺、贿赂产生动摇，这简直不可思议。其中一个使徒在这些诱惑下只好否定自己的过去，或因可能的监禁、折磨和死亡而作出更过分的举动，使徒们会迷惘失落。顺着这个假设一直想下去。

332　预言。如果一个人写了本书，预言耶稣降临的时间和方式，而且耶稣的降临应验了这些预言，其意义将无限深远。

它的意义也远不止于此。在四千年的岁月里，人一代又一代，始终如一地预言着同一个降临，这是整个民族的宣言，在其生存的四千年岁月里，在一个身体上验证他们的信念，而且无论什么样的威胁和迫害，他们都百折不挠。其深远意义有着不同的秩序。

335　对耶稣最有力的证据是预言。上帝为这些预言作了最好的安排，因为预言的应验是个奇迹，从教会诞生直到最终都是如此。因此，在一千六百年的时间里，上帝哺育了先知，在此后的四百年岁月里，他将预言传播给所有犹太人，他们把预言带到世界的每一个角落。这是为耶稣诞生所作的准备，而且，由于他的福音必由举世仰望，预言不仅让人信奉福音，还要把这些预言传遍全世界，让全世界都信奉福音。

351　基督教很奇怪；它要人认识到自己有多么卑鄙，甚至是恶毒，它要人希望能像神明一样行事。如果没有这个制衡，得意会让人沦入可怕的虚荣，自卑会让人陷入可怕的低贱。

352　苦难让人绝望。

得意让人自负。

耶稣化身成人是用所求的救赎的伟大，向世人显示他苦难的伟大。

356　就服从性来说，一个士兵和一个天主教加尔都西会教士有什么区别？他们都顺从、依赖、隐忍于苦行，但是，士兵始终渴望成为自己的主人，却从未实现这一愿望。即使是将领和王子也始终都是奴仆，依赖于他人，但他一直渴望着，始终努力实现这一目标，而教士则发誓要永远依赖。因此，他们都处于永久的被奴役地位，这始终是他们的共同命运，不过，一个总是抱有希望，另一个却从没有一丝念头。373我们必须只爱上帝，只恨自己。

如果脚从来不知道它属于身体，有身体可以依赖，如果它只知道自己，只爱自己，如果它后来知道自己其实属于身体，并依赖身体，它将为过去的岁月感到多么遗憾，多么羞愧啊，因为身体为它注入了生命，它却对其毫无用处；如果身体拒绝它，割掉它，像脚把自己从身体上割断，它将不复存在！它该如何祈求把自己保留下来！它该如何顺从地让掌管身体的意愿来统治自己，甚至必要的话可以接受截肢！不然的话，它就不是其中的一员，因为每个成员都必须为主体而心甘情愿地消亡，因为一切都为主体而生。

378　他们说："如果我看到了神迹，我就会皈依主。"他们何以这么肯定会做自己不懂的事情？他们设想，这种皈依在于对上帝的尊崇，像他们勾画的那样，如同一种交流或对话。真正的皈依在于面对万能的神的自我毁灭，为这个神我们经常争论不休，而他完全有权在任何时候摧毁我们，也在于承认没有他我们将一事无成，而且除了失宠于他，我们不配得到任何东西。真正的皈依在于知晓神和我们之间的对抗不可调和，而没有调解者，就没有我们和他的交流。

392　象征。上帝希望为自己创造一个神圣的民族，与所有其他民族区别开来，将他们从敌人手中解救出来，将他们带到一个休憩的处所。上帝许诺了这一切，并由其先知预言他降临的时间和方式。为坚定他各个时代的选民的信念，他向他们昭示了这一切会是怎样一番景象，

他向他们保证他有拯救他们的力量和意愿，然后才离开。上帝创造人类时亚当可以为此作证，他得到应许，一位女子会诞生出救世主。

离上帝创世不久，世人还不会忘怀上帝如何创造他们，自己如何堕落；当见过亚当的人不在人世时，上帝便派来了挪亚，他用神迹彰显他救世的力量和意愿，从而拯救了挪亚，淹没了整个世界，并让那位感孕的女子诞生出他许诺的人子。

这个奇迹足以让他的选民更加坚定地期盼那一天的到来。

世人对那场洪水还记忆犹新。当挪亚还活着时，上帝向亚伯拉罕许诺；当闪还活着时，上帝派来了摩西……

403　悲惨。所罗门和约伯最懂得人的苦难，也作了最好的诠释：

一个是最幸福的人，一个是最不幸福的人；一个凭经验懂得享乐的空虚，另一个了解痛苦的现实。

412　人的疯狂如此不可避免，不疯也等于疯狂地扭动疯狂。

414　悲惨。唯一能慰藉我们苦难境况的是消遣，然而，这才是我们最大的苦难，因为它最能阻止我们思索自己，无形中把我们引向毁灭。我们会厌倦消遣，迫使我们寻求更可靠的手段去逃避。消遣会消磨时间，使我们在不知不觉中走向死亡。

418　无限——虚无。我们的灵魂给投进身体，它在那里发现了数量、时间、尺度；它将这一切理性化，称其为天生的，或必要的，除此以外，它不相信任何东西。

把单一添加到无限，无限丝毫不会增加，就像把一英尺添加到无限的长度上：有限消逝于无限之中，成为纯粹的虚无。因此，这就像我们

的心智之于上帝，我们的公义之于神的公义。我们的公义和神的公义之间，正像单一和无限之间，并没有多么大的不对称。

上帝的公义一定像他的慈悲情怀一样宽广无边。如今，他对被诅咒之人的公义，我们对此的惊诧，就不及他对他的选民的慈悲情怀了。

我们知道存在着无穷，却无从了解它的本质，正如我们知道，说数字是有限的，这不是事实。因此，确实存在一个无穷数，但我们不知道它是什么。说它是偶数，不对，说它是奇数，不对，因为增加一个单位，也不会改变其性质。然而，它是一个数字，每个数字不是偶数就是奇数。（的确，这适用于每一个有穷数。）

因此，我们可以清楚地知道神的存在，却无从知道他是怎么回事。

看到存在这么多真实的事情，本身却并不确切，难道就不存在真正的真理吗？

因此，我们知道存在着有限，也了解它的本质，因为我们自己也是有限的，在空间延伸。

我们知道存在着无限，却不了解它的本质，因为虽然它也延伸，但不像我们，它无可限量。

我们既不知道是否存在上帝，也不了解他的本质，因为他既不延伸，也无可限量。

我们凭信念相信他的存在，凭荣耀了解他的本质。

现在，我已经证明，很有可能知道存在某个东西，但不了解其本质。

现在让我们借着自然之光讲话。

如果有上帝，他就无限地超出我们的理解范围，因为他的不可分割和无可限量说明他与我们无关。因此，我们无从了解他是怎么回事，或他是否存在。既然如此，谁还敢来试图回答这个问题？当然不是我们，与他无关的人。

那么，谁还会谴责基督徒无法对自己的信仰作出理智的解释，扬言他们不是出于理智信仰一个宗教？他们宣布，向世人阐释这样的信仰是愚蠢之举，然后你抱怨说，他们无从证明这一点。如果他们真的证明了，反倒说明他们没有信用。没有证据才表明他们不是没有理由。“是的，尽管这能给人们提供借口信仰这样的宗教，并为受到的无理指责开脱，可并不能为接受信仰的人开脱。”那么就让我们来考察一下这个问题，让我们说：“上帝存在，或者不存在。”然而我们应该倾向于哪个观点？理性不能判定这个问题。无限的混乱将我们隔开。在这个无穷距离的尽头，一枚硬币在旋转，然后会正面朝上，或反面朝上地落下来。你将赌什么？理性不能驱使你选择任何一面，也不能证明选择任何一面是错的。

那么，就不要谴责有所选择的人做错了事，因为你对此一无所知。“不，我谴责他们，不是因为他们作出了这样的选择，而是不管作任何选择，因为，虽然一个选择正面，另一个同样错了，他们确实都错了：稳妥起见，什么都别赌。”

是的，但你必须赌。没有任何选择，你已经作出承诺。那么你会选择哪一面呢？让我们来看一下：既然必须作出选择，让我们来看看哪个带来的好处最小。你会失去两样东西：真与善；有两样东西可做赌注：你的理性和你的意愿，你的知识和你的幸福；你的天性想避免两件事情：错误和悲惨。既然你必然要选择，选择一个而不是另一个，就不会冒犯你的理性。这一点已经确定无疑，但你的幸福呢？让我们权衡一下选正面赌上帝存在的得失。我们估计一下这两种情况：如果赢了，你将

赢得一切；如果输了，你什么也不会损失。那么，就不要犹豫，赌他存在。“太好了。是的，我必须下赌注，但也许我押得太多了。”让我们看看：既然是一个得失参半的机会，如果你敢以一个生命赌两个生命，这个赌注仍然可以下，但假设你能赢得三个生命呢？

你将不得不赌（因为你必然要赌），而一旦要赌，不在一场输赢机会参半的赌博里拿自己的生命冒险，去赌三个生命，你就是不明智的。生命和幸福是永恒的。这样的话，尽管无限的机会中只有一个偏爱你，以一个生命赌两个，仍然是对的；因为不得不赌，而在那场赌博的无数次机会里，只有一次对你有利，可一旦赢了，赢得的无限幸福的生命又是无限的，在这种情况下，如果拒绝以一个生命去赌三个，你就错了。这里，因为赢得无限幸福的生命是无限的，一个赢的机会对应有限输的机会，所以你押上的赌注是有限的。这样，就没有选择的余地；哪里有无限，不是无限输的机会对应一个赢的机会，哪里就没有犹豫的余地，你必须押上一切。因此，既然你必然要赌，你却贮藏生命，不拿它去赌一个无限的收益，就像蒙受的损失可能等于零一样，如果是这样的话，你就是宣布放弃理性。

因为不能说：还不确定你是否能赢，你肯定在冒险，而且在你所冒风险的确定性和你所赢得收益的不确定性之间，存在着无限的距离，这距离使你确定地押作赌注的有限利益等于你不确定得的益。并非如此，每一个赌徒都押上一个确定的赌注，去赢得一个不确定的利益，但他是在押上确定的有限赌注，去赢得不确定的有限收益，这不违背理性。确定的赌注和不确定的收益之间不存在无限的距离：情况不是这样。确实，在赢的确定性和输的确定性之间，存在着无限的距离，但赢的不确定性和押上的赌注的确定性之间的比例，同赢或输相对应的机会是对称的。因此，一方面的机会等同于另一方面时，你输赢的机会相等。在这种情况下，你押上的赌注的确定性，等于你会赢得的收益的不确定性；它们之间绝没有无限远的距离。在一场赌博中，当赌注有限，输赢机会

参半，而且会赢得无限的奖赏时，我们的辩论便有着无限深远的意义。

这已成定论，而且如果人能获得真理的话，这便是真理。

“我忏悔，我承认，但确实没办法看到底牌吗？”——“有。有《圣经》和其他东西，等等”——“是的，但我的手被捆住，我的嘴被封住；我被迫打赌，没有自由；我被驱赶着；我天生就是这样，没法信从。你要我怎么样呢？”——“这是事实，但你至少要明白，如果你不能信从，那是情绪在作怪，既然理性没法逼你信从。那么就集中精力逐渐消除这股情绪，而不是成倍地放大上帝存在的证明，以说服自己信从。你想寻求信仰，但不知道路在何方。你想治愈没有信仰的病痛，而且寻求治疗的方法：向那些曾经像你一样被束缚，现在却押上了一切的人学习吧。这些人知道你要走的路，他们的苦恼已经被治愈，也正是你想治愈的苦恼：沿着他们的路走下去吧。他们蘸了圣水，做了弥撒，等等，所作所为看起来真的是信从了。这会使你十分自然地信从，会使你更顺服。”——“但这正是我害怕的。”——“为什么？难道会失去什么吗？只是指给你那条路，这确实会抑制你的情绪，因为情绪已成为你的巨大障碍……”

“那么，选择这条道路究竟对你何害之有？你会忠诚、可靠、谦逊、感恩、多结善果，是一个诚挚、真正的朋友……的确，你将无法享受害人的欢乐，无法享受荣耀及安逸的生活，但你不会获得其他东西吗？

“我来告诉你，你今生就将获益，在这条道路上每迈出一步，你都会看到收益是如此确定无疑，赌注是如此无足轻重，最终你会发现，你赌的东西确切而无限，而你什么也没有付出。”

“这些话让我充满了喜乐！——”

“如果我的话让你心悦诚服，你要知道这些话出自这样一个人之口，他始终在跪求一个无限而不可分割的生命，向他交付出自己的生命，而且为了你好，为了他的荣耀，而可能把你的生命也交付给他：卑贱者由此获得了力量。”

427　[反对冷漠]让他们至少在攻击这个宗教之前了解它究竟怎样。如果这个宗教自诩清楚地看到了上帝及其存在的清晰而明显的证据，那么反对者说在这个世界看不到他存在的明显证据，这样反对很有效。但是，正相反，这个宗教认为，人处于黑暗之中，远离上帝；而上帝把自己隐匿起来，不让人了解他，在《圣经》里他就将自己称为：Deus absconditus[隐匿的上帝]；总之，如果这个宗教同样努力去证明两个事实：上帝在教会中确定了明显的标志，这样，真诚地寻求他的人才会认出他；他依然把标志隐藏起来，只有一心寻求他的人才会察觉到他，那么，人们并不像自己表白的那样关心寻求真理，却抗议没有把迹象显示给他们，这样做有什么意义？他们发现自己处于这种幽晦之中，又利用幽晦反对教会，而这幽晦恰恰使教会坚持的一样东西得到承认，而不会影响到其他，从而使这个宗教得到确认，而远远谈不上证明它是谬误。

为了全力攻击真理，他们会抗议说，他们竭尽全力，到处寻求它，甚至是在教会提供的训导里，但遍寻不到。如果这样说的话，他们就确实是在攻击基督教的某一个主张了。我希望在此表明，通情达理的人不会这样讲话。我甚至敢说，从来没有人这样说过。我们十分清楚人们在这种思想框架下如何行事。他们认为自己付出了巨大努力去学习，可实际上却只花了几个小时阅读经书，向神职人员询问问题，了解信仰的真相，之后，他们就声称，他们在书里，在人群中寻找，但都没有找到。可我的确应该对他们说我常说的话：这种漫不经心是不能容忍的。这不是某个陌生人微不足道的兴趣导致行为的问题：这是我们自己的问题，我们所有人的问题。

灵魂永生，这一点对我们意义极其重大，影响极其深远，一个人要完全失去感觉才会不关注对其真相的了解。我们的行动和思想遵循的路径特别不同，因此，根据能否有希望获得永恒的祝福，凭感觉和判断行事的唯一可行方法就是根据这一点决定我们的路径，这应当是我们的最终目标。

因此，我们主要关心的以及我们的主要职责是，寻求神明对这一问题的启示，我们所有的行为也依赖于此。这就是为什么在那些不信从的人当中，我把两种人完全区分开：一种是竭尽全力去探寻的人；一种是活着，但不给自己找麻烦，或不思考的人。

一些人真诚地哀叹自己的疑虑，将它视为最大的不幸，但又不努力摆脱它，把寻求当作主要的、最严肃的事情。对这些人，除了怀有怜悯，我没有其他感觉。

一些人了此一生，却从未想过寻找生活的最终目标，他们在自身找不到信仰之光，也不屑到别处寻找，也不深究一下，人们接受这个观点是出于轻信和幼稚，还是因为这个观点虽然本身幽晦，其基础却牢不可破：对这些人，我持有完全不同的看法。

对他们自己、他们的永恒、他们的一切都处于危险之中的问题漠不关心，这让我愤怒，远过于怜悯，也让我震惊、恐惧、难以置信。这并非出于我精神信仰的虔诚热情，我的意思恰恰相反，人类的利益和自尊原则就应该使我们产生这种感情。因此，我们只要具有最不开化者的见识就可以了。

人的一生没有真正、确切的满足，一切欢悦毫无价值，烦闷苦恼无边无际，最后一点是，死亡每时每刻都威胁着我们，数年之后就会确定无疑地到来，我们面临无法逃避的骇人选择，要么毁灭，要么陷入永恒的悲惨。认识到上面这些，不需要具有伟大高尚的灵魂。

没有比这更真实，或更可怕的。让我们权且大胆地面对：那就是最后的结局，它等待着世上最杰出的生命。让我们仔细想想这些问题，然后问，是不是毫无疑问，我们今生所做的唯一善事就是盼望来生，我们快乐是因为我们接近来生，而且，就像就一些人而言，前面没有更多的忧愁等着，是因为他们十分确定永恒的存在，就另一些人而言，前面没有幸福等着，是因为他们没有得到暗示。

存有这样的疑虑确实是一大罪恶，但有疑虑而去寻求答案，至少是履行不可推卸的义务；因此怀疑者不寻求答案，同时也就不会幸福，就是错误的。如果他还公开宣称自己平静满足，甚至因此寻欢作乐，满足虚荣心，我就找不到任何辞藻来描述如此放肆的东西了。

何以产生这样的感受？除了期待无可奈何的悲惨结局，其他无可期待，还有什么理由能找到欢乐？为什么让虚荣陷入不可逾越的黑暗？一个理性的人又如何能这样辩解？

“我不知道是谁把我投放到这个世界，不知道世界是什么，也不知道我自己是谁。我简直一无所知。我不知道我的肉体是什么，我的感官是什么，或者我的灵魂是什么，甚至不了解在考虑我讲话的那部分，它反映一切，也反映自身，但对它自己了解的程度，不及对其他的了解。

“我看到宇宙可怕的空间将我包围起来，我发现我附着在这个广袤苍穹的一角，却不知道为什么把我放置于此地，而不是彼地，或者为什么把我短暂的生命分配到先我而往，继我而来的无边岁月中的此刻，而不是其他时刻。我只看到周围的无限，它吞没了我，像吞没一个原子，或一个瞬间飞逝的影子。我只知道我行将死去，但对无法回避的死亡，我知之甚少。

“正如不知道我从哪里来，我也不知道我要到哪里去。我所知道的是，当我离开这个世界的时候，我将永远陷入虚无，或落入愤怒的上帝

手中，但我不知道这两个状态中哪个是我永恒的归宿。这就是我的状态，软弱而不确定。我从所有这一切中得出的结论是，别想探究什么会来临，就这样了此一生。我的疑惑也许会得到某种启示，但我不想自找麻烦，也没有费半点努力去寻找；然后，因为我嘲笑那些人向这个目标努力，——不论他们多么确定，最后都会绝望，而不是空虚——我自己则无忧无虑地得过且过，预见不到会面临一件大事，结果让自己软绵绵地走向死亡，不知道我将来在永恒里是个什么样子。”

谁愿意自己的朋友这样辩解？有谁会选择他做知己？谁会在逆境中向他求助？生活中他能有什么用处？

与这么不理智的人为敌，真是宗教的荣耀：他们的攻击对我们构成的威胁微不足道，相反，恰恰有助于证明宗教的真相。对基督教的信仰几乎完全在于证明这两样东西：人性的腐败和基督的救赎。现在，我坚持认为，如果他们不用圣洁的行为证明救赎的真相，至少是以这么不人性的态度完美地证明了人性的腐败。

就人来说，状态无比重要：永恒无比可怕。因此，有人不理会丧失自我，不理会面临永恒悲惨的危险，这是违反天性的。在所有其他事情上，他们则大不相同：他们担心区区小事，能预见到和感觉到这种小事；那个人为失去官职，或为丢失所谓的面子，而日日夜夜愤怒、绝望，就是他，明明知道将在死亡中失去一切，却没有一丝一毫的焦虑或感伤。看到一个人，还有他的心，对微不足道的事情如此敏感，对极端伟大的事物如此奇怪地麻木，真是可怕。这是一种不可思议的魔力，是一种被无限的力量支配着的超自然的迟钝。

人性一定经历过一种奇怪的逆转，才使人为处于某种状态而得意洋洋，而一个人竟该处于这种状态，简直是不可思议。经验告诉我，很多人都喜欢这样，如果我们不知道有关的人大部分都在装腔作势，不是他们真实的样子，这倒不可思议了。这些人听说，言行放肆是礼貌的举

止。这就是他们所谓的摆脱枷锁，是他们正试图效仿的样子，但是，让他们知道用这种方式获取声名是错误的，这并不困难。即使凡夫俗子都不用这种方式沽名钓誉，因为他们处事理智，知道成功的唯一途径是要显得真诚、可靠、明智，可以给朋友帮上忙，因为出于天性，人都喜欢别人能为其所用。听到有人说他已经摆脱了枷锁，说他不相信有上帝在监视自己的行动，说他是自己行为的唯一主人，准备为自己的行为负责而不靠别人，听到这些对我们有什么好处？他以为这样做，从此以后就赢得了我们的充分信任，使我们今生一有需求便期待他的安慰、忠告、帮助？他们告诉我们，而且是以一种得意洋洋、津津乐道的腔调说的，我们的灵魂不过是一阵风、一缕烟，他们以为告诉我们这些会给我们带来极大的快乐吗？这是快乐地诉说的事情吗？正相反，这是世界上最大的悲哀，要伤心地诉说的吗？

如果他们认真想一想，就会发现这样做其实是误入歧途，违背良知，有碍体面，无论如何离自己追求的礼貌举动相距甚远，本来更有可能将有意追随他们的人改造过来，而不是使其堕落。确实，让他们形容一下致使自己怀疑宗教的感受和理由：他们的话拙劣而空洞，劝你相信却适得其反。正如有一天有人得体地对他们说："如果你一直那样说服我，你真的会让我皈依主呢。"他说得没错，看到自己跟那么卑劣的人有同感，谁能不退而避之？

因此，装腔作势的人如果强行压抑自己的天性，让自己成为最傲慢的人，确实会不幸福。如果因为不能看清真相而内心苦闷，他们就不应该装出另外一副面孔：承认这一点并不羞耻。除了没有信仰，其他的没有什么好羞愧的。没有认识到不信上帝就不幸福，这是精神极端软弱最确定的标志；不期盼永恒的许诺会实现，这是邪恶之心最确定的标志；厚颜无耻地与上帝对峙，这是最怯懦的表现。那么就让他们把这种对神不敬的罪名，留给那些粗野得能够竭尽不敬之能事的人；如果不能做基督徒，让他们至少做个体面人；简单地说，让他们承认只有两种人合乎

情理：一种人尽心尽力地侍奉上帝，因为他们认识他；另一种人尽心尽力地寻觅他，因为他们不认识他。

至于那些活着，但既不知道他，也不寻觅他的人，他们认为只值得麻烦自己稍作尝试，也就根本不屑去麻烦别人，而且，要想不鄙视这些鄙视宗教的人，不抛弃他们，而任其愚蠢，这个宗教要倾其所有怜悯才能做到。一方面，宗教要求我们，要在他们的有生之年始终尊重他们，要相信他们会得到神启的恩典，相信在短时间内他们可能会比我们更有信仰；另一方面，现在蒙蔽他们的也可能会蒙蔽我们自己。因此，把我们想要的，也赋予他们，呼吁他们怜悯自己，至少向前迈出几步努力寻求光明。让他们花几个小时研读，否则会把时间浪费在其他事情上：他们可能会不情愿于此，但有可能会发现点什么，至少不会损失太多。对那些精诚寻求，真正渴望寻求到真理的人，我希望他们如愿以偿，信服于我在这里收集的，表明这一宗教是如此神圣的证据，或多或少地按照这个顺序……

429　这就是我所看到并困惑我的东西。我环顾四周，看到的都是黑暗。除了怀疑和焦虑，我从大自然一无所获。如果没看到神祇的迹象，我会作出相反的决定：如果造物主的迹象处处可见，我会安然信主。因为看到太多要否定的东西，而看不到足够可以肯定的东西，所以我的境况令人同情，我千百次地渴望，如果有神明维系着大自然，大自然会毫不含糊地将神明宣布出来，如果大自然显示的迹象都是骗人的，则应该彻底清除；大自然应该要么畅所欲言，要么一言不发，这样我就知道何去何从。相反，处于这种不知道自己是谁，也不知道自己应该做什么的状态，我对自己的境况和职责都一无所知。为追求至善，我用整个身心去认识至善：为永恒付出的代价不会过高。

我羡慕那些忠心耿耿的人漠然地活着，不好好享用馈赠，如果是我就会别有他用。

430　其他人没有意识到，人是最优秀的生物。一些人充分意识到他的优秀有多么真实，把软弱怯懦、忘恩负义当作人卑微的天然情感；而另一些人，充分意识到这种卑微有多么真实，傲慢地嘲讽人天生的伟大情怀。

一些人说："抬起头来看上帝，看看他，你与他相似，他把你创造出来崇拜他。你可以把自己造就得像他一样：如果你想追寻他，你就会因智慧和他平等。"——"昂起头，自由的人。"埃皮克提图[14]说。

其他人则说："低下头来看地面，你是蛆虫，再看看那些禽兽，你与它们为伍。"

那么，人究竟是什么？人会等同于上帝，还是等同于禽兽？多么可怕的距离！那么，人究竟应是什么？谁能不从这一切看出，人已经迷失了，从原来的位置堕落了，他在急切地寻找原来的位置，但再也找不回去了？那么，谁能把他引领到原处？最伟大的人都无可奈何。

434　设想一下，一些人戴着镣铐，已经被判处死刑，每天都有一些人在其他人的注视下死去；留下来的从同伴那里看到了自己的命运，他们面面相觑，充满悲伤和绝望，等待着轮到自己。这是人类状况的反映。

450　真正的宗教信仰会教人什么是伟大和悲惨，会激发自尊与自卑，热爱与憎恨。

470　人最卑鄙的特点是沽名钓誉，但也正是这一点，最清楚地表明了他的卓越。无论他在这个世界上拥有什么样的财富，享有什么样的健康或必不可少的安逸，都不及他享受同类的赞誉带来的满足感。他高度重视人的理性，不管在这个世界上拥有什么样的特权，如果不能同时在人的理性上占有优越的地位，他就不幸福。这是世界上最好的位置，

没有任何东西可以使他偏离这一愿望，这是人内心最无法改变的品质。

有些人极端鄙视人类，把人看作禽兽，但仍然希望得到他们的敬佩和信任，感受同自己背道而驰，因为他们的天性无比强势，能更有力地说服他们相信人的伟大，胜过理性说服他们相信自己的卑劣。

474　当创世记开始隐入往昔，上帝提供了一个近代史学家，并责成整个民族保管这本书，这样，这本书就是世界上最权威的历史，所有的人都可以从中学习必须掌握的知识，也只能从这本书学习。

477　傲慢是一切形式的苦难的平衡力和解毒剂。这里有一个怪物，犯了明显的过失。他从原来的位置堕落到这里，急切地想寻找回去。所有人都在做这件事。让我们看看谁找到了。

480　在所有的宗教中真诚都必不可少：真正的异教徒，真正的犹太人，真正的基督徒。

499　什么人曾经拥有更大的荣耀？

整个犹太民族在他降临前预言他。外邦人在他降临后尊崇他。

外邦人和犹太人都把他作为自己的中心。然而，什么人曾经享有这么小的荣耀？

在三十三年的生命中，他三十年没有露面，三年被视为骗子。祭司和当权者排斥他，最亲近的人鄙视他，最终他因被一门徒背叛，被另一个门徒否认，被所有人抛弃而死去。

他从这荣耀中得到了什么好处？没有人享有过如此巨大的荣耀，也没有人蒙受过更大的耻辱。这一切荣耀归我们受用，使我们能够认识他，而他自己却没有享受过一丝一毫。

505　权威性。道听途说远远不是信仰的标准，只有把自己放入一种似乎闻所未闻的状态才能相信。

内心认同，符合自己而不是他人的理智，才能相信。

信仰至关重要。

一百个异义都有可能是对的。

如果年代久远是信仰的标准，那么古人就没有标准。

如果要依据普遍赞同的标准，那么如果人死了呢……

惩罚罪人：错误。

虚假的谦逊，傲慢。

揭露真相。

你在浪费时间，一个人要么相信，要么否定，要么怀疑。

那么我们就没有标准了吗？

动物做事时，我们可以判断他们是否做得好，对人就没有评判的标准了吗？

否定、相信和怀疑之于人，像奔跑之于马。

510　人愈聪明，就愈多地发现有独创性的人。普通人看不到人与人之间的差异。

511　正确的思维有不同的形式，有些人遵守事物的特定顺序，如果按其他顺序的话，就会误入歧途。

有些人从少量原理中得出正确的结论，这是正确思维方式的一种。

还有人从涉及大量原理的事物中得出正确的结论。

例如，一些人很好地掌握了水的性质，其中涉及很少几个原理，但其结论是如此微妙，只有极为精准的头脑才能得出这些结论。这些人可能都不是大数学家，因为数学包含了大量原理，而且一个人的智力可能是这样的，它可以轻易、正确地掌握少数几个原理，但对涉及众多原理的事物却一筹莫展。

因此，有两种才智：一种迅速地从原理中得出深刻的结论，这是精准的头脑；另一种可以把握大量原理，并将其区分开来，这是数学头脑。第一种是功能强大而又精准的头脑，第二种显示出才智的广度。现在，很可能是二者不可兼得的状态，因为一个头脑可能是功能强大而思路狭窄，也可能是思路宽广而功能弱小。

513　数学。直觉。真正的雄辩没有时间雄辩，真正的道德标准没有时间遵守道德标准。换言之，判断的道德标准没有时间判断任意发挥的心智的道德标准。

判断建立在本能之上，就像知识建立在心智之上。直觉充当判断的角色，数学充当心智的角色。

没有时间从事哲学的人是真正的哲学家。

517　如果圣奥古斯丁[15]出现在今天，像他的现代捍卫者那样仅享有一点点权力，他将一事无成。上帝有效地统治他的教会，把他早早地派来，并赋予他权力。

518　怀疑论。——极度聪明被谴责为愚蠢得极度缺乏聪明；只有适度才恰如其分。这是大多数人的规则，谁偏离了这一点，有任何极端

的倾向，就会受到攻击。我不会很别扭，非常同意给放在中间，但拒绝在底端，不是因为它在最下面，而是因为那是终结，因为我也同样会拒绝被在顶部。放弃中庸就是放弃人性。

人类灵魂的伟大在于懂得如何保持这个方向；伟大并不意味着偏离这个方向，而是保持在这个方向上。

526　作恶容易；作恶有无数的形式，而行善几乎是独一无二的。某种恶行很难发现，就像善行一样，由于这个缘故，这种特定的恶行往往冒充善行。确实，做这种恶需要具有异常伟大的灵魂，就像达到至善一样。

532　怀疑论。我会在此让我的思绪见诸笔端，因为思绪涌来了，而且也许并非呈一种毫无目的的混乱状态。这是真正的秩序，总是杂乱无章地显示我的目的。

我如果按顺序写下去，题目就太荣幸了，因为我在设法证明它是无法享受顺序的。

533　我们总是想象柏拉图、亚里士多德身着长长的袍服，其实他们跟普通的体面人一样，也会跟朋友谈笑风生。他们撰写《法律篇》和《政治学》用以消遣，以此为乐。这是他们生活中最没有哲理、最不严肃的一部分：最富有哲理的部分是生活简单，不小题大做。

如果撰写政治著作，他们仿佛是在为疯人院制订规章制度。

如果他们假装把它当成真正的要事来处理，这是因为他们知道，正在与之对话的疯子相信自己是帝王。他们迁就这些信念，以便使疯子冷静下来，又尽可能少受伤害。

535　一些恶习通过其他恶习纠缠我们，把主干除掉，它们就会像

树枝一样散落下来。

540　所有的好格言都已存在于世：我们只是不加以运用。

例如，没有人怀疑，为保卫共同利益，应该拿生命冒险，许多人都是这样做的，但不是为宗教信仰。

人与人之间必然存在着不平等，的确如此；但是，一旦准许这种现象存在，大门不仅向最有权威的规则敞开，也向最有权威的专制敞开。

有必要稍微放松一下精神，却为极度过分敞开了大门。

让我们给限度下个定义。事物没有界限，法律试图强行设定一些，但精神不能忍受。

542　思绪随意来，随意去。没有器具可以捕获或拥有它们。

一个思绪逃走了：我试图将它见诸文字：可是我却写道，它逃离了我。

545　“凡世界上的事，都是肉体的欲望、眼目的欲望，或今生的骄傲。”悲惨的境况是受诅咒之地，被这三条火河侵蚀，而远非灌溉！岸边的人有福了，因为不受火河浸泡，不被洪流卷走，他们坐着，而不是站着，处于低又安全的位置，在河边稳固不动。他们不会在火光中起身，而是平静地休息后，向他伸出手，由他扶起，昂首挺胸，沉稳坚定地站在耶路撒冷神圣的门廊前，骄傲不能把他们打垮；不过，他们哭泣，不是因为看到急流卷走终将腐朽消亡的东西，而是因为想起他们心爱的家园，天堂般的耶路撒冷，在流离失所的漫长岁月里，他们常常想念它。

551　想象以奇怪的夸张把微小的物体放大，直到满足我们的灵

魂，又以大胆的傲慢把伟大的事物缩小到自己的大小，就像谈及上帝时那样。

561　他们说，日食、月食是灾难的征兆，因为灾难频繁，足以证明对厄运的预测准确；但如果他们说，日食、月食是好运的征兆，他们往往是错的。他们只将好运归于罕见的天体现象，所以预测很少有误。

562　只有两种人：正直的人，认为自己是罪人；罪人，认为自己是正直的。

577　如果不孤注一掷的话，对宗教就什么也别做，因为对它还不确定。我们碰了多少次运气啊：航海，征战。我认为，觉得它不确定，就什么也别做。宗教所具有的可确定之处，多于我们活到明天会见到的东西。

虽然不能肯定我们明天还能看得见，但可以肯定，我们有可能看不见。对于宗教，我们不能这样说。不能肯定它是真的，但谁敢说，可以肯定它有可能不是真的？

现在，当我们为明天而努力，去碰运气时，所作所为顺理成章，因为我们应该根据已经证实的概率法则去冒险。

圣奥古斯丁看到，我们在海上冒险，在征战中冒险，等等，——但他没有见过概率法则，证明我们应该冒险。蒙田看到，糊涂的头脑会惹怒我们，习惯可以为所欲为，但他不知其原因。

这些人都只看到结果，没有看到原因。他们与发现了原因的人相比，就像只有眼睛的人同有头脑的人相比，因为在某种程度上结果可以为感官所感觉到，而原因只能由头脑觉察到。尽管头脑可以看到这些结果，这种头脑同能看到原因的头脑相比，就像肉体的感官有可能同头脑相比。

585　在人性间的某种关系中存在某种形式的或强或弱的魅力和审美倾向，以及让我们感到惬意的某种东西。

一切符合这一形式的东西都吸引我们，它可能是一座房舍、一首歌曲、一次演讲、一首诗歌、一篇散文、一位女子、鸟类、河流、树木、房间、衣物等。

一切不符合这个形式的东西都会使有品位的人不悦。

基于这种美好的形式，一首歌和一座房舍之间存在着一种确切的关系，因为两者各代表一种形式，虽然是各自的方式；同样，基于拙劣的形式，事物也同样存在着一种确切的关系。并不是只有一种拙劣的形式，其实其数是数不清的，但是，以十四行诗为例，每一首拙劣的十四行诗，不管它以什么样的错误形式写就，都酷似一位女子照着这一形式装扮自己。

理解一首拙劣的十四行诗如何荒谬，再好不过的办法是，考虑一下其特点和形式，然后想象套在这种形式里的一位女子或一座房舍。

595　除非我们知道自己骄傲自大、充满野心、贪欲横流、虚弱无能、悲惨可怜和不仁不义，不然就真的是瞎了眼睛。如果有人知道这一切，还不希望被拯救，还有什么可说的？

那么我们又怎能不崇敬对人的缺陷了如指掌的宗教？除了渴望一个千真万确的宗教，因为它许诺了我们所渴求的救赎，我们还能渴望什么？

607　象征。救世主、天父、献身者、献祭、食物、国王、智者、立法者、受折磨的人、穷人，注定要诞生出一个民族，由他引领和哺育，并带到乐土。

620　人显然是为思考而生。他所有的尊严和价值就在于思考；他全部的义务就是像他应该的那样去思考。现在，思想的顺序从我们自己开始，从我们的造物主和我们的结局开始。

如今世人都在考虑些什么？从来没有别的，只是舞蹈、弹琴、唱歌、作诗、跑马挑圈，等等，还有搏斗、称王，却不思索做一个国王或一个人意味着什么。

622　厌倦。人处于完全的休息状态，没有激情、没有工作、没有消遣、没有努力，会忍无可忍。

然后，他就会面对无足轻重、孤独、无能、依赖、无助、空虚。

接着，立刻由灵魂深处生出无聊、沮丧、抑郁、懊恼、愤恨、绝望。

623　活在世上但不试图弄懂自己是怎么回事，如果这是非天然的盲目的话，那么过着罪恶的生活，同时又信奉上帝，就是可怕的盲目。

627　虚荣顽固地扎根于人的内心，一个士兵，一个随军杂役，一个厨师，或一个搬运工都会自夸，期待有人崇拜，甚至哲学家也期待拥有崇拜者；用文字反对哲学家的人，想享有写得好的声望，读的人想享有读过的声望，也许我本人写了这些文字，也想获得同样的东西，也许我的读者……

631　寻求至善却毫无结果，弄得疲惫憔悴，这是件好事，这样就可以向救世主伸出双手。

632　人对琐碎小事的敏感和对最伟大事物的漠然，是怪异混乱的标志。

633　尽管满目的苦难打动了我们，扼住了我们的喉咙，我们却具有一种无法抑制的本能，让自己振作起来。

634　人生最重要的是选择职业，它取决于机遇。是习惯的势力造就了泥瓦匠、士兵、屋顶建筑工。他们说：“他是个很好的屋顶建筑工。”谈到士兵时他们说：“他们疯了。”而相反，其他人则说：“战争的伟大无可比拟，其他人毫无价值。”幼年时听到对这些职业的溢美之词，就把其他职业排除在外，我们便这样选择了职业。因为我们天生热爱美德，憎恨愚蠢；某些字眼起决定性作用，只是我们运用这些字眼时出了问题。

习惯极其强大，天性只造就了人，而我们自己则造就了各式各样的人和各种各样的情况。

一些地区出泥瓦匠，一些地区出士兵，毫无疑问，天性是不尽一致的：是习惯造成了这种情况，因为它支配天性，但有时天性会战胜习惯，让人服从本能，无论是什么样的习惯，好的或坏的。

638　我们健康时想知道，如果生病了该怎么办。生病时，我们兴高采烈地服药；疾病帮我们解决了问题。我们不再怀有对消遣和远足的激情和欲望，因为消遣和远足只跟健康的身体有关，同生病时的危机不协调。天性激发出的激情和欲望是符合我们目前状态的。是我们自己的担心，而不是天性扰乱了我们，因为担心将我们现在所处的状态同我们不处于其中的状态所具有的激情联结在一起。

649　蒙田。蒙田本身具有的优点，别人要费尽周折才能具备。如果有人警告过他，他小题大做，谈论自己过多的话，他本身具有的缺点——我指的是除品行以外的——本可以在瞬间得到改正。

668　每个人对自己都意味着一切，因为一旦他死了，对他来说一

切都消逝了。这就是为什么我们每个人都认为他对每个人意味着一切。我们不要根据自己而要根据人性的标准判断人性。

674　我们不以自己的力量，而是凭两个对立的罪恶之间的抗衡保持美德，正如我们在两股相向的逆风吹动下能保持直立。除掉一种罪恶，我们便跌入另一种罪恶。

685　荣耀。动物不互相钦佩。马匹不佩服它的伙伴。这并不是说它们不互相竞赛，而是这样没有意义，因为回到马厩时，更笨重的那匹马不会由于那个缘故把自己的燕麦让给别人的马，像人希望他人对自己那样。对它们来说，美德是它对自己的奖赏。

688　什么是自我？

一个人走到窗口看路过的人，如果我路过，我能说他是去看我吗？不，因为他没有特别地想到我。如果有人因一位女子的美貌而爱她呢，他爱她吗？不，因为天花会破坏她的美貌虽然不会毁掉她本人，这会结束他对她的爱情。

如果有人因为我的判断力或记忆力爱我，他们真的爱我吗？我，我本身？不，因为我可能会失去这些素质而不会失去我自己。如果这个自我既不在肉体上也不在灵魂里，它到底在哪里？除了爱这些素质，一个人怎么能爱躯体或灵魂，因为素质并不构成自我，而且是会消失的？我们会抽象地爱人的灵魂的实质，无论它包含什么样的素质吗？这是不可能的，这将是错误的。因此，我们永远不会爱任何人，而只爱素质。

让我们停止嘲笑那些因得到任命和官职而感到荣耀的人，因为除了借来的素质，我们从来没有爱过任何人。

693　世人认为最安逸的生活条件，在上帝看来最为艰苦；反之亦然。世人认为宗教生活最为艰苦，因为在上帝看来没有比它更安逸的事

情。按照凡夫俗子的生活方式，享受高官或财富最为安逸，什么艰苦也比不过按上帝的方式生活，因为毫无兴趣，也不以此为乐。

696　别让人说我的话没有什么新意；素材的布局是新的。打网球时，双方使用同一个球，但其中一个人打得更好。

马上就会有人告诉我说，我用的是旧词。同样的想法但布局不同不会形成新的论据，正像同样的文字但布局不同却会形成新的想法！

697　生活放荡的人告诉规矩的人，说他们违背了天性，而认为自己遵循天性；这就像船上的人认为，岸上的人在移动。不管在何处，对一件事情的说法也是这样：我们需要一个固定的点来判断说法。港湾是船上乘客的裁判，但道德的港湾在哪里？

699　当所有的东西在同时移动，就显得没有什么在动，就像在船上。当每个人都在走向堕落时，就看不出有人在走向堕落，但如果有人站住，就会显出别人倏忽而过，自己就成了固定的点。

709　我们对自己知之甚少，许多人身体健康却以为自己快要死了，而许多人濒临死亡，没有感觉到自己马上就要发热或长脓，却以为自己身体健康。

711　*力量*。缘何要服从大多数人？是不是因为他们更正确？否，是因为他们更强大。

缘何要遵循远古的律法和主张？是不是因为它们最健全？否，是因为它们独一无二，没有争论的余地。

712　一天有人告诉我，他忏悔后觉得快乐，充满自信。别人告诉我，他仍然恐惧。我的反应是，这两种感受合起来可以造就一个好人，因为他们当中的一个如果不具备另一种感受的话，就会缺失什么。同样

的情况也常常发生在其他相关联的事物上。

739　如今真理是如此模糊不定，谎言是如此确定无疑，除非我们热爱真理，不然永远都认不出它的面目。

740　懦夫了解真理，但只是在对自己有好处时才坚持真理，不然就放弃它。

741　加法机产生的效果比动物的任何行为都更接近思想，但它没有理由断言，会像动物一样有意愿。

742　即使他们说的不影响大家的利益，也不能肯定地推断他们没有说谎，因为有些人只是为说谎而说谎。

743　怒海行船，但肯定不会丧生，是可以乐在其中的。这就像教会受到迫害那样的情况。

744　我们不了解事情真相时，有个常出错的问题供人琢磨也是件好事，比如，月亮造成的季节变化、病情的发展，等等。因为人的主要毛病是，对无法了解的事物抱有无尽的好奇心，与其无谓地好奇，还不如犯错误。

746　事实上，无论是约瑟夫[16]、塔西佗[17]，还是其他历史学家，都没有谈及耶稣基督。

这绝不是反对他，相反，是对他有利。可以肯定，耶稣基督存在，他的宗教引起了轰动，所以很明显，他们是故意不提，或者他们提到了，但隐瞒或篡改了真相。

749　有一种判断，就是没有人不把自己凌驾于世人之上，没有人不希望自己好、自己永远幸福、永远生存下去超过希望世人如此。这种

判断实在是歪曲事实。

750　克伦威尔想摧毁整个基督教世界，要不是一粒小小的砂子窜进他的膀胱，他就推翻王室，建立了自己长久的强权政治；甚至罗马也将在他的脚下颤栗。而他正是死于这粒砂子，家人蒙羞，天下太平，君主复位。

751　习惯于凭感觉判断的人对涉及推理的问题全然不知。因为他们想一眼就看清问题，而不习惯于探寻原则。其他人就相反，习惯于从原则进行推理，对涉及感觉的问题毫不了解，因为他们探寻原则，不能一眼就看清问题。

752　两种人使一切等同，如节假日和工作日，基督徒和牧师，他们自身的所有罪孽。由此，有人得出结论说，对牧师不好的，对基督徒也不好；而另一些人得出结论说，对基督徒不错的，对牧师也是许可的。

753　当奥古斯都听说希律王处死的两岁以下儿童中有自己的儿子时，他说，做希律王的猪胜过做他的儿子。（麦克洛比乌斯[18]的《农神节》，第二卷，第四章）

754　第一度：被责怪做得不好或被赞扬做得好。第二度：不受赞扬也不受责怪。

755　他制造出一个假神。

令人恶心。

756　思想。人所有的尊严都在于他的思想，但这个思想是什么？多么愚蠢！

那么思想从本质看，是令人赞叹的，不可媲美的。它一定是具有离奇的缺陷才应受到蔑视，但它确实有缺陷，这真是可笑之至。由于本质它是多么伟大，由于缺陷它又是多么卑微啊。

757　流失。感觉到一个人拥有的全都流失掉了，真是匪夷所思。

758　光明。黑暗。如果没有明显的真理的迹象，就会有太多的黑暗。真理令人赞叹的一个标志是，它始终存在于有形的教会和会众之间。教会里只有一种主张的话，就有更多的光明。一直存在的那个是真正的宗教，因为真正的一直存在，从没有存在过假的。

759　思想构成了人的伟大。

764　所有大型的消遣都有害于基督徒的生活，但在世人发明的所有消遣形式中，剧场最为可怕。那里自然、巧妙地上演着激情，从而唤醒、激发出我们内心的激情，特别是爱的激情；尤其是当它表现贞洁和美德时。因为它表现得越纯洁，就越能打动纯洁的灵魂，所以它热烈的气氛吸引着我们的自尊，使它立即产生一种欲望，想制造出生动的表演所产生的效果。与此同时，我们的良心适应了我们所看到的无可指责的感情，因为这感情消除了纯洁心灵的恐惧，他们想象以爱去爱别人，纯洁之心就不会受到伤害，是慎重之举。

因此，当我们离开剧场时，心里充满了爱情的美好和甜蜜，内心相信自己的纯洁，完全准备好接受爱的第一次感觉，或者寻找机会，在别人的内心唤起这样的感觉，这样我们就可以享受到在剧场里观看到的、精心表演的那种欢悦和牺牲。

765　如果雷电袭击低洼的地方，等等，诗人和只能争论这类事情的民众得不到证据。

767　因为公爵、国王和地方法官的头衔是真实而必要的（因为权

力统治一切），所以它们存在于任何时代，任何地方，如果仅仅是心血来潮才册封出这样或那样的人，头衔没有一贯性，也就容易变异。

768　理性的命令必须服从，胜过服从主人的命令，因为不服从这个命令的话，会令我们不快，但如果不服从另一个的话，则是愚蠢的。

773　只是竞技本身，而不是胜利吸引我们。

我们喜欢看动物搏斗，而不是将一方征服后的胜利。除了最终的胜利，我们还希望看到什么？一旦决出胜负，我们就看够了。赌博和追求真理也是这样。我们希望看到辩论中不同的意见互相冲突，但一旦发现了真理，我们还会对它作一番深思吗？绝对不会。如果要享受真理，就必须看到它在辩论中产生。感情也一样，看到两种对立的感情发生碰撞是种愉悦，而当一方声称自己处于优势时，就变得残忍了。

我们从来不设法获得什么东西，而是追求过程。因此，剧场里无遮无拦的幸福场景不好看，好不过极度而无奈的痛苦，或冷酷的爱情，或野蛮的行径。

802　时间治愈痛苦，平息争吵，因为我们在变化。我们已不再是原来的自己；既不是冒犯者，也不是被冒犯者。这就好像一个人惹怒了一个民族，两代以后回来拜访他们。他们仍然是法兰西人，但已是不同的法兰西人。

803　如果我们每天夜里做同样的梦，梦会像我们每天看到的物体那样影响我们。如果一个工匠能每晚十二个小时梦到他是国王，我相信他会像一个国王每晚十二个小时梦到他是个工匠那样高兴。

如果我们每晚梦到被敌人追杀，为这些幻象所困扰，白天又做其他事情，就像旅行时的情况，我们会像确有其事似地受罪，会害怕去睡觉，因为害怕醒来时真的会遭遇不测。实际上这种梦魇带来的痛苦，几

乎和现实带来的一样。

因为梦各不相同，而且即使在同一个梦中梦境也会变化，因为连续性的原因，梦中看到的东西比醒着时看到的影响要小一些。除极少数情况以外，这种连续性并非连续、平稳得没有变化，只是变化得不那么突然，就像在旅途中，我们说："这就像一场梦。"因为人生就是一场梦，但似乎没有那么多变。

804　难道说，人承认原罪是因为他们说公义已经离开了这个世界？没有人称得上幸福，直到他死去。这是否意味着他们知道，永恒、绝对的幸福从死亡开始？

805　了解一个人的主要兴趣，就可以取悦他，但人的喜好可能有悖于自己的利益，这个利益是他自己概念中的利益，这个怪事令人不安。

806　我们不满意自己的生活，想过一种想象的、别人眼里的生活，所以就设法制造一种印象。我们不断地努力美化和维护想象中的自我，而忽视了真实的自我。如果我们冷静、大方或忠诚可靠的话，就渴望别人知道，这样就能将这些美德同我们的其他自我联系起来；我们想让美德脱离真正的自我，使之与其他自我统一起来。如果能赢得勇敢的声望，需要做懦夫我们也兴高采烈。这清楚地表明，我们的自我是多么微不足道，它会因为缺失了一样，就不满足于另一样，常常拿一个换另一个！因为不为挽救荣誉而死的人，就不会声名远扬。

808　有三种方法信从：理性、习惯、灵感。基督教本身就具有理性。基督教不承认不是因灵感而信从的人为其真正的孩子。这并不是说它排斥理性和习惯，恰恰相反，但我们必须接受那些证据，通过习惯坚定自己对它的信心，同时因蒙羞而获得灵感，只有这样，才能产生真正、有益的效果。免得基督的十字架毫无意义。

812　福音书的风格在许多方面都引人注目，其中包括从没有抨击过基督的刽子手和他的敌人。因为历史学家的著作从没有抨击过犹大[19]、彼拉多[20]或任何犹太人。

如果福音书显示出作者的这种克制，以及这种优秀品质的其他众多特点，如果他们写出来只是为了引起别人注意，而自己不作这样评论的话，不会没有朋友为他们说话。正是由于他们不虚伪，不偏激，才没有引来任何评论。我相信，这样的事情有很多以前都没有评论过。这表明这件事干得有多妙。

813　出于良知作恶，会作得充分而愉快。

814　我们滥用自己的感情，就像滥用自己的思想。

我们的思想和感情是我们交往的人训练的，也被我们交往的人滥用，我们交往的好人或坏人分别训练或滥用我们的思想和感情。因此，重要的是能够作出正确的选择，使我们对其进行训练，而不是滥用。除非这种选择能力已经被训练出来，而不是被滥用，否则我们作不出这种选择。这是个恶性循环，但任何人都能有幸逃脱。

815　普通人有能力不去考虑自己不想考虑的事。“不要考虑那些有关弥赛亚的段落。”犹太人对儿子说。我们自己人也经常这样，这就是虚伪的宗教是如何保存下来的，就大多数人而言，即使真正的宗教也是这样。

但是有些人无力阻止自己思考，越是被禁止，就越要思考。这些人摆脱了虚伪的宗教，甚至真正的宗教，除非能找到确凿的论据。

816　他们说：“如果我有信仰的话，我会很快放弃寻欢作乐的生活。”但是我告诉你：“如果放弃寻欢作乐的生活，你很快就会有信仰。现在，由你决定是否开始。如果我可以给你信仰，我会给的。但我不

能，也不能证实你说的是真的，不过你可以轻而易举地放弃寻欢作乐，证实我是否在说真话。”

817　无可否认；人必须承认，基督教蕴含惊心动魄的东西。他们会说：“这是因为你出身于基督教家庭。”远非如此；我态度强硬地反对这个理由，因为害怕被偏见腐蚀。纵然我出身于基督教家庭，我仍然情不自禁地感到惊心动魄。

937　我们因爱好而做事的时候，便忘记了责任。例如，如果喜欢一本书，我们就会读这本书，而这时我们本应该做别的事情。但要记住我们的责任，无非是要决定做我们不喜欢的事情；这样我们就有借口做别的事情，从而也就记住了责任。

938　福音书中用于形容病态灵魂的是患病的肌体。由于一个肌体不能生出那么多的病症，用以恰当形容病态的灵魂，就需要有多个肌体，因此，我们看到聋子、哑巴、瞎子、瘫子、麻风病患者、魔鬼附体的人。所有这些都一起给放到病态的灵魂里。

939　“仆人不知道主人做什么”，因为主人只告诉他要做什么，而不告诉他目的。这就是他为什么盲目地服从，又往往与目的背道而驰。但是耶稣基督向我们晓谕了目的。

而你却破坏了那个目的。

940　耶稣不想以不公义的形式被处死，因为死于公义之手远比死于不公义的反抗更蒙羞。

[1]法国波旁王室鸢尾花国旗。——译者注

[2]克利奥佩特拉（Cleopatra），古埃及艳后，公元前69年10月—公元前30年8月12日，古埃及托勒密王朝的最后一任法老。——译者注

[3]盖乌斯·尤利乌斯·恺撒（Gaius Julius Caesar），公元前100年7月13日—公元前44年3月15日，或称恺撒大帝，罗马共和国末期杰出的军事统帅、政治家。曾征服高卢全境（大约是现在的法国），袭击日耳曼和不列颠。——译者注

[4]原名盖·屋大维·图里努斯（Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus），公元前63年9月23日—公元14年8月19日，又名奥古斯都（Augustus），是恺撒大帝的甥孙和养子、罗马帝国的开国君主，统治罗马四十三年。曾出兵消灭了古埃及的托勒密王朝。——译者注

[5]马其顿国王亚历山大三世（Alexander III of Macedon），公元前356年7月22日—公元前323年6月10日，他维持了以马其顿为领导的统一的希腊诸城邦，并征服了波斯及其他亚洲王国，直至攻击到印度，被认为是历史上重要的军事家之一。——译者注

[6]约伯（Job），《旧约全书·约伯记》中的主角，被描述为一个受祝福的人，行为正直。由于撒旦指控约伯只为了物质利益才侍奉上帝，于是上帝一步步撤去保护，容许撒旦夺去约伯的财富、子女、健康。约伯受难，但保持了忠诚，没有诅咒上帝。上帝后来对约伯加倍祝福，使他晚景昌盛。——译者注

[7]所罗门（Solomon），根据《旧约全书·列王记》记载，是古以色列国王大卫之子，王国的第三任君主，以智慧著称；因崇信多神，偏离上帝，耶和华向他发怒，导致他死后叛乱爆发，王国分裂为北方的以色列王国和南方的犹大王国。——译者注

[8]埃皮克提图（Epictetus），公元前一世纪时的希腊斯多噶派哲学家、教师。——译者注

[9]保罗·哀米利乌斯（Paulus Emilius），公元前182年和公元前168年曾两度任罗马执政官，第二任时击败马其顿王珀修斯。——译者注

[10]珀修斯（Perseus），马其顿末代国王，公元前179年至公元前168年在位，公元前168年被保罗·哀米利乌斯击败，被俘。——译者注

[11]皮拉斯（Pyrrhus），公元前318—公元前272年，伊庇鲁斯国王（公元前306—公元前301年，公元前297—公元前272年），Molosso国王（公元前297—公元前272年），马其顿国王（公元前288—公元前284年，公元前273—公元前272年），罗马称霸亚平宁半岛的主要敌人之一，一生为王位征战。——译者注

[12]有人让皮拉斯说出计划征服世界的理由，据说他回答道：他的最终目的是心满意足地休息，但要在实现了征服的梦想以后。

[13]德谟克利特（Democritus），约公元前460—公元前370年，古希腊哲学家。——译者注

[14]埃皮克提图（Epictetus），公元前一世纪时的希腊斯多噶派哲学家、教师。——译者注

[15]圣奥古斯丁（Aurelius Augustinus），354年11月13日—430年8月28日，古罗马帝国时期基督教思想家，欧洲中世纪基督教神学、教父哲学的重要代表人物。——译者注

[16]约瑟夫（Josephus），耶稣时期犹太最著名的历史学家、犹太教徒。——译者注

[17]普布里乌斯·克奈里乌斯·塔西佗（Publius Cornelius Tacitus，50—120），古代罗马最伟大的历史学家、古罗马元老院议员。——译者注

[18]麦克洛比乌斯（Ambrosius Theodosius Macrobius），五世纪罗马文法家、新柏拉图主义哲学家。——译者注

[19]犹大（Judas），《圣经》中耶稣的十二门徒之一，他出卖了耶稣。——译者注

[20]彼拉多（Pilate），《圣经》中下令处死耶稣的犹太总督。——译者注

Contents

Human Happiness

PENGUIN BOOKS—GREAT IDEAS

Human Happiness

Blaise Pascal
1623-1662

Blaise Pascal

Human Happiness

TRANSLATED BY A. J. KRAILSHEIMER

PENGUIN BOOKS—GREAT IDEAS

In this selection of extracts the numbering system for theindividual pensées is that used in the Penguin Classics edition.

21 If we are too young our judgement is impaired, just as it is if we are too old.

Thinking too little about things or thinking too much both make us obstinate and fanatical.

If we look at our work immediately after completing it, we are still too involved; if too long afterwards, we cannot pick up the thread again.

It is like looking at pictures which are too near or too far away. There is just one indivisible point which is the right place.

Others are too near, too far, too high, or too low. In painting the rules of perspective decide it, but how will it be decided when it comes to truth and morality?

22 Flies are so mighty that they win battles, paralyse our minds, eat up our bodies.

23 Vanity of science. Knowledge of physical science will not console me for ignorance of morality in time of affliction, but knowledge of morality will always console me for ignorance of physical science.

24 Man's condition. Inconstancy, boredom, anxiety.

25 The fact that kings are habitually seen in the company of guards, drums, officers and all the things which prompt automatic responses of respect and fear has the result that, when they are sometimes alone and unaccompanied, their features are enough to strike respect and fear into their subjects, because we make no mental distinction between their person and the retinue with which they are normally seen to be associated. And the world, which does not know that this is the effect of habit, believes it to derive from some natural force, hence such sayings as: 'The character of divinity is stamped on his features.'

26 The power of kings is founded on the reason and the folly of the people, but especially on their folly. The greatest and most important thing in the world is founded on weakness. This is a remarkably sure foundation, for nothing is surer than that the people will be weak. Anything founded on sound reason is very ill-founded, like respect for wisdom.

30 We do not choose as captain of a ship the most highly born of those aboard.

31 We do not care about our reputation in towns where we are only passing through. But when we have to stay some time we do care. How much time does it take? A time proportionate to our vain and paltry existence.

33 What amazes me most is to see that everyone is not amazed at his own weakness. We behave seriously, and everyone follows his calling, not because it is really a good thing to do so, in accordance with fashion, but as if everyone knew for certain where reason and justice lie. We are constantly disappointed and an absurd humility makes us blame ourselves and not the skill we always boast of having. But it is a good thing for the reputation of scepticism that there are so many people about who are not sceptics, to show that man is quite capable of the most extravagant opinions, since he is capable of believing that he is not naturally and inevitably weak, but is, on the contrary, naturally wise.

36 Anyone who does not see the vanity of the world is very vain himself. So who does not see it, apart from young people whose lives are all noise, diversions, and thoughts for the future?

But take away their diversion and you will see them bored to extinction. Then they feel their nullity without recognizing it, for nothing could be more wretched than to be intolerably depressed as soon as one is reduced to introspection with no means of diversion.

42 How many kingdoms know nothing of us!

43 A trifle consoles us because a trifle upsets us.

44 Imagination. It is the dominant faculty in man, master of error and falsehood, all the more deceptive for not being invariably so; for it would be an infallible criterion of truth if it were infallibly that of lies. Since, however, it is usually false, it gives no indication of its quality, setting the same mark on true and false alike.

I am not speaking of fools, but of the wisest men, amongst whom

imagination is best entitled to persuade. Reason may object in vain, it cannot fix the price of things.

This arrogant force, which checks and dominates its enemy, reason, for the pleasure of showing off the power it has in every sphere, has established a second nature in man. Imagination has its happy and unhappy men, its sick and well, its rich and poor; it makes us believe, doubt, deny reason; it deadens the senses, it arouses them; it has its fools and sages, and nothing annoys us more than to see it satisfy its guests more fully and completely than reason ever could. Those who are clever in imagination are far more pleased with themselves than prudent men could reasonably be. They look down on people with a lofty air; they are bold and confident in argument, where others are timid and unsure, and their cheerful demeanour often wins the verdict of their listeners, for those whose wisdom is imaginary enjoy the favour of judges similarly qualified. Imagination cannot make fools wise, but it makes them happy, as against reason, which only makes its friends wretched: one covers them with glory, the other with shame.

Who dispenses reputation? Who makes us respect and revere persons, works, laws, the great? Who but this faculty of imagination? All the riches of the earth are inadequate without its approval. Would you not say that this magistrate, whose venerable age commands universal respect, is ruled by pure, sublime reason, and judges things as they really are, without paying heed to the trivial circumstances which offend only the imagination of weaker men? See him go to hear a sermon in a spirit of pious zeal, the soundness of his judgement strengthened by the ardour of his charity, ready to listen with exemplary respect. If, when the preacher appears, it turns out that nature has given him a hoarse voice and an odd sort of face, that his barber has shaved him badly and he happens not to be too clean either, then, whatever great truths he may announce, I wager that our senator will not be able to keep a straight face.

Put the world's greatest philosopher on a plank that is wider than need be: if there is a precipice below, although his reason may convince him that he is safe, his imagination will prevail. Many could not even stand the thought of it without going pale and breaking into sweat.

I do not intend to list all the effects of imagination. Everyone knows that the sight of cats, or rats, the crunching of a coal, etc., is enough to unhinge reason. The tone of voice influences the wisest of us and alters the force of a speech or a poem.

Love or hate alters the face of justice. An advocate who has been well paid in advance will find the cause he is pleading all the more just. The boldness of his bearing will make it seem all the better to the judges, taken in by appearances. How absurd is reason, the sport of every wind! I should list almost all the actions of men, who hardly stir except when jolted by imagination. For reason has had to yield, and at its wisest adopts those principles which human imagination has rashly introduced at every turn. Anyone who chose to follow reason alone would have proved himself a fool. We must, since reason so pleases, work all day for benefits recognized as imaginary, and, when sleep has refreshed us from the toils of our reason, we must at once jump up to pursue the phantoms and endure the impressions created by this ruler of the world. Here is one of the principles of error, but not the only one.

Man has been quite right to make these two powers into allies, although in this peace imagination enjoys an extensive advantage; for in conflict its advantage is more complete. Reason never wholly overcomes imagination, while the contrary is quite common.

Our magistrates have shown themselves well aware of this mystery. Their red robes, the ermine in which they swaddle themselves like furry cats, the law-courts where they sit in judgement, the fleurs de lys, all this august panoply was very necessary. If physicians did not have long gowns and mules, if learned doctors did not wear square caps and robes four times too large, they would never have deceived the world, which finds such an authentic display irresistible. If they possessed true justice, and if physicians possessed the true art of healing, they would not need square caps; the majesty of such sciences would command respect in itself. But, as they only possess imaginary science, they have to resort to these vain devices in order to strike the imagination, which is their real concern, and this, in fact, is how they win respect.

Soldiers are the only ones who do not disguise themselves in this way, because their role is really more essential; they establish themselves by force, the others by masquerade.

That is why our kings have not attempted to disguise themselves. They have not dressed up in extraordinary clothes to show what they are, but they have themselves escorted by guards, scarred veterans. These armed troops whose hands and strength are theirs alone, the drums and trumpets that march before them, and these legions which surround them make the most resolute

tremble.

They do not wear the trappings, they simply have the power. It would take reason at its most refined to see the Grand Turk, surrounded in his superb seraglio by 40,000 janissaries, as a man like any other.

We have only to see a lawyer in cap and gown to form a favourable opinion of his competence.

Imagination decides everything: it creates beauty, justice and happiness, which is the world's supreme good. I should dearly like to see the Italian book, of which I know only the title, worth many books in itself, Dell’opinione regina del mondo. Without knowing the book, I support its views, apart from any evil it may contain.

Such, more or less, are the effects of this deceptive faculty, apparently given to us for the specific purpose of leading us inevitably into error. We have plenty of other principles of error.

Longstanding impressions are not the only ones that can mislead us; the charms of novelty have the same power. Hence all the debate among men, who accuse each other either of following the false impressions of childhood or of rashly pursuing new ones. If anyone has found the golden mean, let him appear and prove it. Any principle, however natural it may be, even implanted in childhood, may be treated as a false impression either of education or of the senses.

'Because,' they say, 'you have believed since you were a child that a box was empty when you could not see anything in it, you believed that a vacuum could exist. This is just an illusion of your senses, strengthened by habit, and it must be corrected by science.' Others say: 'When you were taught at school that there is no such thing as a vacuum, your common sense was corrupted; it was quite clear about it before being given the wrong impression, and now it must be corrected by reverting to your original state.' Who then is the deceiver, the senses or education?

We have another principle of error in illnesses, which impair our judgement and sense. If serious illnesses do considerable harm, I have no doubt that the less serious ones have a proportionate effect.

Our own interest is another wonderful instrument for blinding us agreeably. The fairest man in the world is not allowed to be judge in his own cause. I know of men who, to avoid the danger of partiality in their own favour, have leaned over to the opposite extreme of injustice. The surest way to lose a perfectly just case was to get close relatives to commend it to them.

Justice and truths are two points so fine that our instruments are too blunt to touch them exactly. If they do make contact, they blunt the point and press all round on the false rather than the true.

Man, then, is so happily constituted that he has no exact principle of truth, and several excellent ones of falsehood. Let us now see how many.

But the most absurd cause of his errors is the war between the senses and the reason.

46 Vanity. The cause and effect of love. Cleopatra.

47 We never keep to the present. We recall the past; we anticipate the future as if we found it too slow in coming and were trying to hurry it up, or we recall the past as if to stay its too rapid flight. We are so unwise that we wander about in times that do not belong to us, and do not think of the only one that does; so vain that we dream of times that are not and blindly flee the only one that is. The fact is that the present usually hurts. We thrust it out of sight because it distresses us, and if we find it enjoyable, we are sorry to see it slip away. We try to give it the support of the future, and think how we are going to arrange things over which we have no control for a time we can never be sure of reaching.

Let each of us examine his thoughts; he will find them wholly concerned with the past or the future. We almost never think of the present, and if we do think of it, it is only to see what light it throws on our plans for the future. The present is never our end. The past and the present are our means, the future alone our end. Thus we never actually live, but hope to live, and since we are always planning how to be happy, it is inevitable that we should never be so.

49 Caesar was too old, it seems to me, to go off and amuse himself conquering the world. Such a pastime was all right for Augustus and Alexander; they were young men, not easily held in check, but Caesar ought to have been more mature.

53 Man is vile enough to bow down to beasts and even worship them.

54 Inconstancy. Things have various qualities and the soul various tendencies, for nothing presented to the soul is simple, and the soul never

applies itself simply to any subject. That is why the same thing makes us laugh and cry.

55 Inconstancy. We think playing upon man is like playing upon an ordinary organ. It is indeed an organ, but strange, shifting and changeable. Those who only know how to play an ordinary organ would never be in tune on this one. You have to know where the keys are.

56 We are so unhappy that we can only enjoy something which we should be annoyed to see go wrong, and that can and does constantly happen to thousands of things. Anyone who found the secret of rejoicing when things go well without being annoyed when they go badly would have found the point. It is perpetual motion.

57 It is not good to be too free.
It is not good to have all one needs.

58 Tyranny consists in the desire to dominate everything regardless of order.

In the various departments for men of strength, beauty, sense and piety, each man is master in his own house but nowhere else. Sometimes they meet and the strong and the handsome contend for mastery, but this is idiotic because their mastery is of different kinds. They do not understand each other and their mistake lies in wanting to rule everywhere. Nothing can do that, not even strength: it is of no effect in the learned world and only governs external actions. -So these arguments are false...

Tyranny. Tyranny is wanting to have by one means what can only be had by another. We pay different dues to different kinds of merit; we must love charm, fear strength, believe in knowledge.

These dues must be paid. It is wrong to refuse them and wrong to demand any others. So these arguments are false and tyrannical: 'I am handsome, so you must fear me. I am strong, so you must love me, I am...' In the same way it is false and tyrannical to say: 'He is not strong, so I will not respect him. He is not clever, so I will not fear him.'

65 Diversity. Theology is a science, but at the same time how many sciences? A man is a substance, but if you dissect him, what is he? Head,

heart, stomach, veins, each vein, each bit of vein, blood, each humour of blood?

A town or a landscape from afar off is a town and a landscape, but as one approaches it becomes houses, trees, tiles, leaves, grass, ants, ants' legs, and so on ad infinitum. All that is comprehended in the word 'landscape'.

68 When I consider the brief span of my life absorbed into the eternity which comes before and after - as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day - the small space I occupy and which I see swallowed up in the infinite immensity of spaces of which I know nothing and which know nothing of me, I take fright and am amazed to see myself here rather than there: there is no reason for me to be here rather than there, now rather than then. Who put me here? By whose command and act were this time and place allotted to me?

69 Wretchedness. Job and Solomon.

70 If our condition were truly happy we should not need to divert ourselves from thinking about it.

71 Contradictions. Pride counterbalances all these miseries; man either hides or displays them, and glories in his awareness of them.

72 One must know oneself. Even if that does not help in finding truth, at least it helps in running one's life, and nothing is more proper.

73 What causes inconstancy is the realization that present pleasures are false, together with the failure to realize that absent pleasures are vain.

77 Pride. Curiosity is only vanity. We usually only want to know something so that we can talk about it; in other words, we would never travel by sea if it meant never talking about it, and for the sheer pleasure of seeing things we could never hope to describe to others.

78 Description of man. Dependence, desire for independence, needs.

79 How tiresome it is to give up pursuits to which we have become

attached. A man enjoying a happy home-life has only to see a woman who attracts him, or spend five or six pleasant days gambling, and he will be very sorry to go back to what he was doing before. It happens every day.

80 Respect means: put yourself out. That may look pointless, but it is quite right, because it amounts to saying: I should certainly put myself out if you needed it, because I do so when you do not; besides, respect serves to distinguish the great. If respect meant sitting in an armchair we should be showing everyone respect and then there would be no way of marking distinction, but we make the distinction quite clear by putting ourselves out.

81 The only universal rules are the law of the land in everyday matters and the will of the majority in others. How is that? Because of the power implied.

That is why kings, who have another source of power, do not follow the majority of their ministers.

Equality of possessions is no doubt right, but, as men could not make might obey right, they have made right obey might. As they could not fortify justice they have justified force, so that right and might live together and peace reigns, the sovereign good.

82 Wisdom leads us back to childhood. Except ye become as little children.

83 The world is a good judge of things, because it is in the state of natural ignorance where man really belongs. Knowledge has two extremes which meet; one is the pure natural ignorance of every man at birth, the other is the extreme reached by great minds who run through the whole range of human knowledge, only to find that they know nothing and come back to the same ignorance from which they set out, but it is a wise ignorance which knows itself. Those who stand half-way have put their natural ignorance behind them without yet attaining the other; they have some smattering of adequate knowledge and pretend to understand everything. They upset the world and get everything wrong.

Ordinary people and clever people make up the run of the world; the former despise it and are despised in their turn. All their judgements are wrong and the world judges them rightly.

84 Descartes. In general terms one must say: 'That is the result of figure and motion,' because it is true, but to name them and assemble the machine is quite ridiculous. It is pointless, uncertain, and arduous. Even if it were true we do not think that the whole of philosophy would be worth an hour's effort.

86 Of true justice. We no longer have any. If we had, we should not accept it as a rule of justice that one should follow the customs of one's country.

That is why we have found might when we could not find right.

87 The chancellor is a grave man, dressed in fine robes because his position is false; not so the king. He enjoys power, and has no use for imagination. Judges, doctors, etc., enjoy nothing but imagination.

88 It is the effect of power, not of custom, for those capable of originality are rare. Those who are strongest in numbers only want to follow, and refuse recognition to those who seek it for their originality. If they persist in wanting recognition and despising those who are not original, the others will call them ridiculous names and may even beat them. So do not be conceited about your subtlety, or keep your satisfaction to yourself.

94 Sound opinions of the people. The greatest of evils is civil war.

It is bound to come if people want to reward merit, because everyone will claim to be meritorious. The evil to be feared if the succession falls by right of birth to a fool is neither so great nor so certain.

95 Sound opinions of the people. It is not mere vanity to be elegant, because it shows that a lot of people are working for you. Your hair shows that you have a valet, a perfumer, etc., bands, thread, braid, etc., show ... It means more than superficial show or mere accoutrement to have many hands in one's service.

The more hands one employs the more powerful one is. Elegance is a means of showing one's power.

98 How is it that a lame man does not annoy us while a lame mind does? Because a lame man recognizes that we are walking straight, while a lame

mind says that it is we who are limping. But for that we should feel sorry rather than angry.

Epictetus goes much further when he asks: Why do we not lose our temper if someone tells us that we have a headache, while we do lose it if someone says there is anything wrong with our arguments or our choice?

99 The reason for that is that we are quite certain that we have not got a headache, and are not limping, but we are not so sure we are making the right choice. Consequently, since the only thing that makes us sure is the evidence available to us, we hesitate and are taken aback when the evidence available to someone else makes him see just the opposite. All the more so when a thousand other people scoff at our choice, because we are obliged to prefer our judgement to that of so many others, and that is a bold and difficult thing to do. There is never such a clash of views over a lame man.

Man is so made that if he is told often enough that he is a fool he believes it. By telling himself so often enough he convinces himself, because when he is alone he carries on an inner dialogue with himself which it is important to keep under proper control. Evil communications corrupt good manners. We must keep silence as far as we can and only talk to ourselves about God, whom we know to be true, and thus convince ourselves that he is.

103 Right, might. It is right to follow the right, it is necessary to follow the mighty.

Right without might is helpless, might without right is tyrannical.

Right without might is challenged, because there are always evil men about. Might without right is denounced. We must therefore combine right and might, and to that end make right into might or might into right.

Right is open to dispute, might is easily recognized and beyond dispute. Therefore right could not be made mighty because might challenged right, calling it unjust and itself claiming to be just.

Being thus unable to make right into might, we have made might into right.

104 What a great advantage to be of noble birth, since it gives a man of eighteen the standing, recognition and respect that another man might not earn before he was fifty. That means winning thirty years' start with no effort.

105 If an animal did rationally what it does by instinct, and if it spoke rationally what it speaks by instinct when hunting, or warning its fellows that the prey has been lost or found, it would certainly go on to talk about matters which affect it more seriously, and it would say, for instance: 'Bite through this cord; it is hurting me and I cannot reach it.'

106 Greatness. Causes and effects show the greatness of man in producing such excellent order from his own concupiscence.

107 The parrot wipes its beak although it is clean.

108 What part of us feels pleasure? Is it our hand, our arm, our flesh, or our blood? It must obviously be something immaterial.

109 Against Scepticism. It is odd that we cannot define these things without making them obscure; we talk about them all the time. We assume that everyone conceives of them in the same way, but that it is a quite gratuitous assumption, because we have no proof that it is so. I see indeed that we apply these words on the same occasions; every time two men see a body change its position they both use the same word to express what they have seen, each of them saying that the body has moved. Such conformity of application provides a strong presumption of conformity of thought, but it lacks the absolute force of total conviction, although the odds are that it is so, because we know that the same conclusions are often drawn from different assumptions.

That is enough to cloud the issue, to say the least, though it does not completely extinguish the natural light which provides us with certainty in such matters. The Platonists would have wagered on it, but that makes the light dimmer and upsets the dogmatists, to the glory of the sceptical clique which stands for ambiguous ambiguity, and a certain dubious obscurity from which our doubts cannot remove every bit of light any more than our natural light can dispel all the darkness.

110 We know the truth not only through our reason but also through our heart. It is through the latter that we know first principles, and reason, which has nothing to do with it, tries in vain to refute them. The sceptics have no other object than that, and they work at it to no purpose. We know that we are

not dreaming, but, however unable we may be to prove it rationally, our inability proves nothing but the weakness of our reason, and not the uncertainty of all our knowledge, as they maintain. For knowledge of first principles, like space, time, motion, number, is as solid as any derived through reason, and it is on such knowledge, coming from the heart and instinct, that reason has to depend and base all its argument. The heart feels that there are three spatial dimensions and that there is an infinite series of numbers, and reason goes on to demonstrate that there are no two square numbers of which one is double the other. Principles are felt, propositions proved, and both with certainty though by different means. It is just as pointless and absurd for reason to demand proof of first principles from the heart before agreeing to accept them as it would be absurd for the heart to demand an intuition of all the propositions demonstrated by reason before agreeing to accept them.

Our inability must therefore serve only to humble reason, which would like to be the judge of everything, but not to confute our certainty. As if reason were the only way we could learn! Would to God, on the contrary, that we never needed it and knew everything by instinct and feeling! But nature has refused us this blessing, and has instead given us only very little knowledge of this kind; all other knowledge can be acquired only by reasoning.

That is why those to whom God has given religious faith by moving their hearts are very fortunate, and feel quite legitimately convinced, but to those who do not have it we can only give such faith through reasoning, until God gives it by moving their heart, without which faith is only human and useless for salvation.

111 I can certainly imagine a man without hands, feet, or head, for it is only experience that teaches us that the head is more necessary than the feet. But I cannot imagine a man without thought; he would be a stone or an animal.

112 Instinct and reason, signs of two natures.

113 Thinking reed. It is not in space that I must seek my human dignity, but in the ordering of my thought. It will do me no good to own land. Through space the universe grasps me and swallows me up like a speck;

through thought I grasp it.

114 Man's greatness comes from knowing he is wretched: a tree does not know it is wretched.

Thus it is wretched to know that one is wretched, but there is greatness in knowing one is wretched.

115 Immateriality of the soul. When philosophers have subdued their passions, what material substance has managed to achieve this?

116 All these examples of wretchedness prove his greatness. It is the wretchedness of a great lord, the wretchedness of a dispossessed king.

117 Man's greatness. Man's greatness is so obvious that it can even be deduced from his wretchedness, for what is nature in animals we call wretchedness in man, thus recognizing that, if his nature is today like that of the animals, he must have fallen from some better state which was once his own.

Who indeed would think himself unhappy not to be king except one who had been dispossessed? Did anyone think Paulus Emilius was unhappy not to be consul? On the contrary, everyone thought he was happy to have been so once, because the office was not meant to be permanent. But people thought Perseus so unhappy at finding himself no longer king, because that was meant to be a permanent office, that they were surprised that he could bear to go on living. Who would think himself unhappy if he had only one mouth and who would not if he had only one eye? It has probably never occurred to anyone to be distressed at not having three eyes, but those who have none are inconsolable.

118 Man's greatness even in his concupiscence. He has managed to produce such a remarkable system from it and make it the image of true charity.

119 Contradictions. (After showing how vile and how great man is.) Let man now judge his own worth, let him love himself, for there is within him a nature capable of good; but that is no reason for him to love the vileness within himself. Let him despise himself because this capacity remains

unfilled; but that is no reason for him to despise this natural capacity. Let him both hate and love himself; he has within him the capacity for knowing truth and being happy, but he possesses no truth which is either abiding or satisfactory.

I should therefore like to arouse in man the desire to find truth, to be ready, free from passion, to follow it wherever he may find it, realizing how far his knowledge is clouded by passions. I should like him to hate his concupiscence which automatically makes his decisions for him, so that it should not blind him when he makes his choice, nor hinder him once he has chosen.

120 We are so presumptuous that we should like to be known all over the world, even by people who will only come when we are no more. Such is our vanity that the good opinion of half a dozen of the people around us gives us pleasure and satisfaction.

121 It is dangerous to explain too clearly to man how like he is to the animals without pointing out his greatness. It is also dangerous to make too much of his greatness without his vileness. It is still more dangerous to leave him in ignorance of both, but it is most valuable to represent both to him.

Man must not be allowed to believe that he is equal either to animals or to angels, nor to be unaware of either, but he must know both.

122 Greatness and wretchedness. Since wretchedness and greatness can be concluded each from the other, some people have been more inclined to conclude that man is wretched for having used his greatness to prove it, while others have all the more cogently concluded he is great by basing their proof on wretchedness. Everything that could be said by one side as proof of greatness has only served as an argument for the others to conclude he is wretched, since the further one falls the more wretched one is, and vice versa. One has followed the other in an endless circle, for it is certain that as man's insight increases so he finds both wretchedness and greatness within himself. In a word man knows he is wretched. Thus he is wretched because he is so, but he is truly great because he knows it.

123 Contradictions. Contempt for our existence, dying for nothing, hatred of our existence.

124 Contradictions. Man is naturally credulous, incredulous, timid, bold.

125 What are our natural principles but habitual principles? In children it is the principles received from the habits of their fathers, like hunting in the case of animals.

A change of habit will produce different natural principles, as can be seen from experience, and if there are some principles which habit cannot eradicate, there are others both habitual and unnatural which neither nature nor a new habit can eradicate. It all depends on one's disposition.

126 Fathers are afraid that their children's natural love may be eradicated. What then is this nature which is liable to be eradicated?

Habit is a second nature that destroys the first. But what is nature? Why is habit not natural? I am very much afraid that nature itself is only a first habit, just as habit is a second nature.

127 Man's nature may be considered in two ways; either according to his end, and then he is great and beyond compare, or according to the masses, as the nature of horses and dogs is judged by the masses from seeing how they run or ward off strangers, and then man is abject and vile. These are the two approaches which provoke such divergent views and such argument among philosophers, because each denies the other's hypothesis.

One says: 'Man was not born for this end, because everything he does belies it.' The other says: 'He is falling far short of his end when he acts so basely.'

128 Two things teach man about his whole nature: instinct and experience.

129 Trade. Thoughts. All is one, all is diversity.

How many natures lie in human nature! How many occupations! How fortuitously in the ordinary way each of us takes up the one that he has heard others praise. A well-turned heel.

130 If he exalts himself, I humble him.

If he humbles himself, I exalt him.

And I go on contradicting him
Until he understands
That he is a monster that passes all understanding.

131 The strongest of the sceptics' arguments, to say nothing of minor points, is that we cannot be sure that these principles are true (faith and revelation apart) except through some natural intuition. Now this natural intuition affords no convincing proof that they are true. There is no certainty, apart from faith, as to whether man was created by a good God, an evil demon, or just by chance, and so it is a matter of doubt, depending on our origin, whether these innate principles are true, false or uncertain.

Moreover, no one can be sure, apart from faith, whether he is sleeping or waking, because when we are asleep we are just as firmly convinced that we are awake as we are now. As we often dream we are dreaming, piling up one dream on another, is it not possible that this half of our life is itself just a dream, on to which the others are grafted, and from which we shall awake when we die? That while it lasts we are as little in possession of the principles of truth and goodness as during normal sleep? All this passage of time, of life, all these different bodies which we feel, the different thoughts which stir us, may be no more than illusions like the passage of time and vain phantoms of our dreams. We think we are seeing space, shape, movement, we feel time pass, we measure it, in fact we behave just as we do when we are awake. As a result, since half our life is spent in sleep, on our own admission and despite appearances we have no idea of the truth because all our intuitions are simply illusions during that time. Who knows whether the other half of our lives, when we think we are awake, is not another sleep slightly different from the first, on to which our dreams are grafted as our sleep appears, and from which we awake when we think we are sleeping? And who can doubt that, if we dreamed in the company of others and our dreams happened to agree, which is common enough, and if we were alone when awake, we should think things had been turned upside-down?

These are the main points on each side, to say nothing of minor arguments, like those the sceptics direct against the influences of habit, education, local customs, and so on, which the slightest puff of scepticism overturns, though they convince the majority of ordinary people, who have only this vain basis for their dogmas. You have only to look at their books; if you are not sufficiently persuaded you soon will be, perhaps too much so.

I pause at the dogmatists' only strong point, which is that we cannot doubt natural principles if we speak sincerely and in all good faith.

To which the sceptics reply, in a word, that uncertainty as to our origin entails uncertainty as to our nature. The dogmatists have been trying to answer that ever since the world began.

(Anyone wanting ampler information about scepticism should look at their books; he will soon be persuaded, perhaps too much so.)

This means open war between men, in which everyone is obliged to take sides, either with the dogmatists or with the sceptics, because anyone who imagines he can stay neutral is a sceptic par excellence. This neutrality is the essence of their clique. Anyone who is not against them is their staunch supporter, and that is where their advantage appears. They are not even for themselves; they are neutral, indifferent, suspending judgment on everything, including themselves.

What then is man to do in this state of affairs? Is he to doubt everything, to doubt whether he is awake, whether he is being pinched or burned? Is he to doubt whether he is doubting, to doubt whether he exists?

No one can go that far, and I maintain that a perfectly genuine sceptic has never existed. Nature backs up helpless reason and stops it going so wildly astray.

Is he, on the other hand, to say that he is the certain possessor of truth, when at the slightest pressure he fails to prove his claim and is compelled to loose his grasp?

What sort of freak then is man! How novel, how monstrous, how chaotic, how paradoxical, how prodigious! Judge of all things, feeble earthworm, repository of truth, sink of doubt and error, glory and refuse of the universe!

Who will unravel such a tangle? This is certainly beyond dogmatism and scepticism, beyond all human philosophy. Man transcends man. Let us then concede to the sceptics what they have so often proclaimed, that truth lies beyond our scope and is an unattainable quarry, that it is no earthly denizen, but at home in heaven, lying in the lap of God, to be known only in so far as it pleases him to reveal it. Let us learn our true nature from the uncreated and incarnate truth.

If we seek truth through reason we cannot avoid one of these three sects. You cannot be a sceptic or a Platonist without stifling nature, you cannot be a dogmatist without turning your back on reason.

Nature confounds the sceptics and Platonists, and reason confounds the dogmatists. What then will become of you, man, seeking to discover your true condition through natural reason? You cannot avoid one of these three sects nor survive in any of them.

Know then, proud man, what a paradox you are to yourself. Be humble, impotent reason! Be silent, feeble nature! Learn that man infinitely transcends man, hear from your master your true condition, which is unknown to you.

Listen to God.

Is it not as clear as day that man's condition is dual? The point is that if man had never been corrupted, he would, in his innocence, confidently enjoy both truth and felicity, and, if man had never been anything but corrupt, he would have no idea either of truth or bliss. But unhappy as we are (and we should be less so if there were no element of greatness in our condition) we have an idea of happiness but we cannot attain it. We perceive an image of the truth and possess nothing but falsehood, being equally incapable of absolute ignorance and certain knowledge; so obvious is it that we once enjoyed a degree of perfection from which we have unhappily fallen.

Let us then conceive that man's condition is dual. Let us conceive that man infinitely transcends man, and that without the aid of faith he would remain inconceivable to himself, for who cannot see that unless we realize the duality of human nature we remain invincibly ignorant of the truth about ourselves?

It is, however, an astounding thing that the mystery furthest from our ken, that of the transmission of sin, should be something without which we can have no knowledge of ourselves.

Without doubt nothing is more shocking to our reason than to say that the sin of the first man has implicated in its guilt men so far from the original sin that they seem incapable of sharing it. This flow of guilt does not seem merely impossible to us, but indeed most unjust. What could be more contrary to the rules of our miserable justice than the eternal damnation of a child, incapable of will, for an act in which he seems to have so little part that it was actually committed 6,000 years before he existed? Certainly nothing jolts us more rudely than this doctrine, and yet, but for this mystery, the most incomprehensible of all, we remain incomprehensible to ourselves. The knot of our condition was twisted and turned in that abyss, so that it is harder to conceive of man without this mystery than for man to conceive of it himself.

This shows that God, in his desire to make the difficulties of our existence unintelligible to us, hid the knot so high, or more precisely, so low, that we were quite unable to reach it. Consequently it is not through the proud activity of our reason but through its simple submission that we can really know ourselves.

These fundamental facts, solidly established on the inviolable authority of religion, teach us that there are in faith two equally constant truths. One is that man in the state of his creation, or in the state of grace, is exalted above the whole of nature, made like unto God and sharing in his divinity. The other is that in the state of corruption and sin he has fallen from that first state and has become like the beasts. These two propositions are equally firm and certain.

Scripture openly declares this when it says in certain places: My delights were with the sons of men - I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh - Ye are gods, while saying in others: All flesh is grass - Man is like the beasts that perish - I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men.

Whence it is clearly evident that man through grace is made like unto God and shares his divinity, and without grace he is treated like the beasts of the field.

136 Diversion. Sometimes, when I set to thinking about the various activities of men, the dangers and troubles which they face at Court, or in war, giving rise to so many quarrels and passions, daring and often wicked enterprises and so on, I have often said that the sole cause of man's unhappiness is that he does not know how to stay quietly in his room. A man wealthy enough for life's needs would never leave home to go to sea or besiege some fortress if he knew how to stay at home and enjoy it. Men would never spend so much on a commission in the army if they could bear living in town all their lives, and they only seek after the company and diversion of gambling because they do not enjoy staying at home.

But after closer thought, looking for the particular reasons for all our unhappiness now that I knew its general cause, I found one very cogent reason in the natural unhappiness of our feeble mortal condition, so wretched that nothing can console us when we really think about it.

Imagine any situation you like, add up all the blessings with which you could be endowed, to be king is still the finest thing in the world; yet if you imagine one with all the advantages of his rank, but no means of diversion,

left to ponder and reflect on what he is, this limp felicity will not keep him going; he is bound to start thinking of all the threats facing him, of possible revolts, finally of inescapable death and disease, with the result that if he is deprived of so-called diversion he is unhappy, indeed more unhappy than the humblest of his subjects who can enjoy sport and diversion.

The only good thing for men therefore is to be diverted from thinking of what they are, either by some occupation which takes their mind off it, or by some novel and agreeable passion which keeps them busy, like gambling, hunting, some absorbing show, in short by what is called diversion.

That is why gaming and feminine society, war and high office are so popular. It is not that they really bring happiness, nor that anyone imagines that true bliss comes from possessing the money to be won at gaming or the hare that is hunted: no one would take it as a gift. What people want is not the easy peaceful life that allows us to think of our unhappy condition, nor the dangers of war, nor the burdens of office, but the agitation that takes our mind off it and diverts us. That is why we prefer the hunt to the capture.

That is why men are so fond of hustle and bustle; that is why prison is such a fearful punishment; that is why the pleasures of solitude are so incomprehensible. That, in fact, is the main joy of being a king, because people are continually trying to divert him and procure him every kind of pleasure. A king is surrounded by people whose only thought is to divert him and stop him thinking about himself, because, king though he is, he becomes unhappy as soon as he thinks about himself.

That is all that men have been able to devise for attaining happiness; those who philosophize about it, holding that people are quite unreasonable to spend all day chasing a hare that they would not have wanted to buy, have little knowledge of our nature. The hare itself would not save us from thinking about death and the miseries distracting us, but hunting it does so. Thus when Pyrrhus was advised to take the rest towards which he was so strenuously striving, he found it very hard to do so.[1]

Telling a man to rest is the same as telling him to live happily. It means advising him to enjoy a completely happy state in which he can contemplate at leisure without cause for distress. It means not understanding nature.

Thus men who are naturally conscious of what they are shun nothing so much as rest; they would do anything to be disturbed.

It is wrong then to blame them; they are not wrong to want excitement - if they only wanted it for the sake of diversion. The trouble is that they want

it as though, once they had the things they seek, they could not fail to be truly happy. That is what justifies calling their search a vain one. All this shows that neither the critics nor the criticized understand man's real nature.

When men are reproached for pursuing so eagerly something that could never satisfy them, their proper answer, if they really thought about it, ought to be that they simply want a violent and vigorous occupation to take their minds off themselves, and that is why they choose some attractive object to entice them in ardent pursuit. Their opponents could find no answer to that,

(Vanity, pleasure of showing off. Dancing, you must think where to put your feet.)

but they do not answer like that because they do not know themselves. They do not know that all they want is the hunt and not the capture. The nobleman sincerely believes that hunting is a great sport, the sport of kings, but his huntsman does not feel like that. They imagine that if they secured a certain appointment they would enjoy resting afterwards, and they do not realize the insatiable nature of cupidity. They think they genuinely want rest when all they really want is activity.

They have a secret instinct driving them to seek external diversion and occupation, and this is the result of their constant sense of wretchedness. They have another secret instinct, left over from the greatness of our original nature, telling them that the only true happiness lies in rest and not in excitement. These two contrary instincts give rise to a confused plan buried out of sight in the depths of their soul, which leads them to seek rest by way of activity and always to imagine that the satisfaction they miss will come to them once they overcome certain obvious difficulties and can open the door to welcome rest.

All our life passes in this way: we seek rest by struggling against certain obstacles, and once they are overcome, rest proves intolerable because of the boredom it produces. We must get away from it and crave excitement.

We think either of present or of threatened miseries, and even if we felt quite safe on every side, boredom on its own account would not fail to emerge from the depths of our hearts, where it is naturally rooted, and poison our whole mind.

Man is so unhappy that he would be bored even if he had no cause for boredom, by the very nature of his temperament, and he is so vain that, though he has a thousand and one basic reasons for being bored, the slightest thing, like pushing a ball with a billiard cue, will be enough to divert him.

'But,' you will say, 'what is his object in all this?' Just so that he can boast tomorrow to his friends that he played better than someone else. Likewise others sweat away in their studies to prove to scholars that they have solved some hitherto insoluble problem in algebra. Many others again, just as foolishly in my view, risk the greatest dangers so that they can boast afterwards of having captured some stronghold. Then there are others who exhaust themselves observing all these things, not in order to become wiser, but just to show they know them, and these are the biggest fools of the lot, because they know what they are doing, while it is conceivable that the rest would stop being foolish if they knew too.

A given man lives a life free from boredom by gambling a small sum every day. Give him every morning the money he might win that day, but on condition that he does not gamble, and you will make him unhappy. It might be argued that what he wants is the entertainment of gaming and not the winnings. Make him play then for nothing; his interest will not be fired and he will become bored, so it is not just entertainment he wants. A half-hearted entertainment without excitement will bore him. He must have excitement, he must delude himself into imagining that he would be happy to win what he would not want as a gift if it meant giving up gambling. He must create some target for his passions and then arouse his desire, anger, fear, for this object he has created, just like children taking fright at a face they have daubed themselves.

That is why this man, who lost his only son a few months ago and was so troubled and oppressed this morning by lawsuits and quarrels, is not thinking about it any more. Do not be surprised; he is concentrating all his attention on which way the boar will go that his dogs have been so hotly pursuing for the past six hours. That is all he needs. However sad a man may be, if you can persuade him to take up some diversion he will be happy while it lasts, and however happy a man may be, if he lacks diversion and has no absorbing passion or entertainment to keep boredom away, he will soon be depressed and unhappy. Without diversion there is no joy; with diversion there is no sadness. That is what constitutes the happiness of persons of rank, for they have a number of people to divert them and the ability to keep themselves in this state.

Make no mistake about it. What else does it mean to be Superintendent, Chancellor, Chief Justice, but to enjoy a position in which a great number of people come every morning from all parts and do not leave them a single

hour of the day to think about themselves? When they are in disgrace and sent off to their country houses, where they lack neither wealth nor servants to meet their needs, they infallibly become miserable and dejected because no one stops them thinking about themselves.

139 Diversion. From childhood on men are made responsible for the care of their honour, their property, their friends, and even of the property and honour of their friends; they are burdened with duties, language-training and exercises, and given to understand that they can never be happy unless their health, their honour, their fortune and those of their friends are in good shape, and that it needs only one thing to go wrong to make them unhappy. So they are given responsibilities and duties which harass them from the first moment of each day. You will say that is an odd way to make them happy: what better means could one devise to make them unhappy? What could one do? You would only have to take away all their cares, and then they would see themselves and think about what they are, where they come from, and where they are going. That is why men cannot be too much occupied and distracted, and that is why, when they have been given so many things to do, if they have some time off they are advised to spend it on diversion and sport, and always to keep themselves fully occupied.

How hollow and foul is the heart of man!

148 Man without faith can know neither true good nor justice.

All men seek happiness. There are no exceptions. However different the means they may employ, they all strive towards this goal. The reason why some go to war and some do not is the same desire in both, but interpreted in two different ways. The will never takes the least step except to that end. This is the motive of every act of every man, including those who go and hang themselves.

Yet for very many years no one without faith has ever reached the goal at which everyone is continually aiming. All men complain: princes, subjects, nobles, commoners, old, young, strong, weak, learned, ignorant, healthy, sick, in every country, at every time, of all ages, and all conditions.

A test which has gone on so long, without pause or change, really ought to convince us that we are incapable of attaining the good by our own efforts. But example teaches us very little. No two examples are so exactly alike that there is not some subtle difference, and that is what makes us expect that our

expectations will not be disappointed this time as they were last time. So, while the present never satisfies us, experience deceives us, and leads us on from one misfortune to another until death comes as the ultimate and eternal climax.

What else does this craving, and this helplessness, proclaim but that there was once in man a true happiness, of which all that now remains is the empty print and trace? This he tries in vain to fill with everything around him, seeking in things that are not there the help he cannot find in those that are, though none can help, since this infinite abyss can be filled only with an infinite and immutable object; in other words by God himself.

God alone is man's true good, and since man abandoned him it is a strange fact that nothing in nature has been found to take his place: stars, sky, earth, elements, plants, cabbages, leeks, animals, insects, calves, serpents, fever, plague, war, famine, vice, adultery, incest. Since losing his true good, man is capable of seeing it in anything, even his own destruction, although it is so contrary at once to God, to reason and to nature.

Some seek their good in authority, some in intellectual inquiry and knowledge, some in pleasure.

Others again, who have indeed come closer to it, have found it impossible that this universal good, desired by all men, should lie in any of the particular objects which can only be possessed by one individual and which, once shared, cause their possessors more grief over the part they lack than satisfaction over the part they enjoy as their own. They have realized that the true good must be such that it may be possessed by all men at once without diminution or envy, and that no one should be able to lose it against his will. Their reason is that this desire is natural to man, since all men inevitably feel it, and man cannot be without it, and they therefore conclude...

151 It is absurd of us to rely on the company of our fellows, as wretched and helpless as we are; they will not help us; we shall die alone.

We must act then as if we were alone. If that were so, would we build superb houses, etc.? We should unhesitatingly look for the truth. And, if we refuse, it shows that we have a higher regard for men's esteem than for pursuing the truth.

152 Between us and heaven or hell there is only life half-way, the most fragile thing in the world.

153 What after all do you promise me but ten years of self-love (for ten years is the stake), trying hard to please without succeeding, not to speak of certain anguish?

155 Heart
Instinct
Principles.

156 Pity the atheists who seek, for are they not unhappy enough? Inveigh against those who boast about it.

157 Atheism indicates strength of mind, but only up to a certain point.

158 As far as the choices go, you must take the trouble to seek the truth, for if you die without worshipping the true principle you are lost. 'But', you say, 'if he had wanted me to worship him, he would have left me some signs of his will.' So he did, but you pay no heed. Look for them then; it is well worth it.

159 If we ought to give up one week of our life, we ought to give up a hundred years.

16o There are only three sorts of people: those who have found God and serve him; those who are busy seeking him and have not found him; those who live without either seeking or finding him. The first are reasonable and happy, the last are foolish and unhappy, those in the middle are unhappy and reasonable.

161 Atheists should say things that are perfectly clear. Now it is not perfectly clear that the soul is material.

162 Begin by pitying unbelievers; their condition makes them unhappy enough.

They ought not to be abused unless it does them good, but in fact it does them harm.

163 A man in a dungeon, not knowing whether sentence has been passed on him, with only an hour left to find out, and that hour enough, once he knows it has been passed, to have it revoked. It would be unnatural for him to spend that hour not finding out whether sentence has been passed but playing piquet.

So it is beyond all nature that man, etc.... It is weighing down the hand of God.

So it is not only the zeal of those who seek him that proves God's existence, but also the blindness of those who do not seek him.

164 Beginning. Dungeon. I agree that Copernicus' opinion need not be more closely examined. But this:

It affects our whole life to know whether the soul is mortal or immortal.

165 The last act is bloody, however fine the rest of the play. They throw earth over your head and it is finished for ever.

166 We run heedlessly into the abyss after putting something in front of us to stop us seeing it.

193 Prejudice leading to error. It is deplorable to see everybody debating about the means, never the end. Everyone thinks about how he will get on in his career, but when it comes to choosing a career or a country it is fate that decides for us.

It is pitiful to see so many Turks, heretics, unbelievers follow in their fathers' footsteps, solely because they have all been brought up to believe that this is the best course. This is what makes each of us pick his particular career as locksmith, soldier, etc.

That is why savages do not care about Provence.

194 Why have limits been set upon my knowledge, my height, my life, making it a hundred rather than a thousand years? For what reason did nature make it so, and choose this rather than that mean from the whole of infinity, when there is no more reason to choose one rather than another, as none is more attractive than another?

195 Little of everything. As we cannot be universal by knowing

everything there is to be known about everything, we must know a little about everything, because it is much better to know something about everything than everything about something. Such universality is the finest. It would be still better if we could have both together, but, if a choice must be made, this is the one to choose. The world knows this and does so, for the world is often a good judge.

196 Some fancy makes me dislike people who croak or who puff while eating. Fancy carries a lot of weight. What good will that do us? That we indulge it because it is natural? No, rather that we resist it.

197 There is no better proof of human vanity than to consider the causes and effects of love, because the whole universe can be changed by it. Cleopatra's nose.

198 When I see the blind and wretched state of man, when I survey the whole universe in its dumbness and man left to himself with no light, as though lost in this corner of the universe, without knowing who put him there, what he has come to do, what will become of him when he dies, incapable of knowing anything, I am moved to terror, like a man transported in his sleep to some terrifying desert island, who wakes up quite lost and with no means of escape. Then I marvel that so wretched a state does not drive people to despair. I see other people around me, made like myself. I ask them if they are any better informed than I, and they say they are not. Then these lost and wretched creatures look around and find some attractive objects to which they become addicted and attached. For my part I have never been able to form such attachments, and considering how very likely it is that there exists something besides what I can see, I have tried to find out whether God has left any traces of himself.

I see a number of religions in conflict, and therefore all false, except one. Each of them wishes to be believed on its own authority and threatens unbelievers. I do not believe them on that account. Anyone can say that. Anyone can call himself a prophet, but I see Christianity, and find its prophecies, which are not something that anyone can do.

199 Disproportion of man. This is where unaided knowledge brings us. If it is not true, there is no truth in man, and if it is true, he has good cause to

feel humiliated; in either case he is obliged to humble himself.

And, since he cannot exist without believing this knowledge, before going on to a wider inquiry concerning nature, I want him to consider nature just once, seriously and at leisure, and to look at himself as well, and judge whether there is any proportion between himself and nature by comparing the two.

Let man then contemplate the whole of nature in her full and lofty majesty, let him turn his gaze away from the lowly objects around him; let him behold the dazzling light set like an eternal lamp to light up the universe, let him see the earth as a mere speck compared to the vast orbit described by this star, and let him marvel at finding this vast orbit itself to be no more than the tiniest point compared to that described by the stars revolving in the firmament. But if our eyes stop there, let our imagination proceed further; it will grow weary of conceiving things before nature tires of producing them. The whole visible world is only an imperceptible dot in nature's ample bosom. No idea comes near it; it is no good inflating our conceptions beyond imaginable space, we only bring forth atoms compared to the reality of things. Nature is an infinite sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere. In short it is the greatest perceptible mark of God's omnipotence that our imagination should lose itself in that thought.

Let man, returning to himself, consider what he is in comparison with what exists; let him regard himself as lost, and from this little dungeon, in which he finds himself lodged, I mean the universe, let him learn to take the earth, its realms, its cities, its houses and himself at their proper value.

What is a man in the infinite?

But, to offer him another prodigy equally astounding, let him look into the tiniest things he knows. Let a mite show him in its minute body incomparably more minute parts, legs with joints, veins in its legs, blood in the veins, humours in the blood, drops in the humours, vapours in the drops: let him divide these things still further until he has exhausted his powers of imagination, and let the last thing he comes down to now be the subject of our discourse. He will perhaps think that this is the ultimate of minuteness in nature.

I want to show him a new abyss. I want to depict to him not only the visible universe, but all the conceivable immensity of nature enclosed in this miniature atom. Let him see there an infinity of universes, each with its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportions as in the visible

world, and on that earth animals, and finally mites, in which he will find again the same results as in the first; and finding the same thing yet again in the others without end or respite, he will be lost in such wonders, as astounding in their minuteness as the others in their amplitude. For who will not marvel that our body, a moment ago imperceptible in a universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the whole, should now be a colossus, a world, or rather a whole, compared to the nothingness beyond our reach? Anyone who considers himself in this way will be terrified at himself, and, seeing his mass, as given him by nature, supporting him between these two abysses of infinity and nothingness, will tremble at these marvels. I believe that with his curiosity changing into wonder he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than investigate them with presumption.

For, after all, what is man in nature? A nothing compared to the infinite, a whole compared to the nothing, a middle point between all and nothing, infinitely remote from an understanding of the extremes; the end of things and their principles are unattainably hidden from him in impenetrable secrecy.

Equally incapable of seeing the nothingness from which he emerges and the infinity in which he is engulfed.

What else can he do, then, but perceive some semblance of the middle of things, eternally hopeless of knowing either their principles or their end? All things have come out of nothingness and are carried onwards to infinity. Who can follow these astonishing processes? The author of these wonders understands them: no one else can.

Because they failed to contemplate these infinities, men have rashly undertaken to probe into nature as if there were some proportion between themselves and her.

Strangely enough they wanted to know the principles of things and go on from there to know everything, inspired by a presumption as infinite as their object. For there can be no doubt that such a plan could not be conceived without infinite presumption or a capacity as infinite as that of nature.

When we know better, we understand that, since nature has engraved her own image and that of her author on all things, they almost all share her double infinity. Thus we see that all the sciences are infinite in the range of their researches, for who can doubt that mathematics, for instance, has an infinity of infinities of propositions to expound? They are infinite also in the

multiplicity and subtlety of their principles, for anyone can see that those which are supposed to be ultimate do not stand by themselves, but depend on others, which depend on others again, and thus never allow of any finality.

But we treat as ultimate those which seem so to our reason, as in material things we call a point indivisible when our senses can perceive nothing beyond it, although by its nature it is infinitely divisible.

Of these two infinites of science, that of greatness is much more obvious, and that is why it has occurred to few people to claim that they know everything. 'I am going to speak about everything,' Democritus used to say.

But the infinitely small is much harder to see. The philosophers have much more readily claimed to have reached it, and that is where they have all tripped up. This is the origin of such familiar titles as Of the principles of things, Of the principles of philosophy, and the like, which are really as pretentious, though they do not look it, as this blatant one: Of all that can be known.

We naturally believe we are more capable of reaching the centre of things than of embracing their circumference, and the visible extent of the world is visibly greater than we. But since we in our turn are greater than small things, we think we are more capable of mastering them, and yet it takes no less capacity to reach nothingness than the whole. In either case it takes an infinite capacity, and it seems to me that anyone who had understood the ultimate principles of things might also succeed in knowing infinity. One depends on the other, and one leads to the other. These extremes touch and join by going in opposite directions, and they meet in God and God alone.

Let us then realize our limitations. We are something and we are not everything. Such being as we have conceals from us the knowledge of first principles, which arise from nothingness, and the smallness of our being hides infinity from our sight.

Our intelligence occupies the same rank in the order of intellect as our body in the whole range of nature.

Limited in every respect, we find this intermediate state between two extremes reflected in all our faculties. Our senses can perceive nothing extreme; too much noise deafens us, too much light dazzles; when we are too far or too close we cannot see properly; an argument is obscured by being too long or too short; too much truth bewilders us. I know people who cannot understand that 4 from o leaves o. First principles are too obvious for us; too

much pleasure causes discomfort; too much harmony in music is displeasing; too much kindness annoys us: we want to be able to pay back the debt with something over. Kindness is welcome to the extent that it seems the debt can be paid back. When it goes too far gratitude turns into hatred.

We feel neither extreme heat nor extreme cold. Qualities carried to excess are bad for us and cannot be perceived; we no longer feel them, we suffer them. Excessive youth and excessive age impair thought; so do too much and too little learning.

In a word, extremes are as if they did not exist for us nor we for them; they escape us or we escape them.

Such is our true state. That is what makes us incapable of certain knowledge or absolute ignorance. We are floating in a medium of vast extent, always drifting uncertainly, blown to and fro; whenever we think we have a fixed point to which we can cling and make fast, it shifts and leaves us behind; if we follow it, it eludes our grasp, slips away, and flees eternally before us. Nothing stands still for us. This is our natural state and yet the state most contrary to our inclinations. We burn with desire to find a firm footing, an ultimate, lasting base on which to build a tower rising up to infinity, but our whole foundation cracks and the earth opens up into the depth of the abyss.

Let us then seek neither assurance nor stability; our reason is always deceived by the inconsistency of appearances; nothing can fix the finite between the two infinites which enclose and evade it.

Once that is clearly understood, I think that each of us can stay quietly in the state in which nature has placed him. Since the middle station allotted to us is always far from the extremes, what does it matter if someone else has a slightly better understanding of things? If he has, and if he takes them a little further, is he not still infinitely remote from the goal? Is not our span of life equally infinitesimal in eternity, even if it is extended by ten years?

In the perspective of these infinites, all finites are equal and I see no reason to settle our imagination on one rather than another. Merely comparing ourselves with the finite is painful.

If man studied himself, he would see how incapable he is of going further. How could a part possibly know the whole? But perhaps he will aspire to know at least the parts to which he bears some proportion. But the parts of the world are all so related and linked together that I think it is impossible to know one without the other and without the whole.

There is, for example, a relationship between man and all he knows. He needs space to contain him, time to exist in, motion to be alive, elements to constitute him, warmth and food for nourishment, air to breathe. He sees light, he feels bodies, everything in short is related to him. To understand man therefore one must know why he needs air to live, and to understand air one must know how it comes to be thus related to the life of man, etc.

Flame cannot exist without air, so, to know one, one must know the other.

Thus, since all things are both caused or causing, assisted and assisting, mediate and immediate, providing mutual support in a chain linking together naturally and imperceptibly the most distant and different things, I consider it as impossible to know the parts without knowing the whole as to know the whole without knowing the individual parts.

The eternity of things in themselves or in God must still amaze our brief span of life.

The fixed and constant immobility of nature, compared to the continual changes going on in us, must produce the same effect.

And what makes our inability to know things absolute is that they are simple in themselves, while we are composed of two opposing natures of different kinds, soul and body. For it is impossible for the part of us which reasons to be anything but spiritual, and even if it were claimed that we are simply corporeal, that would still more preclude us from knowing things, since there is nothing so inconceivable as the idea that matter knows itself. We cannot possibly know how it could know itself.

Thus, if we are simply material, we can know nothing at all, and, if we are composed of mind and matter, we cannot have perfect knowledge of things which are simply spiritual or corporeal.

That is why nearly all philosophers confuse their ideas of things, and speak spiritually of corporeal things and corporeally of spiritual ones, for they boldly assert that bodies tend to fall, that they aspire towards their centre, that they flee from destruction, that they fear a void, that they have inclinations, sympathies, antipathies, all things pertaining only to things spiritual. And when they speak of minds, they consider them as being in a place, and attribute to them movement from one place to another, which are things pertaining only to bodies.

Instead of receiving ideas of these things in their purity, we colour them with our qualities and stamp our own composite being on all the simple

things we contemplate.

Who would not think, to see us compounding everything of mind and matter, that such a mixture is perfectly intelligible to us? Yet this is the thing we understand least; man is to himself the greatest prodigy in nature, for he cannot conceive what body is, and still less what mind is, and least of all how a body can be joined to a mind. This is his supreme difficulty, and yet it is his very being. The way in which minds are attached to bodies is beyond man's understanding, and yet this is what man is.

Finally to complete the proof of our weakness, I shall end with these two considerations ...

200 Man is only a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. There is no need for the whole universe to take up arms to crush him: a vapour, a drop of water is enough to kill him. But even if the universe were to crush him, man would still be nobler than his slayer, because he knows that he is dying and the advantage the universe has over him. The universe knows none of this.

Thus all our dignity consists in thought. It is on thought that we must depend for our recovery, not on space and time, which we could never fill. Let us then strive to think well; that is the basic principle of morality.

201 The eternal silence of these infinite spaces fills me with dread.

202 Be comforted; it is not from yourself that you must expect it, but on the contrary you must expect it by expecting nothing from yourself.

271 All Jesus did was to teach men that they loved themselves, that they were slaves, blind, sick, unhappy and sinful, that he had to deliver, enlighten, sanctify and heal them, that this would be achieved by men hating themselves and following him through his misery and death on the Cross.

273 Those who find it hard to believe seek an excuse in the fact that the Jews do not believe. 'If it is so clear,' they say, 'why do they not believe?' They would almost like them to believe so that they should not be deterred by the example of the Jews' refusal. But it is the very fact of their refusal that is the basis of our belief. We should be much less inclined to believe if they were on our side; we should then have a much better excuse.

It is a wonderful thing to have made the Jews so fond of prophecies and so hostile to their fulfilment.

281 Perpetuity. This religion consists in believing that man has fallen from a state of glory and communion with God into a state of gloom, penitence and estrangement from God, but that after this life we shall be restored by a promised Messiah, and it has always existed on earth.

All things have passed away, but this, through which all things are, has endured.

In the first age of the world men were led into all kinds of misdeeds, and yet there were holy men like Enoch, Lamech and others who patiently awaited the Christ promised since the world began. Noah saw men's wickedness at its height, and he had the merit to save the world in his person, through hoping in the Messiah, whom he prefigured. Abraham was surrounded by idolaters when God showed him the mystery of the Messiah whom he hailed from afar. In the time of Isaac and Jacob abomination spread over the whole earth but these holy men lived in their faith, and Jacob on his deathbed, as he was blessing his children, cried out in a rapture which made him interrupt his speech: 'I await the saviour whom thou hast promised, O Lord.'

The Egyptians were riddled with idolatry and magic, and even the people of God were carried away by their example. Yet Moses and others saw him they did not see, and worshipped as they looked to the eternal gifts he was preparing for them.

Next the Greeks and Latins set up false gods. The poets invented a hundred different theologies, the philosophers split up into a thousand different sects. And yet in the heart of Judaea there were always chosen men foretelling the coming of the Messiah who was known only to them. He came at last in the fullness of time, and since then we have seen so many schisms and heresies arise, so many states overthrown, so many changes of every kind, while the Church which worships him who has always been has continued without a break. What is wonderful, incomparable and wholly divine is that this religion which has always survived has always been under attack. Times without number it has been on the verge of total destruction, and every time it has been in such a state God has rescued it by extraordinary manifestations of his power. For what is amazing is that it has continued without bending and bowing to the will of tyrants, for there is nothing strange

in a state still surviving when its laws are sometimes made to give way to necessity, but that ... (See the circle in Montaigne.)

284 The only religion which is against nature, against common sense and against our pleasures is the only one which has always existed.

308 The infinite distance between body and mind symbolizes the infinitely more infinite distance between mind and charity, for charity is supernatural.

All the splendour of greatness lacks lustre for those engaged in pursuits of the mind.

The greatness of intellectual people is not visible to kings, rich men, captains, who are all great in a carnal sense.

The greatness of wisdom, which is nothing if it does not come from God, is not visible to carnal or intellectual people. They are three orders differing in kind.

Great geniuses have their power, their splendour, their greatness, their victory and their lustre, and do not need carnal greatness, which has no relevance for them. They are recognized not with the eyes but with the mind, and that is enough.

Saints have their power, their splendour, their victory, their lustre, and do not need either carnal or intellectual greatness, which has no relevance for them, for it neither adds nor takes away anything. They are recognized by God and the angels, and not by bodies or by curious minds. God is enough for them.

Archimedes in obscurity would still be revered. He fought no battles visible to the eyes, but enriched every mind with his discoveries. How splendidly he shone in the minds of men!

Jesus without wealth or any outward show of knowledge has his own order of holiness. He made no discoveries; he did not reign, but he was humble, patient, thrice holy to God, terrible to devils, and without sin. With what great pomp and marvellously magnificent array he came in the eyes of the heart, which perceive wisdom!

It would have been pointless for Archimedes to play the prince in his mathematical books, prince though he was.

It would have been pointless for Our Lord Jesus Christ to come as a king with splendour in his reign of holiness, but he truly came in splendour in his

own order.

It is quite absurd to be shocked at the lowliness of Jesus, as if his lowliness was of the same order as the greatness he came to reveal.

If we consider his greatness in his life, his passion, his obscurity, his death, in the way he chose his disciples, in their desertion, in his secret resurrection and all the rest, we shall see that it is so great that we have no reason to be shocked at a lowliness which has nothing to do with it.

But there are some who are only capable of admiring carnal greatness, as if there were no such thing as greatness of the mind. And others who only admire greatness of the mind, as if there were not infinitely higher greatness in wisdom.

All bodies, the firmament, the stars, the earth and its kingdoms are not worth the least of minds, for it knows them all and itself too, while bodies know nothing.

All bodies together and all minds together and all their products are not worth the least impulse of charity. This is of an infinitely superior order.

Out of all bodies together we could not succeed in creating one little thought. It is impossible, and of a different order. Out of all bodies and minds we could not extract one impulse of true charity. It is impossible, and of a different, supernatural, order.

310 Proofs of Jesus Christ. The hypothesis that the Apostles were knaves is quite absurd. Follow it out to the end and imagine these twelve men meeting after Jesus's death and conspiring to say that he had risen from the dead. This means attacking all the powers that be. The human heart is singularly susceptible to fickleness, to change, to promises, to bribery. One of them had only to deny his story under these inducements, or still more because of possible imprisonment, tortures and death, and they would all have been lost. Follow that out.

332 Prophecies. If a single man had written a book foretelling the time and manner of Jesus's coming and Jesus had come in conformity with these prophecies, this would carry infinite weight.

But there is much more here. There is a succession of men over a period of 4,000 years, coming consistently and invariably one after the other, to foretell the same coming; there is an entire people proclaiming it, existing for 4,000 years to testify in a body to the certainty they feel about it, from which

they cannot be deflected by whatever threats and persecutions they may suffer. This is of a quite different order of importance.

335 The most weighty proofs of Jesus are the prophecies. It is for them that God made most provision, for the event which fulfilled them is a miracle, continuing from the birth of the Church to the end. Thus God raised up prophets for 1,600 years and for 400 years afterwards dispersed all the prophecies with all the Jews, who carried them into every corner of the world. Such was the preparation for the birth of Christ, and, since his Gospel had to be believed by the whole world, there not only had to be prophecies to make men believe it, but these prophecies had to be spread throughout the world so that the whole world should embrace it.

351 Christianity is strange; it bids man to recognize that he is vile, and even abominable, and bids him want to be like God. Without such a counterweight his exaltation would make him horribly vain or his abasement horribly abject.

352 Wretchedness induces despair.

Pride induces presumption.

The Incarnation shows man the greatness of his wretchedness through the greatness of the remedy required.

356 What difference is there between a soldier and a Carthusian as regards obedience? For they are equally obedient and dependent and engaged in equally arduous exercises. But the soldier always hopes to become his own master, and never does, for even captains and princes are always slaves and dependent, but he always hopes, and always strives to achieve his object, whereas the Carthusian vows never to be anything but dependent. Thus they do not differ in their perpetual servitude, which is always their common lot, but in the hope that one always and the other never entertains.

373 We must love God alone and hate ourselves alone.

If the foot had never known it belonged to the body, and that there was a body on which it depended, if it had only known and loved itself, and if it then came to know that it belonged to a body on which it depended, what regret, what shame it would feel for its past life, for having been useless to

the body which poured life into it, and would have annihilated it if it had rejected and cut it off as the foot cut itself off from the body! How it would pray to be kept on! How submissively it would let itself be governed by the will in charge of the body, to the point of being amputated if necessary! Otherwise it would cease to be a member, for every member must be willing to perish for the sake of the body, for whose sake alone everything exists.

378 'If I had seen a miracle,' they say, 'I should be converted.' How can they be positive that they would do what they know nothing about? They imagine that such a conversion consists in a worship of God conducted, as they picture it, like some exchange or conversation. True conversion consists in self-annihilation before the universal being whom we have so often vexed and who is perfectly entitled to destroy us at any moment, in recognizing that we can do nothing without him and that we have deserved nothing but his disfavour. It consists in knowing that there is an irreconcilable opposition between God and us, and that without a mediator there can be no exchange.

392 Figures. God wishing to create for himself a holy people, whom he would keep apart from all other nations, whom he would deliver from their enemies, whom he would bring to a place of rest, promised to do so and foretold by his prophets the time and manner of his coming. And yet to strengthen the hope of his chosen people in every age he showed them an image of all this, never leaving them without assurances of his power and will for their salvation, for in the creation of man Adam was witness to this and received the promise of a saviour who should be born of woman.

When men were still so close to Creation that they had not been able to forget their creation and their fall; when those who had seen Adam were no longer in this world, God sent Noah, saving him and drowning the whole earth by a miracle which clearly showed his power to save the world, and his will to do so, and to cause to be born from the seed of woman the one he had promised.

This miracle was sufficient to strengthen the hope of the elect.

The memory of the Flood being still so fresh among men, while Noah was still alive, God made his promises to Abraham, and while Shem was still alive, God sent Moses ...

403 Wretchedness. Solomon and Job have known and spoken best about

man's wretchedness, one the happiest, the other the unhappiest of men; one knowing by experience the vanity of pleasure, and the other the reality of afflictions.

412 Men are so inevitably mad that not to be mad would be to give a mad twist to madness.

414 Wretchedness. The only thing that consoles us for our miseries is diversion. And yet it is the greatest of our miseries. For it is that above all which prevents us thinking about ourselves and leads us imperceptibly to destruction. But for that we should be bored, and boredom would drive us to seek some more solid means of escape, but diversion passes our time and brings us imperceptibly to our death.

418 Infinity — nothing. [THE WAGER] Our soul is cast into the body where it finds number, time, dimensions; it reasons about these things and calls them natural, or necessary, and can believe nothing else.

Unity added to infinity does not increase it at all, any more than a foot added to an infinite measurement: the finite is annihilated in the presence of the infinite and becomes pure nothingness. So it is with our mind before God, with our justice before divine justice. There is not so great a disproportion between our justice and God's as between unity and infinity.

God's justice must be as vast as his mercy. Now his justice towards the damned is less vast and ought to be less startling to us than his mercy towards the elect.

We know that the infinite exists without knowing its nature, just as we know that it is untrue that numbers are finite. Thus it is true that there is an infinite number, but we do not know what it is. It is untrue that it is even, untrue that it is odd, for by adding a unit it does not change its nature. Yet it is a number, and every number is even or odd. (It is true that this applies to every finite number.)

Therefore we may well know that God exists without knowing what he is.

Is there no substantial truth, seeing that there are so many true things which are not truth itself?

Thus we know the existence and nature of the finite because we too are finite and extended in space.

We know the existence of the infinite without knowing its nature, because it too has extension but unlike us no limits.

But we do not know either the existence or the nature of God, because he has neither extension nor limits.

But by faith we know his existence, through glory we shall know his nature.

Now I have already proved that it is quite possible to know that something exists without knowing its nature.

Let us now speak according to our natural lights.

If there is a God, he is infinitely beyond our comprehension, since, being indivisible and without limits, he bears no relation to us. We are therefore incapable of knowing either what he is or whether he is. That being so, who would dare to attempt an answer to the question? Certainly not we, who bear no relation to him.

Who then will condemn Christians for being unable to give rational grounds for their belief, professing as they do a religion for which they cannot give rational grounds? They declare that it is a folly, stultitiam, in expounding it to the world, and then you complain that they do not prove it. If they did prove it they would not be keeping their word. It is by being without proof that they show they are not without sense. 'Yes, but although that excuses those who offer their religion as such, and absolves them from the criticism of producing it without rational grounds, it does not absolve those who accept it.' Let us then examine this point, and let us say: 'Either God is or he is not.' But to which view shall we be inclined? Reason cannot decide this question. Infinite chaos separates us. At the far end of this infinite distance a coin is being spun which will come down heads or tails. How will you wager? Reason cannot make you choose either, reason cannot prove either wrong.

Do not then condemn as wrong those who have made a choice, for you know nothing about it. 'No, but I will condemn them not for having made this particular choice, but any choice, for, although the one who calls heads and the other one are equally at fault, the fact is that they are both at fault: the right thing is not to wager at all.'

Yes, but you must wager. There is no choice, you are already committed. Which will you choose then? Let us see: since a choice must be made, let us see which offers you the least interest. You have two things to lose: the true and the good; and two things to stake: your reason and your

will, your knowledge and your happiness; and your nature has two things to avoid: error and wretchedness. Since you must necessarily choose, your reason is no more affronted by choosing one rather than the other. That is one point cleared up. But your happiness? Let us weigh up the gain and the loss involved in calling heads that God exists. Let us assess the two cases: if you win you win everything, if you lose you lose nothing. Do not hesitate then; wager that he does exist. 'That is wonderful. Yes, I must wager, but perhaps I am wagering too much.' Let us see: since there is an equal chance of gain and loss, if you stood to win only two lives for one you could still wager, but supposing you stood to win three?

You would have to play (since you must necessarily play) and it would be unwise of you, once you are obliged to play, not to risk your life in order to win three lives at a game in which there is an equal chance of losing and winning. But there is an eternity of life and happiness. That being so, even though there were an infinite number of chances, of which only one were in your favour, you would still be right to wager one in order to win two; and you would be acting wrongly, being obliged to play, in refusing to stake one life against three in a game, where out of an infinite number of chances there is one in your favour, if there were an infinity of infinitely happy life to be won. But here there is an infinity of infinitely happy life to be won, one chance of winning against a finite number of chances of losing, and what you are staking is finite. That leaves no choice; wherever there is infinity, and where there are not infinite chances of losing against that of winning, there is no room for hesitation, you must give everything. And thus, since you are obliged to play, you must be renouncing reason if you hoard your life rather than risk it for an infinite gain, just as likely to occur as a loss amounting to nothing.

For it is no good saying that it is uncertain whether you will win, that it is certain that you are taking a risk, and that the infinite distance between the certainty of what you are risking and the uncertainty of what you may gain makes the finite good you are certainly risking equal to the infinite good that you are not certain to gain. This is not the case. Every gambler takes a certain risk for an uncertain gain, and yet he is taking a certain finite risk for an uncertain finite gain without sinning against reason. Here there is no infinite distance between the certain risk and the uncertain gain: that is not true. There is, indeed, an infinite distance between the certainty of winning and the certainty of losing, but the proportion between the uncertainty of winning and

the certainty of what is being risked is in proportion to the chances of winning or losing. And hence if there are as many chances on one side as on the other you are playing for even odds. And in that case the certainty of what you are risking is equal to the uncertainty of what you may win; it is by no means infinitely distant from it. Thus our argument carries infinite weight, when the stakes are finite in a game where there are even chances of winning and losing and an infinite prize to be won.

This is conclusive and if men are capable of any truth this is it.

'I confess, I admit it, but is there really no way of seeing what the cards are?' — 'Yes. Scripture and the rest, etc.' — 'Yes, but my hands are tied and my lips are sealed; I am being forced to wager and I am not free; I am being held fast and I am so made that I cannot believe. What do you want me to do then?' — 'That is true, but at least get it into your head that, if you are unable to believe, it is because of your passions, since reason impels you to believe and yet you cannot do so. Concentrate then not on convincing yourself by multiplying proofs of God's existence but by diminishing your passions. You want to find faith and you do not know the road. You want to be cured of unbelief and you ask for the remedy: learn from those who were once bound like you and who now wager all they have. These are people who know the road you wish to follow, who have been cured of the affliction of which you wish to be cured: follow the way by which they began. They behaved just as if they did believe, taking holy water, having masses said, and so on. That will make you believe quite naturally, and will make you more docile.' — 'But that is what I am afraid of.' — 'But why? What have you to lose? But to show you that this is the way, the fact is that this diminishes the passions which are your great obstacles ...'

'Now what harm will come to you from choosing this course? You will be faithful, honest, humble, grateful, full of good works, a sincere, true friend ... It is true you will not enjoy noxious pleasures, glory and good living, but will you not have others?

'I tell you that you will gain even in this life, and that at every step you take along this road you will see that your gain is so certain and your risk so negligible that in the end you will realize that you have wagered on something certain and infinite for which you have paid nothing.'

'How these words fill me with rapture and delight! —'

'If my words please you and seem cogent, you must know that they come from a man who went down upon his knees before and after to pray this

infinite and indivisible being, to whom he submits his own, that he might bring your being also to submit to him for your own good and for his glory: and that strength might thus be reconciled with lowliness.'

427 [AGAINST INDIFFERENCE] Let them at least learn what this religion is which they are attacking before attacking it. If this religion boasted that it had a clear sight of God and plain and manifest evidence of his existence, it would be an effective objection to say that there is nothing to be seen in the world which proves him so obviously. But since on the contrary it says that men are in darkness and remote from God, that he has hidden himself from their understanding, that this is the very name which he gives himself in Scripture: Deus absconditus [the hidden God]; and, in a word, if it strives equally to establish these two facts: that God has appointed visible signs in the Church so that he shall be recognized by those who genuinely seek him, and that he has none the less hidden them in such a way that he will only be perceived by those who seek him with all their heart, then what advantage can they derive when, unconcerned to seek the truth as they profess to be, they protest that nothing shows it to them? For the obscurity in which they find themselves, and which they use as an objection against the Church, simply establishes one of the things the Church maintains without affecting the other, and far from proving her teaching false, confirms it.

In order really to attack the truth they would have to protest that they had made every effort to seek it everywhere, even in what the Church offers by way of instruction, but without any satisfaction. If they talked like that they would indeed be attacking one of Christianity's claims. But I hope to show here that no reasonable person could talk like that. I even venture to say that no one has ever done so. We know well enough how people in this frame of mind behave. They think they have made great efforts to learn when they have spent a few hours reading some book of the Bible, and have questioned some ecclesiastic about the truths of the faith. After that they boast that they have sought without success in books and among men. But, in fact, I should say to them what I have often said: such negligence is intolerable. It is not a question here of the trifling interest of some stranger prompting such behaviour: it is a question of ourselves, and our all.

The immortality of the soul is something of such vital importance to us, affecting us so deeply, that one must have lost all feeling not to care about knowing the facts of the matter. All our actions and thoughts must follow

such different paths, according to whether there is hope of eternal blessings or not, that the only possible way of acting with sense and judgement is to decide our course in the light of this point, which ought to be our ultimate objective.

Thus our chief interest and chief duty is to seek enlightenment on this subject, on which all our conduct depends. And that is why, amongst those who are not convinced, I make an absolute distinction between those who strive with all their might to learn and those who live without troubling themselves or thinking about it.

I can feel nothing but compassion for those who sincerely lament their doubt, who regard it as the ultimate misfortune, and who, sparing no effort to escape from it, make their search their principal and most serious business.

But as for those who spend their lives without a thought for this final end of life and who, solely because they do not find within themselves the light of conviction, neglect to look elsewhere, and to examine thoroughly whether this opinion is one of those which people accept out of credulous simplicity or one of those which, though obscure in themselves, none the less have a most solid and unshakeable foundation: as for them, I view them very differently.

This negligence in a matter where they themselves, their eternity, their all are at stake, fills me more with irritation than pity; it astounds and appals me; it seems quite monstrous to me. I do not say this prompted by the pious zeal of spiritual devotion. I mean on the contrary that we ought to have this feeling from principles of human interest and self-esteem. For that we need only see what the least enlightened see.

One needs no great sublimity of soul to realize that in this life there is no true and solid satisfaction, that all our pleasures are mere vanity, that our afflictions are infinite, and finally that death which threatens us at every moment must in a few years infallibly face us with the inescapable and appalling alternative of being annihilated or wretched throughout eternity.

Nothing could be more real, or more dreadful than that. Let us put on as bold a face as we like: that is the end awaiting the world's most illustrious life. Let us ponder these things, and then say whether it is not beyond doubt that the only good thing in this life is the hope of another life, that we become happy only as we come nearer to it, and that, just as no more unhappiness awaits those who have been quite certain of eternity, so there is no happiness for those who have no inkling of it.

It is therefore quite certainly a great evil to have such doubts, but it is at least an indispensable obligation to seek when one does thus doubt; so the doubter who does not seek is at the same time very unhappy and very wrong. If in addition he feels a calm satisfaction, which he openly professes, and even regards as a reason for joy and vanity, I can find no terms to describe so extravagant a creature.

What can give rise to such feelings? What reason for joy can be found in the expectation of nothing but helpless wretchedness? What reason for vanity in being plunged into impenetrable darkness? And how can such an argument as this occur to a reasonable man?

'I do not know who put me into the world, nor what the world is, nor what I am myself. I am terribly ignorant about everything. I do not know what my body is, or my senses, or my soul, or even that part of me which thinks what I am saying, which reflects about everything and about itself, and does not know itself any better than it knows anything else.

'I see the terrifying spaces of the universe hemming me in, and I find myself attached to one corner of this vast expanse without knowing why I have been put in this place rather than that, or why the brief span of life allotted to me should be assigned to one moment rather than another of all the eternity which went before me and all that which will come after me. I see only infinity on every side, hemming me in like an atom or like the shadow of a fleeting instant. All I know is that I must soon die, but what I know least about is this very death which I cannot evade.

'Just as I do not know whence I come, so I do not know whither I am going. All I know is that when I leave this world I shall fall for ever into nothingness or into the hands of a wrathful God, but I do not know which of these two states is to be my eternal lot. Such is my state, full of weakness and uncertainty. And my conclusion from all this is that I must pass my days without a thought of seeking what is to happen to me. Perhaps I might find some enlightenment in my doubts, but I do not want to take the trouble, nor take a step to look for it: and afterwards, as I sneer at those who are striving to this end — (whatever certainty they have should arouse despair rather than vanity) — I will go without fear or foresight to face so momentous an event, and allow myself to be carried off limply to my death, uncertain of my future state for all eternity.'

Who would wish to have as his friend a man who argued like that? Who would choose him from among others as a confidant in his affairs? Who

would resort to him in adversity? To what use in life could he possibly be turned?

It is truly glorious for religion to have such unreasonable men as enemies: their opposition represents so small a danger that it serves on the contrary to establish the truths of religion. For the Christian faith consists almost wholly in establishing these two things: The corruption of nature and the redemption of Christ. Now, I maintain that, if they do not serve to prove the truth of the redemption by the sanctity of their conduct, they do at least admirably serve to prove the corruption of nature by such unnatural sentiments.

Nothing is so important to man as his state: nothing more fearful than eternity. Thus the fact that there exist men who are indifferent to the loss of their being and the peril of an eternity of wretchedness is against nature. With everything else they are quite different; they fear the most trifling things, foresee and feel them; and the same man who spends so many days and nights in fury and despair at losing some office or at some imaginary affront to his honour is the very one who knows that he is going to lose everything through death but feels neither anxiety nor emotion. It is a monstrous thing to see one and the same heart at once so sensitive to minor things and so strangely insensitive to the greatest. It is an incomprehensible spell, a supernatural torpor that points to an omnipotent power as its cause.

Man's nature must have undergone a strange reversal for him to glory in being in a state in which it seems incredible that any single person should be. Yet experience has shown me so many like this that it would be surprising if we did not know that most of those concerned in this are pretending and are not really what they seem. They are people who have heard that it is good form to display such extravagance. This is what they call shaking off the yoke, and what they are trying to imitate. But it would not be difficult to show them how mistaken they are to court esteem in this way. That is not how to acquire it, not even, I would say, among worldly people, who judge things sensibly and who know that the only way to succeed is to appear honest, faithful, judicious and capable of rendering useful service to one's friends, because by nature men only like what may be of use to them. Now what advantage is it to us to hear someone say he has shaken off the yoke, that he does not believe that there is a God watching over his actions, that he considers himself sole master of his behaviour, and that he proposes to account for it to no one but himself? Does he think that by so doing he has

henceforth won our full confidence, and made us expect from him consolation, counsel and assistance in all life's needs? Do they think that they have given us great pleasure by telling us that they hold our soul to be no more than wind or smoke, and saying it moreover in tones of pride and satisfaction? Is this then something to be said gaily? Is it not on the contrary something to be said sadly, as being the saddest thing in the world?

If they thought seriously, they would see that this is so misguided, so contrary to good sense, so opposed to decency, so remote in every way from the good form they seek, that they would be more likely to reform than corrupt those who might feel inclined to follow them. And, indeed, make them describe the feeling and reasons which inspire their doubts about religion: what they say will be so feeble and cheap as to persuade you of the contrary. As someone said to them very aptly one day: 'If you go on arguing like that,' he said, 'you really will convert me.' And he was right, for who would not shrink from finding himself sharing the feelings of such contemptible people?

Thus those who only pretend to feel like this would be indeed unhappy if they did violence to their nature in order to become the most impertinent of men. If they are vexed in their inmost heart at not seeing more clearly, they should not try to pretend otherwise: it would be no shame to admit it. There is no shame except in having none. There is no surer sign of extreme weakness of mind than the failure to recognize the unhappy state of a man without God; there is no surer sign of an evil heart than failure to desire that the eternal promises be true; nothing is more cowardly than to brazen it out with God. Let them then leave such impiety to those ill-bred enough to be really capable of it; let them at least be decent people if they cannot be Christians; let them, in short, acknowledge that there are only two classes of persons who can be called reasonable: those who serve God with all their heart because they know him and those who seek him with all their heart because they do not know him.

As for those who live without either knowing or seeking him, they consider it so little worthwhile to take trouble over themselves that they are not worth other people's trouble, and it takes all the charity of that religion they despise not to despise them to the point of abandoning them to their folly. But as this religion obliges us always to regard them, as long as they live, as being capable of receiving grace which may enlighten them, and to believe that in a short time they may be filled with more faith than we are,

while we on the contrary may be stricken by the same blindness which is theirs now, we must do for them what we would wish to be done for us in their place, and appeal to them to have pity on themselves, and to take at least a few steps in an attempt to find some light. Let them spend on reading about it a few of the hours they waste on other things: however reluctantly they may approach the task they will perhaps hit upon something, and at least they will not be losing much. But as for those who approach it with absolute sincerity and a real desire to find the truth, I hope that they will be satisfied, and convinced by the proofs of so divine a religion which I have collected here, following more or less this order ...

429 This is what I see and what troubles me. I look around in every direction and all I see is darkness. Nature has nothing to offer me that does not give rise to doubt and anxiety. If I saw no sign there of a Divinity I should decide on a negative solution: if I saw signs of a Creator everywhere I should peacefully settle down in the faith. But, seeing too much to deny and not enough to affirm, I am in a pitiful state, where I have wished a hundred times over that, if there is a God supporting nature, she should unequivocally proclaim him, and that, if the signs in nature are deceptive, they should be completely erased; that nature should say all or nothing so that I could see what course I ought to follow. Instead of that, in the state in which I am, not knowing what I am nor what I ought to do, I know neither my condition nor my duty. My whole heart strains to know what the true good is in order to pursue it: no price would be too high to pay for eternity.

I envy those of the faithful whom I see living so unconcernedly, making so little use of a gift which, it seems to me, I should turn to such different account.

430 No other has realized that man is the most excellent of creatures. Some, fully realizing how real his excellence is, have taken for cowardice and ingratitude men's natural feelings of abasement; while others, fully realizing how real this abasement is, have treated with haughty ridicule the feelings of greatness which are just as natural to man.

'Lift up your eyes to God,' say some of them, 'look at him whom you resemble and who created you to worship him. You can make yourself like him: wisdom will make you his equal, if you want to follow him.' — 'Hold your heads high, free men,' said Epictetus. And others say, 'Cast down your

eyes towards the ground, puny worm that you are, and look at the beasts whose companion you are.'

What then is to become of man? Will he be the equal of God or the beasts? What a terrifying distance! What then shall he be? Who cannot see from all this that man is lost, that he has fallen from his place, that he anxiously seeks it, and cannot find it again? And who then is to direct him there? The greatest men have failed.

434 Imagine a number of men in chains, all under sentence of death, some of whom are each day butchered in the sight of the others; those remaining see their own condition in that of their fellows, and looking at each other with grief and despair await their turn. This is an image of the human condition.

450 The true religion would have to teach greatness and wretchedness, inspire self-esteem and self-contempt, love and hate.

470 The vilest feature of man is the quest for glory, but it is just this that most clearly shows his excellence. For whatever possession he may own on earth, whatever health or essential amenity he may enjoy, he is dissatisfied unless he enjoys the good opinion of his fellows. He so highly values human reason that, however privileged he may be on earth, if he does not also enjoy a privileged position in human reason he is not happy. This is the finest position on earth, nothing can deflect him from this desire, and this is the most indelible quality in the human heart.

And those who most despise men, and put them on the same level as the beasts, still want to be admired and trusted by them, and contradict themselves by their own feelings, for their nature, which is stronger than anything, convinces them more strongly of man's greatness than reason convinces them of their vileness.

474 When the creation of the world began to recede into the past, God provided a single contemporary historian, and charged an entire people with the custody of this book, so that this should be the most authentic history in the world and all men could learn from it something which it was so necessary for them to know and which could only be known from it.

477 Pride is a counterweight and antidote for all forms of wretchedness. Here is a strange monster, and a very palpable aberration. Here he is, fallen from his place, looking anxiously for it. That is what all men do. Let us see who has found it.

480 In all religions sincerity is essential: true heathens, true Jews, true Christians.

499 What man ever had greater glory?

The entire Jewish people foretells him before his coming. The Gentiles worship him after his coming.

Both the Gentile and Jewish peoples regard him as their centre.

And yet what man ever enjoyed such glory less?

For thirty of his thirty-three years he lives without showing himself. For three years he is treated as an impostor. The priests and rulers reject him. Those who are nearest and dearest to him despise him, finally he dies betrayed by one of his disciples, denied by another and forsaken by all.

What benefit then did he derive from such glory? No man ever had such great glory, no man ever suffered greater ignominy. All this glory has only been of use to us, to enable us to recognize him, and he had none of it for himself.

505 Authority. Hearsay is so far from being a criterion of belief that you should not believe anything until you have put yourself into the same state as if you had never heard it.

It is your own inner assent and the consistent voice of your reason rather than that of others which should make you believe.

Belief is so important.

A hundred contradictions might be true.

If antiquity was the criterion of belief, then the ancients had no criterion.

If general consent, if men had died ...?

Punishment of sinners: error.

False humility, pride.

Raise the curtain.

You are wasting your time, one must either believe, deny or doubt.

Are we then to have no criterion?

When animals do something we can judge whether they are doing it

well; is there to be no criterion for judging men?

Denying, believing and doubting are to men what running is to horses.

510 The more intelligent one is, the more men of originality one finds. Ordinary people find no difference between men.

511 Different kinds of right thinking, some in a particular order of things but not in others where they go quite astray.

Some draw correct conclusions from a small number of principles, and this is one kind of right thinking.

Others draw correct conclusions from things involving numerous principles.

For example, some have a good grasp of the properties of water, which involve few principles, but whose conclusions are so subtle that only an extremely accurate mind can reach them. These people might all the same not be great mathematicians, because mathematics comprises a large number of principles, and a mind may well be such that it can easily get right to the bottom of a few principles without being able to make the least advance in things involving many.

Thus there are two kinds of mind: one goes rapidly and deeply into the conclusions from principles, and this is the accurate mind. The other can grasp a large number of principles and keep them distinct, and this is the mathematical mind. The first is a powerful and precise mind, the second shows breadth of mind. Now it is quite possible to have one without the other, for a mind can be powerful and narrow, as well as broad and weak.

513 Mathematics. Intuition. True eloquence has no time for eloquence, true morality has no time for morality. In other words the morality of judgement has no time for the random morality of mind.

For judgement is what goes with instinct, just as knowledge goes with mind. Intuition falls to the lot of judgement, mathematics to that of the mind.

To have no time for philosophy is to be a true philosopher.

517 If St Augustine were to appear today and enjoy as little authority as his modern defenders he would not accomplish anything. God has ruled his Church well by sending him earlier, and endowed with authority.

518 Scepticism. — Extreme intelligence is accused of being as foolish as extreme lack of it; only moderation is good. The majority have laid this down and attack anyone who deviates from it towards any extreme whatever. I am not going to be awkward, I readily consent to being put in the middle and refuse to be at the bottom end, not because it is bottom but because it is the end, for I should refuse just as much to be put at the top. It is deserting humanity to desert the middle way.

The greatness of the human soul lies in knowing how to keep this course; greatness does not mean going outside it, but rather keeping within it.

526 Evil is easy; it has countless forms, while good is almost unique. But a certain sort of evil is as hard to find as what is called good, and this particular evil is often on that account passed off as good. Indeed it takes as much extraordinary greatness of soul to attain such evil, as to attain good.

532 Scepticism. I will write down my thoughts here as they come and in a perhaps not aimless confusion. This is the true order and it will always show my aim by its very disorder.

I should be honouring my subject too much if I treated it in order, since I am trying to show that it is incapable of it.

533 We always picture Plato and Aristotle wearing long academic gowns, but they were ordinary decent people like anyone else, who enjoyed a laugh with their friends. And when they amused themselves by composing their Laws and Politics they did it for fun. It was the least philosophical and least serious part of their lives: the most philosophical part was living simply and without fuss.

If they wrote about politics it was as if to lay down rules for a madhouse.

And if they pretended to treat it as something really important it was because they knew that the madmen they were talking to believed themselves to be kings and emperors. They humoured these beliefs in order to calm down their madness with as little harm as possible.

535 There are some vices which only keep hold on us through other ones, and if we take the trunk away they come off like the branches.

540 All the good maxims already exist in the world: we just fail to apply them.

For example, no one doubts that one should risk his life in defence of the common good, and many people do so, but not for religion.

Inequality must necessarily exist among men, it is true: but that once granted the door is open not only to the most absolute rule but to the most absolute tyranny.

It is necessary to relax the mind a little, but that opens the door to the greatest excesses.

Let us define the limits. There are no boundaries in things. Laws try to impose some, and the mind cannot bear it.

542 Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on to them or for having them.

A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I write that it has escaped me.

545 'All that is in the world is lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes or pride of life.' Libido sentiendi, libido sciendi, libido dominandi. Wretched is the cursed land consumed rather than watered by these three rivers of fire! Happy are those who are beside those rivers, neither immersed, nor carried away, but immovably steady beside these rivers, not standing but sitting, in a low and safe position. They will not rise thence before the light, but, after resting in peace, stretch out their hands to him who shall raise them to stand upright and steady in the porches of Jerusalem the blessed, where pride shall no more be able to fight against them and lay them low; and yet they weep, not at the sight of all the perishable things swept away by these torrents, but at the memory of their beloved home, the heavenly Jerusalem, which they constantly remember through the long years of their exile.

551 Imagination magnifies small objects with fantastic exaggeration until they fill our soul, and with bold insolence cuts down great things to its own size, as when speaking of God.

561 They say that eclipses are portents of disaster, because disasters are so common, and misfortune occurs often enough for these forecasts to be right, whereas if they said that eclipses were portents of good fortune they

would often be wrong. They ascribe good fortune only to rare conjunctions of heavenly bodies and thus seldom guess wrong in their forecasts.

562 There are only two kinds of men: the righteous who think they are sinners and the sinners who think they are righteous.

577 If we must never take any chances we ought not to do anything for religion, for it is not certain. But how many chances we do take: sea voyages, battles. Therefore, I say, we should have to do nothing at all, for nothing is certain. And there is more certainty in religion than that we shall live to see tomorrow.

For it is not certain that we shall see tomorrow but it is certainly possible that we shall not. We cannot say the same of religion. It is not certain that it is true, but who would dare to say that it is certainly possible that it is not?

Now when we work for tomorrow and take chances we are behaving reasonably, for we ought to take chances, according to the rule of probability already demonstrated.

St Augustine saw that we take chances at sea, in battle, etc. — but he did not see the rule of probability which proves that we ought to. Montaigne saw that we are offended by a lame mind and that habit can do anything, but he did not see the reason for this.

All these people saw the effects but did not see the causes. In comparison with those who have discovered the causes they are like those who have only eyes compared to those who have minds. For the effects can, as it were, be felt by the senses but the causes can only be perceived by the mind. And, although these effects can be seen by the mind, this mind can be compared to that which sees the causes as the bodily senses may be compared to the mind.

585 There is a certain model of attractiveness and beauty consisting in a certain relation between our nature, weak or strong as it may be, and the thing which pleases us.

Everything that conforms to this model attracts us, be it a house, a song, a speech, verse, prose, a woman, birds, rivers, trees, rooms, clothes, etc.

Everything which does not conform to this model is displeasing to people of good taste.

And as there is an exact relation between a song and a house based on

this good model, because both resemble a single model, though each in its own way, there is in the same way an exact relation between things based on bad models. It is not that there is only one bad model, because they are innumerable, but every bad sonnet, for example, whatever the false model it is based on, is exactly like a woman dressed according to that model.

Nothing gives a better idea of the absurdity of a bad sonnet than to consider its nature and its model and then to imagine a woman or a house conforming to that model.

595 Unless we know ourselves to be full of pride, ambition, concupiscence, weakness, wretchedness and unrighteousness, we are truly blind. And if someone knows all this and does not desire to be saved, what can be said of him?

How then can we have anything but respect for a religion which knows man's faults so well? What desire but that a religion which promises such desirable remedies should be true?

607 Figures. Saviour, father, sacrificer, sacrifice, food, king, wise, lawgiver, afflicted, poor, destined to produce a people whom he should lead and feed, and bring into the land.

620 Man is obviously made for thinking. Therein lies all his dignity and his merit; and his whole duty is to think as he ought. Now the order of thought is to begin with ourselves, and with our author and our end.

Now what does the world think about? Never about that, but about dancing, playing the lute, singing, writing verse, tilting at the ring, etc., and fighting, becoming king, without thinking what it means to be a king or to be a man.

622 Boredom. Man finds nothing so intolerable as to be in a state of complete rest, without passions, without occupation, without diversion, without effort.

Then he faces his nullity, loneliness, inadequacy, dependence, helplessness, emptiness.

And at once there wells up from the depths of his soul boredom, gloom, depression, chagrin, resentment, despair.

623 If it is unnatural blindness to live without trying to find out what one is, it is a fearful blindness to lead an evil life while believing in God.

627 Vanity is so firmly anchored in man's heart that a soldier, a camp follower, a cook or a porter will boast and expect admirers, and even philosophers want them; those who write against them want to enjoy the prestige of having written well, those who read them want the prestige of having read them, and perhaps I who write this want the same thing, perhaps my readers ...

631 It is good to be tired and weary from fruitlessly seeking the true good, so that one can stretch out one's arms to the Redeemer.

632 Man's sensitivity to little things and insensitivity to the greatest things are marks of a strange disorder.

633 Despite the sight of all the miseries which affect us and hold us by the throat we have an irrepressible instinct which bears us up.

634 The most important thing in our lives is the choice of a trade, and chance decides it.

Custom makes masons, soldiers, roofers. 'He is an excellent roofer,' they say, and, speaking of soldiers: 'They are quite mad,' while others on the contrary say: 'There is nothing as great as war, everyone else is worthless.' From hearing people praise these trades in our childhood and running down all the others we make our choice. For we naturally love virtue and hate folly; the very words will decide, we only go wrong in applying them.

So great is the force of custom that where naturehas merely created men, we create every kind and condition of men.

For some regions are full of masons, some of soldiers etc. There is no doubt that nature is not so uniform: it is custom then which does all this, for it coerces nature, but sometimes nature overcomes it and keeps man to his instincts despite all customs, good or bad.

638 When we are well we wonder how we should manage if we were ill. When we are ill we take our medicine cheerfully; our illness settles that problem for us. We no longer have the passions, and the desires for

diversions and outings, which went with good health and are incompatible with the exigencies of our illness. Nature then inspires the passions and desires appropriate to our present state. It is only the fears that we owe to ourselves, and not to nature, which disturb us by linking the state in which we are with the passions of that in which we are not.

649 Montaigne. What is good in Montaigne can only be acquired with difficulty. What is bad in him, I mean apart from morals, could have been corrected in a moment if someone had warned him that he was making too much of things and talking too much about himself.

668 Each man is everything to himself, for with his death everything is dead for him. That is why each of us thinks he is everything to everyone. We must not judge nature by ourselves, but by its own standards.

674 We do not keep ourselves virtuous by our own power, but by the counterbalance of two opposing vices, just as we stay upright between two contrary winds. Take one of these vices away and we fall into the other.

685 Glory. Animals do not admire each other. A horse does not admire its companion. It is not that they will not race against each other, but this is of no consequence, for, back in the stable, the one who is heavier and clumsier does not on that account give up his oats to the other, as men want others to do to them. With them virtue is its own reward.

688 What is the self?

A man goes to the window to see the people passing by; if I pass by, can I say he went there to see me? No, for he is not thinking of me in particular. But what about a person who loves someone for the sake of her beauty; does he love her? No, for smallpox, which will destroy beauty without destroying the person, will put an end to his love for her.

And if someone loves me for my judgement or my memory, do they love me? me, myself ? No, for I could lose these qualities without losing my self. Where then is this self, if it is neither in the body nor the soul? And how can one love the body or the soul except for the sake of such qualities, which are not what makes up the self, since they are perishable? Would we love the substance of a person's soul, in the abstract, whatever qualities might be in it?

That is not possible, and it would be wrong. Therefore we never love anyone, but only qualities.

Let us then stop scoffing at those who win honour through their appointments and offices, for we never love anyone except for borrowed qualities.

693 The easiest conditions to live in from the world's point of view are the hardest from that of God; and vice versa. Nothing is so hard from the world's point of view as the religious life, while nothing is easier from that of God. Nothing is easier than to enjoy high office or great wealth in a worldly way, nothing harder than to live such a life in God's way, without taking interest or pleasure in it.

696 Let no one say that I have said nothing new; the arrangement of the material is new. In playing tennis both players use the same ball, but one plays it better.

I would just as soon be told that I have used old words. As if the same thoughts did not form a different argument by being differently arranged, just as the same words make different thoughts when arranged differently!

697 Those who lead disorderly lives tell those who are normal that it is they who deviate from nature, and think they are following nature themselves; just as those who are on board ship think that the people on shore are moving away. Language is the same everywhere: we need a fixed point to judge it. The harbour is the judge of those aboard ship, but where are we going to find a harbour in morals?

699 When everything is moving at once, nothing appears to be moving, as on board ship. When everyone is moving towards depravity, no one seems to be moving, but if someone stops he shows up the others who are rushing on, by acting as a fixed point.

709 We know so little about ourselves that many people think they are going to die when they are quite well, and many think they are quite well when they are on the point of death, not sensing the approach of fever or the abscess ready to form.

711 Strength. Why do we follow the majority? Is it because they are more right? No, but they are stronger.

Why do we follow ancient laws and opinions? Is it because they are the soundest? No, but they are unique and leave us no basis for disagreement.

712 Someone told me one day that he felt full of joy and confidence when he had been to confession. Someone else told me that he was still afraid. My reaction was that one good man could be made by putting these two together, for each of them lacked something in not sharing the feelings of the other. The same thing often happens in other connexions.

739 Truth is so obscured nowadays and lies so well established that unless we love the truth we shall never recognize it.

740 Weaklings are those who know the truth, but maintain it only as far as it is in their interest to do so, and apart from that forsake it.

741 The adding-machine produces effects closer to thought than anything done by the animals, but it does nothing to justify the assertion that it has a will like the animals.

742 Even if people's interests are not affected by what they say, it must not be definitely concluded that they are not lying for there are some people who lie simply for the sake of lying.

743 There is some pleasure in being on board a ship battered by storms when one is certain of not perishing. The persecutions buffeting the Church are like this.

744 When we do not know the truth about something, it is a good thing that there should be some common error on which men's minds can fix, as, for example, the attribution to the moon of changes of seasons, progress of diseases, etc. For man's chief malady is restless curiosity about things he cannot know, and it is not so bad for him to be wrong as so vainly curious.

746 On the fact that neither Josephus, nor Tacitus, nor other historians, spoke of Jesus Christ.

Far from telling against him, this is on the contrary in his favour. For it is certain that Jesus Christ existed, that his religion made a great stir, and so it is obvious that they simply concealed it on purpose, or that they spoke about it and that it was suppressed or changed.

749 How warped is the judgement by which there is nobody who does not put himself above the rest of the world, and who does not prefer his own good, and continuing happiness and survival to that of the rest of the world!

750 Cromwell was about to ravage the whole of Christendom; the royal family was lost and his own set for ever in power, but for a little grain of sand getting into his bladder. Even Rome was about to tremble beneath him. But, with this bit of gravel once there, he died, his family fell into disgrace, peace reigned and the king was restored.

751 Those who are accustomed to judge by feeling have no understanding of matters involving reasoning. For they want to go right to the bottom of things at a glance, and are not accustomed to look for principles. The others, on the contrary, who are accustomed to reason from principles, have no understanding of matters involving feeling, because they look for principles and are unable to see things at a glance.

752 Two sorts of people make everything equal, for example holidays and working days, Christians and priests, all the sins amongst themselves. And from this some people conclude that what is bad for priests is also bad for Christians, while others conclude that what is not bad for Christians is permissible for priests.

753 When Augustus learned that among the children under two put to death by Herod was his own son, he said that it was better to be Herod's pig than his son. (Macrobius, Saturnalia, lib. ii, ch. iv.)

754 First degree: to be blamed for doing badly or praised for doing well.
Second degree: to be neither praised nor blamed.

755 He maketh a vain god.
Disgust.

756 Thought. All man's dignity consists in thought, but what is this thought? How silly it is!

Thought, then, is admirable and incomparable by its very nature. It must have had strange faults to have become worthy of contempt, but it does have such faults that nothing is more ridiculous. How great it is by its nature, how vile by its faults! 757 Draining away. It is an appalling thing to feel all one possesses drain away.

758 Light. Darkness. There would be too much darkness if there were no visible signs of the truth. One admirable sign of it is that it has always resided in a visible Church and congregation. There would be too much light if there were only one opinion in the Church. That which has always existed is the true one, for the true one has always been there, but no false one has always been there.

759 Thought constitutes man's greatness.

764 All the major forms of diversion are dangerous for the Christian life, but among all those which the world has invented none is more to be feared than the theatre. It represents passions so naturally and delicately that it arouses and engenders them in our heart, especially that of love; above all when it is represented as very chaste and virtuous. For the more innocent it seems to innocent souls, the more liable they are to be touched by it; its violence appeals to our self-esteem, which at once conceives the desire to produce the same effects which we see so well represented. At the same time our conscience is conditioned by the irreproachable sentiments to be seen there, which remove the fear of pure souls, who imagine that purity is not offended by loving with a love which seems to them so prudent.

Thus we leave the theatre with hearts so full of all the beauty and sweetness of love, and our mind so convinced of its innocence, that we are quite prepared to receive our first impressions of it, or rather to seek the opportunity of arousing them in someone else's heart, so that we may enjoy the same pleasures and sacrifices as those which we have seen so well depicted in the theatre.

765 If lightning struck low-lying places, etc., poets and people who can

only argue about things of this kind would be without proofs.

767 As the ranks of duke, king and magistrate are real and necessary (because power governs all things) they exist at all times and in all places, but, since it is mere whim that makes it this or that person, there is no consistency about it, it is liable to variation, etc.

768 The commands of reason are much more imperative than those of any master, for if we disobey the one we are unhappy, but if we disobey the other we are foolish.

773 Only the contest appeals to us, not the victory.

We like to watch animals fighting, but not the victor falling upon the vanquished. What did we want to see but the final victory? And once it has happened we have had enough. It is the same with gaming, with the pursuit of truth. We like to see the clash of opinions in debate, but do we want to contemplate the truth once it is found? Not at all. If we are to enjoy it, we must see it arising from the debate. It is the same with passions; there is some pleasure in seeing the collision of two opposites, but when one asserts its mastery it becomes mere brutality.

We never go after things in themselves, but the pursuit of things. Thus in the theatre scenes of unclouded happiness are no good, any more than extreme and hopeless misery, or brutal love affairs, or harsh cruelty.

802 Time heals pain and quarrels because we change. We are no longer the same persons; neither the offender nor the offended are themselves any more. It is as if one angered a nation and came back to see them after two generations. They are still Frenchmen, but not the same ones.

803 If we dreamed the same thing every night, it would affect us as much as the objects we see every day. And if an artisan was sure of dreaming for twelve hours every night that he was king, I believe he would be almost as happy as a king who dreamed for twelve hours every night that he was an artisan.

If we dreamed every night that we were being pursued by enemies and troubled by these distressing apparitions, and spent every day doing something different, as one does on a journey, we should suffer almost as

much as if it were true, and would dread going to sleep as we dread waking up when we are afraid of really encountering some misfortune. And this would in fact cause almost as much pain as reality.

But because dreams are all different, and there is variety even within each one, what we see in them affects us much less than what we see when we are awake, because of the continuity. This, however, is not so continuous and even that it does not change too, though less abruptly, except on rare occasions, as on a journey, when we say: 'It seems like a dream.' For life is a dream, but somewhat less changeable.

804 Are we to say that men recognized original sin because they said that justice had left the earth? Call no man happy until he is dead. Does that mean that they knew that eternal and absolute happiness begins at death?

805 By knowing each man's ruling passion, we can be sure of pleasing him, and yet each has fancies contrary to his own good, in the very idea he has of good, and this oddity is disconcerting.

806 We are not satisfied with the life we have in ourselves and our own being. We want to lead an imaginary life in the eyes of others, and so we try to make an impression. We strive constantly to embellish and preserve our imaginary being, and neglect the real one. And if we are calm, or generous, or loyal, we are anxious to have it known so that we can attach these virtues to our other existence; we prefer to detach them from our real self so as to unite them with the other. We would cheerfully be cowards if that would acquire us a reputation for bravery. How clear a sign of the nullity of our own being that we are not satisfied with one without the other and often exchange one for the other! For anyone who would not die to save his honour would be infamous.

808 There are three ways to believe: reason, habit, inspiration. Christianity, which alone has reason, does not admit as its true children those who believe without inspiration. It is not that it excludes reason and habit, quite the contrary, but we must open our mind to the proofs, confirm ourselves in it through habit, while offering ourselves through humiliations to inspiration, which alone can produce the real and salutary effect. Lest the Cross of Christ be made of none effect.

812 The style of the Gospels is remarkable in so many ways; among others for never putting in any invective against the executioners and enemies of Christ. For there is none in any of the historians against Judas, Pilate or any of the Jews.

If this restraint of the Evangelists had been put on, together with many other features of such fine character, and if they had only put it on in order to draw attention to it, not daring to remark on it themselves, they would not have failed to acquire friends to make such remarks for their benefit. But, since they acted as they did without affectation and quite disinterestedly, they did not cause anyone to remark on it. And I believe that many of these things have never been remarked on before. That shows how coolly the thing was done.

813 We never do evil so fully and cheerfully as when we do it out of conscience.

814 We pervert our feelings just as we pervert our minds.

Our minds and feelings are trained by the company we keep, and perverted by the company we keep. Thus good or bad company trains or perverts respectively. It is therefore very important to be able to make the right choice so that we train rather than pervert. And we cannot make this choice unless it is already trained, and not perverted. This is thus a vicious circle from which anyone is lucky to escape.

815 Ordinary people have the ability not to think about things they do not want to think about. 'Do not think about the passages concerning the Messiah,' said the Jew to his son. Our own people often behave like this, and this is how false religions are preserved, and even the true one as far as many people are concerned.

But there are some without this ability to stop themselves thinking, who think all the more for being forbidden to do so. These people rid themselves of false religions, and even of the true one, unless they find solid arguments for them.

816 'I should soon have given up a life of pleasure,' they say, 'if I had faith.' But I tell you: 'You would soon have faith if you gave up a life of

pleasure. Now it is up to you to begin. If I could give you faith, I would. But I cannot, nor can I test the truth of what you say, but you can easily give up your pleasure and test whether I am telling the truth.'

817 There is no denying it; one must admit that there is something astonishing about Christianity. 'It is because you were born in it,' they will say. Far from it; I stiffen myself against it for that very reason, for fear of being corrupted by prejudice. But, though I was born in it, I cannot help finding it astonishing.

937 When our passions impel us to do something we forget our duty. For example, if we like a book, we read it when we ought to be doing something else. But to remember our duty we need only decide to do something we dislike; we then make the excuse of something else to be done, and thus remember our duty.

938 The figure used in the Gospel for the state of the soul that is sick is that of sick bodies. But, because one body cannot be sick enough to express it properly, there had to be more than one. Thus we find the deaf man, the dumb man, the blind man, the paralytic, dead Lazarus, the man possessed of a devil. All these put together are in the sick soul.

939 'The servant knoweth not what his lord doeth,' because the lord only tells him what to do and not the purpose of it. That is why he obeys slavishly and often sins against the purpose. But Jesus Christ has told us the purpose.

And you destroy that purpose.

940 Jesus did not want to be killed without the forms of justice, for it is much more ignominious to die at the hands of justice than in some unjust insurrection.

NOTE

① [Pyrrhus, pressed to justify his plans for world conquest, reputedly answered that his ultimate purpose was to rest content, but not before realizing his dreams of conquest.]

A CONFESSION

列夫·托尔斯泰：忏悔录

［俄］列夫·托尔斯泰　著

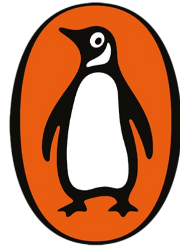
马睿　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

列夫·托尔斯泰：忏悔录

（俄罗斯）列夫·托尔斯泰/著

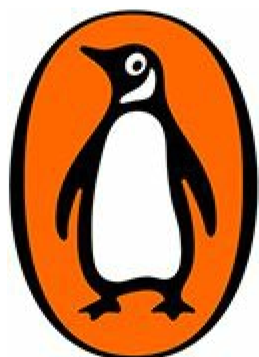
马睿/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

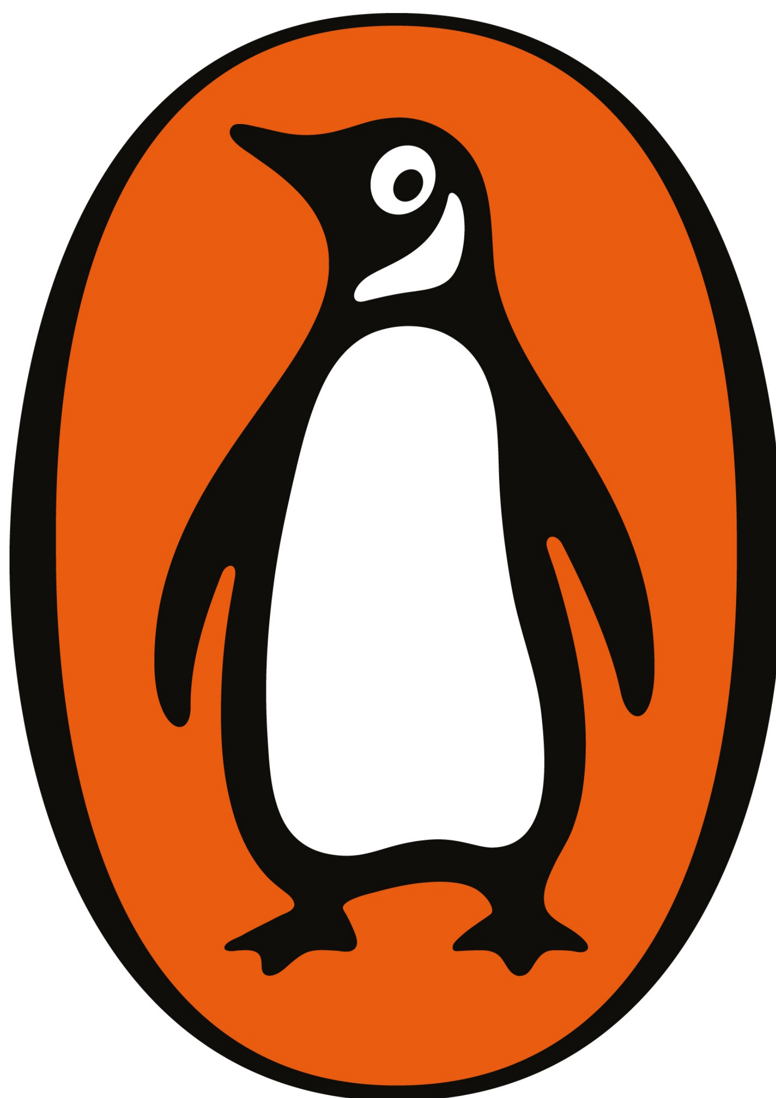
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com.cn
A Confession first published 1882
This translation first published in Penguin Classics 1987
This edition first published 2008

Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

列夫·尼古拉耶维奇·托尔斯泰（1828—1910），俄国小说家、哲学家、政治思想家，也是非暴力的基督教无政府主义者和教育改革家。他出生于贵族家庭，1844年入喀山大学，1847年退学回到故乡尝试农奴制改革。1851年至1854年在高加索军队中服役并开始写作。1854年至1855年参加克里米亚战争。这几年的军旅生活让他看到了上流社会的腐化，也为其后来的巨著《战争与和平》打下了基础。

1855年11月，托尔斯泰到彼得堡进入文学界，并发表其成名小说《童年》。十多年后又创作了长篇历史小说《战争与和平》。在《忏悔录》中，托尔斯泰回忆起这段时光，他写道："在此期间，我出于虚荣、自私和自负而涉身写作。我在写作时的所作所为竟和生活中一模一样。为了猎取写作带来的名利，我不得不隐藏起自己真善美的一面，把罪恶的一面展示在世人面前。如今，每当我想起那段时光、忆及我自己和周围的人们（很不幸，如今这样的人更是成千上万）当时的思想状态，我都会感到悲哀、恐惧和荒谬，它在我身上所激发的情感就像人们在疯人院中看到的那样疯狂和荒诞。"（第二章）

以上只是托尔斯泰对自己过往的一小段评价，实际上，在其成长和写作的生涯中，一直都在剖析和检视自我："撒谎、偷盗、放荡、烂醉、暴力、谋杀……没有一项恶事我未曾染指，尽管这样，我的作为还是赢得了他人的赞赏，同辈人也认为相对而言我是个品德高尚的人。"（第二章）同时，不断尝试从科学、哲学等各种角度去追寻生命的意义，但都宣告失败："如果你活着而又无法了解生命的意义，就结束生命，而不要到处大放厥词或制造文字垃圾，说什么你不了解生命。"（第七章）随后，他将目光投向了宗教信仰，但宗教的门派之争

很快让他认清现实：“当我注意到这些口口声声基督仁爱的教徒的所作所为时，我不禁不寒而栗。”（第十五章）最终，他把对生命意义的执著追求的落脚点转向了劳动人民：“如果我希望继续活着并了解生命的意义的话，就不能够在那些已经失去生命或希望自杀的人们身上寻找，而应该看看那些创造过生命且愿意为自己和他人的生命负责的人，无论他们仍然活着还是已经逝去。于是我环顾四周，仔细观察简朴的普通大众，他们多半没受过什么教育，也没有钱，却一直活着且仍在活着，我看到了全然不同的东西。”（第八章）“就在我倾听一个没有文化的农民信仰者讲述上帝、宗教、生命和救赎时，我突然知晓了信仰的意义。我于是开始接近那些普通人，倾听他们关于生命和宗教的争论，也越来越接近真理。”（第十四章）

托尔斯泰的《忏悔录》，与古罗马奥古斯丁和法国卢梭的《忏悔录》，并称世界三大《忏悔录》。在三本《忏悔录》中，托尔斯泰的《忏悔录》篇幅最短，但却以人生思索与探寻的深度见长。托尔斯泰在文中深刻的思想剖析与严苛的自我检视，对生命意义何在的不断追问，对生命和人生的洞察，即使在今天，依然可以给读者以启发与感悟。

第一章

1.我一出生便接受了东正教的洗礼，并在信仰该教派的家庭环境中长大。我在东正教的谆谆教诲下度过了整个童年、少年和青年时期。然而在十八岁那年，大学二年级的我离开学校，不再相信他们教给我的任何教义。

2.忆及诸多往事，我觉得自己根本未曾笃信过宗教，只是信赖长辈们的言传身教，而这种信赖极不稳固。

3.记得十一岁那年的一个周日，一个名叫沃洛迪亚的高中生（此人如今已去世多年）来家中看望我们，向我们宣布了当时学校里的最新发现——世上根本没有上帝，我们所学到的关于上帝的一切纯属人们的编造（那是1838年）。我记得我的哥哥们对这一发现产生了极大的兴趣，甚至允许我参加他们的讨论。我记得当时大家都十分激动，觉得这个消息切实可信而令人神往。

4.我还记得当时正在上大学的哥哥德米特里突然间以性格中特有的激情，狂热地信起宗教来，并开始参加所有的宗教仪式，诸如奉行斋戒、崇尚纯洁而道德的生活等。我们大家（包括家中的大人）于是时常拿他取笑，出于众所周知的原因，大伙还给他起了个绰号叫“诺亚”。我记得那时喀山大学[1]的图书馆馆长穆西金·普希金先生有一次邀请大家参加舞会，在遭到德米特里的拒绝后，开玩笑地劝告我的这位哥哥说，就连大卫王也在方舟前跳过舞[2]。那时我常常被大人们的玩笑逗乐，从中也得出一个结论，那就是学习教义和去教堂做礼拜都是必要的，但无须过于认真。也曾记得很小的时候读过伏尔泰的作品，当时不仅没有为他那些抨击教会的犀利幽默感到震惊，反倒觉得相当有趣。

5.我的宗教热情日渐减退的过程和大多数同样背景的人差不多，时代进步了，这一过程却基本没有变化。在我看来，绝大多数情况大致如下：每个人经历的生活没有什么区别，但人们生活所依据的原则却不仅与教旨毫无关系，且大体上背道而驰。宗教教义丝毫不能应用于生活和人际关系，我们在自己的个人生活中也无须按照宗教教义行事。宗教教义是在另外一个境界中存在和传播的，它与生活本身有着一段距离，且超然独立于生活。我们所面对的宗教只是一种外部现象，和生活本身毫无关系。

6.一直以来，从一个人的生活或举止根本无法判断他是不是信徒。如果说公开宣称信仰东正教的人和拒绝入教的人有所不同，似乎算不上是对前者的夸赞之词。一直以来，公开声明和宣誓信仰东正教的通常都是愚钝呆滞、生性残暴、道德败坏和自视甚高的人。反之，聪慧、诚实、坦率、温厚以及美德则往往是声称自己并非信徒的人们所具备的品质。国家虽规定学校里必须讲授教义、必须送孩子们去教堂做礼拜，官员们也必须出具参加圣餐仪式的证据；然而现在（在过去更是如此），如果你既不在学校读书也不在政府部门任职，则可以数十年无所顾忌地生活在一个基督教国家，无须顾忌自己的周围都是基督徒。

7.因此如今和以往一样，人们在年少时怀着信任之心接受宗教教义，后来又迫于外界压力继续信仰。渐渐地，由于与知识和生活经验相悖，宗教教条的可信度最终在此二者的影响下不断衰减；当现实生活中已经完全没有宗教的印迹之时，人们可以认为幼时接受的宗教教诲仍然存在，此二者并行不悖，对个人的生活也不会产生什么影响。

8.有一个聪明诚实的人（姑且称之为S.），曾给我讲述过他自己不再信仰宗教的经历。二十六岁那年一次外出狩猎，他在夜间休息时遵循幼年养成的习惯，跪下来祈祷。当时他哥哥也在场，躺在稻草垫子上看着他。当S.祈祷完毕准备躺下睡觉时，他听到哥哥说：“你到现在还在

祈祷？”之后一夜无语。从那天起，迄今三十多年过去了，S.再也没有祈祷、做礼拜或领圣餐，也没有去过教堂。之所以如此，并不是因为他了解了哥哥对于信仰的看法并希望与哥哥意见一致，也不是因为他内心已然作出决定，而恰恰是因为S.内心对宗教的信奉如同一面摇摇欲坠的断壁残垣。哥哥的话就仿佛手指轻轻一弹，整面墙便轰然倒塌。哥哥的话只是挑明了S.内心中被宗教占据的那一隅其实早已变成虚无的空洞，他的祈祷词、胸前画下的十字以及祈祷时的屈膝跪拜全都变成了毫无意义的肢体动作。一旦认识到这一切毫无意义，S.便再也不能够继续这些无谓的信仰了。

9.因此我相信，对绝大多数人而言，情况基本上就是这样，过去和现在没有什么不同。我这里提到的大多数人，是指与我们有着相同背景的人。这些人真诚地对待自己，不将立誓信教作为达到某种世俗目的的手段。（那些人才是最根本的非教徒：既然信仰在他们看来只是用于达到某种世俗目的的工具，那就根本不再有什么信仰可言了）和我们成长背景相同的人们会陷入这样一种境地：知识和生活的光辉会逐渐消融人为建立的宗教信仰，他们要么在不知不觉中把信仰忘得一干二净；要么迄今也未曾注意到这一点，对信仰听之任之。

10.我年幼时接受的宗教教诲后来大多消逝了，这一点和其他人一样。与其他人不同的是，我自幼开始读书思考，因而很早便摒弃了宗教。十六岁时我便不再主动祈祷、做礼拜或斋戒。我不再相信年幼时被灌输的教义，但是我的确一直信仰着，尽管我也说不清自己信仰的东西究竟是什么。我相信上帝，或者更确切地说，我不否认上帝的存在，但是当时的我说不清楚自己信仰的上帝是什么样子；我也不否认耶稣的存在抑或他的教义，而当时的我也同样说不清楚自己对耶稣教义的领悟。

11.回首前尘往事，我可以清楚地看到，除了出于动物本能而激发的对生活的欲望之外，我当时拥有的唯一真实的信念，就是自我修养和

完善。但是这种自我修养包含哪些内容，又有着怎样的目标，当时的我不得而知。我尝试着在知识上完善自我，研习生活中的一切经历。我尝试着锻炼自己的意志，给自己制定各种规则并努力遵守。我尝试着健全自己的体格，通过各种运动来增强力量和身体的灵活性。我还试图克服各种困难，培养自己的韧性和耐心。我将所有这一切视为自我完善。当然，其开端乃是道德修养，然而没过多久，所有这些都烟消云散，被一种更具概括性的完善所取代，我不再关注是否在自己或上帝眼中做得更好，而开始在乎自己在他人看来是否完美无缺。很快这种攀比的决心变成比其他人更具影响力的强烈愿望：我要拥有比他人更多的声名、权力和财富。

第二章

1.有一天，我会向人们讲述自己的生活经历，以及在我年轻时代的十年间，生活给了我怎样的震撼和启示。想必很多人都曾有类似的经历。我真心诚意地希望做到尽善尽美，但那时的我年轻气盛、孤身一人，在追求尽善尽美的道路上孤立无援。每当我试图展示自己内心深处的渴望——做一个道德高尚的人时，总会招来鄙视和嘲笑；而一旦我屈服于低俗的欲望，却总是能够得到人们的赞赏和鼓励。野心、权力欲、自私自利、放荡、骄傲、愤怒、复仇，这些倒成了令人敬仰的品质。于是我渐渐臣服于这些私欲和贪念，变成我长辈的模样，并被他们悦纳。生活中接触到的最为纯洁的人乃是一个可敬的老姑妈，她总说她别无所求，只愿我能够和一位已婚妇女来一段风流韵事。“还有什么比和一位少妇交欢更美妙的呢？”她常常用优雅的法文发出这样的感叹。她还祝愿我能成为一名副官，最好能够为沙皇服务。诸多祈福中最令她兴奋的，莫过于我能迎娶一位富有的女孩，并通过婚姻拥有很多农奴，越多越好。

2.每忆及当年往事，我内心无不充满恐惧、厌恶和悲叹。在战争中我杀过人，给别人下过战书并想在决斗中杀死对方，也赌过纸牌，我压榨雇农，还惩罚他们；我与人私通、行事虚伪、面目丑恶。撒谎、偷盗、放荡、烂醉、暴力、谋杀……没有一项恶事我未曾染指，尽管这样，我的作为还是赢得了他人的赞赏，同辈人也认为相对而言我是个品德高尚的人。他们至今也没有改变这种观点。

3.这样的生活持续了整整十年。

4.在此期间，我出于虚荣、自私和自负而涉身写作。我在写作时的

所作所为竟和生活中一模一样。为了猎取写作带来的名利，我不得不隐藏起自己真善美的一面，把罪恶的一面展示在世人面前。我也正是这么做的。我总是在作品中设法假借冷漠和漫不经心来掩盖使生命充满意义的、对于善的追求。我成功了，并得到人们的赞赏。

5.战争结束[3]那年，二十六岁的我回到圣彼得堡，并开始结交那里的作家。那个圈子欣然接受了我，还对我大肆奉承。我来不及停下思考，就被结交的这群作家同化，采纳了他们的生活态度。没过多久，我自己年轻时所有自我修养的尝试荡然无存。那些作家的生活态度无疑为我毫无节制的生活提供了理论依据和借口。

6.我的这些作家朋友们的人生观可以总结如下：一般来说，生活是一个不断发展的过程，在这个过程中扮演最重要的角色的就是我们这些思想者，而在诸多思想者中，我们这群艺术家和诗人最具影响力。我们的使命是传道授业。为了避免为“我知道些什么，又能教些什么”这类浅薄的问题所迷惑，他们解释说根本没必要知道这个问题的答案，因为诗人和艺术家在无意识中成就了其作为人类导师的使命。我既然是大家公认的杰出艺术家兼诗人，便自然而然地接受了这一理论。作为一个艺术家和诗人，我在写作时不必知道我要向人们传授什么。我做这些是有偿的。作为交换，我得到了美味的食物、舒适的住所、女人的陪伴、令人向往的社交圈和名望。既然如此，想必我教授的东西一定十分出色。

7.相信诗歌的意义以及生活的渐进发展也是一门信仰，而我就是这门教派中的一名“牧师”。作为这样一位“牧师”是件颇有裨益和令人愉悦的事，因而在相当长的一段时间，我都生活在这样的信念当中，从来没有质疑过其正确性。但是在第二年，我开始怀疑它的正确性，并开始了对它的质疑和审视，第三年更是如此。最初引起我怀疑的，是我注意到该教派内部的“牧师”们意见不一。有人说：“我们是最出色、最有价值的老师，我们教授的才是人们最需要的，而其他人教授的都是错误的东

西。”有人说：“不对！我们才是真正的老师，你们错了！”他们为此辩论、争吵，彼此蒙蔽和欺诈。更有甚者，我们之中很多人对谁是谁非漠不关心，而只是冷眼观望，从中渔利。所有这一切迫使我对这门信仰产生了怀疑。

8.此外，一旦我开始质疑作家这门信仰的正确性，我便开始密切关注这里的“牧师”们，并愈加确信该教派内部几乎所有的“牧师”——那些作家们——都是不道德的。他们绝大多数都有着邪恶而卑劣的人格，还远不及我早年在放荡的军旅生活中遇到的那些人。但是他们又都颇为自鸣得意和孤芳自赏——那种自负要么表明他们是真正的圣徒，要么表明他们对虔诚和圣洁一无所知。他们开始显示出对我的厌恶和不满，我也开始对自己厌恶和不满，并最终意识到这门信仰原来是一个骗局。

9.但奇怪的是，尽管我很快认识到这些教条乃是纯粹的谎言，应该尽快抛弃，我却并没有放弃这些人赋予我的地位：没有放弃艺术家、诗人和传道授业者的头衔。我天真地幻想自己是个诗人和艺术家，能够在自己不明所以的情况下教授他人。我也确实是这么做的。

10.在和这些作家的交往中，我染上一种新的恶习，认为自己的使命就是在不明所以的情况下为人传道解惑，并对此抱有病态盲目的自傲和荒唐的自信。

11.如今，每当我想起那段时光、忆及我自己和周围的人们（很不幸，如今这样的人更是成千上万）当时的思想状态，我都会感到悲哀、恐惧和荒谬，它在我身上所激发的情感就像人们在疯人院中看到的那样疯狂和荒诞。

12.那时，我们都坚信自己必须滔滔不绝、笔耕不辍，坚信我们应该尽多尽快地发表作品——那可是全人类的福祉。就这样，成千上万的文人一面彼此相轻、口诛笔伐，一面著书立说、传道授业。没有人意识

到自己的无知，我们连生活中最基本的问题——善恶是非的问题——都回答不了。人人高谈阔论、口若悬河，从不会谦虚地倾听他人说些什么。有时我们彼此纵容、互相夸赞，甚是享受；有时又怒气冲天、恶言相向，整个情形就仿佛我们全都生活在疯人院。

13.成千上万的工人日夜劳作，印成的铅字堆积如山，再邮寄分发至俄国各地。我们以传道授业为天降己任，却未曾真正向人们揭示出所有这些道业的真理，还总是觉得自己没有受到应有的重视并为此烦恼不已。

14.这一切真是非常奇怪，不过现在我全都懂了。我们真正关心的本是如何沽名钓誉。为达到这一目的，我们所知的唯一办法就是著书立说——那正是我们的所为。然而为了完成这一全然无用的任务，说服人们相信我们都是不可或缺的重要人物，就需要一种理论来为自己的所作所为进行辩解。由此我们编造出如下理论：凡是存在的都是合理的，万事都在不断发展变化。发展需要教化，而教化是以书刊的发行量来衡量的。既然这些书刊让我们得到了金钱和人们的尊敬，我们当然是最最重要、最有价值的一群人。如果我们大家意见一致，这个理论应该是非常合情合理的；但是既然我们中任何一个人表达的想法都会有人以截然相左的观点予以反对，我们就应该被迫重新思考该理论的正确性。然而没有人注意到这一点，我们得到了金钱的回报，得到了观点一致的人的赞美和夸奖，自然都觉得自己才是代表正义的一方。

15.如今我明白，我们的举止和疯人院里疯子的行为没有任何分别；但是那时我只是隐约地怀疑到这一点。和所有的疯子一样，我也认为除了我之外，其他人都是疯子。

第三章

1.就这样，我又在这种疯狂的状态下生活了六年，直到后来结婚。在此期间我还出过国。在欧洲的生活，以及与那些博学多才、见多识广的欧洲人的交往，加深了我继续自我修养的信念。因为我发现，那些人也持有同样的信念。这种信念在我身上的表现形式和我们那个时代所有的有识之士差不多，可以用一个词来表达，那就是“进步”。当时的我觉得这个词寓意颇深。我虽过着不错的生活，却和所有人一样，整日被“人类如何能够过上更好的生活”这样的问题所困扰。当时的我还不大了解在探讨如何“与时代共同进步”这个问题时，我就像一个人坐在一只随波逐流的小船上，每当被问及那个最基本、最重要的问题“我掌着生活的舵，驶向哪里”，总是试图逃避问题，而只是说，“我们被时代裹挟着前行”。

2.当时的我并未意识到这些。只是偶尔，我会出于本能（而不是理性）地抗拒在我生活的年代盛极一时的迷信，在那个年代，人们惯于用那样的迷信来掩饰自己对生活的无知。接下来，在巴黎逗留期间见到的一次处决让我意识到，社会进步这一迷信的根基是多么不牢靠。当我看到人们的首级与身体分离之后砰然落入木箱时，我忽然明白——不仅在理性上了解，也全身心地感受到——没有哪个关于人类生存和进步的理论能够为这样的暴行开脱。我意识到，哪怕自创世以来每一个人都根据这样或那样的理论认定这一暴行是必要的，我仍然认为这样做既不必要也不合理。如此看来，每个人都应该有自己关于是非和社会进步的判断，绝不能对他人言听计从、人云亦云，而应该听从自己内心最本真的声音。还有一个瞬间也让我感受到关于进步的迷信无益于人们彻底了解生命，那就是我哥哥的死。他是一个聪明、善良、庄重的人，生病的时候还很年轻，辗转病榻一年多，最终在痛苦中死去。死时他尚不知道自

己为何生，更不知道自己为何死。没有什么理论能够回答这些问题，在哥哥那漫长而备受煎熬的濒死时日，我和他对生命和死亡的意义一样茫然。

3.然而这些只是偶尔出现的瞬间，事实上我仍然继续着我的生活，除了进步之外没有其他信仰。“一切都在发展，我也在进步；至于为什么我能够同万事万物共同进步，总有一天我会知晓原因。”当时的我就这样阐述自己的信仰。

4.回国后，我在乡下创办农民学校，并终日为此奔波忙碌。我之所以对这一职业情有独钟，是因为它没有我此前做文学教师时日益明显而强烈地感受到的虚伪。我在这里也是以进步之名办学，但我已经开始采取一种批判的态度来看待所谓的进步了。我告诉自己，进步的某些表现方式是错误的，而当我在乡下与那些农村孩子相处时，进步则必然体现为一种自由的精神，让他们得以根据自己的意愿选择任何进步的道路。

5.事实上，那时的我仍然面对着同样无法解决的问题：如何在我自己不明所以的情况下传道、授业、解惑。在较高级的文学圈子，我显然无法在自己不明所以的时候教授他人，基于我发现大家的教法各不相同，且我们在争论时总是尽可能地掩饰自己的无知。而在教这些农民孩子的时候，我可以让孩子们学习自己喜欢的任何东西，避开这个难题了。为了实现自己为师授道的抱负，当年的我走了一条多么迂回的道路，想来不免觉得好笑，然而我内心深处非常清楚，我始终无法教授人们真正需要的东西，因为我自己也不知道人们究竟需要什么。花费一年处理学校的各项事务后，我又去了国外，希望了解如何将我自己不明所以的东西教授给他人。

6.在农奴解放那一年，我重回俄国，我以为我终于找到了这个问题的答案并理解个中奥义。这一次我以正义的公断者自居，在学校里给无知的人们传授知识，并开始在报纸杂志上发表檄文，向有识之士传播思

想。这一切似乎进展得不错，但是我感到自己的精神状态不是很健康，因而这一切不会持续太久。在我五十岁的时候，若不是我还能从尚未经历的人生另一面家庭生活中看到一丝救赎之光，或许我会陷入同样不可自拔的绝望之中。

7.整整一年，我忙于自己的仲裁工作、忙于学校的事务和在报纸杂志上发表文章，不久便筋疲力尽。这在很大程度上归咎于我思想上的紊乱，作为仲裁者所要处理的争端太过烦琐、学校的事务太过芜杂、我自己在报纸杂志上的搪塞支吾又令人厌恶，因为所有这些都可以最终归结到同一件事上：我想成为天下人之师，同时又始终力图掩盖一个事实，那就是我根本不知道自己教的是什么。我病了，与其说是身体上的疾病，不如说是精神上的煎熬。我中断手头所有的事情去了西伯利亚大草原，在那里我呼吸着新鲜的空气、喝着香甜的马奶酒，过着一种原始朴素的生活。

8.再次回到俄国时，我结婚了。快乐的家庭生活让我拥有了全新的活力，我彻底摆脱了所有对生命意义的追求。此时，我全部的生活都和我的家庭、妻子和孩子们联系在一起，我最关心的，就是如何改善我们的生活质量。从最初痴迷于自我完善，到后来代之以追求全人类的完善也就是社会进步，那一切都被一种更直接的欲望所战胜，就是如何让我的家庭和我本人过上最好的生活。

9.就这样又过了十五年。

10.尽管在那十五年间我觉得作家的工作无关紧要，我仍然没有间断写作。我已经尝到了身为作家的甜头，它让我在经济上获利甚丰，也为自己微不足道的工作获得了许多掌声。我将投身于写作看成提升自己物质地位的一种手段，与此同时，我也依赖于对写作的专注来压制自己灵魂深处始终缠绕的问题，就是我自己的生命乃至所有人生命的意义。

11.在写作中我试图传递自己认定的唯一真理：我们必须活着，为我们自己和家人创造最好生活的可能性。

12.这样的生活又过去了许多年，直到五年前，一种非常奇怪的现象发生在我身上。起初我开始经历时断时续的迷乱，仿佛生命静止了，仿佛我并不知道应该怎样活着，应该做些什么，我陷入茫然，进而陷入绝望。不过这样的迷乱很快就过去了，一切又恢复了先前的样子。之后这种迷乱发生得越来越频繁，出现的模式也一模一样。每到这时，当生命在一瞬间突然静止，总会有同样的问题出现在我的脑际："为什么会这样？接下来会发生什么？"

13.起初我觉得这些问题毫无意义，也毫不相干。我觉得这些问题的答案，人所共知，只要我愿意解决，不会花费很大的力气；我觉得我一时没有时间考虑这些问题，不过只要我愿意认真思考，总会找到所有的答案。可是问题总是反复出现在我的脑海，越来越迫切地要求我给出答案。它们就像圆圆的句号，总是回到原点，仿佛转了一个大圈，形成一个更大的黑洞。

14.随后，那种常见的致命的心理疾病在我身上爆发。一开始只是一些不舒服的小迹象，一般病人都会忽视这些迹象；后来，症状出现得越来越频繁，最终变成了一段时间的持续煎熬。痛苦日益加重，在病人终于意识到问题的严重性时，他发现最初忽视的那些不舒服的迹象，事实上要比世间的一切都更为重要：那就是死亡。

15.当时的我就是这样。我意识到那并不是偶尔出现的不舒服，而是非常严重的疾病。如果同样的问题不断反复出现，就必须找到答案。我试图为它们寻找答案。那些问题显得如此愚蠢、无知和傻气。然而一旦我开始思考并试图解决这些问题，便立即认定：首先，它们并不傻气而愚蠢，而是生命中最重要、最有意义的问题；其次，无论我怎样绞尽脑汁，仍然找不到答案。在我忙于在萨马拉置办房产、着手教育儿子或

投身写作之前，我必须知道自己做这些事情的意义何在；如果不能了解它们的意义，我什么也做不下去。当时我正忙着考虑农场的事儿，有时突然有一个问题出现在脑中：“啊，很好，这样你就拥有了萨马拉省六千俄亩[4]的农场和三百匹马了，但那又怎么样呢？”这让我觉得茫然，不知道接下来应该想些什么。只要一开始教育孩子们，我就会问自己“为什么”，或者正在思考如何让农民们走向富裕，我会突然问自己“那跟我有什么关系”，或者正想着写作带给我的显赫声名，我会对自己说：“啊，不错，这样你就比果戈理、普希金、莎士比亚、莫里哀更有名了，你会比世界上所有的作家都有名，但那又怎么样呢？”

16.对于这些问题，我根本找不到答案。

第四章

1.我的生活陷入了静止状态。我呼吸如常，吃喝入睡都像是例行公事；但是我已经没有生命力，因为没有什么现实的欲望让我觉得值得去实现。如果预先我就知道我的渴望能被满足，那我就都不会从中获得快乐。

2.假如有一位魔法师站在我面前，对我说他可以满足我的愿望，我不知道该对他说什么。在我偶尔很兴奋的时候，还会有出于习惯的欲望而不是真正的欲望的话，在我清醒的时候，我知道那些不过是幻觉。事实上，我什么也不想得到。我甚至不想知道真相，因为我已经猜到了真相是什么——真相是，生命毫无意义。

3.就仿佛我一直继续着自己的生活之路，就会来到了一个悬崖边，在那里我可以清楚地看到，前方除了毁灭之外什么也没有。然而我已经不可能停下来，不可能回头，或者闭上眼睛假装对此一无所知。人生在世，原来面对的除了关于生命和快乐的谎言，就是煎熬至死的现实——生命，原本是彻底的虚无。

4.我开始厌恶生活，开始感受到有一种不可逾越的力量，它带着我寻求解脱，不管以什么方式，我一定要从这样的虚无中解脱出来。我不能说自己想自杀，那向我招手、让我远离生命的，是一种更强大、更彻底、更宏阔的欲望，就像曾经指引我不懈地追求更好的生活的那种力量。只是如今，指引我向着相反的方向。我用尽全力与生命抗争，自杀的想法出现得如此自然，就像之前那些不断进步、完善自我的想法一样自然。这个想法强烈地吸引着我，以至于我不得不动用一些小伎俩，以免自己太仓促地作出决定。我不想莽撞，希望能够尽量看清整个事情的

真相。我告诉自己，如果当时无法揭开真相，我还有的是时间。就在那时，将在更衣室单间的绳子拿了出来，避免自己在壁橱间的横梁上上吊；每次前去打猎时，我也不再像往常那样随身带一支手枪，以防自己克制不住自杀的念头，那么轻易地结束一切。我也不知道自己想要什么。我害怕生命，全力与它抗争，又仍然希望从生命中得到一些什么。

5.这一切发生在我被常人眼中无比完美和快乐的生活包围着的时候：我还不到五十岁，有一个善良、忠实又深深为我所爱的妻子，孩子们活泼可爱，我还有很大的一片地产，即使我本人没有费什么力气，它也运转良好并有不断扩大之势。亲戚朋友比以往更加尊重我，陌生人也对我赞誉有加，我可以毫不脸红地说，自己已经是一个名人了。此外，我的精神和身体都还健康，有着同龄人少有的充沛精力和体力：在体力上我可以和农民一起在田间耕种；在脑力上我可以连续工作八九个小时也不觉得累，之后也不会出现什么不舒服的反应。而就在这样近乎完满的生活状态下，我觉得自己简直有些活不下去了，同时又因为害怕死亡，我不得不自欺欺人，以防自己真的选择自杀。

6.这种精神状态是以下面这种方式呈现在我脑海中的：生活是某人跟我开的一个愚蠢而邪恶的玩笑。尽管我不知道这位“某人”是谁——他或许是带我来到世间的造物主——这种我被某人带到这个世界上、此人以此种方式跟我开了一个愚蠢而又邪恶的玩笑的想法，在我看来，成为表达自己当时那种精神状态的最自然的方式。

7.我不禁感到，在我身外的某一个空间，那人正一边笑着一边看我的好戏，看我如何生活了三四十年；看我徒劳地学习、长大、达到所谓的身心成熟；看我此时心智成熟地站在生命自我揭示意义的悬崖，像个傻瓜一样，如此坚信生命的虚无：生命毫无意义，过去没有，将来也不会有。那人嘲笑着我。

8.即使那个观察我的生活并以此为乐的人不存在，也不会让我感到

丝毫的轻松。哪怕是一个小小的举动，我都无法为它找到理性的意义，更不要说整个生命了。我只是感到震惊，为什么我一开始竟没有意识到这一点，在如此漫长的生命中，这样的问题一直存在，根本就应该是常识。今天或明天，疾病和死亡就会降临到我最心爱的人们身上，也会降临到我自己身上（或许它们已经来了）。之后除了尸骨渐寒，什么也不会留下。早晚有一天，无论我曾经立下怎样的丰功伟业，它们都会被世人遗忘，荡然无存。那么我们又在这里斤斤计较些什么呢？人，怎么可以一直活着，却看不到这样的真相？这真是太让人震惊了！只有当我们对生活迷迷糊糊时，才有可能这样活着；一旦清醒，就不可能看不到所有这一切都只是一个玩笑，一个愚蠢的恶作剧！那就是真相：没有什么诙谐幽默，一切都显得残酷而愚蠢。

9.有一个古老的东方寓言，讲述一个旅人在没有防备的情况下被一个残暴的野兽驱赶到一片空旷的大草原。为了躲开野兽，旅人藏身于一口已经干涸的深井中，但他朝下一看，井底有一条巨龙正张着大口，准备吞掉他。可怜的旅人不敢爬出深井，因为害怕被残暴的野兽吃掉，也不敢落到井底，怕那条巨龙一口吞掉他。于是他抓住井壁的石头缝里长出的一根灌木枝，整个身子吊在那里。他的胳膊渐渐没劲儿了，知道无论是上还是下，死亡就在不远处等待着他，他别无选择。然而他还是紧紧抓住手中的那颗救命稻草。他四处看看，发现有一黑一白两只老鼠，正在啃噬着他手中抓着的灌木枝的根茎，那根茎已经摇摇欲坠了。不久老鼠就会把它彻底啃断，他就会落入巨龙的大口。旅人看到这个，知道自己注定难逃一死了。然而他吊在那里的时候有几滴蜂蜜落在灌木树叶上，他伸出舌头，舔食蜂蜜。我也像这样吊在生命之树上，我太清楚，死亡的巨龙就在下面等待着我，准备把我撕成碎片，我也不知道自己何以落入这样一口受尽折磨的深井。我试着舔食那曾经让我觉得甘甜和安慰的蜂蜜，但已经从中得不到任何快乐。白色和黑色的老鼠——白天和黑夜——无休止地啃噬着我紧紧抓住的树枝。我清楚地看到那只张着大口的巨龙，蜂蜜吃到嘴里也不再甘甜了。视线所及，只有那条让我无以

逃遁的巨龙和那两只老鼠，我无法转移视线不去看它们。这不是寓言而是真相，是每个人都无法辩驳又能清楚看到的真相。

10.生命中快乐的幻觉曾一度抑制住我对巨龙的恐惧，如今我不再自欺欺人。无论我多少次听到这样的话：你根本无法理解生命的意义，过自己的生活，不要再想了——我仍然无法顺从，因为我已经顺从太久了。现在我总是看到自己被白天和黑夜交替追赶着，走向死亡。这就是我所看到的一切，因为这是唯一的真相，其他的全都是谎言。

11.那两滴蜂蜜，一是对家庭的眷恋，二是对写作——也就是我称之为“艺术”的事业的热爱，曾经是引领我的目光远离残酷真相的最重要的力量，如今却已不再让我感到甜蜜了。

12.“家庭……”我自言自语道。但是我的家庭，我的妻子和孩子也都是凡俗的肉身啊。他们的处境和我一模一样：要么生活在谎言中，要么直面可怕的真相，他们也别无选择。那么他们又是为什么而活着呢？为什么我会爱他们，照顾他们，造就他们，时刻关注着他们？是为了让他们向我一样被绝望笼罩，还是为了让他们对这一切无知无觉？如果我爱他们，就不能向他们隐瞒真相。在知识的海洋，每前进一步，就离真相更进一步，而那真相就是死亡。

13.“艺术，诗歌……”在很长一段时间里，因为成功，因为他人的赞美，我说服自己说那是一件可为之事。尽管日渐走近死亡会将那一切湮没在废墟中：我自己和我的作品，以及人们对这一切的记忆。然而我很快意识到这也是假象。我清楚地看到，艺术只不过是生活的装点和修饰，然而既然它在我看来已全无魅力，我又如何用它去感染他人呢？我并没有真正地生活过，只是一具徒有躯壳的行尸走肉，只要我认为生命是有意义的，哪怕我说不清楚它究竟有何意义，任何诗歌和艺术中所反映的生命都会让我感受到快乐。我通过艺术的镜子观察生活，这让我无比享受。但是当我开始探寻生命的意义，当我开始感受到活着原来是不

得已，这面镜子就变得无关紧要、累赘多余而荒谬可笑，甚至干脆变成了令人痛苦的折磨。在镜中，我看到的只有自己愚蠢而令人绝望的处境，就再也不能奢望从中得到安慰了。当我在自己的灵魂深处认定生命是有意义的时候，镜中的一切会带给我愉悦。那时，光影的跃动，世间的悲喜剧，生命中令人感动、令人赞叹、令人恐惧的方方面面都会给我以慰藉。然而当我发现生命没有意义，根本就是一个可怕的恶作剧时，就不再能够从镜中光影里得到娱乐了。无论蜂蜜有多甘甜，一旦我看到身子下面张着大口的巨龙和头顶上啃噬着支撑我的根茎的老鼠，就再也感受不到任何甘甜的滋味了。

14.还不止如此。如果我只是了解到生命全无意义，或许会平静地接受这一现实，觉得那是我不得不接受的宿命。然而我无法这样冷静。如果我是一个在森林里迷了路的人，知道根本没有出路，或许也就安然地活下去了；但是我像一个莽撞之徒，在森林里迷了路，明知道没有路却又为寻找出路而四处奔跑，这让我倍感恐惧。因为我知道，每往前一步都会更深地迷失，然而又无法停下脚步。

15.这是非常可怕的。于是，为了摆脱这样的恐惧，我想到了自杀。我感到未来等待着我的东西比眼前的处境更可怕，而我既无法将它驱赶开来，又没有足够的耐心平静地等待结局。无论科学界怎么说心脏的血管会在一瞬间崩裂，或者会有什么东西突然爆炸，一切都会在瞬间结束，我仍然无法平心静气地等待那一瞬间的到来。对黑暗的恐惧太强烈，我想要逃离那种恐惧，越快越好，不管是用绳子还是子弹。正是这种感觉无比强烈地引诱我走向自杀的道路。

第五章

1.有好几次我对自己说：“或许我忽略了什么，或者我对某些知识不够了解？不可能人人都会陷入这样的绝望啊。”于是我开始在人类各个分支的知识中找寻答案，之后的很长时间，我一直在苦苦求索。我可不是三心二意地敷衍了事，也绝非出于好奇一时兴起，而是拿出自己全部的耐性和毅力，就像一个垂死的人寻求解脱那样，日夜不停地寻找，最终一无所获。

2.我企图在所有的知识中一探究竟，最终不仅一无所获，反而坚信，所有和我一样在知识中寻找答案的人，必定都和我一样一无所获。他们不仅一无所获，还不无痛苦地认识到同样令我陷入绝望的现实：生命毫无意义。这是人类所能获得的最无可辩驳的知识。

3.我到处寻找，幸亏我一直在学术圈里生活，在学术界交游甚广，可以接触到各个学科的学者。我可以通过著作或通过和他们谈话，洞察这些学者的博学广识，因而关于知识能够回答生命的所有问题，我都一一通晓。

4.在很长一段时间，我不相信知识回答不了生命的问题，而只能回答它本身提出的问题。在很长一段时间，我看到科学在提出自己的主张（那些主张多半与人类生活无关）时那一副自以为是的严肃劲儿，却并没有觉得它们加深了我对世界的理解。在很长一段时间，我在知识面前自惭形秽，觉得自己之所以没有找到问题的答案，一定是因为幼稚无知，而不是知识的错误。不过这对我来说可不是什么好笑的事情，它不是玩笑，而是我生命中一个非常重要的课题。最后我不得不得出结论，我的问题是唯一合理的问题，是所有知识学科的基础。我本人和我的问

题都没有错，如果科学一度伪装自己能够回答这些问题，那就是科学的错。

5.那个让我在五十岁时几近自杀的问题乃是每个人灵魂深处最重要的问题，无论是懵懂无知的少年还是饱读诗书的智叟。根据我的经验，没有这个问题就不可能有生命。这个问题就是：我今天或明天的行为将产生什么样的后果。我的整个一生又将如何？

6.或者我们换一种表达方式，这个问题就是：我为什么活着，为什么我对世间的事物或成就有所渴望。或者再换一种表达方式：有没有一种生命的意义可以超越每个人必将面对的死亡而永恒？

7.我试图通过人类的知识回答这个问题——不管我们以何种方式表达，这些其实都是同一个问题。我发现，根据它们各自与这一问题的关系，人类知识的所有分支几乎可以分为两个对立的领域，在这两个领域的尽头分别是两个对立的极端：一个是积极的，一个是消极的。然而无论哪一个极端，都没有对生命的问题提供任何答案。

8.其中一个知识分支甚至根本不承认问题的存在，却对它自己另行提出的问题给出了清晰而准确的答案：那就是实验科学领域，位于这一领域最极端的是数学。另一个知识领域承认这一问题的存在却没有作出回答，那就是思辨哲学领域，位于这一领域最极端的是形而上学。

9.我很年轻的时候就学习了思辨哲学，但后来却对数学和自然科学非常着迷。在我明确对自己提出那个问题，且问题本身在我的思想深处越积越深、迫切需要我作出回答之前，我对知识给出的答案一直十分满意。

10.在实验科学领域我对自己说："一切都在发展，万事万物各有不同，它们越来越复杂精细，在这一切进步中，是有科学规律可循的。你

本人就是万事万物的一个组成部分。如果你对整个世界以及主导世界发展的科学规律了解得足够深入，你就会了解自己在这个世界中的位置，那时你就认识了你自己。”尽管我羞于提起，但一度我对这个答案非常满意。那个时候，我本人也在成长，变得越来越复杂。我的肌肉在日益增大加强，我的记忆越来越丰富，我的思考和理解能力与日俱增。我日渐成长和日臻成熟，并且感受到了自己体内的这种成长，自然就会相信，有一个普遍规律引导着整个世界的发展，我可以通过那个普遍规律找到自己生命问题的答案。然而不久后我不再成长；我觉得自己不再发展成熟而是日渐干枯萎缩，肌肉萎缩，牙齿纷纷脱落，因而我不仅觉得那个普遍规律无法为我提供任何解释，甚至觉得世界上从来没有也不可能有这样一个规律。我把自己在生命中的某一段时间看到的东西误认为是普遍规律了。在更加严格地考察了它的定义之后，我明确得出结论，根本没有什么永恒发展的规律。我清楚地看到，什么世间万事万物都在永恒的时间和空间中不断发展，越来越完美、复杂和与众不同，全都是没有任何实际意义的空话。因为在永恒的时间和空间里，根本不存在简单和复杂、之前和之后、更好和更糟的分别。

11.最重要的是，这样的论断对于我个人的问题，有关我和我所有的欲望的问题，没有提出任何解决方案。我发现这些科学研究的确非常有趣和迷人，但是它们的精确性和清晰度与它们与生命问题的相关性成反比：与生命问题的相关性越小的学科，就越清晰、越精确；而越是试图解决生命问题的学科，就越晦涩模糊、枯燥无味。看看那些试图回答生命问题的学科，看看生理学、心理学、生物学和社会学，我们会发现，这些学科几乎根本没有什么思想，所有的语言都混沌模糊，伪装自己能够解决超出其学科范围之外的问题。各位思想家之间还不停地发生冲突（甚至常常自相矛盾）。再看看那些根本不关心生命问题而只是回答其本身的专业科学问题的学科，人们大概会惊叹人类智慧的力量，然而就算不探讨这些学科我们也知道，它们根本不会回答有关生命的根本问题。这些学科全然无视这个问题。它们说：“关于你是谁、你为什么

活着这个问题，我们不知道，这个问题也与我们无关。但如果你想知道关于光的定理，或者化学合成，或者有机物生长的机理；如果你想知道物理天体及其形状的各种规律，想知道它们的大小和数目之间的关系；或者如果你想知道人类大脑的生理机制，我们会向你提供清楚、精确而无可辩驳的答案。”

12.总的来说，实验科学与生命问题的关系可以这样来概括。

问：我为什么活着？

答：在无限的空间和永恒的时间里，有无限多的小分子以无限复杂的形式进行着各种变异；一旦你了解了这些变异的规律，你就知道自己为什么活着了。

13.后来我转而探索思想领域，当时的我是这样想的：“整个人类依据一定的精神原则和理想成长、生活和发展成熟。这些思想观念可以分别表达为宗教、科学、艺术和政治。随着这些思想日益提升，人类也会跟着进步，变得更加幸福。我既然是人类的一分子，自然应该以认识和实现这样的理想为己任。”我在没有什么判断力的时期，对这样的说法十分满意。然而一旦我对有关生命的问题有了清晰的认识，这一套理论立刻不堪一击，轰然坍塌。这类知识学科通常在下结论时都显得轻率随便、模棱两可，它们仅对少量样本进行研究就匆忙作出概括性的推断。这一理论体系不同的支持者之间，总是就人类的理想究竟是什么充满了矛盾和争吵，这一观点的古怪之处（或者说愚蠢之处）就在于，为了回答这个摆在每个人面前的问题：“我是谁？”或者，“我为什么活着”，或者，“我应该做些什么”，人们必须先解决“人类的生命是什么”这个问题。关于后一个问题，人们所知实在不多，他们所能探索的，不过是人类历史的一瞬间中一个小片段的一小部分而已。也就是说，要了解自己，必须先了解整个人类的秘密，而所谓人类，正是由像此人一样完全不了解自己的个人组成的。

14.我得承认自己曾经笃信这一理论。那时我有自己偏爱的一套理想来为自己的突发奇想、反复无常找借口。我试图创造一种理论，将自己的这些突发奇想定为适用全人类的普遍规律。然而一旦我从灵魂深处非常清楚地提出了最基本的生命问题，这个答案立即消失得无影无踪了。我开始意识到，和实验科学一样，这个领域也存在着真正的科学和伪科学，二者都力图回答其学科范围之外的问题。这里也同样存在一系列全然不同的学科分支，这些分支同样力图回答其学科范围之外的问题。这些伪科学——包括法律、社会和历史学——全都试图解决人类的各种问题，并假装它们能够以自己的方式解答那个与全人类有关的生命问题。

15.然而，如果说在实验科学领域，一个人认真地提出“他应该怎样活着”这样一个问题，听到有人建议他去研究在无限的时空中无限多的分子以无限复杂的形式进行的变异，他一定不会满意的话，那么同样，如果有人建议他为了解自己就必须先探求整个人类的生命，他也一定不会满意。因为根本没有人知道人类的生命从何处始，至何处终，哪怕其中最小的一部分我们也一无所知。此外，就像实验科学领域的那些伪科学一样，这些科学越是偏离其目的，就越是模棱两可，毫无精确性，愚蠢而矛盾重重。实验科学关心的问题是物质现象的因果顺序，人们只需要问到一个关于终极原因的问题，实验科学就立即变成一堆废纸。思想领域面临的问题是它认为生命的本质是超出因果界定的，人们只要在考察时引入因果现象，如社会或历史数据，就会让这一整套科学变成胡言乱语。

16.因此，实验科学并不在自己的体系中引入终极原因的问题，而只是探讨积极的知识，揭示人类智慧的不同凡响；而抽象的思想领域是后来成为科学的，它完全无视因果现象的顺序问题，而只是考察与某一个终极原因有关的人类，以此来揭示人类智慧的不同凡响。举例来说，在这一领域的最极端就是形而上学，即抽象哲学。这门科学明确提出

了："我是谁？"以及"宇宙是什么？我为什么存在，宇宙又为什么存在？"的问题。自从这门科学产生以来，它为这些问题提出的答案永远都是一样的。无论哲学认为我们生命的本质乃至万事万物的本质是思想还是物质、精神还是意志，其所表达的都只是同一个意思：我存在，而我就是这个本质。然而他并没有解决怎样存在和为什么存在的问题，如果这位哲学家是一个严谨的思想者，他就根本找不到答案。我问："这个本质又为什么存在？它现在是什么样子，将来又是什么样子？"哲学不仅没有回答这些问题，反而又提出了同样的问题。如果它是真正的哲学，那么它的全部任务就在于明确提出这个问题。而如果它恪守这一原则，那么它对于"我是谁"以及"宇宙是什么"的回答就只有一个："要么是一切，要么是虚无。"而它对宇宙为什么存在、我又为什么存在这个问题的回答也只有一个，那就是："不知道。"

17.因此，无论我怎样苦苦思索哲学推测出的这些回答，统统不能称其为答案。个中理由不同于表达较为清楚的实验科学，在实验科学中，答案与问题本身没有关系；而就哲学来说，尽管哲学家们为了回答我的问题而博学强记、绞尽脑汁，他们仍然没有答案。哲学所提供的不是答案，而是同样的问题，只不过是换了一种方式提出来而已。

第六章

1.为了寻找生命问题的答案，我觉得自己就像一个在森林中迷路的旅人。

2.我来到一片空地，爬到一棵树上极目四望，可以看到很远的远方，却看不到一座小木屋或任何栖居之所。我走入一片灌木丛，身处黑暗，四周苍茫一片，却发现那里也没有我要找的小木屋。

3.我以同样的方式徜徉于人类知识的森林，既沐浴了数学知识和实验科学那明媚的光线——在那里我可以远眺地平线，却找不到一座小木屋，也陷入了思想领域那幽深的暗影——在这里我走得越远，笼罩天地的黑暗就越是汹涌。后来我坚信，在这里，我没有也根本不可能有任何出路。

4.当我走向知识的光明一端，我发现那只是在逃避问题。无论在我面前伸出的地平线多么灿烂光明，无论将自己沉迷于这无尽的知识中是多么美妙的诱惑，我已经知道，这些知识越是清楚而条理分明，我就越不需要它，因为它越解答不了我的问题。“嗯，”我自言自语道，“我完全了解了科学所迫切了解的东西，在那条路上，我根本找不到关于生命意义这个问题的答案。”在另一端的思想领域，我知道尽管这类知识的根本目的是要解答我的问题——或许正是因为这个原因——它所能给我的却无非是我自己已经找出的那个一模一样的答案。即，问：“生命的意义是什么？”答：“生命没有意义。”或者，问：“我的生命最终将变成什么样子？”答：“无尽的虚无。”再或者，问：“那么世界为什么存在，我又为什么存在？”答：“因为它们的确存在。”

5.如果为了回答这个问题而去研究人类知识的一个分支，我会得到

无数非常精确的答案，只不过那些都不是我提出的问题的答案。什么星体的化学组成啦、太阳朝向武仙星座的运动啦、物种和人类的起源啦、无限小的原子的形状啦，乃至于非常微小且数目无限的大气分子的浮动啦，等等。然而关于我提出的生命意义的问题，这一知识分支给出的唯一答案是：“你就是你所称之为生命的东西，你是一团暂时存在的、偶尔聚集在一起的物质，这些分子物质的相互作用和变化在你的体内构成了所谓的生命。这一聚集体只能在有限的时间内存续，一旦分子之间的相互作用停止了，也就是我们所说的生命停止了，所有的问题也将随之结束。人的生命就是某种物质的随机组合，该组合堆不断分解，其发酵的过程就是所谓的生命；该组合堆最终将彻底解体，发酵过程终将停止，那时所有的问题也将一并消失。”这就是精确的科学知识给出的答案，如果这些学科严格坚持其本身的原则的话，它们也只能提供这一种答案。

6.然而事实是，这个答案根本没有回答我提出的问题。我需要知道自己生命的意义何在，关于“生命乃是无限时空中的一分子”这样的命题不仅未能说出生命的意义，反而消解了它可能会有的任何意义。

7.如果实验科学试图与思想领域的科学进行暧昧的妥协，它会说生命的意义在于发展，以及对这种发展的促进和鼓励。然而这样的说法太过含混朦胧，根本无法称之为答案。

8.位于人类知识领域另一端的思想科学，如果严格坚持其本身的原则，会试图直接解答生命意义的问题。然而自古以来，它给出的永远是同一个答案：“宇宙是无限的、不可理解的，人类的生命是这个莫测高深的‘整体’的一个莫测高深的组成部分。”在这里，我同样排除了思想领域试图与实验科学（它还包括一整套伪科学）进行的妥协，即所谓的法学、政治学和历史学。在这些科学中也同样存在对于发展和完善的错误理解，唯一的区别是，自然科学探讨的是万事万物的发展，而思想科学

讨论的是人类生命的发展。二者所犯的错误也一模一样：在无限的时空中，发展和完善既无目的，也无方向，而关于我的问题，没有答案。

9.在精确的思想知识，也就是在真正的哲学而不是叔本华所谓的专业哲学（它唯一的作用是把所有现存的现象归入新的哲学类别并给它们加上新的标签）中，哲学并非没有看到那个基本的问题，而其给出的答案只有一个，那就是苏格拉底、叔本华、所罗门和佛所给出的那个答案。

10.“我们只有在与生命渐行渐远时，才会越来越接近生命的实质，”苏格拉底在垂死之时如是说，“那么，我们这些热爱真理之人在生命中又在苦苦求索些什么呢？脱离肉体，并远离起源于肉体生命的所有邪恶之事。如果是这样，那么为什么当死亡临近，我们竟无论如何也高兴不起来呢？”

11.“智者通过生命走向死亡，因此死亡并不令其有所恐惧。”

12.“认识到世界内在的本质是意志，”叔本华说，“并在一切现象中——从无知觉的自然力的无意识的企图直到人的完全有意识的活动，只承认这种意志的具体性，我们就不能回避一个结果，即随着意志的任意否定和自我消亡，一切现象，世界赖以生存的、持久的、既无目的又不停息的、具有不同程度具体内容的希望和爱好也将消失。因果关系的多样性也将消失，随同形式一起，意志的具有空间和时间这种一般形式的一切现象也就消失。结果是世界最终的基本形式——主体和客体也消失了。没有意志，没有表象，也就没有世界。在我们面前就只有虚无。但是抗拒向寂灭转化的一切，我们的自然界也不过是这种构成我们自身和我们世界的生存意志。我们这样害怕寂灭，或者换一种说法，我们这样想活着。这只意味着我们本身就是这种生存的愿望，除此以外，我们一无所知。因此，对我们这些还充满意志的人说来，意志完全消亡之后，剩下的当然是虚无。与此相反，对于意志发生了变化并已消亡的那些人

来说，我们这一非常现实的世界，连同他所有的太阳和银河，都是虚无。”[5]

13.“虚空的虚空，”所罗门说，“凡事都是虚空。人一切的劳碌，就是他在日光之下的劳碌，有什么益处呢？一代过去，一代又来，地球永远长存……已有的事，后必再有；已行的事，后必再行。日光之下，并无新事。岂有一件事人能指着说：这是新的。哪知，在我们以前的世代早已有之。已过的世代，无人记念；将来的世代，后来的人也不记念。我传道者在耶路撒冷做过以色列的王。我专心用智慧寻求查究天下所做的一切事，乃知神叫世人所经练的，是极重的劳苦。我见日光之下所做的一切事，都是虚空，都是捕风……我心里议论说，我得了大智慧，胜过我以前在耶路撒冷的众人，而且我心中多经历智慧和知识的事。我又专心察明智慧、狂妄和愚昧，乃至这也是捕风。因为多有智慧，就多有忧烦；加增知识，就加增忧伤。”[6]“我在心里说：来吧！我以喜乐试试你，你好享福。谁知，这也是虚空。我指着嬉笑说：这是狂妄；论喜乐说：有何功效呢？我心里察究，如何用酒使我肉体舒畅，我心却仍以智慧引导我；又如何持住愚昧，等我看明世人，在天下一生当行何事为美。我为自己动大工程，建造房屋，栽种葡萄园；建造园囿，在其中栽种各种各样果木树；挖造水池，用以浇灌嫩小的树木。我买了奴婢，也有生在家中的奴婢；又有许多牛群羊群，胜过以前在耶路撒冷众人所有的。我又为自己积蓄金银和君主的财宝，以及各省的财宝；又得唱歌的男女和世人取乐之物，如乐器及诸如此类。这样，我就日渐昌盛，胜过以前在耶路撒冷的众人。我的智慧仍然存留。凡我目之所求，我没有不留给他的；我心之所乐的，我没有不享受的；因我的心为我一切所劳碌的快乐，这就是我从劳碌中所得的部分。后来，我查看我亲手经营的一切事和我劳碌所成的功，谁知都是虚空，都是捕风，在日光之下毫无益处。我转念观看智慧、狂妄和愚昧。在王以后而来的人还能做什么呢？也不过行早先所行的就是了。我便看出智慧胜过愚昧，如同光明胜过黑暗。智慧人的眼目光明；愚昧人在黑暗里行。我却看明，这两种人都必

遇见相同的事。我在心里说，愚昧人所遇见的，我也必遇见，我为何更有智慧呢？我心里说，这也是虚空。智慧人和愚昧人一样，永远无人纪念，日后都被忘记。可叹智慧人死亡，与愚昧人无异。我所以恨恶生命，因为在日光之下所行的事，我都以为烦恼，都是虚空，都是捕风。我恨恶一切的劳碌，就是我在日光之下的劳碌，因为我得来的必留给我以后的人……人在日光之下劳碌累心，在他一切的劳碌上得着什么呢？因为他日日忧虑，他的劳苦成为忧烦，连夜间心也不安。这也是虚空。人强莫如吃喝，且在劳碌中享福……”[7]

14.“凡临到众人的事，都是一样。义人和恶人都遭遇一样的事；好人、洁净人和不洁净人、献祭的与不献祭的，也是一样。好人如何，罪人也如何；起誓的如何，怕起誓的也如何。在日光之下所行的一切事上，有一件祸患，就是众人所遭遇的都是一样，并且世人的心充满了恶。活着的时候心里狂妄，后来就归死人那里去了。与一切活人相连的，那人还有指望，因为活着的狗总比死去的狮子强。活着的人知道必死，死去的人毫无所知，也不再得赏赐，他们的名无人记念。他们的爱，他们的恨，他们的嫉妒，早都消灭了。在日光之下所行的一切事上，他们永不再有份了。”[8]

15.所罗门，就是那个写下这些话语的人，如是说。

16.以下是一位印度先哲讲述的故事：“释迦牟尼是一位年轻快乐的王子，从不知道疾病、年迈和死亡为何物。有一天他乘坐马车外出，看见一个可怕的老人，老人满嘴的牙掉光了，口水顺着嘴角流下来。王子因为从不知年迈为何物，非常惊诧，就问马夫那是什么，为什么让他遭遇这样一个可怜、可恶又可憎的景象？当他听说这是所有人的宿命，就连他这位年轻的王子有朝一日也会面临同样的境遇时，王子再也无心游玩，命令马车回程，让他好好考虑一下这件事儿。他把自己关在房里，仔细想了几天。或许他在思考中得到了某种安慰，因为过了几天他又乘

马车外出了，和前一次一样欢快开心。但这一次他又遇到了一个病人。这个人一脸憔悴、脸色发青，眼里暗淡无光。王子因为从不知疾病为何物，便让车夫停下，问那是什么。当他听说那就是疾病，所有人都会染上疾病，即使他这样健康快乐的王子，恐怕明天便难逃疾病的魔爪，他的快乐心情再度烟消云散，命令车夫回程，他回到王宫，为自己寻找安慰。他大概又找到了安慰，因为过了几天，他第三次乘坐马车外出游玩。”而这一次，他又看见了一个新鲜事物：他看到一些人肩上扛着什么东西。“那是什么？”“死人。”“死人是什么？”王子问。他被告知，人都会死。王子走向死者的尸体，揭开盖子看了一眼。“他会变成什么样子呢？”他问道。王子被告知，死人将被埋在地下。“为什么？”“因为他永不可能复活，只会变成一堆白骨，身上爬满尸虫。”“所有的人都必须有此下场吗？我也会这样吗？我也会被埋在地下，变成一堆白骨，身上爬满尸虫？”“是的。”“回宫！我再也不想出来游玩了，我再也不会出宫了！”

17.释迦牟尼无法在生命中找到安慰，便认定生命本身乃是大恶，他竭尽心力要让自己和他人摆脱生命。他所期望的摆脱生命的方式是，人死后不会在任何地方重生，只会变成虚无，彻头彻尾的虚无。所有的印度先哲们都这么说。

18.让我们总结一下人类凭借自己的智慧就生命的问题给出的答案。

19.“肉体生命是大恶，是谎言。既然肉体生命的消失是我们的福祉，我们就必然渴望它的消失。”苏格拉底说。

20.“生命原不应如此，可它的确是：罪恶。向着虚无的转化乃是生命中唯一神圣的事。”叔本华说。

21.“世间万事万物，凭它是愚是智、是富是穷、是喜是悲，都是虚

空。人死之后，什么也不会留下。此乃荒诞。”所罗门说。

22.“人生来苦难，贫病交加，老迈虚弱，必死无疑，人不能念此而生，必须摆脱生命，摆脱一切可能的生命。”佛说。

23.这些伟人们的所说所想，和成千上万的普通人没有分别。我也曾思考过这些，也有过同样的感觉。

24.就这样，我在知识领域的研读不仅未能让我走出绝望，反而加深了我的绝望。一个分支没有解答生命的问题；另一个分支虽给出了答案，却只是再次印证了我的绝望，向我证明，我得出的结论并非因为选择了歧路，也不是因为我的思想出了问题。相反，它让我坚信，我所想的都是正确的，世间最伟大的智者，得出的结论也不过如此。

25.自欺欺人毫无意义，一切都是虚空。只有从未来到世上之人才会快乐，死亡强于生命，我们必须摆脱生命。

第七章

1.既然在知识领域的考察未能给我一个满意的解释，我便开始在生活中寻找，希望能够在周围的人身上找到答案。我开始观察身边那些像我一样的人如何生活，他们又如何解答这个让我陷入绝望的问题。

2.我发现，那些和我处境相同，也就是所受的教育和生活方式相似的人，也都和我一样，陷入了绝望。

3.我发现在这个生活圈子里，人们用四种方式逃避着人人都会面对的可怕困境。

4.第一种逃避方式是无知，是指看不到或无法理解，生命乃是邪恶和荒诞的。大多数这类人要么是女人，要么是小孩，要么是蠢人，他们尚不能了解叔本华、所罗门抑或佛所面对的问题。既看不到在井底张着大口等待的巨龙，也看不到手中紧紧抓住的灌木树枝几乎被老鼠啃得连根拔起，只是自顾自地享受着蜂蜜的甘甜。不过这种享受不会持续太久，他们总会转而注意到巨龙和老鼠，蜂蜜的甘甜终会变得无味。我从这些人那里学不到任何东西，因为知道了就是知道了，你再也不可能佯装不知，回到从前。

5.第二种逃避方式是享乐主义，是指在了解到生命的绝望境地之后，无视巨龙和老鼠的威胁去享受福祉，悠闲地品味蜂蜜的甘甜，当落在灌木树枝上的蜂蜜很多时尤其如此。所罗门如此描述这种方式：

6.“我就称赞快乐，原来人在日光之下，莫强如吃喝玩乐，因为他在日光之下，神赐他……”[9]

7.“你只管去欢欢喜喜吃你的饭，心中快乐地喝你的酒……同你所爱的妻快活度日，因为那是你生前在日光之下劳碌的事上所得的份额。凡你当做的事，要尽力去做，因为在你所必去的阴间，没有工作，没有谋算，没有知识，也没有智慧。”[10]

8.在我的生活圈子中，绝大多数人都采纳这第二种逃避方式。他们身处其中的优渥条件决定了他们拥有更多更好的生活资料；道德上的麻木令其忘记了自己所有的优越地位都是偶然的，不是每个人都可以像所罗门那样拥有一千嫔妃佳丽和奢华宫殿。如果这世间有一个人拥有一千嫔妃，必定有一千人连平凡糟糠都娶之不得。这世间的每一座奢华宫殿必定是一千个人辛勤劳作、大汗淋漓方能建成，如果你今天能够成为所罗门，那么明天你也同样可能成为所罗门的奴隶。这些人由于缺乏想象力而忘记了为什么佛的内心无法平静：疾病、年迈和死亡都是人无以逃遁的宿命，早晚有一天，它们会将世间所有的享乐化为乌有。其中有一些人认为，其思考的迟钝和想象力的缺乏乃是所谓的“积极哲学”。在我看来，即使这样，他们与前一种人也没有任何差别，虽然前一种人根本看不到问题，而只知享受蜂蜜的甘甜。我无法学这些人的作派，因为我不像他们那样缺乏想象力，也无法将自己伪装成他们的样子。和所有真诚生活的人一样，我一旦看见了老鼠和巨龙，就无法再对其视而不见。

9.第三种逃避方式要诉诸力量。这种方式意识到生命是邪恶和无意义的，就企图摧毁生命，少数强壮而坚定的人就是如此。这类人知道生命是造化跟他们开的一个无比愚蠢的玩笑，意识到死亡的福祉要比活着的福祉大得多，世间最好的事情莫过于放弃生命，便立即付诸行动，不惜使用任何方法在一瞬间结束这种愚蠢的玩笑：围着脖颈缠上绳索、投水、用匕首刺向心脏，抑或卧在铁轨上等待下一辆火车的到来。在我们的生活圈子中，越来越多的人选择这种方式。总的来说，这样行事的人都是在青壮年时期作出这一选择的，那时他们的灵魂充满力量，还没有养成什么摧毁理性的坏习惯。我一度觉得这是最有价值的逃避方式，也

企图效仿。

10.第四种逃避方式是软弱，是指即使知道生命没有任何意义，也紧紧抓住这邪恶和徒劳的生命不肯放手。这一类人知道死亡强于生命，却缺乏力量采取理性的行动，通过自杀很快结束这种骗局，他们似乎在等待着什么。这便使之成为一种软弱的逃避方式，因为如果知道世上有更好的东西，又唾手可得，为什么不去顺从自己内心的意愿呢？我自己就属这一类人。

11.就这样，与我同类的人们有四种方式可以将自己拯救出这可怕的困境。我苦思冥想，除了这四种逃避方式之外，再也找不到其他的方式。在第一种方式中，人们未能意识到生命是没有意义、徒劳而邪恶的，未能意识到放弃生命乃是更明智的选择。我既然不可避免地知道了，一旦有此意识，便无法对其视而不见。第二种方法选择利用生命，而不去思考未来，这个我也做不到。和释迦牟尼一样，当我知道了苦难、老迈和死亡的存在，就无法再满心欢喜地外出打猎了。我的想象力太过丰富，再说，某些转瞬即逝的事件或许会让我们的生命有些许快乐，我却不能从中得到安慰。第三种方法是意识到生命的邪恶和荒诞之后，通过自杀结束生命。第四种逃避的方式则是像所罗门和叔本华那样生活，知道生命是某种造化的力量跟我们开的一个愚蠢的玩笑，却仍然继续活着，洗漱、穿衣、吃饭、聊天，甚至还写作。我虽然觉得这样活着既屈辱又痛苦，却仍然保留着这种生活方式。

12.如今我终于明白，当初我之所以没有自杀，是因为我隐约模糊地意识到，自己的观点是错误的。无论我觉得自己的思路多么合理而不可辩驳，抑或那些让我们得出生命毫无意义之结论的想法多么明智，自己一直思虑所得的最终结果到底是否合理，我仍然暗地里有些怀疑。

13.当时的我这样表述这种怀疑：我，亦即我的理性，已经认识到生命是非理性的。如果没有什么高于理性（的确如此，我们无法证明世

间有什么东西高于理性），那么在我看来，就是理性创造了我。没有理性，我就没有生命。那么，如果理性本身就是生命的创造者，它又怎么可能否定生命呢？或者换一种说法：如果没有生命，那么理性也就不复存在，这就必然意味着理性乃是生命的产物。生命才是一切。理性只是生命的结果，而这种理性本身却否定了生命。我感觉到，整套思路有一个环节出了问题。

14.我对自己说：生命是毫无意义的邪恶之事，这一点毫无疑问，然而我一直活着且至今仍然活着，全人类也一直活着，且至今仍然活着，这是怎么回事呢？如果能够选择不再活着，人们为什么还活着呢？难道说，只有叔本华和我才有天才的心智，能够理解生命的了无意义和邪恶本质？

15.关于生命乃是虚空的论断并不是什么特别深奥的道理，普通人很久以前就知道这个道理，然而他们却仍然一直活着。怎么可能所有的人都这样活着，而从不考虑生命的逻辑呢？

16.我自己的所知经过了历代先哲的智慧验证，我从中明白，万事万物，无论是有机物还是无机物，其生存秩序都显示出极为非凡的智慧，而只有我自己的处境是荒诞的。然而这些蠢人——广大头脑简单的人，根本不知道什么有机物和无机物在世界上的秩序，却仍然活着，且觉得生命的安排是如此合理！

17.之后我忽然想到，或许有些什么是我自己不知道的。毕竟那正是无知的表现，无知者总是嘟囔着我正在说的这些话——如果无知者不知道什么，他就说他不知道的东西是愚蠢的。无论如何，似乎全人类都一直在生活，至今仍然活着，仿佛它知道生命的意义，因为如果不知道生命的意义它就无法继续存活。而我却在说生命是没有意义的，我无法继续生活下去。

18.没有人阻止叔本华和我放弃生命。去吧，去自杀，那样你就不会再想这些了。如果你不喜欢生命，大可以去自杀。如果你活着而又无法了解生命的意义，就结束生命，而不要到处大放厥词或制造文字垃圾，说什么你不了解生命。你看，周围的人都活得很开心，每个人都非常快乐，知道自己在做什么，所以，如果你觉得生活无聊而不愉快，你就走吧！

19.因为毕竟，如果我们相信自杀是必须的且又无法下定决心结束生命，那么我们难道不是最软弱、最言行不一，或者坦白说，最愚蠢的人吗？嘴里高唱着结束生命的赞歌，却又伴着自己的平庸与生命共舞。

20.毕竟，无论我们是怎样无可辩驳的智者，我们的智慧并未有助于我们了解生命的意义。而成千上万的庸人依然活着，从没有怀疑过生命的意义。

21.的确，自从生命在我一无所知的远古时期开始以来，那些了解生命之虚空的论断的人（在我看来，他们的确证明了生命毫无意义）却活了下来，为生命注入了其独特的意义。自从世界上开始存在某种形式的人类生命以来，人们就一直认定生命是没有意义的，却仍然继续活着，并将生命的薪火传到了我的手上。我体内和我身边的一切都是他们理解生命的结果。我用来判断和谴责生命的思想方法也是由他们，而不是由我本人创造的。因为有了他们，我才来到这个世界上，接受教育，长大成人。他们从地下挖出了铁矿，教会我们如何伐木和驯养牛马，教会我们如何种植庄稼，如何群居。他们创造了一种生活的秩序。他们教会我如何思考，如何说话。我是他们的后代，他们给了我食物和水，给了我教育，让我得以用他们的思想和语言，思考和论道。现在，我却在向他们证明，这一切毫无意义！“一定是某个环节出了问题，”我对自己说，“我的某一个推论一定是错误的。”然而我却不知道究竟是哪一个环节出了问题。

第八章

1.如今我已经能够比较清晰连贯地说出这些疑虑了，而当时我却根本说不清它们是什么。当时我只是觉得，尽管我关于生命的虚空本质的推断在逻辑上有其必然性，也经过了许多伟大思想家的验证，却仍然存在问题。我不知道是自己的推理过程有漏洞，还是我对生命问题的陈述不够严密，只是觉得自己在得出结论之前的推理过程虽然完整，却仍然不够充分。所有这些结论都未能说服我服从自己的论证逻辑——选择自杀。如果我说，我是通过自己的理性达到了那样一种状态而没有选择自杀，那一定是在说谎。我的理性仍然在起作用，但是同时起作用的还有其他东西，我只能称之为一种“生命意识”。当时似乎有另一种力量在起作用，它让我更多地关注这种生命意识而非理性。正是这种力量让我走出了自己的绝望状态，将我的理性引向一个截然不同的方向。它促使我关注一个事实，那就是我，以及成百上千和我一样的其他人，并非人类的全部，而我也并不知道全人类的生活是什么样。

2.看看我自己的四周，也就是我的同事们那个狭小的圈子。这些人要么浑浑噩噩，要么寻欢作乐，要么自我终结，要么绝望等待。除此之外，我看不到其他的生活方式。我起初以为这个学者的小圈子，和我的生活圈子中有钱、有名望的这些人便构成了整个人类，而那些一直活着、至今仍然活着的数以千百万计的人们只是“他们”，类似于某种牲口，是庸常麻木的“人们”。

3.如今想来真是奇怪，也完全不可理解，那时我对生活的理性思考中，竟完全无视周围所有人的生活。我竟如此荒谬而错误地认为，我自己的生活，以及所罗门和叔本华的生活，才是真实而正常的生活，而那些数百万平庸人的生活则根本不值一提。无论今天看来多么奇怪，这些

的确是我当时真实的想法。在我骄傲地无目的地思考的过程中，我认定所罗门、叔本华和我本人非常诚实而准确地提出了生命的问题，就这个问题来说，不可能再有第二条道路。我非常肯定地认为，那些数百万普通人根本未曾深入该问题的实质，在我为自己寻找生命的意义时，我从来没有问过自己："那数百万一直活着、如今仍然活在世上的人，他们又如何让自己的生命有意义呢？"

4.很长一段时间，我就生活在这样一种疯狂的状态中。那是更激进、受过更多教育的人们较为典型的状态，如果他们大多数尚未付诸行动，起码在语言上如此。然而或许是因为我对真正的劳动人民有一种多少有些奇怪却出自天然的喜爱，迫使我去理解他们，意识到他们并非我们所想的那样愚昧无知，或许是因为我认定自己除了自杀之外无事可做的信念非常诚实，我觉得无论如何，如果我希望继续活着并了解生命的意义的话，就不能够在那些已经失去生命或希望自杀的人们身上寻找，而应该看看那些创造过生命且愿意为自己和他人的生命负责的人，无论他们仍然活着还是已经逝去。于是我环顾四周，仔细观察简朴的普通大众，他们多半没受过什么教育，也没有钱，却一直活着且仍在活着，我看到了全然不同的东西。除了少数例外情况，那数百万普通人并不适合我的分类，不能够把他们简单地归类为不理解生命问题的人，因为他们自己非常清楚地提出并回答了那个有关生命的问题。我也无法将他们归类为享乐主义者，因为在他们的生活中，匮乏和苦难远远多于富足和快乐。我更不能将他们看作是非理性地继续自己无意义的生活的人，因为他们可以清楚地解释自己生活中的每一个行为，包括死亡。他们认为，自杀是最大的恶。看来，整个人类有其理解生命意义的方式，我自己不知道那种方式，反而还嘲笑他们。也就是说，理性的知识未能为生命注入意义，反而让生命失去了意义；而数百万普通人——整个人类——所赋予生命的意义，其所依据的知识却一直遭到我们的鄙视，被认定为谬误。

5.所谓的学者和智者们制造出来的理性知识否定了生命的意义，而大众——构成整个人类的普通大众——认识到，生命的意义就存在于非理性的知识中。这种非理性的知识就是信仰，那正是我曾经禁不住鄙视和放弃的东西：三位一体的上帝、六天创世说、魔鬼和天使，乃至所有曾经令我无法接受、令我抓狂的东西。

6.我的处境非常可怕。我终于知道，在理性知识的道路上我一无所获，只能不断否定生命。而在信仰中，我只能看到对理性的否定，对我来说，这要比否定生命更为艰难。根据理性的知识，生命是邪恶的，人们知道这一点。他们可以选择结束生命，却总是选择继续活着；正如我自己，尽管很久以前便已清楚地知道生命是邪恶而没有意义的，却仍然继续活着。而根据信仰得出的结论是，为了理解生命的意义我必须放弃理性，唯有理性才让人有必要寻找意义。

第九章

1.一个矛盾产生了，摆脱这个矛盾的出路只有两条：要么我称之为理性的东西并非如我所想的那般理智，要么我以前看来非理性的东西并非我自己认为的那样毫无理智。我开始检验源自理性知识的论证过程。

2.我检验了这一论证过程，发现它是完全正确的，“生命就是虚空”是这一论证的必然结论。不过我发现了一个错误，那就是我的思考过程与我提出的问题并不对应。问题是：我为什么活着？或者，在这虚幻而转瞬即逝的一生中，有没有什么东西可以永恒而不会被人们彻底遗忘？再或者，在一个无限的宇宙中，我有限的生命存在的意义是什么？为了回答这个问题，我开始了对生命的探索。

3.目前已有的对所有可能的生命问题的解答显然无法令我满意，因为我的问题，无论乍看之下多么简单，都需要通过无限对有限作出解释，或者反过来，需要通过有限对无限作出解释。

4.我的问题是：“超越时空和因果循环的生命究竟有何意义？”而我试图回答的问题是：“在时空和因果循环中，我的生命有何意义？”结果，无论经过多长时间，无论我怎样绞尽脑汁地思考，都只能回答：“没有意义。”

5.在思考过程中，我总是在有限和有限之间进行比较，在无限和无限之间进行比较，也不可能另寻他途。因此我所能得到的唯一结论就是：力量就是力量，问题就是问题，意志就是意志，无限就是无限，虚空就是虚空。我无法超越这些，走得更远。

6.这有点像在数学里为求解一个方程式而得到一个恒等式。推断的

方法是正确的，然而得到的唯一答案却是a等于a， x等于x，0等于0。我关于生命意义问题的推理过程就出现了这样的问题。科学就此问题所给能出的答案无非就是一堆恒等式。

7.的确，严格遵循理性的知识，如笛卡尔的知识，都是从彻底怀疑一切、否定基于信仰的一切知识开始的，它根据理性和实验的规律重建世界。这样所得出的答案无非就是我已得到的那个答案：含混模糊、悬而未决。只有在最初，我才认为知识给出了一个肯定的答案，也就是叔本华的答案，生命是邪恶而没有意义的。但是一经深入研究那个问题，我立即意识到这个答案并不是肯定的最终答案，只是我自己想当然地这样认为。严格地说，尽管那是文人雅士们、所罗门和叔本华提出的答案，它仍然是一个模糊的恒等式：0等于0，我所面对的虚空的生命就是虚空。因此，哲学知识并没有否定什么，只是回答说它无法解决问题，因为就哲学所能及的范围，任何答案都是含混模糊的。

8.了解这一点之后，我意识到无法通过理性知识回答自己所提出的问题；理性知识所给出的答案无非就是指出：要回答这个问题，就只能以另一种方式重复问题、只能通过引入有限和无限的关系问题。我意识到，无论信仰给出的答案看上去是多么缺乏理性的谬论，它们的优势就在于，每一个答案都回答了有限和无限的关系问题，否则就根本不可能有答案。无论我以何种方式提出这个问题：“我应该如何活着？”答案永远都是：“根据上帝的旨意活着。”或者这个问题：“我的生命中有没有什么东西是真实的？”答案就会是：“永恒的折磨或永恒的福祉。”再或者这个问题：“有没有一种意义是无法被死亡所摧毁的？”答案是：“融入无限、上帝和天堂。”

9.因此除了理性知识（到此为止我一直认为那是唯一的知识）之外，我必然最终意识到，的确存在着另外一种知识——非理性的知识——为全人类所拥有。那就是信仰，人类之所以活着，就是因为他们有

信仰。此前在我看来，信仰一直是非理性的，但是我终于意识到，只有信仰，才能为人们提出的生命问题找到答案，让人们继续自己的生命。

10.理性知识最终让我意识到生命是没有意义的。我的生命骤然停止，我想自杀。当我看向四周，看向整个人类，我发现他们活着，且肯定地认为自己了解生命的意义。我又低头看了看我自己，只有当我知道了生命的意义，我才能够继续活着。在我看来，和其他人一样，信仰让我们的生命拥有了意义。有了信仰，我们才有可能继续生活。

11.我进而看向其他国家的人们，看向我同时代的人和先辈们，并有了同样的发现。有生命的地方就必然有信仰。自开天辟地以来，正是信仰赋予了人类生存的可能。所有信仰最基本的方面永远都是一样的，无论在哪个国家。

12.无论信仰给出的答案如何，无论是哪一种信仰，或者信仰所要回答的问题是谁提出的，这些问题永远为人类有限的存在提供了一种无限的意义，那种意义无法被苦难、匮乏或死亡所摧毁。这表明，只有在信仰中，我们才能找到意义，才能继续生活。我意识到，信仰最根本的意义不仅仅在于“表现从没有人看见过的东西”，也不仅仅在于神圣的启示（这只是在描述信仰存在的一种迹象）；它也不仅仅表述了人与上帝的关系（我们必须先定义信仰，之后才能定义上帝，而不能通过信仰定义上帝）；也不仅仅是人全盘接受自己听到的东西，尽管一直以来，人们普遍觉得信仰就是如此。信仰是一种有关人类生命意义的知识，信仰的结果就是，人不会自杀，而只能活着。信仰是生命的力量。如果一个人活着，他就必须有所信，如果他不相信有什么让他必须活着，他就不会继续活着了。如果他看不到也不能够理解有限的虚幻，他就会信仰有限，如果他理解了有限的虚幻，他就一定会信仰无限。没有信仰，人类就不可能生存。

13.我回忆起自己之前在内心深处思考的整个过程，不禁吓出一身

冷汗。如今我清楚地意识到，人们要想生存，要么根本意识不到无限的存在，要么能够以某种方式对生命的意义作出解释，使有限等同于无限。我虽作出了这样的解释，但在我相信有限时，这个解释对我毫无用处，于是我开始通过理性来验证它。根据理性，我之前的解释全都烟消云散。后来我不再信仰有限，便开始在理性的基础上，通过我的所知去构建一个可能赋予生命意义的解释，但我最终一无所获。结合最伟大的人类智慧，我得出了0等于0的结论，这样的结论让我无比震惊，且当时的我觉得，根本不可能有其他结论。

14.在实验科学中寻找答案意味着什么呢？我希望了解自己为什么活着，于是去研究存在于我本身之外的一切。我显然能够获得许多发现，却没有一个是我需要的。

15.在哲学领域寻找答案又意味着什么呢？我研究了那些自己也陷入过同样困境的人们的思想，他们对于“我们为什么活着”这个问题没有给出任何答案。显然，我在这里得到的发现无非就是我已经知道，“我们不可能了解世界”。

16.我是什么？是无限中的一部分。问题就在这几个字当中。人们难道最近才看出这个问题吗？有没有可能，在我之前根本没有人提出过这个问题，尽管它如此简单，乃至一个无知的懵懂少年也会在不经意间顺嘴说出？

17.当然不是，事实上自从人类在地球上生存的那一天起，这个问题就已经被提出了。一开始，通过将有限等同于有限来解决这个问题显然不会令人满意，将无限等同于无限也是一样。自古以来，人类就一直力图表达有限与无限之间的关系。

18.所有我们用来比较有限和无限，借此理解生命的概念，或者上帝、自由和良善等概念，人们都力图用逻辑进行验证，但它们根本经不

起理性的批判。

19.多么可怕，或者多么可笑，我们这样骄傲和自负，像淘气的孩子，拆开手表，去除发条，把手表变成玩具，然后看到手表不走了，竟然还现出一脸的惊奇。

20.我们必须解决有限和无限之间的矛盾，这是非常重要的，这才是生命问题的答案，找到了这个答案，我们才有可能活着。无论在哪里，所有的人给出的解决方案，无非是那个亘古流传的答案，那是一个非常难以理解的答案，我们自己根本不可能得出类似的答案。于是人们随意推翻这个答案，之后又再次提出那个人人必须面对的问题，而对这个问题，我们又没有自己的答案。

21.万能的上帝、灵魂的圣洁、上帝与俗务的关系、道德上的善恶，所有这些概念都是在历史中，通过我们看不见的人类生活得出的概念。没有这些概念，就根本不可能有生命，也不可能有我自己的存在，然而我竟然轻易否定了人类所有的努力，妄图单枪匹马，以我自己的方式将一切推倒重来。

22.当时我并没有想到这些，但是这些思想已经在我的头脑中生根发芽了。我意识到：（1）尽管叔本华、所罗门和我都是智者，却都犯下了愚蠢的错误——我们认为生命是邪恶的，却仍然继续活着。这显然是愚蠢的，因为如果生命毫无意义，我又这般喜爱理性，那么我必然要摧毁生命，这样就没有谁能够否认我的结论了。（2）我们所有的论证构成了一个恶性循环，就像一个没有附着在马车上的轮子。无论我们没日没夜地进行了多么严谨的思考，都找不到问题的答案，因为0永远等于0，因此，一定是我们使用的方法错了。（3）人类最深邃的智慧存在于信仰给出的答案中，我自己没有权力基于理性否定那些答案，毕竟，那些才是唯一解答了生命问题的答案。

第十章

1.我虽看到了这一点，但问题并没有因此而变得简单。

2.现在我开始准备接受信仰，只要它不要求我直接否定理性。如今看来，这未免虚伪。因此我开始研读关于佛教和伊斯兰教的书籍，当然我接触最多的还是基督教，通过基督教的著述和我周围的人们，我对它有了更深的研究。

3.我最先接触的，自然是我自己生活圈子里的信徒、有学问的人、东正教神学家、德高望重的僧侣、最新式东正教的神学家，甚至通过关于救赎的信仰来教授神学的所谓新基督教徒。我抓住这些信徒，询问他们如何信仰，又如何理解生命的意义。

4.无论我怎样宽容地接受他们的说法，避免一切争论，我仍然无法接受这些人的信仰。我发现他们所谓的信仰根本不能够对生命的意义作出任何解释，而只能使之变得模糊，他们本人根本就不是为了解答生命的问题（那个使我转向信仰的生命问题）才拥有信仰，而是出于我不知道的其他原因。

5.我记得自己当时整日受到恐惧的煎熬，害怕在这么多次满怀希望地与这类人结交之后，再次回到之前的绝望境地。他们越是精确地向我表述自己的教义，我就越清楚地看到他们的错误，直到最后我彻底绝望了，意识到自己根本不可能在他们的信仰中找到任何关于生命意义的解释。

6.我之所以放弃希望，并不完全是因为他们在表述自己的宗教信仰时，将我一直视为至宝的基督教真理与那些不必要、非理性的东西混淆

在一起，而是因为，这些人的生活和我自己一模一样，唯一的区别就是他们根本不按照其教义所表述的那些原则生活。我强烈地感觉到，他们只是在自欺欺人，和我一样，他们对生活没有什么想法，只是为活着而活着，及时行乐而已。我能够看到这一点，是因为如果他们真正了解生命的意义，能够驱散对贫困、苦难和死亡的恐惧的话，就不会害怕这些了。然而我们这个阶层的信徒们像我一样过着富足的生活，并始终力图保有和增加自己的财富和地位，对贫困、苦难和死亡充满了恐惧。和我自己以及所有非信徒一样，他们活着只是为了满足自己的欲望，这样的生活不但不比非信徒优越多少，可能还不如非信徒。

7.无论这些人怎样争辩，我都不相信他们是真正的信徒。只有当他们用行动向我证明，他们理解生命，因而不再像我一样惧怕贫困、疾病和死亡，我才可能相信他们。但我在自己生活圈子里的信徒身上看不到这些。就这样，我从没有在所谓的信徒身上看到这些，反而常常在那个圈子里的非信徒身上看到这样的做派。

8.我意识到，这些人所拥有的信仰根本不是我追求的信仰，他们的信仰并非真正的信仰，而只是享乐主义者在生活中找到的安慰而已。我知道，这种信仰即使不能成为某种安慰，或许也能够让悔过的所罗门在临死前不再为生前的所为懊恼不已，然而它完全不适合大多数人，大多数人根本没有机会将自己的快乐建立在他人的辛勤劳作之上，而不过是在谋生度日。为了生活并将生命一直继续下去，为生命注入意义，数百万人必须拥有某种全然不同的、更加真实和纯粹的信仰观。的确，让我坚信这世上一定有信仰存在的，并不是我本人抑或所罗门抑或叔本华没有自杀，而是这数百万人一直活着且依旧活在世上，生活和挣扎在所罗门和我这类人的底层。

9.我开始接近那些穷苦、朴素、没有受过教育的信仰者：虔诚香客、僧侣、教派人士和农民。这些人和我所在的生活圈子中那些伪信徒

一样，都信仰基督教。他们也在基督教真理中掺杂了大量迷信，然而不同的是，对于我的生活圈子中的信徒而言，迷信是完全不必要的。与他们的生活没有任何关系，而只是为他们提供了某种享乐主义的消遣，而对于劳动阶层的信仰者而言，迷信是他们生活中必不可少的一部分。他们无法想象没有迷信的生活，那是他们生活的必要条件。在我自己的生活圈子中，信徒们的整个生活方式与他们的信仰截然对立，而劳动阶层的信仰者们用其全部的生活方式验证了信仰赋予其生活的意义。我开始更仔细地观察这些人的生活和信仰，观察越深入，就越坚信他们的信仰才是真正的信仰，信仰是他们生命中不可或缺的元素，信仰本身就为他们的生命注入了意义，让他们的生命得以延续下去。我在自己的阶层看到的人们完全可以没有信仰地生活，一千个人中也没有一个能够坦然承认自己是真正的信徒，那些人则相反，一千个人中也很难有一个没有信仰。我在自己的生活圈子中看到的人们一生都在享乐中虚度却仍对生活充满抱怨，而那些人一生辛勤劳作，却并不像富人对生活有种种不满。我们这个阶层的人们，一旦有求而不能得便反抗和诅咒，愤恨命运的不公，那些人却能够毫无怨言地接受一切贫病和苦难，那么安然地坚信一切都是注定的，不可改变，且必然能够带来福祉。我们这些自诩为聪明智慧的人并不十分了解生命的意义，一旦面临苦难和死亡，便说那是造物主的一个恶作剧，那些人则截然相反，他们宁静地生活、无言地受苦，在走向死亡时安静平和且往往心中充满喜悦。在我们生活的圈子中，一般不会有人平静地走向死亡，人们总是对死亡充满了恐惧和绝望，那些人则截然相反，他们中很少有人因为人之将死而备受煎熬，奋力反抗并郁郁而终。这世上有数百万这样的人，他们一无所有——在所罗门和我这样的人看来那些所有是生命唯一的福祉和意义——却仍然生活得无比快乐。我将观察的目光投向更远处，看到无数生灵活过往昔，仍然在继续生活。理解生命意义的人数并非两三个抑或十来个，而是几百个、几千个、几百万个。所有的人，尽管他们的习惯、思想、教育和社会地位截然不同，却全然不似我这般无知，他们了解生命和死亡的意

义，忍受着苦难和煎熬。从生到死，他们并不觉得一切都是虚空，反而认定那是一条向善之路。

10.于是我逐渐爱上了那些人。我越深入地研究自己阅读或听说过的生者和死者的故事，就越热爱他们，也就越容易继续生活下去。像这样生活了大约两年之后，我的思想发生了巨大变化，就仿佛我一直都在等待着这一变化，又好像这种变化的根基始终深植于我的生命中。这一变化就是，我所在阶层的生活，财富和知识，不仅让我厌恶，并且失去了一切意义。我们所有的活动、讨论、科学和艺术在我眼中都变成了纯粹的放任纵容。我意识到，在这样的生活中找不到任何意义。而劳动阶层、那些创造了生命的人的活动，在我看来成了唯一真实而有意义的生活方式。我意识到，这样的生活所呈现的意义才是真理，我欣然接受这样的真理。

第十一章

1.同样是信仰，但我至今仍然记得，当我看到拥有信仰的人们的所作所为却与之背道而驰时，这些信仰让我感到多么厌恶，似乎没有任何意义。而一旦看到那些真正遵照信仰生活的人们，它又对我充满了吸引力，显得明智通达。我终于明白自己为什么一度抛弃了信仰，觉得它毫无意义，现在又全身心地接受了它，觉得它充满了意义。我终于明白，自己曾一度迷失，并且知道自己为什么会迷失。我之所以迷路，不是因为我的思想错误，而是我生活的方式是愚蠢的。我意识到，自己之所以过去看不到这一真理，与其说是被错误的思想蒙住了双眼，不如说是我的生活本身阻隔了通往真理的道路，我过去一直在竭尽全力地满足自己的各种欲望，那是纯粹享乐主义的生活。意识到自己关于生命是什么的问题，乃至关于生命充满邪恶的答案，都十分正确。唯一的错误是，那本是一个只和我自己有关的答案，我却妄图用它来解释整个人类的生命。我对自己提出的问题是：我的生命是什么；答案是，它是邪恶而毫无意义的，这完全正确，因为我沉迷于享乐的追求，的确邪恶而毫无意义，但是这样的答案只适合我自己，不适合全人类。我发现了一条真理，且随后就在《福音书》上找到了这条真理：当人在从事邪恶的行为时，他们往往更喜欢黑暗而不是光明；因为从事恶行的人憎恶光并竭力避免光，生怕自己的行为彰显于光天化日之下。我意识到，为了解生命的本质，生命首先不应该是邪恶而毫无意义的，只有这样，人们才能真正运用理性来阐述这个问题。我终于明白了自己为什么长期在这样一个显而易见的真理附近徘徊却看不到它，我终于明白，要想思考和阐述人类的生命，我们必须思考和阐述整个人类的生命，而不是少数几个寄生虫的生命。真理始终是真理，就像2×2=4一样简单直白，但我们不肯承认这样简单的真理，因为一旦承认了2×2=4，我就不得不承认自己是一

个恶人。对我来说，认为自己是一个好人要比承认2×2=4更为重要也更加必要。我开始热爱良善的人们并憎恶自己，我开始承认真理，一切便昭然若揭。

2.想象一下，一个刽子手一生都在对他人行刑，砍掉人们的头颅，一个无望的酒鬼或疯子穷其一生都生活在一间黑暗的屋子里，他虽憎恶这间黑屋，却又害怕一旦离开了黑屋，便会面临死亡——想象一下，如果这样的人问自己："生命是什么？"他们能够得到的唯一答案显然就是："生命是万恶中的大恶。"疯子的回答或许绝对正确，但那只是关于他自己生命的答案。假如我是这样一个疯子呢？假如所有拥有财富和学识的人全都是这样的疯子呢？

3.我意识到我们的确是这样一群疯子，起码我自己是个疯子。的确，造物主创造鸟儿便让它们飞上蓝天，收集食物并在树上筑巢，每当我看到鸟儿做这些事的时候，总是感到快乐和欣喜。山羊、野兔和狼来到世上就是为了寻找食物、繁衍后代、喂养幼兽，每看到它们如此行事，我总是确信它们非常快乐，它们的生命充满意义。那么人应该做什么呢？他也必须像动物们一样为生存而努力劳作，不同的是，为了生存他无法单枪匹马地劳作，他的劳作不仅仅为了他自己的生存，也为了整个人类的生存。如果人能如此行事，我确信他的生命是快乐而有意义的。而我在过去三十年有意识的生命中又做了些什么？我非但没有为整个人类的生存而劳作，甚至没有为我自己的生存而劳作。我像寄生虫那样活着，难怪当我问自己为什么活着时会得到这样的回答："不为什么。"如果人类生存的意义在于用劳作来维系生命，那么我过去三十年的生活不但没有努力维系生命，反而是在毁灭自己和他人的生命。如此一来，我得到的答案当然只能是："生命是邪恶而毫无意义的。"它的确是邪恶而毫无意义的。

4.整个世界的生命依靠的是某人的意志，我们自己乃至万事万物的

生命依靠的却是另一些人的双手。为了能够了解那种意志，我们首先必须行本分之事，满足那种意志。如果我拒绝行本分之事，就永远不可能了解我们注定的本分之事是什么，更不可能了解造物主对于整个人类乃至整个世界的安排。

5.如果一个衣衫褴褛、饥饿潦倒的乞丐被主人从十字街头带到辉煌宫殿的一隅，主人给了他食物和水，之后让他去上下移动一处手柄，显然，在弄清楚自己为什么被带至这里移动手柄之前，在弄清楚这处宫殿的结构是否合理之前，乞丐必须先顺从主人的意志，移动手柄。移动手柄之后，他会看到那是一个水泵装置，水泵从井里抽出水，水流入花园。之后他又被带离宫殿的这一隅，得到了另一份工作，他在那里采摘水果，并顺从主人的意志行事。随着他的任务越来越高级，他会越来越了解整座宫殿的结构并参与其中，他永远不会停止询问自己在哪里，也永远不会责怪那个把他带到宫殿来的主人。

6.同样，那些头脑简单、行为朴素、没有受过教育的劳动阶级——我们总是称之为一群乌合之众——就顺从着主人的意志，从不责怪主人把他们带到这个世界上。而我们这些所谓的智者，吃了主人的食物却不按主人的吩咐做事，反而聚在一堆儿争论："聪明如我们，怎么能做移动手柄这样愚蠢的活儿呢？"于是我们苦思冥想，认定要么是主人愚蠢，要么根本没有什么主人，我们是世上唯一的智者。只是后来，我们会觉得自己一无所长，必须以某种方式逃避自己，才能从这种苦恼中解脱出来。

第十二章

1.意识到理性知识的错误后，我更容易摆脱徒劳理论解释的诱惑。因为坚信有关真理的知识只能从生命中获得，我开始怀疑自己以往生活方式的价值。让我获救的，是我终于将自己从闭塞孤立的生活中解脱出来，看到朴素的劳动阶层真实的生活，并意识到只有这种生活才是真实的生活。我意识到如果我希望了解生命及其意义，就必须过上真实的生活，而不是做一个寄生虫；既然我已经接受了真正的人类所赋予生命的意义——他们正是真实生活的一部分——我就必须阐述它、验证它。

2.那时我的经历是这样的：在一整年的时间里，几乎每一分钟我都在问自己，是不是应该用一根绳子或一颗子弹结束自己的生命。就在我思考着上述想法和观察结果时，我的心灵却在经受着巨大的折磨。至于这种折磨是什么，我只能称之为“对上帝的求索”。

3.我觉得这种对上帝的求索并不是一种拷问，而是一种情感上的诉求，因为它并非来源于我的头脑，事实上它与思考的过程恰恰相反，而是来自于我的心灵。那是一种被遗弃的恐惧和孤独之感，所有那一切对我而言都非常陌生，另一方面我又隐隐感受到希望——有人能够给我以帮助的希望。

4.尽管我坚信无法证实上帝的存在（康德已经向我证明了这一点，我完全理解那是无法证明的），我仍然在寻找上帝，希望能够找到他。我重拾原有的祈祷习惯，开始对着那个我一直在找寻却无法看到的上帝祈祷。我在自己的头脑中重温了康德和叔本华关于无法证明上帝存在的争论，并开始驳斥那些争论。我对自己说，原因是与时空并不在同一个思考范畴。如果我存在，那就一定有一个存在的理由，这个理由的存在

也有一个理由。万事万物存在的理由就是我们所谓的上帝。我执着于这一想法，全身心地承认这一理由的存在。一旦我承认了在自己之上还有一个强大的力量存在，我立刻感受到了生命的可能性。然而我问自己：“这个理由、这个力量究竟是什么？应该如何看待它？我为何应该将这种力量与上帝联系起来？”而浮现在我脑海中的只有那些熟悉的答案：“他乃造物主，无所不在。”这些答案无法让我满意，我觉得自己内心仍然缺乏生存所必需的力量。我陷入绝望，开始对着那个我苦苦追寻的人祈祷，希望他能够帮助我。我越是祈祷，就越清楚他根本听不到我的祈祷，事实上我根本无处求助。我满心悲伤地发现，在我的上方根本没有那个力量，没有上帝，我哭喊道：“主啊，发发慈悲吧。救救我！哦，主啊，请在冥冥中给我以指引吧！”然而没有人发慈悲帮助我，我觉得生命就此走向了尽头。

5.然而我总是一再地从不同的角度得出同样的结论，那就是我来到这个世界上一定有着某种理由、某种原因或某种意义。我不可能像自己感觉的那样，是一只从鸟巢掉落到地上的羽翼未丰的鸟儿。如果我真的像幼鸟那样哭着落在了草丛中，那是因为我知道妈妈把我带到这个世界上，给我温暖、喂我食物，全身心地爱着我。但是妈妈，她在哪里？如果我是一只被抛弃的幼鸟，又是谁将我抛弃？我无法无视这样的事实，那就是给我生命的人一定是爱我的。此人是谁？同样，又是上帝。

6.“上帝知道，也看到了我的追寻、挣扎和悲苦。他的的确确是存在的。”我对自己说。每一次，在我承认这一点的那一瞬间，内心就会燃起生命之光，立刻感受到活着的可能和乐趣。不过同样，一旦承认了上帝的存在，我就开始继续探求我与他的关系；同样，我所追寻的那个上帝，这个世界的造物主，总是三位一体的，他将自己的儿子派到人间，那是我们的救世主。同样，这位将我和世界区分开来的上帝将在我的眼前冰融消逝，让我再次感到眼前虚空一片，体内燃起的那一点生命之光也瞬间熄灭了。我陷入绝望，感到除了自杀之外已经别无出路。最糟的

是，我觉得自己连自杀的勇气也没有了。

7.无数次，我的情绪在一瞬间从欢乐和热情转为绝望，就在那一瞬间，我感到自己根本无法继续生存下去。

8.我还记得在一个早春，我独自一人来到森林。我在那里倾听着，集中精力思考着自己过去三年一直有意识地思考的问题。我还在寻找上帝。

9.“那么好吧，”我自言自语道，“那就是说，世界上根本没有上帝，上帝只是我想象出来的，唯一真实的是我自己的生命。没有上帝，也不可能出现奇迹证明上帝的存在，因为那只是我的想象，既然是想象，就不是理性的。”

10.“那么我苦苦求索的有关上帝的想法呢？”我问自己，“这个想法到底源于何处？”同样，每当我这样想问题的时候，体内就升腾起一种欢乐的情绪，周围的一切有了生机，充满意义。然而快乐无法持续很久。我的思绪会继续。“关于上帝的想法并非上帝本身，”我对自己说，“关于上帝的想法只是我随心所欲杜撰的。我求索的不是这个，我求索的是那个将生命带到世间的上帝。”我自己体内和周围万物的生机和生命力再度熄灭，我又想自杀了。

11.但是我随即停住，仔细审视了自己，以及体内的情绪。我记得有几百次，生命之光从我的体内熄灭之后又再度燃起，我只有在坚信上帝的时候才是活着的，那时，和现在一样，我对自己说：我只有相信上帝才能继续活着。如果不再相信他，或者忘记他，我就会立刻死去。这些死亡而后重生的过程究竟是什么呢？显然，一旦我不再相信上帝的存在，就无法继续生活，如果没有心底里隐约出现的能够找到上帝的希望，我在很久以前就已经自杀了。我只有清楚地意识到上帝并寻找他的时候才能存活。“那么你寻找的究竟是什么呢？”一个声音在我的体内高

喊道。“那就是上帝！没有他，人类就不可能继续存活。了解上帝和存活是同一回事，上帝就是生命。”

12.“活着就是为了寻找上帝，如果没有上帝，世上就没有生命！”刹那间，我发现自己的体内和周围的万事万物燃起了比以往任何时候都更加强烈的生命之光，从那以后，这一束光辉就再也没有熄灭。

13.就这样，我没有自杀，我得救了。我无法确切地说出这样的变化是什么时候发生、如何发生的。就在我体内的生命力不为人知地逐渐熄灭时，就在我开始感受到生命的不可能性、感受到生命已经在我的体内静止的时候。我需要自杀时，这种生命力同样不为人知地在我的体内逐渐悄然升起。奇怪的是，重新回到我体内的生命力并非什么新鲜事物，而恰是我年轻时吸引过我的东西。我重新捡拾起自己童年和青年时代视之为生命的一部分的东西。我重新相信那种给予我生命并要求我顺从的意志的存在。我重新认为，生命中最最重要的目标乃是完善自我，也就是顺从这种意志生活。我重新坚信，我可以通过一直潜伏于自己体内的某种事物证明这种意志的存在，那是人类在很久以前就已经找到，用于指引前路的东西。换句话说，我开始重新相信上帝，相信道德完善、相信那种赋予生命意义的传统。唯一的区别是，过去我是无意识地接受这一切，而如今我知道，没有这样的信仰，我便无法生活下去。

14.我当时的情况基本上可以这样描述：我在自己未知的情况下，登上了一条已经启航驶向未知的彼岸的小船。有人给我指出彼岸的方向，将船桨塞入我这个毫无经验的舵手手中，接着就抛下我，留下我独自一人。我尽自己最大的努力划桨前行，然而我越是朝着激流的中心划去，湍急的河流就越把我推向离目标更远的地方。我开始遇到越来越多和我一样的划手，他们也正在被湍流带离目标。有些孤独的划手继续驾舟航行，有些人则早已扔掉了双桨。河里有大一些的船只和满载乘客的大轮船，有些人仍在与激流抗争，其他人早已随波逐流。我看着那些顺

水而下的漂浮的小船，发现自己越是奋力划桨，就越是忘记了自己曾一度知晓的方向。就在激流的中央，在许多顺流而下的小船和巨轮中间，我迷失了方向，也丢掉了手中的双桨。四面八方的人们都被船帆或船桨带着顺流而下，他们欢乐地高喊着，安慰着我和他们自己：“本来就只有这一个方向！”我相信了他们，与他们一起顺流直下。我随波逐流了很长时间，几乎已经能够听到那注定要将我毁灭的湍滩，看到了已经被它们撞成碎片的小船。就在那时我忽然醒悟过来。很长一段时间，我不知道自己怎么了。除了正在朝之疾驶而去的毁灭之外，我看不到前路上还有其他希望，但是我害怕毁灭，举目四望，竟也看不到任何救赎，茫然不知所措。但是回头望去，我看到无数船只虽无法停下却坚持不懈地与激流抗争，我忽然忆起自己的船桨和彼岸的方向，也开始挣扎着逆流而上，向彼岸划去。

15.彼岸就是上帝，方向就是传说，船桨就是让我向着彼岸划去与上帝团聚的自由。就这样，我心底里重新拥有了生命的力量，我又开始了新的生活。

第十三章

1.我唾弃自己所在阶层的生活，因为我已经意识到，那根本不是生活而只是像生活而已，我们赖以生活的奢华使我们根本无法了解生活。我知道，要想真正了解生活，必须了解的不是我们这些少数寄生虫的生活，而是朴素的劳动阶层的生活，以及他们赋予生活的意义。我周围的普通劳动阶层就是俄国人民，我将目光转向他们，开始观察他们赋予生活的意义。我试着这样描述这种意义：每个人通过上帝的意志来到这个世界上；上帝创造了人，每个人自行选择毁灭或拯救自己的灵魂。人生的目的就在于拯救自己的灵魂；为了拯救自己的灵魂，人必须按照上帝的旨意生活。

2.为了按照上帝的旨意生活，人必须放弃生命中所有的享受，劳作、谦卑、经受苦难而心怀仁慈。这就是人们从所有宗教教义中获得的意义，它由一代代牧师继承下来并教给他们，那些传统已经构成了他们生命的一部分，他们用故事、谚语和传说来表达这样的意义。现在，我清楚地看到了它，并全身心地接受这样的意义。然而，除了根植于劳动人民信仰中的这种意义之外，还有许多与我生活于其中的非教派人士密不可分的东西，令我感到厌恶和不可理解：圣礼圣餐、教会仪式、斋戒，以及在各种遗迹和肖像前面鞠躬等。人们无法将一件事和另一件事彻底区分开来，我也一样不能。无论我觉得人们的信仰中有多少奇怪的东西，仍然选择了全盘接受，参加各种仪式，每天早晚祈祷、斋戒、领圣餐。生平第一次，我的理性没有提出任何异议。之前让我觉得全无可能的事情如今却没有什么可反驳的——我如今对信仰的态度与以往完全不同了。从前，生命似乎充满了意义，信仰似乎就是人们企图主观证实各种完全没有必要也没有理性的命题，这些命题与生命本身毫无关系。那时我问自己，这些命题究竟有什么意义？我坚信它们没有任何意义，

就将它们抛在一边。现在则相反，我非常清楚地知道，生命没有也不可能有任何意义。不仅信仰的教条在我看来不再是完全没有必要的东西，我也经由无可辩驳的经验而坚信，只有那些信条才能赋予生命意义。从前，我觉得那些东西就是与我毫无关系的天书，而现在，即使我知道自己仍然不能理解，却明白其中蕴含着意义，并告诫自己必须学着了解那些意义。

3.我作了下面的推论。我对自己说，与人及其理性思维能力一样，对信仰的认知也有一个神秘的来源。那个来源就是上帝，是人类头脑和身体的源头。就像我的身体是上帝给我的一样，我的理性和对生命的理解也得自于上帝，因此这种理解发展的各个阶段都是真实存在的。人们真诚信仰的东西必然是真实的，它可能有各种不同的表达方式，但绝不可能是谎言。因此如果我认为它是个谎言，那只能表明我未能理解它的深意。我还对自己说：任何信仰的关键就在于，它能够让生命拥有意义，这种意义不会随着死亡而消失。无论是在奢靡生活中濒死的沙皇，还是终日劳作、贫病交加的老农奴，抑或顽童智叟、无知老妪、欢喜快活的少妇或充满激情的少年，信仰必然会为他们解答有关生命的问题。因此，如果要回答生活境遇截然不同、所受教育大相径庭的人们提出的问题，如果关于那个永恒的问题——我为什么活着？我生命的目的是什么？——只有一种答案，这个答案，尽管基本上都是同一个答案，也必然会有许多不同的表达方式。这个答案越是精辟独到、真实深刻，它的表达方式就越显得生疏和古怪，全看每个人所受的教育和当时的境况如何。然而，这些争论或许能够证明许多在我看来非常奇怪的宗教仪式都有其合理性，却仍不足以让我作出自己所怀疑的行为，特别是在信仰这个业已成为我生命中唯一关注的问题上。我全身心地希望自己能够和那些忠诚顺从地行使仪式的人们融合在一起，然而我不能。我觉得那么做无异于对自己撒谎，嘲弄自己认为神圣的东西。不过就在这时，一些新的俄国神学成果帮助了我。

4.根据这些神学家的解释，信仰的基本教条是教会的不谬性。遵循这一教条，教会所教授知识和教义的真实性都不言自明。教会作为信徒的集合体，以爱的名义将所有信徒团结在一起，因此它拥有真理，成为我们信仰的基础。我对自己说，宗教真理无法通过单个人的努力获得，只能是所有人以爱的名义团结在一起之后才能够得到启示的。为了获得真理，人们不能彼此分离；因为不能够分离，人们就必须爱，必须和那些与我们意见不一致的人和平相处。真理体现为爱，因此，如果你不遵从教会的仪式，就破坏了爱的原则。破坏了爱的原则，就不大可能再了解真理了。当时的我看不到这一论证过程的谬误，看不到以爱之名团结在一起虽然可以启示大爱、却无法启示神圣的真理，就像《尼西亚信经》[11]中用确切的语词表达的那些神圣的真理。我没有看到，爱永远不足以将真理明确表达为一种必然的团结状态。当时的我看不到这一谬误，也正是因此，我能够在理解有限的情况下接受和服从东正教的许多仪式。当时我正试图彻底放弃所有争论和辩驳，尽可能合理地解释教会的所有信条，尽管其中有些与我的想法矛盾。

在顺从这些教会仪式的过程中，我压制了自己的理性，全盘接受一个全人类共有的传统。我将自己与祖先和我所钟爱的人、与父母和祖父母联系在一起。他们，以及他们的前人都曾信仰过、生活过，是他们将我带到这个世界上。我成为自己如此深爱的无数人中的一员。这些行为本身没有任何错误（“错误”是指沉迷于欲望），每天早上起来便向教堂走去，我觉得自己在做一件向善之事，只要那样我就能压制自己骄傲的头脑而牺牲肉体的舒适享受，和我的祖先和同辈人团结在一起，寻找到生命的意义。

我怀着同样的目标领圣餐、每天祈祷、划十字、屈单膝、斋戒。无论这些献身宗教的行为多么微不足道，它们毕竟是以向善为目的。无论在家里还是在教堂，我领圣餐、斋戒、每天做几个小时的祈祷。在倾听教堂布道时，我每听到一个字都会停下来思考一下，试图赋予它意义。

在圣餐仪式上，我听起来最有意义的话是：“在团结中热爱彼此吧。”但接下来我听到这样的话就不再思索了：“我们相信圣父、圣子和圣灵。”因为我无法理解这句话的含义。

第十四章

[12]当时的我迫切需要信仰才能继续生存下去，因此潜意识里不自觉地无视宗教信条中的矛盾和含混之处，但是总有一些仪式是无法为其赋予意义的。如果说我日益明白了启应祷文1中最重要的内容，甚至即便我勉强诠释出以下祷文：“记住我们万能的圣母和一切圣徒，把我们自己、彼此和全体的生命都奉献给基督，我们的主。”即便我诠释出为沙皇及其家人祈祷的那些不断重复的祷词（因为他们比其他更容易受到诱惑，因而更需要祈祷），以及为敌人和对手所做的祷词（因为他们的邪恶行径），事实上这些和其他祷词——例如《智天使颂歌》《威武的将军》以及圣餐礼的一整套仪式——中即使不是全部，也有近三分之二没有任何意义，或者让我觉得赋予其意义无异于说谎，因而将破坏我和上帝之间的关系，那样我就不可能继续信仰了。

2.庆祝主要的节日也让我有同感。守安息日，即用一星期中的一天与上帝交流，这我能够理解。但最重要的节日都是为了纪念耶稣复活，而对于复活的真实性，我既无法想象也无法理解。每周要庆祝的那一天正是以“复活”命名的[13]。每逢这个日子都要举行圣餐礼，对此我完全不理解。除了圣诞节之外，其他十二个重大节日都是纪念奇迹的——为了不至于否定它们，我尽量不去思考其内容：耶稣升天日、圣灵降临日、主现日、圣母节等。在庆祝这些节日时，原本觉得无足轻重的东西硬是要赋予重要意义，每到此时我要么杜撰出一个解释让自己心安理得，要么干脆闭上眼睛，对引发我怀疑的东西视而不见。

3.在参加最常见也被视为最重要的圣礼——洗礼和圣餐——时，这种感觉比任何时候都更加强烈。我在这些仪式上遭遇的不是不可理解的东西，而是完全可以理解的行为：在我看来这些行为充满诱惑，于是我

陷入了两难境地——要么否定，要么撒谎。

4.我永远忘不了自己在多年以后第一次受领圣餐时的痛苦感受。仪式、牧师、祈祷词的念法，这些我统统都能理解，并让我不无欢喜地意识到，我正在逐渐接近生命的意义。我认为圣餐本身就是纪念耶稣基督的行为，它象征着净化原罪并全盘接受耶稣基督的教义。如果说这种解释难免牵强，起码我当时并没有注意到这一点。当我在一个简朴而谨慎的司祭面前俯首听命之时，我觉得自己抖掉了灵魂上的尘土，忏悔了所有的罪过，这让我非常快乐，能够在思想上接近写出规范祷文的教父们的远大抱负，与那些曾经生活过、有过信仰的先辈比肩并进，让我非常快乐，以至于我根本没有注意自己的解释有牵强附会之嫌。然而，当我走近圣像屏的中门，神父请我重复自己的信仰，要我承认自己即将下咽的其实是肉体和血的时候，我的心脏开始痛苦得痉挛。那远远不是什么虚伪的调子，那是一个显然从不知何为信仰的人对我提出的残酷要求。

5.我如今可以允许自己承认那是一个残酷的要求了，但是当时我并不这样想，我只是觉得非常难过。我已经不再年轻，年轻时我觉得生命中的一切条理清晰、易于理解。之所以皈依信仰，就是因为我只能在生命中看到毁灭，除此之外一无所获。因此，那时的我不可能放弃信仰，于是我屈服了。我发现自己的灵魂深处有一种感觉能够帮助我忍受那样的残酷，就是自我贬低和谦卑。我俯首听命，吞下了肉体和血而没有觉得那是一种亵渎，因为我是那般渴望信仰，但是我的心灵仍然遭受了打击。既然已经事先知道了结果，我自然无法再次前往受苦了。

6.然而我继续遵行着教会的仪式，且依然相信自己遵行的信条中蕴涵着真理。之后在我身上发生了一件当时看来十分古怪如今却一目了然的事情。

7.就在我倾听一个没有文化的农民信仰者讲述上帝、宗教、生命和救赎时，我突然知晓了信仰的意义。我于是开始接近那些普通人，倾听

他们关于生命和宗教的争论，也越来越接近真理。在我阅读《东正教圣徒传略汇编》[14]和《训诫集》[15]的时候也是一样，这些后来成为我最喜欢的读物。不去管那些神迹（姑且认为他们只是表达思想的故事而已），这些读物向我揭示了生命的意义。书中有大马卡里传、约瑟夫王子传（即佛的一生），也有金口约翰[16]的故事、井中旅人的故事、拾金修士的故事、税吏彼得的故事，还有殉教的圣徒传，所有这些人一致声称，死亡并不排斥生命。还有一些关于不识字而愚昧无知的人们得救的故事，尽管他们根本不知道教会的教义。

8.然而只要和那些有学问的信徒在一起，或阅读他们的著述，我就会在心底里对他们的论证产生怀疑和不满，并认定他们夸大其词。我觉得自己越是深入了解他们的论说，就越是远离真理而走向绝望。

第十五章

1.我时常嫉妒那些没上过学、大字识不得几个的农民。那些在我看来显然是废话的冗长教条，他们却觉得正确得无可挑剔。他们接受这些教条、信仰真理，我也信仰真理，但我这个可怜的家伙非常清楚，我们信仰的真理中盘根错节地掺杂着谬误，我无法接受这样的真理。

2.这样的生活大概持续了三年，起初我只是平静地一点一点地接受真理，凭借自己的嗅觉找到最明确的方向，因而这些细节并没有引起我太多注意。那时当我遇到什么无法理解的事物时，就会自言自语道：“我有罪，我是个傻瓜。”可随着我研习的真理越来越多，它们逐渐成为我生命的基石，这些令人头疼的障碍就变得越发难以逾越，未曾理解和永远无法理解之间的界限也越来越分明，除非我撒谎，自欺欺人。

3.尽管深受这些疑虑和痛苦的折磨，我仍然信仰东正教。但有关生命的问题一次次浮现在眼前，必须给予解答。教会关于这些问题的教规有悖于我赖以生存的信仰基础，这最终迫使我彻底断绝了与东正教的联系。首先，也是最重要的一点，这些问题关系到东正教如何看待其他教派，譬如天主教和所谓的分裂教派。那时由于对宗教颇有兴趣，我接触到众多教派的信徒，譬如天主教徒、清教徒、旧礼仪派[17]教徒、莫洛肯派[18]教徒，等等。其中不乏品德高尚而虔诚信教的人，我希望自己能够成为他们中的一员。可现实又怎样呢？我听到的教义许诺信仰与博爱可以团结众人，可正是这一教义，却通过它最高级别的代言人告诉我，这都是些误入歧途的人，他们生命的动力是魔鬼的诱惑，我们才可能拥有唯一的真理。我也看到与东正教教义稍有不同便被斥为异端邪说，这和天主教把东正教徒斥为离经叛道者没有任何分别。我还看到无论东正教如何貌似宽容，他们对所有异教徒——参拜不同圣物、念诵不

同祷词的教徒——无不充满敌意。世事注定如此，因为，首先向他人宣告“你的信仰是错误的，我的才正确”太过残忍；其次，对于热爱子女和兄长的人来说，倘若有人想说服他挚爱之人皈依一门错误的信仰，他难免会对此人充满敌意。一个人拥有的神学知识越多，这份敌意就越深。那么如果说真理就蕴含在以爱为纽带的众生团结之中，神学岂不是在阻止它本应该倡导的东西？这个发现令我震惊。

4.在一国多教的国家，我们这些受过教育的人见识过天主教否定东正教和新教、东正教否定天主教和新教、新教否定天主教和东正教时的那种轻慢不屑、自以为是和不可理喻，显然更容易受到这种诱惑。而旧礼仪派、俄国福音派、震颤派[19]以及所有其他教派对异己教派也都采取极为类似的态度。以致起初，这种诱惑明显得令我非常困惑。我告诉自己：“不对，事情绝对不是看上去这么简单。”显然是这样，人们毕竟看不到，假如两种信念互相抵触，那么两派都不可能拥有构成信仰的真理——真理是唯一的。一定还有什么东西我没有看到，是的，这些一定是可以解释的。我确信如此，便开始寻求这一解释，并为此饱读典籍、虚心讨教。但是我最终也未能找到什么合理的解释，无非是各执一词：苏姆斯基骠骑兵团[20]认为他们是世界上最强的兵团，而黄色枪骑兵团[21]觉得他们才是最棒的。不同教派的神父通过其最优秀的代言人所能告诉我的，就是他们坚信自己是拥有真理的一方，而其他人都背离了真理，他们只能为这些人祈祷，仅此而已。我拜见了不少大修道院院长、主教、长老和苦行修士，却没有一个人试着向我阐明这个问题。只有一个人给我作了解释，但他的解释让我以后再也没有提过这个问题。

5.我先前说过，任何非信徒在皈依信仰时（我们的子女也包括在内）首先会问的问题是：为什么真理不在路德教或天主教那里，而只有在东正教的教义中才能找到？事实上新教和天主教也同样确信自己的信仰才是唯一的真理，这一点想必受过中等教育的人都会知道，不了解历史的农民自然无从知晓。史实不足为信——各教派均已出于各自利益篡

改了历史。如此一来，如我之前提到的，像真正信仰的人那样，从一个更高的层面来理解宗教教义，使得各种教派之间的分歧大而化小、小而化无何尝不可？沿着旧礼仪派走过的道路继续追求我们的信仰又岂是天大的难事？他们强调说，他们在胸前画十字的顺序、赞美诗的内容、围绕圣坛的圣礼统统与我们不同。但我们的观点是：你们信仰尼西亚信经[22]七大圣事[23]，我们也一样。让我们在这一点上保持一致，其余的部分保持各自的传统好了。如此我们便可以忽视无关紧要的分歧，通过信仰中最关键的方面团结在一起。我们完全可以告诉天主教徒：关键是你们也信仰这个，信仰那个，至于圣灵是自圣父发出还是同时自圣子发出、是否应该坚持罗马教皇的最高领导之类的问题，大家可以仁者见仁，智者见智。同理，我们又何尝不能与新教徒说同样的话，就更为重要的问题达成一致呢？我就此提议请教一个人，他也赞同我的观点，但同时告诉我说如果作出这样的让步，必定招致宗教权威们的批判。因为这样做偏离了先辈们的信仰，并将导致教派内部的分裂。而神职人员的使命就是坚守阵地，确保先辈们代代相传的希腊东正教信仰纯洁而不受侵犯。

6.这么一讲我全都明白了。我追求的是信仰，是一种驱使生命不断向前的力量，而他们追求的却是如何以世人眼中最好的方式完成人类必尽的某些义务。他们以世俗的方式来履行这些世俗的义务。无论他们如何夸夸其谈，炫耀自己对那些迷路的兄弟充满同情，炫耀自己为那些来到万能的主面前的人们虔诚祷告，在履行世俗的义务时总是不可避免地要使用武力，这一点不会随着时间的流逝而有任何改变。如果两种宗教都认为己方拥有真理而对方只是谎言，那么为了让兄弟们皈依真理，他们一定会宣讲己方的教义。如果坚信自己真理在握的教会有经验不足的教众受到蛊惑而相信了错误的教义，那么教会将别无选择，只能焚烧书籍，并将那个误导己派教众的害群之马流放他乡。在东正教会的眼中，如果目的是把天主的恩宠经由教会施予领受的人。那么，一个教会成员经过谬误之火的毒害，在性命攸关的问题——信仰问题上误导教众，此

人面临的该是怎样的惩罚？砍头、囚禁。除此之外呢？

在沙皇阿列克谢·米哈伊洛维奇[24]统治时期，他们被绑在木桩上活活烧死，这也是当时最残酷的刑罚。时至今日，这类犯人将被单独囚禁，不得与他人接触，也堪称当代酷刑之首了。当我转而关注那些宗教名义下的所作所为时，不由得毛骨悚然，几近要摒弃东正教。更令我难以接受的，是东正教在战争与死刑问题上的立场。

7.那时，俄国正处于战火硝烟之中，俄国人正在以基督仁爱的名义屠杀自己的同胞。我们没有任何理由不思考这个问题，也没有办法回避这样的事实——杀戮是邪恶的，有悖于任何信仰的最基本原则。然而教堂里众人祈祷祝福我们的士兵在战场上得胜，宗教导师们认为它正是信仰的结果，接受这样的杀戮。这些不仅仅发生在战乱年代，在战后那些艰难岁月，我也曾亲眼目睹教会成员，包括牧师、僧侣和修士纵容屠杀手无寸铁的迷失青年的行为。当我注意到这些口口声声基督仁爱的教徒的所作所为时，我不禁不寒而栗。

第十六章

1.从那时起，我就再也没有疑虑，深信自己信奉的教义并非全是真理。不过我年轻时总说，所有的宗教教义都是谎言，后来不那么讲了。作为整体的人类，无疑掌握着真理，否则他们也不会存活至今。况且，如今我接触到这一真理，它已经成为我生活的精神依靠，我也感受到了它的真实性。但我同样确信它本身也有谬误。此前一直令我厌恶的东西如此清晰地呈现在我面前。尽管我知道自己深感厌恶的这一堆谎言在农民那里并没有在教会代言人那里体现得更为明显，可我仍然能够看到，即使普通人的信仰也是真理与谬误并存。

2.然而这些谬误是从哪里来的，真理又究竟来自何方？谬误和真理都是由所谓的教会传承下来的。但谬误和真理也都存在于传统中，存在于所谓的神圣传统以及《圣经》的章节里。

3.无论我喜欢与否，我开始研究和考察《圣经》和这些传统——考察的过程至今回想起来仍犹如噩梦一般。

4.我当日转而研究的那门神学曾遭到自己的蔑视，我曾经觉得它的存在全无必要。最初它给我的印象不过是一堆毫无意义的废话，那时我身边充溢着生命的启示，我觉得生命的道路明晰且充满意义。如今我很高兴自己能够抛弃那些不利于身心健康的想法，但对具体的做法又深感迷茫。我曾获得启示的生命的一重意义恰在于这种宗教信条，或者至少可以说二者密不可分。无论在我那观念陈旧又意志薄弱的头脑看来，这种意义显得多么牵强，它毕竟是我获得救赎的唯一希望。为了理解这一意义，我必须细心严谨地对它进行考察，尽管其理解方法与科学命题截然不同。我知道宗教知识的性质极为特殊，因而我没有、不能也不应该

试图找到能解万物之谜的答案。我知道这样的答案，就好比解释万物起源，只能是永久的秘密。但我希望自己的理解方式能够带我走向那些永恒的不解之谜。我希望自己明白，所有的不解之谜之所以无解，不是因为我的智力希望寻求解释的需求是错误的（这些需求并没有错，否则我将对世界一无所知），而是因为我能够意识到自己的智力有局限性。我希望通过自己的理解方式认识，所有的不解之谜呈现在我面前时便注定无解，而不是我有义务去相信它们的无解。

5.教义之中蕴含真理，对此我深信不疑，但我也同样确信这些教义之中夹杂着谬误，我必须弄清楚哪些是真理，哪些是谬误，将两者区分开来。于是我着手进行这样的研究。我在教义中发现的谬误和真理以及随后得出的结论都出现在本文后面的章节中，如果有人觉得它们有所启示，或许会在某年某地得以出版。

6.以上文字写于三年前。

7.前几天，我重读已经付梓的这部分内容，不由得思绪翻滚，历历往事仿佛就在眼前，恍惚间如入梦境。这个梦境以浓缩的形式向我展示了自己所经历和描述过的一切，因此我觉得对我有所了解的人，描述一下这个梦境会带你们重温并更加清楚和连贯地看到我用这么长的篇幅不厌其烦地讲述的东西。那个梦境是这样的：我看到自己躺在一张床上，谈不上舒服也谈不上不舒服，就是仰面躺着。但我开始思考自己这样躺着到底舒服不舒服。时间一长，两条腿似乎感觉有点别扭，不知道是因为我的腿太短了还是它们压根儿不一般长。我调整了一下腿的位置，同时开始思考自己平躺的姿势以及身下垫着什么东西，这都是刚刚才开始思考的问题。看了看床，我发现自己躺在一些由绳索编织的吊带上，吊带两头系在床的两侧。我的脚就搁在其中的一根吊带上，小腿放在另一根上，因而双腿感到不舒服。不知怎么，我知道这些吊带可以移动，就挪了挪腿，把较远处的那个吊带推到脚下，觉得这样会感觉舒服一些。

但我把那个吊带踢得太远，就晃动双腿想把它挪近一些。这么一折腾，小腿下面的吊带滑掉了，小腿就悬空了。我挪了挪身体想换个位置，确信这下一定能解决问题，不料身体下面更多的吊带滑落了下去。情况更糟了：我的整个下半身都滑了下来，吊在半空中，两只脚又着不了地，全身的力量都靠上半个背部支撑着，这时我在感到不舒服的同时，开始害怕起来。也就在这时候，我开始思考那些之前未曾想到的问题：我这是在哪儿，躺在什么上面？我环顾四周，首先想看看自己身体下面垫着什么，我的身体悬在哪里，即将掉落到什么方向。我低头一看，简直不能相信自己的双眼：我所处的高度不只是什么高耸入云的塔顶或山巅，那是一个我根本无法想象的高度。

8.我甚至连身下的东西都看不清楚，底下是一眼望不到底的深渊，我就这么悬空挂着，摇摇欲坠。我的心跳到了嗓子眼，怕得要命。低头看下去简直糟糕透顶。我觉得要是再往下看，会立即从最后一根吊带上滑落下去，一命呜呼。我于是不再乱看，可这样更糟，因为我不停在想自己要是滑下去会如何粉身碎骨。越想越恐怖，身上也越来越无力，背部滑得越来越低，随时都会掉下去。就在那时我想这可能不是真的，只是个梦，马上就会醒过来。我试着让自己醒过来，却醒不过来。“我该怎么办？我该怎么办？”我不停地问自己，抬头向上望去，也是一眼望不到顶。我看向深邃的天空，试着忘却身下的深渊，事实上我真的办到了，身下的无限令我厌恶和恐慌，头顶的无限却吸引着我，安抚我的情绪。就这样，我凭借身下最后一根没有滑落的吊带，身体悬在半空，下面是深不见底的深渊。我知道自己的身体摇摇欲坠，但是我只往上看，恐惧就消失了。就像在梦里发生的那样，有一个声音对我说：“注意，记住这一点！”我向头顶高不可测的天空深处极目远眺，心绪也逐渐镇定下来。我想起所有的一切是怎么发生的：我怎么动了动腿，怎么挂在这儿，当时感到多么害怕，后来又怎么往上看而克服了这种恐惧。我反问自己：“我现在还悬挂在那儿吗？”只要感觉到身体还牢牢地吊在吊带上，没晃也没掉下来，我就不再环顾四周。我觉得自己不再悬挂在那儿

摇摇欲坠，而是被身下的吊带稳稳托住了。我反问自己怎么会被托住，摸索着，察看周围的情况，就看见身体下面，就在我身体的正中央有一根吊带，当我向上看的时候，躺在吊带上的姿势获得了最稳定的平衡，一直在支撑着我的只有这一根吊带。然后就像在梦里一样，支撑我的东西一下子变得非常自然，成了完全可以理解的必然事物，尽管醒来之后又好像根本说不通了。我甚至在睡梦中感到惊讶，之前怎么从来没有发现这些。原来在我的头旁边有根柱子，没有那么粗壮，但稳固性不容置疑，尽管柱子插在那里似乎并没有什么根基。一根绳子就那么松松垮垮地从柱子上垂下来，但巧妙之处在于：只要人能用身体的正中央平躺在绳子上往上看，就根本不会掉落下去。这我看得很清楚，我很高兴，也心安了。仿佛听见有人对我说：“务必要记住这些啊！”然后我就醒了。

[1]喀山：苏联伏尔加河中游城市。

[2]天主教译为“达味”，伊斯兰教译作“达吾德”，是以色列的第二任国王。“大卫”的意思是“被爱的”。大部分关于他的记载都出自《塔纳赫》中的《塞缪尔记》上、下两部。大卫虽不是没有缺点，但在以色列所有古代的国王中，他被描述为最富有正义感的国王，还是一位优秀的战士、音乐家和诗人（据说《圣经》中许多赞美上帝的诗篇都是他的创作）。根据《圣经》记录，耶稣是大卫的后裔。

[3]1855年，托尔斯泰于克里木战争结束后来到圣彼得堡。

[4]1俄亩约合1.09公顷。

[5]叔本华《作为意志和表象的世界》，结论部分。商务印书馆，1997年，石冲白译。

[6]《圣经·旧约·传道书》第一章。

[7]《圣经·旧约·传道书》第二章。

[8]《圣经·旧约·传道书》第九章。

[9]《圣经·旧约·传道书》第八章。

[10]《圣经·旧约·传道书》第九章。

[11]《尼西亚信经》：也译为《尼吉亚信经》，是传统基督教的三大信经之一。得名于公元325年第一次尼西亚宗教大会，会议确定了圣父、圣子、圣灵为三位一体的上帝，地位平等。

[12]启应祷文：东正教礼拜仪式上的祷告，由教堂执事背诵的一系列祷文组成，期间交错着众人的固定回应。

[13]在俄语中，“星期日”（BockpeceHbe）的含义就是“复活”。

[14]《东正教圣徒传略汇编》共十二卷，于1860年在莫斯科出版。

[15]古罗斯时代教会中流行的一本书，根据教会日历编排，其中包括圣徒传和训诫诗。

[16]即约翰一世（347—407），君士坦丁堡牧首，因演讲雄辩而被追谥为“金口”。金口约翰是重要的希腊教父，被许多教会封为圣人。他的遗骸曾于1204年被十字军掠至罗马，教皇若望·保禄二世于2004年归还了这批圣物。

[17]旧礼仪派：俄罗斯东正教会中的一个反国教派别，亦称“老信徒派”。成员多为下层贫民、群众和低级教士，他们反对政府的横征暴敛，宣扬平均主义和无政府主义。

[18]莫洛肯派：俄语直译为“喝牛奶的教派”，成员多为拒绝加入东正教的农民。在长达两百天的

斋戒中基本上只喝牛奶，由此而得名。

[19]震颤派：1947年源于英国的基督教派，以舞蹈为敬礼上帝的方式之一，因此得名。

[20]苏姆斯基骠骑兵团：Sumsky此为音译，是俄罗斯历史上著名的骠骑兵团。

[21]黄色枪骑兵团：俄罗斯历史上著名的骑兵团，因骑兵身着黄色制服而得名。

[22]天主教相同，分别为圣洗、坚振、告解、圣体、圣秩、病人傅油及婚配。

[23]七大圣事：耶稣亲自建立的有形可见的宗教形式，东正教的七大圣事和天主教相同，分别为圣洗、坚振、告解、圣体、圣秩、病人傅油及婚配。

[24]阿列克谢·米哈伊洛维奇：俄国沙皇，在位时间为1629至1676年，笃信宗教，为彼得大帝之父。

Leo Tolstoy

A Confession

TRANSLATED BY JANE KENTISH

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Chapter 1

1. I was baptized and brought up in the Orthodox Christian faith. I was instructed in it both as a child and throughout my boyhood and youth. But when at the age of eighteen I left university in my second year, I no longer believed in any of the things I had been taught.
2. Judging from various memories, I had never believed very seriously but had merely trusted in what I was taught and in what was professed by my elders; but this trust was very unstable.
3. I remember when I was eleven years old a high school boy named Volodya, now long since dead, came to see us one Sunday and announced the latest discovery made at school. The discovery was that there is no God and that everything we were being taught was pure invention (this was in 1838). I remember my older brothers taking a great interest in this news and even allowing me to join in the discussion. We all, I remember, became very excited and took the news as something very enthralling and entirely possible.
4. I remember too that when my older brother Dmitri, who was then at university, suddenly and with characteristic fervour embraced the faith and started to attend all the services, to observe the fasts and to lead a pure and moral life we all, including the older ones, constantly made fun of him and for some reason nicknamed him Noah. And I remember when Mushkin-Pushkin, at the time a curator at the University of Kazan, invited us to a ball and jokingly persuaded my brother, who had declined the invitation, that even David danced before the ark. At the time I used to enjoy these jokes of my elders, and from them I drew the conclusion that it is necessary to learn the Catechism and it is necessary to go to church, but that one need not take it all too seriously. I also recall reading Voltaire when I was very young; I not only failed to be shocked by his humour but even found it quite amusing.
5. The decline of my faith occurred in the way in which it has always happened, and still happens, among those from our kind of background. It seems to me that in the majority of instances it happens like this: people live as everyone lives, but on the basis of principles that not only have nothing in common with religious doctrines but are, on the whole, contrary to them;

religious doctrine plays no part in life, or in relations between people, neither are we confronted with it in our personal lives. Religious doctrine is professed in some other realm, at a distance from life and independent of it. If we encounter it, it is only as an external phenomenon, disconnected from life.
6. Now, just as then, it is impossible to judge from a person's life, or behaviour, whether or not he is a believer. If there is a difference between those who openly profess Orthodoxy and those who deny it, then it is not to the advantage of the former. Nowadays, as before, the public declaration and confession of Orthodoxy is usually encountered among dull-witted, cruel and immoral people who tend to consider themselves very important. Whereas intelligence, honesty, straightforwardness, good-naturedness and morality are qualities usually found among people who claim to be non-believers. The Catechism is taught in schools and the pupils are sent to church; officials must be able to produce evidence of having received communion. But a person belonging to our circle, who is no longer at school and has not entered into public service, can still live for ten years or more without once remembering that he is living among Christians and is himself considered to be a practising member of the Orthodox Church. This was even more true in the past.
7. Thus today, just as in earlier times, religious teaching, which is accepted on trust and sustained by external pressure, gradually weakens under the influence of knowledge and experience of life that stands in opposition to the religious doctrines; a person can go on living for a long time imagining that the body of religious instruction imparted to him when he was a child is still there, whereas it has in fact disappeared without leaving a trace.
8. An intelligent and honest man by the name of S. told me the story of how he lost his faith. At the age of twenty-six, while resting overnight on a hunting expedition, he followed an old childhood custom of kneeling down to pray in the evening. His elder brother, who was with him on the expedition, lay on some straw watching him. When S. had finished and was preparing to lie down his brother said to him: 'Do you still do that?' Nothing more was said between them. But from that day on S. stopped saying his prayers and going to church. And for thirty years he has not prayed, has not received communion and has not gone to church. And this is not because he knew his brother's convictions and wanted to share them, nor was it because he had resolved something in his heart, but simply because this comment of his brother's was like a finger being pushed against a wall that was on the verge

of collapsing from its own weight. These words indicated that the place where he had thought faith to be had long been empty and that the words he spoke, the signs of the cross and genuflections he made in prayer, were essentially meaningless actions. Having recognized their meaninglessness he could no longer continue doing them.

9. Thus it has happened and still happens, I believe, with the great majority of people. I am speaking about people from our type of background, of people who are sincere with themselves, and not of those who use the profession of faith as a means of obtaining some kind of worldly aims. (These people are the most fundamental non-believers, for if faith is seen by them as a means of achieving various worldly aims, then it is certainly no longer faith.) People of our upbringing find themselves in a situation where the light of knowledge and of life have melted away an artificial edifice, and they have either failed to notice this and swept it away completely, or have simply failed to notice it as yet.

10. The religious instruction communicated to me since childhood faded, as it does with others, only with the difference that since I had begun to read and think a great deal while still very young, my abdication of religious faith occurred very early. When I was sixteen I ceased saying my prayers, going to church or fasting of my own accord. I no longer believed in what I had been taught as a child; but I did believe in something, without being able to say what it was. I believed in God, or rather I did not deny God, but what kind of God I could not have said; neither did I reject Christ or his teachings, but what I understood by the teachings again I could not have said.

11. Now, looking back at that time, I can clearly see that the only real faith I had, apart from the animal instincts motivating my life, was a belief in perfection. But what this perfection consisted of, and what its aim was, were unclear to me. I tried to perfect myself intellectually and studied everything I came upon in life. I tried to perfect my will, setting myself rules I tried to follow. I perfected myself physically, practising all kinds of exercises in order to develop my strength and dexterity, and I cultivated endurance and patience by undergoing all kinds of hardship. All this I regarded as perfection. The beginning of it all was, of course, moral perfection, but this was soon replaced by a belief in general perfection, that is a desire to be better not in my own eyes or before God but in the eyes of other people. And very soon this determination to be better than others became a wish to be more powerful than others: more famous, more important, wealthier.

Chapter 2

1. Some day I will relate the story of my life, and of how touching and instructive were those ten years of my youth. I think a great many people must have experienced something similar. I longed with all my soul to be good, but I was young; I had passions and I was alone, completely alone in my search for goodness. Every time I tried to display my innermost desires - a wish to be morally good - I met with contempt and scorn, and as soon as I gave in to base desires I was praised and encouraged. Ambition, lust for power, self-interest, lechery, pride, anger, revenge, were all respected qualities. As I yielded to these passions I became like my elders and I felt that they were pleased with me. A dear old aunt of mine, the purest of creatures, with whom I lived, was always saying that she wished for nothing as much as that I would have a relationship with a married woman. 'Rien ne forme un jeune homme comme une liaison avec une femme comme il faut.' Another happiness she wished for me was that I should become an adjutant, and preferably to the Emperor. And the greatest happiness of all would be for me to marry a very rich girl and acquire as many serfs as possible through the marriage.
2. I cannot recall those years without horror, loathing, and heartache. I killed people in war, summoned others to duels in order to kill them, gambled at cards; I devoured the fruits of the peasants' labour and punished them; I fornicated and practised deceit. Lying, thieving, promiscuity of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, murder... there was not a crime I did not commit, and yet I was praised for it all and my contemporaries considered, and still consider me, a relatively moral man.
3. For ten years I lived in this fashion.
4. During this time I began to write out of vanity, self-interest and pride. In my writings I did the same as I did in life. In order to achieve the fame and money for which I wrote I had to conceal what was good in myself and display what was bad. And this is what I did. Time and again I would contrive in my writings to conceal under the guise of indifference, or even of light-heartedness, those strivings for goodness which lent meaning to my life. And I succeeded and was praised.

5. After the war, by which time I was twenty-six, I returned to St Petersburg and took up company with writers. They accepted me as one of them and flattered me. I had no time to stop and look around before I had assimilated the view of life held by the group of writers with whom I mixed, and before long all my earlier attempts at improvement had been erased. Their outlook provided a theory that justified my undisciplined life.
6. The view of life adopted by these people, my literary associates, was that generally speaking life is a process of development in the course of which the most important role is played by us, the thinkers; and that among the thinkers it is we, the artists and poets, who have the most influence. Our vocation is to educate people. In order to avoid being confronted by the obvious question- 'What do I know and what have I got to teach?' - their theory explained that it is not necessary to know this and that the poet and the artist teach unconsciously. I was considered a superb artist and poet and it was therefore quite natural for me to adopt this theory. I, an artist and poet, wrote without knowing myself what it was I was teaching. And I was paid money for doing this. I was provided with excellent food, lodgings, women, company, and I was famous. It must then be the case that what I was teaching was very good.
7. This faith in the meaning of poetry and in the evolution of life was a religion and I was one of its priests. It was very profitable and pleasant to be one of its priests, and for a considerable length of time I lived in this faith without ever doubting its validity. But in the second, and still more in the third year of this existence, I began to doubt its infallibility and to examine it. The first point of doubt was that I had begun to notice how the priests of this religion disagreed among themselves. Some said: 'We are the finest and most useful teachers and it is we who teach what is needed, while the others teach falsely.' And others said: 'No! We are the real teachers and you teach falsely!' They argued, quarrelled, deceived and tricked one another. Moreover, there were many among us who were unconcerned as to who was right and who wrong, but who simply achieved their own selfish ends by means of this activity of ours. All this forced me to doubt the truth of the faith.
8. Furthermore, once I had begun to doubt the truth of this writer's religion I started observing its priests more closely and became convinced that almost all the priests of this faith - the writers - were immoral men, the majority of bad and worthless character and much inferior to the people I had met during my former dissipated military life. But they were complacent and self-satisfied in a way that is only possible for people who are truly holy, or for

those who do not know what holiness is. These people became repugnant to me, and I became repugnant to myself, and realized that the religion was a fraud.

9. But strange to say, even though the utter falsehood of this creed was something I came quickly to understand and to reject, I did not discard the rank these people bestowed on me: that of artist, poet and teacher. I naïvely imagined that I was a poet and an artist, and could teach everybody without myself knowing what I was teaching. And this is what I did.

10. Through my association with these men I acquired a new vice: an unhealthily developed pride, and an insane conviction that it was my vocation to teach people without knowing what I was teaching.

11. Now, when I think about this period and about my state of mind and that of those around me (and incidentally there are thousands of them nowadays), I feel sad, terrible, ridiculous; it arouses in me precisely the same feelings as one might experience in a madhouse.

12. At the time we were all convinced that we must talk and talk and write and publish as quickly as possible, and as much as possible, and that this was all necessary for the good of mankind. And thousands of us, contradicting and abusing one another, published and wrote with the aim of teaching others. Failing to notice that we knew nothing, that we did not know the answer to the most basic question of life—what is good and what is evil—we all spoke at the same time, never listening to one another. At times we indulged and praised each other in order to be indulged and praised in return, at other times we grew angry and shrieked at each other, just as if we were in a madhouse.

13. Thousands of workers toiled day and night, assembling millions and millions of words, which were distributed by post over the whole of Russia; and we taught and taught, but never managed to impart all that we had to teach, and were always annoyed that we were given so little attention.

14. Horribly strange, but I now understand it all. Our genuine, sincere concern was over how to gain as much money and fame as possible. And the only thing we knew how to do in order to achieve this aim was to write books and journals. This is what we did. But in order for us to pursue this utterly useless task and have the assurance that we were very important people we needed an argument that would justify what we were doing. And so we devised the following; everything that exists is rational and all that exists evolves. And it evolves through enlightenment. Enlightenment is measured

through the distribution of books and journals. We are paid and respected for writing these books and papers, so we must be the most important and useful people. This theory would have been all very well had we been in agreement; but since any thought expressed by any one of us was always contradicted by the diametrically opposed views of another, we should have been forced to rethink. But we did not notice this; we were paid money and those who sided with us praised us, consequently everyone of us believed himself to be in the right.

15. It is now clear to me that there was no difference between our behaviour and that of people in a madhouse; but at the time I only dimly suspected this and, like all madmen, I thought everyone was mad except myself.

Chapter 3

1. And so I lived, abandoning myself to this madness, for another six years until I married. During this period I went abroad. Life in Europe and the contact I had with advanced and learned Europeans still further reinforced the belief in overall perfection, by which I lived; for I found the same belief among them. With my own self this belief assumed the form it usually takes among the educated men of our time. The belief was expressed in the word 'progress'. At the time I felt that this word had some meaning. Living as I was then, like any individual I was tormented by the problem of how to live a better life. I did not yet understand that in answering 'live in conformity with progress', I was speaking exactly like a person who is in a boat being carried along by wind and waves and who when asked the most important and vital question, 'Where should I steer?' avoids answering by saying, 'We are being carried somewhere.'

2. At the time I noticed none of this. Only occasionally, led more by instinct than reason, I rebelled against the superstition so prevalent in our age by which people shield themselves from their failure to understand life. Thus, during my stay in Paris, the sight of an execution revealed to me the precariousness of my superstition in progress. When I saw the heads being separated from the bodies and heard them thump, one after the next, into the box I understood, and not just with my intellect but with my whole being, that no theories of the rationality of existence and progress could justify this crime. I realized that even if every single person since the day of creation had, according to whatever theory, found this necessary I knew that it was unnecessary and wrong, and therefore that judgements on what is good and necessary must not be based on what other people say and do, or on progress, but on the instincts of my own soul. Another instance in which I felt that the superstition of progress was inadequate in regard to life was the death of my brother. He was an intelligent, kind-hearted, serious man who became ill when he was young, suffered for over a year and died in torment without having understood why he had lived, and still less why he was dying. No theories could provide the answers to these questions, either for him or for me, during his slow and tortuous death.

3. But these were only rare instances of doubt and in truth I continued to live, professing faith only in progress. 'Everything is evolving and I am evolving; and the reason why I am evolving together with all the rest will one day be known to me.' This is how I would have formulated my belief at the time.
4. When I returned from abroad I settled in the country and busied myself with the running of the peasant schools. This occupation was close to my heart because in it was none of the falsehood that had become so apparent to me, and struck me so forcibly when I was a literary teacher. Here too I was acting in the name of progress, but I had already assumed a critical attitude towards this progress. I told myself that in some of its manifestations progress had proceeded incorrectly and that here, when dealing with the primitive peasant children, it was necessary to act in a spirit of freedom, leaving them to choose whatever path to progress they wished to take.
5. In reality I was still confronted with the same insoluble problem of how to teach without knowing what I was teaching. In the higher circles of literary activity it was apparent to me that I could not teach without knowing what it was I taught, for I saw that everyone taught differently and that in our arguments we only concealed our own lack of knowledge from each other. But here with the peasant children I thought I could avoid this difficulty by allowing the children to study whatever they liked. It amused me to recall how I side-tracked in order to fulfil my ambition of teaching, while knowing very well in the depths of my heart that I could not possibly teach what was needed because I did not know what it was. After a year spent occupied with the affairs of the school I went abroad again in order to discover how to teach others what I did not know myself.
6. I thought I learnt this there, and equipped with all this wisdom I returned to Russia in the year of the Emancipation of the Serfs. I took up the position of arbitrator and started teaching the uneducated people in the schools, as well as the educated people through the journal I had begun publishing. This seemed to be going well but I felt that my mental state was not altogether healthy and that this could not continue for long. I might perhaps have fallen at this time into the same despair that I fell into when I was fifty if there had not been one aspect of life I had not yet experienced and which promised salvation: this was family life.
7. For a year I involved myself with arbitration work, with the schools and the journal, and soon exhausted myself. This was largely due to my confusion; the struggle as arbitrator became so burdensome, my school

activities so complex and my journalistic prevarications so repulsive to me, since they always consisted of the same thing: the desire to teach everyone while concealing the fact that I did not know what I was teaching. I became ill, spiritually more than physically. I threw in everything and left for the steppes of the Bashkirs to breathe fresh air, drink koumiss and live a primitive life.

8. On my return I married. The new circumstances of happy family life completely distracted me from any search for the overall meaning of life. At the time my whole life was bound up with my family, my wife and my children and thus in concerns for improving our means of living. My striving for self-perfection, which had already been replaced by a striving for perfection in general, that is for progress, was now sublimated beneath the straightforward desire of achieving the best for my family and myself.

9. Thus another fifteen years passed.

10. Despite the fact that during those fifteen years I considered the writer's task unimportant, I continued to write. I had already tasted the temptations of authorship, the temptations of enormous financial gain and applause for my trivial work, and I devoted myself to it as a means of improving my material position and of stifling any questions in my soul regarding the meaning of my own life, or of life in general.

11. I wrote, teaching what was for me the only truth: that we must live in order to give ourselves and our families the best possible in life.

12. And so I lived until five years ago when something very strange started happening to me. At first I began experiencing moments of bewilderment; my life would come to a standstill, as if I did not know how to live or what to do, and I felt lost and fell into despair. But they passed and I continued to live as before. Then these moments of bewilderment started to recur more frequently, always taking the same form. On these occasions, when life came to a standstill, the same questions always arose: 'Why? What comes next?'

13. At first I thought the questions pointless and irrelevant. I felt the answers were well known and that should I wish to resolve them it would not cost me much effort; that for the time being I did not have the time to work it all out, but that when I put my mind to it I would find all the answers. However, the questions repeated themselves over and again, demanding answers with more and more urgency. They fell like full stops, always on the same spot, uniting in one large black spot.

14. And then, what happens to everyone stricken with a fatal inner disease

happened to me. At first minor signs of indisposition appear, which the sick person ignores; then these symptoms appear more and more frequently, merging into one interrupted period of suffering. The suffering increases and before the sick man realizes what is happening he discovers that the thing he had taken for an indisposition is in fact the thing that is more important to him than anything in the world: it is death.
15. This is just what happened to me. I realized that it was not just a casual indisposition but something very serious and that if the same questions kept repeating themselves they would have to be answered. And I tried to answer them. The questions seemed so stupid, simple, and childish. But the moment I touched upon them and tried to resolve them I was immediately convinced, firstly, that they were not childish and stupid questions but were the most important and profound questions in life, and secondly, that however much I thought about them I could not resolve them. Before occupying myself with my Samara estate, with the education of my son, or with the writing of books, I had to know why I was doing these things. While I did not know why, I could not do anything. Amidst my thoughts concerning the farm, which at the time kept me very busy, a question would suddenly come into my head: 'Well fine, so you will have 6,000 desyatins in the Samara province and 300 horses, and then what?' And feeling completely taken aback, I would not know what to think next. Or, beginning to reflect on the education of my children, I would ask myself, 'Why?' Or deliberating on how the peasants might achieve prosperity I would suddenly ask myself, 'What concern is it of mine?' Or thinking about the fame my own writing brought me, I would say to myself, 'Well fine, so you will be more famous than Gogal, Pushkin, Shakespeare, Molière, more famous than all the writers in the world, and so what?'
16. And I had absolutely no answer.

Chapter 4

1. My life came to a standstill. I could breathe, eat, drink and sleep and I could not help breathing, eating, drinking and sleeping; but there was no life in me because I had no desires whose gratification I would have deemed it reasonable to fulfil. If I wanted something I knew in advance that whether or not I satisfied my desire nothing would come of it.
2. If a magician had come and offered to grant my wishes I would not have known what to say. If in my intoxicated moments I still had the habit of desire, rather than real desire, in my sober moments I knew that it was a delusion and that I wanted nothing. I did not even wish to know the truth because I had guessed what it was. The truth was that life is meaningless.
3. It was as if I had carried on living and walking until I reached a precipice from which I could see clearly that there was nothing ahead of me other than destruction. But it was impossible to stop, and impossible to turn back or close my eyes in order not to see that there was nothing ahead other than deception of life and of happiness, and the reality of suffering and death: of complete annihilation.
4. Life had grown hateful to me, and some insuperable force was leading me to seek deliverance from it by whatever means. I could not say that I wanted to kill myself. The force beckoning me away from life was a more powerful, complete and overall desire. It was a force similar to my striving after life, only it was going in the other direction. I fought as hard as I could against life. The thought of suicide now came to me as naturally as thoughts of improving my life had previously come to me. This idea was so attractive to me that I had to use cunning against myself in order to avoid carrying it out too hastily. I did not want to rush, simply because I wanted to make every effort to unravel the matter. I told myself that if I could not unravel the matter now, I still had time to do so. And it was at this time that I, a fortunate man, removed a rope from my room where I undressed every night alone, lest I hang myself from the beam between the cupboards; and I gave up taking a rifle with me on hunting trips so as not to be tempted to end my life in such an all too easy fashion. I myself did not know what I wanted. I was afraid of life and strove against it, yet I still hoped for something from it.

5. All this was happening to me at a time when I was surrounded on all sides by what is considered complete happiness: I was not yet fifty, I had a kind, loving and beloved wife, lovely children, and a large estate that was growing and expanding with no effort on my part. I was respected by relatives and friends far more than ever before. I was praised by strangers and could consider myself a celebrity without deceiving myself. Moreover I was not unhealthy in mind or body, but on the contrary enjoyed a strength of mind and body such as I had rarely witnessed in my contemporaries. Physically I could keep up with the peasants tilling the fields; mentally I could work for eight or ten hours at a stretch without suffering any ill effects from the effort. And in these circumstances I found myself at the point where I could no longer go on living and, since I feared death, I had to deceive myself in order to refrain from suicide.
6. This spiritual condition presented itself to me in the following manner: my life is some kind of stupid and evil joke that someone is playing on me. Despite the fact that I did not acknowledge any such 'someone', who might have created me, this concept of there being someone playing a stupid and evil joke on me by bringing me into the world came to me as the most natural way of expressing my condition.
7. I could not help feeling that out there somewhere somebody was amusing himself by looking at me and the way I had lived for thirty or forty years, studying, developing, maturing in mind and body. And how now, with a fully matured intellect, having reached the precipice from which life reveals itself, I stood there like an utter fool, believing so firmly that there is nothing in life, that there never has been, nor ever will be. 'And he laughs...'
8. But whether or not this someone laughing at me really existed did not make it any easier for me. I could not attribute any rational meaning to a single act, let alone to my whole life. I simply felt astonished that I had failed to realize this from the beginning. It had all been common knowledge for such a long time. Today or tomorrow sickness and death will come (and they had already arrived) to those dear to me, and to myself, and nothing will remain other than the stench and the worms. Sooner or later my deeds, whatever they may have been, will be forgotten and will no longer exist. What is all the fuss about then? How can a person carry on living and fail to perceive this? That is what is so astonishing! It is only possible to go on living while you are intoxicated with life; once sober it is impossible not to see that it is all a mere trick, and a stupid trick! That is exactly what it is:

there is nothing either witty or amusing, it is only cruel and stupid.
9. There is an old Eastern fable about a traveller who is taken unawares on the steppes by a ferocious wild animal. In order to escape the beast the traveller hides in an empty well, but at the bottom of the well he sees a dragon with its jaws open, ready to devour him. The poor fellow does not dare to climb out because he is afraid of being eaten by the rapacious beast, neither does he dare drop to the bottom of the well for fear of being eaten by the dragon. So he seizes hold of a branch of a bush that is growing in the crevices of the well and clings on to it. His arms grow weak and he knows that he will soon have to resign himself to the death that awaits him on either side. Yet he still clings on, and while he is holding on to the branch he looks around and sees that two mice, one black and one white, are steadily working their way round the bush he is hanging from, gnawing away at it. Sooner or later they will eat through it and the branch will snap, and he will fall into the jaws of the dragon. The traveller sees this and knows that he will inevitably perish. But while he is still hanging there he sees some drops of honey on the leaves of the bush, stretches out his tongue and licks them. In the same way I am clinging to the tree of life, knowing full well that the dragon of death inevitably awaits me, ready to tear me to pieces, and I cannot understand how I have fallen into this torment. And I try licking the honey that once consoled me, but it no longer gives me pleasure. The white mouse and the black mouse - day and night - are gnawing at the branch from which I am hanging. I can see the dragon clearly and the honey no longer tastes sweet. I can see only one thing; the inescapable dragon and the mice, and I cannot tear my eyes away from them. And this is no fable but the truth, the truth that is irrefutable and intelligible to everyone.
10. The delusion of the joys of life that had formerly stifled my fear of the dragon no longer deceived me. No matter how many times I am told: you cannot understand the meaning of life, do not think about it but live, I cannot do so because I have already done it for too long. Now I cannot help seeing day and night chasing me and leading me to my death. This is all I can see because it is the only truth. All the rest is a lie.
11. Those two drops of honey, which more than all else had diverted my eyes from the cruel truth, my love for my family and for my writing, which I called art - I no longer found sweet.
12. 'The family...,' I said to myself. But my family, my wife and children, are also human beings. They are in exactly the same position as I am: they too

must either live a lie, or face the terrible truth. What do they live for? Why do I love them and look after them, bring them up and watch over them? In order to reach the same state of despair that fills me, or in order to be dull-witted! If I love them I cannot conceal the truth from them. Each step taken in knowledge leads them to this truth. And the truth is death.

13. 'Art, poetry...' For a long time, under the influence of success and praise from others, I had persuaded myself that this was a thing that could be done, despite the fact of approaching death which obliterates everything: myself, my works and the memory of both. But I quickly realized that this too was a delusion. It was clear to me that art is an adornment and embellishment of life. But it had lost its charm for me, so how could I charm others? While I was not living my own life but was being carried along on the crest of another life, as long as I believed that life had meaning even if I could not express it, the reflection of life in poetry and in art of all kinds gave me joy and I enjoyed watching life through the mirror of art. But when I began to search for the meaning of life, when I began to feel the necessity of living, I found this mirror either unnecessary, superfluous and ridiculous, or tormenting. I could no longer be comforted by what I saw in the mirror, namely my stupid and desperate position. It was all right for me to rejoice in the sight while in the depths of my soul I believed that my life had meaning. Then the play of light and shade, the comic, the tragic, the touching, the beautiful, and the frightening aspects of life comforted me. But when I saw that life is meaningless and terrible, the play in the mirror could no longer amuse me. However sweet the honey, it could not be sweet to me while I saw the dragon and the mice gnawing at my support.

14. But that was not all. Had I simply understood that life has no meaning I might have accepted it peacefully, knowing that it was my lot. But I could not be calmed by this. If I had been like a man in a wood from which he knows there is no way out, I might have been able to live; but I was like a man in a wood who is lost, and terrified by this rushes around hoping to find his way out, knowing that with each step he is getting more lost, and yet unable to stop rushing about.

15. It was all quite dreadful. And so, in order to escape from this horror, I wanted to kill myself. I felt a horror of what lay ahead of me and knew that this horror was worse than my present position, but I could neither drive it away nor patiently await the end. However convincing the argument that said a blood vessel of the heart would collapse anyway, or that something would

burst and it would all be over, I could not wait for the end with composure. The horror of the darkness was too great and I wanted to escape from it as quickly as possible by means of a rope or a bullet. It was this feeling that lured me, more strongly than anything else, towards suicide.

Chapter 5

1. Several times I said to myself, 'But perhaps I have overlooked something, or failed to understand something? It cannot be that this state of despair is common to all men.' And I searched for an answer to my questions in all branches of knowledge acquired by man. I sought long and laboriously. I did not search half-heartedly, or out of idle curiosity, but tormentedly, persistently, day and night, like a dying man seeking salvation, and I found nothing.
2. I searched all branches of knowledge and not only found nothing, but was convinced that all those who had searched the realms of knowledge like myself had likewise found nothing. Not only had they found nothing, but they had plainly acknowledged the same thing that had led me to despair: the meaninglessness of life as the only indisputable piece of knowledge available to man.
3. I searched everywhere and thanks to a life spent in study, and to my connections with the world of learning, I had access to scholars of various disciplines. I was not denied insight into their erudition, both through books and in conversation with them, and I learnt everything that knowledge has to answer to the question of life.
4. For a long time I could not believe that knowledge has no answer to the question of life, other than that which it gives. For a long time it seemed to me, as I observed the air of importance and seriousness with which science asserts its propositions (which have nothing to do with human life), that I had failed to understand something. For a long time I cowered before knowledge, and felt that the fact of my receiving no adequate answers to my question was a result of my naïveté and no fault of knowledge. But it was no laughing matter to me, it was no joke but a subject that dominated my life. I was finally forced to conclude that my questions were the only legitimate ones serving as the basis of all branches of knowledge, and that the fault did not lie with me and my questions, but with science if it had the pretension to answer these questions.
5. My question, the one that brought me to the point of suicide when I was fifty years old, was a most simple one that lies in the soul of every person,

from a silly child to a wise old man. It is the question without which life is impossible, as I had learnt from experience. It is this: what will come of what I do today or tomorrow? What will come of my entire life?
6. Expressed another way the question can be put like this: why do I live? Why do I wish for anything, or do anything? Or expressed another way: is there any meaning in my life that will not be annihilated by the inevitability of death which awaits me?
7. I searched through human knowledge for an answer to this question, which is the same whatever way it is expressed. I found that according to their relation to the question, all branches of human knowledge are divided, almost into two opposite hemispheres, at the opposite ends of which are two poles: one positive and one negative: yet at neither pole were there any answers to the question of life.
8. One branch of knowledge does not even seem to acknowledge the question and yet gives clear and precise answers to its own independently posed question: this is the realm of experimental knowledge, and at its extreme end stands mathematics. The other realm of knowledge recognizes the question but does not answer it. This is the sphere of speculative philosophy, at the extreme end of which stands metaphysics.
9. From my early youth I had studied speculative philosophy, but was later attracted by both mathematical and natural science. Until I had posed my question clearly to myself and the question itself had grown up within me, demanding an urgent resolution, I was satisfied with the falsified answers given by knowledge.
10. In the experimental sphere I said to myself, 'Everything develops, differentiates, moving towards complexity and refinement and there are laws governing this progress. You are a part of a whole. When you know as much as possible about the whole, and about the laws of its development, you will understand your place in the whole, and your own self.' Although I am ashamed to admit it, there was a time when I seemed to be satisfied with this. It was at a time when I myself was developing and growing more complex. My muscles were growing and strengthening, my memory was richer, my capacity to think and comprehend was increasing. I was growing and developing, and, feeling this growth within myself, it was natural for me to believe that there was a law governing the world, in which I could find the answers to the questions of my life. But the time came when I stopped growing; I felt that I was no longer developing but was drying up, my

muscles were growing weaker, my teeth falling out, and I saw that this law not only failed to explain anything to me, but that there had never been and never could be such a law, and that I had taken for a law something which I had discovered in myself at a certain time of my life. I examined its definition more strictly, and it became clear to me that there could be no law of perpetual development. It became apparent to me that to say that in the infinity of time and space everything is developing, becoming more perfect, complex and differentiated, is really to say nothing at all. They are all words without a meaning, for in the infinite there is no simple and complex, no before and after, and no better or worse.

11. The most important thing was that my own personal question, the question of what I am with all my desires, was left completely unanswered. I understood that these studies are very interesting and attractive but that their precision and clarity are inversely proportionate to their applicability to questions concerning life: the less applicable to the questions of life, the clearer and more precise they are, whereas the more they try to provide solutions to the questions of life, the more obscure and unattractive they become. If we turn to those branches of knowledge that attempt to provide solutions to the question of life, to physiology, psychology, biology and sociology, we encounter a startling poverty of thought, extreme lack of clarity and a completely unjustified pretension to resolve questions beyond their scope, together with continual contradiction between one thinker and another (or even with their own selves). If we turn to the branches of knowledge that are not concerned with resolving life's questions, but which answer their own specialized, scientific questions, we may be enraptured by the power of the human intellect, but we know in advance that they will provide no answers to the question of life. These branches ignore the question. They say: 'As for what you are and why you live, we have no answers and do not involve ourselves with it. On the other hand, if you need to know about the laws governing light, or about chemical combinations, or about the laws governing the development of organisms; or if you need to know about the laws governing physical bodies and their forms, and the relationship between their size and quantity; or if you need to know about the laws governing your own mind, then we have clear, precise and irrefutable answers to all this.'

12. In general, the relationship of the experimental sciences to the questions of life can be expressed in this way. Question: why do I live? Answer: in the infinity of space and the infinity of time infinitely small particles mutate with

infinite complexity. When you understand the laws of these mutations you will understand why you live.
13. Then moving into the speculative sphere I would say to myself: 'All mankind lives and develops according to spiritual principles and ideals which guide it. These ideals are expressed in religions, sciences, arts and forms of government. As these ideals become more elevated mankind advances towards greater well-being. I am a part of mankind and my duty therefore is to enhance the recognition and realization of these ideals.' During my weak-minded period I was satisfied with this. But as soon as the question of life presented itself to me clearly, the whole of this theory instantly crumbled to dust. As well as the careless vagueness with which this kind of knowledge draws conclusions, and makes generalized deductions about humanity based on a study of only a small proportion of it; as well as the mutual contradictions between the different supporters of this theory as to what man's ideals actually are, the peculiarity, not to say the stupidity, of this view is that in order to answer the question facing us all: what am I? or: why do I live? or: what must I do? man must first resolve the question of what this life of mankind is, of which so little is known and of which he can know only a minute portion in a fraction of a moment of time? In order to understand what he is man must first understand the entire mystery of humanity, a humanity made up of people like himself, who do not understand themselves.
14. I must confess there was a time when I believed this. It was at a time when I had my own favourite ideals which justified my whims, and I endeavoured to concoct a theory by which I could look upon my whims as laws governing mankind. But once the question of life had risen up in my soul with full clarity, this answer immediately vanished into thin air. I came to realize that just as with the experimental sciences there are genuine sciences and semi-sciences, both trying to give answers beyond their scope, there are similarly a whole series of extremely diverse sciences, also trying to answer questions beyond their scope. These semi-sciences, the judicial, social and historical sciences, all endeavour to resolve man's questions by giving the appearance, each in its own way, of resolving the question of life that concerns all mankind.
15. But just as in the realms of experimental sciences a person who sincerely asks how he ought to live cannot be satisfied with an answer advising him to study the infinite complexities and mutations of an infinite number of particles in the infinity of space and time; similarly a person who sincerely

asks how he ought to live cannot be satisfied with an answer telling him that in order to understand himself he must first study the life of the whole of humanity, of which neither the beginning nor the end is known, nor even the smallest part. And, as with the experimental semi-sciences, the more these other sciences diverge from their purpose, the more they become filled with vagueness, lack of precision, stupidities and contradictions. The problem concerning experimental science is the sequence of cause and effect in material phenomena. Experimental science only has to be introduced to the question of final causes for it to turn into a nonsense. The problem facing speculative science is acknowledgement of the essence of life that lies beyond cause and effect. And one only has to introduce causative phenomena, such as social or historical data, into the investigations and it turns into a nonsense.

16. Experimental science, therefore, only deals with positive knowledge and reveals the greatness of the human intellect when it does not introduce the question of ultimate causes into its inquiries. Abstract science, on the other hand, only becomes a science and only reveals the greatness of the human intellect when it completely avoids questions concerning the sequence of causative phenomena and examines man only in relation to an ultimate cause. An example of this science, situated at the pole of the hemisphere, is metaphysics, or abstract philosophy. This science clearly poses the question: who am I? And: what is the universe? Why do I exist and why does the universe exist? And since it has existed this science has always given the same answer. Whether the philosopher calls the essence of life that is within me and within everything an idea, or a substance, a spirit or a will, he is saying the same thing: that I exist and that I am this essence. But how and why he does not know, and if he is a precise thinker he does not answer. I ask, 'Why does this essence exist? What comes of the fact that it is and will be?' And philosophy not only fails to answer but can only ask the same thing itself. And if it is a true philosophy, its whole task lies precisely in posing this question clearly. And if it holds firmly to its purpose then it can have no other answer to the question of what I am and what the universe is than: 'All and nothing.' And to the question of why the universe exists and why I exist, then: 'I do not know.'

17. Thus, whatever way I twist these speculative answers of philosophy, I can find nothing resembling an answer. This is not because, as in the case of the clear, experimental sciences, the answer does not relate to the question, but

because despite all the intellectual effort directed at my question, there is no answer. And instead of an answer all one gets is the same question, only put in a more complicated form.

Chapter 6

1. In my search for answers to the question of life I felt just like a man who is lost in a wood.
2. I came to a clearing, climbed a tree and saw clearly into the never-ending distance. But there was no house there, nor could there be. I walked into the thicket, into the gloom and saw the darkness, but there was no house there either.
3. In the same way I wandered in the forest of human knowledge, both amidst the bright rays of mathematical knowledge and experimental knowledge, where wide horizons were opened up to me, but in a direction where I could find no house, and amidst the darkness of speculative knowledge where I was immersed in ever deeper gloom the further I progressed. And I became quite convinced that there was not, and could not be, a way out.
4. When I inclined to the bright side of knowledge I realized that I was only avoiding facing the question. However bright and attractive those horizons spreading out before me were, and however tempting it was to immerse myself in the infinity of all this knowledge, I already knew that the clearer the knowledge was, the less I needed it, and the less it answered my question. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'I know everything that science so urgently wants to know and along that path there is no answer to the question of the meaning of my life.' 'In the speculative realm I knew that despite the fact, or rather precisely because of the fact, that the primary purpose of this knowledge is to answer my question, the answer given was none other than the one I had already given myself: what is the meaning of my life? It has none. Or: what will come of my life? Nothing. Or: why does everything there is exist, and why do I exist? Because it does.
5. When I put my questions to one branch of human knowledge I received a countless number of precise answers to things I had not asked: the chemical composition of the stars, the movement of the sun towards the constellation Hercules, the origin of the species and of man, the forms of infinitely tiny atoms, the fluctuations of infinitely small and imponderable particles of ether. But the only answer this branch of knowledge provided to my question concerning the meaning of life was this: you are that which you call your life;

you are a temporary, incidental accumulation of particles. The mutual interaction and alteration of these particles produces in you something you refer to as your life. This accumulation can only survive for a limited length of time; when the interaction of these particles ceases, that which you call life will cease, bringing an end to all your questions. You are a randomly united lump of something. This lump decomposes and the fermentation is called your life. The lump will disintegrate and the fermentation will end, together with all your questions. This is the answer given by the exact side of knowledge, and if it adheres strictly to its principles, it cannot answer otherwise.

6. However, the truth is that this answer does not reply to the question. I need to know the meaning of my life, and the fact that it is a particle of infinity not only fails to give it any meaning, but eliminates any possible meaning.

7. The experimental side of knowledge vaguely compromises with the speculative side in saying that the meaning of life lies in development and in the encouragement of this development. But owing to the inaccuracies and obscurities these cannot be regarded as answers.

8. Whenever the other side of knowledge, the speculative realm, sticks firmly to its principles and gives direct answers to the question, it has always, throughout the ages, given the same answer: the universe is something infinite and incomprehensible. Man's life is an inscrutable part of this inscrutable 'whole'. Again I exclude all the compromises made between the speculative and experimental sciences, which support a whole array of semi-sciences: the so-called judicial, political and historical sciences. In these sciences there is the same mistaken approach to the understanding of development and perfection, with the only difference that in one instance we have the development of everything, and in the other the development of people's lives. The mistake is identical: development and perfection can have no purpose or direction in infinity, and as far as my question is concerned, no answer.

9. When speculative knowledge is exact, namely in true philosophy, and not that which Schopenhauer calls professorial philosophy (which serves only to divide all existing phenomena into new philosophical categories, with new names), here when philosophy does not lose sight of the essential question, the answer is always the same as the one given by Socrates, Schopenhauer, Solomon and Buddha.

10. 'We grow closer to the truth only to the extent that we grow further away

from life,' says Socrates when preparing himself for death. 'What do we, who love the truth, strive for in life? In order to be free of the body and of all the evil that arises from the life of the body. If this is so then how can we fail to rejoice when death approaches?'
11. 'The wise man seeks death throughout his life, and therefore death is not frightening to him.'
12. 'If we understand the inner essence of the universe as will,' says Schopenhauer, 'and if we understand all phenomena, from the dark forces of nature to the full conscious activity of man, as no more than the objectivity of the will, we cannot escape the conclusion that it is in the free denial and self-renunciation of the will that all phenomena disappear; the constant striving and the aimless and untiring allurement towards all the levels of subjectivity in which, and through which, the universe exists will disappear, as will all the various subsequent forms. When form disappears so too will all phenomena of form, including both space and time, until eventually even the last basis of form will disappear, i.e. subject and object. There is no idea without will, and no universe. Before us, of course, there remains only nothingness. But that which opposes this transition into nothingness, our nature, is but our own will to exist (Will zum Leben), of which both we and our universe are made up. That we are afraid of nothingness, or that we wish to live, only indicates that we ourselves are nothing other than this desire to live and we know nothing other than this. Therefore what remains to us, who are so full of will after the annihilation of the will, is of course nothingness; on the other hand, in those in whom the will has been reversed and renounced, this universe of ours that is so real with all its suns and galaxies is nothingness.'
13. 'Vanity of vanities,' says Solomon, 'all is vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever... The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us. There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after. I the Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem. And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under the heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold,

all is vanity and vexation of spirit... I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, it is mad: and of mirth, what doeth it? I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees: I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of the spirit, and there was no profit, from them under the sun. And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly: for what can the man do that cometh after the king? Even that which hath been already done. Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness. The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness: and I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all. Then I said in my heart, as it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity. For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now is in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool. Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and

vexation of spirit. Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me... For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun? For all his days are sorrows, and his travail is grief, yea his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity. There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour...

14. All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the good and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not: as is the good, so is the sinner; and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath. There is an evil among all things that are done under the sun, that there is one event unto all; yea, also the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead. For him that is joined to all the living there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever of any thing that is done under the sun.'

15. Thus speaks Solomon, or the person who wrote these words.

16. This is what an Indian sage says: 'Saki-Muni, a young and happy Prince, from whom illness, old age and death had been kept secret, went out for a drive one day and saw a frightful, toothless, drivelling old man. The Prince, who until now knew nothing of old age, was aghast and asked the driver what it was and what had brought the man to such a pitiful, repulsive and ugly state. When he learnt that it is a fate common to all men and that he, a young Prince, inevitably faced the same thing, he could go no further and gave orders to return home so that he could think it over. He shut himself up alone and reflected on it. Presumably his thoughts consoled him because he went out again, happy and cheerful, for another drive. But this time he met a sick man. He saw an emaciated bluish, trembling man, with dim eyes. The Prince, from whom sickness had been hidden, stopped the driver and asked what this was. When he discovered that it was sickness, to which all people are susceptible and that he, a healthy and happy Prince, might become sick tomorrow, he again lost the spirit to be cheerful and demanded to be taken home, where he again sought solace. He probably found it for he set out again, for the third time. But on this occasion he saw yet another new thing:

he saw some people carrying something. 'What is it?' 'A dead man.' 'What does dead mean?' asked the Prince. He was told that to be dead was to be what this man was. The Prince went up to the dead body, uncovered it and looked at it. 'What will become of him now?' he asked. The Prince was told that the man would be buried in the ground. 'Why?' 'Because he will never live again and all that will come of him is stench and worms.' 'And is this the fate of all men? Will it happen to me too? Will I be buried and give off a stench and be consumed by worms?' 'Yes.' 'Go back! I do not wish to go for a drive. I will never go for a drive again!'
17. Saki-Muni could find no consolation in life and resolved that life is a great evil, and he devoted all the strength of his soul to freeing himself, and others, from life. He wanted to free them in such a way that after death life would not be renewed anywhere, but would be completely annihilated, at the roots. This is what all Indian sages say.
18. These then are the straightforward answers given by human wisdom in reply to the questions of life:
19. 'The life of the body is evil and a lie. And since the annihilation of the life of the body is a blessing we must long for it,' says Socrates.
20. 'Life is that which it should not be: evil. The transition into nothingness is the only thing sacred in life,' says Schopenhauer.
21. Everything in the world, both folly and wisdom, richness and poverty, happiness and grief, all is vanity and emptiness. A man dies and nothing remains. This is absurd,' says Solomon.
22. 'It is impossible to live in the consciousness that suffering, weakening, old age and death are inevitable; we must free ourselves from life, from all possibility of life,' says Buddha.
23. And the very same thing said by these powerful minds has been said and thought by millions of people similar to them. And I too have thought and felt it.
24. And thus my perusals in the realms of knowledge not only failed to lead me out of my despair, but simply increased it. One branch of knowledge did not answer the question of life; the other gave an answer but the reply only confirmed my despair and showed me that the conclusion I had reached was not the result of my erring ways, or of a morbid state of mind. On the contrary it convinced me that what I had thought was correct, and in accord with the conclusions reached by the most penetrating human minds.
25. To deceive oneself is pointless. All is vanity. Happy is he who was never

born. Death is better than life; one must free oneself from it.

Chapter 7

1. Failing to find an explanation in knowledge I began to search for it in life, hoping to find it among the people around me. I began to observe how these people like myself lived, and how they dealt with the question that had led me to despair.
2. And this is what I discovered among people whose position in life, as regards education and lifestyle, was similar to my own.
3. I found that these people of my circle had four methods of escape from the dreadful situation in which we all find ourselves.
4. The first method of escape is that of ignorance. It consists of failing to recognize, or understand, that life is evil and absurd. The majority of the people of this kind are either women, or very young, or very stupid and have not yet understood the problem of life that presented itself to Schopenhauer, Solomon and Buddha. They see neither the dragon that is waiting for them, nor the mice that are gnawing away at the bush from which they are clinging, and they lick the drops of honey. But they only lick them for a while: something will turn their attention to the dragon and the mice and their licking will come to an end. There was nothing I could learn from them, for we can never cease knowing what we know. 5. The second method of escape is that of epicureanism. It consists, while knowing the hopelessness of life, of enjoying the blessings we have without looking at the dragon or the mice, and of licking the honey in the best possible way, especially if a lot of it has fallen on the bush. Solomon describes this method thus:
6. 'Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, to drink, and to be merry: for that shall abide with him of his labour the days of his life, which God giveth him under the sun...
7. Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart... Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun... Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is not work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest' (Ecclesiastes, Ⅷ.15, Ⅸ.7, 9-10).

8. This second method of escape sustains the majority of people of our circle. The conditions in which they find themselves dictate that they have a greater share of the good things in life than the bad; their moral torpor allows them to forget that all the privileges of their position are accidental and that not everyone can have a thousand wives and palaces as Solomon did; that for every man with a thousand wives there are a thousand men without wives, and that for every palace there are a thousand men who built it by the sweat of their brow, and that the same chance that has made you Solomon today might make you Solomon's slave tomorrow. The inertia of these people's imagination enables them to forget why it was Buddha was granted no peace: the inevitability of illness, old age and death, which can, if not today then tomorrow, destroy all these pleasures. The fact that a number of these people affirm that the dullness of their thought and imagination is something called 'positive philosophy' fails, in my opinion, to make them any different from the ranks of those who, failing to see the question, lick the honey. I could not imitate these people, for not sharing their dullness of imagination I could not create it artificially in myself. Like any man who sincerely lives I could not turn my eyes away from the mice and the dragon once I had seen them.
9. The third method of escape is through strength and energy. It consists of realizing that life is evil and senseless, and of destroying it. This is what a few strong and consistent people do. Having understood the utter stupidity of the joke that is being played on them, and realizing that the blessings of the dead are far greater than the blessings of the living, and that the best thing of all is not to live, they act accordingly and instantly bring an end to this stupid joke, using any available means: a noose around the neck, water, a stab in the heart, a train on a railway line. There are increasing numbers of people belonging to our circle who act in this way. On the whole those who behave like this do so during the prime of their life, when the strength of the soul is in full force and few of the habits that undermine human reason have yet been acquired. I saw that this was the most worthy mode of escape and wanted to follow it through.
10. The fourth road of escape is that of weakness. It consists of clinging to a life that is evil and futile, knowing in advance that nothing can come of it. People belonging to this category know that death is preferable to life but, lacking the strength to act rationally and bring a quick end to the deception by killing themselves, they seem to wait for something. This is the escape of weakness, for if I know of something better and it is within my reach, then

why not yield to it? I myself belonged to this category.

11. Thus, people of my kind have four ways of saving themselves from a terrible contradiction. However hard I strained my mental faculties I could find no other than these four modes of escape. In the first method there is a failure to understand that life is meaningless, vain and evil and that it is better not to live. I could not help knowing this, and once I had realized it I could not close my eyes to it. The second method is to make use of life, such as it is, without thinking about the future. Neither could I do this. Like Saki-Muni, I could not ride out hunting when I knew that suffering, old age and death exist. My imagination was too fertile. Moreover I could not take pleasure in those fleeting occasions which momentarily threw pleasure on my existence. The third method is to have realized that life is evil and absurd and to bring it to an end by killing oneself. The fourth method of escape is to live like Solomon and Schopenhauer, knowing that life is a stupid joke being played on us, but nevertheless continuing to live, to wash, to dress, to eat, to talk, and even to write books. Although I found it offensive and painful I remained in this position.

12. I can now see that if I did not kill myself it was because of some vague awareness that my ideas were mistaken. No matter how convincing and irrefutable I felt my train of thoughts to be, as well as that of the wise ideas that had led us all to the conclusion that life is meaningless I still had some obscure doubts as to the validity of the final outcome of my deliberations.

13. It was expressed as follows: I, that is my reason, have acknowledged that life is irrational. If there is nothing higher than reason (and there is not, and nothing can prove that there is), then reason is the creator of life for me. Without reason I can have no life. How then can reason deny life when it is the creator of it? Or looking at it another way: if there were no life my reason would not exist, which must mean that reason is the offspring of life. Life is everything. Reason is the fruit of life and yet this reason rejects life itself. I felt that something was not quite right here.

14. Life is a senseless evil, that is certain, I said to myself. Yet I have lived and still live, and so too humanity has lived and still lives. How can this be? Why do men live when it is possible not to live? Can it be that only Schopenhauer and I have been intelligent enough to understand the senselessness and evil of life?

15. The argument about the vanity of life is not particularly subtle and all simple folk have known it for a long time; yet they have lived and still live.

How is it they all live and never think of doubting the logic of life?

16. My knowledge, confirmed by the wisdom of the sages, had revealed to me that everything in the world, organic and inorganic, is arranged with the most unusual intelligence, and it is only my position that is absurd. But these fools, the vast masses of simple folk, while knowing nothing about the organic and inorganic arrangement of the world, continue to live and feel that life is very sensibly organized!

17. And it occurred to me that there might be something I did not yet know. After all, that is exactly how ignorance behaves. Ignorance always says what I am saying. When it does not know something it says that the thing it does not know is stupid. In any event it appears that there is a whole section of mankind that has lived and still lives, as if it knew the meaning of life, for without knowing this meaning it could not live. Yet I am saying that all life is meaningless and that I cannot live.

18. No one prevents Schopenhauer and me from denying life. Go ahead then, kill yourself and you won't have to think about it again. If you don't like life kill yourself. If you live and cannot understand the meaning of it, put an end to it, but don't turn around and start talking and writing about the fact that you don't understand life. You find yourself in cheerful company, where everyone is happy and know what they are doing, so if you find it boring and objectionable, leave!

19. For in the end what are we, who are convinced that suicide is obligatory and yet cannot resolve to commit it, other than the weakest, the most inconsistent and, speaking frankly, the most stupid of people, making such a song and dance with our banalities.

20. After all, our wisdom, however irrefutable it may be, has provided us with no understanding of the meaning of life. Yet all those millions who make up humanity manage to live without ever doubting its meaning.

21. Indeed, since those long ago days when life began and of which I know nothing, people who knew the argument about the vanity of life (which seems to me to prove its senselessness), have nevertheless lived and brought to life a meaning of their own. Ever since there has been some form of human life, people have had this understanding of life, and have pursued this life, and passed it down to me. Everything that is in me and around me is the fruit of their understanding of life. These very instruments of thought with which I judge life, and condemn it, were made by them and not by me. I myself was born, educated and grew up thanks to them. They dug up the iron, taught us

how to fell wood, tamed the cattle and the horses, taught us how to sow the crops and how to live together; they created an order in life. They taught me how to think and speak. I am their offspring, provided by them with food and water, taught by them, able to think and speak using their thoughts and words, and now I have proved to them that it is all senseless! 'There is something wrong here,' I told myself, 'I have made a mistake somewhere.' But I could not discover where the mistake lay.

Chapter 8

1. None of these doubts, which I can now express more or less coherently, could I have formulated at the time. At the time I simply felt that despite the fact that my deductions about the vanity of life were logically unavoidable and were confirmed by the greatest thinkers, there was still something wrong with them. Whether it was in my reasoning, or whether it was in my formulation of the question, I did not know. I simply felt that the reasoning behind my conviction was complete, but that it was not enough. All these conclusions failed to persuade me to follow my argument to its end, that is to kill myself. I would not be speaking the truth if I said that it was through my reason that I arrived where I did and yet did not kill myself. My reason was working, but so too was something else that I can only call a consciousness of life. There was also another force at work which made me pay attention to the latter and not to the former. It was this force that led me out of my state of despair and guided my reason in an entirely different direction. It compelled me to pay attention to the fact that I, and the hundreds of others similar to myself, do not comprise the whole of humanity, and that I still did not know what this life of humanity was.

2. As I looked around at the narrow circle of my colleagues I saw nothing but people who had failed to understand the question, or who had understood it but drowned it in the intoxication of life, or who had understood it and had put an end to their lives, or who understood it but through weakness continued living in despair. And I saw no others. I thought that this narrow circle of scholars, and of rich and distinguished people, to which I belonged made up the whole of mankind and that the millions who had lived and still live were THEM, some sort of cattle, people.

3. It seems so strange to me now, so utterly incomprehensible, that in my reasoning of life I could have overlooked the life of humanity that surrounded me on all sides and that I could have been so ridiculously mistaken as to think that my life, and the life of Solomon and Schopenhauer, was the true, normal life, while the lives of millions was not worthy of attention. However strange it may seem now, I know it was so at the time. Amidst the wanderings of my conceited mind I felt certain that Solomon, Schopenhauer and myself had

posed the question so honestly and exactly that there could be no two ways about it. I felt so certain that all these millions simply belonged to the category of those who had not yet penetrated the depths of the question, that as I searched for the meaning of my life it never once occurred to me to think: 'What sort of meaning do all the millions who have lived, and do live in the world give to their lives?'

4. I lived in this state of madness for a long time. It is a state which if not in deed then in words is very characteristic of more liberated and learned people. But whether it was thanks to my somewhat strange and instinctive love of the true working people that I was forced to understand them and to realize that they are not as stupid as we thought; or whether it was thanks to the sincerity of my conviction that I knew of nothing better to do than hang myself, I sensed anyway that if I wanted to live and to understand the meaning of life I must not seek it among those who have lost it and wish to kill themselves, but among the millions of people living and dead who have created life, and who carry the weight of our lives together with their own. And I looked around at the enormous masses of simple, uneducated people without wealth, who have lived and who still live, and I saw something quite different. I saw that with a few exceptions all those millions do not fit into my divisions, and that I could not categorize them as people who did not understand the question because they themselves posed, and answered, the question with unusual clarity. Neither could I categorize them as epicureans, since their lives rest more on deprivation and suffering than on pleasure. I could still less regard them as living out their meaningless lives irrationally, since they could explain every act of their lives, including death. They considered suicide the greatest evil. It appeared that mankind as a whole had some kind of comprehension of the meaning of life that I did not acknowledge and derided. It followed that rational knowledge does not provide the meaning of life, but excludes it; while the meaning given to life by the millions of people, by humanity as a whole, is founded on some sort of knowledge that is despised and considered false.

5. Rational knowledge, as presented by the learned and wise, negates the meaning of life, yet the vast masses—humanity as a whole—recognize that this meaning lies in irrational knowledge. And this irrational knowledge is faith, the very thing that I could not help rejecting. This God, one in three, the creation in six days, the devils and angels and all the rest that I could not accept without going mad.

6. My position was terrible. I knew that I could find nothing along the path of rational knowledge, other than negation of life. While in faith I found nothing other than a negation of reason, which was even more impossible than denial of life. According to rational knowledge life is an evil and people know it. They have the choice of ending their lives and yet they have always carried on living, just as I myself have done, despite having known for a long time that life is meaningless and evil. According to faith it follows that in order to comprehend the meaning of life I must renounce my reason, the very thing for which meaning was necessary.

Chapter 9

1. A contradiction arose from which there were only two ways out: either that which I called reasonable was not as reasonable as I thought, or that which I felt to be irrational was not as irrational as I thought. And I started to check the line of argument that stemmed from my rational knowledge.
2. As I checked this line of argument I found it to be entirely correct. The conclusion that life is nothing was inevitable, but I spotted a mistake. The mistake was that my thinking did not correspond to the question I had posed. The question was: why do I live? Or: is there anything that will remain and not be annihilated of my illusory and transitory life? Or: what meaning has my finite existence in an infinite universe? In order to answer this question I studied life.
3. Clearly the solution to all the possible questions of life could not satisfy me because my question, however simple it may seem at first, involves a demand for an explanation of the finite by means of the infinite and vice versa.
4. I had asked: what meaning has life beyond time, beyond space and beyond cause? And I was answering the question: 'What is the meaning of my life within time, space and cause?' The result was that after long and laboured thought I could only answer: none.
5. In my deliberations I was continually drawing comparisons between the finite and the finite, and the infinite and the infinite, and I could not have done otherwise. Thus I reached the only conclusion I could reach: force is force, matter is matter, will is will, the infinite is the infinite, nothing is nothing; and I could go no further than that.
6. It was somewhat similar to what happens in mathematics when, trying to resolve an equation, we get an identity. The method of deduction is correct, but the only answer obtained is that a equals a, and x equals x, or o equals o. Precisely the same thing was happening with my reasoning concerning the meaning of life. The only answers the sciences give to this question are identities.
7. And really, strictly rational knowledge, such as that of Descartes, begins with complete doubt in everything and throws aside any knowledge founded on faith, reconstructing everything along laws of reason and experiment. And

it can provide no answer other than the one I reached: an indefinite one. It was only at first that I thought knowledge had given an affirmative answer, Schopenhauer's answer that life has no meaning and is evil. But when I went into the matter I realized that this answer is not affirmative and that it was only my senses that had taken it to be so. Strictly expressed, as it is by the Brahmins, Solomon, and Schopenhauer, the answer is but a vague one, an identity: o equals o, life presented to me as nothing is nothing. Thus, philosophical knowledge denies nothing but simply replies that it cannot solve the question, and that as far as it is concerned any resolution remains indefinite.

8. Having understood this, I realized that it was impossible to search for an answer to my questions in rational knowledge; that the answer given by rational knowledge simply suggests that the answer can only be obtained by stating the question in another way, by introducing the question of the relation of the finite to the infinite. I realized that no matter how irrational and distorted the answers given by faith might be, they had the advantage of introducing to every answer a relationship between the finite and the infinite, without which there can be no solution. Whichever way I put the question: how am I to live? the answer is always: according to God's law. Or to the question: is there anything real that will come of my life? the answer is: eternal torment or eternal bliss. Or, to the question: what meaning is there that is not destroyed by death? the answer is: unity with the infinite, God, heaven.

9. Thus in addition to rational knowledge, which I had hitherto thought to be the only knowledge, I was inevitably led to acknowledge that there does exist another kind of knowledge - an irrational one - possessed by humanity as a whole: faith, which affords the possibility of living. Faith remained as irrational to me as before, but I could not fail to recognize that it alone provides mankind with the answers to the question of life, and consequently with the possibility of life.

10. Rational knowledge had led me to recognize that life is meaningless. My life came to a halt and I wanted to kill myself. As I looked around at people, at humanity as a whole, I saw that they lived and affirmed that they knew the meaning of life. I looked at myself. I had lived as long as I knew the meaning of life. For me, as for others, faith provided the meaning of life and the possibility of living.

11. Having looked around further at people in other countries and at my

contemporaries and predecessors, I saw the same thing. Where there is life there is faith. Since the day of creation faith has made it possible for mankind to live, and the essential aspects of that faith are always and everywhere the same.

12. Whatever answers faith gives, regardless of which faith, or to whom the answers are given, such answers always give an infinite meaning to the finite existence of man; a meaning that is not destroyed by suffering, deprivation or death. This means that only in faith can we find the meaning and possibility of life. I realized that the essential meaning of faith lies not only in the 'manifestations of things unseen', and so on, or in revelation (this is only a description of one of the signs of faith); nor is it simply the relationship between man and God (it is necessary to define faith, then God, and not God through faith); nor is it an agreement with what one has been told, although this is what faith is commonly understood to be. Faith is a knowledge of the meaning of human life, the consequence of which is that man does not kill himself but lives. Faith is the force of life. If a man lives, then he must believe in something. If he did not believe that there was something he must live for he would not live. If he does not see and comprehend the illusion of the finite he will believe in the finite. If he does understand the illusion of the finite, he is bound to believe in the infinite. Without faith it is impossible to live.

13. I recalled the whole course of my inner thinking and was horrified. It was now clear to me that in order for man to live he must either be unaware of the infinite, or he must have some explanation of the meaning of life by which the finite can be equated with the infinite. I had this explanation but it was no use to me while I believed in the finite; and I began to test it against my reason. And in the light of reason my former explanation vanished into thin air. But the time came when I no longer believed in the finite. And then I began, on a rational basis, to construct out of what I knew an explanation which might give a meaning to life; but nothing came of it. Together with the finest human intellects I reached the conclusion that o equals o and was most astonished at reaching this conclusion and that there could be no other.

14. What did I do when I searched for an answer in the experimental sciences? I wanted to find out why I lived and I therefore studied everything that exists outside myself. It became clear that I could discover a great deal, but nothing of what I needed.

15. What happened when I searched for the answer in the realms of

philosophy? I studied the thoughts of those who found themselves in the same predicament as myself and who had no answer to the question of why we live. It was apparent that I could discover nothing here that I did not already know: namely that it is impossible to know anything.
16. What am I? A part of the infinite. It is indeed in these words that the whole problem lies. Can it be that this question has only occurred to man so recently? Can it be that no one before me has posed this question to himself, such a simple question, one that might spring to the lips of any intelligent child?
17. Surely this question has been raised ever since man has existed. Since the beginning it has been evident that solving the question by equating the finite with the finite is just as unsatisfactory as equating the infinite with the infinite. Since time immemorial man has striven to express the relationship between the finite and the infinite.
18. All the concepts we use to compare the finite to the infinite, and to arrive at an understanding of life, of the concepts of God, freedom and goodness, are put to the test of logic. But they fail to stand up to the critique of reason.
19. If it were not so frightening it would be amusing to observe the pride and complacency with which we, like children, take apart the watch, pull out the spring and make a toy of it, and are then surprised when the watch stops working.
20. It is both valuable and necessary to have a solution to the contradiction between the finite and the infinite, an answer to the question of life that makes it possible to live. The one solution we always find everywhere, among all peoples, is the solution that has been passed down to us from times we have lost all record of. It is such a difficult solution that we would be unable to devise anything like it. And it is a solution which we casually destroy so that we may yet again pose the question that confronts us all, and for which we do not have an answer.
21. The concepts of an infinite God, the sanctity of the soul, the relationship between God and the affairs of man, of moral good and evil, are all concepts that have been worked out in history, through the life of a humanity that is hidden to us. Without the existence of these concepts there would be neither life nor myself, and yet I, rejecting all the efforts of humanity, wanted to do it all over again, alone, in my own way.
22. I did not think so at the time but the germs of these thoughts were already within me. I realized that: (1) Despite our intelligence the contentions of

Schopenhauer, Solomon and myself were foolish: we considered life to be evil and nevertheless continued to live. This was apparent stupidity because, if life is meaningless and I am so fond of reason, then I must destroy life so that no one can deny it. (2) All our arguments went round in a vicious circle, like a wheel that is not attached to the carriage. However much, and however well, we deliberated, we could find no answer to the question because o will always equal o, and therefore, our method must be mistaken. (3) I began to realize that the most profound wisdom of man is preserved in the answers given by faith, and that I did not have the right to negate them on grounds of reason and, above all, that it is these answers alone that can reply to the question of life.

Chapter 10

1. I could see this but it did not make matters any easier for me.
2. I was now prepared to accept any faith so long as it did not demand a direct denial of reason, which would have been a deceit. So I studied books on Buddhism and Mohammedanism and above all I studied Christianity, both through its writings and through people living around me.
3. Naturally I first turned to believers from my own circle, to learned people, Orthodox theologians, elder monks, theologians of the newest types of Orthodoxy, and even to the so-called New Christians who taught salvation through faith in redemption. I seized on these believers and questioned them on how they believed and what they understood to be the meaning of life.
4. Despite making all possible allowances and avoiding all arguments I could not accept the faith of these people. I saw that what they took to be faith gave no explanation to the meaning of life but obscured it, and that they themselves did not profess their faith in response to the question of life, that had led me to faith, but for some other reasons which were alien to me.
5. I recall the tormenting feeling of fear should I return to my former despair, after the hope I had experienced so many times in my relations with these people. The more precisely they expounded their teachings to me, the more clearly I saw their errors, until I lost all hope of finding an explanation to the meaning of life in their faith.
6. I was not so much alienated by the fact that in expounding their religious beliefs they confused Christian truths that had always been close to me with much that was unnecessary and irrational. It was more the fact that the lives of these people were just like my own, with the only difference that they did not live according to the principles expounded in their teachings. I felt strongly that they were deceiving themselves and that, like myself, they had no other concept of life than of living while they lived and of grabbing hold of everything they could. I saw this from the fact that if they had possessed a meaning that annihilated the fear of deprivation, suffering and death, they would not have been afraid of these things. But these believers of our class lived, just as I did, in excess, striving to maintain and increase it and fearing deprivation, suffering and death. Like myself and all non-believers, they lived

only to satisfy their desires and they lived just as badly as, if not worse than, non-believers.
7. No arguments could convince me of the truth of their faith. Only actions showing me that they had an understanding of life that did not make them afraid, as I was, of poverty, sickness and death might have convinced me. But I witnessed no such behaviour among the believers of my circle. So that, while I witnessed this sort of behaviour among those of my circle who did not believe, I never witnessed it among the so-called believers.
8. I realized that the belief these men had was not the faith I was seeking and that their faith is not really faith but only one of the epicurean consolations in life. I understood that while this faith might perhaps serve, if not for consolation, then as some kind of distraction for a repentant Solomon on his deathbed, it is entirely unsuitable for the vast majority of mankind who do not seek amusement at the expense of other men's labour, but to make something of life. In order for mankind to live and to perpetuate life, instilling it with meaning, these millions must all have some different, more genuine concept of faith. Indeed it was not that neither I nor Solomon, nor Schopenhauer, had killed ourselves that convinced me of the existence of faith, but the fact that these millions have lived and still live, bearing those like Solomon and myself on the crest of their lives.
9. And I began to grow close to the believers among the poor, simple, uneducated folk: pilgrims, monks, sectarians and peasants. The belief held by these people was the same Christianity as that of the pseudo-believers of my circle. They too had mixed a great deal of superstition alongside Christian truths, but the difference was that while superstition was quite unnecessary to the believers of my circle, had nothing to do with their lives and simply provided some kind of epicurean distraction, the superstitions of the believers belonging to the labouring section of the population were so interconnected with their lives that they could not have conceived of life without them; they were a necessary condition of their lives. The whole way of life of the believers of my own circle stood in contradiction to their faith, whereas the whole way of life of the believers from the working population reaffirmed the meaning their faith gave to life. And I started to look more closely at the life and faith of these people, and the further I looked the more convinced I became that theirs was the true faith, that their faith was essential to them, and that it alone provides a sense of the meaning and possibility of life. In contrast to what I saw among the people of my class where it is possible to

live without faith and where among the thousands there is barely one who can admit to being a believer, among them there is hardly one in a thousand who does not believe. In contrast to what I saw happening in my own circle, where the whole of life is spent in idleness, amusement and dissatisfaction with life, I saw that these people who laboured hard throughout their entire lives were less dissatisfied with life than the rich. In contrast to the people of our class who resist and curse the privations and sufferings of their lot, these people accept sickness and grief without question or protest, and with a calm and firm conviction that this is how it must be, that it cannot be otherwise and that it is all for the good. Contrary to us, who the more intelligent we are the less we understand the meaning of life and see some kind of malicious joke in the fact that we suffer and die, these people live, suffer and approach death peacefully and, more often than not, joyfully. In contrast to the fact that a peaceful death, a death without horror and despair, is a most rare exception in our circle, a tormented, rebellious and unhappy death is a most rare exception amongst these people. And there are millions and millions of these people who are deprived of all those things, which for the Solomons and I are the only blessings in life, and who nevertheless find tremendous happiness in life. I looked more widely around me. I looked at the lives of the multitudes who have lived in the past and who live today. And of those who understood the meaning of life I saw not two, or three, or ten, but hundreds, thousands and millions. And all of them, endlessly varied in their customs, minds, educations and positions, and in complete contrast to my ignorance, knew the meaning of life and death, endured suffering and hardship, lived and died and saw this not as vanity but good.

10. And I came to love these people. The further I penetrated into the lives of those living and dead about whom I had read and heard, the more I loved them and the easier it became for me to live. I lived like this for about two years and a great change took place within me, for which I had been preparing for a long time and the roots of which had always been in me. What happened was that the life of our class, the rich and learned, became not only distasteful to me, but lost all meaning. All our activities, our discussions, our science and our art struck me as sheer indulgence. I realized that there was no meaning to be found here. It was the activities of the labouring people, those who produce life, that presented itself to me as the only true way. I realized that the meaning provided by this life was truth and I accepted it.

Chapter 11

1. I remembered how these very beliefs repelled me and seemed devoid of any meaning when they were professed by people who lived in contradiction to them, and I remembered how these same beliefs attracted me and seemed sensible when I saw people living in accord with them; and I realized why I had rejected them and found them meaningless and why I now accepted them and found them full of meaning. I realized that I had been lost, and how I had become lost. I had strayed not so much because my ideas had been incorrect as because I had lived foolishly. I realized that I had been blinded from the truth not so much through my mistaken thoughts as through my life itself, which had been spent in satisfying desire and in exclusive conditions of epicureanism. I realized that my question as to what my life is, and the answer that it is an evil, was quite correct. The only mistake was that I had extended an answer that related only to myself to life as a whole. I had asked myself what my life was and had received the answer that it is evil and meaningless. And this was quite true, for my life of indulgent pursuits was meaningless and evil, but that answer applied only to my life and not to human life in general. I understood a truism that I subsequently found in the gospels: that people often preferred darkness to light because their deeds were evil. For he who acts maliciously hates light and avoids it so as not to throw light on his deeds. I understood that in order to understand life it is first of all necessary that life is not evil and meaningless, and then one may use reason in order to elucidate it. I realized why I had for so long been treading so close to such an obvious truth without seeing it, and that in order to think and speak about human life one must think and speak about human life and not about the lives of a few parasites. The truth has always been the truth, just as 2×2＝4, but I had not admitted it, because in acknowledging that 2×2＝4 I would have had to admit that I was a bad man. And it was more important and necessary for me to feel that I was good than to admit that 2×2＝4. I came to love good people and to loathe myself, and I acknowledged the truth. And then it all became clear to me.

2. Imagine an executioner who has spent all his life torturing people and chopping off heads, or a hopeless drunkard, or a madman who has spent his

entire life in a dark room which he detests but imagines that he would die if he left it - imagine if they should ask themselves, 'What is life?' Obviously the only answer they could come up with is that life is the greatest of evils. The madman's answer would be absolutely correct, but only with respect to himself. Suppose I am such a madman? Suppose all of us who are wealthy and learned are such madmen?

3. And I realized that we really are such madmen. I, at any rate, was one. Indeed, a bird is made in such a way that it can fly, gather food and build a nest, and when I see a bird doing these things I rejoice. Goats, hares and wolves are made in order to eat, multiply and feed their families, and when they do this I feel quite sure that they are happy and that their lives are meaningful. What should a man do? He too must work for his existence, just as the animals do, but with the difference that he will perish if he does it alone, for he must work for an existence, not just for himself, but for everyone. And when he does this I feel quite sure that he is happy and that his life has meaning. And what had I been doing for all those thirty years of conscious life? Far from working for an existence for everyone, I had not even done so for myself. I had lived as a parasite and when I asked myself why I lived, I received the answer: for nothing. If the meaning of human existence lies in working to procure it I had spent thirty years attempting, not to procure it, but to destroy it for myself and for others. How then could I get any answer other than that my life is evil and meaningless? Indeed it was evil and meaningless.

4. The life of the world runs according to someone's will; our lives and the lives of everything in existence are in someone else's hands. In order to have any chance of comprehending this will we must first fulfil it by doing what is asked of us. If I do not do what is asked of me I will never understand what it is that is asked of me, and still less what is asked of us all, of the whole world.

5. If a naked, hungry beggar were taken at a crossroads and led to an enclosed part of a splendid establishment where he is given food and drink, and then forced to move some kind of handle up and down, it is obvious that before deciding why it was he had been brought there to move the handle, and whether or not the establishment was reasonably arranged, the beggar must first move the handle. If he moves the handle he will see that it operates a pump, that the pump draws water and the water flows into the garden. Then he will be taken away from the enclosed place and given another job, and he

will gather fruits and will enter into the joy of his Lord. As he progresses from lower to higher tasks he will continue to understand more and more about the structure of the establishment and participate in it, and he will never stop to ask why he is there, and he will never come to reproach his master.

6. Likewise the simple uneducated working people, whom we refer to as the herd, fulfil the will of their master without ever reproaching him. But we, the wise, eat the master's food without doing what he asks of us; instead of doing it we sit around in circles debating whether we should do something as stupid as moving a handle up and down. And then we think it over and decide that either the master is stupid, or that he does not exist and that we are the only intelligent ones. The only thing is, we feel that we are no good for anything and that we must somehow escape from ourselves.

Chapter 12

1. Having realized the errors in rational knowledge I found it easier to free myself from the temptation of futile theorizing. The conviction that knowledge of the truth can only be found in life stirred me to doubt the worth of my own way of life. The thing that saved me was that I managed to tear myself away from my exclusive existence and see the true life of the simple working people, and realize that this alone is genuine life. I realized that if I wanted to understand life and its meaning I had to live a genuine life and not that of a parasite; and having accepted the meaning that is given to life by that real section of humanity who have become part of that genuine life, I had to try it out.
2. At this time the following happened to me: over the course of a whole year, almost every minute I asked myself whether I had not better kill myself with a rope or a bullet. And at the same time as I was experiencing the thoughts and observations I have described, my heart was agonized by a tormenting feeling. I can only describe this feeling as a quest for God.
3. I say that this quest for God was not a debate but an emotion because it did not arise from my stream of thoughts - it was in fact quite contrary to them - but from my heart. It was a feeling of fear, abandonment, loneliness, amid all that was strange to me, and a sense of hope that someone would help me.
4. Despite the fact that I was utterly convinced of the impossibility of proving the existence of a God (Kant had shown me this and I had fully understood that it cannot be proven), I nevertheless searched for God in the hope that I might find Him, and reverting to an old habit of prayer, I prayed to Him whom I sought but could not find. In my mind I went over the arguments of Kant and Schopenhauer on the impossibility of proving the existence of God, and I began to refute them. Cause, I told myself, does not belong to the same category of thought as space and time. If I exist then there must be a cause, and a cause of the cause. And the cause of everything is that which we call God. I dwelled on this thought and tried with my whole being to recognize the presence of this cause. And as soon as I recognized that there is a force with power over me I immediately felt the possibility of life. But I asked myself: 'What is this cause, this force? How should I think about it? How

should I relate to this thing I call God?' But only the familiar answers came into my head: 'He is the creator, He is omniscient.' The answers did not satisfy me and I felt that I still lacked something inside me that is necessary in order to live. I fell into a state of panic and started to pray to the one whom I sought, in order that He might help me. And the more I prayed the more apparent it became that He did not hear me and that there was really no one to whom I could turn. And with my heart full of grief that there was no one, no God, I cried: 'Lord have mercy on me. Save me! O Lord show me the way!' But no one had mercy on me and I felt that my life had come to an end.

5. Yet time and again, from different approaches, I kept coming to the same conclusion, that I could not have come into the world without any cause, reason, or meaning; that I could not be the fledgeling fallen from the nest that I felt myself to be. If I lie on my back crying in the tall grass, like a fledgeling, it is because I know that my mother brought me into the world, kept me warm, fed me and loved me. But where is she, that mother? If I am abandoned, then who has abandoned me? I cannot hide myself from the fact that someone who loved me gave birth to me. Who is this someone? Again, God.

6. 'He knows and He sees my search, my struggle and my grief. He does exist,' I told myself. And I had only to recognize this for an instant and life would rise up within me and I would feel the possibility and joy of living. But again, from the recognition of the existence of God, I moved on to search for my relationship to Him, and again I was presented with that God, our Creator, in three persons, who sent us His son, our Saviour. And again, that God, separated from me and the world, would melt like ice before my eyes, and once more there was nothing left and my flicker of life was extinguished. I fell into despair and felt that there was nothing else I could do except kill myself. And worst of all was that I did not even feel I could do that.

7. Not two or three, but tens of hundreds of times, my mood suddenly changed from joy and animation to despair and a consciousness of the impossibility of living.

8. I can remember once in early spring I found myself alone in the woods. I was listening and concentrating my thoughts on the one thing I had been continuously thinking about over the last three years. Again I was searching for God.

9. 'Fine then,' I said to myself, 'so there is no God, other than something I imagine and the only reality is my own life. There is no God and no miracle

can prove that there is because it would only be part of my imagination, and would be irrational.'
10. 'But what about my concept of God, of He whom I seek?' I asked myself, 'Where does this concept come from?' Once again, confronted with these thoughts, joyous waves of life surged up within me. Everything around me came to life and took on meaning. But my joy did not last long. My mind continued its work. 'A concept of God is not God,' I told myself. 'A concept of God is something within me that I can either evoke or not evoke. It is not this that I am seeking. I am seeking that, without which there cannot be life.' Once again everything within and around me began to die, and again I wanted to kill myself.
11. But then I stopped and looked at myself and at what was going on inside me. I recalled the hundreds of occasions when life had died within me only to be reborn. I remembered that I only lived during those times when I believed in God. Then, as now, I said to myself: I have only to believe in God in order to live. I have only to disbelieve in Him, or to forget Him, in order to die. What are these deaths and rebirths? It is clear that I do not live when I lose belief in God's existence, and I should have killed myself long ago, were it not for a dim hope of finding Him. I live truly only when I am conscious of Him and seek Him. What then is it you are seeking? a voice exclaimed inside me. There He is! He, without whom it is impossible to live. To know God and to live are one and the same thing. God is life.
12. 'Live in search of God and there will be no life without God!' And more powerfully than ever before everything within and around me came to light, and the light has not deserted me since.
13. And I was saved from suicide. When and how this change occurred in me I could not say. Just as the life force within me was extinguished gradually and imperceptibly, and I came upon the impossibility of life, the cessation of life and the need for suicide, so too did this life force return to me, gradually and imperceptibly. And, strangely, the life force that returned to me was not a new one but the same old one that had attracted me during the early period of my life. I returned to all those things that had been part of my childhood and youth. I returned to a belief in that will that had given birth to me and which asked something of me. I returned to the idea that the single most important aim of my life is to improve myself, that is, to live according to this will. I returned to the conviction that I could find the manifestation of this will in something that had been hidden from me for a long time, in what humanity

had worked out long ago for its own guidance. In other words I returned to a belief in God, in moral perfection, and to that tradition which had given life a meaning. Only the difference now was that whereas before I had accepted all this unconsciously, I now knew that I could not live without it.

14. Something like this happened to me: without remembering when I had been put into it, I found myself in a boat that had set off from some unknown shore. The direction to the opposite shore was shown to me, oars were put into my inexperienced hands, and I was left alone. I rowed as best I could and moved forwards, but the further I rowed towards the centre of the stream, the faster the current became that was carrying me directly away from my object, and I kept meeting more oarsmen like myself, who were being carried away by the current. There were lone oarsmen who continued to row; there were some who had discarded their oars; there were large rowing boats and enormous ships full of people, some struggling with the current, others abandoning themselves to it. And as I looked at the flow of those drifting downstream, I found that the more I rowed, the more I forgot the directions that had been given to me. In the very middle of the current, amid the crowd of boats and ships being pulled downstream, I lost my directions and abandoned my oars. From all directions people were being carried downstream by sail and oar, shouting for joy and assuring me and themselves that there could be no other direction. And I believed them and flowed with them. And I was carried a long way, so far that I could hear the noise of the rapids which were bound to shatter me, and I caught sight of boats that were already being smashed against them. Then I came to my senses. For a long time I could not understand what had happened to me. I saw nothing ahead of me except the destruction towards which I was rushing, but which I feared, and I could see no salvation anywhere, and I did not know what to do. But looking behind me I saw countless boats that could not stop but were defiantly pushing against the current, and I remembered the oars and the direction of the shore, and I began to struggle back against the current, towards the shore.

15. The shore was God, the direction was tradition, and the oars were the freedom given to me to row towards the shore and unite with God. In this way the force of life rose up within me and I started to live once again.

Chapter 13

1. I renounced the life of our class, having recognized that it is not life but only a semblance of life, and that the conditions of luxury in which we live deprive us of the possibility of understanding life. I knew that in order to comprehend life I must understand the life not of the minority of those of us who are parasites, but of the simple working people, and of the meaning they give to life. The ordinary working people around me were the Russian people and it was to them that I turned, and to the meaning they give to life. This meaning, if it is possible to describe, is as follows. Every person comes into the world through the will of God. And God created man in such a way that each of us can either destroy his soul or save it. Man's purpose in life is to save his soul; in order to save his soul he must live according to God.
2. In order to live according to God one must renounce all the comforts of life, work, be humble, suffer and be merciful. This is the meaning the people have derived from all the religious teaching that has been handed down and communicated to them by the pastors, and by the traditions that form part of their lives and are expressed in their legends, sayings and tales, and it was clear to me and close to my heart. But, together with this meaning rooted in the faith of the people, there was much that was inextricably bound to the non-sectarian people among whom I lived, which revolted me and which I found incomprehensible: the sacraments, the church services, the fasts, the bowing before relics and icons. The people could not separate one thing from another, and neither could I. However strange I found much of what went on in the people's faith, I accepted all of it, attended services, prayed morning and evening, fasted, received communion, and for the first time my reason did not oppose anything. The very thing I had formerly found impossible now provoked no opposition.
3. My attitude to faith was now quite different from what it had been before. Formerly life had seemed full of meaning, and belief seemed to comprise an arbitrary confirmation of various completely unnecessary and irrational propositions that had nothing to do with life. At that time I asked myself what meaning these propositions could have and, convinced that they had none, I threw them aside. Now, on the contrary, I knew very well that my life has,

and could have, no meaning. And not only did the tenets of faith cease to appear unnecessary to me, but I was led by indisputable experience to the conviction that it was only these tenets that can give meaning to life. I had formerly looked upon them as completely irrelevant double Dutch but now, even if I knew that I did not understand them, I knew there was meaning in them, and I told myself that I must learn to understand them. I made the following calculation. I told myself that, as with man and his faculty of reason, knowledge of faith arises from a mysterious source. This source is God, the origin of the human mind and body. Just as my body has succeeded to me from God, so too has my reason and my comprehension of life; therefore the stages in the development of this comprehension cannot be false. Those things in which people sincerely believe must be the truth. It may be expressed in various ways but it cannot be a lie. Therefore if I think it is a lie, it can only mean that I do not understand it. And I also said to myself: the essence of any faith consists in giving a meaning to life that will not perish with death. Faith must provide answers to the questions of a Tsar dying in the midst of luxury, an old serf worn out by work, an ignorant child, a wise old man, a half-witted old lady, a happy young woman, and a youth racked with passion. And so, if it is to answer to people living in the most differing circumstances of life and of different education, and if there is only one answer to the eternal questions of life—why do I live? what is the purpose of my life?—this answer, although essentially always the same, must be endlessly varied in its manifestation. The more unique, sincere and profound the answer, the more strange and peculiar it will appear in attempts to give it expression, depending on the education and circumstances of each individual. But these debates, while justifying much that was strange to me about the ritualistic aspects of religion, were nevertheless insufficient to enable me to perform acts I felt dubious about, particularly when it came to the faith that had become the sole concern of my life. With all the powers of my being I wished to be in a position whereby I could merge with the people in fulfilling the ritual aspects of their faith; but I could not do it. I felt that I would be lying to myself, and mocking what I considered sacred, if I were to do so. But at this point I was helped by some new Russian theological works.
4. According to the explanations of these theologians, the basic dogma of faith is the infallibility of the Church. The truth of everything the Church professes follows from this dogma as a necessary conclusion. The Church, as an assembly of believers, united in love and therefore possessing the truth,

became the basis of my faith. I told myself that religious truth cannot be attained by one man alone, but only reveals itself to a union of all people, united through love. In order for the truth to be attained there must be no separation; and for there to be no separation we must love and make peace with those who are not in agreement with us. Truth manifests itself as love, and therefore if you do not respect the rituals of the Church you destroy love. And in destroying love you deprive yourself of the possibility of knowing the truth. At the time I did not see the sophistry of this argument. I did not see that unity in love can reveal the greatest love but never the divine truth as expressed in the definitive words of the Nicene Creed. I failed to see that love can never make a given expression of the truth a compulsory condition of unity. At the time I did not see the flaws in the argument, and thanks to it I was able to accept and fulfil all the rites of the Orthodox Church without understanding the majority of them. At the time I tried with my whole soul to avoid any arguments or contradictions, and attempted to explain those doctrines of the Church with which I was in conflict as reasonably as possible.

5. In fulfilling the church rituals I subdued my reason and submitted myself to a tradition shared by all mankind. I united myself with my ancestors and loved ones, with my father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother. They and all who came before them had believed and lived, and they had brought me into the world. And I joined those millions whom I so admired. Nor was there anything wrong in these acts in themselves (by wrong I mean the indulgence of desire). As I rose early in the morning to go to church I knew that I was doing something good, if only in that I was sacrificing my bodily comforts in order to subdue my proud mind, for the sake of unity with my ancestors and contemporaries, and of finding the meaning of life. It was the same when I prepared for communion and said my daily prayers, making the sign of the cross and genuflecting, as too when I fasted. However insignificant these sacrifices were, they were made for the sake of something good. I prepared for communion, I fasted and I observed the hours of prayer both at home and in church. While listening to the church services I paused at each word and whenever I could I gave it meaning. In the liturgy the most significant words for me were: 'Love one another in unity.' But further on I ignored the words: 'We believe in the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost', because I could not understand them.

Chapter 14

1. At the time it was so essential for me to believe in order to live that I subconsciously hid from myself the contradictions and obscurities in the religious dogma. But there was a limit to the amount of meaning that could be read into the rituals. If the most important words of the Ectene became increasingly clear to me, and even if I somehow managed to interpret the words: 'And remembering Our Sovereign Lady, Holy Mother of God, and all the saints, ourselves and one another, let us all devote our entire life to Christ, Our Lord'; and even if I interpreted the frequent repetition of prayers for the Tsar and his family by the fact that they are more exposed to temptation than others, and therefore in greater need of prayer, and the prayers for the subjugation of our enemies and adversaries by saying that they are evil, nevertheless these prayers and others, such as the Hymn of the Cherubim, the Chosen Warriors, as well as the whole sacrament of the Eucharist, in fact nearly two thirds of the service, if not all of it, had no meaning or made me feel that in giving it meaning I was lying and thereby destroying my relation to God and losing all possibility of faith.
2. I experienced the same thing over the celebration of the major feasts. I could understand the law of observing the Sabbath, in other words devoting one day to God. But the most important feast was in memory of the Resurrection, the reality of which I could neither imagine nor understand. And the name 'Resurrection' was also given to the weekly feast day. On this day the sacrament of the Eucharist was performed, which I found quite incomprehensible. All the other twelve feast days, except for Christmas, were in memory of miracles - things which I endeavoured not to think about, in order not to deny them: the Ascension, Pentecost, the Epiphany, the Intercession of the Virgin, and so on. At the celebration of these festivals, feeling that an importance had been ascribed to things I considered to be of little importance, I either invented something that would suffice as an explanation, or closed my eyes so that I would not see the things that tempted me.
3. This happened to me more powerfully than ever when I participated in what are the most usual, and regarded as the most important, sacraments:

Baptism and Communion. Here I did not come into conflict with something incomprehensible but with fully comprehensible acts; it seemed to me that these acts were seductive and I found myself in a dilemma - either I rejected them, or I lied about them.

4. I shall never forget the tormenting feeling that I experienced on the day I received communion for the first time in many years. The service, the priest, the rules of prayer, were all something I could understand, and created in me a joyful realization that the meaning of life was being revealed. The communion itself I interpreted as an act performed in memory of Christ, signifying the purification of sin and the full acceptance of Christ's teachings. If this explanation was artificial I failed to notice its falsity. As I bowed down and humbled myself before the confessor, a simple, timid priest, I felt so happy to be shaking loose all the dirt in my soul, repenting all my sins, so happy to be united in thought with the aspirations of the Fathers who had written the prayers of the office, so happy to be united with all those who have and who do believe, that I failed to notice the artificiality of my interpretations. But when I approached the Royal Doors and the priest asked me to repeat what I believe, and that what I was about to receive was actually the body and blood, my heart contracted; it was more than a false note, it was a cruel demand made by someone who evidently had never known what faith is.

5. I can now permit myself to say that it was a cruel demand, but at the time I did not think so; it was just horribly painful to me. I was no longer in the position I had been in during my youth, when I thought that everything in life was lucid. I had come to faith because apart from it I had found nothing, absolutely nothing, other than destruction; it was therefore impossible to give up the faith, and so I submitted. I discovered in my soul a feeling that helped me to endure it. It was a sense of self-abasement and humility. I humbled myself and swallowed the body and blood without feeling any sense of blasphemy, and with the desire to believe; but the blow had already struck. Knowing in advance what awaited me I could not do it a second time.

6. I nevertheless continued to perform the church rituals, and I still believed that the truth lay in the dogma I was following. Then something happened to me which is clear to me now, but which struck me as strange at the time.

7. I was listening to the conversation of an illiterate peasant, a pilgrim, speaking about God, religion, life and salvation when a knowledge of faith was opened up to me. I drew closer to the people and, as I listened to their

debates on life and religion, I found myself coming closer and closer to an understanding of the truth. The same thing happened to me when I read the Lives of the Martyrs and the Prologues, which became my favourite reading. Disregarding the miracles and thinking of them as fables expressing ideas, this reading revealed to me the meaning of life. There were the lives of Macarius the Great, Joseph the Prince (the story of Buddha), the writings of John Chrysostom, the story of the traveller in the well, of the monk who found gold, of Peter the Publican and the histories of the martyrs, all of whom proclaimed that death does not obliterate life; and there were the tales of illiterate and stupid men who found salvation, although they knew nothing about the teachings of the Church.

8. But I had only to mix in the company of learned believers, or to borrow their books, and vague feelings of doubt, dissatisfaction and exasperation with their arguments would rise up within me, and I felt that the further I penetrated their discourses, the further I distanced myself from the truth and headed for despair.

Chapter 15

1. I so often envied the peasants their illiteracy and lack of learning. They found nothing false in those doctrinal statements which seemed apparent rubbish to me. They could accept them and believe in the truth, in the same truth that I believed in. Only for me, wretched fellow, it was obvious that the truth was interwoven with fine threads of falsehood, and that I could not accept it as such.
2. Thus I lived for about three years and in the early days when, like one possessed, I was gradually acquiring the truth, scenting out the direction that seemed the clearest, these details struck me less. When I failed to understand something I told myself: 'I am guilty, I am a fool.' But the more I became infused with the truths I was studying, the more they became the basis of my life, the more burdensome and irritating these obstacles became, and the sharper the division between what I did not understand and what I could never understand except by lying to myself.
3. Despite the doubts and sufferings I still clung to the Orthodox Church. But questions of life that had to be resolved kept rising to the surface, and the Church's ruling on these issues - contrary to the very foundations of faith by which I lived - finally obliged me to renounce the possibility of communion with Orthodoxy. First and foremost these issues concerned the attitude of the Orthodox Church to other Churches, to the Catholics and the so-called Raskolniks. At the time, as a result of my interest in religion, I had come into contact with believers of various denominations: Catholics, Protestants, Old Believers, Molokans, and others. Among them I met many deeply moral men with sincere belief. I wished to be a brother to these people. And what happened? The teaching which had promised me unity of all through one faith and through love, that very teaching, speaking through its highest representatives, told me that all these people were living a lie, that the thing which gave them strength of life was a temptation of the devil, and that it is we alone who are in possession of the only possible truth. And I saw that the Orthodox Church regarded as heretics all those who did not profess an identical faith to theirs, just as the Catholics and the others consider the Orthodox followers to be heretics. And I saw that the Orthodox, although

they may try to hide it, regard with hostility all those who do not practise their faith by using the same external symbols and words as themselves. And this could not be otherwise, first of all because the assertion that you live in falsehood and I in truth is the most cruel thing that one man can say to another and secondly, because a man who loves his children and his brothers cannot help feeling hostile towards those who want to convert his children and his brothers to a false belief. And this hostility increases in proportion to one's knowledge of theology. And assuming that truth lies in union by love, I was struck by the fact that theology was destroying the thing it should be advancing.

4. The temptation is obvious to educated men like ourselves who live in countries where a variety of different faiths are practised and who have seen the contemptuous, self-righteous, invincible manner of rejection with which the Catholics behave towards the Orthodox and the Protestants, and the Orthodox towards the Catholics and Protestants, and the Protestants towards them both. And there is such a similar attitude between the Old Believers, Russian Evangelists, Shakers and all the other religions, that the very obviousness of the temptation initially perplexed me. I told myself: no, it cannot be so simple. Surely if men fail to see that if their two convictions contradict each other, then neither of them possesses the sole truth that constitutes faith. There is something else here, there must be an explanation. I felt sure there was and I searched for the explanation, reading everything I could on the subject and consulting everyone I could. But I received no explanation other than the one according to which the Sumsky Hussars consider themselves to be the finest regiment in the world, while the Yellow Uhlans consider that they are the best regiment in the world. The ecclesiastics of all the different religious denominations, through their finest representatives, could tell me nothing except that they believed themselves to be in possession of the truth whilst others had strayed from it and that all they could do was to pray for them. I visited archimandrites, bishops, elder monks and monks of the strictest orders, yet none of them made any attempt to elucidate the matter for me. Only one explained it to me, but in such a way that I never asked anyone again.

5. I have already said that for every non-believer who returns to the faith (and this could include all of our younger generation), the question that first presents itself is: why is the truth not to be found in Lutheranism, or Catholicism, but only in the Orthodox faith? Someone who has been

educated at secondary school cannot help knowing what the peasant does not know - namely, that the Protestants and Catholics are equally convinced of the singular truth of their faiths. Historical evidence, twisted by each religion to suit its own purpose, is insufficient. Is it not possible, as I have suggested, to understand the teachings in a superior way, so that from an elevated level the differences might disappear, as they do for people who genuinely believe? Is it not possible to go further along that path which we are following with the Old Believers? They stress the fact that their cross, their allelujahs, and their way of processing around the altar differ from ours. We say: you believe in the Nicene Creed and in the seven sacraments, and so do we. Let us keep to that and for the rest you may do as you please. Thus we have united with them by placing the essential aspects of faith above the non-essential. Is it not possible to say to the Catholics: you believe in such and such and so and so, which are the important things, as for the issue of the filoque and the Pope, you may do as you please. And can we not say the same to the Protestants and unite with them in the more important issues? My interlocutor agreed with my ideas, but told me that such concessions would provoke criticism from the spiritual authorities in that it suggests a departure from the faith of our ancestors and would lead to a schism, and that the vocation of the clergy is to safeguard, in all its purity, the Greek Orthodox faith that has been handed down by our forefathers.

6. Then I understood it all. While I am seeking faith, the force of life, they are seeking the best way of fulfilling, in the eyes of men, certain human obligations. And in fulfilling these human affairs they perform them in a human fashion. However much they might speak about their compassion for their lost brethren, or of their prayers for those who stand before the throne of the Almighty, it has always been necessary to use force in carrying out human duties. Just as it has always been applied, so it is now, and always will be. If two religions each consider that they hold the truth and the other a lie, then in order to convert their brothers to the truth they will each preach their own doctrines. And if a false doctrine is taught to the inexperienced sons of the Church which holds the truth, then that Church will have no choice other than to burn the books and banish the person who is leading his sons into temptation. What can be done with a sectarian who, in the eyes of the Orthodox Church, is ablaze with the fire of false doctrine, and who is misleading the sons of the Church in the most important matter of life, in faith? What can be done with him other than chop off his head or imprison

him? Under the Tsar, Alexis Mikhailovitch, they were burned at the stake; in other words, the severest method of punishment of the time was enforced. In our day too the severest method of punishment is enforced: imprisonment in solitary confinement. As I turned my attention to what is done in the name of religion I was horrified and very nearly repudiated Orthodoxy. A further thing was the Church's attitude to life with regard to war and executions.

7. At the time Russia was at war. And, in the name of Christian love, Russians were killing their fellow men. It was impossible not to think about this. It was impossible to avoid the fact that killing is evil and contrary to the most basic principles of any faith. And yet prayers were said in the churches for the success of our armies, and our religious teachers acknowledged this killing as an outcome of faith. And this was not only applied to murder in time of war, but, during the troubled times that followed the war, I witnessed members of the Church, her teachers, monks, and ascetics condoning the killing of helpless, lost youths. As I turned my attention to all that is done by people who profess Christianity, I was horrified.

Chapter 16

1. I no longer had any doubts and was fully convinced that not all the teachings of the faith I had joined were true. Whereas before I used to say that all religious teaching is a lie, I no longer found it possible to say this. There could be no doubt that the people as a whole had a knowledge of the truth, otherwise they would not be here. Moreover, this knowledge of the truth was now accessible to me; I had already lived by it and felt its validity. But there was falsehood in it as well, of this I had no doubt. All that had hitherto repelled me now stood vividly before me. Although I could see that the mixture of lies I so loathed was less apparent among the peasants than among the representatives of the Church, I could nevertheless see that even in the people's faith there was falsehood mixed with the truth.
2. But where did the falsehood come from, and where did the truth come from? Both had been passed down by what is called the Church. But falsehood and truth are contained in tradition, in the so-called holy tradition and in the Scriptures.
3. Whether I liked it or not, I was led to study and examine these writings and traditions - an examination that until now I had been very fearful of.
4. I turned to a study of that very theology I had once so contemptuously rejected as unnecessary. It had previously struck me as a collection of useless nonsense, this at a time when I had been surrounded by manifestations of life that I thought clear and full of meaning. Now I would have been glad to discard all those things that did not enhance health of mind, but I did not know what to do with myself. The one meaning of life that had been revealed to me rests on this religious doctrine, or is at least inseparably connected. However far-fetched it might seem to my old, infirm mind, it was the only hope of salvation. It must be carefully and attentively examined in order to be understood, even if it is not understood in the way I understand the propositions of science. I do not seek that, nor can I, since I know the unusual nature of religious knowledge. I shall not seek the explanation of everything. I know that the explanation of all things, like the origin of all things, must remain a secret of eternity. But I want to understand in such a way as to be brought to the inevitably inexplicable. I want to realize that all that is

inexplicable is so, not because the demands of my intellect are at fault (they are correct and apart from them I can understand nothing), but because I can recognize the limits of my intellect. I want to understand in such a way that everything inexplicable presents itself to me as being necessarily inexplicable and not as being something that I am under an obligation to believe.
5. I have no doubt that there is truth in the teachings, but I also have no doubt that there is falsehood in them too, and that I must discover what is true and what is false and separate one from the other. This is what I have set out to do. That which I found false in the teachings, and that which I found true, and the conclusions I came to comprise the following section of this essay, which, if someone should consider it worthwhile and useful to people, will probably be published some day, somewhere.

6. I wrote the above three years ago.
7. The other day, while I was re-reading this printed section and returning to the train of thoughts and feelings that were inside me when I was experiencing all this, I had a dream. This dream expressed for me, in condensed form, all that I had lived through and described, therefore I think that for those who have understood me a description of the dream will refresh, clarify and unify all that has been related at such length in these pages. Here is the dream: I see that I am lying on a bed. I am neither comfortable, nor uncomfortable. I am lying on my back. But I start to think about whether or not I am comfortable and it seems to me that my legs are a bit awkward; I do not know whether it is that they are too short or that they are uneven. I shift my legs and at the same time I begin to think about the way I am lying and what I am lying on, things which had not entered my head until now. And looking at my bed I see that I am lying on some plaited rope supports that are attached to the sides of the bed. My feet are resting on one of the supports, my calves on another and my legs are uncomfortable. I somehow know that these supports can be moved. Moving one of my legs I push away the furthest support beneath my feet. I presume that this will be better. But I have pushed it too far and want to rescue it with my legs, and this movement causes yet another support, beneath my calves, to fall off and my calves are left dangling. I move my whole body in order to adjust my position and am quite certain that this will settle the matter. But with this movement still more of the supports slip and move away beneath me and I can see that things are getting worse: the whole lower part of my body is

slipping and hanging down, and my feet do not reach the ground. I am only supported on the upper half of my back and I start to feel not just uncomfortable but terrified of something. Only at this point do I ask myself the thing that has not yet entered my head. I ask myself: where am I and what am I lying on? I begin looking around and before anywhere else I look beneath me, where my body is dangling and in the direction where I feel I am bound to fall very soon. I look below, and I cannot believe my eyes. I am at a height not just of, say, an extremely tall tower or mountain, but I am at a height such as I could never have imagined.

8. I cannot even discern whether I can see anything there below, in the bottomless abyss over which I am hanging and into which I am being drawn. My heart contracts and I feel terrified. It is dreadful to look down there. I feel that if I look down I will immediately slip from the last support and perish. I do not look, but not looking is still worse because I am thinking about what is going to happen to me when I slip from the last support. And I feel that I am losing my last bit of strength through terror, and that my back is slowly slipping lower and lower. Another moment and I will fall off. And then I have a thought: perhaps it is not real. It is a dream. I will wake up. I try to wake up and cannot. 'What can I do, what can I do?' I ask myself, looking upwards. Above there is also an abyss. I look into this abyss of sky and try to forget about the abyss below, and I do in fact forget it. The infinity below repels and frightens me; the infinity above attracts and reassures me. Thus I am hanging over the abyss, held up by the last of the supports that has not yet slipped out from under me; I know that I am dangling but I only look upwards and my fear passes away. As happens in a dream, a voice says: 'Take note of this, this is it!' I look further and further into the infinity above me and feel myself growing calmer. I remember everything that has happened and how it happened: how I shifted the position of my legs, how I was dangling there, how terrified I felt, and how I was saved from my terror by looking upwards. And I asked myself: 'Am I not still dangling there?' And I do not look around so much as feel with my whole body the edge of the support by which I am held up. I see that I am no longer dangling or falling but am firmly supported. I ask myself how I am being supported: I grope about, look around and see that beneath me, under the middle of my body, there is a single support and when I look up I am lying on it in a position of secure balance, and that it alone gave me support before. And then, as happens in dreams, the mechanism by which I am supported seems to me to

be a very natural, comprehensible and sure thing, although when awake it makes no sense at all. I am even surprised, in my sleep, that I had not understood this before. It appears that there is a pillar at my head and the solidity of this slender pillar is beyond doubt, although there is nothing for it to stand on. A rope is hanging very ingeniously, yet simply, from the pillar, and if one lies with the middle of one's body on the rope and looks up there can be no question of falling. This was all clear to me and I was glad and tranquil. It was as if someone were saying to me: 'See that you remember.' And I woke up.

ON CONSPIRACIES

阴谋论

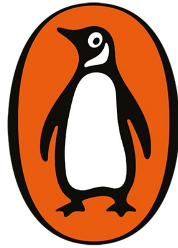
［意］尼可罗·马基雅维利　著
孙平华　方丹丹　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

阴谋论

（意）尼可罗·马基雅维利/著

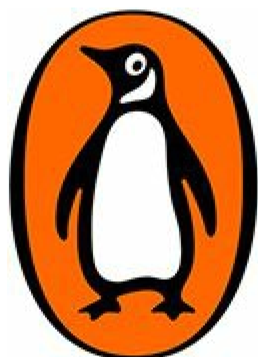
孙平华　方丹丹/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

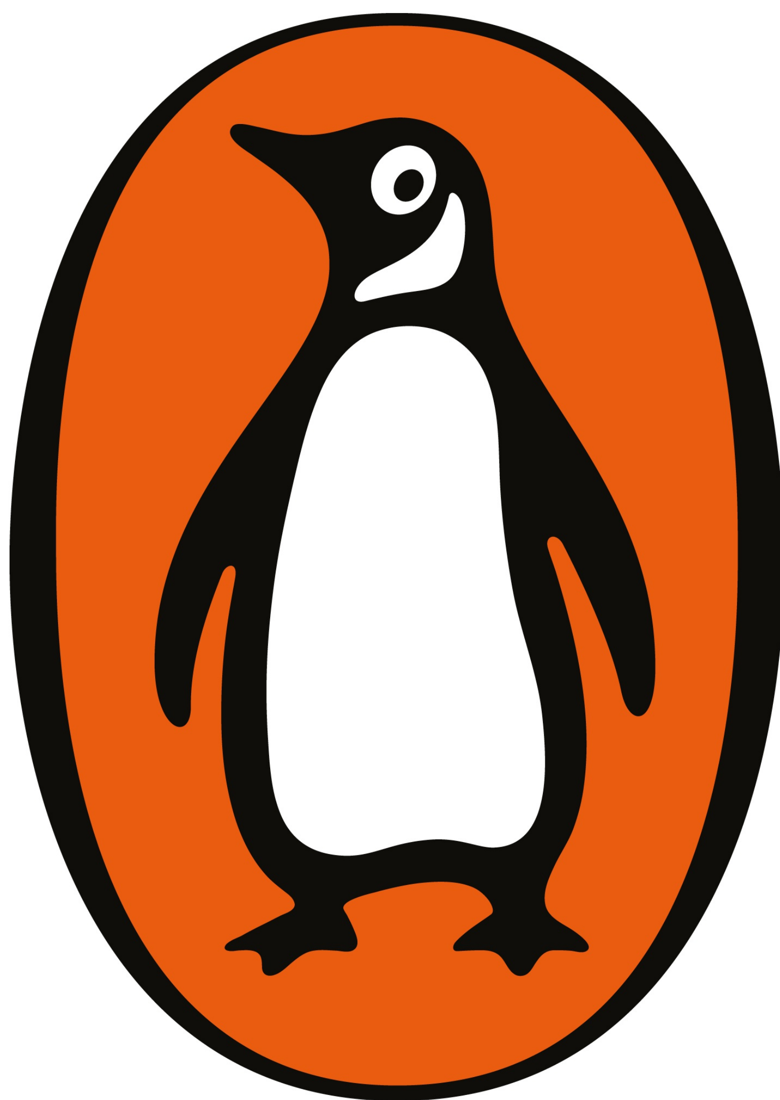
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
Extracts taken from The Discourses, first published in this edition in 1970 with an introduction by Bernard Crick and subsequently revised and updated 1974, 1998, 2003
This selection published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

尼可罗·马基雅维利（Niccolò Machiavelli，1469—1527），意大利政治哲学家、音乐家、诗人和浪漫喜剧剧作家，意大利文艺复兴时期的重要人物。马基雅维利出生在一个没落的贵族家庭，家境贫寒，没有接受过多少正规教育，通过自学，使自己博古通今、多才多艺。他于1498年出任佛罗伦萨共和国第二国务厅的长官，兼任共和国执政委员会秘书，1505年担任国民军九人指挥委员会秘书。1511年教皇的军队攻陷佛罗伦萨，废黜执政官，马基雅维利丧失了一切职务。1527年，美第奇家族倒台，马基雅维利被逐，郁悒成疾，五十八岁即去世。

《阴谋论》是马基雅维利关于阴谋论和军队、战争、战略等领域思想认识的一个合集，该合集用意大利语写成，1513年首次出版。马基雅维利曾于1498年进入十人执政团服务，随后奉命出国担任外交官员，期间积累的工作经验为其政治军事著作提供了丰富的经验基础。整个合集大量引用罗马时期的事例，来论述其政治军事领域的思想。

《阴谋论》合集共分七个部分。第一部分主要是其关于阴谋论的认识，通过对阴谋的成因、实施、失败因素以及防范措施的论述，旨在提醒统治者如何阻止阴谋。第二部分主要介绍了其关于军队、军纪和各兵种方面的认识，通过对比引证，强调了步兵在战争中的重要性，论述了炮兵如何在战争中发挥作用。第三部分主要驳斥了关于城堡利弊、利用城市内讧夺取城市等一些与战争有关的错误认识。第四部分引用罗马共和国在平时与战时和相邻国家城市关系的经验教训，旨在唤起统治者的注意。第五部分通过引用罗马共和国的战争事例，阐述其对战争、策略、新装备和纪律等方面的一些评论。第六部分主要在大战前的小规模战斗、如何取得军队信任、熟悉地形等方面，为征战中的统帅们提出一

些建议。第七部分通过对于战争欺诈、誓死卫国、城下之盟的论述，印证其人民利益至高无上的思想。整个合集作于其著名论著《君主论》之后，是在美第奇家族重新掌权后马基雅维利失意之时所作，作为政治军事领域的重要图书，被列入企鹅口袋书“伟大的思想”系列。

阴谋论

引言

既然阴谋会导致对君主和个人同样危险的后果，那么我也就无法略去不谈其性质，毕竟有更多君主由于阴谋而非公开战争丧失了性命和政权，因为能对一个君主宣战的不过寥寥几个人，但是策划谋反的却可能是任何人。另一方面，在任何一项事业里，没有比个人参与阴谋更危险或者更轻率鲁莽的事情了，因为整个过程都充满困难和危险。因此，尽管人们已有许多阴谋尝试，但达到目的的却寥寥无几。为了使君主们了解如何防范此类危险，为了使个人三思而行并学会安于天命、臣服君主，我将对阴谋进行细致的探讨，不会遗漏任何与君王或个人相关的重要事项。事实上，克奈里乌斯·塔西佗曾经说过这样一句金玉良言：“人应尊重过去，更应着眼当下，即使内心渴求明主，也必须接受自己的君王——不论他们是怎样的人。”毋庸置疑，那些反其道而行之的人常常给他们自己和他们的国家带来灾难。

在开始讨论此话题之前，第一个需要思考的问题是：这些阴谋的产生是针对谁？事实证明，阴谋的产生要么是针对其祖国，要么是针对君主。此文中，我会对这两种类型的阴谋分别进行探讨，因为以将城池移送给围城的敌人手里为目的而制造的阴谋，或者因某种理由制造的与此相似的阴谋，其他地方已言之足矣。

成因

在此论述第一部分，我们先谈谈针对君主的阴谋。首先，我们对其众多成因提出疑问。但其实有一个成因比其他所有成因都更为重要，那就是君主所激起的普遍仇恨，因为当其激起了这种普遍仇恨之时，我们

就能预料到，那些曾被他大大冒犯的人将会寻求报复。而当这些人发现君主已经激起了人们的普遍憎恶，他们的报复欲望就更强烈了。因此，君主应当避免招致此类个人恩怨，鉴于别处已经论及如何避免个人恩怨，此处不再赘述。之所以提及，是因为若君主真有意提防，那么仅仅对于个人施以惩罚将会招致较少的敌意。原因如下：首先，我们很少遇到这样的人，对某种不公正行为无比愤慨，从而身犯险境去实施报复；其次，如果他们确实想这么做且已具备必需的能力，那么他们也会因为君主受人民拥戴而行动受限。

伤害可能波及人的财产、生命或荣誉。杀戮的威胁要比杀戮本身更危险。的确，威胁要进行杀戮是极其危险的，然而杀戮却毫无危险，因为死人不可能思量着复仇，而那些幸存者却通常促使你作复仇的思虑。但是，那些已受到威胁并意识到不得不做些什么或者投身其中的人，对君主而言已构成真正的威胁，我们将引用实例说明。

除去那些由求生本能驱使的行动实例，对人的财产或者荣誉的伤害是最容易激怒人的，对此君主应当警惕，因为不论他如何掠夺一个人的财产，也无法确保那人丧失复仇的能力；不论他如何剥夺一个人的荣誉，也无法让那人打消报复的念头。在人们被剥夺的众多荣誉中，最重要的是女人的荣誉，其次是对男人人品的蔑视。正因如此，帕萨尼亚斯才揭竿而起反对马其顿国王菲利普；也正因如此，才有许多人拿起武器反对其君主。在我们的时代，如果卢西奥·柏兰提没有把他女儿嫁给西恩纳暴君潘多佛为妻，然后又把她带走，那么他就不会被迫密谋反对潘多佛了，这点我们会在适当时候详述。导致帕西对美第奇谋反的主要原因在于美第奇下令夺走了乔瓦尼·邦热美的继承权。

导致人们密谋反对君主的另外一个原因，也是非常有力的一个原因，就是他们收复已被君主攫为己有的国土的欲求。正因如此，布鲁特斯和卡修斯才转而反对恺撒，也正因如此，有那么多人密谋反对法拉里

斯、狄奥尼修斯和其他国家权力的篡夺者。没有一个暴君可以超越此种意志，除非放弃其暴政。然而，没有暴君愿意放弃暴政，所以几乎所有暴君皆以悲剧收场。因此尤维纳尔的诗歌这样写道：“几乎没有君主可以毫发未伤地陨落于冥界，暴君也屡屡难逃悲惨下场。”

单人阴谋

如前所述，阴谋带来的危险是相当多的，并且持续不断，因为一个阴谋中会有多种危险突然出现，这些危险充斥于阴谋形成、实施的整个过程，以及阴谋产生的后果中。阴谋的形成可由单人而为，亦可由多人而为。若仅由单人而为，并不能理所当然地称之为阴谋。准确地说，它是某个个体要杀掉君主的坚定决心。在阴谋所蕴含的三种危险之中，单人之谋仅包含后两种危险。因为在行动之前是不可能有危险产生的，既然没有其他人知晓，也就不存在对君主实施该阴谋的危险。而是否有实施阴谋的决心取决于这个人的能力——无论他伟大或渺小，高贵或卑微，与君主关系密切或疏远。因为任何被准许在某个时间同君主交谈的人，以及任何有机会同君主交谈的人，其情绪皆有可能得以舒缓。我们已经屡次提到的帕萨尼亚斯，在马其顿国王菲利普与一帮武装人员前去庙宇的路上杀害了他，当时走在国王两边的分别是他的儿子和女婿。但是，帕萨尼亚斯是贵族，且与君主相识（但也有其他人）。一个贫穷可怜的西班牙人将匕首刺入了西班牙国王斐迪南的脖子，尽管伤口并不致命，但是它却表明了此种类型的人也可能具备做这种事的意图和机会。一个托钵僧或土耳其牧师，在巴雅泽用弯刀袭击了当时的土耳其君主。他并没有杀死他，但是他必然具有这样做的意图和机会。我认为，我们周围有很多想要做这种事的人，但仅仅心怀这种意图，既不需要受到惩罚，也不会产生任何的危险。但是真正去做的人却寥寥无几，且在这些人中，也只有非常少的人在其行动中幸存。因此，你会发现没有人甘于赴死。但让我们撇开这些单人阴谋，来谈谈多人阴谋。

弱者的阴谋

在我看来，历史上所有的阴谋要么是有名望之人所为，要么是君主近侍或亲信所为，其他人除非是十足的疯子，否则不可能阴谋陷害君主，毕竟无权之人以及无法接触君主之人没有成功实施阴谋的任何希望和机会。首先，无权之人笼络不到可以忠于他们的人，毕竟在有可能冒大风险的情况下，没有人会答应去为他们做事，因为阴谋一旦传达至两三人，告密者就会出现，他们的计划便会暴露。其次，即使他们足够幸运，没有告密者出现，他们在阴谋的实施中也一样会由于无法轻易接近君主而困难重重，而在得以行事之时根本无法逃离险境。既然有名望之人和能够轻易接近君主的人都得屈服于这些困难，更不要说其他人了，他们面临的困难将被无限放大。所以，只要他们的生命和财产并未受到威胁，只要他们不会丢掉脑袋，那么当其认识到自己的劣势，就会变得小心谨慎，即使对君主心怀不满，也只会私下咒骂发泄，等待着那些拥有更高地位声望之人可以替他们报仇雪恨。这样一来，一旦遇见这种人欲行谋害君主之事，人们应对其意图动机而非审慎态度加以赞赏。

强者的阴谋

阴谋者似乎一直都是有名望之人或者与君主关系密切之人，其中因赐予太多利益而导致的谋反与因施予太多惩罚所引发的谋反案例一样众多，例如，卜兰尼斯密谋反对康茂德，普劳提阿努斯密谋反对西弗勒斯，塞扬努斯密谋反对泰比里厄斯。对于这些人而言，君主赐予的财富、荣誉和头衔已经很多，似乎什么都不缺，除了君主的头衔，他们对此不愿意忍受，因此密谋反对君主，而最终总会得到其忘恩负义之行应得的结果。

而近代发生的相似阴谋中，有一个却取得了成功，即雅各布·阿皮亚诺密谋反对比萨君主梅瑟·皮耶罗·干姆巴科尔提，因为雅各布正是由后者抚养长大，且名誉加身，而他却夺了后者的权。在我们的时代也有

科波拉阴谋反对亚拉贡国王费迪南。因为对于已经拥有巨大财富的科波拉来说，唯一缺少的就是一个王国，而他也因为决心得到它而丧命。然而，如果有名望之人谋反成功，则情况一定如此：阴谋必定是由有名的另一位君主所为。但是那种易于使人盲目的支配欲，又一次使他们在着手做事时失去理智。只要他们知道怎样谨慎实施恶行，那么就不可能不成功。

对君主们的忠告

因此，想要提防阴谋的君主，相对于那些已被其过多伤害的人，更应当害怕那些被其授予过多恩惠的人。因为前者缺乏机会，而后者却机会多多，尽管二者所欲相同；统治国家的欲望与复仇的欲望一样大，甚至更大。所以，君主授予其朋友的权力应当保持一个度，即在此权力和君主权力之间应当保持一个特定的间距，且在此间距之中还有别的东西可所欲求。否则，如果我们刚谈论的事情未发生在他们身上，那倒是一件怪事了。下面，言归正传。

告密引发的危险

前面已经提及，谋反者一定是有名望之人和容易接近君主之人，这里我们就谈谈他们的成功和事例，以及为什么有些人成功了而其他人却失败了。如前所述，阴谋的危险常常发生在三个阶段：开始之时，实施之时和结束之后。我们发现，阴谋很少成功，因为成功通过这三个阶段是不可能或者几乎不可能的。首先，我们来谈谈开始阶段的危险。鉴于在制订计划过程中要使阴谋不被发现需要敏锐的判断力和足够的运气，对此阶段危险的探讨显得更加重要。阴谋暴露有两种方式，要么走漏了消息，要么出自推断。信息泄露要么是合谋之人变节，要么是其不够谨慎所致。变节之事时有发生，因为你只能将阴谋传达给你认为会誓死效忠于你的人，或对君主不满的人。也许其中有一两个人是你可以信任的，但是如果你将计划透露给多人，那么要找到这样的人是不可能的，

因为他们必须对你非常信任，他们对危险和惩罚的估计不会影响对你的信任。人常常错估别人对自己的情分，而除非你有前车之鉴，否则无法确定这份情谊。然而，这种前车之鉴的获得也要冒很大风险。甚至于即使在其他危险事件中，他们忠诚于你，你也不能保证他们会在种种危险远远超出之前的事件中保持同等忠诚。如果你判断一个人的忠诚度是依据他对君主的不满程度，那么你很容易犯错；因为你接受了这种不满，即是为他提供了获得满足的各种条件，这样一来，如果要他保持对你的忠诚，要么他确实苦大仇深，要么你对他的影响一定巨大。

所以，阴谋就屡遭暴露，在开始就被挫败。的确，若是一个传达给多人的阴谋很长时间内一直仍是秘密，那可真让人啧啧称奇，就像历史上庇索密谋反对尼罗，以及我们这个时代帕西密谋反对洛伦佐和朱利亚诺·美第奇一样，当时五十多人对此保守秘密，直到采取行动的那一刻阴谋才暴露。

轻率导致的危险

由于轻率而使阴谋暴露的情况发生在密谋时不够谨慎而使佣人或者第三者听到之时，例如，布鲁特斯之子就因其与塔奎因报信者的阴谋谈话被佣人听到而被告发。或者，阴谋的暴露是因为你无意中将其告诉了女友或者男友或者别的轻佻之人，以蒂姆努斯为例，他和菲洛塔斯以及其他人一起谋反亚历山大大帝，曾向一个他很喜欢的名叫尼克马库斯的男孩谈到了他们的计划，不料那个男孩立刻就把此事告诉了他的哥哥赛巴利努斯，而赛巴利努斯又把这个阴谋告诉了国王亚历山大。

推断引发的暴露

由于推断而引起的阴谋暴露，庇索尼安阴谋反对尼罗即是一例。其中一个名叫斯伽维努斯的阴谋者在计划杀掉尼罗的前一天立下遗嘱，并命令他的自由民米里库斯把他那把老旧而锈迹斑斑的匕首磨光，释放所

有的奴隶并分给他们钱财，准备好用于包扎伤口的绷带，从这些事情中米里库斯推断出了有阴谋存在并告诉了尼罗。于是，斯伽维努斯，连同前一天被看到跟他一起长时间秘密谈话的共谋者纳塔莱斯，一起被捕了。由于他们解释不一致，最后被迫说出真相，这样一来阴谋就暴露了，所有与之相关的人都遭遇了灭顶之灾。

防止暴露的困难

无论是由于恶意，还是由于不够谨慎，或者是言行失检，或者是轻率的谈话，所有这些情况下如果知道阴谋的人超过三个或者四个，那么要防止上述这些原因造成的阴谋暴露就是不可能的。因为一旦有一个以上的阴谋者被捕，那么要想阻止阴谋泄露就不可能，原因在于两个人不可能在他们给出解释的每一个细节上都能保持一致。如果只有一个人被捕而他恰好是一个果毅之人，那么他或许不会供出他的同谋者。但是，极为重要的是，其他同谋者也必须有不逊于被捕者的胆量坚守其立场不逃跑，因为无论是被捕之人还是在逃之人，均可能由于缺乏勇气而泄露阴谋。

的确存在这样一个稀少的案例，由泰特斯·李维提出，即反对锡拉库扎国王希罗尼穆斯的阴谋。在这场阴谋中，其中一个叫狄奥多士的同谋者被捕后，他仗义保护其他同谋者，栽赃给了国王的朋友；而他的同伴也非常信得过狄奥多士的为人，他们之中没有一个人离开锡拉库扎或者表现出一丝的害怕。

预防暴露的措施

以上这些都是在阴谋实施之前暴露所面临的危险；避免泄露的补救措施如下。首要的、最安全的，实话讲也是唯一的补救方法就是不给共谋者泄露对你不利信息的时间，且仅在你准备行动之时而非提前将你的计划告知他们。这样做，至少可以避开因谋划阴谋而招致的危险，其他

人通常也可以逃离危险。事实上，他们都会成功，任何谨慎之人都会发现这样做事是可行的。后面我会引用两个实例，暂且讨论至此。

奈勒迈特斯由于无法忍受伊庇鲁斯君主亚里士提摩斯的暴政，集结了家中众多亲戚和朋友，劝说他们一起解放祖国。有人提出需要时间考虑，先把家里的事情安排好。奈勒迈特斯让随从锁上家门，对这些人说道："要么你们现在就跟我一起行动，要么我把你们统统作为囚犯交给亚里士提摩斯。"这些话让他们下了决心，他们发了誓并立即行动，成功地执行了奈勒迈特斯的命令。当通过诡计获得波斯王冠后，王国的一个领袖马吉中的一人和奥塔尼斯听说了此消息并发现了这个诡计，于是他就与其他六位领袖协商，告诉他们是时候推翻这个占星师的暴政了。当有人问何时行动时，六位领袖中一个名叫达赖厄斯的人站起来说道："要么我们现在立刻行动解决此事，要么我去指控你们。"于是他们整齐划一地行动，在敌人未来及作任何准备之时成功实施了计划。与这两个实例相似的还有埃托利亚人为了杀掉斯巴达暴君纳比斯所采用的方法。他们命令同胞亚历科萨麦尼斯带领三十匹马和两百步兵假意援助纳比斯，并只将计划告知亚历科萨麦尼斯，命令其他人必须严格服从于他，违者处以流放之惩罚。因此，亚历科萨麦尼斯去到斯巴达，绝口不提其受委托的任务，直到准备好行动的那一刻。结果，他成功地杀掉了纳比斯。这些人通过采用这些手段，避免了策划阴谋阶段隐藏的危险，效仿他们做法的人也同样总是能避免危险。

阴谋的实用性

他们的行为人人可以效仿，这一点可以从前文提到的庇索案例中得以证明。庇索是尼罗非常信任的人，和尼罗关系密切，有很高的地位和声望。尼罗经常在自己的花园中和庇索一起用餐，这样一来庇索就可以结交到无论心态、勇气还是爱好都非常适合执行此阴谋的朋友，这对于有身份地位的人是非常容易的。当尼罗在花园里的时候，庇索可以用适

当的言语指使这些人做一些他们没有时间拒绝的事，或者使本不可能成功的阴谋最后取得成功。因此，纵观诸多阴谋，没有几个不是按照这个方法成功的。但是，通常情况下人们很少关注世事，因而往往犯下重大错误，尤其是在那些超出常规的事情上，比如阴谋。

进一步的防范

不到迫不得已或时机成熟之时，阴谋绝不能泄露。如果必须要泄露，也只能泄露给一个人，并且是你知根知底或者与你动机相同的人。找一个这样的人要比找一群这样的人容易得多，因为知道的人越多意味着越危险。此外，在合谋者不多的情况下，如果你犯了错误，你还可能找到保护自己的机会。一位智者曾经说过，你可以把你所有的事情单独告诉一个人，因为别人无论肯定回答还是否定回答意义都差不多，除非他说服你将你的所作所为写下来。每个人都要特别提防写下任何东西，因为没有什么比自己的笔迹更容易证实自己的罪行。普劳提阿努斯决心杀掉君主西弗勒斯及其儿子安东尼纳斯，并把这个秘密告诉护民官撒图尔尼努斯。撒图尔尼努斯想去告发他，但又害怕控告普劳提阿努斯时别人相信他而不相信自己，于是他要求普劳提阿努斯提供书面凭证，以证明自己受普劳提阿努斯的委托和授权。被雄心壮志冲昏头脑的普劳提阿努斯真的写给了他，最终因被撒图尔尼努斯控告而获罪。如果没有这份书面材料和其他一些不利证据，普劳提阿努斯完全可以厚着脸皮死不承认以保全自己。可见，如果没有书面材料或其他证据，即便你被控告，照样有机会得以逃脱，因此对待提供书面材料之事要慎之又慎。

在针对尼罗的庇索尼安阴谋中，有一个名叫艾比开瑞斯的女人，曾是尼罗的情人。她认为让一个曾担任尼罗警卫的战船船长参与进来有助于阴谋的实施，因此她把阴谋告诉了这位船长，但是并未告知共谋者都是谁。后来，这个船长食言向尼罗控告她的时候，她严词否认了对她的控告，以至于尼罗无法定夺而让她离开。因此，将阴谋告知另外一人存

在两种危险。一种危险是他可能会主动指控你；另一种危险是他受到怀疑或者不利证据而被捕，在被宣判有罪或受到严刑拷问之时将你供出。在这两种情况下，危险都是可以补救的。因为在第一种情况下，你可以否认对你的指控，宣称对方因为恨你而捏造事实；在第二种情况下，你也可以否认指控，宣称对方是因为被暴力威逼而撒谎。

无预谋的暗杀

因此，最明智的做法是不把自己的情况告诉任何人，而只按照上述案例行动；或者如果你不得不告诉某一个人，也不要告诉再多的人，这样尽管危险可能会更大，但是也不会比你告诉更多人的危险大。当情势逼迫你必须要对君主下手，就像你看到君主准备要对你下手一样时，情况也是一样的，因为此时此刻你的需要迫切至根本没有时间考虑如何防范。这种必要性几乎总能导向理想的结果，为了证明这一点，举两个例子。

在君主康茂德的几个主要朋友和亲信里，里图斯和埃克莱克图斯掌管着禁卫军，而马西娅是他主要情妇之一。这些人有时候会因他的行为有失体统而责备他，所以康茂德决定将他们处死，并把这三人和他决定在第二天夜里处死的其他几个人列了一个名单。他把名单放在了枕头下。在他去洗漱的时候，他最喜爱的小儿子在他床上玩耍嬉闹，无意中看到那个名单，就拿在手里跑了出去，在外面遇到了马西娅，马西娅从他手里拿过名单，读完之后记录下内容，并立即派人去叫里图斯和埃克莱克图斯。他们三人都意识到了自己处境的危险，于是决定先发制人。所以，他们没有浪费任何不必要的时间，在第二天夜里杀掉了康茂德。

第二个例子是，君主安东尼纳斯·卡拉卡拉带兵到美索不达米亚时，有一个地方行政长官叫马克里努斯，比起他的战士身份，他倒更像是一个平民百姓。与所有那些不好的君主一样，安东尼纳斯总是害怕别人不按照他所认为应该得到的礼遇对待他。他给在罗马的一个名叫马特

尼安纳斯的朋友写信，托他向占星家询问是否有人觊觎他的王位，并给他一些相应的建议。马特尼安纳斯回信说，马克里努斯就是那个觊觎王位之人，但是这封信却在送给安东尼纳斯之前落入了马克里努斯之手。就这样，马克里努斯意识到，要么在下一封来自罗马的信到达之前杀掉安东尼纳斯，要么就会被他杀掉，只能二选一。于是他命令手下一个名叫马尔提亚里斯的百夫长将安东尼纳斯暗杀，马尔提亚里斯最终成功完成了任务。马尔提亚里斯效忠于马克里努斯，他的兄弟几天前刚刚被安东尼纳斯处死。

可以看到，当情势紧迫到没有时间可以耽搁的时候，结果就会与前面所说的伊庇鲁斯的奈勒迈特斯所用方法产生的结果相同。还可以看到，我在本文一开始所说的话仍然适用，即与实际造成的伤害相比，威胁对君主的伤害更大，更可能导致阴谋的产生。因此，君主必须防止这类威胁，要么他应该对那些人十分关怀，要么应该确保那些人不对他造成伤害，但是在任何情况下，他都绝不应该将那些人置于“不是你死就是我亡”的境地。

改变计划导致的危险

阴谋实施过程中发生的危险，要么是因为计划发生改变，要么是因为阴谋实施者缺乏勇气，要么是因为实施者粗心犯错，要么是因为未将目标全部消灭而没能完成任务。因此，在此我要指出，没有预先通知突然改变计划，放弃起初拟定的行动计划，是干扰计划实施的最大因素。如果计划的改变会滋生混乱，那么也是在军事行动和我们正谈及的事件之中。因为此类事件中，首先必须要做的是，让参与行动的人清晰地了解自己要做的事情；如果他们花了几天时间去设想一个详细的计划及其行动过程，而突然被告知行动有变，一切都会失调，整个计划就会被搞砸。所以，即使看到计划中存在不妥之处，执行原计划也比取消计划从而卷入诸多不便之中好得多。这个原则适用于没有时间制定新计划的情

况，因为如果有时间的话，完全可以按其所愿进行计划安排。

帕西阴谋反对洛伦佐和朱利亚诺·美第奇的事为大家所熟知。根据拟定的计划，洛伦佐和朱利亚诺·美第奇会受邀与圣乔治教堂的红衣主教共进晚餐，在用餐时将其暗杀。计划还详细布置了哪些人负责暗杀、哪些人负责占领宫殿以及哪些人负责在城市周围散播讯息鼓动人们解放自己。当帕西、美第奇和红衣主教在佛罗伦萨天主教堂出席庄严肃穆的集会时，大家得知朱利亚诺那天不会去和他们共进晚餐，所以共谋者们聚集起来决定将原打算在美第奇家里完成的任务改在教堂完成。这个决定搅乱了整个计划，因为吉奥万巴提斯塔·蒙特塞克拒绝参与，他说他不会去教堂做这件事。因此，不得不寻找替补并重新分配任务，由于没有时间搞清楚行动的细节，他们在实施的时候就犯了许多致命错误，最终失败了。

由于优柔寡断造成的失败

负责完成阴谋任务的实施者优柔寡断，要么是因为尊重人性，要么是因为胆小怯懦。君主展现的威严和气场很容易动摇阴谋实施者的决心或者使他害怕。马里厄斯被民特纳人俘虏后，一个奴隶被派去杀他，但来到马里厄斯面前时，奴隶被他的强大气场所震慑，又想到他的名字代表的含义，顿时失去了杀他的勇气和力量。如果连一个被锁在监狱之中承受不幸的人都有如此魅力，那么未被俘虏且身穿君主长袍，威严无比地被壮丽浮华和朝臣包围时的他一定更有魅力。这样的排场足以威慑到你，他对你热情亲切的迎接可能会让你心软。有一伙人阴谋反对色雷斯国王西塔尔凯斯，他们于行动之日到达国王所在之地，但是竟然没有人敢向西塔尔凯斯动手，最后什么都没做就离开了，他们搞不清到底是什么原因阻止了行动，只好互相责怪。就这样，他们不止一次犯下同样的错误，最终导致阴谋暴露，他们也都因这一可能犯下但最终没有实施的罪行而受到了惩罚。菲拉拉的阿方索公爵有两个兄弟共谋反对他，他们

选择了一个给公爵当差的人作为中间人，这个人既是牧师又是合唱指挥。应两兄弟的要求，此人多次成功引公爵与他们会面，让他们可以趁势杀掉阿方索，但兄弟二人均不敢动手，阴谋暴露后，他们不得不遭受邪恶与缺乏谨慎而招致的惩罚。只有在被君主的强大气场所震慑及因其仁慈的举止而失掉戾气的情况下，这种疏忽大意的过错才会出现。

由于心绪不宁而造成的失败

阴谋实施过程中的诸多不顺利，是由于缺乏谨慎或缺乏勇气酿成的错误所致，因为这两种情况都可能发生，使得你心绪混乱，说错话、做错事。提图斯·李维向我们讲述的一个叫亚历科萨麦尼斯的埃托利亚人的事例，最能贴切描述人们这样崩溃混乱的情形。亚历科萨麦尼斯决心杀掉前文所述的斯巴达人纳比斯，行动时机到来之时，他告知手下任务，并且，依照李维的叙述："努力使自己集中力量，因为思索这样一件大事令他的思绪混乱。"的确，一个人的意志再坚强，对死亡或持弄刀剑再熟悉，也不太可能不混乱。因此，应当选择有做这种事情经验的人，不要把事情委托给任何其他人，即使人们认为他再勇敢也不行。做大事的时机到来之时，如果行动者之前没有任何经验，那么没人敢肯定会发生什么。例如，心绪混乱可能导致武器从手中滑落，或者偶然泄露某些信息并导致同样的后果。康茂德的姐姐卢西拉与昆提阿努斯一起计划杀掉他，昆提阿努斯在圆形剧场入口处等待着康茂德，拿着亮晃晃的匕首来到康茂德面前，说道："元老院送你的礼物！"这些话让他没来得及放下武器袭击康茂德就被捕了。之前提到过，梅瑟·安东尼奥·沃尔泰拉受命杀掉洛伦佐·美第奇，在扑向美第奇那一刻，他喊道："啊，叛徒！"这一惊叫挽救了洛伦佐的性命，摧毁了那个阴谋。

旨在推翻多位君主的阴谋

由于上述原因，成功密谋推翻一位君主已经相当不易，而成功密谋推翻两位君主更是难上加难。换句话说，推翻两位君主的密谋几乎不可

能成功，因为你几乎不可能在同一时间不同地点实施相似的行动，而在不同的时间实施两次又很难确保二者不相互影响。因此，如果说密谋推翻一位君主是没有把握、危险、鲁莽任务，那么密谋推翻两位君主的行为则完全是愚蠢、轻佻。如果不是出于对历史学家的尊重，我是绝不会认为赫罗狄安关于普劳提阿努斯的记叙是可能的。依照他的说法，普劳提阿努斯委任同一个人——百夫长萨图尔尼努斯，去刺杀居住在不同地方的西弗勒斯和安东尼纳斯。这件事完全不合理，我相信它的唯一理由就是赫罗狄安的权威性。

几个雅典青年志士密谋推翻雅典暴君狄奥克莱斯和希庇亚斯，他们杀死了狄奥克莱斯，但希庇亚斯得以逃脱并为他报了仇。柏拉图的弟子，赫拉克勒亚的希翁和利奥尼兹密谋推翻暴君克利阿科斯和萨提洛斯，但他们只杀死了克利阿科斯，萨提洛斯得以存活并替他报了仇。我们前边多次提到的帕西，也仅仅成功杀死了朱利亚诺。因此，任何人都不应该参与密谋推翻多位统治者，因为这对他自己、对他的国家、对其他任何人都没有一点好处。相反，得以幸存的统治者会变本加厉地残暴，就像前文提到的佛罗伦萨、雅典、赫拉克勒亚后来的境况一样。的确，佩洛皮达斯解放他的祖国底比斯的密谋涉及了前文提到的重重困难，最后却得以成功；佩洛皮达斯推翻的君主不是两位而是十位，他不仅是个外人，难以接触到君主，而且他还是一个反叛者。尽管如此，他仍然能够进入底比斯，杀死统治者，解放祖国。但其实，他是因得到了君主参赞卡戎的帮助才得以轻松完成这项壮举的。任何人都不该模仿佩洛皮达斯的做法，因为这本身就是一个不可能的任务，最终能成功是个奇迹。所有提到这件事的作家也都一致认为这件事情是举世无双、空前绝后的事迹。

错误认知导致的失败

阴谋的实施可能被中途产生的错误认知或者不可预见的意外而摧

毁。就在布鲁特斯和他的同伙准备刺杀恺撒的那个早晨，恺撒碰巧和共谋者之一的盖厄斯·庞庇利乌斯·雷那进行了一次长谈。其他同伙发现他们聊了那么久，于是就怀疑庞庇利乌斯向恺撒泄密，并且企图不等他进入元老院就将他当场杀死。实际上，他们确实会这样做，但他们的争论后来得到平息，在看到恺撒没有表露出任何异常的迹象后也消除了疑虑。谨慎的人会充分考虑到这种错误认知并给予充分的关注，但是关注越多越容易产生错觉。这是因为当一个人心里有鬼的时候，很容易认为别人都在谈论他，哪怕毫不相关的言论都可以扰乱他，使其认为肯定和他有关，这样就会导致其放弃密谋，或者过早行事，搅黄密谋。知情人越多，这样的情形越容易发生。

由不可预见的意外导致的失败

由于意外不可预见，我们唯一能做的就是举例说明该如何谨慎行事。前文提到过的西恩纳的卢西奥·柏兰提，因潘多佛带走了已经与他结婚的女儿而对他充满愤怒，于是决定选好时机杀掉潘多佛。潘多佛之前每天都去看望一位生病的亲戚，途中要路过卢西奥的房子。卢西奥发现后，安排同伙在他的家里，以备在潘多佛经过时将其杀害。这些同伙携带武器站在门口内侧，一个观察哨在窗口观察，一旦潘多佛经过门口，观察哨给出信号，门口的同伙就立马冲出去。潘多佛出现那天，信号发出后，他碰巧遇到一个老朋友停了下来，同行的另外几人继续往前走，看到发生了什么，听到武器的嘈杂声，发现了这场预谋。结果，潘多佛逃过一劫，卢西奥和他的同伙不得不逃离西恩纳。就这样，这次偶然的会面打乱了谋划中的事情，从而导致卢西奥计划的流产。由于这样的意外是偶发事件，因此也无法提前给出解决方法。我们能做的只能是尽量考虑所有可能发生的情况，并采取相应的举措。

阴谋实施后的危险

我们现在需要讨论阴谋成功实施后可能发生的危险。唯一的危险就

是，幸免于难的人可能会为君主的死亡实施报复。例如，君主可能还有在世的兄弟、儿子或其他支持者，他们会继承王位。这些可能寻求报复的人之所以得以幸存，往往是由于你的疏忽或者上文提到的原因。因而，当乔瓦尼·安德烈和他的同伙杀死了米兰公爵后，米兰公爵幸存的一个儿子和两个弟弟及时赶到为他复仇。此情形之下共谋者们情有可原，因为对于这样的事情他们也无能为力；但是由于不谨慎或疏忽而导致留下活口，他们就没有任何借口了。弗利城堡的几个公民密谋杀害了他们的君主吉罗拉莫伯爵，俘虏了他的妻子和年幼的孩子。然而，在他们看来，只有获得城堡他们的性命才能保全，但掌控城堡的人拒绝交出城堡。于是，那位名叫凯瑟琳的伯爵夫人向密谋者承诺，如果他们放她回城堡，她就会安排把城堡交给他们。同时，他们把她的孩子作为人质。达成协议后，阴谋者们放她回到城堡，而她一进入城堡就斥责他们杀害了她的丈夫，并威胁会以各种形式报复。

为了使阴谋者相信她不在意那些孩子，她把自己的性器官展示给阴谋者们，并告诉他们她还可以生更多的孩子。阴谋者们目瞪口呆，意识到他们错了，但为时已晚，最终为不谨慎的错误受到了永久流放的惩罚。

但是，如果阴谋者杀害的是受人民爱戴的君主，那么阴谋实施后的危险将是最无法避免和令人畏惧的。这样的情形下阴谋者们无法补救和挽回，因此他们不可能安全。恺撒大帝就是典型例证，因为罗马人民爱戴他，替他复仇，因此阴谋者们在被驱逐出罗马之后，均在不同时间不同地点相继被杀。

旨在反对国家的阴谋

与旨在反对君主的阴谋相比，旨在反对国家的阴谋给参与者带来的危险会更小，因为后者在筹划中的危险更少，在实施过程中也同样，实施完毕后则根本不存在危险了。策划阴谋的过程中危险不多，因为公民

在谋划攫取权力时，可以不向任何人透露自己的想法和计划。如果计划未受干扰，那么任务就能完成；但是如果受到某部法律或者其他因素的限制，那么就必须放弃此次尝试，寻找其他合适时机。这个原则适用于在一定程度上腐败的共和国，因为在一个并不腐败的国家，根本找不到踏入邪途的起步之地，也根本没有公民会有这种想法。对于生活在封邑的公民，他们有各种方法和手段使自己受益，同时不冒任何风险或卷入麻烦；在共和国中也类似，因为相比君主，共和国采取行动会更慢、更让人信服，也因此更不谨慎；还因为共和国对有权势的公民更加尊重，因此这些人更敢于也更倾向于违反国家利益行事。大家都读过撒路斯对于喀提林阴谋的叙述，知道喀提林在阴谋暴露后不仅仍在罗马，而且还加入了元老院，发表着对元老院和执政官的各种无礼申斥言论，由此可见这个城市对公民尊重的程度。如果雷恩图卢斯和其他人自己手中并未持有明明白白证明其阴谋的信件的话，那么在喀提林离开罗马并已经同军队取得联系之时，他们也不会被捕。

迦太基地位显赫的公民汉诺，希望建立一个暴力政权，他安排好要在女儿婚宴上毒死全体元老院成员并自立为王。听到此消息后，元老院仅做了一件事，便是通过了一项法律，限制婚礼和宴会的费用开销。人们对于地位显赫之人的尊重程度可见一斑。

另一方面，旨在反对国家的阴谋在实施过程中，也有可能遇到更多的困难和更大的危险，因为在针对如此多人的阴谋中，你几乎不可能拥有足够的兵力，而且也不是每个人都有任其指挥的军队，像恺撒、阿加托克利斯、克莱奥梅尼等人一样可以靠他们指挥的军队一举征服他们的国家。对于他们来说，此方法简单易行、安全可靠，但是对于没有军队可供指挥的人而言，要想成功实施计划，要么必须采用骗术和诡计，要么必须借助外国军队的力量。雅典人皮西斯特拉妥的故事就是使用骗术和诡计的好例子，他通过战胜麦加拉人而取得了人民的拥护。一天早上，他拖着受伤的身体出现在公众视野，声称是贵族们出于嫉妒袭击了

他，并请求武装军队随行保护他本人。得到授权以后，他轻而易举地大权独揽，成为了雅典的独裁君主。在和其他流放者一起回到西恩纳之后，潘多佛·佩特鲁奇受命指挥露天广场的护卫队，这是一份常规性的差事，别人都不愿意接受。但是，这支武装军队却逐渐为他赢得了声望，不久后他就成了一名君主。除此之外，也有不少人采取过各种手段或方法，最终毫无危险地达到了目的。

一些人企图通过自己的军队或者借助外国军队以控制国家，他们能否取得成功，取决于命运对他们是否眷顾。前文提到的喀提林就丧命于自己的阴谋尝试中。上文提到的汉诺，先是使用毒药却失败了，后来拥有了几千武装支持者，但最终全军覆没，自己也因此丧命。底比斯的几个地位显赫的公民召集了一支斯巴达军队来援助他们，并在底比斯建立专制政权。仔细探究这些推翻国家的阴谋，我们会发现，当阴谋还在策划之中的时候，没有人或者只有寥寥几人受到镇压，但是阴谋付诸实施之时，所有人要么都成功了，要么都失败了。在取得成功之后，除了那些在根本上涉及君主统治权的阴谋，其他阴谋都不会引起任何后续的危险。这是因为，假如一个人变成了专制君主，他就会面临专制统治自然带来的各种危险，而为了避开这些危险，只能采取我们在上文讨论过的那些方法来进行补救。

毒药的使用

关于阴谋，我们要说的到此为止。我之所以重点讨论那些使用刀剑而非毒药的阴谋，是因为它们其实属于同一类型。的确，毒药的不确定性更大，因此它也更加危险，但由于不是每个人都有毒药这种东西，所以人们在使用时必须向那些有毒药的人请教，而请教这一举动对你本身就意味着危险。由于种种原因，一杯下毒的饮料可能并不致命。例如，要去杀康茂德的人发现康茂德将他们给的毒药扔掉之后，如果想要他死，则不得不去勒死他。

阻止阴谋所采取的策略

这样看来，最不利于君主的就是阴谋。若一场旨在推翻君主的阴谋已经形成，结果要么是君主被杀，要么是君主蒙受恶名：如果阴谋得逞，君主必死无疑；如果阴谋暴露，君主杀掉了共谋者，人们就会倾向于以为整件事是被君主冠以阴谋之名的工具，以掩盖他对被杀者的贪婪残忍。因此，我必须提醒那些知道有人策划谋反的君主或者共和国，要在采取惩罚性行动之前尽力挖掘精确的信息，并将阴谋者的实力和地位与自己认真对比，如果发现谋反者实力壮大，就要装作毫不知情，直到自己拥有足够兵力一举摧毁它。如若不然，只会招致灾祸。因此，他们应当尽力学会如何掩饰自己，以防共谋者发现自己已经暴露，从而不顾后果地立即采取行动。

罗马人给我们作了很好的例证。在其他地方已经提到过，两个军团的士兵被派去守卫加普亚，以防萨谟奈人的进攻，而军团的指挥者合谋要征服并统治加普亚。当这个消息传到罗马，一个名叫卢提鲁斯的执政官被委任彻查此事。为了不打草惊蛇，他将元老院批准的加普亚军团的住宿营地公之于众。密谋军队信以为真，认为有足够时间实施计划，于是并不急于行动。就这样，直到意识到执政官已将两个军团分离，共谋者们才起了疑心，采取行动并命令实施计划。没有比这更好的例子了，因为在这个事例中，我们可以看到，当人们认为有时间的时候其行动会十分迟缓，而当形势紧迫时其行动又会非常迅速。如果一位君主或共和国政权想让阴谋延迟起事，最好的做法就是巧妙地给共谋者提供在未来某天的时机，这样，当他们等待那天的来临，相信时间充裕之时，君主或共和国就可以趁机策划对阴谋者的惩罚。

没有这样做的人，只会加速自己的失败，雅典公爵和古格里尔莫·帕西就是例证。当公爵成为佛罗伦萨的独裁君主，并听说有人阴谋推翻他的时候，他把其中的一个共谋者抓了起来，但没有进一步调查此事，

结果其他共谋者立刻揭竿而起，一举推翻了他的政权。1501年，当古格里尔莫担任瓦尔基亚纳行政官的时候，他发现了在阿雷佐有一个支持维海利的阴谋企图从佛罗伦萨人手中夺走城镇，于是立刻奔赴阿雷佐。他既没有考虑共谋者或者他自己的实力，也没有兵力准备就绪，就在主教即其儿子的建议之下抓获一位共谋者。不料，其他共谋者立刻拿起武器，一举从佛罗伦萨人的手中夺取了城镇，古格里尔莫也不再是行政官，而是变成了阶下囚。

但是，如果阴谋本身就脆弱不堪，上述二例就能也应该立刻受到镇压，以免夜长梦多。人们也不应采取下述两种策略——尽管二者的行事方向几乎完全相反。一种是上述的雅典公爵所用的，他为了证明自己相信佛罗伦萨人深深爱戴他，处死了一个向他告密的人。另一种是锡拉库扎人戴恩所用，为了揭露自己所怀疑之人的意图，允许他信任的卡利普斯假装正在酝酿一场阴谋。这两种策略无一例外导致了灾难：第一种阻挠了告密者，鼓励了阴谋者；第二种使杀死戴恩变得很容易，在这场阴谋中他自己其实就是实际的领导者，从他的经历来看，卡利普斯此时已经能够阴谋推翻戴恩——这一计划非常缜密，最终不仅让戴恩丢掉了政权，也丢掉了性命。

军队、军纪和兵种

军队军纪：当代与昔日之差

托夸图斯与德西乌斯领导下的拉丁人之战是罗马人与外族之间最重要的一战。种种迹象表明，如果拉丁人战败，其就会被罗马人统治，同样，如果罗马人战败，也会沦为拉丁人的臣民。泰特斯·李维认为，这两支军队在军纪、素质、战斗力和人数方面都势均力敌，唯一区别就在于：与拉丁军队将领相比，罗马军队统帅更工于战术。

在这场战争中，还有两件前所未有、闻所未闻的事引起了人们的注意，即为拢军心、正军规，一个执政官选择了自杀，另一个执政官则选择了杀子。在泰特斯·李维看来，这两支军队的共同之处是由于长期交战而形成的相同的语言、相同的军纪、相同的武器装备、相同的作战阵形，甚至相同的作战单位和军官称谓。因此，既然实力相当，一方则必然有某些非凡之处用于鼓舞士气提升战斗力。正如我们在他处提到过的，胜利取决于决心，因为只要战士胸中决心不灭，他们绝不会退缩。正因如此，为了使罗马战士的决心比拉丁人更持久，既出于巧合，也出于执政官的素质，托夸图斯不得不杀子，德西乌斯不得不自杀。

泰特斯·李维在指出双方势均力敌时，详细描述了罗马人如何组织和调遣军队作战。所以，此处不再赘述，但有几个值得关注的事我却无法避而不谈，当今所有统帅对它们的忽视，导致了组织调遣军队作战中严重缺乏纪律性。从李维那里，我们知道罗马军队分为三个主要作战单位，托斯卡纳语称为“三列阵法”。第一列为枪兵，第二列为主力兵，第三列为后备兵；每一列都有自己的骑兵。在战场上列阵时，枪兵置于最前沿，其后面紧接的是第二列主力兵，在第三列相同的空间上，部署后

备兵。每个作战单位的骑兵都被部署在三个方阵的左右两翼。骑兵部分，因其队形和位置，被称为“翼”，因为他们看起来像鸟的一双翅膀。罗马人的第一列由枪兵组成密集队形，以向前冲杀并抵御敌军的攻击。第二列的主力兵，最初不参加战斗，而是当第一列被敌人击败或压制时，对其进行支援；他们不是排成密集队形，而是排成疏松的阵形，这样如果第一列被敌人击败而被迫后退，第二列能够和第一列整合且不破坏阵形。第三列的后备兵阵形比第二列更疏松，旨在与败退下来的前两列（即枪兵和主力兵）整合在一起。阵形布置完毕后，他们就投入战斗。如果第一列被迫后退或被打败，他们能直接退入主力兵阵列的间隙中，重新组成一个完整的阵形，继续战斗。如果这两个阵列都被击败或被迫后撤，他们可以退到后备兵更疏松的阵线中，三个阵列又组成一个阵形重新作战。如果这样也被击溃了，就真的失败了，因为没有机会重整阵形。因此，当后备兵阵列参战时，说明军队已身处险境，于是谚语有曰“一切取决于后备兵”，抑或如托斯卡纳习语所曰“我们已经孤注一掷了”。

正如当今将领们已抛弃了所有其他传统，且对古代军队纪律漠不关心一样，他们也已摒弃军事纪律举足轻重的意义。当军队排列成能在战斗中三次组成的阵形时，要击败它，进攻三次已属走运，进攻者的勇气必须要足够打击它三次。只能承受一次攻击的军队，通常指基督徒军队，更容易战败，因为无组织性或缺乏勇气的军队均会与胜利无缘。我们的军队无法三次组成阵形，是因为其丢失了将一个阵列吸纳到另一个阵列中的传统。究其原因，当代战斗阵形中存在两个问题：其一，将阵列一字并排展开，使阵形很宽，但很薄弱，面对进攻时，会因缺乏纵深而不堪一击。其二，为了加强阵线，他们会按罗马方式组织阵形，然而却没有组织好第二阵列如何吸纳第一阵列，所以当第一阵列败退下来时，所有阵列都会乱作一团，不战自败。因为前面的阵列一旦溃退，就会与第二阵列发生冲突，如果第二阵列想要前进，就会受第一阵列的阻碍。因此，当第一阵列冲垮第二阵列，第二阵列又冲垮第三阵列之时，

混乱丛生，整个军队往往会遭受灭顶之灾。

率领法国军队的富瓦亲王战死的那场拉文那战斗，如今看来，也是一场鏖战。西班牙和法国均按照上述方式组织军队阵形，并排列队，因此双方都只有宽度要远大于纵深的单一阵线。在像拉文那这样宽阔的平原交战时，他们总是采用这样的战术。因为他们认为如果军队排成两列，撤退时容易产生混乱，为了避免混乱发生，故将阵线排得很长，如上所述。但是一旦可作战空间狭小不堪，他们就只能忍受上述糟糕的安排，毫无办法。无论是实战，还是军事演习，他们均以此糟糕阵形御敌。

同样，正如法国国王查尔斯穿越意大利之后，因为城市反叛而爆发佛罗伦萨人和比萨人之战，最终前者被后者击败的地方一样，在比萨领地内的圣莱戈洛，灾难完全是由于盟友骑兵团导致的，他们在阵前被敌人打败后，溃退至佛罗伦萨步兵阵列，引发混乱，结果所有战士均闻风而逃。曾经的佛罗伦萨步兵队长——梅瑟·西里亚科·达尔·博尔格，经常在我面前说，除了盟友骑兵外，他从未被打败过。瑞士人被誉为现代战争的大师，他们与法国并肩作战时，首先考虑的就是将其军队部署于两翼，这样即使盟友骑兵被迫撤退，也不会与其冲撞在一起。虽然此战术容易理解且十分可行，但当代将领们仍无人以此改进当代军队阵形。虽然同样有三重军队编制，即前卫、主力和后卫，但其唯一用处仅在于方便安排士兵扎营。如上所述，此法阵列，众人皆在劫难逃。

鉴于许多人为了掩饰其无知，声称火炮的毁灭力已使得古代战例战术不再适用于当代，下面的章节我将会对火炮是否使得往昔岁月英勇不再这个问题再作探讨。

炮兵在军队中应处于何种地位，大众持有的观点是否合情合理

除以上所述外，我在想，当代被法国人称为“日子”而意大利人称

为“武器的功绩”的正面战斗，罗马人在不同时期共进行了多少次，于是我立刻想起大众持有的观点：如果那个时代里有了火炮，罗马人就不可能征服外族行省，也不可能轻易地变外族为其附庸国，也绝不可能进行如此大胆的掠夺占领。他们认为，毁灭性武器的应用已经扼杀了人们像古时那样运用展现其优势的能力。第三个观点还认为，现今比过去更难实现议和，保持古代惯例是不可能的。事实上，不久以后，战争将会变成火炮之间的单纯较量。

探究此观点是否可靠，或者查究火炮究竟会增强还是削弱军队的实力，及其究竟会剥夺还是赋予优秀将军展现“才能”的机会，我认为均值得关注。所以从第一个观点入手，即如果那个时代有火炮，古罗马人将无法取得当时的战绩。

为此，我要指出，战争既有进攻也有防守。那么，我们不禁要问火炮对哪一方更有用或更危险。虽然火炮对双方都有一定作用，但显然其对防守者的杀伤力要远大于进攻者。因为防守者往往身处有城墙的城镇或有栅栏的营地中。如果是有城墙保护的城镇，像大多数城堡一样，空间可能非常狭小，但也或者比较大。若是空间狭小，防守者就必败无疑，因为城墙根本无法抵挡火炮的威力，最厚的城墙也只能多撑几天而已。由于城中的防守者没有足够空间退守或挖掘壕沟或修筑壁垒，因此其失败无法避免。即使有火炮的帮助，他们也无法抵抗敌人从城墙上打开缺口涌入城中，因为有一条公认的真理：火炮无法抵挡猛烈的大规模进攻。所以，在对抗阿尔卑斯山外的异族凶猛进攻时，火炮根本不起作用，但是对抵挡意大利人的进攻却非常有效，因为后者不会大规模进攻，只是以分队形式袭击，这种袭击方式只能称作骚扰战。以这种脆弱阵形向有火炮防守的城墙突破口进军，无疑是自寻死路，对付这样的进攻，火炮非常有用。但是当进攻者以密集持续的阵形涌向突破口，除非有壕沟或壁垒阻挡，否则他们就会到处渗透。火炮即使歼灭一些敌军，也依然无法抵挡更多人冲杀进来夺取胜利。

意大利许多城镇均被阿尔卑斯山附近的外族攻陷就是明证，尤以布雷西亚为典型。其反抗法国统治时，法国人仍以其国王的名义据守卫城。为了防止来自卫城的法国人袭击，威尼斯人在通往卫城的街道上构造了防御工事，并将大炮置于卫城前方、两侧及其他妥当之处。但是，富瓦亲王却对此嗤之以鼻。与之相反，他带领骑兵中队下马作战，冲破火炮的封锁，占领了城市。无人听说过火炮让他损失惨重。因此，如上所述，当小城市防守者自知其城墙低矮且没有可以躲避的壁垒和壕沟，而不得不依赖火炮时，他们会很快溃败。

若是防守一座有回旋空间的大城市，包围者的火炮仍然比防守者的更有用。首先，要使火炮对包围者造成伤害，必须将其抬至高于地面的位置，因为在水平面上，敌人挖掘的壕沟和构筑的壁垒能够为其提供防御，致使你根本无法对其造成破坏。即使将火炮抬升并拖到城墙的凹处，或者用别的方法提升到高处，你仍然会遇到两个问题。第一，使用相同尺寸和威力的火炮时，你不可能像包围者那么有效率，因为你不可能在狭小空间内操作大型武器。第二，即使成功将其安置，你也无法建筑安全可靠的壁垒来掩护火炮，它会被外面的攻击轻易摧毁，而在地面上，任何人都能有想要的空间和便利。因此，包围者有威力足够大的火炮时，防守者不可能在高处设置火炮，如果被赶至低处，如上所述，火炮则很难发挥作用。所以，防守城市不得不像古代军队那样依靠肉搏战，用小口径的火炮作为支援。虽然小型火炮有一定作用，但是其劣势抵消了其优势。由于重炮，城墙被摧毁，壕沟被填平，当守军进行肉搏战时，其处境会因此更为不利。所以，如上所述，这些战争机器对包围者比对防守者更有用。

至于第三个观点，如果为了避免正面作战而用栅栏保护军营，除非情况对你有利并能发挥你方优势，否则我认为在这种情况下，同样是为了避免交战，你不会比古时情况更好，况且有火炮的时代，你可能会更处于劣势。因为如果敌人攻击你，并且地理优势不明显，只要其处于比

你更高的地方，这种情况就会发生，或者如果在他们到来之前，你还没有挖好壕沟做好防护，那么敌人会在你采取补救措施之前，将你赶出来，你就不得不放弃防御工事与敌人作战。西班牙人和拉文那交战时就是如此。他们在龙果河岸建立防御阵地，但是其土木工事不够高，而法国人占有略微地理优势。最终其防御工事被火炮摧毁，被迫参战。但是假设你选择的营地高于敌人领地，且土木工事良好坚固，那么鉴于你的地形优势和其他准备充足，敌人就不敢发动进攻。通常情况下，敌人据守易守难攻之地时，必须依靠古代战术，即四处搜索，占领和包围你的友邦城市，切断你的供给，以迫使你离开营地进行决战，如上所述，火炮发挥不了作用。因此，从罗马人发动战争的原因中，可以看到其几乎所有的战争都是进攻模式，而非防守模式，由此可见，上述内容仍然适用，即如果那个时代有火炮，它将成为罗马人的优势，并加速他们的胜利。

对于第二个观点，其认为火炮的使用使得人们不能再像古代那样英勇，我不否认。当军队以小分队进行战斗时，如果必须攀爬城墙或者不以整体队形而是以个人形式，一个接一个发起攻击，则现在的危险要比过去更大。军队统帅会比以前面临更多危险，这是事实，因为无论在哪里，他们都会受到火炮的威胁。即使在最后一支骑兵中队或非常勇敢的士兵们的保护下也无济于事。我们发现，这两种危险情况仍然极少造成重大损失。毕竟人不可能攀登上防御严密的城墙，也不可能被小股部队攻击。如果想要占领一座城市，就必须像古时那样包围它。甚至在其被攻陷时，现在的危险也没有比过去更大，因为那个时代城里的守军不缺少发射弹丸的武器，即使不令人恐惧，仍然能有效杀伤敌人。至于军队统帅阵亡的例子，在意大利最近二十四年战争里阵亡的人数要比古代十年战争中阵亡的人数更少。除了几年之前在菲拉拉战死的卢多维科·黛拉·米兰多拉伯爵，和在切里尼奥拉战死的内穆尔公爵，没有其他人死于火炮的轰炸。富瓦亲王死于刀剑下，而不是被炮弹所杀。因此，如果作为个人无法展现英勇，原因一定不在火炮，而在于拙劣的战术和无能

的（现代）军队，因为他们作为一个整体都缺乏勇气，个体就更不可能勇敢了。

第三个观点说，肉搏战不可能出现，战争将最终成为火炮之间的较量。这一观点完全错误，尤其对于希望军队在战斗中表现出古代素质的人们来说，更被视为绝对谬论。想要组建善战之师的人理应通过模拟战或实战，使士兵适应与敌人近距离战斗，刀锋相见。他们应该更多依靠步兵，而非骑兵，理由将在下文中详述。如果他们确实依靠步兵，并按照上述方式训练，那么火炮将变得一无是处。相对于躲避古代的战象或装有大镰刀的战车，或者其他罗马步兵遭遇的不熟悉的武器而言，当今步兵在交战中躲避炮弹更加容易。他们总能找出对付那些武器的对策，而找到对付火炮的方法则更容易，因为火炮造成伤亡的时间要比大象和镰刀战车更短。后者在战斗中会让你陷入混乱，而前者只是战斗开始前的小麻烦。步兵可以通过借助战场掩体或者在炮弹来袭时卧倒的方式轻松躲避这种小麻烦。但是，经验表明，这是没有必要的，尤其是遇到重炮需要防御时，因为调整重炮的射程很费劲。要么炮口太高，打不到你，要么太低，落在你的前面。

同样，当军队之间展开近战时，事实也清楚地表明，无论是重炮还是小炮都伤害不到你。如果敌人将火炮设在阵前，你可以缴获它；如果将它放在后面，它会在打到你之前打到他们自己人。如果在侧翼，火炮无法对你造成伤害，你反而可以冲过去夺取它，所以毋庸置疑，最终结果都是一样的。瑞士人的例子即是明证：1513年在诺瓦拉，瑞士人在没有火炮和骑兵的情况下，与法国军队交战，虽然法军在防御阵地上有火炮支援，但是瑞士人还是轻而易举地击败了他们。

除了上述原因外，还因为想要火炮发挥作用，就必须要将其置于城墙、壕沟或土木工事的保护下；缺少任何一种形式的保护，它都会被敌人夺取或不起作用，当人们必须在战场正面激战时，以上情况就会发

生。除非像古代人使用抛射机那样，否则火炮无法在侧翼使用。这种发射装置被安置在主力部队外围，是为了使其在阵列之外发挥作用，当操作手被敌人骑兵或其他部队袭击时，他可以躲到正规军中。那些对火炮期望甚高的人并没有理解它的用处，因此仅仅寄希望于容易让其失望的武器上。土耳其人使用火炮战胜了古波斯王苏菲和苏丹，仅仅是由于火炮奇怪的轰鸣声惊吓骑兵的马匹而引发的混乱。

最后，我的结论是，只有在如古人所表现的勇气的支持下，火炮才能发挥作用，否则，它一样无法抵御无畏的军队。

罗马权威和古代军事实例表明步兵比骑兵更应该受到重视

许多原因和事例清楚地表明，在所有军事行动中，罗马人对步兵的重视程度要大于骑兵，并以此制订作战计划。例如，罗马人与拉丁人在里吉洛斯湖附近交战，为了支援开始动摇的罗马军队，一些骑兵被命令下马，徒步作战。这个方法的采用，使战斗得以延续，罗马人最终取得胜利。此例中，相对骑兵而言，罗马人明显对徒步作战的士兵更有信心。他们在其他诸多战斗中也使用了此战术，并发现在危急关头这是最好的补救措施。

即使是汉尼拔也不能反驳这一点，在坎尼战役中，他注意到罗马执政官让骑兵下马参加战斗，于是开玩笑说“Quam mallem vinctos mihi traderent equites”，意思是：“如果他们能把骑兵交由我指挥，我将不胜荣幸。”即使这话出自一位伟人，我们也还是更应该相信罗马共和国及其众多杰出将领的观点，而非汉尼拔一家之言。除了对权威的认同之外，我还可以列举其他合理的原因：步兵可以到达骑兵无法到达的地方；步兵可以被训练保持阵列，即便阵列被攻破，步兵也知道如何重新列阵，然而骑兵就很难保持阵列，当其阵列被打乱时，不可能重新组织。除此之外，马和人一样，有时胆小，有时勇敢，于是经常会发生这样的事情，即胆怯之人骑着英勇之马，以及英勇之人骑着胆怯之马，无

论是哪一种组合，都会扰乱军队的秩序。

组织严密的步兵能轻松击败骑兵，但是骑兵却很难击溃步兵。这个观点不仅仅在古代和现代的诸多事例中得以证实，而且也得到了公民行为规范制定者的认同：在没有组建步兵之前，骑兵是战争中的主力军，后来有了步兵，人们随即确信其比骑兵更有用。但这并不是说骑兵对军队不重要，骑兵的作用是侦察敌情，袭击和掠夺乡村，追逐逃亡的敌人，以及与敌军的骑兵对抗。但是，步兵构成了军队的基础，军队的中坚力量应该是步兵，所以应该得到更多的重视。

使意大利陷于外国统治者奴役的意大利君主犯下的诸多罪行中危害最大的就是，不重视军队的规模，过分专注于骑兵。这种荒唐做法源自军官们的刚愎自用和统治者的无知。失去官方地位的意大利民兵在过去的二十五年里，逐渐沦为雇佣兵。这些民兵意识到，如果他们拥有统治者所没有的武装力量，他们就能获得应有的地位。由于他们没有财力维持一支大规模的步兵团，没有可利用的人力资源，而小规模军队不足以使他们声名鹊起，于是他们将目光转向骑兵。两三百人的雇佣骑兵队就能确保佣兵队长的名誉，而且这笔数目不大的金钱容易从国务大臣那里得到。因此，他们得遂所愿并取得了名誉，于是更加轻视步兵的作用，更多关注骑兵。这种做法的滥用导致即便在规模最大的军队中步兵也只占少数。此做法以及其他与之有关的诸多错误行为，让意大利的民兵组织变得软弱无能，从而使意大利沦为更容易被外族人欺凌的对象。

为了更明确地证实“应重视骑兵轻视步兵”这一观点的错误，另以罗马为例。罗马人在索拉城外扎营之时，从城中杀出一支骑兵袭击他们营地。罗马人组织骑兵进行反击。两军交锋时，意外出现了，第一回合交手中双方指挥官均阵亡。即便如此，战斗仍然继续，罗马士兵为了更容易战胜对手，从马上下来，使敌人骑兵也被迫下马徒步作战，凭这个战术罗马人取胜了。这个例子极好地说明了步兵比骑兵更有功效。在别的

行动中，执政官让罗马骑兵下马的目的是协助处于被动、需要支援的步兵。但是在此处，他们下马不是为了帮助自己的步兵，也不是为了与敌人步兵交战，而是骑兵对骑兵的对决，因为罗马人意识到他们在马上无法战胜敌人，他们徒步战斗胜算会更大。所以，据此我推断，只有付出艰苦的努力，一支组织严密的步兵团才有可能被另外一支步兵团击败。

虽然帕提亚骑兵数目庞大，但罗马的克拉苏和马克·安东尼，依靠极少的骑兵和众多的步兵占领了帕提亚的领土很长时间。尽管克拉苏和他的军队被消灭了，但是马克·安东尼英勇作战，最终脱离险境。虽然罗马人遭受了不幸，但我们仍看出步兵比骑兵的价值更大，平原广阔，无险可依，河流稀少，远离大海，交通不便，但是帕提亚人自己也承认，马克·安东尼凭借他杰出的才智拯救了自己。虽然帕提亚拥有庞大的骑兵，却依旧不敢与他的军队决战。克拉苏被留在了战场上，仔细研究他当时的行为记录，人们发现他死于敌人的计谋而非武力。尽管克拉苏陷入被动，帕提亚人也没有趁机冒险进攻他。相反，他们总是在附近游击，拦截他的护卫，许下空头承诺，直到将他逼入绝境。

如果近期没有太多有说服力的事例证明步兵的“功效”要比骑兵更大的话，那么我将不得不花大力气以作证实，但事实证明这种担心完全多余。之前提到过九千瑞士士兵在诺瓦拉进攻一万骑兵和一万步兵，并打败了他们。因为一方面骑兵无法靠近他们，另一方面他们还不屑那些步兵，因为其大部分步兵是只会吹牛的加斯科涅人，组织混乱。后来有两万六千瑞士军队前往米兰，欲与法国国王弗朗西斯交战，后者有两万骑兵、四万步兵和一万门大炮。即使没有像诺瓦拉那样取得胜利，他们依然英勇战斗了两天，虽然被打败了，但仍然有半数的军队成功逃脱。马尔库斯·雷古鲁斯·阿蒂利乌斯不仅有勇气以步兵与敌人骑兵作战，他还与象兵作战。即使他没有获胜，也不是因为他的步兵缺乏勇气而使他不相信他们能战胜困难。再次强调，要想战胜纪律严明的步兵，必须要借助纪律更加严明的步兵，否则只有痛苦的绝望。

米兰公爵菲利普·维斯康蒂在位期间，伦巴第遭到一万六千瑞士人的进攻。于是公爵派遣卡尔米纽奥拉率领他的军队迎敌，共有一千骑兵和少数步兵。卡尔米纽奥拉不熟悉敌人的作战方式，用骑兵进攻敌军，以为能迅速击溃他们。但是瑞士人稳住了阵脚，他却损失惨重，于是撤退了。然而，作为勇士，他知道情况改变时如何抓住有利战机，所以当增援军队到达，实力增强时，他果断出击，命令骑兵下马，并将其置于步兵前面，于是这些骑兵无处可逃。由于卡尔米纽奥拉的骑兵下马作战，而且有厚重的盔甲保护，他们轻而易举地突破了瑞士人的阵列，而没有损伤，随着阵线的突破，最终战胜了瑞士人。结果仁慈的卡尔米纽奥拉选择宽恕他们，瑞士人得以保全性命。

我相信很多人都已意识到这两个兵种之间的特点差异，但是我们当今有些世人仍不接受这一点，无论是古代抑或现代的事例，或者正在发生的公认的错误，都不足以使现代统治者改变观点并意识到：一位君主或一个国家要想保持其军队的声誉，就必须恢复步兵的地位和信誉，信任他们，壮大他们，这样他们才能为统治者带来安全保障和显赫声望。但是，如果统治者就像忽视了上述的其他提醒一样忽视了这点，则不良后果将迅速降临，不仅不会为国家带来荣誉，反而会造成损害。

与战争相关的错误

建造城堡往往弊大于利

对于当代精明之士来说，罗马人似乎做了一件蠢事，即虽然希望取得拉丁姆和普里乌努姆民众的忠心支持，但也没有建造城堡去控制民众，迫使他们保持忠诚，尤其是在佛罗伦萨，这已是公认事实。于是，这些精明之士断言，比萨和其他城市均应该依靠城堡守卫。如果罗马人能力具备，他们也会毫无疑问地建造城堡，但是因其品德、判断力和权力与常人不同，所以他们没有这么做。只要罗马依然享受着自由，依然忠于其自身的制度和有效的体制，就决不会依靠城堡守卫罗马的城市与行省（原有的城堡除外）。古罗马人和当今统治者在此件事上看法不同，鉴于此，我认为，建造城堡是否有益及其对于建造者来说是利是弊，都值得思考。

须知城堡作为防御工事是用于抵御外敌或镇压臣民的。于前者，它不必要，于后者，其则有害。首先，我们要解释为什么于后者而言是有害的。我坚信，君王或共和国惧怕他的臣民，害怕他们会聚众叛乱。此恐惧根源于臣民对统治者的切肤之恨；此仇恨源自统治者的荒诞行为，而荒诞行为又来自于他们自以为能通过武力或愚蠢的统治方式控制民众的幻想。有城可据，是统治者们迷信武力的原因之一，因此，统治不当升级为仇恨也往往由坐拥城堡的君主或共和国所致。在此事例中，城堡的作用弊远大于利。正如前文所说，一开始，它会使你在对待臣民时更加鲁莽粗暴。然后，它无法满足你内心希望得到的安全感。在控制你的臣民时，除了下面两种情况之外，武力与暴力均无济于事：一是你拥有一支像罗马人一样能投入战斗的善战之师；二是你的臣民精疲力竭、一盘散沙、各自为战，无法联合起来反抗你。如果你使他们穷困潦

倒，“虽然被盘剥殚尽，他们仍然能武装起来”，就算你解除了他们的武装，“他们的怒火将成为最锋利的武器”，如果你处决了他们的领袖，将暴动扼杀在萌芽中，其他领袖也会像九头蛇一样又重新出现。如果你建立了城堡，它们在和平时期有用，能为你虐待臣民的暴行壮胆，但是在战争时期，却会变得一无是处，因为它们将受到来自敌人和臣民的攻击，在这双重打击之下，没有城堡能幸免于难。而且，火炮的使用让城堡风光不再，根本无法对抗火炮的威力来守卫狭小的城堡，如上所述，没有人能够舒服地躲在高墙之后逃过一劫。

在这个问题上我意欲浓墨重彩。我的君主，你想用城堡牢牢掌控城中居民吗？作为一国之主或共和国，你想固守住你在战争中夺取的城市吗？我想告诉你，如果你成为君主，控制百姓最无用的办法就是修建城堡，理由我早已给出：它简单易行，无所顾忌，是严酷之法，只会使百姓希望你早日垮台，正因如此，他们的愤怒会让你失去城堡的庇护。因此，贤明的君主若希望永保圣明，同时不给子孙自甘堕落的理由，那么他永远也不会建造城堡，而是希望继任者能更多地倚重臣民的衷心拥护，而非高墙壁垒。

弗朗西斯科·斯福尔扎伯爵，虽然被誉英明之士，但却在成为米兰公爵之后建造了城堡，我坚信，他的做法极不明智，结果也证明这座城堡非但没有为其后人提供安全保护，反而招致祸害。他们自以为在城堡中就可以安全无虞，可以镇压市民臣民，肆无忌惮地对他们使用暴力；结果被人们极度憎恶，如此一来敌人可轻而易举地攻取他们的国家。城堡在战争时期，既不能提供保护，也不能为其所用，在和平时期又对他们产生损害；如果没有城堡，残酷对待公民亦非明智之举，他们本该早点意识到危险，本可不受其害。在此例中，与其拥有城堡和离心离德的臣民，不如没有城堡却能够和忠诚的臣民共同英勇抵抗法国的进攻。

无论如何，城堡都不会有助于你。守军的背叛，敌人猛烈的进攻，

或饥饿围困都会让城堡失陷。在仅存一座城堡的情况下，如果你想利用它收复失地，则必须要有一支能反攻入侵者的军队。有了这样一支军队，即使没有城堡，你也能夺回领土。尤其当你没有因城堡而心生傲慢，没有欺凌友善的臣民，这将更容易做到。经验表明，当遇到灾祸时，米兰城堡无论对斯福尔扎家族，还是对法国人都毫无用处。它带来的灾难与毁灭，反而让其甚至无暇顾及这是否是维护其地位的最有效方法。

乌尔比诺公爵吉多贝多，即弗雷德里克之子，曾贵为军队统帅，却被恺撒·博尔吉亚（即教皇亚历山大六世之子）驱逐流放。后来，因偶然的原因，他又重返故土，将当地所有的城堡都夷为平地，因为在他看来城堡是祸害。他的臣民爱戴他，所以他不需要城堡；在敌人面前，他意识到自己无法保卫城堡，除非专门调派一支军队在战场上保护它们。所以他决心摆脱它们的束缚。

教皇尤利乌斯将本蒂沃利奥从博洛尼亚驱逐出境后，建造了一座城堡，随后他的总督残酷压迫居民，从而导致群众暴动，很快就失去了城堡。城堡非但没帮助他，反而害了他。如果当初不那么做，城堡本可以有益于他。

维特里之父尼科洛·达·卡斯特罗，当他从流亡地重新踏上国土时，立刻拆除了教皇西克斯特四世建造的两座城堡，因为他坚信，不是城堡而是人民对他的衷心爱戴为他守护了自己的国家。

但是，在所有事件中，最近也最值得注意的是不久前发生在热那亚的事件，它能从各个方面说明建造城堡的徒劳无用，以及拆除它们的种种好处。众所周知，1507年热那亚反抗法国国王路易十二，法国国王亲率所有军队重新征服了它，随后建立了当时所知的最坚固的城堡，由于地处海角山顶，因此称“热那亚之角”。因其地理位置险要及其他因素，该城堡易守难攻，可以控制港口和热那亚城的大片地区。1512年，情况

有变，法国人被赶出意大利之后，尽管依然控制着城堡，但热那亚人还是起义了。奥塔维诺·弗雷哥索取得政权，使出浑身解数围困城堡达十六个月之久，最终城堡中的人在饥饿面前屈服。人们都希望而且许多人建议应将城堡作为紧急避难所保留下来，但是弗雷哥索是聪明之人，他拆除了城堡，因为他认识到将权力赋予统治者的不是城堡的威严，而是人民的意愿。所以，他没有依赖城堡，而是选择用美德和贤明来巩固地位，他做到了。过去想夺取热那亚政权，一千步兵足矣，但如今纵使它的敌人有上万之众，热那亚也岿然不动。从此，人们知道拆掉城堡不会对奥塔维诺产生威胁，建立城堡也不会有助于君主。一旦他能率领军队进入意大利，即便没有城堡，他也能收复热那亚；但假若他无法率军进入意大利，即使有城堡他也无法收复热那亚。由此可见，法国国王花费大笔金银修建城堡，却落得城破人亡、颜面尽失，反之，奥塔维诺征服城堡为他带来了无上荣耀，拆毁城堡又使他获益匪浅。

现在来谈一下共和国，他们在夺取的城镇中而非自己的国家里建立城堡。如果已列举的关于法国和热那亚的事例还不能说明问题，那么引用佛罗伦萨和比萨的事例应该足矣。佛罗伦萨人修建城堡以控制比萨城，却不知道比萨人对其统治充满了愤怒，渴望得到自由，将反抗作为重获自由的必经之途。佛罗伦萨人要想得到比萨，就要采用罗马人的方式，要么化敌为友，要么将其毁灭。查尔斯国王的到来，使得城堡的作用日益明显，比萨人向他投降了，既是因为对现有管理者的不信任，也是因为害怕招来更坏的统治者。但是如果一开始没有城堡，佛罗伦萨人不用城堡也能控制比萨，那么查尔斯国王也就无法因此从其手中夺取比萨，因为迄今他们所采用的方法或许能守住比萨，但利用城堡无疑是最具灾难性的方法。

由此可见，城堡不利于保卫自己的国家，也无法守住夺取的城镇。罗马人这一事例足以证明这一点。为了固守所得城镇，他们非但没有修建城墙，反而拆掉它们。若有人引用古代塔伦特姆和现代布雷西亚的例

子驳斥我，我现对此作出回应。这两个地方在当地民众起义之后，都是因为城堡的协助得以收复。为了收复塔伦特姆，费边·马克西姆斯在其执政初期，就派遣了所有的军队，即使没有城堡，也足够收复之用。虽然费边利用了城堡，但即便没有城堡，他也能用其他方法取得同样的效果。也就是说，收复城市，只需要一支军队和一个像费边·马克西姆斯一样的指挥者足矣。从加普亚的例子来看，罗马人收复它是迟早的事，那里没有城堡，罗马人依靠的是军队的英勇。

现在谈谈布雷西亚。那场暴动中发生的事情绝对是极其罕见的。一个城市发动暴动，城堡仍在你的控制中，而且附近驻有你一支大军，这就是法国人当时的处境。国王的指挥官富瓦亲王，在博洛尼亚有一支军队，当他听到布雷西亚失守时，没有片刻犹豫，立即出兵平叛，三天内就抵达了布雷西亚，并凭借城堡的抵抗收复了失地。在这里，布雷西亚的城堡发挥了作用，但它依然需要富瓦亲王和行军三天后的法国军队来解救。因此布雷西亚的例子并不足以反驳与之相反的例子。在最近发生的战争中，许多城堡被反复争夺，拥有着和那些被反复争夺的不设防的国家相同的命运，不只是在伦巴第，也在罗马涅，在那不勒斯，在意大利的每个角落都是如此。

对于拥有强大军队的人民或国家来说，没有必要修建城堡抵御外敌；对于没有这样军队的国家来说，也没有此必要。无城可守的善战之师足以保卫国家，而有城可据的孱弱之师则无以御敌。这里有享誉青史的统治者的经验为证，以罗马人与斯巴达人为例。罗马人没有建造城堡，斯巴达人不仅没有这么做，甚至不允许修建城墙，他们选择依靠个人品德来抵御外敌，因此无须其他。当斯巴达人被雅典人问到雅典的城墙是否美观时，他们回答道：“非常好，专为女人们而建。”

对于拥有强大军队的统治者而言，在领土的海岸和边界上设立城堡，以阻挡敌人进攻使其有备而战，有时有用，但并非必要。但是，如

果没有强大的军队，那么在其境内或边境上修建城堡，要么有害，要么无用。有害是因为他会很轻易地失去这些城堡，而且失守后会被敌人所用；如果城堡足够坚固，没有被敌人占领，那么也会被敌军丢在身后，毫无用武之地。因为强大的军队不会遭遇激烈抵抗，行进军不会理会城市和城堡，只会把它们甩在身后。古代史中弗朗西斯科·玛丽亚多次进攻乌尔比诺，但途中敌人的城市均秋毫无犯。

能召集强大军队的统治者，没有城堡也能成就大业，而没有强大军队的统治者最好不要修建城堡。最好的办法是，加固其所居住的城市，保证食物供给充足，妥善安置居民，这样才能抵挡敌人的进攻，直到达成协议或争取到外援解救。所有其他计谋在和平时期只会耗费财力，而在战时却毫无用处。如上所述，罗马人在其他管理制度方面同样明智而谨慎，正如他们决定用更善良、更明智的方法来获得拉丁人和普里奈特人的忠心那样。

利用内讧借机征服城市的策略不可取

罗马共和国时期，平民和贵族之间冲突不断，因此维恩特人和伊特鲁里亚人认为，只要他们联手利用这些矛盾就可以摧毁罗马政权。于是，他们组织军队，入侵罗马领土，元老院派遣盖厄斯·曼利厄斯和马库斯·费边去抵抗入侵。当罗马军队靠近维恩特人的军队时，后者不停地辱骂罗马人。他们的鲁莽与傲慢反倒让内讧的罗马人同仇敌忾，一致对外，战斗一开始，他们就被罗马人打得落花流水，大败而归。由此可见，依赖敌方内部的不和来制定策略多么愚蠢啊！历史在不断地重演，他们自以为唾手可得，却功败垂成。维恩特人自以为在罗马人不团结时，可以趁虚而入，结果入侵反而引火烧身，使罗马人重新团结起来。罗马共和国内部不和通常是因其正处太平盛世，而团结一致是因其恐惧和战争。如果维恩特人稍有头脑，发现罗马人内部不和时，就应该有意避免与之开战，而采用和平时期所用的计谋来智取。

首先，要取得内讧城市的信任。只要还没有开始互相攻击，他们就可继续在各派之间充当仲裁人的角色。已经武力冲突时，也不要急于支持较弱的一方，而应让其继续自相残杀，消耗彼此的实力。有效的策略不会给任何人留有余地去怀疑你是在谋划征服他们，成为他们的统治者。计谋进展顺利，你就能达到目的，取得你想要的结果。我曾在另一个论题中提及，佛罗伦萨共和国就是靠这种计谋征服了皮斯托亚城。皮斯托亚城正处在分裂中时，佛罗伦萨人时而支持这一方，时而又支持另一方，两面都不得罪，诱使他们上当，直到皮斯托亚城人厌倦其动乱的生活方式，最终自愿投入佛罗伦萨的怀抱。

西恩纳城从未因佛罗伦萨人的帮助而改变其政体，除非那种帮助微弱而少有，因为频繁而有力的帮助反而会使整个城市为保卫当权政府而团结起来。还有一个有力的实例，即米兰公爵菲利普·维斯康蒂，曾利用佛罗伦萨人的内讧对他们发动过几次战争，但结果都以失败告终，因此他为这些无果的进攻而悲叹，说佛罗伦萨人的愚蠢让他花费了两百万金币，却一无所获。

如上所述，维恩特人和托斯卡纳人在这点上均犯了大错，因此刀兵相见之时，反而被罗马人击败。如果其他人也打算借助此法妄想征服敌人，那么也会犯同样的错误。

蔑视和侮辱对施行的人非但无益，反而会招致仇恨

避免使用威胁和侮辱性言语是人们审慎的标志，因为这两个方法都不能夺敌之勇，反而会使其保持警惕，其次会加深对你的仇恨，使其更加处心积虑地想消灭你。上个章节中讨论的维恩特人一例就是证明。除了战争所带来的伤亡之外，他们还用言语侮辱罗马人，每个理智的统帅都应该禁止他的士兵这样做。因为这种言语只会激怒敌人，他们会为此复仇，或者如上所述，这只会影响他的进攻：事实上它们会变成对抗你的武器。

亚洲有一个很有名的事例即是证明。波斯统帅科巴第斯对阿米达城长时间包围，逐渐心生厌倦，于是决定撤军。正当他拔营撤退时，城里的人为其胜利忘乎所以，登上城墙，极尽各种羞辱之能事，嘲笑和辱骂波斯人的胆小和怯懦。这一行为终于惹怒了科巴第斯，他深感愤怒，于是改变主意，又重新包围此城，并在几天后将其攻陷。

同样的事情也发生在维恩特人身上，如上所述，他们不仅对罗马人开战，而且还轻视敌人，走近罗马军营防御栅栏，不停地辱骂他们。这比战争本身更让罗马军队恼怒，本来一开始他们不情愿打仗，但是现在反而逼迫执政官要求参战，结果正如前文中提到的，维恩特人为其行为得到了应有的惩罚。优秀的军队统帅和明智的共和国统治者应该采取一切必要措施来阻止粗言秽语和嘲讽横行，无论是在城中，还是在军队中，无论是对自己人，还是对敌人。除非谨慎之人采取预防措施，否则，如果对敌人使用，会导致上述麻烦产生，如果对自己人使用，后果更糟。

被留在加普亚的罗马军团密谋反抗加普亚人时，（与这次阴谋有关的）兵变发生了，后来瓦列利乌斯·科尔维努斯将其镇压下去，并在集会中制定了对那些责难他人参与兵变之人应处以的最严厉刑罚规定。

提比略·格拉古，在对汉尼拔的战争中，曾受命指挥因兵员短缺而被罗马人武装起来的奴隶们，对那些胆敢侮辱奴隶的人，他特意制定了一条死刑的特殊规定。

可见，罗马人认为诽谤或责难他人的过失非常有害，如上所述，没有比这个更能激怒人心，或引起更大愤怒，无论嘲笑是真的，还是在开玩笑，“智者说过，当他们接近真相时，要将苦涩的滋味丢掉”。

明智的君主和共和国应满足于胜利，否则胜利将弃之而去

轻视敌人通常是因胜利或者对胜利虚假的希望而骄傲，这种虚假的希望不仅让人在言语中，也会让人在行动中犯错误。人一旦有了这种希望，就不再小心行事，从而常常与希望中可成之事失之交臂，更别提可改进的确定之事。这值得思考，因为人们经常会犯这样的错误，以推罗城为例，被胜利冲昏了头脑的人们，不仅拒绝了使者的条件，还杀了这位前来谈判的使者。因此，亚历山大震怒了，全力攻城，最终占领并毁灭了推罗城，城里居民不是被杀，就是沦为奴隶。

1512年，西班牙军队入侵佛罗伦萨，旨在重振美第奇并对该城征税。佛罗伦萨的内奸使他们相信，只要他们越过边境，就会以其名义揭竿而起。但是当西班牙军队进入阿尔诺河平原后，却发现没有内应，由于缺少粮食补给，于是提出议和。但佛罗伦萨人太过骄傲没有接受，由此导致了普拉托的陷落和国家的灭亡。

因此，当统治者遭受攻击，而敌军比其自己的军队强大许多时，此时最愚蠢的决定就是拒绝和谈，尤其如果和谈是由敌方提出，因为条件不会太苛刻，接受条款的人总会得到一些利益，所以从某种程度上说，他们也分享了胜利。举例说明，亚历山大接受他起初拒绝的条件时，如果推罗城的人们能满足于此，那么他们获得的胜利将不止一点，因为凭借自己的军队，他们使一个伟人被迫屈尊于其意愿。同样地，当西班牙军队对佛罗伦萨人的条件作出让步而没有提出自己的条件时，如果佛罗伦萨人能够满足于此，这也将是伟大的胜利。因为西班牙军队想要的是佛罗伦萨改变政体，不再亲近法国，以及征收贡品。对于这三件事，如果西班牙人能得到后两个，佛罗伦萨人则能保留第一个，即保留他们的政体，双方都能获得一定的荣誉和满足。只要性命无忧，佛罗伦萨人也不会对另两件事太过计较。可惜结果并非如此。如果他们能将此看成一个不错的、几成定局的更伟大的胜利，那么也不会沦落到将自己完全交付命运的安排，并且拿最后的本钱冒险，除非万不得已，否则，冒险绝非明智之举。

曾在意大利尊享荣耀十六年的汉尼拔，当因被迦太基人召回帮助他自己的国家而离开意大利时，他发现哈斯德鲁巴和西法克斯已经被击溃，努米底亚王国灭亡了，迦太基人被困在自己的城市里，只有他和他的军队能为他们带来希望。当他意识到祖国已经危如累卵，于是就决定，在尝试过所有的补救措施之前，绝不去冒险，追求和平并非耻辱，因为他确信，如果他的国家还有一线希望，那就是和平，而不是战争。当和平没有出路时，既然自觉仍可能取得胜利，即使必然战败，他也没有拒绝战斗。但如果他的失败不可避免，他至少可以光荣地失败。虽然汉尼拔具备将领的大智大勇，也拥有一支强劲的军队，但考虑到战败后，人民将沦为奴隶，他便更倾向于和平，而非战争。因此，那些并不具备他的才智和经验的人，在决定开始战争前，是否应该三思呢？但是，人会犯错误，因为他们的希望太无边无际；他们会被摧毁，因为他们只依赖这样的希望而不考虑其他因素。

罗马在和平时与战时同相邻国家和城市的关系

共和国或君主如果不为公众或个人伸张正义、惩奸罚恶将是危险的

什么会使人产生愤怒？这可以从罗马人的经历中找到答案。罗马人派遣三个法比依家族的人出使高卢，当时高卢人正准备进攻托斯卡纳，尤其是克鲁修姆城。克鲁修姆人请求罗马帮助抵抗高卢人。因此罗马人向高卢派遣三个法比依家族的人作为使节，并以罗马共和国的名义声明，一定会阻止高卢对托斯卡纳的战争。当使节到达目的地时，他们发现高卢人和托斯卡纳人正准备交战，于是超过职责范围直接介入了冲突，帮助托斯卡纳人。如此一来事情发生了改变，高卢人发现后，他们将对托斯卡纳人的怒火转移到罗马人的身上。高卢人向罗马元老院提出抗议，要求将上述使节移交给他们发落，以弥补给他们造成的损失。但是这些使节不仅没有被移交给高卢人，也没有受到任何惩罚，反而被选为享有领事权的护民官。结果，高卢人看到本应受到惩处的人反而受到重用，就认为这是对他们的侮辱和蔑视，于是义愤填膺进军罗马并占领了除卡庇托山外的所有地区。罗马人因藐视正义而给自己带来了灾难，因为他们的使节违反了“万国公法”，本应该受到惩罚，而不是加官进爵。

这不禁让人思考，重视这些冒犯对每个共和国和君主来讲多么重要，不仅仅是对所有民众的冒犯，还有关系到个人的冒犯。毕竟，如果一个人受到公众或个人的严重伤害，却没有得到应有的公正对待，那么假如他生活在共和国中，他会为自己复仇，即使会导致共和国毁灭；假如处于君主统治下，且生性勇敢不屈，即使会惹火烧身，他也会费尽心机地报仇雪恨，不达目的誓不罢休。

为了验证这点，没有比马其顿国王菲利普（亚历山大的父亲）更好的例子了。菲利普国王的一个名叫阿塔罗斯的随从被一位名叫鲍桑尼亚的年轻贵族迷住了，几次三番向他表达爱意，但是却发现对方对其并无好感。眼看着无法得其所欲，他于是决定设计阴谋迫使鲍桑尼亚就范。因此，阿塔罗斯大摆酒宴，邀请鲍桑尼亚和其他贵族男爵参加，在其酒足饭饱之际，他抓住了鲍桑尼亚，把他绑了起来。然后他不光使用暴力满足自己的淫欲，而且为了羞辱鲍桑尼亚，他还让其他人也用同样下流不堪的方式虐待他。对此奇耻大辱，鲍桑尼亚向菲利普国王反复申诉，国王却让他稍安勿躁，耐心等候。后来国王不但没有为他复仇，反而任命阿塔罗斯为希腊省总督。看到他的仇敌不仅没有受到惩罚还被重用，于是鲍桑尼亚将作恶者阿塔罗斯和没有为其主持公正的菲利普国王均视为其怒火的宣泄对象。因此在一天早晨菲利普国王女儿嫁入伊庇鲁斯王国的亚历山大家族的庄严婚礼上，正当菲利普国王站在两个亚历山大族人和其儿子与女婿之间，要走向圣殿参加仪式时，鲍桑尼亚杀死了他。这件事与罗马人的遭遇相似，统治者均应引以为戒，决不应该轻视任何人，理所当然地以为如果往伤口上撒盐，受伤之人不会复仇，因为其会卷入危险和毁灭之中。

命运不想让人类阻碍她的计划，于是她蒙蔽了他们的头脑

仔细思考世事，我们会发现许多事情的发生和众多不幸的降临并非天意，毫无防备。因此，显而易见，此段论述在罗马事例中仍然适用，正如美德、宗教、规范的行为方面，同样的事情会经常发生在缺乏以上方面的城市和行省。泰特斯·李维用一个众所周知的事件详细而有力地说明了天意控制人事的道理。他说，为了让罗马人认识到他的力量，天意首先使法比依家族的人在出使高卢时表现不公正，借助其错误行为激怒了高卢人，使高卢对罗马宣战。然后又宣布罗马人无力抵抗高卢的进攻。首先，罗马人在邪恶笼罩的时期里唯一的希望卡美卢斯被流放到了阿尔代亚。然后，当高卢人逼近罗马时，他们没有像以前抵抗沃尔西人

和附近其他敌人的多次入侵那样，任命一个独裁官。这也使他们变得虚弱，无法迅速集结部队，部队也根本没有时间武装起来并及时赶到离罗马十英里的阿里亚河岸与高卢人对阵。此时，护民官丢失了其惯有的勤勉来安营扎寨，既没有提前侦察地形，也没有修建壕沟和栅栏保护军营，更没有采取其他人为或天助的防御措施。备战时，指挥混乱，军队和指挥官也没有表现出罗马应有的军纪。战斗中没有人员伤亡，因为罗马军队一触即溃，大部分人逃到维伊，其余的人退守罗马，他们没有回家而是直接躲进卡庇托山。由于罗马元老院对罗马的防御一窍不通，他们甚至忘记关上城门。一些罗马元老逃走了，其他元老则和剩下的罗马人退据卡庇托山，他们在防守卡庇托山时恢复了一些军纪，把不能战斗的人留在城外，为应对长期围困收集他们能找到的所有粮食。不能战斗的人，像老人、妇女和儿童大部分逃到附近乡下，余下的人只能留在罗马听天由命。没有人知道前人是如何应对的，也没有人知道接下来要怎么做，因为没有人认为他们还是与祖先一样的罗马人。

对上述种种混乱的描述，泰特斯·李维总结如下：“当命运不想让人们反抗她的力量时，就蒙蔽人们的头脑至此地步。”

李维的结论是正确无疑的。人的一生既会遭遇坎坷，也会享受富贵，因此应宠辱不惊。人们发现其已经被天意给予种种美好的前景所驱使，要么走向毁灭，要么成就辉煌。据此，他们被给予或被剥夺成为美德之人的机会。命运的安排尽善尽美。当她想让一个人成为伟大事业的领导者之时，她会选择一个品行兼备、能抓住她所给予的时机的人。同样地，当她想让一个人制造灾难时，她会优先考虑可以帮助她达到目的的人。如果有任何人敢横加拦阻，她会杀死他或者剥夺他行善的所有能力。

从李维的论据中可清楚地看出，为了使罗马更加伟大，指引它铸就日后的辉煌，天意认为它必须先要经受磨难（在下本书的开篇会有详细

的描述），但她并没有完全毁灭罗马。因为她只是将卡美卢斯流放，并没有害死他；虽然罗马被占领了，但卡庇托山没有沦陷；她这样安排是为了让罗马得不到有效的帮助。她致使罗马被占领，军队主力在阿里亚河畔被击溃，退守到维伊城，从而使罗马城无兵可守。在这些事情的设计之中，她同时也为罗马的再生准备了出路，即在维伊城还有罗马军队，而且卡美卢斯还在阿尔代亚，罗马在战无不胜、声名显赫的统帅的带领下，还可以发动积极攻势收复失地。

为了证实上述观点，我可能还可以列举出更多的现代事例，但并无此必要，此处给出的例子已经足矣。再次强调历史的真相，总体来说证明了人可以接受其命运，但不能反对它；我们可以自己安排它，但不可以破坏它。人应永不放弃，因为希望总是会有的，虽然不知道结局，也不知道通向希望的道路有多么曲折和凶险，但是因为有希望，无论命运会带来什么，无论要承受怎样的艰难困苦，我们都不应该绝望。

真正强大的共和国和君主不会靠金钱收买盟友，而是依靠美德和军队的威望

罗马人被围困在卡庇托山，虽然希望得到来自维伊和卡美卢斯的援救，但由于饥荒，他们不得不向高卢人求和，同意缴纳大笔黄金。当卡美卢斯率领军队抵达时，他们正在按照约定给黄金称重。因此，历史学家说，命运注定“罗马人不应该用金钱换取性命”。

此事不但引人注意，而且深刻说明了此共和国的行为特征。罗马从未购买城镇或者换取和平，因为其一直都是靠军队的威名取得二者。其他共和国却不曾做过类似事情。强国权力的象征之一就是它与其邻国的条约关系。当其处于支配地位，为了获得友谊，它的邻国想成为其附庸国，这是国家强大的明显标志；但是如果邻国虽然实力不济，却仍然能得到进贡，这是国家弱小的明显标志。

纵览罗马历史，你会看到马西利亚人、埃杜维、罗得斯岛人、锡拉库扎的希罗国王、欧迈尼斯国王和马西尼萨国王，都曾与罗马帝国为邻，愿意花费金钱向罗马进贡，以获取罗马的友谊，而只要求得到她的保护作为回报。在弱国，你会发现情况正好相反。首先，佛罗伦萨声名显赫的辉煌时代已经过去，罗马涅的领主都能从它那里收取钱财。同时，它也会给佩鲁贾人、卡斯泰拉尼人以及所有其他邻国赠款。如果佛罗伦萨国力强盛、兵强马壮，那么情况将正好相反，即为了得到它的保护，许多国家会向它进贡钱财，以得到它的友谊，而并非出卖它自己。

不止是佛罗伦萨人曾自贬身价，威尼斯人和法国国王也有过同样遭遇。后者的国家虽强盛，却习惯于给瑞士人和英国国王进贡。这样可以剥夺民众的武装，而且还因为，法国国王和上述提到的其他国家宁可享受现有剥削其人民的优势，不居安思危，也不愿意装腔作势地去保护其人民以使国家长治久安。像这样的荒唐统治，虽然可以暂时换取安宁，但是日久必然会引发危机、灾难和无法弥补的损失。佛罗伦萨人、威尼斯人和法国人花钱避战、自取其辱的事情不计其数，罗马人有且只有一次。佛罗伦萨人和威尼斯人曾买下许多城镇，但后来遭遇动乱时，他们却无法用刀剑来守住用黄金换来的城镇。罗马人只要依然享受自由，就会保持其优良传统。但是当其处于罗马皇帝统治之下时，皇帝逐渐荒唐堕落，远离光明，坠入黑暗，他们也开始向帕提亚人，有时向德国和其他邻国进贡，于是这个伟大帝国开始走向衰亡。

这种种不利情况的产生，是因为你剥夺了民众的武装。更糟糕的是，敌人的攻击力越强大，你会发现自己越虚弱。因为上述的统治者对居住在其统治范围内的臣民施行暴政，但是为了让其能阻敌于国门外，却对那些处于边境的民众施以仁慈。为了更好地防止敌人入侵，他资助邻近的领主和民众，为的是维持自己国家的统治，确保边境太平。但是一旦敌人越境侵犯，则无计可施。这样的国家没有意识到，其统治方式完全违背了正常规律。因为身体最需要加强的是心脏和重要器官，而不

是四肢。如果没有四肢，人还可以继续存活，但是如果前者受了伤，人就会死去。这样国家就好比一个拥有全副武装的手脚而无任何心脏保护的身体。

佛罗伦萨因这种秩序的缺乏而遭受的恶果显而易见，也是可预见的。敌军越过边境，逼近它的心脏时，它会发现自己黔驴技穷。同理，几年以前威尼斯人也证明了这一点，如果他们的城市不是有护城河环绕，那么就没有希望了。在法国很少发生这种事，因为法国是一个大国，很少有比它更强大的敌人。尽管如此，1513年英国人入侵法国，整个国家陷入恐慌之中，国王和其他人都认为一次失败就会断送国王和国家。罗马人在这种情况下就与法国人不同，敌军越是接近罗马，他们发现罗马城的抵抗就会变得越坚决。汉尼拔入侵意大利，他发现尽管罗马三次惨败，损失了那么多将军和士兵，但它不仅依然能够抵抗敌人，而且最终赢得了战争。这都归功于“心脏”得到了最好的防护，而不是四肢。因为在这个国家中，主要人口是罗马人，也就是拉丁人，意大利的其他地方和殖民地也有相似的背景。因此，罗马拥有源源不断的兵员可以补充，延续战争。汉尼拔在坎尼取胜后派回信使，从迦太基亲罗马派首领汉诺对信使提出的问题中，就可以看出以上事实。在信使们赞颂汉尼拔的丰功伟绩后，汉诺问他们罗马人是否答应和谈，拉丁人和殖民地的城镇是否已经反叛罗马，这两个问题的答案都是否定的，因此汉诺说道：“这场战争仍然如开始一样远没有结束。”

可见，现今的共和国与古代共和国的作风迥异。正因如此，每天有多少成就铸成，就有多少失败降临。在缺乏美德之人的身上，命运展现了它的力量。因命运变迁，各个共和国和政府也随之而变，而且会一直持续下去，直到某个人带着古人的宠爱降临，他可以控制万物，如同太阳运行，命运之神不必时时展示她之所能。

相信流亡者是危险的事情

相信那些被驱逐出自己国家的流亡者是非常危险的事，鉴于这是每一个当权者都不得不解决的问题，因此这个观点在别的专题中可能并非错误。为了支持这一观点，举一个泰特斯·李维在其史书中曾引用过的典型例子，尽管这不在他的研究范围。亚历山大大帝进军亚洲时，他的一个亲戚——实际上是他叔叔——伊庇鲁斯王国亚历山大，受到卢卡尼亚流亡者的邀请，让其带领军队进入意大利，使其相信通过他们的斡旋，他能得到整个王国。带着他们的承诺和由此而生的希望，他进入意大利，结果被他们害死了，因为同城的公民答应，如果能杀死他，他们就可以回到自己的祖国。因此，我们应该反思那些被自己国家流放的人许下的协议和承诺的不可靠性，要弄清这种人是否言而有信，一定要牢牢记住：一旦他们有机会无须你的帮助就可以回归故土，他们将不顾对你许下的任何承诺，抛弃你投靠别人。相比空洞的承诺和希望，回家的渴望更强烈，以至于他们认为那是错误，并且狡诈地夸大：所以在他们所信与所说之间，他们相信他们使你有了这样的希望，如果你依赖它，你会一无所获或者自取灭亡。

亚历山大和雅典的地米斯托克利的例子足以明证。地米斯托克利被宣布为叛国者后，在亚洲大流士寻求庇护，他向大流士郑重承诺，如果大流士有决心，他会协助进攻希腊。但是后来他没有履行承诺，无论是因为出于愧疚还是害怕惩罚，地米斯托克利最终饮鸩自尽。由此可见，如果像地米斯托克利这样杰出的人物都会犯下如此错误，那么那些德行逊于他的人则更可能犯错，更可能被自己的欲望和冲动左右。因此，统治者应该对流亡者承诺的事情保持谨慎，因为他得到的往往是巨大的屈辱或伤害。

因为利用偷袭或城里居民提供的情报来夺取城镇，极少能够成功，所以我觉得探讨这个与下个章节无关，罗马人照样有很多攻城之法。

罗马人各种攻城之法

罗马人热衷于战争，所以他们总是在任何场合利用任何事情牟利，比如说花钱，以及任何能有所帮助的事情。这就是为什么他们不愿意围困城市，他们认为此战术代价太高，而且过于死板，围城的劣势更多地会抵消胜利带来的优势。因此他们认为最好是采用其他战术而不是围困。在罗马人长年的征战史上，极少有围困城市的事例。

为了得到一座城市，罗马人要么攻城，要么逼其投降。他们进攻时既会凭其强大军队而强攻，也会使用计谋。强攻时，他们会使用两个战术，一是在不破坏城墙的情况下，从所有方向同时进攻，称之为“给城市加冠”，因为所有军队都参与包围并与敌交战。运用这个战术，他们取得了多次胜利，甚至有的大城市在被第一次攻击时就在所难免，例如，西皮奥夺取了西班牙的新迦太基城。其次，当攻击失败后，他们就开始用攻城锥或其他围城器具破坏城墙，或者挖掘直通城里的地道，例如，维伊城就是这样被攻取的。再者，为了化解守军的高度优势，他们会建造木质塔楼，或在城墙外修筑土山，以便和守军处在同一高度。

为了抵抗上述进攻，城里的守军在面对罗马人第一个战术即全面进攻时，会很快暴露在危险面前，而且没有有效的对策。因为各处都需要守军防守，他们没有足够的预备队和援军，即使人手充足，也不是所有人都能英勇作战，一旦一处攻破，则全线溃败。这种情况时常发生，所以这个战术非常有效。但是，当第一轮进攻失利后，他们不会保持很久，因为这对军队来说很危险，它涉及太多战场，作为整体抵抗是可以的，但对于守军却无力突围。军队失去控制且疲惫不堪；但是如果能出其不意，他们只会尝试一次这种战术。如果在城墙上有突破口，可以暂时借助壁垒进行反击。对付地道，他们可以使用现有的武器或其他工具进行反地道战，如装满羽毛的大桶，点燃之后，把它们投入地道中，烟雾和恶臭会阻止敌人进入地道。如果受到塔楼攻击，他们可以尝试用火攻摧毁它。对付土山，他们可以在城墙的低处开个洞，此处是土山倚靠城墙的地方，然后将外面的泥土吸到城里来，因为泥土从外面堆起，却

从内部被掏空，所以土山就垒不起来。

这些攻城战术都不能持久，所以他们要么安营扎寨，要么改变取胜策略，西皮奥在非洲就是这么做的。当他进攻尤蒂卡受挫后，在外面扎营寻机与迦太基军队交战，消灭他们。或者他们可以依靠围困战术，正如他们采用围困战术攻取了维伊、加普亚、迦太基、耶路撒冷和其他城市一样。

借助内应密谋夺城的例子是帕拉奥波利，罗马人在内应的接应下占领了它。罗马人和其他人时常尝试这种战术，但是很少成功。原因就是，即使最小的失误也会导致满盘皆输，这种失误很容易发生。一开始在阴谋计划时就有可能暴露，因为有人会去告发，所以很容易被发现。有时也是因为困难重重。除非你能找到借口，否则并不允许和他们交谈，但此种情况下你就必须要与敌人接触。即便计划顺利进行，没有被发觉，开始实施时还会遇到一大堆问题。如果你比约定时间提前或者推迟都会扰乱计划。再者，如果有任何意外的响声，像卡庇托山的白鹅那样，或者如果正常的过程被打断，即使是最小的错误或失误，进攻也会注定失败。除此之外，黑暗的夜晚会给执行危险任务的人增加恐惧，实际上大多数参与者不熟悉所要去往的地方。他们会迷茫、怯懦，轻微的意外也会使他们心惊胆战，任何错觉都足以使他们掉头逃跑。

在这样隐秘的夜间冒险中，比起西西尼亚人，阿拉托斯则更幸运，没有人被发现，然而，即使他很大胆，在白天公开进行，也会同样感到紧张。我们可以归因于他所具有的某种神秘品行，而不是使他们比其他人更幸运的带有夜间冒险特征的任何事物。虽然经常计划用此战术，但是极少能成功奏效。

城市的投降有可能是自愿的，也有可能是被迫的。如果是自愿的，一方面是因为某些外部情况使城市居民想得到他国的保护，如加普亚希望得到罗马的庇护。另一方面是渴望拥有仁慈的统治者，这种愿望是来

自英明君主领导下的好政府，此君主会考虑那些自愿接受他统治的人民，如罗得斯岛人、马西利亚人和其他投降罗马的人。如果是被迫投降，可能是因为上述长期围困，也可能是因为想摆脱由于袭击、劫夺和其他难忍之事而生的苦难。

上述所有方法中，罗马人使用最多的是最后一种。在四百五十多年里，他们通过战场上的胜利和袭击使邻国筋疲力尽，通过条约能获得比他们对手更大的荣誉。这是他们最倚重的方法，虽然他们试过所有方法，但发现其他方法危险且无用。因为围城耗费时间，代价高昂，攻城则无把握且风险高，计谋也不可靠。他们也意识到，如果敌军被击溃，他们一天之内就可以占领敌国，然而，如果他们包围一座顽抗的城市，可能需要几年才能取得。

罗马人给予军队统帅自主权

如果一个人能够重视罗马民众和元老们采用的全部程序模式，他就能通过熟读李维的史书而有所斩获，最引人关注的一点是，他们会赋予执政官、独裁官和军队统帅在战场上的权力。这是非常高的权力，因为罗马元老只为自己保留了开战和确认和平条约的权力。其他所有权力都留给了执政官。举例来说，当民众和元老决定对拉丁人发动战争，他们将其余事情都留给执政官自行决定，可以决定如何战斗，以及选择进攻的城市。

很多例子都证实了这一点，尤其以远征托斯卡纳人一例为典型。执政官费边在苏特流姆附近击败了他们，接着计划带领军队穿过直通托斯卡纳的奇米尼森林。尽管战争在一片新的未探索过的危险地区进行，但是对于其计划，他没有与元老院商议，甚至没有告知他们。正好与之相反，元老院可以接受的行动就是进一步确认。听说了费边取得的胜利，元老院很想知道他下一步是否要穿过奇米尼森林进军托斯卡纳，他们认为最好不要冒险，于是派了两名使者去阻止费边进军。但是当使者到达

时，费边已经到达托斯卡纳，并大获全胜，于是，使者干脆抛弃使命，将胜利的消息带回罗马，宣扬他赢得的荣誉。

凡是认真思考这种方式的人都会发现，善于使用它是非常明智的。如果元老院要求执政官一步步按照他们的指示指挥战争，那么他就会变得谨小慎微，反应迟缓。元老院认为胜利的荣耀不能全部归功于执政官，他们也要分享，因为战争原本是在他们指挥下进行的。而且，元老院本可以对一些不需要立即处理的事情提出建议，虽然元老们都是在军事方面经验丰富的人，但他们远在千里之外，并不熟悉战场的种种重要细节，因此无法给出正确的建议，会犯下许多错误。正因如此，他们更希望执政官自行决定，他们认为他会因热爱荣誉而尽力约束和节制自己的行为。

说到这点，我想唤起读者的注意，因为我注意到现今的共和国，像威尼斯和佛罗伦萨共和国，表现有所不同。如果他们的统帅、执政官或地方长官要安排战术，他们了解它并给出建议——这套程序与其他值得称赞的相同程序一样，让我们走上如今的道路。

对战略、策略、新装备和纪律的各种评论

如果敌人不惜一切代价决意与之交战，统帅则无法避战

“独裁官盖乌斯·苏尔比基乌斯与高卢人作战，在其作战时机和不利状况继续恶化时，不会孤注一掷与敌人决战。”对于所有人或大多数人都可能犯的错误，经常警告他们应对错误不是一件坏事。因此，我们现今处理重大事件的方法比不上古人的水平。在这个时候再次指出这点并不多余。如果说有什么已经违背了古代传统的话，那么一定是在军事方面，古人们看重的东西现在都消失了。这种不幸是由于共和国和君主已经将这些事情委托给其他人执行。为了避免危险，他们置身军事行动之外，虽然有时君主也会亲自带兵出征，但我不会因此认为他能作出值得称颂的事。实际上，他们参与军事行动，只是为了炫耀而非可敬的原因。这是事实，他们会偶尔检阅一下军队，保留统帅的头衔，他们犯错误的次数要比共和国少一些，尤其是意大利的那些共和国，他们严重依赖他人，自己则对战争一无所知，然而他们希望自己在军队眼中仍贵为君主，于是参与制定决策，结果犯下了数不清的错误。

虽然在别的地方讨论过一些错误，但我依旧无法对一些大错保持沉默。当这些懒散的君主或无能的共和国派遣他们的将军征战时，他们认为任命他去做的最明智的事情，不是在战场上与敌人交战，而是恰恰相反，防守敌人进攻高于一切。他们认为这么做是在效仿费边·马克西姆斯，即避免交战从而拯救罗马。但他们忽略了这样一个事实：这样的委任多半是荒谬或危险的。应谨记于心的一点是，如果敌军不惜一切代价决意与之交战，留在战场上的将军将无法避免战斗。因此，这样的委任相当于：“迫不得已时方可参战，否则不可主动进攻。”如果一个将军想留在战场又不想交战，那么唯一的保险办法就是，与敌军保持至少五十

英里的距离，然后派出精锐的侦察员，如果敌人向你进军，你可以有时间远离他们。另一个方法就是躲在城里。但两个方法都极其危险。第一个方法会让你的国家受制于敌，英勇的君主宁可在战场上决一死战，也不愿意以他的臣民为代价拖延战争。第二个方法注定会失败，如果事情果真这样，把军队带进城里，你可能会被包围，而且用不了多久你就会被饥饿折磨而开城投降。因避战而采用这两个办法都极其不利。只要费边·马克西姆斯的军队依然英勇无畏使敌人不敢到你的阵前挑战，那么他采纳的坚守险要的计划就会一直有效。所以说费边没有避战，他只是更想利用他的优势进行交战。如果汉尼拔想与他交战，他本可以一整天等待他。但汉尼拔不敢在这样条件下和他交战。可以说汉尼拔和费边一样避战；但如果任何一方决意不惜代价决战，另一方将不得不采用三个方法之一，即前面已经说过的两个方法，还有逃跑。

以上所述千真万确，有很多例子可以清楚地证明，尤其是罗马人和马其顿的菲利普（珀修斯之父）之间的战争。当菲利普被罗马人攻击时，他决定不与之交战，如同费边·马克西姆斯一开始在意大利那样避免交战一样。他和他的军队驻扎在山顶上，建立防御工事，原以为罗马人不敢来找他交战。但是罗马人来了，和他交战，还把他从山上赶走了。他无力抵抗，和他大部分的军队一起逃跑了。恶劣难行的地形阻止了罗马人的追击，使他免遭彻底被歼。菲利普仍然不愿意与罗马人交战，他在罗马的附近扎营，不得不离开。他从失败经验中学会了如何避战，在山顶上扎营是不够的，也不能把自己关在城里。于是决定采用余下的方法，让自己与罗马的营地保持很远的距离。因此，当罗马人进驻这个省，他就转移到另一个省，如此这样捉迷藏，只要罗马人退走，他就回去。但最后他终于意识到靠拖延战争，他的处境会越来越糟，双方都让他的百姓遭受很多痛苦。他决定在战争中一决高下。于是在适当的时候，他与罗马人展开了正面决战。

在费边军队身处的情况下避免交战是有利的，对盖乌斯·苏尔比基

乌斯也是如此，即当你有一支善战之师，敌人不敢应战，无法把你赶出防御工事时，或者当敌人在你的国家立足未稳，无法保证后勤补给供应时，这个方法有用，李维给出的理由是："只要时机和不利状况每天都会使敌人的处境变得越坏，那么他就不愿意孤注一掷与敌人决战。"但是在其他情况下，避战会带来耻辱和危险，因为如果你逃跑了，正如菲利普那样，其结果会和被击溃一样糟糕，而且更可耻，以至于有损你的美德。尽管他成功逃脱了，但是那些无有利地形帮助的人可能就没有他那么幸运了。

无人否认汉尼拔是一位战争奇才。当他在非洲与西皮奥较量时，如果他能看出拖延战争的任何好处，他一定会这么做。或者，身为一名拥有一支常胜之师的高明统帅，他本可以效仿费边在意大利的做法。但是，他既然没有这么做，一定有更强有力的理由。他的军队已经集结完毕，他知道自己军费匮乏，缺少盟友，不能进行持久战，作为统帅，如果在他的军队被迫解散之前不与敌人进行决战，那么他一定是疯了。如果他继续等待，肯定会失败；但如果进攻，他可能会成功。

还有一点值得思考：如果你注定要失败，又试图赢得荣誉，那么与敌人战斗至最后一兵一卒将比其他让你蒙羞的方法更能让你得到敌人的尊敬。汉尼拔一定是被困境限制了手脚。另一方面，如果汉尼拔当时推迟交战，而西皮奥没有勇气进军攻击他坚固的工事，那么西皮奥本可以不会为此蒙受损失，因为他已经打败了西法克斯，并占领了非洲大部分城市，如同在意大利一样处境无忧。与汉尼拔的战争不是他当初对抗费边时的情景了，同样与高卢人的战争也不是他当初对抗苏尔比基乌斯时的情景了。

带领军队进攻别的国家而又想避免交战是不可能的。如果想进军敌国，敌军出现时，交战是不可避免的。如果在一座城市前列阵，也必须交战。我们这个时代就发生过这样的事情，当勃艮第公爵查尔斯在瑞士

城镇穆尔滕前安营扎寨时，被瑞士人击溃了。同样，当法国军队包围诺瓦拉时，也被瑞士人击败了。

当被迫对抗多个敌人时，即使比敌人弱小，假如能抵挡住敌人的首次进攻，你实际上已经胜利了

罗马城民众的护民官的权力非常大，这很有必要，否则，他们就不可能监控贵族的野心。正如前述，在此情况下，贵族原本会很快腐蚀共和国。然而，我在别处提到过，因为体制内特有的弊病，导致了新的灾难，所以共和国必须颁布新的法令对抗他们。因此，护民官因权力在握而变得越来越傲慢，威胁了贵族和整个罗马。如果阿庇乌斯·克劳狄未提出制衡护民官权力的措施，那么由此产生的危险会对罗马的自由造成不利影响。这包括从他们中间甄别出哪些人怯懦、容易腐化，哪些人能投身于公众利益，以及当他们的建议与元老院的建议相左时，哪些人易被诱导以致反抗其他人的意志。这个措施在很大程度上限制了护民官过大的权力，有益于罗马。

这让我们不禁思考下面情况是如何发生的，众多力量联合起来对抗单一力量，虽然通过联合使其力量比对方高出许多，然而单一力量却被期望得更多，虽然力量比联合力量弱小，即使它很强大，单一力量还有许多联合力量所没有的众多优势，因此，其只要稍稍努力，较弱一方就可以瓦解联合力量，使原本强大的联盟变弱。我不再引证古代史中的例子，因为例子太多，但是我会用引用一些发生在我们时代的现代事例。

1483年，所有的意大利行省组成了反威尼斯联盟。威尼斯人失去了所有领土，他们的军队在战场也落败了，于是靠贿赂诱使取得米兰统治权的卢多维科爵士与其成功达成了协议，按照协议威尼斯人不仅收回了他们失去的土地，而且还获得菲拉拉国的一块领地。因此，虽然他们战败了，但是当和平来临时，他们却比之前更富有。

几年前，整个欧洲组成了反法同盟，但是在战争结束之前，西班牙退出了同盟，出于自身利益的考虑与法国人讲和，结果导致其他同盟国在很短的时间内也纷纷与法国达成和解。

由此结论显而易见。如果许多国家对一个国家宣战，那么这个国家摆脱此局面最好的方法是：它必须抵抗住第一轮的进攻，然后拖延时间，等待时机的来临。如果做不到这一点，许多危险将随之而生，威尼斯就遭遇了这种情况。如果可以拖住法国军队，有时间争取到反威尼斯联盟中的某个国家的支持，它就可能避免灾难的发生。但是威尼斯的军队不够强大到可以拖住敌军，没有时间劝说任何国家脱离联盟，因此失败了。我们注意到，罗马教皇在收复失地后，成了它的同盟国，随后西班牙也与其结盟。如果这两位君主有能力，他们本来很愿意帮助它拯救伦巴第，因为这样可以阻止法国在意大利称霸。因此，威尼斯人原本可以通过放弃部分领土，而保住其他部分。如果在战争爆发之前能实现的话，这将会是一个明智的选择，这样他们就不会被赶出来。但是在战争开始后，这样做反而会受到谴责，而且很可能没有作用。然而，在开战前，几乎没有威尼斯人预见到这种危险，更别说应对措施，也没有人给他们提出建议。

由此，我们的结论是，罗马元老院找到了从护民官的野心中挽救国家的方法，即设置多个护民官。所以，如果有很多人辅佐的君主非常英明地采取适当的措施化解联盟，那么他就能控制国家。

谨慎的统帅应该让他自己的军队绝对相信作战的必要性，但应避免迫使敌人也这么做

以上论述已经表明，生存欲望在人类生活中发挥了非常大的作用，它可以引领人们取得光荣的业绩。正如德高望重的哲学家在他们作品中写到的那样，如果没被生存欲望驱使，那么人最高贵的工具，即双手和舌头，就不可能完美地完成工作，或者将他们的工作带到前所未有的高

度。因此，古代军队统帅意识到了生存欲望的作用，即当受到生存欲望的驱使，士兵就能在战斗中变得坚定不移，作战勇敢，因此他们会将其部队置于绝境中，另一方面，不让敌人有破釜沉舟的可能。为达此目的，他们经常会向敌军打开他们原本关闭的道路，而对自己的士兵封闭原本开放的道路。要想让一个城市能顽强抵抗，或者让军队在战争中勇敢作战，那么他首先应该做的就是，将这种生存欲望灌输到参战士兵的头脑中。

结果就是，谨慎的统帅在攻打和包围一城市时，应该考虑促使城中居民抵抗的生存欲望程度，从而估计出攻城的难度。如果发现促使他们守城的生存欲望非常大，他就应该知道围困将很困难，反之，将很容易。这就是为什么平定反叛的城市比首次攻取它时要困难得多。起初，他们不会担心因为抵抗而受到敌人的惩罚，于是轻易地投降了，但是后来他们害怕由于再次抵抗而受到惩罚，于是征服他们就会变得困难。这种固执源于邻国之间天然的仇恨。出于野心与嫉妒促使国家之间互相征伐，尤其是共和国之间，托斯卡纳就是例子，这种敌对和竞争使得征服对方变得艰难，而且艰难程度会越来越大。仔细思考一下佛罗伦萨城的邻国有哪些，威尼斯城的邻国有哪些，就不难理解，佛罗伦萨在战争中本不应该花费比威尼斯多，所得到的却比它少，因为威尼斯周边的城镇没有比佛罗伦萨周边城镇的抵抗更顽强。这是因为威尼斯人更习惯于在君主而不是自由城邦的统治下，而习惯于服从的城市通常不介意更换统治者，恰好相反，他们愿意这么做。因此，虽然威尼斯的邻国比佛罗伦萨的邻国更加强大，但由于这些城镇的抵抗并不顽强，所以威尼斯能比佛罗伦萨更快地征服他们，而后者的周围都是自由城邦。

我们回到这个论述的主题。当一位将军攻击一座城市时，他应该尽其所能使守军放弃生存欲望，以及他们顽抗的意志，如果他们害怕惩罚，则通过承诺赦免他们，如果他们害怕失去自由，则跟他们解释他们大多数人的公共利益不会受到侵犯，只是剥夺少数野心家的利益。这样

做有助于攻取城市。虽然这些花言巧语很容易被人看穿，尤其是谨慎之人，但平民依然时常上当。因为他们渴望和平早日来临，于是对慷慨承诺掩盖下的陷阱视而不见。许多城市就是因此沦为奴役之地的。佛罗伦萨就是最近的例子。这发生在克拉苏和他的军队身上，虽然他意识到帕提亚的承诺是空洞的，但敌人的和平建议却使他的军队失去了抵抗的必要信念，他无法维持军队的志气，迷失了方向。如果重新审视自己的人生，我们就能看清这一点。

由于少数人的野心，撒姆尼人违反他们的条约，袭击和掠夺罗马同盟国的领土。后来他们派遣使节到罗马请求和平，提出愿意归还他们掠夺的东西，并交出导致战乱和抢掠的罪魁祸首，但他们的请求被罗马人拒绝了。当他们两手空空地回到撒姆尼后，撒姆尼军队的统帅克劳迪厄斯·庞提乌斯，在他著名的演说之一中指出：虽然他们这方希望和平，但是罗马人无论如何都想发动战争，生存欲望驱使他们必须参战，他说道："如果生存欲望迫使人们参战，则战争是正当的，如果人们的希望寄于武力，则拿起武器就是他们的职责。"他将军队胜利的希望建立在此生存欲望上。

还有一个罗马事例中更值得注意的例子，即盖乌斯·曼利厄斯领导他的军队对抗维伊人，当一部分维伊人的军队突破他们的防御栅栏后，他急忙带领一队人马抵抗他们，为了不让维伊人逃掉，他在军营中的每个出口都设置了守卫。因此，当维伊人发现他们无路可逃时，反而勇猛异常，竟然杀死了曼利厄斯，如果不是一位护民官头脑清醒放他们出去，他们也许会将其他罗马人也杀死。因此，只要生存欲望仍在约束维伊人战斗，他们就会勇不可当，但是，当他们看见有路可逃时，反而只会想着逃跑，而不是战斗。

当沃尔西人和埃魁人的军队越过罗马边境时，罗马派遣执政官抵抗他们。维提乌斯·麦西乌斯指挥的沃尔西军队在战斗中，发现被罗马人

的防御栅栏包围了。他知道要么战死，要么拼死作战求得生机，于是对他的士兵说：“跟我一起上，在战场上没有城墙和壁垒，只有刀剑对刀剑，虽然我们勇气相当，但生存欲望是我们最后的武器，也是最好的武器，你拥有这种优势。”因此，李维称生存欲望是“最后和最好的武器”。

全罗马最谨慎的统帅卡美卢斯，当他率领军队进入维伊城后，为了巩固取得的胜利，让敌人失去抵抗的最后一丝生存欲望，在维伊人能听见的情况下，大声发布命令：任何人只要放下武器，就不会受到伤害。结果就是维伊人扔掉了武器，整个城市几乎兵不血刃就屈服了。这个方法后来被很多将领效仿。

哪一方最值得相信，强将弱兵，还是弱将强兵？

科里奥兰纳斯被罗马驱逐出境后，投靠了沃尔西人，在那里集结了一支军队，借此向他的罗马同胞复仇。他开始向罗马进军，但是最终撤退了，原因是他对他母亲的爱，而非对罗马军队的爱。在对这件事情的评论中，李维说道：我们可以从中知道，罗马共和国更多是通过她将领的美德，而不是士兵的美德而成长。虽然沃尔西人以往总是失败，但这次他们本可以获胜，但由于科里奥兰纳斯是他们的统帅，才没有取胜。虽然李维提出这个观点，但在他的历史著作中有许多文章表明，没有统帅指挥的士兵们也曾表现出证明他们品行的非凡行为，在执政官死后，他们甚至比他战死前更加纪律严明，更加意志坚决。这样的事情发生在西班牙由西皮奥家族领导的罗马军队身上，尽管这两个统帅均战死了，但罗马士兵的品行不仅保护了自己，而且打败了敌人，为罗马共和国挽救了西班牙。考虑上述许多例子中只凭士兵的品行就赢得了战争，还有许多其他例子中是将军的品行发挥了同样的作用，所以我们可以说，将军与士兵需要彼此。

在这一点上，我们应该首先考虑哪一个更让人害怕：弱将强兵，还

是强将弱兵。如果我们相信恺撒的观点，则双方同等重要。恺撒前往西班牙与阿夫拉涅乌斯和彼得利乌斯作战时，虽然对手有一流的军队，但是他没有表现出一丝恐惧，他说道，他是在和一支无将之师作战，以此表明统帅的无能。另外，当他前往塞萨利与庞培交手时，他说道：“我将遇到一位无兵之将。”

更进一步探讨此问题：究竟是常胜将军铸造了常胜之师，还是常胜之师成就了常胜将军。我倾向于这个观点：众人之力皆为一人之志，则易；而一人之力皆为众人之志，则难。当卢库勒斯被派遣与米特里达梯交战时，完全没有任何战争经验，然而他带领的军队很精锐而且有杰出的军官，很快他就成长为优秀的统帅。同样，罗马人因为人力短缺，武装了许多奴隶，并把他们交由森普罗尼乌斯·格拉古斯训练，在很短的时间里，他就把他们培养成了一支优秀的军队。曾在别处提到过的佩洛皮达斯和伊巴密浓达，当他们把底比斯从斯巴达人的奴役中解放出来后，在短期内将底比斯农夫打造成了优秀的战士，他们不仅能够对抗斯巴达的民兵，而且还打败了他们。

这场争论是势均力敌的，因为一方是好的，就可以使另一方变得和它一样好。一支优秀的军队，如果缺少一个英明的统帅就会变得躁动而危险，亚历山大死后的马其顿军以及内战中的老兵就是这样。因此，我们应该对有时间训练士兵并将他们全副武装的杰出统帅更有信心，而不是一个狂躁之徒被临时选为乱军的头头。更多的荣誉与赞美应该给予那些既能打败敌人，又能将军队在迎敌前训练成虎狼之师的将军们，因为他们展示出了双重的美德，即使将这种美德给予众人，使其成为严厉的纪律严明者，他们也远不能像那些将军那样受到尊敬和赞颂。

由于战争中新发明的出现或不熟悉的叫喊而产生的作用

许多事件都表明，在冲突和战争中因第一次被人看见或听到的事物而发生前所未有的事件非常重要，以罗马人与沃尔西人的战争为例。当

奎因久斯发现他军队的一个侧翼在后撤，于是大声呵斥他们坚守阵线，因为另一个侧翼正在获胜，通过这些激励的话语，他让自己的士兵重新获得勇气，同时也让敌人惊恐万分，于是他获胜了。对于纪律严明的军队，这些话语会有很大作用，对于混乱不堪和军纪涣散的军队仍会有更大作用，可以说是，一语重于泰山。

举一个发生在我们时代的不同寻常的例子。几年前，佩鲁贾城因奥迪和巴利奥尼两支势力而分裂。后者当权之后，前者被流放了。但是在朋友的帮助下，巴利奥尼召集了一支军队，集结在靠近佩鲁贾的一座城镇里。在城内追随者的协助下，夜晚他们神不知鬼不觉地潜入城中，然后向广场的方向前进。因为城中的每个街头都设置了铁链阻挡道路，所以在奥迪军队的前列有一个人手持铁狼牙棒负责砸开固定铁链的锁，以便让骑兵通过。当呼喊声“拿起武器！”响起时，正在砸锁的人被后面的人群推挤得无法举起胳膊抡棒，于是，他大喊了一声“退后！”，这句话被后面的人一级级传下去，结果变成了“撤退！”。于是后面的人开始逃跑，一个接一个，其他人也随着自己人产生的混乱而溃逃。因此，奥迪人的计划就这么泡汤了，就因为一句不起眼的话。

严明的纪律不仅能使军队在战斗中保持有序的队列，而且也会防止一些小意外扰乱军心。仅以此原因，就说明平民大众在战争中毫无用处，因为任何谣言、喊声、骚动都会影响他们的情绪，使他们落荒而逃。因此训导是有必要的，高明的统帅应该委派专人听从其口头命令，并将命令传递给其他人。他应该使他的军队不去理会别人，军官们不得擅离职守。疏忽这些要点会导致无法控制的混乱。

至于疑兵之计，每位统帅都应该在战斗中尝试使用这种方法鼓舞士气，同时挫伤敌人的锐气，尤其是在侥幸获胜的战斗中非常有效。以罗马独裁官盖乌斯·苏尔比基乌斯为例。在他与高卢人作战时，他把武器分发给所有脚夫和随从们，让他们骑上骡子和其他乘骑，让他们伪装成

一支骑兵部队，然后让他们手持旌旗隐蔽在山后。在战斗白热化的时候，命令他们收到信号后，出现在战场上，让敌人看到。如此疑兵之法，让高卢人惊恐万分，于是溃败了。有两件事是一位优秀统帅应该做的：第一，他应该知道是否应该采用新奇的战法惊吓敌人；第二，他应该保持警惕，观察敌人是否会用同样的花招来对付他，从而察觉出并化解它。

印度国王就是这么做的，但当塞米勒米斯注意到印度国王有很多大象后，为了威吓住他，让他看到她也有很多大象，于是将水牛和母牛的兽皮披在骆驼的背上伪装出许多假大象。但她的计谋让印度国王发现了，她的计划不仅无用，而且变成了她的劣势。同样，当独裁官玛莫库斯与费德奈人交战时，为了惊吓罗马人，在战斗最激烈的时候，他们命令许多军队将火把绑在长枪上从费德奈城出来，自以为借此就可以分散罗马人的注意力，结果自乱阵脚。

但须注意，这种计谋如果实大于虚，则可以用于占优势的一方，因为如果他们足够勇猛，弱点就不会很快被发现。但是如果虚大于实，则最好不要采用，或者如果采用了，要尽量多伪装一会儿，别让骗局很快被揭穿，就像盖乌斯·苏尔比基乌斯的“骡兵”做的那样。如果疑兵之术有内部弱点，只要走到近前就会被看穿，那将对你是百害而无益，就像塞米勒米斯的大象和费德奈人的火把一样。虽然一开始他让罗马军队变得有点不安，然而，独裁官赶过来，喝住他的士兵，告诉他们不要像胆小鬼一样被一点点小烟吓跑，应该转身冲过去，他高呼道：“既然你们无法用仁慈使他们安静，那么就用火焰摧毁费德奈。”这种方法被证明对费德奈人没有用处，他们是战斗的失败者。

军队的统帅应该只有一位，而非多位，令出多门是祸事

当费德奈人反叛并屠杀了罗马人派到费德奈的移民后，罗马人为了报仇雪耻任命了四位有领事权的护民官，其中一人留下保卫罗马，另外

三个人被派遣去与费德奈人和维伊人交战。由于指挥权分散，护民官之间相互对立，虽然没有造成严重后果，但他们回到罗马时名誉扫地。幸亏罗马军队英勇善战，才没有因他们的无能而引发灾难。因此，当罗马人意识到问题根源后，就任命了一位独裁官，负责将三位护民官引发的混乱恢复正常。这表明，多人指挥同一支军队或者负责防御同一座城市毫无用处。泰特斯·李维对这件事是再明白不过，他写道：“三位有领事权的护民官向我们展示了在战争中令出多门是多么的徒劳无用，每个人都倾向于自己的意见，认为别人的都是错误的，于是他们给了敌人可乘之机。”

虽然这个例子足够说明号令不统一在战争中会引起混乱，我想再举两个例子，一个来自现代，另一个来自古代，能更好地支持这个观点。

1500年，在法国国王路易十二重新征服了米兰之后，他派出军队进军比萨城，想从佛罗伦萨人手中夺回它。军队由吉奥凡巴蒂斯塔·里多尔菲和卢卡·蒂·安东尼奥·第格利·阿尔卑兹同时指挥。因为吉奥凡巴蒂斯塔威望很高，而且经验丰富，卢卡将一切事务均交由他管理。虽然没有显露出，但卢卡通过沉默、疏忽和批评的方式表现出反对吉奥凡巴蒂斯塔的野心，结果他既没有为围城作战出力，也没有献计献策，表现得像自己并不存在。后来，因为某件事情的发生让吉奥凡巴蒂斯塔不得不返回佛罗伦萨。当卢卡一人独掌大权之后，事情发生了变化，他通过勇气、勤奋和明断表现出了他的价值，只要他的同僚还在军营，所有这些特质都不会被展示出来。

为了证实泰特斯·李维的话，引用另一个例子：罗马派遣一支军队讨伐在奎因久斯和他同僚阿格里帕指挥下的埃魁人。阿格里帕想从奎因久斯手中取得对战争的绝对控制权，他说道：“只有当最高指挥权在一人之手时，军队事务管理才会最明智。”

这和我们现在的共和国和君主的做法正好相反，为了加强管理，他

们为一个地方加派了多名行政长官和多名军队指挥官，导致了难以形容的混乱。在我们的时代里，如果人们想找到灾难降临到意大利和法国军队上的原因，那么这是最有效的通途。总而言之，可以确信，将征战之事委托给一位才智平庸的人，要好过交给两位拥有同等权力的杰出之人。

给征战中统帅们的建议

为什么法国人曾被而且如今依旧被认为开战如虎，后继如鼠

高卢人在战斗激情的鼓舞下，时常在阿尼奥河岸上向罗马人提出挑战，这引发了他们与提图斯·曼利厄斯的战争。高卢人的斗志也使我想起泰特斯·李维曾数次说到他们，即在战斗刚开始的时候比男人更加勇敢，但是随着战斗的持续，他们会变得比女人还不如。至于为什么会这样，许多人认为这是本性使然，这正确无疑。但不能由此推断出曾使他们一开始勇敢战斗的本性，不能被规则控制以至于他们无法将勇猛坚持到底。

为了证明这一点，我们先了解一下军队的三种类型。第一种，既有斗志又有秩序。秩序能提升斗志和品德，这在罗马军队中得以体现。在他们的整个历史中，罗马军队总是秩序井然，军纪的使用由来已久。在纪律严明的军队中，没有人不按照军规行事。因此，罗马军队征服了全世界，他们是其他军队的榜样——没有人好吃懒做或嫖娼，而且没有执政官的命令，不会有人擅自执行军事或民事行动。不遵守纪律的军队不是真正的军队，即使他们做了不起的事，也是由于激情和冲动，而不是因为英勇。遵守纪律的品德能在恰当的时间以恰当的方式使用激情，军队不会因此遭遇困难或损失。严明的军纪能激发勇气和斗志，从而增加胜利的希望，只要军纪尚存，则胜利尤在。

与上述类型正好相反，第二种类型是只有激情而无纪律的军队，高卢人就是这样，他们在战斗中纪律涣散。如果第一次进攻受挫，他们就会动摇不定，因为激情不能维持长久，当他们的激情冷却下来，他们就无所依靠。罗马人，正好相反，因为他们纪律严明，所以他们不在乎危

险，不会丧失胜利的信心，他们能保持坚定和顽强，自始至终用同样的勇气和品德进行战斗。当战斗意志被激发起来，他们就会勇往直前。

第三种类型的军队就是既无天生的斗志也无纪律进行补充的军队，就是我们时代的意大利军队，非常无能，除非遇到一支因意外而逃跑的军队，否则绝不可能获胜。没有必要引述更多例子，因为他们每时每刻都在证明着自己多么的软弱无能，毫无勇气可言。因此，泰特斯·李维的话简明扼要地阐述了优秀的军人和无能的军人是如何产生的，我引用帕披里乌斯·克塞在指责费边时所作的演讲："没人会尊重人或众神，他们不会遵守统帅的法令或指示，他们会在和平或敌对的领土上到处游荡劫掠；他们会忘记自己的誓言，未经许可就脱离军队，而且他们很愿意这么做；他们会让旗帜无人守卫，不会再听从命令集结或解散；他们会为争夺领地而不停争斗，不管这个地方是否适宜，也不管统帅的命令；他们不会保留军团或军阶；就像一群强盗，盲目而狂躁，而不是守纪和尽职的军人。"在这段话中，我们能立刻看出我们时代的军人是否盲目而狂躁，或者是否守纪和尽职，他们远没达到军人的标准，而且远不及罗马人那样有斗志有纪律，或者仅仅像高卢人那样有战斗的激情。

大战前的小规模战斗是否有必要，如果统帅不这样做，怎么才能了解新的敌军

我们在上文提到过，在世事中，还有这种困境：当人们想将事情办得达到完美程度时，会发现灾祸总会与福祉同行，祸易变成福，这两者共存似乎是可能的。这是世之常情。正因如此，福祉总是难以得到，除非命运的眷顾为你消除天然的麻烦。我不得不说，这是曼利厄斯与高卢人的战争，对此泰特斯·李维说道："这场战斗将决定整个战争的结局，高卢人的军队在恐惧中丢弃了他们的营地，最先逃进提泊坦，然后流窜到坎帕尼亚。"一方面，无论如何，优秀的统帅都应避免因偶然事件而损害军队的行为，因为他的军队不是雇佣兵，因此孤注一掷的冒险是极

其鲁莽的，正如上文在谈论守卫关口时所述。

另一方面，当英明的统帅发觉他将与享誉盛名的不熟悉的敌军交战时，在决战之前，他们应让军队通过小规模的接触战来探得敌人的实力，从而了解敌人，继而找出应对之法，这可以消除因谣言和敌人声望而生的恐惧。对统帅而言，这么做至关重要。在此过程中，生存欲望会约束你去采用它，因为你不想看到自己置身危难之中，如果要和敌人交战，首先要让你的军队与敌人有所接触，从而使他们内心摆脱由敌人的声望而生的恐惧。

瓦列利乌斯·科尔维努斯受命指挥罗马军队对付撒姆尼人，但迄今罗马人没有与撒姆尼人交战的经验，对他们的作战能力也不了解。因此，泰特斯·李维说到瓦列利乌斯让罗马士兵与撒姆尼人进行小规模接触战，“于是他们可能就不再害怕未知的战争与敌人”。巨大的危险依然存在，如果你的士兵在接触战中被打败了，反而会增加他们的恐惧与胆怯，造成与你希望相反的局面，即你将使他们感到害怕，与你原本想让他们感到安全的初衷相反。于是这就是祸福之间紧密相连的事情之一，它们之间是如此密切，以至于很容易让你弄巧成拙。

有鉴于此，杰出的统帅应该采取一切预防措施，以防止消磨军队志气的危险事情发生。首战失利就是能打击士气的事情。因此对于接触战，应该慎重行事，除非有很大的优势，确信会获胜，否则就不应出战。也不应该试图据守关隘，因为那里无法使其军队施展开。也不应该防守城市，除非其损失将不可避免地使其灭亡。再者，如果决心守城，他应该安排他的军队与驻军协防以反击进攻，这样他所有的军队在应对围攻时就能发挥作用。否则，他就应放弃防守城市。放弃可能守不住的城市，保全军队，他不会在战争中失去声誉或取胜的希望。但是当你没有守住你原本打算防守的城市，而且人人皆知你在进行防守，那么损失将很严重而且可能是灾难性的。因此事实上，你会像高卢人那样，由于

暂时的胜利而失去战争。

珀修斯的父亲即马其顿王国的菲利普，在他那个时代，是声誉显赫的战士，当他受到罗马人攻击时，主动放弃了他认为无法守住的大片国土，并采取坚壁清野的策略，作为谨慎之人，他认为如果他没有守住他原本打算防守的地方，他将失去声望，这远比故意让那些好像他不在乎的地方落入敌手要更加可怕。当坎尼的失利使罗马人行为变得更加残暴时，他们拒绝帮助他们的追随者和臣民，吩咐他们要尽力自我防御。这个做法要比帮助盟友防守却最终让他们失望要好得多，因为如果那样做，他们会同时失去盟友和自己的军队，但如果不那样做，失去的只是盟友。

话题重新回到小规模接触战，我坚持认为，如果一位统帅因为他对敌人一无所知而必须倚靠接触战，那么他应该在他处于绝对优势不会有任何闪失的时候行动。他应该像马里厄斯在与辛布里人作战时那样。辛布里人是一个凶猛的部落，他们前来掠夺意大利，因为他们凶暴残忍、人多势大，而且已经打败了一支罗马军队，所以马里厄斯在进军时非常害怕。他由此判断，在与敌人交战之前，他必须消除由于畏敌而在军队中蔓延的恐慌情绪，作为慎重的统帅，他不止一次将他的军队驻扎在辛布里人必经的关口附近，旨在让他的军队能躲在防御工事的后面，亲眼看到并熟悉敌军的模样，所以当他们看到敌军如此杂乱无序、辎重拖累、武器落后，甚至还有人赤手空拳时，他们打消了疑虑，重新燃起斗志。马里厄斯非常明智地使用了这个方法，其他人也应该积极效仿，不再招致上述危险，也不要像高卢人表现得那样，“他们由于一些偶然事件而害怕，最先逃进提泊坦，然后流窜到坎帕尼亚”。

既然在这段论述中提到过瓦列利乌斯·科尔维努斯，那么我将在下个章节中使用他关于统帅该如何表现的演说。

统帅怎样才能获得军队的信任

如上所述，瓦列利乌斯·科尔维努斯带兵与撒姆尼人交战。由于罗马人不熟悉他们的作战方式，为了安定军心、了解敌人，他让军队与敌人进行一些接触战，仅仅这么做是不够的，于是他决定对士兵们作战前演说，极有说服力地指出他们应该多么藐视敌人，他的演说唤起了士兵们及他自己的勇气。从李维记录的这个演说中，我们了解到统帅应如何表现以获得军队的拥戴。他说道：“仔细看看指挥和支持你们奋战的统帅！扪心自问一下，这个你们将要听命于他的人是否只是一个言过其实、光鲜但没有任何军事才能的演说家，他是否知道如何使用武器，冲锋在前，在战斗最激烈时上阵杀敌！我要你们，我勇敢的兄弟们，跟随我的脚步，而不是我的言语，不要只关注我的命令，而是视我为榜样，因为凭着我执政官的右手已经获得了无数的最高赞誉。”可以从演说中得知，他是否认真思索过，如果他想占据统帅的地位，他将如何去做；如果反其道行之，则无论是因运气或野心而取得的地位，都会在某个适当的时候毁掉他的名誉，而不是成就它。因为不是头衔成就了人的伟大，而是人成就了伟大的头衔。

我们须再次注意以上所述，当伟大的统帅在面对不熟悉的敌人时，他是否使用了非凡的方法来鼓舞久经沙场的军队，当他指挥一支新组建的从未见过敌人的军队时，他是否会殚精竭虑地训练他们。如果一支经验丰富的军队都会害怕不熟悉的敌人，那么从未上过战场的新军则情况更糟。然而事实上，这些困难通常会被优秀的统帅以他的谨慎行事化解，上文曾提及的罗马人格拉古和底比斯人伊巴密浓达都是这么做的，他们指挥没有经验的新军打败了经验丰富的老兵。

他们采取的方法就是先用数月时间训练军队，并通过模拟战使他们逐渐习惯服从命令，在对新军有足够信心的时候，再带领他们参加实战。因此，在不缺乏人力时，受过训练、掌握了作战技能的平民就能组成一支优秀的军队。所以说，拥有丰富人力的君主却缺乏善战的士兵，不是由于他的人民懦弱，而仅仅是由于他自己的懒惰与愚蠢。

统帅应该熟悉地形

在统帅必备的才能中，熟知地形和地利是其中之一。如果没有这方面综合详细的知识，那么他就无法有效指挥战斗。正如科学需要实践一样，如果渴望得到完美，就需要经常练习。这种练习和详细的知识通过狩猎获得的比其他锻炼更多。因此，古代作家告诉我们，在他们的时代，统治世界的英雄们都是在森林和追逐中成长起来。追逐不仅能为他们提供必不可少的知识，而且教会了他们在战争中的其他必需技能。因此，色诺芬在他的《居鲁士传记》这样说道，当他准备进攻亚美尼亚王国时，委派任务后，他提醒领受任务的下属，这些任务就像他们以前经常随他进行的狩猎活动一样。他说，那些他派往山区埋伏的人应该像在山脊设陷阱的猎人，而那些前往扫荡平原的人应该像捕猎的人，先将野兽从它的巢穴中赶出来，然后追逐它，直至把它赶到罗网中。

上文所述是为了表明，色诺芬认为狩猎活动与战争极为相似，所以，伟人们将狩猎视为高贵和必要的运动。没有比狩猎更简便的方法来获得地理知识，因为追逐猎物的过程为猎手提供了解地形的绝佳机会。同时它使猎手熟悉了当地的环境，轻松掌握了未知地区的细节。所有国家和地区的地理特征都具有一致性，于是在一个地区掌握的地理知识可以被借鉴到另一地区，但是没有任何经验的人很难掌握另一地区的地形，除非他在那里生活了很长时间，否则不可能了解当地环境。例如，实践过的人一眼就能看出平原的面积，山脉的高度，河谷的走向等等，因为他已经能学以致用了。

泰特斯·李维在普布利乌斯·德西乌斯的例子中阐明了这一观点。在撒姆尼人的战争中，普布利乌斯·德西乌斯是护民官，负责指挥执政官科尼利厄斯的军队，当执政官打算率领罗马军队进入一条可能会被撒姆尼人切断退路的山谷时，德西乌斯看出其中的巨大危险，于是对执政官说：“奥留斯·科尼利厄斯，你看到敌人上面的那座山峰了吗？如果我们

能迅速占领它，它的险要位置可以保证我们的安全，撒姆尼人愚蠢地忽视了它。”在告诉大家德西乌斯的话之前，泰特斯·李维说：“普布利乌斯·德西乌斯，一个受过军事训练的护民官，观察到树木繁茂的山谷中有一座能威胁到敌人的山峰，虽然它不利于大部队进攻，但是轻装的小股部队却可以登上。”因此，执政官命令他带领三千名士兵占领了它，从而挽救了罗马军队。然后，当夜幕降临时，他思考如何能安全撤退，保全自己和他的部队，李维是这么记录的：“跟我来，让灯火继续亮着，我们去侦察一下敌人设置岗哨的地方，看看是否有办法逃出去。”他穿了件短小的军队斗篷，以免让敌人看到他是一位军官。

这件事证明了对于统帅而言了解地形的内在本质非常有用和必要，假如德西乌斯不是明智之人，没有这种本事，他就不可能看出占领那座山对罗马人有利，也不可能从远处看出如何占领此山，也不能在山顶被敌人四面包围时，发现一条在敌人严密防守下的出路，返回执政官的军队。从中我们可以推断出，德西乌斯一定有这样惊人的才能，才会使罗马军队占领山头转危为安，才会使他在敌人的重重包围中发现安全突围的生路。

人民的利益是至高无上的法律

在战争中使用欺诈不是可耻的事情

虽然使用欺诈是可憎的行为，但在战争中却值得称赞和夸耀。一个人使用欺诈战胜敌人，与他使用武力打败敌人一样值得赞许。我们可以从传记作家对伟人的评价中看出，他们赞扬汉尼拔和其他著名人物的这种行为。这样的例子举不胜举，在此不再赘述，但我想强调，关于失信或毁约的欺诈是不光彩的，虽然如上所述它会偶尔为你赢得国家或王国，但是不会为你带来荣誉。我所说的欺诈，是用于对付与你没有信用可言的敌人，即与战争有关的欺诈。例如，汉尼拔在佩鲁贾湖边假装逃跑，引诱罗马执政官和军队进入圈套，以及借助被点燃牛角的牛群逃出费边·马克西姆斯的包围。

庞提乌斯就善于使用欺诈，作为撒姆尼人的统帅，他在考地乌姆岔口使罗马军队落入圈套。他将自己的军队靠山埋伏好后，派出几个士兵化装成牧羊人，带着一群羊穿过平原。他们被罗马人抓住后被问到撒姆尼军队的位置，于是把庞提乌斯事先准备好的话告诉了罗马人，即撒姆尼军队已经动身去包围诺切拉。罗马执政官听信了他们的假情报，当罗马军队抵达那里时，他们马上被撒姆尼人包围在考地乌姆的悬崖峭壁之间。如果庞提乌斯能听从他父亲的建议，要么放罗马人一条生路，要么把他们赶尽杀绝，那么他用欺诈战术取得这场胜利就应该给他带来诸多荣誉，但是他采用了折中办法，即“既没有化敌为友，也没有彻底消灭敌人”，折中办法总是不利于国家事务，我在别的论述中已经提出过。

无论将面对耻辱还是荣誉，我们都应该保卫自己的国家，无论用什么手段都是正当的

如上文所说，罗马执政官和军队被撒姆尼人包围了。撒姆尼人极大地羞辱了罗马人，把他们的武器和装备都收缴了，强迫他们从牛轭下经过返回罗马。罗马执政官们惊恐万分，整个军队也陷入绝望中。罗马副将卢修斯·图鲁斯说道，为了拯救国家不应该拒绝任何可行的方法，罗马的存亡系于这支军队的存亡，应该想方设法地挽救它，无论用什么手段保卫国家都是正当的，无论带来的是耻辱还是光荣。因为如果这支军队保住了，罗马还有机会一雪前耻，但是如果没有成功，即便光荣地战死沙场，罗马及其自由也将随之湮没。所以，图鲁斯的建议最终被采纳了。

这个忠告值得关注，应该被每个为国家献策的公民遵守。当国家的安危依赖于所采用的决定时，就不应理会正义与非正义，善良或残酷，值得赞扬或有辱名誉。相反，任何其他顾虑都应置之不理，全心全意地执行能挽救国民生命与保全国家自由的措施。

这是法国人采纳的方法——他们所言与所行都是如此——为了捍卫他们的国王或他们王国的权力，没有人会发出不和谐的声音，“这样做会为国王带来耻辱”。他们说，国王没有作出可耻的决定，无论是福还是祸，无论他赢得还是葬送了整个王国。

城下之盟不应该被遵守

当执政官带着被剥夺武器且遭受撒姆尼人极尽羞辱虐待的军队回到罗马时，第一位在元老院发言的人说道，不应该遵守在考地乌姆达成的和平协议。他是罗马执政官斯普利乌斯·普斯图米尔斯。他认为，罗马人民不能受它束缚，只有他和其他承诺和平的人才受此约束。因此，如果人民想免除责任，他们应该将他和所有作出承诺的人当作犯人送给撒姆尼人。他坚决的要求最终使元老院让步了，于是他和其他人被当作囚犯交给了撒姆尼人，以此抗议和平无效。命运似乎垂青于普斯图米尔斯，撒姆尼人没有关押他，在他回到罗马后，在罗马人眼中他靠投降赢

得的荣誉，竟然比在撒姆尼人眼中庞提乌斯靠胜利获得的还要多。

有两件事应该引起我们关注。一件事是，荣誉可以通过两个行为中的任意一个获得，即在正常情况下靠胜利取得，以及如果你能证明失败与你无关或者借助义举在失败中将功补过。另一件事是，你没有兑现被迫作出的承诺并不可耻。实际上，当武力威胁消除时，影响共和国的城下之盟总是自动瓦解。这样的例子在历史中随处可见，而且人人皆知，即使在现代也会发生。不仅仅是当武力威胁消除时君主不再遵守被胁迫的承诺，我们发现当最初作出承诺的原因不再适用时，其他承诺也会失效。无论这是否值得称颂，无论君主应该不应该如此行事，《君主论》中已经详细地探讨过。因此在这里无须再作说明。

Niccolò Machiavelli

On Conspiracies

TRANSLATED BY LESLIE J. WALKER, SJ
WITH REVISIONS BY BRIAN RICHARDSON

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

On conspiracies

Introductory

Since conspiracies are of such dangerous consequence alike to princes and to private persons，I cannot well omit to discuss their nature，for it is plain that many more princes have lost their lives and their states in this way than by open war，because it is given to but few to make open war on a prince，whereas anyone can conspire against him．There is，on the other hand，no enterprise in which private persons can engage more dangerous or more rash than is this，for it is both difficult and extremely dangerous in all its stages．Whence it comes about that，though many conspiracies have been attempted，very few have attained the desired end．Hence，in order that princes may learn how to guard against these dangers，and that private persons may think twice before undertaking them and may learn，instead， to be content with life under the regime which fate has placed over them，I shall speak of conspiracies at length，omitting nothing of importance that is relevant either to a prince or to a private person．There is，in fact，a golden saying voiced by Cornelius Tacitus，who says that men have to respect the past but to submit to the present，and，while they should be desirous of having good princes，should put up with them of whatever sort they may turn out to be．And unquestionably those who act otherwise usually bring disaster both upon themselves and upon their country．

In starting to deal with this topic the first thing to be considered is against whom conspiracies are formed．It will be found that they are formed

either against one's fatherland or against a prince. I propose here to discuss both these types, for of conspiracies formed with a view to handing over a town to the enemy besieging it or conspiracies which for one reason or another resemble this, enough has been said elsewhere.

Causes

We shall deal in the first part of this discourse with conspiracies against a prince, and shall inquire first as to their causes, which are many. There is, however, one which is much more important than all the rest. This consists in the universal hatred a prince may evoke, for when a prince has aroused such universal hatred it is to be expected that there will be certain persons to whom he has given greater offence and that they will seek vengeance. This desire will be intensified by the universal ill will which they notice has been aroused against him. A prince, therefore, should avoid incurring these personal reproaches, and since what he has to do in order to avoid them has been discussed elsewhere I shall refrain from discussing it here: I mention it because, if he does guard against this, the mere giving of offence to individuals will evoke less hostility. The reason is, first, that one rarely comes across men so indignant at an unjust act as to endanger themselves to such an extent by seeking vengeance; and secondly, that, should they actually be inclined to do this and have the requisite power, they are restrained by the universal goodwill which they see that the prince enjoys.

Injuries may affect either a man's property, his life or his honour. The threat of bloodshed is more dangerous than is the shedding of blood. To threaten to shed blood is, in fact, extremely dangerous: whereas to shed it

is attended with no danger at all，for a dead man cannot contemplate vengeance，and those that remain alive usually leave you to do the contemplating. But a man who has been threatened and sees that he must of necessity either do something or be for it，has been turned into a real menace for the prince，as we shall cite cases presently to show.

Prescinding from the case in which action is imposed by necessity，injuries affecting a man's property or honour are the two things which give men greater offence than anything else，and against them the prince should be on his guard，for he can never so despoil anyone but that there will remain to him a knife with which to wreak vengeance. Nor can he deprive a man of his honour to such an extent that his mind will cease to be set on vengeance. And of the honours of which men may be deprived，that which imports most is a woman's honour，and，after that，contempt for a man's person. It was this that caused Pausanias to take up arms against Philip of Macedon；and this that has caused many others to take up arms against many other princes. In our day Lucio Belanti would not have been moved to conspire against Pandolfo，the tyrant of Siena，if he had not given him his daughter to wife and then taken her away again，as we shall relate in due course. The chief cause which led the Pazzi to conspire against the Medici was the inheritance of Giovanni Bonromei of which they had been deprived by the Medici's orders.

Another cause，and this a very powerful one，that makes men conspire against a prince，is the desire to liberate their fatherland of which a prince has seized possession. It was this that caused Brutus and Cassius to turn against Caesar；this that led to many other conspiracies，against Phalaris，

Dionysius and against other usurpers of their country's rights. Nor can any tyrant prevail over this spirit，except by discarding his tyranny. And since one does not find tyrants doing this，one finds few who have not come to a miserable end. Hence the verse of Juvenal：

To Pluto's realm few kings unscathed descend,
Nor tyrants oft escape a sticky end.

Oneman conspiracies

The dangers involved in conspiracies，as I have said above，are considerable，and go on all the time，for in a conspiracy dangers crop up alike in forming the plot，in carrying it out，and as a result of its having been carried out. Plots may be formed by one conspirator，or by several. If by one person only，it cannot rightly be called a conspiracy. Rather it is a firm resolve on the part of some individual to kill the prince. Of the three dangers conspiracies entail，a oneman conspiracy lacks the first. For no danger can arise before the time for action comes，since no one else being privy to the secret，there is no danger of the plot being carried to the ears of the prince. To make a resolve of this kind lies within the competence of anybody whatsoever，be he great，small，noble or insignificant，intimate or not intimate with the prince. For anyone is allowed at some time or other to speak to the prince，and anyone who gets the chance of speaking to him，gets a chance to relieve his feelings. Pausanias，of whom we have already spoken several times，killed Philip of Macedon as he was on his way to the temple with a lot of armed men about him and his son on one side and his soninlaw on the other. The former，however，was a nobleman and an acquaintance of the prince. ［But there are others. ］A poor，miserable

Spaniard stuck a dagger in the neck of Ferdinand，king of Spain，and，though the wound was not fatal，it shows us that a man of this type may have both the intention and the opportunity of doing such a thing. A dervish，or Turkish priest，struck at Bajazet，the father of the present Turk，with a scimitar. He did not kill him，but he certainly had the intention and the opportunity of so doing. One finds plenty of people，I think，who would like to do such things，for the intention is attended neither with penalty nor danger of any kind. Yet there are but few who actually do such things，and of those who do，there are very few，if any，who do not themselves get killed in the very act. Hence one does not find men keen on going to certain death. But let us leave these oneman plots and turn to conspiracies involving several people.

Conspiracies formed by the weak

I maintain that one finds in history that all conspiracies have been made by men of standing or else by men in immediate attendance on a prince，for other people，unless they be sheer lunatics，cannot form a conspiracy；since men without power and those who are not in touch with a prince are devoid alike of any hope and of any opportunity of carrying out a conspiracy successfully. For，first of all，men without power cannot get hold of anyone who will keep faith with them，since no one can consent to do what they want under any of those prospects which induce men to take great risks，so that，once the plot has been communicated to two or three people，an informer will turn up and they are ruined. Moreover，should they actually be lucky enough to avoid informers，the carrying out of the plot will involve them in such difficulties，owing to the lack of easy access

to the prince，that it will be impossible for them to escape disaster in carrying out their scheme．For，if men of standing and those who have easy access succumb to these difficulties，which will be dealt with presently，it is to be expected that in the case of these others such difficulties will be magnified without end．Consequently，since when their lives and property are not at stake，men do not entirely lose their heads，they become cautious when they recognize their weakness，and when they get sick of a prince confine themselves to cursing him，and wait for those of higher standing than they have，to avenge them．So that，should one in fact come across somebody of this kind who has attempted such a thing，one should praise his intention but not his prudence．

Conspiracies formed by the strong

It would seem，then，that conspirators have all been men of standing or intimates of the prince，and，of these，those who have been moved to conspire by too many benefits are as numerous as those moved to conspire by too many injuries，as was the case with Perennis *versus* Commodus，Plautianus versus Severus，and Sejanus *versus* Tiberius．For to all these men their emperors had granted such wealth and so many honours and titles that there seemed to be nothing wanting to complete their power，save the imperial title；so，since with the lack of this they were unwilling to put up，they were moved to conspire against their prince，and their conspiracy in each case was attended with the results which their ingratitude merited．

Of similar conspiracies which have occurred in more recent times there is，however，one that met with success，that of Jacopo di Appiano against Messer Piero Gambacorti，prince of Pisa；for this Jacopo had been brought

up by，reared by，and owed his reputation to，the very person whom later on he deprived of his power．There is also in our own times the conspiracy of Coppola against king Ferdinand of Aragon；the said Coppola having attained a greatness such that the only thing that seemed to him to be lacking was a kingdom，and since he made up his mind to acquire this，he lost his life．And yet，if any conspiracies against a prince，made by men of standing，ought to have succeeded it should surely have been this，since it was made by another king，so to speak，who had every convenience requisite to satisfying his desire．But that lust for domination，which blinds men，blinds them yet again in the way they set about the business：for，if they knew but how to do their evil deeds with prudence，it would be impossible for them not to succeed．

A warning to princes

A prince，therefore，who wants to guard against conspiracies，should fear those on whom he has conferred excessive favours more than those to whom he has done excessive injury．For the latter lack opportunity，whereas the former abound in it，and the desire is the same in both cases；for the desire to rule is as great as，or greater than，is the desire for vengeance．Consequently princes should confer on their friends an authority of such magnitude that between it and that of the prince there remains a certain interval，and between the two a something else to be desired．Otherwise it will be a strange thing if that does not happen to them which happened to the princes we have been talking about．But to return to the lines of our discourse．

The danger due to informers

Having said that conspirators must be men of standing and have easy access to the prince，I must now discuss the success of these，their undertaking，and inquire as to why some have succeeded and others have failed．As I have remarked above，in conspiracies there are three stages at which danger may be found to occur：at the start，while carrying them out，and afterwards．One finds that few conspiracies prove successful because it is impossible，or almost impossible，to pass through all three stages successfully．Let us begin by discussing the dangers incurred at the outset．These are the more important，I maintain，since there is need of great discretion and one must have considerable luck if，in making one's plans，the plot is not to be discovered．Plots are discovered either from information received or by conjecture．Leakage of information is due either to lack of loyalty or to lack of discretion among those to whom you communicate the plot．Lack of loyalty may easily occur，because you can only communicate your plan to those in whom you have such confidence that you think they will risk death for your sake，or else to men who are discontented with the prince．Now there may be one or two persons whom you can trust，but it is impossible to find such men if you reveal your plans to many people，for the goodwill they bear you must indeed be great if the danger and the fear of punishment is not to outweigh it in their estimation．

Men，too，quite frequently make mistakes about the affection another man has for them，nor can you be sure of it unless of it you have previously had experience，and to acquire experience in such a matter is a very risky business．Even should you have had experience of some other dangerous affair in which they have been loyal to you，you cannot infer from their loyalty in this case that they will be equally loyal in another which far exceeds it in dangers of all kinds．While if you judge of a person's loyalty by

the degree of disaffection he has for the prince，here，too，you may easily be mistaken；for by the very fact of your having opened your mind to such a malcontent，you provide him with material with which to obtain contentment，so that，if he is to keep faith with you，either his hatred must be great or your influence over him must be very great indeed．

It thus comes about that conspiracies are frequently revealed and are crushed at the very start．Indeed，it is looked on as a marvel if a plot which has been communicated to many people，remains secret for any length of time，as was the case with that formed by Piso against Nero，and in our day with that formed by the Pazzi against Lorenzo and Juliano de’ Medici，to which there were privy more than fifty persons and yet it was not discovered till it came to the point of execution．

The danger due to indiscretion

As to discovery due to lack of discretion，this comes about when a conspiracy is spoken of without due caution and a servant or some third person gets to hear of it，as happened to the sons of Brutus who were overheard discussing their plans with Tarquin's messengers by a servant who informed against them．Or it may be due to your having lightly communicated it to a lady friend or to a boy friend or to some other frivolous person，as did Dymnus，who with Philotas and others conspired against Alexander the Great，and talked of the conspiracy to Nicomachus，a boy of whom he was fond，who at once told his brother，Cebalinus，about it，and Cebalinus told it to the king．

Discovery due to conjecture

As to discovery due to conjecture，we have an example of this in the Pisonian conspiracy formed against Nero，in which Scaevinus，one of the conspirators，made his will on the day before he had to kill Nero，ordered Milichus，his freedman，to have his old and rusty dagger sharpened up，freed all his slaves and gave them money，and had bandages got ready for binding up the wounded；from which facts Milichus conjectured that there was a plot and told Nero．Scaevinus was arrested，together with Natales，another conspirator，who had been seen talking together for a long time and in secret the day before；and，as their explanations did not agree，they were forced to tell the truth；so that the conspiracy was discovered，with disastrous results for all concerned in it．

The difficulty or preventing discovery

Against discovery due to such causes it is impossible so to guard as to prevent the plot being revealed，whether owing to malice，to indiscretion or to frivolous conversation，in all cases in which the number of those who are cognizant of it exceeds three or four．For，should more than one of the conspirators be arrested，it is impossible to prevent its coming out，because two cannot possibly agree as to every detail in the explanations they give．If only one man is arrested and he be a man of resolution，he may have sufficient strength of mind to be silent about his fellow conspirators．It is essential，however，that the other conspirators have no less courage than he has in standing their ground and not running away，for the conspiracy will be revealed by either party in which courage is lacking，whether by the man who has been arrested or those who are still at large．

There is，indeed，a rare case given by Titus Livy，namely，the

conspiracy formed against Hieronymus，king of Syracuse，in which，when Theodotus，one of the conspirators，was arrested，he showed great virtue in concealing all the other conspirators，and accused the king's own friends；and the other conspirators，on their part，had such confidence in Theodotus's virtue，that not one of them left Syracuse or showed any other sign of fear．

Precautions against discovery

These，then，are the dangers to which a conspiracy is exposed in the course of its formation before the time comes for it to be carried out；and，if they are to be avoided，these are the remedies．The first，the safest and，to tell the truth，the only one，is not to allow the conspirators time to give information against you，and to tell them of your plan only when you are ready to act，and not before．Those who have so acted，at any rate escape the dangers involved in contriving the plot，and more often than not，the others also．All of them，in fact，have been successful，and any prudent man should find it possible to conduct things in this fashion．I shall cite two cases，and leave it at that．

Nelematus，being unable to stand the tyranny of Aristotimus，tyrant of Epirus，collected in his house many of his relations and friends，and exhorted them to set their country free．Some of them asked for time to consider the matter and to put their affairs in order．Whereupon Nelematus told his servants to lock the doors of the house，and to those whom he had called together said：‘Either you swear to go and do the deed now，or I shall hand you all over as prisoners to Aristotimus．’ These words got them going；they took the oath，and，having set out without delay，they

successfully carried out Nelematus's instructions. When one of the Magi by subterfuge got possession of the Persian throne, and Otanes, one of the leading men in the kingdom, heard of it and discovered the fraud, he conferred with six other leading men in the state, and told them that it was for them to rid the kingdom of the tyranny of this Magus. When one of them asked for time, Darius, one of the six who had been called together by Otanes, got up and said: 'Either we go at once and put this business through, or I shall go and lay information against the lot of you.' So with one accord they got up, and succeeded in carrying out their plan before anyone had time to repent. Similar to these two cases also was the method the Aetolians adopted in order to kill Nabis, the Spartan tyrant; for they commissioned their fellowcitizen, Alexamenes, to go with thirty horse and two hundred foot ostensibly to the assistance of Nabis, communicated the secret only to Alexamenes, and told the rest to obey him on each and every point under pain of banishment. So Alexamenes went to Sparta and never mentioned the commission entrusted to him till he was ready to carry it out; with the result that he succeeded in killing Nabis. These folk, then, by adopting these methods, have avoided the dangers which attend the planning of a conspiracy; and those who follow their example will always avoid them.

Their practicability

That anyone can do as they did, I propose now to prove by citing the case of Piso, of whom mention has already been made. Piso was a man of very high standing and great repute, and was intimate with Nero, who had considerable confidence in him. Nero used frequently to dine with him in

his gardens. Piso, therefore, could have made friends with men who in mentality, courage and inclination were of the right kind to carry out such a scheme, for to a man of standing this is quite an easy matter; and while Nero was in his gardens, he could have told them of the business and with suitable words got them to do what there would have been no time for them to refuse and what could not but have succeeded. Hence if we inquire into conspiracies in general, but few will be found that could not have been carried out in the same way. Ordinarily, however, men pay but little attention to the affairs of the world and so make frequently the gravest blunders, especially in matters which lie outside the ordinary run of things, as this does.

Further precautions

A plot, then, should never be divulged unless one is driven to it and it is ripe for execution, and if you, perforce, have to divulge it, it should be told to but one other person, and this a man of whom you have had very considerable experience, or else one who is actuated by the same motives as you are. To find such a man is far easier than to find several, and for this very reason is less dangerous. Moreover, should you, in fact, make a mistake, you have here a chance of protecting yourself, which is not the case where many conspirators are involved. For I have heard a wise man say that you can talk about anything to one person alone, since, unless you allow yourself to be persuaded to commit yourself in writing, one man's 'yes' will be worth just as much as the other man's 'no'. And against writing anything down everybody should be on his guard as against a rock, for nothing is more likely to convict you than is your own handwriting.

Plautianus，having made up his mind to kill the emperor，Severus，and his son，Antoninus，entrusted the secret to Saturninus，the tribune，who wanted to inform against him instead of doing what he wished，but was afraid that，when he brought the charge，more credence might be given to Plautianus than to himself. So he asked for something in writing that might serve as evidence of the commission entrusted to him. Blinded by ambition，Plautianus gave it him，with the result that the tribune brought the accusation and he was convicted. Yet without this commitment in writing and certain other evidence against him，Plautianus would have got the better of him，so brazen was he in denying the charge. There is then some chance of getting off when a charge is brought by but one person provided you cannot be convicted by a written document or other evidence telling against you，which one should take care not to provide.

In the Pisonian conspiracy there was a woman called Epicharis，who had formerly been Nero's mistress. Since she thought it would help to get a captain of some triremes which served as Nero's guard to join the conspirators，she told him of the plot，but not who the conspirators were. Subsequently，when the captain broke his word and charged her with it to Nero，Epicharis denied the charge with such vehemence that Nero could not make up his mind and let her off. There are，then，in communicating a plot to a single other person two dangers：the first is that he may accuse you of his own accord；and the second is that he may get arrested on suspicion or because there is some evidence against him，and accuse you when convicted and constrained by torture to do so. In both these cases the danger is not irremediable；for in the first case you can deny the charge and allege that he made it because he hated you；and in the second you can deny it，alleging

that under force he has been compelled to tell a lie．

Unpremeditated assassination

The wisest thing，therefore，is not to tell anybody what you are about，but to act in accordance with the examples given above；or，if you have to tell somebody，not to tell more than one，in which case，though the danger will be somewhat greater，it will not be so great as if you had told it to many．The case is somewhat the same when necessity constrains you to do that to a prince which you see that the prince is about to do to you，for your need is then so great that it does not give you time to think of precautions．A necessity of this kind almost always leads to the end desired；and，to prove it，I propose to give just two examples．

Among the chief friends and intimates which the em peror，Commodus，had，were Laetus and Eclectus，who were in charge of his praetorian troops，and for one of his principal concubines or lady friends he had Marcia；and because they sometimes reproached him for sullying alike his person and his imperial position by his behaviour，he decided to put them to death，and made out a list on which he wrote the names of Marcia，Laetus and Eclectus，and several others whom he proposed on the following night to put to death．This list he put under the pillow of his bed．Having gone to wash himself，a favourite little boy of his was romping about the room and on the bed when he came across the list，and，having gone outside with it in his hand，met Marcia，who took it from him，and，having read it and noted its contents，sent at once for Laetus and Eclectus．All three of them，realizing the danger in which they stood，decided to forestall it；so，without wasting any unnecessary time，they killed

Commodus the following night.

Again, the emperor Antoninus Caracalla, when with his army in Mesopotamia, had as his prefect Macrinus, who was more of a civilian than a soldier; and, as is usually the case with princes who are not good, he was for ever afraid that others should not act towards him as he thought he deserved. So Antoninus wrote to Maternianus, a friend of his in Rome, to request him to inquire of the astrologers whether anybody was aspiring to become emperor, and to advise him accordingly. Maternianus, therefore, wrote him that Macrinus was the man who had this idea in mind, but the letter fell into the hands of Macrinus before it got to the emperor, and, in consequence, Macrinus saw that it was necessary either to kill him before a further letter came from Rome, or to be killed; so he instructed Martialis, a centurion who was devoted to him and whose brother Antoninus had killed a few days before, to assassinate the emperor, a commission which he carried out successfully.

Hence we see that when necessity becomes so urgent that it leaves no time for delay, it produces much the same effect as does the method adopted by Nelematus of Epirus, which I have described above. We see, too, that what I have said almost at the beginning of this discourse also holds good, namely, that threats do more harm to princes and are more likely to result in conspiracies than the actual infliction of injuries. Against threats, therefore, a prince should be on his guard; for either he should make a fuss of men or should make sure they will do him no harm, but in no case should he put them in such a position that the only courses which appear open to them are either to get killed or to kill somebody else.

Dangers arising from a change of plan

As to the dangers which occur during the carrying out of a plot，these are due either to a change of plan，or to lack of courage on the part of the person who is to carry it out，or to the operative's making some mistake owing to carelessness，or to failure to complete the job in that there remain alive some of those who were to have been killed．I would here point out，therefore，that nothing so perturbs and interferes with anything undertaken by men as does their having suddenly and without due notice to change their plan and to give up that laid down at the start．And，if such a change of plan anywhere gives rise to disorder，it is in military operations and in affairs such as those of which we are speaking；because in a business of this kind what it is essential to do first and foremost is to get clearly into the heads of those concerned the part which each of them has to play，and，if men have for several days been picturing to themselves a certain course of action and a certain plan，and this is suddenly changed，it is impossible but that it should throw everything out of gear and spoil the whole scheme．So that it is much better to carry out the original plan，even if one sees in it certain inconveniences，than it is to cancel it and thereby to involve oneself in a host of inconveniences．This applies to cases in which there is no time to draw up a new plan，for，if there is time，a man can arrange matters as he pleases．

The conspiracy of the Pazzi against Lorenzo and Giuliano de’ Medici is familiar to all．According to the plan that had been given out，they were to be invited to dinner with the Cardinal of St George，and at the dinner were to be assassinated．Those who were to kill them，those who were to seize

the palace and those who were to run about the city calling on the people to free themselves，had all been detailed．It happened that，when the Pazzi，the Medici and the Cardinal were attending a solemn function in the cathedral church of Florence，it became known that Giuliano was not going to dine with them that day；so the conspirators got together and decided that what they had been going to do in the house of the Medici should be done in the church．This upset the whole plan，for Giovambatista da Montesecco declined to take part in the murder，since he was not going to do it in church，he said．So they had to find new operatives and to redistribute the parts assigned，and，since there was no time for them to get clear as to their parts，they made such blunders in carrying it out that they were overcome．

Failure due to irresolution

Irresolution on the part of operatives in doing their job，is due either to human respect or to personal cowardice．Such is the majesty and the respect inspired by the presence of a prince that it may easily damp the resolution of an operative or terrify him．When Marius was taken prisoner by the Minturnians a slave was sent to kill him，but，so overawed was he by the presence of such a man and by the recollection of what his name stood for，that he lost courage and hadn't the strength to kill him．If，then，such power appertains to a man who is chained up in prison and overwhelmed with misfortune，how much greater must be that of a prince who is not thus encumbered，but is there in his majesty，wearing his robes and decorations，surrounded by pomp and by his courtiers．Such pomp as this may well affright you，or again the graciousness of his welcome may soften you．Certain persons were conspiring against Sitalces，king of Thrace，had

settled the day on which the deed was to be done，and had got to the place assigned at which the prince then was；yet none of them ventured to attack him，so that at length they went away without trying to do anything and without quite knowing what had prevented them，each laying the blame on the other．They made the same mistake more than once，so that in the end the conspiracy was discovered and they were punished for a crime which they could have committed but were reluctant to commit．Two of his brothers conspired against Alfonso，Duke of Ferrara，and used as an intermediary Giannes，a priest and a cantor in the duke's employ．Several times at their request he got the duke to meet them，so that it lay in their power to kill him；in spite of which not one of them dared to do it，so that，the plot being discovered，they suffered the penalty of their wickedness and their want of prudence．Such negligence could not have been due to anything except their being frightened by the presence of the prince or humbled by some gracious act of his．

Failure due to perturbation of mind

Inconveniences in the carrying out of a conspiracy are due to mistakes caused either by lack of prudence or by lack of courage，for both these two things may befall you and cause you such confusion of mind that you say and do what you oughtn't to say or do．That men do get thus overwhelmed and confused cannot be better illustrated than by what Titus Livy tells us of Alexamenes，the Aetolian，who had made up his mind to kill Nabis the Spartan，of whom we have already spoken．When the time came to do it，he explained to his men what it was they had to do，and，says Livy，‘pulled himself together，for his mind had become confused by

thinking of so great a matter’. It is, indeed, impossible, that any man, even though he be strongminded, familiar with death and accustomed to using the sword, should not become confused. Hence men should be chosen who have had experience in doing such deeds, and one should entrust them to no one else, brave as he may be thought to be. For when it comes to doing big things of which a man has had no previous experience, no one can say for certain what will happen. This confusion, for instance, might be such as to cause you to let the weapon fall from your hand, or to let slip some word which would have precisely the same effect. Lucilla, the sister of Commodus, arranged with Quintianus to kill him. Quintianus lay in wait for Commodus at the entrance to the amphitheatre, and, going up to him with a naked dagger, greeted him with the words: ‘The senate sends you this! ’, words which led to his being arrested before he had lowered his arm to strike. Messer Antonio de Volterra was deputed, as we have already said, to kill Lorenzo de’ Medici. On coming up to him he said: ‘Ah, traitor! ’, an exclamation which saved Lorenzo's life and ruined the conspiracy.

Conspiracies directed against more than one prince

It is not easy to do the thing perfectly when a conspiracy is directed against one ruler, for the reasons alleged, and still less is it easy to do it perfectly when a conspiracy is directed against two. On the contrary, it is so difficult that it is almost impossible for the conspiracy to succeed. For it is almost impossible to do similar actions in different places at one and the same time, and you cannot perform them at different times if you do not want one to spoil the other. Hence, if to conspire against one prince is a

doubtful，dangerous and imprudent undertaking，to conspire against two is altogether foolish and frivolous. Were it not for my respect for the historian I should never have thought that what Herodian says of Plautianus were possible，namely，that he should have commissioned the same person，Saturninus the centurion，to kill both Severus and Antoninus who dwelt in different places，for the thing is so utterly unreasonable that nothing short of his authority would make me believe it.

Certain Athenian youths conspired against Diocles and Hippias，tyrants ruling in Athens. They killed Diocles，but Hippias escaped and avenged him. Chion and Leonides of Heraclea，disciples of Plato，conspired against the tyrants，Clearchus and Satyrus. They killed Clearchus，but Satyrus remained alive to avenge him. The Pazzi，whom we have mentioned more than once，only succeeded in killing Giuliano. Hence no one should engage in conspiracies against more than one ruler since he will do not good either to himself or to his country or to anybody at all. On the contrary，those who survive，will become more insupportable and more bitter，as Florence，Athens and Heraclea，to which I have already alluded，found out. True，the conspiracy which Pelopidas formed for the liberation of Thebes，his fatherland，involved all these difficulties，and yet was successful；for Pelopidas conspired not only against two tyrants，but against ten，and not only was he an outsider to whom access to the tyrants presented a difficulty，but he was a rebel. None the less，he was able to get into Thebes，to kill the tyrants and to liberate his country. Actually，however，it was with the assistance of Charon，counsellor to the tyrants，that he did all this，for it was through him that he gained easy access to do the deed. Nor should anyone nevertheless emulate his example；for it was

an impossible undertaking and a marvellous thing that it succeeded. It was also, as all writers are agreed who have mentioned it, a rare and almost unparalleled thing.

Failure due to false impressions

The carrying out of a plot may be ruined by a false impression or by an unforeseen accident which occurs in the course of it. On the very morning on which Brutus and the other conspirators had decided to kill Caesar, it happened that he held a long conversation with Gaius Pompilius Lenas, who was one of the conspirators, and when the others saw him talking for so long, they wondered whether the said Pompilius was not telling Caesar of the conspiracy, and were on the point of killing him there and then, without waiting for him to come into the senate. They would, indeed, have done this, had the argument not come to an end and had they not then been reassured when they saw Caesar gave no sign of unusual emotion. False impressions of this kind should be taken into account and due attention be paid to them, if one would be prudent; the more so in that it is easy to get such false impressions. For, when a man has a bad conscience, he readily believes that people are talking about him, and a remark which is irrelevant may disturb your equanimity and make you think that it has bearing on your business, and this causes you either to give the conspiracy away by running off, or to muddle it by acting before the proper time. And the more there are who are in the know, the more likely is this to happen.

Failure due to unforeseen accidents

As to accidents, since they cannot be foreseen, the only thing one can

do is to give examples showing how cautious men ought to be in regard to them. Lucio Belanti of Siena, of whom mention has already been made, was so indignant with Pandolfo, who had taken away the daughter he had previously given him in marriage, that he decided to kill him, and chose the occasion as follows. Pandolfo used to go daily to visit a sick relative, and, in doing so, passed by Lucio's house. Lucio, having noticed this, arranged for his conspirators to be ready in his house to kill Pandolfo as he was going by. He placed them inside the doorway with their arms, and stationed one of them at the window ready to give the signal when Pandolfo was to pass by the doorway, whereupon they were at once to issue forth. It so happened that, when Pandolfo came along and the signal had been given, Pandolfo met a friend who stopped him, and some of those who were with him went on ahead, saw what was happening, heard the clatter of arms and so discovered the trap; with the result that Pandolfo escaped and Lucio and his accomplices had to fly from Siena. Thus this accidental meeting interfered with the business in hand and caused Lucio's scheme to end in disaster. Since accidents, such as these, are of rare occurrence, it is impossible to prescribe any remedy. What one must do is to consider everything that is likely to happen, and to provide accordingly.

Dangers subsequent to a conspiracy

It remains now for us to discuss the dangers that may occur after a conspiracy has been successfully carried out. There is but one. It is that someone may be left alive who will avenge the death of the prince. There may, for instance, remain brothers or sons or other supporters to whom the principality was expected to come. Survival of those who may wreak

vengeance may be due either to your negligence or to the causes mentioned above. Thus, when Giovanni Andrea da Lampognano and his accomplices had killed the Duke of Milan, there remained one of his sons and two of his brothers, who in due course came to avenge his death. In cases such as these the conspirators have an excuse, for there is nothing they can do about it; but when it is owing to lack of prudence or to their negligence that someone is left alive, they have in that case no excuse. Some conspirators who were citizens of Forli, killed Count Girolamo, their Lord, and took prisoner his wife and his children, who were little ones. It seemed to them, however, that their lives would scarce be safe unless they could get hold of the citadel, which its governor declined to hand over. So Mistress Catherine, as the countess was called, promised the conspirators that, if they would let her go to the citadel, she would arrange for it to be handed over to them. Meanwhile they were to keep her children as hostages. On this understanding the conspirators let her go to the citadel, from the walls of which, when she got inside, she reproached them with killing her husband and threatened them with vengeance in every shape and form. And to convince them that she did not mind about her children she exposed her sexual parts to them and said she was still capable of bearing more. The conspirators, dumbfounded, realized their mistake too late, and paid the penalty for their lack of prudence by suffering perpetual banishment.

But of all the dangers that may ensue after a successful conspiracy there is none more inevitable or more to be dreaded than when the people are well disposed to the prince you have killed; for in such a case, since there is no remedy to which the conspirators can have recourse, there is no chance of their ever obtaining security. Caesar is a case in point, for he was avenged

by the people of Rome who were friendlily disposed towards him；and of the conspirators，after they had been driven out of Rome，one and all were killed at various times and in various places．

Conspiracies against one's country

Conspiracies against one's country are less dangerous to those who take part in them than are conspiracies against princes，since fewer dangers occur in the planning of them than in the latter case；in carrying them out they are the same；and afterwards there are none．There are not many dangers in planning the conspiracy because a citizen can scheme to obtain power without revealing his mind or his plan to anybody else，and，if his schemes are not interfered with，success will attend his undertaking；while if they should be interfered with by some law or other，he must bide his time and look for some other opening．This applies to a republic which is to some extent corrupt，for，since in one that is not corrupt no starting on evil courses there finds a place，no citizen is likely to harbour such thoughts．There are，then，all manner of ways and means of which citizens who aspire to a principality can avail themselves without running any risk of getting into trouble，alike because a republic is slower to take action than is a prince，is less suspicious，and for this reason less cautious，and because it has more respect for citizens of standing，and，in consequence，the latter are more daring and more inclined to act contrary to its interests．Everybody has read Sallust's account of the conspiracy of Catiline，and is aware that Catiline not only remained in Rome after the conspiracy was discovered，but attended the senate，where he made opprobrious remarks about the senate and about the consuls，so great was the respect which this city had for its

citizens. Nor, when he had left Rome and was already in touch with the armies, would Lentulus and others have been arrested if they had not had in their possession letters in their own hand which plainly showed their complicity.

Again, when Hanno, one of the leading citizens in Carthage, who hoped to set up a tyranny, had arranged to poison the whole senate at the marriagefeast of one of his daughters, and afterwards to make himself prince, all the senate did, when it got to hear of the business, was to pass a law restricting the amount to be spent on banquets and marriages, so great was the respect they had for a man in his position.

On the other hand, it may well be that in carrying out a conspiracy against one's country there is more difficulty and the dangers are greater, for in a conspiracy aimed at so many people your own forces will scarce suffice; and not everybody has an army at his disposal, as had Caesar, Agathocles, Cleomenes and suchlike, who have at one stroke subjugated their country by means of the forces they commanded. For to such folk the way is easy enough and safe enough; but others who have not such forces at their disposal, must give effect to their designs either by means of deceit and artifice or with the help of foreign troops. The use of deceit and artifice is illustrated in the case of Pisistratus, the Athenian, who by his victory over the Megarians gained favour with the people. One morning he appeared in public, wounded, said that the nobility out of envy had attacked him, and asked that he might go about with an armed force for the protection of his person. This being authorized, he had no difficulty in arrogating to himself such great power that he became tyrant of Athens. Pandolfo Petrucci, on

his return to Siena with other exiles，was given command of the guard in the Piazza，a routine business which others had refused；yet this armed force in course of time acquired for him such repute that he became before long a prince. Many others have adopted other devices and other methods and in course of time and without danger have achieved their aim.

Those who have conspired to get control of their country by means of their own forces or with foreign armies have met with varied success according as fortune has favoured them or not. Catiline，whom we mentioned above，perished in the attempt. Hanno，of whom also we made mention，having failed to succeed by using poison，armed several thousands of his partisans，and both he and they were slain. Some of the principal citizens of Thebes called in a Spartan army to help them，and set up a tyranny in that city. If，then，we inquire into all the conspiracies men have made against their country，it will be found that none of them，or but few，have been suppressed while the plot was being contrived，but that all of them have either succeeded or been ruined when it came to carrying them out. Nor，when successful，do they entail any subsequent dangers other than those which pertain to a principality by its very nature. For，given that a man has become a tyrant，he is faced with the dangers which tyranny naturally and normally involves，and to avert them has no remedies other than those that we have already discussed.

The use of poison

This is all that needs to be said about conspiracies，and if I have taken account of those in which the sword and not poison has been used，it is because they are all of one and the same pattern. It is true that the use of

poison is more dangerous owing to its being more uncertain，for not everybody has the commodity，so that those who have it must needs be consulted and the necessity of consulting others means danger to yourself. Again，for a variety of reasons，a poisoned drink may not prove fatal，as those discovered who were to kill Commodus，for，on his throwing up the poison they had given him，they were forced to strangle him if they wanted him to die.

Tactics to be used in suppressing a conspiracy

There is nothing，then，more inimical to princes than a conspiracy. For，when a conspiracy is formed against them，either they get killed or they incur infamy；since，if it succeeds，they die，and if it is discovered and they kill the conspirators，the conspiracy is apt to be regarded as a device on the part of the prince whereby to cloak his avarice and his cruelty visàvis the lives and property of those he has put to death. I must not， therefore，neglect to warn that prince or that republic who knows that a conspiracy has been planned，to endeavour to discover its precise character before they take punitive action，and to compare carefully the strength and standing of the conspirators with their own；and，should they find it large and powerful，to take no notice of it until they have at their disposal enough forces to crush it. To act otherwise is but to court disaster. Hence they should practise dissimulation as best they can，lest the conspirators，finding themselves discovered，be driven of necessity to take immediate action regardless of the result.

The Romans afford us an example of this. Two legions of soldiers were left to guard Capua against the Samnites，as we have pointed out

elsewhere. Those who were in command of these legions conspired together to reduce the Capuans to subjection. When this came to be known in Rome, Rutilus, a new consul, was commissioned to look into the matter. To keep the conspirators quiet, he made public the senate confirmation of the Capuan legions' lodging quarters. The troops believed this, and, since there seemed to them to be plenty of time to carry out their plan, they made no attempt to hurry things. So matters stood until they came to realize that the consul had separated one legion from the other, which caused them to grow suspicious, to come out into the open and to give orders for their scheme to be put into execution. Nor can there be a better example than this from whichever point of view we look at it, for we see how slow men are to act when they think they have time, and how quick to act when the need becomes urgent. Nor yet can a prince or a republic that wants to postpone the discovery of a conspiracy in its own interests do better than artfully to provide the conspirators with an opportunity at some future date, so that, while they await it in the belief that there is no hurry, that prince or that republic may have time to arrange for their punishment.

Those who have acted otherwise have but hastened their own downfall, as the Duke of Athens did, and Guglielmo de' Pazzi. When the duke became tyrant of Florence and heard that a conspiracy had been formed against him, he had one of the conspirators arrested but did not inquire further into the matter, with the result that the rest at once flew to arms and deprived him of the government. When Guglielmo was commissioner in the Val di Chiana in 1501 and learned that a conspiracy in favour of the Virelli had been formed in Arezzo whereby the Florentines were to be deprived of that town, he went at once to that city, and without considering either the

strength of the conspirators or his own and without having any forces in readiness，on the advice of the bishop，his son，he had one of the conspirators arrested．After the arrest，the remaining conspirators at once took up arms，took the town from the Florentines and Guglielmo became a prisoner instead of a commissioner．

But when conspiracies are weak they both can，and ought，to be suppressed without further ado．Nor should either of the two following expedients be adopted，though one is almost the exact opposite of the other．One was used by the aforesaid Duke of Athens，who to show that he believed the Florentines to be well disposed towards him，put to death a man who had told him of a conspiracy．The other was adopted by Dion，the Syracusan，who，to discover the intentions of someone of whom he was suspicious，allowed Callippus，whom he trusted，to pretend to be forming a conspiracy．Both these expedients led to disaster，for the first discouraged informers and encouraged wouldbe conspirators，and the second made it an easy matter to compass Dion's death by means of the very conspiracy of which he was the real head，as he learned by experience，for Callippus was now able without further ado to plot against Dion，and he plotted so well that he deprived him both of his state and of his life．

The army, its discipline and component parts

How far the Discipline of Troops in our Day falls short of that maintained in Days gone by

The most important battle ever fought by the Romans in any war with another nation was the battle they fought with the Latin peoples in the consulate of Torquatus and Decius. For everything shows that，just as the Latins by losing became a subject people，so the Romans would have become a subject people，had they not won. This is the view held by Titus Livy，for in all respects the two armies were alike in discipline，virtue，truculence and in numbers；the only difference was that the commanders of the Roman army had more virtuosity than those of the Latin army.

One notes，too，how in the conduct of this battle there occurred two unprecedented incidents of which there have been but few examples since；namely，to strengthen the resolution of the soldiers and to make them obey orders，of the two consuls one killed himself and the other killed his son. The parity which Titus Livy says held between the two armies was due to their having for a long time waged war together，and consisted in their having the same language，the same discipline，and the same kind of arms，for in drawing up troops for battle they used the same formation，and both units and officers bore the same names. It was essential，therefore，since both in strength and in virtù they were equal，that something extraordinary should take place whereby to strengthen the ardour and

truculence of the one rather than the other，for，as we have remarked on other occasions，it is on determination that victory depends，since，so long as it lasts in the breasts of those who are fighting，an army will never turn tail．And in order that it might last longer in the breasts of the Romans than with the Latins it came about，owing partly to chance and partly to the virtue of the consuls，that Torquatus had to kill his son and Decius to kill himself．

When pointing out this parity in strength Titus Livy describes in detail how the Romans drew up their armies and how they disposed them for battle．He has done this at considerable length，so I shall not repeat it all，but shall discuss the points which I deem worthy of note，points which are ignored by all presentday commanders，with the result that there is a grave lack of proper order alike in drawing up armies and in battle．From Livy we gather that in the Roman army there were three main divisions for which the Tuscan term three ‘ranks’ may be used．They called the first Hastati，the second Principes，the third Triarii．Each had its own cavalry attached．In drawing them up for battle，they put the Hastati in front；in the second place，immediately behind the Hastati，they put the Principes；in the third，all covering precisely the same space，they placed the Triarii．The cavalry pertaining to each of these divisions they put on the right and on the left of the three formations．These mounted troops，on account of their formation and their position，were called alae，because they looked like two wings attached to the body．They drew up the first rank，consisting of the Hastati who were in front，in close formation，so that they might thrust forward and hold up the enemy. The second rank，consisting of Principes，since they were not to be engaged at the outset，but were to

come to the aid of the first should they be beaten or hard pressed，they did not draw up in such close formation，but kept their lines thinner so that this rank could receive the first rank，without disturbing its formation，should the latter be overcome by the enemy and have to fall back．The third rank consisting of Triarii，were drawn up in yet thinner lines than the second，so as to receive the two first ranks，comprising Principes and Hastati，should need arise．When their ranks had thus been drawn up in this formation，they went into battle；and，should the Hastati be forced back or defeated，they fell straight back upon the thinner ranks of the Principes，and the two ranks，thus united to form one compact body，resumed the fight．Should these ranks be beaten and forced to retreat，they retired upon the thinner ranks of the Triarii，and all three ranks，together forming one body，renewed the fight．But should they be overcome，the day was lost，since they had no further chance to reform．Wherefore，since every time this last rank of Triarii became engaged，it meant danger to the army，there arose the proverb：'It all depends on the Triarii'，or，as we say in the Tuscan idiom：'We have played the last stake'．

As generals in our days have abandoned all other traditions and pay no attention to any point in ancient military discipline，so they have abandoned it in regard to this point，which is of no small importance．For where an army is so drawn up as to be able to reform three times during a battle，to lose the day luck must go against it three times and the valour of those attacking it must be sufficient to beat it three times over．But an army that can withstand but one attack，as is the case with all Christian armies，may easily lose，for，if it become in any way disorganized or its valour be but indifferent，its chance of victory goes．The inability of our armies thrice to

reform is due to their having dropped the custom of receiving one rank into the other. This in turn is due to there being in presentday battleformations one of two defects: either they station their ranks one alongside the other, and make their formations broad in extent but thin in the line of attack, which makes them weaker owing to their lack of depth; or when, to make them stronger, they actually draw up the ranks in Roman fashion, then, since no arrangement is made for the first to be received by the second, when the first is routed, all get mixed up together and defeat themselves. For if the rank in front gets the worst of it, it collides with the second; and, if the second wants to advance, it is impeded by the first. Hence when the first falls back on the second, and the second on the third, so much confusion arises that the whole army is frequently ruined should the least misadventure befall.

At the battle of Ravenna, in which Monsieur de Foix who commanded the armies of France was killed – a wellfought battle as things go today – both the Spanish and the French armies were drawn up in one of the ways just described, i. e. each of the two armies advanced with all its troops drawn up shoulder to shoulder so that both presented but a single front which was much greater in extent than it was in depth. This is always their procedure when they are operating on a large plain such as they had at Ravenna; for, realizing the disorder a retreat causes when troops are arranged in files, they avoid this, when they can, by making their front broad, as has been said. But should the available space be narrow they put up with the aforesaid bad arrangement without providing any remedy. And in the same bad formation they ride through the enemy's country, whether to loot it or to perform any other military manoeuvre.

Again，at San. Regolo in the territory of Pisa，as also at other places in which the Florentines were routed by the Pisans during the war which took place between the Florentines and that city owing to its having rebelled after Charles，king of France，passed through Italy，the disaster was entirely due to the allied cavalry which，being in front and having been repulsed by the enemy，fell back on the Florentine infantry and broke it up，so that the rest of the troops all turned tail. Messer Ciriaco dal Borgo，once a captain of Florentine infantry，has also often stated in my presence that he had never been routed except by the cavalry of his allies. The Swiss，who are masters of modern warfare，when fighting on the French side，make it their first care to station themselves on the flanks，so that，should the allied cavalry be driven back，it will not clash with them. Yet，though such things are both easy to understand and very easy to carry out，none the less there has not appeared as yet any of our contemporary generals who has adopted the ancient formations and emended the modern ones. And though they may again have the threefold army formation，called respectively the vanguard，the main body and the rearguard，it serves no purpose other than that of disposing men in billets. Moreover，when they make use of it，as was said above，it rarely happens that the selfsame fortune does not befall all these bodies.

Since many，to cover their ignorance，assert that the destructive power of artillery does not in these days permit the use of many ancient practices，I propose to discuss this question in the following chapter，and to inquire whether artillery renders it impossible to display the valour of days gone by.

In what Esteem Artillery should be held by Armies at the Present Time，and whether the Opinion universally held in its Regard is Sound

When in addition to what I have just written，I consider how many open battles which in our time the French call ‘days’ and the Italians call ‘feats of arms’，were fought by the Romans at different times，there comes to my mind the common opinion so many hold，an opinion which would have it that，had there been artillery in those days，it would not have been possible for the Romans to have conquered provinces and to have made peoples become their tributaries so easily as they did；nor would they have been able in any way to make such bold acquisitions．They allege，too，that the use of these destructive weapons prevents men from employing and displaying their virtue as they used to do of old．And as a third point they add that it is more difficult than it was then to come to an engagement，and that it is impossible to keep to the ancient usages．In fact，war before long will be reduced to the question of artillery．

I do not think it beside the point to discuss whether this view is sound，or to inquire whether artillery has increased or has lessened the strength of armies，and whether it has deprived good generals of，or has provided them with，an opportunity for acting ‘virtuously’．So let me begin by dealing with the first of these claims，namely，that Roman armies of old would not have made the acquisitions they did make，if in those days there had been artillery．

In reply to this I would point out that wars are either offensive or defensive．Hence we must first ask to which of these two kinds of warfare artillery is the more useful or the more dangerous．Though there is

something to be said for either view，yet I am convinced that artillery is incomparably more harmful to defenders than to those who attack. The reason why I say this is that the defenders are either in a walled town or are encamped behind a stockade. If they are within a walled town，either it is small，as are most fortresses，or it is large. In the first case，it is all up with the defenders，for the force of artillery is such that no wall can stand it，not even the thickest，for more than a few days. Hence if those within have not a goodly space into which to retire and dig trenches and build ramparts they are doomed. Nor can they withstand the attack of an enemy determined to force his way through a gap in the walls，even if they have artillery to help them，for it is an accepted maxim that against a heavy massed attack artillery is powerless. For this reason the defending of towns against the fury of ultramontane attacks has not been successful but against the assaults of Italians they have been highly successful，for the latter do not attack en masse but in detachments，a form of attack for which much the best name is skirmishing. To advance thus coolly in such weak formation towards a breach in the walls where there is artillery，is to advance to certain death，and against such attacks artillery is of service. But when the attackers form a dense mass and come on one after the other to a breach in the walls，they get through anywhere unless held up by trenches and ramparts. Artillery will not hold them，for，though some get killed，there will not be so many killed as to prevent a victory.

That this is so is shown by the many towns stormed by the ultramontanes in Italy，and especially by that of Brescia. For when this town rebelled against the French who still held the citadel on behalf of the king of France，in order to prevent raids being made on the town from the

citadel，the Venetians fortified the whole of the street leading down from the citadel to the city with artillery，placing it both in front and on the flanks and in any other convenient place. But of this Monsieur de Foix made no account. On the contrary，with a squadron of his cavalry，who dismounted，he got right through the artillery and took the city；nor do we hear that the artillery caused him any appreciable loss. So that the defenders of a small town，as we have said，when they find their walls laid low and have no space into which to retire behind ramparts and in trenches，but have to rely on their artillery，are speedily undone.

If you are defending a large town where you have all you need for a withdrawal，artillery is still of far greater use to those who are outside than to those who are within. First，because，if artillery is to do any damage to those who are outside，you must needs raise it above the level of the ground，for，if on the level，every little trench the enemy digs and every rampart he puts up will afford him security，and you can do him no harm. So much so that，having raised your artillery and dragged it into some recess in the walls or having in some other way elevated it above the ground，you will then meet with two difficulties. First，you cannot bring into action artillery of the same size and power as those outside can avail themselves of，since in a small space it is impossible to manipulate large pieces. Secondly，should you succeed in getting it there，you will not be able to construct reliable and safe ramparts whereby to protect the said artillery，which can be done quite easily outside，on *terra firma*，where there are all the conveniences and as much space as anyone can want. Hence it is impossible for the defenders of a town to have their artillery in high positions when those who are outside have enough artillery and that of a powerful

kind；and if they are driven to place it in a low position，it is in large part useless，as has been said．Consequently，the defence of a city has to be carried on by handtohand fighting，as was done of old，supported by artillery of very light calibre．Wherefore，though some slight benefit may accrue from this light artillery，it brings with it a disadvantage which counterbalances the advantage due to artillery，because，owing to the heavy artillery，the walls of towns are demolished and lie flat，buried，as it were，in ditches，so that，when it comes to handtohand fighting，the defenders have a worse time of it than they had before，since their walls have been battered down or their trenches filled up．These engines of war，therefore，as was said above，are of more use to the besiegers of towns than they are to the besieged．

As to the third point，if your camp has been placed behind a stockade so as to avoid open battle unless it suit your convenience and is to your advantage，I claim that in this case you are ordinarily no better off in regard to preventing an engagement than was the case in the old days，and that there are times when，on account of artillery，you may be at a greater disadvantage．For，should the enemy come upon you and have a slight advantage in position，as may easily happen should he find himself on higher ground than yours；or should you on his arriving not yet have made your trenches and dug yourself well in；straightway，and without your being able to do anything about it，he will dislodge you and you will have to quit your fortified position and join battle．This happened to the Spaniards at the battle of Ravenna．They had fortified themselves on the banks of the Ronco，but the earthworks they had thrown up were not sufficiently high and the French had a slight advantage in position，so that they were

compelled by artillery to quit their fortifications and join battle. But suppose，as should usually be the case，that the site you have chosen for the camp is above that occupied by the enemy and that its earthworks are good and strong，so that，owing to your position and the other preparations you have made，the enemy does not dare to attack，it will be found that in such a case recourse will be had to the methods that were used in ancient times when someone had his army in a position in which it could not be attacked，namely，to scouring the country，taking or laying siege to towns that are friendly to you，and cutting off your supplies，so that you will be forced under such conditions to leave your camp and come out into the open，where artillery，as I shall presently point out，cannot do much. In view，therefore，of the reasons for which the Romans made war，and seeing that almost all their wars were of the offensive and not of the defensive type，it would seem that what we have said above holds good，namely，that it would have been to their advantage and would have speeded up their conquests，had there been artillery in those days.

As to the second charge，which alleges that men cannot display their valour as they used to do of old，on account of artillery，I admit it is true that，where men in small detachments have to expose themselves，there is greater danger now than then，should they have to scale the walls of a town or to make an assault of this kind not with a compact body of troops but individually，first one appearing and then another. It is also true that the officers and generals of an army are more exposed to the danger of death now than then，since anywhere they may come under artillery fire. Nor does it help them to be in the last squadron or to be supported by very brave men. One finds，none the less，that rarely does either of these two dangers

occasion any outoftheway loss．For the walls of wellfortified towns cannot be scaled，nor are attacks on them made with weak troops．If a town is to be taken，it has to be besieged，just as it was of old．Nor，even when it is taken by assault are the dangers much greater now than they were then，for the defenders of towns even in those days did not lack equipment for launching projectiles，which，if not so terrifying，were no less effective in the matter of killing men. As to the death of officers and army commanders，in the last twentyfour years during which there have been wars in Italy，there have been fewer cases than there were during ten years of war in olden times．For，except for Count Ludovico della Mirandola，who was killed at Ferrara when the Venetians attacked that state a few years ago，and for the Duke of Nemours，who was killed abroad at Cerignuola，artillery has not killed anybody；for Monsieur de Foix was killed with a sword，not by a cannonball．Hence if men do not，as individuals，display their valour，it is not due to artillery，but to bad methods and to the weakness of ［modern］ armies，for since they lack valour as a whole，they cannot display it in the part．

To their third allegation which is that it is impossible to bring about a handtohand fight and that war will eventually become a matter of artillery，I reply that this statement is altogether false，and will always be looked on as false by those who want their armies to display in their operations the virtue of ancient times．For it behoves him who wants to form a good army，to accustom his men by means of sham fights or real fights to engage the enemy at close quarters，sword in hand．Hence he should rely more on infantry than on cavalry，for reasons which will presently be given．And，if he does rely on infantry，trained as we have said，artillery becomes quite

useless，since it is easier for infantry when engaging the enemy to avoid cannonballs than it was of old for them to avoid an attack by elephants or by chariots armed with scythes，or other unfamiliar weapons such as the Roman infantry had to encounter．Against such devices they always found a remedy；and against artillery would the more easily have found a remedy in that the time during which it may harm you is shorter than that during which elephants and scythed chariots could do you harm．For the latter throw you into disorder during a battle，whereas the former is a nuisance only before the fight begins；and this nuisance infantry easily avoid either by availing themselves of such cover as the site offers or by lying flat on the ground when a volley comes．Experience，however，has shown that this is unnecessary，especially as a defence against heavy artillery；for with heavy artillery the range cannot be so nicely adjusted．Hence either the fire is too high，and does not get you，or it is too low and falls short of you．

Again，when armies come to handtohand conflict，it is as clear as the day that neither heavy nor light artillery can hurt you．For if the enemy place it in front，you capture it；and，if he puts it behind，it hits his own folk before it hits you；while on the flanks it cannot do you so much damage but that you can go and get it，so that in the end it all comes to much the same thing．Nor is there much question about this．For it is clear from the case of the Swiss，who at Novara in 1513 were without either artillery or cavalry，yet went for the French army，which was supported by artillery in a fortified position，and found no difficulty on this account in breaking it up．

The reason for this，besides what I said above，is that，if artillery is to function，it must be protected either by walls or trenches or earthworks，

and, if either form of protection is lacking, it either gets taken or becomes useless, just as happens when men have to defend it in pitched battles and open engagements. Nor can it be used on the flanks except in the way the ancients used projectile launching devices. Such instruments were then placed outside the main body, in order that they might function outside the ranks, and, should those who used them be overcome at any time by cavalry or other forces, they took refuge behind the regular troops. Those who expect anything more from artillery do not understand it properly and place their trust in what can easily let them down. And if by using artillery the Turk gained a victory over Sophy and the Sultan, it was solely in virtue of the panic caused among their cavalry by its unfamiliar noise.

On coming, then, to the end of this discourse, my conclusion is that artillery is useful to an army provided it be backed by valour such as was displayed of old; but, without this, it is of not the least use against a valorous army.

That Infantry should be more highly esteemed than Cavalry is shown by the Authority of the Romans and by the Example of Ancient Military Practice

It is possible to give many reasons and to cite many cases showing clearly how much greater esteem the Romans had for footsoldiers than for cavalry in all military operations, and how upon this basis they drew up all plans for their forces. Numerous instances illustrate this; among others the battle fought with the Latins near Lake Regillus, where, when the Roman army began to give way, to support them some troops on horseback were ordered to dismount and fight on foot, by which means the battle was renewed and a

victory gained. From which it is obvious that the Romans had more confidence in their men when on foot than when mounted. They used this expedient in many other battles, and always found it the best remedy in dangerous situations.

Nor can this be countered by the opinion expressed by Hannibal when during the battle of Cannae he noticed that the consuls had made their cavalry dismount, and joked about it, saying: 'Quam mallem vinctos mihi traderent equites,' i. e. 'I should have liked it better had they handed the horsemen over to me bound.' Though this opinion is voiced by a firstclass man, yet, if it be a question of authority, one should put more credence in a Roman republic and in the many firstclass generals who were in it than in Hannibal alone. Furthermore, apart from an appeal to authority, sound reasons can be adduced; for a footsoldier can get to many places to which a mounted man cannot go; infantry can be taught to keep their ranks, and, when broken, know how to reform them, whereas it is difficult for cavalry to keep their ranks, and impossible for them to re-form when their ranks are disorganized. Besides which, one finds that horses, like men, sometimes have little spirit and sometimes a great deal, and quite often it happens that a spirited horse is ridden by a timid man and a timid horse by a man of spirit; and of whichever kind the disparity be, the result is subversive of utility and order.

Infantry, when well drawn up, can easily break cavalry, but with difficulty are routed by them. This view is corroborated not only by many instances, both ancient and modern, but also by authors who prescribe rules for the conduct of civic affairs and in them show that wars were first

fought with cavalry，since there were then no rules for drawing up infantry；but when these were made，it was at once recognized that infantry are more useful than cavalry．But it does not follow from this that cavalry is not essential to an army alike for the purpose of scouting，of raiding and pillaging the country，of pursuing the enemy when in flight，and again as a partial counterpoise to the cavalry of the adversary：but it is infantry that should constitute the basis and sinews of an army and that should be held in the higher esteem．

Among the sins committed by Italian princes who have made Italy the slave of the foreigner，there is none more grave than that of having held this arm of small account and of having devoted all their attention to mounted troops．This mismanagement is due to the perversity of captains and to the ignorance of those who hold office．For the Italian militia having lost all official status during the last twentyfive years had become like soldiers of fortune．It occurred to the militia that their reputation would be made if they had the armed forces while the rulers had none．Since，then，they could not maintain a large number of infantry continually in their pay and they had no subjects of whom they could avail themselves，and since a small number would not make their reputation，they turned to cavalry；for with two or three hundred cavalry in his pay，the reputation of a condottiere was safe，and the pay was not such as to prevent him getting it from ministers of state．So the more easily to attain their end and to keep up their reputation they made light of all the esteem and repute in which infantry was held，and applied it instead to their own cavalry：an abuse which has grown to such an extent that even of the largest armies the infantry constitute but a fraction．It is this practice，conjoined with numerous other abuses associated with it，

that has made the Italian militia so weak that Italy has become an easy prey，downtrodden by all the ultramontanes.

To show yet more clearly what a mistake it is to prefer cavalry to infantry，I shall take another example from Rome. The Romans were encamped before Sora. From the town there came forth a troop of cavalry to attack their camp. The Roman master of horse advanced to meet them with his cavalry. When they met，luck would have it that at their first encounter the officers commanding both bodies of troops were killed. Though without their leaders，the fight none the less went on，and that they might the more easily get the better of their foes，the Romans dismounted，and forced the enemy's cavalry in order to defend themselves，to do the same；by which means the Romans gained the victory. Than this example none shows better how much more virtue there is in infantry than in cavalry；for in other actions the consuls made the Roman cavalry dismount that they might help the infantry who were hard pressed and were in need of support；but in this case they dismounted，not to help the infantry，nor yet to engage the enemy's footsoldiers，but because，while fighting as cavalry against cavalry，it occurred to them that，since as cavalry they could not prevail，they might win more easily by dismounting. Whence I infer that it is only with the greatest difficulty that infantry when properly drawn up，can be overcome except by other infantry.

Crassus and Mark Antony，two Romans，overran the domains of the Parthians for many days with very few cavalry but plenty of infantry，though against them they had vast numbers of Parthian cavalry. Crassus with part of the army got killed，but Mark Antony fought valiantly and

escaped. None the less, in the misfortunes the Romans suffered, we see how much more value infantry were than cavalry, for the country was vast, mountains scarce, streams very scarce, the sea far away, and no conveniences at hand; yet Mark Antony, as the Parthians themselves admitted, saved himself by his outstanding virtue; nor did the Parthian cavalry, numerous as it was, ever dare to try conclusions with his army. And, if Crassus was left behind, he who studies closely the record of his doings, will see that it was by deceit rather than by force that he was undone, for, in spite of all his troubles, the Parthians never ventured to attack him. On the contrary, they always went roaming about, intercepting his convoys, making promises which they did not keep, till they had reduced him to dire extremity.

I should have been at more pains, I think, to prove that the 'virtue' of infantry is more potent than that of cavalry if there had not been so many recent examples which provide abundant evidence of this. There were the nine thousand Swiss we have already mentioned, who at Novara proceeded to attack ten thousand cavalry and as many infantry, and beat them; for the cavalry could not get at them, and they thought little of the infantry, since it consisted for the most part of Gascons and was badly organized. Then there were the twentysix thousand Swiss who went as far as Milan to look for Francis, king of France, who had with him twenty thousand cavalry, forty thousand infantry, and a hundred pieces of artillery; and if they did not win the day as they had done at Novara, they fought valiantly for two days, and, though routed, got away with half their forces. Marcus Regulus Atilius had the courage to oppose not only cavalry, but elephants, with infantry; and, if his project did not succeed, it was not because his

infantry were so lacking in virtue，that he had not sufficient confidence in them to believe that they would overcome the difficulty. I repeat，then，that to get the better of welldisciplined infantry it is necessary to bring against them better disciplined infantry；otherwise the case is plainly hopeless.

In the days of Philip Visconti，Duke of Milan，there descended on Lombardy about sixteen thousand Swiss. Whereupon the Duke，whose forces were then commanded by Carmignuola，sent him with about a thousand cavalry and a few infantry to meet them. Carmignuola，unacquainted with their way of fighting，attacked them with his cavalry，assuming that he would be able to break them at once. But they stood firm，and，having lost many of his men，he retired. Being，however，a very brave man，who knew how to take fresh chances when circumstances changed，as soon as reinforcements came along to make up his strength，he went to meet them，told all his menatarms to dismount，and，putting them at the head of his infantry，set out to attack the Swiss. For whom there was no escape，because Carmignuola's menatarms having dismounted and being well protected by armour，they could easily pierce the ranks of the Swiss without suffering any harm，and，having got through，could easily overcome them. The result was that of all the Swiss there remained alive only those whom the humanity of Carmignuola chose to spare.

I believe many are aware of the difference in virtue that exists between these two kinds of troops，but so unhappy are these our times that neither ancient nor modern examples nor its being admittedly a mistake is sufficient to make modern rulers revise their point of view and realize that，if a province or a state is to keep up its military reputation，it is essential to

resuscitate these services，to have them at hand，to restore their credit，to put fresh life into them，so that they may bring to the ruler both life and reputation. But，as rulers have departed from these ways，so they have departed from others mentioned above，and in consequence acquisitions do harm to a state instead of contributing to its greatness，as will presently be pointed out.

Mistakes often made in connection with war

Fortresses in General are much more Harmful than Useful

To the wiseacres of our times it may perhaps seem a foolish thing that when the Romans wanted to ensure the loyalty of the people of Latium and the city of Privernum it did not occur to them to build any sort of fortress to curb them and keep them loyal，especially as in Florence it is an accepted principle，so our wiseacres say，that Pisa and other such cities should be held by means of fortresses．Had the Romans been of their calibre，it would undoubtedly have occurred to them to build fortresses，but since their virtue，judgement，and power was of different order they did not do so．So long as Rome enjoyed freedom and was loyal to her institutions and to her efficient constitution she never held either cities or provinces by means of fortresses save where they were already built．In view，then，of the way the Romans acted in this matter and of the way rulers act today，it seems to me worth while considering whether it is good to build fortresses and whether they are harmful or useful to those who build them．

It must be borne in mind，then，that fortresses are constructed as a defence either against enemies or against subjects．In the first case they are unnecessary，and in the second case harmful．Let us begin by explaining why in the second case they are harmful．I maintain that when a prince or a republic is afraid of its subjects and fears they may rebel，the root cause of this fear must lie in the hatred which such subjects have for their rulers：a

hatred which is due to their misbehaviour; and a misbehaviour which is due to their fancying they can hold them by force, or to their foolish way of governing them. And one of the things that makes rulers believe in force is the fact that they have fortresses to fall back on. For when mismanagement gives rise to hatred it is mainly due to a prince or a republic having fortresses; and, when this is the case, fortresses are far more harmful than useful. For, in the first place, they make you more foolhardy and violent in dealing with your subjects, as has been said. Next, they do not afford you internally that security you fancy they do. For no force and no violence is of the least use in controlling your people except under one of two conditions: either you have a good army which you can put in the field, as the Romans had; or your people are so exhausted, spent, disorganized and divided, that they cannot unite to do you hurt. For if you reduce them to poverty, 'though despoiled, they still have arms', and, if you disarm them, 'their fury will provide them with arms'. If you kill their leaders and suppress all other signs of insurrection, like the heads of the Hydra other leaders will arise. If you erect fortresses, they are useful in time of peace because they give you more courage in illtreating your subjects, but in time of war they are quite useless, for they will be attacked both by your enemies and by your subjects, and against both it is impossible for them to stand. And if there ever was a time when they were useless, it is now on account of artillery, for against its fire it is impossible to defend such small places where there are no embankments behind which men can retire, as we have shown above.

In discussing this question I am going to particularize. Do you, my prince, with your fortresses want to keep a firm hand on the people in your

city？ Do you，be you a prince or a republic，want to tighten your grip on a city you have taken during a war？ I tell you，if you be a prince，that as a means of controlling your citizens，nothing can be more futile than a fortress for the reasons I have given：it makes you quicker to use，and less careful in using，harsh measures，and by such measures you make them long for your downfall，and they become so furious that，for this very reason，your fortress will afford you no protection. So obvious is this，that a wise and good prince never constructs fortresses if he wants to remain good and to avoid providing his sons with a reason for wanting to become bad，for he would have them rely not on fortresses，but on their subjects' goodwill.

And if Count Francesco Sforza，having become Duke of Milan，was reputed a wise man，and yet built a fortress in Milan，I maintain that in this he was not wise，and the result has proved that this fortress did harm to his heirs instead of affording them security. For with a fortress they thought they were safe and could oppress their citizens and subjects，so lost no opportunity of doing them violence；with the result that they came to be detested beyond all measure，and lost their state to the first enemy who attacked them. Nor was this fortress any protection or of any service to them in time of war，while in time of peace it did them much harm，since，if they had not had it，yet had been so unwise as to treat their citizens harshly，they would have realized their danger sooner and would have withdrawn from it. In which case they would have been able to put up a more spirited resistance to the French attack with loyal subjects but without a fortress than with a fortress and disloyal subjects.

In no way，then，do fortresses help you，for you will lose them either

through the treachery of their keepers，or by some violent attack，or，by their being starved out. While，if you do want them to help you，and to enable you to recover a state you have lost，in which there remains to you only a fortress，you must have an army with which to attack those who have driven you out，and when you have such an army，you will recover your state anyhow，even if there be no fortress there；and this the more easily when your men are friendly and have not been badly treated owing to the arrogance a fortress instils. Experience then shows that this Milanese fortress was not the least use either to the Sforzas or to the French when with either of them things went wrong. On the contrary，to both it brought disaster and ruin in that it prevented them from considering whether there might not be a more honest way of maintaining their position.

Guidobaldo，Duke of Urbino，the son of Frederick，who was highly esteemed in his day as an army commander，was expelled from his state by Caesar Borgia，the son of Pope Alexander VI. When later，owing to an accident，he got back，he had all the fortresses in that district razed to the ground since he thought them mischievous. For with respect to his people who were fond of him，he did not need fortresses and，so far as his enemies were concerned，he realized he could not protect the fortresses，since he would require to have an army in the field to defend them. So he resolved to get rid of them.

Pope Julius，when he had expelled the Bentivogli from Bologna，erected a fortress in that city，and afterwards caused its inhabitants to be cruelly oppressed by one of his governors so that they rebelled；and straightaway he lost the fortress，which thus did not help him，but harmed

him in as much as，had he acted otherwise，it would have helped him.

Niccolò da Castello，father of the Vitelli，on returning to his country from which he had been exiled，at once pulled down two fortresses which had been built there by Pope Sixtus IV，for he held that it was not the fortress，but the affection of his people which would preserve his state for him.

But of all such cases the most recent and the most noteworthy in every way as illustrating the futility of building fortresses and the utility of demolishing them，is what happened at Genoa not long ago. Everybody knows that in 1507 Genoa rebelled against Louis XII，King of France，who came in person with all his forces to reconquer it，and that，on recovering it，he constructed a fortress stronger than any at present known，since，situated on the point of a hill which juts into the sea，called by the Genoese Codefà，it was，owing to its position and to a number of other circumstances，impregnable，and commanded the port and a large part of the city of Genoa. It none the less came about that in 1512，when the French were driven from Italy，Genoa rebelled，despite the fortress；Ottaviano Fregoso seized the government；and，after a siege of sixteen months in which he used all possible devices，he starved the fortress out. Everyone then expected，and many advised，that it should be kept as a refuge in case of emergency，but Fregoso，like a prudent man，destroyed it，for he recognized that it is not fortresses but the wills of men that keep rulers in power. Thus，instead of relying on a fortress，he relied on virtue and sound sense，and so held his position and holds it still. And，whereas to change the government of Genoa，a thousand infantry used to suffice，its

adversaries have since attacked it with ten thousand and have done it no harm. Hence one sees that dismantling a fortress did not hurt Ottaviano, and erecting one did not help the king. For so long as he could come with an army into Italy, he could recover Genoa without having a fortress there; but, when he could not come into Italy with an army, he could not hold Genoa, though he had the fortress. Thus, constructing the fortress was expensive to the king, and losing it shameful; whereas to Ottaviano the reconquering of the fortress brought glory and the demolishing of it advantage.

We come now to republics which erect fortresses not in their native land but in towns which they have acquired. If the instances already given, of France and of Genoa, do not suffice to show the fallacy involved, it should be enough if I cite those of Florence and Pisa. The Florentines erected fortresses to hold the city of Pisa, not considering that, since the Pisans had always been hostile to Florentine power, had enjoyed freedom and regarded rebellion as a means to freedom, it was necessary, if they were to retain Pisa, to adopt the Roman method, i. e. either to make it an ally or to destroy it. For the virtue of the fortresses became evident on the arrival of King Charles, to whom they surrendered owing either to the bad faith of their custodians or for fear of worse to come. Whereas if there had been no fortresses, the Florentines would not have based on them their power to hold Pisa; nor would the king have been able by means of them to deprive the Florentines of that city; for the means they had taken thus far might perchance have enabled them to keep it, and unquestionably would not have proved more disastrous than the fortresses.

I conclude, therefore, that for the purpose of holding one's own country fortresses are hurtful, and that for the purpose of holding acquired towns they are futile. The authority of the Romans is enough for me here, for round the towns they wanted to hold by force they did not build walls but pulled them down. And, if against this my view anyone should cite in ancient times the case of Tarentum, and in modern times Brescia, both of which places were regained, thanks to fortresses, after their subjects had revolted, I answer thus. To recover Tarentum Fabius Maximus, at the beginning of his year of office, was sent with a whole army, which would have sufficed for its recovery even if there had been no fortress there; and though Fabius made use of it, if it had not been there he would have adopted other means which would have produced the same effect. What use there is in a fortress I do not know, if, to recover a town, one needs a consular army and a Fabius Maximus to command it. Moreover, that the Romans would have recovered it in any case, is seen from the example of Capua, where there was no fortress, but which the Romans retook by the valour of the army.

But let us turn to Brescia. I maintain that what happened in that rebellion is a rare occurrence. Rarely when a town rebels does it happen that the fortress remains in your hands and that you have a large army in the neighbourhood, as the French then had. For Monsieur de Foix, the king's commander, had an army at Bologna, and when he heard that Brescia was lost, he went without delay to deal with the revolt, in three days reached Brescia, and with assistance from the fortress recovered the town. Here again, then, for the fortress at Brescia to be of any use, it needed a Monsieur de Foix and a French army to relieve it after three days march.

The case of Brescia，therefore，is not enough to refute examples of the opposite kind；for in wars recently waged，numbers of fortresses have been taken and retaken with the same fortune that has attended the taking and retaking of open country，not only in Lombardy，but in the Romagna，in the kingdom of Naples，and in every part of Italy．

As to building fortresses for defence against external foes，I maintain that they are unnecessary where peoples or kingdoms have good armies and that to those who have no such armies they are useless；for good armies without fortresses suffice for defence，and fortresses without good armies are no defence．This is borne out by the experience of men of high repute as rulers and in other matters，for instance，the Romans and the Spartans；for if the Romans did not build fortresses，the Spartans not only abstained from doing this，but did not permit their cities to have walls，because they chose to rely for defence on the virtue of the individual，and wanted no other． Hence，when a Spartan was asked by an Athenian whether the walls of Athens did not look fine，he answered：‘Quite！ provided it be ladies who live there．’

The ruler，then，who has good armies，may sometimes find it useful，though not essential，to have fortresses on the coast and on the frontiers of his domains to hold off the attack of an enemy till he gets properly going．But，if he has not a good army，to have fortresses within his state or on its frontiers is either harmful or useless：harmful because he so easily loses them and，when lost，they make war on him；or，if they should chance to be so strong that the enemy cannot capture them，they get left behind by the hostile army and so come to be useless．For，when good

armies do not meet with very strong opposition，on entering a country they pay no attention to cities and fortresses，which they may leave behind them. We see this in ancient history just as we have seen it done by Francesco Maria，who in quite recent times，when on his way to attack Urbino，left behind him ten of the enemy's cities，without bothering about them.

The ruler，then，who can muster a good army，can do without fortresses，and the ruler who has not a good army had better not build them. The best thing he can do is to fortify the city where he dwells，to keep it provisioned and its inhabitants well disposed，so as to hold off an enemy's attack till he can either come to terms or get outside help to relieve him. All other plans are expensive in time of peace and useless in time of war. In view，then，of all I have said，it will be seen that，as the Romans were wise in their other institutions，so，too，were they prudent when they decided in the case of the Latins and the Privernates to dispense with fortresses and took more virtuous and wiser means of securing their loyalty.

To attack a Divided City in the Hope that its Divisions will facilitate the Conquest of it is Bad Policy

There was so much discord between the plebs and the nobility in the Roman republic that the Veientes，in conjunction with the Etruscans，thought this disunion would enable them to destroy the power of Rome. Having，therefore，formed an army and invaded Roman territory，the senate sent Gaius Manlius and Marcus Fabius to engage them. When the army they were leading drew near to the army of the Veientes，the latter kept on attacking and vilifying the Roman name with insults and abuse. And so

great was their rashness and insolence that the Romans became united instead of disunited, and, when it came to a fight, broke and defeated the enemy. Thus one sees, as we have said above, how mistaken men are when in coming to decisions they rely on discord, and how often, when they think they have a sure thing they lose. The Veientes thought that if they attacked the Romans, when disunited, they would overcome them; but their attack caused the Romans to unite and brought about their own ruin. For discord in a republic is usually due to idleness and peace, and unity to fear and to war. Had the Veientes been wise, then, the more disunited they found the Romans to be, the more studiously should they have refrained from going to war with them, and have striven to get the better of them by the artifices men use in time of peace.

The way to set about this is to win the confidence of the city which is disunited; and, so long as they do not come to blows, to act as arbitrator between the parties, and, when they do come to blows, to give tardy support to the weaker party, both with a view to keeping them at it and wearing them out; and, again, because stronger measures would leave no room for any to doubt that you were out to subjugate them and make yourself their ruler. When this scheme is well carried out, it will happen, as always, that the end you have in view will be attained. The city of Pistoia, as I have said in another discourse and apropos of another topic, was acquired by the republic of Florence by just such an artifice; for it was divided and the Florentines supported now one, now the other party and, without making themselves obnoxious to either, led them on until they got sick of their turbulent way of living and in the end came to throw themselves voluntarily into the arms of Florence.

The city of Siena has never changed its form of government with the help of the Florentines except when their help was weak and infrequent; for, when it was frequent and strong, its effect was to make that city united in defence of the government in power.

I wish to add to the abovementioned examples a further example. Filippo Visconti, Duke of Milan, several times made war on the Florentines, relying on their disunion, and in all cases came out the loser, so that when he was bewailing these attacks, he used to say that the follies of the Florentines had involved him in an expenditure of two millions in gold to no purpose.

It remained, then, that the Veientes and the Tuscans were mistaken on this point, as was said above, so that in the end there came a battle when the Romans conquered them. And in like manner will others find themselves mistaken, should they imagine that by such means and in such circumstances they can bring a people into subjection.

Scorn and abuse arouse Hatred against those who indulge in them without bringing them any Advantage

I hold it to be a sign of great prudence in men to refrain alike from threats and from the use of insulting language, for neither of these things deprives the enemy of his power, but the first puts him more on his guard, while the other intensifies his hatred of you and makes him more industrious in devising means to harm you. This is seen in the case of the Veientes, whom we were discussing in the previous chapter. Besides the injury done by the war, they abused the Romans by word of mouth, a thing which

every sensible general should prevent his soldiers from doing，for such language does but exasperate the enemy and move him to vengeance，nor，as has been said，does it in any way interfere with his attack：so that in fact they are weapons which turn against you.

Of this a notable instance occurred in Asia. When Cobades，the Persian commander，had been besieging Amida for a considerable time，he grew weary of the tiresome business and decided to withdraw. While he was striking camp the townsmen，exhilarated by their victory，all climbed on the walls and used every sort of abuse，calumniating and accusing and upbraiding the enemy for his cowardice and poltroonery. This so annoyed Cobades that he changed his mind，and，indignant at the injustice，returned to the siege and in a few days had taken and sacked the city.

The same thing happened to the Veientes，who，as I have said，were not content to make war on the Romans，but also spoke of them contemptuously，going up to the stockade surrounding their camp and shouting abuse at them. This annoyed the troops much more than the fighting did；so that，whereas they had at first fought unwillingly，they now pressed the consuls to join battle，with the result that the Veientes，like those mentioned above，were punished for their contumacy as they deserved. Good army commanders and good republican rulers should take all appropriate measures to prevent the use of abusive language and taunts，whether in the city or in their army，and whether used one towards another or towards the enemy. For，if used towards the enemy，there ensue the aforesaid inconveniences，and still worse inconveniences if used one towards the other，unless precautions be taken，as they always have been

by prudent men.

When the Roman legions, left in Capua, conspired against the Capuans, as will be narrated in due course, and in connection with this conspiracy a mutiny arose, subsequently quelled by Valerius Corvinus, among other points in the convention he drew up, it prescribed the severest penalties on those who should reproach any of the troops for having taken part in the mutiny.

Tiberius Gracchus, who, during the war with Hannibal, had been put in command of a certain number of slaves, whom, owing to the shortage of men, the Romans had armed, made a special point of the capital punishment he prescribed for anyone who should reproach any slave with his servitude.

We see, then, how harmful the Romans thought it to calumniate others or to reproach them for a shameful deed, as has been said, for than this there is nothing that inflames the mind more, or arouses greater indignation, whether the taunt be true or be said in jest, 'For smart sayings, when they border on the truth, leave a bitter taste behind them.'

Prudent Princes and Republics should be content with Victory, for, when they are not content with it, they usually lose

Speaking to the disparagement of an enemy is usually due to the arrogance aroused in you by victory or by the false hope of victory. False hopes of this kind not only cause men to make mistakes in what they say, but also in what they do. For, when such hopes enter men's breasts, they cause them to

dispense with caution，and often to miss the chance of obtaining a sure thing in the hope，but by no means the certainty，of improving on it．This matter is worth considering，since very often men make mistakes in regard to it，detrimental to their Tyre，elated with success，not only refused to accept his terms，but killed the envoy who came to arrange matters．Whereupon Alexander，becoming indignant，put such life into the siege that he took and demolished the city，and either killed or made slaves of its inhabitants．

In 1512 a Spanish army invaded the dominions of Florence with a view to restoring the Medici and levying a tax on the city，acting on behalf of fifth columnists who had led them to expect that，once they had crossed the border，they would take up arms in their favour．On entering the plain ［of the Arno］ they found none of them，and，as they were short of provisions，they made overtures of peace．The people of Florence were too proud to accept them．Hence the loss of Prato，and the ruin of that state．

Rulers of states，when attacked，therefore，cannot make a greater mistake than to refuse to come to terms when the forces attacking them are a good deal stronger than their own，especially if the overtures are made by the enemy：for the terms will never be so hard but that in them some benefit will accrue to those who accept them，so that in a way they will share in the victory．The people of Tyre，for instance，should have been content that Alexander had accepted the conditions which he had at first refused，and the victory thus gained would have been considerable，since with their armed forces they had compelled a great man to condescend to their wishes．It should，in like manner，have sufficed the people of Florence that the Spanish army had yielded to any of their demands instead of fulfilling all

their own，for this，too，would have been a considerable victory．For what the Spanish army wanted was to change the form of government in Florence，to put an end to its attachment to France，and to levy tribute．If of these three things the Spaniards had gained the last two，and the people of Florence had gained the first，that is the retention of their form of government，each would have acquired a certain honour and a certain satisfaction；nor would the people have been likely to trouble much about the other two things，so long as their lives were safe．Nay，even had they seen there was a good，and almost certain，chance of a greater victory，they should not have placed themselves wholly at the discretion of fortune and ventured their last stake，which it is never wise to risk unless driven to it．

When Hannibal，who had enjoyed great glory in Italy for sixteen years，left it on being recalled by the Carthaginians to help his own country，he found Hasdrubal and Syphax routed，the kingdom of Numidia lost，and the Carthaginians cooped up within their own walls，destitute of hope except what he and his army should bring．Realizing that his country was reduced to its last stake，he was determined not to risk that till he had tried all other remedies，and so was not ashamed to sue for peace，since he was convinced that，if there was any hope at all for his country，it lay in this and not in war．When peace was refused，he did not decline to fight though bound to lose，since he felt that he could still win，but if he had to lose，he could at least lose gloriously．If，then，Hannibal，who was so full of virtuosity，and had his army still intact，preferred peace to war when he saw that，by losing，his country would be enslaved，what should a man do who has neither the efficiency nor the experience of Hannibal？ Yet there

are men who make this mistake， in that to their hopes they set no bound， and are ruined because they rely on such hopes and take no account of other things.

Rome's dealings with neighbouring states and cities in peace and war

How Dangerous it is for a Republic or a Prince not to avenge an Injury done either to the Public or to a Private Person

What is likely to make men indignant with others may easily be learnt from what happened to the Romans when they sent the three Fabii as ambassadors to the Gauls，who were about to attack Tuscany and，in particular，Clusium．The people of Clusium had appealed to Rome for help against the Gauls．Hence the Romans sent the three Fabii as ambassadors to the Gauls to insist in the name of the Roman republic on their abstaining from a war with the Tuscans．When they arrived at their destination the ambassadors，who were better at acting than speaking，found the Gauls and the Tuscans about to join battle，whereupon they were the foremost to enter the fray．It thus came about that when the Gauls became aware of this，their annoyance with the Tuscans was turned against the Romans．And their indignation was intensified when the Gauls，having complained to the Roman senate through their ambassadors of this unfairness and demanded that the aforesaid Fabii be handed over to them to compensate for the harm they had done，they were not only not handed over or punished in some other way，but an election was held in which they were made tribunes with consular power．Consequently when the Gauls saw those being honoured who ought to have been punished，they took it as an affront and an indignity offered to

themselves, and, inflamed with indignation and anger, marched on Rome and took it, except for the Capitol. A disaster which the Romans brought on themselves through their disregard of justice, for since their ambassadors had offended against the ‘Law of Nations’, they should have been punished, instead of being honoured.

This leads one to consider how important it is for every republic and every prince to take account of such offences, not only when an injury is done to a whole people, but also when it affects an individual. For if an individual is grievously offended either by the public or by a private person, and does not receive due satisfaction, he will, if he lives in a republic, seek to avenge himself, even if it lead to the ruin of that republic; and, if he lives under a prince and has a spark of manliness, will never rest content till he has in some way or other wreaked vengeance on him even though he sees that, in doing so, he will bring disaster on himself.

In verification of this there is no finer or more relevant instance than that of Philip, king of Macedon, the father of Alexander, in whose court there was a handsome and noble young man, Pausanias. With him Attalus, one of the chief men in Philip's entourage, was enamoured, and had on several occasions sought to get him to assent, but found that he had no liking for such things; so, seeing that he could not get what he wanted otherwise, he decided to set a trap for him and to use force. He gave, therefore, a great banquet, which Pausanias and other noble barons attended, and, when they had had their fill of food and wine, he had him seized and bound; then he not only used force in order to gratify his lust, but, to his greater shame, got others to treat him in the same disgusting way. Of this affront

Pausanias complained several times to Philip，who，having kept him for a time in expectation of vengeance，not only did not avenge him，but made Attalus governor of a Grecian province．Pausanias，therefore，seeing his enemy honoured instead of being punished，gave full vent to his indignation not only against the perpetrator of the deed，but against Philip who had not avenged it．So，one morning，the day of the solemn wedding of Philip's daughter，who was being married to Alexander of Epirus，he killed Philip as he was going to the temple for the celebration standing between the two Alexanders，his son and his soninlaw．Of this incident，which is akin to that which happened to the Romans，all who rule should take note，so that they may never esteem any man so lightly as to think that，if injury be added to injury，the injured person will not consider how to vindicate himself，even though it involve him in all manner of dangers and entail his own downfall．

Fortune blinds Men's Minds when she does not wish them to obstruct her Designs

If one ponders well the course of human affairs，it will be seen that many events happen and many misfortunes come about，against which the heavens have not been willing that any provision at all should be made．Since this statement holds good in the case of Rome，which was conspicuous alike for virtue，religion and orderly conduct，it is no wonder that the same thing happens yet more often in cities and provinces which are lacking in these respects．There is a wellknown passage in which Titus Livy shows at length and with great force the power that heaven exercises over human affairs．He says that，with a view to making the Romans recognize its power，heaven

first caused the Fabii to act wrongly when sent as ambassadors to the Gauls， and by means of what they did excited the Gauls to make war on Rome； then ordained that in Rome nothing worthy of the Roman people should be done to meet their attack； for first it brought about that Camillus， who was the only hope they had in those evil days， should be sent as an exile to Ardea； then that， when the Gauls were marching on Rome， they did not appoint a dictator， as they had done many times to meet the attack of the Volsci and other enemies in the neighbourhood． It also caused them to be weak and to take no particular care in calling up troops， who were so slow in taking up arms that they scarce had time to confront the Gauls on the banks of the Allia， which was but ten miles from Rome． There the tribunes set up their camp without their accustomed diligence， since they did not inspect the site beforehand， nor surround it with trenches and stockades， nor take any other precautions， either human or divine； while in preparing for battle they made their ranks thin and weak， and neither troops nor officers behaved as Roman discipline required． No blood was shed during the battle because at the first onslaught the Romans ran away， the greater number going to Veii， and the rest retiring on Rome， where they sought refuge in the Capitol without first going home； whereupon the senate took so little thought for Rome's defence that， for one thing， they omitted to close the gates； and some of its members fled， while others went with the rest into the Capitol．

Granted， in their defence of the Capitol they used some sort of discipline， for they did not pack all the useless people inside， and they got in all the corn they could， so as to be able to stand the siege； while of the useless crowd of old men， women and children， most fled to the country round about， and the rest stayed in Rome at the mercy of the Gauls． So that no one who had read of what was done so often in years gone by and were to

read what was now being done，would think they were one and the same people.

Having described all the disorders mentioned above，Titus Livy concludes with the remark：‘To such an extent does fortune blind the minds of men when she does not want them to oppose the force she is using.’

Nor can anything be more true than the conclusion Livy draws. Hence men who in this life normally either suffer great adversity or enjoy great prosperity，deserve neither praise nor blame；for one usually finds that they have been driven either to ruin or to greatness by the prospect of some great advantage which the heavens have held out，whereby they have been given the chance，or have been deprived of the chance，of being able to act virtuously. Fortune arranges this quite nicely. For，when it wants a man to take the lead in doing great things，it chooses a man of high spirits and great virtue who will seize the occasion it offers him. And in like manner，when it wants a man to bring about a great disaster，it gives precedence to men who will help to promote it；and，if anyone gets in the way，it either kills him off or deprives him of all power of doing good.

It plainly appears from Livy's evidence that，in order to make Rome greater and to lead it on to its future greatness，fortune decided it was necessary first to chastise it in a way that will be described at length in the beginning of the next book，but did not want to ruin it altogether. Hence we see that it made an exile of Camillus，but did not cause him to die；that it caused Rome to be taken，but not the Capitol；that it arranged matters so that nothing useful was thought of to help Rome，nor anything overlooked that could help in the defence of the Capitol. It brought it about that，since

Rome was to be taken，the greater part of the troops which were routed at Allia，should go on to Veii，thus leaving the city without any men to defend it．But in arranging things thus，it also prepared the way for Rome's recovery；for since there was a Roman army at Veii，and Camillus was at Ardea，it became possible to make a more vigorous attempt to deliver the fatherland under a general whose career was free from the stain of defeat and whose reputation was untarnished．

In confirmation of this one might adduce further examples from modern times，but I do not think this necessary，so pass them over，since that I have given should be enough to satisfy anybody．I assert once again as a truth to which history as a whole bears witness that men may second their fortune，but cannot oppose it；that they may weave its warp，but cannot break it．Yet they should never give up，because there is always hope，though they know not the end and move towards it along roads which cross one another and as yet are unexplored；and since there is hope，they should not despair，no matter what fortune brings or in what travail they find themselves．

Really Powerful Republics and Princes do not purchase Alliances with Money，but obtain them by means of the Virtue and the Reputation of their Forces

The Romans were being besieged in the Capitol，and，though they expected help from Veii and from Camillus，were in such bad case owing to famine that they came to terms with the Gauls and agreed to pay them so much gold．They were weighing out the gold agreed upon when Camillus arrived with his army；whereupon fortune，says the historian，decided that ‘the

Romans should not by purchase save their lives’.

This kind of thing is not only noticeable in this case but characterizes the behaviour of this republic throughout. We never find the Romans purchasing towns，or paying in order to obtain peace. They always acquired both by virtue of their arms. Nor do I think that this has ever happened in the case of any other republic. Among other indications of the power of a strong state one looks to the terms on which it lives with its neighbours. When it is so governed that，to obtain its friendship，its neighbours become its tributaries，it is a sure sign that the state is powerful；but when the said neighbours，though inferior in strength，extract payment from it，it is a sure sign of its weakness.

As one runs through Roman history，one sees how the Massilians，the Aedui，the Rhodians，Hiero of Syracuse，king Eumenes and king Masinissa，who were neighbours with estates bordering on the empire of Rome，were ready to incur expense and pay tribute in order to obtain the friendship of Rome，and in return ask only for her protection. In weak states one finds just the opposite. To begin with，in our own state，Florence，in times past when its reputation stood at its highest，there was no lord in the Romagna who did not receive payment from it. It also made grants to the Perugians，the Castellani and all its other neighbours. Had this city been armed and strong，everything would have been just the contrary，for to secure its protection many states would have paid money to it，and would have sought to purchase its friendship，not to sell their own.

Nor are the Florentines the only people who have thus demeaned themselves since the Venetians and the King of France do the same thing；

for the latter，great as his kingdom is，habitually pays tribute to the Swiss and to the King of England. This all comes from depriving the people of arms，and from the fact that this king and the other states mentioned have chosen rather to enjoy the present advantage of being able to despoil their people and of being able to avoid an imaginary rather than a real danger， instead of so acting as to secure their people's goodwill and to make their state happy for ever. A malpractice such as this，though it may bring a little temporary quiet，in time becomes the cause of crises，disaster and irremediable ruin. It would take too long to relate how often the Florentines，the Venetians，and this kingdom，have bought off wars and submitted to an ignominy which the Romans submitted to but once. It would take too long to recount how many towns the Florentines and the Venetians have purchased in which one afterwards saw disorder，and how they failed to protect with steel what gold had purchased. The Romans kept up their standards so long as they remained free；but when they fell under the yoke of the emperors，and the emperors began to behave badly and to prefer the shadow to the sun，they，too，began to make grants sometimes to the Parthians，sometimes to Germany，sometimes to other neighbouring peoples；which was the first step towards that great empire's downfall.

Such are the inconveniences，then，that arise from depriving your people of arms. And there is a worse trouble，too，for the greater the force of the enemy's attack，the weaker do you find yourself；for he who lives in the aforesaid way treats ill the subjects who reside within his domain，but treats well those who live on its confines in order to have people well disposed to keep the enemy off. It thus comes about that，in order the better to keep the enemy off，he subsidizes the lords and peoples who are his next-

door neighbours, with the result that the states which he has thus kept going, offer a modicum of resistance on the frontiers, but, when the enemy has crossed them, no further remedy is available. Such states do not see that their way of proceeding is incompatible with any kind of good order. For it is the heart and the vital parts of the body that have to be strengthened, not its extremities, since without them the body can survive, but, if the former be injured, it dies; yet such states keep unarmed the heart, but arm the hands and the feet.

What this lack of order has done for Florence is clear, and may be seen any day; for when an army crosses its frontiers and gets near its heart, it finds itself without further remedy. Of it the Venetians also gave proof a few years ago, and, if their city had not been girt about by water, it would have been the end of it. In France this experience is not found so frequently, for it is so large a kingdom that it has but few enemies superior to it. None the less, when the English attacked this kingdom in 1513, the whole realm was in trepidation, and the king and everybody else thought that a single defeat would spell ruin to the king and to the state. Very different was it in the case of the Romans, for the nearer the enemy approached to Rome the greater he found the city's power of resistance to be. When Hannibal invaded Italy, one sees how, after three defeats and the death of so many generals and soldiers, it was still able, not merely to withstand the enemy, but to win the war. All this comes from having fortified well the heart, but of the extremities made less account. For of basic importance in this state were the people of Rome, the people known as Latins, the other parts of Italy associated with it, and its colonies. Thence came the vast number of soldiers which enabled it to fight and to hold the

whole world. That this is so may be seen from the question asked by Hanno, the Carthaginian, of the messengers who came from Hannibal after the rout at Cannae. Having made much of Hannibal's exploits, they were asked by Hanno whether the Roman people had sent to ask for peace, and whether among the Latins and in its colonies any town had revolted against the Romans. To both questions the answer was in the negative, whereupon Hanno remarked: ‘This war, then, is still in as full swing as it was at the start. ’

We see from this discourse and from what I have said in other places, how great is the difference between the procedure of presentday republics and that of ancient republics. We see, too, how, because of this, astonishing acquisitions are made and astonishing losses occur daily. For where men have but little virtue, fortune makes a great display of its power; and, since fortune changes, republics and governments frequently change; and will go on changing till someone comes along, so imbued with the love of antiquity that he regulates things in such fashion that fortune does not every time the sun turns round get a chance of showing what it can do.

How Dangerous it is to put Confidence in Refugees

It may not be amiss among other topics to show how dangerous it is to trust those who have been driven from their country, since this is a matter with which everyone who holds office has to deal. In support it is possible to adduce a noteworthy case which Titus Livy cites in his histories, though it lies outside his main topic. When Alexander the Great crossed with his army into Asia, Alexander of Epirus, a relative – in fact his uncle – went with some troops to Italy, having been invited by some Lucanian refugees who

had led him to expect that through their mediation he would gain the whole of that country. Relying on their word and on the hopes they aroused, he came to Italy and was put to death by them; for their fellowcitizens had promised that, if they would kill him, they might return to their own country. One should reflect, therefore, on the unreliability of agreements and promises made by men who find themselves shut out from their country, because in determining what such men's word is worth it must be borne in mind that, once they get a chance of returning to their country without your help, they will desert you and turn to others in spite of any promises they may have made you. While in regard to the vain promises and hopes, so intense is their desire to get back home that they naturally believe much that is false and artfully add much more: so that between what they believe and what they say they believe they fill you with a hope which is such that, if you rely on it, either you incur expense in vain or take up what will ruin you.

I propose to let this example of Alexander suffice, conjoined with that of Themistocles the Athenian, who, having been proclaimed a rebel, sought refuge with Darius in Asia; to whom he promised so much if he would but attack Greece that Darius resolved to do so. When later he was unable to fulfil these promises whether out of shame or for fear of punishment, Themistocles poisoned himself. Wherefore, if so eminent a man as Themistocles made this mistake, how much more likely are those to err who are less virtuous and let themselves be swayed by their desires and their passions. A ruler, therefore, should be slow to take up an enterprise because of what some exile has told him, for more often than not all he will get out of it is shame or most grievous harm.

And because the taking of towns by stealth and owing to information supplied by their inhabitants rarely succeeds，it does not seem to me irrelevant to discuss this in the next chapter，as also in how many ways the Romans acquired them.

On the Various Methods used by the Romans in taking Towns

Since the Romans were all keen on war，they always and on all occasions took advantage of anything，alike in the matter of expense and of any other matter，that promised to help. It was for this reason that they took care not to besiege the towns they took，for they thought this method so costly and so clumsy that its disadvantages would much more than counterbalance the advantages likely to accrue from the conquest. Hence they deemed it better and more useful to subjugate towns by any other means rather than lay siege to them，so that in all their wars and in all the years they took，there are very few instances of their having used sieges.

In order to get hold of a city，therefore，the Romans either took it by assault or got it to surrender. Their assaults were either carried out openly in strength and with violence，or by force conjoined with fraud. When storming a town openly they used two methods. Either they attacked it on all sides without first demolishing the walls，which is called ‘putting a crown round the city’ since the whole army surrounds it and engages it at all points；and in this way they often succeeded in taking a city，even a very large one，at the first assault，as Scipio took New Carthage in Spain. Or，when an attack failed，they set about breaking down the walls with rams and other siege implements，or made a sap by which they obtained entrance to the city，as was done when Veii was taken；or to get on a level with those

defending the walls, they constructed wooden towers, or raised earthworks against the walls from without, so as to be at the same height as the defenders.

Against such assaults the city's defenders in the first case, where the attack came from all sides, were more quickly exposed to danger and had more dubious remedies. For, since many defenders were needed everywhere, either those they had were not enough to provide them all with reserves and reliefs; or, if they could, not all were equally courageous in resisting, and, if a section shirked the battle, all was lost. Hence it often happened, as I have said, that this method proved successful. But when the first assault was not successful, they did not keep it going long, because this was too dangerous for the army; for, since it covered so much ground, it could as a whole resist but feebly a sortie made by those within. The troops, too, got out of hand and grew weary; but for just once, when it was unexpected, they would try this method. When a breach was made in the walls, it was countered by means of ramparts as at the present time. And to counteract a sap, they made a countersap through which they got at the enemy either with their weapons or by other devices; of which one consisted of barrels filled with feathers to which they applied a light, and, when burning, put them in the sap so that the smoke and the stench might prevent the enemy getting through. While, if attacked from towers, they tried to destroy them by fire; and, if from earthworks, they made a hole in the lower part of the wall on which the earthwork was leaning, and drew in the earth which those outside had put there, so that, since the earth was being piled up outside and being taken away from the inside, the earthwork did not grow.

Such methods of storming a town could not be kept up for long，so they had either to raise their camp or to devise other methods of winning the war，as Scipio did when he got to Africa；for when he attacked Utica，but did not succeed in taking it，he raised his camp and sought to engage the Carthaginian armies and break them. Or they would have recourse to a siege，as they did at Veii，Capua，Carthage，Jerusalem and other towns which they took by means of sieges.

The acquiring of towns by furtive violence is illustrated in the case of Palaeopolis，which the Romans took by arrangement with fifth columnists inside. This form of attack has often been tried by the Romans and by other peoples，but has seldom succeeded. The reason is that at the smallest setback the plan breaks down，and such setbacks easily happen. For in the first place the conspiracy may be discovered before it comes to a head，and in discovering it there is not much difficulty，owing sometimes to the treachery of those who have been told of it，sometimes to practical difficulties. For you must get in touch with the enemy，with whom it is not permitted to speak unless you can find some excuse. And，should the plot not be discovered while arrangements are being made，a host of difficulties occur when the time comes for action. For if you arrive before the time appointed，or get there late，anything may upset the plot. So，too，if there occurs some unexpected noise，such as the geese made at the Capitol，or if the normal course of events is interrupted. Given the least blunder or the smallest mistake，the attack is bound to fail. In addition to which there is the darkness of the night to add to the fear of those engaged in such dangerous tasks；and the fact that most of the men who are taken on such expeditions，having had no experience of the country or of the place to

which they are being led，may get muddled and fainthearted，or upset by some tiny and accidental mishap；and any false impression is enough to make them turn tail．

Anyone more lucky in such stealthy nocturnal ventures than Aratus the Sicyonian is not to be found，yet，bold as he was in these，he was equally nervous about ventures in daylight and in the open．This we may put down to some occult virtue with which he was endowed，rather than to anything in the nature of nocturnal expeditions which makes them more fortunate than others．Though such means are frequently planned，therefore，but few arrive at fruition，and very few succeed．

When towns are acquired by surrender，the surrender may either be voluntary or compulsory．When voluntary，it is due either to some external circumstance which compels a town to seek protection under another's wing，as Capua sought Rome's；or to the desire to be well ruled，a desire evoked by the good government exercised by the prince in question over those who of their own accord have placed themselves in his hands，as was the case with the Rhodians，the Massilians and other such cities which surrendered to the Roman people．When the surrender is compulsory，it is either brought about by a long siege，as we have said above；or it is due to the continued vexation produced by raids，depredations and other annoyances，to escape which a city surrenders．

Of all the methods mentioned above，the Romans used the last more than any．For more than four hundred and fifty years they sought to tire out their neighbours by defeats in the field and by raids，and by means of treaties managed to acquire greater repute than their rivals did，as we have

pointed out elsewhere. It was on this method that they always relied most, though they tried them all, but found the others fraught with danger or of no use. For sieges are long and costly, assaults of doubtful issue and risky; and conspiracies are unreliable. They also realized that, if the enemy's army was routed, they acquired a kingdom in a day; whereas, if they besieged an obstinate city, it might take years to get it.

The Romans gave to Army Commanders Discretionary Powers

If one is to profit from the perusal of Livy's history one ought, I think, to take account of all the modes of procedure used by the people and senate of Rome and among other points worthy of notice there is the authority we find them giving to their consuls, dictators and other army commanders when in the field. It was of a very high order, for the senate reserved to itself only the power to initiate fresh wars and to confirm peace treaties. All else was left to the discretion and power of the consul. For, when the people and senate had decided to go to war, against the Latins, for instance, they left everything else to the discretion of the consul, who could either give battle or not give it, and attack this or that town as he thought fit.

This is confirmed by numerous examples, but especially by what occurred in an expedition against the Tuscans. The consul, Fabius, had defeated those who were near Sutrium, and was planning next to lead his army through the Ciminian forest en route for Tuscany. About this, not only did he not consult the senate, but he did not even inform them, though the war was to be carried on in a new, unexplored and dangerous country. Further confirmation is afforded by the action the senate here took, which was of the opposite kind; for, when they heard of the victory which Fabius

had gained and wondered whether his next step would be to pass through the said forest into Tuscany，they thought it best not to run the risk this war would entail，and so sent two legates to Fabius to stop him from going on to Tuscany．But，when they arrived，he had already got there and had won a victory，so that，instead of preventing a war，the legates came home bringing news of a conquest and of glory won．

Whoever considers carefully this technique will see that it was very wise to make use of it．For，if the senate had required a consul in conducting a war to proceed step by step according as they directed，it would have made him less circumspect and slower to act，for it would have seemed to him that the glory of victory would not be wholly his，but that the senate would share in it，since it would have been carried out under its directions． Furthermore，the senate would have had to advise on matters of which it had no immediate cognizance；for，though the senators were all men of considerable experience in military matters，yet，as they were not on the spot，they would not be acquainted with the multitudinous details which it is essential to know before one can give sound advice，and so would have made numerous mistakes．This being so，they preferred that the consul should decide what to do，and that the glory should be wholly his，for they thought his actions would be so restrained and regulated by his love of glory that he would do his utmost．

To this I have the more willingly called attention，because I notice that the republics of today，such as the Venetian and the Florentine republics， act differently，for if their generals，administrators or commissioners， have to set up a piece of artillery，they want to know of it and to advise

about it – a procedure as praiseworthy as are others of that ilk，which together have brought us to our present pass.

Sundry remarks on strategy, tactics, new devices and discipline

That a General cannot avoid an Engagement if the Enemy is determined to force him to it at All Costs

'Gaius Sulpicius，the dictator，when waging war with the Gauls，was unwilling to try his fortune in an engagement with an enemy whose position time and an awkward situation was steadily making worse．' When there occurs an error which all men，or most men，are liable to make，it is not a bad thing，I think，to warn them often against it．Since，therefore，as I have frequently pointed out，the way in which important matters are dealt with today does not come up to the standard of the ancients，it does not seem to me superfluous at this juncture to point it out once again．For，if there be any way in which there has been a departure from ancient customs，it is especially so in military matters，in which none of the things the ancients esteemed so highly are now done．This inconvenience is due to republics and princes having entrusted such matters to other people．To avoid danger they themselves keep clear of military operations and，though one does sometimes find a king in these days sallying forth in person，I do not on this account think that it leads him to do much else that is worthy of commendation．For when they actually do engage in military operations，they do it for the sake of display and not for any praiseworthy reason．True，in that they occasionally review their troops and reserve to themselves

the title of commander，they make mistakes of less moment than do republics，especially Italian republics，which rely on others and understand nothing which has to do with war，and yet in their desire to look like a prince in the eyes of the army，make decisions，and，in doing so，commit innumerable blunders.

And although some of these blunders I have discussed elsewhere，I cannot here be silent about one which is very important. When these idle princes or effeminate republics are sending one of their generals on an expedition，it seems to them that the wisest thing they can commission him to do，is on no account to engage in open battle，but，on the contrary，above all else to be on his guard against an engagement；for they think that in so doing they are emulating the prudence of Fabius Maximus who，by putting off an engagement，saved the Roman state from destruction；wherein they overlook the fact that，more often than not，such a commission is nonsensical or dangerous. The point one has to bear in mind here is that a general who proposes to remain in the field cannot avoid battle if the enemy is determined to force one on him at all costs. Hence what such a commission amounts to is just this：‘Join battle at the enemy's behest，not at your own’. For，if one wants to remain in the field and not join battle，the only safe thing to do is to put at least fifty miles between oneself and the enemy，and then to have good scouts so that，should he come your way，you may have time to get farther off. Another alternative in this case is to shut yourself up in a city. But both courses are extremely harmful. For the first leaves your country at the mercy of the enemy，and a valiant prince would sooner try his fortune in battle than prolong a war at such cost to his subjects. While the second alternative is manifestly that of a lost cause，for

what it comes to is that，when you have got your army into a city，you may be besieged，and before long to be reduced by the pangs of hunger to surrender. Hence to avoid battle in either of these two ways is extremely hurtful. The plan adopted by Fabius Maximus of occupying strong positions is good so long as you have so valiant an army that the enemy does not dare come and seek you out in your position of vantage. Nor can it be said that Fabius avoided battle，but rather that he preferred to fight when he had the advantage. For，if Hannibal had gone to seek him out，he would have awaited him and made a day of it. But Hannibal did not dare to fight with him on these terms. So that it was as much Hannibal who avoided battle as Fabius；but，if either had determined at all costs to fight，the other would have had to adopt one of three courses，i. e. either to adopt one of the two courses mentioned above，or else to run away.

That what I am saying is true can be clearly seen from a host of cases，and especially in the war the Romans had with Philip of Macedon，the father of Perseus. For，when Philip was attacked by the Romans，he decided not to join battle，and，to avoid it，did at first what Fabius Maximus did in Italy：posted himself with his army on top of a mountain where he erected fortifications，thinking that the Romans would not dare to go and seek him out. But they did go，and，having fought with him，drove him from the mountain，and he，being powerless to resist，fled with the greater part of his forces. What saved him from being utterly undone was the impossible country，which prevented the Romans from following him up. Philip，therefore，still desirous of avoiding battle and being encamped in the neighbourhood of the Romans，had to get away；and，having learned by experience that，to avoid battle，it is not enough to take up a position on top

of a mountain, and being averse to shutting himself up in towns, decided to take the remaining course and to put many miles between himself and the Roman camp. Hence, when the Romans were in one province, he moved to another, and, in like manner, whenever the Romans moved out, he moved in. But when at length he came to see that by prolonging the war in this way his situation was getting worse, and that, now by him, now by the enemy, his subjects were being harassed, he decided to try his fortune in battle. He thus came to an engagement with the Romans, as was proper.

It is useful then not to fight under the conditions in which Fabius' army found itself, or again in those in which Gaius Sulpicius found himself, i.e. when you have so good an army that the enemy does not dare to come and oust you from your fortified position; or when the enemy is in your country, but without having the footing there that would guarantee provisions. In this case the course adopted is useful for the reasons Livy gives when he says: 'he was unwilling to try his fortune in an engagement with the enemy so long as time and his adverse situation were daily making the enemy's position worse'. But under all other conditions battle cannot be avoided without incurring dishonour and danger, for if you run away, as Philip did, it is as bad as being routed, and is the more shameful in that you afford less proof of your virtue. And if he thus succeeded in getting away, another who is not helped by the country may not be so successful as he was.

That Hannibal was a past master in warfare no one will deny. Hence, when he was up against Scipio in Africa, if he had seen any advantage in

prolonging the war he would have done so； and peradventure， being a good general and having a good army， he might have done as Fabius did in Italy. But， as he did not do it， it must be supposed that strong grounds impelled him to act thus. For a commander who has an army massed together and sees that for lack of funds or of allies he cannot keep it long in the field， is quite mad if he does not put his fortune to the test before his army has to be disbanded； because， if he waits， he is surely lost； but if he tries， he may succeed.

Another point of importance to be considered here is that one ought， if one is going to lose， to try to acquire glory， and there is more glory in being overcome by force than there is when it is through some other inconvenience that you come to lose. Hannibal must have been constrained by these necessities. On the other hand， should Hannibal have put off giving battle and Scipio had not enough courage to go and attack him in his strong positions， Scipio would have been none the worse for this， since he had already beaten Syphax and acquired so many towns in Africa that his position there was as safe and as comfortable as if he were in Italy. This was not the case with Hannibal when he was up against Fabius， nor with the Gauls when they were up against Sulpicius.

Still less， again， is it possible for him to avoid battle who with his army is attacking a foreign country， for if he wants to get into the enemy's country， it behoves him when the enemy shows fight， to give battle， and if he takes up his position before a town， he is so much the more obliged to give battle. This happened in our times in the case of Charles， Duke of Burgundy， who， when encamped before Morat， a Swiss town， was

attacked and routed by the Swiss; and in the case of the French army which was besieging Novara and was in like manner routed by the Swiss.

That he who has to deal with several Foes, even though he be Weaker than they are, can actually Win, provided he can sustain their First Attack

The power of the tribunes of the plebs in the city of Rome was considerable, which was necessary since otherwise they could not have checked the ambition of the nobility, as we have frequently pointed out; and the nobility would in that case have corrupted the republic long before they did. Nevertheless, because inherent in everything is its own peculiar malady, as has been said elsewhere, and this gives rise to fresh misfortunes, it is necessary to provide against them by fresh enactments. Hence, when the tribunes grew arrogant in the use of their authority and became a menace alike to the nobility and to the whole of Rome, there would have arisen an inconvenience harmful to Roman liberty if Appius Claudius had not shown how the ambition of the tribunes might be counteracted. This consisted in looking among them for someone who was either timorous or corruptible or devoted to the common good, and who could thus be induced to oppose the will of the rest when they were proposing to do something contrary to the will of the senate. This remedy acted in no small measure as a restraint on the excessive authority of the tribunes and was often of service to Rome.

This leads me on to consider how it sometimes happens that, when many powers are united against a single power, though in combination they are much more powerful than it is, yet more is always to be expected from

the single power, though less strong, than from the many even though very strong, for apart from the many advantages which a single power has over the many – and they are countless – there is always this: it will be able by using a little industry to break up the many, and to make what was a strong body, weak. I shall not adduce examples from ancient history, for they would be many, but shall content myself with modern examples which have happened in our own times.

In 1483 all Italy formed a confederation against the Venetians, who, since they had lost everything and their army could no longer hold its own in the field, suborned Signor Ludovico who was ruling in Milan and by means of this managed to obtain terms by which they not only recovered their lost lands, but obtained part of the state of Ferrara. Thus, though they were losing the war, when peace came, they were better off than before.

A few years ago the whole world formed a confederation against France, yet, before the war came to an end, Spain had fallen out with the confederation and made peace on its own account, with the result that the remaining confederates shortly afterwards also had to come to terms with France.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is obvious. If the many make war on the one, the one will come out of it best provided her virtue be such that she can sustain the first attack and await her opportunity by procrastinating. For, should she not be able to do this, a host of dangers may ensue, as happened to Venice in 08 when, could she have temporized with the French army and have found time to win over one of the states confederated against her, she might have avoided disaster. But since in arms she was not

sufficiently strong to be able to temporize with the enemy，and so had not time to persuade any power to leave the confederation，she was undone. Yet one finds that the Pope，once he had recovered his lost territory，became her ally，and so did Spain；and either of these two princes would have been very glad to help her to save Lombardy so as to prevent the French becoming too powerful in Italy，had they been able to do so. Hence the Venetians，by giving up part of their territories，might have saved the rest；and this would have been a very wise course had it been done in time before the war broke out so that they should not appear to have been driven to it. But after the war had begun it would have been reprehensible，and probably of but little use. Yet，before war broke out，few Venetian citizens saw the danger，and still fewer the remedy；and there was no one to advise them. But to come back to where we started. The conclusion I draw from this discourse is that，just as the Roman senate found means to save their country from the ambition of the tribunes because there were many tribunes，so any prince who is assailed by many，has a remedy to hand，if he be wise enough to take appropriate steps to break up the confederation.

That a Prudent General should make it absolutely necessary for his own Troops to Fight，but should avoid forcing the Enemy to do so

We have in other discourses shown how useful a part necessity plays in human affairs，and to what glorious deeds it may lead men. As some moral philosophers in their writings have remarked，neither of the two most noble instruments to which man's nobility is due，his hands and his tongue，would have attained such perfection in their work or have carried man's works to the height which one can see they have reached，if they had not

been driven to it by necessity. Since, therefore, army commanders of old were aware of the virtue that lies in necessity, and how steadfast, when necessity drives, the minds of soldiers can become in their resolve to fight, they used every endeavour to put their troops under such constraint and, on the other hand, employed any device that would free the enemy from such constraint. To this end they often left open to the enemy a route they might have closed, and closed a route to their own soldiers which they might have left open. If, then, anyone wants a city to be obstinately defended or an army in the field to fight obstinately, he should, first and foremost, seek to instil this necessity into the minds of those who have to do the fighting.

It follows that a prudent general who has to go and lay siege to a city should base his estimate of how easy or how difficult it is going to be to take it on the knowledge and consideration of the extent to which necessity will constrain the inhabitants to defend it; and, if he find the necessity constraining them to defend it, considerable, should account the siege difficult, but, if otherwise, should account it easy. It is for this reason that towns which have rebelled are more difficult to acquire than they are to acquire in the first instance; for in the first instance they have no cause to expect punishment for having given offence, and so surrender easily; but, since they are aware, when in revolt, of having given offence, and in consequence fear punishment, they become difficult to take. Again, obstinacy of this kind is also aroused by the natural hatred which neighbouring princes and neighbouring republics have for one another; which, in turn, is occasioned by the ambition which moves states to dominate one another, and by their jealousy, especially if they are republics, as was the case in Tuscany, and this rivalry and competition

have made it difficult，and will continue to make it difficult，for one to seize the other．If，therefore，one considers carefully what neighbours the city of Florence has and what neighbours the city of Venice has，it is not so extraordinary as many make out that Florence should have spent more on wars and have acquired less than Venice，since it is all due to the towns in the neighbourhood of Venice not being so obstinate in defending themselves as are those in the neighbourhood of Florence．This comes about because the cities abutting on Venetian territory are accustomed to live under a prince，and are not free cities；and cities accustomed to subjection are usually not so particular about changing masters：on the contrary，they are often glad to do so．Hence，though Venice's neighbours are more powerful than those of Florence，yet，on account of its having found the towns less obstinate，Venice has been able to subdue them more quickly than has Florence，which is surrounded entirely by free cities．

But to return to the main topic of this discourse．When a general is attacking a town he should endeavour with all diligence to relieve its defenders of the necessity we have been discussing，and so of their obstinacy；by promising them pardon if they are afraid of punishment，and，if they fear for their liberty，by explaining that no attack is being made on the common good，but only on a few ambitious citizens．This has often facilitated the attack on，and the taking of，towns．And，though such false colours are easily seen through，especially by men of prudence，the populace is none the less often deceived；for，in its eagerness for a speedy peace it shuts its eyes to any trap which may underlie generous promises．Innumerable cities have by this means been reduced to servile states．It was so with Florence，for instance，quite recently；and it happened to Crassus

and his army；for，though he realized the emptiness of Parthian promises，made merely to deprive his troops of the need to defend themselves，this did not enable him to sustain their steadfastness，blinded as they were，by the offers of peace which the enemy had made：a point one sees clearly if one reads his life．

In this connection I might mention that when the Samnites，in contravention of their treaty and owing to the ambition of the few，raided and pillaged the lands of Rome's allies；and then sent ambassadors to Rome to sue for peace，offering to restore what they had taken and to hand over those responsible for the disturbances and for the booty taken，their offer was turned down by the Romans．On their returning to Samnium without hope of an agreement，Claudius Pontius，then in command of the Samnite army，in one of his remarkable speeches，pointed out that the Romans had anyhow wanted war，and that，though on their part they were anxious for peace，necessity constrained them to go to war. He then used these words：‘War is justified，if necessity forces one to it，and to arm is a duty，if in arms lies one's hope’ and upon this necessity he based the hope of victory for his troops．

That I may not have to return later to this topic，it will be best for me to mention the more noteworthy instances in Rome's case．There was that of Gaius Manlius who led his army against the Veientes，and，when a section of the Veientine army broke through his stockades，hurried with a detachment to defend them and，to prevent the Veientes escaping，put a guard on all the exits from the camp．Hence，finding themselves shut in，the Veientes began to fight so furiously that they killed Manlius，and would

have got the better of all the rest of the Romans if one of the tribunes had not had the sense to let them out. Thus we see that，so long as necessity constrained the Veientes to fight，they fought with great ferocity，but， when they saw the way was open，thought more of getting away than of fighting.

The armies of the Volsci and the Aequi had crossed the Roman frontiers. Against them the consuls were sent. In the course of the battle the Volscian army，commanded by Vettius Messius，found itself at one moment shut up between its stockades which the Romans had taken，and the other Roman army. Seeing that he must needs die or use his sword to fight for his life，Vettius Messius said to his soldiers：‘Follow me. There is neither wall nor rampart in the way，but just armed forces to oppose armed forces. In valour we are equal，but in necessity which is the last weapon and the best of all，you have the advantage. ’ Thus Livy calls necessity ‘the last and best of all weapons’.

Camillus，the most prudent of all Rome's generals，having already got into the city of Veii with his army，in order to facilitate the taking of it and to deprive the enemy of a last necessity to defend it，gave orders within the hearing of the Veientes to the effect that no one should touch those who were without arms. The result was that they threw down their arms and the city was taken almost without bloodshed. This device was afterwards adopted by many generals.

Which is it best to trust，a Good General with a Weak Army or a Good Army with a Weak General？

Coriolanus，being banished from Rome，went to the Volsci，where，having got together an army wherewith to avenge himself on his fellow citizens，he set out for Rome，but turned back rather out of devotion to his mother than to the Roman forces. Commenting on this incident，Livy remarks that from it we may learn that the Roman republic grew more through the virtue of her generals than through that of her soldiers for，in view of the fact that the Volsci had thus far always been beaten，they could have won on this occasion only because Coriolanus was their general. But，though Livy advances this opinion，many passages in his history show that soldiers without a general have given remarkable proof of their virtue，and that they have been better disciplined and more determined after the death of their consuls than before they got killed. It happened thus with the army the Romans had in Spain under the Scipios，for，when both these generals had been killed，its virtue was such that not only did it successfully defend itself，but it beat the enemy and thus saved this province for the republic. Hence all things considered，there are many cases in which the virtue of the soldiers alone has won the day，and many others in which the virtue of generals has had the same effect，so that one can say that each has need of the other.

In this connection it will be well to consider first which is more to be feared：a good army badly generalled，or a good general who has poor troops. If we follow here the opinion of Caesar，neither one nor the other is worth much. For when he went to Spain against Afranius and Petreius，who had a firstclass army，he showed how little esteem he had for them by remarking that ‘he was going to fight an army without a general’，thereby indicating the weakness of the generals. On the other hand，when he went

to Thessaly to fight Pompey，he said：‘I am going to meet a general without an army’.

We can now turn to the further question：whether it is easier for a good general to make a good army，or for a good army to make a good general. I submit that on this point there can be no dispute；for it is easier for many，if good，to select or make a good man of someone，than it is for one good man to do it for many. Lucullus，when he was sent against Mithridates，was wholly without experience of warfare；yet the army，which was good and had excellent officers，soon made him a good general. Again，the Romans，who were short of men，armed a number of slaves，and handed them over to Sempronius Gracchus to train，and in a short time he made of them a good army. Pelopidas and Epaminondas，as I have remarked elsewhere，when they had delivered Thebes，their fatherland，from servitude to the Spartans，in a short time made such excellent soldiers of the Theban peasants that they could not only stand up against the Spartan militia but beat it.

The arguments are evenly balanced，because，if one is good，it can make the other like it. A good army，none the less，if it lacks a good head is apt to become mutinous and dangerous，as happened with the Macedonian army after the death of Alexander，and with the veterans in the civil war. Hence I am of opinion that more confidence should be placed in a good general who has time to train his men and a chance to arm them，than in a mutinous army with a turbulent fellow it has chosen as its head. Twice the glory and praise is due，then，to those generals who have not only had an enemy to beat，but，before coming to grips with him，have had to drill

their troops and make a good army of them; for in this they display a twofold virtue, which is so rare that if it were given to many to be such strict disciplinarians, they would be much less esteemed and lauded than they are.

What Effects are produced by the Appearance of New Inventions in the course of a Battle and by the hearing of Unfamiliar Cries

Of what importance in strife and battle may be an unprecedented incident due to something seen or heard for the first time can be shown by numerous incidents and especially by that which occurred during the battle the Romans fought with the Volsci, when Quintius, seeing that one wing of his army was giving way, began to call to it in a loud voice to stand firm since the other wing was winning; for by these words he put courage into his own men and alarmed the enemy, and so won the day. And if on a well-disciplined army such remarks have a great effect, on a disorderly and ill-disciplined army they have a still greater effect, for the whole is swayed, as it were, by a wind.

Let me give you a remarkable instance which occurred in our own times. A few years ago, the city of Perugia was divided between two factions, the Oddi and the Baglioni. The latter were in power, the former having been banished. But, with the help of their friends, they got together an army and assembled it in one of their towns close to Perugia. Then, with the connivance of their partisans they got one night into the city and were on their way to take the piazza without having been discovered. Since at every street corner in the city chains had been placed to block the way, the troops of the Oddi put at their head a man with an iron mace to

break the locks fastening the chains so that the cavalry could get through. It remained for him to break only that which barred the way into the piazza when the cry 'To arms! ' was raised, and on the fellow who was doing the breaking the crowd pressed so hard that he could not raise his arm to strike, so, in order to manage it, he called out 'Get back there! ', words which, as they passed from rank to rank, became 'Get back! '. Whereupon those in the rear began to run away, and one after another, the rest followed suit with such frenzy that their own men were thrown into confusion. So that the plans of the Oddi came to nought owing to this insignificant incident.

This leads me to observe that good discipline is needed in an army not merely to enable it to fight in orderly fashion, but also that you may not be perturbed should some tiny misadventure befall. For this reason alone the masses are useless in war, since any rumour, any cry, any commotion may change their mood and make them run away. Hence it is essential to discipline that a good general should depute men to take note of his verbal instructions and to pass them on to others; that he should accustom his troops to pay no heed to anyone else, and his officers not to depart from what they have been commissioned by him to say; for we find that failure to observe these points carefully has often led to the greatest confusion. In regard to strange sights, every general should try to present something of the sort while his army is in action so as to give courage to his own men and to dispel that of the enemy; for among the events which are incidental to victory this is especially effective. In illustration of this the case of Gaius Sulpicius, the Roman dictator, may be adduced, who, when engaged in battle with the Gauls, armed all his baggagemen and a low lot of camp-

followers，put them on mules and other mounts so that with their arms and standards they looked like a troop of horse，and stationed them with flags flying behind a hill，with orders that，at a given signal when the fighting grew hotter，they should appear and show themselves to the enemy. This being done，as arranged，it so terrified the Gauls that they lost the day. There are two things，then，that a good general should do：first，he should see whether by employing some such novel device he can scare the enemy；and，secondly，he should be on the lookout so that，should the same trick be played on him by the enemy，he may discover it and nullify its effect.

It was thus that the King of India acted when Semiramis，noticing that the king had a good number of elephants，in the hope of intimidating him and showing him that she，too，had plenty of them，constructed a number of them out of the hides of buffaloes and cows and put them on camels which she sent ahead；but，the trick having been discovered by the king，her plan not only proved useless but turned out to her disadvantage. So，too，when the dictator Mamercus was at war with the Fidenates，to frighten the Roman army they ordered that in the heat of battle a number of troops should sally forth from Fidenae with torches on their lances in the hope that，distracted by the novelty of the thing，the Romans would break their ranks.

It should be noted here that，when such devices involve more truth than fiction，they can in that case be used on men with advantage，for if they have sufficient boldness，their weakness cannot be discovered so quickly. But when they involve more fiction than truth it is well either not to use them at all，or，if employed，to hold the performance some way off so that the

fraud cannot be so quickly detected，as Gaius Sulpicius did with his muleteers. For if fraught with internal weakness，and they be near，they will soon be seen through，and will do you harm instead of good；as the elephants did to Semiramis and the torches to the Fidenates；for，though at the start they upset the army a little，yet，when the dictator came along and began to shout at the men，telling them not to be such cowards as to run away from the smoke like bees but to turn back and go for them，crying：‘Use the flames to destroy Fidenae since you have failed to pacify them with kindness’，the device proved of no avail to the Fidenates，who were left the losers of the battle.

That at the Head of an Army there should be One，not Several，Commanders，and that to have a Plurality is a Nuisance

When the Fidenates rebelled and put to the sword the colony the Romans had sent to Fidenae，to right the insult the Romans appointed four tribunes with consular power，of whom one was left to guard Rome，and the other three were sent against the Fidenates and the Veientes. Owing to the divided command and to the tribunes being at loggerheads one with the other，they returned discredited，though there had been no disaster. For the discredit they were responsible，but that there had been no disaster was due to the valour of the troops. Hence when the Romans saw what was wrong，they had recourse to the appointment of a dictator so that one man should be responsible for putting right the disorder that three had caused. This shows us the futility of having several persons in command of the same army or in charge of the defence of the same town. Nor can the case be put more clearly than it is by Titus Livy when he writes：‘The three tribunes with

consular power afforded an illustration of how futile it is for many to share the imperium in a war，for each inclined to follow his own counsel，and since the others thought otherwise，they gave the enemy their chance．’

And though this example is sufficient to show the disorders that a plurality of commanders causes in a war，I propose to give two more，one modern and the other ancient，the better to establish this point．

In 1500，after the King of France，Louis XII，had retaken Milan，he sent his troops to Pisa to recover it for the Florentines．The commissaries，Giovambatista Ridolfi and Luca di Antonio degli Albizi，were in command．Since Giovambatista was a man with a reputation and had seen more service，Luca left the management of everything to him，but though he did not display his own ambition by opposing him，he displayed it by his silence，by his negligence and by criticizing everything，with the result that he helped the siege operations neither by action nor advice，but behaved like a man of no account．Later on，however，when something occurred which necessitated Giovambatista's returning to Florence，one finds everything quite different；for，when Luca was left in sole charge，he showed his worth alike by his courage，his industry and his sound sense，all of which characteristics had failed to show themselves so long as he had a colleague．

In confirmation of this remark of Titus Livy's I would cite another example：the expedition which the Romans sent against the Aequi under Quintius and his colleague，Agrippa．Agrippa，who wanted the whole conduct of the war to be undertaken by Quintius，says：‘In the administration of affairs of moment it is highly advisable that the supreme command should be in the hands of one man’．

This is just the opposite of what our republics and princes do today， for to improve the administration they now send to a place more than one commissioner and more than one head， and this leads to indescribable confusion. Indeed， were one to seek the causes of the disasters that have befallen Italian and French armies in our own times， it would be found that this is the most potent. In conclusion， then， one may be quite certain that it is better to entrust an expedition to one man of average prudence than to give to two men of outstanding ability the same authority.

Advice to generals in the field

Reasons why the French have been，and still are，looked upon in the Beginning of a Battle as more than Men，and afterwards as less than Women

The ardour of the Gaul who challenged any Roman on the banks of the river Anio to single combat，which led to a fight between him and Titus Manlius，reminds me of what Titus Livy several times says of the Gauls，namely，that in the beginning of a battle they are more than men，but in the fighting that follows they turn out worse than women. As to how this comes about，many think that nature has made them so，which is no doubt true，but it does not follow from this that the nature which makes them ardent at the start could not be so regulated by rules as to keep them ardent right up to the end.

In proof of this let me point out that armies are of three types. In the first there is both ardour and order. Now order promotes both ardour and virtù as it did in the case of the Romans；for，during the whole course of their history one finds that there was good order in their armies，which military discipline of long standing had introduced. In a welldisciplined army，no one should perform any action except in accordance with regulations. Hence in the Roman army – which，since it conquered the world，should be taken as a model by all other armies – we find that no one ate or slept or went wenching or performed any other action，military or

domestic，without instructions from the consul. Armies which act otherwise are not true armies；and if they do anything of note they do it through ardour and impetuosity，not through valour. But when disciplined virtù uses its ardour in the right way and at the right time，no difficulties dismay an army or cause it to lose courage. For good discipline stimulates courage and ardour，in that it strengthens the hope of victory，which is never wanting so long as discipline remains.

The opposite of all this happens in those armies in which there is ardour but no discipline，as was the case with the Gauls，who in their fighting were wholly lacking in method；for if their first attack did not succeed，they faltered，since the ardour on which they relied was not sustained by disciplined valour，and there was nothing else on which they could rely when their ardour cooled. The Romans，on the other hand，made light of dangers since their discipline was good；and，since they did not despair of victory，they remained firm and dogged，and fought with the same courage and the same virtù at the end as at the start；nay，when stimulated by a fight，they always grew more ardent.

The third type of army is one in which there exists neither a natural ardour，nor yet discipline to supplement it；as is the case with Italian armies in our day，which are quite useless and never win unless they come across an army which happens for some reason to run away. There is no need to cite further instances，since every day they afford evidence of how utterly lacking they are in valour. So that，however，what Titus Livy says may make it plain to all how good soldiery should be made and how worthless soldiery are made，I propose to cite the speech which Papirius Cursor made

when he wanted to reprove Fabius，his master of horse．What he said was：‘No one would have respect either for men or for the gods；they would obey neither the edicts of generals nor the auspices；soldiers without provisions，would wander about here and there alike in peaceful and in hostile territory；forgetful of their oath，they would discharge themselves from the army without authority and when it pleased them；they would leave the colours almost unguarded，and neither assemble nor dismiss at the word of command；they would fight by day or night whether the place were suitable or unsuitable，and with or without orders from the general；they would keep neither to their regiments nor to their ranks；but，like a band of robbers，were a blind and tumultuous，rather than a disciplined and dutiful，soldiery．’ And in this passage applied，it will at once be seen whether the soldiery of our day is blind and tumultuous or disciplined and dutiful，and how far it falls short of what we commonly call soldiery，and how far removed it is from being either ardent and disciplined，like the Romans，or just simply ardent，like the Gauls．

Whether Skirmishes are Necessary before a Battle，and how，if one decides to do without them，the Presence of Fresh Enemy Troops is to be discovered

It would appear that in human affairs，as we have remarked in other discourses，there is，in addition to others，this difficulty：that，when one wants to bring things to the pitch of perfection，one always finds that，bound up with what is good，there is some evil which is so easily brought about in doing good that it would seem to be impossible to have the one without the other．This is the case in everything that man does．And it is

because of it that the good is with difficulty attained unless you are so aided by fortune that fortune itself eliminates this normal and natural inconvenience. What moves me to say this is the fight Manlius had with the Gauls, of which Titus Livy says: ‘This conflict was of great moment to the outcome of the whole war, for the army of the Gauls in trepidation deserted their camp and moved first into Tiburtine territory, and then into Campania’; for I hold, on the one hand, that a good general ought to avoid at all costs doing anything which, though in itself of small moment, can produce a bad effect on his army; because to engage in a battle in which all one's forces are not employed and thereby to risk one's whole fortune, is extremely rash, as I said above when I was talking about guarding passes.

On the other hand, I hold that when wise generals find they are up against a new enemy who has acquired a reputation, it is essential that, before engaging in a pitched battle, they let their troops find out by means of skirmishes what he is worth; so that, having acquired some knowledge of him and of how to deal with him, it may dispel the fears to which rumour and his standing had given rise. For a general to do this is of the utmost importance; for there is in this course a quasinecessity that constrains you to adopt it, since you can scarce fail to see that you are plainly exposing yourself to disaster if you engage the enemy without having first provided your troops with some little experiment whereby to rid them of that fear which the enemy's reputation had aroused in their minds.

Valerius Corvinus was in command of the armies which the Romans had dispatched to deal with the Samnites, new enemies, of whose fighting capacities the Romans had thus far had no experience in actual combat one

with the other. Hence Titus Livy says that Valerius caused the Romans to engage in some skirmishes with the Samnites 'so that they might be afraid neither of the new war nor of the new enemy'. None the less, there is a very great danger that, if your soldiers get the worst of the skirmishing it will increase their fear and their cowardice, and so will produce the opposite effect to that you had in mind; i. e. you will have alarmed them, whereas you wanted to make them feel safe. So that this is just one of those things in which evil is so closely associated with good, and so bound up are they one with the other, that it may easily happen that he who thinks he will get one, gets the other.

In regard, then, to this, I maintain that a good general should take every precaution to prevent the occurrence of any untoward event likely to diminish the courage of his army. But to begin by losing is just the thing that is likely to diminish its courage. Hence he should act cautiously in regard to skirmishes, and should not permit them unless he has a great advantage and he feels sure he will be victorious. Nor should he attempt to guard passes where he cannot bring the whole of his army into operation. Nor yet should he defend towns unless their loss will inevitably entail his ruin. And, if he does defend them, he should arrange for his army to cooperate with the garrison in repelling an attack, so that in dealing with the siege all his forces may be brought into play; otherwise he should leave the town undefended. For in losing what may be abandoned, provided his army is still intact, he will not in such a case lose either his reputation in the war or the hope of winning it; but when you lose what you have planned to defend and everybody knows that you were defending it, the loss is serious and may be disastrous; in fact, you may, like the Gauls, on account of

something of small moment have lost the war.

Philip of Macedon, the father of Perseus, a soldier of high standing in his day, when attacked by the Romans, abandoned and laid waste a large part of his country which he judged it impossible to defend, for, being a prudent man, he thought it more disastrous to lose his reputation by failing to defend what he had set out to defend, than to let it fall into the hands of the enemy as if it were a thing he did not mind losing. When after the defeat at Cannae the affairs of the Romans were in a bad way, they declined to help many of their dependents and subjects, bidding them defend themselves as best they could. Such courses are much better than taking up the defence of allies and then letting them down, for in that case one loses both one's allies and one's forces; but in the other the allies alone are lost.

But to return to skirmishing, I maintain that if a general is absolutely compelled to have recourse to skirmishes because his enemy is a new one, he should only undertake them when he has so considerable an advantage that there will be no danger of his losing thereby. He should, otherwise – and it is the better course – do as Marius did when he went to fight the Cimbri, a fierce tribe which had come to prey upon Italy and which he was approaching with considerable trepidation owing to their ferocity and their numbers, and because they had already defeated a Roman army. Judging it necessary before engaging in battle to do something which would dispel the panic into which fear of the enemy had thrown his army, like a prudent general, he more than once stationed his army in a position near to which the army of the Cimbri must pass, with the intention that from behind the fortifications of their camp, his troops should look at and accustom their

eyes to the enemy's appearance，so that when they saw what a disorderly crowd they were，encumbered with baggage，their arms useless and some without arms，they might be reassured and become eager for the fight．This course so wisely adopted by Marius，others should diligently imitate，so as not to incur the dangers I have described above，and not to have to act as the Gauls did，‘who，in trepidation on account of an event of small moment，moved first into Tiburtine territory and then into Campania’.

Since we have in this discourse mentioned Valerius Corvinus，I propose in the next chapter to use his speech to show how a general should behave．

What ought to be done by a General so that his Army may have Confidence in him

Valerius Corvinus，as we have said above，had gone with the army to fight the Samnites，enemies new to the Roman people；so，to give his troops assurance and some acquaintance with the foe，he caused them to make a few skirmishes，and，since this was not enough，he decided to address them before the battle，and to point out as forcefully as he could how little esteem they should have for such a foe，appealing in his speech alike to the valour of his soldiers and to his own．From the speech which Livy makes him deliver，one may learn how a general should act if his army is to have confidence in him．What he says is this：‘Look at the man under whose leadership and auspices you are going to fight！ Ask yourselves whether the person to whom you are about to listen is but a brilliant orator，valiant in words，but inexperienced in military matters，or whether he knows how to handle weapons，to advance before the colours，and to plunge right into the

thick of the fight! I want you, my good men, to go by my actions, not my words, and to look to me not merely for orders, but for an example, for with this my right hand I have as a consul thrice won the highest praise.' Anyone may learn from a speech such as this, if he ponder it well, how to act if he wants to occupy the rank of a general; and he who acts otherwise will find that his rank, whether it be by luck or by ambition that he has attained it, in due course will destroy, instead of making, his reputation; for it is not titles that make men illustrious, but men who make titles illustrious.

One ought again in what was said at the outset of this discourse to observe that if great generals have used extraordinary means to strengthen the courage of a veteran army when confronted with an enemy with which it is unfamiliar, much greater industry will have to be used when in command of a new army which has never been in sight of the enemy. For if an enemy with which an old army is unfamiliar fills it with terror, so much the more must this be the case when a new army faces any enemy at all. Actually, however, one finds that all these difficulties are usually overcome by good generals with consummate prudence, as they were overcome by Gracchus the Roman, and by Epaminondas the Theban, of whom we have spoken on other occasions, for with new armies they defeated veteran armies with plenty of experience.

The methods they adopted were to exercise the troops for several months and to accustom them to obey orders by means of sham fights, after which they had so much confidence in them that they took them to a real fight. No military man, therefore, should be diffident as to his ability to

form a good army，when there is no lack of men；so that the prince who has an abundance of men，but lacks soldiers，should bewail not the cowardice of his men，but merely his own laziness and folly．

That a General ought to be acquainted with the Lie of the Land

Among other things essential to the commander of an army is a knowledge of terrains and of countries，for，unless he has this knowledge，alike general and detailed，no army commander can perform any operation well． Wherefore，just as all sciences demand practice if we desire to attain perfection in them，so this is one that calls for a good deal of practice．And this practice and this detailed knowledge are acquired more by hunting，than by any other exercises．Hence ancient writers tell us that the heroes who ruled the world in their day were brought up in the forests and on the chase． For the chase not only provides one with the requisite knowledge，but teaches one a host of other things that are essential in warfare．Thus， Xenophon in his Life of Cyrus tells us how，when he was about to attack the king of Armenia，in appointing tasks he reminded those about him that it would be just like one of those hunting expeditions on which they had often accompanied him；and to those whom he sent to form an ambush in the mountains he said that they would be like men going to lay snares on the ridges；and to those who had to scour the countryside that they would be like men who went to rouse a wild beast from its lair so as，after hunting it，to drive it into the nets．

This I mention to show that Xenophon supports the view that a hunting expedition is very like a war，and that，consequently，great men look on this sport as honourable and necessary．Nor yet can a knowledge of the

country be acquired in a more convenient way than by hunting，for the chase gives those who engage in it an exact knowledge of the lie of the land in which the sport takes place．It also enables one who has familiarized himself with one district，to grasp with ease the details of any new region．For all countries and all their parts have about them a certain uniformity，so that from the knowledge of one it is easy to pass to the knowledge of another；whereas he who has not acquired a good experience of any one can with difficulty acquire a knowledge of another，and cannot acquire it at all unless he is there for a long time．A person who has had practice，for instance，will see at a glance how far this plain extends，to what height that mountain rises，where this valley goes，and everything else of this kind，for of it all he has already acquired a sound knowledge．

That this is so Titus Livy shows us in the case of Publius Decius．When he was a tribune in charge of troops belonging to the army which the consul，Cornelius，commanded in the Samnite war，and the consul had led the Roman army into a valley where it could have been shut in by the Samnites，Decius saw the great danger to which it was exposed，and said to the consul：‘Do you see，Aulus Cornelius，that peak above the enemy？ It is in that height that lies our hope of safety if we take it quickly，the Samnites having stupidly neglected it．’ Also，before telling us what Decius said，Titus Livy says：‘Publius Decius，a military tribune，observed a hill which rose above a wooded ravine and threatened the enemy's position，difficult of access to an army in marching order，but not difficult to light troops．’ Whereupon he was sent there by the consul with three thousand soldiers and so saved the Roman army．Then，when night came on，and he was thinking of departing so as to save both himself and his troops，Livy

makes him use these words：‘Come with me while the light holds，and let us reconnoitre the places in which the enemy has placed guards to see whether there is any way out’. All of which he carried out clad in a small military cloak，lest the enemy should notice an officer wandering about.

This evidence all goes to show how useful and necessary it is for a general to know the nature of the country；for，if Decius had not been a prudent man and acquired such knowledge，he would not have been able to see how useful it was to the Roman army to take that hill，nor would he have been able to tell from a distance whether the hill was accessible or not；nor yet，when he had been sent to the top of it and wanted to get back to the consul，would he，with the enemy on all sides，have been able to spot from a distance the way to go and the places which the enemy was guarding. One is bound then to infer that Decius had such expert knowledge，and that it was this that enabled him to save the Roman army by taking the hill，and afterwards when he was surrounded there，to discover a route whereby both he and the troops that were with him could reach safety.

Salus populi, suprema lex

That it is a Glorious Thing to use Fraud in the Conduct of a War

Although to use fraud in any action is detestable，yet in the conduct of a war it is praise worthy and glorious．And a man who uses fraud to overcome his enemy is praised，just as much as is he who overcomes his enemy by force．This is seen in the judgement pronounced on great men by biographers，who praise Hannibal and others well known for this kind of behaviour．Of this one comes across so many examples that I shall not cite any，I will say but this，I do not mean that a fraud which involves breaking your word or the contracts you have made is glorious；for，although on occasion it may win for you a state or a kingdom，as has been said in an earlier discourse，it will never bring you glory．I am speaking of fraud used in dealing with an enemy who has not kept faith with you，i．e．of the fraud which is involved in the conduct of a war；such as that which Hannibal used when at the Perugian lake he pretended flight in order to entrap the consul and the Roman army，and when，to escape from the hands of Fabius Maximus he lit up the horns of a herd of cattle．

To this class of fraud belongs that which was practised by Pontius，the general of the Samnites，that he might entrap the Roman army in the Caudine Forks．Having placed his army up against the mountains，he sent some of his soldiers，dressed as shepherds，with a flock of sheep across the plain．They were captured by the Romans，who asked where the Samnite army was．All agreed in saying what Pontius had told them to say，i．e．

that it had gone to lay siege to Nocera. The credence given by the consuls to this report led to their being caught between the Caudine cliffs，where，when they got there，they were at once hemmed in by the Samnites. This victory，which Pontius gained by fraud，would have redounded greatly to his credit had he followed his father's advice，which was that he should either let the Romans go scotfree or should slaughter them all，and that he should not take the middle course which ‘neither makes you friends，nor removes your enemies’；and this middle course has always been harmful in affairs of state，as I have already pointed out in another discourse.

That one's Country should be defended whether it entail Ignominy or Glory，and that it is Good to defend it in any Way Whatsoever

The consul and the Roman army were surrounded by the Samnites，as has just been said. The Samnites had imposed on the Romans ignominious conditions. They were to pass under the yoke and to be sent back to Rome without their arms and equipment. At this the consuls，being astonished and the whole army being in despair，Lucius Lentulus，the Roman legate，told them that it did not seem to him that they should reject any alternative in order to save their country；for，since the survival of Rome depended on the survival of this very army，it should be saved in any way that offered；and that it is good to defend one's country in whatever way it be done，whether it entail ignominy or glory；for，if this army was saved，Rome might in time wipe out the ignominy；but that，if it were not saved and even if it should die gloriously，Rome and its freedom would be lost. So Lentulus's advice was followed.

This counsel merits the attention of，and ought to be observed by，

every citizen who has to give advice to his country. For when the safety of one's country wholly depends on the decision to be taken, no attention should be paid either to justice or injustice, to kindness or cruelty, or to its being praiseworthy or ignominious. On the contrary, every other consideration being set aside, that alternative should be wholeheartedly adopted which will save the life and preserve the freedom of one's country.

This is the course the French adopt – both in what they say and what they do – in order to defend the majesty of their king or the power of their kingdom; for no voice is heard with greater impatience than one that should say: 'Such an alternative it would be ignominious for the king to adopt.' No decision the king makes can be shameful, they say, whether it leads to good or to adverse fortune, for, whether he wins or loses is entirely his business, they claim.

That Promises extracted by Force ought not to be kept

When with an army that had been stripped of its arms and had suffered such ignominious treatment, the consuls returned to Rome, the first person to speak in the senate said that the peace made at Caudium ought not to be observed. This was the consul, Spurius Postumius. He said that the Roman people were not bound by it, but that he and the others who had promised peace were bound by it. Hence, if the people wanted to be free from any obligation, they should send him and all those who had made the promise back to the Samnites as prisoners. He defended this view with such tenacity that the senate yielded, sent him and the others as prisoners to Samnium, and protested to the Samnites that the peace was invalid. Fortune favoured Postumius in this case, for the Samnites did not keep

him，and on his return to Rome he gained more glory in the eyes of the Romans by having surrendered than Pontius gained in the eyes of the Samnites by his victory．

Two things should here be noted．One is that glory can be gained by either kind of action，for it is acquired by victory in the ordinary course，and in defeat it is acquired if you can either show that the defeat was not your fault，or can at once perform some virtuous action which cancels it out．The other is that it is not shameful to fail to keep a promise which you have been forced to make．Forced promises affecting the public will，in fact，always be broken when the force in question is removed，and this without shame to those who break them．Everywhere in history one comes across examples of this of one kind or another，and everyone is aware that it happens also at the present day．And not only are forced promises not observed by princes when the force in question is no longer operative；but we also find that all other promises are broken when the reasons which caused such promises to be made no longer hold good．Whether this is praiseworthy or not，and whether a prince should or should not behave in this way，we have discussed at length in our treatise on The Prince．Here，therefore，nothing will be said about it．

ON POWER

论权力

［英］威廉·莎士比亚　著

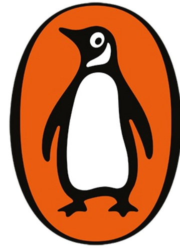
朱生豪　方平　等　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

论权力

（英）威廉·莎士比亚/著

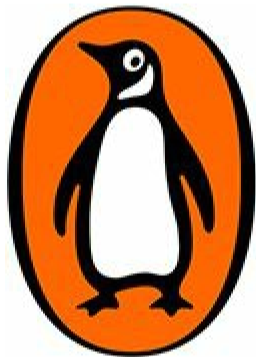
朱生豪等/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

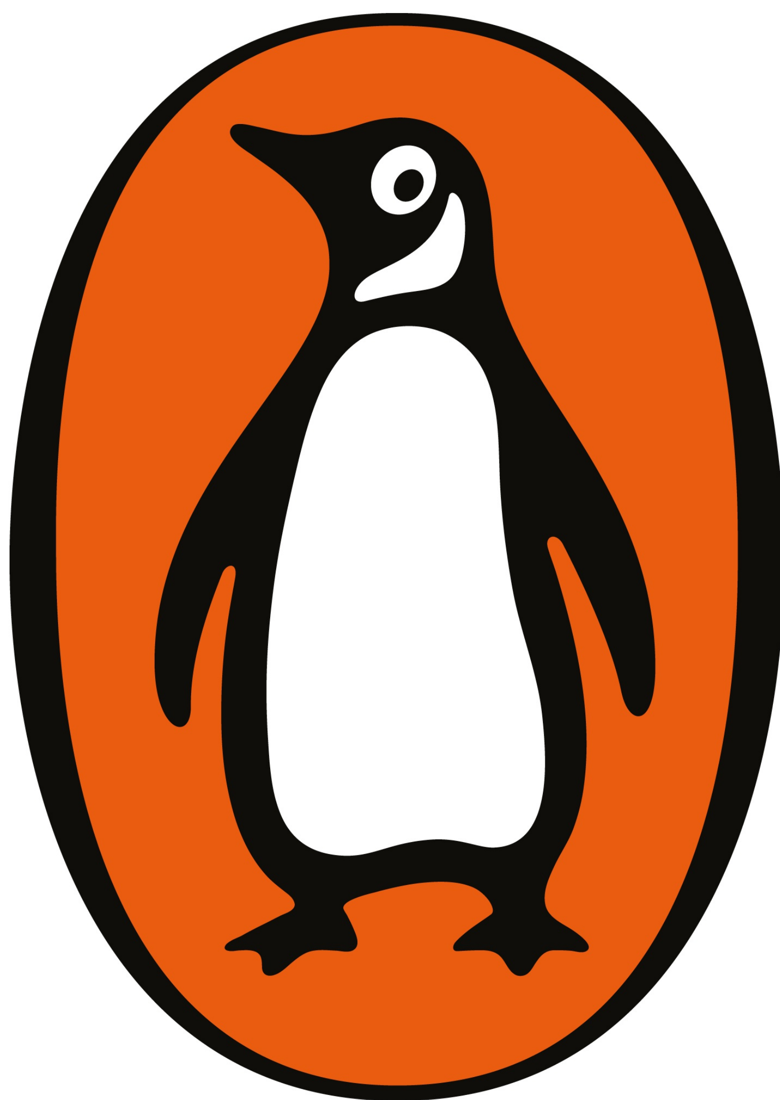
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
This selection first published in Penguin Books 2009

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

威廉·莎士比亚，这个从文艺复兴时期施施然走来的英国人，创造了文学世界的一个奇观：他的译本遍布全球，研究他的论著浩如烟海，他同时得到文学巨匠和普通读者的一致倾慕，他的作品完美地诠释了“经典”和“畅销”，他是普世的，是属于千秋万代的。大仲马曾经说：“除了上帝，莎士比亚创造的最多。”木心则更进一步，直言：“威廉，你是仅次于上帝的人。”

这样的评论，本来不可轻信，可是面对莎翁的一部部传世精品，我们只能哑口无言，只好看一遍，再看一遍，一任由他牵引，听他对世相人心、权力欲望，抽筋刮骨似的鞭辟，还有，感受一个文学家对天下一切的可悲可怜难以自禁的同情。莎士比亚不仅有一双天赋的慧眼，一份天纵的才情，写善恶两极时，痛快淋漓，直见性命，更有一颗金心，句句诚恳，对人事自有一份体谅。

对一部《哈姆雷特》的论述，也许已经可以撑起一座图书馆。但是莎士比亚之所以是莎士比亚，当还有另外一层伟大——在这本中英文都只有百十页的小书《论权力》里，没有曲折的情节，摘选莎作中有关权力的诸片段，处处易懂，但也处处都是警句——想必能做到随意抽取片言片语，都闪烁着金句光芒的，莎翁之作，仅次于《圣经》。

对于高高在上的君王，莎翁有刻骨铭心的嘲讽，但淳朴、实在，他嘲笑他们煊赫的排场和所得的奉承，在《李尔王》里对虚荣国王不留情面；他也体恤，借着亨利五世之口直言：“随着‘伟大’而来的，是多么难堪的地位啊……做了国王，多少民间所享受的人生乐趣他就得放弃”；同时，他还清醒，国王“除了地位、名衔、外表引起人们的敬畏与惶惑

外——你还有什么呢”……不是李尔王执迷不悟，也不是亨利五世勤恳清明，而是莎士比亚，实在透彻。

透彻的莎翁自然也不会放过对庶人的针刺。他在《奥赛罗》里写出两种奴才相：有一种是天生的奴才，奴颜卑膝，为了粮草出卖一生；另有一种，则表面鞠躬如也，骨子里实利成癖。这样的感喟，并非出自知识，它来自一个敏感的文豪敏感的处世经验。这样的奴才代代都不稀缺，所以说，莎翁的写作超越了时代，因为他退得开，所以他看得透。人间百态，人性深层，写到这样悠游裕如的地步，他因此永恒。

而莎士比亚的金心，在这本书中最动人的体现，首推最后“恋人间的权力”部分的选段。当鲍西亚对着巴萨尼奥倾诉肺腑，慨言为妻的忠诚时，当罗密欧说“朱丽叶所在的地方就是天堂”，为爱陨殉时，我们有幸，读到了这世上最美的情书。后来人再写年少的爱恋，难以超越了。莎士比亚，他是世间所有懂爱之人的知音。

莎翁没有上过大学，可他的语言之优美、词汇之丰饶，令人感佩，这或许恰巧印证了那句“虎豹出自山野”吧。在无数的莎翁著作中译本中，朱生豪先生的译笔尤健，既雅且达，颇现原著精髓。作为读者，我们只有以阅读来贡献敬仰。

假若没有《哈姆雷特》和《罗密欧与朱丽叶》，文学世界将少了怎样两颗明珠？假若没有莎翁，世界文学史有没有塌下一角的感觉？实在不敢想象。因此只好打开书，再读一遍莎翁的金句，感叹他那颗金子般的心。

乔敏

政府权力

哈姆莱特　第三幕　第三场

罗森格兰兹　每一个庶民都知道怎样远祸全身，一个身负天下重寄的人，尤其应该时刻不懈地防备危害的袭击。君主的薨逝不仅是个人的死亡，它像一个旋涡一样，凡是在它近旁的东西，都要被它卷去同归于尽；又像一个矗立在最高山峰上的巨轮，它的轮辐上连附着无数的小物件，当巨轮轰然崩裂的时候，那些小物件也跟着它一齐粉碎。国王的一声叹息，总是伴随着全国的呻吟。

（朱生豪　译）

理查二世　第三幕　第二场

理查王　不必问他在什么地方。谁也不准讲那些安慰的话儿，让我们谈谈坟墓、蛆虫和墓碑吧；让我们以泥土为纸，用我们淋雨的眼睛在大地的胸膛上写下我们的悲哀；让我们找几个遗产管理人，商议我们的遗嘱——可是这也不必，因为我们除了把一具尸骸还给大地以外，还有什么可以遗留给后人的？我们的土地、我们的生命，一切都是波林勃洛克的，只有死亡和掩埋我们骨骼的一黄土，才可以算是属于我们自己的。为了上帝的缘故，让我们坐在地上，讲些关于国王们的死亡的悲惨的故事。有些是被人废黜的，有些是在战场上阵亡的，有些是被他们所废黜的鬼魂们缠绕着的，有些是被他们的妻子所毒毙的，有些是在睡梦中被杀的，全都不得善终。因为在那围绕着一个凡世的国王头上的这顶空洞的王冠之内，正是死神驻节的宫廷，这妖魔高坐在里边，揶揄他的尊严，讪笑他的荣华，给他一段短短的呼吸的时间，让他在舞台上露一

露脸，使他君临万民，受尽众人的敬畏，一眨眼就可以致人于死命，把妄自尊大的思想灌注他的心头，仿佛这包藏着我们生命的血肉的皮囊，是一堵不可摧毁的铜墙铁壁一样。当他这样志得意满的时候，却不知道他的末日已经临近眼前，一枚小小的针就可以刺破他的壁垒，于是再会吧，国王！戴上你们的帽子，不要把严肃的敬礼施在一个凡人的身上；丢开传统的礼貌，仪式的虚文，因为你们一向都把我认错了；像你们一样，我也靠着面包生活，我也有欲望，我也懂得悲哀，我也需要朋友。既然如此，你们怎么能对我说我是一个国王呢？

（朱生豪　译）

雅典的泰门　第四幕　第三场

艾帕曼特斯　要是你披上这身寒酸的衣服，目的只是要惩罚你自己的骄傲，那么很好；可是你是出于勉强的，倘然你不再是一个乞丐，你就会再去做一个廷臣。自愿的贫困胜如不定的浮华；穷奢极欲的人要是贪得无厌，比最贫困而知足的人更要不幸得多了。你既然这样困苦，应该但求速死。

泰门　我不会听了一个比我更倒霉的人的话而去寻死。你是一个奴隶，命运的温柔的手臂从来不曾拥抱过你。要是你从呱呱坠地的时候就跟我们一样，可以随心所欲地享受这浮世的欢娱，你一定已经沉溺在无边的放荡里，把你的青春消磨在左拥右抱之中，除了一味追求眼前的淫乐以外，再也不会知道那些冷冰冰的人伦道德。可是我，整个的世界曾经是我的糖果的作坊。人们的嘴、舌头、眼睛和心都争先恐后地等候着我的使唤，虽然我没有这许多工作可以给他们做。无数的人像叶子依附橡树一般依附着我，可是经不起冬风的一吹，他们便落下枝头，剩下我赤裸裸的枯干，去忍受风雨的摧残：像我这样享福过来的人，一旦挨受这种逆运，那才是一件难堪的重荷。你却是从开始时候就尝到人世的痛

苦的，经验已经把你磨炼得十分坚强了。你为什么厌恶人类呢？他们从来没有向你献过媚。你曾经有些什么东西给人家呢？倘然你要咒骂，你就得咒骂你的父亲，那个穷酸的叫花，他因为一时起兴，和一个女乞婆养下了你这世袭的穷光蛋来。滚开！快去！倘然你不是生下来就是世间最下贱的人，你就是个奸佞的小人。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利五世　第一幕　第二场

坎特伯雷　所以上天把人体当作一个政体，赋予了性质各不同的机能；不同的机能使一个个欲求不断地见之于行动；而每一个行动，就像系附着同一种目标或者是同一种对象，也必然带来了整体的服从。蜜蜂就是这样发挥它们的效能，这种昆虫，凭着自己天性中的规律把秩序的法则教给了万民之邦。它们有一个王，有各司其职的官员。有些像地方官，在国内惩戒过失；也有些像闯码头、走外洋去办货的商人；还有些像兵丁，用尾刺做武器，在那夏季的丝绒似的花蕊中间大肆劫掠，然后欢欣鼓舞，把战利品往回搬运——运到大王升座的宝帐中。那日理万机的蜂王，可正在视察那哼着歌儿的泥水匠把金黄的屋顶给盖上。一般安分的老百姓又正在把蜂蜜酿造；可怜那脚夫们，肩上扛着重担，硬是要把小门挨进；只听见冷冷的一声“哼”，原来那瞪着眼儿的法官把那无所事事、呵欠连连的雄蜂发付给了脸色铁青的刽子手。我的结论是：许许多多的事情只要环绕着一个共同的目的，不妨分头进行，就像从各个不同的角度发出的箭，射向一个目标，东西南北的道路都通向一个城镇，千百条淡水的河流汇聚在一片咸海里，许多线条结合在日晷的中心点——就像这样，千头万绪的事业一旦动手，共同完成一个使命，什么都顺利进行，不会有一点儿差错。所以，到法兰西去吧，我的君主！把你那“快乐的英格兰”一分为四，这四分之一就给你带到法兰西去大显威

风，叫高卢族人人发抖。而我们，以三倍的力量在国内防守，要是再不能扎紧藩篱，不许野狗钻进来，那么活该我们倒霉，叫恶狗扑身，丧尽了咱们民族的勇敢与政治上机警的英名。

（方平　译）

科利奥兰纳斯　第二幕　第二场

吏乙　老实说一句，有许多大人物尽管口头上拼命讨好平民，心里却一点不喜欢他们；也有许多人喜欢了一个人，却不知道为什么要喜欢他，他们既然会莫名其妙地爱他，也就会莫名其妙地恨他。所以科利奥兰纳斯对于他们的爱憎漠不关心，正可以表示他真正了解他们的性格；他也由他们去看得一清二楚，满不在意。

吏甲　要是他对于他们的爱憎漠不关心，那么他既不会有心讨好他们，也不会故意冒犯他们。可是他对他们寻衅的心理，却比他们对他仇恨的心理更强，凡是可以表明他是他们的敌人的事实，他总是不加讳饰地表现出来。像这样有意装出敌视人民的态度，比起他所唾弃的那种取媚人民以求得他们欢心的手段来，同样是不足为法的。

吏乙　他替国家立下了极大的功劳，他的跻登高位，绝不像那些毫无寸尺之功、单凭着向人民曲意逢迎的手段滥邀爵禄的人们那样容易。他的荣誉彪炳在他们的眼前，他的功业铭刻在他们的心底，他们要是不作一声，否认这一切，那就是忘恩负义；要是颠倒是非，混淆黑白，那就是恶意中伤。

吏甲　别讲他了，他是一个可尊敬的人。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利五世　第四幕　第二场

亨利王　要国王负责！那不妨把我们的生命、灵魂，把我们的债务、我们的操心的妻子、我们的孩子以及我们的罪恶，全都放在国王头上吧！他得一股脑儿担当下来。随着“伟大”而来的，是多么难堪的地位啊！听凭每个傻瓜来议论他——他们想到、感觉到的，只是个人的苦楚！做了国王，多少民间所享受的人生乐趣他就得放弃！而人君所享有的，有什么是平民百姓所享受不到的——只除了排场，只除了那众人前的排场？你又算是什么呢——你偶像似的排场？你比崇拜者忍受着更大的忧患，又是什么神明？你收到多少租金，又带来了多少进账？啊，排场，让我看一看你的价值是多少吧！你凭什么法宝叫人这样崇拜？除了地位、名衔、外表引起人们的敬畏与惶恐外，你还有些什么呢？你叫人惶恐，为什么反而不及那帮诚惶诚恐的人来得快乐呢？你天天喝下肚去的，除了有毒的谄媚代替了纯洁的尊敬外，还有什么呢？啊，伟大的“伟大”呀，且等你病倒了，吩咐你那套排场来给你治病吧！你可认为那沸烫的发烧，会因为一大堆一味奉承的字眼而退去吗？凭着那打躬作揖，病痛就会霍然而愈吗？当你命令乞丐向你双膝跪下的时候，你能同时命令他把康健献给你吗？不，你妄自尊大的幻梦啊，你这样善于戏弄帝王的安眠。我这一个国王早已看破了你。我明白，无论帝王加冕的圣油、权杖和那金球，也无论那剑、那御杖、那皇冠、那金线织成和珍珠镶嵌的王袍、那加在帝号前头的长长一连串荣衔；无论是他高踞的王位，或者是那煊赫尊荣，像声势浩大的潮浪泛滥了整个陆岸——不，这一切辉煌无比的排场，也不能让你睡在君王的床上，就像一个卑贱的奴隶那样睡得香甜。一个奴隶，塞饱了肚子，空着脑子，爬上床去——干了一天辛苦活儿，就再看不见那阴森森的、从地狱里产生的黑夜。他倒像是伺候太阳神的一个小厮，从日出到日落，只是在阳光里挥汗，到了晚上，就在乐园里睡个通宵。第二天天一亮，又一骨碌起身，赶着替太阳神把骏马套上了车。年年月月，他就干着这营生，直到进入了坟墓。

像这样，一个奴隶，欠缺的就只是煊赫的排场，要不然，他日出而作，日落而息，远远地胜过了做一个皇帝。他浑浑噩噩、安安稳稳地过着太平日子，全没想到做人君的为了维护这太平世界，对着孤灯，操着怎样一片心。他宵旰勤劳，到头来却是那村夫最受用。

（方平　译）

一报还一报　第一幕　第一场

公爵　关于政治方面的种种机宜，我不必多向你絮说，因为我知道你在这方面的经验阅历，胜过我所能给你的任何指示。对于地方上人民的习性，以及布政施教的宪章、信赏必罚的律法，你也都了如指掌，比得上任何博学练达之士，所以我尽可信任你的才能，让你自己去适宜应付。我给你这一道诏书，愿你依此而行。（以诏书授爱斯卡勒斯）来人，去唤安哲鲁过来。（一侍从下）你看，他这人能不能代理我的责任？因为我在再三考虑之下，已经决定当我出巡的时候，叫他摄理政务；他可以充分享受众人的畏惧爱敬，全权处置一切的事情。你以为怎样？

爱斯卡勒斯　在维也纳地方，要是有人值得受这样隆重的眷宠恩荣，那就是安哲鲁大人了。

公爵　他来了。（安哲鲁上。）

安哲鲁　听见殿下的召唤，小臣特来恭听谕令。

公爵　安哲鲁，在你的生命中有一种与众不同的地方，使人家一眼便知道你全部的为人。你自己和你所有的一切，倘不拿出来贡献于人世，仅仅一个人独善其身，那实在是一种浪费。上天生下我们，是要把我们当作火炬，不是照亮自己，而是普照世界。因为我们的德行倘不能

推及他人，那就等于没有一样。一个人有了才华智慧，必须使它产生有益的结果。造物是一个工于算计的女神，她所给予世人的每一分才智，都要受赐的人知恩感激，加倍报答。可是我虽然这样对你说，也许我倒是更应该受你教益的，所以请你收下这道诏书吧，安哲鲁。（以诏书授安哲鲁）当我不在的时候，你就是我的全权代表，你的片言一念，可以决定维也纳人民的生死，年高的爱斯卡勒斯虽然先受到我的嘱托，他却是你的辅佐。

（朱生豪　译）

理查二世　第五幕　第五场

理查王　我正在研究怎样可以把我所栖身的这座牢狱和整个的世界两相比较，可是因为这世上充满了人类，这儿除了我一身之外，没有其他的生物，所以它们是比较不起来的。虽然这样说，我还要仔细思考一下。我要证明我的头脑是我心灵的妻子，我的心灵是我思想的父亲；它们两个产下了一代生生不息的思想，这些思想充斥在这小小的世界之上，正像世上的人们一般互相倾轧，因为没有一个思想是满足的。比较好的那些思想，例如关于宗教方面的思想，却和怀疑互相间杂，往往援用经文的本身攻击经文。譬如说，“来吧，小孩子们，”可是接着又这么说，“到天国去是像骆驼穿过针孔一般艰难的。”野心勃勃的思想总在计划不可能的奇迹，凭着这些脆弱无力的指爪，怎样从这冷酷的世界的坚硬的肋骨、我的凹凸不平的囚墙上，抓破一条出路。可是因为它们没有这样的能力，所以只能在它们自己的盛气之中死去。安分自足的思想却用这样的话安慰自己：它们并不是命运的最初的奴隶，不会是它的最后的奴隶；正像愚蠢的乞丐套上了枷，自以为许多人都在他以前套过枷，在他以后，也还有别的人要站在他现在所站的地方，用这样的思想掩饰他们的羞辱一样。凭着这一种念头，它们获得了精神上的宽裕，假借过

去的人们同样的遭际来背负它们不幸的灾祸。这样我一个人扮演着许多不同的角色，没有一个能够满足他自己的命运：有时我是国王；叛逆的奸谋使我希望我是一个乞丐，于是我就变成了乞丐；可是压人的穷困劝诱我还不如做一个国王，于是我又变成了国王；一会儿忽然想到我的王位已经被波林勃洛克所推翻，那时候我就立刻化为乌有；可是无论我是什么人，无论是我还是别人，只要是一个人，在他没有彻底化为乌有以前，是什么也不能使他感到满足的。

（朱生豪　译）

雅典的泰门　第一幕　第一场

诗人　您瞧这一大群蝇营蚁附的宾客。在我的拙作中间，我勾画出了一个受尽世俗爱宠的人。可是我并不单单着力作个人的描写，我让我的恣肆的笔锋在无数的模型之间活动，不带一丝恶意，只是像凌空的鹰隼一样，一往直前，不留下一丝痕迹。

画师　您的意思我有点不大懂得。

诗人　我可以解释给您听。您瞧各种不同地位不同性情的人，无论是轻浮油滑的，或是严肃庄重的，都愿意为泰门大爷效劳服役。他的巨大的财产，再加上他的善良和蔼的天性，征服了各种不同的人，使他们乐于向他输诚致敬。从那些脸上反映出主人的喜怒的谄媚者起，直到憎恨自己的艾帕曼特斯，一个个在他的面前屈膝，只要泰门点点头，就可以使他们满载而归。

画师　我曾经看见他跟艾帕曼特斯在一起谈话。

诗人　先生，我假定命运的女神端坐在一座巍峨而幽美的山上，在那山麓下面，有无数智愚贤不肖的人劳心劳力，追求世间的名利，他们

的眼睛都一致注视着这位主宰一切的女神。我把其中一个人代表泰门，命运女神用她象牙一样洁白的手招引他到她的身边，他是她眼前的恩宠，他的敌人也一齐变成了他的奴仆。

画师　果然是很巧妙的设想。我想这一个宝座、这一位命运女神和这一座山，在这山下的许多人中间只有一个人得到女神的招手，这个人正弓着身子向峻峭的山崖爬去，攀登到幸福的顶端，很可以表现出我们这儿的情形。

诗人　不，先生，听我说下去。那些在不久以前还和他同样地位的人，也有一些本来胜过他的人，现在都跟在他后面亦步亦趋。他的接待室里挤满了关心他的起居的人，他的耳朵中充满了一片有如向神圣祷告那样的低语，连他的马镫也被奉为神圣，他们从他那里呼吸到自由的空气。

画师　好，那便怎么样呢？

诗人　当命运突然改变了心肠，把她的宠儿一脚踢下山坡的时候，那些攀龙附凤之徒，本来跟在他后面匍匐膝行的，这时候便会冷眼看他跌落，没有一个人做他患难中的同伴。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利四世上篇　第一幕　第二场

福斯塔夫　呃，我说，乖乖好孩子，等你做了国王以后，不要让我们这些夜间的绅士们被人称为掠夺白昼的佳丽的窃贼。让我们成为狄安娜的猎户、月亮的嬖宠，让人家说，我们都是很有节制的人，因为正像海水一般，我们受着我们高贵纯洁的女王月亮的节制，我们是在她的许可之下偷窃的。

亲王　你说得好，一点不错，因为我们这些月亮的信徒们既然像海水一般受着月亮的节制，我们的命运也像海水一般起伏无定。举例说，星期一晚上出了死力抢下来的一袋金钱，星期二早上便会把它胡乱花去；凭着一声吆喝“放下”把它抓到手里，喊了几回“酒来”就花得一文不剩。有时潦倒不堪，可是也许有一天时来运转，两脚腾空，高升绞架。

（朱生豪　译）

理查二世　第三幕　第四场

园丁　去，你把那边垂下来的杏子扎起来，它们像顽劣的子女一般，使他们的老父因为不胜重负而弯腰屈背，那些弯曲的树枝你要把它们支撑住了。你去做一个刽子手，斩下那些长得太快的小枝的头，它们在咱们的共和国里显得太高傲了，咱们国里一切都应该平等的。你们去做各人的事，我要去割下那些有害的莠草，它们本身没有一点用处，却会吸收土壤中的肥料，阻碍鲜花的生长。

仆甲　我们何必在这小小的围墙之内保持着法纪、秩序和有条不紊的布置，夸耀我们雏形的治绩。你看我们那座以大海为围墙的花园，我们整个国土，不是莠草蔓生，她的最美的鲜花全都窒息而死，她的果树无人修剪，她的篱笆东倒西歪，她的花池凌乱无序，她的佳卉异草被虫儿蛀得枝叶凋残吗？

园丁　不要胡说。那容忍着这样一个凌乱无序的春天的人，自己已经遭到落叶飘零的命运；那些托庇于他的广布的枝叶之下，名为拥护他，实则在吮吸他的精液的莠草，全都被波林勃洛克连根拔起了。我的意思是说威尔特郡伯爵和布希、格林那些人们。

仆甲　什么！他们死了吗？

园丁　他们都死了，波林勃洛克已经捉住那个浪荡的国王。啊！可惜他不曾像我们治理这座花园一般治理他的国土！我们每年按着时季，总要略微割破我们果树的外皮，因为恐怕它们过于肥茂，反而结不出果子。要是他能够用同样的手段，对付那些威权日盛的人们，他们就可以自知戒饬，他也可以尝到他们忠心的果实。对于多余的旁枝，我们总是毫不吝惜地把它们剪去，让那结果的干枝繁荣滋长。要是他也能够采取这样的办法，他就可以保全他的王冠，不至于在嬉戏游乐之中把它轻易断送了。

（朱生豪　译）

李尔王　第三幕　第一场

高纳里尔　父亲，我们家里难道没有两倍这么多的仆人可以侍候您？依我说，不但用不着二十五个人，就是十个五个也是多余的。

里根　依我看来，一个也不需要。

李尔　啊！不要跟我说什么需要不需要。最卑贱的乞丐，也有他的不值钱的身外之物，人生除了天然的需要以外，要是没有其他的享受，那和畜类的生活有什么分别。你是一位夫人，你穿着这样华丽的衣服，如果你的目的只是为了保持温暖，那就根本不合你的需要，因为这种盛装艳饰并不能使你温暖。可是，讲到真的需要，那么天啊，给我忍耐吧，我需要忍耐！神啊，你们看见我在这儿，一个可怜的老头子，被忧伤和老迈折磨得好苦！假如是你们鼓动这两个女儿的心，使她们忤逆她们的父亲，那么请你们不要尽是愚弄我，叫我默然忍受吧。让我的心里激起了刚强的怒火，别让妇人所恃为武器的泪点玷污我的男子汉的面颊！不，你们这两个不孝的妖妇，我要向你们复仇，我要作出一些使全世界惊怖的事情来，虽然我现在还不知道我要怎么做。你们以为我将要

哭泣？不，我不愿哭泣，我虽然有充分的哭泣的理由，可是我宁愿让这颗心碎成万片，也不愿流下一滴泪来。啊，傻瓜！我要发疯了！

（朱生豪　译）

十四行诗　九四

谁有力量损害人而不这样干，

谁不做人以为他们爱做的事，

谁使人动情，自己却石头一般，

冰冷、无动于衷，对诱惑能抗拒——

谁就恰当地承受上天的恩宠，

善于贮藏和保管造化的财富；

他们才是自己美貌的主人翁，

而别人只是自己姿色的家奴。

夏天的花把夏天熏得多芳馥，

虽然对自己它只自开又自落，

但是那花若染上卑劣的病毒，

最贱的野草也比它高贵得多：

极香的东西一腐烂就成极臭，

烂百合花比野草更臭得难受。

（梁宗岱　译）

裘力思·凯撒　第一幕　第二场

凯歇斯　嘿，老兄，他像一个巨人似的跨越这狭隘的世界，我们这些渺小的凡人一个个在他粗大的两腿下行走，四处张望着，替自己寻找不光荣的坟墓。人们有时可以支配他们自己的命运。要是我们受制于人，亲爱的勃鲁托斯，那错处并不在我们的命运，而在我们自己。勃鲁托斯和凯撒，“凯撒”那个名字又有什么了不得？为什么人们只是提起它而不提起勃鲁托斯？把那两个名字写在一起，您的名字并不比他的难看；放在嘴上念起来，它也一样顺口；称起重量来，它们是一样的重；要是用它们呼神召鬼，“勃鲁托斯”也可以同样感动幽灵，正像“凯撒”一样。凭着一切天神的名字，我们这位凯撒究竟吃些什么美食，才会长得这样伟大？可耻的时代！罗马啊，你的高贵血统已经中断了！自从洪水以后，什么时代你不曾产生比一个更多的著名人物？直到现在为止，什么时候人们谈起罗马，能够说，她的广大的城墙之内，只是一个人的世界？要是罗马给一个人独占了去，那么它真的变成无人之境了。啊！你我都曾听见我们的父老说过，从前罗马有一个勃鲁托斯，不愿让他的国家被一个君主所统治，正像他不愿让它被永劫的恶魔统治一样。

（朱生豪　译）

科利奥兰纳斯　第二幕　第三场

勃鲁托斯　你们难道不会凭着你们所受的教训，对他说当他还没有掌握权力、不过是政府里一个地位卑微的仆人的时候，他就是你们的敌

人，老是反对着你们的自由和你们在这共和国里所享有的特权吗？你们难道不会对他说，现在他登上了秉持国家大权的地位，要是他仍旧怀着恶意，继续做平民的死敌，那么你们现在所表示的同意，不将要成为你们自己的咒诅吗？你们应当对他说，他伟大的功业，既然可以使他享有他所要求的地位而无愧色，但愿他仁厚的天性，也能够想到你们现在所给他的同情的赞助，而把他对你们的敌意变成友谊，永远做你们慈爱的执政。

西西涅斯　你们照这样对他说了以后，就可以触动他的心性，试探他的真正的意向。也许他会给你们善意的允诺，那么将来倘有需要的时候，你们就可以责令他履行旧约。也许那会激怒他的暴戾的天性，因为他是不能容忍任何拘束的，这样引动了他的恼怒，你们就可以他的恶劣的脾气做理由，拒绝他当执政。

勃鲁托斯　你们看他在需要你们好感的时候，会用这样公然侮蔑的态度向你们请求，难道你们没有想到当他有权力压迫你们的时候，他这种侮蔑的态度不会变成公然的伤害吗？怎么，你们胸膛里难道都是没有心的吗？或者，你们的舌头会反抗理智的判断吗？

西西涅斯　你们以前不是曾经拒绝过向你们请求的人吗？现在他并没有请求你们，不过把你们讥笑了一顿，你们却会毫不迟疑地给他同意吗？

市民丙　他还没有经过正式的确认，我们还可以拒绝他。

市民乙　我们一定要拒绝他，我可以号召五百个人反对他就任。

市民甲　好，就是一千个人也不难，还可以叫他们各人拉些朋友来充数。

勃鲁托斯　你们立刻就去，告诉你们那些朋友，说他们已经选了一

个执政，他将会剥夺他们的自由，限制他们发言的权利，把他们当作狗一样看待，虽然为了要它们吠叫而豢养，可是往往因为它们吠叫而把它们痛打。

（朱生豪　译）

奥瑟罗　第一幕　第一场

伊阿古　我之所以跟随他，不过是要利用他达到我自己的目的。我们不能每个人都是主人，每个主人也不是都该让仆人忠心地追随他。你可以看到，有一辈天生的奴才，他们卑躬屈节，拼命讨主人的好，甘心受主人的鞭策，像一头驴子似的，为了一些粮草而出卖他们的一生，等到年纪老了，主人就把他们撵走。这种老实的奴才是应该抽一顿鞭子的。还有一种人，尽管表面上装出一副鞠躬如也的样子，骨子里却是为他们自己打算；看上去好像替主人做事，实际却靠着主人发展自己的势力，等捞足了油水，就可以知道他所尊敬的其实是他本人。像这种人还有几分头脑，我承认我自己就属于这一类。因为，老兄，正像你是罗德利哥而不是别人一样，我要是做了那摩尔人，我就不会是伊阿古。同样，虽说我跟随他，其实还是跟随我自己。上天是我的公证人，我这样对他赔着小心，既不是为了忠心，也不是为了义务，只是为了自己的利益，才装出这一副假脸。要是我表面上的恭而敬之的行为会泄露我内心的活动，那么不久我就要掏出我的心来，让乌鸦们乱啄了。世人所知道的我，并不是实在的我。

（朱生豪　译）

理查三世　第三幕　第七场

勃金汉　那就请听我冒昧陈词吧，您不该再三推辞，放弃至尊的宝座，那是您祖代相传的威权所在，是您福运降临，也是您世袭而来的名分。您奕奕皇室的世代光荣，岂能由您让给一支腐朽的系族。您在高枕无忧之中悠思遐想，而这块皇土正等待着大力扶持，为国家前途计，我们特来敦促您醒悟过来。如今纲常不振，面目全非，皇朝正统，平添枯枝残叶，无以生根，势必陷落深渊，从此湮没无闻。为了拯救这种颓运，我们衷心请求殿下亲自负起国家重任，掌握王权；不再为人作嫁，做一个护政者、家宰、代理人，或当一个卑贱的经手员；您应该维护血统，继承王业，本是您生来的权利，是您的领土，应归您自有。为此之故，我和市民们一起，还有您的虔诚热情的朋友们，都急切地催促着我来向殿下发出这正义呼声，求您垂听下情。

葛罗斯特　以我的地位或您的处境看来，我不知道该默然离去，还是该严斥您一番。如果我不予作答，您或许认为我是个守口如瓶的野心家，是我眼见您一厢情愿地把那辉煌的重担套上我的肩头，而我却默然承受下来了。如果我见您一片至诚，向我求告，我反而横加斥责，这岂不是我又杜绝了友辈的言路。因此，我该既不默然而去，也不严词驳斥，却把我的心头思念向您作明确的答复。您的热诚值得我衷心感激，但是对我要求过分，我自愧无能，怕难孚众望。首先，即使一切障碍都能扫除，我面前这条登基的道路已经铺平，创业时机已经成熟，只等我继承正统，可是我志气还不够高昂，我德行菲薄，瑕疵多端，缺陷重大，我宁愿闭门思过，以免卷入洪流。好比一叶扁舟，岂敢驶进大海，一旦涌上浪巅，欲罢不能，那就只好在彩光烟雾之中窒息而死了。好在今天还不需要我，感谢上帝。如果讲到需要，我正该多下功夫，自助助人。王室系族留下了王室子嗣，经过日换星移，自可成长起来，来日坐镇朝廷，你我都会臣服而乐事新君。您所要委我的重任，我加在他身上，是天命所归，也是他权分所在。上帝不容我强夺他的王权！

勃金汉　我的大人，这确实说明您心地磊落。无奈从多方考虑，您

所顾念的都是些不可捉摸的细节。您说爱德华是您大哥的儿子，我们也如此说，却不出自他的妻。早先他和露西夫人订过婚约，至今还有您在世的母亲可以作证，后来又通过中间人去法国，向法王的姨妹波娜求婚结盟。此后两人都遭冷落，于是一个多儿的寡母，色衰福浅，竟然乞怜求诉，她虽青春已逝，年已半老，君王却贪淫无度，眉目传情，好比鹰鸟高飞半空，忽而窜落，以致伤风败俗，寡妇重婚。因此一场漠视法纪的结合传下了这个小爱德华，为了保持体面，称为太子。我本可深入揭露，但是为未亡人留些余地，我且话到口边暂留三分。所以，我的好大人，愿您亲自接过我们所呈献的至尊权位，即使不为我们和全国的幸福着想，也该把这祖传的尊贵血统继承下去，匡时拯世，恢复真正的纲纪。

市长　接受吧，好大人；您的市民在请求您了。

勃金汉　伟大的主君，莫拒绝这诚心的献礼。

凯茨比　呵！让他们欢庆吧，允许他们的合理请求吧！

葛罗斯特　唉！你们何必硬要把重担堆在我身上呢？我不配治理国家，不应称君王。务必请你们不要误会，我不能，也不愿，听从你们的要求。

勃金汉　如果您拒绝所请，一心为了爱护您的侄儿，不忍将他废黜。诚如我们在您日常与亲朋过往，处世接物之中，知道您一向心地温厚，待人体贴入微，无奈此刻我们已顾不得您接受与否，反正不能由您侄儿在我国称为君王；我们只好拥立他人继承王位，那样，您的王室势必声名扫地，倾覆无闻：现在我们谨作此决定，并向您告辞。市民们，走吧，我们不再请求了。

（勃金汉与市民们下。）

凯茨比　叫他们回来，好主君；接受他们的请求。您如果再不应允，全国都要遭殃了。

葛罗斯特　你们真要逼我负起这样烦心的重任吗？叫他们回来；我何尝是铁石心肠，虽然违拗我的心性，我岂能辜负盛情，顽固到底。（凯茨比下。）

（勃金汉及众人重上。）

葛罗斯特勃金汉贤弟，各位父老，你们既不顾我是否愿意，坚持要把命运的重担压上我肩头，勉强我负起重任，从此我就不得不任劳负重，忍受下去。但是万一在你们迫使我登位之后，假若有人暗中攻讦，或破口辱骂，那么此事既由你们促成，一切垢污糟蹋都应与我无关。上帝知道，你们也可能见到，这是一件多么违反我心愿的事。

市长　上帝祝福您，殿下！我们看见了真情，我们要让大家知道。

葛罗斯特　你们宣扬出去必须根据事实。

勃金汉　现在我向您称君道贺：理查王万岁，英国的尊君万岁！

全体　阿门。

（方重　译）

特洛伊罗斯与克瑞西达　第一幕　第三场

俄底修斯　特洛亚至今兀立不动，没有给我们攻下，赫克托的宝剑仍旧在它主人的手里，这都是因为我们漠视了军令的森严。看这一带大军驻屯的阵地，散布着多少虚有其表的营寨，都怀着各不相下的私心。大将就像是一个蜂房里的蜂王，要是采蜜的工蜂大家各自为政，不把采

得的粮食归献蜂王，那么还有什么蜜可以酿得出来呢？尊卑的等级可以不分，那么最微贱的人，也可以和最有才能的人分庭抗礼了。满天的星辰，在运行的时候，都恪守着自身的等级和地位，遵循着各自不变的轨道，依照着一定的范围、季候和方式，履行它们经常的职责，所以灿烂的太阳才能高拱出天，洞察寰宇，纠正星辰的过失，遏恶扬善，发挥它的无上威权。可是众星如果出了常轨，陷入了混乱的状态，那么多少的灾祸、变异、叛乱、海啸、地震、风暴、惊骇，将要震撼、摧裂、破坏、毁灭这宇宙间的和谐！纪律是达到一切雄图的阶梯，要是纪律发生动摇，啊！那时候事业的前途也就变黯淡了。要是没有纪律，社会上的秩序怎么得以稳定？学校中的班次怎么得以整齐？城市中的和平怎么得以保持？各地间的贸易怎么得以畅通？法律上所规定的与生俱来的特权，以及尊长、君王、统治者、胜利者所享有的特殊权利，怎么得以确立不坠？只要把纪律的琴弦拆去，听吧！多少刺耳的噪音就会发出来；一切都是互相抵触；江河里的水会泛滥得高过堤岸，淹没整个世界；强壮的要欺凌老弱，不孝的儿子要打死他的父亲；威力将代替公理，没有是非之分，也没有正义存在。那时候权力便是一切，而凭仗着权力，便可以逞着自己的意志，放纵无厌的贪欲。欲望，这一头贪心不足的饿狼，得到了意志和权力的两重辅佐，势必至于把全世界供它的馋吻，然后把自己也吃下去。伟大的阿伽门农，这一种混乱的状态，只有在纪律被人扼杀以后才会发生。就是因为漠视了纪律，有意前进的才反而会向后退却。主帅被他属下的将领所轻视，那将领又被他的属下所轻视，这样上行下效，谁都瞧不起他的长官，结果就引起了猜忌争竞的心理，损害了整个军队的元气。特洛亚所以至今兀立不动，不是靠着它自己的力量，乃是靠着我们的这一种弱点；换句话说，它的生命是全赖我们的弱点替它支持下来的。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利四世下篇　第三幕　第一场

亨利王　我的几千个最贫贱的人民正在这时候酣然熟睡！睡眠啊！柔和的睡眠啊！大自然的温情的保姆，我怎样惊吓了你，你才不愿再替我闭上我的眼皮，把我的感觉沉浸在忘河之中？为什么，睡眠，你宁愿栖身在烟熏的茅屋里，在不舒适的草荐上伸展你的肢体，让嗡嗡作声的蚊虫催着你入梦，却不愿偃息在香雾氤氲的王侯的深宫之中，在华贵的宝帐之下，让最甜美的乐声把你陶醉？啊，你冥漠的神灵！为什么你在污秽的床上和下贱的愚民同寝，却让国王的卧榻变成一个表盒子或是告变的警钟？在巍峨高耸惊心眩目的桅杆上，你不是会使年轻的水手闭住他的眼睛吗？当天风海浪做他的摇篮，那巨大的浪头被风卷上高高的云端，发出震耳欲聋的喧声，即使死神也会被它从睡梦中惊醒的时候。
啊，偏心的睡眠！你能够在那样惊险的时候，把你的安息给予一个风吹浪打的水手，可是在最宁静安谧的晚间，最温暖舒适的环境之中，你却不让一个国王享受你的厚惠吗？那么，幸福的卑贱者啊，安睡吧！戴王冠的头是不能安于他的枕席的。

（朱生豪　译）

家族权力

威尼斯商人　第三幕　第二场

鲍西娅　巴萨尼奥公子，您瞧我站在这儿，不过是这样的一个人。虽然为了我自己的缘故，我不愿妄想自己比现在的我更好一点，可是为了您的缘故，我希望我能够六十倍胜过我的本身，再加上一千倍的美丽，一万倍的富有。但愿我有无比的贤德、美貌、财产和亲友，好让我在您的心目中占据一个很高的位置。可是我这一身却是一无所有，我只是一个不学无术、没有教养、缺少见识的女子。幸亏她的年纪还不是顶大，来得及发愤学习；她的天资也不是顶笨，可以加以教导；尤其大幸的是，她有一颗柔顺的心灵，愿意把它奉献给您，听从您的指导，把您当作她的主人、她的统治者和她的君王。我自己以及我所有的一切，现在都变成您的所有了。刚才我还拥有着这一座华丽的大厦，我的仆人都听从着我的指挥，我是支配我自己的女王，可是就在现在，这屋子、这些仆人和这一个我，都是属于您的了，我的夫君。凭着这一个指环，我把这一切完全呈献给您。要是您让这指环离开您的身边，或者把它丢了，或者把它送给别人，那就预示着您的爱情的毁灭，我可以因此责怪您的。

（朱生豪　译）

李尔王　第一幕　第一场

李尔　现在我要向你们说明我的心事。把那地图给我。告诉你们吧，我已经把我的国土划成三部；我因为自己年纪老了，决心摆脱一切事务的牵萦，把责任交卸给年轻力壮之人，让自己松一松肩，好安安心

心地等死。康华尔贤婿，还有同样是我心爱的奥本尼贤婿，为了预防他日的争执，我想还是趁现在把我的几个女儿的嫁妆当众分配清楚。法兰西和勃艮第两位君主正在竞争我的小女儿的爱情，他们为了求婚而住在我们宫廷里，也已经有好多时候了，现在他们就可以得到答复。孩子们，在我还没有把我的政权、领土和国事的重任全部放弃以前，告诉我，你们中间哪一个人最爱我？我要看看谁最有孝心，最有贤德，我就给她最大的恩惠。高纳里尔，我的大女儿，你先说。

高纳里尔　父亲，我对您的爱，不是言语所能表达的。我爱您胜过自己的眼睛、整个的空间和广大的自由；超越一切可以估价的贵重稀有的事物；不亚于赋有淑德、健康、美貌和荣誉的生命。不曾有一个儿女这样爱过他的父亲，也不曾有一个父亲这样被他的儿女所爱。这一种爱可以使唇舌无能为力，辩才失去效用，我爱您是不可以数量计算的。

考狄利娅（*旁白*）考狄利娅应该怎么好呢？默默地爱着吧。

李尔　在这些疆界以内，从这一条界线起，直到这一条界线为止，所有一切浓密的森林、膏腴的平原、富庶的河流、广大的牧场，都要奉你为它们的女主人；这一块土地永远为你和奥本尼的子孙所保有。我的二女儿，最亲爱的里根，康华尔的夫人，你怎么说？

里根　我跟姊姊具有同样的品质，您凭着她就可以判断我。在我的真心之中，我觉得她刚才所说的话，正是我爱您的实际的情形，可是她还不能充分说明我的心理：我厌弃一切凡是敏锐的知觉所能感受到的快乐，只有爱您才是我无上的幸福。

考狄利娅（*旁白*）那么，考狄利娅，你只好自安于贫穷了！可是我并不贫穷，因为我深信我的爱心比我的口才更富有。

李尔　这一块从我们这美好的王国中划分出来的三分之一的沃壤，

是你和你的子孙永远世袭的产业，和高纳里尔所得到的那份同样广大、同样富庶，也同样佳美。现在，我的宝贝，虽然是最后的一个，却并非最不在我的心头，法兰西的葡萄和勃艮第的乳酪都在竞争你的青春之爱，你有些什么话，可以换到一份比你的两个姊姊更富庶的土地？说吧。

考狄利娅　父亲，我没有话说。

李尔　没有？

考狄利娅　没有。

李尔　没有只能换到没有，重新说过。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利四世下篇　第二幕　第三场

潘西夫人　啊！可是为了上帝的缘故，不要去参加这种战争吧。公公，您曾经毁弃过对您自己更有切身关系的诺言。您的亲生的潘西，我那心爱的哈利，曾经好多次引颈北望，盼他的父亲带着援兵到来，可是他终于望了个空。那时候是谁劝您不要出兵的？两重的荣誉已经丧失了，您自己的荣誉和您儿子的荣誉。讲到您自己的荣誉，愿上帝扫清它的雾障吧！他的荣誉却是和他不可分的，正像太阳永远高悬在苍苍的天宇之上一样；全英国的骑士都在他的光辉鼓舞之下，表现了他们英雄的身手。他的确是高贵的青年们的一面立身的明镜。谁不曾学会他的步行的姿态，等于白生了两条腿。说话急速不清本来是他天生的缺点，现在却成为勇士们应有的语调，那些能够用低声而迂缓的调子讲话的人，都宁愿放弃他们自己的特长，模拟他这一种缺点。这样无论在语音上、步态上、饮食娱乐上、性情气质上、治军作战上，他的一言一动，都是他

人效法的规范。然而他，啊，天神一般的他！啊，人类中的奇男子！这盖世无双的他，却得不到您的援助，你竟忍心让他在不利的形势中，面对着狰狞可怖的战神。让他孤军苦战，除了霍茨波的英名之外，再也没有可以抵御敌人的武力，您是这样离弃了他！千万不要，啊！千万不要再给他的亡魂这样的侮辱，把您对于别人的信誉看得比您对于他的信誉更重。让他们去吧。那司礼大臣和那大主教的实力是很强大的，要是我那亲爱的哈利有他们一半的军力，今天也许我可以攀住霍茨波的颈项，听他谈起蒙穆斯的死了。

诺森伯兰　哎哟，贤媳！你用这样悲痛的申诉重新揭发我往日的过失，使我的心都寸寸碎裂了。

（朱生豪　译）

理查三世　第四幕　第四场

玛格莱特王后　我曾称你为我的幸运墙上所加的浮雕；称你为可怜的阴影，一个画中王后。你无非把我过去的声势来模仿，为一场大悲剧做了一些动听的剧情说明。哪怕你一时趾高气扬，终究要堕入尘埃。你枉做了一对伶俐的孩子的母亲。过去的一切都成了梦境、泡影、一块高贵的招牌、一面炫耀的旗帜，突兀招展着供人射击。一国之后做了笑柄，在舞台上不过串演着一个配角。如今你丈夫何在？你兄弟何在？你孩子何在？人生乐趣又何在？谁还来跪求你，高呼着“神佑吾后”？一向对你卑躬屈节的大臣们哪儿去了？追随你的大队人马又哪儿去了？前后对照就看清了你的处境：快乐的妻子成为最不幸的寡妇；幸福的母亲却在因为身为母亲而悲伤；坐听人诉的人反向人哭诉；国后变为愁眉蹙额的贱婢；从前轻慢我而今遭我轻慢；从前人人怕你，如今单怕一人；一向发号施令，如今无人听命。可见天道循环，赏罚分明，你只落得在时间的鹰爪下做个牺牲者；你倘若只顾怀念过去，同时又无法摆脱目前的

处境，你的苦难将更难忍受。你既僭占了我的名位，岂能不分摊其中的苦楚？如今你的傲骨分挑着我的重担，我正好抽出我劳顿的肩头，把这全副担子都卸给你。再会吧，约克的夫人，厄运的王后；英国的这些忧伤，将在法国供我作笑料。

（方重　译）

仲夏夜之梦　第一幕　第一场

伊吉斯　我怀着满心的气恼，来控诉我的孩子，我的女儿赫米娅。走上前来，狄米特律斯。殿下，这个人，是我答应把我女儿嫁给他的。走上前来，拉山德。殿下，这个人引诱坏了我的孩子。你，你，拉山德，你写诗句给我的孩子，和她交换着爱情的纪念物；你在月夜到她的窗前用做作的声调歌唱着假作多情的诗篇；你用头发编成的腕环、戒指、虚华的饰物、琐碎的玩具、花束、糖果——这些可以强烈地骗诱一个稚嫩的少女之心的“信使”来偷得她的痴情；你用诡计盗取了她的心，煽惑她使她对我的顺从变成倔强的顽抗。殿下，假如她现在当着您的面仍旧不肯嫁给狄米特律斯，我就要要求雅典自古相传的权利，因为她是我的女儿，我可以随意处置她。按照我们的法律，逢到这样的情况，她要是不嫁给这位绅士，便应当立时处死。

忒修斯　你有什么话说，赫米娅？当心一点吧，美貌的姑娘！你的父亲对于你应当是一尊神明。你的美貌是他给予的，你就像在他手中捏成的一块蜡像，他可以保全你，也可以毁灭你。狄米特律斯是一个很好的绅士呢。

赫米娅　拉山德也很好啊。

忒修斯　他本人当然很好，但是要做你的丈夫，如果不能得到你父

亲的同意，那么比起来他就要差一筹了。

赫米娅　我真希望我的父亲和我有同样的看法。

忒修斯　实在还是应该你依从你父亲的看法才对。

赫米娅　请殿下宽恕我！我不知道是什么一种力量使我如此大胆，也不知道在这里披诉我的心思将会怎样影响到我的美名，但是我要敬问殿下，要是我拒绝嫁给狄米特律斯，会有什么最恶的命运临到我的头上？

忒修斯　不是受死刑，便是永远和男人隔绝。因此，美丽的赫米娅，仔细问一问你自己的心愿吧！考虑一下你的青春，好好地估量一下你血脉中的搏动。倘然不肯服从你父亲的选择，就想想看能不能披上尼姑的道服，终生幽闭在阴沉的庵院中，向着凄凉寂寞的明月唱着暗淡的圣歌，做一个孤寂的修道女了此一生？她们能这样抑制热情，到老保持处女的贞洁，自然应当格外受到上天的眷宠。但是结婚的女子有如被采下炼制过的玫瑰，香气留存不散，比之孤独地自开自谢，奄然朽腐的花儿，在尘俗的眼光看来，总是要幸福得多了。

赫米娅　就让我这样自开自谢吧，殿下，我不愿意把我的贞操奉献给我心里并不敬服的人。

（朱生豪　译）

冬天的故事　第一幕　第二场

赫米温妮　假如您需要我们，我们就在园里，我们就在那边等着您好吗？

里昂提斯　随你们便吧，只要你们不飞到天上去，总可以找得到的。我现在在垂钓，虽然你们没有看见我放下钓线去。好吧，好吧！瞧她那么把嘴向他送过去！简直像个妻子对她正式的丈夫那样无所顾忌！（波力克希尼斯、赫米温妮及侍从等下）已经去了！一顶绿头巾已经稳稳地戴上了！去玩去吧，孩子，玩去吧。你妈在玩着，我也在玩着，可是我扮的是这么一个丢脸的角色，准要给人喝倒彩嘘下了坟墓去的，轻蔑和讥笑便是我的葬钟。去玩去吧，孩子，玩去吧。要是我不曾弄错，那么乌龟这东西确是从来便有的。即使在现在，当我说这话的时候，一定就有许多人抱着他的妻子，却不知道她在他不在的时候早已给别人揩过油；他自己池子里的鱼，已经给他笑脸的邻居捞了去。我道不孤，聊堪自慰。假如有了不贞的妻子的男人全都怨起命来，世界上十分之一的人类都要上吊死了。补救的办法是一点没有的。正像有一个荒淫的星球，照临人世，到处惹是招非。你想，东南西北，无论哪处都抵挡不过肚子底下的作怪；魔鬼简直可以带了箱笼行李堂而皇之地进出呢。我们中间有千万个人都害着这毛病，但自己却不觉得。

（朱生豪　译）

暴风雨　第一幕　第二场

米兰达　亲爱的父亲，假如你曾经用你的法术使狂暴的海水兴起这场风浪，请你使它们平息了吧！天空似乎要倒下发臭的沥青来，但海水腾涌到天的脸上，把火焰浇熄了。唉！我瞧着那些受难的人们，我也和他们同样受难：这样一只壮丽的船，里面一定载着好些尊贵的人，一下子便撞得粉碎！啊，那呼号的声音一直打进我的心坎。可怜的人们，他们死了！要是我是一个有权力的神，我一定要叫海沉进地中，不让它把这只好船和它所载着的人们一起这样吞没了。

普洛斯彼罗　安静些，不要惊骇！告诉你那仁慈的心，一点灾祸都

不会发生。

米兰达　唉，不幸的日子！

普洛斯彼罗　不要紧的。凡我所做的事，无非是为你打算，我的宝贝！我的女儿！你不知道你是什么人，也不知道我从什么地方来，你也不会想到我是一个比普洛斯彼罗——一所十分寒碜的洞窟的主人，你的微贱的父亲——更出色的人物。

（朱生豪　译）

终成眷属　第二幕　第三场

国王　你看不起她，不过因为她地位低微，那我可以把她抬高起来。要是把人们的血液倾注在一起，那颜色、重量和热度都难以区别，偏偏在人间的关系上，会划分这样清楚的鸿沟，真是一件怪事。她倘然是一个道德上完善的女子，你不喜欢她，只因为她是一个穷医生的女儿，那么你重视虚名甚于美德，这就错了。穷巷陋室，有德之士居之，可以使蓬荜增辉，世禄之家，不务修善，虽有盛名，亦将堕败。善恶的区别，在于行为的本身，不在于地位的有无。她有天赋的青春、智慧和美貌，这一切的本身即是光荣；最可耻的，却是那些席父祖的余荫、不知绍述先志、一味妄自尊大的人。最好的光荣应该来自我们自己的行动，而不是倚恃家门。虚名是一个下贱的奴隶，在每一座墓碑上说着谎话，倒是在默默无言的一荒土之下，往往埋葬着忠臣义士的骸骨。有什么话好说呢？只要你能因为这女子的本身而爱她，我可以给她其余的一切，她的贤淑美貌是她自己的嫁妆，光荣和财富是我给她的赏赐。

勃特拉姆　我不能爱她，也不想爱她。

国王　你要是抗不奉命，一定要自讨没趣的。

海丽娜　陛下圣体复原，已经使我欣慰万分，其余的事情，不必谈了。

国王　这与我的信用有关，为使它不受损害，我必须运用我的权力。来，骄横傲慢的孩子，握着她的手，你才不配接受这一件卓越的赐予呢。你的愚妄狂悖，不但辜负了她的好处，也已经丧失了我的欢心。你以为她和你处在天平的不平衡的两端，却不知道我站在她的一面，便可以把两方的轻重倒转过来。你也没有想到你的升沉荣辱，完全操在我的手中。为了你自己的好处，赶快抑制你的轻蔑，服从我的旨意。我有命令你的权力，你有服从我的天职，否则你将永远得不到我的眷顾，让年轻的愚昧把你拖下了终身蹭蹬的深渊，我的愤恨和憎恶将要用王法的名义降临到你的头上，没有一点怜悯宽恕。快回答我吧。

勃特拉姆　求陛下恕罪，我愿意捐弃个人的爱憎，服从陛下的指示。当我一想起多少恩荣富贵，都可以随着陛下的一言而予夺，我就觉得适才我所认为最卑贱的她，已经受到陛下的宠眷，而和出身贵族的女子同样高贵了。

（朱生豪　译）

一报还一报　第二幕　第四场

安哲鲁　谁会相信你呢，依莎贝拉？我的洁白无瑕的名声，我的持躬的严正，我的振振有词的驳斥，我的柄持国政的地位，都可以压倒你的控诉，使你自取其辱，人家会把你的话当作挟嫌诽谤。我现在一不做二不休，不再控制我的情欲，你必须满足我的饥渴，放弃礼法的拘束，解脱一切的忸怩，这些对你要请求的事情是有害无利的。把你的肉体呈献给我，来救你弟弟的性命，否则他不但不能活命，而且因为你的无情冷酷，我要叫他遍尝各种痛苦而死去。明天给我答复，否则我要听任感

情的支配，叫他知道些厉害。你尽管向人怎样说我，我的虚伪会压倒你的真实。（下。）

依莎贝拉　我将向谁诉说呢？把这种事情告诉别人，谁会相信我？凭着一条可怕的舌头，可以操纵人的生死，把法律供自己的驱使，是非善恶，都由他任意判断！我要去看我的弟弟，他虽然因为一时情欲的冲动而堕落，可是他是一个爱惜荣誉的人，即使他有二十颗头颅，他也宁愿让它们在二十个断头台上被人砍落，而不愿让他姊姊的身体遭受如此的污辱。依莎贝拉，你必须活着做一个清白的人，让你的弟弟死去吧，贞操是比兄弟更为重要的。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利四世下篇　第四幕　第五场

亲王　我再也想不到还会听见您说话。

亨利王　你因为存着那样的愿望，哈利，所以才会产生那样的思想。我耽搁得太长久，害你等得厌倦了。难道你是那样贪爱着我的空位，所以在时机还没有成熟以前，就要攫取我的尊荣吗？啊，傻孩子！你所追求的尊荣，是会把你压倒的。略微再等一会儿，因为我的尊严就像一片乌云，只有一丝微风把它托住，一下子就会降落下来，我的白昼已经昏暗了。你所偷去的东西，再过几小时就可以名正言顺地归你所有，可是你却在我临死的时候，充分证实了我对你的想法。你的平生行事，都可以表明你没有一点爱父之心，现在我离死不远了，你还要向我证实你的不孝。你把一千柄利刃藏在你的思想之中，把它们在你那石块一般的心上磨得雪亮锋快，要来谋刺我的只剩半小时的生命。嘿！难道你不能容忍我再活半小时吗？那么你就去亲手掘下我的坟墓吧，叫那快乐的钟声响起来，报知你加冕的喜讯，而不是我死亡的噩耗。让那应该

洒在我的灵柩上的所有的眼泪，都变成涂抹你的头顶的圣油；让我和被遗忘的泥土混合在一起，把那给你生命的人丢给蛆虫吧。贬斥我的官吏，废止我的法令，因为一个无法无天的新时代已经到来了。哈利五世已经加冕为王！起来吧，浮华的淫乐！没落吧，君主的威严！你们一切深谋远虑的老臣，都给我滚开！现在要让四方各处游手好闲之徒聚集在英国的宫廷里了！邻邦啊，把你们的莠民败类淘汰出来吧。你们有没有什么酗酒谩骂、通宵作乐、杀人越货、无所不为的流氓恶棍？放心吧，他不会再来烦扰你们了，英国将要给他不次的光荣，使他官居要职，爵登显秩，手握大权，因为第五代的哈利将要松开奢淫这条野犬的羁勒，让它向每一个无辜的人张牙舞爪了。啊，我的疮痍未复的可怜的王国！我用尽心力，还不能戡定你的祸乱，在朝纲败坏、法纪荡然的时候，你又将怎样呢？啊！你将要重新变成一片荒野，豺狼将要归返它们的故居。

亲王　啊！恕我，陛下。倘不是因为我的眼泪使我哽咽得说不出话来，我决不会默然倾听您这番沉痛的严训而不加分辩的。这是您的王冠，但愿永生的上帝保佑您长久享有它！（*他还回王冠并跪下。*）要是我对它怀着私心，并不只是因为它是您的尊荣的标记而珍重它，让我跪在地上，永远站不起来。上帝为我作证，当我进来的时候，看见陛下的嘴里没有一丝气息，我是怎样地感到寒心！要是我的悲哀是虚伪的，啊！让我就在我现在这一种荒唐的行为中死去，再没有机会给世人看看我将要怎样洗心革面，做一个堂堂的人物。我因为进来探望您，看见您仿佛死了的样子，我自己，主上，也几乎因悲痛而死去，当时我就用这样的话责骂这顶王冠，就像它是有知觉的一般，我说："追随着您的烦恼已经把我的父亲杀害了，所以你这最好的黄金却是最坏的黄金。别的黄金虽然在质地上不如你，却可以炼成祛病延年的药水，比你贵重得多了。可是你这最纯粹的，最受人尊敬重视的，却把你的主人吞噬下去。"我一面这样责骂它，陛下，一面就把它试戴在我的头上，认为它是在我的面前杀死我的父亲的仇敌，我作为忠诚的继承者应该要和它算

账。可是假如它使我的血液中感染着欢乐，或是使我的精神上充满着骄傲，假如我的悖逆虚荣的心灵对它抱着丝毫爱悦的情绪，愿上帝永远不让它加在我头上，使我像一个最微贱的奴隶一般向着它战栗下跪！

亨利王啊，我儿！上帝让你把它拿了去，好叫你用这样贤明的辩解，格外博取你父亲的欢心。过来，哈利，坐在我的床边，听我这垂死之人的最后的遗命。（哈里王子坐在了床边。）上帝知道，我儿，我是用怎样诡诈的手段取得这一顶王冠。我自己也十分明白，它戴在我的头上，给了我多大的烦恼。可是你将要更安静更确定地占有它，不像我这样遭人嫉视，因为一切篡窃攘夺的污点，都将随着我一起埋葬。它在人们的心目之中，不过是我用暴力攫取的尊荣，那些帮助我得到它的人都在指斥我的罪状，他们的怨望每天都在酿成斗争和流血，破坏这粉饰的和平。你也看见我曾经冒着怎样的危险，应付这些大胆的威胁，我做了这么多年的国王，不过在反复串演着这一场争杀的武戏。现在我一死之后，情形就可以改变过来了，因为我是用非法手段获得的，在你却是合法继承的权利。可是你的地位虽然可以比我稳定一些，然而人心未服，余憾尚新，你的基础还没有十分巩固。那些拥护我的人们，也就是你所必须认为朋友的，他们的锐牙利刺还不过新近拔去；他们用奸险的手段把我扶上高位，我不能不对他们怀着疑虑，怕他们会用同样的手段把我推翻。为了避免这一种危机，我才多方剪除他们的势力，并且正在准备把许多人带领到圣地作战，免得他们在国内闲居无事，又要发生觊觎王座的图谋。所以，我的哈利，你的政策应该是多多利用对外的战争，使那些心性轻浮的人们有向外活动的机会，不至于在国内为非作乱，旧日的不快的回忆也可以因此而消失。我还有许多话要对你说，可是我的肺力不济，再也说不下去了。上帝啊！恕宥我用不正当的手段取得这一顶王冠，愿你能够平平安安享有它！

亲王陛下，您好容易挣来这一顶王冠，好容易把它保持下来，现在您把它给了我，我当然对它有合法的所有权。我一定要用超乎一切的努

力，不让它从我的手里失去。

（朱生豪　译）

战争和暴力中的权力

裘力思·凯撒　第二幕　第一场

勃鲁托斯　只有叫他死这一个办法，我自己对他并没有私怨，只是为了大众的利益。他将要戴上王冠，那会不会改变他的性格是一个问题，蝮蛇是在光天化日之下出现的，所以步行的人必须刻刻提防。让他戴上王冠？不！那等于我们把一个毒刺给了他，使他可以随意加害于人。把不忍之心和威权分开，那威权就会被人误用。讲到凯撒这个人，说一句公平话，我还不曾知道他什么时候一味感情用事，不受理智的支配。可是微贱往往是初期野心的阶梯，凭借着它一步步爬上了高处，他一旦登上了最高的一级之后，便不再回顾那梯子，他的眼光仰望着云霄，瞧不起他从前所恃为凭借的低下的阶段。凯撒何尝不会这样？所以，为了怕他有这一天，必须早一点防备。既然我们反对他的理由，不是因为他现在有什么可以指责的地方，所以就得这样说：照他现在的地位要是再扩大些权力，一定会引起这样那样的后患；我们应当把他当作一颗蛇蛋，与其让他孵出以后害人，不如趁他还在壳里的时候就把他杀死。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利五世　第四幕　第一场

亨利王　皇上就跟我一样，也是一个人罢了。一朵紫罗兰花儿他闻起来，跟我闻起来还不是一样？他头上和我头上合顶着一方天，他也不过用眼睛来看、耳朵来听啊！把一切荣衔丢开，还他一个赤裸裸的本相，那么他只是一个人罢了。虽说他的心思寄托在比我们高出一层的事

物上，可是好比一只在云霄里飞翔的老鹰，他有时也不免降落下来，栖息在枝头和地面上。所以，当他有理由害怕的时候，他就像我们一样，感到了害怕，不用问，那心头的滋味也跟我们的感觉差不多。可是照理说，谁也不能叫他感到一丝恐惧，否则的话，他一流露出来，可不要瓦解军队的士气。

培茨　尽管他外表装得怎样勇敢，今夜又这样冷，可是我相信，他心里希望自己宁可浸在泰晤士河里，哪怕河水齐到了脖子。我也但愿他在那儿，而我呢，就在他身边——只要能离开此地，我们还有什么好计较的？

亨利王　不跟你们说瞎话——我愿意代替国王捧着良心说句话——我认为他不会希望不在眼前这个地方，跑到任何别的地方去。

培茨　那么我但愿他独自守在这块地方吧。这样，他当然免不了要献出一笔赎金来，许许多多可怜虫因此也就保全了生命啦。

亨利王　我敢说，你对他不至于一点儿敬爱都没有，竟希望就只他一个人守在这儿，你这么说，无非是试探别人的口气罢了。照我看，我无论死在什么地方，也没有像跟国王死在一块儿那样叫我称心的了，因为他是师出有名的，他的战争是正义的。

威廉斯　这就不是我们所能了解的了。

培茨　啊，或者说，这就不是我们所该追究的了。因为说到了解不了解，只要我们知道自己是国王的臣民，那就够了。即使他是站在理亏的一边，只要我们这些人是服从我们国王的，也就消除了我们的罪名。

威廉斯　可是，如果这不是师出有名，那么国王头上的这笔账可有得他算了。打一场仗，有多少的腿、多少的胳膊、多少的头要给砍下来，将来有一天，它们又结合在了一起，就会一齐高声呼号：“我们死

在这样一个地方！”有的在咒天骂地，有的在喊叫军医，有的在哭他抛下了苦命的妻，有的高嚷他欠了人家的债还没还，也有的一声声叫他甩手不管的孩子——我只怕死在战场上的人很少有死得像个样儿的！人家既然要流你的血，还能跟你讲什么慈悲？我说，如果这帮人不得好死，那么把他们领到死路上去的国王就是罪孽深重了。苦的是小百姓，他们要是违抗了君命，那就是违反了做百姓的名分。

亨利王　照这样说来，假如有个儿子，父亲派他出洋去做生意，结果他却带着一身罪孽葬身在海里了，那么照你的一套看法，这份罪孽就应当归在把他派出去的父亲的头上。或者是，有一个奴仆，受了主人的嘱咐，运送一笔钱，却在半路上遭了打劫，还没来得及忏悔就给强盗杀死了，你也许要把那个主人叫作害这个仆人堕入地狱的主使者。不过，这不是那么一回事。国王手下的兵士他们一个个怎样结局、收场，国王用不着负责。做父亲的对于儿子，做主人的对于奴仆，也是这样，因为他们派给他们任务的时候，并没有把死派给他们。再说，国王出兵，就算他是完全理直气壮的，一旦到了在战场上见个高低，他也无从叫所有的兵士都免除了罪孽。很难说，有些兵士曾经蓄意谋杀过人，有些兵士拿虚伪的山盟海誓骗取了姑娘的贞操，有些兵士曾经犯过抢劫的案子、破坏了安宁和秩序，正好拿战争作避难所。现在，这帮人逃脱了法网，躲过了罪有应得的惩罚——虽然人们是给他瞒过了，他却插翅难逃上帝的手心！战争是他的一张拘票，战争是他的报应，这帮人过去触犯了王法，现在就在国王的战争中领受惩罚。他们为了怕死就投了军，他们以为这样就得救了，不料反而遭了殃。那么要是他不得好死，入了地狱，国王负什么责任？正像他们从前犯下不敬上帝的罪不能由他负责一样。为这罪恶，他们现在得了报应！每个臣民都有为国效忠的本分，可是每个臣民的灵魂却是属于他自己掌管的。

（方平　译）

哈姆莱特　第四幕　第四场

哈姆莱特　我所见到、听到的一切，都好像在对我谴责，鞭策我赶快进行我的蹉跎未就的复仇大愿！一个人要是把生活的幸福和目的，只看作吃吃睡睡，他还算是个什么东西？简直不过是一头畜生！上帝造下我们来，使我们能够这样高谈阔论、瞻前顾后，当然要我们利用他所赋予我们的这一种能力和灵明的理智，不让它们白白废掉。现在我明明有理由、有决心、有力量、有方法，可以动手干我所要干的事，可是我还是在大言不惭地说："这件事需要做。"可是始终不曾在行动上表现出来。我不知道这是因为像鹿豕一般健忘呢，还是因为三分懦怯一分智慧的过于审慎的顾虑。像大地一样显明的榜样都在鼓励我，瞧这一支勇猛的大军，领队的是一个娇养的少年王子，勃勃的雄心振起了他的精神，使他蔑视不可知的结果，为了区区弹丸大小的一块不毛之地，拼着血肉之躯，去向命运、死亡和危险挑战。真正的伟大不是轻举妄动，而是在荣誉遭遇危险的时候，即使为了一根稻秆之微，也要慷慨力争。可是我的父亲给人惨杀，我的母亲给人污辱，我的理智和感情都被这种不共戴天的大仇所激动，我却因循隐忍，一切听其自然，看着这两万个人为向博取一个空虚的名声，视死如归地走向他们的坟墓里去，目的只是争夺一方还不够给他们作战场或者埋骨之所的土地，相形之下，我将何地自容呢？啊！从这一刻起，让我摒除一切的疑虑妄念，把流血的思想充满我的脑际！

（朱生豪　译）

亨利四世下篇　第一幕　第三场

巴道夫　要是我们把这次战争的运命完全寄托在希望上，那希望对于我们是无益而有害的，正像我们在早春时候所见的初生的蓓蕾一般，希望不能保证它们开花结实，无情的寒霜早已摧残了它们的生机。当我

们准备建筑房屋的时候，我们首先要测量地基，然后设计图样；打好图样以后，我们还要估计建筑的费用，要是那费用超过我们的财力，就必须把图样重新改绘，设法减省一些人工，或是放弃这一项建筑计划。现在我们所进行的这件伟大的工作，简直是推翻一个旧的王国，重新建立一个新的王国，所以我们尤其应该熟察环境，详定方针，确立一个稳固的基础，询问测量师，明了我们自身的力量，是不是能够从事这样的工作，对抗敌人的压迫。否则要是我们徒然在纸上谈兵，把战士的名单代替了实际上阵的战士，那就像一个人打了一幅他的力量所不能建筑的房屋的图样，造了一半就中途停工，丢下那未完成的屋架子，让它去受凄风苦雨的吹淋。

（朱生豪　译）

麦克白　第一幕　第七场

麦克白　要是干了以后就完了，那么还是快一点干。要是凭着暗杀的手段，可以攫取美满的结果，又可以排除了一切后患。要是这一刀砍下去，就可以完成一切、终结一切、解决一切——在这人世上，仅仅在这人世上，在时间这大海的浅滩上，那么来生我也就顾不到了。可是在这种事情上，我们往往逃不过现世的裁判；我们树立下血的榜样，教会别人杀人，结果反而自己被人所杀；把毒药投入酒杯里的人，结果也会自己饮鸩而死，这就是一丝不爽的报应。他到这儿来本有两重信任：第一，我是他的亲戚，又是他的臣子，按照名分绝对不能干这样的事；第二，我是他的主人，应当保障他身体的安全，怎么可以自己持刀行刺？而且，这个邓肯秉性仁慈，处理国政，从来没有过失，要是把他杀死了，他生前的美德，将要像天使一般发出喇叭一样清澈的声音，向世人昭告我的弑君重罪。“怜悯”像一个赤身裸体在狂风中飘游的婴儿，又像一个御气而行的天婴，将要把这可憎的行为揭露在每一个人的眼中，使

眼泪淹没叹息。没有一种力量可以鞭策我实现自己的意图，可是我跃跃欲试的野心，却不顾一切地驱着我去冒颠踬的危险。

（朱生豪　译）

理查三世　第五幕　第五场

里士满　那就该是披甲发令的时间了。亲爱的同胞们，时间已经十分紧迫，我无法和你们尽情多谈了；可是大家只消记住这一点，上帝和正义都在同我们一起作战；圣洁的圣徒们和冤死的人们都在为我们祈祷，他们站在我们面前像一座高耸的堡垒；除了理查之外，他手下的人没有一个不宁愿我们战胜，唯恐他得到胜利。要知道他们所跟从的这个人是个什么样的人呢？弟兄们，他确实是一个杀人如麻的暴君；他在人血中成长，靠流血起家；利用他原有的地位以扩展势力，屠宰他自己的谋士，过河拆桥；一颗卑劣的假宝石，空凭英国的王座来衬托出光芒，其实是装错了地位，满不相称；他始终与上帝为敌。你们既和上帝的敌人交战，做上帝的战士必得天道庇佑；如果你们挥着汗除恶歼暴，功成名遂之后，自可高枕无忧；如果你们为国家战胜公敌，国家自然会把肥甘犒赏你们；如果你们为保护妻孥的安全而战，你们的妻孥就会来迎接胜利者回家园；如果你们把儿女救出了虎口，你们的子孙就可在你们的晚年承欢报恩。所以，为上帝之名和这一切权益，举旗前进，凭自愿拔刀杀敌去吧。至于我，为了这英勇的一役要激战一场，甚至不惜寒土埋冷骨；但是我若幸而获胜，这胜利的果实要和你们每一个士卒共享。击鼓吹号吧，奋勇欢呼起来；上帝与圣乔治在此！里士满与胜利！

（方重　译）

亨利六世中篇　第一幕　第一场

约克　安佐和缅因白白送给了法国人，巴黎已经丧失了，这些地区丢了以后，诺曼底省就处于极不安全的状态。萨福克签订了合约条款，贵族们都已同意，亨利也愿意用两个公爵的采邑换取一个公爵的标致女儿。为了这些事，我也怪不得他们；在他们看来，这些都算得什么？他们送掉的原是你的东西，而不是他们自己的东西。海盗们把抢来的财富尽情挥霍，收买朋友，赏赐娼妓，直到花干净，也毫不吝惜。而那不幸的物主却只能唉声叹气，搓手摇头，战兢兢地站在一旁，眼看着自己的东西被人分配完毕，全都带走，自己只能忍饥挨饿，对自己的财产连碰都不敢碰一下。我约克正是处于这样的地位：我自己的土地被人家换掉了、出卖了，我只能坐在一旁，忍气吞声。在我看来，英格兰、法兰西、爱尔兰，这些国土都是我心头之肉，都是我生命的寄托。而他们竟然把安佐和缅因送给了法国人！这真是一件令人泄气的消息，那法兰西，如同英格兰的肥沃土地一样，原是我想要弄到手的。总有一天我约克要把自己的东西收归已有。为了这个目的，我不妨站到萨立斯伯雷父子这一边来，在外表上对骄横的亨弗雷公爵表现一下拥戴的态度。等时机一到，我就提出对王冠的要求，那才是我所追求的最高目标。可是，约克呵，你得耐心一点，要等待时机成熟。当别人入睡的时候，你得保持清醒，留心伺察，把国家的内幕刺探清楚。亨利替英国花了许多钱买来一位王后，他正陶醉在新媳妇的爱河之中，等他和亨弗雷同其他的贵族们一旦发生破裂，我就要高举乳白色的玫瑰，使那空气里充满它的芬芳，我要树起绣有约克家族徽记的旗帜，对兰开斯特家族进行搏斗。我要使用武力，迫使他交出王冠，这些年来，在他的书呆子般的统治之下，英格兰的威望是一天天低落了。

（章益　译）

暴风雨　第三幕　第三场

爱丽儿　你们是三个有罪的人，操纵着下界一切的天命使得那贪馋的怒海重又把你们吐了出来，把你们抛在这没有人居住的岛上，你们是不配居住在人类中间的。你们已经发狂了。（阿隆佐、西巴斯辛等拔剑）即使像你们这样勇敢的人，也没有法子免除一死。你们这辈愚人！我和我的同伴们都是运命的使者，你们的用风、火熔炼的刀剑不能损害我们身上的一根羽毛，正像把它们砍向呼啸的风、刺向分而复合的水波一样，只显得可笑。我的伙伴们也是刀枪不入的。而且即使它们能够把我们伤害，现在你们也已经没有力量把臂膀举起来了。（阿隆佐、西巴斯辛等吃惊地站着。）好生记住吧，我来就是告诉你们这句话，你们三个人是在米兰把善良的普洛斯彼罗篡逐的恶人，你们把他和他的无辜的婴孩放逐在海上，如今你们也受到同样的报应了。为着这件恶事，上天虽然并不把惩罚立刻加在你们身上，却并没有轻轻放过，已经使海洋陆地，以及一切有生之伦，都来和你们作对了。你，阿隆佐，已经丧失了你的儿子；我再向你宣告，活地狱的无穷的痛苦——一切死状合在一起也没有那么惨，将要一步步临到你生命的途程中。除非痛改前非，以后洗心革面，做一个清白的人，否则在这荒岛上面，天谴已经迫在眼前了！

（爱丽儿在雷鸣中隐去。柔和的乐声复起，精灵们重上，跳舞且作揶揄状，把空桌抬下。）

普洛斯彼罗　你把这怪鸟扮演得很好，我的爱丽儿，这一桌酒席你也席卷得妙，我叫你说的话你一句也没有漏去；就是那些小精灵们也都是生龙活虎，各自非常出力。我的神通已经显出力量，我这些仇人们已经惊惶得不能动弹，他们都已经在我的权力之下了。

（朱生豪　译）

科利奥兰纳斯　第一幕　第一场

市民甲　我们都是苦百姓，贵族才是好市民。那些有权有势的人吃饱了，装不下的东西就可以救济我们。他们只要把吃剩下来的东西趁着新鲜的时候赏给我们，我们就会以为他们是出于人道之心来救济我们。可是在他们看来，我们都是不值得救济的。我们的痛苦饥寒，我们的枯瘦憔悴，就像是列载着他们的富裕的一张清单，他们享福就是靠了我们受苦。让我们举起我们的武器来复仇，趁我们还没有瘦得只剩几根骨头。天神知道我说这样的话，只是迫于没有面包吃的饥饿，不是因为渴于复仇。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利四世上篇　第一幕　第三场

霍茨波　啊，那就难怪他那位做了国王的叔父恨不得要让摩提默在荒凉的山谷之间饿死了。可是你们把王冠加在这个健忘的人的头上，为了他的缘故，蒙上教唆行弑的万恶的罪名，难道你们就这样甘心做一个篡位者的卑鄙的帮凶，一个弑君的刽子手，受尽无穷的咒诅吗？啊！恕我这样不知忌讳，直言指出你们在这狡诈的国王手下充任了何等的角色。难道你们愿意让当世的舆论和未来的历史提起这一件可羞的事实，说是像你们这样两个有地位有势力的人，却会作出那样不义之事——上帝恕宥你们的罪恶！——把理查，那芬芳可爱的蔷薇拔了下来，却扶植起波林勃洛克，这一棵刺人的荆棘？难道你们愿意让他们提起这一件更可羞的事实，说是你们为了那个人蒙受这样的耻辱，结果却被他所愚弄、摈斥和抛弃？不，现在你们还来得及赎回你们被放逐的荣誉，恢复世人对你们的好感；报复这骄傲的国王所加于你们的侮蔑吧，他每天每晚都在考虑着怎样酬答你们的辛劳，他是不会吝惜用流血的手段把你们处死的。所以，我说……

华斯特　静下来，侄儿！别多说了。

（朱生豪　译）

理查三世　第四幕　第三场

提瑞尔　一桩血腥的暴行已经完成；真是这片国土之上还未见过的一件罪大恶极的惨案。我曾唆使戴登和福列司特一起去硬着心肠下这毒手，可是他俩虽然是嗜血暴徒，听了那番临死前的悲诉，也竟顽石点头，像孩提一般流下热泪来。“看哪，”戴登说，“这幼嫩的孩子们躺在那儿。”“就这样，”福列司特说，“他俩这样相互抱住，白蜡似的纯洁臂膀缠得好紧，那嘴唇就像枝头的四瓣红玫瑰，娇滴滴地在夏季的馥郁中亲吻。枕边放着一本祈祷书，我险些，”福列司特说道，“心头软下来，然而那魔鬼呵。”这个恶汉停住了。这时戴登又续道：“我们把开天辟地以来所未有的美品，天公的精心杰作，竟一手给闷死了。”他俩就这样受到良心的责备，话也说不出来。那时我们分了手，我便来向血腥的国王复命：他来了。（理查王上。）

提瑞尔　祝您万福，我的主君！

理查王　好提瑞尔，你的消息是叫我高兴的吗？

瑞尔　如果我完成了您交下的使命就能叫您高兴的话，那就请您高兴吧，因为这件事已经办成了。

理查王　你看见他们确已死了？

提瑞尔　看见了，我的主君。

理查王　埋葬了吗，好提瑞尔？

提瑞尔　伦敦塔中的牧师把他们埋了，至于埋在哪儿，怎样埋的，

我却不知道。

理查王　晚饭后到我这里来，提瑞尔，我要你告诉我他们死时的经过，同时不妨先想一想我该如何酬谢你，怎样满足你的欲望。再见，等你来。

提瑞尔　我敬向您告辞。

理查王　克莱伦斯的儿子我已经关禁起来，他的女儿我已把她嫁给了穷人，爱德华的两个儿子睡进了亚伯拉罕的怀抱里，我妻安辞别了人世。现在我知道布列塔尼的里士满觊觎着我的侄女小伊利莎白，借这一结合，妄图争得王冠，我就去找她，再当个快乐幸福的求婚郎。

（方重　译）

雅典的泰门　第五幕　第四场

艾西巴第斯　吹起喇叭来，让这个怯懦的、淫秽的城市知道我们的大军已经来到。

（吹谈判信号。元老等登城。）

艾西巴第斯　在今天以前，由你们胡作非为，肆行不义，把你们的私心当作公道；在今天以前，我自己以及一切睡在你们权力的阴影下面的人，谁都是叉手彷徨，有冤莫诉。现在忍无可忍的时间已经到了，蹲伏惯了的脊骨，在重重的压迫之下，喊出“受不住了”的呼声。现在无告的冤苦将要坐在你们宽大的安乐椅上喘息，短气的骄横将要狼狈奔逃了。

元老甲　尊贵的少年将军，你当初因为些微的误会一怒而去的时

候，虽然你还是无拳无勇，我们无须恐惧你的报复，可是我们仍旧召你回来，好意抚慰你，用逾量的恩宠洗刷我们负心的罪戾。

元老乙　就是对于改换了形貌的泰门，我们也曾用谦恭的使节和优渥的允诺恳求他眷念我们的城市。我们并不全是冷酷无情的人，也不该不分皂白地同受战争的屠戮。

元老甲　我们这一座城墙，并不是建立于得罪你的那些人之手；这些巍峨的高塔、标柱和学校，更不应该为了私人的错误而同归毁灭。

元老乙　当初驱迫你出亡的那些人，因为自愧缺少应付非常的才能，心中惭疚，都已忧郁逝世了。尊贵的将军，带领你的大军，高扬你的旗帜，开进我们的城中吧！要是你不顾上天好生之德，你的复仇的欲望必须得到满足，那么请你在十人中杀死一人，让那不幸接触你的锋刃的作为牺牲吧。

（朱生豪　译）

理查二世　第三幕　第三场

波林勃洛克（向诺森伯兰伯爵）贵爵，请你到那座古堡的顽强的墙壁之前，用铜角把谈判的信号吹进它的残废的耳中，为我这样传言：亨利·波林勃洛克屈下他的双膝，敬吻理查王的御手，向他最尊贵的本人致献臣服的诚意和不二的忠心。就在他的足前，我准备放下我的武器，遣散我的军队，只要他能答应撤销我的放逐的判决，归还我的应得的土地。不然的话，我要利用我的军力的优势，让那从被屠杀的英国人的伤口中流下的血雨浇溉夏天的泥土。可是我的谦卑的忠顺将会证明用这种猩红的雨点浸染理查王的美好的青绿的田野，绝不是波林勃洛克的本意。去，这样对他说。我们就在这儿平坦的草原上整队前进。让我们进

军的时候不要敲起惊人的鼓声，这样可以让他们从那城堡的摇摇欲倾的雉堞之上，看看我们雄壮的军容。我想理查王跟我上阵的时候，将要像水火的交攻一样骇人，那彼此接触时的雷鸣巨响，可以把天空震破。让他做火，我愿意做柔顺的水；雷霆之威是属于他的，我只向地上浇洒我的雨露。

（朱生豪　译）

科利奥兰纳斯　第四幕　第五场

科利奥兰纳斯　我的名字是卡厄斯·马歇斯，我曾经把极大的伤害和灾祸加在你和一切伏尔斯人的身上，我的姓氏科利奥兰纳斯就是最好的证明。辛苦的战役、重大的危险、替我这负恩的国家所流过的血，结果只是换到了这一个空洞的姓氏，为你对我所怀的怨恨留下一个创巨痛深的记忆。只有这名字还留着。残酷猜忌的人民，得到了我们那些怯懦的贵族的默许，已经一致遗弃了我，抹杀了我一切的功绩，让那些奴才们把我轰出了罗马。这一种不幸的遭遇，使我今天来到你的家里。不要误会我，以为我想来向你求恩乞命，因为要是我怕死的话，我就应该远远地躲开你。我只是因为出于气愤，渴想报复那些放逐我的人，所以才到这儿来站在你的面前。要是你也有一颗复仇的心，想要替你自己和你的国家洗雪耻辱，你的机会到了，你正可以利用我的不幸，达到你自己的目的，因为我将要用地狱中一切饿鬼的怨毒，来与我的腐败的祖国作战。可是你要是没有这样的胆量，也不想追求远大的前程，那么一句话，我也已经厌倦人世，愿意伸直我的颈项，听任你的宰割，让你一泄这许多年来郁积在心头的怨恨。你要是不杀我，你就是个傻瓜，因为我一向是你的死敌，曾经从你祖国的胸前溅下了无数吨的血。要是让我活在世上，对于你永远是一个耻辱，除非你能够跟我合作。

（朱生豪　译）

亨利四世下篇　第四幕　第一场

威斯摩兰　那么，大主教，我要把您作为我的发言的主要对象。要是叛乱不脱它的本色，不过是一群乌合之众的暴动，在少数嗜杀好乱的少年领导之下，获得那些无赖贱民的拥护。要是它果然以这一种适合于它的本性的面目出现，那么您，可尊敬的神父，以及这几位尊贵的勋爵，决不会厕身于他们的行列，用你们的荣誉替卑劣残暴的叛徒丑类张目。您，大主教，您的职位是借着国内的和平而确立的，您的须髯曾经为和平所吹拂，您的学问文章都是受着和平的甄陶，您的白袍象征着纯洁、圣灵与和平的精神，为什么您现在停止您的优美的和平的宣讲，高呼着粗暴喧嚣的战争的口号，把经典换了甲胄，把墨水换了鲜血，把短笔换了长枪，把神圣的辩舌化成了战场上的号角？

约克　为什么我要采取这样的行动？这是您对我所发的疑问。我的简单的答案是这样的：我们都是害着重病的人；过度的宴乐和荒淫已经使我们遍身像火烧一般发热，我们必须因此而流血；我们的前王理查就是因为染上这一种疾病而不治身亡的。可是，我的最尊贵的威斯摩兰伯爵，我并不以一个医生自任，虽然我现在置身在这些战士们的中间，我并不愿做一个和平的敌人。我的意思不过是暂时借可怖的战争为手段，强迫被无度的纵乐所糜烂的身心得到一些合理的节制，对那开始遏止我们生命活力的障碍作一番彻底的扫除。再听我说得明白一些：我曾经仔细衡量过我们的武力所能造成的损害和我们自己所身受的损害，发现我们的怨愤比我们的过失更重。我们看见时势的潮流奔赴着哪一个方向，在环境的强力的挟持之下，我们不得不适应大势，离开我们平静安谧的本位。我们已经把我们的不满列为条款，在适当的时间，我们将要把它们公开宣布。这些条款在很久以前，我们曾想呈递给国王，但多方祈求仍不能邀蒙接受。当我们受到侮辱损害，准备申诉我们的怨苦的时候，我们总不能得到面谒国王的机会，而那些阻止我们看见他的人，也正就是给我们最大的侮辱与损害的人。新近过去的危机——它用血写成的记

忆还留着鲜明的印象，以及当前每一分钟所呈现的险象，使我们穿起了这些不合身的武装，我们不是要破坏和平，而是要确立一个名实相符的真正和平。

（朱生豪　译）

恋人间的权力

特洛伊罗斯与克瑞西达　第三幕　第二场

特洛伊罗斯　那么我的克瑞西达为什么这样不容易征服呢？

克瑞西达　似乎不容易征服，可是，殿下，当您第一眼看着我的时候，我早就给您征服了——恕我不再说下去，要是我招认得太多，您会看轻我的。我现在爱着您，可是直到现在为止，我还能够控制我自己的感情。不，说老实话，我说了谎了；我的思想就像一群顽劣的孩子，倔强得不受他们母亲的管束。瞧，我们真是些傻瓜！为什么就要唠唠叨叨说这些话呢？要是我们不能替自己保守秘密，谁还会对我们忠实呢？我虽然这样爱您，却没有向您求爱。然而说老实话，我却希望我自己是个男子，或者我们女子也像男子一样有先启口的权利。亲爱的，快叫我止住我的舌头吧，因为我这样得意忘形，一定会说出使我后悔的话来。瞧，瞧！您这么狡猾地一声不响，已经使我从我的脆弱当中流露出我的内心来了。封住我的嘴吧。

特洛伊罗斯　好，虽然甜蜜的音乐从您嘴里发出。

（他吻了她。）

（朱生豪　译）

十四行诗　一五零

哦，从什么威力中你取得这力量，

连缺陷也能把我的心灵支配？

教我诬蔑我可靠的目光撒谎，

并矢口否认太阳使白天明媚？

何来这化臭腐为神奇的本领，

使你的种种丑恶不堪的表现

都具有一种灵活强劲的保证，

使它们，对于我，超越一切至善？

谁教你有办法使我更加爱你，

当我听到和见到你种种可憎？

哦，尽管我钟爱着人家所嫌弃，

你总不该嫌弃我，同人家一条心：

既然你越不可爱，越使得我爱，

你就该觉得我更值得你喜爱。

（梁宗岱　译）

维罗那二绅士　第三幕　第一场

凡伦丁　与其活着受煎熬，何不一死了事？死不过是把自己放逐出自己的躯壳。西尔维娅已经和我合成一体，离开她就是离开我自己，这

不是和死同样的刑罚吗？看不见西尔维娅，世上还有什么光明？不能和西尔维娅在一起，世上还有什么乐趣？我只好闭上眼睛假想她在旁边，用这样美好的幻影寻求片刻的陶醉。除非夜间有西尔维娅陪着我，否则夜莺的歌唱只是不入耳的噪音；除非白天有西尔维娅在我的面前，否则我的生命将是一个不见天日的长夜。她是我生命的精华，我要是不能在她的煦护拂庇之下滋养生机，就要干枯憔悴而死。即使能逃过他这可怕的判决，我也仍然不能逃避死亡；因为我留在这儿，结果不过一死，可是离开了这儿，就是离开了生命所寄托的一切。

（朱生豪　译）

无事生非　第三幕　第一场

希罗　爱神在上，我也知道像他这样的人品是值得享受世间一切至美至好的事物的，可是造物造下的女人的心，没有一颗比得上像贝特丽丝那样骄傲冷酷的。轻蔑和讥嘲在她的眼睛里闪耀着，把她所看见的一切贬得一文不值，她因为自恃才情，所以什么都不放在眼里。她不会恋爱，也从来不想到有恋爱这件事，她是太自命不凡了。

欧苏拉　不错，我也是这样想。所以还是不要让她知道他对她的爱情，免得反而遭到她的讥笑。

希罗　是呀，你说得很对。无论怎样聪明、高贵、年轻、漂亮的男子，她总要把他批评得体无完肤：要是他面孔长得白净，她就发誓说这位先生应当做她的妹妹；要是他皮肤黑了点儿，她就说上帝在打一个小花脸的图样的时候，不小心涂上了一大块墨渍；要是他是个高个儿，他就是柄歪头的长枪；要是他是个矮子，他就是块刻坏了的玛瑙坠子；要是他多讲了几句话，他就是个随风转的风标；要是他一声不响，他就是块没有知觉的木头。她这样指摘着每一个人的短处，至于他的纯朴的德

行和才能，她却绝口不给它们应得的赞赏。

欧苏拉　真的，这种吹毛求疵可不敢恭维。

希罗　是呀，像贝特丽丝这样古怪得不近人情，真叫人不敢恭维。可是谁敢去对她这样说呢？要是我对她说了，她会把我讥笑得无地自容，用她的俏皮话儿把我揶揄死呢！所以还是让培尼狄克像一堆盖在灰里的火一样，在叹息中熄灭了他的生命的残焰吧。与其受人讥笑而死——这就像痒得要死那样难熬——还是不声不响地闷死了好。

（朱生豪　译）

驯悍记　第四幕　第一场

彼特鲁乔　我已经开始巧妙地把她驾驭起来，希望能够得到美满的成功。我这只悍鹰现在非常饥饿，在她没有俯首听命以前，不能让她吃饱，不然她就不肯再练习打猎了。我还有一个制服这鸷鸟的办法，使她能呼之则来，挥之则去。那就是总叫她睁着眼，不得休息，拿她当一只乱扑翅膀的倔强鹞子一样对待。今天她没有吃过肉，明天我也不给她吃；昨夜她不曾睡觉，今夜我也不让她睡觉，我要故意嫌被褥铺得不好，把枕头、枕垫、被单、线毯向满房乱丢，还说都是为了爱惜她才这样做。总之她将要整夜不能合眼，倘然她昏昏思睡，我就骂人吵闹，吵得她睡不着。这是用体贴为名惩治妻子的法子，我就这样克制她的狂暴倔强的脾气。要是有谁知道还有比这更好的驯悍妙法，那么我倒要请教请教。

（朱生豪　译）

鲁克丽丝受辱记　第281—301行

正好比稀稀禾苗，被萋萋恶草掩蔽，

审慎的顾虑几乎被猖狂的欲念窒息。

他竖起耳朵倾听，偷偷举步前移，

满怀无耻的希冀，满腹无聊的猜疑；

希冀、猜疑仿佛是恶人的两名仆役，

让他们相忤的主张交错于他的脑际，

使他一会儿想收兵，一会儿又想进袭。

潜思中，他恍惚瞥见她天仙一般的形象，

还恍惚瞥见柯拉廷，也与她同在那厢；

向她望着的那只眼，搅得他心神迷惘；

向她望着的那只眼，却较为虔敬忠良，

不肯屈从于这种背信弃义的意向，

发出纯真的呼吁，求心灵作出主张；

但心灵既经腐蚀，竟投向恶的一方。

这就大大怂恿了他那卑劣的情思：

见心灵洋洋自得，它们也踌躇满志，

涨满了他的淫欲，像分秒填满了小时；

自吹互捧过了头，它们越来越骄恣，

竟与它们的统帅——心灵毫无二致。

听任奸邪的欲念如此癫狂地指使，

罗马王子直驱鲁克丽丝的卧室。

（杨德豫　译）

仲夏夜之梦　第五幕　第一场

忒修斯　情人们和疯子们都富于纷乱的思想和成形的幻觉，他们所理会到的永远不是冷静的理智所能充分了解。疯子、情人和诗人，都是幻想的产儿：疯子眼中所见的鬼，多过于广大的地狱所能容纳；情人，同样是那么疯狂，能从埃及人的黑脸上看见海伦的美貌；诗人的眼睛在神奇的、狂放的一转中，便能从天上看到地下，从地下看到天上。想象会把不知名的事物用一种形式呈现出来，诗人的笔再使它们具有如实的形象，空虚的无物也会有了居处和名字。强烈的想象往往具有这种本领，只要一领略到一些快乐，就会相信那种快乐的背后有一个赐予的人。夜间一转到恐惧的念头，一株灌木一下子便会变成一头熊。

（朱生豪　译）

罗密欧与朱丽叶　第三幕　第三场

罗密欧　这是酷刑，不是恩典。朱丽叶所在的地方就是天堂；这儿的每一只猫、每一只狗、每一只小小的老鼠，都生活在天堂里，都可以瞻仰到她的容颜，可是罗密欧却看不见她。污秽的苍蝇都可以接触亲爱

的朱丽叶的皎洁的玉手，从她的嘴唇上偷取天堂中的幸福，那两片嘴唇是这样的纯洁贞淑，永远含着娇羞，好像觉得它们自身的相吻也是一种罪恶。苍蝇可以这样做，我却必须远走高飞，它们是自由的，我却是一个放逐的流徒。你还说放逐不是死吗？难道你没有配好的毒药、锋锐的刀子或者无论什么致命的利器，而必须用“放逐”两个字把我杀害吗？放逐！啊，神父！只有沉沦在地狱里的鬼魂才会用到这两个字，伴着凄厉的呼号。你是一个教士，一个替人忏罪的神父，又是我的朋友，怎么忍心用“放逐”这两个字来寸磔我呢？

（梁宗岱　译）

终成眷属　第一幕　第一场

海丽娜　唉！要是真的只是这样倒好了。我不是想我的父亲，我这些滔滔的眼泪，虽然好像是一片孺慕的哀忱，却不是为他而流。他的容貌怎样，我也早就忘记了，在我的想象之中，除了勃特拉姆以外没有别人的影子。我现在一切都完了！要是勃特拉姆离我而去，我还有什么生趣？我正像爱上了一颗灿烂的明星，痴心地希望着有一天能够和它结合。他是这样高不可攀，我不能逾越我的名分和他亲近，只好在他的耀目的光华下，沾取他的几分余晖，安慰安慰我的饥渴。我的爱情的野心使我备受痛苦，希望和狮子匹配的驯鹿，必须为爱而死。每时每刻看见他，是愉快也是苦痛。我默坐在他的旁边，在心版上深深地刻画着他的秀曲的眉毛，他的敏锐的眼睛，他的迷人的鬈发，他那可爱的脸庞上的每一根线条，每一处微细的特点，都会清清楚楚地摄在我的心里。可是现在他去了，我的爱慕的私衷，只好以眷怀旧日的陈迹为满足。

（朱生豪　译）

十四行诗　五七

既然是你奴隶，我有什么可做，

除了时时刻刻伺候你的心愿？

我毫无宝贵的时间可消磨，

也无事可做，直到你有所驱遣。

我不敢骂那绵绵无尽的时刻，

当我为你，主人，把时辰来看守；

也不敢埋怨别离是多么残酷，

在你已经把你的仆人辞退后；

也不敢用妒忌的念头去探索

你究竟在哪里，或者为什么忙碌，

只是，像个可怜的奴隶，呆想着

你所在的地方，人们会多幸福。

爱这呆子是那么无救药得呆

凭你为所欲为，他都不觉得坏。

（梁宗岱　译）

爱的徒劳　第一幕　第二场

亚马多　我爱上了那被她穿在她的卑贱的鞋子里的更卑贱的脚所践踏的最卑贱的地面。要是我恋爱了，我将要破坏誓约，那就是说了一句虚伪的谎。虚伪的谎怎么可以换到真实的爱呢？爱情是一个魔鬼，是一个独一无二的罪恶的天使。可是参孙也曾被它引诱，他是个力气很大的人；所罗门也曾被它迷惑，他是个聪明无比的人。赫拉克勒斯的巨棍也敌不住丘匹德的箭镞，所以一个西班牙人的宝剑怎么能够对抗得了呢？不消一两个回合，我的剑法就要完全散乱了。什么直刺，什么横劈，在他看来都是不值一笑。他的耻辱是被人称为孩子，他的光荣却是征服成人。别了，勇气！锈了吧，宝剑！静下来，战鼓！因为你们的主人在恋爱了。是的，他在恋爱了。即景生情的诗神啊，帮助我！因为我相信我要写起十四行诗来了。想吧，智慧；写吧，笔！我有足够的诗情，可以写满几大卷的对开大本呢。

（朱生豪　译）

罗密欧与朱丽叶　第一幕　第一场

罗密欧　啊，吵吵闹闹的相爱，亲亲热热的怨恨！啊，无中生有的一切！啊，沉重的轻浮，严肃的狂妄，整齐的混乱，铅铸的羽毛，光明的烟雾，寒冷的火焰，憔悴的健康，永远觉醒的睡眠，否定的存在！我感觉到的爱情正是这么一种东西，可是我并不喜爱这一种爱情。你不会笑我吗？

班伏里奥　不，兄弟，我倒是有点儿想哭。

罗密欧　好人，为什么呢？

班伏里奥　因为瞧着你善良的心承受这样的痛苦。

罗密欧　唉！这就是爱情的错误，我自己已经有太多的忧愁重压在

我的心头，你对我表示的同情，徒然使我在太多的忧愁之上再加上一重忧愁。爱情是叹息吹起的一阵烟，恋人的眼中有它净化了的火星，恋人的眼泪是它激起的波涛。它又是最智慧的疯狂，哽喉的苦味，吃不到嘴的蜜糖。

（朱生豪　译）

安东尼与克莉奥佩特拉　第四幕　第十六场

克莉奥佩特拉　什么都没有了，我只是一个平凡的女人，平凡的感情支配着我，正像支配着一个挤牛奶、做贱工的婢女一样。我应该向不仁的神明怒掷我的御杖，告诉他们当他们没有偷去我们的珍宝的时候，我们这世界是可以和他们的天国媲美的。如今一切都只是空虚无聊，忍着像傻瓜，不忍着又像疯狗。那么在死神还不敢侵犯我们以前，就奔进了幽秘的死窟，是不是罪恶呢？怎么啦，我的姑娘们？唉，唉！高兴点儿吧！哎哟，怎么啦，查米恩！我的好孩子们！啊，姑娘们，姑娘们，瞧！我们的灯熄了，它暗下去了，各位好朋友，提起勇气来，我们要埋葬他，一切依照最庄严、最高贵的罗马的仪式，让死神乐于带我们同去。来，走吧。容纳着那样一颗伟大的灵魂的躯壳现在已经冰冷了。啊，姑娘们，姑娘们！我们没有朋友，只有视死如归的决心。

（朱生豪　译）

十四行诗　二六

我爱情的至尊，你的美德已经

使我这藩属加强对你的拥戴，

我现在寄给你这诗当作使臣，

去向你述职，并非要向你炫才。

职责那么重，我又才拙少俊语，

难免要显得赤裸裸和她相见，

但望你的妙思，不嫌它太粗鄙，

在你灵魂里把它的赤裸裸遮掩；

因而不管什么星照引我前程，

都对我露出一副和悦的笑容，

把华服加给我这寒碜的爱情，

使我配得上你那缱绻的恩宠。

那时我才敢对你夸耀我的爱，

否则怕你考验我，总要躲起来。

（梁宗岱　译）

驯悍记　第五幕　第二场

彼特鲁乔　凯瑟琳，你去告诉这些倔强的女人，做妻子的应该向她们的夫主尽些什么本分。

寡妇　好了，好了，别开玩笑了，我们不要听这些个。

彼特鲁乔　说吧，先讲给她听。

寡妇　用不着她讲。

彼特鲁乔　我偏要她讲，先讲给她听。

凯瑟丽娜　哎呀！展开你那颦蹙的眉头，收起你那轻蔑的瞥视，不要让它伤害你的主人，你的君王，你的支配者。它会使你的美貌减色，就像严霜啮噬着草原，它会使你的名誉受损，就像旋风摧残着蓓蕾；它绝对没有可取之处，也丝毫引不起别人的好感。一个使性的女人，就像一池受到激动的泉水，混浊可憎，失去一切的美丽，无论怎样喉干吻渴的人，也不愿把它啜饮一口。你的丈夫就是你的主人、你的生命、你的所有者、你的头脑、你的君王；他照顾着你，扶养着你，在海洋里陆地上辛苦操作，夜里冒着风波，白天忍受寒冷，你却穿得暖暖的住在家里，享受着安全与舒适。他希望你贡献给他的，只是你的爱情，你的温柔的辞色，你的真心的服从；你欠他的好处这么多，他所要求于你的酬报却是这么微薄！一个女人对待她的丈夫，应当像臣子对待君王一样忠心恭顺；倘使她倔强使性，乖张暴戾，不服从他正当的愿望，那么她岂不是一个大逆不道、忘恩负义的叛徒？应当长跪乞和的时候，她却向他挑战；应当尽心竭力服侍他、敬爱他、顺从他的时候，她却企图篡夺主权，发号施令：这一种愚蠢的行为，真是女人的耻辱。我们的身体为什么这样柔软无力，耐不了苦，熬不起忧患？那不是因为我们的性情必须和我们的外表互相一致，同样温柔吗？听我的话吧，你们这些倔强而无力的可怜虫！我的心从前也跟你们一样高傲，也许我有比你们更多的理由，不甘心向人俯首认输，可是现在我知道我们的枪矛只是些稻草，我们的力量是软弱的，我们的软弱是无比的，我们所有的只是一个空虚的外表。所以你们还是挫抑你们无益的傲气，跪下来向你们的丈夫请求怜爱吧。为了表示我的顺从，只要我的丈夫吩咐我，我就可以向他下跪，让他因此而心中快慰。

（朱生豪　译）

特洛伊罗斯与克瑞西达　第二幕　第二场

特洛伊罗斯　假如我今天娶了一个妻子，我的选择是取决于我的意志，我的意志是受我的耳目所左右。假如在选定以后，我的意志又不满于我的选择，那么我怎么可以避免既成的事实呢？一方面逃避责任，一方面又不损害自己的荣誉，这样的事是不可能的。我们把绸缎污毁了以后，就不能再拿它向商家退换；我们也不因为已经吃饱，就把剩余的食物倒在肮脏的阴沟里。当初大家都赞成帕里斯去向希腊人报复，你们的一致同意鼓励了他的远行，善于捣乱的海浪和天风，也协力帮助他一帆风顺地到了他的目的地。因为希腊人俘虏了我们一个年老的姑母，他夺回了一个希腊的王妃作为交换，她的青春和娇艳掩盖了朝暾的美丽。我们为什么留住她不放？因为希腊人没有放还我们的姑母，她是值得我们保留的吗？啊，她是一颗明珠，它的高贵的价值，曾经掀动过千百个国王迢迢渡海而来，大家都要做一个觅宝的商人。你们不能不承认帕里斯的前去并不是失策，因为你们大家都喊着“去！去！”你们也不能不承认他带回了光荣的战利品，因为你们大家都拍手欢呼，说她的价值是不可估计的。那么你们现在为什么要诋毁从你们自己的智慧中产生的果实，把你们曾经估计为价值超过海洋和陆地的宝物重新贬斥得一文不值呢？啊！赃物已经偷了来了，我们却不敢把它保留下来，这才是最卑劣的偷窃！这样的盗贼是不配偷窃这样的宝物的。

（朱生豪　译）

安东尼与克莉奥佩特拉　第一幕　第一场

菲罗　嘿，咱们主帅这样迷恋，真太不成话啦。从前他指挥大军的

时候，他的英勇的眼睛像全身盔甲的战神一样发出棱棱的威光，现在却如醉如痴地尽是盯在一张黄褐色的脸上。他的大将的雄心曾经在激烈的鏖战里涨断了胸前的扣带，现在却失掉一切常态，甘愿做一具风扇，扇凉一个吉卜赛女人的欲焰。瞧！他们来了。

（喇叭奏花腔。安东尼及克莉奥佩特拉率侍从上；太监掌扇随侍。）

菲罗　留心看着，你就可以知道他本来是这世界上三大柱石之一，现在已经变成一个娼妇的弄人了，瞧吧。

克莉奥佩特拉（向安东尼）要是那真的是爱，告诉我多么深。

安东尼　可以量深浅的爱是贫乏的。

（朱生豪　译）

奥瑟罗　第一幕　第三场

罗德利哥　我该怎么办？我承认这样痴心是一件丢脸的事，可是我没有力量把它补救过来呀。

伊阿古　力量！废话！我们变成这样那样，全在于我们自己。我们的身体就像一座园圃，我们的意志是这园圃里的园丁；不论我们插荨麻、种莴苣、栽下牛膝草、拔起百里香，或者单独培植一种草木，或者把全园种得万卉纷披，让它荒废不治也好，把它辛勤耕垦也好，那权力都在于我们的意志。要是在我们的生命之中，理智和情欲不能保持平衡，我们血肉的邪心就会引导我们到一个荒唐的结局。可是我们有的是理智，可以冲淡我们汹涌的热情、肉体的刺激和奔放的淫欲。我认为你所称为“爱情”的，也不过是那样一种东西。

（朱生豪　译）

十四行诗　一三一

尽管你不算美，你的暴虐并不
亚于那些因美而骄横的女人；
因为你知道我的心那么糊涂，
把你当作世上的至美和至珍。
不过，说实话，见过你的人都说，
你的脸缺少使爱呻吟的魅力：
尽管我心中发誓反对这说法，
我可还没有公开否认的勇气。
当然我发的誓一点也不欺人；
数不完的呻吟，一想起你的脸，
马上联翩而来，可以为我作证：
对于我，你的黑胜于一切秀妍。
你一点也不黑，除了你的人品，
可能为了这缘故，诽谤才流行。

（梁宗岱　译）

William Shakespeare
On Power

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Power in government

Hamlet, Act III, Scene 3

ROSENCRANTZ:

The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance, but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. It is a massy wheel
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined, which when it falls
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

Richard II, Act III, Scene 2

KING RICHARD:

Of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills,
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered. For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,

As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall; and farewell, king.
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live with bread, like you; feel want,
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

Timon of Athens, Act IV, Scene 3

APEMANTUS:

If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well, but thou
Dost it enforcedly. Thou'dst courtier be again
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crowned before.
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other at high wish. Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIMON:

Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasped, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou like us from our first swathe proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learned
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugared game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows. I to bare this,
That never knew but better, is some burden.
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flattered thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone.
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Henry V, Act I, Scene 2

CANTERBURY:

True. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience. For so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts,
Where some like magistrates correct at home;
Others like merchants venture trade abroad;
Others like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor,
Who busied in his majesty surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens lading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer:
That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariously.
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark, as many ways meet in one town,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,
As many lines close in the dial's centre,
So may a thousand actions once afoot
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defect. Therefore to France my liege.
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

Coriolanus, Act II, Scene 2

SECOND OFFICER: There hath been many great men that have flattered the people who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved they know not wherefore, so that if they love they know not why; they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see it.

FIRST OFFICER: If he did not care whether he had their love or no he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm, but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

SECOND OFFICER: He hath deserved worthily of his country, and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report. But he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much were a kind of in-grateful injury. To report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

FIRST OFFICER: No more of him. He's a worthy man.

Henry V, Act IV, Scene 2

KING HARRY:

Upon the King:
‘Let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our care-full wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the King.’
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing. What infinite heartsease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth.
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose.
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world.
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But like a lackey from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave.
And but for ceremony such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep

Had the forehand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Measure for Measure, Act I, Scene 1

DUKE:

Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more remains
But this: to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember.

He gives Escalus papers.

There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.

(To a lord)

Call hither,
I say bid come before us Angelo.

(To Escalus)

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

ESCALUS:

If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo

DUKE:

Look where he comes.

ANGELO:

Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE:

Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life
That to th'observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues, nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.
Hold therefore, Angelo.
In our remove be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Richard II, Act V, Scene 5

KING RICHARD:

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world,
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world
In humours like the people of this world.
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the faith itself
Against the faith, as thus:‘Come, little ones’,
And then again,
‘It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.’
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain, weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must, set there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king,
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king.
Then am I kinged again, and by and by
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing.

Timon of Athens, Act I, Scene 1

POET:

You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have in this rough work shaped out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of tax. No levelled malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

PAINTER:

How shall I understand you?

POET:

I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their service to Lord Timon. His large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts. Yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; even he drops down

The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAINTER:

I saw them speak together.

POET:

Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feigned Fortune to be throned. The base o'th'mount
Is ranked with all deserts, all kind of natures
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states. Amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

PAINTER:

'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill methinks,
With one man beckoned from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well expressed
In our condition.

POET:

Nay sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

PAINTER:

Ay, marry, what of these?

POET:

When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which laboured after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him fall down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Henry IV, Part I, Act I, Scene 2

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE: Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art king let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be‘Diana's foresters’,‘gentlemen of the shade’,‘minions of the moon’, and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

PRINCE HARRY: Thou sayst well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing‘lay by!’and spent with crying‘bring in!’, now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Richard II, Act III, Scene 4

GARDENER (to First Man):

Go, bind thou up young dangling apricots
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
(*To Second Man*) Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth.
All must be even in our government.
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

FIRST MAN:

Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing as in a model our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

GARDENER:

Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffered this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.
The weeds which his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke —
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

SECOND MAN:

What, are they dead?

GARDENER:

They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful King. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself.
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste,
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

King Lear, Act III, Scene 1

GONERIL:

Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

REGAN:

What need one?

LEAR:

O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs.
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady.
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou, gorgeous, wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need,
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need.
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both.
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely. Touch me with noble anger
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall — I will do such things —
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep.
No I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping,

Storm and tempest.

But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep. O Fool, I shall go mad!

Sonnet 94

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who moving others are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet
The basest weed outbraves his dignity.
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene 2

CASSIUS:

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at sometime were masters of their fates.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that‘Caesar’?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together: yours is as fair a name.
Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them: it is as heavy. Conjure with 'em:
‘Brutus’will start a spirit as soon as‘Caesar’.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man.

O you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
Th'eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Coriolanus, Act II, Scene 3

BRUTUS (to the citizens):

Could you not have told him
As you were lessoned? When he had no power
But was a petty servant to the state
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I'th'body of the weal; and now arriving
A place of potency and sway o'th' state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to th' plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

SICINIUS (to the citizens):

Thus to have said
As you were foreadvised had touched his spirit
And tried his inclination, from him plucked
Either is gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have galled his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught. So putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th'advantage of his choler
And passed him unelected.

BRUTUS (to the citizens):

Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?

SICINIUS (to the citizens):

Have you
Ere now denied the asker, and now again,
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

THIRD CITIZEN:

He's not confirmed, we may deny him yet.

SECOND CITIZEN:

And will deny him.
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

FIRST CITIZEN:

I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

BRUTUS :

Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefor kept to do so.

Othello, Act I, Scene 1

IAGO:

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender, and when he's old, cashiered.
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their lords
Do well thrive by 'em, and when they have lined their coats
Do themselves homage. These fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself; for, sir,
It is as sure that you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.
In following him I follow but myself.
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so for my peculiar end.
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Richard III, Act III, Scene 7

BUCKINGHAM:

Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock,
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts —
Which here we waken to our country's good —
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs.
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion,
Which to recure we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land,
Not as Protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain,
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,

In this just cause come I to move your grace.

RICHARD GLOUCESTER:

I cannot tell if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness —
Being a barque to brook no mighty sea —
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered.
But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need.
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

BUCKINGHAM:

My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son,
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife,
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,
And afterward, by substitute, betrothed
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loathed bigamy.
By her in his unlawful bed he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some alive
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit of dignity,
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times

Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

MAYOR (to Richard):

Do, good my lord. Your citizens entreat you.

BUCKINGHAM (to Richard):

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

CATESBY (to Richard):

O make them joyful. Grant their lawful suit.

RICHARD GLOUCESTER:

Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I do beseech you, take it not amiss,
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

BUCKINGHAM:

If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally indeed to all estates,
Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens. 'Swounds, I'll entreat no more.

RICHARD GLOUCESTER:

O do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.
Exeunt Buckingham and some others.

CATESBY:

Call him again, sweet prince. Accept their suit.

(ANOTHER):

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

RICHARD GLOUCESTER:

Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again.

Exit one or more.

I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'er I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach

Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

MAYOR:

God bless your grace! We see it and will say it.

RICHARD GLOUCESTER:

In saying so you shall but say the truth.

BUCKINGHAM:

Then I salute you with this royal title:
Long live kind Richard, England's worthy king!

(ALL BUT RICHARD):

Amen.

Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Scene 3

ULYSSES:

Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down
And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master
But for these instances:
The specialty of rule hath been neglected,
And look how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain: so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'unworthiest shows as fairly in the masque
[...]
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Infixture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order.
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny?

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture. O when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows. Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe;
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead.
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too,
Then everything includes itself in power:
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,

And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking;
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdained
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath. So every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length:
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Henry IV, Part II, Act III, Scene 1

KING HENRY:

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep? O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafing clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Power in the family

The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Scene 2

PORTIA:

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me
Is sum of something which, to term in gross
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord's. I give them with this ring,

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

King Lear, Act I, Scene 1

LEAR:

Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths while we
Unburdened crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes France and Burgundy —
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love —
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters,
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge? Goneril,
Our eldest born, speak first.

GONERIL:

Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much as child e'er loved or father found,
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA (aside):

What shall Cordelia speak? Love and be silent.

LEAR (to Goneril):

Of all these bounds even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champaigns riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issues
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter?
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

REGAN:

I am made of that self mettle as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

CORDELIA (aside):

Then, poor Cordelia,

And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

LEAR (to Regan):

To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure
Than that conferred on Goneril. *(to Cordelia)* Now our joy,
Although our last and least, to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interessed: what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA:

Nothing, my lord.

LEAR:

Nothing?

CORDELIA:

Nothing.

LEAR:

Nothing will come of nothing.

Henry IV, Part II, Act II, Scene 3

LADY PERCY:

O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word
When you were more endeared to it than now,
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made him blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant.
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse
To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashioned others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! Him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage, to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible; so you left him.
Never, O never do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him. Let them alone.
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
Today might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

NORTHUMBERLAND:

Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.

Richard III, Act IV, Scene 4

QUEEN MARGARET:

I called thee then‘vain flourish of my fortune’,
I called thee then, poor shadow,‘painted queen’,
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heaved a-high to be hurled down below,
A mother only mocked with two fair babes,
A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot,
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble,
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?
Where are thy two sons? Wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says‘God save the Queen’?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff, crowned with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For she that scorned at me, now scorned of me;
For she being feared of all, now fearing one;
For she commanding all, obeyed of none.

Thus hath the course of justice whirled about
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but thought of what thou wert
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke,
From which, even here, I slip my weary head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I, Scene 1

EGEUS:

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth Lysander. And, my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitched the bosom of my child.
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
And interchanged love tokens with my child.
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience which is due to me
To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law

Immediately provided in that case.

THESEUS：

What say you Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god,
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA：

So is Lysander.

THESEUS：

In himself he is,
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HERMIA：

I would my father looked but with my eyes.

THESEUS：

Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

HERMIA：

I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty

In such a presence here to plead my thoughts,
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THESEUS:

Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires.
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

HERMIA:

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The Winter's Tale, Act I, Scene 2

HERMIONE:

If you would seek us,
We are yours i'th' garden. Shall's attend you there?

LEONTES:

To your own bents dispose you. You'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him,
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

Exeunt Polixenes and Hermione.

Gone already.
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked one!
Go play, boy, play. Thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave. Contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by th'arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence,

And his pond fished by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates opened,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none.
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful. Think it:
From east, west, north, and south, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's
Have the disease and feel't not.

The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2

MIRANDA:

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god if power I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO:

Be collected.
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA:

O woe the day!

PROSPERO:

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell
And thy no greater father.

All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Scene 3

KING:

'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stands off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st —
‘A poor physician's daughter’— thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name, vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair.
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour. That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Debauched on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb

Where dust and dammed oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid
I can create the rest. Virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

BERTRAM:

I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

KING:

Thou wrong'st thyself. If thou shouldst strive to choose —

HELEN:

That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad.
Let the rest go.

KING:

Mine honour's at the stake, which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt,
Obey our will, which travails in thy good;
Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims,
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance, both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice
Without all terms of pity. Speak. Thine answer.

BERTRAM:

Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the King, who, so ennobled,
Is as 'twere born so.

Measure for Measure, Act II, Scene 4

ANGELO:

Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th' state,
Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite.
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

Exit.

ISABELLA:

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue

Either of condemnation or aproof,
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then Isabel live chaste, and brother die.
More than our brother is our chastity.

Henry IV, Part II, Act IV, Scene 5

PRINCE HARRY:

I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING HENRY:

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
I stay too long by thee. I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee!
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop. My day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast sealed up my expectation.
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Whom thou hast whetted on thy stony heart
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head.
Only compound me with forgotten dust.
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crowned. Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now
From every region apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum!
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curbed licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

PRINCE HARRY:

O pardon me, my liege! But for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown.

(He returns the crown and kneels.)

And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which is my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart. If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th'incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense
And thus upbraided it:‘The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

Preserving life in medicine potable,
But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,
Hast eat thy bearer up.’Thus, my royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

KING HENRY:

O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe.

Prince Harry sits by the bed.

God knows, my son,

By what bypaths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me
But as an honour snatched with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou seest with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchased
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,
And all thy friends — which thou must make thy friends —
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced; which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,

Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action hence borne out
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How came I by the crown, O god forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE HARRY:

My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it to me,
Then plain and right must my possession be,
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Power in war and violence

Julius Caesar, Act II, Scene 1

BRUTUS :

It must be by his death. And for my part
I know no personal cause to spurn at him
But for the general. He would be crowned.
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder
And that craves wary walking. Crown him: that!
And then I grant we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th'abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power. And to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous
And kill him in the shell.

Henry V, Act IV, Scene 1

HARRY: I think the King is but a man, as I am. The violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me. All his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES: He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck. And so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

KING HARRY: By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King. I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

BATES: Then I would he were here alone. So should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

KING HARRY: I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILLIAMS: That's more than we know.

BATES: Ay, or more than we should seek after. For we know enough if we

know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS: But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads chopped off in a battle shall join together at the latter day and cry all,‘We died at such a place’— some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle, for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it — who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

KING HARRY: So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father, that sent him. Or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for they purpose not their deaths when they propose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if

these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle. War is his vengeance. So that here men are punished for before breach of the King's laws, in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own.

Hamlet, Act IV, Scene 4

HAMLET:

How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event —
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward — I do not know
Why yet I live to say,'This thing's to do',
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me,
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain. O from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth!

Henry IV, Part II, Act I, Scene 3

LORD BARDOLPH:

Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruit
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more in this great work —
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up — should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men,
Like one that draws the model of an house
Beyond his power to build it, who, half-through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Macbeth, Act I, Scene 7

MACBETH:

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If th'assassination
Could trammel up the consequence and catch
With his surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and end-all, here;
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions which, being taught, return
To plague th'inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends th'ingredience of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th'other.

Richard III, Act V, Scene 5

HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND:

Why then, 'tis time to arm, and give direction.
Much that I could say, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on. Yet remember this:
God and our good cause fight upon our side.
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our forces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly friends,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood established;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help him;
A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers.
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain.
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire.

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quites it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards! Draw your willing swords!
For me the ransom of this bold attempt
Shall be my cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, to gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, bold and cheerfully!
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

Henry VI, Part II, Act I, Scene 1

YORK:

Anjou and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all — what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away and not their own!
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone,
Whileas the seely owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and, trembling, stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue
While his own lands are bargained for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althaea burnt
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own
And therefore I will take the Neville's parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown.
Then, York, be still a while till time do serve.
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state —
Till Henry, surfeit in the joys of love
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed,
And in my standard bear the arms of York
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown
Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down.

The Tempest, Act III, Scene 3

ARIEL:

You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never surfeited sea,
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad,
And even with suchlike valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio draw.

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate. The elements
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted.

Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio stand amazed.

But remember,
For that's my business to you, that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero —
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child — for which foul deed,
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition — worse than any death
Can be at once — shall step by step attend
You and your ways, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here in this most desolate isle else falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He ascends and vanishes in thunder. Then, to soft music, enter the spirits again and dance with mocks and mows, and they depart, carrying out the table.

PROSPERO:

Bravely the figure of this harpy has thou
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say. So with good life
And observation strange my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my power.

Coriolanus, Act I, Scene 1

FIRST CITIZEN: We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome we might guess they relieved us humanely, but they think we are too dear. The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance. Our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes ere we become rakes, for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Henry IV, Part I, Act I, Scene 3

HOTSPUR:

Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman, rather?
O pardon me that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King!
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you, God pardon it, have done:
To put down Richard, that sweet, lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem

Your banished honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge for the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore I say —

WORCESTER:

Peace cousin, say no more.

Richard III, Act IV, Scene 3

TYRELL:

The tyrannous and bloody act is done —
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
‘O thus’, quoth Dighton,‘lay the gentle babes’;
‘Thus, thus’, quoth Forrest,‘girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once’, quoth Forrest,‘almost changed my mind.
But O, the devil’— there the villain stopped,
When Dighton thus told on,‘We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.’
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse.
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health my sovereign lord.

KING RICHARD:

Kind Tyrell, am I happy in thy news?

TYRELL:

If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

KING RICHARD:

But didst thou see them dead?

TYRELL:

I did my lord.

KING RICHARD:

And buried, gentle Tyrell?

TYRELL:

The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

KING RICHARD:

Come to me, Tyrell, soon, at after-supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

TYRELL:

I humbly take my leave.

KING RICHARD:

The son of Clarence have I pent up close.
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage,
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne, my wife, hath bid this world goodnight.
Now for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Timon of Athens, Act V, Scene 5

ALCIBIADES:

Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

A parley sounds. The senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and filled the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice. Till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wandered with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself'No more'. Now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

FIRST SENATOR:

Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

SECOND SENATOR:

So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means.
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

FIRST SENATOR:

These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your grief, nor are they such
That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

SECOND SENATOR:

Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out.
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread.
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes, take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

Richard II, Act III, Scene 3

BOLINGBROKE (to Northumberland):

Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
Upon his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repealed
And lands restored again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen,
The which how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's tottered battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.

Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water.
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters: on the earth, and not on him.

Coriolanus, Act IV, Scene 5

CORIOLANUS:

My name is Caius Martius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief. Thereto witness may
My surname Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname — a good memory
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest,
And suffered me by th'voice of slaves to be
Whooped out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth. Not out of hope —
Mistake me not — to save my life, for if
I had feared death, of all the men i'th'world
I would have 'voided thee, but in mere spite
To be full quit of those my banishers
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn. So use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my cankered country with the spleen
Of all the under-fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice,
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame unless
It be to do thee service.

Henry IV, Part II, Act IV, Scene 1

WESTMORLAND:

Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary,
I say, if damned commotion so appeared
In his true native and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintained,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath tutored,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war,
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK:

Wherefore do I this? So the question stands.
Briefly, to this end: we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late King Richard, being infected, died.
But my most noble lord of Westmorland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men,
But rather show a while like fearful war
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge th'obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weighed
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of life doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet shore
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which long ere this we offered to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wronged and would unfold our griefs
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

Power of love, between men and women

Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Scene 2

TROILUS:

Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRESSIDA:

Hard to seem won, but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — pardon me,
If I confess much you will play the tyrant.
I love you now, but till now not so much
But I might master it. In faith, I lie.
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But though I loved you well I wooed you not.
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, in my weakness draws
My soul of counsel from me. Stop my mouth.

TROILUS:

And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

He kisses her.

Sonnet 150

O from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway,
To make me give the lie to my true sight
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III, Scene 1

VALENTINE:

And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself,
And Silvia is my self. Banished from her
Is self from self, a deadly banishment.
What light is light if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night
There is no music in the nightingale.
Unless I look on Silvia in the day
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death to fly his deadly doom,
Tarry I here I but attend on death,
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Scene 1

HERO:

O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man.
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

URSULA:

Sure, I think so.
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it.

HERO:

Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward. If fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URSULA:

Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO:

No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak
She would mock me into air. O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Scene 1

PETRUCCIO:

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets,
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverent care of her,
And in conclusion she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak. 'Tis charity to show.

‘The Rape of Lucrece’, lines 281—301

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open list'ning ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust,
Both which as servitors to the unjust
So cross him with their opposite persuasion
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine.
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline,
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part,

And therein heartens up his servile powers
Who, flattered by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust as minutes fill up hours,
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V, Scene 1

THESEUS :

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown; the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination
That if it would but apprehend some joy
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some fear;
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Scene 3

ROMEO:

'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.
They are free men, but I am banished.
And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But‘banished’to kill me.‘Banished’?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell.
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word‘banished’?

All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Scene 1

HELEN:

O were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone. There is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues itself.
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table — heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

Sonnet 57

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require;
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But like a sad slave stay and think of naught
Save, where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Scene 2

ARMADO: I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil. There is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength. Yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not. His disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour; rust, rapier; be still, drum; for your manager is in love, yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write, pen, for I am for whole volumes, in folio.

Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Scene 1

ROMEO:

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create,
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO:

No coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO:

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO:

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO:

Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs,

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes,
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Scene 13

CLEOPATRA:

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chores. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught.
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls! Ah, women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent; it's out. Good sires take heart.
We'll bury him and then what's brave, what's noble.
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion
And make death proud to take us. Come away.
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! Come. We have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

Sonnet 26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage
To witness duty, not to show my wit;
Duty so great which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Scene 2

PETRUCCIO:

Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW:

Come, come, you're mocking. We will have no telling.

PETRUCCIO:

Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

WIDOW:

She shall not.

PETRUCCIO:

I say she shall, and first begin with her.

KATHERINE:

Fie, fie, unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, and the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul, contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, your froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,

To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot,
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Scene 2

TROILUS:

I take today a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement. How may I avoid
Although my will distaste what it elected
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have spoiled them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sewer
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails,
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
And did him service. He touched the ports desired
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships
And turned crowned kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
As you must needs, for you all cried,‘Go, go!’
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands
And cried,‘Inestimable!’Why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate
And do a deed that never fortune did:
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we fear to keep!
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Scene 1

PHILO:

Nay, but this dotage of our General's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her ladies, the train, with eunuchs fanning her.

Look where they come.
Take but good note and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

CLEOPATRA (to Antony): If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANTONY:

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Othello, Act I, Scene 3

RODERIGO: What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO: Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners, so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and incorrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the beam of our lives had not one scale of reason to peise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Sonnet 131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel,
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan.
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone;
And to be sure that is not false I swear
A thousand groans but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander as I think proceeds.

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION:
'WHAT IS ENLIGHTENMENT?'

康德：对“什么是启蒙”的回答

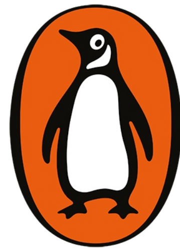
［德］伊曼努尔·康德　著
肖树乔　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

康德：对“什么是启蒙”的回答

（德）伊曼努尔·康德/著

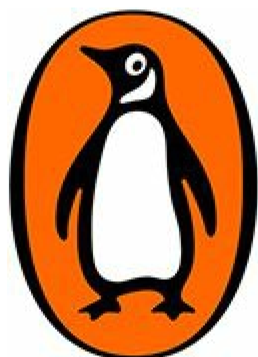
肖树乔/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

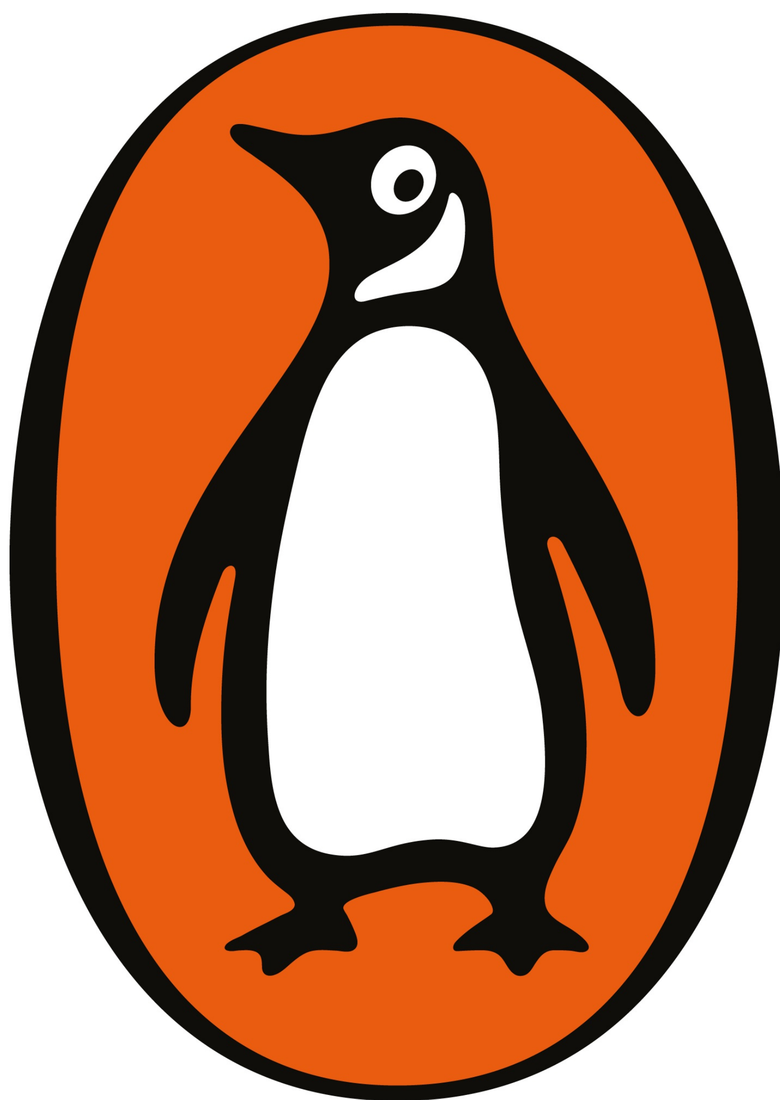
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
This selection first published in Penguin Books 2009
First published by Cambridge University Press 1991

All pieces in this collection taken from Kant’s Political Writings, edited by H. S. Reiss and translated by H. B. Nisbet. This reprint edition is published with the permission of the Syndicate of the Press of the University of Cambridg e, Cambridge, England

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

伊曼努尔·康德（Immanuel Kant，1724—1804），德国思想家、哲学家、天文学家、星云说的创立者之一，德国古典哲学的创始人。其学说深刻地影响了此后的哲学，开启了德国唯心主义和康德主义的诸多流派，被认为是对现代欧洲最具影响力的思想家之一，也是启蒙运动最后一位主要哲学家。康德一生著述颇丰，其中核心的著作合称“三大批判”，即《纯粹理性批判》《实践理性批判》和《判断力批判》，这三本哲学著作的问世是康德批判哲学体系诞生的真正标志。

康德一生的研究涉猎广泛，对自然科学、美学、神学、巫术等都有研究，但有一个问题是一直贯穿其中的，那就是哲学研究应该如何进行：是从理性的观点出发，从普遍真理中推导出有关事物的真理，还是从经验出发通过观察得出普遍的结论。

康德的研究以1770年为界可分为前期和后期两个阶段，前期主要研究自然科学，而后期则主要研究哲学。前期的主要研究成果有1755年发表的《自然通史和天体论》，提出了太阳系起源的星云假说。后期的研究成果就是前面提到的“三大批评”。

本书收集的是他后期的四篇作品，即“对‘什么是启蒙’的回答”（1784年）、“论永久和平：一个哲学素描”（1795年）、“回答‘人类是否在持续地改进’问题的新尝试”（1797年）、“关于人类历史开端的猜想”（1786年）。

在《对“什么是启蒙”的回答》中，康德对“什么是启蒙”进行了探讨。他认为，启蒙是人类从自我导致的不成熟状态中觉醒。为什么即使大自然早就把人类从远距离指导的桎梏中解放出来了，仍然有大量的人

保持着不成熟的状态，他得出的结论是：懒惰和怯懦。这种不成熟的状态成为了一种惯性。康德指出，要使公众得到启蒙，最为需要的是自由，是在一切事物中公开地运用自己的理性的自由。理性的运用又分为个人运用和公开利用。理性的个人运用是一个人在其被委任的职位或工作中对自己理性的使用。理性的公开利用是臣民们公开运用他们的理性，将他们更好地起草法律的想法公之于众。康德认为，只有自己已经启蒙并且拥有一支能够保障公共安全的军队的统治者才会允许公众理性地思考，而按照人的尊严来对待人，允许他们进行理性的思考对于政府是有益的。

“永久和平：一个哲学素描”应该是康德为人类贡献的最后一篇有深远影响的论著，其中提出的世界公民、世界联邦、不干涉内政的主权国家的原则至今仍有现实意义。论文分两部分阐述了康德关于国际社会保持和平的法哲学理论。第一部分是关于各个国家之间的永久和平的预备条款，用六项条文鼓励缔结和平条约，并以和平条约为依据逐步使常备军无用武之地，从而达到废除常备军的目的。第二部分是国家间永久和平的正式条款，提出建立共和制的市民宪法和以联邦主义为基础的国际法。康德期望以共和制国家的联合以实现国际社会的永久和平。他提出的国际永久和平的思想至今仍深刻地影响着现代国际法和外交准则。

在“回答‘人类是否在持续地改进’问题的新尝试”中，康德探讨了“人类文明史是如何发展的”这个问题。他认为，人类进步的历史必须以某种经验为起点。人类的进步是某个事件发挥作用产生的必然结果。而这个事件是指被自然权利所规定的宪法的演进，即一个共和制的宪法。人们所渴望的国家的实际形式可能是共和制，或者它可能只是在治理模式上是共和制的。

康德预言人类会实现这一目标。而要做到世界不断地改进就要进行大众的启蒙，公开地教给人民对自己国家的义务和权利。一旦一个共和

制的宪法被制定出来，它就最有权威阻止战争，当权者会越来越少地使用暴力，而越来越多地遵从法律。这最终会延伸到不同民族之间的外部关系上，直至一个世界公民社会的建立。当人类不断前进时，人的善行会更多，这就是人类能获得的好处。

在“关于人类历史开端的猜想”中，康德阐述了对历史、人性及人类社会的看法，这可以看作是康德历史哲学的重要部分。在这篇论文中，康德猜想了人类自由的最初发展史并给出了一个优美的诠释。人类起初只有动物性的本能，他必须靠本能的指引，听从上帝的命令。第一步是理性的促动，把饮食知识扩大到本能的限度之外。第二步是理性很快让人感到它的存在，并且寻求超越本能的界限扩大食物的知识，这标志着理性驾驭了冲动的意识。第三步反映在对未来的预测上，这是人类优势的决定性因素。因为具有了这种预见性，人类能够为长远的目标做好准备。但是由于这同样的能力，当人类预见到不确定性时，会产生最无穷无尽的担心和焦虑。第四步，人类意识到人才是大自然的真正目的，地球上没有谁能与其抗衡，因此可以把动物看成手段和工具，但是人人平等，人不能像对待动物一样对待其他的人，而应当把他们看作能平分大自然礼物的人。在对人性考察的基础上，康德看到了恶的手段背后隐蔽的善的目的。

康德的作品以晦涩难懂而著称，译者在翻译的过程中参考了其他译者的翻译文本，力求做到语言上清楚明白，希望能以此来减少读者的阅读困难，若有疏漏之处，敬请批评指正。

对“什么是启蒙”的回答

启蒙，是指人类从自我导致的不成熟状态中觉醒。这种不成熟状态是指在缺乏指导下无力运用自我理性的状态。造成它的原因并非人们缺乏理性，而是在无人指导之下缺乏决心和勇气来运用理性。因此，启蒙的口号是“勇于智慧”，即有勇气运用自己的理性！

即使大自然早已把人类从远距离指导的桎梏中解放，懒惰和怯懦使很多人依然快乐地保持着不成熟状态；同样的原因，一些人很容易自命为另一些人的守护者。保持不成熟状态是如此方便：如果有一本书代替我理解，一个精神导师指导我的良知，一个医生评判我的饮食，等等，我就不需要做任何努力。只要金钱能够解决的，我就不需要思想；其他人很快就能替我做这些累人的工作。那些好心接过指导工作的守护者不久就发现，太多的人，不分性别，认为迈向成熟不仅困难重重而且相当危险。这些守护者起初为这些驯化了的动物而着迷，小心翼翼地防止其越雷池一步。他们下一个策略就是展示危险，使其不敢尝试在没有帮助的情况下行走；危险实际上并不那么大，因为他们一定会在摔过几次跟头之后最终学会走路。但是，这样的例子具有恐吓性，通常会吓得他们不敢再尝试。

然而，让每一个个体找到脱离不成熟状态的路十分困难，不成熟状态已经成为他们的第二特征。他们甚至变得喜欢这种状态，随着时间的推移，真得再没有能力运用自己的理性，因为他从未被允许作出这种尝试。规章和程式，这些合理使用或者说是误用他天资的机械工具，就是对他永久性不成熟状态的禁锢。倘若有人扔掉这些枷锁，他依然会不确定是否能够跃过甚至是最窄的壕沟，因为他不习惯这种自由运动。因此，只有少数人能够通过头脑训练成功地脱离这种不成熟状态，继续大

胆前行。

相比之下，公众有更多的机会进行自我启蒙。倘若公众被赋予了自由，他们的自我启蒙的确几乎是不可避免的，因为总会有少数人独立思考，他们甚至存在于被指定的大众守护者中间。这些守护者一旦扔掉不成熟状态的枷锁，就会传播尊重个人价值、尊重人人需有独立思考之责任的理念。这样做引人瞩目的一点是，如果之前被守护者锢入枷锁中的公众被唤醒，或许最终会迫使守护者自己留在枷锁中。宣传偏见是非常有害的，因为偏见最终会报复到最初宣扬它的人的身上。因此，公众只能慢慢获得启蒙。一场革命或许能够结束独裁暴政与强权压迫，但是它从不会带来真正的思想革命；取而代之的是新的偏见，如同它们所取代的旧观念一样，成为掌控缺乏思想自由的大众的枷锁。

对于这种启蒙而言，它所需要的只是自由，而这种自由是所有自由形式中最没有恶意的，即在所有事情上公开运用理性的自由。但是我听到各方在说，不要争辩！军官说，不要争辩，列队行进；税务官说，不要争辩，交税；神职人员说，不要争辩，相信！（世界上只有一个统治者说，想怎么争辩就怎么争辩，想争辩什么就争辩什么，但是，服从！）这些都意味着对自由无处不在的限制。但是哪种限制阻碍启蒙，哪种限制不但不阻碍反而促进启蒙？我的回答是：人的理性的公开运用必须总是自由的，这本身就能带来人类的启蒙。理性的个人运用或许常常受到严格的限制，但并不会过度地阻碍启蒙的进步。我所谓的理性的公开运用，是指像一位学者向读者大众阐述观点那样对自己理性的运用。而理性的个人运用，我把它定义为，一个人在其被委任的职位或工作中对自己理性的运用。

在一些关乎公众全体利益的事务中，我们需要一定的机制，在此机制下，一些成员必须完全服从调配，这样他们才能通过一份人为的共同协议，为政府雇用而服务于公共利益（或者至少不会损害公共利益）。

在这种情况之下，争辩当然是不被允许的，顺从是必要的。但是，作为机器零部件的单个个人而言，他们认为自己也是公众甚或世界社会的一员，那么就像一位学者通过写作用真正意义上的文字向公众阐述观点一样，他或许的确能做到一边争辩，同时又不妨害自己所受雇从事的事务。然而，如果一个从上司那里领命的军官在执行时公开质疑这一命令的适当性或者有用性，后果是非常有害的。他必须完全地服从命令。但是，我们无法禁止他像学者一样对军事事务中的错误进行观察，也不能禁止他将自己的观察公之于众以供评判。公民不能拒绝缴纳税赋。一个被通知纳税的人，对于这些税赋自以为是的批评，会被当作导致抗命的暴行而受到处罚。然而，一个公民，作为一个博学的个体，公开地阐述这类税赋措施的不恰当甚至是不公平，并没有违反其公民责任。同理，一个受雇于教堂的神职人员有责任根据其所服务教堂的相关教义指导他的受众。但是作为一个学者，他完全有自由也有责任经过深思熟虑，出于善意地将这些教义的谬误之处公之于众，同时为更好地组织宗教和教会的相关事宜提供建议。这一过程中并没有对良心的拷问。作为一个教会的积极服务者，他在履行职责时所教授，并由他呈现出的，就是他职务的一个结果，是他被雇来用一种指定的方式和以其他人的名义而宣讲的。他会说，我们的教会教这个和那个，这些就是教会所引用的论据。然后，他尽量从自己都无法完全信服的戒律中找寻出更多的实际价值。而这些戒律事实上也包含着真理，因此他能够加以阐释。无论如何，在这些教义中没有与宗教本质相悖的内容。如果神职人员认为在这些教义中存在违背宗教本质的内容，他就不会心安理得地履行其职责，就会辞职。然而，这种理性的运用纯粹是私人性质的，因为教区无论多大都不过是私人聚会。这样看来，作为牧师也不会是自由的，因为他是在履行外界赋予的使命。与此相反，如果作为一个用作品感染公众（例如，整个世界）的学者，一位公开运用理性的神职人员应当享受无限的自由，能够自由表达，否则就等同于说人们精神世界的守护者本身不成熟，而这种说法是荒唐的，并且永远是荒唐的。

神职人员团体，例如一个教会法院或者是教务评议会，是否应当宣誓对不可改变的信条负有忠实义务，以确保全天候地为其信徒进而为其他人提供监护？我的回答是，这不可能。这种旨在永远阻止人类的启蒙而订立的契约，即使它由最高权力机构、神圣罗马帝国国会或最庄严的和平条约所认可，也完全没有法律效力。一个时代不能通过誓约将下一个时代放在这样一个位置上，使其无法拓展和修正知识，特别是在像启蒙这样重要的问题上寻求进步。这是违反人性的犯罪，因为人性的原始目标正是在此方面取得进步。后代人因此完全有权利将这些协议看作是毫无权威并且是犯罪而摒弃它们。检验一项具体措施能否成为法律，我们只需看一个民族是否将这项法律施加于自身；在没有更好的解决方法之前，这也可作为在某个特定的短暂时期内引进一项制度的方法。这也意味着每个公民，特别是神职人员，会被给予像学者一样在其著述中公开评论现行制度不足的自由。与此同时，这项新制度会继续存在，直到公众对于这些事物的看法有所进步，一致同意通过一项议案提交给国王。这是为了保护那些有更深刻认识的会众改变其宗教信仰，但并不会阻碍那些希望维持原状的会众。终其一生皈依一个没有人可以公开质疑的宗教是绝对不可取的，因为，这会抹杀人们进步的一个阶段，因此对后代是毫无益处，甚至是有害的。一个人自己或许在有限的一段时间内，在应当知道的事物上延迟启蒙；但是完全放弃这种启蒙，不管是为其个人还是为其后代，都意味着侵犯和践踏人类神圣的权利。但是人们不愿意强加于自身的东西，更不会被统治者所强加，因为统治者取得立法权力正是靠汇集人们集体意愿于他一身。只要他看到所有的真实存在或者是想象中的进步无碍于社会秩序，就会允许臣民做任何他们认为必要的完成自我救赎的事情，这与他无关。他的责任是制止任何人阻碍别人完成自我救赎。倘若他把臣民用写作阐述宗教观点的举动纳入政府的监控之中，那的确有损其王权。而如果他的强权基于其自以为是的意见，他会受到谴责。而如果他利用至高无上的权力支持少数独裁者对臣民进行精神统治，他就更是民众谴责的众矢之的。

如果现在问，我们当前是否生活在一个已经启蒙的时代，答案是：不，但我们的确生活在一个启蒙时代。当前，要全体人类能够无需外部指导也可以自信熟练地运用自身对宗教事务的理解，我们还有很长的路要走。但是，确有清晰的迹象表明，这条道路正被开辟出来，使人们可以沿着这个方向自由前行；普遍启蒙的障碍也正逐渐减少，使人类可以摆脱自身的蒙昧幼稚。从这个角度而言，我们的时代是启蒙时代，是腓特烈的时代。

如果一个君主认为，他在宗教事务中的职责不是命令其臣民，而是给予他们充分的自由，或者他自己甚至不接受“宽容”这一略显自负的头衔，那么这个君主自身就启蒙了；他值得受到现代以及后代人的赞扬，因为他（从政府的角度）率先将人类从蒙昧中解放，让所有人自由地运用理性解决所有事情。在他的统治之下，宗教显贵们尽管有政府职务，也会尽力像学者一样自由而公开地发表自己的判断和观点，接受世界的评判，即使这些观点有时偏离了宗教的教义；那些不受官职限制的人更是如此。这种自由的精神也会传播到国外，传播到那些与外部阻力斗争的国家，而阻力则来自于政府对自身功能的曲解。对于此类政府，现在有一个出色的实例，能够证明自由可以丝毫不妨碍公共和谐与联邦的统一。只要没有人为设置的条件蓄意使人们停留在野蛮状态，人们自己就会逐渐走出野蛮。

我将宗教事务描述为启蒙的焦点——启蒙即指人类摆脱自身的蒙昧。这首先是因为我们的统治者对于做艺术和科学方面的监护人不感兴趣，第二点是因为宗教蒙昧是最有害和不光彩的。但是，对于在艺术和科学方面崇尚自由的君主而言，他会进一步地延伸其主张，因为他认识到，如果允许臣民们公开运用自己的理性，将关于立法的更好观点公之于众，那么，即便这会引发他们对现有法律的正面批评，也不会产生任何危险，哪怕是君主的法律也安全无虞。面前就有一个绝好的例子：我们现今尊敬的这位君主没有别人能比得上。

但是，只有一位自身启蒙、不怕鬼魂，手中又拥有一支纪律严明且数量众多的军队以保障公共安全的统治者，才会说出共和国政府不敢说的话：你们可以就任何事情随意争论，但要服从！从中我们可以看到人类事务的一个奇怪而出乎意料的模式（如果在更广的范围上看，我们总能发现这一现象，即近乎所有事情都是矛盾的）。高度的公民自由看似对一个民族的思想自由颇有裨益，但它也为后者筑起了不可逾越的障碍。相反，较低程度的公民自由给思想自由足够的空间，使其可以充分扩展。因此，一旦大自然精心培育的胚芽，即人类自由思考的趋势和天职在这一硬壳中生长，它就会作用于人们的心智，促使人们自由行动的能力逐渐增强。最终，它甚至会影响政府的原则；政府会发现，它们尊重人们便会从中受益，人们不是一台机器。[1]

柯尼斯堡-普鲁士

1784年9月30日

永久和平：一个哲学素描

“永久和平”

一位荷兰旅店的店主曾经把具有讽刺意味的碑文连同一张坟墓的图片放在旅馆留言板上；我们不必费心询问这是否涉及广义上的男人，还是特指国家元首（国家元首们从不厌倦战争），或者仅是指那些幸福地梦想着永久和平的哲学家。本篇文章的作者事先做个保留。实践政治家倾向于不可一世地把政治理论家仅仅看作是研究人员而轻视他们。实践政治家认为，政治理论家抽象的主张不会危及国家安全，因为国家必须建立在实践原则的基础之上，因此，允许释放其所有的不满似乎是安全的。老于世故的政治家对此不必理会。因此，接下来的就是，如果实践政治家不前后矛盾的话，在与理论家争辩的时候，他们就不应当宣布理论家随意、公开表述过的观点对国家具有什么危险。根据这个保留条款，本文作者自认为将受到正确和恰当的保护，不会被恶意曲解。

第一部分　包含国家间永久和平的先决条款

1.“如果对未来战争存有秘密的保留条件，则和平结论的得出是无效的。”

如果情况是这样的话，这仅仅是个停战期，是敌对的延续，不是和平。和平意味着所有敌对的结束，将形容词“永久”加在和平之前已经有些冗长。和平条约的缔结消除了未来战争的所有存在理由，尽管这些理由对签约双方仍尚未可知，也不管他们是如何敏锐地、精心地从旧文件中拼凑出了这些理由。对于未来过去的托辞是否能再次生效，各方都可能对此持有精神上的保留。这种保留不会被特别地提出，因为双方都对继续打仗感到筋疲力尽，尽管他们心存恶念，希望抓住第一个机会达到

目的。但是如果我们考虑这些保留意见本身，它们不过是耶稣式的狡辩。它们不配一位统治者的尊严，正如按照这种推理逻辑，它们不配一位国务大臣的尊严一样。

但是，如果依据政治权宜之计的“启蒙”动向，我们相信一个国家真正的光荣在于采取一切办法不断增强实力，不过，上述的判断看上去确实既迂腐又充满了学究气。

2.“凡现存的独立国家，不论大小，他国皆不得通过继承、交换、买卖或赠送的方式获得。”

一个国家，不像其脚下的土地那样是一种财产。它是一个由人组成的社会。只有它能对自己下命令或者进行自我处置。正像一棵树，它有自己的根，把它如同嫩芽一样移植到另一个国家去是中止其道德人格的存在，而把它当作了商品。这与原始契约的初衷背道而驰。没有了原始契约这一初衷，保障一个民族的权利是不可想象的。[2]每一个人都知道这样获得国家权利带给欧洲的危险（因为这种实践在其他大陆是不为人知的）。人们认为国家之间可以彼此联姻。这提供了一种新的产业，即权力能够通过家庭结盟而增强，不需要耗费精力，与此同时土地财产也得以扩展。同理，当一国军队受雇于另一国去打击属于一方的敌人时，臣民们因此就会被当作或错误地当作可随意支配的物体加以使用。

3.“常设军队将逐渐全部被废除。”

常设军队一直是为战争而准备的。它们不断用战争威胁着其他国家的安全。它们通过武装毫无限制的士兵的数量刺激国家之间相互赶超。由于军队自身就是侵略战争的根源，维持常设军队的费用最终使和平演变成了战争，而战争解决了军费开支的负担。再有，雇凶杀人或者被杀似乎是把这些人当成某些人（国家）手中的武器，这不能与人内在人格中的权利原则相提并论。如果公民们不时接受自愿的军事训练是为保护

自己和家园免遭外部的侵犯，这就是另外一回事了。但是如果是增加财富而不是增加士兵人数也是一样，这也会被其他国家看作是军事威胁，会促使其采取防御性的攻击，因为一个国家有三种力量——军事力量、联盟力量、财富力量——第三者可能是战争最可靠的工具。如果发现另一国所拥有的财富并不匮乏的话，战争就会频繁发生。

4.“任何国家债务合约都不得与该国外部事务相关联。”

为国家经济寻求帮助，不论是内援还是外援都是没有什么可疑的（例如，改善公路状况、重新安置移民、储存粮食以备饥荒时用，等等）。但是，如果一种借贷制度被列强用作征服别国的工具，那它体现的是财力最危险的形式。因为当这些债务现在不被追讨时，它们却在无限制地增长（因为不是所有的债主会同时要求还债）。由商业民族在本世纪发明的这个精巧体系所提供的军事经费可以超过所有其他国家可提供的总和。通过这一借贷制度可以为工业和贸易提供商业上的刺激，从而使经济崩溃推迟相当一段时间，但是债务国最终会被税收赤字压垮。这种战争的延缓，加上当权者的好战倾向（这似乎是与人性不可分离的特性），外债就是永久和平道路上的障碍。因此，外债必须在和平协定的先决条款中被禁止，否则国家的破产就在所难免，由此产生的损失可能殃及其他无辜的国家，给其造成伤害；其他国家因此有充分的理由联合起来一致对付这样一个国家。

5.“任何国家不得强行干涉他国的宪法和政府。”

什么能使这种干涉合情合理呢？当然不是一个国家在另一个国家的事务中引发的造谣和冒犯行为；这应当是对他国的一种警示，是一个民族由于目无法纪而招来恶魔的例证。一个自由的人给另一个人树立的坏榜样与他对后者的伤害是不同的。如果一个国家由于内部的纷争想分成两部分，每一部分自成一国，声称拥有原来的那个国家，那情况就不一样了。如果一个外部的国家想要给予其中的一个国家帮助，在这种情况

下不能认定为是对这个国家宪法的干涉，因为其正属于无政府状态。只要这种内部矛盾没有解决，外部势力的干涉就是对一个独立民族权利的干涉，因为这个民族的人民在与其自身的疾病作斗争。这种干涉是一种积极的冒犯，会给所有其他国家的自治带来不安全感。

6.“与另一个国家交战的国家不允许有下列仇视行为，因为这些行为会在未来的和平时期导致彼此缺乏信任。这些行为包括在敌对国家进行暗杀或者投毒，违反协议，煽动叛国等。”

这些都是不光彩的行径。即使在战争时期，对敌对方的态度也必须存在某种信任，否则和平协议就不可能达成，敌对就会演变成毁灭性的战争。毕竟，战争仅仅是，在没有公正的法庭用司法权威评判的情况下，一个国家用武力争取权利的令人惋惜的权宜之计。在这些案例中，双方都不能被称作是非正义的敌人，因为那样做就已经假设了一个法官的裁决。冲突的结局，如同所谓“上帝的审判”的案例，可以决定谁是对的一方。国家间的惩罚性战争是难以想象的，因为它们之间没有优劣之分。接下来是，毁灭性的战争使交战双方及其权利同时受损，永久的和平只存在于巨大的人类坟墓里。此类战争及其导致战争的种种因素必须坚决禁止。但是上面所列的那些手段会引发这样的战争，因为这些糟糕透顶的技艺，除了特别令人厌恶之外，一旦被拿来运用就不仅仅局限于战争本身。例如，战争会使用间谍，这只会利用别人的不诚实为自己谋利（这种做法永远不会完全消失）。这种做法会延续至和平时期，因此完全损害到和平的宗旨。

所有上面列出的条款，如果客观地或者联系当权者的意图审视，属于禁止性法律。有些法律是最严格的，不管情况如何变化，它们都是有效的，要求立即禁止有关行为（第1、5、6条）。其他的条款（第2、3、4条），尽管它们也是公平条款，却允许根据所适用情形保有一定的自由度。后者不一定立即执行，只要它们的最终目的没有受到忽视（例

如，根据第2项条款恢复某些国家的自由）。但是，这些条款的延期执行并非遥遥无期，而仅仅作为一种手段，用以避免生硬地执行，从而导致无法达到设立此条款目的的结果。第2条的情况是，禁止只与获得的方式有关，与国家的政治状况无关。尽管这个现状不被合法政府支持，但是在每个国家的公共意见中，在公认的推定取得的时代，这被认为是合法的。[3]

第二部分　包含国家间永久和平的正式条款

共同生活的人们之间的和平状态与自然状态是不同的。自然状态即是一种战争状态。因为即使没有主动的敌意行为，也不断存在危险的爆发。因此和平状态必须是正式建立的，因为敌对状态的延缓本身无法保障和平。除非一个邻居在另一个邻居的要求下为其作出保证（这只能在一个法制国家实现），否则后者都会视前者为敌人。[4]

永久和平的第一个正式条款：每个国家的市民宪法应当是共和政体。

一部共和制的宪法建立在三条原则基础之上。第一，社会成员中所有的成员都享有自由。第二，每个人都依靠一个共同的法律体系。第三，每个公民都享有司法平等。[5]宪法是唯一一个缘自原始契约思想的法律文件。一个民族所有的正当立法必须建立在其基础之上。因此，就权利而言，共和制本身就是每一种市民宪法的原始基础，剩下所要问的问题是，它是否是通向永久和平的唯一宪法。

共和制宪法不仅自身起源纯粹（因为它来源于纯粹的权利概念），而且它还提供了获得所渴望结果的前景，例如，一个永久的和平。理由如下：是否宣战需要征得公民的同意，很自然，公民们会非常犹豫是否投赞成票，因为宣战意味着他们要承担战争的所有悲惨后果。例如，他们要亲自参战，要从他们自己的资源中抽出战争的费用，痛苦地修复灾

难的创伤，承担负债的压力，而负债的压力由于新战争的不断威胁而永远无法减轻。然而，在宪法之下的臣民并非公民的情况下，即在非共和政体之下，战争是世界上最简单的事。由于一国之君不是一个公民，而是国家的拥有者，战争不会让他作出任何的牺牲：他的宴会、狩猎、享乐消遣的宫殿、节日的狂欢都一如既往。他因此会决定宣战。他之所以这样做并没有合理的理由，只是一种消遣。他会毫无顾虑地将辩护的事情交给外交使团——他们一直是为此目的作准备的——以为了国家繁荣而战为开战的理由。

共和制的宪法常常和民主制的宪法相混淆，下面的解释可以避免这种错误。国家的各种形式既可以依据行使最高权力人的不同而定，也可以依据其统治者统治的方式而定。有三种可能的形式，依据是统治权是在个人、少数人组成的团体，还是在所有组成公民社会的人们手中（例如，独裁政体、贵族统治、民主政体，即王子政权、贵族政权、人民政权）。第二种分类取决于政府的形式，（例如，普通大众成为人民的普遍意愿）与国家如何依据宪法（例如，由于普遍意愿变成了法案，因此人群成为了民族）以什么样的方式行使其全部权力。在这种情况下，政府的形式或者是共和政体或者是专制政体。共和主义是一种政治体制，即执行权力（政府）与司法权力分离。独裁主义在这样的一个国家横行，其法律的制定和执行由同一个权力完成。它只有在统治者把人民意愿当成自己意愿时才会反映人民的意愿。在这三种政体中，民主政体也可能是一种暴政，因为它设立了一种执行权力，通过这个执行权力，所有公民针对一个人作决定，并且不经过这个人的同意，因此，决定是由大家作出的，又不是由大家作出的。这意味着普遍的意愿自相矛盾，也与自由相矛盾。

任何没有代议制的政府都是非正常现象，因为一个人，同一个人不能同时是立法者和其自我意愿的执行者，如同逻辑推理中一般命题不能同时是次要命题一样。即使其他两种政治宪法（例如，独裁政体和贵族

政体）因其给独裁政府留有足够的空间而总是存在缺陷，它们还会与这样的政府联系在一起，因为这个政府秉承代议制精神。因此，弗里德里克二世说，他仅仅是国家最高级别的仆人，[6]而在一个民主宪法之下，这种态度不可能存在，因为民主政体中的每一个人都想成为一个统治者。我们因此可以说一个国家统治者的数量越少其代表权力越大，宪法也更体现其共和的本质，并通过逐渐改革最终实现这一本质还是有希望的。由于这个原因，实现这个唯一完美的合法宪法，在一个贵族政体里比在一个君主政体中更加困难。在一个民主政体中，通过暴力革命有可能得以实现。但是人们比关心宪法的形式更加关心政府的模式，[7]尽管更要看宪法在多大程度上符合政府的意图。但是如果政府的模式要与权利的概念相一致，它必须建立在代议制的基础上。这种代议制能够使一个民主国家成为可能，不管采用何种形式的宪法，没有这种民主代表制度，暴政和暴力就会出现。所谓古希腊和古罗马时期的共和制没有采用这种民主代表制度，因此它们也毫无例外地以暴政而告终，尽管在一个人的统治之下，这种体制相对来说依然可以忍受。

永久和平的第二个正式条款：各国的权利应当建立在自由国家联盟的基础上。

我们可以用评判独立于任何外部的法律约束、生活在一种自然状态下的个人的方式评判自己归属于民族国家的哪些民族，因为仅仅依据他们是邻居这一事实，他们就彼此构成威胁。每个国家为了自身的安全能够也应当要求其他国家与自己一道进入一种宪法体制，这种宪法体制类似于市民宪法，从而使每个人的权利得以维护；这就意味着建立一个各民族的联盟。但是，这种联盟与一个国际性的国家不同。一个国际性国家的想法是自相矛盾的，因为每个国家都包含一个上级（法律制定者）和一个下级（遵守法律的人们）的关系，而几个民族组成一个国家就是建立一个民族。这与我们最初的设想相矛盾，因为我们是从民族相互之间的关系出发考虑各民族权利的，它们隶属于不同的国家，而不是联合

成为一个整体。

我们带着极大的蔑视看待没有法律约束的自由与残暴的生活方式。他们宁愿陷于无休止的争斗中也不愿意遵从法律的约束，因为他们喜欢愚蠢的自由，而不喜欢理性的自由。我们认为这是人性的野蛮、粗俗和残暴。我们因此期盼每一个文明的民族自我组成国家，尽快摒弃如此可耻的状态。但是与此期望背道而驰的是，每个国家都认为其君主不需遵从任何外部法律的约束，其统治者的光荣就在于命令数以千计的人为了一个事业而赴汤蹈火，而这个事业与他们毫无关系，统治者自己却不需冒任何风险。[8]欧洲野蛮民族与美国民族的主要区别就在于，当一些美国的部落被他们的敌人完全吃掉时，欧洲人知道如何更好地利用这些战败者而不是简单地吃掉他们：他们宁愿利用战败者来增加被统治者的数量，并用增加武器的办法去扩大战争的范围。

尽管在法律统治下的公民社会中，对于人性的剥夺被深深地掩盖了，但在不同民族间不受约束的相互关系中还是赤裸裸地展现了出来。因此，人们不禁要问，权利一词是不是还没有完全从军事政治中被驱除，是不是还没有哪个国家胆敢公开宣称要消灭权利一词。尽管他们富有哲理和外交性的条款没有也不会有极微小的法律效力，胡果·格劳修斯、塞缪尔·普芬多夫、瓦特尔和其他人（他们是可怜的安慰者）的言论仍在军事侵略中被引用，因为这样的国家不受一个共同的外部约束所制约。因此，也没有先例表明，一个国家因为听从了上面提及的尊贵的人的言论而停止其军事行动。这种每个国家对权利概念的敬畏表明，人类拥有伟大的道德能力，能够战胜自身的邪恶（因为他不能否认邪恶的存在），并且希望其他人也能够这样做；否则权利一词就永远不会被企图彼此宣战的国家所使用，除非是在嘲弄的意义上，正如某位高卢王子所宣称的："自然界赋予强壮者驯服弱者的特权。"由于没有外部的特别法庭审判其主张，那么各国寻求自身权利的办法只能是战争。但是军事胜利不能保证权利，一个和平协议可以终结当前的战争，却不能终结普

遍的战争状态，而发动一场新的战争的理由总是能够找到的。的确，这样的一种事态也不能说完全不公平，因为它允许每个当事方在决定自己事情时充当法官。自然权利允许我们说生活在无法无天状态下的人应当摒弃这种状态，而各民族的权利却不允许我们对国家说同样的话。因为作为国家，它们已经有了一个合法的内部宪法，因此，它们超越了其他民族的权利概念并将根据自身对于权利概念的理解将自己纳入一个更加广泛的合法体制中。另一方面，作为司法道德的最高权威，理智绝对谴责战争，并把建立和平作为当即的使命。但是，如果没有一个国家间的协议，是不能宣布并确保和平的。因此，一种特定的团体，我们可以称之为"和平联盟"的组织便应运而生了。它与和平协议不同，后者结束了一场战争，而前者是寻求结束所有的战争。这一联盟并不力求获得像国家那样的权力，而仅仅是维护和确保每个国家的自由以及其他结盟国家的自由。这并不意味着它们服从于公法以及执行它们的强制性权力，就像自然状态中的人们一样。这种联邦主义的想法逐渐延伸至所有的国家，达到永久的和平，是可行并且具有现实意义的。因为如果一个强大的、受到启蒙的民族在机缘下形成共和国，这将为其他国家形成联盟提供一个活动中心。其他国家会加入第一个国家的行列，并在尊重各国权利的共识下保障了各国的自由。通过一系列这类联盟的形成，达成共识的国家数量会越来越多。

一个民族这样说是可以理解的。它说："我们之间将没有战争。我们将组成一个国家，自己指定最高的立法、执行和司法的权利机构，用和平方式解决我们之间的矛盾。"但是，如果这个国家说，"我自己和其他国家之间将没有战争，尽管我不承认任何最高的立法权力能够确保我的权利，而它的权利我也应当予以保障。"除非我能依靠一些公民社会联合体的替代品，例如，一个自由的联邦，否则我便不能对我的权利的保障有信心。如果说国际权利的概念想具有某种意义的话，理性必须能够与这种联盟相随相伴。

国际权利的概念如果理解为战争的权利，那么这一概念就变得毫无意义了。因为这就等于认可了这样的现实，即决定什么是合法的存在，并非通过普遍有效的外部法律而是通过以武力作支撑的片面行为准则。这也可以理解为，持有这种观点的人相互诋毁是完全公平的，因此只能在巨大的坟墓中找寻永久的和平，坟墓中埋葬着所有对暴力的恐惧和那些对暴力负责的人们。只有一种理性的办法能使国家与其他国家在没有法律的、纯粹的战争状态中共存。如同一个一个的人，他们必须放弃野蛮和没有法律约束的自由，将自己纳入公法的管辖之内，从而形成一个国际性的国家，该国家持续增大直至容纳地球上所有的民族。但是，因为根据目前国际性权利的概念，这不是国家的意愿，建立一个世界性共和国的积极想法无法得到实现。如果所有都不失去的话，也最好可以找到一个替代品，即建立一个逐渐扩张的联邦来防止战争。后者可以检查目前人们蔑视法律对抗伙伴的倾向，尽管一直存在战争再一次爆发的危险。（正如维吉尔的诗句所言：“邪恶的狂怒张开血盆大口，疯狂地肆虐着。”）[9]

永久和平的第三个正式条款：世界性权利应当限制在全球友好的前提下。

正如以下条款所示，我们在这里不是关注慈善，而是关注权利。在这一语境下，友好意味着当一个陌生人在到达他国领土时不会受到恶意的对待。他的确可以不被收留，倘若这样做不会导致其死亡，但是只要他在碰巧进入的那个地方表现平和，他就不应当受到恶意的对待。这个陌生人不能要求受到客人般的款待，因为那样需要一个特别友好的协议，根据这个协议，他可能会在一定时间内成为当地家庭的一员。他或许仅仅能够要求有度假权，因为所有人有权共同拥有地球表面，所以所有人都有权在属于其他人的地域出现。由于地球是一个球体，人们无法划定一个无限的区域，必须尽可能地忍受彼此的共存。没有人在占有地球某个特定部分时享有更大的权利。人类群体被地球表面不可居住部分

的海洋和沙漠所分隔，即使是这样，船舶和骆驼（沙漠之舟）使得他们能够穿越这些无主地而靠近他们的同伴，利用人类共享地球表面的权利作为社会交往的一种形式。沿海居民在连接海洋的水域掠夺船只，奴役被俘海员的不友好行为，以及沙漠居民认为靠近游牧部落就可以掠夺他们的做法都是违反自然权利的。但是这种友好的自然权利，例如，陌生人的权利，不会延伸到超越条件使得他们企图与当地居民建立关系的地步。这样，彼此有距离的各大洲也能够进入共同的和平关系，可能最终受到公法的规范，从而将人类逐渐向一个世界性公民体制靠拢。

如果我们比较大陆上文明国度的不友好行为，特别是商业国家的不友好行为，它们展现出的对外国和外国人的不公平行为似乎耸人听闻（对于占领外国和控制外国人情况是一样的）。美洲、黑人国家、香料群岛、好望角等等在被发现时被看作是无主地，因为土著居民被忽视了。在东印度（印度斯坦），外国军队仅仅以建立贸易站点为借口侵入。这导致了当地人受到压迫，印度各邦陷入战争、饥荒、叛乱、背叛，以及一系列折磨人类的罪恶行径。

中国 [10]和日本在经历了这些客人的骚扰后智慧地对他们进行了限制。中国允许他们停靠在其领土周围，却禁止其进入；而日本只允许荷兰这一个欧洲民族靠岸，但是却像对待囚徒一样将荷兰人与当地人分隔开。最为糟糕的是（或者从道德的角度评判是最好的），商业国家并没有因为其暴力行为而获益，因为他们所有的贸易公司都处在崩溃的边缘。糖料群岛（the Sugar Islands），一个最残酷最绞尽脑汁实行奴隶制的地方，根本不盈利。这些岛屿只是服务于为战船培养船员的不怎么光彩的间接目的，从而帮助欧洲进行战争。所有这些都是强权的杰作，他们不停地拿虔诚做文章。他们希望被看作是被选中的信奉者，与此同时却享受着不公平的战果。

地球上的各民族不同程度地进入了一个全球性的社会。它已经发展

到这种程度，即发生在世界某地的人权侵犯行为会被世界各地感受到。世界公民权利的想法因此并非太不切合实际也太过勉强，它是对未形成条文的政治和国际权利的一个必要补充，将其发展成为一个人类的世界性权利。只有在这种条件下，我们才能自我恭维一下说，我们正在继续向着永久的和平进发。

补充条款一：关于保障永久和平

自然这个伟大的艺术家是永久和平的保障者。自然的运作过程可视性地展现了其在人类中创造和谐的设想，甚至是有悖于人类的意愿并通过他们之间不和谐的方式达到。这种规划，倘若我们认为其运行法则不为人所知，则被冠以“命运”之称。如果我们在世界的发展中审视其富有目的性的设计，它展现出一个主宰更高事业的内在智慧，给人类完成客观目标指明道路，并且确定了世界的进化；我们称之为神意。 [11]我们实际上观察不到自然的这种诡计，我们甚至不能推断其存在。但是，在各种事物的关系和目的之间，我们能够并且必须运用它，以便将自然的诡计与人类的诡计作类比。神意与结果的关系以及与结果的一致只能被设想成是一种想法，由理性直接告诉我们。然而，这一想法的确是难以触摸的理论，它具有有效性并且在实践中有非常真实的基础，正如永久和平的概念，我们有责任运用上面提到的自然的机制去推动它。在只关心理论而不是宗教的语境下，我们也应当注意并且谈及自然，这更是人类理性的局限而不是神意的问题，因为理性必须在可能的经验的边界内处理因果关系。谦逊禁止我们谈论神意，因为这就意味着戴上伊卡洛斯的翅膀，假定要靠近其神妙莫测的奥秘。

在我们更确切地界定这一保障之前，我们必须首先检查一下自然将演员们放置在其伟大壮观的场面的情景，因为正是这种情景要求有和平的保障。下一步我们可以探求这种保障是以何种形式提供的。

大自然的安排是这样的：首先，她关心人类能够在他们所定居的地

方生存。第二，她通过战争的方式将人类驱逐到四面八方，甚至让人类居住在最恶劣的地区。第三，她用同样的方法迫使人类或多或少地建立司法关系。苔藓在北冰洋最寒冷的荒野中依然能够生长，这本身就是一个奇迹；驯鹿能从积雪中将苔藓挖出，让其成为食物，并使自己成为奥斯提亚克斯人或者萨莫耶德斯人的牲畜。同理，盐碱沙漠中有骆驼，它们仿佛是为在沙漠中行走而生，这样它们也会被利用。当我们认识到如下事实时，自然被设计的证据会更清晰地展现：北冰洋的海岸不仅住着毛皮动物，而且有海豹、海象、鲸鱼，它们的肉和脂肪为当地人提供了食物和能量。自然界（如下的）关照（行为）引发更多的敬仰。自然界将漂流木带到没有树的地方，谁也不知道这些漂流木来自哪里。当地人如果没有这些材料，他们就无法造船和造武器，或者是建造住所来居住。他们与动物的斗争已经很吃力，因而彼此之间能够和平相处。但是，可能正是战争把他们驱赶到了这些地区。在征服地球的过程中，所有动物中人类首先驯服的战争工具就是马。在国家建立之后较为奢侈的时期大象才被驯服。播种叫作谷物的某种草也是一样；这些谷物的原始特性并不为我们所知。培养和种植各种各样的水果也是一样（在欧洲，大概只有两个品种即沙果树和野生梨）。只有在国家形成、土地固定，人们摒弃了猎人、[12]渔民、牧羊人没有法律规范的自由生活并完成向农业生活方式的过渡后，这种艺术才能产生。接着，盐和铁被发现了——它们是各民族间贸易的最初物品。这样国家间首次彼此进入和平的关系，甚至与最远的同伴达成相互理解、互利和平的关系。

大自然看到人们能够居住在地球上的各个地方；大自然的意愿是他们应当住在各个地方，甚至有悖于他们自己的意愿。这个义务并非基于责任的概念，或者是基于道德法则要求他们完成的。相反，自然选择战争作为达到这一目的的手段。

我们可以观察到民族通过其语言的一致性展现其后代的一体性。北冰洋上的萨莫耶德斯人和相距二百英里的阿尔泰山里说同一种语言的另

一群人就属于这种情况。另一群蒙古族裔骑马征战，把其中的一个部落驱赶到了最荒蛮的北极地区，这显然不是这群人的意愿。[13]同样的，欧洲最北部地区的芬兰人（在那里他们被称为拉普人）现在与匈牙利人远远相隔，这两群人在语言上是相互联系的，他们被哥特人和萨马特人从中分开了。除了战争还能有谁会这么做。大自然在地球上散播人群的方法能让爱斯基摩人占据最北部，因为他们和其他美洲族群不同，有可能是古代欧洲探险者的后裔。佩沙拉人被用同样的方式驱赶到南方的火地岛。然而，战争本身不需要特别的动机，因为人性中好战的基因仿佛与生俱来。好战甚至被看作是高贵的，使人们受到荣誉感的激励，且并无自私的动机。因此，好战的勇气，连同美洲人的野蛮及其中世纪欧洲伙伴的野蛮，被看作拥有伟大的、直接的价值，不仅仅是在战争时期，也在即将产生战争的时期。因此战争常常是因为要展现这一品质而开始的，于是战争本身被赋予了一种内在的尊严，甚至哲学家们把战争看作是对人产生尊贵影响的事，完全忘却了希腊谚语所说“战争是坏的，因为它在毁灭魔鬼的同时制造出更多的魔鬼”。大自然为了达到其目的对动物种类中的人类亦如法炮制。

我们现在来谈谈关于永久和平的前景的核心问题。大自然对于人们认定的自己的责任做了什么？例如，大自然是如何帮助推动其道德目标的？大自然如何能够保证，依据自由法则人应当做的（但还没有做）实际上会由自然的力量做到又无损于人的自由？这个问题提出了公权利三个领域的问题，即政治、国际和世界公民的权利。如果我说自然愿意让这个或者那个发生，这并不意味着自然赋予我们责任去做这样的事，因为责任只能在具有可行性的理由时才能赋予，并且在没有任何外部限制的情况下实行。相反，自然不管我们是否愿意都会这么做，“命运引领着愿意的人，但是也拽着不愿意的人”。

1.即使人们不被内部的分歧所驱使而服从公法的强制力，战争也会从外部制造出同样的效果。因为根据上面所描述的自然的安排，每个民

族都会发现自己要面对邻近一个民族的挑战，因此被迫形成一个国家以对付另一个民族的武装力量。如今共和制宪法是唯一一个完全公正地保护人权的宪法。但它也最难建立，且更难维护，因此许多人认为这样的宪法只能在天使的国度里成为可能，因为人类有追逐私利的倾向，因而没有能力遵循一个极其自然的宪法。但是，事实上，自然会帮助理智的、普遍的人类意愿，人类的意愿那么令人羡慕，在实践中又是那么无能为力。意愿只会让人们为国家创建一个好的机构，他们有能力做这件事。人们这样安排这个机构使得他自利的能量相互抵消，每个人中和或者抵消其他人的破坏力量。就理智而言，结果是一样的，仿佛人类的自私倾向不存在，因此，人，即使自己缺乏道德也会被迫成为一个好的公民。建立国家的问题甚至能被一个由魔鬼组成的民族所解决（只要他们拥有知性）。可以表述如下：“为了建立一个由理智者组成的组织，这些理智者为了生存需要普遍适用的法律，但是每个个体倾向于把自己排除在这些法律的约束之外，宪法必须如此设计，即即使公民的私人看法彼此相左，但是这些不同的观点能够相互抑制致使公民的公共行为一致，仿佛他们并没有过这些邪恶的观点。”这样的问题必须是可以解决的。因为这个任务不包括人类道德水平的提高，它仅仅意味着寻找出如何将自然的机理运用于人类，让他们彼此仇视的情绪迫使他们遵守强制的法律，并因此创造一个和平的条件，使得法律能够得到执行。我们甚至可以看到这个原则在现存的国家间起作用（尽管这还并不完美）。因为在它们的外部关系中，它们已经接近了权利的想法，尽管这样做的理由不是其内部的道德观点。同理，我们不能期望它们的道德态度产生一个完善的政治宪法。相反，正是通过后者，人们才能够期望获得一个好的道德文化。因此，自私的倾向在其外部关系中自然地相互排斥的自然机理可以被理智所利用以达到其目的，即权利统治。内部和外部的和平因此得到深化与确保，只要这种和平就在国家权力可控的范围内。我们或许因此说自然决定让权利最终占上风。人类忽略的事情最终会自动发生，尽管多少有些不便。正如鲍特维克所指出的那样：“如果芦苇弯得

太狠就会断裂；索要太多将一无所获。”

2.国际权利的观点假定许多独立的相邻国家独自存在。国家的事务基本上是战争，除非有一个联盟防止敌对行为的爆发。但是依据理智性的想法，这样一个国家依旧比独立国家联合体更受期待，它统治着其他的国家，创造出一个统一的王朝。随着政府力量的加强，法律逐渐地失去其影响力。一个没有灵魂的暴政，在粉碎了善的萌芽之后最终陷入无政府状态。因此，每个国家（或者其统治者）都渴望，尽可能占领整个世界以获取持久的和平。但是自然的愿望恰好相反。自然用两种办法，即语言和宗教的不同，来分离国家并阻止它们合并。 [14]这些当然可能制造双方的敌意，为战争提供条件；但是，随着文化的发展，人类逐渐地转向原则上的一致，他们有了相互的理解及和平。与吞噬了所有人的能量和埋葬了自由的暴政不同，这种和平是由力量的均衡与最激烈的较量所缔造和保障的。

3.因此，大自然智慧地将国家分开，尽管每个国家的愿望，依据国际权利的论点，是采用武力或是计谋将其他国家统一在其麾下。另一方面，大自然也通过国家之间的共同利益将它们联合起来。商业精神迟早会支配并抓住每个民族，而这不能与战争共存。在所有可以利用的国家权力（或者手段）中，财政权力是最可以依靠的。因此，国家发现它们不得不推动高尚的和平事业，尽管不是出于道德的动机。当世界上有战争爆发的威胁时，国家会试图通过调停避免它，仿佛它们已经为了这个目的而进入永久的同盟一样。依据事物的自然规律，大的军事联盟很难形成，也更难取得成功。

这样，大自然通过人类意愿自身的机制确保永久和平。虽然我们不能从理论上预言未来，但获得永久和平的可能性足以成为务实的目标。大自然赋予我们责任去努力实现这一目标，而这并非一个空洞的幻想。

补充条款二：论永久和平的秘密条款

在处理关于公权利的事务时，有一个秘密条款（客观地看或者是从其内容上看）是矛盾的。主观上说，例如，对于记述这一条款的人而言，一个条款可能正好包含一个秘密要素，因为这个人会认为公开地宣称自己为条款的创立者有损个人尊严。

这类条款的唯一条目包含在下列句子中：“哲学家们关于公共和平条件的论述，应当被那些武装起来准备战争的国家引为忠告。”

在与其他国家关系的原则问题上向臣民们（哲学家）寻求指导，这对于一个国家的司法机关似乎有些耻辱，因为我们必须自然地将最高级别的智慧归功于司法机关；但是，我们仍然强烈建议这样做。国家因此悄悄寻求哲学家们的帮助，并使之成为一个秘密。换句话说，这将允许他们公开而自由地评说关于战争和维和的准则。如果没有人禁止他们的讨论，他们的确会主动这么做。国家间没有特别、正式地安排让他们同意这样做，因为这样的协议已经包含在人类作为道德的立法者所承担的义务中。然而，这并不意味着国家必须承认哲学家的原则优于法学家的声明（法学家代表的是国家的权力），只是哲学家应当有解释其思想的机会。将权利的天平和公平之剑作为其象征的法学家常常使用后者，不仅仅是为了免除外来影响对前者的作用，而且也会在天平的一只托盘不下沉时把剑扔在它上面（被征服的人惨了）。除非法学家同时也是哲学家，就道德层面而言，他有强烈的愿望这么做，因为他的工作仅仅是执行现有法律，而不是探寻这些法律是否需要改进。法学家的表现仿佛他的这一低级学科实际上是高级学科一样，原因很简单，因为这里面伴随着权力（其他的两个学科也是如此）。但是哲学在众多学科组成的权力层中占据非常低的位置。因此，我们被告知，哲学是神学的女仆，与其他学科的关系也相似，诸如此类的话。但是这个女仆是在她仁慈的主人前面高擎火炬还是在其身后托着裙裾还远不清楚。

人们并不期待国王会哲学化或者哲学家将成为国王，这也不是他们

想要的，因为拥有权力毫无疑问地会破坏理智的自由评判。国王们或者是主权国家的人民（例如，那些用主张人人平等的法律进行自治的人们）不应当迫使哲学家们消失或者是保持沉默，而是应当允许他们公开发表见解。让阳光照亮他们，这一点至关重要。哲学家一族天生就是不会形成恶意的团伙或俱乐部，他们不会有传播叛乱舆论的嫌疑。

附录

一、关于永久和平，道德与政治的不一致

道德，作为我们行为应当遵守的、具有约束力法则的集合，从客观的角度来说，基本上属于实践的范畴。如果我们曾经知晓责任这一概念的影响力，那么说我们不能遵守道德法则就是荒唐的。因为如果是这样的话，责任的概念就会自动地失去道德（没有人被迫做他没有能力做的事）。因此，作为权利应用分支的政治和作为权利理论分支的道德之间不会有矛盾（也就是，在理论与实践之间）。这样的矛盾只会在道德被用作权宜之计时才会发生，例如，某人选取最有用的手段牟取一己之私利，这无异于否认道德的存在。

如果政治说，"你要像蛇一样狡猾"，道德就会加上"像鸽子一样无害"。如果这两条规范不能在同一诫条中并存，那么政治与道德之间确实存在着不一致。但是如果要统一两者，再假定它们的对立就是荒唐的，此种矛盾如何解决的问题，甚至不能拿来做思考练习。"诚实是最好的政策"的格言包含着一个与现实常常相反的理论，这是事实。然而，另一个理论命题"诚实胜过任何政策"超越了所有的反对意见，它的确是任何政策不可分割的条件。道德的上帝不会向暴力的监护人朱庇特投降，因为朱庇特也要听从命运的安排。简而言之，理智还没有获得充分的启蒙，不能发现那一系列已经确定的因素，这些因素会允许它准确地预测人类活动可喜或可悲的结局。它只会希望结果与愿望相符。但是，理智总是清晰地告诉我们，如何做才能行走在责任的轨道上，正如智慧规则所要求的那样，给我们指明达到最终目标的道路。

但是，对其而言道德是纯理论的实干家冷漠拒绝我们的善意的愿

望，即使他承认我们能做我们应当做的事。他将其论点建立在如此断言之上，即从人性的角度我们能够事先断言，人类永远不会做必要的事以便达到永久和平的目标。所有遵循自由原则，生活在一个符合法律的框架内（全体意志的个别统一）的个体，对于达到这个目的还不够，这是千真万确的。在这个如此困难的问题解决之前，所有人必须一起渴望达到这个目标，只有这样公民社会才能作为一个整体存在。由于在一个共同的愿望出现之前，一个特别的统一的事业必须能够统一所有个体的不同愿望，因为没有一个个体能够创造这样一个事业，实践中唯一的一种执行意愿的办法、一个开创国家权利的途径就是武力。在武力的一致权威之下，公权利最终得到保障。

我们事先当然期望实际的经验与原始的理论观点将会存在不小的偏差。因为我们不能假设立法者的道德观点是这样的，即无序的民众在统一成为一个民族后，立法者会让他们依据自己的公共意愿创造一个符合法律的体制。

或许可以这样说，一旦一个人自己手上掌握了权力，他就不会让人们给他立法。同样道理，一个自治的、不受外部法律约束的国家也不会让自身依赖于其他国家的评判；甚至于整个大洲，如果感觉自身比另一个大洲优越，它就会毫不犹豫地扩展自己的地盘，不管另一个国家是否挡了自己的路，它也要统治那个国家。这样，理论为政治的、国际的或者世界公民权利所设计的所有计划演变成了空洞和不切实际的想法。但是，基于人性原则的实践可以希望为其政治机会主义体系找到一个坚实的基础。

当然，如果既没有自由又没有基于自由的道德法则，只有当一切发生了或者能够发生的事简单遵循自然的机械的工作机制，政治才是利用自然治理人的艺术。这构成了实践的智慧的整体。那么，权利的概念仅仅是一个空洞的想法。但是，如果我们认为非常有必要将权利的概念与

政治结合，或者甚至使权利成为政治的限制条件，那就必须承认这两者相互兼容。我也的确可以想象一个讲道德的政治家，例如，某人将政治权宜之计的原则运用完美使其与道德共存；但是我难以想象一个政治的道德家，例如，一个人运用其道德规则去适应作为政治家的优势。

道德的政治家会遵循这样的原则：如果在国家关系中或是在政治体制中犯了不可避免的错误，国家元首有义务尽可能迅速地改正错误。应当确认这些政治制度是为确保自然权利——它在实践理性的观念中是树立在我们面前的一个模型——而建立的，甚至于必须牺牲自我的利益。与所有政治权宜之计背道而驰的原则是：在没有一个更好的体制取而代之的情况下破坏现有政治或世界公民的联盟。在这种情况下，这一原则与道德一致。尽管要求立刻用暴力的手段修订宪法中的错误是荒谬的，但是要求当权者警醒并向正确方向改进依然是必要的，这是为宪法能够不断地接近权利法律所规定的最佳状态。即使一个国家现有宪法规定的是一个专制的统治政权，它也可以用共和的方式自治。这个国家将逐渐地到达一个阶段，人民会受到法律权威思想的影响，如同国家有着武力作为支撑一样，人民将能够创造一种基于权利的司法体系。然而，如果一个更合法的体制是通过不合法的方式获得的，例如，由于以前糟糕的体制导致了暴力革命而建立起来的，即使采用暴力或者叛变破坏旧宪法的每个人在革命过程中应当得到处罚，也不允许带领人民恢复原来的状态。但是，关于国家间的外部关系，即使国家是专制的体制（因此在与外敌的关系中处于强势），只要这个国家随时有可能被其他国家吞并，则该国家不得被要求废弃其体制；因此，在必须有政治改进计划的同时，也要允许等待一个更好的时机执行这个计划。[15]

可能出现这样的情况：专制的道德学家，例如，那些在实践中犯了错误，屡屡有悖于政治的深谋远虑，采纳或者推荐不成熟的措施，经验必然会将他们逐渐带出与自然对立的状态，使他们采纳更好的办法。但是，道德化的政治家试图掩盖有悖于权利的政治原则，以人性没有能力

获得理性所认定的一个理念为借口。他们因此使进步成为不可能，使对权利的侵犯永久化。

这些老于世故的政治家没有采纳他们所吹嘘的正确的实践，而是固守着令人厌恶的把戏，因为他们仅仅是为了剥削人民（倘若可能的话就剥削整个世界），通过用这种方式影响当权者以确保其一己之私利。他们就像进军政治的律师一样（例如，对这些人而言，法律是一份职业，不是立法的事情）。他们的职责不是探讨立法本身，而是遵循当前法律的指引，他们总是认为现有的法律构成最好，因为它遵循一个合适的机械的秩序。但是，这种技能或许给他们一种幻觉：他们也能够根据权利的概念（先验而非经验的）判断任何政治体制的原则。他们或许吹嘘说他们了解人们（因为他们不得不与许多人相处，这也是意料之中的），尽管他们不了解人及其潜能，因为这要求站在更高的人类学制高点上。

他们继续依据理性所规定的政治法和国际法行事，用诸如此类的概念武装头脑。但是他们只能在欺骗的状态下走这一步，因为他们会遵循一贯的程序，用机械的方式运用在专制统治下形成的强制性法律，甚至在理性观念只考虑合法强制的领域，与自由的原则相一致。这一自由的原则自身就可以使公正建立的政治体制成为可能。这位实践者相信他能实地解决这个问题，忽略理性的观念，从迄今为止仍然幸存的那些体制（很大程度上是不合法的）的结构中获得经验。尽管没有公开，但是他为着这个目的遵循了一些准则，这些准则可以粗略地表述为如下的诡辩术。

1.先做然后解释这样做的理由。抓住任何国家自身享有或者是对邻国人民享有的侵犯权利的有利机会，正当的理由可以更容易、更简洁地提出。这比事先想出说服的理由，然后等待出现反驳的理由来得更现成，而使用暴力的事实可以更轻而易举地掩盖过去。这在第一个案例中尤其显得正确。国家的最高权力机构也是立法机构，必须无可争议地服

从。这样鲁莽行事本身呈现出的是内在的信念，即这种行为是正确与公正的。成功之神就是最好的支持者。

2.倘若你是暴君，否认这一点。例如，如果你犯了罪，为了诱导你的人民走向绝望进而造反，否认你有罪。反过来，坚持这是对方不妥协造成的；或者如果你掌控了对相邻民族的控制权，就说人性应当对此负责，因为如果他不先于其他人付诸暴力，他或许会确信这些人将先行动并压制他。

3.离间和统治。如果在选择你作为其统治者的人群中有一些特权者，确保离间他们，并且让他们与人民产生对立。如果你用虚假的承诺给他们以更大的自由，一切将依靠你的绝对意愿。如果你为了同外国打交道，在它们中间制造纷争是一个接一个征服它们行之有效的方法，而这表面看起来是为弱者提供帮助。

必须承认，没有人会被这些政治准则所蒙蔽，因为它们人所共知。人们不会为这些准则而感到羞耻，仿佛它们的不公平都太过显而易见。因为执掌大权者从不为公众如何评价他们而感到尴尬，只会在意对彼此的评价。关于上面列举的那些原则，即使它们为公众所知，掌权者也不会感到羞耻。只有当他们失败时才会感到羞耻，因为他们都认同这些准则的道德地位。他们拥有政治荣誉。如果他们采用想要采用的办法扩充权力，[16]他们总能依靠这些准则。人们如何在国家好战的本性中创造和平，从所有这些不道德、机会主义的信条的迂回曲折中，至少这些是清楚的：人们很少能像在私人领域那样在公共领域逃避权利的概念，他们也不敢公开地将政治仅仅依托在机会主义的机理中，从而全然拒绝遵守公权利的概念（这一点在国际权利中特别显著）。相反，他们给这些概念所有的荣耀，尽管他们或许也找出一百条理由和诡计在实践中逃避它们，并假装承认唯有残酷的暴力和诡计能够获得政权，而政权是所有权利的来源，也是凝聚权力的纽带。

为了结束这种诡辩术（它掩盖了事实上的不公平），也为了让那些制造假象却又发号施令的人承认，是他们在宣传权势而不是权利（他们用的是发号施令者的口气），发现永久和平产生的最终原则是好的，由此能使人们对自我或者是对别人看法的幻影破灭。应当表明，所有挡在永久和平之路上的魔鬼源自这样的事实，即政治道德家的出发点正是道德政治家的中止点。他（政治道德家）因此视目的第一，原则第二（即原则服从于目的，例如，如同把马车放在马之前），因此，挫败了他自己想使政治和道德协调一致的目的。

为确保实践哲学自身的一致性，首先有必要解决一个问题，即在实践理性的问题上，我们是否应当从它的实体原则出发，也就是，作为一个意志对象的目的，或者还是应当从它的形式原则，即人们在外部关系上的自由出发。后一种原则表述为“用这样的方式行动，就是你能够希望你的信条成为一个宇宙法则（不管最终的结果是什么）”。

后一项原则必须毫无疑问地占据领先地位。作为权利的一项原则，它有绝对的必要性。只有当允许目的实现的经验主义的条件假定存在时，前者是有必要的。如果这个目的也同永久和平的目标一样是一项义务的话，那它自身应当从引导外在行为的准则之形式上的原则中产生。现在前者（也就是，实体的）的原则是政治道德家的原则，它把政治的、国际的、世界公民的权利问题仅仅当作技术任务处理。但是后者的（也就是，形式的）原则却是讲道德的政治家的原则，是一个道德任务。道德任务与技术问题在带来永久和平方面完全不同。永久和平值得拥有，不仅因为它有现实的好处，还因为它是出于人的责任意识而必须发生的事态。

对于第一个（政治权宜之计的问题）问题的解答，需要更多自然的知识，以便人们运用其运行机制实现想要达到的目的。然而，以其对永久和平的影响而言，无论涉及公权利三部分中的哪一部分，所有这些并

不确定。在长时间内很好地维持人民的顺从和成功是靠严格的纪律约束，还是靠满足他们的虚荣心；是给每一个体或者是几位领袖以最大权力，还是通过设立贵族办公室或者是受人欢迎的内部政府，历史提供了各种各样效果相反的例子。共和制是唯一的例外，它只能是一位讲道德的政治家的目标。基于大臣们草拟的法律的一项国际权利的情形就更具有不确定性，因为这项权利实际上仅仅是空洞的文字，因为它是依靠含有秘密保留条款的条约，而这些秘密条款是可以被违背的。另一方面，第二个问题，即政治智慧的问题，仿佛自动地解决了一样。显而易见，它战胜了所有的诡计，直达目标，只要我们牢记，它不可能通过暴力的、鲁莽的方式实现，必须在有利机会到来之时稳步地实现。

我们或许因此可以提出如下的建议：首先寻求纯粹实践理性的王国及其正当性，你的目标（永久和平的保佑）将会添加给你们。对道德而言，关于它的公权利的原则（因此涉及一个可推断的政治准则）有一个特别的特点，即越少将行为绑定想要达到的目的（不管是物质的还是道德的优势），它就越多地与目标相协调一致。其中的缘由正是公众的愿望，在一个人群或者由各色人等组成的共同关系中，决定人群中什么是对的。但是，这个所有人意愿的组合，倘若用一种持续的方式付诸实践，它也能成为导致目的结果的动因，并对权利概念产生影响。例如，一个民族应当以自由、平等作为权利的唯一核心，这是道德政治的一个原则。这个原则不是基于权宜之计而是出于义务。另一方面，政治的道德家们不值得聆听，不管他们如何争论进入社会的一群人的自然技巧或者声称这一技巧会使上面的原则无效，从而阻碍其实施，或者试图用古代和现代的糟糕体制证明他们的观点（例如，没有代表制度的民主政体）。这样的理论特别具有破坏性，因为他们可能自身制造出他们所预测的那个魔鬼。由于把人类与其他有生命的机体归为一类，他们仅仅需要清醒地认识到，他们不是自由生物，就能成为他们眼中所有地球生物中最可怜的那一类。

“即使世界上所有的流氓都必须死亡也要让正义当政”的名言听上去有些夸张，但它是真实的。这是一项明智的权利原则，它堵塞了狡诈或者暴力的邪恶之路。但是，不能把这误解为，例如，这是一种允许人们以最严苛的态度运用自己权利（这与伦理义务相冲突）的许诺，而应当把它看作是当权者不能拒绝的职责，或者是出于对他人的怜悯或厌恶而剥夺的权利。这就要求国家应当有一部依据权利原则制定的宪法。它统一其他邻国甚至是更遥远的国度，就其分歧达成一个合法的解决方案，从而形成类似一个统一的世界性国家的实体。这一主张只是意味着无论结果如何，政治信条不能被因信奉这些信条而逐渐增长的利益或幸福的前景所影响，例如，每个国家把政治智慧看作最高经验原则。它们应当仅仅被正确职责的纯粹概念所影响，例如，被一种基于纯粹的理性演绎原则而产生的职责所影响。如果这世界上鲜有坏人，世界的末日也不会到来。道德上的魔鬼天生就有自我毁灭和自相矛盾的遗传特性（特别是在有类似头脑的人们的关系中），因此善的道德准则有出路，尽管这种进步是缓慢的。

因此，从客观或者是理论的角度而言，道德与政治之间没有冲突。从主观的角度说（也就是，关于自私的性情，由于其不是建立在理性的格言的基础上，因此它不能被称作实践），这个冲突将会也应当保持活跃，因为它扮演着美德磨刀石的角色。依据“你不能对麻烦投降，要更加大胆地挑战它”的原则，美德的真正勇气在于必须面对我们自身的邪恶并战胜它的诡计，而不在于坚定地对抗魔鬼并且作出牺牲。这个原则太过危险、太过背信弃义，因为它易于利用人性的弱点为侵犯正义的行为作辩解。

政治的道德家或许确实可以说，统治者和人民之间，或者一个民族和另一个民族之间，即使因为暴力或者狡诈陷入冲突状态也不会彼此不公平地对待，尽管他们完全不公平地拒绝尊重权利的概念，而权利概念是唯一能够建立永久和平的。如果一方侵犯了另一方的利益，而这另一

方恰好在无法无天地针对他，那么确实发生在他们身上、使双方耗尽力量的事就是完全公正的。他们的民族将得以生存并继续不间断地延续这一过程，一直到最遥远的未来，于是，后代人可以把他们当作警示的榜样，以此为戒。这样安排世界事务的天意成为理所当然。人类的道德准则从来就不会泯灭。依据这个原则运用权利想法的理性，随着文化的不断进步而不断增强，与此同时，侵权的负罪感随之增加。如果我们假设人类永远不能或不愿达到更好的状态，地球创造出如此一个道德败坏的种类这样一个事实，是任何神义论都无法解释的。但是，这样一种判断对我们来说还是太得意了。我们理论上不能把智慧的构想归于我们无法理解其特性的最高权力。

如果我们不假设权利的纯粹原则具有客观现实性，也就是，这些原则不能够应用于实践，我们会不自觉地得出这样的结论。不管经验主义政治会如何唱反调，一国的人民，连同相关的国家必须相应地照此行事。因此，一个真正的政治体制如果不首先对道德表示敬意就会寸步难行。政治本身是一门颇具难度的艺术，因为没有其他艺术要求与道德结合。一旦道德与政治产生冲突，道德就会解开政治无法解开的结。

人的权利必须被看作是神圣的，不管统治者可能会作出怎样巨大的牺牲。这里没有折衷的办法。开发混合的办法，诸如介于权利和实用之间、附条件的权利，毫无用处。所有政治家在权利面前必须屈膝跪倒，尽管政治或许希望到达一个持久辉煌的阶段作为回报，无论这一过程多么缓慢。

第二部分　依据公权利的先验概念论政治与道德的一致性

如果从法理学家通常定义的公权利考虑，我从其物质方面摘录要点（如同一个国家内人们之间各种各样的经验关系或者是国家间彼此的关系），我得到的是公共性的正式属性。由于每次要求权利都潜在地拥有这种属性，没有这种属性就不会有正义（这种正义会被设想为是众所周

知的），也不会有权利，因为权利只会来自正义。

权利的每次诉求都必须具有这一公共品质。由于能够轻易评判权利诉求是否以某种特殊的情况呈现，也就是，是否能与相关行为人的原则相结合，它提供给我们一个现成、可见的现象，能够在理性中发现推论。如果它不能与行为人的原则协调一致，我们立刻看出这一诉求的错误（也就是，不正当性），像是纯粹理性的一个实验。

我们在政治和国际权利的概念中提取了所有经验主义的成分之后（包括人性中导致高压政治的罪恶一面），我们可以列举如下公权利的"先验规则"的主张：影响他人权利的所有行为都是错误的，假如其准则不能与公开的准则相一致。

这一原则不仅仅应当被看作是伦理上的（也就是，属于美德理论），而且应当被看作是法理上的（也就是，影响到人权）。一个我没有挫败感就不能公开宣布的准则，一个要成功就要不惜一切代价保密的准则，一个我一旦公开宣布就会不可避免地引起抵触的准则，只会引发这种必然、普遍的对我的反对，因为它本身是非正义的，因此对每个人都构成威胁。除此之外，这纯粹是一个消极的测试，例如，它只是测试什么是不正确的一种手段。如同任何功利一样，它不证自明，此外，它也非常容易运用，这一点在下面关于公权利的例子中可以看到。

1.在一个国家的内部权利中，或许有一个许多人认为难以回答的问题，尽管运用公开性的先验原理能轻而易举地解决这个问题。表述如下："一个民族用反叛来推翻所谓暴君的强权统治是不是一个正确的方法？"人民的权利被侵犯了，毫无疑问，如果暴君被罢黜的话，他就没有受到不公正的待遇。然而，如果臣民用这种方式寻求他们的权利，那就是大错特错了。如果他们在后来的冲突中被击败，继而不得不忍受最残酷的惩罚，那么他们就不能有一丝一毫对于不公正的抱怨。

如果我们试图用权利原则的教条推论解决这个问题，对于这种做法赞成和反对意见的争论能有很多种说法。但是权利问题公开性的先验原则能够绕开这种冗长的讨论。依据这一原则，在缔结公民契约之前，人们会问是否胆敢在特定场合下将反叛的意图公之于众。显而易见，如果针对一国的首脑最终使用暴力，这成为建立一个政治实体的条件的话，人民应当宣布有权统治其统治者。但是，如果是这样的话，统治者就不会是统治者了；或者作为建立国家的先决条件，双方都被授予权力，那么，国家自身的存在就成为不可能，这也是人民的愿望。如果反叛依据的准则众所周知，它会战胜自身的目的，不会成功。这一准则因此不得不保密。从这个事实看，反叛的非正义性因此显现。

但是，对于一国之主而言隐藏其意图是没有必要的。他或许会公开说将惩罚任何反叛行为，把元凶处死，尽管人们相信这一国之主自己才是第一个违反基本法的人。如果他意识到自己掌控着不可抗拒的最高权力（任何市民宪法都必须以此为前提，因为一名统治者如果没有足够的权力，无法保护他的每一个子民，令他们不受伤害，那么这位统治者也无权对人民发号施令），他不必担心如果其准则人人皆知，自己就无法达到目的。如果人民反叛成功，一国之主便成为臣民；但是如果他开始一轮新的反叛以夺回王位，那其行为是不正当的，他也不必害怕承担其在位时应承担的责任。

2.我们现在谈谈国际权利。我们只有在假设一些法律条件存在的基础上谈及国际权利，例如，赋予一个人某项权利是因为外部环境许可。作为公权利的一种形式，就定义而言，它预示着一种普遍的愿望，这种愿望公开地分给每一个个体，这是他应有的权利。这个法理状态一定来自某种契约，与一个国家如何起源不同，一个必须不能依据强制性的法律，但是在很大程度上呈现一种永久的、自由的联合状态，如同上面所提及不同国家的联盟。如果没有某种法定条件，积极地将各种各样物理上或者道德上的人联系在一起，权利唯一可能的形式是私密的。这里又

一次牵扯到了政治与道德的冲突（后者以权利理论的形式出现）。在相关准则中，公开性的标准又一次得以轻松适用，条件是合约的单一目的是在缔约国之间及其有关他国之间维护和平，决不考虑军事占领。我们因此面对政治和道德的自相矛盾，以及与其相应的解决办法。

（a）如果这些国家中的一个国家向另一个国家承诺了什么，不管是提供协助、割让部分国土、提供救助或者是其他类似行为，当其自身利益处于危险之中时，是否可以不承担信守承诺的责任？它应当被看作是双面人：一方面，作为一国之君主，他不对国土内任何人负责；另一方面，仅仅作为最高政治官员，他又对国家负责。这样得出的结论是国家（或者是其统治者）可以免于承担责任。但是，如果一个国家的统治者想要让人知道这是他的行为准则，其他人会自然远离他，或者是团结其他国家以对抗他的主张。这证明，这样的政治体系，尽管极其狡诈，如果在公开的基础上运作会打败其自身的目的，因此上述的准则一定是错误的。

（b）如果一个邻国成长到一定规模而引起其他国家的不安，人们能假定说，因为它能够压迫其他国家了，所以它就会希望压迫其他国家吗？尽管还没有冒犯的行为发生，这是否给予了弱势一方积蓄准备进攻它的力量的权利？如果一个国家公诸天下，称其遵循这一准则，它一定只会更快地招致魔鬼的到来。因为强权者能够先于弱者行动，弱者或许可以联合，而这种联合，对于知道如何运用分而治之策略的国家而言，只是不堪一击的苇草。因此，这种政治利己的准则，倘若公之于众，就不会实现自己的目的，这就证明这个准则是不正义的。

（c）如果一个小国，就其地理位置而言，地处一个大国的领土之内，而这个大国需要这片领土为己所用，那么，这个大国吞并这个小国就是合理的吗？很容易看到，大国无论如何不能让人知道它遵循这样的准则。因为，一来那些小国会适时联合，二来其他大国会对此举争论不

休，使这个计划一经公开就不可实行。这是不正义的表现。事实上，这是非常严重的不正义，因为，对象的弱小并不意味着对它采取的不正义行为就不严重。

3.至于世界公民的权利问题，我这里就悄悄略过了，因为与国际权利的准则相比，它的准则容易形成，也容易评定。国际权利的准则或许与公共性不匹配，我们因此能够得出一个好的判断：（就权利的理论而言）政治和道德并不一致。我们也应当有必要知道与国际权利相一致的准则是什么。我们不能简单地得出结论说所有公开的准则就是正义的，因为有决定权的人没有必要隐藏其准则。任何国际权利实现的前提是一个法制国家的存在，因为没有国家的存在就没有公权利。在国家之外存在的权利，例如，处于原始状态的权利，则仅仅是私权利。现在我们从以上论述已经看到，为减少战争而建立的国家联盟是唯一合法的安排，是能够与自由相一致的。政治与道德只有在一个联盟中才能相一致，因此，建立一个联盟是有必要的，并且应当给予优先地位，这点已经由权利原则说明了。所有政治精明的正确的基础就是以尽可能全面的形式建立这样一个联盟。因为没有这个目标，所有的推论都是不智慧且蒙着面纱的所谓的正义。这种虚伪的政治有其诡辩术，堪与虚伪狡诈的学者们相媲美。它包括思想上的保留，因此公共契约的形成是这样的：人们可以根据自己的需要诠释这些契约（例如，在事实的现状和权利的现状之间作出区别）。这也包括盖然论，也就是，它试图把罪恶的企图栽赃给他国，或者是用他国获得统治地位的可能性作为破坏其他和平国家的合法理由。最后，它还有哲学之罪的原则，即如果一个大得多的国家在这个过程中获得了所谓的世界普遍利益的话，那么，霸占一个小国就可以被看作是一件可以原谅的小事。[17]

所有这些都与政治的复杂性及其与道德的关系相关，政治总是利用道德的分支以期达到目的。但是博爱和尊重人权这两个方面是义务。博爱仅仅是一个有条件的义务，而尊重人权则是无条件、绝对势在必行

的。任何一个人，如果他希望体验正义行为的甜蜜感觉，就必须首先完全确信他没有侵犯人权。政治能轻易地向道德妥协，因为两者都要求人们放弃他们的权利而屈从统治者。但是当轮到讲道德时（也就是，权利理论），道德要求政治应当积极地顺从它，而政治发现不被任何合约所限制更可取，从而倾向于不承认权利理论有任何实际价值，并且将所有责任减化为仅仅是善意的行为。这种政治体系的神秘花招能够轻易地被打败，如果哲学将其准则公之于众，它会允许哲学家公开他们自己的准则吗？

我现在呈现另一个先验的、积极的公权利原则。它可以表述如下：“所有要求公开的准则，如果想要实现自己的目的，就既能够与政治也能够与权利协调一致。”

如果他们只能通过公开才能达到目的，那么他们必须遵循公众的目标，即幸福。政治的特殊任务是与公众的目标相和谐。但是，倘若这个目标的实现仅仅是通过公开（例如，分解对所采纳的准则的不信任）就能达到，那么遭到质疑的准则也必须同公权利谐调一致，因为只有在这个权利范围内才能满足每个人的需要。然而，我必须等待另一个场合对这一原则进行进一步解释和讨论。我们已经看到，如果一个人抽掉与幸福相联系的所有条件，例如，法律的实质，而单单看到普遍的有法律状态的形式，那么这是一个先验的公式。

如果在现实中实现公权利是一项义务（通过一个不确定的渐进过程），如果也有坚实的基础希望我们将会成功，那么，永久和平终将取代迄今为止被错误地称作和平条约的想法将不再只是空想。相反，随着解决的办法被逐渐找到，这个任务也在不断地向完成迈进，因为我们可以希望达到同样程度的进步所需要的时间会越来越短。

回答“人类是否在持续地改进”问题的新尝试

1　我们在寻求什么样的知识？

我们所寻求的是人类历史的一部分。然而，它不是一部过去的历史，而是一部未来的历史，即一部预见性的历史。但是，如果它不是可知的自然法则（如同可预知的自然法则，如日食和月食一样），只能通过超自然的发现才能获得。它必须是可占卜或先知的历史。 [18]除此之外，我们这里不考虑人类的自然史（我们应当问，是否有新的种族会在未来的时间里出现），而是人类的文明史。我们不是研究具体的人类的概念，而是整个的人类，以种族分布，以尘世的社团相聚。所有这些都表明，我们在问人类作为一个整体是否正不断地进步。

2　我们如何能获得这样的知识？

我们能够通过描述这些事件获得对于事物预示性、历史性的描述。这些事件的推论预示它们实际上会发生。但是怎么才能先验地有一个历史推论呢？答案是如果先知本身导致和制造了他所预示的事件，这是可能的。

犹太先知预测他们的国家迟早会面临衰退和完全的解体。他们是自身命运的建造者。作为人民的领袖，他们将如此繁重的负担载入宪法，以至于他们的国家就其自身权利而言变得不适合生存，特别是在与其邻国的关系中。因此，祭祀的哀歌自然没有人听，因为这些雷同的牧师固执地坚持他们自己在宪法中创造的信条，以便他们自己能够万无一失地、确定地预知结果。

我们的政治家的表现完全一样。随着他们影响力的扩大，他们在其

教区越来越成功。人们必须接受他们的现状。他们告诉我们，事实并不像世界上消息闭塞的学究或者是好性情的幻想家想象的那样。但是，他们应当被解读为我们用不公平的胁迫、用政府所擅长的奸诈的诡计使他们变成了现在的样子。他们不妥协并且倾向于造反，如果约束稍稍松弛一些的话，就会有令人遗憾的结果发生。这样，聪明的预言家的使命就完成了。

各种各样的占卜也不时地预示着宗教的完全衰退、反基督者的立刻出现，他们做着最精确地测算到的事情为的是创造自己所描述的事态。因为他们并不关心教区的道德准则，而道德准则是能够直接引发进步的。取而代之的是，他们把历史信仰作为中心任务，假设这些会间接地产生同样的结果。尽管他们或许引致机械的遵从，但是他们不能制造道德观念的一致。因此，这些牧师们开始抱怨他们自己制造的对宗教的漠视。这是他们不需要预言的特殊天赋就能够预料到的。

3　我们希望了解的未来概念的划分

我们的预言可能有三种形式：与其他的生物种类相联系，在其当前的道德水准上（即如同不停地围绕一个固定点旋转），人类或者是不断地倒退和衰退，或者是不断地进步和改进，或者处于一种永久的静止状态。

第一种情况可以定为道德恐怖主义。第二种情况是快乐说（如果人类进步的目标已经远观可见的话，这种情况可以定为千年至福说）。第三种情况可以被称作阿布德里主义。因为后一种情况，由于普遍的静止在道德事件中是不可能的，在无休止的流动中并不能产生更多的效果，如果其主体在一个地方保持静止不动的话。

a.人类历史的恐怖主义概念

人类退化的过程不可能无限期地继续，因为人类在达到一定的节点后会就会灭亡。结果是当滔天罪行不断地积累又积累，由此产生的恶持续增加时，我们说，“不能变得更糟了”。这时候，似乎审判的日子就到了。虔诚的狂热者已经梦想着一切的重生。当前一个世界被一把火烧掉之时，一个崭新的世界就此诞生。

b.人类历史的快乐概念

我们或许很容易同意这样的观点，善和恶的总量能够保持不变，在任何一个个体中也不会增加亦不会减少。一个人善的品质如何增加？这只能通过其自身的作用，在他能够这样做之前，他首先需要储存更多的善才行。毕竟，没有任何效应能超出其生效因素的制约。人的善必须因此保持在一定水平之下，与其相混合的恶的水平相协调，以便人类不能超越一个限度而做进一步的改进。因此，快乐说，怀揣着快乐的希望，看上去不堪一击。它的人类不断进步和改进的想法对于人类可预见的历史似乎没有什么用处。

c.人类阿布德里主义的假设作为未来历史的定义

这一观点可能有众多的拥护者。沿着“善”的道路快速前行却又不能坚持走下去，相反，他们会修订进步的计划，不惜一切代价避免被一个单一的目标所束缚（甚至仅仅出于渴望变化）。建设为的是破坏。担负起从山下滚石上山的任务，仅仅是为了让石头再滚下来。这就是我们种族的因勤奋导致的愚蠢行为。综上所述，人类自然特征中恶与善的融合是彼此中和的过程，结果是单调乏味的（或者是静止，如同下面要谈到的）。这种前进和后退的空洞运动，伴随着罪与善的不断交替，意味着我们地球上的成员们的互动应当仅仅被看作是一场闹剧。以理性的眼光看，这并不能带给人类更高的价值，其他动物种类的互动代价更小，并且是无意识的。

4　进步的问题不能直接由经验解决

尽管人们发现，人类作为一个整体在一个不确定的长时间内前进和进步，就我们种族的身体特点而言，没有人能够保证其衰退的时代在特殊时刻没有开始。与此相反，如果它加速地衰退，那么我们就没有理由放弃希望，希望我们正要达到一个转折点，凭借我们种族的道德特点，我们的事情将向好的方向转变。我们与自由行动的生物打交道，他们能够事先预测应该做什么，但是不能预测他们实际上将会做什么，谁有能力做，如果事情变坏了，他们因自身的行动蒙受了罪恶，他们认为这些罪恶是改进的强大动力。正如埃贝·阔亚所说："可怜的人类！你们中间没有什么是永恒的，只有反复无常。"

或许因为我们已经选择了错误的观点来思考人类事务的过程，后者对我们来说如此的荒唐。从地球上看，星球有时候向前运动，有时候向后运动，有时保持静止不动。但是从太阳上看，从理性的角度考虑，它们如同哥白尼猜想所说持续地沿着惯常的轨道运行。然而，有些并不缺乏智慧的思想家喜欢坚持自己对事物的解释，坚持他们最初的观点，甚至甘愿冒着将自身陷入地谷圆和周转圆的荒唐境地。然而，这是我们的不幸，我们在试图预测自由运动时不能采取一种极端的观点。在所有人类智慧之上是上帝的旨意，其效力甚至扩展到使人类的行动获得自由。尽管人们或许能看到后者，却不能准确地预测未来（在神的眼中这一差别不存在），因为在其预测任何事情之前，在需要获得被自然法则掌控的一个关联时，在处理未来的自由行动时，必须在没有暗示和指导的情况下进行。

如果有可能给人类有限的、天生的、不变的善，我们当然能够预测人类的普遍进步，因为这包含着人类自己能控制的事。但是，如果人类的自然属性中就有不明比例的善与恶，便没有人能够知道自身的行动会带来什么后果。

5　人类的预言史必须始于某种经验

在人类事务中，必然存在着一些经验或者其他的东西。一个实际发生的事件或许显示人类具有自我改善的素质和力量（因为其行动应当有自由）。但是，只有当帮助这一事件产生的情形出现时，这一事件才能被预测为一个现存原因的结果。总的来说，这些情形一定在某一时间会出现（如同计算游戏机会的可能性），这是可以预料的，但是不可能确定此事是否在我的人生中出现，我是否会经历此事，因此就不能够证实原始的判断。

我们因此必须寻找一个事件，它能显示这样一个原因的存在。这个原因在人类中漫不经心地活跃着，也不管何时会发生作用。它或许会使我们得出这样的结论：作为其活动的一个不可避免的结果，人类正在作出改进。这个推论能扩展到以前的历史，以便展示人类一直是在进步；用这种方式，被选作一个事例的这一事件本身不会被看作是过去进步的原因，只会被看作是历史的印记。它或许用来证实人类这一整体存在的趋势，不是一系列的个体（因为这样会导致没完没了的列举和计算），而是散布在地球上的国家和种族群体。

6　发生在我们时代的能证实人类道德倾向的事件

讨论的事件不包括任何这些人类的重大行为或过错。这些行为或过错以前很大，在他们的眼中微不足道；甚或是以前很小但在他们的眼中变得很重大。这些事件导致古老的、显赫一时的国家像中了魔咒一般消失了，而其他的国家则从地球深处崛起取代了它们的地位。不，与这些毫无关系。我们这里考虑的仅仅是在重大政治事件发生时旁观者在公众场合的态度。因为他们公开地对事件参与者的一方表示无私的同情，甚至冒着他们的偏心会给自身带来很大不利的风险。他们的反应表明人类作为一个整体分享着一些共同特征，它同时表明，（因为它的无私性）人类拥有其道德特征，或者至少是在制造道德特征。这不仅仅允许我们

期盼人类的进步，其本身就是一种进步，其影响力对当前也是很大的。

我们看到的发生在我们这个时代的由智慧的人民所组成的民族正发起的革命，它可能成功，也可能失败。革命可能充满了悲惨和残暴以至于一个思维正常的人不敢付出如此代价作同样的尝试，即使他期望作第二次的尝试时会获得成功。

但是我认为，这种革命在所有没有赶上它的观众心中燃起渴望，引起没有参加者的同情，尽管表达这种同情的口号充满着危险。因此，除了人类的道德性情之外，不可能有其他什么能够引起这种同情心了。

这里起作用的道德原因由两个因素构成。其一，每个人都有权给自己建立一个自己认为合适的公民体制，不受其他力量的影响。其二，人们能够拥有的、唯一本质上正确的、道德上良好的体制的出现是为了避免侵略战争（例如，惟一可能的宪法是共和制宪法，至少就其概念而言）。 [19]服从于这些条款并由此杜绝战争这一造成灾难和道德腐化的源头，就不仅是一个目标，而且也是一项义务了。倘若这一目的得到承认，人类，由于其脆弱性，就有了一个被动的保障。它将逐渐地改进，或者至少它不会在进步的过程中受到干扰。

所有这些，连同人们拥抱美德的激情与热情，（尽管不能为激情鼓掌，因为所有如此的激情是该受到指责的），给下面的主张以历史性的支持。这一主张具有人类学的意义。真正的热情总是单纯指向理想，特别是指向纯道德（例如，权利的概念），它不会掺杂着自私的利益。金钱上的奖赏不能激励革命志士的激情和灵魂的强大，而权利的概念本身就可以激励他们，甚至旧的军事贵族的荣誉概念在革命军面前也不值一提。他们 [20]属于人民，将全部热情倾注在人民的权利上，并自视为人民的保护者。因此，身处局外的旁观者对他们的兴奋报以同情，但没有丝毫的意图积极参与他们的事务。

7　人类的预言史

在这些原则中，一定存在着某种道德的东西，理性认为它不仅纯粹而且（因为其伟大而划时代的影响）人类的灵魂将之视为一种责任。再有，它视人类为一个完完全全的人的联盟（不是个体，而是人类作为一个整体），因为他们为普遍、无私的同情必将获得成功而欢欣鼓舞，并不遗余力地促使其成功。

然而，正谈及的这个事不是革命的现象，而是（正如埃尔哈特所说）被自然权利所规定的宪法的演变。这样的一部宪法不能通过激烈的斗争获得，因为内外战争将会毁灭迄今为止一切的法定秩序；但是，它会引领我们为了一个不好战的宪法而奋斗，例如，一个共和宪法。人们所渴望的国家的实际形式可能是共和制，或者它可能只是在治理模式上是共和制的。而国家可能被一个单一的统治者（君主）依法统治，依据一个民族根据普遍的权利原则制定的法律执政。

即使没有预言家的头脑，我现在也坚持认为自己能够通过我们这个时代的方方面面和种种迹象预测人类将会达到这个目的，它将一步步地进步而不会退步。发生在人类历史上的这种现象是不会被忘记的，因为它显示了人性中一种改进的天赋和力量。这种改进是没有哪一个政治家能够通过研究过去的事件想出来的。只有天性和自由，结合权利的原则才能够使我们预测这些。但是事件发生的确切时间必须是不确定的，要看机会。

但是，即使我们所描述事件的预想目的不能在目前情况下实现，或者一个民族的革命或宪法性改革最终失败了，或者如果宪法性改革持续了一段时间，一切将回复其原来的状态（正如政治家现在所预言的那样），我们自身的哲学预言将不会失去其力量。因为发生的事件太重大了，与人类的利益又紧密相连，其广泛影响遍及世界的各个国家，当适宜条件允许的情况下，各个民族都会尝试做同样的事情。由于它是人类

一个如此重大的关切，所设想的宪法必定在某个时刻最终达到稳定的程度，不断重复的经验将会植入每个人的心田。

因此，人类总是在进步并将继续以同样方式发展这一命题，这不仅仅是一个为了实际目的而推出的美好说法。无论不信服者说些什么，它都能在最严格的理论论证中站得住脚。如果一个人不仅考虑可能发生在一个特定国家的事件，而且考虑该事件给地球上可能逐渐参与其中的所有民族带来的影响，那么，一幅远景图就向着无边的未来展开了。当然，这不会是真的。如果自然改变的第一个时代在人类出现之前（根据卡姆帕与布鲁门巴赫所说的）淹没了动物和植物王国的话，那么，随之而来的第二个时代给予人类同样的待遇，以便其他生物可能占领这个舞台，诸如此类。对于全能的自然或者不如说与其难以理解的最高原因相比，人是微不足道的。但是，如果人类的统治者视人为微不足道，并且这样对待他，要么像对待牲畜一样对待他，或者是将其用作达到自己目的的工具，或者是为他设下圈套让他在争斗中厮杀，残害他的同胞，这就不仅仅是一件小事，而是对创造天地的终极目的背叛。

8　针对世界不断进步的准则公开性方面的困难

普遍的启蒙是对于公众就其所属国家的权利和义务的公开指导。由于这只涉及自然权利，以及能够从公众意识中产生的权利，权利的倡导者和诠释者不是国家指定的官员，而是权利教师，也就是，哲学家。后者（权利教师），鉴于他们给予自己的充分自由，是国家的绊脚石，它唯一的愿望是统治；他们因此被授予了启蒙者的称号，被看作是对国家的威胁。然而，他们并不用熟稔的口吻对人民（人民对他们及其作品并不太注意），但是用尊敬的口吻对国家，请求国家把人民的合理需求放在心上。如果一个民族希望诉说自己的疾苦，这样做的唯一办法就是公开性。因此，在关于自然权利的诉求问题上，哪怕仅仅涉及它最低限度的要求，禁止公开将阻碍一个民族的进步。

被某个民族的合法措施所隐瞒的另一件事（这是足够明显的）是宪法的真正属性。对大不列颠的人民说他们生活在绝对君主制下是对其尊严的一种冒犯。据说，其宪法通过两院限制君王的意愿。两院代表的是人民的利益。然而，每个人都清楚地知道君王对这些代表的影响如此之大、如此之万无一失，以至于前面提到的两院根本不作决定，除了殿下所希望和通过大臣们推荐的决定除外。后者不时地推出决定，知道并且确实确认其决定涉及矛盾问题（例如奴隶买卖的废除），仅仅为了证明议会的虚假自由。但是，这种方法暗藏着不鼓励人民寻求真正的、正确的宪法的效果，因为他们以为已经从发生在面前的事例中发现了宪法。因此，一个虚假形式的公开性用君主制受到法律限制[21]的假象欺骗人们，与此同时那些用贿赂赢得的代表秘密地将他们置于一个君主的统治之下。

所有形式的国家都是基于宪法思想建立的。宪法的思想与人的自然权利相一致，因此，那些遵守法律的人也应当与立法者步调一致。如果我们从纯粹理性的角度思考共同体，它可能被称作是不切合实际的理想。这个不切合实际的理想是想象的、空洞的、虚构的事物，是所有市民宪法的外在现象，是停止所有战争的一种手段。建立在此种思想之上并用自由的法律治理的公民社会是实践的一个范例。它只会通过一个费力的过程，并且经过无数次的战争和冲突才会实现。宪法，一旦作为一个整体获得通过，是最有权威阻止战争的，也是所有美好事物的摧毁者。因此，缔造这样一部宪法是我们的责任。与此同时，创立宪法将是一个相当长的过程。君王有责任采取共和的方式治理国家，尽管他们或许会采取独裁统治。换句话说，他们应当依据自由法律的精神对待人民，一个成熟理智的民族会给自己开这样的处方，尽管这些法律在表面上并未征得人民的同意。

9　人类从不断的改进中得到什么益处？

随着人类的前行，其积蓄的好处利益并不是不断增长的道德能量。其态度的合法性将产生不断增长的基于责任的行动，不管这些行动背后的动机是什么。换言之，益处将源自人们更多、更成功的善行，也就是，源自人们道德品质的外在现象。因为我们只有依赖经验数据（我们的经验），而我们的推测依据的是经验数据。也就是说，我们推测的依据是行动的物质上的起因，而不是包含什么应该发生的责任概念的道德动机。道德动机能够由纯粹的推断性思维的过程所决定。

当权者会越来越少地使用暴力，而越来越多地遵从法律。毫无疑问，一个共同体内部在司法行动中会有更多的仁慈，更少的争吵，更多的对信守承诺的信任等等，部分原因是对荣誉的热爱，部分原因是对一个人长处的深刻认识。这最终会延伸到不同人之间的外部关系上，直至一个世界公民社会的建立。然而，这样的进步并不意味着人类道德能力有丝毫的增加，因为这会要求一种新的创造或者超自然的影响。我们不应该对人类不断改进的过程期望太高。我们应当鄙视那些把人民希望进步的愿望看成是头脑过热的政治家。[22]

10　对于进步遵从的顺序，我们期待的是什么？

答案是：不是通常的从下而上，而是从上而下的顺序。

期待在知识和道德文化中教育年轻人，并佐之以宗教教义，先通过家庭指导，然后是由低级到高级的一系列的学校教育，最终不仅把他们变成了合格公民，而且使他们成长为能够不断持续行善的人，这样的计划极少能获得期望的成功。一方面，人们相信教育孩子的费用不应当由他们出，而应当由国家担负。另一方面，国家（正如比兴哀叹的）又没有钱支付给合格的老师，使他们满怀激情地履行职责，因为国家需要把全部的钱用于战争。除此之外，上面所述教育的整个体制将会崩溃，除非它是依据深思熟虑的计划和国家最高权力的意图所设计的，然后不断维持统一的行动。这就意味着国家也要不时改革自己，寻求改革而不是

革命，这样才能不断地进步。但是那些掌管教育者也是人，他们自己也应接受过良好的教育。从人性的脆弱和能够强化其效果的角度看，我们能够期望人类对于进步的希望只有在一个更高智慧的积极条件下才能够实现（我们是看不见的，这叫天佑）。在人类能够完成的一切事务的范围内，或者说可以期待的任何事情，只能通过他们被动的智慧达到目的。在后一种情况下，他们发现他们被迫确保战争的发生，这是道德的最大障碍，进步的始终不变的敌人，首先渐渐变得更加慈善，然后更加不频繁，最后作为侵略的模式而完全消失。他们将进入基于权利基本原则的宪法时代，其特征即为不需要伪装其力量而又有能力不断进步和改进。

结论

一个医生天天都安慰病人，希望他们尽快康复，告诉这个病人他的脉搏好多了，那个病人他的粪便或者是分泌物有了很大改善，等等。这个医生的一个朋友有一天来访，医生的第一个问题是：“你怎么样？我的朋友！你的病怎么样了？”他的朋友回答：“你觉着呢，单单是康复就整得我半死了！”

如果政治上的灾难使得他开始对人类的福利和进步失望，我不会指责他。但是，我对休谟提到的药物抱有信心，因为它应当能够加速病人的痊愈。他说：“当我现在看到卷入战争的各个民族时，就仿佛目睹了两个醉汉在一家瓷器店相互攻击。因为不仅仅是他们彼此造成的伤害需要很长时间康复，他们还必须赔偿造成的所有损失（弗里吉亚人学习智慧太晚了）。”但是当前战争的痛楚将迫使政治预言家们承认，人类必须很快转向更好的方向，而这个转机已经在眼前。

关于人类历史开端的猜想

为了填补历史纪录的空白，在历史纪录叙述的过程中，在各种各样的切入点引入猜想当然是允许的。因为这些空白之前和之后有什么，也就是，较为遥远的原因和相对的后果，能够使我们有合理的自信发现其过程中的原因，因此，进行可以使人理解的干涉。但是，仅仅依靠猜想完成一个历史性的描述比为一部小说草拟出一个计划也强不了多少。的确，这样一种历史记述不能被看作是猜想的历史，仅仅只能被看作是虚构的作品。然而，在涉及那段历史的起点时，自以为是地介绍人类行动的历史也是允许的，因为如果开始是一个自然的产品，它或许可以用猜想的方法获得发现。换言之，这可以不通过创造，而可以从经验中推断，假设历史之初所经历的与现在所经历的相差无几，也谈不上什么不妥。人性中关于自由的最初的发展历史与其后来的发展历史确有不同，因此，必须只依据历史纪录。

然而，猜想不应当提出不恰当的要求，要求我们对其表示赞同。正相反，他们不应当将猜想看作严肃的活动示人，而应当仅仅作为一种练习。这种以理性作支撑的想象或许是一种健康的脑力活动。结果是，这些猜想不能与那些历史描述相提并论。历史描述是对同一事件的记录，这些经过事物检验的记录与出自自然哲学的东西大相径庭。由于这个原因，又由于我要踏上的旅程仅仅是一场愉快之旅，我或许会希望获得一个神圣的文件作为我的地图，同时预测这个插上了想象翅膀的旅程。尽管没有理智的经验的指引，我也将准确地遵循与神圣的历史记录相同的轨迹。读者将把这个文件放在面前，可能会每一步都参照它，看看哲学家在概念的帮助下遵循的路径是否与《圣经》故事所描述的一致。

如果我们不沉湎于漫无边际的猜想，我们必须从人类理智难以推断

出的自然原因入手，即人类的存在入手。这些人类也必须完完全全是成熟的，因为他们没有母亲的养育。他们必须是一对夫妻，这样他们才能够繁衍后代。除此之外，必须是只有一对夫妻，以免这些人是陌生人但彼此接近时发生战争，以免大自然被指责已经遭遇失败，因为它允许来自祖先的后代采取最适当的方法促进社会性，这是人类使命的最终目的。毫无疑问，出自同一个家庭的所有人类的共同后代才是达到这一目的的最好办法。然后，我把这对夫妻放在一个免受野生动物袭击，而大自然提供了一切生存的条件的地方，比如，一个气候温和的花园中。还有，我想象他们并没有处在最原始的状态，而是处在有技巧地使用其自身力量的相当的进化阶段。如果我试图填补这个有相当长时间的鸿沟的话，读者或许会发现太多的推测、太少的可能性。第一人类可以站立和行走。他可以说话， [23]的确能说话，也就是，在有条理的概念的帮助下说话，最终思考。这些都是他必须为自己着想要获得的技能（如果技能是特有的，也是能继承的，这与经验不一样）。我假设他已经拥有了这些技能，因为我希望仅仅从道德的角度考虑人类行为的发展。这有必要假设他们已经拥有了这些技能。

最初，新来者必须完全依靠本能的指引，即所有动物都听从上帝的命令：允许其享用某些东西，如食物，但是同时禁止他使用其他的东西（《创世纪》，III，2-3）。然而，这也没有必要假定某种特别的本能已经失去。它可能只是嗅觉和味觉器官，还有存在于后者和消化器官之间的某种通感。换句话说，是一种时至今日仍明显存在的能力，即事先能够意识到一种食物是否适合食用的能力。我们甚至不用假定这种感知在第一对夫妻身上比现在的人更敏锐，因为众所周知，只运用感知的人的感知能力与那些还进行思考的人差别巨大，后者对自身的感知较少注意。

只要缺乏经验的人遵循自然的召唤，他就是幸福的。但是，理性很快会让人感到它的存在，并且寻求超越本能的界限扩大食物的知识。它

通过比较平时饮食和不同于本能的、在属性上却相似的官能，例如视觉感受（《创世纪》，III，6），做到了这一点。即使本能没有建议做这些，这个实验也有成功的可能，只要本能没有与之背道而驰。但是，正是理性的特性使得理性在想象力的帮助下能够产生欲望，这欲望不仅缺乏相应的自然的推动力，而且与后者不一致。这种欲望，被认为是淫荡，渐渐地造成一整套多余的、甚至是不自然的淫荡倾向。最初想摒弃这种自然冲动的倾向或许很微弱。但是第一次实验的结果是具有重大意义的，人类开始意识到其理性的存在，这种天赋可以超越所有动物所受的限制。这对人类的生活方式起着决定性的作用。这或许只是一种果子，因为它与他之前品尝到的那些果子看上去相似，这鼓励着他去尝试。或许还有一个动物的例子，尽管某种食物对人类有相反或是有害的影响，这种食物对这种动物有着天然的对抗。然而，这给了理性最初的诱导，让它与自然的命令相对抗（《创世纪》，III，1），尽管这遭到自然的反对，但是自由地选择做尝试，又因为尝试是第一次，或许并不能获得期望的结果。不管伤害多么微小，它已足够让人们的眼界大开（《创世纪》，III，7）。他发现了自身选择生活道路的一种能力，不必像其他动物一样被某种生存方式所束缚。但是，实现这种优势的短暂快感瞬间被他应当如何运用新发现的能力所引起的焦虑和恐惧所替代，因为他不知道这隐藏的财富或者其长远的影响是什么。跟以前一样，他站在了一个悬崖的边缘。本能指引他得到所渴望得到的每个物体，现在众多的物体展现在面前，他还不知道如何在它们中间作出选择。现在既然他已经尝到了自由的滋味，再让他回到本能支配的状态已经不可能了。

大自然给予每个个体的本能除了对食物的本能以外还有性的本能。大自然通过性的本能确保每种生物的生存。一旦理性觉醒，它在这一领域的影响也会被感受到。男人们很快发现性的驱动力对动物来说仅仅是阶段性的，而对他们来说不仅可以延长，甚至可以由于想象力的作用而变得更为兴奋。尽管想象力的对象离感觉越远，它发挥的作用就越小，

但是它更加频繁地起作用，从而避免纯粹的动物欲望得到满足之后所产生的厌倦感。无花果树叶与其说是发展的第一个阶段的佐证，不如说是更加强大的理性的产物。因为将物体撤离感官以制造一种更加紧密和长久的趋势本身已经显示了对于冲动的某种理性的控制，这不像在理性第一阶段那样仅仅是一种能力，多多少少地听从冲动的摆布。拒绝是一种办法。它是理想主义的助推器：它展现了从纯粹的动物欲望发展成爱情的过程，也展现了从单纯是惬意的感觉到对美的欣赏（最初只限于对人本身的美的欣赏，后来也包括欣赏大自然的美）。进一步来说，人类作为一个有道德的生物发展的第一个动力是他的彬彬有礼，他通过礼仪赢得其他人的尊重（例如，藏起一切可能引起蔑视的举动），也作为所有社交的适宜的基础。像这样一个小小的开端，对于开启思想的新方向具有划时代意义的效果，这比随后的、一系列的文化发展更为重要。

理性在介入人基本的、立即感受到的需求之后，它所采取的第三个步骤反映在对未来的预测上。这一能力不仅仅是享受现在的生活，而且是看到未来——常常是不久的将来。这是人类优势最具决定性的证据。因为具有了这种预见性，人类能够为长远的目标做好准备。但是由于这同样的能力，当它预见到不确定性时，会产生最无穷无尽的担心和焦虑。这一点所有其他动物都不必承受（《创世纪》，III，13-19）。那些需要供养自己、妻子、和未来的孩子的男人们预料到了他们工作的负担。女人们预料到了大自然给她们的性别添加上的辛苦（生养孩子），还有更有权势的丈夫们要其承受的困苦。男女两性都理解并预料到了，在辛劳工作一生的尽头，在这幅图画的背景中，所有动物都需要面临却并不被关注的命运，即死亡。他们仿佛谴责自己，把用理智给自己带来的所有病痛看作是一种罪过。或许他们唯一的安慰和保证是在后代身上延续。他们后代的命运或许好于他们，或许作为一个家庭的成员，能够消除父母们的痛苦（《创世纪》，III，16—20）。

理智走的第四步也是最后一步，是把人类提升到了高于动物世界的

境地，即理性意识到人是大自然真正的目的，地球上没有谁能够在这一点上与其抗衡。当他第一次对着羊群说“你身上的羊毛是大自然给你的，但不是给你用的，而是给我的”，然后他剥下羊皮穿在自己身上（《创世纪》，III，21），他意识到凭借人性他比所有的动物都享有优先权。他现在不再把这些动物看成是同胞了，而把它们看作是他达到目的的手段和工具。这一动向表明，对如下区别的认识，即人不能像对待动物一样对待其他的人，而应当把他们看作能够平分大自然礼物的人。这就作了一个铺垫，为理性在对待同胞时强加在人类意愿中的种种限制作个铺垫。这种铺垫对建立一个社会更重要，比爱情和天生的倾向更重要。

因此，人类与所有理性的生物享有平等的地位，不管他们处于什么等级，因为他可以宣称自己就是目的，也让别人接受他，不被其他生物用作达到其目的的工具。这不能仅仅被看作是满足种种倾向的一个手段，是人与更高级生物无条件平等的基础。因为即使更高级生物在天赋上无可比拟地比他优越，他们也没有权利随心所欲地利用他。结果是，这个理智的第四步就是人类从自然的子宫中释放出来。这种地位上的改变毫无疑问地带给他荣耀，与此同时也带来了危险。因为这种改变把他从无害的、安全的童年的保护花园中赶出来扔到了广阔的世界上。这个花园不需要他做什么而给他提供了一切，而在这个世界上则有那么多的忧虑、劳作和未知的魔鬼在静候着他。在未来，生活的艰辛将唤起他对伊甸园的向往，在那里他可以在安静和永久和平的环境中做梦或者虚度光阴。但是，焦躁不安的理性无法抗拒地驱使他发展天生的能力，它站在他和想象中天赐的福祉中间，不让他回到粗野的简单的状态中去（《创世纪》，III，24）。理性要求他耐心听命于他所厌恶的劳作，完成他所鄙视的琐事，甚至忘记对死亡的恐惧进而喜欢所有那些琐事，并害怕失去它们。

注解

从对人类最早的历史记述中可以得出如下的结论：人类从伊甸园——这个人类理性的第一个家园——中出现是人类从粗鲁、纯粹的动物状态过渡到人类的状态，从本能主导的状态到理性主导的状态，一言以蔽之，从自然庇护的状态到自由的状态。当我们考虑人类的目的地时，他通过这样的变化使有所失还是有所得不再是一个问题，而是相当简单地通向完美的进步过程。不管他的第一次尝试有多少缺点，即使他们被允许作一系列进一步的尝试，当这一事业代表的是整个种群由坏到好的进程，而就个体而言，情况却不是这样。在理性觉醒之前，没有禁忌和戒条，因此，触犯禁忌也是不可能的。但是，当理性不顾其自身的弱小开始起作用，不遗余力地与兽性发生激烈冲突之时，罪恶可能因而产生。更为糟糕的是，随着理性的增长，灾难出现了；这些灾难与幼稚天真的状态完全不同。因此，从道德的角度说，这个国家的第一步是一种衰退。从自然的角度来说，这种衰退是一种惩罚，因为它导致了迄今为止许多不为人知的罪恶的出现。然而，自然的历史始于善，因为这是上帝的作品；但是，自由的历史始于恶，因为这是人类的作品。对于只看个人自由的行使的个体而言，这样的转变代表的是失去。对于关注种群结果的大自然，它代表的是获得。因此，个体有理由为自己忍受的所有苦难和所犯的所有罪行而责怪自己。但是与此同时，作为人类种群的一个成员，他有理由敬佩并且赞扬这个总体安排的智慧与目的性。这样才有可能相互和解，并且有理由使常常遭到误解、显然自相矛盾的让·雅克·卢梭的主张相互协调。在其论文《关于科学的影响》和《关于人的不平等》中，他相当正确地展示了在文化和人类种族之间存在着不可避免的矛盾。人类每个个体是要完成各自使命的。在他的《爱弥儿》《社会契约论》和其他作品中，卢梭试图逐一地解决更加困难的问题，例如，文化应当采取什么样的动因才能确保人的能力适当地发展，才能确保与他们的目标保持一致，以便这个道德的目标不再与他作为自然种类的特性相矛盾。因为文化或许还没有真正地开始，更不要说完善了。它的发展与人作为人类和公民真正的教化原则相一致，上述矛盾是压迫人

类生活的所有罪恶的来源，是使人类蒙羞的一切罪恶的来源。[24]与此同时，那些被指责为恶行的原因的冲动本身是善的，是在发挥自然赋予的能力。但是，因为这些能力是适应于自然状态的，它们随着文化的发展受到了削弱，它们自身又削弱了文化，直到艺术达到完美，又一次成为自然为止，而这是人类道德命运的最高目标。

历史的终结

下面的一个阶段，人类开始从休闲和平时代转向到劳作不和谐时代，这成为社会整合的前奏。这里我们必须制造另一个飞跃，突然地让人类拥有家禽和庄稼，让他们能够为了繁衍而播种（《创世纪》，IV，2）。事实上，从野蛮的狩猎生活到田园生活，从挖树根摘野果到第二阶段的农耕状态，这个过程也可能是逐渐发生的。正是在这时，矛盾不可避免地出现在了那些一直和平共处的人们中间，结果是这些生活方式不一样的人们分开并分布到了全世界。田园生活不仅悠闲而且在人烟稀少的国度里，动物们也不缺乏草料。农业或者说种庄稼需要相当的劳作，而且因恶劣天气的影响而没有保障。农业也要求定居，拥有土地，要有足够的力量保护土地。然而，牧民们厌恶这样的财产权，因为这限制了他们放牧的自由。由于农业的这些特点，农民或许嫉妒牧民，认为牧民受到上帝的宠爱（《创世纪》，IV，4）。但是，事实上牧民给农民造成了诸多不便，只要牧民在邻里活动，吃草的动物也不会放过农民的庄稼。牧民很容易地赶着他的动物逃走，从而避免为造成的损失支付任何赔偿，因为他什么也没有留下，他能轻易地在另一个地方找到他所需要的。因此，农民毫无疑问地不得不采用武力避免受到侵犯，而他的对手并不认为侵入是非法的。由于如此的侵入不能完全得到杜绝，毫无疑问，他最终被迫尽可能地远离那些过着放牧生活的人们，除非他希望失去长时间辛勤努力的成果（《创世纪》，IV，16）。这种农民与牧民的分离标志着第三阶段的开始。

当人们依靠耕种土地谋生时（特别是种植树木），他们需要永久的住处，而保护这些财产免于被侵占需要一大群人相互帮助。因此，采取这种生活方式的人就不能分散居住，而是聚集在一起建立的村庄里（这被不太确切地称为城镇），以便保护他们的财产免遭野蛮的狩猎者或者游牧部落的破坏。生活模式的变化使得交换成为第一需要（《创世纪》，IV，20）。这使得文化和艺术起源不仅仅是一种消磨时光的手段，而且是一种职业（《创世纪》，21f）。但是首先这也意味着需要采取步骤建立一个市民宪法以及公开地监管公平。最初，这些事情毫无疑问仅仅关注大的暴力行为。而惩罚这种行为的权利现在不再像野蛮时代那样留给个人解决，而是指定给了一个能够服务并团结大众的合法政府，也就是，这样的一个政府，其本身不受暴力的统治（《创世纪》，IV，23f）。从这些最初的原始的开端开始，所有人类的天资现在渐渐地发展了，其中最为有益的是社会性和公众安全。人类能够繁衍，像蜂巢里的蜜蜂一样繁殖，从中心向各个方向输送经过文明教化的殖民者。这个时期还见证了人类不平等的开始；人类的不平等是种种罪恶之源，也是种种善行之源。此后不平等继续加深。

只要信奉上帝为主人的诺曼底的牧民继续成群地围着受一个人类主人或者公民权力的统治（《创世纪》，IV，4）[25]的城市居民和农民打转，并且宣称自己是所有土地拥有者的敌人，不友好地对待后者，同时也被后者憎恨，那么，这两者之间就会不停地陷入战争，或者至少是存在战争的危险。但是，作为敌对状态的一个结果，两国至少享受着内部自由这一无价财产（因为，即便是在现在，战争的危险也是唯一防止独裁统治的办法，因为一个国家必须有财富才会强大，没有自由就不能进行财富产生活动。一个穷国会用大量的努力来保持公共财富以补偿财富的缺乏，除非这个国家意识到这种努力只能够由人们自由创造，否则也是不可能的）。然而，随着时间的推移，城市居民的奢侈不断增长，特别是城市妇女充满诱惑力的艺术超过了原野上粗野的通奸，对于牧民一定是一个强大的诱惑，使他们与城市妇女建立关系，并使他们加入到城

镇生活的悲惨中（《创世纪》，IV，2）。这两个以前敌对人群的最终融合结束了战争的危险，但是，也终结了自由。一方面，这导致了强大的暴政的毁灭，因为文化对于那些毫无灵魂的奢侈和最为卑鄙的奴隶制只是刚刚开始，并且掺杂着不文明国家的不道德行为。另一方面，人类也偏离了大自然为其设定好的事业，即不断培养自己向善的能力。人类的目标是统治地球而不是过着沉溺于粗鲁和奴役的生活，因此，这种状态根本与人类不匹配（《创世纪》，IV，17）。

结束语

善于思考的人们会感到不适，这种不适甚至可能导致道德沦丧。对于那些不思考的人来说，他们对这种不适全然不知。这种不适是因为考虑不周引起的，即对天意的不满，而作为一个整体世界的进程是由天意主宰的。当他们思考着如此严重压制人类的罪恶时，他们感受到了一种毫无希望改进的情绪。然而，最为重要的是我们应当对天意感到满足，尽管天意给我们在地球上铺就的道路是艰辛的。我们应当对天意感到满足，一方面为了让我们即使身处困难之中仍然具有勇气，一方面为了不让我们去责怪这些罪恶，从而也不让我们看到对罪恶应负的责任，因而失去提高自己以补救罪恶的机会。

我们不得不承认，压迫文明民族的最大罪恶是战争，不是过去或者现在的实际战争，而是不断增长的对未来战争的准备。国家的所有资源，所有应当用于进一步增进文化发展的成果都被用于为这一目的服务。自由在很多地区蒙难，国家本应当对于其每个成员进行母亲般的照料，却被粗暴的苛政所取代（尽管这种苛政是以害怕外部的危险为理由）。但是如果对战争的实时恐惧不能迫使一国之君表现出对人性的尊重的话，那么我们会达到现在的文明程度吗？会形成为了增进人们的福利而出现一个共同体内不同的社会阶层之间密切合作的局面吗？我们是不是仍遭遇同样的人们，遭遇即使有很严格的法律仍依然存在的那种程

度的自由吗？我们只需要看看中国就明了了。中国的地理位置偶尔将其暴露在难以预料的侵入中，却不会让其受到一个强大的敌人所攻击。我们看到，由于这个原因，中国哪怕一点点的自由都被剥夺了。只要人类文明仍然保持在现阶段，战争就是使其发展的一个不可避免的手段。只有当文明达到其完全发展阶段——只有上帝知道这个阶段何时到来——永久的和平才能够实现并且惠及我们。与此相联，我们当然也只有为那些我们如此痛恨的罪恶而责怪自己。《圣经》相当公正地承认，如果在各民族间的文化还未融合之际，将各国融合为一个社会，使其能从外部危险中彻底解放，那么这样做只会阻碍文明的进一步发展，使社会衰退到不可补救的腐败中。

人类对大自然规律的另一个不满是生命的短暂。的确，任何一个人，如果不停地希望生命或许比它实际的长度要长，那他一定不欣赏生命的价值，因为延长生命仅仅是增加了由无休止的挣扎所组成的一部戏剧的长度。然而，我们或许应该原谅那些恐惧死亡而又不热爱生命的天真的看法，那些连每天对生存感到某种程度的满意都困难的人，却又总是对重复这一痛苦经历的日子过不够的人。但是如果我们停下来想一想寻求如何度过如此短暂一生的办法所受到的所有关照，还有强加在仅仅持续很短的一段时间的享乐之上的所有不公平，那么我们因此有理由得出结论说八百年或者更长的生命时长对我们没有好处。父亲们生活在害怕儿子的恐惧中；弟兄们生活在害怕弟兄的恐惧中；朋友们生活在害怕朋友们的恐惧中。如此长寿的一个种族可能达到这样的境地，它的命运不会好，倒不如让一场全球性的水灾将他们冲离地球（《创世纪》VI，12f）。

第三个愿望是回忆诗歌中高度赞扬的那一个黄金时代（这个愿望实际上是一个空洞的渴望，因为这个目标不会实现）。在那样的时代里，我们假定从所有想象的需求中解脱，我们满足于大自然提供的必需品，人与人之间有着完全的平等和永久的和平。一句话，有一种纯粹的无忧

无虑的生活享受，在懒散的梦境和孩童般的天真玩耍中挥霍时间。这种渴望使得鲁宾逊·克鲁索的奇遇和南海各岛之行如此的富有魅力。但是，广义上说，它们是种表象，即善于思索的人们在愉悦中寻求价值时所感受到的文明生活的疲惫，还有一旦理智提醒他们应当通过行动给生命以意义的时候，则他们会退回到慵懒状态。这种渴望回归简单和无知的过去的愿望，其空虚和无聊已经在前面对于人类原始状态的描述中得到展现。我们看到人类不可能一直保持这种状态，因为这种状态不会使他满足。一旦离开这种状态，他就不会回去。结果是他必须继续将他现在的条件和困难归因于自己和自己的选择。

对于人类历史的描述对人有益，倘若这历史中有下面的内容，这也将指导和改进他的行为：这历史必须告诉他不要为压迫他的罪恶而责怪上苍，并且他没有权利把自己的错误归咎于前辈；例如，指责前辈把犯同样错误传递给了后代，因为没有什么武断的行动是可以遗传的。这部历史应当展示给他的是，他有理由感谢其先辈，并且对错误地运用理智而犯下的罪恶负责，因为他完全有能力意识到在同等条件下他会有同样的表现，并且他第一次运用理智会犯错误（即使大自然建议他不要那样做）。一旦关于道德罪恶的这一点得到正确理解，客观存在的罪恶就很难破坏成就与错误相互权衡的这一平衡。

因此，在哲学的帮助下，从描述人类最早历史的尝试中可以得出如下结论：我们应当对上帝和其对人类事务的整体安排感到满意。这个事业并不是始于善，然后走向恶，而是逐渐地由坏发展到更好。大自然感召每一个人尽其所能对这一进步的历程作出贡献。

[1]我今天（9月30日）在比兴9月13日的《每周消息》（Wöchentliche Nachrichten）上读到关于这个月《柏林月评》（Berlinische Monatsschrift）的一个通告。通告提到雅科布·路德维希·费利克斯·门德尔松·巴托尔迪（德国犹太裔作曲家——译者注）对我已经回答的同一个问题的回答。我还没有看到这本杂志，否则的话我会犹豫是否发表上述看法。我只想让他们发现两个个体的想法会碰巧一致。

[2]一个可继承的王国并不是一个可以被另一个国家继承的国家。只有统治这个国家的权力可以遗赠给另一个人。在这种情况下，国家需要一个统治者，但是这样的一个统治者（也就是，一个已经有另一个王国的人）并不拥有这个国家。

[3]迄今为止，人们仍在怀疑除了禁止性法律和劝诫性法律之外是否还有许可性法律。因为所有法律都包含一个客观的、实践中可行的因素作为某种行动的理由，而一个许可只靠实际的偶发事件。因此，一个许可性法律是强制某事，但这件事无法强迫人去做，如果这种法律的对象与许可的对象一致，那么矛盾就出现了。但是，上面第二条提到的许可性法律，最初的禁止仅适用于未来要求权利的模式（例如，继承），而禁止的例外情况（也就是，法律的许可性部分）适用于国家的政治财产。依据以自然权利为基础的许可性法律，当前的国家可以被许可保持平稳即使自然状态已经被公民社会所取代。即使当前的财产是不合法的，他们也是诚实的。一旦推定的财产被认定为推定的，则此财产是被禁止的，不仅在自然状态中而且在公民社会中也是如此（如果财物的状态是推定的）。如果是在公民社会中，继续占有是不被允许的，假定的占有物一旦被发现是非法占有，则必须立刻停止占有，因为这是一种侵权行为。
我这里的意图仅仅只是简要地向自然权利的鼓吹者指出许可性法律的概念。这个概念在理性的系统性分工中自动地展现了自己。它特别值得一提，因为它时常被用在国内法和成文法中，有一个不同就是法律中禁止的部分独立地存在，许可性部分作为限制性条件不包括法律条文本身，而是在附加的条款中以囊括个案。这样的法律通常表述为这个或那个是被禁止的，除非是在个案一、二、三以至无穷。许可性条款仅仅偶然地加在法律中，并不依据任何确定的原则，而是通过对某个个案的回顾附加到法律上。否则，限制性条款只得包括在禁止性法律中，它由此可能成为许可性条款。因此，那个由智慧而思路清晰的绅士温狄史格里兹伯爵提出的精巧但尚未解决的竞赛问题很快被放弃真是一种遗憾，因为它可能解决我们现在讨论的司法困境。找到一个像数学公式一样的世界性模式的可能性是对立法的一致性的真正考验。没有它，所谓的确切的法律必然仅仅是一个善良的愿望。否则，我们只能有一般的法（例如，在一般情况下有效的法），但是却没有普遍的法（即普遍有效的法律），而普遍的法这一概念是一部法律要求具有的。

[4]一般的假定是一个人不能对另一个人采取敌对性行为，除非他已经被他人伤害。如果双方都是在一个合法的公民状态时，这是完全正确的。一个人已经进入了这样一种状态，就给另一个人提供了保障，因为双方都服从同一个权威。但是，人（或者一个民族）在一个纯粹自然的状态中让我感觉不到这种安全。他和我共存的这种状态伤害了我。他或许没有主动地（事实上）伤害我，但是，他处于无法律约束的状态伤害了我，因为他对我是一种永久的威胁。我能够要求他或者与我一起进入一个共同的法治状态，或者离开我。下面所列条款依据的假设是所有相

互影响的人必须遵循某种市民宪法。但是任何宪法，就生活在其下的人们而言，将归属于下面三种类型：
（1）依据一国内个人的公民权利的宪法；（2）依据国家间相互关系的国际权利的宪法；（3）依据世界性公民权利的宪法，个体和国家在一个相互影响的关系中共存，他们或许被看作是一个世界性国家的公民。这个分类，谈及永久和平的想法，并非随心所欲，而是必然的。即使一方能够影响另一方，而他自己却保持一种自然状态，这就会有战争危险。这正是上述条款所要禁止的。

[5]正当的（例如，外部的）自由，不能像通常所想的那样，定义为一个想做什么就做什么的授权令，除非它意味着对他人做不公平的事。授权令意味着什么？它意味着以某种方式行事的可能性，只要这种举动不会对别人造成不公平。因此，授权令的定义可以表述如下：自由是行动的可能性，其行动不会给他人造成不公平。也就是说，我们不做对别人不公平的事（不管我们实际上会做什么）。然而，这个定义是一个空洞的赘述。事实上，我的外部的、正当的自由应当被定义为一个授权令，除非我自己同意，否则我不遵守任何外部的法律。同样，一个国家内的外部的、正当的平等是公民之间没有人能够将他人置于法律责任之下而自己同时不被置于相同的法律责任之下（我们不需要界定司法依赖的原则，因为它总是隐含在一个政治性宪法的概念之中）。这些与生俱来、不可分割的权利的有效性，人类必然的属性，被一个原则所确认和强化，即人可能与更高层次的生物产生法律关系（如果他相信有后者的话）。因为他或许认为自己是先验世界的一个公民，同样的原则也适用于这个世界。至于我的自由，我甚至不承担神法规定给我的任何义务（我只能靠理性识别它们），除非我自己能够对它们表示我的同意，因为我能形成神法的观念也是基于自己理性的自由法则。至于我能想象到的、与最高贵的生物相联系的平等的原则，除上帝之外，如果我和这一高等生物都在我们自己的岗位上履行我们的职责，为什么是我有责任遵守法律而他享受命令的特权？这是没有道理的。但是，这一平等的原则（不像自由的原则）不能运用到我与上帝的关系中，因为上帝是唯一的生物，对他来说，责任的概念在其身上不再有效。
但是，关于作为主体所有公民的平等权利，我们或许要问一个世袭的贵族是否有资格享用。对这个问题的回答完全取决于哪一个更被看重，是国家授予的高级地位还是本人所取得的成就。现在很显然的是，如果等级是生而就被授予的，那么是否成就（在某人岗位上的技能和贡献）会与等级相伴而来则是非常不确定的。这相当于赋予一个得到偏爱的人领导地位而不管他是否在其岗位上取得成绩，在原始契约中，这不会被公众意愿所接受，毕竟这是所有权利背后的原则，因为一个贵族并不一定是一个高尚的人。至于一个掌权的贵族，例如，因为成绩所获得的地方高级治安官品级，品级对这个人而言不是附属的财产，而是这个人所占有的位置，这并不违反平等的原则。当一个人放弃了他的职位之后，他同时也辞去了他的品级而重新成为人民中的一员。

[6]许多人批评高调地授予统治者称号是奢侈的奉承，但是这对我来说是没有道理的事。因为让这片土地的统治者变得高傲倒不如让他们的心灵怀有谦卑。如果他是一个有知性的人（我们必须这样假定），他将会反思他接管了一个对人类而言太过巨大的办公室。这个办公室掌管着上帝在这个地球上最为神圣的机构即人的权利。他将始终活在惊恐中，害怕以什么方式伤害了上

帝最为有价值的个人财产。

[7]马莱·迪·旁在他华丽而空洞的写作中吹嘘说，他根据多年的经验最终被大主教的名言所征服：“让蠢蛋们就政府的形式争论不休吧，管理最好的政府就是最好的。”如果这意味着管理最好的政府就是管理得最好的政府，那么他就打开了一个坚果（正如斯威福特所做的那样）而得到了一个虫子的奖赏。如果这意味着管理最好的政府也是最好类型的政府（也就是，最好的宪法），那就完全错了。好的政府并不能说明是好的类型的政府。的确，谁能比提图斯或者马可·奥勒留统治得要好，然而，一个将王位传给了多米提安，另一个传给了康茂德；这在有一部完善宪法的国家中是不会发生的，因为他们不适合统治者这个职位的事实早为人所知，他们的继任者也足够强大，能够把不称职者排除在继承的行列之外。

[8]一个保加利亚的王子对友善地提出用决斗解决纠纷的希腊皇帝说：“一个有钳子的铁匠不会用双手把滚烫的铁从炭火中取出。”

[9]当战争结束，当和平降临，一个民族在感恩节之后指定一天为赎罪日也不为过。上天会以国家的名义饶恕人类，饶恕他们不断犯下的大罪，因为国家就是不在国际关系中遵从一个有法律的体制。每个国家以独立而引以为豪，愿意采用野蛮的战争手段，尽管战争不能产生出国家所渴望的权利结果。在战争中每次胜利的感恩节，每次对万军之主（用以色列人的方式）哼唱的赞歌，都很明显地与人类之父的道德概念恰恰相反。因为除了展示国家在追求他们共同权利的方式上的冷漠之外，他们实际上还为毁灭数不清的人及其幸福的行为而高兴。

[10]如果我们希望给这个伟大的帝国起个名字，以它称呼自己的方式给它命名（例如，China，而非Sina或者任何其他的类似形式），我们只需借鉴一下吉奥尔基写的《藏语字母表》的第651页到654页。根据彼得堡的费舍教授所说，它实际上没有一个自己的固定名字。最为常见的一个名字是金，意思是金子（藏族人称它为Ser）。这就解释了为什么皇帝被称作黄金之王（世界上最辉煌之地）。这个字显然在中国发Chin的音，但是被意大利传教士读为Kin，是因为意大利人不会发喉音。同样也应当看到，罗马人称之为Ser的国家实际上就是中国。丝绸就是从中国途经大西藏到达欧洲的（或许穿过小西藏、布哈拉和波斯）。这引发了关于这个古老而特别的国家的众多猜测，将它与印度相比较，猜测它与西藏地区和日本的关系。但是相邻国家称之为Sina或者Tschina却没有什么道理。

或许古老但迄今为止奇怪的位于欧洲和西藏的群落可以解释为海西基记录的圣职者的呐喊。根据吉奥尔基的《藏语字母表》，Concioa一字的意思是上帝。这个字看上去像Konx，希腊人或许轻易地发音为pax。但是Om被拉·克洛泽翻译为“保佑”，如果说涉及神性的话就是有福之人的意思。当弗朗西斯科问西藏喇嘛他们如何看待上帝时，他总是得到这样的答案：“上帝是所有那些神圣的人的群体。”因此，神秘的Konx Ompax或许是“神圣上帝的智慧”的意思，即遍及世界的至高存在，也就

是，自然人格化。我们最初的考虑应当有助于解释这个神秘的名字如何从西藏传到希腊。同样，这种影响可能是这样，即欧洲最早经西藏地区与中国发生了联系，或许比与印度交往更早。

[11]人是自然界的一部分。在自然界的机制中，其生存依靠某种基本的形式。我们只有将它归结为一个世界性的创造者事先决定了这一切，（大自然的）这种形式对我们来说才变得容易理解。我们把这种已定的影响称作上天的旨意，进一步定义为原始天意，因为它从远古时期延续。因为它根据有目的的宇宙法则延续自然的使命，我们称之为统治的天意。如果天意实现了某种目的，而人不能预示到其存在只能由结果猜测，这被称作指导性天意。最后，如果单个事件被看作是天意使然，我们便不再说是天意，而是一种特殊的施与。但是，如果有人宣称他能认识到这一点，那就是一种愚蠢的狂妄自大，因为这就意味着一个奇迹的诞生，即使发生的事件没有被特别地描述为奇迹性的话。因为不管它如何神奇或卑微，从一个单个事件中得出结论说，事件由一个特别的原则所左右，或者说事件本身是一个结果，不仅仅是另一个我们所全然不知的自然、机械的结果所导致，这是荒唐而自负的。同样，根据世界上的物体将天意分类，将它分为普遍的和特指的，就像文字记载中所提到的天意照看着各种各样的生物种类，但是也留下机会照顾个体，这样也是错误和自相矛盾的。说天意普遍存在的意思是没有哪一个个体应当被排除在外。然而，这种分类方式或许意味着表示天意由不同的方式实现。这也许是普遍性的（例如，每年出现的死亡和由于季节变化而产生的自然的复苏），或者是特殊性的（例如，海洋流将树木运送到北极海岸，而这种树在当地无法生长，从而给当地居民提供了生存资料）。后一种情况，我们能够解释某种现象的自然机制（例如，河床被森林覆盖，于是树可能掉入河里，被诸如墨西哥湾流的水流带走）。另一方面，我们必须不能忽视目的论（认为事物的发生和发展都是为了达到一定目的——译者注），它显示掌管自然的一个智慧的机构的前瞻性。但是，这个天佑和天意的概念，在当前的学术界，是过剩的。第一，试图给迥然不同的事物戴上挽具（如同给神话传说中的狮身鹰首兽戴上给马戴的挽具一样）是自相矛盾的，指出一个生物其本身是世界发展的完全动因就必须在世界性事件发生期间提供他自己的先决天意。例如，说医生作为上帝的助理治愈病人就是荒唐的。如果我们上升到那个最高的原始原因，上帝是医生及其所有药物的制造者，效果必须完全归因于他。这个原因理论上说我们理解不了。换句话说，它也可以完全上升到医生，只要我们把遭质疑的事件当作自然的规律对待，当作在地球上发生的事物的系列事件来解释。第二，如果我们采取这样的态度，我们就被剥夺了所有一定的原则，而我们通过这些原则评判效果。但是神的赞同概念是完全可以接受的，的确在道德和实践上是必要的，这是指玄奥的精神世界。例如，我们可以说我们不应当停止朝着善的方向努力，因为我们相信上帝会弥补我们所缺乏的正直，甚至是以我们所不能理解的方式，只要我们的态度足够诚恳。然而，没有人会用这样的论点去解释一个好的、被当作一个世俗事件的举动，因为这会假定玄奥的理论知识，我们如此宣称是很荒唐的。

[12]在所有的生活方式中，猎人的生活方式是与一个文明宪法最格格不入的。对于一个家庭来说，不得不分离地生活很快就会彼此成为陌生人，最终在广阔的森林中分散开来，彼此之间充满敌意，因为每个人都需要一大片区域以获得衣食。对诺亚提出的禁止食血的命令（《创世

纪》VIIII，2—6）看上去不为别的，而是专为禁止猎人的生活方式而设立。这一定包括吃生肉，假如禁止吃生肉，食血就不可能了。这种禁忌常常被强调，后来被犹太基督教徒强加在新入教的异教徒身上，但是有着不同的意图（第15、20、21、25条）。

[13]下面的问题或许会被提出。如果大自然的意图是让这些寒冷的海岸无人居住，如果大自然不再给他们提供漂浮的树木，这种情况的确可能发生，那么会对当地居民产生怎样的影响？因为我们可以相信随着当地文化的进步，温带地区的居民会更好地利用生长在河岸两边的树木，不让这些树木倒入水中并漂流到大海里。我应当回答说：那些住在鄂毕河、叶尼塞河、勒拿河等沿岸的人会以贸易的方式提供，用树木换取动物产品。北冰洋岸边出产丰富的动物产品。他们只会在大自然迫使他们彼此和平地一起生活的时候才会这么做。

[14]宗教差别——一个古怪的表达！仿佛我们要谈论不同的道德观。当然有不同的历史信条，虽然这些与宗教本身没有关系，只是与深化宗教途径的办法相关，因此属于历史研究的范畴。或许有多种不同的宗教书，但是，只能有一个宗教对所有人在所有的时间内有效。因此，不同的信条只可能是宗教的工具。这些是偶发的，可能随着时间和地点的变化而变化。

[15]这些是理性的许可法。它允许一个公权利的国家持续存在，即使它受到了不公正的影响，直到导致一场彻底革命的一切条件成熟，或者是为一场和平方式的革命做好了准备。任何合法的体制，即使它仅仅是在小范围内属于合法的，也比什么都没有要好一些。不成熟的改革的命运即为无政府状态。因此，政治上的深谋远虑，正如目前情况所表明的，就是将进行适合公权利理想的改革作为一项任务。但是，当革命是被自然本身所引发的时候，就不能将革命当作进行更大压迫的理由，而应当将其看作是自然的召唤，召唤建立一个基于自由原则之上的合法体制，因为这样一个彻底的改革才是惟一能够持续下去的。

[16]人们或许会怀疑是否植根于人性中的与生俱来的邪恶影响了共同生活在一个国度的人们，因为一个人或许会引证他们尚未发展的文化（例如，他们的野蛮性）作为其想法的不合法因素的成因。但是，在国家间的外部关系中，这种邪恶是相当不加掩饰、无可辩驳地明显存在的。在每一个国家中，这种邪恶被体现在国内法中的高压政治所掩盖，因为公民间彼此动武的倾向被更加强大的力量——政府所抵消。这不仅仅使整体蒙上了一层道德的遮羞布，而且也终结了无法无天状况的爆发。它使得人们的道德能力发展为一种对权利的即时尊重变得容易了很多；因为每一个人都相信他能够保持权利概念的神圣并且忠诚地遵守它，但愿他能确定所有其他的人会做同样的事，并且政府又部分地能为他作出保障。这就向道德准则迈了一大步，向一个义务的概念得到承认的国家迈了一大步，不管能否有可能的收获作为回报。但是，由于每个个人，尽管自认为很好，却假设其他人不忠诚，人们因此彼此评价，结果是他们自己都没有多少价值，尽管“为什么是这样”的讨论没有意义，我们不能责怪人类作为一个自由生物的天性。对于权利概念的尊重，以及人类绝对没有能力拒绝权利概念的现实给以下理论一个最庄严的认可，即每个人都明白他自己必须遵循权利原则，不管其他人会如何表现。

[17]人们能在加尔费1788年的专著《关于道德与政治的结合》一书中找到类似准则的例证。这位值得尊敬的学者承认，从一开始他就无法针对这个问题给出一个令人满意的答案。但是宽恕

如此的程序，同时承认一个人不能完全回答针对他们提出的反对意见的做法似乎对那些注定要滥用它的人是一个很大的让步，这种做法对任何人来说都是不可取的。

[18]那些，从女巫到吉卜赛人，既没有知识又不诚实的预言人被称作假先知。

[19]然而，这并不意味着一个有着君主宪法的民族因此能要求推翻它，或者是有一个秘密的愿望这样做。在欧洲占据一片延伸的领土的民族或许会感觉到君主制是惟一的一种体制能够在强大的邻国中保持自身的存在。如果臣民们抱怨，不是因为他们的内部政府，而是因为他们的政府对待外国公民的表现（例如，如果该国不鼓励国外的共和主义），这并不能证明人民对他们自己的体制不满意，而是他们非常地依赖这个体制，因为随着越来越多的民族成为共和国，该国逐渐变得更安全。然而，致力于扩大自身重要性的造谣的献媚者们试图把这些无害的政治谣言说成是革新主义、雅各宾主义和阴谋，构成对国家的危胁。但是，这种指控是没有丝毫道理的，特别是对一个远离革命中心一百英里的国家就更没有道理了。

[20]对于主张人的权利如此有热情，为什么没有统治者胆敢公开表明他不承认任何人民反对他的权利？或者说人民只把幸福寄托在政府的善行上，而任何臣民标榜自己有权利反对政府都是谎谬的、甚至会遭受惩罚，因为他们表明对于政府的抵抗是可以得到允许的。原因是任何公开的声明都会唤起民众对于统治者的反抗，即使他们像驯服的绵羊，喂得好，保护得好，并且由一个善良而善解人意的主人领着，不必因为缺乏福利而抱怨。被赋予了自由的生物不会仅仅满足于享受存在的舒适，这一点别人也会很好地提供（这里是由政府提供）。这完全依赖于控制这种舒适的原则。但是，福利没有任何统治原则，提供者和接受者也没有这样的原则，因为每个个体对此的定义不同。事实上，它依赖于这个愿望的物质方面，完全是经验性的，因此不可能成为一个普遍规则。被赋予了自由的一个生物，意识到其较之非理性动物所拥有的有利条件，能够并且必须遵循其意愿中正规的原则，要求他的人民不能缺乏政府。在政府中，人民是共同的立法者。换句话说，人要遵循的权利必须排在他们的康乐之上，因为人权是一项神圣的制度，超过所有功利主义的价值。不管政府如何乐善好施，它都不能背离人权。然而，这些权利总是一个理念。这个理念实现的条件是所采用的方法与道德相一致。这个限制条件必须不被人们所践踏，即通过革命实现他们的权利，这在任何时候都是不公平的。使一个民族遵守其体制的最好办法是自主地统治，同时用共和的形式管理，例如，用共和主义的精神统治，并以此类推。

[21]一项其特性无法直接预测的事业可以通过伴随它的效果来发现。什么是纯粹的君主？他是说战争将要爆发战争就会爆发的那个人。与此相反，什么样的君主是受限制的？他必须先询问人民是否应该有战争，如果人民说不应该有战争，那就不会有战争。在战争条件下，所有的国家权利都必须由国家元首处理。
现在，大不列颠的君主在没有征得人民同意的情况下发动了无数的战争。这个国王因此是一个不折不扣的君主，尽管根据宪法他不应当这么做。但是，他总是会忽视宪法，因为他总是确信只要控制着国家不同的力量，人民的代表们就会与他保持一致，因为他有权力嘉奖所有的权贵。这个腐朽的制度要想继续维持就自然不能曝光；它因此笼罩着一层神秘的面纱。

[22]人们都一致认为应当设计符合理智要求的政治体制（特别是在权利的问题上）。但是把它们严肃地提出是鲁莽的行为，而煽动人民抛弃现有的体制是要受到惩罚的。
柏拉图的《亚特兰蒂斯》、莫尔的《乌托邦》、哈林顿的《大洋国》、阿莱的《塞维亚姆比亚》相继问世，但是他们从没有在实践中检验过（克伦威尔试图建立专制共和国的失败尝试是个例外）。这些政治创造跟创造世界是一样的。没有人亲眼看到，也不可能有人亲眼看到，否则他就成为自身的创造者了。无论时光如何变化，在我们脑海中的这种政治产品某一天会变得完美仅仅是一个愉快的梦想。但是，我们会不断地接近这样的一种状态，只要它能与道德法取得一致，这就不仅仅是想象，这也是一国之君（不是公民）的责任。

[23]交流的冲动一定是孤独的人类向他们之外的其他动物宣告其存在的原始动力，特别是那些能发出可以模仿的声音的人们，这些声音后来成了名字。与这种冲动类似的效果现在还能在孩子们和智力低下的成年人身上看到。他们敲打、喊叫、唱歌、吹口哨，制造其他噪音（甚至常常是吵闹的宗教活动）打断人们的思考。他们这样做，除了在这大千世界宣告他们的存在，我看不出这些人还有其他的什么动机会这样做。

[24]下面的内容可能成为这一矛盾仅有的几个例子被引用。一方面是人对于道德目标的激情，另一方面是他本性中不变的对于法律的遵从和对于残酷环境的适应。
大自然有一个固定的时间表。就他们的要求和制造同类的能力而言，人类达到成熟大约是在十六岁或者是十七岁。这个年龄，在大自然界，是一个年轻人成为成人的年龄。这时他有能力照看自己，生育后代，照顾他的妻子和孩子。他需求的简单化使得这一切变得容易。但是，在一个文明的国家，为了实现这些功能，在技术和有利的外部环境方面他需要多种支持。在公民社会的语境下，相应的阶段因此要延长至少平均十年。然而，大自然没有更改进入青春期的年龄以适应社会的进步，而是固执地遵守其为了人类作为一个动物物种的生存而规定的法则。结果是，社会习俗对于自然的影响，或者是自然对社会习俗的影响明显存有偏见。在自然状态中达到一定年龄就已经成熟的人，在文明状态下却养活不了自己，更不要说抚养妻子和儿女，尽管按照自然的要求他有生育后代的冲动与能力。大自然当然没有赋予生物以本能和能力，为的是它能够压制他们。如此的能力不是为文明状态而设计，而是为人类作为一个动物品种的生存而设计。文明的状态因此与后者产生了矛盾，这个矛盾只有文明的最终目标——一个完善的公民体制才能够解决。与此同时，在自然状态和完美状态之间充满了邪恶及邪恶所带来的后果，也就是，以各种各样的形式呈现的人类悲剧。 另一个例子或许能够确认这样的事实，即大自然为了两个截然不同的目的赋予我们两种不同的能力：人作为一个动物物种以及人作为一个道德物种。例子就是希波克拉底所说的“生命短暂，艺术永恒”。当一个拥有才智的人通过长期实践和知识积累获得了必要的成熟的判断力的时候，艺术和科学就能够得到进一步的发展。只要这个人能够生存并在整个一代人的时间里保持他年轻的脑力，他发展艺术和科学的能量要比整整一代学者的能量大。如今，很明显大自然固定了人生的长度，意在终结而不是推动科学的进步。正当最幸运的思想家处于伟大发现的边缘时，暮年已至，他失去了洞察力，必须让下一代（下一代重新从ABC开始，不得不再次重走已经走过的整个路程）在文化的进步中走下一步。因此，人类实现使命的旅程显示出不断受到干扰，随时有倒退回原始野蛮状态的危险。希腊哲学家有这样的抱怨：“当我们开始认识到我们应当如何活时，我们却不得不面对死亡，这真是一个

遗憾。” 第三个例子，我们可以引用人的不平等的例子——不是命运赋予人的自然天赋或者善行的不平等，而是从世界人权的角度出发，关于这一点，卢梭的抱怨是极具真实性的。然而，这种不平等与文明不可分割，只要文明毫无规划地发展（在相当长的一段时间内，情况就是这样）。但是，这种不平等当然不是大自然强加给人的，因为大自然给予他自由和理智。理智裁定这种自由受到其自身外部的、世界的法律的限制，这就是民权。人意图通过自己的努力上升到超越其自然能力的野蛮状态，但是，即使是超越野蛮也要小心不触犯它们。他期待在经过了许多次成功尝试之后获得这个技能。与此同时，人类由于自身缺乏经验而吃尽苦头，在罪恶的压迫下痛苦地呻吟。

[25]阿拉伯的贝都因人依然自认为是部落的创始人——前酋长的孩子们。但是，酋长毫无疑问不是他们的主人。他不能将自己的意愿强加在其臣民的身上。在一个游牧民族中，没有人拥有他带不走的固定资产，因此任何一个对自己部落不满意的家庭都能轻而易举地离开这个部落而加入其他的部落。

Immanuel Kant

An Answer to the Question: 'What is Enlightenment?'

TRANSLATED BY H. B. NISBET

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

An Answer to the Question: 'What is Enlightenment?'

Enlightenment is man's emergence from his self-incurred immaturity. Immaturity is the inability to use one's own understanding without the guidance of another. This immaturity is *self-incurred* if its cause is not lack of under-standing, but lack of resolution and courage to use it without the guidance of another. The motto of enlightenment is therefore: *Sapere aude!* [Dare to be wise!] Have courage to use your own understanding!

Laziness and cowardice are the reasons why such a large proportion of men, even when nature has long emancipated them from alien guidance（*naturaliter maiorennes* [Those who have come of age by virtue of nature]）, nevertheless gladly remain immature for life. For the same reasons, it is all too easy for others to set themselves up as their guardians. It is so convenient to be immature! If I have a book to have understanding in place of me, a spiritual adviser to have a conscience for me, a doctor to judge my diet for me, and so on, I need not make any efforts at all. I need not think, so long as I can pay; others will soon enough take the tiresome job over for me. The guardians who have kindly taken upon themselves the work of supervision will soon see to it that by far the largest part of mankind（including the entire fair sex）should consider the step forward to maturity not only as difficult but also as highly dangerous. Having first infatuated their domesticated animals, and carefully pre-vented the docile

creatures from daring to take a single step without the leading-strings to which they are tied, they next show them the danger which threatens them if they try to walk unaided. Now this danger is not in fact so very great, for they would certainly learn to walk eventually after a few falls. But an example of this kind is intimidating, and usually frightens them off from further attempts.

Thus it is difficult for each separate individual to work his way out of the immaturity which has become almost second nature to him. He has even grown fond of it and is really incapable for the time being of using his own understanding, because he was never allowed to make the attempt. Dogmas and formulas, those mechanical instruments for rational use（or rather misuse） of his natural endowments, are the ball and chain of his permanent immaturity. And if anyone did throw them off, he would still be uncertain about jumping over even the narrowest of trenches, for he would be unaccustomed to free movement of this kind. Thus only a few, by cultivating their own minds, have succeeded in freeing themselves from immaturity and in continuing boldly on their way.

There is more chance of an entire public enlightening itself. This is indeed almost inevitable, if only the public concerned is left in freedom. For there will always be a few who think for themselves, even among those appointed as guardians of the common mass. Such guardians, once they have themselves thrown off the yoke of immaturity, will disseminate the spirit of rational respect for personal value and for the duty of all men to think for themselves. The remarkable thing about this is that if the public, which was previously put under this yoke by the guardians, is suitably stirred up by some of the latter who are incapable of enlightenment, it may subsequently

compel the guardians themselves to remain under the yoke. For it is very harmful to propagate prejudices, because they finally avenge themselves on the very people who first encouraged them（or whose predecessors did so）. Thus a public can only achieve enlightenment slowly. A revolution may well put an end to autocratic despotism and to rapacious or powerseeking oppression, but it will never produce a true reform in ways of thinking. Instead, new prejudices, like the ones they replaced, will serve as a leash to control the great unthinking mass.

For enlightenment of this kind, all that is needed is *freedom*. And the freedom in question is the most innocuous form of all - freedom to make *public use* of one's reason in all matters. But I hear on all sides the cry: *Don't argue!* The officer says: Don't argue, get on parade! The tax-official: Don't argue, pay! The clergyman: Don't argue, believe!（Only one ruler in the world says: *Argue* as much as you like and about whatever you like, *but obey*!） All this means restrictions on freedom everywhere. But which sort of restriction prevents enlightenment, and which, instead of hindering it, can actually promote it? I reply: The *public use* of man's reason must always be free, and it alone can bring about enlightenment among men; the *private use* of reason may quite often be very narrowly restricted, however, without undue hindrance to the progress of enlightenment. But by the public use of one's own reason I mean that use which anyone may make of it *as a man of learning* addressing the entire *reading public*. What I term the private use of reason is that which a person may make of it in a particular *civil* post or office with which he is entrusted.

Now in some affairs which affect the interests of the commonwealth, we

require a certain mechanism whereby some members of the commonwealth must behave purely passively, so that they may, by an artificial common agreement, be employed by the government for public ends（or at least deterred from vitiating them）. It is, of course, impermissible to argue in such cases; obedience is imperative. But in so far as this or that individual who acts as part of the machine also considers himself as a member of a complete commonwealth or even of cosmopolitan society, and thence as a man of learning who may through his writings address a public in the truest sense of the word, he may indeed argue without harming the affairs in which he is employed for some of the time in a passive capacity. Thus it would be very harmful if an officer receiving an order from his superiors were to quibble openly, while on duty, about the appropriateness or usefulness of the order in question. He must simply obey. But he cannot reasonably be banned from making observations as a man of learning on the errors in the military service, and from submitting these to his public for judgement. The citizen cannot refuse to pay the taxes imposed upon him; presumptuous criticisms of such taxes, where someone is called upon to pay them, may be punished as an outrage which could lead to general insubordination. Nonetheless, the same citizen does not contravene his civil obligations if, as a learned individual, he publicly voices his thoughts on the impropriety or even injustice of such fiscal measures. In the same way, a clergyman is bound to instruct his pupils and his congregation in accordance with the doctrines of the church he serves, for he was employed by it on that condition. But as a scholar, he is completely free as well as obliged to impart to the public all his carefully considered, well-intentioned thoughts on the mistaken aspects of those doctrines, and to offer suggestions for a better arrangement of religious and ecclesiastical affairs. And there is nothing in this which need trouble the

conscience. For what he teaches in pursuit of his duties as an active servant of the church is presented by him as something which he is not empowered to teach at his own discretion, but which he is employed to expound in a prescribed manner and in someone else's name. He will say: Our church teaches this or that, and these are the arguments it uses. He then extracts as much practical value as possible for his congregation from precepts to which he would not himself subscribe with full conviction, but which he can nevertheless undertake to expound, since it is not in fact wholly impossible that they may contain truth. At all events, nothing opposed to the essence of religion is present in such doctrines. For if the clergyman thought he could find anything of this sort in them, he would not be able to carry out his official duties in good conscience, and would have to resign. Thus the use which someone employed as a teacher makes of his reason in the presence of his congregation is purely *private*, since a congregation, however large it is, is never any more than a domestic gathering. In view of this, he is not and cannot be free as a priest, since he is acting on a commission imposed from out-side. Conversely, as a scholar addressing the real public（i.e. the world at large） through his writings, the clergy-man making *public use* of his reason enjoys unlimited freedom to use his own reason and to speak in his own person. For to maintain that the guardians of the people in spiritual matters should themselves be immature, is an absurdity which amounts to making absurdities permanent.

But should not a society of clergymen, for example an ecclesiastical synod or a venerable presbytery（as the Dutch call it）, be entitled to commit itself by oath to a certain unalterable set of doctrines, in order to secure for all time a constant guardianship over each of its members, and

through them over the people? I reply that this is quite impossible. A contract of this kind, concluded with a view to preventing all further enlightenment of mankind for ever, is absolutely null and void, even if it is ratified by the supreme power, by Imperial Diets and the most solemn peace treaties. One age cannot enter into an alliance on oath to put the next age in a position where it would be impossible for it to extend and correct its knowledge, particularly on such important matters, or to make any progress whatsoever in enlightenment. This would be a crime against human nature, whose original destiny lies precisely in such progress. Later generations are thus perfectly entitled to dismiss these agreements as unauthorized and criminal. To test whether any particular measure can be agreed upon as a law for a people, we need only ask whether a people could well impose such a law upon itself. This might well be possible for a specified short period as a means of introducing a certain order, pending, as it were, a better solution. This would also mean that each citizen, particularly the clergyman, would be given a free hand as a scholar to comment publicly, i.e. in his writings, on the inadequacies of current institutions. Meanwhile, the newly established order would continue to exist, until public insight into the nature of such matters had progressed and proved itself to the point where, by general consent（if not unanimously）, a proposal could be submitted to the crown. This would seek to protect the congregations who had, for instance, agreed to alter their religious establishment in accordance with their own notions of what higher insight is, but it would not try to obstruct those who wanted to let things remain as before. But it is absolutely impermissible to agree, even for a single lifetime, to a permanent religious constitution which no one might publicly question. For this would virtually nullify a phase in man's upward progress, thus making it fruitless and even detrimental to subsequent generations. A

man may for his own person, and even then only for a limited period, postpone enlightening himself in matters he ought to know about. But to renounce such enlightenment completely, whether for his own person or even more so for later generations, means violating and trampling underfoot the sacred rights of mankind. But something which a people may not even impose upon itself can still less be imposed on it by a monarch; for his legislative authority depends precisely upon his uniting the collective will of the people in his own. So long as he sees to it that all true or imagined improvements are compatible with the civil order, he can otherwise leave his subjects to do whatever they find necessary for their salvation, which is none of his business. But it is his business to stop anyone forcibly hindering others from working as best they can to define and promote their salvation. It indeed detracts from his majesty if he interferes in these affairs by subjecting the writings in which his subjects attempt to clarify their religious ideas to governmental supervision. This applies if he does so acting upon his own exalted opinions – in which case he exposes himself to the reproach: *Caesar non est supra Grammaticos* [Caesar is not above the Grammarians] – but much more so if he demeans his high authority so far as to support the spiritual despotism of a few tyrants within his state against the rest of his subjects.

If it is now asked whether we at present live in an *enlightened* age, the answer is: No, but we do live in an age of *enlightenment*. As things are at present, we still have a long way to go before men as a whole can be in a position（or can even be put into a position） of using their own understanding confidently and well in religious matters, without outside guidance. But we do have distinct indications that the way is now being

cleared for them to work freely in this direction, and that the obstacles to universal enlightenment, to man's emergence from his self-incurred immaturity, are gradually becoming fewer. In this respect our age is the age of enlightenment, the century of *Frederick*.

A prince who does not regard it as beneath him to say that he considers it his duty, in religious matters, not to prescribe anything to his people, but to allow them complete freedom, a prince who thus even declines to accept the presumptuous title of *tolerant*, is himself enlightened. He deserves to be praised by a grateful present and posterity as the man who first liberated mankind from immaturity（as far as government is concerned）, and who left all men free to use their own reason in all matters of conscience. Under his rule, ecclesiastical dignitaries, notwithstanding their official duties, may in their capacity as scholars freely and publicly submit to the judgement of the world their verdicts and opinions, even if these deviate here and there from orthodox doctrine. This applies even more to all others who are not restricted by any official duties. This spirit of freedom is also spreading abroad, even where it has to struggle with outward obstacles imposed by governments which misunderstand their own function. For such governments can now witness a shining example of how freedom may exist without in the least jeopardizing public concord and the unity of the commonwealth. Men will of their own accord gradually work their way out of barbarism so long as artificial measures are not deliberately adopted to keep them in it.

I have portrayed *matters of religion* as the focal point of enlightenment, i.e. of man's emergence from his self-incurred immaturity. This is firstly because our rulers have no interest in assuming the role of guardians over

their subjects so far as the arts and sciences are concerned, and secondly, because religious immaturity is the most pernicious and dishonourable variety of all. But the attitude of mind of a head of state who favours freedom in the arts and sciences extends even further, for he realizes that there is no danger even to his *legislation* if he allows his subjects to make *public use* of their own reason and to put before the public their thoughts on better ways of drawing up laws, even if this entails forthright criticism of the current legislation. We have before us a brilliant example of this kind, in which no monarch has yet surpassed the one to whom we now pay tribute.

But only a ruler who is himself enlightened and has no fear of phantoms, yet who likewise has at hand a well-disciplined and numerous army to guarantee public security, may say what no republic would dare to say: *Argue as much as you like and about whatever you like, but obey!* This reveals to us a strange and unexpected pattern in human affairs（such as we shall always find if we consider them in the widest sense, in which nearly every-thing is paradoxical）. A high degree of civil freedom seems advantageous to a people's *intellectual* freedom, yet it also sets up insuperable barriers to it. Conversely, a lesser degree of civil freedom gives intellectual freedom enough room to expand to its fullest extent. Thus once the germ on which nature has lavished most care – man's inclination and vocation to *think freely* – has developed within this hard shell, it gradually reacts upon the mentality of the people, who thus gradually become increasingly able to *act freely*. Eventually, it even influences the principles of governments, which find that they can themselves profit by treating man, who is *more than a machine*, in a manner appropriate to his dignity.[1]

Königsberg in Prussia, 30th September, 1784.

---

[1] I read today on the 30th September in Büsching's *Wöchentliche Nachrichten* of 13th September a notice concerning this month's *Berlinische Monatsschrift*. The notice mentions Mendelssohn's answer to the same question as that which I have answered. I have not yet seen this journal, otherwise I should have held back the above reflections. I let them stand only as a means of finding out by comparison how far the thoughts of two individuals may coincide by chance.

Perpetual Peace: A Philosophical Sketch

‘The Perpetual Peace’

A Dutch innkeeper once put this satirical inscription on his signboard, along with the picture of a graveyard. We shall not trouble to ask whether it applies to men in general, or particularly to heads of state（who can never have enough of war）, or only to the philosophers who blissfully dream of perpetual peace. The author of the present essay does, however, make one reservation in advance. The practical politician tends to look down with great complacency upon the political theorist as a mere academic. The theorist's abstract ideas, the practitioner believes, cannot endanger the state, since the state must be founded upon principles of experience; it thus seems safe to let him fire off his whole broadside, and the *worldly-wise* statesman need not turn a hair. It thus follows that if the practical politician is to be consistent, he must not claim, in the event of a dispute with the theorist, to scent any danger to the state in the opinions which the theorist has randomly uttered in public. By this saving clause, the author of this essay will consider himself expressly safeguarded, in correct and proper style, against all malicious interpretation.

FIRST SECTION

Which Contains the Preliminary Articles of a Perpetual Peace Between States

1.'No conclusion of peace shall be considered valid as such if it was made with a secret reservation of the material for a future war.'

For if this were the case, it would be a mere truce, a suspension of hostilities, not a *peace*. Peace means an end to all hostilities, and to attach the adjective 'perpetual' to it is already suspiciously close to pleonasm. A conclusion of peace nullifies all existing reasons for a future war, even if these are not yet known to the contracting parties, and no matter how acutely and carefully they may later be pieced together out of old documents. It is possible that either party may make a mental reservation with a view to reviving its old pretensions in the future. Such reservations will not be mentioned explicitly, since both parties may simply be too exhausted to continue the war, although they may nonetheless possess sufficient ill will to seize the first favourable opportunity of attaining their end. But if we consider such reservations in themselves, they soon appear as Jesuitical casuistry; they are beneath the dignity of a ruler, just as it is beneath the dignity of a minister of state to comply with any reasoning of this kind.

But if, in accordance with 'enlightened' notions of political expediency, we believe that the true glory of a state consists in the constant increase of its power by any means whatsoever, the above judgement will certainly appear academic and pedantic.

2.‘No independently existing state, whether it be large or small, may be acquired by another state by inheritance, exchange, purchase or gift.’

For a state, unlike the ground on which it is based, is not a possession（*patrimonium*）. It is a society of men, which no one other than itself can command or dispose of. Like a tree, it has its own roots, and to graft it on to another state as if it were a shoot is to terminate its existence as a moral personality and make it into a commodity. This contradicts the idea of the original contract, without which the rights of a people are unthinkable.[1] Everyone knows what danger the supposed right of acquiring states in this way, even in our own times, has brought upon Europe（for this practice is unknown in other continents）. It has been thought that states can marry one another, and this has provided a new kind of industry by which power can be increased through family alliances, without expenditure of energy, while landed property can be extended at the same time. It is the same thing when the troops of one state are hired to another to fight an enemy who is not common to both; for the subjects are thereby used and misused as objects to be manipulated at will.

3.‘Standing armies（*miles perpetuus*） will gradually be abolished altogether.’

For they constantly threaten other states with war by the very fact that they are always prepared for it. They spur on the states to outdo one another in arming unlimited numbers of soldiers, and since the resultant costs eventually make peace more oppressive than a short war, the armies are themselves the cause of wars of aggression which set out to end burdensome

military expenditure. Furthermore, the hiring of men to kill or to be killed seems to mean using them as mere machines and instruments in the hands of someone else（the state）, which cannot easily be reconciled with the rights of man in one's own person. It is quite a different matter if the citizens undertake voluntary military training from time to time in order to secure themselves and their fatherland against attacks from outside. But it would be just the same if wealth rather than soldiers were accumulated, for it would be seen by other states as a military threat; it might compel them to mount preventive attacks, for of the three powers within a state – the *power of the army*, the *power of alliance* and the *power of money* – the third is probably the most reliable instrument of war. It would lead more often to wars if it were not so difficult to discover the amount of wealth which another state possesses.

4.‘No national debt shall be contracted in connection with the external affairs of the state.’

There is no cause for suspicion if help for the national economy is sought inside or outside the state（e.g. for improvements to roads, new settlements, storage of foodstuffs for years of famine, etc.）. But a credit system, if used by the powers as an instrument of aggression against one another, shows the power of money in its most dangerous form. For while the debts thereby incurred are always secure against present demands（because not all the creditors will demand payment at the same time）, these debts go on growing indefinitely. This ingenious system, invented by a commercial people in the present century, provides a military fund which may exceed the resources of all the other states put together. It can only be exhausted by an

eventual tax-deficit, which may be postponed for a considerable time by the commercial stimulus which industry and trade receive through the credit system. This ease in making war, coupled with the warlike inclination of those in power（which seems to be an integral feature of human nature）, is thus a great obstacle in the way of perpetual peace. Foreign debts must therefore be prohibited by a preliminary article of such a peace, otherwise national bankruptcy, inevitable in the long run, would necessarily involve various other states in the resultant loss without their having deserved it, thus inflicting upon them a public injury. Other states are therefore justified in allying themselves against such a state and its pretensions.

5. ‘No state shall forcibly interfere in the constitution and government of another state.’

For what could justify such interference? Surely not any sense of scandal or offence which a state arouses in the subjects of another state. It should rather serve as a warning to others, as an example of the great evils which a people has incurred by its lawlessness. And a bad example which one free person gives to another（as a *scandalum acceptum*） is not the same as an injury to the latter. But it would be a different matter if a state, through internal discord, were to split into two parts, each of which set itself up as a separate state and claimed authority over the whole. For it could not be reckoned as interference in another state's constitution if an external state were to lend support to one of them, because their condition is one of anarchy. But as long as this internal conflict is not yet decided, the interference of external powers would be a violation of the rights of an independent people which is merely struggling with its internal ills. Such

interference would be an active offence and would make the autonomy of all other states insecure.

6.‘No state at war with another shall permit such acts of hostility as would make mutual confidence impossible during a future time of peace. Such acts would include the employment of *assassins*（*percussores*） *or poisoners*（*venefici*）, *breach of agreements, the instigation of treason*（*perduellio*）within the enemy state, etc.’

These are dishonourable stratagems. For it must still remain possible, even in wartime, to have some sort of trust in the attitude of the enemy, otherwise peace could not be concluded and the hostilities would turn into a war of extermination（*bellum internecinum*）. After all, war is only a regrettable expedient for asserting one's rights by force within a state of nature, where no court of justice is available to judge with legal authority. In such cases, neither party can be declared an unjust enemy, for this would already presuppose a judge's decision; only the *outcome* of the conflict, as in the case of a so-called ‘judgement of God’, can decide who is in the right. A war of punishment（*bellum punitivum*） between states is inconceivable, since there can be no relationship of superior to inferior among them. It thus follows that a war of extermination, in which both parties and right itself might all be simultaneously annihilated, would allow perpetual peace only on the vast graveyard of the human race. A war of this kind and the employment of all means which might bring it about must thus be absolutely prohibited. But the means listed above would inevitably lead to such a war, because these diabolical arts, besides being intrinsically despicable, would not long be confined to war alone if they were brought into use. This applies, for

example, to the employment of spies（*uti exploratoribus*）, for it exploits only the dishonesty of others（which can never be completely eliminated）. Such practices will be carried over into peacetime and will thus completely vitiate its purpose.

All of the articles listed above, when regarded objectively or in relation to the intentions of those in power, are *prohibitive laws*（*leges prohibitivae*）. Yet some of them are of the strictest sort（*leges strictae*）, being valid irrespective of differing circumstances, and they require that the abuses they prohibit should be abolished *immediately*（Nos. 1, 5 and 6）. Others（Nos. 2, 3 and 4）, although they are not exceptions to the rule of justice, allow some *subjective* latitude according to the circumstances in which they are applied（*leges latae*）. The latter need not necessarily be executed at once, so long as their ultimate purpose（e.g. the *restoration* of freedom to certain states in accordance with the second article） is not lost sight of. But their execution may not be *put off* to a non-existent date（*ad calendas graecas*, as Augustus used to promise）, for any delay is permitted only as a means of avoiding a premature implementation which might frustrate the whole purpose of the article. For in the case of the second article, the prohibition relates only to the *mode of acquisition*, which is to be forbidden hereforth, but not to the present *state of political possessions*. For although this present state is not backed up by the requisite legal authority, it was considered lawful in the public opinion of every state at the time of the putative acquisition.[2]

SECOND SECTION

Which Contains the Definitive Articles of a Perpetual Peace Between States

A state of peace among men living together is not the same as the state of nature, which is rather a state of war. For even if it does not involve active hostilities, it involves a constant threat of their breaking out. Thus the state of peace must be *formally instituted,* for a suspension of hostilities is not in itself a guarantee of peace. And unless one neighbour gives a guarantee to the other at his request（which can happen only in a *lawful* state）, the latter may treat him as an enemy.[3]

First Definitive Article of a Perpetual Peace: The Civil Constitution of Every State shall be Republican

A *republican constitution* is founded upon three principles: firstly, the principle of *freedom* for all members of a society（as men）; secondly, the principle of the *dependence* of everyone upon a single common legislation（as subjects）; and thirdly, the principle of legal *equality* for everyone（as citizens）.[4] It is the only constitution which can be derived from the idea of an original contract, upon which all rightful legislation of a people must be founded. Thus as far as right is concerned, republicanism is in itself the original basis of every kind of civil constitution, and it only remains to ask whether it is the only constitution which can lead to a perpetual peace.

The republican constitution is not only pure in its origin（since it springs from the pure concept of right）; it also offers a prospect of attaining the desired result, i.e. a perpetual peace, and the reason for this is as follows.

– If, as is inevitably the case under this constitution, the consent of the citizens is required to decide whether or not war is to be declared, it is very natural that they will have great hesitation in embarking on so dangerous an enterprise. For this would mean calling down on themselves all the miseries of war, such as doing the fighting themselves, supplying the costs of the war from their own resources, painfully making good the ensuing devastation, and, as the crowning evil, having to take upon themselves a burden of debt which will embitter peace itself and which can never be paid off on account of the constant threat of new wars. But under a constitution where the subject is not a citizen, and which is therefore not republican, it is the simplest thing in the world to go to war. For the head of state is not a fellow citizen, but the owner of the state, and a war will not force him to make the slightest sacrifice so far as his banquets, hunts, pleasure palaces and court festivals are concerned. He can thus decide on war, without any significant reason, as a kind of amusement, and unconcernedly leave it to the diplomatic corps（who are always ready for such purposes） to justify the war for the sake of propriety.

The following remarks are necessary to prevent the republican constitution from being confused with the democratic one, as commonly happens. The various forms of state（*civitas*）may be classified either according to the different persons who exercise supreme authority, or according to the way in which the nation is governed by its ruler, whoever he may be. The first classification goes by the form of sovereignty（*forma imperii*）, and only three such forms are possible, depending on whether the ruling power is in the hands of an *individual*, of *several persons* in

association, or of *all* those who together constitute civil society（i.e. *autocracy, aristocracy* and *democracy* – the power of a prince, the power of a nobility, and the power of the people）. The second classification depends on the form of government（*forma regiminis*）, and relates to the way in which the state, setting out from its constitution（i.e. an act of the general will whereby the mass becomes a people）, makes use of its plenary power. The form of government, in this case, will be either *republican* or *despotic*. *Republicanism* is that political principle whereby the executive power（the government） is separated from the legislative power. Despotism prevails in a state if the laws are made and arbitrarily executed by one and the same power, and it reflects the will of the people only in so far as the ruler treats the will of the people as his own private will. Of the three forms of sovereignty, *democracy*, in the truest sense of the word, is necessarily a *despotism*, because it establishes an executive power through which all the citizens may make decisions about（and indeed against） the single individual without his consent, so that decisions are made by all the people and yet not by all the people; and this means that the general will is in contradiction with itself, and thus also with freedom.

For any form of government which is not *representative* is essentially an *anomaly*, because one and the same person cannot at the same time be both the legislator and the executor of his own will, just as the general proposition in logical reasoning cannot at the same time be a secondary proposition subsuming the particular within the general. And even if the other two political constitutions（i.e. autocracy and aristocracy） are always defective in as much as they leave room for a despotic form of government, it is at least possible that they will be associated with a form of government which

accords with the *spirit* of a representative system. Thus Frederick II at least *said* that he was merely the highest servant of the state,[5] while a democratic constitution makes this attitude impossible, because everyone under it wants to be a ruler. We can therefore say that the smaller the number of ruling persons in a state and the greater their powers of representation, the more the constitution will approximate to its republican potentiality, which it may hope to realize eventually by gradual reforms. For this reason, it is more difficult in an aristocracy than in a monarchy to reach this one and only perfectly lawful kind of constitution, while it is possible in a democracy only by means of violent revolution. But the people are immensely more concerned with the mode of government[6] than with the form of the constitution, although a great deal also depends on the degree to which the constitution fits the purpose of the government. But if the mode of government is to accord with the concept of right, it must be based on the representative system. This system alone makes possible a republican state, and without it, despotism and violence will result, no matter what kind of constitution is in force. None of the so-called 'republics' of antiquity employed such a system, and they thus inevitably ended in despotism, although this is still relatively bearable under the rule of a single individual.

Second Definitive Article of a Perpetual Peace: The Right of Nations shall be based on a Federation of Free States

Peoples who have grouped themselves into nation states may be judged in the same way as individual men living in a state of nature, independent of external laws; for they are a standing offence to one another by the very fact that they are neighbours. Each nation, for the sake of its own security, can

and ought to demand of the others that they should enter along with it into a constitution, similar to the civil one, within which the rights of each could be secured. This would mean establishing a *federation of peoples*. But a federation of this sort would not be the same thing as an international state. For the idea of an international state is contradictory, since every state involves a relationship between a superior（the legislator） and an inferior（the people obeying the laws）, whereas a number of nations forming one state would constitute a single nation. And this contradicts our initial assumption, as we are here considering the right of nations in relation to one another in so far as they are a group of separate states which are not to be welded together as a unit.

We look with profound contempt upon the way in which savages cling to their lawless freedom. They would rather engage in incessant strife than submit to a legal constraint which they might impose upon themselves, for they prefer the freedom of folly to the freedom of reason. We regard this as barbarism, coarseness, and brutish debasement of humanity. We might thus expect that civilized peoples, each united within itself as a state, would hasten to abandon so degrading a condition as soon as possible. But instead of doing so, each *state* sees its own majesty（for it would be absurd to speak of the majesty of a *people*） precisely in not having to submit to any external legal constraint, and the glory of its ruler consists in his power to order thousands of people to immolate themselves for a cause which does not truly concern them, while he need not himself incur any danger whatsoever.[7] And the main difference between the savage nations of Europe and those of America is that while some American tribes have been entirely eaten up by their enemies, the Europeans know how to make better use of those they have

defeated than merely by making a meal of them. They would rather use them to increase the number of their own subjects, thereby augmenting their stock of instruments for conducting even more extensive wars.

Although it is largely concealed by governmental constraints in law-governed civil society, the depravity of human nature is displayed without disguise in the unrestricted relations which obtain between the various nations. It is therefore to be wondered at that the word *right* has not been completely banished from military politics as superfluous pedantry, and that no state has been bold enough to declare itself publicly in favour of doing so. For Hugo Grotius, Pufendorf, Vattel and the rest（sorry comforters as they are） are still dutifully quoted in *justification* of military aggression, although their philosophically or diplomatically formulated codes do not and cannot have the slightest *legal* force, since states as such are not subject to a common external constraint. Yet there is no instance of a state ever having been moved to desist from its purpose by arguments supported by the testimonies of such notable men. This homage which every state pays（in words at least） to the concept of right proves that man possesses a greater moral capacity, still dormant at present, to overcome eventually the evil principle within him（for he cannot deny that it exists）, and to hope that others will do likewise. Otherwise the word *right* would never be used by states which intend to make war on one another, unless in a derisory sense, as when a certain Gallic prince declared:'Nature has given to the strong the prerogative of making the weak obey them.' The way in which states seek their rights can only be by war, since there is no external tribunal to put their claims to trial. But rights cannot be decided by military victory, and a *peace treaty* may put an end to the current war, but not to that general warlike

condition within which pretexts can always be found for a new war. And indeed, such a state of affairs cannot be pronounced completely unjust, since it allows each party to act as judge in its own cause. Yet while natural right allows us to say of men living in a lawless condition that they ought to abandon it, the right of nations does not allow us to say the same of states. For as states, they already have a lawful internal constitution, and have thus outgrown the coercive right of others to subject them to a wider legal constitution in accordance with their conception of right. On the other hand, reason, as the highest legislative moral power, absolutely condemns war as a test of rights and sets up peace as an immediate duty. But peace can neither be inaugurated nor secured without a general agreement between the nations; thus a particular kind of league, which we might call a *pacific federation*（*foedus pacificum*）, is required. It would differ from a *peace treaty*（*pactum pacis*） in that the latter terminates *one* war, whereas the former would seek to end *all* wars for good. This federation does not aim to acquire any power like that of a state, but merely to preserve and secure the *freedom* of each state in itself, along with that of the other confederated states, although this does not mean that they need to submit to public laws and to a coercive power which enforces them, as do men in a state of nature. It can be shown that this idea of *federalism*, extending gradually to encompass all states and thus leading to perpetual peace, is practicable and has objective reality. For if by good fortune one powerful and enlightened nation can form a republic（which is by its nature inclined to seek perpetual peace）, this will provide a focal point for federal association among other states. These will join up with the first one, thus securing the freedom of each state in accordance with the idea of international right, and the whole will gradually spread further and further by a series of alliances of this kind.

It would be understandable for a people to say:‘There shall be no war among us; for we will form ourselves into a state, appointing for ourselves a supreme legislative, executive and juridical power to resolve our conflicts by peaceful means.’ But if this state says:‘There shall be no war between myself and other states, although I do not recognize any supreme legislative power which could secure my rights and whose rights I should in turn secure’, it is impossible to understand what justification I can have for placing any confidence in my rights, unless I can rely on some substitute for the union of civil society, i.e. on a free federation. If the concept of international right is to retain any meaning at all, reason must necessarily couple it with a federation of this kind.

The concept of international right becomes meaningless if interpreted as a right to go to war. For this would make it a right to determine what is lawful not by means of universally valid external laws, but by means of one-sided maxims backed up by physical force. It could be taken to mean that it is perfectly just for men who adopt this attitude to destroy one another, and thus to find perpetual peace in the vast grave where all the horrors of violence and those responsible for them would be buried. There is only one rational way in which states coexisting with other states can emerge from the lawless condition of pure warfare. Just like individual men, they must renounce their savage and lawless freedom, adapt themselves to public coercive laws, and thus form an *international state*（*civitas gentium*）, which would necessarily continue to grow until it embraced all the peoples of the earth. But since this is not the will of the nations, according to their present conception of international right（so that they reject in *hypothesi* what is true *in thesi*）, the

positive idea of a *world republic* cannot be realized. If all is not to be lost, this can at best find a negative substitute in the shape of an enduring and gradually expanding *federation* likely to prevent war. The latter may check the current of man's inclination to defy the law and antagonize his fellows, although there will always be a risk of it bursting forth anew. *Furor impius intus – fremit horridus ore cruento*（Virgil） [‘Wicked Frenzy rages savagely with blood-stained mouth’].[8]

Third Definitive Article of a Perpetual Peace: Cosmopolitan Right shall be limited to Conditions of Universal Hospitality

As in the foregoing articles, we are here concerned not with philanthropy, but with *right*. In this context, *hospitality* means the right of a stranger not to be treated with hostility when he arrives on someone else's territory. He can indeed be turned away, if this can be done without causing his death, but he must not be treated with hostility, so long as he behaves in a peaceable manner in the place he happens to be in. The stranger cannot claim the *right of a guest* to be entertained, for this would require a special friendly agreement whereby he might become a member of the native household for a certain time. He may only claim a *right of resort*, for all men are entitled to present themselves in the society of others by virtue of their right to communal possession of the earth's surface. Since the earth is a globe, they cannot disperse over an infinite area, but must necessarily tolerate one another's company. And no one originally has any greater right than anyone else to occupy any particular portion of the earth. The community of man is divided by uninhabitable parts of the earth's surface such as oceans and deserts, but even then, the *ship* or the *camel*（the ship of the desert） make it

possible for them to approach their fellows over these ownerless tracts, and to utilize as a means of social intercourse that *right to the earth's surface* which the human race shares in common. The inhospitable behaviour of coastal dwellers（as on the Barbary coast） in plundering ships on the adjoining seas or enslaving stranded seafarers, or that of inhabitants of the desert（as with the Arab Bedouins）, who regard their proximity to nomadic tribes as a justification for plundering them, is contrary to natural right. But this natural right of hospitality, i.e. the right of strangers, does not extend beyond those conditions which make it possible for them to *attempt* to enter into relations with the native inhabitants. In this way, continents distant from each other can enter into peaceful mutual relations which may eventually be regulated by public laws, thus bringing the human race nearer and nearer to a cosmopolitan constitution.

If we compare with this ultimate end the *inhospitable* conduct of the civilized states of our continent, especially the commercial states, the injustice which they display in *visiting* foreign countries and peoples（which in their case is the same as *conquering* them） seems appallingly great. America, the negro countries, the Spice Islands, the Cape, etc. were looked upon at the time of their discovery as ownerless territories; for the native inhabitants were counted as nothing. In East India（Hindustan）, foreign troops were brought in under the pretext of merely setting up trading posts. This led to oppression of the natives, incitement of the various Indian states to widespread wars, famine, insurrection, treachery and the whole litany of evils which can afflict the human race.

China[9] and Japan（Nippon）, having had experience of such guests,

have wisely placed restrictions on them. China permits contact with her territories, but not entrance into them, while Japan only allows contact with a single European people, the Dutch, although they are still segregated from the native community like prisoners. The worst（or, from the point of view of moral judgements, the best） thing about all this is that the commercial states do not even benefit by their violence, for all their trading companies are on the point of collapse. The Sugar Islands, that stronghold of the cruellest and most calculated slavery, do not yield any real profit; they serve only the indirect（and not entirely laudable） purpose of training sailors for warships, thereby aiding the prosecution of wars in Europe. And all this is the work of powers who make endless ado about their piety, and who wish to be considered as chosen believers while they live on the fruits of iniquity.

The peoples of the earth have thus entered in varying degrees into a universal community, and it has developed to the point where a violation of rights in *one* part of the world is felt *everywhere*. The idea of a cosmopolitan right is therefore not fantastic and overstrained; it is a necessary complement to the unwritten code of political and international right, transforming it into a universal right of humanity. Only under this condition can we flatter ourselves that we are continually advancing towards a perpetual peace.

First Supplement: On the Guarantee of a Perpetual Peace

Perpetual peace is *guaranteed* by no less an authority than the great artist *Nature* herself（*natura daedala rerum* [Nature the contriver of things]）. The mechanical process of nature visibly exhibits the purposive plan of producing concord among men, even against their will and indeed by means of their very discord. This design, if we regard it as a compelling

cause whose laws of operation are unknown to us, is called *fate*. But if we consider its purposive function within the world's development, whereby it appears as the underlying wisdom of a higher cause, showing the way towards the objective goal of the human race and predetermining the world's evolution, we call it *providence*.[10] We cannot actually observe such an agency in the artifices of nature, nor can we even *infer* its existence from them. But as with all relations between the form of things and their ultimate purposes, we can and must *supply it mentally* in order to conceive of its possibility by analogy with human artifices. Its relationship to and conformity with the end which reason directly prescribes to us（i.e. the end of morality） can only be conceived of as an idea. Yet while this idea is indeed far-fetched in *theory*, it does possess dogmatic validity and has a very real foundation in *practice*, as with the concept of *perpetual peace*, which makes it our duty to promote it by using the natural mechanism described above. But in contexts such as this, where we are concerned purely with theory and not with religion, we should also note that it is more in keeping with the limitations of human reason to speak of *nature* and not of *providence*, for reason, in dealing with cause and effect relationships, must keep within the bounds of possible experience. *Modesty* forbids us to speak of providence as something we can recognize, for this would mean donning the wings of Icarus and presuming to approach the mystery of its inscrutable intentions.

But before we define this guarantee more precisely, we must first examine the situation in which nature has placed the actors in her great spectacle, for it is this situation which ultimately demands the guarantee of peace. We may next inquire in what manner the guarantee is provided.

Nature's provisional arrangement is as follows. Firstly, she has taken care that human beings are able to live in all the areas where they are settled. Secondly, she has driven them in all directions by means of *war*, so that they inhabit even the most inhospitable regions. And thirdly, she has compelled them by the same means to enter into more or less legal relationships. It is in itself wonderful that moss can still grow in the cold wastes around the Arctic Ocean; the *reindeer* can scrape it out from beneath the snow, and can thus itself serve as nourishment or as a draft animal for the Ostiaks or Samoyeds. Similarly, the sandy salt deserts contain the *camel*, which seems as if it had been created for travelling over them in order that they might not be left unutilized. But evidence of design in nature emerges even more clearly when we realize that the shores of the Arctic Ocean are inhabited not only by fur-bearing animals, but also by seals, walruses and whales, whose flesh provides food and whose fat provides warmth for the native inhabitants. Nature's care arouses most admiration, however, by carrying driftwood to these treeless regions, without anyone knowing exactly where it comes from. For if they did not have this material, the natives would not be able to construct either boats or weapons, or dwellings in which to live. And they have enough to do making war on the animals to be able to live in peace among themselves. But it was probably nothing but war which *drove* them into these regions. And the first *instrument of war* among all the animals which man learned to domesticate in the course of peopling the earth was the *horse*. For the elephant belongs to that later age of luxury which began after states had been established. The same applies to the art of cultivating certain kinds of grasses known as *cereals*, whose original nature is now unknown to us, and to the production and refinement of various *fruits* by transplanting and grafting（in Europe, perhaps only two species were involved, the crab-apple and the wild

pear）. Such arts could arise only within established states in which landed property was secure, after men had made the transition to an *agricultural* way of life, abandoning the lawless freedom they had enjoyed in their previous existence as hunters,[11] fishers and shepherds. *Salt* and *iron* were next discovered, and were perhaps the first articles of trade between nations to be in demand everywhere. In this way, nations first entered into *peaceful relations* with one another, and thus achieved mutual understanding, community of interests and peaceful relations, even with the most distant of their fellows.

In seeing to it that men *could* live everywhere on earth, nature has at the same time despotically willed that they *should* live everywhere, even against their own inclinations. And this obligation does not rest upon any concept of duty which might bind them to fulfil it in accordance with a moral law; on the contrary, nature has chosen war as a means of attaining this end.

We can observe nations which reveal the unity of their descent by the unity of their language. This is the case with the *Samoyeds* on the Arctic Ocean and another people with a similar language living two hundred miles away in the Altai Mountains; another people of Mongol extraction, given to horsemanship and hence to warlike pursuits, has pushed its way between them, thus driving the one part of the tribe far away from the other into the most inhospitable Arctic regions, where it would certainly not have gone by its own inclinations.[12] In the same way, the Finns in the northernmost region of Europe（where they are known as Lapps） are now far separated from the Hungarians, to whom they are linguistically related, by Gothic and Sarmatian peoples who have pushed their way in between them. And what else but war,

nature's means of peopling the whole earth, can have driven the Eskimos so far North – for they are quite distinct from all other American races, and are perhaps descended from European adventurers of ancient times; the Pesherae have been driven South into Tierra del Fuego in the same manner. War itself, however, does not require any particular kind of motivation, for it seems to be ingrained in human nature, and even to be regarded as something noble to which man is inspired by his love of honour, without selfish motives. Thus warlike courage, with the American savages as with their European counterparts in medieval times, is held to be of great and immediate value– and not just *in times of* war（as might be expected）, but also *in order that* there may be war. Thus wars are often started merely to display this quality, so that war itself is invested with an inherent *dignity*; for even philosophers have eulogized it as a kind of ennobling influence on man, forgetting the Greek saying that ‘war is bad in that it produces more evil people than it destroys’. So much, then, for what nature does to further *her own end* with respect to the human race as an animal species.

We now come to the essential question regarding the prospect of perpetual peace. What does nature do in relation to the end which man's own reason prescribes to him as a duty, i.e. how does nature help to promote his *moral purpose*? And how does nature guarantee that what man *ought* to do by the laws of his freedom（but does not do） will in fact be done through nature's compulsion, without prejudice to the free agency of man? This question arises, moreover, in all three areas of public right–in *political, international and cosmopolitan right*. For if I say that nature wills that this or that should happen, this does not mean that nature imposes on us a *duty* to do it, for duties can only be imposed by practical reason, acting without any

external constraint. On the contrary, nature does it herself, whether we are willing or not: *fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt* [‘the fates lead him who is willing, but drag him who is unwilling’].

1. Even if people were not compelled by internal dissent to submit to the coercion of public laws, war would produce the same effect from outside. For in accordance with the natural arrangement described above, each people would find itself confronted by another neighbouring people pressing in upon it, thus forcing it to form itself internally into a *state* in order to encounter the other as an armed *power*. Now the *republican* constitution is the only one which does complete justice to the rights of man. But it is also the most difficult to establish, and even more so to preserve, so that many maintain that it would only be possible within a state of *angels*, since men, with their self-seeking inclinations, would be incapable of adhering to a constitution of so sublime a nature. But in fact, nature comes to the aid of the universal and rational human will, so admirable in itself but so impotent in practice, and makes use of precisely those self-seeking inclinations in order to do so. It only remains for men to create a good organization for the state, a task which is well within their capability, and to arrange it in such a way that their self-seeking energies are opposed to one another, each thereby neutralizing or eliminating the destructive effects of the rest. And as far as reason is concerned, the result is the same as if man's selfish tendencies were non-existent, so that man, even if he is not morally good in himself, is nevertheless compelled to be a good citizen. As hard as it may sound, the problem of setting up a state can be solved even by a nation of devils（so long as they possess understanding）. It may be stated as follows:‘In order to organize a group of rational beings who together require universal laws for

their survival, but of whom each separate individual is secretly inclined to exempt himself from them, the constitution must be so designed that, although the citizens are opposed to one another in their private attitudes, these opposing views may inhibit one another in such a way that the public conduct of the citizens will be the same as if they did not have such evil attitudes.' A problem of this kind must be soluble. For such a task does not involve the moral improvement of man; it only means finding out how the mechanism of nature can be applied to men in such a manner that the antagonism of their hostile attitudes will make them compel one another to submit to coercive laws, thereby producing a condition of peace within which the laws can be enforced. We can even see this principle at work among the actually existing（although as yet very imperfectly organized） states. For in their external relations, they have already approached what the idea of right prescribes, although the reason for this is certainly not their internal moral attitudes. In the same way, we cannot expect their moral attitudes to produce a good political constitution; on the contrary, it is only through the latter that the people can be expected to attain a good level of moral culture. Thus that mechanism of nature by which selfish inclinations are naturally opposed to one another in their external relations can be used by reason to facilitate the attainment of its own end, the reign of established right. Internal and external peace are thereby furthered and assured, so far as it lies within the power of the state itself to do so. We may therefore say that nature *irresistibly wills* that right should eventually gain the upper hand. What men have neglected to do will ultimately happen of its own accord, albeit with much inconvenience. As Bouterwek puts it:'If the reed is bent too far, it breaks; and he who wants too much gets nothing.'

2. The idea of international right presupposes the separate existence of many independent adjoining states. And such a state of affairs is essentially a state of war, unless there is a federal union to prevent hostilities breaking out. But in the light of the idea of reason, this state is still to be preferred to an amalgamation of the separate nations under a single power which has overruled the rest and created a universal monarchy. For the laws progressively lose their impact as the government increases its range, and a soulless despotism, after crush-ing the germs of goodness, will finally lapse into anarchy. It is nonetheless the desire of every state（or its ruler） to achieve lasting peace by thus dominating the whole world, if at all possible. But *nature* wills it otherwise, and uses two means to separate the nations and prevent them from intermingling–*linguistic* and *religious*[13] differences. These may certainly occasion mutual hatred and provide pretexts for wars, but as culture grows and men gradually move towards greater agreement over their principles, they lead to mutual understanding and peace. And unlike that universal despotism which saps all man's energies and ends in the graveyard of freedom, this peace is created and guaranteed by an equilibrium of forces and a most vigorous rivalry.

3. Thus nature wisely separates the nations, although the will of each individual state, even basing its arguments on international right, would gladly unite them under its own sway by force or by cunning. On the other hand, nature also unites nations which the concept of cosmopolitan right would not have protected from violence and war, and does so by means of their mutual self-interest. For the *spirit of commerce* sooner or later takes hold of every people, and it cannot exist side by side with war. And of all the powers（or means） at the disposal of the power of the state, *financial*

power can probably be relied on most. Thus states find themselves compelled to promote the noble cause of peace, though not exactly from motives of morality. And wherever in the world there is a threat of war breaking out, they will try to prevent it by mediation, just as if they had entered into a permanent league for this purpose; for by the very nature of things, large military alliances can only rarely be formed, and will even more rarely be successful.

In this way, nature guarantees perpetual peace by the actual mechanism of human inclinations. And while the likelihood of its being attained is not sufficient to enable us to *prophesy* the future theoretically, it is enough for practical purposes. It makes it our duty to work our way towards this goal, which is more than an empty chimera.

Second Supplement: Secret Article of a Perpetual Peace

In transactions involving public right, a secret article（regarded objectively or in terms of its content） is a contradiction. But in subjective terms, i.e. in relation to the sort of person who dictates it, an article may well contain a secret element, for the person concerned may consider it prejudicial to his own dignity to name himself publicly as its originator.

The only article of this kind is embodied in the following sentence: *'The maxims of the philosophers on the conditions under which public peace is possible shall be consulted by states which are armed for war.'*

Although it may seem humiliating for the legislative authority of a state, to which we must naturally attribute the highest degree of wisdom, to seek

instruction from *subjects*（the philosophers） regarding the principles on which it should act in its relations with other states, it is nevertheless extremely advisable that it should do so. The state will therefore invite their help *silently*, making a secret of it. In other words, it will *allow them to speak* freely and publicly on the universal maxims of warfare and peace-making, and they will indeed do so of their own accord if no one forbids their discussions. And no special formal arrangement among the states is necessary to enable them to agree on this issue, for the agreement already lies in the obligations imposed by universal human reason in its capacity as a moral legislator. This does not, however, imply that the state must give the principles of the philosopher precedence over the pronouncements of the jurist（who represents the power of the state）, but only that the philosopher should be given a *hearing*. The jurist, who has taken as his symbol the scales of right and the sword of justice, usually uses the latter not merely to keep any extraneous influences away from the former, but will throw the *sword* into one of the *scales* if it refuses to sink（*vae victis!*）. Unless the jurist is at the same time a philosopher, at any rate in moral matters, he is under the greatest temptation to do this, for his business is merely to apply existing laws, and not to inquire whether they are in need of improvement. He acts as if this truly low rank of his faculty were in fact one of the higher ones, for the simple reason that it is accompanied by power（as is also the case with two of the other faculties）. But the philosophical faculty occupies a very low position in face of the combined power of the others. Thus we are told, for instance, that philosophy is the *handmaid* of theology, and something similar in relation to the others. But it is far from clear whether this handmaid bears the torch before her gracious lady, or carries the train behind.

It is not to be expected that kings will philosophize or that philosophers will become kings; nor is it to be desired, however, since the possession of power inevitably corrupts the free judgement of reason. Kings or sovereign peoples（i.e. those governing themselves by egalitarian laws） should not, however, force the class of philosophers to disappear or to remain silent, but should allow them to speak publicly. This is essential to both in order that light may be thrown on their affairs. And since the class of philosophers is by nature incapable of forming seditious factions or clubs, they cannot incur suspicion of disseminating propaganda.

---

[1] A hereditary kingdom is not a state which can be inherited by another state. Only the right to rule over it may be bequeathed to another physical person. In this case, the state acquires a ruler, but the ruler as such（i.e. as one who already has another kingdom） does not acquire the state.

[2] It has hitherto been doubted, not without justification, whether there can be permissive laws（*leges permissivae*） in addition to preceptive laws（*leges praeceptivae*） and prohibitive laws（*leges prohibitivae*）. For all laws embody an element of objective practical necessity as a reason for certain actions, whereas a permission depends only upon practical contingencies. Thus a *permissive law* would be a compulsion to do something which one cannot be compelled to do, and if the object of the law were the same as that of the permission, a contradiction would result. But in the permissive law contained in the second article above, the initial prohibition applies only to the mode of acquiring a right in the future（e.g. by inheritance）, whereas the exemption from this prohibition（i.e. the permissive part of the law） applies to the state of political possessions in the present. For in accordance with a permissive law of natural right, this present state can be allowed to remain even although the state of nature has been abandoned for that of civil society. And even if these present possessions are unlawful, they are nevertheless *honest*（*possessio putativa*）. A putative possession is prohibited, however, as soon as it has been recognized as such, both in the state of nature and after the subsequent transition to civil society（if the mode of acquisition is the same）. And continued possession could not be permitted if the supposed acquisition had been made in the state of civil society, for it would then have to end immediately, as an offence against right, as soon as its unlawfulness had been discovered.

My intention here was merely to point out briefly to exponents of natural right the concept of a

permissive law, which automatically presents itself within the systematic divisions of reason. It is especially noteworthy since it is frequently used in civil or statutory law, with the one difference that the prohibitive part of the law exists independently, and the permissive part is not included within the law itself as a limiting condition（as it ought to be）, but added to cover exceptional cases. Such laws usually state that this or that is prohibited, *except* in cases 1, 2 or 3, and so on *ad infinitum*, for permissive clauses are only added to the law fortuitously, by a random review of particular cases, and not in accordance with any definite principle. Otherwise, the limiting conditions would have had to be included *in the actual formula of the prohibitive law*, whereby it would have become a permissive law in itself. It is therefore to be regretted that the ingenious but unsolved competition question submitted by that wise and clear-sighted gentleman, Count Windischgrätz, was so soon abandoned, for it might have solved the legal difficulty we are at present discussing. For the possibility of finding a universal formula like those of mathematics is the only true test of consistent legislation, and without it, the so-called *ius certum* must remain no more than a pious hope. Otherwise, we shall only have *general* laws（i.e. laws *valid in general*）, but no universal laws（i.e. laws which are *generally valid*） such as the concept of a law seems to demand.

[3] It is usually assumed that one cannot take hostile action against anyone unless one has already been actively *injured* by them. This is perfectly correct if both parties are living in a *legal civil state*. For the fact that the one has entered such a state gives the required guarantee to the other, since both are subject to the same authority. But man（or an individual people） in a mere state of nature robs me of any such security and injures me by virtue of this very state in which he coexists with me. He may not have injured me actively（*facto*）, but he does injure me by the very lawlessness of his state（*statu iniusto*）, for he is a permanent threat to me, and I can require him either to enter into a common lawful state along with me or to move away from my vicinity. Thus the postulate on which all the following articles are based is that all men who can at all influence one another must adhere to some kind of civil constitution. But any legal constitution, as far as the persons who live under it are concerned, will conform to one of the three following types:

（1） a constitution based on the *civil right* of individuals within a nation（*ius civitatis*）.

（2） a constitution based on the *international right* of states in their relationships with one another（*ius gentium*）.

（3） a constitution based on *cosmopolitan right*, in so far as individuals and states, coexisting in an external relationship of mutual influences, may be regarded as citizens of a universal state of mankind（*ius cosmopoliticum*）. This classification, with respect to the idea of a perpetual peace, is not arbitrary, but necessary. For if even one of the parties were able to influence the others physically and yet itself remained in a state of nature, there would be a risk of war, which it is precisely the aim of the above articles to prevent.

[4] *Rightful*（*i.e. external*） *freedom* cannot, as is usually thought, be defined as a warrant to do whatever one wishes unless it means doing injustice to others. For what is meant by a *warrant*? It

means a possibility of acting in a certain way so long as this action does not do any injustice to others. Thus the definition would run as follows: freedom is the possibility of acting in ways which do no injustice to others. That is, we do no injustice to others（no matter what we may actually do） if we do no injustice to others. Thus the definition is an empty tautology. In fact, my external and rightful *freedom* should be defined as a warrant to obey no external laws except those to which I have been able to give my own consent. Similarly, external and rightful *equality* within a state is that relationship among the citizens whereby no one can put anyone else under a legal obligation without submitting simultaneously to a law which requires that he can himself be put under the same kind of obligation by the other person.（And we do not need to define the principle of *legal* dependence, since it is always implied in the concept of a political constitution.） The validity of these innate and inalienable rights, the necessary property of mankind, is confirmed and enhanced by the principle that man may have lawful relations even with higher beings（if he believes in the latter）. For he may consider himself as a citizen of a transcendental world, to which the same principles apply. And as regards my freedom, I am not under any obligation even to divine laws（which I can recognize by reason alone）, except in so far as I have been able to give my own consent to them; for I can form a conception of the divine will only in terms of the law of freedom of my own reason. As for the principle of equality in relation to the most exalted being I can conceive of, apart from God（e.g. a power such as Aeon）, there is no reason, if I and this higher being are both doing our duty in our own stations, why it should be my duty to obey while he should enjoy the right to command. But the reason why this principle of equality（unlike that of freedom） does not apply to a relationship towards God, is that God is the only being for whom the concept of duty ceases to be valid.

But as for the right of equality of all citizens as subjects, we may ask whether a *hereditary aristocracy* is admissible. The answer to this question will depend entirely on whether more importance is attached to the superior *rank* granted by the state to one subject over another than is attached to *merit*, or vice versa. Now it is obvious that if rank is conferred according to birth, it will be quite uncertain whether merit（skill and devotion within one's office） will accompany it; it will be tantamount to conferring a position of command upon a favoured individual without any merit on his part, and this could never be approved by the general will of the people in an original contract, which is, after all, the principle behind all rights. For it does not necessarily follow that a nobleman is also a *noble man*. And as for a nobility of office, i.e. the rank of a *higher magistracy* which can be attained by merit, the rank does not attach as a possession to the person, but to the post occupied by the person, and this does not violate the principle of equality. For when a person lays down his office, he simultaneously resigns his rank and again becomes one of the people.

[5] Many have criticized the high-sounding appellations which are often bestowed on a ruler（e.g.‘the divine anointed’, or‘the executor and representative of the divine will on earth’） as gross and extravagant flatteries, but it seems to me without reason. Far from making the ruler of the land arrogant, they ought rather to fill his soul with humility. For if he is a man of understanding（which we must certainly assume）, he will reflect that he has taken over an office

which is too great for a human being, namely that of administering God's most sacred institution on earth, the rights of man; he will always live in fear of having in any way injured God's most valued possession.

[6] Mallet du Pan, in his flamboyant but hollow and empty style, boasts of having at last, after many years of experience, become convinced of the truth of Pope's famous saying:‘For forms of government let fools contest; Whate'er is best administered is best.’If this means that the best administered government is the best administered, he has cracked a nut（as Swift puts it） and been rewarded with a worm. But if it means that the best administered government is also the best kind of government（i.e. the best constitution）, it is completely false, for examples of good governments prove nothing whatsoever about kinds of government. Who, indeed, governed better than a Titus or a Marcus Aurelius, and yet the one left a Domitian as his successor, and the other a Commodus. And this could not have happened under a good constitution, since their unsuitability for the post of ruler was known early enough, and the power of their predecessors was great enough to have excluded them from the succession.

[7] Thus a Bulgarian prince, replying to the Greek Emperor who had kindly offered to settle his dispute with him by a duel, declared:‘A smith who possesses tongs will not lift the glowing iron out of the coals with his own hands.’

[8] At the end of a war, when peace is concluded, it would not be inappropriate for a people to appoint a day of atonement after the festival of thanksgiving. Heaven would be invoked in the name of the state to forgive the human race for the great sin of which it continues to be guilty, since it will not accommodate itself to a lawful constitution in international relations. Proud of its independence, each state prefers to employ the barbarous expedient of war, although war cannot produce the desired decision on the rights of particular states. The thanksgivings for individual victories during a war, the hymns which are sung（in the style of the Israelites） to the *Lord of Hosts*, contrast no less markedly with the moral conception of a father of mankind. For besides displaying indifference to the way in which nations pursue their mutual rights（deplorable though it is）, they actually rejoice at having annihilated numerous human beings or their happiness.

[9] If we wish to give this great empire the name by which it calls itself（i.e. *China*, not *Sina* or any similar form）, we need only consult Georgi's *Alphabetum Tibetanum*, pp. 651–654, note b in particular. According to Professor Fischer of Petersburg, it actually has no fixed name which it might apply to itself; the commonest one is still the word *Kin*, which means gold（the Tibetans, however, call this *Ser*）, which explains why the emperor is called King of Gold（i.e. of the fairest land in the world）. The word is apparently pronounced *Chin* in the land itself, but expressed as *Kin* by the Italian missionaries, who cannot pronounce the correct guttural sound. It can also be seen that what the Romans called the land of the people of *Ser* was in fact China, and silk was brought from there to Europe via Greater Tibet（probably crossing Lesser Tibet, Bukhara and Persia）. This led to numerous speculations on the antiquity of this extraordinary state as compared with that of Hindustan, and on its

relations with Tibet as well as with Japan. But the name Sina or Tschina, which neighbouring countries allegedly use of it, leads nowhere.

Perhaps the ancient but hitherto obscure community between Europe and Tibet can be explained from what Hesychius has recorded of the hierophant's cryΚονζ'Ομπαζ（*Konx Ompax*） in the Eleusinian Mysteries（cf. *Journey of the Younger Anacharsis*, Part Ⅴ, p. 447 *et seq.*）. For according to Georgi's *Alphabetum Tibetanum*, the word *Concioa* means god, and it markedly resembles *Konx*, while *Pahcio*（*ibid.* p. 520）, which the Greeks might easily have pronounced *pax*, means *promulgator legis*, the divinity which pervades the whole of nature（also called *Cencresi*, p. 177）. But *Om*, which La Croze translates as *benedictus*（blessed）, can scarcely mean anything other than *beatific* if applied to the deity（p. 507）. When P. Francisco Orazio asked the Tibetan lamas how they conceived of god （*Concioa*）, he always received the answer:*'God is the community of all the holy ones'*（i.e. the community of blessed souls, at last reunited in the deity by being reborn as lamas after numerous migrations through all kinds of bodies, and thereby transformed into beings worthy of adoration – p.223）. Thus the mysterious name *Konx Ompax* might designate that *holy*（*Konx*）, *heavenly*（*Om*） and *wise*（*Pax*） supreme being who pervades the whole world, i.e. nature personified. As used in the Greek mysteries, it may well have signified *monotheism* to the epopts, as distinct from the *polytheism* of the uninitiated mass, although it savoured of atheism to P. Orazio（*loc. cit.*）. Our earlier considerations should help to explain how this mysterious name reached the Greeks from Tibet; conversely, this influence makes it appear probable that Europe at an early date had contact with China by way of Tibet, perhaps even earlier than with India.

[10] In the mechanism of nature, of which man（as a sensory being） is a part, there is evident a fundamental form on which its very existence depends. This form becomes intelligible to us only if we attribute it to the design of a universal creator who has determined it in advance. We call this predetermining influence divine providence, and further define it as *original providence* in so far as it is active from the earliest times onwards（*providentia conditrix; semel iussit, semper parent* [As soon as he has given the command, they obey without fail] – Augustine）. In as much as it sustains the course of nature in accordance with purposive universal laws, we call it *ruling providence*（*providentia gubernatrix*）. If it realizes particular ends which man could not have foreseen and whose existence can only be guessed at from the results, it is termed *guiding providence*（*providentia directrix*）. And finally, if individual events are regarded as divinely intended, we no longer speak of providence but of a *special dispensation*（*directio extraordinaria*）. But it is foolish presumption for man to claim that he can recognize this as such, since it implies that a miracle has taken place, even if the events are not specifically described as miraculous. For however pious and humble it may sound, it is absurd and self-conceited for anyone to conclude from a single event that the efficient cause is governed by a special principle, or that the event in question is an end in itself and not just the natural and mechanical consequence of another end which is completely unknown to us. Similarly, it is false and self-contradictory to classify providence in terms of worldly objects（*materialiter*）, dividing it up into *general* and *particular*, as occurs in the doctrine that providence takes care to preserve the various

species of creatures, but leaves chance to look after the individuals; for the whole point of saying that providence applies in general is that no single object should be excepted from it. This classification, however, was probably meant to indicate that the intentions of providence are carried out *in different ways*（*formaliter*）. These might be *ordinary*（e.g. the annual death and revival of nature with the changes of seasons） or *extraordinary*（e.g. the transporting of wood by Ocean currents to Arctic coasts where it cannot grow, thus providing for the native inhabitants, who could not live without it）. In the latter case, while we can well explain the physico-mechanical cause of the phenomena in question（e.g. by the fact that the riverbanks in temperate lands are covered in forests, so that the trees may fall into the rivers and be carried further a field by currents like the Gulf Stream）, we must not on the other hand overlook teleology, which indicates the foresight of a wise agency governing nature. But the conception, current in the academic world, of a divine *participation* or *collaboration*（*concursus*） in effects experienced in the world of the senses, is superfluous. For *firstly*, it is self-contradictory to try to harness disparates together（*gryphes iungere equis* [to harness griffins with horses]）, and to imply that a being who is himself the complete cause of the world's developments has to *supplement* his own predetermining providence during the course of world events（so that it must originally have been inadequate）; for example, it is absurd to say that after God, the doctor acted as an assistant in curing the patient – *causa solitaria non invat* [a single cause does not suffice]. God is the creator of the doctor and of all his medicaments, so that the effect must be ascribed *entirely* to him if we are to ascend to that supreme original cause which is theoretically beyond our comprehension. Alternatively, it can be ascribed *entirely* to the doctor, in so far as we treat the event in question as belonging to the order of nature and as capable of explanation within the causal series of earthly occurrences. And *secondly*, if we adopt such attitudes, we are deprived of all definite principles by which we might judge effects. But the concept of a divine *concursus* is completely acceptable and indeed necessary in the moral and practical sense, which refers exclusively to the transcendental world. For example, we may say that we should never cease to strive towards goodness, for we believe that God, even by means which we cannot comprehend, will make up for our own lack of righteousness so long as our attitude is sincere. It is, however, self-evident that no one should use such arguments to *explain* a good deed, regarded as a secular event, for this would presuppose theoretical knowledge of the transcendental, which it is absurd for us to claim.

[11] Of all ways of life, that of the hunter is undoubtedly most at odds with a civilized constitution. For families, having to live in separation, soon become strangers to each other, and subsequently, being scattered about in wide forests, they treat each other with hostility, since each requires a large area to provide itself with food and clothing. The command addressed to Noah forbidding the eating of blood（Genesis 9, 4–6） seems to have been originally nothing else but a prohibition of the hunter's way of life. For this must often involve eating uncooked meat, and if the latter is forbidden, the first is automatically ruled out too. This prohibition, often reiterated, was a condition later imposed by the Jewish Christians upon the newly accepted Christians of heathen origin, albeit with a different intention（Acts 15, 20 and 21, 25）.

[12] The following question might be raised. If nature intended that these frozen shores should not remain uninhabited, what will happen to their inhabitants if nature, as indeed may well happen, ceases to provide them with driftwood? For we may well believe that the natives of temperate zones, as their culture progresses, will make better use of the wood which grows on the banks of their rivers, and will not allow it to fall into them and be swept out to sea. I should reply that those who live on the Ob, the Yenisei, the Lena etc. will supply them with it commercially, bartering it for the animal products in which the Arctic coasts are so plentiful – but only after nature has compelled them to live in peace with one another.

[13] *Religious differences* – an odd expression! As if we were to speak of different *moralities*. There may certainly be different historical *confessions*, although these have nothing to do with religion itself but only with changes in the means used to further religion, and are thus the province of historical research. And there may be just as many different religious *books*（the Zend-Avesta, the Vedas, the Koran, etc.）. But there can only be *one religion* which is valid for all men and at all times. Thus the different confessions can scarcely be more than the vehicles of religion; these are fortuitous, and may vary with differences in time or place.

Appendix

I

On the Disagreement between Morals and Politics in Relation to Perpetual Peace

Morality, as a collection of absolutely binding laws by which our actions *ought* to be governed, belongs essentially, in an objective sense, to the practical sphere. And if we have once acknowledged the authority of this concept of duty, it is patently absurd to say that we *cannot* act as the moral laws require. For if this were the case, the concept of duty would automatically be dropped from morals（*ultra posse nemo obligatur* [no one is obliged to do anything he is incapable of doing]）. Hence there can be no conflict between politics, as an applied branch of right, and morality, as a theoretical branch of right（i.e. between theory and practice）; for such a conflict could occur only if morality were taken to mean a general doctrine of expediency, i.e. a theory of the maxims by which one might select the most useful means of furthering one's own advantage – and this would be tantamount to denying that morality exists.

If politics were to say: ‘*Be ye therefore wise as serpents*’, morality might add, by way of qualification: ‘*and harmless as doves*’. If these two precepts cannot exist together within a single commandment, then there is indeed a disagreement between politics and morality. But if the two are to be united, it is absurd to suppose that they are in opposition, and the question of how such a conflict could be resolved cannot even be posed as a mental exercise. It is

true, alas, that the saying *‘Honesty is the best policy’* embodies a theory which is frequently contradicted by practice. Yet the equally theoretical proposition *‘Honesty is better than any policy’* infinitely transcends all objections, and it is indeed an indispensable condition of any policy whatsoever. The god of morality does not yield to Jupiter, the custodian of violence, for even Jupiter is still subject to fate. In short, reason is not sufficiently enlightened to discover the whole series of predetermining causes which would allow it to predict accurately the happy or unhappy consequences of human activities as dictated by the mechanism of nature; it can only hope that the result will meet with its wishes. But reason at all times shows us clearly enough what we have to do in order to remain on the paths of duty, as the rules of wisdom require, and thus shows us the way towards our ultimate goal.

But the man of practice, to whom morality is pure theory, coldly repudiates our well-intentioned hopes, even if he does concede that we *can* do what we *ought* to do. He bases his argument on the claim that we can tell in advance from human nature that man will never *want* to do what is necessary in order to attain the goal of eternal peace. It is perfectly true that the will of all *individual* men to live in accordance with principles of freedom within a lawful constitution（i.e. the *distributive* unity of the will of all） is not sufficient for this purpose. Before so difficult a problem can be solved, all men *together*（i.e. the *collective* unity of the combined will） must desire to attain this goal; only then can civil society exist as a single whole. Since an additional unifying cause must therefore overrule the differences in the particular wishes of all individuals before a common will can arise, and since no single individual can create it, the only conceivable way of executing the

original idea *in practice*, and hence of inaugurating a state of right, is by *force*. On its coercive authority, public right will subsequently be based.

We can certainly expect in advance that there will be considerable deviations in actual experience from the original theoretical idea. For we cannot assume that the moral attitude of the legislator will be such that, after the disorderly mass has been united into a people, he will leave them to create a lawful constitution by their own common will.

It might thus be said that, once a person has the power in his own hands, he will not let the people prescribe laws for him. Similarly, a state which is self-governing and free from all external laws will not let itself become dependent on the judgement of other states in seeking to uphold its rights against them. And even a whole continent, if it feels itself in a superior position to another one, will not hesitate to plunder it or actually to extend its rule over it, irrespective of whether the other is in its way or not. In this way, all the plans which theory lays for political, international or cosmopolitan right dissolve into empty and impracticable ideals; but a practice which is based on empirical principles of human nature, and which does not consider it beneath its dignity to shape its maxims according to the way of the world, can alone hope to find a solid foundation for its system of political opportunism.

If, of course, there is neither freedom nor any moral law based on freedom, but only a state in which everything that happens or can happen simply obeys the mechanical workings of nature, politics would mean the art of utilizing nature for the government of men, and this would constitute the whole of practical wisdom; the concept of right would then be only an empty

idea. But if we consider it absolutely necessary to couple the concept of right with politics, or even to make it a limiting condition of politics, it must be conceded that the two are compatible. And I can indeed imagine a *moral politician*, i.e. someone who conceives of the principles of political expediency in such a way that they can co-exist with morality, but I cannot imagine a *political moralist*, i.e. one who fashions his morality to suit his own advantage as a statesman.

The moral politician will make it a principle that, if any faults which could not have been prevented are discovered in the political constitution or in the relations between states, it is a duty, especially for heads of state, to see to it that they are corrected as soon as possible; it should be ensured that these political institutions are made to conform to natural right, which stands before us as a model in the idea of practical reason, and this should be done even if selfish interests have to be sacrificed. It would be contrary to all political expediency, which in this case agrees with morality, to destroy any of the existing bonds of political or cosmopolitan union before a better constitution has been prepared to take their place. And while it would be absurd to demand that their faults be repaired at once and by violent measures, it can still be required of the individual in power that he should be intimately aware of the maxim that changes for the better are necessary, in order that the constitution may constantly approach the optimum end prescribed by laws of right. A state may well *govern* itself in a republican way, even if its existing constitution provides for a despotic *ruling power*; and it will gradually come to the stage where the people can be influenced by the mere idea of the law's authority, just as if it were backed up by physical force, so that they will be able to create for themselves a legislation

ultimately founded on right. If, however, a more lawful constitution were attained by unlawful means, i.e. by a violent *revolution* resulting from a previous bad constitution, it would then no longer be permissible to lead the people back to the original one, even although everyone who had interfered with the old constitution by violence or conspiracy would rightly have been subject to the penalties of rebellion during the revolution itself. But as for the external relationship between states, no state can be required to relinquish its constitution, even if the latter is despotic（and hence stronger in relation to external enemies）, so long as this state is in danger of being engulfed at any moment by other states; hence while plans must be made for political improvement, it must be permissible to delay their execution until a better opportunity arises.[14]

It may well be the case that despotic moralists, i.e. those who err in practice, frequently act contrary to political prudence by adopting or recommending premature measures, yet experience must gradually bring them out of their opposition to nature and make them adopt better ways. But moralizing politicians, for what they are worth, try to cover up political principles which are contrary to right, under the pretext that human nature is *incapable* of attaining the good which reason prescribes as an idea. They thereby make progress *impossible*, and eternalize the violation of right.

Instead of applying the correct practice they boast of, these worldly-wise politicians resort to despicable tricks, for they are only out to exploit the people（and if possible the whole world） by influencing the current ruling power in such a way as to ensure their own private advantage. They are just like lawyers（i.e. those for whom law is a profession, not a matter of

legislation） who have found their way into politics. For since it is not their business to argue over legislation itself, but to fulfil the present instructions of the law of the land, they will always regard the existing legal constitution（or, if this is altered by a higher authority, the subsequent one） as the best, because everything in it will follow a proper mechanical order. But this skill in being all things to all men may give them the illusion that they can also pass judgement, in accordance with concepts of right（i.e. *a priori*, not empirically）, on the principles of any *political constitution* whatsoever. And they may boast that they know *men*（which is certainly to be expected, since they have to do with so many of them）, although they do not know *man* and his potentialities, for this requires a higher anthropological vantage-point.

Armed with concepts such as these, they proceed to take up political and international law as prescribed by reason. But they cannot take this step except in a spirit of chicanery, for they will follow their usual procedure of applying despotically formulated coercive laws in a mechanical manner, even in a sphere where the concepts of reason only allow for lawful coercion, in keeping with the principles of freedom, which alone make possible a rightfully established political constitution. The supposed practitioner believes he can solve this problem empirically, ignoring the idea of reason and drawing on experience of how the（largely unlawful） constitutions which have hitherto survived best were organized. And the maxims which he employs for this purpose, although he does not make them public, can roughly be expressed in the following sophistries:

1. *Fac et excusa* [Act first and justify your actions later]. Seize any

favourable opportunity of arbitrarily expropriating a right which the state enjoys over its own or over a neighbouring people; the justification can be presented far more easily and elegantly and the use of violence can be glossed over far more readily *after the fact* than if one were to think out convincing reasons in advance and then wait for counter-arguments to be offered. This is particularly true of the first case, where the highest power in the state is also the legislative authority which must be obeyed without argument. Such audacity itself gives a certain appearance of inner conviction that the deed is right and just, and the god of success（*bonus eventus*） will then be the best of advocates.

2. *Si fecisti, nega* [If you are the perpetrator, deny it]. If you have committed a crime, for instance, in order to lead your people to desperation and thence to rebellion, deny that the guilt is yours. Maintain instead that it arose from the intransigence of the subjects; or if you have seized control of a neighbouring people, say that the very nature of man is responsible, for if he does not anticipate others in resorting to violence, he may count on it that they will anticipate and overpower him.

3. *Divide et impera* [Divide and rule]. That is, if there are certain privileged persons among the people who have chosen you for their ruler merely as *primus inter pares* [the chief among his peers], make sure to disunite them among themselves and set them at odds with the people. And if you back up the people with false promises of greater freedom, everything will be dependent on your absolute will. Or if you are dealing with foreign states, to stir up discord among them is a fairly certain method of subjugating them one by one while merely appearing to lend support to the weaker.

No one, it must be confessed, will be taken in by these political maxims, for they are all generally known. And it is not the case that men are ashamed of them, as if their injustice were all too obviously visible. For great powers are never embarrassed about how the common mass might judge them, but only about one another's opinions. And as for the principles listed above, the powers will feel no shame if they become publicly known, but only if they *fail to succeed*, for they are all agreed on the moral status of the maxims. They are left with *political honour*, on which they can always rely if they *enlarge their power* by whatever means they care to use.[15] From all these twists and turns of an immoral and opportunistic doctrine of how to create peace among men out of the warlike state of nature, this much at least is clear: men can as little escape the concept of right in their private relations as in their public ones, and they will not openly dare to base their politics on opportunistic machinations alone and thus to refuse altogether to obey any concept of public right（which is particularly remarkable in the case of international right）. Instead, they pay such concepts all the honour they deserve, even although they may also devise a hundred excuses and subterfuges to get out of observing them in practice and to pretend that brute force and cunning can possess that authority which is the source and unifying bond of all right.

In order to end this sophistry（if not the actual injustice which it covers over） and to make the false representatives of those who wield power on earth confess that they are advocating might instead of right（adopting as they do the tone of persons entitled to give orders）, it will be well to discover the ultimate principle from which the end of perpetual peace is derived, and thus to destroy the illusions with which men deceive themselves

and others. It must likewise be demonstrated that all the evil which stands in the way of perpetual peace results from the fact that the political moralist starts out from the very point at which the moral politician rightly stops; he thus makes his principles subordinate to his end（i.e. puts the cart before the horse）, thereby defeating his own purpose of reconciling politics with morality.

To ensure that practical philosophy is at one with itself, it is first necessary to resolve the question of whether, in problems of practical reason, we should begin with its *material* principle, i.e. its *end*, as an object of the will, or with its *formal* principle, i.e. the principle which rests on man's freedom in his external relations and which states:‘Act in such a way that you can wish your maxim to become a universal law（irrespective of what the end in view may be）.’

The latter principle must undoubtedly take precedence. For as a principle of right, it has absolute necessity, whereas the former is necessary only if the empirical conditions which permit the proposed end to be realized can be assumed to exist. And if this end were also a duty, as with the end of perpetual peace, it would itself have to be deduced from the formal principle of the maxims governing external action. Now the former（i.e. material） principle is that of the *political moralist*, and it treats the problems of political, international and cosmopolitan right as mere *technical tasks;* but the latter（i.e. formal） principle is that of the *moral politician*, for whom it is a *moral task*, totally different in its execution from technical problems, to bring about perpetual peace, which is desirable not just as a physical good, but also as a state of affairs which must arise out of recognizing one's duty.

For the solution of the first problem（that of political expediency）, much knowledge of nature is required, so that one can use its mechanism to promote the intended end. Nevertheless, all this is uncertain so far as its repercussions on perpetual peace are concerned, no matter which of the three departments of public right one considers. For it is uncertain whether the obedience and prosperity of the people can be better maintained over a long period by strict discipline or by appeals to their vanity, by conferring supreme power upon a single individual or upon several united leaders, or perhaps merely by means of an aristocracy of office or by popular internal government. History offers examples of the opposite effect being produced by all forms of government, with the single exception of genuine republicanism, which, however, could be the object only of a moral politician. And it is even more uncertain in the case of an *international right* supposedly based on statutes worked out by ministers, for it is in fact a mere word with nothing behind it, since it depends upon treaties which contain in the very act of their conclusion the secret reservation that they may be violated. On the other hand, the solution of the second problem, that of *political wisdom*, presents itself as it were automatically; it is obvious to everyone, it defeats all artifices, and leads straight to its goal, so long as we prudently remember that it cannot be realized by violent and precipitate means, but must be steadily approached as favourable opportunities present themselves.

We may therefore offer the following advice:‘Seek ye first the kingdom of pure practical reason and its *righteousness*, and your object（the blessing of perpetual peace） will be added unto you.’ For morality, with regard to its principles of public right（hence in relation to a political code which can be

known *a priori*）, has the peculiar feature that the less it makes its conduct depend upon the end it envisages（whether this be a physical or moral advantage）, the more it will in general harmonize with this end. And the reason for this is that it is precisely the general will as it is given *a priori*, within a single people or in the mutual relationships of various peoples, which alone determines what is right among men. But this union of the will of all, if only it is put into practice in a consistent way, can also, within the mechanism of nature, be the cause which leads to the intended result and gives effect to the concept of right. For example, it is a principle of moral politics that a people should combine to form a state in accordance with freedom and equality as its sole concepts of right, and this principle is based not on expediency, but on duty. Political moralists, on the other hand, do not deserve a hearing, however much they argue about the natural mechanism of a mass of people who enter into society, or claim that this mechanism would invalidate the above principles and frustrate their fulfilment, or try to prove their assertions by citing examples of badly organized constitutions of ancient and modern times（e.g. of democracies without a system of representation）. Such theories are particularly damaging, because they may themselves produce the very evil they predict. For they put man into the same class as other living machines, which only need to realize consciously that they are not free beings for them to become in their own eyes the most wretched of all earthly creatures.

The proverbial saying *fiat iustitia, pereat mundus*（i.e. let justice reign, even if all the rogues in the world must perish） may sound somewhat inflated, but it is nonetheless true. It is a sound principle of right, which blocks up all the devious paths followed by cunning or violence. But it must

not be misunderstood, or taken, for example, as a permit to apply one's own rights with the utmost rigour（which would conflict with ethical duty）, but should be seen as an obligation of those in power not to deny or detract from the rights of anyone out of disfavour or sympathy for others. And this requires above all that the state should have an internal constitution organized in accordance with pure principles of right, and also that it unite with other neighbouring or even distant states to arrive at a lawful settlement of their differences by forming something analogous to a universal state. This proposition simply means that whatever the physical consequences may be, the political maxims adopted must not be influenced by the prospect of any benefit or happiness which might accrue to the state if it followed them, i.e. by the end which each state takes as the object of its will（as the highest *empirical* principle of political wisdom）; they should be influenced only by the pure concept of rightful duty, i.e. by an obligation whose principle is given *a priori* by pure reason. The world will certainly not come to an end if there are fewer bad men. Moral evil has by nature the inherent quality of being self-destructive and self-contradictory in its aims（especially in relations between persons of a like mind）, so that it makes way for the moral principle of goodness, even if such progress is slow.

Thus in *objective* or theoretical terms, there is no conflict whatsoever between morality and politics. In a *subjective* sense, however（i.e. in relation to the selfish disposition of man, which, since it is not based on maxims of reason, cannot however be called practice）, this conflict will and ought to remain active, since it serves as a whetstone of virtue. The true courage of virtue, according to the principle *tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito*

[‘You for your part must not give way to troubles, but confront them the more boldly’], does not so much consist, in the present case, in resolutely standing up to the evils and sacrifices which must be encountered, as in facing the evil principle within ourselves and overcoming its wiles. For this principle is far more dangerous, since it is deceitful, treacherous, and liable to exploit the weakness of human nature in order to justify any violation of justice.

The political moralist may indeed say that the ruler and people, or one people and another people, do no injustice to *each other* if they enter into mutual conflict through violence or cunning, although they act completely unjustly in refusing to respect the concept of right, which would alone be capable of establishing perpetual peace. For if one party violates his duty towards another who is just as lawlessly disposed towards him, that which actually *happens* to them in wearing each other out is perfectly just, and enough of their kind will always survive to keep this process going without interruption into the most distant future, so that later generations may take them as a warning example. Providence is justified in disposing the course of world events in this way; for the moral principle in man is never extinguished, and reason, which is pragmatically capable of applying the ideas of right according to this principle, constantly increases with the continuous progress of culture, while the guilt attending violations of right increases proportionately. If we suppose that mankind never can or will be in a better condition, it seems impossible to justify by any kind of theodicy the mere fact that such a race of corrupt beings could have been created on earth at all. But this kind of judgement is far too exalted for us; we cannot theoretically attribute our conception of wisdom to the supreme power whose

nature is beyond our understanding.

Such are the desperate conclusions to which we are inevitably driven if we do not assume that the pure principles of right have an objective reality, i.e. that they can be applied in practice. And whatever empirical politics may say to the contrary, the people within the state, as well as the states in their relations with one another, must act accordingly. A true system of politics cannot therefore take a single step without first paying tribute to morality. And although politics in itself is a difficult art, no art is required to combine it with morality. For as soon as the two come into conflict, morality can cut through the knot which politics cannot untie.

The rights of man must be held sacred, however great a sacrifice the ruling power may have to make. There can be no half measures here; it is no use devising hybrid solutions such as a pragmatically conditioned right half-way between right and utility. For all politics must bend the knee before right, although politics may hope in return to arrive, however slowly, at a stage of lasting brilliance.

II
On the Agreement Between Politics and Morality According to the Transcendental Concept of Public Right

If, in considering public right as the jurists usually conceive of it, I abstract from all its *material* aspects（as determined by the various empirically given relationships of men within a state, or of states with one another）, I am left with the *formal attribute of publicness*. For every claim upon right potentially possesses this attribute, and without it, there can be no

justice（which can only be conceived of as *publicly knowable*） and therefore no right, since right can only come from justice.

Every claim upon right must have this public quality, and since it is very easy to judge whether or not it is present in a particular instance, i.e. whether or not it can be combined with the principles of the agent concerned, it provides us with a readily applicable criterion which can be discovered *a priori* within reason itself. If it cannot be reconciled with the agent's principles, it enables us to recognize at once the falseness（i.e. unrightfulness） of the claim（*praetensio iuris*） in question, as if by an experiment of pure reason.

After we have abstracted in this way from all the empirical elements contained within the concept of political and international right（including that evil aspect of human nature which makes coercion necessary）, we may specify the following proposition as the *transcendental formula* of public right:‘All actions affecting the rights of other human beings are wrong if their maxim is not compatible with their being made public.’

This principle should be regarded not only as *ethical*（i.e. pertaining to the theory of virtue） but also as *juridical*（i.e. affecting the rights of man）.For a maxim which I may not *declare openly* without thereby frustrating my own intention, or which must at all costs be *kept secret* if it is to succeed, or which I cannot *publicly acknowledge* without thereby inevitably arousing the resistance of everyone to my plans, can only have stirred up this necessary and general（hence *a priori* foreseeable） opposition against me because it is itself unjust and thus constitutes a threat to everyone. Besides, this is a purely *negative* test, i.e. it serves only as a

means of detecting what is *not* right in relation to others. Like any axiom, it is valid without demonstration, and besides, it is easy to apply, as can be seen from the following examples of public right.

1. In the *internal right of a state*（*ius civitatis*）, a question may arise which many people consider difficult to answer, although it can be resolved quite easily by means of the transcendental principle of publicness. It runs as follows:‘Is rebellion a rightful means for a people to use in order to overthrow the oppressive power of a so-called tyrant（*non titulo, sed exercitio talis*）?’ The rights of the people have been violated, and there can be no doubt that the tyrant would not be receiving unjust treatment if he were dethroned. Nevertheless, it is in the highest degree wrong if the subjects pursue their rights in this way, and they cannot in the least complain of injustice if they are defeated in the ensuing conflict and subsequently have to endure the most severe penalties.

Much can be said in arguments both for and against such a course of action if we try to settle the matter by dogmatic deduction of the principles of right. But the transcendental principle of publicness in questions of right can get round such long-winded discussion. According to this principle, the people, before establishing the civil contract, asks itself whether it dares to make public the maxim of its intention to rebel on certain occasions. It is easily seen that if one were to make it a condition of founding a political constitution that force might in certain eventualities be used against the head of state, the people would have to claim rightful authority over its ruler. But if this were so, the ruler would not be the head of state; or if *both* parties were given authority as a prior condition of establishing the state, the existence of

the state itself, which it was the people's intention to establish, would become impossible. The injustice of rebellion is thus apparent from the fact that if the maxim upon which it would act *were publicly acknowledged*, it would defeat its own purpose. This maxim would therefore have to be kept secret.

But it would not be necessary for the head of state to conceal his intentions. He may say quite openly that he will punish any rebellion by putting the ringleaders to death, even if they believed that he was himself the first to infringe the fundamental law. For if he is aware that he possesses *irresistible* supreme power（and this must be assumed in any civil constitution, for a ruler who does not have sufficient power to protect each individual among the people against the others cannot have the right to give the people orders either）, he does not have to worry that his own aims might be frustrated if his maxim became generally known. And it is perfectly consistent with this argument that if the people were to rebel successfully, the head of state would revert to the position of a subject; but he would not be justified in starting a new rebellion to restore his former position, nor should he have to fear being called to account for his previous administration.

2. We now come to *international right*.– We can speak of international right only on the assumption that some kind of lawful condition exists, i.e. that external circum-stances are such that a man can genuinely be accorded his rights. For as a form of public right, it implies by definition that there is a general will which publicly assigns to each individual that which is his due. And this *status iuridicus* must be derived from some sort of contract, which, unlike that from which a state originates, must not be based on coercive laws, but may at most be a state of *permanent and free association* like the above-

mentioned federation of different states. For without some kind of *lawful condition* which actively links together the various physical or moral persons（as is the case in the state of nature）, the only possible form of right is a private one. This again involves a conflict between politics and morality（the latter in the shape of a theory of right）. The criterion of publicness in the relevant maxims can, however, once again be easily applied, but only on condition that the contract binds the states for the single purpose of preserving peace amongst themselves and in relation to other states, and on no account with a view to military conquest. We can thus envisage the following instances of an antinomy between politics and morality, along with the appropriate solution in each case.

（*a*）‘If one of these states has promised something to another, whether it be assistance, cession of certain territories, subsidies, or the like, it may be asked whether this state, on occasions when its own welfare is at stake, may free itself from the obligation to keep its word, maintaining that it ought to be regarded as a dual person–on the one hand, as a *sovereign* who is not responsible to anyone within the state, and on the other, merely as the highest political *official* who is responsible to the state; and the conclusion to be drawn from this is that the state（or its ruler） can be exempted in the latter capacity from obligations it incurred in the first.’ But if the ruler of a state were to let it be known that this was his maxim, everyone else would naturally flee from him, or unite with others in order to resist his pretensions; which proves that such a system of politics, for all its cunning, would defeat its own purpose if it operated on a public footing, so that the above maxim must be wrong.

（*b*）‘If a neighbouring power which has grown to a formidable size（*potentia tremenda*） gives cause for anxiety, can one assume that it will *wish* to oppress other states because is *is able* to do so, and does this give the less powerful party a right to mount a concerted attack upon it, even if no offence has been offered?’ If a state were to *let it be known* that it affirmed this maxim, it would merely bring about more surely and more quickly the very evil it feared. For the greater power would anticipate the lesser ones, and the possibility that they might unite would be but a feeble reed against one who knew how to use the tactics of *divide et impera*. Thus this maxim of political expediency; if acknowledged publicly, necessarily defeats its own purpose and is consequently unjust.

（*c*）‘If a smaller state, by its geographical situation, constitutes a gap in the territory of a larger state, and this larger state requires the intrusive territory for its own preservation, is not the larger state justified in subjugating the smaller one and in annexing its territory?’ One can easily see that the larger state must on no account let it be known that it has adopted such a maxim. For the smaller states would either unite in good time, or other powerful states would quarrel over the proposed prey, so that the plan would be rendered impracticable if it were made public. This is a sign that it is unjust, and it would in fact be an injustice of very great magnitude; for the fact that the object of an injustice is small does not mean that the injustice done to it may not be very great.

3. As for *cosmopolitan right*, I pass over it here in silence, for its maxims are easy to formulate and assess on account of its analogy with international right.

In the principle that the maxims of international right may be incompatible with publicity, we thus have a good indication that politics and morality（in the sense of a theory of right） are *not in agreement*. But it is also necessary that we should know what the condition is under which its maxims will agree with international right. For we cannot simply conclude by a reverse process that all maxims which can be made public are therefore also just, because the person who has decisive supremacy has no need to conceal his maxims. The condition which must be fulfilled before any kind of international right is possible is that a *lawful state* must already be in existence. For without this, there can be no public right, and any right which can be conceived of outside it, i.e. in a state of nature, will be merely a private right. Now we have already seen above that a federative association of states whose sole intention is to eliminate war is the only *lawful* arrangement which can be reconciled with their *freedom*. Thus politics and morality can only be in agreement within a federal union, which is therefore necessary and given *a priori* through the principles of right. And the rightful basis of all political prudence is the founding of such a union in the most comprehensive form possible; for without this aim, all its reasonings are unwisdom and veiled injustice. This kind of false politics has its own *casuistry* to match that of the best Jesuit scholars. For it includes the *reservatio mentalis* whereby public contracts are formulated in terms which one can interpret to one's own advantage as required（for example, the distinction between the *status quo* of fact and the *status quo* of right）; it also includes the *probabilismus*, i.e. it tries to think out evil intentions which it might attribute to others, or uses the likelihood of their gaining predominance as a legal justification for undermining other peaceful states; and finally, it has the principle of the philosophical sin（*peccatum philosophicum*,

peccatillum, or *bagatelle*）, whereby it can be regarded as a readily pardonable trifle to seize a *small* state if a much *larger* state gains in the process, to the supposed advantage of the world in general.[16]

All this is occasioned by the duplicity of politics in relation to morality, for it makes use of whatever branch of morality suits its purposes. But *both* aspects, philanthropy and respect for the *rights* of man, are obligatory. And while the former is only a *conditional* duty, the latter is an *unconditional* and absolutely imperative one; anyone must first be completely sure that he has not infringed it if he wishes to enjoy the sweet sense of having acted justly. Politics can easily be reconciled with morality in the former sense（i.e. as ethics）, for both demand that men should give up their rights to their rulers. But when it comes to morality in its second sense（i.e. as the theory of right）, which requires that politics should actively defer to it, politics finds it advisable not to enter into any contract at all, preferring to deny that the theory of right has any reality and to reduce all duties to mere acts of goodwill. This subterfuge of a secretive system of politics could, however, easily be defeated if philosophy were to make its maxims public, would it but dare to allow the philosopher to publicize his own maxims.

With this in mind, I now put forward another transcendental and affirmative principle of public right. It might be formulated as follows:‘All maxims which *require* publicity if they are not to fail in their purpose can be reconciled both with right and with politics.’

For if they can only attain their end by being publicized, they must conform to the universal aim of the public（which is happiness）, and it is the particular task of politics to remain in harmony with the aim of the public

through making it satisfied with its condition. But if this end is to be attained *only* through publicity（i.e. by dispelling all distrust of the maxims employed）, the maxims in question must also be in harmony with public right; for only within this right is it possible to unite the ends of everyone. I must, however, postpone the further elaboration and discussion of this principle until another occasion, although it can already be seen that it is a transcendental formula if one removes all the empirical conditions relating to happiness, i.e. the substance of the law, and looks exclusively to the form of universal lawfulness.

If it is a duty to bring about in reality a state of public right（albeit by an infinite process of gradual approximation）, and if there are also good grounds for hoping that we shall succeed, then it is not just an empty idea that *perpetual peace* will eventually replace what have hitherto been wrongly called peace treaties（which are actually only truces）. On the contrary, it is a task which, as solutions are gradually found, constantly draws nearer fulfilment, for we may hope that the periods within which equal amounts of progress are made will become progressively shorter.

---

[14] These are permissive laws of reason, which allow a state of public right to continue, even if it is affected by injustice, until all is ripe for a complete revolution or has been prepared for it by peaceful means. For any *legal* constitution, even if it is only in small measure *lawful*, is better than none at all, and the fate of a premature reform would be anarchy. Thus political prudence, with things as they are at present, will make it a duty to carry out reforms appropriate to the ideal of public right. But where revolutions are brought about by nature alone, it will not use them as a good excuse for even greater oppression, but will treat them as a call of nature to create a lawful constitution based on the principles of freedom, for a thorough reform of this kind is the only one which will last.

[15] It might be doubted whether any inherent wickedness rooted in human nature influences *men* who live together within a single state, for one might instead（with some plausibility） adduce the deficiencies of their as yet underdeveloped culture（i.e. their barbarism） as the cause of the unlawful elements in their thinking. But in the external relationships between *states*, this wickedness is quite undisguisedly and irrefutably apparent. Within each individual state, it is concealed by the coercion embodied in the civil laws, for the citizens' inclination to do violence to one another is counteracted by a more powerful force – that of the government. This not only gives the whole a veneer of morality（*causae non causae*）, but by putting an end to outbreaks of lawless proclivities, it genuinely makes it much easier for the moral capacities of men to develop into an immediate respect for right. For each individual believes of himself that he would by all means maintain the sanctity of the concept of right and obey it faithfully, if only he could be certain that all the others would do likewise, and the government in part guarantees this for him; thus a great step is taken *towards* morality（although this is still not the same as a moral step）, towards a state where the concept of duty is recognized for its own sake, irrespective of any possible gain in return. But since each individual, despite his good opinion of himself, assumes bad faith in everyone else, men thereby pass judgement on one another to the effect that they are all in point of fact of little worth – although it is a moot point why this should be so, since we cannot blame it on the *nature* of man as a free being. Since, however, that respect for the concept of right which man is absolutely incapable of renouncing gives the most solemn sanction to the theory that man is also capable of conforming to this concept, everyone can see that he must himself act in accordance with it, no matter how others may behave.

[16] One can find examples of such maxims in Garve's treatise *Über die Verbindung der Moral mit der Politik*（*On Combining Morality with Politics*）, 1788. This estimable scholar admits from the very outset that he is unable to offer a satisfactory answer to this question. But to condone such procedures while admitting that one cannot fully answer the objections which can be raised against them seems to constitute a greater concession to those who are most inclined to misuse it than it is advisable for anyone to make.

A Renewed Attempt to Answer the Question: ‘Is the Human Race Continually Improving?’

1

What Sort of Knowledge are we Looking For?

What we are seeking to know is a portion of human history. It is not a history of the past, however, but a history of future times, i.e. a *predictive* history. But if it is not discoverable from known laws of nature（as with eclipses of the sun and moon, which can be foretold by natural means） and can only be learnt through additional insight into the future supplied by supernatural revelation, it must be termed *prognosticative* or *prophetic*.[1] Besides, we are here concerned not with the natural history of mankind（as we should be if we asked, for example, whether new races of man might emerge in future times）, but with the *history of civilization*. And we are not dealing with any *specific* conception of mankind（*singulorum*）, but with the *whole* of humanity（*universorum*）, united in earthly society and distributed in national groups. All this is implied if we ask whether the human *race*（as a whole） is continually improving.

2

How can we Attain Such Knowledge?

We can obtain a prophetic historical narrative of things to come by depicting those events whose *a priori* possibility suggests that they will in

fact happen. But how is it possible to have history *a priori*? The answer is that it is possible if the prophet himself occasions and *produces* the events he predicts.

It was all very well for the Jewish prophets to foretell that the state to which they belonged would sooner or later suffer not only decline, but also complete dissolution; for they were themselves the architects of their fate. As leaders of the people, they had loaded their constitution with so many ecclesiastical（and thence also civil） burdens that their state became completely unfit to exist in its own right, particularly in its relations with neighbouring nations. Thus the jeremiads of the priests naturally went unheeded, because these same priests stubbornly stuck to their belief in the untenable constitution they had themselves created, so that they were themselves able to foresee the consequences with infallible certainty.

Our politicians, so far as their influence extends, behave in exactly the same way, and they are just as successful in their prophecies. One must take men as they are, they tell us, and not as the world's uninformed pedants or good-natured dreamers fancy that they ought to be. But ‘as they are’ ought to read ‘as we have *made them* by unjust coercion, by treacherous designs which the government is in a good position to carry out’. For that is why they are intransigent and inclined to rebellion, and why regrettable consequences ensue if discipline is relaxed in the slightest. In this way, the prophecy of the supposedly clever statesmen is fulfilled.

Various divines also at times prophesy the complete decline of religion and the imminent appearance of the Antichrist, all the while doing the very things that are best calculated to create the state of affairs they describe. For

they are not taking care to impress on the hearts of their congregation moral principles which would directly lead to an improvement. Instead, they see observances and historical beliefs as the essential duties, supposing that these will indirectly produce the same results; but although they may lead to mechanical conformity（as within a civil constitution）, they cannot produce conformity in moral attitudes. Nevertheless, these divines complain at the irreligion which they have themselves created, and which they could accordingly have foretold without any special gift of prophecy.

3

Subdivisions Within the Concept of what we Wish to Know of the Future

There are three possible forms which our prophecy might take. The human race is either continually *regressing* and deteriorating, continually *progressing* and improving, or at a permanent *standstill*, in relation to other created beings, at its present level of moral attainment（which is the same as continually revolving in a circle around a fixed point）.

The first statement might be designated *moral terrorism*, the second *eudaemonism*（which, if the goal of human progress were already visible from afar, might also be termed *chiliasm*）, while the third could be called *abderitism*. For in the latter case, since a genuine standstill is impossible in moral affairs, rises and falls of equal magnitude constantly alternate, in endless fluctuation, and produce no more effect than if the subject of them had remained stationary in one place.

a

The terroristic conception of human history

A process of deterioration in the human race cannot go on indefinitely, for mankind would wear itself out after a certain point had been reached. Consequently, when enormities go on piling up and up and the evils they produce continue to increase, we say:‘It can't get much worse now.’ It seems that the day of judgement is at hand, and the pious zealot already dreams of the rebirth of everything and of a world created anew after the present world has been destroyed by fire.

b

The eudaemonistic conception of human history

We may readily agree that the sum total of good and evil of which our nature is capable always remains unchanged, and can neither be augmented nor reduced within any one individual. And how could the quantity of good of which a person is capable possibly be increased? For it would have to be done by his own free agency as a subject, and before he could do it, he would in turn require a greater store of goodness than he already possessed in the first place. After all, no effects can exceed the capacity of their effective cause; and the quantity of goodness in man must therefore remain below a certain level in proportion to the amount of evil with which it is intermixed, so that man cannot work his way beyond a given limit and go on improving further. Thus eudaemonism, with its sanguine hopes, appears to be untenable. Its ideas of constant human progress and improvement would seem of little use to a prophetic history of mankind.

c

The hypothesis of abderitism in the human race as a definition of its future history

This point of view probably has the majority of subscribers on its side. To start off swiftly along the way of goodness without persevering on it, and instead, to reverse the plan of progress in order at all costs to avoid being tied to a single aim（even if only from a desire for variety）; to construct in order to demolish; to take upon ourselves the hopeless task of rolling the stone of Sisyphus uphill, only to let it roll back down again: such is the industrious folly which characterizes our race. In view of all this, it does not so much seem that the principle of evil within the natural character of mankind is amalgamated or fused with that of goodness, but rather that the one is neutralized by the other, with inactivity as the result（or a standstill, as in the case under discussion）. This empty activity of backward and forward motion, with good and evil continually alternating, would mean that all the interplay of members of our species on earth ought merely to be regarded as a farce. And in the eyes of reason, this cannot give any higher a value to mankind than to the other animal species, whose interaction takes place at less cost and without any conscious understanding.

4

The Problem of Progress Cannot be Solved Directly from Experience

Even if it were found that the human race as a whole had been moving forward and progressing for an indefinitely long time, no one could guarantee that its era of decline was not beginning at that very moment, by virtue of the physical character of our race. And conversely, if it is regressing and deteriorating at an accelerating pace, there are no grounds for giving up hope that we are just about to reach the turning point（*punctum flexus contrarii*）at which our affairs will take a turn for the better, by virtue of the moral

character of our race. For we are dealing with freely acting beings to whom one can *dictate* in advance what they *ought* to do, but of whom one cannot *predict* what they actually *will* do, and who are capable, if things go really badly and they experience evils incurred through their own actions, of regarding these evils as a greater incentive to do better than they did in the past. But as the Abbé Coyer says:'Poor mortals! Nothing is constant among you but inconstancy.'

Perhaps it is because we have chosen the wrong point of view from which to contemplate the course of human affairs that the latter seems so absurd to us. The planets, as seen from the earth, sometimes move backward, sometimes forward, and at other times remain motionless. But seen from the sun – the point of view of reason – they continually follow their regular paths as in the Copernican hypothesis. Yet some thinkers, otherwise not deficient in wisdom, prefer to stick firmly to their own interpretation of phenomena and to the point of view they originally adopted, even at the price of involving themselves to an absurd degree in Tychonic cycles and epicycles. It is our misfortune, however, that we are unable to adopt an absolute point of view when trying to predict free actions. For this, exalted above all human wisdom, would be the point of view of *providence*, which extends even to *free* human actions. And although man may see the latter, he cannot *foresee* them with certainty（a distinction which does not exist in the eyes of the divinity）; for while he needs to perceive a connection governed by natural laws before he can foresee anything, he must do without such hints or guidance when dealing with *free* actions in the future.

If it were possible to credit human beings with even a limited will of

innate and unvarying goodness, we could certainly predict a general improvement of mankind, for this would involve events which man could himself control. But if man's natural endowments consist of a mixture of evil and goodness in unknown proportions, no one can tell what effects he should expect from his own actions.

5

A Prophetic History of the Human Race Must Nevertheless Start from Some Sort of Experience

In human affairs, there must be some experience or other which, as an event which has actually occurred, might suggest that man has the quality or power of being the *cause* and（since his actions are supposed to be those of a being endowed with freedom） the *author* of his own improvement. But an event can be predicted as the effect of a given cause only when the circumstances which help to shape it actually arise. And while it can well be predicted in general that these circumstances must arise at some time or another（as in calculating probabilities in games of chance）, it is impossible to determine whether this will happen during my lifetime, and whether I shall myself experience it and thus be able to confirm the original prediction.

We must therefore search for an event which would indicate that such a cause exists and that it is causally active within the human race, irrespective of the time at which it might actually operate; and it would have to be a cause which allowed us to conclude, as an inevitable consequence of its operation, that mankind is improving. This inference could then be extended to cover the history of former times so as to show that mankind has always been

progressing, yet in such a way that the event originally chosen as an example would not in itself be regarded as the cause of progress in the past, but only as a rough indication or *historical sign*（*signum rememorativum, demonstrativum, prognostikon*）. It might then serve to prove the existence of a *tendency* within the human race as a *whole*, considered not as a series of individuals（for this would result in interminable enumerations and calculations） but as a body distributed over the earth in states and national groups.

6

An Occurrence in our Own Times Which Proves This Moral Tendency of the Human Race

The occurrence in question does not involve any of those momentous deeds or misdeeds of men which make small in their eyes what was formerly great or make great what was formerly small, and which cause ancient and illustrious states to vanish as if by magic, and others to arise in their place as if from the bowels of the earth. No, it has nothing to do with all this. We are here concerned only with the attitude of the onlookers as it reveals itself in *public* while the drama of great political changes is taking place: for they openly express universal yet disinterested sympathy for one set of protagonists against their adversaries, even at the risk that their partiality could be of great disadvantage to themselves. Their reaction（because of its universality） proves that mankind as a whole shares a certain character in common, and it also proves（because of its disinterestedness） that man has a moral character, or at least the makings of one. And this does not merely allow us to hope for human improvement; it is already a form of

improvement in itself, in so far as its influence is strong enough for the present.

The revolution which we have seen taking place in our own times in a nation of gifted people may succeed, or it may fail. It may be so filled with misery and atrocities that no right-thinking man would ever decide to make the same experiment again at such a price, even if he could hope to carry it out successfully at the second attempt. But I maintain that this revolution has aroused in the hearts and desires of all spectators who are not themselves caught up in it a *sympathy* which borders almost on enthusiasm, although the very utterance of this sympathy was fraught with danger. It cannot therefore have been caused by anything other than a moral disposition within the human race.

The moral cause which is at work here is composed of two elements. Firstly, there is the *right* of every people to give itself a civil constitution of the kind that it sees fit, without interference from other powers. And secondly, once it is accepted that the only intrinsically *rightful* and morally good constitution which a people can have is by its very nature disposed to avoid wars of aggression（i.e. that the only possible constitution is a republican one, at least in its conception）,[2] there is the *aim*, which is also a duty, of submitting to those conditions by which war, the source of all evils and moral corruption, can be prevented. If this aim is recognized, the human race, for all its frailty, has a negative guarantee that it will progressively improve or at least that it will not be disturbed in its progress.

All this, along with the *passion* or *enthusiasm* with which men embrace the cause of goodness（although the former cannot be entirely applauded,

since all passion as such is blameworthy）, gives historical support for the following assertion, which is of considerable anthropological significance: true enthusiasm is always directed exclusively towards the *ideal*, particularly towards that which is purely moral（such as the concept of right）, and it cannot be coupled with selfish interests. No pecuniary rewards could inspire the opponents of the revolutionaries with that zeal and greatness of soul which the concept of right could alone produce in them, and even the old military aristocracy's concept of honour（which is analogous to enthusiasm） vanished before the arms of those who had fixed their gaze on the *rights* of the people to which they belonged,[3] and who regarded themselves as its protectors. And then the external public of onlookers sympathized with their exaltation, without the slightest intention of actively participating in their affairs.

7

The Prophetic History of Mankind

In these principles, there must be something *moral* which reason recognizes not only as pure, but also（because of its great and epoch-making influence） as something to which the human soul manifestly acknowledges a duty. Moreover, it concerns the human race as a complete association of men（*non singulorum, sed universorum* [‘Not of individuals, but of mankind as a whole’]）, for they rejoice with universal and disinterested sympathy at its anticipated success and at all attempts to make it succeed.

The occurrence in question is not, however, a phenomenon of revolution, but（as Erhard puts it） of the *evolution* of a constitution governed by *natural right*. Such a constitution cannot itself be achieved by

furious struggles – for civil and foreign wars will destroy whatever *statutory* order has hitherto prevailed – but it does lead us to strive for a constitution which would be incapable of bellicosity, i.e. a republican one. The actual *form* of the desired state might be republican, or alternatively, it might only be republican in its *mode of government*, in that the state would be administered by a single ruler（the monarch） acting by analogy with the laws which a people would give itself in conformity with universal principles of right.

Even without the mind of a seer, I now maintain that I can predict from the aspects and signs of our times that the human race will achieve this end, and that it will henceforth progressively improve without any more total reversals. For a phenomenon of this kind which has taken place in human history *can never be forgotten*, since it has revealed in human nature an aptitude and power for improvement of a kind which no politician could have thought up by examining the course of events in the past. Only nature and freedom, combined within mankind in accordance with principles of right, have enabled us to forecast it; but the precise time at which it will occur must remain indefinite and dependent upon chance.

But even if the intended object behind the occurrence we have described were not to be achieved for the present, or if a people's revolution or constitutional reform were ultimately to fail, or if, after the latter had lasted for a certain time, everything were to be brought back onto its original course（as politicians now claim to prophesy）, our own philosophical prediction still loses none of its force. For the occurrence in question is too momentous, too intimately interwoven with the interests of humanity and too

widespread in its influence upon all parts of the world for nations not to be reminded of it when favourable circumstances present themselves, and to rise up and make renewed attempts of the same kind as before. After all, since it is such an important concern of the human race, the intended constitution must at some time or another finally reach that degree of stability which the lessons of repeated experience will not fail to instil into the hearts of everyone.

Thus the proposition that the human race has always been progressively improving and will continue to develop in the same way is not just a well-meant saying to be recommended for practical purposes. Whatever unbelievers may say, it is tenable within the most strictly theoretical context. And if one considers not only the events which may happen within a particular nation, but also their repercussions upon all the nations of the earth which might gradually begin to participate in them, a view opens up into the unbounded future. This would not be true, of course, if the first epoch of natural convulsions, which（according to Camper and Blumenbach） engulfed the animal and vegetable kingdoms before the era of man, were to be followed by a second in which the human race were given the same treatment so that other creatures might take the stage instead, etc. For man in turn is a mere trifle in relation to the omnipotence of nature, or rather to its inaccessible highest cause. But if the rulers of man's own species regard him as such and treat him accordingly, either by burdening him like a beast and using him as a mere instrument of their ends, or by setting him up to fight in their disputes and slaughter his fellows, it is not just a trifle but a reversal of the *ultimate purpose* of creation.

8

The Difficulty of Maxims Directed Towards the World's Progressive Improvement as Regards Their Publicity

Popular enlightenment is the public instruction of the people upon their duties and rights towards the state to which they belong. Since this concerns only natural rights and rights which can be derived from ordinary common sense, their obvious exponents and interpreters among the people will not be officials appointed by the state, but free teachers of right, i.e. the philosophers. The latter, on account of the very freedom which they allow themselves, are a stumbling-block to the state, whose only wish is to rule; they are accordingly given the appellation of‘enlighteners’, and decried as a menace to the state. And yet they do not address themselves in familiar tones to the *people*（who themselves take little or no notice of them and their writings）, but in *respectful* tones to the state, which is thereby implored to take the rightful needs of the people to heart. And if a whole people wishes to present its grievance（*gravamen*）, the only way in which this can be done is by publicity. A *ban* on publicity will therefore hinder a nation's progress, even with regard to the least of its claims, the claim for natural rights.

Another thing which is concealed（transparently enough） by legal measures from a certain people is the true nature of its constitution. It would be an affront to the majesty of the people of Great Britain to say that they lived under an *absolute monarchy*. Instead, it is said that their constitution is one which *limits* the will of the monarch through the two houses of parliament, acting as representatives of the people. Yet everyone knows very well that the influence of the monarch upon these represenatives is so great

and so infallible that the afore-said houses make no decisions except those which His Majesty wishes and recommends through his minister. Now and again, the latter will certainly recommend decisions wherein he knows and indeed *ensures* that he will meet with contradiction（as with the abolition of the slave trade）, simply in order to furnish ostensible proof of parliamentary freedom. But this sort of approach has the insidious effect of discouraging people from looking for the true and rightfully established constitution, for they imagine they have discovered it in an instance which is already before them. Thus a mendacious form of publicity deceives the people with the illusion that the monarchy is *limited*[4] by a law which emanates from them, while their representatives, won over by bribery, secretly subject them to an *absolute monarch*.

All forms of state are based on the idea of a constitution which is compatible with the natural rights of man, so that those who obey the law should also act as a unified body of legislators. And if we accordingly think of the commonwealth in terms of concepts of pure reason, it may be called a Platonic *ideal*（*respublica noumenon*）, which is not an empty figment of the imagination, but the eternal norm for all civil constitutions whatsoever, and a means of ending all wars. A civil society organized in conformity with it and governed by laws of freedom is an example representing it in the world of experience（*respublica phaenomenon*）, and it can only be achieved by a laborious process, after innumerable wars and conflicts. But its constitution, once it has been attained as a whole, is the best qualified of all to keep out war, the destroyer of everything good. Thus it is our duty to enter into a constitution of this kind; and in the meantime, since it will be a considerable

time before this takes place, it is the duty of monarchs to govern in a *republican*（not a democratic） manner, even although they may *rule autocratically*. In other words, they should treat the people in accordance with principles akin in spirit to the laws of freedom which a people of mature rational powers would prescribe for itself, even if the people is not literally asked for its consent.

9
What Profit will the Human Race Derive from Progressive Improvement?

The profit which will accrue to the human race as it works its way forward will not be an ever increasing quantity of *morality* in its attitudes. Instead, the *legality* of its attitudes will produce an increasing number of actions governed by duty, whatever the particular motive behind these actions may be. In other words, the profit will result from man's good *deeds* as they grow ever more numerous and successful, i.e. from the external phenomena of man's moral nature. For we have only *empirical* data（our experiences） on which to base this prediction – that is, we base it on the physical cause of our actions in so far as they actually take place as phenomena, not on the moral cause which contains the concept of duty as applied to what ought to happen, and which can be determined by processes of pure *a priori* thinking.

Violence will gradually become less on the part of those in power, and obedience towards the laws will increase. There will no doubt be more charity, less quarrels in legal actions, more reliability in keeping one's word, and so on in the commonwealth, partly from a love of honour, and partly from a lively awareness of where one's own advantage lies; and this will ultimately extend to the external relations between the various peoples, until a

cosmopolitan society is created. Such developments do not mean, however, that the basic moral capacity of mankind will increase in the slightest, for this would require a kind of new creation or supernatural influence. For we must not expect too much of human beings in their progressive improvements, or else we shall merit the scorn of those politicians who would gladly treat man's hopes of progress as the fantasies of an overheated mind.[5]

10

What Sequence can Progress be Expected to Follow?

The answer is: not the usual sequence *from the bottom upwards*, but *from the top downwards*.

To expect that the education of young people in intellectual and moral culture, reinforced by the doctrines of religion, firstly through domestic instruction and then through a series of schools from the lowest to the highest grade, will eventually not only make them good citizens, but will also bring them up to practise a kind of goodness which can continually progress and maintain itself, is a plan which is scarcely likely to achieve the desired success. For on the one hand, the people believe that the expense of educating their children should be met not by them but by the state; and on the other, the state itself（as Büsching laments） has no money left over to pay qualified teachers who will carry out their duties with enthusiasm, since it needs it all for war. But apart from this, the whole mechanism of education as described above will be completely disjointed unless it is designed on the considered plan and intention of the highest authority in the state, then set in motion and constantly maintained in uniform operation thereafter. And this will mean that the state too will reform itself from time to time, pursuing

evolution instead of revolution, and will thus make continuous progress. But those responsible for the desired education are also *human beings* who will therefore have to have had a suitable education themselves. And in view of the frailty of human nature and the fortuitous circumstances which can intensify its effects, we can expect man's hopes of progress to be fulfilled only under the positive condition of a higher wisdom（which, if it is invisible to us, is known as providence）; and in so far as *human beings* can themselves accomplish anything or anything can be expected of them, it can only be through their negative wisdom in furthering their own ends. In the latter event, they will find themselves compelled to ensure that *war*, the greatest obstacle to morality and the invariable enemy of progress, first becomes gradually more humane, then more infrequent, and finally disappears completely as a mode of aggression. They will thereby enter into a constitution based on genuine principles of right, which is by its very nature capable of constant progress and improvement without forfeiting its strength.

Conclusion

A doctor who used to console his patients from day to day with hopes of imminent recovery, telling one that his pulse was better, and others that their faeces or perspiration heralded an improvement, etc., received a visit from one of his friends. ‘How are you, my friend, and how is your illness?’ was the first question. ‘How do you think,’ was the reply. *‘I am dying of sheer recovery!’*

I do not blame anyone if political evils make him begin to despair of the welfare and progress of mankind. But I have confidence in the heroic medicine to which Hume refers, for it ought to produce a speedy cure. ‘When

I now see the nations engaged in war', he says, 'it is as if I witnessed two drunken wretches bludgeoning each other in a china-shop. For it is not just that the injuries they inflict on each other will be long in healing; they will also have to pay for all the damage they have caused.' *Sero sapiunt Phryges* ['The Phrygians learn wisdom too late']. But the after-pains of the present war will force the political prophet to admit that the human race must soon take a turn for the better, and this turn is now already in sight.

---

[1] Those, from pythonesses to gypsies, who dabble in prophecy with neither knowledge nor honesty, are known as *false prophets*.

[2] This does not mean, however, that a people which has a monarchic constitution can thereby claim the right to alter it, or even nurse a secret desire to do so. For a people which occupies extended territories in Europe may feel that monarchy is the only kind of constitution which can enable it to preserve its own existence between powerful neighbours. And if the subjects should complain, not because of their internal government but because of their government's behaviour towards the citizens of foreign states（for example, if it were to discourage republicanism abroad）, this does not prove that the people are dissatisfied with their own constitution, but rather that they are profoundly attached to it; for it becomes progressively more secure from danger as more of the other nations become republics. Nevertheless, slanderous sycophants, bent on increasing their own importance, have tried to portray this innocuous political gossip as innovationism, Jacobinism and conspiracy, constituting a menace to the state. But there was never the slightest reason for such allegations, particularly in a country more than a hundred miles removed from the scene of the revolution.

[3] It may be said of such enthusiasm for asserting the rights of man: *postquam ad arma Vulcania ventum est, – mortalis mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu dissiluit* [Now that he was faced by Vulcan's arms, his mortal blade was shattered by the blow like brittle ice]. – Why has no ruler ever dared to say openly that he does not recognize any *rights* of the people against himself ? Or that the people owe their happiness only to the *beneficence* of a government which confers it upon them, and that any pretensions on the part of the subject that he has rights against the government are absurd or even punishable, since they imply that resistance to authority is permissible? The reason is that any such public declaration would rouse up all the subjects against the ruler, even although they had been like docile sheep, well fed, powerfully protected and led by a kind and understanding master, and had no lack of welfare to complain of. For beings endowed with freedom cannot be content merely to enjoy the

comforts of existence, which may well be provided by others（in this case, by the government）; it all depends on the *principle* which governs the provision of such comforts. But welfare does not have any ruling principle, either for the recipient or for the one who provides it, for each individual will define it differently. It depends, in fact, upon the will's *material* aspect, which is empirical and thus incapable of becoming a universal rule. A being endowed with freedom, aware of the advantage he possesses over non-rational animals, can and must therefore follow the *formal* principle of his will and demand for the people to which he belongs nothing short of a government in which the people are co-legislators. In other words, the rights of men who are expected to obey must necessarily come before all considerations of their actual wellbeing, for they are a sacred institution, exalted above all utilitarian values; and no matter how benevolent a government is, it may not tamper with them. These rights, however, always remain an idea which can be fulfilled only on condition that the *means* employed to do so are compatible with morality. This limiting condition must not be overstepped by the people, who may not therefore pursue their rights by revolution, which is at all times unjust. The best way of making a nation content with its constitution is to *rule* autocratically and at the same time to *govern* in a republican manner, i.e. to govern in the spirit of republicanism and by analogy with it.

[4] A cause whose nature is not directly perceptible can be discovered through the effect which invariably accompanies it. What is an *absolute* monarch? He is one at whose command war at once begins when he says it shall do so. And conversely, what is a *limited* monarch? He is one who must first ask the people whether or not there is to be a war, and if the people say that there shall be no war, then there will be none. For war is a condition in which *all* the powers of the state must be at the head of state's disposal.

Now the monarch of Great Britain has waged numerous wars without asking the people's consent. This king is therefore an absolute monarch, although he should not be so according to the constitution. But he can always bypass the latter, since he can always be assured, by controlling the various powers of the state, that the people's representatives will agree with him; for he has the authority to award all offices and dignities. This corrupt system, however, must naturally be given no publicity if it is to succeed. It therefore remains under a very transparent veil of secrecy.

[5] It is certainly *agreeable* to think up political constitutions which meet the requirements of reason（particularly in matters of right）. But it is *foolhardy* to put them forward seriously, and *punishable* to incite the people to do away with the existing constitution.

Plato's *Atlantis*, More's *Utopia*, Harrington's *Oceana* and Allais' *Severambia* have successively made their appearance, but they have never（with the exception of Cromwell's abortive attempt to establish a despotic republic） been tried out in practice. It is the same with these political creations as with the creation of the world: no one was present at it, nor could anyone have been present, or else he would have been his own creator. It is a pleasant dream to hope that a political product of the sort we here have in mind will one day be brought to perfection, at however remote a date. But it is not merely conceivable that we can *continually* approach such a state; so long as it can be reconciled with the

moral law, it is also the *duty* of the head of state（not of the citizens） to do so.

Conjectures on the Beginning of Human History

To *introduce* conjectures at various points in the *course* of a historical account in order to fill gaps in the record is surely permissible; for what comes before and after these gaps – i.e. the remote cause and the effect respectively – can enable us to discover the intermediate causes with reasonable certainty, thereby rendering the intervening process intelligible. But to *base* a historical account solely on conjectures would seem little better than drawing up a plan for a novel. Indeed, such an account could not be described as a *conjectural history* at all, but merely as a *work of fiction*. – Nevertheless, what it may be presumptuous to introduce in the course of a history of human actions may well be permissible with reference to the *first beginning* of that history, for if the beginning is a product of *nature*, it may be discoverable by conjectural means. In other words, it does not have to be invented but can be deduced from experience, assuming that what was experienced at the beginning of history was no better or worse than what is experienced now – an assumption which accords with the analogy of nature and which has nothing presumptuous about it. Thus, a history of the first development of freedom from its origins as a predisposition in human nature is something quite different from a history of its subsequent course, which must be based exclusively on historical records.

Nevertheless, conjectures should not make undue claims on our assent. On the contrary, they should not present themselves as a serious activity but

merely as an exercise in which the imagination, supported by reason, may be allowed to indulge as a healthy mental recreation. Consequently, they cannot stand comparison with a historical account which is put forward and accepted as a genuine record of the same event, a record which is tested by criteria quite different from those derived merely from the philosophy of nature. For this very reason, and because the journey on which I am about to venture is no more than a pleasure trip, I may perhaps hope to be granted permission to employ a sacred document as my map, and at the same time to speculate that the journey which I shall make on the wings of imagination – although not without the guidance of experience as mediated by reason – will follow precisely the same course as that which the sacred text records as history. The reader will have the document in question before him（Genesis, Chapters Ⅱ–Ⅵ）, and may consult it at every step to see whether the route which philosophy follows with the help of concepts accords with that which the Bible story describes.

If we are not to indulge in wild conjectures, we must begin with something which human reason cannot deduce from prior natural causes – that is, with the *existence of human beings*. These human beings must also be *fully developed,* for they have no mother to support them, and they must be a *pair* in order that they may reproduce their kind. Besides, there must be only *one* couple if war is not to break out at once – as would happen if the people in question were close to one another yet strangers – and if nature is not to be accused of having failed, by permitting descent from different ancestors, to take the most appropriate measures to promote sociability as the principal end of human destiny; for the common descent of all human beings from a single family unit was undoubtedly the best means of attaining this end. I then place

this couple in a setting secure from the attacks of wild beasts and amply provided by nature with every means of sustenance – a *garden*, so to speak, in a climate of constant mildness. What is more, I imagine them not in their wholly primitive natural state, but only after they have made significant advances in the skilful use of their powers. For the reader might well find too many conjectures and too few probabilities if I were to try to fill this gap, which presumably occupied a considerable interval of time. The first human being could therefore *stand* and *walk*; he could *speak*（cf. Genesis Ⅱ. 20）[1] and indeed *talk* – i.e. speak with the help of coherent concepts（Ⅱ. 23） – and consequently *think*. These are all skills which he had to acquire for himself（for if they were innate, they would also be inherited, which does not tally with experience）; I assume, however, that he is already in possession of them, for I wish merely to consider the development of human behaviour from the ethical point of view, and this necessarily presupposes that the skills in question are already present.

Initially, the newcomer must have been guided solely by instinct, that *voice of God* which all animals obey. It permitted him to use some things as food and forbade him to use others（Ⅲ. 2–3）. – It is unnecessary, however, to assume for this purpose a particular instinct which has now been lost. It could simply have been the sense of smell and its affinity with the organ of taste, along with that sympathy which is known to exist between the latter and the digestive organs – in other words an ability, which is still in evidence today, to sense in advance whether a given food is suitable for consumption or not. We need not even assume that this sense was more acute in the first couple than it is now; for it is common knowledge that the perceptive powers of those who employ only their senses differ greatly from those of people

who are also engaged in thought, and who accordingly pay less attention to their sensations.

So long as inexperienced man obeyed this call of nature, his lot was a happy one. But *reason* soon made its presence felt and sought to extend his knowledge of foodstuffs beyond the bounds of instinct; it did so by comparing his usual diet with anything which a sense other than that to which his instinct was tied – for example, the sense of sight – represented as similar in character（Ⅲ. 6）. Even if instinct did not recommend it, this experiment had a chance of succeeding so long as instinct did not contradict it. But it is a peculiarity of reason that it is able, with the help of the imagination, to invent desires which not only *lack* any corresponding natural impulse, but which are even *at variance* with the latter. Such desires, which are known primarily as *lasciviousness*, gradually engender a whole host of superfluous or even unnatural inclinations to which the term *luxuriousness* applies. The initial incentive to abandon natural impulses may have been quite trivial. But the outcome of that first experiment whereby man became conscious of his reason as a faculty which can extend beyond the limits to which all animals are confined was of great importance, and it influenced his way of life decisively. Thus, it may have been only a fruit which, because it looked similar to other agreeable fruits which he had previously tasted, encouraged him to make the experiment. There may also have been the example of an animal to which such food was naturally congenial, although it had an opposite and harmful effect on human beings, whose natural instinct was consequently opposed to it. Nevertheless, this was enough to give reason the initial inducement to quibble with the voice of nature（Ⅲ. 11）, and despite the latter's objections, to make the first experiment in free choice–an

experiment which, since it was the first, probably did not turn out as expected. No matter how trivial the harm it did may have been, it was nevertheless enough to open man's eyes（Ⅲ. 7）. He discovered in himself an ability to choose his own way of life without being tied to any single one like the other animals. But the momentary gratification which this realization of his superiority may have afforded him was inevitably followed at once by anxiety and fear as to how he should employ his newly discovered ability, given that he did not yet know the hidden properties or remote effects of anything. He stood, as it were, on the edge of an abyss. For whereas instinct had hitherto directed him towards individual objects of his desire, an infinite range of objects now opened up, and he did not yet know how to choose between them. Yet now that he had tasted this state of freedom, it was impossible for him to return to a state of servitude under the rule of instinct.

Next to the instinct for food by which nature preserves each individual, the *sexual instinct*, by which nature ensures the survival of each species, is the most prominent. Once reason had awakened, it was not slow to make its influence felt in this area either. Man soon discovered that the sexual stimulus, which in the case of animals is based merely on a transient and largely periodic urge, could in his case be prolonged and even increased by means of the imagination. For although the imagination performs its function with greater moderation the further its object is *withdrawn from the senses*, it also functions more constantly and uniformly, thereby avoiding that satiety which follows the satisfaction of a purely animal desire. The fig-leaf was accordingly the product of a much stronger assertion of reason than had been evident in the first phase of its development. For to render an inclination more intense and lasting by withdrawing its object from the senses already

displays a consciousness of some rational control over the impulses, and not just an ability, as in the first stage of rationality, to obey the impulses to a greater or lesser extent. *Refusal* was the device which invested purely sensuous stimuli with an ideal quality, and which gradually showed the way from purely animal desire to love, and so also from a feeling for the merely agreeable to a taste for beauty（initially only in human form, but subsequently also in nature）. Furthermore, the first incentive for man's development as a moral being came from his *sense of decency*, his inclination to inspire respect in others by good manners（i.e. by concealing all that might invite contempt） as the proper foundation of all true sociability. – A small beginning such as this, which nevertheless has epoch-making effects in imparting a wholly new direction to thought, is more important than the whole endless series of subsequent cultural developments.

The third step which reason took after its intervention in man's basic and immediately felt needs was to reflect in *anticipation of the future*. This ability not just to enjoy the present moment of life but also to visualize what is yet to come, often in the distant future, is the most decisive proof of man's advantage, in that he is able to prepare for remote objectives in keeping with his destiny. But this same ability is also the most inexhaustible source of cares and worries which an uncertain future evokes, and from which all animals are exempt（Ⅲ. 13–19）. The man who had to provide for himself, his wife, and his future children foresaw the increasing laboriousness of his work; the woman foresaw the hardships to which nature had subjected her sex, as well as those which the more powerful man would inflict upon her. Both foresaw with apprehension, at the end of a life of toil and as yet in the background of the picture, the fate which must befall all animals but which

causes them no concern, namely death; and they seemed to reproach themselves for, and regard as a crime, that use of reason which had brought all these ills upon them. Perhaps the only comfort and reassurance they had was the prospect of living through their offspring, whose lot might be better than theirs or who might even, as members of one family, alleviate their parents' troubles（Ⅲ. 16–20）.

The fourth and last step which reason took, thereby raising man completely above animal society, was his（albeit obscure） realization that he is the true *end of nature*, and that nothing which lives on earth can compete with him in this respect. When he first said to the sheep*'the fleece which you wear was given to you by nature not for your own use, but for mine'* and took it from the sheep to wear it himself（Ⅲ. 21）, he became aware of a prerogative which, by his nature, he enjoyed over all the animals; and he now no longer regarded them as fellow creatures, but as means and instruments to be used at will for the attainment of whatever ends he pleased. This notion implies（if only obscurely） an awareness of the following distinction: man should not address other *human beings* in the same way as animals, but should regard them as having an equal share in the gifts of nature. This was a distant preparation for those restrictions which reason would in future impose on man's will in relation to his fellows, a preparation which is much more essential for the establishment of society than is inclination or love.

Thus, man had attained a position of *equality with all rational beings*, whatever their rank（Ⅲ. 22）, because he could claim *to be an end in himself*, to be accepted as such by all others, and not to be used by anyone

else simply as a means to other ends. This, rather than reason considered merely as an instrument for the satisfaction of various inclinations, is the basis of man's unconditional equality even with higher beings; for even if the latter are incomparably superior to him in natural gifts, they do not have a right to use him as they please. Consequently, this fourth step of reason is also associated with man's *release* from the womb of nature, a change of status which undoubtedly does him honour, but is at the same time fraught with danger; for it expelled him from the harmless and secure condition of a protected childhood – from a garden, as it were, which provided for him without any effort on his part（Ⅲ. 23） – and thrust him out into the world at large, where so many cares, labours, and unknown evils awaited him. In the future, the hardships of life would often arouse in him the wish for a paradise created by his imagination, a paradise where he could dream or idle away his existence in quiet inactivity and everlasting peace. But restless reason, irresistibly driving him on to develop his innate capacities, stands between him and that imagined seat of bliss, and does not allow him to return to the state of rude simplicity from which it had originally extracted him（Ⅲ. 24）. It urges him to submit patiently to the labours he detests, to pursue the trivialities he despises, and to forget even his terror of death in favour of all those trifles whose loss he fears even more.

Note

From this account of the earliest history of man, the following conclusion can be drawn. Man's emergence from that paradise which reason represents to him as the first abode of his species was nothing other than his transition from a rude and purely animal existence to a state of humanity,

from the leading-strings of instinct to the guidance of reason – in a word, from the guardianship of nature to the state of freedom. Whether he gained or lost through this change is no longer a question when we consider the destiny of his species, which consists quite simply in *progress* towards perfection, however flawed his first attempts to attain this end – even if they are followed by a long series of further attempts – may prove to be. – But while this course represents a *progression* from worse to better for the species as a whole, this is not so in the case of the individual. Before reason awoke, there were no commandments or prohibitions, so that violations of these were also impossible. But when reason began to function and, in all its weakness, came into conflict with animality in all its strength, evils necessarily ensued; and even worse, as reason grew more cultivated, vices emerged which were quite foreign to the state of ignorance and hence of innocence. From the moral point of view, therefore, the first step beyond this state was a *fall*; and from the physical point of view, this fall was a punishment, for it led to a host of hitherto unknown evils. Thus, the history of *nature* begins with goodness, for it is the *work of God*; but the history of *freedom* begins with evil, for it is the *work of man*. For the individual, who looks only to himself in the exercise of his freedom, a change of this kind represented a loss; for nature, whose end in relation to man concerns the species, it represented a gain. The individual therefore has cause to blame himself for all the ills which he endures and for all the evil which he perpetrates; but at the same time, as the member of a whole（of a species）, he has cause to admire and praise the wisdom and purposiveness of the overall arrangement. – In this way, it is possible to reconcile with each other and with reason the often misunderstood and apparently contradictory pronouncements of the celebrated *J. J. Rousseau*. In his esays *On the Influence of the Sciences* and *On the Inequality of Man*, he

shows quite correctly that there is an inevitable conflict between culture and the nature of the human race as a *physical* species each of whose individual members is meant to fulfil his destiny completely. But in his *Émile*, his *Social Contract*, and other writings, he attempts in turn to solve the more difficult problem of what course culture should take in order to ensure the proper development, in keeping with their destiny, of man's capacities as a moral species, so that this [moral] destiny will no longer conflict with his character as a natural species. Since culture has perhaps not yet really begun – let alone completed – its development in accordance with the true principles of man's education as a human being and citizen, the above conflict is the source of all the genuine evils which oppress human life, and of all the vices which dishonour it.[2] At the same time, the very impulses which are blamed as the causes of vice are good in themselves, fulfilling their function as abilities implanted by nature. But since these abilities are adapted to the state of nature, they are undermined by the advance of culture and themselves undermine the latter in turn, until art, when it reaches perfection, once more becomes nature – and this is the ultimate goal of man's moral destiny.

The End of History

The following period began with man's transition from the age of leisure and peace to the age of *labour and discord* as the prelude to social union. Here, we must make another major leap and suddenly put him in possession of domestic animals and of crops which he can propagate himself for his own consumption by sowing and planting（Ⅳ. 2）. In fact, the transition from the savage life of the hunter to the former [pastoral] state, and from sporadic digging for roots or gathering of fruit to the second [agricultural] state, may

have taken place very gradually. It was at this point that strife inevitably arose between those who had hitherto lived together in peace, with the result that those whose ways of life were different became separated and dispersed throughout the world. *Pastoral life* is not only leisurely, but also the most reliable means of support, for there is no lack of fodder for animals in a largely uninhabited country. *Agriculture* or the planting of crops, on the other hand, is extremely laborious, subject to the vagaries of climate, and consequently insecure; it also requires permanent settlements, ownership of land, and sufficient strength to defend the latter. The herdsman, however, abhors such property because it limits his freedom of pasture. As far as agriculture is concerned, the farmer may have seemed to envy the herdsman as someone more favoured by heaven（Ⅳ. 4）; but in fact, the herdsman caused him great inconvenience so long as he remained in the neighbourhood, for grazing animals do not spare the farmer's crops. It is also easy for the herdsman to move further afield with his animals, thus avoiding the need to make any restitution for the damage he has done, for he leaves nothing behind which he could not just as easily find elsewhere. Thus, the farmer no doubt had to use force to prevent these incursions, which were not considered unlawful by his adversary; and since the cause of such incursions could never be entirely eliminated, he was no doubt eventually compelled to *distance* himself as far as possible from those who lived a pastoral existence, unless he wished to lose the fruits of his long and diligent efforts（Ⅳ. 16）. This separation marks the beginning of the third epoch.

Where people depend for their livelihood on the cultivation of the soil（and on the planting of trees in particular）, they require permanent accommodation; and the defence of such property against all encroachment

requires a large number of people who are prepared to assist one another. Hence those who adopted this way of life could no longer live in scattered family units, but had to stick together and set up village communities（incorrectly described as *towns*） in order to protect their property against savage hunters or tribes of pastoral nomads. The first essentials of life which a *changed mode of living* makes necessary（Ⅳ. 20） could now be acquired by mutual *exchange*. This inevitably gave rise to *culture* and the beginnings of *art*, both as a pastime and as an occupation（Ⅳ. 21f）; but first and foremost, it also meant that certain steps were taken to establish a civil constitution and the public administration of justice. Initially, the latter was no doubt concerned only with major acts of violence, the avenging of which was now no longer left to individuals as in the savage state, but assigned to a lawful authority which served to unite the whole – i.e. to a kind of government which was not itself subject to the rule of force（Ⅳ. 23f.）. – From these first crude beginnings, all human aptitudes could now gradually develop, the most beneficial of these being *sociability and civil security*. The human race could multiply and, like a beehive, send out colonists in all directions from the centre – colonists who were already civilized. This epoch also saw the beginning of human *inequality*, that abundant source of so much evil but also of everything good; this inequality continued to increase thereafter.

So long as the nations of nomadic herdsmen, who recognize only God as their master, continued to swarm around the town-dwellers and farmers, who are governed by a human master or civil authority（Ⅵ. 4）,[3] and, as declared enemies of all land ownership, treated the latter with hostility and were hated by them in turn, the two sides were continually at war, or at least

at constant risk of war. But as a consequence, both nations could at least enjoy the priceless asset of internal freedom.（For even now, the risk of war is the only thing which keeps despotism in check, because a state must now have wealth before it can be powerful, and there can be no wealth-producing activity without *freedom*. In a poor nation, this lack of wealth must be compensated for by widespread efforts to preserve the commonwealth, and this is again impossible unless the nation feels that such efforts can be freely made.） – In the course of time, however, the growing luxury of the town-dwellers, and in particular the seductive arts in which the women of the towns surpassed the unkempt wenches of the wilderness, must have been a powerful temptation to the herdsmen to enter into relations with them and to let themselves be drawn into the glittering misery of the towns（Ⅵ. 2）. The consequent amalgamation of two formerly hostile populations put an end to the danger of war, but it also put an end to freedom. This led on the one hand to a despotism of powerful tyrants, and – since culture had only just begun – to soulless extravagance and the most abject slavery, combined with all the vices of the uncivilized state. On the other hand, the human race was irresistibly deflected from the course marked out for it by nature, namely the progressive cultivation of its capacities for goodness. It thus became unworthy of its very existence as a species whose destiny was to rule over the earth rather than to live in brutish indulgence and grovelling servitude（Ⅵ. 17）.

Concluding Note

Thinking people are subject to a malaise which may even turn into moral corruption, a malaise of which the unthinking are ignorant – namely

discontent with that providence by which the course of the world as a whole is governed. They feel this sentiment when they contemplate the evils which so greatly oppress the human race, with no hope（as it seems） of any improvement. Yet it is of the utmost importance *that we should be content with providence*, even if the path it has laid out for us on earth is an arduous one. We should be content with it partly in order that we may take courage even in the midst of hardships, and partly in order that we should not blame all such evils on fate and fail to notice that we may ourselves be entirely responsible for them, thereby losing the chance to remedy them by improving ourselves.

We have to admit that the greatest evils which oppress civilized nations are the result of *war* – not so much of actual wars in the past or present as of the unremitting, indeed ever-increasing *preparation* for war in the future. All the resources of the state, and all the fruits of its culture which might be used to enhance that culture even further, are devoted to this purpose. Freedom suffers greatly in numerous areas, and the state's maternal care for its individual members is replaced by demands of implacable harshness（even if this harshness is justified by fear of external threats）. But if the constant fear of war did not compel even heads of state to show this *respect for humanity*, would we still encounter the same culture, or that close association of social classes within the commonwealth which promotes the well-being of all? Would we still encounter the same population, or even that degree of freedom which is still present in spite of highly restrictive laws? We need only look at *China*, whose position may expose it to occasional unforeseen incursions but not to attack by a powerful enemy, and we shall find that, for this very reason, it has been stripped of every vestige of freedom. – So long

as human culture remains at its present stage, war is therefore an indispensable means of advancing it further; and only when culture has reached its full development – and only God knows when that will be – will perpetual peace become possible and of benefit to us. In this connection, therefore, we surely have only ourselves to blame for the evils which we so bitterly lament; and the Holy Scripture is quite justified in regarding the amalgamation of nations into one society, and their complete liberation from external danger at a time when their culture had scarcely emerged, as an obstacle to all further cultural progress and a descent into irremediable corruption.

The *second source of man's dissatisfaction* with the order of nature is the *shortness of life*. It is true that anyone who continues to wish that life might last longer than it actually does must have little appreciation of its value, for to prolong it would merely add to the length of a drama made up of endless struggles with adversity. Nevertheless, we may excuse those of childish judgement who fear death but have no love of life, and who find it hard to complete each day of their existence with some degree of contentment, yet can never have days enough in which to repeat this painful experience. But if we stop to think of all the care that afflicts us in our search for ways of passing a life as short as this, and of all the injustice that is done in the hope of a future enjoyment which will last for so short a time, it is reasonable to conclude that a life-expectancy of 800 years or more would not be to our advantage. Fathers would live in mortal fear of their sons, brothers of brothers, and friends of friends, and the vices of a human race of such longevity would necessarily reach such a pitch that it would deserve no better a fate than to be wiped from the face of the earth by a universal flood（Ⅵ.

12f.）.

The *third* wish（which is in fact an empty yearning, for it knows that its object can never be attained） is a reflection of that *golden age* which poets have praised so highly. In it, we are supposedly relieved of all those imaginary needs with which luxury encumbers us, we are content with the bare necessities of nature, and there is complete equality and perpetual peace among men – in a word, there is pure enjoyment of a carefree life, frittered away in idle dreams or childish play. It is yearnings such as these which make tales of Robinson Crusoe and voyages to the South Sea islands so attractive; but in a wider sense, they are symptoms of that weariness of civilized life which thinking people feel when they seek its value in *pleasure* alone, and when they resort to idleness as an antidote as soon as reason reminds them that they ought to give value to their life through their *actions*. The vacuity of this wish for a return to the past age of simplicity and innocence is adequately demonstrated by the foregoing account of man's original state. For as we have seen, man cannot remain in this state because it does not satisfy him, and he is even less inclined to go back to it once he has left it. Consequently, he must continue to ascribe his present condition and all its hardships to himself and his own choice.

An account of human history will be of benefit to man and will serve to instruct and improve him if it contains the following lessons. It must show him that he should not blame providence for the evils which oppress him, and that he is not entitled to ascribe his own misdemeanours to an original crime committed by his earliest ancestors, by alleging, for example, that a disposition to commit similar offences has been passed down to their

descendants; for there can be nothing inherited about arbitrary actions. It should show him instead that he has every justification for acknowledging the action of his first ancestors as his own, and that he should hold himself wholly responsible for all the evils which spring from the misuse of his reason; for he is quite capable of realizing that, in the same circumstances, he would have behaved in exactly the same way, in that his first act in using reason would have been to misuse it（even if nature advised him otherwise）. Once this point concerning moral evils has been correctly understood, the strictly physical evils will scarcely tip the balance in our favour when merits and faults are weighed against each other.

The conclusion to be drawn from this attempt to describe the earliest history of mankind with the help of philosophy is therefore as follows. We should be content with providence and with the course of human affairs as a whole, which does not begin with good and then proceed to evil, but develops gradually from the worse to the better; and each individual is for his own part called upon by nature itself to contribute towards this progress to the best of his ability.

---

[1] The *urge to communicate* must have been the original motive for human beings who were still alone to announce their existence to living creatures outside themselves, especially to those which emit sounds which can be imitated and which can subsequently serve as a name. A similar effect of this urge can still be seen in children and thoughtless people who disturb the thinking section of the community by banging, shouting, whistling, singing and other noisy pastimes（and often even by noisy religious devotions）. For I can see no motive for such behaviour other than a desire on the part of those concerned to proclaim their existence to the world at large.

[2] The following may be cited as only a few examples of this conflict between man's aspiration

towards his moral destiny on the one hand, and his unchanging obedience to laws inherent in his nature and appropriate to a crude and animal condition on the other.

Nature has fixed the time at which human beings reach maturity – in terms of their urge and ability to reproduce their kind – at the age of approximately sixteen or seventeen. This is the age at which, in the raw state of nature, a youth literally becomes a man; for he then has the capacity to look after himself, to reproduce his kind, and to look after his children as well as his wife. The simplicity of his needs makes this an easy task. But in a civilized state, he requires numerous means of support, in terms both of skill and of favourable external circumstances, in order to perform these functions. In the context of civil society, the corresponding stage is therefore postponed – at least on average – by a further ten years. Nevertheless, nature has not altered the age of puberty to match the progressive refinement of society, but sticks stubbornly to the law which it has imposed on the survival of the human race as an animal species. As a result, the effect of social customs on the end of nature – and vice versa – is inevitably prejudicial. For in the state of nature, a human being is already a man at an age when civilized man（who nevertheless still retains his character as natural man） is merely a youth, or even only a child; for we may well describe as a child someone who, in the civil state, is unable because of his age to support even himself, let alone others of his kind, despite having the urge and capacity to produce offspring as called upon by nature. For nature has certainly not endowed living creatures with instincts and capacities in order that they should resist and suppress them. Such abilities were consequently not designed for a state of civilization, but merely for the survival of the human race as an animal species; and the civilized state thus inevitably comes into conflict with the latter, a conflict which only a perfect civil constitution – the ultimate goal of culture – can resolve. Meanwhile, the intervening period [between the state of nature and the state of perfection] is filled as a rule with vices and their consequences, i.e. with human misery in its various forms.

A further example may confirm the truth of the proposition that nature has endowed us with two distinct abilities for two distinct purposes, namely that of man as an animal species and that of man as a moral species. The example in question is the saying of Hippocrates ‘ars longa, vita brevis’. The arts and sciences could be advanced much further by one individual with the appropriate talents, once he had attained the necessary maturity of judgement through long practice and the acquisition of knowledge, than by whole generations of scholars in succession, provided that this individual could live and retain his youthful mental capacities for the total lifetimes of the generations in question. Now it is evident that nature has fixed the length of human life with a view to ends other than that of the advancement of the sciences. For just when the most fortunate of thinkers is on the verge of the greatest discoveries which his skill and experience entitle him to expect, old age intervenes; he loses his acuteness and must leave it to the next generation（which starts once more from the ABC and must again traverse the entire distance which had already been covered） to take a further step in the progress of culture. Thus, the course which the human race follows on the way to fulfilling its destiny appears subject to incessant interruptions, with a constant risk of reverting to the original barbarism; and the Greek philosopher had some justification when he complained that *it is a pity that we have to*

die just when we have begun to realize how we ought to have lived.

As a third example, we may cite the *inequality* of men – not their inequality in terms of natural gifts or goods bestowed on them by fortune, but it terms of universal *human rights*, about which *Rousseau* complains with a great deal of truth. Yet this inequality is inseparable from culture, so long as the latter proceeds, as it were, without a plan（and this is inevitably the case for a considerable period of time）. But it was surely not imposed on man by nature, for nature gave him both freedom and reason, and reason decreed that this freedom is subject to no other limits than those of its own universal and external legality, which is known as *civil right*. Man was meant to rise, by his own efforts, above the barbarism of his natural abilities, but to take care not to contravene them even as he rises above them. He can expect to attain this skill only at a late stage and after many unsuccessful attempts; and in the meantime, the human race groans under the evils which it inflicts on itself as a result of its own inexperience.

[3] The *Bedouins* of Arabia still describe themselves as children of a former *sheikh*, the founder of their tribe（such as *Beni Haled* and others）. But the sheikh is by no means their *master*, and he cannot force his will upon them as he chooses. For in a nation of herdsmen, no one has fixed property which he cannot take with him, so that any family which is discontented with its tribe can easily leave it and join forces with another.

TAO TE CHING

道德经

［春秋］老子　著

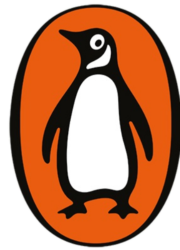
章婉凝　白话文翻译、注释

中国出版集团
中译出版社

道德经

（春秋）老子/著

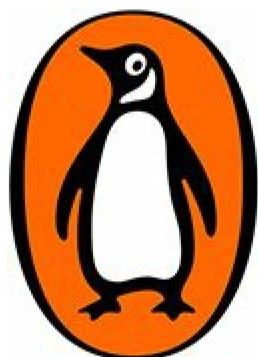
章婉凝　白话文/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.

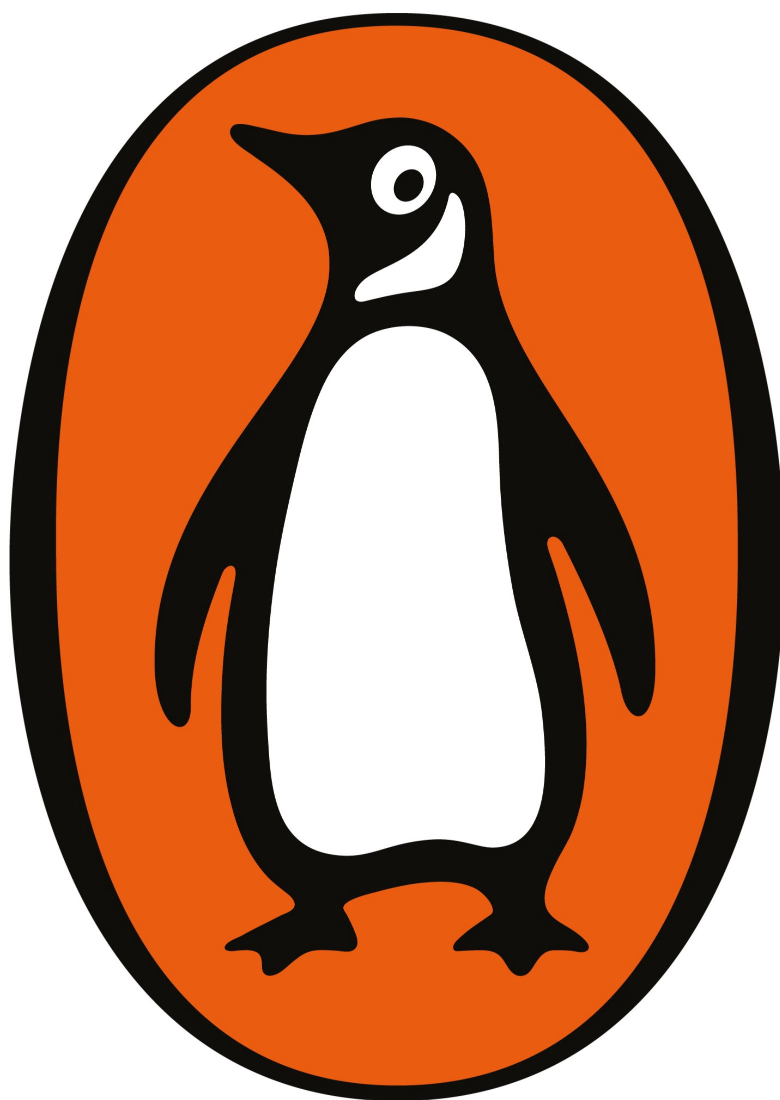


Penguin Random House North Asia

www. penguin. com
This translation first published 1963
This edition first published in Penguin Books 2009

Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

李耳（前571—前471），字聃，后世尊称为“老子”，楚国苦县厉乡曲仁里人（今河南省鹿邑县），春秋时期著名思想家，被尊奉为道家与道教的始祖。在《史记》等正统史料中对其身世经历的描述只有寥寥数语，野史杂传中则多为传说，不足全信，故而在今人眼中，老子是一位颇有着神秘色彩的仙风道骨式的人物。相传老子担任周王室管理藏书的官员，师从商容；之后治学传道，开创道家学派，被广为推崇。孔子还曾专程拜访老子问道问礼，但鉴于老子心中“自隐无名”的追求，故而始终不曾著书立说。之后，老子有感于周王朝衰微，于心不忍，故而决意西行离去，途中受函谷关令尹喜的诚意邀托，终于留下《道德经》五千言以讲道德之事，分上下两卷，之后便翩翩离去，隐匿于世。本书也即成为老子的唯一著述，更是道家学派和道教中至高无上的宝典圣经，是“三洞”之精华。关于老子之后的去向众说纷纭，自汉代开始，有传说认为老子携尹喜前往西域，教化胡人，创立佛教，此即为“老子化胡”说，不过这种说法并无确凿佐证。在道教神仙体系中，老子被神话为“三清”之一的“太清道德天尊”，也就是我们所熟知的“太上老君”。

《道德经》，又被称为《老子》《道德真经》《五千言》《老子五千文》等，这是因为在官方史料《史记》中并未正式提及其书名，而是后世根据其内容主旨附会而得。《道德经》分上下两卷，共五千多字，分八十一章，传世本上卷名为《道经》，讲述道之所传；下卷名为《德经》，讲述修养自身心意。《道德经》一书的文字，具有言简意赅、句式平整、音韵协调、修辞多样、字字珠玑、论点精辟、意蕴深远等特点，以五千的字量，囊括尽了老子一生的哲学智慧，可谓是哲学史、文学史与宗教史上的一部旷世经典，至今仍然流行于世界各个国家的读者群体之中。根据联合国教科文组织统计，《道德经》是除《圣经》之外

被翻译成外国文字发行量最多的文化名著，其影响力可见一斑！

《道德经》可谓是东方式传统哲学的源起，即一种朴素的辩证思想与形而上学，在内容上既包藏对宇宙万象的探求，也蕴含对处世哲学的思索，真真正正称得上是一本“奇书”，无数能士贤圣哪怕穷尽一生却依然无法悉知一二。“道”在《道德经》中多次出现，是书的核心思想，同时也是一个不可言说的抽象概念，开篇第一句所谓“道可道，非常道；名可名，非常名”。“道”，是世界的究极本质，是万物的宗主；而且，“道生一，一生二，二生三，三生万物”的观念，更是将来源于“三易”中的世界观系统化，道出了万物的演变与世界的秩序。基于这种“人法地，地法天，天法道，道法自然”的世界观，更是逐渐孕育出了中国影响力与规模最大的本土宗教——道教。道教溯源于春秋道家，在汉末时初具规模，于南北朝时吸收“儒”“释”二家之长，终于在唐朝时最终确立宗教系统，其在华人社会中的地位更是与日俱增。除此之外，《道德经》中还蕴含着丰富的政治智慧及文学智慧，比如“无为而治”“小国寡民”等理念，我们不得不叹服数千年前古人思想的伟大。

作为道家学派的不朽代表，《道德经》的思想成就是众所周知、不容辩驳的，其影响力甚至早已超出中国乃至东亚范围，成为世界思想宝库中的一颗璀璨明珠。《道德经》生于春秋乱世，成于百家争鸣，流传千年至今依然熠熠生辉。今人重读《道德经》，无须再执着于究其全貌，更重要的是一字一句中受用一生的收获，切身体会这中华民族亘古流传的文化精髓。

柴尔

卷一

一章

道可道，非常道[1]；名可名，非常名[2]。无名天地之始，有名万物之母[3]。故常无，欲以观其妙[4]；常有，欲以观其徼[5]；此两者，同出而异名[6]，同谓之玄[7]。玄之又玄，众妙之门[8]。

译文：凡是可以言说的道，都不是永恒的自然之道；凡是可以命名的名，都不是永恒的名。天地之始原本无名，而万物却源于有名。所以，只有修养到“无”的境界，才能看到自然的奥妙，但必须要从“有”来观察，才能看到万物的边际。其实，“有”和“无”本质上相同，有着共同的起源，只是表现形式和名称不同罢了；因为是同体同源，所以都可称之为“玄”，它们幽深远大，是理解天地自然众多奥妙秘密的大门。

二章

天下皆知美之为美，斯恶矣[9]；皆知善之为善，斯不善矣。故有无相生，难易相成，长短相形，高下相倾，音声相和，前后相随[10]。是以圣人处无为之事[11]，行不言之教[12]。万物作焉而不辞，生而不有，为而不恃，功成而弗居[13]。夫唯弗居，是以不去[14]。

译文：如果天下的人都知道什么是美，那么丑就显露出来了；如果天下的人都知道什么是善，那么恶就显露出来了。所以，有与无在对应中相生互变，难与易在对应中互为成功的条件，长与短只是在对应中相互比较而言，高与下在对应中相互倾斜而归于平等，音与声在对应中相互构成自然界和谐的音律，前与后是在对应中相随而来去的。因此，圣人做事只是顺其自然；他用行为自然而然地影响人们，用不着发号令强

行向人们灌输什么道理。他化生万物，但并不统治万物；他使万物生存，却不去占有万物；他慷慨赐予万物一切，而不以此为自己的功绩。正是因为他不居功，他的功绩才永远不会被抹杀。

三章

不尚贤[15]，使民不争[16]；不贵难得之货，使民不为盗[17]；不见可欲，使民心不乱[18]。是以圣人之治，虚其心，实其腹，弱其志，强其骨[19]；常使民无知无欲，使夫智者不敢为也。为无为，则无不治[20]。

译文：不标榜贤才，使人民不去争逐名位。不看重稀有难得的物品，使人民不去用非正常手段获得它们。不炫耀可以引起贪欲的事物，使民心不被扰乱。因此，圣人管理人民的方法是：净化他们的思想，满足他们的安饱需求，淡化他们的志向欲望，强健他们的筋骨肌肉。始终使人民无欺诈争盗的心智和欲念，处于返朴守淳的状态，这样一来，个别的“智者”也就不敢有所作为了。所有人的行为都顺其自然，也就没有什么不能治理的了。

四章

道冲，而用之或不盈[21]。渊兮，似万物之宗[22]。挫其锐，解其纷，和其光，同其尘[23]。湛兮，似或存[24]。吾不知谁之子，象帝之先[25]。

译文：道虚空而不满，但它却取之不尽、用之不竭。它渊深澄寂，就好像是天下万物的主宗一样。顿挫它的坚锐、化解它的纷扰、涵敛它的光芒、混同它于尘俗。它依然是澄澄湛湛，似无或存。我不知道它是谁的后代，它好像比能主宰万有的大帝要早。

五章

天地不仁[26]，以万物为刍狗[27]；圣人不仁[28]，以百姓为刍狗。天地之间，其犹橐籥乎[29]？虚而不屈[30]，动而愈出。多言数穷[31]，不如守中[32]。

译文：天地无所偏私、偏倚，它对万物同等看待，万物按春夏秋冬自然地生长和消亡，好像人们祭祀用的刍狗一样。圣人也无所偏爱、亲疏，他对所有人都同等看待，人们按照自然规律自作自息，好像人们祭祀用的刍狗一样。天地犹如一只嘘吸不已的大风箱，看似空虚，其实无穷，静而藏之，动而用之便有，越动越生生不已。圣人也应当与天地一样，持守中正虚静，不必对人对事多作肯定或否定，才能使人们生生不息。

六章

谷神不死[33]，是谓玄牝[34]。玄牝之门，是谓天地根[35]。绵绵若存[36]，用之不勤[37]。

译文：谷神虚空而奥妙无穷、永不失灭，可称为“微妙的母性”。微妙的母性是天地万物生命源泉的根本。它在时间的长河中，好像是绵绵不绝的存在，化育万物的功能，也是用之不尽的。

七章

天长地久。天地所以能长且久者，以其不自生[38]，故能长生[39]。是以圣人后其身而身先[40]，外其身而身存。非以其无私邪？故能成其私[41]。

译文：天是长在地是久存的。天地之所以能够长久存在，是因为天地不为自己的需要而生，因而能够长久存在。因此，圣人将自己的肉体生命价值放在众人之后，结果反而能使自己处于众人之先；将自己的肉

体生命置之度外，结果反而能使生命长存。并非圣人没有私心，只是因为圣人彻悟了大道，所以才能够成就自己的生命长存。

八章

上善若水[42]。水善利万物而不争，处众人之所恶，故几于道[43]。居善地[44]，心善渊[45]，与善仁[46]，言善信，政善治[47]，事善能，动善时。夫唯不争，故无尤[48]。

译文：一个人如果要合乎道的意识、行为，就要做到如水一样。水有利于万物而不与万物相争，宁愿自居在众人所厌恶的低下、隐蔽的地方，所以，水具有非常接近于道的特性。一个人如果能做到如水一样，就要善于自处而甘居下地，心胸虚静深沉，与人与物宽厚仁慈，说话遵守诚信，为政精简清明，处事调剂融和，行动遵从恰当的天时节令。正是由于不与人相争、不与物相争，才能永无过患而安然处顺。

九章

持而盈之[49]，不如其已[50]；揣而棁之[51]，不可长保。金玉满堂，莫之能守。富贵而骄，自遗其咎[52]。功遂身退[53]，天之道[54]。

译文：物品装得太满必定会流失，不如不要装满；锤锻得太尖，尖端不可能长久保持。金玉财宝聚积了满屋满堂，未必能够守住；富贵之人若处处骄横，必定会给自己招来灾难。功成名就之后，主动隐身退后，这才符合自然规律。

十章

载营魄抱一[55]，能无离乎？专气致柔[56]，能如婴儿乎[57]？涤除玄览[58]，能无疵乎[59]？爱民治国，能无为乎？天门开阖，能为雌乎[60]？明白四达，能无知乎？生之畜之，生而不有，为而不恃，长而不宰，是

谓玄德[61]。

译文：将灵魂和精神合抱为一，永不分离；专注于凝聚精气，达到平静柔和，好像无私无欲的婴儿一样；清除心灵中的任何邪念，心如明镜，照见万象；用无为的心态去爱护人民、治理国家；在心神与物相接之际恬然守静；不需要知识、智慧等人为地机巧，便能够明白与万物相通相识。生养万物，却不去占有万物；慷慨赐予万物一切，却不以此为功绩；化生万物，却不去统治万物；这就是玄妙的德行。

十一章

三十辐共一毂[62]，当其无，有车之用[63]。埏埴以为器[64]，当其无，有器之用。凿户牖以为室[65]，当其无，有室之用。故有之以为利，无之以为用[66]。

译文：车轮的三十根辐条汇集到车轮中心的毂上，中空无一物，却能合众辐条之力，使车轮旋转不息，实现车的功用。用黏土制作器皿，中间空空，才能装盛东西，达到使用的效果。建造一间房屋，必须开辟门窗，光线空气流通，才能住人。所以，“有”给人便利，“无”发挥了它的作用。

十二章

五色令人目盲[67]；五音令人耳聋[68]；五味令人口爽[69]；驰骋畋猎，令人心发狂[70]；难得之货，令人行妨[71]。是以圣人为腹不为目[72]，故去彼取此[73]。

译文：五色俱来，会使我们像盲人一样什么也看不清楚；五音同出，会使我们像聋子一样什么也听不清楚；五味一起品尝，只会损伤舌头的味觉功能。骑马驰骋、猎取野物，会使人心情狂乱；追求难得之

物、稀有之物，会使人行为不端。因此，圣人只使用有限的物品来养育自己，而不会去占有过多的物品，但求恬淡安饱，而不以物役己追逐声色之愉。

十三章

宠辱若惊，贵大患若身[74]。何谓宠辱若惊？宠为下[75]，得之若惊，失之若惊，是谓宠辱若惊。何谓贵大患若身？吾所以有大患者，为吾有身；及吾无身[76]，吾有何患？故贵以身为天下[77]，若可寄天下；爱以身为天下，若可托天下[78]。

译文：得宠或受辱便感到惊恐，把荣辱这样的大患看得与自身生命一样珍贵。什么是得宠或受辱便感到惊恐呢？得宠者相对宠者往往是卑下的，得到宠爱就格外惊喜，失去宠爱就惊慌不安，这就叫作得宠或受辱便感到惊恐。什么是把荣辱这样的大患看得与自身生命一样珍贵呢？我之所以有重大的忧患，是因为我有血肉之躯；如果我没有血肉之躯，那么我还有什么值得忧患的事情呢？因此，看重自身是为了天下，这样的人就可以把天下寄交给他；爱护自身是为了天下，这样的人就可以把天下托付给他。

十四章

视之不见名曰夷[79]；听之不闻名曰希[80]；搏之不得名曰微[81]。此三者不可致诘[82]，故混而为一[83]。其上不皦，其下不昧[84]，绳绳兮不可名[85]，复归于无物。是谓无状之状，无物之象，是谓恍惚[86]。迎之不见其首；随之不见其后。执古之道，以御今之有[87]。能知古始，是谓道纪[88]。

译文：睁大眼睛看仍看不见的东西，称之为“夷”；仔细倾听仍听不到的东西，称之为“希”；认真摸索仍触不到的东西，称之为“微”。这三

种东西无法追究推问到底，本来就是同一种东西。这种东西上不耀眼，下不昏暗，它纷绵不息无法描述，说它是一个具体的物质，它又不是物质。所以，它没有固定的形状，也不能用任何一种东西来比拟它的形象，只好称之为“恍惚”。迎面而来时看不到它的前部；跟随其后时看不见它的后部。遵循古老的“道”的规律，就可以驾驭今天的现实，也可以溯知远古万物的起源，这就是“道”的纲纪。

十五章

古之善为道者[89]，微妙玄通，深不可识。夫唯不可识，故强为之容[90]：豫兮若冬涉川[91]；犹兮若畏四邻[92]；俨兮其若客[93]；涣兮其若凌释[94]；敦兮其若朴[95]；旷兮其若谷[96]；混兮其若浊[97]；孰能浊以静之徐清？孰能安以久，动之徐生[98]？保此道者不欲盈[99]。夫唯不盈，故能蔽而新成[100]。

译文：古代修道之人，精微到妙不可言、无所不通的境界，一般人简直没有办法认识他。正是由于一般人没有办法认识他，所以，只好勉强地描述一些他的外在形象：他小心谨慎，时时像冬天过河；他待人恭敬，好像畏惧周围的人；他严肃拘谨，似乎总是在做客；他融和疏脱，像冰水消融一样；他敦厚朴素，像未经雕琢的木一样；他心胸开阔，像深幽的山谷一样；他浑然纯厚，像一潭浊水一样。谁能使混浊动荡的状态平静下来，然后慢慢变得澄清？又有谁能使平静的状态变动起来，然后慢慢显出生机？保持这个道的人不求盈满。正因为他不求盈自满，所以他能够使敝旧的事物转化为新的事物。

十六章

致虚极[101]，守静笃[102]。万物并作，吾以观复[103]。夫物芸芸[104]，各复归其根[105]。归根曰静，是谓复命[106]。复命曰常[107]，知常曰明[108]。不知常，妄作凶。知常容[109]，容乃公[110]，公乃王[111]，王

乃天，天乃道，道乃久，没身不殆。

译文：心态达到极度的空明无欲，持守彻底的无为安静，才得以反复观察万物生长活动的循环规律。万物生长茂盛到极致，必渐枯靡，终归寂灭，回归到原本状态，这就是“归根”；归根也就是归于“静”，这就叫“复命”，复命叫“常”，体悟天地万物的“常道”，属于明智之人。没有体悟天地万物的“常道”，乱作妄为，必然大凶大害，没有好结果。认识到“常道”的人才能包容一切，具有宽容的心怀，才能处事公正；公正才能为天下之王，这样的王才符合天地自然法则，符合自然的“道”，符合自然的道才能长久，终生不会遭到危险。

十七章

太上，下知有之[112]；其次[113]，亲而誉之；其次，畏之；其次，侮之。信不足焉，有不信焉[114]。悠兮，其贵言[115]。功成事遂[116]，百姓皆谓：“我自然。”[117]

译文：最好的世代君主，人们只知道有他这么一个人而已；次一等的君主，人们亲近他，然后赞誉他；再次一等的君主，人们畏惧他；最次的君主，人们辱骂他。失信于民的君主，人们不信任服从他。君主悠然而不轻易发号施令，等事情成功之后，人们就说这本来就合于自然之道，没有什么好大惊小怪的。

十八章

大道废，有仁义；智慧出，有大伪[118]；六亲不和[119]，有孝慈；国家昏乱[120]，有忠臣。

译文：合乎自然规律的大道废弛了，便提出了仁义道德。智慧产生之后，世间便出现了虚伪和欺骗。父子、兄弟、夫妻不和，才产生所谓

的孝慈。当国家昏乱的时候，便会有忠臣出现。

十九章

绝圣弃智[121]，民利百倍；绝仁弃义，民复孝慈；绝巧弃利，盗贼无有。此三者，以为文不足[122]，故令有所属[123]，见素抱朴[124]，少私寡欲。

译文：抛弃掉那些卖弄聪明才智的做法，人们的生活可以和平安静百倍；抛弃掉那些假仁假义的做法，人们自然会复归于孝慈；抛弃掉那些取巧获利的做法，自然不会有盗贼作奸犯科。圣智、仁义、巧利这三种东西都是巧饰，不足以治理天下。所以要使人有所归属，怀抱原始天然的朴素；随时保持纯净无杂，淡化欲望的思想观念。

二十章

绝学无忧[125]。唯之与阿[126]，相去几何？善之与恶，相去若何？人之所畏，不可不畏。荒兮其未央[127]哉！众人熙熙[128]，如享太牢[129]，如春登台[130]。我独泊兮其未兆[131]，如婴儿之未孩[132]；儽儽兮若无所归[133]。众人皆有余，而我独若遗[134]。我愚人之心也哉[135]，沌沌兮！俗人昭昭，我独昏昏[136]。俗人察察，我独闷闷[137]。澹兮其若海，飂兮若无止[138]。众人皆有以，而我独顽且鄙[139]。我独异于人，而贵食母[140]。

译文：不要一切学问，就会无忧无虑。唯唯诺诺与大声呵斥，两者之间有什么区别呢？善的事物与恶的事物，又有多大差别呢？众人所畏惧的，不能不畏惧。像荒原大沙漠一样广大无边，永无尽头！众人那么喜乐欢悦，有如在享受牛、羊、豕的祭奉一样，又好像春光明媚时登台眺望春色。我却独自如一潭清水，恬淡、宁静，不炫耀自己；又像一个还不懂事的婴儿，天真烂漫，无忧无虑；我平常的心疲惫闲散，好像是

找不到归宿。众人都追求更多的财物显得富足有余，唯独我只取维持生命所需而显得贫困匮乏。我多么淳朴、浑厚！普通人对任何事情都非常明白，只有我昏昧不明；普通人对所有事情都精打细算，只有我混混沌沌。胸襟要像大海一样，宽阔无际；境界要像清风一样，清远徐吹。众人对人生都有目的，都要为世所用、为人所用、为己所用；唯独有我顽冥不化，表现很糟糕。我之所以与众人不同，是因为我看重的是吸取大道来滋养自身。

二十一章

孔德之容[141]，惟道是从。道之为物，惟恍惟惚[142]。惚兮恍兮，其中有象[143]；恍兮惚兮，其中有物；窈兮冥兮[144]，其中有精[145]；其精甚真，其中有信[146]。自今及古，其名不去，以阅众甫[147]。吾何以知众甫之状哉？以此[148]。

译文：大德的样态，随着道而转移。“道”这个东西，是模糊不清、似有似无的。在似有似无、模糊不清中，有它的形象；在模糊不清、似有似无中，有它的实物；在深远而不可测中，有它的精质；这种精质非常真切，有它的信验。从今天推及远古，“道”这个名称不能舍去，否则便不能认识万事万物。我凭什么知道万事万物起始的情况呢？就是依据于道。

二十二章

曲则全，枉则直，洼则盈，敝则新，少则得，多则惑[149]。是以圣人抱一为天下式[150]。不自见[151]，故明；不自是，故彰[152]；不自伐[153]，故有功；不自矜[154]，故长。夫唯不争，故天下莫能与之争。古之所谓“曲则全”者，岂虚言哉！诚全而归之。

译文：委曲可以保全，弯曲可以伸直，低洼的地方可以充盈，敝旧

可以生新，求多需从求少开始，贪多反而令人迷惑，以致一无所获。因此，圣人以固守道作为天下人的榜样。不显露自己，才更为突出；不自以为是，才更为彰明；不自我夸耀，才会有更多的成功；不自我骄矜，才能更为长久。正是由于顺其自然，不人为地去争取，因此天下人都无法与他相争。古人所说“委曲可以保全”的道理，怎能是空话啊！实实在在走“委曲可以保全”的道路，才能够得上为天下之所归，众望之所属。

二十三章

希言自然[155]。故飘风不终朝[156]，骤雨不终日[157]。孰为此者？天地。天地尚不能久[158]，而况于人乎？故从事于道者，同于道；德者同于德；失者同于失[159]。同于道者，道亦乐得之；同于德者，德亦乐得之；同于失者，失亦乐得之。信不足焉，有不信焉[160]！

译文：“道”是不说话、不发号施令的，一切自然而然。狂风刮不过半天，暴雨下不过一日。这是谁做的事情呢？天地。天地尚不能持久，何况于人呢？因此，从事于道的人合于道；从事于德的人合于德；从事于天的人合于天。合于道的人，道也高兴地接受他；合于德的人，德也高兴地接受他；合于天的人，天也高兴地接受他。人要是诚信不足，就会有不信任的事情发生。

二十四章

企者不立[161]；跨者不行[162]。自见者不明；自是者不彰；自伐者无功；自矜者不长。其在道也，曰余食赘行[163]。物或恶之[164]，故有道者不处。

译文：踮起脚跟站者不能久立；跨大步走者不能远行。自逞己现者反而不突出；自以为是者反而不昭彰；自我夸耀者不会成功；自我骄矜者不会长久。这些行为，从道的观点来看，都是多余、无用的，因而也

是有害的。对此，常人都会感到厌恶，所以有道的人不采取这些方式。

二十五章

有物混成[165]，先天地生。寂兮寥兮[166]，独立而不改[167]，周行而不殆[168]，可以为天地母[169]。吾不知其名，强字之曰道[170]，强为之名曰大[171]。大曰逝，逝曰远，远曰反[172]。故道大，天大，地大，人亦大。域中有四大[173]，而人居其一焉。人法地，地法天，天法道，道法自然[174]。

译文：有一个东西涌流长在、源源不断，先天地万物而存在。它没有形象、没有声音，独立存在，始终如一，不为一切外来势力的干扰而改变本性。它无所不在，运行不息，永远无穷无尽。可以称之为天地的母亲。我不知道它的名称，姑且称其为“道”；或者勉强称其为“大”。它无所不在、无所不包而运行不息，运行不息而无边无际，无边无际而循环往复。因此，道无所不包，天无所不包，地无所不包，人亦无所不包。宇宙中有四种无所不包的事物，而人占有其中之一。因此，人要效法大地，地要效法天，天要效法道，道本来就是自然。

二十六章

重为轻根，静为躁君[175]。是以圣人终日行不离辎重[176]，虽有荣观，燕处超然[177]。奈何万乘之主而以身轻天下[178]？轻则失根，躁则失君。

译文：重是轻的根源，静是躁的主宰。因此，圣人随时随地要有负重致远的精神，不忘济世救人的责任感，即便燕然安处在荣华富贵之中，也依然能超然物外，不为荣华富贵所累。为什么贵为万乘之主的君王，却轻举妄动，只图眼前攫取功利，不顾丧失生命的后果？轻则会丧失根基，躁则会丧失主宰。

二十七章

善行无辙迹[179]；善言无瑕谪[180]；善数不用筹策[181]；善闭无关楗而不可开[182]；善结无绳约而不可解[183]。是以圣人常善救人，故无弃人；常善救物，故无弃物。是谓袭明[184]。故善人者，不善人之师；不善人者，善人之资[185]。不贵其师，不爱其资，虽智大迷，是谓要妙[186]。

译文：真正善于行走的，不会留下痕迹；真正话说得好的人，不会留下话柄；真正善于计算的人，用不着计算的工具；真正善于关门的人，不用门栓却使人打不开。真正会打结的人，不结绳扣，也无法解开。事实上，圣人常常救助人，不抛弃任何人；圣人常常救助物，不抛弃任何事物。这可以说是将光明延伸出来。因此，善人是不善人的老师；不善人可以作为善人的借鉴。不崇拜老师，不爱惜可作借鉴的人，虽然各怀聪明，但还是最大的糊涂。这就是幽深而精妙的道理。

二十八章

知其雄[187]，守其雌，为天下溪[188]。为天下溪，常德不离[189]，复归于婴儿。知其白，守其黑，为天下式[190]。为天下式，常德不忒[191]，复归于无极。知其荣，守其辱，为天下谷[192]，为天下谷，常德乃足，复归于朴[193]。朴散则为器[194]，圣人用之[195]，则为官长[196]，故大制不割[197]。

译文：知道什么是强雄，却仍然要安守雌柔，甘愿为天下的溪涧。甘愿为天下的溪涧，才可以做到保有人的德行，重新回归到婴儿那样淳朴无邪的状态。知道什么是明亮，却仍然要安守昏黑，甘愿为天下的模式。甘愿为天下的模式，才不会偏离人的德行，才能够回归到大道。知道什么是荣乐，却仍然要安守卑辱，甘愿为天下的低谷。甘愿为天下的低谷，才能够充实人的德行，从而恢复人的本来面目。人没有了淳朴本

性，就变成了器物工具，圣人懂得这个道理，则成为百官之长；因此，国家大法是不割舍人的本性的。

二十九章

将欲取天下而为之[198]，吾见其不得已[199]。天下神器[200]，不可为也。为者败之[201]，执者失之。夫物或行或随[202]，或歔或吹[203]，或强或羸[204]，或载或隳[205]。是以圣人去甚，去奢，去泰[206]。

译文：想要治理天下而强行去做，我看这种人是不会得逞的。天下这个东西，是一个神妙不可思议的东西，不可过分执着强力妄为。过分执着强力妄为必将遭遇失败。事实上，万物的前行和后随，急动或缓作，强壮或柔弱，安稳或危殆，都是自然而然的事情。因此，圣人会去除过分的行为，去除奢华的行为，去除极端的行为。

三十章

以道佐人主者[207]，不以兵强天下[208]，其事好还[209]。师之所处，荆棘生焉[210]。大军之后，必有凶年。善者果而已[211]，不敢以取强。果而勿矜[212]，果而勿伐[213]，果而勿骄，果而不得已，果而勿强。物壮则老[214]，是谓不道[215]，不道早已。

译文：用自然之道辅佐君主的人，不会赞成使用武力去侵略别人，每件事都必定有还报。军队所到的地方，荆棘就长满了；大战过后，一定会变成荒年。善用兵者，仅仅谋取胜利而已，没有必要继续逞强。胜利了不要自我骄矜，胜利了不要自我夸耀，胜利了不要自我骄傲；打仗只是为了保卫自己的生存，是不得已而为之，胜利了不能继续逞强好胜。少壮的事物伤害老弱，这不是自然之道，不遵从自然之道，只能加速自己的灭亡。

三十一章

夫兵者[216]，不祥之器，物或恶之，故有道者不处[217]。君子居则贵左，用兵则贵右[218]。兵者，不祥之器，非君子之器，不得已而用之，恬淡为上[219]。胜而不美，而美之者，是乐杀人。夫乐杀人者，则不可以得志于天下矣。吉事尚左，凶事尚右[220]。偏将军居左，上将军居右。言以丧礼处之。杀人之众，以哀悲泣之[221]，战胜，以丧礼处之。

译文：杀人的武器是不祥的工具，大家都厌恶它，因此有道之人不肯轻易使用它。君子平常生活工作时以左边为贵，用兵打仗时以右边为贵。武器是不祥的工具，不是君子的工具。万不得已时才会使用它，使用它时恬静平淡为上，胜利了也不要洋洋得意。胜利了洋洋得意的人，纯粹是以杀人为乐。那些以杀人为乐的人，终归是要失败的，不可能逞行于天下。吉祥的事情以左为上，凶丧的事情以右为上。偏将军在左边，上将军在右边。这就是按照办丧事的礼仪去处理。战争中若伤亡较多，应当以悲哀的心情为死伤者送葬。对于获胜归来的将士，要用丧礼来迎接他们。

三十二章

道常无名[222]，朴虽小[223]，天下莫能臣[224]。侯王若能守之，万物将自宾[225]。天地相合，以降甘露，民莫之令而自均[226]。始制有名[227]，名亦既有，夫亦将知止，知止可以不殆[228]。譬道之在天下，犹川谷之于江海。

译文：道本来无名，极其微妙，天下没有谁能主宰它。侯王如果能遵守自然之道，万物将会自动归附于他。就像天地间阴阳之气相合，自然会降下甘露一样，不用发布政令，人们自己就会平等地协调均匀。治理天下就要建立各种制度确定各种名分，各种制度、名分出来了，要知

道适可而止，知道适可而止，就没有什么危险了。可以这样比喻，道对天下的作用，好像川溪汇聚成江海一样。

三十三章

知人者智，自知者明。胜人者有力，自胜者强[229]。知足者富，强行者有志[230]。不失其所者久，死而不亡者寿[231]。

译文：能够清楚认识别人的人，是有智慧的人；能够了解自己的人，是明白人。能够战胜别人，不过是有力量罢了；能够战胜自己，才称得上坚强。知足的人总是富有的，把做不到的事硬做到了，这叫作有志气。守住本分的人可以长久，精神不死的人可以永存。

三十四章

大道泛兮，其可左右[232]。万物恃之以生而不辞，功成不名有[233]。衣养万物而不为主[234]。常无欲，可名于小；万物归焉而不为主[235]，可名为大。以其终不自为大，故能成其大。

译文：大道广博，无往而不在。万物依赖它生长，而它却对万物不加干涉，它滋养万物生长却不以此为己功。它庇护着万物却并不想做万物的主人。它无欲无求，因此可以随便为它定名，称之为小。万物归附于它，它仍然不去主宰万物，包容了万物，这可以叫它为大。由于它始终没有自高自大，所以才能成为伟大。

三十五章

执大象，天下往[236]。往而不害，安平太[237]。乐与饵[238]，过客止。道之出口，淡乎其无味，视之不足见，听之不足闻，用之不足既[239]。

译文：持守自然之道的人，天下都将来归附。归附于道，不互相伤害，于是大家都永远平和安泰。动听的音乐和美味的佳肴，能够吸引住过往的客人。而“道”这个东西，讲起来平淡而无味，看也看不见，听也听不到，但万物都在用它而用之不尽。

三十六章

将欲歙之，必固张之[240]；将欲弱之，必固强之；将欲废之，必固兴之；将欲取之，必固与之[241]。是谓微明[242]。柔弱胜刚强。鱼不可脱于渊，国之利器不可以示人[243]。

译文：要想收敛一个东西，必须先扩张它。要想削弱它，必须先加强它。要想废弃它，必须先兴举它。要想夺取它，必须先给予它。这就是从微弱、渺小的地方看出大道理来。柔弱可以战胜刚强。就像鱼不能离开水一样，国家的生存命脉，也不能轻易展示给别人。

三十七章

道常无为而无不为[244]。侯王若能守之[245]，万物将自化。化而欲作[246]，吾将镇之以无名之朴[247]。无名之朴，夫亦将无欲[248]。不欲以静，天下将自定。

译文：永恒的大道始终无所作为，但是却能够取得无所不为的成果。侯王如果能持守自然之道，万物将自行调节转化。转化后如果又萌生欲望，我将用道来使他们安定。用道来使他们安定，人们又归于完全无欲的状态。处于无欲状态便会静守本分，天下就会自行进入安定状态。

卷二

三十八章

上德不德，是以有德；下德不失德，是以无德[249]。上德无为而无以为[250]；下德为之而有以为。上仁为之而无以为；上义为之而有以为[251]。上礼为之而莫之应，则攘臂而扔之[252]。故失道而后德，失德而后仁，失仁而后义，失义而后礼。夫礼者，忠信之薄，而乱之首[253]。前识者[254]，道之华，而愚之始[255]。是以大丈夫处其厚，不居其薄[256]；处其实，不居其华。故去彼取此[257]。

译文：有上品德行的人做善事很自然，不外在表现有德让别人知道，这才是真正有德行；达不到上品德行的人，做善事总要外在表现出不离德而让别人看出来，这已经不是真正有德行了。有上品德行的人顺应自然，无心作为却无所不为；达不到上品德行的人，行为有目的却不一定有成效。上仁之人的行为是自然无目的的；上义之人的行为是有人为目的的。上礼之人的行为如果没有人响应，他会卷起袖子强拉硬拽别人来赞同自己。因此，“道”渐行消失了以后，才产生了“德”，“德”消失了以后，才产生了“仁”；“仁”消失了之后，才产生了“义”；“义”消失了之后，才产生了“礼”。虚伪之礼是世风日下、忠信式微，乃至天下祸乱的根源。花巧之智是道的虚华，愚昧的开始。所以，君子淳厚，而不会陷入浇薄之境；或者，注重于朴实，而不至于被表面的虚华所欺骗。因此要舍弃虚华、浇薄而采取朴实、淳厚。

三十九章

昔之得一者[258]：天得一以清；地得一以宁；神得一以灵；谷得一

以盈[259]；万物得一以生；侯王得一以为天下贞。其致之[260]，天无以清将恐裂；地无以宁将恐废[261]；神无以灵将恐歇[262]；谷无以盈将恐竭[263]；万物无以生将恐灭；侯王无以贞将恐蹶[264]。故贵以贱为本，高以下为基。是以侯王自称孤、寡、不谷[265]。此非以贱为本邪？非乎？故至数誉无誉。不欲琭琭如玉，珞珞如石。

译文：从前得到过道的：天得到道便可以清明；地得到道便可以安宁；神得到道便可以灵妙；河谷得到道便可以充盈；万物得到道便可以生存；侯王得到道便可以使天下安定。推而言之：天不清明恐怕会导致破裂；地不安宁恐怕会导致崩陷；神不灵异恐怕会导致消失；河谷不充盈恐怕会导致枯竭；万物不生存恐怕会导致毁灭；侯王不使天下安定恐怕会导致败亡。因此，贵以贱为根本，高以下为基础。侯王自称孤、寡、不谷。这不正是以贱为根本吗？不是吗？所以最高的荣誉无需赞美称誉。不求琭琭晶莹像宝玉，只愿珞珞坚硬像山石。

四十章

反者道之动[266]，弱者道之用[267]。天下万物生于有[268]，有生于无[269]。

译文：道的运动规律是循环往复的，道的作用是微妙、柔弱的。天下的万物产生于有，而有产生于无。

四十一章

上士闻道，勤而行之[270]；中士闻道，若存若亡；下士闻道，大笑之。不笑不足以为道。故建言有之[271]：明道若昧[272]；进道若退；夷道若颣[273]。上德若谷[274]；大白若辱；广德若不足；建德若偷[275]；质真若渝[276]。大方无隅[277]；大器晚成；大音希声[278]；大象无形；道隐无名[279]。夫唯道，善贷且成[280]。

译文：贤能之士听到道，会积极努力去修道；中等才德的人听到后，会有时去有时又不去；才德差的人听到后，会哈哈大笑。如果他们不嘲笑的话，那道也就称不上是道了。事实上，古语中已经阐明：光明的大道看起来似乎暗昧；进步的大道看起来似乎在退步；平坦的大道似乎崎岖不平。高尚的品德好像溪谷；纯洁的心灵能够忍辱；广博的德行总感到自我不足；强健的意志总显得怠惰懒散；质朴而纯真却好像含有污垢。特别大的四方形是没有边角的；特殊高明的器物往往是最后出现的；巨大的声音通常是听不见的；庞大的形象也是很难看得见的；道幽隐不可见而没有名称。但是，唯有道才最善于对万物施加影响，并促成万物的生成运转变化。

四十二章

道生一[281]，一生二[282]，二生三[283]，三生万物。万物负阴而抱阳[284]，冲气以为和[285]。人之所恶，唯孤、寡、不谷[286]，而王公以为称。故物或损之而益，或益之而损。人之所教，我亦教之：强梁者不得其死[287]。吾将以为教父[288]。

译文：道是独一无二的，道本身包含着阴阳二气，阴阳二气相交中和形成一种和谐状态，万物在这种状态中产生。万物背着阴而向着阳，阴阳二气互相交冲而成协调和谐的状态。人们最厌恶的就是“孤”、“寡”、“不谷”，但王公却用这些字来称呼自己。所以一切事物，如果减损它，它反而得到增益；如果增益它，它却反而受到减损。别人这样教导我，我也这样去教导别人：恃力强行的人不会有好下场。我把这个道理当作教育的最高原则。

四十三章

天下之至柔[289]，驰骋天下之至坚[290]。无有入无间[291]，吾是以知无为之有益。不言之教，无为之益，天下希及之[292]。

译文：天下最柔弱的东西，可以穿越天下最坚硬的东西；看不见形象的东西可以穿透没有间隙的东西。由此原理，我可以知道无为是一种有益的处世方法。我所提倡的不言之教、无为之益，天下很少有人能达到这个境界。

四十四章

名与身孰亲？身与货孰多[293]？得与亡孰病[294]？甚爱必大费[295]，多藏必厚亡[296]。知足不辱，知止不殆[297]，可以长久。

译文：名利与生命，我们更爱哪一个？生命与财物，哪个更重要？得到与失去它们之中的哪一个，对我们害处更大？过分珍爱某个事物，必然要为它耗费大量的精力；过于积敛财富，必定会招致惨重的损失。所以，懂得知足，就不会受到屈辱；懂得适可而止，就不会遇到危险，这样才可以保持长久的平安。

四十五章

大成若缺[298]，其用不弊[299]。大盈若冲[300]，其用不穷。大直若屈[301]，大巧若拙，大辩若讷[302]。躁胜寒[303]，静胜热。清静为天下正[304]。

译文：完美的东西好像是有缺陷的，但它的作用不会衰竭。充盈的东西好像是空虚的，但它的作用不会穷尽。直的东西好像是弯曲的，精巧的好像是笨拙的；卓越的辩才，仿佛有些口吃。清寒可以克服躁动，安静可以克服暑热。清静无为才能统治天下。

四十六章

天下有道，却走马以粪[305]；天下无道，戎马生于郊[306]。罪莫大于可欲，祸莫大于不知足，咎莫大于欲得[307]。故知足之足，常足矣

[308]。

译文：天下的人奉行自然之道，战马都可以退还到田间用来耕种。天下的人背离自然之道，连怀胎的母马也要送上战场，产仔于战地的郊外。最大的罪过就是有太多的欲望，最大的祸害就是不知足，最大的过失就是想占有。所以，只有知足者才能够常常处于满足状态。

四十七章

不出户，知天下；不窥牖[309]，见天道。其出弥远，其知弥少。是以圣人不行而知，不见而明，不为而成。

译文：不出门就能知道天下的事情；不望窗外，就能知道日月星辰运行的自然规律。出门走得越远，反而知道的事情越少。所以，圣人不用出行便能推知天下的事情，不必亲自观看，便能明了日月星辰的运行情况及其规律，不妄为就能成就无所不为的功绩。

四十八章

为学日益[310]，为道日损[311]。损之又损，以至于无为，无为而无不为。取天下常以无事[312]，及其有事，不足以取天下。

译文：追求学问，知识一天比一天增加。遵循自然之道，欲望一天比一天减少。这样一天天地减少下去，最后便可以达到无为的境地，达到无为的境地便可以无所不为了。因此，治理天下，常常不是用谋略和手段的；用谋略和手段的，是不能治理天下的。

四十九章

圣人无常心[313]，以百姓心为心[314]。善者，吾善之；不善者，吾亦善之，德善[315]。信者，吾信之，不信者，吾亦信之，德信。圣人在

天下歙歙[316]，为天下浑其心[317]。百姓皆注其耳目[318]，圣人皆孩之[319]。

译文：圣人没有私心，而是以百姓的心为自己的心。对于善良的人，我善待他；对于不善良的人，我也善待他；这样可使人人向善。对于守信的人，我信任他；对不守信的人，我也信任他，这样可使人人守信。圣人治理天下，收敛自己的意欲，使天下人归于浑厚朴素。人们都专注于自己的耳目，圣人使他们都回到婴孩般纯真质朴的状态。

五十章

出生入死[320]。生之徒十有三[321]；死之徒十有三[322]；人之生，动之于死地[323]，亦十有三。夫何故？以其生生之厚[324]。盖闻善摄生者[325]，陆行不遇兕虎[326]，入军不被甲兵[327]。兕无所投其角，虎无所措其爪，兵无所容其刃[328]。夫何故？以其无死地。

译文：从出生到死亡，属于长寿的占总数的十分之三，属于短寿的占总数的十分之三，人本来可以得生却走向了死路的，也占总数的十分之三。为什么呢？这是因为他们太放纵欲望而不懂得加以克制。据说，善于养护自己生命的人，在陆地行走不会遇到凶恶的犀牛和猛虎，在战争中也不会受到武器的伤害。犀牛的尖角触不到他，猛虎的利爪抓不到他，武器的利刃刺不到他。为什么会这样呢？因为他没有进入死亡的范围。

五十一章

道生之[329]，德畜之[330]，物形之，势成之[331]。是以万物莫不尊道而贵德。道之尊，德之贵，夫莫之命而常自然[332]。故道生之，德畜之，长之育之，亭之毒之[333]，养之覆之[334]。生而不有，为而不恃，长而不宰，是谓玄德。

译文：道赋予万物生命，用大道至玄德来养育万物，形成万物形象，完成万物的发展。因此，万物没有不尊敬道的，也没有不尊重德的。道之所以受到尊敬，德之所以受到尊重，并不是依靠什么命令，而是出于自然。因而，道化生万物之后，便用德来养育万物、成长万物、繁育万物，形成万物、成熟万物，抚养万物、保护万物。道化生万物却不去占有万物，赐予万物一切而不以此为自己的功绩，使万物生长而不去主宰万物；这就是玄妙的德行。

五十二章

天下有始[335]，以为天下母[336]。既得其母，以知其子[337]；既知其子，复守其母，没身不殆[338]。塞其兑，闭其门[339]，终身不勤[340]。开其兑，济其事[341]，终身不救。见小曰明[342]，守柔曰强。用其光，复归其明，无遗身殃[343]。是谓袭常[344]。

译文：天下万事万物都有本始，这个本始就是天地万物的根源。既然知道根源，就能认识万物。既然认识万物，又把握着万物的根本，那么终身都不会有危险。关门闭户，闭目塞听，不说不听，终身都可从容不迫。如果打开感官满足欲念，就会忙忙碌碌，终身都不可救药。能够察见到细微的，才称得上明白，能够持守柔弱的，才称得上坚强。运用光亮，返照自己，使视力、脑力、智慧恢复过来，不会给自己带来灾难。这就是透过大道认识了永恒的自然规律。

五十三章

使我介然有知[345]，行于大道[346]，唯施是畏[347]。大道甚夷[348]，而民好径[349]。朝甚除[350]，田甚芜[351]，仓甚虚[352]。服文彩，带利剑，厌饮食，财货有余，是谓盗夸[353]。非道也哉！

译文：假使我掌握知识，在大道上行走，唯一担心害怕的就是走了

邪路。大道虽然平坦，但人却喜欢走邪径。朝廷腐败坏了，农田荒芜无人耕种，国库空虚，但有人却仍身着彩绣绸衣，佩带锋利的宝剑，饱餐美味佳肴，搜刮占有太多的财货，这就叫作强盗头子。多么的无道呀！

五十四章

善建者不拔，善抱者不脱，子孙以祭祀不辍[354]。修之于身，其德乃真；修之于家，其德乃余；修之于乡，其德乃长[355]；修之于国，其德乃丰[356]；修之于天下，其德乃普。故以身观身，以家观家，以乡观乡[357]，以国观国，以天下观天下。吾何以知天下然哉？以此。

译文：善于建树的人所建的东西永远不可能被拔掉，善于抱持的人抱住一个东西怎么也不会脱落，如果子孙能够遵循、守持这个道理，就可以世世代代祭祀，永不断绝。用这个道理陶冶自己的身心，他的品德便可以返璞归真；用这个道理治理家事，这一家人的品德便可高尚有余；用这个道理治理乡村，这个乡的影响就更大了；用这个道理治理国家，这个国家的德政会兴盛起来；用这个道理治理天下，高尚的道德便可以普及于天下。因此，从一个人可以推知其他人，从一个家庭可以观知其他家庭，从一个乡村可以观知其他乡村，从一个国家可以观知其他国家，从一个天下可以观知其他天下。我怎么会知道天下的情况之所以然呢？就是用以上的方法和道理。

五十五章

含德之厚，比于赤子。毒虫不螫[358]，猛兽不据[359]，攫鸟不搏[360]。骨弱筋柔而握固，未知牝牡之合而朘作[361]，精之至也。终日号而不嗄[362]，和之至也[363]。知和曰常，知常曰明，益生曰祥[364]，心使气曰强[365]。物壮则老[366]，谓之不道，不道早已。

译文：一个品德纯厚的人，好比初生的婴儿。毒虫不去螫他，猛兽

也不伤害他，凶鸟不扑抓他。他的筋骨柔弱，但拳头却握得很牢固。他没有男女的欲念，但小生殖器却自动勃起，这是精气充足的缘故。他整天号哭不止，却不会哭哑声音，这是身体和谐造成的。认识和谐的道理叫作“常”。认识“常”叫作“明”。贪生纵欲就会遭殃；意志役使天地和谐，就是逞强。强壮的事物伤害老弱，是违背自然之道；违背自然之道，就会很快灭亡。

五十六章

知者不言，言者不知[367]。塞其兑，闭其门[368]；挫其锐，解其纷；和其光，同其尘[369]，是谓玄同[370]。故不可得而亲，不可得而疏；不可得而利，不可得而害；不可得而贵，不可得而贱[371]，故为天下贵。

译文：真正有智慧的人是不轻易说话的，轻易说话的人是没有智慧的。关门闭户，闭目塞听、不听不说；磨炼人们的锐气、化解他们的纷争、收敛他们的光芒、认同他们尘俗。这就是玄妙齐同的“道”。达到玄妙齐同境界的人，已经超脱亲疏、利害、贵贱的世俗范围，所以就为天下人所尊重。

五十七章

以正治国[372]，以奇用兵[373]，以无事取天下[374]。吾何以知其然哉？以此：天下多忌讳[375]，而民弥贫[376]；民多利器[377]，国家滋昏；人多伎巧[378]，奇物滋起[379]；法令滋彰[380]，盗贼多有。故圣人云：我无为而民自化[381]；我好静而民自正[382]；我无事而民自富；我无欲而民自朴[383]。

译文：治理国家要靠光明磊落，用兵打仗要靠奇巧谋略，治理天下要不搅扰人民。我怎么知道这个道理呢？是因为以下理由：天下的规则

禁忌越多，人们就越贫穷；人们的利器越多，国家就越陷于混乱；人们的奇巧淫技越多，各种邪奇的事物也就越不断滋生；法规条令越多，盗贼的行为就越不断增加。因此，圣人说：“我无为，人们自然被感化；我静定，人们就自然端正；我无为而治，人们就自然生活富裕；我没有私欲，人们就自然淳朴。”

五十八章

其政闷闷[384]，其民淳淳[385]；其政察察[386]，其民缺缺[387]。祸兮，福之所倚[388]；福兮，祸之所伏[389]。孰知其极？其无正也。正复为奇，善复为妖[390]。人之迷，其日固久。是以圣人方而不割[391]，廉而不刿[392]，直而不肆[393]，光而不耀[394]。

译文：政治平和渐进，人民就淳朴安分；政治明察秋毫，人民就狡猾奸诈。灾祸，可能会转化为幸福；幸福，则可能隐藏着灾祸。谁能知道终极的结果呢？没有永远的正。正可以转化为邪，善可以转化为恶。可惜，世人迷惑于此，历时已经非常久远了。因此，有道的圣人方正而不伤害人，有棱角而不刺痛人，直率而不放肆，光明而不刺耀。

五十九章

治人事天，莫若啬[395]。夫唯啬，是谓早服[396]；早服谓之重积德[397]；重积德则无不克[398]；无不克则莫知其极[399]；莫知其极，可以有国；有国之母[400]，可以长久。是谓深根固柢[401]，长生久视之道[402]。

译文：治理人民、养护身心最好的办法莫过于节省了。只有节省精神和生命，才可以早早地把自己的生命功能保持住；早早地把自己的生命功能保持住就是不断积德；不断积德就没有什么不能攻克的；达到攻无不克的水平，别人便无法估量他的力量极限；具备了无法估量的力量，他就可以担负治理国家的重任。掌握治理国家的根本，便可以长治

久安。这就是所谓的根深蒂固，做到根深蒂固，便可获得长久生存。

六十章

治大国若烹小鲜[403]。以道莅天下[404]，其鬼不神[405]；非其鬼不神，其神不伤人；非其神不伤人，圣人亦不伤人。夫两不相伤，故德交归焉。

译文：治理大国，好像用文火小心、慢慢地烹制小鱼。用道治理天下，鬼神便无法施展灵通；不是鬼神没有灵通，而是他们的灵通不会去伤害人。不但他们不会去伤害人，圣人也不会去伤害人。这样，鬼神和人彼此互不相伤，就可以让人民享受到德的恩泽。

六十一章

大国者下流[406]，天下之交[407]，天下之牝[408]。牝常以静胜牡，以静为下。故大国以下小国，则取小国；小国以下大国，则取大国[409]。故或下以取，或下而取[410]。大国不过欲兼畜人[411]，小国不过欲入事人。夫两者各得其所欲，大者宜为下。

译文：大国要像居于江河下游那样，使天下百川河流在这里交汇。天下各种事物的雌雄相交，雌柔往往以安静夺定而战胜雄强，这种安静夺定就是居于下流。因此，大国若谦下待小国，则可以争取小国的归附；小国若谦下待大国，则可以取得大国的容纳。因此，或者谦让而取得对方的信任，或者谦让而见容于对方。大国的欲望不过是接纳吸收别国加入自己的联盟，小国的欲望不过是加入别国的同盟。这样，双方都各得其所欲求的，因此大国还是以居于下流为好。

六十二章

道者，万物之奥[412]，善人之宝，不善人之所保[413]。美言可以市

尊，美行可以加人[414]。人之不善，何弃之有？故立天子，置三公[415]。虽有拱璧以先驷马[416]，不如坐进此道[417]。古之所以贵此道者何？不曰：求以得[418]，有罪以免邪？故为天下贵。

译文：道是万物的庇荫，善良的人保护它、珍惜它，不善的人得到它的保护和救助。美丽动听的语言可以换来别人的尊敬，美好的行为可以获得别人的拥戴。即使是不善的人，道也不会抛弃他！因此，人们设立天子，配置三公。虽然有拱璧驷马这些价值连城的珍宝，但不如“道”重要。古人为什么把“道”看得那么珍贵？为什么不说：有要求就可以得到满足，犯了罪要求免罪就可以免吗？所以，道才是天下最崇高伟大、至高无上、至贵无上的。

六十三章

为无为[419]，事无事，味无味[420]。大小多少，抱怨以德[421]。图难于其易[422]，为大于其细。天下难事必作于易[423]；天下大事必作于细。是以圣人终不为大，故能成其大。夫轻诺必寡信[424]，多易必多难。是以圣人犹难之，故终无难矣。

译文：以无为的态度去有所作为，以不滋事的方法去处理事物，把恬淡无味当作有味。大生于小，多起于少，以恩德来报怨恨。解决难题，要从最容易的地方入手；实现远大，要从细微的地方入手。天下的难事一定要从容易的地方做起，天下的大事一定要从细小的地方做起。因此，圣人从来不企图做大事，却能够做成大事。凡是轻易允诺的人常常是不可信的，总把事情看得太容易的人必然会遇到很多的困难。因此，圣人总是重视天下事，所以才不会有困难了。

六十四章

其安易持[425]，其未兆易谋[426]，其脆易泮[427]，其微易散。为之于

未有，治之于未乱。合抱之木，生于毫末[428]；九层之台[429]，起于累土[430]；千里之行，始于足下。为者败之，执者失之。是以圣人无为故无败，无执故无失。民之从事，常于几成而败之[431]。慎终如始，则无败事。是以圣人欲不欲，不贵难得之货[432]；学不学，复众人之所过[433]，以辅万物之自然而不敢为[434]。

译文：局面安定才容易保持长久，还没有出现混乱的征兆时容易谋求预防措施。脆弱的东西容易破碎，细微的东西容易失散。做事情要在还没开始之前就把基础都打好了；治理国政，要在天下未乱时就把乱根除掉。双手合抱的大树，生长于细小的嫩芽；九层的高台，是由一筐土一筐土堆筑起来的；千里的远行，是从脚下一步一步走出来的。有所作为的会招致失败，过于执着的会遭受失败。因此圣人无所作为而不致失败，不过于执着而不致失败。人们做事情，常常是在接近于成功时遭到失败。所以，做事情，在接近完成时也要像开始时那样慎重，就不至于失败。因此，圣人追求的是无所欲求，不看重难以得到的东西；做学问达到好像是没有学问的境界，恢复到比一般人还平凡，圣人只是辅助万物顺其自然而不妄为。

六十五章

古之善为道者，非以明民[435]，将以愚之[436]。民之难治，以其智多[437]。故以智治国，国之贼；不以智治国，国之福。知此两者亦稽式[438]。常知稽式，是谓玄德[439]。玄德深矣，远矣，与物反矣[440]，然后乃至大顺[441]。

译文：古代善于行道的人，不是教导人民知晓智巧伪诈，而是教导人民淳厚朴实。人民之所以难于统治，是因为他们的智巧心机太多。因此，用智巧心机治理国家，就必然会危害到国家，不用智巧心机治理国家，那才有益于国家。这两种都是治理国家的一个法则，时刻不忘这个

法则，就叫作玄妙的德行。玄妙的德行真是太深妙了，太幽远了，它与具体的事物看起来是相反的，正因为相反，然后才能完全顺乎自然。

六十六章

江海之所以能为百谷王者[442]，以其善下之[443]，故能为百谷王。是以欲上民[444]，必以言下之；欲先民[445]，必以身后之。是以圣人处上而民不重[446]，处前而民不害[447]。是以天下乐推而不厌[448]。以其不争，故天下莫能与之争。

译文：江海所以能够成为百川河流所归往的地方，是因为江海能够居于低处，因而它能够成为百川汇集之处。所以，要想做居上位的人，言语态度一定要谦虚；要想领导人民，必须把自身的利益摆在后面。所以，圣人虽然地位居于人民之上，而人民并不感觉有重压，居于人民之前，而人民并不感觉受到妨害。天下人都乐意推举拥戴他而不感到厌倦。因为他不与人民相争，所以天下没有人能和他相争。

六十七章

天下皆谓我道大，似不肖[449]。夫唯大，故似不肖。若肖，久矣其细也夫。我有三宝，持而保之：一曰慈[450]，二曰俭[451]，三曰不敢为天下先。慈故能勇[452]，俭故能广[453]，不敢为天下先，故能成器长[454]。今舍慈且勇，舍俭且广，舍后且先，死矣。夫慈，以战则胜，以守则固。天将救之[455]，以慈卫之。

译文：天下的人都说我讲的“道”很大，它不像什么具体的事物。就是因为它很大，所以才不像具体的事物。如果像一个什么具体的事物，这个道就不伟大了。我有三件法宝执守而且保全它：第一件是仁慈；第二件是节俭；第三件是不敢居于天下人之先。有了仁慈才能有勇气；有了节俭才能广博；不敢居于天下人之先，才能成为万物的领导。现在丢

弃仁慈而追求勇气；丢弃节俭而追求广大；舍弃居后而追求争先，结果是走向死亡。拥有仁慈之心，打仗就能够胜利，防守就能够巩固。天要救助谁，就用仁慈来保护他。

六十八章

善为士者不武[456]；善战者不怒[457]；善胜敌者不与[458]；善用人者为之下[459]。是谓不争之德，是谓用人之力，是谓配天古之极[460]。

译文：真正的勇武之士，不会有粗暴行为；善于打仗的人，不轻易动怒；善于战胜敌人的人，不与敌人正面冲突；善于用人的人，对人态度谦和。这就是不与人争的品德，这就叫作运用别人的能力，这就是与天一样伟大的古老而不变的原则。

六十九章

用兵有言：吾不敢为主而为客[461]；不敢进寸而退尺[462]。是谓行无行[463]，攘无臂[464]，扔无敌[465]，执无兵[466]。祸莫大于轻敌，轻敌几丧吾宝[467]。故抗兵相若[468]，哀者胜矣[469]。

译文：精通军事理论的人曾经说过：“带兵打仗，我不主动进攻，而采取被动防守；在双方交战时，我不轻易前进一寸，而宁肯后退一尺。”这就叫作有阵势却又不像有阵势，想奋臂打人却又不伸出臂膀，与敌对抗却没有敌手，使用兵器却像没拿兵器。最大的灾祸莫过于轻敌，一旦轻敌便丧失了我的“三宝”。当交战双方实力相当时，慈悲的一方可以获得胜利。

七十章

吾言甚易知，甚易行。天下莫能知，莫能行。言有宗[470]，事有君[471]。夫唯无知[472]，是以不我知。知我者希[473]，则我者贵[474]。是

以圣人被褐而怀玉[475]。

译文：我说的话非常容易理解，也非常容易施行。可是天下却没有人能够真正理解，也没有人能够完全施行。其实，我说的话都有宗旨，我做的事都有根据。然而，由于人们不理解这个道理，因此也就无法理解我这个人。能够理解我的人就不多，而能够效法我的人就更难能可贵了。所以，真正得道的大圣人总是身着粗布衣服而怀揣无价美玉的。

七十一章

知不知，上[476]；不知知，病[477]。夫唯病病[478]，是以不病。圣人不病，以其病病，是以不病。

译文：知道很多东西，却认为自己知道不多的人，最好；不知道多少东西，却以为自己什么都知道了，这是人生的大病。只有知道这是一种病的人，才不会得这种病。圣人没有这种毛病，那是因为他把这种病看作病，所以才不会犯这种病。

七十二章

民不畏威，则大威至[479]。无狎其所居[480]，无厌其所生[481]。夫唯不厌，是以不厌[482]。是以圣人自知不自见[483]，自爱不自贵。故去彼取此[484]。

译文：当人民不畏惧权威的时候，可怕的祸乱就要到来。不要逼迫人民使他们不得安居，不要阻挡他们谋生的道路。只有为政者不压迫人民，人民才不厌恶统治者。所以，圣人有自知之明而不表现自己，有自爱之心而不自以为贵；也就是说，排除自我表现、自以为贵而保留自知之明、自爱之心。

七十三章

勇于敢则杀；勇于不敢则活。此两者，或利或害。天之所恶[485]，孰知其故？是以圣人犹难之。天之道，不争而善胜，不言而善应，不召而自来，然而善谋[486]。天网恢恢[487]，疏而不失[488]。

译文：有勇气并什么事情都敢干，难免招来杀身之祸；有勇气但谨慎不妄为，却可以平安地存活下来。这两种情况，结果是有利或者有害。上天为什么要厌恶前者？谁知道其中的缘故？这个问题圣人也难以回答。自然的规律是，不与物争、不与人争，然而却更精通如何取胜；无需言语却善于作出反应；不用召唤却会自动到来；看上去像一张网张开但其中却有谋略。天网宽广无边，尽管网眼稀疏，实际上却不会遗漏任何东西。

七十四章

民不畏死，奈何以死惧之[489]？若使民常畏死，而为奇者[490]，吾得执而杀之，孰敢[491]？常有司杀者杀[492]，夫代司杀者杀，是谓代大匠斫[493]。夫代大匠斫者，希有不伤其手者矣[494]。

译文：人民不畏惧死，那为什么要用死来吓唬他们呢？假如说人民真的都畏惧死，我们可以把少数邪恶之人抓来处死，谁还敢再为非作歹？天地间有专管生杀权的，只有它可以行使杀人的任务，但谁如果代替了专管杀人的人去杀人，就如同不懂木匠活的人却来代替高明的木匠去砍木头。凡是代替高明的木匠去砍木头的人，很少有不砍伤自己的手的。

七十五章

民之饥，以其上食税之多[495]，是以饥。民之难治，以其上之有为[496]，是以难治。民之轻死[497]，以其上求生之厚[498]，是以轻死。夫唯无以生为者[499]，是贤于贵生[500]。

译文：人民之所以遭受饥荒，是因为统治者吞吃赋税太多，所以人民才陷于饥饿。人民之所以难以统治，是因为统治者政令繁苛、喜欢有所作为，所以人民就难以统治。人民之所以把死看得那么轻，是因为统治者贪得无厌，只去满足自己奢侈的生活，而不顾及人民的死活，所以人民觉得死了也不算什么。只有不去追求生活享受的人，才比过分看重自己生命的人高明。

七十六章

人之生也柔弱[501]，其死也坚强[502]。草木之生也柔脆[503]，其死也枯槁[504]。故坚强者死之徒，柔弱者生之徒[505]。是以兵强则灭，木强则折。坚强处下，柔弱处上。

译文：人活着的时候身体是柔软的，死了以后身体就变得僵硬了。草木生长时是柔软脆弱的，死了以后就变得干枯了。所以坚强的东西属于死亡的一类，柔弱的东西属于生长的一类。因此，用兵逞强就会遭到灭亡，树木强大了就会遭到砍伐摧折。凡是强大的，总是处于下位，凡是柔弱的，反而居于上位。

七十七章

天之道[506]，其犹张弓与[507]？高者抑之，下者举之。有余者损之，不足者补之。天之道，损有余而补不足。人之道则不然[508]，损不足以奉有余。孰能有余以奉天下[509]？唯有道者。是以圣人为而不恃，功成而不处[510]，其不欲见贤[511]。

译文：自然的规律，不是很像张弓射箭吗？弓对准目标射，太高了就往下压一点，太低了就拉高一点，超出了就少拉满一点，不够远就多拉紧一点。自然的规律，是减少有余的补给不足的。可是人类社会的法则却不是这样，贫困不足的人民却还要拿出财物奉供侈奢有余的权贵。

那么，谁能把自己有余的东西供献给天下的人呢？唯有得道之人。因此，圣人慷慨赐予万物一切，而不以此为自己的功绩。他是不愿意显示自己的贤能。

七十八章

天下莫柔弱于水，而攻坚强者莫之能胜[512]，以其无以易之[513]。弱之胜强，柔之胜刚，天下莫不知，莫能行。是以圣人云：受国之垢[514]，是谓社稷主；受国不祥[515]，是为天下王。正言若反。

译文：天下万物没有比水更柔弱的了，然而攻克坚强却没有什么东西能比得过水，因为没有什么东西能够代替水的地位。弱小的可以战胜强大的，柔弱的可以战胜刚强的；天下没有人不知道这个道理，但是却没有人能够做得到。所以圣人说：“能够承受全国的屈辱，才称得上是国家的君主；能够承担全国的灾难，才称得上是天下人的君王。”正面的话才是真话，可是往往做不到，就像是在说反话。

七十九章

和大怨，必有余怨，安可以为善？是以圣人执左契，而不责于人[516]。有德司契[517]，无德司彻[518]。天道无亲[519]，常与善人[520]。

译文：深重的怨恨和解以后，必然还会留有余怨；怎么样才是最妥善的办法呢？因此，要像圣人那样，只把握住大原则，不必苛责别人。有德的人就像圣人那样只把握住大原则，没有德的人处处设置规则。自然的规律对任何人都没有偏爱，永远帮助有德的善人。

八十章

小国寡民[521]。使有什伯之器而不用[522]；使民重死而不远徙[523]。虽有舟舆，无所乘之[524]；虽有甲兵，无所陈之[525]。使民复结绳而用

之[526]。甘其食，美其服，安其居，乐其俗。邻国相望，鸡犬之声相闻[527]，民至老死不相往来。

译文：国土狭小人民稀少。即使拥有各种各样的器具也不使用；人民尊重生命而不向远方迁徙。尽管拥有船只车辆却不乘坐；虽然有武器装备，却没有必要去布阵打仗。使人民再回到远古结绳记事的早期原始状态之中。人民拥有自认为最甜美的食品，最美观的服装，最安适的居所，最欢乐自在的社会风俗。邻国之间可以互相望见，鸡犬的叫声都可以听得见，但人民从生到死，也不互相往来。

八十一章

信言不美，美言不信[528]。善者不辩，辩者不善[529]。知者不博，博者不知[530]。圣人不积[531]，既以为人己愈有[532]，既以与人己愈多[533]。天之道，利而不害。圣人之道，为而不争[534]。

译文：真实可信的话不漂亮，漂亮的话不真实可信。善良的人不太会说话，能说会道的人不善良。具有真知灼见的人不卖弄，卖弄的人不会有真知灼见。圣人不积聚财物，他尽力去帮助别人，自己反而拥有更多，尽力去奉献给别人，自己反而更为富有。自然的规律是让万事万物都得到好处，而不伤害它们。圣人的行为准则是，做什么事都尽力给予而不与人与物相争。

[1]这句中第一个“道”字是名词，指可言之道，即万事万物的规律；第二个“道”字是动词，指言说；第三个“道”字是名词，指通达于万事万物的一种境界。常：永恒。

[2]这句中第二个“名”字是动词，指命名；第三个“名”字是名词，是老子“道”之名。

[3]无：无形体，指形而上的“道”。始：开端、根源，有原始纯朴之意。有：有形体，指天地自然。母：开始。

[4]妙：奥妙。

[5]徼：边，引申为边际。

[6]此两者：“有”与“无”。同出：同出于“道”。

[7]玄：幽昧深远，其色黝然，是老子《道德经》思想中的一个重要的概念，有深远看不透的意思。

[8]众妙之门：一切变化的门户。

[9]斯：则、就。恶：丑。

[10]此处“有无、难易、长短、高下、音声、先后”六者都是在对应中相互转换、相依相存的。

[11]是以：连词，承上启下，通过总结上文得出结论。圣人：道家最高的理想人物：此处指符合道家政治原则的统治者。处：处居、执行。无为：顺其自然、不妄为。事：政事。

[12]行：做、办。不言：不待语言；此处指为政治理者少发号令和政令。

[13]不辞：任其自然而不加干涉。不有：不占有、不据有。不恃：不期待回报。弗居：于事不居其功。

[14]不去：不会失去。

[15]尚：崇尚、推崇。贤：才、能。尚贤：好名。标榜贤良，崇尚有为。

[16]不争：不争功名，回归自然。

[17]难得之货：凭借正常手段从正常渠道难以得到的东西，凡指钱财。盗：偷、窃。

[18]见：通“现”，呈现、炫耀的意思。可欲：可以惹引人之欲望的事或物，如美色、美味、美物等。

[19]虚：虚寂、净化。实：哺饱。弱：减弱、削弱。强：强壮、强化。

[20]知：通“智”。无知无欲：无欺诈争盗的心智和欲念，返朴守淳。

[21]冲：“虚”的意思。盈：满、溢、尽。

[22]渊：幽深，形容道境深远，找不到边际。宗：祖。

[23]挫：锉，锉磨。锐：锐气。纷：忿，不切合实际的纷纷之想。和：涵、合。同：混同。尘：尘埃，此处指尘世、尘俗。

[24]湛：澄（沉）、没；此处指“道”隐而无形。

[25]象：似、像。帝：大帝、天帝。

[26]仁：亲、爱，此处指有私心的偏爱。

[27]刍狗：古人用谷草扎成的用以祭祀天地神灵的狗。祭祀时，祭者将盖上花布的“刍狗”恭敬地放在神前，祭祀完毕即扔弃，任人践踏，无顾惜之意。

[28]圣人不仁：圣人无所偏爱、亲疏。

[29]橐籥：古人用手操作的鼓风器具，犹如今日的风箱。

[30]不屈：不尽、不竭。

[31]多言：指政令繁多。数：通“速”。穷：尽，不通，引申为行不通、碰壁。

[32]中：通“冲”，“虚”的意思。守中：保持中正虚静。

[33]谷：山谷，指两山夹峙间中空低洼地，可以喻虚空或中空无物。神：神妙莫测。不死：不穷竭，此处喻变化无穷。

[34]玄：微妙难知。牝：母体。玄牝：微妙的母性。

[35]门：门户。根：根源。

[36]绵绵：微微而不绝。

[37]勤：尽。不勤：不穷尽。

[38]自生：为自己谋生，此处指为自己私利而生存运作。

[39]长生：长久生存。

[40]后其身而身先：置自身于最后，结果反而能占先。

[41]成其私：成就他自己。

[42]上善：合乎道的意识、行为。

[43]几：接近，相似。几于道：接近于道或相似于道。

[44]地：低卑的意思。

[45]渊：深静的意思。

[46]与：予，指和别人相交。

[47]政：有行政的意思。

[48]尤：过失。

[49]持：持有。盈：充盈、盈满。

[50]已：停、止、休。

[51]揣：读“捶”，捶打的意思。棁之：使之坚挺。

[52]咎：灾祸。

[53]遂：成。

[54]天之道：指自然规律。

[55]载：载负。也有说载为“哉”。营魄：喻灵魂。

[56]专：集中、结聚的意思。专气：结聚精气。

[57]婴儿：用作动词，成为婴儿。

[58]涤除：洗涤。览：通“鉴”，指镜子。

[59]疵：弊病、瑕疵。

[60]天门：耳目口鼻等感官。开阖：动静开合。雌：阴。

[61]畜：养。宰：主宰、宰制。

[62]辐：车轮上连接轴心和轮圈的直条。毂：车轮中心的孔型部件，外连辐条，内装车轴。

[63]无：指车轮中心的圆孔，是车轮的枢纽。也有的解释为“空处”。

[64]埏：糅合、和泥的意思。埴：黏土。

[65]凿：打孔、打洞。牖：窗户。户牖：门窗。

[66]之：助词。有之以为利，无之以为用："有"（器的实体）给人便利，"无"（器的空处）发挥它的作用。

[67]五色：红、黄、蓝、白、黑五种颜色，这里指代有形世界的颜色。

[68]五音：宫、商、角、徵、羽五种声音，这里指代有形世界的声音。

[69]五味：酸、甜、苦、辣、咸五种味道，这里指有形物质的味道。

[70]驰骋：骑马奔驰，喻动之极。畋猎：猎取野物。发狂：心浮放荡，处于疯狂状态。

[71]行妨：伤害行为。

[72]为腹不为目：以物养己，但求恬淡安饱，而不以物役己追逐声色之愉。

[73]去彼：舍弃"为目"的生活。取此：选择"为腹"的生活。

[74]宠：宠爱、得宠。辱：侮辱、受辱。若：乃、便。惊：惊慌、惊恐。贵：重视、看重。

[75]宠为下：得宠者相对宠者来说往往是下人。

[76]及：如果。无身：与"有身"相对，意义相反。

[77]贵以身为天下：看重自身是为了天下。

[78]若：乃；相当于才、就。

[79]夷：平坦无阻的意思，形容无形。

[80]希：静的意思，形容无声。

[81]搏：抚、摹。微：细微的意思，形容无。

[82]致诘：推问追究的意思。

[83]故：本来的意思。混：混然，合而未分。一：这里指"道"。

[84]皦：明。昧：暗，"皦"的反义词。

[85]绳绳兮：形容纷绵不息。

[86]恍惚：若存若亡、似有似无。

[87]御：驾驭的意思。

[88]古始：原初、太初。道纪：“道”的纲纪，喻规律。

[89]道：老子之道。

[90]容：形容、形象。

[91]豫：一种野兽的名称；兽性多疑。“豫兮”引申为迟疑谨慎的意思。冬涉川：冬天涉水过河，怕冷、小心翼翼不敢贸然下水。

[92]犹：是猴子之属的一种动物。“犹兮”引申为做事胆子很小，犹豫不决的意思。

[93]俨：敬；形容态度恭谨端凝。

[94]涣：疏散。释：释解。

[95]敦：敦厚质朴。朴：指未经砍削雕琢的原状木头。

[96]旷：空豁。

[97]浊：水浊、浊水。

[98]孰：谁。

[99]盈：满。不欲盈：不求盈满。

[100]蔽而新成：敝旧能更新。

[101]虚：心灵空明无欲。极：极度、极点。

[102]静：无为安静。笃：彻底。

[103]作：生长活动。复：往复、回复、循环。

[104]芸芸：草木繁盛纷杂。

[105]根：根本、本原。

[106]归根：回归本原。复命：复归原赋予的本性。

[107]常：天地万物运动变化中的不变法则（原则）。

[108]明：认识、了解事物运动变化中的法则，叫作“明”。

[109]容：包容的意思。

[110]公：大公、公平。

[111]王：为天下之王。

[112]太上：指最好的世代君主。下：民众、百姓。之：代词，代人君、统治者。以下三个“之”作同解。

[113]其次：等而下之。

[114]焉：于是。

[115]贵言：不轻易说话；可引申为君主、统治者说话慎重，不轻易发号施令。

[116]遂：成。

[117]我：老百姓自称。

[118]智：智巧。伪：伪诈，虚伪和欺骗。

[119]六亲：父子兄弟夫妇。

[120]昏：黑暗、昏庸。乱：混乱、动乱。

[121]圣：自作聪明。

[122]此三者：指圣智、仁义、巧利。文：文饰，巧饰。

[123]属：从属、归属。

[124]素：不染色的丝。朴：未加工的木。

[125]绝学：指弃绝仁义圣智之学。

[126]唯：指服从听命的语声，其语声低。阿：呵斥的声音，其声音高。

[127]荒：广漠开阔。央：尽的意思。

[128]熙熙：喜乐、高兴。

[129]享：通古字“饗”，指吃、食。太牢：古代祭祀社稷时隆重丰盛的具有牛羊猪三牲之肉筵席。

[130]如春登台：就像登上春和景明的亭台眺望春色。

[131]我：此处泛指体道修己之士。泊：恬淡、宁静。兆：显示炫耀征兆、迹象。

[132]孩：古文作“咳”，小儿笑的意思。

[133]儽：疲惫闲散的意思。

[134]有余：有剩余。遗：不足。

[135]愚：一种淳朴、浑厚的状态。

[136]昭昭：明白一切的样子。昏：昏昧。

[137]察察：对于名利斤斤计较、精于算计。闷：浊。

[138]澹：水深。飂：高风，形容行迹飘逸。

[139]以：用的意思。

[140]母：指“道”。食母：吃母亲的饭，吸取大道来滋养自身。

[141]孔：大的意思。孔德：指大德之人。容：样态。

[142]恍惚：不清楚，似有似无。

[143]象：形象。

[144]窈：通“幽”，深远的意思。冥：暗昧，深不可测，不清楚。

[145]精：细微的原质。

[146]信：征信、信验。

[147]阅：有认识、观察、检查的意思。甫：起始。众甫：万事万物的起始。

[148]此：指“道”。

[149]枉：弯曲。洼：低凹、低洼。惑：迷惑。

[150]一：指“道”。抱一：守道。式：范式、模式。

[151]自见：自现、自炫、自显于众。

[152]彰：昭彰、显著。

[153]伐：夸耀。

[154]矜：骄满、傲物。

[155]希：稀。希言：少说话。

[156]飘风：狂风。

[157]骤雨：暴雨。

[158]天地尚不能久：天地所为的暴风骤雨尚不能久。

[159]失："天"字的形似而误，应作"天"。

[160]信不足焉，有不信焉：统治者要是诚信不足，人民自然不相信他。

[161]企：踮着脚，脚跟不着地。

[162]跨：张开两腿，跨越而行。

[163]其：上文列举的行为。

[164]物：指人。物或恶之：谁（大家）都厌恶它。

[165]物：指"道"这个东西。混：混然、混融。混成：浑然一体。

[166]寂：没有声音。寥：没有形体。

[167]独立而不改：独立存在，始终如一，不为一切外来势力干扰而改变本性。

[168]周行：指"道"无所不至而循环运行。不殆：不息、不竭。

[169]天地：天下。

[170]强：勉强。

[171]大：指"道"无所不包、无所不在。

[172]逝：指"道"运行不息。曰：而、则、就。远：无边无际、弥漫远到。反：有循环往复的意思。

[173]域中：宇宙、世界。

[174]法：动词；有效法、学习的意思。自然：自然而然、自然如此。

[175]躁：急躁、躁动。君：主宰。

[176]辎重：古代军中载军需物资的车。

[177]荣观：荣华、繁华的生活。燕处：安居。超然：不陷在里面，超然物外。

[178]万乘之主：喻指大国的君主。

[179]辙迹：车辆在泥土地上行走，车轮碾过后留下的痕迹。

[180]瑕谪：缺点、过失。

[181]筹策：古代用于计数的工具。

[182]关楗：门闩；楗通“键”。

[183]约：绳扣。绳约：用绳束物。

[184]袭明：将光明延伸出来，以己之明引导人、物自明。

[185]资：资取、借鉴。

[186]要妙：幽深而精妙。

[187]其：本章六个“其”字都是指明白其“雌雄”“白黑”“荣辱”道理的人。

[188]溪：溪涧；有融汇、融合的意思。

[189]常德：人的德行。

[190]式：模式、楷式。

[191]忒：差错。

[192]谷：山谷、低谷；比喻人心谦虚。

[193]朴：未加工的木。

[194]器：器具、器物。

[195]之：指朴。

[196]官长：百官之长。

[197]大制：国家大法。割：割舍、割裂。

[198]取：治。取天下：指治理天下。为：有为、作为；指强力、勉强去做。

[199]已：语气词。不得已：指得不到或不能得到。

[200]神器：神圣的器物、东西。

[201]之：助词，无实义。

[202]物：人物、事物。行：前。随：后。

[203]歔：缓慢吐气用以温血。

[204]羸：弱。

[205]载：安。隳：危。

[206]甚：过分。奢：奢侈。泰：极端。

[207]佐：辅佐、辅助。

[208]强：逞强。

[209]好：易。还：还报、报复。

[210]荆棘：指带刺的灌木、酸枣等。

[211]果：成果、效果、战果。已：止。

[212]矜：自满。

[213]伐：自夸。

[214]壮：强盛。

[215]不道：不合于规律大道。

[216]兵：兵器、兵事、兵力。

[217]处：依靠、使用。

[218]贵左、贵右：古时候的礼仪。

[219]恬淡：恬静平淡。

[220]凶事：丧事。尚：上。

[221]泣：“莅”的误写，莅临，有到场、参加的意思。

[222]常：原本、本来。

[223]朴虽小：是说“道”幽微无形。

[224]臣：动词，服从。

[225]宾：归附。

[226]均：均匀。

[227]始：开始。制：建立，确定。

[228]殆：危险。

[229]智：机智。明：聪明。力：有力量。强：坚强、强大。

[230]知足：不贪。强行者：有坚强意志的人。

[231]亡：死。

[232]泛：充满、遍布的意思。

[233]辞：有管理、干涉的意思。

[234]衣养：包育、养育。

[235]归：依靠、归附。

[236]执：掌握。大象：指“道”。往：归往、归附。

[237]安：乃。太：通“泰”，有安、宁的意思。

[238]乐：音乐。饵：美味。

[239]既：尽。

[240]歙：通“翕”，收敛的意思。固：通“故”“姑”。

[241]取：夺取。

[242]微明：明于微，即明于“道”。

[243]利器：有利于国家的“器具”。示：显示、耀示、炫耀。

[244]无为：顺其自然，无所作为，不妄为。

[245]守之：守道。

[246]欲：欲望。作：生。

[247]无名：指“道”。朴：形容“道”的真朴。

[248]夫：指人。

[249]德：指一种德行。

[250]无为：顺其自然、因循自然。以：有心、有意。

[251]义：宜；行事得当。

[252]攘：卷袖子露出手臂。扔：引、拉。

[253]薄：衰退、不足。首：开端。

[254]前识：先见之明，即所谓“智”。

[255]华：虚华、浮华。

[256]厚：淳厚，指“道”。薄：浇薄，指“礼”。

[257]去彼取此：舍弃虚华、浇薄而采取朴实、淳厚。

[258]一：“道”的别名。得一：得道。

[259]谷：河谷。盈：满。

[260]致：推。致之：推而言之。

[261]废：崩陷。

[262]歇：消失。

[263]竭：尽、干。

[264]蹶：跌倒。

[265]孤：单。寡：独。不谷：没有饭吃。

[266]反：借为“返”“复”；指“道”的去而回复的循环运动。又一说法：反：相反、对立。

[267]弱：柔弱、柔和。

[268]有：指天地万物。

[269]无：指“道”。道无形体。

[270]士：古代知识分子；士分三类：上士、中士、下士。勤：积极努力。

[271]建言：立言、设言。古人建立的格言。之：代表所列的格言。

[272]昧：暗，不明。

[273]夷：平坦。颣：引申为不平的意思。

[274]上：高。谷：溪谷：喻指卑下。

[275]偷：怠惰。

[276]渝：变污。

[277]隅：角。

[278]大：高妙。希：稀、少。

[279]隐：幽隐不可见。

[280]贷：施。

[281]道生一：道就是一，所以说“道生一”。

[282]二：自古传说指阴、阳二气。

[283]三：阴阳二气相交形成一种和谐状态。

[284]负：背。阴：阴气。抱：在前面、胸前。阳：阳气。

[285]冲气：阴阳之间存在的气场，形成空间距离。阴阳二气互相交冲而成协调和谐状态。

[286]孤、寡、不谷：见第三十九章注释。

[287]强梁：多力。

[288]以：用作。父：老人的统称。这里指最好的教育，教育的最高原则。

[289]至柔：最柔弱。

[290]驰骋：驰驱，形容马的奔跑、穿越。

[291]无有：指看不见形象的东西（一种力量）。无间：没有间隙。

[292]希：稀、少的意思。及：做得到。

[293]身：指生命。孰：哪个。多：不是多少的“多”，而是指贵重的“重”。

[294]亡：失。病：害。

[295]甚爱：过分珍爱、爱惜。费：耗费、破费。

[296]厚亡：惨重的损失。

[297]止：停止。殆：危害、危险。

[298]大成：完美。

[299]弊：敝；有破败、衰竭、衰败的意思。

[300]冲：虚、空。

[301]屈：曲。

[302]讷：不善说话。

[303]躁：躁动、运动的意思。

[304]清净：指无欲无为。正：通“贞”“政”；引申为政治上的首长、首领。

[305]却：止、退。走马：指善奔跑的战马。粪：名词作动词用，指耕种，播种。

[306]戎马：战马。生于郊：指母马产仔于战地的郊外。

[307]咎：过失、罪过。

[308]足：满足。

[309]窥：指看、望。牖：窗户。

[310]为学：向外追求学问。日益：一天比一天增加。

[311]为道：遵循自然之道。日损：（指情欲妄为）一天比一天减少。

[312]取：治。无事：无为。

[313]无常心：没有私心。

[314]百姓：民众。

[315]德：假借为“得”。

[316]歙：意为吸气，此处指收敛。

[317]浑其心：使人归于浑厚朴素。

[318]注其耳目：专注于自己的耳目。

[319]孩之：使他们都回到婴孩般纯真质朴的状态。

[320]出生入死：从生到死。

[321]徒：类、属的意思。十有三：占三成。

[322]死之徒：短命夭折之类。

[323]动之于死地：走向了死路。

[324]生生：养生。

[325]盖：承接上文的起语词。摄生：养生保命。

[326]陆：指山地丘陵。

[327]被：受。

[328]容：用。

[329]之：指万物。

[330]畜：畜养、养育。

[331]势：势力、势能。

[332]命：命令、干涉。自然：顺其自然。

[333]亭：成。毒：熟。

[334]养：给养、供给生活资料。覆：覆灭的意思。

[335]始：本始、原始，指“道”。

[336]母：根源、本源，指“道”。

[337]子：指天下万物。

[338]殆：危险。

[339]兑：口；引申为孔窍。门：与“兑”均指耳目口鼻诸窍穴。

[340]勤：劳疾。

[341]济：助成。

[342]明：目明；明白。

[343]遗：招致、带来。殃：祸害。

[344]袭：因袭。

[345]介然：或作“挈然”，意为持握或掌握。

[346]道：指老子的道。

[347]施：是“邪”字，指邪路。

[348]夷：平。

[349]径：斜径。

[350]除：腐败。

[351]芜：荒芜。

[352]虚：空虚。

[353]盗夸：盗魁、强盗头子。

[354]辍：停止。

[355]长：长久。

[356]丰：大。

[357]以身观身，以家观家，以乡观乡：以我之一身而可以观他人之身，我之一家而可以观他人之家，我之一乡而可以观他人之乡。

[358]螫：用毒虫尾端刺人肆毒。

[359]据：指兽类用爪足拿按抓物。

[360]搏：读“捕”，捉的意思。

[361]作：挺举、翘起。

[362]嗄：嗓音嘶哑。

[363]和：指阴阳调和，身体和谐。

[364]益生：纵欲贪生。祥：妖祥，不祥。

[365]心：思想、意志。强：逞强、强暴。

[366]壮：强壮。

[367]知：智。

[368]参见五十二章注释5。

[369]参见四章注释3。

[370]玄同：指玄妙齐同的“道”。

[371]不可得而亲，不可得而疏，不可得而利，不可得而害，不可得而贵，不可得而贱：指超越亲疏、利害、贵贱的范围。

[372]正：走正道。

[373]奇：奇巧，诡秘。

[374]无事：指不搅扰人民。

[375]忌讳：不许做、不许说，即禁令。

[376]弥：越、更加。

[377]利器：锐利武器。

[378]伎：与“技”同，指机巧、智巧。

[379]奇物：邪奇的事物。

[380]彰：明白、明显。

[381]自化：自然顺化。

[382]自正：自然端正。

[383]自朴：自然淳朴。

[384]闷闷：借为“潣”，水浑浊的意思；这里借指国家政治的宽厚、广大。

[385]淳淳：淳厚、忠厚。

[386]察察：清、明。

[387]缺缺：狡诈的意思。

[388]倚：倚靠。

[389]伏：藏伏。

[390]奇：奇怪、反常。妖：恶、不善。

[391]方而不割：行为方正而不割人。

[392]廉：棱。刿：用刀尖刺物；割。

[393]直：正直、直率。肆：放肆。

[394]耀：光炫目，过分明亮。

[395]事：侍奉、奉行。事天：意为养生，保养天赋。啬：俭啬。

[396]早服：早早地把自己的生命功能保持住。

[397]德：指“啬”德。重：多、厚、不断。

[398]克：胜。

[399]极：边际、顶点。

[400]母：根基、根本。

[401]根：树根向四边伸的叫根。柢：树根向下扎的叫柢。

[402]久视：指长久生存。

[403]烹：煎。小鲜：小鱼。

[404]莅：临。

[405]神：动词；起作用。

[406]者：居。下流：地位。

[407]交：会集。

[408]牝：雌、母。

[409]取大国：意指小国谦下待大国，则可取得大国的容纳。

[410]以取：取别国。而取：为别国所取。

[411]畜：蓄养。兼畜人：指兼聚或兼并小国。

[412]奥：帛书甲、乙本皆为“注”，意为藏，庇荫。“奥”或为后人改写。

[413]不善人之所保：不善的人得到它的保护和救助。

[414]市：取、买。加：使……超越。

[415]三公：指古代天子以下的太师、太傅、太保。

[416]拱璧：指一种圆镜形状中间有孔的玉器，为古代贵重礼品。驷马：四匹马驾的车，古代只有天子、大臣才能乘坐。

[417]进：古代地位低的人送给地位高的人的东西，叫作“进”。

[418]求以得：指有求即可获得。

[419]为无为：任其自然，把无为当作为。

[420]味无味：把无味当作味。

[421]怨：怨恨。德：恩德。

[422]图：考虑、处理。

[423]作：开始。

[424]诺：允诺、应许。

[425]持：维持、掌握、保持。

[426]兆：征兆、端倪。未兆：尚未出现征兆。

[427]泮：通“判”，分解、分裂的意思。

[428]毫末：细小的萌芽。

[429]台：古代建筑物，可供人游玩眺望。

[430]累土：一筐土。

[431]几：近，指差不多的意思。

[432]难得之货：指珍贵的珠玉宝器。

[433]复：返、回。

[434]辅：辅助。

[435]明：多智巧诈。

[436]愚：淳朴、守真。

[437]智多：多智巧诈。

[438]两者：智与不智。稽式：法则、法式。

[439]玄德：玄妙的德行。

[440]物：事物。

[441]大顺：自然。

[442]谷：溪、小河流。百谷：百川河流。王：归往的意思。

[443]善：善于、能够。

[444]上民：指把自己摆在人民之上，即统治人民。

[445]先民：指站在人民的前面，即领导人民。

[446]重：负累、压迫、负担。

[447]害：妨害、受害。

[448]厌：厌倦、不喜欢。

[449]肖：相似、像。

[450]慈：慈心。

[451]俭：节俭。

[452]勇：勇于谦退、勇于防御。

[453]广：宽广、广博。

[454]器：万物。

[455]天：天道。

[456]士：勇武之士。不武：指不以武力相尚、不轻易动武。

[457]怒：愤怒的意思。不怒：不被激怒。

[458]与：对斗、相接。

[459]为之下：居人下。

[460]配天：与天一样伟大。极：原则。

[461]主：指战争时主动进攻。客：指战争时被动防守。

[462]进：指进攻别国的领土。退：指退守本国的领土。

[463]行：行列、阵势。

[464]攘：伸出、举起。

[465]扔：对抗。

[466]兵：兵器。

[467]宝：指慈、俭、不敢为天下先的“三宝”。

[468]相若：相当、对等。

[469]哀：慈爱、慈悲。

[470]宗：宗旨、纲领、主旨。

[471]君：主，本，根据。

[472]无知：指别人不理解。

[473]希：稀，少的意思。

[474]则：法则、效法。贵：难得。

[475]被：披、着，指穿在身上。褐：粗布。怀：指放在怀里。

[476]知不知：知道自己有所不知道。

[477]不知知：不知道而自以为知道。

[478]病病：第一个“病”是动词，即承认病；第二个“病”是名词。指疾病。“病病”的意思是把这种病看作病。

[479]威：第一个威是威压的意思；第二个威是祸乱的意思。

[480]狎：通“狭”、“闸”，有逼迫、封闭的意思。

[481]厌：有压迫之义，引申为阻塞。

[482]厌：厌弃。

[483]见：读“现”，表现。

[484]彼：指自见、自贵。此：指自知、自爱。

[485]恶：讨厌、厌恶。

[486]：宽缓。

[487]恢：广大。

[488]疏：稀疏、不密。失：漏失、遗失。

[489]惧：吓唬、惧怕。

[490]奇：邪恶、诡异。

[491]孰：谁。

[492]司杀者：指天主生杀。

[493]斫：砍。

[494]希：少。

[495]上：统治者、君王。食税：指统治者以税收自养，如同取食物以自养一样。

[496]有为：有为之治。

[497]轻：看轻、不重视。

[498]以其上求生之厚：统治者奉养奢厚。

[499]无以生为者：恬淡虚静，不贵生。

[500]贤：胜过、胜于。贵生：厚养生命。

[501]柔弱：指人体的柔弱。

[502]坚强：指人体的僵硬。

[503]柔脆：指草木枝条的柔软脆弱。

[504]枯槁：指草木死后变得干枯。

[505]徒：类。

[506]天之道：自然界的规律。

[507]张：用弓箭将弦加载弓上称为“张”。与：语气词。

[508]人之道：社会中的规律。

[509]孰：谁。

[510]处：居。

[511]见：现，指表现。

[512]之：水。莫之能胜：莫能胜之。

[513]易：代替。

[514]受：承担、承受。垢：屈辱。

[515]不祥：灾难、祸殃。

[516]执：持有、保存、掌握。契：契据。古人刻木为契，分左右两半，左契是财产所有权的凭证，右契是财产使用权的凭证；这里的“左契”是指大的原则。责：责备、追究。

[517]司：主。

[518]彻：治的意思，指管理。

[519]无亲：无所偏爱，没有亲疏之别。

[520]与：助。

[521]国：国家。

[522]什伯之器：各种器具。

[523]重死：重视生命。徙：迁移。

[524]舟：船。舆：通“车”。

[525]陈：阵，指陈列、阵势。

[526]结绳：古代文字没有形成前的结绳记事，最初只用绳结来记物的数量，后来也表示物的性质。

[527]犬：狗。

[528]信：真诚、诚实。信言：真话。美：华丽、华美。美言：漂亮的话。

[529]善者：善良的人。辩：指能说会道。

[530]博：显示知道的事情多。

[531]积：积累、贮存、私藏。

[532]既：尽。为人：帮助人。

[533]与：给予。

[534]为：施为。

Lao Tzu

Tao Te Ching

TRANSLATED BY D. C. LAU

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Book One

I

The way that can be spoken of
Is not the constant way;
The name that can be named
Is not the constant name.
The nameless was the beginning of heaven and earth;
The named was the mother of the myriad creatures.
Hence always rid yourself of desires in order to observe its secrets;
But always allow yourself to have desires in order to observe its manifestations.
These two are the same
But diverge in name as they issue forth.
Being the same they are called mysteries,
Mystery upon mystery —
The gateway of the manifold secrets.

II

The whole world recognizes the beautiful as the beauti-ful, yet this is only the ugly; the whole world recognizes the good as the good, yet this is only the bad.

Thus Something and Nothing produce each other;
The difficult and the easy complement each other;
The long and the short offset each other;
The high and the low incline towards each other;
Note and sound harmonize with each other;
Before and after follow each other.

Therefore the sage keeps to the deed that consists in taking no action and practises the teaching that uses no words.

The myriad creatures rise from it yet it claims no authority;
It gives them life yet claims no possession;
It benefits them yet exacts no gratitude;
It accomplishes its task yet lays claim to no merit.

It is because it lays claim to no merit
That its merit never deserts it.

III

Not to honour men of worth will keep the people from contention; not to value goods which are hard to come by will keep them from theft; not to display what is desirable will keep them from being unsettled of mind. Therefore in governing the people, the sage empties their minds but fills their bellies, weakens their wills but strengthens their bones. He always keeps them innocent of knowledge and free from desire, and ensures that the clever never dare to act.

Do that which consists in taking no action, and order will prevail.

IV

The way is empty, yet use will not drain it.
Deep, it is like the ancestor of the myriad creatures.
Blunt the sharpness;
Untangle the knots;
Soften the glare;
Let your wheels move only along old ruts.
Darkly visible, it only seems as if it were there.
I know not whose son it is.
It images the forefather of God.

V

Heaven and earth are ruthless, and treat the myriad creatures as straw dogs; the sage is ruthless, and treats the people as straw dogs.

Is not the space between heaven and earth like a bellows?

It is empty without being exhausted:
The more it works the more comes out.
Much speech leads inevitably to silence.
Better to hold fast to the void.

VI

The spirit of the valley never dies.
This is called the mysterious female.
The gateway of the mysterious female
Is called the root of heaven and earth.
Dimly visible, it seems as if it were there,
Yet use will never drain it.

VII

Heaven and earth are enduring. The reason why heaven and earth can be enduring is that they do not give themselves life. Hence they are able to be long-lived.

Therefore the sage puts his person last and it comes first,
Treats it as extraneous to himself and it is preserved.

Is it not because he is without thought of self that he is able to accomplish his private ends?

VIII

Highest good is like water. Because water excels in benefiting the myriad creatures without contending with them and settles where none would like to be, it comes close to the way.

In a home it is the site that matters;
In quality of mind it is depth that matters;
In an ally it is benevolence that matters;
In speech it is good faith that matters;
In government it is order that matters;
In affairs it is ability that matters;
In action it is timeliness that matters.

It is because it does not contend that it is never at fault.

IX

Rather than fill it to the brim by keeping it upright
Better to have stopped in time;
Hammer it to a point
And the sharpness cannot be preserved for ever;
There may be gold and jade to fill a hall
But there is none who can keep them.
To be overbearing when one has wealth and position
Is to bring calamity upon oneself.
To retire when the task is accomplished
Is the way of heaven.

X

When carrying on your head your perplexed bodily soul can you embrace in your arms the One
And not let go?
In concentrating your breath can you become as supple As a babe?
Can you polish your mysterious mirror
And leave no blemish?
Can you love the people and govern the state
Without resorting to action?
When the gates of heaven open and shut
Are you capable of keeping to the role of the female?
When your discernment penetrates the four quarters
Are you capable of not knowing anything?
It gives them life and rears them.
It gives them life yet claims no possession;
It benefits them yet exacts no gratitude;
It is the steward yet exercises no authority.
Such is called the mysterious virtue.

XI

Thirty spokes
Share one hub.

Adapt the nothing therein to the purpose in hand, and you will have the use of the cart. Knead clay in order to make a vessel. Adapt the nothing therein to the purpose in hand, and you will have the use of the vessel. Cut out doors and windows in order to make a room. Adapt the nothing therein to the purpose in hand, and you will have the use of the room.

Thus what we gain is Something, yet it is by virtue of
Nothing that this can be put to use.

XII

The five colours make man's eyes blind;
The five notes make his ears deaf;
The five tastes injure his palate;
Riding and hunting
Make his mind go wild with excitement;
Goods hard to come by
Serve to hinder his progress.
Hence the sage is
For the belly
Not for the eye.
Therefore he discards the one and takes the other.

XIII

Favour and disgrace are things that startle;

High rank is, like one's body, a source of great trouble.

What is meant by saying that favour and disgrace are things that startle? Favour when it is bestowed on a subject serves to startle as much as when it is withdrawn. This is what is meant by saying that favour and disgrace are things that startle. What is meant by saying that high rank is, like one's body, a source of great trouble? The reason I have great trouble is that I have a body. When I no longer have a body, what trouble have I?

Hence he who values his body more than dominion over the empire can be entrusted with the empire. He who loves his body more than dominion over the empire can be given the custody of the empire.

XIV

What cannot be seen is called evanescent;
What cannot be heard is called rarefied;
What cannot be touched is called minute.
These three cannot be fathomed
And so they are confused and looked upon as one.
Its upper part is not dazzling;
Its lower part is not obscure.
Dimly visible, it cannot be named
And returns to that which is without substance.
This is called the shape that has no shape,
The image that is without substance.
This is called indistinct and shadowy.
Go up to it and you will not see its head;
Follow behind it and you will not see its rear.
Hold fast to the way of antiquity
In order to keep in control the realm of today.
The ability to know the beginning of antiquity
Is called the thread running through the way.

XV

Of old he who was well versed in the way
Was minutely subtle, mysteriously comprehending,
And too profound to be known.
It is because he could not be known
That he can only be given a makeshift description:
Tentative, as if fording a river in winter,
Hesitant, as if in fear of his neighbours;
Formal like a guest;
Falling apart like thawing ice;
Thick like the uncarved block;
Vacant like a valley;
Murky like muddy water.
Who can be muddy and yet, settling, slowly become limpid?
Who can be at rest and yet, stirring, slowly come to life?
He who holds fast to this way
Desires not to be full.
It is because he is not full
That he can be worn and yet newly made.

XVI

I do my utmost to attain emptiness;
I hold firmly to stillness.
The myriad creatures all rise together
And I watch their return.
The teeming creatures
All return to their separate roots.
Returning to one's roots is known as stillness.
This is what is meant by returning to one's destiny.
Returning to one's destiny is known as the constant.
Knowledge of the constant is known as discernment.
Woe to him who wilfully innovates
While ignorant of the constant,
But should one act from knowledge of the constant
One's action will lead to impartiality,
Impartiality to kingliness,
Kingliness to heaven,
Heaven to the way,
The way to perpetuity,
And to the end of one's days one will meet with no danger.

XVII

The best of all rulers is but a shadowy presence to his subjects.
    Next comes the ruler they love and praise;
    Next comes one they fear;
    Next comes one with whom they take liberties.
When there is not enough faith, there is lack of good faith.
    Hesitant, he does not utter words lightly.
    When his task is accomplished and his work done
    The people all say, 'It happened to us naturally.'

XVIII

When the great way falls into disuse
There are benevolence and rectitude;
When cleverness emerges
There is great hypocrisy;
When the six relations are at variance
There are filial children;
When the state is benighted
There are loyal ministers.

XIX

Exterminate the sage, discard the wise,
And the people will benefit a hundredfold;
Exterminate benevolence, discard rectitude,
And the people will again be filial;
Exterminate ingenuity, discard profit,
And there will be no more thieves and bandits.
These three, being false adornments, are not enough
And the people must have something to which they can attach themselves:
Exhibit the unadorned and embrace the uncarved block,
Have little thought of self and as few desires as possible.

XX

Exterminate learning and there will no longer be worries.
Between yea and nay
How much difference is there?
Between good and evil
How great is the distance?
What others fear
One must also fear.
And wax without having reached the limit.
The multitude are joyous
As if partaking of the *t'ai lao* offering
Or going up to a terrace in spring.
I alone am inactive and reveal no signs,
Like a baby that has not yet learned to smile,
Listless as though with no home to go back to.
The multitude all have more than enough.
I alone seem to be in want.
My mind is that of a fool - how blank!
Vulgar people are clear.
I alone am drowsy.
Vulgar people are alert.
I alone am muddled.
Calm like the sea;
Like a high wind that never ceases.
The multitude all have a purpose.
I alone am foolish and uncouth.
I alone am different from others

And value being fed by the mother.

XXI

In his every movement a man of great virtue
Follows the way and the way only.
As a thing the way is
Shadowy, indistinct.
Indistinct and shadowy,
Yet within it is an image;
Shadowy and indistinct,
Yet within it is a substance.
Dim and dark,
Yet within it is an essence.
This essence is quite genuine
And within it is something that can be tested.
From the present back to antiquity
Its name never deserted it.
It serves as a means for inspecting the fathers of the multitude.

How do I know that the fathers of the multitude are like that? By means of this.

XXII

Bowed down then preserved;
Bent then straight;
Hollow then full;
Worn then new;
A little then benefited;
A lot then perplexed.
Therefore the sage embraces the One and is a model for the empire.
He does not show himself, and so is conspicuous;
He does not consider himself right, and so is illustrious;
He does not brag, and so has merit;
He does not boast, and so endures.

It is because he does not contend that no one in the empire is in a position to contend with him.

The way the ancients had it, 'Bowed down then pre—served', is no empty saying. Truly it enables one to be preserved to the end.

XXIII

To use words but rarely
Is to be natural.

Hence a gusty wind cannot last all morning, and a sudden downpour cannot last all day. Who is it that produces these? Heaven and earth. If even heaven and earth cannot go on for ever, much less can man. That is why one follows the way.

A man of the way conforms to the way; a man of virtue conforms to virtue; a man of loss conforms to loss. He who conforms to the way is gladly accepted by the way; he who conforms to virtue is gladly accepted by virtue; he who conforms to loss is gladly accepted by loss.

When there is not enough faith, there is lack of good faith.

XXIV

He who tiptoes cannot stand; he who strides cannot walk.

He who shows himself is not conspicuous;
He who considers himself right is not illustrious;
He who brags will have no merit;
He who boasts will not endure.

From the point of view of the way these are 'excessive food and useless excrescences'. As there are Things that detest them, he who has the way does not abide in them.

XXV

There is a thing confusedly formed,
Born before heaven and earth.
Silent and void
It stands alone and does not change,
Goes round and does not weary.
It is capable of being the mother of the world.
I know not its name
So I style it 'the way'.
I give it the makeshift name of 'the great'.
Being great, it is further described as receding,
Receding, it is described as far away,
Being far away, it is described as turning back.

Hence the way is great; heaven is great; earth is great; and the king is also great. Within the realm there are four things that are great, and the king counts as one.

Man models himself on earth,
Earth on heaven,
Heaven on the way,
And the way on that which is naturally so.

XXVI

The heavy is the root of the light;
The still is the lord of the restless.
Therefore the gentleman when travelling all day
Never lets the heavily laden carts out of his sight.
It is only when he is safely behind walls and watchtowers
That he rests peacefully and is above worries.
How, then, should a ruler of ten thousand chariots
Make light of his own person in the eyes of the empire?
If light, then the root is lost;
If restless, then the lord is lost.

XXVII

One who excels in travelling leaves no wheel tracks;
One who excels in speech makes no slips;
One who excels in reckoning uses no counting rods;
One who excels in shutting uses no bolts yet what he has shut cannot be opened;
One who excels in tying uses no cords yet what he has tied cannot be undone.

Therefore the sage always excels in saving people, and so abandons no one; always excels in saving things, and so abandons nothing.

This is called following one's discernment.

Hence the good man is the teacher the bad learns from;
And the bad man is the material the good works on.
Not to value the teacher
Nor to love the material
Though it seems clever, betrays great bewilderment.

This is called the essential and the secret.

XXVIII

Know the male
But keep to the role of the female
And be a ravine to the empire.
If you are a ravine to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will not desert you
And you will again return to being a babe.
Know the white
But keep to the role of the black
And be a model to the empire.
If you are a model to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will not be wanting
And you will return to the infinite.
Know honour
But keep to the role of the disgraced
And be a valley to the empire.
If you are a valley to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will be sufficient
And you will return to being the uncarved block.

When the uncarved block shatters it becomes vessels.
The sage makes use of these and becomes the lord over the officials.

Hence the greatest cutting
Does not sever.

XXIX

Whoever takes the empire and wishes to do anything to it I see will have no respite. The empire is a sacred vessel and nothing should be done to it. Whoever does anything to it will ruin it; whoever lays hold of it will lose it.

Hence some things lead and some follow;
Some breathe gently and some breathe hard;
Some are strong and some are weak;
Some destroy and some are destroyed.

Therefore the sage avoids excess, extravagance, and arrogance.

XXX

One who assists the ruler of men by means of the way does not intimidate the empire by a show of arms.

This is something which is liable to rebound.

Where troops have encamped
There will brambles grow;
In the wake of a mighty army
Bad harvests follow without fail.

One who is good aims only at bringing his campaign to a conclusion and dare not thereby intimidate. Bring it to a conclusion but do not boast; bring it to a conclusion but do not brag; bring it to a conclusion but do not be arrogant; bring it to a conclusion but only when there is no choice; bring it to a conclusion but do not intimidate.

A creature in its prime doing harm to the old
Is known as going against the way.
That which goes against the way will come to an early end.

XXXI

It is because arms are instruments of ill omen and there are Things that detest them that one who has the way does not abide by their use. The gentleman gives pre-cedence to the left when at home, but to the right when he goes to war. Arms are instruments of ill omen, not the instruments of the gentleman. When one is compelled to use them, it is best to do so without relish. There is no glory in victory, and to glorify it despite this is to exult in the killing of men. One who exults in the killing of men will never have his way in the empire. On occasions of rejoicing precedence is given to the left; on occasions of mourning precedence is given to the right. A lieuten-ant's place is on the left; the general's place is on the right. This means that it is mourning rites that are observed. When great numbers of people are killed, one should weep over them with sorrow. When victorious in war, one should observe the rites of mourning.

XXXII

The way is for ever nameless.
Though the uncarved block is small
No one in the world dare claim its allegiance.
Should lords and princes be able to hold fast to it
The myriad creatures will submit of their own accord,
Heaven and earth will unite and sweet dew will fall.
And the people will be equitable, though no one so decrees.
Only when it is cut are there names.
As soon as there are names
One ought to know that it is time to stop.
Knowing when to stop one can be free from danger.

The way is to the world as the River and the Sea are to rivulets and streams.

XXXIII

He who knows others is clever;
He who knows himself has discernment.
He who overcomes others has force;
He who overcomes himself is strong.
He who knows contentment is rich;
He who perseveres is a man of purpose;
He who does not lose his station will endure;
He who lives out his days has had a long life.

XXXIV

The way is broad, reaching left as well as right.
The myriad creatures depend on it for life yet it claims no authority.
It accomplishes its task yet lays claim to no merit.
It clothes and feeds the myriad creatures yet lays no claim to being their master.

For ever free of desire, it can be called small; yet, as it lays no claim to being master when the myriad creatures turn to it, it can be called great.

It is because it never attempts itself to be great that it succeeds in becoming great.

XXXV

Have in your hold the great image
And the empire will come to you.
Coming to you and meeting with no harm
It will be safe and sound.
Music and food
Will induce the wayfarer to stop.
The way in its passage through the mouth is without flavour.
It cannot be seen,
It cannot be heard,
Yet it cannot be exhausted by use.

XXXVI

If you would have a thing shrink,
You must first stretch it;
If you would have a thing weakened,
You must first strengthen it;
If you would have a thing laid aside,
You must first set it up;
If you would take from a thing,
You must first give to it.
This is called subtle discernment:
The submissive and weak will overcome the hard and strong.
The fish must not be allowed to leave the deep;
The instruments of power in a state must not be revealed to anyone.

XXXVII

The way never acts yet nothing is left undone.
Should lords and princes be able to hold fast to it,
The myriad creatures will be transformed of their own accord.
After they are transformed, should desire raise its head,
I shall press it down with the weight of the nameless uncarved block.
The nameless uncarved block
Is but freedom from desire,
And if I cease to desire and remain still,
The empire will be at peace of its own accord.

Book Two

XXXVIII

A man of the highest virtue does not keep to virtue and that is why he has virtue. A man of the lowest virtue never strays from virtue and that is why he is without virtue. The former never acts yet leaves nothing undone. The latter acts but there are things left undone. A man of the highest benevolence acts, but from no ulterior motive. A man of the highest rectitude acts, but from ulterior motive. A man most conversant in the rites acts, but when no one responds rolls up his sleeves and resorts to persuasion by force.

Hence when the way was lost there was virtue; when virtue was lost there was benevolence; when benevolence was lost there was rectitude; when rectitude was lost there were the rites.

The rites are the wearing thin of loyalty and good faith
And the beginning of disorder;
Foreknowledge is the flowery embellishment of the way
And the beginning of folly.

Hence the man of large mind abides in the thick not in the thin, in the fruit not in the flower.

Therefore he discards the one and takes the other.

XXXIX

Of old, these came to be in possession of the One:
Heaven in virtue of the One is limpid;
Earth in virtue of the One is settled;
Gods in virtue of the One have their potencies;
The valley in virtue of the One is full;
The myriad creatures in virtue of the One are alive;
Lords and princes in virtue of the One become leaders in the empire.
It is the One that makes these what they are.
Without what makes it limpid heaven might split;
Without what makes it settled earth might sink;
Without what gives them their potencies gods might spend themselves;
Without what makes it full the valley might run dry;
Without what keeps them alive the myriad creatures might perish;
Without what makes them leaders lords and princes might fall.

Hence the superior must have the inferior as root; the high must have the low as base.

Thus lords and princes refer to themselves as 'solitary', 'desolate', and 'hapless'. This is taking the inferior as root, is it not?

Hence the highest renown is without renown,
Not wishing to be one among many like jade
Nor to be aloof like stone.

XL

Turning back is how the way moves;
Weakness is the means the way employs.

The myriad creatures in the world are born from Something, and Something from Nothing.

XLI

When the best student hears about the way
He practises it assiduously;
When the average student hears about the way
It seems to him one moment there and gone the next;
When the worst student hears about the way
He laughs out loud.
If he did not laugh
It would be unworthy of being the way.

Hence the *Chien yen* has it:

The way that is bright seems dull;
The way that leads forward seems to lead backward;
The way that is even seems rough.
The highest virtue is like the valley;
The sheerest whiteness seems sullied;
Ample virtue seems defective;
Vigorous virtue seems indolent;
Plain virtue seems soiled;
The great square has no corners.
The great vessel takes long to complete;
The great note is rarefied in sound;
The great image has no shape.
The way conceals itself in being nameless.
It is the way alone that excels in bestowing and in accomplishing.

XLII

The way begets one; one begets two; two begets three; three begets the myriad creatures.

The myriad creatures carry on their backs the *yin* and embrace in their arms the *yang* and are the blending of the generative forces of the two.

There are no words which men detest more than 'soli—tary', 'desolate', and 'hapless', yet lords and princes use these to refer to themselves.

Thus a thing is sometimes added to by being diminished and diminished by being added to.

What others teach I also teach. 'The violent will not come to a natural end.' I shall take this as my precept.

XLIII

The most submissive thing in the world can ride roughshod over the hardest in the world - that which is without substance entering that which has no crevices.

That is why I know the benefit of resorting to no action.

The teaching that uses no words, the benefit of resorting to no action, these are beyond the understanding of all but a very few in the world.

XLIV

Your name or your person,
Which is dearer?
Your person or your goods,
Which is worth more?
Gain or loss,
Which is a greater bane?
That is why excessive meanness
Is sure to lead to great expense;
Too much store
Is sure to end in immense loss.
Know contentment
And you will suffer no disgrace;
Know when to stop
And you will meet with no danger.
You can then endure.

XLV

Great perfection seems chipped,
Yet use will not wear it out;
Great fullness seems empty,
Yet use will not drain it;
Great straightness seems bent;
Great skill seems awkward;
Great eloquence seems tongue-tied.

Restlessness overcomes cold; stillness overcomes heat.

Limpid and still,
One can be a leader in the empire.

XLVI

When the way prevails in the empire, fleet-footed horses are relegated to ploughing the fields; when the way does not prevail in the empire, war-horses breed on the border.

There is no crime greater than having too many desires;
There is no disaster greater than not being content;
There is no misfortune greater than being covetous.

Hence in being content, one will always have enough.

XLVII

Without stirring abroad
One can know the whole world;
Without looking out of the window
One can see the way of heaven.
The further one goes
The less one knows.
Therefore the sage knows without having to stir,
Identifies without having to see,
Accomplishes without having to act.

XLVIII

In the pursuit of learning one knows more every day; in the pursuit of the way one does less every day. One does less and less until one does nothing at all, and when one does nothing at all there is nothing that is undone.

It is always through not meddling that the empire is won. Should you meddle, then you are not equal to the task of winning the empire.

XLIX

The sage has no mind of his own. He takes as his own the mind of the people. Those who are good I treat as good. Those who are not good I also treat as good. In so doing I gain in goodness.Those who are of good faith I have faith in. Those who are lacking in good faith I also have faith in. In so doing I gain in good faith.

The sage in his attempt to distract the mind of the empire seeks urgently to muddle it. The people all have something to occupy their eyes and ears, and the sage treats them all like children.

L

When going one way means life and going the other means death, three in ten will be comrades of life, three in ten will be comrades of death, and there are those who value life and as a result move into the realm of death, and these also number three in ten. Why is this so? Because they set too much store by life. I have heard it said that one who excels in safeguarding his own life does not meet with rhinoceros or tiger when travelling on land nor is he touched by weapons when charging into an army. There is nowhere for the rhinoceros to pitch its horn; there is nowhere for the tiger to place its claws; there is nowhere for the weapon to lodge its blade. Why is this so? Because for him there is no realm of death.

LI

The way gives them life;
Virtue rears them;
Things give them shape;
Circumstances bring them to maturity.

Therefore the myriad creatures all revere the way and honour virtue. Yet the way is revered and virtue honoured not because this is decreed by any authority but because it is natural for them to be treated so.

Thus the way gives them life and rears them;
Brings them up and nurses them;
Brings them to fruition and maturity;
Feeds and shelters them.
It gives them life yet claims no possession;
It benefits them yet exacts no gratitude;
It is the steward yet exercises no authority.
Such is called the mysterious virtue.

LII

The world had a beginning
And this beginning could be the mother of the world.
When you know the mother
Go on to know the child.
After you have known the child
Go back to holding fast to the mother,
And to the end of your days you will not meet with danger.
Block the openings,
Shut the doors,
And all your life you will not run dry.
Unblock the openings,
Add to your troubles,
And to the end of your days you will be beyond salvation.
To see the small is called discernment;
To hold fast to the submissive is called strength.
Use the light
But give up the discernment.
Bring not misfortune upon yourself.
This is known as following the constant.

LIII

Were I possessed of the least knowledge, I would, when walking on the great way, fear only paths that lead astray.

The great way is easy, yet people prefer by-paths.

The court is corrupt,
The fields are overgrown with weeds,
The granaries are empty;
Yet there are those dressed in fineries,
With swords at their sides,
Filled with food and drink,
And possessed of too much wealth.
This is known as taking the lead in robbery.

Far indeed is this from the way.

LIV

What is firmly rooted cannot be pulled out;
What is tightly held in the arms will not slip loose;
Through this the offering of sacrifice by descendants will never come to an end.
Cultivate it in your person
And its virtue will be genuine;
Cultivate it in the family
And its virtue will be more than sufficient;
Cultivate it in the hamlet
And its virtue will endure;
Cultivate it in the state
And its virtue will abound;
Cultivate it in the empire
And its virtue will be pervasive.

Hence look at the person through the person; look at the family through the family; look at the hamlet through the hamlet; look at the state through the state; look at the empire through the empire.

How do I know that the empire is like that? By means of this.

LV

One who possesses virtue in abundance is comparable to a new born babe:
Poisonous insects will not sting it;
Ferocious animals will not pounce on it;
Predatory birds will not swoop down on it.
Its bones are weak and its sinews supple yet its hold is firm.
It does not know of the union of male and female yet its male member will stir:
This is because its virility is at its height.
It howls all day yet does not become hoarse:
This is because its harmony is at its height.
To know harmony is called the constant;
To know the constant is called discernment.
To try to add to one's vitality is called ill-omened;
For the mind to egg on the breath is called violent.
A creature in its prime doing harm to the old
Is known as going against the way.
That which goes against the way will come to an early end.

LVI

One who knows does not speak; one who speaks does not know.

Block the openings;
Shut the doors.
Blunt the sharpness;
Untangle the knots;
Soften the glare;
Let your wheels move only along old ruts.

This is known as mysterious sameness.

Hence you cannot get close to it, nor can you keep it at arm's length; you cannot bestow benefit on it, nor can you do it harm; you cannot ennoble it, nor can you debase it.

Therefore it is valued by the empire.

LVII

Govern the state by being straightforward; wage war by being crafty; but win the empire by not being meddlesome.

How do I know that it is like that? By means of this.

The more taboos there are in the empire
The poorer the people;
The more sharpened tools the people have
The more benighted the state;
The more skills the people have
The further novelties multiply;
The better known the laws and edicts
The more thieves and robbers there are.

Hence the sage says,

I take no action and the people are transformed of themselves;
I prefer stillness and the people are rectified of themselves;
I am not meddlesome and the people prosper of themselves;
I am free from desire and the people of themselves become simple like the uncarved block.

LVIII

When the government is muddled
The people are simple;
When the government is alert
The people are cunning.
It is on disaster that good fortune perches;
It is beneath good fortune that disaster crouches.

Who knows the limit? Does not the straightforward exist?

The straightforward changes again into the crafty, and the good changes again into the monstrous. Indeed, it is long since the people were perplexed.

Therefore the sage is square-edged but does not scrape,
Has corners but does not jab,
Extends himself but not at the expense of others,
Shines but does not dazzle.

LIX

In ruling the people and in serving heaven it is best for a ruler to be sparing.
It is because he is sparing
That he may be said to follow the way from the start;
Following the way from the start he may be said to accumulate an abundance of virtue;
Accumulating an abundance of virtue there is nothing he cannot overcome;
When there is nothing he cannot overcome, no one knows his limit;
When no one knows his limit
He can possess a state;
When he possesses the mother of a state
He can then endure.
This is called the way of deep roots and firm stems by which one lives to see many days.

LX

Governing a large state is like boiling a small fish.
When the empire is ruled in accordance with the way,
    The spirits lose their potencies.
    Or rather, it is not that they lose their potencies,
    But that, though they have their potencies, they do not harm the people.
    It is not only they who, having their potencies, do not harm the people,
    The sage, also, does not harm the people.
As neither does any harm, each attributes the merit to the other.

LXI

A large state is the lower reaches of a river -
The place where all the streams of the world unite.
In the union of the world,
The female always gets the better of the male by stillness.
Being still, she takes the lower position.
Hence the large state, by taking the lower position, annexes the small state;
The small state, by taking the lower position, affiliates itself to the large state.
Thus the one, by taking the lower position, annexes;
The other, by taking the lower position, is annexed.
All that the large state wants is to take the other under its wing;
All that the small state wants is to have its services accepted by the other.
If each of the two wants to find its proper place,
It is meet that the large should take the lower position.

LXII

The way is the refuge for the myriad creatures.
It is that by which the good man protects,
And that by which the bad is protected.
Beautiful words when offered will win high rank in return;
Beautiful deeds can raise a man above others.

Even if a man is not good, why should he be abandoned? Hence when the emperor is set up and the three ducal ministers are appointed, he who makes a present of the way without stirring from his seat is preferable to one who offers presents of jade disks followed by a team of four horses. Why was this way valued of old? Was it not said that by means of it one got what one wanted and escaped the consequences when one transgressed?

Therefore it is valued by the empire.

LXIII

Do that which consists in taking no action; pursue that which is not meddlesome; savour that which has no flavour.

Make the small big and the few many; do good to him who has done you an injury.

Lay plans for the accomplishment of the difficult before it becomes difficult; make something big by starting with it when small.

Difficult things in the world must needs have their beginnings in the easy; big things must needs have their beginnings in the small.

Therefore it is because the sage never attempts to be great that he succeeds in becoming great.

One who makes promises rashly rarely keeps good faith; one who is in the habit of considering things easy meets with frequent difficulties.

Therefore even the sage treats some things as difficult.

That is why in the end no difficulties can get the better of him.

LXIV

It is easy to maintain a situation while it is still secure;
It is easy to deal with a situation before symptoms develop;
It is easy to break a thing when it is yet brittle;
It is easy to dissolve a thing when it is yet minute.
Deal with a thing while it is still nothing;
Keep a thing in order before disorder sets in.
A tree that can fill the span of a man's arms
Grows from a downy tip;
A terrace nine storeys high
Rises from hodfuls of earth;
A journey of a thousand miles
Starts from beneath one's feet.

Whoever does anything to it will ruin it; whoever lays hold of it will lose it.

Therefore the sage, because he does nothing, never ruins anything; and, because he does not lay hold of anything, loses nothing.

In their enterprises the people
Always ruin them when on the verge of success.
Be as careful at the end as at the beginning
And there will be no ruined enterprises.
Therefore the sage desires not to desire
And does not value goods which are hard to come by;
Learns to be without learning
And makes good the mistakes of the multitude
In order to help the myriad creatures to be natural and to refrain from daring to act.

LXV

Of old those who excelled in the pursuit of the way did not use it to enlighten the people but to hoodwink them. The reason why the people are difficult to govern is that they are too clever.

Hence to rule a state by cleverness
Will be to the detriment of the state;
Not to rule a state by cleverness
Will be a boon to the state.
These two are models.
Always to know the models
Is known as mysterious virtue.
Mysterious virtue is profound and far-reaching,
But when things turn back it turns back with them.

Only then is complete conformity realized.

LXVI

The reason why the River and the Sea are able to be king of the hundred valleys is that they excel in taking the lower position. Hence they are able to be king of the hundred valleys.

Therefore, desiring to rule over the people,
One must in one's words humble oneself before them;
And, desiring to lead the people,
One must, in one's person, follow behind them.

Therefore the sage takes his place over the people yet is no burden; takes his place ahead of the people yet causes no obstruction. That is why the empire supports him joyfully and never tires of doing so.

It is because he does not contend that no one in the empire is in a position to contend with him.

LXVII

The whole world says that my way is vast and resembles nothing. It is because it is vast that it resembles nothing. If it resembled anything, it would, long before now, have become small.

I have three treasures
Which I hold and cherish.
The first is known as compassion,
The second is known as frugality,
The third is known as not daring to take the lead in the empire;
Being compassionate one could afford to be courageous,
Being frugal one could afford to extend one's territory,
Not daring to take the lead in the empire one could afford to be lord over the vessels.

Now, to forsake compassion for courage, to forsake frugality for expansion, to forsake the rear for the lead, is sure to end in death.

Through compassion, one will triumph in attack and be impregnable in defence. What heaven succours it protects with the gift of compassion.

LXVIII

One who excels as a warrior does not appear formidable;
One who excels in fighting is never roused in anger;
One who excels in defeating his enemy does not join issue;
One who excels in employing others humbles himself before them.
This is known as the virtue of non-contention;
This is known as making use of the efforts of others;
This is known as matching the sublimity of heaven.

LXIX

The strategists have a saying,
I dare not play the host but play the guest,
I dare not advance an inch but retreat a foot instead.
This is known as marching forward when there is no road,
Rolling up one's sleeves when there is no arm,
Dragging one's adversary by force when there is no adversary,
And taking up arms when there are no arms.

There is no disaster greater than taking on an enemy too easily. So doing nearly cost me my treasure. Thus of two sides raising arms against each other, it is the one that is sorrow-stricken that wins.

LXX

My words are very easy to understand and very easy to put into practice, yet no one in the world can understand them or put them into practice.

Words have an ancestor and affairs have a sovereign.

It is because people are ignorant that they fail to understand me.

Those who understand me are few;
Those who imitate me are honoured.

Therefore the sage, while clad in homespun, conceals on his person a priceless piece of jade.

LXXI

To know yet to think that one does not know is best;
Not to know yet to think that one knows will lead to difficulty.

It is by being alive to difficulty that one can avoid it. The sage meets with no difficulty. It is because he is alive to it that he meets with no difficulty.

LXXII

When the people lack a proper sense of awe, then some awful visitation will descend upon them.

Do not constrict their living space; do not press down on their means of livelihood. It is because you do not press down on them that they will not weary of the burden.

Hence the sage knows himself but does not display himself, loves himself but does not exalt himself.

Therefore he discards the one and takes the other.

LXXIII

He who is fearless in being bold will meet with his death;
He who is fearless in being timid will stay alive.
Of the two, one leads to good, the other to harm.
Heaven hates what it hates,
Who knows the reason why?

Therefore even the sage treats some things as difficult.

The way of heaven
Excels in overcoming though it does not contend,
In responding though it does not speak,
In attracting though it does not summon,
In laying plans though it appears slack.

The net of heaven is cast wide. Though the mesh is not fine, yet nothing ever slips through.

LXXIV

When the people are not afraid of death, wherefore frighten them with death? Were the people always afraid of death, and were I able to arrest and put to death those who innovate, then who would dare? There is a regular executioner whose charge it is to kill. To kill on behalf of the executioner is what is described as chopping wood on behalf of the master carpenter. In chopping wood on behalf of the master carpenter, there are few who escape hurting their own hands instead.

LXXV

The people are hungry:
It is because those in authority eat up too much in taxes
That the people are hungry.
The people are difficult to govern:
It is because those in authority are too fond of action
That the people are difficult to govern.
The people treat death lightly:
It is because the people set too much store by life
That they treat death lightly.

It is just because one has no use for life that one is wiser than the man who values life.

LXXVI

A man is supple and weak when living, but hard and stiff when dead. Grass and trees are pliant and fragile when living, but dried and shrivelled when dead. Thus the hard and the strong are the comrades of death; the supple and the weak are the comrades of life.

Therefore a weapon that is strong will not vanquish;
A tree that is strong will suffer the axe.
The strong and big takes the lower position,
The supple and weak takes the higher position.

LXXVII

Is not the way of heaven like the stretching of a bow?

The high it presses down,
The low it lifts up;
The excessive it takes from,
The deficient it gives to.

It is the way of heaven to take from what has in excess in order to make good what is deficient. The way of man is otherwise. It takes from those who are in want in order to offer this to those who already have more than enough. Who is there that can take what he himself has in excess and offer this to the empire? Only he who has the way.

Therefore the sage benefits them yet exacts no gratitude,
Accomplishes his task yet lays claim to no merit.

Is this not because he does not wish to be considered a better man than others?

LXXVIII

In the world there is nothing more submissive and weak than water. Yet for attacking that which is hard and strong nothing can surpass it. This is because there is nothing that can take its place.

That the weak overcomes the strong,
And the submissive overcomes the hard,
Everyone in the world knows yet no one can put this knowledge into practice.

Therefore the sage says,

One who takes on himself the humiliation of the state
Is called a ruler worthy of offering sacrifices to the gods of earth and millet;
One who takes on himself the calamity of the state
Is called a king worthy of dominion over the entire empire.
Straightforward words
Seem paradoxical.

LXXIX

When peace is made between great enemies,
Some enmity is bound to remain undispelled.
How can this be considered perfect?

Therefore the sage takes the left-hand tally, but exacts no payment from the people.

The man of virtue takes charge of the tally;
The man of no virtue takes charge of exaction.
It is the way of heaven to show no favouritism.
It is for ever on the side of the good man.

LXXX

Reduce the size and population of the state. Ensure that even though the people have tools of war for a troop or a battalion they will not use them; and also that they will be reluctant to move to distant places because they look on death as no light matter.

Even when they have ships and carts, they will have no use for them; and even when they have armour and weapons, they will have no occasion to make a show of them.

Bring it about that the people will return to the use of the knotted rope,

Will find relish in their food
And beauty in their clothes,
Will be content in their abode
And happy in the way they live.

Though adjoining states are within sight of one another, and the sound of dogs barking and cocks crowing in one state can be heard in another, yet the people of one state will grow old and die without having had any dealings with those of another.

LXXXI

Truthful words are not beautiful; beautiful words are not truthful. Good words are not persuasive; persuasive words are not good. He who knows has no wide learning; he who has wide learning does not know.

The sage does not hoard.

Having bestowed all he has on others, he has yet more;
Having given all he has to others, he is richer still.

The way of heaven benefits and does not harm; the way of the sage is bountiful and does not contend.

GREAT IDEAS

伟大的思想

第6辑

中国出版集团
中译出版社

41 与孤独为伍

［德］弗里德里希·尼采 著 孙若颖 译

中国出版集团 中译出版社

42 非同寻常的大众幻想

［英］查尔斯·麦基 著 郝瑞丽 译

中国出版集团 中译出版社

43 艺术与人生

［英］约翰·罗斯金 著 华亭 译

中国出版集团 中译出版社

44 论内心生活

［德］托马斯·厄·肯培 著 孙平华 曲欣 译

中国出版集团 中译出版社

45 奇迹和偶像崇拜

［法］伏尔泰 著 孙平华 曾娟 译

中国出版集团 中译出版社

46 澡盆故事

［英］乔纳森·斯威夫特 著 黄宜思 译

中国出版集团 中译出版社

47 论人类

［英］托马斯·霍布斯 著 汪涛 译

中国出版集团 中译出版社

48 现代生活的画家

［法］波德莱尔 著 胡晓凯 译

中国出版集团 中译出版社

目录

MAN ALONE WITH HIMSELF

与孤独为伍

［德］弗里德里希·尼采　著

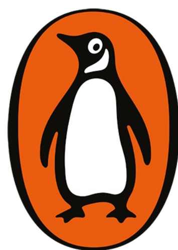
孙若颖　译

中国出版集团
中 译 出 版 社

与孤独为伍

（德）弗里德里希·尼采/著

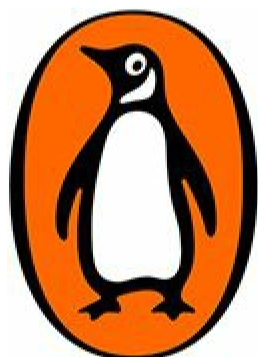
孙若颖/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

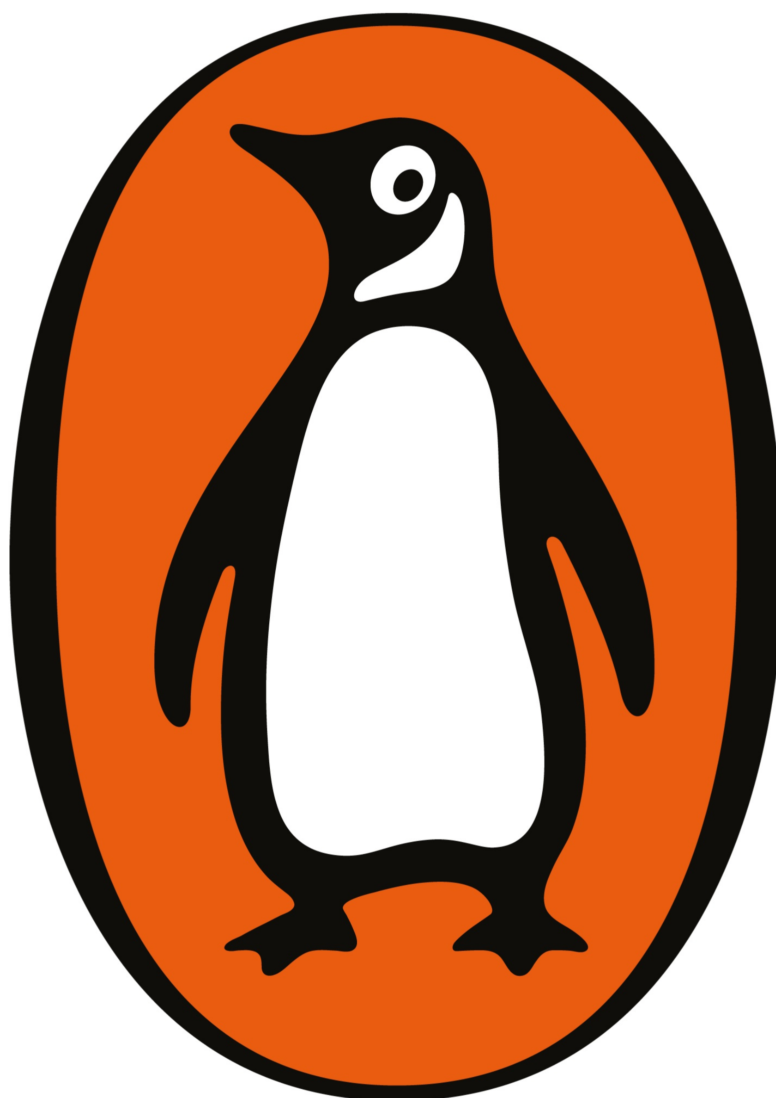
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com.cn
‘Man Alone with Himself’ taken from Human, All Too Human, first published in 1878
and first published as a Penguin Classic in this translation by Marion Faber and Stephen
Lehmann, 1984.
‘The Free Spirit’ and‘ From High Mountains: Epode’ taken from Beyond Good and
Evil: Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future, first published in 1886 and first published
as a Penguin Classic in this translation by R.J. Hollingdale, 1973.
This selection first published 2008

Set by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者
西蒙·温德尔

导读

尼采，全名弗里德里希·威廉·尼采（Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche，1844—1900），西方现代哲学的开创者。除了在哲学上的造诣，他还是语言学家、诗人、评论家和作曲家。尼采五岁丧父，家中的五个女人（母亲、妹妹、祖母、两个姑姑）便将所有的爱倾注于他。成长环境使然，他从小敏感而脆弱，早熟又孤僻。家庭对他来说，是幸福的港湾，但尼采心中始终有一个使命：探索人生的真谛。他自知在暖巢中得不到答案，便毅然舍弃这一切，在风雨飘摇的世界里四处漂泊。一生带着对真理的究极追求，最终以发疯去世谢幕，留下经典无数。他的一生，充满艺术。只需读几页他的书，你就能发现：想法标新立异的是他；言语充满辛辣讽刺的是他；抨击时不经意流露出自我沉醉的还是他。如柏拉图、阿里斯托芬一般，这些都是天才作家的“标配”。

据说，尼采的晚年，因受不了长期不被理解的孤独，在都灵大街发疯，失去了理智。本书的名字由此显得意味深长。他在书中说：“适合独立的人寥寥无几，那是强者的特权。”独立必然伴随着孤独，但孤独赠予了他深邃的思考、超脱的人格。初读《与孤独为伍》，像所有哲学书给人的体验一样，似是品一杯酒，晕晕乎乎、云里雾里。但在尼采制造的云雾缭绕背后，有一把尖刀，时刻替你剖开社会的本质、揭露内心的真实。它太过于真实，甚至有时你还想矢口否认，试图为自己留一层颜面。但他的语气太过于笃定和自信，让你羞愧过后不得不暗暗承认他的睿智和透彻。

他说：“要求别人爱自己是最大的傲慢。”“寻求机智的人没有机智。”他还说，“要明白普通人的行为就必须明白，他们很少花费精力去摆脱糟糕的境遇。”经典之所以为经典，正是在于这些针砭时弊的话语

放到现代社会依然不会过时：那些渴望被爱的人，是否一直吝啬自己的爱？那些寻求捷径的人，是否有过踏实的付出？那些深陷困境的人，是否曾努力挣扎？求而不得的原因，尼采在十九世纪就给出了答案。

书中的讽刺浑然天成，犀利的话语夹裹在幽默中，抽打人的同时给予了最后一层颜面："想成为榜样的人，必须给自己的德行添点愚蠢，这样别人就可以模仿并且超过模仿的对象——人们喜欢做这样的事。""一知半解比彻底了解更受欢迎：事情在一知半解的人那里被简化，结果得到了更容易让人理解和信服的观点。""视力不好的人，看到的东西往往比别人少一些；听力不好的人，听到的东西往往比别人多一些。"寥寥几句，思索良久。读者似乎在和尼采对话，更多的，则像是在辩论——和尼采辩论、和自己辩论。说服自己，又扳倒自己，渐渐陷入尼采构建的哲学世界，常常在看完几页后一抬头，世界都变得不真实了。

除了这些讽刺和批判，关于做人做事，他也有自己的见解和章法："瀑布在跌落时，变得舒缓飘逸；实干家在行动时，将强烈的渴望化为彻底的冷静。""某些人的本领看起来比实际小，是因为他们给自己安排的任务太庞大。"这些话，可以引起多少人的共鸣！他在幽默中不乏机敏的思考。不过，除了领略其中的智慧，现代人或许更需要批判的思维。阅读不是为了思想的膜拜和自我的否定，而是用清醒的头脑追寻自己的真理。有时，他会把人性看得过于深刻，甚至有些激进："某人故去时，我们通常需要令人安慰的解释，与其说是平复痛苦，不如说是为自己的痛苦轻易得到平复寻找借口。"读这句话，仿佛可以看到尼采紧皱的眉头倔强地表达着对人类的不满。但有时，这些安慰的解释，只是悲伤流出的窗口，麻痹内心巨大的伤痛。不是为了忘记而惺惺作态，而是为了更好地铭记。人生的真相是残酷，但残酷的尽头也有温柔。书中后半段摘有尼采的诗，读起来更像是即兴而为，他说：我已找到的和正在寻找的——可曾在书里存在过？那么，亲爱的读者，你找到的和正

在寻找的，是否也藏匿在尼采的文字和思想中呢？

何博文

一、与孤独为伍

1.真理之敌。信仰是比谎言更危险的真理之敌。

2.颠倒的世界。我们常会因为不喜欢某人的某个说法而严加苛责，其实我们更应该在相反的情况下这么做。

3.有个性的人。一个人看上去有个性，是因为他办事总是依着自己的性情，而不是遵照原则。

4.必居其一。一个人如果生来不具有平易的性格，那么艺术与知识的陶冶必定可以使他变得性格平易。

5.对事业的激情。热爱事业（如科学、国家利益、文化、艺术）的人，往往对人比较冷漠（即便对其事业的代表，如政客、哲学家、艺术家也是如此）。

6.行动的冷静。瀑布在跌落时，变得舒缓飘逸；实干家在行动时，将强烈的渴望化为彻底的冷静。

7.浅显为妙。如果彻底了解，就很难忠诚。因为了解越深入，就越会接触到黑暗面。

8.理想主义者的误区。理想主义者们幻想自己投身的是天底下最伟大的事业，他们不愿相信，自己事业的壮大，也需要其他事业所必需的气味难闻的粪肥。

9.自我观察。人最善于防备自己，抵御自己的窥探和围攻；通常，他最多只能看清自己的外围城池。真正的堡垒他不但进不去，甚至看不

见，除非朋友或敌人变成内应，带他从密道去那里。

10.合适的职业。男人们很少会忍受一项职业，除非他们相信或者说服自己相信，这项职业比其他的更重要。女人们在对待所爱的人时也是一样。

11.高尚的情操。高尚的情操大体上由善良和轻信构成，这正是贪婪和成功的人所不屑和鄙视的。

12.目的地和路。很多人会坚持走已经走上的路，对他们的目的地却很少这样坚持。

13.特立独行令人反感的地方。特立独行的人总是令人反感，因为他们与众不同的方式使周围的人感到自卑。

14.名人的特权。通过微不足道的礼物带给人无上的快乐，是名人的特权。

15.不经意的高尚。习惯给予而非索取的人，就具备了不经意的高尚。

16.成为英雄的条件。人如果想成为英雄，他的对手必须先从蛇变成龙，否则他就缺少一个合适的敌人。

17.朋友。分享喜悦而非同情，使人们成为朋友。

18.利用高潮与低潮。为了获得知识，要学会利用内在的潮汐，让自己顺势接近一件事物，一段时间以后，再顺势从那件事物上撤离。

19.爱自己。人们常说“爱事业”，实际上是爱自己，“爱事业”只是“爱自己”的表达方式。

20.谦逊之人。对人谦逊的人，往往对事物（城市、国家、社会、时代，或者人类）表现得格外傲慢。那是他的报复。

21.羡慕和嫉妒。羡慕和嫉妒是人类灵魂的私处。这个比方或许可以被推至更远。

22.最优雅的伪君子。完全不谈论自己是一种形式优雅的伪善。

23.烦恼。烦恼是一种生理疾病，不可能仅仅通过消灭其根源而消除它。

24.真理的代表。很难找到真理的拥趸，并非因为说出真理很危险，而是因为这件事本身很乏味。

25.比敌人还麻烦。当我们因为某些原因（比如感激）必须和话不投机的人维持热络的表象时，这些人对我们想象力的折磨比我们的敌人更甚。

26.走进大自然。我们喜欢走进大自然，因为它从不对我们评头论足。

27.寸有所长。在文明状态下，所有人都感到自己至少在某一方面比别人强，这是形成社会普遍亲善的基础：由于每个人在特定的情形下都可以向他人提供帮助，因而在接受他人的帮助时也就不会感到羞耻。

28.令人安慰的解释。某人故去时，我们通常需要令人安慰的解释，与其说是为了平复痛苦，不如说是为自己的痛苦轻易得到平复寻找借口。

29.忠实于信仰。事务繁忙的人，通常会保持基本理念和观点不变，这和为某种信念服务的人一样。他不再检验自己的信念，他没有时

间这么做。事实上，连就此事进行考虑都与他的兴趣相违。

30.道德和数量。一个人比另一个更有道德，常常因为他的目标更多，后者因为在狭窄的圈子里忙于琐事而处于下风。

31.生命作为生命的作品。无论一个人在知识上多么广博，在他本人眼里多么客观，他最终只能收获自己的自传。

32.铁定的必然。透过历史的进程，人类了解到所谓“铁定的必然”，既非铁定也非必然。

33.经验之谈。不合理性不是一件事物消亡的理由，反而是其存在的条件。

34.真相。如今，没有人会因为某个致命的真相死去，因为解药太多。

35.基本观点。在真理的推广和人类的幸福之间，不存在预设的和谐。

36.人的宿命。进行过深入思考的人都知道，任何行为和判断都只能导致错误的结果。

37.真理如女巫。错误让动物变成人，真理是否会把人变回动物？

38.文化的危机。在我们的时代，文化面临被文化的手段摧毁的危险。

39.伟大意味着指出方向。没有哪条河流的伟大和充盈是单凭自身，能够吸纳众多的支流并带领它们前行才是其伟大之处。伟人也是一样。关键在于能指出一个众人追随的方向，至于他本人有没有足够的天赋，并不重要。

40.问心有愧。大谈自己对人类重要性的资本家，在信守约定或誓言方面会感到问心有愧。

41.要求被爱。要求别人爱自己是最大的傲慢。

42.蔑视他人。蔑视他人最明显的标志是只有在为了达成自己的目的时才会容忍他人。

43.政见相左的追随者。谁让别人对他暴跳如雷，谁就找到了追随自己的同伙。

44.忘记自己的经历。经常进行客观思考的人，容易忘记自己的经历，但不会忘记这些经历引发的思考。

45.固执己见。一个人固执己见，要么是因为他自己发现了这个观点而为之骄傲，要么是因为他经过努力理解了这个观点而为之骄傲，二者都出自于虚荣。

46.害怕曝光。善行同恶行一样害怕曝光。后者担心曝光会招致痛苦（作为惩罚）；前者担心曝光会让快乐（纯粹的快乐一旦掺杂了虚荣心的满足就会终止）消失。

47.一天的长度。如果一个人有很多事要往一天里塞，一天就会变出一百个口袋来装。

48.暴君天才。如果灵魂翻腾起无法遏制的欲望，想确立自己的绝对权威，并且一直保持着这股狂热，那么即便不值一提的天分（在政治家或艺术家中），也能演变成几乎无法抗拒的自然力。

49.敌人的生命。如果一个人活着是为了同敌人战斗，那么敌人活着对他来说就非常重要。

50.更重要的事。无法解释、晦暗不明的事常被认为比可以解释、清晰明朗的事更重要。

51.评估服务。我们评估某项服务，依据的是这项服务的标价，而不是服务本身对于我们的价值。

52.不幸。不幸是如此的光荣（幸福反而像是一种浅薄、平庸和缺乏抱负的标志），如果有人说“你肯定非常幸福”时，我们通常都会表示抗议。

53.恐惧的幻象。恐惧的幻象是一个骨瘦如柴的邪恶小妖，专拣人的承受力达到极限时跳到他的背上。

54.令人生厌的反对者的价值。有时我们保持对某项事业的忠诚，只是因为反对它的人总是令我们生厌。

55.职业的价值。职业使我们变得没有思想，而这正是它最伟大的赐福。它仿佛一道防御工事，我们陷入疑虑和不安的围攻时，就可以撤退到它的后面。

56.本领。某些人的本领看起来比实际上小，是因为他们给自己安排的任务太庞大。

57.年轻。人年轻时是令人不快的，想在任何方面获得成就，在当时既不可能也不合理。

58.过于宏大的目标。当众夸下海口的人，在意识到无法兑现承诺时，通常不会有勇气重提旧事，最终无可避免地变成伪君子。

59.在溪流中。强劲的水流会带走石子和灌木，强大的思想也会吸引许多愚蠢和昏乱的头脑。

60.思想解放的危险。当一个人热切地试图解放思想时，他的激情和欲望也暗暗希望能从中得利。

61.精神的体现。如果一个人经常进行聪明的思考，他的脸和身体也会看起来很聪明。

62.视力不好和听力不好。视力不好的人，看到的东西往往比别人少一些；听力不好的人，听到的东西往往比别人多一些。

63.虚荣的自得其乐。虚荣的人不但想高人一等，而且希望感觉到高人一等，因此不惜自欺欺人。他关心的不是别人的意见，而是他对别人意见的看法。

64.格外虚荣。自大的人在生病时会变得格外虚荣，更加在乎名声和赞誉。他在多大程度上迷失了自己，就会从外界利用他人的观点重新赢回来。

65.“机智”的人。寻求机智的人没有机智。

66.给党派领袖的提示。如果能迫使人们公开宣誓效忠，就基本等于让他们在私下里宣誓效忠，因为人们总是希望显得表里如一。

67.轻蔑。通常，人们对来自别人的轻蔑比对来自自己的轻蔑更加敏感。

68.感激的绳索。某些有奴性思想的人，感恩戴德过了头，无异于用感激的绳索将自己活活勒死。

69.预言家的诀窍。要预言普通人的行为就必须明白，他们很少花费精力去摆脱糟糕的境遇。

70.唯一的人权。背离传统的人成为传统的祭品，坚守传统的人成

为传统的奴隶。无论哪种情况，毁灭都随之而来。

71.比动物还不如。一个人纵声大笑时的粗俗超过了所有动物。

72.不求甚解。只会说一点外文的人比外文说得好的人更乐在其中，愉悦与不求甚解相得甚欢。

73.勤奋和负责。勤奋和负责往往是对头。勤奋想在果实青涩的时候就把它们从树上摘下，负责则让果实过久地挂在树上，直到它们掉下来，落得一场空。

74.怀疑。对于无法忍受的人，我们就把他们变得可疑。

75.缺乏机遇。很多人一辈子都在等待施展抱负的机会。

76.缺乏朋友。缺乏朋友通常是因为嫉妒或者傲慢。很多人有朋友只是幸运地因为没有可以嫉妒的理由。

77.多的危险。多一件本事不如少一件容易有稳固的立足，好比四条腿的桌子不如三条腿的站得稳。

78.他人的榜样。想成为榜样的人，必须给自己的德行添点愚蠢，这样别人就可以模仿并且超过模仿的对象——人们喜欢做这样的事。

79.当作靶子。通常别人的恶毒言论并非真的针对我们，而是发泄他们由于其他原因感到的烦恼和不悦。

80.轻易认输。如果人能说服自己憎恨过去，就不会再受到未了心愿的折磨。

81.身处危险。我们刚刚躲过一辆汽车的时候最容易被车撞倒。

82.声音对应的角色。不得不违背习惯大声说话的人（比如面对一大群人或者听力不好的人），通常会夸大他要表达的东西。

某些人之所以成为恶毒的诽谤者、阴谋家或者同谋，只是因为他们的声音最适合轻声细语。

83.爱与恨。爱与恨本身并不盲目，只是被它们怀里的火焰蒙蔽了双眼。

84.于己有利的树敌。无法获得世人认可的人，设法四处树敌。这样他就可以宽慰自己，是外界的敌意妨碍他的价值被承认，并且别人也有同感。这么做大大加强了他的自信。

85.忏悔。忏悔之后，我们将罪行忘却，听取忏悔的人却记住了。

86.自负。自负就像传说中的金羊毛，能保护你免受鞭笞，却抵御不住微小的刺痛。

87.火焰中的阴影。火焰在自己的眼里没有在被它照耀的人眼里那样明亮：智者也是如此。

88.自己的观点。我们突然被提问时第一个想到的观点，通常不是自己的，而是与我们的身份、地位或出身相符的习惯性答案；我们自己的观点很少浮出水面。

89.勇气的来源。普通人在看不到危险的时候，会像英雄那样英勇无畏、刀枪不入。相反的，英雄唯一容易受到伤害的地方在背部，因为那里他无法看到。

90.就医的危险。人要么因医生而生，要么因医生而死。

91.神奇的虚荣心。准确预言天气三次的人，多少会迷信自己拥有

预言的天赋。一旦虚荣心得到满足，我们就不再争论那到底是天赋还是巧合。

92.职业。职业是生活的脊梁。

93.个人影响的危险性。感到自己对他人有巨大影响的人，必须给予对方充分的自由，对于对方偶尔的反抗应该表示支持甚至鼓励，否则他会不可避免地成为那个人的敌人。

94.让接班人得到他应得的。拥有无私胸襟、创立伟大事业的人，会用心培养接班人。在所有可能的接班人身上看到对手的影子并严加防范，是专制和卑鄙的标志。

95.一知半解。一知半解比彻底了解更受欢迎：事情在一知半解的人那里被简化，结果得到了更容易让人理解和信服的观点。

96.不适合做党派成员。经常思考的人不适合做党派成员，因为他的思想很快就洞穿并且超越了党派。

97.糟糕的记性。糟糕记性的好处，在于同一件美事，可以像头次经历一样享受好几次。

98.令自己感到痛苦。不替别人考虑往往标志着渴望麻木的不和谐的内心状况。

99.殉道者。殉道者的信徒所承受的痛苦甚于殉道者本人。

100.残留的虚荣心。一些没必要虚荣的人虚荣，是由某个残留的习惯发展而来，这一习惯源自于他们尚无自信、只能通过乞求从别人那里一点一点获得信仰的时期。

101.激情引爆点。对于即将陷入愤怒或热恋的人来说，此时此刻他

的灵魂犹如注满水的容器。只差最后一滴，即引爆激情的善的意志（通常也被称为恶的意志）。只有这一小滴是必不可少的，之后容器里的水就开始溢出。

102.暴躁的想法。人或许可以被比作树林中堆积的炭木。年轻人只有在停止发红发热，并且化成炭后，才能变得有用。只要它们还在闷烧、冒烟，或许会更有趣，但一定毫无用处，并且经常带来麻烦。

人类无情地将每个人当作燃料，加热它庞大的机器。但是如果所有的人（也就是全人类）只是起到维持机器运转的作用，机器的意义何在？机器成为人类的最终目标——这就是人间喜剧吗？

103.生命的时针。生命中有一些罕见、孤立却意义非凡的时刻，还有不可胜数的间隔。最美好的间隔也不过是关于那些时刻的回味。爱情、春光、优美的旋律、山峦、月光、大海，所有这一切与心灵畅所欲言的机会只有一次，如果这样的机会确实存在的话，因为许多人根本没有经历过那样的时刻，他们本身就是生命这支交响曲中的间隔和幕间休息。

104.反对还是建设。我们通常犯的错误，是不顾一切地反对某个路线、党派或者时代，因为我们刚好撞见了它肤浅、不完善的一面，即所谓“美玉中的瑕疵”——或许是因为我们自己曾深入参与其中。于是我们背离它们，朝截然相反的方向走去。尽管去伪存真，取长补短才是更好的做法。当然，推进一项发展中的、不完善的事业，要比攻击它的不完善或抛弃它，需要更强的洞察力和意志力。

105.谦逊。真正的谦逊（即懂得我们不是自己的创造者）是有的，并且非常适合大人物，因为他最明白自己没有任何功劳（不管他作出过多么大的贡献）。大人物的自负之所以可憎，不是因为他在体验自己的力量，而是因为他在这样做时总是通过伤害和专横地对待他人或是试探

对方承受力底线的方式。通常这只能证明他对自己的实力缺乏自信，反而令人质疑他的伟大。所以，明智的人要尽量避免自负。

106.一天的头一个想法。开始一天的最好方式，是在睡醒时思考我们能否在这一天给至少一个人带来欢乐。如果能用这种做法替代祈祷，所有人都会从这项改变中受益。

107.傲慢作为最后的安慰。如果一个人将自身的不幸、智障或疾病，视为命中注定的劫难，或是对自己曾经做过的某件事的神秘惩罚，他等于是在拔高自己，幻想自己比别人优越。这种傲慢的罪人，在各种宗教派系中比比皆是。

108.幸福的生长。在人间的不幸经常光顾的火山带，人类建筑起小小的幸福花园。不论他以怎样的方式生活，是从存在中汲取知识，还是选择让步和屈从，抑或是以攻克难关为乐，他都会发现，幸福就在困境的边缘生长。越靠近危险的地方，越能收获巨大的幸福。不过，如果因此认为受苦是理所当然的，却很可笑。

109.祖辈之路。发展祖辈的技能而非另起炉灶是有道理的。否则就会失去在某一项技能上臻于完美的可能性。因此人们常说：该走哪条路？——走祖辈走过的路。

110.虚荣心和野心的教化。只要一个人尚未成为全人类正义事业的工具，野心就会折磨他；一旦他实现了这个野心，不得不像机器一样为大家服务，虚荣心又会来拜访。在野心完成了它那份艰苦的工作（让这个人变得有用）之后，虚荣心会在细小处感化他，让他变得更随和、宽容和周到。

111.哲学新手。刚刚从哲人那里分享了智慧的我们，走在大街上也能感觉到自己已经脱胎换骨，已变成伟人。既然碰到的人对这份智慧一

无所知，我们就必须发布关于一切的闻所未闻的新评判。因为对某部律法之书推崇备至，我们就认为自己也必须表现得像法官一样。

112.取悦与令人不悦。有些人想被关注，于是采取令人不悦的方式，这些人同那些不想被关注、只想取悦他人的人，需要的是同样的东西，只是程度上更强，方式上更间接，虽然这么做看似将他们带离了目标。由于想获得权力和影响力，他们表现得居高临下，尽管这会让人感到不悦。因为他们知道，最终得到权力的人，不论说或做什么，都会令人愉悦。即便他令人不悦，看上去也使人愉快。

自由精神的信奉者也想得到权力，为的是用来愉悦大众。如果他们由于自己的信仰而遭到威胁、迫害、监禁或者处决，他们会因为这有助于自己的信仰被铭刻在人类的丰碑上而欢喜。虽然那是推迟的奖赏，他们也欣然接受，并将其作为获取权力过程中痛苦而有效的途径。

113.宣战的借口以及诸如此类。为事先做好的决定寻找借口向邻国开战的君主，好比一个将继母作为既成事实强加给孩子的父亲。所有公开宣告的动机，不都是这类被强加于人的继母吗？

114.激情与权利。谈到权利，没有什么人比那个持怀疑态度的人更富于激情。他试图通过将激情拉到自己一边来削弱理智和疑虑。他因此无愧于良心并获得了人们的支持。

115.弃绝者的把戏。像某些教士那样反对婚姻的人，会从最低级、庸俗的意义上理解婚姻。同样，拒绝同时代人尊敬的人，会从卑鄙的角度揣度人们的尊敬；唯有如此，他的弃绝和抗争才会变得相对容易。在大的方面克己的人，容易在小的方面纵容自己。可以想见，不为同时代人掌声所动的人，无法拒绝小的虚荣带来的满足。

116.傲慢年纪。有才能的人的傲慢年纪在二十六至三十岁之间到

来。这是人的第一个成熟期，还带有很重的青涩味。这个年纪的人往往根据自身的感受，要求那些对其才能不甚了解或一无所知的人，表现出尊敬和谦卑。由于这些表示并非总能如期而至，他有时会通过一个眼神，一个傲慢的手势或者某种声调来实施报复。观察细致的人能在他这个年纪的所有作品，不论诗歌、哲学还是绘画和音乐中，辨认出这种痕迹。阅历丰富的长者往往对此会心一笑，同时满怀感触地回忆起这段美好时光。处于这个年纪的人总感觉自己被大材小用了。或许他后来真的有所作为，但那种不可一世的自信已经一去不返，除非这个人一辈子都是虚荣心驱使下的不折不扣的小丑。

117.虚幻然而坚实。在深渊边缘行走或者跨越溪堑时，我们需要一个护栏，不是为了抓住它（因为它会立即同我们一起坠落），而是为了在视觉上感到安全。同样，我们年轻时，也需要那些能在无意中充当我们护栏的人；虽然如果我们真的碰到危险、需要依靠时，他们提供不了什么帮助，但是他们给了我们仿佛保护就在身边的那种安慰（比如父亲、老师、朋友，这三种人通常带给我们的感受）。

118.学会去爱。我们必须学会去爱，学会仁慈待人，而且要从小学起。如果教育和人生际遇没有提供给我们操练这些情感的机会，那么我们的灵魂就会变得干涸，甚至于无法理解关爱别人这样一件温柔的事。同样，仇恨也需要学习和培养，如果有人想精通此道的话。否则，仇恨的萌芽也会渐渐枯萎。

119.装饰性废墟。精神上历尽沧桑的人，早年留下的一些观点和习惯，会在他新的思考和行为中凸现出来，就像那些无法解释的古迹、灰色石雕，常常装点了整个地区。

120.爱与尊敬。爱使人渴望；害怕使人规避。这就是为什么我们不可能对同一个人既爱又尊敬。尊敬一个人、承认他的权威就等于畏惧他：这是一种敬畏之情。但是爱不承认权威，不接受任何区分，例如地

位的高下。因为被爱意味着不被尊敬，所以野心家们或公开或私下里在爱的面前踌躇不前。

121.对冷漠者的偏爱。感情上热得快的人凉得也快，所以大体上不可靠。因此那些一直表现冷漠的人反而受到人们的偏爱，被认为靠得住和值得信赖。实际上，这是将他们同那些慢热并能长久保持热度的人搞混了。

122.自由见解的危险。自由见解那种娱乐性的随意，有如搔痒，如果你忍不住去挠它，最后就会赫然出现一个痛楚的伤口；换句话说，自由见解最终会搅扰我们对生活和人际关系的态度，造成我们在这方面的痛苦。

123.对强烈痛苦的渴望。猛烈的情感消逝之后，留下的是对她本身的隐秘渴望，消逝是她抛给我们的最后媚眼。受她的鞭笞，必定有令人感到快意的地方。与此相反，温和的情感令人感到索然无味。显然，在强烈的痛苦与微弱的愉悦之间，我们更倾向于选择前者。

124.对他人和世界的不满。我们经常迁怒于人，虽然我们烦恼的对象是自己。归根结底，我们是在努力混淆和欺骗自己的判断，用别人的疏忽和不足充当自己烦恼的根源，这样我们就可以不去追究自己。

自律甚严、经常苛责自己的人，最经常说人类的坏话。从来没有哪个圣人情愿将罪恶自己揽，美德全部让给别人。这样的人，恐怕和那种谨遵菩萨教诲、于众人前隐匿起自己的长处而示人以不足的人，一样鲜见。

125.混淆因果。我们会不经意地找出符合自己脾胃的准则和信条，仿佛是那些准则和信条塑造了我们的性格，赋予它稳定性和确定性。真实的情形恰好相反。表面上，思考和判断塑造了我们的性格，事实上，

正是性格决定了我们以何种方式思考和判断。

在这场无意识的喜剧中，是什么在操纵我们？除了懒惰和图省事的心理，还有在一切事情上维持前后一致、保持个性和思想上的统一的妄想：因为那会为我们赢得尊敬，带给我们信任和权力。

126.年纪与真相。年轻人喜欢有趣和古怪的东西，是真是假倒不关心。相对成熟的人喜欢真相中有趣和古怪的部分。完全成熟的人喜欢真相，即便真相显得平淡无奇、在普通人眼里枯燥而乏味。因为他们发现，真相倾向于透过朴素的伪装传递最高的智慧。

127.和蹩脚诗人一样的人们。正如蹩脚诗人在一句诗的后半段搜寻思想而迁就韵脚那样，人们在后半生，出于焦虑，也寻求起符合他们早年生活印记的活动、观点和朋友圈子，以便留下协调一致的外部印象。与此同时，他们不再拥有强大的思想来驾驭和重新定义他们的生命，取而代之的是搜寻韵脚的意向。

128.无聊与游戏。需求迫使我们从事能让需求得到满足的工作，我们习惯于在不断苏醒的新的需求下工作。但是在某些闲散的时刻，当我们的需求变得平静，仿佛睡去时，我们又开始受到无聊的侵扰。这是什么？这其实是工作的惯性，以一种新增的需求的形式表现出来。这种需求越大，工作的惯性也越大，需求带给我们的折磨也越大。为了摆脱无聊，人们要么在需求被满足的基础上继续工作，要么发明游戏，后者是一种为了满足工作的需要而设计的工作。厌烦了游戏，并且没有受新的需求烦恼的人，有时会充满了迈入第三种境界的渴望。这第三种境界同游戏的关系，就像飘浮同舞蹈，舞蹈同行走的关系，是一种喜悦、平和状态下的运动：这就是艺术家和哲学家眼中的幸福。

129.来自相片的启示。如果我们观察从孩童到成年的一系列相片，我们会欣喜地发现，成年后的我们更像童年时代而非青少年时代的我

们。其可能的解释是，我们曾一度背离自己的本性，这种背离最终在意志力成熟的成年得到克服。青少年时代的我们，往往受到来自激情、导师或政治事件等强大影响的摆布，这些影响在成年后被压缩到一个有限的范围内。当然它们还会继续伴随并影响我们，但我们的内心感受和思考会占据主导。这些影响将被作为我们的力量源泉，但我们不会再像二十几岁时那样受其操控。就这样，我们在思想和情感上都与童年时代的我们更为接近——这一内在的回归，通过相片得到外化。

130.岁月的声音。少年人陈述、赞赏、谴责或撒谎的声音往往令上了年纪的人感到不悦，因为他们嗓门太大，同时又吐字不清，仿佛穹窿中的回音，因为空洞而引起共振。原来，少年人思考的东西，大部分不是个性丰盈的自然流露，而是在附和周围人的思想、言论和褒贬。由于情感（好恶）在他们内心引起的波澜，比伴随这些情感的理性思考来得更加猛烈，当他们表达自己时，就出现了这种含混、空洞的效果，暗示理性的缺席或匮乏。成年使人的声音变得铿锵有力、抑扬顿挫，声音虽不大，但像所有吐字清晰的发声一样，可以传递得很远。最后，老年通常会让声音带上一种温和与包容，闻之悦耳，当然某些时候也会变得乖戾。

131.逆行之人和先行之人。那些不讨人喜欢的人，对人充满了不信任，妒忌对手和邻居的成功，听到不同意见就光火。这一切表明他处于文化发展的早期阶段，像是个出土文物。他同别人打交道的方式，适用于霸权统治盛行的时代，所以他是个逆行之人。第二种人，豪爽地分享他人的喜悦，到哪里都能赢得伙伴，热爱所有蓬勃发展的事物，欣赏别人的荣誉和成功，不但不妄称只有自己掌握真理，反而充满了谦逊的怀疑主义——这样的人是先行之人，他在朝更高阶段的人类文化迈进。前者生活的时期，人类交流的基础尚未建立；而后者则生活在这栋大厦的最顶端，离那些被锁在文化地基以下、在地窖中发狂、咆哮的野蛮生物，要多远有多远。

132.疑心病患者的慰藉。当一个伟大的思想者暂时性地受到疑心病的折磨时，他可能会这样宽慰自己：“这只寄生虫滋生于你的伟大，倘若你没有那么伟大，你所受的苦就会少些。”一名政客，当他的妒忌和复仇之心（即他作为一国代表必然谙熟的“一切人反对一切人的战争”的情绪）侵入到他的私人关系中、令他举步维艰时，也会说出同样的话。

133.从现实中抽离。偶尔从现实中抽离有莫大的好处。从现实的岸边驶离，进入旧有世界观的海洋，从那里反观岸边，会使我们第一次有幸一睹它的全貌。再次回到岸边的我们，比起那些从没有离开过的人，获得了对现实更好的理解。

134.用个人的不足来播种和收获。像卢梭这样的人，懂得如何利用自身的弱点、不足和罪愆，仿佛这些是滋养天才的沃土。卢梭哀叹社会的腐败和堕落，视其为文化导致的恶果，皆基于其自身的经历，其中的苦涩使他的批判一针见血，入木三分。他从个人角度寻求救治，认为自己找寻的药方能直接医治社会，并通过社会间接地医治自身。

135.哲学上的思维定式。人们总是力求在多变的人生境遇和事件面前保持不变的情感立场和观点，我们称之为哲学上的思维定式。但是与其维持自身的统一，不如聆听来自不同生命境遇、观点各异的低语，以丰富我们的阅历。通过拒绝成为僵化、不变通和孤立的个人，我们承认并分享了芸芸众生的生命和特质。

136.轻蔑之火。一旦一个人敢于发表会使自己蒙羞的观点，他就朝独立迈进了一步。那时，甚至他的朋友和熟人也开始感到焦虑不安。有天分的人必须迈过这道火焰，那以后，他就是自己的主人了。

137.牺牲。如果有选择，人们更愿意选择大的牺牲而不是小的，因为对于大的牺牲，我们可以用自我崇拜来补偿自己，而对于小的牺牲这却是不可能的。

138.爱作为一种手段。无论谁想真正了解一件新事物（不管是一个人、一件事，还是一本书），都需要用全部可能的爱来接纳它，尽可能忽视、忘记它的所有不友好、令人反感或虚假的部分。比如，我们会给予某本书的作者最大的起跑优势，接下来就像观看赛跑一样，心情忐忑地盼望他能到达终点。通过这么做，我们得以深入新事物的内核，进入它的动力中心，而这正是了解一件事物的内涵所在。一旦到达那个阶段，理智就会设定它的限度。过高的评价和批判机制的偶尔失衡，都是将事物的灵魂引诱到开阔地的手段。

139.把世界想象得太好或太坏。不管我们把世界想象得太好还是太坏，我们都会收获巨大的喜悦：如果预想得太好，我们等于给世界（经历）注入了比实际更多的美好；如果预想得太糟，我们会得到一个令人愉快的失望：世界的美好，会因为我们的惊喜而加倍放大。

顺便一提，病态的脾性在这两种情形下的经历正好相反。

140.深刻的人。以印象深刻见长的人（他们通常被称为“深刻的人”），在遭遇突发性事件时，通常会表现得相对有控制力和决断性。这是因为反应时间太短，印象尚未形成。然而长久期待的人或事，最能刺激这种个性的人，会使他们几乎无法在等候结束时保持镇定自若。

141.同“高我”的交流。每个人在找到自己的“高我”时，都有过辉煌。真正的人道，要求我们仅在一个人的这种时刻，而非在他仍处于受束缚、受奴役的状态下时对他进行评判。比如说，我们应该就一名画家领会和呈现的最高妙的图景给予评价或荣誉。但是人们自己在对待“高我”时，却采取了非常不同的做法。他们经常装腔作势，以致后来不断模仿自己在辉煌时期的样子。有些人面对自己的理想时会感到羞惭，想要否定它：他们害怕自己的“高我”，因为当“高我”发言时，它的要求很高。此外，“高我”拥有影子般的自由，可以自主去留。为此，它经常被称为神灵的礼物，而实际上其他的一切也都是神灵（机遇）的礼物：那

就是人自身。

142.喜欢独处的人。有些人如此喜欢独处，他们从不拿自己与他人比较，而是平静、愉快地吐露生命的独白，与自己进行美好的交谈，甚至还会大笑起来。但是如果被迫和他人比较，他们多半会忧郁地得出一个过低的自我评价，并因此不得不从旁人那里学习关于自己的积极、公正的评价。甚至从这习得的评价中，他们也总是想做些减损。

所以我们必须允许某些人保留他们独处的习惯，而不是像经常发生的那样，愚蠢地对他们施以怜悯。

143.没有旋律。有些人拥有一种持续、内在的宁静，他们所有的能力和谐地分布，任何目的性很强的活动都与他们格格不入。他们就像一首乐曲，完全由连续、悦耳的和弦组成，没有一丁点旋律经过编排的痕迹。他们的小船会随着外界的任何动向，立即在由和谐之音构筑的海洋上获得新的平衡。现代人碰到这种天性的人通常极端没有耐心，因为他们不会成就任何事，虽然不能说他们啥也不是。某些情形下，他们的存在让人不禁发问：为何一定要有旋律？为何我们不满足于生命在深潭上投下宁静的倒影？

中世纪要比现在更盛产这种天性的人。现在我们很少有机会碰到这类人，他们即便身处乱世也能保持平和、愉悦的心态，像歌德对自己说的那样：最好的东西莫过于我在众人之中体验和养成的深深宁静，而我的收获则是他们无论用火还是剑都无法夺去的。

144.生活与经验。你是否注意到，有些人知道如何将自己的经历（他们微不足道的日常经历）变成一年收获三茬的富饶之地；而另一些人（他们的队伍如此壮大！），即便经历过最跌宕起伏的命运洗礼，见证过最变化莫测的时代或民族风云，却仍然轻飘飘地像木塞一样浮于表面。所以最终我们倾向于将人划分为两类：懂得如何变少为多的少数人

和懂得如何变多为少的大多数。真的，那些变态的魔术师确有其人，他们非但不能无中生有，反而将有归于无。

145.游戏的严肃性。热那亚的日落时分，我听得一座高塔上钟声长鸣。它绵延不绝，盖过后街的嘈杂，仿佛总也听不够自己的声音。钟声在黄昏的天空和海边的空气中回荡，既可怕又孩子气，同时还很忧郁。我想起柏拉图的话，突然在心底里产生了共鸣：“说到底，人间之事没有一样值得当真；尽管如此……”

146.关于信仰与正义。冷静而清醒地兑现一个人在激情状态下作出的承诺和决定，是人类最可怕的重负之一。要人们永远为愤怒、狂热的复仇、炽烈的爱承担后果，会加剧对这类情感的抵触，特别是当这类情感已经广泛地成为人们尤其是艺术家崇拜的对象。艺术家们坚持不懈地播种着对激情的尊崇；当然他们没少为激情释放的可怕过程增添效果，诸如复仇导致的死亡、伤害，自我放逐和心碎后的弃绝。不管怎样，艺术家们维持着人们对激情的好奇，他们似乎想说：没有经历过激情，你就根本没有活过。

是否因为我们曾向某个纯粹想象的产物，比如上帝，宣誓效忠，或是曾在狂喜的盲目疯狂中将心交给某个君王、政党、女人、上帝，或是某个艺术家、思想家，认为他们配得上一切荣誉和牺牲，我们就永远负有义务？难道我们不是在自欺欺人？这样的承诺难道不应有个前提，即我们为之献身的对象真的如我们想象的一样？我们必须忠实于我们的过错吗，即便发现这种忠诚只能损害我们的“高我”？

不，不存在这样的约定、这样的义务。我们必须成为叛徒，采取不忠的做法，再三背弃我们的理想。我们从生命的一个阶段过渡到另一个，势必会带来背叛的痛楚，并为之受苦。我们是否必须严防情感的波澜以避免这类痛苦？世界难道不会因此变得过于黯淡和可怖？我们宁可自问，由信仰改变引发的痛苦是否必要，其依据是否是种错误的看法和

判断？为什么我们钦佩坚守信仰的人而鄙视改变信仰的人？恐怕答案就在于，所有人都认为这种改变源自卑下的利益驱动或个人恐惧。也就是说，我们骨子里认为，如果一个人的信仰对其有利无害，没有人会改变信仰。但如果真是这样，就否定了一切信仰在精神层面的意义。让我们检视一下各种信仰产生的过程，看看它们是否被过分夸大，并借由这个办法揭示出，衡量信仰改变的标准的谬误，以及到目前为止，我们为这类改变所蒙受的不白之冤。

147.信仰就是相信某人在某项知识上拥有绝对真理。它假定：首先，绝对真理是存在的；此外，得出绝对真理的正确方法已经找到；最后，持有信仰的人运用的方法是正确的。此三项假定一出，即证明信仰之人不具备科学的思想方法；不管在别的方面有多成熟，他在理论上仍然处于幼稚阶段，还是个孩子。然而数千年来，人们一直生活在这种孩子气的假定中，它成为人类最强大的力量源泉。无数为信仰献身的人，认为自己是在为某种绝对真理服务。他们都错了：或许根本就没有人为真理作出过牺牲；其信仰武断的表述方式至少是不科学或不完全科学的。但实际上，人们不想出错是因为知道自己不可以出错。剥除他们的信仰，意味着动摇他们永恒的福祉。在意义如此重大的事情上，“意志”成为理智鲜明的指挥棒。每个教派的信徒都认为自己不可能被驳倒。如果反论据显得过于强大，他仍然可以从普遍意义上诋毁理智，甚至举起极端宗教狂热的大旗——“不合理故我信”。历史如此暴戾，不是因为理念之争，而是由于对理念的信仰之间的冲突，即信仰之争。如果那些将信仰视如珍宝、不惜牺牲荣誉、身体甚至生命为之服务的人，愿意花一半气力弄明白，他们凭什么恪守这样或那样的信仰，他们何以得出这样或那样的结论，人类历史就会变得平和许多！知识也会增进许多！所有对于异教徒的残酷迫害都可以被避免。原因有二：其一，宗教法官会首先扪心自问，从而不再傲慢地认为自己是在捍卫绝对真理；其二，异教徒们在研究过那些宗派主义者和所谓“正统派”漏洞百出的信条之后，不会再屑于去关注它们。

148.在人们以为他们掌握着绝对真理的时代，任何涉及到知识层面上的怀疑主义和相对主义立场都会招致深刻的不安。通常我们倾向于无条件地臣服于权威们（父亲、朋友、导师、君主）的信仰。如果我们不那么做，反而会感到良心不安。这种倾向情有可原，但我们不能因为它的影响就对人类理性的发展大加批判。最终人类的科学精神会引导出审慎的克制，这种中庸的美德在实践上比在理论上更为人所知。比如歌德笔下的安东尼奥，就是这种美德的典范，他成为代表愚昧、消极个性的塔索们共同憎恶的对象。信仰之人有权不去理解那个思维审慎、满腹经纶的安东尼奥；另一方面，讲求科学的人却没有权力因此斥责信仰之人；安东尼奥谅解塔索，并且知道这个人有可能信靠他，就像最终发生的那样。

149.如果一个人没有经历过不同的信仰，而是陷在第一个信仰的罗网里，那么无论如何，就因为这个不变性，他都是落后文化的代表。和此人在教育（总是以可教育性为前提）上的匮乏相一致的是，他刻薄、不明智、不可教、粗暴、生性多疑、无所顾忌，为了推行自己的观点而不择手段，因为他无法理解别的观点也有权存在。在这一方面，他可能成为力量的源泉，在变得过于自由和松散的文化中甚至是有益的，但这仅仅是因为他有效地激起了反抗：新兴文化的稚嫩结构正是在同他的对抗中变得强壮起来。

150.本质上，我们和宗教改革时代的人没什么两样——怎么会不一样呢？不过我们不再允许自己使用某些手段以证明自己是对的：这使得我们有别于那个时代，并表明我们属于一个更高的文化层面。现在，如果一个人仍然像宗教改革时代的人那样，通过怀疑和发怒来攻击和压制不同的意见，就表明如果他生活在别的时代，他可能会烧死他的反对者；如果他是一名宗教改革的反对者，他可能会动用宗教裁判所的全部手段。宗教裁判所在自己所处的时代是合理的，因为它不过是以整个教会领域为对象的普通军事管制，而且就像所有的军事管制一样，它为极

端手段的采取作了辩护，即假定（如今我们已经不再苟同那些人的假定）教会拥有真理并且为了人类的救赎必须不惜一切代价捍卫它。不过现在，我们不再轻易地认为任何人拥有真理；宗教侦审的严酷做法已经播下了足够的不信任和警惕，任何通过激烈言行推行其观点的人，都让我们感到有可能是现有文化的敌人，或者至少是个逆行之人。事实上，拥有真理的热情，在今天同另一种热情比起来已经乏善可陈，这种热情更加柔和、安静，那就是孜孜不倦地学习、验证新知识的寻找真理的热情。

151.顺便一提，对于真理研究方法的追寻，是信仰自相残杀时代的产物。如果个人对于自己的“真理”，即他最终的正确性，不关心，就根本不会存在对方法的调查。但是，正因为存在不同个人关于绝对真理归属的永恒争夺，人类才一步步前行，试图找到那无可辩驳的方法来验证这些言论的公正性，以结束争端。起初，决定是由权威们作出的；后来，各种伪真理就彼此发现的方式和手段展开相互攻讦；中间有一个时期，人们总结出敌对教义的影响，证明它们有害无益；结果所有人都认为对手的信仰有错误。最终，思想家们的个人奋斗磨练了他们的方法，以至于真理真的可以被发现，于是早期方法的偏差也就大白于天下。

152.总而言之，科学的方法至少和任何调查的结果一样重要。因为科学精神建立在对方法的深入了解之上，如果那些方法丢失了，科学的全部结论也无法阻止迷信和谬论的新一轮胜利。聪明人可以尽情学习科学的结论，但我们仍然能从他们的对话，尤其是对话的假设中看出其科学精神的匮乏。他们不具备对错误思维方式本能的不信任，这种不信任，作为长期操练的结果，已经深深地扎根于每一个具有科学态度的人的灵魂。对前者来说，一件事物只要找到一种假设就足够了；他们会为之热血沸腾，认为大功告成。对他们而言，拥有观点意味着为它疯狂，并像对待信仰一样将其珍藏心中。如果一件事物没有解释，他们会为头一个进入脑海的类似于解释的概念兴奋不已；而这往往会导致最恶劣的

后果，尤其是在政治领域。

因此，所有人都应该至少掌握一门科学的基础；然后他就会知道什么是方法，以及最极端的审慎有多么必要。这个忠告尤其应该给予女人，她们现在是各种臆测，尤其是那些貌似睿智、令人兴奋、激动、蛊惑人心的臆测的无助的牺牲品。事实上，如果仔细观察，我们会发现大部分受过教育的人仍然渴望信仰，但仅限于从思想家那里获得的信仰，只有极少数人想得到确定性。前者想获得当头棒喝，借以提升自身的力量；后者则带有就事论事的兴趣，无视私人利益，甚至上面提到的力量的提升。不论何处，只要思想家表现得像个天才，并自诩为天才，像个理应获得权威的更高存在那样俯视众人，他就在依靠那个占有压倒性多数的群体。这种天才维持着信仰的热度，引起了具有科学审慎和谦逊精神的人的不信任，在这个意义上，他是真理之敌，不管他如何认为自己是真理的追随者。

153.当然，还有另一种类型的天才，那就是公正的天才。没有任何理由认为这类天才不及哲学、政治或是艺术方面的天才。他回避任何有可能妨碍和混淆我们对事物的判断的东西，并从心底里感到憎恶。所以他是信仰的敌人。因为他希望公平对待一切事物，不管是活的还是死的，真实的还是虚构的。为了这么做，他必须洞察一切。因此他将每一样事物放置在最明亮的光线下，然后从各个角度用心观察。最后，他甚至会给他的敌人——那盲目或短视的“信仰”（这是男人的叫法；女人管它叫“忠诚”）一个公平的机会——为了真理的缘故。

154.主张从激情中产生；精神上的懒惰使这些主张僵化为信仰。

不过，谁要是感到自己拥有无拘无束、活力四射的精神，他可以通过不断地变化来避免这种僵化；谁要是在思维上是个不折不扣的滚雪球的人，那么他的头脑中就根本不会有任何观点，有的只是确定性和精确计算过的可能性。

但是像我们这样性质混合的人，有时激情似火，有时却又被理智冷却，我们想跪在公正的面前，尊奉她为我们唯一的女神。通常，内心的火焰会令我们不公正，在女神的眼里，也就是不纯洁；处于这种状态下的我们，永远无法触摸女神的手，她也永远不会愉悦地对我们露出庄严的微笑。我们敬拜她为我们生命中戴着面纱的伊希斯[1]。当内心之火烧灼我们，试图吞噬我们时，羞愧的我们将自身的痛苦作为赎罪品和牺牲品祭献给她。是理智拯救了我们，使我们免于化为焦炭。它不断地将我们从公正的祭坛上拉走，或者将我们置于石棉的包裹之中。从火中得到拯救的我们，在理智的驱使下，在不同的主张之间大步前行，变换着阵营，我们是高尚的变节者，背叛所有可以背叛的一切，同时问心无愧。

155.流浪者。仅仅在一定程度上获得理性自由的人，只能感到自己是一名流浪者——而不是朝着某个终极目标行进的旅行者，因为这目标不存在。不过他确实想睁大眼睛观察在这个世界上真实发生的一切。因此他不可以将心太紧地束缚在某一件私人物品上，他的内心必有东西在游走，这种东西以变化和转瞬即逝为乐。当然，这样的人会经历糟糕的夜晚：精疲力竭之时，却发现原本应该为他提供休息的城市已经关上了大门。也许除此之外，就像在东方那样，沙漠一直延伸到城门脚下，掠食性动物的嚎叫时远时近，狂风肆虐，强盗牵走了他的驮畜。对他而言，可怕的夜晚犹如第二座沙漠降临在沙漠之上，而他的心已厌倦了漂泊。接着，早晨的太阳升起来，像愤怒的神灵一样发着光，城市敞开了大门，如果他在城市居民的脸上看到的沙漠、灰尘、欺骗、犹疑比城市外面还要多——那么白天几乎比夜晚还要糟糕。流浪者有时会碰到这样的情形，但是作为补偿，他在别的地方迎来了令人欣喜的早晨。就在附近，在黎明的曙光中，他看见一群群缪斯跳着舞在山岚中从他的身边经过。那之后，他在上午灵魂的平衡状态下安静地散步，从枝繁叶茂的树上撒下来的都是美好、明亮的东西，那是所有那些在山上、林间、在孤寂中甘之若饴的自由精灵的馈赠，他们和他一样，时而欢欣时而沉思，既是流浪者也是哲学家。在黎明的神秘中诞生的他们，思考着怎样才能

让这一天在十点和十二点之间拥有纯净、清澈、美妙而欢欣的脸孔——他们在寻找上午的哲学。

二、在朋友们中间：结语

1

彼此沉默，很好

相视而笑，更好——

天空如丝的帐幔下

斜倚着书本和青苔

朋友们纵声大笑

大家都露出雪白的牙齿。

如果我做得好，让我们保持沉默，

如果我做得不好，让我们开怀大笑

一分为二，再次弄糟，

做得越糟糕，笑得越厉害，

直到我们钻进墓穴。

好啦，朋友们，你们觉得怎样？

阿门！来日再相逢！

2

不要找寻借口！不要宽恕！

你们这些开心的，不为爱所困的人

请给予我这本荒唐的书

你们的耳朵、心灵和庇护！

真的，朋友们，我自身的愚蠢

并没有全然白费！

我已经找到的和正在寻找的——

可曾在书里存在过？

向这个愚人阵营的来客致敬吧！

从这本愚人的书中了解

理性如何被教会——“推理”！

那么，朋友们，你们觉得怎样？

阿门！来日再相逢。

三、自由精神

1.噢，神圣的单纯！人类生活在怎样的天真和虚妄中啊！一旦我们认识到这一点，就会对此连连称奇。我们是怎样将周遭的一切变得简单明了、自由随意！我们是如何让感觉对一切肤浅之物敞开大门，让思想耽溺于天马行空的联想和错误的推断！——我们是如何设法从一开始就保留无知，以享受生命那难以想象的磅礴恣肆、酣畅淋漓，亦即享受生命本身！而只有在无知那如花岗岩般坚实的地基上，知识才能巍然屹立；求知的意志是以更为强大的求无知、求不确定性、求不真实的意志为基础！不是作为后者的对立面，而是作为其升华！即便语言在此处就像在别处一样无法克服自身的粗鄙，将程度的不同和细微的差别说成对立，即便人类根深蒂固的伪善，扭曲了我们之中智者的话语，我们也能不时心领神会，然后抚掌大笑：正是最高妙的知识试图将我们束缚在这个被简化的，不自然的，伪造的和被扭曲的世界。它义无反顾地热爱错误，因为作为一个生命体，它热爱生活。

2.欢快的绪言之后是庄严的敬告：这是说给最严肃的人听的。要小心，哲学家和热爱知识的朋友们，警惕殉道者的做法！警惕"为真理之故"受苦，警惕为自己辩驳！它会损毁你良心全部的纯真和公正，使你无法容忍任何不同和反对的意见；它会使你在同危险、诽谤、猜忌、驱逐甚至更大的敌意作斗争时变得愚蠢、野蛮和无情，你不得不摆出人间真理守护人的姿态——仿佛"真理"如此幼稚、无能，以至于需要人守护！而你，我亲爱的无所事事的朋友和精神上的阴谋家，就成了众人中那个面露愁苦的骑士！毕竟你心里清楚，众人之中你自己正确与否根本不重要；你知道迄今为止没有哲学家能够被证明是正确的，而你在钟爱的词句和学说（有时是你自己）后面打上的每个问号，或许比你在控诉人和法庭面前作出的所有肃穆的手势和狡黠的答辩，都更为诚实和令人

钦佩。不如避开！逃走，躲起来！运用你的面具和手腕，让自己受到误解或是别人的敬畏！别忘了花园，那个有着金色棚架的花园！接近那些像花园一样的人，或是那些让你想起黄昏时分水面上飘过的音乐的人。选择有益的独处，自由、随意、惬意的独处会让你在某种程度上保持美好！每一场漫长而隐秘的战争都会让人变得无比恶毒、狡猾和卑鄙！在时刻警惕敌人和可能的敌人中被拉伸的恐惧，让人变得富于攻击性！这些被社会驱逐的人，受到长期迫害和大力追捕的人，还有像斯宾诺莎[2]和乔尔丹诺·布鲁诺[3]那样被迫遁世的人，最终都会变成精明的复仇者和恶念的传播者，即便他们顶着最超凡脱俗的伪装，甚至于自己也蒙在鼓中（让我们揭示斯宾诺莎的伦理学和神学基础吧！）——更不用说道德义愤的愚蠢性，它准确无误地表明一个哲学家已经丧失其哲学式幽默。一个哲学家的殉道，他的“为真理之故牺牲”，暴露出他人格中潜藏的煽动者和演员的一面。如果到目前为止，我们只是出于艺术的好奇在审视他，结合众多哲学家的案例，很容易理解那种想偶尔瞥见堕落状态下的他（堕落成“殉道者”，堕落成在舞台和讲坛上豪言壮语的人）的危险欲望。只是有必要澄清我们将要看到的是什么：不过是一场“羊人剧”[4]，一出放在正剧结尾的闹剧，不过是再次证明那个真正的绵长的悲剧已经结束：假定每部哲学起初都是一部长长的悲剧的话。

3.每个优秀的人都会本能地寻求一座秘密堡垒，在那里他可以摆脱人群、民众和大多数；在那里，置身事外的他可以忘记人类的规则——除非，作为一名卓尔不群的博学之士，他会在更强大的本能驱使下，径直奔向这一规则。任何在和人打交道时没有流露出沮丧，表现出嫌恶、厌腻、怜悯、阴郁和孤单情绪的人，必定不具备精致的品位；但是如果他不去主动承担这份不快而是不断地规避它，坚持安静而骄傲地躲在自己的堡垒里，那么可以肯定：知识不适合他。否则总有一天，他会不得不对自己说：让我的品位见鬼去吧！规则比例外——比我这个例外本身，更有趣！他会选择走“下来”和走“进去”。哲学家对普通人的研究漫长而严肃，其中充斥着的掩饰、自我征服、亲昵和不良结交——和不相

称的人结交都可以算作不良结交——构成了他人生经历中不可或缺的部分，并且可能是最令人不快、发狂和失望的部分。如果哲学家像知识最钟爱的孩子那样足够幸运，他就会遇见帮助他完成任务的捷径——即所谓的玩世不恭者，这些人早已看穿了自身的蒙昧、平庸和驯顺，却仍能保持在人前谈论自己的冲动——有时他们甚至在书中打滚，就像在自己的排泄物中一样。玩世不恭是普通人接近真诚的唯一形式；杰出的人必须在玩世不恭面前竖起耳朵，不论它是粗俗还是高雅；而在某个丑角或者科学"羊人"不知羞耻地夸夸其谈时，暗自感到庆幸。当然有时厌恶中会混合着着迷：因为某些不可知的原因，这些不知天高地厚的山羊和猴子有时颇具天分。比如加利亚尼神父[5]，这个思想无比深刻、目光无比犀利的人，同时也可能是他那个世纪最肮脏的人——他远比伏尔泰更深刻，因此也更沉默。科学的头颅经常被安到猴子身上，超凡的领悟力常被装配到平庸的灵魂上——这在物理学家和伦理生理学家中比比皆是。不论何时，如果有人以不含私怨、无伤大雅的方式将人类比喻成有两种需求的肚子和一种需求的头脑；不论何处，如果有人看到、寻求和想看到的只有食、色和虚荣，仿佛这些是人类行为真实和唯一的动机；总之，任何时候，如果有人对人类大加嘲讽但并非中伤诽谤时，热爱知识的人就应该认真倾听；只要有人不带情绪地说话，他就应该关注。那些处于激愤状态，不停地用牙齿撕扯自己（或者世界、上帝、社会）的人，从道德上讲，也许确实比那些哈哈大笑、洋洋自得的"羊人"站得更高，但在任何别的意义上，他都更加平庸、乏味和无益，而且愤怒的人比任何人说的谎都更多。

4.人们很难理解我们：尤其当你像急逝的恒河之水一样思考和生活，而周围的人却采取截然不同的方式：他们像乌龟一样缓慢，或者至多是"像青蛙那样蹦跳"——当然我这是在努力让自己难于被理解！——我们应该对旁人委婉善意的诠释表示由衷的感激。至于我们的"好友"，他们总是太懒惰，认为作为好友，他们有权好逸恶劳：如果我们从一开始就给他们一些误解的空间和自由会好得多——这样我们就可以对他们

大加嘲笑；——或者索性摆脱掉这些好友，而仍然保持欢笑！

5.从一种语言翻译成另一种语言，最难传递的莫过于风格的节奏感，它源自于种族的个性，用生理学上的话说，就是“新陈代谢”的平均速度。有一些以忠实于原文为初衷的翻译，结果不自觉地将原文庸俗化，几乎成为歪曲，就是因为要同时翻译出勇敢而欢快的节奏（它跳跃着将一切事物和词语中暗含的危险抛在身后）是不可能的。德国人几乎无法用自己的语言快速说话，由此可以推断，他们对于表达自由、无拘无束的思想中那些最大胆、愉悦的情绪也大多无能为力。例如歌剧中的滑稽男低音和戏剧中的“羊人”，无论是在形体还是道德上都会令德国人感到陌生，所以阿里斯托芬[6]和佩特罗尼乌斯[7]对他们来说是不可翻译的。一切以静止、慵懒、肃穆、冗长和乏味为特征的风格，在德国蓬勃发展——请原谅我指出，即便是歌德的散文，融合了优雅与生硬，也不例外。它是其所属的那个“辉煌年代”的映象，是对“德国趣味”尚存的年代的一种德国式的表达：即道德和艺术上的洛可可式风格。莱辛是个例外，这要归功于他的历史性，他博古通今并且在很多方面造诣很高：他成为贝尔的译者并非偶然，他喜欢狄德罗和伏尔泰，更喜爱罗马喜剧家——在节奏感方面，莱辛崇尚无拘无束，竭力摆脱德国式的拘谨。但即便在他的散文中，德语也无法模仿马基雅维里的节奏感，后者的《君主论》让我们呼吸到佛罗伦萨的干爽空气，并且忍不住要将最严肃的事用最活泼、最轻快的方式表达。其中或许不无居心叵测的艺术家对反差效果的追求——一边是冗长、艰深、危险的思想，一边是飞驰的节奏和恣意的欢娱。谁会冒险用德文翻译佩特罗尼乌斯呢，他在创作、理念、词汇方面比迄今的任何一位音乐家都更深谙快板的精髓——如果我们能拥有他那风一样的轻盈步履，那样的气流和呼吸，那种风的解放性的藐视，以及风的那种让一切奔跑起来而获得健康的力量，所有那些邪恶病态世界中的沼泽，甚至“古代世界”中的沼泽又算得了什么？至于阿里斯托芬，由于他的贡献和补充，我们可以原谅希腊的存在（假定我们非常清楚需要原谅和改观的是什么）。临终前的柏拉图，枕下放的既不是

《圣经》，也不是任何一本埃及的书，更不是毕达哥拉斯或柏拉图自己的著作，而是一本阿里斯托芬喜剧。没有什么比这个流传的轶事更能激发我对柏拉图那讳莫如深的行为方式和他那斯芬克斯式个性的思考。如果没有阿里斯托芬，即便是柏拉图，也无法忍受他的人生——那被他否定的希腊式人生！

6.适合独立的人寥寥无几——那是强者的特权。任何人，即便有充分的理由，只要不是迫于无奈而主动尝试独立，就证明他不但是个强者，而且大胆到近乎莽撞的地步。他会从此踏进一座迷宫，在这里，生活本身的危险被放大了一千倍，没有人清楚他是怎样和在哪里迷了路，变得孑然一身，最后被良心的牛头怪[8]撕成碎片。假使这样的人被摧毁，人们将难以理解、无法感受也不会寄予同情——而他则再也回不去！甚至连人们的怜悯也得不到！

7.当我们最了不起的见解，未经允许就出现在不喜欢它们和不适合听到它们的人的耳朵里时，听上去肯定会像是疯话，甚至是罪恶。哲学家们曾在希腊人、波斯人和穆斯林中分别进行“显白教诲”和“隐微教诲”，发现只要人们信仰等级秩序而非权利平等，二者的区分并不在于“显白教诲”是从外部而非内部观察、评价、估量和判断。其根本区别在于，“显白教诲”是从下面看事物，而“隐微教诲”是从上面看事物！在灵魂的某些高度上，连悲剧看起来也不可悲；即便集合世上所有的惨状，谁又敢确定它们一定会令我们心生怜悯，从而分外悲伤？……在高层次的人看来是营养品的东西，对于低层次和全然不同的人来说可能是毒药。普通人的美德在哲学家身上可能恰恰意味着恶习和缺陷；一个高层次的人可能只有在堕落和毁灭时，才会获得某些令俗世尊奉他为圣人的属性。同样的书，对于不同层次人的灵魂和健康，作用可能正好相反，要看读者究竟是低层次、生命力暗弱的人，还是高层次、生命力强悍的人。在前一种情形下，这些书是危险的，有可能导致人的崩溃和毁灭；在后一种情形下，它们会成为先驱的号角，激励勇者鼓起他们的勇

气。给所有人读的书总是令人掩鼻：因为有渺小者的气味吸附在上面。凡是众人吃喝乃至敬拜的地方，都有臭味。谁要想呼吸纯净的空气，就不要去教堂。

8.人年轻时，无论是崇拜还是鄙视，都缺乏分寸，善于掌握分寸是生命最大的奖赏。我们必须为自己用简单的对错来评判人和事付出高昂的代价，也只有这样才算公平。在这段时期，最差的品位，即对于绝对的偏好，总是被残忍地滥用，出尽洋相，直到我们学会在感情中加入一点艺术，甚至冒险尝试一些刻意的东西：就像真正的生活艺术家做的那样。年轻人高涨的愤怒和虔敬，似乎一定要把人和事伪造成他们情感的宣泄对象方才罢休——在这一点上，年轻意味着伪造和欺骗。待年轻的灵魂被失望磨折，最终将怀疑的矛头指向自己，那处于自我怀疑和良心拷问中的自己，依然血性而野蛮。现在它是多么地痛恨自己，它是那么不耐烦地撕扯自己，它要为长期以来的自我欺骗狠狠地报复自己，仿佛这是有预谋的自我蒙蔽！在这一转变中，我们通过不信任自己的感情来惩罚自己；我们用怀疑来折磨自己的热情；事实上，连问心无愧也会被感到是种危险，仿佛这也是一种自我蒙蔽，是正义感开始变得倦怠的标志。最重要的是，我们开始划分阵营，并从原则上与年轻为敌。——十年以后，我们才知道，所有这些仍然是年轻的举动。

9.在人类历史中最漫长的一段时期——即所谓的史前时期——一件行为是否有价值，由它的结果来决定。行为本身及其动机并不在人们的考虑范围之内，就像在中国，儿女的荣辱直接反映到父母身上，人们通过追溯成败的根源来对行为作出肯定或否定的评价。让我们把这个时期叫作人类的道德前期：那时“了解你自己！”这句训诫尚不为人知。另一方面，地球上的某些地方在过去一万年中逐步改变认识，认为决定行为价值的不再是结果而是动机。总体上，这是一件大事，是视野和标准上精进的结果，体现了处于统治地位的贵族价值观和血统迷信所带来的影响，它标志着狭义上的道德时期的到来：这是人们自我认知的初步尝

试。人们不再考虑结果而是动机：多么伟大的视角转换！这是在经历了长期挣扎和游移之后才取得的！当然，一种灾难性的新迷信，即狭隘的诠释从此成为主导：一件行为的动机被明确地诠释为意图的动机。人们达成共识，认为行为的价值即存在于其背后的意图的价值。意图被看作是行为的全部动机和背景——正是在这种偏见的左右下，人们进行道德上的褒贬、裁夺和哲学式推究直至今日。可是，伴随着人类新一轮自省和见解的深化，我们今天难道不是有必要再次作出价值颠覆和翻转的决定？我们难道不是应该站在一个被称为超道德时期（这个叫法起初有点贬义）的起点？今天，至少在我们这些“非道德者”中间，出现了一种猜测，即决定性的行为价值恰恰存在于它的非意图部分；而所有意图部分，所有可以被看见、了解和“感知”的部分，仍然停留于它的表层和皮毛——像所有的皮毛那样，它泄露出一些秘密，但隐藏的更多。简言之，我们认为意图只是一种有待诠释的符号，由于表征的对象太过丰富而致使本意丧失。传统意义上的道德，即意图的道德，是一种偏见，一种仓促、苟且之举，类似天文学、炼金术，无论如何都必须被征服。征服道德，某种意义上也是道德的自我征服，就让它作为灵魂的试金石，成为最敏锐、最诚挚和最恶毒的良心长期秘密劳作的代名词。

10.全心奉献、为他人牺牲自己，整套关于无私的伦理都缺乏确凿的论据支持，必须受到严厉的诘问和审判；同样还有宣扬“视角公正”的美学，它被今日的艺术解放运动用来装点门面，以令其心安理得。

在“舍己为人”这类情感中存有太多的糖分和妖术，让人不得不起双倍的戒心，自问：“这些会不会是诱饵？”确实，这类情感能够取悦拥有这类情感的人、从中获益的人以及观众，但这并不能提供于其有利的论据，反而提醒我们要戒备。所以还是让我们小心些吧！

11.无论今日我们在哲学上采取何种立场，从任何角度看，这个世界的错误性是我们能见到的最确定无疑的东西——层出不穷的解释诱使我们认为“事物本质”就具有欺骗性。而自觉或不自觉的“上帝代言人”，

认为我们的思考本身，即“理性”，要为世界的虚假性负责，这是他们在这个问题上选择的体面出路。他们认为这个世界，包括空间、时间、结构、运动在内的一切，都是一种错误的推断。这样的人有充分的理由对思考产生怀疑：不正是思考本身让我们蒙受更大的欺骗吗？谁能保证思考不会再犯同样的错误？说实在的，思想者们的天真令人感动并心生敬意，今天他们依然会走上前去请求意识给予他们诚实的回答，比如它是否是“真的”，比如为什么它坚决拒外部世界于千里之外，等等诸如此类的问题。对于“直接的确定性”的信仰是一种道德上的天真，是我们哲学家的光荣：但是，我们不应成为“仅仅是道德的”人！除去道德的层面，这种信仰是一种蠢行，没有给我们带来任何荣耀！在日常生活中，如果有人总是抱着怀疑的态度，会被看作是“不良个性”的表现，因此是不明智的。而我们这些人，既然超越了世俗世界及其是非评判，为什么不可以冒昧地说：哲学家，作为目前为止世上受骗最多的生物，有权拥有这个“不良个性”——他有义务抱持怀疑态度，从每个怀疑的深渊狞笑着向外窥探。——请大家务必原谅我用这副幽默的嘴脸来进行表述：长期以来，在对待欺骗和被欺骗的问题上，我学会采取与以往不同的方式进行思考和评判；对于某些盲目抗拒被欺骗的哲学家，我也准备了几句友善的提醒。为什么不呢？认为“真相比表象更有价值”，不过是道德上的偏见，甚至是世界上论证得最差的假定。让我们至少承认：如果没有全面的评估和表象作为基础，根本不会有生命；如果我们像某些哲学家那样，仅凭一腔热情就笨拙地想要废止整个“表象世界”，好吧，假设你可以这么做——但你的“真相”也会化为乌有！说实在的，是什么让我们认为在“真”与“假”之间存在着实质性的不同？难道承认存在清晰程度上的不同还不够吗，就好比外观上不同程度的深浅和色调，用画家的术语来说就是不同的值？为什么我们的世界不能是虚构的？有人反对道：可是所有虚构的东西都有作者。对此，我们何不简单地反问：为什么？这种“都有”不也是一种虚构吗？现在我们不可以对主语，也像对谓语和宾语那样感到一丝讽刺吗？难道哲学家不应当凌驾于对语法的信仰之上

吗？家庭教师们请恕我冒昧，可是现在，不正是哲学同家庭教师们的信仰，决裂的时候了吗？

12.噢，伏尔泰！噢，人性！噢，愚钝！“真相”和关于真相的寻求需要注意。如果一个人以太人性的方式来寻求——“他找寻真相只是为了行善”——我敢打赌，他什么也找不到！

13.假设除我们的欲望和情感世界以外，没有东西“生来”是真的，假设我们不可能上升或下降到除了冲动以外的任何其他“现实”——因为思维只是这些冲动之间的相互联系。是不是可以尝试着这样提问：这种“生来”的东西是否足以提供对所谓客观（或者“物质”）世界的理解？我不是指贝克莱[9]、叔本华[10]口中的假象、“表象”或者“观念”，而是和我们的情感拥有相同真实程度的——一种形式更为原始的情感世界，这个世界中的一切仍然处于高度的统一中，然后在有机过程中实现分化和发展（自然也变得更脆弱和敏感），作为一种本能的生命，它的全部有机功能诸如自我调节、同化、吸收、排泄和新陈代谢，仍然被综合绑定在一起——犹如生命的早期形式？——最终，这个实验不仅被允许，而且受到方法的道义的驱策。不要设想有几种因果律，只要拿一种因果律进行尝试的实验还没有被推至极端（到荒唐的地步，如果可以这么说的话）。那是一种我们现在无法驳斥的方法的道义——它由“定义”而来，像数学家说的那样。最后，问题变成我们是否真的认为意志是有效的，我们是否相信意志的因果律。如果我们相信——从根本上说，对这一点的相信正是对因果律本身的相信——那么我们就必须试着假设意志的因果律为唯一的因果律。“意志”当然只能作用于“意志”——而不能作用于“物质”（不能作用于“神经”，比如说）。总而言之，我们必须冒险试一下那个假设，即只要发现“效果”的地方，意志就正在作用于意志——而一切机械现象，只要有力活跃于其中，都是意志的力量，意志的效果。——假设最终我们成功地将我们整个本能的生命解释为意志一种基本形式的发展和衍生——即我所提出的强力意志；——假设我们可以从

一切有机过程中追溯到这个强力意志，并且能够在其中找到繁殖和营养问题——它们其实是同一个问题——的解决办法，我们就有权将一切有效力量毫不含糊地定义为：强力意志。从内部观察到的世界，根据其“悟性”描述和定义的世界——只能是“强力意志”而非任何别的东西。

14.“什么？说难听点不就是：上帝被驳倒了，而魔鬼没有？”正相反！正相反，我的朋友！见鬼，谁让你说得那么难听！

15.在我们这个时代发生的法国大革命是一场可怕的闹剧，从近处审视则会发现完全是多余的。然而全欧洲高尚而热情的观众，却远隔千里，长久而富于激情地用自己的义愤和狂喜诠释着这场革命，以至于文本在诠释之下消失了。这样，高尚的后代就可以再次误读整个过去，或许只有这样，历史的样貌才可以被忍受。还是说：这一切已经发生？我们自己是否就是那“高尚的后代”？根据我们的理解，这个过程岂不是在此刻已经完成？

16.没有人会因为一个学说仅仅有助于改善人的心情和品德，就认为它是真理。或许可爱的“理想主义者们”除外，这些人为一切真善美的事物激动不已，让各种五颜六色的一厢情愿在他们的池塘里游来游去。快乐和美德并不能令人信服。不过即便思维缜密的人也倾向于忘记，不快和邪恶同样是站不住脚的抗辩。有些事尽管极为有害和危险，却可能蕴含着真相。事实上，这或许是存在的基本特性，即获得关于它的全部真相，会毁掉一个人——因此，一个人精神力量的大小可以通过他所能接受的“真相”的多少来衡量，或者说，他需要“真相”在多大程度上被稀释、遮掩、粉饰、钝化和篡改。无疑，对于某些真相的发现，邪恶而不快乐的人处于更为有利的位置，成功的可能性更大。更不用说那些邪恶并快乐的人——对于这类人，道德学家们只能保持缄默。也许严酷和狡猾的个性在造就坚强、独立的人格和哲学家方面更有优势，而温和亲切、谦恭礼让、举重若轻这些品质在学者身上更受珍视，也更有意义。

假设“哲学家”这个概念并不局限于写书的哲学家——或者更糟，就自己的哲学写书的哲学家！——司汤达为具有自由精神的哲学家的形象添上了这最后一笔，鉴于德国趣味，我不得不进行强调——因为它同德国趣味背道而驰。这位最后的伟大的心理学家说：要成为好的哲学家，必须眼光犀利透彻，不受幻象所左右。一个发迹的银行家，具有进行哲学发现的一个必备特质，那就是甄别事物本质的能力。

17.所有深刻的东西都喜欢面具。最深刻的东西甚至憎恶映像和比喻。难道上帝掩饰其羞耻的伪装不正应是某种同羞耻截然相反的东西吗？这是一个可疑的疑问，如果某些神秘主义者没有思考过这些事，反而是奇怪的。有些事情表述起来如此微妙，我们宁可粗鲁地进行掩饰，使其面目全非。有时在富于爱和慷慨的举动后，最明智的做法莫过于拿起棍棒，把目击者一顿好揍，以混淆其记忆。有些人懂得如何混淆和虐待自己的记忆，这样至少可以报复这个唯一的知情者——羞辱感是富于创造力的。令我们最感羞耻的并非是最糟糕的事：面具背后不只有欺瞒——狡猾中有诸多良善。我能想象有珍贵、脆弱之物需要守护的人，在生活中可能表现得粗枝大叶，好像一只陈旧、发绿，上着厚厚铁箍的酒桶——他精致的羞耻感使他不得不如此。一个有着深刻羞耻感的人，他与命运狭路相逢的地方人迹罕至，这种地方连他的至交和邻人也一无所知。他不让他们看到自己的致命之处，以及他重新获得的对生命的把握。这样一个深藏不露的人，本能地用言语掩饰沉默和隐瞒，想方设法规避交流，他需要一个面具代替他进入朋友的大脑和内心游荡，并确保它切实有效。假设有一天他不想再要这个面具，但他会发现面具已经在那儿了——而这是一件好事。每个深刻的人都需要一个面具：不但如此，在深刻思想的周围，面具会不断扩大，这要感谢那不停编织着的谎言，即对于他所说的每个词，走过的每一步，给出的每一个生命迹象的肤浅诠释。

18.我们必须考验自己是否适合独立和掌控；而且必须在合适的时

间这样做。我们不应该规避这项考验，虽然它是一个人可能碰到的最危险的游戏，并且我们自己才是最终唯一的裁判。不要成为他人的附庸，即便是你最心爱的人——每个人都是监狱，也是庇护所；不要成为祖国的附庸，即便它正在遭受苦难，亟待援助——既然胜利的祖国很少令人牵挂；不要成为怜悯的附庸，即便怜悯的对象是大人物，我们只是碰巧撞见了他少有的磨难和无助；不要成为一门科学的附庸，即便它用最珍贵的发现作为诱饵，并且看似专为我们而预备；不要成为超脱的附庸，那种鸟类的超然绝尘，为了视野更开阔而越飞越高——这是飞行者的危险；不要变成自身美德的附庸，成为我们某个部分的牺牲品，比如"好客"的牺牲品，这是富有而高尚的人面临的危险中的危险，他们出手阔绰，几乎无动于衷，将慷慨这一美德推至不道德的境地。我们必须知道如何保重自己：这就是独立人格最严苛的考验。

19.一类新的哲学家正在出现：我冒昧地给这类哲学家起个不无危险的名字。根据我对他们的猜测，以及他们允许别人对他们的猜测——他们在本性上希望保留某些方面的神秘——这些未来的哲学家可以被正确地，但也许是错误地，描述为尝试者。这个名字本身也仅仅是个尝试，或者是个引诱，如果你愿意的话。

20.这些未来的哲学家是"真理"的新朋友吗？很可能是：因为迄今为止所有的哲学家都爱他们的真理。不过当然，他们不会成为独断论者。如果他们的真理成为所有人的真理，这对他们的骄傲和品味来说是个侮辱，而这恰恰是迄今为止所有独断论者的隐秘欲望和潜台词。"我的判断是我个人的判断：别人不能轻易拥有它"——一位未来的哲学家可能会这样说。我们必须改掉希望和多数人意见一致的坏毛病。当"善"从你邻居的口中说出时，"善"将不再是善。怎么可能存在一种"共同的善"？这个表述本身就是自相矛盾的，共同的东西从来就少有价值。最终还是和现在以及过去一直以来的情形一样：伟大的人收获伟大，深刻的人窥见深刻，讲究的人得到战栗和精致。总而言之，罕见的人得到罕见的东

西。

21.说了上述这些话后，我觉得没必要再说明，这些未来的哲学家也会成为自由、非常自由的精灵——同样可以肯定，他们将超越自由精灵本身，变得更加高贵、伟大、卓尔不群，根本不会被误认为是任何别的东西。不过这么说了以后，我感到自己有责任——不仅对他们也对作为他们的前驱和先行者的我们，我们这些自由的精灵——从我们所有人身上消除一种古老而愚蠢的偏见和误解，长久以来它像雾霭一样遮蔽了“自由精神”这个概念。在现今的欧洲各国和美国，这个名词遭到一类非常狭隘、封闭和奴性的人滥用，他们想要的东西和我们的意图乃至本能截然相反——更不用说对于初露头角的新型哲学家们，他们就好比关上的窗、插上的门。简言之，他们令人遗憾地属于平均主义者，这些被错误地定名为“自由精灵”的人——是民主趣味及其“现代理念”伶牙俐齿、笔耕不辍的奴隶，这些人都没有孤独，没有属于自己的孤独，他们好心而笨拙，既不缺乏勇气也不缺乏令人尊敬的体面，只是他们不自由，肤浅得可笑，尤其是他们试图在现存的社会形态中找到所有人类失败和不幸的症结的固有倾向：而这正好颠倒了事实真相！他们努力奋斗的目标是绿色牧场上羊群的普遍幸福，即每个人都拥有稳定、放心、舒适和安逸的生活。他们最经常挂在嘴边的两句口号是“权利平等”和“同情一切受苦受难的人”——他们认为受苦本身是需要被废止的。我们，作为这一观点的反对者，在“人”这种植物究竟在哪里和怎样才能生长得最茁壮这个问题上，已经茅塞顿开。我们认为个人的成长总是发生在相反的情形下，他所处的境遇必须变得异常艰险，他的创造力和掩饰力（也就是他的“精神”）必须在长期的压力和约束下演化成精明和大胆，他的生命意志必须被强化为无条件的强力意志——我们认为街道上和内心里都存在的严酷、力量、奴性、危险，以及各色伪装、禁欲主义，实验艺术，各种恶行，人身上所有的邪恶、可怕、暴戾、凶残和恶毒的东西，都能像它们的反面一样，起到提升人类的作用——即便说了这么多，我们也没有说得完全。不管怎样，在我们就这一点发表和未发表的

言论中，我们都站在所有现代意识形态和羊群急需品的另一端：或许与之截然对立？难怪我们这些“自由精灵”并不一定是最健谈的人，我们不想透露一丁点儿关于自由精灵享受的自由和受到的制约。至于那句危险的惯用语“超越善恶”，我们用它来避免自己的意思被曲解：我们是和这些可敬的“现代理念”代言人自称的“自由思想者”，或者诸如此类的称谓，不同的人。我们以自由精神的国度为家，或至少曾在那里做客；我们一次次逃离那些散发着霉味的舒适的庇护所；我们曾因偏好、偏见、年轻、出身、邂逅的人、读过的书，甚至流浪的疲惫而羁留于此。对于荣誉、金钱、地位、感官享受中的奴性诱惑，我们充满憎恶；对于悲苦和变化无常的疾病，我们心存感激，因为它们总能将我们从某些规则及其“偏见”中解放出来；我们对身体里的上帝、魔鬼、绵羊和蛀虫同样感念，我们好奇到堕落的地步，穷根究底到残忍的地步，拥有捉住难以捉摸事物的大胆手指，消化不易消化事物的牙齿和肠胃；多亏了“自由意志”的丰盈，我们作好准备从事一切要求敏锐洞察力的工作，以及参与一切冒险。我们拥有正、反两面灵魂，没有人能够轻易参透我们的最终意图，我们拥有前、后双重背景，没有人能穷尽它的边缘；藏在灯罩背后的我们是征服者，尽管我们一天到晚看上去像是继承人、浪荡子、收藏家和经办人，是自家财宝和橱柜的守财奴，在学习与遗忘之间精打细算，在设想上敢于创新，有时为各类数据洋洋自得，有时显得迂腐，有时甚至勤勉得像大白天里的夜猫子。是的，如果有必要，我们还是稻草人——而现在就有这个必要：我们生来就是自身最深沉、最黑暗、最明亮的孤独那宣了誓的、富于妒忌心的朋友——我们这些自由精灵，就是这样一类人！也许你们这些后来者，你们这些新型哲学家，也会有些类似之处？

四、来自高山：古抒情诗

噢，生命的正午！噢，节日！噢，夏日的花园！我在不安的狂喜中等待，我站立着，观望着，等候着——朋友们，你们在哪儿？我日夜殷勤等候的就是你们。现在来吧！是你们出现的时候了！

难道不是因为你，冰川在今日将它的灰白换成了玫瑰红？溪流追随着你，风和云朵不断爬上蓝天更高处，满怀热望地寻找你。

为了你，我在最高的高处摆好了筵席——和我一样，你生活的地方和星星相隔咫尺，或者说和深渊的深处相隔咫尺？我的帝国——可曾有帝国如此幅员辽阔？我的蜜汁——可曾有人尝到过它的甜蜜？

——朋友们，你们来了！——但是，哎呀，我不就是你们要拜访的那个人吗？你们踌躇着，瞪大眼睛——不，还是愤怒好了！我不再是——我了吗？我的手、步伐和面孔改变了吗？在你们眼里，我不是——我了吗？

我是另一个人吗？一个我自己的陌生人？从我自身里冒出来？一个经常打败自己的摔跤运动员？经常自己和自己过不去，被自己的胜利制约和伤害？

我曾寻找风刮得最猛烈的地方，学会在不毛之地生存，忘记祈祷和诅咒，忘记人和神，变成冰川之上飞掠而过的幽灵？

——老朋友们！你们看上去多么苍白，充满爱与惊恐！不——走吧！不要生气！在这里——你们不会感觉宾至如归：在这片坚冰与岩石的遥远国度，你必须成为一名猎手，并且喜欢阿尔卑斯山的山羊。

我变成了一名邪恶的猎手！——瞧瞧我的弓有多满，拉满这张弓的必定是男人中最强有力的那一个——可是那支箭，哎呀——啊，没有哪支箭比那一支更危险——闪开！快走！为了你们自己的性命！……

你转过脸来？——噢，心脏，你表现得很坚强，你的希望仍然强大：现在让你的心扉向新朋友敞开吧！不要抓住过去不放！不要抓住回忆不放！如果你曾经年轻，那么现在——你更加年轻！

曾经联结我们的东西，那由一个希望构成的纽带——谁还能读懂曾镌刻其上、如今业已模糊的爱的符号？它就像一张羊皮纸——褪色，枯黄——伸过去的手也会缩回来。

不再是朋友，可是——我该如何称呼他们？——他们是朋友的幽灵，暗夜里叩响我的心扉，注视着我说："我们曾经是朋友吗？"——噢，褪色的词句，曾经如玫瑰一般芬芳！

噢，青春的憧憬，往往并不自知！那些我曾经仰慕和崇敬的人，变成了我的亲人——他们的老去成为他们被放逐的理由：只有那不断变化的人才保持着和我的相似。

噢，生命的正午！噢，第二次青春！噢，夏日的花园！我在不安的狂喜中等待，我站立着，观望着，等候着——我在等候朋友，新的朋友，不分日夜殷勤守候。现在来吧！是你们出现的时候了！

这首歌已经完成——欲望的甜蜜喊叫死在了嘴唇上：这是一个男巫干的，一个适时的朋友，正午之友——不！不要问他是谁——它在正午时发生，在正午时，一个人变成了两个……

现在，对胜利成竹在胸的我们，庆祝盛事中的盛事：我们的朋友查拉图斯特拉[11]来了，他是贵宾中的贵宾！既然全世界都在大笑，可怖的幕布被租来，婚礼之日迎来光明与黑暗……

[1]伊希斯是埃及古代宗教里的女神，被认为是贤妻良母的典范、自然和魔法的保护者，受到统治阶级和劳苦大众的一致欢迎，被尊奉为生育、魔法和丰产女神。

[2]巴鲁赫·斯宾诺莎，十七世纪荷兰哲学家。因怀有异端思想被犹太教会革除教籍、逐出社团，以磨镜片为生，在隐居中进行哲学研究。

[3]乔尔丹诺·布鲁诺，意大利文艺复兴时期的思想家和哲学家，因反对地心说、坚持日心说，被宗教裁判所囚禁八年，后被烧死在罗马鲜花广场。

[4]“羊人剧”，古希腊悲剧的雏形，由装扮成半人半兽的演员演出而得名。一般是轻松的短剧，在一个悲剧三联剧后上演，作为调剂和对悲剧的讽刺。

[5]费迪南多·加利亚尼，意大利经济学家。尼采曾称他为十八世纪“最精致、最挑剔的头脑”。

[6]阿里斯托芬，古希腊早期喜剧代表作家，相传写有四十四部喜剧，有“喜剧之父”之称。

[7]佩特罗尼乌斯，古罗马作家，暴君尼禄的廷臣，主管宫中娱乐，著有长篇讽刺小说《萨蒂利孔》。

[8]牛头怪（弥诺陶洛斯），古希腊神话中的人身牛头怪物，被禁闭在弥诺斯的迷宫中，吞食雅典进贡的童男童女。

[9]乔治·贝克莱，英国主观唯心主义哲学家、主教。他认为世界上只存在能进行思考的心灵，和不能进行思考、只存在于心灵之中的观念。

[10]亚瑟·叔本华，德国哲学家。他认为世界分为两部分：一方面是表象，一方面是控制表象世界的意志。

[11]查拉图斯特拉，公元前七到六世纪的古代波斯宗教改革者。尼采在其作品《查拉图斯特拉如是说》中假借他的名义说出自己的哲学思想。

Friedrich Nietzsche

Man Alone with Himself

TRANSLATED BY MARION FABER, STEPHEN LEHMANN AND R. J. HOLLINGDALE

PENGUIN BOOKS - GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The numbering system, starting at one, used for the individual sections is specific to this edition, as it was too cumbersome to begin the book with, for example, Enemies of Truth as number 483 as in the original work.

1 Man Alone with Himself

1

Enemies of truth. Convictions are more dangerous enemies of truth than lies.

2

Topsy-turvy world. We criticize a thinker more sharply when he proposes a tenet that is disagreeable to us; and yet it would be more reasonable to do this when we find his tenet agreeable.

3

A person of character. It is much more common for a person to appear to have character because he always acts in accord with his temperament, rather than because he always acts in accord with his principles.

4

The one necessary thing. A person must have one or the other: either a disposition which is easygoing by nature, or else a disposition eased by art and knowledge.

5

Passion for things. He who directs his passion to things (the sciences, the national good, cultural interests, the arts) takes much of the fire out of his passion for people (even when they represent those things, as statesmen, philosophers, and artists represent their creations).

6

Calm in action. As a waterfall becomes slower and more floating as it plunges, so the great man of action will act with greater calm than could be expected from his violent desire before the deed.

7

Not too deep. People who comprehend a matter in all its depth seldom remain true to it forever. For they have brought its depths to the light; and then there is always much to see about it that is bad.

8

Idealists' delusion. All idealists imagine that the causes they serve are significantly better than the other causes in the world; they do not want to believe that if their cause is to flourish at all, it needs exactly the same foul-smelling manure that all other human undertakings require.

9

Self-observation. Man is very well defended against himself, against his own spying and sieges; usually he is able to make out no more of himself than his outer fortifications. The actual stronghold is inaccessible to him, even invisible, unless friends and enemies turn traitor and lead him there by a secret path.

10

The right profession. Men seldom endure a profession if they do not believe or persuade themselves that it is basically more important than all others. Women do the same with their lovers.

11

Nobility of mind. To a great degree, nobility of mind consists of good nature and lack of distrust, and thus contains precisely that which acquisitive and successful people so like to treat with superiority and scorn.

12

Destination and paths. Many people are obstinate about the path once it is taken, few people about the destination.

13

The infuriating thing about an individual way of living. People are always angry at anyone who chooses very individual standards for his life; because of the extraordinary treatment which that man grants to himself, they feel degraded, like ordinary beings.

14

Privilege of greatness. It is the privilege of greatness to grant supreme pleasure through trifling gifts.

15

Unwittingly noble. A man's behavior is unwittingly noble if he has grown accustomed never to want anything from men, and always to give to them.

16

Condition for being a hero. If a man wants to become a hero, the snake must first become a dragon: otherwise he is lacking his proper enemy.

17

Friend. Shared joy, not compassion, makes a friend.

18

Using high and low tides. For the purpose of knowledge, one must know how to use that inner current that draws us to a thing, and then the one that, after a time, draws us away from it.

19

Delight in oneself. 'Delight in an enterprise,' they say; but in truth it is delight in oneself, by means of an enterprise.

20

The modest one. He who is modest with people shows his arrogance all the more with things (the city, state, society, epoch, or mankind). That is his revenge.

21

Envy and jealousy. Envy and jealousy are the pudenda of the human soul. The comparison can perhaps be pursued further.

22

The most refined hypocrite. To speak about oneself not at all is a very refined

form of hypocrisy.

23

Annoyance. Annoyance is a physical illness that is by no means ended simply by eliminating the cause of the annoyance.

24

Representatives of truth. The champions of truth are hardest to find, not when it is dangerous to tell it, but rather when it is boring.

25

More troublesome than enemies. When some reason (e.g., gratitude) obliges us to maintain the appearance of unqualified congeniality with people about whose own congenial behavior we are not entirely convinced, these people torment our imagination much more than do our enemies.

26

Out in nature. We like to be out in nature so much because it has no opinion about us.

27

Everyone superior in one thing. In civilized circumstances, everyone feels superior to everyone else in at least one way; this is the basis of the general goodwill, inasmuch as everyone is someone who, under certain conditions, can be of help, and need therefore feel no shame in allowing himself to be helped.

28

Reasons for consolation. When someone dies, we usually need reasons to be consoled, not so much to soften the force of our pain, as to excuse the fact that we feel consoled so easily.

29

Loyal to their convictions. The man who has a lot to do usually keeps his general views and opinions almost unchanged; as does each person who works in the service of an idea. He will never test the idea itself any more; he

no longer has time for that. Indeed, it is contrary to his interest even to think it possible to discuss it.

30

Morality and quantity. One man's greater morality, in contrast to another's, often lies only in the fact that his goals are quantitatively larger. The other man is pulled down by occupying himself with small things, in a narrow sphere.

31

Life as the product of life. However far man may extend himself with his knowledge, however objective he may appear to himself - ultimately he reaps nothing but his own biography.

32

Iron necessity. Over the course of history, men learn that iron necessity is neither iron nor necessary.

33

From experience. That something is irrational is no argument against its existence, but rather a condition for it.

34

Truth. No one dies of fatal truths nowadays: there are too many antidotes.

35

Basic insight. There is no pre-established harmony between the furthering of truth and the good of mankind.

36

Human lot. Whoever thinks more deeply knows that he is always wrong, whatever his acts and judgments.

37

Truth as Circe. Error has turned animals into men; might truth be capable of turning man into an animal again?

38

Danger of our culture. We belong to a time in which culture is in danger of being destroyed by the means of culture.

39

Greatness means: to give a direction. No river is great and bounteous through itself alone, but rather because it takes up so many tributaries and carries them onwards: that makes it great. It is the same with all great minds. All that matters is that one man give the direction, which the many tributaries must then follow; it does not matter whether he is poorly or richly endowed in the beginning.

40

Weak conscience. Men who talk about their importance for mankind have a weak conscience about their common bourgeois honesty in keeping contracts or promises.

41

Wanting to be loved. The demand to be loved is the greatest kind of arrogance.

42

Contempt for people. The least ambiguous sign of a disdain for people is this: that one tolerates everyone else only as a means to his end, or not at all.

43

Disciples out of disagreement. Whoever has brought men to a state of rage against himself has always acquired a party in his favor, too.

44

Forgetting one's experiences. It is easy for a man who thinks a lot - and objectively - to forget his own experiences, but not the thoughts that were evoked by them.

45

Adhering to an opinion. One man adheres to an opinion because he prides himself on having come upon it by himself; another because he has learned it with effort, and is proud of having grasped it: thus both out of vanity.

46

Shunning the light. The good deed shuns the light as anxiously as the evil deed: the latter fears that, if it is known, pain (as punishment) will follow; the former fears that, if it is known, joy (that pure joy in oneself, which ceases as soon as it includes the satisfaction of one's vanity) will disappear.

47

The day's length. If a man has a great deal to put in them, a day will have a hundred pockets.

48

Tyrant-genius. If the soul stirs with an ungovernable desire to assert itself tyranically, and the fire is continually maintained, then even a slight talent (in politicians or artists) gradually becomes an almost irresistible force of nature.

49

The life of the enemy. Whoever lives for the sake of combating an enemy has an interest in the enemy's staying alive.

50

More important. The unexplained, obscure matter is taken as more important than the explained, clear one.

51

Evaluating services rendered. We evaluate services someone renders us according to the value that person places on them, not according to the value they have for us.

52

Unhappiness. The distinction that lies in being unhappy (as if to feel happy were a sign of shallowness, lack of ambition, ordinariness) is so great that when someone says, 'But how happy you must be!' we usually protest.

53

Fantasy of fear. The fantasy of fear is that malevolent, apelike goblin which jumps onto man's back just when he already has the most to bear.

54

Value of insipid opponents. Sometimes we remain true to a cause only because its opponents will not stop being insipid.

55

Value of a profession. A profession makes us thoughtless: therein lies its greatest blessing. For it is a bulwark, behind which we are allowed to withdraw when qualms and worries of a general kind attack us.

56

Talent. The talent of some men appears slighter than it is because they have always set themselves tasks that are too great.

57

Youth. The time of youth is disagreeable, for then it is not possible, or not reasonable, to be productive in any sense.

58

Goals too great. Who publicly sets himself great goals, and later realizes privately that he is too weak to accomplish them, does not usually have enough strength to revoke those goals publicly, either, and then inevitably becomes a hypocrite.

59

In the stream. Strong currents draw many stones and bushes along with them; strong minds many stupid and muddled heads.

60

Danger of intellectual liberation. When a man tries earnestly to liberate his intellect, his passions and desires secretly hope to benefit from it also.

61

Embodiment of the spirit. When a man thinks much and cleverly, not only his face, but also his body takes on a clever look.

62

Seeing poorly and hearing poorly. He who sees little, always sees less; he who hears poorly, always hears something more.

63

Self-enjoyment in vanity. The vain man wants not only to stand out, but also to feel outstanding, and therefore rejects no means to deceive and outwit himself. Not the opinion of others, but his opinion of their opinion is what he cares about.

64

Vain by way of an exception. When he is physically ill, the man who is usually self-sufficient is vain by way of an exception and responsive to fame and praise. In the proportion that he is losing himself, he must try to regain himself from the outside, using strangers' opinions.

65

The 'witty' ones. The man who seeks wit has no wit.

66

Hint for party chiefs. If we can force people to declare themselves publicly for something, we have usually also brought them to the point of declaring themselves for it privately; they want to continue to be perceived as consistent.

67

Contempt. Man is more sensitive to contempt from others than to contempt from himself.

68

Rope of gratitude. There are slavish souls who carry their thanks for favors so far that they actually strangle themselves with the rope of gratitude.

69

Trick of the prophet. In order to predict the behavior of ordinary men, we must assume that they always expend the least possible amount of intellect to free themselves from a disagreeable situation.

70

The only human right. He who strays from tradition becomes a sacrifice to the extraordinary; he who remains in tradition is its slave. Destruction follows in any case.

71

Lower than the animal. When man howls with laughter, he surpasses all animals by his coarseness.

72

Superficial knowledge. He who speaks a bit of a foreign language has more delight in it than he who speaks it well; pleasure goes along with superficial knowledge.

73

Dangerous helpfulness. There are people who want to make men's lives more difficult for no other reason than afterwards to offer them their prescriptions for making life easier - their Christianity, for example.

74

Industriousness and conscientiousness. Industriousness and conscientiousness are often antagonists, in that industriousness wants to take the fruits off the tree while still sour, but conscientiousness lets them hang too long, until they drop off the tree and come to nothing.

75

Suspicion. People whom we cannot tolerate, we try to make suspect.

76

Lacking the circumstances. Many men wait all their lives for the opportunity

to be good in their way.

77

Want of friends. A want of friends points to envy or arrogance. Many a man owes his friends simply to the fortunate circumstance that he has no cause for envy.

78

Danger in multiplicity. With one talent the more, one often stands less secure than with one talent the less: as the table stands better on three legs than on four.

79

Model for others. He who wants to set a good example must add a grain of foolishness to his virtue; then others can imitate and, at the same time, rise above the one being imitated - something which people love.

80

Being a target. Often, other people's vicious talk about us is not actually aimed at us, but expresses their annoyance or ill humor arising from quite different reasons.

81

Easily resigned. A man suffers little from unfulfilled wishes if he has trained his imagination to think of the past as hateful.

82

In danger. When we have just gotten out of the way of a vehicle, we are most in danger of being run over.

83

The role according to the voice. He who is forced to speak more loudly than is his habit (as in front of someone hard of hearing, or before a large audience) generally exaggerates what he has to communicate.

Some people become conspirators, malicious slanderers, or schemers, merely because their voice is best suited to a whisper.

84

Love and hatred. Love and hatred are not blind, but are blinded by the fire they themselves carry with them.

85

Made an enemy to one's advantage. Men who are unable to make their merit completely clear to the world seek to awaken an intense enmity towards themselves. Then they have the comfort of thinking that this stands between their merit and its recognition - and that other people assume the same thing, which is of great advantage to their own importance.

86

Confession. We forget our guilt when we have confessed it to another, but usually the other person does not forget it.

87

Self-sufficiency. The golden fleece of self-sufficiency protects against thrashings, but not against pin-pricks.

88

Shadow in the flame. The flame is not so bright to itself as to those on whom it shines: so too the wise man.

89

Our own opinions. The first opinion that occurs to us when we are suddenly asked about a matter is usually not our own, but only the customary one, appropriate to our caste, position, or parentage; our own opinions seldom swim near the surface.

90

Origin of courage. The ordinary man is courageous and invulnerable like a hero when he does not see the danger, when he has no eyes for it. Conversely, the hero's one vulnerable spot is on his back; that is, where he has no eyes.

91

Danger in the doctor. A man is either born for his doctor, or else he perishes by his doctor.

92

Magical vanity. He who has boldly prophesied the weather three times and has been successful, believes a bit, at the bottom of his heart, in his own prophetic gift. We do not dispute what is magical or irrational when it flatters our self-esteem.

93

Profession. A profession is the backbone of life.

94

Danger of personal influence. He who feels that he exercises a great inner influence on another must leave him quite free rein, indeed must look with favor on his occasional resistance and even bring it about: otherwise he will inevitably make himself an enemy.

95

Giving the heir his due. Whoever has established something great with a selfless frame of mind takes care to bring up heirs. It is the sign of a tyrannical and ignoble nature to see one's opponents in all the possible heirs of one's work and to live in a state of self-defense against them.

96

A little knowledge. A little knowledge is more successful than complete knowledge: it conceives things as simpler than they are, thus resulting in opinions that are more comprehensible and persuasive.

97

Not suited to be a party member. He who thinks much is not suited to be a party member: too soon, he thinks himself through and beyond the party.

98

Bad memory. The advantage of a bad memory is that, several times over, one enjoys the same good things for the first time.

99

Causing oneself pain. Inconsiderate thinking is often the sign of a discordant inner state which craves numbness.

100

Martyr. The disciple of a martyr suffers more than the martyr.

101

Residual vanity. The vanity of some people, who should not need to be vain, is the left-over and full-grown habit stemming from that time when they still had no right to believe in themselves, and only acquired their belief from others, by begging it in small change.

102

Punctum saliens of passion. He who is about to fall into a state of anger or violent love reaches a point where his soul is full like a vessel; but it needs one more drop of water: the good will to passion (which is generally also called the bad will). Only this little point is necessary; then the vessel runs over.

103

Bad-tempered thought. People are like piles of charcoal in the woods. Only when young people have stopped glowing, and carbonized, as charcoal does, do they become useful. As long as they smolder and smoke they are perhaps more interesting, but useless, and all too often troublesome.

Mankind unsparingly uses every individual as material to heat its great machines; but what good are the machines when all individuals (that is, mankind) serve only to keep them going? Machines that are their own end - is that the umana commedia?

104

The hour-hand of life. Life consists of rare, isolated moments of the greatest significance, and of innumerably many intervals, during which at best the silhouettes of those moments hover about us. Love, springtime, every beautiful melody, mountains, the moon, the sea - all these speak completely to the heart but once, if in fact they ever do get a chance to speak completely.

For many men do not have those moments at all, and are themselves intervals and intermissions in the symphony of real life.

105

To set against or set to work. We often make the mistake of actively opposing a direction, or party, or epoch, because we coincidentally get to see only its superficial side, its stunted aspect, or the inescapable 'faults of its virtues,' - perhaps because we ourselves have participated to a large degree in them. Then we turn our back on them and seek an opposite direction; but it would be better to look for the strong, good sides, or to develop them in ourselves. To be sure, it takes a stronger gaze and a better will to further that which is evolving and imperfect, rather than to penetrate its imperfection and reject it.

106

Modesty. True modesty (that is, the knowledge that we are not our own creations) does exist, and it well suits the great mind, because he particularly can comprehend the thought of his complete lack of responsibility (even for whatever good he creates). One does not hate the great man's immodesty because he is feeling his strength, but rather because he wants to feel it primarily by wounding others, treating them imperiously and watching to see how much they can stand. Most often, this actually proves that he lacks a secure sense of his strength, and makes men doubt his greatness. To this extent, cleverness would strongly advise against immodesty.

107

The first thought of the day. The best way to begin each day well is to think upon awakening whether we could not give at least one person pleasure on this day. If this practice could be accepted as a substitute for the religious habit of prayer, our fellow men would benefit by this change.

108

Arrogance as the last means of comfort. If a man accounts for a misfortune, or his intellectual inadequacies, or his illness by seeing them as his predetermined fate, his ordeal, or mysterious punishment for something he had done earlier, he is thereby making his own nature interesting, and imagining himself superior to his fellow men. The proud sinner is a familiar

figure in all religious sects.

109

Growth of happiness. Near to the sorrow of the world, and often upon its volcanic earth, man has laid out his little gardens of happiness; whether he approaches life as one who wants only knowledge from existence, or as one who yields and resigns himself, or as one who rejoices in a difficulty overcome - everywhere he will find some happiness sprouting up next to the trouble. The more volcanic the earth, the greater the happiness will be - but it would be ludicrous to say that this happiness justified suffering per se.

110

The street of one's ancestors. It is reasonable to develop further the talent that one's father or grandfather worked hard at, and not switch to something entirely new; otherwise one is depriving himself of the chance to attain perfection in some one craft. Thus the saying: 'Which street should you take? - that of your ancestors.'

111

Vanity and ambition as educators. So long as a man has not yet become the instrument of the universal human good, ambition may torment him; but if he has achieved that goal, if of necessity he is working like a machine for the good of all, then vanity may enter; it will humanize him in small matters, make him more sociable, tolerable, considerate, once ambition has completed the rough work (of making him useful).

112

Philosophical novices. If we have just partaken of a philosopher's wisdom, we go through the streets feeling as if we had been transformed and had become great men; for we encounter only people who do not know this wisdom, and thus we have to deliver a new, unheard-of judgment about everything; because we have acknowledged a book of laws, we also think we now have to act like judges.

113

Pleasing by displeasing. People who prefer to be noticed, and thereby

displease, desire the same thing as those who do not want to be noticed, and want to please, only to a much greater degree and indirectly, by means of a step that seems to be distancing them from their goal. Because they want to have influence and power, they display their superiority, even if it is felt as disagreeable: for they know that the man who has finally gained power pleases in almost everything he does and says, that even when he displeases, he seems nevertheless to be pleasing.

Both the free spirit and the true believer want power, too, in order to use it to please; if they are threatened because of their doctrines with a dire fate, persecution, prison, or execution, they rejoice at the thought that this will enable their doctrines to be engraved and branded upon mankind; although it is delayed acting, they accept it as a painful but potent means to attain power after all.

114

Casus belli and the like. The prince who discovers a casus belli for an earlier decision to wage war against his neighbor is like a father who imposes a mother upon his child, to be henceforth accepted as such. And are not almost all publicly announced motives for our actions such imposed mothers?

115

Passions and rights. No one speaks more passionately about his rights than the man who, at the bottom of his heart, doubts them. In drawing passion to his side, he wants to deaden reason and its doubts: he thus gains a good conscience, and, along with it, success with his fellow men.

116

The renouncing man's trick. He who protests against marriage, in the manner of Catholic priests, will seek to understand it in its lowest, most vulgar sense. Likewise, he who refuses the respect of his contemporaries will conceive it in a base way; he thus makes his renunciation of it and the fight against it easier for himself. Incidentally, he who denies himself much in large matters will easily indulge himself in small matters. It is conceivable that the man who is above the applause of his contemporaries is nevertheless unable to refuse himself the satisfaction of little vanities.

117

The age of arrogance. The true period of arrogance for talented men comes between their twenty-sixth and thirtieth year; it is the time of first ripeness, with a good bit of sourness still remaining. On the basis of what one feels inside himself, one demands from other people, who see little or nothing of it, respect and humility; and because these are not at first forthcoming, one takes vengeance with a glance, an arrogant gesture, or a tone of voice. This a fine ear and eye will recognize in all the products of those years, be they poems, philosophies, or paintings and music. Older, experienced men smile about it, and remember with emotion this beautiful time of life, in which one is angry at his lot of having to be so much and seem so little. Later, one really seems to be more - but the faith in being much has been lost, unless one remain throughout his life vanity's hopeless fool.

118

Deceptive and yet firm. When walking around the top of an abyss, or crossing a deep stream on a plank, we need a railing, not to hold on to (for it would collapse with us at once), but rather to achieve the visual image of security. Likewise, when we are young, we need people who unconsciously offer us the service of that railing; it is true that they would not help us if we really were in great danger and wanted to lean on them; but they give us the comforting sensation of protection nearby (for example, fathers, teachers, friends, as we generally know all three).

119

Learning to love. We must learn to love, learn to be kind, and this from earliest youth; if education or chance give us no opportunity to practice these feelings, our soul becomes dry and unsuited even to understanding the tender inventions of loving people. Likewise, hatred must be learned and nurtured, if one wishes to become a proficient hater: otherwise the germ for that, too, will gradually wither.

120

Ruins as decoration. People who go through many spiritual changes retain some views and habits from earlier stages, which then jut out into their new thinking and acting like a bit of inexplicable antiquity and gray stonework, often ornamenting the whole region.

121

Love and respect. Love desires; fear avoids. That is why it is impossible, at least in the same time span, to be loved and respected by the same person. For the man who respects another, acknowledges his power; that is, he fears it: his condition is one of awe. But love acknowledges no power, nothing that separates, differentiates, ranks higher or subordinates. Because the state of being loved carries with it no respect, ambitious men secretly or openly balk against it.

122

Prejudice in favor of cold people. People who catch fire rapidly quickly become cold, and are therefore by and large unreliable. Therefore, all those who are always cold, or act that way, benefit from the prejudice that they are especially trustworthy, reliable people: they are being confused with those others who catch fire slowly and burn for a long time.

123

What is dangerous about free opinions. The casual entertainment of free opinions is like an itch; giving in to it, one begins to rub the area; finally there is an open, aching wound; that is, the free opinion finally begins to disturb and torment us in our attitude to life, in our human relationships.

124

Desire for deep pain. When it has gone, passion leaves behind a dark longing for itself, and in disappearing throws us one last seductive glance. There must have been a kind of pleasure in having been beaten with her whip. In contrast, the more moderate feelings appear flat; apparently we still prefer a more violent displeasure to a weak pleasure.

125

Annoyance with others and the world. When, as happens so often, we let our annoyance out on others, while we are actually feeling it about ourselves, we are basically trying to cloud and delude our judgment; we want to motivate our annoyance a posteriori by the oversights and inadequacies of others, so we can lose sight of ourselves.

Religiously strict people, who judge themselves without mercy, are also

those who have most often spoken ill of mankind in general. There has never been a saint who reserves sins to himself and virtues to others: he is as rare as the man who, following Buddha's precept, hides his goodness from people and lets them see of himself only what is bad.

126

Cause and effect confused. Unconsciously we seek out the principles and dogmas that are in keeping with our temperament, so that in the end it looks as if the principles and dogmas had created our character, given it stability and certainty, while precisely the opposite has occurred. It seems that our thinking and judging are to be made the cause of our nature after the fact, but actually our nature causes us to think and judge one way or the other.

And what decides us on this almost unconscious comedy? Laziness and convenience, and not least the vain desire to be considered consistent through and through, uniform both in character and thought: for this earns us respect, brings us trust and power.

127

Age and truth. Young people love what is interesting and odd, no matter how true or false it is. More mature minds love what is interesting and odd about truth. Fully mature intellects, finally, love truth, even when it appears plain and simple, boring to the ordinary person; for they have noticed that truth tends to reveal its highest wisdom in the guise of simplicity.

128

People as bad poets. Just as bad poets, in the second half of a line, look for a thought to fit their rhyme, so people in the second half of their lives, having become more anxious, look for the actions, attitudes, relationships that suit those of their earlier life, so that everything will harmonize outwardly. But then they no longer have any powerful thought to rule their life and determine it anew; rather, in its stead, comes the intention of finding a rhyme.

129

Boredom and play. Need forces us to do the work whose product will quiet the need; we are habituated to work by the ever-new awakening of needs. But in those intervals when our needs are quieted and seem to sleep, boredom

overtakes us. What is that? It is the habit of working as such, which now asserts itself as a new, additional need; the need becomes the greater, the greater our habit of working, perhaps even the greater our suffering from our needs. To escape boredom, man works either beyond what his usual needs require, or else he invents play, that is, work that is designed to quiet no need other than that for working in general. He who is tired of play, and has no reason to work because of new needs, is sometimes overcome by the longing for a third state that relates to play as floating does to dancing, as dancing does to walking, a blissful, peaceful state of motion: it is the artist's and philosopher's vision of happiness.

130

Instruction from pictures. If we consider a series of pictures of ourselves from the time of childhood to that of manhood, we are agreeably surprised to find that the man resembles the child more than the adolescent: probably corresponding to this occurrence, then, there has been a temporary alienation from our basic character, now overcome again by the man's collected, concentrated strength. This perception agrees with the one that all those strong influences of our passions, our teachers, or political events, which pull us about in our adolescence, later seem to be reduced to a fixed measure. Certainly, they continue to live and act in us, but our basic feeling and basic thinking have the upper hand; these influences are used as sources of power, but no longer as regulators, as happens in our twenties. Thus man's thinking and feeling appear again more in accord with that of his childhood years - and this inner fact is expressed in the external one mentioned above.

131

Voice of the years. The tone adolescents use to speak, praise, blame, or invent displeases older people because it is too loud and yet at the same time muffled and unclear, like a tone in a vault, which gains resonance because of the emptiness. For most of what adolescents think has not flowed out of the fullness of their own nature, but rather harmonizes and echoes what is thought, spoken, praised, or blamed around them. But because the feelings (of inclination and disinclination) reverberate in them much more strongly than the reasons for these feelings, there arises, when they give voice to their feeling again, that muffled, ringing tone that indicates the absence or paucity of reasons. The tone of the more mature years is rigorous, sharply punctuated,

moderately loud, but like everything clearly articulated, it carries very far. Finally, old age often brings a certain gentleness and indulgence to the sound and seems to sugar it: of course, in some cases it makes it sour, too.

132

Backward and anticipating people. The unpleasant personality who is full of mistrust, who reacts with envy to his competitors' and neighbors' successes, who flares up violently at divergent opinions, is showing that he belongs to an earlier stage of culture, and is thus a relic. For the way in which he interacts with people was proper and appropriate for the conditions of an age when rule by force prevailed: he is a backward person. A second personality, who shares profusely in others' joy, who wins friends everywhere, who is touched by everything that grows and evolves, who enjoys other people's honors and successes, and makes no claim to the privilege of alone knowing the truth, but instead is full of modest skepticism - he is an anticipator who is reaching ahead towards a higher human culture. The unpleasant personality grows out of times when the unhewn foundation of human intercourse had still to be laid; the other lives on its highest floors, as far away as possible from the wild animal that rages and howls locked up in the cellars, beneath the foundations of culture.

133

Comfort for hypochondriacs. When a great thinker is temporarily subjected to hypochondriacal self-torments, he may say to comfort himself: 'This parasite is feeding and growing from your great strength; if that strength were less, you would have less to suffer.' The statesman may speak likewise when his jealousy and vengeful feelings, in short, the mood of a bellum omnium contra omnes, for which he as a nation's representative must necessarily have a great gift, occasionally intrude into his personal relations and make his life difficult.

134

Alienated from the present. There are great advantages in for once removing ourselves distinctly from our time and letting ourselves be driven from its shore back into the ocean of former world views. Looking at the coast from that perspective, we survey for the first time its entire shape, and when we near it again, we have the advantage of understanding it better on the whole

than do those who have never left it.

135

Sowing and reaping on personal inadequacies. People like Rousseau know how to use their weaknesses, deficiencies, or vices as if they were the fertilizer of their talent. When Rousseau laments the depravity and degeneration of society as the unpleasant consequence of culture, this is based on his personal experience, whose bitterness makes his general condemnation so sharp, and poisons the arrows he shoots. He is relieving himself first as an individual, and thinks that he is seeking a cure that will directly benefit society, but that will also indirectly, and by means of society, benefit him too.

136

A philosophical frame of mind. Generally we strive to acquire one emotional stance, one viewpoint for all life situations and events: we usually call that being of a philosophical frame of mind. But rather than making oneself uniform, we may find greater value for the enrichment of knowledge by listening to the soft voice of different life situations; each brings its own views with it. Thus we acknowledge and share the life and nature of many by not treating ourselves like rigid, invariable, single individuals.

137

In the fire of contempt. It is a new step towards independence, once a man dares to express opinions that bring disgrace on him if he entertains them; then even his friends and acquaintances begin to grow anxious. The man of talent must pass through this fire, too; afterwards he is much more his own person.

138

Sacrifice. If there is a choice, a great sacrifice will be preferred to a small one, because we compensate ourselves for a great sacrifice with self-admiration, and this is not possible with a small one.

139

Love as a device. Whoever wants really to get to know something new (be it

a person, an event, or a book) does well to take up this new thing with all possible love, to avert his eye quickly from, even to forget, everything about it that he finds inimical, objectionable, or false. So, for example, we give the author of a book the greatest possible head start, and, as if at a race, virtually yearn with a pounding heart for him to reach his goal. By doing this, we penetrate into the heart of the new thing, into its motive center: and this is what it means to get to know it. Once we have got that far, reason then sets its limits; that overestimation, that occasional unhinging of the critical pendulum, was just a device to entice the soul of a matter out into the open.

140

To think too well or too ill of the world. Whether we think too well or too ill of things, we will always gain the advantage of reaping a greater pleasure: if our preconceived opinion is too good we are generally investing things (experiences) with more sweetness than they actually possess. If a preconceived opinion is overly negative, it leads to a pleasant disappointment: what was pleasurable in those things in and of themselves is increased through the pleasure of our surprise.

Incidentally, a morose temperament will experience the opposite in both cases.

141

Profound people. Those people whose strength lies in the profundity of their impressions (they are generally called 'profound people') are relatively controlled and decisive when anything sudden happens: for in the first moment the impression was still shallow; only later does it become profound. But long-foreseen, anticipated things or people excite such natures most, and make them almost incapable of maintaining presence of mind when their wait is over.

142

Traffic with one's higher self. Everyone has his good day, when he finds his higher self; and true humanity demands that we judge someone only when he is in this condition, and not in his workdays of bondage and servitude. We should, for example, assess and honor a painter according to the highest vision he was able to see and portray. But people themselves deal very differently with this, their higher self, and often act out the role of their own

self, to the extent that they later keep imitating what they were in those moments. Some regard their ideal with shy humility and would like to deny it: they fear their higher self because, when it speaks, it speaks demandingly. In addition, it has a ghostly freedom of coming or staying away as it wishes; for that reason it is often called a gift of the gods, while actually everything else is a gift of the gods (of chance): this, however, is the man himself.

143

Solitary people. Some people are so used to solitude with themselves that they never compare themselves to others, but spin forth their monologue of a life in a calm, joyous mood, holding good conversations with themselves, even laughing. But if they are made to compare themselves with others, they tend to a brooding underestimation of their selves: so that they have to be forced to learn again from others to have a good, fair opinion of themselves. And even from this learned opinion they will always want to detract or reduce something.

Thus one must grant certain men their solitude, and not be silly enough, as often happens, to pity them for it.

144

Without melody. There are people for whom a constant inner repose and a harmonious ordering of all their capabilities is so characteristic that any goal-directed activity goes against their grain. They are like a piece of music consisting entirely of sustained harmonious chords, with no evidence of even the beginning of a structured, moving melody. At any movement from the outside, their boat at once gains a new equilibrium on the sea of harmonic euphony. Modern people are usually extremely impatient on meeting such natures, who do not become anything - though it may not be said that they are not anything. In certain moods, however, their presence evokes that rare question: why have melody at all? Why are we not satisfied when life mirrors itself peacefully in a deep lake?

The Middle Ages was richer in such natures than we are. How seldom do we now meet a person who can keep living so peacefully and cheerfully with himself even amidst the turmoil, saying to himself like Goethe: 'The best is the deep quiet in which I live and grow against the world, and harvest what they cannot take from me by fire or sword.'

145

Life and experience. If one notices how some individuals know how to treat their experiences (their insignificant everyday experiences) so that these become a plot of ground that bears fruit three times a year; while others (and how many of them!) are driven through the waves of the most exciting turns of fate, of the most varied currents of their time or nation, and yet always stay lightly on the surface, like cork: then one is finally tempted to divide mankind into a minority (minimality) of those people who know how to make much out of little and a majority of those who know how to make a little out of much; indeed, one meets those perverse wizards who, instead of creating the world out of nothing, create nothing out of the world.

146

Seriousness in play. At sunset in Genoa, I heard from a tower a long chiming of bells: it kept on and on, and over the noise of the back streets, as if insatiable for itself, it rang out into the evening sky and the sea air, so terrible and so childish at the same time, so melancholy. Then I thought of Plato's words and felt them suddenly in my heart: all in all, nothing human is worth taking very seriously; nevertheless ...

147

On convictions and justice. To carry out later, in coolness and sobriety, what a man promises or decides in passion: this demand is among the heaviest burdens oppressing mankind. To have to acknowledge for all duration the consequences of anger, of raging vengeance, of enthusiastic devotion - this can incite a bitterness against these feelings all the greater because everywhere, and especially by artists, precisely these feelings are the object of idol worship. Artists cultivate the esteem for the passions, and have always done so; to be sure, they also glorify the frightful satisfactions of passion, in which one indulges, the outbursts of revenge that have death, mutilation, or voluntary banishment as a consequence, and the resignation of the broken heart. In any event, they keep alive curiosity about the passions; it is as if they wished to say: without passions you have experienced nothing at all.

Because we have vowed to be faithful, even, perhaps, to a purely imaginary being, a God, for instance; because we have given our heart to a prince, a party, a woman, a priestly order, an artist, or a thinker, in the state of

blind madness that enveloped us in rapture and let those beings appear worthy of every honor, every sacrifice: are we then inextricably bound? Were we not deceiving ourselves then? Was it not a conditional promise, under the assumption (unstated, to be sure) that those beings to whom we dedicated ourselves really are the beings they appeared to be in our imaginations? Are we obliged to be faithful to our errors, even if we perceive that by this faithfulness we do damage to our higher self?

No - there is no law, no obligation of that kind; we must become traitors, act unfaithfully, forsake our ideals again and again. We do not pass from one period of life to another without causing these pains of betrayal, and without suffering from them in turn. Should we have to guard ourselves against the upsurging of our feeling in order to avoid these pains? Would not the world then become too bleak, too ghostly for us? We want rather to ask ourselves whether these pains at a change of conviction are necessary, or whether they do not depend on an erroneous opinion and estimation. Why do we admire the man who remains faithful to his conviction and despise the one who changes it? I fear the answer must be that everyone assumes such a change is caused only by motives of baser advantage or personal fear. That is, we believe fundamentally that no one changes his opinions as long as they are advantageous to him, or at least as long as they do him no harm. But if that is the case, it bears bad testimony to the intellectual meaning of all convictions. Let us test how convictions come into being and observe whether they are not vastly overrated: in that way it will be revealed that the change of convictions too is in any case measured by false standards and that until now we have tended to suffer too much from such changes.

148

Conviction is the belief that in some point of knowledge one possesses absolute truth. Such a belief presumes, then, that absolute truths exist; likewise, that the perfect methods for arriving at them have been found; finally, that every man who has convictions makes use of these perfect methods. All three assertions prove at once that the man of convictions is not the man of scientific thinking; he stands before us still in the age of theoretical innocence, a child, however grown-up he might be otherwise. But throughout thousands of years, people have lived in such childlike assumptions, and from out of them mankind's mightiest sources of power have flowed. The countless people who sacrificed themselves for their

convictions thought they were doing it for absolute truth. All of them were wrong: probably no man has ever sacrificed himself for truth; at least, the dogmatic expression of his belief will have been unscientific or half-scientific. But actually one wanted to be right because one thought he had to be right. To let his belief be torn from him meant perhaps to put his eternal happiness in question. With a matter of this extreme importance, the 'will' was all too audibly the intellect's prompter. Every believer of every persuasion assumed he could not be refuted; if the counterarguments proved very strong, he could still always malign reason in general and perhaps even raise as a banner of extreme fanaticism the 'credo quia absurdum est.' It is not the struggle of opinions that has made history so violent, but rather the struggle of belief in opinions, that is, the struggle of convictions. If only all those people who thought so highly of their conviction, who sacrificed all sorts of things to it and spared neither their honor, body nor life in its service, had devoted only half of their strength to investigating by what right they clung to this or that conviction, how they had arrived at it, then how peaceable the history of mankind would appear! How much more would be known! All the cruel scenes during the persecution of every kind of heretic would have been spared us for two reasons: first, because the inquisitors would above all have inquired within themselves, and got beyond the arrogant idea that they were defending the absolute truth; and second, because the heretics themselves would not have granted such poorly established tenets as those of all the sectarians and 'orthodox' any further attention, once they had investigated them.

149

Stemming from the time when people were accustomed to believe that they possessed absolute truth is a deep discomfort with all skeptical and relativistic positions on any questions of knowledge; usually we prefer to surrender unconditionally to a conviction held by people of authority (fathers, friends, teachers, princes), and we have a kind of troubled conscience if we do not do so. This inclination is understandable and its consequences do not entitle us to violent reproaches against the development of human reason. But eventually the scientific spirit in man must bring forth that virtue of cautious restraint, that wise moderation that is better known in the realm of practical life than in the realm of theoretical life, and that Goethe, for example, portrayed in his Antonio, as an object of animosity for all Tassos, that is, for

those unscientific and also passive natures. The man of conviction has in himself a right not to understand the man of cautious thinking, the theoretical Antonio; the scientific man, on the other hand, has no right to scold him for this; he makes allowances for him and knows besides that, in certain cases, the man will cling to him as Tasso finally does to Antonio.

150

If one has not passed through various convictions, but remains caught in the net of his first belief, he is in all events, because of just this unchangeability, a representative of backward cultures; in accordance with this lack of education (which always presupposes educability), he is harsh, injudicious, unteachable, without gentleness, eternally suspect, a person lacking scruples, who reaches for any means to enforce his opinion because he simply cannot understand that there have to be other opinions. In this regard, he is perhaps a source of power, and even salutary in cultures grown too free and lax, but only because he powerfully incites opposition: for in that way the new culture's more delicate structure, which is forced to struggle with him, becomes strong itself.

151

Essentially, we are still the same people as those in the period of the Reformation - and how should it be otherwise? But we no longer allow ourselves certain means to gain victory for our opinion: this distinguishes us from that age and proves that we belong to a higher culture. These days, if a man still attacks and crushes opinions with suspicions and outbursts of rage, in the manner of men during the Reformation, he clearly betrays that he would have burnt his opponents, had he lived in other times, and that he would have taken recourse to all the means of the Inquisition, had he lived as an opponent of the Reformation. In its time, the Inquisition was reasonable, for it meant nothing other than the general martial law which had to be proclaimed over the whole domain of the church, and which, like every state of martial law, justified the use of the extremest means, namely under the assumption (which we no longer share with those people) that one possessed truth in the church and had to preserve it at any cost, with any sacrifice, for the salvation of mankind. But now we will no longer concede so easily that anyone has the truth; the rigorous methods of inquiry have spread sufficient distrust and caution, so that we experience every man who represents

opinions violently in word and deed as any enemy of our present culture, or at least as a backward person. And in fact, the fervor about having the truth counts very little today in relation to that other fervor, more gentle and silent, to be sure, for seeking the truth, a search that does not tire of learning afresh and testing anew.

152

Incidentally, the methodical search for truth itself results from those times when convictions were feuding among themselves. If the individual had not cared about his 'truth,' that is, about his being right in the end, no method of inquiry would exist at all; but, given the eternal struggle of various individuals' claims to absolute truth, man proceeded step by step, in order to find irrefutable principles by which the justice of the claims could be tested and the argument settled. At first decisions were made according to authorities, later the ways and means with which the ostensible truth had been found were mutually criticized; in between, there was a period when the consequences of the opposing tenet were drawn and perhaps experienced as harmful and saddening; this was to result in everyone's judging that the opponent's conviction contained an error. Finally, the thinkers' personal struggle sharpened their methods so much that truths could really be discovered, and the aberrations of earlier methods were exposed to everyone's eye.

153

All in all, scientific methods are at least as important as any other result of inquiry; for the scientific spirit is based on the insight into methods, and were those methods to be lost, all the results of science could not prevent a renewed triumph of superstition and nonsense. Clever people may learn the results of science as much as they like, one still sees from their conversation, especially from their hypotheses in conversation, that they lack the scientific spirit. They do not have that instinctive mistrust of the wrong ways of thinking, a mistrust which, as a consequence of long practice, has put its roots deep into the soul of every scientific man. For them it is enough to find any one hypothesis about a matter; then they get fired up about it and think that puts an end to it. For them, to have an opinion means to get fanatical about it and cherish it in their hearts henceforth as a conviction. If a matter is unexplained, they become excited at the first notion resembling an

explanation that enters their brain; this always has the worst consequences, especially in the realm of politics.

Therefore everyone should have come to know at least one science in its essentials; then he knows what method is, and how necessary is the most extreme circumspection. This advice should be given to women particularly, who are now the hopeless victims of all hypotheses, especially those which give the impression of being witty, thrilling, invigorating, or energizing. In fact, if one looks closer, one notices that the majority of all educated people still desire convictions and nothing but convictions from a thinker, and that only a slight minority want certainty. The former want to be forcibly carried away, in order to thus increase their own strength; the latter few have that matter-of-fact interest that ignores personal advantage, even the above-mentioned increase of strength. Wherever the thinker behaves like a genius, calling himself one, and looking down like a higher being who deserves authority, he is counting on the class in the overwhelming majority. To the extent that that kind of genius keeps up the heat of convictions and awakens distrust of the cautious and modest spirit of science, he is an enemy of truth, however much he may believe he is its suitor.

154

To be sure, there is also quite another category of genius, that of justice; and I can in no way see fit to esteem that kind lower than any philosophical, political, or artistic genius. It is its way to avoid with hearty indignation everything which blinds and confuses our judgment about things; thus it is an enemy of convictions, for it wants to give each thing its due, be it living or dead, real or fictive - and to do so it must apprehend it clearly. Therefore it places each thing in the best light and walks all around it with an attentive eye. Finally it will even give its due to its opponent, to blind or shortsighted 'conviction' (as men call it; women call it 'faith') - for the sake of truth.

155

Out of passions grow opinions; mental sloth lets these rigidify into convictions.

However, if one feels he is of a free, restlessly lively mind, he can prevent this rigidity through constant change; and if he is on the whole a veritable thinking snowball, then he will have no opinions at all in his head, but rather only certainties and precisely measured probabilities.

But we who are of a mixed nature, sometimes aglow with fire and sometimes chilled by intellect, we want to kneel down before justice, as the only goddess whom we recognize above us. Usually the fire in us makes us unjust, and in the sense of that goddess, impure; never may we touch her hand in this condition; never will the grave smile of her pleasure lie upon us. We honor her as our life's veiled Isis; ashamed, we offer her our pain as a penance and a sacrifice, when the fire burns us and tries to consume us. It is the intellect that saves us from turning utterly to burnt-out coals; here and there it pulls us away from justice's sacrificial altar, or wraps us in an asbestos cocoon. Redeemed from the fire, we then stride on, driven by the intellect, from opinion to opinion, through the change of sides, as noble traitors to all things that can ever be betrayed - and yet with no feeling of guilt.

156

The wanderer. He who has come only in part to a freedom of reason cannot feel on earth otherwise than as a wanderer - though not as a traveler towards a final goal, for this does not exist. But he does want to observe, and keep his eyes open for everything that actually occurs in the world; therefore he must not attach his heart too firmly to any individual thing; there must be something wandering within him, which takes its joy in change and transitoriness. To be sure, such a man will have bad nights, when he is tired and finds closed the gates to the city that should offer him rest; perhaps in addition, as in the Orient, the desert reaches up to the gate; predatory animals howl now near, now far; a strong wind stirs; robbers lead off his pack-animals. Then for him the frightful night sinks over the desert like a second desert, and his heart becomes tired of wandering. If the morning sun then rises, glowing like a divinity of wrath, and the city opens up, he sees in the faces of its inhabitants perhaps more of desert, dirt, deception, uncertainty, than outside the gates - and the day is almost worse than the night. So it may happen sometimes to the wanderer; but then, as recompense, come the ecstatic mornings of other regions and days. Then nearby in the dawning light he already sees the bands of muses dancing past him in the mist of the mountains. Afterwards, he strolls quietly in the equilibrium of his forenoon soul, under trees from whose tops and leafy corners only good and bright things are thrown down to him, the gifts of all those free spirits who are at home in mountain, wood, and solitude, and who are, like him, in their

sometimes merry, sometimes contemplative way, wanderers and philosophers. Born out of the mysteries of the dawn, they ponder how the day can have such a pure, transparent, transfigured and cheerful face between the hours of ten and twelve - they seek the philosophy of the forenoon.

2 Among Friends: An Epilogue

1

Fine, with one another silent,
Finer, with one another laughing -
Under heaven's silky cloth
Leaning over books and moss
With friends lightly, loudly laughing
Each one showing white teeth shining.

If I did well, let us be silent,
If I did badly, let us laugh
And do it bad again by half,
More badly done, more badly laugh,
Until the grave, when down we climb.

Friends! Well! What do you say?
Amen! Until we meet again!

2

Don't excuse it! Don't forgive!
You happy, heart-free people, give
This unreasonable book of mine
Ear and heart and sheltering!
Truly, friends, my own unreason
Did not grow to earn a curse!

What I find, what I am seeking -
Was that ever in a book?
Honor one from the fools' legion!
Learn from out of this fool's book
How reason can be brought - 'to reason'!

So then, friends, what do you say?
Amen! Until we meet again.

3 The Free Spirit

1

Osancta simplicitas! What strange simplification and falsification mankind lives in! One can never cease to marvel once one has acquired eyes for this marvel! How we have made everything around us bright and free and easy and simple! How we have known how to bestow on our senses a passport to everything superficial, on our thoughts a divine desire for wanton gambolling and false conclusions! - how we have from the very beginning understood how to retain our ignorance so as to enjoy an almost inconceivable freedom, frivolity, impetuosity, bravery, cheerfulness of life, so as to enjoy life! And only on this now firm and granite basis of ignorance has knowledge hitherto been able to rise up, the will to knowledge on the basis of a far more powerful will, the will to non-knowledge, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its antithesis but - as its refinement! For even if, here as elsewhere, language cannot get over its coarseness and continues to speak of antitheses where there are only degrees and many subtleties of gradation; even if likewise the incarnate tartuffery of morals which is now part of our invincible 'flesh and blood' twists the words in the mouths even of us men of knowledge: here and there we grasp that fact and laugh at how it is precisely the best knowledge that wants most to hold us in this simplified, altogether artificial, fabricated, falsified world, how it is willy-nilly in love with error because, as a living being, it is - in love with life!

2

After so cheerful an exordium a serious word would like to be heard: it addresses itself to the most serious. Take care, philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering 'for the sake of truth'! Even of defending yourselves! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience, it makes you obstinate against rebuffs and red rags, it makes you stupid, brutal and bullish if in the struggle with danger, slander, suspicion, casting out and even grosser consequences of hostility you finally even have to act as defenders of truth on earth - as if 'truth' were so innocuous

and inept a person she stood in need of defending! And precisely by you, you knights of most sorrowful countenance, you idlers and cobweb-spinners of the spirit! After all, you know well enough that it cannot matter in the least whether precisely you are in the right, just as no philosopher hitherto has been in the right, and that a more praiseworthy veracity may lie in every little question-mark placed after your favourite words and favourite theories (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all your solemn gesticulations and smart answers before courts and accusers! Better to step aside! Flee away and conceal yourselves! And have your masks and subtlety, so that you may be misunderstood! Or feared a little! And do not forget the garden, the garden with golden trellis-work. And have about you people who are like a garden - or like music on the waters in the evening, when the day is already becoming a memory; - choose the good solitude, the free, wanton, easy solitude which gives you too a right to remain in some sense good! How poisonous, how cunning, how bad every protracted war makes one when it cannot be waged with open force! How personal a protracted fear makes one, a protracted keeping watch for enemies, for possible enemies! These outcasts of society, long persecuted and sorely hunted - also the enforced recluses, the Spinozas and Giordano Brunos - in the end always become refined vengeance-seekers and brewers of poison, even if they do so under the most spiritual masquerade and perhaps without being themselves aware of it (just dig up the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!) - not to speak of the stupidity of moral indignation, which is in the philosopher an unfailing sign that he has lost his philosophical sense of humour. The martyrdom of the philosopher, his 'sacrifice for truth', brings to light what there has been in him of agitator and actor; and if one has hitherto regarded him only with artistic curiosity, in the case of many a philosopher it is easy to understand the dangerous desire to see him for once in his degeneration(degenerated into 'martyr', into stageand platform ranter). But if one does harbour such a desire, one has to be clear what it is one will get to see-merely a satyr play, merely a farcical after-piece, merely a continuing proof that the long tragedy has come to an end: supposing that every philosophy was in its inception a long tragedy. -

3

Every superior human being will instinctively aspire after a secret citadel where he is set free from the crowd, the many, the majority, where, as its exception, he may forget the rule 'man' - except in the one case in which, as a

man of knowledge in the great and exceptional sense, he will be impelled by an even stronger instinct to make straight for this rule. He who, when trafficking with men, does not occasionally glisten with all the shades of distress, green and grey with disgust, satiety, sympathy, gloom and loneliness, is certainly not a man of an elevated taste; but if he does not voluntarily assume this burden and displeasure, if he continually avoids it and, as aforesaid, remains hidden quietly and proudly away in his citadel, then one thing is sure: he is not made, not predestined for knowledge. For if he were, he would one day have to say to himself: 'The devil can take my good taste! the rule is more interesting than the exception - than I, the exception!' - and would go down, would above all 'go in'. The study of the average human being, protracted, serious, and with much dissembling, self-overcoming, intimacy, bad company - all company is bad company except the company of one's equals -: this constitutes a necessary part of the life story of every philosopher, perhaps the most unpleasant and malodorous part and the part most full of disappointments. If he is lucky, however, as a favourite child of knowledge ought to be, he will encounter means of facilitating and cutting short his task - I mean so-called cynics, that is to say people who recognize the animal, the commonness, the 'rule' in themselves and yet still possess a degree of spirituality and appetite which constrains them to speak of themselves and their kind before witnesses - sometimes they even wallow in books as in their own dung. Cynicism is the only form in which common souls come close to honesty; and the higher man must prick up his ears at every cynicism, whether coarse or refined, and congratulate himself whenever a buffoon without shame or a scientific satyr speaks out in his presence. There are even cases in which fascination mingles with the disgust: namely where, by a caprice of nature, such an indiscreet goat and monkey is touched with genius, as in the case of the Abbé Galiani, the profoundest, most sharp-sighted and perhaps also dirtiest man of his century - he was far more profound than Voltaire and consequently also a good deal more silent. It is more often the case that, as already indicated, a scientific head is set on a monkey's body, a refined exceptional understanding on a common soul - no rare occurrence, for instance, among physicians and moral physiologists. And whenever anyone speaks, without bitterness, rather innocuously, of man as a belly with two needs and a head with one; wherever anyone sees, seeks and wants to see only hunger, sexual desire, and vanity, as though these were the actual and sole motives of human actions; in brief,

whenever anyone speaks 'badly' of man - but does not speak ill of him - the lover of knowledge should listen carefully and with diligence, and he should in general lend an ear whenever anyone speaks without indignation. For the indignant man, and whoever is continually tearing and rending himself with his teeth (or, instead of himself, the world, or God, or society) may indeed morally speaking stand higher than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more commonplace, less interesting, less instructive case. And no one lies so much as the indignant man.

4

It is hard to be understood: especially when one thinks and lives gangasrotogati among men who think and live otherwise, namely kurmagati or at best 'as the frog goes', mandeikagati - I am certainly doing everything I can to be hard to understand myself! - and one ought to be heartily grateful even for the will to some subtlety in interpretation. As regards one's 'good friends', however, who are always too indolent and think that because they are one's friends they have a right to indolence: one does well to allow them from the first some room and latitude for misunderstanding - thus one can laugh at their expense; - or get rid of them altogether, these good friends and still laugh!

5

That which translates worst from one language into another is the tempo of its style, which has its origin in the character of the race, or, expressed more physiologically, in the average tempo of its 'metabolism'. There are honestly meant translations which, as involuntary vulgarizations of the original, are almost falsifications simply because it was not possible to translate also its brave and happy tempo, which leaps over and puts behind it all that is perilous in things and words. The German is virtually incapable of presto in his language: thus, it may be fairly concluded, also of many of the most daring and delightful nuances of free, free-spirited thought. Just as the buffo and the satyr is strange to him, in his body and in his conscience, so Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him. Everything staid, sluggish, ponderously solemn, all long-winded and boring species of style have been developed in profuse multiplicity among the Germans - pardon me for the fact that even Goethe's prose is, in its blend of elegance and stiffness, no exception: it is a reflection of the 'good old days', to which it belongs, and

an expression of the German taste of a time when there still was a 'German taste': it was rococo in moribus et artibus. Lessing constitutes an exception, thanks to his histrionic nature, which was versed in and understood much: he, who was not for nothing the translator of Bayle and liked to flee to the neighbourhood of Diderot and Voltaire and even more to that of the Roman writers of comedy - in tempo too Lessing loved freespiritedness, escape from Germany. But how could the German language, even in the prose of a Lessing, imitate the tempo of Machiavelli, who in his Principe lets us breathe the subtle dry air of Florence and cannot help presenting the most serious affairs in a boisterous allegrissimo: not perhaps without a malicious artist's sense of the contrast he is risking - thoughts protracted, difficult, hard, dangerous and the tempo of the gallop and the most wanton good humour. Who, finally, would venture a German translation of Petronius, who was, to a greater degree than any great musician has hitherto been, a master of presto in invention, ideas, words - what do all the swamps of the sick wicked world, even of the 'antique world', matter when one has, like him, the feet of a wind, the blast and breath, the liberating scorn of a wind that makes everything healthy by making everything run! And as for Aristophanes, that transfiguring, complementary spirit for whose sake one excuses all Greece for having existed, assuming one has grasped in all its profundity what there is to be excused and transfigured here - I know of nothing that has led me to reflect more on Plato's concealment and sphinx nature than that happily preserved petit fait that under the pillow of his death-bed there was discovered no 'Bible', nothing Egyptian, Pythagorean, Platonic-but Aristophanes. How could even a Plato have endured life - a Greek life which he had denied - without an Aristophanes!

6

Few are made for independence - it is a privilege of the strong. And he who attempts it, having the completest right to it but without being compelled to, thereby proves that he is probably not only strong but also daring to the point of recklessness. He ventures into a labyrinth, he multiplies by a thousand the dangers which life as such already brings with it, not the smallest of which is that no one can behold how and where he goes astray, is cut off from others, and is torn to pieces limb from limb by some cave-minotaur of conscience. If such a one is destroyed, it takes place so far from the understanding of men that they neither feel it nor sympathize - and he can no longer go back! He

can no longer go back even to the pity of men!

7

Our supreme insights must - and should! - sound like follies, in certain cases like crimes, when they come impermissibly to the ears of those who are not predisposed and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric as philosophers formerly distinguished them, among the Indians as among the Greeks, Persians and Moslems, in short wherever one believed in an order of rank and not in equality and equal rights - differ one from another not so much in that the exoteric stands outside and sees, evaluates, measures, judges from the outside, not from the inside: what is more essential is that this class sees things from below - but the esoteric sees them from above! There are heights of the soul seen from which even tragedy ceases to be tragic; and, taking all the woe of the world together, who could venture to assert that the sight of it would have to seduce and compel us to pity and thus to a doubling of that woe? ... What serves the higher type of man as food or refreshment must to a very different and inferior type be almost poison. The virtues of the common man would perhaps indicate vice and weakness in a philosopher; it may be possible that if a lofty type of man degenerated and perished, he would only thus acquire qualities on whose account it would prove necessary in the lower world into which he had sunk henceforth to venerate him as a saint. There are books which possess an opposite value for soul and health depending on whether the lower soul, the lower vitality, or the higher and more powerful avails itself of them: in the former case they are dangerous, disintegrative books, which produces dissolution, in the latter they are herald calls challenging the most courageous to their courage. Books for everybody are always malodorous books: the smell of petty people clings to them. Where the people eats and drinks, even where it worships, there is usually a stink. One should not go into churches if one wants to breathe pure air.

8

In our youthful years we respect and despise without that art of nuance which constitutes the best thing we gain from life, and, as is only fair, we have to pay dearly for having assailed men and things with Yes and No in such a fashion. Everything is so regulated that the worst of all tastes, the taste for the unconditional, is cruelly misused and made a fool of until a man learns to introduce a little art into his feelings and even to venture trying the artificial:

as genuine artists of life do. The anger and reverence characteristic of youth seem to allow themselves no peace until they have falsified men and things in such a way that they can vent themselves on them - youth as such is something that falsifies and deceives. Later, when the youthful soul, tormented by disappointments, finally turns suspiciously on itself, still hot and savage even in its suspicion and pangs of conscience: how angry it is with itself now, how it impatiently rends itself, how it takes revenge for its long self-delusion, as if it had blinded itself deliberately! During this transition one punishes oneself by distrusting one's feelings; one tortures one's enthusiasm with doubts, indeed one feels that even a good conscience is a danger, as though a good conscience were a screening of oneself and a sign that one's subtler honesty had grown weary; and above all one takes sides, takes sides on principle, against 'youth'. - A decade later: and one grasps that all this too - was still youth!

9

Throughout the longest part of human history - it is called prehistoric times - the value or non-value of an action was derived from its consequences: the action itself came as little into consideration as did its origin, but, in much the same way as today in China a distinction or disgrace reflects back from the child onto its parents, so it was the retroactive force of success or failure which led men to think well or ill of an action. Let us call this period the pre-moral period of mankind: the imperative 'know thyself!' was then still unknown. Over the past ten thousand years, on the other hand, one has in a few large tracts of the earth come step by step to the point at which it is no longer the consequences but the origin of the action which determines its value: a great event, taken as a whole, a considerable refinement of vision and standard, the unconscious after-effect of the sovereignty of aristocratic values and of belief in 'origins', the sign of a period which may be called the moral in the narrower sense: the first attempt at self-knowledge has been made. Instead of the consequences, the origin: what an inversion of perspectives! And certainly one achieved only after protracted struggles and vacillations! To be sure, a fateful new superstition, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation therewith became dominant: men interpreted the origin of an action in the most definite sense as origin in an intention; men became unanimous in the belief that the value of an action resided in the value of the intention behind it. The intention as the whole origin and prehistory of an

action: it is under the sway of this prejudice that one has morally praised, blamed, judged and philosophized on earth almost to the present day. - But ought we not today to have arrived at the necessity of once again determining upon an inversion and shift of values, thanks to another self-examination and deepening on the part of man - ought we not to stand on the threshold of a period which should be called, negatively at first, the extra-moral: today, when among us immoralists at least the suspicion has arisen that the decisive value of an action resides in precisely that which is not intentional in it, and that all that in it which is intentional, all of it that can be seen, known, 'conscious', still belongs to its surface and skin - which, like every skin, betrays something but conceals still more? In brief, we believe that the intention is only a sign and symptom that needs interpreting, and a sign, moreover, that signifies too many things and which thus taken by itself signifies practically nothing - that morality in the sense in which it has been understood hitherto, that is to say the morality of intentions, has been a prejudice, a precipitancy, perhaps something provisional and precursory, perhaps something of the order of astronomy and alchemy, but in any event something that must be overcome. The overcoming of morality, in a certain sense even the self-overcoming of morality: let this be the name for that protracted secret labour which has been reserved for the subtlest, most honest and also most malicious consciences as living touchstones of the soul.

10

There is nothing for it: the feelings of devotion, self-sacrifice for one's neighbour, the entire morality of self-renunciation must be taken mercilessly to task and brought to court: likewise the aesthetics of 'disinterested contemplation' through which the emasculation of art today tries, seductively enough, to give itself a good conscience. There is much too much sugar and sorcery in those feelings of 'for others', of 'not for me', for one not to have to become doubly distrustful here and to ask: 'are they not perhaps - seductions?' That they give pleasure - to him who has them and to him who enjoys their fruits, also to the mere spectator - does not yet furnish an argument in their favour, but urges us rather to caution. So let us be cautious!

11

Whatever standpoint of philosophy we may adopt today: from every point of view the erroneousness of the world in which we believe we live is the surest

and firmest thing we can get our eyes on - we find endless grounds for it which would like to lure us to suppose a deceptive principle in the 'nature of things'. But he who makes our thinking itself, that is to say 'the mind', responsible for the falsity of the world - an honourable way out taken by every conscious or unconscious advocatus dei - : he who takes this world, together with space, time, form, motion, to be the result of a false conclusion: such a one would have good cause, to say the least, to learn finally to mistrust thinking itself: would it not have played on us the biggest hoax ever? and what guarantee would there be that it would not go on doing what it has always done? In all seriousness: the innocence of thinkers has something touching and inspiring of reverence in it which permits them even today to go up to consciousness and ask it to give them honest answers: whether it is 'real', for example, and why it really keeps the external world so resolutely at a distance, and other questions of the sort. The belief in 'immediate certainties' is a piece of moral naivety which does honour to us philosophers: but - we ought not to be 'merely moral' men! Apart from the moral aspect, that belief is a piece of stupidity which does us little honour! In civil life an ever-ready mistrustfulness may count as a sign of 'bad character' and thus be an imprudent thing to have: here among us, beyond the civil world and its Yes and No - what is there to stop us from being imprudent and saying: the philosopher, as the creature which has hitherto always been most fooled on earth, has by now a right to 'bad character' - he has today the duty to be distrustful, to squint wickedly up out of every abyss of suspicion. - You must forgive me this humorous expression and grimace: for I have long since learned to think differently, to judge differently on the subject of deceiving and being deceived, and I keep in readiness at least a couple of jabs in the ribs for the blind rage with which philosophers resist being deceived. Why not? It is no more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than appearance; it is even the worst-proved assumption that exists. Let us concede at least this much: there would be no life at all if not on the basis of perspective evaluations and appearances; and if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and awkwardness exhibited by some philosophers, one wanted to abolish the 'apparent world' altogether, well, assuming you could do that - at any rate nothing would remain of your 'truth' either! Indeed, what compels us to assume there exists any essential antithesis between 'true' and 'false'? Is it not enough to suppose grades of apparentness and as it were lighter and darker shades and tones of appearance - different valeurs, to speak in the language

of painters? Why could the world which is of any concern to us - not be a fiction? And he who then objects: 'but to the fiction there belongs an author?' - could he not be met with the round retort: why? Does this 'belongs' perhaps not also belong to the fiction? Are we not permitted to be a little ironical now about the subject as we are about the predicate and object? Ought the philosopher not to rise above the belief in grammar? All due respect to governesses: but is it not time that philosophy renounced the beliefs of governesses?

12

Oh Voltaire! Oh humanity! Oh imbecility! There is some point to 'truth', to the search for truth; and if a human being goes about it too humanely - 'il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien' - I wager he finds nothing!

13

Granted that nothing is 'given' as real except our world of desires and passions, that we can rise or sink to no other 'reality' than the reality of our drives - for thinking is only the relationship of these drives to one another - : is it not permitted to make the experiment and ask the question whether this which is given does not suffice for an understanding even of the so-called mechanical (or 'material') world? I do not mean as a deception, an 'appearance', an 'idea' (in the Berkeleyan and Schopenhaueran sense), but as possessing the same degree of reality as our emotions themselves - as a more primitive form of the world of emotions in which everything still lies locked in mighty unity and then branches out and develops in the organic process (also, as is only fair, is made weaker and more sensitive), as a kind of instinctual life in which all organic functions, together with self-regulation, assimilation, nourishment, excretion, metabolism, are still synthetically bound together - as an antecedent form of life? - In the end, it is not merely permitted to make this experiment: it is commanded by the conscience of method. Not to assume several kinds of causality so long as the experiment of getting along with one has not been taken to its ultimate limits (- to the point of nonsense, if I may say so): that is a morality of method which one may not repudiate nowadays - it follows 'from its definition', as a mathematician would say. In the end, the question is whether we really recognize will as efficient, whether we believe in the causality of will: if we do so - and fundamentally belief in this is precisely our belief in causality itself - then we

have to make the experiment of positing causality of will hypothetically as the only one. 'Will' can of course operate only on 'will' - and not on 'matter' (not on 'nerves', for example -): enough, one must venture the hypothesis that wherever 'effects' are recognized, will is operating upon will - and that all mechanical occurrences, in so far as a force is active in them, are force of will, effects of will. - Granted finally that one succeeded in explaining our entire instinctual life as the development and ramification of one basic form of will - as will to power, as is my theory -; granted that one could trace all organic functions back to this will to power and could also find in it the solution to the problem of procreation and nourishment - they are one problem - one would have acquired the right to define all efficient force unequivocally as: will to power. The world seen from within, the world described and defined according to its 'intelligible character' - it would be 'will to power' and nothing else.

14

'What? Does that, to speak vulgarly, not mean: God is refuted but the devil is not -?' On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And who the devil compels you to speak vulgarly! -

15

As happened lately, in all the clarity of modern times, with the French Revolution, that gruesome and, closely considered, superfluous farce, into which, however, noble and enthusiastic spectators all over Europe interpeted from a distance their own indignations and raptures so long and so passionately that the text disappeared beneath the interpretation: so a noble posterity could once again misunderstand the entire past and only thus perhaps make the sight of it endurable. - Or rather: has this not already happened? have we ourselves not been this 'noble posterity'? And, in so far as we comprehend this, is it not at this moment - done with?

16

No one is likely to consider a doctrine true merely because it makes happy or makes virtuous: excepting perhaps the dear 'idealists', who rapturize over the good, the true and the beautiful and let all kinds of colourful, clumsy and good-natured desiderata swim about together in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. But even thoughtful spirits like to forget that making

unhappy and making evil are just as little counter-arguments. Something might be true although at the same time harmful and dangerous in the highest degree; indeed, it could pertain to the fundamental nature of existence that a complete knowledge of it would destroy one - so that the strength of a spirit could be measured by how much 'truth' it could take, more clearly, to what degree it needed it attenuated, veiled, sweetened, blunted, and falsified. But there can be no doubt that for the discovery of certain parts of truth the wicked and unhappy are in a more favourable position and are more likely to succeed; not to speak of the wicked who are happy - a species about whom the moralists are silent. Perhaps severity and cunning provide more favourable conditions for the formation of the strong, independent spirit and philosopher than does that gentle, sweet, yielding good-naturedness and art of taking things lightly which is prized in a scholar and rightly prized. Supposing in advance that the concept 'philosopher' is not limited to the philosopher who writes books - or, worse, writes books of his philosophy! - A final trait in the image of the free-spirited philosopher is provided by Stendhal, and in view of what German taste is I do not want to fail to emphasize it - for it goes against German taste. 'Pour être bon philosophe', said this last great psychologist, 'il faut être sec, clair, sans illusion. Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractère requis pour faire des découvertes en philosophic, c'est-à-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est.'

17

Everything profound loves the mask; the profoundest things of all hate even image and parable. Should not nothing less than the opposite be the proper disguise under which the shame of a god goes abroad? A questionable question: it would be strange if some mystic or other had not already ventured to meditate some such thing. There are occurrences of so delicate a description that one does well to bury them and make them unrecognizable with a piece of coarseness; there are acts of love and extravagant magnanimity after which nothing is more advisable than to take a stick and give the eyewitness a thrashing and so confuse his memory. Some know how to confuse and mistreat their own memory, so as to take revenge at least on this sole confidant - shame is inventive. It is not the worst things of which one is most ashamed: there is not only deceit behind a mask - there is so much goodness in cunning. I could believe that a man who had something fragile and valuable to conceal might roll through life thick and round as an

old, green, thick-hooped wine barrel: the refinement of his shame would have it so. A man whose shame has depth encounters his destinies and delicate decisions too on paths which very few ever reach and of whose existence his intimates and neighbours may not know: his mortal danger is concealed from their eyes, as is the fact that he has regained his sureness of life. Such a hidden man, who instinctively uses speech for silence and concealment and is inexhaustible in evading communication, wants a mask of him to roam the heads and hearts of his friends in his stead, and he makes sure that it does so; and supposing he does not want it, he will one day come to see that a mask is there in spite of that - and that that is a good thing. Every profound spirit needs a mask: more, around every profound spirit a mask is continually growing, thanks to the constantly false, that is to say shallow interpretation of every word he speaks, every step he takes, every sign of life he gives.

18

One must test oneself to see whether one is destined for independence and command; and one must do so at the proper time. One should not avoid one's tests, although they are perhaps the most dangerous game one could play and are in the end tests which are taken before ourselves and before no other judge. Not to cleave to another person, though he be the one you love most - every person is a prison, also a nook and corner. Not to cleave to a fatherland, though it be the most suffering and in need of help - it is already easier to sever your heart from a victorious fatherland. Not to cleave to a feeling of pity, though it be for higher men into whose rare torment and helplessness chance allowed us to look. Not to cleave to a science, though it lures one with the most precious discoveries seemingly reserved precisely for us. Not to cleave to one's own detachment, to that voluptuous remoteness and strangeness of the bird which flies higher and higher so as to see more and more beneath it - the danger which threatens the flier. Not to cleave to our own virtues and become as a whole the victim of some part of us, of our 'hospitality' for example, which is the danger of dangers for rich and noble souls who expend themselves prodigally, almost indifferently, and take the virtue of liberality to the point where it becomes a vice. One must know how to conserve oneself: the sternest test of independence.

19

A new species of philosopher is appearing: I venture to baptize these

philosophers with a name not without danger in it. As I divine them, as they let themselves be divined - for it pertains to their nature to want to remain a riddle in some respects - these philosophers of the future might rightly, but perhaps also wrongly, be described as attempters. This name itself is in the end only an attempt and, if you will, a temptation.

20

Are they new friends of 'truth', these coming philosophers? In all probability: for all philosophers have hitherto loved their truths. But certainly they will not be dogmatists. It must offend their pride, and also their taste, if their truth is supposed to be a truth for everyman, which has hitherto been the secret desire and hidden sense of all dogmatic endeavours. 'My judgement is my judgement: another cannot easily acquire a right to it' - such a philosopher of the future may perhaps say. One has to get rid of the bad taste of wanting to be in agreement with many. 'Good' is no longer good when your neighbour takes it into his mouth. And how could there exist a 'common good'! The expression is a self-contradiction: what can be common has ever but little value. In the end it must be as it is and has always been: great things are for the great, abysses for the profound, shudders and delicacies for the refined, and, in sum, all rare things for the rare.

21

After all this do I still need to say that they too will be free, very free spirits, these philosophers of the future - just as surely as they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater and thoroughly different that does not want to be misunderstood or taken for what it is not. But in saying this I feel I have a duty, almost as much towards them as towards us, their heralds and precursors, us free spirits! - to blow away from all of us an ancient and stupid prejudice and misunderstanding which has all too long obscured the concept 'free spirit' like a fog. In all the countries of Europe and likewise in America there exists at present something that misuses this name, a very narrow, enclosed, chained-up species of spirits who desire practically the opposite of that which informs our aims and instincts - not to mention the fact that in regard to those new philosophers appearing they must certainly be closed windows and bolted doors. They belong, in short and regrettably, among the levellers, these falsely named 'free spirits' - eloquent and tirelessly scribbling slaves of the democratic taste and its 'modern ideas', men without

solitude one and all, without their own solitude, good clumsy fellows who, while they cannot be denied courage and moral respectability, are unfree and ludicrously superficial, above all in their fundamental inclination to see in the forms of existing society the cause of practically all human failure and misery: which is to stand the truth happily on its head! What with all their might they would like to strive after is the universal green pasture happiness of the herd, with security, safety, comfort and an easier life for all; their two most oft-recited doctrines and ditties are 'equality of rights' and 'sympathy for all that suffers' - and suffering itself they take for something that has to be abolished. We, who are the opposite of this, and have opened our eyes and our conscience to the question where and how the plant 'man' has hitherto grown up most vigorously, we think that this has always happened under the opposite conditions, that the perilousness of his situation had first to become tremendous, his powers of invention and dissimulation (his 'spirit' -) had, under protracted pressure and constraint, to evolve into subtlety and daring, his will to life had to be intensified into unconditional will to power - we think that severity, force, slavery, peril in the street and in the heart, concealment, stoicism, the art of experiment and devilry of every kind, that everything evil, dreadful, tyrannical, beast of prey and serpent in man serves to enhance the species 'man' just as much as does its opposite - we do not say enough when we say even that much, and at any rate we are, in what we say and do not say on this point, at the other end from all modern ideology and herd desiderata: at its antipodes perhaps? Is it any wonder we 'free spirits' are not precisely the most communicative of spirits? that we do not want to betray in every respect from what a spirit can free itself and to what it is then perhaps driven? And as for the dangerous formula 'beyond good and evil' with which we at any rate guard against being taken for what we are not: we are something different from 'libres-penseurs', 'liberi pensatori', 'Freidenker', or whatever else all these worthy advocates of 'modern ideas' like to call themselves. At home in many countries of the spirit, or at least having been guests there; having again and again eluded the agreeable musty nooks and corners into which predilection and prejudice, youth, origin, the accidents of people and books, or even weariness from wandering seemed to have consigned us; full of malice towards the lures of dependence which reside in honours, or money, or offices, or raptures of the senses; grateful even to distress and changeful illness because it has always liberated us from some rule and its 'prejudice', grateful to the god, devil, sheep and worm in us,

curious to the point of vice, investigators to the point of cruelty, with rash fingers for the ungraspable, with teeth and stomach for the most indigestible, ready for every task that demands acuteness and sharp senses, ready for every venture thanks to a superfluity of 'free will', with fore- and back-souls into whose ultimate intentions no one can easily see, with fore- and backgrounds to whose end no foot may go, hidden under mantles of light, conquerors even though we look like heirs and prodigals, collectors and arrangers from morn till night, misers of our riches and our full-crammed cupboards, thrifty in learning and forgetting, inventive in schemata, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night owls of labour even in broad daylight; yes, even scarecrows when we need to be - and today we need to be: in so far, that is, as we are born, sworn, jealous friends of solitude, of our own deepest, most midnight, most midday solitude - such a type of man are we, we free spirits! and perhaps you too are something of the same type, you coming men? you new philosophers?

4 From High Mountains: Epode

Oh life's midday! Oh festival! Oh garden of summer! I wait in restless ecstasy, I stand and watch and wait - where are you, friends? It is you I await, in readiness day and night. Come now! It is time you were here!

Was it not for you the glacier today exchanged its grey for roses? The brook seeks you; and wind and clouds press higher in the blue, longingly they crowd aloft to look for you.

For you have I prepared my table in the highest height - who lives so near the stars as I, or who so near the depths of the abyss? My empire - has an empire ever reached so far? And my honey - who has tasted the sweetness of it?

- And there you are, friends! - But, alas, am I not he you came to visit? You hesitate, you stare - no, be angry, rather! Is it no longer - I? Are hand, step, face transformed? And what I am, to you friends - I am not?

Am I another? A stranger to myself? Sprung from myself? A wrestler who subdued himself too often? Turned his own strength against himself too often, checked and wounded by his own victory?

Did I seek where the wind bites keenest, learn to live where no one lives, in the desert where only the polar bear lives, unlearn to pray and curse, unlearn man and god, become a ghost flitting across the glaciers?

- Old friends! how pale you look, how full of love and terror! No - be gone! Be not angry! Here - you could not be at home: here in this far domain of ice and rocks - here you must be a huntsman, and like the Alpine goat.

A wicked huntsman is what I have become! - See how bent my bow! He who drew that bow, surely he was the mightiest of men - : but the arrow, alas - ah, no arrow is dangerous as that arrow is dangerous - away! be gone! For your own preservation! ...

You turn away? - O heart, you have borne up well, your hopes stayed strong: now keep your door open to new friends! Let the old go! Let memories go! If once you were young, now - you are younger!

What once united us, the bond of one hope - who still can read the signs love once inscribed therein, now faint and faded? It is like a parchment - discoloured, scorched - from which the hand shrinks back.

No longer friends, but - what shall I call them? - they are the ghosts of friends which at my heart and window knock at night, which gaze on me and say: 'were we once friends?' - oh faded word, once fragrant as the rose!

Oh longing of youth, which did not know itself! Those I longed for, those I deemed changed into kin of mine - that they have aged is what has banished them: only he who changes remains akin to me.

Oh life's midday! Oh second youth! Oh garden of summer! I wait in restless ecstasy, I stand and watch and wait - it is friends I await, in readiness day and night, new friends. Come now! It is time you were here!

This song is done - desire's sweet cry died on the lips: a sorcerer did it, the timely friend, the midday friend - no! ask not who he is - at midday it happened, at midday one became two ...

Now, sure of victory together, we celebrate the feast of feasts: friend Zarathrustra has come, the guest of guests! Now the world is laughing, the dread curtain is rent, the wedding day has come for light and darkness...

SOME EXTRAORDINARY
POPULAR DELUSIONS

非同寻常的大众幻想

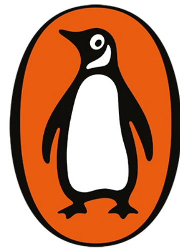
［英］查尔斯·麦基　著
郝瑞丽　译

中国出版集团
中 译 出 版 社

非同寻常的大众幻想

（英）查尔斯·麦基/著

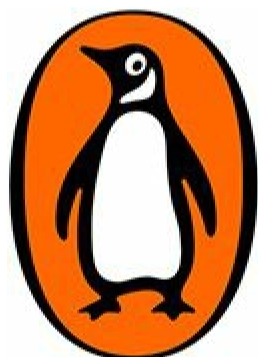
郝瑞丽/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

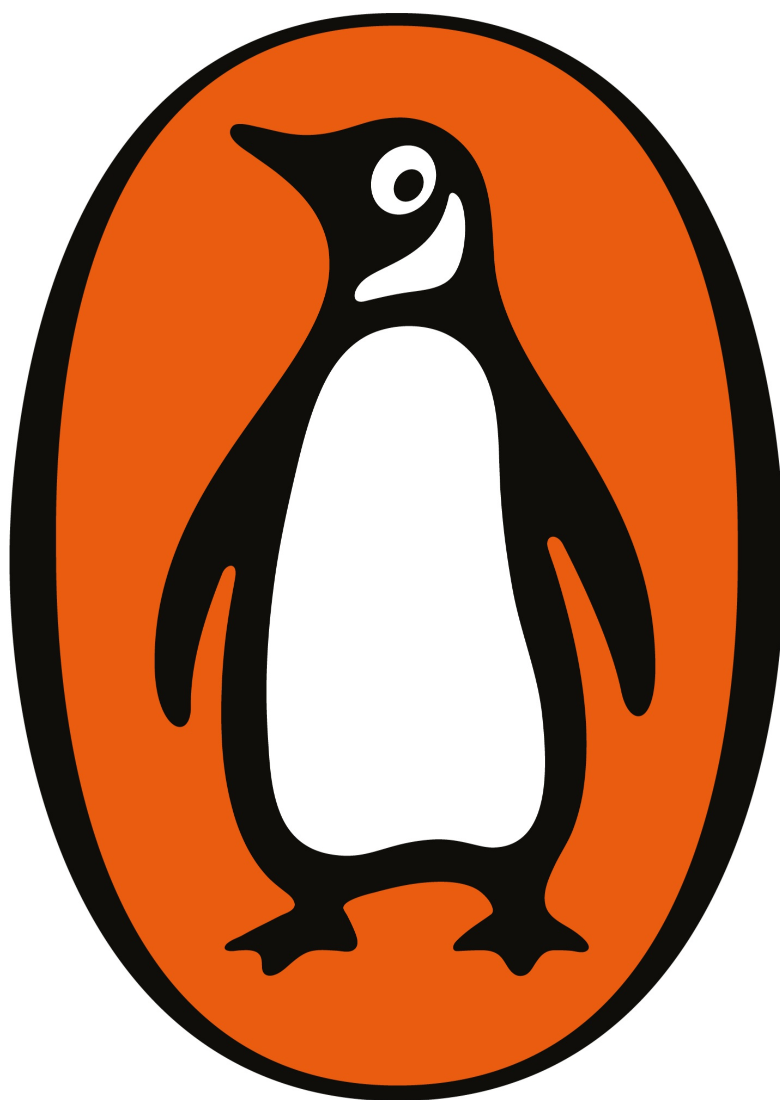
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds first published 1841
This selection published in Penguin Books 2010

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

查尔斯·麦基（Charles Mackay）生于1812年3月26日，卒于1889年12月24日，苏格兰诗人、作家、小说家和歌曲作家，以其文集《大众的迷茫与狂热》（Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds）而闻名于世。本书所选4篇作品即出自此文集。

《流行在大都市里的荒唐语》讲述了一些毫无意义的表达在都市坊间毫无缘由的起落兴衰；《南海泡沫危机》讲述了南海公司兴起到衰落的全过程，展示了泡沫膨胀时的斑斓和破灭时的黯淡，重现了当年金融市场的疯狂和荒谬；《郁金香狂热》描述了人们如何仅仅为了一棵球形的根茎而倾家荡产，举国上下如何为了这羸弱的花朵而陷入一片混乱；《疯狂的慢性投毒犯》揭露了那些天良尽失之人如何残害朋友和至亲，恶贯满盈之人如何从戕害人命中谋取暴利。

这4篇文章所讲述的故事截然不同，然而，却揭露了人类这个貌似智慧的动物，一不小心就极容易滑进去的一种状态——丧失理智的狂癫状。处于这种状态的所谓人类，已然没有了任何的思考能力和意识，犹如风中柳絮，或飘扬高空，或陷入泥潭，所有一切皆由外力主使。伦敦的市民张口闭口“阔斯”的时候，从来没有去想为什么这个音节具有如此丰富的含义和如此巨大的威力；所有南海公司和一系列泡沫公司的狂热股民，从来没有去想那些难以置信的事实如何产生高额的利润；荷兰的上上下下，也没有一个人去想一个类似洋葱的花根如何可以和祖产画上等号；那些把毒药坦然放进至亲的食物中的人，一样没有去想，亲人死后，人类良心和法律是否会允许他的“坦然”一直持续下去。

这种理智尽失的狂癫状只有两个结局：一种是始于狂癫、终于无形

的“善始善终”，比如盲目热爱一个个表达的伦敦市民，只是在使用中过瘾，而从不去想每一个表达何去何从。而另一种结局便是从狂癫的顶峰跌入现实的谷底，或身败名裂，或粉身碎骨。泡沫公司的股民和股东们不得不面临泡沫破灭的现实，变得一贫如洗，甚至锒铛入狱；郁金香的追随者不得不面临一个“洋葱般根茎”回归本位的现实，家产尽失，血本无归；而那些将至亲置于死地的狂徒必然得接受人间道德和法律的惩罚，被斩首示众，甚至被挫骨扬灰。

文章和文章所讲述的故事都已成为遥远的历史，但是，它们所蕴含的深刻含义，对于今天我们这个充斥着各种欲望的社会，仍旧具有十分深远的教育和警醒意义。那些追求时尚、钟爱名牌、豪掷半年工资买一个名牌包的美女们；那些为求偶像一个签名而心甘情愿排数小时长队的追星族们；那些梦想一夜暴富而倾其所有的炒股迷们；那些所有、所有在迷恋着某种东西的人们，是否应该把文中的这些人作为自己的一面镜子，停下脚步，抓住一丝理智的光芒，照亮自己那因过分迷恋而变得茫然和晦暗的内心，在自我的所作所为中，追寻一下“意义”的痕迹。

在翻译的过程中，一面心中琢磨着久远的文字，一面脑海中闪现着当今社会的一幕幕。这大概就是经典的魅力吧：喻古讽今。而经典的丰富和深刻也绝非译者几句粗浅的解释可以涵盖。相信聪慧的读者在品读的过程中，定会发现另一番洞天。

流行在大都市里的荒唐语

啦！发兮咚呔——啦！发兮咚咚，

万岁！啦！发兮咚呔！

——贝朗热[1]

在大城市中，有一种诙谐无处不在。对于那些富有同情心和包容心的人，这种诙谐是他们永不枯竭的消遣源泉。这些人高贵而优雅，但他们从不会嘲笑酗酒技工的愚笨或怪癖，不会对肮脏的乞丐和恶作剧的顽童嗤之以鼻，也不会对充满大都市大街小巷的游手好闲者、粗鲁莽撞者和人云亦云者趾高气昂。有一种人，他走过了大都市，却发现诸多让人悲泣之事。对于这种人，或许，每一个角落都足以让他们心如刀绞。但是，让这些人带着悲伤独自前行吧——我们绝不会和他结伴。这些人挖出人类的苦难，只是为了表达他们对这些苦难的悲伤，而这对于减轻人类的痛苦毫无益处。这些哭泣的哲学家用心中的悲伤毁掉了他们的视力，人也在眼泪中变得无能。对于那些他们为之痛哭不已的罪恶，他们束手无策。于是，人们发现不流泪的人才是真正的慈善家。他就像一个杰出的医师，无论所面对的病例如何糟糕，他总可以做到带着微笑去乐观面对。

苦难已被无数次地挖掘，罪恶已引得群情激愤，乌合之众的愚蠢也已被无数次地口诛笔伐。所以，我们在这里的写作不再为之“锦上添花”，至少在这一章不会。我们目前的任务没有那么惹人厌烦，就是信步穿过大城市中的人群聚集地，在其中寻求普通大众的乐趣，并且在经过的时候，记下穷人那些无伤大雅的愚蠢行为和奇思怪想。

在此，我们首先要讲的是，无论我们走到哪里，我们总是会听到一个表达被城市中形形色色的人群反复使用。重复这个表达的人总是喜形于色，听到的人总是忍俊不禁。你看不管是那蓬头垢面、老茧满手的男人，粗鲁的屠夫，跑腿的听差，淫荡的女人，赶出租马车的车夫，抑或是在街头的角落里游手好闲的懒虫，所有的人无不如此。这个表达总是具有一触即发的威力，只要有人说起，听者无不捧腹大笑。这个措辞适用于任何一种环境，它是可以回答所有问题的万能答案；简而言之，它是时下最受人欢迎的具有俚语性质的表达。在它如昙花一现般短暂的流行季节里，这个表达给贫穷卑微者，给收入微薄者的生活投了一缕欢乐的亮光，加了一丝嬉戏的乐趣，从而让他们找到了和他们身居高位的同胞一样开怀大笑的理由。

伦敦尤其盛产这种表达。不知在什么地方，一夜之间不期而至；也不知以何种方式，几小时内妇孺皆知。多年以前，人们最爱的一个表达是“阔斯”（虽然只是个单音节词，但它本身足以算作一个表达方式）。这个奇怪的词语在群众中的受欢迎程度无与伦比，迅即便获得了近乎无限的含义。当平民百姓要表达不相信的态度，并且同时想博人一笑时，这个流行的俚语是绝对的不二词选。当一个人被要求施与恩惠，又不打算给予的时候，他总可以大喊一声：“阔斯！”在这一声大喊中，他对请求者极端鲁莽行为的态度表露无遗。当一个喜爱恶作剧的顽童想激怒路人并取悦他的密友的时候，他会直勾勾地盯着他的脸，然后脱口而出：“阔斯！”对于他所期望的效果，这个“阔斯”没有一次不灵验。当一个辩手要表达对对手论点的真实性的怀疑时，当他要尽快摆脱他无法推翻的论点时，他选择“阔斯”，带着口不择言的神态，噘起他轻蔑的嘴唇，耸起他不耐烦的肩膀。这个万能的单音节词传达了他所有的意图。他不仅告诉对手他知道他撒谎了，而且，如果他认为人们会愚蠢到去相信他的地步的话，他就不折不扣地错了。每个酒馆里都回响着“阔斯”，每个街角都喧嚣着“阔斯”，几英里范围内的墙壁上无不涂鸦着“阔斯”。

但是，像世间万物一样，“阔斯”虽盛，却也只能盛极一时。它来得迅猛，去得突然，而且，再也没有享受人们曾经给它的溺爱和崇拜。新来者把它赶跑了，毫无争辩地代替了它的统治地位；而这个新来者也注定在独领一段风骚之后，被它的继任者抛下万人瞩目的宝座。

下一个接踵而至的流行语是：“多么糟糕透顶的帽子啊！”这个表达一流行开来，就有成千上万只看似漫无目的，实则敏锐异常的眼睛四处搜寻戴着旧帽子的过客，不管他帽子露旧的痕迹是多么微乎其微。顷刻间，一呼百应，震耳欲聋的噪音极具印第安人的尖叫特色。如若发现自己身处众人关注的中心，最明智的做法莫过于以逆来顺受的方式来保持自己的尊严。如果对于投向自己帽子的责难表露出一点点的厌恶，那只能是加倍的自取其辱。这群乌合之众马上就会发现一个人是否易怒，而且，如果这个人和他们是一个阶层的，他们就会拿他取乐。在这个表达流行的日子里，如果这样的一个人，戴着这样的一顶帽子走过人群拥挤的邻近社区，如果他的烦恼仅限于这些乌合之众的大呼小叫，他应该意识到他已经很幸运了。然而，事实是这顶倒霉催的帽子经常会被人从他的头顶上一把抓下来，被肆无忌惮的恶作剧者扔到排水沟中，然后，再拿起来，带着淤泥挂到一根棍子上。他们以此来取悦那些旁观者。这些看客们乐得笑弯了腰，在欢笑的间隙大声喊着：“噢！多么糟糕透顶的帽子啊！”“多么糟糕透顶的帽子啊！”有多少可怜的人为此变得紧张兮兮！因此，只要他们的钱包还可以节约出这部分开支，必会在陷入这种窘境之前为自己买顶新帽子。

这个独特的说辞在连续几个月的时间内为伦敦带来了欢乐。然而，和“阔斯”以及其他出身不明的习语不同，它的来历明明白白。南华克区[2]曾经有一场竞争激烈的竞选，竞选人之一是一名著名的帽商。这位绅士为了拉选票，利用职业之便，以巧妙的方式来赢得选民的好感。这种方式就是贿赂选民，却让他们浑然不觉。每当他去拜访或碰见一个选民，而这个选民的帽子不是最好的材料，或者，虽然是最好的材料却早

已不再流行时，他总是会不失时机地说："你戴的帽子多么的糟糕透顶啊！给我的商店打电话，你会得到一顶崭新的帽子！"在竞选当天，这个场景被对手所利用。在这位尊敬的候选人对着选民讲话的时候，他的对手煽动群众不断地大声叫喊："多么糟糕透顶的帽子啊！"这个习语从南华克区传遍整个伦敦，并一度成为最为流行的俚语。

曾一度备受宠爱的"钩子行者"起源于一个流行民谣的副歌。像"阔斯"一样，它也曾是回答所有问题的万能答案。随着时间的推移，仅仅第二个词为人们所专爱，并且这个词的第一个字的发音被特别地拉长，第二个字的音节则急转直下。如果一个可爱的女仆被一个她所不喜欢的人强吻，她一准儿会翘起她的小鼻子，叫道："行者。"如果一个清洁工问他的朋友借一先令，而他的朋友不能或不愿借给他，他得到的答复极有可能是："行者！"如果一个醉鬼在街上踉跄而行时，一个小男孩会去拽他的衣服后摆，或者有人会把他的帽子敲到他的眼上取笑他，而无论是哪种玩笑，必会伴着一声"行者！"2到3个月后，"行者"退出了历史舞台，而且，再也没有重新成为那代人或后来人的消遣用语。

下一个流行习语是最荒谬可笑的。谁发明了它？它是如何流行起来的？人们又是在哪里第一次听到了它？所有的这一切都无从得知。有关它的事情，没有一件可以确定。但是，连续几个月，它一直是伦敦人心中首屈一指的流行语。从它身上，伦敦人获得了巨大的满足感。根据所指对象性别的不同，这句习语是："她/他走时她/他的眼睛都出来了。"那段时间，这个习语在所有熟悉这个城市的人当中口口相传。事实是，这个无厘头的习语给粗俗之人带来了多少欢乐，就给清醒之人带来了多少困惑。智慧的人觉得它很愚蠢，而很多人觉得它很有趣。游手好闲者用粉笔把它写在墙上或者涂在纪念碑上以自娱自乐。但是，"所有的明亮都终将黯淡"，习语也毫不例外。人们终于厌倦了他们的嗜好，随之，"他走时眼睛都出来了"这句习语再也没有在它曾经盛极一时的流行地听到过。

紧随其后的习语很奇怪，流行空间也很有限。这个习语的形式是鲁莽而有些不得体的询问：“你妈把她的轧布机卖了吗？”然而，它的流行程度并不像以前的流行语那样给人带来喧闹的气氛和兴奋的心情，所以，它很快就失宠了。阻碍它流行程度和延续时间的原因是这个习语显然不能用在老人身上。自然而然，它的热度匆匆而逝，随即，被人们抛入遗忘的深渊。相比之下，它的继任者所享盛名要久得多。它的根基是那样的深厚，以至于无论岁月多么久远，时尚如何变迁都无法消除它的痕迹。这个习语是“烧起来啦！”直到今天，它仍是被广泛应用的口语表达。它源于改革暴动时期，那时，愤怒的人们把布里斯托尔烧了将近一半。据说火焰在这个完全陷入暴乱的城市里呼呼乱窜。很难猜测这个习语的流行是因为它的几个词具有美妙的发音，还是因为包含了隽永的涵义。然而，无论原因是什么，事实是确定的，那就是它有力地刺激了大众的幻想，并在刺激中给了他们快感，并且把它之前的习语赶出了流行地带。走遍伦敦，人们听到的只有“烧起来啦！”它回答了所有的问题，解决了所有的争端，适用于所有人、所有事以及所有的场合。它突然间成为英语这个语言中最包罗万象的表达。一个人说话不得体，人们会说他“烧起来了”；一个人过分频繁地去杜松子酒馆，并因此堕落下去，人们也会说他“烧起来了”；让自己陷入深情无法自拔、在深夜出门寻欢、惊扰周围的人们并且制造骚乱，所有的这一切都是当事者“烧起来了”。恋人争吵时“烧起来了”，街上两个恶棍的斗殴也是用的这个表达。那些煽动革命和动乱的传教士让英国像法国一样烧了起来。人们是如此钟爱这个表达，以至于人们重复它就是为了它的声音。很显然，听到他们的器官发出这个声音就足以让他们感到欣欣然。当没有人倾听并回应他们的呼声时，东区的劳工会用这个著名的、常常让西区的贵族感到震惊的习语回应他们。甚至在万物沉寂的深夜，那些值夜班的和无法入睡的人们也总能听到这个声音。蹒跚回家的醉鬼在打嗝儿的间隙叫一声“烧起来了”，以此表明他还属于人类，还是个公民。酒醉让他丧失了整理其他思想的能力，他的智商降到了畜生的水平，但是，他的这声呼喊让他

抓住了他和人类的最后一丝联系。他只要能够大声喊出这个声音，他就有权利做英国人，他就不会像狗一样睡在排水沟里。他大喊大叫着继续前行，惊扰了安静的街道，惊醒了熟睡的人们，直到筋疲力尽一头栽倒在路上。这时，很及时地，一个警察碰巧发现了他，这位治安的捍卫者把灯光照到他脸上，随后惊呼一声："这儿有一个可怜的家伙烧起来了！"然后，有人抬来担架，将这位酩酊大醉者送到哨所，扔进一个肮脏的小屋。在那儿，一群和他一样喝得大醉的倒霉鬼用一个大声的、拉长音的"烧起来啦！"来欢迎他们这个新同志。

这个习语是这样的万能且貌似经久不衰，以至于一位并不了解俚语易逝特性的投机者以此习语为名创办了一个新闻周刊。然而，就像把房屋建在沙地上的人一样，他的地基最终还是坍塌了。那个习语和他所创办的报纸一起被冲进了历史的汪洋。人们最终厌倦了这个单调的"烧起来啦"，这个说法甚至在他们当中也成为粗俗之语。渐渐地，只有不谙世事的小男孩喜欢它，然后，随着时间的流逝，最终被人们完全遗忘了。这个表达已经不是常用的习语，但仍旧用来指突发的火灾、骚乱或恶行。

下一个集万千宠爱的表达不太简洁，它起初的用途是指责早熟的年轻人。他们未成年，却又总是装出一副男子汉十足的气概来。"你妈知道你出来了吗？"是个让人发怒的质问。它用于质问那些吹牛离了谱的，在街上抽烟的，带着假胡子看起来不可一世的年轻人。我们很是见过一些逞能的家伙，只要有女士从他们面前经过，他们必定直勾勾地一直把人家看到惊慌失措；但是，只要对他们一说这句话，他们就立马原形毕露，卑微之极。盛装出行的学徒和伙计对这个习语深恶痛绝，每每听到，必会一脸愤怒。总体而言，这个习语应用的效果是好的，它无数次地告诉那些浮夸的年轻人，他们并非像自己想象的那样优美、动人。然而，除了这个正面效果之外，这个表达所暗含的对对方自制能力的怀疑赋予了它挑衅的特性。一句"你妈知道你出来了吗？"的询问包含了假

装的关心和担忧；言下之意便是这么年轻、对大城市这么没有经验的人竟然在没有父母的陪同下独自出来乱逛，实在令人遗憾和揪心。由此，那些即将成年的年轻人一旦成为被询问的对象，必会马上勃然大怒。甚至，年岁大一点的人也不喜欢这个习语。如果一个车夫在不知道客人显赫身份的情况下，对一个公爵领地或勇士封号的继承人说了这句话，对方必会对这种公然的侮辱怒发冲冠，并一定会和这个胆大妄为的冒犯者对簿公堂。车夫解释说他本来是想跟这位老爷要双倍的钱，结果被拒，所以，他对之施以“你妈知道你出来了吗”的侮辱。迅即，在场的所有车夫都开始大呼小叫着“你妈知道你出来了吗”，然后，这位老爷只好在尽量不失尊严的前提下落荒而逃。公堂之上，车夫求情说他不知道他的客人是个老爷，然而，被冒犯的正义让他为自己的过错付出了代价。

这个习语气数用尽之后，像它的先辈们一样销声匿迹了。随后，“你是谁？”代替了它的统治地位。这个新宠像蘑菇，仿佛一夜之间即可破土而出，迅猛生长；又像齐普赛街上的青蛙，随一阵急雨从天而降。前一天，它还没有被听说、被知晓，甚至没有被发明；后一天，它就已经遍及了整个伦敦。每一条小路都回响着它，每一条大路上都有它的余音萦绕，

街头巷尾，四处传诵

这不变的呼喊。

这个习语的说法很迅捷，第一个词和最后一个词的读音都以喷薄之势而出，中间一个词的读音轻如气息。像它所有可以被广泛应用的同仁一样，这个习语也可以用于几乎各种不同的场合。喜欢对平实的问题作出平实回答的人绝对不会喜欢它。傲慢无礼者用它去冒犯别人；无知者用它去遮掩自己的贫乏；恶作剧者用它来取笑。每一个进入酒吧间的新人都会被人毫不客气地问一句：“你是谁？”如果他呆头呆脑地抓耳挠腮，不知如何应答，人群里肯定会爆发一阵狂笑。面对这一问，再权威

的辩论者也只能张口结舌，再无礼的傲慢也只能偃旗息鼓。在这个习语盛行之时，一个绅士感到有贼在掏他的衣兜，他突然转身，把那个人逮个现形，然后大呼一声："你是谁？"周围的看客必定会随之欢呼，并且认为这是他们听到的最棒的笑话了——堪称智慧的顶峰和幽默的精髓。另一个类似的场景给这个习语增添了额外的趣味，在它即将淡出之时，为它注入了新的生命和活力。这一幕发生在大不列颠王国的刑事大法庭上。一个犯人在接受公开审问，被控告之罪已被证实，他的律师不是为他作无罪辩护，而是请求法庭从轻发落，理由是他以前是个品端行正的好人。"那么你的证人们呢？"尊敬的主持法官问道。这时，旁听席中传来一个粗鲁的声音："求你了，长官！我认识这个受审的犯人，他是有史以来最诚实的人了。"一时间，法庭上的官员们惊得目瞪口呆，那些陌生人压抑不住地咯咯直笑。这时，法官突然抬起头，冷静而威严地说："你是谁？"整个法庭都被震惊了，咯咯窃笑变成了捧腹大笑，几分钟后才重新恢复安静和秩序。引领员平静情绪之后，开始寻找那个胆敢亵渎法庭的家伙，但是却无果而终。没有人认识他，也没有人见过他。一段时间之后，法庭又恢复了正常的审讯。紧接着受审的罪犯对自己的前景十分乐观，因为他得知那张代表正义的、庄严的嘴巴竟然能说出这么草根的习语，仿佛他曾亲身体验，并且很欣赏这个说法。他由此推断，这样的一个法官绝对不会过分严厉。他的心和劳苦大众在一起，他理解他们的语言和做事的方式，所以，对于他们受到诱惑而犯罪这件事，必然能够尽可能地体谅。从后来的事实判断，无数的罪犯都这么想，最后，这个博学的法官突然间受到了大众的极度欢迎，他的智慧被人们到处传颂。就这样，"你是谁？"获得了新生，又接着被大众宠爱了一段时间。

但是，如果你认为两个前后相继的习语之间是没有休止符的你方唱罢我登场的模式，那你就大错特错了。这些习语的兴起并非绵延不断的一条单线，而是在赢得大众青睐的过程中，与歌曲平分秋色。情形如下：当人们沉浸在音乐之中时，习语再怎么高声呼喊，也只能是徒劳无

益；而当人们心向习语时，音乐再甜美，他们也是充耳不闻。大约20年前，整个伦敦回响着一首让所有人神魂颠倒的歌曲。男孩儿、女孩儿、小伙子、老大爷、少女、少妇以及寡妇，所有的人都步调一致地喜欢起了音乐。人们对于歌唱的狂热无与伦比，然而，最糟糕的是，就像传奇小说《修道院》（The Monastery）中的好神父菲利普一样，他们的曲调绝对一成不变。整个城里那些游手好闲的人整齐划一地唱着："樱桃熟了！""樱桃熟了！"每一个歌唱的声音都是那样的不协调，每一把小提琴的演奏都让人疯狂，每一个笛子的演奏都让人崩溃，每一个管乐的演奏都犹如病态的喘息，街道上所有的乐器都在演奏这同样的旋律。最后，那些努力勤学的人和偏爱安静的人不得不绝望地堵上耳朵，甚至，跑到数英里之外的田野里或树林里去寻找安静。这个瘟疫一般无处不在又折磨人的歌曲存在了一年，直到樱桃这个词在这片土地上成为人们厌恶的对象。最终，激情消减了，钟爱的浪潮又朝着新的方向前进。下一个宠儿是一首歌还是一个俚语，现在确定还为时尚早，但是，可以肯定的是，马上，人们又开始对一个戏剧的主题开始痴迷，无论你走到哪儿，总能听到"汤姆和杰米"。仅仅以言语的形式来取悦大众的时间已经很久了，所以，在后来的消遣中，人们开始更加注重实际的行动。城里每一个青年的心中都充斥着要脱颖而出的强烈愿望，而实现这个愿望的方式真是多种多样。他们会选择打倒"查理一家"，整夜被关在拘留所里，在淫荡的女人中间起哄，或者和一群粗鄙的人同被关在圣吉斯大教堂的地穴里。那些小男孩模仿这些年轻人的行动，并且企图在类似的事情上和他们一比高低。这种情形一直持续到这个毫无价值的激情像其他的愚蠢行为一样，走到它生命的尽头。整个城市又开始沉醉于下一个流行时尚。紧接着，把拇指尖放到鼻子尖上，并且在空中迅速转动4个手指成为回答所有问题的方式。在粗俗之人中，这种方式被认为是顶级智慧的象征。如果一个人想侮辱或者激怒另外一个人，他只需使用这个神秘的具有象征意义的手势，即可达到目的。在每一个有人群聚集的街角，如果一个过路者觉得好奇要停下来观察他们的行动，两分钟之内，

他必定可以看到其中有人把手指放到他们的鼻子上，以此来表示他们对这个观察者的怀疑、吃惊、拒绝，或者嘲笑。今天，人们仍能看到这个荒谬习俗的遗留痕迹，但是，不同的是，现在它被认为是低级的行为，甚至在粗俗人群中也不例外。

大约16年之前，伦敦城又毫无道理地迷上了音乐。大众在高声赞扬“海洋，海洋！”的歌声里，喊哑了嗓子。如果一个不知情的陌生人（而且是个哲学家）步行穿过伦敦时听到了这个在全城传唱的歌谣，他一定会建立一个有趣的理论，来阐述英国人对海的喜爱和我们众所周知的海洋霸权地位之间的关系。他可能会说，“毫无疑问，这个民族在海上不可战胜。他们对海洋的热爱渗入了他们的日常思维：他们甚至在市场这种地方赞美海洋，他们的路边歌手通过歌颂海洋来祈求施舍；身份不分贵贱，年龄不分长幼，性别不分男女，所有的人都在歌颂‘啊！海洋！’”在这个热爱战争的民族的歌谣里，爱情不是钟爱的主题——酒神巴斯（Bacchus）不是他们的神；他们的思维模式严厉而冷峻，他们只想着“海洋，海洋！”，以及征服海洋的方式。

如果耳朵是这个哲学家判断事物的唯一依据的话，毫无疑问，这些歌声会给他留下这样的印象。唉！那些日子里，那些真正懂得欣赏音乐的高雅的耳朵们啊！当不和谐的旋律演奏起这个让人震惊的圣歌，当成千上万个不同的曲调随声附和，他们在无处可逃的处境中忍受了多么巨大的折磨啊！萨伏伊的流浪歌手听到了这个旋律，开始在伦敦幽静的长街上大声歌唱，直到最深、最偏僻处的屋子里都回响着他的声音。那些优雅之人不得不忍受着魔鬼般的长嚎，这首歌持续了6个月之久。他们疲惫而绝望，甚至在陆地上开始有海里晕船的感觉。

几首其他歌曲在随后的不同时期相继盛行，但是，除了“都围着我的帽子”这首歌外，其他几首都没有获得特别的宠爱，直到一个美国男演员引入了一首名字叫作“黑人，杰姆·克劳”的低俗歌曲。歌手穿着很

应景的服装，摆着奇怪的手势，而且每当歌曲结束的时候总会突然旋转他的身体。这种风格迅疾抓住了全城人的口味，结果，那些规矩之人的耳朵不得不连续几个月忍受这首毫无意义的歌谣所带来的惊吓：

转啊，摇啊，

就这么做吧——

转啊，摇啊，

跳吧，黑人，杰姆·克劳！

街头的流浪歌手为了增加歌曲的效果，涂黑了他们的脸庞；那些失去父亲的、不得不在偷盗和卖唱这两种谋生方式之间作出选择的流浪儿毫不犹豫地选择了后者，因为这个方式看起来似乎更能赚钱，当然，前提是公众的口味保持这个风格不变。在任何大街的夜市上，都可以看到这首歌的伴舞，把粗野笨拙演绎到了无以复加的地步；而这首歌的歌词，刺透人流的喧嚣，高高飘在空中。在这首打油诗的流行时期，那个安静的旁观者，

坐在公路旁

身上布满夏日的灰尘，看着人流

匆忙地来往

众人犹如黄昏光线下的蠓虫儿

此时此刻的他，可能会像雪莱一样高呼：

成千上万的人在狂歌乱舞

如痴如醉

那个曾经自言自语英国人的国民性格，并且认为这个民族对海洋歌曲情有独钟的哲学理论家会对这种现象作何感想呢？如果再次造访伦敦，他一定会得出另一个貌似真实的理论来说明我们对废除奴隶制所作出的不懈努力。“仁慈的民众啊！”他一定会说，“你们的同情心是多么无限啊！你们不幸的非洲同胞们，他们只是在肤色上和你们不同，但对你们是多么友好啊。你们也毫不吝惜你们为他们贡献的2000万，你们想永远纪念他们。杰姆·克劳是那个受伤害民族的代表，也是你们这个民族的大众偶像！看他们如何赞扬他！——他们如何模仿他的特色！——他们如何在闲暇和放松的时刻重复他的名字！他们甚至把他的形象雕刻出来，用以装饰他们的壁炉！他的事业和他的苦难永远不会被忘记！噢，博爱的英格兰啊！——噢，文化的先锋！”

这些就是伦敦民众的特色，此时此刻，没有动乱、行刑、谋杀、麻烦来打乱他们平静的思绪。这些就是普通民众的奇思怪想——这些毫无恶意的愚蠢行为无形中减轻了生存的压力。对于那些智者，虽然，他们会有点嘲笑这些愚蠢的言行，但是绝对不会毫无同情心。他们一定会说：“如果他们愿意，就让他们尽情享受那些俚语式的表达和歌谣吧；如果他们无法幸福，至少，让他们快活吧。”对于英国人，就像对贝朗热歌中所唱到的法国人一样，在小小的一首歌中蕴含着一些安慰。我们和他一样，共同拥有：

那些忧郁的人们啊，

能够给予他们快乐的，

恰恰是这些没有意义的话语！

啊，他们渡过忧伤之河的渡口啊！

就在这些没有意义的表达里。

南海泡沫危机

最后，腐败，犹如洪水，

铺天盖地、淹没一切，而，贪婪

于不知不觉中，蔓延、伸展，

像低空的雾，遮光蔽日。

政客和爱国者一起孜孜不倦地炒着股票，

贵妇和男仆在交易所里齐头并肩；

法官做着经纪人，主教侵吞民脂民膏，

位高权重的公爵耍尽手段，

却只为，蝇头小利：

整个不列颠陷入了利欲熏心的魔咒里。

——蒲伯

南海公司由声望很高的牛津伯爵哈利（Harley, Earl of Oxford）创建于1711年，其目的是恢复辉格党下台以来一直境遇不佳的政府声誉，清偿国家流动债务中高达近1000万英镑的海陆军的信用债券及其他债券。这个由商人创建的、在那个时候尚未命名的公司主动承担了政府的这些债务。政府保证在一个时期内向他们提供6%的年利率。按此利率计算，政府每年须向他们支付高达60万的利息，为此，政府永久性免收他

们所进口的葡萄酒、醋、印度商品、丝织品、烟草、鲸鱼鳍，以及其他一些商品的关税。同时，他们还获得了南海地区的贸易垄断权，从此，通过国会法案组建的这个公司就以“南海”闻名于世了。伯爵大人因为在事务办理中的贡献而赢得了很高的荣誉，而这项计划总是被那些阿谀奉承者称为“牛津伯爵的杰作”。

即便是在公司建立的早期，公司和公众就对南美西岸的巨大财富形成了极具梦幻色彩的想象。每个人都听说过秘鲁和墨西哥的金矿、银矿；每个人都认为那里的矿藏取之不尽；只要把英国的产品运到那里的海岸，当地居民就会拿上百倍的金锭、银锭来给予回报。有一则消息被人孜孜不倦地传播着：西班牙将让出智利和秘鲁海岸上的4个港口，以便为英国的船只提供交通便利。这则消息大大增强了公众对于南海公司的信心，连续好几年，它的股票炙手可热。

但是，西班牙的菲利普五世从来没有打算让英国在美洲的西班牙殖民地港口享受自由贸易。双方曾经着手谈判，但谈判的结果只是签订奴隶贸易特许条约。条约允许英国垄断美洲西班牙属殖民地的奴隶贸易30年；同时，允许英国每年有一艘商船和墨西哥、西班牙及秘鲁进行贸易，商船的吨位和货物价值都有严格的限定。后一个条款的实现须满足一条刚性条件，那就是西班牙国王享有1/4的利润，同时，对于剩下3/4的利润收取5%的所得税。这个结果让牛津伯爵和他的政党大失所望，这让他们想起“大山临盆，老鼠出世”[3]的故事，现实和希望的巨大落差让他们心灰意冷。但是，公众对南海公司的信心并未动摇。牛津伯爵随后宣布，除合约中规定的每年一艘的船舶外，西班牙允许第一年再加两艘商船；同时，还印发了沿途海岸所有港口的名单，并且高调宣布这些港口统统对大不列颠开放贸易。实际上，合约中规定的每年一次的商船直到1717年才进行第一次航行，而第二年的航行就因为和西班牙决裂而取消了。

国王在1717年议会的开幕式演讲中很明显地暗示了让人担忧的政府信用状态，并且提议采取适当的措施来减少国债。南海公司和英格兰银行这两个金融巨头紧接着在5月20号就对议会提出了建议。南海公司保证他们换购国债的股本可以通过认购或其他方式由1000万增加到1200万；而且，他们同意将年利率由6%降到5%。英格兰银行给出的有利条件也相当诱人。众议院争论了一段时间之后，出台了3个法案，分别是《南海公司法案》、《英格兰银行法案》和《通用基金法案》。在第一个法案中，议会接受了南海公司的提议，而公司也准备好预付增加的200万英镑以清偿安妮女王（Queen Anne）就任第9年和第10年所发行的4个奖券基金的本息。通过第二法案，英格兰同意降低政府欠它的1775027英镑15先令的利息；同意取消多达200万英镑的国库券；同意政府按5%的利率，每年向他们支付10万英镑的年金。同时，在一年期内，这些债券可由政府赎回。除此之外，政府还要求他们在急需的情况下以5%的利率预付不超过2500万英镑的债券，债券可由议会赎回。《通用基金法案》列举了几点缺陷，这些缺陷由前述的资源来完善。

南海公司的名字就是这样不断地出现在公众的视野中。虽然，他们和南美国家的贸易几乎甚至可以说根本没有提高他们的年收入；但是，这并不妨碍它作为一个金融公司继续蓬勃发展。公众对于公司股票的需求空前高涨。董事们受这种胜利景象的鼓舞，甚至开始考虑扩大他们影响的新方式。约翰·劳（John Law）那个曾经让法国人神魂颠倒的密西西比计划[4]给了他们灵感，他们认为在英国也可以玩同样的把戏。他们预料到约翰·劳必定失败的结局，却并没有因此而改变他们自己的计划。他们认为自己的计划足够聪明，可以避免约翰的错误，将这个计划永远进行下去，把信用的弦拉到极限，而且这根弦绝不会突然崩断。

约翰·劳的计划获得了大众极度的欢迎，成千上万的人蜂拥到甘康普瓦大街[5]上，用狂热亲手将自己毁灭。恰在此时，南海公司向议会提出他们著名的清偿国债计划。在欧洲两个最著名的国家，人们想象着无

尽的财富在他们迷醉的眼前漂来浮去。英国人的挥霍事业开始的要比法国人晚，但是这种狂热一旦抓住了他们，就注定其程度的不可超越。1720年1月22日，下议院转组为全院委员会来讨论国王在议会开幕式上涉及国债的演讲，以及南海公司有关偿还国债的提议。提议由几个董事制定，详细地阐述了有关国债的计划。根据提议，公司愿意以每年5%的利率承担30981712英镑的国债直到1727年。1727年之后，国债可由立法机构根据自己的意愿择时赎回，并且利率降到4%。这个提议很受欢迎；但是，英格兰银行在下议院中有很多的朋友，他们希望这个公司也可以在这些有可能产生的利益中分一杯羹。这些朋友代表这个公司，作了如下陈述：英格兰银行在国家处于危难时，曾作出了卓著的贡献，所以，如果这种性质的政府交易可以带来利益的话，相比于一个对国家无所作为的公司，他们至少应该优先受到青睐。对于事态的进一步商议因此推迟了5天。同时，银行的管理层起草了一份计划。因为害怕英格兰银行会给政府提供更优惠的条件，南海公司重新考虑了他们之前的提议，对它作了一些修改，并希望修改后的提议更容易让政府接受。一个重要的变化是，规定政府可以在4年后赎回债券，而非刚开始提出的7年。在这场非凡的竞拍中，银行也不甘服输，管理层又重新考虑了他们最初的提议并提交了更新版本。

这样，在每个公司提交了两份提议后，议院开始仔细考虑。罗伯特·沃波尔（Robert Walpole）是英格兰银行的主要拥护者，而财政大臣艾斯拉比（Aislabie）极力支持南海公司。2月2日，经讨论决定，后者的提议对国家更有利。南海公司的提议被通过了，同时，根据他们的提议，追加了相关法案。

交易所里热情高涨。公司的股票前一天还是130英镑，今天已稳步升到300英镑，然后在所追加法案的讨论期，以惊人的速度一路飙升。沃波尔先生几乎是议院中唯一大胆持反对意见的政府官员。他以极其严肃和富有说服力的语言警告他们可能随之而来的犯罪。他说，这个计划

纵容了“股票行业的危险操作，它让国家精英不再专心从事贸易和工业。它抛出了一个危险的诱饵，让毫无警戒心的人们用他们的劳动所得去换取想象中的财富，从而引诱他们走向毁灭。这个计划的原则可谓恶贯满盈。它通过唤起民众对财富的迷恋心理，以及根本没有足够的本金来保证的红利来人为地增加股票的面值”。他预言：如果计划成功了，公司董事将成为政府的主人，在王国形成全新的贵族统治，并控制立法机构。如果正如他所确信的那样，这个计划失败了，它将在全体民众中产生不满，并给整个国家带来伤害。这是所有人的一场幻梦。当厄运如期而至，人们终将如大梦初醒，不禁自问这一切是否是真的。他为这件事所费的口舌都是徒劳的。他被看成是虚伪的预言家，甚至被比喻成声音嘶哑难听的乌鸦，象征恶兆的嘎嘎叫声让人讨厌。而他的朋友却把他比作希腊神话中的凶事预言家卡珊德拉[6]：只有当不幸登门造访，在人们的家里和他们四目相对的时候，他们才会相信他的预言。虽然议院对他的一字一句都曾洗耳恭听，但是，当议员得知他要谈论南海公司的问题时，立即人去席空。

这个法案在下议院经历了两个月的讨论。在此期间，公司董事和他们的朋友们，尤其是董事会主席，著名的约翰·布朗特（John Blunt）爵士都不遗余力地想方设法提升股票价格。有关英国和西班牙之间签订一系列协议的荒谬流言史无前例地四处流传：西班牙赋予英国它所有殖民地的自由贸易权，波托西——拉——巴兹丰富的银矿将被源源不断地运送到英国，直到英国的银矿和铁一样丰富。墨西哥的居民将为我们倾空他们的金矿，因为我们将为他们提供丰富的棉花和羊毛产品。和南太平洋各国做生意的这个商人公司将成为有史以来最富有的公司，而对于它的股票持有人来说，他们所投资的每100英镑，每年都可以为他们带来几百甚至上千的利润。最后，股票的价格通过这种方式升到了近400英镑，波动了一段时间之后，稳定在330英镑，直到法案在众议院以172票赞成55票反对的比例通过。

法案在上议院以史无前例的速度通过了评审的各个阶段：4月4日第一次宣读，5日第二次宣读，6日交付委员会，7日第三次宣读并通过。

在上议院的讨论中，几位议员强烈反对这个计划，但是人们对他们的警告置若罔闻。一种对投机的狂热迷住了众多议员和普通民众的心。诺斯（North）勋爵和格雷（Grey）说，这个计划旨令少数人富有、陷多数人于贫困，在性质上是不公平的，必然会导致致命的后果。沃顿（Wharton）公爵随后也发了言；但是，因为他只不过是口若悬河地二手兜售沃波尔在下议院提出的观点，他所得到的关注还不及诺斯勋爵和格雷得到的多。考珀（Cowper）伯爵也持同样的立场，他把这个法案比作围攻特洛伊时那匹举世闻名的木马。就像那匹木马一样，人们欢呼雀跃着以无比华丽的场面迎接它，但是，它所带来的却只有背叛和毁灭。桑德兰（Sunderland）伯爵努力回应所有的异议；法案一经提出，只有17名议员持反对意见，83名完全赞成这个计划。就在这个计划在上议院通过的当天，它获得了皇室的同意，成为这个岛国的法律。

顷刻间，全民都成为了股票经纪人。股票交易所天天人满为患，康希尔也被数不清的马车挤得水泄不通。每个人都来购买股票。“每个傻瓜都梦想升级为流氓。”这是当时出版的一个民谣的歌词，在大街小巷里到处传唱：

明星和嘉德勋位获得者

混迹于乌合之众；

他们疯狂地买卖着股票，

还对犹太人和异族人的争吵

喜闻乐见。

最高贵的贵妇也闻风而来，

不辞辛苦，天天乘着马车奔忙，

或者忍痛割爱，把珠宝典当，

原来是为购得股票才这般疯狂。

社会各阶层在对赚钱近乎病态的渴望中备受煎熬。即使在南海公司内部，发财的欲望也同样不可遏制。一系列史上最令人眼花缭乱的阴谋诡计在南海公司一一出炉了。股市行情表被迅速地填满，一笔笔交易在不断地进行；与此同时，南海公司不择手段地哄抬这些股票的市场价格，使其达到一个虚高的水平。

与众人的期望背道而驰，在法案获得皇室的同意后，南海公司的股票价格开始下跌。4月7日的报价是310英镑，第二天就降到了290英镑。董事们已经尝到他们计划的甜头了，所以，他们不可能坐视股票降到它真实的水平而无动于衷。顷刻间，他们的使者们开始奔忙。每一个希望计划成功的人都在他的周围召集一群听众，对他们详细讲述南美各个海洋国家的丰富宝藏。股票交易所里挤满了侧耳倾听的人们。一个谎言，仅仅是因为它以极度自信的方式被讲述出来，便对股票市场产生了立竿见影的影响。据说斯坦霍普（Stanhope）伯爵在法国已经收到了西班牙政府的提议，提议的内容是：为了扩张英国在南太平洋地区的贸易并保证其安全，西班牙政府愿意用直布罗陀海峡和马翁港来交换秘鲁海岸的一些地方。一年只能有一艘贸易船只到那些港口，并允许西班牙国王抽取利润的25%的日子一去不复返了。南海公司可以随心所欲地造船、租船，而且无需向任何外国君主交付任何比例的利润。“人们幻想着元宝在眼前飞舞”，股市一路攀升。4月12日，在上议院通过此法案的第五天，公司管理层以300%的溢价发行了100万新股，每股面值100英镑，售价300英镑。社会各阶层人士蜂拥而至，以至于第一次的股票认购数

量就达200多万原始股。对于每股面值为100英镑的原始股，他们可以分5次付款，每次60英镑。几天之内，股票又飙升到340英镑，认购股票以2倍于首次认购的价格售出。为了进一步提升股票的价格，董事常设会议于4月21日宣布，凡认购仲夏季节发行股票的股民，均可享受10%的红利。这些决议达到了预设的目的，随后，为进一步提高有钱人购买股票的欲望，公司管理层决定以400%的溢价再发行100万股。每一个阶层的人们对这笔资金是如此地热望，以至于几小时内150多万股就被以上述价格认购一空。

同时，数不清的股份公司在各地纷纷成立。这些公司迅即获得了“泡沫”的称号，这是人类想象力所能找到的最合适的词语了。公众总是对使用绰号情有独钟。没有哪个词能比“泡沫”更适合了。有些公司持续了一周，有些两周，然后就音信全无了；而其他的甚至连这个时间长度也持续不了。每天晚上都有新的计划，每天早上都有新的项目。对于利润的狂热追求，贵族的最高层丝毫不亚于康希尔最单调乏味的股票经纪人。威尔士的王子成了一个公司的管理者，并且，据说他通过投机买卖净赚4万英镑。布里奇沃特公爵开启了一个改善伦敦和威斯敏斯特的项目，尚多斯公爵开办了另一个项目。大约有100个不同的项目，一个比一个夸张，一个比一个具有欺骗性。用官方的语言说，这些项目“由狡猾的流氓开办并推销，由贪婪而愚蠢的乌合之众追捧，最终的结果只是证明它们看起来正如它们那个粗俗的称谓所表示的那样——泡沫和欺骗”。据计算，在这些不正当的操作中，有150万英镑被赚取和亏损；一群傻瓜变得一贫如洗，一群流氓变得腰缠万贯。

这些计划中有一些看起来似乎还是可行的。如果人们是在头脑没有发热的情况下进行这些计划，或许参与的各方都会有收益。但是，这些计划设立的目的仅仅是为了增加市场上的股票。这些公司的发起人运用第一次发迹的机会将股票一卖而空；然后，第二天，计划迅即结束。梅特兰（Maitland）在他的《伦敦史》（History of London）中很严肃地告

诉我们，一个受到极大鼓励的计划实际上是要建立一个“用木屑做廉价木板”的公司。这无疑是一个笑话；但是，有足够的证据证明，许许多多的、一点都不合理的计划，昙花一现般消失了，并且在它们消失之前毁掉了成百上千的人。在众多的计划当中，有一个是生产永动轮的——资本金为100万；另一个是“鼓励在英国喂马，改善教会或教堂的土地，修缮并重建牧师住所”。本来应该对后者感兴趣的牧师却对前者青睐有加。对于这个现象的解释只能是：这个计划是由曾经在英国很常见的一群热衷于猎狐的教区牧师设计的。这个公司的股票很快就被认购了。在所有开设的公司中，最荒谬的、最可笑的、最能将人们的极度疯狂暴露无遗的是一个由一位不知名的冒险者开办的，名为“进行获取暴利事业的公司，但没有人知道它是什么”。如果不是有许多目击者确实可靠的陈述，很难有人相信竟然会有人被这样的项目欺骗。这位大胆而成功地利用了公众易骗性的天才只是在他的创办计划书中说所需本金是50万英镑；为此，他们发行5000股面值100英镑的股票，每份股票的保证金是2英镑，每一个认购者在付保证金之后，每年每股可获得100英镑的利润。这笔巨大的利润是如何获得的，那时，他没有屈尊告诉公众；但是他许诺说，1个月以后将披露所有的细节，并且要求补交未支付的98英镑。第二天一早9点钟，这位天才在康希尔开设了办公室。成群的人围在他的门口，下午3点打烊的时候，他发现有3000多股票被认购，而且保证金已付。这样，在5小时内，他赚了2000英镑。他对自己的冒险事业十分满意，并且，很明智地当天晚上就去了欧洲。从此，杳无音信。

斯威夫特（Swift）把股票交易所比作南太平洋里的一个海湾，他高呼道：

认购者成千上万地漂浮在这里

你推我挤

每个人都奋力划着漏船

他们来钓金子，结果却被淹死

一会儿，被深深地淹在下面，

一会儿，又冲上云霄，

他们来来回回，步履蹒跚，

几乎丧失了理智，就像醉鬼一样

同时，在加罗伟的悬崖峭壁上，安然地，

躺着一个以遇难船只为生的野蛮民族，

他们等待着，破漏的小船来临，

等待着，掠夺死难者的财物。

另一个成功的骗局是一种叫作“环球许可证”的东西。这些许可证只不过是方形的扑克牌，牌上有蜡质的印章，印章上刻有位于交易所大街附近的环球酒馆的符号以及“帆布许可证”这几个文字。许可证的拥有者仅仅是享有未来某个时刻认购一个新的帆布工厂股票的权利。有关工厂的创办者，当时只知道是个很有钱的人；但是，后来这个人卷入了南海公司董事贪污和被罚的案件。就是这些许可证竟然在交易所售得60基尼[7]。

人们陷在这些泡沫里四处奔忙，不分贵贱，无论男女。先生们走进酒馆和咖啡馆约见他们的股票经纪人；女士们为了同样的目的穿梭于各个帽子店。但是，实际上这些人并不是都相信他们认购股票的项目的可行性；他们的目的就是他们的股票可以通过股票经营的技巧增值，然后，再把这些股票以最快的速度卖给那些真正轻信的人；对于他们来说，这一个目的就足够了。股票交易所里的人群是如此混乱，以至于同

一个泡沫公司的股票在同一时间，在交易所一端的售价比另一端要高10%。理智的人们悲悯而惊恐地看着人们这种非同寻常的迷恋。议会内外都曾有人清晰地预言行将发生的毁灭。沃波尔先生一直没有停止他悲观的预感。他的担忧为少数几个还能理智思考的人所共有，而且，这份担忧深刻地影响了政府的决策。在6月11日议会休会之日，国王发布公告，宣布所有这些不合法公司都严重妨害了公众利益，所以，应对其提起公诉；同时，禁止任何股票经纪人从这些公司再买卖股票，否则罚款500英镑。但是，那些无耻的投机者无视公告的颁布，一如既往地进行他们的罪恶活动，那些被蒙蔽的人们也依旧在推波助澜。7月12日，聚集在枢密院的上议院法官们发布了一条命令，命令拒绝所有专利和特许权的申请，并解散所有的泡沫公司。法官命令的副本包括了所有这些不法公司的名单。在人人都着迷股票的今天，这个命令也不是毫无趣味的：

1720年7月12日，在白厅会议室里，

与会的诸位上议院大法官阁下提出。

与会的诸位上议院大法官阁下对这些公司给公众带来的诸多麻烦进行了仔细的考量。这些公司为了不同的目的，以股份制的形式成立，为了让公众和他们并肩作战，他们向公众保证他们对专利和特许权的申请肯定能获得批准；国王的臣民们就是被这种虚假的保证所骗，而后和他们的金钱诀别。为了阻止这种欺骗行动，诸位阁下命令把提到的几份申请，以及申请之后商业局和国王的律师及副检察长的报告，一同放到他们面前进行讨论。经过深思熟虑，根据国王枢密院的建议，诸位阁下决定拒绝所有提到的申请，这些申请具体如下：

1.几个人的申请：以“大不列颠宏大渔业”的名义申请进行渔业贸易的专利特许证。

2.“英格兰皇家渔业公司的申请”：申请有利于进一步发展所谓渔业的权力的专利特许证。

3.乔治·詹姆斯的申请，代表他自己及其他涉猎渔业的不同名流：申请能够让他们组建公司，同时进行贸易的专利特许证。

4.几名商人及几位署名者的申请：申请为了恢复并发展格陵兰岛及其他地方的捕鲸业而成立公司。

5.约翰·兰伯特及其他几位署名人士的申请，代表他们自己及其他为数不少的商人：申请为了发展格陵兰岛贸易，尤其发展戴维斯海峡的捕鲸业，成立公司。

6.另外一个有关格陵兰贸易的申请。

7.几位商人、绅士和市民的申请：申请为购买、建造用于出租或货运的轮船而成立公司。

8.塞缪尔·安特里姆和其他几人的申请：申请种植大麻和亚麻的专利特许证。

9.几位商人、轮船主、航海者，及帆布制造商的申请：申请成立公司的特许权，以便让他们能够以股份制的形式继续发展和促进上述制造业。

10.托马斯·柏一德、几百位商人、轮船主、航海者、织工，及其他商业人员的申请：申请成立公司的特许权，特许他们为了生产帆布、优质荷兰亚麻布购地筹资。

11.对已故威廉国王和玛丽王后所批准的特权有兴趣的几位人士的申请：为了制造亚麻布和帆布，政府不得给予任何人——无论身份和地

位——特许权，保证他们现在拥有的权利，而且还应再赋予他们棉以及棉丝制品的生产权。

12.几位市民、商人、伦敦经商者，以及英国股票的认购者和其他一些人的申请：为了避免在英国任何一个地方发生火灾，申请成立公司。

13.伦敦及大不列颠其他地方的几位对国王忠心耿耿的臣民的申请：为避免在英国国内因火灾而造成的损失，申请成立公司。

14.托马斯·伯吉斯，以及其他署名的国王臣民，代表他们自己以及其他认购120万英镑基金的人们的申请：为了开展国王在他的德国领土上的贸易，以哈尔伯公司的名义申请成立公司。

15.一个木材经销商，爱德华·琼斯代表他自己及其他人的申请：申请为了从德国进口木材而组建公司。

16.几个伦敦商人的申请：为开展盐业，申请公司经营特许权。

17.兼做商人的伦敦麦克菲迪斯上尉，代表他自己以及几位商人、呢绒商、帽商、染布商的申请：申请公司经营特许权，以便让他们能够募集足够的资金买地，种植培育一种叫作茜草的植物，供染布商使用。

18.伦敦鼻烟制造商约瑟夫·加仑多的申请：为他所发明的如何在弗吉尼亚以及国王所有的领土上，让弗吉尼亚烟草变得适合制成鼻烟的方法申请专利。

泡沫名单

在同一条法令中，下面的泡沫公司被宣布为非法并予以取缔：

1.瑞典铁进口公司。

2.为伦敦提供海运煤炭的公司。资本金：300万。

3.在全英国新建以及重修房屋公司。资本金：300万。

4.棉布制作公司。

5.发展并提高英国铝制品公司。

6.开发布兰科和萨尔·塔哥塔斯岛定居点的公司。

7.给迪尔镇提供淡水资源的公司。

8.进口弗兰德斯花边的公司。

9.改善大不列颠土地状况的公司。资本金：400万。

10.鼓励在英国养马、改善教堂和教会土地质量、新建以及重修牧师住宅公司。

11.大不列颠钢铁制造公司。

12.改善弗林特郡土地状况公司。资本金：100万。

13.购买土地用来建造房屋的公司。资本金：200万。

14.毛发贸易公司。

15.在霍利岛建立盐制品公司。资本金：200万。

16.房地产买卖，以及按揭贷款公司。

17.进行一项十分盈利的事业，但没人知道是什么的公司。

18.铺设伦敦街道公司。资本金：200万。

19.在大不列颠任何一个地方提供葬礼的公司。

20.土地买卖及有息贷款公司。资本金：500万。

21.大不列颠皇家渔业公司。资本金：1000万。

22.确保海员工资安全公司。

23.为需要帮助的人建立贷款办公室，并鼓励勤勉者的公司。资本金：200万。

24.购买并改善可出租土地公司。资本金：400万。

25.从大不列颠北部及美国进口沥青、柏油，及其他松脂制品的公司。

26.服饰、毡布及波形瓦贸易公司。

27.购买并改善埃塞克斯的一个庄园并获得其矿藏开采权的公司。

28.马匹保险公司。资本金：200万。

29.出口羊毛制品，并进口铜、黄铜以及铁的公司。资本金：400万。

30.建立一个宏伟的救治站的公司。资本金：300万。

31.建立工厂，并购买铅矿的公司。资本金：200万。

32.改进肥皂制造技术公司。

33.有关在圣克鲁兹岛定居事业的公司。

34.在德比郡挖矿井，以及精炼铅矿的公司。

35.制作玻璃瓶子及其他玻璃制品的公司。

36.生产永动轮的公司。资本金：100万。

37.改善花园公司。

38.保证并提高儿童的财富的公司。

39.在海关装货以及为商人协商贸易的公司。

40.在英格兰北部进行羊毛生产的公司。

41.从弗吉尼亚进口胡桃树的公司，资本金：200万。

42.用线和棉花制作有曼彻斯特特色材料的公司。

43.制造具有雅法[8]和卡斯提尔[9]特色的肥皂的公司。

44.改善这个王国的钢铁制造业的公司。资本金：400万。

45.进行花边、荷兰麻布、麻纱，以及细麻等交易的公司。资本金：200万。

46.负责这个王国生产的某些商品的交易和改善以及其他方面的公司。资本金：300万。

47.为伦敦市场提供牲畜的公司。

48.制作穿衣镜、马车镜以及其他种类镜子的公司。资本金：200万。

49.在康沃尔和德比郡加工锡矿和铅矿的公司。

50.生产油菜油的公司。

51.进口海狸皮的公司。资本金：200万。

52.生产厚纸板和包装纸的公司。

53.进口在羊毛制造业中所需要的油及其他材料的公司。

54.改进丝织业并提高产量的公司。

55.以股票、养老金、记账以及其他的方式借钱的公司。

56.以小额折扣，向寡妇及其他人发放津贴的公司。资本金：200万。

57.改进麦芽酒公司。资本金：400万。

58.建立宏伟的美国渔业公司。

59.购买并改善林肯郡沼泽地的公司。资本金：200万。

60.改进大不列颠纸制造业的公司。

61.冒险借贷公司。

62.用热空气烘干麦芽的公司。

63.要在奥鲁诺克河上进行贸易的公司。

64.在科尔切斯特及大不列颠的其他地方，更有效地制作粗呢的公司。

65.购买松脂制品、提供粮食，并为工人发工资的公司。

66.雇佣贫穷的技工，为商人及其他人提供保镖的公司。

67.提高耕作质量，改善牲畜品种的公司。

68.另一个改善马匹育种的公司。

69.又一个为马投保的公司。

70.开展大不列颠谷物贸易的公司。

71.为所有的佣人可能给男女主人带来的损失投保的公司。资本金：300万。

72.建立房屋和医院，接收和抚养私生子的公司。资本金：200万。

73.不用火，不用损失材料的粗糖漂白公司。

74.在大不列颠建立收费关卡和收费码头的公司。

75.针对盗窃和抢劫的保险公司。

76.从铅中提取银的公司。

77.制作瓷器和荷兰代夫特陶器的公司。资本金：100万。

78.进口烟草，然后，再把它出口到瑞典和北欧的公司。资本金：400万。

79.用煤矿井制铁的公司。

80.给伦敦和威斯敏斯特提供干草和稻草的公司，资本金：300万。

81.在爱尔兰制作帆布和包装布的公司。

82.生产压舱物的公司。

83.购买并装配镇压海盗的船只的公司。

84.从威尔士进口木材的公司。资本金：200万。

85.岩盐制作公司。

86.把水银转换成可锻造的纯金属的公司。

除了这些泡沫公司外，天天都有大批新的公司涌现，政府的指责和理智者的嘲弄都丝毫不起作用。印刷所里满是对这些铺天盖地的蠢事的讽刺画，报纸上也都是极具讽刺意味的名言警句。有一个天才的扑克牌制造商发行了一套南海公司的扑克牌，这种扑克牌现在已经很少见了。每一张牌上除了通常的数字外，在一个角上，有一个小尺寸的泡沫公司的讽刺画，并且在讽刺画的下面配有相应的诗句。生产圆形和方形炮弹和子弹的帕扣机器公司完全颠覆了战争的形式，是著名的泡沫公司之一。它迎合公众口味的虚伪和做作言行在黑桃8这张牌上，做了如下总结：

稀世发明，毁灭了

国内的傻瓜，而不是国外的。

但是，我的朋友不要担心，

这个可恶的机器，

只有在这个机器上有股份的人才会受到伤害。

红心9是讽刺英国黄铜公司的漫画，并配有下面的警句：

那个鲁莽的傻瓜，想做金银交易，

却换来了英国的黄铜，

在交易所里，他的愚蠢会被证明，

用贵重的金属换来掺假的烂铜。

方块8用下面的打油诗讽刺殖民阿卡迪亚的公司：

有个愚蠢的富人想一掷千金，

挥霍之地选在北美；

让他去认购股票吧！

只有傻瓜才不会将他耻笑！

每副扑克牌以类似的方式揭露那些欺诈的计划，并嘲笑那些上当受骗的人。据计算，进行这些计划的总资金应超过3亿英镑。

然而，是时候回到之前的话题，继续讲讲吞没了成千上万贪婪者与轻信者的财富的南海公司。5月29日，股价上升到500英镑，2/3的领取政府养老金的人把国债券换成了南海公司的股票。整个5月份，股价持续上升，28号的报价是550英镑。4天之后，股价惊人地从550英镑飙升到890英镑。此时此刻，公众普遍认为股价不会继续上升，所以，许多人利用这个机会卖出，以期实现他们的利润。坐在火车里陪国王去汉诺威的许多贵族及其他人也都急于卖出。6月3日在交易所里，卖家蜂拥而至，买家屈指可数。就这样，股价一下子从890降到了640。董事们震惊了，命令他们的代理人去购买。他们的努力成功了。傍晚时分，信心回

升，股价又升到了750英镑。随后股价稳定下来，仅有小幅波动，直到公司于6月22日休市。

没有必要也没有趣味去详细描述董事们用于提升股价的不同技巧。根据8月初的报价，股票的价格最终抬升至原来的10倍，阐明这一点便足以说明一切。泡沫涨到了极限，开始了破裂前的颤抖和摇晃。

许多领取政府年金的人表达了对董事们的不满，指责他们在股票认购的同时列示股份清单的做法。当公众得知董事长约翰·布朗特爵士已经全部卖出的时候，更大的不安发生了。整个8月，股价一直下跌，到9月2日，报价只有700英镑。

情况变得十分令人担忧。为了防止公众对他们的事业完全丧失信心，董事们于9月8日在泰勒商人大厅召开全公司参加的常规会议。上午九点钟，房间人满为患。齐普赛街上挤满了无法进入房间的人，人群里的激动情绪无法抑制。董事们和他们的朋友们群集在那里。副董事长约翰·弗罗斯爵士被叫到了董事的位置。他向公众解释了他们开会的原因，宣读了董事会的几项决定，并陈述了他们的计划：他们要收回可赎回及不可赎回基金，以及以现金认购股票。秘书长克莱格斯作了简短的演讲，在演讲中他肯定了董事们的做法，并且强调说内部团结是完善计划最有效的方式。演讲结束时，他表达了对董事会的谢意。感谢他们谨慎而有技巧的管理，并希望他们继续以这种方式管理公司以达到公司利益最大化。代表南海公司利益的亨格福德先生在下议院出尽了风头；人们认为他知道卖出股票的正确时机，是个不折不扣的赢家；因此，在今天这个场合，他不免夸夸其谈。他说他见过大风大浪，许多集团沉浮起落；但是，在他看来，没有任何一个团体能像南海公司那样，在那么短的时间内将事情做得那么完美。他们的所作所为超过了王室、教会和法院。他们把所有不同团体的利益统一起来；虽然没有做到完全消灭，但是他们平息了这个民族所有的人与人之间的矛盾和敌意。在他们的股票

增长的过程中，有钱人的财富急剧增长；乡绅看到他们土地的价值在他们的手里双倍甚至三倍地增长。同时，他们的事业也让教堂受益匪浅，很多尊敬的牧师也通过这个计划得到了大笔财富。总之，他们让整个国家都富了起来；此外，他还说他希望这些人不要忘了同时也让自己富有起来。在此番演讲的后半部分，人群中发出不屑一顾的嘶嘶声，无疑是对这种过度赞扬的讽刺。但是，董事们和他们的朋友们，以及在这间屋子里的所有的赢利者都给予了热烈的掌声。波特兰公爵也随声附和，并且对于有些人不满意这个事实表达出极大的震惊。当然他通过投机赚了钱，这种情形简直就是重现了那个老掉牙的笑话：一个胖议员在酒足饭饱之后总是习惯把手放在自己的大肚子上，然后对天下竟然还有饥荒表示出极大的怀疑。

会上通过了几项决议，但是这些决议都对公众毫无影响。在同一天晚上，股票跌到了650；翌日，跌到了540。它的股票就这样一天天跌下去，直到400。9月13日，国会议员布罗德里克先生写给米德尔顿大法官一封信，这封信后来在考克斯沃波尔出版社发表。信中，国会议员说："有关为什么南海公司的董事们那么早就笼罩在破产的阴云的猜想各式各样。我可以肯定的是，只要是他们觉得有利可图的事，他们肯定会去做。他们对信用的过度使用超出了它的承受范围，最终，信用状况极度恶化，储备货币已难以支撑。最举足轻重的人退出了，保证了自己资金的安全；而那些被欺骗的头脑简单的大众却全都血本无归。这些人的思想被贪欲控制，他们希望金钱的小土丘可以变成高耸入云的大山。成千上万的家庭沦为赤贫。惊愕无法表达，愤怒难以名状。整个事情让人绝望透顶。我从来没有见过专门为转嫁危机而制定计划，所以，我不得不猜测下一步要做什么。"10天之后，股价持续下跌，他写道："公司还没有作出决定，因为他们身处丛林之中，不知何去何从。通过最近来镇上的几位绅士，我观察到'南海公司人'这个名字本身在各个国家已经为人们深恶痛绝。很多金匠已经被迫逃跑了，而且每天都继续有更多的人在逃跑。我怀疑他们当中是否有1/3，不，1/4的人能够经受得住这场

灾难。从一开始，我对整个事态的判断建立在那个毫无疑问的原则基础之上，即，1000万现金（这个数字已经远远超过经济运行中的实际现金总额）难以支撑2000万的实体经济正常运转，否则，纸币的信用状况就会恶化。所以，无论何时，只要这一点变得不确定，无论原因如何，我们尊贵的国家机器必会摔得粉身碎骨。”

9月12日，在秘书长克莱格斯的恳求下，南海公司的董事们和银行的董事们举行了几次会议。据传，英国银行同意购买南海公司600万债券，这一消息导致股票急升到670；但是，在下午，人们得知这个消息并不靠谱；于是，股票又跌到了580，第二天570，然后渐渐跌到了400。[10]

政府内阁对事态的发展极为震惊。人们诅咒出现在街头的每一个公司董事，以宣泄心中的愤怒，政府担心时刻都有爆发动乱的危险。特使被派到汉诺威急请国王返回。南海公司派人去请当时在乡间别墅休假的沃波尔先生，希望他利用自己在英格兰银行的董事中的影响力，劝说他们接受为南海公司发行一些债券的建议。

英格兰银行十分不情愿搅进南海公司这摊浑水，因为它害怕让自己陷入无法逃脱的灾难；因此，对于收到的所有提议，它明确表示了自己不情愿的态度；但是，全国上下一致呼吁它出手相救。所有的商界名人都被召来商议如何应对眼下的紧急情况。最后，由沃波尔先生草拟合同作为进一步协商的基础。至此，公众的惊慌才稍微有所平息。

第二天，也就是9月20日，南海公司在泰勒商人大厅召开股东大会，会议作出了几项决定。决定授权董事们与英格兰银行或其他人，就发行公司债券一事达成协议；或者，和银行达成他们认为合适的其他协议。一位叫普尔特尼的先生说，最让人震惊的就是笼罩人们的极度恐慌情绪。人们在惊慌和恐惧中来回奔走，他们的想象中充满了灾难，而这个灾难的形式和规模却无人知晓：

像夜晚，漆黑无边——

像怒火，熊熊燃烧——

像地狱，让人毛骨悚然。

两天后，英国银行举行了股东大会。会上，董事长通知了有关南海公司事件的几次会议的内容，并且指出，董事们还未就此事达成一致意见。会上提出一项决议，并获得一致通过。决议授权董事们与南海公司达成协议，为其发行债券。发行的数量、条件和时间由银行董事们自行掌握。

这样，双方都得以按照他们认为对公众最有利的方式行事。为恢复政府信誉，英格兰银行以15%的定金、3%的保险费和5%的利息认购300万英镑南海公司债券。一大早，人们带着钱急切地赶到广场上，人数之多让人认为债券会被一抢而空。但是，中午前，形势逆转。尽管为防止股票继续下跌作出了所有的努力，但是，南海公司的股票还是急剧下降。他们的债券已没有任何信誉。一些有名的金匠和银行家担心以南海公司股票的形式贷出的巨大款项无法变现，现在不得不关门避债，溜之大吉。南海公司一直以来的承兑商剑锋公司也停止付款。然而，这仅仅是不幸的开端。银行也挤满了兑现的人群，付钱的速度远远快于它上午发售债券时收钱的速度。因为接下来的一天是休息日（9月29日），银行才有稍作喘息的机会。英格兰银行勇敢地面对风暴，但是，他们的前对手南海公司，却被这场暴风雨摧毁了。他们的股票降到了150；而且，渐渐地，几经波动之后，降到了135。

银行发现他们无法恢复公众的信念，也无法阻止毁灭的潮流；所以，为了避免和他们意欲救助的对象一起被彻底毁灭的风险，他们拒绝实施他们本已开始介入的协议。他们没有任何义务，因为，所谓的银行合同只不过是草拟的协议而已。协议中的几项重要细节尚未确定，而

且，协议条款中没有针对银行退出行为的惩罚项。杂志《议会历史》这样形容当时的情形：“就这样，在8个月的时间内，人们目睹了这个庞然大物的崛起、兴盛和倒塌。它由一根上足发条的神秘弹簧带到令人炫目的高空，吸引了整个欧洲的眼球和期待；但是，它的地基建立在欺骗、幻觉、轻信和痴迷之上，这就决定了董事们的阴谋诡计一旦暴露，整座建筑必定顷刻坍塌。”

在南海计划如日中天的时候，在这个危险的欺骗进行的过程中，全国上下礼义廉耻顿失。议会着手调查行为不轨者，以揭露恶行的真相；而这，无论是对于犯罪者的道德标准，还是对于滋生恶行的人的智力水平，都是一种侮辱。探讨恶果是一项很有趣的研究。就像人一样，一个国家如果成为了孤注一掷的赌徒，它必会受到惩罚，惩罚的到来只不过是或迟或早的事而已。一位享有盛名的作家斯莫利特说：“这是一个不讨历史学家喜欢的年代。这些交易的细节不能给那些多情而充满想象力的读者带来任何激情或兴趣；因为，这些交易里没有温暖、没有色彩，也没有装饰。这些细节所展示的无非是一幅充满没滋没味的恶行和卑鄙低劣的堕落的单调画卷。”然而，他说错了，事实恰恰相反。如果斯莫利特曾经身临其境的话，他一定会发现这一点——这个主题对于人们兴趣的激发甚至能够满足小说家的渴望。在被掠夺的人的绝望里，难道没有温暖吗？在由成千上万个因此变得赤贫，并被毁灭的家庭的苦难绘就的画卷里，没有生机和活力吗？昨日膏粱，今日乞丐；昨日位高权重，今日流浪街头；每一个角落里都回响着自责和诅咒之声。所有的这一切都毫无生机可言吗？一个民族突然间全体摆脱了理智的束缚，向着一个金灿灿的前景狂奔，并且固执地拒绝承认这个前景是不存在的；直到，就像一只追逐鬼火的小鹿一样，陷入沼泽地，无法自拔。这个场景很枯燥，很没有教育意义吗？然而，历史就是在这种错误思想的指导下写就的。历史学家绞尽脑汁、极尽巧言之能事，一遍遍描述不称职的朝臣使用伎俩获得更不称职的国王的欢心；或者，不厌其烦地重复战斗围攻的凶残场面；而那些真正深刻影响人们的道德行为和生活福祉的事情，却

被他们忽略了。这些事情只被当作枯燥无趣，没有任何温暖和色彩的材料搁置脑后了。

在这个举世闻名的泡沫经济时代，英国呈现出了一幅非同寻常的景象。公众的头脑处于病态的高涨状态。人们不再满足于通过脚踏实地的辛勤劳动去获得稳定的利益。对于明天无尽财富的希望让今天的他们变得这样没头没脑和骄奢淫逸。伴随前所未闻的奢华而来的是道德的放纵。那些由赌博获胜而一夜暴富的文盲摆出一副不可一世的样子。这让那些无论思想还是举止都极具绅士风度的人感到很羞耻，因为他突然意识到黄金竟然可以让身份卑微、品性恶劣之人骤然变得貌似尊贵。理查德·斯蒂尔爵士称这群人为“精打细算的平民”。他们的傲慢在霉运来临之时成为对自己不利的因素。在议会调查的过程中，董事们往往因其傲慢而非侵吞公款，受到惩罚。在这些愚蠢之极的富人当中，有一个曾经以不可一世的傲慢神情说他要拿金子喂他的马，结果却沦落到了只能拿水和面包勉强充饥的地步。每一个傲慢的表情和每一番盛气凌人的言谈都被毫不留情地压制下去，还之以百倍的贫穷和侮辱。

全国的事态让人惊恐不已。乔治一世不得不提前结束了在汉诺威的访问，匆匆赶回英国。他11月11日到达，议会于12月8日召开。同时，公众集会在全国所有的重要城镇召开。会议通过了人们请立法机构惩罚南海公司董事的请求，原因是这些董事用欺诈行为将整个国家带到了毁灭的边缘。没有人会想到国家本身和南海公司的罪责其实相同；没有人去指责大众的轻信和贪婪——这个让人堕落的获取欲吞噬了国民性格中所有的高贵品质；也没有人去指责大众的痴迷，这种痴迷情绪让他们义无反顾地、疯狂而急切地一头扎进诡计多端的谋划者为他们准备好的网。这些因素从未被人提起。所有的故事只是，民众是淳朴的、朴实的、勤勉的；他们被一伙强盗毁灭了；所以，这伙强盗要毫不留情地被绞死、被开膛破肚、被车裂。

这种感觉几乎笼罩了全国上上下下所有的人。议会两院并没有作出比公众更理智的判断。在南海公司董事的罪责明确之前，惩罚是唯一能够听得到的呐喊。国王登上御座发表庄重的演讲，他希望找到走出苦难的出路并马上付诸实施；而做到这一点，必须要谨慎小心、冷静沉着并且坚决果断。在回应国王讲话的辩论中，几位发言人对设计南海计划的董事们极尽辱骂之能事。莫尔斯沃思勋爵的言辞尤其激烈，“有人说没有法律来惩罚那些制造国家灾难的南海公司的董事。在他看来，在这件事情的处理上，他们应该效法古罗马。在古罗马，没有惩罚弑父杀母罪的法律，因为立法者不相信会有让罪恶之手沾满父亲鲜血的不孝之子。当这个罪行出现的时候，他们立即制定了相关法律来惩罚这种滔天罪行。他们把这个十恶不赦的罪恶之子放在扎紧口的麻袋里，然后，把他活活扔进台伯河。他认为罪恶的南海计划的策划者和执行者就是国家的杀父仇人，他必要亲眼看到他们以同样的方式被装进麻袋，扔进泰晤士河，方解心头之恨。其他人员的讲话一样没有节制且缺乏考虑。沃波尔先生的讲话要理智得多。他建议说当务之急是恢复政府信誉：“如果伦敦着火了，所有的聪明人肯定都是先急着救火，以防止火势蔓延，然后再去找纵火犯。政府信誉已经被刺得遍体鳞伤，鲜血淋漓，所以，人们应该尽快地给予治疗。惩罚刺客的事情稍后进行，时间完全来得及。”12月9日，就回应国王演讲的请愿陈词，人们达成了一致意见。陈词中特别补充并强调了如下内容：众议院不仅要寻求治愈国家灾难的良方，更要惩罚始作俑者。

调查进展迅速。众议院勒令董事们详细交代他们计划进程的每一个细节，最终，达成了一致意见并作出决定，即，灾难的产生源于股票经纪人卑鄙下流的手段，制定法律来阻止这种龌龊行为的再次发生是恢复政府信誉的最佳途径。这时，沃波尔先生起身说，正像他先前暗示的那样，他花了一些时间来研究恢复政府信誉的计划，但是这个计划的成功实施必须以一个条件作为基础。他认为，在他公布计划之前，他还是要首先确定他是否有这个可以依赖的基础条件。这个条件就是：在当前情

况下，原来和南海公司签署的国债申购单、不动产申购单、货币申购单以及其他相关合约是否仍旧具有法律效力？这个问题引起了激烈的讨论。最后，以259比117的比例通过决议——这些合同仍旧有效，只有在以解脱持有者为目的的情况下，可以由南海公司董事会更改，或者通过法定程序撤销。第二天，沃波尔先生就向众议院展示了他恢复政府信誉的计划。他的计划的本质就是在一定的条件下把南海公司900万的股票转给英格兰银行，把同样数目的股票转给东印度公司。这个计划得到了众议院的一致赞成。几乎毫无异议，众议院要求两大公司对此事作出回应并拿出具体计划。它们都不愿伸出援助之手，在以商讨此事为目的召集的董事会上，援助计划遭遇了比较激烈的反对，但是反对无效。他们最终同意了发行南海公司债券的计划。他们的报告一经呈现给委员会，相应法案立即成立；在沃波尔先生的监督下，法案在议会两院顺利通过。

同时，委员会还提交了一项法案。法案禁止南海公司的董事、董事长、副董事长、财政主管、出纳员以及所有职员在12个月内离开英国；另外，法案还规定查明他们的房产和财产以防他们将其转移或转让。众议院最有影响的议员均支持本项法案。希彭先生相信克莱格斯部长和南海公司事件有染的传闻；所以，当他看到克莱格斯部长先生在他的座位上的时候，就决定要触其要害。他说他很高兴看到大不列颠众议院又恢复了往日的精神和元气，又可以全体一心一意地为公众福祉服务了。限制南海公司董事和官员并收押财产是必要的，“但是，”他补充道，“身居高位的其他人和南海公司的董事们一样罪孽深重，而他会在合适的时候直言不讳地指出这个人的名字。”克莱格斯先生怒不可遏，他站起来说如果这种冷嘲热讽之语是针对他而言，他将给质问他的人以满意的答复，无论是在议院内还是议院外。恢复秩序的呼声顿时从每一个角落响起。在这阵喧嚣声中，莫尔斯沃思站了起来并表示他很惊讶于克莱格斯竟然有如此胆量来挑战整个众议院。年过60的莫尔斯沃思确实有点老了，但是，在议会内他仍旧会回应克莱格斯先生，不管需要他说的是什

么；而在议会外，他相信有足够多的年轻人会和他站在一边，毫无畏惧地直视克莱格斯先生。恢复秩序的声音又从四周响起，所有议员同时站起，似乎所有的人都同时在大呼小叫。试图恢复秩序的人只能在那里徒劳地呼喊。混乱持续了几分钟；在此期间，几乎只有莫尔斯沃思爵士和克莱格斯先生坐在自己的位置上。最后，针对克莱格斯先生的呼声变得异常激烈，这使他不得不意识到顺应众议院的普遍民意才是比较明智的选择；所以，他随后解释了自己不合时宜的表达。他解释道，他所说的让众议院中怀疑他行为的人满意，不是指他要和人打架，而是说他要解释他的行为。这件事情到此结束。众议院继续商议他们应该以什么样的方式对南海公司事件进行调查：是常设委员会还是特别委员会。最后，由13人组成的特别委员会成立，拥有调遣人员、文件和记录的权力。

上下两院的议员们都激愤难平、心如刀绞。罗切斯特主教说这项计划就像一场瘟疫。沃顿公爵说众议院无需再去考虑尊重当事人的问题。如果是他，即便是最好的朋友参与了此项计划，他也会毫不留情地把他抛弃。整个国家都陷入了羞愧难当、愤愤不平的状态，如果他可以像人一样做事，他对犯罪者的惩罚必定像其他人一样，绝不姑息。斯坦霍普勋爵说，罪犯拥有的每一分钱都应该充公以弥补公众的损失，无论这个人是否是董事。

在此期间，公众情绪一直处于高涨状态。我们从考克斯的沃波尔得知南海公司董事这个名字已经成为欺骗和罪恶的代名词。来自全国各郡、市、区的请愿书纷至沓来，无不呼吁还受伤的民族以正义，给挪用公款的罪犯以惩罚。那些在惩罚罪犯方面态度中立而不愿走极端的人被控告为同谋。在无尽的侮辱和恶意的谩骂中，这些人被匿名信或公开信控告，成为这个受伤的民族急速复仇的牺牲品。控告财政大臣艾斯拉比先生以及财政部另一官员克莱格斯先生的呼声如此强烈，以至于上议院决定立即着手对他们进行调查。1月21日，政府命令所有和南海公司计划有关的经纪人须将他们自1719年米迦勒节以来为财政部官员买卖、认

购或代管的股票记录悉数呈给众议院。根据上交记录，大量的股票被转到艾斯拉比先生名下。包括著名历史学家[11]的祖父爱德华·吉本先生在内的5位南海公司董事被上院的黑杖侍卫拘留看管。经斯坦霍普伯爵示意，及全体一致同意，议会作出如下决定：在增加或减少股票面值时，凡没有实际支付与受益价值相等的利润的行为；南海公司的董事或经纪人，凡在南海公司法案在议会尚未通过期间，为任何政府官员或国会议员购买股票的行为，均被认为是情节严重、影响恶劣的腐败行为。几天后，通过了另一项决议，内容是几名公司董事或官员秘密地将他们的股票贩卖给公司，犯下了欺骗罪和失信罪。他们的行为导致了整个事态转向不利于政府信誉的方向。艾斯拉比先生辞去财政大臣的职位，直到立法机关正式调查他的个人罪行，他才再次在议会露面。

同时，知晓公司不轨董事所有危险秘密的公司财务主管奈特把所有的书籍和文件打包后逃离了英国。他乔装打扮上了河上的一只小船，驶向专门租用的一艘大船，之后安全抵达法国加来。保密委员会通知了众议院这个情况，众人当即决定应该给国王递交两个申请：第一个申请希望国王发表声明，悬赏缉拿奈特；第二个申请是国王须立即下令封锁所有港口，并依法监管所有海岸，以防奈特之流或其他南海公司官员逃出英国。申请上的字迹尚未干透，就由众议院专门委派的梅修恩先生送到了国王手里。当天晚上国王即发布了皇家声明，悬赏2000英镑缉拿奈特。众议院议员命令紧锁众议院大门并把钥匙放在桌子上。保密委员会的成员之一罗斯将军告诉大家说他们已经发现了一系列只有恶魔能想到的、用来毁灭一个国家的、最为罪孽深重的邪恶和欺骗行为。在适当的时候，他们会将之公布给众议院。同时，为了进一步发现真相，保密委员会认为很有必要拘留南海公司的一些董事和重要官员并查封他们的资料。此示意一经提出，便得到全体同意并立即执行。众议院议员罗伯特·卓别林爵士、希欧多尔·詹森爵士、索布里奇先生、弗·艾尔斯先生和南海公司的董事们被传唤到位，并要求对他们的腐败行为作出解释。希欧多尔·詹森爵士和索布里奇先生在被传唤时，努力为自己辩解。众议院

耐心倾听他们的解释，然后命令他们退出。随即，一项提议提出并马上获得全体一致通过。提议内容为：他们犯有尽人皆知的违反信托罪，这一罪行让国王的许多臣民们损失惨重，让政府信誉蒙羞。因为他们的罪行，众议院随即下达命令，将他们驱逐出众议院并由武装士兵关押。4天后，罗伯特·卓别林爵士和艾尔斯先生在出席议会时，同样被驱逐出众议院。同时，众议院决定请求国王给驻外大使下令，命令他们如果发现奈特逃往他们所在的国家，一定要将他交给英国政府。国王立即同意，当夜，使节们就被派往了欧洲大陆的各个国家。

在被关押的董事当中有约翰·布朗特爵士，人们普遍认为是他一手设计并实施了南海计划。蒲伯在写给巴瑟斯特的勋爵艾伦的信中说，此人自称是个伟大的信徒，行动上也极其符合宗教规范，但实际上却是个不折不扣的异教徒。他总是猛烈抨击这个时代的奢华和腐败、议会的偏袒不公和党派的软弱。在贬斥身份显赫的贵族的贪婪时，他的抨击尤其猛烈。起初，他只是个抄写员，后来不仅成了南海公司的董事，而且成为公司最活跃的管理人。他是否是在这个职位上开始抨击权贵们的贪婪，我们不得而知。可以肯定的是，他所看到的贪婪行为足以证实他这些最严厉的诅咒绝对不失公允。但是，如果这位批判者本人没有犯下他所控诉的那些罪行的话，他的高谈阔论或许会取得更好的效果。在关押期间，他被带到上议院的法庭，并经历了长时间的审查。在此期间，他拒绝回答几个重要的问题。他说他已经被众议院的某个委员会调查过了，并且已经不记得他的回答内容了，为了避免自相矛盾，他拒绝在另一个法庭上回答同样的问题。此番言论即是犯罪的间接证明，在上议院引起了一阵喧闹。当上议院又一次以强硬的态度问及他是否曾将部分股票卖给政府或议会两院的议员以加速法案的通过时，他再次拒绝回答。他说，他对上议院诚惶诚恐，但是，被迫指控自己，他很难做到。几番让他恢复记忆的尝试失败后，议会命令他退下。随后，内阁的支持者和反对者之间进行了一场激烈的讨论。有人声称，政府对约翰·布朗特爵士这种得心应手的沉默早已见怪不怪。沃顿公爵把矛头指向了斯坦霍普

伯爵，这令后者异常气愤。伯爵说话时情绪高涨，这种过分激烈的情绪导致他大脑充血。他感觉十分糟糕，不得不离开议院大厅到他自己的房间内休息。人们立即使用吸杯为他放血，第二天早晨继续放血，但是收效甚微。人们对这个致命的结果始料未及。傍晚时分，他开始昏迷，然后就仰面朝天，与世长辞了。这位政治家的突然死亡让全国上下陷入极大的悲痛之中。乔治一世极为伤感，他把自己关在房间里，为失去这位伟大的人物伤心不已。

公司的财务主管奈特在列日附近的蒂利蒙，被居住在布鲁塞尔的英国人里斯先生的一个秘书抓捕，随后被关在安特卫普城堡内。英国政府多次向奥地利政府申请将他押送回国，但都没有成功。奈特将自己置于布拉班特领地的保护之下，并要求在此地受审。《皇家条目》（Joyeuse Entrée [12]）的条款授予布拉班特领地的特权规定：在此地逮捕的罪犯应该就地审判。领地坚持他们的特权并拒绝把奈特交给英国政府。英国政府不停地诉求。在此期间，奈特从城堡逃跑了。

2月16日，保密委员会向众议院递交了他们的第一份调查报告。在报告中，他们表示他们的调查遇到了很多的困难和挫折。他们所努力调查的每一个人都尽自己最大努力不让法官达到目的。在他们调查的一些账目中，虚假款项被伪造；而在另外一些账目中，有款项，却无股票持有者姓名。在一些账目中有很多擦除和修改的痕迹；在另一些中，有的页面被撕掉。他们还发现一些重要的账目已经被悉数销毁，一些被撕掉或隐藏。在调查之初，他们发现交给他们的事情范围广大，种类繁多。在执行法律的过程中，许多人被分配了不同的任务。在处理成千上万的人高达上百万甚至上千万的财产时，他们不得不借法律之名，以并不合法的方式进行。他们发现在南海法案通过之前，南海公司账面价值1259325英镑已经贬为以股票计价的市场价值574500英镑。经调查，这些股票均为蓄意伪造，其操作目的是为了加速法案的通过。根据标记，这些股票在不同时间，以150%到325%的溢价售出。这么一大笔交易发

生在授权公司增股之前，这让委员会十分震惊；因此，他们决定要十分仔细地考察整个交易过程。董事长、副董事长和几位董事都被带到委员会面前加以严格审问。他们发现，这些账目被制作的时候，公司并没有相当数量的股票，他们所拥有的只是最多不超过3万英镑的一小笔资金。在进一步调查的过程中，他们发现，这些股票被公司伪装成的购买商购买，同时，股票交易中没有任何形式的双方协议、现金支付、保证金或证券。他们的如意算盘是，如果法案没有通过，股票如预期的那样下跌，公司自然不用承担任何损失。相反，如果股价上升（计划成功后，事实确实如此），由股价上升带来的利润必然使他们收益。按照这个思路，在法案通过之后，根据奈特的指示，公司设立并调整了股票账户。那些假定的购买者由于股价的上升，从南海公司得到了收益。这些伪造的股票主要由约翰·布朗特爵士、吉本先生和奈特先生处理；他们以行贿的方式，将这些股票赠送给政府的几名官员及其亲属，以求加速法案的通过。在这些股票中，桑德兰伯爵得到5万英镑，肯德尔公爵夫人得到1万英镑，普拉滕伯爵夫人得到1万英镑，她的两个侄子得到1万英镑，克莱格斯秘书长得到3万英镑，查尔斯·斯坦霍普先生（财政部秘书之一）得到1万英镑，剑锋公司得到5万英镑。在调查的过程中，他们还发现斯坦霍普先生从特纳卡斯沃尔公司收到了25万英镑的股票差价收益，但是，他的名字被从账簿上删除，后改为斯坦盖普。财政大臣艾斯拉比获利的方式更加让人厌恶。他在特纳卡斯沃尔公司开立了一个高达794451英镑的股票账户。此外，他还建议公司在没有任何担保的情况下，自行将第二批新股认购金额由100万英镑提高到150万英镑。第三次发行的方式尤其可耻。艾斯拉比名下7万英镑，克莱格斯先生名下65.9万英镑，桑德兰伯爵16万英镑，斯坦霍普先生4.7万英镑。这个报告完成之后，又有6个其他不太重要的报告。在最后一个报告的末尾，委员会宣布因为没有找到在此案中负有重要责任的奈特，他们的调查无法再继续。

委员会命令，在第三天将第一份报告印刷出来并进行讨论。经过愤

怒而激烈的讨论，达成了一系列协议，协议谴责董事、议会成员及与之相关的行政官员的行为。通过协议，委员会宣布这些人中的每一个都应该用他们自己的财产去弥补他们给公众造成的损失和伤害。他们的所作所为被定性为腐败、无耻和危险的行为。为了解除不幸者的痛苦，委员会命令引入一项法案。

查尔斯·斯坦霍普参与了这些交易并第一个受到了质问。在他的自我辩解中，他强调，在过去的几年里，他把他所拥有的所有钱都寄存到了奈特先生那里，所以，无论奈特先生为他买了多少股票，他已经提前付清了所需的款项。至于特纳卡斯沃尔公司为他所买的股票，他本人一无所知，这件事情中所做的一切都未经过他的授权，所以，他不可能为其负责。特纳公司承担了第二件事情的责任。但是，每一个怀着公正之心的人都知晓这不光彩的事实：斯坦霍普先生得到了25万英镑，并且，以他的名义放在南海公司的账户上。但是，最后以超过3票的微弱优势，他被无罪释放了。友人不遗余力地袒护他，切斯特菲尔德伯爵的儿子，斯坦霍普勋爵在态度摇摆的议员之间游说。他用自己的三寸不烂之舌劝说他们投票释放他或者不出席议会。许多优柔寡断的乡绅被他说服并改变了主意，由此产生了上述结果。无罪释放斯坦霍普的消息在全国引起了极大的不满。气势汹汹的大众聚集在伦敦各处。人们对于发生暴乱的恐惧与日俱增。当许多人认为，对于一个更大的罪犯的审讯很可能会是类似斯坦霍普的结局时，这种担心就更加严重了。即便当地的规则不健全，身居高位、肩负重任的艾斯拉比先生本应以诚实为本；但是，他却被认为是不折不扣的最大的罪犯。释放斯坦霍普先生的第二天，对他的案件的调查正式开始。众议院的大厅里和通道上挤满了人，人人都迫不及待地想知道调查的结果。辩论持续了整整一天。艾斯拉比几乎找不到支持者。他的罪过昭然若揭，而且让人深恶痛绝，没有人有勇气和他站到一边。最后议会达成一致意见：艾斯拉比先生为了获得非法利益，怂恿并推进了损害国家和公众利益的南海公司计划的执行；在这些损人利己的犯罪行为中，他和南海公司的董事们同流合污，损害了国家

的贸易和声誉；因为他所犯下的无耻罪行，他被逐出众议院，收监伦敦塔，并被严密监视；一年之内或直到下次议会召开，他不得出国；他应该清算他所有的财产，用以解救那些因为他的恶行而惨遭损失的人。

这个裁决让人欢欣雀跃。虽然消息在半夜12点半公布，却迅即传遍了全城。几家人张灯结彩以示他们的欢乐。第二天，当艾斯拉比先生被送到伦敦塔的时候，大众聚集在塔山上，准备向他大呼大叫并投掷石块。结果，他们的这个愿望没有实现，于是，他们就点起了一大堆篝火，围着它在无法言说的欢乐里狂舞。几堆篝火在其他的地方也点了起来。伦敦呈现出一派节日景象，全城人共同庆祝，宛如刚刚逃离了一场巨大的灾难。释放斯坦霍普的决定让人们怒不可遏，如果对艾斯拉比先生的裁决也是类似的纵容，很难想象这愤怒将会发展到何种程度。

为了让公众更加满意，任职于特纳卡斯沃尔公司的乔治·卡斯沃尔爵士第二天也被驱逐出议会，囚禁伦敦塔并要求退还25万英镑。

下一步审查的是保密委员会的报告中和桑德兰伯爵有关的部分。为了使他尊贵的身份免受罪责的损害，他的同党作了不遗余力的努力。当不利于他的事实主要来源于约翰·布朗特爵士的口供时，他们费尽心机制造假象，让人觉得约翰爵士的话并不可信，尤其是当这些话指向身居高位的枢密顾问时。众所周知，如果对他作出有罪的判决，那么权力就会落到托利党手中；因此，内阁中所有的朋友都聚集在他的周围，极力保护他的安全。最终，他以233票赞成，172票反对的结果被释放；但是，整个国家对于他的罪行深信不疑。愤怒席卷了每一个角落，气势汹汹的大众又一次聚集在伦敦。所幸，这一次没有暴乱发生。

这一天克莱格斯命丧黄泉。第二天本应是他受审的日子。人们普遍认为他是服毒自尽。但让他痛苦不堪、备受折磨的似乎是5周之前他在财政部任职的儿子死于天花的事实。为了这个宝贝儿子，他聚集了大量的财富。他不停地赚钱，但方式却不正当。为了儿子的利益，他不惜牺

牲他的荣誉和名声；然而，儿子却不复存在了。对于事实真相进一步被揭露的恐惧加剧了他内心的苦痛，最终，他在中风痉挛中一命呜呼。他留下了150万英镑的财产。这些财产被充公，用以安抚那些因为他曾不遗余力地创造的那个幻境而惨遭损失的人们。

公司董事一个接一个受到了审查。从他们的财产中共拿出214万英镑充公以弥补他们所造成的伤害。同时，根据每个人的行为和处境，法律允许每个人保留一部分财产以便他们洗心革面，重新做人。在约翰·布朗特爵士多达18.3万英镑的财产中，允许他保留0.5万英镑；约翰·菲罗斯爵士的总财产为24.3万英镑，允许保留1万英镑；希欧多尔·詹森爵士的总财产为24.3万英镑，允许保留5万英镑；爱德华·吉本先生的总财产为10.6万英镑，允许保留1万英镑；约翰·兰伯特爵士的总财产为7.2万英镑，允许保留0.5万英镑。对于其他在本案中参与不多的人的处理方式更加宽松。历史学家吉本的祖父爱德华·吉本先生受到了严重的处罚。这位历史学家在他的《回忆录和写作》中绘声绘色地描述了当时议会的进程。他坦言他并不是一个没有偏见的目击者；但是，凡是对当时灾难之年的进程有所描述的作家都不可避免地对这些受审者带有偏见，而他们的偏见和吉本的观点正好针锋相对；所以，这位历史学家的描述具有特殊的价值。仅仅根据听取双方证词的原则，他的观点是应当被考虑的。他说："在1716年，我的祖父被选为南海公司的董事之一。他的记录表明在他接受这个致命的职位之前，他已经获得了6万英镑的财产。但是，他的财产在1720年的海难中被淹没。30年的劳动所得在一天内化为乌有。对于他们是利用还是滥用了南海公司计划的分辨，对于我祖父及他的董事同仁们是罪过或是清白的判断，我既不是一个称职的法官也做不到毫无偏袒，但是，现代的公正必须谴责那些充满暴力和武断的审判程序。这些程序足以让正义的事业蒙羞，让不公正的行为更加面目可憎。整个民族刚刚从它的黄金梦中醒来，全体民众，甚至议会就开始为他们的愤怒寻找出气筒。但是，所有的人都承认，无论董事们的罪过有多大，他们都未触及这个国家的现有法律。莫尔斯沃思勋爵处罚当

事人的理念十分偏激，议会并没有按照他的理念行事；但是，一个刑罚法案被制定——这是一条追溯法令，用以惩罚在犯罪之时尚未存在的罪行。立法机关拘禁了各位董事，认为他们的出现不利于治安，给他们的人格加上了与生俱来的耻辱的烙印。他们被迫宣誓交出他们所有的财产，并且禁止转移或转让他们财产中的任何部分。每一个公民都有在法庭上通过他的律师申诉的权利，但是，这个刑罚法案显然违反了这一条。他们请求申诉，但是，他们的请求被拒绝了。他们的压迫者不需要证据，当然也不会听取辩护。最初有人提议诸位董事可以保留各自财产的1/8以支撑他们将来的生活。但是，有人坚决主张，由于每个人的富有程度和犯罪程度的不同，这个比例对于许多人来说过轻，而对于一些人来说则又过重。所以，每一个人的情况和行为应该单独考量。但是，33个英国人的财产和荣誉并没有在法庭上得到冷静而严肃的审判；相反，他们成为草率谈话的主题，成为当时大部分人无法无天行为的娱乐对象。委员会最不道德的人用恶言相向或弃权票来发泄他们心中的公愤或私怨。侮辱加重了伤害，玩笑又让侮辱更加痛苦。平均每人20英镑的津贴被随随便便地取消了。有一个捕风捉影的消息说一个董事以前参与过另一个项目，这个项目让一群不知名的人丢掉了他们的钱，而这则消息竟成为给他定罪的实证。一个人惨遭灭顶之灾只是因为他愚蠢而狂放地说他要让他的马以金子为食；另一个遭殃的人，则是因为某一天，生性高傲的他在财政部拒绝礼貌地回答一个地位远远高于他的人的问话。没有出席法庭，没有经过申诉，然后就被谴责，被武断地处以罚金，充公财产，所有相关人都难逃此劫。他们绝大部分的财富就这样被一扫而空。这样无耻而大胆的压迫几乎得不到万能的议会的庇护。我的祖父和他的同伴一样，没有受到任何礼遇。他所秉承的托利党的理念和周围托利党的人脉关系已经让统治者对他厌恶至极。他的名字在一个疑点颇多的秘密报告中出现。他尽人皆知的能力不能成为他不知情或犯错的借口。在最初对南海公司董事的诉讼中，吉本先生成为第一批被拘禁的人之一。在最终宣判时，对他的罚金数额表明了他的罪大恶极。他承诺，

除去继承的祖产外，他交付给众议院的总金额高达106543英镑5先令6便士。议会许诺给他1.5万英镑或1万英镑作为生活补贴；但是，经过考虑，议会一致决定给他数额较小的津贴。在这种糟糕的情景中，我的祖父，以偌大的年龄，以议会不能从他那里夺走的技巧和信誉，建起了一座新的财富大厦。16年的辛苦付出终于有了回报。所以，我有理由相信，第二个财富大厦不会比第一个低级。”

完成对董事的处罚之后，立法机构下一步考虑的就是如何恢复政府信誉。事实证明，沃波尔的计划收效甚微，而且声誉不佳。在1720年年底，人们清算了南海公司的股金总额。结果发现，南海公司的股金总额为3780万英镑；而其中为股东所持有的仅为2450万英镑。剩下的1330万英镑为公司以法人形式所有，这一部分是他们利用全民痴迷所赚取的利润。从这一笔钱中抽出了800多万英镑，以100英镑获利33英镑6先令8便士的年息分给了股东和认购者。这极大地缓解了当时的形势。同时，议会进一步下达命令，规定那些从南海公司以股票的形式借钱，同时又将这些钱转给公司或抵押给公司，为公司所用的人，只要付出所借总额的10%，就可以免于其他的要求。当股价飞升之时，南海公司以这种方式借出了1100万；现在，当股价降到了正常水平，他们收回了110万。

但是，政府信誉在很久以后才得以恢复。就像伊卡洛斯[13]一样，人们的信心飞升得太高，融化了他蜡质的翅膀；然后，像伊卡洛斯那样跌进了海里；在海浪中挣扎的时候，他意识到他真正的位置是在坚实的地上。从此，他再也不敢尝试飞那么高了。

自此之后，在商业繁荣的伟大时代，又差点发生几次过度投机的事件。一个计划的成功往往会产生其他几个类似的计划。在一个充满商业交易的国度里，民众的模仿能力总是能够抓住这些成功的典范，然后，把利益的狂热追求者拉进万劫不复的深渊。1825年的泡沫公司，就像南海公司所产生的那些泡沫公司一样，在这个恐慌之年昙花一现后就消失

了。这个事件和1720年的事件如出一辙：欺诈之行从贪婪之心那里收获了巨大的利益；但是，当最后的审判日来临之时，双方的损失一样惨重。1836年的计划曾经差点引起灭顶之灾；但是，灾难被及时避免了。[14]

郁金香狂热

噢！我的同胞们啊！

你们为何这般疯狂！

——卢坎[15]

据说郁金香这个花名来源于土耳其语，词形暗合“穆斯林的头巾”一词，意指其花和该头巾的形似。16世纪中期这个词被引入西欧。在让郁金香享有盛名这件事上，康拉德·格斯纳绝对功不可没。但是，他做梦也没有想到这小小的花将让整个世界陷入极度的混乱。他首次见到郁金香是在1559年，在奥格斯堡的一个花园里。花园的主人是博学的赫尔瓦特参赞，当时，此人是收藏稀有外来植物的名人。花的鳞茎由君士坦丁堡的一位朋友送给这位绅士。在君士坦丁堡，这种花一直是人们的最爱。在此后10到11年的时间里，郁金香为富有者所青睐，尤其是在荷兰和德国。阿姆斯特丹的富人派人直接到君士坦丁堡去买鳞茎，并且愿意为之付出天价。在英国种植的第一批球茎于1600年从维也纳运来。自此直到1634年，郁金香的名声与日俱增；甚至，如果一个人有钱，却没有郁金香，他就会被归入品味低下一类。许多有识之士，比如，庞贝·德·安格里斯和《论坚定不移》的著名作者——莱登的利普修斯——都对郁金香情有独钟。拥有郁金香的狂热迅速席卷了整个中产阶级，而那些财产并不是很丰富的商人和商店老板也开始攀比自己手中的郁金香珍品，并互相炫耀他们为之付出的离奇价格。据传，哈勒姆的一个商人花费了他一半的财产来购买一个郁金香的球茎，而其目的并非为了卖掉赚钱，只是为了放在自家温室里让朋友们观赏。

有人可能会想，在精明如荷兰人的眼睛里，可以变得如此珍贵的花

必定有非同寻常的美。然而，它既没有玫瑰的美艳，也不具有它的芬芳——甚至和“小小的甜豌豆”相比，它也稍显逊色。同时，在花朵的持久性上，它亦无法和前两者相比。然而，事实却是考利为郁金香大唱颂歌。他说：

紧接着，郁金香出现了，鲜艳欲滴，

闪烁着高傲的光芒，淫荡二字绝对与她无关；

这里有世上最美的颜色；

而且，通过新的组合，她还可以呈现新的面孔；

紫色和金色织就的华贵衣衫，

是她的最爱，

她唯一的目的就是悦人之目，

和，艳压群芳。

这听起来并不那么具有诗意，却是诗人的描述。贝克曼在他的《发明史》中，以更加忠实的态度，用比考利的诗歌更加让人舒服的散文形式，对郁金香进行了描述。他说：

几乎没有植物像郁金香那样，因为偶然，羸弱，

或者疾病，而获得那么多的色彩。在人工培植之前的自然状态，它只有一种颜色，有大大的叶子和超乎寻常的长茎。当人工培植将它弱化之后，它反而在种花人的眼中变得更加赏心悦目了。花瓣比以前黯淡了，小了；但是，颜色更加丰富了；叶子的绿色也较之以前更加浅淡。人类文明的这件杰作就是这样：体质越羸弱，容颜越漂亮；以至于最后

弱到无论用什么高超的技艺或周全的照料，它都几乎不能被成功移植，甚至被成功养活。

就这样，神不知鬼不觉的，许多人开始迷恋于这个给他们带来很多麻烦的东西，就像母亲总是偏爱体弱多病的孩子一样。我们只能用同样的原则来解释这些脆弱的花朵并不应受到的，而人类却过分慷慨给予的赞颂。1634年，拥有郁金香的狂热在整个荷兰肆虐，以至于国家正常的工业被忽略。全体人民，甚至包括最底层的民众都开始从事郁金香贸易。随着狂热的升级，价格也一路飙升。到1635年，许多人投资10万弗罗林[16]购买40个球茎，然后，再以重量为单位出售，而重量单位是比一粒谷物的重量还要小的派瑞特[17]。一种叫丽芙·肯恩将军的郁金香重400派瑞特，价值4400弗罗林；一种叫婉·得·爱克将军的郁金香重446派瑞特，价值1260弗罗林；一棵贵公子重106派瑞特，价值1615弗罗林；一棵黑蝴蝶重400派瑞特，价值3000弗罗林。在所有的品种中，最珍贵的当属永远的奥古斯都；它重200派瑞特，5500弗罗林的售价也会被认为已经是贱卖了。这个品种的追求者如此众多，以至于一棵质量下等的球茎要价也要高达2000弗罗林。据传，在1636年初，整个荷兰只有两棵这样的球茎；而且，其质量并非上乘。一棵在阿姆斯特丹的一个商人手里，另一棵在哈勒姆。投机商人要获得这两棵球茎的心情是如此急切，以至于一个人为哈勒姆的郁金香足足花费了12英亩建筑用地的绝对所有权。而阿姆斯特丹的那根换得4600弗罗林及一辆新马车、两匹灰色的马和一整套马具。马丁是那个时代很勤勉的一个作家，他就郁金香热写过一本长达1000多页的书。下面的清单中列出了不同的商品及其价值；而这些东西的交付只为换得名叫黑蝴蝶的一个稀有品种的球茎：

	弗罗林
2 拉小麦	448
4 拉黑麦	558
4 只肥牛	480
8 只胖猪	240
12 只胖绵羊	120
2 大桶葡萄酒	70
4 大桶啤酒	32
2 吨黄油	192
1000 磅奶酪	120
1 套床	100
1 套衣服	80
1 个银质的酒杯	60
	2500

那些当时不在荷兰，而又恰在这个荒唐之事最盛行时返回荷兰的人们，往往因为不知情而让自己陷入尴尬的窘境。在布兰维尔的游记中，就记录了这样一件趣事。有一个十分富有的商人，甚是以自己稀有的郁金香为豪。有一次，他收到从利凡特发来的一批很珍贵的货物。货物到达的消息由一个水手通知他，当时二人正在商人那堆满了各式各样货物的账房里。这位商人为了表达对水手传达消息的谢意，十分慷慨地准备了一顿红鲱鱼的早餐赠与他。这个水手似乎很喜欢吃洋葱，并且在这个慷慨商人的柜台上发现了一个类似洋葱的球茎；然后，他很想当然地认为把洋葱放在丝绸和天鹅绒中间是一件很不合适的事情。他机智地抓住一个时机，把这个类似洋葱的东西偷偷放到了他的兜里，并且把它作了他的鲱鱼的调味品。他带着他的收获很快离开了商人家，走到码头上去吃他的早餐。他刚一转身，那个商人就丢失了他宝贵的，价值3000弗罗林，或者说280英镑的，名为永远的奥古斯都的郁金香球茎。顿时，全家陷入了一片混乱。大家到处寻找这个价格不菲的根，但是无果而终。商人的痛苦无法言语。第二次的搜索仍旧以失败告终。最后有人想到了那个水手。

这个伤心满怀的商人一听到这个建议，一下子就冲到了街上。被他吓坏了的家人紧随其后。那个头脑单纯的水手啊！他根本没想到把他的“洋葱”藏起来，而是坐在一堆绳子上，嘴里嚼着最后一块“洋葱”。他几乎做梦都不曾想过，他所吃的这顿早餐的价值足够一艘船上的全体船员吃10个月；或者，正如这位被抢劫的商人自己所描述的一样，“足以十分奢侈地招待奥伦治的王子和所有总督府衙的人员。”安东尼把珍珠融化到酒里，为克利欧佩特拉的健康干杯；理查德·惠廷顿为了取悦亨利五世国王，也做了同样愚蠢而又奢华之事；当伊丽莎白女王开办皇家交易所的时候，托马斯·格雷欣爵士把钻石融在酒里，以表达对女王健康的祝福。但是，这位淘气的荷兰小伙子的早餐和上述两种一样豪华；不仅如此，他的早餐还有一处是他的不知节俭的前辈所不能及的，那就

是：他们的宝石既不能改善酒的美味，也无益于他们的酒的品质；而他的郁金香配上他的红鲱鱼却是十分的美味。他的故事中最不幸的部分就是商人控告他犯了重罪，最终使他在监狱中被囚禁了几个月。

另一个故事为一个英国旅行者的亲历，这个故事的滑稽之处丝毫不逊色于水手的奇遇。这位绅士是位业余的植物学家，他凑巧在一个荷兰富人的家里看到一棵郁金香根躺在他的温室里。因为不知道这到底是什么，他取出他的小刀，把它的皮剥下来，然后，想用它来做实验。当这样一层一层地剥到只有它原来的一半大小的时候，他把它分成了同等的两半，然后，对于这个他所不认识的、有着奇特外观的球茎一直发表学术评论。突然，主人怒火中烧地扑向了他，问他是否知道他已经做了什么。“削了一个十分奇怪的洋葱”，这位学者回答道。“见鬼去吧！”这位荷兰人说道，“这是婉·得·爱克将军。”“谢谢你，”这位旅行者回答，然后，拿出他的笔记本，在上面按照荷兰人所讲记下了这个名字，“这些‘将军’在你们国家普遍吗？”“见鬼去吧，”这位荷兰人抓住这位震惊不已的科学家的领子诅咒说，“跟我去见官！会让你知道的。”无论这位旅行者如何抗议，他还是被这位绅士连拉带扯地走过了街道，身后跟着一群乌合之众。等来到官员的面前，他才吃惊地得知，他用来做实验的那个球茎价值4000弗罗林。无论他如何请求对他从轻发落，最后，还是不得不锒铛入狱。直到他为付这笔资金找到担保，才得以获释。

对于郁金香稀有品种的需求迅速增长。到1636年，销售郁金香的定期市场在多地股票交易所开放；这些地方包括阿姆斯特丹、鹿特丹、哈勒姆、莱顿、阿尔克玛、荷恩以及其他城镇。至此，种种迹象表明郁金香交易已经具备了赌博的特征。尽管有人警告股票经纪人对于新的投资要谨慎，他们还是进行了大量的郁金香交易。在交易中，他们用尽一切所能想到的办法，让价格产生波动。和所有的赌博一样，在郁金香狂热中，人们最初都是信心高涨，而且每个人都可以盈利。郁金香交易的经纪人在郁金香股市的涨跌中投机。他们通过在价跌时买进，在价高时卖

出的方式获得了巨额利润。许多人一夜之间暴富。一个充满诱惑的金色诱饵在人们的眼前摇来晃去。一个接一个地，他们冲向了郁金香交易市场，就像冲向蜜罐的一群苍蝇一样。在每个人的想象中，对郁金香的狂热追求不会停止，而且，全世界每一个角落的富人都会到荷兰，都会为了郁金香倾其所有。欧洲的妇人将会聚集在须德海的岸边，贫穷在荷兰这块福地上将不复存在。贵族、市民、农夫、机械工、水手、男仆、女仆，甚至扫烟囱的工人和做衣服的老妪都开始做郁金香的生意。各个阶层的人们都把他们的财产换成现金，然后把它投在这些花的交易里。房屋和土地以毁灭性的低价出售，或者在郁金香交易中直接转让。许多外国人同样被这种狂热所征服。钱从四面八方涌向荷兰。生活必需品的价格逐步升高：房屋和土地、马匹和马车，以及各种奢侈品的价格都在攀升。连续几个月的时间，荷兰就像是财神爷的接待室。交易变得如此广泛而复杂，以至于有人觉得很有必要起草一份法规来引导这些交易者。政府委派了司法人员和办事职员，这些人都全心全意地为郁金香交易贡献他们的力量。在一些城镇里，人们无视政府委派的公证员，郁金香就是他们的公证员。在更小的、没有交易场所的城镇里，城中主要的酒馆通常被用作“展示地”。在这里，形形色色买卖郁金香的人完成他们的交易，以成全人们奢靡的娱乐。有时，这些宴会有二三百人参加。大瓶大瓶盛开的郁金香以一定的间距放在桌子上和餐柜上，以供他们在席间欣赏。

但是，最后，比较精明的人开始意识到这个愚蠢的行为不可能永远持续下去。富人们买了这些花，不再是为了把它们养在花园里，而是以100%的利润卖出。有人已经预见到，最后，肯定有人会损失惨重。当这个信念开始四处传播的时候，价格下跌了，而且，再也没有重新升起。自信心被摧毁了，铺天盖地的恐慌感折磨着所有交易者的心。A同意在合同签署6周后，以每棵4000弗罗林的价钱从B那里购买10棵名叫永远的奥古斯都的郁金香。B在约定的时间将花准备好；但是价格下降到了三四百弗罗林。A既不同意以不同的价钱购买，也拒绝接受这些郁金

香。在荷兰所有的城镇上，每天都会宣布新的违约者名单。那些成千上万个在几个月前还怀疑在荷兰这块土地上是否存在贫穷这码事的人们，突然间发现他们自己已经是除了几棵球茎之外一无所有的穷光蛋。没有人愿意买这些根。即便卖者愿意以他们所付价钱的1/4出售，也没有人理睬。每一个角落都回响着痛苦的哭声。每一个人都在诅咒他的邻居。那些通过密谋策划富了腰包的少数人悄悄地把他们的财富藏起来，不让和他们同住一城的人发现，然后，把这些钱投资到英国或其他国家的基金。那些就这样简简单单一夜暴富的穷人又回到了原来的贫穷状态；家境殷实的商人几乎沦为乞丐；许许多多的达官贵人眼睁睁地看着他们的房产彻底毁灭。

当第一阵惊慌渐渐平息之后，几个城镇上的郁金香持有者召开公众会议，目的是策划恢复公众信用的好办法。人们一致同意全国各地派代表到阿姆斯特丹，和政府商议解决目前混乱状态的办法。最初，政府拒绝参与，只是建议郁金香持有者自行达成协议。为了达到这个目的，他们召开了几次会议。但是，最终没有商议出让受害人满意的结果，也没有讨论出弥补哪怕只是一点点所受到的伤害的措施。每个人张口就是抱怨和指责，所有的会议都在群情激奋中进行。但是，最终，经过无数次的争吵和僵持，聚集在阿姆斯特丹的代表们达成一致协议。协议规定，所有在狂热高峰期和1636年11月之前签订的合同统统宣告无效；而对于那些在此日期之后签订的合同，只要购买者付给销售者1/10的货款，就可以免除他们的其他债务。这个决定没有让任何人满意。手中持有郁金香的销售者当然不满意，而那些曾许诺购买的人也觉得他们受到的待遇太苛刻。曾价值6000弗罗林的郁金香，现在花500就可以买到；所以，1/10的赔偿金比实际的价值还要多出100弗罗林。这个国家的法庭上每天都充斥着违约法案，但是法庭拒绝审理赌博性质的交易。

事件最终交由海牙省议会解决。人们信心十足地期待，这个机构的智慧能够想出恢复信用的办法。人们翘首企盼最后的决定，但是这个决

定却一直没有到来。与会成员一周接一周地讨论，最后，在思考了3个月之后，宣布除非有更多的信息，否则他们无法作出最后决定。但是，他们建议，销售商应该在有证人的情况下，把他们现有的郁金香以代表们已经商议好的价钱卖给购买者。如果后者拒绝购买，他们可以通过公众拍卖的方式将其出售。而最初的合同签约者应该担负实际的价钱和最后成交价钱之间的差价。这恰恰就是之前代表们曾推荐的计划，而且已经证明是无效的。在荷兰没有负责强制付款的法庭。这个问题在阿姆斯特丹被提出，但是，法官们以法律债务不包括赌博债务为由一致拒绝参与。

事情就这样被搁置了。政府没有能力找到解决的办法。那些在事态逆转之时不幸还存有大量郁金香的倒霉蛋们只能尽量乐观地接受他们的损失；那些盈利者被允许他们保有所得；但是国家的经济经受了严重的打击，很多年后才得以恢复。

英国在某种程度上模仿了荷兰的模式。1636年，郁金香在伦敦交易所公开出售，经销商竭尽所能把价格提高到和阿姆斯特丹那里一样高得荒谬的水平。巴黎的经销商也在努力创造郁金香热。在这两座城市里，他们只是在某种程度上获得了成功。然而，榜样的力量却让这些花大受欢迎。自此，某个阶层内的人们对郁金香的钟爱程度要远远高于其他种类的花。现今，荷兰人仍旧以他们对郁金香的偏爱而闻名于世，并且为郁金香付出的价钱依然高于其他民族所愿意支付的价钱。当富有的英国人吹嘘他的优良赛马和古画的时候，富有的荷兰人则会向人炫耀他的郁金香。

在今天的英国，虽然我们觉得很奇怪，但事实上一棵郁金香比一棵橡树还要值钱。如果黑色的稀世珍品被发现，黑得就像尤维纳尔[18]所说的人间少有的黑天鹅那样，它的价钱就等于12英亩玉米的价钱。根据大英百科全书第三版增补版的一个权威作者所提供的信息，17世纪末，

郁金香在苏格兰的最高价为10个基尼。自此之后，它们的价值似乎慢慢降低了，直到1769年，英国出现了两个最昂贵的品种——唐·科维多和瓦伦丁娜，前者值两个基尼，后者值两个半基尼。这些价钱后来证明是最低价。1800年，一棵球茎的普通价钱是15基尼。1835年，如痴如狂的郁金香迷在伦敦的公开拍卖会上以75英镑的价钱购得一棵叫作法妮·肯布尔小姐的球茎。价钱更惊人的郁金香为切尔西市国王路上的一个园丁所有。根据他的商品目录，这个郁金香的价钱是200个基尼。

疯狂的慢性投毒犯

佩斯卡拉：我从来没听说过类似的事情。

斯特凡诺：在我看来，如果人们仅仅是听别人讲这个故事，肯定会认为这是最不可能发生的荒谬之事。

佩斯卡拉：确实如此。我将尽可能简单地告诉你他们是如何疯狂到这个地步的。

米兰公爵

投毒罪行从古到今一直存在，并且曾一度形成整套的方法。投毒方式是利用毒药发挥作用过程较慢，让普通的观察者认为受害者是死于身体的逐步衰弱。对此事感兴趣者可以参阅贝克曼有关秘密毒药的著作——《发明史》。在这本书里，他收集了希腊和罗马作家所描写的几个有关事例。16世纪早期，此罪行开始逐渐增多；到了17世纪，它就像一场瘟疫一样，蔓延到了整个欧洲。投毒操作通常由假扮的女巫师或男巫师完成。后来，这个技巧在那些声称具有魔力或超自然力量的人中，成为一个专门的学科。亨利八世21年时通过了一项法案，将此投毒行为定性为严重危害国家罪：犯罪者将被沸水煮死。

在时间上，史无前例；在残暴程度上，亦无出其右者的此类投毒案件是对托马斯·奥弗伯里爵士的谋杀。这件事情发生在1613年，成为当时詹姆斯一世王廷的耻辱。对这件事情的梗概稍作描述，恰好可以让人们对50年后在法国和意大利流行的投毒狂潮略知一二。

苏格兰青年罗伯特·克尔很早就引起了詹姆斯一世的注意；并且，

尽人皆知，这个人仅仅凭借他的美貌就享尽了荣耀。即便是在当时，人们也怀疑詹姆斯一世沉迷于最让人鄙视的不轨行为；而在今天，我们越是研究他的历史，这个怀疑就越是强烈。无论这个被怀疑的行为是什么，这位帅气十足的克尔在大庭广众之下让他的皇帝主子亲吻他光滑的脸颊，以这种恶心的方式迅速得宠。1613年他成为苏格兰的王室财政大臣；同时，他还以罗切斯特子爵的身份在英格兰担任同样的官职。不仅如此，无数的荣耀在未来的日子里源源不断地向他涌来。

在他飞黄腾达的过程中，并非无友相助。从国王大臣托马斯·奥弗伯里爵士本人信中的某些线索看，他只是一味地迎合国王的恶习，而且详细了解他秘密从事的所有危险行为。就是他本人竭尽所能，促进克尔的晋升；当然，他从后者那里得到了相应的回报。奥弗伯里对克尔的友谊并不仅限于此，如果这样的两个人之间真的有什么友谊可言的话。他还担当中间人的角色，帮助罗切斯特和埃塞克斯伯爵的妻子弗朗西丝·霍华德夫人通奸。这是一个激情富有到狂野，而羞耻感却无分毫的女人。她的丈夫妨碍了她和罗切斯特的通奸，为了摆脱他，她启动了诉讼离婚程序，离婚的理由是但凡存有些微谦卑或优雅之心的女人宁死也不愿意说出的。她见不得人的诉讼成功了。判决刚刚执行，她和罗切斯特大人规模盛大的婚礼就已准备就绪。

托马斯·奥弗伯里爵士曾经全心全意地帮助他的财神爷和埃塞克斯伯爵夫人私通；而现在，他似乎又认为和这样一个品质下贱的女人结婚将会成为他仕途继续前进的障碍。因此，他便竭尽所能地劝阻克尔选择这个婚姻。但是罗切斯特十分倾心这个结合，他的热情和伯爵夫人的热情一样强烈。一天，当奥弗伯里和罗切斯特子爵在白厅的画廊里散步的时候，有人听见奥弗伯里说：“尊贵的大人，如果您娶了那个卑贱的女人为妻，你将彻底地毁掉你的荣誉和你自己。请听取我的建议，坚决不要这样做。如果你做了，只怕你官位难保，所以，你最好小心为妙。”罗切斯特愤怒地扬袖而去，并且大声发誓道：“这件事情，我会和

你算账的！”这些话成为倒霉的奥弗伯里的死刑执行令。他暗示罗切斯特，他可以影响国王，并降低国王对罗的喜欢程度。他努力想阻止一个人熊熊燃烧的激情，而这个人又是这样的没心没肺、放荡不羁，且无所顾忌。这一切致命地打击了罗切斯特的自尊心。

奥弗伯里不知天高地厚的规劝传到了伯爵夫人那里。从那一刻起，她就发誓她一定要给他最致命的报复。但是，因为他们极端的虚伪，两位都隐藏了他们的实际意图。在罗切斯特的请求下，奥弗伯里成为被派往俄罗斯王廷的大使。这个表面上的举荐却是未来深不可测的致命阴谋的第一步。罗切斯特装作十分关心奥弗伯里的利益的样子，建议他拒绝出使这个任务，并且说这只不过是清除他的一个计谋。同时，他许诺他会对付由奥弗伯里的拒绝所带来的一切不良后果。奥弗伯里就这样中了圈套，拒绝了作为使节出使的任务。詹姆斯国王被激怒了，立即将他囚禁到伦敦塔。

现在，他完完全全地被看管着，他的敌人终于有机会开始他们的复仇行动。罗切斯特所做的第一件事情就是通过他在宫廷里的影响，解雇伦敦塔的副主管，并委派他的傀儡杰维斯·艾尔维斯来填补这个空位。这个人只是个工具；为完成复仇计划，另外一个人必不可少，那就是曾经做过药店伙计的理查德·韦斯顿。他被安排在副看守的职位上，直接看管奥弗伯里。至此为止，所有的一切都为阴谋家的计划作好了准备。

同时，阴险狡诈的罗切斯特以最贴心的文字给奥弗伯里写信，信中要他耐心忍受他的不幸，并且许诺他被囚禁的时间不会很长，因为他的朋友们正在竭尽所能平息国王的不快情绪。他照旧装作极度同情他的样子，因此，随信附上了油酥点心和其他的美味作为礼物，而这些东西在伦敦塔里都是得不到的。送给他的这些点心都被下了毒。偶尔，在没有信的时候，也会有类似的礼物送给杰维斯·艾尔维斯，其目的是让人认为这些东西是没有毒的；但是，那位不幸的囚犯却从没有尝过这些没有

毒的事物。一个叫作特纳的女人被雇来去获得这些毒药。她曾经有一所声名狼藉的房子，并且不止一次地把它借给罗切斯特和埃塞克斯女士，让他们在那里进行罪恶的通奸勾当。这些药都由假装成朗伯斯区算命先生的福尔曼医生负责准备，协助他准备的是一个叫富兰克林的药剂师。这两个人都知道这些毒药的使用目的。他们巧妙地把毒药混合在油酥点心和其他的食品里，混合的量要小，以便能够渐渐消耗受害人的体质。特纳夫人定期将放了毒药的食品送给副看管，然后，副看管再把他们放在奥弗伯里面前。不仅他的食物被投毒，他的饮料也被投了毒。砒霜和他所吃的盐混合，斑蝥和胡椒混合。就这样，在这段时间内，他的健康状况明显下降了。他一天天变得虚弱下来。他的胃口极其奇怪，十分钟情于糖果和果冻。罗切斯特继续安慰他，并且满足他在这方面所有的需要，给他送丰富的油酥点心，偶尔送些松鸡和其他的野味，或者送些乳猪。在这些肉食的调味汁里，特纳夫人混合了一些斑蝥，并且用硝酸银给猪排下毒。就像在审判中所陈述的那样，奥弗伯里以这种方式服下的毒药总量足以毒死20个成年男人；但是，因为他的体质强壮，所以，仍旧可以苟延残喘。药剂师富兰克林承认说他和福尔曼医生准备了7种不同种类的毒药。它们是：硝酸、砒霜、水银、钻石粉、硝酸银、大蜘蛛和斑蝥。奥弗伯里坚持的时间太长了，这让罗切斯特有点不耐烦。在他写给埃塞克斯女士的一封信中，他说事情的解决没有他预料得那么快。埃塞克斯女士立即命令看门人马上处理掉受害人。在这段时间内，虽然奥弗伯里看起来对投毒之事一无所知，他也并非没有怀疑到罗切斯特对他的背叛。他只是怀疑他要被终身囚禁，他们只是让国王更加厌恶他。他在一封信中威胁罗切斯特说，如果他不被立即释放，他就要将他的流氓行为公之于世。他说：“不久后，你和我都将以另一性质的审判面对公众……不要将我逼上绝路，以免我说出让你和我都后悔不已的话……无论我活着还是死了，你的羞耻罪行都不会消失，它们会永远地留在这个世界上，让你成为有史以来最面目可憎的人……令我惊讶的是，你竟然忽视了一个知晓你所有秘密勾当的人……它们是普通的秘密和普通的

危险吗？它们会带来什么样的后果？”

与罗切斯特大人这样不计后果的人打交道时，所有这些警告和掌握危险秘密的暗示都只能成为对自己的不利因素：它们更有可能导致奥弗伯里的死亡而不是救赎。罗切斯特的所想和所为似乎是一致的。他毫不犹豫地采取了谋杀者的理论，即，“人死则死无对证”。就这样，在他收到写有这些话语的信之后，他对他的情人抱怨事情的延迟。他们督促韦斯顿赶紧完成这个罪行。所有人的耐心都耗尽了，终于，1613年10月，一剂氯化汞放到了他的食物里。在这些人的魔爪下被痛苦地囚禁6个月之后，他的生命结束了。就在他断气当天，尸骨未寒之时，他就被匆匆地裹进一个床单，没有举行葬礼，草草地埋在了伦敦塔附近的一个深坑里。

在《詹姆斯一世王廷和人物》一书当中，安东尼·韦尔登爵士对这个悲剧结局的描写和上述内容有些许不同。他说：“富兰克林和韦斯顿来到奥弗伯里的囚室，发现他处于极端的痛苦折磨之中。很显然，是生命本能的力量在和毒药作斗争。看起来很有可能生命的本能要赢得这场争斗，因为奥弗伯里长出了疮、疹斑和水疱。他们害怕医生的检查会让他们的恶行大白于天下。于是，他们都同意用床单将他勒死；然后，就这样做了。就这样，他们结束了他悲惨的生命，并让阴谋者相信他是死于毒药。除了这两个谋杀者之外，其他人不会想到这种方式。”

突然的死亡——过分仓促的埋葬，以及没有进行尸检的事实，都加剧了浮在人们心头的怀疑。传闻，从偷偷泄露转为四处流传；死者的亲眷公开表示他们认为他们的亲人是死于谋杀。但是，罗切斯特在宫廷中的权力依旧如日中天，没有人敢发表哪怕一句对他不利的言论。不久后，他和埃塞克斯伯爵夫人的婚礼在前所未有的豪华气势中进行。国王亲自参加了仪式。

奥弗伯里对詹姆斯性格的了解似乎比罗切斯特所认为的还要深。当

他预言罗切斯特的婚姻将疏远国王和他的关系时，他真是不折不扣的预言家。此时，罗切斯特所受的恩宠却比以往任何时候都高；但是，好景不长——良心，这个忙碌的监视器，开始起作用了。流言的传播从来没有停止过；一直心存内疚的罗切斯特最终变得憔悴不堪。他的脸颊没有了色彩——他的目光黯淡、脾气暴躁、神情恍惚、情绪低沉。看到他的这幅光景，国王终于对他的陪伴不再感兴趣，而后，开始四处寻找新欢。机智、帅气而又放荡不羁的白金汉公爵乔治·维利尔斯正合了国王的心意，仅仅后两个品质就足以让詹姆斯喜欢上他。罗切斯特的影响日渐削弱，白金汉公爵的权力与日俱增。一个失宠之人是没有朋友的。对罗切斯特不利的流言比以往任何时候都更加强烈、更加坚决。这位新宠也不遗余力地落井下石，以加速这位旧爱的堕落。因为急于想彻底毁掉这位享受皇帝宠爱的前任，白金汉怂恿托马斯·奥弗伯里的家人依法质询他们亲人的离奇死亡。

詹姆斯惩罚那些他没有亲自参与的罪行时，绝对足够严厉。此外，他对于自己发现秘密之迅捷十分自以为豪。托马斯·奥弗伯里的案件正中他的下怀。他的行动从逮捕杰维斯·艾尔维斯爵士开始。在诉讼的早期阶段，詹姆斯看上去并不知道罗切斯特在这件事中的纠缠之深。凶残的慢性投毒的全过程让国王感到十分恐怖，为此，他请来了所有的法官。安东尼·威尔顿爵士跪在他们中间说："尊敬的法官大人们，最近，我听说你们正在调查一起投毒案件。上帝啊！如果餐桌变成了陷阱，连吃饭都要危及到每个人的生命，如果我们把意大利的这个恶俗引进到我们这里，那么，这个王国（世上唯一以热情好客著称的民族）将会处于怎样悲惨的境地啊！所以，各位长官，我命令你们对此事严查，没有算计，没有私情，也没有偏袒。在庄严而又令人生畏的宣判日，你们给出此事的答案。如果你姑息了这个犯罪案件中的任何一个罪犯，你和你的后代子孙都将受到上帝的诅咒！如果我姑息了任何罪犯，上帝将会永远诅咒我和我的子孙后代！"

这个诅咒在忠于斯图亚特王朝的家族里完全应验。庄重的誓言被打破了，上帝的诅咒不偏不倚地落在了他和他的子孙后代的头上。

在杰维斯·艾尔韦斯爵士之后，被捕的第二个人是副看守韦斯顿，然后是富兰克林和特纳夫人，最后是萨默赛特郡伯爵及其夫人，也就是罗切斯特。奥弗伯里死后，他荣升到了这个尊贵的位置。

第一个受审的是韦斯顿。公众的好奇心空前强烈，这件事情成为人们口中唯一的话题。审判那一天，法庭被挤得水泄不通。在法庭审判报告上，最高法院首席法官库克向陪审团揭露了投毒者卑鄙和猥琐的行为。面对他们秘密的企图，人的生命没有丝毫的自我保护和防御措施。在英国听说投毒是多么罕见的事情啊！在我们的国民看来，这是多么地让人憎恨啊！但是，魔鬼教会这些胆大妄为之徒诡谲之道，他们能够游刃有余地给人们投毒，让受害者按照他们的意愿在1个月、2个月、3个月或更长的时间段内，慢慢消耗掉生命的精华。他们让受害者中毒的方式有4种，即：闻、饮、尝、触。

当起诉书宣读完毕，韦斯顿唯一的反应就是："主啊！可怜可怜我吧！主啊！可怜可怜我吧！"当被问及他将如何被审判时，他拒绝把自己交给国家的陪审团，并且宣布他只选择接受上帝的审判。他的这种态度持续了一段时间。后来，由于害怕受到藐视法庭罪责[19]的惩罚，他最终屈服，请求"无罪"辩护，并且以应有法律程序接受审判。

他所有的罪证都被完全证实，他被宣判有罪并且在泰伯恩刑场处死。特纳夫人、富兰克林和杰维斯·艾尔维斯爵士也受到了审判。宣判有罪后，于1615年10月19日到12月4日之间被处死。而对萨默赛特伯爵和伯爵夫人的重要审判直到次年5月份才进行。

在审判杰维斯·艾尔维斯的过程中，案件的细节被披露。通过这些细节，人们得知萨默赛特夫人的叔叔，北安普敦公爵和放鹰首领托马斯

·孟勋爵士也参与了投毒。前者已经死去，法庭逮捕并审讯了托马斯·孟勋爵士。出人意料的是，这个人似乎太危险了，因而，并不能把他带上绞刑台。他知道詹姆斯一世太多见不得人的秘密，他的临终演讲很可能会揭露对国王不利的信息。对旧罪过的掩盖必然导致新的过错：对托马斯·孟勋爵士的审讯戛然而止；随即，他被释放。

詹姆斯已经违背了他的誓言。他开始害怕他对于投毒者的惩罚过分草率和疯狂。毫无疑问，萨默赛特将被宣判有罪，而国王也十分明白他必会祈求宽恕和赦免。被囚禁在伦敦塔里的时候，萨默赛特十分自信地肯定詹姆斯不敢审判他。在这一点上，他彻底地错了；但是，詹姆斯确实很痛苦。如今，他们之间的秘密无从确认；但是，猜测可以通过猜测略知一二。一些人认为秘密就是国王所沉迷的恶习；而另外一些人确认这个秘密和亨利王子的死有关。亨利王子是一个善良的年轻人，却深受萨默赛特的厌恶。王子早亡，但是他的父亲并没有为此感到悲伤。据坊间流传，王子为萨默赛特投毒谋杀。或许，国王因担心某个罪行而心情沉重；他不能放心地将他的同谋萨默赛特在公众面前处决。所以，当国王发现他的最爱深陷奥弗伯里谋杀案时，他的痛苦折磨难以言状。备受痛苦煎熬的国王想尽一切办法，让罪犯的精神处于不会胡言乱语的所谓的安全状态。有人悄悄地建议他先认罪，并相信国王的宅心仁厚。同样的建议也传给了伯爵夫人。国王命令培根起草一份包括所有对萨默赛特“有利”的事实的文件，而这些事实须以犯罪证据为基础。有人再次建议萨默赛特认罪，并许诺不祥之事不会降临到他的头上。

伯爵夫人首先被审判。在宣读起诉书的过程中，她浑身颤抖地流着泪，低声认罪。当被问及她为什么不该被处以死刑的时候，她胆怯地回答说：“我已犯了众怒，我知道没有什么能减轻我的罪过；但是，我渴望得到宽恕，希望各位长官为我向国王求情。”最终，她被宣判死刑。

第二天，伯爵受审。他似乎并未相信詹姆斯的承诺，所以拒绝认

罪。可能，根据他对国王性格的了解，他对自己感到自信。他泰然自若地对目击证人进行严厉的交叉询问。经过他顽固的辩解和持续长达11小时的审讯之后，他被证明犯有重罪，并被宣判死刑。

无论罪犯和国王之间的秘密可能是什么，事实是，后者全然不顾他曾经发过的庄重誓言，根本不敢签署死刑执行令。很可能，这个执行令本应该是他自己的。伯爵和伯爵夫人被囚禁伦敦塔，时长将近5年之久。最后，让公众震惊、气愤，让他们的最高长官蒙羞的是，这两个人得到了王室的原谅，只是被命令居住在远离宫廷的地方而已。因为犯有重罪，伯爵的房产被充公；但是詹姆斯从这些充公房产的收入中，每年拿出4000英镑给这位伯爵大人！真是无耻之极！

对这两个罪犯后来的生活，人们不得而知。只是知道他们对彼此曾经的爱变成了厌恶；他们在同一个屋檐下生活了几个月，但是却从未说过一句话。

对于他们暴行的揭露并没有制止投毒的罪行。恰恰相反，就像我们在后面要看到的，真相的揭露引起了疯狂的模仿，而模仿恰是人性中很奇怪的一个特点。有人猜测詹姆斯本人就极有可能成为了投毒的牺牲品。在对哈里斯的《詹姆斯一世的生活和写作》的注释中，就有很多有关这个话题的信息。白金汉的罪名虽然没有完全成立，但是，其疑点足以送成百上千个人上绞刑架。他的犯罪动机是报复国王在统治后期对他的冷淡态度。他害怕詹姆斯要降低他的级别；同时，他又希望他可以通过对皇位继承人思想的影响，在新的统治时期继续保持他在宫廷里的权威，而做到这一点，就必须及时结束旧的统治。

在《哈利父子杂录》第二卷中，有一本名为《复仇先驱》的小册子。这本小册子由医学博士乔治·伊格利沙曼撰写，他是詹姆斯国王的医师之一。在引用这个册子的时候，哈里斯说它的内容充满了仇恨和偏见。册子内容显然有夸大其词之嫌，但是，它绝对是证据链上的一环。

伊格利沙曼说：“国王得了疟疾，公爵就利用了这个机会。当国王的所有医生都在用餐时，他让国王服下了一种白色的粉末。刚开始，国王拒绝了很长时间；但是，在他极尽谄媚的强烈要求下，国王用酒服下。迅即，身体状况开始越来越糟。他多次昏厥，浑身疼痛，疯狂地拉肚子。在重重的折磨中，国王大声喊出了那个白色的粉末，‘上帝啊！我真不应该服下它啊！’”然后，他又告诉我们：“白金汉伯爵夫人（公爵的母亲）用石膏粉涂在国王的心脏上和胸上。从此，他变得虚弱、呼吸短促、痛苦不堪。医生们惊呼国王中毒了；白金汉公爵命令他们出去，并把他们之中的一个囚禁到他自己的房间内，把另一个从宫廷赶走。国王死后，他的身体和头都极其肿胀，头发和头皮都粘到了枕头上，他的手指甲和脚趾甲都已经松动。”克拉兰敦是公爵的党羽，他所给出的詹姆斯的死因完全不同。他说：“国王死于疟疾。这本是痛风后的一点不适，但是，在一个已经58岁，而且身体肥胖又笨重的人身上，这个病有点变本加厉；在经历了四五次晕厥之后，国王离开了这个世界。国王死后，毫无根据的流言四起。这些极尽刻薄和恶毒的流言出现在国王死后人们获得言论特许权的时候；此刻，人们对于激怒权贵没有任何畏惧之心；此刻，人们把对皇室的指责和侮辱看成丰功伟绩。”尽管在这个宣言似的说明里，克拉兰敦充满自信；但是，世人绝对很难相信在四处流传的流言中，毫无真相可言。就像他所断言的那样，来自于人们的质询并不严密，权威的亲信们利用所有能用到的法律以外的影响，将这些质询否决。在布里斯托尔伯爵控告白金汉公爵的著名案件中，詹姆斯国王的中毒案是所控告的罪行之一；然而，在当时，包含证据总结的那几页历史记录被撕去了。

白金汉公爵的毒药据说购自一个叫作兰姆的医生。此人是个巫师兼江湖医生，以算命先生为掩护经营毒药业务。大众把对他的主顾的满腔愤怒统统转移到他的身上；当然，和毒药相比，这种愤怒是无害的。从此，他再也不能安然无恙地在伦敦街头出现。他的最终命运让人悲叹。一天，他走在齐普赛街头，他认为他的乔装足以掩人耳目，但是，他还

是被几个闲逛的男孩子认了出来。他们用垃圾轰赶和袭击他，同时，大声叫喊："投毒者！投毒者！打倒巫师！打倒他！"很快，民众群集而来，这位医生只好撒开了腿，拼命奔逃。在伍德街，人们追上并抓住了他。从那里，他被揪着头发，拖过泥坑，一路走到了圣·保罗十字路口；乱作一团的众人用石头和棍子不停地打他，并且大喊："杀了巫师！杀了投毒者！"

查理一世一听到消息，就立即骑马从白厅出发到出事地去平息暴乱；但是，他到的太晚了，没有来得及挽救这位众怒的牺牲品。他身上的每一根骨头都已断裂，他已经彻底地死去了。查理十分生气。因为伦敦市政府不能把这场暴乱的头目绳之以法，国王只好罚了这个城市600英镑了事。

然而，投毒的盛行之地是在意大利。很久以前，投毒在那里被认为是除掉敌人的十分正当的方式。16、17世纪的意大利人用投毒的方式害死他们的对手，投毒心境之坦然犹如当今英国人以法律程序起诉对他们造成伤害的人一样。根据当代作家的作品中所写，在斯芭拉和托菲尼雅进行这个罪恶交易的时代，女士们就堂而皇之地将毒药瓶放在她们的梳妆台上，并且，可以毫无顾忌地把它们用到别人身上，简直就像现代女士在自己身上使用古龙香水和薰衣草香水一样轻松。这种时尚的影响是如此之大，以至于谋杀竟然可以被认为是可以原谅的小过失。1648年，最后一位吉斯公爵不知天高地厚地想要掌控那不勒斯政府。在他的回忆录中，我们了解到当时人们普遍对投毒的一些奇怪的感觉。一个名叫吉纳罗·安尼斯的人，在马萨尼埃洛做了一段时间的渔夫。时间虽短，却成就辉煌，这让他成为公众眼中的首领人物。吉斯公爵对他的这副模样十分地深恶痛绝，因此，前者的跟随者决定将后者谋杀。公爵本人以十分冷静的态度告诉我们，护卫队队长被安排来承担这项任务。有人给他提建议说匕首是最有效的工具，但是，这个人翻了翻眼睛，对这个提议表示出极其虔诚的畏惧。他准备毒死吉纳罗·安尼斯，只要一声令下，

他绝对毫不犹豫；但是，他说用匕首刺死他实在和护卫队官员的身份不符！最后，人们达成一致意见：同意投毒。一个深受公爵信任的律师奥古斯提诺·莫拉把装有液体的瓶子带到了他的主人面前。下面是公爵自己的描述：

夜晚，奥古斯提诺来到我这里，告诉我："我给你带来了一个东西，他将使你摆脱吉纳罗给你带来的烦恼和不快。他死有余辜，至于采取什么样的形式将他正法并不重要。看看这个盛满了清澈的、美丽的液体的小药瓶。4天后，它就会惩罚他所有的罪过。护卫队长负责把这个药瓶给他；因为药瓶液体没有味道，吉纳罗不会怀疑什么。"

后来，公爵告诉我们说调配药量十分合适。但是，吉纳罗的幸运之处在于他那天的晚餐只吃了卷心菜抹植物油，而这些正好可以作为解毒药。他吃下之后便开始剧烈呕吐，就这样，这些东西救了他的命。他重病5天，但是从来没有怀疑有人给他投毒这件事。

随着时间的推移，兜售毒药成了十分赚钱的生意。此后11年间，投毒行为在罗马十分猖狂，最后，一向懒怠的政府不得不出面干预。贝克曼在他的《发明史》，勒布瑞特在他的《国家教堂物质史杂志》中对此事都有详细的阐释：1659年，教皇亚历山大七世得知，到忏悔室中忏悔的很多年轻妇女都说她们用慢性毒药毒死了她们的丈夫。天主教神职人员普遍认为忏悔秘密神圣不可侵犯，但是，他们为这个罪行的盛行之极感到震惊和恐惧。虽然，他们不愿意透露忏悔者的姓名，但是，他们认为他们应该向教堂首领报告这些人所犯下的滔天大罪。在罗马，十分流行的一个聊天话题就是年轻的寡妇多得有点不正常。同时，人们的议论内容还包括如下内容：如果一对夫妇生活不幸福，那么，不久后，丈夫就会生病，然后死去。罗马教皇机关开始调查，迅即获悉有个年轻夫人协会，协会夜间在一个叫作希罗尼玛·斯芭拉的女人家里聚会，聚会目的十分神秘。这个老太婆是个著名的巫婆和占卜者，担任这群年轻悍妇

的首领。后来证实，这群悍妇中有几个出身上层罗马家庭。

为了获取这个妇女秘密团体实际活动的直接证据，政府雇佣了一位女士以寻求和她们直接接触的机会。这位女士把自己打扮得华丽无比，而且，政府给予她极其丰富的钱财。当她说明自己的目的后，她发现成为斯芭拉的信徒并加入她的团体一点都不难。她装作因为丈夫的不忠和虐待而极其痛苦的模样，并恳求斯芭拉给她几滴受到全罗马女性追捧的、可以让她残酷的丈夫长眠的那种神药。斯芭拉中了圈套，她卖给了她几滴，其价钱和购买者的财富相匹配。

经过化验分析，这些液体就是人们所怀疑的慢性毒药——清澈、无味、透明，和吉斯公爵的描述别无二致。获得这个证据后，警察包围了巫婆的房子，斯芭拉和她的同伴们被拘留。根据人们的描述，斯芭拉是位身材矮小、面目丑陋的老女人。在经受严刑拷打之后，她仍旧顽固地拒绝认罪。另一个叫作格拉提奥萨的女人没有那么坚定的意志，坦白交代了这个罪恶的妇女团体的所有秘密。虽然，她的坦白是经严刑逼供获得的，但是，仍有足够的证据向后世证明她们的罪过。这些人被认定有罪，并且根据她们罪行的不同程度，被判处不同的惩罚。斯芭拉、格拉提奥萨和其他3个毒死她们丈夫的年轻女人在罗马被集体绞死。30多位妇女在众目睽睽中，被鞭笞着穿过所有街道；几个女人的高位让她们免于羞辱的惩罚，但是被驱逐出国，并被罚以重金；几个月之后，又有9位女人因投毒被绞死；而另一群年轻貌美的女孩，半裸着身子在罗马的街道上被鞭笞。

这种严厉的惩罚并没有制止投毒行为。迫不及待地要继承父亲、叔父，或者兄弟财产的妒妇贪夫选择了投毒。因为毒药无色无味，所以投毒时不容易引起怀疑。技艺高超的兜售者将毒药制成药效不同的等级，投毒者只需说明他们想让服毒者在多长时间内死去：一周、一月，或是半年；然后，他们就会得到相应的剂量。兜售者主要是女人，其中最著

名的是叫作托菲尼雅的女巫，她以这种方式成为杀害600多人的帮凶。这个女人似乎从少女时代就开始经营毒药，她刚开始住在巴勒莫，后来搬到了那不勒斯。娱乐旅行家，勒巴老爹在他的《来自意大利的书信》中，对这个人做了很多奇怪的描写。1719年，当他在契维塔韦基亚的时候，那不勒斯的总督发现大量的毒药买卖在当地进行，毒药被冠以“水”或“小水”的称号。通过进一步的调查，他断定托菲尼雅把写有“巴里圣人尼古拉斯甘露”的小瓶大量地发往意大利各地。（当时，这位女人已经有70岁高龄，并且她是在处死斯芭拉之后，马上就开始这个罪恶交易的。）

巴里圣人尼古拉斯的墓闻名整个意大利。据说，从墓中，有一股神奇的油流出，只要服用者有足够的信念，这个油可以包治百病。托菲尼雅巧妙地利用这个名字命名她的毒药，目的是逃避海关官员的警觉，因为，他们和其他人一样，对巴里圣人尼古拉斯和他的神油虔诚而恭敬。

这个毒药和斯芭拉所制作的毒药十分类似。顺势疗法创始人哈奈曼医生，在写到这个物质的时候说，毒药的成分为含砷的中性盐，它让受害者失去食欲、身体衰弱、胃部疼痛、力气消失、肺部衰竭。神父加利亚尔迪说，投毒的做法通常是将它放入茶、巧克力或汤里，它起作用的过程十分缓慢，几乎不会被察觉。奥地利国王的医生加雷利在给霍夫曼的信中说，毒药就是用煎煮的形式融化到大量的水里的晶状砷，然后再加上芯巴草（原因不明）。那不勒斯人称它为托夫妮娜水，很快，这种毒药就以托夫妮娜水之名，在整个欧洲臭名远扬。

虽然，这个女人从事罪恶贸易的范围十分广泛，但是，却很难遇到她。她一直生活在惧怕被发现的担忧里。她不断地更换名字和居住地；有时候，她会假扮成极其虔诚的信徒，在修道院连续待上几个月。每当她担心被发现的时候，她就会到教会里去寻求庇护。她很快得到了那不勒斯总督搜捕她的消息，然后，根据她的经验，躲到了修道院里。或者

是因为搜寻不够严密，或者是因为她的隐藏手段十分高超；总之，持续好几年，她都设法逃过了官方的警觉。更加离奇的是，通过解构她的生意内容，人们发现她的贸易范围和以前一样大。勒巴告诉我们说，她十分同情那些憎恨她们的丈夫、想把她们的丈夫除掉但又没钱买这个神“水”的女人们。对于这些人，她把这些毒水作为礼物送给了她们。

然而，上天是不会允许她一直玩下去的。最后，总督在一个女修道院里发现了她，并且切断了她的退路。总督几次三番抗议，要求修道院院长将其交出。但是，有主教教区大主教支持的修道院院长一再拒绝。因为他们之间的屡次交涉，这个罪犯似乎显得格外重要。公众好奇心大发，成千上万的人到这个修道院里去，只为能看上她一眼。

反反复复的推延终于耗尽了总督的耐心。总督是理智之人，而且并非狂热的天主教徒，所以，他坚决认为即便是教堂也不能庇护罪恶如此深重的罪犯。他选择了无视修道院的权威，派了一个部队，推倒墙壁，用武力将她带走。大主教、红衣主教皮尼亚泰利十分生气。他威胁说要把整个城市逐出教会，并且要封锁整个城市。受团队精神激发的所有下级神职人员都参与到这个争端中，并且对那些迷信而偏执的人施加影响。结果，这些人磨刀霍霍地要攻击总督官府，解救囚犯。

形势十分严峻，但是，总督并不是可以被吓倒的人。实际上，在事件的整个过程中，他都表现出了少有的机智、冷静和活力。为了避免逐出教会的威胁所带来的恶劣后果，他派兵包围了大主教的住所。他断定，主教绝对不会把整个城市逐出教会，饿死包括他自己在内的全市市民。这样的傻事，他是绝对不会做的。只要城市处于封锁之中，那些商人是绝对不敢为这个城市供应食品的。这个措施势必会给他以及他的神职兄弟们带来诸多不便。正如总督所料，这位心地善良的大主教平息了自己的雷霆之怒。

民众的情绪也尚待安抚。为了避免怒气冲天的骚乱和迫在眉睫的暴

乱，政府的代表巧妙地混到民众中，并且到处散布消息说这个城市里所有的井水和泉水都被托菲尼雅施了毒。就此，大功告成。公众的愤怒情绪立即转向了她。那些前一秒还把她看成圣人的人，此刻已把她作为恶魔来诅咒，他们要马上惩罚她的急切心情丝毫不亚于当时希望她逃脱的愿望。随后，托菲尼雅被严刑拷问。她一一承认了她罄竹难书的罪行，并一一列出她的主顾名单。不久，她就被绞死。她的尸体被隔墙扔到她曾住过的修道院的花园里。这个行为似乎是为了安抚那些神职人员。毕竟，这是允许他们去埋葬曾在他们的地盘上避过难的人。

在她死后，投毒的狂热似乎降低了。但是，我们在下面要看一下这股狂热是如何在更早的时期控制法国人的。1670年到1680年间，投毒活动在法国风靡一时，以至于塞维涅夫人在她的一封信中说她十分害怕法国人和投毒者这两个表达方式会成为近义词。

正如在意大利，政府也是从一个牧师那里第一次获悉这个罪行之盛。社会地位从高到低的女性都曾在她们的忏悔中承认她们毒死了她们的丈夫。真相大白后，名为奥克西利和格拉泽的两个意大利人被捕，并被囚禁在巴士底狱，原因是，有人控告他们配制并兜售用于谋杀的毒药。格拉泽死于狱中，但是，奥克西利一连几个月待在狱中，并未受到审判。到监狱后不久，他就认识了一位名叫圣克鲁瓦的狱友。当时，这位圣克鲁瓦所创造的投毒模式仍旧在法国人中流传。

在所有从此人处学得投毒知识的人中，最声名狼藉的当属布兰维利耶夫人。这个人有着极其高贵的出身背景和婚姻背景。她在青年时期似乎就没心没肺、道德败坏。如果我们相信她自己的忏悔的话，那就是，在她还是个小姑娘的时候，她的心中就装满了邪恶。但是，她不但美丽，且外在修养十足；在世人的眼里，她温柔可爱，堪作典范。盖奥特·德·皮塔瓦尔在他的《著名的事业》中，以及赛维纳夫人在她的《书信》中，对她的描述都是举止文雅、得体。从对外貌的描述上，丝毫看

不出其内在灵魂的邪恶。她于1651年嫁给了布兰维利耶侯爵，婚后几年的生活并不愉快。他放荡不羁，沉迷酒色。就是他本人将圣克鲁瓦介绍给了他的夫人。这个人给她的生活蒙上了毁灭的阴影，他拉着她一步步走向犯罪的深渊，直到她的罪过大到让她无法承受，一想起便让她浑身发抖的地步。对这个人，她心中充满激情，为了满足这罪恶的激情，她一头扎进了罪恶的深渊。她被拉到了罪孽的最深处，直到惩罚降临。

到那时为止，她始终以美好的形象示人；然而，她的丈夫却没有能力掩盖自己的恶行；所以，在寻求和她的丈夫合法分居的过程中，她几乎没有遇到阻力。这件事大大地冒犯了她的家人。自此之后，她完全扔掉了她的面具，开始和她的情人圣克鲁瓦堂而皇之地进行她的阴谋。她的父亲为她的行为感到可耻，他获得了逮捕密令，将圣克鲁瓦在巴士底狱囚禁了12个月。

圣克鲁瓦曾生活在意大利，在毒药方面，仅仅是业余水平。他知道罪大恶极的斯芭拉的一些秘密配方。入狱后，他迅速地和奥克西利建立起所谓的友谊，后来，在奥克西利的指导下，迅速提升了他对这些秘方的运用能力。奥克西利不仅向他展示了如何准备液体毒药的技巧，并且教他学会了如何使用其粉末状替代品。后来，这个粉末状的替代品在法国广为人知。像他的情妇一样，他外表谦和、诙谐、智慧；在他的身上，人们绝对看不到他的内心有两种罪恶的激情在熊熊燃烧：复仇和贪婪；这两个激情在折磨着他的心。他的这两个激情要在不幸的德奥布雷家族身上得到满足：满足复仇，是因为他们囚禁了他；满足贪婪，是因为他们很富有。由于他的粗心大意和挥金如土，他总是处于缺钱状态，只有布兰维利耶夫人供给他的开销，但是她所拥有的财产远远不能满足他的需求。一想到他和那些财富之间的障碍，他就十分沮丧；为此，他萌生了可怕的罪恶念头：毒死她的父亲德奥布雷先生和她的两个哥哥，让她继承财产。谋杀3个人对于这样的一个恶棍来说不足挂齿。他把他的计划告诉了布兰维利耶夫人，后者毫不犹豫地同意和他协作：他负责

配制，她负责投放。她着手工作的激情和欣然令人难以置信。圣克鲁瓦发现她很擅长学习。很快，她配制毒药的技巧和他一样具有了专业水准。为了试验第一批剂量的强度，她把这些毒药用在狗、兔子和鸽子身上。随后，为了进一步确认这些毒药的功效，她在各个医院假装慈善，把毒药放到她送给那些穷病人的汤里。所有这些毒药的剂量都不会一次致死，这就使得她在每个人身上尝试一次的方式不会引起谋杀的嫌疑。她还在鸽肉馅饼中投毒，在她父亲邀请的客人身上做这个罪恶的实验。为了进一步确认，她甚至接着给自己投毒！当用这种孤注一掷的方式确认了剂量的功效之后，她服下了从圣克鲁瓦那里得来的解药。所有的疑虑都被解除之后，她开始给她头发灰白的父亲投毒。她亲自将第一剂放到了她父亲的巧克力里，毒药作用发挥良好。这位老人病倒了，他那看起来焦急而体贴的女儿守护在他的床前。第二天，她给她父亲端来她声称很有营养的肉汤，汤内也已投毒。她就以这种方式耗尽了他的体质，不到10天，他就成了一具尸体。他的死看起来确实是疾病带来的后果，没有引起任何人的怀疑。

当俩兄弟悲哀地从外省赶来为他们的父亲办丧事的时候，他们发现他们的妹妹悲哀至极。最起码，从表面看来，最孝顺的感情也莫过于此了。但是，这两位年轻人的到来只不过是送死而已。他们站在了圣克鲁瓦和他已经到手一半的金子之间，他们必须命丧黄泉。一个叫肖斯的人被圣克鲁瓦雇来投放毒药，不到6周的时间，俩兄弟双双进了坟墓。

此时，人们开始怀疑；但是，所有的一切都做得天衣无缝，找不到任何和此事有牵连的人。这位女侯爵有个妹妹，由于亲人的亡故，她有权获得一半的财产。然而，只有全部的财产才能满足圣克鲁瓦的贪欲。所以，他决定：她必须死去，就像她的父兄一样。然而，她实在太多疑了。她最终离开了巴黎，也因此躲过了潜在的生命威胁。

女侯爵所进行的上述谋杀是为了取悦她的情人，现在，她急切地想

再次犯罪，这次，是为她自己。她渴望嫁给圣克鲁瓦，但是，虽然她和丈夫分居，却并未离婚。她认为毒死他比向法院起诉离婚更加简单。因为，在法院，她极有可能被拒绝。但是，圣克鲁瓦不再爱他这个罪恶的工具。恶棍往往并不钟情同类。虽然圣克鲁瓦自己罪孽深重，却并没有再娶一个恶婆的愿望，所以，他一点也不急于让侯爵死去。然而，他看起来还是参与到了这个阴谋中，并为她提供了毒死她丈夫的毒药；但是，他很小心地一并提供了解药。布兰维利耶夫人第一天给她丈夫投毒，圣克鲁瓦第二天就给他解药。他就以这种方式被他们二人反反复复折磨了一段时间之后，最终幸免于难，但是，体质被损，伤心欲绝。

但是，报应之日已近在眼前。一个可怕的灾难让谋杀的真相大白于天下。圣克鲁瓦所配制的毒药毒性极大，所以，当他在实验室工作的时候，他必须带上面罩以防窒息而死。一天，面罩不幸滑落，这个卑鄙小人就这样玩火自焚。第二天，人们在他实验室所在的昏暗住处发现了他的尸体。因为他无亲无友，警察就接管了他的财产。在所有的东西中，他们发现了一个小盒子，盒子中附有下面这个奇怪的文件：

我恳求，无论此盒落入何人之手，请务必帮我把它转给布兰维利耶侯爵夫人，夫人住在纽芬兰·圣·保罗大街。盒中所有之物和她有关，仅属她所有，且仅能为她所用。如若她先我而逝，望将此盒连同内部所有一起焚毁，切勿打开或做任何更改。为避免有人以不知情为由将其打开，我以我所尊敬的上帝和所有圣人之名发誓，我要保证我如下所言事实的应验：如果我合理且正义的意图被违背，我将让他们的良心在今生来世里都不得安宁，并以此换取我内心之平静。这就是我的临终遗嘱。1672年5月25日于巴黎。

圣克鲁瓦

这份急切的恳求并没有带来主人所期望的尊重，反而激起了人们的好奇心。盒子被打开了，人们发现里面装有文件、几个小药瓶和一些粉

末。小药瓶和粉末交给药剂师分析成分，那些文件被警察留下并打开查阅。在这些文件中，有一个布兰维利耶夫人付给圣克鲁瓦的、价值3万法郎的期票。其他的文件更加重要，因为它们暗示了她和她的仆人肖斯参与了最近的谋杀事件。她一得知克鲁瓦圣人的死讯，就企图马上得到他的文件和盒子；但是，她的要求被拒绝了。她感觉没有了犹豫的时间，立即逃跑。第二天清晨，警察奋力追踪，但是，她成功地逃到了英国。而肖斯却没有那么幸运。他对那个将他的罪行大白于天下的致命事件一无所知，他做梦都没想到他会有危险。法院逮捕并审讯了他：在严刑拷问下，他承认他曾给德奥布雷父子投毒，为此，他从圣克鲁瓦和布兰维利耶侯爵夫人那里得到100个金币，以及养老金的承诺。对他的最终判决是活活摔死在车轮上；在侯爵夫人缺席的情况下，对她的宣判是斩首。1673年，在巴黎的格雷夫的广场上，按照宣判，肖斯被处死。

布兰维利耶夫人大概在英国住了3年。1676年初，她觉得严格的追查应该已经结束，她应该可以冒险回到欧洲大陆，随后，她秘密到了列日。尽管她小心翼翼，她返回的消息还是迅速被报告给了法国政府，后者马上和那个城市的政府作出安排，以便法国的警察可以在他们法律允许的范围内将其逮捕。毛利肖斯的警官德格雷按照安排，离开巴黎去往目的地。他一到列日就发现她已经藏在了一个修道院内。在这里，法律是鞭长莫及；但是，德格雷绝非知难而退之人。他巧用智谋完成了法律无法完成的使命。他把自己装扮成教父，获得了进入修道院的许可，然后，寻机和布兰维利耶夫人见面。他说，作为路过列日的法国人，他一定要见一位女士，因为她的美貌和不幸尽人皆知。这些恭维之词满足了她的虚荣心。用稍显粗鲁却十分到位的表述来说，那就是，德格雷已经完全掌控了她，而她却对德格雷无从知晓。他继续巧妙地向她倾吐爱慕之词，直到这位已经被骗上当的侯爵夫人完全失去警觉。无需太多恳求，她就同意在修道院墙外和他幽会，因为，在那里，他们的私通比在里边要方便得多。按照她和她所谓的新情人的约定，她出现在了那里；结果发现等待她的不是勇士的拥抱，而是警察的拘捕。

对她的审判很快就开始进行。罪证充分！肖斯的临终遗言就足以证明她的罪行；除此之外，还有圣克鲁瓦盒子里那些神秘的文件；她逃离法国的行为；以及比其他任何证据都更有说服力，更能将她置于死地的证据：在圣克鲁瓦的财产中发现的由她亲自签署的文件，在这个文件里，她向他详述了她一生所犯下的罪行，而这些罪行就包括她对父兄的谋杀。所有这一切都确凿地证明了她的罪恶。在审判期间，整个巴黎都处于骚乱不安的状态，人们讨论的唯一话题就是布兰维利耶。她犯罪的所有细节都被公之于众，被公众如饥似渴地关注。对于成百上千的人来说，这是他们第一次接触秘密投毒的想法，而这些人在后来也犯下了同样的罪行。

1676年7月16日，巴黎最高刑事法庭对她谋杀父兄以及企图谋杀妹妹的犯罪事实进行宣判，判处死刑。死刑执行前，她被放在一个架子上，光着脚，脖子上套着绳子，手里拿着燃烧的火炬，被一路拉到巴黎圣母院的门口。在这里，她在众目睽睽之下当众谢罪；然后，从那里，她被带到格雷夫广场斩首。死后，她的尸体被烧掉，连灰烬都化为乌有。

在对她进行判决之后，她对自己的罪行供认不讳。看起来似乎对死亡无所畏惧，但，实际上，她的精神支柱是不顾后果的鲁莽而非勇气。塞维涅夫人说，她恳求忏悔牧师利用他对行刑者的影响，让他站在她身边，使他的身体挡住她的视线，以免她会看到“那个设圈套抓她的流氓德格雷”。她还问爬到窗口看游行队伍的女士们，她们在看什么，并且补充道：“你们所看到的景象确实十分美妙！”被放到绞刑台上的时候，她放声大笑；和活着的时候一样，临死，她仍旧不知悔改，没心没肺。第二天，人们成群结队地去搜集她的骨灰，并将它作为纪念物保存下来。人们把她看作是殉难的圣人，认为她的骨灰被神赋予了包治百病的力量。大众的愚蠢总是让他们莫名其妙地去神化某些人，而这些人的所谓神圣之名实在是有待考究；但是，在这件事情上，这些乌合之众的愚

蠢实在是令人作呕、无与伦比。

在她死之前，控告身兼朗格多克省[20]财长及牧师总收款人佩诺捷先生的诉讼程序启动。控告者是一位叫作圣·劳伦的女士。她控告佩诺捷为了获得她丈夫，即前任牧师总收款人的职位，将他毒死。这个案件的详情从未外泄，有人不遗余力地阻止针对此案的审讯。据悉，被告和圣克鲁瓦及布兰维利耶夫人有着密切的联系，所以，人们认为他的毒药是从他们那里获得。但是，布兰维利耶拒绝提供任何有可能牵连到他的细节。佩诺捷在巴士底狱被囚禁几个月之后，审讯最后无果而终。

根据当时的流言所传，红衣主教邦齐被指为佩诺捷的帮凶。红衣主教的财产每年必须为几个人支付几笔数额不菲的年金；而到投毒盛行之时，所有领取年金的人一一死亡。后来提到这些领取年金者时，红衣主教说："多亏了我的福星，我活得比他们都长！"一个头脑机智的人看到他和佩诺捷同乘一辆马车，他大声喊道："那就是红衣主教邦齐和他的福星！"这声呼喊无疑和主教所言遥相呼应。

就在当时，投毒的狂热开始控制普通民众的头脑。自此直到1682年，法国的监狱里挤满了被控告犯有此罪的犯人；同时，让人不可思议的是，其他罪行成比例减少。我们已经看到了它在意大利的疯狂程度，如果这个程度尚未登峰造极，仍旧可以被超越的话，法国绝对远远超越了意大利。这些毫无气味的毒药给谋杀活动带来的轻松如魔鬼般引诱着那些心怀叵测之人。嫉妒、复仇、贪婪，甚至仅仅是小小的怨恨都可能让人选择投毒。有些人因害怕被发现而拒绝使用手枪、匕首，以及大剂量毒药等可以立刻致死的手段，这些人肆无忌惮地选择了慢性毒药。虽然，当时的政府腐败到可以对一个像佩诺捷一样富有而又有影响力的朝臣的暴行视而不见，然而，对这个罪行在民众中的盛行也感到震惊不已。在欧洲人的眼里，耻辱就是法国人的代名词。为了制止这个恶行，路易十四设立了火焰法庭，或者叫燃烧室，在这里，法官拥有审讯和惩

罚罪犯的无上权力。

在当时，有两位女人尤其臭名昭著，她们是杀害成千上万个人的帮凶。这两个人名叫拉瓦辛和拉韦高胡，都住在巴黎。她们模仿斯芭拉和托菲尼雅，像她们俩人一样，她们也是主要把毒药卖给那些想除掉丈夫的女人；偶尔，也会卖给想除掉妻子的丈夫。她们假扮的职业是助产士，同时，她们还假装成算命者，顾客来自社会各个阶层。穷人和富人蜂拥到她们的住处，去寻求未来的秘密。她们的预言主要和死亡有关。她们给女人们预告向她们的丈夫走来的死亡；她们给心情急迫的继承人计算他们富有的亲人的死期，因为正如拜伦所述，这些亲人让他们等得太久了。她们总是小心翼翼地去促成她们所预言之事的应验，做法通常是告诉那些倍受困扰的主人说，预示死亡的迹象将会在屋子里发生，比如摔碎一个瓷器或玻璃器皿；然后，她们就会重金贿赂仆人们，让他们在约定的时间，貌似偶然地摔碎一样东西。助产士的身份让她们了解到许多家庭的秘密，她们随后就把这些秘密变成了可怕的故事。

在被发现之前，她们从事这个罪恶的交易已有多久，人们不得而知。她们最终在1679年底被察觉。经过审判并证实罪行后，两人的手被炽热的烙铁烫穿，用刀砍下。1680年2月22日，两人被活活烧死在格雷夫广场。她们在巴黎和外省的无数同谋也被发现，并经受了审判。一些作者记录为30人，另一些记录为50人，在主要城市被绞死。这些人中大部分为女人。

拉瓦辛留有一份所有到她住处买毒药的顾客的名单。在她被捕后，警察获得了这份名单，并带到法院进行审查。名单包括卢森堡的元帅、苏瓦松伯爵夫人和布永公爵夫人。元帅的罪行似乎只是在于他拜访了这样一位女人，充其量也只能算是个不体面的蠢事；但是，当时民众的呼声给他的定性绝非愚蠢那么简单。《乌得勒支和平后的欧洲事务回忆录》的作者说：“那个经营毒药和预言未来的犯罪团伙声称他已经投奔

了魔鬼。一个叫作杜邦的女孩曾经被他毒死。在其他故事中，她们说，为了让他的儿子和鲁瓦侯爵的女儿成婚，他和魔鬼签订了合同。面对这个恶毒而荒谬的控告，元帅高傲而无辜地说：‘当我的祖先马提厄·德·蒙特默伦西和路易斯·勒·格罗斯的寡妻结婚的时候，他求助的是议会而不是魔鬼，其目的是获得蒙特默伦西家族对未成年国王的支持。’这个时候，这位元帅已经因为第一次的控告而被囚于巴士底狱了。这位勇士被囚禁在长仅6.5英尺的牢房里。他的审讯停滞了几周后，又继续进行了14个月。最终，没有对他进行任何判决。”

苏瓦松伯爵夫人没有冒被审判的危险，直接逃到了布鲁塞尔。她因为企图用粉末状毒药分步毒死西班牙女王的罪行，而将自己永远地钉在了耻辱柱上。布永公爵夫人被捕后被火焰法庭审判。但是，她似乎和慢性投毒没有任何关系，而只是想探究她们可以预知未来的秘密，看一眼魔鬼以满足她的好奇心。火焰法庭的庭长之一雷尼是个面貌丑陋、身材矮小的小男人。他问她是否真的见到了魔鬼。面对这个问题，这位女士眼睁睁地看着他的脸答道：“噢，是的！我现在看到他了。他是一位身材矮小、面貌丑陋的老男人，脾气坏极了，而且还穿着国家级法律顾问的长袍。”面对这样一位头脑机敏、言语犀利的女士，雷尼小心翼翼地停止了对她的审问。公爵夫人在巴士底狱被囚禁了几个月，没有发现任何可以证明她有罪的证据。最后，在她有权势的朋友的干涉下，她被释放了。对于这些有名望的罪犯的惩罚本应降低平民效仿的热度；相反，一些名人免受惩罚的现实对事态的发展起了反作用。佩诺捷和他的雇主红衣主教邦齐的逃跑对社会造成了极其恶劣的影响。在后来长达两年的时间里，这个罪行继续肆虐，直到火刑的火柱熊熊燃烧，绞刑的绳索高高悬挂，100多个人被处死后，罪行才最后被完全镇压。[21]

[1]贝朗热（Pierre-Jean de Béranger），法国抒情诗人。原文：La faridondaine-la faridondon, Vive la faridondaine！法国民谣中的句子，没有实际含义，仅为凑足韵律。——译者注

[2]南华克区（Southwark）位于英国伦敦中心地带，人口密度比较高，被称作伦敦的城中城。——编者注

[3]伊索寓言中的故事：大山有临盆的征兆，结果最后只跑出一只老鼠来。形容期望很高，而结果却十分令人失望。——译者注

[4]密西西比泡沫事件是指法国在1719至1720年的密西西比公司股市泡沫破裂的金融事件。其始作俑者约翰·劳主张通过增加货币供给，可以在不提高物价水平的前提下，增加就业机会并增加国民产出。在约翰·劳的影响下，法国政府为了缓解财政亏空，大量发行纸币，制造虚假经济繁荣，最终引发了剧烈通货膨胀，法国金融体系因此崩溃。——编者注

[5]位于巴黎，密西西比泡沫破灭前，该地进行了大量印度股票交易。——编者注

[6]卡珊德拉（Cassandra）是希腊神话中特洛伊（Troy）的公主，别名为亚历珊德拉（Alexandra）。神话中突出的形象是一名遭诅咒的女先知，预言能力百发百中，然而无人听信。——译者注

[7]英国旧时金币，约合63英镑。——译者注

[8]雅法（Joppa）：以色列中西部的古城。——译者注

[9]卡斯提尔（Castile）：古代西班牙北部一王国。——译者注

[10]在那个灾难之年，诗人盖伊（约翰·盖伊，1685—1732，英国诗人及剧作家。——译者注）从年轻的克莱格斯那里收到一些南海公司的股票作为礼物。他立刻想象自己可以拥有2万英镑。他的朋友们劝他卖掉自己的股份，但是他梦想着荣华富贵，无法忍受自己的财路就此阻断。后来，人们又强烈建议他卖掉一部分，至少可以保证他在有生之年，每年可以有100英镑用来支配。芬顿给他的分析说：“最起码，（接上页）这可以保证你每天有洁净的衬衣穿，有一个羊肩可以享用。”这个建议被拒绝了，结果血本无归。在这场灾难中，盖伊一蹶不振，甚至到了生命垂危的地步。——约翰逊的《诗人的生活》。

[11]指近代英国杰出的历史学家爱德华·吉本（Edward Gibbon，1737—1794），著有影响深远的史学名著《罗马帝国衰之史》，18世纪欧洲启蒙时代史学的卓越代表。——译者注

[12]原文为Foyeuse，为误写。——译者注

[13]伊卡洛斯（Icarus）是希腊神话中代达罗斯的儿子，与代达罗斯使用蜡和羽毛造的翼逃离克里特岛时，他因飞得太高，双翼上的蜡遭太阳融化跌落水中丧生，被埋葬在一个海岛上。——译者注

[14]直到1845年，南海公司计划一直是英国历史上全民迷恋商业赌博的最典型事例。本系列书籍第一版在铁路大狂热发生之前及之后一年出版。

[15]卢坎：罗马诗人（公元39年11月3日——公元65年4月30日）。他最著名的著作是史诗《法沙利亚》，描述凯撒与庞培之间的内战。这部史诗虽是未完成作品，却被誉为是维吉尔《埃涅阿斯》之外最伟大的拉丁文史诗。引文即出自这部作品。——译者注

[16]货币单位：1弗罗林（florin）=2先令（shilling）——译者注

[17]1派瑞特（perit）=1/4608000盎司（ounce）——译者注

[18]公元1世纪末2世纪初的罗马诗人，以擅长写讽刺诗著称，著有《讽刺诗集》（Satires）——译者注

[19]对于违抗法庭命令的罪犯的惩罚可以用3个短语来表示：压死、冻死和饿死。压死指的是，罪犯应该趴在地上；然后，在他的身上压重物，重量慢慢增加，直到他咽气为止。有时候，惩罚并不会达到这个程度，而是允许罪犯恢复，但是要经历第二个部分，即冻死。在第二部分，罪犯要赤身裸体地在众目睽睽之下，站在户外的某个地方。第三种方式，饿死，更加可怕。法令规定："在行刑之前，让罪犯以最粗糙的面包和遇到的下一个阴沟或泥坑里的水为食；一天中，饮水和吃面包他只能选择其中之一。"在这种折磨中，只要罪犯的身体还能撑得住，就只能苟延残喘，死期由天意决定。

[20]古时法国南部一省份。——译者注

[21]不幸的是，慢性投毒这个罪行最近几年在英国死灰复燃，犯罪范围之广足以让整个民族蒙羞。投毒者主要是社会地位较低的女人，而她们的牺牲品是她们的丈夫和孩子。绝大部分的犯罪目的之卑劣让人难以想象：仅为获得他们所属的埋葬社团支付的保险金或埋葬费。人们寄希望于新颁布的限制砒霜及毒药的法令，即使不能彻底消灭这种令人发指的罪行，至少可以减少悲剧的发生。（1851）

Charles Mackay

Some Extraordinary Popular Delusions

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

1
Popular Follies of Great Cities

La faridondaine — la faridondon,

Vive la faridondaine!

Béranger

The popular humours of a great city are a never-failing source of amusement to the man whose sympathies are hospitable enough to embrace all his kind, and who, refined though he may be himself, will not sneer at the humble wit or grotesque peculiarities of the boozing mechanic, the squalid beggar, the vicious urchin, and all the motley group of the idle, the reckless, and the imitative that swarm in the alleys and broadways of a metropolis. He who walks through a great city to find subjects for weeping, may, God knows, find plenty at every corner to wring his heart; but let such a man walk on his course, and enjoy his grief alone — we are not of those who would accompany him. The miseries of us poor earthdwellers gain no alleviation from the sympathy of those who merely hunt them out to be pathetic over them. The weeping philosopher too often impairs his eyesight by his woe, and becomes unable from his tears to see the remedies for the evils which he deplores. Thus it will often be found that the man of no tears is the truest philanthropist, as he is the best physician who wears a cheerful face, even in the worst of cases.

So many pens have been employed to point out the miseries, and so

many to condemn the crimes and vices, and more serious follies of the multitude, that our's shall not increase the number, at least in this chapter. Our present task shall be less ungracious, and wandering through the busy haunts of great cities, we shall seek only for amusement, and note as we pass a few of the harmless follies and whimsies of the poor.

And, first of all, walk where we will, we cannot help hearing from every side a phrase repeated with delight, and received with laughter, by men with hard hands and dirty faces — by saucy butcher lads and errand-boys — by loose women — by hackney coachmen, cabriolet drivers, and idle fellows who loiter at the corners of streets. Not one utters this phrase without producing a laugh from all within hearing. It seems applicable to every circumstance, and is the universal answer to every question; in short, it is the favourite slang phrase of the day, a phrase that, while its brief season of popularity lasts, throws a dash of fun and frolicsomeness over the existence of squalid poverty and ill-requited labour, and gives them reason to laugh as well as their more fortunate fellows in a higher stage of society.

London is peculiarly fertile in this sort of phrases, which spring up suddenly, no one knows exactly in what spot, and pervade the whole population in a few hours, no one knows how. Many years ago the favourite phrase (for, though but a monosyllable, it was a phrase in itself) was 'Quoz'. This odd word took the fancy of the multitude in an extraordinary degree, and very soon acquired an almost boundless meaning. When vulgar wit wished to mark its incredulity and raise a laugh at the same time, there was no resource so sure as this popular piece of slang. When a man was asked a favour which he did not choose to grant, he marked his sense of the suitor's unparalleled presumption by exclaiming 'Quoz!' When a mischievous urchin wished to annoy a passenger, and create mirth for his chums, he looked him in the face,

and cried out 'Quoz!' and the exclamation never failed in its object. When a disputant was desirous of throwing a doubt upon the veracity of his opponent, and getting summarily rid of an argument which he could not overturn, he uttered the word 'Quoz', with a contemptuous curl of his lip and an impatient shrug of his shoulders. The universal monosyllable conveyed all his meaning, and not only told his opponent that he lied, but that he erred egregiously if he thought that anyone was such a nincompoop as to believe him. Every alehouse resounded with 'Quoz'; every street corner was noisy with it, and every wall for miles around was chalked with it.

But, like all other earthly things, 'Quoz' had its season, and passed away as suddenly as it arose, never again to be the pet and the idol of the populace. A new claimant drove it from its place, and held undisputed sway till, in its turn, it was hurled from its pre-eminence, and a successor appointed in its stead.

'What a shocking bad hat!' was the phrase that was next in vogue. No sooner had it become universal, than thousands of idle but sharp eyes were on the watch for the passenger whose hat showed any signs, however slight, of ancient service. Immediately the cry arose, and, like the what-whoop of the Indians, was repeated by a hundred discordant throats. He was a wise man who, finding himself under these circumstances 'the observed of all observers', bore his honours meekly. He who showed symptoms of ill-feeling at the imputations cast upon his hat, only brought upon himself redoubled notice. The mob soon perceive whether a man is irritable, and, if of their own class, they love to make sport of him. When such a man, and with such a hat, passed in those days through a crowded neighbourhood, he might think himself fortunate if his annoyances were confined to the shouts and cries of the populace. The obnoxious hat was often snatched from his head, and

thrown into the gutter by some practical joker, and then raised, covered with mud, upon the end of a stick, for the admiration of the spectators, who held their sides with laughter, and exclaimed in the pauses of their mirth, 'Oh! what a shocking bad hat!' 'What a shocking bad hat!' Many a nervous, poor man, whose purse could but ill spare the outlay, doubtless purchased a new hat before the time, in order to avoid exposure in this manner.

The origin of this singular saying, which made fun for the metropolis for months, is not involved in the same obscurity as that which shrouds the origin of Quoz and some others. There had been a hotly contested election for the borough of Southwark, and one of the candidates was an eminent hatter. This gentleman, in canvassing the electors, adopted a somewhat professional mode of conciliating their goodwill, and of bribing them without letting them perceive that they were bribed. Whenever he called upon or met a voter whose hat was not of the best material, or, being so, had seen its best days, he invariably said, 'What a shocking bad hat you have got; call at my warehouse, and you shall have a new one!' Upon the day of election this circumstance was remembered, and his opponents made the most of it, by inciting the crowd to keep up an incessant cry of 'What a shocking bad hat!' all the time the honourable candidate was addressing them. From Southwark the phrase spread over all London, and reigned, for a time, the supreme slang of the season.

Hookey Walker, derived from the chorus of a popular ballad, was also high in favour at one time, and served, like its predecessor, Quoz, to answer all questions. In the course of time the latter word alone became the favourite, and was uttered with a peculiar drawl upon the first syllable, and a sharp turn upon the last. If a lively servant girl was importuned for a kiss by a fellow she did not care about, she cocked her little nose, and cried 'Walker!' If a dustman

asked his friend for the loan of a shilling, and his friend was either unable or unwilling to accommodate him, the probable answer he would receive was 'Walker!' If a drunken man was reeling along the streets, and a boy pulled his coat-tails, or a man knocked his hat over his eyes to make fun of him, the joke was always accompanied by the same exclamation. This lasted for two or three months, and 'Walker!' walked off the stage, never more to be revived for the entertainment of that or any future generation.

The next phrase was a most preposterous one. Who invented it, how it arose, or where it was first heard, are alike unknown. Nothing about it is certain, but that for months it was the slang par excellence of the Londoners, and afforded them a vast gratification. 'There he goes with his eye out!' or 'There she goes with her eye out!' as the sex of the party alluded to might be, was in the mouth of everybody who knew the town. The sober part of the community were as much puzzled by this unaccountable saying as the vulgar were delighted with it. The wise thought it very foolish, but the many thought it very funny, and the idle amused themselves by chalking it upon walls, or scribbling it upon monuments. But, 'all that's bright must fade', even in slang. The people grew tired of their hobby, and 'There he goes with his eye out!' was heard no more in its accustomed haunts.

Another very odd phrase came into repute in a brief space afterwards, in the form of the impertinent and not universally apposite query, 'Has your mother sold her mangle?' But its popularity was not of that boisterous and cordial kind which ensures a long continuance of favour. What tended to impede its progress was, that it could not be well applied to the older portions of society. It consequently ran but a brief career, and then sank into oblivion. Its successor enjoyed a more extended fame, and laid its foundations so deep, that years and changing fashions have not sufficed to eradicate it. This phrase

was 'Flare up!' and it is, even now, a colloquialism in common use. It took its rise in the time of the Reform riots, when Bristol was nearly half burned by the infuriated populace. The flames were said to have flared up in the devoted city. Whether there was anything peculiarly captivating in the sound, or in the idea of these words, is hard to say; but whatever was the reason, it tickled the mob-fancy mightily, and drove all other slang out of the field before it. Nothing was to be heard all over London but 'flare up!' It answered all questions, settled all disputes, was applied to all persons, all things, and all circumstances, and became suddenly the most comprehensive phrase in the English language. The man who had overstepped the bounds of decorum in his speech was said to have flared up; he who had paid visits too repeated to the gin-shop, and got damaged in consequence, had flared up. To put oneself into a passion; to stroll out on a nocturnal frolic, and alarm a neighbourhood, or to create a disturbance in any shape, was to flare up. A lovers' quarrel was a flare up; so was a boxing-match between two blackguards in the streets, and the preachers of sedition and revolution recommended the English nation to flare up, like the French. So great a favourite was the word, that people loved to repeat it for its very sound. They delighted apparently in hearing their own organs articulate it; and labouring men, when none who could respond to the call were within hearing, would often startle the aristocratic echoes of the West by the well-known slang phrase of the East. Even in the dead hours of the night, the ears of those who watched late, or who could not sleep, were saluted with the same sound. The drunkard reeling home showed that he was still a man and a citizen, by calling 'flare up' in the pauses of his hiccough. Drink had deprived him of the power of arranging all other ideas; his intellect was sunk to the level of the brute's; but he clung to humanity by the one last link of the popular cry. While he could vociferate that sound, he had rights as

an Englishman, and would not sleep in a gutter, like a dog! Onwards he went, disturbing quiet streets and comfortable people by his whoop, till exhausted nature could support him no more, and he rolled powerless into the road. When, in due time afterwards, the policeman stumbled upon him as he lay, that guardian of the peace turned the full light of his lantern on his face, and exclaimed, 'Here's a poor devil who's been flaring up!' Then came the stretcher, on which the victim of deep potations was carried to the watchhouse, and pitched into a dirty cell, among a score of wretches about as far gone as himself, who saluted their new comrade by a loud, long shout of 'flare up!'

So universal was this phrase, and so enduring seemed its popularity, that a speculator, who knew not the evanescence of slang, established a weekly newspaper under its name. But he was like the man who built his house upon the sand; his foundation gave way under him, and the phrase and the newspaper were washed into the mighty sea of the things that were. The people grew at last weary of the monotony, and 'flare up' became vulgar even among them. Gradually it was left to little boys who did not know the world, and in process of time sank altogether into neglect. It is now heard no more as a piece of popular slang; but the words are still used to signify any sudden outburst either of fire, disturbance, or illnature.

The next phrase that enjoyed the favour of the million was less concise, and seems to have been originally aimed against precocious youths who gave themselves the airs of manhood before their time. 'Does your mother know you're out?' was the provoking query addressed to young men of more than reasonable swagger, who smoked cigars in the streets, and wore false whiskers to look irresistible. We have seen many a conceited fellow who could not suffer a woman to pass him without staring her out of countenance,

reduced at once into his natural insignificance by the mere utterance of this phrase. Apprentice lads and shopmen in their Sunday clothes held the words in abhorrence, and looked fierce when they were applied to them. Altogether the phrase had a very salutary effect, and in a thousand instances showed young Vanity, that it was not half so pretty and engaging as it thought itself. What rendered it so provoking was the doubt it implied as to the capability of self-guidance possessed by the individual to whom it was addressed. 'Does your mother know you're out?' was a query of mock concern and solicitude, implying regret and concern that one so young and inexperienced in the ways of a great city should be allowed to wander abroad without the guidance of a parent. Hence the great wrath of those who verged on manhood, but had not reached it, whenever they were made the subject of it. Even older heads did not like it; and the heir of a ducal house, and inheritor of a warrior's name, to whom they were applied by a cabriolet driver, who was ignorant of his rank, was so indignant at the affront, that he summoned the offender before the magisterial bench. The fellow had wished to impose upon his Lordship by asking double the fare he was entitled to, and when his Lordship resisted the demand, he was insultingly asked 'if his mother knew he was out?' All the drivers on the stand joined in the query, and his Lordship was fain to escape their laughter by walking away with as much haste as his dignity would allow. The man pleaded ignorance that his customer was a Lord, but offended justice fined him for his mistake.

When this phrase had numbered its appointed days, it died away, like its predecessors, and 'Who are you?' reigned in its stead. This new favourite, like a mushroom, seems to have sprung up in a night, or, like a frog in Cheapside, to have come down in a sudden shower. One day it was unheard, unknown, uninvented; the next it pervaded London; every alley resounded with it; every

highway was musical with it,

> And street to street, and lane to lane flung back
>
> The one unvarying cry.

The phrase was uttered quickly, and with a sharp sound upon the first and last words, leaving the middle one little more than an aspiration. Like all its compeers which had been extensively popular, it was applicable to almost every variety of circumstance. The lovers of a plain answer to a plain question did not like it at all. Insolence made use of it to give offence; ignorance, to avoid exposing itself; and waggery, to create laughter. Every new comer into an alehouse tap-room was asked unceremoniously, 'Who are you?' and if he looked foolish, scratched his head, and did not know what to reply, shouts of boisterous merriment resounded on every side. An authoritative disputant was not infrequently put down, and presumption of every kind checked by the same query. When its popularity was at its height, a gentleman, feeling the hand of a thief in his pocket, turned suddenly round, and caught him in the act, exclaiming, 'Who are you?' The mob which gathered round applauded to the very echo, and thought it the most capital joke they had ever heard — the very acme of wit — the very essence of humour. Another circumstance, of a similar kind, gave an additional fillip to the phrase, and infused new life and vigour into it, just as it was dying away. The scene occurred in the chief criminal court of the kingdom. A prisoner stood at the bar; the offence with which he had been charged was clearly proved against him; his counsel had been heard, not in his defence, but in extenuation, insisting upon his previous good life and character, as reasons for the lenity of the court. 'And where are your witnesses?' enquired the

learned judge who presided. 'Please you, my Lord, I knows the prisoner at the bar, and a more honester feller never breathed,' said a rough voice in the gallery. The officers of the court looked aghast, and the strangers tittered with ill-suppressed laughter. 'Who are you?' said the Judge, looking suddenly up, but with imperturbable gravity. The court was convulsed; the titter broke out into a laugh, and it was several minutes before silence and decorum could be restored. When the Ushers recovered their self-possession, they made diligent search for the profane transgressor; but he was not to be found. Nobody knew him; nobody had seen him. After a while the business of the court again proceeded. The next prisoner brought up for trial augured favourably of his prospects when he learned that the solemn lips of the representative of justice had uttered the popular phrase as if he felt and appreciated it. There was no fear that such a judge would use undue severity; his heart was with the people; he understood their language and their manners, and would make allowances for the temptations which drove them into crime. So thought many of the prisoners, if we may infer it from the fact, that the learned judge suddenly acquired an immense increase of popularity. The praise of his wit was in every mouth, and 'Who are you?' renewed its lease, and remained in possession of public favour for another term in consequence.

But it must not be supposed that there were no interregna between the dominion of one slang phrase and another. They did not arise in one long line of unbroken succession, but shared with song the possession of popular favour. Thus, when the people were in the mood for music, slang advanced its claims to no purpose, and, when they were inclined for slang, the sweet voice of music wooed them in vain. About twenty years ago London resounded with one chorus, with the love of which everybody seemed to be smitten. Girls and boys, young men and old, maidens and wives, and widows,

were all alike musical. There was an absolute mania for singing, and the worst of it was, that, like good Father Philip, in the romance of The Monastery, they seemed utterly unable to change their tune. 'Cherry ripe!' 'Cherry ripe!' was the universal cry of all the idle in the town. Every unmelodious voice gave utterance to it; every crazy fiddle, every cracked flute, every wheezy pipe, every street organ was heard in the same strain, until studious and quiet men stopped their ears in desperation, or fled miles away into the fields or woodlands, to be at peace. This plague lasted for a twelvemonth, until the very name of cherries became an abomination in the land. At last the excitement wore itself away, and the tide of favour set in a new direction. Whether it was another song or a slang phrase, is difficult to determine at this distance of time; but certain it is, that very shortly afterwards, people went mad upon a dramatic subject, and nothing was to be heard of but 'Tom and Jerry'. Verbal wit had amused the multitude long enough, and they became more practical in their recreation. Every youth on the town was seized with the fierce desire of distinguishing himself, by knocking down the 'charlies', being locked up all night in a watchhouse, or kicking up a row among loose women and blackguard men in the low dens of St Giles's. Imitative boys vied with their elders in similar exploits, until this unworthy passion, for such it was, had lasted, like other follies, its appointed time, and the town became merry after another fashion. It was next thought the height of vulgar wit to answer all questions by placing the point of the thumb upon the tip of the nose, and twirling the fingers in the air. If one man wished to insult or annoy another, he had only to make use of this cabalistic sign in his face, and his object was accomplished. At every street corner where a group was assembled, the spectator who was curious enough to observe their movements, would be sure to see the fingers of some of them at

their noses, either as a mark of incredulity, surprise, refusal, or mockery, before he had watched two minutes. There is some remnant of this absurd custom to be seen to this day; but it is thought low, even among the vulgar.

About sixteen years ago, London became again most preposterously musical. The vox populi wore itself hoarse by singing the praises of 'The Sea, the Sea!' If a stranger (and a philosopher) had walked through London, and listened to the universal chorus, he might have constructed a very pretty theory upon the love of the English for the sea-service, and our acknowledged superiority over all other nations upon that element. 'No wonder,' he might have said, 'that this people is invincible upon the ocean. The love of it mixes with their daily thoughts: they celebrate it even in the market-place: their street-minstrels excite charity by it; and high and low, young and old, male and female, chant 'Io poeans' in its praise. Love is not honoured in the national songs of this warlike race — Bacchus is no god to them; they are men of sterner mould, and think only of "the Sea, the Sea!" and the means of conquering upon it.'

Such would, doubtless, have been his impression if he had taken the evidence only of his ears. Alas! in those days for the refined ears that were musical! great was their torture when discord, with its thousand diversities of tone, struck up this appalling anthem — there was no escape from it. The migratory minstrels of Savoy caught the strain, and pealed it down the long vistas of quiet streets, till their innermost and snuggest apartments reechoed with the sound. Men were obliged to endure this crying evil for full six months, wearied to desperation, and made seasick on the dry land.

Several other songs sprang up in due succession afterwards, but none of them, with the exception of one, entitled 'All round my Hat', enjoyed any extraordinary share of favour, until an American actor introduced a vile song

called 'Jim Crow'. The singer sang his verses in appropriate costume, with grotesque gesticulations, and a sudden whirl of his body at the close of each verse. It took the taste of the town immediately, and for months the ears of orderly people were stunned by the senseless chorus:

Turn about and wheel about,
And do just so —
Turn about and wheel about,
And jump, Jim Crow!

Street-minstrels blackened their faces in order to give proper effect to the verses; and fatherless urchins, who had to choose between thieving and singing for their livelihood, took the latter course, as likely to be the more profitable, as long as the public taste remained in that direction. The uncouth dance, its accompaniment, might be seen in its full perfection on market nights in any great thoroughfare; and the words of the song might be heard, piercing above all the din and buzz of the ever-moving multitude. He, the calm observer, who, during the heyday popularity of this doggerel,

Sat beside the public way,
Thick strewn with summer dust, and saw the stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

might have exclaimed with Shelley, whose fine lines we quote, that

The million, with fierce song and maniac dance,

Did rage around.

The philosophic theorist we have already supposed soliloquising upon the English character, and forming his opinion of it from their exceeding love for a sea-song, might, if he had again dropped suddenly into London, have formed another very plausible theory to account for our unremitting efforts for the abolition of the Slave Trade. 'Benevolent people!' he might have said, 'how unbounded are your sympathies! Your unhappy brethren of Africa, differing from you only in the colour of their skins, are so dear to you, and you begrudge so little the twenty millions you have paid on their behalf, that you love to have a memento of them continually in your sight. Jim Crow is the representative of that injured race, and as such is the idol of your populace! See how they all sing his praises! — how they imitate his peculiarities! — how they repeat his name in their moments of leisure and relaxation! They even carve images of him to adorn their hearths, that his cause and his sufferings may never be forgotten! Oh, philanthropic England! — oh, vanguard of civilisation!'

Such are a few of the peculiarities of the London multitude, when no riot, no execution, no murder, no balloon, disturbs the even current of their thoughts. These are the whimseys of the mass — the harmless follies by which they unconsciously endeavour to lighten the load of care which presses upon their existence. The wise man, even though he smile at them, will not altogether withhold his sympathy, and will say, 'Let them enjoy their slang phrases and their choruses if they will; and if they cannot be happy, at least let them be merry.' To the Englishman, as well as to the Frenchman of whom Beranger sings, there may be some comfort in so small a thing as a song, and we may, own with him that

Au peuple attriste
Ce qui rendra la gaîté,

C'est la GAUDRIOLE!
O gué!
C'est la GAUDRIOLE!'

2
The South-Sea Bubble

At length corruption, like a general flood,
Did deluge all, and avarice creeping on,
Spread, like a low-born mist, and hid the sun.
Statesmen and patriots plied alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler shared alike the box;
And judges jobbed, and bishops bit the town,
And mighty dukes packed cards for half a crown:
Britain was sunk in lucre's sordid charms.

Pope

The South-Sea Company was originated by the celebrated Harley, Earl of Oxford, in the year 1711, with the view of restoring public credit, which had suffered by the dismissal of the Whig ministry, and of providing for the discharge of the army and navy debentures, and other parts of the floating debt, amounting to nearly ten millions sterling. A company of merchants, at that time without a name, took this debt upon themselves, and the government agreed to secure them, for a certain period, the interest of six per cent. To provide for this interest, amounting to £600,000 per annum, the duties upon wines, vinegar, India goods, wrought silks, tobacco, whale-fins, and some other articles, were rendered permanent. The monopoly of the trade to the South Seas was granted, and the company, being incorporated by Act

of Parliament, assumed the title by which it has ever since been known. The minister took great credit to himself for his share in this transaction, and the scheme was always called by his flatterers 'the Earl of Oxford's masterpiece'.

Even at this early period of its history, the most visionary ideas were formed by the company and the public of the immense riches of the western coast of South America. Everybody had heard of the gold and silver mines of Peru and Mexico; everyone believed them to be inexhaustible, and that it was only necessary to send the manufactures of England to the coast, to be repaid a hundredfold in gold and silver ingots by the natives. A report, industriously spread, that Spain was willing to concede four ports, on the coasts of Chile and Peru for the purposes of traffic, increased the general confidence, and for many years the South-Sea Company's stock was in high favour.

Philip V of Spain, however, never had any intention of admitting the English to a free trade in the ports of Spanish America. Negotiations were set on foot, but their only result was the assiento contract, or the privilege of supplying the colonies with Negroes for thirty years, and of sending once a year a vessel, limited both as to tonnage and value of cargo, to trade with Mexico, Peru, or Chile. The latter permission was only granted upon the hard condition, that the King of Spain should enjoy one-fourth of the profits, and a tax of five per cent on the remainder. This was a great disappointment to the Earl of Oxford and his party, who were reminded much oftener than they found agreeable of the 'Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus'. But the public confidence in the South-Sea Company was not shaken. The Earl of Oxford declared that Spain would permit two ships, in addition to the annual ship, to carry out merchandise during the first year; and a list was published, in which all the ports and harbours of these coasts were pompously set forth as open to the trade of Great Britain. The first voyage of the annual ship was

not made till the year 1717, and in the following year the trade was suppressed by the rupture with Spain.

The king's speech, at the opening of the session of 1717, made pointed allusion to the state of public credit, and recommended that proper measures should be taken to reduce the national debt. The two great monetary corporations, the South-Sea Company and the Bank of England, made proposals to parliament on the 20th of May ensuing. The South-Sea Company prayed that their capital stock of ten millions might be increased to twelve, by subscription or otherwise, and offered to accept five per cent instead of six upon the whole amount. The bank made proposals equally advantageous. The house debated for some time, and finally three acts were passed, called the South-Sea Act, the Bank Act, and the General Fund Act. By the first, the proposals of the South-Sea Company were accepted, and that body held itself ready to advance the sum of two millions towards discharging the principal and interest of the debt due by the state for the four lottery funds of the ninth and tenth years of Queen Anne. By the second act, the bank received a lower rate of interest for the sum of £1,775,027 15s. due to it by the state, and agreed to deliver up to be cancelled as many exchequer bills as amounted to two millions sterling, and to accept of an annuity of one hundred thousand pounds, being after the rate of five per cent, the whole redeemable at one year's notice. They were further required to be ready to advance, in case of need, a sum not exceeding £2,500,000 upon the same terms of five per cent interest, redeemable by parliament. The General Fund Act recited the various deficiencies, which were to be made good by the aids derived from the foregoing sources.

The name of the South-Sea Company was thus continually before the public. Though their trade with the South American States produced little or

no augmentation of their revenues, they continued to flourish as a monetary corporation. Their stock was in high request, and the directors, buoyed up with success, began to think of new means for extending their influence. The Mississippi scheme of John Law, which so dazzled and captivated the French people, inspired them with an idea that they could carry on the same game in England. The anticipated failure of his plans did not divert them from their intention. Wise in their own conceit, they imagined they could avoid his faults, carry on their schemes for ever, and stretch the cord of credit to its extremest tension, without causing it to snap asunder.

It was while Law's plan was at its greatest height of popularity, while people were crowding in thousands to the Rue Quincampoix, and ruining themselves with frantic eagerness, that the South-Sea directors laid before parliament their famous plan for paying off the national debt. Visions of boundless wealth floated before the fascinated eyes of the people in the two most celebrated countries of Europe. The English commenced their career of extravagance somewhat later than the French; but as soon as the delirium seized them, they were determined not to be outdone. Upon the 22nd of January, 1720, the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee of the whole house, to take into consideration that part of the king's speech at the opening of the session which related to the public debts, and the proposal of the SouthSea Company towards the redemption and sinking of the same. The proposal set forth at great length, and under several heads, the debts of the state, amounting to £30,981,712 which the company were anxious to take upon themselves, upon consideration of five per cent per annum, secured to them until Midsummer 1727; after which time, the whole was to become redeemable at the pleasure of the legislature, and the interest to be reduced to four per cent. The proposal was received with great favour; but the Bank of

England had many friends in the House of Commons, who were desirous that that body should share in the advantages that were likely to accrue. On behalf of this corporation it was represented, that they had performed great and eminent services to the state in the most difficult times, and deserved, at least, that if any advantage was to be made by public bargains of this nature, they should be preferred before a company that had never done anything for the nation. The further consideration of the matter was accordingly postponed for five days. In the mean time, a plan was drawn up by the governors of the bank. The South-Sea Company, afraid that the bank might offer still more advantageous terms to the government than themselves, reconsidered their former proposal, and made some alterations in it, which they hoped would render it more acceptable. The principal change was a stipulation that the government might redeem these debts at the expiration of four years, instead of seven, as at first suggested. The bank resolved not to be outbidden in this singular auction, and the governors also reconsidered their first proposal, and sent in a new one.

Thus, each corporation having made two proposals, the house began to deliberate. Mr Robert Walpole was the chief speaker in favour of the bank, and Mr Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the principal advocate on behalf of the South-Sea Company. It was resolved, on the 2nd of February, that the proposals of the latter were most advantageous to the country. They were accordingly received, and leave was given to bring in a bill to that effect.

Exchange Alley was in a fever of excitement. The company's stock, which had been at a hundred and thirty the previous day, gradually rose to three hundred, and continued to rise with the most astonishing rapidity during the whole time that the bill in its several stages was under discussion. Mr

Walpole was almost the only statesman in the house who spoke out boldly against it. He warned them, in eloquent and solemn language, of the evils that would ensue. It countenanced, he said, 'the dangerous practice of stock-jobbing, and would divert the genius of the nation from trade and industry. It would hold out a dangerous lure to decoy the unwary to their ruin, by making them part with the earnings of their labour for a prospect of imaginary wealth. The great principle of the project was an evil of first-rate magnitude; it was to raise artificially the value of the stock, by exciting and keeping up a general infatuation, and by promising dividends out of funds which could never be adequate to the purpose.' In a prophetic spirit he added, that if the plan succeeded, the directors would become masters of the government, form a new and absolute aristocracy in the kingdom, and control the resolutions of the legislature. If it failed, which he was convinced it would, the result would bring general discontent and ruin upon the country. Such would be the delusion, that when the evil day came, as come it would, the people would start up, as from a dream, and ask themselves if these things could have been true. All his eloquence was in vain. He was looked upon as a false prophet, or compared to the hoarse raven, croaking omens of evil. His friends, however, compared him to Cassandra, predicting evils which would only be believed when they came home to men's hearths, and stared them in the face at their own boards. Although, in former times, the house had listened with the utmost attention to every word that fell from his lips, the benches became deserted when it was known that he would speak on the South-Sea question.

The bill was two months in its progress through the House of Commons. During this time every exertion was made by the directors and their friends, and more especially by the chairman, the noted Sir John Blunt, to raise the price of the stock. The most extravagant rumours were in circulation. Treaties

between England and Spain were spoken of, whereby the latter was to grant a free trade to all her colonies; and the rich produce of the mines of Potosi-la-Paz was to be brought to England until silver should become almost as plentiful as iron. For cotton and woollen goods, with which we could supply them in abundance, the dwellers in Mexico were to empty their golden mines. The company of merchants trading to the South Seas would be the richest the world ever saw, and every hundred pounds invested in it would produce hundreds per annum to the stockholder. At last the stock was raised by these means to near four hundred; but, after fluctuating a good deal, settled at three hundred and thirty, at which price it remained when the bill passed the Commons by a majority of 172 against 55.

In the House of Lords the bill was hurried through all its stages with unexampled rapidity. On the 4th of April it was read a first time; on the 5th, it was read a second time; on the 6th, it was committed; and on the 7th, was read a third time and passed.

Several peers spoke warmly against the scheme; but their warnings fell upon dull, cold ears. A speculating frenzy had seized them as well as the plebeians. Lord North and Grey said the bill was unjust in its nature, and might prove fatal in its consequences, being calculated to enrich the few and impoverish the many. The Duke of Wharton followed; but, as he only retailed at second-hand the arguments so eloquently stated by Walpole in the Lower House, he was not listened to with even the same attention that had been bestowed upon Lord North and Grey. Earl Cowper followed on the same side, and compared the bill to the famous horse of the siege of Troy. Like that, it was ushered in and received with great pomp and acclamations of joy, but bore within it treachery and destruction. The Earl of Sunderland endeavoured to answer all objections; and on the question being put, there

appeared only seventeen peers against, and eighty-three in favour of the project. The very same day on which it passed the Lords, it received the Royal assent, and became the law of the land.

It seemed at that time as if the whole nation had turned stock-jobbers. Exchange Alley was every day blocked up by crowds, and Cornhill was impassable for the number of carriages. Everybody came to purchase stock. 'Every fool aspired to be a knave.' In the words of a ballad, published at the time, and sung about the streets,

Then stars and garters did appear
Among the meaner rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.

The greatest ladies thither came,
And plied in chariots daily,
Or pawned their jewels for a sum

The inordinate thirst of gain that had afflicted all ranks of society was not to be slaked even in the South Sea. Other schemes, of the most extravagant kind, were started. The share-lists were speedily filled up, and an enormous traffic carried on in shares, while, of course, every means were resorted to to raise them to an artificial value in the market.

Contrary to all expectation, South-Sea stock fell when the bill received the royal assent. On the 7th of April the shares were quoted at three hundred and ten, and on the following day at two hundred and ninety. Already the directors had tasted the profits of their scheme, and it was not likely that they

should quietly allow the stock to find its natural level, without an effort to raise it. Immediately their busy emissaries were set to work. Every person interested in the success of the project endeavoured to draw a knot of listeners around him, to whom he expatiated on the treasures of the South American seas. Exchange Alley was crowded with attentive groups. One rumour alone, asserted with the utmost confidence, had an immediate effect upon the stock. It was said that Earl Stanhope had received overtures in France from the Spanish Government to exchange Gibraltar and Port Mahon for some places on the coast of Peru, for the security and enlargement of the trade in the South Seas. Instead of one annual ship trading to those ports, and allowing the king of Spain twenty-five per cent out of the profits, the company might build and charter as many ships as they pleased, and pay no percentage whatever to any foreign potentate. 'Visions of ingots danced before their eyes', and stock rose rapidly. On the 12th of April, five days after the bill had become law, the directors opened their books for a subscription of a million, at the rate of £300 for every £100 capital. Such was the concourse of persons of all ranks, that this first subscription was found to amount to above two millions of original stock. It was to be paid at five payments, of £60 each for every £100. In a few days the stock advanced to three hundred and forty, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. To raise the stock still higher, it was declared, in a general court of directors, on the 21st of April, that the midsummer dividend should be ten per cent, and that all subscriptions should be entitled to the same. These resolutions answering the end designed, the directors, to improve the infatuation of the monied men, opened their books for a second subscription of a million, at four hundred per cent. Such was the frantic eagerness of people of every class to speculate in these funds, that in the

course of a few hours no less than a million and a half was subscribed at that rate.

In the mean time, innumerable joint-stock companies started up everywhere. They soon received the name of Bubbles, the most appropriate that imagination could devise. The populace are often most happy in the nicknames they employ. None could be more apt than that of Bubbles. Some of them lasted for a week, or a fortnight, and were no more heard of, while others could not even live out that short span of existence. Every evening produced new schemes, and every morning new projects. The highest of the aristocracy were as eager in this hot pursuit of gain as the most plodding jobber in Cornhill. The Prince of Wales became governor of one company, and is said to have cleared £40,000 by his speculations. The Duke of Bridgewater started a scheme for the improvement of London and Westminster, and the Duke of Chandos another. There were nearly a hundred different projects, each more extravagant and deceptive than the other. To use the words of the Political State, they were 'set on foot and promoted by crafty knaves, then pursued by multitudes of covetous fools, and at last appeared to be, in effect, what their vulgar appellation denoted them to be — bubbles and mere cheats'. It was computed that near one million and a half sterling was won and lost by these unwarrantable practices, to the impoverishment of many a fool, and the enriching of many a rogue.

Some of these schemes were plausible enough, and, had they been undertaken at a time when the public mind was unexcited, might have been pursued with advantage to all concerned. But they were established merely with the view of raising the shares in the market. The projectors took the first opportunity of a rise to sell out, and next morning the scheme was at an end. Maitland, in his History of London, gravely informs us, that one of the

projects which received great encouragement, was for the establishment of a company 'to make deal boards out of sawdust'. This is no doubt intended as a joke; but there is abundance of evidence to show that dozens of schemes, hardly a whit more reasonable, lived their little day, ruining hundreds ere they fell. One of them was for a wheel for perpetual motion — capital, one million; another was 'for encouraging the breed of horses in England, and improving of glebe and church lands, and repairing and rebuilding parsonage and vicarage houses'. Why the clergy, who were so mainly interested in the latter clause, should have taken so much interest in the first, is only to be explained on the supposition that the scheme was projected by a knot of the foxhunting parsons, once so common in England. The shares of this company were rapidly subscribed for. But the most absurd and preposterous of all, and which showed, more completely than any other, the utter madness of the people, was one started by an unknown adventurer, entitled 'A company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is'. Were not the fact stated by scores of credible witnesses, it would be impossible to believe that any person could have been duped by such a project. The man of genius who essayed this bold and successful inroad upon public credulity, merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was half a million, in five thousand shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. Each subscriber, paying his deposit, would be entitled to £100 per annum per share. How this immense profit was to be obtained, he did not condescend to inform them at that time, but promised that in a month full particulars should be duly announced, and a call made for the remaining £98 of the subscription. Next morning, at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door, and when he shut up at three o'clock, he found that no less than one thousand shares had been subscribed for, and the

deposits paid. He was thus, in five hours, the winner of £2,000. He was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, and set off the same evening for the Continent. He was never heard of again.

Well might Swift exclaim, comparing Change Alley to a gulf in the South Sea:

Subscribers here by thousands float,
  And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
  And here they fish for gold, and drown.

Now buried in the depths below,
  Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
  At their wit's end, like drunken men.

Meantime, secure on Garraway cliffs,
  A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the foundered skiffs,
  And strip the bodies of the dead.

Another fraud that was very successful was that of the 'Globe Permits', as they were called. They were nothing more than square pieces of playing-cards, on which was the impression of a seal, in wax, bearing the sign of the Globe Tavern, in the neighbourhood of Exchange Alley, with the inscription of 'Sail-Cloth Permits'. The possessors enjoyed no other advantage from them than permission to subscribe at some future time to a new sail-cloth

manufactory, projected by one who was then known to be a man of fortune, but who was afterwards involved in the peculation and punishment of the South-Sea directors. These permits sold for as much as sixty guineas in the Alley.

Persons of distinction, of both sexes, were deeply engaged in all these bubbles; those of the male sex going to taverns and coffee-houses to meet their brokers, and the ladies resorting for the same purpose to the shops of milliners and haberdashers. But it did not follow that all these people believed in the feasibility of the schemes to which they subscribed; it was enough for their purpose that their shares would, by stock-jobbing arts, be soon raised to a premium, when they got rid of them with all expedition to the really credulous. So great was the confusion of the crowd in the alley, that shares in the same bubble were known to have been sold at the same instant ten per cent higher at one end of the alley than at the other. Sensible men beheld the extraordinary infatuation of the people with sorrow and alarm. There were some both in and out of parliament who foresaw clearly the ruin that was impending. Mr Walpole did not cease his gloomy forebodings. His fears were shared by all the thinking few, and impressed most forcibly upon the government. On the 11th of June, the day the parliament rose, the king published a proclamation, declaring that all these unlawful projects should be deemed public nuisances, and prosecuted accordingly, and forbidding any broker, under a penalty of five hundred pounds, from buying or selling any shares in them. Notwithstanding this proclamation, roguish speculators still carried them on, and the deluded people still encouraged them. On the 12th of July, an order of the Lords Justices assembled in privy council was published, dismissing all the petitions that had been presented for patents and charters, and dissolving all the bubble companies. The following copy of their

lordships' order, containing a list of all these nefarious projects, will not be deemed uninteresting at the present day, when there is but too much tendency in the public mind to indulge in similar practices:

At the Council Chamber, Whitehall, the 12th day of July, 1720.

Present, their Excellencies the Lords Justices in Council.

Their Excellencies, the Lords Justices, in council, taking into consideration the many inconveniences arising to the public from several projects set on foot for raising of joint-stock for various purposes, and that a great many of his Majesty's subjects have been drawn in to part with their money on pretence of assurances that their petitions for patents and charters, to enable them to carry on the same, would be granted: to prevent such impositions, their excellencies this day ordered the said several petitions, together with such reports from the Board of Trade, and from his majesty's attorney and solicitorgeneral, as had been obtained thereon, to be laid before them; and after mature consideration thereof, were pleased, by advice of his majesty's privy council, to order that the said petitions be dismissed, which are as follow:

1. Petition of several persons, praying letters patent for carrying on a fishing trade, by the name of the Grand Fishery of Great Britain.

2. Petition of the Company of the Royal Fishery of England, praying letters patent for such further powers as will effectually contribute to carry on the said fishery.

3. Petition of George James, on behalf of himself and divers persons of distinction concerned in a national fishery, praying letters patent of incorporation to enable them to carry on the same.

4. Petition of several merchants, traders, and others, whose names are thereunto subscribed, praying to be incorporated for reviving and carrying on a whale fishery to Greenland and elsewhere.

5. Petition of Sir John Lambert, and others thereto subscribing, on behalf of themselves and a great number of merchants, praying to be incorporated for carrying on a Greenland trade, and particularly a

whale fishery in Davis's Straits.

6. Another petition for a Greenland trade.

7. Petition of several merchants, gentlemen, and citizens, praying to be incorporated for buying and building of ships to let or freight.

8. Petition of Samuel Antrim and others, praying for letters patent for sowing hemp and flax.

9. Petition of several merchants, masters of ships, sail-makers, and manufacturers of sail-cloth, praying a charter of incorporation, to enable them to carry on and promote the said manufactory by a joint-stock.

10. Petition of Thomas Boyd, and several hundred merchants, owners and masters of ships, sail-makers, weavers, and other traders, praying a charter of incorporation, empowering them to borrow money for purchasing lands, in order to the manufacturing sail-cloth and fine Holland.

11. Petition on behalf of several persons interested in a patent granted by the late King William and Queen Mary, for the making of linen and sail-cloth, praying that no charter may be granted to any persons whatsoever for making sail-cloth, but that the privilege now enjoyed by them may be confirmed, and likewise an additional power to carry on the cotton and cotton-silk manufactures.

12. Petition of several citizens, merchants, and traders in London, and others, subscribers to a British stock for a general insurance from fire in any part of England, praying to be incorporated for carrying on the said undertaking.

13. Petition of several of his majesty's loyal subjects of the city of London and other parts of Great Britain, praying to be incorporated for carrying on a general insurance from losses by fire within the kingdom of England.

14. Petition of Thomas Burges, and others his majesty's subjects thereto subscribing, in behalf of themselves and others, subscribers to a fund of £1,200,000 for carrying on a trade to his majesty's German dominions, praying to be incorporated, by the name of the Harburg Company.

15. Petition of Edward Jones, a dealer in timber, on behalf of himself and others, praying to be incorporated for the importation of timber from Germany.

16. Petition of several merchants of London, praying a charter of incorporation for carrying on a

salt-work.

17. Petition of Captain Macphedris of London, merchant, on behalf of himself and several merchants, clothiers, hatters, dyers, and other traders, praying a charter of incorporation empowering them to raise a sufficient sum of money to purchase lands for planting and rearing a wood called madder, for the use of dyers.

18. Petition of Joseph Galendo of London, snuffmaker, praying a patent for his invention to prepare and cure Virginia tobacco for snuff in Virginia, and making it into the same in all his majesty's dominions.

LIST OF BUBBLES

The following Bubble Companies were by the same order declared to be illegal, and abolished accordingly:

1. For the importation of Swedish iron.

2. For supplying London with sea-coal. Capital, three millions.

3. For building and rebuilding houses throughout all England. Capital, three millions.

4. For making of muslin.

5. For carrying on and improving British alum-works.

6. For effectually settling the island of Blanco and Sal Targatus.

7. For supplying the town of Deal with fresh water.

8. For the importation of Flanders lace.

9. For improvement in lands of Great Britain. Capital, four millions.

10. For encouraging the breed of horses in England, and improving the glebe and church lands, and for repairing and rebuilding parsonage and vicarage houses.

11. For making of iron and steel in Great Britain.

12. For improving the land in the county of Flint. Capital, one million.

13. For purchasing lands to build on. Capital, two millions.

14. For trading in hair.

15. For erecting salt-works in holy Island. Capital, two millions.

16. For buying and selling estates, and lending money on mortgage.

17. For carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is.

18. For paving the streets of London. Capital, two millions.

19. For furnishing funerals to any part of Great Britain.

20. For buying and selling lands and lending money at interest. Capital, five millions.

21. For carrying on the Royal Fishery of Great Britain. Capital, ten millions.

22. For assuring of seamen's wages.

23. For erecting loan-offices for the assistance and encouragement of the industrious. Capital, two millions.

24. For purchasing and improving leasable lands. Capital, four millions.

25. For importing pitch and tar, and other naval stores, from North Britain and America.

26. For the clothing, felt, and pantile trade.

27. For purchasing and improving a manor and royalty in Essex.

28. For insuring of horses. Capital, two millions.

29. For exporting the woollen manufacture, and importing copper, brass, and iron. Capital, four millions.

30. For a grand dispensary. Capital, three millions.

31. For erecting mills and purchasing lead mines. Capital, two millions.

32. For improving the art of making soap.

33. For a settlement on the island of Santa Cruz.

34. For sinking pits and smelting lead ore in Derbyshire.

35. For making glass bottles and other glass.

36. For a wheel for perpetual motion. Capital, one million.

37. For improving of gardens.

38. For insuring and increasing children's fortunes.

39. For entering and loading goods at the Customhouse, and for negotiating business for merchants.

40. For carrying on a woollen manufacture in the north of England.

41. For importing walnut trees from Virginia. Capital, two millions.

42. For making Manchester stuffs of thread and cotton.

43. For making Joppa and Castile soap.

44. For improving the wrought-iron and steel manufactures of this kingdom. Capital, four millions.

45. For dealing in lace, hollands, cambrics, lawns, &c. Capital, two millions.

46. For trading in and improving certain commodities of the produce of this kingdom, &c. Capital, three millions.

47. For supplying the London markets with cattle.

48. For making looking-glasses, coach glasses, &c. Capital, two millions.

49. For working the tin and lead mines in Cornwall and Derbyshire.

50. For making rape-oil.

51. For importing beaver fur. Capital, two millions.

52. For making pasteboard and packing-paper.

53. For importing of oils and other materials used in the woollen manufacture.

54. For improving and increasing the silk manufactures.

55. For lending money on stock, annuities, tallies, &c.

56. For paying pensions to widows and others, at a small discount. Capital, two millions.

57. For improving malt liquors. Capital, four millions.

58. For a grand American fishery.

59. For purchasing and improving the fenny lands in Lincolnshire. Capital, two millions.

60. For improving the paper manufacture of Great Britain.

61. The Bottomry Company.

62. For drying malt by hot air.

63. For carrying on a trade in the river Oronooko.

64. For the more effectual making of baize, in Colchester and other parts of Great Britain.

65. For buying of naval stores, supplying the victualling, and paying the wages of the workmen.

66. For employing poor artificers, and furnishing merchants and others with watches.

67. For improvement of tillage and the breed of cattle.

68. Another for the improvement of our breed of horses.

69. Another for a horse-insurance.

70. For carrying on the corn trade of Great Britain.

71. For insuring to all masters and mistresses the losses they may sustain by servants. Capital, three millions.

72. For erecting houses or hospitals, for taking in and maintaining illegitimate children. Capital, two millions.

73. For bleaching coarse sugars, without the use of fire or loss of substance.

74. For building turnpikes and wharfs in Great Britain.

75. For insuring from thefts and robberies.

76. For extracting silver from lead.

77. For making china and delft ware. Capital, one million.

78. For importing tobacco, and exporting it again to Sweden and the north of Europe. Capital, four millions.

79. For making iron with pit coal.

80. For furnishing the cities of London and Westminster with hay and straw. Capital, three millions.

81. For a sail and packing-cloth manufactory in Ireland.

82. For taking up ballast.

83. For buying and fitting out ships to suppress pirates.

84. For the importation of timber from Wales. Capital, two millions.

85. For rock-salt.

86. For the transmutation of quicksilver into a malleable fine metal.

Besides these bubbles, many others sprang up daily, in spite of the condemnation of the government and the ridicule of the still sane portion of the public. The printshops teemed with caricatures, and the newspapers with epigrams and satires, upon the prevalent folly. An ingenious card-maker published a pack of South-Sea playingcards, which are now extremely rare, each card containing, besides the usual figures, of a very small size, in one corner, a caricature of a bubble company, with appropriate verses underneath. One of the most famous bubbles was 'Puckle's Machine Company', for discharging round and square cannon-balls and bullets, and making a total revolution in the art of war. Its pretensions to public favour were thus summed up, on the eight of spades:

A rare invention to destroy the crowd

Of fools at home, instead of fools abroad.

Fear not, my friends, this terrible machine,

They're only wounded who have shares therein.

The nine of hearts was a caricature of the English Copper and Brass Company, with the following epigram:

The headlong fool that wants to be a swopper

Of gold and silver coin for English copper,

May, in Change Alley, prove himself an ass,

And give rich metal for adulterate brass.

The eight of diamonds celebrated the company for the colonisation of Acadia, with this doggerel:

He that is rich and wants to fool away
A good round sum in North America,
Let him subscribe himself a headlong sharer,
And asses' ears shall honour him or bearer.

And in a similar style every card of the pack exposed some knavish scheme, and ridiculed the persons who were its dupes. It was computed that the total amount of the sums proposed for carrying on these projects was upwards of three hundred millions sterling.

It is time, however, to return to the great South-Sea gulf, that swallowed the fortunes of so many thousands of the avaricious and the credulous. On the 29th of May, the stock had risen as high as five hundred, and about two-thirds of the government annuitants had exchanged the securities of the state for those of the South-Sea Company. During the whole of the month of May the stock continued to rise, and on the 28th it was quoted at five hundred and fifty. In four days after this it took a prodigious leap, rising suddenly from five hundred and fifty to eight hundred and ninety. It was now the general opinion that the stock could rise no higher, and many persons took that opportunity of selling out, with a view of realising their profits. Many noblemen and persons in the train of the king, and about to accompany him to Hanover, were also anxious to sell out. So many sellers, and so few buyers, appeared in the Alley on the 3rd of June, that the stock fell at once from eight hundred and ninety to six hundred and forty. The directors were alarmed, and gave their agents orders to buy. Their efforts succeeded. Towards evening

confidence was restored, and the stock advanced to seven hundred and fifty. It continued at this price, with some slight fluctuation, until the company closed their books on the 22nd of June.

It would be needless and uninteresting to detail the various arts employed by the directors to keep up the price of stock. It will be sufficient to state that it finally rose to one thousand per cent. It was quoted at this price in the commencement of August. The bubble was then full-blown, and began to quiver and shake, preparatory to its bursting.

Many of the government annuitants expressed dissatisfaction against the directors. They accused them of partiality in making out the lists for shares in each subscription. Further uneasiness was occasioned by its being generally known that Sir John Blunt, the chairman, and some others, had sold out. During the whole of the month of August the stock fell, and on the 2nd of September it was quoted at seven hundred only.

The state of things now became alarming. To prevent, if possible, the utter extinction of public confidence in their proceedings, the directors summoned a general court of the whole corporation, to meet in Merchant Tailors' Hall on the 8th of September. By nine o'clock in the morning, the room was filled to suffocation; Cheapside was blocked up by a crowd unable to gain admittance, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The directors and their friends mustered in great numbers. Sir John Fellowes, the sub-governor, was called to the chair. He acquainted the assembly with the cause of their meeting; read to them the several resolutions of the court of directors, and gave them an account of their proceedings; of the taking in the redeemable and unredeemable funds, and of the subscriptions in money. Mr Secretary Craggs then made a short speech, wherein he commended the conduct of the directors, and urged that nothing could more effectually contribute to the

bringing this scheme to perfection than union among themselves. He concluded with a motion for thanking the court of directors for their prudent and skilful management, and for desiring them to proceed in such manner as they should think most proper for the interest and advantage of the corporation. Mr Hungerford, who had rendered himself very conspicuous in the House of Commons for his zeal in behalf of the South-Sea Company, and who was shrewdly suspected to have been a considerable gainer by knowing the right time to sell out, was very magniloquent on this occasion. He said that he had seen the rise and fall, the decay and resurrection of many communities of this nature, but that, in his opinion, none had ever performed such wonderful things in so short a time as the South-Sea Company. They had done more than the crown, the pulpit, or the bench could do. They had reconciled all parties in one common interest; they had laid asleep, if not wholly extinguished, all the domestic jars and animosities of the nation. By the rise of their stock, monied men had vastly increased their fortunes; >country gentlemen had seen the value of their lands doubled and trebled in their hands. They had at the same time done good to the Church, not a few of the reverend clergy having got great sums by the project. In short, they had enriched the whole nation, and he hoped they had not forgotten themselves. There was some hissing at the latter part of this speech, which for the extravagance of its eulogy was not far removed from satire; but the directors and their friends, and all the winners in the room, applauded vehemently. The Duke of Portland spoke in a similar strain, and expressed his great wonder why anybody should be dissatisfied: of course, he was a winner by his speculations, and in a condition similar to that of the fat alderman in Joe Miller's Jests, who, whenever he had eaten a good dinner, folded his hands upon his paunch, and expressed his doubts whether there could be a hungry

man in the world.

Several resolutions were passed at this meeting, but they had no effect upon the public. Upon the very same evening the stock fell to six hundred and forty, and on the morrow to five hundred and forty. Day after day it continued to fall, until it was as low as four hundred. In a letter, dated September 13th, from Mr Broderick MP to Lord Chancellor Middleton, and published in Coxe's Walpole, the former says: 'Various are the conjectures why the South-Sea directors have suffered the cloud to break so early. I made no doubt but they would do so when they found it to their advantage. They have stretched credit so far beyond what it would bear, that specie proves insufficient to support it. Their most considerable men have drawn out, securing themselves by the losses of the deluded, thoughtless numbers, whose understandings have been overruled by avarice and the hope of making mountains out of molehills. Thousands of families will be reduced to beggary. The consternation is inexpressible — the rage beyond description, and the case altogether so desperate that I do not see any plan or scheme so much as thought of for averting the blow, so that I cannot pretend to guess what is next to be done.' Ten days afterwards, the stock still falling, he writes: 'The company have yet come to no determination, for they are in such a wood that they know not which way to turn. By several gentlemen lately come to town, I perceive the very name of a South-Sea-man grows abominable in every country. A great many goldsmiths are already run off, and more will daily. I question whether one-third, nay, one-fourth, of them can stand it. From the very beginning, I founded my judgement of the whole affair upon the unquestionable maxim, that ten millions (which is more than our running cash) could not circulate two hundred millions, beyond which our paper credit extended. That, therefore, whenever that should become doubtful, be

the cause what it would, our noble state machine must inevitably fall to the ground.'

On the 12th of September, at the earnest solicitation of Mr Secretary Craggs, several conferences were held between the directors of the South Sea and the directors of the Bank. A report which was circulated, that the latter had agreed to circulate six millions of the South-Sea Company's bonds, caused the stock to rise to six hundred and seventy; but in the afternoon, as soon as the report was known to be groundless, the stock fell again to five hundred and eighty; the next day to five hundred and seventy, and so gradually to four hundred.[1]

The ministry were seriously alarmed at the aspect of affairs. The directors could not appear in the streets without being insulted; dangerous riots were every moment apprehended. Despatches were sent off to the king at Hanover, praying his immediate return. Mr Walpole, who was staying at his country seat, was sent for, that he might employ his known influence with the directors of the Bank of England to induce them to accept the proposal made by the South-Sea Company for circulating a number of their bonds.

The Bank was very unwilling to mix itself up with the affairs of the company; it dreaded being involved in calamities which it could not relieve, and received all overtures with visible reluctance. But the universal voice of the nation called upon it to come to the rescue. Every person of note in commercial politics was called in to advise in the emergency. A rough draft of a contract drawn up by Mr Walpole was ultimately adopted as the basis of further negotiations, and the public alarm abated a little.

On the following day, the 20th of September, a general court of the South-Sea Company was held at Merchant Tailors' Hall, in which resolutions were carried, empowering the directors to agree with the Bank of England, or

any other persons, to circulate the company's bonds, or make any other agreement with the bank which they should think proper. One of the speakers, a Mr Pulteney, said it was most surprising to see the extraordinary panic which had seized upon the people. Men were running to and fro in alarm and terror, their imaginations filled with some great calamity, the form and dimensions of which nobody knew:

> Black it stood as night —
>
> Fierce as ten furies — terrible as hell.

At a general court of the Bank of England held two days afterwards, the governor informed them of the several meetings that had been held on the affairs of the South-Sea Company, adding that the directors had not yet thought fit to come to any decision upon the matter. A resolution was then proposed, and carried without a dissentient voice, empowering the directors to agree with those of the South Sea to circulate their bonds, to what sum, and upon what terms, and for what time, they might think proper.

Thus both parties were at liberty to act as they might judge best for the public interest. Books were opened at the Bank for a subscription of three millions for the support of public credit, on the usual terms of £15 per cent deposit, £3 per cent premium, and £5 per cent interest. So great was the concourse of people in the early part of the morning, all eagerly bringing their money, that it was thought the subscription would be filled that day; but before noon, the tide turned. In spite of all that could be done to prevent it, the South-Sea Company's stock fell rapidly. Their bonds were in such discredit, that a run commenced upon the most eminent goldsmiths and bankers, some of whom having lent out great sums upon South-Sea stock

were obliged to shut up their shops and abscond. The Sword-blade Company, who had hitherto been the chief cashiers of the South-Sea Company, stopped payment. This being looked upon as but the beginning of evil, occasioned a great run upon the Bank, who were now obliged to pay out money much faster than they had received it upon the subscription in the morning. The day succeeding was a holiday (the 29th of September), and the Bank had a little breathing time. They bore up against the storm; but their former rivals, the South-Sea Company, were wrecked upon it. Their stock fell to one hundred and fifty, and gradually, after various fluctuations, to one hundred and thirty-five.

The Bank, finding they were not able to restore public confidence, and stem the tide of ruin, without running the risk of being swept away with those they intended to save, declined to carry out the agreement into which they had partially entered. They were under no obligation whatever to continue; for the so-called Bank contract was nothing more than the rough draught of an agreement, in which blanks had been left for several important particulars, and which contained no penalty for their secession. 'And thus,' to use the words of the Parliamentary History, 'were seen, in the space of eight months, the rise, progress, and fall of that mighty fabric, which, being wound up by mysterious springs to a wonderful height, had fixed the eyes and expectations of all Europe, but whose foundation, being fraud, illusion, credulity, and infatuation, fell to the ground as soon as the artful management of its directors was discovered.'

In the heyday of its blood, during the progress of this dangerous delusion, the manners of the nation became sensibly corrupted. The parliamentary inquiry, set on foot to discover the delinquents, disclosed scenes of infamy, disgraceful alike to the morals of the offenders and the

intellects of the people among whom they had arisen. It is a deeply interesting study to investigate all the evils that were the result. Nations, like individuals, cannot become desperate gamblers with impunity. Punishment is sure to overtake them sooner or later. A celebrated writer[2] is quite wrong, when he says, 'that such an era as this is the most unfavourable for a historian; that no reader of sentiment and imagination can be entertained or interested by a detail of transactions such as these, which admit of no warmth, no colouring, no embellishment; a detail of which only serves to exhibit an inanimate picture of tasteless vice and mean degeneracy.' On the contrary — and Smollett might have discovered it, if he had been in the humour — the subject is capable of inspiring as much interest as even a novelist can desire. Is there no warmth in the despair of a plundered people? — no life and animation in the picture which might be drawn of the woes of hundreds of impoverished and ruined families? of the wealthy of yesterday become the beggars of today? of the powerful and influential changed into exiles and outcasts, and the voice of self-reproach and imprecation resounding from every corner of the land? Is it a dull or uninstructive picture to see a whole people shaking suddenly off the trammels of reason, and running wild after a golden vision, refusing obstinately to believe that it is not real, till, like a deluded hind running after an ignis fatuus, they are plunged into a quagmire? But in this false spirit has history too often been written. The intrigues of unworthy courtiers to gain the favour of still more unworthy kings; or the records of murderous battles and sieges have been dilated on, and told over and over again, with all the eloquence of style and all the charms of fancy; while the circumstances which have most deeply affected the morals and welfare of the people have been passed over with but slight notice as dry and dull, and capable of neither warmth nor colouring.

During the progress of this famous bubble, England presented a singular spectacle. The public mind was in a state of unwholesome fermentation. Men were no longer satisfied with the slow but sure profits of cautious industry. The hope of boundless wealth for the morrow made them heedless and extravagant for today. A luxury, till then unheard-of, was introduced, bringing in its train a corresponding laxity of morals. The overbearing insolence of ignorant men, who had arisen to sudden wealth by successful gambling, made men of true gentility of mind and manners blush that gold should have power to raise the unworthy in the scale of society. The haughtiness of some of these 'cyphering cits', as they were termed by Sir Richard Steele, was remembered against them in the day of their adversity. In the parliamentary inquiry, many of the directors suffered more for their insolence than for their peculation. One of them, who, in the full-blown pride of an ignorant rich man, had said that he would feed his horse upon gold, was reduced almost to bread and water for himself; every haughty look, every overbearing speech, was set down, and repaid them a hundredfold in poverty and humiliation.

The state of matters all over the country was so alarming, that George I shortened his intended stay in Hanover, and returned in all haste to England. He arrived on the 11th of November, and parliament was summoned to meet on the 8th of December. In the mean time, public meetings were held in every considerable town of the empire, at which petitions were adopted, praying the vengeance of the Legislature upon the South-Sea directors, who, by their fraudulent practices, had brought the nation to the brink of ruin. Nobody seemed to imagine that the nation itself was as culpable as the South-Sea Company. Nobody blamed the credulity and avarice of the people — the degrading lust of gain, which had swallowed up every nobler quality in the

national character, or the infatuation which had made the multitude run their heads with such frantic eagerness into the net held out for them by scheming projectors. These things were never mentioned. The people were a simple, honest, hardworking people, ruined by a gang of robbers, who were to be hanged, drawn, and quartered without mercy.

This was the almost unanimous feeling of the country. The two Houses of Parliament were not more reasonable. Before the guilt of the South-Sea directors was known, punishment was the only cry. The king, in his speech from the throne, expressed his hope that they would remember that all their prudence, temper, and resolution were necessary to find out and apply the proper remedy for their misfortunes. In the debate on the answer to the address, several speakers indulged in the most violent invectives against the directors of the South-Sea project. The Lord Molesworth was particularly vehement. 'It had been said by some, that there was no law to punish the directors of the South-Sea Company, who were justly looked upon as the authors of the present misfortunes of the state. In his opinion they ought upon this occasion to follow the example of the ancient Romans, who, having no law against parricide, because their legislators supposed no son could be so unnaturally wicked as to embrue his hands in his father's blood, made a law to punish this heinous crime as soon as it was committed. They adjudged the guilty wretch to be sown in a sack, and thrown alive into the Tiber. He looked upon the contrivers and executors of the villainous South-Sea scheme as the parricides of their country, and should be satisfied to see them tied in like manner in sacks, and thrown into the Thames.' Other members spoke with as much want of temper and discretion. Mr Walpole was more moderate. He recommended that their first care should be to restore public credit. 'If the city of London were on fire, all wise men would aid in extinguishing the

flames, and preventing the spread of the conflagration before they enquired after the incendiaries. Public credit had received a dangerous wound, and lay bleeding, and they ought to apply a speedy remedy to it. It was time enough to punish the assassin afterwards.' On the 9th of December an address, in answer to his majesty's speech, was agreed upon, after an amendment, which was carried without a division, that words should be added expressive of the determination of the house not only to seek a remedy for the national distresses, but to punish the authors of them.

The inquiry proceeded rapidly. The directors were ordered to lay before the house a full account of all their proceedings. Resolutions were passed to the effect that the calamity was mainly owing to the vile arts of stockjobbers, and that nothing could tend more to the reestablishment of public credit than a law to prevent this infamous practice. Mr Walpole then rose, and said, that 'as he had previously hinted, he had spent some time upon a scheme for restoring public credit, but that the execution of it depending upon a position which had been laid down as fundamental, he thought it proper, before he opened out his scheme, to be informed whether he might rely upon that foundation. It was, whether the subscription of public debts and encumbrances, money subscriptions, and other contracts, made with the SouthSea Company should remain in the present state?' This question occasioned an animated debate. It was finally agreed, by a majority of 259 against 117, that all these contracts should remain in their present state, unless altered for the relief of the proprietors by a general court of the South-Sea Company, or set aside by due course of law. On the following day Mr Walpole laid before a committee of the whole house his scheme for the restoration of public credit, which was, in substance, to engraft nine millions of South-Sea stock into the Bank of England, and the same sum into the East

India Company, upon certain conditions. The plan was favourably received by the house. After some few objections, it was ordered that proposals should be received from the two great corporations. They were both unwilling to lend their aid, and the plan met with a warm but fruitless opposition at the general courts summoned for the purpose of deliberating upon it. They, however, ultimately agreed upon the terms on which they would consent to circulate the South-Sea bonds, and their report, being presented to the committee, a bill was brought in, under the superintendence of Mr Walpole, and safely carried through both Houses of Parliament.

A bill was at the same time brought in, for restraining the South-Sea directors, governor, sub-governor, treasurer, cashier, and clerks from leaving the kingdom for a twelvemonth, and for discovering their estates and effects, and preventing them from transporting or alienating the same. All the most influential members of the house supported the bill. Mr Shippen, seeing Mr Secretary Craggs in his place, and believing the injurious rumours that were afloat of that minister's conduct in the SouthSea business, determined to touch him to the quick. He said, he was glad to see a British House of Commons resuming its pristine vigour and spirit, and acting with so much unanimity for the public good. It was necessary to secure the persons and estates of the South-Sea directors and their officers; 'but,' he added, looking fixedly at Mr Craggs as he spoke, 'there were other men in high station, whom, in time, he would not be afraid to name, who were no less guilty than the directors.' Mr Craggs arose in great wrath, and said, that if the innuendo were directed against him, he was ready to give satisfaction to any man who questioned him, either in the House or out of it. Loud cries of order immediately arose on every side. In the midst of the uproar Lord Molesworth got up, and expressed his wonder at the boldness of Mr Craggs in challenging

the whole House of Commons. He, Lord Molesworth, though somewhat old, past sixty, would answer Mr Craggs whatever he had to say in the House, and he trusted there were plenty of young men beside him, who would not be afraid to look Mr Craggs in the face, out of the House. The cries of order again resounded from every side; the members arose simultaneously; everybody seemed to be vociferating at once. The speaker in vain called order. The confusion lasted several minutes, during which Lord Molesworth and Mr Craggs were almost the only members who kept their seats. At last, the call for Mr Craggs became so violent that he thought proper to submit to the universal feeling of the House, and explain his unparliamentary expression. He said, that by giving satisfaction to the impugners of his conduct in that House, he did not mean that he would fight, but that he would explain his conduct. Here the matter ended, and the House proceeded to debate in what manner they should conduct their inquiry into the affairs of the SouthSea Company, whether in a grand or a select committee. Ultimately, a secret committee of thirteen was appointed, with power to send for persons, papers, and records.

The Lords were as zealous and as hasty as the Commons. The Bishop of Rochester said the scheme had been like a pestilence. The Duke of Wharton said the House ought to show no respect of persons; that, for his part, he would give up the dearest friend he had, if he had been engaged in the project. The nation had been plundered in a most shameful and flagrant manner, and he would go as far as anybody in the punishment of the offenders. Lord Stanhope said, that every farthing possessed by the criminals, whether directors or not directors, ought to be confiscated, to make good the public losses.

During all this time the public excitement was extreme. We learn, from

Coxe's Walpole, that the very name of a South-Sea director was thought to be synonymous with every species of fraud and villainy. Petitions from counties, cities, and boroughs, in all parts of the kingdom, were presented, crying for the justice due to an injured nation and the punishment of the villainous peculators. Those moderate men, who would not go to extreme lengths, even in the punishment of the guilty, were accused of being accomplices, were exposed to repeated insults and virulent invectives, and devoted, both in anonymous letters and public writings, to the speedy vengeance of an injured people. The accusations against Mr Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr Craggs, another member of the ministry, were so loud, that the House of Lords resolved to proceed at once into the investigation concerning them. It was ordered, on the 21st of January, that all brokers concerned in the South-Sea scheme should lay before the house an account of the stock or subscriptions bought or sold by them for any of the officers of the Treasury or Exchequer, or in trust for any of them, since Michaelmas 1719. When this account was delivered, it appeared that large quantities of stock had been transferred to the use of Mr Aislabie. Five of the South-Sea directors, including Mr Edward Gibbon, the grandfather of the celebrated historian, were ordered into the custody of the black rod. Upon a motion made by Earl Stanhope, it was unanimously resolved, that the taking in or giving credit for stock without a valuable consideration actually paid or sufficiently secured; or the purchasing stock by any director or agent of the South-Sea Company, for the use or benefit of any member of the administration, or any member of either House of Parliament, during such time as the South-Sea bill was yet pending in parliament, was a notorious and dangerous corruption. Another resolution was passed a few days afterwards, to the effect that several of the directors and officers of the company having, in a clandestine manner, sold

their own stock to the company, had been guilty of a notorious fraud and breach of trust, and had thereby mainly caused the unhappy turn of affairs that had so much affected public credit. Mr Aislabie resigned his office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and absented himself from parliament until the formal inquiry into his individual guilt was brought under the consideration of the legislature.

In the mean time, Knight, the treasurer of the company, and who was entrusted with all the dangerous secrets of the dishonest directors, packed up his books and documents, and made his escape from the country. He embarked in disguise, in a small boat on the river, and proceeding to a vessel hired for the purpose, was safely conveyed to Calais. The Committee of Secrecy informed the House of the circumstance, when it was resolved unanimously that two addresses should be presented to the king; the first praying that he would issue a proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of Knight; and the second, that he would give immediate orders to stop the ports, and to take effectual care of the coasts, to prevent the said Knight, or any other officers of the South-Sea Company, from escaping out of the kingdom. The ink was hardly dry upon these addresses before they were carried to the king by Mr Methuen, deputed by the House for that purpose. The same evening a royal proclamation was issued, offering a reward of two thousand pounds for the apprehension of Knight. The Commons ordered the doors of the House to be locked, and the keys to be placed upon the table. General Ross, one of the members of the Committee of Secrecy, acquainted them that they had already discovered a train of the deepest villainy and fraud that hell had ever contrived to ruin a nation, which in due time they would lay before the House. In the mean time, in order to a further discovery, the Committee thought it highly necessary to secure the

persons of some of the directors and principal South-Sea officers, and to seize their papers. A motion to this effect having been made, was carried unanimously. Sir Robert Chaplin, Sir Theodore Janssen, Mr Sawbridge, and Mr F. Eyles, members of the House, and directors of the South-Sea Company, were summoned to appear in their places, and answer for their corrupt practices. Sir Theodore Janssen and Mr Sawbridge answered to their names, and endeavoured to exculpate themselves. The House heard them patiently, and then ordered them to withdraw. A motion was then made, and carried nemine contradicente, that they had been guilty of a notorious breach of trust — had occasioned much loss to great numbers of his majesty's subjects, and had highly prejudiced the public credit. It was then ordered that, for their offence, they should be expelled the House, and taken into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. Sir Robert Chaplin and Mr Eyles, attending in their places four days afterwards, were also expelled the House. It was resolved at the same time to address the king to give directions to his ministers at foreign courts to make application for Knight, that he might be delivered up to the English authorities, in case he took refuge in any of their dominions. The king at once agreed, and messengers were despatched to all parts of the Continent the same night.

Among the directors taken into custody, was Sir John Blunt, the man whom popular opinion has generally accused of having been the original author and father of the scheme. This man, we are informed by Pope, in his epistle to Allen, Lord Bathurst, was a dissenter, of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. He constantly declaimed against the luxury and corruption of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the misery of party spirit. He was particularly eloquent against avarice in great and noble persons. He was originally a scrivener, and afterwards

became, not only a director, but the most active manager of the South-Sea Company. Whether it was during his career in this capacity that he first began to declaim against the avarice of the great, we are not informed. He certainly must have seen enough of it to justify his severest anathema; but if the preacher had himself been free from the vice he condemned, his declamations would have had a better effect. He was brought up in custody to the bar of the House of Lords, and underwent a long examination. He refused to answer several important questions. He said he had been examined already by a committee of the House of Commons, and as he did not remember his answers, and might contradict himself, he refused to answer before another tribunal. This declaration, in itself an indirect proof of guilt, occasioned some commotion in the House. He was again asked peremptorily whether he had ever sold any portion of the stock to any member of the administration, or any member of either House of Parliament, to facilitate the passing of the bill. He again declined to answer. He was anxious, he said, to treat the House with all possible respect, but he thought it hard to be compelled to accuse himself. After several ineffectual attempts to refresh his memory, he was directed to withdraw. A violent discussion ensued between the friends and opponents of the ministry. It was asserted that the administration were no strangers to the convenient taciturnity of Sir John Blunt. The Duke of Wharton made a reflection upon the Earl Stanhope, which the latter warmly resented. He spoke under great excitement, and with such vehemence as to cause a sudden determination of blood to the head. He felt himself so ill that he was obliged to leave the House and retire to his chamber. He was cupped immediately, and also let blood on the following morning, but with slight relief. The fatal result was not anticipated. Towards evening he became drowsy, and turning himself on his face, expired. The sudden death of this statesman caused great

grief to the nation. George I was exceedingly affected, and shut himself up for some hours in his closet, inconsolable for his loss.

Knight, the treasurer of the company, was apprehended at Tirlemont, near Liège, by one of the secretaries of Mr Leathes, the British resident at Brussels, and lodged in the citadel of Antwerp. Repeated applications were made to the court of Austria to deliver him up, but in vain. Knight threw himself upon the protection of the states of Brabant, and demanded to be tried in that country. It was a privilege granted to the states of Brabant by one of the articles of the Foyeuse Entrée, that every criminal apprehended in that country should be tried in that country. The states insisted on their privilege, and refused to deliver Knight to the British authorities. The latter did not cease their solicitations; but in the mean time, Knight escaped from the citadel.

On the 16th of February the Committee of Secrecy made their first report to the House. They stated that their inquiry had been attended with numerous difficulties and embarrassments; everyone they had examined had endeavoured, as far as in him lay, to defeat the ends of justice. In some of the books produced before them, false and fictitious entries had been made; in others, there were entries of money, with blanks for the name of the stockholders. There were frequent erasures and alterations, and in some of the books leaves were torn out. They also found that some books of great importance had been destroyed altogether, and that some had been taken away or secreted. At the very entrance into their inquiry, they had observed that the matters referred to them were of great variety and extent. Many persons had been entrusted with various parts in the execution of the law, and under colour thereof had acted in an unwarrantable manner, in disposing of the properties of many thousands of persons, amounting to many millions of

money. They discovered that, before the SouthSea Act was passed, there was an entry in the company's books of the sum of £1,259,325, upon account of stock stated to have been sold to the amount of £574,500. This stock was all fictitious, and had been disposed of with a view to promote the passing of the bill. It was noted as sold at various days, and at various prices, from 150 to 325 per cent. Being surprised to see so large an account disposed of, at a time when the company were not empowered to increase their capital, the Committee determined to investigate most carefully the whole transaction. The governor, sub-governor, and several directors were brought before them, and examined rigidly. They found that, at the time these entries were made, the company was not in possession of such a quantity of stock, having in their own right only a small quantity, not exceeding thirty thousand pounds at the utmost. Pursuing the inquiry, they found that this amount of stock was to be esteemed as taken in or holden by the company for the benefit of the pretended purchasers, although no mutual agreement was made for its delivery or acceptance at any certain time. No money was paid down, nor any deposit or security whatever given to the company by the supposed purchasers; so that if the stock had fallen, as might have been expected, had the act not passed, they would have sustained no loss. If, on the contrary, the price of stock advanced (as it actually did by the success of the scheme), the difference by the advanced price was to be made good to them. Accordingly, after the passing of the act, the account of stock was made up and adjusted with Mr Knight, and the pretended purchasers were paid the difference out of the company's cash. This fictitious stock, which had been chiefly at the disposal of Sir John Blunt, Mr Gibbon, and Mr Knight, was distributed among several members of the government and their connections, by way of bribe, to facilitate the passing of the bill. To the Earl of Sunderland was

assigned £50,000 of this stock; to the Duchess of Kendal £10,000; to the Countess of Platen £10,000; to her two nieces £10,000; to Mr Secretary Craggs £30,000; to Mr Charles Stanhope (one of the secretaries of the Treasury) £10,000; to the Swordblade company £50,000. It also appeared that Mr Stanhope had received the enormous sum of £250,000 as the difference in the price of some stock, through the hands of Turner, Caswall, and Co., but that his name had been partly erased from their books, and altered to Stangape. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had made profits still more abominable. He had an account with the same firm, who were also South-Sea directors, to the amount of £794,451. He had, besides, advised the company to make their second subscription one million and a half, instead of a million, by their own authority, and without any warrant. The third subscription had been conducted in a manner as disgraceful. Mr Aislabie's name was down for £70,000; Mr Craggs, senior, for £659,000; the Earl of Sunderland's for £160,000; and Mr Stanhope for £47,000. This report was succeeded by six others, less important. At the end of the last, the committee declared that the absence of Knight, who had been principally entrusted, prevented them from carrying on their enquiries.

The first report was ordered to be printed, and taken into consideration on the next day but one succeeding. After a very angry and animated debate, a series of resolutions were agreed to, condemnatory of the conduct of the directors, of the members of the parliament and of the administration concerned with them; and declaring that they ought, each and all, to make satisfaction out of their own estates for the injury they had done the public. Their practices were declared to be corrupt, infamous, and dangerous; and a bill was ordered to be brought in for the relief of the unhappy sufferers.

Mr Charles Stanhope was the first person brought to account for his

share in these transactions. He urged in his defence that, for some years past, he had lodged all the money he was possessed of in Mr Knight's hands, and whatever stock Mr Knight had taken in for him, he had paid a valuable consideration for it. As to the stock that had been bought for him by Turner, Caswall, and Co., he knew nothing about it. Whatever had been done in that matter was done without his authority, and he could not be responsible for it. Turner and Co. took the latter charge upon themselves; but it was notorious to every unbiassed and unprejudiced person that Mr Stanhope was a gainer of the £250,000 which lay in the hands of that firm to his credit. He was, however, acquitted by a majority of three only. The greatest exertions were made to screen him. Lord Stanhope, the son of the Earl of Chesterfield, went round to the wavering members, using all the eloquence he was possessed of to induce them either to vote for the acquittal or to absent themselves from the House. Many weak-headed country gentlemen were led astray by his persuasions, and the result was as already stated. The acquittal caused the greatest discontent throughout the country. Mobs of a menacing character assembled in different parts of London; fears of riots were generally entertained, especially as the examination of a still greater delinquent was expected by many to have a similar termination. Mr Aislabie, whose high office and deep responsibilities should have kept him honest, even had native principle been insufficient, was very justly regarded as perhaps the greatest criminal of all. His case was entered into on the day succeeding the acquittal of Mr Stanhope. Great excitement prevailed, and the lobbies and avenues of the House were beset by crowds, impatient to know the result. The debate lasted the whole day. Mr Aislabie found few friends: his guilt was so apparent and so heinous that nobody had courage to stand up in his favour. It was finally resolved, without a dissentient voice, that Mr Aislabie had

encouraged and promoted the destructive execution of the South-Sea scheme with a view to his own exorbitant profit, and had combined with the directors in their pernicious practices, to the ruin of the public trade and credit of the kingdom: that he should for his offences be ignominiously expelled from the House of Commons, and committed a close prisoner to the Tower of London; that he should be restrained from going out of the kingdom for a whole year, or till the end of the next session of Parliament; and that he should make out a correct account of all his estate, in order that it might be applied to the relief of those who had suffered by his malpractices.

This verdict caused the greatest joy. Though it was delivered at half-past twelve at night, it soon spread over the city. Several persons illuminated their houses in token of their joy. On the following day, when Mr Aislabie was conveyed to the Tower, the mob assembled on Tower-hill with the intention of hooting and pelting him. Not succeeding in this, they kindled a large bonfire, and danced around it in the exuberance of their delight. Several bonfires were made in other places; London presented the appearance of a holiday, and people congratulated one another as if they had just escaped from some great calamity. The rage upon the acquittal of Mr Stanhope had grown to such a height that none could tell where it would have ended, had Mr Aislabie met with the like indulgence.

To increase the public satisfaction, Sir George Caswall, of the firm of Turner, Caswall, and Co., was expelled from the House on the following day, committed to the Tower, and ordered to refund the sum of £250,000.

That part of the report of the Committee of Secrecy which related to the Earl of Sunderland was next taken into consideration. Every effort was made to clear his lordship from the imputation. As the case against him rested chiefly on the evidence extorted from Sir John Blunt, great pains were taken

to make it appear that Sir John's word was not to be believed, especially in a matter affecting the honour of a peer and privy councillor. All the friends of the ministry rallied around the earl, it being generally reported that a verdict of guilty against him would bring a Tory ministry into power. He was eventually acquitted by a majority of 233 against 172; but the country was convinced of his guilt. The greatest indignation was everywhere expressed, and menacing mobs again assembled in London. Happily no disturbances took place.

This was the day on which Mr Craggs the elder expired. The morrow had been appointed for the consideration of his case. It was very generally believed that he had poisoned himself. It appeared, however, that grief for the loss of his son, one of the secretaries of the Treasury, who had died five weeks previously of the smallpox, preyed much on his mind. For this son, dearly beloved, he had been amassing vast heaps of riches: he had been getting money, but not honestly; and he for whose sake he had bartered his honour and sullied his fame, was now no more. The dread of further exposure increased his trouble of mind, and ultimately brought on an apoplectic fit, in which he expired. He left a fortune of a million and a half, which was afterwards confiscated for the benefit of the sufferers by the unhappy delusion he had been so mainly instrumental in raising.

One by one the case of every director of the company was taken into consideration. A sum amounting to two millions and fourteen thousand pounds was confiscated from their estates towards repairing the mischief they had done, each man being allowed a certain residue, in proportion to his conduct and circumstances, with which he might begin the world anew. Sir John Blunt was only allowed £5,000 out of his fortune of upwards of £183,000; Sir John Fellows was allowed £10,000 out of £243,000; Sir

Theodore Janssen, £50,000 out of £243,000; Mr Edward Gibbon, £10,000 out of £106,000; Sir John Lambert, £5,000 out of £72,000. Others, less deeply involved, were treated with greater liberality. Gibbon, the historian, whose grandfather was the Mr Edward Gibbon so severely mulcted, has given, in the Memoirs of his Life and Writings, an interesting account of the proceedings in parliament at this time. He owns that he is not an unprejudiced witness; but, as all the writers from which it is possible to extract any notice of the proceedings of these disastrous years were prejudiced on the other side, the statements of the great historian become of additional value. If only on the principle of audi alteram partem, his opinion is entitled to consideration. 'In the year 1716,' he says, 'my grandfather was elected one of the directors of the South-Sea company, and his books exhibited the proof that before his acceptance of that fatal office, he had acquired an independent fortune of £60,000. But his fortune was overwhelmed in the shipwreck of the year 1720, and the labours of thirty years were blasted in a single day. Of the use or abuse of the South-Sea scheme, of the guilt or innocence of my grandfather and his brother directors, I am neither a competent nor a disinterested judge. Yet the equity of modern times must condemn the violent and arbitrary proceedings, which would have disgraced the cause of justice, and rendered injustice still more odious. No sooner had the nation awakened from its golden dream, than a popular, and even a parliamentary clamour demanded its victims; but it was acknowledged on all sides, that the directors, however guilty, could not be touched by any known laws of the land. The intemperate notions of Lord Molesworth were not literally acted on; but a bill of pains and penalties was introduced — a retroactive statute, to punish the offences which did not exist at the time they were committed. The legislature restrained the persons of the directors, imposed an exorbitant security for

their appearance, and marked their character with a previous note of ignominy. They were compelled to deliver, upon oath, the strict value of their estates, and were disabled from making any transfer or alienation of any part of their property. Against a bill of pains and penalties, it is the common right of every subject to be heard by his counsel at the bar. They prayed to be heard. Their prayer was refused, and their oppressors, who required no evidence, would listen to no defence. It had been at first proposed, that one-eighth of their respective estates should be allowed for the future support of the directors; but it was especially urged that, in the various shades of opulence and guilt, such a proportion would be too light for many, and for some might possibly be too heavy. The character and conduct of each man were separately weighed; but, instead of the calm solemnity of a judicial inquiry, the fortune and honour of thirty-three Englishmen were made the topics of hasty conversation, the sport of a law-less majority; and the basest member of the committee, by a malicious word, or a silent vote, might indulge his general spleen or personal animosity. Injury was aggravated by insult, and insult was embittered by pleasantry. Allowances of £20 or 1s. were facetiously moved. A vague report that a director had formerly been concerned in another project, by which some unknown persons had lost their money, was admitted as a proof of his actual guilt. One man was ruined because he had dropped a foolish speech, that his horses should feed upon gold; another, because he was grown so proud, that one day, at the Treasury, he had refused a civil answer to persons much above him. All were condemned, absent and unheard, in arbitrary fines and forfeitures, which swept away the greatest part of their substance. Such bold oppression can scarcely be shielded by the omnipotence of parliament. My grandfather could not expect to be treated with more lenity than his companions. His Tory

principles and connections rendered him obnoxious to the ruling powers. His name was reported in a suspicious secret. His well-known abilities could not plead the excuse of ignorance or error. In the first proceedings against the South-Sea directors, Mr Gibbon was one of the first taken into custody, and in the final sentence the measure of his fine proclaimed him eminently guilty. The total estimate, which he delivered on oath to the House of Commons, amounted to £106,543 5s. 6d., exclusive of antecedent settlements. Two different allowances of £15,000 and of £10,000 were moved for Mr Gibbon; but, on the question being put, it was carried without a division for the smaller sum. On these ruins, with the skill and credit of which parliament had not been able to despoil him, my grandfather, at a mature age, erected the edifice of a new fortune. The labours of sixteen years were amply rewarded; and I have reason to believe that the second structure was not much inferior to the first.'

The next consideration of the legislature, after the punishment of the directors, was to restore public credit. The scheme of Walpole had been found insufficient, and had fallen into disrepute. A computation was made of the whole capital stock of the South-Sea Company at the end of the year 1720. It was found to amount to thirty-seven millions eight hundred thousand pounds, of which the stock allotted to all the proprietors only amounted to twenty-four millions five hundred thousand pounds. The remainder of thirteen millions three hundred thousand pounds belonged to the company in their corporate capacity, and was the profit they had made by the national delusion. Upwards of eight millions of this were taken from the company, and divided among the proprietors and subscribers generally, making a dividend of about £33 6s. 8d. per cent. This was a great relief. It was further ordered, that such persons as had borrowed money from the South-Sea

Company upon stock actually transferred and pledged at the time of borrowing to or for the use of the company, should be free from all demands, upon payment of ten per cent of the sums so borrowed. They had lent about eleven millions in this manner, at a time when prices were unnaturally raised; and they now received back one million one hundred thousand, when prices had sunk to their ordinary level.

But it was a long time before public credit was thoroughly restored. Enterprise, like Icarus, had soared too high, and melted the wax of her wings; like Icarus, she had fallen into a sea, and learned, while floundering in its waves, that her proper element was the solid ground. She has never since attempted so high a flight.

In times of great commercial prosperity there has been a tendency to over-speculation on several occasions since then. The success of one project generally produces others of a similar kind. Popular imitativeness will always, in a trading nation, seize hold of such successes, and drag a community too anxious for profits into an abyss from which extrication is difficult. Bubble companies, of a kind similar to those engendered by the South-Sea project, lived their little day in the famous year of the panic, 1825. On that occasion, as in 1720, knavery gathered a rich harvest from cupidity, but both suffered when the day of reckoning came. The schemes of the year 1836 threatened, at one time, results as disastrous; but they were happily averted before it was too late.[3]

注　释

〔1〕 Gay (the poet), in that disastrous year, had a present from young Craggs of some South-Sea stock, and once supposed himself to be master of twenty thousand pounds. His friends persuaded him

to sell his share, but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase a hundred a year for life, 'which,' says Fenton, 'will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day.' This counsel was rejected; the profit and principal were lost, and Gay sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger. — Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

〔2〕 Smollett.

〔3〕 The South-Sea project remained until 1845 the greatest example in British history of the infatuation of the people for commercial gambling. The first edition of these volumes was published some time before the outbreak of the Great Railway Mania of that and the following year.

3
The Tulipomania

Quis furor ō cives!

Lucan

The tulip, so named, it is said, from a Turkish word, signifying a turban — was introduced into western Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century. Conrad Gesner, who claims the merit of having brought it into repute — little dreaming of the extraordinary commotion it was to make in the world — says that he first saw it in the year 1559, in a garden at Augsburg, belonging to the learned Counsellor Herwart, a man very famous in his day for his collection of rare exotics. The bulbs were sent to this gentleman by a friend at Constantinople, where the flower had long been a favourite. In the course of ten or eleven years after this period, tulips were much sought after by the wealthy, especially in Holland and Germany. Rich people at Amsterdam sent for the bulbs direct to Constantinople, and paid the most extravagant prices for them. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna in 1600. Until the year 1634 the tulip annually increased in reputation, until it was deemed a proof of bad taste in any man of fortune to be without a collection of them. Many learned men, including Pompeius de Angelis and the celebrated Lipsius of Leyden, the author of the treatise 'De Constantia', were passionately fond of tulips. The rage for possessing them soon caught the middle classes of society, and merchants

and shopkeepers, even of moderate means, began to vie with each other in the rarity of these flowers and the preposterous prices they paid for them. A trader at Harlaem was known to pay one-half of his fortune for a single root, not with the design of selling it again at a profit, but to keep in his own conservatory for the admiration of his acquaintance.

One would suppose that there must have been some great virtue in this flower to have made it so valuable in the eyes of so prudent a people as the Dutch; but it has neither the beauty nor the perfume of the rose — hardly the beauty of the 'sweet, sweet-pea'; neither is it as enduring as either. Cowley, it is true, is loud in its praise. He says:

> The tulip next appeared, all over gay,
> But wanton, full of pride, and full of play;
> The world can't show a dye but here has place;
> Nay, by new mixtures, she can change her face;
> Purple and gold are both beneath her care,
> The richest needlework she loves to wear;
> Her only study is to please the eye,
> And to outshine the rest in finery.

This, though not very poetical, is the description of a poet. Beckmann, in his History of Inventions, paints it with more fidelity, and in prose more pleasing than Cowley's poetry. He says,

> There are few plants which acquire, through accident, weakness, or disease, so many variegations as the tulip. When uncultivated, and in its natural state, it is almost of one colour, has large leaves, and an extraordinarily long stem. When it has been weakened by cultivation, it becomes more agreeable in the

eyes of the florist. The petals are then paler, smaller, and more diversified in hue; and the leaves acquire a softer green colour. Thus this masterpiece of culture, the more beautiful it turns, grows so much the weaker, so that, with the greatest skill and most careful attention, it can scarcely be transplanted, or even kept alive.

Many persons grow insensibly attached to that which gives them a great deal of trouble, as a mother often loves her sick and ever-ailing child better than her more healthy offspring. Upon the same principle we must account for the unmerited encomia lavished upon these fragile blossoms. In 1634, the rage among the Dutch to possess them was so great that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the population, even to its lowest dregs, embarked in the tulip trade. As the mania increased, prices augmented, until, in the year 1635, many persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty roots. It then became necessary to sell them by their weight in perits, a small weight less than a grain. A tulip of the species called Admiral Liefken, weighing 400 perits, was worth 4,400 florins; an Admiral Van der Eyck, weighing 446 perits, was worth 1,260 florins; a Childer of 106 perits was worth 1,615 florins; a Viceroy of 400 perits, 3,000 florins, and, most precious of all, a Semper Augustus, weighing 200 perits, was thought to be very cheap at 5,500 florins. The latter was much sought after, and even an inferior bulb might command a price of 2,000 florins. It is related that, at one time, early in 1636, there were only two roots of this description to be had in all Holland, and those not of the best. One was in the possession of a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other in Harlaem. So anxious were the speculators to obtain them that one person offered the fee-simple of twelve acres of building ground for the Harlaem tulip. That of Amsterdam was bought for 4,600 florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete

suit of harness. Munting, an industrious author of that day, who wrote a folio volume of one thousand pages upon the tulipomania, has preserved the following list of the various articles, and their value, which were delivered for one single root of the rare species called the Viceroy:

	florins
Two lasts of wheat	448
Four lasts of rye	558
Four fat oxen	480
Eight fat swine	240
Twelve fat sheep	120
Two hogsheads of wine	70
Four tuns of beer	32
Two tons of butter	192
One thousand lbs. of cheese	120
A complete bed	100
A suit of clothes	80
A silver drinking cup	60
	2,500

People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return when this folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing instance of the kind related in Blainville's Travels. A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions, and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no

doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slily seized an opportunity and slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable Semper Augustus, worth three thousand florins, or about £280 sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was everywhere made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed, but again without success. At last someone thought of the sailor.

The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his 'onion'. Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, 'might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole court of the Stadtholder'. Anthony caused pearls to be dissolved in wine to drink the health of Cleopatra; Sir Richard Whittington was as foolishly magnificent in an entertainment to King Henry V; and Sir Thomas Gresham drank a diamond, dissolved in wine, to the health of Queen Elizabeth, when she opened the Royal Exchange; but the breakfast of this roguish Dutchman was as splendid as either. He had an advantage, too, over his wasteful predecessors: their gems did not improve the taste or the wholesomeness of their wine, while his tulip was quite delicious with his red herring. The most unfortunate part of the business for him was that he remained in prison for some months on a charge of felony preferred against him by the merchant.

Another story is told of an English traveller, which is scarcely less

ludicrous. This gentleman, an amateur botanist, happened to see a tulip-root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. Being ignorant of its quality, he took out his penknife, and peeled off its coats, with the view of making experiments upon it. When it was by this means reduced to half its original size, he cut it into two equal sections, making all the time many learned remarks on the singular appearances of the unknown bulb. Suddenly the owner pounced upon him, and, with fury in his eyes, asked him if he knew what he had been doing? 'Peeling a most extraordinary onion,' replied the philosopher. 'Hundert tausend duyvel!' said the Dutchman; 'it's an Admiral Van der Eyck.' 'Thank you,' replied the traveller, taking out his notebook to make a memorandum of the same; 'are these admirals common in your country?' 'Death and the devil,' said the Dutchman, seizing the astonished man of science by the collar; 'come before the syndic, and you shall see.' In spite of his remonstrances, the traveller was led through the streets, followed by a mob of persons. When brought into the presence of the magistrate, he learned, to his consternation, that the root upon which he had been experimentalising was worth four thousand florins; and, notwithstanding all he could urge in extenuation, he was lodged in prison until he found securities for the payment of this sum.

The demand for tulips of a rare species increased so much in the year 1636, that regular marts for their sale were established on the Stock Exchange of Amsterdam, in Rotterdam, Harlaem, Leyden, Alkmar, Hoorn, and other towns. Symptoms of gambling now became, for the first time, apparent. The stock-jobbers, ever on the alert for a new speculation, dealt largely in tulips, making use of all the means they so well knew how to employ, to cause fluctuations in prices. At first, as in all these gambling mania, confidence was at its height, and everybody gained. The tulip-jobbers speculated in the rise

and fall of the tulip stocks, and made large profits by buying when prices fell, and selling out when they rose. Many individuals grew suddenly rich. A golden bait hung temptingly out before the people, and, one after the other, they rushed to the tulip marts, like flies around a honey-pot. Everyone imagined that the passion for tulips would last for ever, and that the wealthy from every part of the world would send to Holland, and pay whatever prices were asked for them. The riches of Europe would be concentrated on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and poverty banished from the favoured clime of Holland. Nobles, citizens, farmers, mechanics, seamen, footmen, maidservants, even chimney-sweeps and old clotheswomen, dabbled in tulips. People of all grades converted their property into cash, and invested it in flowers. Houses and lands were offered for sale at ruinously low prices, or assigned in payment of bargains made at the tulip-mart. Foreigners became smitten with the same frenzy, and money poured into Holland from all directions. The prices of the necessaries of life rose again by degrees: houses and lands, horses and carriages, and luxuries of every sort, rose in value with them, and for some months Holland seemed the very antechamber of Plutus. The operations of the trade became so extensive and so intricate, that it was found necessary to draw up a code of laws for the guidance of the dealers. Notaries and clerks were also appointed, who devoted themselves exclusively to the interests of the trade. The designation of public notary was hardly known in some towns, that of tulip-notary usurping its place. In the smaller towns, where there was no exchange, the principal tavern was usually selected as the 'show-place', where high and low traded in tulips, and confirmed their bargains over sumptuous entertainments. These dinners were sometimes attended by two or three hundred persons, and large vases of tulips, in full bloom, were placed at regular intervals upon the tables and

sideboards, for their gratification during the repast.

At last, however, the more prudent began to see that this folly could not last for ever. Rich people no longer bought the flowers to keep them in their gardens, but to sell them again at cent per cent profit. It was seen that somebody must lose fearfully in the end. As this conviction spread, prices fell, and never rose again. Confidence was destroyed, and a universal panic seized upon the dealers. A had agreed to purchase ten Sempers Augustines from B, at four thousand florins each, at six weeks after the signing of the contract. B was ready with the flowers at the appointed time; but the price had fallen to three or four hundred florins, and A refused either to pay the difference or receive the tulips. Defaulters were announced day after day in all the towns of Holland. Hundreds who, a few months previously, had begun to doubt that there was such a thing as poverty in the land, suddenly found themselves the possessors of a few bulbs, which nobody would buy, even though they offered them at one quarter of the sums they had paid for them. The cry of distress resounded everywhere, and each man accused his neighbour. The few who had contrived to enrich themselves hid their wealth from the knowledge of their fellowcitizens, and invested it in the English or other funds. Many who, for a brief season, had emerged from the humbler walks of life, were cast back into their original obscurity. Substantial merchants were reduced almost to beggary, and many a representative of a noble line saw the fortunes of his house ruined beyond redemption.

When the first alarm subsided, the tulip-holders in the several towns held public meetings to devise what measures were best to be taken to restore public credit. It was generally agreed, that deputies should be sent from all parts to Amsterdam, to consult with the government upon some remedy for the evil. The government at first refused to interfere, but advised the tulip-

holders to agree to some plan among themselves. Several meetings were held for this purpose; but no measure could be devised likely to give satisfaction to the deluded people, or repair even a slight portion of the mischief that had been done. The language of complaint and reproach was in everybody's mouth, and all the meetings were of the most stormy character. At last, however, after much bickering and ill-will, it was agreed, at Amsterdam, by the assembled deputies, that all contracts made in the height of the mania, or prior to the month of November 1636, should be declared null and void, and that, in those made after that date, purchasers should be freed from their engagements, on paying ten per cent to the vendor. This decision gave no satisfaction. The vendors who had their tulips on hand were, of course, discontented, and those who had pledged themselves to purchase, thought themselves hardly treated. Tulips which had, at one time, been worth six thousand florins, were now to be procured for five hundred; so that the composition of ten per cent was one hundred florins more than the actual value. Actions for breach of contract were threatened in all the courts of the country; but the latter refused to take cognisance of gambling transactions.

The matter was finally referred to the Provincial Council at the Hague, and it was confidently expected that the wisdom of this body would invent some measure by which credit should be restored. Expectation was on the stretch for its decision, but it never came. The members continued to deliberate week after week, and at last, after thinking about it for three months, declared that they could offer no final decision until they had more information. They advised, however, that, in the mean time, every vendor should, in the presence of witnesses, offer the tulips in natura to the purchaser for the sums agreed upon. If the latter refused to take them, they might be put up for sale by public auction, and the original contractor held responsible for

the difference between the actual and the stipulated price. This was exactly the plan recommended by the deputies, and which was already shown to be of no avail. There was no court in Holland which would enforce payment. The question was raised in Amsterdam, but the judges unanimously refused to interfere, on the ground that debts contracted in gambling were no debts in law.

Thus the matter rested. To find a remedy was beyond the power of the government. Those who were unlucky enough to have had stores of tulips on hand at the time of the sudden reaction were left to bear their ruin as philosophically as they could; those who had made profits were allowed to keep them; but the commerce of the country suffered a severe shock, from which it was many years ere it recovered.

The example of the Dutch was imitated to some extent in England. In the year 1636 tulips were publicly sold in the Exchange of London, and the jobbers exerted themselves to the utmost to raise them to the fictitious value they had acquired in Amsterdam. In Paris also the jobbers strove to create a tulipomania. In both cities they only partially succeeded. However, the force of example brought the flowers into great favour, and amongst a certain class of people tulips have ever since been prized more highly than any other flowers of the field. The Dutch are still notorious for their partiality to them, and continue to pay higher prices for them than any other people. As the rich Englishman boasts of his fine racehorses or his old pictures, so does the wealthy Dutchman vaunt him of his tulips.

In England, in our day, strange as it may appear, a tulip will produce more money than an oak. If one could be found, rara in terris, and black as the black swan alluded to by Juvenal, its price would equal that of a dozen acres of standing corn. In Scotland, towards the close of the seventeenth

century, the highest price for tulips, according to the authority of a writer in the supplement to the third edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, was ten guineas. Their value appears to have diminished from that time till the year 1769, when the two most valuable species in England were the Don Quevedo and the Valentinier, the former of which was worth two guineas and the latter two guineas and a half. These prices appear to have been the minimum. In the year 1800, a common price was fifteen guineas for a single bulb. In 1835, so foolish were the fanciers that a bulb of the species called the Miss Fanny Kemble was sold by public auction in London for seventy-five pounds. Still more remarkable was the price of a tulip in the possession of a gardener in the King's Road, Chelsea; in his catalogues it was labelled at two hundred guineas.

4
The Slow Poisoners

PESCARA	The like was never read of.
STEPHANO	In my judgement, To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear A most impossible fable.
PESCARA	Troth, I'll tell you, And briefly as I can, by what degrees They fell into this madness.

Duke of Milan

The atrocious system of poisoning, by poisons so slow in their operation, as to make the victim appear, to ordinary observers, as if dying from a gradual decay of nature, has been practised in all ages. Those who are curious in the matter may refer to Beckmann on Secret Poisons, in his History of Inventions, in which he has collected several instances of it from the Greek and Roman writers. Early in the sixteenth century the crime seems to have gradually increased, till, in the seventeenth, it spread over Europe like a pestilence. It was often exercised by pretended witches and sorcerers, and finally became a branch of education amongst all who laid any claim to magical and supernatural arts. In the twenty-first year of Henry VIII an act was passed, rendering it high-treason: those found guilty of it, were to be boiled to death.

One of the first in point of date, and hardly second to any in point of

atrocity, is the murder by this means of Sir Thomas Overbury, which disgraced the court of James I, in the year 1613. A slight sketch of it will be a fitting introduction to the history of the poisoning mania, which was so prevalent in France and Italy fifty years later.

Robert Kerr, a Scottish youth, was early taken notice of by James I, and loaded with honours, for no other reason that the world could ever discover than the beauty of his person. James, even in his own day, was suspected of being addicted to the most abominable of all offences, and the more we examine his history now, the stronger the suspicion becomes. However that may be, the handsome Kerr, lending his smooth cheek, even in public, to the disgusting kisses of his royal master, rose rapidly in favour. In the year 1613, he was made Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and created an English peer, by the style and title of Viscount Rochester. Still further honours were in store for him.

In this rapid promotion he had not been without a friend. Sir Thomas Overbury, the King's secretary — who appears, from some threats in his own letters, to have been no better than a pander to the vices of the King, and privy to his dangerous secrets — exerted all his backstair influence to forward the promotion of Kerr, by whom he was, doubtless, repaid in some way or other. Overbury did not confine his friendship to this, if friendship ever could exist between two such men, but acted the part of an entremetteur, and assisted Rochester to carry on an adulterous intrigue with the Lady Frances Howard, the wife of the Earl of Essex. This woman was a person of violent passions, and lost to all sense of shame. Her husband was in her way, and to be freed from him, she instituted proceedings for a divorce, on grounds which a woman of any modesty or delicacy of feeling would die rather than avow. Her scandalous suit was successful, and was no sooner decided than

preparations, on a scale of the greatest magnificence, were made for her marriage with Lord Rochester.

Sir Thomas Overbury, who had willingly assisted his patron to intrigue with the Countess of Essex, seems to have imagined that his marriage with so vile a woman might retard his advancement; he accordingly employed all his influence to dissuade him from it. But Rochester was bent on the match, and his passions were as violent as those of the Countess. On one occasion, when Overbury and the Viscount were walking in the gallery of Whitehall, Overbury was overheard to say, 'Well, my Lord, if you do marry that base woman, you will utterly ruin your honour and yourself. You shall never do it with my advice or consent; and, if you do, you had best look to stand fast.' Rochester flung from him in a rage, exclaiming with an oath, 'I will be even with you for this.' These words were the death-warrant of the unfortunate Overbury. He had mortally wounded the pride of Rochester in insinuating that by his (Overbury's) means he might be lowered in the King's favour; and he had endeavoured to curb the burning passions of a heartless, dissolute, and reckless man.

Overbury's imprudent remonstrances were reported to the Countess; and from that moment, she also vowed the most deadly vengeance against him. With a fiendish hypocrisy, however, they both concealed their intentions, and Overbury, at the solicitation of Rochester, was appointed ambassador to the court of Russia. This apparent favour was but the first step in a deep and deadly plot. Rochester, pretending to be warmly attached to the interests of Overbury, advised him to refuse the embassy, which, he said, was but a trick to get him out of the way. He promised, at the same time, to stand between him and any evil consequences which might result from his refusal. Overbury fell into the snare, and declined the embassy. James, offended, immediately

ordered his committal to the Tower.

He was now in safe custody, and his enemies had opportunity to commence the work of vengeance. The first thing Rochester did was to procure, by his influence at court, the dismissal of the Lieutenant of the Tower, and the appointment of Sir Jervis Elwes, one of his creatures, to the vacant post. This man was but one instrument, and another being necessary, was found in Richard Weston, a fellow who had formerly been shopman to a druggist. He was installed in the office of under-keeper, and as such had the direct custody of Overbury. So far, all was favourable to the designs of the conspirators.

In the mean time, the insidious Rochester wrote the most friendly letters to Overbury, requesting him to bear his ill-fortune patiently, and promising that his imprisonment should not be of long duration; for that his friends were exerting themselves to soften the King's displeasure. Still pretending the extreme of sympathy for him, he followed up the letters by presents of pastry and other delicacies, which could not be procured in the Tower. These articles were all poisoned. Occasionally, presents of a similar description were sent to Sir Jervis Elwes, with the understanding that these articles were not poisoned, when they were unaccompanied by letters: of these the unfortunate prisoner never tasted. A woman, named Turner, who had formerly kept a house of ill fame, and who had more than once lent it to further the guilty intercourse of Rochester and Lady Essex, was the agent employed to procure the poisons. They were prepared by Dr Forman, a pretended fortune-teller of Lambeth, assisted by an apothecary named Franklin. Both these persons knew for what purposes the poisons were needed, and employed their skill in mixing them in the pastry and other edibles, in such small quantities as gradually to wear out the constitution of

their victim. Mrs Turner regularly furnished the poisoned articles to the under-keeper, who placed them before Overbury. Not only his food, but his drink was poisoned. Arsenic was mixed with the salt he ate, and cantharides with the pepper. All this time, his health declined sensibly. Every day he grew weaker and weaker; and with a sickly appetite, craved for sweets and jellies. Rochester continued to condole with him, and anticipated all his wants in this respect, sending him abundance of pastry, and occasionally partridges and other game, and young pigs. With the sauce for the game, Mrs Turner mixed a quantity of cantharides, and poisoned the pork with lunar-caustic. As stated on the trial, Overbury took in this manner poison enough to have poisoned twenty men; but his constitution was strong, and he still lingered. Franklin, the apothecary, confessed that he prepared with Dr Forman seven different sorts of poisons; viz. aquafortis, arsenic, mercury, powder of diamonds, lunar-caustic, great spiders, and cantharides. Overbury held out so long that Rochester became impatient, and in a letter to Lady Essex, expressed his wonder that things were not sooner despatched. Orders were immediately sent by Lady Essex to the keeper to finish with the victim at once. Overbury had not been all this time without suspicion of treachery, although he appears to have had no idea of poison. He merely suspected that it was intended to confine him for life, and to set the King still more bitterly against him. In one of his letters, he threatened Rochester that, unless he were speedily liberated, he would expose his villainy to the world. He says, 'You and I, ere it be long, will come to a public trial of another nature... Drive me not to extremities, lest I should say something that both you and I should repent... Whether I live or die, your shame shall never die, but ever remain to the world, to make you the most odious man living... I wonder much you should neglect him to whom such secrets of all kinds have passed... Be these

the fruits of common secrets, common dangers?'

All these remonstrances, and hints as to the dangerous secrets in his keeping, were ill-calculated to serve him with a man so reckless as Lord Rochester: they were more likely to cause him to be sacrificed than to be saved. Rochester appears to have acted as if he thought so. He doubtless employed the murderer's reasoning that 'dead men tell no tales', when, after receiving letters of this description, he complained to his paramour of the delay. Weston was spurred on to consummate the atrocity; and the patience of all parties being exhausted, a dose of corrosive sublimate was administered to him, in October 1613, which put an end to his sufferings, after he had been for six months in their hands. On the very day of his death, and before his body was cold, he was wrapped up carelessly in a sheet, and buried without any funeral ceremony in a pit within the precincts of the Tower.

Sir Anthony Weldon, in his Court and Character of James I, gives a somewhat different account of the closing scene of this tragedy. He says, 'Franklin and Weston came into Overbury's chamber, and found him in infinite torment, with contention between the strength of nature and the working of the poison; and it being very like that nature had gotten the better in this contention, by the thrusting out of boils, blotches, and blains, they, fearing it might come to light by the judgement of physicians, the foul play that had been offered him, consented to stifle him with the bedclothes, which accordingly was performed; and so ended his miserable life, with the assurance of the conspirators that he died by the poison; none thinking otherwise than these two murderers.'

The sudden death — the indecent haste of the funeral, and the non-holding of an inquest upon the body, strengthened the suspicions that were afloat. Rumour, instead of whispering, began to speak out; and the relatives

of the deceased openly expressed their belief that their kinsman had been murdered. But Rochester was still all powerful at court, and no one dared to utter a word to his discredit. Shortly afterwards, his marriage with the Countess of Essex was celebrated with the utmost splendour, the King himself being present at the ceremony.

It would seem that Overbury's knowledge of James's character was deeper than Rochester had given him credit for, and that he had been a true prophet when he predicted that his marriage would eventually estrange James from his minion. At this time, however, Rochester stood higher than ever in the royal favour; but it did not last long — conscience, that busy monitor, was at work. The tongue of rumour was never still; and Rochester, who had long been a guilty, became at last a wretched man. His cheeks lost their colour — his eyes grew dim; and he became moody, careless, and melancholy. The King seeing him thus, took at length no pleasure in his society, and began to look about for another favourite. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was the man to his mind; quickwitted, handsome, and unscrupulous. The two latter qualities alone were sufficient to recommend him to James I. In proportion as the influence of Rochester declined, that of Buckingham increased. A falling favourite has no friends; and Rumour wagged her tongue against Rochester louder and more pertinaciously than ever. A new favourite, too, generally endeavours to hasten by a kick the fall of the old one; and Buckingham, anxious to work the complete ruin of his forerunner in the King's good graces, encouraged the relatives of Sir Thomas Overbury to prosecute their enquiries into the strange death of their kinsman.

James was rigorous enough in the punishment of offences when he was not himself involved. He piqued himself, moreover, on his dexterity in unravelling mysteries. The affair of Sir Thomas Overbury found him

congenial occupation. He set to work by ordering the arrest of Sir Jervis Elwes. James, at this early stage of the proceedings, does not seem to have been aware that Rochester was so deeply implicated. Struck with horror at the atrocious system of slow poisoning, the King sent for all the Judges. According to Sir Anthony Weldon, he knelt down in the midst of them, and said, 'My Lords the Judges, it is lately come to my hearing that you have now in examination a business of poisoning. Lord! in what a miserable condition shall this kingdom be (the only famous nation for hospitality in the world) if our tables should become such a snare, as that none could eat without danger of life, and that Italian custom should be introduced among us! Therefore, my Lords, I charge you, as you will answer it at that great and dreadful day of judgement, that you examine it strictly, without layout, affection, or partiality. And if you shall spare any guilty of this crime, God's curse light on you and your posterity! and if I spare any that are guilty, God's curse light on me and my posterity for ever!'

The imprecation fell but too surely upon the devoted house of Stuart. The solemn oath was broken, and God's curse did light upon him and his posterity!

The next person arrested after Sir Jervis Elwes, was Weston, the under-keeper; then Franklin and Mrs Turner; and, lastly, the Earl and Countess of Somerset, to which dignity Rochester had been advanced since the death of Overbury.

Weston was first brought to trial. Public curiosity was on the stretch. Nothing else was talked of, and the court on the day of trial was crowded to suffocation. The State Trials report, that Lord Chief Justice Coke 'laid open to the jury the baseness and cowardliness of poisoners, who attempt that secretly against which there is no means of preservation or defence for a

man's life; and how rare it was to hear of any poisoning in England, so detestable it was to our nation. But the devil had taught divers to be cunning in it, so that they can poison in what distance of space they please, by consuming the nativum calidum, or humidum radicale, in one month, two or three, or more, as they list, which they four manner of ways do execute; viz. 'Haustu', 'gustu', 'odore', and 'contactu'.

When the indictment was read over, Weston made no other reply than, 'Lord have mercy upon me! Lord have mercy upon me!' On being asked how he would be tried, he refused to throw himself upon a jury of his country, and declared, that he would be tried by God alone. In this he persisted for some time. The fear of the dreadful punishment for contumacy[1] induced him, at length, to plead 'Not guilty', and take his trial in due course of law.

All the circumstances against him were fully proved, and he was found guilty and executed at Tyburn. Mrs Turner, Franklin, and Sir Jervis Elwes were also brought to trial, found guilty, and executed between the 19th of October and the 4th of December 1615; but the grand trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset did not take place till the month of May following.

On the trial of Sir Jervis Elwes, circumstances had transpired, showing a guilty knowledge of the poisoning on the part of the Earl of Northampton the uncle of Lady Somerset, and the chief falconer Sir Thomas Monson. The former was dead; but Sir Thomas Monson was arrested, and brought to trial. It appeared, however, that he was too dangerous a man to be brought to the scaffold. He knew too many of the odious secrets of James I, and his dying speech might contain disclosures which would compromise the King. To conceal old guilt it was necessary to incur new: the trial of Sir Thomas Monson was brought to an abrupt conclusion, and himself set at liberty!

Already James had broken his oath. He now began to fear that he had

been rash in engaging so zealously to bring the poisoners to punishment. That Somerset would be declared guilty there was no doubt, and that he looked for pardon and impunity was equally evident to the King. Somerset, while in the Tower, asserted confidently, that James would not dare to bring him to trial. In this he was mistaken; but James was in an agony. What the secret was between them will now never be known with certainty; but it may be surmised. Some have imagined it to be the vice to which the King was addicted; while others have asserted, that it related to the death of Prince Henry, a virtuous young man, who had held Somerset in especial abhorrence. The Prince died early, unlamented by his father, and, as public opinion whispered at the time, poisoned by Somerset. Probably, some crime or other lay heavy upon the soul of the King; and Somerset, his accomplice, could not be brought to public execution with safety. Hence the dreadful tortures of James, when he discovered that his favourite was so deeply implicated in the murder of Overbury. Every means was taken by the agonised King to bring the prisoner into what was called a safe frame of mind. He was secretly advised to plead guilty, and trust to the clemency of the King. The same advice was conveyed to the Countess. Bacon was instructed by the King to draw up a paper of all the points of 'mercy and favour' to Somerset which might result from the evidence; and Somerset was again recommended to plead guilty, and promised that no evil should ensue to him.

The Countess was first tried. She trembled and shed tears during the reading of the indictment, and, in a low voice, pleaded guilty. On being asked why sentence of death should not be passed against her, she replied meekly, 'I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault. I desire mercy, and that the lords will intercede for me with the King.' Sentence of death was passed upon her.

Next day the Earl was brought to trial. He appears to have mistrusted the promises of James, and he pleaded not guilty. With a self-possession and confidence, which he felt, probably, from his knowledge of the King's character, he rigorously cross-examined the witnesses, and made a stubborn defence. After a trial which lasted eleven hours, he was found guilty, and condemned to the felon's death.

Whatever may have been the secrets between the criminal and the King, the latter, notwithstanding his terrific oath, was afraid to sign the death-warrant. It might, perchance, have been his own. The Earl and Countess were committed to the Tower, where they remained for nearly five years. At the end of this period, to the surprise and scandal of the community, and the disgrace of its chief magistrate, they both received the royal pardon, but were ordered to reside at a distance from the court. Having been found guilty of felony, the estates of the Earl had become forfeited; but James granted him out of their revenues an income of £4,000 per annum! Shamelessness could go no further.

Of the after life of these criminals nothing is known, except that the love they had formerly borne each other was changed into aversion, and that they lived under the same roof for months together without the interchange of a word.

The exposure of their atrocities did not put a stop to the practice of poisoning. On the contrary, as we shall see hereafter, it engendered that insane imitation which is so strange a feature of the human character. James himself is supposed, with great probability, to have fallen a victim to it. In the notes to Harris's Life and Writings of James I, there is a good deal of information on the subject. The guilt of Buckingham, although not fully established, rests upon circumstances of suspicion stronger than have been

sufficient to lead hundreds to the scaffold. His motives for committing the crime are stated to have been a desire of revenge for the coldness with which the King, in the latter years of his reign, began to regard him; his fear that James intended to degrade him; and his hope that the great influence he possessed over the mind of the heir-apparent would last through a new reign, if the old one were brought to a close.

In the second volume of the Harleian Miscellany, there is a tract, entitled the 'Forerunner of Revenge', written by George Eglisham, doctor of medicine, and one of the physicians to King James. Harris, in quoting it, says that it is full of rancour and prejudice. It is evidently exaggerated; but forms, nevertheless, a link in the chain of evidence. Eglisham says: 'The King being sick of an ague, the Duke took this opportunity, when all the King's doctors of physic were at dinner, and offered to him a white powder to take, the which he a long time refused; but, overcome with his flattering importunity, he took it in wine, and immediately became worse and worse, falling into many swoonings and pains, and violent fluxes of the belly, so tormented, that his Majesty cried out aloud of this white powder, "Would to God I had never taken it!"' He then tells us 'of the Countess of Buckingham (the Duke's mother) applying the plaister to the King's heart and breast, whereupon he grew faint and short-breathed, and in agony. That the physicians exclaimed, that the King was poisoned; that Buckingham commanded them out of the room, and committed one of them close prisoner to his own chamber, and another to be removed from court; and that, after his Majesty's death, his body and head swelled above measure; his hair, with the skin of his head, stuck to his pillow, and his nails became loose on his fingers and toes.' Clarendon, who, by the way, was a partisan of the Duke's, gives a totally different account of James's death. He says, 'It was occasioned by an ague

(after a short indisposition by the gout) which, meeting many humours in a fat unwieldy body of fifty-eight years old, in four or five fits carried him out of the world. After whose death many scandalous and libellous discourses were raised, without the least colour or ground; as appeared upon the strictest and most malicious examination that could be made, long after, in a time of licence, when nobody was afraid of offending majesty, and when prosecuting the highest reproaches and contumelies against the royal family was held very meritorious.' Notwithstanding this confident declaration, the world will hardly be persuaded that there was not some truth in the rumours that were abroad. The enquiries which were instituted were not strict, as he asserts, and all the unconstitutional influence of the powerful favourite was exerted to defeat them. In the celebrated accusations brought against Buckingham by the Earl of Bristol, the poisoning of King James was placed last on the list, and the pages of history bear evidence of the summary mode in which they were, for the time, got rid of.

The man from whom Buckingham is said to have procured his poisons was one Dr Lamb, a conjuror and empiric, who, besides dealing in poisons, pretended to be a fortune-teller. The popular fury, which broke with comparative harmlessness against his patron, was directed against this man, until he could not appear with safety in the streets of London. His fate was melancholy. Walking one day in Cheapside, disguised, as he thought, from all observers, he was recognised by some idle boys, who began to hoot and pelt him with rubbish, calling out, 'The poisoner! the poisoner! Down with the wizard! down with him!' A mob very soon collected, and the Doctor took to his heels and ran for his life. He was pursued and seized in Wood Street, and from thence dragged by the hair through the mire to St Paul's Cross; the mob beating him with sticks and stones, and calling out, 'Kill the wizard! kill

the poisoner!'

Charles I, on hearing of the riot, rode from Whitehall to quell it; but he arrived too late to save the victim. Every bone in his body was broken, and he was quite dead. Charles was excessively indignant, and fined the city six hundred pounds for its inability to deliver up the ringleaders to justice.

But it was in Italy that poisoning was most prevalent. From a very early period, it seems to have been looked upon in that country as a perfectly justifiable means of getting rid of an enemy. The Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries poisoned their opponents with as little compunction as an Englishman of the present day brings an action at law against anyone who has done him an injury. The writings of contemporary authors inform us that, when La Spara and La Tophania carried on their infernal trade, ladies put poison bottles on their dressingtables as openly, and used them with as little scruple upon others, as modern dames use Eau de Cologne or lavender-water upon themselves. So powerful is the influence of fashion, it can even cause murder to be regarded as a venial peccadillo. In the memoirs of the last Duke of Guise, who made a Quixotic attempt, in 1648, to seize upon the government of Naples, we find some curious particulars relative to the popular feeling with regard to poisoning. A man, named Gennaro Annese, who, after the short and extraordinary career of Masaniello the fisherman, had established himself as a sort of captain-general of the populace, rendered himself so obnoxious to the Duke of Guise that the adherents of the latter determined to murder him. The captain of the guard, as the Duke himself very coolly informs us, was requested to undertake this office. It was suggested to him that the poniard would be the most effectual instrument, but the man turned up his eyes with pious horror at the proposition. He was ready to poison Gennaro Annese whenever he might be called upon to do so; but to

poniard him, he said, would be disgraceful, and unbecoming an officer of the guards! At last poison was agreed upon, and Augustino Molla, an attorney in the Duke's confidence, brought the bottle containing the liquid to show it to his master. The following is the Duke's own account:

Augustino came to me at night, and told me: 'I have brought you something which will free you from Gennaro. He deserves death, and it is no great matter after what fashion justice is done upon him. Look at this vial, full of clear and beautiful water: in four days' time, it will punish all his treasons. The captain of the guard has undertaken to give it him; and as it has no taste at all, Gennaro will suspect nothing.'

The Duke further informs us that the dose was duly administered; but that Gennaro, fortunately for himself, ate nothing for dinner that day but cabbage dressed with oil, which, acting as an antidote, caused him to vomit profusely, and saved his life. He was exceedingly ill for five days, but never suspected that he had been poisoned.

In process of time, poison vending became a profitable trade. Eleven years after this period, it was carried on at Rome to such an extent that the sluggish government was roused to interference. Beckmann, in his History of Inventions, and Lebret, in his Magazin zum Gebrauche der Staaten Kirche Geschichte, or Magazine of Materials for a History of a State Church, relates that, in the year 1659, it was made known to Pope Alexander VII that great numbers of young women had avowed in the confessional that they had poisoned their husbands with slow poisons. The Catholic clergy, who in general hold the secrets of the confessional so sacred, were shocked and alarmed at the extraordinary prevalence of the crime. Although they refrained

from revealing the names of the penitents, they conceived themselves bound to apprise the head of the Church of the enormities that were practised. It was also the subject of general conversation in Rome that young widows were unusually abundant. It was remarked, too, that if any couple lived unhappily together, the husband soon took ill and died. The papal authorities, when once they began to enquire, soon learned that a society of young wives had been formed, and met nightly, for some mysterious purpose, at the house of an old woman named Hieronyma Spara. This hag was a reputed witch and fortune-teller, and acted as president of the young viragos, several of whom, it was afterwards ascertained, belonged to the first families of Rome.

In order to have positive evidence of the practices of this female conclave, a lady was employed by the Government to seek an interview with them. She dressed herself out in the most magnificent style; and having been amply provided with money, she found but little difficulty, when she had stated her object, of procuring an audience of La Spara and her sisterhood. She pretended to be in extreme distress of mind on account of the infidelities and ill-treatment of her husband, and implored La Spara to furnish her with a few drops of the wonderful elixir, the efficacy of which in sending cruel husbands to 'their last long sleep' was so much vaunted by the ladies of Rome. La Spara fell into the snare, and sold her some of her 'drops', at a price commensurate with the supposed wealth of the purchaser.

The liquor thus obtained was subjected to an analysis, and found to be, as was suspected, a slow poison — clear, tasteless, and limpid, like that spoken of by the Duke of Guise. Upon this evidence the house was surrounded by the police, and La Spara and her companions taken into custody. La Spara, who is described as having been a little, ugly, old woman, was put to the torture, but obstinately refused to confess her guilt. Another of

the women, named La Gratiosa, had less firmness, and laid bare all the secrets of the infernal sisterhood. Taking a confession, extorted by anguish on the rack, at its true value (nothing at all), there is still sufficient evidence to warrant posterity in the belief of their guilt. They were found guilty, and condemned, according to their degrees of culpability, to various punishments. La Spara, Gratiosa, and three young women, who had poisoned their husbands, were hanged together at Rome. Upwards of thirty women were whipped publicly through the streets; and several, whose high rank screened them from more degrading punishment, were banished from the country, and mulcted in heavy fines. In a few months afterwards, nine women more were hanged for poisoning; and another bevy, including many young and beautiful girls, were whipped half naked through the streets of Rome.

This severity did not put a stop to the practice, and jealous women and avaricious men, anxious to step into the inheritance of fathers, uncles, or brothers, resorted to poison. As it was quite free from taste, colour, and smell, it was administered without exciting suspicion. The skilful vendors compounded it of different degrees of strength, so that the poisoners had only to say whether they wanted their victims to die in a week, a month, or six months, and they were suited with corresponding doses. The vendors were chiefly women, of whom the most celebrated was a hag, named Tophania, who was in this way accessory to the death of upwards of six hundred persons. This woman appears to have been a dealer in poisons from her girlhood, and resided first at Palermo and then at Naples. That entertaining traveller, Father Lebat, has given, in his Letters from Italy, many curious particulars relating to her. When he was at Civita Vecchia, in 1719, the Viceroy of Naples discovered that poison was extensively sold in the latter city, and that it went by the name of aqueta, or little-water. On making further

enquiry, he ascertained that Tophania (who was by this time near seventy years of age, and who seems to have begun her evil courses very soon after the execution of La Spara) sent large quantities of it to all parts of Italy in small vials, with the inscription 'Manna of St Nicholas of Barri'.

The tomb of St Nicholas of Barri was celebrated throughout Italy. A miraculous oil was said to ooze from it, which cured nearly all the maladies that flesh is heir to, provided the recipient made use of it with the due degree of faith. La Tophania artfully gave this name to her poison to elude the vigilance of the custom-house officers, who, in common with everybody else, had a pious respect for St Nicholas de Barri and his wonderful oil.

The poison was similar to that manufactured by La Spara. Hahnemann the physician, and father of the homoeopathic doctrine, writing upon this subject, says it was compounded of arsenical neutral salts, occasioning in the victim a gradual loss of appetite, faintness, gnawing pains in the stomach, loss of strength, and wasting of the lungs. The Abbé Gagliardi says that a few drops of it were generally poured into tea, chocolate, or soup, and its effects were slow, and almost imperceptible. Garelli, physician to the Emperor of Austria, in a letter to Hoffmann, says it was crystallised arsenic, dissolved in a large quantity of water by decoction, with the addition (for some unexplained purpose) of the herb cymbalaria. The Neapolitans called it Aqua Toffnina; and it became notorious all over Europe under the name of Aqua Tophania.

Although this woman carried on her infamous traffic so extensively, it was extremely difficult to meet with her. She lived in continual dread of discovery. She constantly changed her name and residence; and pretending to be a person of great godliness, resided in monasteries for months together. Whenever she was more than usually apprehensive of detection, she sought

ecclesiastical protection. She was soon apprised of the search made for her by the Viceroy of Naples, and, according to her practice, took refuge in a monastery. Either the search after her was not very rigid, or her measures were exceedingly well taken; for she contrived to elude the vigilance of the authorities for several years. What is still more extraordinary, as showing the ramifications of her system, her trade was still carried on to as great an extent as before. Lebat informs us that she had so great a sympathy for poor wives who hated their husbands and wanted to get rid of them, but could not afford to buy her wonderful aqua, that she made them presents of it.

She was not allowed, however, to play at this game for ever; she was at length discovered in a nunnery, and her retreat cut off. The Viceroy made several representations to the superior to deliver her up, but without effect. The abbess, supported by the archbishop of the diocese, constantly refused. The public curiosity was in consequence so much excited at the additional importance thus thrust upon the criminal, that thousands of persons visited the nunnery in order to catch a glimpse of her.

The patience of the Viceroy appears to have been exhausted by these delays. Being a man of sense, and not a very zealous Catholic, he determined that even the Church should not shield a criminal so atrocious. Setting the privileges of the nunnery at defiance, he sent a troop of soldiers, who broke over the walls and carried her away vi et armis. The Archbishop, Cardinal Pignatelli, was highly indignant, and threatened to excommunicate and lay the whole city under interdict. All the inferior clergy, animated by the esprit du corps, took up the question, and so worked upon the superstitious and bigoted people, that they were ready to rise in a mass to storm the palace of the Viceroy and rescue the prisoner.

These were serious difficulties; but the Viceroy was not a man to be

daunted. Indeed, he seems to have acted throughout with a rare union of astuteness, coolness, and energy. To avoid the evil consequences of the threatened excommunication, he placed a guard round the palace of the Archbishop, judging that the latter would not be so foolish as to launch out an anathema which would cause the city to be starved, and himself in it. The marketpeople would not have dared to come to the city with provisions, so long as it remained under the ban. There would have been too much inconvenience to himself and his ghostly brethren in such a measure; and, as the Viceroy anticipated, the good Cardinal reserved his thunders for some other occasion.

Still there was the populace. To quiet their clamour and avert the impending insurrection, the agents of the government adroitly mingled with the people, and spread abroad a report that Tophania had poisoned all the wells and fountains of the city. This was enough. The popular feeling turned against her immediately. Those who, but a moment before, had looked upon her as a saint, now reviled her as a devil, and were as eager for her punishment as they had before been for her escape. Tophania was then put to the torture. She confessed the long catalogue of her crimes, and named all the persons who had employed her. She was shortly afterwards strangled, and her corpse thrown over the wall into the garden of the convent, from whence she had been taken. This appears to have been done to conciliate the clergy, by allowing them, at least, the burial of one who had taken refuge within their precincts.

After her death the mania for poisoning seems to have abated; but we have yet to see what hold it took upon the French people at a somewhat earlier period. So rooted had it become in France between the years 1670 and 1680, that Mme de Sévigné, in one of her letters, expresses her fear that

Frenchman and poisoner would become synonymous terms.

As in Italy, the first notice the government received of the prevalence of this crime was given by the clergy, to whom females of high rank, and some among the middle and lower classes, had avowed in the confessional that they had poisoned their husbands. In consequence of these disclosures, two Italians, named Exili and Glaser, were arrested, and thrown into the Bastille, on the charge of compounding and selling the drugs used for these murders. Glaser died in prison, but Exili remained without trial for several months; and there, shortly afterwards, he made the acquaintance of another prisoner, named Sainte Croix, by whose example the crime was still further disseminated among the French people.

The most notorious of the poisoners that derived their pernicious knowledge from this man was Mme de Brinvilliers, a young woman connected both by birth and marriage with some of the noblest families of France. She seems, from her very earliest years, to have been heartless and depraved; and, if we may believe her own confession, was steeped in wickedness ere she had well entered her teens. She was, however, beautiful and accomplished; and, in the eye of the world, seemed exemplary and kind. Guyot de Pitaval, in the Causes Célèbres, and Mme de Sévigné, in her Letters, represent her as mild and agreeable in her manners, and offering no traces on her countenance of the evil soul within. She was married in 1651 to the Marquis de Brinvilliers, with whom she lived unhappily for some years. He was a loose, dissipated character, and was the means of introducing Sainte Croix to his wife, a man who cast a blight upon her life, and dragged her on from crime to crime till her offences became so great that the mind shudders to dwell upon them. For this man she conceived a guilty passion, to gratify which she plunged at once into the gulf of sin. She was drawn to its most

loathsome depths ere retribution overtook her.

She had as yet shown a fair outside to the world, and found but little difficulty in effecting a legal separation from her husband, who had not the art to conceal his vices. The proceeding gave great offence to her family. She appears, after this, to have thrown off the mask completely, and carried on her intrigues so openly with her lover, Sainte Croix, that her father, M. D'Aubray, scandalised at her conduct, procured a lettre de cachet, and had him imprisoned in the Bastille for a twelvemonth.

Sainte Croix, who had been in Italy, was a dabbler in poisons. He knew something of the secrets of the detestable La Spara, and improved himself in them from the instructions of Exili, with whom he speedily contracted a sort of friendship. By him he was shown how to prepare, not only the liquid poisons employed in Italy, but that known as succession powder, which afterwards became so celebrated in France. Like his mistress, he appeared amiable, witty, and intelligent, and showed no signs to the world of the two fierce passions, revenge and avarice, which were gnawing at his heart. Both these passions were to be sated on the unfortunate family of D'Aubray; his revenge, because they had imprisoned him; and his avarice, because they were rich. Reckless and extravagant, he was always in want of money, and he had no one to supply him but Mme de Brinvilliers, whose own portion was far from sufficient to satisfy his need. Groaning to think that any impediment should stand between him and wealth, he conceived the horrid idea of poisoning M. D'Aubray her father, and her two brothers, that she might inherit the property. Three murders were nothing to such a villain. He communicated his plan to Mme de Brinvilliers; and she, without the slightest scruple, agreed to aid him: he undertook to compound the poisons, and she to administer them. The zeal and alacrity with which she set to work seem

hardly credible. Sainte Croix found her an apt scholar; and she soon became as expert as himself in the manufacture of poisons. To try the strength of the first doses, she used to administer them to dogs, rabbits, and pigeons. Afterwards, wishing to be more certain of their effects, she went round to the hospitals, and administered them to the sick poor in the soups which she brought in apparent charity. None of the poisons were intended to kill at the first dose; so that she could try them once upon an individual without fear of murder. She tried the same atrocious experiment upon the guests at her father's table, by poisoning a pigeon-pie! To be more certain still, she next poisoned herself! When convinced by this desperate essay of the potency of the draught, she procured an antidote from Sainte Croix, and all doubts being removed, commenced operations upon her greyheaded father. She administered the first dose with her own hands, in his chocolate. The poison worked well. The old man was taken ill, and his daughter, apparently full of tenderness and anxiety, watched by his bedside. The next day she gave him some broth, which she recommended as highly nourishing. This also was poisoned. In this manner she gradually wore out his frame, and in less than ten days he was a corpse! His death seemed so much the result of disease, that no suspicions were excited.

When the two brothers arrived from the provinces to render the last sad duties to their sire, they found their sister as grieved, to all outward appearance, as even filial affection could desire: but the young men only came to perish. They stood between Sainte Croix and the already half-clutched gold, and their doom was sealed. A man, named La Chaussée, was hired by Sainte Croix to aid in administering the poisons; and, in less than six weeks' time, they had both gone to their long home.

Suspicion was now excited; but so cautiously had all been done, that it

found no one upon whom to attach itself. The Marquise had a sister, and she was entitled, by the death of her relatives, to half the property. Less than the whole would not satisfy Sainte Croix, and he determined that she should die the same death as her father and brothers. She was too distrustful, however; and, by quitting Paris, she escaped the destruction that was lurking for her.

The Marquise had undertaken these murders to please her lover. She was now anxious to perpetrate another on her own account. She wished to marry Sainte Croix; but, though separated from her husband, she was not divorced. She thought it would be easier to poison him than to apply to the tribunals for a divorce, which might, perhaps, be refused. But Sainte Croix had no longer any love for his guilty instrument. Bad men do not admire others who are as bad as themselves. Though a villain himself, he had no desire to marry one, and was not at all anxious for the death of the Marquis. He seemed, however, to enter into the plot, and supplied her with poison for her husband: but he took care to provide a remedy. La Brinvilliers poisoned him one day, and Sainte Croix gave him an antidote the next. In this manner he was buffetted about between them for some time, and finally escaped with a ruined constitution and a broken heart.

But the day of retribution was at hand, and a terrible mischance brought the murders to light. The nature of the poisons compounded by Sainte Croix was so deadly, that, when working in his laboratory, he was obliged to wear a mask, to preserve himself from suffocation. One day, the mask slipped off, and the miserable wretch perished in his crimes. His corpse was found, on the following morning, in the obscure lodging where he had fitted up his laboratory. As he appeared to be without friends or relatives, the police took possession of his effects. Among other things was found a small box, to which was affixed the following singular document:

I humbly beg, that those into whose hands this box may fall, will do me the favour to deliver it into the hands only of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who resides in the Rue Neuve St Paul, as everything it contains concerns her, and belongs to her alone; and as, besides, there is nothing in it that can be of use to any person but her. In case she shall be dead before me, it is my wish that it be burned, with everything it contains, without opening or altering anything. In order that no one may plead ignorance, I swear by the God that I adore, and by all that is held most sacred, that I assert nothing but the truth: and if my intentions, just and reasonable as they are, be thwarted in this point by any persons, I charge their consciences with it, both in this world and that which is to come, in order that I may unload mine. I protest that this is my last will. Done at Paris, the 25th of May, 1672.

(Signed) Sainte Croix

This earnest solicitation, instead of insuring respect as was intended, excited curiosity. The box was opened, and found to contain some papers, and several vials and powders. The latter were handed to a chemist for analysis, and the documents were retained by the police, and opened. Among them was found a promissory note of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, for thirty thousand francs, to the order of Sainte Croix. The other papers were of greater importance, as they implicated both her and her servant, La Chaussée, in the recent murders. As soon as she was informed of the death of Sainte Croix, she made an attempt to gain possession of his papers and the box; but, being refused, she saw that there was no time to be lost, and immediately quitted. Next morning the police were on her trail; but she succeeded in escaping to England. La Chaussée was not so fortunate. Altogether ignorant of the fatal mischance which had brought his villainies to light, he did not dream of danger. He was arrested and brought to trial: being put to the torture, he confessed that he had administered poison to the Messieurs

d'Aubray, and that he had received a hundred pistoles, and the promise of an annuity for life, from Sainte Croix and Mme de Brinvilliers, for the job. He was condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, and the Marchioness was, by default, sentenced to be beheaded. He was executed accordingly, in March 1673, on the Place de Grève, in Paris.

La Brinvilliers appears to have resided for nearly three years in England. Early in 1676, thinking that the rigour of pursuit was over, and that she might venture to return to the Continent, she proceeded secretly to Liège. Notwithstanding her care, the French authorities were soon apprised of her return; and arrangements were promptly made with the municipality of that city, to permit the agents of the French police to arrest her within the limits of their jurisdiction. Desgrais, an officer of the Maréchausée, accordingly left Paris for that purpose. On his arrival in Liège, he found that she had sought shelter within the walls of a convent. Here the arm of the law, long as it is said to be, could not reach her: but Desgrais was not a man to be baffled, and he resorted to stratagem to accomplish what force could not. Having disguised himself as a priest, he sought admission to the convent, and obtained an interview with La Brinvilliers. He said, that being a Frenchman, and passing through Liège, he could not leave that city without paying a visit to a lady whose beauty and misfortunes were so celebrated. Her vanity was flattered by the compliment. Desgrais saw, to use a vulgar but forcible expression, 'that he had got on the blind side of her'; and he adroitly continued to pour out the language of love and admiration, till the deluded Marchioness was thrown completely off her guard. She agreed, without much solicitation, to meet him outside the walls of the convent, where their amorous intrigue might be carried on more conveniently than within. Faithful to her appointment with her supposed new lover, she came, and found

herself, not in the embrace of a gallant, but in the custody of a policeman.

Her trial was not long delayed. The proofs against her were abundant. The dying declaration of La Chaussée would have been alone enough to convict her; but besides that, there were the mysterious document attached to the box of St Croix; her flight from France; and, stronger and more damning proof than all, a paper, in her own handwriting, found among the effects of St Croix, in which she detailed to him the misdeeds of her life, and spoke of the murder of her father and brothers, in terms that left no doubt of her guilt. During the trial, all Paris was in commotion. La Brinvilliers was the only subject of conversation. All the details of her crimes were published, and greedily devoured; and the idea of secret poisoning was first put into the heads of hundreds, who afterwards became guilty of it.

On the 16th of July 1676, the Superior Criminal Court of Paris pronounced a verdict of guilty against her, for the murder of her father and brothers, and the attempt upon the life of her sister. She was condemned to be drawn on a hurdle, with her feet bare, a rope about her neck, and a burning torch in her hand, to the great entrance of the cathedral of Notre Dame; where she was to make the amende honorable, in sight of all the people; to be taken from thence to the Place de Grève, and there to be beheaded. Her body was afterwards to be burned, and her ashes scattered to the winds.

After her sentence, she made a full confession of her guilt. She seems to have looked upon death without fear; but it was recklessness, not courage, that supported her. Mme de Sévigné says, that when on the hurdle, on her way to the scaffold, she entreated her confessor to exert his influence with the executioner to place himself next to her, that his body might hide from her view 'that scoundrel, Desgrais, who had entrapped her'. She also asked the ladies, who had been drawn to their windows to witness the procession, what

they were looking at? adding, 'a pretty sight you have come to see, truly!' She laughed when on the scaffold, dying as she had lived, impenitent and heartless. On the morrow, the populace came in crowds to collect her ashes, to preserve them as relics. She was regarded as a martyred saint, and her ashes were supposed to be endowed, by Divine grace, with the power of curing all diseases. Popular folly has often canonised persons whose pretensions to sanctity were extremely equivocal; but the disgusting folly of the multitude, in this instance, has never been surpassed.

Before her death, proceedings were instituted against M. de Penautier, treasurer of the province of Languedoc, and Receiver-general for the clergy, who was accused by a lady, named St Laurent, of having poisoned her husband, the late Receiver-general, in order to obtain his appointment. The circumstances of this case were never divulged, and the greatest influence was exerted to prevent it from going to trial. He was known to have been intimate with Sainte Croix and Mme de Brinvilliers, and was thought to have procured his poisons from them. The latter, however, refused to say anything which might implicate him. The enquiry was eventually stifled, after Penautier had been several months in the Bastille.

The Cardinal de Bonzy was accused by the gossips of the day of being an accomplice of Penautier. The Cardinal's estates were burthened with the payment of several heavy annuities; but, about the time that poisoning became so fashionable, all the annuitants died off, one after the other. The Cardinal, in talking of these annuitants, afterwards used to say, 'Thanks to my star, I have outlived them all!' A wit, seeing him and Penautier riding in the same carriage, cried out, in allusion to this expression, 'There go the Cardinal de Bonzy and his star!'

It was now that the mania for poisoning began to take hold of the

popular mind. From this time until the year 1682, the prisons of France teemed with persons accused of this crime; and it is very singular, that other offences decreased in a similar proportion. We have already seen the extent to which it was carried in Italy. It was, if possible, surpassed in France. The diabolical ease with which these murders could be effected, by means of these scentless and tasteless poisons, enticed the evil-minded. Jealousy, revenge, avarice, even petty spite, alike resorted to them. Those who would have been deterred, by fear of detection, from using the pistol or the dagger, or even strong doses of poison, which kill at once, employed slow poisons without dread. The corrupt Government of the day, although it could wink at the atrocities of a wealthy and influential courtier, like Penautier, was scandalised to see the crime spreading among the people. Disgrace was, in fact, entailed, in the eyes of Europe, upon the name of Frenchman. Louis XIV, to put a stop to the evil, instituted what was called the Chambre Ardente, or Burning Chamber, with extensive powers, for the trial and punishment of the prisoners.

Two women, especially, made themselves notorious at this time, and were instrumental to the deaths of hundreds of individuals. They both resided in Paris, and were named Lavoisin and Lavigoreux. Like Spars and Tophania, of whom they were imitators, they chiefly sold their poisons to women who wanted to get rid of their husbands; and, in some few instances, to husbands who wanted to get rid of their wives. Their ostensible occupation was that of midwives. They also pretended to be fortune-tellers, and were visited by persons of every class of society. The rich and poor thronged alike to their mansardes, to learn the secrets of the future. Their prophecies were principally of death. They foretold to women the approaching dissolution of husbands, and to needy heirs, the end of rich relatives, who had made them,

as Byron expresses it, 'wait too, too long already'. They generally took care to be instrumental in fulfilling their own predictions. They used to tell their wretched employers, that some sign of the approaching death would take place in the house, such as the breaking of glass or china; and they paid servants considerable fees to cause a breakage, as if by accident, exactly at the appointed time. Their occupation as midwives made them acquainted with the secrets of many families, which they afterwards turned to dreadful account.

It is not known how long they had carried on this awful trade before they were discovered. Detection finally overtook them at the close of the year 1679. They were both tried, found guilty, and burned alive on the Place de Grève, on the 22nd of February, 1680, after their hands had been bored through with a red-hot iron, and then cut off. Their numerous accomplices in Paris and in the provinces were also discovered and brought to trial. According to some authors, thirty, and to others, fifty of them, chiefly women, were hanged in the principal cities.

Lavoisin kept a list of the visiters who came to her house to purchase poisons. This paper was seized by the police on her arrest, and examined by the tribunals. Among the names were found those of the Marshal de Luxembourg, the Countess de Soissons, and the Duchess de Bouillon. The Marshal seems only to have been guilty of a piece of discreditable folly in visiting a woman of this description, but the popular voice at the time imputed to him something more than folly. The author of the Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe since the Peace of Utrecht, says, 'The miserable gang who dealt in poison and prophecy alleged that he had sold himself to the devil, and that a young girl of the name of Dupin had been poisoned by his means. Among other stories, they said he had made a contract with the devil, in order

to marry his son to the daughter of the Marquis of Louvois. To this atrocious and absurd accusation the Marshal, who had surrendered himself at the Bastille on the first accusation against him, replied with the mingled sentiment of pride and innocence, "When Mathieu de Montmorenci, my ancestor, married the widow of Louis le Gros, he did not have recourse to the devil, but to the States-General, in order to obtain for the minor king the support of the house of Montmorenci." This brave man was imprisoned in a cell six feet and a half long, and his trial, which was interrupted for several weeks, lasted altogether fourteen months. No judgement was pronounced upon him.'

The Countess of Soissons fled to Brussels, rather than undergo the risk of a trial; and was never able to clear herself from the stigma that attached to her, of having made an attempt to poison the Queen of Spain by doses of succession powder. The Duchess of Bouillon was arrested, and tried by the Chambre Ardente. It would appear, however, that she had nothing to do with the slow poisons, but had merely endeavoured to pry into the secrets of futurity, and gratify her curiosity with a sight of the devil. One of the presidents of the Chambre, La Reynie, an ugly little old man, very seriously asked her whether she had really seen the devil; to which the lady replied, looking him full in the face, 'Oh yes! I see him now. He is in the form of a little ugly old man, exceedingly ill-natured, and is dressed in the robes of a counsellor of State.' M. la Reynie prudently refrained from asking any more questions of a lady with so sharp and ready a tongue. The Duchess was imprisoned for several months in the Bastille; and nothing being proved against her, she was released at the intercession of her powerful friends. The severe punishment of criminals of this note might have helped to abate the fever of imitation among the vulgar; their comparative impunity had a

contrary tendency. The escape of Penautier, and the wealthy Cardinal de Bonzy his employer, had the most pernicious effect. For two years longer the crime continued to rage, and was not finally suppressed till the stake had blazed, or the noose dangled, for upwards of a hundred individuals.[2]

注 释

〔1〕 The punishment for the contumacious was expressed by the words onere, frigore, et fame. By the first was meant that the culprit should be extended on his back on the ground, and weights placed over his body, gradually increased, until he expired. Sometimes the punishment was not extended to this length, and the victim, being allowed to recover, underwent the second portion, the frigore, which consisted in his standing naked in the open air, for a certain space, in the sight of all the people. The third, or fame, was more dreadful, the statute saying, 'That he was to be preserved with the coarsest bread that could be got, and water out of the next sink or puddle, to the place of execution; and that day he had water he should have no bread, and that day he had bread, he should have no water'; and in this torment he was to linger as long as nature would hold out.

〔2〕 Slow poisoning is a crime which has unhappily been revived in England within the last few years, and which has been carried to an extent sufficient to cast a stain upon the national character. The poisoners have been principally women of the lowest class, and their victims have been their husbands or their children. The motive for the crime has in most instances been the basest that can be imagined, the desire to obtain from burial-clubs to which they subscribed, the premium, or burial-money. A recent enactment, restricting the sale of arsenic and other poisons, will, it is to be hoped, check if it do not extirpate, this abominable crime (1851).

ON ART AND LIFE

艺术与人生

［英］约翰·罗斯金　著

华亭　译

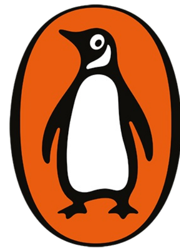
中国出版集团

中译出版社

艺术与人生

（英）约翰·罗斯金/著

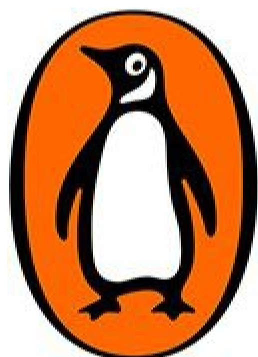
华亭/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

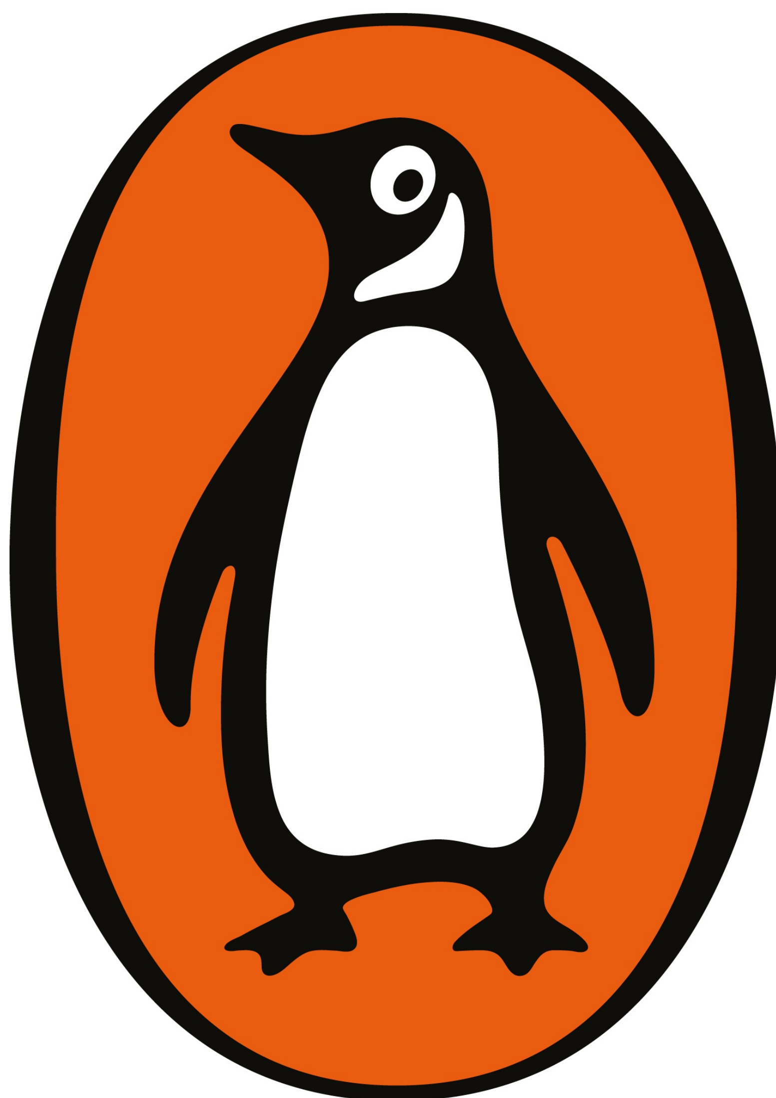
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www. penguin. com.cn
‘The Nature of Gothic’ first published in The Stones of Venice, Vol. 2, 1853
‘The Work of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy’ fi rst published in The Two Paths 1859
This edition published in Penguin Books 2004
Taken from the Penguin Classic edition Unto This Last and Other Writings ,
edited and introduced by Clive Wilmer
Set in Monotype Dante
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

导读

约翰·罗斯金（John Ruskin，1819—1900），生于英国伦敦，是英国著名的艺术评论家，也是维多利亚时代艺术美学的重要代表及实用艺术最积极的推动者。1843年，罗斯金凭借《现代画家》一书崭露头角，书中他高度赞扬了威廉·特纳的画作，主张艺术应当传达对自然的理解和欣赏。他的艺术评论代表了维多利亚时代艺术的欣赏趣味，并因此被誉为“美的使者”。同时，罗斯金还是一位文学家、思想家，其作品题材广泛而不拘泥于文体风格，语言优美凝练，内容深刻，对甘地、托尔斯泰和普鲁斯特都有较大影响。此外，作为工业设计思想的奠基者，罗斯金关注工业化生产成果的艺术质量，倡导通过工艺设计来找回人类被机械化生产和劳动分工所剥夺的创造性。这一主张唤醒了人们对工业革命之后艺术现状的反思，对“工艺美术”运动起到了巨大的推动作用。

罗斯金一生都在为“美”战斗，他坚决维护个人的艺术自由，反感维多利亚时代批量生产的艺术，其洞见深刻改变了社会对创意设计的理解，对当今的审美观仍有着极大的价值。本书选取的罗斯金的两篇文章“哥特式的性质”和“铁在自然、艺术和政治中的功用”，正是其艺术美学理念和人道主义思想的集中体现。

“哥特式的性质”选自罗斯金的《威尼斯的石头》一书，并且被他本人看作是“最重要的部分”。在这一章节中，罗斯金从外部和内部两方面论述了哥特式建筑的本质。首先，哥特式建筑普遍拥有尖拱和穹隆屋顶等的外在形式，而它的内在要素则是建造者精神趋向的表现，具有原始、多变、自然主义、怪诞、刚劲和冗余等六大特征。哥特式一词最初是用于表达对北方建筑原始野蛮的风格的贬抑，但罗斯金却在这种粗陋的建筑中找到了艺术最好的表现形式。哥特式建筑忠于自然主义，但那

并不是对自然的机械模仿，而是对自然的“阐述”和“解释”。不同于希腊建筑的精益求精，哥特式建筑是允许“不完美”的，它坦率地承认自己的粗陋，诚实地展现了建造者自由思考创造的成果。与此同时，哥特式学派还热衷于变化，他们不盲从现有的原则，而是孜孜不倦地追求创新，这份奇异的不安分给哥特式精神带来了无限的生机与活力。另外，在罗斯金看来，北方民族的韧性在哥特式作品中也是有迹可循的。他们对于坚强意志、独立个性及既定目标的坚定追求，对权威和命运的反抗铸就了哥特式精神，而正是这种精神，这种粗糙刚劲与质朴自然的特性，赋予了哥特式建筑生命的张力和永恒的魅力，也成就了它的伟大。

“铁在自然、艺术和政治中的功用”则是罗斯金的一篇演讲稿。在这部分内容中，作者用生动优美的语言讲述了铁在自然、艺术和政治中的用途。在罗斯金眼中，生锈的铁是因“呼吸”而鲜活的铁；铁氧化物是大自然的染料，让世界变得温暖鲜活，更具生机，这是铁在自然中所能呈现的最好的形态。另一方面，铁坚固而又易延展，这一特性使得铁在雕塑等类型的艺术创作中极富表现力和庄严性。最后，在讲到铁的政治用途时，罗斯金充满激情地批判了不劳而获、压迫民众的统治者。他通过犁、脚镣和刀剑三个与铁相关的意象来阐释国家的三个护身符，即劳动、法律和勇气。罗斯金认为，一个国家只有做到劳动合理分配、律法完善、注重军队建设和士气的培养，才能够维持和平，长久地生存下去。

哥特式的性质

1.读者如果回想一下第一卷第一章[1]关于主题的划分，就会发现，我们即将展开对威尼斯建筑学派的研究。这一学派不仅是拜占庭风格与哥特式风格的过渡，而且，我发现，要找出该学派与哥特式风格之间的联系并不困难。为了弄清楚这一变化过程中每一步的趋势，最好从一开始就试着形成关于最终结果的基本概念。我们已经洞悉拜占庭建筑的由来及其演变，我们还应当大致了解由它过渡到哥特式建筑的情况。因此，我力图在本章向读者提供一个宽泛而明确的概念，即关于真正意义上的哥特式建筑真实本质的概念。此概念所涉及的不仅仅是威尼斯的哥特式建筑，而且是全世界的哥特式建筑：这将会是我们随后的论述中最有趣的部分，即发现威尼斯建筑达到了何等普遍或完美的哥特式形态，以及它在何种程度上有所欠缺，或者采用外来的、独立的形式。

2.这样做的难度主要源于以下事实：在某个重要方面，哥特时期的每一座建筑都各不相同；而且，很多建筑拥有的特征，如果出现在其他建筑物上，根本不会被视为哥特式风格。因此，我们只能判断——请允许我这样表达——我们所观察的每一座建筑或多或少都是“哥特式”的。我想要界定的正是这种哥特式的性质，即，根据在一座建筑物上能够发现这种特性的多寡，使其或多或少表现“哥特式”风格的特性。就像是如果有人试图解释“红色”的本质，却找不到任何一样纯粹是红色的事物；即使能找到橙色或紫色的事物来指称，这毕竟还是不准确的。假设他有一朵石楠花和一片枯萎的橡树叶子，他可以说，将这片橡树叶子的黄色和这朵石楠花的蓝色混合在一起的颜色就是红色；但是，要将这一抽象概念说得明白易懂却十分困难；而要将哥特式特征这一抽象概念说得明白易懂却难上加难，因为这一特征本身是由很多混合的概念组成的，只能以合成的方式存在。也就是说，尖拱并不构成哥特式风格，穹隆屋顶

也不是，拱扶垛或怪异雕塑也不是，但是以上所有或部分事物，以及其他很多与之相关的表象组合在一起时就有了生命。

3.同时，在建议的定义中，我应该只努力分析我认为已经在读者脑海中存在的概念。关于哥特式这个术语的含义，我们都有一些自己的理解，大部分人的理解是确定无疑的，但我知道，很多人并不能为之下一个具体的定义。也就是说，他们只是泛泛地知道威斯敏斯特教堂是哥特式的，而圣保罗大教堂不是；斯特拉斯堡大教堂是哥特式的，而圣彼得大教堂不是；但对于它们彼此之间具象的差异，他们并不能说清楚。这种差异的陈述可以让我们知道威斯敏斯特教堂或斯特拉斯堡大教堂的工艺有多纯粹，或者一些缺乏特征的建筑，如圣詹姆斯宫或者温莎城堡，他们的哥特式元素有多么欠缺。我相信这种质询是愉快而有益的，而且追踪这幅灰暗的、朦胧的、峰峦迭起的哥特式精神的图像，并辨别出它与我们北方人的心灵之间存在怎样的亲近关系，会让我们感觉趣味无穷。另外，如果在进行质询的任何时候，我干扰到读者之前形成的概念，或者在某些他可能不认同的意义上使用哥特式这个术语，我并不要求他接受；我只是想研究和阐述我的观点，这对于理解接下的工作是必不可少的。

4.我们已经对哥特式特征进行了分析，就好像将粗糙的矿石交给化学家进行分析一样。在融合了很多其他种类的物质后，它自身也许就不再纯粹，或者仅能在瞬间显现出纯粹的形式，但是，无论表面上是如何错综复杂或杂乱无章，它依然有一个确定而独立的本质。现在我们看到，化学家将他的矿石分为两种不同的特征：它的晶体状态、硬度、光泽等是它的外部形态，它的原子组成的比例和本质是其内部元素。以同样的方式区分，我们发现哥特式建筑也有外部形态和内部元素。就内部元素而言，建造者的一些精神趋向被清晰地表现出来，如他们对新奇性、多样性、多元化的热爱等。它的外部形态是尖拱、穹隆屋顶等。除非内部元素和外部形态都存在，否则我们无法称之为哥特式风格。如果

它没有力量和生命，仅有形式是不够的，而如果没有形式，仅有力量也是不够的。因此，我们必须相继探究这两个特征，并确定两个恰当的称谓：什么是哥特式建筑的“精神表达”；什么是哥特式建筑的“物质形态”。

5.第一，精神力量的表达。我们要发现什么特征是“哥特式建造者”所热爱的，或者哪些特征自然而然地表现在他们的作品中，使其与其他建造者截然不同？

6.我们再回到化学领域。在用化学成分来定义一种矿物质的时候就会发现，这种矿物质并不是某种单一的元素构成的，而是所有元素的集合。比如，粉笔并不是由碳或者氧或者钙组成的，而是这三种化学元素以特定比例组合而成的。这三种元素都在与粉笔完全不同的物体里存在着，而且碳和氧本身与粉笔毫无相似之处，但是它们对于粉笔的存在仍然是至关重要的。

7.因此组成哥特式精神的各种心理特征，并不是某种单一的存在，而是以特定比例组合在一起的整体。每种特征都存在于哥特式建筑以外的许多建筑中。如果没有它们，或者没有以某种方式提供给它们位置的话，哥特式风格就无法存在。矿物的组成和建筑风格的形成有着极大的不同，如果我们从矿物中抽离其中一个元素，它的形态就会完全改变，而它作为这样一种矿物的存在也会被摧毁，但如果我们从哥特式风格中抽离其中一个精神元素，它只是比之前减弱了一点哥特式风格。两三个元素的组合足以彰显某种特定的哥特式特征。也就是说，如果我们增加元素，哥特式特征就会加强；如果我们减少元素，哥特式特征就会减弱。

8.我认为，按照重要性的顺序排列，哥特式特征或精神元素有以下几项：

（**1**）原始性

（**2**）多边性

（**3**）自然性

（**4**）怪异性

（**5**）严格性

（**6**）冗余性

9.以上特征用于建筑风格的表达，而对于建造者来说，以下描述更确切一些：（1）原始或粗野；（2）热爱变化；（3）热爱自然；（4）想象力混乱；（5）顽固；（6）慷慨。我再重复一遍，抽离一两个特征并不会立刻破坏一座建筑的哥特式特征，但是将大部分特征都抽离的话就会令其丧失哥特式风格。接下来我要一一阐释上述特征。

10.原始性。我不能肯定“哥特式”一词何时首次普遍应用于北方的建筑，但是我推测，不管何时首次运用，它都有指责的意味，同时表明这些建筑兴起的国度具有野蛮的特性。它从不意味着在字面上与哥特式是一脉相承的，也不意味着这类建筑是由哥特人自己最初建造的，但它确实表明哥特人及其建筑共同展现了一定程度的苛刻和粗野品性。与南方以及东方国家的特性相对比，它似乎是哥特人与罗马人初次遭遇时所形成反差的永久体现。在所谓的黑暗时代即将结束之时，衰落的罗马帝国穷奢极欲，傲慢无礼，成为开化的欧洲模仿的对象。自此，哥特式一词便成了十足的轻蔑称呼，而且混杂着人们的嫌恶。通过二十世纪古董商和建筑师的努力，哥特式建筑已沉冤昭雪；当我们欣赏其构造的壮丽科学及其所表达的神圣感时，或许我们有些人会渴望这种古老的轻蔑称呼被取消，而改用其他具有褒奖的词来取代它。事实上，没有可能也没有必要进行这种取代，只要这个词用于表达轻蔑的含义，它就属于错误使

用，但只要正确地理解，这个词并不带有耻辱的意味；相反，它包含深厚的真理，而人类仅凭本能就可不知不觉地辨认出来。的确，北方的建筑是粗陋而原始的，但因为这个原因我们就要责备它或轻视它，那就不对了。恰恰相反，我认为，正是这种特性才值得我们最深厚的敬意。

11.现代科学所绘制的世界航海图将大量知识投入狭窄的意义空间，但我还从来没有看到哪一幅图能够令观察者想象出北方和南方国度之间存在的实质性差异。我们知道细节上的差异，但我们没有充分感受到在视野和理解上的广泛差异。我们知道龙胆生于阿尔卑斯山脉，橄榄长在亚平宁山脉，但是，这不足以让我们设想出如同飞鸟在迁徙中所看到的世界表面的、斑驳的马赛克图景，或者像鹳鸟和燕子乘着热风远远看到龙胆和橄榄所生长地域的不同。我们暂且把自己提升到比鸟儿飞得更高的高度，想象地中海在我们下面宛如一片不规则的湖泊，所有古老的海角在阳光下沉睡。雷声四处响起，暴雨的灰色污点洒落在灼热的土地上。白色的火山烟雾如同固定的花环，被一圈灰烬所包围。在大部分宁静的光亮中，叙利亚和希腊，意大利和西班牙，好像一条条金色的大道探入蔚蓝的大海。当我们俯身靠近时，它们追逐着山脉历经风吹雨打的凸起部分，梯形花园发出柔和的光。花儿带着浓浓的乳香，混合着大量的月桂、柑橘和羽毛般棕榈叶的芬芳。它们灰绿色的阴影减弱了大理石的炽热，斑岩的突起部分斜斜地伸入明亮的沙滩。我们继续向北方进发，直到我们看到东方的色彩逐渐变为一片巨大的雨林，瑞士的牧场、法国的白杨木山谷、多瑙河与喀尔巴阡山脉的黑森林，从卢瓦尔河口延伸至伏尔加河口。透过雨云灰色漩涡的裂缝和小溪薄薄的雾纱，低低地向牧场土地延伸。继续往北可看到大地隆起，形成大片深灰色的岩石和荒野，边缘是一片广阔的深紫色荒原，那片田野和林地分裂为北方海域中不规则的、骇人的岛屿，经暴雨捶打，冰流冷冻，猛烈潮汐冲击，直到最后一片森林的根须在深山峡谷中枯萎，凌厉的北风将山峰啃得寸草不生。最后，钢铁般坚固的冰墙在极地曙光中用它苍白的牙齿死死地撕咬着我们。沉思默想中，我们已穿越广袤大地上成片的鸢尾花地块。我

们可以再靠近一点，观察动物带的平行变化。大量动作敏捷、色彩艳丽的生物在空中和海上匆匆掠过，或踩踏着南方地区的沙地，其中包括斑马、豹和蛇，以及紫色和猩红色的鸟儿。我们对比一下色彩的雅致和艳丽、行动的敏捷与北方部落被霜冻束缚的力量、邋里邋遢的遮蔽物和暗淡无光的华服吧；对比阿拉伯马与设德兰小种马，虎豹与狼熊，羚羊与麋鹿，天堂鸟与鱼鹰，然后发自内心的信服统领地球及其所载万物的伟大法则。对于人类在生养他的土地上的生存法则，我们不要责备而是颂扬。我们满怀敬意地看着他把闪闪发亮的宝石一字排开，用布艺装点碧玉的柱子，使它们不断反射出阳光，同时腾空而起，直达云霄。我们以同样的敬意站在他身边，看着他以粗暴的力量和仓促的举止，猛力击打岩石，释放出粗野的勃勃生气，这种生气他原本已在荒野苔藓中消耗殆尽。他在昏暗的空中筑起一道铁质拱壁和凹凸不平的墙，他的作品充满着与北方海域同样狂野、任性的想象力。这些外形笨拙、肢体僵硬、充满狼性的生物，像击打他们的狂风一样猛烈，像遮蔽他们的云团一样多变。

12.我再重复一下，这里没有贬抑和责备，而只有尊崇和颂扬。要是不能辨别北方现有建筑的本质特征，或者不承认这其实是一种可取的特征，那么我们就很可悲地错了，因为它可能是粗野的想法和粗糙的工艺，是大教堂和阿尔卑斯山之间高山仰止的体现，是由于触摸的手指被刺骨寒风冻僵、双眼被荒野的薄雾所模糊或为冰雹所蒙蔽而只能更积极地推进的强大力量的光华，是既没有从土地上获得丰硕果实也没有享受过慵懒和煦阳光的人的强烈精神的表达，他们只能劈山取食、伐木取火，即便是为了取乐，他们挥舞斧头、犁田耕地而锻炼出来的手臂和心灵，可见其生活艰难。

13.如果仅仅作为其源自北方国家的一种表述，哥特式建筑的原始性也许在某些方面可以被认为是一种高贵的特征，但当它被看作宗教信念而不是气候标志时，它甚至拥有更高贵的特性。

14.本作品第一卷第二十一章第十三和第十四段讲到了建筑装饰体系。确切地来说，此装饰体系可以被分为三类：（1）盲从装饰。卑微工匠的执行或权力完全服从于高层的意志。（2）合成装饰。工匠在一定程度上是独立执行，有自己的意志，但只能承认地位低下并服从于更高的权力。（3）创新装饰。绝不承认执行力低下。在这里我必须对上述分类的性质再多作一些解释。

15.盲从装饰的主要代表是希腊人、尼尼微人[2]和埃及人，但他们的盲从又各不相同。希腊的工匠领袖在知识和权力上都远比尼尼微人和埃及人先进。希腊人及其雇主都不能忍受在任何事情上的不完美表现。所以希腊人指定下属去作的装饰都只是由单纯的几何图形组成，如球形、山脉及完美对称的叶子，这些都通过线条和规则得以完全精确地执行，并且在完成后就和他自己的人物雕像一样完美。与之相反，尼尼微人和埃及人对任何精确的形式都没有那么多认知，他们满足于由低等工匠来完成自己的人物雕像，但将执行的方法降低到所有工匠都能达到的程度，然后加以非常严格的训练，使得工匠绝无达不到指定标准的可能。希腊人不会给次等工匠无法完美执行的任务，尼尼微人只给工匠不能完美执行的任务，但为他的不完美设定一个法定标准。在这两个体系中，工匠都是“奴隶”。

16.在中世纪，尤其在基督教的装饰体系中，这种奴性被彻底扫荡。基督教认识到，无论事物大小，每个灵魂都有其个人价值。它不仅意识到了这种价值，而且还承认它的不完美，承认无价值的尊严。这种对于丧失权力和堕落本性的承认，希腊人或尼尼微人感觉非常痛苦并且尽可能拒绝。基督教徒每时每刻都在无畏地思考，并最终倾向于上帝的更大荣耀。因此，被基督教召唤的每一个神灵都这样劝告：尽可能去做吧，同时要坦率地承认你做不了的事情。既不要因为害怕失败而减少你的努力，也不要因为出于羞愧而不敢忏悔。也许这就是哥特派建筑最令人钦佩之处，他们接受地位低下者的劳动成果，在充满缺陷的碎片里，

在每一次触碰中超越不完美，以宽容的心怀建立一个庄严而又无可指责的整体。

17.现代英国与希腊在思想上有很多共同之处，它们都强烈地渴望与本性的契合达到极致或完美。概括来说，这是一种高贵的特性。当它使我们忘记了本性自身的尊严，并且偏爱低级本性的完美胜过高级本性的不完美时，它就变得卑劣了。没有考虑到，如果按照这种规则来判断，所有野蛮的动物都比人类更好，因为它们在功能和种类上更完美，但动物总还是比人类要低等，同样，种类上更完美的人类作品，实际上比那些种类上有更多缺点和短处的作品要低等，因为，本质越美好，通过它的清澈就会显示越多瑕疵。“缺憾美”是这个世界的法则，最好的东西都几乎不是以最好的形态出现。野草生长茂盛，年复一年，而小麦由于本质更高贵而更容易得枯萎病。因此，即使我们在看到或做过的所有事情上都渴望完美，并且为之努力，我们仍然不能置成就微弱的低等事物于进步显著的高贵事物之上；不能尊崇稳定的细微进步而轻视遭到破坏的威严；不能偏爱平庸的成功而无视体面的失败；不能降低我们的目标，从而使我们可能更有把握享受成功的满足感。不过当我们面对其他人的灵魂时，我们要注意如何以严格的要求或慎重，来检查也许会导向一个非凡成果的努力。况且，我们还应注意如何保留对杰作的敬重，即使它们混入了粗糙的缺陷。目前，不管人们的手艺或本性有多么粗陋或简单，我们雇佣的人都有令其完善的力量。即使在最坏的情况下，他们也有一些迟缓的想象力、迟钝的情感和步履蹒跚的思想。在很多情况下，他们的迟缓或迟钝都是我们造成的，但他们不会变强，除非我们满足于他们软弱的状态，除非我们奖赏和尊崇他们的不完备，而不去重视最好的、最完美的手工技艺。这就是我们不得不对待所有劳动者的方式，在他们身上寻找思考的部分，并且发掘出来——不管我们会为此失去什么，不管我们会为此犯下什么过错。因为他们身上最好的部分不会自己显现，所以只能伴随着错误一起出现。要明确地理解这一点：你能够教会一个人画一条直线并切割它，描绘一条曲线并雕刻它；于是，他

就会用令人赞赏的速度和完美的精确度复制和雕刻出无数特定的线条或形状。你发现他的工作非常完美，但如果你叫他思考那些形式，思考他是否能用自己的头脑发现更好的方面，他就顿住了，他的行动变得犹豫不决。他思考的时候，十有八九是想错了；另外十有八九他作为思想者第一次接触他的作品时就犯了错，但你因而使他成为了人；他以前只是一个机器，一个会动的工具。

18.请注意，在这件事上你遇到了一个两难的选择。你要么把人变成工具，要么把他塑造成人，只能二选一。一方面，不能用工具的精确性去衡量人，不能要求他们所有的动作都精确而完美。如果你想要他们精确，让他们的手指像嵌齿轮那样测量角度，他们的手臂像圆规那样画曲线，那他们就不是人了。他们的全部精神力量应该用来制作他们自己的齿轮和圆规；他们所有的注意力和精力都应该用来完成有意义的活动。灵魂之眼必须专注于指尖，灵魂之力必须充满指导它的所有无形的神经。每天有十个小时，凭借严格的精确性，可能不会出错，但灵魂和眼界会变得很疲倦，整个人最终迷失，就像是一堆散乱的碎屑一样。就世界上的脑力工作而言，只要被心灵所拯救，就不能进入齿轮和圆规的形态，但十个小时之后才可以膨胀为火边的人。另一方面，如果你在工作中塑造了人，就不能把他当作工具。当他开始想象、思考，试着做任何值得做的事时，由动力转变而来的精确性就会立刻丧失。他所有的粗糙、迟钝和无能都会涌现出来，羞愧连着羞愧、失败连着失败、停顿连着停顿。同时，他的全部威严也相继出现。只有当我们看到云朵在他的头上停留时才知道它的高度。不管云朵是明亮还是灰暗，转变是不可避免的。

19.现在，请读者环顾你自己的英式房间，这是你经常为之自豪的地方，因为它的工艺是如此美妙和坚固，装饰如此精巧。再仔细观察所有精细的铸件，完美的磨光，风干的木头和回火的钢材，没有因任何偏差而进行调整。很多次你为之欢呼雀跃，并且想着英国是多么伟大，因

为最细微的工艺也制作得如此彻底。天啊！如果确切地加以解读，这些完美恰恰是我们英国的奴隶制存在的迹象，甚至要比受难的非洲人或受奴役的希腊人痛苦和可耻一千倍。人类可以被殴打、被禁锢、被拷问，像畜生一样被套上枷锁，像夏天的苍蝇一样被拍死，但在某种意义上依然是并且确确实实是自由的。这些使得他们的灵魂窒息，使得他们吸取人类智慧养分的根须枯萎和腐烂，使得经过蛆虫的作用之后呈现在上帝面前的血肉和肌肤，变成扼住机器的皮带，这实际上就是奴隶与主人的关系。英国可能有更多的自由——尽管封建主子轻轻的一句话都能要人的命，尽管哀伤百姓的鲜血滴落在田野的沟壑上，但是大批民众像燃料一样被送去燃烧工厂的烟囱，他们的精力每天都浪费在织物的纯度上，或者被线条的精确所折磨。

20.继续注视古老的大教堂正面吧，你曾经常常对着古老雕刻家的荒诞无知微笑。再看看那些丑陋的小精灵，形体不明的怪物，不苟言笑的雕像，无法剖析、一成不变。不要嘲笑它们，因为它们是雕刻石头的每一个工匠的生命和自由的象征。一种思想的自由，在存在的维度上名列前茅，没有法律、宪章或慈善机构为其提供保障，但必定是今天整个欧洲为子孙后代努力的首要目标。

21.我不想被看作是信口胡说、夸夸其谈，正是这种机械化操作的退化，比这个时代的其他所有罪恶更甚，引导世界各地的民众为了他们无法说明其性质的自由进行徒然的、不相干的毁灭性斗争。他们对财富、贵族的普遍抗议既不是来自饥荒的压力，也不是来自受辱的尊严。这种情形已经在历史上存在很久了，但是社会的基础还从未像今天这样被撼动。并不是人们吃不饱，而是他们赖以谋生的工作毫无乐趣，于是将财富视为快乐的唯一来源；并不是人们因为上层社会的轻蔑而痛苦，而是他们无法忍受自己的阶层，他们感觉不得不从事的劳动确实有失体面，使得他们人不像人。上层社会从未像今天这样同情下层、宽厚仁慈，而他们也从未被如此憎恨过，因为在以前，贵族和穷人的隔离只是

一堵法律的墙，但现在是名副其实的立场之分，在人性领域存在高等和低等的绝壁，底部弥漫着氤氲之气。我不知道理解合理自由本质的那一天是否会到来。届时，人们会明白，服从一个人，为他工作，向他或他的地位表示敬畏，这并不是奴役，而往往是最好的自由，由关怀而来的自由。一个人对另一个人说，走吧，于是他就走了，再对另一个人说，来吧，然后他就来了，在大多数情况下发令者比服从者要有更多的克制和困难。一个人的行动被肩上的重担所阻碍，另一个则被嘴上的笼头所限制。他们的重担没有办法减轻，但如果我们不咬住缰绳，就可以不必受制于人。向他人表示敬畏，让我们自己以及我们的同类任其处置，这并不是奴役，而其实是一个人在这个世上存在的最高贵的形态。确实有一种敬畏是低劣的，是不合理的或自私的，但也有高贵的敬畏，也就是合理的、关爱的敬畏。一个人表达这种敬畏的时候，是无比高贵的，即使感觉越过纯粹理性的界限，一个人也会因关爱而升华。事实上，大多数人的身上是有奴性的。比如，过去的爱尔兰农民躺在地上等待主人，他那火枪的枪口插入参差不齐的树篱；年老的山仆，两百年前在印威基辛为首领牺牲了他自己和七个儿子的生命。一个人倒下时会呼唤他的兄弟前仆后继，“为了赫克托再来一个！”在历代各国，人们彼此表达敬畏，作出牺牲，不仅毫无怨言而且满心欣喜，饥荒、险境、刀剑和所有罪恶、所有耻辱，都已经心甘情愿地奉献给主人和国王的事业。心灵的天赋使得给予者变得高贵，也使得接受者高贵起来。这些都是本性使然，而上帝给予了他们奖赏，但是，如果感觉到自己的灵魂逐渐泯灭，不知感恩，结果发现其整个存在坠入不可名状的深渊，被归为一堆以轮子来计数、以锤程来计重的机械，这样一来，本性不会激起——上帝也不会祝福——因此，人性无法持久。

22.关于分工的伟大文明创新，我们已经作了很多研究和完善，只不过我们给了它一个错误的名字。说实话，并不是工作被分割了，而是人被分割为个体生命的碎片和碎屑。于是留存在人身上的智慧小碎片不足以生产出一根针或一枚钉子，而只能将精力耗尽在生产针尖钉上。的

确，一天能生产出很多针既是好事也合乎理想；但是，如果我们只看到针头是用什么样的水晶砂来打磨——人类灵魂之砂，要放大很多倍才能辨别清楚，那么，我们应该想到其中也会有所损失。而我们所有制造业城市产生的巨大喧嚣，比炉子爆炸还要响，实际上都是为了这一点——我们制造出了人类以外的所有物品。我们漂白棉花、锤炼钢材、精选砂糖、塑造陶器，但是漂白、锤炼、精选或塑造一个活生生的灵魂，从来不是我们优先考虑的事项。而喧嚣迫使众生趋向所有罪恶的方式只有一种：不是通过教授或传道，因为教授是向他们彰显他们的苦难，而向他们传道则是一种嘲弄，如果我们只是在传道的话。这只能以一种所有阶层都正确理解的方式来达成，我们必须明白什么样的劳动对人有益，怎样才能提升他们，使他们快乐；我们坚决放弃那些以工人的退化为代价而达成的便利、美感或廉价；同样坚决对健康和有尊严的劳动产品表示需求。

23.现在问题来了，这些产品是被认可的吗？这种需求是有管制的吗？很简单，遵守以下三个广泛而又简单的规则就可以了。

24.一、决不鼓励生产任何不是绝对必需的物品，或进行任何没有创新的生产。

25.二、决不为了完成而完成，而只为特定的、实际的或高尚的目的而完成。

26.三、决不鼓励任何形式的模仿或抄袭，除非是为了保存伟大作品的记录。

27.第二条原则是唯一直接出于对当前主题的考虑，但我先来简要地解释一下第一条原则的意义和范围，第三条则在以后涉及。

28.一、决不鼓励生产任何不是绝对必需的物品，或进行任何没有

创新的生产。

29.比如，玻璃珠是完全不需要的，在制造中也没有运用到设计或理念。首先将玻璃拉成棒，再手工切成珠子大小的断片，然后将断片放在炉子里打造成圆形。切玻璃棒的工人整天坐着干活，他们的手随着持续不断、精确定时的痉挛颤动着，玻璃珠在他们的颤动下像冰雹一样坠落。他们以及那些拉出玻璃棒、熔化断片的人都几乎没有机会运用人类的才能，因此每一位购买玻璃珠的年轻女士就都被牵涉到奴隶交易中去，并且这是一种比我们长久努力去推翻的还要更残酷的交易。

30.玻璃杯和玻璃管是精致发明的主体，如果我们购买这些东西我们就报偿了发明，也就是说，报偿了美丽的外形、颜色或雕刻，这不仅仅是为了完工，我们是在为人性作贡献。

31.因此，在通常情况下，雕刻宝石几乎不需要运用智力，除了为了避免瑕疵的机智和判断等以外，没有什么涉及到全部心智。每个人只为了其价值而佩戴珠宝的人都是把人当奴隶驱使的人。

32.不过，金匠的工作以及各种分解整合珠宝和珐琅的设计工作可以成为最高贵的人类智慧的主体。因此，把钱花在购买精心设计的碟子，用心雕刻的花瓶、宝石或珐琅上，都对人性有贡献。在这种工艺下，珠宝可以用来提升光彩，而切割也是为了达到高贵目的而付出的代价，这是完全被容许的。

33.我会在别处更深入地推进这一法则，但我们目前主要关注第二条原则，即决不为了完成而完成，而只为高尚的目的而完成。请注意，我阐述哥特式的粗陋或任何其他种类的不完美，认为这是可取的，只是因为没有这些就不可能得到设计或想法。如果你想要得到一个粗鲁的、没有教养的人的想法，你必须以粗鲁和没有教养的方式得到。一个受过教育的人，一个可以用有教养的方式毫不费力地表达自己的人，就会优

雅地表达并且充满感激。要得到想法，而不要因为农民不能说很好的语法就不准他说话，或者直到你把语法教给他之后才让他说话。语法和精致是好的，两者都是，只是要保证优先考虑更好的事情。在艺术领域中，大师们的精细完工是可取的，也往往是由他们所赋予的。在某些地方，米开朗基罗、莱昂纳多·达芬奇、菲迪亚斯、佩鲁吉诺和特纳，他们都以最精细的关注完成作品，而他们的完工往往使得他们的高贵目标更好地实现，但略逊于他们的人则无法如此完工，因为作品的完美需要完善的知识，所以我们必须接受不是所有人都能拿出完美作品的事实。规则很简单，始终优先考虑创新，然后寻找有助于创新的执行方案，以及不费力就能完成的发明者，仅此而已。更重要的是，在没有思想的时候就不要求精细地执行，因为那是奴隶的工作，是没有被认可的。这时候，比起平滑的工艺，我们宁可选择粗糙的工艺，以此来满足实际的用途，我们也没有理由为任何用耐心和砂纸就能完成的事情而骄傲。

34.我只给出一个例子来向读者表明我的意图，也就是已经提及过的玻璃的制造。现代玻璃在质地上是相当清晰的，形状上很准确，切割也很精确。我们引以为豪。事实上，我们应该为此而感到惭愧。古代威尼斯的玻璃总的来说是模糊的，形状不准确，切割也很笨拙，但古代威尼斯人仍然为之而骄傲，因为在英国和威尼斯工匠之间存在着区别，前者只看重图案的精确匹配，曲线的极度准确，边缘的极度锋利，从而仅成为一台磨圆曲线和磨砺边缘的机器，而古代威尼斯人一点儿也不在乎边缘是否锋利，而是为制作的每一个玻璃制品发明新的设计，每铸造一个把手或边缘都有新的想象力。因此，尽管某些由笨拙和不善创造的工匠所制作的威尼斯玻璃非常丑陋和笨拙，而另一些威尼斯玻璃的形状却非常可爱，价格再高也值。而且，我们从未看到过两块一模一样的玻璃。完美的工艺和变化的形状，只能二选一。如果工匠在考虑线条，他就无法考虑设计，如果考虑了设计就无法考虑线条。你是选择可爱的外形或完美的工艺时，你也在选择是想要工匠成为人还是磨刀石。

35.不，读者打断我说："如果工匠能作出完美的设计，我不会把他关在锅炉房里。我会让他离开那儿并成为绅士，拥有工作室，在那儿设计他的玻璃，我也会请普通工匠来为他吹塑和切割玻璃，这样我就既拥有设计又有好的工艺了。"

36.所有此类想法都基于两个错误的推测：第一，一个人的想法可以或应该可以经由另一个人之手而实现；第二，被智力所支配的手工劳动是一种退化。

37.从广义上来说，在由线条和规则所决定的工艺里，一个人的想法应该由其他人的劳动来实现，这确实是可能和必须的。从这个意义上来说，我觉得最好的建筑出自儿童之手。从狭义上来讲，在设计不能被精确地定义的情况下，一个人的想法永远无法被另一个人所表达，而设计者与服从指令的人之间的思想差别，往往就是伟大作品和平庸作品之间的差别。原版作品和二手作品之间的距离有多大，这点我将在以后阐释。在这里，我们的目的不是去标记轻视智力所支配的手工是多么致命的过失，因为轻视智力支配下的手工与因其本身的缘故而重视它都属于致命的过失。我们一直在努力区分这两者，我们想要一个人总在思考，而另一个人总在操作，我们把一个称为绅士，另一个称为工人。实际上，在最好的层面上，工人应该也要思考，思考者也应该要工作，最好是两者都是绅士。既然如此，我们使得两者都不高贵，一个变得嫉妒，另一个总爱轻视。社会上的大多数人由病态的思想者和苦难的工人组成。现在思想只能因劳动而变得健康，而劳动也只能通过思考而变得快乐，两者不能被截然分开。要是我们所有人都是某些领域的优秀手工艺人，而手工劳动的不体面也一扫而光，这样即使贵族和普通人之间仍然存在着严格的种族区分，在后者中间也不会有严格的职业区分，诸如闲散的和工作的人，有文化的和没文化的职业。所有的职业都应该是有文化的，这样人们就不会为特定的职业而只为成就的卓越而骄傲。在每种职业里，能工巧匠不会骄傲得不肯去做最艰苦的工作。画家应该自己研

磨颜料，建筑师在泥瓦匠的庭院里和工人一起工作，制造业主比他厂里的所有工人都更懂生产技术，一个人和另一个人的差别只在于技术与经验，以及自然和公平地得到的权威和财富。

38.要是我继续追溯这个有趣的主题，我将会离题太远。我相信我已经说得够多了，已经向读者显示了哥特式这个术语在最开始被赋予的粗陋和不完美的含义，如果正确地加以理解，其实是基督教建筑里最高贵的特征之一，而且不仅仅是高贵，更是本质的特征。这似乎是奇异的矛盾，不过却是最重要的事实，即任何并非不完备的建筑都不会是真正高贵的建筑。这一点很容易被论证，因为我们假定建筑师能够将所有工艺都做到完美，但他不能凡事亲力亲为，他必须要么以古代希腊或现代英国的方式来使得他的工人成为奴隶，从而把他的工艺降低到奴隶的能力水平，也就是降格；要么他必须接受工人本来的样子，让他们显示自己的长处和短处，这样就会带来哥特式的不完美，但给整件作品保存了这个时代的智力所能达到的高贵特征。

39.不过这个原理还能更广泛地加以陈述。我已经将例证限制在建筑上，但我不能就这样算了，否则就会显得好像只对建筑有效。到目前为止，我使用不完美和完美这两个词，只是为了区别非常拙劣的工艺和平常精细的工艺。我已经说明，任何程度的拙劣都应被接受，这样工人的思想才会有机会表达。准确地说，并非所有好的工艺都是完美的，而对完美的奢求常常象征着对艺术目的的误解。

40.这是出于两个基于永恒法则的理由。第一，所有伟人都不会停止工作，直到他完全失败，也就是说，他的想法总是超前于他的执行能力，而后者会不时地让出道路来努力跟随前者。另外，他总是对次要的工作投注更少的注意力，由于他的伟大，他习惯于对所能达到的极致依然感到不满意，在对自己生气和厌倦疲乏的时刻他不会在意，但旁观者也不满意。我认为只有一个人不会承认这种必要性，并且总是努力达到

完美——莱奥纳多，他徒然努力的结果总是使他在一幅画上花费十年时间却依然未完成。因此，如果我们要让伟人工作，或让普通人做到最好，无论作品有多漂亮，它都是不完美的。对于人类工艺来说，只有坏的才可能是完美的，以它特有的坏的方式表现完美。[3]

41.第二，不完美在某些程度上对所有生命来说都是必不可少的。在凡人的身上这是一种生命的象征，也就是说，处于一个持续进步和变革的状态。没有任何活着的事物是，或可能是非常完美的。总有一部分在衰退；一部分在萌芽。比如毛地黄，三分之一是花蕾，三分之一已开败，还有三分之一完全盛开，这就是这个世界上的一种生命形态。所有生物都有特定的不规则和缺陷，这不仅是生命的迹象，同时也是美的来源。人类脸部的两侧线条也不是完全一致的，树叶的裂片并不完美，树枝也不对称。这些都意味着变化，因而必须承认这种不规则。摒弃不完美也就是毁灭表达，阻止发挥、麻痹活力。上帝创造的所有事物都因其不完美而变得更好、更可爱、更宜人。人类生命的法则可能是努力，而人类判断的法则却是仁慈。

42.请接受这样的普遍法则，即建筑以及人类的任何其他高贵工艺都不可能是好的，除非它是不完美的。我们准备好接受这个似乎有点奇怪的事实，我们进入文艺复兴时期后，将会清晰地看到，欧洲艺术衰落的首因是对完美的不懈追求，同样也是不能做到因对伟大的敬畏而沉默，因对单纯的谅解而变得温和。

43.这就是关于哥特式建筑的第一个精神元素“粗陋”，即“原始”。它也是很多其他合宜建筑中的元素，如拜占庭和罗马建筑，但没有了它，真正的哥特式建筑就不会存在。

44.前面提到的第二个精神元素是“多变性”，即“多样性”。

45.我已经强调了允许低等工匠独立操作，仅仅作为对他的一种职

责，并且通过赋予其更多基督教的色彩而使得建筑更显高贵。我们现在要考虑，履行了这一职责以后可以得到什么报偿，也就是建筑特征的永恒多样性。

46.只要是工匠被完全奴役的地方，建筑的各个部分必然是完全相似的，通过训练他只做一件事而不做其他事来实现完美的执行。因此，工匠被降格的程度可见一斑，只需观察建筑的各个部分是否相似，如果像希腊建筑那样，所有的柱头都相同，所有的模制都没有变化，那么降格是非常彻底的。如果像埃及和尼尼微的建筑，尽管实现特定形状的方式总是一样的，设计的顺序却一直在变化，那么降格就没有那么彻底。如果像哥特式建筑，在设计和执行上都有不断的变化，工匠就一定是自由的。

47.旁观者能从劳动者的自由上获得多少好处，这个问题可能是在英国提出的。在这里，几乎每一个人的头脑中最强大的本能之一就是对秩序的热爱。它使得我们渴望我们房子的窗户应该像四轮马车的马一样成双成对，并且使得我们毫不犹豫地屈从于我们的信念，即为任何事物设定形式并禁止变动的建筑理论。我不会非难这种对秩序的热爱，这是英国思想中最有用的元素之一，在商业以及所有纯粹实用的事物上，它会给我们帮助；并且在很多情况下，它还是道德的基石之一，只是我们不要以为，对秩序的热爱就是对艺术的热爱。秩序在最高层面上确实是艺术的必然性之一，就好像时间是音乐的必然性一样。对秩序的热爱和我们对建筑或绘画的欣赏，并没有什么关系，就好像对准时的热爱和欣赏歌剧并没有关系一样。经验告诉我们，那些很快领悟或拥有丰富的艺术创造力的人，在日常生活中几乎没有一丝不苟和有条不紊的习惯，然而，这两个天性之间没有什么不一致的地方，也没有什么阻碍我们在保留商业习惯的同时，充分容许和欣赏创新的高贵成果。在除了建筑以外的艺术领域及所有其他分支，我们已经这样做了。我们不这样做，只是因为我们被教导说这是错误的。我们的建筑严肃地告诉我们，正如算术

有四大法则一样，建筑也有五大秩序。我们单纯地认为这是合理的，并且对之深信不疑。这五大秩序也告诉我们，科林斯式柱、多利安式柱、爱奥尼亚式柱都有适当的形状。我们考虑到字母A、B和C也都有适当的形状，于是认为这也是合理的，然后接受了这个命题。我们要知道，所说的立柱只有一个形状是适当的，其他的都不是，因而，认真勤勉者害怕所有不适当性。我们允许建筑师向我们提供所说的立柱，以及适当的形状，适当的数量，并且保证合法的形状在所有其他的点也都被遵循。这些都做完了以后，我们不得不相信，我们的住房设计非常完美。

48.我们更高的本能却不会被蒙骗。我们在提供给我们的建筑里，无法得到像我们在新书或图画里得到的乐趣。我们可能会为它的规模而自豪，满足于它的正确性，并为其便利而高兴。在一间秩序井然的房间或一件技艺精巧的作品上，我们也可以从对称和工艺中得到乐趣。我们认为这些就是建筑所能给予的全部乐趣。我们从来没有想过可以像阅读弥尔顿和但丁那样阅读建筑，并且从石头上得到像诗节那样的快乐。这是因为，诗歌里确实有韵律，严格得就好像建筑的对称和节奏，但韵律之外的东西使它美丽一千倍。诗歌被创造出来，不是像柱头那样为了秩序或者为了相配，我们在它们那里可以得到适当感之外的乐趣。如果要撼动常识、放弃我们在过去两个世纪中被教导的所有东西，需要很大的努力，来使我们的感觉苏醒，这个事实很简单很确定也很新颖：伟大的艺术不管是以文字、颜色还是石头来表达，都不会一遍又一遍地重复表达同样的东西。建筑的价值，如同所有其他艺术形式一样，体现为它表达了崭新的、不同的东西。重复自己不是绘画杰作的特征，同样也不是大理石杰作的特征。我们可以在不违反任何好品味的法则的情况下，像要求一位小说家那样要求一位建筑师。建筑，不应该只是正确的，应该也是有趣的。

49.这些都是事实，不证自明，只是如同很多其他不证自明的事物一样，由于错误的教导而被遮蔽了。任何一件在生产中遵循规则或模型

的作品，都不是伟大的艺术作品。正如遵循已知的规则，基于给定模型的建筑都不是艺术品，而只是加工品。比起从提香的画里抄袭头和手然后自称画家的人，去菲迪亚斯的建筑中抄袭柱头和模制然后自称为建筑师的人，是更不合理的——因为这更容易。

50.我们要明白，变化或者说多样性，对于人类的心灵和头脑来说是一种必需品，在书本中和在建筑中是一样的。即使可以有一些偶然的应用，但总体来说，单调是没有价值的。我们不期望从一个装饰单一、柱式均等的建筑中得到乐趣或者益处，正如我们不期望从一个云朵形状单一、树木大小均等的宇宙得到乐趣一样。

51.这一点即使不用言语表达，我们实际上已经相信了。十九世纪的人从艺术中得到的所有愉悦，都是来自图画、雕塑、小件艺术品或者中世纪建筑，我们因其奇特有趣而欣赏不已。在现代建筑中我们得不到任何愉悦，我们发现所有拥有真实感觉的人都乐于从现代都市逃向自然风光：因此正如我将阐释的一样，对于风景的独特热爱是这个时代的特征。要是在所有其他事物中，我们都能够为了顺从既定法则而容忍我们不喜欢的东西，就像我们能够容忍建筑那样就好了。

52.如此贬抑的法则怎么会被建立起来，关于这点我们将会在描述文艺复兴学派的时候看到。在这里，我们只需注意作为哥特式精神的第二个最基本的元素，它打破了现有法则。它不仅敢于而且乐于违反每一条盲从原则，并且发明了一系列的形式，它们的价值不仅在于创新，而且在于有能力永久保持新颖。尖拱并不仅仅是圆拱的大胆变异，它本身还能产生成千上万的变化，因为尖拱的比例可以不断地变动，而圆拱总是一样的；成组的柱身并不仅仅是单个柱身的大胆变异，而是在组合的方式上有成千上万的变化。石制花饰的引入并不仅仅导致窗户光线令人吃惊的改变，而且在花饰条本身的组合上有着无穷的变化。因此，在所有现存的基督教建筑里都有着对多样性的热爱，而哥特式学派则以绝顶

的能量展示了这种热爱。它们的影响无论延伸到哪里，都会被追踪到这个特征上去。采纳哥特式形态的趋势总是首先显示为外在的不规则性和更丰富的变化，这远在尖拱或任何其他哥特式建筑的可辨别的外部特征出现之前就存在了。

53.如此，我们必须仔细地关注对于变化的健康和病态热爱之间的区别。哥特式建筑引发的对于变化的健康热爱，部分是对于变化的病态热爱的结果。为了更好地理解这一点，有必要考虑变化和单调在自然中的体现。两者都是有用的，就像黑暗和光明，如果缺少一个，另一个也无法被欣赏。漫长的单调之后的变化是多么可喜，正如眼睛闭上一段时间后再看到的光线是多么灿烂。

54.我相信单调和变化的真实关联可以简单地通过对音乐的观察来理解。我们首先要注意到，单调有一种快速或经常变动所没有的崇高和威严。自然界一向如此，大海的崇高大部分来自于它的单调，荒野和山色同样如此。尤其是动态的崇高，如一束光线安静不变地升起和落下。同样，在黑暗中也有在光明中所没有的崇高。

55.经过一段时间之后，或者超过一定程度，单调就会变得无趣或者无法忍受，音乐家不得不以一两种方式打破它，要么在曲调和段落被不断重复时，音节的加强与调和有所变化；或者在一定数量的重复段落后，接入一个崭新的段落，根据之前单调的长度，这样或多或少地增加了愉悦感。自然界不断地运用以上两种变化。大部分的海浪彼此相似，但是在微小的部分和曲线上则互不相同，这是第一种单调。广阔的平原被突兀的岩石或树丛所切断，这是第二种单调。

56.此外，为了在每种情形下都享受变化，需要听众或观众具有一定的耐心。在第一种情形下，他必须耐心忍受声音或形式的大量重复，然后在微小的细节里仔细地观察寻找乐趣。在第二种情形下，他必须耐心忍受某些时刻的单调痛苦，以便感受到变化所带来的全新体验。即使

在最短的音乐章节里，只要运用了单调的元素，情形莫不如此。在更威严的单调情形中，需要更多的耐心，有时候变成了一种痛苦，而这就是为了即将到来的愉悦所付出的代价。

57.重申一下，作曲家的才华不在于单调而在于变化，在某些地方或某种程度上，他可以借助单调来表达情感和品味，也就是说，借助各种各样的运用来实现不同的表达，但他的才华总是在新的安排和发明上体现出来，而不是通过一成不变的方式来体现。

58.最后，如果变化的愉悦重复的太多，它就不再是愉悦的了，因为这样一来，变化本身也就成为单调了。我们被迫在极端和奇异的层面上寻找乐趣，这就是之前提到的对于变化的病态热爱。

59.从以上事实我们可以大致地了解到，正如黑暗一样，单调就其本身来说是且应当是令我们痛苦的。一幢整体看来单调的建筑，是一幢黑暗或死寂的建筑，而那些热爱它的人们，实际上可能会这样说，“他们热爱黑暗而不是光明”。特定量的单调，会给变化带来价值，尤其是那种透明的单调。正如伟大画家画的影子，通过它看到并感受各种模糊的形状，可以在建筑中发挥其作用。对于健康的心灵而言，对单调的忍耐和对黑暗的忍耐一样。也就是说，一个强大的智者会对暴风雨和曙光的肃穆，以及闪烁其间的断裂而神秘的光心生愉悦，而不仅仅对光辉和闪耀心生愉悦，而一个轻佻的人会害怕阴影和风暴。一个伟人准备好忍受命运的黑暗，以便到达力量或幸福的更高处，而一个低等的人就不会付出这种代价。正像一个伟大的心灵会接受甚至享受单调，而对一个低等心智的人来说，单调是令人厌烦的，这是因为他没有准备好为了更大的愉悦而付出代价。在所有情形下，高贵的本性并不是热爱单调，正如它也不热爱黑暗或痛苦一样，但是它可以忍受，并在忍受和耐心中得到更高的愉悦，这是一种对世界的安宁来说必不可少的愉悦。那些不能接受暂时的雷同，迅速地从一个变化跳到另一个变化的人，最终也厌倦了

变化本身，并为整个世界带来无所遁逃的阴影和倦怠。

60.在世界经济中普遍运用各种变化的过程中，我们可以同时理解它在建筑中的运用和滥用。哥特式学派的变化是更健康、更美丽的，因为在很多情况下，它是完全自然而不造作的，其成果不是单纯地来源于对变化的热爱，而是来源于实际的需要。从这一点来说，哥特式不仅是最好的，而且也是唯一理性的建筑，因为它可以最方便地应用于各种服务，雅俗共赏。不确定的屋顶倾斜度、柱身高度、拱门宽度或平面图的安排，都使得它既可以收缩为角楼，也可以扩展为大厅；既可以卷曲成楼梯也可以弹升为尖塔，而其魅力不减，能量不耗。无论它在形式和功能上有什么变化，它总能在不损失一点儿完整性和威严性的情况下达成。它像暴烈的蛇一样敏锐和灵活，但总是听从于耍蛇人的声音。这是哥特式建造者最主要的品质之一，他们从不用外部的对称和一致去妨碍他们作品的真实用途和价值。如果他们想要一扇窗户，他们就开一扇；想要一间房间，就加一间；想要一面扶墙，就建一面。完全不管一切既定的关于外观的陈规陋习，因为他们知道（正如实际总是发生的那样）那些对于形式的大胆突破会带给对称性额外的益处而不是破坏，所以在哥特式风格的鼎盛时代，人们宁可为了制造惊奇而在一个意外的地方开一扇无用的窗户，也不要为了符合对称而开一扇有用的窗户。每一个被雇佣来实施伟大工程的继任建筑师，都以他自己的方式来设计，完全不管前任所采用的风格。如果两座塔楼在大教堂的正面矗立，名义上它们相符，但其中一座肯定与另一座不一样的，而且每一座从顶部到底部的风格也是不一的。

61.这些显著的变化只是一个永恒变化的伟大系统的一部分。经历了每一种哥特式设计，为旁观者查询建造者的想象力提供了无尽的空间。在最佳学派里，变化是微妙和精巧的，并且通过混合高贵的单调而变得更加愉悦；在更原始的学派里，变化则颇为怪诞和多余，但总体而言，变化是学派的生命力所必备的恒定条件。有时候变化是这种特征，

有时是另一种特征。变化可能体现在柱头、卷叶饰、壁龛或石制花饰上，或者全部都有所体现。总之，这样或那样的特征总会被找到。如果模制是固定的，那么表面雕塑就会有变化；如果柱头的设计是固定的，那么石制花饰就会有变化；如果石制花饰是单调的，那么柱头就会有变化。如果像在早期英国的一些建筑学派那样，模制、柱头和花饰的形态都几乎不变，那么变化就体现在摆放位置的不同，以及雕塑形象的差异。

62.在放弃这方面的考虑之前，我必须要参考《建筑学七灯》第三章的开头来谈谈哥特式建筑的第二个精神元素。此书对于集合者和管理者之间作了区分，同时也对从自然中接受乐趣和在其安排中行使权威或想象的权力之间作了区分。对于这两种精神元素来说，我们刚才分析的哥特式建筑和所有优秀建筑均属于此类。它们之所以值得赞美，主要是因为人类的作品以及人类一般力量的表达，胜过艺术的其他任何主题。一幅画或一首诗常常只不过是出于人类自己赞赏某事物的微弱表达，但是建筑更接近于他自己的创造，由他的需要而产生，并且表达了他的本性。同样，在整个种族的作品中，如果说图画或雕塑只是个体的创作，大多数情况下这一个体要比他的同类更有天赋。因此，我们期望优秀建筑的头两个元素应该表达一些属于整个种族的伟大真理，而且在他们在世界各地完成的所有作品中，都应该被理解或感受到。观察一下就会发现，它们是对于不完美的告白，是对于渴望变化的告白。小鸟和蜜蜂的建筑不需要表达这样的东西，它是完美的、不变的。正因为我们是比小鸟和蜜蜂更优等的生物，我们的建筑必须要承认我们还没有达到所能想象的完美程度，而且不能停留在我们已经达到的状态。如果我们假装已经达到了完美或者满足，我们就降低了我们自己和我们的作品。“上帝之工”，也许可以这样表达，但我们从未达到“一切所造的都甚好”的境界。再来观察一下，对于高贵来说多样性是必要的。这并不仅仅是给建筑提供了包含各种知识的书籍，或者宝贵思想的矿藏。至关重要的原则不是对于知识的热爱，而是对于变化的热爱。哥特式精神奇异的不安分

正是它的伟大之处。梦幻般思想的躁动，在壁龛四处游荡，在尖塔周围兴奋地闪烁，在墙壁和屋顶的复杂结构和阴影里忽隐忽现，却还不满足，也不会满足。希腊人可以待在他的竖条纹饰里，内心平静，但是富有哥特式心灵的作品是回纹细工，无法安于劳动或从劳动中得到安宁，必须不眠不休地继续下去，直到它对变化的热爱在变化中得到慰藉，就像如果他们沉睡了，就必须被唤醒一样。

63.哥特式精神的第三个组成元素被称为自然性。也就是说，热爱自然事物本身的样子，并且坦率地呈现，不受艺术法规的制约。

64.这个风格特征部分地遵循了之前阐述的两个特征。只要工匠可以自由地呈现他选择的物品，他一定会面向他周围的自然来寻找素材，并且努力呈现出他看到的样子，精确度视其掌握的技巧而定。这个过程带着很多玩笑的情绪，也很少有对法则的尊重，然而即使两者的工匠都是自由的，西方人和东方人的想象力还是有明显的不同。西方人或说哥特人乐于对事实的表现，而东方人（阿拉伯人、波斯人和中国人）则强调颜色和形式的和谐。每种处理方式都有其特定的错误和滥用形式。〔……〕

65.由此而产生的各种形式的伤害在这里就不谈了，读者可能已经有些厌烦这个引得我们偏离主题的陈述了，但我既然将“自然性”列为哥特式建筑的第三个最基本的特征，为了可以清晰地定义我使用这个词的含义，是需要离题的。我的意思是，哥特式建造者在我们刚刚作出的艺术家的分类里是居于中心或最伟大的级别。考虑到艺术家有的关注设计，有的关注事实，也有的两者都关注，哥特式建造者是属于两者都关注的范畴；考虑到艺术家有的是纯化论者，有的是自然主义者，也有的是感官主义者，哥特式建造者都是自然主义者。

66.我首先要说，哥特式建造者是将事实与设计融合的中心阶层，但他们自己尤其看重的是真实性。他们的艺术创造或者设置的力量并不

比罗马和拜占庭工匠更强大，他们由这些工匠传授设计原理，并从中取得模型，但在拜占庭对于装饰的感觉和丰富的热爱之上。哥特式建造者增添了一份对真实的热爱，而这种热爱在南方从不存在。希腊人和罗马人都在装饰上运用因袭的叶子，将一种并不是叶子的东西传承下去，结成奇怪的杯状的花蕾或花丛，长出无生命的杆而不是茎。哥特式雕刻家们一开始理所当然地接受了这些样式，但他们无法安心于此。他们认为它们没有真实性、没有知识、没有生命力。当他们可以为所欲为时，他们就忍不住更喜欢真实的叶子，他们每次一点点慎重地将自然加入到他的作品中，直到它最终完全变成真实的样子，却仍然保留原始的完美设计和有节制的规划中的珍贵特征。

67.哥特式工匠并不仅在外部和可见的主题上寻找真实，他们对于表现想象力的真实也一样坚定。也就是说，当一个想法被罗马人或拜占庭人以象征的手法来表现时，哥特人则将其最大可能地真实化。比如，炼狱之火在托切罗岛（罗马）的马赛克上被表现为红色的水流，像一条缎带一样纵向垂下，从基督的宝座上降下来，逐渐延伸以遮盖邪恶。只要我们被告知这样代表着什么，它也就达到目的了，但是哥特派发明者使得这个象征不需要解释，他尽可能把火做得逼真，在鲁昂的圣马克卢教堂的门廊上雕刻的火焰从地狱之门喷发而出，翻腾的石制舌头闪耀着穿过了壁龛的空隙，就好像整个教堂都着火了。这是一个极端的例子，但这既是两派艺术的性情和想法整体差别的精彩表现，也是对影响哥特式设计的真实性的强烈热爱。

68.我并不是说这种对真实性的热爱在应用上总是健康的。之前我已经注意到由于轻视设计而犯的错，在刚刚举的例子中还有一个显而易见的错误，即对真实的热爱太过轻率，以致只抓住了表面的而不是内在的真实。在表现地狱之火时，最需要表现的并不仅仅是火焰的形状，而是它的永不止歇，它的神圣命令和限制，以及它内在的凶猛，不是形体和物质上的凶猛，而是对上帝的愤怒的激烈表达，但这些事物是不能经

由模仿火焰从手杖中闪现来表达的。如果我们考虑一下他的象征，我们也许会发现，罗马建造者用血红色的水流在特定的岸间流动，流出上帝的宝座并仿佛有永恒的水流延伸到罪恶被抛弃的湖里，这比哥特式建造者用壁龛里闪烁的火炬表现得更为真实。这不是我们的直接目标，我此刻不是要强调在哥特时代的后期因对真实的热爱而导致的错误，而是在感觉本身，在于作为北方建造者的光荣而独有的特征。注意观察，即使在以上的例子中，导致错误的也不是对真实的热爱而是对思想的需求。对真实的热爱是好的，但当它被轻率所误导，或被虚荣心过分激励，就会抓住几乎没有价值的事实，或者把它们集中起来，只是为了可以夸耀其掌控力和理解力，这样它的工作就会变得乏味或者令人不快，然而我们不应指责对于真实的内在热爱，而应针对选择的不谨慎，以及陈述的不恰当。

69.其次，我认为，在参考所有艺术安排时，如纯粹主义、自然主义或感官主义的艺术，哥特式作品属于自然主义艺术。这个特征必然符合它对真实的极端热爱，并胜过了美的感觉，使其乐于创作每一种肖像画，表达人类面部表情和形态的各种特征，正如它表现树叶的多样性和树枝的参差不齐一样。这个趋势因与我们提到的哥特式作品的第一个特征所表达的同样的基督谦卑而得到加强，并变得高贵起来。由于谦卑因承认工匠的不完美而产生，这个自然主义肖像画因为这种谦卑而变得更加可信，因为它承认了这个主题的不完美。希腊雕刻家既不能忍受承认自己的低能，也不会坦白他所描绘的形状的错误，但是基督教工匠相信最终一切都会协同向善，因而能够坦承这两个方面，并且既不掩饰其作品的粗糙，也不掩饰其工艺主题的粗糙。这种坦率大部分是和在其他方向的深厚的宗教体验联合起来的，特别是和仁慈联系起来的。在最好的哥特式雕塑中有一种纯粹主义的倾向，所以它经常达到形式上的尊严和表达上的柔和，但在任何肖像画中决不会丧失肖像画的真实性：既不歌颂国王为半神，也不描绘圣人为天使长，而是充分表现出他们身上的王性和圣洁，混杂着他们应有的错误记录。这在很大程度上舍弃了像圣经

历史那样的强烈漠视，圣经历史以坚定的、不容置疑的果断，设定了提到的所有人的美德和错误，使得读者形成他自己的评价，而不管历史学家的评判。这种真实性由哥特式雕塑家在微观和宏观上体现出来，正如公正性由轮廓体现出来一样。因为他们的艺术不模仿圣人和国王的肖像，而是加入了最熟悉的场景以及最简单的主题，在圣经历史的背景上填充日常生活中最常见的事件，加以生动和奇特的表现，并且利用每一个场合，要么作为一种象征，要么作为一个场景或时间的解释，而工匠的眼睛所熟悉的事物可以被引进和加以叙述，所以哥特式雕塑和绘画不仅充满了伟人的珍贵肖像画，还有它繁荣时代的所有家庭风俗和低等艺术的丰富记录。[4]

70.然而哥特式工匠的自然主义倾向有一个方向是特别明显的，这个方向作为哥特派的特征甚至超过自然主义本身。我是指他们特别热衷于草木图案。在提供日常生活的各种情境时，埃及和尼尼微的雕塑与哥特式的一样直率和散漫。从国家的盛世到战争的胜利，一直到最琐碎的家庭艺术和娱乐，都对拥挤的戏剧性产生了恒久的兴趣。早期伦巴第和罗马雕塑对于熟悉的战争和狩猎场景的描绘同样很丰富，但在由这些国家的工匠所描绘的所有场景里，草木只是作为辅助说明而存在，加入芦苇是为了标记河流的路线，树木是为了标记野兽的隐蔽处或者敌人的埋伏点，而对草木图案的特殊兴趣从来没有强大到把它们作为单独的主题和精确的研究对象。再者，在那些仅仅延续设计艺术的国家，草木图案是贫乏和普通的，它们真正复杂的生命既没有被欣赏也没有被表达，但是对于哥特式工匠来说，草木是他们深爱的主题，他们努力以精确性及适应于设计的法则和材料的质地，来呈现它所有的特征，却不会为自己的热情所驱使，违背一方面或隐藏另一方面。

71.这里有一点特别重要，它象征比之前建筑所显示的文明更高，气质更温和。粗陋以及对于变化的热爱，这两个我们强调为哥特式的首要元素，也是所有建筑流派共有的元素。只是对于哥特式风格自身而

言，这里有一个更柔和的元素与之相混合。在处理人类形式时呈现出的粗陋或无知，还没有强大到阻止对路边植物的成功表现。而对于变化的热爱，在追随猎人的迅捷和角斗者的愤怒时，会变得病态和狂热，在它看到藤蔓的漫游、花朵的盛开时，立刻变得平静和满足。这并不是全部，精神兴趣的新方向标志了生活的习惯和手段上的无穷变化。一个主要的支持在于狩猎、主要的兴趣在于战争、主要的乐趣在于宴会的国家，不会关注树叶和花朵的形状，也不会注意庇护他们的森林树木的形状——表明可以用作最锋利的枪矛、最密闭的屋顶、最炽热的火焰的木头的特征除外。对于草木的魅力和外部特征的充满感情的观察，当然象征着一个更宁静、更温和的存在，由那片土地的馈赠所维系，因其光辉而愉悦。物种的仔细区分以及未受干扰的细致组织的丰富性，作为哥特式设计的特征，都有一个乡野和周到生活的历程，受惯常的亲切感的影响，致力于巧妙的询问。凿子每一次有差别的、细致的触碰，当它搓圆花瓣或者指引树枝时，这就成为自然科学主体发展的预言，以医学、文学的发现，以及家庭智慧和国家和平的最必要原则的确立为出发点。

72.我之前已经提及的奇怪和徒然的推想，即哥特式建筑的原始概念起源于植物，即起源于林荫道的对称和树枝的交错。这是一个在任何知晓早期哥特式风格的人的头脑里都不会产生的推想，但无论是多么无用的理论，它用来证明完美风格的特征还是有价值的，因为这个理论的反面是事实。因为哥特式建筑并不是从此而来的，而是发展自植物的相似性，所以这个相似性表明了建造者的性情。几乎没有可能去提议拱门的形状根据树枝的弯曲度而设计，但是对于自然美的逐步、持续的发现可以被越来越完美地转移到石头上，并且立即影响到人们的心灵和建筑形式。哥特式建筑以厚实的如大山般的力量出现，以斧头砍成，铁块绑成，石块堆着石块，以一种修士的热情和战士的力量震撼着人们。箍住和撑起如此可怕墙壁的重量仿佛可以将隐士埋葬于黑暗中，可以击退战争中最猛烈的进攻，在同样穿过阳光或者弓箭的狭窄通道里遭受折磨。渐渐地，当修士的热情变得更为深沉，战争的声响在修道院或城堡主楼

的门上变得越来越虚弱，石柱变得修长，穹隆屋顶变得光亮，直到他们自己被夏天的树木和死去的野花所遮盖，走过长长的血路，甜美的纪念碑塑像永远鲜活地立于庙宇的门廊下，或坟墓的檐蓬下。

73.它也不仅是一个更温和、更精致的思想符号，而且是这种趋向精致的最大可能的证据。哥特式风格表现出来的植物生命的倾向是值得赞赏的。《创世纪》里有句话，“我将青草赐给它们作为食物”，和书中其余的内容一样，这句话既有字面上的含义也有深刻的象征。它不仅是身体的营养，还是灵魂的食物。在大自然中，绿色植物对于人类健康的精神生活是最为关键的。我们大部分人不需要美好的风景，绝壁和山峰并不打算被所有人看到——也许他们的力量对那些尚未习惯他们的人来说是最强大的，但是树木、田野和花朵是为所有人准备的，对所有人而言也是必需的。上帝将攸关生计的工作和有益人心的欢乐联系起来，他把土地造得坚固，也把植物造得芬芳，花朵造得美丽。人类能够建造的最自豪的建筑与田野荒草的形象和记忆相比并不更加荣耀，因为这不过是他存在的形态和证明。当漂亮的建筑被雕刻成天堂之叶的样子时最为辉煌，而伟大的哥特式精神，当我们展示它不安中的高贵时，它在对本性的执着上是尊贵的。它确实如诺亚的鸽子，没有在水面上停歇，也像“鸽子嘴里叼着一片新拧下来的橄榄叶子”。

74.前面提到的哥特式精神的第四个要素是“怪异性”。要等到我们有机会研究文艺复兴学派的一个部分时，我才会对这个最古怪、最微妙的特征进行定义，因为这种怪异性病态地影响了这些学派。强调这一点也许不是很有必要，因为每个熟悉哥特式建筑的读者都一定会明白我的意思。我相信，他们也会毫不犹豫地承认，对于奇异和可笑的喜好，正如对于庄严的图像的喜好一样，这种倾向是哥特式想象力的一个普遍天性。

75.前面提到的第五个要素是“严格性”。这个特征我必须努力仔细地

加以定义，因为无论是我使用的这个词，还是我能想到的任何词，都无法精准地表达它的含义。我的意思不仅是稳定而且是积极的严格，这种给行动以张力、给反抗以限制的奇特能量，使得最猛烈的闪电变成叉状而不是变得曲线，使得最粗壮的橡树枝长出尖角而不是变得弯曲，在枪矛的震颤和冰柱的闪烁中同样可以见到。

76.我之前有机会注意到这种能量或曰稳固的显现，但在这里它必须经过更仔细地考虑，因为它在哥特式工艺的整个结构和装饰上都有表现。埃及和希腊建筑大部分依靠自己的重量和质量而挺立，一块石头顺从地依靠着另一块，但是在哥特式建筑的圆拱和石制花饰里有一种形同腿骨或树的纤维般的僵硬特征，这是从一个部分到另一个部分有弹性的张力和力量的传播，也是建筑的每条可见线条上的细致表现。同样，希腊和埃及装饰或者仅仅是表面雕刻，就好像墙面被印上了封条，或者它的线条是流动的、柔和的、丰富的，在每种情况下，装饰本身的框架里都没有能量的表达，但是哥特式装饰以敏感的独立性和冷淡的坚毅性凸显出来，伸入卷叶浮雕，固定为尖塔，在这里制作一个怪物，在那里萌发一朵花。很快，它又将编结为一条树枝，不停地变换着多刺、凸起和多毛的形态，或者扭曲为任何各种纠结的形式。即使在最优雅的状态下，从没有一个时刻是无精打采的，始终是树篱的形状，即便有错误，也只是出现在唐突无礼的情况下。

77.在作品中体现这一特征的工匠的感觉或习惯，要比迄今提过的任何雕塑表现更复杂和多样化。他有刻苦和快速工作的习惯，北方部落的勤勉因气候的寒冷不断加强，赋予其所有作品以犀利的表达。与南方部落的倦怠不同，不管在那个倦怠的心灵有多大的激情，即便是火山熔岩也是缓慢流动的。还有在寒冷的迹象里寻找乐趣的习惯，我相信，阿尔卑斯山脉以南国家的居民从来没有这种习惯。对他们来说，寒冷是一种不可饶恕的罪恶，是需要尽快经历并遗忘的。而北方的漫长冬季迫使想要快乐生活的哥特人（我是指英国人、法国人、丹麦人或德国人）在

坏天气里找到快乐的来源，在光秃的森林里像在成荫的森林里一样快乐。这些我们都全心全意地去做，在圣诞节的火炉旁得到像夏日阳光下那样的满足，在冬天的冰野上得到健康和力量——就像在春天的草地上一般。因此，对于我们的感觉来说，被寒冷抑制的窄小、僵硬的植物结构既没什么不好，也并不痛苦。南方雕塑家只寻求表现被柔和所滋养的柔软枝叶，贪图暖风和热光的富饶，而我们在植物的暴躁、乖张、怪僻的生机上得到愉悦，它们从天上和地上都没有得到过多少善意，但是，它们一季又一季地尽自己最大的努力生长着，即便它们被霜冻麻痹，最灿烂的花蕾埋藏在雪中，漂亮的树枝被暴雨砍去。

78.很多微妙的同情和感情被加入进来，从而加强哥特式精神对于主题的独特选择。当我们加入这些影响时，随之而来的必然是更粗糙原料的使用，迫使工匠寻求显著的效果，而不是改进质地或确定形状。对于北方和南方在概念上的很多不同之处，我们有直接和明显的原因，但是我们没有直接的原因来把握一个在哥特式心灵上更为重要的位置，尽管它们对设计的影响没有那么直接。意志的力量、个性的独立、目标的坚决、对于过分控制的不耐烦，以及树立个体理性对抗权威、个人行为对抗命运的普遍倾向，这使得北方部落在各个时期都在抗争无力的服从，而在南方出于对传统的考虑以及天命的目的，或多或少可在北方哥特式装饰的僵硬线条、强烈多样的色块以及大胆的设计和独立结构上找到它们的踪迹。相反的感觉同样清晰地在优雅、柔和的海浪和环绕的花纹中显现，这是南方装饰经常涉及的内容。在它丧失独立、融入投射其上的大块表面的倾向里，在处理这些大块的时候，经常表现为不可避免的需要或无精打采的静止而放弃他们的力量。

79.对于这些哥特式精神特征及其创造的风格来说，适量即美德，过量即有错。最好的建筑以及最好的调剂是将他们两者联合起来，因此哥特式心灵的第五个冲动是最需要慎于耽溺。它比其他几个都具有更明确的哥特式特征，但是最好的哥特式建筑，并不是最具哥特式特性的建

筑：它可以坦率地承认自己的粗陋，它变化丰富，忠实于自然主义。它可能太坚硬了，就像伟大的清教徒精神在极端的情形下因为各种轻浮或乖僻的目的而失去了自我。在后期也确实是如此，但是它有幸记得在它最高贵的时候，那些曾被认为最有害的趋向，那些依靠自己和不断追寻的新教精神在每一根线条里得以表达。从第一世纪到第十五世纪，每一座基督教的教会建筑都蕴含信念和渴望，但是在当今，英格兰所拥有的那种伟大归功于道德习惯——哲学研究的习惯，精确思考、家庭隔离和独立的习惯，严格自律和对于宗教真理的真诚探究的习惯。这些只可在哥特学派富有特色的建筑特征中找到踪迹，在有脉纹的叶子上，在多刺的回纹细工上，在朦胧的壁龛里，在拱壁的扶壁上，在精妙的尖塔和拥有顶饰的、极高的高楼上，如同一个“送向苍穹的困惑的疑问”。

80.由于是这个高贵学派的组合元素中最微不足道的一个元素是冗余，这是慷慨馈赠的劳动财富。确实有很多哥特式建筑，而且是在最佳时期的建筑里都鲜有这个元素的踪迹，它的影响几乎专门依靠简单设计的可爱和无关部分的魅力，然而在最有特色的建筑上，它们的特定影响依靠装饰的累积，并且很多对于人类心灵的最大影响是以这个单独的特征来实现的，尽管通过对这个学派的仔细研究有可能达到一个品位的高度。比起整个由回纹细工覆盖的正面，我们更满足于一些完美的线条，但是满足于这种品味的建筑并不是最好的建筑，因为正如我们在前面所看到的，哥特式建筑首先应该包容从最粗陋到最优雅的心灵的欣赏诉求。尽管这听起来有些矛盾，但哥特式作品的丰富性的确是它谦卑的一个部分。从来没有如此简单却又如此傲慢的建筑，只以一些清晰和强烈的线条来吸引眼球，只提供少得可怜的值得关注的事物，这也意味着，凡是提供的都是完美的。因其特征的复杂性或吸引力而不屑于阻碍我们的调查，或者使我们无意中流露出欢愉。那种谦卑，正是哥特学派的生命所在，并不仅仅在其不完美中显现，也在装饰的累积上表现出来。工匠的较次等级同样显示在他作品的丰富性和粗糙中。若想每双手都能够合作，每颗心都能被接受，我们就必须容许这种冗余——当它假装脆弱

者的失败时，却赢得疏忽者的关注。在哥特式的心灵里更为高贵的兴趣混合着对于装饰累积的原始之爱，这是一种巨大的热情，感觉好像它做什么都不足以实现其理想。这是一种无私的牺牲，仿佛宁可在祭坛前抛下无结果的劳动也不要在市场上虚度。一种对于物质世界的充足和财富的深厚同情从自然主义中产生，我们已经努力解释了它的运作过程。在森林的叶子上寻找模型的雕刻家很快深刻地意识到，复杂性不一定导致优雅的丧失，丰富性也不一定导致宁静的丧失。他花在研究大自然的微小和多样工艺上的时间，使得他更强烈地感受到人类缺乏最好的工艺。这也无须惊奇，当看到大自然大量涌现完美和精致的创造，且观念无法把握，数量无法统计时，他会认为吝啬自己粗陋的手艺是多么病态。在整个宇宙中，他看到一种无瑕的美丽在花团锦簇的田野和山间无边的空间蔓延，他怨恨自己将一块石头堆在另一块上的不完美的劳动，这些只是为了居住或者纪念。在他的任务完成之前，他已经丧失了大好年华，但是一代又一代人以不倦的热情前赴后继，大教堂的正面终于被花纹的装饰所覆盖，就像岩石掩映在春天繁茂的草木间一。

81.现在，我相信，关于构成哥特式建筑的内在精神的各种道德或想象元素，我们已经有了一个接近圆满的看法……

铁在自然、艺术和政治中的功用

1858年2月16日在塔布里奇威尔斯所作的演讲

1.当我刚刚得知你们想要我今晚作这个演讲的时候，我有一点疑惑，因为我不知道自己是否能找到一个可以引起你们足够兴趣的主题，值得你们在这样的一个冬夜从温暖的家中赶来听我演讲。当我冒险去讲述我自己对于艺术的特别感觉时，大部分时候都是面对艺术系的学生；在他们面前我可以允许自己乏味一点，只要我感觉自己还有点用，但是一次纯粹的关于艺术的演讲，特别是没有例子可以援引的时候（我也没有办法为这次演讲准备什么有用的插图），对于一般听众来说都是鲜有兴趣的。当我在考虑你们最可能容忍我谈论什么话题的时候，我很自然地想到了一个与你们所居住的这个城镇的起源和当前的繁荣相关联的主题，对我来说，在艺术的诸多分支中，唯有它可以引发普遍的兴趣。很久以前（我很怕去想有多久），塔布里奇威尔斯，就是瑞士。有一年夏天我被带到这儿，那时我还是一个非常活泼的孩子，因为可以攀爬砂岩——高得惊人的峭壁而高兴。我推想，与威尔斯的所有孩子的童年相比，那是我生命中的黑暗岁月。在波形瓦和镶边建筑风格充斥各处的不幸中，我唯一的慰藉是散步时在每一个转角观看泉水从大理石水池的橙色边缘喷涌而出。记忆中清澈的泉水，闪耀过橘黄色的污点，变成与这个地方相关的最强烈的景象。我想，今晚你们应该不会不愿意来稍微思考一下那个橘黄色污点的意义，以及其他的方式和功能，以及使这里许多人恢复生机和力量的铁的意义。它一直是那么重要，而且作为地球的珍贵馈赠会日复一日地越来越引人注目。

2.当然这个主题太广泛，只能点到为止，尽管我的提议不多，而且主要是以我自己工作的领域为出发点，然而我认为我应该有时间来指明

一些思考的过程。如你们感兴趣的话，这些想法可能以后自己也可以一探究竟。因此，我不会缩小我已向你们宣布的这个主题的范围，即“铁在自然、艺术和政治上的功用”。

3.开场白到此为止，下面我开始论述第一方面。

4.一、自然中的铁。你们想必都知道，往往被认为毁坏了泉水池的红褐色污点是铁生锈的状态。当你在其他地方看到生锈的铁时你通常会想，它不仅破坏了它沾染的地方，而且也毁坏了自己，生锈的铁是腐坏的铁。

5.对于铁的大多数的功用来说确实如此，因为一把生锈的厨刀或剃刀不如磨光的好使，我们就认定铁会生锈是它的一大缺陷。事实并非如此，相反，铁最完美和最有用的形态就是红褐色的污点，它被赋予了一个天生的性情来使得自己进入这种形态。铁容易生锈不是铁的过错，而是它的优点，因为在那种情形下它满足了它在宇宙中最重要的功能以及对人类最善意的职责。不，在某种意义上，而且几乎是在字面意义上，我们可以说生锈的铁是鲜活的，而它被磨光或者提炼后，则是死的。你们可能都知道，在我们呼吸的空气里最关键的成分被称为氧气，这个物质对所有动物来说都是至关重要的。以这个词语最精确的含义来说，是“生命的气息”。生命的力量是另一回事，但是如果没有呼吸的辅助元素，血液和生命都得不到滋养，这种辅助元素就是氧气。铁就是被氧化然后生锈的，它像我们一样贪婪地从空气中吸取氧气，尽管它的目的与我们不同。铁将吸收的养分都保存了起来，我们和其他的动物则只保存了部分，而铁完全保存了它从空气的馈赠中吸收到的养分。我们如此蔑视的红褐色的尘埃事实上比纯铁要高贵得多，因为它是铁和空气的结合。它不仅更高贵也更有用，因为正如我要向你们展示的一样，这个金属以及所有其他金属的主要功用，不是在制造厨刀和剪刀、拨火棒和平底锅，而是在制造我们赖以生存的土地，以及几乎所有对我们的生存所

必需的物质。这一切都只需金属和氧气——会呼吸的金属。沙子、石灰、粘土和土地的其他部分，钾碱和苏打，以及其他碱类，都是金属经过了氧化这一重大变化过程才形成的，并且已经通过与其本身呼吸的纯粹空气永久结合变得适合服务于人类。只有一种金属不会轻易生锈，从它迄今对人类的影响来看，已经导致了死亡而不是生命，除非它被用于铺设人行道，被踏在脚底下，否则它就不能算是被正确使用。[5]

6.在这个无生命的创造物所提供的类型或教训里难道没有引人注目的部分？你拥有坚硬、光亮、冰冷、无生命的金属，它们质地精良足以制作剑和剪刀，但不能用来制成食品。你认为，也许铁以一种纯粹的形式存在十分有用，但是你怎么可能会喜欢这个世界——如果你所有的草地长出了铁丝而不是青草，如果所有的耕地不是由沙和粘土组成而是忽然变成了平坦的钢面，如果整个地球不是绿色的灼热球体，长满了森林和花朵，而是变成可怕机车上的巨大熔炉的景象，一个黑暗的、无生命的、被撕去表皮的地球？它将会变成这个样子，也许它曾经就是这个样子。要不是它所构成的物质吮吸和呼吸了空气的精华，它确实会变成这个样子。当它呼吸的时候，它无情的坚硬被软化，变成了富有成效的有益的尘埃，再次聚集起来成为我们赖以生存的土地，以及我们用来建造的石头，并成为形成山脉的岩石和约束海洋的沙滩。

7.当你拿起脚边最不起眼的鹅卵石，你不可能看不出里面蕴含的教义。一开始你看着它，仿佛它只是土地，不，它回答："我不是土地，我是土地与空气的混合体，是你所热爱和渴望的蓝天的一部分，这是我全部的生命，没有它我就什么都不是了，也什么都不能了。要不是因为我在创造中的需要和地位，在我身上有一种灵魂，我将不能帮助你，也不能滋养你，我将会变成残忍和无用，但如今我在生命的循环中既有益又有用。"

8.同样的情况也适用于所有的土地，以及构成土地的所有金属，但

是那个染污了你泉边的大理石的红褐色的铁与之有着更深的关系并得到了更大的益处。它染污了大理石以外的很多东西，它染污了你在这片土地上看到的所有东西。它是被指定用来给地球染色的染色剂，也是用来服务于人类的。你看到山脉上覆盖着积雪，也许一开始你会欣赏它美丽的白色与松树林的黑色相对比，但是你有没有考虑过，你怎么会喜欢它们永远是白色的——不是纯白色，而是肮脏的白色——融雪的白色，有着雪的寒意，却没有它的光亮？那就是地球没有铁的时候会变成的颜色。那就是不仅这里或那里，而是所有地方所有时候都会变成的颜色。顺着这个思路，你在细节上会有所认知。首先，想象你在自家花园里漂亮的碎石路上散步，像黄色的花床之间的阳光一样美好；然后想象一下它们忽然全都变成灰烬的颜色，这就是如果没有红褐色铁的话它们会变成的样子。再想象你在公园里蜿蜒漫步，眼底温暖、足底干燥，然后想象一下它们全都忽然化为灰色的煤渣会是什么景象？然后穿过公园进入乡村，在你所看到的阳光下第一块遍布山间的耕地前停留，它深褐色的犁沟和赤热的山脊在耕地边上凸起，就好像手织天鹅绒斗篷的深深折痕一般。想象这些全都忽然变成在一片污泥地里的可怕的犁沟——这就是没有铁的话会变成的样子。继续在想象中前行，越过山丘和山谷，直到你到达弯曲的海岸线，走到吹着微风的海滩，观看白色的泡沫在琥珀色的海滩上飞溅，整片蓝色的大海在金色的沙滩里栖息，然后想象那些席卷海岸的小圈忽然变成了悲痛的堤坝，所有金色的沙子变成了灰色的烂泥，仙女们再也无法互相呼唤，“来这片黄色的沙滩吧”，而是说，“来这片褐色的沙滩吧”——这就是如果没有铁的话它们会变成的样子。

9.因此，在某些方面，铁是山水的阳光和光线——只要光线依赖着土地。它也是另一种阳光的来源，对我们如今生存的方式来说同样重要，它不是景观的阳光而是住所的。

10.在这个急速流动的时代，我可以断定，大部分听众都去过英格兰以外的地方，如去过苏格兰、法国或瑞士。不管他们对这些国家有什

么样的印象，在他们回到祖国的时候，面对她在其他方面的优势或劣势，他们只能感受到一件事情——她的城镇和乡村舒适的样子。外国的城镇往往是风景如画，非常美丽，但是他们从来没有那种温暖的自足和整体的宁静，就像我们的村庄被绿色的田野环抱的样子。如果你不辞辛劳地去研究这种印象的来源，你会发现，这种温暖和舒适外表很大部分来自砖瓦的深红色。它不属于整洁的建筑——每座整洁的建筑都有一个不舒适的样子——但是它属于暖色调的建筑。我们的村庄装扮着红色的瓦，就像我们的老妇人戴着红色的斗篷。不管斗篷有多温暖或者屋顶有多倾斜，只要它们上面没有洞，只要这个沉静的不会消减的颜色还在头巾的阴影里闪耀，还在山墙的绿色苔藓中燃烧。你觉得是什么染成了你们村舍屋瓦的颜色？不是油漆，是自然为你把可爱的朱红色放进粘土，而可爱的朱红色是铁的氧化物。然后想一想城镇的街道，其中一些已经很丑，但看上去依然很舒适，如果这些房子失去那个温暖的砖红色而变成了胡椒和盐的颜色，想象那时会变成什么样子。想想你们村庄的那个家常的深红色，那个象征了艰苦得来的和平颜色，就好像经历过艰苦战役后战士的红衣一样可爱。而如果所有的村舍屋顶全都变成未经烘烤的粘土的颜色，或者雨季里街道排水沟的颜色——这就是没有铁的话它们会变成的样子。

11.在我们英国的村镇里，颜色还有另外一个作用，也许你自己没有注意到，但是你一定大概听到过。它们不常是温暖的深红色，更多是温暖的紫色，一个更美丽的颜色。它们将这颜色归功于混合了我们威尔士屋顶上板岩的深灰色调或紫色调的朱红色，由空气的干扰而使得颜色变得更蓝。如果你检查一片刚切开的威尔士板岩，你会发现它的紫色是清晰和鲜艳的。尽管在长期暴露以后就不会如此鲜明了，但它总是保留了足够的色彩来提供丰富的搭配，将遥远的紫色与树林和田野的绿色作映照。不管色彩有什么光亮或力量，它总是完全归因于铁的氧化物。没有它，板岩会要么变成苍白石头的颜色，要么是冰冷的灰色或黑色。

12.以上我们只是考虑了铁在普通泥土里的作用和魅力。有三种泥土以混合的质量和普遍的数量，组成了这个世界，以日常语言来说，它们是粘土、石灰土和燧石土。很多其他元素以一定的比例与它们混合，但是地球的大框架和基本内容是由这三种泥土组成的，所以无论你站在坚实大地上的任何地方，在地球上的任何国度，在你脚下的主要物质要么是粘土，要么是石灰土，或者是燧石土与其他两种混合的。

13.这些是我们经常要面对的，自然看上去已经下定决心来尽可能使得这三种物质对我们来说既有趣又美丽。粘土作为一种柔软可变的物质，自然没有花费大力气就能把它烤干了——正如我们看到的一样。只有在获得一个永久的形状时它才会有颜色。自然以自己的方式来给自然状态下的石灰石和燧石上色，她给它们上色的目的就和给花朵上色一样，使得我们粗心和懒惰的人类观察自然，然后看到她在做些什么，她在为我们——她的孩子做好事。自然总是对石灰石和燧石做一些奇怪的事情，在海底安置它们的温床，从海里建造出岛屿，用神奇的珠宝来填充山的裂缝和脉络，硬化苔藓、树木还有贝壳。事实上，大自然做着地下和海底的所有这些事情，对我们来说，看着这一切进行是非常惬意的，我们从中得益并赖此为生。为了引导我们这样做，大自然为我们制作了石灰石和燧石的图画书，就像我们是幼稚的孩子那样诱惑我们，因为它们美丽的颜色而去看她的书。石灰石书的美丽颜色形成了斑驳的大理石，从史前开始，所有的人类都很乐于磨光并且用它来建造房屋。燧石书的美丽颜色形成了玛瑙、碧玉、红玉髓、血石、缟玛瑙、黑水晶、绿玉髓，从史前开始所有的人类都很乐于切割、磨光它们，然后将它们制成饰物。他们多像孩子一样，多喜欢看着图片而不是阅读文字，我怀疑在经过了六千年的切割和磨光后，在一百个人里是否有超过两三个人知道或者想知道，一粒玛瑙或一颗大理石是怎么做出来，又如何被上色的。

14.怎么做出来的？这不是很容易说明白，但是它是如何被上色的

就没有什么疑问了。所有西西里和西班牙的美丽大理石的紫色脉纹和斑驳，锡耶纳的大理石闪耀的橘色和琥珀色，紫罗红的深红褐色，所有丰富了意大利庙宇的珍贵碧玉的血红色，最后，所有苏格兰和莱茵河的鹅卵石色彩的可爱转变，形成了——尽管不是最宝贵的，但——迄今为止是我们现代珠宝匠的工作里最有趣的部分。所有这些都是自然只以一种物质的不同比例和应用来上色的，也就是染污了你们塔布里奇的泉水的铁氧化物。

15.这不是全部，也不是铁最好的功用。大自然出产那些美丽的石头是只供给负担得起采石和磨光的富人的。而大自然上色是为了全世界，无论是穷人还是富人，大自然装饰山脉最深处的岩石，诱惑你们去调查，或者纵情于奢侈。她更仔细地为山脉的外部上色，这是为了愉悦牧羊人和庄稼汉的眼睛。我刚才说到了我们村庄屋顶的紫色石板瓦的作用，但是如果石板哪怕在屋顶上排成扁平正规的一排也是美丽的，那么它们在本地山脉崎岖的山巅和侧面就会更好看了。你有没有想过，当我们讲到遥远的蓝色山丘时，是什么使得它们变成蓝色的？在一定程度上是距离，但是仅有距离是无法造成的，很多山丘不管离得多远，看上去都是白色的。我们威尔士和高地山脉可爱的深紫色并不仅仅是出于距离，而是因为它们的岩石。一些岩石的颜色确实太深了，黑色或者灰色，很不好看，这是由于不完美的多孔结构造成的。当你看到这种深色掺入了红褐色和蓝色，在绿色的蕨类植物里大量出现，呈现那样的紫色时，一开始你很难说清楚这是岩石还是石楠，这时你一定要感谢你的塔布里奇的老朋友，铁氧化物。

16.但这还不是全部。为了山丘的美丽景色，大自然应该不止为她柔软的岩石上色，也要为坚硬的岩石上色。她用同样的物质给它们上色，而且更漂亮。也许你会质疑为何我将紫色这个词如此频繁地运用于岩石上。在对紫色都有着极大尊重的希腊和罗马，很久以前就将紫色用在岩石上了。最宝贵的硬性大石头里，你们都听过斑岩。给予它那个高

贵名字的颜色，就像给予所有埃及蔷薇色的花岗岩以流溢的红色，是的，就像给予阿尔卑斯山脉最富蔷薇色的山巅，也还是要归功于同样的物质——你们认为卑下的铁氧化物。

17.最后，一个比所有这些都要更高贵的颜色，在这个地球上所见的最高贵的颜色，属于一种比埃及花岗岩更大的强度，比落日或玫瑰更美的颜色，依然与这个深色的铁的存在有着神秘的联系。我相信，虽然我们还没有探知血液的深红色到底依赖于什么，但是这个颜色一定与它的生命力有关联，而那个生命力则和铁作为其中一个组成元素的存在有关联。

18.这个严酷、坚固的金属竟然如此微妙地混合在我们人类的生命里，要是没有它我们甚至不能脸红，这个发现难道不神奇吗？想一想，我亲爱的文雅的听众，这个取舍有多可怕：有时你实际上没有选择，要么厚脸皮，要么铁面皮！

19.在这个对铁的一些功用的简短回顾里，你注意到我严格限制在它作为染色元素的活动上。要是我努力描绘它作为实质元素的作用，无论是分解岩石，还是加强岩石硬度、影响植物，我只会混淆你们对于事实的看法，因此我甚至没有提到铁在自然经济中更为重要的作用。但是我希望你们仔细听取的是，回想如果没有空气的话所有这些金属就都一无是处了。纯金属没有力量，而且在自然中也从来不会存在——除了在陨石中，它的坠落是无法预测的，而在坠落之后也就没有用处了。在这个世界上必需的物质里，铁总是和氧气结合在一起，而且一旦没有它的话，铁就失去作用也不再好看了。

20.二、艺术中的铁。现在，从铁在自然中的活动转到它在人类手中的作用。你一定记得在开始时，由无生命的金属展现给你的金属类型，是人类身体和灵魂一起行动的结果，在所有人类能量的活动中都有高贵的原型。所有配得上这个名字的艺术都是能量，既不是只有身体，

也不是只有精神，而是两者的结合，一个指导着另一个。好的手艺和手指的工作与好的情感和心灵的工作相互结合。

21.如果两者没有结合的话，就不可能产生好的艺术，也不可能进行艺术评判，然而我们总是试图将两者分离。业余艺术家不能被说服，他们认为：一方面，没有经过必要辛劳的苦工，仅凭幻想和敏感就能制造出美好的艺术。那是完全没有希望实现的。没有一定数量的劳动，事实上如果没有相当大数量的手工操作——正如学习其他手工技艺一样需要仔细和经常的练习——是不可能画画的。另一方面，工匠及其雇用者仍然试图以手工技巧或习惯来生产艺术品，而不用想象力或敏感来制造艺术。那也是没有希望实现的。心灵的情感如果没有混合着手的力量，艺术是不可能产生的。最高水平的艺术总是以最强烈的程度将两者结合起来：最灵巧的手工和最丰富的心灵。

22.因此，只有通过手的最微妙的触觉以及接收和保持这种触碰的材料，才能产生艺术的最大力量。这只手是宇宙中现有物质力量最完美的中介，它完全的精妙只在它施予的物质完全屈从时才会显现。一个完美的乐器和音会接收它，但是不完美的乐器不会。鹅毛笔柔软弯曲的笔尖以及缓缓融化的颜色可以接收它，但粉笔或钢笔就不会，钢头、凿子或大理石更不会。雕刻家的手的确会像画家的手一样灵巧，但是它的灵巧不是随处适用或表现的，提香、柯勒乔或特纳的风格，是紧张劳作之下的杰作，而非仅通过颜色来表达，或者像音乐中凭借对主旋律的表现来表达。用以加工的物质越不精妙，所需的执行力就越低，艺术性也就越低，这是所有工艺中的一个主要原则。另一个原则是，无论你选择什么物质来加工，如果你没有将这种物质的独特品质表现出来，那么你的艺术性就是低下的。

23.第二条原则的理由是，如果你不需要你所采用的物质的特质，你就应该去采用别的物质。你利用一种陌生的物质，可能只是因为做作

以及想要展现你的技艺的欲望，那么你的艺术就会变得低下。比如玻璃在本质上显然是透明的，如果你不想要这种透明，你就不要用玻璃。不要试图让一扇窗户看上去像一幅不透明的画，如果想要这种效果，你应该在一个不透明的基础物上做画。另外，大理石明显是结实、巨大的物质，除非你想要巨大和结实的特质，不然就不要用大理石。如果你想要轻巧，用木头；想要自由，用灰泥；想要延展，用玻璃。不要试图用大理石来雕刻羽毛、树木、网或者泡沫，请只用它来雕刻洁白的四肢和宽广的胸膛。

24.因此，我再次申明，铁明显是易延展的坚固的物质，比所有物质都坚固，比大部分物质都易于延展。如果你想要坚固以及复杂的形式，就用铁。很明显它是为此而存在的。它是作为大理石的同伴提供给雕刻家的，伴随着一个好像从地球母亲的嘴里随意说出来的讯息：“这是给你们雕刻用的，那是给你们敲打用的。塑造这个，扭曲那个。雕刻结实和简单的，敲打细薄和复杂的。我给你们所有的形式去产生愉悦，摆动的树叶和美好的身体，扭曲的四肢和舒展的额头。你可以通过敲打和扭曲来表现树叶和树枝，身体和额头则需要你细心的点缀，从而形成你所需要的样子。如果你选对了也做对了，你做的一切就应当是安全的。细长的树叶不会折断坚固的铁，尽管它们在铁的衰退期会有一点生锈。宽广的表面不会在纯洁的水晶般的大理石上磨损，它们不会腐朽。如果你用会在碰触中破裂的大理石雕刻，或者用会在锈或铜的污点中腐坏的金属铸造，这就是你的错而不是我的错。”

25.这些就是这一事项上的主要原则，就像在艺术中所有其他正确的原则一样，我们现代人总是乐于尽可能直接和专门地予以反驳。在展览会上我们不断地寻找并赞美以易碎的石头雕刻出来的面纱、蕾丝、细叶和所有尽可能地逼向不可能的事物，只是为了展现雕刻家的灵巧。[6]另一方面，我们将铁制成铁条，尽管有一寸厚但依然易碎，磨利它们的顶端，然后认为围墙和所有由此制成的东西都是可用作装饰的！我相信

单要计算我们英格兰的品位因为这种铁围墙而造成的伤害并非易事。如果有人要求我们用一个特征把乡村的住处分为两个大的分区，将一个分区的人们设定为简单、快乐、善良和诚实的；而另一分区的人们则是世故的、无情的、不自在的和无原则的。我认为有一个特征可以作为明确的评判标准：不自在和无原则的那部分人住在铁栏杆里，而自在和有原则的那部分人则没有铁栏杆的限制。你会说这是泛泛的概括，也许是有一点太宽泛了，但是只要我们足够严肃，就会发现它比你想象的还要正确。想一想其他种类的围墙或栏杆，你会发现它们总有一些优点，但是铁栏杆没有任何优点。首先，石头的城堡城墙，在围墙的范畴里似乎显得有点太宏伟了。其次，花园或公园的砖墙，从外面看上去确实总是一副不友善的样子，但其实它很谦逊。通常它并不意味着建造者想要把你关闭在花园景色之外，而只是想阻止你看到他本人，这是一个坦率的声明，他需要一定时间的独处，所以他需要留给自己一定的空间，当他卷起袖子在那儿锄地，或者和他放学的孩子玩跳蛙游戏，或者和他的妻子聊起旧日时光，在晚霞中漫步时，他不想被盯着看。另外，砖墙也有很好的实用性，为你遮蔽东风，催熟你的桃子和油桃，在秋天里像明媚的堤岸一样发光。再者，砖墙要是建造得宜的话，可以保持相当长的时间，当它变旧了，它庄重的紫红色布满绿色的青苔，就会非常好看。

26.紧靠着高贵的墙壁和围栏的是密密麻麻的木栅栏。它更令人反感，因为它通常意味着比人们想要的还要更大范围的围栏。不过对于舒适的公园和维护得很好的野外小道，牧鹿人和其他此类的贵族式田园生活来说，这依然是有意义的。在一个国家，这里或那里有它们恰当的位置，可以不带任何疑惑地通行。

27.紧接着木栅栏的是矮石堤、山墙，一瞥即可见原始的山野或者土壤下的石床。山篱对于所有的结合都感到愉悦，但更喜欢组成它的松散石头的各种陡峭形状。紧靠着矮石墙的是低地篱，在大片整齐的绿色线上，显示着伊丽莎白时代的老房子的舒适，有便于老年人腿脚的平稳

小路和适于年轻人的离奇迷宫。美丽的野蔷薇和未经使用的凉亭交错，沿着乡村的路边投掷其芳香。在美丽的山间，秋天给孩子可尽情采摘的大丛树莓，冬天给小鸟可供觅食的深红色山楂。最后，在围墙里最难分级的是扶手，它表达了很多的东西。它带着一个会意的邪恶表情，这时它是赛马场上的栏杆；有时是无辜的温和表情，这时它是乡村长满水芹的小溪上的小桥栏杆；有时是谨慎的防卫表情，这时它是阿尔卑斯山脉边线上的栏杆，那里它有花岗岩的标杆和松树的栅栏，护卫着悬崖的顶端和山洪的堤岸。所有这些围栏都有一些好的、愉悦的或者高贵的意义，但是铁栏杆有什么意义？要么你和很坏的人住在一起，你必须要用栏杆的力量把他们隔绝开来，要么你自己就是需要以同样的方式关在里面的人。铁栏杆总是意味着外面有小偷或者里面是疯人院。它只能是这个意思。如果外面的人是好的，只要一点围墙的暗示就足够了，但是因为他们是暴力的并且对你有敌意，你不得不在顶端安上密集的铁棒和长钉。去年夏天我暂居于乡下的一处村舍，在我低矮的窗户前面有雏菊的花床，还有一排鹅莓和醋栗的灌木，然后是一面大约三英尺高的矮墙，覆盖着岩芥菜。外面有一片麦田，绿色的麦穗在阳光下闪耀，有一条小径经过花园大门，穿过田野。我可以从窗户看到乡间的每一个农民经过，他们手上挎着篮子去赶集，或者肩上扛着铲子去种地。当我想要社交的时候我就靠在墙上，然后可以跟任何人说话；当我想要作科学研究的时候，可以沿着墙头作植物研究，光墙头上就长了四种岩芥菜；当我想要锻炼的时候，可以在墙上来来回回地跳。这就是基督教国家应该有的围墙，而不是那种你在里面走却好像是被囚禁的野兽，或者在早晨从窗口往外看却没想到晚上有人被钉在上面的围墙上。

28.此外，请注意铁栏杆是无用的围墙，它不能遮蔽什么，也不能援助什么，你不能把桃子钉在上面，也不能用它来保护花朵，或者从它代价高昂的暴政里生产出什么东西来。它不只是无用，还是粗野的，它公然地对每个经过的人说："也许你是一个诚实的人，但你也有可能是一个小偷，不管你是不是诚实，你都不能到这儿来，因为我是一个远比

你高尚的人，你只能看看我用了多大的一块地方来隔离你，看看这儿，然后谦卑地离去吧。”

29.这是当前文明通常的表述方式，而且在很多地区，铁栏杆很不幸是不可避免的，但是你是否有必要把它弄得那么丑呢，并且带着罪恶的意味呢？在伦敦你必须要在广场周围以及地区的边界上安上栏杆，但你需要安上这么丑的栏杆，以至于它们不变的景观足以中和这片国土上所有艺术院校的积极影响么？不需要这样！不仅远不需要，你甚至可以将所有铁栅栏的警力扭转为绘画大师的杰作及自然历史学家的记录。当然这样做会有一些困难，并且要付出一些代价，但你在这个世界上做任何值得做的事情都会遇到困难，而你想得到任何值得拥有的东西也都需要付出代价。主要的问题只在于什么是值得做的和值得拥有的，想一想，这件事是否值得。你的铁栏杆像一头无知的怪物，一个阴郁的管家，除了永恒的“禁止入内！”“走远些！”不会说其他的。难道不值得花一些力气和费用来把这个不雅的、残忍的门卫变成一个有教养的仆人？当他严厉禁止有恶意的人入内的同时，也学会对善良的人们表示善意。万一过路的向他提问，他会以和善的表情提供他掌握的一些有用的信息。

30.今晚我们没有时间来看铁很多制品的例子，而我碰巧有的例子也不一定是最好的，因为铁制品并不是我研究的专题，所以我只有一些备忘录，有些例子是在我准备其他内容的时候不经意收集的。另外，外用的铁制品要比其他种类的古代艺术还要难找到好作品，因为当它变得生锈和断裂，人们就断定它不再有用，然后把它送到旧铁铺里去，再拿回一个好的新铁器。因为这个原因，在意大利的伟大城市，旧铁几乎全部不在了，在露天里最好的遗存我记得是在布雷西亚，月桂般的叶子的铁制品喷出的神奇水柱从花园大门上升起，在维也纳有一些精妙的断片，围绕着斯卡拉坟墓有一些好的格子棚架，但是总体上，它们的风格并不纯粹。最有意思的作品可以在外省的城镇里找到，在那里人们不关

心铁制品或者无法作适当的改建。比如，在阿尔卑斯山以南、锡安以北的贝林佐纳小镇，在他们的阳台和葡萄园大门上呈现着铁制品的两个完整的学派。贝林佐纳是最好的，尽管不是很旧，我推想大部分是十七世纪的，它依然非常古雅和美丽。比如这里是两栋不同房子的两个阳台，一个是鲜红色的，檐帽是阳台的主要装饰，它的流苏是用愉悦的精细和自由锻造成的，即使在大片茂盛的花叶间也能很清晰地看到。这些流苏和串饰正是适合铁制品表现的主题，高贵的铁制品，在之前提到的地方，它们用大理石来表现的话可能就一点也不高贵了。夹竹桃在窗户前很愉快地丰富了整个建筑物的线条。

31.在同一条街上，一个看上去非常普通的房子的阳台，在细节上要更加有趣。去年夏天在横木上是并置的旋花植物，箭形的真叶混合了铁的叶子……它的中心是一朵大郁金香，然后是两朵头巾百合，然后是两朵抽象化的石竹花，然后是两朵水仙，然后是两朵难以名状的或至少是我不知道的花，然后是两个暗色的花蕾，以及一些叶子。我说暗色的花蕾是因为所有这些花朵都是以它们原初的状态来上色的。这个组合的规划相当简单，全部围绕着一个尖拱，大片的郁金香形成了顶点，每边都有一颗六层的星，然后是不对称的星，然后是五层的星，再然后是对称的星或玫瑰，最后是一个小花蕾，以便在整个组合里建立关联和节奏。整个轮廓非常自由和美好，阳台的上部围栏在效果上相当漂亮，一点儿也没有因为运用的方法极端简单而受到影响。一根细条的铁弯向方形的杆，在这个细条的边缘切了一系列的三角形的口，顶上最宽，放置突出的铁齿。每一个突出的小片均被榔头用力敲打过，向内打碎它的边缘，同时把它撕开一点，然后就完成了。

32.瑞士铁制品的普通形态要比意大利阳台的少一点自然，更多地依靠各种曲线的美丽组合，然而，在弗里堡有一个丰富的自然主义派别，在那儿还保存有铃型把手，由分成月桂和其他树叶的铁棒组成。在日内瓦，现代化改良已经没有留下什么了，但是在安锡还有一些好的作

品。特别是老市政厅的阳台，湖里的鳟鱼——大概是城镇的手臂——形成了它的中心装饰。

33.只要你能坐在这儿听，我可以整晚地细说关于必要主题的处理方法，或者有关老工匠的愉悦的奇思妙想的介绍。但是我们没有多少剩余时间了，我必须停止这个部分的主题，正如如果不进入曲线设计的全套理论，就不能向你们解释铁制品的内在价值一样。希望我留给你们这个清晰的论断，很多自然物品的离奇的美丽和特性，就像错综的树枝、草木、叶子（特别是多刺的树枝和叶子），也像很多动物，羽毛的、尖刺的、刚毛的，只能用铁来实现雕塑的表达，用铁就会达到最大程度的庄严和表现力。你使用的每一件金属品，如果正确加以对待的话，可能不只是极好的装饰，而且也是自然形式的极有价值的概括，它们和植物的画作的关系恰如人的画作和雕像的关系。对于从周围丰富的、扰乱了我们微弱注意力的环境抽象出来的形状极简单的事物，你很难得到一个优雅的、有意思的印象。每一丛植物都会提供五十个这样的组合，每一个组合都能轻易融入铁，（当然是与其作用相匹配的）并带来无限的庄严。

34.三、政治中的铁。我们已经掌握了一些铁在艺术中运用的概念，即依靠它的延展性，我当然不需要再阐述它在制造业和商业上的用处了。关于这些，我们都知道得足够多了，也许有点太多了。因此在最后我要来思考它在政治中的运用，这主要依靠它的坚韧性，也就是说，它能够承受拉扯、迎接刀锋的力量。这些力量使得它可以刺穿、约束和重击，使得它适合做成三种伟大的工具，它的政治行为可被简单地典型化，即犁、脚镣和剑。

35.我们对这三个工具的正确用途的理解，需要依靠我们作为国家的权力和作为个体的幸福感。

36.犁。首先，根据我们对于犁的正确运用的理解，为对我们的劳

动者公平起见，我们必须联系到女性的犁——针。对于一个国家幸福的首要要求是，了解这个世界上两个伟大工具的功能：一个幸福的国家可以被定义为丈夫的手扶着犁，妻子的手拿着针，这样到时候农民就能穿着漂亮的衣服来收获金色的果实；而一个不幸福的国家就是不承认犁或针的作用，最后一定会发现它的仓库空虚、面临饥荒，它的子民赤裸着胸膛受冻。

37.也许你认为这只不过是不言而喻的道理，我在这里重复只是浪费你们的时间。但愿如此。

38.在当下文明的欧洲，很大部分的苦难和罪恶是从不明白这个不言而喻的道理的人们那里产生的。他们不明白，农产品或财富是和天地法则永久地联系起来的，是由不懈的劳动而来的。他们希望以某些方式欺骗或废除这个生命的永恒法则，想在没有耕地的地方得到食物，想在没有编织的地方得到温暖。

39.我重复一下，几乎所有的苦难和罪恶都是从这种误解而来的。自然法则是，必须进行一定量的劳动才能产生一定量的物品，不管其种类如何。如果想要知识，就必须辛苦工作；如果想要食物，必须辛苦工作；想要欢乐，也必须辛苦工作。但是人们不承认这条法则，或者努力逃避它，希望不劳动就能获得知识、食物和欢乐。这样的话，他们要么什么也得不到，并且依然无知和痛苦，要么通过让他人为了自己的利益劳动，以期获得这些东西。这样，他们就成了暴君和强盗。是的，甚至比强盗更糟糕。我绝不是怀疑或争论本世纪在很多对人类有益的事情上的进步，但在我看来，存在着一个黑暗的迹象，即我们以如此的漠然来看待追求财富中的欺诈和残酷。在尼布甲尼撒的梦里，只有脚是半铁半土的，但是现在我们很多人变得如此贪婪和残酷，看上去我们的心好像也是半铁半土的。

40.从我对这个镇上的居民所了解到的情况来看，我不怀疑我可以

在这里被允许做一些在其他地方通常被认为很不恰当和荒唐的事，也就是，援引《圣经》中的一些语句来达到实际的效果。

41.你一定注意到了当人们在日常生活中寻求指导、安慰或帮助的时候，那些最可能被打开的篇章，也就是《诗篇》和《箴言》，这两部分提到了“欺压”穷人的罪行。注意，不是“忽视”他们，而是“压迫”他们：这个词很常见，也很奇怪。你打开这些篇章的任何部分，在某些页上会发现关于坏人企图压迫穷人的描述，比如：“他拉网，就把困苦人掳去。”（《诗篇》10：9）

“他在村庄埋伏等候，他的眼睛窥探无倚无靠的人。”（《诗篇》10：8）

“恶人在骄横中，把困苦人追得火急，他祝福贪财的，却轻慢耶和华。”（《诗篇》10：2）

“他满口是咒骂、诡诈、欺压，他在隐密处杀害无辜的人。作孽的没有知识吗？他们吞吃我的百姓如同吃饭一样？恶人已经弓上弦、刀出鞘，要打倒困苦穷乏的人。”（《诗篇》10：7）

“他们讥笑人，凭恶意说欺压人的话。”（《诗篇》73：8）

“所以骄傲如链子戴在他们的项上。强暴像衣裳遮住他们的身体。”（《诗篇》73：6）

“他们的毒气好像蛇的毒气。你们在地上秤出你们手所行的强暴。”（《诗篇》58）

42.是的，“你们在地上秤出你们手所行的强暴。”也请掂量这些话吧。我们通常最不会想到去掂量的就是圣经里的话。我们喜欢梦想和争论它们，却从来没有想过掂量它们，看看它们真实的内涵是什么。请掂

量一下，因为我已经故意拿来所有这些诗文，也许连起来读，要比分散在诗篇里更惊人，因为对于所有属于这个国家的教会的人们来说，这些诗篇是指定的功课，由他们的牧师分配给他们，每个月都要读一遍。大概无论我们会错过或遗忘圣经的什么部分，在所有情况下，这些诗篇都不断让我们奉行，并作为日常生活的实用性指导。现在，我们还要问自己这些段落的真实含义是什么，这些邪恶的人是谁，谁在"谋杀无辜的人"？你知道这是相当非凡的语言！第一次听到这样的语言，我们也许可以称它有力量。谋杀！谋杀无辜的人！不，甚至是一种同类相食。吃人，是的，而且是上帝的子民，吃我的人民好像他们是面包！弓已上弦，刀已出鞘，蛇毒已调好！手的暴力被掂量、衡量和贩卖，用如此多的货币！这些都发生在哪里？你以为这些都只发生在大卫的时代，除了犹太人没有别人谋杀穷人？如果是这样，不要咕哝着埋怨，与我们无关的日常教训一定是更明智的。如果它可能会有一丝与我们有关，而且如果《诗篇》里关于人类罪行的描述，正如关于人类悲伤的描述是普遍适用的，知道在我们周围犯下，或我们自己会犯下这个罪行，这难道不是明智的么？当我们以公理会的方式念着《圣经》里的话，确定我们只是想吟唱一首动人的关于别人的诗歌——我们不知道到底是给谁的——或者声明我们对负荷着我们自己和我们日常事务的真相的信念。如果你打定主意不再这样做了，并努力调查这件事情，你会发现这些奇怪的语句，并不只是发生在一些地方，而是几乎在《诗篇》《箴言》或《预言》交替的每一章，惊人地反复出现。这不是为一个国家或一个时代所写的，而是为了所有国家和语言，为了所有地方和所有时代。而且对于现在的坏人是如此，就像对于拿八或戴夫斯一样，"他的眼睛窥探无依无靠的人"。

43.请注意，是窥探无依无靠的人。不是将目光从穷人身上移开，也不是忽视或不看他们，而是窥探，也就是折磨和毁灭他们。这就是我想要让你们注意的要点。你经常会听到关于忽视或不关心穷人的布道，但是忽视和不关心完全不是要点。《圣经》几乎从不谈论对于穷人的忽

视，它总是在说对穷人的压迫。这是两件非常不同的事情。它并不仅仅在说从另一边经过，不缝合伤口，而是在说抽出剑然后把人击倒。在传染病隔离医院里，无所事事不开药不会被指控，但是在传染病隔离医院里忙忙碌碌开出很多毒药就会被指控。

44.就在今晚，经过考虑后我们再关注这件事，然后首先要问，这些穷人是谁？

45.没有他们的话，国家就不会存在也将不存在。也就是通常来说，这是一个其劳动只能提供生存、没有任何可观度量的财产积累的阶层。这个阶层有一定数量的人，我们不能很剧烈地去压迫，一个能干、聪明、稳重、诚实、勤劳的工人，总是会为他的工作要求一个合理的价格，积累了几年以后就有足够的财产使得他在劳动市场里好好地把握自己，但不是所有人都是能干的，或者聪明的、或者勤劳的，你不能指望他们都是。对我来说，没有比今天的人们谈论工人的道德方式更可笑和可悲的了。你对一个工人生活的希冀几乎一无所知，却一开始就擅自假定，以一小笔道德资产起始，他将拥有苏格拉底的美德、柏拉图的哲学，及伊巴密浓达的英雄行径。“请保证，我的好人”，你对他说，“如果你终生每天稳定地工作十个小时，如果你除了水别的什么都不喝，或者只喝最淡的啤酒，只吃最简单的食物，从不发脾气，每周日上教堂，始终满足于天命安排给你的位置，从不埋怨，或者咒骂，总是保持你的衣服整洁，起得很早，利用每个机会来改善自己，你会活得很好，永不去教区请求救济。”

46.所有这些都是完全正确的，但是在如此自信地给出建议之前，我们应该自己实际去试一下，花上一年的时间去从事艰难的体力劳动，而不以娱乐的姿态去感受。比如去犁地或耕地，只有相当少的啤酒，主餐只有面包和奶酪，早晨没有报纸也没有松饼，晚上没有沙发也没有杂志，一个小房间用作客厅和厨房，一大帮孩子总是在地板的中央玩耍。

如果我们觉得自己可以在这样的情况下扮演苏格拉底或伊巴密浓达，觉得我们完全满足了，那么我们才有理由要求我们的贫穷邻居有同样的表现。如果不能的话，我们的确应该考虑一下，在对于穷人的各种形式的压迫中，我们是否不应该以高人一等的姿态，来对他们期望太多。

47.但是先把这些放下，承认我们对于压迫稳重、勤劳、聪明、模范的工人从不感到内疚。世界上总有些既不聪明也不模范的人，我相信我们最后应该会发现大部分人都是不怎么聪明的。有些人喜欢闲散，偶尔在星期六的晚上喝醉。我们也必须准备好听到堕落的人在星期天早上喜欢九柱游戏胜过祷告，还有不近人情的父母把孩子送出去乞讨而不让他们去上学。

48.这些就是你可能去压迫的人们，你也确实压迫着他们，而且是故意的。你以更多的残忍和更大的伤害去压迫他们，而他们将自己置于你的权力之下，是他们本身的过错。你知道关于恶人的语句；“他拉网，就把困苦人掳去。”这样被掳去只不过是受难者的过错或愚蠢，是他们自己不注意或者懈怠了，但是他一旦在网里了，对于他的压迫，以及使得他百般苦恼的人，是我们。我们用来反对穷人的网，正是那些世俗的困窘，他们的无知或缺乏远见一定会在某些时候使得他们被俘获。然后就在我们应该赶快帮助他们、解救他们、教他们如何在未来更好地面对的时候，我们却忙着去掠夺他们，尽可能地在他们的逆境中压迫他们。我来举一个例子，请记住，不夸张地来说，这就是我们所做的。每当我们购买或者试图购买便宜的商品，那些价格无法偿付所付出的劳力的商品，每当我们购买这种商品时，请记住我们是在偷窃别人的劳动。我们不要矫揉造作，我以简单的英语来说，“偷窃”就是拿走一个人劳动所应得的报酬，然后放入我们自己的口袋。你很清楚地知道，这件商品不可能以那个价格卖给你，除非生产者迫于贫困而不得不出卖它。你利用了这种贫困，你尽可能地压迫他。中世纪的男爵通常用“拇指夹”来强取财产，我们现代人则更喜欢用饥饿或者家庭苦难，但是强取的实质是

一样的。无论我们是打他的肚子来抢夺财产还是夹他的手指，在解剖学上会有一些不同，但在道德上没有一点不同。我们使用拷问迫使他放弃财产，我们事实上利用了人们自身的焦虑而不是折磨、他挨饿的危险而不是指着头部的手枪。除此之外，我们与恶棍弗兰特·德·贝夫或者路匪迪克·特平的不同仅仅在于我们没有那么灵巧，同时我们更懦弱、更残忍。我说更残忍，因为残暴的男爵和可怕的强盗只是抢夺，至少更喜欢抢夺富人。我们购买自己的制服，给我们的祈祷书镀金，从孩子和病人的薪水里克扣金钱，这就在一定程度上证明了你也是窃贼，但你会通过精心分配来最大可能地消弭因盗窃而来的罪恶感。

49.这只是常见的压迫穷人的一种形式，只是把我们的手从犁头拿开，然后绑上别人的手而已。这样做的第一种方式是经济的方法，一种被谨慎和善良的人们所偏好的方法。大胆的方法是贪得的方法、投机的方法。我们正在思考一个国家自我毁灭的不同模式，其中就有不承认犁头和愉悦的永恒联系，试图不劳而获、免费得到愉悦。我说过最优先和最普通的方法是试着取走别人劳动的果实，然后自己享受，在他们贫困的时候贬低他们的劳动。然而第二种方法是观察市场的机会，投机的方法。当然也有一些投机是公正和诚实的，比如用我们自己的钱进行投机，我们的获利不涉及别人的成败。但是通常来说，现代投机涉及很多别人的风险，而获利的机会只留给我们自己，甚至在最好的情形下它也只是一种赌博或敛财。要么离开平稳的犁和平稳的生命朝圣之旅，寻找路旁的银矿，要么停留在名利场的骰子桌边，在牌落下的时候投注灵魂所有的思想和感情，宁愿等待运气的偶尔光顾，而不是辛苦劳作的平稳和累积的回报——这是非常具有破坏性的，至少对我们的和平与美德来说是如此。这破坏的通常还不只是我们的和平或美德。你有没有设想过估量大交易所的商人或大银行的失败必然导致的苦难、罪恶和死亡？作为最小可能的推测，以最少的量来计算，多少家庭的谋生被牵涉进这场灾难中来？然后，在破产的消息传出的早晨，让我们带着最诚挚的想法走进他们中间，让我们使用那个经常浪费在假想的不幸上的想象，去衡

量大面积贫困的可怕事实。敲开他们的房门，然后安静地融入家庭的悲惨中。看看老人，在生命的晚景，为了他们衰退的精力，保留剩余的休息，无助地退回到烦恼和拥挤中。看看中年人，他们活跃的精力忽然变得虚弱，希望被粉碎，好不容易挣来的报酬也在同一个瞬间被抢走。心立刻枯萎了，右臂突然断掉了。看看可怜的孩子，被精心养育的孩子，柔和的眼睛里充满了对父母的悲痛的好奇，很快也一定会被置于饥饿的阴影中。除此以外，尽管生活艰难困苦，还是渴望能活得超越不幸的长度，现在要么是在不可预期和缺乏经验的激烈尝试中进行，要么更痛苦地从头开始，然后再经历第二次苦难——承认珍贵希望的毁灭和逝去岁月的脆弱。因它所带来的内在情感的不断讽刺和嘲弄而受苦，不是因为特定情形的公平进程，而是悲惨的意外和荒唐的背叛而受苦。最后，透过这一层看看那些在尝试中迟疑的人的混乱命运，他们从新生沦落为绝望。然后想一想，是否将毒药倒入生命的泉水中的手比把毒药倒进杯子或者把匕首插入心脏的手沾染鲜血的罪恶要少一点？我们带着恐惧阅读博尔吉亚或者托法那的罪恶，但博尔吉亚从来没有像现在这样活在我们中间。残忍的女士菲拉拉只在情感的力量中减速，她只因为那些阻碍其目的或惹恼其灵魂的人而略微减速。当她严厉而突然减速时，就会使得她的受害者的命运受苦，没有毁灭的预兆，没有痛苦的延长，最后，她不是不带着悔恨或同情减速。但是我们没有感情的风暴，没有盲目的愤怒，我们以平静的、清晰的、不动心的自私，倾倒我们的毒药，不是只为了一些人，而是为了很多人；不是为了那些错怪或抵抗我们的人，而是为了那些信任和帮助我们的人。我们没有仁慈和无意识地死亡的天赋，而只有饥饿的、缓慢的消耗和失望与绝望的无聊折磨！最终我们实施谋杀，不是以同情的中止或者良心的焦虑，而是带着轻巧的、健忘的、心灵的平静。因此我们一天天自得地读着那些描述恶人的话，仿佛他们只是意味着除我们以外的人："他们嘴里有虺蛇的毒气，他们飞跑去杀人。"

50.也许你会想在这件事情上找很多借口，是因为这个罪孽是相当

无意识的，所以当这个罪孽没有被领会的时候就不是那么大。这样就使无心的杀害比自觉的杀害更可原谅。我认为这种感觉是完全错误的。事实上，在天堂的景观里，这种以生命的代价来追求自己利益的麻木和漠不关心，尽管没有明确地出于罪恶的目的，也是一种比不受约束的情感中最野蛮的越轨要更可憎、更绝望的精神状态。在最后的情况下，个性里可能会混合着一些好的和想要弥补的元素，但是在其他情况下，这种元素还很少甚至没有。在愤怒中杀了仇敌的人也许有希望，甚至在恐惧中背叛了朋友的人也有希望，但是以被疏忽的血来交易，将财富建立在毫无悔悟的背叛上的人就完全没有希望。

51.尽管可能是这样的，尽管你以公正约束自己以归罪于更大的罪孽，要确定问题只是责任之一，而不是事实。我们现代人匆忙致富的必然结果一定是而且经常是：每年由我们亲手谋杀一定数量的人。我没有时间细说，总体来说，我们造成穷人毁灭的最广泛、最可怕的方式，即奢侈和浪费的方式，不知节制地破坏了原本可以供养几千人的东西。如果你自己在家遵循节约，或者以后你决定这样做，今晚我努力在你面前呈现的才是对你有用的。你会发现，无论何时何地人们尽力匆忙地挣钱，而且尽力避开天命指定的体面收益的唯一来源——劳动，而且无论何时何地他们允许自己奢侈地花费，没有考虑到他们如何误导了别人的劳动，在这两种情况下，实际上他们都确实因为自己的利益或愉悦而导致了一定数目的年度死亡人数。因此，这世上每一个人所面临的选择，简单来说就是他会变成一个劳动者还是一名刺客，也就是他会把手放在犁的扶手上，就是把手放在匕首的柄上。

52.对我来说，今晚试图循着思路讲述铁在脚镣和剑上的伟大政治作用也是徒然的，我只在这两方面略述几句。

53.脚镣。正如犁是辛勤劳动的典型工具一样，脚镣对于一个国家来说是必需的束缚和征服的典型工具。要么从字面上理解是限制为恶

者；要么在既定的法律里、从比喻意义上理解，是限制为善者。你必须从比喻和字面的意义上进行选择，据此，你遵循的法律越多，你要经受的处罚就越少。对于一个高尚的国家来说，明智的法律和公正的约束不是锁链而是锁子甲，是力量和防御，尽管同时也是一种职责。请记住，对于人的体面来说，我们需要这种约束，就像需要劳动一样。你每天听到很多愚蠢的人谈论自由，好像它是一件异常体面的事情。事实远非如此，总体上而且在最广泛的意义上，它是一件不体面的事情，而且是低等生物的特性。不管多么伟大或强势的人，都不可能像鱼儿那么自由。总有一些是他必须去做或者决不能做的，而鱼可以做任何想做的事。地球上所有的王国拼起来都没有海洋的一半大，所有已有或将有的铁路和轮子，都没有鱼鳍那样安逸轻便。只要好好地想一想，你会发现人类的可敬之处是束缚而不是自由。而且，即使对于低等动物而言，束缚也是可敬的。蝴蝶要比蜜蜂自由得多，但是你更尊敬蜜蜂，就因为它服从一些适合蜜蜂社会的有序运作法则。在整个世界上，自由和束缚两个抽象的事物之中，束缚总是更可敬的。确实，在这些和所有其他的事情上，你从来无法从抽象中得出判断，因为当高尚地作出选择的时候，自由和束缚就都是好的，而当卑鄙地作出选择时就都是坏的。我重复一下，在这两者中，束缚才是高等生物的特征，而且也能使得低等生物变得更好。从天使长的照拂到昆虫的劳作，从行星的平衡到尘埃的引力，所有生物、所有物质的力量和光荣都存在于他们的服从里，而不是在他们的自由中。太阳没有自由，一片枯叶有很多自由。形成你的尘埃没有自由，但它的自由会到来——连同它的腐朽一起。

54.因此，尽管在英格兰这样说有点奇怪，我还是要公然宣称，一个国家的首要权力在于知道如何引导犁，第二项权力在于知道如何使用脚镣。

55.剑。这是它的第三个权力，知道如何挥舞宝剑而使国家变得完美。这样国家的三个护身符就可以用三个简短的词来表达：劳动、法律

和勇气。

56.我们至少拥有最后一个美德，所有不利于我们的宣称是说我们不够尊敬它。不是指尊敬它在服务上的意义，尽管有时候我们甚至连这个也怠慢了，但是我们像对战士的生活和精神始终如一的关注那样去尊敬它。你在最近的病亡报告里已经看到，我们是如何放纵地浪费了他们的生命，而其实只需很少的医护和科学知识就足以防止其发生，但是我们甚至更少关注他们的精神世界，把他们保持在无知和闲散的状态里，只把他们看作是战争的工具。关于维护一支正常军队的争论，经常只谈及在意外战争情况下的权宜之计，而维护一支军队的主要原因之一则是军事系统作为一种教育方式是有优势的。在下等和上等阶层里，最暴躁、最任性的同时也往往是最有天分、最慷慨的年轻人，总是有种将自己看作是士兵的倾向。其他公民能力虚弱、不堪服役的人，在偶然的机会下被诱惑或骗入军队。面对这种暴躁和粗鲁的材质，只有战士的纪律才能带来完整的价值和力量。即使现在，仅仅依靠命令和权威的力量，军队仍是拯救无数人的地方，在其他情况下会变得倦怠和散逸的人们，会因为一种能立刻振奋和引导其精力的服务而恢复高贵的生命。除此以外军事教育还能做什么，这点只有在你把它真正变成教育体制的时候才会发现。我们没有借口听任我们的士兵停留在如今无知而缺乏修养的水平上，因为我们常常发现，官员和士兵里最文雅和见多识广的，恰恰也是最英勇的。在今天的政治局势下，或者我相信在任何与之关联的、在这个世界上很多年后会变成可能的情形下，我们都没有借口缩减我们的军队。

57.我这样说你可能会感到吃惊，也许惊讶于我暗示战争本身可能是正确的，或者是必需的，甚至是高贵的。我不是说所有的战争都是必需的，或者所有的战争都是高贵的。和平与战争都是根据它们的种类和场合来区分高贵和无知的。没有人比我对不名誉战争的恐怖和罪恶有更深刻的感觉了。我亲眼看到它对国家的影响，对于精神和肉体的十足罪

恶，我与那些你在和平时期不断听到的高谈阔论的人一样抱有相同的同情和愤慨，但是和平可以通过两种方法找到，一个是犹太勇士基甸的方法，他在俄弗拉建立他的圣坛，命名为“上帝送来和平”，然后寻找他所热爱的和平。因为他是受命去寻找和平，然后和平就以上帝的方式送来了，“在基甸的时代这个国家和平了四十年。”另一个寻找和平的方法是米拿现的方法，他给亚述国王一千个银币，使得“他的手可以和他在一起”，也就是你要么可以赢得和平，要么买得和平。赢得，是凭借对罪恶的抵抗；买得，是对罪恶的妥协。你可以用沉默的良心来买到和平，可以用打破的誓约来买，用谎言来买，用卑下的纵容来买，用残杀的鲜血来买，用俘虏的哭喊来买，用迷失灵魂的沉默来买。越过地球的半球，当你笑着坐在宁静的火炉边，清晨黄昏默念着舒适的祷告，数着你漂亮的新教珠子（是扁平的、金子的，而不是像僧侣的那种圆的、乌木的），不断地喃喃自语，“和平，和平”，但其实并没有和平，对你和所有你不去拯救的人来说，只有囚禁和死亡，而你的世界要比他们的更黑暗。

在这件事情上我不会向你们发表看法，我们都看得太模糊了，然而我们伟大世界的职责是什么？没有人清楚，因此难以对其扩大的阴影进行概括，但是再考虑一下我说过的话，今晚你回到你安静的家时，反思一下，和平不是由你亲手赢得的，而是由很久以前为了你和他们的后代而牺牲了自己生命的人换来的。请记住，这个继承来的和平或其他形式的和平只有通过相同的危险才能得以维护。和平不可能通过借口或协议从命运中赢得；和平不是为了我们任何人而准备的，我们应该通过战胜耻辱或罪恶来赢得，通过战胜压迫的罪恶来赢得，通过战胜腐败来赢得。在未来的很多年里，每个正义国家都必须将剑锋磨利以实现拯救或征服。和平不是通过其他人对苦难的忍耐而赢得，而是通过你自己的奉献而赢得，因而你会接近地球上的铁经历重大变革的时代——人类将他们的剑锤炼成犁，将他们的矛锤炼成修枝刀的时代。此后他们也就不再需要了解战争了。

[1]原注：即《威尼斯之石》。

[2]译者注：尼尼微，西亚古城。意为“上帝面前最伟大的城市”，其址位于伊拉克的北部，底格里斯河的东岸，隔河与今天的摩苏尔城相望。圣经中曾提到尼尼微城名：“耶和华必伸手攻击北方，毁灭亚述，使尼尼微荒芜，干旱如旷野。”

[3]原注：很多人都认为英国不列颠博物馆所藏古希腊大理石雕刻是“完美”的。在最重要的部分它们确实接近完美，但也不过如此。帷幔没有完工，动物的毛发没有完工，整个檐壁的浮雕是粗制滥造的。

[4]原注：最好的艺术或者表现所处时代的事实，或者，如果是表现过去的事实，就以作品所产生的时代的附属品来表达。因而所有表现过去事件的好的艺术，都充满了最明显的时代错误，而且总是应该如此。画家没有必要成为文物研究者。我们不想要他的印象或想象去尊重过去的事物，我们要他清晰的断言来尊重现代的事物。

[5]原注：金

[6]原注：我并不是想要责备那些为了特定表现目的而以大理石来表现树叶的努力。蒙罗先生的晚期作品中某些最微妙的思想就依赖于对这种配件的精致和灵巧的运用。通常情况下，树叶雕刻是好的、令人赞赏的，如果它像在哥特作品里那样通过光与影的安排来呈现叶子的优雅和轻盈——通过底下石头的力量很好地支撑了主体。但是所有以细致为目的的雕刻，试图模仿稀薄和纤弱事物的纯粹细薄，就像很多现代的木雕作品那样，都是劣等的。一两年前，我在意大利看到过一个以鸟巢为主题的大理石雕塑。

John Ruskin

On Art and Life

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The Nature of Gothic

1. IF the reader will look back to the division of our subject which was made in the first chapter of the first volume,[1] he will find that we are now about to enter upon the examination of that school of Venetian architecture which forms an intermediate step between the Byzantine and Gothic forms; but which I find may be conveniently considered in its connexion with the latter style. In order that we may discern the tendency of each step of this change, it will be wise in the outset to endeavour to form some general idea of its final result. We know already what the Byzantine architecture is from which the transition was made, but we ought to know something of the Gothic architecture into which it led. I shall endeavour therefore to give the reader in this chapter an idea, at once broad and definite, of the true nature of Gothic architecture, properly so called; not of that of Venice only, but of universal Gothic: for it will be one of the most interesting parts of our subsequent inquiry to find out how far Venetian architecture reached the universal or perfect type of Gothic, and how far it either fell short of it, or assumed foreign and independent forms.

2. The principal difficulty in doing this arises from the fact that every building of the Gothic period differs in some important respect from every other; and many include features which, if they occurred in other buildings, would not be considered Gothic at all; so that all we have to reason upon is merely, if I may be allowed so to express it, a greater or less degree of Gothicness in each building we examine. And it is this Gothicness, — the character which, according as it is found more or less in a building, makes it more or less Gothic, — of which I want to define the nature; and I feel the same kind of difficulty in doing so which would be encountered by any one who undertook to explain, for instance, the nature of Redness, without any actually red thing to point to, but only orange and purple things. Suppose he had only a piece of heather and a dead oak-leaf to do it with. He might say, the colour which is mixed with the yellow in this oak-leaf, and with the blue in this heather, would be red, if you had it separate; but it would be difficult, nevertheless, to make the abstraction perfectly intelligible; and it is so in a far greater degree to make the abstraction of the Gothic character intelligible,

because that character itself is made up of many mingled ideas, and can consist only in their union. That is to say, pointed arches do not constitute Gothic, nor vaulted roofs, nor flying buttresses, nor grotesque sculptures; but all or some of these things, and many other things with them, when they come together so as to have life.

3. Observe also, that, in the definition proposed, I shall only endeavour to analyze the idea which I suppose already to exist in the reader's mind. We all have some notion, most of us a very determined one, of the meaning of the term Gothic, but I know that many persons have this idea in their minds without being able to define it: that is to say, understanding generally that Westminster Abbey is Gothic, and St Paul's is not, that Strasburg Cathedral is Gothic, and St Peter's is not, they have, nevertheless, no clear notion of what it is that they recognize in the one or miss in the other, such as would enable them to say how far the work at Westminster or Strasburg is good and pure of its kind; still less to say of any nondescript building, like St James's Palace or Windsor Castle, how much right Gothic element there is in it, and how much wanting. And I believe this inquiry to be a pleasant and profitable one; and that there will be found something more than usually interesting in tracing out this grey, shadowy, many-pinnacled image of the Gothic spirit within us; and discerning what fellowship there is between it and our Northern hearts. And if, at any point of the inquiry, I should interfere with any of the reader's previously formed conceptions, and use the term Gothic in any sense which he would not willingly attach to it, I do not ask him to accept, but only to examine and understand, my interpretation, as necessary to the intelligibility of what follows in the rest of the work.

4. We have, then, the Gothic character submitted to our analysis, just as the rough mineral is submitted to that of the chemist, entangled with many other foreign substances, itself perhaps in no place pure, or ever to be obtained or seen in purity for more than an instant; but nevertheless a thing of definite and separate nature, however inextricable or confused in appearance. Now observe: the chemist defines his mineral by two separate kinds of character; one external, its crystalline form, hardness, lustre, etc.; the other internal, the proportions and nature of its constituent atoms. Exactly in the same manner, we shall find that Gothic architecture has external forms and internal elements. Its elements are certain mental tendencies of the builders, legibly expressed in it; as fancifulness, love of variety, love of richness, and such others. Its external forms are pointed arches, vaulted roofs, etc. And

unless both the elements and the forms are there, we have no right to call the style Gothic. It is not enough that it has the Form, if it have not also the power and life. It is not enough that it has the Power, if it have not the form. We must therefore inquire into each of these characters successively; and determine first, what is the Mental Expression, and secondly, what the Material Form of Gothic architecture, properly so called.

5. 1st Mental Power of Expression. What characters, we have to discover, did the Gothic builders love, or instinctively express in their work, as distinguished from all other builders?

6. Let us go back for a moment to our chemistry, and note that, in defining a mineral by its constituent parts, it is not one nor another of them, that can make up the mineral, but the union of all: for instance, it is neither in charcoal, nor in oxygen, nor in lime, that there is the making of chalk, but in the combination of all three in certain measures; they are all found in very different things from chalk, and there is nothing like chalk either in charcoal or in oxygen, but they are nevertheless necessary to its existence.

7. So in the various mental characters which make up the soul of Gothic. It is not one nor another that produces it; but their union in certain measures. Each one of them is found in many other architectures beside Gothic; but Gothic cannot exist where they are not found, or, at least, where their place is not in some way supplied. Only there is this great difference between the composition of the mineral and of the architectural style, that if we withdraw one of its elements from the stone, its form is utterly changed, and its existence as such and such a mineral is destroyed; but if we withdraw one of its mental elements from the Gothic style, it is only a little less Gothic than it was before, and the union of two or three of its elements is enough already to bestow a certain Gothicness of character, which gains in intensity as we add the others, and loses as we again withdraw them.

8. I believe, then, that the characteristic or moral elements of Gothic are the following, placed in the order of their importance:

1. Savageness.
2. Changefulness.
3. Naturalism.
4. Grotesqueness.
5. Rigidity.
6. Redundance.

9. These characters are here expressed as belonging to the building; as belonging to the builder, they would be expressed thus: — 1. Savageness or Rudeness. 2. Love of Change. 3. Love of Nature. 4. Disturbed Imagination. 5. Obstinacy. 6. Generosity. And I repeat, that the withdrawal of any one, or any two, will not at once destroy the Gothic character of a building, but the removal of a majority of them will. I shall proceed to examine them in their order.

10. SAVAGENESS. I am not sure when the word 'Gothic' was first generically applied to the architecture of the North; but I presume that, whatever the date of its original usage, it was intended to imply reproach, and express the barbaric character of the nations among whom that architecture arose. It never implied that they were literally of Gothic lineage, far less that their architecture had been originally invented by the Goths themselves; but it did imply that they and their buildings together exhibited a degree of sternness and rudeness, which, in contradistinction to the character of Southern and Eastern nations, appeared like a perpetual reflection of the contrast between the Goth and the Roman in their first encounter. And when that fallen Roman, in the utmost impotence of his luxury, and insolence of his guilt, became the model for the imitation of civilized Europe, at the close of the so-called Dark ages, the word Gothic became a term of unmitigated contempt, not unmixed with aversion. From that contempt, by the exertion of the antiquaries and architects of this century, Gothic architecture has been sufficiently vindicated; and perhaps some among us, in our admiration of the magnificent science of its structure, and sacredness of its expression, might desire that the term of ancient reproach should be withdrawn, and some other, of more apparent honourableness, adopted in its place. There is no chance, as there is no need, of such a substitution. As far as the epithet was used scornfully, it was used falsely; but there is no reproach in the word, rightly understood; on the contrary, there is a profound truth, which the instinct of mankind almost unconsciously recognizes. It is true, greatly and deeply true, that the architecture of the North is rude and wild; but it is not true, that, for this reason, we are to condemn it, or despise. Far otherwise: I believe it is in this very character that it deserves our profoundest reverence.

11. The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen any one pictorial enough to enable the

spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between Northern and Southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fulness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun: here and there an angry spot of thunder, a grey stain of storm, moving upon the burning field; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but for the most part a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plumy palm, that abate with their grey-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. Then let us pass farther towards the north, until we see the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in grey swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands: and then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, deathlike, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight. And, having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life; the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the southern

zone; striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistening serpents, and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of colour, and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength, and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of paradise with the osprey; and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest in the statutes of the lands that gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smooths with soft sculpture the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky: but not with less reverence let us stand by him, when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea; creatures of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeful as the clouds that shade them.

12. There is, I repeat, no degradation, no reproach in this, but all dignity and honourableness: and we should err grievously in refusing either to recognize as an essential character of the existing architecture of the North, or to admit as a desirable character in that which it yet may be, this wildness of thought, and roughness of work; this look of mountain brotherhood between the cathedral and the Alp; this magnificence of sturdy power, put forth only the more energetically because the fine finger-touch was chilled away by the frosty wind, and the eye dimmed by the moor-mist, or blinded by the hail; this outspeaking of the strong spirit of men who may not gather redundant fruitage from the earth, nor bask in dreamy benignity of sunshine, but must break the rock for bread, and cleave the forest for fire, and show, even in what they did for their delight, some of the hard habits of the arm and heart that grew on them as they swung the axe or pressed the plough.

13. If, however, the savageness of Gothic architecture, merely as an expression of its origin among Northern nations, may be considered, in some sort, a noble character, it possesses a higher nobility still, when considered as an index, not of climate, but of religious principle.

14. In the 13th and 14th paragraphs of Chapter XXI of the first volume

of this work, it was noticed that the systems of architectural ornament, properly so called, might be divided into three: — 1. Servile ornament, in which the execution or power of the inferior workman is entirely subjected to the intellect of the higher; — 2. Constitutional ornament, in which the executive inferior power is, to a certain point, emancipated and independent, having a will of its own, yet confessing its inferiority and rendering obedience to higher powers; — and 3. Revolutionary ornament, in which no executive inferiority is admitted at all. I must here explain the nature of these divisions at somewhat greater length.

15. Of Servile ornament, the principal schools are the Greek, Ninevite, and Egyptian; but their servility is of different kinds. The Greek master workman was far advanced in knowledge and power above the Assyrian or Egyptian. Neither he nor those for whom he worked could endure the appearance of imperfection in anything; and, therefore, what ornament he appointed to be done by those beneath him was composed of mere geometrical forms, — balls, ridges, and perfectly symmetrical foliage, — which could be executed with absolute precision by line and rule, and were as perfect in their way, when completed, as his own figure sculpture. The Assyrian and Egyptian, on the contrary, less cognisant of accurate form in anything, were content to allow their figure sculpture to be executed by inferior workmen, but lowered the method of its treatment to a standard which every workman could reach, and then trained him by discipline so rigid, that there was no chance of his falling beneath the standard appointed. The Greek gave to the lower workman no subject which he could not perfectly execute. The Assyrian gave him subjects which he could only execute imperfectly, but fixed a legal standard for his imperfection. The workman was, in both systems, a slave.

16. But in the mediæval, or especially Christian, system of ornament, this slavery is done away with altogether; Christianity having recognized, in small things as well as great, the individual value of every soul. But it not only recognizes its value; it confesses its imperfection, in only bestowing dignity upon the acknowledgment of unworthiness. That admission of lost power and fallen nature, which the Greek or Ninevite felt to be intensely painful, and, as far as might be, altogether refused, the Christian makes daily and hourly, contemplating the fact of it without fear, as tending, in the end, to God's greater glory. Therefore, to every spirit which Christianity summons to her service, her exhortation is: Do what you can, and confess frankly what

you are unable to do; neither let your effort be shortened for fear of failure, nor your confession silenced for fear of shame. And it is, perhaps, the principal admirableness of the Gothic schools of architecture, that they thus receive the results of the labour of inferior minds; and out of fragments full of imperfection, and betraying that imperfection in every touch, indulgently raise up a stately and unaccusable whole.

17. But the modern English mind has this much in common with that of the Greek, that it intensely desires, in all things, the utmost completion or perfection compatible with their nature. This is a noble character in the abstract, but becomes ignoble when it causes us to forget the relative dignities of that nature itself, and to prefer the perfectness of the lower nature to the imperfection of the higher; not considering that as, judged by such a rule, all the brute animals would be preferable to man, because more perfect in their functions and kind, and yet are always held inferior to him, so also in the works of man, those which are more perfect in their kind are always inferior to those which are, in their nature, liable to more faults and shortcomings. For the finer the nature, the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe, that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly, one year with another; but the wheat is, according to the greater nobleness of its nature, liable to the bitterer blight. And therefore, while in all things that we see or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing, in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing, in its mighty progress; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty; not to prefer mean victory to honourable defeat; not to lower the level of our aim, that we may the more surely enjoy the complacency of success. But, above all, in our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellencies, because they are mingled with rough faults. Now, in the make and nature of every man, however rude or simple, whom we employ in manual labour, there are some powers for better things; some tardy imagination, torpid capacity of emotion, tottering steps of thought, there are, even at the worst; and in most cases it is all our own fault that they are tardy or torpid. But they cannot be strengthened, unless we are content to take them in their feebleness, and unless we prize and honour them in their imperfection above the best and most perfect manual skill. And this is

what we have to do with all our labourers; to look for the thoughtful part of them, and get that out of them, whatever we lose for it, whatever faults and errors we are obliged to take with it. For the best that is in them cannot manifest itself, but in company with much error. Understand this clearly: You can teach a man to draw a straight line, and to cut one; to strike a curved line, and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines or forms, with admirable speed and perfect precision; and you find his work perfect of its kind: but if you ask him to think about any of those forms, to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being. But you have made a man of him for all that. He was only a machine before, an animated tool.

18. And observe, you are put to stern choice in this matter. You must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him. You cannot make both. Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them. All the energy of their spirits must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger-point, and the soul's force must fill all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steely precision, and so soul and sight be worn away, and the whole human being be lost at last — a heap of sawdust, so far as its intellectual work in this world is concerned: saved only by its Heart, which cannot go into the form of cogs and compasses, but expands, after the ten hours are over, into fireside humanity. On the other hand, if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing; and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dulness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause: but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only when we see the clouds settling upon him. And, whether the clouds be bright or dark, there will be transfiguration behind and within them.

19. And now, reader, look round this English room of yours, about which you have been proud so often, because the work of it was so good and

strong, and the ornaments of it so finished. Examine again all those accurate mouldings, and perfect polishings, and unerring adjustments of the seasoned wood and tempered steel. Many a time you have exulted over them, and thought how great England was, because her slightest work was done so thoroughly. Alas! if read rightly, these perfectnesses are signs of a slavery in our England a thousand times more bitter and more degrading than that of the scourged African, or helot Greek. Men may be beaten, chained, tormented, yoked like cattle, slaughtered like summer flies, and yet remain in one sense, and the best sense, free. But to smother their souls with them, to blight and hew into rotting pollards the suckling branches of their human intelligence, to make the flesh and skin which, after the worm's work on it, is to see God, into leathern thongs to yoke machinery with, — this is to be slave-masters indeed; and there might be more freedom in England, though her feudal lords' lightest words were worth men's lives, and though the blood of the vexed husbandman dropped in the furrows of her fields, than there is while the animation of her multitudes is sent like fuel to feed the factory smoke, and the strength of them is given daily to be wasted into the fineness of a web, or racked into the exactness of a line.

20. And, on the other hand, go forth again to gaze upon the old cathedral front, where you have smiled so often at the fantastic ignorance of the old sculptors: examine once more those ugly goblins, and formless monsters, and stern statues, anatomiless and rigid; but do not mock at them, for they are signs of the life and liberty of every workman who struck the stone; a freedom of thought, and rank in scale of being, such as no laws, no charters, no charities can secure; but which it must be the first aim of all Europe at this day to regain for her children.

21. Let me not be thought to speak wildly or extravagantly. It is verily this degradation of the operative into a machine, which, more than any other evil of the times, is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth, and against nobility, is not forced from them either by the pressure of famine, or the sting of mortified pride. These do much, and have done much in all ages; but the foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. It is not that men are ill fed, but that they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. It is not that men are pained by the scorn of the upper classes, but they cannot

endure their own; for they feel that the kind of labour to which they are condemned is verily a degrading one, and makes them less than men. Never had the upper classes so much sympathy with the lower, or charity for them, as they have at this day, and yet never were they so much hated by them: for, of old, the separation between the noble and the poor was merely a wall built by law; now it is a veritable difference in level of standing, a precipice between upper and lower grounds in the field of humanity, and there is pestilential air at the bottom of it. I know not if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labour for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty, — liberty from care. The man who says to one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, has, in most cases, more sense of restraint and difficulty than the man who obeys him. The movements of the one are hindered by the burden on his shoulder; of the other by the bridle on his lips: there is no way by which the burden may be lightened; but we need not suffer from the bridle if we do not champ at it. To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our likes at his disposal, is not slavery; often it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world. There is, indeed, a reverence which is servile, that is to say, irrational or selfish: but there is also noble reverence, that is to say, reasonable and loving; and a man is never so noble as when he is reverent in this kind; nay, even if the feeling pass the bounds of mere reason, so that it be loving, a man is raised by it. Which had, in reality, most of the serf nature in him, — the Irish peasant who was lying in wait yesterday for his landlord, with his musket muzzle thrust through the ragged hedge; or that old mountain servant, who 200 years ago, at Inverkeithing, gave up his own life and the lives of his seven sons for his chief? — as each fell, calling forth his brother to the death, 'Another for Hector!' And therefore, in all ages and all countries, reverence has been paid and sacrifice made by men to each other, not only without complaint, but rejoicingly; and famine, and peril, and sword, and all evil, and all shame, have been borne willingly in the causes of masters and kings; for all these gifts of the heart ennobled the men who gave, not less than the men who received them, and nature prompted, and God rewarded the sacrifice. But to feel their souls withering within them, unthanked, to find their whole being sunk into an unrecognized abyss, to be counted off into a heap of mechanism numbered with its wheels, and weighed with its hammer strokes — this, nature bade not, — this, God blesses not, — this, humanity

for no long time is able to endure.

22. We have much studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labour; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labour that is divided; but the men: — Divided into mere segments of men — broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished, — sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is — we should think there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this, — that we manufacture everything there except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way: not by teaching nor preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them, if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labour are good for men, raising them, and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labour.

23. And how, it will be asked, are these products to be recognized, and this demand to be regulated? Easily: by the observance of three broad and simple rules:

24.1. Never encourage the manufacture of any article not absolutely necessary, in the production of which Invention has no share.

25.2. Never demand an exact finish for its own sake, but only for some practical or noble end.

26.3. Never encourage imitation or copying of any kind, except for the sake of preserving records of great works.

27. The second of these principles is the only one which directly rises out of the consideration of our immediate subject; but I shall briefly explain the meaning and extent of the first also, reserving the enforcement of the third

for another place.

28.1. Never encourage the manufacture of anything not necessary, in the production of which invention has no share.

29. For instance. Glass beads are utterly unnecessary, and there is no design or thought employed in their manufacture. They are formed by first drawing out the glass into rods; these rods are chopped up into fragments of the size of beads by the human hand, and the fragments are then rounded in the furnace. The men who chop up the rods sit at their work all day, their hands vibrating with a perpetual and exquisitely timed palsy, and the beads dropping beneath their vibration like hail. Neither they, nor the men who draw out the rods or fuse the fragments, have the smallest occasion for the use of any single human faculty; and every young lady, therefore, who buys glass beads is engaged in the slave-trade, and in a much more cruel one than that which we have so long been endeavouring to put down.

30. But glass cups and vessels may become the subjects of exquisite invention; and if in buying these we pay for the invention, that is to say, for the beautiful form, or colour, or engraving, and not for mere finish of execution, we are doing good to humanity.

31. So, again, the cutting of precious stones, in all ordinary cases, requires little exertion of any mental faculty; some tact and judgment in avoiding flaws, and so on, but nothing to bring out the whole mind. Every person who wears cut jewels merely for the sake of their value is, therefore, a slave-driver.

32. But the working of the goldsmith, and the various designing of grouped jewellery and enamel-work, may become the subject of the most noble human intelligence. Therefore, money spent in the purchase of well-designed plate, of precious engraved vases, cameos, or enamels, does good to humanity; and, in work of this kind, jewels may be employed to heighten its splendour; and their cutting is then a price paid for the attainment of a noble end, and thus perfectly allowable.

33. I shall perhaps press this law farther elsewhere, but our immediate concern is chiefly with the second, namely, never to demand an exact finish, when it does not lead to a noble end. For observe, I have only dwelt upon the rudeness of Gothic, or any other kind of imperfectness, as admirable, where it was impossible to get design or thought without it. If you are to have the thought of a rough and untaught man, you must have it in a rough and untaught way; but from an educated man, who can without effort express his

thoughts in an educated way, take the graceful expression, and be thankful. Only get the thought, and do not silence the peasant because he cannot speak good grammar, or until you have taught him his grammar. Grammar and refinement are good things, both, only be sure of the better thing first. And thus in art, delicate finish is desirable from the greatest masters, and is always given by them. In some places Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Phidias, Perugino, Turner, all finished with the most exquisite care; and the finish they give always leads to the fuller accomplishment of their noble purposes. But lower men than these cannot finish, for it requires consummate knowledge to finish consummately, and then we must take their thoughts as they are able to give them. So the rule is simple: Always look for invention first, and after that, for such execution as will help the invention, and as the inventor is capable of without painful effort, and no more. Above all, demand no refinement of execution where there is no thought, for that is slaves' work, unredeemed. Rather choose rough work than smooth work, so only that the practical purpose be answered, and never imagine there is reason to be proud of anything that may be accomplished by patience and sand-paper.

34. I shall only give one example, which however will show the reader what I mean, from the manufacture already alluded to, that of glass. Our modern glass is exquisitely clear in its substance, true in its form, accurate in its cutting. We are proud of this. We ought to be ashamed of it. The old Venice glass was muddy, inaccurate in all its forms, and clumsily cut, if at all. And the old Venetian was justly proud of it. For there is this difference between the English and Venetian workman, that the former thinks only of accurately matching his patterns, and getting his curves perfectly true and his edges perfectly sharp, and becomes a mere machine for rounding curves and sharpening edges; while the old Venetian cared not a whit whether his edges were sharp or not, but he invented a new design for every glass that he made, and never moulded a handle or a lip without a new fancy in it. And therefore, though some Venetian glass is ugly and clumsy enough when made by clumsy and uninventive workmen, other Venetian glass is so lovely in its forms that no price is too great for it; and we never see the same form in it twice. Now you cannot have the finish and the varied form too. If the workman is thinking about his edges, he cannot be thinking of his design; if of his design, he cannot think of his edges. Choose whether you will pay for the lovely form or the perfect finish, and choose at the same moment whether you will make the worker a man or a grindstone.

35. Nay, but the reader interrupts me, — 'If the workman can design beautifully, I would not have him kept at the furnace. Let him be taken away and made a gentleman, and have a studio, and design his glass there, and I will have it blown and cut for him by common workmen, and so I will have my design and my finish too.'

36. All ideas of this kind are founded upon two mistaken suppositions: the first, that one man's thoughts can be, or ought to be, executed by another man's hands; the second, that manual labour is a degradation, when it is governed by intellect.

37. On a large scale, and in work determinable by line and rule, it is indeed both possible and necessary that the thoughts of one man should be carried out by the labour of others; in this sense I have already defined the best architecture to be the expression of the mind of manhood by the hands of childhood. But on a smaller scale, and in a design which cannot be mathematically defined, one man's thoughts can never be expressed by another: and the difference between the spirit of touch of the man who is inventing, and of the man who is obeying directions, is often all the difference between a great and a common work of art. How wide the separation is between original and second-hand execution, I shall endeavour to show elsewhere; it is not so much to our purpose here as to mark the other and more fatal error of despising manual labour when governed by intellect; for it is no less fatal an error to despise it when thus regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days endeavouring to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen, in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising, his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers, and miserable workers. Now it is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. It would be well if all of us were good handicraftsmen in some kind, and the dishonour of manual labour done away with altogether; so that though there should still be a trenchant distinction of race between nobles and commoners, there should not, among the latter, be a trenchant distinction of employment, as between idle and working men, or between men of liberal and illiberal professions. All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride

felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement. And yet more, in each several profession, no master should be too proud to do its hardest work. The painter should grind his own colours; the architect work in the mason's yard with his men; the master-manufacturer be himself a more skilful operative than any man in his mills; and the distinction between one man and another be only in experience and skill, and the authority and wealth which these must naturally and justly obtain.

38. I should be led far from the matter in hand, if I were to pursue this interesting subject. Enough, I trust, has been said to show the reader that the rudeness or imperfection which at first rendered the term 'Gothic' one of reproach is indeed, when rightly understood, one of the most noble characters of Christian architecture, and not only a noble but an essential one. It seems a fantastic paradox, but it is nevertheless a most important truth, that no architecture can be truly noble which is not imperfect. And this is easily demonstrable. For since the architect, whom we will suppose capable of doing all in perfection, cannot execute the whole with his own hands, he must either make slaves of his workmen in the old Greek, and present English fashion, and level his work to a slave's capacities, which is to degrade it; or else he must take his workmen as he finds them, and let them show their weaknesses together with their strength, which will involve the Gothic imperfection, but render the whole work as noble as the intellect of the age can make it.

39. But the principle may be stated more broadly still. I have confined the illustration of it to architecture, but I must not leave it as if true of architecture only. Hitherto I have used the words imperfect and perfect merely to distinguish between work grossly unskilful, and work executed with average precision and science; and I have been pleading that any degree of unskilfulness should be admitted, so only that the labourer's mind had room for expression. But, accurately speaking, no good work whatever can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art.

40. This is for two reasons, both based on everlasting laws. The first, that no great man ever stops working till he has reached his point of failure: that is to say, his mind is always far in advance of his powers of execution, and the latter will now and then give way in trying to follow it; besides that he will always give to the inferior portions of his work only such inferior attention as they require; and according to his greatness he becomes so

accustomed to the feeling of dissatisfaction with the best he can do, that in moments of lassitude or anger with himself he will not care though the beholder be dissatisfied also. I believe there has only been one man who would not acknowledge this necessity, and strove always to reach perfection, Leonardo; the end of his vain effort being merely that he would take ten years to a picture and leave it unfinished. And therefore, if we are to have great men working at all, or less men doing their best, the work will be imperfect, however beautiful. Of human work none but what is bad can be perfect, in its own bad way.[2]

41. The second reason is, that imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change. Nothing that lives is, or can be, rigidly perfect; part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove blossom, — a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom, — is a type of the life of this world. And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyze vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.

42. Accept this then for a universal law, that neither architecture nor any other noble work of man can be good unless it be imperfect; and let us be prepared for the otherwise strange fact, which we shall discern clearly as we approach the period of the Renaissance, that the first cause of the fall of the arts of Europe was a relentless requirement of perfection, incapable alike either of being silenced by veneration for greatness, or softened into forgiveness of simplicity.

43. Thus far then of the Rudeness or Savageness, which is the first mental element of Gothic architecture. It is an element in many other healthy architectures also, as the Byzantine and Romanesque; but true Gothic cannot exist without it.

44. The second mental element above named was CHANGEFULNESS, or Variety.

45. I have already enforced the allowing independent operation to the inferior workman, simply as a duty to him, and as ennobling the architecture

by rendering it more Christian. We have now to consider what reward we obtain for the performance of this duty, namely, the perpetual variety of every feature of the building.

46. Wherever the workman is utterly enslaved, the parts of the building must of course be absolutely like each other; for the perfection of his execution can only be reached by exercising him in doing one thing, and giving him nothing else to do. The degree in which the workman is degraded may be thus known at a glance, by observing whether the several parts of the building are similar or not; and if, as in Greek work, all the capitals are alike, and all the mouldings unvaried, then the degradation is complete; if, as in Egyptian or Ninevite work, though the manner of executing certain figures is always the same, the order of design is perpetually varied, the degradation is less total; if, as in Gothic work, there is perpetual change both in design and execution, the workman must have been altogether set free.

47. How much the beholder gains from the liberty of the labourer may perhaps be questioned in England, where one of the strongest instincts in nearly every mind is that Love of Order which makes us desire that our house windows should pair like our carriage horses, and allows us to yield our faith unhesitatingly to architectural theories which fix a form for everything, and forbid variation from it. I would not impeach love of order: it is one of the most useful elements of the English mind; it helps us in our commerce and in all purely practical matters; and it is in many cases one of the foundation stones of morality. Only do not let us suppose that love of order is love of art. It is true that order, in its highest sense, is one of the necessities of art, just as time is a necessity of music; but love of order has no more to do with our right enjoyment of architecture or painting, than love of punctuality with the appreciation of an opera. Experience, I fear, teaches us that accurate and methodical habits in daily life are seldom characteristic of those who either quickly perceive, or richly possess, the creative powers of art; there is, however, nothing inconsistent between the two instincts, and nothing to hinder us from retaining our business habits, and yet fully allowing and enjoying the noblest gifts of Invention. We already do so, in every other branch of art except architecture, and we only do not so there because we have been taught that it would be wrong. Our architects gravely inform us that, as there are four rules of arithmetic, there are five orders of architecture; we, in our simplicity, think that this sounds consistent, and believe them. They inform us also that there is one proper form for Corinthian capitals,

another for Doric, and another for Ionic. We, considering that there is also a proper form for the letters A, B, and C, think that this also sounds consistent, and accept the proposition. Understanding, therefore, that one form of the said capitals is proper, and no other, and having a conscientious horror of all impropriety, we allow the architect to provide us with the said capitals, of the proper form, in such and such a quantity, and in all other points to take care that the legal forms are observed; which having done, we rest in forced confidence that we are well housed.

48. But our higher instincts are not deceived. We take no pleasure in the building provided for us, resembling that which we take in a new book or a new picture. We may be proud of its size, complacent in its correctness, and happy in its convenience. We may take the same pleasure in its symmetry and workmanship as in a well-ordered room, or a skilful piece of manufacture. And this we suppose to be all the pleasure that architecture was ever intended to give us. The idea of reading a building as we would read Milton or Dante, and getting the same kind of delight out of the stones as out of the stanzas, never enters our mind for a moment. And for good reason; — There is indeed rhythm in the verses, quite as strict as the symmetries or rhythm of the architecture, and a thousand times more beautiful, but there is something else than rhythm. The verses were neither made to order, nor to match, as the capitals were; and we have therefore a kind of pleasure in them other than a sense of propriety. But it requires a strong effort of common sense to shake ourselves quit of all that we have been taught for the last two centuries, and wake to the perception of a truth just as simple and certain as it is new: that great art, whether expressing itself in words, colours, or stones, does not say the same thing over and over again; that the merit of architectural, as of every other art, consists in its saying new and different things; that to repeat itself is no more a characteristic of genius in marble than it is of genius in print; and that we may, without offending any laws of good taste, require of an architect, as we do of a novelist, that he should be not only correct, but entertaining.

49. Yet all this is true, and self-evident; only hidden from us, as many other self-evident things are, by false teaching. Nothing is a great work of art, for the production of which either rules or models can be given. Exactly so far as architecture works on known rules, and from given models, it is not an art, but a manufacture; and it is, of the two procedures, rather less rational (because more easy) to copy capitals or mouldings from Phidias, and call

ourselves architects, than to copy heads and hands from Titian, and call ourselves painters.

50. Let us then understand at once that change or variety is as much a necessity to the human heart and brain in buildings as in books; that there is no merit, though there is some occasional use, in monotony; and that we must no more expect to derive either pleasure or profit from an architecture whose ornaments are of one pattern, and whose pillars are of one proportion, than we should out of a universe in which the clouds were all of one shape, and the trees all of one size.

51. And this we confess in deeds, though not in words. All the pleasure which the people of the nineteenth century take in art, is in pictures, sculpture, minor objects of virtù, or mediæval architecture, which we enjoy under the term picturesque: no pleasure is taken anywhere in modern buildings, and we find all men of true feeling delighting to escape out of modern cities into natural scenery: hence, as I shall hereafter show, that peculiar love of landscape, which is characteristic of the age. It would be well, if in all other matters, we were as ready to put up with what we dislike, for the sake of compliance with established law, as we are in architecture.

52. How so debased a law ever came to be established, we shall see when we come to describe the Renaissance schools; here we have only to note, as a second most essential element of the Gothic spirit, that it broke through that law wherever it found it in existence; it not only dared, but delighted in, the infringement of every servile principle; and invented a series of forms of which the merit was, not merely that they were new, but that they were capable of perpetual novelty. The pointed arch was not merely a bold variation from the round, but it admitted of millions of variations in itself; for the proportions of a pointed arch are changeable to infinity, while a circular arch is always the same. The grouped shaft was not merely a bold variation from the single one, but it admitted of millions of variations in its grouping, and in the proportions resultant from its grouping. The introduction of tracery was not only a startling change in the treatment of window lights, but admitted endless changes in the interlacement of the tracery bars themselves. So that, while in all living Christian architecture the love of variety exists, the Gothic schools exhibited that love in culminating energy; and their influence, wherever it extended itself, may be sooner and farther traced by this character than by any other; the tendency to the adoption of Gothic types being always first shown by greater irregularity, and richer variation in the forms of

architecture it is about to supersede, long before the appearance of the pointed arch or of any other recognizable outward sign of the Gothic mind.

53. We must, however, herein note carefully what distinction there is between a healthy and a diseased love of change; for as it was in healthy love of change that the Gothic architecture rose, it was partly in consequence of diseased love of change that it was destroyed. In order to understand this clearly, it will be necessary to consider the different ways in which change and monotony are presented to us in nature; both having their use, like darkness and light, and the one incapable of being enjoyed without the other: change being most delightful after some prolongation of monotony, as light appears most brilliant after the eyes have been for some time closed.

54. I believe that the true relations of monotony and change may be most simply understood by observing them in music. We may therein notice first, that there is a sublimity and majesty in monotony, which there is not in rapid or frequent variation. This is true throughout all nature. The greater part of the sublimity of the sea depends on its monotony; so also that of desolate moor and mountain scenery; and especially the sublimity of motion, as in the quiet, unchanged fall and rise of an engine beam. So also there is sublimity in darkness which there is not in light.

55. Again, monotony after a certain time, or beyond a certain degree, becomes either uninteresting or intolerable, and the musician is obliged to break it in one of two ways: either while the air or passage is perpetually repeated, its notes are variously enriched and harmonized; or else, after a certain number of repeated passages, an entirely new passage is introduced, which is more or less delightful according to the length of the previous monotony. Nature, of course, uses both these kinds of variation perpetually. The sea-waves, resembling each other in general mass, but none like its brother in minor divisions and curves, are a monotony of the first kind; the great plain, broken by an emergent rock or clump of trees, is a monotony of the second.

56. Farther: in order to the enjoyment of the change in either case, a certain degree of patience is required from the hearer or observer. In the first case, he must be satisfied to endure with patience the recurrence of the great masses of sound or form, and to seek for entertainment in a careful watchfulness of the minor details. In the second case, he must bear patiently the infliction of the monotony for some moments, in order to feel the full refreshment of the change. This is true even of the shortest musical passage

in which the element of monotony is employed. In cases of more majestic monotony, the patience required is so considerable that it becomes a kind of pain, — a price paid for the future pleasure.

57. Again: the talent of the composer is not in the monotony, but in the changes: he may show feeling and taste by his use of monotony in certain places or degrees; that is to say, by his various employment of it; but it is always in the new arrangement or invention that his intellect is shown, and not in the monotony which relieves it.

58. Lastly: if the pleasure of change be too often repeated, it ceases to be delightful, for then change itself becomes monotonous, and we are driven to seek delight in extreme and fantastic degrees of it. This is the diseased love of change of which we have above spoken.

59. From these facts we may gather generally that monotony is, and ought to be, in itself painful to us, just as darkness is; that an architecture which is altogether monotonous is a dark or dead architecture; and of those who love it, it may be truly said, 'they love darkness rather than light.' But monotony in certain measure, used in order to give value to change, and above all, that transparent monotony, which, like the shadows of a great painter, suffers all manner of dimly suggested form to be seen through the body of it, is an essential in architectural as in all other composition; and the endurance of monotony has about the same place in a healthy mind that the endurance of darkness has: that is to say, as a strong intellect will have pleasure in the solemnities of storm and twilight, and in the broken and mysterious lights that gleam among them, rather than in mere brilliancy and glare, while a frivolous mind will dread the shadow and the storm; and as a great man will be ready to endure much darkness of fortune in order to reach greater eminence of power or felicity, while an inferior man will not pay the price; exactly in like manner a great mind will accept, or even delight in, monotony which would be wearisome to an inferior intellect, because it has more patience and power of expectation, and is ready to pay the full price for the great future pleasure of change. But in all cases it is not that the noble nature loves monotony, any more than it loves darkness or pain. But it can bear with it, and receive a high pleasure in the endurance or patience, a pleasure necessary to the well-being of this world; while those who will not submit to the temporary sameness, but rush from one change to another, gradually dull the edge of change itself, and bring a shadow and weariness over the whole world from which there is no more escape.

60. From these general uses of variety in the economy of the world, we may at once understand its use and abuse in architecture. The variety of the Gothic schools is the more healthy and beautiful, because in many cases it is entirely unstudied, and results, not from mere love of change, but from practical necessities. For in one point of view Gothic is not only the best, but the only rational architecture, as being that which can fit itself most easily to all services, vulgar or noble. Undefined in its slope of roof, height of shaft, breadth of arch, or disposition of ground plan, it can shrink into a turret, expand into a hall, coil into a staircase, or spring into a spire, with undegraded grace and unexhausted energy; and whenever it finds occasion for change in its form or purpose, it submits to it without the slightest sense of loss either to its unity or majesty, — subtle and flexible like a fiery serpent, but ever attentive to the voice of the charmer. And it is one of the chief virtues of the Gothic builders, that they never suffered ideas of outside symmetries and consistencies to interfere with the real use and value of what they did. If they wanted a window, they opened one; a room, they added one; a buttress, they built one; utterly regardless of any established conventionalities of external appearance, knowing (as indeed it always happened) that such daring interruptions of the formal plan would rather give additional interest to its symmetry than injure it. So that, in the best times of Gothic, a useless window would rather have been opened in an unexpected place for the sake of the surprise, than a useful one forbidden for the sake of symmetry. Every successive architect, employed upon a great work, built the pieces he added in his own way, utterly regardless of the style adopted by his predecessors; and if two towers were raised in nominal correspondence at the sides of a cathedral front, one was nearly sure to be different from the other, and in each the style at the top to be different from the style at the bottom.

61. These marked variations were, however, only permitted as part of the great system of perpetual change which ran through every member of Gothic design, and rendered it as endless a field for the beholder's inquiry as for the builder's imagination: change, which in the best schools is subtle and delicate, and rendered more delightful by intermingling of a noble monotony; in the more barbaric schools is somewhat fantastic and redundant; but, in all, a necessary and constant condition of the life of the school. Sometimes the variety is in one feature, sometimes in another; it may be in the capitals or crockets, in the niches or the traceries, or in all together, but in some one or other of the features it will be found always. If the mouldings are constant,

the surface sculpture will change; if the capitals are of a fixed design, the traceries will change; if the traceries are monotonous, the capitals will change; and if even, as in some fine schools, the early English for example, there is the slightest approximation to an unvarying type of mouldings, capitals, and floral decoration, the variety is found in the disposition of the masses, and in the figure sculpture.

62. I must now refer for a moment, before we quit the consideration of this, the second mental element of Gothic, to the opening of the third chapter of the Seven Lamps of Architecture, in which the distinction was drawn between man gathering and man governing; between his acceptance of the sources of delight from nature, and his development of authoritative or imaginative power in their arrangement: for the two mental elements, not only of Gothic, but of all good architecture, which we have just been examining, belong to it, and are admirable in it, chiefly as it is, more than any other subject of art, the work of man, and the expression of the average power of man. A picture or poem is often little more than a feeble utterance of man's admiration of something out of himself; but architecture approaches more to a creation of his own, born of his necessities, and expressive of his nature. It is also, in some sort, the work of the whole race, while the picture or statue is the work of one only, in most cases more highly gifted than his fellows. And therefore we may expect that the first two elements of good architecture should be expressive of some great truths commonly belonging to the whole race, and necessary to be understood or felt by them in all their work that they do under the sun. And observe what they are: the confession of Imperfection, and the confession of Desire of Change. The building of the bird and the bee needs not express anything like this. It is perfect and unchanging. But just because we are something better than birds or bees, our building must confess that we have not reached the perfection we can imagine, and cannot rest in the condition we have attained. If we pretend to have reached either perfection or satisfaction, we have degraded ourselves and our work. God's work only may express that; but ours may never have that sentence written upon it, — 'And behold, it was very good.' And, observe again, it is not merely as it renders the edifice a book of various knowledge, or a mine of precious thought, that variety is essential to its nobleness. The vital principle is not the love of Knowledge, but the love of Change. It is that strange disquietude of the Gothic spirit that is its greatness; that restlessness of the dreaming mind, that wanders hither and thither among the niches, and

flickers feverishly around the pinnacles, and frets and fades in labyrinthine knots and shadows along wall and roof, and yet is not satisfied, nor shall be satisfied. The Greek could stay in his triglyph furrow, and be at peace; but the work of the Gothic heart is fretwork still, and it can neither rest in, nor from, its labour, but must pass on, sleeplessly, until its love of change shall be pacified for ever in the change that must come alike on them that wake and them that sleep.

63. The third constituent element of the Gothic mind was stated to be NATURALISM; that is to say, the love of natural objects for their own sake, and the effort to represent them frankly, unconstrained by artistical laws.

64. This characteristic of the style partly follows in necessary connection with those named above. For, so soon as the workman is left free to represent what subjects he chooses, he must look to the nature that is round him for material, and will endeavour to represent it as he sees it, with more or less accuracy according to the skill he possesses, and with much play of fancy, but with small respect for law. There is, however, a marked distinction between the imaginations of the Western and Eastern races, even when both are left free; the Western, or Gothic, delighting most in the representation of facts, and the Eastern (Arabian, Persian, and Chinese) in the harmony of colours and forms. Each of these intellectual dispositions has its particular forms of error and abuse [...]

65. Of the various forms of resultant mischief it is not here the place to speak; the reader may already be somewhat wearied with a statement which has led us apparently so far from our immediate subject. But the digression was necessary, in order that I might clearly define the sense in which I use the word Naturalism when I state it to be the third most essential characteristic of Gothic architecture. I mean that the Gothic builders belong to the central or greatest rank in both the classifications of artists which we have just made; that considering all artists as either men of design, men of facts, or men of both, the Gothic builders were men of both; and that again, considering all artists as either Purists, Naturalists, or Sensualists, the Gothic builders were Naturalists.

66. I say first, that the Gothic builders were of that central class which unites fact with design; but that the part of the work which was more especially their own was the truthfulness. Their power of artistical invention or arrangement was not greater than that of Romanesque and Byzantine workmen: by those workmen they were taught the principles, and from them

received their models, of design; but to the ornamental feeling and rich fancy of the Byzantine the Gothic builder added a love of fact which is never found in the South. Both Greek and Roman used conventional foliage in their ornament, passing into something that was not foliage at all, knotting itself into strange cup-like buds or clusters, and growing out of lifeless rods instead of stems; the Gothic sculptor received these types, at first, as things that ought to be, just as we have a second time received them; but he could not rest in them. He saw there was no veracity in them, no knowledge, no vitality. Do what he would, he could not help liking the true leaves better; and cautiously, a little at a time, he put more of nature into his work, until at last it was all true, retaining, nevertheless, every valuable character of the original well-disciplined and designed arrangement.

67. Nor is it only in external and visible subject that the Gothic workman wrought for truth: he is as firm in his rendering of imaginative as of actual truth; that is to say, when an idea would have been by a Roman, or Byzantine, symbolically represented, the Gothic mind realizes it to the utmost. For instance, the purgatorial fire is represented in the mosaic of Torcello (Romanesque) as a red stream, longitudinally striped like a riband, descending out of the throne of Christ, and gradually extending itself to envelop the wicked. When we are once informed what this means, it is enough for its purpose; but the Gothic inventor does not leave the sign in need of interpretation. He makes the fire as like real fire as he can; and in the porch of St Maclou at Rouen the sculptured flames burst out of the Hades gate, and flicker up, in writhing tongues of stone, through the interstices of the niches, as if the church itself were on fire. This is an extreme instance, but it is all the more illustrative of the entire difference in temper and thought between the two schools of art, and of the intense love of veracity which influenced the Gothic design.

68. I do not say that this love of veracity is always healthy in its operation. I have above noticed the errors into which it falls from despising design; and there is another kind of error noticeable in the instance just given, in which the love of truth is too hasty, and seizes on a surface truth instead of an inner one. For in representing the Hades fire, it is not the mere form of the flame which needs most to be told, but its unquenchableness, its Divine ordainment and limitation, and its inner fierceness, not physical and material, but in being the expression of the wrath of God. And these things are not to be told by imitating the fire that flashes out of a bundle of sticks. If we think

over his symbol a little, we shall perhaps find that the Romanesque builder told more truth in that likeness of a blood-red stream, flowing between definite shores, and out of God's throne, and expanding, as if fed by a perpetual current, into the lake wherein the wicked are cast, than the Gothic builder in those torch-flickerings about his niches. But this is not to our immediate purpose; I am not at present to insist upon the faults into which the love of truth was led in the later Gothic times, but on the feeling itself, as a glorious and peculiar characteristic of the Northern builders. For, observe, it is not, even in the above instance, love of truth, but want of thought, which causes the fault. The love of truth, as such, is good, but when it is misdirected by thoughtlessness or over-excited by vanity, and either seizes on facts of small value, or gathers them chiefly that it may boast of its grasp and apprehension, its work may well become dull or offensive. Yet let us not, therefore, blame the inherent love of facts, but the incautiousness of their selection, and impertinence of their statement.

69. I said, in the second place, that Gothic work, when referred to the arrangement of all art, as purist, naturalist, or sensualist, was naturalist. This character follows necessarily on its extreme love of truth, prevailing over the sense of beauty, and causing it to take delight in portraiture of every kind, and to express the various characters of the human countenance and form, as it did the varieties of leaves and the ruggedness of branches. And this tendency is both increased and ennobled by the same Christian humility which we saw expressed in the first character of Gothic work, its rudeness. For as that resulted from a humility which confessed the imperfection of the workman, so this naturalist portraiture is rendered more faithful by the humility which confesses the imperfection of the subject. The Greek sculptor could neither bear to confess his own feebleness, nor to tell the faults of the forms that he portrayed. But the Christian workman, believing that all is finally to work together for good, freely confesses both, and neither seeks to disguise his own roughness of work, nor his subject's roughness of make. Yet this frankness being joined, for the most part, with depth of religious feeling in other directions, and especially with charity, there is sometimes a tendency to Purism in the best Gothic sculpture; so that it frequently reaches great dignity of form and tenderness of expression, yet never so as to lose the veracity of portraiture wherever portraiture is possible: not exalting its kings into demi-gods, nor its saints into archangels, but giving what kingliness and sanctity was in them, to the full, mixed with due record of their faults; and

this in the most part with a great indifference like that of Scripture history, which sets down, with unmoved and unexcusing resoluteness, the virtues and errors of all men of whom it speaks, often leaving the reader to form his own estimate of them, without an indication of the judgment of the historian. And this veracity is carried out by the Gothic sculptors in the minuteness and generality, as well as the equity, of their delineation: for they do not limit their art to the portraiture of saints and kings, but introduce the most familiar scenes and most simple subjects: filling up the backgrounds of Scripture histories with vivid and curious representations of the commonest incidents of daily life, and availing themselves of every occasion in which, either as a symbol, or an explanation of a scene or time, the things familiar to the eye of the workman could be introduced and made of account. Hence Gothic sculpture and painting are not only full of valuable portraiture of the greatest men, but copious records of all the domestic customs and inferior arts of the ages in which it flourished.[3]

70. There is, however, one direction in which the Naturalism of the Gothic workmen is peculiarly manifested; and this direction is even more characteristic of the school than the Naturalism itself; I mean their peculiar fondness for the forms of Vegetation. In rendering the various circumstances of daily life, Egyptian and Ninevite sculpture is as frank and as diffuse as the Gothic. From the highest pomps of state or triumphs of battle, to the most trivial domestic arts and amusements, all is taken advantage of to fill the field of granite with the perpetual interest of a crowded drama; and the early Lombardic and Romanesque sculpture is equally copious in its description of the familiar circumstances of war and the chase. But in all the scenes portrayed by the workmen of these nations, vegetation occurs only as an explanatory accessary; the reed is introduced to mark the course of the river, or the tree to mark the covert of the wild beast, or the ambush of the enemy, but there is no especial interest in the forms of the vegetation strong enough to induce them to make it a subject of separate and accurate study. Again, among the nations who followed the arts of design exclusively, the forms of foliage introduced were meagre and general, and their real intricacy and life were neither admired nor expressed. But to the Gothic workman the living foliage became a subject of intense affection, and he struggled to render all its characters with as much accuracy as was compatible with the laws of his design and the nature of his material, not unfrequently tempted in his enthusiasm to transgress the one and disguise the other.

71. There is a peculiar significance in this, indicative both of higher civilization and gentler temperament, than had before been manifested in architecture. Rudeness, and the love of change, which we have insisted upon as the first elements of Gothic, are also elements common to all healthy schools. But here is a softer element mingled with them, peculiar to the Gothic itself. The rudeness or ignorance which would have been painfully exposed in the treatment of the human form, are still not so great as to prevent the successful rendering of the wayside herbage; and the love of change, which becomes morbid and feverish in following the haste of the hunter and the rage of the combatant, is at once soothed and satisfied as it watches the wandering of the tendril, and the budding of the flower. Nor is this all: the new direction of mental interest marks an infinite change in the means and the habits of life. The nations whose chief support was in the chase, whose chief interest was in the battle, whose chief pleasure was in the banquet, would take small care respecting the shapes of leaves and flowers; and notice little in the forms of the forest trees which sheltered them, except the signs indicative of the wood which would make the toughest lance, the closest roof, or the clearest fire. The affectionate observation of the grace and outward character of vegetation is the sure sign of a more tranquil and gentle existence, sustained by the gifts, and gladdened by the splendour, of the earth. In that careful distinction of species, and richness of delicate and undisturbed organization, which characterize the Gothic design, there is the history of rural and thoughtful life, influenced by habitual tenderness, and devoted to subtle inquiry; and every discriminating and delicate touch of the chisel, as it rounds the petal or guides the branch, is a prophecy of the development of the entire body of the natural sciences, beginning with that of medicine, of the recovery of literature, and the establishment of the most necessary principles of domestic wisdom and national peace.

72. I have before alluded to the strange and vain supposition, that the original conception of Gothic architecture had been derived from vegetation,— from the symmetry of avenues, and the interlacing of branches. It is a supposition which never could have existed for a moment in the mind of any person acquainted with early Gothic; but, however idle as a theory, it is most valuable as a testimony to the character of the perfected style. It is precisely because the reverse of this theory is the fact, because the Gothic did not arise out of, but developed itself into a resemblance to vegetation, that this resemblance is so instructive as an indication of the temper of the builders. It

was no chance suggestion of the form of an arch from the bending of a bough, but a gradual and continual discovery of a beauty in natural forms which could be more and more perfectly transferred into those of stone, that influenced at once the heart of the people, and the form of the edifice. The Gothic architecture arose in massy and mountainous strength, axe-hewn, and iron-bound, block heaved upon block by the monk's enthusiasm and the soldier's force; and cramped and stanchioned into such weight of grisly wall, as might bury the anchoret in darkness, and beat back the utmost storm of battle, suffering but by the same narrow crosslet the passing of the sunbeam, or of the arrow. Gradually, as that monkish enthusiasm became more thoughtful, and as the sound of war became more and more intermittent beyond the gates of the convent or the keep, the stony pillar grew slender and the vaulted roof grew light, till they had wreathed themselves into the semblance of the summer woods at their fairest, and of the dead field-flowers, long trodden down in blood, sweet monumental statues were set to bloom for ever, beneath the porch of the temple, or the canopy of the tomb.

73. Nor is it only as a sign of greater gentleness or refinement of mind, but as a proof of the best possible direction of this refinement, that the tendency of the Gothic to the expression of vegetative life is to be admired. That sentence of Genesis, 'I have given thee every green herb for meat,' like all the rest of the book, has a profound symbolical as well as a literal meaning. It is not merely the nourishment of the body, but the food of the soul, that is intended. The green herb is, of all nature, that which is most essential to the healthy spiritual life of man. Most of us do not need fine scenery; the precipice and the mountain peak are not intended to be seen by all men, — perhaps their power is greatest over those who are unaccustomed to them. But trees and fields and flowers were made for all, and are necessary for all. God has connected the labour which is essential to the bodily sustenance with the pleasures which are healthiest for the heart; and while He made the ground stubborn, He made its herbage fragrant, and its blossoms fair. The proudest architecture that man can build has no higher honour than to bear the image and recall the memory of that grass of the field which is, at once, the type and the support of his existence; the goodly building is then most glorious when it is sculptured into the likeness of the leaves of Paradise; and the great Gothic spirit, as we showed it to be noble in its disquietude, is also noble in its hold of nature; it is, indeed, like the dove of Noah, in that she found no rest upon the face of the waters, — but like her in this also, 'Lo, IN

HER MOUTH WAS AN OLIVE BRANCH, PLUCKED OFF.'

74. The fourth essential element of the Gothic mind was above stated to be the sense of the GROTESQUE; but I shall defer the endeavour to define this most curious and subtle character until we have occasion to examine one of the divisions of the Renaissance schools, which was morbidly influenced by it. It is the less necessary to insist upon it here, because every reader familiar with Gothic architecture must understand what I mean, and will, I believe, have no hesitation in admitting, that the tendency to delight in fantastic and ludicrous, as well as in sublime, images, is a universal instinct of the Gothic imagination.

75. The fifth element above named was RIGIDITY; and this character I must endeavour carefully to define, for neither the word I have used, nor any other that I can think of, will express it accurately. For I mean, not merely stable, but active rigidity; the peculiar energy which gives tension to movement, and stiffness to resistance, which makes the fiercest lightning forked rather than curved, and the stoutest oak-branch angular rather than bending, and is as much seen in the quivering of the lance as in the glittering of the icicle.

76. I have before had occasion to note some manifestations of this energy or fixedness; but it must be still more attentively considered here, as it shows itself throughout the whole structure and decoration of Gothic work. Egyptian and Greek buildings stand, for the most part, by their own weight and mass, one stone passively incumbent on another; but in the Gothic vaults and traceries there is a stiffness analogous to that of the bones of a limb, or fibres of a tree; an elastic tension and communication of force from part to part, and also a studious expression of this throughout every visible line of the building. And, in like manner, the Greek and Egyptian ornament is either mere surface engraving, as if the face of the wall had been stamped with a seal, or its lines are flowing, lithe, and luxuriant; in either case, there is no expression of energy in the framework of the ornament itself. But the Gothic ornament stands out in prickly independence, and frosty fortitude, jutting into crockets, and freezing into pinnacles; here starting up into a monster, there germinating into a blossom, anon knitting itself into a branch, alternately thorny, bossy, and bristly, or writhed into every form of nervous entanglement; but, even when most graceful, never for an instant languid, always quickset: erring, if at all, ever on the side of brusquerie.

77. The feelings or habits in the workman which give rise to this

character in the work, are more complicated and various than those indicated by any other sculptural expression hitherto named. There is, first, the habit of hard and rapid working; the industry of the tribes of the North, quickened by the coldness of the climate, and giving an expression of sharp energy to all they do, as opposed to the languor of the Southern tribes, however much of fire there may be in the heart of that languor, for lava itself may flow languidly. There is also the habit of finding enjoyment in the signs of cold, which is never found, I believe, in the inhabitants of countries south of the Alps. Cold is to them an unredeemed evil, to be suffered and forgotten as soon as may be; but the long winter of the North forces the Goth (I mean the Englishman, Frenchman, Dane, or German), if he would lead a happy life at all, to find resources of happiness in foul weather as well as fair, and to rejoice in the leafless as well as in the shady forest. And this we do with all our hearts; finding perhaps nearly as much contentment by the Christmas fire as in the summer sunshine, and gaining health and strength on the ice-fields of winter, as well as among the meadows of spring. So that there is nothing adverse or painful to our feelings in the cramped and stiffened structure of vegetation checked by cold; and instead of seeking, like the Southern sculpture, to express only the softness of leafage nourished in all tenderness, and tempted into all luxuriance by warm winds and glowing rays, we find pleasure in dwelling upon the crabbed, perverse, and morose animation of plants that have known little kindness from earth or heaven, but, season after season, have had their best efforts palsied by frost, their brightest buds buried under snow, and their goodliest limbs lopped by tempest.

78. There are many subtle sympathies and affections which join to confirm the Gothic mind in this peculiar choice of subject; and when we add to the influence of these, the necessities consequent upon the employment of a rougher material, compelling the workman to seek for vigour of effect, rather than refinement of texture or accuracy of form, we have direct and manifest causes for much of the difference between the Northern and Southern cast of conception: but there are indirect causes holding a far more important place in the Gothic heart, though less immediate in their influence on design. Strength of will, independence of character, resoluteness of purpose, impatience of undue control, and that general tendency to set the individual reason against authority, and the individual deed against destiny, which, in the Northern tribes, has opposed itself throughout all ages, to the languid submission, in the Southern, of thought to tradition, and purpose to

fatality, are all more or less traceable in the rigid lines, vigorous and various masses, and daringly projecting and independent structure of the Northern Gothic ornament: while the opposite feelings are in like manner legible in the graceful and softly guided waves and wreathed bands, in which Southern decoration is constantly disposed; in its tendency to lose its independence, and fuse itself into the surface of the masses upon which it is traced; and in the expression seen so often, in the arrangement of those masses themselves, of an abandonment of their strength to an inevitable necessity, or a listless repose.

79. There is virtue in the measure, and error in the excess, of both these characters of mind, and in both of the styles which they have created; the best architecture, and the best temper, are those which unite them both; and this fifth impulse of the Gothic heart is therefore that which needs most caution in its indulgence. It is more definitely Gothic than any other, but the best Gothic building is not that which is most Gothic: it can hardly be too frank in its confession of rudeness, hardly too rich in its changefulness, hardly too faithful in its naturalism; but it may go too far in its rigidity, and, like the great Puritan spirit in its extreme, lose itself either in frivolity of division, or perversity of purpose. It actually did so in its later times; but it is gladdening to remember that in its utmost nobleness, the very temper which has been thought most adverse to it, the Protestant spirit of self-dependence and inquiry, was expressed in its every line. Faith and aspiration there were, in every Christian ecclesiastical building, from the first century to the fifteenth; but the moral habits to which England in this age owes the kind of greatness that she has, — the habits of philosophical investigation, of accurate thought, of domestic seclusion and independence, of stern self-reliance and sincere upright searching into religious truth, — were only traceable in the features which were the distinctive creation of the Gothic schools, in the veined foliage, and thorny fretwork, and shadowy niche, and buttressed pier, and fearless height of subtle pinnacle and crested tower, sent like an 'unperplexed question up to Heaven.'

80. Last, because the least essential, of the constituent elements of this noble school, was placed that of REDUNDANCE, — the uncalculating bestowal of the wealth of its labour. There is, indeed, much Gothic, and that of the best period, in which this element is hardly traceable, and which depends for its effect almost exclusively on loveliness of simple design and grace of uninvolved proportion; still, in the most characteristic buildings, a

certain portion of their effect depends upon accumulation of ornament; and many of those which have most influence on the minds of men, have attained it by means of this attribute alone. And although, by careful study of the school, it is possible to arrive at a condition of taste which shall be better contented by a few perfect lines than by a whole facade covered with fretwork, the building which only satisfies such a taste is not to be considered the best. For the very first requirement of Gothic architecture being, as we saw above, that it shall both admit the aid, and appeal to the admiration, of the rudest as well as the most refined minds, the richness of the work is, paradoxical as the statement may appear, a part of its humility. No architecture is so haughty as that which is simple; which refuses to address the eye, except in a few clear and forceful lines; which implies, in offering so little to our regards, that all it has offered is perfect; and disdains, either by the complexity or the attractiveness of its features, to embarrass our investigation, or betray us into delight. That humility, which is the very life of the Gothic school, is shown not only in the imperfection, but in the accumulation, of ornament. The inferior rank of the workman is often shown as much in the richness, as the roughness, of his work; and if the co-operation of every hand, and the sympathy of every heart, are to be received, we must be content to allow the redundance which disguises the failure of the feeble, and wins the regard of the inattentive. There are, however, far nobler interests mingling, in the Gothic heart, with the rude love of decorative accumulation: a magnificent enthusiasm, which feels as if it never could do enough to reach the fulness of its ideal; an unselfishness of sacrifice, which would rather cast fruitless labour before the altar than stand idle in the market; and, finally, a profound sympathy with the fulness and wealth of the material universe, rising out of that Naturalism whose operation we have already endeavoured to define. The sculptor who sought for his models among the forest leaves, could not but quickly and deeply feel that complexity need not involve the loss of grace, nor richness that of repose; and every hour which he spent in the study of the minute and various work of Nature, made him feel more forcibly the barrenness of what was best in that of man: nor is it to be wondered at, that, seeing her perfect and exquisite creations poured forth in a profusion which conception could not grasp nor calculation sum, he should think that it ill became him to be niggardly of his own rude craftsmanship; and where he saw throughout the universe a faultless beauty lavished on measureless spaces of broidered field and blooming mountain, to grudge his

poor and imperfect labour to the few stones that he had raised one upon another, for habitation or memorial. The years of his life passed away before his task was accomplished; but generation succeeded generation with unwearied enthusiasm, and the cathedral front was at last lost in the tapestry of its traceries, like a rock among the thickets and herbage of spring.

81. We have now, I believe, obtained a view approaching to completeness of the various moral or imaginative elements which composed the inner spirit of Gothic architecture [...]

注释

【1】 i.e., of The Stones of Venice.

【2】 The Elgin marbles are supposed by many persons to be 'perfect'. In the most important portions they indeed approach perfection, but only there. The draperies are unfinished, the hair and wool of the animals are unfinished, and the entire bas-reliefs of the frieze are roughly cut.

【3】 The best art either represents the facts of its own day, or, if facts of the past, expresses them with accessaries of the time in which the work was done. All good art, representing past events, is therefore full of the most frank anachronism, and always ought to be. No painter has any business to be an antiquarian. We do not want his impressions or suppositions respecting things that are past. We want his clear assertions respecting things present.

The Work of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy

A Lecture delivered at Tunbridge Wells,
February 16th, 1858

1. WHEN first I heard that you wished me to address you this evening, it was a matter of some doubt with me whether I could find any subject that would possess any sufficient interest for you to justify my bringing you out of your comfortable houses on a winter's night. When I venture to speak about my own special business of art, it is almost always before students of art, among whom I may sometimes permit myself to be dull, if I can feel that I am useful: but a mere talk about art, especially without examples to refer to (and I have been unable to prepare any careful illustrations for this lecture), is seldom of much interest to a general audience. As I was considering what you might best bear with me in speaking about, there came naturally into my mind a subject connected with the origin and present prosperity of the town you live in; and, it seemed to me, in the outbranchings of it, capable of a very general interest. When, long ago (I am afraid to think how long), Tunbridge Wells was my Switzerland, and I used to be brought down here in the summer, a sufficiently active child, rejoicing in the hope of clambering sandstone cliffs of stupendous height above the common, there used sometimes, as, I suppose, there are in the lives of all children at the Wells, to be dark days in my life — days of condemnation to the pantiles and band — under which calamities my only consolation used to be in watching, at every turn in my walk, the welling forth of the spring over the orange rim of its marble basin. The memory of the clear water, sparkling over its saffron stain, came back to me as the strongest image connected with the place; and it struck me that you might not be unwilling, to-night, to think a little over the full significance of that saffron stain, and of the power, in other ways and other functions, of the steely element to which so many here owe returning strength and life; — chief as it has been always, and is yet more and more markedly so day by day, among the precious gifts of the earth.

2. The subject is, of course, too wide to be more than suggestively treated; and even my suggestions must be few, and drawn chiefly from my own fields of work; nevertheless, I think I shall have time to indicate some courses of thought which you may afterwards follow out for yourselves if they interest you; and so I will not shrink from the full scope of the subject which I have announced to you — the functions of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy.

3. Without more preface, I will take up the first head.

4. Ⅰ. IRON IN NATURE. — You all probably know that the ochreous stain, which, perhaps, is often thought to spoil the basin of your spring, is iron in a state of rust: and when you see rusty iron in other places you generally think, not only that it spoils the places it stains, but that it is spoiled itself — that rusty iron is spoiled iron.

5. For most of our uses it generally is so; and because we cannot use a rusty knife or razor so well as a polished one, we suppose it to be a great defect in iron that it is subject to rust. But not at all. On the contrary, the most perfect and useful state of it is that ochreous stain; and therefore it is endowed with so ready a disposition to get itself into that state. It is not a fault in the iron, but a virtue, to be so fond of getting rusted, for in that condition it fulfils its most important functions in the universe, and most kindly duties to mankind. Nay, in a certain sense, and almost a literal one, we may say that iron rusted is Living; but when pure or polished, Dead. You all probably know that in the mixed air we breathe, the part of it essentially needful to us is called oxygen; and that this substance is to all animals, in the most accurate sense of the word, 'breath of life'. The nervous power of life is a different thing; but the supporting element of the breath, without which the blood, and therefore the life, cannot be nourished, is this oxygen. Now it is this very same air which the iron breathes when it gets rusty. It takes the oxygen from the atmosphere as eagerly as we do, though it uses it differently. The iron keeps all that it gets; we, and other animals, part with it again; but the metal absolutely keeps what it has once received of this aërial gift; and the ochreous dust which we so much despise is, in fact, just so much nobler than pure iron, in so far as it is iron and the air. Nobler, and more useful — for, indeed, as I shall be able to show you presently — the main service of this metal, and of all other metals, to us, is not in making knives, and scissors, and pokers, and pans, but in making the ground we feed from, and nearly all the substances first needful to our existence. For these are all nothing but metals and oxygen

— metals with breath put into them. Sand, lime, clay, and the rest of the earths — potash and soda, and the rest of the alkalies — are all of them metals which have undergone this, so to speak, vital change, and have been rendered fit for the service of man by permanent unity with the purest air which he himself breathes. There is only one metal which does not rust readily; and that in its influence on Man hitherto, has caused Death rather than Life; it will not be put to its right use till it is made a pavement of, and so trodden under foot.[1]

6. Is there not something striking in this fact, considered largely as one of the types, or lessons, furnished by the inanimate creation? Here you have your hard, bright, cold, lifeless metal — good enough for swords and scissors — but not for food. You think, perhaps, that your iron is wonderfully useful in a pure form, but how would you like the world, if all your meadows, instead of grass, grew nothing but iron wire — if all your arable ground, instead of being made of sand and clay, were suddenly turned into flat surfaces of steel — if the whole earth, instead of its green and glowing sphere, rich with forest and flower, showed nothing but the image of the vast furnace of a ghastly engine — a globe of black, lifeless, excoriated metal? It would be that, — probably it was once that; but assuredly it would be, were it not that all the substance of which it is made sucks and breathes the brilliancy of the atmosphere; and, as it breathes, softening from its merciless hardness, it falls into fruitful and beneficent dust; gathering itself again into the earths from which we feed, and the stones with which we build; — into the rocks that frame the mountains, and the sands that bind the sea.

7. Hence, it is impossible for you to take up the most insignificant pebble at your feet, without being able to read, if you like, this curious lesson in it. You look upon it at first as if it were earth only. Nay, it answers, 'I am not earth — I am earth and air in one; part of that blue heaven which you love, and long for, is already in me; it is all my life — without it I should be nothing, and able for nothing; I could not minister to you, nor nourish you — I should be a cruel and helpless thing; but, because there is, according to my need and place in creation, a kind of soul in me, I have become capable of good, and helpful in the circles of vitality.'

8. Thus far the same interest attaches to all the earths, and all the metals of which they are made; but a deeper interest and larger beneficence belong to that ochreous earth of iron which stains the marble of your springs. It stains much besides that marble. It stains the great earth wheresoever you can

see it, far and wide — it is the colouring substance appointed to colour the globe for the sight, as well as subdue it to the service of man. You have just seen your hills covered with snow, and, perhaps, have enjoyed, at first, the contrast of their fair white with the dark blocks of pine woods; but have you ever considered how you would like them always white — not pure white, but dirty white — the white of thaw, with all the chill of snow in it, but none of its brightness? That is what the colour of the earth would be without its iron; that would be its colour, not here or there only, but in all places, and at all times. Follow out that idea till you get it in some detail. Think first of your pretty gravel walks in your gardens, and fine, like plots of sunshine between the yellow flower-beds; fancy them all suddenly turned to the colour of ashes. That is what they would be without iron ochre. Think of your winding walks over the common, as warm to the eye as they are dry to the foot, and imagine them all laid down suddenly with gray cinders. Then pass beyond the common into the country, and pause at the first ploughed field that you see sweeping up the hill sides in the sun, with its deep brown furrows, and wealth of ridges all a-glow, heaved aside by the ploughshare, like deep folds of a mantle of russet velvet — fancy it all changed suddenly into grisly furrows in a field of mud. That is what it would be without iron. Pass on, in fancy, over hill and dale, till you reach the bending line of the sea shore; go down upon its breezy beach — watch the white foam flashing among the amber of it, and all the blue sea embayed in belts of gold: then fancy those circlets of far sweeping shore suddenly put into mounds of mourning — all those golden sands turned into gray slime; the fairies no more able to call to each other, 'Come unto these yellow sands'; but, 'Come unto these drab sands.' That is what they would be, without iron.

9. Iron is in some sort, therefore, the sunshine and light of landscape, so far as that light depends on the ground; but it is a source of another kind of sunshine, quite as important to us in the way we live at present — sunshine, not of landscape, but of dwelling-place.

10. In these days of swift locomotion I may doubtless assume that most of my audience have been somewhere out of England — have been in Scotland, or France, or Switzerland. Whatever may have been their impression, on returning to their own country, of its superiority or inferiority in other respects, they cannot but have felt one thing about it — the comfortable look of its towns and villages. Foreign towns are often very picturesque, very beautiful, but they never have quite that look of warm self-

sufficiency and wholesome quiet with which our villages nestle themselves down among the green fields. If you will take the trouble to examine into the sources of this impression, you will find that by far the greater part of that warm and satisfactory appearance depends upon the rich scarlet colour of the bricks and tiles. It does not belong to the neat building — every neat building has an uncomfortable rather than a comfortable look — but it depends on the warm building; our villages are dressed in red tiles as our old women are in red cloaks; and it does not matter how warm the cloaks, or how bent and bowed the roof may be, so long as there are no holes in either one or the other, and the sobered but unextinguishable colour still glows in the shadow of the hood, and burns among the green mosses of the gable. And what do you suppose dyes your tiles of cottage roof? You don't paint them. It is Nature who puts all that lovely vermilion into the clay for you; and all that lovely vermilion is this oxide of iron. Think, therefore, what your streets of towns would become — ugly enough, indeed, already, some of them, but still comfortable-looking — if instead of that warm brick red, the houses became all pepper-and-salt colour. Fancy your country villages changing from that homely scarlet of theirs which, in its sweet suggestion of laborious peace, is as honourable as the soldier's scarlet of laborious battle — suppose all those cottage roofs, I say, turned at once into the colour of unbaked clay, the colour of street gutters in rainy weather. That's what they would be without iron.

11. There is, however, yet another effect of colour in our English country towns, which, perhaps, you may not all yourselves have noticed, but for which you must take the word of a sketcher. They are not so often merely warm scarlet as they are warm purple; — a more beautiful colour still: and they owe this colour to a mingling with the vermilion of the deep grayish or purple hue of our fine Welsh slates on the more respectable roofs, made more blue still by the colour of intervening atmosphere. If you examine one of these Welsh slates freshly broken, you will find its purple colour clear and vivid; and although never strikingly so after it has been long exposed to weather, it always retains enough of the tint to give rich harmonies of distant purple in opposition to the green of our woods and fields. Whatever brightness or power there is in the hue is entirely owing to the oxide of iron. Without it the slates would either be pale stone colour, or cold gray, or black.

12. Thus far we have only been considering the use and pleasantness of iron in the common earth of clay. But there are three kinds of earth which, in mixed mass and prevalent quantity, form the world. Those are, in common

language, the earths of clay, of lime, and of flint. Many other elements are mingled with these in sparing quantities; but the great frame and substance of the earth is made of these three, so that wherever you stand on solid ground, in any country of the globe, the thing that is mainly under your feet will be either clay, limestone, or some condition of the earth of flint, mingled with both.

13. These being what we have usually to deal with, Nature seems to have set herself to make these three substances as interesting to us, and as beautiful for us, as she can. The clay, being a soft and changeable substance, she doesn't take much pains about, as we have seen, till it is baked; she brings the colour into it only when it receives a permanent form. But the limestone and flint she paints, in her own way, in their native state: and her object in painting them seems to be much the same as in her painting of flowers; to draw us, careless and idle human creatures, to watch her a little, and see what she is about — that being on the whole good for us, — her children. For Nature is always carrying on very strange work with this limestone and flint of hers: laying down beds of them at the bottom of the sea; building islands out of the sea; filling chinks and veins in mountains with curious treasures; petrifying mosses, and trees, and shells; in fact, carrying on all sorts of business, subterranean or submarine, which it would be highly desirable for us, who profit and live by it, to notice as it goes on. And apparently to lead us to do this, she makes picture-books for us of limestone and flint; and tempts us, like foolish children as we are, to read her books by the pretty colours in them. The pretty colours in her limestone-books form those variegated marbles which all mankind have taken delight to polish and build with from the beginning of time; and the pretty colours in her flint-books form those agates, jaspers, cornelians, bloodstones, onyxes, cairngorms, chrysoprases, which men have in like manner taken delight to cut, and polish, and make ornaments of, from the beginning of time; and yet so much of babies are they, and so fond of looking at the pictures instead of reading the book, that I question whether, after six thousand years of cutting and polishing, there are above two or three people out of any given hundred who know, or care to know, how a bit of agate or a bit of marble was made, or painted.

14. How it was made, may not be always very easy to say; but with what it was painted there is no manner of question. All those beautiful violet veinings and variegations of the marbles of Sicily and Spain, the glowing orange and amber colours of those of Siena, the deep russet of the Rosso

antico, and the blood-colour of all the precious jaspers that enrich the temples of Italy; and, finally, all the lovely transitions of tint in the pebbles of Scotland and the Rhine, which form, though not the most precious, by far the most interesting portion of our modern jewellers' work; — all these are painted by Nature with this one material only, variously proportioned and applied — the oxide of iron that stains your Tunbridge springs.

15. But this is not all, nor the best part of the work of iron. Its service in producing these beautiful stones is only rendered to rich people, who can afford to quarry and polish them. But Nature paints for all the world, poor and rich together; and while, therefore, she thus adorns the innermost rocks of her hills, to tempt your investigation, or indulge your luxury, — she paints, far more carefully, the outsides of the hills, which are for the eyes of the shepherd and the ploughman. I spoke just now of the effect in the roofs of our villages of their purple slates; but if the slates are beautiful even in their flat and formal rows on house-roofs, much more are they beautiful on the rugged crests and flanks of their native mountains. Have you ever considered, in speaking as we do so often of distant blue hills, what it is that makes them blue? To a certain extent it is distance; but distance alone will not do it. Many hills look white, however distant. That lovely dark purple colour of our Welsh and Highland hills is owing, not to their distance merely, but to their rocks. Some of their rocks are, indeed, too dark to be beautiful, being black or ashy gray; owing to imperfect and porous structure. But when you see this dark colour dashed with russet and blue, and coming out in masses among the green ferns, so purple that you can hardly tell at first whether it is rock or heather, then you must thank your old Tunbridge friend, the oxide of iron.

16. But this is not all. It is necessary for the beauty of hill scenery that Nature should colour not only her soft rocks, but her hard ones; and she colours them with the same thing, only more beautifully. Perhaps you have wondered at my use of the word 'purple', so often of stones; but the Greeks, and still more the Romans, who had profound respect for purple, used it of stone long ago. You have all heard of 'porphyry' as among the most precious of the harder massive stones. The colour which gave it that noble name, as well as that which gives the flush to all the rosy granite of Egypt — yes, and to the rosiest summits of the Alps themselves — is still owing to the same substance — your humble oxide of iron.

17. And last of all: A nobler colour than all these — the noblest colour ever seen on this earth — one which belongs to a strength greater than that of

the Egyptian granite, and to a beauty greater than that of the sunset or the rose — is still mysteriously connected with the presence of this dark iron. I believe it is not ascertained on what the crimson of blood actually depends; but the colour is connected, of course, with its vitality, and that vitality with the existence of iron as one of its substantial elements.

18. Is it not strange to find this stern and strong metal mingled so delicately in our human life that we cannot even blush without its help? Think of it, my fair and gentle hearers; how terrible the alternative — sometimes you have actually no choice but to be brazen-faced, or iron-faced!

19. In this slight review of some of the functions of the metal, you observe that I confine myself strictly to its operations as a colouring element. I should only confuse your conception of the facts if I endeavoured to describe its uses as a substantial element, either in strengthening rocks or influencing vegetation by the decomposition of rocks. I have not, therefore, even glanced at any of the more serious uses of the metal in the economy of nature. But what I wish you to carry clearly away with you is the remembrance that in all these uses the metal would be nothing without the air. The pure metal has no power, and never occurs in nature at all, except in meteoric stones, whose fall no one can account for, and which are useless after they have fallen: in the necessary work of the world, the iron is invariably joined with the oxygen, and would be capable of no service or beauty whatever without it.

20. II. IRON IN ART. — Passing, then, from the offices of the metal in the operations of nature to its uses in the hands of man, you must remember, in the outset, that the type which has been thus given you, by the lifeless metal, of the action of body and soul together, has noble antitype in the operation of all human power. All art worthy the name is the energy — neither of the human body alone, nor of the human soul alone, but of both united, one guiding the other: good craftsmanship and work of the fingers joined with good emotion and work of the heart.

21. There is no good art, nor possible judgment of art, when these two are not united; yet we are constantly trying to separate them. Our amateurs cannot be persuaded but that they may produce some kind of art by their fancy or sensibility, without going through the necessary manual toil. That is entirely hopeless. Without a certain number, and that a very great number, of steady acts of hand — a practice as careful and constant as would be necessary to learn any other manual business — no drawing is possible. On

the other side, the workman, and those who employ him, are continually trying to produce art by trick or habit of fingers, without using their fancy or sensibility. That also is hopeless. Without mingling of heart-passion with hand-power, no art is possible. The highest art unites both in their intensest degrees: the action of the hand at its finest, with that of the heart at its fullest.

22. Hence it follows that the utmost power of art can only be given in a material capable of receiving and retaining the influence of the subtlest touch of the human hand. That hand is the most perfect agent of material power existing in the universe; and its full subtlety can only be shown when the material it works on, or with, is entirely yielding. The chords of a perfect instrument will receive it, but not of an imperfect one; the softly-bending point of the hair pencil, and soft melting of colour, will receive it, but not even the chalk or pen point, still less the steel point, chisel, or marble. The hand of a sculptor may, indeed, be as subtle as that of a painter, but all its subtlety is not bestowable nor expressible: the touch of Titian, Correggio, or Turner is a far more marvellous piece of nervous action than can be shown in anything but colour, or in the very highest conditions of executive expression in music. In proportion as the material worked upon is less delicate, the execution necessarily becomes lower, and the art with it. This is one main principle of all work. Another is, that whatever the material you choose to work with, your art is base if it does not bring out the distinctive qualities of that material.

23. The reason of this second law is, that if you don't want the qualities of the substance you use, you ought to use some other substance: it can be only affectation, and desire to display your skill, that lead you to employ a refractory substance, and therefore your art will all be base. Glass, for instance, is eminently, in its nature, transparent. If you don't want transparency, let the glass alone. Do not try to make a window look like an opaque picture, but take an opaque ground to begin with. Again, marble is eminently a solid and massive substance. Unless you want mass and solidity, don't work in marble. If you wish for lightness, take wood; if for freedom, take stucco; if for ductility, take glass. Don't try to carve feathers, or trees, or nets, or foam, out of marble. Carve white limbs and broad breasts only out of that.

24. So again, iron is eminently a ductile and tenacious substance — tenacious above all things, ductile more than most. When you want tenacity, therefore, and involved form, take iron. It is eminently made for that. It is the

material given to the sculptor as the companion of marble, with a message, as plain as it can well be spoken, from the lips of the earth-mother, 'Here's for you to cut, and here's for you to hammer. Shape this, and twist that. What is solid and simple, carve out; what is thin and entangled, beat out. I give you all kinds of forms to be delighted in; fluttering leaves as well as fair bodies; twisted branches as well as open brows. The leaf and the branch you may beat and drag into their imagery: the body and brow you shall reverently touch into their imagery. And if you choose rightly and work rightly, what you do shall be safe afterwards. Your slender leaves shall not break off in my tenacious iron, though they may be rusted a little with an iron autumn. Your broad surfaces shall not be unsmoothed in my pure crystalline marble — no decay shall touch them. But if you carve in the marble what will break with a touch, or mould in the metal what a stain of rust or verdigris will spoil, it is your fault — not mine.'

25. These are the main principles in this matter; which, like nearly all other right principles in art, we moderns delight in contradicting as directly and specially as may be. We continually look for, and praise, in our exhibitions, the sculpture of veils, and lace, and thin leaves, and all kinds of impossible things pushed as far as possible in the fragile stone, for the sake of showing the sculptor's dexterity.[2] On the other hand, we cast our iron into bars — brittle, though an inch thick — sharpen them at the ends, and consider fences, and other work, made of such materials, decorative! I do not believe it would be easy to calculate the amount of mischief done to our taste in England by that fence ironwork of ours alone. If it were asked of us, by a single characteristic, to distinguish the dwellings of a country into two broad sections; and to set, on one side, the places where people were, for the most part, simple, happy, benevolent, and honest; and, on the other side, the places where at least a great number of the people were sophisticated, unkind, uncomfortable, and unprincipled, there is, I think, one feature that you could fix upon as a positive test: the uncomfortable and unprincipled parts of a country would be the parts where people lived among iron railings, and the comfortable and principled parts where they had none. A broad generalization, you will say! Perhaps a little too broad; yet, in all sobriety, it will come truer than you think. Consider every other kind of fence or defence, and you will find some virtue in it; but in the iron railing, none. There is, first, your castle rampart of stone — somewhat too grand to be considered here among our types of fencing; next, your garden or park wall

of brick, which has indeed often an unkind look on the outside, but there is more modesty in it than unkindness. It generally means, not that the builder of it wants to shut you out from the view of his garden, but from the view of himself: it is a frank statement that as he needs a certain portion of time to himself, so he needs a certain portion of ground to himself, and must not be stared at when he digs there in his shirt-sleeves, or plays at leapfrogs with his boys from school, or talks over old times with his wife, walking up and down in the evening sunshine. Besides, the brick wall has good practical service in it, and shelters you from the east wind, and ripens your peaches and nectarines, and glows in autumn like a sunny bank. And, moreover, your brick wall, if you build it properly, so that it shall stand long enough, is a beautiful thing when it is old, and has assumed its grave purple red, touched with mossy green.

26. Next to your lordly wall, in dignity of enclosure, comes your close-set wooden paling, which is more objectionable, because it commonly means enclosure on a larger scale than people want. Still it is significative of pleasant parks, and well-kept field walks, and herds of deer, and other such aristocratic pastoralisms, which have here and there their proper place in a country, and may be passed without any discredit.

27. Next to your paling comes your low stone dyke, your mountain fence, indicative at a glance either of wild hill country, or of beds of stone beneath the soil; the hedge of the mountains — delightful in all its associations, and yet more in the varied and craggy forms of the loose stones it is built of: and next to the low stone wall, your lowland hedge, either in trim line of massive green, suggestive of the pleasances of old Elizabethan houses, and smooth alleys for aged feet, and quaint labyrinths for young ones, or else in fair entanglement of eglantine and virgin's bower, tossing its scented luxuriance along our country waysides: — how many such you have here among your pretty hills, fruitful with black clusters of the bramble for boys in autumn, and crimson hawthorn-berries for birds in winter. And then last, and most difficult to class among fences, comes your hand-rail, expressive of all sorts of things; sometimes having a knowing and vicious look, which it learns at race-courses; sometimes an innocent and tender look, which it learns at rustic bridges over cressy brooks; and sometimes a prudent and protective look, which it learns on passes of the Alps, where it has posts of granite and bars of pine, and guards the brows of cliffs and the banks of torrents. So that in all these kinds of defence there is some good, pleasant, or

noble meaning. But what meaning has the iron railing? Either, observe, that you are living in the midst of such bad characters that you must keep them out by main force of bar, or that you are yourself of a character requiring to be kept inside in the same manner. Your iron railing always means thieves outside, or Bedlam inside; — it can mean nothing else than that. If the people outside were good for anything, a hint in the way of fence would be enough for them; but because they are violent and at enmity with you, you are forced to put the close bars and the spikes at the top. Last summer I was lodging for a little while in a cottage in the country, and in front of my low window there were, first, some beds of daisies, then a row of gooseberry and currant bushes, and then a low wall about three feet above the ground, covered with stone-cress; outside, a cornfield, with its green ears glistening in the sun, and a field path through it, just past the garden gate. From my window I could see every peasant of the village who passed that way, with basket on arm for market, or spade on shoulder for field. When I was inclined for society, I could lean over my wall, and talk to anybody; when I was inclined for science, I could botanize all along the top of my wall — there were four species of stone-cress alone growing on it; and when I was inclined for exercise, I could jump over my wall, backwards and forwards. That's the sort of fence to have in a Christian country; not a thing which you can't walk inside of without making yourself look like a wild beast, nor look at out of your window in the morning without expecting to see somebody impaled upon it in the night.

28. And yet farther, observe that the iron railing is a useless fence — it can shelter nothing, and support nothing; you can't nail your peaches to it, nor protect your flowers with it, nor make anything whatever out of its costly tyranny; and besides being useless, it is an insolent fence; — it says plainly to everybody who passes — 'You may be an honest person, — but, also, you may be a thief: honest or not, you shall not get in here, for I am a respectable person and much above you; you shall only see what a grand place I have got to keep you out of — look here, and depart in humiliation.'

29. This, however, being in the present state of civilization a frequent manner of discourse, and there being unfortunately many districts where the iron railing is unavoidable, it yet remains a question whether you need absolutely make it ugly, no less than significative of evil. You must have railings round your squares in London, and at the sides of your areas; but need you therefore have railings so ugly that the constant sight of them is

enough to neutralise the effect of all the schools of art in the kingdom? You need not. Far from such necessity, it is even in your power to turn all your police force of iron bars actually into drawing masters, and natural historians. Not, of course, without some trouble and some expense; you can do nothing much worth doing, in this world, without trouble, you can get nothing much worth having, without expense. The main question is only — what is worth doing and having: — Consider, therefore, if this is not. Here is your iron railing, as yet, an uneducated monster; a sombre seneschal, incapable of any words, except his perpetual 'Keep out!' and 'Away with you!' Would it not be worth some trouble and cost to turn this ungainly ruffian porter into a well-educated servant; who, while he was severe as ever in forbidding entrance to evilly disposed people, should yet have a kind word for well-disposed people, and a pleasant look, and a little useful information at his command, in case he should be asked a question by the passers-by?

30. We have not time to-night to look at many examples of ironwork; and those I happen to have by me are not the best; ironwork is not one of my special subjects of study; so that I only have memoranda of bits that happened to come into picturesque subjects which I was drawing for other reasons. Besides, external ironwork is more difficult to find good than any other sort of ancient art; for when it gets rusty and broken, people are sure, if they can afford it, to send it to the old iron shop, and get a fine new grating instead; and in the great cities of Italy the old iron is thus nearly all gone: the best bits I remember in the open air were at Brescia; — fantastic sprays of laurel-like foliage rising over the garden gates; and there are a few fine fragments at Verona, and some good trellis-work enclosing the Scala tombs; but on the whole, the most interesting pieces, though by no means the purest in style, are to be found in out-of-the-way provincial towns, where people do not care, or are unable, to make polite alterations. The little town of Bellinzona, for instance, on the south of the Alps, and that of Sion on the north, have both of them complete schools of ironwork in their balconies and vineyard gates. That of Bellinzona is the best, though not very old — I suppose most of it of the seventeenth century; still it is very quaint and beautiful. Here, for example, are two balconies, from two different houses: one has been a cardinal's, and the hat is the principal ornament of the balcony, its tassels being wrought with delightful delicacy and freedom; and catching the eye clearly even among the mass of rich wreathed leaves. These tassels and strings are precisely the kind of subject fit for ironwork — noble

in ironwork, they would have been entirely ignoble in marble, on the grounds above stated. The real plant of oleander standing in the window enriches the whole group of lines very happily.

31. The other balcony, from a very ordinary-looking house in the same street, is much more interesting in its details. It appeared last summer with convolvulus twined about the bars, the arrow-shaped living leaves mingled among the leaves of iron [...] It is composed of a large tulip in the centre; then two turkscap lilies; then two pinks, a little conventionalized; then two narcissi; then two nondescripts, or, at least, flowers I do not know; and then two dark buds, and a few leaves; I say dark buds, for all these flowers have been coloured in their original state. The plan of the group is exceedingly simple: it is all enclosed in a pointed arch, the large mass of the tulip forming the apex; a six-foiled star on each side; then a jagged star; then a five-foiled star; then an unjagged star or rose; finally a small bud, so as to establish relation and cadence through the whole group. The profile is very free and fine, and the upper bar of the balcony exceedingly beautiful in effect; — none the less so on account of the marvellously simple means employed. A thin strip of iron is bent over a square rod; out of the edge of this strip are cut a series of triangular openings — widest at top, leaving projecting teeth of iron; then each of these projecting pieces gets a little sharp tap with the hammer in front, which breaks its edge inwards, tearing it a little open at the same time, and the thing is done.

32. The common forms of Swiss ironwork are less naturalistic than these Italian balconies, depending more on beautiful arrangements of various curve; nevertheless there has been a rich naturalist school at Fribourg, where a few bell-handles are still left, consisting of rods branched into laurel and other leafage. At Geneva, modern improvements have left nothing; but at Annecy a little good work remains; the balcony of its old hôtel de ville especially, with a trout of the lake — presumably the town arms — forming its central ornament.

33. I might expatiate all night — if you would sit and hear me — on the treatment of such required subject, or introduction of pleasant caprice by the old workmen; but we have no more time to spare, and I must quit this part of our subject — the rather as I could not explain to you the intrinsic merit of such ironwork without going fully into the theory of curvilinear design; only let me leave with you this one distinct assertion — that the quaint beauty and character of many natural objects, such as intricate branches, grass, foliage

(especially thorny branches and prickly foliage), as well as that of many animals, plumed, spined, or bristled, is sculpturally expressible in iron only, and in iron would be majestic and impressive in the highest degree; and that every piece of metal work you use might be, rightly treated, not only a superb decoration, but a most valuable abstract of portions of natural forms, holding in dignity precisely the same relation to the painted representation of plants that a statue does to the painted form of man. It is difficult to give you an idea of the grace and interest which the simplest objects possess when their forms are thus abstracted from among the surrounding of rich circumstance which in nature disturbs the feebleness of our attention. Every cluster of herbage would furnish fifty such groups, and every such group would work into iron (fitting it, of course, rightly to its service) with perfect ease, and endless grandeur of result.

34.III. IRON IN POLICY. — Having thus obtained some idea of the use of iron in art, as dependent on its ductility, I need not, certainly, say anything of its uses in manufacture and commerce; we all of us know enough — perhaps a little too much — about them. So I pass lastly to consider its uses in policy; dependent chiefly upon its tenacity — that is to say, on its power of bearing a pull, and receiving an edge. These powers, which enable it to pierce, to bind, and to smite, render it fit for the three great instruments by which its political action may be simply typified; namely, the Plough, the Fetter, and the Sword.

35. On our understanding the right use of these three instruments depends, of course, all our power as a nation, and all our happiness as individuals.

36.(1) THE PLOUGH. — I say, first, on our understanding the right use of the plough, with which, in justice to the fairest of our labourers, we must always associate that feminine plough — the needle. The first requirement for the happiness of a nation is that it should understand the function in this world of these two great instruments: a happy nation may be defined as one in which the husband's hand is on the plough, and the housewife's on the needle; so in due time reaping its golden harvest, and shining in golden vesture: and an unhappy nation is one which, acknowledging no use of plough nor needle, will assuredly at last find its storehouse empty in the famine, and its breast naked to the cold.

37. Perhaps you think this is a mere truism, which I am wasting your time in repeating. I wish it were.

38. By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment in civilized Europe, arises simply from people not understanding this truism — not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labour; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not furrowed, and be warm where they have not woven.

39. I repeat, nearly all our misery and crime result from this one misapprehension. The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it: if food, you must toil for it: and if pleasure, you must toil for it. But men do not acknowledge this law; or strive to evade it, hoping to get their knowledge, and food, and pleasure for nothing: and in this effort they either fail of getting them, and remain ignorant and miserable, or they obtain them by making other men work for their benefit; and then they are tyrants and robbers. Yes, and worse than robbers. I am not one who in the least doubts or disputes the progress of this century in many things useful to mankind; but it seems to me a very dark sign respecting us that we look with so much indifference upon dishonesty and cruelty in the pursuit of wealth. In the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, it was only the feet that were part of iron and part of clay, but many of us are now getting so cruel in our avarice that it seems as if, in us, the heart were part of iron, part of clay.

40. From what I have heard of the inhabitants of this town, I do not doubt but that I may be permitted to do here what I have found it usually thought elsewhere highly improper and absurd to do, namely, trace a few Bible sentences to their practical result.

41. You cannot but have noticed how often in those parts of the Bible which are likely to be oftenest opened when people look for guidance, comfort, or help in the affairs of daily life, — namely, the Psalms and Proverbs, — mention is made of the guilt attaching to the Oppression of the poor. Observe: not the neglect of them, but the Oppression of them: the word is as frequent as it is strange. You can hardly open either of those books, but somewhere in their pages you will find a description of the wicked man's attempts against the poor: such as, — 'He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him into his net.'

'He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; his eyes are privily set against the poor.'

'In his pride he doth persecute the poor, and blesseth the covetous, whom God abhorreth.'

'His mouth is full of deceit and fraud; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent. Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge, who eat up my people as they eat bread? They have drawn out the sword, and bent the bow, to cast down the poor and needy.'

'They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression.'

'Pride compasseth them about as a chain, and violence as a garment.'

'Their poison is like the poison of a serpent. Ye weigh the violence of your hands in the earth.'

42. Yes: 'Ye weigh the violence of your hands:' — weigh these words as well. The last things we ever usually think of weighing are Bible words. We like to dream and dispute over them; but to weigh them, and see what their true contents are — anything but that. Yet, weigh these; for I have purposely taken all these verses, perhaps more striking to you read in this connection than separately in their places, out of the Psalms, because, for all people belonging to the Established Church of this country, these Psalms are appointed lessons, portioned out to them by their clergy to be read once through every month. Presumably, therefore, whatever portions of Scripture we may pass by or forget, these, at all events, must be brought continually to our observance as useful for direction of daily life. Now, do we ever ask ourselves what the real meaning of these passages may be, and who these wicked people are, who are 'murdering the innocent'? You know it is rather singular language, this! — rather strong language, we might, perhaps, call it — hearing it for the first time. Murder! and murder of innocent people! — nay, even a sort of cannibalism. Eating people, — yes, and God's people, too — eating My people as if they were bread! swords drawn, bows bent, poison of serpents mixed! violence of hands weighed, measured, and trafficked with as so much coin! — where is all this going on? Do you suppose it was only going on in the time of David, and that nobody but Jews ever murder the poor? If so, it would surely be wiser not to mutter and mumble for our daily lessons what does not concern us; but if there be any chance that it may concern us, and if this description, in the Psalms, of human guilt is at all generally applicable, as the descriptions in the Psalms of human sorrow are, may it not be advisable to know wherein this guilt is being committed round about us, or by ourselves? and when we take the words of the Bible into our mouths in a congregational way, to be sure whether we mean merely to chant

a piece of melodious poetry relating to other people — (we know not exactly to whom) — or to assert our belief in facts bearing somewhat stringently on ourselves and our daily business. And if you make up your minds to do this no longer, and take pains to examine into the matter, you will find that these strange words, occurring as they do, not in a few places only, but almost in every alternate psalm and every alternate chapter of proverb or prophecy, with tremendous reiteration, were not written for one nation or one time only, but for all nations and languages, for all places and all centuries; and it is as true of the wicked man now as ever it was of Nabal or Dives, that 'his eyes are set against the poor.'

43. Set against the poor, mind you. Not merely set away from the poor, so as to neglect or lose sight of them, but set against, so as to afflict and destroy them. This is the main point I want to fix your attention upon. You will often hear sermons about neglect or carelessness of the poor. But neglect and carelessness are not at all the points. The Bible hardly ever talks about neglect of the poor. It always talks of oppression of the poor — a very different matter. It does not merely speak of passing by on the other side, and binding up no wounds, but of drawing the sword and ourselves smiting the men down. It does not charge us with being idle in the pest-house, and giving no medicine, but with being busy in the pest-house, and giving much poison.

44. May we not advisedly look into this matter a little, even to-night, and ask first, Who are these poor?

45. No country is, or ever will be, without them: that is to say, without the class which cannot, on the average, do more by its labour than provide for its subsistence, and which has no accumulations of property laid by on any considerable scale. Now there are a certain number of this class whom we cannot oppress with much severity. An able-bodied and intelligent workman — sober, honest, and industrious, — will almost always command a fair price for his work, and lay by enough in a few years to enable him to hold his own in the labour market. But all men are not able-bodied, nor intelligent, nor industrious; and you cannot expect them to be. Nothing appears to me at once more ludicrous and more melancholy than the way the people of the present age usually talk about the morals of labourers. You hardly ever address a labouring man upon his prospects in life, without quietly assuming that he is to possess, at starting, as a small moral capital to begin with, the virtue of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, and the heroism of Epaminondas. 'Be assured, my good man,' — you say to him, — 'that if you work steadily for

ten hours a day all your life long, and if you drink nothing but water, or the very mildest beer, and live on very plain food, and never lose your temper, and go to church every Sunday, and always remain content in the position in which Providence has placed you, and never grumble, nor swear; and always keep your clothes decent, and rise early, and use every opportunity of improving yourself, you will get on very well, and never come to the parish.'

46. All this is exceedingly true; but before giving the advice so confidently, it would be well if we sometimes tried it practically ourselves, and spent a year or so at some hard manual labour, not of an entertaining kind — ploughing or digging, for instance, with a very moderate allowance of beer; nothing but bread and cheese for dinner; no papers nor muffins in the morning; no sofas nor magazines at night; one small room for parlour and kitchen; and a large family of children always in the middle of the floor. If we think we could, under these circumstances, enact Socrates, or Epaminondas, entirely to our own satisfaction, we shall be somewhat justified in requiring the same behaviour from our poorer neighbours; but if not, we should surely consider a little whether among the various forms of the oppression of the poor, we may not rank as one of the first and likeliest — the oppression of expecting too much from them.

47. But let this pass; and let it be admitted that we never can be guilty of oppression towards the sober, industrious, intelligent, exemplary labourer. There will always be in the world some who are not altogether intelligent and exemplary; we shall, I believe, to the end of time find the majority somewhat unintelligent, a little inclined to be idle, and occasionally, on Saturday night, drunk; we must even be prepared to hear of reprobates who like skittles on Sunday morning better than prayers; and of unnatural parents who send their children out to beg instead of to go to school.

48. Now these are the kind of people whom you can oppress, and whom you do oppress, and that to purpose, — and with all the more cruelty and the greater sting, because it is just their own fault that puts them into your power. You know the words about wicked people are, 'He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him into his net.' This getting into the net is constantly the fault or folly of the sufferer — his own heedlessness or his own indolence; but after he is once in the net, the oppression of him, and making the most of his distress, are ours. The nets which we use against the poor are just those worldly embarrassments which either their ignorance or their improvidence are almost certain at some time or other to bring them into: then, just at the

time when we ought to hasten to help them, and disentangle them, and teach them how to manage better in future, we rush forward to pillage them, and force all we can out of them in their adversity. For, to take one instance only, remember this is literally and simply what we do, whenever we buy, or try to buy, cheap goods — goods offered at a price which we know cannot be remunerative for the labour involved in them. Whenever we buy such goods, remember we are stealing somebody's labour. Don't let us mince the matter. I say, in plain Saxon, STEALING — taking from him the proper reward of his work, and putting it into our own pocket. You know well enough that the thing could not have been offered you at that price, unless distress of some kind had forced the producer to part with it. You take advantage of this distress, and you force as much out of him as you can under the circumstances. The old barons of the Middle Ages used, in general, the thumbscrew to extort property; we moderns use, in preference, hunger, or domestic affliction: but the fact of extortion remains precisely the same. Whether we force the man's property from him by pinching his stomach, or pinching his fingers, makes some difference anatomically; — morally, none whatsoever: we use a form of torture of some sort in order to make him give up his property; we use, indeed, the man's own anxieties, instead of the rack; and his immediate peril of starvation, instead of the pistol at the head; but otherwise we differ from Front de Bœuf, or Dick Turpin, merely in being less dexterous, more cowardly, and more cruel. More cruel, I say, because the fierce baron and the redoubted highwayman are reported to have robbed, at least by preference, only the rich; we steal habitually from the poor. We buy our liveries, and gild our prayer-books, with pilfered pence out of children's and sick men's wages, and thus ingeniously dispose a given quantity of Theft, so that it may produce the largest possible measure of delicately-distributed suffering.

49. But this is only one form of common oppression of the poor — only one way of taking our hands off the Plough-handle, and binding another's upon it. The first way of doing it is the economical way — the way preferred by prudent and virtuous people. The bolder way is the acquisitive way: — the way of speculation. You know we are considering at present the various modes in which a nation corrupts itself, by not acknowledging the eternal connection between its plough and its pleasure; — by striving to get pleasure, without working for it. Well, I say the first and commonest way of doing so is to try to get the product of other people's work, and enjoy it ourselves, by

cheapening their labour in times of distress; then the second way is that grand one of watching the chances of the market; — the way of speculation. Of course there are some speculations that are fair and honest — speculations made with our own money, and which do not involve in their success the loss, by others, of what we gain. But generally modern speculation involves much risk to others, with chance of profit only to ourselves; even in its best conditions it is merely one of the forms of gambling or treasure-hunting: it is either leaving the steady plough and the steady pilgrimage of life, to look for silver mines beside the way; or else it is the full stop beside the dice-tables in Vanity Fair — investing all the thoughts and passions of the soul in the fall of the cards, and choosing rather the wild accidents of idle fortune than the calm and accumulative rewards of toil. And this is destructive enough, at least to our peace and virtue. But it is usually destructive of far more than our peace, or our virtue. Have you ever deliberately set yourselves to imagine and measure the suffering, the guilt, and the mortality caused necessarily by the failure of any large-dealing merchant, or largely-branched bank? Take it at the lowest possible supposition — count, at the fewest you choose, the families whose means of support have been involved in the catastrophe. Then, on the morning after the intelligence of ruin, let us go forth amongst them in earnest thought; let us use that imagination which we waste so often on fictitious sorrow, to measure the stem facts of that multitudinous distress; strike open the private doors of their chambers, and enter silently into the midst of the domestic misery; look upon the old men, who had reserved for their failing strength some remainder of rest in the evening-tide of life, cast helplessly back into its trouble and tumult; look upon the active strength of middle age suddenly blasted into incapacity — its hopes crushed, and its hardly-earned rewards snatched away in the same instant — at once the heart withered, and the right arm snapped; look upon the piteous children, delicately nurtured, whose soft eyes, now large with wonder at their parents' grief, must soon be set in the dimness of famine; and, far more than all this, look forward to the length of sorrow beyond — to the hardest labour of life, now to be undergone either in all the severity of unexpected and inexperienced trial, or else, more bitter still, to be begun again, and endured for the second time, amidst the ruins of cherished hopes and the feebleness of advancing years, embittered by the continual sting and taunt of the inner feeling that it has all been brought about, not by the fair course of appointed circumstance, but by miserable chance and wanton treachery; and, last of all,

look beyond this — to the shattered destinies of those who have faltered under the trial, and sunk past recovery to despair. And then consider whether the hand which has poured this poison into all the springs of life be one whit less guiltily red with human blood than that which literally pours the hemlock into the cup, or guides the dagger to the heart? We read with horror of the crimes of a Borgia or a Tophana; but there never lived Borgias such as live now in the midst of us. The cruel lady of Ferrara slew only in the strength of passion — she slew only a few, those who thwarted her purposes or who vexed her soul; she slew sharply and suddenly, embittering the fate of her victims with no foretastes of destruction, no prolongations of pain; and, finally and chiefly, she slew not without remorse nor without pity. But we, in no storm of passion, — in no blindness of wrath, — we, in calm and clear and untempted selfishness, pour our poison — not for a few only, but for multitudes; — not for those who have wronged us, or resisted, — but for those who have trusted us and aided; — we, not with sudden gift of merciful and unconscious death, but with slow waste of hunger and weary rack of disappointment and despair! — we, lastly and chiefly, do our murdering, not with any pauses of pity or scorching of conscience, but in facile and forgetful calm of mind — and so, forsooth, read day by day, complacently, as if they meant any one else than ourselves, the words that for ever describe the wicked: 'The poison of asps is under their lips, and their feet are swift to shed blood.'

50. You may indeed, perhaps, think there is some excuse for many in this matter, just because the sin is so unconscious; that the guilt is not so great when it is unapprehended, and that it is much more pardonable to slay heedlessly than purposefully. I believe no feeling can be more mistaken; and that in reality, and in the sight of heaven, the callous indifference which pursues its own interests at any cost of life, though it does not definitely adopt the purpose of sin, is a state of mind at once more heinous and more hopeless than the wildest aberrations of ungoverned passion. There may be, in the last case, some elements of good and of redemption still mingled in the character; but, in the other, few or none. There may be hope for the man who has slain his enemy in anger; — hope even for the man who has betrayed his friend in fear; but what hope for him who trades in unregarded blood, and builds his fortune on unrepented treason?

51. But, however this may be, and wherever you may think yourselves bound in justice to impute the greater sin, be assured that the question is one

of responsibilities only, not of facts. The definite result of all our modern haste to be rich is assuredly, and constantly, the murder of a certain number of persons by our hands every year. I have not time to go into the details of another — on the whole, the broadest and terriblest way in which we cause the destruction of the poor — namely, the way of luxury and waste, destroying, in improvidence, what might have been the support of thousands; but if you follow out the subject for yourselves at home — and what I have endeavoured to lay before you to-night will only be useful to you if you do — you will find that wherever and whenever men are endeavouring to make money hastily, and to avoid the labour which Providence has appointed to be the only source of honourable profit; — and also wherever and whenever they permit themselves to spend it luxuriously, without reflecting how far they are misguiding the labour of others; — there and then, in either case, they are literally and infallibly causing, for their own benefit or their own pleasure, a certain annual number of human deaths; that, therefore, the choice given to every man born into this world is, simply, whether he will be a labourer or an assassin; and that whosoever has not his hand on the Stilt of the plough, has it on the Hilt of the dagger.

52. It would also be quite vain for me to endeavour to follow out this evening the lines of thought which would be suggested by the other two great political uses of iron in the Fetter and the Sword: a few words only I must permit myself respecting both.

53.(2) THE FETTER. — As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation — either literally, for its evildoers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for depend upon it, the more laws you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain mail — strength and defence, though something also of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honourable to man as the necessity of labour. You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honourable thing: so far from being that, it is on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonourable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great, or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he

likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be, invented are not so easy as fins. You will find on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature, and betters the lower creature: and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labour of the insect, — from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust, — the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The Sun has no liberty — a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come — with its corruption.

54. And, therefore, I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the Plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the Fetter: —

55.(3) THE SWORD. — And its third power, which perfects it as a nation, consists in knowing how to wield the sword, so that the three talismans of national existence are expressed in these three short words — Labour, Law, and Courage.

56. This last virtue we at least possess; and all that is to be alleged against us is that we do not honour it enough. I do not mean honour by acknowledgment of service, though sometimes we are slow in doing even that. But we do not honour it enough in consistent regard to the lives and souls of our soldiers. How wantonly we have wasted their lives you have seen lately in the reports of their mortality by disease, which a little care and science might have prevented; but we regard their souls less than their lives, by keeping them in ignorance and idleness, and regarding them merely as instruments of battle. The argument brought forward for the maintenance of a standing army usually refers only to expediency in the case of unexpected war, whereas, one of the chief reasons for the maintenance of an army is the advantage of the military system as a method of education. The most fiery

and headstrong, who are often also the most gifted and generous of your youths, have always a tendency both in the lower and upper classes to offer themselves for your soldiers: others, weak and unserviceable in the civil capacity, are tempted or entrapped into the army in a fortunate hour for them: out of this fiery or uncouth material, it is only soldier's discipline which can bring the full value and power. Even at present, by mere force of order and authority, the army is the salvation of myriads; and men who, under other circumstances, would have sunk into lethargy or dissipation, are redeemed into noble life by a service which at once summons and directs their energies. How much more than this, military education is capable of doing, you will find only when you make it education indeed. We have no excuse for leaving our private soldiers at their present level of ignorance and want of refinement, for we shall invariably find that, both among officers and men, the gentlest and best informed are the bravest; still less have we excuse for diminishing our army, either in the present state of political events, or, as I believe, in any other conjunction of them that for many a year will be possible in this world.

57. You may, perhaps, be surprised at my saying this; perhaps surprised at my implying that war itself can be right, or necessary, or noble at all. Nor do I speak of all war as necessary, nor of all war as noble. Both peace and war are noble or ignoble according to their kind and occasion. No man has a profounder sense of the horror and guilt of ignoble war than I have: I have personally seen its effects, upon nations, of unmitigated evil, on soul and body, with perhaps as much pity, and as much bitterness of indignation, as any of those whom you will hear continually declaiming in the cause of peace. But peace may be sought in two ways. One way is as Gideon sought it, when he built his altar in Ophrah, naming it, 'God send peace,' yet sought this peace that he loved, as he was ordered to seek it, and the peace was sent, in God's way: — 'the country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon.' And the other way of seeking peace is as Menahem sought it, when he gave the King of Assyria a thousand talents of silver, that 'his hand might be with him.' That is, you may either win your peace, or buy it: — win it, by resistance to evil; — buy it, by compromise with evil. You may buy your peace, with silenced consciences; — you may buy it, with broken vows, — buy it, with lying words, — buy it, with base connivances, — buy it, with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captive, and the silence of lost souls — over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths, lisping comfortable prayers evening and morning, and counting your pretty

Protestant beads (which are flat, and of gold, instead of round, and of ebony, as the monks' ones were), and so mutter continually to yourselves, 'Peace, peace,' when there is No peace; but only captivity and death, for you, as well as for those you leave unsaved; — and yours darker than theirs.

58. I cannot utter to you what I would in this matter; we all see too dimly, as yet, what our great world-duties are, to allow any of us to try to outline their enlarging shadows. But think over what I have said; and as you return to your quiet homes to-night, reflect that their peace was not won for you by your own hands, but by theirs who long ago jeoparded their lives for you, their children; and remember that neither this inherited peace, nor any other, can be kept, but through the same jeopardy. No peace was ever won from Fate by subterfuge or agreement; no peace is ever in store for any of us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin; — victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts. For many a year to come, the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or to subdue; nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that you will ever draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon the iron of the earth; — when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; neither shall they learn war any more.

注释

【1】 Gold

【2】 I do not mean to attach any degree of blame to the effort to represent leafage in marble for certain expressive purposes. The later works of Mr Munro have depended for some of their most tender thoughts on a delicate and skilful use of such accessories. And in general, leaf sculpture is good and admirable, if it renders, as in Gothic work, the grace and lightness of the leaf by the arrangement of light and shadow — supporting the masses well by strength of stone below; but all carving is base which proposes to itself slightness as an aim, and tries to imitate the absolute thinness of thin or slight things, as much modern wood-carving does. I saw in Italy, a year or two ago, a marble sculpture of birds' nests.

THE INNER LIFE

论内心生活

［德］托马斯·厄·肯培　著

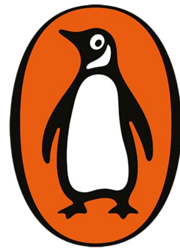
孙平华　曲欣　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

论内心生活

（德）托马斯·厄·肯培/著

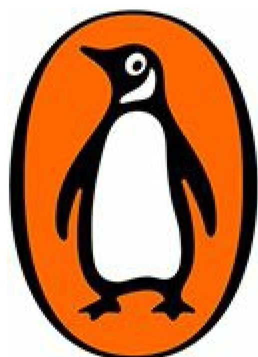
孙平华　曲欣/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

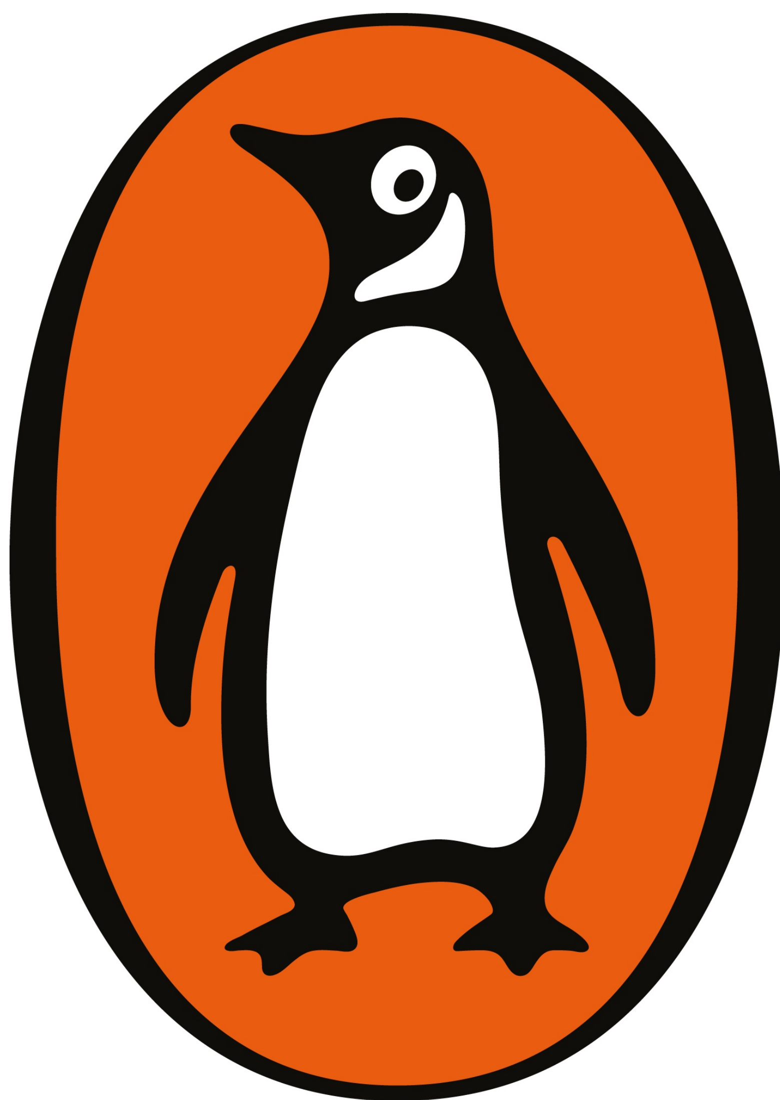
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



www.penguin.com
This translation first published in The Imitation of Christ in Penguin Classics 1952
This extract first published in Penguin Books 2004

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

这是一本关于信心与毅力、绝望与拯救的灵修名篇，凝聚了圣徒们历经艰辛、不畏挫折的属灵智慧，旨在指导心怀基督的信徒们不断完善自身修为及内心体验。

本书作者托马斯·厄·肯培是中世纪著名哲学家，推崇信心要与上帝“神秘的合一”，才能达到重生和新生。该书在基督教教内流传甚广，几乎成为必读的“圣书”之一。书中不仅涉及神学知识，还引领跟随基督的信徒们敬拜主、祈求主。在效法基督灵修生活的过程中，作者倡导谦卑地认识自我，内心纯洁简单地靠近主，不要轻信人言，却应谨慎从容地遵照神的旨意深思熟虑。智慧莫大于行事不草率，处事不固执。在研读圣经中，追求圣灵的益处。遇到难以理解的地方，不要急于研究讨论，可暂时搁置，顺其自然。如果你渴望获益更多，就应谦卑、纯一和信服它，不要自视博学。要在宁静中聆听圣人的话，乐意接受先贤的教导，因为他们的话都出于心中美好的缘由。

它教导人们若要得享心中真正的宁静，必须克制情欲而非放纵享乐。沉溺于世俗情欲的人，心中难存宁静，只有虔诚灵性的人才能永享内心安乐。不要自视比他人都强，更不要炫耀你的财富，或是倚仗朋友的财势自命不凡，而应赞赏上帝的恩典。主赐予你万物和他自己。不要因身材优美、体格健壮而自傲，极小的疾病就能打倒你，甚至摧毁你；不要因天赋聪颖、能力非凡而自视清高，那样就会冒犯主，因为这一切都是上帝赐予你的。我们应当审视自己，而不要计较他人过往的行为。论断他人，不但徒劳无获，而且常常出错，很容易犯罪。但如果我们时常反省自己，就能获益匪浅。我们判断事物常受个人情感的左右，会因为个人目的而很难正确作出判断。倘若我们能以上帝为自己意向的目

标，我们就不至于因尘世思想的矛盾而轻易被迷惑。

本书中基督的平安、喜乐、安慰与丰富，如同早春之花雨，滋润着信徒们的心田。希望“内心生活”的灵性结晶让每一位读者在爱与荣光中体验并获得与神相谐的智慧。

第一卷　精神生活的劝言

第一章　论效法基督

主说过：“跟从我的，就不在黑暗里走。”[1]

基督用这些话劝导我们，如果渴望摒弃内心的盲目，追求真正的启迪和自由，就跟随他的脚步，像他一样生活。首先，让我们先考量耶稣基督[2]的生活。

耶稣的教导超越了一切圣人，无论谁拥有了圣灵，都能发现隐秘的天赐之物。然而，尽管许多人经常听到福音，却往往未受其感召，因为他们缺少基督的圣灵。若要理解并领略基督话语的乐趣就必须倾注一生跟随主。

如果你缺少谦卑的态度，就会触怒三位一体的真神，那么即使学识再渊博，侃侃而谈其中的道理，对你又有什么意义呢？高谈阔论不能使人正直或圣洁，有道德的生活才能使他亲近上帝。我宁愿具有痛悔之心，而不知痛悔的定义。如果没有上帝的恩典和慈爱，即使你能默诵全本《圣经》和所有哲人的教诲，这一切对你又有什么用处呢？除了爱主，侍奉主以外，“虚空的虚空，凡事都是虚空”。[3]这就是至高的智慧——无视凡世的事物，每日都更接近天国。

追逐尘世的荣耀、人间的地位尽是徒劳；追求肉身的享乐、现世的回报不过枉然；不追求道德高尚的生活而一味祈求长寿，没有任何意义；不为来世做打算而一心顾念现世，只是白忙一场；不向往永恒快乐的所在而痴心于转瞬即逝的事物，无非黄粱一梦。

应时刻提醒自己，“眼看，看不饱；耳听，听不足”。[4]莫分心于有形之物，尽力爱怜无形之物。受制于本能的人终将腐化纯洁的内心，失去上帝的恩典。

第二章　论谦卑

人都有求知的本能，但如不敬畏上帝，知识本身又有什么用呢？对主而言，侍奉他的谦逊农夫胜过高傲自大通晓天文地理的知识分子，因为他忽略了探究自己的心灵。真正了解自己的人必定能认识自己的卑微，而不是陶醉于别人的溢美之词。如果没有爱，纵使我博古通今，无一不知，也不能在上帝审判我的功过是非时助我一臂之力。

要节制过度的求知欲望，因为那会带来不安和欺骗。有学问的人总是期望展现自己的才华，渴望他人赞赏自己的智慧。但学问对内心仅有很少的甚至是毫无益处。其实，如果一个人整日忙于无论任何一种事物，他都不是一个聪敏的人，除非是忙于那些能够进一步救赎自己的事情。长篇大论并不能充实心灵，只有道德高尚的生活才能令你焕然一新，内心纯洁才会对主信心倍增。

你的知识得越详尽完备，所受的审判就越严厉，除非你生活得更崇高圣洁。所以，不要因你有一技之长或博闻多识而唯我独尊，而应该尊重你所了解的知识。如果你看起来博学多才见多识广，也不要忘记在许多领域你仍孤陋寡闻。因此，莫沾沾自喜，要承认无知。为何当许多人按照《圣经》律法比你更明智完美时，你要凌驾于他人之上呢？倘若你渴望在认知或学习中受益匪浅，就要乐于默默无闻，微不足道。

正确认识自我，谦卑评价自我是最高深珍贵的教训。自视若无，却总是称赞他人大智大德。你若见到他人公然作恶，或心怀鬼胎，不要高看自己比他好，因为你不知自己能这样蒙受神恩到多久。我们都是脆弱的人；一切事物比自己都更坚强。

第三章　论教导真理

受真理而非符号言语教导的人，将感到无比幸福。我们常常为自身的揣测和观察所误导，而不能有所发现。当我们最终受到审判并不是依据这类知识时，关于那些深奥难解的事情的冗长辩论又有何价值呢？最愚蠢莫过于忽视有益且重要的事，却刻意关注古怪而有害的事。我们真是“有眼却不能看”[5]：“属”和“种”之类的概念与我们有什么关系呢？

受教于永生之道的人要从无常和易变中被救出来。万物之源为我主，世界的一切皆源自他之名，他是一切的创造者，我们都受教于此。若无我主，我们就不能正确领悟或判别任何事物。但若有一人，视万物齐一，将万物归一，并于一中窥得万物，则其心性坚定，能追随上帝一同获得宁静。

噢，真理的主啊，请在永恒的爱中将我与你合而为一。我时常厌倦自己的所读所闻。我所奢望追求的仅仅是归于主。因此，所有的老师请保持沉默吧，所有的受造之物[6]都在你面前静止吧；噢，主啊，只有你的声音。

人的内心越纯洁简单地靠近主，越能多角度深入地了解事物，不费吹灰之力，因为他沐浴着上天的智慧之光。纯净、简单、稳重的人不会因为工作忙碌而心烦意乱，他因为上帝的荣光而奋斗，努力远离自私的追名逐利。有什么比内心不安分的激情更能妨碍和伤害你的呢？善良且虔诚的人对于事情的轻重已了然于胸，无论身处何种情形，都不会使自己限于罪恶的诱惑之中，而是睿智判断，谦卑应对。还有比战胜自己更激烈的斗争吗？这应该是我们奋斗的重心——战胜自我，每天都变得更强大，向神圣迈进。

现世一切的完满都伴随着某种缺憾，所有的知识亦夹杂着晦涩难懂。自视卑微比钻研学问更容易靠近上帝。然而求知本身，抑或关于任

何事物的知识本身并无过错，因为认真学习是上帝认可的好事；但我主更赞许天性善心，圣洁生活。但由于许多人宁可努力追求知识，忽视圣洁的生活，所以他们经常误入歧途，虚度年华，一无所得。我们若能像研究学问那样据理力争，摒除邪恶，播撒德行，我们中间就不会有那么多罪恶和丑闻。审判之时，不会问我们已经得知什么，而是我们的所作所为；不会看我们如何口若悬河，而是如何圣洁地生活过。请告诉我，那些当时的博学之士现在又身在何处呢？别人占有他们的位置，却对他们毫无挂念。他们尚在人世时，可谓举足轻重，但此刻已无人问津。

啊，现世的荣华转瞬即逝！只有这些人的生活如同他们的学问那样令人景仰，那些研究和阅读才能得善果。但现世又有多少人徒劳追求学问，皓首穷经，忽视了服侍我主。因为他们只愿伟大而放弃谦卑，迷失在自己的幻想中。真正的伟人对上帝心怀大爱。真正的伟人内心谦卑，不慕名利。真正的智者将尘世万物视如粪土，只为归向基督。真正的学者因神的旨意而放弃自我的意愿。

第四章　论慎行

我们不该轻信人言，而应谨慎从容地遵照神的旨意深思熟虑。唉，这是人性的弱点，常评说别人的短处，却不发现他人的长处。但完人从不轻信他听到的每个故事，因为知道人性本恶，而且易于在言语上陷于过失。

智慧莫大于行事不草率，处事不固执。耳食之言不应奔走相告。向睿智善良比你优秀的人虚心取经，而不要刚愎自用。有德行的生活遵从上帝，使人睿智且阅历丰富。越自视低微，遵从上帝，越睿达明智，内心平和。

第五章　论读圣经

在圣经中我们所寻求的是真理，并非华丽的辞藻。阅读所有神圣的文字时，都应读出当年它们被写下时蕴含的精神。因此，我们在圣经中当找寻灵魂的食粮，而非美丽的语言。既应诵读那些浅显易懂的书，也应阅读那些高深奥秘的卷册。不要计较作者的权威或学问的水平，而应怀着对真理纯粹的热爱去读书。不要追问是谁的言论，只要注意所说的言语。

人固有一死，但神的圣言将与世长存。

上帝用不同的方式与我们对话，却不与人亲近。有时我们读圣经，也受到好奇心的搅扰。遇到难以理解的地方，不要急于研究讨论，可暂时搁置，顺其自然。如果你渴望受益匪浅，就应以谦卑、纯一和信服的心去读，不要自视博学。自由发问，然后在宁静中聆听圣人的话，耐心聆听神父讲述《圣经》中的寓言故事，因为它们总是劝人向善的。

第六章　论控制欲望

无论何时放纵自己的欲望，内心立刻就会感到不安。骄傲贪婪的人绝不会得到平静。贫穷谦卑的人才常享安宁。人若还未完全摒弃自我，就容易被极微小的事物所诱惑，且无法抵制诱惑。精神脆弱、沉迷感官和肉体享乐的人很难摆脱贪恋尘世的欲望。因此当他尝试脱离这些欲望时，他就感觉非常痛苦；若遭到反对就勃然大怒。但假若他如愿以偿，又立刻因屈服于自己的欲望而良心不安。期望从情欲的生活中寻求平静，只是徒劳无功。想要得到心中真正的宁静，必须克制情欲而非放纵享乐。沉溺于世俗情欲的人，心中难存宁静，只有热忱、属灵的人才能永享内心安乐。

第七章　论避免妄想和高傲

信靠人类或受造之物是非常愚蠢的。出于对耶稣的爱而去服侍他

人，现实中过着贫苦的生活，不要引以为耻。不要自以为是，而要完全相信主。尽己所能，上帝必保守你美好的意愿。不要依赖你自己的知识，或是轻信任何活人的智慧，而应遵从上帝的恩典，他帮助谦卑的人，却让高傲的人懂得谦卑。

不要炫耀你的财富，或是倚仗朋友的权势自命不凡，而应赞赏上帝的恩典。主赐予你万物和他自己。不要因为你身材优美、体格健壮而自傲，极小的疾病就能打倒你，甚至摧毁你。不要以为自己天赋聪颖、能力非凡而自视甚高，以免冒犯主，因为这一切都是上帝赐予你的。

不要自视比他人都强，以免你在上帝的眼中变得更糟，只有主了解人的心。不要为自己的善行而居功自傲，主的评价不同于人；取悦于人的行为常常触怒我主。假若你有何优点，要记住他人比你优点更多；所以要保持谦卑。居众人之下对你并无损害，但你若自命不凡，只会事与愿违。只有谦卑的人常享心中的宁静，而骄傲的心则尽是傲慢与嫉妒。

……

第十章　论避免多言

尽可能避免公共集会，谈论世俗琐事，即使出于善意，也不免惹祸上身，因为我们极易因尘世的虚荣而腐化迷惑。我经常后悔没保持沉默，恨不得未曾与人在一起。我们为什么总那样乐于滔滔不绝，喋喋不休，甚至当我们良心不安时仍不停止呢？我们乐于交谈的原因是想从谈话中寻求慰藉，放松紧张的大脑。并且我们乐于谈论自己喜好或厌恶的东西。但可惜这些交谈徒劳无功，表面的安慰常常让我们失去了上帝赐予的平和内心。

我们应该儆醒祷告，否则便虚度光阴。假若遇到合适的说话时机，可以谈论有价值的问题。习惯不良且忽视灵性进步是我们放纵自己多言

的主要缘由。但若和一些志同道合事奉上帝的人虔诚地谈论属灵的事，那对于我们的灵性进步具有极大的推进作用。

第十一章　论内心平和及灵性进步

我们如果不忙于关注别人的言行，就可享受极大的平和，因为那本就是与我们无关的事。人如果总是关注他人的事情，并且总是寻求机会闲逛，而很少甚至几乎不省察自己，他怎会享受到长久的平和？心意纯一的人受到祝福，因为他们要享受极大的平和。

为什么有些圣人是那样的完全且善于沉思？因为他们都曾不屈不挠地克服自己世俗的欲望，因而才能无拘无束、至诚至深地跟随上帝，并将自己全然地献给他。但我们深受欲念的牵制，贪恋过往的世俗之事。我们很少彻底纠正一个错误，内心也没有热切追求进步的愿望，所以我们总是停在原地，麻木不仁，或者不温不火。

我们若全然忘我，摆脱内心纠结，就能够品味到圣灵之美和神圣的沉思经历。事实上，最大的阻碍在于我们没有摆脱情欲的束缚，也没有遵循圣人完善自我的道路。我们一遇到小麻烦，就一蹶不振，寻求人间的抚慰。

如果我们像顽强的勇士守卫战场一样坚守本心，就不会失去主的帮助。因为主总是援助那些顽强作战，信赖他恩典的人。主还会提供给我们赢得胜利的机会。倘若我们认为只要表面遵守宗教仪式，宗教生活就能进步，那么我们的信仰即面临绝境了。让我们剪草除根，脱离情欲的束缚，我们就会得到灵魂的安宁。

如果我们每年根除一个错误，我们很快就应该成为完善的人。但我们常常面临相反的境遇，皈依之初比多年之后更善良，更纯洁。我们的热情与德行本应与日俱增，但如今，只要能保存当初一部分的热情，就

很不容易了。要是我们起初就痛下决心，便能轻而易举、身心愉悦地完成任何事。

摒弃旧习固然不易，克服自我的意愿就更困难重重。但你若不能战胜微小容易的事，又如何在大事上获得成功？起初就要克制自己邪恶的倾向，摒除不良习惯，以防它们渐渐使你陷于更大的困境。假若你能了解自己向善的努力能为内心带来多大的平静，能为别人带来多大的喜悦，你就会更关注灵性的进步。

第十二章　论逆境的价值

我们时常遭遇苦难与逆境是有好处的，因为患难使人警醒反思，提醒自己在世犹如逃难，不应对世上的事物产生依赖的情绪。有人时常反对我们，也是好事，即使我们出于善意却仍受人诋毁误会。这些会帮助我们学会谦卑，克服虚荣，因为当受人轻视，遭人误解之时，我们将更愿意寻求上帝，请他见证我们的本心。

因此，人应当全心全意信赖上帝，就不必再向他人寻求慰藉。当一个有德行的人深受苦难、诱惑，或恶念的困扰时，他就应比任何时刻都清醒意识到他需要上帝，如果没有主，他就无法行善。而后，当他为自己的命运长吁短叹时，就会诚心祷告。他厌倦尘世，渴望死后解脱，身归尘土，与上帝同在。然后他才确信此世并无完全的平安，抑或完美的平和。

第十三章　论抵制诱惑

我们在尘世生活的每一天都要经受磨炼和诱惑，正如《约伯记》中说："人生在世岂无争战。"因此我们每个人都应谨防诱惑，谨慎祷告，否则魔鬼就要趁虚而入；因为魔鬼从不休息，遍地游荡寻找可吞吃的人。没有人能够完全圣洁，免受诱惑，任何人都不能幸免。

尽管诱惑往往带来麻烦和痛苦，却令我们受益匪浅，诱惑使人谦卑、洁净，指引我们成长。所有圣人都曾遭受考验，历经诱惑，并获益良多；而没能抵制诱惑的人逐渐堕落，一败涂地。世界上不存在万能的圣律，也不存在什么世外桃源，能够使人免于苦难和诱惑之虞。

没有一个生活在世上的人能够完全远离诱惑，因为人性本恶，诱惑便与生俱来。当一个考验或诱惑即将离去，另一个就接踵而至；总该磨炼自己，因为人类早已失去了原初的幸福恩典。许多人尝试逃离诱惑，结果却愈陷愈深。单靠逃避，我们是无法战胜诱惑的，唯有忍耐和真正的谦卑才能使我们比敌人更加强大。

只避免表面恶行，却不拔除自身的恶根，收效甚微。事实上，诱惑不久后将卷土重来，他会发觉自己的情况更加糟糕。依靠上帝的帮助，逐步攻克，耐心忍受，你将渐渐战胜诱惑，这种方式远胜于自己的盲目强求。对抗诱惑时，要常请人指导，对于正遭受诱惑的人切莫责备，应予以安慰，正如你身处诱惑时希望别人给予你的那样。

邪恶的诱惑都起源于缺少恒心和不信赖上帝。就像一艘无舵的船在波涛中来回颠簸，同样地，一个马虎大意背离目标的人易受多方诱惑。火以炼铁，诱惑以炼义士。我们常常不知道自己能承受什么，但诱惑能使人流露本性。面对诱惑时，刚开始尤其需要提醒自己谨慎行事，因为假如我们在它初次叩响心门的瞬间，就将它拒之门外，这样就更容易击退敌人。诗人奥维德（Ovid）说过：“病要诊得早，事后弥补必定为时已晚。”起初心中只有一个邪念，然后又加以想象形成一幅生动的画面，继而产生愉悦的感觉，紧接着就产生作恶的倾向，最终就顺从于行动了。可以说，敌人步步为营，占领了我们的心，都是因为我们没有在最开始就坚持抵制。怠惰而不抵抗的时间越长，我们就越发软弱，敌人却越发强大。

有的人在皈依主的初始就遇到强烈的诱惑，有的人在人生临近结束

时才遇到。更有些人几乎一生都在遭受试探，还有的人只是受到轻微的诱惑。这是主凭借着他的智慧和公义，衡量每个人的情形，为他所选择救赎的人们而安排的。

因此，我们遭受诱惑时不应心灰意懒，相反，应更加热忱地祈祷，求上帝赐予我们力量，帮助我们战胜一切的患难。就像圣保罗所说："在受试探的时候，总要给你们开一条出路，叫你们能忍受得住。"[7]因此，当我们面对审判和患难时，让我们谦卑地俯伏在神的手下，因为主将拯救并提升这些谦卑者的精神。在这些审判中，一个人的品格可以得到检验；高尚的品德得以保存，善良的品性得以证明。顺境中的虔诚和热忱没有什么大不了的，但是若遇逆境仍能坚忍，德行就将大有长进。有的人在遭受大诱惑时得蒙保守，却在日常小事上抵不住诱惑，这是因为主要让他们保持谦卑，不要盲目信赖自己，而要意识到自己的脆弱。

第十四章　论切勿妄下断言

审视自己，但要避免评判他人。论断他人，不但徒劳无获，而且常常出错，很容易犯罪。但如果我们时常反省自己，就能获益匪浅。我们判断事物常受个人情感的左右，会因为个人的目的而很难正确作出判断。倘若我们能以上帝为自己一向的目标，我们就不至于轻易地因尘世思想的矛盾而感到痛苦。

我们时常受制于内心的冲动和外界的环境，无法自拔。许多人完全是按照个人的喜好来行事的，尽管他们自己没有意识到这一点。当事情进展如他们所愿时，他们就心境平和，但是一旦稍有不如意，他们就立刻痛苦郁闷起来。同样，观点的差异通常只会引起朋友邻里间，甚至虔诚的信徒间的争执。

旧习惯很难破除，没有人情愿放弃自己的观点，而甘心听从别人指

教；但是倘若你太过信赖自己的理性和勤奋，甚至胜过信赖归顺上帝的美德，那么你就很难得到上帝的智慧。因为上帝要人们完全顺服于他，只有对上帝热忱的爱才能帮助我们超越自己。

第十五章　论因爱而行动

任何目的，哪怕是出于对某个人的情感都不应该成为作恶的借口。但是对于需要帮助的人，有时需要放下手边的好事，从事另一件事。因为这样的选择并不是放弃一件善事，而是把它变为更好的事。若没有爱，外在的行为都将无益，但一个行为只要以爱为出发点，即使它只是微不足道的举手之劳，也能硕果累累。因为上帝关注人们心中的爱有多深，而不是他的成就有多高。

越有爱心的人，做的事情越多。越能做好一件事的人，做事越多。比起自己的意愿，更看重他人幸福的人必能行事完满。有些事表面上似乎出于仁爱，但实际上却是出于世俗欲望，毕竟我们很难完全摒弃本能、自我意愿、对回报的渴望以及自私自利。

具有真正和完全仁爱之心的人不图私利，只是希望上帝的荣耀赐予一切事物。他毫无嫉妒之心，不贪慕个人的利益，他也不追求自己的享乐和满足，却渴望在上帝的恩典中得享幸福。他将任何善事都完全归功于上帝，而不是自己，因为万物都源自上帝，所有的圣徒都因为上帝而享有圆满和平静。真爱的火光若在心中闪现，他就会确信世俗的一切都是一场虚空。

第十六章　论包容他人的过错

无论是自己还是他人，若存在非一己之力所能改变的弱点，就要耐心忍受，直到上帝颁布旨意改变这一点。想想看，这些弱点或许对你有更大的益处，因为这是在锻炼你的耐心，如果没有这些考验，我们一切

的善行就显不出伟大的价值来了。无论你何时面对这些阻碍，应向上帝祈求帮助，并求他赐你安之若素的力量。

若有人经过一两次警告仍不肯改过，就不要与其争辩，将这一切交由上帝处理，希望主的旨意得以成就，他的名字照耀着他所有的仆人；因为主知道如何化恶为善。要尽力耐心容忍别人的过失和弱点，因为自己也有很多过失，同样需要别人的容忍。如果你自己都不能按照自己的愿望塑造自己，又怎么能期望他人完全照着你的意思行事呢？我们总是责备他人不完美，而自己的错误却不加改正。

我们责怪他人时义正词严，却不愿自我纠正。我们责难他人滥用自由，但我们自己却不愿受到束缚。我们要求他人遵守法律，但我们自己却不愿受法律的制约。这充分证明，我们很少将自己与别人以同样的标准来衡量。假若所有人都是完人，别人身上的哪些方面还需要我们看在上帝的份上予以包容呢？

但是现在上帝是这样安排的，让我们可以为彼此承担重任。因为人无完人，所有人都有自己的过失和责任，没有人能于自身获得圆满，也没有人能独身成为智者；因此，我们必须彼此扶持，互相安慰，互相帮助，互相教导，彼此共勉。患难时方显一个人真正的价值；困苦没有打垮他，却彰显了他的真性情。

……

第二十三章　对死亡的沉思

你人生的日子很快就会过去：因此，要想清楚你灵魂的处境。今天一个人还在这儿；明天他就将离去。一个人若不在人们的视线中，他很快就会被人们所忘却。人的心是多么愚蠢刚硬，只顾眼下，却不想未来！应当规划好所有的思想和行为，把今天当作你离开的日子。倘若你

无愧于心，就不会恐惧死亡。并且尽管如此，远离罪恶也胜于逃避死亡。假如说今天的你还没准备好面对死亡，明天的你便能准备好么？明天依然未知，你怎能妄下定论？

如果我们不曾自省改过，长寿对我们而言有何益呢？唉，长寿往往会增加我们的罪恶，而不是善行！

向上帝祈祷我们曾经有过一天好好度过的时光吧！许多人总是反复计算着他们已皈依了上帝多久，但他们的生活却几乎没有改进。假如死亡令人恐惧，那么长寿就更加危险了。时常提醒自己死亡将至并为之做好准备的人有福。倘若你曾看见一个人死去，请不要忘记，你终将走上与他同样的路。

每天早上都要提醒自己，在黄昏之前可能离开人世；晚上也不要以为自己必定会再活一天。时刻准备着，才不至于让死亡在你毫无准备的情况下带走你。许多人都是突然间毫无征兆地离开了；因为在我们不知道的时候，耶稣基督就会到来。当你的最后时刻到来时，你就会对自己过去的一生拥有完全不同的态度，深深悔恨自己曾经那样漫不经心。

一个人若能在此时就了解他在死时所想达到的标准，他该是多么幸福明智的一个人啊。这些都将保证我们能够幸福终老；对世俗不屑一顾，热切渴望内心圣洁，乐于遵守法纪，勤于忏悔，时刻顺服上帝，克制自己，为耶稣的爱接受每一次审判。当你健康的时候，你可以行诸多善事，但是当你病情严重时，能做的事就极其有限了！遭受疾病能改过行善的人不多，正如常常外出朝圣的人少有能成为圣洁的人。不要依赖于亲朋好友，也不要拖延救赎灵魂的时机，因为人们很快就会忘记你，这个速度绝对出乎你的意料。最好及时弥补，在此生多积善行，而不要依靠别人的帮助。你如果不关心你自己的灵魂，以后还会有谁能关怀你呢？此刻的时间是极其宝贵的；此刻就是接受一切的日子；此刻就是获得救赎的时刻。但是很可惜，你虚度了让自己求得永生的大好光阴。终

有一天，你将渴望拥有一天，甚至是一小时的工夫用来弥补，可是谁又能知道你能否如愿以偿呢？

亲爱的朋友，你若对死亡常存畏惧之心，你就可以令自己脱离极大的危险和恐惧了。有生之年多努力，到面临死亡时，你就不需要恐惧了，而且能得到愉悦。现在就要学习如何面对世上的死亡，然后才能过着与基督同在的生活。现在学习将一切世俗的事物看得淡薄，那时你就可以自由地走向基督。现在依靠忏悔战胜你的肉欲，那时你就能得到救赎的希望。

愚笨的人哪，你连生命里多加一天都不能保证，为什么还奢望长命百岁呢？多少人受了这样的迷惑，但是在毫不知情的情况下就被死亡掠走。你经常可以听见这样的消息，某人遭暗杀，某人溺水而死，又一个人从高处跌下，摔断颈椎，另一个人正在进食时猝死，还有人在玩游戏时死去。有人死于火，有人死于刀，又有人死于恶疾，还有人为盗贼所害。这样说来，死是所有人的结局，人生转瞬即逝，犹如泡影。

你去世后，还有谁想念你？又有谁为你祷告呢？亲爱的朋友，现在就行动，尽己所能，努力去做，因为你不知道你将何时离世，也不知道你死后的遭遇如何！现在还有时间，赶快为你自己永生积聚不朽的财富吧。除了灵魂的救赎，除了上帝的事，不要关注任何其他的事。现在就与上帝的圣徒们交友，效法他们的行动，到了生命结束时，他们就会迎接你进入永生的家园。

让你自己成为此世的过路人，世上的一切事物都与你毫无关联。使自己的内心完全超脱一切，仰望着上帝，因为你在此生并无留恋之所。每日都向上帝祷告，祈求去世时你的灵魂会幸福地走向主。

……

第二卷　内心生活的劝言

第一章　论内心生活

主说："神的国就在你们心里。"[8]你的心要从属于主，舍弃这痛苦的世界，你的灵魂必得享安宁。要懂得忽略外面的事，专心致志于修炼内心，你才会觉得主的王国走进了你的心。因为神的王国在圣灵中充满了平安和喜乐，并且与邪恶的人无关。如果你的心里已经为基督准备好合适的位置，他就将走进来为你提供慰藉。基督的一切荣耀和美好都源于内心，所以主也乐于常驻内心。主时常走进属灵之人的内心，带去甜蜜的话语、宽慰、平安及超乎寻常的友情。

信奉上帝的灵魂，请准备好你的内心迎接神圣的配偶吧！他将走向你，留在你心间。因为他曾说过："人若爱我，就必遵守我的道；我们要到他那里去，与他同住。"[9]所以，你要欢迎基督走进你的内心，并且要拒绝一切其他的闯入者。你若拥有了基督，就会富足充实，心满意足。他无论在何事上都会忠诚地让你依靠，因此你不再需要依靠他人。人易改变，也易令你失望，但是基督却永恒不变，坚定地守候你，直到终点。

不要完全相信或依赖软弱而且终将离去的世人，无论他对我们多么有益，多么亲近，也不要因为他时而反对你，就过分忧愁。今天与你同盟的人，明天可能就变成你的仇敌；人易变，犹如气候变化万千。只能完全仰赖上帝；单单崇拜热爱我们的主。他会保护你，为你的周全安置一切。在这世上你居无定所，无论在哪里，你都只是一个陌生人、一个旅人。除非你的内心属于基督，否则你将永远无法享有安宁。

这里并非你的栖身之所，你又在这里寻找什么呢？你真正的家应该

是在天堂，因此不要忘记，尘世的万物转瞬即逝。一切终将消逝，也包括你自己。请不要迷恋世上的一切，不然你可能受其束缚，随之灭亡。但愿你所有的思想都能与上帝同在，你谦卑的祷告都能无休止地传向基督。如果你不能思考上天的安排，就该沉浸在基督的爱中，欣然栖身于他神圣的创伤里面。因为你若虔诚地探索主的创伤和那宝贵的血痕，在痛苦中你也能感受到强大的力量，你将无视他人的鄙夷，甚至很少在意那些诋毁自己的话语。

基督在世时也曾遭遇蔑视，在穷苦的绝境中，被家人朋友抛弃，任由他的敌人侮辱。基督甘心承受这些苦难，你还要抱怨吗？基督也有许多仇敌和毁谤他的人，你还希望所有人都成为你的朋友和恩人吗？你若不承受苦难，你的耐心何以达到极致？你若不愿意面对异议，又怎能成为基督之友呢？你若要与基督同在，就要与基督一同受苦。

如果你曾经完全了解过主耶稣的内心，并且感受过一点他炽热的爱的滋味，你就会忽略自己的得失，并且欣然接受你所承受的凌辱；因为耶稣的爱，可以令人看轻自己。内心真正热爱耶稣真理的人，能够免于过度欲望的束缚，他能够自由地走向上帝，在心灵中超越自己，愉悦地享受安宁。

真正了解万物的人会按照事物本来的面目判断它们，而非遵照他人的说法而妄下定论，因为这种智慧并非出于人，而是出于上帝。过内在生活，不过分注重外表的人，不需要特定的地点，或是特定的时间，随时随地就可以祷告。注重内心生活的人容易集中精神，因为他不受外物所累。他不被任何表面事务所扰乱，并能顺其自然，随遇而安。内心规划合理的人，不会因别人乖戾的行为而困扰；人之所以会分散注意力，是因为无法克制自己想对外界的好奇心。

你若内心刚正，纯净无瑕，万事都将向好，让你受益。但是你若时常感到不安，那是因为你还未完全舍弃自我，未曾割断对世俗之物的依

恋。对于受造之物自私的留恋，会玷污和束缚人心，其危害超越一切。你若排斥所有外来的慰藉，就能沉思神圣的事，而且内心常常享受极大的喜乐。

第二章　论谦卑顺从上帝

不要过多在意谁赞同你，谁反对你，而应努力工作，并且相信无论你做什么，上帝都与你同在。应当问心无愧，上帝必定尽力保你周全；得蒙上帝庇佑的人，不能被任何恶意所伤。你若能静心忍耐，必将得到上帝的关爱。上帝了解什么时候该如何帮助你，所以你应当完全信服他。上帝足够强大，能够帮助你，使你免受迷惑。别人了解并揭露我们的缺点对我们是有益的，那使我们更加谦卑谨慎。

如果一个人谦虚接受他的缺点，就容易安抚朋友，并和产生矛盾的人言归于好。上帝保护且拯救谦虚的人。主乐于安慰谦卑的人，眷顾谦卑的人，并给予他们恩典。谦卑的人虽受耻辱，上帝却使他得享荣耀。上帝将他的奥秘透露给谦卑的人，亲切地召唤他们走向上帝。谦卑的人即便遭受苦难，却依然平静，因为他信赖上帝，而非这尘世。若不能将自己看作众人之中最卑微的那个，则不能自诩已经取得了什么灵性的进步。

第三章　论善良平和的人

首先，你要保持自己处于平和之中，然后才能为他人带去平和。比起博学的人，内心平和的人可以做更多的善事。冲动的人，常把善事变为罪恶，而且容易听从邪恶。但一个善良平和的人，却能化万物为善行。平和的人，不猜疑他人；但是内心不知足不平和的人，却疑心重重，困扰不堪，他自己不平和，也使别人不安宁。他常说不该说的话，应该做的事却没做。他总是关注别人的责任履行得如何，却忽略自己应该完成的事。所以，你应当先做好自己的事情，然后才能适当地关心他

人。

你能轻松地为自己的行为找到借口，却不愿意谅解别人。更公正的态度应是：谴责自己，原谅他人。你如果希望别人宽容你，你就要宽以待人。看看你距离真正的爱心和真正的谦卑还有多么遥远，那样的境界要求我们在面对除自己以外的任何人时，都不会恼怒或愤慨。人们都喜欢与善良温和的人接触，这不足为奇；因为人们天生愿意享有安宁，与志趣相投的人交往。但是如果能与顽固不化、目无法纪或与我们不同道的人和平相处，那更是莫大的恩典和值得称道的好事。

有些人能保持自己的内心平和，又能与他人相安无事。也有些人自己不够平和，也不能给别人带去安宁；他们常骚扰别人，但是更多地自寻烦恼。还有些人自己享受平和，而且尽力使别人也得享安宁。但是，在这痛苦的一生中，我们的平和不在于远离困境，却在于谦卑忍耐。最能忍受困苦的人，才最能保守自己内心平和。这样的人是自我的征服者、世界的主宰者、基督的挚友、上帝的后嗣。

第四章　论内心纯净和目标简单

简单和纯净犹如一对翅膀，使我们超越世俗的事物。我们的目标必须简单，我们的感情必须纯净。简单使我们靠近上帝，纯净使我们领悟和享有上帝。倘若你的心完全摆脱了情欲的束缚，你就能随心所欲，积善成德。倘若你一心一意遵循上帝的旨意，为他人谋福利，你就能时常享受内心的平和。如果你内心忠诚，那么世上一切都将成为你的活镜子和记录圣德的书。任何微小卑贱的事物都体现了上帝的良善。

如果你的内心善良单纯，你就能轻易看透领悟尘世万物。内心纯净的人能够洞察天堂和地狱。一个人内在如何，他就会如何判断事物。尘世如果真的有何喜乐，内心纯净的人一定是最有可能享有的。若是存在痛苦烦恼，良心乖僻的人最有可能了解。一块铁放在火中，便炼去了锈

斑，变得炽热明亮；同样，一个人若要完全皈依上帝，便就要抛下一切的怠惰，改过自新。

一个人如果内心开始变得冷淡迟钝，即使是微小的劳苦也能使他烦恼忧虑，并且渴望尘世的慰藉。但是如果他有一次完全克服了自己，勇敢地踏上主的路，那么，先前视作负担的努力，也将变得微不足道了。

第五章　论了解自我

我们不应过度信赖自己，因为我们常常缺少善意和悟性。我们的内心本就缺少光明，况且我们时常疏忽这仅有的光明。此外，我们常常不知道自己有多盲目，常行恶事，却掩饰自己而罪上加罪。有时我们冲动行事，却以为是出于一片热忱。我们责备别人的小过失，却无视自己犯下的大罪过。我们常抱怨别人给予我们的痛苦，却不顾我们给别人带来的烦恼。人若能公正判断自己的德行，就找不到借口严厉指责别人了。

属灵的基督徒把自身灵魂的修炼看得高于一切。勤于提升自我的人不轻易论人短长。如果你做不到不对别人的事妄下定论，专心反省自己的话，你永远都不能成为真正有灵魂的、虔诚的人。倘若你全神贯注思考上帝和你自己，外界的一切都很难影响到你。你的心若不深深自省，你又身处何地呢？你若历尽世事，却疏忽了自己的灵魂，对你又何益呢？如果你渴望心中安宁，与上帝一致，你就要将尘世抛诸脑后，全身心自省。

如果你能使自己摆脱世俗之事的困扰，你就能获益匪浅。但你若念念不忘，就要受到极大的干扰。除了上帝和上帝的事，不要让任何事物在你心中占据重要的位置，使你大喜大悲，心向往之。将一切看作脱离于万物的虚空慰藉。爱上帝的人轻看尘世的万物，因为一切在上帝面前都一文不值。只有上帝是永恒无限的，存在于万物之中，带来灵魂的安慰和内心的愉悦。

第六章　论问心无愧的喜乐

善良的人内心喜乐在于其问心无愧。如果你问心无愧，必定时常体会到喜乐。无愧的良心能够忍耐承受，且在困苦中依然喜悦，但是邪恶的良心就常常惧怕不安。如果你的心不责备你，你就能得到安宁愉快。除非你是做了善事，否则不要过于高兴。邪恶的人得不到真正的喜悦，也感受不到内心的平安；因为上帝说过："恶人必不得平安。"[10]尽管他们认为："我们正享受平安，我们不会遇到麻烦，没有人敢伤害我们。"你不要相信他们，因为上帝立刻就将被触怒。他们的事业即将消失，他们的计划也终将溃败。

对于真正热爱主的人而言，在困难中心怀喜乐，并非难事，因为这种喜乐是在基督的十字架中的喜乐。人们得到和被授予的荣耀都是短暂的，而且世俗的喜悦总伴随着忧愁。善良的人将荣耀深埋在良心中，而非挂在嘴边。圣人的喜乐源于上帝，也就在上帝那里。那才是真正的喜乐。追求真实永恒光荣的人不在乎尘世浮华。那些追求俗世名利的人或是内心看重它的人，并不热爱上帝的荣光。真正享受内心极度安乐的是那些不以物喜不以己悲的人。

良心纯净的人懂得知足，内心平和。受人称赞并不能使你更加圣洁；被人诋毁也不至于贬低你的价值。你仍然是你自己，言语不能改变你；你在上帝眼中就是你自己本来的面目。如果你注重自己的内心，就不必在乎别人怎样评价你。人们以貌取人，而上帝更关注人的内心，人所看到的是行为，而上帝往往更注意你的动机。谦卑的人常常行善并且虚心低调。内心纯净虔诚的人，不会寻求尘世的安慰。

如果一个人不再寻求外界的见证，就说明他已经完全信赖上帝。保罗说："蒙悦纳的，不是自己称许的，乃是主所称许的。"[11]属灵的人在心中与上帝同在，而不受任何外来情欲的束缚。

第七章　爱上帝胜过一切

了解爱上帝的含义并且愿意为主而看轻自己的人有福。你应当为你所热爱的耶稣抛下自己所有的爱，因为主希望我们爱他胜过一切。受造之物的爱是飘忽不定的；只有主的爱才是永恒真实的。信赖尘世之物的人必将与其同归于尽，只有深爱基督的人才能永存屹立。爱主，做主的朋友吧！世上万物都会改变，只有他决不会离弃你，也不会让你走向灭亡。你终将脱离尘世万物，无论你乐意与否。

无论生死，都要紧靠着主，完全相信主，即使所有人都无能为力，他依然能帮助你。你爱的主不容许有人与他竞争在你心里的位置，他要独占你心中的王座。如果你能清空你的内心，不让任何受造之物占据，主就很乐意与你同在。如果你发生任何事都信赖其他人，却不交托与主，结果必定枉然。不要相信和依靠随风起舞的花草，“因为凡有血气的，尽都如草，他的美荣，都像草上的花。草必枯干，花必凋谢。”[12]

如果你以貌取人，必定受欺骗；如果你希望从他人身上寻求利益和慰藉，反而容易失去它。倘若你无时无刻不在追求主，你必将寻求到主。但是如果你谋求一己之私，你也会如愿以偿，只是所得之利会损害你自己罢了。因为人若不追寻主，他承受的伤害将超过全世界所有仇敌联合起来所实施的打击。

……

第十二章　论十字架的路

“舍己，背起十字架，跟从我。”[13]很多人认为这句话似乎太苛刻。但是，还有更严厉的话呢：“你们这被咒诅的人，离开我，进入那为魔鬼和他的使者所预备的永火里去。”[14]因为此刻愿意听从十字架教诲的人，就不惧怕通向永生的审判了。当主审判万众之时，这十字架的标记

就会出现在天堂。那时，凡在此世效法基督承受痛苦的人，都将坦然地走向主，接受审判。

所以你们为何惧怕背负那引领你走向天堂的圣十字架呢？在十字架里包含着救赎，它是生命，是抵御敌人的保障。十字架里灌注了天堂的喜乐、精神的力量、灵魂的慰藉。十字架之中蕴涵着至上的道德和完全的圣洁。除了十字架，没有可以救助灵魂得享永生的方法。所以，背负你的十字架，跟随主吧，你就能进入永生。我主已经背负着他的十字架踏上了前方的路，他已为你死在了十字架上，渴望与他一同死在十字架上吧。因为你若与他同死，也能与他同存，你若与他一同承受痛苦，就必将与他同享荣耀。

看看万物是如何在十字架中演化、相互依存的。除了圣十字架和克己之道外，再无其他的路可以让你得享永生和实现真正的内在平安。无论你去哪里，如何努力，你都找不到一条比圣十字架之道更崇高更稳妥的路了。即使你能命令万物听从你的意愿和决断，但你仍无法摆脱痛苦，无论你是否情愿；所以你还是要寻找十字架，因为你总是要承受身体或精神上的痛苦。

有时是上帝远离你，有时是邻人困扰你，但更有甚者，是你常把自己当作沉重的负担。任何救助或安慰都不能拯救你或减轻你的苦楚。但只要它是上帝的意愿，你就必须承担。因为上帝要你忍受痛苦，即使没有安慰，所以你要完全从属于上帝，在痛苦中变得更加谦卑。只有亲身经历耶稣痛苦的人，才能真正发自心底同情主。十字架永远等候你，无论你身在何处。无论你逃往何处，都不能躲避它。因为你无论身在何方，都要表现自己，找寻自己。仰望天空或俯瞰大地，关照外界或感悟内心，无论你走向何方，你总能找到十字架。你若希望得享内心的平安和永恒的冠冕，就必须时刻保持耐心。

你若欣然背负十字架，它就会助你一臂之力，引领你到达期望的目

的地，那里再无困苦，尽管那目的地并非在此世上。你若心有不甘，十字架就变成你的重担，令你受累，可即便如此，你依然无法逃避。你若舍弃一个十字架，你必然会找到另一个，或许是更重的一个。

你想逃脱世人无从躲避的重担吗？世界上哪有不背负十字架或者不曾经受痛苦的圣徒呢？就算是耶稣在世时，也经历了十字架的困苦，他说：基督必须受苦，之后从死里复活，才能享有他的荣耀。既然如此，为何你不踏上神圣的十字架之路，而另寻他途？主一生都在承受十字架之苦，最后以身殉道，你又怎能及时行乐，寻求安逸呢？

如果你想逃避磨炼，另寻他法，那你就大错特错了，因为任何生命都充满痛苦。十字架的标记无处不在。在圣灵中越有进步的人，常常背负更重、更多的十字架，因为他对上帝的爱越深，他被放逐尘世的苦楚就越痛。

但是这些人虽饱受折磨，却并非毫无宽慰，因为背负十字架的过程已经让他们受益匪浅。因为自从欣然背负十字架的那刻起，所有的苦楚都变成了被上帝慰藉的希望。肉体承受的痛苦越深，内心就因上帝的恩典而变得愈发强大。有时因为热爱上帝，效法他的十字架，以至于渴望历经困苦，舍弃无忧无虑的生活，那是他相信自己为上帝承受的痛苦越多，将来就越能取悦于上帝。这并非来源于内心，而是源于基督的恩典，这恩典能够并确实给予胆小者力量因此在平常想方设法逃避的事，现在凭着赤诚之心，竟能勇往直前，全力以赴。

人并非天生愿意背负十字架，热爱它，严于律己，完全屈服，放弃荣耀，忍受耻辱，看轻自己，任人轻视，忍受所有的痛苦与损失，不慕名利。如果你完全信赖你自己，就不能自己实现这些目标。但是如果你依靠上帝，你就能从天堂得到力量，自己的意志将能掌控尘世的肉体。如果你用忠诚武装自己，佩戴十字架的勋章，你就不必惧怕仇敌魔鬼了。

请你像基督善良忠心的仆人，勇敢地背负起爱你且为你而被钉死的主的十字架吧。要作好准备，忍受悲惨的一生中的各种患难和痛苦，因为无论你在何处，它都与你同在，无论你躲在何方，它都将找寻到你。苦难必然存在，任何方法都不能令你逃避，你唯一能做的就是忍受。如果你想成为主的朋友，与他同在，就要欣然与主同饮。让主来安慰，按照他的意愿安排。但你应准备承受痛苦，并且把苦难当作最大的安慰。“因为此时的痛苦无法与将来的荣耀相提并论”，即使是你一人独自承受了所有。[15]

当你达到一定的境界，痛苦之于你，就因基督而变得甜蜜，可以接受，那么你就功德圆满，因为你已经找到了此世的乐园。但是只要你还在因受苦而烦恼，并且企图逃避受苦，你心中就不得平安，无论你走到哪里，你企图逃避的苦难将如影随形。

你若磨炼心性——正如你必须要做的那样——甘愿受苦和死去，那么所有事情都会变好，你也能得到心中的平和。纵使你曾像圣保罗一样，被带到第三层天，也不能因此保证你自己不受苦难。主说：“我也要指示他，为我的名必须受许多的苦难。”[16]所以如果你想爱主，而且长久地服侍他，你便只有承受痛苦。

希望你配为上帝承受这样的苦辱，这对你是何等荣耀啊！对于所有的圣徒是何等的喜乐，对于你的友人也是莫大的启发。尽管很少有人乐意受苦，但是所有人都会对隐忍赞不绝口，由衷钦佩。你的确应当为主承受一些痛苦，因为有很多人正因为世俗的原因更加痛苦。

你要确信自己应当过一种将死的生活。越能够舍弃自己，就越靠近上帝。除了那些为了上帝甘心受苦的人们以外，没有人配得上了解天堂的事。没有什么比为上帝欣然受苦更能取悦上帝、有益身心的了。假如你有机会选择，宁可为主受苦也不要享受许多的安慰，只有这样你才能效法基督，比肩圣人。人生的价值与属灵的进步不在于享受多少欢乐慰

藉，而在于承受多少艰难困苦。

如果有比受苦更好的方式救赎人类，那么主必定早就用言语和生活启示我们了。对于跟随主的十二使徒和所有愿意皈依他的人，他都一视同仁，耐心教导："若有人要跟从我，就当舍己，天天背起他的十字架来跟从我。"[17]所以在反复思考，权衡利弊后，我们得出了最后的结论："我们进入神的国，必须经历许多艰难。"[18]

第三卷　论内心安慰

第一章　主如何与我们的内心对话

“我要聆听上帝与我内心的对话。”能够聆听主与其内心对话，并得到主安慰的人有福了。能够愉悦地倾听神的低语，不顾尘世的声响，只要关注内心的真理教诲，不用理会外界喧嚣之音，这人的耳朵也真有福了。不必张望外来的事物，只需注视内心的事，这人的眼睛真有福了。全身心地投入上帝怀抱，将自己从尘世纷扰中解脱出来，这样的人有福了。哦，我的灵魂啊，想想这些有福的人吧，克制感官上的欲望，就能听到上帝与你内心的交谈。

你爱的主这样说：我来拯救你，赐予你平安和生命；与我同在，你就能享有平安。不要关注那些暂时的事，而要真心寻求那永恒不变的事。昙花一现不过是诱人的陷阱。如果你被造物者抛弃，那么一切受造之物对你又何益呢？因此你应远离所有的事物，专心修缮自身，努力达到主的期望，忠诚地服侍他，这样才能得到真正的恩典。

第二章　真理如何无声地启示我们

门徒：“主啊！请说，你的仆人在敬听。”

“我是你的仆人，求你赐我理性，那样我就可以明白你的圣约。”“求你使我的心跟随你的话，倾听着你的话语如甘霖般滴下。”以色列的百姓们曾对摩西说：“求你和我们说话，我们必听；不要神和我们说话，恐怕我们死亡。”[19]主啊，我祈求不是如此，我愿和先知撒母耳[20]一样，谦卑而诚实地说：“主啊，请说，你的仆人在敬听。”不要让摩西或任何其他的先知和我对话。主啊，只要你亲自向我说话，因为你

启迪指引了所有的先知，你足以完全地指引我，且无须他们的一臂之力。然而如果没有你，他们一无是处。

他们固然可以说教，但是他们不能赐予圣灵。就算他们说得再动听，你若保持缄默，他们也不能感化人心。他们教人字句，但是你启发人的思维。他们讲述谜题，但是你能揭示所有的奥秘。他们只是传播你的诫命，但是你却能指导我们遵守。他们指示了方向，但是你却赐予我们力量，让我们勇往直前。他们所做的只是表面的，只有你才能教导启迪我们的心。他们浇水灌溉，但你却让种子结出累累硕果。他们高谈阔论，但是只有你才能使人醒悟透彻。

因此，不要让摩西和我们对话，而是你啊，主，上帝啊。因为你是永恒的真理，否则，只得到表面上的警告，却没有赤诚的真心，恐怕至死，我还是一无是处；否则我将受到谴责——因为我听见了却未奉行，明白了却未热爱，相信了却未坚持。所以，主啊，请说，你的仆人在敬听。“你有永生之道。”求你向我说话，安慰我的灵魂，让我的生命归于你的赞美、你的荣光和永恒的尊贵。

第三章　论虚心听从上帝的话

基督：我儿啊，请听我说。那是甘美无比的话，超过这世上所有哲学家和智者的学识。我对你们说的话，是灵魂，是生命，不是人的理性所能测度的。上帝的话并非让人为了虚无的欢乐而引用，却是要你安静地谛听，谦卑而热诚地接受。

门徒：能够得到你的教诲，并且受你的律法教训的人是有福的，主啊。你使他身处痛苦仍得安息，在世上不至于孤苦无依。

基督：我从古时起教化众先知晓谕世人，直到今日仍未放弃，但是许多人对我的声音不闻不问，犹如顽石。大多数人宁愿听尘世的言语，

却不喜欢听上帝的话，他们遵从自己的肉欲，却不取悦于上帝。尘世的回报低微卑贱，昙花一现，但是人们趋之若鹜；我的应许神圣高尚，长存永恒，但是人们都冷淡对待它。有谁曾无论何时都小心谨慎地服侍我，像对待世界及其主人一样呢？海说：“西顿（Sidon）啊，你当愧惭”；[21]你若问其原因，请听我慢慢道来。

为了微小的利益，人们可以千里迢迢，不辞劳苦；可为了永生，人们甚至一举手，一投足都感劳累。细微的酬报就可令人不懈追求，分文之财就可令人萌生羞耻的争讼，微小的回报和虚荣之心就可令人昼夜不息地辛勤。但是对于永恒的益处，无法比拟的奖赏，至高的荣誉，无边的荣耀，他们却吝惜些许劳作。懒惰抱怨的仆人哪，你应感到愧惭，世人冲向毁灭，比你奔向救赎还更努力呢！世人在虚空之中比你在真理之中更加全神贯注呢！世人有时在他们的希望中受挫折，但是我的应许绝不落空，我也不让信赖我的人无功而返。我所应许的，我必赐予，我所说过的，我必成全，只要人忠诚地爱我，亘古不变！我必赏赐所有的善人，维护一切效忠于我的人。

将我的话谨记在心，认真思考其中的含义，因为当你面临诱惑时，他将使你受益匪浅。如果你读到不理解的地方，在我降临之时就会明白。我面见我所选召之人，有两种方式，一是试探，二是安慰。每天我都教授他们两个功课，一是纠正他们的过失，二是勉励他们在德行上有所进步。“听见我的话却不屑一顾的人，必将在末日受审。”

祷告虔诚的恩典

门徒：主啊！我的上帝，一切美好都源于你，我是谁，我怎敢擅自向你说话呢？我是你的最贫穷卑微的仆人，是最微小的虫子，我的低微非我所能意识，非我言语所能表达。但是，主啊，求你不要忘记，我不过是虚空，一无所有，也毫无所能。只有你是善良公正、单纯神圣的，你无所不能，赐予万物，只让那邪恶的人空手而归。请不要忘记你的慈

爱，主啊，让你的恩典充满我的心，因为你也不愿意见你创造之物毫无意义。我怎能度过这悲惨的一生，除非你的仁慈让我更加坚定？求你不要抛弃我，也不要迟迟不来，请不要收回你的安慰，否则，我的灵魂将一片荒芜。主啊，请指引我遵行你的旨意，指引我在你眼前过着有价值且谦卑的生活；因为你是我智慧的源泉，只有你真正了解我，在我未来到这世上之前，甚至在未有天地之先，你就已经认识了我。

第四章　论真理和谦卑

基督：我儿啊，探索真理的道路上要赶在我先，并常常本着一颗单纯的心寻求我。赶在我先寻求真理的人，我必将保护他免遭邪恶荼毒。真理将帮助他抵抗欺骗和恶人的中伤。如果真理让你获得自由，你们就真的自由了，人们的浮词妄语都不能伤害你。

门徒：主啊！这话是真的，就让你所说的话在我身上实现。愿你的真理教诲我，保佑我，最终救赎我。愿真理协助我脱离一切邪恶的私欲和不尊法度的爱，我就能完全自由，走在你的前头。

基督：真理说，我会将取悦我的事指教给你。你要忧伤悔过你犯下的罪，不要因为任何善行而骄傲自满。你事实上仍有罪，为许多情欲所困扰，按照你的本性，总是趋于幻想，易于堕落，失败，被征服，不安乃至分裂。你没有可夸耀之处，倒有许多不齿之事，因为你比自己想象的更加软弱。

对于自己所做的事，切不可自命不凡。除了永恒的事物，任何事都不可看得伟大，或珍贵，或妙不可言，或夸强说会，也不要把什么事都当作神圣崇高的、值得称赞追求的。让永恒的真理成为你仅有的至高喜乐，让自己极端的无用时常困扰你。没有什么比你的罪恶更令你惧怕，谴责，逃避；这比失去所有的事物都痛苦。有的人在我的眼前行为不忠诚，他只是出于好奇心和傲慢，希望了解我的奥秘，想明白上帝的至高

之事，却忽略拯救自己的灵魂。当我拒绝他们时，他们的傲慢和好奇就会陷入诱惑和罪恶之中。

你要敬畏上帝的审判，担忧触怒万能的上帝。不要企图调查至高者的方式，而应努力省察自己的罪过，已犯下多少罪，又有多少善事仍未完成。有些人的虔诚，只停留在书本、绘画和其他有形的载体上。有的人口中敬畏我，心中却远离我。但是也有人在悟性中看到了曙光，净化了内心的欲望，且全心追求神圣的事。这些人厌恶世俗之事，甚至连满足基本的自然需要也不情愿。不过就是这样的人才能真正领会圣灵所说的真理。因为圣灵教他们看轻世俗，爱慕上天，舍下尘世，渴望天堂。

第五章　上帝之爱，奇妙无穷

门徒：天父，我主耶稣基督的父啊！我赞美你，因为你曾记念我这卑微的仆人。慈悲的天父，所有的安慰都源于你！万分感激啊，因为你时时安慰我这不配享有安慰的人。将所有的恩典和荣耀归于你，你的独生子，圣灵保惠师，从此刻直到永远。主上帝啊，爱我灵魂的主，当你来到我心中时，我的内心欢呼雀跃。你是我的荣耀，是心中真正的喜乐；你是我的希望，是我患难时的避难所。

但是因为我的爱还很脆弱，德行并不完善，我仍需要你来安慰我，赐予我力量。祈求你时常造访我，用圣律指引我。求你让我摆脱邪恶的情欲，治愈我内心的混乱的情绪，净化我的内心，使其洁净无疵，我就能仁爱待人，勇于承受，并坚持不懈。

爱拥有万能的力量，是伟大而且完全的善行；唯有爱可减轻重荷，唯有爱能抚平坎坷。即使背负重担也不以为重，承受痛苦也甘之如饴。耶稣的爱神圣崇高，常能促使人们作出伟大的事，激励人们不断追求更完美的境界。爱使人积极向上，不为低贱的事所累。爱使人渴望自由，超脱一切世俗的欲念，这样他们内心的曙光就不至昏暗，也不会为昙花

一现的荣华所束缚，或是为任何厄运所阻碍。在天堂或尘世，没有比爱更甜美、更勇敢、更高尚、更广阔、更愉悦、更充实、更美好的事物，因为爱源于上帝，超越万物，只能永存于上帝。

爱令人飞跃欢乐，自由奔跑，不受拘束。爱令你舍弃一切，又得到一切，停留在超乎万物的至高者之中，所有美善都出自那里。爱并不看重天资，却将一切的好处归于上帝。爱不存在任何界限，它却热烈地超过一切的边界。爱不觉重担，不计劳苦，不懈尝试，认为一切皆有可能，能够成就一切。因此爱令人伟大；这有点奇怪，却的确有效；但没有爱的人，就畏怯不前、一败涂地。

爱常警醒，永不沉睡；虽辛苦劳累，却不会累垮；虽受限制，却不受困；虽受惊吓，却不混乱；它犹如灼烧的火焰，炽热的火炬，飞腾直上，锐不可当。那些爱上帝的人非常了解上帝的声音，出乎心灵的热情是上帝耳中强烈的声音：“我的主，我的爱，你全是我的，我完全属于你。”

祷告

主啊，求你对我的爱更加深刻，使我能用心感受，体会爱的滋味是何等甘甜，使我溶于你的爱，浸透在你的爱中。唯愿你的爱包围着我，令我超越自己，以一种热情地、超乎想象的神奇方式。我愿歌唱爱，我愿跟随我所爱的主直到至高之处。愿我的灵魂沐浴在你的赞誉中，为爱欢呼赞扬。我愿爱你甚于爱自己，就是爱自己也只是为了你。我愿意遵循你身上闪耀的爱之准则，去爱所有真心爱你的人。

爱是短暂的、纯净的、温柔的、快乐的、愉悦的，爱也是勇敢的、耐心的、忠实的、谨慎的、坚忍的、刚强的，而且不谋私利。无论何事，人若为一己之私，那时，他的爱就不纯粹了那他就放弃了爱。爱是小心的、谦卑的、正直的、不浮躁、不矫情、不虚荣，爱是冷静的、纯

洁的、坚定的、安静的，而且不束缚于感官的冲动。爱是温和的，顺从的，对己自卑，对上帝热心，并且充满感激，寄信心与希望于他。纵使遭遇苦难，也是如此，在爱中仍要承受痛苦。

不准备受苦，或不坚守主的旨意的人，不配称为爱主的人。爱主的人必须要为他所爱的主，甘心忍受一切艰难苦楚，不因身处逆境而背弃他。

第六章　论真正爱主之人的证据

基督：我儿啊，你还不足称为一个勇敢明智爱主的人。

门徒：主啊，你为何这么说呢？

基督：因为你一遭受一点麻烦，就舍弃了你当初的使命，而且急于求得安慰。勇敢爱我的人，面对诱惑时，必坚定不移，也不听仇敌狡猾的劝诱，无论是顺境或是逆境中，都真心对我。

有智慧地爱人，不重视所赠送的礼物，而在意赠送者的爱心。比起礼物的价值，他更重视感情，认为所有礼物都不及他所爱的人。同样，一个品质高尚的爱我的人，也不留意于我所赐的恩，而是认为所有的恩典都不及我。如果有时你不能如愿地靠近我和我的众圣徒，也不必因此失望。要知道你有时享受到的美妙情感，是我的恩典与你同在的结果，那是让你提前体会一下天堂的滋味，但是你切不可过于依靠这种感觉，因为它转瞬即逝。但是，抵抗邪恶的思想，拒绝魔鬼的暗示，才能彰显德行获得赞誉。

不要让任何特殊的幻想扰乱你的心，徒增烦恼，要坚持你的志向，且始终忠于上帝。有时你可以体会至高之处的愉悦，但是很快又回到惯常的虚空状态，请不要沮丧。因为这并不是故意刁难，而是顺其自然，只要你不喜欢这些，你就必定尽力抵抗，这就成了你的奖赏，而不是损

失。

你也许知道你的老仇敌仍在竭力想尽各种方法来阻挡你的善行。使你不能虔诚静心，不能敬拜上帝的圣徒，不能敬虔地思考我的痛苦，不能有效审视你的罪，不能守卫你的心，不能坚定向善的志向。它（魔鬼）还令你产生邪思恶念，使你感到厌倦和沮丧，然后就疲于祷告和读圣经。它们最不喜欢人们谦卑忏悔，假如可能，他们会阻止你领圣餐。你切不可相信它们，虽然它们常常安设欺骗的陷阱，你也不必要理会它。当它用罪恶和不洁的思想暗示你的时候，你可控诉它，对它说："滚开！你这个邪恶的幽灵，羞愧吧，你这丑污的恶鬼，离我远一点！不要把这些话常常带到我的耳中。你邪恶的诱惑者，离开我吧！你与我毫不相干，因为耶稣会像一个强健的勇士与我同在，你会惊慌失措的。我宁愿死，或受各种的折磨，但决不愿随从你。闭口静默吧！即使你再纠缠我，我也不再听你了，主是我的亮光，我的救赎，我还怕谁呢？""即使万人起来攻击我，我也不惧怕。""因主在帮助我，救赎我。"

像优秀的战士一样战斗吧，尽管有时因力所不及而致失败，但要更加勇敢，信赖我取之不尽的恩典。但是要防备骄傲自满或虚情假意，那误导了许多人，甚至令他们跌入几乎不可挽救的混沌中。希望这些因傲慢自负而失足的人令你警醒，永远谦逊卑微。

第七章　论谦卑地保守恩典

基督：我儿啊，应隐藏因虔诚所得的恩典，这对你稳妥有益；切不可因恩典而自吹自擂，大言不惭。最好谦恭虚己，唯恐自己不配得此恩典。你不要过于依赖眼前的美好，因为它很容易就变得冷清。当你享受恩典时，应感怀不蒙恩典时的可怜穷困。灵性的提升并不完全在于是否得蒙恩典，而更多地在于失去恩典时你能否以谦卑舍己和忍耐的心承受一切，不放弃祷告，也不忽视其他日常侍奉的职责。你反而要更加愉悦

地尽力完成眼前的事，切不可因枯燥和担忧而心生懈怠。

许多人都因事情不如其所愿而焦躁懒惰。人生之路并非由自己掌控，一切赐予和安慰都属于上帝。何时该赐予谁多少都是依照上帝的旨意和喜好进行的。有些人过于切望恩典，鲁莽行事，反而害了自己，因为他们没有考虑自己的软弱，感情用事，缺乏理性判断，奢望完成力所不及的事。因为他们所做的事超出了上帝的旨意，因此他们很快就错失了恩典。那些希望在天堂结巢的人，孤苦无助，他们应当在贫苦和羞耻中醒悟不该靠自己的羽翼飞翔，而要信赖我的庇护。那些希望侍奉上帝但没有经验的初学者，极易遭受欺骗，迷失自己，除非有贤明的领袖指引他们。

如果他们不肯信赖经验丰富的人，固执己见，他们的结局非常危险，除非他们不再一意孤行。自以为是的人大多不愿意虚心接受他人的领导，比起学富五车却心高气傲的人，知识浅薄谦卑向善的人更胜一筹。宁可天资鲁钝，也不可恃才傲物。享受恩典时纵情欢乐，全然忘掉过去的贫弱，这样是不明智的，因为如此便会失去对主的敬畏之心，洋洋自得以为能永守主的恩典。同样，在艰难困苦中，过于绝望而不再信赖我的人也是糊涂的。

和平时觉得自己高枕无忧的人，必将在战争中惊慌失措。你若始终谦卑谨慎，适时调整自己的内心，你就不易陷入危险与罪恶之中了。最好的建议就是当你内心的奉献精神高涨如火时，该想想它消失时，你会怎样。当热情冷却时，不要忘记那光还会回来，这是对你的警告，也是因为我的荣耀，才暂且收回我的恩典。

这样的考验比起凡事如你所愿更为有益。因为人的德行并不在于他所见的表象和所享受的舒适，也不在于他如何熟读圣经，或是如何高贵。而是真正地扎根于谦卑之中，和对上帝的真爱中；在于常常纯净诚恳地追求上帝的荣光；在于谦卑诚恳地虚己，且乐于为人轻视，乐于蒙

受屈辱而非得享荣耀。

……

第九章　只有上帝是我们的完美结局

基督：我儿啊，如果你想拥有真正的幸福，你就应该把我作为你至高的完美结局。完全信赖我，将洁净你的内心，不至于无节制地倾向自私和尘世的事物。因为无论何时你寻求自己的利益，你都将立刻变得凄凉孤寂。所以将万物都归于我，因为万物都源于我。你要知道万物都出于至高之善，都源于我，万物终将归于我。

犹如清泉的源头，无论长幼贫富，众生的生命之水都源于我。甘心乐意服侍我的人，必将得到恩上之恩。但妄想从我之外的事物寻求荣耀，或为一己之私而欢愉的人，必不能享有真正的愉悦，他的心不会更强大，却要承受多方阻碍和折磨。所以你不要将美好归功于自己或是任何其他人，而应归于主。若不是因为主，人将一无所有。我已将万物全赐予你，但是我的旨意是你终将又归于我，我要你心怀感激，并准确地描绘我的恩典。

这就是忠诚，在它面前，虚荣心毫无立足之地。如果你心中充满天恩和真爱，必然不会狭隘，也不只爱自己。因为上帝的爱能超越一切，提升灵魂力量。你若真正明智，必定只取悦于我，只期望于我；因为除了上帝以外，没有人是良善的。唯有上帝当受赞美于万有之上，受称颂于万有之中。

第十章　论侍奉上帝的喜乐

门徒：我主啊！我还要说，不能缄默无言，我要向至高无上的上帝、我的主、我的王说：“主啊！对于敬畏你的人，你的恩典是何等丰盛啊！”但是对于爱你的人如何呢？对于全心侍奉你的人又如何呢？你

赐给爱你的人的恩惠令他们妙不可言。我们已经看到你的慷慨，当我不存在时，你创造了我，当我陷入迷途远离你时，你又引我归来可以侍奉你，让我爱你。

爱的泉源啊，亘古不变，我将如何诉说你呢！我怎能忘记你，在我鬼迷心窍、迷失方向之后，你仍屈尊降贵，将我记在心上。你超乎想象地爱着你的仆人，你所赐的恩惠怜悯都超过我所应得。我应如何报答你的恩惠呢？因为并非人人都享有这种恩典，舍弃一切，摒绝世俗，过着虔诚的生活。我应当侍奉你，这并不出人意料，因为受造之物都应该侍奉你。我侍奉你不足为奇，但可喜的是你不嫌我地位卑微，肯收纳我做你的仆人，把我列在所爱的众仆人之内。

我所有的一切都愿给予你，包括我自己。由此看来，不是我侍奉你，反之，却是你服侍了我。看看你已为众生创造的天地万物，他们期待着取悦你，依照你的旨意每日运行。远不止此，你又命令天使保护人类。但是还有超乎一切之上的恩典，那便是你亲自守卫众生，承诺将自己赐予人们。

我该如何报答你这数不清的恩典？哦，我愿能终身侍奉你！哪怕至少一天，我愿为你做些有价值的事。因为你理应得到万人的侍奉、一切的荣耀、永恒的赞美。你就是我的主，而我就是你卑微的仆人，应当全力以赴侍奉你，且孜孜不倦地赞美你。这是我衷心的愿望，也是我超越一切的渴望，我若有不足，我恳求你补全我。

能够服侍你，因你而轻看其他一切，这既是极大的荣誉，也是极大的光耀。至高的恩典将赐予那些心甘情愿服侍你的人。那些因为爱你而摒弃一切尘世快乐的人，必将得到圣灵最甜蜜的安慰。那些因为我主走向窄门，离弃世俗的人，必将享有真正的内心自由。

服侍上帝令人无比喜悦。他能使人得到真正的自由和纯一的圣洁。

侍奉上帝何等的神圣，它能使人和天使一样，为上帝所喜悦，为魔鬼所畏惧，又倍受众圣徒所敬仰。服侍上帝值得我们永远追求，因着这工，我们就可得至善的赏赐和无边的福乐。

第十一章　要省察节制内心的愿望

基督：我儿啊！你还要学习许多未曾了解的事。

圣徒：主啊，那是什么事？

基督：你的愿望要完全取悦于我，不要爱着自己，要认真遵循我的旨意。时常有各种欲望鼓动你，猛烈地催逼你，但是你要考虑清楚这些愿望是为了你自己的利益还是为着我的荣耀？若是因为我，你必定接受我所安排的一切，但是若有自私的意念杂于其间，那么，它就会阻碍、烦扰你。

所以切勿太过热衷于没有得到我允许的愿望，否则你将来会后悔，或令你之前喜爱和渴望的事变为你所厌恶的。因为并不是所有看起来美好的情感都可追寻，同样，并非所有看似反感的事都应立即舍弃。有时美好的意图和努力也要加以克制，以免不合时宜的渴望会扰乱你的内心，或是因为缺少自我克制而冒犯他人，或是因为别人的反对，而倍感困扰，陷入迷茫。

你必须坚强勇敢地克制自己感官上的欲望，不顾肉身的喜好，竭尽全力抑制肉欲，使之精神化。要纠正掌控你的欲望直到它顺从自如。要学会知足，从简单的事物中寻找快乐，纵使身处逆境也不怨天尤人。

第十二章　学习忍耐抵抗情欲

门徒：主上帝啊！我知道我们最需要的就是忍耐，因为此生中要经历许多考验。因为无论我如何热切地寻求平静，也不能逃脱挣扎和痛

苦。

基督：我儿啊，的确如此。我的旨意不是让你寻求一块没有痛苦和诱惑的净土，而是要你在为诸多诱惑所困扰，身处险恶逆境之时，寻求平静。假若你说：你不能受痛苦，那么你怎能承受炼狱的大火呢？两害之中取其轻，为着要逃避永恒的惩罚，你必须现在竭力为上帝而忍耐生活中的苦楚。你是否想着世人都没有或只经历微小的痛苦？问一问生活最富足的人，你就发现事实并非如此。

但你也许会说，他们享有许多乐趣，并可以随心所欲，痛苦就显得无足轻重了。但即使他们可以随心所欲，这又能持续多久呢？这世上的富人将会像轻烟般消逝，他们快乐的回忆也将烟消云散。即便在此生他们也不能完全脱离苦痛、忧愁和恐惧去享乐，因为他们忧愁的种子常常生发于喜悦的事中。既然他们毫无节制地追求快乐，就不能毫无羞耻和苦痛地享受这些快乐。这一切的快乐是何等的短促、虚浮、混乱而低贱啊！可是人是多么的盲目糊涂，所以他们全不明白，好像愚钝的兽类，只为了贪享那堕落生活中微小的欢乐，却丧失了他们的灵魂。所以，我儿啊，不要放纵淫欲，唯我独尊。“要以耶和华为乐，他就将你心里所求的赐给你。”[22]

你若想得享真正的喜乐和我完全的安慰，就必须：轻看尘世一切，脱离低级的趣味，才能享受恩典，并感到富足的安慰。你越远离世俗的舒适，你体会到的安慰就越甜美、越有力。但这并非立刻就能实现，起初你难免有些忧苦和折磨。旧日固有的习惯必须顽强抵抗，你要步步为营，最终战胜它们。肉体会怨恨你，但是你应该要靠着心灵的热情约束它。魔鬼可能试探引诱你，但是凭借祷告，它必将落荒而逃。你也可以通过有益的劳动阻拦它的来路，使它无隙可乘。

第十三章　论谦卑顺从，效法基督

基督：我儿啊，那些不肯顺从的人，必将失去上帝的恩宠。人若寻求私利，就必失掉公福。凡人若不心甘情愿顺服尊者，那表明他还未完全克服他卑劣的人性，它仍时常挣扎和怨恨地反抗他。所以，你若想抑制你的欲望，就要赶快学习顺从尊者。因为你若守卫住你的内心，就更容易战胜外来的敌人。如果你的心灵不与圣灵一致，那么，你就将是自己最顽恶的敌人。你若想战胜自己的血肉，就必须诚实地轻看自己。因为你若仍溺爱自己，就不情愿让自己完全屈服于他人的意志。

我是万能而又至高无上的，我创造万物，尚且为你的缘故愿意谦卑地顺从于人。而你不过是尘土，为上帝的缘故服从于人，又算得了什么呢？我曾成为众人里的最卑最贱者，就是要使你学我的谦卑而克服骄傲。你只不过是尘土啊，你要学习顺从；泥土啊，你要学习谦卑，俯伏于众人的脚下。你要学习破除己意，绝对顺从。

你要努力克服自己，不容自己有丝毫骄傲。表现得顺从谦卑，让众人皆可行走于你之上，像践踏街道上的泥土一般。虚无的人啊，有什么好怨诉的呢？污秽的罪人啊！你常常得罪上帝，多次应得地狱之刑，对于谴责你的人还有何言可答呢？但是我已经饶恕了你，因为你的灵魂对我而言极为宝贵，所以你要知道我的爱，要常常感谢我的恩。你还要不断地努力达到真正的自卑、顺从、耐心忍受他人的藐视。

……

第十七章　我们如何完全信赖主

基督：我儿啊，让我的旨意指引你。我知道怎样对你最有益。你的思想只不过是凡人之见，你的判断也常受自我情绪的影响。

门徒：主啊，你说的不错，天意的安排胜过我对生活的规划。人若不完全信赖你，必难得平安。主啊，只要让我的意志坚定不移地顺从

你，我愿听候你任何安排；因为你对我的旨意，都是美好的。假若你的旨意要我身处黑暗，我赞美你；假若你的旨意要我身处光明，我也要赞美你。你若赐我安慰，我赞美你；但是你若考验我，我还是赞美你。

基督：我儿啊，你要与我同行，就应该如此。你应该如享乐一般甘心受苦；你应该如获得富贵一般愉快地享受贫穷匮乏。

门徒：主啊，为了你，我将欣然接受你令我遭遇的一切。从你的手中，我愿意平心地接受福与祸，甜与苦，喜乐与忧愁，我将为一切遭遇而感谢你。求你保护我远离罪恶，我就不怕死亡与地狱。我祈求你永远不要丢弃我，也不要从生命册上涂掉我的名字，这样，一切的苦难，就无法加害于我。

第十八章　痛苦如何得以忍耐

基督：我儿啊，我从天堂而来就是为要拯救你，我替你承受忧患，并非出于必须，而只是因为单纯地爱你。因此，你要学习忍耐暂时的苦难，不生怨恨之心。从我降生之时到死在十字架为止，我无时无刻不在承受痛苦。我缺乏在世生活的必需品，常听见有人诋毁我，我忍受侮慢、凌辱。我施恩于人，却得到忘恩负义的报答；我带来奇迹却遭人亵渎；我教诲真言，却受斥责。

门徒：主啊，既然你都可以为了实现圣父的旨意而一生忍耐，那我，一个不堪的罪人，岂不更应该遵照你的旨意耐心忍受？为了救赎自己的灵魂，我应该依照你的旨意耐心担负起这腐朽的生命。尽管此世艰苦，但你的恩惠使之有益；因为你的榜样，和古圣先贤的指引，软弱的人，也乐于忍受。如今的安慰远远超越古律法时代，因为那时天门仍旧关闭，天路晦暝不通，寻求天国的人也寥寥无几。那时正直而应当得到救赎的人，也不能进入天国，直到你受难的那天，用你神圣的死亡救赎了我们。

我对你充满无限的感激，你指引了我和所有信徒踏上了那进入你永恒国度的神圣真理之路。你的生活就是我们的方向，我们效法你的忍耐，向你走去，得享冠冕圆满。主啊，若你未曾走在我们之前指引我们，谁有勇气追随呢？如果没有你的光辉作榜样，又有多少人会畏葸不前？如今，我们虽然常常听闻你的教诲和神迹，却还是漠不关心，若是没有你的光明指引，我们现在又会怎样？

第十九章　论忍受创伤和耐心的证明

基督：我儿啊，你在说什么？想想我赎罪之功和许多圣贤所受之苦，就不要抱怨了。你还没有抵抗到流血的地步；和先圣们所受的种种困苦、诱惑、磨炼相比，你承受的微不足道。所以，不要忘记别人所受的沉重苦难，你就会忍受自己的微小困难了。如果你自认为所受的苦并非轻微，或许是因为你没有耐心忍受吧。因此，无论苦难是大是小，都要耐心忍受。

你愈充分准备迎接痛苦，你的行为就愈加明智，你的奖赏就愈丰盛。你的内心愈勤于准备承受痛苦，你就愈觉得它容易忍受。不要说："我不能忍受某人所强加于我的那些。"也不要说："我也不该受此冤屈，因为他所做的事极大地伤害了我，他指控我的罪行是我连想都没有想过的，也许出于其他人，我会接受，将这视为理所应当。"这样的想法实在愚昧，因为你无视忍耐的美德和赐予你这一美德的上帝，却只计较得罪你的人，以及你所忍受的恶行。

如果只是甘愿承受自己认为好的苦和自己所喜悦的人带来的苦，那不算真正的忍耐。真有忍耐之心的人不在意是谁带来痛苦，不论是尊者，是同侪，或是下人，也不论是善良圣洁的人，或是乖戾邪恶的人。无论困扰他的痛苦有多严重、有多频繁，无论那痛苦从何而来，他都欣然接受，认为自己受益匪浅，好像那些痛苦都是上帝的恩赐一样。

如果你想要获胜，就要时刻准备战斗；未曾经历磨难，就不能享有忍耐的冠冕；你若拒绝苦难，你就等于拒绝冠冕。因此，你若渴望冠冕，就必须勇敢作战，坚持到底。没有劳苦，无所谓休息；没有战争，也无所谓胜利。

门徒：主啊，让你的恩典助我一臂之力，完成我天生办不到的事。你了解，我只能承受微小的苦，每当轻微的患难加身时，我便很快地跌倒了。以你之名，我祈求你，能让我以苦为乐，因你而受苦，这将对我的灵魂大有裨益。

第二十章　论自身弱点和今生的考验

门徒：主啊，我要忏悔我的罪孽，承认我的弱点。我经常只因一点小事而忧愁沮丧。我决定要勇敢行事，但是一旦遇到微小的诱惑，我便立刻感到窘困。有时原本是一点小事，最终竟因此变成更大的诱惑。当我认为自己稳妥无忧时，却几乎被一阵轻风吹倒。

主啊，求你看顾我的卑微和弱点，这些你全都知道。请怜悯我，拯救我脱离泥潭，我就不至于深陷其中，一蹶不振。在你面前，我常感灰心惭愧，那是因为我总是轻易跌倒，无力抵抗情欲。尽管我并非完全屈服于那些诱惑，但它们不断地困扰我，我十分厌倦过这矛盾冲突的生活。我亦深知我的弱点，因为邪念易于闯入我的内心，却挥之不去。

全能的以色列上帝啊，深爱信徒灵魂的主，祈祷你顾念你仆人的劳苦和忧愁，求你在所有的事上助他一臂之力。求你赐予他天上的勇气让他更加强大，以防我那邪恶的旧敌——那仍未完全归顺于灵魂的肉体，将会占得上风。因此，只要我一息尚存，就要在苦难的此生与之战斗。唉，这是何等悲惨的一生啊，患难愁苦无休无尽，陷阱和仇敌随处可见。一个患难或诱惑刚过去，第二个又随之而来，甚至有时先前的战斗还未结束，新的仇敌又出现了，数不胜数，防不胜防。

此生如此痛苦，多灾多难，我们怎能爱慕它呢？它带来多少死亡与疼痛，又怎能被称为生活呢？但是人们仍然爱它，多少人仍然追求其中的乐趣。人们虽然常常指责世俗的虚伪浮华，可是仍然不肯舍弃世俗，因为肉体的情欲还具有很强的支配力量。这个世界有其惹人喜爱之处，同时也有可憎之处。肉体的情欲，眼目的情欲和今生的骄傲都深深吸引着我们，但紧随其后的痛苦忧愁也足以令我们心生厌恶。

顺从世俗的人，他的心已被扭曲的快乐所占据，以荆棘中的生活为喜悦，这是因为他未曾尝过上帝的甜蜜和神圣的欢愉。只有淡薄世俗，虔心顺从圣律的人，才能品尝些许上帝许诺给一切弃世者的甜蜜，才能知晓这世俗是何等的荒谬和虚伪。

第二十一章　何以安息于上帝，超越一切

门徒：主超越一切，又在一切之中。啊，我的灵魂，因为主才是众圣徒永恒的安息。

祈祷

最敬爱的耶稣啊！祈求你使我超越一切的受造之物，在你那里得享安息；超越健康和美丽、超越所有荣耀和名誉、超越权力和尊贵、超越知识和技艺、超越名声和赞美、超越喜乐和安慰、超越希望和前途、超越功绩和欲望，超越你赐予我们的所有恩典，超越心中能设想和感知的所有喜悦与激动，超越天使、天使长和众天军，超越一切有形和无形的事物，超越上帝本身之外的一切。

主啊，我的上帝，你超越了一切；唯有你是至高无上，无所不能，最富足美好的，你给予他人最多的安慰。你是最美丽、最光荣的，一切美好都源于你，无论过去，现在，还是将来。因此，除非我能见到你，完完全全拥有你，否则和你相比，你所赐予我的，启示应允我的一切都

极为渺小，不尽如人意。因为，我的心不能安息，也不完全满足，除非它安息在你那里，超越一切恩典和受造之物。

耶稣基督，我灵魂的伴侣啊，纯洁的爱人，创造万物的神啊，但愿我有自由的双翼，可以飞向你，安息在你那里。主啊，上帝，我何时才能完全解脱，享受心中的宁静，亲眼看见你的荣美呢？我何时才能被你想起？想起我因为爱你而忘却自己，只记得你，以一种不为人知的、超乎一切感官和想象的方式？而现在我仍时常叹息，为悲惨的命运而闷闷不乐。因为在这痛苦的山谷中常有祸患困扰阻挠我，引诱迷惑我，使我不能自由地走向你，获得你赐予有福之灵魂的拥抱。

耶稣啊，你是永恒荣耀的光辉，带给朝圣者灵魂的安慰。请听我呐喊，倾听我的忧伤。在你面前，我口中默默无声，让沉默替我言明一切。主迟迟不来，要拖延多久呢？主啊，请来到你可怜卑贱的仆人这里，令我心中喜悦，愿你伸出手来，拯救你可怜的仆人脱离苦难。来吧，主，快来吧！若没有你，我将得不到喜乐的时光，若没有你，我的餐桌就没有客人，因为只有你是我真正的喜乐。我生来不幸，好似身负镣铐的囚犯，直到你出现，用你的圣光驱散我的阴霾，像朋友一样关怀我。让别人追求他们所喜爱的吧，至于我，没有别的东西可以或将会令我欢喜，唯有你，我的上帝，是我的盼望，是我永远的救赎。我将不再沉默，也不会停止祷告，直到你的恩惠再次降临，内心因你的声音再次欢跃。

基督：看啊，我在这里，我听到了你的呐喊，来到你身边。你的眼泪、你灵魂的渴望、你的谦卑，和你心中的忏悔，打动了我，引我到你面前来。

门徒：主啊，我曾经呼唤你，也渴望你。我决心为你舍弃一切，因为你最先触动我，让我寻求你。所以，主啊，愿赞美归于你，因为你善待你的仆人，赐予他们众多恩惠。你的仆人在你面前还有什么可说的

呢？他只能谦卑俯伏在你面前，永远承认他自己的罪孽和邪恶而已。因为你无与伦比，胜过天堂和尘世一切的奇迹。你所做的全是良善，你的审判客观公正，你掌管着万物一切。愿赞美荣耀都归于你，啊，智慧之父！愿我的灵魂，我的肉体以及一切受造之物都同声赞美你。

……

第二十三章　论得享安宁的四件事

基督：我儿啊，我现在要指引你获得安宁和真正自由的办法。

门徒：主啊，我恳求你，请指引我。我渴望了解啊。

基督：我儿啊，要决心实现他人而不是自己的意愿。

总要愿意取少，不可贪多。

总要喜居低位，处身众人之下。

要常常祈求上帝的旨意能够完全成就于你身上。

这样做的人将永享平和与心灵的安宁。

门徒：主啊，你这简短的训言，包含了完善内心的全部奥秘。我若能忠实地遵守此言，定不被烦恼所困扰。无论何时我感到内心不安和沮丧时，我发觉那是因为我背离了您的箴言。万物都由你掌管，你总是渴望不断完善我们的灵魂。祈求你多施恩于我，帮助我遵照你的旨意，进而实现我的救赎。

抵抗邪念的祷告

主啊，我的上帝，求你不要遗弃我；请记住我的需要，因为我心生

邪念，灵魂充满恐惧，求你快快帮助我。我要怎样克服它而不受其损害呢？我要如何击败它呢？您曾说，“我将先于你，让傲慢之主谦卑地俯伏于地。我要打开牢狱的门，启示你那长久隐藏的奥秘。”主啊，照你所说的成全吧！但愿一切的邪念消失在你面前。这是我的希望，也是我的安慰，能够在患难时投奔你，深信你，从心底呼唤你，并耐心地等候你的安慰。

祈求内心曙光的祷告

慈悲的耶稣啊，请你将光芒照耀我心，驱除我心中圣所的幽暗。求你压制我心中任性的想法，击碎那些猛攻我的诱惑。求你与我一同战斗，征服兽性的恶欲。使我能够依靠你的能力，获得平安，并使赞美你的声音得以重闻于纯洁的内心圣殿。请命令狂风和暴雨、咆哮的大海、怒吼的北风都平静下来吧。求你发出光辉和真理，普照大地，因为若非你照亮我，我就不过如未经铸型的无用的泥土一般。求你从天上沛降恩霖，滋润我的心；求你赐下虔诚的甘泉，洗涤大地，使它结出善良完美的果实来。求你启迪我因罪而负荷沉重的心，让我全心全意仰望天堂的事，人若曾体会过天堂永恒的滋味，就不会留恋世俗的享乐。求你救我脱离邪恶之物产生的短暂慰藉，因为这都不能真正安慰我，让我如愿以偿。请用爱让我与你紧密相连，因为只有你能让爱你的人得到灵魂的满足，如果没有你，这尘世便毫无意义。

第二十四章　论好奇心之恶

基督：要避免不必要的好奇心。我儿啊，不要多管闲事。那些事与你有何干呢？你跟随我吧！别人是好是坏，所言所行，与你有何关系呢？你无须担心他人之事，只要你对自己完全负责，所以你为什么要给自己找麻烦呢？我了解每一个人，普天之下无所不知。我明白每一个人的情况——他的思想、他的欲望，以及他的目的。因此，你要完全信任我，心中坚守着宁静。让麻烦的人困扰自己，承受报应，因为他不能够

欺骗我。

切勿祈求青睐，渴望关注，或与人产生特别亲密的感情。因为这些事使你分心，充满不安。你若常常打开你的心门等候我，我必乐意和你说话，向你启示我的奥秘。请时刻准备，守候和祷告，最重要的是，要谦卑自守。

第二十五章　论内心长久平安与灵性真正进步

基督：我曾经说过："我留下平安给你们，我将我的平安赐给你们，我所赐的，不像世人所赐的。"[23]人人都希望得到平安，但是却没有人关注那些能真正带来平安的事。我的平安与谦卑温柔的心同在，所以你若想获得平安就必须忍耐。你若肯听从我，遵照我的旨意，你就能得到真正的平安。

门徒：主啊，我该怎样做呢？

基督：你要谨慎对待你的一生及你的所言所行。专心致志于取悦我，只追寻、渴望我。不要轻率判断别人的行为，也不要在没有托付你的事上找麻烦，如果你遵照我的意思，就不会多受精神上的困扰。但不要设想你此生毫无困扰，或不必经受身心的痛苦，因为，只有永恒的安息，才能实现真正的平安。所以，当你觉得没有困难时，切不可以为你已经得到了真正的平安；当你不遭反对时，也不要以为万事都将如你所愿；即使一切顺意，也不要以为万事完美无缺。当你承蒙恩典，心中火热幸福时，你切不可傲慢固执，自以为独享上帝盛宠，因为这并不证明你真正爱主，也不决定你灵魂的进步。

门徒：主啊，那取决于什么呢？

基督：取决于你全心遵行上帝的旨意，无论大事小事，现在或永远，都不妄自擅行。如果你完全照此行事，那么无论顺境逆境，你都将

同样愉悦地感激上帝，并欣然接受上帝安排的一切。你要勇敢坚强，坚定不移，即使内心失去安慰，也要准备迎接更大的考验。不可自以为义，以为你不应当遭受如此的痛苦，而是要相信我的一切安排都秉承公义，并赞扬我的圣名。这样的话，你就踏上了真正平安的圣道，我必将再与你相见，赐予你喜悦。只要你心怀谦卑之心，我必允诺你此世得到极大的平安。

第二十六章　论自由之心的优越

门徒：主啊，一个寻求完善的人必将时刻关注天堂的事作为首要任务。只有这样，他才能在世事纷纭之中，逍遥无累，不像毫无才智的人不知道危险正在降临，而是拥有强大的自由内心，不留恋于外物。

最慈悲的上帝，我恳求你保护我脱离尘事世务的缠累和肉体情欲的沉溺，以及一切灵性的障碍，使我不被它们打败击垮。我并不祈求免于世俗所追求的虚荣，而是祈求能远离那烦扰、妨碍灵魂的痛苦，那是对所有尘世之人的诅咒。它们常常阻碍我的灵性，让我不能随时获得灵魂真正的自由。主啊，我的上帝，求你为我将一切肉体的安乐变成痛苦，因为这些时常引诱我离开对你永恒的爱，并利用一时的全部欢愉，邪恶地引诱我。主啊，求你不让血肉之躯战胜我，不让尘世暂时的荣耀欺骗我，也不让魔鬼和他的诡计陷害我。求你赐我力量可以抵抗，赐我耐心可以忍受，也赐我恒心可以坚持。我不求你赐我世上的一切福乐，只求你赐我圣灵的丰盛恩典，用你的爱取代尘世一切的欢乐。一个热忱于上帝的灵魂不愿意过多关注吃穿用度和其他生理需要。求你使我有节制地享受它们，不至于过分在意它们。完全不顾这些东西固然是不对的，因为身体本身需要存活；但是贪多纵欲，却为圣律所禁，因为那样，肉体便要反叛灵魂。所以，我恳求你，请你于方方面面指引我，管控我，使我总能自律节制。

……

第二十八章　抵制诽谤

基督：我儿啊，若有人诋毁你，说你所不愿听的话，不要放在心上。应当认为自己比他们想象得更严重，也比任何人都更软弱。如果你的内心世界足够强大，就不至于受流言蜚语影响了！大智之人，在被邪恶纠缠的日子中总是保持安静，而且全心向主，不为人言所动。

不要让他人的言语影响你心中的平安，因为不论他们对你的批评是好是坏，你都不会改变自己本来的样子。真正的平安和喜乐只在我里面。那些不急切地取悦他人，也不怕触怒他人的人，才能获得真正的平安。心中一切的不安和纷扰，都源于纷乱的情绪和没来由的恐惧。

第二十九章　患难之时如何祈求赞美上帝

门徒：你的圣名应当永远受称颂，主啊！我知道正是因为你的旨意，诱惑与患难才会降临到我身。我不能逃避患难，但却必须投奔于你寻求帮助，化患难为喜乐。主啊，我心中忧痛，心绪不宁，正深受痛苦。

亲爱的父啊，我还要说什么呢？我正在困难之中，求你救我脱离这日子。我之所以遇此患难的日子，正是为了你的荣耀，我深知只有你才能救我脱离这苦海。你的慈爱，请救救我，主啊！我如此无助，又能做什么？没有你的帮助，我能去往何方？即使受此考验，主啊，请赐予我耐心。你助我一臂之力，我将无所畏惧，无论承受多少苦难。

此刻正处苦难，我衷心祈祷，主啊，“愿你的旨意成就。”这些痛苦乃是我所应得。我必耐心忍受此患难，直至安然度过这暴风雨。我的上帝，慈悲的主啊，你曾多次救我，我知道你的全能可以消除对我的考验，减轻我的痛苦，我就不至完全崩溃。考验越艰难，至高的主啊，你就越容易改变我的道路。

第三十章　切求神佑笃信主恩

基督：我儿啊，患难时，我是赐予你力量的主。你若内心挣扎就要到我这里来。最能阻碍你得到天上的安慰的，是你太过迟缓的祷告。因为你在求我之前，总是先向外物寻求慰藉，期望他们来消除你的困扰。直到所有外物都于事无补时，你才想起我是救世主，所有信仰我的人都能得到救赎。除我之外，再无有效的帮助，再无明智的忠告，也无长久的救法。但是，现在暴风雨既已过去，你就要在我的慈光之中恢复你的力量。因为我在此会将一切恢复原状，不仅丝毫未变，而且还要慷慨地、足足地加赐于你。

对于我，有何难成的事么？难道我像是不履行诺言的人么？你的信心在何处？你只要坚定不移，坚持不懈，勇敢、忍耐，到了合适的时候，安慰自然会降临于你。要耐心等候我，我必来救治你。诱惑不过是考验——不必担心恐惧。忧虑只会给你徒增烦恼，“一天的难处一天当就够了”。[24]为将来苦恼或欣喜都徒劳无益，因为这些事也许未必发生。

人的内心常易受这些假象的欺骗，但被恶魔的言语欺骗则可证明人精神软弱。魔鬼欺骗你时并不在意此事是真还是假，也不在乎击垮你的是对现在的留恋还是对未来的恐惧。所以，不要令你的内心因此而纷乱或害怕。只要信赖我，完全信赖我的慈爱。当你以为自己离我甚远的时候，常常就是我最靠近你的时候。当你以为自己将要一败涂地时，常常就是你将得到丰盛赏赐的时候。事与愿违并非完全的失败。你不可任一时的感觉模糊自己的判断，也不要忧愁绝望，好像所有的希望都不复存在一样。

如果我暂时让你承受些许的患难考验，或带走你所渴慕的喜悦，请不要认为我已完全抛弃了你；因为这是走向天国的必经之路。毫无疑问，历经艰难比万事顺意，更能锻炼你以及我所有的仆人。我知道你心

中的秘密，在凡事顺利的境况中，你就会骄傲自满，沾沾自喜地认为自己比实际的样子更好。正因如此，有时让你身处窘境，对你有益无害。我可以收回我所赐予的恩典，也可以选择何时重新施恩于你。

我所赐的安慰，依然归属于我，当我收回时，也并不是取走属于你的东西，因为一切至善与完全的恩惠都是我的！我若加你痛苦，或是任何困难，请不要愤愤不平、垂头丧气；因为我能迅速帮你，将你一切的苦楚化为喜悦。尽管如此，我却深藏不露，你应赞美我。

假若你睿智聪明，正确判断，你永远不会绝望或气馁。反之，如果我用苦难折磨你，不放过你，你应该感到高兴和感激，并以忧患归为喜悦。我对我亲爱的门徒说过："我爱你们，正如父爱我一样。"[25]我差遣他们出去，决非为让他们享受尘世的快乐，而是要他们艰苦奋斗；并非为让他们赢得荣耀，而是受人藐视；并非让他们悠闲自得，而是辛苦劳作；并非让他们放松休息，而是耐心地孕育累累硕果。

第三十一章　论放弃万物寻求造物主

门徒：主啊，我还需要更大的恩惠，求你使我达到没有任何人或事物可以阻碍我进步的境界。因为如果有任何事物拖累我，我就不能自由地走向你。那些渴望自由飞到你面前的人说："但愿我有翅膀像鸽子，我就飞去，得享安息。"[26]有谁能比目标纯一的人更能获得安静呢？有谁能比不留恋尘世的人更逍遥自在呢？所以，执着于精神的人应该超越万物，完全舍弃自己，清楚地认识到任何受造之物都不能和造物主相提并论。除非一个人能超脱万物，否则他就不能全身心关注上帝的事。我们之所以很少看见沉默好思的人，就是因为没有几个人能完全超越昙花一现的受造之物。

若要超越自己的束缚，就需要承蒙更多的恩典，提高自己的灵命。除非具有超脱的心，无累于物，且完全与上帝合而为一，否则他的所知

所有都毫无价值。如果一个人除了关注唯一至高永恒的上帝之外，还留恋其他的事物，他的内心就必将保持卑劣低下。因为除上帝以外，一切事物都是虚空，也应该被视为虚空。一个虔诚受教于上帝之人的智慧，和一个博学勤读之人的知识，有很大的差别。源于上帝的神圣启示比刻苦学到的知识要高贵得多。

有许多人渴望沉思带来的恩典，但是很少有人不辞劳苦地践行沉思所必需的要求。如果我们致力于外形和感觉的事物，却不顾完善对自己的约束，那将是很大的阻碍。我不知道出于何种原因，是何动机，我们这些所谓属灵的人常常致力费心于琐碎日常的事物，却极少专心致志于思考自己的内心生活。

唉，短暂的思考过后，我们便立即停止，转而去关注外在的事物，而且我们也不曾细察我们的生活究竟如何。我们不关注我们的热爱究竟所在何处，也没有因我们整个人生的罪恶而感到愧疚。正是因为人们的恶性，上帝才引洪水而来。如果我们内心败坏了，所产生的行为也必定邪恶。这也证明人类内在力量的薄弱；只有纯净的内心才能生出神圣的果实。

我们常常谈论一个人的成就，却很少关注他生活的原则。我们常常问他是否勇敢、俊美、富有、聪慧，是否笔下生花、声如天籁、兢兢业业，但是他是否虚心、忍耐、温柔、虔诚、属灵，却无人问津。人的天性只知看重人的外在，上帝的恩典却看重人的内心品性。表象常常误导他人，令人失望，而关注内心的人才能得蒙恩典，不至于受欺骗。

第三十二章　论舍己与弃绝欲望

基督：我儿啊，获得完全自由的唯一办法就是要舍弃自己。那些只求私利、自爱的人，都是作茧自缚，是自己欲望的奴隶。他们贪心、好奇、不满足，游手好闲，为凡事所扰，却不服侍耶稣基督。这必然不能

长久，因为凡不属于上帝的事物都必归于灭亡。

遵循这简明的箴言：舍弃一切，你才会得到一切；弃绝欲望，你才会获得安宁。你要好好思索这句话，当你做到时，你就会明白其中的一切。

门徒：主啊，这不是一日之功所能成，也不是儿戏之事，这句简短的话语包含了所有完善灵魂之道。

基督：我儿啊，听到这完善灵魂之道，不要感到胆怯沮丧，远离你的目标。而要更加勉励自己，要全力以赴追求这一崇高的目标，至少要用心尝试。我真愿意你能达到那样的境界：不再爱自己，只听从我和我所指派的神父的旨意，这样，你就一定能令我喜悦，你的整个生活也必将充满喜悦并获得平安。但是你还有许多事必须割舍，你若不将它们完全献给我，就不能从我这里得到你祈求的东西。我劝你向我买火炼的金子，让自己拥有天上的智慧，舍弃尘世的事物，变得真正富足。要对尘世的智慧不屑一顾，不试图取悦于他人或是你自己。

我说过，要把看似贵重荣耀的事物换成人们不屑一顾的事物。但是天上真正的智慧对于他们似乎一文不值，几乎为他们所遗忘。因为这种智慧不自大，也不求在尘世受人尊崇。固然有许多人在言语上尊敬它，但是在他们实际生活中却无足轻重。然而，这是一颗宝贵的珍珠，只是没有人认识它的价值。

第三十三章　论人心无常

基督：我儿啊，不要信赖你的感情，因为它瞬息万变，不能持久。你在世活一天，你便一天身处在改变之中，即使你自己不愿意，也无可奈何，所以你有时快乐，有时悲伤；有时安静，有时烦躁；有时虔诚，有时冷淡；有时热切，有时怠慢；有时严肃，有时轻浮。但是真正的智

者和熟知圣灵的人，却以不变应万变，不顾暂时的感觉和兴致，总能集中全部心志于那正直至善的目标。因此，在变幻的世态中，他能始终如一，坚贞不移，他的心只归属于我。

人的目标愈纯一，他愈能稳妥地度过人生的风波。但很多时候，这单纯的目标受到迷惑，因为人们的注意力总是随时为眼前有趣的事情吸引，能完全超脱自私和牵累的人，在此世上绝无仅有。犹太人到伯大尼的马大和马利亚的家中，并非为耶稣的缘故，却是要看拉撒路。[27]所以，你们的动机要纯一、简单、正直，那才是唯一能够通向我的坦途。

……

第三十六章　不顾无稽之谈

基督：我儿啊，你要全心全意依靠主。只要良心证明你是尽职而且纯洁的，就不要畏惧他人的无稽之谈。如此受人批评，乃是美好而且快乐的事，一个谦卑、信赖上帝、不依靠自己的人，对于这样的批评丝毫不以为意。很多人高谈阔论，不要理会他们。况且，我们不可能让所有人都满意。圣保罗[28]也曾想努力取悦上帝面前的所有人，造福所有人，但他很少关注别人怎么诋毁他。他竭尽全力，担负起造就人、拯救人的重任，且坚持不懈，可是他仍旧无法逃避被人批评和藐视。所以，他就把一切交托于无所不知的上帝，以忍耐和谦卑替自己辩护，抵抗那不公正的指控、子虚乌有的谎言和诽谤者的无稽之谈。然而有时他也起来回复他人的责难，以免祸水因他的缄默而被引到弱者身上。

你为何畏惧必死之人呢？他今天还在，明天就会消失。你只要敬畏上帝，就不必恐惧他人了。人的言语或行为又如何能中伤于你呢？他不能伤害你，却只伤害他自己罢了，而且无论他是谁，都不能逃避上帝的审判。你只要面前时刻有上帝在，就不必与毁谤的言语相争辩。即使目前看来你似乎被击败，且蒙受不应得的羞辱，但请你不要怨愤或动怒，

免得因急躁失掉本应得的赏赐。相反，你要举目仰天看我，我能够洗雪你一切羞辱和冤屈，并依照每个人的德行，赐予恩典。

第三十七章　舍己如何带来内心的自由

基督：我儿啊，你要舍弃自己，才会寻见我。不为自己选择什么，也不寻求私有，你就必常常受益匪浅。因为当你毫不留恋地舍弃自己而皈依我时，就会得到更大的恩典。

门徒：主啊，我要多久舍弃自己一次呢？又当如何舍己呢？

基督：要不断地舍弃自己，每时每刻都舍己，小事大事都舍己。我对你没有别的要求，只要你完全超脱自我：除非你完全舍弃个人意志，否则你如何归属于我呢？我又如何成为你的呢？你愈早舍己，对你就愈好，你愈完全真诚地舍己，就愈能取悦我，你受益也就愈大。

有些人不肯完全奉献，因为他们不完全信奉上帝，所以总为自己打算。还有些人起初完全奉献自己，但是后来受了诱惑，就重回原来的状态。因此，他们的德行没有丝毫进展，也不会获得内心真正的自由，或是我的恩典，除非他们先完全归顺，并且天天奉献。否则，他们与我之间就不会建立有效的联系，更不会持久。

我曾经多次和你说过，现在我将再说一次：你要舍己献身，才会获得内心的平安。舍弃你所有的一切，不求所得，不计报酬，只要你坚定地信赖我，你就必然得享我，并得到内心的自由，心灵也不会被黑暗所蒙蔽。努力实现此事，虔诚祷告此事，只期望如此——你就将超脱一切的自私，纯洁地跟随耶稣，向你自己死去，却向我永远活着。那时，一切的妄想、恶念、忧虑都将化为乌有；那时，一切恐惧与不安都将离开你，迷乱的情欲也将灰飞烟灭。

第三十八章　合理安排我们的俗事

基督：我儿啊，当你应对一切外界的事物时，都要努力使内心获得自由，成为自己的主人，令万事万物做你的奴仆，绝不可受制于他们。只有这样，你才能做行动的主人，而不会沦为它们的仆人或奴隶；你才能成为一个真正自由的人，一个真正的基督徒，享有上帝之子的自由和天命。因为上帝的儿子们必定超脱现世的事物，思考永恒的事物，在他们真实的光明中看待俗世和天堂的事物。尘世的事物不能牵累他们，相反地，他们却能使尘世万物依照上帝的旨意服务于他们，因为上帝所造的万物无不遵守一定的秩序。

无论在何种情况下，都要坚定不移。不要和凡人一样凭借外表和道听途说来判断事情，却要像摩西[29]一样，无论何事都进入会幕[30]，求问于上帝。有时你能得到上帝的回答，当你从那里回来时，不论对于现在或将来，你都将了然于胸。摩西每逢有疑问的时候，就必进入会幕求助于上帝，每逢遇到天灾人祸，就借着祷告祈求上帝保护身处险境、虎狼环绕的自己。所以，你也应以他为榜样，效法他，从心底虔诚地恳求上帝的帮助。我们在圣经上读过，约书亚和以色列人受基遍人的欺骗，那正是由于他们事先没有求问上帝，轻信了基遍人动听的言语，被他们虚假的虔诚所误导。[31]

第三十九章　不必过分忧虑

基督：我儿啊，你要将所有事都托付于我，我必将适时为你安排妥当。你要等候我的安排，你必将发现一切都为让你受益。

门徒：主啊，我时刻准备将所有事都交托于你，因为我的判断毫无价值。只希望我不必那样忧虑将来的事，全心奉献自己，只求你的喜悦。

基督：我儿啊，人们常常不遗余力地设法得到他们想要的东西，但是当他达到目的后，就开始动另外的念头了。因为人的欲望并不是一成

不变，往往从一个目标转向下一个更高的目标。所以人若能在最小的事上舍己，绝对令他受益匪浅。真正灵性的进步在于舍己，凡是舍己的人必将获得真正的自由与平安。但是魔鬼总是与善为敌的，它不停地试探我们，日夜埋伏等候，欺骗陷害那些不积极防备的人。所以，“总要儆醒祷告，免得入了迷惑”。[32]

第四十章　人类毫无良善值得夸耀

门徒：“主啊，人算什么，你竟顾念他，世人算什么，你竟眷顾他？”[33]人有何功德，配受你所赐的恩典呢？主啊，即使你舍弃我，我也毫无怨言。即使你不应允我所求所想，我也不与你争论。我实在只能这样想，这样说：“主啊，我一无所有，我也不能做任何事，我自己毫无良善，一无是处。除非你指引我的内心赐予我力量，否则我将变得不堪一击，无助绝望。”

主啊，你亘古不变，永远良善、公平和圣洁，要求万事都良善、公平和圣洁，且以智慧安排一切。但是我却容易倒退，难于进步，不能恒久如一，时常改变。然而，你若愿屈尊伸手助我，我必将改过自新；因为只有你能不借人力就帮助我，赐予我力量，我就不会多变无常，而是全身心归属于你，安息于你。尘世的任何人都无法安慰我，我若能完全舍弃人间一切的安乐——无论是以此增益我的虔诚，还是因为自身需要迫使我追寻你——我就可完全信赖你的恩典，愉快地享受你赐予的新的安乐。

每当一切顺意时，我必将感谢你，因为一切都得益于你。在你面前，我不过是虚无，一个软弱无常的凡人罢了。因此，我有何值得夸耀的呢？有何令人尊敬的呢？难道夸自己一无所有？可见自夸毫无意义。空夸实在是罪恶，无聊之极，因为它使人不能获得真正的荣耀，夺走了他神圣的恩宠。所以只要他自鸣得意，就不会令你喜悦；只要他渴望受人称赞，就失去了真正的美德。真正的荣耀和喜悦在于令你荣耀而不是

他自己；应因你的名喜乐，却不是因为自己的力量而沾沾自喜；除了因为你的缘故之外，不要因其他受造之物而高兴。愿颂赞归于你的名，而不要归于我；我将尊崇你的作为，而不是我自己的，我将称颂你神圣的美名。我不渴求尘世之人的赞誉。只有你是我的荣耀，是我心中唯一的喜乐。我将时刻赞美你，以你为荣耀，至于我自己，除了我的弱点之外，别无可夸耀之处。让犹太人彼此求得荣耀，而我只寻求上帝赐予的荣耀。因为一切人间的荣耀，一切尘世的荣誉，一切世俗的尊贵，若与你永恒的荣耀相比，都不过是虚无和愚蠢罢了。该受赞美的三位一体的真神啊，上帝啊，真理啊，慈爱啊，愿赞誉、尊贵、权力和荣耀都归于你，永无穷尽。

第四十一章　论轻视尘世的虚荣

基督：我儿啊，你若看见别人享有荣誉，步步高升，你却受人轻视，你切勿因此沮丧悲伤。只要全心向主，世人的藐视就不会令你忧虑。

门徒：主啊，我们是盲目的，易受虚妄之事物的欺骗。如果我认真审视我的生活，就会发现没有什么人曾经得罪过我，我有何权利抱怨呢？但是，因为我常常得罪你，所以理应承受万人的攻击。所以，羞辱、藐视是我该得的。但是对你，主啊，你应得到颂赞、尊贵和荣耀。除非我准备以愉快之心，乐意受任何人藐视、厌弃，甘心被人看为完全虚无，否则我就不能得到内心的平安和安稳，也不能得到精神上的启迪，而与你完全合一。

第四十二章　平安不取决于人

基督：我儿啊，你若将平安寄托在你的爱人或朋友身上，你的心将始终漂泊不定，为他所累。但是你若信赖永恒不变的真神，即使朋友离开你，或死亡，也不能使你忧伤。你对于朋友的感情应当建立在我的基

础上，凡你所敬所爱的人，你都要因为我而爱他们。如果没有我，友谊就没有力量，也不会天长地久。凡不是由我赐福而结合的，他们的爱情必不能真纯。就你自己而言，你应当因自己对所爱之人的感情而羞愧，以至于你会放弃一切友情，应甘心乐意避免一切人间的友谊。一个人越远离自己在尘世中的安慰，他就越靠近上帝。越轻视自己的人，在上帝面前就占据越高的地位。

凡自以为善的人，必得不着上帝的恩典，因为圣灵的恩惠只赐给谦卑的人。你若能完全克制自己，令自己不沉迷于尘世的爱恋，我必将丰盛的恩典赐予你。你若留恋受造之物，就必见不到造物者。你要学会在任何事中都因为爱上帝而克制自己，那样你才能得到上帝的智慧。即使是极微小的事，你若沉溺于其中，不能自拔，它就能阻碍你达到至善之境，玷污你的灵魂。

第四十三章　警惕世俗虚空的知识

基督：我儿啊，不要让人间美丽巧妙的言语动摇你的心，因为上帝之国不在乎言语，只在乎主的权能。要谨记我的话，因为它能燃烧你的心，照亮你的思想，使你产生悔过之心，带去一切安慰。永远不要为了让自己看上去更睿智、更博学而学习，要为了克服折磨你的原罪而学，因为这样你会收获更多，远超那掌握复杂问题的能力。

当你博览全书，涉猎广泛时，且要回归最本质的真理：我便是知识最初的源头，教会人类知识，使人类更加清澈醒悟，这是人所不能教的。凡是我所教的人就会很快地成为智者，在属灵的人生中进步。但是那些好奇人间奇异之事，而不在乎事奉我的人只会遭受痛苦。当合适的时候到来，万师之师，天使之主，基督就要显现，他将聆听所有人的人生事迹，考察他们每一个人的良心。那时他提着灯在耶路撒冷搜寻，黑暗中隐藏之事都要显露出来，众说纷纭也将终止。

我是启发谦卑之心的上帝，使谦卑的人豁然开朗，顿悟永恒的真理，胜过十年苦读。我的教诲默默无声，亦无纷纭众说，不求显达尊贵，没有困惑人心的辩论。我教导人轻视尘世之事，了解现世的困扰，寻求永恒之事，躲避荣誉，承受伤痛，寄一切希望于我，除我以外别无所求，且热爱我超乎一切之上。

曾经有一个人全心全意地爱我，学习我神圣的奥秘，富于激情地赞美我。比起这精深学习，舍弃一切让他获益更多。我对有的人教以平常之事，对另外的人又教以深奥之事，对有的人我用神迹和象征，但对那些已经开蒙的人，我会揭释我的奥秘。

一本书只有一种声音，但读者所获，却各有不同。只有我教授真理，找寻人心，鉴别行为，公正审判每个人。

第四十四章　论避免分心被扰

基督：我儿啊，你必须对许多事情不屑一顾；所以，当视自己为已向世界死去的人，世俗亦已将你钉在十字架上。此外，你应掩耳不听外面的事，却只思考使你平静的事。不理会有争议之事，不干涉人家的意见，置身事外远远胜过与人不断争辩。只要你享有上帝的恩典，全心全意执行主的旨意，和上帝之间有密切的关系，你就会很容易忍受表面的溃败。

门徒：主啊，我们怎么到了这个地步呢？我们哀伤尘世的损失，为蝇头小利而奔忙，却忽略了灵性上的损失，并很少想起这回事。我们只关注微小或甚至毫无益处的事，却忽视了那最要紧的事。如果人们的精力集中于外在的事物，还不迅速悔改，就将堕落其中。

第四十五章　切勿轻信他人

门徒：主啊，求你在患难之时帮助我，因为人的帮助是徒然的。我

常常沮丧，以为我自己能找到忠实的朋友，但是，实际上并非如此。但有时我丝毫没有期待会找到忠实朋友，却出乎意料找到了。所以，信赖人都是徒然的，只有你才能拯救我，主啊。无论我们身处怎样的境遇，都将赞美你，主啊，我的上帝。

我们是软弱无常的，容易受欺骗。无论是谁都不能在一切事上谨慎地保护自己而不陷入迷惑或被欺骗。只有信赖你，专心寻求你的人，才不易于挫败。无论他遭受了多大的苦难，他也不会深陷其中，你会第一时间拯救他，安慰他；因为你从不背弃信靠你的人，直到永远。共患难的朋友人间少有。但是主啊，只有你是永远忠诚的，无人能及。

圣徒（圣阿加莎）真是一个智者，他曾说"我的心坚定地扎根在基督里"。我若真能如此，就不会畏惧任何人，不为任何言语所动摇。我们不能预测未来之事，不能避免将来的祸患；而且，可预知的事情尚且常常将我们伤害，至于那些防不胜防的事情，岂不更加严重地伤害我们么？对于不幸，为何我们不早作准备呢？为何我们如此信赖别人呢？我们不过是凡人，虽然我们被人称作天使，可我们还是很软弱。主啊，我可以信任谁呢？除了你之外，还有谁呢？你是真理，不欺骗人，也不受欺骗。但是人都说谎，软弱、无常、不堪一击，尤其易于在言语上犯罪，所以，我们不应当轻信那些看似真实的事。

主警告我们当防备世人，真是何等的智慧。而且人的仇敌常常就是自己家里的人，所以若有人说"他在这儿"，或"他在那儿"，不要轻率相信。我的痛苦经验教导了我，我只希望自己能吸取教训，更加认真，克服愚蠢。有人对我说："记住，我所告诉你的，不得说与旁人。"于是我缄默地保守秘密，不料他自己却不能保守，把我和他自己一齐出卖了，按照他自己的主意行事。主啊，求你保护我远离这种人，不让我落在他们的手中，更不让我自己犯同样的过失。求你使我在言语上诚实、可信，远离巧舌之人。我所恶于人的弱点，我应当竭尽全力使自己避免。

不论断他人，不轻信人言，也不散布消息，这是何等的美德和安宁啊！知心之友不多，我们应时常寻求察看人心的上帝。我们不要人云亦云，而要祈祷我们一生，不论是内心的或是身外的，都照你的旨意成就。

轻视表象，改进生活，陶冶灵魂，而非迎合世俗，就必然获得上天的恩典。

许多人因为公众的名气、轻薄的赞扬而深受其害。只有在此转瞬即逝而又充斥着诱惑和争端的一生中静默保守，才能获得最有力的恩典。

……

第五十一章　无力从事高级工作，就应承担谦卑的任务

基督：我儿啊，你不能自己总保持善良的愿望和沉思的乐境，你不时将会受原罪的驱使，堕落于低级的生活中，承受现世的苦楚和重担。只要你是凡人，你就不能避免心中的疲倦和忧愁。所以，你此生将时常由于肉体的负担而悲哀，因为它使你不能完全致力于属灵的生活和神圣的沉思。

这样的事一旦发生，明智的办法是投身于卑微的外在事务中，借善行重塑自我。同时坚定等候我的来临和恩眷，耐心忍受灵魂的孤苦无依，直到我再度来临，解除你一切的痛苦。那时你必将忘记之前的劳苦，得获内心的宁静。我将在你面前揭示圣经的妙处，你的内心将遵行我的诫命，获得自由。那时你会说："现世的苦楚，若比起将来要属于我们的荣耀，就不足介意了。"[34]……

第五十三章　上帝的恩典不赐予恋慕尘世的人

基督：我儿啊，我的恩典是宝贵的，它不容许尘世的安慰与享乐和

它混为一谈。所以，你若愿得到此恩典，就必须先扫除遇到的所有障碍。要寻找一僻静之地，喜爱独居，不与人谈话，只向上帝热诚祷告，那样才能保持灵魂谦卑和良心纯洁。你要将全世界视为乌有，乐于事奉上帝，胜于一切。因为你不能一面侍奉我，同时又享受尘世的欢乐。你应该远离你的亲友，不依赖此世任何安慰。正因如此，使徒彼得曾劝告基督的信徒将自己视作现世的陌生人，如同客旅寄居一般。

人若丝毫不受尘世事物之累，他在面对死亡时，必定坦然无惧！灵命弱小的人不能明白丝毫无累的心境，追求名利的人也不能知道属灵之人的自由。但是人若想成为真正属灵的人，他就必须舍弃所有人，无论是朋友还是陌生人，还要防备自己胜于防备他人。你若完全克服了自己，就会轻易掌控一切。完全的胜利就在于征服自己。因为能控制自己的人，能使感性屈服于理性，而理性又屈从于我，这样的人既能征服自己，又能掌控世界。

如果你想达到这样的完善境界，就应勇敢尝试，根除恶源，舍弃一切隐藏的私欲和尘世的嗜好。因为这些万恶之根会引发其他恶行，我必须努力克服。只要此祸根得以清除，永恒的安宁就将随之而来。但是极少人竭尽全力完完全全地舍己，或完全超越自己；因此他们仍无法自拔，也不能在灵性上超越自己。凡是愿意自由地追随我的人，他就必须禁绝一切败坏的情欲，克制对尘世的恋慕。

第五十四章　论神恩与人性有别

基督：我儿啊，你要谨慎观察神恩与人性各自的驱动力，二者虽受不同原因驱动，表现却如此相近，即使是内心受圣灵光照的人，恐怕也很难辨别。事实上，凡人都渴望善行，他们在言语行为上也尽力表现德善，所以很多人被此表面的善行所欺骗。

人天性狡猾，许多人受其诱惑、欺骗，只求达到自己的目的。但是

神恩却是纯朴的，绝无丝毫罪恶的倾向，亦无半点欺骗，她所做的一切仅仅是纯粹地爱上帝，她最终的目的就是在上帝那儿得到安息。

人性不愿被压抑、被审视、被征服，不会轻易顺从或心悦诚服。但是神恩却努力克制自己，抵抗肉欲，喜居人下，甘心臣服于人。她并不期望享受自己的自由，却喜爱受管束，也不愿意统治其他人。只求常常活在上帝的旨意中，因为上帝的缘故，欣然俯伏于众人之下。

人性只求自己的利益，估量自己能从他人身上攫取多少好处；神恩却不图自己的利益和方便，讲求大众的利益。人性渴望荣誉，喜欢受人崇拜；神恩忠实地将一切荣耀都归于上帝。人性惧怕羞辱和藐视；神恩喜欢为耶稣的名受辱。人性喜欢空闲和肉体的安逸；神恩从不游手好闲，而是欣然迎接工作的到来。

人性喜欢稀罕美丽的事物，憎恶粗贱的东西；神恩喜欢简单朴素的东西，不轻看粗针大线，也不厌恶衣衫褴褛。人性看重尘世短暂的事物，获利则喜，损失则忧，不肯耐心忍受一点轻微的委屈；神恩看重永恒的事物，不受俗物之累，不因损失而忧，不以恶言而辱，因为一切财富与喜悦都已被安放于天堂，绝无损失之虑。

人性贪婪，乐于索取，不思奉献，喜欢将外物占为己有；神恩仁慈良善，慷慨大方，不求私利，且易于知足，又深知奉献比索取更为有福。人性使人倾向于外物——肉体、虚荣、心神不安；神恩将人引向上帝和善行，弃物、避世、恨恶肉体、禁绝交游，不与众人相见。人性渴望寻求外来的安慰，满足感官上的逸乐；神恩只追求上帝的安慰，喜悦至善而胜于一切有形之物。

人性行任何事都只为一己私利，不做无报酬的事，一旦施恩于人，必求相应或更高的报酬，或是称赞恩惠。但是神恩不求尘世的回报，除了上帝之外，也不望得其他报酬，不求生活所必需之上的享受，只求能

助其获得永恒的事物罢了。

人性喜欢呼朋唤友，夸耀自己尊贵的地位和高贵的出身，谄媚权贵、逢迎富豪、称赞与自己相似的人。但是神恩甚至亲爱仇敌，不夸朋友众多和高贵的出身，若非具有相当的德行亦不足重。神恩爱贫嫌富，与正派之人同道，厌恶权贵，喜欢诚实人，疏远诡诈者。神恩常常鼓励善人更进一步，追求更大的恩典，通过善行成为像上帝之子一样的人。

人性每遇困乏必生怨言；神恩却坚忍不拔，忍受贫穷。人性只为自己努力、奋斗，将凡事都归于自己的利益，喜欢为自己解释争辩；神恩把一切归于所出的上帝，不将任何长处归于自己，不妄自尊大，不争执，亦不固执己见。无论是内心还是知觉的力量，都归功于永恒的智慧和上帝的旨意。人性好奇，打探秘辛，喜听新闻，爱出人头地，满足于轰动一时。人性渴望受人认可，赢得赞誉和敬仰。但是神恩却不关注新闻和稀奇的事，因为这一切都出于人类古老的堕落行为，而世上没有新奇而恒久不变的事。

神恩教人如何禁绝感官，避免自满虚夸；如何谦卑地隐匿值得称羡的事；如何在所有的事物和知识中，求得好结果，并寻求上帝的赞美和荣光。神恩不愿受人称赞，只求上帝因其恩惠而受称颂，因为上帝所赐给人类的一切，皆出于纯粹的爱。

神恩是超然的光，是上帝的特别恩赐，是被选召者的记号，也是救赎的凭据，它使人脱离尘世，专爱天上的事物，脱离肉体，变成属灵的人。因此，人性愈受克制，神恩就愈加丰满，这样，内心每日领受上帝的新恩，每日都成为更像上帝形象的人。

第五十五章　论人性的堕落与神恩的力量

门徒：主啊，我的上帝，你曾照着你自己的形象创造了我，又赐予

我得救所必需的恩典，使我可以胜过诱我犯罪堕落的本性。我感觉到在我肉体中，犯罪的冲动与内心的原则格格不入，常常把我掳去服从肉体的情欲，我实在无法抵抗情欲，除非你的圣恩浇灌我心，助我一臂之力。

主啊，我需要你浩大的恩典，才能战胜那自幼就倾向于罪恶的本性。因为自从始祖亚当开始，人性就堕落，因罪而败坏，惩罚留给了全人类，所以你原本所创造的善良正直的人性，现在却变成堕落软弱的象征了，因为一旦被遗留下来，就倾向于深陷罪恶。仅存的能力不过是炉灰中的星星之火罢了。但这能力便是天赋的理性，它虽然受黑暗的蒙蔽，仍具有鉴别真伪善恶的能力。但是它力量微弱，不能实行它所认可的善行，也无法享受真理的全部光明，或是他自身的健全发展。

主啊，我的上帝，当我要内心随从你的戒律，深知你的诫命乃是良善、公义、圣洁，既谴责罪恶，又避免犯罪，但是我的肉体仍履行了罪恶的律法，服从了感性而非理性。所以，当我立志为善时，却发现自己无力遵行。我常常立志做许多善事，但是因为缺乏神恩相助来克服我的弱点，任何轻微的阻力，都令我沮丧挫败。所以，我虽然知道完善的路，也清楚地看见我应该做什么，但是因为受着堕落的本性所压制，在完善的道路上步履维艰。

主啊，一旦开始、持守并完善一件善事，我是多么急需你的恩典啊！若没有你的恩典，我将一无所成；但若是在你里面，借助你的恩典，一切将皆有可能。啊，真正的天恩啊，没有你，我们的德行毫无价值，本性的禀赋亦微不足道。主啊，没有你的恩典，任何艺术、财富、美丽、力量、聪明、才辩，都不值一提。因本性的禀赋为善人恶人所共有，但是恩典和爱心，却是赐予承蒙你选召之人的特殊恩典，凡带着这尊贵标记的人，就配享受永生。恩典如此神圣，若没有它，说预言，行神迹，以及高级的思考，都将毫无价值。若没有爱和恩典，即使有信

心、希望，以及其他的德行，也必得不到你的喜悦。

最神圣的恩典啊，它使心灵贫穷的人在道德上富足，使物质上富足的人心中谦卑。求你降临我心，让你的安慰充满我心，否则，我的灵魂将因内心的疲乏而枯萎。我恳求你，主啊，使我在你面前得此恩典，因为你的恩典足够我享用，纵使我得不到本性所渴望的事物，只要你的恩典与我同在，无论承受多少诱惑困苦，我都将无所畏惧。

你的恩典便是我的力量，我的导师，我的帮助。它比一切仇敌更强大，比一切智者更聪慧。你的恩典是真理的教师，教规的导师，内心的曙光，痛苦的安慰，它能驱除忧愁，赶走惧怕，培育忠心，驱使忏悔。如果没有恩典，我只是枯干的枝子，不结果子的树，只配为人所毁灭。所以，主啊，愿你的恩典常常指引我，跟随我，使我不断地献身善事，奉你的儿子耶稣基督之名。

阿门。

……

第五十七章　凡事不必沮丧

基督：我儿，在患难时的忍耐和谦卑，比在顺境中的快慰和热心，更能让我喜悦。你为什么因为微小的困难就这样忧愁呢？即使比这更大的灾祸，你也应该不为所动。随它去吧。它并非你初次的错误，也不是新奇的事。你若活得长久，它也不会是最后一次。在没有遭遇苦难时，你是勇敢无畏的。你能够劝勉他人，但是当患难忽然临到你的门口时，你自己的智慧和力量，却不见踪影。所以你要注意你自己的弱点，这弱点你常常可以从小事上体会到。然而，这些锻炼会令你受益匪浅。

让挫败感尽可能远离你的心，一旦遇到困扰，不要因它长时间地沮丧失望，驻足不前。你若不能欣然领受，至少也要勇敢担当。即使你被

迫忍受，愤愤不平，也要克制自己，切勿让怒言出口，伤害基督的孩子们。你的愤怒很快就将平息，你内心的愁苦亦将因神恩重返而化为甘甜。主说：“我是活着的，随时准备帮助你，赐予你比之前更大的安慰，只要你信赖我，热心地向我祈求。”

你要心存善念，坚定决心经受更大的考验。虽然你觉得常常受苦受试探，但是这一切对你并非损失。你是人，不是上帝；你是人类，不是天使。你怎能期望永远保持德行不受诱惑呢？这对于曾经堕落的天使和乐园中的始祖都不可能。我是上帝，我将赐予绝望的人们救治与安慰，赐予承认自身弱点的人们神圣与荣耀。

门徒：主啊，你的话应受赞美，它比蜂蜜和蜂房更甘甜纯美。若非你用你的话支持我，我将怎样度过这受难忧苦的日子呢？只要我最终得到天堂的救赎，这般痛苦又算得了什么呢？求你赐我善终，赐予我脱离尘世的极乐之路。我的上帝啊，不要忘记我，指引我走向天国的正路。阿门。

[1]《新约·约翰福音》第8章第12节。——译者注

[2]据《圣经》记载，耶稣生活在2000年以前的犹太国，由童贞女马利亚所生，后来被罗马人钉死在十字架上，三天后从死里复活。有关耶稣的生平和传说对西方文化的发展产生了很大影响。圣诞节是庆祝耶稣诞生的节日，复活节是纪念耶稣死而复生的节日。——译者注

[3]《旧约·传道书》第1章第2节。——译者注

[4]《旧约·传道书》第1章第8节。——译者注

[5]《旧约·传道书》第115章第5节。——译者注

[6]受造之物，基督教教义用语。指上帝以外的任何其他事物。基督教认为这些皆非自生自有，而系创世主所造，故皆为“受造之物”。

[7]《新约·哥林多前书》第10章第13节。——译者注

[8]《新约·路加福音》第17章第21节。——译者注

[9]《新约·约翰福音》第14章第23节。——译者注

[10]《旧约·以赛亚书》第57章第21节。——译者注

[11]《新约·哥林多后书》第10章第18节。——译者注

[12]《彼得前书》第1章第24节。

[13]《新约·马太福音》第16章第24节。——译者注

[14]《新约·马太福音》第25章第41节。——译者注

[15]引文来自《圣经·新约·罗马书》第8章第18节。

[16]《新约·使徒行传》第9章第16节。——译者注

[17]《新约·路加福音》第9章第23节。——译者注

[18]《新约·使徒行传》第14章第22节。——译者注

[19]《旧约·出埃及记》第20章第19节。——译者注

[20]圣经记载，撒母耳（Samuel）是以色列最后的一位士师，也是以色列民立国后的第一位先知。他不但是一个先知，也是祭司；更是一位伟大的军事家、政治家、宗教家。是圣经中极少的没有记载任何罪行的人之一。

[21]《新约·以赛亚书》第23章第4节。——译者注

[22]《旧约·诗篇》第37章第4节。——译者注

[23]《新约·约翰福音》第14章第27节。——译者注

[24]《新约·马太福音》第6章第34节。——译者注

[25]《新约·约翰福音》第15章第9节。——译者注

[26]《旧约·诗篇》第55章第6节。——译者注

[27]参见《新约·约翰福音》第11章。——译者注

[28]圣保罗，基督教圣徒，是神所拣选的外邦人的使徒，也被历史学家公认是对于早期教会发展贡献最大的使徒。他一生中至少进行了三次漫长的宣教之旅，足迹遍至小亚细亚、希腊、意大利各地，在外邦人中建立了许多教会，影响深远。

[29]摩西是公元前13世纪时犹太人的民族领袖。史学界认为他是犹太教（Judaism）的创始者。在犹太教、基督教、伊斯兰教和巴哈伊信仰等宗教里都被认为是极为重要的先知。

[30]会幕指“上帝居住其中”的规定的神圣建筑。在《出埃及记》中，耶和华指示摩西：“他们当为我造圣所，使我可以住在他们中间。制造帐幕和其中的一切器具，都要照我所指示你的样式。”

[31]参见《旧约·约书亚记》第9章。——译者注

[32]《新约·马太福音》第26章第41节。——译者注

[33]《旧约·诗篇》第8章第4节。——译者注

[34]《新约·罗马书》第8章第18节。——译者注

Thomas à Kempis

The Inner Life

TRANSLATED BY LEO SHERLEY-PRICE

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

BOOK ONE
Counsels on the Spiritual Life

CHAPTER 1
On the Imitation of Christ

'He who follows Me shall not walk in darkness,' says Our Lord.

In these words Christ counsels us to follow His life and way if we desire true enlightenment and freedom from all blindness of heart. Let the life of Jesus Christ, then, be our first consideration.

The teaching of Jesus far transcends all the teachings of the Saints, and whosoever has His spirit will discover concealed in it heavenly manna. But many people, although they often hear the Gospel, feel little desire to follow it, because they lack the spirit of Christ. Whoever desires to understand and take delight in the words of Christ must strive to conform his whole life to Him.

Of what use is it to discourse learnedly on the Trinity, if you lack humility and therefore displease the Trinity? Lofty words do not make a man just or holy; but a good life makes him dear to God. I would far rather feel contrition than be able to define it. If you knew the whole Bible by heart, and all the teachings of the philosophers, how would this help you without the grace and love of God? 'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity,' except to love God and serve Him alone. And this is supreme wisdom - to despise the world, and draw daily nearer the kingdom of heaven.

It is vanity to solicit honours, or to raise oneself to high station. It is vanity to be a slave to bodily desires, and to crave for things which bring certain retribution. It is vanity to wish for long life, if you care little for a good life. It is vanity to give thought only to this present life, and to care nothing for the

life to come. It is vanity to love things that so swiftly pass away, and not to hasten onwards to that place where everlasting joy abides.

Keep constantly in mind the saying, 'The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.' Strive to withdraw your heart from the love of visible things, and direct your affections to things invisible. For those who follow only their natural inclinations defile their conscience, and lose the grace of God.

CHAPTER 2
On Personal Humility

Everyone naturally desires knowledge, but of what use is knowledge itself without the fear of God? A humble countryman who serves God is more pleasing to Him than a conceited intellectual who knows the course of the stars, but neglects his own soul. A man who truly knows himself realizes his own worthlessness, and takes no pleasure in the praises of men. Did I possess all knowledge in the world, but had no love, how would this help me before God, who will judge me by my deeds?

Restrain an inordinate desire for knowledge, in which is found much anxiety and deception. Learned men always wish to appear so, and desire recognition of their wisdom. But there are many matters, knowledge of which brings little or no advantage to the soul. Indeed, a man is unwise if he occupies himself with any things save those that further his salvation. A spate of words does nothing to satisfy the soul, but a good life refreshes the mind, and a clean conscience brings great confidence in God.

The more complete and excellent your knowledge, the more severe will be God's judgement on you, unless your life be the more holy. Therefore, do not be conceited of any skill or knowledge you may possess, but respect the knowledge that is entrusted to you. If it seems to you that you know a great

deal and have wide experience in many fields, yet remember that there are many matters of which you are ignorant. So do not be conceited, but confess your ignorance. Why do you wish to esteem yourself above others, when there are many who are wiser and more perfect in the Law of God? If you desire to know or learn anything to your advantage, then take delight in being unknown and unregarded.

A true understanding and humble estimate of oneself is the highest and most valuable of all lessons. To take no account of oneself, but always to think well and highly of others is the highest wisdom and perfection. Should you see another person openly doing evil, or carrying out a wicked purpose, do not on that account consider yourself better than him, for you cannot tell how long you will remain in a state of grace. We are all frail; consider none more frail than yourself.

CHAPTER 3
On the Teaching of Truth

Happy the man who is instructed by Truth itself, not by signs and passing words, but as It is in itself. Our own conjectures and observations often mislead us, and we discover little. Of what value are lengthy controversies on deep and obscure matters, when it is not by our knowledge of such things that we shall at length be judged? It is supreme folly to neglect things that are useful and vital, and deliberately turn to curious and harmful things. Truly, 'we have eyes and see not': for what concern to us are such things as *genera* and *species*?

Those to whom the Eternal Word speaks are delivered from uncertainty. From one Word proceed all things, and all things tell of Him; it is He, the Author of all things, who speaks to us. Without Him no one can understand or judge aright. But the man to whom all things are one, who refers

everything to One, and who sees everything as in One, is enabled to remain steadfast in heart, and abide at peace with God.

O God, living Truth, unite me to Yourself in everlasting love! Often I am wearied by all I read and hear. In You alone is all that I desire and long for. Therefore let all teachers keep silence, and let all creation be still before you; do You, Lord, speak alone.

The more closely a man is united to You in pure simplicity, the more varied and profound the matters which he understands without effort, for he receives light and understanding from heaven. A pure, simple, and stable man, however busy and occupied, does not become distracted thereby, for he does all things to the glory of God, and strives to preserve himself free from all self-seeking. And what harms and hinders you more than the undisciplined passions of your own heart? A good and devout man firstly sets in order in his mind whatever tasks he has in hand, and never allows them to lead him into occasions of sin, but humbly subjects them to the dictates of a sound judgement. Who has a fiercer struggle than he who strives to conquer himself? Yet this must be our chief concern - to conquer self, and by daily growing stronger than self, to advance in holiness.

All perfection in this life is accompanied by a measure of imperfection, and all our knowledge contains an element of obscurity. A humble knowledge of oneself is a surer road to God than a deep searching of the sciences. Yet learning itself is not to be blamed, nor is the simple knowledge of anything whatsoever to be despised, for true learning is good in itself and ordained by God; but a good conscience and a holy life are always to be preferred. But because many are more eager to acquire much learning than to live well, they often go astray and bear little or no fruit. If only such people were as diligent in the uprooting of vices and the planting of virtues as they are in the debating of problems, there would not be so many evils and

scandals among the people, nor such laxity in communities. At the Day of Judgement, we shall not be asked what we have read, but what we have done; not how eloquently we have spoken, but how holily we have lived. Tell me, where are now all those Masters and Doctors whom you knew so well in their lifetime in the full flower of their learning? Other men now sit in their seats, and they are hardly ever called to mind. In their lifetime they seemed of great account, but now no one speaks of them.

Oh, how swiftly the glory of the world passes away! If only the lives of these men had been as admirable as their learning, their study and reading would have been to good purpose! But how many in this world care little for the service of God, and perish in their vain learning. Because they choose to be great rather than humble, they perish in their own conceit. He is truly great, who is great in the love of God. He is truly great, who is humble in mind, and regards earths highest honours as nothing. He is truly wise who counts all earthly things as dung, in order that he may win Christ. And he is truly learned, who renounces his own will for the will of God.

CHAPTER 4
On Prudence in Action

We should not believe every word and suggestion, but should carefully and unhurriedly consider all things in accordance with the will of God. For such is the weakness of human nature, alas, that evil is often more readily believed and spoken of another than good. But perfect men do not easily believe every tale that is told them, for they know that man's nature is prone to evil, and his words to deception.

It is wise not to be over hasty in action, nor to cling stubbornly to our own opinions. It is wise also not to believe all that we hear, nor to hasten to report to others what we hear or believe. Take counsel of a wise and conscientious

man, and seek to be guided by one who is better than yourself, rather than to follow your own opinions. A good life makes a man wise towards God, and gives him experience in many things. The more humble and obedient to God a man is, the more wise and at peace he will be in all that he does.

CHAPTER 5
On Reading the Holy Scriptures

In the holy Scriptures, truth is to be looked for rather than fair phrases. All sacred scriptures should be read in the spirit in which they were written. In them, therefore, we should seek food for our souls rather than subtleties of speech, and we should as readily read simple and devout books as those that are lofty and profound. Do not be influenced by the importance of the writer, and whether his learning be great or small, but let the love of pure truth draw you to read. Do not inquire, 'Who said this?' but pay attention to what is said.

Men pass away, but the word of the Lord endures for ever.

God speaks to us in different ways, and is no respecter of persons. But curiosity often hinders us in the reading of the Scriptures, for we try to examine and dispute over matters that we should pass over and accept in simplicity. If you desire to profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faith, and have no concern to appear learned. Ask questions freely, and listen in silence to the words of the Saints; hear with patience the parables of the fathers, for they are not told without good cause.

CHAPTER 6
On Control of the Desires

Whenever a man desires anything inordinately, at once he becomes restless. A proud and avaricious man is never at rest; but a poor and humble man enjoys the riches of peace. A man who is not yet perfectly dead to self is easily tempted, and is overcome even in small and trifling things. And he

who is weak in spirit, and still a prey to the senses and bodily passions, can only with great difficulty free himself from worldly lusts. Therefore he is sad when he does so withdraw himself, and is quickly angered when anyone opposes him. Yet, if he obtains what he desires, his conscience is at once stricken by remorse, because he has yielded to his passion, which in no way helps him in his search for peace. True peace of heart can be found only by resisting the passions, not by yielding to them. There is no peace in the heart of a worldly man, who is entirely given to outward affairs; but only in a fervent, spiritual man.

CHAPTER 7
On Avoiding Vain Hope and Conceit

Whoever puts his confidence in men or in any creature is very foolish. Do not be ashamed to be the servant of others for love of Jesus Christ, and to appear poor in this world. Do not trust in yourself, but put your whole confidence in God. Do what you are able, and God will bless your good intention. Do not trust in your own knowledge, nor in the cleverness of any man living, but rather in the grace of God, who aids the humble, and humbles the proud.

Do not boast of your possessions, if you have any, nor of the influence of your friends; but glory in God, who gives all things and desires above all things to give you Himself. Do not be vain about your beauty or strength of body, which a little sickness can mar and disfigure. Take no pleasure in your own ability and cleverness, lest you offend God, who has Himself bestowed on you all your natural gifts.

Do not esteem yourself better than others, lest you appear worse in the eyes of God, who alone knows the heart of man. Do not be proud of your good deeds, for God does not judge as men; and what delights men often displeases God. If you have any good qualities, remember that others have

more; and so remain humble. It does you no harm when you esteem all others better than yourself, but it does you great harm when you esteem yourself above others. True peace dwells only in the heart of the humble: but the heart of the proud is ever full of pride and jealousy.

[…]

CHAPTER 10
On Avoiding Talkativeness

Avoid public gatherings as much as possible, for the discussion of worldly affairs becomes a great hindrance, even though it be with the best of intentions, for we are quickly corrupted and ensnared by vanity. Often I wish I had remained silent, and had not been among men. But why is it that we are so ready to chatter and gossip with each other, when we so seldom return to silence without some injury to our conscience? The reason why we are so fond of talking with each other is that we think to find consolation in this manner, and to refresh a heart wearied with many cares. And we prefer to speak and think of those things which we like and desire, or of those which we dislike. Alas, however, all this is often to no purpose, for this outward consolation is no small obstacle to inner and divine consolation.

We must watch and pray, that our time may not be spent fruitlessly. When it is right and proper to speak, speak to edify. Evil habits and neglect of spiritual progress are the main cause of our failure to guard the tongue. But devout conversation on spiritual matters greatly furthers our spiritual progress, especially with those who are heart and soul with us in the service of God.

CHAPTER 11
On Peace, and Spiritual Progress

We could enjoy much peace if we did not busy ourselves with what other people say and do, for this is no concern of ours. How can anyone remain long at peace who meddles in other people's affairs; who seeks occasion to gad about, and who makes little or no attempt at recollection? Blessed are the single-hearted, for they shall enjoy much peace.

How were some of the Saints so perfect and contemplative? It is because they strove with all their might to mortify in themselves all worldly desires, and could thus cling to God in their inmost heart, and offer themselves freely and wholly to Him. But we are held too firmly by our passions, and are too much concerned with the passing affairs of the world. We seldom completely master a single fault, and have little zeal for our daffy progress; therefore we remain spiritually cold or tepid.

If only we were completely dead to self, and free from inner conflict, we could savour spiritual things, and win experience of heavenly contemplation. But the greatest, and indeed the whole obstacle to our advance is that we are not free from passions and lusts, nor do we strive to follow the perfect way of the Saints. But when we encounter even a little trouble, we are quickly discouraged, and turn to human comfort.

If we strove to stand firm in the struggle like men of valour, we should not fail to experience the help of our Lord from heaven. For He is ever ready to help all who fight, trusting in His grace; He also affords us occasions to fight that we may conquer. If we rely only on the outward observances of religion, our devotion will rapidly wane. But let us lay the axe to the root, that, being cleansed from our passions, we may possess our souls in peace.

If each year we would root out one fault, we should soon become perfect. But, alas, the opposite is often the case, that we were better and purer in the beginning of our conversion than after many years of our profession. Our zeal and virtue should grow daily; but it is now held to be a fine thing if a man

retains even a little of his first fervour. If only we would do a little violence to ourselves at first, we would later be enabled to do everything easily and gladly.

It is hard to give up old habits, and harder still to conquer our own wills. But if you cannot overcome in small and easy things, how will you succeed in greater? Resist your evil inclinations in the beginning, and break off evil habits, lest they gradually involve you in greater difficulties. Oh, if you could only know how great a peace for yourself and how great a joy for your fellows your good endeavour would win, you would have greater care for your spiritual progress.

CHAPTER 12
On the Uses of Adversity

It is good for us to encounter troubles and adversities from time to time, for trouble often compels a man to search his own heart. It reminds him that he is an exile here, and that he can put his trust in nothing in this world. It is good, too, that we sometimes suffer opposition, and that men think ill of us and misjudge us, even when we do and mean well. Such things are an aid to humility, and preserve us from pride and vainglory. For we more readily turn to God as our inward witness, when men despise us and think no good of us.

A man should therefore place such complete trust in God, that he has no need of comfort from men. When a good man is troubled, tempted, or vexed by evil thoughts, he comes more clearly than ever to realize his need of God, without whom he can do nothing good. Then, as he grieves and laments his lot, he turns to prayer amid his misfortunes. He is weary of life, and longs for death to release him, that he may be dissolved, and be with Christ. It is then that he knows with certainty that there can be no complete security nor perfect peace in his life.

CHAPTER 13
On Resisting Temptations

So long as we live in this world, we cannot remain without trial and temptation: as Job says, 'Man's life on earth is a warfare.' We must therefore be on guard against temptations, and watchful in prayer, that the Devil find no means of deceiving us; for he never rests, but prowls around seeking whom he may devour. No one is so perfect and holy that he is never tempted, and we can never be secure from temptation.

Although temptations are so troublesome and grievous, yet they are often profitable to us, for by them we are humbled, cleansed, and instructed. All the Saints endured many trials and temptations, and profited by them; but those who could not resist temptations became reprobate, and fell away. There is no Order so holy, nor place so secluded, where there are no troubles and temptations.

No man can be entirely free from temptation so long as he lives; for the source of temptation lies within our own nature, since we are born with an inclination towards evil. When one temptation or trial draws to a close, another takes its place; and we shall always have something to fight, for man has lost the blessing of original happiness. Many try to escape temptations, only to encounter them more fiercely, for no one can win victory by flight alone; it is only by patience and true humility that we can grow stronger than all our foes.

The man who only avoids the outward occasions of evil, but fails to uproot it in himself, will gain little advantage. Indeed, temptations will return upon him the sooner, and he will find himself in a worse state than before. Little by little and by patient endurance you will overcome them by God's help, better than by your own violence and importunity. Seek regular advice in temptation, and never deal harshly with those who are tempted, but give them

such encouragement as you would value yourself.

The beginning of all evil temptation is an unstable mind and lack of trust in God. Just as a ship without a helm is driven to and fro by the waves, so a careless man, who abandons his proper course, is tempted in countless ways. Fire tempers steel, and temptation the just man. We often do not know what we can bear, but temptation reveals our true nature. We need especially to be on our guard at the very onset of temptation, for then the Enemy may be more easily overcome, if he is not allowed to enter the gates of the mind: he must be repulsed at the threshold, as soon as he knocks. Thus the poet Ovid writes, 'Resist at the beginning; the remedy may come too late.' For first there comes into the mind an evil thought: next, a vivid picture: then delight, and urge to evil, and finally consent. In this way the Enemy gradually gains complete mastery, when he is not resisted at first. And the longer a slothful man delays resistance, the weaker he becomes, and the stronger his enemy grows against him.

Some people undergo their heaviest temptations at the beginning of their conversion; some towards the end of their course; others are greatly troubled all their lives; while there are some whose temptations are but light. This is in accordance with the wisdom and justice of God's ordinance, who weighs the condition and merits of every man, and disposes all things for the salvation of those whom He chooses.

We must not despair, therefore, when we are tempted, but earnestly pray God to grant us his help in every need. For, as Saint Paul says, 'With the temptation, God will provide a way to overcome it, that we may be able to bear it.' So, let us humble ourselves under the hand of God in every trial and trouble, for He will save and raise up the humble in spirit. In all these trials, our progress is tested; in them great merit may be secured, and our virtue become evident. It is no great matter if we are devout and fervent when we

have no troubles; but if we show patience in adversity, we can make great progress in virtue. Some are spared severe temptations, but are overcome in the lesser ones of every day, in order that they may be humble, and learn not to trust in themselves, but to recognize their frailty.

CHAPTER 14
On Avoiding Rash Judgements

Judge yourself, and beware of passing judgement on others. In judging others, we expend our energy to no purpose; we are often mistaken, and easily sin. But if we judge ourselves, our labour is always to our profit. Our judgement is frequently influenced by our personal feelings, and it is very easy to fail in right judgement when we are inspired by private motives. Were God Himself the sole and constant object of our desire, we should not be so easily distressed when our opinions are contra dicted.

Very often some inner impulse or outward circum stance draws us to follow it, while many people are always acting in their own interest, although they are not conscious of it. Such appear to enjoy complete tranquillity of mind so long as events accord with their wishes, but at once become distressed and disconsolate when things fall out otherwise. Similarly, differences of opinions and beliefs only too often give rise to quarrels among friends and neighbours, and even between religious and devout people.

Old habits are hard to break, and no one is easily weaned from his own opinions; but if you rely on your own reasoning and ability rather than on the virtue of submission to Jesus Christ, you will but seldom and slowly attain wisdom. For God wills that we become perfectly obedient to Himself, and that we transcend mere reason on the wings of a burning love for Him.

CHAPTER 15
On Deeds Inspired by Love

No motive, even that of affection for anyone, can justify the doing of evil. But to help someone in need, a good work may sometimes be left, or a better undertaken in its place. For in so doing, the good work is not lost, but changed for what is better. Without love, the outward work is of no value; but whatever is done out of love, be it never so little, is wholly fruitful. For God regards the greatness of the love that prompts a man, rather than the greatness of his achievement.

Whoever loves much, does much. Whoever does a thing well, does much. And he does well, who serves the community before his own interests. Often an apparently loving action really springs from worldly motives; for natural inclination, self-will, hope of reward, and our own self-interest will seldom be entirely absent.

Whoever is moved by true and perfect love is never self-seeking, but desires only that God's glory may be served in all things. He envies none, for he seeks no pleasure for himself, nor does he act for self-gratification, but desires above all good things to merit the blessing of God. All good he ascribes not to men, but to God, from whom all things proceed as from their source, and in whom all the Saints enjoy perfection and peace. Oh, if only a man had a spark of true love in his heart, he would know for certain that all earthly things are full of vanity.

CHAPTER 16
On Bearing with the Faults of Others

Whatever a man is unable to correct in himself or in others, he should bear patiently until God ordains otherwise. Consider, it is perhaps better thus, for the testing of our patience, without which our merits are of little worth. Whenever such obstacles confront you, pray to God that He may grant you His help, and give you grace to endure them in good heart.

If anyone who has been once or twice warned remains obdurate, do not argue with him, but commit all things to God, that His will may be done, and His Name hallowed in all His servants; for He knows well how to bring good out of evil. Strive to be patient; bear with the faults and frailties of others, for you, too, have many faults which others have to bear. If you cannot mould yourself as you would wish, how can you expect other people to be entirely to your liking? For we require other people to be perfect, but do not correct our own faults.

We wish to see others severely reprimanded; yet we are unwilling to be corrected ourselves. We wish to restrict the liberty of others, but are not willing to be denied anything ourselves. We wish others to be bound by rules, yet we will not let ourselves be bound. It is amply evident, therefore, that we seldom consider our neighbour in the same light as ourselves. Yet, if all men were perfect, what should we have to bear with in others for Christ's sake?

Now, God has thus ordered things that we may learn to bear one another's burdens; for there is no man without his faults, none without his burden. None is sufficient in himself; none is wise in himself; therefore we must support one another, comfort, help, teach, and advise one another. Times of trouble best discover the true worth of a man; they do not weaken him, but show his true nature.

[…]

CHAPTER 23
A Meditation on Death

Very soon the end of your life will be at hand: consider, therefore, the state of your soul. Today a man is here; tomorrow he is gone. And when he is out of sight, he is soon out of mind. Oh, how dull and hard is the heart of man,

which thinks only of the present, and does not provide against the future! You should order your every deed and thought, as though today were the day of your death. Had you a good conscience, death would hold no terrors for you; even so, it were better to avoid sin than to escape death. If you are not ready to die today, will tomorrow find you better prepared? Tomorrow is uncertain; and how can you be sure of tomorrow?

Of what use is a long life, if we amend so little? Alas, a long life often adds to our sins rather than to our virtue!

Would to God that we might spend a single day really well! Many recount the years since their conversion, but their lives show little sign of improvement. If it is dreadful to die, it is perhaps more dangerous to live long. Blessed is the man who keeps the hour of his death always in mind, and daily prepares himself to die. If you have ever seen anyone die, remember that you, too, must travel the same road.

Each morning remember that you may not live until evening; and in the evening, do not presume to promise yourself another day. Be ready at all times, and so live that death may never find you unprepared. Many die suddenly and unexpectedly; for at an hour that we do not know the Son of Man will come. When your last hour strikes, you will begin to think very differently of your past life, and grieve deeply that you have been so careless and remiss.

Happy and wise is he who endeavours to be during his life as he wishes to be found at his death. For these things will afford us sure hope of a happy death; perfect contempt of the world; fervent desire to grow in holiness; love of discipline; the practice of penance; ready obedience; self-denial; the bearing of every trial for the love of Christ. While you enjoy health, you can do much good; but when sickness comes, little can be done. Few are made better by sickness, and those who make frequent pilgrimages seldom acquire

holiness by so doing.

Do not rely on friends and neighbours, and do not delay the salvation of your soul to some future date, for men will forget you sooner than you think. It is better to make timely provision and to acquire merit in this life, than to depend on the help of others. And if you have no care for your own soul, who will have care for you in time to come? The present time is most precious; now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. It is sad that you do not employ your time better, when you may win eternal life hereafter. The time will come when you will long for one day or one hour in which to amend; and who knows whether it will be granted?

Dear soul, from what peril and fear you could free yourself, if you lived in holy fear, mindful of your death. Apply yourself so to live now, that at the hour of death, you may be glad and unafraid. Learn now to die to the world, that you may begin to live with Christ. Learn now to despise all earthly things, that you may go freely to Christ. Discipline your body now by penance, that you may enjoy a sure hope of salvation.

Foolish man, how can you promise yourself a long life, when you are not certain of a single day? How many have deceived themselves in this way, and been snatched unexpectedly from life! You have often heard how this man was slain by the sword; another drowned; how another fell from a high place and broke his neck; how another died at table; how another met his end in play. One perishes by fire, another by the sword, another from disease, another at the hands of robbers. Death is the end of all men; and the life of man passes away suddenly as a shadow.

Who will remember you when you are dead? Who will pray for you? Act now, dear soul; do all you can; for you know neither the hour of your death, nor your state after death. While you have time, gather the riches of everlasting life. Think only of your salvation, and care only for the things of

God. Make friends now, by honouring the Saints of God and by following their example, that when this life is over, they may welcome you to your eternal home.

Keep yourself a stranger and pilgrim upon earth, to whom the affairs of this world are of no concern. Keep your heart free and lifted up to God, for here you have no abiding city. Daily direct your prayers and longings to Heaven, that at your death your soul may merit to pass joyfully into the presence of God.

[…]

BOOK TWO
Counsels on the Inner Life

CHAPTER 1
On the Inner Life

'The Kingdom of God is within you,' says Our Lord. Turn to the Lord with all your heart, forsake this sorry world, and your soul shall find rest. Learn to turn from worldly things, and give yourself to spiritual things, and you will see the Kingdom of God come within you. For the Kingdom is peace and joy in the Holy Spirit; these are not granted to the wicked. Christ will come to you, and impart his consolations to you, if you prepare a worthy dwelling for Him in your heart. All true glory and beauty is within, and there He delights to dwell. He often visits the spiritual man, and holds sweet discourse with him, granting him refreshing grace, great peace, and friendship exceeding all expectation.

Come then, faithful soul; prepare your heart for your Divine Spouse, that He may deign to come to you and dwell with you. For He says, 'If any man love Me, he will keep My word; and We will come and make our abode with him.' Therefore welcome Christ, and deny entrance to all others. When you possess Christ, you are amply rich, and He will satisfy you. He will dispose and provide for you faithfully in everything, so that you need not rely on man. For men soon change and fail you; but Christ abides for ever, and stands firmly by you to the end.

Never place your whole trust and reliance in weak and mortal man, however helpful and dear to you he may be; nor should you grieve overmuch if sometimes he opposes and contradicts you. Those who take your part today may tomorrow oppose you; for men are as changeable as the weather. Put

your whole trust in God; direct your worship and love to Him alone. He will defend you, and will dispose all things for the best. Here you have no abiding city, and wherever you may be, you are a stranger and pilgrim; you will never enjoy peace until you become inwardly united to Christ.

What do you seek here, since this world is not your resting place? Your true home is in Heaven; therefore remember that all the things of this world are transitory. All things are passing, and yourself with them. See that you do not cling to them, lest you become entangled and perish with them. Let all your thoughts be with the Most High, and direct your humble prayers unceasingly to Christ. If you cannot contemplate high and heavenly things, take refuge in the Passion of Christ, and love to dwell within His Sacred Wounds. For if you devoutly seek the Wounds of Jesus and the precious marks of His Passion, you will find great strength in all troubles. And if men despise you, you will care little, having small regard for the words of your detractors.

Christ Himself was despised by men, and in His direst need was abandoned by his friends and acquaintances to the insults of His enemies. Christ was willing to suffer and to be despised; and do you presume to complain? Christ had enemies and slanderers; and do you expect all men to be your friends and benefactors? How will your patience be crowned, if you are not willing to endure hardship? Suffer with Christ, and for Christ, if you wish to reign with Christ.

Had you but once entered perfectly into the Heart of Jesus, and tasted something of His burning love, you would care nothing for your own gain or loss; for the love of Jesus causes a man to regard himself very humbly. The true, inward lover of Jesus and the Truth, who is free from inordinate desires, can turn freely to God, rise above self, and joyfully rest in God.

He who knows all things at their true worth, and not as they are said or

reputed to be, is truly wise, for his knowledge comes from God, and not from man. He who walks by an inner light, and is not unduly influenced by outward things, needs no special time or place for his prayers. For the man of inner life easily recollects himself, since he is never wholly immersed in outward affairs. Therefore his outward occupations and needful tasks do not distract him, and he adjusts himself to things as they come. The man whose inner life is well-ordered and disposed is not troubled by the strange and perverse ways of others; for a man is hindered and distracted by such things only so far as he allows himself to be concerned by them.

If your inner life were rightly ordered and your heart pure, all things would turn to your good and advantage. As it is, you are often displeased and disturbed, because you are not yet completely dead to self, nor detached from all worldly things. Nothing defiles and ensnares the heart of man more than a selfish love of creatures. If you renounce all outward consolation, you will be able to contemplate heavenly things, and often experience great joy of heart.

CHAPTER 2
On Humble Submission to God

Do not be concerned overmuch who is with you or against you, but work and plan that God may be with you in all that you do. Keep a clean conscience, and God will mightily defend you; for whoever enjoys the protection of God cannot be harmed by the malice of man. If you learn to suffer in silence, you may be sure of receiving God's help. He knows the time and the way to deliver you; so trust yourself entirely to His care. God is strong to help you, and to free you from all confusion. It is often good for us that others know and expose our faults, for so may we be kept humble.

When a man humbly admits his faults, he soon appeases his fellows, and is reconciled to those whom he had offended. God protects and delivers a

humble man; He loves and comforts him. To the humble He leans down and bestows great success, raising him from abasement to honour. To him He reveals His secrets, and lovingly calls and draws him to Himself. Even in the midst of trouble, the humble man remains wholly at peace, for he trusts in God, and not in the world. Do not consider yourself to have made any spiritual progress, unless you account yourself the least of all men.

CHAPTER 3
On the Good and Peaceful Man

Firstly, be peaceful yourself, and you will be able to bring peace to others. A man of peace does more good than a very learned man. A passionate man turns even good into evil, and readily listens to evil; but a good and peaceable man turns all things to good. He who is truly at peace thinks evil of no one; but he who is discontented and restless is tormented by suspicions beyond number. He has no peace in himself, nor will he allow others any peace. He often says what he ought not to say, and leaves undone what he should have done. He takes note how other people carry out their duties, but neglects his own. Therefore, before all else, attend diligently to your own affairs; then you may properly be concerned for your neighbour also.

You readily excuse and explain your own doings, but you will not accept the explanations of others. It would be more just to accuse yourself, and to excuse your fellows. If you wish others to bear with you, you must bear with them. See how far you still are from true charity and humility, which feels no anger nor indignation towards any save itself. It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasant to everyone. All men are glad to live at peace, and prefer those who are of their own way of thinking. But to be able to live at peace among hard, obstinate, and undisciplined people and those who oppose us, is a great grace, and a most

commendable and manly achievement.

There are some who remain at peace with themselves and also with others. And some neither have peace in themselves nor allow others to have peace. Such people are a trouble to others, and an even greater trouble to themselves. And there are some who are at peace with themselves, and who try to guide others into peace. But all our peace in this present life should depend on humble forbearance rather than on absence of adversity. He who knows the secret of endurance will enjoy the greatest peace. Such a one is conqueror of self, master of the world, a friend of Christ, and an heir of Heaven.

CHAPTER 4

On Purity of Mind and Simplicity of Purpose

There are two wings that raise a man above earthly things - simplicity and purity. Simplicity must inspire his purpose, and purity his affection. Simplicity reaches out after God; purity discovers and enjoys Him. No good deed will prove an obstacle to you if you are inwardly free from uncontrolled desires. And if you are free from uncontrolled desires, and seek nothing but the Will of God and the good of your neighbour, you will enjoy this inner freedom. If your heart be right, then every created thing will become for you a mirror of life and a book of holy teaching. For there is nothing created so small and mean that it does not reflect the goodness of God.

Were you inwardly good and pure, you would see and understand all things clearly and without difficulty. A pure heart penetrates both heaven and hell. As each man is in himself, so does he judge outward things. If there is any joy to be had in this world, the pure in heart most surely possess it; and if there is trouble and distress anywhere, the evil conscience most readily experiences it. Just as iron, when plunged into fire, loses its rust and becomes

bright and glowing, so the man who turns himself wholly to God loses his sloth and becomes transformed into a new creature.

When a man begins to grow dull and lukewarm in spirit, even the smallest labour distresses him, and he eagerly welcomes any worldly comfort. But when he begins to overcome self and advance manfully in Gods way, then he regards as nothing those labours which he previously found so burdensome.

CHAPTER 5
On Knowing Ourselves

We may not trust overmuch in ourselves, for we often lack grace and understanding. There is little light in us, and even this we easily lose through carelessness. Moreover, we often do not realize how blind we are. We often do evil, and we do worse in excusing ourselves. Sometimes we are moved by passion, and mistake it for Zeal. We rebuke small faults in others, but overlook greater faults in ourselves. We are too quick to resent and feel what we suffer from others, but fail to consider how much others suffer from us. Whoever considers his own defects fully and honestly will find no reason to judge others harshly.

The spiritual man puts the care of his soul before all else; and whoever diligently attends to his own affairs is ready to keep silence about others. You will never become interior and devout unless you refrain from criticism of others, and pay attention to yourself. If you are wholly intent on God and yourself, you will be little affected by anything outside this. Where are you when you fail to attend to yourself? And when you have occupied yourself in countless affairs, what have you gained, if you have neglected your soul? If you really desire true peace and union with God, attend to yourself, and set aside all else.

Keep yourself free from all worldly entanglement, and you will make good

progress; but if you set great value on any worldly things, it will prove a great obstacle. Let nothing be great, pleasant or desirable to you save God alone, and whatever comes of God. Regard as empty comfort all things that derive from creatures. The soul that loves God regards as worthless all things other than God. God alone is eternal and immeasurable, filling all things; He alone is the true comfort of the soul and joy of the heart.

CHAPTER 6
On the Joys of a Good Conscience

The glory of a good man is the witness of a good conscience. Preserve a quiet conscience, and you will always have joy. A quiet conscience can endure much, and remains joyful in all trouble, but an evil conscience is always fearful and uneasy. You may rest easy if your heart does not reproach you, and you are happy only when you have done right. The wicked never know true happiness, nor do they enjoy inward peace, for 'There is no peace for the wicked,' says the Lord. And although they say, 'We are at peace; no evil happens to us, and no one will dare to harm us,' yet God's anger will rise suddenly, all their works will be brought to nothing, and their plans perish.

To glory in suffering is not hard for one who truly loves God, for so to glory is to glory in the Cross of our Lord. Short-lived is the glory that is granted and received by men, and sorrow is ever its companion. The glory of good men is in their own conscience, not in the tongues of men. For the joy of the Saints is from God and in God, and their joy is in the truth. Whoever desires true and lasting glory cares nothing for worldly glory. And whoever craves worldly glory, or who does not at heart despise it, shows himself to have little love for the glory of heaven. Great tranquillity of heart is his who cares for neither praise nor blame.

The man who has a clean conscience rests easily content, and is at peace.

You are none the holier for being praised, and none the worse for being blamed. You remain what you are, nor can you be accounted greater than you are in the sight of God. If you take heed to what you are inwardly, you will not mind what men say of you; for while man looks on outward appearance, God looks into your heart. Man sees your actions, but God your motives. The sign of a humble soul is always to be doing good, and to think little of oneself. To desire no comfort from creatures is a sign of great purity and inward faith.

When a man seeks no other witness but himself, he shows that he puts his whole trust in God. For, as Saint Paul says, 'Not he who commends himself is approved, but he whom God commends.' To live inwardly to God, and not to be bound by worldly affections, is the proper state of a spiritual man.

CHAPTER 7
On Loving Jesus above all Things

Blessed is he who understands what it is to love Jesus, and to despise himself for Jesus' sake. You must surrender all other love for His love, for Jesus desires to be loved alone, and above all things. The love of creatures is deceptive and unstable; the love of Jesus is faithful and enduring. Whoever clings to any creature will fall with its falling; but he who holds to Jesus shall stand firm for ever. Love Him, therefore, and keep Him as your friend; for when all others desert you, He will not abandon you, nor allow you to perish at the last. Whether you wish it or not, you must in the end be parted from them all.

Hold fast to Jesus, both in life and death, and trust yourself to His faithfulness, for He alone can aid you when all others fail. Your Beloved is of such a nature that He will not share your love with another; He desires your heart for Himself alone, and to reign there as a King on His throne. If you

could empty your heart of all creatures, Jesus would delight to dwell with you. Whatever trust you place in men rather than in Jesus is almost wholly wasted. Do not trust or lean on a wind blown reed, for 'all flesh is as grass, and its glory will fall like the flower of the grass.'

If you look only to men's outward appearance, you will soon be deceived; for if you seek comfort or gain from others, you will often meet with loss. If you seek Jesus in all things, you will surely find Jesus. And if you seek yourself, you will surely find yourself, but only to your ruin. For a man who does not seek Jesus does himself greater hurt than the whole world and all his enemies could ever do him.

[…]

CHAPTER 12
On the Royal Road of the Holy Cross

'Deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow Me.' To many this saying of Jesus seems hard. But how much harder will it be to hear that word of doom, 'Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire'. For those who now cheerfully hear and obey the word of the Cross will not tremble to hear the sentence of eternal damnation. The sign of the Cross will appear in the heavens, when Our Lord comes as Judge. Then will all the servants of the Cross, who in their lives conformed themselves to the Crucified, stand with confidence before Christ their Judge.

Why, then, do you fear to take up the Cross, which is the road to the Kingdom? In the Cross is salvation; in the Cross is life; in the Cross is protection against our enemies; in the Cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness; in the Cross is strength of mind; in the Cross is joy of spirit; in the Cross is excellence of virtue; in the Cross is perfection of holiness. There is

no salvation of soul, nor hope of eternal life, save in the Cross. Take up the Cross, therefore, and follow Jesus, and go forward into eternal life. Christ has gone before you, bearing His Cross; He died for you on the Cross, that you also may bear your cross, and desire to die on the cross with Him. For if you die with Him, you will also live with Him. And if you share His sufferings, you will also share His glory.

See how in the Cross all things consist, and in dying on it all things depend. There is no other way to life and to true inner peace, than the way of the Cross, and of daily self-denial. Go where you will, seek what you will; you will find no higher way above nor safer way below than the road of the Holy Cross. Arrange and order all things to your own ideas and wishes, yet you will still find suffering to endure, whether you will or not; so you will always find the Cross. For you will either endure bodily pain, or suffer anguish of mind and spirit.

At times, God will withdraw from you; at times you will be troubled by your neighbour, and, what is more, you will often be a burden to yourself. Neither can any remedy or comfort bring you relief, but you must bear it as long as God wills. For God desires that you learn to bear trials without comfort, that you may yield yourself wholly to Him, and grow more humble through tribulation. No man feels so deeply in his heart the Passion of Christ as he who has to suffer in like manner. The Cross always stands ready, and everywhere awaits you. You cannot escape it, wherever you flee; for wherever you go, you bear yourself, and always find yourself. Look up or down, without you or within, and everywhere you will find the Cross. And everywhere you must have patience, if you wish to attain inner peace, and win an eternal crown.

If you bear the cross willingly, it will bear you and lead you to your desired goal, where pain shall be no more; but it will not be in this life. If you

bear the cross unwillingly, you make it a burden, and load yourself more heavily; but you must needs bear it. If you cast away one cross, you will certainly find another, and perhaps a heavier.

Do you think to escape what no mortal man has been able to escape? Which of the Saints lived without cross or trial? Even our Lord Jesus Christ was never without sorrow and pain, as long as He lived. 'Christ must needs suffer,' said He, 'and rise again from the dead, and so enter into His glory.' Why, then, do you seek any other road than this royal road of the Holy Cross? The whole life of Christ was a cross and martyrdom; and do you look for rest and selfish pleasure?

You are greatly mistaken if you look for anything save to endure trials, for all this mortal life is full of troubles, and everywhere marked with crosses. The further a man advances in the spiritual life, the heavier and more numerous he finds the crosses, for his ever-deepening love of God makes more bitter the sorrows of his earthly exile.

Yet a man who is afflicted in many ways is not without solace and comfort, for he perceives the great benefit to be reaped from the bearing of his cross. For while he bears it with a good will, the whole burden is changed into hope of God's comfort. And the more the body is subdued by affliction, the more is the spirit strengthened by grace within. Sometimes he is so greatly comforted by the desire to suffer adversity for love of conforming to the Cross of Christ, that he would not wish to be without grief and pain; for he knows that the more he can suffer for His sake, the more pleasing he will be to God. This desire does not spring from man's own strength, but from the grace of Christ, which can and does effect such great things in the frail frame of man; so that which nature fears and avoids, he boldly meets and loves through ardour of spirit.

Man is not by nature inclined to carry the cross, to love the cross, to

chasten the body, and bring it into subjection; to refuse honours, to submit to insults with goodwill, to despise himself and welcome disparagement; to bear all adversity and loss, and to desire no kind of prosperity in this world. And if you trust in your own strength, you will be unable to achieve any of these things. But if you trust in the Lord, you will be given strength from Heaven, and the world and the flesh will become subject to your will. Neither will you fear your enemy the Devil, if you are armed with faith and signed with the Cross of Christ.

Resolve, then, as a good and faithful servant of Christ, manfully to bear the cross of your Lord, who was crucified for love of you. Prepare yourself to endure many trials and obstacles in this vale of tears; for such will be your lot wherever you are, and you will encounter them wherever you conceal yourself. It must needs be so; nor is there any remedy or means of escape from ills and griefs; you must endure them. Drink lovingly the cup of your Lord, if you wish to be His friend, and to share all with Him. Leave consolations to God, to dispose as He wills. But set yourself to endure trials, regarding them as the greatest of all comforts, 'for the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come', even though you alone were to endure them all.

When you have arrived at that state when trouble seems sweet and acceptable to you for Christ's sake, then all is well with you, for you have found paradise upon earth. But so long as suffering is grievous to you and you seek to escape it, so long will it go ill with you, for the trouble you try to escape will pursue you everywhere.

If you steel yourself - as you must - to suffer and to die, all will go better with you, and you will find peace. For although, like Saint Paul, you were 'caught up into the third heaven', you would not on this account be secured against suffering further adversity. For Jesus says, 'I will show him how great

things he must suffer for My Name.' Therefore, be prepared to suffer, if you wish to love Jesus and serve Him for ever.

Oh, if only you were worthy to suffer for the Name of Jesus! How great and enduring a glory would be yours! How great would be the joy of the Saints of God! How edified your friends would be! For all men commend patience, although few are willing to suffer. It is right that you should suffer a little for the sake of Christ, since many suffer greater things for worldly motives.

Be assured of this, that you must live a dying life. And the more completely a man dies to self, the more he begins to live to God. No man is fit to understand heavenly things, unless he is resigned to bear hardships for Christ's sake. Nothing is more acceptable to God, and nothing more salutary for yourself, than to suffer gladly for Christ's sake. And if it lies in your choice, you should choose rather to suffer hardships for Christ's sake, than to be refreshed by many consolations; for thus you will more closely resemble Christ and all His Saints. For our merit and spiritual progress does not consist in enjoying such sweetness and consolation, but rather in the bearing of great burdens and troubles.

Had there been a better way, more profitable to the salvation of mankind than suffering, then Christ would have revealed it in His word and life. But He clearly urges both His own disciples and all who wish to follow Him to carry the cross, saying, 'If any will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.' Therefore, when we have read and studied all things, let this be our final resolve: 'that through much tribulation we must enter the Kingdom of God.'

BOOK THREE
On Inward Consolation

CHAPTER 1
How Christ Speaks Inwardly to the Soul

'I will hear what the Lord God speaks within me.' Blessed is the soul that hears the Lord speaking within it, and receives comfort from His Word. Blessed are the ears that hear the still, small voice of God, and disregard the whispers of the world. Blessed are the ears that listen to Truth teaching inwardly, and not to the voices of the world. Blessed are the eyes that are closed to outward things, but are open to inward things. Blessed are those who enter deeply into inner things, and daily prepare themselves to receive the secrets of heaven. Blessed are those who strive to devote themselves wholly to God, and free themselves from all the entanglements of the world. Consider these things, O my soul, and shut fast the doors against the desires of the senses, that you may hear what the Lord your God speaks within you.

Your Beloved says: 'I am your Salvation, your Peace, and your Life; keep close to Me, and you shall find peace.' Set aside the things of time, and seek those of eternity; for what are the things of time but deceits? And how can any creature help you, if your Creator abandon you? Set aside, therefore, all else, and make yourself acceptable to your Creator, and be faithful to Him, that you may lay hold on true blessedness.

CHAPTER 2
How Truth Instructs us in Silence

THE DISCIPLE. 'Speak, Lord, for Your servant listens.' 'I am Your servant; grant me understanding, that I may know Your testimonies.' 'Incline my heart to

the words of Your mouth; let Your speech descend on me like the dew.' The people of Israel of old time said to Moses, 'Speak with us, and we will hear: let not God speak with us, lest we die.' But I do not pray thus, O Lord; but with the Prophet Samuel, I humbly and earnestly beg, 'Speak, Lord, for your servant listens.' Let not Moses or any of the Prophets speak to me, but rather do You speak, O Lord God, who inspire and enlighten the Prophets. You alone can perfectly instruct me without their aid, but without You they can do nothing.

The Prophets can preach the word, but they cannot bestow the Spirit. They speak most eloquently, but if You are silent, they cannot fire the heart. They instruct in the letter, but You open the understanding. They set forth the mysteries, but You reveal the meaning of all secrets. They teach your commandments, but You help us to observe them. They point the way, but You grant us strength to follow it. Their action is external; You instruct and enlighten the heart. They water the seed; You make it fruitful. They proclaim the words, but You impart understanding to the mind.

Therefore, let not Moses speak to me, but You, O Lord my God, the Everlasting Truth, lest I die and bear no fruit if I am but warned in word, and not kindled at heart; lest it turn to my condemnation, if I hear Your word, but do not obey it; know it, but do not love it; believe it, but do not keep it. Therefore, speak, Lord, for Your servant is listening. 'You have the words of eternal life.' Speak to me, Lord, and comfort my soul: order my life to Your praise, glory, and eternal honour.

CHAPTER 3
On Humble Attention to God's Word

CHRIST. My son, hear My words. They are of surpassing sweetness, and excel all the learning of the philosophers and wise men of this world. My words

are spirit and life, not to be weighed by man's understanding. They are not to be quoted for vain pleasure, but are to be heard in silence, and received with all humility and love.

THE DISCIPLE. Blessed is the man whom you instruct, O Lord, and teach him out of Your Law. You refresh him in evil days, and he will not be desolate on the earth.

CHRIST. I have taught the Prophets from the beginning of the world, and I do not cease to speak to all men today; but many are hardened, and deaf to My voice. Many listen more willingly to the world than to God, and would rather follow the desires of the body than the good pleasure of God. The world promises passing rewards of little worth, and is served with great eagerness; I promise eternal and rich rewards, yet the hearts of men are indifferent to them. Who is there who serves and obeys Me with as great devotion as he serves the world and its rulers? 'Be ashamed, O Sidon,' cries the sea; and if you ask the reason, hear why.

For a small reward a man will hurry away on a long journey, while for eternal life many will hardly take a single step. Men seek petty gains; they will quarrel shamefully over a single coin; for a mere trifle or vague promise they will toil day and night. Oh, the shame of it! For an imperishable good, for a reward beyond all reckoning, for the highest honour and for glory without end, they are unwilling to endure a little toil. O unwilling and complaining servant, shame on you that worldly men are more ready for damnation than you for salvation; for they are more wholehearted in vanity than you in the Truth. They are often deceived in their hopes, but no one is ever deceived in My promises, and I never send away empty any who trusts in Me. What I promise, I give; what I have said, I will perform, provided you remain faithful in My lord to the end. I am the rewarder of all good men, and the mighty vindicator of all the

faithful.

Write My words in your heart, and meditate on them earnestly; they will aid you in temptation. What ever you do not understand when you read, you shall know in the day of My coming. I visit My chosen in two ways; with trial and with consolation. Day by day, I teach them two lessons, one in which I correct their faults, and the other in which I encourage them to progress in virtue. 'He who hears My words and despises them has One who will judge him on the Last Day.'

A Prayer for the Grace of Devotion

THE DISCIPLE. O Lord my God, You are my all and every good. And what am I, that I should presume to address You? I am the poorest of Your servants and a wretched worm, far more poor and worthless than I can ever realize or express. Yet, Lord, remember that I am nothing: I have nothing, and can do nothing. You alone are good, just and holy; You can do all things, fill all things, bestow all things, leaving only the wicked empty-handed. Remember Your mercies, Lord, and fill my heart with Your grace, since it is Your will that none of Your works should be worthless. How can I endure this life of sorrows, unless You strengthen me with Your mercy and grace? Do not turn Your face from me; do not delay Your coming, nor withdraw Your consolation from me, lest my soul become like a waterless desert. Teach me, O Lord, to do Your will; teach me to live worthily and humbly in Your sight; for You are my Wisdom, who know me truly, and who knew me before the world was made, and before I had my being.

CHAPTER 4
On Truth and Humility

CHRIST. My son, walk before Me in truth, and constantly seek Me in simplicity

of heart. He who walks before Me in truth shall be protected against the assaults of evil; truth shall deliver him from his deceivers and from the slanders of the wicked. If truth set you free, you are truly free, and need care nothing for the vain words of men.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, this is true; let it be as you have said. Let Your truth be my teacher and my guard, and lead me to salvation in the end. Let it free me from every evil affection and lawless love, and I will walk before You in complete freedom of heart.

CHRIST. I will teach you, says the Truth, what is pleasing to Me. Remember your sins with deep sorrow and displeasure, and never think yourself to be anything because of your good deeds. Remember that you are a sinner, entangled and enchained by many passions. Of yourself, you always tend to nothing; you quickly fail, and are overcome; you are soon disturbed and overthrown. You have nothing of which to boast, but many things of which to be ashamed, for you are much weaker than you realize.

Let nothing that you have achieved seem of great importance. Let nothing seem great, precious or admirable to you; nothing worthy of regard, nothing high, praiseworthy or desirable, save that which is everlasting. Let the eternal Truth be your sole and supreme joy, and let your own deep unworthiness always distress you. Nothing should be more feared, condemned, and shunned than your own sins and vices; these should cause you more distress than the loss of everything. Some do not live sincerely in My sight, but, moved by curiosity and conceit, wish to know My secrets and to fathom the high mysteries of God, while neglecting the salvation of their own souls. When I refuse them, such men often fall into great temptations and sins through pride and curiosity.

Stand in awe of God's judgement, and fear the anger of Almighty God. Do not presume to investigate the ways of the Most High, but rather

examine yourself, see how greatly you have sinned, and how much good you have left undone. Some carry their devotion only in books, pictures, and other visible signs and representations. Some have Me on their lips, but seldom in their hearts. There are others who are enlightened in mind and pure in affection, who long always for the things of heaven. These listen with reluctance to worldly matters, and grudge even to serve their bodily needs. They fully understand what the Spirit of Truth speaks within them. For He teaches them to despise earthly things and to love heavenly; to forsake this world, and to long for Heaven.

CHAPTER 5
On the Wonderful Effect of Divine Love

THE DISCIPLE. O Heavenly Father, Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, blessed be Your Name for ever, for You have deigned to consider me, the poorest of Your servants. Father of mercies and God of all comfort, I thank You that, unworthy as I am, You sometimes refresh me with Your consolation. Blessing and glory to You, with Your sole-begotten Son and with the Holy Spirit the Comforter, now and through endless ages. You are my glory, and the joy of my heart; for You are my hope, and my refuge in time of trouble.

As yet my love is weak, and my virtue imperfect, and I have great need of Your strength and comfort. Therefore, visit me often, I pray, and instruct me in Your holy laws. Set me free from evil passions, and heal my heart from all disorderly affections; that, healed and cleansed in spirit, I may grow able to love, strong to endure, and steadfast to persevere.

Love is a mighty power, a great and complete good; Love alone lightens every burden, and makes the rough places smooth. It bears every hardship as though it were nothing, and renders all bitterness sweet and acceptable.

The love of Jesus is noble, and inspires us to great deeds; it moves us always to desire perfection. Love aspires to high things, and is held back by nothing base. Love longs to be free, a stranger to every worldly desire, lest its inner vision become dimmed, and lest worldly self-interest hinder it or ill-fortune cast it down. Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth; for love is born of God, and can rest only in God, above all created things.

Love flies, runs, and leaps for joy; it is free and unrestrained. Love gives all for all, resting in One who is highest above all things, from whom every good flows and proceeds. Love does not regard the gifts, but turns to the Giver of all good gifts. Love knows no limits, but ardently transcends all bounds. Love feels no burden, takes no account of toil, attempts things beyond its strength; love sees nothing as impossible, for it feels able to achieve all things. Love therefore does great things; it is strange and effective; while he who lacks love faints and fails.

Love is watchful, and while resting, never sleeps; weary, it is never exhausted; imprisoned, it is never in bonds; alarmed, it is never afraid; like a living flame and a burning torch, it surges upward and surely surmounts every obstacle. Whoever loves God knows well the sound of His voice. A loud cry in the ears of God is that burning love of the soul which exclaims, 'My God and my love, You are all mine, and I am Yours.'

A Prayer

Deepen Your love in me, O Lord, that I may learn in my inmost heart how sweet it is to love, to be dissolved, and to plunge myself into Your love. Let Your love possess and raise me above myself, with a fervour and wonder beyond imagination. Let me sing the song of love. Let me follow

You, my Beloved, into the heights. Let my soul spend itself in Your praise, rejoicing for love. Let me love You more than myself, and myself only for Your own sake. Let me love all men who truly love You, as the law of love commands, which shines out from You.

Love is swift, pure, tender, joyful, and pleasant. Love is strong, patient, faithful, prudent, long-suffering, vigorous, and never self-seeking. For when a man is self seeking he abandons love. Love is watchful, humble, and upright; Love is not fickle and sentimental, nor is it intent on vanities. It is sober, pure, steadfast, quiet, and guarded in all the senses. Love is submissive and obedient to superiors, mean and contemptible in its own sight, devoted and thankful to God, trusting and hoping in Him even when not enjoying His sweetness; for none can live in love without suffering.

Whoever is not prepared to endure everything, and to stand firmly by the will of the Beloved, is not worthy to be called a lover. A lover must willingly accept every hardship and bitterness for the sake of his Beloved, and must never desert Him because of adversity.

CHAPTER 6
On the Proof of a True Lover

CHRIST. My son, you are not yet a brave and wise lover.

THE DISCIPLE. Why, Lord?

CHRIST. Because as soon as you encounter a little trouble, you abandon what you have begun, and eagerly seek for comfort. A brave lover stands firm in temptation, and pays no heed to the crafty arguments of the Devil. He is as true to Me in trouble as in prosperity.

A wise lover values not so much the gift of the lover, as the love of the giver. He esteems the affection above the gift, and values every gift far below the Beloved. A noble lover is not content with a gift, but desires

Myself above all gifts. All is not lost, therefore, if sometimes you do not feel that devotion to Me and My Saints that you desire. The good and pleasant affection which you sometimes enjoy is the effect of My grace in you, and is a foretaste of your heavenly home; but do not rely on it too much, for it comes and goes. To fight against evil thoughts as they occur, and to reject with scorn the suggestions of the Devil, is a noteworthy sign of virtue and merit.

Let no strange fancies disturb you, from whatever source they spring. Hold to your purpose bravely, and keep an upright intent towards God. It is no illusion if you are sometimes rapt out of yourself, yet swiftly return to the usual trivial thoughts of men. For these are involuntary rather than deliberate, and as long as they do not please you, can be turned to your gain and not your loss.

You may be sure that the old Enemy is working by every means to frustrate your desire for good, and to entice you away from every spiritual exercise of devotion; from veneration of the Saints, from devout meditation on My Passion, from profitable examination of your sins, from the guard of your heart, and from the firm resolve to grow in holiness. He suggests many evil thoughts to discourage you, and to draw you away from holy reading and prayer. Humble Confession is hateful to him, and if he could, he would make you give up Communion. Do not listen to him or believe him, however often he tries to entrap you. Charge him with it, when he suggests evil and unholy things. Say to him, 'Away, unclean spirit! Blush for shame, wretch! You are foul indeed to speak of these things! Off with you, most evil of liars! You shall have no part in me. Jesus will be with me like a mighty warrior, and you will stand confounded. I would rather die and suffer any torture than consent to you. Be silent, and shut your mouth! I will listen to you no longer, however often you pester

me.' 'The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?' 'Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not be afraid.' 'The Lord is my helper and redeemer.'

Give battle, like a good soldier, and if through weakness you sometimes fall, take greater strength than before and put your trust in My more abundant grace. Be also on your guard against vain complacency and conceit, for this leads many into error, and causes almost incurable blindness of heart. Let the overthrow of the proud, who presumed in their own strength, be a warning to you and keep you always humble.

CHAPTER 7
On Concealing Grace under Humility

CHRIST. My son, it is safer and better for you to conceal the grace of devotion; do not boast of it, do not speak much of it, and do not dwell much on it. It is better to think the more humbly of yourself, and to fear that this grace has been granted to one who is unworthy of it. Never depend too much on these feelings, for they may be rapidly changed to the opposite. When you enjoy such grace, consider how sad and needy you are without it. Progress in the spiritual life consists not so much in enjoying the grace of consolation, as in beating its withdrawal with humility, resignation and patience, neither growing weary in prayer nor neglecting your other acts of devotion. Do willingly, and to the best of your ability and understanding, whatever lies in your power, and do not neglect your spiritual life because of any dryness or anxiety of mind.

There are many who grow impatient or indolent when all does not go according to their wishes. But man's life is not always in his control; it belongs to God alone to give and to comfort when He wills, as much as He wills, and whom He wills, just as He pleases and no more. Some people,

lacking discretion, have brought ruin on themselves through the grace of devotion, attempting more than lay in their power, ignoring the measure of their own littleness, and following the promptings of the heart rather than the dictates of reason. And because they presumed to greater things than pleased God, they soon lost His grace. These souls, who aspired to build their nest in Heaven, became needy and wretched outcasts, in order that, through humiliation and poverty, they might learn not to fly with their own wings, but to trust themselves under My wings. For those who are still new and untried in the Way of the Lord can easily be deceived and lost, unless they are guided by wise counsel.

If they follow their own notions rather than trust others of proved experience, their end will be perilous unless they are willing to be drawn away from their own conceit. Those who are wise in their own conceit seldom humbly accept guidance from others. A little knowledge and understanding tempered by humility is better than a great store of learning coupled with vain complacency. It is better to have few talents than many of which you might be conceited. Whoever yields himself to joy, forgetful of his former poverty, is very unwise, for he forgets also that pure reverence for the Lord which fears to lose grace already given. Nor is he wise who, in trouble and adversity, yields to despair, and fails to put his trust in Me.

The man who feels secure in time of peace, will often in time of war be found discouraged and afraid. If you were careful to remain always humble and modest in your own esteem, and to direct and control your mind rightly, you would not fall so readily into danger and disgrace. It is good advice, that when the spirit of devotion is aflame in your heart, you should consider how you will fare when the light leaves you. When this happens, remember that this light will one day return, which I have now for a while

withdrawn as a warning to you and for My glory.

Such a trial is often more profitable than if all went agreeably with you, and in accordance with your wishes. For a man's merit is not to be reckoned by the visions and comforts he may enjoy, nor by his learning in the Scriptures, nor by his being raised to high dignity. Rather is it by his being grounded in humility and filled with divine love; by his pure, constant, and sincere seeking of God's glory; by his low esteem and honest depreciation of himself; and by his preference for humiliation and despite rather than honours at the hands of men.

[…]

CHAPTER 9
How God Alone is our True End

CHRIST. My son, I must be your supreme and final End, if you desire true happiness. Fixed on Myself, your affection which too often is wrongly inclined to yourself and creatures, will be cleansed. For whenever you seek yourself, at once you become discouraged and desolate. Therefore, refer all things to Me, for it is I who have given all to you. Consider everything as springing from the supreme Good, since to Myself, as their Source, must all things return.

From Myself, as from a living fountain, both small and great, rich and poor alike draw the water of life; and they who freely and willingly serve Me, shall receive grace upon grace. But whoever desires to glory in anything outside Me, or to delight in some personal good thing, will not be established in true joy, nor uplifted in heart, but will be hindered and frustrated in countless ways. Therefore, ascribe no good to yourself, nor to any man, but ascribe all to God, without whom man has nothing. I have

given all, and it is My will that all return to Me again; I shall require a grateful and exact account.

This, then, is the troth, by which vainglory is put to flight. And if heavenly grace and tree charity enter in, there will be no envy or meanness of heart, nor will self-love retain possession. Divine charity overcomes everything, enlarging every power of the soul. If you are truly wise, you will rejoice and hope in Me alone; for none is good but God alone, who is to be praised above all, and to be blessed in all.

CHAPTER 10
On the Joy of Gods Service

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, I will speak once more; I cannot remain silent. I will say to my God, my Lord and my King, who dwells on high, 'Oh, how great and manifold are Your joys, kept in secret for those who fear You.' But what are You to those who love You? What to those who serve You with their whole heart? The contemplation of Yourself is the ineffable sweetness that You grant to those who love You. And this is the supreme manifestation of Your love, that when I had no being, You created me; when I went astray, You led me back to Your service, and taught me to love You.

O Fount of eternal love, what may I say of You? How can I forget You, who have deigned to remember me, even after I was corrupted and lost? You have showed mercy on Your servant beyond all my hope; You have given grace and friendship beyond all my deserts. What return can I make to You for this grace? For it is not granted to all men to forsake everything, to renounce the world, and to enter the life of religion. And is it a great thing that I should serve You, whom all creation is bound to serve? It should not seem much to me that I should serve you; rather is it great and wonderful to me that You should see fit to receive into Your service one so

poor and unworthy, and count him among Your beloved servants.

All that I have is Yours, and myself with it. Yet it is really You who serve me, rather than I You. Heaven and earth, which You created for the use of man, await Your pleasure, and obey Your laws day by day. And even this is little, for You have appointed the very Angels to minister to men. But what surpasses all these, is that You Yourself stoop to serve man, and have promised him the gift of Yourself.

What return can I make for all these countless favours? If only I could serve You faithfully all the days of my life! If only I could render You worthy service, even for a single day! For You alone are worthy of all service, honour, and eternal praise. You are truly my God, and I Your poor servant, who am bound to serve with all my powers, nor should I ever weary in Your praise. This is my wish and desire; whatever is lacking in me, I pray You to supply.

It is a great honour and glory to serve you, and to despise all else for Your sake; for great grace will be given to those who have willingly entered Your most holy service. They will discover the sweetest consolations of the Holy Spirit, who for Your love have renounced all the delights of the flesh. They will win true freedom of mind, who for Your Name's sake have entered on the narrow way, and set aside all worldly interests.

O gracious and joyful service of God, in which man is made truly free and holy! O sacred state of religious service, which makes man the equal of Angels, pleasing to God, terrible to devils, and an example to all the faithful! O most lovely and desirable service, in which we receive the reward of the supreme Good, and obtain the joy that abides for ever!

CHAPTER 11
On Control of the Heart

CHRIST. My son, you have still many things to learn.

THE DISCIPLE. What are these, Lord?

CHRIST. How you must frame your desires in accordance with My good pleasure, and be not a lover of self, but an earnest follower of My will. Desires often inflame you and drive you violently onwards; but consider whether it be My honour or self-interest that moves you most. If I Myself be the cause, you will be content with whatever I shall determine; but if self-interest is your hidden motive, this will be a hindrance and burden to you.

Take care, therefore, not to rely overmuch on any preconceived desire without asking My counsel, lest you regret or become displeased at what first pleased you, and for which you were eager. For not every feeling that seems good is at once to be acted upon, nor is every feeling that runs contrary to your inclinations to be immediately rejected. It is sometimes necessary to restrain even your good intentions and endeavours, lest by over-eagerness your mind becomes distracted; lest by lack of discipline you cause offence to others; or lest you suddenly become confused and upset by the opposition of others.

You must bravely and forcibly resist your sensual appetite, taking no account of what the body likes or dislikes, and struggle to subdue the unwilling flesh to the spirit. For it must be corrected and brought under control, until it is obedient in everything. It must learn to be content with little, to take pleasure in simple things, and not to complain at any hardship.

CHAPTER 12
On Learning Patience

THE DISCIPLE. O Lord God, I know that I need patience above all else, for in

this life there are many trials. For however earnestly I seek peace, I cannot escape struggle and sorrow.

CHRIST. This is true, My son. But My will is that you do not try to find a place free from temptations and troubles. Rather, seek a peace that endures even when you are beset by various temptations and tried by much adversity. If you say that you cannot endure much, how will you endure the fires of Purgatory? Of two evils, always choose the lesser. Endeavour patiently to endure for God's sake all the ills of this life, that you may escape eternal punishment. Do you imagine that worldly men suffer little or nothing? Ask the most wealthy, and you will not find it so.

But, you may say, they enjoy many pleasures, and follow their own desires; in this way they make light of any troubles. Yet, even if they enjoy whatever they desire, how long will this last? The rich of this world will vanish like smoke, and no memory of their past pleasures will remain. But even in their lifetime they do not enjoy them without bitterness, weariness and fear, for the very things whence they derive their pleasures often carry with them the seeds of sorrow. And this is but just; for having sought and followed pleasures to excess, they may not enjoy them without shame and bitterness. Ah, how short-lived and false, how disorderly and base are all these pleasures! Yet so besotted and blind are such persons that, like dumb beasts, they bring death to their souls for the trivial enjoyments of this corruptible life! My son, do not follow your lusts, and do not be self-willed. Delight in the Lord, and he will grant your heart's desire.

If you would taste true pleasure and receive the fullness of My consolation, know this: that in the despising of worldly things and in the shunning of base delights shall be your blessing, and you shall win abundant consolation. The more you withdraw yourself from the comfort of creatures, the sweeter and more potent will be the consolations that you

will find in Me. But you will not find these at once, or without sorrow, toil and effort. Old habits will stand in your way, but by better they will be overcome. The body will complain, but by fervour of the spirit it can be disciplined. The Old Serpent will goad and disturb you, but by prayer he will be put to flight; and by profitable labour you will bar the wide path by which he comes to attack you.

CHAPTER 13
On Obedience, after the Example of Christ

CHRIST. My son, whoever strives to withdraw from obedience, withdraws from grace. And he who seeks personal privileges, loses those that are common to all. When a man is unwilling to submit freely and willingly to his superior, it is a sign that his lower nature is not yet under his control, but frequently rebels and complains. Therefore learn to obey your superior promptly if you wish to subdue your lower nature, for the Enemy without is sooner overcome if our inner fortress remains intact. There is no enemy more wicked or troublesome to the soul than yourself, when you are not in harmony with the Spirit, and you must have a very real scorn for self, if you are to prevail against flesh and Blood. It is because you are unwilling to yield your will to that of others, that you are still full of self-love.

Is it so hard for you, who are dust and nothingness, to subject yourself to man for God's sake, when I, the Almighty and most high, who created all things from nothing, humbly subjected Myself to man for your sake? I became the humblest and least of all men, that you might overcome your pride through My humility. Learn to obey, you who are but dust; learn to humble yourself, earth and clay, and to bow yourself beneath the feet of all. Learn to curb your desires, and yield yourself to complete obedience.

Direct your anger against yourself, and let no swelling pride remain in

you. Show yourself so submissive and so humble that all men may trample over you and tread on you like the mud of the streets. Vain man, what right have you to complain? What can you, an unclean sinner, answer to any who reproach you, when you have so often offended God, and so many times deserved Hell? But I have spared you, for your soul was precious to Me, that you might know My love, and be ever grateful for My favour: also, that you might give yourself constantly to true obedience and humility, enduring patiently any contempt laid on you.

[…]

CHAPTER 17
How we must put our Whole Trust in God

CHRIST. My son, let My will be your guide. I know what is best for you. Your mind is but human, and your judgement often influenced by personal considerations.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, this is true, and Your providence will order my life better than I can myself: most insecure is the man who does not put all his trust in You. Lord, keep my will steadfast and true to You, and do with me whatever is Your pleasure; for all is good that comes to me by Your will. If You will that darkness be my lot, blessed be Your Name; if it be light, again blessed be Your Name. If You stoop to comfort me, blessed be Your Name; and if You wish to try me, ever blessed be Your Name.

CHRIST. My son, let this be your disposition if you wish to walk with Me. Be as ready to suffer as to be glad; be as willing to be needy and poor as to enjoy wealth and plenty.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, for Your sake I will gladly bear whatever You shall send to me. From Your hand I will accept gladly both good and ill, sweet and

bitter, joy and sorrow; and for all that may befall me, I will thank You. Only keep me, O Lord, from all sin, and I shall fear neither Death nor Hell. Do not, I pray, reject me for ever, nor blot out my name from the book of life; then, whatever trials beset me can do me no harm.

CHAPTER 18
How Sorrows are to be Borne Patiently

CHRIST. My son, I came down from Heaven for your salvation. I took upon Myself your sorrows, not because I must, but out of pure love, that you might learn patience, and bear without complaint all the troubles of this world. From the hour of My Birth until My Death on the Cross, I had always to endure sorrow. I suffered great lack of worldly goods; many accusations were levelled against Me. I bore all disgrace and insults with meekness. In return for blessings I received ingratitude; for miracles, blasphemies; for My teaching, reproofs.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, because You were patient in Your life, in this respect especially fulfilling the command of Your Father, it is fitting that I, a wretched sinner, should bear myself patiently in accordance with Your will, and that, for the salvation of my soul, I should bear the burden of this corruptible life so long as You shall will. For though this present life is hard, yet by Your grace it is made full of merit; and by Your example and the lives of Your Saints it is rendered easier and happier for the weak. Its consolations are richer than under the old Law, when the gates of Heaven were shut, and the way thither dark, so that few cared to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. And even those who in former days were righteous and to be saved could not enter the Kingdom of Heaven until Your Passion and the Atonement of Your sacred Death.

What boundless gratitude is Your due, for revealing to me and to all

faithful people the true and holy way to Your eternal Kingdom! Your life is Our Way, and by holy patience we will journey onwards to You, who are our crown and consummation. If You, Lord, had not gone before us and showed the way, who could follow? How many would have stayed behind and far distant had they not Your glorious example for their guide? Even now we are cold and careless, although we have heard Your teaching and mighty acts; what would happen to us had we not Your light as our guide?

CHAPTER 19

On Enduring Injuries, and the Proof of Patience

CHRIST. My son, what are you saying? Consider My sufferings and those of My Saints, and cease to complain. You have not yet shed your blood in resistance; your troubles are but small in comparison with those who have suffered so much, whose temptations were so strong, whose trials so severe, and who were proved and tested in so many ways. Remember the heavier sufferings of others, that you may more easily bear your own small troubles. If they do not seem small to you, beware lest your impatience be the cause; and whether they be small or great, try to bear them all patiently.

The better you prepare yourself to meet suffering, the more wisely will you act, and the greater will be your merit. You will bear all more easily if your heart and mind is diligently prepared. Do not say, 'I cannot endure such things from this person,' or, 'I will not tolerate these things: he has done me great injury, and accused me of things I never considered; from another person I might bear it, and regard it as something that must be endured.' Such thoughts are foolish, for you ignore the merit of patience and Him who rewards it, and think only of the person who has injured you and the wrong you endure.

You are not truly patient if you will only endure what you think fit, and only from those whom you like. A truly patient man does not consider by whom he is tried, whether by his superior, his equal, or his inferior; whether by a good and holy man, or by a perverse and wicked person. But however great or frequent the trial that besets him, and by whatever agency it comes, he accepts it gladly as from the hand of God, and counts it all gain.

Always be ready for battle if you wish for victory; you cannot win the crown of patience without a struggle; if you refuse to suffer, you refuse the crown. Therefore, if you desire the crown, fight manfully and endure patiently. Without labour, no rest is won; without battle, there can be no victory.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, make possible for me by grace what is impossible to me by nature. You know how little I can bear, and how quickly I become discouraged by a little adversity. I pray You, make every trial lovely and desirable to me for Your Name's sake, since suffering and affliction for Your sake is so profitable to the health of my soul.

CHAPTER 20

On our own Weakness, and the Trials of This Life

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, I confess my sinfulness, and acknowledge my weakness. Often it is but a small matter that defeats and troubles me. I resolve to act boldly, but when I am assailed even by a small temptation, I am in sore straits. From a trifling thing sometimes arises a strong temptation; and when I think I am secure, I am almost overwhelmed by a mere breath.

Consider my lowness and weakness, O Lord, for You know all things. Have mercy on me, and raise me from the mire, that I may not stick fast in it, nor remain prostrate. It is this that often defeats and confounds me in

Your eyes - that I am so prone to fall and so weak in resisting my passions. And although I do not yield to them entirely, yet their assaults trouble and distress me, so that I am weary of living constantly at conflict. My weakness is apparent to me, for evil fancies rush in on me more readily than they depart.

Most mighty God of Israel, zealous lover of souls, I pray You remember the toil and grief of Your servant, and support him in all his undertakings. Strengthen me with heavenly courage, lest my old and wicked enemy the flesh, not yet wholly subject to the spirit, prevail and gain the upper hand. For against this I must fight while breath remains in this troublous life. Alas, what a life is this, where trials and sorrows never cease, and where all things are full of snares and foes! For when one trial or temptation departs, another takes its place; and even while the conflict rages, other troubles arise, innumerable and unexpected.

How can we love life, when it holds so much bitterness, and is subject to so many sorrows and calamities? How, indeed, can that be called life, which breeds death and pain in such full measure? Yet it is loved, and many find great delight in it. The world is often blamed for its falseness and vanity, but it is not readily abandoned: the desires of the body exercise too strong a hold. Some things cause us to love the world, others to hate it. The desires of the body, the desires of the eyes, and the pride of life all draw us to love the world; but the pains and sorrows that justly ensue cause us to hate and weary of it.

Alas, a perverted pleasure overcomes the mind that surrenders to the world, and counts it a delight to lie among the brambles, for it has neither seen nor tasted the sweetness of God and the inner joy of holiness. But they who perfectly despise the world and study to live under God's holy rule know something of that heavenly sweetness promised to all who

sincerely forsake the world. They see most clearly how sadly the world goes astray, and how grievously it is deceived.

CHAPTER 21
How we must Rest in God Alone above all Things

THE DISCIPLE. Above all things and in all things rest always in the Lord, O my soul, for He is the everlasting rest of the Saints.

A Prayer

Grant me, most dear and loving Jesus, to rest in You above created things; above health and beauty, above all glory and honour; above all power and dignity above all knowledge and skill; above all fame and praise, above all sweetness and consolation; above all hope and promise, above all merit and desire; above all gifts and favours that You can bestow and shower upon us; above all joy and jubilation that the mind can conceive and know; above Angels and Archangels and all the hosts of Heaven; above all things visible and invisible; and above everything that is not Yourself, O my God.

O Lord my God, You transcend all things; You alone are most high, most mighty, most sufficient and complete, most sweet and comforting. You alone are most full of beauty and glory, in Whom all good things in their perfection exist, both now and ever have been, and ever will be. All, therefore, is too small and unsatisfying that You can give me beside Yourself, or that You can reveal and promise me of Yourself unless I can see and fully possess You. For my heart cannot rest nor be wholly content until it rests in You, rising above all Your gifts and creatures.

O Lord Jesus Christ, spouse of the soul, lover of purity, and Lord of creation, who will give me wings of perfect liberty, that I may fly to You, and be at rest? When shall I be set free, and taste Your sweetness, O Lord

my God? When shall I become recollected in You, that for love of You I may no longer be conscious of myself, but of You alone in a manner not known to all men, and above all perception and measure? But now I mourn and bear my unhappy lot with grief, for many evils happen in this vale of sorrows, which often disturb, sadden and darken my path. They often hinder and distract, entice, and entangle me, so that I cannot approach You freely, nor yet enjoy the sweet embrace which You prepare for the souls of the blessed.

O Jesus, Brightness of eternal glory and comfort of the pilgrim soul, hear my cry, and regard my utter desolation. Words fail me in Your presence; let my silence speak for me. How long will my Lord delay His coming? Come to me, Lord, poor and little as I am, and bring me joy. Stretch out Your hand, and deliver me from all my misery and pain. Come, Lord, come, for without You no day or hour is happy; without You my table is without its guest, for You alone are my joy. Sadness is my lot, and I am like a man imprisoned and loaded with chains, until You refresh me with the light of Your presence, and show me Your face as my friend. Let others seek whom they will besides You, but nothing ever can or will give me joy but Yourself alone, my God, my Hope, and my eternal Salvation. I will not keep silent, nor cease from urgent prayer till Your grace returns and my heart leaps at the sound of Your voice.

CHRIST. See, I am here. I have come at your cry. Your tears and your souls longing, your humiliation and contrition of heart have moved Me to come to you.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, I have called You and longed for You. I am ready to renounce everything for Your sake, who first moved me to seek You. Blessed be Your Name, O Lord, for Your goodness to Your servant, according to the richness of Your mercies. What more can Your servant

say, Lord? He can only humble himself entirely in Your presence, ever mindful of his own wickedness and unworthiness. For none can compare with You, among all the wonders of heaven and earth. All Your works are good, Your judgements are true, and by Your providence are all things ruled. Praise and glory to You, O Wisdom of the Father! Let my soul, my lips, and all creation join in Your blessing and Your praise!

[…]

CHAPTER 23
On Four Things that Bring Peace

CHRIST. My son, I will now teach you the way of peace and true freedom.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, instruct me, I pray. I am eager to learn.

CHRIST. My son, resolve to do the will of others rather than your own.

Always choose to possess less rather than more.

Always take the lowest place, and regard yourself as less than others.

Desire and pray always that Gods will may be perfectly fulfilled in you.

A man who observes these rules shall come to enjoy peace and tranquillity of soul.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, in these few words of Yours lie the whole secret of perfection. If I could only faithfully observe them, no trouble could distress me. For whenever I am anxious and weary, I find that it is because I have strayed from Your teaching. All things are in Your power, and You always long to bring souls to perfection. Give me Your grace ever more richly; help me to keep Your word and advance my salvation.

A Prayer against Evil Thoughts

My Lord and God, do not abandon me; remember my need, for many evil

thoughts and horrid fears trouble my mind and terrify my soul. How shall I pass through them unhurt? How shall I break their power over me? You have said, 'I will go before you, and will humble the proud upon earth. I will open the gates of the prison, and reveal to you the hidden treasures and secrets of the ages.' Do, O Lord, as You have said, and let Your coming put to flight all wicked thoughts. It is my hope and comfort that I can turn to You in all my troubles, put my trust in You, call upon You in my heart, and wait Your comfort in patience.

A Prayer for Mental Light

O merciful Jesus, send the brightness of Your light into my mind, and banish all darkness from the sanctuary of my heart. Restrain my many wayward thoughts, and destroy the temptations that beset me with such violence. Let Your great strength be with me in the fight, and overcome the seducing desires of the flesh, that rage in me like evil beasts. By Your power establish peace, and let Your praises be sung in the temple of a pure heart. Command the winds and storm; subdue the fury of the seas and the blast of the north wind, and there shall be a great calm. Send out Your light and Your truth to shine over the world; for until Your light illuminates my soul, I am dull earth, formless and empty. Pour forth Your grace from above, and bathe my heart in the dew of Heaven. Supply fresh streams of devotion to water the face of the earth, and produce good and perfect fruit. Inspire my mind, now burdened by my sins, and fix my whole desire on heavenly things, so that, having once tasted the sweetness of eternal joys, I may turn with distaste from all the passing pleasures of this world. Release me, and free my heart from all dependence on the passing consolation of wicked things, since none of these things can yield true satisfaction or appease my longings. Unite me to Yourself by the unbreakable bonds of

love. You alone can satisfy the soul that loves You, and without You the world is worthless.

CHAPTER 24
On the Evils of Curiosity

CHRIST. Beware of vain curiosity, My son, and do not busy yourself in profitless matters; what are they to you? Follow Me. What concern is it of yours whether a man is good or evil, or what he says and does? You will not be called on to answer for others, but you will certainly have to give a full account of your own life. Why, then, must you meddle where you have no need? I know the hearts of all men, and nothing under the sun is hid from My knowledge. I know the life of every man - his thoughts, his desires and his intentions. Therefore trust yourself entirely to My care, and let your heart be at peace. Let the meddlesome man trouble himself as he will; his words and deeds will recoil on his own head, for he cannot deceive Me.

Do not court the favour of powerful patrons, nor popular favour, not even the particular affection of friends. All these things are distractions, and fill the heart with uncertainty. If you will but await My coming, and throw open the door of your heart, I Myself will speak to you, and reveal to you My secrets.

Be ready; watch and pray. Above all, be humble.

CHAPTER 25
On Lasting Peace and True Progress

CHRIST. I have said, 'Peace I leave with you; My own peace I give you. Not as the world gives do I give you.' All men want peace, but all do not seek those things that bring true peace. My peace is with the humble and gentle of heart, and depends on great patience. If you listen to Me, and follow My

words, you shall find true peace.

THE DISCIPLE. What must I do, Lord?

CHRIST. Keep guard over your whole life, your actions and words. Direct all your efforts to the single purpose of pleasing Me: seek and desire Myself alone. Never make rash judgements on the behaviour of others, and do not interfere when your opinion is not sought. If you do as I say, you will seldom be troubled in mind. But do not imagine that you can avoid anxiety in this life, or that you may never experience sorrow of heart or pain of body, for true peace is only to be found in the state of eternal rest. So do not think that you have found true peace when you happen to experience no trouble, and do not think that all is well when no one opposes you. Nor should you imagine that everything is perfect when everything happens in accordance with your wishes. Do not hold an exaggerated opinion of yourself, or believe that you are a favourite of God when you enjoy the grace of great devotion and sweetness; for it is not by these things that the true lover of holiness is known, or is a man's spiritual progress dependent on such things.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, on what then does it depend?

CHRIST. On complete surrender of your heart to the will of God, not seeking to have your own way either in great matters or small, in time or in eternity. If you will make this surrender, you will thank God with equal gladness both in good times and in bad, and will accept everything, as from His hand, with an untroubled mind. Be courageous and of such unshakeable faith that, when spiritual comfort is withdrawn, you may prepare your heart for even greater trials. Do not think it unjust that you should suffer so much, but confess that I am just in all My dealings, and praise My holy Name. In so doing, you will walk in the true and noble way of peace, and I will surely come to you again and give you great joy. Only think humbly

of yourself, and I promise you as great peace as man may enjoy in this life.

CHAPTER 26
On the Excellence of a Free Mind

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, one who desires perfection must make it his first task to keep his mind at all times set on heavenly things. By so doing, he can pass carefree through many troubles, not as one who has not the wit to realize the dangers that beset him, but in the strength of a free mind, unfettered by undue attachment to worldly things.

Most loving God, I beg You so to preserve me that I am not overborne by the cares of this life. Keep me, also, from becoming the servant of my body's many needs, that I may not become absorbed in its pleasures. Save me from all the pitfalls that beset my soul, that they may not overwhelm and crush me. I do not ask to be preserved from those things that vain and worldly men pursue with such ardour, but rather from those miseries that so heavily burden and impede the soul of Your servant, who lies under the curse common to all mortal men. It is these miseries that prevent my soul from entering into the true liberty of the spirit whenever I would. My Lord God, my Delight above all delights, make bitter to me all worldly pleasure that draws me away from the love of eternal joys, and wickedly seduces me by promising me all the joys of the present. Let me not be overcome by flesh and blood, I entreat You. Let not the world and its brief glory deceive me, nor the Devil and his cunning overthrow me. Give me strength to resist, patience to endure, and constancy to persevere. Give me the rich graces of Your spirit rather than all the pleasures of the world and supplant all worldly love by the love of Your Name. A man of fervent spirit grudges much attention to food, drink, clothing and other bodily needs. Grant me to use these things with moderation, and not to be over-concerned about

them. It is not right to ignore them, for nature bids us supply their needs; but the law of holiness forbids us to crave for needless luxuries, since the body then revolts against the spirit. In all things, I pray You, let Your hand guide and govern me, that moderation may be my rule at all times.

[…]

CHAPTER 28
Against Slander

CHRIST. My son, do not take it to heart if others think ill of you, and say unpleasant things about you. Consider yourself to be even worse than they imagine, and regard yourself as the weakest of men. If your inner life is strong, you will not pay much heed to passing words. A wise man remains silent when beset by evil; he turns to Me in his heart, and is untroubled by man's judgements.

Do not let your peace depend on what people say of you, for whether they speak good or ill of you makes no difference to what you are. True peace and joy is to be found in Me alone. He who is neither anxious to please nor afraid to displease men enjoys true peace. All unrest of heart and distraction of mind spring from disorderly affections and groundless fears.

CHAPTER 29
How we should Bless God in all Trouble

THE DISCIPLE. Blessed be Your holy Name for ever, O Lord. I know that it is by Your will that temptation and trouble come upon me. I cannot escape it, but must needs come to You for help, that it may be turned to my good. Lord, I am tormented and uneasy in mind, and my present troubles weigh heavy on me.

Most loving Father, what may I say? I am in dire straits. Save me from this hour. Yet it is for Your glory that I have been brought to this hour, and that I may learn that You alone can deliver me from the depths of my humiliation. Of Your goodness, deliver me, O Lord. For what can I do, helpless as I am; and where can I go without Your aid? Give me patience, Lord, even in this trial. Grant me help, and I shall fear nothing, however hard pressed I may be.

And now, in this trouble, this shall be my prayer, 'Your will be done.' I have fully deserved this trouble, and must bear it. Let me bear it patiently, until the storm is past and better days return. I know that Your almighty power can remove even this trial from me and lessen its violence, so that I am not completely crushed by it. Often in times past, my God and my Mercy, You have done this for me. And the harder it is for me, the easier it is for You to change my way, O God most high.

CHAPTER 30

On Asking God's Help, and the Certainty of His Grace

CHRIST. My son, I am the Lord, who gives strength in time of trouble. Come to Me when the struggle goes hard with you. Your slowness in turning to prayer is the greatest obstacle to receiving My heavenly comfort. For, when you should earnestly seek Me, you first turn to many other comforts, and hope to restore yourself by worldly means. It is only when all these things have failed that you remember that I am the Saviour of all who put their trust in Me; and that, apart from Me, there can be no effective help, no sound counsel, and no lasting remedy. But now, with spirit renewed after the tempest, gather fresh strength and light in My mercies. For I am near, and will restore all things, not only completely, but generously and in full measure.

Is anything too hard for Me? Shall I be like one who does not fulfil his promise? Where is your faith? Stand firm, and persevere. Be courageous and patient, and help will come to you in due time. Wait patiently for Me, and I Myself will come and heal you. Temptation is your testing - there is no cause for alarm or fear. Sorrow upon sorrow can be the only result if you worry about the future. Sufficient to the day is the evil in it. It is quite vain and useless to be either anxious or pleased about the future, for what you anticipate may never happen.

The mind of man is prone to delusions, but to be deceived by the suggestions of the Devil is a sign of spiritual weakness. Satan does not care whether it be by truth or falsehood that he mocks and deceives you; or whether he obtains your downfall through love of the present or fear of the future. Therefore, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Trust in Me, and put your whole confidence in My mercy. When you think I am far away, then often I am nearest to you. And when you think the battle almost lost, then the reward of all your toil is often near. All is not lost when anything turns out contrary to your plans. Therefore do not allow your feelings of the moment to obscure your judgement, nor yield to depression as though all hope of recovery were lost.

Do not imagine yourself utterly forsaken if for a while I have allowed some trial to harass you, or withdrawn the comfort that you desire; for this is the way to the Kingdom of Heaven. Be assured that it is better for you, and for all My servants, to struggle against difficulties than to have everything as you wish. I know your secret thoughts, and it is necessary for your salvation that you should sometimes be deprived of spiritual joys, lest you become conceited in your happy state, and complacently imagine yourself better than you are. What I have granted, I can take away, and restore it when I choose.

When I grant comfort, it remains Mine; and when I withdraw it, I am not taking anything that is yours, for every good gift and every perfect gift is Mine alone. If I send you trouble and affliction, do not be indignant or downhearted; for I can swiftly help you, and turn all your sorrow into joy. Notwithstanding, I keep My own counsel, and in all My dealings with you, give Me due praise.

If you are wise and have right judgement, you will never despair or be discouraged. On the contrary, if I scourge you with trouble and do not spare you, be glad and grateful, and regard it as cause for joy. For, 'as My Father has loved Me, so do I love you,' were My words to my well loved disciples, whom I did not send out to enjoy the pleasures of the world, but to fight hard battles; not to win honours, but contempt; not to be idle, but industrious; not to rest, but to bring forth much fruit with patience.

CHAPTER 31
On Forsaking Creatures to Find the Creator

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, I am greatly in need of yet more abundant grace if I am to reach that state where no creature can impede my progress. For as long as anything holds me back, I cannot come freely to You. One who desired to fly freely to You said, 'Who will give me wings like a dove? I will fly, and be at rest.' And who is more perfectly at rest than the man of single purpose? Who more free than he who desires nothing upon earth? Rapt in spirit, a man must rise above all created things, and perfectly forsaking himself, see clearly that nothing in creation can compare with the Creator. But unless a man is freed from dependence on creatures, he cannot turn freely to the things of God. This is the reason why there are so few contemplatives, for there are few who can free themselves entirely from transitory things.

A soul needs much grace to be raised up and carried beyond itself. Yet, unless a man's soul is raised, set free from all attachment to earthly things, and wholly united to God, neither his knowledge nor his possessions are of any value. So long as he esteems as precious anything outside the One, Infinite, and Eternal Good, he will remain mean and earthbound in spirit. For whatever is not God is nothing, and is to be accounted nothing. There is a great difference between the wisdom of a devout man enlightened by God, and the knowledge of a learned and studious scholar. More noble by far is the learning infused from above by divine grace, than that painfully acquired by the industry of man.

Many desire the grace of contemplation, but few take the trouble to practise what is essential to it. It is a great obstacle if we rely on external signs and the experience of the senses, and pay small regard to the perfecting of serf-discipline. I hardly know what motives can inspire us, or what our purpose may be, when we who wish to be considered spiritual take so much trouble and are so concerned with trivial, daily affairs, and so seldom give our full and earnest attention to our interior life.

Alas, after a short meditation we break of, and do not make a strict examination of our lives. We do not consider where our affections really lie, nor are we grieved at the sinfulness of our whole life. Yet it was because of the wickedness of men that the Flood came upon the earth. When our inner inclinations are corrupted, the actions that spring from them are also corrupted. And this is a sign of our lack of inner strength; for from a pure heart alone springs the fruit of a holy life.

A man's achievements are often discussed, but seldom the principles by which he lives. We inquire whether he is brave, handsome, rich, clever, a good writer, a fine singer, or a hard worker: but whether he is humble-minded, patient and gentle, devout and spiritual is seldom mentioned.

Nature regards the outward characteristics of a man: Grace considers his inner disposition. And while Nature is often misled, Grace trusts in God and cannot be deceived.

CHAPTER 32
On Self-Denial, and Renunciation of our Desires

CHRIST. My son, complete self-denial is the only road to perfect liberty. Those who are obsessed by self-interest and self-love are slaves of their own desires; they are greedy, inquisitive, and discontented. They spend themselves in pleasures, but never in the service of Jesus Christ, their whole interest being in passing affairs. But all that is not of God shall perish utterly.

Observe this simple counsel of perfection: Forsake all, and you shall find all. Renounce desire, and you shall find peace. Give this due thought, and when you have put it into practice, you will understand all things.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, this is not the work of a single day, and no easy matter. These few words contain the whole way of spiritual perfection.

CHRIST. My son, do not be discouraged or diverted from your purpose at hearing of this way of perfection. Rather let it spur you to higher things, and, at least, to set your heart on them. If only you would do this, and attain that state where you cease to be a lover of self, and stand ready to do My will and His whom I have appointed as your Father, you would greatly please Me, and your whole life would be filled with joy and peace. You have still many things to renounce, and unless you surrender them to Me without reserve, you cannot obtain what you ask of Me. I counsel you to buy from Me gold, reined in the ire, that you may be rich in that heavenly wisdom that rejects all worthless things. Despise the wisdom of the world, and every temptation to please others or yourself.

I have said, exchange what men consider desirable and honourable for that which they hold in low esteem. For true heavenly wisdom, having no exalted opinion of itself, seeks no recognition from the world, is almost disregarded by men, and seems to them useless and of no importance. Many pay it lip-service, but it plays no part in their lives. Yet this is the precious pearl, that remains hidden from many.

CHAPTER 33
On Inconstancy of Heart

CHRIST. My son, do not trust your affections, for they are changeable and inconstant. All your life you are subject to change, even against your inclination. At one time you are cheerful, at another sad; now peaceful, now troubled; now full of devotion, now wholly lacking it; now zealous, now slothful; now grave, now gay. But the wise man, who is well versed in spiritual matters, stands above these changing emotions. He pays small regard to his momentary feelings and whims, but directs all the powers of his mind towards the right and true end. Thus, having fixed his gaze and kept his intention constantly on Me, he can remain single in purpose, and unshaken under all circumstances.

The more single his purpose, the more steadily will a man pass through all the storms of life. But in many, this single purpose becomes obscured; for men pay ready attention to any pleasant thing that comes their way, and it is a rare thing to find anyone wholly free from the sin of self-interest. Thus the Jews once came out to Bethany to Martha and Mary, not for Jesus' sake only, but to see Lazarus. Therefore make your intention pure, single, and upright, that it may be directed to Me alone without hindrance.

[…]

CHAPTER 36

Against the Vain Judgements of Men

CHRIST. My son, trust in God with all your heart. If your conscience bears witness to your devotion and innocence, you need not fear the judgements of men. It is a good and holy thing to suffer in this way, and it will not be a burden to the humble heart that trusts in God rather than itself. Many people talk too much, and little attention should be paid them. Moreover, it is quite impossible to please everyone. Although Saint Paul endeavoured to be pleasing to all men in the Lord, and became all things to all men, yet he cared very little what they thought of himself. He did whatever lay in his power to bring instruction and salvation to others, but even he could not escape being misjudged and despised by others. Accordingly he trusted himself wholly to God, who knows all things, and opposed the shield of patience and humility to the unjust accusations, empty lies and vain boasts of his detractors. Notwithstanding, sometimes he replied to them, lest his silence should give scandal to the weak.

Why should you fear mortal man? Today he is here; tomorrow he is gone for ever. Fear God, and you need never fear man. What real harm can the words or actions of any man do you? He injures himself rather than you, and he cannot escape the judgement of God, whoever he be. Keep God always before you, and do not engage in bitter controversies. Even if for the present you seem to suffer defeat and undeserved disgrace, do not complain nor lessen your due reward through impatience. Instead, raise your eyes to Me in Heaven, for I have power to deliver you from all shame and wrong, and to reward every man according to his merits.

CHAPTER 37

How Surrender of Self Brings Freedom of Heart

CHRIST. My son, renounce self, and you shall find Me. Retain no private choice or personal interest, and you will always be the gainer. As soon as you yield yourself unreservedly into My hands, I will grant you even richer graces.

THE DISCIPLE. How often shall I yield myself, and in what way forsake myself, Lord?

CHRIST. Always, and at all times, in small things as well as in great. I make no exceptions, for I desire to have you wholly divested of self: otherwise, unless you are wholly stripped of self-will, how can you be Mine, mine or yours? The sooner you do this, the better it will be with you, and the more completely and sincerely you do it, the better you will please Me, and the greater will be your gain.

Some resign themselves, but with some reservation; these do not put their whole trust in God, and are therefore concerned to provide for themselves. Others at first offer everything, but later are overcome by temptation, and return to their former state. These make very little progress in virtue, and will never obtain the true freedom of heart, nor enjoy the favour of My friendship, unless they first make a complete surrender and daily offering of themselves to Me. Without this, no fruitful union with Me can exist or endure.

I have often said to you, and I now say once more: Renounce yourself, surrender yourself, and you shall enjoy great inner peace. Give all for all, look for nothing, ask nothing in return: rest purely and trustingly in Me, and you shall possess Me. Then you will be free in heart, and no darkness will oppress your soul. Strive for this, pray for this, desire this one thing - that you may be stripped clean of all selfishness, and follow Jesus in complete self-abandonment, dying to self that you may live to Me for ever. Then will all vain fantasies be put to light, and all evil disorders and

groundless fears vanish. Then will all fear and dread depart, and all disordered love die in you.

CHAPTER 38
On the Right Ordering of our Affairs

CHRIST. My son, take great care to ensure that in every place, action, and outward occupation you remain inwardly free and your own master. Control circum stances, and do not allow them to control you. Only so can you be master and ruler of your actions, not their servant or slave; a free man and a true Christian, enjoying the freedom and high destiny of the children of God. These stand above the things of time, and view those of eternity, seeing in their true light both earthly and heavenly things. The things of this world have no hold over the children of God; on the contrary, they draw them into their service, and employ them in the ways ordained by God and established by the Heavenly Architect, who has let nothing in His creation without its due place.

Stand firm in all circumstances. Do not judge by outward appearances or reports as men do, but in each instance enter like Moses into the Tabernacle, to ask guidance of the Lord. Sometimes you will receive God's answer, and return instructed on many matters, both present and future. For Moses always had recourse to the Tabernacle to obtain an answer to his doubts and questions, and he took refuge in prayer to support him amidst the dangers and wickednesses of men. Similarly must you take refuge in the depths of your heart, and pray most earnestly for God's help. We read that Joshua and the children of Israel were deceived by the men of Gibeon because they had not first asked counsel of God. Therefore, in giving credit to their statements, they were misled by their pretended piety.

CHAPTER 39

How we should not be Over Anxious

CHRIST. My son, always commit your cause to Me, and I will bring it to a good issue in due time. Wait until I order it, and you will find it to your advantage.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, I readily commit everything into your hands, for my own judgement is of small value. I wish I were less concerned about the future, and could unreservedly submit myself to Your good pleasure.

CHRIST. My son, a man often labours incessantly to obtain his desire; but when he has obtained it, he begins to change his mind. For man's affections do not remain constant, but tend to move from one object to another. It is therefore no small advantage, if a man can renounce self even in small things. Man's true spiritual progress depends on the denial of self, and he who renounces self is completely free and secure. But the Old Enemy, the Adversary of all good never ceases to tempt man. Day and night he lies in ambush, hoping to trap the unwary into the snares of his deceit. 'Watch and pray lest you enter into temptation.'

CHAPTER 40
How Man has no Personal Goodness of which to Boast

THE DISCIPLE. 'Lord, what is man that You are mindful of him, or the son of man, that You visit him?' What has man done to deserve Your grace? Lord, I have no cause to complain if You abandon me; and if You Will is contrary to my desires, I have no right to plead against it. But this I may rightly think and say, 'Lord, I am nothing and I can do nothing. I have no good of Myself, but am imperfect in every respect, and always tend to nothing. Unless You guide my soul and grant me strength, I become weak and completely helpless.'

You, O Lord, remain ever Yourself, abiding in eternity, good, just, and

holy, ordering all things in goodness, justice, and holiness, and disposing them in wisdom. But I, who am always more ready to slip back than go forward, never remain the same, for seven times have passed over me. Yet, when You deign to stretch out Your hand to help me, my state is quickly changed for the better; for You alone, and without human aid, can help and strengthen me, so that I may no longer be unstable, but turn my heart to You alone, and be at peace. No mortal man can comfort me, and if only I could wholly renounce all human comfort - whether to increase my devotion, or because my needs compel me to seek You - then I could rightly trust entirely to Your grace, and rejoice in the gift of Your renewed comfort.

Whenever things go well with me, I offer thanks to You, from whom all proceeds. Before You, I am empty nothingness, a weak and unstable man. I have nothing of which to boast, nothing for which I merit any consideration. Can nothing boast of its nothingness? This would be the height of vanity! Empty conceit is like an evil disease, and the most monstrous of vanities, for it leads a man away from true glory, and robs him of heavenly grace. For so long as a man is filled with complacency, he displeases You; and while he hankers after popularity and praise, he is deprived of true virtue. True glory and holy joy are to be found in giving glory not to self, but to You; rejoicing not in one's own strength, but in Your Name; taking no pleasure in creatures, unless it be for Your sake. Praised be Your holy Name, not mine. I will praise your Name, but not my own; I will esteem Your doings, not my own: I will bless Your holy Name. I desire no share in the praises of men. You alone are my glory. You alone are the joy of my heart. I will offer You praise and glory every hour of the day; but for myself, I will glory in nothing, unless it be in my own weakness. Let the Jews seek such glory as men give to one another; I will

seek the glory that God alone can give. For all human glory, all this world's honours, all earthly titles, compared with Your eternal glory, are mere vanity and foolishness. O blessed Trinity, my God, my Truth, my Mercy, to You alone let all things ascribe all praise, honour, power, and glory throughout endless ages.

CHAPTER 41
On Contempt for Worldly Honours

CHRIST. My son, do not be discouraged if you see others given honours and advancement, while you are overlooked and humiliated. Lit up your heart to Me in Heaven, and the contempt of men will not trouble you.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, we are blind, and are easily deceived through vanity. If I carefully examine my life, I find that no creature has ever done me wrong, and I have no right to complain. But because I have so often and grievously sinned against You, every creature is rightly in aims against me. Shame and contempt are my just due; but to You, O Lord, be praise, honour, and glory. Unless I am ready, willing, and glad to be despised and abandoned by all creatures, and to be regarded as of no consequence, I cannot obtain inward peace and stability, nor can I become spiritually enlightened and fully united to You.

CHAPTER 42
That our Peace cannot Depend on Man

CHRIST. My son, if your peace depends on anyone, by reason of your affection or friendship with him, you will always be unsettled, and dependent on him. But if you turn to the living and eternal Truth, the departure or death of your friend will not distress you. Your love for a friend must rest in Me, and those who are dear to you in this life must be loved only for My sake. No good and lasting friendship can exist without Me, and unless I bless

and unite all love it cannot be pure and true. You should be so mortified in your affection towards loved ones that, for your part, you would forego all human companionship. Man draws the nearer to God as he withdraws further from the consolations of this world. And the deeper he descends into himself and the lower he regards himself, the higher he ascends towards God.

He who attributes any goodness to himself, obstructs the coming of God's grace, for the grace of the Holy Spirit always seeks a humble heart. If you would perfectly overcome self and set yourself free from love of creatures, I would come to you with all My grace. But while your interest is in creatures, the vision of the Creator is hidden from you. Learn, then, for love of the Creator, to overcome self in everything, and you shall come to the knowledge of God. But so long as anything, however small, occupies too much of your love and regard, it injures the soul and holds you back from attaining the highest Good.

CHAPTER 43
A Warning against Vain and Worldly Learning

CHRIST. My son, do not allow fair phrases and subtle sayings to beguile you; for the Kingdom of God comes not by words, but by My power. Pay attention to My words, for they fire the heart and lighten the understanding, foster contrition and bring all comfort. Never study in order to appear more wise and learned; study rather to overcome your besetting sins, for this will profit you more than will the grasp of intricate problems.

When you have read and mastered many subjects, always return to this fundamental truth: that I am He who teaches man knowledge, and who grants My children a dearer understanding than man can impart. He whom I teach will swiftly gain wisdom and advance far in the life of the spirit.

But those who seek curious knowledge from men, and care nothing for My service, will discover only sorrow. In due time Christ will come, the Teacher of teachers and Lord of Angels. He will hear the lessons of all; that is, He will examine each man's conscience. He will search Jerusalem with lamps; the hidden things of darkness will be brought to light, and the tongues of controversy silenced.

I am God, who enable the humble-minded to understand more of the ways of the everlasting Truth in a single moment than ten years of study in the Schools. I teach in silence, without the clamour of controversy, without ambition for honours, without confusion of argument. I teach men to despise earthly things, to find this present life burdensome, to seek eternal things, to shun honours, to endure injuries, to place all trust in Me, to desire nothing but Myself, and to love Me ardently above all things.

There was once a man who loved Me very dearly, who learned My divine secrets, and spoke eloquently of Me. He profited more by renouncing everything than by studying subtleties. For to some I speak on everyday affairs; to others on particular matters; to some I graciously reveal Myself in signs and symbols, while to those who are enlightened I reveal My mysteries.

A book has but a single voice, but is not equally profitable to all who read it. I alone am the Teacher of truth, the Searcher of man's heart, the Discerner of his doings, and I give to each man as I judge right.

CHAPTER 44
On Avoiding Distractions

CHRIST. My son, you must needs be ignorant of many things: so consider yourself as dead, and crucified to the whole world. Furthermore, you must turn a deaf ear to many things, and consider only such as bring peace. It is

better to turn away from controversial matters, and leave everyone to hold their own opinions, than to belabour them with quarrelsome arguments. So long as you remain in God's grace, and carry His Will in your heart, you will more easily endure apparent discomfiture.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, to what a pass have we come? We grieve over a worldly loss; we labour and hustle to gain some small profit, forgetting the harm to our souls, and seldom recalling it. We attend to matters of little or no value, and neglect those of the greatest importance. For when a man devotes all his energies to material affairs, he rapidly becomes immersed in them, unless he quickly recovers his senses.

CHAPTER 45

How we should not Believe all we Hear

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, help me in my trouble, for vain is the help of man. How often have I found no loyalty where I expected to find it! And how often have I found it where I least expected! It is useless to place our hope in man; salvation is to be found in You alone, O God. In all that befalls us, we bless You, O Lord our God.

We are weak and unstable, changeable and easily deceived. None of us can guard himself so carefully and completely that he is never deceived nor in doubt. But whoever trusts in You, Lord, and seeks You with a pure heart, does not easily fall. And if he encounters any trouble, however great it be, You will swiftly deliver or comfort him; for You never abandon those who trust in You to the end. Rare indeed is a faithful friend, who stands by his friend in all trouble. And You, Lord, are the most faithful of all friends, and there is none like You.

How wise was the holy soul (Saint Agatha) who said, 'My mind is firmly established and grounded in Christ.' Were this true of myself, I

should never fear any man, and no bitter words could disturb me. We cannot foresee the future or provide against evils to come; and if things that we expect often harm us, how can unexpected events do otherwise than seriously harm us? Why have I not made better provision for my unfortunate self, and why have I trusted so readily in others? For we are but mortal men, and nothing if not weak, even if many people imagine and say that we are angels. There is none in whom I can trust, Lord, save Yourself, who are the Truth, and who neither deceives nor can be deceived. But every man is deceitful, weak, unstable and fallible, especially in what he says, so that we should not at once believe even what at first appears to be true.

Your wisdom warns us to beware of man, since a man's enemies are those of his own household, and we may not believe any who says, 'He is here, or 'He is there'. I have learned this to my cost, and I only hope that it may make me more careful and correct my foolishness. 'Be discreet,' says one: 'Be discreet, and keep what I tell you to yourself.' And while I remain silent about it, imagining it to be a secret, he cannot himself keep the silence which he enjoined on me, but at once betrays both himself and me, and goes on his way. From such tales and from such indiscreet folk, protect me, O Lord! Do not let me fall into their power, nor behave in the same way myself. Make my conversation truthful and trustworthy, far removed from slyness. For what I do not tolerate in others, I must myself avoid at all costs.

To remain silent about others makes for peace and goodwill, neither believing all that is said, nor repeating what one has heard. There are few to whom we should open our hearts, but we should always seek You, who see into all hearts. We may not allow ourselves to be carried to and fro by the windy blast of words, but rather pray that all our life, both public and

private, may be ordered in conformity to Your Will.

A sure way of retaining the grace of heaven is to disregard outward appearances, and diligently to cultivate such things as foster amendment of life and fervour of soul, rather than to cultivate those qualities that seem most popular.

Very many people have been harmed by publicity and by lightly-bestowed praise of their virtues. But grace is most powerful when preserved in silence in this transitory life, which consists wholly of temptation and warfare.

[…]

CHAPTER 51

How when we Lack Strength for Higher Work we should Undertake Humble Tasks

CHRIST. My son, you cannot always bum with zeal for virtue, nor remain constantly in high contemplation; the weakness of sinful human nature will at times compel you to descend to lesser things, and bear with sorrow the burdens of this present life. So long as you wear this mortal body, you will be subject to weariness and sadness of heart. Therefore, in this life, you will often lament the burden of the body, which hinders your giving yourself wholly to the life of the spirit and to divine contemplation.

When this happens, you will be wise to resort to humble, exterior tasks, and to restore yourself by good works. Await My coming with unshakeable trust, and bear your exile and desolation of spirit with patience until I come again and set you free from all anxiety. Then you will forget all your former toil, and will enjoy inward peace. I will unfold he fore you the fair fields of the Scriptures, and you shall advance in the way of My commandments with heart at liberty. Then you shall say, 'The

sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. '

[…]

CHAPTER 53
How God's Grace is not Granted to the Worldly-Minded

CHRIST. My son, My grace is precious, and may not be mingled with worldly concerns and pleasures. Therefore, if you wish to receive it, you must remove every obstacle to grace. Seek out a place apart, and love the solitary life. Do not engage in conversation with men, but instead pour forth devout prayer to God, that you may preserve a humble mind and a clean conscience. Count the whole world as nothing, and place attendance on God before all outward things. For you cannot attend on Me, and at the same time take pleasure in worldly things. Remain detached from acquaintances and friends and independent of this world's consolations. It is for this reason that the blessed Apostle Peter begs all the faithful in Christ to keep themselves as strangers and pilgrims in this world.

With what confidence will a man meet death, to whom no worldly affection clings! But a weak soul cannot bear to be thus detached from all things, nor can a worldly-minded man understand the freedom of the spiritual man. Nevertheless, when a man sincerely desires to be spiritual, he must renounce all, both friend and stranger, and must beware of none more than himself. If you can win complete mastery over self, you will easily master all else. To triumph over self is the perfect victory. For whoever so controls himself that his passions are subject to his reason, and his reason wholly subject to Me, is master both of himself and of the world.

If you aspire to reach this height of perfection, you must make a brave beginning. Lay the axe to the roots, to cut out and destroy all inordinate and secret love of self, and of any personal and material advantage. From this vice of inordinate self-love spring nearly all those other failings that have to be completely overcome. But as soon as this evil is mastered and subdued, great peace and lasting tranquillity will follow. But few endeavour to die completely to self, and to rise wholly above it; consequently, they remain absorbed in themselves, and quite unable to rise in spirit above self. He who desires to walk with Me in true freedom must mortify all irregular and undisciplined desires, and have no selfish longing for any creature.

CHAPTER 54
On the Contrary Workings of Nature and Grace

CHRIST. My son, carefully observe the impulses of nature and grace, for these are opposed one to another, and work in so subtle a manner that even a spiritual, holy and enlightened man can hardly distinguish them. All men do in fact desire what is good, and in what they say and do pretend to some kind of goodness, so that many are deceived by their appearance of virtue.

Nature is crafty, and seduces many, snaring and deceiving them, and always works for her own ends. But Grace moves in simplicity, avoiding every appearance of evil. She makes no attempt to deceive, and does all things purely for love of God, in whom she rests as her final goal.

Nature is unwilling to be mortified, checked or overcome, obedient or willingly subject. Grace mortifies herself, resists sensuality, submits to control, seeks to be overcome. She does not aim at enjoying her own liberty, but loves to be under discipline; and does not wish to lord it over anyone. Rather does she desire to live, abide and exist always under God's

rule, and for His sake she is ever ready to submit it to all men.

Nature works for her own interest, and estimates what profit she may derive from others. Grace does not consider what may be useful or convenient to herself, but only what may be to the good of many. Nature is eager to receive honour and reward: Grace faithfully ascribes all honour and glory to God. Nature fears shame and contempt: Grace is glad to suffer reproach for the Name of Jesus. Nature loves ease and rest for the body; Grace cannot be idle, but welcomes work cheerfully.

Nature loves to enjoy rare and beautiful things, and hates the cheap and clumsy. Grace takes pleasure in simple and humble things, neither despising the rough, nor refusing to wear the old and ragged. Nature pays regard to temporal affairs, takes pleasure in this world's wealth, grieves at any loss, and is angered by a slighting remark. But Grace pays attention to things eternal, and is not attached to the temporal. The loss of goods fails to move her, or hard words to anger her, for she lays up her treasure and joy in Heaven where none of it can be lost.

Nature is greedy, and grasps more readily than she gives, loving to retain things for her personal use. But Grace is kind and generous, shuns private interest, is contented with little, and esteems it more blest to give than to receive. Nature inclines a man towards creatures - to the body, to vanities, to restlessness. But Grace draws a man towards God and virtue. Renouncing creatures, she flees the world, loathes the lusts of the flesh, limits her wanderings, and shuns public appearances. Nature is eager to enjoy any outward comfort that will gratify the senses. Grace seeks comfort in God alone, and delights in the Sovereign Good above all visible things.

Nature does everything for her own gain and interest; she does nothing without fee, hoping either to obtain some equal or greater return for her

services, or else praise and favour. But Grace seeks no worldly return, and asks for no reward, but God alone. She desires no more of the necessaries of life than will serve her to obtain the things of eternity.

Nature takes pleasure in a host of friends and relations; she boasts of noble rank and high birth; makes herself agreeable to the powerful, flatters the rich, and acclaims those who are like herself. But Grace loves even her enemies, takes no pride in the number of her friends, and thinks little of high birth unless it be allied to the greater virtue. She favours the poor rather than the rich, and has more in common with the honourable than with the powerful. She takes pleasure in an honest man, not in a deceiver; she constantly encourages good men to labour earnestly for the better gifts, and by means of these virtues to become like the Son of God.

Nature is quick to complain of want and hardship; but Grace bears poverty with courage. Nature, struggling and striving on her own behalf, turns everything to her own interest: but Grace refers all things to God, from whom they come. She attributes no good to herself; she is not arrogant and presumptuous. She does not argue and exalt her own opinions before others, but submits all her powers of mind and perception to the eternal wisdom and judgement of God. Nature is curious to know secrets and to hear news; she loves to be seen in public, and to enjoy sensations. She desires recognition, and to do such things as win praise and admiration. But Grace does not care for news or novelties, because all these things spring from the age-old corruption of man, for there is nothing new or lasting in this world.

Grace therefore teaches us how the senses are to be disciplined and vain complacency avoided; how anything likely to excite praise and admiration should be humbly concealed; and how in all things and in all knowledge some useful fruit should be sought, together with the praise and honour of

God. She wants no praise for herself or her doings, but desires that God may be blessed in His gifts, who out of pure love bestows all things.

Grace is a supernatural light, and the especial gift of God, the seal of His chosen and the pledge of salvation, which raises man from earthly things to love the heavenly, and from worldly makes him spiritual. The more, therefore, that Nature is controlled and overcome, the richer is the grace bestowed, while man is daily renewed by fresh visitations after the likeness of God.

CHAPTER 55

On the Corruption of Nature, and the Power of Grace

THE DISCIPLE. O Lord my God, You have created me in Your own image and likeness. Grant me this great grace, so necessary to my salvation, that I may conquer the base elements of my nature, that drag me down into sin and perdition. Within my being I can feel the power of sin contending against the rule of my mind, leading me away an obedient slave to all kinds of sensuality. I cannot resist its onslaughts, unless Your most holy grace is poured glowing into my heart to help me.

I need Your grace in fullest measure, to subdue that nature which always inclines to evil from my youth up. For it fell through Adam the first of men, and was tainted by sin, the penalty of that fault descending upon all mankind. Thus the nature which You created good and upright has now become the very symbol of corruption and weakness, for when let to itself, it leans always towards evil and base things. The little strength that remains is only like a small spark, buried beneath ashes. Yet this same natural reason, though hidden in profound darkness, still retains the power to know good and evil, and to discern truth and falsehood. But it is powerless to do what it knows to be good, neither does it enjoy the full

light of truth, nor its former healthy affections.

Thus, O Lord my God, it comes about that, while I inwardly delight in Your law, and know Your commands to be good, just, and holy, both for the condemnation of all evil and the avoiding of sin, yet in my body I serve the law of sin, and obey my senses before my reason. Hence, while I indeed possess the will to good, I find myself powerless to follow it. In this way, I make many good resolutions, but, through lack of grace to support my weakness, any small obstacle causes discouragement and failure. Thus, too, I know the way of perfection, and see clearly enough what I ought to do; but I am borne down by the burden of my own corruption, and advance no nearer to perfection.

Lord, how urgently I need Your grace if I am to undertake, carry out and perfect any good work! Without it, I can achieve nothing; but in You and by the power of Your grace, all things are possible. O true and heavenly grace, without which our own merits are nothing, and our natural gifts of no account! Neither arts nor riches, beauty nor strength, genius nor eloquence have any value in Your eyes, Lord, unless allied to grace. For the gifts of nature are common to good men and bad alike, but grace or love are Your especial gift to those whom You choose, and those who are sealed with this are counted worthy of life everlasting. So excellent is this grace that neither the gift of prophecy, nor the working of miracles, nor any speculation, however sublime, is of any value without it. Indeed, not even faith, or hope, or any other virtue is acceptable to You without love and grace.

O most blessed grace, that makes the poor in spirit rich in virtues, and the richly blessed humble in heart! Come, descend on me! Fill me with your comfort, lest my soul faint from weariness and dryness of mind. I pray, Lord, that I may find favour in Your sight, for Your grace is

sufficient for me, even if I obtain none of those things that nature desires. However often I am tempted and troubled, I will fear no evil so long as Your grace remains with me.

Your grace is my strength, my counsel, and my help. It is more powerful than all my enemies, and wiser than all the wise. It is the teacher of truth, the instructor of doctrine, the light of the heart, the consoler of affliction. It banishes sorrow, drives away fear, fosters devotion, and moves to contrition. With out grace, I am nothing but a dry tree, a barren stock fit only for destruction. Therefore, O Lord, let Your grace always lead and follow me, and keep me ever intent on good works, through Your Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

[…]

CHAPTER 57
That we should never Despair

CHRIST. My son, patience and humility in adversity are more pleasing to Me than great devotion and comfort in times of ease. Why are you so distressed when you are criticized in some small matter? Had it been a far more serious matter, that is no reason for your being disturbed. Let it pass. It is not your first mistake, or anything new; nor, if you live long, will it be your last. You are brave enough when you meet no opposition. You can give good advice and encouragement to others, but when trouble knocks unexpectedly at your own door, your strength and judgement fail you. Remember the great weakness you often experience in small troubles; yet these things happen for your own good.

Banish discouragement from your heart as best you can, and if trouble comes, never let it depress or hinder you for long. At the least, bear it

bravely if you cannot bear it cheerfully. Even if you are reluctant to bear it, and feel indignant, yet control yourself, and let no rash words escape you that may harm Christ's little ones. The violence of your feelings will soon subside, and grace return to heal your inner pain. 'I live,' says the Lord, 'ready to help and comfort you more than ever, if you will trust Me and call on Me with devotion.'

Be of good heart, and steel yourself to endure greater trials. All is not lost, however often you feel tempted or sorely troubled. You are a man, not God; you are human, not an angel. How can you expect to remain always in a constant state of virtue, when this was not possible even for an angel of Heaven, nor for the first man in the Garden? I am He who grants healing and comfort to those in distress, and I raise up to My Divinity those who acknowledge their weakness.

THE DISCIPLE. Lord, blessed are Your words! They are sweeter to my mouth than honey and the honeycomb. What would I do in such trials and troubles as mine, if You did not uphold me with Your holy words? So long as I come at last to the haven of salvation, what matters the kind or magnitude of my sufferings? Grant me a holy end, and a joyful passing out of this world. Remember me, O my God, and lead me in the right way to Your Kingdom.

MIRACLES AND IDOLATRY

奇迹和偶像崇拜

［法］伏尔泰　著

孙平华　曾娟　译

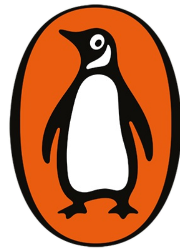
中国出版集团

中译出版社

奇迹和偶像崇拜

（法）伏尔泰

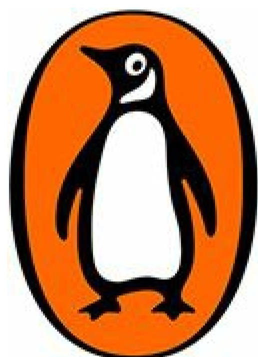
孙平华　曾娟/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

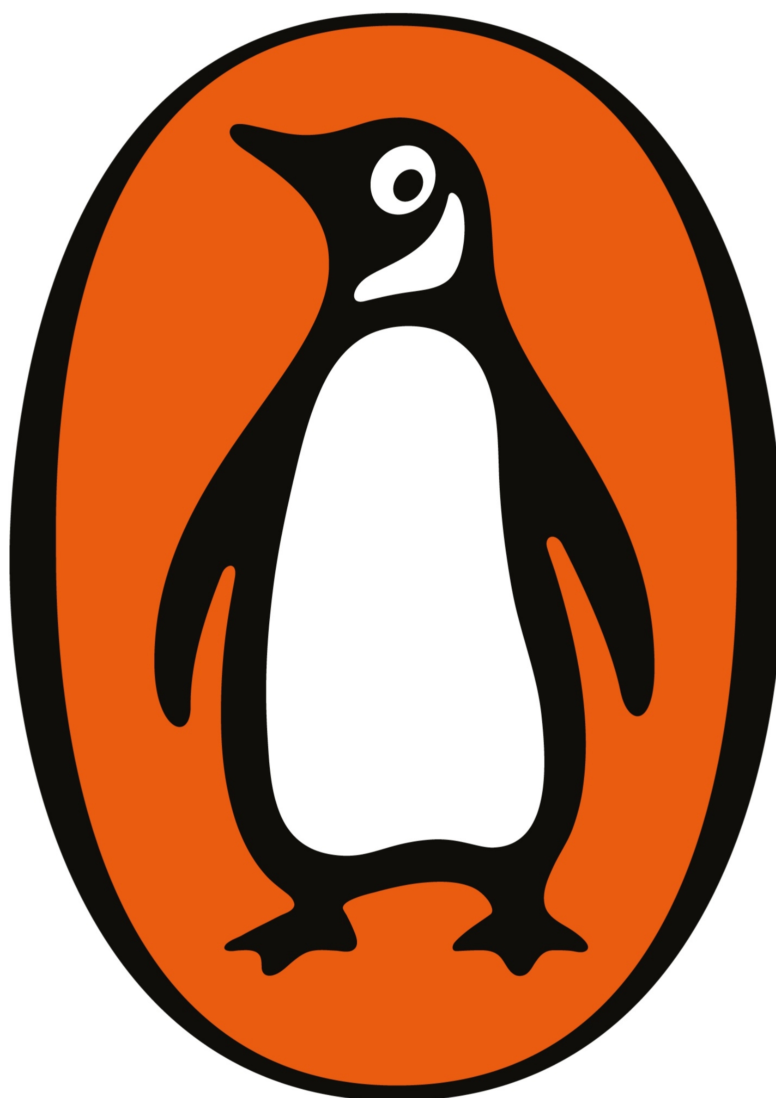
Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
www.penguin.com
Dictionnaire Philosophique first published 1764
This translation first published in Penguin Classics 1972
This selection published in Penguin Books 2005

Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of the Philosophical Dictionary
translated and edited by Theodore Besterman

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

伏尔泰（Voltaire，1694年11月21日—1778年5月30日），原名弗朗索瓦-马利·阿鲁埃（François-Marie Arouet），伏尔泰是其笔名，法国著名思想家、哲学家、文学家，启蒙运动公认的领袖和导师，被誉为“法兰西思想之父”。他一生著作颇丰，涉猎广泛，在哲学和文学上造诣颇深，代表作有《哲学词典》《查第格》和《老实人》。除此之外，他还写有诸多哲理散文，其散文短小精悍，论说以讽刺见长，常常抨击天主教教会的教条，以激发人类质疑的精神，促使人们做到不盲从、不迷信。伏尔泰崇尚自由和科学，以捍卫公民自由，特别是信仰自由和司法公正而闻名于世，他的著作和思想与托马斯·霍布斯及约翰·洛克一道，对美国革命和法国大革命发挥了深远的影响。

本书《奇迹和偶像崇拜》是伏尔泰的一部哲理散文选集，集合了28篇优秀的哲理短文。本书所讨论的话题各异，涉猎极广，但多是从宗教概念出发引申出作者独有的思考。书中文章或驳斥盛行宗教观念的错误之处、或考证宗教文献的出处与真伪、或探讨宗教仪式的历史演变与背后的真实含义、或分析人类之本性与所犯之罪恶、或讨论各个时代宗教会议的决议与成就、或探寻人类的宗教狂热与传播、或讨论平等的实现与不平等的来源、或阐述国家制度的发展与世界公民的特质、或鉴别宗教故事中神迹的真伪、或讨论伟大的存在之链是否真的存在、或批评人们对偶像崇拜的误判、或为历史上遭到诬陷之人正名、或品评君王、圣徒、圣地与殉道之事、或探寻上帝之神迹、或探究人类享乐之习性与非理性之偏见……

总之，伏尔泰哲理散文说理透彻、机智冷隽，字里行间饱含辛辣的讽刺，思想有诸多独到之处，他用戏谑的笔调讲述荒诞不经之事，以此

阐明深刻的哲理，发人深省。伏尔泰作为一名自然神论者，提倡对不同的宗教信仰采取宽容的态度，文中时刻体现着他崇尚自由与科学，开放包容的特质。此书对于培养人们独立思考能力与质疑精神具有很强的启发效应，这是了解伏尔泰思想的佳作之一。

天使

天使（angel）一词，在希腊语中是信使之意。波斯人有佩里斯[1]、希伯来人有马拉克姆（Malakim），希腊人则有代莫诺伊（Daimonoi）。知晓了这些人物，我们对天使就有了非常深刻的认识。

然而，我们却发现一个非常有趣的事实，极具启发性，那就是人的思想在潜意识中，总想在神与人之间安排一些中间角色。于是，早在远古时期，就创造了魔鬼与魔仆。人间的帝王国君也通过信使发布诏令，当然上帝也指派了自己的使者，比如墨丘利（Mercury）和艾里斯（Iris），他们都是使者，都是上帝的信使。

而希伯来人，作为唯一接受过上帝亲自引导的人类子民，起初并未给神赐的天使们命名，而是在被囚禁于巴比伦之时，借用迦勒底人（Chaldeans）给的名字。米迦勒（Michael）和加百列（Gabriel）两位天使最先由但以理（Daniel）命名，彼时他还是一名被困于巴比伦的犹太人奴隶。而居住在尼尼微（Nineveh）的犹太人托比特（Tobit），在与儿子一同去向犹太人加倍尔（Gabael）收账的路途中结识了天使拉斐尔（Raphael）。

然而，贵为犹太人教规的《利未记》和《申命记》却丝毫未曾提及过天使的存在，遑论尊崇。更有甚者，撒都该人（Sadducees），即古代犹太人，根本就不相信天使。

可是，犹太人在他们的历史故事中又对天使之事讨论颇多。他们认为天使是有形的，背生双翼，与异教徒所伪称的墨丘利脚踝处生有双翼如出一辙。有时，天使们能将双翼隐匿于衣裳之内，他们能吃能喝，并能在营救罗德（Loth）之时，吸引索多玛（Sodom）人对其欲行淫辱之

事，所以怎能说天使们没有肉身呢？

据迈蒙尼德（Maimonides）所言，古代犹太人传统上认为天使有十级天阶之分：1.纯粹圣洁的圣天使（chaios acodesh）；2.敏捷迅速的座天使（ofanim）；3.强壮有力的力天使（oralim）；4.神之火焰的焰天使（chasmalim）；5.生命之火的炽天使（seraphim）；6.上帝信使及副手玛拉基（malachim）；7.神之判官埃洛伊（eloim）；8.神之子（ben eloim）；9.神之像（cherubim）；10.神之肉身（ychim）。

《摩西五经》并未记载有关天使堕落的故事，最先声称此事的是先知以赛亚（Isaiah），他在向巴比伦国王惊叹之时，说道：“称颂者到底怎么了？对于他的堕落，松柏之类的正直之人都拍手称快？从天堂坠落，你到底怎么样了？哦，赫勒（Hellel），晨之明星？”这里的赫勒译为拉丁文时变成了路西法（Lucifer），随后路西法这个名字，饱含寓意，给予了在天堂中参加过战斗的天使长。最终，这个本意为晨星与黎明的名字，成了魔鬼的代名词。

基督教的信仰是以天使的堕落为基础的。那些反叛的天使，被驱逐出久居的天界，驱赶至地球中心的地狱，最终变成了魔鬼。而化身为蛇的魔鬼引诱了夏娃，让人类受到诅咒。耶稣前来救赎人类，最终战胜了恶魔，但是恶魔现在仍然还在引诱我们。然而，这一圣传仅见于旁经《以诺书》，并且与公认的圣传也存在巨大差异。

圣·奥古斯丁（Saint Augustine）在他的第109封信中，毫不犹豫地赋予了善、恶两类天使苗条敏捷的身形。不同于犹太人认为的天使有10个等级，教皇格列高利二世将天使等级浓缩至9个，分别是：炽天使（seraphim）、智天使（cherubim）、座天使（thrones）、主天使（dominations）、德天使（virtues）、力天使（powers）、天使长（archangels），以及给予其他8级天使名字的天使。

在犹太人的神殿中，有两位智天使，均是牛鹰二首六翼。现在我们在绘画中，将他们描绘成一个飞翔着、耳下生有一对微型翅膀的脑袋。而天使和天使长在绘画中的形象则是背生双翼的婴孩。至于座天使和主天使，还没有人考虑过去描绘他们的形象。

圣·托马斯（Saint Tomas），在《诫命108》（Question 108）中的第二章中说到，与炽天使一样，座天使和智天使都与上帝很亲近，因为他们都是上帝的座驾。斯科茨（Scotus）曾统计过天使的数量，总共约有10万名。东方、希腊和罗马古典神话中都存在善恶天使，这说明了每个人都有善恶天使之分，从生至死，一个助人，一个害人。但我们现在仍不清楚这些善恶天使是否能从一端不断转移到另一端，是否得到了救赎。关于这个问题，可以参见圣·托马斯的神学总论。

至于天使住在哪儿，是住在天空中，在虚空里，抑或是行星上，我们都不得而知。当然上帝也不希望我们知道。

动物

动物如同机器，是被剥夺了认知与感觉的死物，它们日复一日，重复着相同的动作，学习不了，进步不得，如此云云，而持有此等看法的人实在是太粗鄙无知了！

确实如此！一只鸟儿倚墙筑巢时造半圆巢，倚角筑巢时造四分之一圆巢，倚树筑巢时便造圆形巢，这只鸟儿做所有事不都是这样吗？一只你已经训练了3个月的猎狗，难道经过训练后，它还没有之前懂得更多吗？金丝雀能立即重复你所教的曲调吗？你不是要花很长时间教它吗？你没见过它犯错误，然后更正自己吗？

你判断我有感觉、有记忆、有思想，是因为我向你提过这些吗？不！我没有提过。你见我回到家中，神情忧虑，动作急切地要寻找报纸，我记得将报纸放在了抽屉里，于是我拉开抽屉，找到了报纸，随后开心地开始看报。你判断我有过忧虑、有过快乐，也判断我有记忆、有认知。

那就以同样的方式来看待一只找不见主人的狗。它在每条过道上来回寻觅，叫声悲戚，躁动不安，在楼梯间上上下下，逐个屋子寻找主人的踪影。最终，它在书房找到了亲爱的主人，通过轻声叫唤，上下跳跃，来回蹭抚来表现它万分欣喜的心情。

然而，野蛮人却抓住了这只远比人类更看重友谊的狗。他们将它固定在桌子上，活生生地解剖了它，向人展示它的肠膜系静脉。你会发现它具备所有你拥有的感觉器官。机械论者，回答我，自然让这动物具备所有的感觉器官，难道只是为了让它无法感知吗？它能无动于衷吗？不要假想自然会制造这种荒谬的矛盾。

可是，这一学派的领袖们却在探问动物的灵魂。我不懂这个问题：一棵树能借助纤维吸收在树体内循环的树液，也能发芽、长叶和结果，你会问我什么是树的灵魂吗？它已经获得了那些馈赠；动物有感觉，有记忆，还有些想法。那是谁给予了这些馈赠？是谁赋予了它们这样的能力？就是那能让土地上的草木生长，能让地球被太阳吸引之人。

亚里士多德说："动物的灵魂是以实体形式存在着的。"持此相同看法的在后世相继有阿拉伯学派、天使学派和索邦神学，此后就后继无人了。

另外一些哲学家们则认为："动物的灵魂是物质的。"其实相较其他人，此种观点也未取得多大进步。当被问到什么是物质性灵魂时，这些哲学家们也答不上来。于是，他们不得不承认物质性灵魂其实就只是个感觉问题而已。然而，究竟是什么给予了这种感觉呢？答案就是实质性灵魂，换言之，是一个实质性灵魂给予另一个实质性灵魂感觉。这种循环，他们不能打破。

让我们来听听其他动物们对动物的解读吧。他们声称灵魂是一个灵性的存在体，肉体死亡时，灵魂也随之消散，但是又有什么证据来证明这种灵魂的存在呢？你又是如何看待这种灵性的存在体的呢？这些存在体在现实生活中有感觉、有记忆、有想法、懂适应，却永不知道一个6岁的小孩懂得什么？你又是依据什么来想象这种不是肉体的存在体会随着肉体的死亡而消亡呢？最愚蠢的人莫过于那些声称灵魂既非肉体又非灵体的人。您看这有一个绝佳的理论！说到灵体，我们知道是非肉身的、但未可知的东西，仅此而已。于是，这些绅士们的理论逻辑就是这样的：动物的灵魂是个实体，但这个实体既非肉身，也非不是肉身的东西。

话说回来，引起如此多矛盾性错误的原因到底是什么呢？原因就在于人类那在弄清楚事物是否存在之前，先弄清楚这个事物究竟是什么的

长久习惯。移动的榫舌、风箱的阀门，就被称作是风箱的灵魂。那什么是灵魂呢？在我看来，灵魂就是那阀门，当我鼓动风箱时，它下降、引入空气、扩张自己、再将空气挤压进入管道。

在这里，我们没有异于机器的灵魂。但究竟是什么鼓动了动物的“风箱”呢？我已经告诉了你，操控之人就是那操控天地星辰之人。那位说着“Deus est anima brutorum”（上帝是动物们的灵魂）的哲人无疑是正确的，可惜他本可以走得更远。

反三位一体论者

非基督徒的异教徒们虽然认同耶稣是救世主，是人神的中间人，但是他们却绝不认同基督徒们所普遍接受的一条教义，即：位格三位一体，三种位格同时存在于同一神圣本体中，第二位格（圣子）由第一位格（圣父）所生，第三位格（圣灵）由其他两位位格所出。异教徒们认为此条教义最有悖于逻辑。

这条难以理解的教义并未出现在《圣经》之中。

没有经文能赋予它权威，也没有文章能让它在不偏离《圣经》文本本意的情况下，获得更清晰、更自然、与真理和常识更一致的蕴意。

相信在同一神圣本体中存在几种不同的位格，那么圣父（耶和华）就不再是唯一的真神，圣子和圣灵也加入了真神的行列。而这种观念，是基督教犯下的最愚笨无知、最危险万分的错误，因为这根本就是在提倡多神论，做法与基督教的反对者们如出一辙。

声称只有唯一的真神，同时也声称唯一的真神拥有三种位格，并且每种位格都是真神。这两种说法本就相互矛盾。

一个本体和三种位格的区分在《圣经》中从未出现。

这明显是个错误，因为本体不可能少于位格，位格也不可能少于本体。

三位一体中的三种位格，或者说是三种不同的实体，或者说是神圣本体的外性，又或者说是那本就无差别的同一本体。

第一种情况，创造了三个神。

第二种情况，神由诸多外性组成，人信奉外性，并将外性变异成位格。

第三种情况，一个不可分割的主体被毫无用处、毫无根据地分割开来，在主体内部并未进行区分的东西被区分为三种。

如果说，这三种个性既不是神圣本体中的不同实体，也不是神圣本体中的外性，那么人们就很难说服自己这三种个性到底是什么。

当然，也不可相信最顽固、最坚定的三位一体论者，对于这三种位格，在不分割实体，从而不增多数量的情况下，是以何种方式存在于神体内的这个问题，会有何种见解。

连圣·奥古斯丁在此问题上历经了千次论证推理之后，仍觉错误和晦涩，他也不得不承认三位一体说不清、道不明。

后来，三位一体论者引述了这位神父的话（这做法实际上非常异常）：“当被问到这三者到底是什么时，人类的语言已不足以去表达，也没有特定术语去描述这三者。而说到存在三种位格，其实我们不是为了表达些什么，而是因为我们必须要说些什么，不能保持沉默。（Dictum est tres personae, non ut aliquid diceretur, sed ne taceretur.）”（《论三位一体》V.ix）

现代神学家对此问题也没有更好的阐述。

当被问到如何理解“位格”一词时，他们只是解释说，这是一种特定的、难以言说的划分方式，让人们在唯一的神圣本体中去区分圣父、圣子和圣灵。

对这些术语的解释，他们的回答难以让人满意。因为依他们所言，这些术语表明，三位一体中的三种位格存在着令人难以理解的关系。

据上所述，我们可以概括出，现代神学家与正统基督教信奉者之间的基本争论就在于此问题上，即上帝是否有三者之分（这三者我们毫无概念），以及这三者之间是否存在特定的联系（这种联系我们也丝毫不知）。

基于上述所言，现代神学家们作出结论，认为相信使徒们的权威，遵从他们的做法将会明智许多。使徒们从不讨论三位一体，在宗教活动里也从不使用《圣经》中未出现过的术语，比如三位一体、位格、本体、本质、本质的、身合、道成肉身、创世、圣灵的发出等诸如此类的术语。这些术语毫无实际意义，不指代自然界中的任何真实存在的东西，只能在理解上引发错误、模糊、晦涩且不完善的想法。

“地上三者做见证，生命之液、水、血液，此三者为一体。天上三者做见证，圣父、圣言和圣灵，此三者为一体。”此段文字选自《约翰福音》中的使徒书信，《约翰福音》由福音传道者约翰撰写。大师卡尔梅（dom Calmet）在其论文中针对此段文字做过一些评述。他承认这两段文字从未出现在任何古《圣经》之中。他认为如果圣·约翰在一封书信中提到了三位一体，却在他自己撰写的福音书中只字不提，这做法未免太过奇怪。另外在福音书权威版中也找不到与此教条相关的任何痕迹，在《新约》外典中也是如此。所有这些原因，也许就能解释为什么反三位一体论者成功地让历届宗教会议没有正式确认三位一体论。但是，异教徒们对宗教会议常常不以为意，因此我们也不知道应当如何去说服他们。就让我们单纯地相信反三位一体，并希望他们也能如此。

启示录

殉道者贾斯廷（Justin Martyr）记录了公元170年的历史，他首次提到了《启示录》，并认为该书的作者是耶稣门徒、福音传道者圣·约翰。在与犹太人泰福（Trypho）的对话中，当他被问到是否相信耶路撒冷终有一天会复原如初时，贾斯廷给予了肯定回答，就像其他所有拥有正统思想的基督徒那样。他说道：“我们之中有位名叫约翰的人，是耶稣十二门徒之一，约翰预言说，耶路撒冷的信徒前后将延续1000年之久。”

统治1000年这个观念长久地扎根在基督徒的思想里，这段时期是绅士贵族们的最爱。埃及人的灵魂在千年之末可修复肉身。而在同样的时空里，维吉尔（Virgil）笔下的灵魂正在炼狱中接受审判。1000年后的新耶路撒冷将有十二道门，来纪念十二门徒，门的形状为正方形，长宽高均为12000视距尺（stadia）[2]，即500里格（league）[3]，也就是说门的高度也有500里格之高，住在顶层想必会极不舒适。然而，这就是《启示录》第21章中的预言。

坚信圣·约翰是《启示录》作者的人，贾斯廷是第一位。然而也有人反对他的说法，因为贾斯廷在与犹太人泰福的对话中还说过，根据门徒们的描述，耶稣基督在进入约旦之时，约旦河河水翻滚沸腾，漫天火焰。然而，并无门徒有此类记载。

贾斯廷还非常自信地引用了西比尔巫语。更有甚者，他还声称在埃及法洛斯岛灯塔（Pharos）处看到了疯人院遗迹，该院在希律王（Herod）时期曾关押了72位释道者。有人很不幸地见过这些疯人院，那人的证词似乎暗示着贾斯廷也曾被关押在那儿。

稍晚时期出现，并也坚信千禧年的圣·艾雷尼厄斯（Saint Irenaeus）说过，他从一位老人那儿得知圣·约翰撰写了《启示录》一书。然而，圣·艾雷尼厄斯自己也饱受责难，因为他认为世上只有4册福音书，原因在于世界只有4部分、只有4种主要风向以及以西结（Ezekiel）只看到了4种动物。他将这种逻辑推理过程称之为论证。我们必须承认，艾雷尼厄斯所做的论证推理，与贾斯廷的所见所闻，同样精彩绝伦。

亚历山大的克莱门特（Clement of Alexandria）在他的《雷克塔》（*Electa*）中提到说，圣·约翰仅仅只撰写了一项启示录，但此项非常重要。德尔图良（Tertullian）是一名伟大而虔诚的教徒，坚信千禧年，他不仅断言圣·约翰预言了耶路撒冷的复兴，以及信徒将统治耶路撒冷1000年之久，还声称新的耶路撒冷已经开始形成。巴勒斯坦的所有基督教徒，甚至异教徒，在夜之末尾已经连续40天看到了新的耶路撒冷，但不幸的是，这座城市白天一旦来临便消失无踪。

在圣·约翰福音书的前言中，以及奥利金（Origen）的《圣经讲道》（*Homilies*）里都引用了《启示录》中的神谕，但是他也引用了西比尔巫语。圣徒亚历山大的丹尼斯（Saint Denis of Alexandria），他记录了截至三世纪中期的历史，在他的分章之一（此分章由尤西比乌斯保存）中提到，几乎所有的有识之士都认为《启示录》成书必有渊源。也提到说此书的作者并不是圣·约翰，而是一名叫作克林妥（Cerinthus）的人，此人借用了约翰这个伟大的名字，以便让他的思想得以传播。

于公元360年举行的老底嘉（Laodicea）宗教会议并未将《启示录》纳入正典书卷。奇怪的是老底嘉宗教会议作为宣扬《启示录》的目标场所，竟然拒绝了这本是它命中注定的财富。此外，参与该会议的以弗所（Ephesus）的主教们，竟然也拒绝承认《启示录》的作者就是安葬在以弗所的圣·约翰。

由此可见，圣·约翰就算身处坟墓，仍然极具影响力，能够不间断

地将这世间捣鼓得上上下下。相信圣·约翰并未真正死亡的人，也认定《启示录》并非他所作。但是，千禧年的信奉者仍对此坚信不疑。苏尔比基乌斯·塞维鲁（Sulpicius Severus）在其《宗教史》第九卷中说到，那些不承认、不接受《启示录》的人是无情且不恭的。后经历诸多犹疑，历经教会万般责难，苏尔比基乌斯·塞维鲁的观点最终获胜。此事经过阐释，教会最终认定《启示录》由圣·约翰所作，无可争辩，此后再无上诉。

基督教各教派团体都结合自身情况，对《启示录》中的预言加以运用。英国人受此预言启发，发动了英国大革命，路德教派给德国造成了不小的麻烦，法国革命者推翻了查理九世的统治，以及凯瑟琳·德·梅迪茜（Catherine de Medicis）的摄政。这些都是秉持正义，行大道的行动。博胥埃（Bossuet）和牛顿都为《启示录》撰写了评论。然而，总体来说，博胥埃和牛顿之所以声名远播，更多的是因为激昂演说与伟大发现，而非他们对《启示录》所作的评论。

无神论者和无神论

I

在以前的时代，每一位拥有秘密技能的人都有被当成巫师的风险；每一种新生的教派都会被谴责说在秘密宗教仪式中屠杀孩童；每一位不屑于僵化教条的思想家都会饱受愚蠢之人的谴责，被狂热分子、无赖流氓指责为无神论者。

勇敢的阿那克萨哥拉（Anaxagoras）坚持认为双轮战车上的阿波罗并不是太阳神，他就被世人称作是无神论者，从而不得不开始逃亡。

亚里士多德也曾被一名教士谴责持有无神论，亚里士多德非但没能成功地惩罚这位谴责者，反而是自己隐退到了卡尔基斯（Chalcas）。然而，希腊历史上最可憎的事件就是苏格拉底之死。阿里斯托芬尼（Aristophanes）（评论家们多倾慕此人，因为他是希腊人，但评论家们似乎忘记了苏格拉底也是希腊人）是第一个让希腊人相信苏格拉底是无神论者的人。

而我们现在的社会，是不会容忍阿里斯托芬这种既不喜剧也不诗人的喜剧诗人颠倒黑白，将圣·劳伦特（Saint-Laurent）的光明正义塑造成滑稽丑剧的。在我看来，阿里斯托芬此人比普鲁塔克笔下所描绘的更加低贱不堪，卑鄙无耻。充满智慧的普鲁塔克这样评价这个骗子，“阿里斯托芬的语言泄露了他卑鄙的品行：他的语言完全是由最低下，最恶心的嘲弄言语组成，人们不会觉得有趣，有识之士与谦谦君子也会发现他人品不佳，他的傲慢，让人难以忍受，体面人着实厌恶他的恶毒。”

紧接着上场的就是滑稽剧中的小丑塔伯里（Tabarin）。顺便提一

句，达希耶夫人（Mme Dacier），苏格拉底的崇拜者，竟然也对塔伯里十分仰慕。塔伯里准备了毒药，毒药被那臭名昭著的法官使用，毒死了希腊史上道德最崇高的人。

雅典城里的制革工人、补鞋匠和裁缝们都为一个滑稽剧拍手喝彩，在这剧中，苏格拉底被人用篮子吊在半空中，公然宣告世上没有上帝，并吹嘘说他在教授哲学之时还偷了一件外套。整整一个民族，他们的政府允许的自由竟然如此伤风败俗，实在是应当好好享受发生在他们身上的报应，即先成为罗马人的奴隶，如今又受到土耳其人的奴役。

我们先忽略罗马共和国与我们的时代相距的这一整段时期。罗马人要比希腊人明智得多，他们从不因为哲学家的观点而去迫害他们，所以并不能认为罗马帝国的继承者是野蛮人。神圣罗马帝国皇帝腓德烈二世一与教皇闹掰，就被教皇谴责说是无神论者，指责他与他的总理大臣德·维内斯（de Vineis）共同撰写了《三个骗子》（*Three Impostors*】）这本书。

当伟大的总理大臣洛比达（de L' Hospital）宣称要反对迫害时，他立刻被谴责信仰无神论。一个耶稣会士的身份不及阿里斯托芬尼，正如阿里斯托芬尼的身份比不上荷马一样。然而在宗教狂热者眼中，荷马这可怜人的名字也会变得荒谬无比。总之，在耶稣会士格拉斯（Garasse）眼中，他会发现到处都有无神论者，他谎称西奥多·德·贝茨（Théodore de Bèze）是个无神论者，也引导大众误解瓦尼尼（Vanini）。

瓦尼尼悲惨的结局并未像苏格拉底的死那样让我们满怀遗憾和愤慨，因为他只是一个毫无功绩的外邦空谈家。但是，瓦尼尼毕竟不是一个所谓的无神论者。恰好相反，他是一个贫穷的那不勒斯教士，职业的传道士和神学者，他探究事物的本质，宇宙的共性，他的内心里没有一丝无神论的思想。他对上帝的理解在神学上是最彻底、最正确的。在他看来：上帝是众生之父、无需任何人；是脱离时间限制的永恒存在，无

处不在却又从不现身；上帝没有过去，没有未来，他超越、统治和拥有所有事物；他亘古不变，无穷无尽，却又永不分离，他的力量就是他的意愿，等等。

柏拉图认为上帝创造万物，从最微小至最宏大，形成一条生命链，而这一生命链的顶端则系于上帝那永恒的王座之上。瓦尼尼深信此点，以复兴柏拉图的美好理想为己任，并深以为傲，还得到了阿威罗伊（Averroes）的支持。实际上，这种想法比真理更崇高，而这种想法离无神论如此之远，就如同生命之远离虚空。

瓦尼尼四处游历以寻找财富，却不断陷入争论。而这些争论很不幸地让他远离了财富。他树立死敌的数量等同于与之理论的学者和学究们的数量。瓦尼尼的不幸并无他因，只因他在争论中所表现出的狂热与野蛮招致了很多神学家的憎恶。他与一个叫弗兰科（Francon）或称弗兰科尼（Franconi）的人发生过争执，而这个弗兰科又是他敌人们的朋友，理所当然，弗兰科指责他是传播无神论的无神论者。

这位弗兰科（或弗兰科尼），凭借少数几名证人，在审判瓦尼尼期间，泯灭人性地坚持自己的说辞。交叉询问时，瓦尼尼被问及对上帝存在的看法，他回答说，就像教会那样，信仰唯一的、三位一体的上帝。捡起一根稻草，他说道："这小小的东西就足以证明造物主的存在。"然后，他就植物和运动发表了一番不错的演说，当他谈到上帝存在的必要性时，他说没有上帝，就没有植物的运动与生长。

当时，身处图卢兹的首席法官格拉蒙（Grammont）在其《法国的历史》一书中记载了这次演说。然而，格拉蒙却因为偏见，断言瓦尼尼的说辞"不是源于内心的信念，而是出于恐惧或功利之心"。

那首席法官格拉蒙这一武断而狠毒的判决是基于什么原因呢？显而易见，瓦尼尼的回答本可以让他免受无神论的指控。然而，到底发生了

什么事？原来这个不幸的外国传教士还是个药物行家。他们在瓦尼尼的家中发现了一只活生生的大蟾蜍，这只蟾蜍就在一个盛满水的器皿里，因此他们指控瓦尼尼是巫师。他们还声称，这只蟾蜍就是瓦尼尼信奉的神，他书中的几段内容还被指控说含有不虔诚的意义。这种事做起来轻而易举，通常就是把否认当成回答，再恶意曲解一些有歧义的短语，让本是干净清白的词句变得污秽不堪。最终，这些刻意打压瓦尼尼的小集团成功地让法官作出判决，将这不幸之人处死。

显而易见，想要为瓦尼尼的死亡辩护，就需要谴责那些卑鄙之人所做的可怕之事。默森里（Mersenne）心胸狭窄，疯狂过度，竟诬陷瓦尼尼“和他的12个旨在劝慰所有国家皈依无神论的使徒离开了那不勒斯”。真是愚笨呀！一个穷困潦倒的教士怎能有钱供养12个人？他是怎么说服那12个那不勒斯人，甘愿花费巨资，冒着生命危险，与他一同游历，去各地传播这令人憎恶且反动的教义呢？一个国王是否足够强大富有去供养12个无神论传道士？默森里神父制造如此可恶的谬论，真是前无古人，但后有来者，报纸、历史词典都受到他的传染，这热爱喧嚣轰鸣的世界也毫无怀疑，坚信这极具传奇色彩的谬论。

贝耳（Bayle）在《多样的思想》（*Pensées Diverses*）一书中也把瓦尼尼说成是一位无神论者。他用此例去证明“一个无神论者的社会是能够存在的”这样一个悖论。他信誓旦旦地保证说，瓦尼尼道德崇高，是自己哲学观点的殉道者。然而，贝耳在这两个方面都犯了错误。瓦尼尼曾模仿伊拉斯谟写过《对话》，在此文中，他自白说自己有位情妇，名叫伊莎贝拉。瓦尼尼就如自己所描述的那般行事大胆，但无论如何，他绝不是无神论者。

瓦尼尼死后一个世纪，学者拉·克劳兹（La Croze）和一位笔名为菲内特（Philète）的人试图为他正名。然而，人们对于一个忧伤的那不勒斯人的回忆，一个写作糟糕的人，实在无法提起兴趣，他们所写的辩护

词，鲜有人问津。

比格拉斯更博学多才的耶稣会士阿杜恩（Hardouin）在《无神论探讨》（*Athei Detecti*）一书中曾谴责笛卡尔、阿诺（Arnauld）、帕斯卡（Pascal）、尼科尔（Nicole）和梅尔布朗斯（Malebranche）信仰无神论，所幸的是这些人并未重蹈瓦尼尼悲惨命运的覆辙。

结合上文罗列出的事实，我们继续来讨论贝耳所关注的道德伦理问题，即“一个无神论者的社会能否存续”的问题。首先让我们来观察一下，人们在这个问题上发生争论时，自相矛盾的程度究竟有多大：贝耳观点最激烈的反对者，以及以最侮辱人的话语否定无神论者社会存在可能性的人，都毫无畏惧，坚持认为无神论是一种由中国主导的宗教。

毫无疑问，他们对中国政府的看法都是错误的。只要阅读一下这个广袤国度所颁布的诏书，他们就会发现这些诏书的内容都是布道，所宣扬的全是神灵、天子、因果报应。

与此同时，他们在“无神论者社会存在的可能性”这一问题上也没少犯错误，我不懂贝耳先生怎能忘记那样一个绝好的实例，本来完全可以支撑他的论点。

一个无神论者的社会为什么看似无法存在呢？原因有三：一是不受上帝约束而成长的人类应该无法适应群居生活；二是法律对于隐蔽性犯罪基本无用；三是人类需要一个报复心重的上帝去惩罚此世或来世逃脱了人间法律制裁的恶人。

摩西律法没有涉及来世，没有提到死后惩罚，也没有告诉第一代犹太人灵魂是永恒不朽的，这是事实，但是犹太人非但没有成为逃避神圣复仇的无神论者，反而成了人类中最虔诚的信徒。他们不仅相信上帝是永恒存在着的，而且还认定上帝就出现在他们中间，无处不在，他们害

怕上帝会惩罚自己，会降罪子女，会阻断家庭的幸福，甚至会为第四代子孙担心害怕，上帝的这种督查考验着实威力无穷。

然而，异教徒中一些宗派是不存在上帝督查考验的，比如怀疑论者质疑世间万物；柏拉图信奉者保留对所有事物的看法；享乐主义者坚信上帝不能干涉人间之事，在内心深处并不相信上帝的存在。他们认为灵魂不是实体，而是与肉体同生共死的虚幻意志，所以他们不受上帝的束缚，而受道德与荣誉的影响。罗马元老院中的元老和骑士们是真正的无神论者，因为对于从不害怕上帝、对上帝也毫无所求的人来说，上帝是不存在的。所以，恺撒和西塞罗时代的罗马元老院才是真正的无神论者大本营。

伟大演说家西塞罗在名为“为克鲁恩修斯”[4]的演说中，他对集会中的元老们说：“死亡能给他造成什么伤害？我们拒绝所有有关地狱的愚笨而不实的寓言。死亡能带走他什么东西呢？什么也带不走，只能带走疼痛的感觉。”

处死罪犯，死并不是对罪犯的惩罚；死亡并不代表什么；死亡只是我们苦难的结束；死亡是快乐而非痛苦的时刻。对于这些观点，恺撒难道有发表反对意见？西塞罗和整个元老院难道不接受这些看法吗？就算恺撒是卡塔琳娜（Catalina）的朋友，并且还想从西塞罗手下挽救自己朋友的性命。因此，这些举世闻名的世界征服者和立法者们对上帝都无敬畏之心，他们是彻头彻尾的无神论者。

随后，贝耳探究了偶像崇拜是否比信仰无神论更加危险。不信神明与对于神明浅薄无知，此二者相比较，前者是否是更大的罪过？关于此点，贝耳与普鲁塔克的看法一致。普鲁塔克认为相较于拥有错误观点来说，还不如没有观点来得好。然而，依据普鲁塔克的看法，显而易见，希腊人敬畏谷物女神刻瑞斯、海神尼普顿和主神朱庇特要比无所畏惧要好太多。与此同时，维护誓言的神圣地位也是必须，我们所信赖的人应

当是那些相信错误誓言会招致惩罚的人，而不是那些认为胡乱发誓也不会受到惩戒的人。毋庸置疑，在一个文明城市里，存在一种宗教，就算不太完善，但较于全无宗教来说，还是要有用很多。

所以说贝耳应当去探讨宗教狂热与无神论，这两者之间哪一种更危险。毫无疑问，相较于无神论来说，宗教狂热所带来的危险当然要强出千百倍。因为无神论并不嗜血，但宗教狂热却热衷于此；无神论并不赞成犯罪，但宗教狂热却热衷犯罪。跟随《高卢事物注疏》（*Commentarium Rerum Gallicarum*）一书的作者，让我们一起来假设一下总理大臣洛比达是名无神论者。他颁布的法令可行亲民，推行的政策仁爱和睦，可是宗教狂热者们却杀害了圣·巴多罗买（Saint Bartholomew）。霍布斯（Hobbes）也被视作无神论者，然而他生活平静而简单，可在他所处的时代，宗教狂热者们在英格兰、苏格兰和爱尔兰泛滥成灾，流血事件时有发生。斯宾诺莎不仅是名无神论者，同时还宣扬无神论。当然他并未参与对巴纳菲尔德（Barneveldt）的司法暗杀，也不是他将德·维特（de Witt）兄弟扯成碎片，折磨致死。

大部分无神论者都是性情莽撞、又受到误导的学者。他们逻辑推理不严密、不懂创世、不知恶魔起源，也不知道其他许多难解的事物，因为无法解释，所以就转向事物永恒性与必然性的假说。

雄心勃勃、骄奢淫逸的人几乎不会花时间去论证，去接纳一个不完备的理论。他们与其做其他事也不会去比较卢克莱修（Lucretius）[5]和苏格拉底之间的区别，这就是当下的行事之风。

而罗马元老院的情况却不是如此。元老院上下几乎全由理论和实践上皆是无神论者组成，也就是说，他们既不信天意，也不信来世。这个元老院是哲学家、酒色之徒和野心勃勃之人的大本营，他们都很危险，是他们毁了共和国。享乐主义在罗马帝国皇帝统治下大行其道。元老院中的无神论者在苏拉（Sulla）和恺撒时代曾经是煽动反叛的人，而在奥

古斯都（Augustus）和提比略（Tiberius）时代又成了无神论者的奴隶。

我不想与一个信仰无神论的王子有任何瓜葛，他会认为将我塞进炮筒会非常有用，我也确信我会被塞进去；如果我是一个君主，我不想有信奉无神论的朝臣，因为他们的兴趣就是要将我毒死，那样每天我都需要随身携带解毒剂。由此看来，帝王国君和各类民众都绝对有必要将神灵、上帝、统治者和因果报应的概念深深地植入脑海。

贝耳在《关于彗星的思考》（*Pensées Sur Les Comètes*）一书中提到说存在信奉无神论的人。卡菲尔人、霍屯督人、图皮南布人，以及其他许多小型部族都没有上帝。也许是这样，但这也并不意味着他们否认上帝的存在。他们既不否认，也不认同上帝，因为他们从未听说。告诉他们上帝的存在，他们就会相信。告诉他们所有事情都是自然而然发生的，他们也会相信。称他们为无神论者或反笛卡尔主义者（anti-Cartesians）都是适当的，因为他们既不认同，也不反对笛卡尔。他们就是真正的孩童，既不是无神论者也不是有神论者，他们是白纸一张。

那我们从中可以得出什么结论呢？结论就是：无神论对统治阶级、对学者们来说都是莫大的邪恶，就算是对于生活简单的学者来说，也是如此，因为学者们可利用所学知识去影响统治者。然而，无神论的危害就算没有宗教狂热来得那么强烈，但对于品德来说，也是致命伤。总而言之，自从哲学家们认识到了没有种子就没有蔬菜，没有筹备就没有种子，同时依靠腐烂不可以生产粮食之后，现在比起过去而言，无神论者已经少了很多。

非哲学的数学家们拒绝接受终极因，但是真正的哲学家们是接受的。正如一位著名作家所言：传道士告诉孩子们上帝的存在，而牛顿向明智之人演示上帝的存在。

II

灵魂里的暴君因为唯利是图，欺诈行骗招致我们的反感，这灵魂暴君还强迫一些虚弱的心灵去否定被恶魔侮辱着的上帝。如果此事的责任不在于无神论者，那谁才是责任人呢？榨取民脂民膏的吸血鬼迫使无力的民众去背叛国王的频率有多高呢？

依靠吸食我们血肉而壮大的人向我们大声吼道："确信一头母驴会说话；相信一条鱼在吞食一个人3天之后会将其安全无损地抛回海边；全能的上帝命令一个犹太先知（即以西结）去吃粪便，命令另一个先知（即何西阿书）去购买两个妓女并与她们生下子嗣，不要对此抱有怀疑。这字字都是真理、纯洁之上帝所说的话语。要么相信显而易见令人厌恶的东西，要么相信数学上完全不可能之事。否则，仁慈的上帝将会用地狱中的烈火将你烧成灰烬。这不仅限于成千上万个世纪的时间，而是贯穿了永恒，不管你有无肉体。"

这些难以置信的愚蠢之事不仅引起个性软弱、鲁莽之人的反感，也招致心性坚定、明智之人的不耻。他们说："我们的宗教领袖们将上帝描述成所有物种中最愚蠢、最野蛮的事物，所以上帝是不存在的。"但是他们应该说："我们的宗教领袖们将他们自己的愚蠢与狂怒强加给上帝，所以上帝恰恰是他们所宣称那样的反面，上帝明智仁善，程度等同于所被宣称的疯狂邪恶的程度。"这就是有识之士的结论。但是这些倘若被一个宗教狂热分子听到，那他会将他们告发至执法官和教士处，然后这个执法官会将他们置于慢火中活活烧死，并坚信自己是在模仿神圣的上帝来惩治这些不敬之人。

洗礼

洗礼在希腊语中意为浸礼。通常以感官为导向的人类，很容易联想到在洗涤肉体的同时也是在净化灵魂。而此事，在很大程度上，都要归功于那些在埃及神殿穹顶下洗礼的发起人和首次进行实践的祭司。自远古时期以来，印度人就以恒河之水净化自身，至今这一仪式仍然十分盛行。后来这仪式传给了希伯来人，他们为所有皈依犹太教的外邦人举行洗礼，这仪式的重要性丝毫不逊色于割礼。除埃塞俄比亚外，所有的女人都不要求实行割礼，但需要举行洗礼。因为洗礼代表一种重生，人能被赋予全新的灵魂，正如埃及的传统那样。关于这点，参见伊皮法纽[6]，迈蒙尼德[7]和《革马拉》[8]。

约翰在约旦举行过洗礼，他甚至还为耶稣举行了洗礼。而耶稣，这个从未为别人举行过洗礼的人，却让这个古老仪式变得圣洁、神圣。其实，每条教义本身都无意义，只是上帝将他的祝福融入了他所选择的教义之中。很快，洗礼就成了基督教的首要宗教仪式和信徒的主要标志。耶路撒冷的首批15名大主教虽然都受过割礼，但是是否都行过洗礼却无法确定。

可是，这一神圣仪式在基督教的头一个世纪里遭到了滥用。死亡之时等待接受洗礼成了最稀松平常之事，其中的典型事例就是康斯坦丁大帝。以下是他对洗礼的看法：洗礼可以洗净世间任何东西，所以我可以杀尽妻儿亲人，之后只要受洗，照样可以进入天堂。实际上他也如此做了。但这是一个很极端的例子，其实接受神圣洗礼之前等死的习俗已经渐渐消亡了。

希腊人总将洗礼等同于浸礼。8世纪末期，拉丁人在将他们的宗教

传入高卢和德国后发现，在气候严寒的国家实行浸礼会冻死孩童，于是用简单的淋水取代了浸礼。他们还因为此事经常受到希腊教会的谴责。

迦太基大主教圣·塞浦路斯（Saint Cyprian）曾被问到那些全身只受过微量水洗的人是否真的受洗了。他在第76封信中回答道：有几个教会不相信这些轻微受洗过的人是基督徒，但是就他自己而言，他觉得他们是基督徒，只不过相较于那些根据习俗受过3次浸礼的人，毫无疑问得到的祝福要少得多。

就基督徒来说，一个人一旦受洗，那么他就被教会正式接纳为信徒了。在受洗之前，他就只是一个初学者。想要被教会接受，就需要有保证人、监护人，这些人会被授予一个类似于教父一样的名字，只有这样，教会才能确认这新的基督教徒能始终保持信仰，而不会沉溺于其他秘密宗教。这就是为什么在头几个世纪里，关于基督教的秘密宗教仪式，连同伊希斯[9]和依洛西斯[10]的秘密宗教仪式，基督徒都没有受到正确的指引。

亚历山大的区利罗[11]在他反对朱利安大帝的小册子中这样说道："我会谈论洗礼，就算我的言语会传到非基督徒的耳中，我也不怕。"

早在2世纪时，他们就已经开始为儿童举行洗礼。基督徒们期望他们的孩子受到洗礼，这是人之常情，因为不受洗就会受到诅咒。最终将洗礼的举行时间定在孩子出生一周后，因为这时间也是犹太教为孩子举行割礼的时间。尽管人在死亡时接受洗礼盛行于3世纪，但是这一习俗至今仍是希腊教会的传统。

根据教会中最严格的教父的说法，婴儿出生后一周内死亡是受到了诅咒。但是在5世纪时，皮特·克索罗格斯[12]发明了地狱边境一说。地狱边境就是一种轻量级地狱，更确切地说，是地狱的边境部分，是地狱的

郊区，是未受洗礼的儿童和在耶稣降生之前已去世的正直的人死后的栖身之所。从此以后，人们认为耶稣死后进入的是地狱的边境而非地狱。

降生在阿拉伯的沙漠之中的基督徒能否用沙子进行洗礼一事也引起过各方争论，最后的答案是不可以。又问玫瑰香水是否可以用来进行洗礼，答案是纯净水是必要的，但是浑浊水也可以使用。显而易见，所有的规则主要取决于首次创立该规则牧师的谨慎程度。

……

洗礼：补充

受到洗浴盆的启发而认为一壶水能洗净所有的罪恶，是个多么奇怪的观点呀！之所以所有的孩子都接受洗礼，是因为再没有比这更荒谬的观点能假定所有的孩子都是罪犯，假定他们都被拯救了，直到他们长大到懂事的年龄并能开始犯罪为止。所以尽可能快地屠戮他们以求让他们相信天堂。这个结论是如此逻辑严密，以至于存在一个虔诚的教派，致力于毒杀所有刚受洗的婴儿。这些信徒的辩解是如此的理所当然，他们说："对于这些纯洁无瑕的小东西，我们给予最大的善意，我们这是在防止他们变得邪恶，不让他们品尝生活的艰辛，我们是在赋予他们永生。"

食人族

我讨论过爱。从讨论人类相亲相爱到讨论人类互相啃食，实现这个转换很是艰难。但是食人族又千真万确地存在着。在美洲已经发现过一些。然而在远古时代，偶尔会吃人血肉的，并不只有独眼巨人[13]，可能其他一些人也会如此。尤维纳利斯（Juvenal）就曾描述说古埃及人，一个如此明智博学，以其律法完善、人民虔诚、崇拜鳄鱼与洋葱而著称的民族，他们中的丹德拉人（Denderites）竟然也吃掉了一个落入他们之手的敌人。尤维纳利斯讲述的这个故事并非异端邪说，这宗罪恶几乎就在他眼皮底下发生，当时他就在埃及，离丹德拉（Dendera）不远。他在连接日记的文件夹里还引证了以前吃同胞血肉的加斯科涅人（Gascons）和桑加提人（Sagantines）。

1725年，4个野蛮人被人从密西西比带到枫丹白露，我有幸能有机会和他们对话。我问其中一个女人是否吃过人，她很无辜地回答说，她吃过。我震惊了。她解释说吃掉敌人的尸体好过敌人被野兽吞食，胜利者有这个特权。在对阵战或者野战中，我们杀死邻居，为乌鸦和蠕虫只留下最少量的食物。只要有惨状，就会有犯罪。当一个人被杀死了，死后尸体是被士兵吃掉还是被乌鸦或者狗吃掉，这又有什么关系呢？

我们尊敬死者甚于尊敬生者。两者都应当受到我们的尊敬。国家之所以文明在于我们不会将屈服的敌人置于烤肉叉上。因为一旦允许吃掉敌人，那很快我们也会吃掉自己的同胞，这对社会公德来说将会是一种双重的诅咒。但是文明国度并非总是文明的，因为所有人在很长时间里都曾是野蛮人。在这世界所经历的无数次革命中，人类种群的数量有时巨大，有时稀少。如今大象、狮子和老虎数量锐减的现象，也曾发生在人类身上。所以，当人类聚居在一个狭小区域，又无诸多技艺，他们就

都是猎人，以杀死的猎物为食的习惯就很容易导致他们对待敌人就像对待他们的猎物野鹿和野猪一样。以人献祭是迷信，但以人为食是必需。

有两种罪，一种是为了向神表达敬意，将幼小的祭品用束带装饰好，然后在虔诚的集会中，将刀插入祭品心脏；另一种则是吃掉一个为了自卫而杀死的恶棍。这两种罪，哪一种更严重呢？

然而，男孩被当作祭品献祭的事例要比被当作食物吃掉的事例多得多。其中，犹太人就献祭。这种仪式被称为咒逐，这是真正意义上的献祭。《利未记》第27章明确要求不要放过那些已经致力于服侍上帝的生魂，但是没有规定说他们应该被吃掉，他们只是受到这种命运的威胁。我们也已经知道摩西对犹太人说，如果他们不观看这些仪式，那么不只是他们会有这种渴望，就连母亲也会吃掉自己的孩子。在以西结时代，犹太人一定有吃人的习惯，因为在第39章他向犹太人预言说，上帝不只会让他们敌人的战马成为他们的食物，甚至骑马者和其他的战士也会成为他们的食物。这千真万确。但是为什么犹太人实际上又没有成为食人族呢？这本应是唯一一件事能使这些上帝选民成为世上最令人厌恶的人。

在一些有关克伦威尔时期英格兰历史的书上，我曾经读到过一件奇闻轶事：都柏林有一个油脂蜡烛商贩售卖用英格兰人的油脂制作的、质量上乘的蜡烛。一段时间后，她的一个顾客向她抱怨说蜡烛质量没那么好了。她说：“哎，这是因为这个月英格兰人缺货。”我想问谁才是罪人？是那些杀死英格兰人的刽子手？还是这个将他们的脂肪做成蜡烛的女人呢？

确信与确信度

“你的朋友克里斯托弗多大年龄？”

“28岁。我俩打小就认识，我见过他的结婚证，知道他什么时候接受洗礼的。他28岁，这一点毫无疑问，我很确定。”

此人如此确信，其他20多人也证明了此事，然而我刚听完回答，就发现克里斯托弗出于某种不为人知的原因，利用一些小手段将实际举行洗礼的日期提前了。那些回答我问题的人到现在都还没意识到这个错误。他们犯了错，却不自知地坚持错误。

哥白尼出现之前，如果你问“今天太阳会升起吗？会降落吗？”那么所有人可能都会这样回答你：“当然，我们万分肯定。”他们都万分肯定，确信无疑，然而他们都错了。

曾经在很长的岁月里，符咒、占卜和神魔附身在世人眼中都是确信无疑的事情。那个时候，认同并对这些神奇之物确信无疑的人何其多也！如今，这种确信度在一定程度上有所变弱。

曾经有一名学习几何学的年轻人来拜访过我。他不理解三角形的定义。我就问他说：“一个三角形的三个角等于两个直角，你不觉得确定无疑吗？”他回答说，他对这个命题连一个清楚的认识都没有，根本谈不上确定无疑。于是，我向他演示了这道命题，然后他就对此确信无疑了，并且终生都会如此。

数学上的这种确定性不同于其他类别的确定性，它是亘古不变的，然而其他类别的确定性仅仅只是可能性，一旦加以验证，就会变成错

误。

我存在、我思考、我感受苦痛！所有这类问题是否也与几何真理一样确定呢？答案是肯定的，为什么呢？原因在于此类真理都可以由同一条原则加以证明，此原则就是一个事物不可能同时存在又不存在。我不可能同时存在又不存在，感知又不感知。一个三角形不可能同时有又没有180度，而这180度恰好是两个直角的总和。

所以，对于我的存在和感知的物理确定性与数学上的确定性，尽管种类不同，但是他们具有同等的价值。

但这并不适用于那些基于表象或者由众口一词而得来的确定性。

“真的吗？”你告诉我“北京真是存在吗？我们没有从北京得来的纺织品吗？国度不同，见解不同的人，虽会对彼此口诛笔伐，但是对于北京的存在却都确信无疑。他们没有向你保证说这座城市是真实存在的吗？”我回答说，对于我而言，北京存在着只是一件很可能的事情，我不会赌上我的性命说这座城市是存在的，但是，在任何时候，我都会赌上我的性命说一个三角形的三个角等于两个直角。

《大百科辞典》中的有些内容真的非常可笑。比如，里面有篇文章写道：如果整个巴黎都说德·萨克斯元帅[14]复活了，那么人们就该对此确信无疑，正如人们都相信巴黎人所说的德·萨克斯元帅取得了丰特努瓦之战胜利一样。那我请您考虑一下，想想这个逻辑是多么的令人钦佩：当所有的巴黎人告诉我一些在原则上可能发生的事情时，我相信他们；所以当他们告诉我一些在原则上、在生理上不可能发生的事情时，我仍旧必须相信他们。

显而易见，这篇文章的作者就是想博人一笑。而另一名作者在文章末尾还陷入狂乱状态，写作自相矛盾，估计这也是想逗人一笑吧。而对

于我这么一个试图从这本辞典中挑出问题的人来说，所谓的确信离我太远。

性格

“性格”一词源于希腊语，是印记、雕刻之意。性格是大自然铭刻于我们人类体内之物。我们可以抹除性格吗？这是个高深的问题。如果我有一个鹰钩鼻，两只猫儿眼，那我可以将它们隐藏在面具之下。那对于自然赋予我的性格，我可以让它变得更好吗？一个生性狂暴、暴躁易怒的人，去法国国王弗朗索瓦一世面前抱怨说他受到了不公正待遇。但王子的面容、朝臣的敬意以及他正身处的这个地方，都会给他留下深刻的印象：不知不觉中，他会垂下眼睑，放柔声音，来表现他的谦恭。人们会觉得他个性自然温顺，身处朝臣们中间时，甚至会有些惊慌失措。但是，如果弗朗索瓦一世精于观察面相，那么从他那低垂却隐藏火焰的眼睛里，从那紧绷的面部肌肉里，从那紧紧闭合的嘴唇上，国王就能很轻易地发现，此人并不像他所表现出来的那样谦卑恭顺。此人跟随国王一起去帕维亚，一起被俘，一道被关押在马德里的监狱里。此时，弗朗索瓦一世国王的形象在此人心中就起了变化，此人对他曾经顶礼膜拜的国王已经相当熟悉。有一天，当他为国王脱骑马靴时，手法不对，国王又想起自己的不幸，一下子就暴怒起来。于是乎，这人就把国王送给了魔鬼，将国王的靴子扔出了窗外。

西斯都五世本性急躁、顽固倔强、傲慢自大、鲁莽冲动、报复心重、嚣张骄纵。他在见习修士期间进行过苦修，他的本性看似有所柔化。然而，当他声名鹊起、大权加身之时，一名侍者侍奉不周，让他暴怒，他就用自己的拳头将这侍者击倒在地。西斯都五世在威尼斯任审问者一职时，行事傲慢无礼，在成为红衣主教之后，他想成为教皇的野心肆意膨胀。这种野心膨胀侵蚀了他的本性，他将自己的人性与性格隐匿于黑暗之中，他假装谦逊，身体虚弱，直到被选为教皇。一当选，他就恢复了所有强行压制着的本性。他是最傲慢自大、最暴怒专制的最高统

治者。

Naturam expellas furca, tamen ipsa redibit.

（就算用干草叉将本性暂时驱逐，但它总会回归。）

Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.

宗教和道德只能束缚但不能摧毁本性。修道院里的嗜酒者，就算将喝酒量减至每餐只喝一杯苹果酒，不会再喝醉，但他永远还是爱酒。

年岁的增加会让性格有所弱化。但是一棵树结出的果子，有些尽管较次，总归是同一种类。树会起疙瘩、长苔藓，会被虫蛀，但是它总还是一颗橡树或者梨树。如果我们可以改变自己的性格，那么也许我们会给自己创造一种性格，我们会成为自然的主宰。我们可以给予自己什么东西呢？难道我们所拥有的还不够吗？尝试着在充满惰性的群众里连绵不断地发起活动、尝试着用冷漠去给滚烫冲动的灵魂降温、也尝试着激发那些无品位、无悟性的人群生出对音乐、对诗歌的热爱与品位。如果你能为生而眼盲的人带去光明，那么再没有什么能比这更加成功的了。我们可以去完善、调节或者隐藏自然赋予我们的东西，但是我们不能肆意为自己创造东西。

一个农民曾被告知说：“你这鱼塘里鱼太多了，它们无法茁壮成长；你农田里动物太多了，食草不够，它们会减重。”听从这劝告之后，梭鱼吃了这人一半的鲤鱼，狼群吃了一半的绵羊，剩下的就长肥了。农民会为这种管理方式而欢呼雀跃吗？这农民其实就是你自己，你自身的一种热情吞噬了其他热情，你还以为自己战胜了自己。有位90高龄的老将军偶然遇见一些年轻的军官正与镇上的女人们调情，他怒气冲冲地说道：“绅士们，这就是我给你们树立的榜样吗？”难道我们自己不都与这位90岁的老将军大同小异吗？

宗教会议

毫无疑问，所有的宗教会议阐述教义绝无谬误，因为会议的成员都是有智慧的人。在他们的集会中，感情用事、阴谋诡计、喜辩好战、仇恨嫉妒、偏见傲慢都不可能占主导地位。

但是为什么如此多的宗教会议又会彼此冲突呢？这是个会被问到的问题。这就要检验我们的信仰了，每一个会议就其本身而言都是正确的。

罗马天主教只相信梵蒂冈认可的宗教会议；希腊天主教则只信任君士坦丁堡认可的宗教会议。而新教徒对此两者都加以嘲弄。所以说每个人都想着自己应该被满足。

在这里，我只提及影响大的会议，规模小的略去不提。

第一个就是尼西亚（Nicaea）会议。该会议于公元325年召开，召开原因主要是康斯坦丁大帝吩咐奥蒂斯（Ozius）给迷惑的亚历山大教士写了一封重要的信，信中说道："你是在为一些无关紧要的事情争论，这些细微之处在理性之人看来毫无价值。"这里提到的事主要就是：耶稣是上帝创造的，还是自存的。此事与道德无关，这点是核心。耶稣是受到时间限制还是凌驾于时间之上，这怎么说均是不妥。在历经众多解读之后，会议最终决定圣子与圣父同龄同质。这个解读虽然我们难以理解，然而正是由于这个缘故，圣子变得更加庄严崇高。但是，却有17名主教反对这项教令，据亚历山大所著的编年史记载（此编年史保存在牛津），还有2000名教士也持反对意见。然而，高级教士对贫穷困苦的底层教士的意见通常是不屑一顾的。尽管出现这种情况，第一次宗教会议对于三位一体还是不存在争议的。教条这样写道："我们相信耶

稣与圣父同质同体，是神之神，是光之光，是上帝所生而非创造。我们也相信圣灵。”在这里我们必须承认圣灵遭受了比较随意的对待。

尼西亚会议的附录中还记载到：由于分不清辨不明哪些是《旧约》和《新约》的真经，哪些是伪经，迷惑的神父们将所有经书混杂无序地置于祭坛之上，不被认可的经书就会掉到地上。如此优雅讲究的仪式竟然没有被继承流传下来，真是可惜呀！

第一次尼西亚会议成员由317位在阐述教义方面绝不会出错的主教们组成，此次会议之后，另一会议在里米尼[15]召开，与会成员多达400名主教，这还不包括塞琉西亚的一大队人马，将近200人。这600名主教，在历经四个月的争论之后，一致同意剥夺耶稣与圣父同质的特性。之后，除了索齐尼派教徒（Socinians），会议又恢复了耶稣与圣父同质的特性。所以说，怎样做都是可以的。

公元431年举行的以弗所会议也是最重要的会议之一。君士坦丁堡大主教、异教徒伟大的迫害者聂斯脱利（Nestorius）认为耶稣实际上就是上帝，但是耶稣的母亲绝对不是上帝的母亲，只是耶稣的母亲，因为这一看法他遭到了圣·赛瑞利（Saint Cyril）的谴责。然而，之后在这同一会议上，聂斯脱利的支持者们废黜了圣·赛瑞利。这些事情使得圣灵的处境非常难堪。

亲爱的读者们，在这里请仔细注意，福音书对于同实体性这一词尚未发表任何意见，对于圣母玛利亚是否是上帝之母，以及那些引发主教们集会的争执点也未发表任何意见。

欧迪奇（Eutyches）是名修道士，他极力反对聂斯脱利，认为聂斯脱利所宣扬的“耶稣其实是两个人”是异端邪说，是可怕断言。为了更好地否定对手的观点，他还断言说耶稣只有一种本性。一位名为弗拉维亚（Flavian）的君士坦丁堡主教不同意他的观点，认为耶稣具有二重本性

是绝对必需的。449年，无数的宗教会议在以弗所举行。这次会议的参会人数是以往人数的四分之一，与355年举行的小型锡尔塔（Cirta）会议以及一个在迦太基举行的会议规模相当。会上弗拉维亚饱受攻击、遍体鳞伤，然而耶稣还是被赋予了二重本性。但是，卡尔西登（Chalcedon）会议又将耶稣的本性减少到一种。

我跳过那些讨论细枝末节的会议，直达第六次君士坦丁堡大型宗教会议，会议旨在确认只拥有一种本性的耶稣，是否有过两种欲念。为了讨好上帝，你会意识到此点的重要性。

正如此前诸多会议都由国王们召集一样，此次会议由康斯坦丁二世（绰号“大胡子”）召集。罗马主教的使者们坐于左侧，君士坦丁堡和安提俄克（Antioch）的主教们则坐在右侧。我不知道罗马的谄媚者们是否视左方座位为上座，但是无论如何，耶稣在此事上就有两种欲念。

摩西律法禁止将耶稣图像化，因此，画家和雕塑家在犹太人中从不吃香。除了路加（Luke）画的圣母玛利亚，耶稣图像从未出现过。无论怎样，犹太人从不崇拜耶稣基督的图像。然而，基督徒们直到4世纪末都还在崇拜着耶稣的图像，他们对于这种精湛的美术技艺已经相当熟悉。这种错误的做法严重泛滥，以至于到了8世纪，康斯坦丁五世科普罗尼穆斯（Constantine V Copronymus）召集了320名主教在君士坦丁堡举行宗教会议，强烈谴责图像崇拜，并为其打下了偶像崇拜的烙印。

还有那位后来挖了她儿子眼睛的伊琳娜女皇于787年召开了尼西亚第二次会议，该会议恢复了图像崇拜。如今要为此次会议正名，理由通常是：这种对图像的崇拜是二等崇拜的一种（对圣徒的尊崇），而非最高崇拜（专对上帝之崇拜）。

然而，到底是二等崇拜还是最高崇拜，794年，查理曼大帝在法兰克福召集了另一场会议，该会议指责第二次尼西亚会议，认为它是盲目

的偶像崇拜。教皇哈德良四世派遣了两名使者参加此会议，但并不召集人。

第一次由教皇召集而举行的大型宗教会议是1139年举行的第一次拉特兰（Lateran）会议。约有1000名主教参加，然而，此次会议除了诅咒那些抱怨教会太富有的人之外，没有取得任何成果。

1179年，教皇亚历山大三世召集举行了另一场拉特兰会议，此次会议只讨论了教规问题，但是红衣主教的地位在此次会议上第一次超过了主教。

另一场重要的会议是1215年举行的拉特兰会议。此次会上，教皇英诺森三世将图卢兹伯爵逐出教会，剥夺了他所有的财产。在这次会议上，首次出现了与变质论相关的问题。

1245年，还是当时皇城的里昂举行了大型宗教会议，在此期间，教皇英诺森四世将皇帝腓特烈二世逐出教会，进而废黜，永世放逐。也就是在这次会议上，红衣主教们被授予红帽，用来提醒他们自己必须沐浴在皇帝支持者们的鲜血之中。此次会议摧毁了斯瓦比亚家族（House of Swabia），使得意大利和德国30年里都处于无政府状态。

1311年，在维也纳举行的大会上，圣殿骑士团（the Order of the Templars）被废除，骑士团的主要成员们，基于许多毫无事实根据的指控，饱受谴责与最严酷恐怖的刑讯逼供。

1414年，举行了康斯坦茨（Constance）大会，该大会废黜了教皇约翰二十三世，指控他罪行1000种。此会议还以顽固不化的罪名烧死了约翰·胡斯（John Huss）和布拉格的哲罗姆（Jerome of Prague）。因为在当时，相对于谋杀、强奸、买卖圣职和鸡奸，顽固不化是项更严重的犯罪。

1431年的巴塞尔（Basle）大会不被罗马教会承认，原因在于此次会议未经罗马教会同意就废黜了教皇尤金四世。

罗马人将1512年举行的第五次拉特兰宗教会议也视为一次大会，此次会议由教皇尤里乌斯二世（Julius II）召集，但遭到法国皇帝路易十二世的反对。然而，随着尤里乌斯二世这样一位战士式的教皇离世，此次会议也化为乌有。

最后就是特伦托（Trent）大会，此会议在教规问题上在法国并无权威。但是，它的教规却是无可挑剔的，因为根据弟兄[16]保罗·萨比（Fra Paolo Sarpi）的说法，圣灵每周都会借助信使之身从罗马来到特伦托。但是弟兄保罗·萨比的说辞总有一丝异端邪说的感觉。

狂热

狂热，这一希腊词语意为内脏的骚乱，内心的激动。希腊人创造这一词语，是否旨在描述一种感觉，那就是当人被深深感动时，神经受到震动，内脏膨胀紧绷，心脏强烈收缩，暴乱的情绪横冲直撞，从内脏直灌大脑？

或者说，创造狂热这一词语的目的，不是用来描述内脏的骚动，而是首先用来描述女祭司皮提亚（Pythia）在德尔斐（Delphi）的三脚祭坛上，借助特制的道具，来接受阿波罗神谕时的激动心情呢？

我们如何理解狂热？在我们的情绪之中又有何细微差别？赞赏、敏感、情绪、悲痛、震惊、酷爱、狂暴、疯癫、激怒、愤怒：这些都是一个悲惨的灵魂可能经历的情绪状态。

一位几何学家观看一场感人肺腑的悲剧：他只看到该局的结构精巧。他身旁的年轻人深受感动却未有任何发现。一位女子掩面而泣，另一年轻人深受感染，以至于决定自己也去书写一个悲剧，他很不幸地被狂热这种疾病传染了。

百人队长或军团将校将战争视为一种有利可图的贸易，他们踏入战场就如一个盖屋匠爬上屋顶一样。恺撒见到亚历山大大帝的雕像时还会哭泣。

奥维德（Ovid）觉得爱情有趣好笑，萨福（Sappho）则对爱情狂热不已，如果说真的是这种狂热侵蚀了萨福的生命，那么也是因为狂热在萨福这里早已变成了癫狂。

党派之分极大地助推了这种狂热之情，任何团体都有其忠实狂热的追随者。

狂热，说到底，就是误入歧途的虔诚之心。有那年轻的苦行僧，盯着鼻尖，反复祈祷，直到自己坚信倘若身负50磅重的枷锁，那么神会由衷地感激他。脑海中充斥着对梵天的无尽想象，他陷入沉睡，在睡梦中他也无可避免地看到了自己的身影。有时，在沉睡与清醒之间，他的眼睛还会闪烁着星光点点：他看到梵天闪闪发光，为此他陷入狂喜之境，而这种狂喜之疾再也无法治愈。

理智与狂热并存是世上最稀有之事。理智在于看事物总看到本质。醉酒之人视物出现重影之时，他已经丧失理智。而狂热恰恰就像是烈酒：它能使血管骚动、神经震颤、彻底地摧毁理智；它也能只引发些许震动，促使大脑稍稍活动。此时就是雄辩之能大爆发，绝妙诗歌横空出世之时，这种有理智指导的狂热使他们的技艺才能变得完美。在过去时代，当人们提到从未被其他艺术家们提及之物时，通常会认为这是受到了神的启发。

理智怎么能控制狂热呢？原因在于诗人首先会在画布上勾画出结构，此时理智主导了画笔。然而，当他继续着笔，赋予人物灵动与生气时，想象力迸发，狂热取得主导地位：这就是一匹赛马，在合理铺设的赛道上，猛力向前奔跑。

平等

狗与狗之间，马与马之间，存在欠债关系吗？当然不存在，同类动物之间，从不依赖彼此。但是对于接受了神之光，拥有理智的人类来说，结果又是怎样的呢？结果是奴隶制盛行于世界各地。

世界理应如此运行，那就是：倘若人们发现这个世界舒适惬意、物质充足、气候适宜，那么显而易见，人奴役人的现象将不可能发生。就让这个世界遍布健康的果实、让维系生命的空气不再带给我们疾病和死亡、让人们不再拥有比鹿儿更多的贪念，那么成吉思汗和帖木儿，除了他们自己的子嗣，就不会再有其他的仆人，因为子嗣已经足够照顾他们养老了。

所有四足动物、鸟类和爬行类动物都享受着这种自然的状态，人类也应和它们一样快乐，这时控制奴役就会成为一种虚妄，一种所有人都不会接受的荒谬，原因就是既然不需要服侍，又为何要去渴求、要去占有仆人呢？

如果一些内心残暴，但力量充沛的个人想要征服较弱的邻居，那么也不会成功，因为，在他们这种压迫者采取行动之前，被压迫者就会结盟，一同抗争。

由此看来，若无欲望，人人都会平等。但是我们人类这个物种，拥有的低劣品性使得人与人之间形成隶属关系。不平等其实并不是真正的罪恶，依赖才是。世上有人被称为殿下，有人被称为圣座，这些称号无关紧要，但是要去服侍他们则是艰难万分。

一个富裕的大家族所耕种的土地土壤肥沃，两个临近的小家族土地

贫瘠。很明显，这两个贫穷的家族要么服侍、要么杀死这个豪族。其中一个贫穷家族献出劳动，获取面包；另外一个发动攻击、惨遭毒打。前者成为仆人和劳工，后者则成为奴隶。

在我们这个不幸的世界里，人类居住的社会都被分成两个阶级，即统治者和被统治者。而这两个阶级又细分成一千个阶层，这一千个阶层也继续往下细分。

并不是所有的被压迫者都会感到不幸。他们大多数都出生在那样的环境里，不断地劳动能阻止他们对自己现状的关注。但是，一旦他们察觉，就会发生战争，比如像发生在罗马人民党与元老院之间的对抗，也如发生在德国、英格兰和法国的农民起义。所有的这些战争早晚都是以奴役弱者而结束，强大一方资金雄厚，而资金在很多情况下都是万能的。我只说在很多情况下，因为并不是说在每个国家都是如此。一些善用刀剑武器的国家通常能征服那些富裕但缺乏勇气的国家。

每个人生来都有强大的欲望，渴求征服、财富和享乐，对于闲适的渴望也十分强烈。于是，每个人都想将别人的钱财、妻子或女人据为己有，成为他们的主人，征服他们来满足自己善变的喜好、或者放置不管、又或者只做一些令人愉悦的事情。显而易见，好处如此多多，人与人之间实现平等着实不太可能，正如两位传道士或者两位神学教授之间不可能不嫉妒彼此一样。

除非大批无产却有用处的阶级存在，否则人类无以为继。因为一个富有的人当然不会放弃自己肥沃的土地，转而耕种你那贫瘠的土地。如果你需要一双鞋子，法官是无法帮你做一双的。于是，平等就成为最理所当然却也是最虚妄不实的东西。

但是，人类通常喜欢尽可能地在每件事上走极端，所以这种不平等也被夸大了。有些国家规定公民无权离开自己的国家，尽管他们降生在

这国家纯粹是偶然。显而易见，这法律的意思就是：这个国家治理得很差，差到需要我们严禁个人逃脱，因为我们害怕人人都会逃走。那就做得好一点，让你所有的臣民都心甘情愿地留在家中，并吸引外来者的到来。

每个人都有相信自己的权利，在人的内心深处，人人生而平等。当然这并不是说要红衣主教的厨子命令其主人来准备饭菜，只是说厨子可以这样说：“我和主人都是人，我和他一样出生在泪水之中，他和我一样要遭受同样的苦难，历经同样的葬礼而消逝。我们都是动物，拥有同样的功能。如果土耳其人俘获了罗马人，那么我就会是红衣主教，我的主人就会是厨子，他会是我的仆人。”这些话公正合理，但是就算是伟大的土耳其征服了罗马，那这厨子照样得坚守自己的岗位，否则每个人类社会都会腐化堕落。

对于一个既不是红衣主教的厨子，也没有任何公职的人来说，如果他为人温和谦恭，却为那充满了施舍和蔑视味道的周遭环境而恼怒，明显地发现有些身居高位者，相较于自己而言，学识、智慧、道德品性都无法相比，也发现自己在他们的候客室里等待，疲乏不已，那他应该如何？当然应该离开。

祖国

祖国就是几个家族的合成体。当我们没有利益冲突时，出于自爱，通常都会坚定地支持自己的家族，所以出于同样的自爱，我们都会支持自己的乡村和城镇，这些地方就被叫作祖国。祖国疆域越大，我们对它的爱就越淡，因为被分割的爱是被弱化了的爱，要我们温柔体贴地去爱一个过于庞大，成员甚至素不相识的家实在太难。

一个满怀雄心抱负，想要成为行政官、护民官、裁判官、执政官、独裁者的人叫嚣着他热爱自己的国家，但是实际上他只爱自己。人人都想护财保命，都想确保自己能安稳地睡在家中，权利不被他人霸占，不需挪地休息。于是，所有人都有着同样的愿望，最终私人利益演变成公共利益，当我们传达着自己的希望时，我们也在传达公众的利益。

世上国家治理之初，都以共和制度开始，因为这是符合人类本性的正常道路。少许几个家族首先聚集起来对付熊和狼，只拥有粮食的家族与只拥有木头的家族互补有无。

发现美洲大陆之时，我们也发现陆上的所有部落都实行共和体制，在这整片大陆上只有两个王国。1000个国家中只发现两个国家被征服。

古代时期也是如此。在伊特鲁利亚（Etruria）和罗马的小国国王之前，欧洲实行的都是共和制。这种制度，在如今的非洲仍在实行。的黎波里、突尼斯、阿尔及利亚和往北地区仍然居住着这样一群人，他们以世界开始之初的生活方式生活着，自由而平等，他们之间，没有主人和臣民之分，没有金钱也没有欲求。所养的羊羔哺育他们，羊羔的皮毛温暖他们，泥土和树木所建的小屋就是他们的避难所。他们臭气熏天，却从未察觉，相较于我们而言，他们的生存和死亡都来得更加平静。

在我们欧洲，没有君主的共和国有8个，分别是：威尼斯、荷兰、瑞士、热那亚、卢卡、拉古萨、日内瓦和圣马里诺。波兰、瑞典和英格兰可以视作是拥有国王的共和国，但是只有波兰才是真正的符合。

如今，国家实行君主制或者共和制，哪一个更好？这个问题已经被争论了4000年。拿这个问题去向富人征求解决方式，他们倾向于贵族制；去问民众，他们则倾向于民主制。只有国王们想要君主制，那么为什么几乎世界上所有的国家都被君主统治着呢？去问那些建议在猫脖子上悬挂铃铛的老鼠们吧。但是真正的原因是，我以前说过的，人无法管理自身。

据说，一个好的爱国者常常是其余人类的敌人。好公民老加图（the elder Cato）在元老院发表演说时，常说："这是我的观点，让迦太基毁灭吧。"想做一个好的爱国者，就是希望自己的城市通过商贸变得富有，通过武器变得强大。显而易见，一个国家得必有另一个国家失，而征服一个国家也不可能一帆风顺。

所以这就是人类的情况，渴望自己的祖国变得强大必然以邻为沟壑。而世界公民就是那些不求自己国家强大或弱小，不在乎自身富有或贫穷的人。

洪水

是否有段时间洪水吞没了整个地球呢？这从自然规律上来说绝无可能。

海洋逐步覆盖地球各个部分尚有可能，但是这个进程缓慢，将持续无数个世纪。艾格·莫尔特（Aigues-Mortes）、弗雷瑞斯（Fréjus）和拉文纳（Ravenna）都曾是良港，用了500年的时间海水才从这些地方撤退，留下了两块干燥的陆地。但照这样的速度，显而易见，海洋要绕过整个地球将需要250万年的时间。值得注意的是，这段时间与地轴向右运转并与赤道重合所花费的时间非常相近。此运转极有可能发生，人们对此已经猜测了50年，而要完成这一运转，需要超过230万年的时间。

在各个岩层以及因海水撤退而形成的几块陆地上发现的河床和贝壳层，都是无可争议的证据，证明海洋生物一点一滴地沉淀在那曾是海岸的陆地上。但是，与此同时，那淹没全球的洪水从自然科学上来说，完全是荒谬而虚妄的。重力定律、流体运动定律以及水量的不足都证明此事绝无可能。我无意质疑摩西五经中记载的世纪大洪水的真实性，相反，此洪水是一个奇迹，是一个人们必须相信的奇迹。正因为是一个奇迹，所以它并不受自然法则的约束。

在这洪水的故事里，所有的事物都是奇迹。40天连续降雨淹没了整个陆地，水平面比最高的山峰还要高出15腕尺，这是奇迹；天空中有大瀑布，有门，有出口是奇迹；所有动物能从世界各个角落集聚而来进入方舟是奇迹；诺亚能找到足够的食物喂养它们10个月之久是奇迹；所有动物能在方舟之中找到他们各自的房间是奇迹；它们中的大多数能存活下来是奇迹；它们离开方舟后能找到食物是奇迹；而勒·佩尔蒂埃（Le

Pelletier）认为他已经清楚地解释了动物是如何适应方舟生活并喂养自己的，这也是一个奇迹，另一种类型的奇迹。

洪水的故事是我们所听到的所有故事里最具奇迹色彩的，若要去解释它，那会显得非常愚蠢。这故事是我们信念中所坚信的神秘事物之一，信念就是相信逻辑推理不相信的东西，这本身也是一个奇迹。

所以，大洪水的故事与巴别塔、巴兰的母驴、耶利哥（Jericho）在号角声中陨落、水变成鲜血、红海之路以及所有因上帝为帮助其选民而屈尊所产生的神迹一样，如出一辙。这些都是超越人类认知的深奥之事。

伟大的存在之链

一想到事物存在着层次，上有最至高无上的神，下有最轻简的原子，这一无限之阶梯，使世人难免惊讶万分。但是，若仔细观测，这一伟大的空想就会幻灭，正如所有的鬼怪都会在鸡鸣之时逃遁一样。

这一幻想首先无声地从无生命物质过渡到有细胞组织的物质、从纯植物到植虫、从植虫到动物、从动物到人类、再由人类到精神，而这些精神拥有轻巧的无形之体后，就成了非物质的实体，最后，这些实体，经过上千个不同的等级排名，从美到完美最终上升到上帝本身。这一等级必须得到权贵之人的青睐，他们将此等级比作教皇、红衣主教、大主教、主教、教区长、教区牧师、一般神父、主祭、副主祭，然后是修道士，这一列队最终以托钵僧结束。

其实，上帝与最完美的物种之间的距离要远远大于圣父与神学院院长之间的距离。院长可以成为教皇，但是上帝所创造的最完美的灵魂却不可能成为上帝，因为上帝与他之间存在永恒的沟壑。

这一链条，这一声称植物与动物之间存在层次之分的链条也已经被摧毁。骨螺已经灭绝。犹太人被禁止吃狮鹫和伊克西翁（ixion）。但不管博加特（Bochart）会说什么，这两个物种已经从世界上消失。那链条到底在哪里呢？

尽管有些物种我们没有失去，但是，显而易见，它们是可以被摧毁消灭的。狮子和犀牛的数量正变得越来越稀少。

有些人种已经灭绝，这极有可能。但是我真心地希望他们存活下来了，就像白人、黑人和卡菲尔人一样，自然给予了他们能遮盖肚腹到大

腿部分的腰裙；也像萨莫耶德人（Samoyedes）那样，他们的妻子拥有一个漂亮的黑色乳房。

猴子与人之间难道不存在明显的差异吗？想象一下这样一种动物：拥有两条腿，没有羽毛，拥有智慧，没有能力说话，没有人类外形，却能被我们驯服，能懂得回应人类的指示，服务人类，这样的想象不容易吧？而在这种新物种与人类之间，难道我们不能设想其他的物种吗？

神圣的柏拉图啊，你在天堂里放置了一系列超越人类的神圣实体。但是，就我们而言，我们只相信其中的很小一部分，因为信念使然。但是，你又有什么理由去相信他们呢？看来你并没有和苏格拉底的恶魔谈话，大好人老厄尔（old Er）特意复活来告诉你另一世界的秘密，看来对于这些神圣实体，他也没教授你任何东西。

所谓的存在之链在这物理世界中也没少被打断。

请问，在行星们之间又存在怎样的层次之分呢？我们的地球大小是月球的40倍。当你跨越空间，从月球来到金星时，你会发现金星与地球一般大小。继续前进来到水星，水星以不同于金星圆形轨道的椭圆形轨道运转。它比地球小27倍，太阳则比地球大100万倍，地球是火星的5倍大小。火星运转周期为2年，它的邻居木星12年，土星30年，尽管这作为行星中最远的土星也不与木星一般大小。那这所谓的层次之分到底在哪里呢？

所以，你如何能期待存在这样一种链条，能将这浩瀚无垠的空间里的所有物种都联系在一起呢？如果有一种这样的链条，那毫无疑问也会是牛顿发现的：就是它能使世界上的所有行星能在这巨大的虚空之中相互吸引。

哦，柏拉图，享有如此多尊崇的柏拉图，恐怕你除了寓言之外，没

有教会我们任何东西，除了诡辩，没有说出任何有价值的话语。

哦，柏拉图，你比你自己认为的还要作恶多端。我会被问到你是如何作恶的，但我不会回答。

地狱

人只要生活在这个社会里，一定会注意到有些罪人逃脱了法律的惩处。他们能惩罚公开犯罪，但是对于秘密犯罪则有必要建立一个检查机制，而只有宗教才可担此重任。波斯人、迦勒底人、埃及人和希腊人创立了死后惩罚措施，而我们已知的所有古代人中只有犹太人赞同现世惩罚。基于几段晦涩难懂的文字，我们相信或者假装去相信地狱的存在是荒谬无比的，因为地狱虽然得到了犹太人古代律法、《利未记》和摩西十诫的认可，但是这些律法的作者却从未提及任何含有来世惩罚意味的字眼。人们就有权对摩西五经的汇编者这样说："你是一个不负责任的人，既不诚实也不理性，实在担当不起你所霸占的立法者的名号。你明知地狱这样的教义对于人们来说是多么的沉重压抑，多么的急需迫切，你竟然却不言明？另外，尽管地狱这一教义已经被你周边的国家认可接受，但是你却任由这条教义被一些评论者们肆意猜测揣度。这些人来自于你死后的4000多年，他们会考究、歪曲你的话语，从中发现一些不是你本意的东西。或者你是个无知之人，完全没有意识到这一信念在埃及、迦勒底和波斯广为流传，或者你是明知这条教义，却听从了不良建议，未将其作为你们宗教的基础。"

犹太律法的立法者们至多这样回答："我们承认自己非常无知：我们很晚才学会写字；我们的人民是未开化之人，正如所展现的那样，我们是一个在不适合人类居住的沙漠中游荡了半个世纪之久的野蛮部落；最终，通过史无前例的残酷而可恨的掠夺侵占了一个小国家。我们与文明国家毫无交往：你如何能指望我们这种最世俗的人去创造一个纯粹的精神体系呢？

"我们只就生命意义上使用'精神'这一词语，意为灵魂。我们认为上

帝、教长和天使都是有肉体的实质存在：灵魂和肉体之分，以及来世的概念都只能是长久冥思及微妙哲学的结果。霍屯督人（Hottentots）和黑人所居住的国家是我们国家的100倍大，问问他们是否知道来世。上帝对作恶之人的惩罚会延续四代人，惩罚手段或是麻风病，或是暴毙，又或是剥夺他们有可能得到的一丁点财物。我们极力劝服人们相信这一点，此事我们已经做得足够。”

有人会这样回复这一辩解：“你创造了这样一个体系，它的荒谬之处不证自明，因为身体康健、家族繁荣的作恶者必定会对你嗤之以鼻。”然后，犹太律法的辩护者会这样回答：“你错了，因为许多罪犯根本不讲道理，也因为每个人都有清晰思维。一个犯了罪的人，自己和儿子未遭受惩罚，却害怕孙子遭受牵连。另外，如果此人在今日尚无发臭的溃疡，那么在几年之内他也会感染，因为我们都容易患上这类疾病。每个家庭都有不幸之事，而这些不幸都来自于上帝之手，来自于那秘密犯罪的惩处复仇之手，而让人们相信这点，给人们灌输这样一种信念其实非常容易。”

回应这样的回答着实容易，可以如此说：“你的辩解毫无意义，因为正经体面之人失去健康和财富的事情每天都在发生，倘若没有一个家庭能逃脱代表上帝惩罚的不幸之事，那么你所有的家庭成员必然都曾是下贱卑鄙之流。”

犹太教教士可以做进一步的反驳。他会说人之本性会附带一些不幸之事，另外的不幸之事则是上帝特别赐予的。但是，人们会让这个反驳者意识到，认为而今只是自然作用的热病和冰雹是神圣的惩罚，这样的想法何其荒谬。

最终，犹太教中的法利赛派（the Pharisees）和艾赛尼派（the Essenes）信徒以自己的方式接受了地狱这一概念。这一教条已经从希腊人传播到了罗马人那里，最终被基督教徒接受。

一些教堂的神父并不相信永恒的惩罚，因为在他们看来，让一个偷了一只羊的可怜人永久地遭受火刑的惩罚是非常可笑的。维吉尔在《埃涅阿斯纪》（Aeneid）第六卷中吟到：

……Sedet aeternumque sedebit

Infelix Theseus.

（可怜的提修斯坐着，永久地坐着。）

他暗示提修斯永久地坐在一把椅子上，而这一姿势对他来说就是折磨，但这种暗示徒然无效。其他人则认为，提修斯并未在地狱中就座，而是身处极乐世界。

不久之前，一个心善而正派的新教徒牧师在布道中写道，终有一天，受诅咒之人能得到原谅，惩罚的力度要与所犯罪行相当，一时的错误不应当接受永恒的惩罚。他的同行牧师们对他这一放纵性言论不屑一顾。有个人对他说："亲爱的朋友，我同你一样也不相信地狱是永恒的，但是，对于你的女仆、裁缝，甚至你的律师来说，相信地狱着实是件好事。"

偶像，偶像崇拜者，偶像崇拜

“偶像”（Idol）一词源自希腊语εδος，是形式之意；εϊδωλον，形式的展现；λατεύειν，侍候、敬畏和崇拜。“崇拜”（adore）一词是拉丁文，也拥有其他很多不同的意思，它意味着将一只手靠近嘴，满怀敬意地诉说、鞠躬、下跪、致敬，向神表达最真挚的崇拜。这些意思除了模糊还是模糊。

这里值得注意的是，《特雷乌词典》（*Dictionnaire de Trévoux*）在开篇就说到所有的异教徒都是偶像崇拜者，印度人仍然崇拜偶像。首先，在狄奥多西二世之前，没有人被称作异教徒，此词是用来称呼那些居住在意大利城中、固守自己古老宗教的人；其次，印度斯坦人信奉穆罕默德，而穆罕默德是偶像和偶像崇拜的坚决反对者；再次，很多印度人都信奉帕西人（Parsees）的古老宗教，所以不应当称他们为偶像崇拜者，如同不应当实行根本没有偶像的种姓制度一样。

探寻是否存在过崇拜偶像的政府

看来世上没有人想被称作偶像崇拜者，这词是一种挑衅，一种辱骂，就像gavaches（懦夫）和maranes（摩尔人）一样，前者西班牙人用来侮辱法国人，而后者法国人用来招呼西班牙人。“你是偶像崇拜者吗？”如果有人就此问题询问过罗马元老院、希腊最高法院和波斯王国法庭的人，那么他们几乎听不懂这个问题。没有人会回答说：“我们崇拜偶像。”“偶像崇拜者”和“偶像崇拜”这些词汇，在荷马、赫西奥德（Hesiod）、希罗多德（Herodotus），以及基督教徒作者们的作品中遍寻不到。也从来没有任何法令和教条命令人们去崇拜偶像，像服侍神一样去服侍他们，视他们为神。

当罗马和迦太基的领袖们缔结条约之时，他们召唤出了所有的神祇，说道：“诸神见证，我们誓保和平。”此时此刻，数量众多的诸神像并不在将军们的帐篷里，因为他们认为诸神在人类的行动中充当的是见证者和裁判官。毫无疑问，虚幻的影像是无法代替神的。

那对于神殿中虚假的神祇造像，他们持怎样的看法呢？若我说，就与我们看待自身崇拜对象的造像的态度是一样的。崇拜一块木头或大理石并无错误，错的是去崇拜这木头或大理石所代表的虚假之神。他们与我们之间的区别，并不在于他们有偶像而我们没有，而是在于他们的偶像表现了他们宗教中神奇的存在，希腊人他们有赫拉克勒斯（Hercules）像，而我们有圣·克里斯托弗（Saint Christopher）像；他们有埃斯科拉庇俄斯（Aesculapius）与他的羊，我们则有圣·罗克（Saint Roch）与他的狗；他们有雷电武装的朱庇特，我们则有帕多瓦的圣·安东尼（Saint Anthony of Padua）以及卡帕斯特拉的圣·詹姆斯（Saint James of Compostella）。

执政官普林尼（Pliny）在图拉真（Trajan）的颂词里，向不朽的神灵们祈祷之时，他并未面向具体的神像，因为这样的神像并非永恒不朽。

异教的最后时光和远古时期都不存在能够让我们断定存在偶像崇拜的事实。荷马只提及居住在奥林匹斯山的诸神。尽管帕拉斯雅典娜的神像从天堂坠落人间，但那只是帕拉斯提供保护的一个神圣保证，人们尊敬的还是雕像代表的雅典娜。

然而，罗马人和希腊人在神像前下跪，给它们戴上王冠、焚香献花、在公众场合游行展示，庆祝胜利。我们将这些风俗习惯神圣化，但我们并不是偶像崇拜者。

在干旱时期，禁食的女人手捧诸神的造像，头发蓬乱，赤脚而行，

立刻迎来倾盆大雨。正如佩特罗尼乌斯（Petronius）所言，“马上下起雨来（et statim urceatim pluebat）”。难道我们没有神圣化这一仪式吗？相同的仪式，异教徒举行起来就是非法，而我们举行则是正当合法。还有多少个村庄，是不存在人们赤着脚、手捧着圣徒的圣骨匣，祈祷通过圣徒的说情而得到上天的眷顾这样的现象呢？倘若一个土耳其人或受过教育的中国人看到了这样的仪式，在不熟悉的情况下，他首先会责怪我们轻信于神的图像，携带着图像列队行进。但是只要说句话就能使之明了。

各个时期，由于罗马和希腊的偶像崇拜而产生的反对言论，其数量巨大无比，人们会对此惊讶不已。但是，如果人们发现罗马人和希腊人根本就不是偶像崇拜者，就会感到更加惊讶了。

相较于其他神庙而言，有些神庙地位较高。以弗所的狄安娜大神庙比一座村野狄安娜神庙享有更高的声誉。埃皮达鲁斯（Epidaurus）在埃斯科拉庇俄斯（Aesculapius）神庙中创造的神迹数量远比他位于其他地方的神庙多。奥林匹亚的朱庇特神像所吸引的供奉也多于帕弗拉戈尼亚（Paphlagonian）的朱庇特神像。然而，既然我们总是将正统宗教和虚假宗教的习俗加以比较，难道在好几个世纪的时间里，我们就没有向某些特定的祭坛献出更多的供奉？难道我们就没有将更多的供奉送往拉瑞多圣母院（Notre Dame of Loretto）而不是雪中圣母院（Notre Dame of the snows）？我们自己决定这些事是否应该被人抓住当成借口，从而用来指控我们进行偶像崇拜。

人们心中只有一个狄安娜，一个阿波罗和一个埃斯科拉庇俄斯，数量并不及他们所拥有的神庙数量多。仅就历史这一点来说，这就可以证明古代人并不相信神像就是神，人对神的崇拜也不能转移到神像，即偶像身上。因而，古代人根本就不是偶像崇拜者。

一个下等人，他醉心于迷信，缺乏理性思维，不懂如何去质疑、否

认和相信事物；他来到神庙只是由于无所事事，或是觉得在神庙里能贵贱平等；他携带供品只是出于习惯；他也可以喋喋不休地谈论神迹，可是自己却从未做过相关调查；他是一个不比祭祀牺牲品高贵多少的下等人。我要再一次重复，这个下等人，他一看见伟大的狄安娜和雷神朱庇特，也会被那种宗教性的神圣恐怖给吓蒙，从而在不知不觉中崇拜了神像本身。这种情况有时也会发生在前来我们神庙祭拜的粗野农夫身上，然后他们就被教导说：不是木像和石像，而是蒙上帝赐福者在替人祷告，这些永生之人已获准进入天堂。

希腊人和罗马人通过崇拜和赞美增加了他们神的数量。希腊人崇拜征服者们，比如巴克斯（Bacchus）、赫拉克勒斯和珀尔修斯（Perseus），罗马人为他们的皇帝建造了祭坛。而我们的崇拜则是另一种形式，我们崇拜圣徒，而不是像他们那样崇拜半神和二类神，高位和征服都不是我们崇拜的对象。我们多半会为一些籍籍无名、没有位列仙班、仅仅只是正直善良有道德的人建立神庙。奉承和谄媚可以赢得古人的崇拜，但善良与正直才能赢得我们的尊敬。

西塞罗在他的哲学作品中经常表露这样的怀疑，他认为神的造像会被人误解，会与神本尊相互混淆。他的对话者们严词谴责当时的宗教，但是没有一个人能让西塞罗产生想法去控诉罗马人，控诉他们视大理石和黄铜为神。卢克莱修（Lucretius）申斥各种迷信之事，但他也没有因为这种愚蠢之事去责备任何人。所以，再一次证明，偶像崇拜这种观点当时是不存在的，完全没有这种概念，根本就没有偶像崇拜者。

贺拉斯（Horace）为普里阿波斯（Priapus）造了一尊像：“我曾是一颗无花果树的树干。一个木匠犹豫着是要把我当成神还是做成一把椅子，最终还是决定把我当成神，等等。”从这个笑话里我们能得出什么结论呢？普里阿波斯，作为下级神祇中的一员，饱受嘲弄。而这一笑话本身，就强有力地证明了普里阿波斯那竖立在果菜园中、用来吓退鸟类

的形象并未得到人们的崇拜。

达西耶采用一种评论者的态度，说到“造像只依工匠之所愿”，说出这句话时，就表明达西耶成功地指出了巴录（Baruch）早已预测到了这一事件。然而关于所有造像之事，他能说的都已说尽。那是否可以认为，巴录对贺拉斯的讽刺诗也有自己的看法呢？

将大理石打磨成洗脸盆，和将其雕刻成亚历山大、朱庇特或者更受尊敬事物的雕像，其难度其实一样。雕刻至圣所里的智天使们所用的材料，同样可以用来制作生活器具，满足生活基本需要。难道王座和祭坛所享受到的崇高会因为工匠们可以将其制作成餐桌而降低吗？

由此，达西耶应该得出结论说罗马人是在取乐，而不是得出罗马人崇拜普里阿波斯像、巴录也预测到了此事这样的结论。翻阅所有提及神像的作者的作品，你会发现没有人谈论过偶像崇拜，恰恰相反，在马提雅尔（Martial）的作品中，你会发现：

Qui finxit sacros auro vel marmore vultus,

Non facit ille deos; ……

（用金或大理石制作的神像并不能成为神。）

奥维德：

Colitur pro Jove forma Jovis.

（通过朱庇特像，朱庇特受崇拜。）

斯塔提乌斯（Statius）：

Nulla autem effigies, nulli commissa metallo

Forma del; mentes habitare ac numina gaudet.

（造像和金属不能固上帝之形，

上帝选择活在我们的脑海与心间。）

卢坎（Lucan）：

Estne del sedes, nisi terra et pontus et aer?

（上帝的家，如果不是陆地，海洋，天空，那会是什么呢？）

所有证明图像仅仅只是图像而已的段落，多得可以集结成册。

能让人产生神像体内有神存在的想法的只有那些内含神像显灵、发布神谕的例子。然而，盛行的观点肯定是认为神选择了特定的祭坛与影像，神偶尔居住在里面倾听人类的诉说并加以回复。

在荷马的作品，以及古希腊悲剧的颂词中，我们只发现向阿波罗祷告的祈祷文，阿波罗在群山中、在这座神庙里、在那个城市发布了神谕。古物中也发现很多遗迹表明祈祷者朝着造像祷告。

那些相信或假装相信巫术是科学并使用巫术的人声称他们懂得如何让神进入造像，这种神并非伟大的神，而是次等神，是魔仆。这就是墨丘利·特里斯梅季塔斯（Mercury Trismegistus）所谓的“创神”，就是圣·奥古斯丁在其《上帝之城》中所驳斥的东西。然而，既然需要巫师去激活，那么这本身也清楚地显示了造像之内并无真神存在。在我看来，巫术给予造像灵魂，让其开口说话，着实不太可能。

总之，神之像并非真神。猛掷惊雷的是朱庇特，而非其神像；翻卷大海的不是尼普顿之像；赋予我们光的也不是阿波罗之像。希腊人和罗马人是异教徒、是多神论者，但不是偶像崇拜者。

波斯人、赛伯伊人、埃及人、鞑靼人和土耳其人是否是偶像崇拜者，被称为偶像的仿像起源有多古老，以及他们崇拜的历史

将崇拜太阳和星星的人描述为偶像崇拜者着实是个极大的错误。很久以来，这些国家既无仿像也无神庙。如果他们错了，那就错在他们应当崇拜星星的创造者，而非星星本身。无论如何，收集在《伤之伤》（Sadder）一书中，琐罗亚斯德（Zoroaster）或称泽达斯特（Zerdust）的教义颂扬一个赏善罚恶、至高无上的存在，这绝非偶像崇拜。中国政府没有过任何偶像，只保留了对天之主天帝的崇拜。鞑靼人中，成吉思汗不是偶像崇拜者，也没有任何仿像。充斥在希腊、小亚细亚、叙利亚、波斯、印度和非洲的穆斯林将基督教徒视作偶像崇拜者、异教徒，因为他们坚信基督教徒崇拜神像。他们还砸毁了好几座位于君士坦丁堡圣索菲亚大教堂（Santa Sophia）、圣徒教堂和其他一些已改建为清真寺教堂的造像。表面现象对他们的误导与对人类的误导如出一辙，基督教徒为曾是凡人的圣徒建造神庙，他们的形像享受着众人下跪朝拜的尊崇，神庙中实行的神迹，所有这些都让人们相信、都证明基督教徒实行绝对的偶像崇拜，这点毋庸置疑。然而事实并非如此，实际上，基督教徒只信奉一位神，崇拜蒙神赐福的人只是崇拜上帝赋予在他们身上的特质。同样反对教会、谴责偶像崇拜的反偶像崇拜者和新教徒也已给出了相同的答案。

由于人类对于偶像崇拜者这一名称几乎没有准确概念，更未曾用明确、毫不含糊的话语表达自己的看法，所以我们将此名称扣在异教徒，尤其是多神论者头上。我们为此还书写了大量的文献，来探究他们崇拜有可见形态的一神或多神的起源，与此相关的各种观点，说法不一，交杂转述。但是，浩如烟海的书籍与观点只印证了我们的无知。

谁发明了衣服鞋袜，我们不知道，但是我们想知道是谁首先创造了偶像。桑渠尼阿通（Sanchuniathon）所说的一段话很要紧吗？此人生活

在特洛伊战争之前，他说是上帝依据自己的原则，用一口气在混沌天地之间创造了原始人类，同时让天空明亮；他说是风神考尔普（Colp）和他的妻子博乌（Bau）生下了伊恩（Eon），伊恩生下了吉诺斯（Genos），他们的后裔柯罗诺斯（Chronos）在脑袋前后都有两只眼睛，在他成神之后，就将埃及赐给了他的儿子萨伍特（Thaut），我们从中能得到什么启示呢？这可是古代最令人敬佩的不朽之作之一。

俄耳甫斯（Orpheus）生活时代早于桑渠尼阿通。大马士革乌斯（Damascius）帮我们留存了他的作品《诸神之谱》（*Theogony*），但是此书也未带给我们更多的启示。俄耳甫斯所呈现的世界取形于一只双头龙，一为牛首，一为狮头，中间有一张被他称为“上帝之面”的脸，肩部拥有镀金的翅膀。

然而，我们从这些光怪陆地的想法中可以得出两个伟大的真理：一是明显可见的图形和象形符号起源于最远古的时代；二是所有的古代哲学家们都认同第一性原则。

至于多神论，良好的判断力会让你知道，人类是一种体弱的动物，拥有理智却也能行愚蠢之事，屈从于每一次事故、疾病和死亡。这些人类已经体会到了自己的虚弱和依赖性。于是，他们很快地就认识到存在一些事物比人类来得更强大。从供给人类食物的土地里、从时常带给他们毁灭性打击的天空中、从耗尽的火焰、浸入的水中，人类都感觉到了一种力量。还有什么比无知人类想象有一个特殊的存在统治着这些元素来得更自然的呢？还有什么比崇拜那能使太阳和繁星在我们眼中闪耀的无形力量来得更自然的呢？人类一旦形成观念，认为这些力量更加崇高，那他们以有形之物来代表这些力量不就最自然不过了吗？否则他们究竟能做什么呢？比我们基督教更早并由上帝亲自赐福的犹太教里充斥了以下这样一些代表上帝的图像：上帝身处灌木丛中屈尊讲着人类语言；上帝在一座高山中现身；所有经上帝派遣而来的神之灵魂均以人形

现身；甚至充斥在至圣所里的小天使们都拥有人类身体，外加翅膀和动物脑袋。这就使得普鲁塔克、塔西佗（Tacitus）、亚庇（Appian），以及如此之多的人错误地责备了犹太人，谴责他们崇拜一头驴的头颅。上帝禁止人类为他画像或制作雕塑，然而尽管如此，他还是调整自身，屈尊为人形，而人形柔弱，需要借助形象去实现沟通。

《以赛亚书》第六章中，以赛亚看见上帝端坐在王座之上，长袍的裙裾遍及神庙。据这位先知所书的第一章中所言，上帝伸出手，触摸到了耶利米（Jeremiah）的嘴。《以西结书》第三章，以西结看见一座蓝宝石的王座，上帝以人形之态端坐在王座之上。这些图像并未腐蚀犹太教的纯洁性，他们从来不使用图像、造像和偶像来代表世人眼中的上帝。

受过教育的中国人、帕西人和古代埃及人都没有偶像，然而伊西斯（Isis）和奥西里斯（Osiris）的图像很快出现，天地之神贝尔（Bel）的巨像也出现在了巴比伦。在印度群岛，梵天是一个怪物。尤其是希腊人，他们为神命名、制作雕像、建造神庙，数量巨大，但是他们总将至高无上的力量归因于宙斯（Zeus），即拉丁语中的朱庇特，人类之神，神中之主。罗马人效仿了希腊人的做法。这些人总将所有的神都置于天空之内，但却不知天空之意。

罗马人有12主神，6男6女，将其命名为：朱庇特、尼普顿、阿波罗、伏尔甘、玛尔斯、墨丘利、朱诺、维斯塔、密涅瓦、刻瑞斯、维纳斯、狄安娜。布鲁托当时被忘记了，维斯塔替代了他的位置。

其次就是次级神，包括：当地神灵；英雄人物，比如巴克斯、赫拉克勒斯和埃斯科拉庇俄斯（Aesculapius）；地狱之神，布鲁托、普洛塞尔皮娜（Proserpine）；海之神，比如西蒂斯（Thetis）、安菲特律特（Amphitrite）、涅瑞伊得斯（Nereids）和格劳克斯（Glaucus）；护树女神德律阿得斯（Dryads）和水泽女神那伊阿得（Naiads）；还有园

艺、畜牧之神。每一个行业、每一种活动、孩童、待嫁少女、已婚妇女和分娩女子都有神照管。他们还有放屁之神。最终，他们尊皇帝为神明。然而，实际上，无论是这些帝王、放屁之神、性爱享乐女神普特腾达（Pertunda）、男性生殖神普里阿普斯（Priapus），还是乳房女神鲁米莉亚（Rumilia）、厕所之神斯特库蒂乌斯（Stercutius），他们都不是天地之主。人间帝王有时还有庙宇，主管日常生活的次级神则没有；但是他们全部都有自己的形象和偶像。这些偶像们其实就是小型造像，男人用它们来装饰书房，老妇和孩子们用它们来娱乐消遣，并未享受到公众崇拜。每个个体的迷信思想都太过骄纵放任了。这样的小偶像如今还能在古代城市的废墟中找到。

尽管无人知晓人类何时开始制造偶像，但是我们知道他们必定始于最古老的时期。亚伯拉罕的父亲他拉（Terah）在迦勒底的乌尔（Ur）制作偶像；拉结（Rachel）从继父拉班（Laban）处偷走偶像。除此之外，无法再追溯更早的时期了。

然而，古人对这些仿像到底拥有怎样确切的看法呢？赋予了它们怎样的品德和力量？人们是相信诸神屈尊从天堂下来，隐匿于这些造像之中，还是相信诸神将一部分的神魂让渡给了造像，或是认为诸神并未让渡任何东西给造像？这些问题也曾是很多无用之作的探讨主题。显而易见，每个人都是依据自身的理性、盲从和狂热程度作出判断。很显然，神职人员会赋予造像尽可能多的神性，用来吸引更多的供奉。我们知道，哲人斥责这些为迷信、勇士们采取取笑态度、执法官对此表示容忍，而总是荒谬可笑的普通人则不知到底为何物。简而言之，这就是所有尚不知神的国家的历史。

从埃及人崇拜公牛，一些城市的人崇拜狗、猴子、猫和洋葱的事例中，人们可以得出一个相同的看法。那就是，这些事物起先都只是徽章符号，然后某一头牛成了神牛埃皮斯（Apis），某一只狗成了墓穴神安

努毕斯（Anubis），从而受到人们的崇拜。人们仍旧吃牛排和洋葱，但是很难想象古埃及女人是如何看待神圣的洋葱和公牛。

偶像们经常开口说话。将自然女神西布莉（Cybele）的造像从阿塔罗斯（Attalus）国王宫殿移走之时，神像所说的优雅言辞，在罗马还成为庆祝该女神节日时的纪念。

Ipsa peri volui; ne sit mora, mitte volentem:

Dignus Roma locus quo deus omnis eat.

（我想被搬走，赶紧把我搬走，

罗马值得成为每个神的家园。）

命运之神（Fortune）的造像也说过话、显过灵。西庇阿斯（Scipios）、西塞罗和恺撒大帝不信此事是真的，但是接受恩可比乌斯（Encolpius）用王冠换鹅的老妇人以及众神可能会相信。

偶像们也发布神谕，但是，是由教士们藏在中空的造像内，以神的名义开口说话。

众神林立，神谱众多，外加一些个体教派，神的数量巨大而繁杂，然而为何在所谓的偶像崇拜者之间从未发生过任何宗教战争呢？这种和平是邪恶和错误自身的优秀产物。因为每一个国家自己都承认几个次等神，那么理所当然周边邻里国家也应该有他们自己神。除了杀死神牛埃皮斯而饱受斥责的冈比西斯（Cambyses），我们在世俗世界的历史上，没有发现任何征服者去凌辱被征服者的神明。异教徒们没有信奉唯一真神的宗教，所以教士们只能去增加供奉和祭品的数量。

祭品最初只是水果。不久之后，教士们的桌子需要动物了，他们自

己动手，宰杀动物，他们成了屠夫，冷血而残忍。最终，他们引进了人祭那恐怖的仪式，祭品最好是孩童和处女。中国人、帕西人和印度人都未曾实施过这种令人憎恶的仪式，但是据波尔菲里（Porphyry）所言，人祭在埃及希拉波利斯（Hieropolis）实行过。

在陶里斯（Tauris），外邦人会成为祭品。幸运的是，陶里斯的教士们并未实施很多。早期希腊人、塞浦路斯人、腓尼基人、提尔人和迦太基人都信奉这种可憎的迷信。罗马人自己也陷入了这种宗教犯罪中，据普鲁塔克报告，他们生祭了2名希腊人、2名高卢人，来为3名处女的情爱之事赎罪。与法兰克人国王西奥多贝特（Theodobert）同时代的普罗科匹厄斯（Procopius）告诉我们，法兰克人与这位国君进入意大利之时将人献祭。高卢人和日耳曼人经常实行这种恐怖的人祭。阅读历史时，想要不读到人类所制造的恐怖之事，这几乎是不可能的。

犹太人中，杰弗瑟（Jephtah）将其女儿献祭、扫罗（Saul）打算牺牲其儿子，这是事实。献身于上帝却被上帝诅咒之人，不能像动物回归那样回归教门，而是应当永久消逝，这也是事实。犹太教教士撒母耳（Samuel）用一把神圣的短柄小斧将国王亚甲（Agag）砍成碎片。亚甲是一名战俘，已得到扫罗的原谅，但是扫罗却因遵守国家律法、原谅这位国王得受到谴责。然而，上帝，作为人之主，乐意之时便可夺走他们的生命，如何乐意，以及借谁之手都依上帝之意。人类无法将自身放置于主人的生死之地上，也无法篡夺上帝的权利。

为了就这种恐怖奇观、这些虔诚却悖理逆天的行为去安慰人类，我们一定要知道，几乎在所有被称为偶像崇拜者的国度里，都存在神圣神学和普遍错误，存在秘密祭礼和公开仪式，也存在智者之宗教与粗鄙之宗教。在秘密宗教仪式中，新入教徒被教导说只有唯一的真神，对此人们只需瞟一眼赞美诗就可得知。此诗被认为是俄耳甫斯所作，在刻瑞斯厄琉希诺斯（Ceres　Eleusinus）的秘密宗教仪式上吟唱，在欧亚两洲闻

名遐迩："凝视神圣本性，照亮你的灵魂，支配你的内心，走上正义之路。愿天地之神与你常伴。上帝，独特唯一，单独自存，所有生灵均起源于他，受他供养。他从未在凡人面前露面，但他无所不知。"

也看看以下这段摘自马道拉斯的马克西姆斯（Maximus of Madaurus）写给圣·奥古斯丁的信件中的一段话："存在这样一位神，他至高无上、亘古不变、无穷无尽，他是所有生灵之父、却未创造过任何类似于自己的东西。也不在什么样的人粗鄙、愚蠢到去怀疑此点。"

上千文献可以证明智者哲人不仅痛恨偶像崇拜，也憎恶多神论。

埃皮克提图（Epictetus）是苦难忍受与耐性之典范，他是如此伟大以至于就算是在极端恶劣的情况下，都只谈上帝，不论其他。以下是他的格言之一："上帝创造了我，他就在我体内，处处与我相伴。难道我要用淫秽之思、不公之行与可耻的欲望将他玷污吗？我的责任就是去感谢他，赞美他，祝福他，只有死亡能让我停止。"埃皮克提图的所有思想都围绕这一原则，那么他是偶像崇拜者吗？

在罗马皇帝中的伟大程度不亚于埃皮克提图在奴隶制中地位的马可·奥里利乌斯（Marcus Aurelius）常说，无论众神是遵从公认语言、还是求助于介于上帝与人之间的中间存在，这两者都是真实的。然而，有多少处地方都未表露他只承认一位亘古不变、无穷无尽的神！他说："我们的灵魂是神性溢出之物。我的孩子、肉体和智慧都来自于上帝。"

斯多葛学派和柏拉图学派都承认存在一种神圣自然理法。伊壁鸠鲁派对此表示反对。罗马教宗在秘密宗教仪式上也只提到一名真神。那哪里存在偶像崇拜者呢？我们所有的词汇贩子都宣称存在偶像崇拜，就像小狗听见大狗狂吠之时也会学样。

至于其他，《莫雷里词典》（Moréri's Dictionary）声称，在狄奥多

西（Theodosius）时代，偶像崇拜只在遥远的亚洲和非洲国家存在。此等说法是该词典所犯的重大错误之一。甚至在7世纪之时，意大利仍有许多异教徒。查理曼大帝时代，德意志北部地区，威悉河（Weser）以北也不信奉基督教。波兰以及所有北部地区，在查理曼大帝之后很长一段时间都被认为实行偶像崇拜。半个非洲、所有恒河彼岸王国、日本、中国普通民众，以及鞑靼人上百个部落都保持着自己的传统祭祀仪式。而欧洲只有少量的拉普兰人（Laplanders）、萨莫耶德人和鞑靼人保留了他们的祖传宗教。

总之，我要提醒一下，中世纪时代，我们将信奉穆罕穆德的国家称之为异教国。我们自己完全符合偶像崇拜者的条件，是一群对偶像充满畏惧的人。我们必须再一次承认，当土耳其人看见我们的祭坛挂满了图像、摆满了雕塑之时，他们将我们视为偶像崇拜者着实更加情有可原。

约瑟夫

《约瑟夫的故事》被视为新奇之作和文学著作，是古时期留给我们的最宝贵的遗产。《约瑟夫的故事》是所有东方作家作品中的典范之作，比荷马的《奥德赛》更感人，因为一个宽恕的英雄比一个雪耻复仇的英雄更能触动人心。

人们一贯认为阿拉伯人第一个写就了那些绝妙精巧，被译作多国文字的故事。然而，我却无法从中找到一个冒险故事能与约瑟夫的故事媲美。在约瑟夫的故事里，几乎所有的事物都不可思议，故事的结局动人心弦。故事里有一个16岁的少年，因遭到兄弟的嫉妒被卖给一个以实玛利（Ishmaelite）商队，随后他被带往埃及，卖给一个服侍国王的阉人做奴隶。此阉人有一个妻子，这一点也不奇怪。科斯拉瑞卡（Kislaraga）是一个彻头彻尾的阉人，他那东西被切得彻彻底底，然而他在如今的君士坦丁堡却有一群妻妾，他失了眼，丢了手，却没有丧失内心源自天性的权利。而另外一些只切掉了两个生殖器伴随物的阉人却仍旧频繁地使用生殖器官，其中一个阉人很有可能是波提乏（Potiphar），也就是约瑟夫的买主。

波提乏的妻子爱上了年轻的约瑟夫，而约瑟夫出于对主人，同时也是恩人的忠诚之心，而拒绝了这女人的求爱。约瑟夫的拒绝触怒了这女人，于是她控告约瑟夫，诬陷他试图引诱自己。这故事就相当于希波吕托斯（Hippolytus）与菲德拉（Phaedra）、柏勒罗丰（Bellerophon）与斯忒涅玻亚（Stheneboea），海布罗斯（Hebrus）与达玛斯帕（Damasippa）、坦尼斯（Tanis）与佩雷比（Peribea）、马提尔（Myrtil）与希波达弥亚（Hippodamia），以及珀琉斯（Peleus）与德梅内特（Demenette）之间的故事。

这么多故事里，我们很难分辨出谁才是鼻祖。然而，在古阿拉伯作家的作品里，约瑟夫与波提乏妻子之间的冒险故事还是具有浓厚的原创色彩的。这位作家想象着：波提乏在妻子和约瑟夫之间举棋不定，他并不认为那被妻子自己扯开的束腰外衣是证明约瑟夫实行侵犯行为的证据。当时这女人的房间里还有一个坐在摇篮里的孩子。约瑟夫说是她自己扯开了衣服，脱掉了束腰外衣，当时这孩子也在。波提乏询问了这孩子，这孩子在这年纪已经十分聪慧，他对波提乏说道："看看这束腰外衣到底是从前面脱掉的还是从后面脱掉的，如果是前者，那么这就证明约瑟夫试图侵犯她，而她自卫反抗；如果是后者，那么这就证明你妻子正在追求约瑟夫。"多亏这孩子机智，波提乏认定他的奴隶是清白的。这就是这位古阿拉伯作者在《古兰经》中所详述的约瑟夫的冒险经历。这孩子智力非凡、判断明智，可作者并不考虑告诉我们这个孩子到底是谁的。如果这孩子是波提乏妻子的儿子，那么约瑟夫就不是这女人追求的第一个人了。

尽管如此，据《创世纪》记载，约瑟夫被投入监狱，与埃及国王的酒侍和面包师关在一起。这两个犯人晚上做梦了，约瑟夫为他们解梦，并预测说三天之内，酒侍会重新受宠，而面包师会被吊死，后来事情果真如此。

两年之后，埃及国王也做梦了。他的酒侍告诉他说，在监狱里有个年轻的犹太人，是世界上最懂得解梦的人。国王召来这位年轻人，他预测了7年丰收与7年饥荒。

稍微打断一下这故事的发展线索，让我们来看看古代解梦的奇妙之处。雅各（Jacob）曾在梦中见到那神秘的、通往上帝所在的阶梯。他在梦中学到了一种繁殖羊群的方法，这种方法唯有他能成功使用。他也在梦中得知终有一天他会统治他所有的兄弟。很久以前，亚比米勒（Abimelech）曾在梦中被警告说萨拉是亚伯拉罕的妻子。

回到约瑟夫的故事。约瑟夫一解读出法老的梦境，就立刻被任命为总理大臣。我们可能会怀疑，如今就算是在亚洲，是否能够找到这样一个国王，仅仅因为解梦，就将如此重要的政府职位授予他人。法老让约瑟夫娶了波提乏的一个女儿为妻。据说波提乏是赫利奥波利斯（Heliopolis）的大祭司，所以这个波提乏并不是约瑟夫的第一个阉人主人，如果是，那么除了大祭司这一称呼外，波提乏肯定还有其他称谓，他的妻子也生过不止一个孩子。

与此同时，正如约瑟夫所预测的那样，饥荒如期到来。而约瑟夫完全对得起国王的厚爱，他迫使人们将自己的土地卖与法老，整个国家的子民为了换取粮食均沦为奴隶。显而易见，这就是专制权力的开端。但是必须承认，从没有一个国王做交易能做得如此漂亮，然而人民却无法由衷地祝福这位总理大臣。

后来，饥荒席卷了整个大地，约瑟夫的父亲和兄弟们也需要粮食。在这里，完全没有必要描述约瑟夫是如何接受、原谅并带领他的兄弟们发家致富的。所有组成一部有趣史诗的素材在这故事中都能找到：引子、困苦、赞誉、变迁和奇迹。东方天才的标记在这里彰显得无比显著。

约瑟夫的父亲雅各回答法老的话语，一定给所有能读能写之人都留下了深刻的印象。“你的生命能持续多少日，多少年？”国王问到。“我的朝圣之行持续了130年，而在这短暂的朝圣之旅中我从未有过快乐的一天。”

朱迪亚

感谢上帝，我从未去过朱迪亚（Judea），以后也决不会去。从那里回来的各个国家的人我都见过，他们告诉我说耶路撒冷这地方可怕极了，周边都是山石林立，山体裸露，闻名遐迩的约旦河也只有45英尺宽，这国家唯一环境较好的省份就是耶利哥。简而言之，他们都认同圣哲罗姆的看法。圣哲罗姆长久以来都居住在耶稣降生之地伯利恒（Bethlehem），他将这块地方描述为被自然抛弃之地，这里夏天的时候甚至都没有饮用水，然而，这地方对于刚从沙漠穿越而来的犹太人而言还是一块宝地。可怜的人们离开荒沙之地朗德省（Landes），定居到蓝珀尔丹（Lampourdan）（大约在巴约纳附近）的群山里，他们会赞美自己的新家。倘若他们曾经想要继续前进，来到朗格多克（Languedoc）的富饶地区，那么他们会震惊不已，认为这就是应许之地。

这恰恰就是犹太人的历史。耶利哥和耶路撒冷就是图卢兹和蒙彼利埃，西奈沙漠就是横在波尔多和巴约纳之间的国度。然而，如果引导犹太人的上帝想赐予他们肥沃的土地，如果这些不幸之事在埃及实际存在，那么上帝为什么不把犹太人留在那里？关于此问题，仅有的解答就是一些神学术语。据说朱迪亚就是应许之地。上帝对亚伯拉罕说："自埃及河流起至幼发拉底河之间的土地，我都将赐予你们。"

哎！我的朋友，你从未见识过幼发拉底河和尼罗河那些肥沃的河岸，他们欺骗了你。尼罗河和幼发拉底河的主人们轮流充当你们的主人，你们几乎总是奴隶。承诺和实践完全是两回事，可怜的犹太人。你们曾有一个老拉比阅读着那预告你们奶与蜜之地的明智预言之时，大声呼喊说在你们得到的许诺中黄油多于面包。你们意识到了吗？现在如果

大土耳其（Grand　Turk）授予我耶路撒冷统治者的地位，我会对此不屑一顾。

看着这个令人嫌恶的国家，腓特烈二世曾公开说，摩西带领那些别人唯恐避之不及的同伴们来到这里真是糊涂，“为什么他不去那不勒斯呢？”腓特烈二世说道。再见了，我亲爱的犹太人。我很抱歉那应许之地竟然是荒原之地。

享乐

人们在诗词和散文里慷慨陈词了2000年，一再反对享乐，却又沉迷其中。

最早期的罗马人，是毁坏、掠夺邻居收成，摧毁沃尔西人（Volscians）和萨谟奈人（Samnites）的贫困村庄，只求缓解己方困难的强盗，关于他们，还有什么未被提及呢？那就是他们曾是公正无私、善良正直之人！那时他们都还没能力去偷窃金银宝石，因为受他们洗劫的所有地方没有这些东西。他们的树林和沼泽既不产鹧鸪，也不生野鸡，他们的温和节制受到了赞扬！

他们一点点地掠夺干净，偷光了亚得里亚海远端至幼发拉底河之间的所有财富，同时也有了足够的意识要去享受这累积了七八百年之久的掠夺之物。于是，他们发展各式的艺术，体验各种享乐，甚至也让被征服者们品尝一番。当他们做这些事时，有人说这些罗马人不再明智，不再正直。

所有的这些雄辩之词就是为了证明：一个小偷决不能吃他自己偷来的食物，穿他自己盗来的衣服，也不能用抢来的戒指装饰自己。据说，小偷们如果想做一个正直的人，那么所有的这些财物都应弃入江河。这还不如说人们不应该偷窃。强盗们掠夺之时要谴责他们，但是当他们在享乐自己夺来之物时，就不要辱骂他们是疯子了。老实说，很多英国水手通过掠夺本地治里（Pondicherry）和哈瓦那（Havana）大发横财，后来回到伦敦，尽情享乐，以犒劳自己在亚洲、非洲的危险情况下所遭受的苦痛，这难道错了吗？

难道空谈家是想埋葬那些通过战争、农业、贸易和工业而累积起来

的财富吗？他们举了斯巴达的实例。那他们为什么不引用圣马里诺共和国的例子呢？斯巴达对希腊到底作出了怎样的贡献？他们有德摩斯梯尼（Demosthenes）、索福克勒斯（Sophocles）、阿佩利斯（Apelles）和菲狄亚斯（Phidias）吗？享乐的雅典各行各业里都涌现出了伟大的人物。斯巴达却只有少数的几个船长，其数量甚至比其他的一些城邦还要少。但是，就让它这样吧！就让斯巴达这样的小共和国持续它的贫困吧。穷困潦倒和惬意享乐都会迎来死亡。加拿大的野蛮人，与拥有5万基尼收入的英格兰公民，一样都活着，一样都会变老。但是谁又会去拿易洛魁人（Iroquois）的国家与英格兰相比呢？

就让拉古沙共和城邦（republic of Ragusa）和楚格州（canton of Zug）制定禁止享乐的律法吧。他们做得对，的确有必要让穷人避免入不敷出。但是我又在某个地方读到了这样的一段话：

Sachez surtout que le luxe enrichit

Un grand état, s'il en perd un petit.

（享乐成就大国，毁灭小国。）

如果你眼中的享乐是过度之意，那么其实每个人都知道，凡事过度都是有害无益，正如暴饮暴食要节制，慷慨挥霍要节约。我不知道我所居住的村庄是怎么回事，这里土地贫瘠、赋税沉重，所收获的小麦严禁出口。然而，所有农夫都能穿上上等布料制作的衣服鞋袜，衣食无忧。如果这农夫身穿白色亚麻华服、头顶卷曲且经过精心修饰的发式，那么这肯定就是极致的奢侈，非常不合时宜。但是如果一个巴黎或伦敦的资本家打扮成农夫的模样进入剧院，那么这资本家就是最无礼，最荒谬的吝啬鬼。

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

（所有的事情都有一个固定的衡量标准，

既不可逾越也不可不及。）

剪刀肯定不是最伟大的古代遗产。发明剪刀之初，关于第一个使用它来修甲理发的人，还有什么是没被提到的呢？那时，毫无疑问，剪刀是代表名利与地位的工具，花花公子和浪荡子们高价购买，这是对造物主作品的糟蹋。我们的指尖末端是上帝让其生长的小角，剪短它们这是多大的罪过！这是对神的冒犯，这比发明衬衫、袜子更加恶劣。这下我们知道了那些从未穿过它们的老派议员，向那些已向这些致命奢侈品投降的年轻执法官叫嚷之时，是多么的愤怒。

殉道

对于所有有关殉道者的谎言，我们只能捧腹大笑。这样的人包括提图斯（Titus）、图拉真和马可·奥里利乌斯，他们本是道德的典范，却被描述成残忍的野兽。洛克迪（Loc-Dieu）修道院院长弗勒里（Fleury）的神职生涯因为一些故事，一些凡是明白事理的女人都不会告诉小孩子的故事而蒙羞。

罗马人惩罚70人中的7位处女，要求每一位处女都必须让安卡拉城邦内所有的年轻男子享用一次，同样也是罗马人，他们会因为一点小小的情爱之事就判处处女死刑，这样的事情真的会再次重现吗？创作这一故事的人，是一个叫作狄奥多士（Theodotus）、信奉基督教的酒馆老板，他向上帝祈祷说与其让这7个处女丧失童贞，还不如处死她们。如果这样说，显然这会使酒馆老板们心情愉悦。上帝倾听了这一过分正经的酒店老板的祈祷，于是地方总督将这7名少女溺毙在湖中。这些少女一溺亡，就找到狄奥多士，抱怨他在她们身上使用诡计，但诚心恳求他帮忙，让她们的尸身免受湖中鱼虾吞食的命运。于是狄奥多士带上他酒馆中的3个酒徒，由神之火炬和神之骑士领路，一同前往那湖边，将这7人的尸身打捞上来，加以埋葬，最后狄奥多士自己却因此被绞死。

戴克里先（Diocletian）曾遇到一个叫圣·罗马，说话结巴的小男孩，他想烧死这孩子，因为这孩子是一个基督教徒。此时恰好有3个犹太人也在场，他们开始大笑，因为耶稣基督竟然允许一个皈依他的小男孩被人烧死。他们大声说道，他们的宗教要优于基督教，因为上帝将沙得拉（Shadrach）、米煞（Meshach）和亚伯尼歌（Abednego）投入了炙热的火炉。此时正包围着小罗马的火焰并未伤及他，而是立刻分散开来，将这3个犹太人烧死。皇帝戴克里先震惊了，说他不想与上帝有争

执，但有一个不太认真负责的乡村法官判处这小结巴割舌的刑罚。皇帝的首席医生还亲自动手，堂而皇之地实施了这一手术。小罗马的舌头一被割掉，立刻就能流利地与人谈话，令在场的人无不感到钦佩。

这样的故事在殉教史中能找到成百上千个，他们想要让古罗马人显得可憎，却让自己变得荒谬。你想要实施完美、证据充分的暴行；想要真实性经过严格验证的大屠杀；想要看到血海真的横流；想要父亲、母亲、男人、女人和孩子们胸口受创，尸体成堆？热衷迫害的野兽们，只能去你们的编年史里寻找这些真相：你会在针对阿尔比派（Albigensians）的十字军战争中，会在梅兰多勒（Mérindol）和卡布里埃（Cabrières）大屠杀中，会在圣·巴多罗买（Saint Bartholomew）的可怖一天中，也会在爱尔兰大屠杀和瓦勒度派（Waldenses）的山谷中找到的。是你这野蛮人将惨无人道的残暴行径归咎于最伟大的皇帝；是你让欧洲洪水泛滥，尸横遍野，要证明在顷刻之间可以到达成千上万个不同的地方，证明教皇可以兜售赎罪券！不要再诽谤中伤罗马人了，是他们让你制定了自己的律法，也是他们为不受你们先祖喜爱的人事向上帝祈求原谅。

你说，不是磨难造就了殉道者，而是原因。我承认你们的牺牲者不应该被冠以殉道者之名，殉道者意为见证者。但是，应该怎样称呼你们这些刽子手呢？法拉里斯（Phalaris）和布西里斯（Busiris），相较于你而言，是最绅士的名字。你那仍旧存在的宗教法庭难道不会让理性、人性和宗教战栗不已吗？伟大的上帝！如果这可憎的法庭归于尘土，那么你那有仇必报的凝视目光会不高兴吗？

奇迹

奇迹（miracle），就其完全意义来说，是个极妙的事物。从这层意义上说，所有事物都是不可思议的。自然界的奇妙秩序、一亿个球体围绕100万个太阳运转、光的运动，以及动物的生活都是永恒的奇迹。

通常，我们所说的奇迹，打破了这些神圣而永恒的定律。如果在月圆之时出现日食，如果一个死人手提脑袋，但还能双脚行走，那么我们把这些叫作奇迹。

几位自然哲学家认为，从这层意义上说，奇迹不可能存在，以下是他们的论证。

奇迹，是对神圣、不变且永恒的数学定律的违反。若依据此定义，那么奇迹，毫不含糊地说，就是一个矛盾体。一条定律不可能在保持不变的同时又被打破。然而，有人问他们，上帝可不可以让自己创造的定律暂时失效呢？他们底气十足地回答说毫无可能，拥有无限智慧的神不可能为了打破定律而去创造定律。他们说，上帝可以中断机器运转，但只是为了改进功能。如今，显而易见，这巨大无比的机器与上帝本身一样优秀。而他，作为上帝，能够创造这机器。如果发现物质的自然性导致缺陷出现，上帝就会从头再来，所以机器里的任何东西，上帝从不改变。

另外，上帝做事，事必有因，那是什么原因能让他去暂时损毁自己的作品呢？他们会被告知说那是为了人类的利益。他们则回复说，那就一定是为了全人类的利益，因为神性不为整个人类种族，而只为少数个人服务，这样的事情是不可想象的。但是无论怎样，人类种族其实也没有很多，这浩瀚无垠的空间内存在所有人类数量要远远小于一个小型蚁

山中蚂蚁的数量。神，出于维护生存在这小泥堆上的三四百只蚂蚁的利益，选择去改变那维持整个宇宙运转的巨型引擎的永恒运转模式。现在设想一下这样的事情，难道不是愚蠢荒谬至极的吗？

然而，我们假设一下，上帝想偏爱某一小部分人：那么他需要对自己创造的永恒且无处不在的东西作出改变吗？他完全没有一丝必要去做这种改变，用这种反复无常去讨好他自己创造的生物。上帝的偏爱体现在那独特的戒律中，他为他们预测并安排所有事情，而这些人也都义无反顾地臣服于他的力量，受这种力量的影响深入骨髓。

那为什么上帝要行奇迹呢？是给少数一些人完成一个既定的计划吗？那么上帝会说："通过创造宇宙，颁布神圣法令，制定永恒定律，我仍有一个计划没能完成。所以我将改变一些永恒不变的观念和定律，而去实施一些我不能借助它们来完成的事情。"这不是上帝力量的展示，而是软弱的告白，是他自身最不可思议的矛盾之处。所以，将奇迹归因于上帝其实是对上帝的侮辱（如果人类可以侮辱上帝的话），因为这等于对他说："你是一个软弱无能，反复无常的存在。"因而，相信神迹，实在荒诞可笑，因为那是对神的羞辱。

这些窘迫的自然哲学家被告知说："你们欢庆神的不变性，神之定律的永恒性，以及神之世界的规律性注定是徒劳无功的。我们这些小小的泥土堆已经见证了大量的奇迹发生，历史上神迹发生的频率并不亚于自然事件。大祭司安纽斯的女儿们，把她们拣选的所有东西都变成了大麦、葡萄酒和油；墨丘利的女儿艾萨丽达（Athalida）复活了好几次；埃斯科拉庇俄斯（Aesculapius）也让希波吕托斯（Hippolytus）复活了；赫拉克勒斯将阿尔刻提斯（Alcestis）从死亡线上拉回来；赫勒斯（Heres）在地狱中度过两星期后回到世界；罗穆卢斯（Romulus）和雷穆斯（Remus）的父母一个是神，一个是纯洁的处女；帕拉斯雅典娜的神像在特洛伊城从天堂落下；贝雷尼丝（Berenice）的毛发变成群星；

鲍西丝（Baucis）和费莱蒙（Philemon）的破旧小屋变成了一座辉煌的神庙；俄耳甫斯的头颅死后还可宣读神谕；底比斯（Thebes）的城墙在希腊人的见证下，仅在一阵笛声中就拔地而起；埃斯科拉庇俄斯神殿中成功治愈的病人不计其数，我们还有记录，记载着埃斯科拉庇俄斯创造神迹时的见证人名单。

还有哪些人群没有行过难以置信的奇迹吗，特别是在很多人都不会读写的时代？请告诉我。

自由思想家，对于这些异议的回答，只有大声地嘲笑和不屑地耸肩。然而基督教哲学家则说："我们相信自己神圣宗教里出现的奇迹，相信奇迹凭借的是信念而非理智，我们尽全力不去理会理智的声音，因为众所周知，信念说话时理智靠边站。发生在耶稣基督和他使徒们身上的神迹，我们坚定并且全心全意地相信，但是你必须允许我们对有些奇异之事保持一点点的怀疑态度。比如，有一个故事，其阐述者是一个享有伟大之名的普通人，他声称有一个小修道士非常善于行奇迹，以至于修道院院长最终禁止他运用自己这项才能。这小修道士遵照了指示。但是，当他看到一个可怜的砖瓦匠从房顶上跌落下来时，他在救人与神圣服从之间犹豫不决，于是他将这砖瓦匠停留在空中，他自己跑去问修道院院长该如何行事。这院长认定他未经允许就行奇迹，一开始就是罪过，但考虑到他中止实施并未再犯，就允许他将其完成。对于这样的故事，请允许我们持保留态度。我们同意自由思想家的看法，认为这个故事可信度不高。"

但是，他们会被问到，你怎敢否认圣·格瓦斯（Saint Gervase）和圣·普罗泰西乌斯（Saint Protasius）出现在圣·安布罗斯（Saint Ambrose）的梦中，并告诉他哪里能找到他们的遗骸呢？怎敢否认圣·安布罗斯将他们挖掘出来，否认他们治好了一个盲人呢？当时，圣·奥古斯丁正在米兰，正是他报告了这一奇迹。"无数人充当了见证"（Immensopopulo

teste），他在《上帝之城》第22章写道。这是证据充分，可信度最高的奇迹之一。但是，自由思想家说他们一个字都不信，他们认为格瓦斯和普罗泰西乌斯并未出现在任何人面前，人类知不知道他们的尸骸到底在哪里一点都不重要，他们也不相信这个盲人，正如不相信维斯帕先（Vespasian）一样，认为这是个毫无用处的奇迹，但上帝从不做无用之事，也表明他们会坚定地坚持自己的原则。我对圣·格瓦斯和圣·普罗泰西乌斯的尊敬，不允许我与这些自由思想家持相同观点，我只是表述他们的怀疑。卢西安（Lucian）的很多文章都提起过他们，在其《异邦人之死》（*Death of Peregrinus*）中说道："当一个玩杂耍的高手变成基督徒之时，他一定会找到自己的路。"但是，由于卢西安是一个世俗作家，那他对于我们而言，就无权威性可言。

这些自由思想家无法让自己相信发生在2世纪的奇迹。那么目击证人记载以下这些东西就是徒然无功的，士麦那（Smyrna）主教圣·波利卡（Saint Polycarp）被判处火刑，扔进火焰时，他们听到一个来自天堂的声音大声喊道："勇气，波利卡！坚强，像个男人一样。"柴堆上的火焰脱离了波利卡的身体，在头的上方形成了一道火幕，一只鸽子从火堆之间飞出。最终，他们不得不砍掉了波利卡的头颅。"这个奇迹有什么好？"怀疑者问道。"为什么火焰失去了它的特性，为什么不是刽子手的斧头着火？为什么殉道者能从滚烫的油锅中安然无恙地存活下来却死于剑刃之下？"他们回答说，这是神的旨意。但是自由思想家们还是偏向于自己亲眼所见后再相信。

那些依靠知识增强论据力度的人会告诉你说，教堂里的神父们自己都经常承认说，在他们的时代奇迹也久不曾出现。圣·克里索斯托（Saint Chrysostom）明确地说："神之所以将非凡的能力赋予平庸，是因为当时教会需要神迹；而现在他们之所以连非凡的人都不再赋予这种能力，则是因为教会已经没有需要。"随后，他还承认说，再没有人能使死人复活，甚至连救助伤病也已无可能。

虽然有格瓦斯和普罗泰西乌斯的神迹，圣·奥古斯丁在他的《上帝之城》也说道："曾经出现过的奇迹为什么现在不出现了呢？"他给出了相同的原因："Cur, inquiunt, nunc illa miracula quae praedicatis facta esse non fiunt?Possem quidem dicere necessaria prius fuisse quam crederet mundus, ad hoc ut crederet mundus."（他们问："为什么那些你吹嘘曾出现过的奇迹现在不出现了？"我会说，在这个世界还未相信之前，奇迹是有必要的，这样世界才会相信。）

除了以上的这个坦白之言，自由思想家们却不赞同圣·奥古斯丁提到的希波（Hippo）补鞋匠的故事。这鞋匠丢了衣服，随后到一个二十殉道者小型教堂做祈祷。回去后，他在一条鱼的体内发现了一枚金戒指，做鱼的厨师告诉补鞋匠："这就是那20个殉道者给你的礼物。"

对于这个故事，自由思想家们的回答是，这个故事与自然定律一点都不矛盾，一条鱼吞了一只金戒指丝毫不违背自然定律，厨师将这金戒指给补鞋匠也不是神迹。

倘若提醒一下这些自由思想家们，依据圣·哲罗姆在《隐士保罗的生活》（*Life of the Hermit Paul*）中所言，这位隐士与森林之神萨梯（satyrs）和农牧之神范恩（fauns）还有过几次对话，乌鸦每天都给他叼来半条面包作为饭食，圣·安东尼（Saint Anthony）造访之日还叼来一整条面包，这前后持续了整整30年。他们又会回答说，所有的这些事物并不会绝对地违反自然定律，萨梯和范恩也许存在过。这个故事尽管幼稚，但是无论如何，它与救世主和他的使徒们那样纯粹的奇迹是完全不同的。一些虔诚的基督徒已经不相信狄奥多勒（Theodoret）所讲的关于坐柱者圣·西蒙（Saint Simon Stylites）的故事。很多在希腊被认为是可信的奇迹已经受到几个拉丁教会的质疑，同样的，一些拉丁的奇迹也引起了希腊教会的怀疑。紧接而来就是新教徒们，他们对两种教会的奇迹都不太相信。

一个在东印度群岛布道良久、知识渊博的耶稣会士抱怨说，他与同事们从来都不能行奇迹。泽维尔（Xavier）在他的几封信中悲叹道自己没有语言能力，他说身处日本人中间，除了是一尊哑巴雕像外，什么都不是。尽管如此，耶稣会士们也写到他使8个死人复活了，8个人着实很多，但是我们要考虑这8个人是他从距离此地5000格之远的地方复活成功的。从此以后，有人声称在法国废除耶稣会，相较于废除泽维尔和伊格内修斯（Ignatius）而言是个更大的神迹，这些人因为发表此言论而为人所知。

话虽如此，所有的基督徒仍相信耶稣基督和使徒们的神迹是千真万确的，但是我们也有权利运用我们的力量去质疑一些近当代发生的，还未经权威验证的奇迹。

因为一个真实完美的奇迹，人们会希望它能在巴黎科学院、伦敦皇家学会和医学院的见证下，能在卫兵军团派遣支队，防止拥挤人群的轻率行为妨碍神迹创造的支持下加以实践。

总有一天，自由思想家会被问到，如果发现太阳停止运动，换而言之，就是地球不再围绕太阳这一天体运转；如果所有死人都能复活；如果连绵的群山变为海洋，所有这些都是去证明一些重要的真理，比如万能的上帝恩宠。“那么我会说什么呢？”自由思想者问到。“我会成为摩尼教徒，我会说存在一条原理能将其他原理破坏。”

彼得

彼得（Peter），在意大利语里，他的名字是皮埃罗（Piero）或皮埃特罗（Pietro），在西班牙语里，佩德罗（Pedro），拉丁语里，柏图斯（Petrus），希腊语里，彼特拉斯（Petros），而在希伯来语里，他则被称为刻法（Cepha）。

为什么彼得的继任者们在西方能有如此大的权力而在东方情况却并非如此？这就好像是在问为什么维尔茨堡（Wurzburg）和萨尔茨堡（Salzburg）的主教们在混乱时期可以拥有王权而希腊的主教们却永远只有是臣民。时间，时机，某些人的野心以及另一些人的软弱总可以成就这个世界上所有已经发生或是将要发生的事情。

在这个混乱的时期，某种意见却得到了普遍的认同，这种意见统治着人们的思想；事实上并不是说这些人有着自己明确的意见，但是总有声音代替他们表达。

福音书中提到，上帝对彼得说“我将赐予你天国的钥匙”。而在11世纪，罗马主教的支持者们仍然认为赐予的东西越是宏大，也就越渺小，也认为天国包裹着大地；倘若彼得拥有天国之匙，那他也一定拥有开启大地之匙。如果说天国指的是所有的恒星和行星，那么根据托马修斯（Thomasius）的说法，显而易见，给西蒙·巴-乔那（Simon Bar-Jona）也就是彼得的钥匙是一把万能钥匙。如果天国指的是云层，大气，或是行星自转所需要的空间，那么根据默尔修斯（Meursius）的说法，也就没有锁匠可以为这样的门打造钥匙了。

过去，巴勒斯坦的钥匙是用带子绑在一块的一堆木钉。耶稣对巴-乔那说：“凡是你在人世间所受的束缚，到了天国也同样会绑住你”。而

服务于教皇的神学家们，从这一条解读出，教皇们拥有让人民忠于他们自己国王的权利，也有解除这一关系的权力；与此同时，教皇按自己的意愿管理所有的王国。这是一个绝妙的结论。1302年，在法国的三级会议上，法国民众在给国王的请愿书上写道：“波尼法斯八世（Boniface VIII）认为上帝在天国所约束和囚禁的也是他自己所约束的东西。”德国的路德教教徒（我记得是叫墨兰顿）觉得自己很难理解耶稣对西蒙·巴-乔那或称刻法所说的：“你是彼得（皮埃尔），在这块磐石（皮埃尔有石头之意）之上，我将筑造我的教堂，召集我的信徒。”他不相信上帝会在文字上做文章，会开如此特别的玩笑；更不相信教皇的权力原来只是基于一个语言的双关。

有人认为彼得是罗马的主教，但在当时以及之后的很长一段时间里，都没有人能够证实他在位。而基督教团体在公元2世纪末才成形。

彼得可能去过罗马，更有可能的是他被头朝下钉死在十字架上，虽然这在实际上不可行，也没有证据证明这点。我们有一封由他署名的信件，当中提到了他在巴比伦：明智的圣殿学者认为巴比伦即罗马。因此如果他有一封来自罗马的署有名字和日期的信件，我们就能得出信件是在巴比伦写的结论。很久之前就有过这样的推论，世界也一如既往地运行着。

曾经有一个虔诚的人在罗马花了大笔金钱买了一份圣职。这被称为圣职买卖行为。当时有人问他，相不相信西蒙·彼得在罗马。他回答说：“我不知道彼得，但是西蒙是在罗马的。”

对于彼得这个人，必须承认的一点是，保罗并不是唯一一个被他的行为所震惊的人。他和他继任者们常常在公开场合被人排斥。保罗严厉斥责他食用禁肉，比如猪肉、黑布丁、兔子、鳗鱼、伊克西翁和格里芬。彼得在为自己辩护时则说，他曾在约是正午之时见到天国之门打开，有4个人携一块大布从天而降，布上有好多鳗鱼、四足动物还有鸟

类。有一个天使的声音大声喊道："杀死它们，吃了吧！"渥拉斯顿（Wollaston）说，很明显，这个声音也对教皇们说："杀死一切，侵吞人民的财产！"

卡索朋（Casaubon）不认同彼得对待好人亚拿尼亚（Ananias）和他的妻子萨菲拉（Sapphira）的方式。卡索朋问道，经过哪场战役之后可以让一个犹太人——罗马人的奴隶有权命令或是允许那些相信耶稣的信徒们变卖家产并把所得的收益摆在他的脚下。如果伦敦的某个再洗礼派（Anabaptist）让他的同胞们将自己的财产放在他脚下，难道他不会因为叛教而下狱，且毋庸置疑地因掠夺信徒财产而被送往泰伯恩（Tyburn）刑场？那么对亚拿尼亚处以死刑难道没有太过分吗？他只是私藏了他和他妻子变卖田产所得的一小部分，而对彼得谎称奉献了全部家产。他的妻子赶来时，亚拿尼亚才刚刚死去。彼得并没有仁慈地警告她，她的丈夫因私藏价银而死于中风，让她好好照顾自己，而是让她掉入了另一个陷阱。他问她，她的丈夫是不是将所得的所有价银交给了圣徒。这个可怜的女人说是，于是当场死去。这是多么残酷！

科尼利厄斯（Coringius）问彼得为什么处死那些捐献财产给他的人，却不处死那些对耶稣不止一次处以鞭刑，最后导致耶稣受难的神学家们。哦，彼得！你处死了两个捐献财物给你的基督徒，却允许那些迫害你主的人活着！

科尼利厄斯明显不是宗教法庭的人，所有才会问这些大胆的问题。伊拉斯谟注意到一件奇怪的事情，这件事与彼得有关：基督教的领袖在开始履行他们作为使徒的职责时，都不认主。犹太人的第一个主教开始履行职责时，打造了一个金牛犊，且对之敬如神明。

如果是这样，那么彼得只是一个盘问穷人的穷人而已。他就像那些秩序的创造者，自己为贫困所扰，而他的后继者们则成了有钱的贵族。

教皇作为彼得的继任者，不管是处于鼎盛时期还是没落时期，除去他们周边的教民，在这个世界上还是有5亿人需要遵守他的教规。

认同一个与自己相距三四百里格的主人；直到这个人开始考虑事情，你不能去想只能等着；只有等到这个外国人所指派的专员同意，你才敢对你的公民作出最后判决；不付给这个外国主人一大笔钱，你就不敢占用属于某个国王的土地或是葡萄园；如果你违反某个国家的法律，娶了自己的侄女，可以给这个外国主人一大笔钱使得这样的行为合法化；某天因为这个外国人要求纪念某个由他送入天堂的人，一个不认识的人，你就必须将田地里的农活放在一边——认同教皇，就必须认同这些，这是法国天主教堂所要求的。

而另外一些人则进一步提出他们的意见。比如，如今我们可以看到某个君主请求教皇准许他的皇家法庭判处某些僧侣叛逆的罪行，这样的请求并未得到准许，于是他也不能对这些僧侣进行判决。

众所周知，以前教皇的权力更大。他们的权力远远超过远古时期的神明，因为这些神明赋予了教皇管理各个帝国的权力，而教皇真的做到了这一点。

斯特毕勒斯（Sturbinus）说，那些质疑教皇的神圣性和权威性的人，如果是从这些方面来考虑，这是可以得到原谅的：

40个分裂教会亵渎了主教之位，而其中有27个教会让主教之位染满鲜血。

斯蒂芬七世（Stephen VII），一个神父之子，掘出了他的前任教皇福尔摩苏斯（Formosus）的尸体，并将之斩首。

塞尔吉乌斯三世（Sergius III），犯下谋杀罪，并让他的情妇马洛吉亚（Marozia）之子继承了教皇之位。

约翰十世，狄奥多拉（Theodora）的情人，被勒死在他的床上。

约翰十一世，也就是塞尔吉乌斯三世的儿子，就是一个浪荡子。

约翰十二世被杀死在情人的房间里。

本笃九世（Benedict IX）买下教皇之位之后又将其出售。

格列高利七世发起了历时500年的内战，这场战争由他的继任者延续。

最后，在这么多有野心的、残暴而又风流的教皇之中，还有一个亚历山大六世，他的名字与尼禄、卡利古拉（Caligula）并列。

据说，虽然历经了这么多的罪恶，教皇之位的神圣性依旧保持着。但若是这样的话，哈里发岂不是要作出更残忍的事情才可以更加神圣。这是德米尔斯（Dermius）的推论，但是耶稣会的信徒给了他答案。

哲人朱利安——罗马君主

对一个人作出公正评价有时需要很长一段时间。两三个要么唯利是图，要么狂热盲从的作者说到野蛮而阴柔的康斯坦丁时往往崇之为神，而谈到公正明智的朱利安（Julian）大帝时则称之为恶棍。而其他的作者们则复写了这样的言论，重复这同样的奉承和诽谤。这些几乎都变成了他们的信条。终于，公开评论的时代到来了，在1400年以后，文明开化的人们开始反思这些人之所以这样评论的原因。康斯坦丁被认为是一个野心勃勃，嘲笑上帝和人类的人。他傲慢无礼地假装上帝给了他指示而确保让他取得了胜利。他让整个家族浴血，而自己却懒惰地睡在床上；可他是一个基督徒，且被封为圣徒。

朱利安冷静、纯洁、无私、勇敢而仁慈；但他不是基督徒，且长期被视为可怕的怪物。

如今，在对比了事实、史料、朱利安以及他的对手的手稿之后，我们不得不承认，虽然他不喜欢基督教，但恨一个沾满自己家族鲜血的教派却是情有可原的；野蛮的君主康斯坦丁在位期间，朱利安被基督徒迫害、监禁、流放，面临着死亡的威胁。但他从未处决过基督徒，相反，他原谅了10个密谋杀害他的基督徒士兵。

我们读他的信，会由衷地佩服他。“基督徒们，”他说，“在我的前任君主在位时期遭受流放和监禁。他们称彼此为异教徒，最后屠杀彼此。我已召回那些被流放者，并释放了囚犯。我已将他们的财产判回给他们。我让他们过回安宁的生活。但这正是令加利利人（Galileans）愤怒之处，他们抱怨，因为他们不能再吞并彼此。”写得多好！多好的哲学家对迫害狂热者的宣言！

总之，每个对事实有了公正研究的人，都会承认朱利安拥有图拉真的所有品质，除了他对希腊人和罗马人的纵容；他有卡托（Cato）的所有优点，但没有他的固执和坏脾气；他有我们钦佩的尤利乌斯·恺撒的优秀品质，却没有他的罪恶；他和西庇阿（Scipio）一样纯洁。总之，他与马可·奥里利乌斯一样，是一个伟大的人。

现在，我们再也不会重复诬告者狄奥多勒对朱利安的诽谤，说朱利安在卡集（Carrhae）的一座神庙杀死了一个女人作为祭品以抚慰众神。我们不再反复提及，他在垂死时用手把血液洒向天堂的方向，对耶稣基督说："你胜利了，基督徒！"仿佛他对波斯人的战争是他对战耶稣的一场战争；仿佛这个哲学家，死时无奈地认可了基督的存在。仿佛他相信基督就在空气中，而周围的空气即是天堂。这些教父们的不恰当言论如今已不被重复。

他们最后只能像安提俄克的无聊的市民们那样嘲笑他。他们指责他蓬乱的胡子和走路的方式。但拉贝特（La Bletterie）大人啊，你并未看到他走路的方式，但你读了他写的信件、制定的法律、写满他的美德的纪念碑。只要他的心胸坦荡，所做的事情彰显着他的美德，那么他的胡子肮脏，或是走得匆忙又何妨？

今天仍然值得研究的一个重要事实是，朱利安被指责想要通过重建耶路撒冷的圣殿篡改耶稣基督的预言。据说，有大火冒出了地面，阻止了重建工作。据说，这是一个神迹，而这个神迹并没有使朱利安改变信仰，也没有让重建工作的负责人阿里皮斯（Alypius），以及宫廷成员的信仰发生改变。而神父拉贝特对此事评论说："他和他宫廷的哲学家们无疑是依赖于自然哲学知识，才能否定如此惊人的神迹。而自然一直是怀疑的避难所，但他与宗教的关系如此密切，应该至少被怀疑是共谋者。"

首先，福音书中说的犹太圣殿将不再重建这一点是不正确的。马太

福音中关于不会有一块这座圣殿的石头留给土买人的希律王（Idumaean Herod）的预言确实写于自提图斯对耶路撒冷的破坏之后。但没有福音传道者说它从未重建。而在提图斯对破坏圣殿之后没有一块石头被留下来这一点也是不正确的。他保留了所有的地基、一整面城墙以及安东尼亚塔（Antonia tower）。

其次，在犹太人屠杀公牛和奶牛的地方建一座犹太圣殿、火药库或是一座清真寺，这对神而言又有什么关系？

第三，不知道出自某些被烧工人之口的所谓的大火，究竟是源自于被城墙包围的城市还是源自犹太圣殿。然而，我们很难理解为什么耶稣火烧朱利安大帝的工人，却放过那些很久以后在废墟上建立清真寺的哈里发·奥马尔（Caliph Omar）的信徒，以及那些之后重修了清真寺的萨拉丁王（Saladin）的工人。难道耶稣真的那么偏爱穆斯林的清真寺？

第四，耶稣预言没有一块石头将留给耶路撒冷的另一座圣殿，并未禁止圣殿被重建。

第五，耶稣预言的好几件事情并没有被上帝允许。他预言了世界末日的到来，届时他将驾云降临，在最后存活的人面前，显示其权力与威严。然而世界末日并未到来，并且这样的状态明显还将持续一段时间。

第六，如果朱利安描述了这一神迹，我只能说他被虚假而荒谬的报告所欺骗，我宁愿相信他的敌人，也就是基督徒不遗余力地反对他的计划，他们杀死了工人，还使人们相信那些工人是在神迹中被杀害。但朱利安对于此事并未发表言论，因为他忙于对波斯人的战争。他推迟了建筑圣殿的时间，而在这项工程开始之前，他已离世。

第七，报告这一神迹的是阿米安·马赛林纳斯（Ammianus Marcellinus），一个异教徒。那么这件事被基督徒篡改就是很有可能的

了，他们因为这点被人指责已不止一次。

但在那个人们都谈论神迹与巫术的故事的时代，阿米安·马赛林纳斯所说的这个故事被某些人所轻信，这也是有可能的。因为从提图斯·李维斯（Titus Livius）直到那个时代所有的历史总会被打上神迹的烙印。

第八，根据当代作家们的说法，当时叙利亚发生大地震。大火燃及好几个地方，许多城镇被吞噬。因此并没有所谓的神迹。

第九，如果耶稣能行神迹，那他为什么不阻止让他自己献上祭品以及受割礼的圣殿重建呢？他为什么不行神迹让那些嘲笑基督教的国家信奉基督？或者让他的基督徒，从阿里乌斯（Arius）和亚他那修（Athanasius）到罗兰（Roland）和塞文山脉（Cévennes）的骑士，让这些手上沾满鲜血的食人者们更加温和且有人性？

从这些我得出的结论是，自然并不为基督教服务，正如拉贝特所言。但是拉贝特所说的却与老妇人的荒诞之见不谋而合，正如朱利安所说：麻烦事都在愚蠢的妇人身上（Quibus cum stolidis aniculis negotium erat）。

在为朱利安的某些美德正名之后，拉贝特在这段历史的结尾，将他的死亡写成“神之复仇”。如果是这样，那么所有英雄们的英年早逝，从亚历山大到古斯塔夫斯·阿道弗斯（Gustavus Adolphus），都是受到了神的惩罚。朱利安则是以最好的方式死去，他与敌人战斗取得多次胜利后战死沙场。朱庇特，他的继任者，统治时间比他更短，且政绩平平。我并未看到神的复仇，拉贝特在我看来不过是一个不诚实的大发豪言壮语之人。但谁敢讲真话呢？斯多葛派的利巴涅斯（Libanius）是其中一个。他用残杀帖撒罗尼迦人（Thessalonians）的狄奥多瑟斯（Theodosius）来赞扬勇敢仁慈的朱利安，而勒布（Le Beau）与拉贝特

都不敢对忠诚的教民们赞扬他。

朱利安曾因性命受到威胁放弃基督教而遭人指责。这就相当于是责备一个人，在他被人所劫，被贼人用刀架在脖子上逼着参加他们的团伙时，逃离了这群强盗。康斯坦（Constant）皇帝比他那残忍的父亲康斯坦丁有过之无不及，他的双手沾满了朱利安家族的鲜血。他已经杀了这个伟人的兄弟。乌萨比（Eusabia）皇后为了让年轻的朱利安活下来，费尽周折。为了不被谋杀，这位不幸的王子削发为僧，保证并接受了所谓的四条法令。他模仿朱尼厄斯·布鲁图斯（Junius Brutus），装疯以骗过塔奎因（Tarquin），躲过他的愤怒。他生活毫无意义，直到他发现自己变成了高卢军队的长官，才真正地活着，并成为一个伟大的人。这就是理性的叛教者所谓的叛教，如果一定要给这个从未定义过的行为作出一个定义的话。

孟德斯鸠说："悲哉，在敌营生存下来的王子总有一个坏声誉！"让我们想象一下，倘若朱利安战胜了波斯人，且在他漫长而宁静的晚年目睹了古老宗教的复兴，基督教的毁灭，法利赛人、撒都该人、利甲族人（Rechabites）、艾赛尼派（Essenians）、赛拉普特人（Therapeutes）教派的消失、对叙利亚女神的崇拜和其他无迹可追的大事，那么历史学家会给朱利安多少溢美之词啊！那么他的绰号绝不会是叛教者，而毫不夸张的会是重建者这一神圣称号。

看看这些不称职的罗马历史学家们，都臣服在康斯坦丁和狄奥多瑟斯的脚下，帮他们掩饰自己的罪过，多么的卑鄙！尼禄也没有做过比屠杀帖撒罗尼迦人更可怕的事。坎塔布连的狄奥多瑟斯（Cantabrian Teodosius）假装原谅帖撒罗尼迦人，而在6个月后，他邀请他们去了竞技场。竞技场至少有15000人的容量，当时一定座无虚席。人们对于这种大场面向来富有激情。父母带着几乎不能走路的孩子们来到这里。等到人们都已入场，基督教的皇帝派基督教的士兵屠杀男女老少，一个都

没有留下。然而这个可怕的人在历史剽窃者的笔下却得到了颂扬。他们说，他忏悔了。上帝啊，什么忏悔！他一个欧宝[17]都没给死者的家庭，也没有去做弥撒。必须承认不做弥撒的人承受着巨大的痛苦，因为那是你该感激涕零的，那是上帝给你让你赎回所有罪行的机会。

劳伦·爱恰尔（Laurent Echard）的继承者，一个声名狼藉的国王，将狄奥多瑟斯下令的这场屠杀形容为一件快活事。

同样不幸的是有人乱写罗马史，用夸夸其谈的文风，充满文法错误的文字告诉你狄奥多瑟斯在与他的对手尤金战斗之前，看到圣·约翰和圣·菲利普穿着白色的衣服，他们向他保证他会取得胜利。让这等作家去给约翰和菲利普唱赞美诗吧，不要让他们写历史。

读者，问问你的良知。你钦佩爱戴亨利四世，但如果他在阿尔克（Arques）这场以一敌多的战争中失败，他的胜利只是因为历史学家们将他描述为一个英雄，你不会知道这个人：他只会是长胡子的游击队员，一个旧病复发的异端分子，一个异教徒。梅晏公爵（duc de Mayenne）则会是上帝派来的代表，教皇虽然染痘也会册封圣·菲利普为圣徒，圣·约翰会多次在他面前出现。而你，耶稣会士达尼埃尔，你将如何改写这段平淡无味的历史以取悦梅晏公爵？写成公爵如何“推着国王向前”，如何“彻底击败”这个大胡子？还是教会如何取得“胜利”的历史？

Careat successibus opto

Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putaat.

（我恳求消灭那些以事情的结果论成败的人。）

偏见

偏见是非理性的观点。因此，在世界各地，孩子们被迫接受各种观点直至他们可以自己作出判断。

有些通用且必要的偏见本身便是美德。在任何一个国家，孩子们被教导承认有一位赏罚分明的神；敬爱他们的生身父母；视偷窃为罪行，视自私欺骗为恶习——直至他们可以认知何为善恶。

因此存在极善的偏见：当一个人能够理性思考时，其判断便会更正这些偏见使其成为美德。

感觉并非仅仅是偏见，而是更强大的东西。母亲爱她的儿子并非因为世俗要求她必须爱他：她幸福地爱着她的孩子更甚于自己。同理，你会去帮助一个即将掉入悬崖或被野兽吞噬的陌生孩子。

然而，你尊重一个衣着得体、举止庄重、言谈恰当的人却不属于上述情况。父母曾经告诉你需向此人鞠躬。甚至在了解此人是否值得尊重之前，你便尊重他。年龄和知识逐渐增长，你意识到这个人不过是一个毫无尊严、自私自利、阴险狡诈的小人。你鄙视你过往所尊敬的，此时偏见便服从于理性。由于偏见，你曾相信蛊惑你童年的寓言。寓言中讲到泰坦发起了诸神之战，维纳斯与阿多尼斯（Adonis）相恋。12岁的孩子信以为真，21岁的青年则把它们当作精妙的寓言。

让我们通过一些词汇审视不同类型的偏见，从而整理我们的思绪。或许我们会像约翰·劳体制[18]时代的人一样意识到原来他们一直以来指望的只是幻想中的财富。

感官偏见

我们的双眼常常欺骗我们，甚至是当我们看得很真切的时候——这难道不是一件奇特的事吗？但是反之，我们的双耳从不欺骗我们。如果你听力正常，听到有人说：“你真美，我爱你”时，显然你听到的不是：“我恨你，你真丑”。但是当你看到一面光滑的镜子时，你会发现你错了，其实镜面非常不平整。太阳的直径看起来比你的眼球宽两英尺，事实证明它比地球还要大几百万倍。

上帝似乎把真相注入你的耳朵而把谬误留给你的眼睛；但是研究光学你会发现，上帝并没有欺骗你，事物只能以现有的状态呈现给你。

物理偏见

日出月落，地球是静止的：物理世界里有许多自然偏见。因为煮熟后呈红色，所以小龙虾补血；因为鳗鱼机灵，所以会治愈瘫痪；因为从前在一次月缺时，一个病人的发烧加剧了，所以月球活动会影响疾病：数以千万计的类似观念只是古代愚者的错误，他们不假思索，妄加推断，以讹传讹。

历史偏见

很多历史故事未经证实便被轻信，这种轻信本身便是一种偏见。非比阿斯·皮科特（Fabius Pictor）告诉我们这样一个故事，在他之前的几个世纪，一个正要把水倒进水壶的艾尔巴城（Elba）处女被强暴了，然后她生下了罗穆卢斯和雷穆斯，被母狼抚养成人。罗马人相信了这个寓言。他们没有问那个时候拉丁姆（Latium）是否有处女，国王的女儿是否会带着她的水壶离开修道院，母狼是否会养育两个孩子而非把他们吃掉。偏见自成。

一个修道士写道，克劳维斯（Clovis）在托尔比亚克战役（battle of

Tolbiac）中遭遇险境，此时他发誓，倘若能顺利渡过劫难，他将成为一名基督徒。然而，他在此时把自己托付于一个异教的神明是否合情合理呢？他生来就信仰的宗教不应该是最有力的么？在对抗土耳其人的战斗中，一个基督徒难道会向先知穆罕默德求救而非圣母玛利亚么？也有传言说，一只鸽子衔着圣油瓶给克劳维斯洗礼，举着旗帜的天使指引他的道路。偏见对诸如此类的逸闻都信以为真。熟知人类本性的人都知道，夺位者克劳维斯和夺位者罗隆（也叫罗尔）加入基督教只是想更好地控制基督徒，就像土耳其的夺位者加入伊斯兰教来更好地控制穆斯林一样。

宗教偏见

如果你的乳娘告诉你谷神星（Ceres）掌管粮食，或者毗瑟拏（Vishnu）和恰卡（Xaca）有时幻化成人形，或者萨摩诺克多姆（Sammonocodom）砍倒了一整座森林，或者欧丁神（Odin）在位于日德兰半岛的大厅等待着你，或者先知穆罕默德或其他什么人完成了去往天堂的旅程；如果你的导师之后给你灌输了一样的想法，那么你一生都会对此深信不疑。如果你的理性高于这些偏见，你那些智力高于妇女的邻居们便会高呼你信仰全无，并且对你施以恐吓。你的托钵僧害怕他的收入减少，一纸诉状把你告上法庭。法官想要操控愚者，相信他们更易管制，所以对你百般刁难。你会一直遭受窘境，直至你的街坊邻里、托钵僧人和下级法官开始意识到愚蠢毫无意义，迫害令人生厌。

自豪

西塞罗在一封信中亲切地和他朋友谈道：“告诉我你想让我把高卢人交给谁。”在另一封信中，他又抱怨已厌倦了王子们写信感谢他把他们的行省提升为王国，而且补充道，他甚至不知道这些所谓的王国在哪。

事实也许是这样，备受古罗马人民的称赞和遵从、也曾受到不相识的国王感谢的西塞罗有获得自豪和虚荣的冲动。

尽管这种感觉对于人类这种渺小的动物未必合适，然而我们也许可以原谅西塞罗、恺撒、西庇阿这样的伟大人物有这样的感受。但是，如果在半原始地方的遥远角落，一个人给自己置办了一件小办公室、印出一些平庸的诗句就深感自豪，这就足以贻笑大方了。

自爱

一个流浪汉堂而皇之地在马德里附近要求救济品。一位路人问他："在你还有能力工作的时候就这样做不觉得羞愧吗？"流浪汉答道："先生，我向您要的是金钱，而不是您的建议。"然后转过身去，西班牙式的尊严保留无遗。这是一位自豪的乞丐；他的虚荣如此易碎。他出于不自爱而乞求施舍，却由于另一种自爱而无法忍受斥责。

一位传教士云游到印度，遇到一位枷锁缠身的苦行僧：他像猴子一样赤身裸体，趴在地上，正在为印度人所犯的罪行而鞭笞自己，而这些人也给了他一些法新（farthings）。一位围观者说道："这是怎样的心神合一！""心神合一！"苦行僧答道："你们要知道我在现世鞭笞自己只是为了在另一个世界偿还你们的债，在那时你们将会变成马而我则会成为牧马人。"

那些说自爱是我们所有感觉和行为的基础的人，在印度、西班牙甚至在宜居的世界各地都是正确的：只是因为没人通过写作向世人证明人是有脸的，所以无需向世人证明人是有自爱的。自爱是我们谈话的工具，它像是使我们种族长存的一种工具：它是必要的，对我们来说无比珍贵，给予我们欢乐，同时也必须深藏。

邪恶

人说人性本恶，人类是恶魔之子，是邪恶的。这说法着实极不妥当。原因在于，老朋友，你布道说整个世界的人类生来就是堕落的，这倒提醒了我，你就是这样的出身，所以你就像狐狸和鳄鱼那样不可信任。你跟我说："绝对不是！我精神上得到了重生，我既不是异教徒，也不是无信仰者，你可以信任我。"然而，其余的那些你口中的异教徒或无信仰之人就只是一群野兽。想必每次你与路德教信徒或土耳其人谈话时，一定确信他们会抢劫或谋杀你，因为他们是恶魔之子，生而邪恶，你们得到了重生，他们则腐朽堕落。也许这样告诉人类会显得更加理性而优雅：人性本善，想想玷污人类的纯洁是多么的可怕。我们对待人类的态度本应与对待每个个体的态度相同。如果一个修道士过着丑陋而可耻的生活，那我们对他说："你真的会让修道士的尊严蒙羞吗？"一位律师有幸成为一名皇家议员，那他就应该以身作则。为了鼓舞一名士兵，人们告诉他："牢记你属于香槟军团。"我们应该告诉每个个体："记住你做人的尊严。"

但是实际上，无论如何阐释，我们总会回到最初。追寻你的内心，这一各国普遍使用的说法到底是什么意思？如果你生来就是恶魔之子，本源就是罪人，体内的血液都是低贱的液体组成，那"追寻你的内心"的短语意思就会是：请教并追寻你那恶魔的本性，成为一个骗子、小偷、杀人犯，这都是你父亲的行事之风。

人性本不恶，只有患病才能让人变得邪恶。医生们一同出现并说道："你生来就病了。"那毫无疑问，如果病人的病是与生俱来，天性使然的，那么不管这些医生们说什么、做什么，此病都无法治愈。同时，拥有这样想法的人本身也是得了病的。

将全世界的孩子聚集起来，在他们身上，你只会发现天真、柔弱和恐惧。倘若他们生来就是残忍邪恶并且作恶多端的，那么他们就应该展现出这样的苗头，就像幼蛇试图撕咬、稚虎显露利爪。但是人之本性并不比鸽子、兔子拥有更具攻击性的武器，不可在天性上就将人类摧毁。

所以人生来并不是邪恶的。那为什么有人会被人性本恶这场瘟疫感染呢？那是因为他们那些已被此病感染的领袖们将此病传染给其他的人类，就如同一个女人，感染了哥伦布从美洲带回的疾病，然后将这毒害从欧洲的一头传播至另一头。第一位野心勃勃的人败坏了整个地球。

你会说是这个始作俑者将所有人类固有的傲慢、掠夺、欺骗、残暴激发了出来。我承认，一般说来，人类的大多数都会有这样的特点，但是难道每个人都会患有令人厌恶的热病、都会有石头和砂砾，只是因为人人都能接触到他们吗？

整个民族都不是邪恶之人的例子也是存在的，比如费城人和印度人就从没杀过人；中国人、越南人、老挝人、暹罗人，甚至日本人都已经有超过100年没有战争了。震惊人类的残酷犯罪，近10年来，很难在罗马、威尼斯、巴黎、伦敦和阿姆斯特丹发现，尽管在这些城市里作为万恶源头的贪婪之心依旧横行无忌。

如果人性本恶，人生来就是恶魔的奴隶，一不开心，就会受到恶魔的蛊惑，用暴怒与残酷来为自己的痛苦复仇，那么每天早晨，我们就会看到妻子谋杀丈夫、孩子谋杀父亲，就像在黎明时分发现鼬鼠紧紧地勒住鸡，吸食它们的血液一样。

倘若地球上有10亿人口，这数量很大，那么就会有5亿的女人缝衣纺纱、喂养孩子、打扫住房，以及议论邻里琐事。我就没发现这些天真的人类作出了什么伤天害理之事。考虑到全球居住者的数量，那么至少有2亿的孩童，他们既不杀人也不劫掠，以及同等数目的老弱之人，他

们也无力如此。至多只有1亿的青壮年，精力充沛，可以犯罪。而这一亿人中间，9千万人经常被繁重的劳动束缚，努力工作，让土地生产，供养衣食。这些人很难再有时间去作恶。

而这10亿人口中余下的人还包括：只图享乐的游手好闲、群居寄生之人，忙于事业的有才之人，以及至少在表面上追求纯净生活的执法官和与神职人员。所以剩下的真正邪恶之人，只是少数的一些政客以及几千个出卖自己为这些阴谋者服务的流氓。政客们不管是世俗的还是宗教性的，他们总是麻烦制造者。实际上，这样残暴的野兽，不可能同时存在100万，这个数量还包括了拦路强盗。所以说，就算是在最动荡不安的年代，世界上也只有千分之一的人可以被称作是邪恶之人，况且他并不总是邪恶的。

因此，世界上的邪恶比所宣称的，所相信的要少得多。但是也还是太多了。可怕的不幸之事仍能看见，但是抱怨夸大邪恶的乐趣是如此之大，以至于最轻微的剐蹭也会被惊呼成血流成河。如果你被欺骗了，那所有人都是伪证者。一个遭遇过不公正待遇的忧郁之人会觉得世界上充满了该死之人，正如一个在观看歌剧后与女伴共饮的年轻酒色之徒无法想象世界上竟然还有不幸之事一样。

[1]佩里斯（Peris），波斯神话中一种美丽的仙女。下文中的Malakim，Daimonoi均是神之使者之意。——译者注

[2]视距尺，长度单位，1视距尺约合607英尺或185米。——译者注

[3]里格，长度单位，1里格约等于3英里。——译者注

[4]“为克鲁恩修斯”（For Cluentius）是古罗马著名演说家西塞罗为克鲁恩修斯（Cluentius）辩护所发表的演说，公元前66年，克鲁恩修斯被其母亲控告毒杀继父。——译者注

[5]卢克莱修（Lucretius，公元前99—前55），古罗马哲学家及诗人，具有唯物主义观点，反对神创论，著有哲学长诗《物性论》。——译者注

[6]伊皮法纽（Epiphanius，约310或320—403），萨拉米斯（Salamis）大主教，被东正教和基督教视为圣徒。著有《帕那里昂》（Panarion），详细反击了80种异端邪说。——译者注

[7]迈蒙尼德（Maimonides，1135—1204），出生于西班牙，被认为是中世纪最伟大的犹太哲学家、犹太教法学家、科学家、神学家和医学家。——译者注

[8]《革马拉》（Gemara），犹太教口传律法集《塔木德经》（Talmud）的后半部和释义部分，为《密西拿》的补编和说明。——译者注

[9]伊希斯（Isis），埃及宗教里司生育和繁殖的女神。——译者注

[10]依洛西斯（Eleusis），古希腊城市，依洛西斯秘密宗教仪式的发祥地。——译者注

[11]亚历山大的区利罗（Cyril of Alexandria，376—444），又译区利罗一世，412—444年间于罗马帝国统治下的埃及亚历山大城任亚历山大宗主教。区利罗著作甚多，积极参与当时关于耶稣基督的神性和人性的争论。——译者注

[12]皮特·克索罗格斯（Peter Chrysologos，约380—450），拉文那（Ravenna）大主教。——译者注

[13]独眼巨人，希腊神话中的人物，身体强壮、固执、感情冲动。——译者注

[14]德·萨克斯，全名莫里斯·德·萨克斯（Maurice de Saxe，1696—1750），法国元帅。军事才能突出，曾领导法国战胜英荷联军取得丰特努瓦战役的胜利。——译者注

[15]里米尼（Rimini），古称“阿里米努姆”。意大利北部城市。位于圣马力诺东北的马雷基亚河口，滨亚得里亚海。——译者注

[16]弟兄：Fra，用于意大利教士姓名前的称号。——译者注

[17]古代希腊的钱币。

[18]约翰·劳（John Law），苏格兰裔金融家和投机家，18世纪早期法国财政总监。其主导的“金融创新”和“体制改革”被称为劳体制（Law's system）。——译者注

Voltaire

Miracles and Idolatry

TRANSLATED BY THEODORE BESTERMAN

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

Angel

Angel, in Greek, *messenger*; we shall hardly know more of them when we learn that the Persians had *Peris*, the Hebrews *Malakim*, the Greeks their *Daimonoi*.

But what we shall perhaps find more instructive is the fact that one of mankind's first notions has always been to place intermediary beings between divinity and us. It is these demons, these genii that antiquity invented. Princes were seen to intimate their orders through messengers, therefore divinity also sends its couriers: Mercury, Iris were couriers, messengers.

The Hebrews, the only people guided by divinity itself, at first gave no names to the angels god finally deigned to send them. They borrowed the names given to them by the Chaldeans when the Jewish nation was captive in Babylonia, Michael and Gabriel were first named by Daniel, a slave of that people. The Jew Tobit, who lived at Nineveh, knew the angel Raphael, who travelled with his son to help him collect some money which the Jew Gabael owed him.

In the laws of the Jews, that is, *Leviticus* and *Deuteronomy*, there is not the slightest reference to the existence of angels, let alone their worship. Moreover, the Sadducees did not believe in angels.

But they are talked about a great deal in the histories of the Jews. The angels were corporeal. They had wings on their backs, as the Gentiles pretended that Mercury had on his heels. Sometimes they hid their wings under their clothes. How could they have lacked bodies since they drank and ate, and the inhabitants of Sodom wanted to commit the sin of paederasty with the angels who visted Loth?

The ancient Jewish tradition, according to Maimonides, acknowledges ten degrees, ten orders of angels:1. The *chaios acodesh*, pure, saintly. 2. The *ofamin,* swift. 3. The *oralim,* the strong. 4. The *chasmalim,* the flames. 5. The *seraphim*, sparks. 6. The *malachim*, angels, messengers, deputies. 7. The *eloim*, the gods or judges. 8. The *ben eloim*, children of the gods. 9. *cherubim*, images, 10. *ychim*, the animated.

The story of the fall of the angels is not in the books of Moses; the first reported witness to it is that of the prophet Isaiah, who, apostrophizing the king of Babylon, exclaimed: 'What has become of the extorter of tribute? The pines and the cedars rejoice in his fall; how are you fallen from heaven, oh Hellel, star of the morning?' This Hellel has been translated by the Latin word *Lucifer*; then the name of Lucifer was given allegorically to the prince of the angels who battled in heaven; and finally this name, which means phosphorus and dawn, has become the name of the devil.

The Christian religion is based on the fall of the angels. Those who rebelled were thrown down from the spheres they inhabited into the hell at the centre of the earth, and became devils. A devil in the shape of a serpent tempted Eve, and damned mankind. Jesus came to redeem mankind and to triumph over the devil, who still tempts us. Nevertheless this fundamental

tradition is found only in the apocryphal book of *Enoch,* and even there in a form quite different from the accepted tradition.

In his 109th letter saint Augustine does not hesitate to endow both good and evil angels with slender and agile bodies. Pope Gregory II reduced to nine choirs, nine hierarchies or orders, the ten choirs of angels recognized by the Jews: they are the seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominations, virtues, powers, archangels and finally the angels who give that name to eight other hierarchies.

In their temple the Jews had two cherubim, each with two heads, one of an ox and the other of an eagle, with six wings. Today we paint them in the image of a flying head, with two little wings below the ears. We paint the angels and archangels in the image of youth, with two wings on their backs. As for the thrones and dominations, nobody has yet taken it into his head to paint them.

Saint Thomas, in the second article of question 108, says that the thrones are as close to god as the cherubim and seraphim because it is on them that god is seated. Scotus has counted a thousand million angels. The ancient mythology of the good and evil genii having passed from the east to Greece and to Rome we hallow this view in accepting that every man has a good and an evil angel, one of whom helps and the other harms him from his birth until his death; but we do not yet know whether these good and evil angels pass continuously from one post to another, or whether they are relieved by others. On this matter consult the *Summa* of saint Thomas.

It is not precisely known where the angels live, whether it is in the air, in

the void, or the planets: god has not wished us to know it.

Animals

What a pitiful thing, what poor stuff it is to say that animals are machines deprived of knowledge and feeling, which always perform their operations in the same way, which learn nothing, which improve nothing, etc.!

What! this bird which makes its nest semi-circular when it is attached to a wall, which builds it in a quartercircle when it is in a corner, and makes it circular in a tree, this bird does everything in the same way? This gun dog you have trained for three months: does he not know more at the end of that time than he knew before your lessons? Does the canary immediately repeat the tune you are teaching him? Do you not spend much time in teaching him? Have you not seen that it makes mistakes and corrects itself?

Do you judge that I have feelings, memory, ideas because I speak to you? Well! I do not speak to you; you see me come home looking distressed, search anxiously for a paper, open the desk in which I remember having put it, find it, read it with joy. You judge that I have experienced the feeling of distress and that of pleasure, that I have memory and knowledge.

Judge in the same way this dog who has lost his master, who has searched for him with mournful cries in every path, who comes home agitated, restless, who runs up and down the stairs, who goes from room to

room, who at last finds his beloved master in his study, and shows him his joy by the tenderness of his cries, by his leaps, by his caresses.

Barbarians seize this dog who so prodigiously surpasses man in friendship. They nail him to a table and dissect him alive to show you the mesenteric veins. You discover in him all the same organs of feeling that you possess. Answer me, mechanist, has nature arranged all the springs of feeling in this animal in order that he should not feel? Does he have nerves to be impassive? Do not assume that nature presents this impertinent contradiction.

But the leaders of this school inquire about the souls of animals. I do not understand this question: A tree has the faculty of receiving in its fibres the sap that circulates in it, of putting forth the buds of its leaves and of its fruit; will you ask me what is the soul of this tree? It has received these endowments; the animal has received those of feeling, of memory, of a certain number of ideas. Who has created all these endowments? Who has given all these faculties? He who has made the grass of the fields to grow, and who makes the earth gravitate towards the sun.

'The souls of animals are substantial forms,' said Aristotle; and after Aristotle the Arab school, and after the Arab school the angelic school, and after the angelic school the Sorbonne, and after the Sorbonne nobody at all.

'The souls of animals are material,' exclaim other philosophers. Those have had no greater success than the others. They were asked in vain what is a material soul; they had to agree that it is feeling matter: but what has given it this feeling? It is a material soul, that is, matter has given feeling to matter; they cannot break this circle.

Listen to other animals reasoning about animals. They allege that the soul is a spiritual being which dies with the body: but what proof have you of such a soul? What conception have you of this spiritual being which in reality has feeling, memory and its part of ideas and arrangements, but which will never know what a child of six knows? On what ground do you imagine that this being, which is not body, dies with the body? The greatest donkeys are those who have alleged that this soul is neither body nor spirit. There's a fine system! By spirit we can only understand something unknown which is not body: hence the system of these gentlemen comes down to this, that the soul of an animal is a substance which is neither body nor something which is not body.

What can be the cause of so many contradictory errors? It is the habit men have always had of examining what a thing is before knowing whether it exists. The mobile tongue, the valve of a bellows, is called the soul of the bellows. What is this soul? It is a name I have given to this valve which descends, lets the air in, raises itself, and pushes it through a tube when I agitate the bellows.

Here we have no soul distinct from the machine. But what operates the animals' bellows? I have already told you; he who operates the stars. The philosopher who said, '*Deus est anima brutorum*' [God is the soul of animals], was right; but he should have gone further.

Anti-trinitarians

There are heretics who might not be regarded as Christians. Nevertheless they recognize Jesus to be saviour and mediator; but they dare to maintain that nothing is more contrary to strict reason than what is taught among Christians about the trinity of persons in a single divine essence, the second of which was begotten by the first, and the third of which proceeds from the two others.

That this unintelligible doctrine is nowhere found in scripture.

That no passage can be produced that authorizes it and to which, without in any way departing from the spirit of the text, a clearer, more natural meaning cannot be given, one more consistent with common sense and the basic and immutable truths.

That to maintain, as do their adversaries, that there are several distinct *persons* in the divine essence, and that it is not the eternal who is the only true god, but that the son and the holy ghost must be added to them, is to introduce the crudest and most dangerous error into the church of Jesus Christ, since it manifestly encourages polytheism.

That it implies a contradiction to say that there is only one god and that

nevertheless there are three *persons*, each of which is truly god.

That this distinction, one essence and three persons, was never in scripture.

That it is obviously false, since it is certain that there are no fewer *essences* than *persons*, nor *persons* than *essences*.

That the three persons of the trinity are either three different substances, or accidents of the divine essence, or that same essence without distinction.

That in the first case three gods are created.

That in the second case god is composed of accidents and one worships accidents and metamorphoses accidents into persons.

That in the third case an indivisible subject is uselessly and groundlessly divided, and what is not distinguished in itself is distinguished into *three*.

That if it is said that the three *personalities* are neither different substances in the divine essence, nor accidents of that essence, one would have to be at some pains to convince oneself that they are anything.

That it must not be believed that the most rigid and the most convinced *trinitarians* themselves have any dear idea of the manner in which the three *hypostases* subsist in god without dividing his substance and consequently without multiplying it.

That saint Augustine himself, after he had advanced a thousand reasonings as false as they are obscure on this subject, was obliged to admit

that nothing intelligible could be said about it.

Then they quote this father's words, which are in fact very singular: 'When it is asked', says he, 'what are the *three*, human language is found inadequate, and there are no terms to express them: yet it is said that there are *three persons*, not in order to say something, but because we must speak and not remain silent. *Dictum est tres personae, non ut aliquid diceretur, sed ne taceretur' (De Trinitate* V. ix).

That the modern theologians have not elucidated this matter any better.

That when they are asked what they understand by this word *person*, they explain it only by saying that it is a certain incomprehensible distinction that causes one to distinguish in a numerically single nature a father, a son and a holy ghost.

That the explanation they give of the terms *to beget* and *to proceed* is not more satisfactory since it comes down to saying that these terms indicate certain incomprehensible relationships between the three persons of the trinity.

That from all this we can gather that the basic argument between them and the orthodox turns on the question whether there are in god three distinctions of which we have no notion and between which there are certain relationships of which we do not have any notion either.

From all this they conclude that it would be wiser to abide by the authority of the apostles, who never spoke of the trinity, and to banish from religion for ever all terms which are not in the scriptures, such as *trinity*,

person, essence, hypostasis, hypostatic and personal union, incarnation, generation, procession, and so many more like them, which, being absolutely meaningless, since they have no real representative being in nature, can provoke only false, vague, obscure and incomplete ideas in the understanding.

Let us add to this article what dom Calmet says in his dissertation on this passage from the epistle of *John* the evangelist: 'There are three who bear witness on earth, the spirit, and the water, and the blood: and the three agree in one. There are three who bear witness in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit; and these three are one.' Dom Calmet admits that these two passages are not in any ancient *Bible*; and it would indeed have been strange if saint John had spoken of the trinity in a letter, without saying a single word about it in his gospel. No trace of this dogma is to be found in the canonical gospels, nor in the apocryphal ones. All these reasons could excuse the anti-trinitarians had the councils not taken their decisions. But as heretics make light of councils, we are at a loss to know how to confound them. Let us simply believe and hope that they believe.

Apocalypse

Justin Martyr, who Wrote about the year 170 of our era, was the first who mentioned the *Apocalypse* [book of *Revelation*]; he attributed it to the apostle John the evangelist. In his dialogue with Trypho, this Jew asks Justin whether he does not believe that Jerusalem would be restored one day. Justin replies that like all rightthinking Christians he thinks it will. 'There was among us', he says, 'a certain personage named John, one of the twelve apostles of Jesus; he predicted that the faithful would pass a thousand years in Jerusalem.'

This reign of a thousand years was an opinion long held by Christians. It was a period much favoured among the gentiles. The souls of the Egyptians recovered their bodies at the end of a thousand years. In Virgil souls in purgatory were tried during the same space of time, *et mille per annos* [and for a thousand years]. The new Jerusalem of a thousand years was to have twelve doors in memory of the twelve apostles; its form was to be square; its length, width and height were to be 12,000 *stadia*, that is, 500 leagues, so that the houses were also to be 500 leagues high. It would have been rather disagreeable to live on the top floor; still, this is what the *Apocalypse* says in Chapter XXI.

Justin is the first who attributed the *Apocalypse* to saint John, but some

people have challenged his testimony because in this same dialogue with the Jew Trypho he says that according to the narrative of the apostles when Jesus Christ went into the Jordan he made the waters of this river boil, and set them on fire, though this is not found in any of the apostles' writings.

The same saint Justin confidently cites the oracles of the sybils. What is more, he claims to have seen in the Egyptian Pharos the remains of the madhouses in which the seventy-two interpreters were confined in Herod's time. The testimony of a man who had the misfortune to see these madhouses seems to indicate that the author should have been locked up in them.

Saint Irenaeus, who came later, and who believed also in the millennium, says that he learned from an old man that saint John had written the *Apocalypse*. But saint Irenaeus has been reproached for having written that there must be only four gospels because there are only four parts of the world and four cardinal winds, and because Ezekiel saw only four animals. He calls this reasoning a demonstration. It must be admitted that Irenaeus certainly demonstrated as well as Justin saw.

In his *Electa* Clement of Alexandria mentions only an *Apocalypse* by saint Peter, to which great importance was attached. Tertullian, a great partisan of the millennium, not only asserts that saint John predicted this resurrection and this reign of a thousand years in the city of Jerusalem, but he also claims that this Jerusalem was already beginning to form in the air; all the Christians of Palestine, and even the pagans, had seen it for forty successive days at the end of the night; but unfortunately the city disappeared as soon as the day broke.

In this preface to the gospel of saint John and in his *Homilies* Origen cites the oracles of the *Apocalypse*; but he also cites the oracles of the sybils. Nevertheless saint Denis of Alexandria, who also wrote towards the middle of the third century, says in one of his fragments, conserved by Eusebius, that nearly all the doctors rejected the *Apocalypse* as a book devoid of reason; that this book had not been composed by saint John but by one Cerinthus, who borrowed a great name to give his dreams more weight.

The council of Laodicea, held in 360, did not include the *Apocalypse* among the canonical books. It was very singular that Laodicea, which was a church to which the *Apocalypse* was addressed, rejected a treasure destined for it, and that the bishop of Ephesus, who attended the council, also rejected this book by saint John, who was buried in Ephesus.

It was visible to all eyes that saint John still moved in his grave, and constantly made the earth rise and fall. Nevertheless the same people who were sure that saint John was not really dead were also sure that he had not written the *Apocalypse*. But those who believed in the millennium were unshakable in their opinion. Sulpicius Severus, in his *Sacred history*, book ix, calls insensate and impious those who did not accept the *Apocalypse*. Finally, after much hesitation, after opposition in council after council, the view of Sulpicius Severus prevailed. The matter having been elucidated, the church decided that the *Apocalypse* is incontestably by saint John: so there is no appeal.

Each Christian community has applied to itself the prophecies contained in this book; the English have found in it the revolutions of Great Britain; the Lutherans the troubles of Germany; the French protestants the reign of

Charles IX and the regency of Catherine de Medicis. They are all equally right. Bossuet and Newton both wrote commentaries on the *Apocalypse*; but on the whole the eloquent declamations of the one and the sublime discoveries of the other have done them greater honour than their commentaries.

Atheist, atheism

I

In former times anybody who possessed a secret in one of the crafts ran the risk of being taken for a sorcerer; every new sect was accused of butchering children in its mysteries; and every philosopher who turned aside from the jargon of the schools was accused of atheism by fanatics and rascals, and condemned by fools.

Anaxagoras dared to maintain that the sun is not guided by Apollo riding in a quadriga: and he was called an atheist and obliged to flee.

Aristotle was accused by a priest of atheism; and, not succeeding in having his accuser punished, retired to Chalcas. But what is most odious in the history of Greece is the death of Socrates. Aristophanes (whom the commentators admire because he was a Greek, forgetting that Socrates also was a Greek) was the first who accustomed the Greeks to regard Socrates as an atheist.

This comic poet, who was neither comic nor a poet, would not have been allowed in our society to write farces for the fair of Saint-Laurent: he

appears to me to be lower and more contemptible than Plutarch depicts him. This is what the wise Plutarch says of this humbug: 'The language of Aristophanes betrays his wretched character: it consists of the lowest and most disgusting quips; even the people do not find him amusing, and to men of judgement and honour he is insupportable; his arrogance is unbearable and decent people detest his malignity.'

This then is the Tabarin [buffoon] whom, by the way, mme Dacier, the admirer of Socrates, dared to admire: this is the man who from afar prepared the poison with which infamous judges put to death the most virtuous man in Greece.

The tanners, cobblers and dressmakers of Athens applauded a farce in which Socrates was shown hoisted in the air in a basket, announcing that there was no god, and boasting that he had stolen a coat while teaching philosophy. An entire people, whose bad government authorized such infamous liberties, well deserved what happened to it: to become slaves of the Romans and today of the Turks.

Let us pass over the whole period of time between the Roman republic and ourselves. The Romans, much wiser than the Greeks, never persecuted any philosopher for his opinions. This cannot be said of the barbarian peoples which succeeded the Roman empire. As soon as the emperor Frederick II quarrelled with the popes, he was accused of being an atheist and of being the author, with his chancellor de Vineis, of the book of the *Three Impostors*.

When our great chancellor de L'Hospital declared himself against the persecutions, he was at once accused of atheism, *Homo doctus, sed verus*

atheos. A Jesuit, as inferior to Aristophanes as Aristophanes is inferior to Homer, a wretch whose name has become ridiculous even among the fanatics, in a word, the Jesuit Garasse, found atheists everywhere: this is what he called all those against whom he burst out. He called Théodore de Bèze an atheist. It was he who misled the public about Vanini.

Vanini's unhappy end does not move us with indignation and pity like that of Socrates because Vanini was only a foreign pedant without merit, but after all Vanini was not an atheist, as has been alleged; he was precisely the opposite. He was a poor Neapolitan priest, a preacher and theologian by trade, a merciless argufier about quidities and universals, *et utrum chimera bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones*. But for the rest, there was not a drop of atheism in him. His notion of god was theologically most sound and correct. 'God is his principle and his end, father of the one and the other, and needing neither the one nor the other; eternal without being in time, present everywhere without being anywhere. No past or future exists for him, he is everywhere and beyond everything, governing everything, and having everything, immutable, infinite without parts; his power is his will', etc.

Vanini prided himself on reviving Plato's fine conception, embraced by Averroes, that god had created a chain of beings, from the smallest to the greatest, whose last link is attached to his eternal throne: an idea, in truth, more sublime than true, but which is as far removed from atheism as being is from nothingness.

He travelled to make his fortune and to engage in disputations; but unfortunately disputation is the road that leads away from fortune; one makes

as many irreconcilable enemies as one finds learned men or pedants with whom to argue. The misfortune of Vanini had no other cause; his heat and rudeness in dispute earned him the hatred of some theologians; and having had a quarrel with one Francon or Franconi, this Francon, the friend of his enemies, of course accused him of being an atheist who taught atheism.

This Francon or Franconi, aided by a few witnesses, had the barbarity to maintain during the trial what he had asserted. When cross-examined about what he thought of the existence of god, Vanini answered that, like the church, he worshipped one god in three persons. Picking up a straw he said: 'This trifle is enough to prove that there is a creator.' Then he pronounced a very fine discourse on vegetation and motion, and on the necessity for a supreme being without whom there would be neither motion nor vegetation.

Grammont, the presiding judge, then at Toulouse, reports this discourse in his *History of France*, today quite forgotten; and this same Grammont, because of an incredible prejudice, alleges that Vanini said all this from 'vanity, or from fear, rather than from an inner conviction'.

On what can the *président* Grammont's rash and atrocious judgement be based? It is obvious that Vanini's answer should have secured his acquittal on the charge of atheism. But what happened? This unhappy foreign priest also dabbled in medicine. They found a big live toad which he kept at home in a vessel full of water, and of course he was accused of being a sorcerer. They alleged that this toad was the god he worshipped. An impious meaning was given to several passages in his books, which is very easy and very commonly done, by taking objections for replies, by interpreting malignantly some ambiguous phrases, by poisoning an innocent expression. The faction

that oppressed him finally extoned from the judges the sentence that condemned the unhappy man to death.

To justify this death it was clearly necessary to accuse the wretched man of the most frightful things. The Minim and very minimal Mersenne pushed lunacy so far as to print that Vanini 'left Naples with twelve of his apostles to convert all the nations to atheism'. How pitiful! How could a poor priest have had twelve men in his pay? How could he have persuaded twelve Neapolitans to travel at great expense, at the peril of their lives, to spread everywhere this abominable and revolting doctrine? Would a king be powerful enough to pay twelve preachers of atheism? Nobody before father Mersenne had put forward so enormous an absurdity. But it has been repeated after him, the newspapers, the historical dictionaries have been infected with it; and the world, which loves sensations, has believed this legend without question.

Bayle himself, in his *Pensées diverses*, speaks of Vanini as an atheist; he used this example to support his paradox 'that a society of atheists can exist'. He assures us that Vanini was a very moral man and that he was the martyr of his philosophic views. He is equally mistaken on both these points. The priest Vanini tells us in the *Dialogue* he wrote in imitation of Erasmus that he had had a mistress called Isabella. He was as bold in his writings as in his conduct, but he was not an atheist.

A century after his death the learned La Croze and the writer who took the name of Philète sought to justify him; but as nobody takes any interest in the memory of an unhappy Neapolitan, a very bad author, hardly anybody reads these apologies.

In his *Athei detecti*, the Jesuit Hardouin, more learned than Garasse, accuses Descartes, Arnauld, Pascal, Nicole, Malebranche of atheism: fortunately they did not suffer Vanini's fate.

From all these facts I pass on to the ethical problem debated by Bayle, that is, *whether a society of atheists could exist*. Let us first observe on this point the enormous extent to which men contradict themselves when disputing: those who have argued with the greatest vehemence against Bayle's opinion, those who have denied with the greatest insults the possibility of a society of atheists, have since maintained with the same dauntlessness that atheism is the religion by which China is governed.

They are certainly mistaken about the Chinese government; all they had to do was to read the edicts of the emperors of this vast country, they would have seen that these edicts are sermons, which everywhere speak of a supreme being, ruler, avenger and remunerator.

But at the same time they are no less mistaken about the impossibility of a society of atheists; and I do not know how M. Bayle could have forgotten a striking example which could have made his cause victorious.

In what respect does a society of atheists seem impossible? It is because men who are unchecked are supposed to be incapable of living together; because the law is helpless against secret crimes; because a vengeful god is needed to punish in this world or the next the wicked who have avoided human justice.

It is true that the laws of Moses did not teach a future life, threatened no

punishments after death, did not teach the first Jews the immortality of the soul; but the Jews, far from being atheists, far from seeking to avoid divine vengeance, were the most religious of all men. Not only did they believe in the existence of an eternal god, but they believed that he was always present in their midst; they were terrified of being punished in themselves, in their children, in their posterity to the fourth generation, and this check was very powerful.

But among the gentiles several sects had no such check: the sceptics doubted everything; the Academics suspended their judgement on everything; the Epicureans were convinced that the divinity could not meddle in human affairs, and at bottom acknowledged no divinity. They were certain that the soul is not a substance but a faculty that is born and perishes with the body; therefore they bore no yoke but that of morality and honour. The Roman senators and knights were true atheists, for the gods did not exist for men who neither feared them nor hoped for anything from them. Thus in Caesar's and Cicero's time the Roman senate was really an assembly of atheists.

In his harangue for Cluentius the great orator said to the assembled senate: 'What harm does death do him? We reject all the inept fables about hell. What then has death taken from him? Nothing but the feeling of pain.'

Caesar, Catalina's friend, wishing to save his friend's life from this same Cicero, did he not object that to put a criminal to death is not to punish him, that death is nothing, that it is only the end of our sufferings, that it is a happy moment rather than a disastrous one? Did not Cicero and the entire senate yield to this reasoning? The conquerors and legislators of the known world

were thus clearly a society of men who had no fear of the gods, who were true atheists.

Bayle next inquires whether idolatry is more dangerous than atheism, whether it is a greater crime not to believe in the divinity than to have unworthy opinions about it. In this he shares the views of Plutarch: he believes that it is better to have no opinion than a bad one. But with all due deference to Plutarch it is obvious that it was infinitely better for the Greeks to fear Ceres, Neptune and Jupiter than to fear nothing at all. It is obvious that the sanctity of oaths is necessary, and that we must have confidence rather in those who think that a false oath will be punished, than in those who think that they can take a false oath with impunity. It is indubitable that it is infinitely more useful in a civilized city to have even a bad religion than none at all.

It would thus appear that Bayle should rather have inquired which is the more dangerous, fanaticism or atheism. Fanaticism is certainly a thousand times more baneful, for atheism does not inspire bloody passions, but fanaticism does; atheism does not discountenance crime, but fanaticism causes crimes to be committed. Let us suppose, with the author of the *Commentarium rerum Gallicarum,* that the chancellor de L'Hospital was an atheist. He enacted only wise laws and counselled only moderation and concord: the fanatics com-mitted the massacres of saint Bartholomew. Hobbes was taken for an atheist. He led a calm and innocent life: the fanatics of his time deluged England, Scotland and Ireland with blood. Spinoza was not only an atheist, but he taught atheism: it was certainly not he who shared the judicial assassination of Barneveldt, it was not he who tore to pieces the

two brothers de Witt and ate them on the grill.

For the most part atheists are bold and misguided scholars who reason badly and who, unable to understand the creation, the origin of evil, and other diffi-culties, have recourse to the hypothesis of the eternity of things and of necessity.

The ambitious, the voluptuous, hardly have the time to reason, and to adopt a bad system; they have other things to do than to compare Lucretius with Socrates. This is the way things are nowadays.

It was not so in the Roman senate, which was almost entirely composed of men who were atheists in both theory and practice, that is, who believed neither in providence nor in the future life. This senate was an assembly of philosophers, voluptuaries and ambitious men, all very dangerous, and who destroyed the republic. Epicureanism persisted under the emperors: the senate's atheists had been sedition-mongers in the times of Sulla and Caesar; under Augustus and Tiberius they were atheist slaves.

I should want no dealings with an atheist prince who thought it useful to have me pounded in a mortar: I am quite sure that I would be pounded. If I were a sovereign I should want no dealings with atheist courtiers whose interest it was to have me poisoned: I should have to take antidotes at random every day. It is thus absolutely necessary for princes and peoples to have deeply engraved in their minds the notion of a supreme being, creator, ruler, remunerator and avenger.

There are atheist peoples, says Bayle in his *Pensées sur les comètes*. The

Kaffirs, the Hottentots, the Topinamboos, and many other small nations have no god. That may be so, but it does not mean that they deny god. They neither deny nor affirm him: they have never heard of him. Tell them that there is one, and they will readily believe it. Tell them that everything happens in the nature of things, they also believe you. To allege that they are atheists is as relevant as to say that they are anti-Cartesians: they are neither for nor against Descartes. They are real children; a child is neither atheist nor theist, he is nothing.

What conclusion can we draw from all this? That atheism is a monstrous evil in those who govern; and also in learned men even if their lives are innocent, because from their studies they can affect those who hold office; and that, even if not as baleful as fanaticism, it is nearly always fatal to virtue. Above all, let me add that there are fewer atheists today than there have ever been, since philosophers have perceived that there is no vegetative being without germ, no germ without design, etc., and that grain is not produced by putrefaction.

Unphilosophical mathematicians have rejected final causes, but true philosophers accept them; and as a well-known author has said, a catechist announces god to children, and Newton demonstrates him to wise men.

II

If there are atheists, who is to be blamed if not the mercenary tyrants of souls who, in revolting us against their swindles, compel some feeble spirits to deny the god whom these monsters dishonour? How often have the

people's leeches driven prostrated citizens to revolt against the king?

Men fattened on our substance cry out to us: 'Be sure that a she-ass spoke; believe that a fish swallowed up a man and threw him on the shore three days later safe and sound; don't doubt that the god of the universe ordered one Jewish prophet to eat shit (Ezekiel), and another prophet to buy two whores and to beget sons of whores on them (Hosea). These are the very words a god of truth and purity is made to pronounce. Believe a hundred things either obviously abominable or mathematically impossible: otherwise the god of mercy will burn you in the fires of hell, not only for millions of billions of centuries, but throughout all eternity, whether you have a body or whether you have no body.'

These inconceivable stupidities revolt feeble and reckless minds, as well as firm and wise minds. They say: 'Our masters depict god for us as the most senseless and the most barbarous of all kinds, therefore there is no god'; but they ought to say: 'Therefore our masters attribute to god their own absurdities and rages, therefore god is the opposite of what they proclaim, therefore god is as wise and as good as they allege him to be mad and wicked.' This is what wise men conclude. But if a fanatic hears them, he denounces them to a magistrate subservient to the priests; and this magistrate has them burnt on a slow fire, believing that he is avenging and imitating the divine majesty he violates.

Baptism

Baptism, Greek word meaning immersion. Men, who are always guided by their senses, easily imagined that what washes the body washes also the soul. There were great tanks for the priests and the initiates in the vaults under the Egyptian temples. From time immemorial the Indians have purified themselves in the water of the Ganges, and this ceremony is still in great vogue. It passed to the Hebrews: they baptized all the foreigners who embraced the Judaic law, and who would not submit to circumcision; above all the women, who were not made to undergo this operation except in Ethiopia, were baptized; it was a regeneration, which gave a new soul, as in Egypt. See, on this, Epiphanius, Maimonides and the *Gemara*.

John baptized in the Jordan, and he even baptized Jesus, who, however, never baptized anyone, but who deigned to hallow this ancient ceremony. Every symbol is meaningless in itself, and god attaches his grace to the symbol he is pleased to choose. Baptism soon became the chief rite and the seal of the Christian religion. Nevertheless the first fifteen bishops of Jerusalem were all circumcised; it is not certain that they were baptized.

This sacrament was misused in the first centuries of Christianity; nothing was so common as to await the final agony in order to receive

baptism. The example of the emperor Constantine is pretty good proof of that. This is how he reasoned: baptism purifies everything; I can therefore kill my wife, my son and all my relations; after which I shall have myself baptized and I shall go to heaven; and in fact that is just what he did. This was a dangerous example; little by little disappeared the custom of waiting for death before taking the plunge into the sacred bath.

The Greeks always conserved baptism by immersion. The Latins, having extended their religion into Gaul and Germany towards the end of the eighth century, and seeing that immersion could kill children in cold countries, substituted simple aspersion, for which they were often anathemized by the Greek church.

Saint Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, was asked if those who had simply had their whole bodies sprinkled were really baptized. He answered in his seventy-sixth letter that 'several churches do not believe that these sprinkled people are Christians; that as for himself he thinks that they are Christians, but that they have infinite less grace than those who have been immersed three times according to custom'.

With the Christians a man was initiated as soon as he was immersed; before this was done he was merely a catechumen. To be initiated it was necessary to have guarantors, sureties, who were given a name corresponding to *godfathers*, so that the church could be sure that the new Christians would be faithful and would not divulge the mysteries. This is why in the first centuries the gentiles were usually as ill-instructed about the mysteries of the Christians as these were about the mysteries of Isis and Eleusis.

Cyril of Alexandria, in his tract against the emperor Julian, expresses himself thus: 'I would speak of baptism were I not afraid that my discourse might reach those who are not initiated.'

As early as the second century they began to baptize children; it was natural that the Christians should want their children to be provided with this sacrament, since they would have been damned without it. It was finally decided that it must be administered to them after a week because among the Jews this was the age at which they were circumcised. This is still the custom in the Greek church. Nevertheless in the third century the practice prevailed of being baptized only at death.

Those who died in the first week were damned, according to the strictest fathers of the church. But Peter Chrysologos, in the fifth century, invented limbo, a kind of mitigated hell, or, precisely, brink of hell, suburb of hell, where go little children who die without baptism, and where resided the patriarchs before the descent of Jesus Christ into hell; so that the view that Jesus Christ descended to limbo and not into hell has prevailed since then.

It has been debated whether a Christian born in the deserts of Arabia could be baptized with sand: the reply was he could not; whether it was permitted to baptize with rose water: and it was decided that pure water was necessary, but that muddy water could be used. It is obvious that all the regulations depended on the prudence of the first pastors who established them.

[…]

Baptism: An Addition

What a strange idea, inspired by the wash-pot, that a jug of water washes away all crimes! Now that all children are baptized because a no less absurd idea assumes them all to be criminals, they are all saved until they reach the age of reason and can become guilty. So butcher them as quickly as possible to assure them paradise. This conclusion is so logical that there existed a devout sect who went about poisoning or killing all newly baptized infants. These devotees reasoned perfectly. They said: 'We are doing these little innocents the greatest possible kindness; we are preventing them from being wicked and unhappy in this life, and we are giving them eternal life.'

Cannibals

I have spoken of love. It is hard to pass from people who embrace each other to people who eat each other. It is only too true that there have been cannibals. Some have been found in America. There may still be some, and the cyclops were not the only ones in antiquity who sometimes fed on human flesh. Juvenal reports that among the Egyptians, so wise a people, so famous for its laws, so pious a people, who worshipped crocodiles and onions, the Denderites ate one of their enemy who had fallen into their hands. He does not tell this story on hearsay: this crime was committed almost under his eyes; he was then in Egypt, not far from Dendera. In this connection he cites the Gascons and the Sagantines, who formerly fed on the flesh of their countrymen.

In 1725 four savages were brought from the Mississippi to Fontainebleau. I had the honour to converse with them. Among them was a lady of that country whom I asked whether she had eaten men. She replied very innocently that she had. I appeared a little scandalized. She excused herself by saying that it was better to eat one's dead enemy than to let him be devoured by beasts, and the victors deserved to have the preference. We kill our neighbours in pitched or unpitched battle, and for the meanest rewards prepare meals for the crows and the worms. There is the horror, there is the

crime. When one has been killed what does it matter whether one is eaten by a soldier or by a crow or a dog?

We respect the dead more than the living. We ought to respect both. Nations called civilized are right not to put their vanquished enemies on the spit, for if we were permitted to eat our neighbours we would soon eat our fellow countrymen, which would be a mixed blessing for the social virtues. But the civilized nations have not always been civilized; all were for long savage; and in the infinite number of revolutions this globe has undergone, the human species has sometimes been numerous, sometimes very rare. What is happening today to elephants, lions, tigers, whose numbers have much decreased, once happened to mankind. In times when a region was little inhabited by men, they had few arts, they were hunters. The habit of feeding on what they had killed readily caused them to treat their enemies like their stags and their boars. It was superstition that caused human victims to be immolated, it was necessity that caused them to be eaten.

Which is the greater crime, piously to assemble to plunge a knife into the heart of a young girl adorned with fillets, in honour of the divinity, or to eat a villain who has been killed in self-defence?

Nevertheless we have many more examples of girls and boys who have been sacrificed than of girls and boys who have been eaten. The Jews immolated them. This was called the anathema. It was a real sacrifice, and it is commanded in the twenty-seventh chapter of *Leviticus* not to spare the living souls who had been devoted to god, but it is nowhere prescribed that they should be eaten, they are merely threatened with this fate. And Moses, as we have seen, said to the Jews that, if they did not observe these

ceremonies, not only would they have the itch but mothers would eat their children. It is true that in Ezekiel's time the Jews must have been in the habit of eating human flesh, for in chapter xxxix he predicts to them that god would make them eat not only the horses of their enemies but also the horsemen and the other warriors. This is definite. And in fact why should the Jews not have been cannibals? It would have been the only thing the people of god lacked to be the most abominable on earth.

I have read in some anecdotes on the history of England in Cromwell's time that a tallow-chandler in Dublin sold excellent candles made of the fat of Englishmen. Some time after one of her customers complained that her candles were no longer so good. 'Alas,' she said, 'it's because we have been short of Englishmen this month.' I ask who were the guiltier, those who murdered Englishmen or this woman who made their grease into candles?

Certain, certainty

'How old is your friend Christopher?'

'Twenty-eight. I have seen his marriage contract and his baptismal certificate. I have known him since his childhood. He is twenty-eight; it is a certainty, I'm certain of it.'

Hardly had I heard the reply of this man, so sure of what he says, and of twenty others who confirmed the same thing, than I discovered that Christopher's baptismal certificate had been antedated by a strange trick for hidden reasons. Those to whom I spoke don't yet know about it. In the meanwhile they're still certain of something false.

If you had asked the entire world before the era of Copernicus: 'Did the sun rise today? did it set?' everybody would have answered you: 'We're absolutely certain of it.' They were certain, and they were mistaken.

Spells, divination, possession were for long the surest things in the world in the eyes of all peoples. What an innumerable crowd of people saw all these fine things and were certain of them! Today this certainty has somewhat diminished.

A young man who was beginning to study geometry called on me. He had not got beyond the definition of triangles. 'Aren't you certain,' I said, 'that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles?' He replied that not only was he not at all certain of it, but that he did not even have a clear idea of this proposition. I demonstrated it to him; he then became very certain of it, and will be so all his life.

That certitude is very different from the others: they were no more than probabilities, and these probabilities, once examined, became errors; but mathematical certitude is immutable and eternal.

I exist, I think, I feel pain. Is all this as certain as a geometric truth? Yes. Why? It is because these truths are proved by the same principle that a thing cannot be and not be at the same time. I cannot at the same time exist and not exist, feel and not feel. A triangle cannot at the same time have and not have 180 degrees, which is the sum of two right angles.

The physical certainty of my existence and of my feelings, and mathematical certainty thus have the same value, although they are of a different kind.

This does not apply to the certainty based on appearances or to the unanimous reports made by men.

'But really!' you tell me, 'aren't you certain that Peking exists? Haven't we got fabrics from Peking? People from different countries, of different opinions, who wrote violently against each other while all preached the truth in Peking, haven't they assured you of the existence of this city?' I answered

that it seems to me extremely probable that there was then a city of Peking; but I would not wish to bet my life that this city exists, and I would bet my life at any time that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

Something very droll has been published in the *Dictionnaire encyclopédique*. It is maintained there that if all Paris told one that marshal de Saxe had been resurrected, one should be as sure, as certain of it as one would be if told by all Paris that marshal de Saxe had won the battle of Fontenoy. Consider, I beg, how admirable is this reasoning: 'I believe all Paris when they tell me something possible in principle; therefore I must believe all Paris when they tell me something impossible in principle and physically.'

Apparently the author of this article wanted to have a good laugh, and the other author, who goes into raptures at the end of this article and writes against himself, also wanted to have a good laugh. As for me, who have undertaken this little *Dictionary* in order to put questions, I am far from being certain.

Character

From the Greek word *impression, engraving*. It is what nature has engraved in us. Can we efface it? Vast question. If I have a hooked nose and two cat's eyes I can hide them with a mask. Can I do better with the character nature has given me? A man born violent, choleric, presented himself before François I, king of France, to complain of an injustice. The prince's countenance, the respectful conduct of the courtiers, the very place in which he found himself, made a powerful impression on this man; he unconsciously lowered his eyes, his rough voice softened, he presented his request humbly. One would believe him to be naturally as gentle as are (at least at this moment) the courtiers in whose midst he is even disconcerted; but if François I is good at reading faces he will easily realize in his eyes, lowered but alight with hidden fire, in the taut muscles of his face, in his lips pressed against each other, that this man is not so gentle as he is obliged to appear. This man followed him to Pavia, was captured with him, and taken to prison in Madrid with him; the majesty of François I no longer made the same impression on him; he became familiar with the object of his respect. One day, while pulling off the king's riding boots, and pulling them badly, the king, soured by his misfortune, became angry: my man sent the king to the devil, and threw his boots out of the window.

Sixtus V was by nature petulant, obstinate, haughty, impetuous, vindictive, arrogant: his character appears to have been softened by the ordeal of his novitiate. As he began to enjoy some reputation in his order, he lost his temper with an attendant and felled him with his fist. When inquisitor in Venice he exercised his office with insolence. Become cardinal he was possessed *della rabbia papale* [by the furious ambition to become pope]. This rage subdued his nature; he buried his person and his character in obscurity; he shammed humility and ill-health; he was elected pope: in this instant was restored all the elasticity so long restrained by policy; he was the proudest and most despotic of sovereigns.

Naturam expellas furca, tamen ipsa redibit.

[Nature will always return even if you expel her with a pitchfork]

Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.

Religion, morality put a curb on the power of nature; they cannot destroy it. The drunkard in a cloister, reduced to one glass of cider with each meal, will no longer get drunk, but he will always love wine.

Age weakens the character; it is a tree that produces nothing but a few degenerate fruits, but they are still of the same kind; it gets to be covered with knots and moss, it becomes worm-eaten, but it is still an oak or a pear tree. If we could change our character we would give ourselves one, we would be the masters of nature. Can we give ourselves something? Do we not receive everything? Try to arouse continuous activity in an indolent mass, to freeze with apathy the boiling soul of the impetuous, to inspire a taste for music and

poetry into one who lacks taste and an ear: you will no more succeed than if you undertook to give sight to one born blind. We perfect, we mitigate, we hide what nature has placed in us; but we place nothing in ourselves.

A farmer was told: 'You have too many fish in this pond, they will not thrive; there are too many animals in your fields, there is not enough grass, they will lose weight.' After this exhortation it so happened that pike ate half my man's carp, and wolves half of his sheep; the rest fattened. Will he congratulate himself on his management? This countryman is you yourself; one of your passions devours the others and you think you have triumphed over yourself. Do we not really all resemble the old general of ninety who, coming across some young officers who were causing a disturbance with some women of the town, said in a temper: 'Gentlemen, is this the example I give you?'

Councils

All councils are undoubtedly infallible: for they are composed of men. It is impossible for passions, intrigues, the lust for dispute, hatred, jealousy, prejudice, ignorance ever to reign in these assemblies.

But why, it will be asked, have so many councils contradicted each other? It is to try our faith. Each was in the right in its turn.

Roman Catholics now believe only in councils approved by the Vatican; and the Greek Catholics believe only in those approved in Constantinople. Protestants deride them both. Thus everybody should be satisfied.

I shall refer here only to the great councils; the small ones are not worth the trouble.

The first one was that of Nicaea. It was assembled in325 of the common era, after Constantine had written and sent by the hand of Ozius this noble letter to the rather confused clergy of Alexandria: 'You are quarrelling about something very trivial. These subtleties are unworthy of sensible people.' The thing was to determine whether Jesus was created or uncreated. This has nothing to do with morality, which is the essential point. Whether Jesus was in time or before time, we must none the less be good. After many

altercations it was finally decided that the son was as old as the father, and consubstantial with the father. This decision is hardly comprehensible, but it is all the more sublime on that account. Seventeen bishops protested against the decree, and an ancient chronicle of Alexandria, preserved at Oxford, says that 2,000 priests also protested; but prelates pay little attention to simple priests, who are usually poor. Be that as it may, there was no question whatever of the trinity in this first council. The formula reads: 'We believe Jesus consubstantial with the father, god of god, light of light, begotten and not made; we also believe in the holy ghost.' The holy ghost, it must be admitted, was treated pretty off-handedly.

It is reported in the supplement of the council of Nicaea that the fathers, being very perplexed to know which were the cryphal or apocryphal books of the Old and New Testaments, put them all pell-mell on an altar, and the books to be rejected fell to the ground. It is a pity that this elegant procedure has not survived.

After the first council of Nicaea, composed of 317 infallible bishops, another was held at Rimini, and this time the number of infallibles was 400, not counting a big detachment of about zoo at Seleucia. These 600 bishops, after four months of quarrels, unanimously deprived Jesus of his consubstantiality. It has since been restored to him, except among the Socinians; so everything is fine.

One of the great councils was that of Ephesus in431. Nestorius, bishop of Constantinople, great persecutor of heretics, was himself condemned as a heretic for maintaining that in truth Jesus was really god, but that his mother was not absolutely the mother of god, but the mother of Jesus. It was saint

Cyril who had Nestorius condemned; but then the partisans of Nestorius had saint Cyril deposed in the same council: which much embarrassed the holy ghost.

Note very carefully here, dear reader, that the gospel has never said a word about the consubstantiality of the word, nor about the honour Mary had had to be the mother of god, nor about the other disputes which have caused infallible councils to be assembled.

Eutyches was a monk who had much abused Nestorius, whose heresy did not fall short of alleging that Jesus was two persons: which is appalling. The better to contradict his adversary the monk asserted that Jesus had only one nature. A certain Flavian, bishop of Constantinople, maintained against him that it was absolutely necessary for Jesus to have had two natures. A numerous council was assembled at Ephesus in 449. This one was conducted with the quarter-staff, like the little council of Cirta in 355, and a certain conference at Carthage. Flavian's nature became black and blue, and two natures were assigned to Jesus. At the council of Chalcedon, in 451, Jesus was reduced to one nature.

I pass over councils held on account of minute details, and come to the sixth general council, of Constantinople, assembled to determine precisely whether Jesus, having only one nature, had two wills. It will be realized how important this is in order to please god.

This council was called by Constantine the bearded, just as all the others had been by the preceding emperors. The legates of the bishop of Rome sat on the left, the patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch on the right. I do not

know whether the Roman toadies claim the left to be the place of honour. Be this as it may, Jesus obtained two wills from this affair.

The Mosaic law had prohibited images. Painters and sculptors had never done very well among the Jews. It does not appear that Jesus ever possessed any pictures, except perhaps that of Mary painted by Luke. At any rate,Jesus Christ nowhere enjoins the worship of images. Nevertheless Christians worshipped them towards the end of the fourth century, when they had familiarized themselves with the fine arts. This error went so far in the eighth century that Constantine Copronymus assembled in Constantinople a council of320 bishops, which anathemized the worship of images and branded it as idolatry.

The empress Irene, the same who later had her son's eyes torn out, assembled the second council of Nicaea in 787. In this the worship of images was restored. Nowadays it is sought to justify this council by saying that this worship was one of *dulia* [veneration of the saints] and not of *latria* [veneration of god].

However, be it *latria* or *dulia*, in 794 Charlemagne called another council, at Frankfurt, which stigmatized the second of Nicaea as idolatrous. Pope Adrian IV sent two legates to it but did not convoke it.

The first great council called by a pope was the first Lateran, in 1139. About a thousand bishops were there, but almost nothing was accomplished in it, except that those who said that the church was too rich were anathemized.

There was another Lateran council in 1179, held by pope Alexander III, in which the cardinals for the first time took precedence over the bishops. Only matters of discipline were discussed.

Another great council was the Lateran of 1215. In it pope Innocent III stripped the count of Toulouse of all his possessions, by virtue of excommunication. This was the first council in which there was any question of transubstantiation.

In 1245 took place the general council of Lyon, then an imperial city, during which pope Innocent IV excommunicated the emperor Frederick II, and in consequence deposed him, and forbade him fire and water. It was in this council that the cardinals were given red hats to remind them that they must bathe in the blood of the emperor's supporters. This council brought about the destruction of the house of Swabia, and led to thirty years of anarchy in Italy and Germany.

In the general council of 1311 at Vienne, in Dauphiné was abolished the order of the Templars, whose leading members had been condemned to the most horrible tortures on the most unsubstantiated accusations.

In 1414 was held the great council of Constance, which contented itself with deposing pope John XXIII, convicted of a thousand crimes, and in which John Huss and Jerome of Prague were burned for being obstinate, since obstinacy is a much greater crime than murder, rape, simony and sodomy.

The great council of Basle in 1431 was not recognized in Rome because

it deposed pope Eugene IV, who did not consent to be deposed.

The Romans reckon the fifth Lateran council of1512 as a general council. It was called by pope Julius II against Louis XII, king of France, but this warrior-pope died, and the council went up in smoke.

Finally we have the great council of Trent, which does not have authority in France in matters of discipline. However, its dogma is unquestionable, since the holy ghost came every week from Rome to Trent in the courier's trunk, according to fra Paolo Sarpi; but fra Paolo Sarpi smelled a little of heresy.

Enthusiasm

This Greek word means *disturbance of the entrails, internal agitation*. Did the Greeks invent this word to express the shocks felt by the nerves, the dilation and tightening of the bowels, the violent contractions of the heart, the precipitate rush of the fiery spirits that mount from the entrails to the brain when one is deeply moved?

Or was the word *enthusiasm*, from disturbance of the entrails, first given to the contractions of that Pythia who, on the tripod at Delphi, received the spirit of Apollo through a part which seems made only to receive bodies?

What do we understand by enthusiasm? What nuances in our sentiments! Approval, sensibility, emotion, distress, shock, passion, frenzy, madness, fury, rage: these are all the states a wretched human soul can pass through.

A geometrician watches a touching tragedy: he sees only that it is well constructed. A young man by his side is moved and sees nothing. A woman weeps. Another young man is so carried away that, unhappily for him, he also decides to write a tragedy: he has caught the disease of enthusiasm.

The centurion or military tribune who looked on war simply as a trade in

which a little fortune could be made, went calmly into battle like a thatcher climbing a roof. Caesar wept when he saw the statue of Alexander.

Ovid always spoke amusingly about love. Sappho expressed the enthusiasm of this passion; and if it is true that it cost her her life it is because in her case enthusiasm became madness.

The spirit of party marvellously encourages enthusiasm: no faction is without its fanatics.

Enthusiasm is above all the lot of misguided piety. The young fakir who sees the tip of his nose when praying gradually works himself up until he believes that if he loads himself with chains weighing fifty pounds the supreme being will be much obliged to him. He goes to sleep with his imagination filled with Brahma, and inevitably sees him in his dreams. Sometimes sparks even shine from his eyes in the state between sleep and waking: he sees Brahma glittering with light, he has ecstasies, and this disease often becomes incurable.

It is the rarest of things to unite reason with enthusiasm. Reason consists of always seeing things as they are. The drunkard is deprived of his reason when he sees things double. Enthusiasm is precisely like wine: it can excite so much tumult in the blood vessels, and such violent vibrations in the nerves, that the reason is entirely destroyed. It can cause only slight jolts, which merely produce a little more activity in the brain. This is what happens in great outbursts of eloquence, and above all in sublime poetry. Rational enthusiasm is the attribute of great poets. This rational enthusiasm is the perfection of their art. In other times it led to the belief that they were

inspired by the gods, a thing that has never been said of the other artists.

How can reason govern enthusiasm? This is because a poet first sketches the structure of his canvas: the reason then holds the brush. But when he proceeds to animate his personages and to endow them with passions, then the imagination kindles, enthusiasm takes over: it is a race horse carried away headlong, but its course has been properly laid out.

Equality

What does a dog owe to a dog, and a horse to a horse? Nothing, no animal depends on his like; but man having received the ray of divinity called *reason*, what is the result? Slavery throughout almost the whole world.

Were this world what it seems that it should be, that is, if man found everywhere on it easy and assured subsistence and a climate appropriate to his nature, it is clear that it would have been impossible for one man to subjugate another. Let this globe be covered with wholesome fruit; let the air which must contribute to our life no longer give us illness and death; let man require no other lodging and no other bed than those of the deer and the stag: then the Genghis Khans and the Tamerlanes would have no other servants than their children, who would be upright enough to help them in their old age.

In this natural state enjoyed by all quadrupeds, birds and reptiles, man would be as happy as they, domination would then be a chimera, an absurdity which would occur to nobody: for why seek for servitors when you need no service?

If some individual with a tyrannical head and vigorous arm got the idea of subjugating a neighbour less strong than he, the thing would be

impossible: the oppressed would be 100 leagues away before the oppressor could take action.

Thus all men would necessarily be equal if they were without needs. The poverty characteristic of our species subordinates one man to another. It is not inequality that is the real evil, but dependence. It matters very little that some man is called his highness, and another his holiness; but it is hard to serve one or the other.

A numerous family has cultivated good land. Two small neighbouring families have barren and obstinate fields. It is obvious enough that the two poor families must serve the opulent family or murder it. One of the two indigent families offers its labour to the rich to get bread; the other attacks it and is beaten. The former family originated servants and labourers, the defeated family slaves.

It is impossible on our wretched globe for men living in society not to be divided into two classes, one of oppressors, the other of the oppressed; and these subdivide into a thousand, and the thousand have further gradations.

All the oppressed are not absolutely unhappy. Most of them are born in that state, and continual work prevents them from feeling their condition too keenly; but when they feel it, then we have wars like that in Rome of the popular party against that of the senate, and those of the peasants in Germany, in England, in France. All these wars end sooner or later by the enslavement of the people because the powerful have the money, and in a state money is the master of everything: I say in a state, because it is not so in every nation. The nation making the best use of the sword will always

subjugate that having more gold and less courage.

Every man is born with a powerful enough desire for domination, wealth and pleasure, and with much taste for idleness. Consequently every man would like to have other people's money and wives or women, to be their master, to subjugate them to all his caprices, and to do nothing, or at least to do only very agreeable things. Obviously, having such amiable dispositions, it is as impossible for men to be equal as it is impossible for two preachers or two professors of theology not to be jealous of one another.

Mankind cannot subsist at all unless there is an infinite number of useful men who possess nothing at all. For a prosperous man will certainly not leave his land to cultivate yours; and if you need a pair of shoes it is not a judge who will make them for you. Equality is thus at once the most natural and the most chimerical of things.

As men are extreme in everything whenever possible, this inequality has been exaggerated. In some countries it has been claimed that a citizen is not entitled to leave the country in which he is born by chance. The meaning of this law is obviously: *This country is so bad and so badly governed that we forbid every individual to leave it, for fear that everybody leave it*. Do better: make all your subjects wish to remain at home and strangers to come to you.

Every man has the right to believe himself, at the bottom of his heart, entirely equal to all other men. It does not follow from this that a cardinal's cook should order his master to prepare his dinner; but the cook can say: 'I'm a man like my master, like him I am born in tears; like me he will die with the same sufferings and the same ceremonies. Both of us perform the same

animal functions. If the Turks capture Rome, and I am then a cardinal and my master a cook, I will take him into my service.' All this speech is reasonable and just; but until the Grand Turk captures Rome the cook must do his duty, or every human society is perverted.

As for a man who is neither a cardinal's cook nor endowed with any other public office; as for a private person of modest views, but who is annoyed because he is received everywhere with an air of patronage or disdain, who sees clearly that several monsignors have no more knowledge, no more intelligence, no more virtue than he, and who is sometimes wearied to find himself in their waiting rooms, what should he do? He should leave.

Fatherland

A fatherland is a composite of several families; and as we usually stand by our family out of self-love when we have no conflicting interest, so because of the same selflove we support our town or village, which we call our fatherland. The bigger the fatherland the less we love it, because divided love is weaker. It is impossible to love tenderly too numerous a family which we hardly know.

He who burns with ambition to become aedile, tribune, praetor, consul, dictator, cries out that he loves his country, and he loves only himself. Every man wants to be sure that he can sleep at home without another man arrogating to himself the power to make him sleep elsewhere. Every man wants to be sure of his fortune and his life. Thus, all having the same wishes, it turns out that private interest becomes the general interest: when we express our hopes for ourselves we are expressing them for the republic.

There cannot be a state on earth which was not first governed as a republic: it is the normal course of human nature. A few families first assembled against the bears and the wolves. The family which had grain exchanged it with that which had only wood.

When we discovered America we found all the tribes divided into

republics. There were only two kingdoms in all this part of the world. Only two out of1,000 nations were found to be subjugated.

So it was in the ancient world. All was republican in Europe before the petty kings of Etruria and Rome. Republics are still seen today in Africa. Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, towards the north, still live as men are said to have lived in the first ages of the world, free, equal among themselves, without masters, without subjects, without money, and almost without needs. The flesh of their sheep feeds them, their skins clothe them, huts of wood and earth are their shelters. They stink worse than any other men, but do not know it. They live and die more calmly than we do.

Eight republics without monarchs remain in our Europe: Venice, Holland, Switzerland, Genoa, Lucca, Ragusa, Geneva and San Marino. Poland, Sweden, England can be regarded as republics under a king; but Poland is the only one that takes the name.

Is it better today for one's country to be a monarchical or a republican state? This question has been debated for 4,000 years. Apply for a solution to the rich, they all prefer an aristocracy. Question the people, they want democracy. Only kings prefer a monarchy. How then is it possible that nearly the whole world is governed by monarchs? Ask the rats who proposed to hang a bell round the cat's neck. But in truth the real reason is, as I have said, that men are very seldom worthy to govern themselves.

It is sad that, to be a good patriot, one is often the enemy of the rest of humanity. The elder Cato, that good citizen, when speaking in the senate, always said: 'Such are my views, and let Carthage be destroyed.' To be a

good patriot is to want one's city to be enriched by commerce and powerful in arms. It is obvious that a country cannot gain unless another loses, and that it cannot vanquish without causing unhappiness.

So it is the human condition that to wish for the greatness of one's fatherland is to wish evil to one's neighbours. The citizen of the universe would be the man who wishes his country never to be either greater or smaller, richer or poorer.

Flood

Has there ever been a time when the globe was entirely flooded? This is physically impossible.

It may be that the sea covered all parts of the earth one after the other, but that could have happened only by slow stages in a prodigious multitude of centuries. In a period of 500 years the sea has withdrawn from Aigues-Mortes, from Fréjus, from Ravenna, which were great ports, and has left about two leagues of dry ground. At this rate it is evident that it would take the sea 2,500,000 years to move round our globe. What is very remarkable is that this period is very near that taken by the axis of the earth to right itself and coincide with the equator. This movement, which is very probable, has been suspected for fifty years, and can only be completed in a period of more than 2,300,000 years.

The beds, the layers of shells which have been discovered on all sides, at several leagues from the sea, are incontrovertible proof that it has deposited its maritime products little by little on land that once formed the ocean shore. But that water once covered the entire globe at the same time is a chimera absurd in natural science, demonstrated impossible by the laws of gravitation, by the laws of fluids, by the insufficient quantity of water. I do not claim to

undermine in any way the great truth of the universal flood reported in the Pentateuch. On the contrary, it was a miracle, therefore it must be believed; it was a miracle, therefore it was not performed by physical laws.

Everything is miraculous in the story of the flood. It was a miracle that forty days of rain inundated the four quarters of the earth, and that the water should have risen fifteen cubits above all the highest mountains. It was a miracle that there were cataracts, doors, openings in the sky. It was a miracle that all the animals should have proceeded to the ark from every part of the world. It was a miracle that Noah found enough to feed them for ten months. It was a miracle that all the animals found room in the ark with their provisions. It was a miracle that most of them did not die in the ark. It was a miracle that they found food on leaving the ark. It was also a miracle, but of another kind, that a certain Le Pelletier thought that he had explained naturally how all the animals fitted into the ark and fed themselves.

Now the story of the flood being the most miraculous thing we have ever heard of, it would be senseless to explain it. It is one of the mysteries we believe by faith, and faith consists in believing what the reason does not believe, which is another miracle in itself.

Thus the story of the universal flood is like that of the tower of Babel, Balaam's she-ass, the fall of Jericho by the sound of trumpets, water changed into blood, the passage of the Red Sea, and all the prodigies god deigned to perform for the benefit of his people's elect. These are profundities beyond human comprehension.

Great chain of being

The gradation of beings which ascends from the lightest atom to the supreme being, this ladder of the infinite, strikes one with wonder. But when one looks at it attentively this great phantasm vanishes, as formerly all apparitions fled at the crowing of the cock.

At first the imagination is gratified by the imperceptible passage from brute matter to organized matter, from plants to zoophytes, from these zoophytes to animals, from these to man, from man to spirits, from these spirits, dressed in little aerial bodies, to immaterial substances, and finally a thousand different orders of these substances which ascend from beauty to perfection and finally to god himself. This hierarchy much pleases decent folk, who liken it to the pope and his cardinals followed by the archbishops and the bishops, after whom come rectors, vicars, simple priests, deacons, subdeacons; then appear the monks, and the march-past ends with the capuchins.

But there is a rather greater distance between god and his most perfect creatures than between the holy father and the dean of the sacred college. This dean can become pope, but the most perfect of the spirits created by the supreme being cannot become god: there is infinity between god and him.

Nor does this chain, this alleged gradation exist among the vegetables and the animals which have been destroyed. There are no longer any murex. The Jews were forbidden to eat the griffin and the ixion. These two species have disappeared from the world, whatever Bochart may say. Where then is the chain?

Even if we had not lost several species, it is obvious that they can be destroyed. The lions, the rhinoceros are getting quite rare.

It is very probable that there have been races of men which are no longer found. But I hope that they have all survived, like the whites, the blacks, the Kaffirs, to whom nature has given a skin apron hanging from the belly half way down the thigh, the Samoyedes, whose wives have one beautifully black breast, etc.

Is there not obviously a gap between monkey and man? Is it not easy to imagine an animal with two feet and no feathers, intelligent without having also the power of speech or our appearance, which we could tame, which would answer our signals and serve us? And between this new species and man, could we not imagine others?

Divine Plato, you place in heaven a succession of celestial substances beyond man. For our part, we believe in a few of these substances, because this is taught by our faith. But you, what reason have you for believing in them? It would seem that you have not spoken to Socrates's demon, and good old Er who resuscitated specially to reveal to you the secrets of the other world, taught you nothing about these substances.

The alleged chain is no less interrupted in the physical universe.

What gradation, if you please, between your planets? The moon is forty times smaller than our globe. When you have travelled from the moon through space you come to Venus: it is about as big as the earth. Thence you go to Mercury, which revolves in an ellipse very different from the circle traversed by Venus. It is twenty-seven times smaller than we are, the sun a million times bigger, Mars five times smaller. This last makes its revolution in two years, his neighbour Jupiter in twelve, Saturn in thirty, even though Saturn, the most distant of all, is not as big as Jupiter. Where is the alleged gradation?

And then how can you expect there to be a chain that links everything in the great empty spaces? If there is one it is certainly that which Newton discovered: this is what makes all the globes of the planetary world gravitate towards one another in this immense void.

O Plato, so much admired, I fear that you have told us nothing but fables, and that you have never uttered anything but sophisms!

O Plato! You have done much more evil than you think. I shall be asked how, but I shall not answer.

Hell

As soon as men lived in society they must have noticed that some guilty men eluded the severity of the laws. They punished public crimes. It was necessary to create a check on secret crimes: only religion could be this check. The Persians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Greeks invented punishments after life; and the Jews alone among all the ancient peoples known to us approved only temporal punishments. It is ridiculous to believe, or to pretend to believe, on the strength of a few very obscure passages, that hell was recognized by the ancient laws of the Jews, by their *Leviticus*, by their decalogue, when the author of these laws does not say a single word that could have the slightest bearing on punishments in the future life. One would be entitled to say to the compiler of the *Pentateuch*: 'You are an irresponsible man, without probity and reason, very unworthy of the name of legislator that you arrogate. What! you know a dogma so repressive, and so necessary to the people, as that of hell, and you do not explicitly proclaim it? And, though it is accepted by all the nations around you, you are content to allow this dogma to be guessed at by some commentators who are to come 4,000 years after you and will torture some of your words to find in them something you have not said. Either you are an ignoramus, who are not aware that this belief was universal in Egypt, in Chaldea, in Persia; or you are very ill-advised, knowing

this dogma, not to have made it the basis of your religion.'

The authors of the Jewish laws might at best reply: 'We admit that we are exceedingly ignorant; that we learned to write very late; that our people was a savage and barbaric horde which, as we have shown, wandered for half a century in uninhabitable deserts; that it finally usurped a small country by the most odious rapine and the most detestable cruelties ever recorded in history. We had no intercourse with civilized nations: how can you expect us (the most earthly of men) to have invented a wholly spiritual system?

'We used the word meaning *soul* only in the sense of *life*. We knew our god and his ministers, his angels, only as corporeal beings: the distinction between soul and body, the notion of a life after death, can be the fruit only of long meditation and a very subtle philosophy. Ask the Hottentots and the Negroes, who inhabit a country a hundred times larger than ours, whether they know about a future life. We thought we had done enough in persuading our people that god punishes evil-doers to the fourth generation, whether by leprosy, sudden death, or the loss of what little property it was possible for them to possess.'

One would reply to this defence: 'You have invented a system the absurdity of which is self-evident; for the malefactor who was in good health and whose family prospered would necessarily laugh at you.'

The apologist of the Judaic law would then answer: 'You are mis-taken; for there were a hundred criminals who did not reason at all, for every one who thought clearly. The man who, having committed a crime, felt unpunished in himself and in his son, feared for his grandson. Besides, if he

did not have some stinking ulcer today, he would get one in the course of a few years, for we were much subject to them. Every family has misfortunes, and it was easy for us to inoculate the belief that these misfortunes were sent by a divine hand, the avenger of secret offences.'

It would be easy to respond to this answer, and to say: 'Your excuse is worthless, for it happens every day that very decent folk lose their health and their goods; and if there is no family that has escaped misfortune, and if these misfortunes are god's punishments, all your families must have been families of rascals.'

The Jewish priest could retort further. He would say that there are misfortunes attached to human nature, and others sent expressly by god. But one would make this argufier see how ridiculous it is to think that fever and hail are now a divine punishment, and now a natural effect.

Finally the Pharisees and the Essenes, among the Jews, accepted a belief in a hell in their manner. This dogma had already passed from the Greeks to the Romans, and was adopted by the Christians.

Several church fathers did not believe in eternal punishment: it appeared to them absurd to burn a poor wretch throughout eternity because he had stolen a goat. Virgil can say in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*:

> ...*Sedet aeternumque sedebit*
>
> *Infelix Theseus*.
>
> [Wretched Theseus sits and shall for ever sit.]

He implies in vain that Theseus is seated forever on a chair, and that this position constitutes his torment. Others believed that Theseus is a hero who is not seated in hell, but that he is in the Elysian fields.

Not long ago a good and decent Protestant minister preached and wrote that the damned would one day be pardoned, that the suffering should be proportionate to the sin, and that the error of a moment cannot deserve infinite punishment. The priests, his colleagues, dismissed this indulgent judge. One said to him: 'My dear fellow, I don't believe any more than you do that hell is eternal; but it's a good thing for your maid, your tailor, and even your lawyer to believe it.'

Idol, idolator, idolatry

Idol comes from the Greek εἶδος, form; εἴδωλον representation of a form; λατρεύειν, to serve, revere, adore. This word adore is Latin, and has many different meanings: it signifies putting a hand to one's mouth when speaking with respect, bowing, kneeling, saluting, and finally, most generally, offering a supreme worship. Nothing but ambiguities.

It is useful to note here that the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux* begins its article by saying that all pagans were idolators, and that the Indians are still idolatrous peoples. First of all, no one was called a pagan before Theodosius the younger. This name was then given to the inhabitants of the Italian cities, *pagorum incolae, pagani* [rustics], who kept to their ancient religion. In the second place, Hindustan is Mohammedan, and the Mohammedans are the implacable enemies of images and idolatry. In the third place, many Indian peoples belong to the ancient religion of the Parsees and should not be called idolators, any more than certain castes which have no idols.

Inquiry Whether There Has Ever Been an Idolatrous Government

It would appear that no people on earth has taken this name of idolator. The word is an insult, a term of abuse, like that of *gavaches* [cowards], which the Spaniards once applied to the French, and that of *maranes*[Moors], which the French applied to the Spaniards. Had one asked the Roman senate, the Greek areopagus, the court of the kings of Persia: 'Are you idolators?' they would hardly have understood the question. None would have answered: 'We worship images, idols.' This word 'idolator', 'idolatry', is not found in Homer nor in Hesiod nor in Herodotus nor in any author of the religion of the gentiles. There has never been any edict, any law that ordered men to worship idols, to serve them as gods, to regard them as gods.

When the Roman and Carthaginian leaders made a treaty, they invoked all their gods. 'It is in their presence,' they said, 'that we swear peace.' Now the statues of all these gods, whose number was very great, were not in the generals' tents. They considered the gods to be present at men's actions as witnesses and judges. And it was certainly not the simulacrum that constituted the divinity.

What view did they then take of the statues of their false divinities in the temples? The same view, if I may say so, that we take of the images of the objects of our veneration. The error was not to worship a piece of wood or marble, but to worship a false divinity represented by this wood or marble. The difference between them and us is not that they had images and we have not: the difference is that their images showed fantastic beings in a religion: The Greeks had the statue of Hercules, and we have that of saint Christopher; they had Aesculapius and his goat, and we have saint Roch and his dog: they had Jupiter armed with thunder, and we saint Anthony of Padua and saint

James of Compostella.

When the consul Pliny, in the opening of his panegyric of Trajan, addresses his prayers *to the immortal gods*, he does not address himself to images. These images were not immortal.

Neither the last days of paganism nor the most ancient offer a single fact enabling us to conclude that an idol was worshipped. Homer speaks only of the gods who inhabit high Olympus. The *palladium*, although fallen from heaven, was only a sacred pledge of Pallas's protection: it was she who was venerated in the *palladium*.

But the Romans and the Greeks kneeled down before statues, gave them crowns, incense, flowers, paraded them in triumph in public places. We have sanctified these customs, and we are no idolators.

In times of drought, women, having fasted, carried the statues of the gods. They walked barefoot, their hair dishevelled, and the rain at once came down in pailfuls, as Petronius says, *et statim urceatim pluebat*. Have we not consecrated this practice, illegal among the gentiles and undoubtedly legitimate with us? In how many villages are the reliquaries of the saints not carried barefoot to obtain the blessings of heaven through their intercession? If a Turk or an educated Chinese were to witness these ceremonies, he could, not knowing better, at first accuse us of putting our trust in the images we thus parade in procession: but a word would undeceive him.

One is surprised by the prodigious number of declamations poured out at all periods against the idolatry of the Romans and the Greeks; and then one is

even more surprised when it is realized that they were not idolators.

Some temples were more privileged than others. The great Diana of Ephesus had a higher reputation than a village Diana. More miracles were performed in the temple of Aesculapius at Epidaurus than in some other of his temples. The statue of the Olympian Jupiter attracted more offerings than that of the Paphlagonian Jupiter. But, since here we must always contrast the custom of a true religion with those of a false religion, have we not had for several centuries more devotion at certain altars than at others? Do we not take more offerings to Notre Dame of Loretto than to Notre Dame of the snows? It is for us to determine whether this pretext should be seized on to accuse us of idolatry.

Only a single Diana, a single Apollo, a single Aesculapius had been conceived, not as many Apollos, Dianas and Aesculapiuses as they had temples and statues. It is thus proved, so far as a point of history can be, that the ancients did not believe that a statue was a divinity, that worship could be transferred to this statue, this idol. It follows that the ancients were not idolators.

A coarse and superstitious rabble which did not reason, which did not know how to doubt, to deny, to believe, which ran to the temples because it was idle and because there the humble were the equals of the great, which brought its offerings out of habit, which talked continually of miracles without having ever investigated one, and which hardly rose above the victims it brought, this rabble, I repeat, might well have been struck by religious dread at the sight of the great Diana and of Jupiter the thunderer, and have unknowingly worshipped the statue itself. This is what has

sometimes happened to our rough peasants in our temples; and they are then instructed that it is the intercession of the blessed, the immortals received into heaven, they must seek, and not that of wooden and stone images.

The Greeks and Romans increased the number of their gods by apotheoses. The Greeks deified conquerors like Bacchus, Hercules, Perseus. Rome erected altars to its emperors. Our apotheoses are of a different kind: we have saints instead of their demi-gods, their secondary gods, but we respect neither rank nor conquests. We have raised temples to men who were simply virtuous, who for the most part would be unknown on earth were they not placed in heaven. The apotheoses of the ancients were procured by flattery, ours by respect for virtue.

In his philosophical works Cicero offers not the slightest suspicion that the statues of the gods could be misunderstood and confounded with the gods themselves. His interlocutors fulminated against the established religion, but not one of them took it into his head to accuse the Romans of regarding marble and brass as divinities. Lucretius does not reproach anyone with this foolishness, he also reproaches the superstitious with everything. Therefore, once again, this opinion did not exist, there was no notion of it, there were no idolators.

Horace makes a statue of Priapus say: 'I was once the trunk of a fig tree. A carpenter, doubtful whether to make me into a god or a bench, finally decided to make me a god, etc.' What should we conclude from this pleasantry? Priapus was one of those little subordinate divinities, given up to the mockers; and this pleasantry is itself the strongest evidence that the image of Priapus, which was erected in the kitchen garden to frighten the birds, was

not highly revered.

Adopting the attitude of a commentator, Dacier did not fail to point out that Baruch had predicted this incident when he said: 'They will be only what the workman wishes'; but he might also have remarked that as much can be said of all statues. Is it to be supposed that Baruch had a vision about the satires of Horace?

A wash-basin can be just as easily drawn from a block of marble as an image of Alexander or of Jupiter or of something else more respectable. The material from which the cherubim of the holy of holies were formed could have served equally well for the basest functions. Is a throne or an altar less revered because the workman could have made it into a kitchen table?

Instead of concluding that the Romans worshipped the statue of Priapus, and that Baruch had predicted it, Dacier should therefore have concluded that the Romans made fun of it. Consult all the authors who refer to the statues of their gods. You will not find one who talks of idolatry. They say expressly the contrary. In Martial you find:

> *Qui finxit sacros auto vel marmore vultus,*
>
> *Non facit ille deos;...*
>
> [He does not make gods who forms sacred images in gold or marble.]

In Ovid:

Colitur pro Jove forma Jovis.

[In the image of Jupiter, Jupiter is worshipped.]

In Statius:

Nulla autem effigies, nulli commissa metallo

Forma dei; mentes habitare ac numina gaudet.

[God's form is not fixed by statues or metal, he chooses to live in our minds and hearts.]

In Lucan:

Estne dei sedes, nisi terra et pontus et aer?

[What is god's home if not earth and sea and air?]

One could make a volume of all the passages which testify that images were merely images.

Only those cases in which statues issued oracles might have given rise to

the idea that these statues had something divine in them. But the prevailing opinion certainly was that the gods had chosen certain altars, certain simulacra, in which to dwell occasionally in order to give audience to humans, and to answer them.

In Homer and the choruses of the Greek tragedies we find only prayers to Apollo, who delivers his oracles on the mountains, in this temple, in that city. In all antiquity there is not the slightest trace of a prayer addressed to a statue.

Those who practised magic, who believed it to be a science or pretended to believe it, claimed to know how to make the gods descend into their statues - not the great gods, but the secondary ones, the genii. This is what Mercury Trismegistus called *making gods*, and what saint Augustine refuted in his *City of God*. But this in itself shows clearly that the simulacra had nothing divine in them, since it was necessary for a magician to animate them. And it seems to me that a magician very seldom had the skill to give a statue a soul, to make it speak.

In a word, the images of the gods were not gods. Jupiter, and not his image, hurled the thunder; it was not the statue of Neptune that raised the seas; nor that of Apollo which gave us light. The Greeks and the Romans were gentiles, polytheists, but not idolators.

Whether the Persians, the Sabaeans, the Egyptians, the Tartars, the Turks were Idolators, and How Ancient is the Origin of the Simulacra

Called Idols.
History of Their Worship

It is a great mistake to describe as idolators peoples who worshipped the sun and the stars. For a long time these nations had neither simulacra nor temples. If they were in error it was in devoting to the stars what they should have devoted to the creator of the stars. In any case, the dogma of Zoroaster or Zerdust, collected in the *Sadder*, proclaims a supreme being, who avenged and rewarded, Which is very far from idolatry. The government of China has never had any idol; it has always preserved the simple worship of the master of heaven, King-tien. Among the Tartars Genghis Khan was not an idolator and had no simulacra. The Moslems who filled Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, India and Africa, called the Christians idolators, *giaours*, because they believed that the Christians worshipped images. They smashed several statues they found in Constantinople in Santa Sophia, in the church of the holy apostles, and in others which they converted into mosques. Appearances misled them as they always mislead mankind, and led them to believe that temples dedicated to saints who had once been men, images of these saints revered on bended knee, miracles performed in these temples, were invincible proof of the most complete idolatry. Nothing of the kind. Christians in fact worship only one god, and revere in the blessed only the quality of god itself operating in his saints. Iconoclasts and Protestants have levelled the same reproach of idolatry against the church, and have been given the same answer.

As men have very seldom had precise ideas, and have even more rarely expressed their ideas in precise and unequivocal words, we applied the name

of idolators to the gentiles, and above all to polytheists. Huge volumes have been written, varied notions have been retailed about the origin of this worship of god or of several gods in visible form. This multitude of books and opinions proves only ignorance.

We do not know who invented clothes and footwear, and we want to know who first invented idols. What does a passage in Sanchuniathon matter? He lived before the Trojan war. What does he tell us when he says that chaos, spirit, that is breath, in love with its principles, derived the primal clay from it and made the air luminous, that the wind Colp and his wife Bau begot Eon, that Eon begot Genos, that Chronos, their descendant, had two eyes at the back of his head as well as in front, that he became god, and gave Egypt to his son Thaut? Such is one of the most respectable monuments of antiquity.

Orpheus, earlier than Sanchuniathon, teaches us no more in his *Theogony*, preserved for us by Damascius. He presents the principle of the world in the shape of a dragon with two heads, one a bull's, the other a lion's, with a face in the middle which he calls *god-face*, and gilded wings at the shoulders.

But two great truths can be drawn from these bizarre ideas: one, that visible images and hieroglyphs date from the greatest antiquity; the other, that all the ancient philosophers recognized a first principle.

As for polytheism, good sense will tell you that ever since there have been men, that is, weak animals, capable of reason and folly, subject to every accident, to illness and to death, these men have felt their weakness and their

dependence. They have readily recognized that there is something more powerful than they. They have felt a power in the earth that supplies their nourishment, one in the air that often destroys them, one in the fire that consumes and in the water that submerges. What more natural than for ignorant men to imagine beings who preside over these elements? What more natural than to revere the invisible power that makes the sun and the stars shine in our eyes? And, as soon as man sought to form an idea of these powers superior to him, what even more natural than to represent them in a visible manner? Could they ever have done otherwise? The Jewish religion, which preceded ours, and which was given by god himself, was filled with these images by which god is represented. He deigned to speak human language in a bush; he appeared on a mountain; the celestial spirits he sent all came in human shape; finally, the sanctuary is filled with cherubim, which are human bodies with the wings and the heads of animals. This is what led Plutarch, Tacitus, Appian and so many more wrongly to reproach the Jews for worshipping the head of an ass. Although he forbade the painting or carving of any image, god thus deigned to adapt himself to human weakness, which required images to speak to the senses.

Isaiah, in chapter vi, sees the lord seated on a throne, the train of his robe filling the temple. The lord extended his hand and touched Jeremiah's mouth in this prophet's first chapter. Ezekiel, in chapter iii, saw a sapphire throne, and god appeared to him as a man seated on this throne. These images did not corrupt the purity of the Jewish religion, which never used pictures, statues, idols to represent god to the eyes of the people.

The educated Chinese, the Parsees, the ancient Egyptians had no idols,

but images of Isis and Osiris soon appeared, soon Bel became a great colossus in Babylon. Brahma was a bizarre monster in the Indian archipelago. Above all the Greeks multiplied the names of the gods, the statues and the temples, but always attributing the supreme power to their Zeus, called Jupiter by the Latins, master of the gods and of men. The Romans imitated the Greeks. These peoples always placed all the gods in the sky, without knowing what they meant by sky.

The Romans had their twelve great gods, six male and six female, whom they named *dii maiorum gentium*: Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Vulcan, Mars, Mercury, Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Venus, Diana. Pluto was then forgotten. Vesta took his place.

Then came the gods *minorum gentium:* the local deities, the heroes, like Bacchus, Hercules, Aesculapius; the infernal gods, Pluto, Proserpine; those of the sea, like Thetis, Amphitrite, the Nereids, Glaucus; then the Dryads, the Naiads; the gods of the garden, those of the shepherds. There was a god for every profession, for every activity, for children, for nubile girls, for married women, for women in childbed. They had the god Fart. Finally they deified the emperors. But in fact neither these emperors, nor the god Fart, nor the goddess Pertunda, nor Priapus, nor Rumilia the goddess of tits, nor Stercutius the god of the privy, were regarded as the masters of heaven and earth. The emperors sometimes had temples, the minor household gods had none; but all had their images, their idols. These were little figurines with which a man decorated his study. They were the amusements of old women and children, not authorized by any public worship. The superstition of every private person was indulged. These little idols are still found in the ruins of ancient

cities.

Though nobody knows when men started to make idols, we know that they are of the highest antiquity. Terah, Abraham's father, made them at Ur in Chaldea. Rachel stole and carried off the idols of her father-in-law Laban. It is impossible to go further back than that.

But what precise notion did the ancient nations have of all these simulacra? What virtue, what power, was attributed to them? Was it believed that the gods descended from heaven to hide themselves in these statues, or that they communicated to them a part of the divine spirit, or that they communicated nothing at all to them? This too has been the subject of much useless writing. It is obvious that each man judged it according to the degree of his reason or his credulity or his fanaticism. It is evident that the priests attached as much divinity as they could to their statues in order to attract more offerings to themselves. We know that the philosophers condemned these superstitions, that the warriors made fun of them, that the magistrates tolerated them, and the people, always absurd, did not know what it was doing. This, in a few words, is the history of all the nations to whom god has not made himself known.

One can gather the same notion about the worship all Egypt gave to an ox, and that several cities gave to a dog, to a monkey, to a cat, to onions. It would seem that these were at first emblems. Then a certain ox Apis, a certain dog called Anubis, were worshipped. They still ate beef, and onions, but it is hard to know what the old women of Egypt thought of sacred onions and oxen.

The idols spoke quite often. The elegant words spoken by the statue of Cybele when it was removed from the palace of king Attalus were commemorated in Rome on the feast day of that goddess.

Ipsa peti volui; ne sit mora, mitte volentem:

Dignus Roma locus quo deus omnis eat.

I wanted to be carried off, take me quickly away;

Rome is worthy to be the home of every god.

The statue of Fortune had spoken. It is true that the Scipios, the Ciceros, the Caesars did not believe this, but the old woman to whom Encolpius gave a crown to buy geese and gods may well have believed it.

The idols also uttered oracles, and the priests, hidden in the hollow statues, spoke in the name of the divinity.

In the midst of so many gods and so many different theogonies and individual cults, why is it that there was never any war of religion among the peoples called idolators? This peace was a good born of an evil, of error itself. For each nation, recognizing several inferior gods, thought it right that neighbouring peoples should also have theirs. Except Cambyses, who is reproached for having killed the ox Apis, we do not find in profane history any conqueror who maltreated the gods of a vanquished people. The gentiles

had not a single exclusive religion, and the priests thought only of multiplying the offerings and the sacrifices.

The first offerings were fruits. Soon after, animals were needed for the priests' table; they slaughtered them themselves; they became butchers, and cruel; finally they introduced the horrible practice of sacrificing human victims, and above all children and virgins. Neither the Chinese nor the Parsees nor the Indians were ever guilty of these abominations, but according to Porphyry men were immolated at Hieropolis, in Egypt.

In Tauris foreigners were sacrificed. Fortunately the priests of Tauris could not have much practice. The first Greeks, the Cypriots, the Phoenicians, the Tyrians, the Carthaginians had this abominable superstition. The Romans themselves fell into this religious crime, and Plutarch reports that they immolated two Greeks, and two Gauls to expiate the love affairs of three vestals. Procopius, contemporary of the king of the Franks Theodobert, tells us that the Franks immolated men when they entered Italy with this prince. The Gauls, the Germans commonly made these frightful sacrifices. It is hardly possible to read history without conceiving a horror of mankind.

It is true that, among the Jews, Jephtah sacrificed his daughter, and Saul was prepared to immolate his son. It is true that those who were dedicated to the lord by anathema could not be bought back as animals were bought back, and had to perish. Samuel, a Jewish priest, chopped into pieces with a sacred hatchet king Agag, a prisoner of war whom Saul had pardoned, and Saul was condemned for observing the law of nations with this king. But god, master of men, can take their lives when he pleases, how he pleases, and by the hand of whom he pleases; and it is not for men to put themselves in the place of the

master of life and death, and to usurp the rights of the supreme being.

To console mankind for this horrible spectacle, these pious sacrileges, it is important to know that among nearly all the nations called idolators there was sacred theology and popular error, the secret cult and public ceremonies, the religion of the wise and that of the vulgar. Only one god was taught in the mysteries to the initiates. One has only to glance at the hymn, attributed to the ancient Orpheus, which was sung in the mysteries of Ceres Eleusinus, so famous in Europe and Asia: 'Contemplate divine nature, illuminate your spirit, govern your heart, walk in the path of justice. May the god of heaven and earth be always present to your eyes. He is unique, he exists in himself alone. All beings derive their existence from him. He sustains them all. He has never been seen by mortals, and he sees all things.'

Read also this passage from the philosopher Maximus of Madaurus in his *Letter to Saint Augustine*: 'What man is gross and stupid enough to doubt that there is a supreme, eternal, infinite god who has begotten nothing like himself, and who is the common father of all things.'

A thousand passages testify that wise men abhorred not only idolatry, but also polytheism.

Epictetus, this model of resignation and patience, this man who was so great in so low a condition, never speaks of anything but a single god. Here is one of his maxims: 'God has created me, god is within me, I bear him everywhere. Could I soil him by obscene thoughts, unjust actions, infamous desires? My duty is to thank god for all, to praise him for all, and to cease from blessing him only when I cease to live.' All the ideas of Epictetus turn

on this principle. Is he an idolator?

Marcus Aurelius, perhaps as great on the throne of the Roman empire as Epictetus in slavery, often speaks, it is true, of the gods, whether to conform to accepted language, or to refer to beings intermediate between the supreme being and men. But in how many places does he not show that he recognizes only one eternal, infinite god! 'Our soul,' he says, 'is an emanation of the divinity. My children, my body, my wits come to me from god.'

The Stoics, the Platonists acknowledged a divine and universal nature. The Epicureans denied it. The pontiff spoke of only one god in the mysteries. Where then were the idolators? All our phrase-mongers proclaim idolatry as little dogs yap when they hear a big dog bark.

For the rest, it is one of the great mistakes of Moréri's dictionary to say that at the time of Theodosius idolators were left only in the distant countries of Asia and Africa. Even in the seventh century there were still many gentile peoples in Italy. North Germany, beyond the Weser, was not Christian in Charlemagne's time. Poland and all the north remained long after him in what is called idolatry. Half of Africa, all the kingdoms beyond the Ganges, Japan, the common people of China, a hundred hordes of Tartars preserved their ancient cult. In Europe only a few Laplanders, Samoyedes, Tartars have persevered in the religion of their ancestors.

I conclude by noting that in the times we name the middle ages, we called the country of the Mohammedans heathendom. We qualified as idolators, imageworshippers, a people who have a horror of images. We must admit once more that the Turks would be more pardonable to take us for

idolators when they see our altars loaded with images and statues.

Joseph

The story of Joseph, considered merely as a curiosity and as literature, is one of the most precious monuments of antiquity to have come down to us. It appears to be the model for all oriental writers. It is more affecting than Homer's *Odyssey*, for a hero who pardons is more touching than one who avenges himself.

We regard the Arabs as the first authors of those ingenious fictions that have passed into all languages; but I see in them no adventure comparable to Joseph's. Nearly everything in it is marvellous, and the end brings a lump to the throat. Here we have a young man of sixteen whose brothers are jealous. They sell him to a caravan of Ishmaelite merchants, he is taken to Egypt, and bought by one of the king's eunuchs. This eunuch had a wife, which is not at all surprising. The Kislar-aga, a complete eunuch, who has had everything cut off, has a harem today in Constantinople. He was left his eyes and his hands, and nature has not lost its rights in his heart. The other eunuchs, who have had cut off only the two accompaniments of the organ of generation, still use that organ frequently, and Potiphar, to whom Joseph was sold, may very well have been one of those eunuchs.

The wife of Potiphar fell in love with the young Joseph, who, faithful to

his master and benefactor, rejected the woman's attentions. This irritated her, and she accused Joseph of trying to seduce her. It is the story of Hippolytus and Phaedra, Bellerophon and Stheneboea, Hebrus and Damasippa, Tanis and Peribea, Myrtil and Hippodamia, Peleus and Demenette.

It is difficult to know which of all these stories is the original. But in the ancient Arabic authors the adventure of Joseph and Potiplsar's wife contains a very ingenious touch. The author imagines that Potiphar, undecided between his wife and Joseph, did not consider Joseph's tunic, which his wife had torn, to be proof of the young man's attack. There was a child in a cradle in the woman's room. Joseph said that she had torn and removed his tunic in the child's presence. Potiphar consulted the child, whose intelligence was very developed for its age. The child said to Potiphar: 'See whether the tunic is torn in front or behind: if in front this is evidence that Joseph tried to violate your wife, who defended herself; if behind it is evidence that your wife was running after him.' Thanks to this child's genius, Potiphar recognized the innocence of his slave. This is how the adventure is recounted in the *Koran* after the ancient Arabic author. He is not concerned to tell us to whom belonged the child who judged with so much intelligence. If it was the son of Potiphar's wife, Joseph was not the first she had pursued.

Be that as it may, according to *Genesis* Joseph was imprisoned, and found himself in company with the Egyptian king's cup-bearer and baker. These two prisoners of state dreamed during the night. Joseph explained their dreams, predicting that in three days the cup-bearer would be restored to favour, and the baker hung: which is what came to pass.

Two years later the king of Egypt also dreamed. His cup-bearer told him

that there was a young Jew in prison who understood dreams better than anyone else in the world. The king sent for the young man, who predicted seven years of plenty and seven years of want.

Let us here briefly interrupt the thread of the story to consider how prodigiously ancient is the interpretation of dreams. Jacob had seen in a dream the mysterious ladder that led to god himself. He learned in a dream a way to multiply his flocks, a way that succeeded only for him. Joseph himself had learned in a dream that he would one day dominate his brothers. Long before, Abimelech had been warned in a dream that Sarah was the wife of Abraham.

Let us return to Joseph. As soon as he had explained Pharaoh's dream, he became prime minister on the spot. We may doubt whether a king could be found nowadays, even in Asia, who would bestow such an office for the explanation of a dream. Pharaoh made Joseph marry one of Potiphar's daughters. It is said that this Potiphar was the high priest of Heliopolis. So this was not his first master the eunuch, or if it was he, he was certainly entitled to be called something else in addition to high priest, and his wife had been a mother more than once.

In the meanwhile famine came as Joseph had predicted, and Joseph, to deserve the marked favour of his king, obliged everybody to sell their land to Pharaoh, and the entire nation enslaved itself to get grain. This was apparently the origin of despotic power. It must be admitted that never had a king made a better bargain, but the people can hardly have blessed the prime minister.

Finally Joseph's father and brothers also needed grain, for 'the famine was sore in all the earth'. It is hardly necessary to relate here how Joseph received his brothers, how he forgave and enriched them. All that constitutes an interesting epic poem is found in this story: exposition, crux, recognition, vicissitudes and marvels. Nothing bears more clearly the hallmark of oriental genius.

What old Jacob, father of Joseph, replied to Pharaoh, must strongly impress anyone who can read. 'How many are the days of the years of thy life?' asked the king. 'The days of the years of my pilgrimage are 130 years, and I have not yet had one happy day in this short pilgrimage.'

Judea

I have not been to Judea, thank God, and will never go. I have met people of all nationalities who have come back from it. They have all told me that the site of Jerusalem is horrible, that all the surrounding country is stony, that the mountains are naked, that the famous river Jordan is only forty-five feet wide, that the only good province in this country is Jericho. In short, they all repeat saint Jerome, who lived for so long in Bethlehem, and who depicts this land as the scrap-heap of nature. He says that in the summer there is not even water to drink. Nevertheless this country must have appeared to the Jews a delightful spot in comparison with the deserts they had come from. Wretches who had left the Landes to live on the mountains of the Lampourdan[around Bayonne] would praise their new home, and if they hoped to penetrate into the good parts of the Languedoc these would strike them as the promised land.

This is precisely the history of the Jews. Jericho and Jerusalem are Toulouse and Montpellier, and the Sinai desert is the country between Bordeaux and Bayonne. But if the god who conducted the Jews wanted to give them good land, and if these unfortunates had in fact lived in Egypt, why did he not leave them there? The only answers given to this question are theological phrases. Judea, it is said, was the promised land. God said to

Abraham: 'I will give you all this land from the river of Egypt unto the Euphrates.'

Alas! my friends, you have never seen these fertile banks of the Euphrates and the Nile. They fooled you. The masters of the Nile and the Euphrates were, each in his turn, your masters. You have nearly always been slaves. To promise and to perform are two things, my poor Jews. You had an old rabbi who, reading the wise prophecies that foretell for you a land of milk and honey, exclaimed that you had been promised more butter than bread. Do you realize that if the Grand Turk offered me today the lordship of Jerusalem I would spurn it?

On seeing this detestable country Frederick II said publicly that Moses was very ill-advised to lead his company of lepers to it: 'Why didn't he go to Naples?' said Frederick. Good-bye my dear Jews; I am sorry that the promised land should be waste land.

Luxury

For 2,000 years people have declaimed in verse and prose against luxury, and have always loved it.

What has not been said about the earliest Romans, these brigands who ravaged and pillaged the harvests of their neighbours, who destroyed the poor villages of the Volscians and the Samnites in order to aggrandize their own poor village? They were disinterested and virtuous men! They had not yet been able to steal either gold or silver or precious stones, because there was none in the places they sacked. Neither their woods nor their marshes produced partridges or pheasants, and their temperance is praised!

When little by little they had pillaged everything, stolen everything from the far end of the Adriatic to the Euphrates, and had had enough sense to enjoy the fruit of their rapines for seven or eight hundred years, when they cultivated all the arts, tasted every pleasure, and made even the vanquished taste them, then, it is said, they ceased to be wise and upright.

All these declamations come down to proving that a thief must never eat the dinner he has stolen nor wear the clothes he has purloined nor adorn himself with the ring he has taken. All this, it is said, should have been thrown into the river if the thieves wanted to live as honest men. Say rather

that one should not steal. Condemn the brigands when they pillage, but do not call them lunatics when they enjoy what they have taken. Honestly, when a large number of English sailors enriched themselves on taking Pondicherry and Havana, were they wrong to enjoy themselves later in London in return for the pains they had taken at the extremities of Asia and Africa?

Do the windbags want the wealth amassed by the fortunes of war, agriculture, trade and industry to be buried? They instance Lacedaemon. Why do they not cite also the republic of San Marino? Of what benefit was Sparta to Greece? Did she ever have a Demosthenes, Sophocles, Apelles or Phidias? The luxury of Athens produced great men of every kind. Sparta had a few captains, and even those in smaller numbers than the other cities. But so be it! Let a little republic like Lacedaemon preserve its poverty. We attain death just as surely lacking everything as enjoying whatever makes life agreeable. The Canadian savage survives and reaches old age just like the English citizen who has an income of 50,000 guineas. But who will ever compare the country of the Iroquois with England?

Let the republic of Ragusa and the canton of Zug make sumptuary laws. They are right, it is necessary for the poor man not to spend beyond his means, but I have read somewhere:

Sachez surtout que le luxe enrichit

Un grand état, s'il en perd un petit.

[Know above all that luxury enriches a great state,

though it ruins a small one.]

If by luxury you mean excess, everybody knows that excess of every kind is pernicious, in abstinence as in gluttony, in economy as in liberality. I do not know how it has come about that in my villages, in which the land is barren, the taxes heavy, the prohibition against exporting the wheat we have sowed intolerable, there is nevertheless hardly a husbandman without clothes made of good cloth and who is not well shod and well fed. If this farmer cultivates the land in his fine clothes, white linen, curled and powdered hair, that would certainly be the greatest luxury, and the most impertinent. But if a bourgeois of Paris or London appeared in the theatre dressed like this peasant, that would be the crudest and most ridiculous niggardliness.

> *Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines, Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum*.
>
> [There is a measure in all things, fixed limits which virtue must neither overstep nor fail to attain.]

Scissors are certainly not of the greatest antiquity. When they were invented what was not said against the first who pared their nails and cut part of the hair that fell over their noses? They were no doubt called dandies and prodigals, who bought at a high price a tool of vanity to spoil the work of the creator. What an enormous sin to shorten the horn that god causes to grow at the ends of our fingers! It was an insult to divinity. It was much worse when shirts and socks were invented. We know how furiously the old councillors,

who had never worn them, cried out against the young magistrates who yielded to this fatal luxury.

Martyr

We can only guffaw at all the humbug we are told about martyrs. Such men as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, these models of virtue, are depicted as monsters of cruelty. Fleury, *abbé* of the Loc-Dieu, dishonoured his ecclesiastical history with stories a sensible woman would not tell to little children.

Can it be seriously repeated that the Romans condemned each of seven virgins of seventy to pass through the hands of all the young men of the city of Ancyra, the same Romans who punished vestals with death for the slightest love-affair? It was apparently to give pleasure to inn-keepers that the story was invented of a Christian inn-keeper called Theodotus, who prayed to god to kill these seven virgins rather than to expose them to the loss of the oldest virginities. God gave ear to the prudish inn-keeper, and the proconsul had the seven misses drowned in a lake. As soon as they were drowned they went to Theodotus to complain of the trick he had played on them, and begged him earnestly to prevent the fishes from eating them. Theodoms took with him three topers from his tavern, marched to the lake with them, preceded by a celestial torch and a celestial horseman, fished up the seven old ladies, buffed them, and finished by being hanged.

Diocletian met a little boy called saint Roman, who stuttered. He wanted to have him burnt because he was a Christian. Three Jews who happened to be there started to laugh because Jesus Christ allowed a little boy who belonged to him to be burnt. They exclaimed that their religion was superior to the Christian since god delivered Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego from the fiery furnace. The flames which enveloped the young Roman without hurting him at once divided and burned the three Jews. The emperor, very astonished, said that he wanted to have no quarrel with god, but a village judge, less scrupulous, condemned the little stutterer to have his tongue cut out. The emperor's chief physician had the decency to perform the operation himself. As soon as he had cut out the little Roman's tongue, the child started to chatter with a volubility that transported the whole assembly with admiration.

A hundred stories of this kind are to be found in the martyrologies. Thinking to make the ancient Romans odious they made themselves ridiculous. Do you want good, well-attested barbarities; good, well-authenticated massacres; rivers of blood that really ran; fathers, mothers, husbands, women, children at the breast really butchered and piled up on each other? Persecuting monsters, seek these truths only in your annals: you will find them in the crusades against the Albigensians, in the massacres of Mérindol and Cabrières, in the appalling day of saint Bartholomew, in the Irish massacres, in the valleys of the Waldenses. It well becomes you, barbarians that you are, to impute extravagant cruelties to the best of emperors, you who have inundated Europe with blood, and covered it with dying bodies, to prove that it is possible to be in a thousand places at once, and that the pope can sell indulgences! Stop slandering the Romans, who

gave you your laws, and ask god's forgiveness for the abominations of your fathers.

It is not the suffering, you say, that makes the martyr; it is the cause. Well, I grant that your victims should not be given the name of martyr, which means witness. But what name shall we give your executioners? Phalaris and Busiris were the gentlest of men compared with you. Does not your inquisition, which still survives, make reason, nature, religion shudder? Good god! if this infernal tribunal were reduced to ashes, would your vengeful gaze be displeased?

Miracles

A miracle, in the full meaning of the word, is an admirable thing. In this sense everything is miraculous. The prodigious order of nature, the rotation of 100 million globes around a million suns, the activity of light, the life of animals are perpetual miracles.

By conventional usage we call miracle the violation of these divine and eternal laws. If there is an eclipse of the sun at full moon, if a dead man walks two leagues carrying his head in his arms, we call that a miracle.

Several natural philosophers maintain that in this sense there are no miracles; and here are their arguments.

A miracle is the violation of the divine, immutable, eternal laws of mathematics. By this very definition a miracle is a contradiction in terms. A law cannot be at once immutable and violated. But, they are asked, cannot god suspend a law established by himself? They have the hardihood to answer that it cannot, that it is impossible for a being infinitely wise to have made laws in order to violate them. He could disturb his machine, they say, only to make it function better. Now it is clear that this immense machine is as good as he; being god, he could make it: if he saw that there would be imperfection because of the nature of the material, he dealt with it from the

beginning; therefore he will never change anything in it.

Besides, god cannot do anything without a reason; and what reason could lead him to disfigure his own work for a time? They will be told that it is for the benefit of mankind. They reply that it must then be for the benefit of all men, for it is impossible to conceive that the divine nature would work for a few individual men, and not for the entire human species. In any case, the human species is not up to much: it is much less than a small ant-hill in comparison with all the beings that fill immensity. Now is it not the most absurd of follies to imagine that the infinite being would invert the eternal play of the immense engines which move the entire universe for the sake of three or four hundred ants on this little heap of mud?

But let us suppose that god wanted to distinguish a small number of men by particular favours: would he have to change what he established for ever and for everywhere? He certainly has not the least need for such a change, for such inconstancy, to favour his creatures: his favours are in his very laws. He has foreseen everything, arranged everything for them: all obey irrevocably the power he has impressed for ever on nature.

Why should god perform a miracle? To accomplish a given plan for a few living beings? He would then be saying: 'I have been unable to accomplish a certain plan by the manufacture of the universe, by my divine decrees, my eternal laws. I am going to change my eternal ideas, my immutable laws to try to perform what I could not accomplish with them.' It would be a confession of his weakness, and not of his power. It would seem to be the most inconceivable contradiction in him. Hence it is really to insult him (if men can insult god) to dare to attribute miracles to him, it is to say to

him: 'You are a weak and inconsistent being.' It is therefore absurd to believe in miracles, it is as it were to dishonour the divinity.

These philosophers are pressed, they are told: 'You exalt in vain the immutability of the supreme being, the eternity of his laws, the regularity of his infinite worlds. Our little mud heap has seen an abundance of miracles, history is as full of prodigies as of natural events. The daughters of the high priest Anius changed whatever they chose into wheat, wine or oil. Athalida, daughter of Mercury, resuscitated several times. Aesculapius resuscitated Hippolytus. Hercules dragged Alcestis back from death. Heres returned to the world after passing a fortnight in hell. The parents of Romulus and Remus were a god and a vestal virgin. The Palladium fell from heaven in the city of Troy. The hair of Berenice became a constellation. The hut of Baucis and Philemon was changed into a superb temple. The head of Orpheus rendered oracles after his death. The walls of Thebes were built by the sound of a flute alone, in the presence of the Greeks. The cures performed in the temple of Aesculapius were innummerable, and we still have monuments covered with the names of the eye-witnesses of the miracles of Aesculapius.'

Give me the name of one people among whom incredible prodigies were not performed, especially when few knew how to read and write.

Freethinkers answer these objections only by laughing and shrugging their shoulders. But Christian philosophers say: 'We believe in the miracles operated in our holy religion. We believe them by faith and not by reason, to which we take great care not to listen, for it is well known that the reason must not utter a single word when faith speaks. We have a firm and entire belief in the miracles of Jesus Christ and the apostles, but you must permit us

to doubt a little about some others. Permit us, for instance, to suspend our judgement about the story told by a simple man to whom the name of great has been given. He asserts that a little monk was so much accustomed to perform miracles that the prior finally forbade him to exercise his talent. The little monk obeyed; but, having seen a poor tiler falling from the top of a roof, he hesitated between the wish to save his life and holy obedience. He simply ordered the tiler to remain in the air until further notice, and ran to tell his prior how things stood. The prior gave him absolution of the sin he had committed in beginning a miracle without permission, and allowed him to finish it, provided that he stopped there and did not do it again. We agree with freethinkers that this story must be distrusted a little.'

But how do you dare to deny, they will be asked, that saint Gervase and saint Protasius appeared in a dream to saint Ambrose, and told him where their relics were to be found? that saint Ambrose unearthed them, and that they cured a blind man? Saint Augustine was then in Milan. It is he who reports this miracle. *Immenso populo teste*, says he in the *City of God*, Chapter XXII. This is one of the best attested miracles. Freethinkers say that they do not believe a word of it, that Gervase and Protasius appeared to nobody, that it matters very little to mankind whether the whereabouts of the remnants of their carcasses be known or not, that they have no more faith in this blind man than in Vespasian's, that it is a useless miracle, that god does nothing useless; and they hold firmly to their principles. My respect for saint Gervase and saint Protasius does not permit me to share the opinion of these freethinkers. I merely report their incredulity. They make much of the passages in Lucian, in his *Death of Peregrinus*: 'When a deft juggler becomes a Christian he is bound to make his way.' But as Lucian is a profane author he

should have no authority for us.

These freethinkers cannot bring themselves to believe the miracles operated in the second century. It is in vain that eye-witnesses write that saint Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, having been condemned to be burned and thrown into the flames, they heard a heavenly voice crying out: 'Courage, Polycarp! be strong, show yourself a man'; that the flames of the pyre then parted from the body and formed a tent of fire above his head, and a dove came out of the midst of the pyre. At last they had to cut off Polycarp's head. 'What was the good of this miracle?' ask the incredulous. 'Why did the flames lose their nature, and not the executioner's axe? Why is it that so many martyrs have emerged safe and sound from boiling oil, and could not resist the edge of the sword?' They answer that it is the will of god. But the freethinkers would have liked to see all this with their own eyes before believing it.

Those who fortify their arguments with knowledge will tell you that the fathers of the church themselves have often admitted that no more miracles were performed in their times. Saint Chrysostom says expressly: 'The extraordinary gifts of the spirit were given even to the unworthy because the church then needed miracles; but today they are no longer given even to the worthy, because the church no longer needs them.' Then he admits that there is no longer anyone who resuscitates the dead, or even who cures the sick.

Saint Augustine himself, despite the miracle of Gervase and Protasius, says in his *City of God*: 'Why are the miracles that used to be performed no longer performed today?' And he gives the same reason: '*Cur, inquiunt, nunc illa miracula quae praedicatis facta esse non fiunt? Possem quidem dicere*

necessaria prius fuisse quam crederet mundus, ad hoc ut crederet mundus'['Why', they ask, 'are the miracles that used to be done, as you boast, not now done? I could say that they were necessary before the world believed, so that the world should believe'].

It is objected to the freethinkers that saint Augustine, in spite of this admission, nevertheless mentions an old cobbler of Hippo who, having lost his clothes, went to pray in the chapel *of the twenty martyrs*. When he returned he found a fish in whose body was a gold ring, and the cook who prepared the fish said to the cobbler: 'This is what the twenty martyrs give you.'

To this the freethinkers answer that nothing in this story contradicts the laws of nature, that natural laws are not in the least offended by a fish who swallows a gold ring, and a cook who gives this ring to a cobbler, that this is no miracle.

If these freethinkers are reminded that according to saint Jerome, in his *Life of the Hermit Paul*, this hermit had several conversations with satyrs and fauns, that a raven brought him every day for thirty years half a loaf for his dinner, and a whole loaf on the day saint Anthony called on him, they could again reply that all this is not absolutely against nature, that satyrs and fauns may have existed, and that in any case since this story is puerile, it has nothing in common with the true miracles of the saviour and of his apostles. Several good Christians have objected to the story by Theodoret about saint Simon Stylites. Many miracles that pass for authentic in the Greek church have been called in question by several Latin ones, just as some Latin miracles have been doubted in the Greek church. Then came the Protestants,

who have much ill-treated the miracles of both churches.

A learned Jesuit who preached a long time in the Indies complains that neither his colleagues nor he could ever perform a miracle. Xavier laments in several of his letters that he does not have the gift of tongues. He says that he is nothing but a dumb statue among the Japanese. Nevertheless the Jesuits have written that he resuscitated eight dead people: that's a lot, and we must also take into account that he resuscitated them5,000 leagues from here. Since then some people have been known to say that the abolition of the Jesuits in France is a much greater miracle than those of Xavier and Ignatius.

Be that as it may, all Christians agree that the miracles of Jesus Christ and the apostles are incontestably veridical, but that we are entitled to doubt with all our strength some miracles done in recent times and which have not been positively authenticated.

For a miracle to be well established one would wish it to be performed in the presence of the Académie des Sciences of Paris, or the Royal Society of London, and the faculty of medicine, supported by a detachment of the regiment of guards to control the crowd of people whose indiscretion might prevent the operation of the miracle.

One day a freethinker was asked what he would say if he saw the sun stop, that is, if the movement of the earth round this body stopped, if all the dead resuscitated, and if the mountains in unison fell into the ocean, the whole to prove some important truth, such as versatile grace. 'What I would say?' answered the freethinker. 'I would turn Manichean; I would say that there is one principle which undoes what the other has done.'

Peter

In Italian, Piero or Pietro; in Spanish, Pedro; in Latin, Petrus; in Greek, Petros; in Hebrew, Cepha.

Why have the successors of Peter had so much power in the west and none in the east? This is like asking why the bishops of Wurzburg and Salzburg assumed regalian rights in times of anarchy, while the Greek bishops have always remained subjects. Time, opportunity, the ambition of some and the weakness of others have done and will do everything in this world.

The common opinion was added to this anarchy, and opinion is the queen of men: not that in reality they have clearly defined opinions, but words take their place.

It is reported in the gospel that Jesus said to Peter: 'I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.' The partisans of the bishop of Rome maintained about the eleventh century that he who gives the greater gives also the lesser, that the heavens envelop the earth, and that, Peter having the keys of the container, had also the keys of the content. If by the heavens be understood all the stars and all the planets, it is evident according to Thomasius, that the keys given to Simon Bar-Jona, called Peter, formed a

master-key. If by the heavens be understood the clouds, the atmosphere, the ether, the space in which revolve the planets, there are no locksmiths, according to Meursius, who can make a key for such doors as those.

In Palestine keys were wooden pegs tied with a strap. Jesus said to Bar-Jona: 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven.' The pope's theologians have concluded from this that the popes had received the right to bind people to the oath of fidelity made to their kings, and to unbind them from it, and to dispose as they please of all the kingdoms. It is a magnificent conclusion. In the estates general of France of 1302 the communes said in their petition to the king, that 'Boniface VIII is a b - who believed that god binds and imprisons in heaven what this Boniface binds on earth.' A famous Lutheran in Germany(I think it was Melanchthon) had great difficulty in swallowing that Jesus said to Simon Bar-Jona, Cepha or Cephas: 'Thou art Peter [*Pierre*], and upon this rock[*pierre*] I will build my assembly, my church.' He could not believe that god could have used such a play on words, so extraordinary a jest, and that the power of the pope should be based on a pun.

Peter was thought to have been bishop of Rome, but it is well known that at that time and for long after there was no individual see. Christian society only took shape at about the end of the second century.

It is possible that Peter made the journey to Rome; it is even possible that he was crucified head down, although that was not the practice; but there is no proof of all that. We have a letter under his name in which he says that he is in Babylon: judicious canonists have maintained that by Babylon we should understand Rome. Hence if he had dated the letter from Rome we

could have concluded that it had been written in Babylon. Such inferences have long been drawn, and so has the world been regulated.

There was a saintly man who had been made to pay dearly for a benefice in Rome. This is called simony. He was asked whether he believed that Simon Peter had been in Rome. He answered: 'I don't know about Peter, but Simon certainly has.'

As for Peter personally, it must be admitted that Paul was not the only one who was shocked by his behaviour. He and his successors have often and openly been resisted. Paul bitterly reproached him for eating forbidden flesh, that is, pork, black pudding, hare, eel, ixion and griffin. Peter defended himself by saying that he had seen the heavens open about the sixth hour, and a great cloth descend from the four comers of the sky, filled with eels, quadrupeds and birds, and that the voice of an angel had cried out: 'Kill and eat.' This is apparently the same voice, says Wollaston, that has cried to so many pontiffs: 'Kill everything, and eat the substance of the people.'

Casaubon could not approve the way in which Peter treated the good Ananias and his wife Sapphira. By what right, asks Casaubon, did a Jew, slave of the Romans, order or allow all those who believed in Jesus to sell their inheritance and put the proceeds at his feet? If some Anabaptist in London made his brethren lay all their money at his feet, would he not be arrested as a traitorous seducer, a robber who would infallibly be sent to Tyburn? Was it not horrible to put Ananias to death because, without saying anything, he held back a few crowns for his necessities and those of his wife when he sold his property and gave the money to Peter? His wife arrived when Ananias had only just died. Peter, instead of warning her mercifully

that he had just caused her husband to die of an apoplexy for keeping a few oboles, and telling her to take care of herself, made her fall into the trap. He asked whether her husband had given all his money to the saints. The good woman answered yes, and died on the spot. What harshness!

Coringius asks why Peter, who thus killed those who gave him alms, did not rather kill all the theologians who had caused the death of Jesus Christ, and had him scourged more than once. O Peter! you kill two Christians who gave you alms, and you allow to live those who crucified your god!

Coringius evidently was not living in any of the homes of the inquisition when he put these daring questions. Erasmus noticed a very peculiar thing in connection with Peter: it is that the head of the Christian religion began his apostolate by denying Jesus Christ, and that the first pontiff of the Jews had begun his ministry by making a golden calf, and worshipping it.

Be that as it may, Peter is depicted as a poor man who catechized the poor. He is like those founders of orders who lived in indigence, and whose successors have become great lords.

The pope, Peter's successor, now won, now lost; but apart from his immediate subjects, about 50 million men on earth remain to him, subject in various ways to his laws.

To acknowledge a master three or four hundred leagues away; to wait before you think until that man has seemed to think; dare to give a final verdict only through commissioners appointed by this foreigner in a law-suit between your own fellow citizens; not dare to take possession of the fields

and vineyards secured from one's own king without paying considerable sums to this foreign master; violate the laws of one's country, which prohibit a man from marrying his niece, yet does so legitimately by giving his foreign master a still greater sum; not dare to cultivate one's field on whatever day this foreigner requires one to celebrate the memory of an unknown whom he has sent to heaven by his private authority: this is part of what it means to acknowledge a pope, these are the liberties of the Gallican church.

Some other peoples carry their submission further. In our own day we have seen a sovereign ask the pope's permission to have some monks accused of parricide tried by his royal tribunal, failing to obtain this permission, and not daring to judge them.

It is well known that formerly the rights of the popes went further. They were far above the gods of antiquity, for these gods were merely said to dispose of empires, and the popes really did dispose of them.

Sturbinus says that those who doubt the pope's divinity and infallibility can be forgiven when it is considered:

that forty schisms have profaned the seat of saint Peter, and that twenty-seven have steeped it in blood;

that Stephen VII, son of a priest, disinterred the body of his predecessor Formosus, and had the corpse's head cut off;

that Sergius III, convicted of murders, had a son, by Marozia, who inherited the papacy;

that John X, the lover of Theodora, was strangled in his bed;

that John XI, son of Sergius III, was known only as a debauchee;

that John XII wag murdered in his mistress's house;

that Benedict IX bought and resold the pontificate;

that Gregory VII was the initiator of 500 years of civil war sustained by his successors;

that finally, among so many ambitious, bloody and debauched popes, there was an Alexander VI, whose name is spoken with the same horror as that of Nero and Caligula.

It is said that it is evidence of the divine nature of the papacy that it has survived so many crimes; but then the caliphs would have been even more divine had they behaved even more atrociously. This is the reasoning of Dermius, but the Jesuits have answered him.

The philosopher Julian, Roman emperor

Justice is sometimes done very late. Two or three authors, either mercenaries or fanatics, talk about the barbarian and effeminate Constantine as of a god, and call the just, the wise, the great Julian a scoundrel. All the others, who copied the first, repeat the flattery and the calumny. These almost become an article of faith. Finally the time for sound criticism arrives, and, after1,400 years, enlightened men review the cause that ignorance had judged. Constantine is seen as a man, successful in his ambitions, who laughed at god and at mankind. He had the insolence to pretend that god sent him a heavenly sign which ensured his victory. He soaked himself in the blood of all his family, and went to sleep in sloth; but he was a Christian, and was canonized.

Julian was sober, chaste, disinterested, brave, merciful; but he was not a Christian, and was for long regarded as a monster.

Today, having compared the facts, the documents, Julian's writings and those of his enemies, we are compelled to recognize that although he did not like Christianity it was pardonable for him to hate a sect sullied by the blood of all his family; that having been persecuted, imprisoned, exiled, threatened with death by the Galileans in the reign of the barbarous Constantine, he

never persecuted them, that on the contrary he pardoned ten Christian soldiers who had conspired against his life.

We read his letters, and we admire him. 'The Galileans,' he says, 'suffered exile and imprisonment under my predecessor. Those who called each other heretics turn and turn about, massacred each other. I have recalled those they exiled, and freed their prisoners. I have returned their property to the outlawed. I have compelled them to live in peace. But such is the restless rage of the Galileans that they complain because they can no longer devour one another.' What a letter! what a verdict pronounced by philosophy against persecuting fanaticism!

In short, everyone who has studied the facts impartially recognizes that Julian had all the qualities of Trajan, except the inclination for which the Greeks and the Romans have so long been forgiven; all the virtues of Cato, but not his obstinacy and his bad temper; all that we admire in Julius Caesar, and none of his vices; he was as chaste as Scipio. In a word, he was in all things the equal of Marcus Aurelius, the greatest of men.

Nowadays we no longer dare to repeat, after the calumniator Theodoret, that Julian immolated a woman in the temple of Carrhae to propitiate the gods. We no longer repeat that in dying he threw with his hand some drops of his blood towards heaven, saying to Jesus Christ: 'You have vanquished, Galilean!' as if he had fought against Jesus in warring against the Persians; as if this philosopher, who died with so much resignation, had acknowledged Jesus; as if he had believed that Jesus was in the air, and that the air was heaven! These inaptitudes of people who are called fathers of the church are no longer repeated nowadays.

They were finally reduced to ridiculing him, as did the frivolous citizens of Antioch. They reproached him his unkempt beard and the way he walked. But master La Bletterie, you have not seen him walk, and you have read his letters and his laws, monuments of his virtues. What does it matter whether his beard was dirty and his walk hurried, so long as his heart was magnanimous and all his steps tended towards virtue?

One important fact today remains to be examined. Julian is reproached with wanting to falsify Jesus Christ's prophecy by rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem. It is said that fires came out of the ground which prevented the work. It is said that this was a miracle, and that this miracle converted neither Julian, nor Alypius, manager of the enterprise, nor any member of the court. Whereupon the *abbé* de la Bletterie says this: 'He and the philosophers of his court no doubt had recourse to their knowledge of natural philosophy to deprive the divinity of so striking a prodigy. Nature has always been the refuge of the incredulous, but she serves religion so aptly that they ought at least to suspect her of collusion.'

First, it is not true that the gospels say that the Jewish temple would never be rebuilt. It is true that the gospel of *Matthew*, obviously written after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, prophesies that not one stone would be left upon another of this temple of the Idumaean Herod. But no evangelist says that it will never be rebuilt. It is quite false that not one stone remained upon another after Titus had it pulled down. He preserved all the foundations, an entire wall, and the Antonia tower.

Secondly, what does it matter to the divinity whether there is a Jewish temple or a powder magazine or a mosque on the spot where the Jews

slaughtered oxen and cows?

Thirdly, it is not known whether these alleged fires, which according to some burned the workmen, emanated from the walled enclosure of the city or from that of the temple. But it is difficult to understand why Jesus should have burned the emperor Julian's workmen when he did not burn those of the caliph Omar who, long after, built a mosque on the ruins of the temple, nor those of the great Saladin, who restored this same mosque. Did Jesus have so great a predilection for the mosques of the Moslems?

Fourthly, Jesus, having predicted that not one stone would remain on another in Jerusalem, did not forbid that it be rebuilt.

Fifthly, Jesus predicted several things the accomplishment of which has not been permitted by god. He predicted the end of the world and his advent in the clouds with great power and great majesty at the end of the generation then living. Nevertheless the world still lasts and apparently will last for some time.

Sixthly, if Julian had described this miracle I would have said that he had been deceived by a false and ridiculous report, I would believe that his enemies the Christians spared no effort to oppose his enterprise, that they killed the workmen and made people believe that those workmen had been killed by a miracle. But Julian does not say a word about it. He was busy then with the war against the Persians. He deferred for a time the building of the temple, and died before he could begin it.

Seventhly, this prodigy is reported by Ammianus Marcellinus, who was

a pagan. It is very possible that it was interpolated by the Christians: they have been authentically accused of so many others.

But it is no less likely that at a time when people talked of nothing but prodigies and stories of witchcraft, Ammianus Marcellinus should have reported this fable on the word of some credulous mind. Since Titus Livius down to Thou inclusively all histories are tainted by prodigies.

Eighthly, contemporary writers report that at this time there was a great earthquake in Syria, that fire broke out in several places, and that several towns were swallowed up. Thus no miracle remains.

Ninthly, if Jesus worked miracles, would it be to prevent the rebuilding of a temple in which he himself had offered up sacrifices and had been circumcised? Would he not work miracles to Christianize so many nations which jeer at Christianity, or rather to make his Christians gentler and more humane, they who, from Arius and Athanasius to Roland and Cavalier in the Cévennes, have poured out torrents of blood and behaved like cannibals?

From this I conclude that nature is not in *collusion with Christianity*, as La Bletterie says, but that La Bletterie is in collusion with old wives' tales, as Julian says: *Quibus cum stolidis aniculis negotium erat*.

After doing justice to some of Julian's virtues La Bletterie nevertheless ends the history of this great man by saying that his death was a consequence of 'divine vengeance'. If that was so, all heroes who died young were punished by god, from Alexander to Gustavus Adolphus. Julian died the finest of deaths, pursuing his enemies after several victories. Jovian, who

succeeded him, reigned a much shorter time than he, and reigned shamefully. I detect no divine vengeance, and I see no more in La Bletterie than a dishonest ranter. But where are the men who dare to speak the truth? The stoic Libanius was one of these rare men. He praised the brave and merciful Julian to Theodosius, the murderer of the Thessalonians, but master Le Beau and master La Bletterie are afraid to praise him to faithful parishioners.

Julian has been reproached because he gave up Christianity, as soon as he could do so without risking his life. This is to reproach a man, taken by thieves and enrolled in their gang with a knife to his throat, for escaping from these brigands. The emperor Constant, no less barbarous than his father Constantine, had soaked himself in the blood of Julian's entire family. He had just killed this great man's blood brother. The empress Eusabia had great difficulty in persuading Constant to allow the young Julian to live. In order not to be murdered this unfortunate prince had to accept a monk's tonsure to ensure and receive what are called the four minor orders. He imitated Junius Brutus, who pretended to be mad in order to outwit Tarquin's fury. He was senseless until the moment when, finding himself in Gaul at the head of an army, he became a man and a great man. This is what is called apostasy by the apostates of reason, if such a term can be applied to those who have never known it.

Montesquieu says: 'Woe to the reputation of any prince who is survived by an enemy faction.' Let us imagine that Julian had completed his victory over the Persians, and that, during a long and peaceful old age, he had seen his ancient religion restored, and Christianity annihilated with the sects of the Pharisees, Sadducees, Rechabites, Essenians, Therapeutes, with the worship

of the Syrian goddess, and so many more of which no trace remains - then what praises would all the historians have lavished on Julian! Instead of the epithet of apostate he would have been given that of restorer, and the title of divine would not have seemed exaggerated.

Look at the way all our unworthy compilers of Roman history are on their knees to Constantine and Theodosius, with what baseness they palliate their crimes! Nero certainly never did anything comparable to the massacre of the Thessalonians. The Cantabrian Theodosius pretended to pardon the Thessalonians, and six months later he invited them to games in the municipal circus. This circus had room for at least15,000 persons, and it is certain that it was full. The people's passion for spectacles is notorious. Fathers and mothers brought children who could hardly walk. As soon as the crowd had arrived, the Christian emperor sent Christian soldiers, who massacred old men, youngsters, women, girls, children, without sparing a single one. And this monster is exalted by all our compiling plagiarists because, they say, he did penance. Good god, what penance! He did not give an obol to the families of the dead. But he did not go to mass. It must be admitted that one suffers horribly when one does not go to mass, that god is infinitely grateful to you for it, that it redeems all crimes.

The infamous continuator of Laurent Echard calls the massacre ordered by Theodosius a vivacity.

The same wretches who scribble Roman history in a bombastic style full of solecisms, tell you that Theodosius, before engaging battle with his rival Eugene, saw saint John and saint Philip dressed in white, who promised him victory. Let such writers sing hymns to John and to Philip, but let them not

write history.

Reader, examine your conscience. You admire, you love Henry IV. But if he had fallen at the battle of Arques, where his enemies were ten to one against him, and where he was victorious only because he was a hero in the fullest sense of the word, you would not know him: he would only be the Bearnese, a guerilla, a relapsed heretic, an apostate. The duc de Mayenne would be a man sent by god, the pope would have canonized saint Philip, riddled though he was by the pox, and saint John would have appeared to him more than once. And you, Daniel the Jesuit, how you would have flattered Mayenne in your poor and arid history! how he would have 'pushed after him', how he would always have 'beaten' the Beamese 'hollow'! how the church would have 'triumphed'!

Careat successibus opto

Ouisquis ab eventu facta notanda putaat.

[I beg that he come to naught who thinks that the deed should be judged by its result.]

Prejudices

A prejudice is an irrational opinion. Thus throughout the world all sorts of opinions are instilled into children before they are able to use judgement.

There are universal and necessary prejudices, which constitute virtue itself. In all countries children are taught to acknowledge a god who rewards and avenges; to respect and love their fathers and mothers; to regard theft as a crime, selfish lying as a vice, before they can imagine what is a vice and a virtue.

There are therefore very good prejudices: they are those ratified by the judgement when one is able to reason.

Feeling is not mere prejudice, it is something much stronger. A mother does not love her son because she has been told that she must love him: she happily cherishes him despite herself. It is not out of prejudice that you run to help an unknown child about to fall into a precipice or to be devoured by an animal.

But it is out of prejudice that you respect a man dressed in a certain way, who behaves solemnly and talks in the same way. Your parents told you that you should bow to this man. You respect him before you know whether he

deserves your respect. You grow in age and knowledge. You perceive that this man is a charlatan eaten up with pride, selfishness and guile. You despise what you revered, and prejudice yields to judgement. Out of prejudice you believed the fables with which your childhood was deluded. You were told that the Titans made war on the gods and that Venus was in love with Adonis. When one is twelve one takes these fables for truths, at twenty-one regards them as ingenious allegories.

Let us examine in a few words the different kinds of prejudices, so as to put our affairs into order. We shall perhaps be like those who, at the time of Law's system, realized that they had been counting on imaginary wealth.

Prejudices of the Senses

Is it not an odd thing that our eyes always deceive us, even when we see very well, but that on the contrary our ears do not deceive us? If your ear is in good order and hears: 'You're beautiful, I love you', it is quite certain that you were not told: 'I hate you, you're ugly.' But you see a smooth mirror, and it has been proved that you are mistaken, that in fact it has a very uneven face. The sun has a diameter of about two feet to your eyes. It has been proved to be a million times bigger than the earth.

It seems that god has put the truth into your ears and error into your eyes; but study optics and you will see that god has not deceived you, and that in the present state of things it is impossible for objects to appear to you otherwise than they do.

Physical Prejudices

The sun rises, so does the moon, the earth is immobile: these are natural prejudices concerning the physical world. But that crayfish are good for the blood because they too are red when boiled; that eels cure paralysis because they quiver; that the moon influences illnesses because it was once observed that a patient's fever increased during the waning of the moon: these notions, and a thousand more, were the errors of ancient charlatans, who concluded without reasoning, and who, being deceived, deceived others.

Historical Prejudices

Most histories have been believed without investigation, and this credulity is a prejudice. Fabius Pictor tells us that several centuries before his time a vestal going to draw water in her pitcher, in the town of Elba, was raped, that she gave birth to Romulus and Remus, that they were suckled by a she-wolf, etc. The Roman people believed this fable. They did not inquire whether there had been vestals in Latium at that time, whether it was credible that the daughter of a king should leave her convent with her pitcher, whether it was probable that a she-wolf should suckle two children instead of eating them. The prejudice established itself.

A monk wrote that Clovis, being in great danger at the battle of Tolbiac, vowed to become a Christian if he got through it safely. But is it natural to address oneself to an alien god at such a time? Is it not then that the religion in which one was born acts most powerfully? What Christian, in a battle

against the Turks, would not address himself to the holy virgin rather than to Mohammed? It is also said that a pigeon brought the holy ampulla in its beak for the anointment of Clovis, and that an angel brought the oriflamme to guide him. Prejudice believed all the anecdotes of this kind. Those who know human nature are well aware that the usurper Clovis and the usurper Rolon or Rol became Christians in order more easily to control the Christians, just as the Turkish usurpers became Moslems more easily to control the Moslems.

Religious Prejudices

If your nurse told you that Ceres presides over corn, or that Vishnu and Xaca have several times taken human form, or that Sammonocodom came to cut down a forest, or that Odin is waiting for you in his hall somewhere in Jutland, or that Mohammed or somebody else made a journey into heaven; if then your tutor drove into your brain what your nurse engraved there, you will keep hold of it for life. Should your judgement seek to rise above these prejudices, your neighbours, above all the women, scream impiety and frighten you. Your dervish, fearing to see his income diminish, accuses you to the cadi, and his cadi has you impaled if he can, because he wants to command fools, and believes that fools obey better than others. And that will last until your neighbours and the dervish and the cadi begin to understand that folly is worthless and that persecution is abominable.

Pride

In one of his letters Cicero says familiarly to his friend: 'Let me know to whom you would like me to give Gaul.' In another he complains that he is tired of the letters of various princes who thank him for having had their provinces elevated into kingdoms, and he adds that he does not even know where these kingdoms are.

It may be that Cicero, who of course had often been applauded and obeyed by the Roman people, a people that was sovereign, and who was thanked by kings he did not know, had some impulses of pride and vanity.

Although this feeling is not at all suitable for so puny an animal as man, we might nevertheless pardon it in a Cicero, a Caesar, a Scipio, but that at the far end of one of our semi-barbarous provinces a man who has bought a minor office and printed some mediocre verse, should take it into his head to be proud, that is enough to make us laugh loud and long.

Self-love

A vagabond grandly asked for alms near Madrid. A passer-by said to him: 'Aren't you ashamed to carry on this infamous trade when you can work?' 'Sir,' replied the beggar, 'I am asking for your money, not for advice'; then he turned his back, preserving all his Castilian dignity. This gentleman was a proud vagabond; it took little to wound his vanity. He asked for alms out of selflove, and could not bear to be reprimanded by another self-love.

A missionary travelling in India met a fakir loaded with chains, as naked as a monkey, lying on his stomach, and having himself whipped for the sins of his fellow countrymen the Indians, who gave him a few farthings. 'What self-renunciation!' said one of the spectators. 'Self-renunciation!' answered the fakir. 'Know that I have myself lashed in this world only to pay you back in the other, when you will be horses and I a horseman.'

Those who have said that self-love is the basis of all our feelings and of all our actions were therefore quite right in India, in Spain, and in all the habitable world: and just as no one writes to prove to men that they have faces, there is no need to prove to them that they have self-love. This self-love is the instrument of our conservation; it resembles the instrument that perpetuates the species: it is necessary, it is dear to us, it gives us pleasure,

and it must be hidden.

Wicked

We are told loudly that human nature is essentially perverse, that man is born the child of the devil, and wicked. Nothing is more ill-considered. For, old friend, you who preach that the whole world is born perverse, you warn me that you were born thus, that I must distrust you like a fox or a crocodile. 'Not at all!' you tell me, 'I'm regenerated, I'm neither heretical nor infidel, you can trust me.' But the rest of mankind, which is either heretical or what you call infidel, is nothing but an assembly of monsters; and every time you talk to a Lutheran or to a Turk you must feel sure that they will rob and murder you, for they are children of the devil, born wicked, one unregenerated, the other degenerated. It would be much more rational, much more elegant to say to men: *You are all born good; consider how awful it would be to corrupt the purity of your being*. We ought to have behaved to mankind as we behave to every individual man. If a monk leads a scandalous life, we say to him: 'Would you really dishonour the dignity of a monk?' A lawyer is reminded that he has the honour to be a royal councillor, and should give an example. In order to encourage a soldier he is told: 'Remember that you belong to the regiment of Champagne.' Every individual should be told: 'Remember your human dignity.'

And in fact, whatever is said about it, we always come back to that; for

what is the meaning of the saying, so often used in all nations, *search your heart*? If you were born a child of the devil, if your origin were criminal, if your blood were composed of an infernal liquid, this phrase *search your heart* would mean: consult, follow your diabolic nature, be an impostor, a thief, a murderer, it is the law of your father.

Man is not born wicked; he becomes wicked, as he falls ill. Doctors come along and say: 'You were born ill.' It is quite certain that these doctors, whatever they say and do, will not cure him if his sickness is inherent in his nature; and these thinkers are very ill themselves.

Collect all the children of the universe, and you will see in them only innocence, gentleness and fear. If they were born wicked, evil-doing, cruel, they would show some sign of it, just as small serpents try to bite and little tigers to claw. But nature, not having given more offensive arms to men than to pigeons and rabbits, could not give them an instinct of destruction.

So man is not born evil. Then why are some of them infected by this plague of wickedness? It is because their leaders, being infected by the disease, communicate it to the rest of mankind, just as a woman attacked by the malady brought back from America by Columbus spread this poison from one end of Europe to the other. The first ambitious man corrupted the earth.

You are going to say that this first monster brought out the germ of pride, rapine, fraud, cruelty that is in all men. I admit, generally speaking, that most of our brothers can acquire these qualities; but does everybody have putrid fever, the stone and the gravel because everybody is exposed to them?

There are whole nations that are not wicked: the Philadelphians, the Banians, have never killed anyone; the Chinese, the peoples of Tongking, Laos, Siam, even Japan, have had no war for more than a hundred years. One of the great crimes that shock human nature is hardly seen once in ten years in the cities of Rome, Venice, Paris, London, Amsterdam, although in these cities cupidity, the mother of all crimes, is extreme.

If men were essentially wicked, if they were all born subject to a being as malevolent as he is unhappy, who inspired them with all his rage to avenge himself for his own suffering, we would see every morning husbands murdered by their wives, and fathers by their children, as we find at daybreak chickens strangled by a weasel who came to suck their blood.

If there are a billion men on earth, it is a lot. That would make about 500 million women who sew, spin, feed their little ones, clean their houses or huts, and gossip a little about their neighbours. I do not see what great harm these innocents do on earth. Out of this number of inhabitants of the globe, there are at least 200 million children, who certainly neither kill nor plunder, and about as many old or sick people who are not able to do so. At most there remain 100 million young people, robust and capable of crime. Of these 100 million, 90 million are regularly occupied in prodigious labour to force the earth to yield them food and clothing: these hardly have time to do wrong.

Among the ten million who remain are included the idle and the gregarious, who only want to enjoy themselves; men of talent, busy with their professions; magistrates, priests, obviously concerned to live pure lives, at least in appearance. So the only really wicked men who remain are a few politic individuals, whether secular or religious, who always want to create

trouble, and a few thousand vagabonds who hire out their services to these intriguers. In fact, there are never a million of these ferocious beasts employed at one time; and in this number I include highwaymen. So there is at most on earth, in the stormiest times, one man in a thousand who can be called wicked, and even he is not so all the time.

There is thus infinitely less evil on the earth than is said and believed. No doubt there is still too much. Horrible misfortunes and crimes are seen, but the pleasure of complaining and exaggerating is so great that at the slightest scratch you exclaim that the earth overflows with blood. If you have been cheated all men are perjurers. A melancholic who has suffered an injustice sees the universe covered with the damned, just as a young voluptuary, supping with his lady after the opera, cannot imagine that unfortunates exist.

A TALE OF A TUB

澡盆故事

[英] 乔纳森·斯威夫特　著

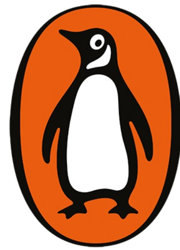
黄宜思　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

澡盆故事

（英）乔纳森·斯威夫特/著

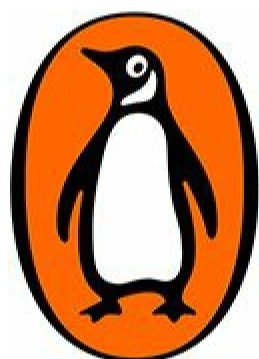
黄宜思/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

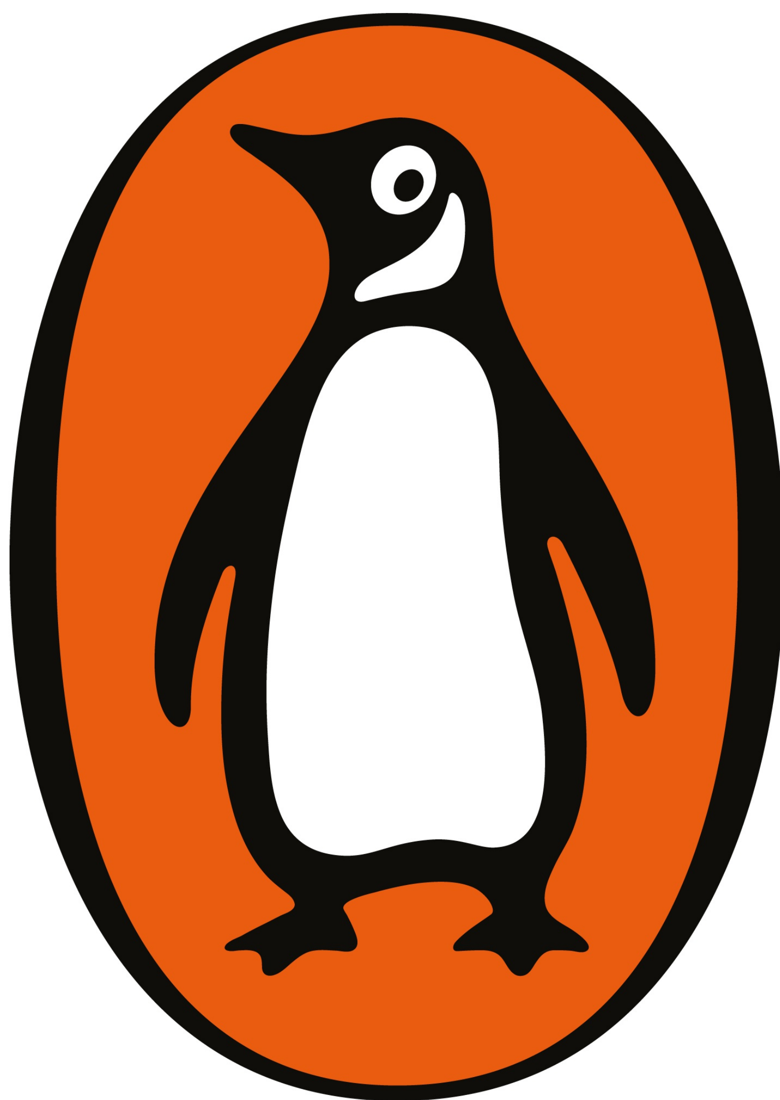
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
First published 1704
This selection published in Penguin Books 2004

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

乔纳森·斯威夫特（Jonathan　Swift，1667—1745），英国18世纪杰出的政论家和讽刺小说家，也是英国启蒙运动中激进民主派的创始人。他一生写了很多具有代表性的讽刺作品，晚年发表的小说《格列佛游记》在中国家喻户晓。《澡盆故事》是他的另一部代表作，在世界文坛享有重要地位。

《澡盆故事》是一部意义深远的杰出的讽刺作品，发表于1704年。在这部作品中，斯威夫特把矛头指向教会，同时对当时贫乏的学术、浅薄的文学批评和社会恶习也予以抨击。他通过三兄弟的形象淋漓尽致地讽刺了天主教会、英国国教和喀尔文教派。他讽刺这些教派都自认为是基督教的正宗，遵照《圣经》的指示行事，事实上却阳奉阴违。虽然斯威夫特本人是英国国教的牧师（在书中他对英国国教的批评尚留有余地），却能大胆地批评基督教徒的虚伪和无耻。《澡盆故事》是英国启蒙主义者批评教会的重要作品之一，也是斯威夫特第一部重要的文学作品，是他的成名作。

《澡盆故事》还可以说是斯威夫特最为晦涩难懂的一部著作，因此它历来受到诸多批评家和语言学者的关注，这恐怕也是这部书享誉世界的原因之一。有西方学者曾揶揄说，斯威夫特之所以写这部书，目的就是为了让后人撰写揣测它的博士论文。为了降低中国读者阅读中译本的难度，我在这里不揣冒昧提出一些我对这本书的理解以及如何阅读的建议。

首先，书中的故事有一条主线，那就是上面提到的三兄弟违背父亲遗嘱对外套任意加工修改的故事，以及后续发生的一些事情。这条线索

比较明白易懂，在这里就不多介绍了。

再有，除了这条主线以外，书中其他章节的内容显得比较零散，语言又很隐晦，读者在阅读过程中可能会遇到较多的问题，且难以将它们与那条主线融合。对于这部分内容的理解，历来有一种观点认为主要需要搞清作者开头的交代，也就是第一章所讲的内容。它对下文起着辐射和提纲挈领的作用。

在第一章里，作者提到三样木制的布道用具：讲道坛、梯子和巡回台。书中在介绍的时候称它们是“为那些愿意说个不停的演说家”准备的，而这正是这部分内容的主题：作者在书中主要讽刺的是说话的艺术。而且他对其中每一样用具的描写都有很深的寓意。首先，他在提到讲道坛的时候说到它的木头已经腐朽，能发出磷光，又说里面充满蠕虫，这其实是在影射登上讲道坛的牧师头脑充满蠕虫，所讲的“指引人走向光明”一类的道理不过如同朽木的磷光一般庸俗。

作者对梯子的描述与当时的社会风俗有一定关系。当时在绞架上绞死犯人往往能吸引大批观众，这就暗合了作者在这章最开头提到的要站在高处向听众讲话的说法，也有人认为这具有讽刺政治和宗教的双重含义。另外，当时的死刑犯通常在临刑前都发表“最后陈词”，而陈词的演讲稿多相互抄袭，而且有的在对犯人行刑之前就已印发，为的是让人群中靠后面的观众也能“听”清楚。作者下文所说的梯子上贴着海报等也都与此有关。至于巡回台，作者后来对它作过解释，说它指的是“江湖骗子”，这也有来由。当时有一些蹩脚产品的推销员经常站在凸出的台子上宣传和叫卖产品。

《澡盆故事》一书在1704年发表伊始就引发轰动效应，并引起教会的不满。于是斯威夫特借该书第五次再版的机会发表了一封“致歉信”。当然，我们知道像他这样的思想和语言大师是不可能真正“道歉”的，除了应读者要求对书中一些词语作了解释之外，他不过是借道歉之名，用

他惯有的讽刺与“反语”的娴熟技巧，进一步深化他在书中的观点。

善用“反语”的技巧，也是后人对斯威夫特的重要评价之一，这一技巧在书中多有应用，他在书中也自称“所采用的是一种与从古到今任何其他血肉体系都截然不同的思维模式”。认识到这一点将有助于我们解读斯威夫特的思想。此外，这本书中许多类似的关联都比较隐晦，不易觉察。例如第九章的话题系由第八章引出；第十一章提到的狗，使人联想到第三章对批评家的描述；以及结语中提到的缪斯和睡神，呼应第一章等等。

书中的有些文字游戏或许并没有太多深意，使用拉丁文也是当时的一种风气。作者虽有此意，但此书毕竟不是一本纯供消遣的书，同时考虑到作者所处时代的修辞特点，译文较多地照顾原文。由于原文本身十分晦涩，译文更难以做到面面俱到，疏漏也在所难免。考虑到书中的前后关系复杂，其影射所指比较含糊，因此译者加了一些辅助阅读的注解，希望读者在阅读时能够有所体会。

摘自前言[1]

现如今世上的慧眼极多，犀利的目光似乎令教会和国家中的权贵陷入巨大的忧虑。他们担心这些谦谦君子们趁着长治久安的当儿，从教会和政府的薄弱处下手，寻衅取乐。为避免此种情况，近来有人煞费苦心搞了若干计划，消磨那些严厉质询者的棱角和锋芒，以阻止其对这类敏感话题刨根问底。他们已经将注意力集中到了一个计划上，且仍需要一些时间和金钱才能完成。但时间不等人，危险随着新知的涌现而不断增加，且全借助于笔、墨、纸（着实令人生畏），一有情况，不消一个时辰它们就变成各种宣传册和其他可供立即使用的武器弹药。因此有人提出，确有必要先考虑一套权宜之计，以在完整对策尚未成熟之前应对紧急情况。于是，几天前在一个庞大的委员会上[2]，一位远见卓识的观察家提出了如下重大发现——在船员中间有这样一个惯例，当他们遇到可怕的鲸鱼时，就会扔下一只空澡盆逗它，分散它的注意力，这样它就不会对船只造成破坏了。这一比喻马上就被神化，鲸鱼被说成是霍布斯[3]的利维坦[4]，它打趣所有多为干瘪、虚空、木讷、叽叽喳喳、循环往复的宗教和政府计划。就是这个海中怪兽，给我们时代的那些尖刻的睿智者提供武器弹药。而处于危险中的船只则很容易地被想象为它的对立面：国家利益。但是，如何定义这只澡盆却成了难题。尽管经过长时间的探讨和争论，它字面上的意思被保留了下来，并通过法令颁布说，为防止那些海中怪兽颠覆本来易于动荡的国家利益，怪兽需要通过一个“澡盆故事”[5]来分散它对猎物的注意力。看来我在这方面展示才智也还惬意，我有幸让自己卷入了这场游戏。

“澡盆故事”

第一章　缘起

无论谁要想在听众群中一呼百应，都必须不遗余力地往前钻、挤、拥、攀，以达到一个所有人之上的制高点。而在所有集会上，不论人们多么拥挤，我们总能观察到一个特有的现象，就是在他们头顶上仍有充裕的空间，但是如何到达那里却是一个难题。想要摆脱定数就像摆脱地狱一样难。

——evadere ad auras，

Hoc opus, hic labor est.[6]

对此，历代哲人的想法都是建造一座空中楼阁。但是，无论过去乃至今日的这种构筑物具有何种用途和声誉，包括在我看来带有几分谦恭的苏格拉底[7]为了冥想而用来装自己的吊篮，这些挖空心思的构想还是有两点不足。首先是基础太高了，高得连看都看不见他们，更不要说听见了。第二是所用材料的寿命太短，经不起风吹雨打。尤其是在我们西北这片大地上。

有鉴于此，为让这一伟大构想真正发挥功能，据我所知仅剩下三样东西。它们都是我们前辈们神奇的智慧结晶。他们认为，为了鼓励所有热心的探险者，应该为那些愿意说个不停的演说家准备三件木制品。那就是：讲道坛、梯子和巡回台。[8]至于围栏[9]，尽管它也是木头的，设计的用途也与前三者相同，但是由于它的级别或低下的地位，使用它会不停被同行打断[10]，因而无缘位列第四。木凳[11]也一样，无论它的鼓吹者如何强调它的地位和价值。因为，如果他们乐意认真研究它最初的

设计，以及辅助设计的环境和附件，都会马上承认它如今的用途仍然与其原始构造完全一致，而且，从语源学上说，它的这两个方面也是吻合的，这个名字在腓尼基语[12]中就是一个意义非凡的词，其所指，按字面意思翻译，就是睡觉的地方。但是按一般理解，它指的是一个带有舒适长枕和软垫的座椅，很适合老迈并患有痛风的肢体：senes ut in otia tuta recedant[13]。感谢命运的安排，让那些人在这上面扯平。先是在他们侃侃而谈的时候别人睡觉，现在轮到别人絮叨他们大睡了。

但是，如果再没有其他任何理由将木凳和围栏排斥在演说器材之外，那么有以下这一条理由就足够了。那就是：将它们纳入其中显然会破坏一个数字，而这个数字正是我决心不论付出多么高昂的代价也要大书特书的。对此我模仿了其他许多哲人和大人物所推崇的审慎方法，他们在分类学方面的主要技能渐渐让他们对某个神秘数字产生了兴趣，使这一数字在他们的想象中变得神圣起来，以至于他们不惜强迫公理伦常为它让路，在自然界各个方面，通过给一些强行配对和任意驱逐另一些，让物种要么减少，要么组合，要么改变，只为了迎合这个数字。不错，在所有其他数字中，正是美妙绝伦的数字“三”寄托了我无限悠长的情思和经久不衰的兴趣。[14]在目前正在排印、下一季即将出版的刊物中，有我一篇对这个数字的颂词，我通过无可辩驳的推理，不但在“三”的大旗下简化了论证的常规和原理，还从它的两大敌手“七”和“九”那儿带回来一些逃兵。

言归正传，我要说的演说器具的头一件，不论从地位还是尊严上，都非讲道坛莫属。在这个岛国有若干种讲道坛，而我只青睐用苏格兰古木制成的那种。它非常适合这里的气候。如果它快要腐朽，那么不但传声的效果更好，而且还有见于下文的诸多其他理由值得一提。至于形状和大小，我所喜爱的完美型是特别窄的那一种，没有过多的雕饰。最重要的是，它不带顶罩（从古代惯例看，这应该是在所有集会上正常使用的唯一一种不带顶罩的讲道坛）。也就是说，由于与示众的颈手枷颇为

相似，它会对人的耳朵产生巨大的影响。

至于梯子我无需多言。外国人一看便知，它是我们国家的骄傲，我们对这种器械的理解比其他任何国家的人都更为深刻。登上梯子的演说家抓住听众的不仅有和风细雨，还有在早期发表的讲话[15]中述及的整个世界，在我看来那真是英语口才宝藏的精粹。为此，我听说那位名人兼书商约翰·丹顿所搜集的忠实而苦涩的集子即将出版。那是十二卷对开本，还带有铜版印刷插图。这书的用途非凡，令人称奇，而且行业价值也很高。

最后一件演说器具是巡回台。它的搭建充满智慧，sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.[16]而且它还是前面两件东西的枢纽，演说者时而青睐其中一个，时而又青睐另一个，视它们受瞩目的程度而定。三者之间有严格、永久的联系。

从以上严密的分析不难看出，为了在听众中引起注意，确实需要一个优越的位置。但是，尽管这一点已达成共识，但其缘由却说法不一。在我看来，没有几个哲人对此找到了真正的、合乎自然规律的答案。而我至今所见的最深刻，经过最充分思考的解释是：空气是浓重的物质，因此，根据伊壁鸠鲁[17]的理论，会不停地往下沉。而当空气中又加载了话语的重量之后，下沉就会更快。至于话语，鉴于它能给我们留下深刻印象，因而也是浓重的物质。因此它必须从一个高处发出，否则的话，它既不能很好地到达目的地，也不能充分发挥功能。

Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est, Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.[18]

通过我平常的观察，我更乐于接受这一观点了。我曾多次观察到，在这些演说家的演讲集会上，所有听众都自然而然张大了嘴巴，仰头使之保持与地平线平行，并与从地心到天际的垂直线相交。有了这样一个

姿势，加上如果所有听众挤得足够紧密，每个人在离开的时候就能把自己的所得全部带回家，少有或毫无遗落。

我承认，在今天剧院的设计和构思上，还有一些更为精致的东西。首先，正厅的座位区域是下凹的，比舞台低，正合乎我上面所作的分析推理。话语无论多么沉重，是铅还是金，都可以塞进一些批评者的嘴巴，我想他们也同样会自然地张着大嘴巴准备好了接受这饕餮盛宴。再有，包厢被设计成围绕正厅的圆形，高于舞台，为的是尊重那里的女士。因为她们在展现风韵和柔情方面的聪明才智，需要排成队欣赏，或者，围成圈自然更好。声色的妩媚，暗涌的狂想，通过她们轻浮的动作飘送至中间区域，然后被那里的人们用冷漠的理解定格或冻结。夸张的言辞，插科打诨，这些轻浮的话语自然飘得最高，最终将在屋顶消失。但是还好，幸亏那位有远见的设计师还为此设计了第四个位置，称为十二便士廊[19]。对于这里的人来说，那些话正合他们的口味，于是便贪婪地捕获它们。

然而，上述有关演说容器或接收器的半科学半逻辑学的推理还存在很可观的象征意义。它作为一个形态，一个象征，一个影像，一个符号，代表着作家这个大社团的共识，也就是他们必须通过这些途径使自己大大高于芸芸众生的凡俗世界。讲道坛夸夸其谈大英帝国现代圣贤的作品，仿佛是他们把常人的低级趣味和推理提纯并精神化了。其实质乃是前述的有关腐朽木头的问题。这有两方面原因，一是因为朽木的材质能照亮黑暗，[20]二是因为它的孔洞里充满蠕虫。[21]这就像一个有两个把柄的造型，很符合演说家所具备的两大基本素质。同时他的作品也有两种不同的命运。[22]

梯子是真实题材故事和诗歌的充分象征，一大批作家的出名都要归功于它们。说到真实题材故事，是因为……Hiatus in MS……[23]说到诗歌，是因为演说的人的确是通过歌声perorare[24]的，因为在慢慢向上攀

爬的过程中，命运必将在他们距离顶级很远的时候就唾弃他们[25]，因为这是与财产优先权转移有关的问题，还因为这是混淆meum和tuum[26]的问题。

在巡回台的下面摆着的则是一些用于取悦普通人的书籍，包括“六便士智慧”“威斯敏斯特[27]趣谈”“趣闻杂谈”“笑话大全”等等。由此可见，文丐作家以及有关文丐的作品[28]在近年来与时间的战斗中终于大获全胜，并修剪它的翅膀，剪断它的指甲，打磨它的牙齿，翻转它的计时沙漏，磨钝它的钩刀[29]，还拔下它鞋上的钉子。我的这部新作也正要斗胆以此名义推出，因为我刚刚有幸获得成为这个杰出的兄弟会一员的殊荣。

殊不知，我并非不清楚近些年来文丐作品是如何因诸多偏见而衰落的，也并非不了解两个后来发起的社团是如何不遗余力地奚落文丐及其作品，把嘲笑他们在智慧和学识的圈子里与其所处的地位不符。他们自己的良心自然清楚我的所指，整个世界也不会是这般熟视无睹的旁观者，看不见格雷沙姆学会[30]和威尔咖啡屋[31]所作的努力，在我们的废墟上树立起的榜样和声望。但是当我们深思他们的行为，觉得既不正义，又不体面，且无责任心，又不合常理的时候，这对我们来说就是更为彻骨的悲哀，不论是在感情还是在道义方面都是如此。因为，世界和他们自己岂能忘记，更不消说我们自己是如何清楚详细地知道，这两个学术团体都是我们所栽培，我们所浇灌的？有人告诉我说，我们的两个对手最近联手提出了一比高下的倡议，并向我们发起挑战，想要从图书的重量和数量这两个方面比试一番。作为回应，我得到我们校长的许可，恭敬地提出两点意见：首先，我们说，这个提议本身就像阿基米德为一桩小事所提[32]的那样，没有实施的可能性。因为他们如何能找到有足够大刻度的衡器来比试第一方面，又如何能找到有足够计算能力的数学家来比试第二方面呢？其次，我们准备好了接受挑战，但前提是必须找一个与此无关的第三方，让他拿出不偏不倚的公平态度来判定每一

本书、每篇论文和小册子最应属于哪个社团。这件事，上帝知道，目前还很难定下来。因为我们准备好做一个列有几千本书的目录，按理说，它们都应当冠以我们兄弟会的名字，但是反叛了的新派作家却背信弃义地提出其他名字。有鉴于此，我们觉得将决定权交由作者本人不大符合我们的审慎态度。我们的对手通过阴谋策划，造成我们的严重不和，我们中的许多人已逃向他们，而我们最亲近的朋友也开始独往独来，似乎不屑于与我们为伍。

我授权对这一无情的令人不快的话题所作的回应，仅此而已。由于我们极不情愿挑起这样一个如果持续下去必将会损害各方利益的事端，因而更希望友善地解决问题。我们将遵循我们的方针，只要这两个浪子回心转意，离开那些使他们沉迷的酒桌和娼妓——新近有迹象表明他们所研究的方向可能让他们沉迷于此——我们就张开双臂欢迎他们，并像娇惯他们的父母一样为他们祝福。

但是，我们社会的笔墨产品先前所得到的普遍关注（与尘世间一切短命的事物一样）存在的一个最大缺陷是当今在大部分读者身上的一条肤浅的静脉。这些人永远不可能透过事物的外表看清本质。这就好比说，智慧是一只狐狸，经过长时间的追猎，最终要靠发掘才能得到；智慧是一块干酪，越是浓缩的，就越密实、越家常、表皮越粗糙，而且，对于一个英明的盘子来说，有了蛆虫才越发好；智慧是牛乳加马德拉葡萄酒[33]，越是下面的越美味；智慧是一只母鸡，我们不能不关注它的叫声，因为那与鸡蛋有关；最后，智慧是一个坚果，需要你用智慧来辨别，否则它会崩掉你的牙齿，而你得到的却只是一条虫子。鉴于这些重要事实，文丐中的智者一直以来都倾向于将他们的知识和技艺用不同的文体或寓言包装起来，这与其说是真正的需要，不如说具有更多矫揉造作的成分。这样的运载工具，通常都是金碧辉煌的四轮马车，其表面的雕饰一时间让旁观者眼花缭乱，以至于无心关注或想象坐于其中的车主的情况。这是一个遗憾，尽管我们司空见惯。因为我们对待毕达哥拉斯

[34]、伊索[35]、苏格拉底以及其他前辈的态度都是如此。

但是，应我的朋友们的一再请求，不让世界抑或我们自己继续受这种误解的困扰，我对我们社会最杰出的作品作了一次完整的、充满艰辛的专题旅行；它们除了具有用来取悦肤浅读者的美丽外表之外，深处还蕴藏着尚鲜为人知的所有科学艺术中最精致完美的东西。这是我十分愿意通过解扣或解索，通过汲取或解剖来展示的。

这个大部头是几年前开始动笔的，执笔人是我们中最为杰出的一员。他从《列那狐[36]的历史》着手，但遗憾的是，他既没有活着看到文章出版，也没有再继续这一如此有意义的研究。这实在令人惋惜，其实这是因为他所发现并与朋友交流的东西，如今已被广泛接受。我相信任何一位有识之士都毫不怀疑他的作品是人类知识的集大成之作，是我们国家所有奥秘的指南或启示录。但我的进度要快多了，已完成了几十部书的注释。我将从中挑选几条展示给公正的读者，以说明我的目的所在。

我着手的第一本书是《拇指先生》[37]，作者是毕达哥拉斯学派的哲学家，这部隐晦的著作讲到灵魂转世的整个轮回，[38]分析了各个阶段灵魂的演进过程。

其次是《浮士德博士》，由阿提庇乌斯[39]执笔。他是一位值得我们记住的博学之士，他在984岁的时候发表了这本书。这位作者的生命完全靠仙丹和通灵术维持，而浮士德和海伦[40]的婚姻则十分明显像公龙和母龙的躁动。

《惠廷顿和他的猫》[41]，作者是一位名为杰胡达·汉纳西的犹太学者。其中包含对耶路撒冷犹太教法典首卷的注释篇的辩护，以及对巴比伦的犹太教法典的注释篇的偏爱，这与平民百姓的观点是不一致的。

《乡下人和黑豹》[42]，这是一位在世的知名作家的代表作，旨在写一部完整的从斯科图斯[43]到贝拉明[44]一万六千名学者的简介。

《汤米·波茨》[45]，出自（据说是）同一作家的另一篇作品，作为附录补充于其中。

《愚人村的智者及附录》，这是一部极有教义的作品。它才思泉涌，对那些流传于英法等国家的现代社会知识和智慧提出正当的辩护，并抨击古代的假说、傲慢和无知。这位不知名的作者对此主题的分析之透彻，使有眼光的读者很容易感受到从此以后任何有关这一话题的争论都略显重复。最近，我们社会的一位精英人士发表了一篇有关这部书的摘要。

对于有见识的读者，以上介绍或许能让他对整个研究的结果有所了解或领略。目前我的心思和精力全都集中于此。如果在我临死之前能把这件事圆满完成，我就会认为一段不幸人生的有生之年总算没有虚度。不仅如此，实在说，这已超出我的奢望：从尽心服务国家而磨损的鹅毛笔，从对教皇制度的褒贬，从汤盆计划[46]、异己名单、被迫服从，从对生命和命运的问候、特权、财产、道德自由、给朋友的信，从被不断转变折磨得衰败不堪的理解力和理念，从一个被敌对派系无情摧残了一百多处的脑袋，从被痘疹折磨的身体（这些痘疹曾遭到鸨母和医生的恶治。而后来的事实证明他们是我和政府的公开敌人，为了他们的宗派争执而在我的鼻子和胫骨上实施报复）等等所有这一切中，我都不敢有上述奢望。在三朝统治期间我曾为三十六个派别写了九十一本小册子，但是当我发现国家再没有给我和我的笔墨以机会的时候，我很乐意退出，转而走更适合我的哲学家的路子。而让我感到心满意足的是，我度过的很长一段人生都是以不冒犯他人为准则的。

话说回来，读者的正直让我坚信，我所列出的简单书目可以轻松清除我们社会所有其他作品中显然由于嫉妒和无知所滋生出来的造谣中

伤，说这些作品除了其中的机智和风格使它们具有一般的娱乐消遣功能以外，对人类别无他用。对此，我深信，迄今为止我们最精明的敌人也尚未提出过异议。我的这篇文章，在更深刻和更深奥的部分，都是紧紧因循了最受称道的原创作品。并且，在它全部完成之际，经过缜密考虑和构思，我完全采用在现今我们社会特有的方式为它冠名。之所以取这样的名字，是希望它进入宫廷以及市井的一般谈话。

坦白说，我看到一些我十分景仰的作家，追逐时尚，把书名搞得十分复杂有趣。而我自己在标题命名上则比较自由。不错，书作为头脑的孩子，也像其他可人的孩子一样，理应得到洗礼和五彩缤纷的命名。而我们大名鼎鼎的德莱顿[47]甚至走得更远，不遗余力地引进了一批教父。[48]显然，这是具有更多优点的一大进步。但遗憾的是，这一值得称道的创新没能得到很好的培育，时至今日尚未形成普遍效法的趋势。果真如此的话，这位权威定然是首开先河了。我的努力也没有跟随这一有益现象。但是我很清楚，请教父往往要付出令人难堪的代价。这虽然只是我的想象，我却有充分的理由相信这一点。因为让我无法搞清症结究竟在哪儿的是，在我用全世界的思想和痛苦把我的文章分成四十份，并请求四十位我熟识的精英为我赞助的时候，他们却都认为这是需要慎重考虑的问题，并婉言拒绝了我。

第二章

从前有一个男人，他有三个儿子[49]，全由他的妻子一胎所生，分不清谁排行第几，就连助产士也分不清。这位父亲将死的时候三个孩子年纪尚幼。他在临死前把他们叫到病榻前嘱咐说：

“孩子们，我没有置办过也未继承得什么不动产，所以我一直都在考虑给你们留下点什么有意义的东西。经过慎重的考虑，我花钱给你们每人置办了一件新外套，就在这儿。我要告诉你们，这外套有两大奇

功，一是如果仔细穿着，它可以一直不破不旧，伴随你们终生，二是它们可以随着你们的身体一起长大，增长增宽，永远适合你们的身材。来吧，在我临死前让我看着你们把它穿在身上。喔，很好。记住，孩子们，要仔细穿着，还要经常刷洗，保持干净。在我的这份遗嘱里有如何穿着和保护这件外套的详细说明。你们必须严格遵守，以免受到我列出的每一项疏忽或违反条规的惩罚。所有这些都与你们未来的命运息息相关。我还要你们真正像亲兄弟那样共同生活在一个屋檐下，和睦相处。只有这样你们才会兴旺。”

故事讲到这里善良的父亲就死去了。三个儿子便一同开始追寻他们的未来。

恕我不和读者絮叨在这以后最初的七年当中他们三位都有哪些经历，唯一需要提及的就是他们都信守了父亲的遗言，把外套保管得非常妥善。他们周游了几个国家，遇到过几个巨人，还杀死了若干恶龙。

说话间他们都到了成家立业的年龄，于是都来到城里，和那里的女人们谈情说爱，其中他们最为中意的有三位女性，在当时都享有很高声誉。她们是女公爵、女郡主和女伯爵[50]。在和她们第一次见面的时候，我们这三位冒险家遭到了极大的冷遇。三人睿智的头脑马上就猜到了其中的缘由，于是通过学习这座城里的良好风尚，他们很快就有所改进。他们写书、集会、作诗、吟唱、交谈、不言不语。他们酗酒、斗殴、嫖娼、野宿、骂街、擤鼻涕。他们参加戏剧的首演，出没于巧克力屋[51]，殴打看守和警察，躺在货物上，获得喝彩。他们诈骗出租马车夫，拖欠店主的钱款，还睡他们的老婆。他们杀死镇长，把乐师从楼梯上踢下去，在财主家蹭饭，在赌场闲荡。他们谈论从未去过的沙龙，谈论与从未谋面的绅士一起进餐，装作与某公爵夫人耳语，其实一言未发；他们把洗衣女工随手写的字条说成高雅的情书；他们有意做出从豪门庭院走出的假象，其实从未进去过；他们在sub dio[52]受到皇室隆重接

见；他们把一家公司的职员熟记于心，将其作为谈资在另一家公司高谈阔论。更主要的是，他们长期与那些在议院里沉默寡言却在咖啡屋里高谈阔论的议员团保持着接触，靠每天晚上拾人牙慧参与政见。他们还被一大群弟子包围着，争着抢他们的施舍。这三兄弟还学得另外四十项诸如此类的本领，毋庸一一赘述。其结果是他们成为城里最知名的才艺大师。但这仍然不够，上文提到的那三位女性还是对他们置之不理。要说清其中的原委，我须征得读者的原谅和耐心，且让我先说另一段重要故事，这是当时那位作家没有讲清楚的。

就在这一时期，出现了一个新派组织，其纲领声名远播，尤其是在上流社会的体面人中尽人皆知。这个组织崇拜一种偶像。这偶像，如其教义所言，通过一种制造工艺每天都能造出人来。他们将这偶像置于房屋的最高处，位于一个三英尺高的祭坛上，身姿与波斯皇帝十分相似，他坐在那里，双腿在身下交叉。此神的识别标记是一只鹅。[53]据此有学者推测，他的真身来自朱庇特神殿。在他的左面，祭坛的下方，地狱似乎正敞开着，以获取他创造出来的动物。为避免此种情况发生，他的几位牧师每隔一小时就将一些尚未被赋予生命的造物，或团块，有的甚至是已有生命的完整肢体扔进去，而那可怕的深渊立刻贪婪地将它们吞噬。这景象令人毛骨悚然，不忍目睹。那只鹅也位于稍逊一等的神圣所在，或称deus minorum gentium[54]。它前面摆放的祭品是一种每小时喝一次人血的动物。它在国外十分有名，据称是埃及猴科动物所喜爱的。每天有数以百万计的这种动物被宰杀，以满足此神的口腹之欲。那个偶像还被作为帆桁和针[55]的发明者加以崇拜，究竟是作为海员的守护神还是有什么其他神秘的名目，一直尚不十分清楚。

对此神的崇拜者还有其自身的一套信仰体系，所依据的基本原则如下：他们认为宇宙是一件大衣服，笼罩一切，认为地球被空气笼罩，空气被星星笼罩，星星被primum mobile[56]笼罩。看看我们地球上的世界，你就知道那是一件完整而时尚的衣服。那被称为大地的不就是一件

绿色的精制上衣吗？那大海不就是它的丝光马甲吗？再看看万物的创造，你就会发现大自然的神工是如何雕饰恋爱中的植物的。再观察山毛榉的树冠是如何被漂亮的假发装饰的，白桦树又是如何穿上白缎子紧身上衣的。归根结底，人类自身何尝不是一件精巧的衣服，或带有各种装饰的完整套装呢？至于人的身体，那更是毋庸赘言，分析一下他们是如何获得思想的，你会发现他们全都是在按部就班地完成一件衣服。无需多言，难道宗教不是一件斗篷，诚实不是一双在泥土中磨破的鞋，自爱不是一件大衣，虚荣不是一件衬衫，良心不是一条裤子，虽然遮挡着淫荡和肮脏，却随时会因此种目的而滑落吗？

若这些postulata[57]都被承认的话，接下来我们就该分析那些被世人误称为套装的造物缘何成为真正最高等的动物了，或者，说得高雅一点，理性的动物，或人类。要说其中的原因，很明显，难道他们不是活的、会动的、会说话，还会从事其他一切与人有关的活动吗？美貌、智慧、风度和教养难道不是与他们密不可分吗？一句话，我们所看到、听到的都只有他们。难道不是他们在街道上行走，充斥于国会、咖啡屋、剧场和妓院？的确，这些被俗称为套装或衣服的动物，据一些文字记载，还有其他一些称谓。如果谁的服饰是一条金链，一件红色长袍，一根白棍，一匹骏马，那他就被尊称为市长大人。如果谁将貂皮或其他毛发装饰于某处，我们就称他为法官，如果谁能将纯亚麻衬里和黑缎子联系在一起，我们就称他为主教。

这一职位中的其他一些，主体虽然基本相同，但在一些细节方面更为精致。他们提出，人是综合了两套衣服的动物，其中的一套来自自然，另一套来自上天。也就是肉体和灵魂。灵魂是外在的衣服，肉体是内在的衣服。后者是ex traduce[58]，前者则是每天生成的外延。他们还通过经文对此予以证实，因为我们的存在、活动以及生命都发生于其中。此理同样可用哲学证实，因为他们所有人都在所有人之中，所有人也都在其个体之中。他们还说，如果将二者分开，将会发现肉体不过是

一具没有知觉的令人厌恶的尸体。从各种征兆看，外在的衣服必定是灵魂。

这套宗教体系还有另外几条附属教义，令人津津乐道。特别是，人的思维也正是其中的佼佼者以此种方式演绎而成。刺绣是纯粹的智慧，镶金边是和谐的谈话，金饰带是巧妙的应答，蓬松的长假发是幽默，沾满粉末的外套是善意的玩笑——实现所有这些都需要足够的谋略和精妙的技巧，需要有远见的安排，以及严格遵循时代风尚的要求。[59]

以上对哲学和神学之精髓的扼要总结，是我付出大量心血、阅读和汇集古代作家思想的成果；所采用的似乎是一种与从古到今任何其他血肉体系都截然不同的思维模式，而所为并非仅仅取悦或满足读者的好奇；乃是为了令其对故事下文的来龙去脉了然于心，并了解在那久远的过去人们的处世态度和观点，这样才能更清晰地认识那时人们的所作所为。因此，我建议读者用极大的专注反复细读我的此番叙述。现在我且放下这一话题，仔细收拢故事的主要线索继续讲述。

鉴于上述观点的普遍流行，以及在宫廷和城市的所有高雅场所都奉为行动的准则，我们这三位冒险家在如此处境中有些不知所措了。因为，一方面他们所看中的那三位女士，我们前面已经提到过她们的名字，永远都处于时尚的最前沿，憎恶所有不及她们的人，认为他们一钱不值。另一方面，他们父亲的遗嘱又说得非常清楚，只要遗嘱上找不到支持或肯定的，不得在衣服上增加或更改一丝一毫，否则将受到严厉的惩罚。再看看父亲所留给他们的衣服，真乃是上好的布料精心缝制而成。其精细程度让人绝看不出任何缝合的痕迹。但同时它又十分简朴，几乎没有任何装饰。就这样，在他们来到城里还不到一个月的时候，肩章出现了——简直满世界都是肩章——没有佩戴肩章就休想走近三位女士的ruelles[60]。“那个人没有灵魂，”人们会惊呼，“他的肩章在哪儿？”三位兄弟很快就从痛苦的经历中发现了他们的迫切需要。走在大

街上横遭他人四十次的轻蔑羞辱；如果他们去戏院，看门人就会把他们带到十二便士区；如果叫渡船，船夫会对他们说："我坐在前面。"[61]如果他们去酒吧，店员会大叫："伙计，我们这儿不卖麦芽酒。"如果去见一位女士，在门口接待他们的男仆会说："请留言。"身处如此尴尬的境地，他们连忙求助于父亲的遗嘱。他们一遍又一遍地细读，却始终找不到任何有关肩章的内容。究竟该怎么办？何去何从？——服从是必须的，但肩章似乎也非常必要。经过长时间的考虑，三兄弟中较为有学问的一个说，他想到了一个折中办法。确实，他说，遗嘱中没有提到肩章，totidem verbis[62]没提肩章。但是他推测其中包含类似的意思，或totidem syllabis[63]。这一解释立即得到其他二人的赞同。于是他们又开始在遗嘱中寻找。但是也许是晦气使然，整个遗嘱中连第一个音节也没有找到。沮丧之余，最初提议的那位兄弟又鼓起勇气说："兄弟们，就算我们在totidem verbis和totidem syllabis都没有找到，但是还有希望。我敢保证，我们用tertio modo[64]，也就是totidem literis[65]一定能够找到。"他的这番话又得到另外二人的赞许。于是三人开始了新一轮的仔细寻找，果然很快就找到了S，H，O，U，L，D，E，R这几个字母[66]。但是有意和他们作对的晦气再次从中作梗，他们竟然找不到K[67]。这可把三人难坏了。但是那位挑头的兄弟（从现在起我们该给他取个名字了）又有主意了。他说字母K是一个新近出现的不合法的字母。讲究学问的时代都不用这个字母，古代文献中就更没有了。固然，他说，单词Calendae[68]在Q.V.C.[69]有人在书写时会用K开头，但那是错误的。在更为规范的正式文件里它都是以C开头的。因此可以说，在我们的语言里让"肩章"的"章"带有K这个字母是一大错误。因而从现在开始他会注意把所有的"章"字都拼写成以C开头。到此，所有的问题都迎刃而解——肩章明明白白是jure paterno[70]。于是我们这三位先生都戴上了最大最炫的肩章。但是，人的满足感持续的时间总是有限的，在那个追逐时尚的年代自然也不例外。肩章在风行了一段时间过后，我们必须承认它开始落伍了。因为从巴黎来了一位先生，衣服上装饰着五十码长

的金饰带，完全符合当下月份的正宗宫廷时尚。于是两天后社交场上出现的所有男人身上都被金饰带包裹了起来。任何敢于不佩戴金饰带就出门的人都遭人厌弃，自然也不会受到女士的青睐。在如此严峻的情势下，我的三位骑士又当如何呢？他们在肩章的问题上已经有一个污点了，而在求助遗嘱这件事上，除altum silentium[71]以外什么也没有出现。但肩章毕竟是一个模糊的、轻微的、不确定的污点。而这金饰带则十分明显是一个未经允许的改动，aliquo modo essentiae adhaerere[72]。因此需要得到明文规定的支持。但是此时的那位上文提到的有学识的兄弟读了Aristotelis dialectica[73]，尤其是读了de interpretatione[74]精彩部分，教导读者要从某一事物以外的一切事物中寻找这一事物的意义。这就如同演说《启示录》的讲解员，对其文字内容虽然一窍不通却仍然可以成为先知。兄弟们，他说，要知道遗嘱是duo sunt genera[75]，口头的和书面的。不错，我们面前的遗嘱手稿上虽然没有提到金饰带，也没有与之有关的规定，但是si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur[76]。还记得吗，兄弟们，在我们还小的时候，有一个人曾经说过，他听到爸爸的朋友说，他如果知道他的孩子在任何时候能得到足够的钱买金饰带的话，他一定会支持他们买。哦，上帝！另一个兄弟大叫起来，千真万确！的确是这样，第三个也随声附和，我记得清清楚楚。于是他们轻松得到了教区里最大的金饰带，行走起来的绅士风范大为光艳。

这样的时尚生活过了没几天，一种火红的绸缎衬里又出现了。布店老板很快就把衬里的样式送到三位绅士面前。尊敬的阁下，他说，我的康威殿下和约翰·瓦尔特先生都在昨天晚上用同样的布料做了衬里，明天早上十点以前我就能做好，剩余的布料连给我夫人做一个针垫都不够。于是三人又开始翻看遗嘱，因为眼下的事情依然需要得到认可。在正统作家笔下，衬里是外套的主体。他们找了很久也没有找到任何与此有关的现成文字，只找到几句父亲要他们注意防火的忠告，还告诫他们在入睡前要熄灭蜡烛[77]。这些内容，尽管目的明确，也非不言自明，

但从整体上看还不具有构成命令的分量。因此，这位有学识的兄弟说，为避免更多的踌躇，并不让难堪的局面再度出现，我记得还曾见过带有附录的遗嘱，附录肯定是遗嘱的一部分，与之具有同等效力。现在我考虑我们面前的这份遗嘱，因为还缺少一个附件，所以尚不完整。因此我要在合适的位置巧妙地把它加上——对此我早有考虑——那本是我们祖父的看门人所写。谢天谢地，其中他讲了很多有关这种高雅颜色绸缎衬里的内容。这番话立即得到其余二人的赞同。于是按照遗嘱附件的技术要求，一卷老羊皮纸被附在了遗嘱上。绸缎衬里也就顺理成章地做上了。

次年冬天，镶边缝纫商协会雇用了一个演员，为的是上演一出新喜剧。他身上的衣服到处都镶着银边。自然，由于当地的良好传统，这很快就成为了时尚。这三个兄弟又开始在遗嘱中搜寻。而出乎他们意料的是，他们居然找到这样一段文字：我严格要求我的三个儿子不得在他们的所述外套上镶银边……违者将受到处罚。至于处罚的内容，因为过长恕我从略。一阵沉默之后，那位我们已经几次提到的博学的兄弟又发话了，他说自己很擅长批评，曾发现有一位不知姓名的作家提到，那份遗嘱里的“镶边”一词实际上还可以解释为“扫帚”。因此他提出，显然需要对这段文字增加注释予以澄清。对此兄弟中的一个却表示不赞同，因为按照语言的规范，“银”这个词在与之搭配的“扫帚”释义下无法正常理解。但得到的回答是，应该从神话和寓言的意义上来理解这个词。可他仍旧不同意，进而还解释了父亲禁止他们穿带有镶边衣服的原因——是担心这样显得不自然、莽撞。但不等他说完，那位兄弟就反唇相讥，指责他对神话出言不逊。毫无疑问，神话是非常有用和重要的，不应对其吹毛求疵或刨根问底。总之，此时父亲的权威已大打折扣。这一折中办法再次成为任凭他们把衣服镶满银边的合理依据。

过了一阵，一个古老的、沉寂多年的时尚又复活了，那就是印度妇女儿童的肖像刺绣。三兄弟都清楚记得，父亲一直都非常讨厌这一时

尚。为此他在遗嘱里写了好几条，以强调他对刺绣的极端厌恶，以及他对自己儿子们违反此条规定的强烈诅咒。尽管如此，三个儿子的外套上还是不出几天就夸张地展现出了这一时尚。他们的理由是，刺绣的图案已和当年或父亲遗嘱所指的大不一样。此外，他们也并非在父亲严令禁止的意义上穿着它。因为刺绣是好的传统，对公众有巨大的好处，所以对遗嘱中的这些强硬条款显然需要作一些于我有利的解释，应该cum grano-salis[78]地理解。

由于在那个时代，时尚不断更替，这三兄弟厌烦了为层出不穷的破例不断找借口。于是他们下决心：哪怕冒再大的风险也还是要顺应潮流，三人经过商议，一致决定将父亲的遗嘱锁进一个结实的小盒子，带出希腊或意大利（究竟是哪一个记不清了），不再为研读它而劳神费心，只在他们认为适当的场合才提一下父亲的权威。结果没过多久又出现一种带有无数小斑点的衣服式样。其中的大部分点是银色的。对于这些斑点，有学者声称，ex cathedra[79]。而他们应该清楚记得，那完全是jure paterno[80]。确实，这一时尚所显示的比遗嘱中直接提到的内容更多一些。但是作为父亲的共同继承人，他们有权为公众利益，totidem verbis[81]，增加若干条款，哪怕这并不能从遗嘱的字面意思推导出来，否则multa absurda sequerentur[82]。有了这一规矩，在下一礼拜日他们来到教堂时，外套上都布满了小斑点。

我们上文多次提到的那位博学的兄弟，在整条街以及邻近的街道上成为首屈一指的学者，以后发制人闻名于世，并得到某位大人物[83]的垂青，还受邀到他家做客，并成为他孩子们的老师。在那位大人物死后，他正是靠一贯严守父亲遗嘱的做法，通过转让将其财产过户到自己及后代的名下。在他占有的领地上，他让乡绅靠边站，并让自己的两位兄弟接替了他们。

第三章　题外的话：关于批评家

尽管到目前为止我在任何情况下都尽可能仔细地、最大限度地效法我们时代杰出样板所倡导的写作规范和方法，但是记忆上的缺陷还是让我犯了一个错误。这着实令人不快，需要立即纠正，然后我才能继续故事的主要情节。我要为我们的好先生——批评家——说几句话，并对他们提出忠告、祝福和恳求。很惭愧，我承认，在我尚未交代这样一个必要情节之前就说了许多，真是个不可原谅的疏忽。为弥补这一点，恕我斗胆地先从我们通常所理解的这个词的由来和渊源入手对他们的人品和技艺作一简单综述，然后再粗略概括一下他们的过去和现状。

关于在今天的日常谈话中如此频繁出现的批评家一词，依我阅读古代书籍和文献的记载，有时分指三类各不相同的人。首先，它可解释为给世界或他们自己的发明提出规矩的人。这样一来，细心的读者就能对学者的作品有独到的见解，并对真正高雅、绝妙的精品形成自己的品位，还能欣赏每一种文体或风格之美，并将其与破坏美的败笔区分开来。在他们平常的阅读中，他们发现那些错误和缺陷，那些令人厌恶的、做作的、枯燥的和不相干的东西的谨慎态度，就像一个清晨走在爱丁堡大街上的行人，时时警惕处处小心沿路的脏东西。这倒不是因为他对那些污物的颜色或外观有什么特别的好奇，更不消说翻弄或把玩，而只是希望自己在走过去之后能尽量保持干净。看来这类人的态度尽管十分错误，还是从字面上理解批评家的，认为他们工作的主要内容就是赞扬和推卸责任，那些决心在鸡蛋里面挑骨头的批评家是像决心绞死一切前来受审之人的法官一样残忍的人。

其次，批评家还指修补家，他们保护古代经典不受虫蛀、污损和尘土的侵扰。

如今这两类批评家都早已见不到了。因此我也无须再为他们浪费口

舌。

第三类最为高尚的批评家可称为“真正的批评家”，其渊源也尤为古老。任何一个真正的批评家都是天生的英豪，直接来自莫摩斯[84]和海布里斯的高贵谱系。他们生了佐伊勒斯，他生了泰格利乌斯，他生了大某某；他生了本特利、赖默、沃顿、佩罗尔特和丹尼斯；[85]他生了小某某。

而这一类批评家才是让我们的联邦有史以来获益无比巨大的一类，以至于出于对他们的感激和景仰我们把他们说成来自上天，与赫克勒斯[86]、特修斯[87]和珀尔修斯[88]等等这些人类伟大的观察者齐名。但是历史功勋再大也无法阻挡居心叵测之人的诋毁。因为有人提出，这些古代英雄虽因与许多巨人、恶龙和强盗交战而声名显赫，但是对人类来说他们本身都是比那些被他们杀掉的怪物更可怕的人。因此，为了他们的功德更加圆满，当所有怪物都被消灭以后，他们应该对自己也实施同样的裁决。正如赫克勒斯的大度而为，[89]给自己赢得了比他最好的同伴更多的神庙和景仰者。因此我猜想，许多人会认为，真正的批评家应该在自己的任务完成的那一刻，马上用鼠药或麻绳自裁，或从某个适当的高度跳下，这样才更符合公众认知方面的要求，而任何针对如此伟大的光辉形象所提出的指摘，都必然在其动作尚未完成之前就烟消云散了。

现在，从这种源自上天的批评及其名副其实的英雄壮举中，我们不难发现真正的古代批评家的具体作为。那就是，在知识的世界里徜徉，为猎取或发现其中蕴含的巨大的错误，像从山洞中揪出卡科斯[90]一样昭示其不为人知的谬误；像描述海德拉[91]的头一样夸张地演示它们，像把奥吉亚斯[92]的牛粪耙拢一样一个不落地收集它们；或者像驱赶某个心怀叵测的危险飞禽一样，它像贪吃树上的果子的斯廷法罗斯鸟[93]，正企图从知识之树上抢夺最好的树枝。

以上分析将有助于我们对真正的批评家给出适当的定义。他们发现并收集作家的错误，这进一步准确无误地反映出，任何人如果查看所有那些古代批评家让世界荣耀的作品，都会立即从作品的线索和要旨中发现，作者们的观点相差无几，并且都犯有作家曾犯过的疏忽、混淆、遗漏之类的错误。再有，不论作品所谈论的主题如何，其想象力具有且充斥着其他作品的缺陷，以至于其中最不好的东西也渗入他们自己的作品。这样一来，整部作品简直就像是他们给自己提出的批评意见。

在按照最崇高的、世所公认的意义大致讲完批评家的出身和作为以后，接下来我要反驳一些人的不同观点。他们以作者的沉默和默认为反驳理由，伪称批评家如今所采用的艺术手法，以及我这里所说的，都是现代的事情。因而大英帝国和法国的批评家并不具备我所描述的那般光荣的历史出身。那么，如果我可以澄清，我要说恰恰相反，正是古代作家所描述的真正批评家的人品和职业操守，与我所给出的定义十分吻合，那些人提出的作家沉默的严厉反驳，也站不住脚。

坦白说，对这一普遍的错误在很长时间以来我负有一部分责任，对此如果不通过我们高尚的现代人的帮助，我就永远不能推卸责任。为改善我的思想和国家的利益，我不分昼夜地刻苦研读他们的颇有教益的作品，通过不懈的努力，我作了很多关于古人薄弱方面的有益研究，最后得到一张完整列表。而且它无疑表明，其中所展现的古代精华都是由后来的作家发现并揭示的。[94]此外，那些古代作品所揭示的最了不起的发现，不论是艺术还是自然方面的，全系现代人超验的智慧发现。这些都清楚表明，古人值得称道的美德十分有限，对于那些待在角落里苦于与现代事物交流太少的人们来说，他们所表现出的对古人的盲目崇拜也可以休矣。充分考虑这些因素，以及人性的各个方面，我很容易就得出这样的结论：这些古人非常清楚他们的诸多不足之处，因而必定会在他们作品的某些段落里，努力通过讽刺或歌颂真正的批评家来消除、软化或转移读者挑剔的锋芒，而采用的方法就是模仿他们的大师——现代

人。鉴于讽刺与歌颂都很常见，而我通过长期有效地研究前言和序言得到了很多有关的说法。于是我毅然决定通过细细研读最古老的作家，尤其是那些反映最远古时代的作家，来看看我究竟能从这两者的对比中发现些什么。这十分出乎我的意料，尽管他们都曾偶然有过作为真正批评家的特别论述，却总是受到恐惧或希望的左右，在涉及这方面话题的时候他们都十分小心谨慎，不敢超出神学和象形文字[95]的范畴。[96]我认为，正是这一点给了肤浅的读者以口实，要求作者对古代真正的批评家保持沉默。尽管错综复杂，为之分类却是十分必要和自然的，很难想象任何具有现代眼光和趣味的读者会忽略它们。因此我将从汪洋大海中找出几个实例，我深信，它们一定能无可争议地澄清这一问题。

很值得关注的一点是，在谈论这一高深莫测的话题时，那些古代作家都专注于类似的象形文字，只是出于爱好和智慧将其改编为不同故事。首先，保萨尼阿斯[97]的观点是，正确的写作完全归功于批评家制度。我认为，他的意思不外乎以下对真正批评家的描述。他说，他们属于喜欢撕咬书中多余部分和赘生物的那类人，学者经过长时间研究这些书，从自己的角度发出警告说，要从书中剪除多余的、腐烂的、僵死的、枯萎的、畸形的枝桠。而他的这番睿智之见却源自以下寓言故事：阿戈斯[98]的纳夫普里亚人[99]看到一株被驴[100]撕咬过的葡萄藤生长得更好，结出了更多的果实，从而学会了给葡萄藤剪枝。而希罗多德[101]对同样的象形文字，却说出更直白的语言，几乎是in terminis[102]。他是如此大胆，竟然把批评家归于无知和邪恶之属。公然用我认为不能再直白的语言对我们说，在莱比亚[103]西部有一种有犄角的驴；对于此一说，克特西亚斯[104]也添枝加叶，说印度也有同样的动物。他还说，由于其他所有的驴都没有胆汁，而这种有多余胆汁的家驴肉特别苦，不能食用。[105]看来古代作家不用直白的语言探讨这一话题的原因，是由于他们不敢公开将矛头指向如此强大、可怕的批评家。他们的声音是如此令人生畏，令所有的作家一听到连手中的笔都会掉落在地。于是希罗多德

从作家的角度向我们讲述，锡西厄人[106]的一支人马众多的军队是如何在听到一只叛逆的驴叫声后在惊慌和恐惧中投入战斗的。从那以后，一些有深刻思想的语言学者便推断说，英国作家对于批评家的恐惧是来自于我们对锡西厄人祖先的恐惧。简而言之，这种恐惧是如此之广泛，以至于随着时间的推移，那些有心在描述若干时代的批评家时更自由公开自己观点的作家，都因感到以前的象形文字过于接近其真实原型而不得不放弃对它们的讨论，进而想出另外一些更审慎、更模糊的替代话题。出于同样的原因，狄奥多罗斯[107]也不敢多言，只说在埃利孔[108]的山里有一种奇特的野草，它发出一种危险的气味，会毒死敢于嗅它的人。而卢克莱修[109]也给出完全相同的描述：Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos, Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare.[110]

但是我们上文提到的克特西亚斯却比其他人更勇敢，他和与自己同时代的批评家相处惯了，因此很希望在身后留下至少一个他向这整个行当复仇的深刻印记。他的用意是如此昭然若揭，我简直弄不懂那些否认古代真正批评家的人是如何将其忽略了的。因为，假借描写印度的许多奇特动物，他写下如下深刻的文字：他说，有这样一种蛇，它同其他蛇一样没有牙，因此不能咬。但是它特别爱呕吐，它的呕吐物不论落到什么东西上，那东西都会立刻腐烂变质。这种蛇多见于出产钻石的深山，它们还时不时地排出毒液，任何人沾上这种毒液，大脑就会从鼻孔飞走。

古人中还有一类批评家，从分类上说难以与前者分开。但是从成长和成熟度上说，他们似乎是生手，或初学者。而正是由于他们职业上的这一区别，他们经常被认为自成一类。这些年轻学生的主要业务是经常去剧场，学习如何找出剧目的最糟糕之处，并将其记录下来，然后向老师作详细分析。就这样，他们像小狐狸一样在小范围的运动中成长起来，最后变得敏捷而强悍，能捕捉到大猎物。不论古代人还是现代人都承认，真正的批评家有个特点，与妓女和市政参议员都一样，那就是不

会改变称号或本性。而年老的批评家自然也是从年轻时候过来的，他们的至善和成就也无非是年轻时就具有的才干的提高。就像大麻，尽管能收获麻籽，但有自然学者告诉我们，它不是好东西，会使人窒息。我对这种创作很欣赏，或至少我很喜欢它才思敏捷的前言，这要归功于那些年轻的从业者们，泰伦提乌斯[111]曾以malevoli[112]为题一再赞扬了他们。

毫无疑问，真正的批评家制度对于学问方面的联邦是绝对必要的。因为人类的行当各有不同，就像地米斯托克利[113]和拥戴他的人，有的会拉小提琴，有的可以把一个小镇变成一座大城市。而这也不会、那也不会的人理应被踢出人类的行列。无疑，为避免这种处罚，第一批批评家就此诞生了。同时还出现了暗中诋毁他们的声音，说真正的批评家不过是个技工，为了自己的行当，像裁缝一样凑集了一堆廉价的材料和工具。还说批评家和裁缝在工具和才干方面确实有可比性，裁缝的痛苦就是批评家一本平庸的书的铅字，其智慧和学识是靠熨斗来展示的。并说，造就一个学者需要多少批评家，造就一个人就需要多少裁缝。他们还说批评家和裁缝都同样大胆，他们使用的工具也基本上是一样的尺寸等等。对于这样的不实之词可以有多种回敬。我可以首先肯定它是一种污蔑。恰恰相反，要想和批评家脱离干系所付出的代价，比和你所能想到的其他任何人脱离干系都高，这是不争的事实。就好比作为一个真正的乞丐，有钱的候选人们施舍的每一个银币都是他的价值，而在真正成为批评家之前，却要花费一个人思想中的所有好品质。对于吃亏的交易来说，这可以说是无心议价。

在用了如此长的篇幅求证批评的历史，及其原始状态之后，我要分析一下这个领域的现状，并展示它和它古老的过去是多么一致。有一位作家，他的作品在很多年前就全部失传了。他在书的第五卷第八章提到了批评家，说他们的作品就是学识的镜子。这句话，我按照字面的理解，作者的意思肯定是，不论谁要想成为完美的作家，必须注意看批评

家的书，以它为鉴修改自己的作品，就像照镜子一样。现在无论谁只要想到古代的镜子是黄铜制成的，并且sine mercurio[114]，就会立刻将其适用现代真正批评家的两大品质，并且必然得出结论说，它们一直是，并且必将永远都是不变的。即黄铜是持久的象征，并且，在它表面经过一定的抛光处理之后，就可以反映出前面的物体，而无需在其背面涂抹水银。批评家的所有其他本领无须一一提及，因为它们都包含于这两大品质之中，或可以归结于此。但是我要总结三句格言，它们即可作为现代真正批评家与假批评家区分的标志，也将大有裨益于那些致力于这一有用而光荣的事业的杰出人士。

第一点是，与其他所有才学相反，如果批评意见在批评家的头脑中是第一时间形成的，它就被认为是最真实的和最好的。这就像捕鸟者总认为第一个目标最有把握一样，如果他不再找下一个的话，通常都会拿下第一个目标。

第二点是，真正的批评家具有游走于最杰出的作家之间的智慧，他们作出选择所依赖的是直觉。这就像老鼠寻找奶酪，或黄蜂寻找最好的果子。当国王骑在马背上的时候，他必然是这支军队中最肮脏的人，而那些向他献殷勤的人则是玷污他最甚的人。[115]

最后，真正的批评家在研读一本书的时候，就像一只在宴会上的狗，它的思想和肠胃都取决于客人丢下的东西。因此总是在骨头最少的时候才叫得最欢。

说到这里，我想向我的赞助人——真正的批评家——的致意可以告一段落了。并且这也可以弥补我先前对他们的沉默。也许我以后还将继续沉默下去。我认为我很值得他们作为整体将我玩弄于股掌之间。在他们的期待中，我将大胆继续我的前文已经欣然开头了的冒险故事。

第四章 “澡盆故事”

至此，我所有的努力和研究已将作为读者的你带到一个你一定听说过的大革命时期。上文多次提到的那位博学的兄弟自己得到了一所温暖的房子，于是他马上就对你趾高气扬了起来。除非好心的读者用你那高尚的襟怀坦诚赞许一番他的想法，否则我担心从此以后你即使遇见他也不知道他就是故事的主角。他的角色、他的服饰以及他的态度都发生了巨大的改变。

他告诉他的两个弟兄，他希望他们知道，他是大哥，因此也就是父亲的唯一继承人。不仅如此，没过多久他就不许他们叫他哥哥了，而要叫他彼得先生。过了一阵他又要求他们称他彼得老人，再后来又要他们称他为彼得老爷。为了使这一伟大的称号名副其实，他很快又考虑到，如果不能找到一个比自己目前出身更好的背景，这个称号就难以维持。于是经过深思熟虑，他终于设法向策划兼艺术大师的方向发展，并在这方面大获成功，世上的许多具有现代时尚和现实用途的著名革新、窍门、机械等都完全归功于彼得老爷的发明。我将从这些发明中挑选最主要的几项加以描述，并不过多涉及它们的形成过程。因为我认为发明家们在这方面尚未达成一致。

我希望，如果我的这部作品被翻译成外语（我可以毫不夸张地说，我收集材料的艰辛，叙述的真实可靠，以及所谈问题对于公众的巨大效益，都将证明这是值得的），那么若干国外科学院的值得尊敬的院士，特别是法国和意大利的，就会欣然接受拙文所提供的普遍知识。我还要特别敬告那些最值得尊敬的师父们，也就是东方的僧侣。正是为了他们的缘故，我所使用的词汇和短语都极为适合翻译成任何一种东方语言，尤其是汉语。因此我在写作的过程中一想到整个世界或许都因为我的劳动而收获良多，就感到非常惬意。

彼得想到的第一个任务是购买据说是最近才在terra australis incognita[116]发现的一片陆地。他从发现者（尽管有些人怀疑他们是否真的去过那里）手上买过来这样一大片土地，价格非常合算。然后将它分成若干个州转手卖给一些经销商。他们打算往那里殖民，带了很多人前往，结果船在航行中遇难。于是彼得又把这片大陆卖给其他客户，就这样一次又一次地转卖，每次都获得同样的成功。

我要提的第二项任务是他至高无上的治疗虫子的方法，尤其是那些在脾脏内的虫子。[117]接连三个晚上，病人吃完晚饭后就不得再吃任何东西，只要他上床睡觉，就要小心地向一面侧身，当他感到累了要换到另一侧时，他必须同时把双眼限制在同一个对象上，没有明显的时机就绝不能两端一起放气。只要认真按照这个处方去做，虫子就会不知不觉地通过汗液排出，经由大脑升空。

他的第三个发明是建立一所耳语室[118]，为的是公众利益以及消除忧郁症或疝气之类的困扰。它同样也有益于所有窃听者、医师、助产士、小政客、反目成仇的朋友、念念有词的诗人、快乐或绝望的情人、鸨母、国王的私人顾问、侍从官、寄生虫和弄臣。简而言之一句话，它有益于所有充满太多的气不能不放的人。一头驴子的头被放置于十分方便的位置，以至于另一方可以很随意地让嘴和它的任意一只耳朵搭话：离耳朵要近，仅留少许空间，这样就能借助这畜生耳朵所特有的飘忽不定的能力，通过打嗝、呼气或呕吐收到直接的效果了。

彼得另一个非常有益的项目是为各种烟斗、现代狂热的殉道者、诗集、影子……以及河流办理保险。[119]保护所有这些都不会受到火灾的侵害。对此我们友好的社会可能很容易发现自己只不过是这些原文的誊写员，尽管对于行为人来说，两者中不论哪一个都对他十分有益，而且对公众也如此。

彼得还获得了木偶和西洋镜原作者的身份。由于其巨大的实用价值

已众所周知，我就不再多说了。

他的另一项非常了不起的发明，就是那著名的万能泡菜[120]。他明确提出，家庭主妇们的日常泡菜除了给死肉和某些蔬菜保鲜以外，没有更多的用途。而他所研发的高投入、高技术含量的泡菜则可以用来保鲜房子、花园、城镇、男人、女人、孩子，还有牛。而且保鲜的效果就如同琥珀中的昆虫一般完美。目前这种工艺制成的泡菜在味道、气味和形象上，和家常的黄油、牛肉和鲱鱼没有什么区别，并且经常非常成功地得到应用。而要说它那些了不起的优点，那可就完全不一样了。彼得只需加入少许魔力粉，就会百分之百获得成功。这项活动要在月亮升起的适当时间通过喷撒实施。而腌制的对象，如果是一所房子，那它就绝对不会再受任何蜘蛛、老鼠、黄鼬的骚扰；如果是一只狗，那它就再无疥癣、狂犬病和饥饿之忧了。此工艺还曾百试不爽地用于去除孩子身上的疮痂、虱子和头癣，并且绝不妨碍对象正在做的任何事情，无论是在床上还是在台上。

但是，在彼得所有的珍稀物品中，他最得意的还是一组公牛。其种群是那些看守金羊毛[121]的动物的直系后裔，得以非常幸运地被他保存了下来。尽管有人曾假装好奇地观察这些牛，进而对其品种的绝对纯洁性提出质疑，认为它们在一些方面与其祖先相比已经有所退化，而在另一些方面又因和其他品种杂交而变得有所不同。据记载，科尔喀斯Colchis[122]公牛的四蹄是黄铜的，但这是否由于野蛮的放牧和经营，或由于其他父母种系的混入而产生了变异，或由于密谋私通，或由于其祖先高贵的精液细胞曾在某种程度上受损，或由于在如此漫长的时间过程中必然产生的退化，而造成最初的原始本然在后来罪恶的世界里堕落了，这些都不得而知。总之，不论原因究竟如何，彼得那些公牛的金属蹄子确实随时间的侵蚀而严重退化，现在变成了铅的。但是，属于它们血脉特有的可怕的咆哮却完好地保留了下来，包括能从鼻孔喷火的本领。这一点，尽管连它们的许多反对者都承认这是它们超群之处，其实

也没有看上去那么邪乎可怕。那只不过是由于它们的日常进食使然——爆竹和烟花。然而，他们却有两个独特的标志，使它们极其明显地不同于一般公牛，而且，我还从没有见到过任何对其他动物的描述像贺拉斯[123]这样把它们相提并论的：

Varias inducere plumas；[124]

和

Atrum desinat in piscem.[125]

就是这种有鱼尾巴的公牛，偶尔也能像鸟一样在空中飞翔。彼得给它们派了几个用场。有时他会用它们吓唬淘气的男孩，让他们安静下来。有时他也会派给它们十分重要的差事。这说起来极其令人兴奋（但谨慎的读者恐怕不一定相信），也就是从它们高贵的祖先金羊毛的守卫士那里演化出整个家族的敏感的口味。他们一如既往地贪恋黄金，如果彼得把它们送出国，哪怕只得到一个小小的赞美，它们也会立即咆哮、吐痰、打嗝、撒尿、放屁、喷出着火的鼻涕，并且一直不停地转圈，直到你赏给它们一块金子。但是在得到魔力粉后，他们就变得像羊羔一样十分安静。总之，不管是通过主人私下默许或鼓励，还是自己贪图黄金的本性，还是两者兼有之，它们其实并不比彪悍、放肆的乞丐强多少。如果它们得不到施舍，就会让女人流产，让孩子抽风。时至今日，这些人还常常把精灵和妖怪称作牛乞丐[126]。它们最后变得非常麻烦，扰得四邻不安，以至于西北部的一些绅士豢养的正宗英国斗牛犬[127]一直袭击它们，直到今天还能感觉到。

我还不能不提彼得的另一个非凡的项目，从中可以看出他的确是具有高深造诣的发明大师。当纽盖特监狱[128]的某位犯人被判处绞刑后，彼得就会以一定数额的金钱作为交换条件，提出为他减刑。这位可怜的罪犯想尽办法变卖家当凑足的钱，换来的是彼得老爷写有如下内容的一

张纸条——

“各位市长、行政长官、狱卒、警员、法警、死刑犯人等，我们得知，判处死刑的某某仍在你们或你们中某人的手中。我们责成并命令你们，见字后立即让此人回到他自己的居所，不论他是因谋杀、鸡奸、强奸、乱伦、亵渎圣物、叛国、渎职等何种罪名获罪。你们仅凭此字条即可确保安然无事。倘若你们不照此办理，就让你们和你们的来世见……去吧。此致，衷心地与你们告别。

你的最卑微的

人上人，

皇帝彼得”

那些相信他花言巧语的可怜人，不但失去了生命，还耗尽了所有钱财。

我希望从后人的佼佼者中挑选出有资格对这篇精心打造的文章评头论足的人，能细细品味其中的某些隐语。他们中所有没被vere adepti[129]的人都可能有草率下结论的危险，尤其是一些离奇神秘的段落中的arcana[130]，为简洁起见被合到了一起。因而在品评过程中需要划分。而且我确信，艺术界未来的子孙们将对我这一如此有益的innuendo[131]无比感激。

不用我多说，读者一定很清楚，世上很多有价值的发明都取得了巨大的成功，尽管我在此正当提出的仅为其中极少的一部分。因为我的初衷是，只介绍那些最有利于公众效法的发明，或是最能展现发明家的奇思妙想和智慧的发明。因此，如果此时彼得已成为超级富豪，我们并没有必要感到惊讶。但是，可惜！由于他的大脑如此长时间地过度运转，他的精神终于出现了恍惚和分裂的症状，继而开始错乱。简而言之，由

于性情高傲、专注事业和无赖作风，可怜的彼得变得越来越离谱，竟然开始想象世界上最离奇古怪的事情。在他犯病的高峰期，他和那些通常因为高傲而变得疯狂的人一样，竟然称自己为全能的上帝，有时还自称为宇宙的霸主。我曾见过他（我的作者说）戴着三顶旧皇冠高帽，三顶帽子一个摞一个巍峨地戴在他头上，[132]腰带上挂着巨大的一串钥匙，手里还拿着一根钓鱼竿。在这种装扮下，如果任何人出于礼貌上前去拉他的手，他都会十分优雅地，像一只受过良好教育的狗一样，把脚伸给他们。如果他们拒绝他的这种礼貌，他就会把脚抬起到他们裤腰的高度，然后对准他们的嘴巴踢上该死的一脚。从此以后这种礼节就被称为敬礼。无论谁走过他面前如果不发出由衷的赞美，都会被他那强有力的呼吸把帽子吹掉，落到污泥里。与此同时他的家里全乱套了，他的两个兄弟的日子也不好过。他的第一桩boutade[133]是在一天早上将他们的妻子踢出门外，连他自己的太太也不例外。然后他们叫人到大街上把最先碰到的三个在街头表演的女人带回来，取而代之。过了一段时间，他又把地窖的门给封了，不给他的兄弟们一点吃喝。有一天，彼得在城里一位地方官的家中做客，聆听了他模仿其同侪的口吻，对他的牛腰肉进行的称赞。“牛肉，”这位大人说，“是肉中之王，其中包含鹧鸪、鹌鹑、鹿肉、野鸡、李子布丁和奶油的精华。”彼得回到家中以后，感到很有必要看一看他自己的学说，按其所默认的牛腰肉烹饪出来，再添加到他的黑面包里是何种效果。“面包，”他说，“亲爱的兄弟，是生命的支柱，其中含有牛肉、羊肉、小牛肉、鹿肉、鹧鸪、葡萄干布丁和奶油的精华。为完成这一切的混合，需要一定量的水，与起软化作用的酵母或曲子混合在一起，形成一种健康的发酵液，并渗入到面包的肌体内。”在得到如此确定的结论以后，第二天晚餐时城市宴会的所有礼节性主餐就都是一道黑面包了。“来，兄弟们，”彼得说，“吃吧，不要客气；这是上好的羊肉，要么等一下，让我来，我来帮你们。”他一面这样说着一面舞弄刀叉做出一系列庄严的仪式动作，切下两片高贵的面包，并各放到一个盘子里递给他的两个弟兄。这两兄弟中较年长[134]的

一个，也不是第一次领教彼得的这套把戏了，便用很谦恭的语言评价这一神圣赠物。“我的老爷，”他说，“我觉得你这一高贵的赠与行为可能有一个错误。”——“哦，”彼得说，“看你高兴的样子，说吧，就让我们听听是什么可喜的事情让你合不拢嘴。”——“那倒不是，我的老爷。只是，除非我受骗了，不然的话，阁下，您刚才欣然脱口而出有关羊肉的词语，想必不会让我全心全意的寻找落空吧。”——“怎么，”彼得诧异道，“这我就完全不懂了。”这时弟弟赶忙插话纠正说：“我的老爷，我哥哥八成是饿坏了，所以急切地盼望看到阁下曾经许诺我们的羊肉。”——“祷告吧，”彼得说，“请让我和你一起，你们要么拿出要么装出比我所赞成的更多的快乐，如果你们不喜欢自己的那一块，我可以另外再给你们切一块，我认为这就是一整块前腿肉。”——“那么，我的老爷，”第一个发话的兄弟问道，“难道在你看来这始终是羊的前腿肉？”——“祷告吧，先生，”彼得说，“吃你的饭吧，不要无礼，如果你不介意的话。我现在还不想再给它添加作料。”但是另一个兄弟被彼得所表现出的一脸严肃所激怒，有点按捺不住了：“上……，我的老爷，”他说，“我只能说，通过我的眼睛所见、手指所触、牙齿所咬、鼻子所闻，它不过是一片干面包而已。”这时另一个兄弟也插话说：“我这辈子还从来没见过这样像十二便士面包的一块羊肉哩。”——“看看你们，二位先生，”彼得愤怒地叫道，“为了让你俩知道你们不过是两只瞎眼的、十足的、无知的、任性的小狗，我只好使用如下证据了：我对上……发誓，这是伦敦肉类市场所能见到的真正的、上好的、天然的羊肉；上……诅咒你们这两个永远不相信这一切的家伙。”这铁一般的证据一出，当然再没有任何反驳的余地了。慌乱中那两个反对者竭力支吾并掩盖他们的错误。“是啊，当然，”第一个说：“经过更深入的考虑……”——“嗯，”另一个打断他说，“现在我感到这东西好多了。老爷确实有充分的理由说服我们。”——“很好，”彼得说，“来，孩子，给我的酒杯里斟满波尔多红酒，我全心全意地敬你俩一杯。”这两个弟兄，高兴地看到他怒气全消，便回以他们最诚挚的谢意，说他们很乐意维护

他的主人地位。“那是当然的，”彼得说，“我并不是一个不讲理的人。我不会拒绝你们所言中任何合理的部分。葡萄酒，如果饮用适度，就是兴奋剂，也给你俩一人一杯；这是真正的从葡萄中提取的天然原汁，并非由你们所诅咒的葡萄酒商所酿造。”说到这里，他又递给他俩每人一大块黑面包，并命令他们喝掉，且不必担心，因为它对他们不会有丝毫伤害。这两兄弟，在完成了在这种微妙场合通常需要做的一套仪式动作以后，久久地看着彼得并相互对视，琢磨着事态将如何发展。但他们最后还是决定不再挑起新一轮的争端。由他爱怎么说就怎么说吧，他现在多半正处于疯病的巅峰期，辩论和规劝只会让他更加不可理喻。

我之所以把这段故事原原本本地讲出来，是因为它作为主要原因引发了一场重大的、世人瞩目的分裂。分裂在这三弟兄之间大约同时发生，而且从此以后再没有和好过。但是对于这一点我将在另一章中讲述。

然而，可以肯定的是，彼得老爷即使在他神智十分清醒的时候，在一般谈话中也总是很露骨地表现出极度的任性和不容分说，而且永远都是宁死不承认自己有丝毫错误。此外，他还有一项可怕的本领，就是在任何场合撒弥天大谎，不仅如此，他还发毒誓说这都是真的，并诅咒在场所有哪怕是装出对他有一丝怀疑的人下地狱。有一次他发誓说，他家里有一头牛，在吃了一顿草料之后挤出的牛奶填满了三千座教堂；更为不可思议的是，这些牛奶永远不会坏。还有一次他谈论起一根属于他父亲的旧路标，说它上面的钉子和木料足够建造十六条战船。有一天他又谈起一种中国货车，说它轻得可以在群山上乘风破浪航行，“上……，”彼得说，“这有何奇妙？我向上……发誓，我还曾看到过一个用石灰和石头建造的大房子在海洋和陆地上游走（假定它时而也要停下来吃东西），飞越了两千多德国里格的距离。”再有就是那最精彩的部分了，他总是一边讲述一边百般发誓说，他自有生以来从不说谎，一个字也没有说过。“我向上……发誓，先生们，我告诉你们的都

是事实；见……吧，我永远诅咒那些不相信我的人。”

无需多言，彼得因此而臭名昭著，周围邻居都坦言他是个不折不扣的无赖。而他的两个兄弟也早已厌烦了处处受他的不公平待遇，终于决定离开他。但是首先他们谦恭地向他提出期望得到父亲那份久违了的遗嘱。而他非但没有满足他们的请求，反而骂他们是婊子养的、强盗、叛徒等等，用尽了一切能够想到的难听字眼。然而有一天他在国外推广他的项目的时候，这两兄弟看到了时机，于是回来找到了遗嘱，通过copia vera[135]他们这才发现自己上当受骗有多严重。父亲在遗嘱里说他们三人是平等的继承人，并严格规定，不管他们谁得到什么都应该三人平分。照此办理，他们的下一行动就是砸开地窖的门，品尝美酒，提提精神并安抚内心的伤痛。在抄写遗嘱的过程中他们又发现禁止淫乱、离婚和分居的规定。于是他们休掉了小妾，找回了自己原配的妻子。就在这一切还没有停当的时候，从纽盖特监狱来了一位律师，问彼得老爷是否愿意为一个明天即将上绞架的死刑犯减刑。这两兄弟回答他说，他竟然找一个本身更应该被绞死的人为将被绞死的人减刑，真是太荒唐了。同时他们也了解了我上文刚刚交代的他的种种骗术。他们建议这位律师去找国王看看能否为朋友减刑。正在这闹哄哄的当儿，哈！彼得回来了，身后还跟着一哨人马。他集中起所有家丁，骂出数不清的脏话和诅咒，毋庸一一赘述。并以压倒性优势将这弟兄二人踢出了家门，从此以后不许他们再靠近他的屋檐半步。

第五章　关于现代人的题外话

我们，这些被世界誉为现代作家的人，所付出的努力如果不能大有裨益于全人类的福祉，那就永远不可能实现流芳百世、名垂青史的梦想。这，哦万物，就是你的仆人——我——的远大理想！

Quemvis perferre laborem

Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.[136]

正是出于这样的目的，我才耗费了如此多心血和精力，在人的躯体上通过解剖发现其内在本质，并阅读了大量有关各种器官的有益书籍，包括内在和外在的器官，直到尸体的气味让我再也无法继续保存它。通过如此巨大的付出，我终于完全了解了每根骨头的精确位置和形态，因此很乐于在这里为所有对此感兴趣的先生和其他人展示完整的解剖图。但是在这个本来属于题外话的章节中，我不能离题太远。因为我知道有些作家把题外话包装在另一个题外话里，使之像一个扑朔迷离的魔盒。我只简单说明一点，通过对人类本质的深入剖析，我有了一个全新的、重要的、奇特的发现。那就是，造福人类有两种途径：教育和消遣。在刚才我提到的那些材料中（世人或许有一天会看到它，如果它的魅力大到足以让我的某位朋友想去偷一本，或让某位我景仰的先生急不可耐地想一睹为快的话），我已经进一步证实，人类现今倾向于从消遣中获得大大多于教育的益处。他们的通病是大惊小怪、没有正形、哈欠连天。在当今无所不包的智慧和学识的汪洋大海中，教育似乎已没有多大余地了。但是在我的那本对于伟大时代极具权威性的教材中，我已成功将教育全面拔高，而且，这一杰作从头至尾都在十分艺术地把这两个层面糅合在一起，一层是有用的，另一层是dulce[137]。

当我想到：我们五光十色的现代人已经大大掩盖了古代人的微弱光芒，把他们排斥在所有时尚的商业活动之外，这还不算，我们的那些卓越的城市精英竟然还对古人是否曾经存在的问题产生严重分歧，而对此我们可以从杰出的现代人本特利[138]博士有益的劳动和呕心沥血的著作中得到十分满意的答案，当我想到所有这一切的时候，我不禁深深感到，没有哪个著名的现代人曾尝试过在一本体积小巧的便携书里写出如此无所不包的庞大体系。它包括所有已知的，或人们相信或想象的，或在生活中实践过的事情。但是我必须承认，这样的奇迹不久前曾被一位伟大的巴西哲学家想到过。他提出的方法是，通过某种神秘程序获取一

个秘方，这是他英年早逝之后我在他遗留下的文件里发现的。在这里，出于我对现代学人的深厚感情，我向他们展示这一秘方。毫无疑问，有朝一日它将启发某位有才华的实践者。

在所有的现代艺术与科学作品中，你根据自己的喜好任意挑选出用小牛皮做书脊、封底印有文字的精美书籍，不论它是由哪一种你喜欢的文字写成，你把它们in balneo Mariae[139]进行提炼，注入Q.S.[140]的罂粟精华，用从药剂师那里得到的三品脱忘川[141]的水混合，并仔细清理掉其中的sordes[142]和caput mortuum[143]，让其中所有不稳定的成分挥发掉，你只保留第一道萃取物，然后再将其蒸馏十七次，直到剩下约两特拉姆[144]的重量。你把它装在一个小玻璃瓶里，密封好，搁置二十一天。这时你就可以开始写你的天主教专著了。每天早晨在你空腹时，先摇晃小瓶，摇出三滴仙液，用鼻子将其猛烈吸入。十四分钟之内，它就会在大脑（如果有的话）里溶解。这时你的脑海中就会立即浮现出无数的摘要、介绍、提纲、精粹、全集、节录，excerpta quaedams[145]，florilegias[146]等等。而且全都井然有序地从你的笔端涌出，有条不紊地落到纸上。

我必须承认，正是有了这一秘方的帮助，尽管impar[147]，我却可以冒险尝试一件连某位名为荷马[148]的作家都未曾实现甚至尝试过的如此大胆的事情。尽管他本不是个没有能力的人，且对于一位古人来说，也还算有几分天资，我却发现了他的许多错误，这使我不能原谅他的骨灰，如果他还有任何骨灰留下来的话。因为尽管我们很清楚他的作品所涉及的是一个包括人、神、政治乃至机械力学的完整的知识体系，但是很显然，他完全忽视了一些方面，而在其他方面也极其不完美。首先，作为一个他的门徒所称的杰出的秘法家，他的opus magnum[149]极度的贫乏和蹩脚，他似乎只肤浅地读过森迪沃格斯[150]、贝曼[151]或《灵智魔学》[152]，而他对sphaera pyroplastica[153]也有很多错误理解，以致造成无法挽回的疏忽。如果读者同意这一严厉的谴责，vix crederem

autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem[154]。在机械方面，他也有不少同样明显的错误。因为，我曾带着现代智者常有的最真诚的实践精神阅读他的作品，却丝毫也无法弄清那件有用工具的结构，也就是一个节约装置。为了它，若没有现代人的帮助，我们可能至今仍然在黑暗中摸索。但我还有一个比这更加尖锐百倍的问题要诘问这位作者，我是说他对这一领域的一般法则，以及英格兰教会的原则和纪律的极度无知。他的这一缺点确实使他，以及所有古人都成为我了不起的朋友沃顿[155]先生正当的严厉谴责的对象，这位神学学士[156]的无与伦比的题为“古代与现代的学识”的论文无论是在其轻松的格调、泉涌的才思，还是作者对这一吞云吐雾的飞行物用途的伟大发现，抑或在其矫情的口才风格方面，都从来没有得到足够的重视。因此，当我笔下的这篇文章行文至此，我深深有感于它给予我的巨大帮助和启发，因而我情不自禁地要公开表达对这位作家的敬意和谢忱，以彰显对他的公正待遇。

但除了上文提到的这些荷马的疏漏以外，好奇的读者一定还会在这位作家的作品中发现其他一些并非完全由他负责的缺陷。因为从他所处的时代到现在，尤其是在最近三年或三年左右的时间里，每一知识领域都得到了如此长足的发展进步，因而他的构想已不可能像他的鼓吹者所宣称的那样，是非常完美的现代发明了。我们轻易地承认是他发明了指南针、火药和血液循环。但是我敢向他的仰慕者发起挑战，在他的所有作品中找出关于这类行为动机的完整说明：难道不是他放任我们自己去寻找政治博弈的艺术？还有什么比他有关茶经的长篇大论更蹩脚和难以令人满意？至于他的被后来人追捧的无须借助汞的唾液分泌法[157]，依我的知识和经验看来，更是极不可信的。

正是为了弥补这样一些重大缺陷，我才在朋友长久的劝说下被说服，拿起了笔。并且我敢保证，明智的读者在这里绝对找不到任何可以在人生紧急关头使用却被忽略的东西。我相信我已经囊括和穷尽了人类想象力所有可能上及和下达的所在。特别是，我推荐的这一研读学者著

述的发明是所有其他人全然不曾想到的。对此，我只需在无数事例中略提一件，那就是，我帮助一知半解的人们学习的新方法，此法亦可称为“深学浅读法”，一个有关捕鼠器的新新发明；一个通用的推理规则，或按每个人的自身条件，再加上一个动力强劲的捕捉猫头鹰的机器。所有这些，聪明的读者一看便知，都是我在这本书的若干部分中着力论述的。

我认为，对于我正在写作的这篇文章的美妙和高明之处，我已极尽彰显之能事，因为在这个讲究礼貌和学识的时代，作者倾向于纠正居心不良的批评者或彬彬有礼的无知读者，已成为一种最受称道的时尚与幽默。此外，近来还有几篇著名的作品见诸文坛，有诗歌，也有散文。其中，如果作者对大众的深厚情感和伟大人性不能使他产生愉悦，从而对作品内在的崇高和神圣进行很好的细致描写，那么我们能在其中发现庄严和神圣丝毫踪迹的可能性，就只有千分之一。[158]拿我自己来说，我不否认，不管我在这里说了什么，它都更为适合放在前言里说，并且更适合采用通常用于前言的写作风格。但是我认为能得到那无比尊贵的最后的作家殊荣也很惬意：作为最新一代的现代人，我主张我绝对的权利。而我的后来人的身份给了我对所有前人专制的权利。正因为有了这一权利，我极不赞成并坚决反对那种把前言当作一本书的节目单的惯常做法。因为我一直认为，对于大投机商和其他有奇思妙想的零售商来说，以下的做法是极为轻率的：在门口挂一幅所售商品的大图片，下面加上雄辩的解说词：这节省了我多达三个便士的金钱。这样的招牌让我的好奇心得到了彻底的满足，因此我根本无心再走进店去，虽然我还常常会听到那位演说家般的促销店员最后的时断时续的演说词：先生，我敢保证，我们这就开始。这就是现代前言、书信、广告、简介、绪论乃至器具给读者的最真实的感受。这种技巧在最初曾经十分吸引人。我们伟大的德莱顿把它用到了极致，并取得了令人难以置信的成功。他时常信心十足地对我说，如果不是他如此经常地在前言里向读者保证他是这个世界上如此伟大的一位诗人，读者很可能会怀疑甚至忘掉这一点。这

也许是对的吧，但是，我更担心他的教育偏离了方向。他似乎在教人在某些方面变得更聪明，却从未真正打算他们这样。因为看到当今许多和我们年龄相仿的热心读者，翻看前言和献辞（是很常见的现代简洁版）就像看拉丁文，看了四五十页就厌烦了，懒得再往下看。尽管另一方面，必须承认，已知有很大一部分人继而成为批评家或智者都是只看前言不看其余部分的。这使我认为可以公平地将读者分为两类。现在，对我自己来说，我自认为属于前一类。因此，我用现代人的眼光来分析我自己的作品之美，并展示其中的亮点。我认为最好的办法是在正文中展示，正如我现在所作的。因为这样可以给我们的文章十分可观地增加篇幅，这一点是任何一位娴熟的作家都绝对不会忽视的。

在对我们最新作家所形成的习惯表达了我的一番敬意和谢忱，并通过并非刻意而为的长长的题外话，通过无缘无故地非难一切，并通过良苦用心和机智的语言，拿出对自己极大的公正和对他人极大的诚实揭示了我的优点和其他人的缺陷之后，现在我非常乐意继续我的主要话题，以最大限度地让读者和作者都感到满意。

第六章　无稽之谈

前文说过，彼得老爷与他的两个弟兄分道扬镳，把他们赶出了家门。从此他们重又回到了广阔的世界，且对世间的一切都不敢相信了。这些情况倒是恰好给作家的写作增添了合适的素材，对于伟大的冒险家来说，悲惨的境遇总能带来最大的收获。世人也能从中感知慷慨的作者与普通的朋友在素养上的差异。一般认为，普通朋友只能同富贵，不能共患难。而慷慨的作者就不一样了，他善于在粪土中发现英雄，并从这里逐步将他扶上王位，然后就戛然而止了；对自己的一番苦心并不期待多少回报和感谢。而这正是我要模仿的范例，我已将彼得老爷赋予一个高贵身份，并给了他相应的称号和足够他享用的金钱。现在我把有关他

的话题暂且放一放，因为常人所具有的慈悲之心让我不能不帮他落难中的两兄弟一把。当然，我也绝不会忘记我作为历史学家的天职，脚踏实地地追寻着真理，无论发生什么事情，也无论它将带我走向何方。

且说这一对被命运和志趣紧紧联系在一起的落魄兄弟，总算找到了一个住处一起住下。在那里他们第一次有了空闲时间。于是他们开始反思自己充满无数不幸和烦恼的过去，一时间对自己究竟做错了什么百思不得其解。无奈中他们忽然想起父亲的遗嘱，谢天谢地，他们总算重新得到了遗嘱的正本。于是他们立即将它拿了出来，并庄严决定，改正所有违反遗嘱的错误，并在今后的行动中严格按照规定的要求办事。遗嘱的主体（读者应该不至于忘记）是有关他们穿着那件外套的引人入胜的规则。通过仔细核对，两兄弟把每一个时期的实践活动与规定的条文逐一比较，发现还从来没有见过比它们之间差别更大的两种事物，在遗嘱的每一点上都有可怕的、彻底的违反。于是他们立即一致决定，按照父亲的遗嘱把衣服改回原样。

但是，对于那些迫不及待想知道故事结局的急性子读者来说，我有必要打断他们一下，以便让我们作家作一些适当的铺垫。我要说的是，此时这两兄弟的身份也今非昔比，并且有了各自的名分。其中一个给自己取名马丁，另一个取名杰克。这两人曾在他们的兄弟彼得的威压下一度十分友好，因为对于同病相怜两人来说，这是明智之举。厄运当头的人如同处身于黑暗之中，对所有的颜色都分辨不清，但当他们重新回到世界上，开始在光明中相互展示自己的时候，他们所从事活动的现状突然让他们发现，他们有着非常不同的处世态度。

说到这里，严肃的读者可能会指责我作为一个作家记忆力太差。而一个真正的现代人又是丝毫不会受制于这样的缺点的。因为记忆力作为思想对过去事物的存储，是一种对于我们这个辉煌时代的学者来说全然不发生效力的能力。他们只和发明创造打交道，所有的事情都是他们自

己想出来的或互相讨论出来的。正由于此，我们非常合理地认为，拿我们伟大的健忘症作为论点，是难以染指我们伟大的智慧的。我应该是在此手稿的大约五十页前，就得体地向读者提到了一个了不起的彼得，带动了他的两兄弟，在外套添加了所有那些时尚的零碎儿，即使过时了以后他们也没有拆除其中任何一样。也就是说，所有增加的东西都依旧在衣服上保留着。可想而知，它成了你所能想象的最离奇古怪的大杂烩。这样说吧，在他们分手的时候，衣服原来的样子可以说一丝一毫都难以看到了，能看到的只有无数的花边、丝带、镶嵌、刺绣和斑点。我的意思是那些银点，因为其余的斑点都脱落了。还算幸运，这件已经在某个角落里被忘却了很久的衣服，被这两兄弟找到了。在他们决心按父亲的遗愿把它改回原样的时候，它就是上述的样子。

他们二人不约而同地开始了这项伟大的工作。他们时而看看外套，时而看看遗嘱。马丁先下手了。他把衣服抖一下，就有许多银点纷纷落下。接着他又抓了一把，一下就拉下来近10码长的花边。这个时候他犹豫了：他很清楚地知道仍然有大量的工作要做。然而，当最初的热度过后，他的情绪开始冷却。于是他决定采用较温和的方法继续其余的大量工作。他小心地撕下那一个个银点，以免把衣料撕破。上文我们曾经提到，这些银点含有银的成分，缝缀它们的工人也很聪明，采用了双线密缝，以防脱落。下一步马丁决定拆除外套上大量的金花边，他对每一个针脚的处理更加谨慎，并且还把所有的碎线头也都清理干净，这花费了很长时间。接下来，他开始拆除那些刺绣的印度男人、女人和孩子的图案。看官应该还记得，这些都是他们的父亲在遗嘱上明确提出强烈反对的。拆除它们不但需要精细的手法，而且需要极度的耐心。他拆了好一阵，才把其中的一部分完全拆干净，另外一些只是从表面上看不到了。还有一些绣得非常密实，拆起来非常麻烦，很难在不损伤衣料的情况下完全拆干净。此外，还有的刺绣原本就是用于掩盖或修补外套上面的瑕疵的，绣工与衣料已成为一体。于是他决定，对于这些还是以保持原样为好，以免衣服的原始布料受到任何损伤。他认为，只有这样才是对父

亲遗嘱的真正目的和用意最好的遵从。以上就是我对马丁所实施的这场伟大革命的尽我所能的描述。

然而，他的兄弟杰克所经历的冒险故事却非常奇特，使我们不得不用剩余的大部分篇幅来描述。对于同样一件事情，他采取的却是完全不同的态度和策略。他对彼得给他的伤害一直记忆犹新，并耿耿于怀。这给他带来的刺激和冲动，大大胜过对父亲任何命令的遵从，因为对于前者来说，后者至多也只不过处于次要和服从的地位。不仅如此，他还给自己这种复杂的心态取了一个似是而非的名字，名曰热情。这或许在所有语言中都是一个意义非凡的词。关于这一点，我想在我对热情所作的一番历史-神学-逻辑学的精辟阐述和分析中已得到充分证明。其中我展示了它是如何先从一个概念发展为一个词，又如何在一个炎热的夏天成熟，从而成为一种有形的物质。这部巨著有对开本三大卷，我已决定马上出版，并采用现代社会常用的从订阅人身上赚钱的方式，而不必怀疑这块宝地上的贵族和上流社会人士所给予我的所有可能的鼓励，因为现在他们对我可能有何种作为已经领略一二了。

且说这位杰克兄弟，在这种复杂心态的驱使下，满怀愤懑地思量着如何对彼得的暴行实施报复，而马丁的软弱妥协又加剧了他的愤怒，于是他下定决心。“这个无赖，”他说，“把吃喝锁起来，把我们的妻子赶跑，骗走我们的钱财，给我们可恶的面包屑充当羊肉，最后还把我们踢出家门；这个恶棍，我们必须以眼还眼，以牙还牙！这还不算，大街小巷里人人都反对他。”就这样，他自我调动情绪，让怒火膨胀到最高点。其结果是，头脑中微妙的改革冲动促使他决定立即着手行动，他用三分钟所做的事情大大超过马丁数小时的作为。因为，好心的看官，你一定能理解，热情一旦达到狂热的程度就有几分失去理智了；而这个时候的杰克正处于这种状态，而且已达到极致。于是就出现了这样的情况：由于他在撕去一堆金丝带时动作过猛，他把整个外套从上到下撕成了两半。而做针线活又不是他的长项，因此他除了将撕开的外套用粗线

绳和串肉扦子连缀起来，也没有其他更好的方法。然而无穷无尽的麻烦接踵而至（我是含着眼泪记录这一实情的），当他开始拆刺绣的时候，由于天生笨手笨脚、脾气急躁，又看到数以百万计的针脚需要极度的精细和耐心才能拆除，他一气之下把整个刺绣连同它附着的布料一起撕了下来，并把它扔进狗窝，并疯狂地继续撕扯："啊，好兄弟马丁，"他一边撕扯一边说，"为了对上帝的爱，学着我一样做吧，撕、扯、拉、剥，一切的一切，这样我们就和那恶棍彼得彻底不一样了。哪怕给我一百英镑，我也不愿意在身上留下一丝一毫可能引起邻人怀疑我与这样一个恶棍有相似之处的证据。"但是，这时候的马丁却非常冷静和镇定。他请求他的兄弟，为了所有的爱，不要对他的外套实施任何伤害，因为他永远不可能再得到另一件同样的外套了。还提醒他说，他们所做的这件事与他们对彼得的任何成见无关，仅仅是为了遵守父亲在遗嘱中的规定。他应该记得，无论彼得犯了什么样的错误，造成多大的伤害，他毕竟是他们的兄弟。为了报复，就一味采取冤冤相报的方法反对他，这种想法要不得，应该努力克服。的确，他们的好父亲所作的有关他们穿着此外套的规定非常明确，但是其中对他们三人之间的和睦、友好、互助和情谊方面也有同样严格的规定。因此，假如得理不饶人本来不可取的话，为加强团结并化解矛盾而为之，那就更不可取了。

如此这般，马丁用开头那种严肃认真的口吻继续说教，所言势必构成一场令人难忘的道德讲座，给我的读者的身心带来巨大的教益，而这也正是伦理的终极目标。但是此时此刻的杰克却早已因不耐烦而不知去向了。在学术争执中，作为学者在提出质疑时应有的淡定，还从未引发过如此强烈的反感。在很多情况下，争执就像一个不平衡的天平，总是重的一边压倒轻的一边，并使之抬高、受迫。当下所发生的情况正是如此，马丁所言之重压倒了杰克之轻，迫使他逃之夭夭，以表示对手足兄弟的反感。总之，马丁的耐心把杰克激怒了。然而，真正让他倍受煎熬的还是眼下自己兄弟的外套这般完好无损，并恢复到了以前的清白状态；而他自己的这件，不但破得使里面的衬衫显露无遗，而且在那些未

受到他猛烈撕扯的部位，依旧保留着他兄弟彼得留下的烙印。现在他看起来就像一个饱受欺凌的醉汉，一个因拒绝交出诈骗款而新近被投入纽盖特监狱的犯人，一个当场被抓住又被柜台女郎高抬贵手放走的商店扒手，一个穿着旧天鹅绒裙子任由势利之手摆布的鸨母。不管像其中哪一个，还是所有的都像，这个满身烂布条、破花边和大窟窿的可怜的杰克如果现在看到自己的外套还和马丁的一样，他一定会非常高兴，但是，如果他看到马丁的外套和自己的一样，他一定会更加倍地高兴。然而，鉴于这两种情况都不大可能发生，他感到需要另辟蹊径，文过饰非。于是他努力（按他自己的说法或用意）收集狡黠的辩词，用以说服马丁回心转意，让他把自己也搞成衣衫褴褛、破烂不堪的样子，并承认自己前面所说的那番话都是无稽之谈。在尽一切努力作好这些准备以后，可惜！孤立无援的杰克所能做的仍不过是用无数粗俗的语言攻击和谩骂他的兄弟，抓狂、语无伦次。总而言之，这两兄弟之间产生了巨大的分歧。杰克立即另外找了新居所，没过几天就传来确切消息说，他的智慧已经耗尽。此后不久他又出现在国外，表现出病态大脑所能呈现的最离奇古怪的胡思乱想症状，进一步证实了上述消息。

现在，在街上遇到他的小男孩们开始用多个名字称呼他。有时称他秃头杰克，有时称他打灯笼的杰克，有时称他荷兰杰克，有时称他法国老休，有时称他乞丐汤姆，有时称他北方敲门的杰克。正是这些名称中的一个或几个或全部，由聪明的读者去取舍，催生了伊奥利亚[159]最杰出的也是流行的教派。时至今日，这里的人们仍对这位著名的杰克充满景仰与怀念，将他尊为他们的始祖和创始人。至此我已将此人的来历和为人十分详细地介绍了一番，以满足世人的好奇。

——Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.[160]

第七章　关于题外话的题外话

我经常听到用三言两语概括的《伊利亚特》[161]，但对我来说幸运的是，我更经常看到《伊利亚特》中的三言两语。毫无疑问，人生从这两者中都能得到极大的裨益。但是，世界究竟更应该感谢其中哪一个，我想把这作为一个值得深入探究的问题留给对此感兴趣的人们。对于后者的发明，我认为学术界应主要感谢现代人对题外话的改进：对知识的后期精加工类似于对我们国人口味的精加工。而这种口味，对于味觉极佳的人来说，是经过各种复合材料调配的，呈现于开胃汤、杂烩菜、浓汁肉丁和蔬菜炖肉中。

事实上，生活不很富裕的人，不免感到一种压抑的困扰，声称十分讨厌这种礼节性的发明；对于饮食口味一说，他们倒是也赞成这样的类比，却大胆提出，这一实例本身是对品味的莫大玷污和诋毁。他们告诫我们说，将五十种调料混杂一处加入菜肴的时尚，最初的形成就是为了迎合一种邪恶、堕落的口腹之欲，也是为了一种疯狂的体质：如果看到一个人吃完鹅、野鸭或者山鹬的头部和脑髓之后拼命找什锦菜，说明他想得到能对付更海量饮食的胃和消化力。他们还进一步肯定，题外话对于一本书来说就如同一支外国军队来到一个大谈国民需要拥有自己的心和手的国度，往往要么征服当地人，要么把当地人驱逐到最贫瘠的角落。

然而，这些傲慢的抨击者所反对的一切表明，如果把写书的人限制在致命的除了直奔主题其他一概不能写的框框里，那作家群体的数量将很快减少到极其微不足道的数目。应该承认，如果我们目前的处境与希腊、罗马人相同，在学识尚处于摇篮之中，需要扶持和培育，并被冠以创新美名的时期，那么写出大部头的真实故事乃是比较容易的事情，无需偏离主题而言他，借此渲染或深化主题。但是知识的滋长就像一支驻扎在一个富裕国家的数量庞大的军队的成长，开头几天尚可以由自己所在土地的产品供养，一旦给养耗尽，他们势必要到远方去寻找食物。至于从朋友还是敌人那里寻找，也就不重要了。与此同时，邻近的田野被

践踏和蹂躏，变得贫瘠干燥，除了暴土扬沙，不再出产粮食。

可见，我们的经历已和我们的先辈完全不同，聪明的现代人对此看得很清楚。我们这个时代的人发明了一套成为学者或智者的更为快捷和可靠的方法，无需经受读书和思考之苦。目前使用图书最有效的方式有二，可任选其一。第一种方法是将它们视为议员，记住其头衔和名号，然后就可以吹嘘与之相识了。相比之下，第二种方法其实更可取、更有价值，且更文雅，那就是仔细阅读索引部分。因为它是整本书的纲要和指南，就如同鱼尾巴的功用。由于从大门进入知识的宫殿需要大量时间和程式，所以时间不多、不喜欢程式的人往往选择从后门进入。由于各类艺术都飞速进展，因此更容易从后面进攻。就像医生要了解整个身体的状况，往往只观察后面的排出物。因此，人们获取知识从一本书的后部分着手，就像男孩将弹丸瞄准麻雀的尾巴。因此，了解人生的最佳途径是注意后端，这是聪明人的方法；因此，科学的发现就像赫克勒斯的公牛，[162]从后面追踪；因此，老学问的揭秘就像旧丝袜，从脚下开始。不仅如此，作为拥有大量军事原则的体系，近来科学大军的规矩日益严密，总体上看正进行大规模的集体探索活动。对于它给我们带来的福祉，我们完全应该感谢其体系与纲要，它使我们现代的科学巨匠，像谨慎的放贷人一样，用他们的辛劳和汗水造福于我们这些后辈。唯有辛勤劳动播撒的种子，才可能让后人坐享其成，让我们在这高贵的年代获得如此特殊而丰厚的收获。如今让人变得聪明、有学问、高贵的方法越来越多，日益普及，且有了较固定的形式，因此作家的数量也势必相应增加。其结果，必然导致他们之间不断产生摩擦。此外，还有人说，目前自然界已不再有足以让人另立一个名目，并为之编纂一部书的新事物出现。这话是一个非常出色的数学家告诉我的。他用数学定理对此作了完整的演示。

或许，这一说法会遭到那些坚持物质无限论的人们的反对。他们不承认任何一种事物可以被穷尽。为了回答这个问题，让我们分析一下当

今社会所发明并培育出的一种最高级的现代智慧。作为所有智慧的一部分，它结出的果实最多、最美。其中，尽管有一部分遗存是古人留给我们的，但依我的记忆，还全然没有被破译或编辑形成体系以供现代社会使用。因此，以我们的名义，我们可以确信，从某种意义上说，它的发明和完善都是由现代人一手完成的。我指的是现代人所拥有的从男性和女性的pudenda[163]及其正常用途中演绎出象征、影射和应用艺术的享誉甚高的智慧，绝对令人惊讶、舒畅和愉悦。再有，看到发明中与这些渠道无关的时尚成分微乎其微，不禁让我时常想到，我们时代和我们国家的那些快乐天才都是古代对印度矮人的象征性描写所产生的预言效果所造就的。这些矮人的身高不过两英尺；sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia。[164]目前我一直在很好奇地研究近期出现的最直观展现这种美的作品。尽管这里的静脉时常流血，而且人用尽所有吃奶的力气保持其扩张、胀大并通畅，就像西徐亚人[165]。他们有一个习惯，就是给母马的私处吹气，这样可使它产奶更多。但是我有一个忧虑，就是这样一来那里必然越来越干燥，且不可逆转，而且需要一些新的智慧fonde[166]提供可能的帮助，否则我们对此就只能满足于在那里不断重复，在其他场合也一样。

对于我们现代人的智慧无法计算出不可穷尽的事物的这一说法，以上所述给出了有力的论据。那么，除了增加索引和减少卷本这些最后的招数以外，我们还能做什么呢？必须大量收集语录，并按字母顺序编排。为此，尽管无需和作者协商，但必须和批评家、评论家以及词汇学家谨慎协商。最重要的是，对于聪明地收集到其中最佳部分、鲜花和格言的人，必须通过学识中的所谓细筛子和粗钓丝对其认真处理。[167]尽管我们并不清楚接受它们处理的究竟是珍珠还是鱼饵，因而也不清楚我们究竟应看重留在筛面上的，还是落到筛底下的东西。

通过这些方法，在几周之内就涌现出许多能够驾驭最深奥、最广泛的主题的作家了。可如果他脑袋空空的，怎么写出内容丰满的普通书籍

呢？如果你放松在环境、方法、风格、语法或创新等方面对他的约束，赋予他但凡有机会就去抄袭别人、放弃自己主见的普遍特权，那么，无须更多的材料，他就能完成一部可以堂堂正正摆在书店的书架上的作品，并且带着它那用纹章图案加工的精致书名标签，体面地、永久地待在那里，不让任何学生的手指翻动、弄脏，也不会在图书馆的黑暗中不断轮回，而当大限来临之时，却愉快地接受炼狱的审判，以升上天空。

假如没有这样的许可，那如何指望我们这些现代智者有机会展现我们所收集的材料呢？这些材料的主题成千上万，各不相同，且缺一不可；一旦缺少它们，世人无限的喜悦和受益将被剥夺，使我们在暗淡无光中葬于被遗忘的角落，永不得救赎。

正是这些元素使我得以在有生之年见到作家们联手在竞争中胜过行会中的所有其他弟兄。这让我们自得其乐，还包括来自我们祖先西徐亚人的许多快乐。他们用笔的数量之多，就连从雄辩的希腊语中都难以找到更恰当的形容词，只能说在遥远的北方地区人们几乎不能旅行，因为那里鹅毛满天飞。[168]

本章题外话的长度说明了它的重要程度，而眼下我也已尽我所能为它安排了一个适当位置。如果明智的读者能找到其他更合适的位置，我这里授权给他，可以把它放到任何他喜欢的角落。现在我可要回到更重要的正题上了。

第八章　无稽之谈

在伊奥利亚有一位学者认为，宇宙万物起源于风。根据此种理论，整个宇宙的产生，以及最后的归宿都如此：我们用吹出的气息点燃并使之旺盛的自然之火，终有一天会告吹。

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.[169]

这就是其adepti[170]对他们的anima mundi[171]的理解，也就是精神或呼吸或风的世界，因为，如果通过自然的细节来观察整个体系，你会发现这是毫无争议的。无论你喜欢将一个人的forma informans[172]称为spiritus, animus, afflatus，还是anima[173]，这些名字除了形态不同，不是都表示风——也就是构成一切化合物质及其最终归宿的基本元素——的意思吗？再说，生命又是什么，难道不是我们常说的从鼻孔呼出的气息吗？因此，自然学家认为风还在我们尚无法说清的某种神秘现象中起作用，这一论断是完全合理的。且不说诸如turgidus[174]和inflatus[175]这样好听的名字既可以指emittent[176]又可以指承受器官。

根据我所收集的古人的记录，我发现他们的信条有三十二条，这里没有必要一一细说。但是其中发展出的几条最重要的规则，绝不能不提。譬如以下这条格言就很有分量：在所有化合中，由于风所占的比例很高，并促成化合，因此这些化合物中的佼佼者必然含有大量的primordium[177]，可见在所有造物中人类是最完美的，并且还被慷慨的哲学家赋予三种不同的animas[178]或风。而伊奥利亚的智者又慷慨地添加了第四种，其重要性和修饰作用不亚于前三种。这就叫作quartum principium[179]，分别位于世界的四个角落，并成就了著名的秘法家帕拉切尔苏斯[180]将人体置于这四大基点相关位置的学说。

出于这一原则，他们的下一个信条是，人在来到这个世界上的时候就带着一定数量的风，它源自那另外四种，可称之为quinta essentia[181]。这一精妙教义普遍适用于人生所有紧要关头，并能发展成为任何门类的艺术和科学，还可以通过某种教育手段得以神奇地精馏和扩充。当此风膨胀至完美程度，就无须保留、硬撑或强压了，而可以自由地传递给人类。由于这些原因，以及其他一些同等重要的原因，聪明的伊奥利亚人宣称，打嗝[182]的本能是理性造物最高尚的行为。为了培

养此种艺术，使之更好地为人类服务，他们采用了多种方法。在一年的某些季节里，你会看见他们中数量众多的祭司，个个张大嘴巴面向狂风。而在其他时候，你能看到数百人在一起围成一个圈，每人手拿一副风箱，对准旁边人的臀部吹气，把他吹鼓，成为大酒桶的形状。因此，他们通常非常得体地把自己的身体称为气囊。在通过诸如此类的手段胀大，达到足够饱满程度的时候，他们便立即离开，为公众的利益，将自己囊中所得的大部分注入到他们信徒的皮囊里。在这里我们必须申明，他们之所以把所有的学问都尊奉为从同一原则演变而来，是因为，首先，大家都一致承认并肯定，学识使人饱满。其次，还可以通过以下三段论法来证明这一点：话语不过是风，学识不过是话语，因此，学识不过是风。由于这样的原因，他们中的哲学家，在学校就是通过打嗝来向他们的学生阐述其所有学说和观点的，而学生们也因此获得了各种各样雄辩的口才。但是，他们中那些杰出的智者最棒、最显著的特点是一个特定的神态，这神态明确无误地表明精神对其体内物质的扰动达到了何种程度或强度。因为，在嗝逆之后，风与气味同时发了出来，首先，在湍流和气动作用下，它会在人体内的小小世界引起震动，使人咧嘴、缩腮，使双眼眼球暴突。此时此刻，他们打出的嗝不但被视为无比神圣，而且越酸越臭越好，被他们卑微的追随者带着无限的欣慰全盘接受下来。并且（为了使这一过程更趋完美），由于人的生命气息是从鼻孔呼出的，因此最好、最有益、最生动地接受它的途径，也是经过那里，以便在其通过的时候给他们以嗅酊般的刺激。

这四种气就是他们的神。他们将其视为激活宇宙并遍布于其中的精神予以崇拜，并且相信唯此四种气就足以给人以所有灵感。然而其中最主要的，也就是令他们latria[183]的，是万能的“北”。这是一个古老的神，受到希腊大都市人的最高级别的尊敬：omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant[184]。这个神，虽然被认为无处不在，但在更深邃的伊奥利亚人看来，拥有一个独特的居所，或（用正式语言表述）一个coelum empyraeum[185]。他更习惯于出现在这里。此居所坐落的那个地

区，古希腊人都知道，名为Σμοτία[186]，或黑暗的土地。虽然这一点曾引起很大争议，但无可争议的一点是，伊奥利亚人中最优秀之辈都认为自己源于类似的一个名字，其祭司也世世代代从中获得最精妙的灵感。他们亲手将灵感从那些气囊的源头找出来，并在所有国家的非教会派的新教徒中释放。而这些人在此之后便天天气喘吁吁，不论是在过去、现在还是永远的将来。

不错，他们的神秘仪式就是这样进行的。有学问的人都知道，古代的艺术鉴赏家有一项发明，就是用气囊或储气桶保存并携带风，这对于长期的海上航行有很大帮助。而今这一有用技艺竟然失传了，实在令人遗憾，尽管我不清楚潘西罗鲁斯[187]是如何粗心大意，竟然把它遗漏了的。这是一项应归功于埃俄罗斯[188]本人的发明，这一教派的名字也源于此。不仅如此，他们为了纪念这位创始人，至今还保存下来大量这样的桶，并且在他们的每个殿里都安放一个，事先把上盖去掉。每逢庄严的日子，祭司就钻进桶里。在这里，他在按上面提到的方法作好一切准备之前，还要用一个神秘的漏斗将他的下身和桶底连起来，桶底通过北面的裂缝或罅隙接受新鲜灵感。于是你看到他立即膨胀到桶的形状和大小。在这种状态下，作用在下方的精神仿佛在向他发话，他把整场风暴注入他的听觉，它从ex adytis et penetralibus[189]发出，并非没有莫大的痛苦和不安。而吹进来的风作用在他的脸上就如同海风，先是让脸先变黑，继而增加皱纹，接着破裂成泡沫。神圣的伊奥利亚人就是用这种方法向他们气喘吁吁的门徒传达神谕的。他们中有的人在神圣之气出来之后便贪婪地张大嘴巴，有的则不停地吟唱对风的颂歌，并随着自己哼唱的节奏轻轻地来回摆动，以表达他们的神灵之微风的安抚作用。

正是这种祭祀习惯，使一些作家认为伊奥利亚人属于世界上非常古老的人种。由于我上文提到的神秘交易与其他古代圣贤的方法几乎完全相同，灵感均来自于某些藏而不露、奇臭无比的气源，不但将它传给祭司很痛苦，对人们产生的影响也基本上是一样的痛苦。事实上，这一过

程还经常由女性提供者来主持或引导，一般认为她们的器官更有利于接受那些神圣的风，以更大的容器让风进入和通过，并顺带为其增加淫欲的成分，这就好比通过必要的安排，从肉欲的淫荡变为精神的渴望。为支持这一深邃的猜想，还有人进一步强调说，这一女祭司习俗至今仍保留于一些现代伊奥利亚教派中。人们同意接受她们来自上述容器的灵感，就像她们的女巫先祖一样。

一个人只要不断给他的头脑以刺激和约束，他那永不停歇的思想就会本能地在两个极端的世界之间遨游：高与低，善与恶。通常，在他头脑中闪现的第一道灵光总把他带入最完美、光鲜和高尚的遐想，直到其飞升至他自己以及视线所及的范围以外，且无法确切感知至高和至低这两个极端是多么靠近的时候。然后，他又以同样的飞行方法和路线，垂直落到最低点，就如同一个人向东行进却来到西边，或者画一条直线，画得足够长就成了一个圈。难道是我们天性中恶的一面总使我们喜欢用相反的意念装饰每一个高明的想法，还是我们用以解释事物的推理，像太阳一样，只能照亮地球的一半，让另一半不得不留在阴影和黑暗中，还是总朝向思想中的最高尚、最美好方向飞翔的幻想已错过目标，疲劳过度，像一只死去的天堂鸟一般突然坠落到地面，还是经过如此这般的形而上学推理，我尚且没有完全错过其真正的原因，而这一在如此复杂条件下伴随我的命题，其实是全真的？这就像人类最不文明的部分也有某种途径或方法，从概念上爬到上帝或至高权力的高度，因而他们一般都不会忘记给自己的恐惧添加一些可怕的想象，这尽管不能更好地，却能在一定程度上让他们对魔鬼有所容忍。[190]而这一过程似乎是再自然不过的事情，因为它发生在想象力被极度拔高的人身上，其拔高度和那些身体被拔高的人一样；因此，随着他们为类似向上的意念而高兴的同时，却也同样为万丈深渊的前景感到恐惧。所以，在选择魔鬼的时候，人类的通常方法一直是，无论基于实际行动还是视觉感官，挑选那些他们所塑造的神最为反感的事物。这也正是伊奥利亚教派所采取的方法，他们把对两种本性之恶的恐惧和仇恨附在自己身体上，并且在此两种恶

与他们所崇拜的神灵之间建立起永久的敌意。而这两种恶中的一个是变色龙，灵感不共戴天的仇敌，它充满蔑视地吞噬着他们所敬之神的巨大影响力，却连打嗝这样微小的回报都不肯付出。另一个称为Moulinavent，[191]是个巨大的可怕怪物，它有四条强悍的胳膊，与神进行着永不停歇的搏斗，不但能巧妙地躲避他们的打击，还能以更多的打击回敬他们。

著名的伊奥利亚人就是这样与神和魔鬼周旋的。这使他们在当今世界成为如此著名的一族，同时，那礼貌的拉普兰人[192]，毫无疑问，是一个最有代表性的分支。因此，对于这样的人，我不能不以正当的理由在此大加颂扬，因为他们显然为了利益和志趣而与他们的兄弟，我们中的伊奥利亚人如此紧密地联合在一起，不仅从同一批发商那里购买风，而且用同样的价格和方法向非常类似的客户兜售。

那么，不论上文所描述的这个系统完全系由杰克发明，还是如一些作家所言，是从德尔菲[193]的原版抄袭而来，仅经过某些补充和修订，以适应具体时间和环境，我对此不得而知。但有一点我可以肯定的是，杰克至少给它带来了一个新的转折，使它形成了我上文所演绎的衣服及式样。

对于这样一个社会，我对其中的成员有一种特殊的景仰，而他们的观点和习俗却一直受到其反对者出于恶意和无知的极度歪曲和中伤，我一直都在寻求机会为他们正名。因为我认为，消除偏见，将事物最原本、最真实的面貌公之于众，是人类最伟大、最优良的品德。所以我要大胆地这样做下去，除了良心、荣誉和感激之外，我没有考虑个人得失。

第九章　题外话：关于一个联合王国疯病的起源、利用和改进

对于这样一个著名教派，其声誉所系、不容以任何方式歪曲的一点是，它的兴起和确立都归功于我上文所描述的那位创始人杰克。此人神智颠倒，大脑因错乱而失常，这也就是我们通常所说的精神紊乱，或称为疯狂或狂躁。因为，只要我们观察一下世上所有由一个人发起的最大规模行动，不论是通过征服建立新帝国，在哲学领域新的突破和进展，还是新宗教的发明和传播，我们都会发现，其创始人的正常思维发生了巨大的改变，这见于他们的饮食、教育、某些主导性的脾气性格，受到某种特殊的空气或天气的影响。此外，人类思想中的某些个性想法，容易在一些偶然出现的特定情况下相互碰撞，产生火花，尽管最初看上去微不足道，却能引起燎原大火，激发人生最绚丽的壮举。伟大的转折并不总是出自孔武有力的双手，往往也会在适合的条件下应运而生。灵动之气一旦进入大脑，思想的火花无需外来的火种点燃。因为人的上层所有就相当于空气的中层，尽管本质上形成的过程迥异，但最后产出的实质和效用却是相同的。雾气从地表生成，浊气从粪堆生成，蒸汽从大海生成，烟气从火焰生成，所有的云都具有相同的成分和形状。从茅厕发出的气味，其提神作用与功效，丝毫不亚于祭坛上的熏香。凡此种种，我认为，都可以说明我自己。不仅如此，如果没有阴云受到扰动，大自然就永远不会下雨。同样，禁锢在人脑中的思想，必须受到下方器官所发出气体的扰动和侵袭，才能孕育发明并培养成果。可见，尽管上述这些气体来源的复杂性毫不亚于大气，但是它们产出的成果却由于土壤的不同而在种类和品性上截然不同。下面我举两个实例来证明并解释我的这一论断。

一位伟大的王子[194]组建了一支强大的军队，给自己的金库充满无数宝藏，还建立了一支无敌舰队。所有这些计划他丝毫没有向他的重臣或挚友透露。转瞬间世界就充满了杀气。邻近的王国个个十分恐慌，不知道战争风暴何时来临，各地的小道政治家们也纷纷猜测，莫衷一是。一些人认为他已经制定好了称霸世界的计划。另一些人经过分析认为，他的目标是推翻教皇，改革并重建宗教，也就是他自己曾经笃信的宗

教。还有一些人更为睿智，认为他是要到亚洲去制服土耳其并恢复巴勒斯坦。处在所有这些计划准备的过程中，某位通过这些症状收集疾病特征信息的御医，企图尝试治疗。在手术实施的过程中，他竟然打破了气囊，把气体放了出来。没等采用任何手段完成补救，那不幸的王子就气绝身亡了。现在，读者是否迫不及待地想要了解这股气究竟来自何处，竟然长时间吸引那些国民的眼球？究竟是何种神秘动力，莫测源泉，竟能让如此美妙的引擎转动起来？后来人们发现，整台机器的运转不过是幕后的一位女性所致，她的一个眼神就引发隆起，但在尚未发射之前，她却被转移到一个敌对的国家。处于这样尴尬的境地，王子该如何应对？他尝试那位诗人的能容纳corpora quaeque[195]的诗句，但落空了，因为，

Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore：

Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.[196]

在漫无目的地使用各种和平手段的努力之后，聚到一处的部分精气升高并燃烧起来，转而阴沉，继而愤怒，转动位于脊髓腔上的头颅，上升至大脑。一个泼皮因为被某个娼妓甩了而产生的打碎她家窗户的冲动，与一位伟大的王子自发筹组强大的军队，一心梦想攻城拔寨、驰骋疆场、凯旋的冲动，如出一辙。

——Teterrima belli

Causa——[197]

另一个实例出自我读过的一个非常古老的故事。有一个强大的国王[198]，为了取乐，在长达三十年的时间里交替不断地攻取、失守城池。他打败敌军，又被敌军打败。他把王子赶出他们的领土，吓唬孩子并抢走他们口中的面包和黄油。不论是否是他的臣民，不论朋友还是敌人，

不论男女，他都一概烧杀抢掠。据记载，不同国家的哲学家们在探讨其中的原因、性质、道德和政治背景的时候产生了很大的分歧，难以找出解释这种现象的根本原因。最后，气体或精神占据了这位英雄的大脑，并在其中不断循环，进而占领了身体中那个提供zibeta occidentalis[199]的著名区域，并在那里聚集形成一个肿瘤。有了这一说法，当时的世人便不再争执不下了。上述重大结果就是由于精气在此壅滞，不再继续运行所致。同样的精气如果在上层运行，可以征服一个王国，下降到直肠，就造成肛瘘。

下面让我们研究分析在哲学领域引进新思想的伟大人物，以期找到以下结果：究竟出于灵魂的何种本能，得以让凡人在自己的头脑中产生冲动，为所有人都表示无法理解的事物，构建新的思想体系，并以恁般高涨的热情推而广之：这样的冲动究竟萌发自什么样的种子，这样的伟大发明家究竟仰仗其何种人格，从而获得数量众多的门徒。因为显而易见，这些人中最主要的几个，不论是古代的还是现代的，都被他们的敌人误解为疯子或精神错乱。事实上，除了他们的追随者中为数不多的几个，其余的都被所有人误解为疯子或精神错乱。对于语言和行为的正常规范，他们所采用的推理方法截然不同于凡夫俗子简单粗糙的推理；对于他们中的几个典型，我大体上赞同他们今天的继任者现代精神病学的原则分析，并将对其中的精华和原理作适当的深入研究，采用类似于伊壁鸠鲁、第欧根尼[200]、阿波罗尼奥斯[201]、卢克莱修、帕拉切尔苏斯[202]以及笛卡尔[203]等人的方法。这些人如果还在世，不论与他们的追随者紧密联系还是分开，在我们这个没有区别的时代，都将招致放血、鞭挞、枷锁乃至卧薪黑牢等危险。在自然规律或状态下思考的人，为什么会想到将其他所有人的思想局限在与自己思想的长度、宽度和高度完全一致的框框里？然而这却是所有创新者在思想的王国里首先想到的问题。伊壁鸠鲁曾希望，在某个时刻，出于某种机缘巧合，所有人的观点在经过无休止的相互碰撞之后——锋利与柔润，轻与重，圆与方——骤然一致起来。同时，通过某种clinamina[204]，统一于某个原子或虚空点

上，就如同宇宙万物起源于虚空。笛卡尔曾说，他在自己死之前看到了所有哲学家的情绪，就像许多小星星遨游在他的浪漫国度，并被他的旋涡所淹没并溺死。现在，我倒很乐意听听，如果不用我所阐明的在较低器官所生成的气体作用于大脑，并在那里精馏成概念，而对此我们贫乏的母语尚没有其他更合适的名字可以描述，只能称之为疯狂或狂躁，对此类特定人群的这种想象力还能有其他的解释吗？因此，现在就让我们来设想一下，所有这些伟大的哲人都无不给他们自己以及他们的理论招徕了一批盲从的信徒，这究竟是为什么。而在我看来其中的原因很简单：在人类理解能力的和谐世界里，有一根特殊的琴弦，它分成若干段，每一段的音调都完全相同。假如你能巧妙地找到与之一致的键位，并轻轻地敲击它，如果你的运气足够好，弹出的音与它们的完全一致，那么在某种神秘谐振现象的作用下，那几根弦就会同时发出声音。这种情况的出现取决于技巧和偶然性，因为，如果碰巧你弹出的音不那么准，高了或者低了，那么你的教义就不会有人追随，相反你将被作为疯子捆绑起来，只能得到一些活命的面包和水。因此，最好的办法是对这一高深的技巧进行甄别，在不同的时间对不同的人有针对性的采用。在这方面西塞罗[205]就很聪明，他在给一个英格兰朋友写信的时候，除了其他内容，他还谨慎写下了谨防被我们的出租马车夫欺骗（当时的他们似乎和现在差不多，都是些反复无常的无赖）的精彩文字：Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere。[206]恕我大胆直言，这是一条不归路，从伦常事理来说如此不通的是，在一些人中间不过是个傻瓜的你，在另一些人中可能被视为智者。希望我所认识的某些绅士能把此话作为及时的暗讽在心中掂量掂量。事实上，这的确是那位高贵的绅士，我最聪明的挚友沃顿先生的致命错误。他是一个表面看上去注定有更大发展和成就的人，不论你是否考虑他的信念或样子。绝对没有人在进入公共视线的时候，有比他传播一种新宗教时更适当的身心准备。啊，设想一下：那些快乐的人才，因误用虚妄的哲学，进入适合他们的梦想和愿望的渠道，在那里扭曲心灵和表情是如此高尚的行为，

以至于对此愤愤不平的下层世界都不敢直言有什么地方出了问题，或直言他的大脑已不幸进水。对此就连作为他兄弟的现代主义者，都像不肯领情的人一样不禁大声耳语，声音之大正在顶楼上写作的我都听到了！最后，从古至今，凡喜欢研究狂热之源流的人，如果沿这条肥水不断寻根求源，就会发现它的源头和下游一样污浊和不平静：而最大的发现就是气体中的嗅酊，世人称之为疯狂。并发现，如果没有它，世界不但不能得到两个伟大的祝福——征服和秩序——甚至所有世人还不幸会对看不见的东西具有相同的认识。[207]然而，以前有一种postulatum[208]认为，这股气从何而来并不重要，重要的是在何种角度上它作用于传播和理解，或它的升华将到达何种大脑。这是一个非常微妙的切入点，它为明智而好奇的读者分清了若干理由，大脑区区数值上的差异，如何在同一种气体的作用下产生如此巨大差异，成为区别亚历山大大帝、莱顿的杰克[209]和笛卡尔先生等人品的唯一分界点？这里所讨论的问题是我所经历的最抽象的；是对我的心智最强有力的考验：因此我希望读者也拿出最大的诚意。因为下面我还要继续索解这一棘手问题。

人类具有某种

Hic multa desiderantur[210]

我认为这就是问题的答案。如此这般勉强地度过这个难关之后，我相信读者会同意我的结论，那就是，如果现代人认为，疯狂只是大脑受到发自较低器官的某种气体的影响造成的某种扰动或错乱，那么这种疯狂正是那些发生在帝国里、哲学里和宗教里的伟大革命的源头。因为大脑如果处于自然的条件和状态下，就会引导它的主人以常人的方式宁静地生活，而不会产生丝毫要民众服从自己的权力、推理或愿景的念头。并且他越是用人类学习的通常模式规范自己，就会越远离将自己的某个特殊想法发展成派系的倾向，因为这让他明白自己的软弱无能和人们的顽固无知。但是当一个人的奇想超越了理性，想象力与感觉器官的具体

感受发生了冲突，其中的常识判断和理解都被踢出九霄云外，他让自己首先成为第一个改变信仰者，那这信仰一旦有了指针，也就不难吸引他人了。不论作为外因还是内因，妄想都具有同样强大的作用。花言巧语和美好愿景对于耳朵和眼睛的作用，就相当于胳肢对于触觉的作用。那些我们最珍视的生活中的娱乐和乐趣不过是对感官的欺骗和玩弄。因为，如果我们认真考虑我们通常所谓的幸福究竟是什么，以及它与理解或感觉的关系，我们就会发现，它所有的特征和属性都符合这样一个简单的定义：一个永恒的骗局。首先，对于思想或良知来说，很明显的一点是，想象的威力大大胜过客观事实，而理性也在其中发挥作用。因为想象力可能引起的革命，比起真正耗费金钱或资源所能得到的要更为神奇得多。人类的这种偏执所造成的结果也并不怪他们自己，如果我们考虑到，辩论通常发生在过去的事情和认知的事情之间，那么问题症结仅仅是，无论想象中的事物是否被恰当地描述为存在于记忆中的事物，记忆都可以作为一个公正的凭据，并且非常有利于想象，因为它是公认的一切事物的诞生地，其他一切都至多不过是事物的坟墓。再说，如果我们采纳这一有关幸福的定义，并用感官作为参照来分析它，就不得不承认它们之间完美的吻合。所有我们遇到的事物，如果不通过幻想的渠道加以理解，是何等模糊和平淡！同样，在自然的镜子中显现的一切事物是何等渺小！因此，如果没有人为媒介的帮助，虚假的灯光、精选的折射角度、添枝加叶，那么普通人的幸福指数才会达到很高的水平。假如世人能认真考虑这一点（对此我有充分的理由怀疑），人们就不会将他们最高的智慧用于揭露缺点和暴露阴暗面的艺术。[211]这种做法不论是好是坏，在我看来都与摘掉面具相仿，而这不论在现实世界还是剧场演出中从来都是不允许的。

从程度上说，轻信倒是比好奇更为平和的思想活动，但是不及将事物的表面与深入其内部的所谓哲学相关联的智慧，而这种哲学带回的严肃信息和发现是，事物的内部毫无用处。所有事物最初呈现给人的两种感觉是视觉和触觉，而从这两种感觉只能分析出事物的颜色、形状、大

小及其表面实际存在的或经工艺加工的东西，仅此而已。然后就要运用拥有大量工具的推理，其中包括切割、扩张、碾压、穿刺等，以提供它们实质上相异的证据。现在，我要说所有这一切都是极度反自然的。自然的一个永恒的法则是将她最好的一面呈现出来。因此，为了以后能够节省所有这些昂贵的解剖费用，我坚持认为很有必要在这里告诉读者，在以上这些结论中推理显然是正确的，对于我所认识的大多数具有肉体的事物而言，外在的远远比内在的更可取；而我最近的研究分析使这一点得到了更充分的证实。上周我看到一个女人脱去衣服，你很难相信这让她本人变得多么糟糕。昨天我要求在我面前脱去一具美男尸体的衣服，这时我们才惊奇地发现，在一套衣服里隐藏着多少未知的缺点。然后我打开他的大脑，他的心，他的脾，我真切地发现，我们的每一步操作越是往下进行，所发现的缺陷就越多、越大。从这一切中我公正地为自己形成这样一个结论，无论什么样的哲学家或策划者，如果能发现焊接或修补自然缺陷或不足的艺术，那他们和那些当今因放大并暴露缺陷而受到如此尊敬的人（例如认为解剖是医学的终极目标的人）比起来，都是更为出色的人，是他们把更有用的科学教给我们。那些被命运和处世态度置于某个位置，可以方便地享受这一高尚艺术成果[212]的人，可比伊壁鸠鲁，是满足于分离表层和图像的印象，使之作用于对事物外表的感知的人。[213]这样的人，真的很聪明，榨取自然的营养，让哲学和理性去舔舐那些酸屑与糟粕。这就是福运的高贵与精明，可称为对上当的执迷，是在一群无赖中充当傻瓜的平静状态。[214]

再说疯狂。毋庸置疑，根据以上我所作的系统分析，每一物种都从冗余的气体中获益，因此，由于一些种类的狂暴能为肌肉提供双倍能量，说明也有其他东西能给大脑增加活力、动力和精神。然而，经常发生的情况是，这些积极的精神一旦占领大脑，就变得像在他人废弃空无一人的住房徘徊，由于无所事事，要么只好带着房子的一部分消失，要么待在家里把它从窗口整个儿扔出。[215]这就是疯狂的两个主要分支的神秘表现，对此不少哲学家的研究不如我深入，误认为这种区别来自于

不同的原因，并草草把第一种归因于缺少，把第二种归因于冗余。

我认为，上述情况说明，按我所作的推理分析，主要关键点在于给冗余的气体派上用场，并谨慎为其调整时机。这样一来就完全有可能在一个联邦国家产生红衣主教和天主教的功效。因此，一个人，选对适当的时机，跃入一个海湾，在那里变成英雄，就被称为国家的救星。另一个虽采用同样的步骤，可惜时机不对，致使疯狂所形成的烙印与记忆发生抵触。正由于这显著的差异，我们才受到这样的教导：满怀敬意与挚爱地重复库尔提斯[216]的名字，满怀仇恨与蔑视地重复恩培多克勒[217]的名字。同样，人们通常认为老布鲁特斯[218]是为了公众的利益才扮演傻子和疯子的角色。但这些都只不过是同样冗余的气体长时间无用武之地所致，用拉丁语说就是ingenium par negotiis[219]；或者，如将其尽我所能译成英语，就是一种狂躁，若不将它用于国家大事，它就永不安定。[220]由于这些原因，以及其他一些同等重要但不一定同等有趣的原因，我这里要高兴地拥抱一个我一直在寻找的机会：我有一项十分高尚的事业要推荐给爱德华·西摩[221]爵士，克里斯托弗·马斯格雷夫[222]爵士，约翰·鲍尔斯[223]爵士，约翰·豪[224]先生以及其他爱国人士，那就是，他们应该申请通过一项法案，任命一批委员对疯人院及有权投送人员、文件和记录的相关部门进行检查，并且要深入检查到每个学员和教授的优点和资质；对其性情和行为诸方面要进行最细致的观察，以区别并匹配他们的才干，他们可能为国家机关发明令人称奇的民用和军用仪器，在程序上采用我在这里谦恭地提出的方法。我希望大度的读者看在我对那高尚社会崇高敬意的分上，允许我对这一重大议题表达我极大的诚意，而我也曾一度有幸成为它不值一提的一员。

是否有任何学员将毫无价值的东西撕得粉碎、咒骂并亵渎神灵、咬牙切齿、口吐白沫、并把尿壶泼向观察者的脸？那就让检查委员运用他们那令人羡慕的权力给他一个骑兵团，将他和其他人一道送到弗兰德斯[225]。还有另一个人说个没完、含混不清、又打哈欠，又大嚷大叫，既

无标点又无停顿？那是被放错了位置的多么了不起的人才！应立即为他提供一个绿包和一些纸[226]，再给他口袋里塞三个便士[227]，让他去威斯敏斯特会堂。你也许还会发现第三个人在严肃地丈量他的茅屋，那是一个颇具远见和洞察力的人，尚未崭露头角。因为这就像摩西，ecce cornuta erat ejus facies[228]，走在适当的地方，用适当的严肃而庄重的神情向你乞讨，还述说很多的艰难时事、税收和巴比伦的娼窝[229]。晚上八点钟关闭并锁上他的小屋的木窗户，梦到火、扒手、法院的常客以及特权之所在。现在，如果所有这些诉求的主人与他的弟兄们一道被打发到城市里，那它们将导致怎样的结果！再看第四个，他在不断深入地自言自语，时不时咬着自己的拇指，面部表情不断随内心的盘算和设计发生变化；时而飞快行走，眼睛盯在手里拿的报纸上；一个大量节省时间的人，没有灵敏的听觉，也没有长远的目光，却有更好的记忆；一个永远匆忙的人，一个实业的伟大孵化器和增殖机，擅长无言的耳语的高超艺术；一个对单音节词[230]拖长音无限崇拜的人，一个随时准备毫无保留地向任何人谏言的人；一个早已忘记单词常用的意思，却令人钦佩地记得其发音的人，语言支离破碎，因为总被意外情况打断。如果你在他最常消磨的时间段来到他的壁炉旁边，[231]他会说，先生，给我一个便士，我将为你放歌一曲，但是你要先付钱（因此才有这样的俗语，更有这样的实践：为歌舍钱）。这是一场多么完整、面面俱到的法庭技巧演示，却因用错了地方而完全失落了！走近另一个茅屋（你先得捂住鼻子），你会看到一个粗暴、阴森、肮脏、邋遢的人，与自己的粪便为伍，满身是自己的尿液。他饮食的最佳部分是经加工的自己的排泄物，它先是腐败蒸发，继而不停盘旋，最后再吸入体内。他的面色是肮脏的黄色，有稀疏的胡须，与他饮食的首次衰变很相配，并与其他那些出生并成长在粪便里的昆虫无异，从那里获得自身的颜色和气味。出自这种公寓的学生惜字如金，但是对呼吸比较随意：他伸出手准备接受你的施舍，得到之后便立即回到他以前的行当。现在，想一想沃里克巷[232]的学会竟然不再关心如此有用的成员的回归，难道不令人吃惊吗？正是这

样的成员（如果通过上述外表就能确定），将成为那高尚群体的最大亮点。另一个学员在你面前趾高气扬，撅起嘴，睁大眼睛，并很优雅地向你伸出手来要求亲吻。看守劝你不要害怕这直率的人，因为他不会伤害你，而且他是唯一被允许自由出入前厅的人，而那里的演说家让你明白，这个严肃的人是一个因自傲而走火入魔的裁缝。这个出色的学员还有其他许多好品质，恕我这里不再一一述及。听我说，假如所有这一切有关他的说法、他的动作、他的作派显得不特别自然，不与环境相吻合，那才是怪事呢。

我还不至于那么小气，竟支持许多有情人、小提琴手、诗人和政治家的观点，认为通过这样的改革就可以让世界复原了。除了有如此大量的人才，他们的智慧和学识，如果我可以冒昧肯定的话，现在是被埋没，或者至少被误用了，而把他们派上用场能给国家利益带来明确的好处之外，公众将得到的更为实质性的巨大好处是，正如对他们的调查所展示的那样，所有这些人不但非常优秀，而且在若干方面已达到完美的程度。这，在我看来，一如我上文的明确展示，必将再通过一个简单的例子来加强：即使我本人，这个说出如此伟大真理的作者，也是一个想象力难以驾驭、动辄信口开河的人。从长期的经验中我已经观察到，我的思想是一个轻佻的骑手，时常会落马。因此，如果没有庄严地承诺抒发我的思想，或诸如此类的承诺，我的朋友为了人类的普遍利益就永远不会放任我单独行动。对此，我的那些温柔的、坦诚的、彬彬有礼的、职业生涯充满现代慈善和温情的读者，恐怕很难相信。

第十章　“澡盆故事”

近年来作者群和读者群之间的礼尚往来，成为在一个非常精致的年代难得正解的话题。几乎没有一个剧本、小册子或诗集出现的时候不带有一篇充斥着世界对此书广泛接受和赞誉的前言。只有天知道，所有这

些究竟是在哪儿、什么时候、怎样或被谁接受了。然而出于对这样一个值得称道的习惯应有的尊重，我在这里也要将我卑微的谢意献给元首阁下和议会两院，献给国王最尊贵的枢密院的议员们，献给尊敬的法官们、神职人员、贵族、这片土地上自由的民众；并以一种更特别的方式，献给我在威尔的咖啡屋、格雷沙姆学会、沃里克巷、穆尔菲尔德[233]、苏格兰院[234]、威斯敏斯特会堂、伦敦市政厅的弟兄和朋友们，简而言之，献给所有居民及其家人，无论他们在法庭、教堂、营地、城市还是乡村，感谢他们的慷慨和对这本神圣著作的普遍接受。我带着极度的感恩接受他们的赞许和好评，并将尽我所有微薄之力，抓住一切机会回报他们。

同时我很欣慰地感到命运对我的眷顾，使我如此幸运地降生在这个书商和作者利益共享的时代。这两者，我可以很有把握地肯定，是当今在英格兰仅存的感到满意的两大派系。如果你问一位作者，他最近出版的作品是否成功，当然，他会感谢他的星座，世人对它非常看好，他没有任何抱怨的理由：然而，上……，写这本书他只花了一周时间，而且是从他的各种紧急事务中抽时间断断续续拼凑起来的。对此你十有八九会在其前言中看到更多，他会让你看前言。而要了解更多的书你就要去找书商了。你作为顾客来到书商那儿，会遇到类似的情况：上帝祝福他，他的作品销路很好，现在已经是惊人的第二版了，而且店里仅剩下三本。于是你开始讨价还价：先生，我们本来是不减价的，但考虑到你可能是回头客，你认为多少钱合适就出多少钱吧。“请别忘记向你的每个朋友推荐这本书，只要他们来买，价钱都和你的一样优惠。”

如今，那些伟大作品中精彩部分感动世人的情况时有出现；但这究竟应感谢什么样的机遇或条件，这个问题尚未得到认真考虑。若没有天阴下雨，没有醉汉守夜，没有糟糕的脾气，没有医学疗程，没有昏昏欲睡的星期天，没有使人沉迷的骰子，没有裁缝长长的账单，没有乞丐的钱包，没有发昏的头脑，没有炎热的太阳，没有造成便秘的饮食，没有

想要的书，没有厌学的情绪：倘若没有所有这一切，以及其他许许多多难以计数的理由（特别是一个出于审慎考虑而疏于提及的误服硫黄的理由），我怀疑作者和作品的数量将会缩小到看上去极为可怜的程度。为进一步证实这一点，请听听一位著名穴居[235]哲学家的论断：不错，他说，一些愚蠢的成分显然是作为人类本性一部分的附属品，而我们能做的只不过是选择倾向于将它暗藏于身还是明戴于身，同时我们也无须对通常如何确定它刨根问底，只要我们牢记：它和人能力的关系就如同它和液体的关系，最轻的总是在最上面。

在英国这个著名的岛国有一个微不足道的小文人，他藏有非常大量的书籍，读者对此人并非完全陌生。他擅长经营一类有害的作品，称为二流作品，但他通常私下把它归到一流作品的名下。我很容易就联想到，只要我的这本书一放下笔，这个机灵小子就会前来偷盗它。对待我就像他曾经对待布莱克摩尔[236]医生、莱斯特兰奇[237]及其他很多不知名的人物一样残忍。因此，为了伸张正义，我向伟大的马鞍修理专家、人类的爱神本特利博士请求援手，希望他用他那最现代的思维考量一下这一莫大的冤情：假如事情果真如此发生，一个作用于屁股、形式上属于二流作品的马鞍，由于我的罪恶，必须被错误地安在我的背上，他就会立即当着世人的面，[238]愉快地为我解除这一负担，并把它带回自己家里，直到真正的畜生认为需要它。

同时我在这里要发布如下宣言，我决心把多年来我一直精心筹划的宏伟构想整体上限定在这一本书里。因为我的话匣子一旦打开，我就希望，为了我亲爱的国家的特殊利益以及全人类的普遍利益，一口气把所有的话都倾倒出来。因此，友好地考虑到我的客人的数量，以及他们要在一顿盛宴中享用我的所有款待，我不屑于将剩下的饭菜放在柜橱里。客人们吃剩下的可以送给穷人，餐桌下面的狗可以啃骨头。这，在我看来，比起邀请这些人明天再来品尝残羹剩饭，是更为慷慨的做法。

如果读者能充分认识到我前面所谈内容的分量，我相信这一定会对他的思想观念产生奇妙的革命性影响，而且他还将对接受并享受这一神机妙论的最后部分作好了倍加充分的准备。读者可以分为三类：肤浅的、无知的和有识的。而我有幸让我的笔触完全适合他们每一类的天赋和长处。肤浅的读者会因感觉怪异而大笑，这就清理了他们的胸腔和肺部，还能控制他们的脾气，省下最无辜的利尿药。而无知的读者，他们与前者之间的区别非常微妙，会发现自己目瞪口呆，这对治疗眼部疾患十分有益，帮助提升并活跃精神，还非常有助于排汗。然而对于读者中真正的有识之士，尤其是那些在别人熟睡时被我好心唤醒的以及在别人醒时熟睡的读者，会在这里找到足够的素材以供他下半生揣摩。在这里，作为我热切的希望，我谦恭地提出一项实验，请每个基督教国家的国王在他的领土内选出七位学识最为渊博的学者，把他们关在七个屋子里七年时间，命令他们给这篇综合论述写七篇详细注释文章。我敢断言，无论他们的若干猜想有什么样的区别，都将是明明白白、不带明显失真地从此文本推导而来。同时还有一点我要认真请求，如果这些陛下允许的话，请在方便的时候尽快实施此项行动。因为我有一个强烈的愿望，就是在我离开这个世界之前，体验一把我们这些神秘主义作家很少在有生之年体验到的名声，不管这名声是一个被嫁接在主干上的几乎不能生长的果实，更不要说在主干腐朽入土之前成熟，还是一只猛禽，和其他伙伴一道，被腐肉的气味引诱到一具尸体旁，还是它[239]认为只有站在坟头上，自己的喇叭才音色最美，传得最远，因为这里高出地平面，且下面的墓室可以起到共鸣的作用。

的确，对于无名作家来说，一旦他们在这黑暗王国找到死亡的良好归宿，那对于他们的成名，不论在品类上还是在程度上，都是莫大的幸福。由于夜晚是一切事物之母，明智的哲学家认为所有著作的成功都与其黑暗的程度成正比。因此，真正被照明的（也就是最黑暗的）就招致了如此难以计数的品评，致使其学术嫁接的可能性催生出无数作者本人可能永远想象不到的意思，却被合法地认为是这一切的执笔者。这样作

家的言语就像种子，尽管是随意撒的，但当它们落在一块多产的土地上时，结出的果实却远远超出播种者的希望或想象。

因此，为了促进如此有益的一项工作，我将在这里略表一下有关暗讽的话题，对于那些分工对这一妙不可言的著述努力提出普遍批评的可敬人士来说，这或许会有巨大的帮助。首先，对于数字“0”我有一个非常神秘的谜，它乘以7并除以9。[240]同样，如果蔷薇十字会[241]的某个虔诚的弟兄热切地连续祈求长达六十三个早晨，并满怀赤诚之心，然后根据说明在第二和第五章调换某些字母和音节，就一定会领悟到整部巨著的全部精髓。最后，任何人只要不畏艰难地计算出这篇文章所用的每个字母的数量，并精确地总结出这些数量之间的区别，给每一区别都找一个合情合理的解释，就会发现其结果将是对他的劳动丰厚的回报。但是他必须对Bythus[242]和Sigé[243]十分小心，并一定不要忘记Achamoth[244]的品质；à cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia，à risu lucida，à tristitia, et à timore mobilis。[245]这其中尤金尼厄斯·菲拉莱蒂斯[246]犯了一个不可原谅的错误。

第十一章　“澡盆故事”

在如此宽阔的领域徜徉之后，现在我要欣然将我的故事收尾了，并且从此用较为均匀一致的步调结束我的旅程，除非行进途中我看到什么精彩的景色。对此虽然我目前没有看到任何征兆也不抱任何期望，但是如果这样的情况真的和我不期而遇，我请求我的读者能够原谅我，并允许我引你一道看完这道风景。因为写作就像旅行；如果一个人急于回家（我承认我从来不这样，家里可没有那么好的事情让我轻松），而他的马又因长途骑行和崎岖的道路而疲惫不堪，或者本来就是匹老马，那我明确建议他走最直、最普通的道路，不管它多脏。但是我们一定会碰到这样的人，充其量算是卑鄙的同伴，他每走一步都会给自己和旅伴身上

溅上泥；他们所有的思想、祈愿、谈话都完全围绕着旅途终点的话题，每次溅起泥浆、趔趄或跌倒，他们都彼此衷心地祝愿对方见鬼去。

另一方面，如果一个旅行者和他的马匹都精神饱满，所带的钱包也鼓鼓的，还有一整天的时间，那他一定会挑干净、好走的路；还会和他的伙伴打趣取乐。但是如果难得出现这样的情况，让他和他的伙伴们一起来到一个令人愉快的场景画面，无论是艺术的还是自然的，或是两者兼有的，这时如果他们表示拒绝，不管出于无知也好，疲劳也好，见鬼，就让他们先走吧，他可以在下一个小镇赶上他们。当他到达那里的时候，他的马像一阵旋风般呼啸而过，男女村民和孩子们都跑出来诧异地观看，上百条狗在他身后边跑边吠，如果他挑其中最大胆的一条抽它一鞭子，它多半会夹着尾巴消失而不会报复；但是如果有哪条犯贱的杂种狗胆敢过于靠近挑衅，那它的腿上一定会得到他那匹骏马无意扬起的后蹄的一记回敬，这同样也不输什么，只见那条狗一瘸一拐嗥叫着跑回家去。

下面我将开始总结杰克的奇异冒险经历：关于他的现状、前途和命运，毫无疑问，细心的读者一定还清楚记得，我在前面某章节的结尾处已经提到过。因此，他的下一个关注点必定是，从那两个先行者身上总结出一套理念，以赋予将要发生的事情真正符合自己理解的意义。

杰克不仅非常慎重地把他头脑的第一次革命说成引发了伊奥利亚的流行教派，而且还使它成功进入到了一套花样百出的新奇思想体系，他丰富的想象力使他抱定的某些观念，虽然表面上十分不合常理，却自有其玄机和意义，同时也不乏追随者的质疑和改良。因此对我所收集到的这方面的翔实材料，不管是通过了解传统还是认真阅读收集到的，我都要非常生动地加以复述，并在笔触所及的范围之内，尽可能形象地反映其高度和宽度。我也绝不会提出问题，而他们会提供大量高尚的事例，说明这样一个人的思想转变是如何激励他们把一切付诸文字的。他能产

生影子，却无须借助太阳的帮助；他还能把影子打造成物质，也无须借助哲学的帮助。他特有的天赋在于将意象和寓言固化成文字，并把已成文的东西精炼成图景和秘诀。

杰克已将他父亲的遗嘱做成精致的副本，在一大张羊皮纸上工整誊清。由于下定决心扮演一个最孝顺的儿子，他成为可以想象的对遗嘱最关注的人。尽管其中关于那件外套的保养和穿着，我已多次告诉读者，是用非常直白、简单的语言写成，包括如何正确保管的说明以及服从和违反要求所带来的奖惩，然而他却开始接受一种奇想，认为这其中有更深的隐情，因而在最深处一定还有很多很多秘密。“先生们，”他说，“我要证明这张羊皮纸是肉、饮料、衣料，是魔法石和万能药。”在兴高采烈地说完这番话后，他决心将它用于人生必要的且最微不足道的场合。他有一种方法可以让它成为任何他所需要的形状，在他睡觉的时候它是睡帽，在下雨的时候它就是一把雨伞。如果某个脚趾疼，他会撕下一块包在那个脚趾上；如果痉挛突然发作，他就在鼻子底下焚烧它两英寸；如果他的胃感到胀满不适，就吞下落在一个银便士上的所有灰烬；所有这些都无不灵验。与这些文雅举止相应的是，他谈话的语言也完全是他意志的写照，而且他把自己的口才完全限制在这一领域范围内，不敢说出一个超出该范围、缺乏权威性的字眼。一次，在一个陌生的房子里，他的话突然被紧急情况打断，当时的情况不允许过于冗长的言语，他又缺乏机敏的反应，以在那种意外的场合得体地构思出一句要求走后门的权威短语，于是他只好选择最谨慎的做法，招致在此情况下常出现的处罚。从此人类所有修辞集之大成也不能让他把自己洗刷干净了，因为，在就此紧急事件查阅遗嘱的时候，他发现在接近末尾处有一个段落（不知是否誊写员自己添加的）似乎禁止这样做。

他把不在他的肉食面前祷告定为他的宗教生活的一部分，不由任何人分说，正如那句谚语所说，像基督徒的样子吃他的食物。

他有一种特别的嗜好，喜欢火中取栗[247]和吃燃烧着的蜡烛的紫色烛花。他能以难以想象的敏捷动作掐下灯花并吞下，这样他的肚子里就燃起一团永不熄灭的火，由于这团火，他的眼睛、鼻子和嘴里都不断冒烟，这使得他的头在黑夜里就像一头驴的颅骨。一个淘气的男孩在那里面放了一个小蜡烛，把他的君主陛下的臣民都吓了一跳。这样一来他回家就不需要其他东西照亮自己了，只是执着地说，一个聪明的人就是他自己的指路明灯。

走在大街上时他会闭上眼睛。如果他撞上柱子或掉进阴沟里，这两件事他总是会碰上一样或两样都碰上，他就会告诉在一旁讥讽他的学徒，他已无条件地将自己完全交托给了命运的安排或打击，并且通过长期的经验他早已发现，试图和命运抗争或躲避命运的打击都是徒劳的，无论谁胆敢尝试其中任何一样都必然碰得头破血流。“这是命中注定的，”他说，“在出生的前几天，我的鼻子与这个柱子就已注定有一场遭遇，因此大自然才会让我和它同时出现在这个世界上，让我和它成为同胞。现在，我的眼界打开了，事情很有可能比这更糟糕，一个具有敏锐眼光的人每天会遭遇多少次如此可诅咒的跌倒？此外，领略一切的眼睛只有在这些感官都脱离正轨的时候才最为敏锐。因此我们才会看到，比起那些过度相信并依赖视觉神经的人，盲人行走的步伐，及其行为与判断，都加倍小心。正常人的视觉神经会因极其微小的意外而失灵，一滴水或薄膜就能完全惑乱它；就好比一盏灯淹没在一群咆哮着冲上街头的恶霸中，把它自己及其主人都置于暴徒的拳打脚踢之下。而如果暴露的虚荣心受到抑制，他们走在黑暗中，就能够逃过一劫。再进一步说，如果我们留意观察那些受到赞誉的灯具的作用，定会看到它与其命运相比还要糟糕很多。的确，我是在柱子上碰伤了鼻子，但那是因为此时我的命运要么就是忘了，要么就是认为没有必要拉我一把，或给我以任何躲避的提醒。但是绝不能仅凭这一点就说服现代人或后人将鼻子交由眼睛做主，这可能是失去鼻子最迅捷的途径。哦，眼睛，你这盲目的领路人，我们脆弱的鼻子的可悲的监护者，照我说，你执着于映入视野的第

一道悬崖，竟然把我们可怜的、听你摆布的身体拖向毁灭的边缘。啊！那边缘已经腐烂，我们脚下一滑，跌了下去，冲向一个海湾，沿途没有救命的灌木阻挡我们下滑；这下滑没有一个凡人的鼻子能够经受得住，除了银桥之主巨人劳尔卡库[248]的。因此，哦眼睛，最好不过，以伟大的正义的名义，你就好似在污秽和黑暗中给人照亮的愚蠢的灯，终让他们掉进深渊或可怕的沼泽。”

我所复述的杰克这番话，比起他本人杰出的口才，以及他在如此深奥问题上的推理能力，都不过是九牛一毛而已。

除此之外，在吸引热情方面，他还是一个伟大的设计者和改进者，他引入了一个新的神，此神已经会聚了一大批崇拜者，有的人称之为巴别塔[249]，有的人称之为混乱，它在索尔兹伯里平原[250]有一个哥特式结构的古老寺庙，以其圣殿的盛名和朝圣者的欢庆闻名于世。

当他要搞恶毒的恶作剧时，他便下弯膝盖，上翻眼睛，开始祈祷，哪怕正在水沟里。那些了解他的恶作剧的人都和他保持一定的安全距离；而每当陌生人被好奇心吸引，走到近前发笑或听他念祷词的时候，他会突然用一只手掏出钻头并把尿全撒在他们的眼睛里，周围的所有其他人也用泥浆溅污他们。

冬天他只穿很薄而且宽松的衣服，并且不扣扣子，以让周围的热量进入，夏天他穿很厚并包裹严实的衣服，以阻隔周围的热量。

在政府所有的革命时期，他总能让自己的辩词成为绞刑司令官的公文，而在行刑之际，他要做的十分拿手的事情不是别的，唯有长长祈祷而已。[251]

他有一个肌肉发达而活动灵敏的舌头，伸出来能够到他的鼻子，并从那里发出奇特的演讲。在这些王国里他也是第一个开始改善西班牙在

驴叫方面成果的人，他自己的大耳朵永远都竖立着暴露在外，他把这项艺术演绎得如此完美，以至于要想通过观察或听声音来区分原身和替身，有非常大的难度。

他受到一种疾病的困扰，这种病与所谓的被狼蛛叮咬的情况正好相反，会在听到音乐，尤其是一组风笛的声音之后变得像疯狗一样。[252]但是他又可以通过到威斯敏斯特大厅，或到比林斯格特[253]，或到一个寄宿学校，或到皇家交易所，或到政府咖啡屋里转两三圈治好这种病。

他并不是一个害怕颜色的人，但是非常讨厌所有的颜色，[254]并且由于这个原因，他极度厌恶画家，厌恶之深使他走在街上发作的时候，会在口袋里塞满石头，一看到图画就向它投掷。

由于这种生活方式，他十分频繁地清洗自己。他经常会跳入没过头顶的水中，[255]哪怕是在冬季，但出来的时候总是注定比下去的时候更脏，如果他还能更脏的话。

他是第一个发现从耳朵输入催眠药剂秘方的人，它是一种复合剂，包括硫黄和基列[256]乳香，外加一点大便。

他腹部贴着一大块人造刺激性材料的膏药，它的烧灼作用可以使他发出呻吟，就像著名的肉砧板受到炽热的烙铁的炙烤。

他会站在街头的转角处，呼喊经过那里的行人，对一个大叫说："尊贵的先生，请在我的皮套裤上狠狠打一巴掌。"一会又对另一个说："我忠诚的朋友，请在我的屁股上踢一脚。夫人，我能恳求你高抬贵手赏我一记可爱的耳光吗？高贵的船长，为了上帝的爱，请痛打我一顿吧，用你的拐杖打在我可怜的肩头。"[257]当他用这番诚挚的恳求换来一顿痛打，足以让自己的思想和身体都充分膨胀以后，他就会带着莫大的安慰回到家中，用惊人的话语表达自己给公众利益带来好处。"看看

这些伤痕”，他边说边露出肩头，“是一个可恶的土耳其士兵今天早上七点钟给我留下的。当时我费尽力气才把这土耳其壮汉赶走。邻居们，请再看这里，我的头也得到应有的重创，如果可怜的杰克的头再软一点，那你们早就会看到教皇和法国国王在你的妻子和你的仓库中间了。[258]亲爱的基督徒们，伟大的莫卧儿[259]也已经到来，到达白教堂了，却没有吞噬男人、女人和孩子们（上帝保佑我们）！你们得感谢我这可怜的身体。”

非常值得注意的一点是，杰克和他的兄弟彼得彼此之间看似甚至有几分虚假的厌恶或反感有一种非凡的效果。[260]彼得最近因为一些恶行不得不潜逃，并且，因为害怕警察，他不到天黑很少外出。他们俩的住所是这座城市的两个相隔最遥远的角落，每当他们的机缘或志趣驱使他们去国外，他们总会选择最不适合的时间，以及他们可以想到的最怪异的路线，为的就是避开对方。然而，尽管采取了这些办法，相遇却是他们永恒的宿命。这其中的原因很容易理解，因为他们的狂热和脾性都有相同的基础，我们可以把他俩看作一个圆规的两只脚，扩展程度相同，且全都固定在同一个中轴上，尽管开始移动的方向相反，但终将在圆周的某个点上会合。此外，最为不幸的是，杰克还与他的兄弟彼得极其相似。他们不仅在志趣和性情上相同，而且在形态、身材和相貌上也十分接近。两人的相似度是如此之高，以至于无比频繁发生的情况是，一个法警抓住杰克的肩膀大叫道：“彼得，你是国王的犯人。”还有一次，彼得的一个最亲近的朋友张开双臂欢迎杰克，并说：“亲爱的彼得，我真高兴看到你，你的祈祷给了我对付蠕虫的美妙良方。”这，我们不难看出，就是杰克苦苦经营了这么长时间所得到的难堪的回报，他看到自己所有努力是如何与他许给自己的唯一目的和意图相抵触，可怎样才能避免如此可怕的效果对他这样一个脑袋和心脏的冲击呢？不幸的是，他那件可怜的外套上残留着所有惩罚，东方升起的太阳走进他生活，每一天都让它们显现无遗。他雇了一个裁缝帮他缝补衣领，可是这让领口变得很紧，几乎使他窒息，还让他的眼珠子凸了出来，乍一看全是眼白。对

于衣服所剩无几的主体部分，他每天要在粗糙墙壁上摩擦两个小时，以磨掉残余的花边和刺绣；但同时持续施以相当的暴力，就像对待一个异教的哲学家。然而，所做的这一切结果仍然令他大失所望。因为一般来说，破烂衣服在本质上与华丽衣服很有相似之处，两者从外表上看都飘着很多零碎儿，这在一定的距离之外，或在光线不好的情况下，或对于视力较差的人来说，并不容易分辨清楚。因而在这些情况下，杰克和他的破衣服给人的第一印象是一种很可笑的炫耀打扮，衬托出他十分类似的人品和气质，却挫败了他的一切试图制造区别的努力，并使他们二人如此相似，以至于他们各自的信徒都常常被彻底蒙骗了。Desunt non-nulla.[261]

有句古老的斯拉夫尼亚谚语说得好，对付人和对付驴一样，要想稳稳操控他们就必须有一个控制他们耳朵的好方法。而我认为，我们完全可以相信此说得到了这样一条经验的反复证实：

——Effugiet tamen haec sceleratus vincula Proteus.[262]

因此，广泛阅读我们祖先中不同人物和不同时期的格言对我们大有裨益。因为，如果看一看原始记录，我们就会发现，没有任何革命的规模和频繁程度可以和人类的耳朵相比拟。以前曾经有一个抓住耳朵不放的奇特发明，我认为，我们完全可以理直气壮地认为那是artes perditae[263]，对此，考虑到这一艺术在后来的世纪里不仅减少到非常可悲的程度，而且那些少数流传下来的也退化到只会嘲笑我们鼎盛时期的高超技巧，难道还有什么可怀疑的吗？假如仅切掉一只雄鹿的一只耳朵就可以让这一非遗传缺陷传遍整座森林，那我们为什么还要惊叹在我们的先人和我们自己的耳朵上所发生的如此复杂的修剪和切割的神工呢？的确，在我们这个岛屿靠美德统治的时期，许多的努力都致力于提高我们耳朵的再生长。其比例之巨大不仅对于外向的人来说是一种显摆，而且对于内向的人也是一种恩典。此外，自然主义者认为，如果在身体的

上半部分有一些东西隆起的话，比如耳朵和鼻子，那么在下半身也必然有对偶。因此，在那真正虔诚的时代，每一次集会，仗着天赋，男人们总是很开放地暴露自己的耳朵及其对偶部位。因为希波克拉底[264]告诉我们，一旦耳朵后面的静脉被切断，男人就会变成阉人；而女人们在用它们来领悟和教化的时候一点不落后，和那些已经使用某法的人有关的女人们，非常关切地环顾四周，希望通过这样一个构想——其他人——怀上一个合意的后代；那些乐善好施的候选人很多，务必要选耳朵最大的，那样种群就不会因他们而退化。最后，这些虔诚的姐妹们都将该部位所有非凡的膨胀视为凸显热情或精神的寄托物，并像接受恩典一般由衷赞许她们坐上的每个人头，特别是传教士的，他的耳朵通常是最大的。因此，他总是频繁而明确无误地将所有优点示人，而在他诗兴大发的时候会头头是道地谈论一件，有时也谈论另一件。从这一习惯衍生出了布道的整个过程，并在那些行业人士中一直延续至今，其风格可以用短语头头是道来形容。

这就是圣徒们用以增大那部位的整个过程，并认为它在任何情况下都灵验。但前提是，在时间的长河中不要出现一位残酷的国王[265]。他曾提出一套血腥的迫害计划，直指一切超过一定指标的耳朵，因此有些人喜欢用黑布或帽子把他们的突出物包起来，有人干脆用假发遮盖。这些耳朵有的被割掉，有的被斜着剪去，而大多数被连根切除。但是在我的有关耳朵历史的简单回顾中，我临时决定把后话交由公众去接续。

从以上简短的有关耳朵早先的受难史，以及将它们过去生长的情况搬到现实中的小小努力中显然可以看出，我们能够依赖一个如此短小、如此脆弱、如此光滑之物的理由，实在微乎其微，任何人要想紧紧抓住别人，都必须借助其他方法。其实，一个观察人性足够细心的人会发现很多抓手，其中人的六种感官的每一种都是一个，此外还有连接激情的许多抓手，以及连接智慧的若干抓手。说到最后这些抓手，好奇心是其中之一，并且，与所有其他的相比，它抓得最牢靠。对于一个生性懒

惰、缺乏耐心、呼噜连天的读者来说，好奇心是策马的马刺，是嚼口的辔头，是穿鼻的铜环。一位作家有了这样的抓手就肯定能够抓住读者，在这点上一旦找对了路，那么对方的所有反抗和挣扎都无济于事，只能成为任他摆布的阶下囚，直到他因为累了或厌烦而放手的时候。

因此，作为这篇无比玄妙文章作者的我，就是因为在这里采用了上述抓手，这才超乎想象地牢牢抓住了我可爱的读者。其实我早就该放手了，但我一直都不十分情愿，让他们在追随本书仅剩的部分的时候被带入我们与生俱来的冷漠中。我只能说，尊敬的读者，为了你我的安宁，我的心病与你完全一样，害怕失去或弄乱我的稿纸，也就是我这些故事的剩余部分。这些故事充满了意外事件、转折和冒险，它们既新奇、出乎意料，其所有关键点又都在情理之中，符合我们这个高尚时代的精致口味。但是很可惜，现在我只能尽我最大努力归结众多头绪中的几个了。其中包括有关彼得是如何得到国王的木凳的保护的完整描述[266]，以及他与杰克在他们共同的一项计划上取得的一致，那就是，在某个风雨交加的夜晚，将兄弟马丁引诱到负债人拘留所，扒光他身上的所有衣服；马丁如何全力以赴向他们展示他的一双美妙的鞋跟[267]；一项新的反对彼得的授权如何出台，如何使杰克一瘸一拐地离开彼得，并偷走了他的保护符据为己用；杰克服饰的碎布条如何在宫廷和城市成为时尚，他如何骑上一匹高头大马[268]并吃上奶油蛋羹[269]等等。关于所有这一切（以及其他一些我一时想不起来的故事）的细节，全部都无可挽回地被遗忘了。这一莫大的遗憾定将让我的读者们相互扼腕叹息。但是如果他们认同以下忠告符合他们的若干基本准则，并看在这本书从开篇到此处在我们之间业已建立的友谊的魔力的份上，请不要对意外事件反应过度以致对健康产生不可逆的损害——现在我要尽一位成名作家的在程序上的义务，完成此书的最后部分了，这是一位有尊严的现代人一定不能忽略的。

结语

不论做任何事情，如果拖的时间太长，都会很容易，但不一定经常，和做的时间太短一样，半途而废。对于脑力劳动，尤其如此。那位高尚的耶稣会士[270]（但愿他的心灵得到安息）率先大胆以书面形式承认，图书必须和服饰、饮食以及娱乐一样符合季节性的要求，并让其形式和法国其他事物相比得到更大的改善，更好地服务于我们高尚的民族。而我要斋戒到一本错过潮流的书被人遗忘的时候，就像白天的月亮，过汛期一周的鲭鱼。没有人会像购进这本书的书商一样在乎我们的天气，他略微懂得在一个干旱的时节应该推出什么样的图书，并在晴雨表预示大雨将至之前摆在最显眼的位置。[271]当他看到这部作品，并将它与他的历书核对之后，他明白告诉我说，他已经明确考虑过篇幅和主题这两件最为重要的事情，并认为除非再等很长一段时间，且必须等到出现一个对于芜菁甘蓝[272]来说是非常艰难的一年，它才会有销路。对此，由于我的希求十分迫切，我想知道，如果在这个月出版，他认为还要什么条件。他往西面看了看回答我说："我估计不会出现坏天气。但是如果你能找到一个引人入胜的名目（但不是诗），或在……上的简短的叙述，那它八成会形成燎原之势。但是如果它销售不畅，其实我已经雇了一位作家在写一篇反驳本特利博士的文章，我相信它一定有利可图。"

我们商议了很久才达成一项权宜之计，就是如果来了这样一位顾客，充满信心地希望了解作者，他就随便挑选一个当周时尚排行榜上的智者名字，并像私密好友般地说给他。而如果德弗[273]的最新剧目正好在榜上，那我倒更乐意他是康格里夫[274]。这，我要说，是因为我对我可敬的读者的口味有透彻的了解，并且通常都带着极大的兴趣观看一只被从蜂蜜罐上赶走的胃口极佳的苍蝇，直接落在大便上享用美餐。[275]我要对所谓深奥作家这一话题说几句话，这样的作家最近数量骤增，而且我非常清楚，明智的世人都决定将我也归于这一类。因此我认为，说

到深奥，它和作家的关系就如同它和井的关系。一个眼力很好的人能看到最深的井底，除非井里有水。而常见的情况是，当井底干燥得除了泥土一无所有的时候，哪怕它距离地面只有一码半的深度，也会有人认为它深不可测，其原因再简单不过，因为那里漆黑一团。下面我想尝试分析一个在现代作家中十分常见的现象，就是不知所云：在已经把某个话题说透了以后，仍然不肯停笔。有人称之为智慧心魔，在身体死去之后它仍旧继续前行。说真的，在需要的时候，似乎没有什么知识比辨识能力掌握在更少人的手里。一个作家在写完一本书的时候，他和他的读者就已经成为相识已久、不忍分别的老朋友了。因此我时常把写作想象成参观，告别时的繁文缛节或许比先前的所有谈话更冗长。一篇文章的结尾类似一个人生命的尽头，也有人将它比作宴会的结束，其中的大多数人都对分手心有不甘，ut plenus vitae conviva[276]。因为人们在酒足饭饱以后往往喜欢坐下来，哪怕只是打盹或小睡，以打发当天剩余的时光。但是，在最后这点上我和其他作家截然不同。如果，通过我所有的努力，我能对人类如此躁动不安的休息有所贡献的话，那就太让我喜出望外了。我认为这对于一个人们想象中的智者的作为来说并非离经叛道。因为在希腊有一个十分懂礼貌的民族，曾为睡眠[277]和缪斯女神[278]建立起同样神圣的殿堂，并相信这两个神之间业已建立起最牢固的友谊。

对我的读者我还有最后一个请求，希望你不要指望从这本书的每一行或每一页都得到同样多的乐趣和教益，请给作者留一些使小性或偶尔不着调的空间，同时也给自己留一些同样的空间。用这样的心态认真思考一下：你在不论恶劣的天气里还是阴雨天走在一条街道上，对那些闲居之人从窗口发出的对你在此种状况下的步态或衣着的指指点点，要能够坦然面对。

在运用头脑的策略上，我的观点是，标新立异的才是主人，至于寻找适当的方法和理由，那是仆人的事情。我之所以这样分类的原因，从我时常想要卖弄智慧的特定事实上看，是因为我在很多情况下既不聪

明，也不完美，更词不达意。[279]而对于现代人无视任何这种概率的做法，我是绝对忠实的执行者，不论执行它们的痛苦有多大，或有多么不合时宜。因为从我努力搜集的七百三十八条杰出现代作家的至理名言中，包括通过细细的研读消化而形成的我这本平常的小书，我发现，我经过五年努力所找到的能够塞进日常谈话中的书，不超过一打。而在这一打中又有半数因对象不合适而失败，剩余的一半我费尽心机，采用各种手段予以推荐，可最后我还是决定放弃了。正是这种必然由我承担的失望（恕我直言），给我带来了最初的修成作家的启示。从那时起，在我的一些特定朋友中，我发现这成为他们普遍的抱怨，而在我其他的朋友中，情况也变得基本类似。因为我提到很多有价值的、却在推理中被遗忘或摒弃的词语，在印刷品中获准同意或优先采用后，都顺利通过并得到认可和尊重。而由于得到出版商的特许和鼓励，我已成为用它们渲染各色事件和情节的绝对的主人，以展示我获得的所有才华。我早已发现我所作observanda[280]的出版对于收获来说已太过冗长。因此我需要暂停一下，直到通过触摸世界和我自己的脉搏，我发现新的必须动笔的机会。

[1]本书早期版本的前言比较长，这里仅保留了其中第一段。——译者注

[2]英国议会的一般性会议，斯威夫特曾多次指责其为党派自我标榜的现成发明。——译者注

[3]霍布斯（Thomas Hobbes，1588—1679），英国政治哲学家。其代表作《利维坦》（Leviathan）包括“论人”“论国家”“论基督教国家”和“论黑暗王国”四个部分。——译者注

[4]利维坦是海中怪兽的名字，《圣经》中邪恶的象征。——译者注

[5]英国人文主义者、政治家、作家托马斯·莫尔（1477—1535）曾用“澡盆故事”（a tale of a tub）一语来形容无聊的谈话。这一短语还曾被英国著名演员本杰明·琼森（1572—1637）和小说家丹尼尔·笛福（1659—1731）等人使用过。在作者所处的时代，澡盆的形状类似一只大木桶。——译者注

[6]拉丁文，意为：逃到上层空间去，这就是任务，这就是工作。出自维吉尔（Virgil）的叙事诗《埃涅伊德》（Aeneid）6.128-9。

[7]苏格拉底（Socrates，公元前469—前399），古希腊哲学家。阿里斯托芬曾在剧作《云》中揶揄他的“新式教育法”。——译者注

[8]讲道坛指的是教堂里供讲道教士站立的高于听众的小台子（暗指教士）；作者下文还提到，讲道坛很像用于示众的颈手枷。梯子是用来爬上高台的（暗指死刑罪犯）。十八世纪英国常见的绞架和强迫死刑犯爬上绞架的梯子与此相似。巡回台指的舞台上的演员。作者自己曾解释说，它指的是“江湖骗子”。因为它也有“舞台”的意思，因此在下文作者才会联想到剧场的舞台。——译者注

[9]此处原文为bar，围栏，指法庭上围住法官和律师所坐位置的区域。这个词还指法律工作或职业。——译者注

[10]这里指在法庭辩论中律师经常相互打断对方的话。——译者注

[11]这里指法官。他们在庭审过程中坐在木凳（bench）上。——译者注

[12]腓尼基是古代犹太民族文明的发祥地，腓尼基语属于闪语族。——译者注

[13]拉丁文，意为“可以让老年人悠闲安逸地休息”。出自贺拉斯（Horace）的《讽刺诗集》（Satires）1.1.31.

[14]此处暗指的是当时的主要教派热衷的与“三”有关的争论，如“三位一体”“三神论”等。——译者注

[15]此处指梯子旁侧张贴的海报，上面写有将被绞死的罪犯的最后陈词。这种海报在当时定期出版。斯威夫特本人曾于1722年写过一篇假想的“最后陈词”。另见有关“梯子”的前注。——译

者注

[16]拉丁文，意为“阴雨天空下，交叉路口旁”。

[17]伊壁鸠鲁（Epicurus，约公元前342—前270），古希腊杰出唯物主义和无神论者。——译者注

[18]拉丁文，意为：我们必须承认声音也是物质的，因为它能刺激感官。出自卢克莱修（Lucretius）的《物性论》（De Rerum Natura）4.526-7。

[19]英国伊丽莎白时期剧场的观众席通常有若干层，这里指的是其中最高、票价低廉的一层。——译者注

[20]朽木能发出磷光。此处暗指教士（教会）所声称的“指引人走向光明”一类的说法。——译者注

[21]此处暗示教会的腐朽。——译者注

[22]作者此处暗讽狂热的教士虽然心中有一团火，头脑却空洞无物，因而其作品有两种命运：要么被烧掉，要么被虫蛀。——译者注

[23]意为“此处原稿有脱漏”。在手稿中有意留下缺陷是斯威夫特喜用的伎俩。

[24]拉丁文，意为“祈求”。这里指陈词结束时的狂热呼号。——译者注

[25]指刽子手行刑。——译者注

[26]拉丁文，意思分别为“你的”和“我的”。整句大意为，由于绞刑犯的抢劫罪行，因而混淆了所有权的归属。——译者注

[27]伦敦市的一个行政区，英国议会所在地。——译者注

[28]Grub-street原为伦敦一条街的名字，因这里的住户大多因写野史和小品而得名。此后任何无价值的作品都被称为文丐作品。——译者注

[29]此处原文为scythe，指死神所用的把人钩下地狱的类似镰刀的工具。它如果钝了就不容易钩到人了。——译者注

[30]在格雷沙姆学院（Gresham Collage）聚会的英国皇家学会。——译者注

[31]威尔（Will）在女修道院花园所开的咖啡屋。此处作者借它和格雷沙姆学院暗讽当时所有的文艺界和科学界名流，称他们都师承“文丐”。——译者注

[32]此处指的是阿基米德所说的“给我一个支点，我将撬动地球”。——译者注

[33]此处原文为sack-posset，其中sack为产自西班牙Madeira岛的一种白葡萄酒，posset为一种传统的乳制饮料。——译者注

[34]毕达哥拉斯（Pythagoras，约公元前580—约前500），古希腊哲学家、数学家。——译者注

[35]伊索（Aesop，约6世纪），古希腊寓言作家，相传原为奴隶，善讲故事，讽刺权贵。有《伊索寓言》传世。——译者注

[36]列那狐（Reynard the Fox）的故事源于希腊罗马的口头传说，讽刺中世纪动物故事组诗中的主角。——译者注

[37]Tom Thumb，瓦格斯塔夫（Wagstaffe）所作的寓言故事，完成于1711年，内容是讥讽严肃古板。——译者注

[38]故事中的拇指先生因只有拇指大小，经常被人吞掉，但是又总能活着回来参与另一个故事。——译者注

[39]阿提庇乌斯（Artephius，生卒年月不详），一位生活于12世纪前后的炼金术士，他在一篇文章中自称活了1025岁。其作品的法文版曾一度较为流行。——译者注

[40]在马洛（Marlowe）所著的《浮士德》中，浮士德盼望得到世界上最美的女子。于是特洛伊的海伦（传说中世上最美的女子）就出现在了他的面前。——译者注

[41]Whittington and His Cat，见于公元14世纪的一本民间故事，讲述了惠灵顿通过将猫卖给老鼠肆虐的国家而从穷小子变成富有商人，后来成为伦敦早期市长的故事。——译者注

[42]The Hind and Panther，约翰·德莱顿于1687年所作的著名诗篇。参见下文有关其人的注释。——译者注

[43]斯科图斯（Dun Scotus，生卒年月不详），著名神学家。——译者注

[44]贝拉明（Robert Bellarmin，1542—1621），意大利枢机主教、神学家，在欧洲宗教运动改革时期为天主教辩护。——译者注

[45]Tommy Pots，当时流行的一首抒情诗歌。——译者注

[46]此处原文为meal-tubs，应指Meal-tub Plot，系1678年查理二世执政时期揭露出的一个假想的谋杀他的“天主教阴谋”。——译者注

[47]德莱顿（John Dryden，1631—1700），英国17世纪后期最伟大的诗人，写过三十多部悲、喜剧和大量诗歌。——译者注

[48]暗指德莱顿为得到赞助曾将自己翻译的维吉尔的作品献给多位伯爵、侯爵等要人。下文提到的把文章分成四十份等语也与此有关。——译者注

[49]本书下文提到了他们的名字。其中彼得暗指罗马天主教会，马丁（路德）暗指英国国教教会，杰克（喀尔文）暗指新教后裔。

[50]这三个名字原文为法文，意思分别为贪婪、野心和狂妄。

[51]此处原文为chocolate-house，是当时对“咖啡屋”的雅称，社会精英聚会的地方。——译者注

[52]拉丁文，意为“在露天”。通常的皇室接见活动都在室内进行，不可能在露天。——译者注

[53]此处作者有意把鹰说成鹅。——译者注

[54]拉丁文，意为“稍逊一等的神”。——译者注

[55]此处作者意在讥讽古代的神可由于任何奇怪的原因而被人崇拜。——译者注

[56]拉丁文，意为“首动”，指地球最外面的可动层。此说源自古希腊天文学家托勒密的宇宙理论，认为地球是宇宙的中心。——译者注

[57]拉丁文，意为“条件”或“基本原理”。——译者注

[58]拉丁文，意为“来自父母的灵魂”。——译者注

[59]以上几段作者有意模仿教义争论的语气，将争论的主要焦点——灵魂和道德比作时尚和服饰，并为下文作铺垫。——译者注

[60]法文，指时尚妇女早晨在卧室进行的社交聚会。——译者注

[61]通常船夫应坐在客人后面。——译者注

[62]拉丁文，意为“在这些文字中”。——译者注

[63]拉丁文，意为“在这些音节中”。——译者注

[64]拉丁文，意为“第三种方法”。——译者注

[65]拉丁文，意为“在这些字母中。”——译者注

[66]这几个英文字母拼起来意为“肩”（shoulder）。——译者注

[67]“肩章”一词的英语为shoulder-knot，后半部分开头的字母为k。——译者注

[68]拉丁文，亦作Kalendae，意为“每月的第一天”。——译者注

[69]拉丁文，意为“在一些古老典籍中”。——译者注

[70]拉丁文，意为“父亲授予的权利”。——译者注

[71]拉丁文，意为“毫无声息”。——译者注

[72]拉丁文，意为“在一定程度上影响主旨”。

[73]拉丁文，意为“亚里士多德的逻辑学”。——译者注

[74]拉丁文，意为“解释”。——译者注

[75]拉丁文，意为“可分为两类”。——译者注

[76]拉丁文，意为“如果在口头遗嘱里曾提到同样的内容，那就可以拒绝”。

[77]此处暗示对地狱心存敬畏，抑制肉欲。——译者注

[78]拉丁文，意为“有所保留”。——译者注

[79]拉丁文，意为“来自要职”。——译者注

[80]拉丁文，意为“父亲赋予的权利”。——译者注

[81]拉丁文，意为“在这些文字中”。——译者注

[82]拉丁文，意为“将造成混乱”。——译者注

[83]暗指在罗马帝国率先确立基督教合法地位的君士坦丁大帝。——译者注

[84]莫摩斯（Momus），希腊神话中的非难、指责与嘲弄之神。——译者注

[85]从这些名字的拼音上看，它们从古希腊人名逐渐越来越像现代普通英国人名。——译者注

[86]赫克勒斯（Hercules），希腊和罗马神话中力大无比的英雄，宙斯与阿尔克墨涅之子。——译者注

[87]特修斯（Theseus），希腊神话中雅典的英雄和国王，他杀了米诺陶并统一阿提卡。——译者注

[88]珀尔修斯（Perseus），希腊神话中宙斯之子，杀死女怪美杜莎的英雄。——译者注

[89]希腊神话中赫克勒斯因爱上伊俄勒而遭到妻子得伊阿尼拉的嫉恨，她给他送去一件沾有剧毒血的长袍，赫克勒斯一触到它即死去。——译者注

[90]卡科斯（Cacus），古罗马宗教所信奉的神，根据罗马诗人维吉尔的描写，他是火神伏尔甘的儿子，生性邪恶，偷走巨人的牛群藏于山洞，后因一母牛嗥叫而被赫丘利发现，将其杀死。

——译者注

[91]海德拉（Hydra），希腊神话中的九头怪蛇。——译者注

[92]奥吉亚斯（Augeas），希腊神话中的厄利斯王，拥有大群牲畜，曾命令赫克勒斯在一日之内把他全部肮脏无比的厩房打扫干净。——译者注

[93]斯廷法罗斯鸟（Stymphalian bird），希腊神话中破坏庄稼和果实的凶悍的大鸟，翅膀、爪子和喙都是金属的。厄利斯王要求赫克勒斯完成的十二项任务之一就是射杀此鸟。——译者注

[94]针对十七世纪作家多有动辄征引古人的习惯，作者在这里有意反说是现代人教育了古人。——译者注

[95]此处原文为Hieroglyph，指古埃及象形文字，亦指任何意义不明确的符号。——译者注

[96]作者在这里讽刺的是，古代作家虽然谈论批评，却不敢超出古代神话和埃及象形文字的范畴。——译者注

[97]保萨尼阿斯（Pausanias，？—约公元前470），古埃及旅行家和地质学家。——译者注

[98]阿戈斯（Argos），古希腊的一个城邦，位于伯罗奔尼撒半岛东北部，靠近阿尔戈利斯湾。青铜器时代早期开始有人居住，在斯巴达兴盛前是古希腊最强盛的城邦之一。——译者注

[99]纳夫普里亚人（Nauplians），希腊重镇纳夫普里亚（位于伯罗奔尼撒半岛，曾归属阿戈斯）城中的居民。——译者注

[100]“驴”的英文是ass。而原文在这里（包括下面几次提到的“驴”）用了大写的ASS，似与作者所说的“象形文字”（以驴暗指批评家）有关。——译者注

[101]希罗多德（Herodotus，约公元前485—约前425），希腊历史学家。——译者注

[102]拉丁文，意为“创新”。——译者注

[103]莱比亚（Lybia），似为虚构的地名。——译者注

[104]克特西亚斯（Ctesias，公元前416—？），古希腊医生和研究埃及与印度的历史学家。——译者注

[105]犄角和胆汁等语暗合前面讲的“多余的枝桠”。——译者注

[106]锡西厄人（Scythians），古代居住在西徐亚的游牧民族中的一员。——译者注

[107]狄奥多罗斯（Diodorus，约公元前4世纪），古希腊历史学家，美加拉学派哲学家。——译者注

[108]埃利孔（Helicon），希腊的山名，两股神圣泉水的发源地。——译者注

[109]卢克莱修（Lucretius，约公元前93—约前50），古希腊哲学家、历史学家、诗人。——译者注

[110]拉丁文，意为：在埃利孔的高山上竟有一种树，其花朵的气味可以杀死一个人。出自卢克莱修的《物性论》6.774-5.

[111]泰伦提乌斯（Terence，公元前186—前161），罗马共和国时期著名的剧作家。——译者注

[112]拉丁文，意为“恶毒的”。——译者注

[113]地米斯托克利（Themistocles，约公元前524—约前460），希腊政治家，将军，据说他受到底层民众的拥戴，却经常和贵族产生摩擦。——译者注

[114]拉丁文，意为“没有水银”。——译者注

[115]作者的语言总是充满揶揄的口气和反语。上段末句系有意反说，实指批评家的第一个目标也可能找错，此段末句意为国王在批评家眼里总是最肮脏的。——译者注

[116]拉丁文，意为天主教认为的在天堂和地狱之间的“炼狱”。

[117]这里指忏悔和赎罪。

[118]即忏悔室。

[119]即放任它们。

[120]即圣水。

[121]“金羊毛”的故事来自古希腊神话和传说。佛里克索斯被一只神赐的金毛羊所救。后他将羊献祭给宙斯，金羊毛则给了埃厄特斯国王，后者又将金羊毛转献给战神阿瑞斯。阿瑞斯把它钉在阿瑞斯圣林中一棵橡树上，让火龙看守。全世界都相信这金羊毛是无价之宝，许多英雄和王子都梦寐以求。忒萨利亚王子伊阿宋曾带着希腊众英雄坐着大船阿耳戈斯号前往科尔喀斯去取金羊毛，并与火龙搏斗。此处作者将公牛说成源自火龙系有意调侃。——译者注

[122]古代地理学中黑海东端高加索南部的三角地带，在希腊神话中它是美狄亚的故乡，阿耳戈斯英雄们的目的地，一块非常富饶和巫术盛行的地方。——译者注

[123]贺拉斯（Horace，公元前65—前8），古罗马杰出诗人、讽刺作家。——译者注

[124]拉丁文，意为“身披五色翎毛”。

[125]拉丁文，意为“下肢的形状像一条黑鱼。”以上两句出自贺拉斯（Horace）的《歌集》（Ars

Poetica）第三卷，2-4.

[126]此处原文为bull-beggar，英语俚语，指可怕的妖怪或智力低下的人。——译者注

[127]此处原文为bull-dog，为一种头大、嘴扁、腿短的强壮、凶猛的狗。——译者注

[128]英国伦敦西面的著名监狱。——译者注

[129]拉丁文，意为“彻底说服”。——译者注

[130]拉丁文，意为“秘密”。——译者注

[131]拉丁文，意为“影射”。——译者注

[132]暗指罗马教皇象征无上权力的三重冕。——译者注

[133]拉丁文，意为“动作”。——译者注

[134]此处原文如此，似与前文有矛盾。因前文曾说这三兄弟分不清长幼。——译者注

[135]拉丁文，意为“权威版本”。——译者注

[136]拉丁文，意为：这使我勇于承担任何使命，指引我在宁静的夜中搜寻。出自卢克莱修的《物性论》1.141-2.

[137]拉丁文，意为“甜蜜的”。——译者注

[138]本特利（Richard Bentley，1662—1742），英国古典学研究史上的一位重要人物，英国剑桥大学三一学院的创始人，学识渊博，长于典籍校勘，著有《致约翰·穆勒书》《图斯库路姆论辩集》等书。——译者注

[139]拉丁文，意为“放进注满热水的浴缸”。——译者注

[140]拉丁文，意为“足量的”。——译者注

[141]此处原文为Lethe，忘川，忘却之河，是希腊神话中冥府的五条河流之一。——译者注

[142]拉丁文，意为“糟粕”。——译者注

[143]拉丁文，意为“残渣”，亦指炼金术过程中产生的废料。——译者注

[144]古希腊的重量单位。——译者注

[145]拉丁文，意为“杰出的专家”。——译者注

[146]拉丁文，意为“其他方面专家一览”。——译者注

[147]拉丁文，意为“怪异”。——译者注

[148]荷马（Homer，约前9世纪——前8世纪），古希腊游吟诗人，创作了西方文学最伟大的两部作品《伊利亚特》和《奥德赛》。——译者注

[149]拉丁文，意为“巨著”。——译者注

[150]森迪沃格斯（Sendivogus，生卒年月不详），著名的波兰炼金术士和化学家。——译者注

[151]贝曼（Behmen，生卒年月不详），德国基督教神学家。——译者注

[152]《灵智魔学》（Anthroposophia Theomagica），威尔士哲学家、诗人托马斯·沃恩（Thomas Vaughan）所著，主要内容为研究自然魔幻以及精神与自然一体化。——译者注

[153]拉丁文，意思不详，似指“圆形物体”。——译者注

[154]拉丁文，意为“那么我几乎不相信这位作者曾片刻感受到激情的力量”。

[155]应为威廉·沃顿（William Wotton，生卒年月不详），与作者同时代的一位神学家。——译者注

[156]这里作者将沃顿说成“学士”系有意打趣。——译者注

[157]汞中毒可引起大量唾液分泌。——译者注

[158]此处作者意在调侃那些喜欢（在前言中）对自己作品自吹自擂的作家。——译者注

[159]伊奥利亚（Aeolists）是古希腊在小亚细亚的西北部沿海地区的一个殖民地，荷马在作品中也曾提到此地。——译者注

[160]拉丁文，意为“按缪斯女神的引诱触摸一切”。出自卢克莱修的《物性论》4.9。

[161]荷马史诗《伊利亚特》的篇幅很长。——译者注

[162]希腊神话中，赫克勒斯的第十个任务是到世界的尽头抓捕吉里昂的公牛，一种有三个身体的怪兽。——译者注

[163]拉丁语，意为“生殖器”。——译者注

[164]拉丁语，意为“但他们的生殖器却非常巨大，直达脚踝”。——译者注

[165]西徐亚人（Scythians）是公元前9世纪以前生活在阿尔泰山以东地区的游牧民族。——译者注

[166]拉丁文，意为“基础”。——译者注

[167]此处指接受知识的不同方法。——译者注

[168]西徐亚在希腊北面。在作者所处的时代写作还用鹅毛笔。——译者注

[169]拉丁文，意为“但愿指引我们的命运不要让这样的命运靠近我们”。出自卢克莱修《物性论》5.108。

[170]拉丁文，意为“追随者”。——译者注

[171]拉丁文，意为“世界之灵”。——译者注

[172]拉丁文，意为“获悉的形态”。——译者注

[173]拉丁文，分别为“精神”、“意识”、“灵感”和“灵魂”。——译者注

[174]拉丁文，意为“肿胀”。——译者注

[175]拉丁文，意为“膨胀”。——译者注

[176]拉丁文，意为“生殖或喷射器官”。——译者注

[177]拉丁文，意为“最初成分”。——译者注

[178]拉丁文，意为“意识”。——译者注

[179]拉丁文，意为“四大原则”。——译者注

[180]帕拉切尔苏斯（Bumbastus Palacelsus，1493—1541），出生于艾恩西德伦（今瑞士）的医师，炼金家，曾发明多种新药。——译者注

[181]拉丁文，意为“基本成分”。——译者注

[182]此处原文为belching。作者自己曾解释说，它指的是“牧师在古希腊圣贤殿堂向古人发出预言时的动作”。——译者注

[183]拉丁文，意为“对全能的天主顶礼膜拜”。——译者注

[184]拉丁文，意为“北，诸神中最杰出的一位”。——译者注

[185]拉丁文，意为“至高的天”。古人认为天共有十一重，而上帝和天使处在这至高的一重。——译者注

[186]希腊文，意为“黑暗、阴暗、夜晚”。——译者注

[187]潘西罗鲁斯（Pancirolus，生卒年月不详），希腊哲学家，《失传与新发明的艺术》（DeArtibusperditis，＆c.）一书的作者。——译者注

[188]埃俄罗斯（Aeolus），希腊神话中的风神。——译者注

[189]拉丁文，意为“从内部凹处”。——译者注

[190]此处的两个长句十分晦涩，前句大意是说，人的头脑总倾向于走两个极端，因此作者用了一些高低、黑白的比喻；后句大意是说最不文明的人也可能相信上帝，而一旦有了上天和上帝，就会有地狱和魔鬼。——译者注

[191]法文，为一种带有四个分支的磨坊。——译者注

[192]指挪威北部以及瑞典、芬兰的土著人。——译者注

[193]德尔菲（Delphos），最重要的古希腊阿波罗神殿所在地，古希腊人认为这里是世界的中心。——译者注

[194]指法国亨利四世（Henry IV，1553—1610），法国波旁王朝的第一代国王。

[195]拉丁文，意为“若干人体”。——译者注

[196]拉丁文，意为：身体的活力产生于被爱欲折磨之后：它为了爱奋力拼搏，充满渴望。出自卢克莱修的《物性论》4.1047和1054。

[197]拉丁文，意为“发动战争的最可怕的原因”。

[198]指法国路易十四（Louis XIV，1638—1715），他在位时兴建凡尔赛宫。

[199]拉丁文，意为“麝香”。——译者注

[200]第欧根尼（Diogenes，约公元前5世纪），希腊哲学家，《论自然》是其重要著作。——译者注

[201]阿波罗尼奥斯（Apollonius，约公元前262—前190），古希腊数学家，其专著《圆锥曲线》为古代科学巨著之一。——译者注

[202]帕拉切尔苏斯（Palacelsus，1493—1541），出生于艾恩西德伦（今瑞士）的医师，炼金家，曾发明多种新药。——译者注

[203]笛卡尔（Des Cartes，1596—1650），法国数学家、哲学家，将哲学从传统的经院哲学解放出来的第一人。——译者注

[204]拉丁文，意为“弯曲”或“扭曲”。——译者注

[205]西塞罗（Cicero，公元前106—前43），罗马杰出的政治家、律师、古典学家、作家。——译者注

[206]拉丁文，意为“你应该庆幸自己来到了一个使你自己看上去有些智慧的地方”。出自西塞罗的《论演说》（Epistulae ad Familiares）7.10。

[207]作者这里的意思是，人如果不疯狂就不会有精神或宗教方面的信仰，不会相信看不见的东西。——译者注

[208]拉丁文，意为“理论”。——译者注

[209]此处指三兄弟中的杰克（喀尔文）。——译者注

[210]拉丁文，意为“此处缺失很多字”。系作者有意为之的打趣之笔。——译者注

[211]这里是说如果人们彻底幸福了，只会想象，那他们就不会揭露谬误或指摘他人缺点了。——译者注

[212]指上文提到的焊接或修补自然缺陷的艺术。——译者注

[213]指通过感官（感知）产生想象的人。——译者注

[214]此处还是有意反说，作者所谓的傻瓜，实则聪明，以聪明而积极的态度生活。——译者注

[215]作者此时的语无伦次是在模仿疯子的思维。——译者注

[216]库尔提斯（Curtius）是神话中的古罗马英雄，据传在公元前362年罗马广场出现一道深沟，预言师说，要把罗马最宝贵的东西扔下去深沟才会合拢，于是他只身纵马跃入深沟。——译者注

[217]恩培多克勒（Empedocles，约公元前490—约前430），古希腊哲学家，据说他自封为神，跃入埃特那山火山口自杀，以让他的信徒们相信他是神。——译者注

[218]老布鲁特斯（elder Brutus，约公元前6世纪末），古代历史中的传说人物，布鲁特斯的父亲，凯撒的朋友，一说后来谋杀了凯撒。——译者注

[219]拉丁文，意为“平息事端的能力”。——译者注

[220]暗指政治家都是疯子。——译者注

[221]爱德华·西摩（Edward Seymour，生卒年月不详），英国贵族政治家。——译者注

[222]克里斯托弗·马斯格雷夫（Christopher Musgrave，生卒年月不详），英国贵族政治家。——译者注

[223]约翰·鲍尔斯（John Bowles，生卒年月不详），英国贵族政治家。——译者注

[224]约翰·豪（John Howe），具体不详，可能是与作者同时代的一位清教徒。——译者注

[225]中世纪欧洲的一处伯爵领地，包括现比利时的东佛兰德省和西佛兰德省以及法国北部部分地区。——译者注

[226]英国议会在威斯敏斯特会堂召开。其间有意提出议案的议员要将书面议案放在主持人座椅背后的绿袋子里。这里所说的纸应为写议案用的。——译者注

[227]当时法官乘坐出租马车的费用。——译者注

[228]拉丁文，意为“他的脸上闪烁着光芒”。——译者注

[229]此处原文为the whore of Babylon，为基督教中一个邪恶之地。——译者注

[230]通常指yes和no。——译者注

[231]此处似指这样的人经常闲坐在壁炉旁。——译者注

[232]英国皇家医学会所在地。——译者注

[233]穆尔菲尔德（Moorfields）是伦敦的一个区，著名的穆尔门（moorgate，伦敦城的一处大门）所在地。——译者注

[234]苏格兰院（Scotland Yard）是一个警察局的名字。——译者注

[235]Troglodyte，指的是许多古希腊哲学家经常谈到的一种穴居人。——译者注

[236]布莱克摩尔（Blackmore，1654—1729），英国医生、诗人，曾为英王威廉三世和女王安妮的御医。——译者注

[237]莱斯特兰奇（Lestrange），可能指英国作家罗杰·莱斯特兰奇（Roger L'Estrange，1616—1704），最早期的英国记者和小册子作者。——译者注

[238]此处戏讽本特利喜欢显摆。另见有关本特利的前注。——译者注

[239]这里指“名声”。——译者注

[240]因为这是神秘的谜，所以没有意义。——译者注

[241]蔷薇十字会是基督教中的一个由玄学者组成的半神秘组织。——译者注

[242]Bythus，在相信直觉说的早期基督教诺斯替（Gnostic）教派的教义中，它是至高的神，此词亦含有“深奥”的意思。——译者注

[243]Sigé，意为诺斯替教义中的与神相通，此词亦含有“安静”的意思。——译者注

[244]Achamoth，不详。可能是诺斯替教义中的另一个神。此词亦含有“智慧”的意思。一说以上三词都属于诺斯替教派使用的隐语。——译者注

[245]拉丁文，意为“巨大的财富来自他的眼泪，光彩的财富来自他的笑声，不可预知的财富来自他的忧伤和恐惧”。

[246]英国诗人、哲学家沃恩（Vaughan）写《灵智魔学》所用的笔名，另见有关《灵智魔学》的前注。作者此处说他犯了不可原谅的错误似为揶揄之笔，意在激励读者去看他的书。——译者注

[247]此处原文为snap-dragon，指当时流行的一种游戏，即将白兰地倒入碗中点燃，再放入一些葡萄干之类的小果料，游戏者徒手快速从火中取出果料并吃掉。——译者注

[248]劳尔卡库（Laurcalco），塞万提斯的小说《唐吉诃德》中的一个人物。——译者注

[249]巴别塔（Babel），《圣经》中记载大洪水后人们在巴比伦所建造的塔，见《创世记》11：1—9。——译者注

[250]索尔兹伯里（Salisbury）平原，在英国中部，以其史前石柱遗址闻名。——译者注

[251]指克伦威尔和他的同盟者在决定处死查理一世时向上帝求援。——译者注

[252]指英国非国教派人士对教堂音乐的反感。——译者注

[253]比林斯格特（Billingsgate），位于英国伦敦东南的一个市场。——译者注

[254]暗指非国教派人士对英国所有教堂的装饰、雕像以及图画颜色的指责和非难。——译者注

[255]指浸礼。——译者注

[256]巴勒斯坦古地名，以盛产乳香闻名。——译者注

[257]此段意在暗讽狂热的布道令人难堪。狂热者总是乐于接受虐待，认为与其巨大的德行价值比起来，痛苦微不足道。——译者注

[258]此句的大意是，如果杰克（即他自己）不替他们挨打，那意大利教皇和法国国王的军队早就来霸占他们的妻子和财产（仓库）了。——译者注

[259]莫卧儿（Mogul），指历史上征战四方的蒙古人。——译者注

[260]以上几段（及下文）意在戏讽新教后裔（非英国国教者）与罗马教廷的狂热教徒虽表面上冲突很大，但因多有相似之处而经常被混淆，并且他们还经常不期而遇。——译者注

[261]拉丁文，意为“缺少一些字”。

[262]拉丁文，意为“桀骜不驯的海神普罗特斯仍能挣脱锁链”。出自贺拉斯的《讽刺诗集》（Satires）2.3.71。古希腊神话中的海神普罗特斯（Proteus）具有变换身形的本领。

[263]拉丁文，意为“失传的艺术”。——译者注

[264]希波克拉底（Hippocrates，约公元前460—约前377），古希腊著名医学家，他所创立的医学道德规范至今仍应用于医疗行业。——译者注

[265]指查理二世（Charles II，1630—1685），他于1670年复辟后曾提出改宗天主教，并迫害不肯顺从的教士，在朝野引起很大不满。——译者注

[266]指詹姆斯二世（James II，1633—1701），他在位期间从1687年开始强化天主教的政策，允许天主教徒进入长老会，并颁布“信教自由令”，天主教徒因而得到保护和纵容。下文提到的杰克离开彼得，并偷走了他的保护符等语亦应与此有关。——译者注

[267]只有跑在别人前面才能让别人看到自己的鞋跟。——译者注

[268]似指当时的长老会员埃德温（Humphry Edwyn），他为人傲慢拘礼，曾当选伦敦市长。——译者注

[269]奶油蛋羹是当时市长餐桌上的常见食品。——译者注

[270]指奥尔良的佩里（Père d'Orleans），法国教士。耶稣会是天主教的一支，由罗耀拉（Ignatius of Loyola）于1534年创立。——译者注

[271]在英国，如果气候干燥少雨，人们会倾向于室外活动，看书的人就会减少。——译者注

[272]turnip，一种广泛种植的产于欧亚大陆的植物，根形似萝卜，呈黄色或白色，可食用。

[273]德弗（Thomas Durfey，1653—1723），英国剧作家、讽刺作家和歌词作家，智者，在当时很有名。——译者注

[274]康格里夫（Congreve，1670—1729），英国摄政王复辟时期的杰出讽刺喜剧作家、小说家。——译者注

[275]这里作者含蓄地将德弗（Durfey）比作大便，在更广意义上指时尚中的“智者”都一钱不值。——译者注

[276]拉丁文，意为“这样的聚会充满活力”。——译者注

[277]此处原文为Sleep，系作者想象的古罗马众神之一。——译者注

[278]缪斯（Muses），希腊神话里一群来历不明的女神，被认为是诗歌、文艺和科学的保护神。——译者注

[279]以上两句的大意是，和第一位的标新立异相比，方法得当、合理是第二位的，作者因此结论说，只要他（以智者姿态）标新立异，就既不聪明，也不完美，更词不达意。——译者注

[280]拉丁文，意为“观察”。——译者注

Jonathan Swift

A Tale of a Tub

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

From The Preface

The wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution, it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer — that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan, whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype, the commonwealth. But how to

analyse the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed that, in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

A Tale of a Tub

Section I
THE INTRODUCTION

Whoever has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of number as of hell;

> — evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est.[1]

To this end, the philosopher's way, in all ages, has been by erecting certain edifices in the air: but, whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation, I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, that the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, that the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these northwest regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain

but three methods that I can think of; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage itinerant. For as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a prominency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phoenician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep; but in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: senes ut in otia tuta recedant.[2] Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long talked while others slept; so now they may sleep as long while others talk.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorial machines, it were sufficient that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it, in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every

genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE; the two climacterics.

Now, the first of these oratorial machines, in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the sylva Caledonia, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by-and-by. The degree of perfection in shape and size I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament; and, best of all, without cover (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly, where it is rightfully used), by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr John Dunton, hath made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish, in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copperplates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy

of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant, erected with much sagacity, sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.[3] It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus, continually descending, must needs be more so when loaded and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.[4]

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that in the several assemblies of these orators nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well

compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess there is something yet more refined, in the contrivance and structure of our modem theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that, whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plump into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because, that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelvepenny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorial receptacles or machines contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualised and refined them, from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles, having a

respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The ladder is an adequate symbol of faction and of poetry, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction, because.[5] ... Hiatus in MS ... Of poetry, because its orators do perorare with a song; and because, climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of meum and tuum.

Under the stage itinerant are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, Six-penny-worth of Wit, Westminster Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Complete Jesters, and the like; by which the writers of and for Grub-street have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over Time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub-street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham[6] and of Will's[7] to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of

justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with license from our president, I humbly offer two answers: first, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair, including an impossibility in the practice; for where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first; or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controversy whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far

advance on our side as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots; which, I think, from the present course of their studies, they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things) has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best; it is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg; but then lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the grubaean sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches overfinely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Aesop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world nor ourselves may any longer suffer by

such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society; which, beside their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open, by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members; he began with the History of Reynard the Fox, but neither lived to publish his essay nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made and communicated with his friends is now universally received; nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of Tom Thumb, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is Dr Faustus, penned by Artephius, an author bonae notae, and an adeptus; he published it in the nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age; this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the via humida; and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious rabbi, Jehuda

Hannasi, containing a defence of the gemara of the Jerusalem misna, and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther. This is the masterpiece of a famous writer now living, intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots. Another piece, supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The Wise Men of Gotham, cum appendice. This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments bandied about both in France and England for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author has so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life. This, indeed, is more than I can justly expect, from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in pros and cons upon Popish plots, and meal-tubs, and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes, and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend; from an understanding and a conscience threadbare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it

afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six-and-thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

But to return. I am assured, from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries; in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have, throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles, having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of godfathers; which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable

invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example; but it seems there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

Section II

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons by one wife,[8] and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

'Sons, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. Now, you are to understand that these coats have two virtues contained in them; one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will, here it is, full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the

penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.'

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil.[9] On their first appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town; they wrote, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, ate at Locket's, loitered at Will's; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billets-doux of quality; came over just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee sub dio; got a list of peers

by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the house and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town; but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the grand monde, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot; he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity or deus minorum gentium, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus.

Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the primum mobile. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a microcoat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?

These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures or men. For, is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and

mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament, coffee-, play-, bawdy-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord-mayor: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was ex traduce; but the former of daily creation and circumfusion; this last they proved by scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase; by all which it is manifest that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue: as particularly the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner; embroidery was sheer wit, gold fringe was agreeable conversation, gold lace was repartee, a huge long periwig was humour, and a coat full of powder was very good raillery — all which required abundance of finesse and delicatesse to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking very different from any other systems either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise, therefore, the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And so leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, it is true, of very good cloth, and besides so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened that before they were a month in town great shoulderknots came up — straight all the world was shoulderknots — no approaching the ladies' ruelles without the quota of shoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with

forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse the door-keeper showed them into the twelvepenny gallery; if they called a boat, says a waterman, 'I am first sculler;' if they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, 'Friend, we sell no ale;' if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with 'Pray send up your message.' In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? — what temper should they find? — obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned, than the other two, said he had found an expedient. It is true, said he, there is nothing here in this will, totidem verbis, making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture we may find them inclusive, or totidem syllabis. This distinction was immediately approved by all, and so they fell again to examine; but their evil star had so directed the matter that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, 'Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them totidem verbis, nor totidem syllabis, I dare engage we shall make them out tertio modo or totidem literis.' This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument that K was a modern, illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. It is true, said he, the word Calendae, hath in Q.V.C. been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for in the best

copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished — shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be jure paterno, and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace: whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace was as scandalous as a —, and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but altum silentium. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did aliquo modo essentiae adhaerere,[10] and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out that the learned brother aforesaid had read Aristotelis dialectica, and especially that wonderful piece de interpretatione, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. Brothers, said he, you are to be informed that of wills duo sunt genera, nuncupatory and scriptory: that in the scriptory will here before us there is no precept or mention about gold lace, conceditur: but si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur.[11] For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say when we were boys that he

heard my father's man say that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G — ! that is very true, cries the other; I remember it perfectly well, said the third. And so without more ado they got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen; An please your worships, said he, my lord Conway and Sir John Walters had linings out of this very piece last night: it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pincushion by tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept — the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After a long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will to take care of fire and put out their candles before they went to sleep. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards selfconviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command (being resolved to avoid further scruple as well as future occasion for scandal), says he that was the scholar, I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains has equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously — I have had it by me some time — it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin. The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art in the

form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver fringe, and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words; item, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, etc., with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word which in the will is called fringe does also signify a broomstick: and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not he humbly conceived in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a broomstick: but it was replied upon him that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again why their father should forbid them to wear a broomstick on their coats — a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children. Here they remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and

bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood cum grano-salis.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which, and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver; upon which the scholar pronounced, ex cathedra, that points were absolutely jure paterno, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, totidem verbis, from the letter of the will, or else multa absurda sequerentur. This was understood for canonical, and therefore, on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it, insomuch as, having run something

behindhand in the world, he obtained the favour of a certain lord[12] to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

Section III
A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS

Although I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious modems; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make bold humbly to present them with a short account of themselves and their art, by looking into the origin and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us; and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term were understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which a careful reader might be able

to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcaetera the elder; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis; who begat Etcaetera the younger.

And these are the critics from whom the common wealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus,

Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should, in conscience, have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. As Hercules most generously did, and upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons I suppose it is why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critic, which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic; that he is discoverer and collector of writers' faults; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration; that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured

the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers: and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modem; and consequently that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic, agreeably to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have, for a long time, borne a part in this general error: from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns; whose most edifying volumes I turn undefatigably over night and day for the improvement of my mind and the good of my country: these have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction that the very finest things delivered of old have been long since invented and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made, of art or of nature, have all

been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shows how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to, and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire or panegyric upon the true critics, in imitation of their masters, the modems. Now, in the commonplaces of both these I was plentifully instructed by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes, yet whatever they touched of that kind was with abundance of caution, adventuring no further than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so opposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of a modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon this subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story, according to their affections or their wit. For first, Pausanias is of opinion that the perfection of writing correct was

entirely owing to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescencies of books, which the learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost in terminis. He has been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of Lybia there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation Ctesias yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding that, whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these homed ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful that a legion of authors would tremble and drop their pens at the sound; for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologers that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time those authors who had a mind to publish

their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: so, Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say that in the mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed which bears a flower of so damned a scent as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation: —

> Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
> Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare.[13]

But Ctesias, whom we recently quoted, has been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words: Among the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: these serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice: whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of critics, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been

only the tyros or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a grey critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of malevoli.

Now, it is certain the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a

man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons nearly of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critic's company than of any other you can name. For as, to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, say of critics that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and the sine mercurio, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modem critic, and consequently must needs conclude that these have always been, and must be for ever, the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflection from its own superficies, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modem critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and

honourable an art.

The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modem critics; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am likely to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

Section IV
A TALE OF A TUB

I have now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head than he began to look big and to take mightily upon him; insomuch that,

unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr PETER, and then he must be styled Father PETER; and sometimes, My Lord PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better fonde than what he was born to, after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to lord PETER'S invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because I think authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the Eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in terra australis incognita.[14] This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the worms, especially those in the spleen.[15] The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights: as soon as he went to bed he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary to turn upon the other; he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office[16] for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal or troubled with the colic; as likewise of all eavesdroppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons; in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive im-mediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of lord Peter's was, an office of

insurance[17] for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows, —, and rivers; that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle.[18] For, having remarked how your common pickle in use among housewives was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this pickle, to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but, for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlimpimp, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction, in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities he most valued a certain set of bulls, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that

guarded the golden fleece. Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste, because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain that lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring peculiar to their lineage was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils, which, notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster beside that in Horace:

> Varias inducere plumas;

and

> Atrum desinat in piscem.[19]

For these had fishes' tails, yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air.

Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a-roaring to fright naughty boys, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where, it is wonderful to recount (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it), an appetitus sensibilis deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, pulveris exigui jactu, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which, when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form: —

'To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, etc. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight

hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, etc., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant; and if you fail hereof, G — d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble

Man's man,

Emperor PETER.'

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not vere adepti may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain arcana are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory for so grateful, so useful an innuendo.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at if by this time lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he bad kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty, and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have

seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head three storey high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot, and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first boutade was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their stead gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door, and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. 'Beef,' said the sage magistrate, 'is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and vension, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard.' When Peter came home he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. 'Bread,' says he, 'dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, vension, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard; and, to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread.' Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown loaf served up in all the

formality of a city feast. 'Come, brothers,' said Peter, 'fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you.' At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. 'My lord,' said he, 'I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake.' — 'What,' says Peter, 'you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with.' — 'None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart.' —'How,' said Peter, appearing in great surprise, 'I do not comprehend this at all.' Upon which the younger interposing to set the business aright, 'My lord,' said he, 'my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship has promised us to dinner.' — 'Pray,' said Peter, 'take me along with you; either you are both made, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder.' — 'What then, my lord,' replied the first, 'it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while?' — 'Pray, sir,' says Peter, 'eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present': but the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: 'By G—, my lord,' said he, 'I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread.' Upon which the second put in his word: 'I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelvepenny loaf.' — 'Look ye, gentlemen,' cries Peter, in a rage; 'to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument:

by G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall-market; and G— confound you both eternally if you offer to believe otherwise.' Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. 'Why, truly,' said the first, 'upon more mature consideration —' — 'Ay,' says the other, interrupting him, 'now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason.' — 'Very well,' said Peter; 'here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart.' The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. 'That you shall,' said Peter; 'I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings.' Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased; for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain that lord Peter, even un his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extremely wilful and

positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches; and, what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post, that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, 'Z—ds,' said Peter, 'where's the wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues.' And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, 'By G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth: and the d — I broil them eternally that will not believe me.'

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his illusage, resolved at last to leave him; but first they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a copia vera by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which their next

enterprise was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink, to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work was to discard their concubines, and send for their wives. While all this was in agitation there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring lord Peter would please procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged tomorrow. But the two brothers told him he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king. In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicked them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

Section V
A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND

We, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our gteat design of an everlasting remembrance and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe! is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary;

— Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.[20]

To this end have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained: till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer. Upon which I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to show a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another like a nest of boxes, I do affirm that, having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery, that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved, in my said several readings (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very importunate), that as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed: his epidemical diseases being fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation; whereas in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a layer of utile and a layer of dulce.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious modems have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree that our choice town wits, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute whether there have been ever any ancients or not; in which point we are likely to receive wonderful

satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modem, Dr Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail that no famous modern has ever yet attempted a universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprise was thought or some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazile. The method he proposed was, by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-skin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil in balneo Mariae, infusing quintessence of poppy Q. S., together with three pints of Lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the sordes and caput mortuum, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drachms. This you keep in a glass phial, hermetically sealed, for one-and-twenty days. Then you begin your catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the phial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, excerpta quaedams, florilegias, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own it was by the assistance of this arcanum that I, though otherwise impar, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never achieved

or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and, for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic, it is manifest he has wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the opus magnum is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica. He is also quite mistaken about the sphaera pyroplastica, a neglect not to be atoned for; and if the reader will admit so severe a censure, vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem.[21] His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all; for want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the church of England. A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of Ancient and Modern Learning: a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments for the great helps and

liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But beside these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood: but I challenge any of his admirers to show me in all his writings a complete account of the spleen: does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? And as to his method of salivation without mercury so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my new help for smatterers, or the art of being deep-learned and shallow-read. A curious invention about mouse-traps. A universal rule of reason, or every man his own carver; together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible into the

beauties and excellencies of what I am writing; because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny that whatever I have said upon this occasion had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the last writer: I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modem, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath: this has saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric: — Sir, upon my word we are just going to begin. Such is exactly the fate at this time of prefaces, epistles, advertisements, introduction, prolegomenas, apparatuses, to the readers. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured

them so frequently in his prefaces that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yearning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication (which is the usual modern stint), as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed critics and wits by reading nothing else. Into which two factions I think all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore, having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and a universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

Section VI
A TALE OF A TUB

We left lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or

nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere closely in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop suddenly off. Whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of a historian to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both

resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN, and the other took the appellation of JACK. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject. Because memory, being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen: but an infinite

quantity of lace, and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; I mean only those tagged with silver, for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance, having been forgot in due place, as good fortune has ordered, comes in very properly here when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats; and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far he demurred a while: he knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work, having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent, in pulling of the points, which, being tagged with silver (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sewn, to preserve them from falling. Resolving, therefore, to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold-lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe; these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it, he concluded the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he

thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts and a quite different spirit. For the memory of lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite which had a much greater share of inciting him than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language: as I think I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theophysi-logical account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modem way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and, farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. 'What,' said he, 'a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against.' Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a

delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more despatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand that zeal is never so highly obliged as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to dam it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand and sedatest constitution to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career: 'Ah, good brother Martin,' said he, 'do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not for a hundred pounds carry the least mark about me that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal.' But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing

of their coats: yet it was no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so rather to the advance of unity than increase of contradiction.

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethics; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as in scholastic disputes nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up and kick the beam; so it happened here that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out, and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt, or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange women; or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags, and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn,

and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimseys that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald, sometimes, Jack with a lantern; sometimes, Dutch Jack; sometimes, French Hugh; sometimes, Tom the beggar; and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the North. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Aeolists; who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

— Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.[22]

Section VII
A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS

I have sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nutshell; but it has been my fortune to

have much oftener seen a nutshell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted I shall leave among the curious as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olios, fricassees and ragouts.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish was at first introduced, in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution: and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed, and clothed by

invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is two-fold; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old

stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms, the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who has given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modem wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which, of all others, has borne the most and the fairest fruit. For, though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has, in some sort, been both invented and brought to perfection by the same hands. What I mean is, that highly celebrated talent among the modem wits of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the pudenda of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how

little invention bears any vogue, beside what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pigmies, whose stature did not exceed above two foot; sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia.[23] Now I have been very curious to inspect the late productions wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared; and although this vein has bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open, like the Scythians, who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk; yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry and past all recovery; and that either some new fonde of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must even be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument that our modem wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains, therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes and little compendiums? quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics, and commentators, and lexicons, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and observandas, are to be nicely dwelt on by some called the sieves and boulters of learning; though it is left undetermined whether they dealt in pearls or meal; and, consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks there starts up many a writer capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For what though

his head be empty, provided his commonplace-book be full? and if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf; there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion?

From such elements as these I am alive to behold the day wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it than by saying that in the regions far to the north it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity, to pursue a more important concern.

Section VIII
A TALE OF A TUB

The learned Aeolists maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled and blew up the flame of nature should one day blow it out —

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.[24]

This is what the adepti understand by their anima mundi; that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the forma informans of man by the name of spiritus, animus, afflatus, or anima; what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption? Farther, what is life itself but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of turgidus and inflatus, applied either to the emittent or recipient organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two-and-thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that since wind had the master share, as well as

operation, in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence wherein that primordium appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct animas or winds, to which the sage Aeolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity as well as ornament with the other three; by this quartum principium taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned cabalist, Bumbastus, of placing the body of a man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a quinta essentia, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Aeolists affirm the gift of belching to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year you might behold the priests among them, in vast numbers, with their mouths gaping wide against a storm. At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies their vessels. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue,

for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up: and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and given the eyes a terrible kind of relievo; at such junctures all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And, to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches, were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of latria, was the almighty North, an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed, by the profounder

Aeolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a coelum empyraeum, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called Σμοτία, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination the most refined Aeolists have borrowed their original; whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned that the virtuosoes of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages: and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented; although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirolus. It was an invention ascribed to Aeolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top; into this barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel which admits new supplies of inspiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing ex adytis et penetralibus, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth,

deals with his face as it does with that of the sea, first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a foam. It is in this guise the sacred Aeolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests that some authors maintain these Aeolists to have been very ancient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluviums of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true, indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstacy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of female priests is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Aeolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the sibyls.

And whereas the mind of a man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, does never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes, of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till, having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing he

falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the east into the west; or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one-half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshot, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which has stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true; that as the most uncivilised parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of a precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil it has been the usual method of mankind to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Aeolists possessed themselves with a dread and horror and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon, sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called Moulinavent, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal

battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished and set out with gods, as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Aeolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Lalpanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Aeolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether this system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied, from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations, suited to the times and circumstances, I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light, which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

Section IX
A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE

ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH

Nor shall it in any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or phrensy. For if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men, which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest, the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy, and the contriving, as well as the propagating, of new religions; we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences, and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will

easily be granted me; and then it will follow that, as the face of nature never produces rain but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it has been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies, yet the crops they produce differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince[25] raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was armed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians everywhere forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the pope, and setting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain statesurgeon, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceedingly curious to learn whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze? what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female,

whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and, before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of corpora quaeque; for,

> Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore:
> Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.[26]

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain: the very same principle that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

> — Teterrima belli
> Causa —[27]

The other instance is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king,[28] who, for the space of about thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes, natural, moral and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last, the vapour or spirit which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized

upon that region of the human body so renowned for furnishing the zibeta occidentalis, and, gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is where those exhalations fix, and of so little from whence they proceed. The same spirits which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the anus, conclude in a fistula.

Let us now examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam, whose merits and principles I shall further examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate, from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of

reason. Epicurus modestly hoped that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain clinamina, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, wrapped and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name beside that of madness or phrensy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And I think the reason is easy to be assigned; for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which, in several individuals, is exactly of the same tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it, whenever you have, the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for, if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, who, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it

seems, in those days were as errant rascals as they are now), has these remarkable words: Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.[29] For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable innuendo.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr Wotton; a person, in appearance, ordained for greater designs, as well as performances: whether you will consider his notions or his looks, surely no man ever advanced into public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. O, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base detracting world would not then have dared to report that something is amiss, that his brain has undergone an unlucky shake, which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in!

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the springhead to have been as troubled and muddy as the current: of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of these two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former postulatum being held that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut

the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost propensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain.

Hic multa desiderantur[30]

And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the modems mean by madness only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, philosophy, and in religion. For the brain in its natural position and state of serenity disposes its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his vision; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions, because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in

bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things that have place in the imagination may not as properly be said to exist as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! how shrunk is everything as it appears in the glass of nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity of enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak

sides and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage either in the world or the playhouse.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depths of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader that in such conclusions as these reason is certainly in the right; and that, in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside has been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen: but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself, that whatever philosopher or projector can

find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic. And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene, peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness. It is certain that, according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapours; therefore, as some kinds of phrensy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually happens that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes, over hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth.

Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: another achieves the same enterprise, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory: upon so nice a distinction, are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by Latins ingenium par negotiis; or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of phrensy, never in its right element till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, Sir John Bowles, John Howe, esq., and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, civil and military: proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piecemeal, swearing and blaspheming,

biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piss-pot in the spectators' faces? let the right worshipful the commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, spluttering, gaping, bawling in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and threepence in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, ecce cornuta erat ejus facies.[31] He walks duly in one place, entreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shoplifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory: a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing; a huge idolator of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to everybody, that he never keeps it: one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound: extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; Sir, says he, give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice,

of parting with money for a song.) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel (first stopping your nose), you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, ranking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who, having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath: he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think the society of Warwicklane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the ante-chamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not farther enlarge. — Hark in your ear — I am strangely mistaken if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians that the world might recover by such a

reformation; but what is more material, beside the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold as to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shown, and shall enforce by this one plain instance; that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person whose imaginations are not hard-mouthed and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed, from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off; upon which account my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of humankind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

Section X
A TALE OF A TUB

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgement to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his majesty and both houses of parliament, to the

lords of the king's most honourable privy-council, to the reverend the judges, to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land; but in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-house, and Gresham College, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland Yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guildhall; in short, to all the inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded; why, truly, he thanks his stars the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain: and yet, by G—, he wrote it in a week, at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs; as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: he blesses his God the thing takes wonderfully, he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop. You beat down the price: 'Sir, we shall not differ'; and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; and 'pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall, upon your account, furnish them all at the same rate.'

Now, it is not well enough considered to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a

fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning: but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woeful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher: It is certain (said he) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed: and we need not to go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.

There is in this famous island of Britain a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called second parts; and usually passes under the name of the author of the first. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he has already done Dr Blackmore, Lestrange, and many others, who shall here be nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles, and lover of mankind, Dr Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration: and if it should so happen that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of second part, must, for my sins, be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the meantime I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are

to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat may be given to the poor; and the dogs under the table may gnaw the bones. This I understand for a more generous proceeding than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again tomorrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes — the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to stare; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive

discourse. I shall venture to affirm that, whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Meantime, it is my earnest request that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing which we mysterious writers can seldom reach till we have gotten into our graves: whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured, among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a carcase; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety as well as extent of their reputation. For night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion that they are dark; and therefore, the true illuminated (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery has delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And first, I have couched a very profound mystery

in the number of O's multiplied by seven and divided by nine. Also, if a devout brother of the rosy cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables, according to prescription, in the second and fifth section, they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the opus magnum. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference, the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigé, and be sure not to forget the qualities of Achamoth; à cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitia, et à timore mobilis;[32] wherein Eugenius Philalethes hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

Section XI
A TALE OF A TUB

After so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing it is as in travelling; if a man is in haste to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), and his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty; but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy

companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight, when his purse is full and the day before him, he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d—n'd; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children, run out to gaze; a hundred noisy curs run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge; but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack: the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore, his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Aeolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very

unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions, about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies, and penalties in case of obedience or neglect, yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine.' In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the necessary as well as the most paltry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off and

swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from that. Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the backside, he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber is not known) which seemed to forbid it.

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat; nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a Christian.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore, he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say that a wise man was his own lantern.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he

happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices who looked on that he submitted with entire resignation as to a trip or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either would be sure to come off with a swinging fall or a bloody nose. 'It was ordained,' said he, 'some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient, to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or posterity to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the

first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you to the very brink of destruction: and alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco, who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog.'

This I have produced as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others Chaos, who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh or to listen, he would, of a sudden, with one hand, out with his gear and piss full in their eyes, and with the other all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible to let in the ambient heat; and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government he would make his court for the office of hangman general; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of bagpipes. But he would cure himself again by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and, upon that account, bore a cruel aversion against painters, insomuch that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones to pelt at the signs.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into water, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears; it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and, calling to those who

passed by, would cry to one, 'Worthy sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps.' To another, 'Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse: Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders.' And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. 'Observe this stroke' (said he, showing his bare shoulders); 'a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning, at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaster; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides that he hath not (God bless us!) already swallowed up man, woman, and child.'

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries that forced him to abscond, and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another; yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for, the phrensy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally

extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre, which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien. Insomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, 'Mr Peter, you are the king's prisoner.' Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, 'Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms.' This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery, there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes, so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous

flaunting, which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

Desunt non-
nulla[33]

The old Sclavonian proverb said well, that it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast must find a very good hold at their ears. Yet I think we may affirm that it has been verified by repeated experience that —

Effugiet tamen haec sceleratus vincula Proteus.[34]

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons; for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find that no revolutions have been so great or so frequent as those of human ears. In former days there was a curious invention to catch and keep them, which I think we may justly reckon among the artes perditae; and how can it be otherwise, when in the latter centuries the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For, if the only slitting of one ear in a stag has been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences from so many loppings and mutilations to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type

of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists that, if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior: and, therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us that, when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch; and the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them; whereof those who had already used the means looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect: others, who stood candidates for benevolence found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon as if they had been marks of grace; but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other: from which custom the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of holding forth.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arisen,[35] who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard: upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great

number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears, which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery, and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough may discover several handles, whereof the six senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and of all others, affords the firmest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he has once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers, it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them, in the perusal of what remains, to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a

full account how Peter got a protection out of the king's bench; and of a reconcilement between Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon a great horse, and ate custard. But the particulars of all these, with several others which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions, but conjuring them by all the friendship that has passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy — I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modem, least of all others to be omitted.

The Conclusion

Going too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short, and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble jesuit who first adventured to confess in print that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions; and better fare our noble nation for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time when a book that misses its tide shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackerel a week after the season. No man has more nicely observed our climate than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle what subjects will best

go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to understand that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk and the subject, and found it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward and said, I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter (but not in verse), or a small treatise upon the —, it would run like wildfire. But if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr Bentley, which I am sure will turn to account.

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that when a customer comes from one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author, he will tell him very privately as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's last play shall be in course, I would as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of our courteous readers; and have often observed with singular pleasure, that a fly driven from a honey-pot will immediately, with very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and I know very well the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers as with wells — a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there: and often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom besides dryness and

dirt, though it be but a yard and a-half under-ground, it shall pass, however, for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors, which is to write upon nothing; when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on: by some called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has written out a book he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which has sometimes been compared to the end of a feast, where few are satisfied to depart, ut plenus vitae conviva; for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze or to sleep out the rest of the day. But in this latter I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud if, by all my labours, I can have anyways contributed to the repose of mankind in times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit as some would suppose. For, among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the Muses; between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author s spleen and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he

would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being witty, upon occasions where I could be neither wise, nor sound, nor anything to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed that, from a laborious collection of seven hundred and thirty-eight flowers and shining hints of the best modem authors, digested with great reading into my book of commonplaces, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, book, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains and traps and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment (to discover a secret), I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which has passed very smoothly with some consideration and esteem after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover that the issues of my observanda begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will

be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

注释

【1】 'To escape into the upper air, /This is the task, this is the labour.' Virgil, Aeneid, 6, 128-9.

【2】 'So that old men may retire in comfortable leisure'. Horace, Satires, 1.1.31.

【3】 'under the very heavens, at the junctions and crossroads'.

【4】 'And we must agree that voice too is physical/Since it can incite the senses.' Lucretius, De Return Natura, 4.526-7.

【5】 A pretended defect in the manuscript is a favourite device with Swift.

【6】 The Royal Society met at Gresham College.

【7】 Will's coffee-house, in Covent Garden.

【8】 Peter represents the Church of Rome, Martin [Luther], the Church of England, and Jack [Calvin], Protestant dissent.

【9】 Covetousness, ambition and pride.

【10】 'in some way affect the substance'.

【11】 'If the same thing is asserted in the nuncupatory will, it will be rejected.'

【12】 Constantine the Great.

【13】 'On the high mountains of Helicon there is even a tree/Able to kill a man with the foul scent of its flowers.' Lucretius, De Rerum Natura, 6.774-5.

【14】 i.e. purgatory.

【15】 Penance and absolution.

【16】 Confession.

【17】 Indulgences.

【18】 Holy water.

【19】 'Covered with assorted feathers ... Ends below in the shape of a dark fish.' Horace, Ars Poetica (Epistula III), 2-4.

【20】 'It convinces me to bear any kind of task/And leads me to keep watch through the calm of the night.' Lucretius, De Rerum Natura, 1.141-2.

【21】 'I can scarcely believe that this writer has ever felt the force of passion.'

【22】 'Touching everything with the allure of the Muses.' Lucretius, De Return Natura, 4.9.

【23】 But whose genitals were gross, reaching to their ankles.

【24】 'May guiding fortune keep such a fate far from us.' Lucretius, De Return Natura, 5.108.

【25】 Henri IV of France.

【26】 'The body lusts after that which makes it sick with love:/It strives, and stretches, towards it, and longs to join with it.' Lucretius, De Rerum Natura, 4.1047 and 1054.

【27】 'The most terrible cause of war'.

【28】 Louis XIV of France.

【29】 'You should be pleased that you have arrived at a place where you seem to be a man of some wisdom.' Cicero, Epistulae ad Farniliares, 7.10.

【30】 Here much is missing.

【31】 'Cornutus'='horned' or 'shining' (Exodus).

【32】 'Wealth that is abundant comes from his tears, wealth that is lustrous from his laughter, and wealth that is unpredictable from his sadness and fear.'

【33】 Something is missing.

【34】 'Wayward Proteus will still escape his chains.' Horace, Satires, 2.3.71.

【35】 Charles II.

OF MAN

论人类

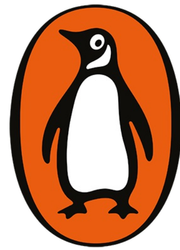
［英］托马斯·霍布斯　著
汪涛　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

论人类

（英）托马斯·霍布斯/著

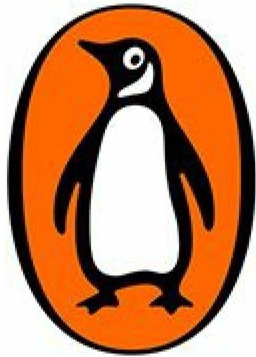
汪涛/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

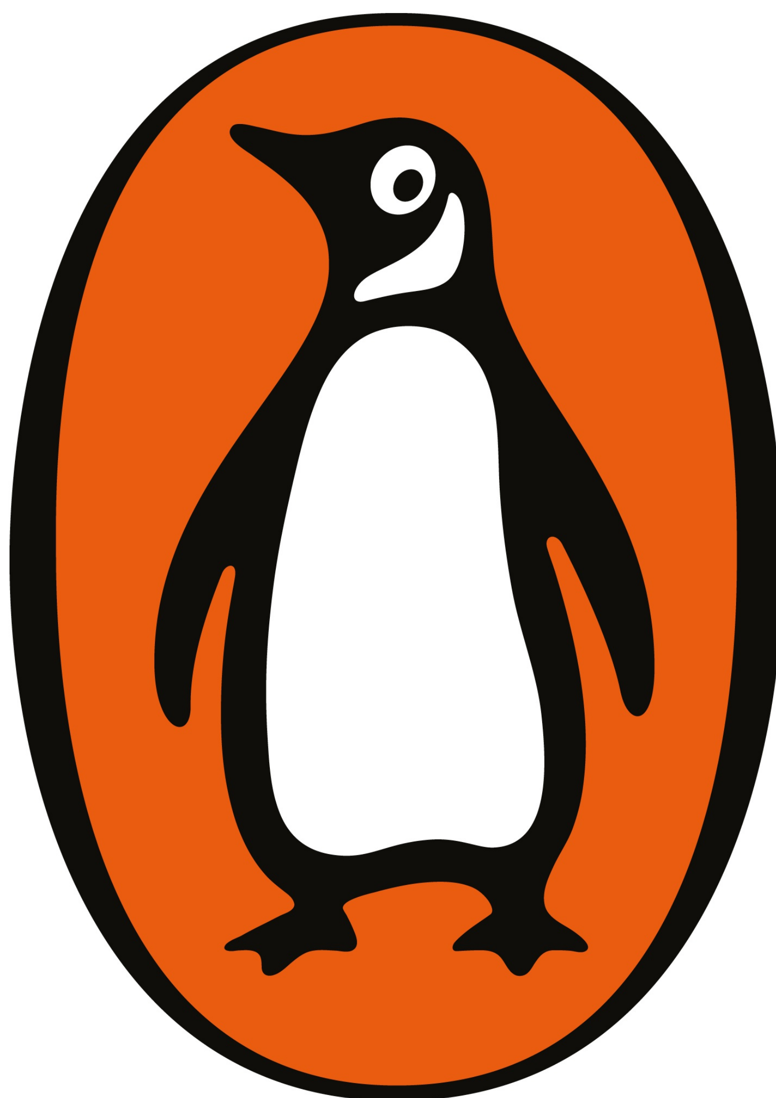
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Office: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
First published in Penguin Classics 1985
This extract published in Penguin Books 2005
Taken from the Penguin Classics edition of Leviathan edited by C.B. MacPherson

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

《论人类》是由英国政治家、哲学家托马斯·霍布斯（Thomas Hobbes，1588—1679）所写的一本具有较强思辨性质的书籍。托马斯·霍布斯出生于英国的一个牧师家庭，毕业于牛津大学。他生活的年代处于欧洲启蒙运动时期，当时欧洲出现了许多反对封建专制统治和教会思想、强调人权的代表人物，托马斯·霍布斯也是其中之一，他受到欧洲启蒙运动的影响，反对君权神授，奠定了西方政治哲学发展的基础，是近代第一个在自然法基础上系统发展了国家契约学说的资产阶级启蒙思想家，他的思想对后来的孟德斯鸠和卢梭产生了较大影响。

《论人类》分为“导言”“论人类”“论国家”和“论黑暗王国”四个章节。书中运用类比等多种方法说明了客观存在产生的原因、表现和实质，支持了启蒙运动所宣扬的思想，让人们对自然界中存在的事物有了更加理性的认识。其中闪烁的理性主义无论对当时还是现在都具有深远意义。

在“导言”中，作者首先提出了自己的观点：把国家比喻成人类创造的用于保护自身的机器人。

在“论人类”中，分别对人类的感觉、想象、思维逻辑顺序、语言、幸福与痛苦进行了理性客观清晰的阐述。关于人类的感觉，霍布斯认为感觉是由于外在物体，或客体对每种感觉器官进行压迫产生的。霍布斯认为人类的想象是有限的，他把想象分为简单想象和复杂想象，并说明梦是人们睡眠时产生的想象。对神灵的想象和崇拜无益于社会的稳定，应该予以消除。人类的思维逻辑顺序分为无计划的不连续思维和受到约束的连续性思维，同时举例说明人类受约束的连续性思维和动物的受约

束的连续性思维有何不同。霍布斯称语言为“最高贵最有益的发明”，接着阐述了语言带来的益处和坏处、名词的分类，以及使用词语时需要慎重考虑，才能达到预期目的。关于运动的内在开始，霍布斯首先将动物的特有运动分为两种：生命运动和自主性运动，而想象是自主性运动的开始。当存在于想象中的微小运动——意向，开始倾向或远离产生的事物时，就是欲望（渴望）或厌恶。欲望（渴望）和厌恶是人与生俱来的，在两者之间的称为轻视。相同的情感，人们在具有不同的主观情感倾向时，会赋予不同甚至完全相反的名称，例如，“人们认为能成功，那么欲望就称为希望；同理，认为不能成功，那么欲望就称为失望”。关于人类的幸福与痛苦，霍布斯提到了人类期望的平等，而当不平等出现时，就会因为竞争、猜疑和为争得荣誉发生争吵。当国家的权力无法震慑臣民时，和平就会消失，人人为战的战争状态就会出现。这样人们就会生活在痛苦之中。可以发现，霍布斯自始至终都在论述中加入了国家的作用，这也是霍布斯国家契约学说的一种体现。

在“论国家”中，作者首先阐述了国家形成的原因、产生和过程。由于人类不同于蚂蚁和蜜蜂等政治动物（亚里士多德语），它们除了根据自己的判断和欲望引导之外，没有其他引导。而人类则不然，人类会为了利益、荣誉等等进行竞争，最终结果导致战争。而人类的目的是“要保全自己进而获得更满意的生活”，自然法则又没有足够的力量保证人类的安全。因此，为了保证人类的安全，就要“把他们所有的权利和力量赋予一个人格，或赋予一个集体，通过多数声音统一他们的意志”，这样统一于一个人格的一群人就称之为国家。关于臣民的自由，霍布斯坚持臣民的自由是有条件的自由，是在遵守国家法规前提下的自由，霍布斯提到“主权是国家的灵魂”，臣民服从国家的目的是受到国家的保护。接着，霍布斯提出了六种削弱和危害国家安全存在的因素并一一进行批判，最终回到本节开始提出的观点“如果人们真能使用他们所认为拥有的理性，他们就能保证国家的安全，至少不被内部疾病而毁坏”。本章是霍布斯表述其国家契约观点最突出的章节，字里行间处处透露出

国家契约的思想。

在“论黑暗王国”中，霍布斯着重介绍了空虚哲学，并用大量例子证明空虚哲学的荒谬以及它们对公共国家带来的危害。霍布斯认为“休闲是哲学之母，而国家是和平与休闲之母”。在一个国家中，用个人的欲望作为衡量标准是错误的，个人的行为不能成为衡量标准，作为衡量标准的应是法律，即国家的意志和欲望。最后，霍布斯提到了十二种说法，将上述荒谬哲学带来的黑暗转化成自身利益并指出其本质予以批判。

本书篇幅不长，却处处闪烁着霍布斯理性和智慧的光芒。阅读是一种好的休息方式，阅读经典读物，能起到开阔视野，增长知识的作用，更能锻炼思维，培养独立思考能力，可谓一举多得。现在就让我们一同走进霍布斯的思想世界吧！

导言

自然是上帝创造并掌管世界的艺术，万物不同，道理相通，人类仿照上帝的艺术创造出一种人造动物。把生命仅仅看作是四肢运动，其源头是本身内部具有的一些主要部分，那么，我们为什么不能说，同手表一样，类似于通过弹簧和齿轮实现自我驱动的发动机的所有自动机器都拥有人造生命呢？它的“心脏”就是一个“弹簧”；“神经”则由许多“弹簧”构成；“关节”是许多“齿轮”，让整个身体运动起来，这就是创造者希望设计出来使整个身体可以活动的东西吗？艺术还要模仿拥有理智的人类——他们是自然的绝世之作。通过艺术，伟大的利维坦（LEVIATHAN）被创造出来，又叫联邦或国家，它们是人类，但仅仅是人造人类；保护和防卫能力是利维坦保护真实人类所需，因此其身高和力量远远大于真实人类；“主权”是“人造灵魂”，没有它，整个身体就如静止的尸骸；法官及其他司法官员构成“人造关节”；“褒奖”和“惩罚”（与主权地位相联结，每一个关节、身体每个部分都被调动起来行使职责）是“神经”，这和真实人体运转方式相同；社会中所有特别成员的“资产”和“财富”是力量；Salus Populi（人民安全）是其职业；顾问是利维坦需要的万事通，他们为利维坦提供建议，是“记忆”；“公平公正”和“法律”，是“人造理性”和“意志”；“和谐”是“健康”；“停滞”是“疾病”；“内战”是“死亡”。最后，组成身体政治的“条约”和“条款”结合，类似于上帝创造天地时宣布的“法令”，即“让我们创造人类吧”。

为了论述这个人造人类的本质，我将考虑如下问题：

第一，人造人类这一物质和创造者；两者都是人类。

第二，“条款”形成的原因以及达成的依据；一个主权国家的“权

利”和“权力”（“权威”）是什么；保持政权和政权消亡的原因是什么。

第三，基督教共和国是什么。

第四，黑暗王国是什么。

关于第一点，最近有一种说法十分盛行：“智慧”不是通过“读书”获得的，而是通过解读认识“人类”获得的。由于绝大多数人不能给出拥有智慧的其他证据，因此这些人十分喜欢展示他们在解读认识人类上的收获，即在背后对他人进行无情的攻击指责。但也有另一种说法尚未被人所理解，按照这种说法，如果他们愿意不辞辛劳付出，就能真正学会解读理解他人，这就是Nosce Te ipsum, Read Thyself（《诺斯克泰普撒姆，了解自己》）：其现在的意义是赞同宽恕国家或当权者对从属的残暴行为，抑或鼓励地位较低的人们对优于他们的人采取不恭行为。与上述意义不同，其原本意义是教育我们，一个人同另一个人具有相似的思想和感情，任何人在一种情境中进行“思考”“判断”“推理”“希望”“恐惧”等活动时，他们审视自身，考虑其所作所为，就应理解和知道他人在类似情境中拥有的类似思想和感情。我所说的相似感情，是为所有人共有的感情，包括“渴望”“恐惧”“希望”等；而不是引起上述激情的物体，即让人产生“渴望”“恐惧”“希望”等情绪的物体：由于每个人的素质和受教育差别很大，且它们十分容易被排除在我们拥有的知识之外，以至于人类被玷污、困惑的内心，加上支离破碎、消亡、虚伪和错误的知识，让人们很难寻找人的内心世界，只有探索人内心世界的人才能了解。虽然我们有时能通过人们的行为发现他们的想法，然而不把他们同我们自身作比较、对所有情况进行区别，只以一个随时可能改变的事例为证，无异于没有钥匙而去开锁，由于过于信任或过于缺乏自信，大部分结论可能被蒙蔽欺骗。按照事例本身解读认识人类，他本人可能是好人也可能是坏人。

如果让一个人通过其他人不完美的行为解读他们，这些人只能是他

为数不多的熟人。对于一个要治理整个国家的人，必须解读理解自己，不是某个个别的人，而是全人类：做到这一点虽然很困难，难于学习任何语言或科学；然而，当我制定好条理清晰的解读方式后，剩下的疑问只有他是否还不是那样的。因为这种知识不允许进行其他论证。

论人类

论感觉

关于人类思想，我打算先进行个别探讨，再依次或根据互相的依赖关系进行探讨。个别地说，每一种人类思想都是人类身体之外素质的某种“表现”或“现象”，它们通常被称为“客体”。一种客体作用于眼、耳和其他身体部分，加上工作方式的不同，就产生出多种多样的“现象”。

它们的根源，都是我们所说的感觉（最初人们思想中的概念完全或部分建立在未丧失功能的感觉器官上）。其他思想都是由这个根源衍生而来。

目前了解感觉的自然成因并不是十分必要，因为我在其他地方已经进行过详细论述。但是，为了充实目前我所采用方法的每个部分，我将在此对感觉的自然成因进行简要说明。

感觉源于对每种感觉器官进行压迫的外在物体，或客体。它们有的是直接的，例如味觉和触觉；有的是间接的，例如视觉、听觉和嗅觉：（在这些感觉中）压力通过神经和其他经脉或薄膜持续向内传导给大脑和心脏，进而引起一种阻力或反压力，心脏努力传达自身状态。这种努力，由于是向外的，看上去似乎是外在的存在，而这种假象或幻觉就是人们所说的感觉。对于眼睛，这种假象或幻觉是光线，是具有形状的颜色；对耳朵来说，是声音；对鼻子来说，是气味；对舌头来说，是味道；对身体其他部分来说，是冷、热、软、硬和其他我们通过感觉分辨出的性质。所有这些可分辨感觉的性质都存在于引起它们的客体中，它们是对感觉器官施加各种压力的一些物质运动。在被施压的人体中，它们也仅仅是各种运动（因为运动只能产生运动）。但它们的表象对我们

来说，在梦境或现实中都是幻觉。正如按压、揉、击打眼睛会出现光的幻觉；按压耳朵会产生轰鸣声；我们看到、听到的物体也一样，它们产生我们观察不到的强烈运动，让我们产生同样的幻觉。因为如果这些颜色、声音都存在于体内或引起它们的客体之中，我们就不能采用镜子反光或回声的方式将它们与原本存在的真实物体区分开。我们知道自己看见的物体在一个地方，但其表象却在另一个地方。尽管原本存在的真实物体距离我们有一段距离，但它们似乎承载着在我们身上引起的幻觉。但客体终究是一回事，而影像或幻觉又是另一回事。因此，不论在何种情况下，感觉仅仅是源头上的幻觉，（正如我所说）这种幻觉是由外部事物带来的压力以及给我们眼、耳和其他感觉器官带来的运动造成的。

但是，基督教影响范围内所有大学中的哲学派，基于亚里士多德的文本，教授另一种知识；并说，视觉的成因是被看见的物体向四面八方发出可见个体，用英语讲，发出可见形状、异象、面貌或可见物体；眼睛接收的物体，就是看见。听觉的成因，就是被听见的物体向四面八方发出可听个体，即可听声音元素或能够被感知的可听物，它进入耳内，产生听觉。不但如此，他们说理解的成因是由于被理解的物体发出可理解元素，即能被感知的可理解存在，它进入我们负责理解的器官，产生理解。我这样说并不是否定大学的作用，而是因为我在后面要谈到它对国家的作用。因此借此机会我必须让你们对所有情况都有所了解，它们中间有什么是应该修订改良的，其中之一就是经常性的毫无意义的谈话演说。

论想象

一个物体保持静止时，除非有什么东西扰乱它，它将会一直保持静止，这是一个没有人怀疑的真理。但是一个运动中的物体，除非有什么东西让它停下，否则它将一直运动下去，虽然理由同上（即：事物不能改变自身），这一点却让人不能轻易赞同。因为人们不仅依据自身衡量

他人，还衡量所有其他事物。人们发现自己运动过后会疼痛和懒怠，就认为其他人和事物在运动过后也会厌倦并停下休息。人们很少考虑到，他们自身渴望休息的想法是否存在于其他一些运动中。由此，经院学派称，重物不知疲倦地下落，是期望在找到最适合它们的状态时休息，这样就把欲望和如何最好地保存自身的知识（比人类拥有的还多）荒谬地归于无生命物体了。

一个物体一旦运动起来，（除非有什么东西干扰它）它将永恒运动下去；并且干扰它运动的东西，不可能在瞬间让运动物体停止，而是需要一段时间，逐渐地让它停止：正如我们所见，尽管风停止了，水面的波纹却不会马上消失；同理，运动也是如此，它是人类内部固有的部分。当人们看见东西或做梦时，当物体被除去或闭眼时，我们仍然保有所见事物的图像，尽管这个图像没有我们看见时那么清晰。这就是拉丁人所说的想象，来源于我们所见事物的图像。并将它运用于其他感觉中，尽管并不合适。但希腊人称之为幻觉，意思是假象，将它置于任何感觉上都合适。因此，想象就是逐渐衰退消失的感觉，不论在睡眠中或清醒状态下，不仅人类有感觉，其他很多动物也拥有感觉。

人在清醒时感觉的逐渐衰退消失并不是感觉运动的衰退消失，而是模糊，正如太阳光黯淡了星光一样，事实上星星在白天依然如夜晚一样发光；但是由于受到许多干扰，我们的眼睛、耳朵和其他器官只能感受到最强烈的物体；因此，太阳光最为强烈时，我们就感觉不到星星的亮光。任何从我们视线中移除的物体，尽管它们带给我们的印象依然存在，但其他客体相继不断出现并给我们留下印象，过去的想象就会模糊减弱，如同白天各种噪音中人的声音会相对减弱一样。看到某事物或感觉到某事物后，相隔时间越长，想象就越弱。由于人体不断发生变化，会破坏移除感觉中的某些部分，因此时间和空间的距离对我们具有相同效果：当我们看远处某个地方时，事物看上去很模糊，不能分辨出事物的较小部分。就像声音逐渐减弱，逐渐变模糊一样。同理，随着时间的

流逝，我们对遥远过去的想象变弱，我们对（例如）之前所见的城市、许多街道、活动以及很多具体情境的印象都会消失。这种逐渐衰退消失的感觉，当我们表述事物本身时（我是指幻觉本身），正如我之前所说，我们叫它想象。但当我们表述衰退消失本身，即感觉的衰退、老化和成为过去时，这就称为记忆。因此，想象和记忆是一种东西，只是由于考虑不同，名称不同罢了。

这种记忆，或许多事情的记忆就称为经验。同样，想象也只是之前由感觉一次或几次感受到的事物。前者（基于感觉所呈现的对整个客体的想象）称为简单想象，例如一个人想象他之前看见过的一个人或一匹马。另外一种是复杂想象，例如在不同时间分别看见一个人和一匹马，之后我们在大脑中构想出一个全新生物。因此，当一个人把自己个人映像同另一个人行动映像结合，比如一个人把自己想象为赫拉克勒斯或亚历山大（对于喜欢读罗马神话的人来说，他们常会这么想），这就是一个复杂想象，恰当地说是头脑的虚构。尽管人们处于清醒状态，他们从感觉中留下的深刻印象里还会产生其他种类的想象，就像人们注视太阳后，在很长一段时间内，太阳的形象会一直给我们留下深刻印象；再如长时间专注于几何图形，一个人在黑暗中（尽管仍然清醒），眼前仍会出现（几何图形中）线和角的图像。由于人们不常讨论这种情况，因此这种幻觉就没有特定名称。

睡眠中的想象称之为梦。这些（和其他所有想象一样）在之前就完全或部分存在于感觉中。由于感觉中大脑、神经等必要的感觉器官在睡眠中处于麻木状态，进而它们不容易因外界客体活动而变动，因此除去人身体内部产生的搅动，在睡眠中可能没有想象，也就没有梦。人体内部一些部分由于同大脑和其他器官有联系，当它们被扰乱时，也会引起相同的运动，因此过去形成的想象就会像人在清醒时一样出现。由于感觉器官现在处于麻木状态，没有新客体能以更强烈的印象控制并模糊过去的印象，因此相对于我们清醒时的思考，在感觉处于沉静状态时，梦

就更加清晰。如此这样，很难将梦与感觉区分开，许多人认为不可能将梦与感觉严格地区分开来。就个人而言，我在梦中并不常思考我清醒时思考的人、地点、事物和行动的问题；我在梦中也不会像在其他时间一样记起一串连续的思想。因为我清醒时常常发现梦的荒谬，但从未在梦中发现自己清醒时思想的荒谬，虽然在梦中我认为自己处于清醒状态，但我对自己清醒时知道自己没有做梦这一点感到十分满意。

由于梦是身体内部某些部分紊乱引起的，体内不同紊乱肯定会引起不同梦境。因此，睡觉着凉就会做噩梦，脑海中出现一些可怕事物的想法和映像（由大脑向内部的运动和由内部向大脑的运动是相互的）：正如我们在清醒时，愤怒会使身体某些部分发热一样，我们在睡觉时，身体某些部分过热也会导致愤怒。同理，我们清醒时，人类生来具有的情爱会引起欲望，欲望会使身体某些部分发热；而当我们睡眠时，这些部分过热会使大脑中出现曾经出现过的情爱想象。总之，我们的梦是清醒时想象的颠倒。我们清醒时由一端开始的运动，在梦中则从另一端开始。

人类梦境与清醒时的思想最难区分的莫过于有时我们在没有察觉的情况下入睡：充满恐惧思想的人尤其容易这样，良心受到谴责的人也是如此，他们往往没有上床或没有脱衣就睡着了，就像坐在椅子上小憩一样。由于他难以入睡却要强迫自己睡觉，任何离奇和幻想都会轻易被认为是梦境。我们知道马库斯·布鲁图斯[1]（尤利乌斯·恺撒挽救了他的生命而且十分喜爱他，但最后被马库斯·布鲁图斯谋杀）在腓立比[2]共和派与恺撒党的决战的前夜，看见了令人恐惧的魂灵，历史学家一般称之为灵魂现身：但考虑到当时的情景，很容易作出判断他看见的仅仅是一个短暂的梦。因为马库斯·布鲁图斯正坐在帐篷里沉思，被自己鲁莽行为的恐惧所困扰；在寒冷中刚刚入睡的马库斯·布鲁图斯，很容易梦见最让他害怕的事。这种恐惧会渐渐让他清醒，与此同时魂灵也会渐渐消失。由于不确定自己是否睡着了，他就不会认为这是梦或其他事，而是

灵魂现身。类似事情并不少见：那些胆小迷信的人，即使他们在十分清醒的状态下，听到令人恐惧的故事或独处黑暗时，都会出现幻觉，认为他们看见了灵魂和在墓地行走的死人鬼魂。而这仅仅是他们的幻觉，要不就是一些江湖流氓，利用迷信恐惧，伪装好自己在黑暗中行动，去那些他们不会被发现的地方。

在过去，崇拜宗教中萨提洛斯牧羊神、林神、仙女等神仙的人，就是因为缺乏将梦境和强烈幻觉同视觉和感觉区分开来的能力。如今，很多无知的人对神仙、鬼怪、妖精、女巫的观点也是如此。对于女巫，我认为她们的巫术没有任何实际力量，并且认为她们的错误信念、胡作非为以及她们的不良动机，受到惩罚才是正确的。她们的勾当接近一种新宗教，而不是一种技术或知识。对于神仙和鬼怪，我认为人们在故意教授关于神仙和鬼怪的看法，并且对这些看法采取不驳斥的态度，以此确保符咒驱魔、十字架、圣水和用心险恶者类似发明的作用。然而，毋庸置疑，上帝能产生灵异景象。但是上帝经常停滞或改变自然规律（上帝可以停滞或改变自然规律）以致人们对其充满恐惧，并不是基督教信仰所宣传的内容。但是邪恶小人会大胆以“上帝会做任何事”为借口，来达到他们自己的目的，尽管他们认为这个借口纯属捏造。聪明的人只会相信其所说内容中可信的部分，而不盲目相信。如果能够消除对神灵的迷信恐惧，以及梦境预测、虚假语言和邪恶小人依此制造出的许多其他愚弄善良人民的东西，人们就会比现在更加遵守社会约定。

这应该是经院学派的工作，但他们却支持那些歪理邪说。由于他们不知道什么是想象和感觉，他们只机械地将自己所学传授给他人：一些人说想象由己而生，并无本源；其他一些人说想象大多是由意志力产生的；上帝将善念吹入（灌输进）人体；恶念则由魔鬼吹入人体；或者说，善念是上帝注入（灌输进）人体内的，而恶念则是由魔鬼注入人体内的。一些人说感觉接收个体事物，并将它们传递给一般意识，一般意识又将它们传递给幻觉，幻觉又将它们传递给记忆，记忆传递给判断，

就像用一双双手把东西传递下去，他们说了很多话，但没有人听懂。

在人类（或其他具有想象能力的生物）中通过语言或其他意识符号引起的想象往往称为理解：人和兽类都具有理解能力。经过训练的狗能理解主人的召唤或训斥，其他许多兽类也是如此。人类所特有的理解并不仅仅是理解讲话人的意志，而是通过事物名称的顺序和结构关系形成的肯定、否定和其他语言形式理解讲话人的概念和思想。我将在下面谈到这种理解。

论想象的逻辑顺序或系列

为了与语言话语相区别，我将称为心理话语的一系列连贯思想理解为思维的顺序或系列。

当一个人思考任何一件事时，他随后产生的思想并不是看上去那么偶然。思想之间的联系并不是随便的。正如最初我们完全没有或没有全部感觉，因此我们没有想象力，以至于我们的感觉中没有出现过渡，这样我们拥有的多个想象之间也就没有过渡。所有幻觉都是我们体内的运动，是感觉中产生的残留物。在感觉中，这些运动紧密地联系在一起，在感觉之后这些运动仍然继续，前一运动再次出现并占据统治地位，后一运动则随着运动的连贯发展产生，如同水平桌面上的水，用手指引导水的任何部分，水都会顺着手指引导的方向流去。但是由于在感觉中，一个或同一个被感知事物有时被一种事物连接，有时被另一种事物连接。随着时间的流逝，可能我们想象一种事物时，不确定我们下一步将想象什么事物；只有一件事是肯定的，那就是这个事物与之前某事相连并在其后发生。

这种思维系列，或者称为心理话语有两种：一种是无指引、无计划、不连续的。这种思维系列中，没有充满激情的思维控制或指引后续思维，也没有充满激情的思维限定或终止某些欲望或激情的范围。在这

种情况下，思维处于游荡状态，就像梦境一样，各个思维之间毫无关联。独处的人或对任何事情漠不关心的人一般都是这种思维。虽然他们的思维可能与其他时间一样忙碌，但却不和谐。就如一个人弹奏琵琶跑调产生的声音，或一个不会弹奏的人弹奏琵琶产生的声音。即使在思维漫无边际地游荡时，一个人也能感觉到思维的路数以及思维之间互相依赖的关系。在讨论目前的内战时，还有什么比问（曾经一个人这么问过）一个罗马银币价值几何更不切题的呢？但对我来说其中的联系表现得十分充分。因为对战争的思维引起把国王交付给敌人的思维，这种思维又引起献上基督教的思维，这样作为叛变价值的三十个银币的思维就再次出现。这样出现上面提到的恶意问题就很容易了，由于思维速度很快，所有这些都是在一瞬间完成的。

第二种思维，由于受到某些欲望和计划的约束而更加连贯。由于我们渴望、恐惧的事物给我们留下的印象深刻长久，（如果一时中断，）也会迅速恢复。这种印象是如此深刻，以至于妨碍和打断了我们的睡眠。因为欲望，我们就能想到之前见过的能达到我们目的的类似方法，由这种方法，又会想到获得这种方法的方法，由此下去，直至我们发现依靠自身能达到的出发点为止。由于目的留给我们深刻印象，它就会常常出现在脑海中，当我们的思维开始游荡时，很快又会被拉回正轨。古希腊七贤中的一个人发现了这个问题，他针对这一问题给人们提出了做事应考虑后果的箴言，但现在已经过时了。这就是说，不论做什么事，要经常看到你将拥有的东西，以此作为你在获得它的过程中所有思维的指导。

约束思维系列有两种。第一种，对于想象结果，我们会寻找原因或导致这一结果的方法的思维系列，这是人类和兽类共有的。另一种是，在想象任何事时，我们会寻找所有可能产生的结果的思维系列。这就是说，在我们拥有这种结果后，我们想象我们可以如何处理它的思维系列。这一点仅仅存在于人身上，我在任何时间都没有在其他物种身上发

现任何有关迹象。因为在仅仅具有肉欲感官激情的生物很难发现这种好奇心，它们只有饥饿、干渴、情欲和愤怒的感觉。总之，当心理话语受到计划的控制时，就仅仅具有寻找或发明的功能，拉丁语称为聪慧或洞察力。这就是寻找一些事物现在和过去的结果的原因，或寻找事物现在和过去的原因的结果。有时一个人会寻找他失去的东西，他的思维从丢失东西的地点和时间开始回溯，从一个地方到另一个地方，从一个时间段到另一个时间段，直到他寻找到何时何地他拥有这件东西为止。也就是说，找到一个确定有限的时间段和范围作为寻找的开始。他的思想便从此开始，回到相同地点、相同时间，找出究竟是什么行为、什么场合可能使他丢了东西。这就是我们所说的记忆或唤回记忆。拉丁语称之为回忆，因为它的功能是重现我们之前的行为。

有时一个人知道一个确定的地方，他就在这一界限内寻找。接着他的思维会扫过所有区域，就像一个人清扫房间寻找珠宝一样，就像史宾格猎犬搜寻整个场地，直到找出一丝踪迹，或者像一个人反复查找字母表，要找出韵脚一样。

有时候人们想知道一个行动的后果，然后他会回忆之前类似的行动，以及类似行动接连产生的后果。就像预测谁将成为罪犯一样，他会寻找过去类似犯罪产生了何种后果，他的思维顺序是这样的：犯罪、警察、监狱、法官和绞刑架。这种思维称为预见、谨慎推测或神意，有时称为智慧。由于很难观察到所有情况，这种推测就十分荒谬。但可以肯定的是：一个人比另一个人对过去事情的经验更丰富，他也就比另一个人更谨慎几分，他谨慎多几分，所预见的成功概率就大几分。当下的事物仅在现实自然中存在，过去的事物仅存在于记忆中，但未来发生的事却根本不存在。未来的事物仅仅是人们根据过去行为和现在行为顺延在头脑中产生的想象。经验越多的人，推测准确性越高，但不能完全肯定。虽然我们称之为谨慎推测，当事实回答了我们作出的预测时，从本质上说它还是推测设想。对未来事物的预见，即神意，只属于那些能决

定未来事物的人，只有通过他超自然的力量进行预言。最好的预言家自然是最佳推测者，最佳推测者对其推测事物最为精通且进行的研究最多：因为他拥有最多用于推测的迹象。

然而，人与兽的区别不在于谨慎推测。有些一岁大的兽类在获取它们所需时所观察的比十岁孩子更多，也比十岁孩子更谨慎。

由于谨慎推测是根据过去的经验预测未来，同理，有一种通过过去的过去（而不是未来）发生的事来预测过去。如果一个人见证了繁荣国家如何一步步陷入内战，最终沦为废墟，那么当他看见其他城市的废墟时，也会猜想发生在自己国家的类似战争以及一步步陷入内战走向灭亡的过程。但是这种推测猜想同对未来的推测猜想几乎一样具有不确定性，因为两种推测猜想都仅仅建立在经验的基础之上。

在我的记忆中，除了出生以及依靠五官生活，再没有其他人类生而具有的思维活动了。我接下来要讲的其他能力，似乎都仅仅为人类所特有，都是通过学习和努力获得并取得进步的；大多数人都是通过指导和训练而学习到的，并且这些都发生在文字和语言产生之后。除了感觉、思维和思维系列，人类大脑再无其他活动。虽然在语言和培养方法的帮助下，这些能力可以提高到一个新高度，使人类同其他生物具有本质区别，但人类大脑也仅具有以上三种活动。

我们想象的一切都是有限的。因此我们对任何称为无限的事物都没有观念或概念。任何人心中都不可能有一幅无限广大的映像，也不能想象出无限的迅捷、无限的时间、无限的外力或无限的力量。当我们用“无限”一词形容事物时，仅意味着我们不能想象到其尽头及命名事物的范围。我们对无限的事物没有概念，只知道我们自身有限的能力。因此创造上帝之名，并不是让我们去想象他（因为他是不可能被我们理解的，他的伟大和力量也超出我们的想象），我们能做的就是崇敬上帝。同时，由于我们想象的一切（正如我之前所说），都是首先通过感觉一

次性全部或部分地感知到的，一个人不会有代表未经感官感知事物的思想。因此没有人能想象一切，在想象时，他必须将想象置于一个环境中，并拥有确定范围，此范围又能分为多个部分，我们不能想象事物都在一个地方，或同时都存在于另一个地方，我们也不能想象两个或更多事物同时存在于一个地方。因为这些事物没有一件存在过并被感觉所感知，它们只是利用信任（没有任何重要性）从受骗哲学家、受骗或行骗的经院学派人员那里得到的荒谬言论。

论语言

虽然印刷术是天才的发明，但同文字的发明相比，则黯然失色，究竟是谁第一个发现文字的用法却不得而知。最初把文字传入希腊的人是卡德摩斯，他是腓尼基国王阿格诺尔的儿子。文字是用来交流过去记忆、沟通联系四散分布在地球上人类的有利发明。文字的发明历经所有困难，它是通过对舌头、软腭、嘴唇和其他语言器官的观察而发明出许多不同字形以让人们记忆的。但是最高贵最有益的发明是语言，它是由名词或名称以及连词组成的。通过这些，人类可以记录他们的思维，供日后进行回忆使用，并且可以互相表达，进行交流。如果没有语言，人类就没有国家、社会、契约以及和平，这和狮子、熊和豺狼的生活别无两样。语言的第一个创造者就是上帝，上帝把所有事物放在亚当面前，指导亚当给这些事物命名。这件事《圣经》里再没有多提。但是这些指导足够让亚当在同这些生物接触过程中按其所需对更多事物进行命名，把它们加入其中，使自己能够被理解。随着时间的流逝，亚当发现需要使用的语言越来越多，语言也就逐渐丰富了，尽管没有演说家或哲学家所需要的那么丰富。由于我在《圣经》中没有直接或间接整合出信息说明亚当学习了所有图形、数字、度量、颜色、声音、幻觉和关系的名称，更没有学习例如普遍、特殊、肯定、否定、疑问、祈愿、无限等有用之词，因此更不用说实体、意图、本质和其他经院学派所用的毫无意义之词了。

但是亚当和他的后代获得并发展的所有语言还是在巴别塔丢失了，上帝之手让所有人都为叛变付出了遗忘之前所用语言的代价。人们因此被迫流亡到世界各地，所以现在各地语言的差异是现实需要（所有发明之母）教给他们的，并随着时间不断得到丰富。

语言最通常的作用是将我们的心理话语转化为口头语言，或把我们的思维系列转化为语言系列，这有两种好处，一是记录我们的思维顺序。由于这种思维顺序容易被遗忘，而要我们从头进行工作，但通过作记号的文字就能够重新回忆起来。因此，名字的第一个用途就是作记号，或者说为记忆作标记。第二种好处是，许多人使用相同文字（通过连词和顺序）向他人表达他们对每个事物的想象或考虑，以及他们渴望、恐惧或充满激情的事物。由于有此作用，它们被称为符号。语言的特殊作用如下：第一，通过仔细思考发现当下或过去事物的原因，以及当下或过去事物可能产生的结果。总而言之，就是习得艺术。第二，向他人展示我们所学到的知识，即讨论和互相教育。第三，让他人知晓我们的意志和目的，这样我们可以互相帮助。第四，单纯以娱乐和浮夸为目的，用自己的语言娱乐自己和他人。

与这些用处相对应的是四种滥用。第一，用词含义不固定，表达的思想有误。他们用这些文字把自己未曾想象过的东西表达为他们的概念，因此使自己受到误导。第二，用隐喻的方式运用文字，就是说，他们使用的意义与文字本身意义不同。因此蒙蔽了他人。第三，用文字宣称并非自己意愿的意愿。第四，运用文字攻击他人，大自然用牙齿、角和手武装一些动物，攻击敌人，而滥用语言则是用舌头攻击他人，除非是那些统治者，否则这就不是攻击，而是改正和改良。

语言之所以能够重现因果顺序的记忆，是靠了名称和连词。

关于名词，有一些是专有的，仅特指一个事物，例如Peter（彼得）、John（约翰）、This man（这个男人）、Horse（马）、

Tree（树）；虽然每个都仅是一个名词，但仍是许多种事物的名称，所有这些加在一起就是普遍。世界上除了名词别无普遍，对于每种命名的事物，它们每个都是个体和单独体。

有一个普遍名词可以用在许多事物上，这是因为它们在某些性质或其他事件上相似。一个专有名词只会让我们想起一种事物，而普遍名词则让我们想起许多事物中的任何一个。

对于普遍名词，有一些所指范围较广，有一些所指范围较窄。范围较广的包含范围较窄的名词，而有些名词所指范围相同，则意义可相互包含。例如，名词Body（身体）就比词语Man（人）所指范围要广，因此包含后者；名词Man（人）和Rationall（理性）两者所指范围相同，可相互包含。但在此我们必须注意，和语法中不同，这里一个名词不能仅仅理解为一个词语，而是有时将很多词语组合到一起迂回表达。因为“他在行为上遵守他们国家的法律”这句话中所有词语可用一个名词代替，即公正。

具有所指范围的名词，有的所指范围较大，有的较小，我们就把心中所想象事物的顺序评定转化为对名词顺序的评定。比如，一个完全不会使用语言的人（生来就是聋哑人，）如果在他面前放一个三角形，并在三角形旁放两个直角（正如正方形的两个角，）他可能会通过沉思比较，发现三角形的三个角等于旁边的两个直角。但如果在他面前的三角形旁放置一个不同形状的三角形，他就不得不重新思考，到底新三角形的三个角是否也与原来三角形的三个角相等。但是如果他会使用语言，在观察时，他发现结论与三角形边长和其他特性无关，仅仅是因为边是直的且有三个角，正因如此，他才叫这个图形为三角形。他就会总结出一个普遍结论：所有三角形中这种角都相等；然后他会用普遍词语记录下他的发现：“每个三角形的三角之和等于两个直角。”于是由一个事例引起的发现就会被作为一条普遍原则记录和记忆，我们的大脑只需在第

一次时思考，以后便不需思考时间和地点，节省了我们的脑力劳动，使我们在彼时彼地的发现适用于任何时间及地点。

然而用来记录我们思想的文字再没有比计数更明显的了。天生的傻瓜永远学不会数字的顺序，如一、二、三，那么他就可能在时钟每敲一下时点一下头，说：一下，一下，一下，但他永远不会知道当时是几点钟。似乎曾经有一段时期并没有使用数字的名称，对于人们想计数的事物，就只能用一只手或双手的手指进行计数。随着这种计数方式的使用，任何国家的计数数字名称只有十个，有的国家只有五个，当计满五个或十个时，就重新开始。一个能数到十的人，如果不按照顺序背诵，就会糊涂，不知道自己什么时候数完，更不会运用加、减或其他运算。因此，没有词语就不会有数字计数，也就更不可能有量级、速度、外力和其他人类生存所必需的计算。

当两个词语按顺序组合，就成为断言，例如“人类是一种生物”，或“如果他是个人，他就是一个生物”，如果后面的词语“生物”包含前面词语“人”的所有所指意义，这个顺序就是真实的，否则就是虚假的。因为真实和虚假只是语言而不是事物的属性。没有语言就没有真实或虚假。错误可能存在，例如我们预期这件事不会发生或怀疑事情不是如此，但在以上两种情况下我们都不能用不真实这个词语形容人。

由于真实是由我们断言中词语按照严格的排列顺序形成的，因此一个追寻严格意义上真实的人就不得不记住他所用的每一个词语代表什么，然后各安其位，否则他就会发现自己陷入词语的迷阵之中，就像一只被鸟胶粘住的鸟，越挣扎，粘得越紧。因此在几何学里（这是上帝乐意赐给人类的唯一科学），人们开始确定各种词语的意义，他们称这种确定意义的过程为定义，并将它们置于计算的开始。

通过这一点就能看出，检查先前作者下的定义对渴求真正知识的人来说是多么必要，如果定义是存心疏忽大意所下或是由他自己所下，那

就要改正。因为随着计算的进行，由错误定义造成的错误会不断增加，进而导致人们最后得出荒谬的结果，但只有他们从头开始计算才能改正错误，因为错误的源头存在于计算之初。于是就会出现这种情况，那些过分相信书本的人会把许多小数字相加得出较大数字，从不考虑这些小数字是否是经过精确计算得出的，最后发现明显的错误，但他们不会怀疑他们最初的基础，不知道怎样才能让自己明白错误的原因，而是花时间胡乱翻阅书本，就像一只从烟囱飞进去的鸟发现自己被困在一个房间里，朝着透光的玻璃窗乱飞，企图弄清自己是怎样进来的，而透光的玻璃窗只是一种假象。因此，语言的第一作用是对词语进行正确定义，这是一个科学收获；而语言滥用则是错误定义或无定义的原因，进而产生所有虚假和无意义的原则。这就让那些从书本权威中而不是通过自己思考获得指导的人变得比无知更加无知，真正有科学知识的人比无知者聪明多少，那些人就比无知的人无知几分。无知处于真正科学和错误教条之间。自然感觉和想象是不属于荒谬的。自然本身不会犯错：由于人们掌握了丰富的语言，他们就变得比一般人更聪明或更疯癫。而任何没有文化的人则既不会变得绝顶聪明，也不会变得出奇的傻（除非他的记忆由于疾病或器官损伤而受到伤害）。词语是聪明人的计数器，他们用它来计算；但词语却是愚蠢人的金钱，他们根据亚里士多德、西塞罗、托马斯或任何一个博学之人——只要他是个人——的权威来给它们进行估价。

只要可以进入或进行计算，可以相加成和、相减为差的所有事物都可以构成名词。拉丁人把金钱账本称为理由，把计算称为推理，我们在票据或账本中称为项目的，他们称名目，即名词。自此，他们把理性一词的含义进行推广，成为对所有事物的计算。希腊人对语言和推理只有一个词——逻各斯。并不是他们认为没有推理就没有语言，而是认为没有语言就没有推理。他们称推理的活动为三段论方法，就是人们之间话语顺序的总结。由于同一事物可能因为许多偶然进入计算，它们的名词（为了表现多样性）就会有偏离意义和各种变化。这种名词的变化可归

为四大类：

第一，一个事物可能由于物质或物体加入思考，如有生命的、有感觉的、有理性的、热的、冷的、移动的、静止的。物质或物体这样的词语就是通过它们被理解的。以上所有这类名词，都是物质的名词。

第二，事物可能因为我们推测其存在于自身内部的偶然性或性质加以思考或考虑，例如被移动、如此的长、是热的等等。因此，若指代事物本身的名词有丝毫改变或扭曲，我们就会将其纳入我们考虑的偶然性名词之中。对于"活着的"，我们将"生命"纳入偶然性考虑；"被移动的"，我们将"运动"列入偶然性考虑；相似地，"热的"，将"热"列入考虑；"长的"，将"长度"列入考虑等等。所有这些名词都是一种物质或物体区别于其他事物的偶然性和特性的名词。这些名词被称为抽象名词，因为它们（不是来自物质，而是）来自对物质的思考。

第三，我们将可以自己作出区别判断的身体上的属性纳入思考。当我们看见任何事物时，考虑的不是事物本身，而是其幻觉中的视觉、颜色或观念。当我们听见任何事物的声音时，我们考虑的不是事物本身，而是我们耳朵收到的幻觉或概念，即听觉或声音，这些都是虚幻名词。

第四，我们会把名词本身和语言纳入思考，并给它们以名称。因为一般的、普遍的、特殊的、模棱两可的都是名词的名词。断言、疑问、命令、叙述、三段论、说教、演讲和其他之类的都是语言的名词。这些就是所有表示肯定的名词，用来表示自然界中本身就存在的事物，以及由人类大脑臆造出的事物或想象出的事物；或者对物体而言，本身具有或捏造出的属性；又或词语和语言。

还有一些名词称为否定名词，是表示某个词语不是所提事物名称的记号。例如不存在、无人、无限、不可教、不可能等类似词语，尽管它们不是任何事物的名词，但由于它们能让我们拒绝使用错误的名词，它

们在计算、更正计算以及回忆过去认知方面具有作用。

其他一切名词都不过是无足轻重的声音，它们可以归为两类：第一类，是意义还未经定义解释的新词，经院学者和困惑的哲学家们造出了大量类似名词。

第二类，人们把两个意义矛盾的名词合成一个名词，如无影无形的物体或（都是一个意思）无影无形的存在，这类名词还有许多。当所有断言确认为虚假时，断言的两个名词便组合在一起成为一个名词，而新名词没有所指。例如，假设“四角形是圆的”是一个虚假断言，那么“圆四角形”这一名词便没有所指，而仅仅是一个声音。同理，如果说美德可以被注入能量或吹上吹下这个断言是虚假的，那么“注入能量的美德”“吹起来的美德”都是荒谬且毫无意义的，就如“圆四角形”一样。因此，我们所见到的毫无意义的词语基本都是由一些拉丁或希腊名词构成的。一个法国人几乎不会听到别人称我们的救世主为Parole，而经常听到Verbe。并且Verbe和Parole两个词没有区别，只不过一个是拉丁语，一个是法语。

当一个人听到任何含有这些思想和连词的一句话，且能够表达思想时，那么就说他理解了这句话。理解即语言引起的概念，除此之外什么都不是。因此，如果语言为人类所特有（就我所知即是如此），那么理解也就为人类所特有。因此对于荒谬和虚假的断言，如果它们是普遍的，那么便不存在理解的问题。虽然许多人自认为他们理解了，但其实他们仅仅是在重复那些词语或在大脑中背诵罢了。

表达人类心理欲望、反感和激情的语言，以及它们的使用和滥用，我将在谈激情时再说。

影响我们感情的这些事物的名词，即让我们愉悦或不快的事物的名词，由于同一事物对每个人产生的影响不同，也不可能在所有时间对同

一个人产生同样影响，因此人们进行的一般性交谈中，就具有不确定的意义。由于所有名词都是用作表示概念的词语，而我们所有的感情也仅仅是概念，当我们对同一事物具有不同感受时，我们就不可避免地赋予它们不同名称。尽管我们感受的实质是相同的，但由于物体构造不同以及在意见上存有偏见，我们在接受时就有差异，因此由于我们每个人有不同激情，所有事物都带个人色彩，所以，一个人在推理论证时，必须对词语加以注意，因为词语除了具有我们想象其自身具有的本质意义，还有说话人本质、特质和兴趣所带有的意义，美德和邪恶等名词就是如此。对同一事物，一个人称之为恐惧，而另一个人称之为智慧；一个人称之为残忍，而另一个人称之为正义；一个人称之为铺张浪费，另一个人称之为慷慨；一个人称之为庄重，另一个人称之为愚蠢等等。因此这类名词永远不能当作任何推理的真实根据，比喻和隐喻也是如此。但是比喻和隐喻的危害较小，因为它们已经宣称它们不具有固定意义，而其他则没有公开说明。

论自主性运动的内在开始（一般称为激情）及表达内在开始的语言

动物特有的两种运动：一种称为生命运动，这种运动从出生开始，一生中保持运动从不间断，比如：血液、脉搏、呼吸、消化、营养、排泄等等。这些运动不需要想象的帮助。另一种运动是动物运动，又称为自主性运动，比如以我们最初大脑中想象的方式行走、说话、移动四肢。感觉是在人体器官和身体内部的运动，这种运动由我们所见、所闻的事物引起。幻觉即是造成感觉的相同运动的遗迹，只是幻觉的发生晚于感觉。这一点已经在第一章和第二章[3]中讲到过。由于行走、说话等类似自主性运动取决于之前关于“去哪里”“走哪条路”“如何说”等想法，所以很明显，想象便是所有自主性运动的最初内在开始。尽管无知者想象不出那里存在任何运动，且被移动的事物不可见或其运动空间太小而感觉不到，但这些并不能阻止运动的发生。因为不论运动的空间多小，它仍然是其运动较大空间的一部分，且必须首先经过这一部分的运动

（才能完成较大空间的运动）。在他们开始行走、说话、击打及其他可见行为之前，人体中开始的这种微小运动一般称为意向。

当这种意向倾向于产生它的事物时，就称为欲望或渴望。后者是一般名词，而前者则常指对食物的欲望，称为饥和渴。当事物离开某事物时，一般称为厌恶。欲望和厌恶两词来自拉丁语，都指运动，一个是接近，一个是远离。因此希腊文的这两个词 ὁρμὴ和 ἀφορμὴ 也分别是接近和远离的意思。自然本身的确常常给人们许多真理，当人们后来寻找某种超自然事物时，他们就会被这些真理绊倒。经院学派在行走或移动的欲望中完全没有发现实际运动，但由于他们必须承认某种运动，于是就称之为隐喻性的运动。这是一种荒谬的言论，因为即使词语可以称作是隐喻性的，但物体和运动却不能。

人们欲望想要得到的东西也是他们的所爱，讨厌的东西即是他们的所憎。因此欲望和爱是相同的，只是谈到欲望，我们常指客体不存在的情况，而爱则是客体存在的情况。同理，我们说憎恶时，即客体不存在的情况，而讨厌，则是客体存在的情况。

人生来就具有欲望和厌恶，例如对食物、排泄和免除的欲望（从他们体内的感觉来说，也可以更恰当地称之为厌恶）和一些其他不多的欲望。剩下的就是对某些事物的欲望，这是由他们的经验及自身和他人实践所获得的。对于我们完全不知道或不相信的事物，除了尝试，我们不会有更多欲望。但是我们对事物的厌恶，则不仅仅是针对伤害我们的事物，不知道是否对我们构成伤害的事物也会成为我们厌恶的对象。

那些我们既没有欲望，也不厌恶的事物称之为轻视，轻视即是内心对某种事物行动的抵触或无动于衷和不服从。由于进行上述思考，内心已经被其他有力客体所移动，抑或是想从事物中获取经验。

由于人体构造在不断变化，同一件事不可能永远让一个人产生相同

的欲望和厌恶，几乎没有人可以肯定他们对同一事物一直保持相同欲望。

任何人的欲望或渴望的客体对他来说都可以称为善，他所讨厌或厌恶的客体称为恶，他所轻视的对象称为无价值或不值一提。善、恶、轻视这些词语一直都与使用这些词的人有关，世间不存在单纯绝对的事物，也不可能从客体本身属性中得到任何普遍的善恶标准。这种标准只能从自己（没有国家的情况下）、代表国家的人（有国家的情况下）、仲裁人员或法官那里得出，他们不一致的地方应得到调解处理，仲裁人员或法官的裁决就成为标准。

拉丁语有两个词语的意思接近善与恶，但不完全相同，这两个词就是美与丑。前者所指的是具有明显善的迹象的事物，后者所指的则是恶。但是在我们的语言中没有概括性词语表达它们。对于一些美的事物，我们称之为仙女般的柔美，其他一些事物则用美丽、英俊、强壮、可敬、动人或可爱来表达；对于丑的事物，我们用邪恶、畸形、丑陋、卑鄙下流、龌龊及其他针对事物本身可用之词。所有词语在恰当的地方不指别的，而指显示善恶的表象。因此善有三种：一种是期望中的善，即美；一种是结果上的善，如所期望的结果，称之为愉悦、高兴；一种是方式上的善，称之为有效、有利。至于恶也有三种：一种是期望中的恶，称之为丑；一种是结果目的上的恶，称之为麻烦、不愉快、烦恼；另一种方式上的恶，称之为无益、无利或有害。

正如我之前所说，感觉中真正存在我们体内的只有外部客体引起的运动。从外表视觉上看，表现为光和颜色，从听觉上，表现为声音，从嗅觉上，表现为香气等等。因此，当同一客体的运动持续不断地通过我们的眼睛、鼻子和其他感觉器官进入内心，其真正的效果只有运动或意向，即构成欲望或厌恶、接近或远离客体的移动。这种运动的表象或感觉，我们称为愉快或内心烦恼。

这种运动，称为欲望，从其表面来说就是高兴和愉悦，它似乎更加印证了生命运动，并为生命运动提供了帮助，因此这种引起高兴的事物，从其对生命运动提供的帮助和加强巩固来看，称为高兴和辅助是恰如其分的；相反，从其对生命运动的阻碍和干扰来看，则应称为不高兴和烦恼。

因此，愉悦（或高兴）是善的表象或感觉。不高兴或烦恼则是恶的表象或感觉。所有欲望、渴望和爱都伴随着或多或少的高兴；所有讨厌和厌恶都伴有或多或少的不愉悦和被冒犯。

愉悦或高兴有些是由对当下客体产生的感觉而出现的，这些可以被称为感觉的愉悦。（“肉欲的”一词，由于完全用于对他人的谴责，在法律出现之前它是没有使用空间的。）这种愉悦包括身体的所有吸收和排泄，以及所有看见、听见、闻到、尝到或触及的令人愉悦的东西。其他一些愉悦则来自于预期，这是由对事物目的或结果的预见而产生的，不论这些事物引起的感觉是愉悦还是不愉悦。这便是得出这些结论的人的心理愉悦。同理，感觉中的一些不愉悦称为痛苦，其他一些由对结果预期产生的不愉悦称为悲伤。

这些称为欲望、渴望、爱、厌恶、讨厌、愉悦和悲伤的单纯激情在不同考虑中有不同名称。首先，当它们相继出现时，就可能由于人们对达到其欲望的可能性的观点不同而有不同名称。其次，由于人们喜爱或讨厌的客体不同而具有不同名称。第三，将它们放在一起进行考虑，会产生不同名称。第四，由于其自身变化或连续性的原因，产生不同名称。

人们认为能成功，那么欲望就称为希望。

同理，认为不能成功，那么欲望就称为失望。

人们认为客体会造成伤害，那么厌恶就称为恐惧。

同理，希望用抵抗的方式避免伤害，就称为勇气。

突然的勇气称为愤怒。

常有的希望称为自信。

常有的失望称为不自信。

当我们认为他人被恶意行为伤害而受重伤时，这种愤怒就称为愤慨。

希望他人好的渴望称为仁慈、善意或慈善。如果对人类是普遍的，则称为善良的本性。

对财富的渴望称为贪婪。贪婪一词经常用于表达指责。因为争夺财富的人，当其他人获得财富时他们是不高兴的。尽管这种欲望本身应该受到指责，但根据获得财富的手段和方式，也可以被允许。

对公职或地位的渴望称为野心，这个词也用于贬义，原因和上述原因相同。

对于帮助我们达到目的无足轻重、鲜有裨益的事物的渴望，以及不甚妨碍事物的畏惧，称为懦弱。

对微小帮助或妨碍的轻视称为宽宏大量。

对死亡、受伤等危险表现出的大义就称为勇敢或刚毅。

对财富使用上的宽宏大量称为大方。

在相同卑微情况下表现出的懦弱，称为可怜或寒酸，这要取决于对

方是否喜欢。

为了社交对人的爱称为友好。

为使感官得到愉悦而爱他人被称为自然欲望。

由沉思或对过去愉悦事物的回忆想象而产生的爱称为难得之乐。

只爱一人并渴望对方只爱自己的爱称为爱的激情。而惧怕自己付出的爱得不到回报，称为嫉妒。

伤害他人，以让他谴责自己做的事的欲望称为报复。

希望知道为什么以及怎么样的欲望称之为好奇心。好奇心为人类所特有。因此，人类区别于其他动物并不仅仅是因为其具有推理能力，也因为人类具有其他动物所不具有的激情。动物对食物的欲望，以及其他感觉的愉悦占主导地位时，就转移了对原因的探求。这是一种内心的欲望，由于从不断和不知疲倦地获取知识中获得长久的快乐，超越了任何短暂强烈的肉体愉悦。

对内心虚构、公开允许的神话中想象出来看不见的力量的恐惧，称之为宗教。不被公开允许的就称之为迷信。当我们想象的力量果真如我们所想时，就称之为真正的宗教。

对原因及真相不解而产生的恐惧称为惊恐。传说中这种惊恐的创造者是潘（Pan）并由此得名。事实上，产生恐惧的人，尽管其余的都被例子所说服，他们首先对原因都还是有一些理解。每个人都以为其他人知道原因。因此这种激情也仅仅发生在人群之中。

对新奇事物的理解而产生的喜悦称之为倾慕，这是人类所独有的，因为它激发出探求原因的欲望。

由对个人力量和能力的想象，即心理狂喜，因此而产生的喜悦称为荣耀。如果这种心理是根据自身以往行为的经验而产生，就和自信相同；但若是根据他人的吹捧而产生，或是为了自娱自乐臆想出的，则称为虚荣。这一词语用得恰如其分，因为有根据的自信可以带来努力，但认为自己有权力则不能，因此正好称为“虚”。

由希望得到权力（自身并无权力）的想法产生的悲伤称之为沮丧。

明明不存在的能力，而我们却虚构或自认为拥有该能力，加上历史或小说中英雄人物的影响，这种虚荣最容易出现在年轻人身上；这样的心理常常随着年龄的增长和工作经历而改正。

突然的荣耀是造成大笑这种怪相的激情。这种现象不是由感到高兴的一些自身突然行动造成的，就是由对他人身上某种畸形的理解，而相比自身却高兴得喝彩造成的。这种情况在那些意识到自身仅具有屈指可数能力的人身上发生的最多。他们通过观察他人身上的不完美之处，来勉强保持良好的自我感觉。因此，嘲笑他人缺点就是自身懦弱的表现。伟大人物的作用之一就是帮助他人使其从嘲讽中解放，并只把自己同最有能力的人相比。

相反，突然的沮丧是导致哭泣的激情。这是由一些情况所引起的，例如突然带走他们的热切希望或力量支柱。那些主要依靠外界帮助的人最易发生这种情况，例如妇女和儿童。因此一些人因为失去朋友而哭泣，另一些人由于朋友们的不友好而哭泣，其他人由于调解突然代替了预想的复仇而哭泣。但是在所有情况下，不论大笑和哭泣都是突然的运动。习惯会将它们带走，因为没有人会被陈年的笑话逗笑，也没有人会为过去的灾难哭泣。

发现能力上的一些缺点而产生的悲伤称为羞耻，即产生脸红的激情，它是由对一些不光彩事物的理解造成的。在年轻人中，表现为喜爱

良好声誉，这是值得称赞的；在老年人中，也表现为对良好声誉的喜爱，只不过他们意识到的时间太晚，便不值得称赞。

对良好声誉的轻蔑称之为无耻。

因为他人不幸而引起的悲伤称之为怜悯。这是由想象到相同不幸会降临到自己身上而产生的，因此也称为同感，用当下话说就是同情。因此，对无恶不作之人遭受的不幸，最贤明的人给予他们最少怜悯。同样，对于那些认为不幸最不可能降临在自己头上的人，也给予他们最少怜悯。

对他人所受不幸的轻视或不闻不问，是人们所说的残忍，这是因为他们自身的幸福有安全保障；因为把自己的快乐建立在他人痛苦之上的任何人，若不是出于自身其他考虑，我想这是不可能的。

为在财富、名誉或其他利益方面竞争能否成功而忧伤，同时又不遗余力地让自己的能力同竞争者持平或超越他，就称之为竞争。但是如果在忧伤的同时不遗余力地排挤或阻碍竞争者，就称之为嫉妒。

当人们心中对一事物的欲望和厌恶、希望和恐惧交替出现时，做或忽略做这件事而产生的好坏结果会不断在我们的思想中出现。因此我们有时对它充满欲望，有时对其感到厌恶；有时希望有能力做这件事，有时充满失望、惧怕尝试。在做成这件事或认为这件事不可能的过程中不断出现的欲望、厌恶、希望和恐惧之和称之为深思熟虑。

因此对已经过去的事物，便不存在深思熟虑，因为它显然已经无法改变。知道不可能的事情或认为不可能的事情，也不会深思熟虑，因为人们知道即使深思熟虑也无益。但是我们认为可能的事情，即使在实际中是不可能的，却由于我们不知道所做的是无用功，我们可能会深思熟虑。之所以称之为深思熟虑，是因为我们不具有根据我们自身欲望或厌

恶而决定做或是不做这件事的自由。

这种欲望、厌恶、希望和恐惧的交替出现不仅仅只存在于人类身上，兽类也会深思熟虑。

在人们完成深思熟虑或认为它不可能时，所有深思熟虑就结束了。因为直到那一时刻，我们还拥有根据自身欲望或厌恶来决定做或是不做这件事的自由。

在深思熟虑中，直接关系到行动或取消行动的欲望或厌恶称之为意志，它是意志的行动（而不是能力）。那么兽类可以深思熟虑，就一定拥有意志。经院学派一般给出的意志的定义是理性欲望，但这个定义不好；如果是这样，那么就没有违抗理性的自愿行动了。因为自愿行动正是从意志中来。但是如果不称之为理性欲望，我们就应该称之为由先前深思熟虑引起的欲望，定义和我这里给出的一样。因此意志就是深思熟虑中最后一个欲望。在一般讨论中，一个有意志的人决定做某事，而他克制住没有做，称其为一种倾向更恰如其分，这种倾向并不能让行为变成自愿行为，因为行为不依赖于它，而取决于最后的倾向，或者说欲望。如果期间产生的欲望能让行为变成自愿的，那么同理，期间产生的所有厌恶，也能让同一行为变为非自愿的，因此，同一个行为应既是自愿的又是非自愿的。

由上述内容可以看出，由贪婪、野心、情欲或其他欲望为开端的行为，以及由忽略行为而产生对结果的厌恶或恐惧为开端的行为都是自愿行为。

表达激情的语言形式与我们表达思想的语言形式部分相同，部分不同。第一，一般来说所有激情都可以用直陈语气表达，例如："我爱""我怕""我开心""我深思熟虑""我愿意""我命令"；但有些表达有其自身特殊表达方式，除非是除开它们的开端——激情以外，还要作出其他

论断。深思熟虑用虚拟方式表达，这种方式适用于表达假设以及结论。例如：如果这个事情做了，那么这个就会出现；并且这和推理语言没有区别，只是推理用的是一般性词语，而深思熟虑大部分使用特殊词语。欲望和厌恶的语言就是命令的。例如："做这个，不做那个"；如果一方有义务必须做或被阻止做某事，就是命令；再就是祈祷或商议讨论。关于虚荣、愤慨、怜悯和报复的语言是祈使语；但想要知道某事的欲望则有一个特殊表达，称之为疑问形式，例如："这是什么？""什么时候将要？""这个是如何做的？""为什么是这样？"除此之外我没有找到其他任何关于激情的语言。因为咒骂、发誓、痛斥等类似词语不能像语言一样指示意义，而仅仅是舌头习惯的动作罢了。

语言的这些形式是我们激情的表达或自主所指，但它们不是确定的表达符号。因为随意使用这些语言的人们不一定具有这种激情。现实中激情最好的表达在表情、身体运动、行动以及我们运用其他方式知道这个人的目的或目标。

因为在深思熟虑中，欲望和厌恶是由对善恶结果的预见以及我们对深思熟虑的继续行动而引起的。善恶结果依赖于对长的结果链条的预见，而很少的人才具有看到最终结果的能力。但在一个人的视野范围内，善的结果要多于恶的结果。整个链条就是大作家们所说的表面的或外在可见的善。相反，恶的结果多于善的结果时，整个链条就是表面的或外在可见的恶。因此，基于经验或推理对结果具有最远大和准确预见的人其本身最善于深思熟虑，并且当他愿意时，能够给他人最好的建议。

在获得一个人常常渴望的东西上不断成功，就是说，处于持续繁荣状态，就是人们说的幸福。我所指的是本生的幸福，在我们活着的时候，内心不可能有永恒的宁静，因为生命本身就是运动，因此不可能没有欲望，没有恐惧，也不可能没有感觉。上帝赐予虔诚敬仰他的人们幸

福，他理解幸福之时不会早于他享受之时。这种快乐就像经院学者所说的极乐憧憬一样不可理解。

人们表达他们对任何事物之善的语言形式称为赞美。他们表达任何事物之力量和伟大的语言形式称为夸奖。他们表达自己对人类幸福观点的语言形式，用希腊语说即 μακαρισμός，我们自己的语言中还没有表达这个意思的词语。就目前来讲，关于激情的问题已经说得足够多了。

[……]

论人类幸福与痛苦的自然状态

大自然让人类在身体和心理两方面能力十分相等，尽管有时一个人的身体明显比另一个人强壮，或思维比另一个人反应迅速，然而将所有放在一起计算，人与人之间的差异并没有明显到这个人能获得另一个人同样要求而得不到的利益。因为就身体力量而言，力量最弱的人也足够杀死力量最强的人，不论是通过秘密谋杀或与其他面临同样危险处境者结成联盟。

就思维而言，（除了以语言为基石的艺术，特别是称为科学的，根据一般性和绝对可靠法则处理问题的技能，很少有人具备这种技能，且仅限在少数事物上。它不是与生俱来的能力，也不是后天通过观察其他事物——例如在谨慎思考中获得的，）我在人类中发现了一种比力量更相等的东西。因为谨慎思考仅仅是经验，当他们在相同事物上花相同的时间，他们就能得到相等收获。让这种相等看上去难以置信的，是对自身智慧过度的良好感觉，因为几乎所有人都认为他们自己的智慧比一般人高。换句话说，除了自己和少数因出名或因赞同自己而受到自己肯定的人外，没有人比他聪明。因为这就是人类的天性，不论他们如何承认其他人比自己机智、口才好或学识多，他们都很难相信有这么多人和自己一样聪明。因为他近距离看到自己的智慧，却从远距离看他人的智

慧。但这证明了人们在这一点上是平等而非不平等的。因为一般来说对任何东西的分配，最平等的就是每个人都满足于自己分得的那一份。

这一能力的平等引发了我们对达到自己目的所怀有的希望的平等。因此，如果两个人渴望得到同一个东西，但这东西不能同时被两个人拥有，那么他们就会成为敌人，直至他们达到目的前（主要是保全自身或娱乐），都尽力摧毁对方或让其臣服于自己。这样就会出现一种情况，一个侵略者除了对方单人力量以外别无畏惧时，如果一个人扶植、建立或拥有一个方便职位，其他人可能会联合多个力量作好准备而来，不仅剥夺他的劳动果实，还要剥夺他的生命和自由。然后侵略者自身又陷入别人带来的类似危险。

由于人们对他人缺乏信任，任何人都没有合理的方式来保证自身安全，除了先下手为强。那就是通过武力、诡计控制他能控制的所有人，直到他认为没有其他力量对其构成威胁为止。并且这仅是自保所需，一般是允许的。与此同时，因为有些人超出保护自己安全所需，用征服行为展示其力量，以此获得快乐。那些本来乐于安分过日子的人就不能长期仅仅依靠自我防卫生存下去。结果就是，统治权的扩张作为人们自保的必要条件，应该被允许。

不仅如此，在没有权力能够威慑所有人的地方，人们在相处时就没有快乐（相反，则会存在许多悲伤）。因为每个人都希望他的同伴对自己的估计与自己对自己的估计保持相同水平。当他遇到轻视或低估他的一切迹象时，他就敢于（由于他们中间没有共同权力让他们和平共处，这足够让他们互相毁灭）用尽全力通过损害他人迫使轻蔑他的人对自己作出更高估计，并以此为例，强迫他人更高地估计自己。

因此，在人类的本性中，我们发现了三个争吵的主要原因：第一，竞争；第二，猜疑；第三，荣誉。

第一种原因是人们为了利益而侵略；第二种原因是为了安全；第三种原因是为了声誉。第一种使用暴力控制其他人、妻子、儿女和牲畜。第二种是保护他们。第三种是为了鸡毛蒜皮的小事，比如一句话、一个笑容、一个不同观点或其他任何低估他们的迹象：不论是直接对他本人的轻蔑或是间接对他们的亲戚、朋友、国家、职业或名声的轻蔑。

这一切说明，人们在没有共同权力震慑所有人的时期，就会处于战争状态，这种战争是每个人对每个人的战争。因为战争不仅由战役或对抗行为组成，而且存在于一段时期内，所有人都知道在这一时期内人们具有坚定的用战役解决问题的决心。因此时间的概念应考虑进战争的本质中，正如考虑天气的本质一样。因为天气的本质并不取决于一两场暴雨，而在于许多天下雨的倾向。所以战争的本质也并不是由实际的对抗构成，而是战争期间没有安全保障的人心向背。其他所有时间就是和平时期。

因此，战争期间人人为敌，其带来的结果就是人们的生活没有安全保障，他们只能靠自己的力量和发明维持生活。在此情况下，产业无处立足，因为产出不确定，进而造成农业产品、航海、海路进口货物的使用、舒适宽敞的房屋、移动拆除这些巨大沉重物体的工具、对地表的知识、时间的记录、艺术、文学、社会都不存在，最糟糕的是对暴力死亡危险的持续恐惧。人们生活在孤独、贫困、肮脏、残忍和短寿之中。

对于一个没有好好掂量这些事情的人而言，人的本质竟然会让人们彼此分离、让人们倾向于侵犯和摧毁他人，这是不可思议的。因此他可能不会相信由激情作出的推断，而希望通过经验证实这一点。那么就让他自己考虑吧，当他出门旅行时，会把自己全副武装，寻找同伴一同前往。睡觉时，他锁上房门。即使他在屋里时，也要锁上他的箱子。他知道会有法律、武装的官员惩罚使他受伤的行为。当他全副武装骑在马上时，他对自己的国民是什么想法？当他把门锁起来时，对他的同胞是什

么想法？当他锁起箱子时，对他自己的孩子和仆人是什么想法？难道他不是和我一样在用他的行动谴责人类吗？只不过我是用文字谴责罢了。但我们都没有谴责人类的本性。人类的欲望和激情本身是无罪的。由这些激情产生的行为在人们知道会受到法律禁止前都是无罪的。法律制定之前他们是不会知道的，而在他们同意某人制定法律前，也不可能制定任何法律。

可能有人会想，从来不存在这种时期和战争状态。我相信整个世界不会全部出现这种状态，但世界上确实有些地方的人们生活在这种状态中。在美洲许多地方居住的野蛮人，除去小家族的权力外不存在任何政府，而小家族内的协调取决于自然欲望，他们如今生活在我之前提到的野蛮状态中。然而，从一个原先居住在和平政府环境中的人在内战中会堕落到这种野蛮状态，我们可以想象在没有共同权力威慑的地方，他们的生活习惯是怎样的。

尽管人人为敌的状态从来没有过，但所有时期的国王、统治者们因为他们的独立地位，始终妒忌，并保持格斗士的姿势，处于战斗状态，他们怒目而视、剑指对方，这就是他们王国边界上修筑的堡垒、守卫部队和枪炮，不仅如此，他们不断往邻国派遣间谍，这全都是战争姿态。但是由于他们以此维持住了臣民的产业，因此没有出现因为个人自由而产生的那种悲剧。

对于这场人人为敌的战争，另一个结果是：没有什么是不公平的。因为对错、公正与不公正的概念荡然无存。没有共同权力的地方就没有法律，没有法律的地方就没有公正。战争中的两种基本美德就是暴力和欺诈。正义和非正义都不属于身体和思想的功能。如果它们存在，就只能存在于一个孤独活在世上的人身上，感觉和激情也是如此。它们属于社会人的性质，而不属于独居者。下面的情况也同样会导致这样的结果：世上不存在财产、统治和你我之分；所有人在得到并保住它期间，

这个东西就属于他。这就是因为人的本性而使之处于的糟糕状态。虽然逃脱这种状态的可能性存在，但一部分要靠激情，一部分要靠理性。

使人们倾向于和平的激情是对死亡的恐惧，对舒适生活必需品的欲望以及通过自身劳动获得它们的希望。接着，理智提出一个人们易于达成一致的和平条款。这些条款也称为自然法则，这些我将在接下来的两个章节里详细提及。[4]

[……]

论国家

论国家的成因、产生和定义

（我们看见本性热爱自由、统治他人的人类生活在国家里）使自己受到束缚，其最终原因、目的和计划是要保全自己进而获得更满意的生活。这就是说，让他们自身摆脱战争的痛苦境地。当没有可见力量震慑人们，并以惩罚使他们惧怕而遵守契约等及第十四章、第十五章中提到的自然法则，战争就是人类自然激情的必然结果。

自然法则（如公正、公平、谦虚、仁慈，以及[总之]欲实施和被施加，）若没有一些力量给人们造成恐惧而使他们遵守，那么其本身就和那些把我们带向偏激、骄傲、仇恨等的自然激情不容。契约，若没有武力维持实行，则是空洞的文字，也就根本没有保障人类安全的力量。因此，虽然拥有自然法则，（当人们有遵守的意志并且通过这么做能够带来安全时才会遵守，）但若没有树立力量或没有足够的力量保证我们的安全，那么每个人都可以依法依靠自身力量和计谋对其他所有人保持警惕。所有以小族群为单位居住的人，在这些地方，抢劫他人成为一种行业，且这远远没有到违背自然法则的地步，他们抢劫所得越多就越荣耀。在这里人们只遵守荣耀法则，即戒掉残忍，留人生路，留给他们农用器具。过去小族群这么做，如今城市和王国只不过是更大的族群，面临危机、惧怕入侵或可能给予入侵者任何帮助，（为了他们自身安全）就尽其所能扩张领土，通过公开武力或秘密计谋征服或削弱他们的邻国，由于缺乏其他保证，这么做是恰当的，且这一荣耀被后世所铭记。

少数人联合也不能够给他们带来这种安全。因为在少数人中，一方或另一方增加一点就能够获得力量上的巨大优势，这一优势足以给一方

带来胜利，因此鼓励侵略的产生。我们是否信任一个群体能够带来足够安全并不取决于人数的多少，而是取决于其同我们所恐惧敌人数量的比较。当敌人数量优势并不是明显到可以决定战争结果，从而推动其尝试侵略时，才是真正安全的。

即使有如此巨大的群体，如果他们的行为受到个人判断和欲望的引导，就不能期望他们对共同敌人进行防御，也不能期望他们对互相伤害进行保护。因为一旦在使用他们力量的最好方法上不能达成一致，他们就不能互相帮助，而只能相互妨碍，并且因为互相反对使他们的力量消失殆尽。这样他们就很容易被极少数团结起来的敌人所征服，而且为了自身利益，他们很容易在没有共同敌人时相互为战。因为如果我们可以假设许多人在没有共同权力使他们畏惧的情况下就能达成一致、遵守公正和其他自然法则，我们也可以假设全人类这么做，那么世界上就从不会有、也不需要有任何政府或国家了，因为没有服从也会拥有和平。

人们在一个有限时期内，例如一场战斗或一场战争中被统治或被一种判断所指引，这对于渴望终生安全的人们来说，是不足以保证的；因为尽管他们团结一致努力抵抗外国敌人并最终取得胜利，但之后当他们没有共同敌人或者一部分人认为他是敌人，而另一部分人认为他是朋友时，他们必然会因为利益的不同而陷入分歧，然后在他们之间爆发战争。

的确，一些生物，例如蜜蜂和蚂蚁，都能和平地共同生活（因此亚里士多德把它们列为政治生物）。但它们除了受各自的判断和欲望引导之外，别无其他；此外它们也没有语言互相表明自己所想对全体有利。因此有些人可能想知道为什么人类不能如此。我的答案是：

第一，人类不断地为了荣誉和尊严而竞争，这些生物则不然。因此人们中间就会产生嫉妒和仇恨，最终引发战争，而在这些生物中则并非如此。

第二，在这些生物中，共同利益和个体利益没有差别。它们的本性倾向于个体利益，而它们通过个体利益获得共同利益。但是人类只会欣赏杰出的事情，他们的快乐产生于同他人作比较。

第三，这些生物在管理它们共同事务的过程中，（和人类不同）用不到理性、看不见也不认为它们能看见其中的任何缺点。然而在人类中，有很多人认为自己比其他所有人更加聪明、更有能力掌管这个国家，这些人就努力进行改革和创新，一个人用这种方法，一个人用另一种方法，由此引发分歧和内战。

第四，尽管这些生物使用一些声音告知同类它们的需要和感情，但它们没有语言，不会像人类一样用语言进行表达，把善说成恶，把恶说成善，夸大或减小明显的善恶程度，随心所欲地使他人不快，扰乱和平。

第五，无理智的生物不能区分伤害和损失，因此只要它们安逸生活，就不会感到同类的侵犯。而当人类处在最安逸的时刻则最麻烦，因为此时他最想展示他的智慧，并且爱控制管理国家的人的行为。

最后，这些生物的一致性是自然的，而人类的一致性则仅仅依靠人为契约。因此毫无疑问需要另外一些东西（除契约外）以保证他们的协议坚实持久，这就是让他们感到畏惧的共同权力，指导他们作出利于共同利益的行为。

建立一个能外御侵略，内防伤害的共同权力，保证他们依靠自己劳动和产出的果实丰衣足食生活满意，只有唯一一条路：即把他们所有的权力和力量赋予一个人，或赋予一个集体，通过多数声音统一他们的意志。这就是说，指定一个人或一个集体来代表他们的人格，每个人都承认他所赋予权力的人在共同和平和安全方面作出的行动或命令。在这种行为中，人们将自己的意志服从于他的意志，将自己的判断服从于他的

判断。这不仅仅是赞同或协调，这是他们真正意义上的统一，统一于一个人格，这个人格是由所有人制定的契约选出的。就像每个人都对其他人说："我放弃约束自己的权力并把它授权给这个人格或这个集体，条件是你也以此方式放弃你约束自己的权力并授权给他或集体。"做到这一点后，如此统一于一个人格的一群人就称之为国家，拉丁语为CIVITAS。这就是伟大的利维坦的产生，或称为（更尊敬地说）现世上帝，我们在永恒上帝下得到的和平与保卫便是从它那里来的。通过国家内每个人赋予它的权威，它可以使用人们赋予它的极大权力和力量。通过恐惧，它能够将人们的意志组织起来，对内获得和平，对外互相帮助共同抵御外来敌人。它是由国家的实质构成的。（给它定义）就是由一大群人互相签订契约，每个人都是授权方，授权给一个能代表所有人的人格行动，使这个人格可以使用一大群人的力量和方法，为大家的利益、和平和共同防御考虑并行动。

担任这个人格的人称为主权者，拥有主权，其他所有人都是他的臣民。

获得主权有两种方法。第一种，通过自然力量，例如一个人让他的后代服从于他的统治，如果他们拒绝服从，主权者就会毁灭他们；或通过战争让敌人屈服于他的意志作为获得延续生命的条件。第二种，人们在内部达成协议，自愿服从他们相信的某个人或集体，因为他们相信所信之人或集体能够保护他们对抗其他所有人。后者可以称为政治国家或制度国家。前者称为获取的国家[……]

论臣民的自由

自由指的是没有阻碍（说到阻碍，我指的是运动的外界障碍），可以同样适用于无理性、无生命的创造物以及有理性的创造物。任何被捆绑或包围的事物，若只能在一定空间内移动，而这一空间又被某些外界物体所阻碍，我们就说它没有超越这一空间的自由。所有生物当它们被

墙或链子束缚或限制时，当水被堤坝或容器阻挡，否则就会流向更大的空间去时，我们就说它们没有毫无外界阻碍地运动的自由。但当运动障碍存在于事物本身时，我们就不说它没有自由，而说它缺少运动的力量，正如一块静止的石头或一个因病卧床不起的病人。

根据这一词语恰当和普遍接受的意义，一个自由人就是在他的力量和智慧所能达到的范围内，可以毫无阻碍地按照他的意志做事的人。但当自由一词被用于物体之外的任何事物上时，就是滥用，因为不存在运动的事物，就不存在阻碍。因此，（举个例子）当说到这条路是自由的这句话时，并不指这条路拥有自由，而是指在路上行走的人可以毫无阻碍地行走。当我们说送礼物是自由的时候，并不指礼物本身是自由的，而是指送礼物的人不受任何法律或契约的约束，可以自由地送礼物。因此，当我们自由地说话时，并不是声音或发音本身是自由的，而是指没有法律要求说话之人以其他方式说话。最后，自由意志一词的使用，也不是指意志、欲望或倾向的自由，而是指人的自由，即他在按照自身意志、欲望或倾向做事时没有阻碍。

恐惧和自由是相容的。当一个人因为惧怕船只沉没而往海里扔东西时，他是十分愿意这么做的，并且如果他不愿意可以不这么做。因此，这是自由之人的行为。一个人有时会偿还他的债务，仅仅因为他对入狱充满恐惧，因为没有人妨碍他不还债，这就是自由之人的行为。一般来说，人们因为惧怕法律而在国家内的一切行为都是他们有自由忽略不做的。

自由和必然性是相容的。比如水不仅仅有自由，也拥有顺着河道向低处流的必然性。同理，在人们自愿所做之事中也是一样，（因为自愿所做源于他们的意志）自愿所做也就源于自由。但是由于人们源于其意志的每一行为、每一欲望和倾向都来源于某种原因，而这一原因又存在于连续原因链条中的另一个原因中（上帝手中的第一环节就是所有原因

之源），这些行为源自必然性。所以对于能发现这些原因之间联系的人，人们所有自愿行为的必然性就很明显了。因此，上帝既看到并安排万物，也看到人们按照自己意志做事的自由，并让自由不多不少带有上帝意志的必然性。因为虽然人们可以做许多上帝没有要求也没有授权的事情，但要是没有上帝的意志为原因，人们就不会对任何事物有激情和欲望。假设上帝的意志不能保证人们意志的必然性，而保证人们意志所依赖的一切都具有必然性，人类的自由就会和上帝的全能和自由相矛盾相阻碍。（对于目前的问题来说）这就足够说明唯一可以称为自由的自然自由。

作为人，为了获得自由并以此保护自己的生命，制造了一个人造人，就是我们所称的国家。他们也制造了称为民法的人造链条，通过相互立定契约，将他们赋予主权的人或集体的舌头系在链条一端，另一端系上自己的耳朵。这些链条捆绑本质上是脆弱的，虽然不能靠其本身难以折断维持，但仍然可以通过链条断裂之后产生的危险来维持。

我现在要说的臣民的自由只是相对于这些链条束缚的自由。因为世界上没有任何一个国家的法规多到约束人们的一切行动和话语（这是不可能的）：这就是说，在法律允许的所有行为中，人们有自由按照自己的理性去做对自身最有利的事情。因为如果我们把自由的恰当意义看作人身自由，那就是说，不受链条和监狱的束缚，他们再去吵闹争取这种自由是十分荒谬的，因为他们现在已经享有这种自由了。另外，如果我们把自由看作法律豁免自由，像人们现在这样争取这种自由也是荒谬的，靠这种自由，所有其他人都成为自己生命的主人了。尽管这很荒谬，但这就是他们所要求的，他们不知道法律没有一个人或许多人拥有并执行武力就没有权力保护他们。因此，臣民的自由只存在于主权允许的行为内，例如买卖、与他人签订契约、选择自己的住处、饮食、行业和采用他们认为合适的方式教育子女等等。

但是我们不明白至关生死的主权因为这种自由而被废除或限制。因为这里已经表明，在任何情况下主权代表对臣民所做的一切都不能被恰当地称为不公正或伤害，因为每个臣民都是主权一切行为的授权者，所以除了他自己是上帝的臣民因而必须遵守自然规律之外，他对任何事从不缺少权利。因此在一个国家可能或经常会发生一个臣民可以受主权的命令被杀死，而双方都没有做对不起对方的事。杰普撒（Jeptha）让他女儿为祭祀而牺牲就是如此。在这种或类似情况下，像他这样死去的人有自由这么做，然而他这样被处死却没有受到伤害。一个主权君主处死一个无辜臣民时，也是同样道理。因为尽管这种行为违反公正裁决、违背自然法则（就像大卫杀死乌利亚一样），对乌利亚来说并没有受到伤害，但对上帝造成了伤害。乌利亚没有受到伤害的原因是他已经把做他愿意的事情的权力交给大卫了。上帝受到伤害的原因是大卫是上帝的臣民，自然法则禁止他做一切不公正的事情。这一区别在大卫自己忏悔时已经确认了，他说“我向你犯罪，唯独得罪了你”。（《诗篇》第五十一章）同样，当雅典人将国内势力最强的人放逐十年时，他们认为自己没有做任何不公正之事，并且他们从来不问被放逐的人犯了什么罪，而只问他造成了什么伤害。不仅如此，他们还命令放逐不知道的人。每个公民都把他的贝壳带到市场上，把他希望放逐的人的名字写在贝壳上而不用真正起诉他，有时候就把亚里斯泰迪斯（Aristides）放逐了，因为他公正的声誉。有时候把粗俗卑鄙喜欢开玩笑的人放逐了，比如希帕波鲁斯（Hyperbolus），因为他喜欢开玩笑。但我们不能说雅典主权人民没有放逐他们的权利，或者雅典人没有开玩笑的自由或缺乏公正。

古希腊和古罗马人的历史与哲学以及在他们接受政治观点的著作和讨论中，经常提到的自由不是个人的自由，而是国家的自由。这种自由和没有民法或国家时每个人应有的自由相同，效果也一样。因为在没有主人的人群中，永远是人人与邻为敌的战争。人们没有遗产留给儿子，也不会期望从父亲那里得到什么，物品和土地没有所有权，没有安全可言，但每个人都有完全和绝对的自由。因此独立存在的每个国家（不是

每个人）都拥有绝对的自由根据自己的判断（就是说根据主权代表者或集体的判断）做最利于他们的事。但他们生活在永恒的战争中，在他们国界内，前线全部武装起来，大炮指向周围国家。说雅典人和罗马人是自由的，指的是他们是自由的国家，不是哪一个人拥有反抗他们代表的自由，而是说他们的代表者有自由抵抗或入侵其他民族。如今在路加城角楼上写着巨大的字：自由。但是没有人能因此推测这个国家的哪一个人比君士坦丁堡的人更自由或者能免除更多兵役。不论一个国家是君主制还是民主制，自由都是一样的。

但是人们很容易被自由这个幌子欺骗，因为缺少区分的判断力，误将只属于公共的权利当成私人遗产和与生俱来的权利。当这种权利被某个在这个领域出过书而闻名的权威肯定时，发生叛乱和政府更替就不足为奇了。在西方世界中，我们从亚里士多德、西塞罗和其他生活在民主国家的希腊和罗马人身上接受关于国家制度和权利的观点。这些人并没有从自然原理中导出这些权利，而是把自己民主国家的做法转到他们的书上，就像语法学家根据当时的做法描述语言规则，或通过荷马或维吉尔的诗作描述诗歌规则一样。（要避免雅典人更换政府的欲望）雅典人民被教导说他们是自由人，而所有住在君主制国家的人民都是奴隶。因此亚里士多德就把它写进《政治学》中，在该书第六篇第二章中写道："在民主国家里，人们认为自由是理所当然的，因为一般人认为生活在任何其他政府统治之下的人都没有自由。"和亚里士多德一样，西塞罗和其他著名作家把罗马人的意见作为他们提倡的民事原则的基础，这些罗马人被教导憎恨君主制，最初就是他们废掉了统治者、共享罗马主权，后来是他们的继承者。通过阅读这些希腊、拉丁作家的书，人们从童年开始就学会了一种习惯，（在虚假的自由下）喜欢暴乱、热衷毫无顾忌地控制主权者的行动，之后再控制这些控制者，弄得鲜血横流。我想我可以实在地说，从来没有任何事比这些西方世界学习希腊和拉丁语付出的代价更大了。

现在谈一谈臣民真正自由的具体情况。这就是说，尽管统治者下了命令，但是如果出于公正，什么事是可以拒绝去做的。我们要考虑的是，当我们建立国家的时候，我们失去了哪些权利。或者说（实际说的是一回事），当我们所有人都认可主权者或集体的时候，我们自己丧失了哪些权利。因为在我们服从的行为中，既有我们的义务也有我们的自由；因此它们要通过一些论据进行推测。没有哪个人的义务不是从他自己的一些行为中产生的，所有人生而平等，这对所有人都是一样的。这种论据必须从“我授权给他一切行为”或从服从此人的人的意图中推测出来（这种意图要通过他服从的目的来理解）。臣民的义务和自由就必须从这些词语（或其他等价词语）或从主权建立的目的，即臣民内部的和平以及对共同敌人的防御中去推导。

因此，第一，主权是根据人与人之间建立的契约而建立，而由其他方式获得的主权则是通过被征服者对胜利者，或孩子对父母的契约建立的。很明显，在不能依据契约转移权利的所有这些事上，每个臣民都有自由。我在前面第十四章[5]已经说明，不能为人们提供保护的契约是无效的。因此，如果主权者命令一个人（尽管宣判公正）去杀害、中伤自己，或对侵犯自己的人不予抵抗，或拒绝食物、空气、药品或其他维持生命所必需的东西，这个人就有不遵守契约的自由。

一个人如果受到主权者或当权人关于其犯罪的审问，（在没有赦免保证的情况下）他就不用必须承认罪行。因为没有人（如我在同一章所证明）受到契约的强制去控告自己。

同样，一个臣民对主权的承认包含在这些话中：我授权他的所有行为并对他的所有行为负责。这对他本身之前拥有的天赋自由没有任何限制。因为允许他杀我，但当他命令我杀害自己时，我就没有必要这么做。有一句话是这样说的：“如果你愿意，杀了我或我的朋友”，另一句话说：“我将杀了自己或我的朋友。”由此得出：

没有人因为词语本身要杀害自己或其他任何人。因此一个人由于受到主权者命令处理任何危险或无荣誉的事而具有的义务，并不取决于我们服从的词语，而取决于意图，并且要根据事情的结果来理解。所以，若因为我们拒绝服从就会影响建立主权这一结果时，我们就没有自由去拒绝，反之则有自由去拒绝。

据此，一个人接受命令成为士兵去同敌人作战，尽管主权者有权利因为他拒绝出战而将他处死，在很多情况下他仍然可以正当拒绝，比如他找到了一个能胜任的士兵代替他的位置。因为在这种情况下他没有无视国家的兵役。对于生来胆小的人也应特别对待，不仅仅对妇女（人们并没有期待她们担负如此危险的义务），对那些像女人一样胆小的男人也是一样。军队打仗时，一方或双方都有逃跑的情况，当他们出于恐惧而不是叛变而逃跑时，他们的行为就不能被认为是不合理的，而是丧尽荣誉的。同理，逃避战斗不是非正义的，而是怯懦。但是他自己应征入伍或接受军饷，就不能以胆小为借口。此时他不仅有义务开赴战场，也不能不得到长官允许就逃跑。当国家的防御立刻需要所有能够参战的人武装起来时，所有人都有义务，不然国家建立起来而又没有决心或勇气保卫国家，一切都是无用的。

没有人拥有因为保护一个有罪或清白的人而同国家武力进行对抗的自由，因为这会使主权者失去保护我们的方法，因而对政府的实质具有破坏作用。但是如果大批人一起不正确地对抗主权者或已经犯下一些死罪，并且都知道自己难逃一死，他们是否有自由联合起来相互帮助、互相防御呢？当然有，因为他们保卫的是自己的生命，有罪之人和清白之人一样都能够这么做。他们第一次违反义务时是不正确的，之后他们拿起武器虽然是为了保护他们已经做的，但这就不是一个新的不正确的行为了。如果他们这么做仅仅是为了保护自己，那么这根本就不是不正确的。但在赦免他们后，通过自我防卫的请求继续帮助或保卫其他的人就是违法的。

至于其他自由，取决于法律的规定。在主权没有规定规则的情况下，臣民就有按照自身考虑选择去做或不做的自由。因此，根据主权者认为是否最方便，在一些地方自由较多，一些地方较少，一些时候较多，而另一些时候较少。例如，在英格兰有一段时间一个人可以凭借武力进入他自己的领地（驱逐非法占有它的人）。但后来，这种武力进入的自由因为议会中（由国王）制定的法律而停止。在世界一些地方，男人有拥有许多配偶的自由，在其他地方，这种自由是不被允许的。

如果一个臣民根据先前的法律在债务、土地或物品所有权、兵役或任何肉体惩罚和罚款上与主权者进行争论，这个臣民拥有为自己在主权者制定的法官面前上诉的自由，就像他起诉另一个臣民一样。因为主权者通过先前法律而不是他的权力来获得自己所要求的东西，因此他声明他的需要不会超过法律的规定。如此这样，诉讼就不违背主权者的意志，而臣民也有要求旁听自己案件的自由，并根据法律作出判决。但是如果他依靠自己的权力要求或获得任何东西，在这种情况下，就没有法律行为。因为他一切的所作所为都是依靠自己的权力、都是依据每个臣民的授权作出的，他对主权者提起诉讼就是起诉自己。

如果一个君主或主权议会赋予所有臣民或任何臣民一种自由，但这个赋予成立却不能为臣民提供安全保障时，这个赋予就是无用的，除非他直接声明或将主权交给他人。因为（如果这是他的真实想法）他就会公开地用清晰明白的语言声明放弃或让出主权，但是他没有这么做。我们可以理解为这并不是他所想所希望的。这种赋予产生于不知道自由和主权之间的矛盾。因此主权仍然被保留下来，进而所有行使主权所必需的权力都被保留下来，例如宣战、求和、司法、任命官员、任命议员、征税以及第十八章中提及的其他权力。[6]

臣民对主权的服从不会长于主权者的权力能够保护他们的时间。在没有任何其他人能够保护他们的时候，人们与生俱来保护自己的权利是

不会通过契约而放弃的。主权是国家的灵魂，一旦离开了身体，身体各部分就不会从灵魂上接受任何运动。服从的目的是保护，一个人无论在自己或他人的武力中发现这种服从，人的本性就会服从和保持这种武力。虽然按照建立主权的人们的意图，主权是永恒的，但其本质不仅会由于外来战争而暴毙，也会因为人们的无知和激情，从建立主权开始，内部就有许多不和谐的种子。

如果一个臣民在战争期间入狱，或他本人，或谋生手段在敌人警戒之中，若以臣服于胜利者为条件换取生命和人身自由，他有自由接受这种条件，在接受这种条件之后，他就要臣服于俘获他的人，因为他没有别的办法保护自己。如果他在外国以同样条件被拘留，也是一样。但是如果一个人入狱或被束缚，或不被信任给予人身自由，他就不能被认为受到契约束缚而服从。因此，如果他能力允许，是可以通过任何手段逃跑的。

如果一个君主为了自己和继承人要放弃主权，他的臣民就回到了绝对的天赋自由状态。因为尽管大自然可以宣布哪些人是他的儿子，哪些人是他最近的亲属，但谁是他的继承人仍然完全取决于他的意志（如前面章节所说）。如果他不要继承人，那也就没有主权和臣服了。如果他死的时候没有人们都知道的亲属，也没有宣布他的继承人，这种情况也是一样。因为这时没有人们所知的继承人，因此也就没有应遵守的臣服。

如果主权者驱逐他的臣民，在被放逐期间他就不是主权者的臣民。但是如果他是被外派出差，或外出旅游，那么他仍然是主权者的臣民。但是这取决于主权者之间的契约，而不是取决于臣服的契约。任何进入他国领土的人，都应服从当地的法律，除非他同主权者关系友好而具有特权或特别许可。

如果一个君主在战争中被俘而臣服于胜利者，他的臣民就不用遵守

原先的义务而改为履行胜利者规定的义务了。但是如果君主入狱，并且失去了人身自由，他就不应该被认为放弃了主权，因此他的臣民就有义务服从原来任命的官员，这些官员不是以自己的名义而是以君主的名义行使统治。由于君主的权利仍然存在，问题就只剩下管理了。这就是说，只剩下地方法官和政府官员的问题了。如果君主无法任命这些官员的话，那么就应当认为他同意之前任命的那些人。

[……]

论削弱国家或使国家解体的因素

虽然生命有限的人类制造的东西不可能是永恒的，但如果人们真能使用他们所认为拥有的理性，他们就能保证国家的安全，至少不被内部疾病所毁坏。因为根据自身的性质，国家在建立之初就设计成与赋予它们生命的人类、自然法则和正义一样长存。因此，当国家面临非外部暴力而是内部动乱要解体时，错误不在人类，因为他们是质（Matter），而在创造者（Makers）和发号施令者身上。因为最后当人们对混乱的冲突和杀戮感到厌倦后，就满心渴望将自身形成一座坚固持久的大厦。因此既缺少制定合适法律的艺术来规范人们的行为，又缺少谦虚和忍耐将自己现有杰作中粗糙累赘的部分除掉，他们没有一位十分能干的建筑师的帮助，建造的最多只能是摇摇欲坠的建筑，这种建筑物很难撑过他们所处的时代，以后肯定会砸到他们后代的头上。

因此，在一个国家的病症中，我首先要提及那些由于建立中存在的瑕疵引起的病症，这和由先天缺陷所造成的身体疾病相似。

其中一种就是：获得王国的人有时对于保证国家和平与国家防御必要力量的不足也能感到满足。从这一点就会出现，当为了恢复公共安全而使用搁置的权力时，这似乎就是一种不正当的行为，就会让许多人（当这种情形真的发生时）起来反叛。由患病父母所生孩子的身体也是

一样，这些孩子逃脱不了夭折的命运，或因为治疗由先天毒素引发的顽疾而引起脓包或结痂。君主们放弃一些这种必要的权力，并不总是（尽管有时）由于不知道自己职责所必须做的是什么，而更多时候是出于希望将来能按他们的意愿重新获得。在这里他们的理由并不好，因为这种让他们遵守承诺的理由会被外国利用同他们进行对抗。这些国家为了自身臣民的利益很少会放过削弱其邻国的机会。因此坎特伯雷的大主教托马斯·贝克特就受到教皇的支持反对亨利二世，因为在威廉一世即位时发誓不侵犯教堂的自由，就免除了教士对国家的服从。同样，威廉二世借助男爵的帮助从他哥哥那里继承了王位，这便使男爵的势力增加到与主权难以共存的地步，他们发动针对约翰王的叛乱时，法国人为他们提供了帮助。

这种情况不仅仅出现在君主制国家。因为在古罗马共和国，国家的支柱虽然是罗马元老院和罗马人民，但元老院和罗马人民都不能拥有所有权力，这首先就引起了提比流斯·格拉齐、该犹斯·格拉齐、卢修斯·萨图尼努斯和其他人的叛乱，后来就变成了在马里乌斯和西拉领导下的元老院和人民之间的战争，然后在庞培和恺撒统治时期消灭了民主并建立起君主制国家。

雅典人民约束自己不能做一件事：任何人都不能提出为了萨拉米斯岛而重新发起战争，否则将被处死。如果梭伦没有在外装疯卖傻，后来扮成疯子的模样和习惯，向他身后结队而行的人提出这个问题，他们的城门外就会有时刻严阵以待的敌军。所有权力受到极小限制的国家都会被迫经受这种伤害或更替。

其次，我要说由煽动言论导致的国家疾病。其中一种就是：每个平民都是善行与恶行的法官。这在没有民法的纯自然状态下是正确的，在公民政府法律没有进行规定的事情上也是正确的。然而，对善行和恶行的衡量标准显然是民法，法官是立法者，他永远是国家的代表。从这一

虚假原则来看，人们会在心里算计，同国家命令进行争论，然后根据自己的判断决定遵守与否，这样国家就被扰乱和削弱了。

另一种与公民社会相矛盾的是“一个人作出的任何违背良知的事都是罪过”。这源于将自己设想成善恶判断者。由于一个人的良心和判断是同一种东西，既然判断会出错，那良心也会出错。因此，尽管他不服从任何民法，他所做的一切违背良知的事都是罪过，因为除了自己的理性就没有其他任何法则可以遵守了。然而，对于生活在一个国家的人就不是如此了，因为法律是公共良知，是他已经承诺要遵守的。否则在主观个人良知差异如此巨大的情况下，国家必然会混乱，因为没有人会在看到极大个人利益时，选择服从主权。

大众还普遍地接受这种教育：“信仰和圣洁不能通过学习和理性获得，而要通过超自然的灵感或灌输获得。”若承认这一点，我不明白为什么每个人都要为他的信仰提出一个理由，为什么每个基督徒不能是一个先知，为什么每个人要用自己国家的法律而不是自己的灵感作为行动准则。如此我们就又陷入了自己判断善恶的错误中；或者把那些假装得到超自然灵感的个人当作善恶的判断者，进而导致公民政府的解体。信仰源于所听，所听来自于那些指引我们走向讲话者的偶然。这些偶然都是全能的上帝策划的。这些偶然并不是超自然的，而仅仅是产生每种效果时，因为数量很多而无法观察到。信仰和圣洁确实不十分常见，但它们不是奇迹，而是在上帝认为合适时通过教育、训练、改正以及其他自然方法使它们在选民中产生效果。这三种有害于和平及政府的观点在这个地方主要源于胸无点墨的神职人员口中和笔下，他们把《圣经》中的文字拼在一起，不顾违背理性，尽其所能地让人们认为圣洁和自然理性是不能共存的。

第四种有害于国家性质的观点是：拥有主权的人要服从民法。毫无疑问，所有主权者要服从自然法，因为这种法律是神订立的，任何人和

国家都不能废除。但是主权者自身可以不服从自己，即国家制定的法律。因为服从法律就是服从国家，服从国家就是服从主权代表者，就是服从自己。这就不是服从，而是不受法律约束。这种错误是因为将法律置于主权之上，将一个法官和惩罚他的权力置于他之上。这样就创造出一个新主权者，同理又会有第三个主权者惩罚第二个主权者，如此不断进行下去，给国家带来混乱，导致国家解体。

第五种倾向于国家解体的教义是：每个人对其物品都具有绝对所有权，而这种所有权不包括主权者的权利。事实上每个人都有除开其他所有臣民权利的所有权。他仅从主权者那里获得权利，而不受主权者保护，其他每个人都对这些物品具有同等权利。但如果主权者的权利也被除去，他就不能行使公民赋予他抵御外敌、保护安全的职责了，进而国家就不存在了。

如果臣民所有权不排除主权代表对他们拥有物品的权利，就更不能排除他们司法或行政的能力，他们在这些部门代表主权者本人。

第六种教义明显直接地违背国家本质。这种说法是：主权可以分割。所谓的分割国家权力就是让国家解体，因为被分割的主权会互相摧毁。对于这些教义，人们主要是看着那些依据自身所学而不是立法权的法律专业人员。

同虚假教义一样，邻国政府的例子也让人们改变之前已经固定的形式。因此犹太人被鼓动起来拒绝上帝，并拜访先知撒母耳依照其他国家的方式选出国王。希腊少数城池也因为贵族和平民的煽动叛乱不断受到骚扰。几乎每个国家都会有一部分人希望仿照拉西德蒙人，而另一部分人希望仿照雅典人。我相信很多人都满意地看着英格兰因为模仿低地国家而引起最近出现的麻烦。他们认为变得富裕只需像他们那样改变一下政府的形式足矣。因为人类天性就喜欢新奇，当他们看到邻国用某种方式变得富裕，就激励了他们也这样做，他们就不可能不对那些唆使他们

这么做的人感到满意了。最开始他们是喜爱的，但他们又会对持续的混乱感到悲伤，就像发痒的热血之人，他们会用指甲挠发痒的地方，直到他们不能忍受疼痛为止。

至于专门反抗君主制的叛乱，最常见的原因之一就是阅读关于古希腊、古罗马政治的历史书籍。从这些书中，那些年轻人和不具备坚定理智的人从他们军队的伟大战绩中获得了强烈的喜悦感，也对他们所做的一切感到满意，心中想象他们的伟大繁荣不是从哪一个人的好强中得来的，而是从平民政府的形式中得来的，他们没有考虑到因为政策不完善而导致的经常性叛乱和内战。我是说阅读这类书籍人们就会杀死他们的国王，因为在希腊和拉丁作家的书以及政治论述中，任何人杀死他们的国王都是合法且值得称赞的行为，只要他杀死国王之前称之为暴君。他们不说弑君，即杀死国王合法，而说弑杀暴君，即杀死暴君是合法的。从同种书里，生活在君主制国家中的人们有一种看法，即生活在民主制国家的人们享受自由，但生活在君主制国家中的所有人都是奴隶。我说的生活在君主制国家中而不是生活在民主政府统治下的人们拥有这种观点，是因为生活在民主政府统治下的人们找不到这种事情。总之，我不能想象有什么比不让谨慎的大师们修改这些书，去除其中有害部分就直接允许这些书被公开阅读更有害于君主制国家了。我会毫不犹豫地将这种毒害比作被疯狗咬伤，医生将这种病称为恐水症，或惧水病。因为被咬的人会一直口渴而又怕水，就像这种毒要把他变成一只狗。因此，当一个君主制国家的状况被民主作家不断狂咬，它需要的正是一个强有力的君主；但又由于某种暴力恐惧症，或惧怕被强烈统治，当人们拥有了这样的君主后，又会感到害怕。

正如有些人认为人有三个灵魂一样，也有人认为一个国家可能有不止一个灵魂（即多个主权者）。并建立最高权力与主权对立，建立教规与法律对立，建立神权与民权对立。他们用一些本身无所指的词语和区别扰乱人们的思想，让他们思想中朦胧地显示出有另外一个看不见的王

国，正如黑暗中的精灵王国。现在明显可以看出，民权和国家权力是同一个东西，最高权力、制定教规的权力和授予宗教人员特权的权力意味着一个国家。可以得出，一个地方有主权者，又有最高权力者，一方可以制定法律，而另一方就可以制定教规，同一个臣民或同样的臣民就有两个国家，这个王国自身会分裂，无法继续存在。尽管可以对世俗和神进行毫无意义的区分，它们仍然是两个王国，每个臣民必须服从两个统治者。由于神权挑战了宣布什么是罪的权力，因此也就有权宣布什么是法律（罪，正是对法律的侵犯）；同理，民权也挑战宣布什么是法律的权力，每个臣民都必须服从两个统治者，他们都要人们把他们的命令当成法律遵守，这是不可能的。或者只有一个王国，要不就是国家权力的民权服从神权，这样只有神权而没有统治权；或者神权必须服从世俗权力，这样就仅仅存在最高世俗权力。因此当这两种权力相互对抗时，国家就会陷入内战和解体的巨大危机。由于世俗权力是可见的，从自然理性方面看更加明显，这就只能使相当一部分人一直倾向于它。神灵权力尽管只存在于经院学派区别的黑暗和晦涩词语中，由于人类对黑暗和鬼魂的恐惧大于任何其他恐惧，就不会有能够扰乱并有时能摧毁国家的党派了。这种疾病可以不恰当地比喻为癫痫（犹太人认为这是一种由于灵魂占据身体导致的病）。由于在这种病中，有一种非自然的灵魂或风进入大脑，阻碍了神经根部，并使之剧烈运动，使本应由大脑灵魂力量引起的运动消失，因此在这些部位引起剧烈不规律的运动（人们称之为痉挛），得了这种病的人由于感觉已经被剥夺，有时会掉进水中，有时会掉入火里。在国家中也是一样，当神灵的权力借助人们对惩罚的恐惧和对奖励的渴望（这两者是国家的神经）来推动国家运作，而不是通过本应通过的民权（这是国家的灵魂）运作国家，此外用奇怪晦涩的词语让人们的理解窒息，以此定会误导人民，不是运用压迫使国家灭亡就是让国家燃起内战的硝烟。

有时在一个纯粹的世俗政府中也不止有一个灵魂：例如税收权就起到营养作用，这取决于全体大会；行为和命令权是行动能力，这取决于

一个人；立法权是理智能力，这取决于以上两者和第三者偶然性的同意。由于有时没有同意良好法律的施行，国家就会面临危险。但更多时候则是由于缺乏生命必需的营养和运动。因为尽管极少数人认为这样的政府不是真正的政府，而是国家三个派系中的一个，称之为混成君主制国家。然而事实是，这并不是一个独立的国家，而是三个独立的派系；它也不是一个代表，而是三个代表。在上帝的王国里，可能有三个独立而不破坏上帝统一的人进行统治；但在人统治的地方，由于意见各不相同，就不可能是上述情况。因此如果国王代表人民的意志，全体大会也代表人民的意志，另外一个大会也代表一部分人民的意志，那么他们就不代表相同意志，也不是一个主权者，而是代表三种意志和三个主权者。

我不知道我能把一个国家的这种不正常状态准确地比作人身体的什么疾病，但是我见过一个人在他一侧又长出一个人来，有自己的头、胳膊、胸部和胃；如果在他的另一侧又长出一个人来，那么这个比喻就准确了。

到现在为止，我所列举的国家疾病都是最严重的，患病当下十分危险。除此之外还有并不十分严重的疾病，但也要加以注意。首先，为国家必需的用途而筹集资金的困难，尤其是面临战争时。这种困难来自于一种观点，这种观点认为每个臣民对其土地和物品都有所有权，主权者的使用权排除在外。这样就会出现，在主权者预见到国家所需和危险时（发现由于人民的固执，征得的金钱不能上缴国库），他应当面对危机并将危机遏制在萌芽的时候，却尽其所能拖延，而当他不能继续拖延的时候，会用法律策略向人民施压，获得微不足道的金钱，当这些钱财不够时，最后他就只能运用暴力手段开金钱之源，否则国家就会灭亡。一般来说，运用这些极端手段后，人民的情绪最终会平静，否则国家一定会灭亡。由此我们可以把这种病疫十分贴切地比作疟疾，疟疾的症状是肌肉部分僵化或被有毒物质堵塞，血液通过静脉向心脏输送，心脏就不

能（像本应的那样）从动脉获得血液，由此首先会产生发冷收缩，四肢颤抖，之后产生热量，强力推向心脏为血液打开通道。而在这之前，它可能会通过降温来稍稍恢复精神使自己得到满足，直到（如果身体条件足够强壮）最后冲破阻塞部位，将有毒物质通过汗液排出，若是（身体条件太弱）的病人，就会死亡。

同样，一个国家有时有一种疾病，和肋膜炎类似。那就是当一个国家的财政运行失控，由于公共税收的垄断或控制使过多钱财掌握在一个或几个人手中，就像肋膜炎中的血进入肋膜，造成发炎，伴有发烧和强烈针刺痛感。

同样，一个有权势的臣民的名望，（除非国家对他的忠诚具有非常高的信任）是一种危险的疾病。因为人民（本该从统治者权力那里获得行动命令）会通过奉承和具有野心之人的声誉而不再服从法律，而是服从另一个人，而人们对这个人的品德和目的毫无所知。这种事情一般来说对一个民主政府的危害比对一个君主制政府的危害更大，因为民主国家的军队力量雄厚，人数众多，这样就很容易将他们伪装成人民。尤利乌斯·恺撒就是运用这种方法获得人民支持反对元老院，使自己成为元老院和人民的主人。这种赢得民心拥有野心之人的做法就是明显的叛乱，并可以同巫术的效果相当。

国家的另一种疾病是城镇规模过大，这样国家就可以从自己的城市中组建起人员庞大的军队并负担其支出。自治城市过多也是一样，它们像一个巨大国家中的许多小国家，就像人肠道中的蠕虫。我在此要作一些补充，那些冒牌政治家对绝对权力提出异议，他们中的大部分人来自人民中的渣滓，由于被虚假知识蒙蔽，就一直干涉基本法律骚扰国家，就像医生称为蛔虫的小蠕虫一样。

我们可以进一步补充，无法满足的领土扩张欲望或贪念，外加敌人多次造成的不可治愈之伤，还有已经征服而未统一的领土，常常是一种

负担，失去它相对于保留它的危险更小。懒惰享受、虚荣浪费也是一样。

最后，在战争中（对外或对内战争）敌方取得最后胜利，到了己方力量不能控制战场时，就不能对忠诚的臣民加以更多保护了，这时国家解体，每个人都有自由根据自己的判断选择保护自己的方式。因为主权者是给予国家生命和运动的公共灵魂，当灵魂不在时，四肢就不再受它的支配，就如同人的尸体不受离开躯体的灵魂（尽管灵魂不朽）支配一样。虽然主权君主的权利不会因为另一个人的行为而被消灭，但臣民的义务可以被消灭。因为渴望得到保护的人可以去任何地方寻求保护，当他得到保护时，就有义务（不假装表现出他是出于害怕而臣服）尽其可能保护好他受到的保护。但是一旦一个集会的权力被镇压，其权利最后也同样完全消失。因为集会本身已经消失，进而主权就不可能再重建了。

[……]

论黑暗王国

从空虚哲学和难以置信的经外传说而来的黑暗

哲学就是对一切事物产生的方式进行推理得到性质，或根据事物性质推理得到其可能的产生方式，最终产生在物质和人的力量允许范围内生活所需的效果。因此，几何学家从图像的结构中找出它的许多性质，从这些性质出发，通过推理得到新的构成方法，最终达到丈量土地、水域以及其他无限用途。同样，天文学家从太阳和恒星在天空中不同位置的升起、下落和运动找出产生昼夜更替、四季轮回的原因，通过这些来记录时间，并找到了类似的其他科学。

定义十分明确地告诉我们，不能把包括谨慎推测的原始知识（即所说的经验）当成哲学的任何部分；因为它不是由推理而来，在野兽和人身上都可以找到它，它仅仅是对过去发生的一连串事件的记忆，对其中极小事件的忽略就会改变结果，进而破坏谨慎推测的最终预期。然而从正确的推理中得到的不是别的，正是普遍、永恒不变的真理。

因此我们不能将任何错误结论用哲学一词冠名。因为用他理解的词语作正确推理的人永远不会得出错误结论。

任何人通过超自然启示所得到的也不能称为哲学，因为他得到的不是由推理而来。

由权威书籍进行推理所获得的也不能称为哲学，因为他所获得的不是从由因及果或由果及因的推理而来，这不是知识，仅是信仰。

推理能力是语言使用的结果，因此通过推理发现和语言本身一样古

老的普遍真理不是不可能的。美洲野蛮人不是没有一些好的道德警句，此外他们也有有限的算术知识对不大的数字进行加减运算，但他们不会因此成为哲学家。早在人类以橡子和水为生时，就有少量玉米酿酒植物分散在田野和树林中，但那时人类并不懂得它们的价值，也就不会为了获取它们的营养去种植它们。同样的，从一开始就有各种正确、普遍存在并有利于人类的推理，比如自然植物，但其数量很少，而人类没有任何经验，也不懂得方法，也就是说，除了野草以及对普通植物的错误认识和猜想，他们对播种和种植完全没有认知。其原因是人们在获取生活必需品和防范邻居之外就没有休闲时间了。而当伟大的国家建立后，这一切才会改观。休闲是哲学之母，而国家是和平与休闲之母。哪里有伟大繁荣的城市，哪里就首先有哲学研究。印度秘密信仰的信奉者，波斯的魔术家、占星家，埃及和迦勒底的神父都被算作最古老的哲学家，这些国家也被列为最古老的王国。在希腊和其他西方国家（也许不比卢卡或日内瓦面积大）拥有和平之前，他们对对方充满相同恐惧，或除了观察对方而没有空闲观察其他事物时，哲学不会出现。最后，当战争使希腊这些较小城池统一成少数规模较大的城池时，才有来自希腊几个地区的七个人获得了贤人的名誉。他们中的一些人以道德和政治警句闻名，其他一些人以研究迦勒底和埃及人的学术成果，即天文学和几何学而闻名。但我们当时从未听说过任何哲学学派。

在雅典人打败了波斯军队后，获得海上统治权，进而获得了爱琴海、亚洲、欧洲所有岛屿和沿海城市的统治权，慢慢变得富有，在国内外没有工作的人无事可做，只能（如《使徒行传》第十七章第二十一节圣卢克所说）聊聊新闻，或向城市里的青年公开讲授哲学。每个大家都会为讲学找一个位置，柏拉图找了一个叫学院的公共场地，其名字源于一个雅典学园，亚里士多德在一个叫潘的庙宇里讲学，称为律西昂，有些人在拱廊、柱廊下，或商人摆地摊的走廊中讲学。有些人在另一些位置通过教学或观点争论打发他们的闲暇时光。有些人则在任何地方，只要那里能让城市中的青年聚集在一起听他们演讲。这就是卡尔涅阿德斯

在罗马当使者时所做的，导致卡托建议元老院将其迅速赶走，因为他担心青年人因喜欢听卡尔涅阿德斯的美好言论（他们这样认为）而腐蚀他们的举止。

因此，他们进行授课或争论观点的任何地方都被称为学院（Schola），该词在他们口中就是休闲的意思，争论在他们口中就是讽刺，即消磨时光。哲学家们本身也以他们的学派为名，他们中有些人就是以这些学派命名的，信仰柏拉图学术的人称为学院派，亚里士多德的追随者因为他教学的走廊而称为逍遥学派（又：亚里士多德学派），那些芝诺的学徒在拱廊、柱廊中学习，则称为廊派，由于他们经常在那里聚集闲谈或闲逛，好像我们就应称他们为莫菲尔德人、保罗教堂人或交易所人。

然而人们非常喜欢这种习惯，一时间很快传播到欧洲和非洲的绝大部分地区，因此几乎这些地区的每个国家都公开建立学校并保持讲座和辩论。

古代我们的救世主时期之前和之后，犹太人中也有学派，但是是他们的法律学派。虽然它们被称为犹太教堂集会，即人民的集会。然而法律规定基本是在每个安息日进行阅读、阐释和辩论的，因此它们的本质同公开学派没有什么不同，仅仅是名字上的差异罢了。这种犹太教堂集会不仅存在于耶路撒冷，在每个犹太人居住的外邦人的城市中也都存在。在大马士革就有这样一个集会，保罗曾进去过并进行迫害。在安提阿、以哥念和塞萨洛尼卡的其他集会中，他也进去辩论过。位于利伯丁（Libertines）、科里尼亚（Cyrenians）、亚历山大（Alexandrians）、希里亚（Cilicians）和亚洲其他地区的犹太教堂集会都是如此，这就是利伯丁学派以及位于耶路撒冷以外地区犹太人的学派。正是这些学派中的人同圣司提凡进行辩论的（《使徒行传》，第六章第九节）。

但是这些学派有何用处？如今的科学究竟有多少是源自于他们的理

解和辩论呢？几何学是自然科学之母，然而却不是他们所带来的科学。柏拉图是希腊数一数二的哲学家，他禁止那些不懂一定几何知识的人加入他的学派。许多人对这种科学进行研究，给人类带来了很大好处，但从未提及他们的学派，也没有几何学家的任何派别，他们也没有哲学家的头衔。这些学派的自然哲学，与科学相比简直就是做梦，他们的语言毫无意义、可有可无。如果教授哲学的人没有深厚的几何知识积累，就不能避免上述情况。因为自然通过运动而产生作用，如果没有对线、形的比例和性质的知识，就不可能知道运动的方式和程度。他们的道德哲学不过是对他们的激情的描述。因为在没有世俗政府的情况下，行为规则就是自然法则，在世俗政府之内，则是民法。这种法则决定了什么是诚实、什么是不诚实，决定了公平与不公平，决定了普遍情况下什么是善，什么是恶。鉴于他们根据自己的喜好和厌恶制定善恶的规则，然而人们的好恶各不相同，就意味着不存在普遍同意的事情，于是每个人（只要他敢）都按照他们眼中善的标准行事，直到国家颠覆。他们的逻辑应该是采用推理的方法，但实际上却是一些用来迷惑那些提出问题的人的词语和发明。总之，没有任何事比老哲学家（如西塞罗所说，他就是其中之一）都不支持的事更荒谬了。我相信在自然哲学中没有什么比亚里士多德的形而上学更荒谬的了。他在《政治学》中所说的是与政府最不相容的东西，在《伦理学》中所讲的是最无知的东西。

犹太人的学派最初是摩西律法的学派，摩西下令（《申命记》第三十一章第十节）每七年中的最后一年，在帐篷宴会上应向所有人宣读这律法，让他们听见并学习。因此（俘虏后）在每个安息日宣读律法除了让人们熟悉他们应该遵守的训诫和向他们解释先知的著作外，不应有其他目的。但我们的救世主对他们的许多谴责可以表明，他们用自己虚假的注释和苍白的经外传说误解了法律文本。他们对先知的了解很少，所以他们既不承认先知预言的基督，也不承认他所做的一切。因此，通过他们在犹太教堂集会中的讲座和争论，他们将法律原则变成了一种关于不可理解的上帝和灵的虚无空想的哲学。他们将最容易经过曲解而支撑

他们达到目的的《圣经》模糊晦涩之处，以及他们祖先难以置信的传统混合在一起，将自己的怪想和虚无的哲学以及神学理论混合，创造出了这种虚无空想的哲学。

现在所说的大学是在一个或同一个城镇中集合起来的许多学派，在一个政府管理之下形成的组织。大学中主要学派有三个方向，即：罗马宗教、罗马法律和医学。至于哲学研究并没有什么地位，只是罗马宗教的女佣罢了。并且由于亚里士多德的权威是那里唯一盛行的学派，因此这种研究不是真正的哲学（其性质不取决于作家）而是亚里士多德学。对于几何学，由于它不屈服于任何事物而只服从严格的真理，所以直到最近为止它是完全没有地位的。如果哪个人凭借自己与生俱来的天赋在这方面取得了任何程度的完美，一般他会被认为是魔术师，他的艺术只能用恶魔般的加以形容。

现在谈论一下部分来自于亚里士多德，部分来自于盲目理解的具体虚无哲学的教义，这些教义首先传入大学，然后传入教会。我将首先讨论它们的原理。有一种其他所有哲学应该依靠的原始哲学，其主要由最普遍名称或名词意义的正确界定。这种界定是为了避免推理中的模糊和模棱两可，一般称为定义，例如物体、时间、地点、物质（Matter）、形态、要素、主题、物质（Substance）、偶然、权力、行为（Act）、有限、无限、量、质、运动、行为（Action）、激情和其他解释人们对物体的性质和来源所必需的多种定义。这些和类似术语的解释（就是意义的确定）作为亚里士多德哲学的一部分，在经院学派中一般称为形而上学，这就是其名称，但意义却不一样。因为那里所指的是写在或位于他自然哲学后的书籍。但是经院学派却把它们当作超自然哲学的书籍，因为形而上学可以同时拥有这两种意义。书中所写的大部分内容确实难以理解，也和自然理性存在巨大冲突，以至于任何认为可以用它来理解任何事物的人必须认为它是超自然的。

从混合有《圣经》的形而上学而组成的经院学派神学来看，我们可知世界上存在某种与物体相分离的要素，它们被称为抽象本质和实体形式。要解释这个术语，在这里需要多加注意。另外，我要向不习惯这类讨论的人表示抱歉，因为我是要向那些习惯的人阐述。这个世界（我不仅仅指凡间，喜欢凡间的人是凡人，我也指整个宇宙，也就是全部存在事物的全部物质）是有形的，这就是说，是物体的，它拥有范围和大小，即：长度、宽度和深度。物体的每个部分也是物体，也有类似的范围和大小，因此宇宙中的每个部分都是物体，不是物体的东西也就不是宇宙中的一部分。因为宇宙即是所有，不是宇宙中一部分的事物即不存在，所以在任何地方都不存在。但也不能由此说灵是不存在的，因为它们也有范围和大小，因此它们是实在物体，虽然一般说话时只称可见可触的事物为物体，即有一定不透明度的物体。但对于灵来说，它们称之为无形物体，这个词语更加表示尊敬，因此可以更虔诚地形容上帝，至于上帝，我们不考虑什么词语能表明他的性质，那是不可以理解的，我们需要考虑的是用什么词能够最好地表达我们尊敬他的愿望。

为了知道他们依据什么说存在抽象本质和实体形式，我们将要考虑这些词语的确切所指。词语的使用是为了记录我们自己的想法，并向他人表明我们心中的想法和概念。有一些词语是被感知事物的名称，正如作用于感官并在我们的想象中留下一个印象的各种物体的名词。另外一些词语是关于想象本身的，这就是说，是关于我们所见或记忆中所有事物的观念或大脑中的图像。另外一些是名词的名词，或不同种类语言的名词。例如：普遍、复数、单数，都是名词的名词，定义、肯定、否定、真、假、三段论、讯问、承诺、协议，都是某些语言形式的名词。另一些词则用来表示一个名词和另一个名词间的推论或抵触关系。例如当一个人说："人是一种物体"时，他指的是物体这一名词是人这一名词出现后出现的，是同一事物——人所对应的许多名词中的一个名词。它们之间的推论是由"Is"（是）这个字联结起来的。和我们用"Is"（是）字一样，拉丁人用他们的动词"Est"（是），希腊人用Eσu的各种变化来

联结。我不知道世界上所有其他国家是否有他们的语言来表示这个字，但是我肯定他们不需要这种字，因为将两个名词按照一定顺序放在一起，符合他们的习惯，就可以像“Is”“Bee”或“Are”一样表示词语之间的关系了（因为正是习惯给予了词语力量）。

假设有一种语言没有对应Est、Is或Bee的任何动词，而使用这种语言的人进行推测、总结和各种推理的能力一点不比希腊和拉丁人差。如此一来，从它派生以及根据这些词语而来的最常使用的更多词语，例如实体、本质、必须、必须性，是什么呢？因此它们不是事物的名称，而是一个我们所知的符号，用它表示我们设想中一个名词或限定性词语对另一个词语的推论关系。例如，当我们说“人是一个活着的物体”时，并不表示人是一个东西，而活着的物体是另一种东西，Is（是）或Beeing（是）又是另一种东西。我们的意思是，人和活着的物体是一回事。因为“如果他是人，那么他就是一个活着的物体”是用Is（是）表示的真实正确的推论。因此，成为一个物体、走路、说话、生活、看见以及类似不定式同有形、行走、讲话、视力等类似名词所指的相同，正如我在其他地方更加充分表述的一样，都是无所指的名词。

但是（可能有人会说），在这种类型的著作中，我只意在说明政府和服从学说的必要内容，把书弄得如此微妙难懂是什么目的呢？我写书的目的就是让人们不再受他们的折磨，建立在亚里士多德虚无哲学基础上的独立本质的教义，用毫无意义的名词让人们受到惊吓，进而不服从他们国家的法律。就像人们用一件空的紧身上衣、一顶帽子和一个弯曲的棍子吓唬鸟类，不让它们接近谷物一样。因此基于这一点，当人死去并下葬后，他们说他的灵魂（即他的生命）会从他的身体中脱离并独立行走，夜晚在墓地中可以看见。基于同一点他们说，一片面包的形状、颜色和味道在不存在面包的地方也存在。同样，信念、智慧和其他美德有时是从天上灌输进人体的，而有时是吹进去的，好像品德高尚的人和他们所具有的品德可以分成很多部分一样，还有其他许多东西用来削弱

臣民对他们国家主权者的依赖。如果一个人希望“服从”能被灌输或吹进他的体内，那么还有谁会遵守法律呢？谁不会去服从可以创造上帝的司祭，而服从统治者和上帝本身呢？那些害怕鬼魂的人谁不会对那些能够制造圣水并将鬼魂赶出他们体内的人怀有极大尊敬呢？这些例子就足以说明亚里士多德的实体和本质能给教会带来多大错误。可能他知道这是虚假哲学，但害怕苏格拉底的命运，因此仍然将它作为符合且确证他们宗教的东西写出来。

一旦陷入独立本质的错误，他们就会被卷入随之而来的许多其他荒谬之中。由于他们把这些形式看成是真实的，他们就有义务给它们安排一些空间。但由于他们认为这些东西是无形的，不存在任何范围和大小，并且所有人都知道空间就是范围和大小，只能用有形的事物填满，这样他们就被迫用一个区别来支撑他们的信用，说他们事实上在任何地方都没有界限，而限定的词语仅仅是文字而已，这些文字在这种情形下毫无意义，只在能够隐藏他们虚无性的拉丁语中产生作用。因为一个事物的界限除了它本身空间的测定和规定外什么都不是，因此作出区分的两个词语就是一样的。尤其是他们说人的本质就是他的灵魂，他们确定灵魂的全部都在他的小指上，也存在于他身体的其他每个部分（不论多小），整个身体中的灵魂并不比身体任何一部分中的灵魂多。有谁会认为上帝相信这种荒谬之言呢？但是那些认为躯体之外存在与躯体分离的灵魂的人则必须相信它。

当要他们讲述无形实体如何经受痛苦，如何经受地狱之火和炼狱的折磨时，他们却无言以答，只能说他们不知道火焰如何烧毁灵魂。

再者，由于运动是空间的改变，而无形实体是不具有空间的，因此他们很难将如下事情变成似乎具有可能性：灵魂如何能够离开身体去往天堂、地狱或炼狱；人的鬼魂（我可以加上它们出现时穿的衣服）如何能于夜间在教堂、教堂庭院和其他墓地徘徊。我不知道他们能否回答这

些问题，除非他们说它们是在限定地行走而不是受界限地行走，是它们的灵在行走而不是躯体在行走。因为这种牵强无理的区别对任何难题都同样适用。

关于永恒的意义，他们不将它看作是时间的无穷延续。因为这样他们就不能说出为什么上帝意图以及对即将发生的事物的规定，不发生在他对相同事物的预知之前，如同有效原因出现在结果之前或行为人出现在行为发生之前；关于不可理解的上帝本质的大胆观点，他们也不能给出理由。但是他们会告诉我们，永恒是时间的停滞，即停顿的现在（经院学派如此称呼），他们和其他人都不理解，最多用“停顿的现在”表示空间的无限广阔。

人们在内心通过对各部分进行计数来划分一个物体，对这些部分进行计数时，也就对这些部分填充的空间进行了计数。因此在设计这些部分时，我们只有同时设计出这些部分需要的空间。所以，任何人都不能想象出比所需空间更多或更少的部分。但是他们会让我们相信，通过上帝的全能，一个物体可以在同一时刻出现在很多地方，许多物体也可以在同一时刻出现在同一个地方。仿佛是说，承认了神圣的能力，可以使存在的东西不存在，曾经存在的东西并不存在。这只是他们对本应怀有崇敬和爱慕的神和不可理解的自然在哲学上争辩而必然产生不一致的一小部分。这些定语不能说明神是什么，但应该用我们能够想到的最好的称呼表达我们尊敬他的愿望。但是那些冒险从这些尊敬定语中对他的本质进行推理的人，在最开始就失去了他们的理解，陷入无穷无尽的困境之中。就像一个疏于朝堂礼仪的人遇见了一个比他通常打交道的更伟大的人时，在门口就跌跌撞撞，想要稳住身体不跌倒，衣服却滑落下来；穿上衣服时，帽子又掉了，混乱的情况一个接一个，他才会发现自己的惊慌失措。

下面说物理学，它是对自然事件从属或低一级原因的知识。他们除

了一些空话什么都没有提出来。如果你想知道为什么某种物体会自然地朝地面掉落，而其他物体则自然地上升，经院学派就会根据亚里士多德的理论，告诉你掉落的物体是重的，正是物体的重量导致了它们掉落。但是如果你问他们重量是什么意思，他们就会将其定义为朝着地心运动的努力。因此物体下落的原因就是一种要处在下面的努力。这就是说，物体下落或上升的原因是它们要这么做。或者他们会告诉你地心是重的物体的休息和存放处，因此它们努力到那里。就像石头和金属如同人类一样拥有欲望，可以辨认它们将要去的地方，或者它们喜欢休息而人类不喜欢，又或者一片安装在窗户上的玻璃还没有掉到街上安全。

如果我们要知道为什么同一个物体（不给它增加什么的情况下）在某个时候看上去比其他时候更大，他们说，当它看上去小一些的时候，是因为它凝缩了；当它看上去大一些的时候，是因为它变稀薄了。什么是凝缩和稀薄呢？凝缩就是同一物质比之前质量减轻了，而稀薄就是质量相比之前增加了。就像存在一种没有确定质量的物质，质量不是别的，只是物质的确定。这就是说，我们以此说一个物体比另一个物体大（多）或小（少）。或者好像一个物体在被创造出来时根本没有质量，之后再根据人们希望物体密度更大或更小而多加或少加一些东西。

至于人类灵魂的成因，他们说，通过加入而创造和通过创造而加入。

而感觉的原因，就是个体的普遍性，即物体的显现或幻影。当幻影被眼睛看见时，就是视觉，当它被耳朵听见时，就是听觉，能被舌头品味时，就是味觉，被鼻子嗅出时，就是嗅觉，被身体其他部分感觉到时，就是感觉。

对于意志——即进行特定行为的意愿，形成的原因，他们把其归因于能力，即人类普遍拥有的有时想做一件事，有时又想做另一件事的能力，这就是所说的意图。这就把能力当成了行为的原因，就像一个人把

人们的善行与恶行归因于他们具备行善与作恶的能力。

在很多情况下，他们把自己的无知当成了自然事件的原因，但却用其他词语进行掩盖。就像他们说，运气是偶然事件发生的原因，而偶然事件就是他们不知道发生原因的事件。他们还把许多结果归因于超自然的神秘性质：即他们不知道的性质，因此（如他们所想）其他人也同样不知道。他们还把许多结果归因于同情、反感、相反特性、特殊素养和其他类似词语，它们既不表示产生它们的人，也不表示它们产生所依赖的操作。

如果这种形而上学和物理学不是虚无哲学，那么就不存在任何虚无哲学，圣保罗也不需要警告我们避免它了。

至于他们的道德和世俗哲学，也是一样或更加荒谬。如果一个人做了非正义行为，就是说，与法律相冲突的行为，他们就说上帝是法律产生的最初原因，也是这一行为和其他所有行为的最初原因，但肯定不是非正义行为——即不遵守法律行为的最初原因。这就是虚无哲学。人们同样可以说，一个人既画了一条直线，又画了一条曲线，这是其他人造成的不协调。这就是在知道前提之前，预先得出结论的所有人的哲学。他们假装能够理解不可能理解的事，把尊敬的定语说成本质的定语，因为这一区别是用作保持自由意志教义的，即人的意志不服从上帝的意志。

亚里士多德和其他异教哲学家根据人的欲望定义善恶。只要我们认为他们是根据自己的法则统治所有人，这样就很好。因为如果人们除了自己的欲望之外就没有其他法则，那么就不可能存在善行与恶行的法则。但是在一个国家中，这个衡量标准是错误的，个人的行为不能成为衡量标准，作为衡量标准的应是法律，即国家的意志和欲望。而这一教条并没有得到贯彻实施，人们还是根据自身的激情判断自己的善恶、判断他人和国家行为的善恶。人们完全不考虑公共法律，而是根据自己的

看法称为善或恶。不只是发过誓必须无条件遵守上级的僧侣和助理僧侣，每个臣民都应认为自己受到自然法则的约束而服从世俗主权者。这种关于善的个人衡量标准不仅是虚无的教义，也是对公共国家的危害。

认为婚姻与贞节或节欲存在冲突，因此把它们当成道德罪行的说法也是虚无和虚假哲学。这些人以贞节和节欲为由不许教士结婚。他们坦白，以贞节、节欲和纯洁为名义，要求祭坛侍者和圣礼管理者一直和女人保持距离，而这只是教会的一项制度。他们把夫妻合法同居称为无贞节以及非节欲行为，因此人们将婚姻当成一种罪，至少是一点儿都不纯洁、不干净的东西，所以这些人是不适合作为祭坛侍者的。如果法律是因为夫妻同居是非节欲、有违贞节而制定，那么所有婚姻都是罪恶的。如果对于献身上帝的人来说这是一件十分肮脏的事情，那么做更多自然、必要和日常工作的所有人都不配成为司祭，因为他们更不干净。

制定禁止司祭结婚规定的秘密基础不是轻而易举的事情，它不会依据道德哲学的这种错误，也不会依据相比婚姻生活更愿独自生活而制定此规。后者从圣保罗的智慧而来，他意识到在福音传播者受迫害的时期，他们被迫从一个国家到另一个国家传教，照顾妻儿是多么不方便的一件事。该规定的制定是依据教皇们和后来的司祭们把自己变成牧师，也就是在这个世界上上帝王国唯一继承人的企图，对于上帝王国，有必要让他们远离婚姻，因为我们的救世主说过，他的王国来到之际，上帝的子民们既不能迎娶，也不能出嫁，而应像天上的天使一样，也就是说，成为灵。既然他们已经以灵之名自称，那么（在不需要时）允许自己拥有妻子就是一件不协调、不一致的事情。

他们从亚里士多德的世俗哲学中学到，除了平民国家以外的所有国家（例如当时的雅典）都称为暴政国家。他们称所有国王为暴君，由征服他们的拉塞得孟尼人建立的三十个贵族统治者被称为三十暴君。他们把民主之下人们的状况称为自由。暴君最初所指不过是君王，但在希腊

大部分地区的这种政府被废除之后，暴君一词在原本拥有的意义之外，还有平民国家对其的憎恨。就像在罗马废除国王后，国王一词便为人们所憎恨。因为对所有人来说，用带有鄙视意义的词形容强大敌人的巨大过错是十分自然的事情。当同一些人对民主统治或贵族统治不满时，他们不用寻找一些臭词表达愤怒，而是用现成的词：无政府状态来表达，并把另一个称为寡头统治或少数人的暴政统治。侵犯人民的不是其他，而是他们并不是按照每个人希望的方式被统治，即作为公共代表，不论是一个人还是大会全体认为合适的方式被统治，即受一个专制政府的统治。他们因此骂他们的上级，从不知道（也许在内战之后会知道一点点）如果没有这样的专制政府，这种战争将会永远继续下去，他们认识到，是人和武力使法律具有力量和权力，而不是语言和承诺。

因此亚里士多德的政治学中有另一个错误，即：在秩序井然的国家里，进行统治的不是人，而应是法律。一个具有正常感觉的人，尽管他不能读写，但怎么会看不到他受着自己惧怕、并相信在他不服从时会被伤害或杀害的人们统治呢？谁会相信在语言和文字的背后没有权力之手和权力之剑在操纵呢？这是有毒害的错误之一，因为这些错误诱导人们在不喜欢他们的统治者时，就依附于称统治者为暴君的人，并认为对这些暴君发动战争进行反抗是合法的。而牧师有时却在讲坛上宣扬珍视这些错误。

他们的世俗哲学中还有另一个错误，这一错误既不是从亚里士多德、西塞罗，也不是从其他任何异教徒那里学到的，即尽管人们的语言和行为都符合规范，却通过对他们所持信仰进行检查和质询，把仅是行为规则的法律权威扩展到每个人的思想里和良心上。如此一来，人们不是由于回答了他们的真实思想而受惩罚，就是因为害怕惩罚而不吐真情。的确，当一个世俗管理者想雇用一个传教的官员时，可以询问他是否愿意传此教义，如果他拒绝，就可以不雇用他。但是当他的行为并不为法律所禁止时，强迫他控诉自己的观点是违背自然法则的，特别是喜

欢说教的那些人，如果一个人对基督教信仰的条目具有错误见解，那么这个人应该受到永远、极度的痛苦折磨。如果一个人知道犯这种错误的危险如此之大，他又与生俱来就关心自己，为什么不让自己的灵魂根据自己的判断去尝试，而要根据任何其他不关心自己罪行的人的判断行动呢？

对于一个平民来说，他没有国家的权力，就是说，没有代表国家的人允许他按照自己的精神解释法律，这就是政治学中的另一个错误，但是这个错误既不来自亚里士多德，也不是自其他任何异教徒哲学家而来。因为他们没有一个人否认制定法律的权力中含有在他们认为需要时解释法律的权力。《圣经》中所有有法律的地方都是由国家的权力制定的，因此，《圣经》难道就不是法律的一部分吗？

还有同一种错误，即除主权者外，任何人限制他人拥有国家没有限制的权力。例如，让凡夫俗子向法律给予其自由的人传教是不合适的。如果国家让我传教或讲道，即如果国家没有禁止我，那么就没有人能够禁止我。如果我发现自己身处美洲的偶像崇拜者中，作为一个基督徒，虽然我没有从事司祭一职，我也应认为在收到罗马命令之前传播基督教是一种罪。在我开始传教后，难道我不能解答他们的疑惑并向他们解释《圣经》吗？或者说，难道我不能传教吗？但针对这一点有些人可能会说，如同为他们进行圣礼，必要性必须建立在一个具有足够说服力的任务上，这是正确的。但还有另外一件事也是正确的，对任何事来说，在必要时就宽免，当没有法律禁止它时，就不需要宽免。因此，否定世俗主权者没有否定的职能就是剥夺了合法的自由，这同世俗政府的教义相矛盾。

由经院神学博士们引入的虚无哲学的例子不止这些。其他人如果愿意可以自己去看。我只想补充的是，经院神学的作品大部分是无足轻重的一串串奇怪和粗野之词，要不就是不同于通用拉丁语的词语，这样就

能向西塞罗、法罗和所有古罗马文法家进行炫耀。如果谁想要证明真实与否，可以让他（如我之前所说）看看自己能否将任何经院神学作品翻译成任何现代语言，例如法语和英语，或任何其他丰富的语言。因为如果大部分内容不能让人理解的话，用拉丁语表达也不能让人理解。这种毫无意义的语言，虽然我不能说它是伪哲学，但它具有隐藏真理、让人们认为他们已经得到真理而不坚持深入研究的性质。

最后，从虚假或不确定的历史而来的错误，这是圣人生活中虚构奇迹的传说。罗马教会博士根据幽灵和鬼魂的历史声称他们对地域、炼狱和驱魔的作用，还有在理性和《圣经》中没有依据的作用。他们还把所有那些传统称为未记录的上帝语言，但那些仅仅是愚蠢的传说。尽管这些传统也分散于古代神父的著作中，但那些神父也是人，也可能轻易相信虚假传说，并提出观点说明他们相信的东西是真理，（依据圣约翰的建议）检查灵的人（见《圣约翰书信》第四章第一节）其作用仅仅是对有关罗马教会权力的所有事情（这种滥用不是他们没有产生怀疑就是通过权力获益），因为草率地相信传说而怀疑不信任他们的证据。最真诚的人，如果他没有关于自然原理的大量知识（例如神父们就是这样），他们一般就很容易草率地相信传说。因为从本质上讲，最本分的人最不会怀疑其具有欺骗目的。教皇格雷戈里和圣伯纳德有一些鬼魂幽灵之说，说他们在炼狱中，我国的贝达也有类似之说；但是我相信这些传说只是从其他人那里听说的。但如果他们或其他任何人依据自己的知识讲述任何类似的故事，他们最多也只能确认这些是虚无的传说，却能发现他们的弱点或欺诈。

介绍了虚无哲学，我们还可以讲一下被那些既没有合法权威也没有足够学识来对真理进行判断的人压制的真正哲学。我们的方向表明，所有精通人类科学的人现在都承认有恰好相反的事物。随着时间一天天流逝，其表现得越来越清楚，每一日和年的变化是由于地球运动决定的。然而，人们在他们的著作中只是假定了这一推论，并为支持和反对意见

敞开大门，就受到了教会的惩罚。但这样做的理由是什么呢？是因为这样的观点违背真正的宗教吗？如果这些意见是正确的，就不可能如此。因此，就让有资格的评判员首先对其进行检查吧，或者让那些假装知道相反观点的人去驳斥吧。是因为它们违反既有宗教吗？就让它们在教授这些传教者们的君主的法律，即在世俗法律下沉默吧。因为即使是教授真正哲学的人违反法律时，也可以合法地惩罚他们。是因为它们赞同叛乱或骚乱而使政府陷于混乱吗？就让那些负责公共秩序的人，即世俗权威用他们的权力惩罚这些人，让他们安静吧。因为教会权力会（在他们服从国家的任何地方）用自己的权力谋取权力，虽然他们称之为上帝的权力，但实际上是篡夺。

由这种黑暗而来的利益及其归属

西塞罗怀着崇敬的心情提到一位叫卡西的严厉的罗马法官，因为卡西在处理犯罪案件时有一套惯例，即（当目击人不能提供充分证据时）询问原告，这就是说，被告方因被起诉事件获得了或期望获得什么利益、荣誉或其他满足。因为在推测中，没有什么比获得利益的行为更能清晰地说明当事人的问题。在此，我想以同样规则检查，是什么人用这些与人类和平社会相违背的教义让这一部分基督教国家的人民误信了如此之久。

首先，有一种错误，即：目前地球上的教会激进分子就是上帝王国（即荣耀之国、乐土，而不是恩泽之国，这只是应许之地）与尘世利益相连。第一，教会的牧师和传教者作为上帝公使，有权利管理教会。因此（由于教会和国家是相同人格）他们就成为国家的长官和统治者。既有这一头衔，教皇就说服所有基督教信徒相信违背他的旨意就是违背基督教本身。其他基督教信徒若与他有任何分歧（受到灵权的迷惑）就要放弃服从他们的合法统治者，这事实上就是统治整个基督教世界的君王。因为尽管最初是基督教皇以及罗马帝国允许（他们承认这一点）授

予他们为世俗国家的官员最高祭司长，享有基督教义最高教授者的权利，但在经过分裂和解体后，就不难在已经臣服于他们的人们身上强加上另一个称为圣彼得权利的头衔。这不仅是保护他们号称的所有权力，也要把同样权力拓展到其他基督教省份中去，虽然这些省份已经不联合在罗马帝国中了。这种普遍君主制的利益（考虑到人们对统治的渴望）就是一个充分的推测，号称具有普遍统治权并长期享有它的教皇就是此教义的创造者，他以此获得了统治权，这一教义就是：目前地球上的教会就是基督王国。因为承认了这一点，就必须要承认基督在我们中间有一些助理人员，基督通过他们向我们传达他的指令。

在一些教会否认了教皇的普遍统治权后，人们就有理由推测，在所有这些教会中的世俗主权者们应该收回他们之前不慎从自己手中让出的权力。在英格兰事实就是这样，只不过国王任命管理教区政府的人坚持他们是上帝任命的，既没有篡夺最高统治权，也独立于世俗权力之外。他们似乎是在承认国王可以任意剥夺他们行使职责的情况下，才发起篡夺。

但是在长老会掌权的地方，虽然禁止教授许多其他罗马教会的教义，然而基督王国的教义已经来到，其开始于我们的救世主复活之时的教义仍然被保存着。但是“对谁有利”呢？他们希望从中获得什么利益呢？教皇也希望如此：对人民拥有统治权。但是人们除了把他们的合法君主开除出教会，进而让他在自己的王国远离所有公共祭神职位，并且在他用暴力试图重获职位时能用暴力阻止他之外，还为了什么呢？在不顾世俗统治者的权力，将任何一个人开除出教会，剥夺他的合法自由、篡夺一种统治他们兄弟的非法权力之外，还为了什么呢？因此，宗教黑暗的创造者就是罗马教会和长老会教士。

在此之下，我也要提及帮助他们在获得灵的统治权之后，保持灵的统治权的教义。第一种说法是：“教皇在他的公职上不会犯错。”因为相

信这一点的人，谁不会时刻听候他的命令呢？

第二种说法是，不管在什么国家，所有其他大主教的权力既不是从上帝那里直接获得的，也不是从他们的世俗统治者那里间接获得的，而是从教皇那里得来的。基于这种教义，每个基督教国家里都有很多有权势的人（主教就是这类人），他们依赖于教皇，服从教皇，虽然他是一个外国君主。通过这种方式，他就有能力（就像他多次所做的那样）针对不根据他的喜好和利益进行统治的国家发起内战。

第三种说法是，其他所有司祭、修道士和辅助修士都可以从民法权力中得到豁免。因为通过这种方式，每个国家的大部分人都能享受到法律的益处，并且受到世俗国家权力的保护，却不用支付任何公共开支，也不会像其他臣民一样因为犯罪而受到惩罚。因此，他们除了教皇之外谁都不怕，并且他们只依附于教皇，支持他的普遍君权。

第四种说法是，给予司祭们（在《新约》中就是长老的意思）司祭的称谓，上帝是他们的国王时，在犹太人中，这一称谓就是世俗统治者和公共牧师的头衔。此外，将主的晚餐作为祭祀，让人们相信教皇对所有基督徒都有摩西和艾伦对犹太人拥有的权力，这就是说，大司祭当时拥有世俗和神的一切权力。

第五种说法是，婚姻是一件圣事，给予了神职人员判断婚姻合法性的职责，继而认定哪些后代是合法的，再进一步认定谁具有王国的继承权。

第六种说法是，拒绝承认司祭的婚姻可以保证教皇对国王的权力。因为，如果一个国王是司祭的话，他就不能结婚，不能将其王国传给他的后代。如果一个国王不是司祭，那么教皇就会对国王和他的臣民行使神权。

第七种说法是，从秘密忏悔中他们可以获得比关于教会图谋情报更有价值的，关于国王和世俗国家大人物密谋的情报，并以此保证他们的权力。

第八种说法是，通过将圣人经典化并宣布谁是殉道者来保证他们的权力。如果教皇通过驱逐出教会来宣布他们是异教徒或教会的敌人，即（根据他们的解释）教皇的敌人，他们就可以引诱头脑简单的人们用生命同世俗统治者进行顽强抵抗。

第九种说法是，通过给予每个司祭传播基督教义、聆听忏悔和宽恕及封存罪来保证自己的权力。

第十种说法是，通过炼狱教义、借口外部工作以及放纵，神职人员变得更加富裕。

第十一种说法是，通过鬼神学和驱邪术以及其他相关东西，他们让（或者他们自以为让）人民对他们的权力更加畏惧。

最后一种说法是，大学（全部是由教皇权力建立和管理）里教授的亚里士多德的形而上学、伦理学和政治学，草率的区分、粗俗的术语和经院学者的晦涩语言，使他们的错误不被发现，并让人们把虚无哲学的鬼火误当作福音的光芒。

如果以上这些还不充分，我还可以补充他们的其他黑暗学说，其好处在于对建立凌驾于基督教人们合法统治之上的非法权力有助益，或者对建立起的权力的维持有益，或者对维持这种权力的人的世俗财富、荣誉和权威有益。因此根据之前所说的“对谁有利”的规则，我们可以公正地宣布，教皇、罗马神职人员和其他所有试图在人们心中建立这种错误学说，即：当前世界上的教会就是《旧约》和《新约》中他提到的上帝王国，这些人就是所有灵的黑暗。

但是在皇帝以及其他基督主权者的政府之下，这些错误和教会职责的侵犯，先是悄悄混进并扰乱了他们的财产和臣民的安宁。虽然他们因为缺少对后果的预见、对传道士阴谋的洞悉而受到同样的损害，但也可以认为是他们使自己和大众受到了损失。因为没有他们的允许，最初煽动之说就不可能公开传播。我说他们在开始时就可以阻止这些言论的传播。但是人们的心一旦被那些宗教人士占据，任何人都没有办法进行补救。上帝在对人类反对真理的所有阴谋进行及时摧毁上从未失败，我们只需等待上帝在愿意时提供补救办法。上帝很多时候都容忍敌人和他们的野心膨胀到一定高度，让产生的这种暴力打开前辈因为戒心封住的眼睛，并让人们因贪求太多而一无所获，就像彼得渔网中的鱼太多，一阵挣扎后弄破了渔网。然而那些没有耐心的人，在他们臣民的眼睛打开之前就力争抵抗这种侵占，却增加了他们所要抵抗的力量。因此我不责备腓特烈大帝为我国哈德良教皇执掌马鞭，因为当时他的臣民的意向安排就是如此，如果他没有那么做，他就不可能继承帝国。但是我要谴责的那些人的权力在开始是完整的，由于在属于他们领域的大学内伪造出这些学说，当继位教皇们登上所有基督教主权者的王座，任意践踏他们和他们的人民时，他们就不得不为这些人执掌马鞭。

人们内心捏造的东西是如何编织而成的，也可以以同样方式解开，其方法是相同的，只不过顺序就颠倒了。这个网最初由权力的要素构成：智慧、谦恭、真诚和使徒的其他美德。人们皈依、服从使徒是出于尊敬而不是义务。他们的良知是自由的，他们的语言、行动只臣服于民权。后来长老们（随着基督教徒的增加）聚集在一起考虑他们应该教授什么，并遵守不教授任何与他们会议规定相悖内容的原则，让人们因此认为有义务遵守他们的教义。如果当他们拒绝，就拒绝与他们为伍（当时这被称为开除教籍）。这不是因为把他们当作不信仰宗教的人，而是因为把他们当作不遵守的人而拒绝与他们为伍。这是在他们的自由之上打的第一个结。长老越来越多，主要城市或主要区域的长老们就拥有了掌管较小区域长老的权力，并恰如其分地给自己加上主教的称谓，这是

在基督徒的自由之上打的第二个结。最后，罗马的主教因为皇城的关系，就自然而然拥有了掌管整个帝国其他所有主教的权力（这一部分是皇帝自身的意志，一部分是最高司祭长的称谓，最后当皇帝变弱时，就通过圣彼得的特权获得）。这就是第三个，也是最后一个结，也是教皇权力的全部综合和结构。

因此要通过同样方式来分析或解决，但是要从最后打的结着手，就像我们看到的英格兰高于政治的教会政府的解体一样。首先，伊丽莎白女王解除了教皇的权力。之前主教依据教皇的权力行使职权，而现在则要依据女王及其继承者的权力行使职权。他们仅仅是通过保留“按照天律”的说法，才被认为是直接接受上帝权力的命令。这样第一个结就打开了。之后，英格兰的长老们最近推翻了主教制度。这样就打开了第二个结。几乎与此同时，长老们的权力也被解除了。因此我们又回到了独立原始基督教徒的身份，去自由追随他们最喜欢的任何人，如保罗、矶法、阿波罗。如果这样没有竞争，不根据我们对牧师感情来衡量基督教义（使徒曾经在《哥林多后书》中斥责过这种错误）也许是最好的。第一，除了福音，不应有任何权力凌驾于人类良知之上，使道德信仰作用在每个人身上的并不永远根据种植浇灌它的人的目的，而是根据让它生长的上帝的目的。第二，有人教授说每个小错误中都蕴藏着大危险，就要求拥有理性的人接受其他任何人的理由或人群中的多数声音，这对他们来说是不合理的，这比他拿在十字架上的救赎来冒险好不了多少。而传教士们也不应因为失去了古时的权力而不高兴；因为谁都没有他们清楚，权力要靠获得权力的美德保持，即通过：智慧、谦恭、明晰教义和对话时的真诚来保持权力。依靠压制自然科学和自然理性的道德是不能使权力得到保持的。通过模糊的语言、妄称自己学富五车也不能保持权力；通过装神弄鬼的欺诈也不能保持权力。也不能用其他错误，比如对教会牧师而言不仅是错误，更是丑闻，当人们镇压他们的权力后迟早会摔跤的错误来保持权力。

但是在世界接受了现今激进的教会也就是《圣经》新约和旧约中所说的上帝王国的说法后，获得属于这些方面职位的渴望，尤其是基督助理人员这一伟大职位和获得了主要公共职位的人的渴望逐渐变得那么明显以至于失去了牧师职责拥有的内心尊敬。因为世俗国家中，那些拥有所有权力的人中最聪明的人，只需要获得君主的同意就可以不再进一步服从君主。自从罗马主教不得不承认自称是圣彼得继承人为最高主教之后，他们整个集团，或称之为黑暗王国，就可以被不恰当地同精灵王国作比较；也就是同英格兰老妇们所说的关于魔鬼和精灵在夜间闹鬼的传说作比较。如果一个人要探究这个伟大教会国家的起源，那么他很容易就能感觉到，教皇职位不过是死去的罗马帝国的鬼魂戴着皇冠坐在坟墓上而已。因为教皇职位也是突然从异教权的废墟上出现的。

他们在教会和公共法令中使用的拉丁语，目前在世界上任何国家都不是常用语言，这不是古罗马语言的鬼魂又是什么呢？

无论哪个国家的精灵，都只有一个普遍国王，我们的一些诗人称之为奥伯伦王，但是《圣经》中称为别西卜——恶魔之王。同样，无论教士在谁的领土内，只承认一个普遍国王，即教皇。

教士们是精神上的人，是鬼的神父。精灵和魔鬼居住在黑暗、偏僻的地方或墓地中。而教士们行走于晦涩的教义、修道院、教会和庭院中。

教士们有他们自己的大教堂，无论它们建立在哪个城镇中，通过圣水之德以及称为驱魔的某种魔力，就有力量将这些城镇变为城市，也就是帝国都城。精灵们也有它们拥有魔法的城堡，一些巨大的魔鬼主宰着城堡周围地区。

精灵们不会被抓起来讯问它们造成的伤害。因此教士们也从民事法庭上消失了。

教士们运用结合有形而上学、奇异之事、传说和滥改过的《圣经》的一些魔力带走了年轻人对理智的运用，教士们这么做并不为其他，只是让年轻人按照他们的命令行事。同样，据说精灵们将小孩儿从摇篮中带走，把他们变成天然傻瓜，因此一般人称他们为小“妖精”，经常搞恶作剧。

精灵在什么魔法店或操作室中施展魔法，老妇人们也不确定。但是教士的操作室则非常有名，就是人们从教皇权威那里接受他们教义的大学。

当精灵对任何人感到不满时，据说他们会派小“妖精”给他们点儿教训。当教士们对世俗国家感到不满时，也会派他们的小“妖精”，即迷信和受迷惑的臣民，通过宣传蛊惑言论给他们的君主一点儿教训，或让一个被承诺迷惑的君主去教训另一个君主。

精灵不会结婚，但是它们中间存在梦淫妖和有血有肉的凡人交配。教士也不结婚。

教士们通过对他们无比崇敬的无知之人的捐赠和什一税搜刮土地。在关于精灵的传说中，它们也进入牛奶厂，从牛奶中吸取奶油，饱餐一顿。

精灵王国使用何种钱币，精灵的传说故事中并没有记载。然而尽管教士们付钱时，是通过宣圣、赦免和弥撒的方式进行的，但他们在收钱时使用的却是和我们一样的钱币。

对于这一点以及存在于教皇和精灵王国之间的相似点，还可以进行补充，即：由于精灵不存在，而老妇人或老诗人的神话仅存在于无知之人的印象中，因此教皇的神权（在他自身世俗领土范围之外）仅存在于听到虚假传奇、虚假传说和对《圣经》的错误解释后，害怕被开除教籍

的被迷惑的人心中。

因此，对亨利八世和伊丽莎白女王来说，分别用他们的符咒把他们赶走就不是一件非常困难的事了。但是谁又知道罗马之灵现在已经出去，在中国、日本、印度等干旱贫瘠的土地上传教，没有回来的可能，甚至带来大量比他还坏的灵，进入并居住在打扫干净的房子里，使得结果比最初更糟呢？因为现在不仅仅只有罗马教士假称上帝王国存在于世，并以此从中获得一种不同于世俗国家权力的另一种权力。关于政治学学说，以上就是我想讲的所有内容。在我审阅修改之后，会在本国公开，接受批评改正。

[1]马库斯·布鲁图斯（Marcus Brutus，前85—前42）：晚期罗马共和国元老院议员，刺客组织成员，策划了对尤利乌斯·恺撒的刺杀。——译者注。本书其余注释除特殊标明外，均为译者所加。

[2]腓立比（Philippi）：共和派与恺撒党的决战战役发生地点，位于马其顿。

[3]此处的“第一章”“第二章”分别指代《利维坦》一书的第一章和第二章，本书后续提到章节序号均对应《利维坦》一书相关章节，特在此说明。——编者注

[4]此处指的是《利维坦》第十四、十五章，本书未收录。

[5]此处指《利维坦》第十四章，本书未收录。

[6]此处指的是《利维坦》第十八章，本书未收录。

Thomas Hobbes

Of Man

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The Introduction

Nature （the Art whereby God hath made and governes the World） is by the *Art* of man，as in many other things，so in this also imitated，that it can make an Artificial Animal．For seeing life is but a motion of Limbs，the begining whereof is in some principall part within；why may we not say，that all *Automata* （Engines that move themselves by springs and wheeles as doth a watch） have an artificiall life？For what is the *Heart*，but a *Spring*；and the *Nerves*，but so many *Strings*；and the *Joynts*，but so many *Wheeles*，giving motion to the whole Body，such as was intended by the Artificer？*Art* goes yet further，imitating that Rationall and most excellent worke of Nature，*Man*．For by Art is created that great Leviathan called a Common-wealth，or State，（in latine Civitas） which is but an Artificiall Man；though of greater stature and strength than the Naturall，for whose protection and defence it was intended；and in which，the *Soveraignty* is an Artificiall Soul，as giving life and motion to the whole body；The *Magistrates*，and other *Officers* of Judicature and Execution，artificiall *Joynts*；*Reward* and *Punishment* （by which fastned to the seate of the Soveraignty，every joynt and member is moved to performe his duty） are the *Nerves*，that do the same in the Body Naturall；The *Wealth* and *Riches* of all the particular members，are the *Strength*；*Salus Populi* （the *peoples safety*） its *Businesse*；*Counsellors*，by whom all things needfull for it to know，are suggested unto it，are the *Memory*；*Equity* and *Lawes*，an artificiall *Reason* and *Will*；*Concord*，*Health*；*Sedition*，*Sickness*；and *Civill war*，*Death*．Lastly，the *Pacts* and *Covenants*，by which the parts

of this Body Politique were at first made，set together，and united，resemble that *Fiat*，or the *Let us make man*，pronounced by God in the Creation.

To describe the Nature of this Artificiall man，I will consider

First，the *Matter* thereof，and the *Artificer*；both which is *Man*.

Secondly，*How*，and by what *Covenants* it is made；what are the *Rights* and *just Power* or *Authority* of a *Soveraigne*；and what it is that *preserveth* and *dissolveth* it.

Tirdly，what is a *Christian Common-wealth*.

Lastly，what is the *Kingdome of Darkness*.

Concerning the first，there is a saying much usurped of late，That *Wisedome* is acquired，not by reading of *Books*，but of *Men*. Consequently whereunto，those persons，that for the most part can give no other proof of being wise，take great delight to shew what they think they have read in men，by uncharitable censures of one another behind their backs. But there is another saying not of late understood，by which they might learn truly to read one another，if they would take the pains；and that is，*Nosce teipsum*，*Read thy self*：which was not meant，as it is now used，to countenance，either the barbarous state of men in power，towards their inferiors；or to encourage men of low degree，to a sawcie behaviour towards their betters；But to teach us，that for the similitude of the

thoughts，and Passions of one man，to the thoughts，and Passions of another，whosoever looketh into himself，and considereth what he doth，when he does *think*，*opine*，*reason*，*hope*，*feare*，＆c，and upon what grounds；he shall thereby read and know，what are the thoughts，and Passions of all other men，upon the like occasions. I say the similitude of *Passions*，which are the same in all men，*desire*，*feare*，*hope*，＆c；not the similitude of *the objects* of the Passions，which are the things *desired*，*feared*，*hoped*，＆c：for these the constitution individuall，and particular education do so vary，and they are so easie to be kept from our knowledge，that the characters of mans heart，blotted and confounded as they are，with dissembling，lying，counterfeiting，and erroneous doctrines，are legible onely to him that searcheth hearts. And though by mens actions wee do discover their designe sometimes；yet to do it without comparing them with our own，and distinguishing all circumstances，by which the case may come to be altered，is to decypher without a key，and be for the most part deceived，by too much trust，or by too much diffidence；as he that reads，is himself a good or evil man.

Concerning the first，there is a saying much usurped of late，That *Wisedome* is acquired，not by reading of *Books*，but of *Men*. Consequently whereunto，those persons，that for the most part can give no other proof of being wise，take great delight to shew what they think they have read in men，by uncharitable censures of one another behind their backs. But there is another saying not of late understood，by which they might learn truly to read one another，if they would take the pains；and that is，*Nosce teipsum*，*Read thy self*：which was not meant，as it is now used，to countenance，either the barbarous state of men in power，towards their

inferiors; or to encourage men of low degree, to a sawcie behaviour towards their betters; But to teach us, that for the similitude of the thoughts, and Passions of one man, to the thoughts, and Passions of another, whosoever looketh into himself, and considereth what he doth, when he does *think*, *opine*, *reason*, *hope*, *feare*, &c, and upon what grounds; he shall thereby read and know, what are the thoughts, and Passions of all other men, upon the like occasions. I say the similitude of *Passions*, which are the same in all men, *desire*, *feare*, *hope*, &c; not the similitude of *the objects* of the Passions, which are the things *desired*, *feared*, *hoped*, &c: for these the constitution individuall, and particular education do so vary, and they are so easie to be kept from our knowledge, that the characters of mans heart, blotted and confounded as they are, with dissembling, lying, counterfeiting, and erroneous doctrines, are legible onely to him that searcheth hearts. And though by mens actions wee do discover their designe sometimes; yet to do it without comparing them with our own, and distinguishing all circumstances, by which the case may come to be altered, is to decypher without a key, and be for the most part deceived, by too much trust, or by too much diffidence; as he that reads, is himself a good or evil man.

But let one man read another by his actions never so perfectly, it serves him onely with his acquaintance, which are but few. He that is to govern a whole Nation, must read in himself, not this, or that particular man; but Man-kind: which though it be hard to do, harder than to learn any Language, or Science; yet, when I shall have set down my own reading orderly, and perspicuously, the pains left another, will be onely to consider, if he also find not the same in himself. For this kind of

Doctrine， admitteth no other Demonstration．

Of Man

Of Sense

Concerning the Toughts of man，I will consider them first *Singly*，and afterwards in *Trayne*，or dependance upon one another．*Singly*，they are every one a *Representation* or *Apparence*，of some quality，or other Accident of a body without us；which is commonly called an *Object*．Which Object worketh on the Eyes，Eares，and other parts of mans body；and by diversity of working，produceth diversity of Apparences．

Te Originall of them all，is that which we call Sense；（For there is no conception in a mans mind，which hath not at first，totally，or by parts，been begotten upon the organs of Sense．） The rest are derived from that originall．

To know the naturall cause of Sense，is not very necessary to the business now in hand；and I have elsewhere written of the same at large．Nevertheless，to fill each part of my present method，I will briefly deliver the same in this place．

Te cause of Sense，is the Externall Body，or Object，which presseth the organ proper to each Sense，either immediatly，as in the Tast and Touch；or mediately，as in Seeing，Hearing，and Smelling：which pressure，by the mediation of Nerves，and other strings，and membranes of the body，continued inwards to the Brain，and Heart，causeth there a resistance，or counter-pressure，or endeavour of the heart，to deliver it

self：which endeavour because *Outward*，seemeth to be some matter without．And this *seeming*，or *fancy*，is that which men call *Sense*；and consisteth，as to the Eye，in a *Light*，or Colour *figured*；To the Eare，in a *Sound*；To the Nostrill，in an *Odour*；To the Tongue and Palat，in a *Savour*；And to the rest of the body，in *Heat*，*Cold*，*Hardnesse*，*Softnesse*，and such other qualities，as we discern by *Feeling*．All which qualities called *Sensible*，are in the object that causeth them，but so many several motions of the matter，by which it presseth our organs diversly．Neither in us that are pressed，are they anything else，but divers motions；（for motion，produceth nothing but motion.） But their apparence to us is Fancy，the same waking，that dreaming．And as pressing，rubbing，or striking the Eye，makes us fancy a light；and pressing the Eare，produceth a dinne；so do the bodies also wee see，or hear，produce the same by their strong，though unobserved action．For if those Colours，and Sounds，were in the Bodies，or Objects that cause them，they could not bee severed from them，as by glasses，and in Ecchoes by reflection，wee see they are；where we know the thing we see，is in one place；the apparence，in another．And though at some certain distance，the reall，and very object seem invested with the fancy it begets in us；Yet still the object is one thing，the image or fancy is another．So that Sense in all cases，is nothing els but originall fancy，caused （as I have said） by the pressure，that is，by the motion，of externall things upon our Eyes，Eares，and other organs thereunto ordained．

But the Philosophy-schooles，through all the Universities of Christendome，grounded upon certain Texts of *Aristotle*，teach another doctrine；and say，For the cause of *Vision*，that the thing seen，sendeth

forth on every side a *visible species*（in English） a *visible shew*， *apparition*，or *aspect*，or *a being seen*；the receiving whereof into the Eye，is *Seeing*．And for the cause of *Hearing*，that the thing heard， sendeth forth an *Audible species*，that is，an *Audible aspect*，or *Audible being seen*；which entring at the Eare，maketh *Hearing*．Nay for the cause of *Understanding* also，they say the thing Understood sendeth forth *intelligible species*，that is，an *intelligible being seen*；which comming into the Understanding，makes us Understand．I say not this，as disapproving the use of Universities：but because I am to speak hereafter of their office in a Commonwealth，I must let you see on all occasions by the way，what things would be amended in them；amongst which the frequency of insignificant Speech is one．

Of Imagination

That when a thing lies still，unlesse somewhat els stirre it，it will lye still for ever，is a truth that no man doubts of．But that when a thing is in motion，it will eternally be in motion，unless somewhat els stay it，though the reason be the same，（namely，that nothing can change it selfe，）is not so easily assented to．For men measure，not onely other men，but all other things，by themselves：and because they find themselves subject after motion to pain，and lassitude，think every thing els growes weary of motion，and seeks repose of its own accord；little considering，whether it be not some other motion，wherein that desire of rest they find in themselves，consisteth．From hence it is，that the Schooles say，Heavy bodies fall downwards，out of an appetite to rest，and to conserve their nature in that place which is most proper for them；ascribing appetite，and

Knowledge of what is good for their conservation, （which is more than man has） to things inanimate absurdly.

When a Body is once in motion, it moveth （unless something els hinder it） eternally; and whatsoever hindreth it, cannot in an instant, but in time, and by degrees quite extinguish it: And as wee see in the water, though the wind cease, the waves give not over rowling for a long time afer; so also it happeneth in that motion, which is made in the internall parts of a man, then, when he Sees, Dreams, &c. For after the object is removed, or the eye shut, wee still retain an image of the thing seen, though more obscure than when we see it. And this is it, the Latines call *Imagination*, from the image made in seeing; and apply the same, though improperly, to all the other senses. But the Greeks call it *Fancy*; which signifies *apparence*, and is as proper to one sense, as to another. Imagination therefore is nothing but *decaying sense*; and is found in men, and many other living Creatures, as well sleeping, as waking.

Te decay of Sense in men waking, is not the decay of the motion made in sense; but an obscuring of it, in such manner, as the light of the Sun obscureth the light of the Starres; which starts do no less exercise their vertue by which they are visible, in the day, than in the night. But because amongst many stroaks, which our eyes, eares, and other organs receive from externall bodies, the predominant onely is sensible; therefore the light of the Sun being predominant, we are not afected with the action of the starrs. And any object being removed from our eyes, though the impression it made in us remain; yet other objects more present succeeding, and working on us, the Imagination of the past is obscured, and made weak;

as the royce of a man is in the noyse of the day．From whence it followeth，that the longer the time is，after the sight，or Sense of any object，the weaker is the Imagination．For the continuall change of mans body，destroyes in time the parts which in sense were moved：So that distance of time，and of place，hath one and the same efect in us．For as at a distance of place，that which wee look at，appears dimme，and without distinction of the smaller parts；and as Voyces grow weak，and inarticulate：so also after great distance of time，our imagination of the Past is weak；and wee lose（for example）of Cities wee have seen，many particular Streets；and of Actions，many particular Circumstances．This *decaying sense*，when wee would express the thing it self，（I mean *fancy* it selfe，）wee call *Imagination*，as I said before：But when we would express the *decay*，and signifie that the Sense is fading，old，and past，it is called *Memory*．So that *Imagination* and *Memory*，are but one thing，which for divers considerations hath divers names．

Much memory，or memory of many things，is called *Experience*．Againe，Imagination being only of those things which have been formerly perceived by Sense，either all at once，or by parts at severall times；The former，（which is the imagining the whole object，as it was presented to the sense）is *simple Imagination*；as when one imagineth a man，or horse，which he hath seen before．The other is *Compounded*；as when from the sight of a man at one time，and of a horse at another，we conceive in our mind a Centaure．So when a man compoundeth the image of his own person，with the image of the actions of an other man；as when a man imagins himselfe a *Hercules*，or an *Alexander*，（which happeneth often to them that are much taken with reading of Romants）it is a compound

imagination，and properly but a Fiction of the mind．Tere be also other Imaginations that rise in men，（though waking） from the great impression made in sense：As from gazing upon the Sun，the impression leaves an image of the Sun before our eyes a long time afer；and from being long and vehemently attent upon Geometricall Figures，a man shall in the dark，（though awake） have the Images of Lines，and Angles before his eyes：which kind of Fancy hath no particular name；as being a thing that doth not commonly fall into mens discourse．

The imaginations of them that sleep，are those we call *Dreams*．And these also （as all other Imaginations） have been before，either totally，or by parcells in the Sense．And because in sense，the Brain，and Nerves，which are the necessary Organs of sense，are so benummed in sleep，as not easily to be moved by the action of Externall Objects，there can happen in sleep，no Imagination；and therefore no Dreame，but what proceeds from the agitation of the inward parts of mans body；which inward parts，for the connexion they have with the Brayn，and other Organs，when they be distempered，do keep the same in motion；whereby the Imaginations there formerly made，appeare as if a man were waking；saving that the Organs of Sense being now benummed，so as there is no new object，which can master and obscure them with a more vigorous impression，a Dreame must needs be more cleare，in this silence of sense，than are our waking thoughts．And hence it cometh to passe，that it is a hard matter，and by many thought impossible to distinguish exactly between Sense and Dreaming．For my part，when I consider，that in Dreames，I do not ofen，nor constantly think of the same Persons，Places，Objects，and Actions that I do waking；nor remember so long a trayne of coherent

thoughts，Dreaming，as at other times；And because waking I often observe the absurdity of Dreames，but never dream of the absurdities of my waking Toughts；I am well satisfied，that being awake，I know I dreame not；though when I dreame，I think my selfe awake．

And seeing dreames are caused by the distemper of some of the inward parts of the Body；divers distempers must needs cause different Dreams． And hence it is，that lying cold breedeth Dreams of Feare，and raiseth the thought and Image of some fearfull object （the motion from the brain to the inner parts，and from the inner parts to the Brain being reciprocall：） And that as Anger causeth heat in some parts of the Body，when we are awake； so when we sleep，the over heating of the same parts causeth Anger，and raiseth up in the brain the Imagination of an Enemy．In the same manner； as naturall kindness，when we are awake causeth desire；and desire makes heat in certain other parts of the body；so also，too much heat in those parts，while wee sleep，raiseth in the brain an imagination of some kindness shewn．In summe，our Dreams are the reverse of our waking Imaginations；Te motion when we are awake，beginning at one end；and when we Dream，at another．

Te most difficult discerning of a mans Dream，from his waking thoughts，is then，when by some accident we observe not that we have slept：which is easie to happen to a man full of fearfull thoughts；and whose conscience is much troubled；and that sleepeth，without the circumstances，of going to bed，or putting off his clothes，as one that noddeth in a chayre．For he that taketh pains，and industriously layes himself to sleep，in case any uncouth and exorbitant fancy come unto him，

cannot easily think it other than a Dream. We read of *Marcus Brutus*, (one that had his life given him by *Julius* Cæsar, and was also his favorite, and notwithstanding murthered him,) how at *Philippi*, the night before he gave battell to *Augustus* Cæsar, hee saw a fearfull apparition, which is commonly related by Historians as a Vision: but considering the circumstances, one may easily judge to have been but a short Dream. For sitting in his tent, pensive and troubled with the horrour of his rash act, it was not hard for him, slumbering in the cold, to dream of that which most affrighted him; which feare, as by degrees it made him wake; so also it must needs make the Apparition by degrees to vanish: And having no assurance that he slept, he could have no cause to think it a Dream, or any thing but a Vision. And this is no very rare Accident: for even they that be perfectly awake, if they be timorous, and supperstitious, possessed with fearfull tales, and alone in the dark, are subject to the like fancies, and believe they see spirits and dead mens Ghosts walking in Churchyards; whereas it is either their Fancy onely, or els the knavery of such persons, as make use of such superstitious feare, to passe disguised in the night, to places they would not be known to haunt.

From this ignorance of how to distinguish Dreams, and other strong Fancies, from Vision and Sense, did arise the greatest part of the Religion of the Gentiles in time past, that worshipped Satyres, Fawnes, Nymphs, and the like; and now adayes the opinion that rude people have of Fayries, Ghosts, and Goblins; and of the power of Witches. For as for Witches, I think not that their witchcraft is any reall power; but yet that they are justly punished, for the false beliefe they have, that they can do such mischiefe, joyned with their purpose to do it if they can: their trade being neerer to a

new Religion，than to a Craft or Science．And for Fayries，and walking Ghosts，the opinion of them has I think been on purpose，either taught，or not confuted，to keep in credit the use of Exorcisme，of Crosses，of holy Water，and other such inventions of Ghostly men．Neverthelesse，there is no doubt，but God can make unnaturall Apparitions：But that he does it so ofen，as men need to feare such things，more than they feare the stay，or change，of the course of Nature，which he also can stay，and change，is no point of Christian faith．But evill men under pretext that God can do any thing，are so bold as to say any thing when it serves their turn，though they think it untrue；It is the part of a wise man，to believe them no further，than right reason makes that which they say，appear credible．If this superstitious fear of Spirits were taken away，and with it，Prognostiques from Dreams，false Prophecies，and many other things depending thereon，by which，crafy ambitious persons abuse the simple people，men would be much more fitted than they are for civill Obedience．

And this ought to be the work of the Schooles：but they rather nourish such doctrine．For（not knowing what Imagination，or the Senses are），what they receive，they teach：some saying，that Imaginations rise of themselves，and have no cause：Others that they rise most commonly from the Will；and that Good thoughts are blown （inspired） into a man，by God；and Evill thoughts by the Divell：or that Good thoughts are powred （infused） into a man，by God，and Evill ones by the Divell．Some say the Senses receive the Species of things，and deliver them to the Common-sense；and the Common Sense delivers them over to the Fancy，and the Fancy to the Memory，and the Memory to the Judgement，like handing of things from one to another，with many words making nothing understood．

Te Imagination that is raysed in man （or any other creature indued with the faculty of imagining） by words，or other voluntary signes，is that we generally call *Understanding*；and is common to Man and Beast．For a dogge by custome will understand the call，or the rating of his Master；and so will many other Beasts．That Understanding which is peculiar to man，is the Understanding not onely his will；but his conceptions and thoughts，by the sequell and contexture of the names of things into Affirmations，Negations，and other formes of Speech：And of this kinde of Understanding I shall speak hereafer．

Of the Consequence or* Trayne *of Imaginations

By *Consequence*，or Trayne of Thoughts，I understand that succession of one Thought to another，which is called （to distinguish it from Discourse in words） *Mentall Discourse*．

When a man thinketh on any thing whatsoever，His next Thought after，is not altogether so casuall as it seems to be．Not every Thought to every Thought succeeds indifferently．But as wee have no Imagination，whereof we have not formerly had Sense，in whole，or in parts；so we have no Transition from one Imagination to another，whereof we never had the like before in our Senses．The reason whereof is this．All Fancies are Motions within us，reliques of those made in the Sense：And those motions that immediately succeeded one another in the sense，continue also together after Sense：In so much as the former comming again to take place，and be prædominant，the later followeth，by coherence of the matter moved，in such manner，as water upon a plain Table is drawn which way any one part of it is guided by the finger．But because in sense，to one and the same

thing perceived，sometimes one thing，sometimes another succeedeth，it comes to passe in time，that in the Imagining of any thing，there is no certainty what we shall Imagine next；Onely this is certain，it shall be something that succeeded the same before，at one time or another．

This Trayne of Toughts，or Mentall Discourse，is of two sorts．The first is *Unguided*，*without Desigue*，and inconstant；Wherein there is no Passionate Thought，to govern and direct those that follow，to it self，as the end and scope of some desire，or other passion：In which case the thoughts are said to wander，and seem impertinent one to another，as in a Dream．Such are Commonly the thoughts of men，that are not onely without company，but also without care of any thing；though even then their Toughts are as busie as at other times，but without harmony；as the sound which a Lute out of tune would yeeld to any man；or in tune，to one that could not play．And yet in this wild ranging of the mind，a man may oft-times perceive the way of it，and the dependance of one thought upon another．For in a Discourse of our present civill warre，what could seem more impertinent，than to ask（as one did）what was the value of a Roman Penny？Yet the Cohærence to me was manifest enough．For the Thought of the warre，introduced the Thought of the delivering up the King to his Enemies；The Thought of that，brought in the Thought of the delivering up of Christ；and that again the Thought of the 30 pence，which was the price of that treason：and thence easily followed that malicious question；and all this in a moment of time；for Thought is quick．

The second is more constant；as being *regulated* by some desire，and designe．For the impression made by such things as wee desire，or feare，

is strong，and permanent，or，（if it cease for a time，）of quick return：so strong it is sometimes，as to hinder and break our sleep．From Desire，ariseth the Thought of some means we have seen produce the like of that which we ayme at；and from the thought of that，the thought of means to that mean；and so continually，till we come to some beginning within our own power．And because the End，by the greatnesse of the impression，comes often to mind，in case our thoughts begin to wander，they are quickly again reduced into the way：which observed by one of the seven wise men，made him give men this præcept，which is now worne out，*Respice finem*；that is to say，in all your actions，look often upon what you would have，as the thing that directs all your thoughts in the way to attain it．

The Trayn of regulated Thoughts is of two kinds；One，when of an effect imagined，wee seek the causes，or means that produce it：and this is common to Man and Beast．The other is，when imagining any thing whatsoever，wee seek all the possible effects，that can by it be produced；that is to say，we imagine what we can do with it，when wee have it．Of which I have not at any time seen any signe，but in man onely；for this is a curiosity hardly incident to the nature of any living creature that has no other Passion but sensuall，such as are hunger，thirst，lust，and anger．In summe，the Discourse of the Mind，when it is governed by designe，is nothing but *Seeking*，or the faculty of Invention，which the Latines call *Sagacitas*，and *Solertia*；a hunting out of the causes，of some efect，present or past；or of the effects，of some present or past cause．Sometimes a man seeks what he hath lost；and from that place，and time，wherein hee misses it，his mind runs back，from place to place，and time

to time，to find where，and when he had it；that is to say，to find some certain，and limited time and place，in which to begin a method of seeking．Again，from thence，his thoughts run over the same places and times，to find what action，or other occasion might make him lose it．This we call *Remembrance*，or Calling to mind：the Latines call it *Reminiscentia*，as it were a *Re-conning* of our former actions．

Sometimes a man knows a place determinate，within the compasse whereof he is to seek；and then his thoughts run over all the parts thereof，in the same manner，as one would sweep a room，to find a jewell；or as a Spaniel ranges the field，till he find a sent；or as a man should run over the Alphabet，to start a rime．

Sometime a man desires to know the event of an action；and then he thinketh of some like action past，and the events thereof one after another；supposing like events will follow like actions．As he that foresees what wil become of a Criminal，re-cons what he has seen follow on the like Crime before；having this order of thoughts，The Crime，the Officer，the Prison，the Judge，and the Gallowes．Which kind of thoughts，is called *Foresight*，and *Prudence*，or *Providence*；and sometimes *Wisdome*；though such conjecture，through the difficulty of observing all circumstances，be very fallacious．But this is certain；by how much one man has more experience of things past，than another；by so much also he is more Prudent，and his expectations the seldomer faile him．Te *Present* onely has a being in Nature；things *Past* have a being in the Memory onely，but things to *come* have no being at all；the *Future* being but a fiction of the mind，applying the sequels of actions Past，to the actions that

are Present；which with most certainty is done by him that has most Experience；but not with certainty enough. And though it be called Prudence，when the Event answereth our Expectation；yet in its own nature，it is but Presumption. For the foresight of things to come，which is Providence，belongs onely to him by whose will they are to come. From him onely，and supernaturally，proceeds Prophecy. Te best Prophet naturally is the best guesser；and the best guesser，he that is most versed and studied in the matters he guesses at：for he hath most *Signes* to guesse by.

A *Signe*，is the Event Antecedent，of the Consequent；and contrarily，the Consequent of the Antecedent，when the like Consequences have been observed，before：And the ofner they have been observed，the lesse uncertain is the Signe. And therefore he that has most experience in any kind of businesse，has most Signes，whereby to guesse at the Future time；and consequently is the most prudent：And so much more prudent than he that is new in that kind of business，as not to be equalled by any advantage of naturall and extemporary wit：though perhaps many young men think the contrary.

Nevertheless it is not Prudence that distinguisheth man from beast. There be beasts，that at a year old observe more，and pursue that which is for their good，more prudently，than a child can do at ten.

As Prudence is a *Præsumtion* of the *Future*，contracted from the *Experience* of time *Past*：So there is a Praesumtion of things Past taken from other things （not future but） past also. For he that hath seen by what courses and degrees，a flourishing State hath first come into civil warre，

and then to ruine；upon the sights of the ruines of any other State，will guesse，the like warre，and the like courses have been there also．But this conjecture，has the same incertainty almost with the conjecture of the Future；both being grounded onely upon Experience．

There is no other act of mans mind，that I can remember，naturally planted in him，so，as to need no other thing，to the exercise of it，but to be born a man，and live with the use of his five Senses．Those other Faculties，of which I shall speak by and by，and which seem proper to man onely，are acquired，and encreased by study and industry；and of most men learned by instruction，and discipline；and proceed all from the invention of Words，and Speech．For besides Sense，and Toughts，and the Trayne of thoughts，the mind of man has no other motion；though by the help of Speech，and Method，the same Facultyes may be improved to such a height，as to distinguish men from all other living Creatures．

Whatsoever we imagine，is *Finite*．Therefore there is no Idea，or conception of anything we call *Infinite*．No man can have in his mind an Image of infinite magnitude；nor conceive infinite swifness，infinite time，or infinite force，or infinite power．When we say any thing is infinite，we signifie onely，that we are not able to conceive the ends，and bounds of the thing named；having no Conception of the thing，but of our own inability．And therefore the Name of God is used，not to make us conceive him；（for he is *Incomprehensible*；and his greatnesse，and power are unconceivable；）but that we may honour him．Also because whatsoever（as I said before，）we conceive，has been perceived first by sense，either all at once，or by parts；a man can have no thought，representing

any thing，not subject to sense．No man therefore can conceive any thing，but he must conceive it in some place；and indued with some determinate magnitude；and which may be divided into parts；nor that any thing is all in this place，and all in another place at the same time；nor that two，or more things can be in one，and the same place at once：For none of these things ever have，or can be incident to Sense；but are absurd speeches，taken upon credit （without any signification at all，） from deceived Philosophers，and deceived，or deceiving Schoolemen．

Of **Speech**

The Invention of *Printing*，though ingenious，compared with the invention of *Letters*，is no great matter．But who was the first that found the use of Letters，is not known．He that first brought them into *Greece*，men say was *Cadmus*，the sonne of *Agenor*，King of Phænicia．A profitable Invention for continuing the memory of time past，and the conjunction of mankind，dispersed into so many，and distant regions of the Earth；and with all difficult，as proceeding from a watchfull observation of the divers motions of the Tongue，Palat，Lips，and other organs of Speech；whereby to make as many differences of characters，to remember them．But the most noble and profitable invention of all other，was that of Speech，consisting of *Names* or *Appellations*，and their Connexion；whereby men register their Thoughts；recall them when they are past；and also declare them one to another for mutuall utility and conversation；without which，there had been amongst men，neither Common-wealth，nor Society，nor Contract，nor Peace，no more than amongst Lyons，Bears，and Wolves．Te first author of Speech was *God* himself，that

instructed *Adam* how to name such creatures as he presented to his sight; For the Scripture goeth no further in this matter. But this was sufficient to direct him to adde more names, as the experience and use of the creatures should give him occasion; and to joyn them in such manner by degrees, as to make himself understood; and so by succession of time, so much language might be gotten, as he had found use for; though not so copious, as an Orator or Philosopher has need of. For I do not find any thing in the Scripture, out of which, directly or by consequence can be gathered, that *Adam* was taught the names of all Figures, Numbers, Measures, Colours, Sounds, Fancies, Relations; much less the names of Words and Speech, as *Generall*, *Speciall*, *Affirmative*, *Negative*, *Interrogative*, *Optative*, *Infinitive*, all which are usefull; and least of all, of *Entity*, *Intentionality*, *Quiddity*, and other insignificant words of the School.

But all this language gotten, and augmented by *Adam* and his posterity, was again lost at the tower of *Babel*, when by the hand of God, every man was stricken for his rebellion, with an oblivion of his former language. And being hereby forced to disperse themselves into severall parts of the world, it must needs be, that the diversity of Tongues that now is, proceeded by degrees from them, in such manner, as need (the mother of all inventions) taught them; and in tract of time grew every where more copious.

The generall use of Speech, is to transferre our Mentall Discourse, into Verbal; or the Trayne of our Thoughts, into a Trayne of Words; and that for two commodities; whereof one is, the Registring of the

Consequences of our Toughts; which being apt to slip out of our memory, and put us to a new labour, may again be recalled, by such words as they were marked by. So that the first use of names, is to serve for *Markes*, or *Notes* of remembrance. Another is, when many use the same words, to signifie (by their connexion and order,) one to another, what they conceive, or think of each matter; and also what they desire, feare, or have any other passion for. And for this use they are called *Signes*. Speciall uses of Speech are these; First, to Register, what by cogitation, wee find to be the cause of any thing, present or past; and what we find things present or past may produce, or efect: which in summe, is acquiring of Arts. Secondly, to shew to others that knowledge which we have attained; which is, to Counsell, and Teach one another. Thirdly, to make known to others our wills, and purposes, that we may have the mutuall help of one another. Fourthly, to please and delight our selves, and others, by playing with our words, for pleasure or ornament, innocently.

To these Uses, there are also foure correspondent Abuses. First, when men register their thoughts wrong, by the inconstancy of the signification of their words; by which they register for their conceptions, that which they never conceived; and so deceive themselves. Secondly, when they use words metaphorically; that is, in other sense than that they are ordained for; and thereby deceive others. Thirdly, when by words they declare that to be their will, which is not. Fourthly, when they use them to grieve one another: for seeing nature hath armed living creatures, some with teeth, some with horns, and some with hands, to grieve an enemy, it is but an abuse of Speech, to grieve him with the tongue, unlesse it be one

whom wee are obliged to govern; and then it is not to grieve, but to correct and amend.

Te manner how Speech serveth to the remembrance of the consequence of causes and effects, consisteth in the imposing of *Names*, and the *Connexion* of them.

Of Names, some are *Proper*, and singular to one onely thing; as *Peter*, *John*, *This man*, *this Tree*: and some are *Common* to many things; as *Man*, *Horse*, *Tree*; every of which though but one Name, is nevertheless the name of divers particular things; in respect of all which together, it is called an Universall; there being nothing in the world *Universall* but Names; for the things named, are every one of them Individuall and Singular.

One Universall name is imposed on many things, for their similitude in some quality, or other accident: And whereas a Proper Name bringeth to mind one thing onely; Universals recall any one of those many.

And of Names Universall, some are of more, and some of lesse extent; the larger comprehending the lesse large: and some again of equall extent, comprehending each other reciprocally. As for example, the Name *Body* is of larger significations than the word *Man*, and comprehendeth it; and the names *Man* and *Rationall*, are of equall extent, comprehending mutually one another. But here wee must take notice, that by a Name is not alwayes understood, as in Grammar, one onely Word; but sometimes by circumlocution many words together. For all these words, *Hee that in his actions observeth the Lawes of his Country*, make but one Name,

equivalent to this one word，*Just*.

By this imposition of Names，some of larger，some of stricter signification，we turn the reckoning of the consequences of things imagined in the mind，into a reckoning of the consequences of Appellations. For example，a man that hath no use of Speech at all，（such，as is born and remains perfectly deafe and dumb，）if he set before his eyes a triangle，and by it two right angles，（such as are the corners of a square figure，）he may by meditation compare and find，that the three angles of that triangle，are equall to those two right angles that stand by it. But if another triangle be shewn him different in shape from the former，he cannot know without a new labour，whether the three angles of that also be equall to the same. But he that hath the use of words，when he observes，that such equality was consequent，not to the length of the sides，nor to any other particular thing in his triangle；but onely to this，that the sides were straight，and the angles three；and that that was all，for which he named it a Triangle；will boldly conclude Universally，that such equality of angles is in all triangles whatsoever；and register his invention in these generall termes，*Every triangle hath its three angles equall to two right angles*. And thus the consequence found in one particular，comes to be registred and remembred，as an Universall rule；and discharges our mentall reckoning，of time and place；and delivers us from all labour of the mind，saving the first；and makes that which was found true *here*，and *now*，to be true in *all times and places*.

But the use of words in registring our thoughts，is in nothing so evident as in Numbering. A naturall foole that could never learn by heart the order

of numerall words，as *one*，*two*，and *three*，may observe every stroak of the Clock，and nod to it，or say one，one，one；but can never know what houre it strikes. And it seems，there was a time when those names of number were not in use；and men were fayn to apply their fingers of one or both hands，to those things they desired to keep account of；and that thence it proceeded，that now our numerall words are but ten，in any Nation，and in some but fve，and then they begin again. And he that can tell ten，if he recite them out of order，will lose himselfe，and not know when he has done：Much lesse will he be able to adde，and substract，and performe all other operations of Arithmetique. So that without words，there is no possibility of reckoning of Numbers；much lesse of Magnitudes，of Swiftnesse，of Force，and other things，the reckonings whereof are necessary to the being，or well-being of man-kind.

When two Names are joyned together into a Consequence，or Affirmation；as thus，A *man is a living creature*；or thus，*if he be a man*，*he is a living creature*，If the later name Living creature，signifie all that the former name *Man* signifieth，then the affirmation，or consequence is *true*；otherwise *false*. For *True* and *False* are attributes of Speech，not of Things. And where Speech is not，there is neither *Truth* nor *Falshood*. *Errour* there may be，as when wee expect that which shall not be；or suspect what has not been：but in neither case can a man be charged with Untruth.

Seeing then that *truth* consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations，a man that seeketh precise *truth*，had need to remember what every name he uses stands for；and to place it accordingly；or else he will

find himselfe entangled in words，as a bird in lime-twiggs；the more he struggles，the more belimed．And therefore in Geometry，（which is the onely Science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind，）men begin at settling the significations of their words；which settling of significations，they call *Definitions*；and place them in the beginning of their reckoning．

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true Knowledge，to examine the Definitions of former Authors；and either to correct them，where they are negligently set down；or to make them himselfe．For the errours of Definitions multiply themselves，according as the reckoning proceeds；and lead men into absurdities，which at last they see，but cannot avoyd，without reckoning anew from the beginning；in which lyes the foundation of their errours．From whence it happens，that they which trust to books，do as they that cast up many little summs into a greater，without considering whether those little summes were rightly cast up or not；and at last finding the errour visible，and not mistrusting their first grounds，know not which way to cleere themselves；but spend time in fluttering over their bookes；as birds that entring by the chimney，and finding themselves inclosed in a chamber，futter at the false light of a glasse window，for want of wit to consider which way they came in．So that in the right Definition of Names，lyes the first use of Speech；which is the Acquisition of Science：And in wrong，or no Definitions，lyes the first abuse；from which proceed all false and senslesse Thenets；which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books，and not from their own meditation，to be as much below the condition of ignorant men，as men endued with true Science are above it．For between true

Science，and erroneous Doctrines，Ignorance is in the middle. Naturall sense and imagination，are not subject to absurdity. Nature it selfe cannot erre：and as men abound in copiousnesse of language；so they become more wise，or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without Letters for any man to become either excellently wise，or （unless his memory be hurt by disease，or ill constitution of organs） excellently foolish. For words are wise mens counters，they do but reckon by them：but they are the mony of fooles，that value them by the authority of an *Aristotle*，a *Cicero*，or a *Tomas*，or any other Doctor whatsoever，if but a man.

Subject to *Names*，is whatsoever can enter into，or be considered in an account；and be added one to another to make a summe；or substracted one from another，and leave a remainder. Te Latines called Accounts of mony *Rationes*，and accounting，*Ratiocinatio*：and that which we in bills or books of account call *Items*，they called *Nomina*；that is，*Names*：and thence it seems to proceed，that they extended the word *Ratio*，to the faculty of Reckoning in all other things. Te Greeks have but one word λόγος，for both *Speech* and *Reason*；not that they thought there was no Speech without Reason；but no Reasoning without Speech：And the act of reasoning they called *Syllogisme*；which signifieth summing up of the consequences of one saying to another. And because the same things may enter into account for divers accidents；their names are （to shew that diversity） diversly wrested，and diversified. This diversity of names may be reduced to foure generall heads.

First，a thing may enter into account for *Matter*，or Body；*as living*，*sensible*，*rationall*，*hot*，*cold*，*moved*，*quiet*；with all which names the

word *Matter*, or *Body* is understood; all such, being names of Matter.

Secondly, it may enter into account, or be considered, for some accident or quality, which we conceive to be in it; as for *being moved*, for *being so long*, for *being hot*, &c; and then, of the name of the thing it selfe, by a little change or wresting, wee make a name for that accident, which we consider; and for living put into account *life*; for *moved*, *motion*; for *hot*, *heat*; for *long*, *length*, and the like? And all such Names, are the names of the accidents and properties, by which one Matter, and Body is distinguished from another. These are called *names Abstract*; because severed (not from Matter, but) from the account of Matter.

Thirdly, we bring into account, the Properties of our own bodies, whereby we make such distinction: as when any thing is *Seen* by us, we reckon not the thing it selfe; but the *sight*, the *Colour*, the *Idea* of it in the fancy: and when any thing is *heard*, wee reckon it not; but the *heating*, or *sound* onely, which is our fancy or conception of it by the Eare: and such are names of fancies.

Fourthly, we bring into account, consider, and give names, to *Names* themselves, and to *Speeches*: For, *generall*, *universall*, *speciall*, *æquivocall*, are names of Names. And *Affirmation*, *Interrogation*, *Commandement*, *Narration*, *Syllogisme*, *Sermon*, *Oration*, and many other such, are names of Speeches. And this is all the variety of Names *positive*; which are put to mark somewhat which is in Nature, or may be feigned by the mind of man, as Bodies that are, or may be conceived to be; or of bodies, the Properties that are, or may be

feigned to be； or Words and Speech．

There be also other Names，called *Negative*；which are notes to signifie that a word is not the name of the thing in question； as these words *Nothing*，*no man*，*infinite*，*indocible*，*three want foure*，and the like； which are nevertheless of use in reckoning，or in correcting of reckoning； and call to mind our past cogitations，though they be not names of any thing； because they make us refuse to admit of Names not rightly used．

All other Names，are but insignificant sounds；and those of two sorts．One，when they are new，and yet their meaning not explained by Definition； whereof there have been aboundance coyned by Schoole-men， and pusled Philosophers．

Another，when men make a name of two Names，whose significations are contradictory and inconsistent；as this name，an *incorporeall body*，or （which is all one） *an incorporeall substance*，and a great number more． For whensoever any affirmation is false，the two names of which it is composed，put together and made one，signifie nothing at all．For example，if it be a false affirmation to say *a quadrangle is round*，the word *round quadrangle* signifies nothing；but is a meere sound． So likewise if it be false，to say that vertue can be powred，or blown up and down；the words *In-powred vertue*，*In-blown vertue*，are as absurd and insignificant， as a *round quadrangle*． And therefore you shall hardly meet with a senselesse and insignificant word，that is not made up of some Latin or Greek names． A Frenchman seldome hears our Saviour called by the name of *Parole*，but by the name of *Verbe* ofen；yet *Verbe* and *Parole* differ no more，but that one is Latin，the other French．

When a man upon the heating of any Speech，hath those thoughts which the words of that Speech，and their connexion，were ordained and constituted to signifie；Then he is said to understand it：*Understanding* being nothing else，but conception caused by Speech．And therefore if Speech be peculiar to man （as for ought I know it is，） then is Understanding peculiar to him also．And therefore of absurd and false affirmations，in case they be universall，there can be no Understanding； though many think they understand，then，when they do but repeat the words softly，or con them in their mind．

What kinds of Speeches signifie the Appetites，Aversions，and Passions of mans mind；and of their use and abuse，I shall speak when I have spoken of the Passions．

The names of such things as affect us，that is，which please，and displease us，because all men be not alike affected with the same thing，nor the same man at all times，are in the common discourses of men，of *inconstant* signification．For seeing all names are imposed to signifie our conceptions；and all our affections are but conceptions；when we conceive the same things differently，we can hardly avoyd different naming of them．For though the nature of that we conceive，be the same；yet the diversity of our reception of it，in respect of different constitutions of body，and prejudices of opinion，gives everything a tincture of our different passions．And therefore in reasoning，a man must take heed of words； which besides the significations of what we imagine of their nature，have a significations also of the nature，disposition，and interest of the speaker； such as are the names of Vertues，and Vices；For one man calleth

Wisdome，what another calleth *feare*；and one *cruelty*，what another *justice*；one *prodigality*，what another *magnanimity*；and one *gravity*，what another *stupidity*，＆c．And therefore such names can never be true grounds of any ratiocination．No more can Metaphors，and Tropes of speech：but these are less dangerous，because they profess their inconstancy；which the other do not．

［…］

***Of the Interiour Beginnings of Voluntary Motions*；*commonly called the Passions*．*And the Speeches by which they are expressed*．**

There be in Animals，two sorts of *Motions* peculiar to them：One called *Vitall*；begun in generation，and continued without interruption through their whole life；such as are the *course* of the *Bloud*，the *Pulse*，the *Breathing*，the *Concoction*，*Nutrition*，*Excretion*，＆c；to which Motions there needs no help of Imagination：Te other is *Animall motion*，otherwise called *Voluntary motion*；as to go，to *speak*，to *move* any of our limbes，in such manner as is first fancied in our minds．That Sense，is Motion in the organs and interiour parts of mans body，caused by the action of the things we See，Heare，＆c；And that Fancy is but the Reliques of the same Motion，remaining after Sense，has been already sayd in the first and second Chapters．And because *going*，*speaking*，and the like Voluntary motions，depend alwayes upon a precedent thought of *whither*，*which way*，and *what*；it is evident，that the Imagination is the first internall beginning of all Voluntary Motion．And although unstudied men，doe not conceive any motion at all to be there，where the thing moved is invisible；or the space it is moved in，is （for the shortnesse of it）

insensible; yet that doth not hinder, but that such Motions are. For let a space be never so little, that which is moved over a greater space, whereof that little one is part, must first be moved over that. Tese small beginnings of Motion, within the body of Man, before they appear in walking, speaking, striking, and other visible actions, are commonly called Endeavour.

This Endeavour, when it is toward something which causes it, is called Appetite, or Desire; the later, being the generall name; and the other, oftentimes restrayned to signifie the Desire of Food, namely *Hunger* and *Thirst*. And when the Endeavour is fromward something, it is generally called Aversion. These words *Appetite*, and *Aversion* we have from the *Latines*; and they both of them signifie the motions, one of approaching, the other of retiring. So also do the Greek words for the same, which are ὁρμὴ, and ἀφορμὴ. For Nature it selfe does often presse upon men those truths, which afterwards, when they look for somewhat beyond Nature, they stumble at. For the Schooles find in meere Appetite to go, or move, no actuall Motion at all: but because some Motion they must acknowledge, they call it Metaphoricall Motion; which is but an absurd speech: for though Words may be called metaphoricall; Bodies, and Motions cannot.

That which men Desire, they are also sayd to Love: and to Hate those things, for which they have Aversion. So that Desire, and Love, are the same thing; save that by Desire, we alwayes signifie the Absence of the Object; by Love, most commonly the Presence of the same. So also by Aversion, we signifie the Absence; and by Hate, the Presence of the

Object．

Of Appetites，and Aversions，some are born with men；as Appetite of food，Appetite of excretion，and exoneration，（which may also and more properly be called Aversions，from somewhat they feele in their Bodies；）and some other Appetites，not many．Te rest，which are Appetites of particular things，proceed from Experience，and triall of their effects upon themselves，or other men．For of things wee know not at all，or believe not to be，we can have no further Desire，than to tast and try．But Aversion wee have for things，not onely which we know have hurt us；but also that we do not know whether they will hurt us，or not．

Tose things which we neither Desire，nor Hate，we are said to *Contemne*：Contempt being nothing else but an immobility，or contumacy of the Heart，in resisting the action of certain things；and proceeding from that the Heart is already moved otherwise，by other more potent objects；or from want of experience of them．

And because the constitution of a mans Body，is in continuall mutation；it is impossible that all the same things should alwayes cause in him the same Appetites，and Aversions：much lesse can all men consent，in the Desire of almost any one and the same Object．

But whatsoever is the object of any mans Appetite or Desire；that is it，which he for his part calleth *Good*：And the object of his Hate，and Aversion，*Evill*；And of his Contempt，*Vile*，and *Inconsiderable*．For these words of Good，Evill，and Contemptible，are ever used with relation to the person that useth them：There being nothing simply and absolutely

so； nor any common Rule of Good and Evill， to be taken from the nature of the objects themselves； but from the Person of the man （where there is no Common-wealth；） or，（in a Common-wealth，） from the Person that representeth it； or from an Arbitrator or Judge， whom men disagreeing shall by consent set up， and make his sentence the Rule thereof．

The Latine Tongue has two words， whose significa-tions approach to those of Good and Evill； but are not precisely the same； And those are *Pulchrum* and *Turpe*． Whereof the former signifies that， which by some apparent signes promiseth Good； and the later， that， which promiseth Evil． But in our Tongue we have not so generall names to expresse them by． But for *Pulchrum*， we say in some things， *Fayre*； in others *Beautifull*， or *Handsome*， or *Gallant*， or *Honourable*， or *Comely*， or *Amiable*； and for *Turpe*， *Foule*， *Deformed*， *Ugly*， *Base*， *Nauseous*， and the like， as the subject shall require； All which words， in their proper places signifie nothing els， but the *Mine*， or Countenance， that promiseth Good and Evil． So that of Good there be three kinds； Good in the Promise， that is *Pulchrum*； Good in Effect， as the end desired， which is called *Jucundum*， *Delightfull*； and Good as the Means， which is called Utile， *Profitable*； and as many of Evil： For *Evill*， in Promise， is that they call *Turpe*； Evil in Effect， and End， is *Molestum*， *Unpleasant*， *Troublesome*； and Evill in the Means， *Inutile*， *Unprofitable*， *Hurtfull*．

As， in Sense， that which is really within us， is （as I have sayd before） onely Motion， caused by the action of externall objects， but in apparence； to the Sight， Light and Colour； to the Eare， Sound； to the Nostrill， Odour， ＆c： so， when the action of the same object is continued

from the Eyes，Eares，and other organs to the Heart；the reall efect there is nothing but Motion，or Endeavour；which consisteth in Appetite，or Aversion，to，or from the object moving．But the apparence，or sense of that motion，is that wee either call Delight，or Trouble Of Mind．

This Motion，which is called Appetite，and for the apparence of it *Delight*，and *Pleasure*，seemeth to be，a corroboration of Vitall motion，and a help thereunto；and therefore such things as caused Delight，were not improperly called *Jucunda*，（*à Juvando*，）from helping or fortifying；and the contrary，*Molesta*，*Ofensive*，from hindering，and troubling the motion vitall．

Pleasure therefore，（or *Delight*，）is the apparence，or sense of Good；and *Molestation* or *Displeasure*，the apparence，or sense of Evill．And consequently all Appetite，Desire，and Love，is accompanied with some Delight more or lesse；and all Hatred，and Aversion，with more or lesse Displeasure and Ofence．

Of Pleasures，or Delights，some arise from the sense of an object Present；And those may be called *Pleasures of Sense*，（Te word *sensuall*，as it is used by those onely that condemn them，having no place till there be Lawes．）Of this kind are all Onerations and Exonerations of the body；as also all that is pleasant in the *Sight*，*Hearing*，*Smell*，*Tast*，*or Touch*；Others arise from the Expectation，that proceeds from foresight of the End，or Consequence of things；whether those things in the Sense Please or Displease：And these are *Pleasures of the Mind* of him that draweth those consequences；and are generally called Joy．In the like manner，Displeasures，are some in the Sense，and called Payne；others，

in the Expectation of consequences，and are called Griefe.

These simple Passions called *Appetite*，*Desire*，*Love*，*Aversion*，*Hate*，*Joy*，and *Griefe*，have their names for divers considerations diversified. As first，when they one succeed another，they are diversly called from the opinion men have of the likelihood of attaining what they desire. Secondly，from the object loved or hated. Tirdly，from the consideration of many of them together. Fourthly，from the Alteration or succession it selfe.

For *Appetite* with an opinion of attaining，is called Hope.

Te same，without such opinion，Despaire.

Aversion，with opinion of *Hurt* from the object，Feare.

The same，with hope of avoyding that Hurt by resistence，Courage.

Sudden *Courage*，Anger.

Constant *Hope*，Confidence of our selves.

Constant *Despayre*，Diffidence of our selves.

Anger for great hurt done to another，when we conceive the same to be done by Injury，Indignation.

Desire of good to another，Benevolence，Good Will，Charity. If to man generally，Good Nature.

Desire of Riches，Covetousnesse：a name used alwayes in

signification of blame；because men contending for them，are displeased with one anothers attaining them；though the desire in it selfe，be to be blamed，or allowed，according to the means by which those Riches are sought.

Desire of Office，or precedence，Ambition：a name used also in the worse sense，for the reason before mentioned.

Desire of things that conduce but a little to our ends；And fear of things that are but of little hindrance，Pusillanimity.

Contempt of little helps，and hindrances，Magnanimity.

Magnanimity，in danger of Death，or Wounds，Valour，Fortitude.

Magnanimity，in the use of Riches，Liberality.

Pusillanimity，in the same Wretchednesse，Miser-ablenesse；or Parsimony；as it is liked，or disliked.

Love of Persons for society，Kindnesse.

Love of Persons for Pleasing the sense onely，Natural Lust.

Love of the same，acquired from Rumination，that is，Imagination of Pleasure past，Luxury.

Love of one singularly，with desire to be singularly beloved，The Passion Of Love. Te same，with fear that the love is not mutuall，Jealousie.

Desire，by doing hurt to another，to make him condemn some fact of his own，Revengefulnesse.

Desire，to know why，and how，Curiosity；such as is in no living creature *but Man*；so that Man is distinguished，not onely by his Reason； but also by this singular Passion from other *Animals*；in whom the appetite of food，and other pleasures of Sense，by prædominance，take away the care of knowing causes；which is a Lust of the mind，that by a perseverance of delight in the continuall and indefatigable generation of Knowledge，exceedeth the short vehemence of any carnall Pleasure.

Feare of power invisible，feigned by the mind，or imagined from tales publiquely allowed，Religion；not allowed，Superstition. And when the power imagined，is truly such as we imagine，True Religion.

Feare，without the apprehension of why，or what，Panique Terror； called so from the Fables，that make *Pan* the author of them；whereas in truth，there is alwayes in him that so feareth，first，some apprehension of the cause，though the rest run away by Example；every one supposing his fellow to know why. And therefore this Passion happens to none but in a throng，or multitude of people.

Joy，from apprehension of novelty，Admiration；proper to Man， because it excites the appetite of knowing the cause.

Joy，arising from imagination of a mans own power and ability，is that exultation of the mind which is called Glorying：which if grounded upon the experience of his own former actions，is the same with *Confidence*：but if

grounded on the flattery of others; or onely supposed by himself, for delight in the consequences of it, is called Vaine-Glory: which name is properly given; because a well grounded *Confidence* begetteth Attempt; whereas the supposing of power does not, and is therefore rightly called *Vaine*.

Griefe, from opinion of want of power, is called Dejection of mind.

The *vain-glory* which consisteth in the feigning or supposing of abilities in our selves, which we know are not, is most incident to young men, and nourished by the Histories, or Fictions of Gallant Persons; and is corrected ofen times by Age, and Employment.

Sudden Glory, is the passion which maketh those *Grimaces* called Laughter; and is caused either by some sudden act of their own, that pleaseth them; or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another, by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves. And it is incident most to them, that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favour, by observing the imperfections of other men. And therefore much Laughter at the deffects of others, is a signe of Pusillanimity. For of great minds, one of the proper workes is, to help and free others from scorn; and compare themselves onely with the most able.

On the contrary, *Sudden Dejection*, is the passion that causeth Weepinc; and is caused by such accidents, as suddenly take away some vehement hope, or some prop of their power: And they are most subject to it, that rely principally on helps externall, such as are Women, and

Children． Terefore some Weep for the losse of Friends； Others for their unkindnesse； others for the sudden stop made to their thoughts of revenge， by Reconciliation． But in all cases， both Laughter， and Weeping， are sudden motions； Custome taking them both away． For no man Laughs at old jests； or Weeps for an old calamity．

Griefe， for the discovery of some defect of ability， is Shame， or the passion that discovereth it selfe in Blushing； and consisteth in the apprehension of some thing dishonourable； and in young men， is a signe of the love of good reputation； and commendable： In old men it is a signe of the same； but because it comes too late， not commendable．

The *Contempt* of good Reputation is called Impudence．

Griefe， for the Calamity of another， is Pitty； and ariseth from the imagination that the like calamity may befall himselfe； and therefore is called also Compassion， and in the phrase of this present time a Fellow-feeling： And therefore for Calamity arriving from great wickedness， the best men have the least Pitty； and for the same Calamity， those have least Pitty， that think themselves least obnoxious to the same．

Contempt， or little sense of the calamity of others， is that which men call Cruelty； proceeding from Security of their own fortune． For， that any man should take pleasure in other mens great harmes， without other end of his own， I do not conceive it possible．

Griefe， for the successe of a Competitor in wealth， honour， or other good， if it be joyned with Endeavour to enforce our own abilities to equall

or exceed him，is called Emulation：But joyned with Endeavour to supplant，or hinder a Competitor，Envie.

When in the mind of man，Appetites，and Aversions，Hopes，and Feares，concerning one and the same thing，arise alternately；and divers good and evill consequences of the doing，or omitting the thing propounded，come successively into our thoughts；so that sometimes we have an Appetite to it；sometimes an Aversion from it；sometimes Hope to be able to do it；sometimes Despaire，or Feare to attempt it；the whole summe of Desires，Aversions，Hopes and Fears，continued till the thing be either done，or thought impossible，is that we call Deliberation.

Therefore of things past，there is no *Deliberation*；because manifestly impossible to be changed：nor of things known to be impossible，or thought so；because men know，or think such Deliberation vain. But of things impossible，which we think possible，we may Deliberate；not knowing it is in vain. And it is called *Deliberation*；because it is a putting an end to the *Liberty* we had of doing，or omitting，according to our own Appetite，or Aversion.

This alternate Succession of Appetites，Aversions，Hopes and Fears，is no lesse in other living Creatures then in Man：and therefore Beasts also Deliberate.

Every Deliberation is then sayd to *End*，when that whereof they Deliberate，is either done，or thought impossible；because till then wee retain the liberty of doing，or omitting，according to our Appetite，or Aversion.

In *Deliberation*，the last Appetite，or Aversion，immediately adhæring to the action，or to the omission thereof，is that wee call the Will；the Act，（not the faculty，）of *Willing*. And Beasts that have *Deliberation*，must necessarily also have *Will*. The Definition of the *Will*，given commonly by the Schooles，that it is a *Rationall Appetite*，is not good. For if it were，then could there be no *Voluntary Act* against Reason. For a Voluntary Act is that，which proceedeth from the *will*，and no other. But if in stead of a Rationall Appetite，we shall say an Appetite resulting from a precedent Deliberation，then the Definition is the same that I have given here. *Will* therefore *is the last Appetite in Deliberating*. And though we say in common Discourse，a man had a Will once to do a thing，that neverthelesse he forbore to do；yet that is properly but an Inclination，which makes no Action Voluntary；because the action depends not of it，but of the last Inclination，or Appetite. For if the intervenient Appetites，make any action Voluntary；then by the same Reason all intervenient Aversions，should make the same action Involuntary；and so one and the same action，should be both Voluntary ＆ Involuntary.

By this it is manifest，that not onely actions that have their beginning from Covetousnesse，Ambition，Lust，or other Appetites to the thing propounded；but also those that have their beginning from Aversion，or Feare of those consequences that follow the omission，are *voluntary actions*.

The formes of Speech by which the Passions are expressed，are partly the same，and partly different from those，by which wee expresse our Thoughts. And first generally all Passions may be expressed *Indicatively*；

as *I love*，*I feare*，*I joy*，*I deliberate*，*I will*，*I command*：but some of them have particular expressions by themselves，which neverthelesse are not affirmations，unlesse it be when they serve to make other inferences，besides that of the Passion they proceed from．Deliberation is expressed *Subjunctively*；which is a speech proper to signifie suppositions，with their consequences；as，*If this be done*，*then this will follow*；and differs not from the language of Reasoning，save that Reasoning is in generall words；but Deliberation for the most part is of Particulars．The language of Desire，and Aversion，is *Imperative*；as *Do this*，*forbeare that*；which when the party is obliged to do，or forbeare，is *Command*；otherwise *Prayer*；or els *Counsell*．The language of Vain-Glory，of Indignation，Pitty and Revengefulness，Optative：But of the Desire to know，there is a peculiar expression，called *Interrogative*；as，*What is it*，*when shall it*，*how is it done*，*and why so*？other language of the Passions I find none：For Cursing，Swearing，Reviling，and the like，do not signifie as Speech；but as the actions of a tongue accustomed．

These formes of Speech，I say，are expressions，or voluntary significations of our Passions：but certain signes they be not；because they may be used arbitrarily，whether they that use them，have such Passions or not．The best signes of Passions present，are either in the countenance，motions of the body，actions，and ends，or aimes，which we otherwise know the man to have．

And because in Deliberation，the Appetites，and Aversions are raised by foresight of the good and evill consequences，and sequels of the action whereof we Deliberate；the good or evill effect thereof dependeth on the

foresight of a long chain of consequences，of which very seldome any man is able to see to the end. But for so farre as a man seeth，if the Good in those consequences，be greater than the Evill，the whole chaine is that which Writers call *Apparent*，or *Seeming Good*. And contrarily，when the Evill exceedeth the Good，the whole is *Apparent*，or *Seeming Evill*：so that he who hath by Experience，or Reason，the greatest and surest prospect of Consequences，Deliberates best himself；and is able when he will，to give the best counsell unto others.

Continuall successe in obtaining those things which a man from time to time desireth，that is to say，continuall prospering，is that men call Felicity；I mean the Felicity of this life. For there is no such thing as perpetuall Tranquillity of mind，while we live here；because Life it selfe is but Motion，and can never be without Desire，nor without Feare，no more than without Sense. What kind of Felicity God hath ordained to them that devoutly honour him，a man shall no sooner know，than enjoy；being joyes，that now are as incomprehensible，as the word of School-men *Beatifcall Vision* is unintelligible.

The forme of Speech whereby men signifie their opinion of the Goodnesse of any thing，is Praise. That whereby they signifie the power and greatnesse of any thing，is Magnifying. And that whereby they signifie the opinion they have of a mans Felicity，is by the Greeks called μακαυισμός，for which wee have no name in our tongue. And thus much is sufficient for the present purpose，to have been said of the Passions.

[…]

Of the* Naturall Condition *of Mankind*，*as concerning their Felicity*，*and Misery

Nature hath made men so equall，in the faculties of body，and mind；as that though there bee found one man sometimes manifestly stronger in body，or of quicker mind then another；yet when all is reckoned together，the difference between man，and man，is not so considerable，as that one man can thereupon claim to himselfe any benefit，to which another may not pretend，as well as he．For as to the strength of body，the weakest has strength enough to kill the strongest，either by secret machination，or by confederacy with others，that are in the same danger with himselfe．

And as to the faculties of the mind，（setting aside the arts grounded upon words，and especially that skill of proceeding upon generall，and infallible rules，called Science；which very few have，and but in few things；as being not a native faculty，born with us；nor attained，（as Prudence，）while we look after somewhat els，）I find yet a greater equality amongst men，than that of strength．For Prudence，is but Experience；which equall time，equally bestowes on all men，in those things they equally apply themselves unto．That which may perhaps make such equality incredible，is but a vain conceipt of ones owne wisdome，which almost all men think they have in a greater degree，than the Vulgar；that is，than all men but themselves，and a few others，whom by Fame，or for concurring with themselves，they approve．For such is the nature of men，that howsoever they may acknowledge many others to be more witty，or more eloquent，or more learned；Yet they will hardly believe there be many so wise as themselves：For they see their own wit at hand，

and other mens at a distance. But this proveth rather that men are in that point equall，than unequall. For there is not ordinarily a greater signe of the equall distribution of any thing，than that every man is contented with his share.

From this equality of ability，ariseth equality of hope in the attaining of our Ends. And therefore if any two men desire the same thing，which neverthelesse they cannot both enjoy，they become enemies；and in the way to their End，（which is principally their owne conservation，and sometimes their delectation only，） endeavour to destroy，or subdue one an other. And from hence it comes to passe，that where an Invader hath no more to feare，than an other mans single power；if one plant，sow， build，or possesse a convenient Seat，others may probably be expected to come prepared with forces united，to dispossesse，and deprive him，not only of the fruit of his labour，but also of his life，or liberty. And the Invader again is in the like danger of another.

And from this diffidence of one another，there is no way for any man to secure himselfe，so reasonable，as Anticipation；that is，by force，or wiles，to master the persons of all men he can，so long，till he see no other power great enough to endanger him：And this is no more than his own conservation requireth，and is generally allowed. Also because there be some，that taking pleasure in contemplating their own power in the acts of conquest，which they pursue farther than their security requires；if others， that otherwise would be glad to be at ease within modest bounds，should not by invasion increase their power，they would not be able，long time，by standing only on their defence，to subsist. And by consequence，such

augmentation of dominion over men，being necessary to a mans conservation，it ought to be allowed him.

Againe，men have no pleasure，（but on the contrary a great deale of griefe） in keeping company，where there is no power able to over-awe them all. For every man looketh that his companion should value him，at the same rate he sets upon himselfe：And upon all signes of contempt，or undervaluing，naturally endeavours，as far as he dares （which amongst them that have no common power，to keep them in quiet，is far enough to make them destroy each other，） to extort a greater value from his contemners，by dommage；and from others，by the example.

So that in the nature of man，we find three principall causes of quarrell. First，Competition；Secondly，Difdence；Tirdly，Glory.

The first，maketh men invade for Gain；the second，for Safety；and the third，for Reputation. The first use Violence，to make themselves Masters of other mens persons，wives，children，and cattell；the second，to defend them；the third，for trifes，as a word，a smile，a different opinion，and any other signe of undervalue，either direct in their Persons，or by reflexion in their Kindred，their Friends，their Nation，their Profession，or their Name.

Hereby it is manifest，that during the time men live without a common Power to keep them all in awe，they are in that condition which is called Warre；and such a warre，as is of every man，against every man. For Warre，consisteth not in Battell onely，or the act of fighting；but in a tract of time，wherein the Will to contend by Battell is sufficiently known：and

therefore the notion of *Time*，is to be considered in the nature of Warre；as it is in the nature of Weather．For as the nature of Foule weather，lyeth not in a showre or two of rain；but in an inclination thereto of many dayes together：So the nature of War，consisteth not in actuall fghting；but in the known disposition thereto，during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary．All other time is Peace．

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of Warre，where every man is Enemy to every man；the same is consequent to the time，wherein men live without other security，than what their own strength，and their own invention shall furnish them withall．In such condition，there is no place for Industry；because the fruit thereof is uncertain：and consequently no Culture of the Earth；no Navigation，nor use of the commodities that may be imported by Sea；no commodious Building；no Instruments of moving，and removing such things as require much force；no Knowledge of the face of the Earth；no account of Time；no Arts；no Letters；no Society；and which is worst of all，continuall feare，and danger of violent death；And the life of man，solitary，poore，nasty，brutish，and short．

It may seem strange to some man，that has not well weighed these things；that Nature should thus dissociate，and render men apt to invade，and destroy one another：and he may therefore，not trusting to this Inference，made from the Passions，desire perhaps to have the same confirmed by Experience．Let him therefore consider with himselfe，when taking a journey，he armes himselfe，and seeks to go well accompanied；when going to sleep，he locks his dores；when even in his house he locks his chests；and this when he knows there bee Lawes，and publike

Officers，armed，to revenge all injuries shall bee done him；what opinion he has of his fellow subjects，when he rides armed；of his fellow Citizens，when he locks his dores；and of his children，and servants，when he locks his chests．Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions，as I do by my words？But neither of us accuse mans nature in it．The Desires，and other Passions of man，are in themselves no Sin．No more are the Actions，that proceed from those Passions，till they know a Law that forbids them：which till Lawes be made they cannot know：nor can any Law be made，till they have agreed upon the Person that shall make it．

It may peradventure be thought，there was never such a time，nor condition of warre as this；and I believe it was never generally so，over all the world：but there are many places，where they live so now．For the savage people in many places of *America*，except the government of small Families，the concord whereof dependeth on naturall lust，have no government at all；and live at this day in that brutish manner，as I said before．Howsoever，it may be perceived what manner of life there would be，where there were no common Power to feare；by the manner of life，which men that have formerly lived under a peacefull government，use to degenerate into，in a civill Warre．

But though there had never been any time，wherein particular men were in a condition of warre one against another；yet in all times，Kings，and Persons of Soveraigne authority，because of their Independency，are in continuall jealousies，and in the state and posture of Gladiators；having their weapons pointing，and their eyes fxed on one another；that is，their Forts，Garrisons，and Guns upon the Frontiers of their Kingdomes；and

continuall Spyes upon their neighbours; which is a posture of War. But because they uphold thereby, the Industry of their Subjects; there does not follow from it, that misery, which accompanies the Liberty of particular men.

To this warre of every man against every man, this also is consequent; that nothing can be Unjust. Te notions of Right and Wrong, Justice and Injustice have there no place. Where there is no common Power, there is no Law: where no Law, no Injustice. Force, and Fraud, are in warre the two Cardinall vertues. Justice, and Injustice are none of the Faculties neither of the Body, nor Mind. If they were, they might be in a man that were alone in the world, as well as his Senses, and Passions. Tey are Qualities, that relate to men in Society, not in Solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition, that there be no Propriety, no Dominion, no *Mine* and *Tine* distinct; but onely that to be every mans that he can get; and for so long, as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill condition, which man by meer Nature is actually placed in; though with a possiblity to come out of it, consisting partly in the Passions, partly in his Reason.

The Passions that encline men to Peace, are Feare of Death; Desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living; and a Hope by their Industry to obtain them. And Reason suggesteth convenient Articles of Peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement. Tese Articles, are they, which otherwise are called the Lawes of Nature: whereof I shall speak more particularly, in the two following Chapters. [1]

[…]

[1] Fourteen and ffteen， not included here．

Of Common-wealth

Of the Causes，*Generation*，*and Definition of a* **Common-wealth**

The finall Cause，End，or Designe of men，（who naturally love Liberty，and Dominion over others，） in the introduction of that restraint upon themselves，（in which wee see them live in Common-wealths，） is the foresight of their own preservation，and of a more contented life thereby；that is to say，of getting themselves out from that miserable condition of Warre，which is necessarily consequent （as hath been shewn） to the naturall Passions of men，when there is no visible Power to keep them in awe，and tye them by feare of punishment to the performance of their Covenants，and observation of those Lawes of Nature set down in the fourteenth and ffeenth Chapters．

For the Lawes of Nature （as *Justice*，*Equity*，*Modesty*，*Mercy*，and （in summe） *doing to others*，*as wee would be done to*，） of themselves，without the terrour of some Power，to cause them to be observed，are contrary to our naturall Passions，that carry us to Partiality，Pride，Revenge，and the like．And Covenants，without the Sword，are but Words，and of no strength to secure a man at all．Therefore notwithstanding the Lawes of Nature，（which every one hath then kept，when he has the will to keep them，when he can do it safely，） if there be no Power erected，or not great enough for our security；every man will and may lawfully rely on his own strength and art，for caution against all other men．And in all places，where men have lived by small Families，to robbe

and spoyle one another，has been a Trade，and so farre from being reputed against the Law of Nature，that the greater spoyles they gained，the greater was their honour；and men observed no other Lawes therein，but the Lawes of Honour；that is，to abstain from cruelty，leaving to men their lives，and instruments of husbandry．And as small Familyes did then；so now do Cities and Kingdomes which are but greater Families （for their own security） enlarge their Dominions，upon all pretences of danger，and fear of Invasion，or assistance that may be given to Invaders，endeavour as much as they can，to subdue，or weaken their neighbours，by open force，and secret arts，for want of other Caution，justly；and are remembred for it in afer ages with honour．

Nor is it the joyning together of a small number of men，that gives them this security；because in small numbers，small additions on the one side or the other，make the advantage of strength so great，as is sufficient to carry the Victory；and therefore gives encouragement to an Invasion．Te Multitude sufficient to confde in for our Security，is not determined by any certain number，but by Comparison with the Enemy we feare；and is then sufficient，when the odds of the Enemy is not of so visible and conspicuous moment，to determine the event of warre，as to move him to attempt．

And be there never so great a Multitude；yet if their actions be directed according to their particular judgements，and particular appetites，they can expect thereby no defence，nor protection，neither against a Common enemy，nor against the injuries of one another．For being distracted in opinions concerning the best use and application of their strength，they do not help，but hinder one another；and reduce their strength by mutuall

opposition to nothing：whereby they are easily，not onely subdued by a very few that agree together；but also when there is no common enemy，they make warre upon each other，for their particular interests．For if we could suppose a great Multitude of men to consent in the observation of Justice，and other Lawes of Nature，without a common Power to keep them all in awe；we might as well suppose all Man-kind to do the same；and then there neither would be，nor need to be any Civill Government，or Common-wealth at all；because there would be Peace without subjection．

Nor is it enough for the security，which men desire should last all the time of their life，that they be governed，and directed by one judgement，for a limited time；as in one Battell，or one Warre．For though they obtain a Victory by their unanimous endeavour against a forraign enemy；yet afterwards，when either they have no common enemy，or he that by one part is held for an enemy，is by another part held for a friend，they must needs by the difference of their interests dissolve，and fall again into a Warre amongst themselves．

It is true，that certain living creatures，as Bees，and Ants，live sociably one with another，（which are therefore by *Aristotle* numbred amongst Politicall creatures；）and yet have no other direction，than their particular judgements and appetites；nor speech，whereby one of them can signifie to another，what he thinks expedient for the common benefit：and therefore some man may perhaps desire to know，why Man-kind cannot do the same．To which I answer，

First，that men are continually in competition for Honour and Dignity，which these creatures are not；and consequently amongst men

there ariseth on that ground，Envy and Hatred，and fnally Warre；but amongst these not so．

Secondly，that amongst these creatures，the Common good differeth not from the Private；and being by nature enclined to their private，they procure thereby the common benefit．But man，whose Joy consisteth in comparing himselfe with other men，can relish nothing but what is eminent．

Thirdly，that these creatures，having not （as man） the use of reason，do not see，nor think they see any fault，in the administration of their common businesse：whereas amongst men，there are very many，that thinke themselves wiser，and abler to govern the Publique，better than the rest；and these strive to reforme and innovate，one this way，another that way；and thereby bring it into Distraction and Civill warre．

Fourthly，that these creatures，though they have some use of voice，in making knowne to one another their desires，and other affections；yet they want that art of words，by which some men can represent to others，that which is Good，in the likenesse of Evill；and Evill，in the likenesse of Good；and augment，or diminish the apparent greatnesse of Good and Evill；discontenting men，and troubling their Peace at their pleasure．

Fiftly，irrationall creatures cannot distinguish betweene *Injury*，and *Dammage*；and therefore as long as they be at ease，they are not ofended with their fellowes：whereas Man is then most troublesome，when he is most at ease：for then it is that he loves to shew his Wisdome，and controule the Actions of them that governe the Common-wealth．

Lastly，the agreement of these creatures is Naturall；that of men，is by Covenant only，which is Artificiall：and therefore it is no wonder if there be somewhat else required （besides Covenant） to make their Agreement constant and lasting；which is a Common Power，to keep them in awe，and to direct their actions to the Common Beneft.

Te only way to erect such a Common Power，as may be able to defend them from the invasion of Forraigners，and the injuries of one another，and thereby to secure them in such sort，as that by their owne industrie，and by the fruites of the Earth，they may nourish themselves and live contentedly；is，to conferre all their power and strength upon one Man，or upon one Assembly of men，that may reduce all their Wills，by plurality of voices，unto one Will：which is as much as to say，to appoint one man，or Assembly of men，to beare their Person；and every one to owne，and acknowledge himselfe to be Author of whatsoever he that so beareth their Person，shall Act，or cause to be Acted，in those things which concerne the Common Peace and Safetie；and therein to submit their Wills，every one to his Will，and their Judgements，to his Judgment. This is more than Consent，or Concord；it is a reall Unitie of them all，in one and the same Person，made by Covenant of every man with every man，in such manner，as if every man should say to every man，*I Authorise and give up my Right of Governing my selfe，to this Man，or to this Assembly of men，on this condition，that thou give up thy Right to him，and Authorise all his Actions in like manner*. This done，the Multitude so united in one Person，is called a Commonwealth，in latine Civitas. This is the Generation of that great Levathan，or rather （to speake more reverently） of that *Mortall God*，to which wee owe under the *Immortall God*，our peace and defence.

For by this Authoritie，given him by every particular man in the Common-Wealth，he hath the use of so much Power and Strength conferred on him，that by terror thereof，he is inabled to forme the wills of them all，to Peace at home，and mutuall ayd against their enemies abroad. And in him consisteth the Essence of the Common-wealth; which （to define it，） is *One Person，of whose Acts a great Multitude，by mutuall Covenants one with another，have made themselves every one the Author，to the end he may use the strength and means of them all，as he shall think expedient，for their Peace and Common Defence*.

And he that carryeth this Person，is called Soveraigne，and said to have *Soveraigne Power*; and every one besides，his Subject.

The attaining to this Soveraigne Power，is by two wayes. One，by Naturall force; as when a man maketh his children，to submit themselves，and their children to his government，as being able to destroy them if they refuse; or by Warre subdueth his enemies to his will，giving them their lives on that condition. Te other，is when men agree amongst themselves，to submit to some Man，or Assembly of men，voluntarily，on confidence to be protected by him against all others. This later，may be called a Politicall Common-wealth or Common-wealth by *Institution*; and the former，a Common-wealth by *Acquisition* ［...］

Of the* Liberty *of Subjects

Liberty，or Freedome，signifieth （properly） the absence of Opposition; （by Opposition，I mean externall Impediments of motion; ） and may be applyed no lesse to Irrationall，and Inanimate

creatures，than to Rationall. For whatsoever is so tyed，or environed，as it cannot move，but within a certain space，which space is determined by the opposition of some externall body，we say it hath not Liberty to go further. And so of all living creatures，whilest they are imprisoned，or restrained，with walls，or chayns；and of the water whilest it is kept in by banks，or vessels，that otherwise would spread it selfe into a larger space，we use to say，they are not at Liberty，to move in such manner，as without those externall impediments they would. But when the impediment of motion，is in the constitution of the thing it selfe，we use not to say，it wants the Liberty；but the Power to move；as when a stone lyeth still，or a man is fastned to his bed by sicknesse.

And according to this proper，and generally received meaning of the word，A Free-man，*is he*，*that in those things*，*which by his strength and wit he is able to do*，*is not hindred to doe what he has a will to*. But when the words *Free*，and *Liberty*，are applyed to any thing but Bodies，they are abused；for that which is not subject to Motion，is not subject to Impediment：And therefore，when 'tis said （for example） Te way is free，no liberty of the way is signified，but of those that walk in it without stop. And when we say a Guift is free，there is not meant any liberty of the Guilt，but of the Giver，that was not bound by any law，or Covenant to give it. So when we *speak freely*，it is not the liberty of voice，or pronunciation，but of the man，whom no law hath obliged to speak otherwise then he did. Lastly，from the use of the word *Freewill*，no liberty can be inferred to the will，desire，or inclination，but the liberty of the man；which consisteth in this，that he finds no stop，in doing what he has the will，desire，or inclination to doe.

Feare and Liberty are consistent; as when a man throweth his goods into the Sea for *feare* the ship should sink, he doth it neverthelesse very willingly, and may refuse to doe it if he will: It is therefore the action, of one that was *free*: so a man sometimes pays his debt, only for *feare* of Imprisonment, which because no body hindred him from detaining, was the action of a man at *liberty*. And generally all actions which men doe in Common-wealths, for *feare* of the law, or actions, which the doers had *liberty* to omit.

Liberty and *Necessity* are Consistent: As in the water, that hath not only *liberty*, but a *necessity* of descending by the Channel: so likewise in the Actions which men voluntarily doe; which (because they proceed from their will) proceed from *liberty*; and yet because every act of mans will, and every desire, and inclination proceedeth from some cause, and that from another cause, which causes in a continuall chaine (whose first link in the hand of God the first of all causes) proceed from *necessity*. So that to him that could see the connexion of those causes, the *necessity* of all mens voluntary actions, would appeare manifest. And therefore God, that seeth, and disposeth all things, seeth also that the *liberty* of man in doing what he will, is accompanied with the *necessity* of doing that which God will, &no more, nor lesse. For though men may do many things, which God does not command, nor is therefore Author of them; yet they can have no passion, nor appetite to any thing, of which appetite Gods will is not the cause. And did not his will assure the *necessity* of mans will, and consequently of all that on mans will dependeth, the *liberty* of men would be a contradiction, and impediment to the omnipotence and *liberty* of God. And this shall suffice, (as to the matter in hand) of that naturall *liberty*,

which only is properly called *liberty*.

But as men, for the atteyning of peace, and conservation of themselves thereby, have made an Artificiall Man, which we call a Common-wealth; so also have they made Artifciall Chains, called *Civill Lawes*, which they themselves, by mutuall covenants, have fastned at one end, to the lips of that Man, or Assembly, to whom they have given the Soveraigne Power; and at the other end to their own Ears. Tese Bonds in their own nature but weak, may neverthelesse be made to hold, by the danger, though not by the difficulty of breaking them.

In relation to these Bonds only it is, that I am to speak now, of the *Liberty of Subjects*. For seeing there is no Common-wealth in the world, wherein there be Rules enough set down, for the regulating of all the actions, and words of men, (as being a thing impossible:) it followeth necessarily, that in all kinds of actions, by the laws prætermitted, men have the Liberty, of doing what their own reasons shall suggest, for the most profitable to themselves. For if wee take Liberty in the proper sense, for corporall Liberty; that is to say, freedome from chains, and prison, it were very absurd for men to clamor as they doe, for the Liberty they so manifestly enjoy. Againe, if we take Liberty, for an exemption from Lawes, it is no lesse absurd, for men to demand as they doe, that Liberty, by which all other men may be masters of their lives. And yet as absurd as it is, this is it they demand; not knowing that the Lawes are of no power to protect them, without a Sword in the hands of a man, or men, to cause those laws to be put in execution. Te Liberty of a Subject, lyeth therefore only in those things, which in regulating their actions, the

Soveraign hath prætermitted：such as is the Liberty to buy，and sell，and otherwise contract with one another；to choose their own aboad，their own diet，their own trade of life，and institute their children as they themselves think fit；＆the like．

Neverthelesse we are not to understand，that by such Liberty，the Soveraign Power of life，and death，is either abolished，or limited．For it has been already shewn，that nothing the Soveraign Representative can doe to a Subject，on what pretence soever，can properly be called Injustice，or Injury；because every Subject is Author of every act the Soveraign doth；so that he never wanteth Right to any thing，otherwise，than as he himself is the Subject of God，and bound thereby to observe the laws of Nature．And therefore it may，and doth ofen happen in Common-wealths，that a Subject may be put to death，by the command of the Soveraign Power；and yet neither doe the other wrong：As when *Jeptha* caused his daughter to be sacrifced：In which，and the like cases，he that so dieth，had Liberty to doe the action，for which he is neverthelesse，without Injury put to death．
And the same holdeth also in a Soveraign Prince，that putteth to death an Innocent Subject．For though the action be against the law of Nature，as being contrary to Equitie，（as was the killing *of Uriah*，by *David*；）yet it was not an Injurie to *Uriah*；but to *God*．Not to *Uriah*，because the right to doe what he pleased，was given him by *Uriah* himself：And yet to *God*，because *David* was *Gods* Subject；and prohibited all Iniquitie by the law of Nature．Which distinction，*David* himself，when he repented the fact，evidently confirmed，saying，*To thee only have I sinned*．In the same manner，the people of *Athens*，when they banished the most potent of their Common-wealth for ten years，thought they committed no Injustice；

and yet they never questioned what crime he had done；but what hurt he would doe：Nay they commanded the banishment of they knew not whom；and every Citizen bringing his Oystershell into the market place，written with the name of him he desired should be banished，without actuall accusing him，sometimes banished an *Aristides*，for his reputation of Justice；And sometimes a scurrilous Jester，as *Hyperbolus*，to make a Jest of it．And yet a man cannot say，the Soveraign People of *Athens* wanted right to banish them；or an *Athenian* the Libertie to Jest，or to be Just．

The Libertie，whereof there is so frequent，and honourable mention，in the Histories，and Philosophy of the Antient Greeks，and Romans，and in the writings，and discourse of those that from them have received all their learning in the Politiques，is not the Libertie of Particular men；but the Libertie of the Common-wealth：which is the same with that，which every man then should have，if there were no Civil Laws，nor Common-wealth at all．And the effects of it also be the same．For as amongst masterlesse men，there is perpetuall war，of every man against his neighbour；no inheritance，to transmit to the Son，nor to expect from the Father；no propriety of Goods，or Lands；no security；but a full and absolute Libertie in every Particular man：So in States，and Common-wealths not dependent on one another，every Common-wealth，（not every man） has an absolute Libertie，to doe what it shall judge （that is to say，what that Man，or Assemblie that representeth it，shall judge） most conducing to their benefit．But withall，they live in the condition of a perpetuall war，and upon the confines of battel，with their frontiers armed，and canons planted against their neighbours round about．The *Athenians*，and *Romanes* were free；that is，free Common-wealths：not that any particular men had

the Libertie to resist their own Representative； but that their Representative had the Libertie to resist，or invade other people． There is written on the Turrets of the city of *Luca* in great characters at this day，the word *LIBERTAS*； yet no man can thence inferre，that a particular man has more Libertie，or Immunitie from the service of the Common-wealth there，than in *Constantinople*. Whether a Common-wealth be Monarchicall，or Popular，the Freedome is still the same．

But it is an easy thing，for men to be deceived，by the specious name of Libertie；and for want of Judgement to distinguish，mistake that for their Private Inheritance，and Birth right，which is the right of the Publique only． And when the same errour is confirmed by the authority of men in reputation for their writings in this subject，it is no wonder if it produce sedition，and change of Government．In these westeme parts of the world，we are made to receive our opinions concerning the Institution，and Rights of Common-wealths，from *Aristotle*，*Cicero*，and other men，Greeks and Romanes，that living under Popular States，derived those Rights，not from the Principles of Nature，but transcribed them into their books，out of the Practice of their own Common-wealths，which were Popular；as the Grammarians describe the Rules of Language，out of the Practise of the time；or the Rules of Poetry，out of the Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*． And because the Athenians were taught，（to keep them from desire of changing their Government，） that they were Freemen，and all that lived under Monarchy were slaves；therefore *Aristotle* puts it down in his *Politiques*，（*lib.*6.*cap.*2） *In democracy*，Liberty *is to be supposed*： *for 'tis commonly held*，*that no man is Free in any other Government*． And as *Aristotle*；*so Cicero*，and other Writers have grounded their Civil

doctrine，on the opinions of the Romans，who were taught to hate Monarchy，at first，by them that having deposed their Soveraign，shared amongst them the Soveraignty of *Rome*；and afterwards by their Successors. And by reading of these Greek，and Latine Authors，men from their childhood have gotten a habit （under a false shew of Liberty，） of favouring tumults，and of licentious controlling the actions of their Soveraigns；and again of controlling those controllers，with the efusion of so much blood；as I think I may truly say，there was never any thing so deerly bought，as these Western parts have bought the learning of the Greek and Latine tongues.

To come now to the particulars of the true Liberty of a Subject；that is to say，what are the things，which though commanded by the Soveraign，he may neverthelesse，without Injustice，refuse to do；we are to consider，what Rights we passe away，when we make a Common-wealth；or （which is all one，） what Liberty we deny our selves，by owning all the Actions （without exception） of the Man，or Assembly we make our Soveraign. For in the act of our *Submission*，consisteth both our *Obligation*，and our *Liberty*；which must therefore be inferred by arguments taken from thence；there being no Obligation on any man，which ariseth not from some Act of his own；for all men equally，are by Nature Free. And because such arguments，must either be drawn from the expresse words，*I Authorise all his Actions*，or from the Intention of him that submitteth himselfe to his Power，（which Intention is to be understood by the End for which he so submitteth；） The Obligation，and Liberty of the Subject，is to be derived，either from those Words，（or others equivalent；） or else from the End of the Institution of Soveraignty；

namely，the Peace of the Subjects within themselves，and their Defence against a common Enemy.

First therefore，seeing Soveraignty by Institution，is by Covenant of every one to every one；and Soveraignty by Acquisition，by Covenants of the Vanquished to the Victor，or Child to the Parent；It is manifest，that every Subject has Liberty in all those things，the right whereof cannot by Covenant be transferred. I have shewn before in the 14. Chapter，that Covenants，not to defend a mans own body，are voyd. Terefore，

If the Soveraign command a man （though justly condemned，） to kill，wound，or mayme himselfe；or not to resist those that assault him；or to abstain from the use of food，ayre，medicine，or any other thing，without which he cannot live； yet hath that man the Liberty to disobey.

If a man be interrogated by the Soveraign，or his Authority，concerning a crime done by himselfe，he is not bound （without assurance of Pardon） to confesse it；because no man （as I have shewn in the same Chapter） can be obliged by Covenant to accuse himselfe.

Again，the Consent of a Subject to Soveraign Power，is contained in these words，*I Authorise*，*or take upon me*，*all his actions*；in which there is no restriction at all，of his own former naturall Liberty：For by allowing him to *kill me*，I am not bound to kill my selfe when he commands me. 'This one thing to say，*Kill me*，*or my fellow*，*if you please*；another thing to say，*I will kill my selfe*，*or my fellow*. It followeth therefore，that

No man is bound by the words themselves，either to kill himselfe，or

any other man；And consequently，that the Obligation a man may sometimes have，upon the Command of the Soveraign to execute any dangerous，or dishonourable Office，dependeth not on the Words of our Submission；but on the Intention；which is to be understood by the End thereof．When therefore our refusall to obey，frustrates the End for which the Soveraignty was ordained；then there is no Liberty to refuse：otherwise there is．

Upon this ground，a man that is commanded as a Souldier to fight against the enemy，though his Soveraign have Right enough to punish his refusall with death，may neverthelesse in many cases refuse，without Injustice；as when he substituteth a sufficient Souldier in his place：for in this case he deserteth not the service of the Common-wealth．And there is allowance to be made for naturall timorousnesse，not onely to women，（of whom no such dangerous duty is expected，）but also to men of feminine courage．When Armies fght，there is on one side，or both，a running away；yet when they do it not out of trechery，but fear，they are not esteemed to do it unjustly，but dishonourably．For the same reason，to avoyd batten，is not Injustice，but Cowardise．But he that inrowleth himselfe a Souldier，or taketh imprest mony，taketh away the excuse of a timorous nature；and is obliged，not onely to go to the battell，but also not to run from it，without his Captaines leave．And when the Defence of the Common-wealth，requireth at once the help of all that are able to bear Arms，every one is obliged；because otherwise the Institution of the Common-wealth，which they have not the purpose，or courage to preserve，was in vain．

To resist the Sword of the Common-wealth，in defence of another man，guilty，or innocent，no man hath Liberty；because such Liberty， takes away from the Soveraign，the means of Protecting us；and is therefore destructive of the very essence of Government. But in case a great many men together，have already resisted the Soveraign Power unjustly，or committed some Capitall crime，for which every one of them expecteth death，whether have they not the Liberty then to joyn together，and assist， and defend one another? Certainly they have：For they but defend their lives，which the Guilty man may as well do，as the Innocent. There was indeed injustice in the first breach of their duty；Their bearing of Arms subsequent to it，though it be to maintain what they have done，is no new unjust act. And if it be onely to defend their persons，it is not unjust at all. But the ofer of Pardon taketh from them，to whom it is offered，the plea of self-defence，and maketh their perseverance in assisting，or defending the rest，unlawfull.

As for other Lyberties，they depend on the silence of the Law. In cases where the Soveraign has prescribed no rule，there the Subject hath the liberty to do，or forbeare，according to his own discretion. And therefore such Liberty is in some places more，and in some lesse；and in some times more，in other times lesse，according as they that have the Soveraignty shall think most convenient. As for Example，there was a time，when in *England* a man might enter in to his own Land，（and dispossesse such as wrongfully possessed it） by force. But in afer-times，that Liberty of Forcible entry，was taken away by a Statute made （by the King） in Parliament. And in some places of the world，men have the Liberty of many wives：in other places，such Liberty is not allowed.

If a Subject have a controversie with his Soveraigne，of Debt，or of right of possession of lands or goods，or concerning any service required at his hands，or concerning any penalty corporall，or pecuniary，grounded on a precedent Law；He hath the same Liberty to sue for his right，as if it were against a Subject；and before such Judges，as are appointed by the Soveraign．For seeing the Soveraign demandeth by force of a former Law，and not by vertue of his Power；he declareth thereby，that he requireth no more，than shall appear to be due by that Law．Te sute therefore is not contrary to the will of the Soveraign；and consequently the Subject hath the Liberty to demand the hearing of his Cause；and sentence，according to that Law．But if he demand，or take any thing by pretence of his Power；there lyeth，in that case，no action of Law：for all that is done by him in Vertue of his Power，is done by the Authority of every subject，and consequently，he that brings an action against the Soveraign，brings it against himselfe．

If a Monarch，or Soveraign Assembly，grant a Liberty to all，or any of his Subjects；which Grant standing，he is disabled to provide for their safety，the Grant is voyd；unlesse he directly renounce，or transferre the Soveraignty to another．For in that he might openly，（if it had been his will，）and in plain termes，have renounced，or transferred it，and did not；it is to be understood it was not his will；but that the Grant proceeded from ignorance of the repugnancy between such a Liberty and the Soveraign Power；and therefore the Soveraignty is still retayned；and consequently all those Powers，which are necessary to the exercising thereof；such as are the Power of Warre，and Peace，of Judicature，of appointing Ofcers，and Councellours，of levying Mony，and the rest named in the 18th

Chapter． [1]

The Obligation of Subjects to the Soveraign，is understood to last as long，and no longer，than the power lasteth，by which he is able to protect them．For the right men have by Nature to protect themselves，when none else can protect them，can by no Covenant be relinquished．The Soveraignty is the Soule of the Common-wealth；which once departed from the Body，the members doe no more receive their motion from it．The end of Obedience is Protection；which，wheresoever a man seeth it，either in his own，or in anothers sword，Nature applyeth his obedience to it，and his endeavour to maintaine it．And though Soveraignty，in the intention of them that make it，be immortall；yet is it in its own nature，not only subject to violent death，by forreign war；but also through the ignorance，and passions of men，it hath in it，from the very institution，many seeds of a naturall mortality，by Intestine Discord．

If a Subject be taken prisoner in war；or his person，or his means of life be within the Guards of the enemy，and hath his life and corporall Libertie given him，on condition to be Subject to the Victor，he hath Libertie to accept the condition；and having accepted it，is the subject of him that took him；because he had no other way to preserve himselfe．The case is the same，if he be deteined on the same termes，in a forreign country．But if a man be held in prison，or bonds，or is not trusted with the libertie of his bodie；he cannot be understood to be bound by Covenant to subjection；and therefore may，if he can，make his escape by any means whatsoever．

If a Monarch shall relinquish the Soveraignty，both for himself，and

his heires；His Subjects returne to the absolute Libertie of Nature；because，though Nature may declare who are his Sons，and who are the nerest of his Kin；yet it dependeth on his own will，（as hath been said in the precedent chapter，）who shall be his Heyr．If therefore he will have no Heyre，there is no Soveraignty，nor Subjection．Te case is the same，if he dye without known Kindred，and without declaration of his Heyre．For then there can no Heire be known，and consequently no Subjection be due．

If the Soveraign Banish his Subject；during the Banishment，he is not Subject．But he that is sent on a message，or hath leave to travell，is still Subject；but it is，by Contract between Soveraigns，not by vertue of the covenant of Subjection．For whosoever entreth into anothers dominion，is Subject to all the Lawes thereof；unlesse he have a privilege by the amity of the Soveraigns，or by speciall licence．

If a Monarch subdued by war，render himself Subject to the Victor；his Subjects are delivered from their former obligation，and become obliged to the Victor．But if he be held prisoner，or have not the liberty of his own Body；he is not understood to have given away the Right of Soveraigntie；and therefore his Subjects are obliged to yield obedience to the Magistrates formerly placed，governing not in their own name，but in his．For，his Right remaining，the question is only of the Administration；that is to say，of the Magistrates and Officers；which，if he have not means to name，he is supposed to approve those，which he himself had formerly appointed．

［…］

Of those things that Weaken，*or tend to the* **Dissolution** *of a Common-wealth*

Though nothing can be immortall，which mortals make；yet，if men had the use of reason they pretend to，their Common-wealths might be secured，at least，from perishing by internall diseases．For by the nature of their Institution，they are designed to live，as long as Man-kind，or as the Lawes of Nature，or as Justice it selfe，which gives them life．Terefore when they come to be dissolved，not by extemall violence，but intestine disorder，the fault is not in men，as they are the *Matter*；but as they are the *Makers*，and orderers of them．For men，as they become at last weary of irregular justling，and hewing one another，and desire with all their hearts，to conforme themselves into one firme and lasting edifce；so for want，both of the art of making ft Lawes，to square their actions by，and also of humility，and patience，to sufer the rude and combersome points of their present greatnesse to be taken off，they cannot without the help of a very able Architect，be compiled，into any other than a crasie building，such as hardly lasting out their own time，must assuredly fall upon the heads of their posterity．

Amongst the *Infirmities* therefore of a Common-wealth，I will reckon in the first place，those that arise from an Imperfect Institution，and resemble the diseases of a naturall body，which proceed from a Defectuous Procreation．

Of which，this is one，*That a man to obtain a Kingdome*，*is sometimes content with lesse Power*，*than to the Peace*，*and defence of the Common-wealth is necessarily required*．From whence it commeth to

passe，that when the exercise of the Power layd by，is for the publique safety to be resumed，it hath the resemblance of an unjust act；which disposeth great numbers of men （when occasion is presented） to rebell；In the same manner as the bodies of children，gotten by diseased parents，are subject either to untimely death，or to purge the ill quality，derived from their vicious conception，by breaking out into biles and scabbs．And when Kings deny themselves some such necessary Power，it is not alwayes （though sometimes） out of ignorance of what is necessary to the office they undertake；but many times out of a hope to recover the same again at their pleasure：Wherein they reason not well；because such as will hold them to their promises，shall be maintained against them by forraign Common-wealths；who in order to the good of their own Subjects let slip few occasions to *weaken* the estate of their Neighbours．So was *Thomas Becket* Archbishop of *Canterbury*，supported against *Henry* the Second，by the Pope；the subjection of Ecclesiastiques to the Common-wealth，having been dispensed with by *William the Conquerour* at his reception，when he took an Oath，not to infringe the liberty of the Church．And so were the *Barons*，whose power was by *William Rufus* （to have their help in transferring the Succession from his Elder brother，to himselfe，） encreased to a degree，inconsistent with the Soveraign Power，maintained in their Rebellion against King *John*，by the French．

Nor does this happen in Monarchy onely．For whereas the stile of the antient Roman Common-wealth，was，*The Senate，and People of Rome*；neither Senate，nor People pretended to the whole Power；which first caused the seditions，of *Tiberius Gracchus*，*Caius Gracchus*，*Lucius Saturninus*，and others；and afterwards the warres between the Senate and

the People，under *Marius* and *Sylla*；and again under *Pompey* and *Cæsar* ，to the Extinction of their Democraty，and the setting up of Monarchy.

The people of *Athens* bound themselves but from one onely Action；which was，that no man on pain of death should propound the renewing of the warre for the Island of *Salamis*；And yet thereby，if *Solon* had not caused to be given out he was mad，and afterwards in gesture and habit of a mad-man，and in verse，propounded it to the People that flocked about him，they had had an enemy perpetually in readinesse，even at the gates of their Citie；such dammage，or shifts，are all Common-wealths forced to，that have their Power never so little limited.

In the second place，I observe the Diseases of a Common-wealth，that proceed from the poyson of seditious doctrines；whereof one is，*That every private man is Judge of Good and Evill actions*. This is true in the condition of meer Nature，where there are no Civill Lawes；and also under Civill Government，in such cases as are not determined by the Law. But otherwise，it is manifest，that the measure of Good and Evill actions，is the Civill Law；and the Judge the Legislator，who is alwayes Representative of the Common-wealth. From this false doctrine，men are disposed to debate with themselves，and dispute the commands of the Common-wealth；and afterwards to obey，or disobey them，as in their private judgements they shall think fit. Whereby the Common-wealth is distracted and *Weakened*.

Another doctrine repugnant to Civill Society，is，that *whatsoever a man does against his Conscience，is Sinne*；and it dependeth on the presumption of making himself judge of Good and Evill. For a mans

Conscience，and his Judgement is the same thing；and as the Judgement，so also the Conscience may be erroneous．Therefore，though he that is subject to no Civill Law，sinneth in all he does against his Conscience，because he has no other rule to follow but his own reason；yet it is not so with him that byes in a Common-wealth；because the Law is the publique Conscience，by which he hath already undertaken to be guided．Otherwise in such diversity，as there is of private Consciences，which are but private opinions，the Common-wealth must needs be distracted，and no man dare to obey the Soveraign Power，farther than it shall seem good in his own eyes．

It hath been also commonly taught，*That Faith and Sanctity*，*are not to be attained by Study and Reason*，*but by supernaturall Inspiration*，*or Infusion*，which granted，I see not why any man should render a reason of his Faith；or why every Christian should not be also a Prophet；or why any man should take the Law of his Country，rather than his own Inspiration，for the rule of his action．And thus wee fall again into the fault of taking upon us to Judge of Good and Evill；or to make Judges of it，such private men as pretend to be supernaturally Inspired，to the Dissolution of all Civill Government．Faith comes by hearing，and hearing by those accidents，which guide us into the presence of them that speak to us；which accidents are all contrived by God Almighty；and yet are not supernaturall，but onely，for the great number of them that concurre to every efect，unobservable．Faith，and Sanctity，are indeed not very frequent；but yet they are not Miracles，but brought to passe by education，discipline，correction，and other naturall wayes，by which God worketh them in his elect，at such time as he thinketh fit．And these three opinions，pernicious

to Peace and Government, have in this part of the world, proceeded chiefly from the tongues, and pens of unlearned Divines; who joyning the words of Holy Scripture together, otherwise than is agreeable to reason, do what they can, to make men think, that Sanctity and Naturall Reason, cannot stand together.

A fourth opinion, repugnant to the nature of a Common-wealth, is this, *That he that hath the Soveraign Power, is subject to the Civill Lawes*. It is true, that Soveraigns are all subjects to the Lawes of Nature; because such lawes be Divine, and cannot by any man, or Common-wealth be abrogated. But to those Lawes which the Soveraign himselfe, that is, which the Common-wealth maketh, he is not subject. For to be subject to Lawes, is to be subject to the Common-wealth, that is to the Soveraign Representative, that is to himselfe, which is not subjection, but freedome from the Lawes. Which errour, because it setteth the Lawes above the Soveraign, setteth also a Judge above him, and a Power to punish him; which is to make a new Soveraign; and again for the same reason a third, to punish the second; and so continually without end, to the Confusion, and Dissolution of the Commonwealth.

A Fifth doctrine, that tendeth to the Dissolution of a Common-wealth, is, *That every private man has an absolute Propriety in his Goods; such, as excludeth the Right of the Soveraign*. Every man has indeed a Propriety that excludes the Right of every other Subject: And he has it onely from the Soveraign Power; without the protection whereof, every other man should have equall Right to the same. But if the Right of the Soveraign also be excluded, he cannot performe the office they have put

him into; which is, to defend them both from forraign enemies, and from the injuries of one another; and consequently there is no longer a Common-wealth.

And if the Propriety of Subjects, exclude not the Right of the Soveraign Representative to their Goods; much lesse to their offices of Judicature, or Execution, in which they Represent the Soveraign himselfe.

Tere is a Sixth doctrine, plainly, and directly against the essence of a Common-wealth; and 'tis this, *That the Soveraign Power may be divided*. For what is it to divide the Power of a Common-wealth, but to Dissolve it; for Powers divided mutually destroy each other. And for these doctrines, men are chiefly beholding to some of those, that making profession of the Lawes, endeavour to make them depend upon their own learning, and not upon the Legislative Power.

And as False Doctrine, so also often-times the Example of different Government in a neighbouring Nation, disposeth men to alteration of the forme already setled. So the people of the Jewes were stirred up to reject God, and to call upon the Prophet *Samuel*, for a King after the manner of the Nations: So also the lesser Cities of *Greece*, were continually disturbed, with seditions of the Aristocraticall, and Democraticall factions; one part of almost every Common-wealth, desiring to imitate the Lacedæmonians, the other, the Athenians. And I doubt not, but many men, have been contented to see the late troubles in *England*, out of an imitation of the Low Countries; supposing there needed no more to grow rich, than to change, as they had done, the forme of their Government. For the constitution of mans nature, is of it selfe subject to desire novelty:

When therefore they are provoked to the same，by the neighbourhood also of those that have been enriched by it，it is almost impossible for them，not to be content with those that solicite them to change；and love the first beginnings，though they be grieved with the continuance of disorder；like hot bloods，that having gotten the itch，tear themselves with their own nayles，till they can endure the smart no longer．

And as to Rebellion in particular against Monarchy；one of the most frequent causes of it，is the Reading of the books of Policy，and Histories of the antient Greeks，and Romans；from which，young men，and all others that are unprovided of the Antidote of solid Reason，receiving a strong，and delightfull impression，of the great exploits of warre，atchieved by the Conductors of their Armies，receive withall a pleasing Idea，of all they have done besides；and imagine their great prosperity，not to have proceeded from the æmulation of particular men，but from the vertue of their popular forme of government：Not considering the frequent Seditions，and Civill warres，produced by the imperfection of their Policy．From the reading，I say，of such books，men have undertaken to kill their Kings，because the Greek and Latine writers，in their books，and discourses of Policy，make it lawfull，and laudable，for any man so to do；provided before he do it，he call him Tyrant．For they say not *Regicide*，that is，killing of a King，but *Tyrannicide*，that is，killing of a Tyrant is lawfull．From the same books，they that live under a Monarch conceive an opinion，that the Subjects in a Popular Common-wealth enjoy Liberty；but that in a Monarchy they are all Slaves．I say，they that live under a Monarchy conceive such an opinion；not they that live under a Popular Government：for they find no such matter．In summe，I cannot

imagine，how anything can be more prejudiciall to a Monarchy，than the allowing of such books to be publikely read，without present applying such correctives of discreet Masters，as are fit to take away their Venime：Which Venime I will not doubt to compare to the biting of a mad Dogge，which is a disease the Physicians call *Hydrophobia*，*or fear of Water*．For as he that is so bitten，has a continuall torment of thirst，and yet abhorreth water；and is in such an estate，as if the poyson endeavoured to convert him into a Dogge：So when a Monarchy is once bitten to the quick，by those Democraticall writers，that continually snarle at that estate；it wanteth nothing more than a strong Monarch，which neverthelesse out of a certain *Tyrannophobia*，or feare of being strongly governed，when they have him，they abhorre．

As there have been Doctors，that hold there be three Soules in a man；so there be also that think there may be more Soules，（that is；more Soveraigns，）than one，in a Common-wealth；and set up *a Supremacy* against the *Soveraignty*；*Canons against Lawes*；and a *Ghostly Authority* against the *Civill*；working on mens minds，with words and distinctions，that of themselves signifie nothing，but bewray（by their obscurity）that there walketh（as some think invisibly）another Kingdome，as it were a Kingdome of Fayries，in the dark．Now seeing it is manifest，that the Civill Power，and the Power of the Common-wealth is the same thing；and that Supremacy，and the Power of making Canons，and granting Faculties，implyeth a Common-wealth；it followeth，that where one is Soveraign，another Supreme；where one can make Lawes，and another make Canons；there must needs be two Common-wealths，of one & the same Subjects；which is a Kingdome divided in it selfe，and cannot stand．

For notwithstanding the insignificant distinction of *Temporall*，and *Ghostly*，they are still two Kingdomes，and every Subject is subject to two Masters．For seeing the *Ghostly* Power challengeth the Right to declare what is Sinne it challengeth by consequence to declare what is Law，（Sinne being nothing but the transgression of the Law；）and again，the Civill Power challenging to declare what is Law，every Subject must obey two Masters，who both will have their Commands be observed as Law；which is impossible．Or，if it be but one Kingdome，either the *Civill*，which is the Power of the Common-wealth，must be subordinate to the *Ghostly*，and then there is no Soveraignty but the *Ghostly*；or the *Ghostly* must be subordinate to the *Temporall* and then there is no *Supremacy* but the *Temporall*．When therefore these two Powers oppose one another，the Common-wealth cannot but be in great danger of Civill warre，and Dissolution．For the *Civill* Authority being more visible，and standing in the cleerer light of naturall reason cannot choose but draw to it in all times a very considerable part of the people：And the *Spirituall*，though it stand in the darknesse of Schoole distinctions，and hard words；yet because the fear of Darknesse，and Ghosts，is greater than other fears，cannot want a party sufficient to Trouble，and sometimes to Destroy a Common-wealth．And this is a Disease which not unfitly may be compared to the Epilepsie，or Falling-sicknesse（which the Jewes took to be one kind of possession by Spirits）in the Body Naturall．For as in this Disease，there is an unnaturall spirit，or wind in the head that obstructeth the roots of the Nerves，and moving them violently，taketh away the motion which naturally they should have from the power of the Soule in the Brain，and thereby causeth violent，and irregular motions（which men call Convulsions）in the parts；insomuch as he that is seized therewith，falleth down sometimes into

the water，and sometimes into the fre，as a man deprived of his senses；so also in the Body Politique，when the Spirituall power，moveth the Members of a Common-wealth，by the terrour of punishments，and hope of rewards （which are the Nerves of it，） otherwise than by the Civill Power （which is the Soule of the Common-wealth） they ought to be moved；and by strange，and hard words suffocates their understanding，it must needs thereby Distract the people，and either Overwhelm the Common-wealth with Oppression，or cast it into the Fire of a Civill warre.

Sometimes also in the meerly Civill government，there be more than one Soule：As when the Power of levying mony，（which is the Nutritive faculty，） has depended on a generall Assembly；the Power of conduct and command，（which is the Motive faculty，） on one man；and the Power of making Lawes，（which is the Rationall faculty，） on the accidentall consent，not onely of those two，but also of a third；This endangereth the Common-wealth，somtimes for want of consent to good Lawes；but most often for want of such Nourishment，as is necessary to Life，and Motion. For although few perceive，that such government，is not government，but division of the Common-wealth into three Factions，and call it mixt Monarchy；yet the truth is，that it is not one independent Common-wealth，but three independent Factions；nor one Representative Person，but three. In the Kingdome of God，there may be three Persons independent，without breach of unity in God that Reigneth；but where men Reigne，that be subject to diversity of opinions，it cannot be so. And therefore if the King bear the person of the People，and the generall Assembly bear also the person of the People，and another Assembly bear the person of a Part of the people，they are not one Person，nor one

Soveraign，but three Persons，and three Soveraigns.

To what Disease in the Naturall Body of man，I may exactly compare this irregularity of a Common-wealth，I know not. But I have seen a man，that had another man growing out of his side，with an head，armes，breast，and stomach，of his own：If he had had another man growing out of his other side，the comparison might then have been exact.

Hitherto I have named such Diseases of a Common-wealth，as are of the greatest，and most present danger. There be other，not so great；which neverthelesse are not unft to be observed. As first，the difficulty of raising Mony，for the necessary uses of the Common-wealth；especially in the approach of warre. This difficulty ariseth from the opinion，that every Subject hath of a Propriety in his lands and goods，exclusive of the Soveraigns Right to the use of the same. From whence it commeth to passe，that the Soveraign Power，which foreseeth the necessities and dangers of the Common-wealth，（finding the passage of mony to the publique Treasure obstructed，by the tenacity of the people，）whereas it ought to extend it selfe，to encounter，and prevent such dangers in their beginnings，contracteth it selfe as long as it can，and when it cannot longer，struggles with the people by stratagems of Law，to obtain little summes，which not sufficing，he is fain at last violently to open the way for present supply，or Perish；and being put ofen to these extremities，at last reduceth the people to their due temper；or else the Common-wealth must perish. Insomuch as we may compare this Distemper very aptly to an Ague；wherein，the fleshy parts being congealed，or by venomous matter obstructed；the Veins which by their naturall course empty themselves into

the Heart, are not (as they ought to be) supplyed from the Arteries, whereby there succeedeth at first a cold contraction, and trembling of the limbes; and afterwards a hot, and strong endeavour of the Heart, to force a passage for the Bloud; and before it can do that, contenteth it selfe with the small refreshments of such things as coole for a time, till (if Nature be strong enough) it break at last the contumacy of the parts obstructed, and dissipateth the venome into sweat; or (if Nature be too weak) the Patient dyeth.

Again, there is sometimes in a Common-wealth, a Disease, which resembleth the Pleurisie; and that is, when the Treasure of the Common-wealth, flowing out of its due course, is gathered together in too much abundance, in one, or a few private men, by Monopolies, or by Farmes of the Publique Revenues; in the same manner as the Blood in a Pleurisie, getting into the Membrane of the breast, breedeth there an Inflammation, accompanied with a Fever, and painfull stiches.

Also, the Popularity of a potent Subject, (unlesse the Common-wealth have very good caution of his fidelity,) is a dangerous Disease; because the people (which should receive their motion from the Authority of the Soveraign,) by the flattery, and by the reputation of an ambitious man, are drawn away from their obedience to the Lawes, to follow a man, of whose vertues, and designes they have no knowledge. And this is commonly of more danger in a Popular Government, than in a Monarchy; because an Army is of so great force, and multitude, as it may easily be made believe, they are the People. By this means it was, that *Julius Cæsar*, who was set up by the People against the Senate, having won to

himselfe the affections of his Army，made himselfe Master，both of Senate and People．And this proceeding of popular，and ambitious men，is plain Rebellion；and may be resembled to the effects of Witchcraf．

Another infirmity of a Common-wealth，is the immoderate greatnesse of a Town，when it is able to furnish out of its own Circuit，the number，and expence of a great Army：As also the great number of Corporations；which are as it were many lesser Common-wealths in the bowels of a greater，like wormes in the entrayles of a naturall man．To which may be added，the Liberty of Disputing against absolute Power，by pretenders to Politicall Prudence；which though bred for the most part in the Lees of the people；yet animated by False Doctrines，are perpetually medling with the Fundamentall Lawes，to the molestation of the Common-wealth；like the little Wormes，which Physicians call *Ascarides*．

We may further adde，the insatiable appetite，or *Bulimia*，of enlarging Dominion；with the incurable *Wounds* thereby many times received from the enemy；And the *Wens*，of ununited conquests，which are many times a burthen，and with lesse danger lost，than kept；As also the *Lethargy* of Ease，and *Consumption* of Riot and Vain Expence．

Lastly，when in a warre（forraign，or intestine，）the enemies get a final Victory；so as（the forces of the Common-wealth keeping the field no longer）there is no farther protection of Subjects in their loyalty；then is the Common-wealth Dissolved，and every man at liberty to protect himselfe by such courses as his own discretion shall suggest unto him．For the Soveraign，is the publique Soule，giving Life and Motion to the Common-wealth；which expiring，the Members are governed by it no more，than the

Carcasse of a man，by his departed （though Immortall） Soule. For though the Right of a Soveraign Monarch cannot be extinguished by the act of another; yet the Obligation of the members may. For he that wants protection，may seek it anywhere; and when he hath it，is obliged （without fraudulent pretence of having submitted himselfe out of fear，） to protect his Protection as long as he is able. But when the Power of an Assembly is once suppressed，the Right of the same perisheth utterly; because the Assembly it selfe is extinct; and consequently，there is no possibility for the Soveraignty to re-enter.

[…]

---

[1] Not included here.

Of the Kingdome of Darknesse

Of Darknesse *from* Vain Philosophy，*and* Fabulous Traditions

By Philosophy，is understood *the Knowledge acquired by Reasoning，from the Manner of the Generation of any thing，to the Properties；or from the Properties，to some possible Way of Generation of the same；to the end to bee able to produce，as far as matter，and humane force permit，such Effects，as humane life requireth*. So the Geometrician，from the Construction of Figures，findeth out many Properties thereof；and from the Properties，new Ways of their Construction，by Reasoning；to the end to be able to measure Land，and Water；and for infinite other uses. So the Astronomer，from the Rising，Setting，and Moving of the Sun，and Starres，in divers parts of the Heavens，findeth out the Causes of Day，and Night，and of the different Seasons of the Year；whereby he keepeth an account of Time：And the like of other Sciences.

By which Definition it is evident，that we are not to account as any part thereof，that originall knowledge called Experience，in which consisteth Prudence：Because it is not attained by Reasoning，but found as well in Brute Beasts，as in Man；and is but a Memory of successions of events in times past，wherein the omission of every little circumstance altering the efect，frustrateth the expectation of the most Prudent：whereas nothing is produced by Reasoning aright，but generall，eternall，and immutable Truth.

Nor are we therefore to give that name to any false Conclusions：For he

that Reasoneth aright in words he understandeth，can never conclude an Error：

Nor to that which any man knows by supernaturall Revelation；because it is not acquired by Reasoning：

Nor that which is gotten by Reasoning from the Authority of Books；because it is not by Reasoning from the Cause to the Effect，nor from the Effect to the Cause；and is not Knowledg，but Faith．

Te faculty of Reasoning being consequent to the use of Speech，it was not possible，but that there should have been some generall Truthes found out by Reasoning，as ancient almost as Language it selfe．The Savages of America，are not without some good Morall Sentences；also they have a little Arithmetick，to adde，and divide in Numbers not too great：but they are not therefore Philosophers．For as there were Plants of Corn and Wine in small quantity dispersed in the Fields and Woods，before men knew their vertue，or made use of them for their nourishment，or planted them apart in Fields，and Vineyards；in which time they fed on Akorns，and drank Water：so also there have been divers true，generall，and profitable Speculations from the beginning；as being the naturall plants of humane Reason：But they were at first but few in number；men lived upon grosse Experience；there was no Method；that is to say，no Sowing，nor Planting of Knowledge by it self，apart from the Weeds，and common Plants of Errour and Conjecture：And the cause of it being the want of leasure from procuring the necessities of life，and defending themselves against their neighbors，it was impossible，till the erecting of great Common-wealths，it should be otherwise．Leasure is the mother of *Philosophy*；and *Common-*

wealth，the mother of *Peace*，and *Leasure*：Where first were great and flourishing *Cities*，there was first the study of *Philosophy*. The *Gymnosophists* of *India*，the *Magi* of *Persia*，and the *Priests* of *Chaldæa* and *Egypt*，are counted the most ancient Philosophers；and those Countreys were the most ancient of Kingdomes. *Philosophy* was not risen to the *Græcians*，and other people of the West，whose *Commonwealths* （no greater perhaps then *Lucca*，or *Geneva*） had never *Peace*，but when their fears of one another were equall；nor the *Leasure* to observe any thing but one another. At length，when Warre had united many of these *Græcian* lesser Cities，into fewer，and greater；then began *Seven men*，of severall parts of *Greece*，to get the reputation of being *Wise*；some of them for *Morall* and *Politique* Sentences；and others for the learning of the *Chaldæans* and *Egyptians*，which was *Astronomy*，and *Geometry*. But we hear not yet of any *Schools* of *Philosophy*.

Afer the *Athenians* by the overthrow of the *Persian* Armies，had gotten the Dominion of the Sea；and thereby，of all the Islands，and Maritime Cities of the *Archipelago*，as well of *Asia* as *Europe*；and were grown wealthy；they that had no employment，neither at home，nor abroad，had little else to employ themselves in，but either （as St. *Luke* says，*Acts* 17.21.） *in telling and hearing news*，or in discoursing of *Philosophy* publiquely to the youth of the City. Every Master took some place for that purpose. *Plato* in certain publique Walks called *Academia*，from one *Academus*：*Aristotle* in the Walk of the Temple of *Pan*，called *Lycæum*： others in the Stoa，or covered Walk，wherein the Merchants Goods were brought to land：others in other places；where they spent the time of their Leasure，in teaching or in disputing of their Opinions：and some in any

place，where they could get the youth of the City together to hear them talk. And this was it which *Carneades* also did at *Rome*，when he was Ambassadour：which caused *Cato* to advise the Senate to dispatch him quickly，for feare of corrupting the manners of the young men that delighted to hear him speak （as they thought） fne things.

From this it was，that the place where any of them taught，and disputed，was called *Schola*，which in their Tongue signifieth *Leasure*；and their Disputations，*Diatribæ*，that is to say，*Passing of the time*. Also the Philosophers themselves had the name of their Sects，some of them from these their Schools：For they that followed *Plato's* Doctrine，were called *Academiques*；Te followers of *Aristotle*，*Peripatetiques*，from the Walk hee taught in；and those that Zeno taught，*Stoiques*，from the *Stoa*：as if we should denominate men from *More-fields*，from *Pauls-Church*，and from the *Exchange*，because they meet there ofen，to prate and loyter.

Neverthelesse，men were so much taken with this custome，that in time it spread it selfe over all Europe，and the best part of Afrique；so as there were Schools publiquely erected，and maintained for Lectures，and Disputations，almost in every Common-wealth.

Tere were also Schools，anciently，both before，and afer the time of our Saviour，amongst the *Jews*：but they were Schools of their Law. For though they were called *Synagogues*，that is to say，Congregations of the People；yet in as much as the Law was every Sabbath day read，expounded，and disputed in them，they differed not in nature，but in name onely from Pubhque Schools；and were not onely in Jerusalem，but in

every City of the Gentiles，where the Jews inhabited．There was such a Schoole at *Damascus*，whereinto *Paul* entred，to persecute．There were others at *Antioch*，*Iconium* and *Tessalonica*，whereinto he entred，to dispute：And such was the Synagogue of the *Libertines*，*Cyrenians*，*Alexandrians*，*Cilicians*，and those of *Asia*；that is to say，the Schoole of *Libertines*，and of *Jewes*，that were strangers in *Jerusalem*：And of this Schoole they were that disputed （*Act*．6.9.） with *Saint Steven*．

But what has been the Utility of those Schools？what Science is there at this day acquired by their Readings and Disputings？That wee have of Geometry，which is the Mother of all Naturall Science，wee are not indebted for it to the Schools．*Plato* that was the best Philosopher of the Greeks，forbad entrance into his Schoole，to all that were not already in some measure Geometricians．There were many that studied that Science to the great advantage of mankind：but there is no mention of their Schools；nor was there any Sect of Geometricians；nor did they then passe under the name of Philosophers．Te naturall Philosophy of those Schools，was rather a Dream than Science，and set forth in senselesse and insignificant Language；which cannot be avoided by those that will teach Philosophy，without having first attained great knowledge in Geometry：For Nature worketh by Motion；the Wayes，and Degrees whereof cannot be known，without the knowledge of the Proportions and Properties of Lines，and Figures．Their Morall Philosophy is but a description of their own Passions．For the rule of Manners，without Civill Government，is the Law of Nature；and in it，the Law Civill；that determineth what is Honest，and Dishonest；what is *Just*，and *Unjust*；and generally what is *Good*，and *Evill*：whereas they make the Rules of *Good*，and *Bad*，by their own

Liking，and *Disliking*：By which means，in so great diversity of taste，there is nothing generally agreed on；but every one doth （as far as he dares） whatsoever seemeth good in his owne eyes，to the subversion of Common-wealth. Their *Logique* which should bee the Method of Reasoning，is nothing else but Captions of Words，and Inventions how to puzzle such as should goe about to pose them. To conclude，there is nothing so absurd，that the old Philosophers （as Cicero saith，who was one of them） have not some of them maintained. And I beleeve that scarce any thing can be more absurdly said in naturall Philosophy，than that which now is called *Aristotles Metaphysiques*；nor more repugnant to Government，than much of that hee hath said in his *Politiques*；nor more ignorantly，than a great part of his *Ethiques*.

The Schoole of the Jews，was originally a Schoole of the Law of *Moses*；who commanded （*Deut*. 31.10.） that at the end of every seventh year，at the Feast of the Tabernacles，it should be read to all the people，that they might hear，and learn it：Therefore the reading of the Law （which was in use after the Captivity） every Sabbath day，ought to have had no other end，but the acquainting of the people with the Commandements which they were to obey，and to expound unto them the writings of the Prophets. But it is manifest，by the many reprehensions of them by our Saviour，that they corrupted the Text of the Law with their false Commentaries，and vain Traditions；and so little understood the Prophets，that they did neither acknowledge Christ，nor the works he did；of which the Prophets prophecyed. So that by their Lectures and Disputations in their Synagogues，they turned the Doctrine of their Law into a Phantasticall kind of Philosophy，concerning the incomprehensible nature of God，and of

Spirits；which they compounded of the Vain Philosophy and Theology of the Gr cians，mingled with their own fancies，drawn from the obscurer places of the Scripture，and which might most easily bee wrested to their purpose；and from the Fabulous Traditions of their Ancestors.

That which is now called an *University*，is a Joyning together，and an Incorporation under one Government of many Publique Schools，in one and the same Town or City. In which，the principall Schools were ordained for the three Professions，that is to say，of the Romane Religion，of the Romane Law，and of the Art of Medicine. And for the study of Philosophy it hath no otherwise place，then as a handmaid to the Romane Religion: And since the Authority of Aristotle is onely current there，that study is not properly Philosophy，（the nature whereof dependeth not on Authors，） but Aristotelity. And for Geometry，till of very late times it had no place at all；as being subservient to nothing but rigide Truth. And if any man by the ingenuity of his owne nature，had attained to any degree of perfection therein，hee was commonly thought a Magician，and his Art Diabolicall.

Now to descend to the particular Thenets of Vain Philosophy，derived to the Universities，and thence into the Church，partly from Aristotle，partly from Blindnesse of understanding；I shall first consider their Principles. There is a certain *Philosophia prima*，on which all other Philosophy ought to depend；and consisteth principally，in right limiting of the significations of such Appellations，or Names，as are of all others the most Universall：Which Limitations serve to avoid ambiguity，and quivocation in Reasoning；and are commonly called Definitions；such as are the Definitions of Body，Time，Place，Matter，Forrne，Essence，

Subject，Substance，Accident，Power，Act，Finite，Infnite，Quantity，Quality，Motion，Action，Passion，and divers others，necessary to the explaining of a mans Conceptions concerning the Nature and Generation of Bodies．The Explication（that is，the setling of the meaning） of which，and the like Terms，is commonly in the Schools called *Metaphysiques*；as being a part of the Philosophy of Aristotle，which hath that for title：but it is in another sense；for there it signifieth as much，as *Books written，or placed after his naturall Philosophy*：But the Schools take them for *Books of supernaturall Philosophy*：for the word *Metaphysiques* will bear both these senses．And indeed that which is there written，is for the most part so far from the possibility of being understood，and so repugnant to naturall Reason，that whosoever thinketh there is any thing to bee understood by it，must needs think it supematurall．

From these Metaphysiques，which are mingled with the Scripture to make Schoole Divinity，wee are told，there be in the world certaine Essences separated from Bodies，which they call *Abstract Essences，and Substantiall Formes*：For the Interpreting of which *Jargon*，there is need of somewhat more than ordinary attention in this place．Also I ask pardon of those that are not used to this kind of Discourse，for applying my selfe to those that are．Te World，（I mean not the Earth onely，that denominates the Lovers of it *Worldly men*，but the *Universe*，that is，the whole masse of all things that are） is Corporeall，that is to say，Body；and hath the dimensions of Magnitude，namely，Length，Bredth，and Depth：also every part of Body，is likewise Body，and hath the like dimensions；and consequently every part of the Universe，is Body，and that which is not Body，is no part of the Universe：And because the Universe is All，that

which is no part of it，is *Nothing*；and consequently *no where*．Nor does it follow from hence，that Spirits are *nothing*：for they have dimensions，and are therefore really *Bodies*；though that name in common Speech be given to such Bodies onely，as are visible，or palpable；that is，that have some degree of Opacity：But for Spirits，they call them Incorporeall；which is a name of more honour，and may therefore with more piety bee attributed to God himselfe；in whom wee consider not what Attribute expresseth best his Nature，which is Incomprehensible；but what best expresseth our desire to honour Him．

To know now upon what grounds they say there be *Essences Abstract*，or *Substantiall Formes*，wee are to consider what those words do properly signifie．Te use of Words，is to register to our selves，and make manifest to others the Toughts and Conceptions of our Minds．Of which Words，some are the names of the Things conceived；as the names of all sorts of Bodies，that work upon the Senses，and leave an Impression in the Imagination：Others are the names of the Imaginations themselves；that is to say，of those Ideas，or mentall Images we have of all things wee see，or remember：And others againe are names of Names；or of different sorts of Speech：*As Universall*，*Plurall*，*Singular*，*are the names of Names*；*and Definition*，*Affirmation*，*Negation*，*True*，*False*，*Syllogisme*，*Interrogation*，*Promise*，*Covenant*，are the names of certain Forms of Speech．Others serve to shew the Consequence，or Repugnance of one name to another；as when one saith，*A Man is a Body*，bee intendeth that the name of *Body* is necessarily consequent to the name of *Man*；as being but severall names of the same thing，*Man*；which Consequence is signified by coupling them together with the word *Is*．And as wee use the Verbe *Is*；

so the Latines use their Verbe *Est*, and the Greeks their ''Εστι through all its Declinations. Whether all other Nations of the world have in their severall languages a word that answereth to it, or not, I cannot tell; but I am sure they have not need of it: For the placing of two names in order may serve to signifie their Consequence, if it were the custome, (for Custome is it, that give words their force,) as well as the words *Is*, or *Bee*, or *Are*, and the like.

And if it were so, that there were a Language without any Verb answerable to *Est*, or *Is*, or *Bee*; yet the men that used it would bee not a jot the lesse capable of Inferring, Concluding, and of all kind of Reasoning, than were the Greeks, and Latines. But what then would become of these Terms, of *Entity*, *Essence*, *Essentiall*, *Essentiality*, that are derived from it, and of many more that depend on these, applyed as most commonly they are? They are therefore no Names of Tings; but Signes, by which wee make known, that wee conceive the Consequence of one name or Attribute to another: as when we say, *a Man*, *is*, *a living Body*, wee mean not that the Man is one thing, the Living Body another, and the *Is*, or *Beeing* a third: but that the *Man*, and the *Living Body*, is the same thing: because the Consequence, *If hee bee a Man*, *bee is a living Body*, is a true Consequence, signified by that word *Is*. Terefore, *to bee a Body*, *to Walke*, *to bee Speaking*, *to Live*, *to See*, and the like Infinitives; also *Corporeity*, *Walking*, *Speaking*, *Life*, *Sight*, and the like, that signifie just the same, are the names of *Nothing*; as I have elsewhere more amply expressed.

But to what purpose (may some man say) is such subtilty in a work

of this nature，where I pretend to nothing but what is necessary to the doctrine of Government and Obedience？It is to this purpose，that men may no longer suffer themselves to be abused，by them，that by this doctrine of *Separated Essences*，built on the Vain Philosophy of Aristotle，would fright them from Obeying the Laws of their Countrey，with empty names； as men fright Birds from the Corn with an empty doublet，a hat，and a crooked stick．For it is upon this ground，that when a Man is dead and buried，they say his Soule （that is his Life） can walk separated from his Body，and is seen by night amongst the graves．Upon the same ground they say，that the Figure，and Colour，and Tast of a peece of Bread，has a being，there，where they say there is no Bread：And upon the same ground they say，that Faith，and Wisdome，and other Vertues are sometimes *powred* into a man，sometimes *blown* into him from Heaven；as if the Vertuous，and their Vertues could be asunder；and a great many other things that serve to lessen the dependence of Subjects on the Soveraign Power of their Countrey．For who will endeavour to obey the Laws，if he expect Obedience to be Powred or Blown into him？Or who will not obey a Priest，that can make God，rather than his Soveraign；nay than God himselfe？Or who，that is in fear of Ghosts，will not bear great respect to those that can make the Holy Water，that drives them from him？And this shall suffice for an example of the Errors，which are brought into the Church，from the *Entities*，and *Essences* of Aristotle：which it may be he knew to be false Philosophy；but writ it as a thing consonant to，and corroborative of their Religion；and fearing the fate of Socrates．

Being once fallen into this Error of *Separated Essences*，they are thereby necessarily involved in many other absurdities that follow it．For

seeing they will have these Forms to be reall，they are obliged to assign them *some place*. But because they hold them Incorporeall，without all dimension of Quantity，and all men know that Place is Dimension，and not to be filled，but by that which is Corporeall；they are driven to uphold their credit with a distinction，that they are not indeed any where *Circumscriptivè*，but *Definitive*：Which Terms being meer Words，and in this occasion insignificant，passe onely in Latine，that the vanity of them may bee concealed. For the Circumscription of a thing，is nothing else but the Determination，or Defining of its Place；and so both the Terms of the Distinction are the same. And in particular，of the Essence of a Man，which （they say） is his Soule，they affirm it，to be All of it in his little Finger，and All of it in every other Part （how small soever） of his Body；and yet no more Soule in the Whole Body，than in any one of those Parts. Can any man think that God is served with such absurdities？And yet all this is necessary to beleeve，to those that will beleeve the Existence of an Incorporeall Soule，Separated from the Body.

And when they come to give account，how an Incorporeall Substance can be capable of Pain，and be tormented in the fire of Hell，or Purgatory，they have nothing at all to answer，but that it cannot be known how fre can burn Soules.

Again，whereas Motion is change of Place，and Incorporeall Substances are not capable of Place，they are troubled to make it seem possible，how a Soule can goe hence，without the Body to Heaven，Hell，or Purgatory；and how the Ghosts of men （and I may adde of their clothes which they appear in） can walk by night in Churches，Churchyards，and

other places of Sepulture. To which I know not what they can answer, unlesse they will say, they walke *definitivè*, not *circumscriptivè*, or *spiritually*, not *temporally*: for such egregious distinctions are equally applicable to any difficulty whatsoever.

For the meaning of Eternity, they will not have it to be an Endlesse Succession of Time; for then they should not be able to render a reason how Gods Will, and Præordaining of things to come, should not be before his Præscience of the same, as the Efficient Cause before the Effect, or Agent before the Action; nor of many other their bold opinions concerning the Incomprehensible Nature of God. But they will teach us, that Eternity is the Standing still of the Present Time, a *Nunc-stans* (as the Schools call it;) which neither they, nor any else understand, no more than they would a *Hic-stans* for an Infinite greatnesse of Place.

And whereas men divide a Body in their thought, by numbring parts of it, and in numbring those parts, number also the parts of the Place it filled; it cannot be, but in making many parts, wee make also many places of those parts; whereby there cannot bee conceived in the mind of any man, more, or fewer parts, than there are places for: yet they will have us beleeve, that by the Almighty power of God, one body may be at one and the same time in many places; and many bodies at one and the same time in one place; as if it were an acknowledgment of the Divine Power, to say, that which is, is not; or that which has been, has not been. And these are but a small part of the Incongruities they are forced to, from their disputing Philosophically, in stead of admiring, and adoring of the Divine and Incomprehensible Nature; whose Attributes cannot signifie what he is,

but ought to signifie our desire to honour him，with the best Appellations we can think on．But they that venture to reason of his Nature，from these Attributes of Honour，losing their understanding in the very first attempt，fall from one Inconvenience into another，without end，and without number；in the same manner，as when a man ignorant of the Ceremonies of Court，comming into the presence of a greater Person than he is used to speak to，and stumbling at his entrance，to save himselfe from falling，lets slip his Cloake；to recover his Cloake，lets fall his Hat；and with one disorder after another，discovers his astonishment and rusticity．

Then for *Physiques*，that is，the knowledge of the subordinate，and secundary causes of naturall events；they render none at all，but empty words．If you desire to know why some kind of bodies sink naturally downwards toward the Earth，and others goe naturally from it；The Schools will tell you out of Aristotle，that the bodies that sink downwards，are *Heavy*；and that this Heavinesse is it that causes them to descend：But if you ask what they mean by *Heavinesse*，they will define it to bee an endeavour to goe to the center of the Earth：so that the cause why things sink downward，is an Endeavour to be below：which is as much as to say，that bodies descend，or ascend，because they doe．Or they will tell you the center of the Earth is the place of Rest，and Conservation for Heavy things；and therefore they endeavour to be there：As if Stones，and Metalls had a desire，or could discern the place they would bee at，as Man does；or loved Rest，as Man does not；or that a peece of Glasse were lesse safe in the Window，than falling into the Street．

If we would know why the same Body seems greater （without adding

to it） one time，than another；they say，when it seems lesse，it is *Condensed*；when greater，*Rarefied*. What is that *Condensed*，and *Rarefied*? Condensed，is when there is in the very same Matter，lesse Quantity than before；and Rarefed，when more. As if there could be Matter，that had not some determined Quantity；when Quantity is nothing else but the Determination of Matter；that is to say of Body，by which we say one Body is greater，or lesser than another，by thus，or thus much. Or as if a Body were made without any Quantity at all，and that afterwards more，or lesse were put into it，according as it is intended the Body should be more，or lesse Dense.

For the cause of the Soule of Man，they say，*Creatur Infundendo*，and *Creando Infunditur*：that is，*It is Created by Powring it in*，and *Powred in by Creation*.

For the Cause of Sense，an ubiquity of *Species*；that is，of the *Shews* or *Apparitions* of objects；which when they be Apparitions to the Eye，is *Sight*；when to the Eare，*Hearing*；to the Palate，*Tast*；to the Nostrill，*Smelling*；and to the rest of the Body，*Feeling*.

For cause of the Will，to doe any particular action，which is called *Volitio*，they assign the Faculty，that is to say，the Capacity in generall，that men have，to will sometimes one thing，sometimes another，which is called *Voluntas*；making the *Power* the cause of the Act：As if one should assign for cause of the good or evill Acts of men，their Ability to doe them.

And in many occasions they put for cause of Naturall events，their own

Ignorance，but disguised in other words：As when they say，Fortune is the cause of things contingent；that is，of things whereof they know no cause：And as when they attribute many Effects to occult *qualities*；that is，qualities not known to them；and therefore also （as they thinke） to no Man else. And to *Sympathy*，*Antipathy*，*Antiperistasis*，*Speeificall Qualities*，and other like Termes，which signifie neither the Agent that produceth them，nor the Operation by which they are produced.

If such *Metaphysiques*，and *Physiques* as this，be not Vain *Philosophy*，there was never any；nor needed St. Paul to give us warning to avoid it.

And for their Morall，and Civill Philosophy，it hath the same，or greater absurdities. If a man doe an action of Injustice，that is to say，an action contrary to the Law，God they say is the prime cause of the Law，and also the prime cause of that，and all other Actions；but no cause at all of the Injustice；which is the Inconformity of the Action to the Law. This is Vain Philosophy. A man might as well say，that one man maketh both a streight line，and a crooked，and another maketh their Incongruity. And such is the Philosophy of all men that resolve of their Conclusions，before they know their Premises；pretending to comprehend，that which is Incomprehensible；and of Attributes of Honour to make Attributes of Nature；as this distinction was made to maintain the Doctrine of Free-Will，that is，of a Will of man，not subject to the Will of God.

Aristotle，and other Heathen Philosophers define Good，and Evill，by the Appetite of men；and well enough，as long as we consider them governed every one by his own Law：For in the condition of men that have

no other Law but their own Appetites，there can be no generall Rule of Good，and Evill Actions. But in a Common-wealth this measure is false: Not the Appetite of Private men，but the Law，which is the Will and Appetite of the State is the measure. And yet is this Doctrine still practised；and men judge the Goodnesse，or Wickednesse of their own，and of other mens actions，and of the actions of the Common-wealth it selfe，by their own Passions；and no man calleth Good or Evill，but that which is so in his own eyes，without any regard at all to the Publique Laws；except onely Monks，and Friers，that are bound by Vow to that simple obedience to their Superiour，to which every Subject ought to think himself bound by the Law of Nature to the Civill Soveraign. And this private measure of Good，is a Doctrine，not onely Vain，but also Pernicious to the Publique State.

It is also Vain and false Philosophy，to say the work of Marriage is repugnant to Chastity，or Continence，and by consequence to make them Morall Vices；as they doe，that pretend Chastity，and Continence，for the ground of denying Marriage to the Clergy. For they confesse it is no more，but a Constitution of the Church，that requireth in those holy Orders that continually attend the Altar，and administration of the Eucharist，a continuall Abstinence from women，under the name of continuall Chastity，Continence，and Purity. Therefore they call the lawfull use of Wives，want of Chastity，and Continence；and so make Marriage a Sin，or at least a thing so impure，and unclean，as to render a man unft for the Altar. If the Law were made because the use of Wives is Incontinence，and contrary to Chastity，then all Marriage is vice: If because it is a thing too impure，and unclean for a man consecrated to God；much more should

other naturall，necessary，and daily works which all men doe，render men unworthy to bee Priests，because they are more unclean.

But the secret foundation of this prohibition of Marriage of Priests，is not likely to have been laid so slightly，as upon such errours in Morall Philosophy；nor yet upon the preference of single life，to the estate of Matrimony；which proceeded from the wisdome of St. Paul，who perceived how inconvenient a thing it was，for those that in those times of persecution were Preachers of the Gospel，and forced to fly from one countrey to another，to be clogged with the care of wife and children；but upon the designe of the Popes，and Priests of after times，to make themselves the Clergy，that is to say，sole Heirs of the Kingdome of God in this world；to which it was necessary to take from them the use of Marriage，because our Saviour saith，that at the coming of his Kingdome the Children of God *shall neither Marry*，*nor bee given in Marriage*，*but shall bee as the Angels in heaven*；that is to say，Spirituall. Seeing then they had taken on them the name of Spirituall，to have allowed themselves （when there was no need） the propriety of Wives，had been an Incongruity.

From Aristotles Civill Philosophy，they have learned，to call all manner of Common-wealths but the Popular，（such as was at that time the state of Athens，）*Tyranny*. All Kings they called Tyrants；and the Aristocracy of the thirty Governours set up there by the Lacedemonians that subdued them，the thirty Tyrants：As also to call the condition of the people under the Democracy，*Liberty*. A *Tyrant originally* signified no more simply，but a *Monarch*：But when afterwards in most parts of Greece that

kind of government was abolished，the name began to signifie，not onely the thing it did before，but with it，the hatred which the Popular States bare towards it：As also the name of King became odious afer the deposing of the Kings in Rome，as being a thing naturall to all men，to conceive some great Fault to be signified in any Attribute，that is given in despight，and to a great Enemy. And when the same men shall be displeased with those that have the administration of the Democracy，or Aristocracy，they are not to seek for disgracefull names to expresse their anger in；but call readily the one *Anarchy*，and the other，*Oligarchy*，or the *Tyranny* of a *Few*. And that which offendeth the People，is no other thing，but that they are governed，not as every one of them would himselfe，but as the Publique Representant，be it one Man，or an Assembly of men thinks ft；that is，by an Arbitrary government：for which they give evill names to their Superiors；never knowing （till perhaps a little afer a Civill warre） that without such Arbitrary government，such Warre must be perpetuall；and that it is Men，and Arms，not Words，and Promises，that make the Force and Power of the Laws.

And therefore this is another Errour of Aristotles Politiques，that in a wel ordered Common-wealth，not Men should govern，but the Laws. What man，that has his naturall Senses，though he can neither write nor read，does not find himself governed by them he fears，and beleeves can kill or hurt him when he obeyeth not？or that beleeves the Law can hurt him；that is，Words，and Paper，without the Hands，and Swords of men？And this is of the number of pernicious Errors：for they induce men，as oft as they like not their Govemours，to adh re to those that call them Tyrants，and to think it lawfull to raise warre against them：And yet they

are many times cherished from the Pulpit，by the Clergy.

There is another Errour in their Civill Philosophy （which they never learned of Aristotle，nor Cicero，nor any other of the Heathen，） to extend the power of the Law，which is the Rule of Actions onely，to the very Thoughts，and Consciences of men，by Examination，and Inquisition of what they Hold，notwithstanding the Conformity of their Speech and Actions：By which，men are either punished for answering the truth of their thoughts，or constrained to answer an untruth for fear of punishment. It is true，that the Civill Magistrate，intending to employ a Minister in the charge of Teaching，may enquire of him，if hee bee content to Preach such，and such Doctrines；and in case of refusall，may deny him the employment：But to force him to accuse himselfe of Opinions，when his Actions are not by Law forbidden，is against the Law of Nature；and especially in them，who teach，that a man shall bee damned to Eternall and extream torments，if he die in a false opinion concerning an Article of the Christian Faith. For who is there，that knowing there is so great danger in an error，whom the naturall care of himself，compelleth not to hazard his Soule upon his own judgement，rather than that of any other man that is unconcerned in his damnation？

For a Private man，without the Authority of the Common-wealth，that is to say，without permission from the Representant thereof，to Interpret the Law by his own Spirit，is another Error in the Politiques；but not drawn from Aristotle，nor from any other of the Heathen Philosophers. For none of them deny，but that in the Power of making Laws，is comprehended also the Power of Explaining them when there is need. And are not the

Scriptures，in all places where they are Law，made Law by the Authority of the Common-wealth，and consequently，a part of the Civill Law？

Of the same kind it is also，when any but the Soveraign restraineth in any man that power which the Common-wealth hath not restrained；as they do，that impropriate the Preaching of the Gospell to one certain Order of men，where the Laws have lef it free．If the State give me leave to preach，or teach；that is，if it forbid me not，no man can forbid me．If I find my selfe amongst the Idolaters of America，shall I that am a Christian，though not in Orders，think it a sin to preach Jesus Christ，till I have received Orders from Rome？or when I have preached，shall not I answer their doubts，and expound the Scriptures to them；that is，shall I not Teach？But for this may some say，as also for administring to them the Sacraments，the necessity shall be esteemed for a sufficient Mission；which is true：But this is true also，that for whatsoever，a dispensation is due for the necessity，for the same there needs no dispensation，when there is no Law that forbids it．Terefore to deny these Functions to those，to whom the Civill Soveraigne hath not denyed them，is a taking away of a lawfull Liberty，which is contrary to the Doctrine of Civill Government．

More examples of Vain Philosophy，brought into Religion by the Doctors of Schoole-Divinity，might be produced；but other men may if they please observe them of themselves．I shall onely adde this，that the Writings of Schoole-Divines，are nothing else for the most part，but insignificant Traines of strange and barbarous words，or words otherwise used，then in the common use of the Latine tongue；such as would pose Cicero，and Varro，and all the Grammarians of ancient Rome．Which if

any man would see proved，let him （as I have said once before） see whether he can translate any Schoole-Divine into any of the Modern tongues，as French，English，or any other copious language：for that which cannot in most of these be made Intelligible，is not Intelligible in the Latine．Which Insignificancy of language，though I cannot note it for false Philosophy；yet it hath a quality，not onely to hide the Truth，but also to make men think they have it，and desist from further search．

Lastly，for the Errors brought in from false，or uncertain History，what is all the Legend of fictitious Miracles，in the lives of the Saints；and all the Histories of Apparitions，and Ghosts，alledged by the Doctors of the Romane Church，to make good their Doctrines of Hell，and Purgatory，the power of Exorcisme，and other Doctrines which have no warrant，neither in Reason，nor Scripture；as also all those Traditions which they call the unwritten Word of God；but old Wives Fables？Whereof，though they find dispersed somewhat in the Writings of the ancient Fathers；yet those Fathers were men，that might too easily beleeve false reports；and the producing of their opinions for testimony of the truth of what they beleeved，hath no other force with them that （according to the Counsell of St．*John* 1 Epist． chap．4．verse 1.） examine Spirits，than in all things that concern the power of the Romane Church，（the abuse whereof either they suspected not，or had benefit by it，） to discredit their testimony，in respect of too rash beleef of reports；which the most sincere men，without great knowledge of naturall causes，（such as the Fathers were） are commonly the most subject to：For naturally，the best men are the least suspicious of fraudulent purposes．Gregory the Pope，and S．Bernard have somewhat of Apparitions of Ghosts，that said they were in Purgatory；and so has our

Beda：but no where，I beleeve，but by report from others．But if they，or any other，relate any such stories of their own knowledge，they shall not thereby confirm the more such vain reports；but discover their own Infirmity，or Fraud．

With the Introduction of False，we may joyn also the suppression of True Philosophy，by such men，as neither by lawfull authority，nor sufficient study，are competent Judges of the truth．Our own Navigations make manifest，and all men learned in humane Sciences，now acknowledge there are Antipodes：And every day it appeareth more and more，that Years，and Dayes are determined by Motions of the Earth．Neverthelesse，men that have in their Writings but supposed such Doctrine，as an occasion to lay open the reasons for，and against it，have been punished for it by Authority Ecclesiasticall．But what reason is there for it？Is it because such opinions are contrary to true Religion？that cannot be，if they be true．Let therefore the truth be first examined by competent Judges，or confuted by them that pretend to know the contrary．Is it because they be contrary to the Religion established？Let them be silenced by the Laws of those，to whom the Teachers of them are subject；that is，by the Laws Civill：For disobedience may lawfully be punished in them，that against the Laws teach even true Philosophy．Is it because they tend to disorder in Government，as countenancing Rebellion，or Sedition？then let them be silenced，and the Teachers punished by vertue of his Power to whom the care of the Publique quiet is committed；which is the Authority Civill．For whatsoever Power Ecclesiastiques take upon themselves （in any place where they are subject to the State） in their own Right，though they call it Gods Right，is but Usurpation．

Of the* Benefit *that proceedeth from such Darknesse，and to whom it accreweth

Cicero maketh honorable mention of one of the *Cassii*，a severe Judge amongst the Romans，for a custome he had，in Criminall causes，（when the testimony of the witnesses was not sufficient，）to ask the Accusers，*Cui bono*；that is to say，what Profit，Honor，or other Contentment，the accused obtained，or expected by the Fact. For amongst Præsumptions，there is none that so evidently declareth the Author，as doth the Benefit of the Action. By the same rule I intend in this place to examine，who they may be，that have possessed the People so long in this part of Christendome，with these Doctrines，contrary to the Peaceable Societies of Mankind.

And first，to this Error，*that the present Church now Militant on Earth*，*is the Kingdome of God*，（that is，the Kingdome of Glory，or the Land of Promise；not the Kingdome of Grace，which is but a Promise of the Land，）are annexed these worldly Benefits，First，that the Pastors，and Teachers of the Church，are entitled thereby，as Gods Publique Ministers，to a Right of Governing the Church；and consequently（because the Church，and Common-wealth are the same Persons）to be Rectors，and Governours of the Common-wealth. By this title it is，that the Pope prevailed with the subjects of all Christian Princes，to beleeve，that to disobey him，was to disobey Christ himselfe；and in all differences between him and other Princes，（charmed with the word *Power Spirituall*，）to abandon their lawfull Soveraigns；which is in effect an universall Monarchy over all Christendome. For though they were first

invested in the right of being Supreme Teachers of Christian Doctrine，by，and under Christian Emperors，within the limits of the Romane Empire （as is acknowledged by themselves） by the title of *Pontifex Maximus*，who was an Officer subject to the Civill State；yet after the Empire was divided，and dissolved，it was not hard to obtrude upon the people already subject to them，another Title，namely，the Right of St．Peter；not onely to save entire their pretended Power；but also to extend the same over the same Christian Provinces，though no more united in the Empire of Rome．This Benefit of an Universall Monarchy，（considering the desire of men to bear Rule） is a sufficient Presumption，that the Popes that pretended to it，and for a long time enjoyed it，were the Authors of the Doctrine，by which it was obtained；namely，that the Church now on Earth，is the Kingdome of Christ．For that granted，it must be understood，that Christ hath some Lieutenant amongst us，by whom we are to be told what are his Commandements．

After that certain Churches had renounced this universall Power of the Pope，one would expect in reason，that the Civill Soveraigns in all those Churches，should have recovered so much of it，as （before they had unadvisedly let it goe） was their own Right，and in their own hands．And in England it was so in efect；saving that they，by whom the Kings administred the Government of Religion，by maintaining their imployment to be in Gods Right，seemed to usurp，if not a Supremacy，yet an Independency on the Civill Power：and they but seemed to usurpe it，in as much as they acknowledged a Right in the King，to deprive them of the Exercise of their Functions at his pleasure．

But in those places where the Presbytery took that Ofce，though many other Doctrines of the Church of Rome were forbidden to be taught；yet this Doctrine，that the Kingdome of Christ is already come，and that it began at the Resurrection of our Saviour，was still retained. But *cui bono*? What Profit did they expect from it? The same which the Popes expected：to have a Soveraign Power over the People. For what is it for men to excommunicate their lawful King，but to keep him from all places of Gods publique Service in his own Kingdom? and with force to resist him，when he with force endeavoureth to correct them? Or what is it，without Authority from the Civill Soveraign，to excommunicate any person，but to take from him his Lawfull Liberty，that is，to usurpe an unlawfull Power over their Brethren? The Authors therefore of this Darknesse in Religion，are the Romane，and the Presbyterian Clergy.

To this head，I referre also all those Doctrines，that serve them to keep the possession of this spirituall Soveraignty after it is gotten. As first，that the *Pope in his publique capacity cannot erre*. For who is there，that beleeving this to be true，will not readily obey him in whatsoever he commands?

Secondly，that all other Bishops，in what Common-wealth soever，have not their Right，neither immediately from God，nor mediately from their Civill Soveraigns，but from the Pope，is a Doctrine，by which there comes to be in every Christian Common-wealth many potent men，（for so are Bishops，） that have their dependance on the Pope，and owe obedience to him，though he be a forraign Prince；by which means he is able，（as he hath done many times） to raise a Civill War against the State

that submits not it self to be governed according to his pleasure and Interest.

Thirdly, the exemption of these, and of all other Priests, and of all Monkes, and Fryers, from the Power of the Civill Laws. For by this means, there is a great part of every Common-wealth, that enjoy the benefit of the Laws, and are protected by the Power of the Civill State, which neverthelesse pay no part of the Publique expence; nor are lyable to the penalties, as other Subjects, due to their crimes; and consequently, stand not in fear of any man, but the Pope; and adhere to him onely, to uphold his universall Monarchy.

Fourthly, the giving to their Priests (which is no more in the New Testament but Presbyters, that is, Elders) the name of *Sacerdotes*, that is, Sacrificers, which was the title of the Civill Soveraign, and his publique Ministers, amongst the Jews, whilest God was their King. Also, the making the Lords Supper a Sacrifice, serveth to make the People beleeve the Pope hath the same power over all Christians, that Moses and Aaron had over the Jews; that is to say, all Power, both Civill and Ecclesiasticall, as the High Priest then had.

Fiftly, the teaching that Matrimony is a Sacrament, giveth to the Clergy the Judging of the lawfulnesse of Marriages; and thereby, of what Children are Legitimate; and consequently, of the Right of Succession to h reditary Kingdomes.

Sixtly, the Deniall of Marriage to Priests, serveth to assure this Power of the Pope over Kings. For if a King be a Priest, he cannot Marry, and

transmit his Kingdome to his Posterity; If he be not a Priest then the Pope pretendeth this Authority Ecclesiasticall over him, and over his people.

Seventhly, from Auricular Confession, they obtain, for the assurance of their Power, better intelligence of the designs of Princes, and great persons in the Civill State, than these can have of the designs of the State Ecclesiasticall.

Eighthly, by the Canonization of Saints, and declaring who are Martyrs, they assure their Power, in that they induce simple men into an obstinacy against the Laws and Commands of their Civill Soveraigns even to death, if by the Popes excommunication, they be declared Heretiques or Enemies to the Church; that is, (as they interpret it,) to the Pope.

Ninthly, they assure the same, by the Power they ascribe to every Priest, of making Christ; and by the Power of ordaining Pennance; and of Remitting, and Retaining of sins.

Thenthly, by the Doctrine of Purgatory, of Justification by externall works, and of Indulgences, the Clergy is enriched.

Eleventhly, by their D monology, and the use of Exorcisme, and other things appertaining thereto, they keep (or thinke they keep) the People more in awe of their Power.

Lastly, the Metaphysiques, Ethiques, and Politiques of Aristotle, the frivolous Distinctions, barbarous Terms, and obscure Language of the Schoolmen, taught in the Universities, (which have been all erected and regulated by the Popes Authority,) serve them to keep these Errors from

being detected, and to make men mistake the *Ignis fatuus* of Vain Philosophy, for the Light of the Gospell.

To these, if they sufficed not, might be added other of their dark Doctrines, the proft whereof redoundeth manifestly, to the setting up of an unlawfull Power over the lawfull Soveraigns of Christian People; or for the sustaining of the same, when it is set up; or to the worldly Riches, Honour, and Authority of those that sustain it. And therefore by the aforesaid rule, *of Cui bono*, we may justly pronounce for the Authors of all this Spirituall Darknesse, the Pope, and Roman Clergy, and all those besides that endeavour to settle in the mindes of men this erroneous Doctrine, that the Church now on Earth, is that Kingdome of God mentioned in the Old and New Testament.

But the Emperours, and other Christian Soveraigns, under whose Government these Errours, and the like encroachments of Ecclesiastiques upon their Office, at first crept in, to the disturbance of their possessions, and of the tranquillity of their Subjects, though they suffered the same for want of foresight of the Sequel, and of insight into the designs of their Teachers, may neverthelesse bee esteemed accessaries to their own, and the Publique dammage: For without their Authority there could at first no seditious Doctrine have been publiquely preached. I say they might have hindred the same in the beginning: But when the people were once possessed by those spirituall men, there was no humane remedy to be applyed, that any man could invent: And for the remedies that God should provide, who never faileth in his good time to destroy all the Machinations of men against the Truth, wee are to attend his good pleasure, that sufereth

many times the prosperity of his enemies，together with their ambition，to grow to such a height，as the violence thereof openeth the eyes，which the warinesse of their predecessours had before sealed up，and makes men by too much grasping let goe all，as Peters net was broken，by the struggling of too great a multitude of Fishes；whereas the Impatience of those，that strive to resist such encroachment，before their Subjects eyes were opened，did but encrease the power they resisted．I doe not therefore blame the Emperour Frederick for holding the stirrop to our countryman Pope Adrian；for such was the disposition of his subjects then，as if hee had not done it，hee was not likely to have succeeded in the Empire：But I blame those，that in the beginning，when their power was entire，by suffering such Doctrines to be forged in the Universities of their own Dominions，have holden the Stirrop to all the succeeding Popes，whilest they mounted into the Thrones of all Christian Soveraigns，to ride，and tire，both them，and their people，at their pleasure．

But as the Inventions of men are woven，so also are they ravelled out；the way is the same，but the order is inverted：Te web begins at the first Elements of Power，which are Wisdom，Humility，Sincerity，and other vertues of the Apostles，whom the people converted，obeyed，out of Reverence，not by Obligation：Their Consciences were free，and their Words and Actions subject to none but the Civill Power．Afterwards the Presbyters （as the Flocks of Christ encreased） assembling to consider what they should teach，and thereby obliging themselves to teach nothing against the Decrees of their Assemblies，made it to be thought the people were thereby obliged to follow their Doctrine，and when they refused，refused to keep them company，（that was then called

Excommunication，） not as being Infdels，but as being disobedient：And this was the first knot upon their Liberty．And the number of Presbyters encreasing，the presbyters of the chief City or Province，got themselves an authority over the Parochiall Presbyters，and appropriated to themselves the names of Bishops：And this was a second knot on Christian Liberty． Lastly，the Bishop of Rome，in regard of the Imperiall City，took upon him an Authority （partly by the wills of the Emperours themselves，and by the title of *Pontifex Maximus*，and at last when the Emperours were grown weak，by the priviledges of St．Peter） over all other Bishops of the Empire：Which was the third and last knot，and the whole *Synthesis* and *Construction* of the Pontifcall Power．

And therefore the *Analysis*，or *Resolution* is by the same way；but beginning with the knot that was last tyed；as wee may see in the dissolution of the pr terpoliticall Church Government in England．First，the Power of the Popes was dissolved totally by Queen Elizabeth；and the Bishops，who before exercised their Functions in Right of the Pope，did afterwards exercise the same in Right of the Queen and her Successours；though by retaining the phrase of *Jure Divino*，they were thought to demand it by immediate Right from God：And so was untyed the first knot．After this， the Presbyterians lately in England obtained the putting down of Episcopacy：And so was the second knot dissolved：And almost at the same time，the Power was taken also from the Presbyterians：And so we are reduced to the Independency of the Primitive Christians to follow Paul， or Cephas，or Apollos，every man as he liketh best：Which，if it be without contention，and without measuring the Doctrine of Christ，by our affection to the Person of his Minister，（the fault which the Apostle

reprehended in the Corinthians，） is perhaps the best：First，because there ought to be no Power over the Consciences of men，but of the Word it selfe，working Faith in every one，not alwayes according to the purpose of them that Plant and Water，but of God himself，that giveth the Increase： and secondly，because it is unreasonable in them，who teach there is such danger in every little Errour，to require of a man endued with Reason of his own，to follow the Reason of any other man，or of the most voices of many other men；Which is little better，then to venture his Salvation at crosse and pile. Nor ought those Teachers to be displeased with this losse of their antient Authority：For there is none should know better then they，that power is preserved by the same Vertues by which it is acquired；that is to say，by Wisdome，Humility，Clearnesse of Doctrine，and sincerity of Conversation；and not by suppression of the Naturall Sciences，and of the Morality of Naturall Reason；nor by obscure Language；nor by Arrogating to themselves more Knowledge than they make appear；nor by Pious Frauds；nor by such other faults，as in the Pastors of Gods Church are not only Faults，but also scandalls，apt to make men stumble one time or other upon the suppression of their Authority.

But afer this Doctrine，*that the Church now Militant*，*is the Kingdome of God spoken of in the Old and New Testament*，was received in the World；the ambition，and canvasing for the Offices that belong thereunto， and especially for that great Office of being Christs Lieutenant，and the Pompe of them that obtained therein the principall Publique Charges， became by degrees so evident，that they lost the inward Reverence due to the Pastorall Function：in so much as the Wisest men，of them that had any power in the Civill State，needed nothing but the authority of their Princes，

to deny them any further Obedience. For, from the time that the Bishop of Rome had gotten to be acknowledged for Bishop Universall, by pretence of Succession to St. Peter, their whole Hierarchy, or Kingdome of Darknesse, may be compared not unfitly to the *Kingdome of Fairies*; that is, to the old wives Fables in England, concerning *Ghosts* and *Spirits*, and the feats they play in the night. And if a man consider the originall of this great Ecclesiasticall Dominion, he will easily perceive, that the *Papacy*, is no other, than the *Ghost* of the deceased Romane *Empire*, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof: For so did the Papacy start up on a Sudden out of the Ruines of that Heathen Power.

The *Language* also, which they use, both in the Churches, and in their Publique Acts, being *Latine*, which is not commonly used by any Nation now in the world, what is it but the *Ghost* of the Old *Romane Language*?

Te *Fairies* in what Nation soever they converse, have but one Universall King, which some Poets of ours call King *Oberon*; but the Scripture calls *Beelzebub*, Prince of *Dæmons*. The *Ecclesiastiques* likewise, in whose Dominions soever they be found, acknowledge but one Universall King, the *Pope*.

The *Ecclesiastiques* are *Spirituall* men, and *Ghostly* Fathers. Te Fairies are *Spirits*, and *Ghosts*. *Fairies* and *Ghosts* inhabite Darknesse, Solitudes, and Graves. The *Ecclesiastiques* walke in Obscurity of Doctrine, in Monasteries, Churches, and Churchyards.

The *Ecclesiastiques* have their Cathedral Churches; which, in what

Towne soever they be erected，by vertue of Holy Water，and certain Charmes called Exorcismes，have the power to make those Townes，Cities，that is to say，Seats of Empire. The *Fairies* also have their enchanted Castles，and certain Gigantique Ghosts，that domineer over the Regions round about them.

The *Fairies* are not to be seized on；and brought to answer for the hurt they do. So also the *Ecclesiastiques* vanish away from the Tribunals of Civill Justice.

The *Ecclesiastiques* take from young men，the use of Reason，by certain Charms compounded of Metaphysiques，and Miracles，and Traditions，and Abused Scripture，whereby they are good for nothing else，but to execute what they command them. The *Fairies* likewise are said to take young Children out of their Cradles，and to change them into Naturall Fools，which Common people do therefore call *Elves*，and are apt to mischief.

In what Shop，or Operatory the Fairies make their Enchantment，the old Wives have not determined. But the Operatories of the *Clergy*，are well enough known to be the Universities，that received their Discipline from Authority Pontificiall.

When the *Fairies* are displeased with any body，they are said to send their Elves，to pinch them. The *Ecclesiastiques*，when they are displeased with any Civill State，make also their Elves，that is，Superstitious，Enchanted Subjects，to pinch their Princes，by preaching Sedition；or one Prince enchanted with promises，to pinch another.

The *Fairies* marry not; but there be amongst them *Incubi*, that have copulation with flesh and bloud. The *Priests* also marry not.

The *Ecclesiastiques* take the Cream of the Land, by Donations of ignorant men, that stand in aw of them, and by Tythes: So also it is in the Fable of *Fairies*, that they enter into the Dairies, and Feast upon the Cream, which they skim from the Milk.

What kind of Money is currant in the Kingdome of *Fairies*, is not recorded in the Story. But the *Ecclesiastiques* in their Receipts accept of the same Money that we doe; though when they are to make any Payment, it is in Canonizations, Indulgences, and Masses.

To this, and such like resemblances between the *Papacy*, and the Kingdome of *Fairies*, may be added this, that as the *Fairies* have no existence, but in the Fancies of ignorant people, rising from the Traditions of old Wives, or old Poets: so the Spirituall Power of the *Pope* (without the bounds of his own Civill Dominion) consisteth onely in the Fear that Seduced people stand in, of their Excommunication; upon hearing of false Miracles, false Traditions, and false Interpretations of the Scripture.

It was not therefore a very difficult matter, for Henry 8. by his Exorcisme; nor for Qu. Elizabeth by hers, to cast them out. But who knows that this Spirit of Rome, now gone out, and walking by Missions through the dry places of China, Japan, and the Indies, that yeeld him little fruit, may not return, or rather an Assembly of Spirits worse than he, enter, and inhabite this clean swept house, and make the End thereof worse than the Beginning? For it is not the Romane Clergy onely, that

pretends the Kingdome of God to be of this World，and thereby to have a Power therein，distinct from that of the Civill State．And this is all I had a designe to say，concerning the Doctrine of the POLITIQUES．Which when I have reviewed，I shall willingly expose it to the censure of my Countrey．

THE PAINTER OF MODERN LIFE

现代生活的画家

［法］波德莱尔　著

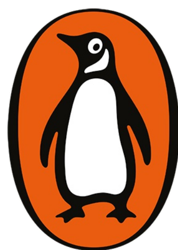
胡晓凯　译

中国出版集团
中译出版社

现代生活的画家

（法）波德莱尔/著

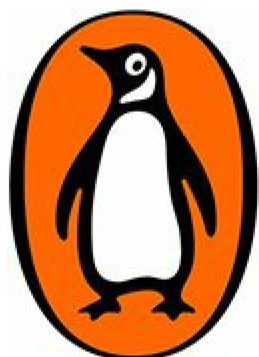
胡晓凯/译



企鹅图书 | PENGUIN BOOKS

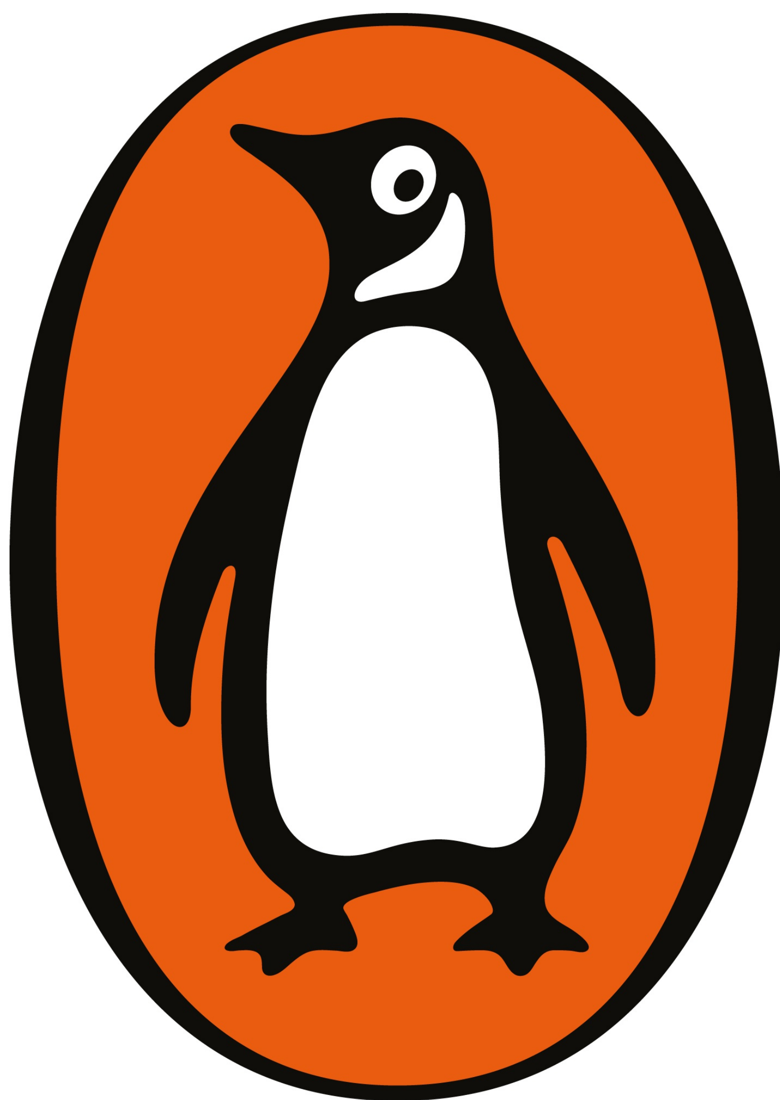
UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
New Zealand | India | South Africa | North Asia

Penguin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies whose addresses can be found at:
global.penguinrandomhouse.com.



Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R ORL, England
www.penguin.com
Taken from Selected Writings on Art and Literature published by Penguin Classic
This extract published in Penguin Books 2000

企鹅兰登电子书 | PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE EBOOKS



目录

“伟大的思想”中文版序

企鹅“伟大的思想”系列丛书自2004年开始陆续面世，在英国、美国和德国均有出版。在英国出版品种最多，已付梓八十种，尚有二十种计划出版。该丛书在全球众多读者间，尤其是学生当中，普及了哲学和政治学，销量已远超二百万册。中文版“伟大的思想”的推出，是该系列的又一延续和发展，令人欢欣鼓舞。

推出这套丛书旨在让读者再次与一些伟大的非小说类经典著作面对面地交流。长久以来，此类书籍的出版都建立在这样一个假设之上——此类著作供学生课堂学习之用，因此需辅以导读、详尽的注释及参考书目等。此类版本无疑十分有用，但我想，如果某一版本能够重建托马斯·潘恩的《常识》或约翰·罗斯金的《艺术与人生》初版时的环境，为读者与作者营造更为亲密无间的氛围，使读者除了原作者及其自身的思考外没有其他参照，也许会更有吸引力。

但是，这一做法亦存在严重缺陷：每位作者的表述难免有难解或不可解之处，一些重要的背景知识或许也有所缺失。例如，读者对亨利·梭罗创作时的情形毫无头绪，也不了解该书的反响及影响。不过，这样做的优点也显而易见，最为显著的便是作者的初衷又一次受到重视——托马斯·潘恩的愤怒、查尔斯·达尔文的灵光、塞内加的隐逸。他们给许多国家的众多读者带来的生活影响难以估量，有的影响甚至长达几个世纪，几乎没有什么比阅读这些作家更令人拍案叫绝的了。倘若没有亚当·斯密或阿图尔·叔本华，将无法想象我们今天的世界。这些小书创作年代久远，但其中的话语彻底改变了我们的政治学、经济学、精神世界、社会规划和宗教信仰。

“伟大的思想”系列一直求新求变，地域不同，收录的作家亦不同。一些作家在中国或美国更受欢迎，而英国版“伟大的思想”收录的一些作家在其他国家和地区则鲜有人知。称其为“伟大的思想”，我们亦是慎之又慎。这些思想之所以伟大，在于其影响深远，但这并不意味着这些思想都是“好”思想，实际上一些书或可列入“坏”思想之列。丛书中收录的很多作家受到同样收录于该丛书的其他作家的巨大影响，例如，马塞尔·普鲁斯特承认受约翰·罗斯金影响很大，米歇尔·德·蒙田也承认深受塞内加影响。但也有些作家彼此憎恶，若发现彼此都被收录于同一丛书，一定会深感苦恼。至于他们思想的或“好”或“坏”，读者可自行判明。我们衷心希望，您可以享受阅读这些著作的乐趣。

“伟大的思想”出版者

西蒙·温德尔

译者导读

夏尔·波德莱尔（1821—1867），法国19世纪著名的诗人和文学评论家，最具影响力的现代艺术批评家之一。他被誉为“现代主义之父”，代表作包括诗集《恶之花》，散文诗集《巴黎的忧郁》《人造天堂》，文学评论集《浪漫派的艺术》和艺术评论集《美学珍玩》等。在波德莱尔的一生中，对他影响最深的作家是美国作家埃德加·爱伦·坡，自1848年7月至其去世的17年间，波德莱尔坚持翻译坡的作品，在本书中也能看到坡对他的影响。

提起波德莱尔，中国读者最先想到的可能是他的诗集《恶之花》。然而，令他最初闻名于巴黎文坛的并不是他的诗歌，而是他的文学评论：“论1845年的沙龙”和“论1846年的沙龙”。本书收录了他的三篇艺术评论：“现代生活的画家”“欧仁·德拉克洛瓦的人生与作品”“论1859年的沙龙”。

“现代生活的画家”是波德莱尔论述现代美学和现代性最为深刻、最有预见性的一部著作。“现代性”在法国19世纪中期是一个新概念，波德莱尔是少数应用此概念的人之一。在本文中，波德莱尔用“现代性”来形容同时代的一位艺术家贡斯当丹·居伊的艺术追求。其中对贡斯当丹·居伊的赞美之词，曾引起极大争议。这篇文章也是现代艺术理论的奠基石，文中关于现代性观念的生动“寓言”影响深远。它更是典型的波德莱尔式散文，处处灵光乍现，趣味横生。

对于自己欣赏的艺术家，波德莱尔会毫无保留地大加颂扬。在“欧仁·德拉克洛瓦的人生与作品”中，波德莱尔称画家德拉克洛瓦是一位独特的艺术家，前无古人，后无来者，具有无可替代的重要性。作为《恶

之花》和《巴黎的忧郁》的作者，波德莱尔厌倦安格尔的“古典”和完美，偏爱德拉克洛瓦的“浪漫”和印象，这是很自然的，对德拉克洛瓦的褒扬也在情理之中。

在“论1859年的沙龙”中，波德莱尔批评了展览作品的平庸，他认为，“想象力变得不可信，高贵受到蔑视，一味追求技巧”是艺术家水准下降的主要原因。对于波德莱尔来说，艺术创造的基础是想象。艺术的想象是“才能的王后”。想象是一个神圣的功能，它能够立刻察觉到世界中特定的隐藏关系，能够补充自然的不足。在“现代大众与摄影”一篇中，他写道，“我们对‘真’的品位，压迫并扼杀了对‘美’的品位”，摄影出现了，它闯入艺术的领域，成为后者的死敌。摄影一旦“侵犯了无形和想象的领域，侵犯了任何只是因为人们将灵魂投入其中才获得价值的事物，我们就该倒霉了”。再一次阐述了想象力对于艺术至关重要的观点。

波德莱尔一直坚持油画与雕塑评论的写作，直到生命的最后时刻。但是，他一直没有对艺术进行过系统的研究，与之相关的文章也不过是一些偶然的片段。它们或是对展览（当时被称为沙龙）的评价，或是对个体艺术家的讨论。尽管存在这些缺陷，波德莱尔的艺术思想是必须引起重视的，特别是在“现代艺术”方面，因为他引领了新时代的到来。

现代生活的画家

一、美、时尚和幸福

在所有社交圈，甚至在艺术圈中，都不乏这样的人，他们进入卢浮宫，从许多虽非一流但最有意思的画作前快步走过，不屑一顾，然后出神地站在一幅因成为雕塑作品而家喻户晓的提香[1]或者拉斐尔[2]的作品前，而后心满意足地离开，不止一位心中暗想："这座美术馆我已了然于心了。"还有一些人，读过波舒哀[3]和拉辛[4]的一两本书，就自以为对文学史了如指掌了。幸好不时有一些好打抱不平之人，出现在批评家、艺术收藏家、艺术爱好者和好奇之士中，宣称我们无法只从拉斐尔或拉辛的作品中得到全部；小诗人也值得我们欣赏，他们也创作了一些有分量、令人愉悦的事物；最后，不管我们多么热爱一般的美，即第一流的诗人和艺术家所传达出的美，如果忽视特殊的美、应时之美和风俗特色，便是犯了错误。必须承认，这些年来，社会在这方面有了一定进步。今天的收藏家开始追捧上个世纪的一些讨人喜欢的彩色雕塑作品，显示出潮流已经转向大众所需要的一个方向。第伯柯尔特[5]和圣·欧邦[6]等人的名字，也列入值得研究的艺术家的词典中。但这些代表的都是过去，而我此时要讨论的是反映我们当代社会生活的绘画作品。过去是有趣的，不仅在于今天的艺术家能从中汲取美感，而且在于它本身的历史价值。同样的说法也适用于"现在"。我们从当代绘画作品中得到的愉悦，不仅来自它传达出的美感，还来自它作为"现在"的本质特征。

现在，我面前有一套时装图样，最早的是大革命时期的，最近的大约是执政府统治时期的。这些服装具有艺术和历史的双重魅力；尽管在许多愚笨之人，那种貌似深沉实无深度的人看来，它们是非常可笑的。在画作中它们经常被表现得漂亮和巧妙，而在我看来至少同样重要的

是，在所有或几乎所有图样中，我欣喜地发现了一种时代的道德态度和美学价值。人们自创的审美观，影响了他的整个服装，衣领的或皱褶或硬挺，身姿的或弯曲或笔挺，随着时间推移，甚至微妙地改变了他的面部特征。人们最后看起来像他理想化的自我形象。这些图样可以被表现得美，也可以被表现得丑。表现得丑，就成为漫画；表现得美，则成了古典雕像。

穿着这些服装的女人看不出明显区别，不同的只是她们面部呈现出的或雅或俗的程度。这有生命的物质让原本僵硬的画面变得柔和起来。即使在今天，观者依然可以想象，一个男人穿着这件束腰外衣在走路，一个女人在那件披肩下耸肩。今天，也许某个剧院会上演这么一幕，我们的祖先穿着那时最时尚的服装，觉得自己魅力四射，正如我们今天穿着自己简约时尚的服装（当然也有它们的魅力，但更多是一种道德和精神上的魅力）所感受到的那样。如果它们被有悟性的演员穿上，赋予了生命力，我们会讶异自己曾经轻率地嘲笑它们。过去如保留着它幽灵的动人之处，会重获生命的光影和运动，成为现在。

如果一位头脑客观的人纵观从法国起源到今天的时尚历史，他会发现没有什么值得震惊甚至惊讶的。他会发现时尚的过渡总是经过充分准备，如同动物界的进化一般。没有鸿沟，所以没有惊讶。如果对于代表每个时代的画，要有点哲学的冥想，比如，这个时代主要关注什么、被什么问题困扰，或者这幅画反映出什么，他就会看到，历史的所有分支里有着多么深沉的和谐，即使在我们看来最残暴、最混乱的历史时期，人们对美的渴求也总是能得到满足。

现在，我们正面临一个绝好的机会，建立一套理性和历史的美学理论。与唯一和绝对的美学理论相对，它认为美总是不可避免地由两个要素构成，尽管貌似是由单一要素构成的；构成美的可变要素共同传达出了一个美的统一印象，分辨它们固然困难，但绝不能因此否定美在构成

上的多样性这一事实。一方面，美包含一种永恒和不变的要素，尽管很难说清它占多大比重；另一方面，美包含一种相对变动的因素，我们可以视情况或同时地称之为同时代性、时尚、道德性、激情。这后一个因素如同一块美味蛋糕上令人垂涎的糖衣，如果没有它，前一个因素将会难以消化、淡而无味、与人性龃龉。我敢说，不具备这两种要素的美是找不到的。

现在举两个极端的历史阶段的例子。在神圣风格的艺术中，这种二重性是一望即知的；美的永恒因素只有在艺术家所属的宗教的允许和控制下才会显现。在我们自负地称为文明的这个时代里，美的二重性在一位高明的艺术家最不重要的作品中也同样是显而易见的；美永恒不变的部分将同时被隐匿又得到表达，如果不是借由时尚，至少是通过艺术家的个人气质。艺术的二重性是人的二重性的必然结果。如果你喜欢，可以将艺术永恒存在的那部分视作它的灵魂，而将变动不居的那部分视为艺术的身体。这就是为什么司汤达，这位鲁莽无礼、爱调侃甚至令人反感的大师（他的无礼却常常是发人深思的），在说到“美就是对幸福的期望”时，与真理如此接近。这一定义无疑有点过分，因为它将美置于无限多变的幸福理想之下；它轻率地剥夺了美的高贵品格，但也让美远离了墨守成规的学究犯的错误。

我曾经不止一次地解释过这些事情，上面几行文字对那些乐于抽象思维的人想必已足够；但我很清楚大部分法国读者对此并无多少兴趣，我自己也急于进入这个话题积极和实在的部分。

二、风俗特写

对于风俗画和描绘中产阶级生活和时尚的画作而言，最快捷廉价的技术手段显然是最好的。艺术家注入的美越多，画作的价值就越高。然而，在生活的琐屑中，在永恒事物的每日变化中，有一种运动速度，它赋予了艺术家同样的执行速度。18世纪的彩色雕刻版画在今天再次赢得

青睐，正如我刚才所说；蜡笔画、线蚀铜版画、尘蚀铜版画相继向这部大部头的散见于图书馆、艺术爱好者的收藏以及最简陋的商店橱窗里的现代生活的词典贡献了它们的语汇。平版印刷术一发明，很快便被视为非常适合这一看似轻松实则艰巨的任务。我们在这一领域有着真正的巨制。加瓦尔尼[7]和杜米埃[8]的作品，被认为是对《人间喜剧》的补充，这一评价可谓恰如其分。我敢说，巴尔扎克自己也不会反对这个观点，因为这些兼具艺术家与风俗画家双重身份的人，他们本身就是具有多面素质的天才，换句话说，是有着杰出文学素养的天才，从这个意义上讲，上述评价就更加恰如其分。观察者、路人、哲学家，随便你怎么称呼他，但是，要定义这样一位艺术家，你最终还是得给他找一个定语形容词，而这个词肯定不会用来形容一位创作永恒事物或至少是带有持久性质事物的英雄和宗教题材作品的画家。有时他可能是一位诗人，更多的时候他接近于小说家或道德家；他的作品定格了短暂的一瞬，而这一瞬让人想到了永恒。每个国家，为着愉悦或者名誉，都有过这样几个人。在我们这个时代，在几个首先会想起来的人比如杜米埃和加瓦尔尼之后，我们还可以加上德维利亚[9]、毛林[10]、努玛[11]，他们是波旁王朝复辟时期可疑魅力的记录者，还有瓦提埃[12]、塔塞贺[13]、欧仁·拉米[14]，最后这位在对贵族社会的热爱上几乎像个英国人，还有特里莫雷[15]和特拉维埃[16]，这两位是贫穷和普通人生活的记录者。

三、他是艺术家、入世之人、人群中的人和孩子今天，我想和我的读者谈一位非凡的人。他的个性强烈鲜明，达到了自足的程度，无须去寻求他人认同。他的画作没有一幅是签名的，如果签名指的是那几个容易伪造的组成名字的字母的话，太多的艺术家在他们最不负责任的画作上签下自己的大名。但是这位仁兄，他所有作品的签名就是他熠熠生辉的灵魂。看过并喜欢他作品的艺术爱好者，都会从我下面的描述中轻而易举地认出它们。**M.C.G.**[17]喜欢混迹在人群中，喜欢隐姓埋名，谦逊也是他的独特之处。众所周知，萨克雷先生对一切与艺术沾

边的事物都感兴趣，他小说里的插图都是自己亲手绘制的，某一天，他在伦敦的一份小报上谈到**G**先生，这让**G**先生大为恼火，认为是对自己的谦逊的冒犯。最近，他听说我要写文章评价他的思想和才智，不容分说地要求我隐去他的姓名，谈论他的作品时，就像是谈论某个无名氏的作品一样。我将谦卑地遵从这一古怪的请求。读者和我都可以假装**G**先生并不存在，我们来谈论他的素描和水彩（他对自己这些作品显示出一种贵族的不屑），就像学者面临一项任务，要评价一些偶然发现的珍贵历史文件的重要性，而这些文件的作者也许永远不为人知。为了让我彻底安心，大家要认为，我对这位艺术家奇特而神秘的秉性作出的全部评价，大都是从他的作品中看出来的，完全是富有想象力的假设、臆测或重构。

G先生已是暮年之人。据说让·雅克[18]是42岁开始写作的，可能也是在差不多的年龄，G先生对图画的世界着了迷，他的头脑里塞满了图画，于是他鼓起勇气，用墨和水彩在一张白纸上涂抹。说实话，他画画的时候像一个野蛮人，一个孩子，愤怒地责骂自己笨拙的手指和不听话的工具。我曾经看过许多他早期的涂鸦，坦白说，大多数明智的人，或者自认为明智的人，都会毫不羞愧地宣称，在这些早期默默无闻的作品中，看不到其中蕴藏的潜在天赋。今天，G先生已经无师自通，发现了这个行当所有的小秘密，他在没有帮助和建议的情况下，自学成才，成为一位有强烈个性的大师；至于他早期质朴的作品，他只是保留了那种必需的东西，为自己的丰富天赋增加令人意想不到的趣味。在偶然看到一幅自己的早期作品时，他会撕掉或者烧毁它，显示出令人忍俊不禁的羞愧和愤怒。

有整十年的时间，我一直想结识G先生，他天性喜爱旅行，四海为家。我知道，他有很长一段时间为英国一家画报工作，他早期的旅行木版画（取材于在西班牙、土耳其和克里米亚的旅行中）就出现在那张画报上。从那时起，我看过许多这种取材于生活的即兴画作，我也因此能

够“读到”一种对克里米亚战役的详细和日常的描述，远胜过所有其他报道。同样是在这张画报上，刊登了这位艺术家大量取材于新芭蕾和歌剧的画作，照例没有签名。在终于与他会面后，我立刻发现面前站着的不是一位艺术家，而是一位入世之人。在这个语境中，请把“艺术家”按狭义的概念来理解，而“入世之人”则以其广义的概念来理解。我所谓的“入世之人”，是指对全世界的事情都了解的人，一位理解世界，理解其所有习俗背后神秘和合理原因的人；而这里所谓的“艺术家”，指的是一位专家，他被绑在自己的调色板上，正如农奴被绑在土地上。G先生不喜欢被称为艺术家。从某种程度上说这也是有理的，不是吗？他对世界所有事情都感兴趣，他想知道、理解和评价我们这个地球上发生的一切。艺术家很少或根本不会活跃在知识分子圈子里和政治圈子里。如果他住在布雷达，对圣日耳曼郊区发生的事情便一无所知。除了两三个例外（不必指名道姓），直言不讳地说，大多数艺术家都是技能熟练的粗汉，只是手工劳动者，是乡村酒吧里有着乡巴佬头脑的谈客。他们的谈话不可避免地局限在一个狭窄的范围里，很快就会让一个入世之人、让一个宇宙的精神居民，感到厌倦。

所以，要开始理解G先生，首先要注意的一点是：好奇心可以被视为他天赋的起点。

你还记得那幅画吗？（它的确是一幅画！）它是由这个时代最强大的一支笔写下的，名为《人群中的人》[19]。一位康复期的病人坐在咖啡馆里，透过商店橱窗，望着来往的人群，他的思绪与周围人的思绪融为一体。他刚从死神的阴影下走出来，满怀兴奋地呼吸着生命所有的活力和味道；当他处在要忘却一切的时刻，他记起并狂热地想要记起所有一切。最后，他跑到人群中，寻找一个面孔瞬间吸引他的陌生人。好奇心已经成为一种压倒一切、无法抗拒的激情。

那么想象一位艺术家永远处于一个康复期病人的精神世界中，你就

会找到了解G先生性格的钥匙。

但是康复期仿佛是回到童年。正在康复的病人就像孩子一样，最大限度地享受那种对所有事物都充满浓厚兴趣的天赋，即使是外表最不起眼的事物。如果可以，让我们通过想象力来回忆童年的我们对早晨的印象，我们会发现那与我们在一场疾病后获得的色彩生动的印象极其相似，当然前提是我们的感受力没有因病受到任何损害。孩子看待任何事物都是新鲜的；孩子总是“陶醉其中”。没有什么比孩子陶醉于形状和颜色中的感觉更接近于我们所谓的灵感。我会冒险更进一步，断言灵感与充血有某种联系，每一个崇高的思想都伴随着在大脑皮层中回响着的或多或少强劲的神经冲动。天才都有着强大的神经，孩子的神经都是脆弱的。在前者，理性的角色相当重要；在后者，感性几乎占据了全部。但是天赋不过是可以随意抓回的童年，这个孩子现在有着成人的自我表达能力，有着善于分析的头脑，能够让自己不自觉累积的经验变得井井有条。这种深刻而愉快的好奇心要表现为那种出神的目光，在狂喜中如野兽一般，每个孩子在看到一样新事物时都会有那种目光，不管这种事物是面孔还是风景、光亮、镀金、色彩、波纹绸，而服装的艺术更助长了这种狂喜。一天，我的一个朋友告诉我，他小时候，经常看父亲更衣，当他看到父亲胳臂的肌肉，呈玫瑰和黄色的肤色，还有那蓝色的网状静脉时，满心是夹杂着喜悦的惊异。外部世界的图画已经开始在他心里引起崇敬，掌控他的头脑。事物的形状让他着迷，让他为之倾倒。一种早熟的命运正崭露头角。他的命运已经注定。读者应该猜到了，今天，这个孩子已是一位著名的画家。

我刚才请求您把G先生看作一位永远处于康复期的病人；为了保持对他印象的完整，请将他也看作一个大孩子，一个每时每刻都拥有童年天赋的成人，换句话说，对这个天才而言，生活的任何一面都不曾失去锋芒。

我曾说过，我不愿把他称为纯粹的艺术家，他自己也带着一种贵族式矜持的谦恭，拒绝接受这一头衔。我愿意称他为浪荡子，这是有很多原因的：“浪荡子”这个词暗示着一种性格的典范，一种对这个世界所有道德机制的理解；但是，从另一个角度看，浪荡子渴望离群索居，而G先生有着强烈的不可满足的激情，渴望观察和感受，因而又激烈地与浪荡作风分道扬镳。圣·奥古斯丁[20]说，“我爱上了爱的感觉。”[21]“我满怀激情地热爱激情。”G先生也许会欣然附和。浪荡子是或假装是厌世者，这是一个方向，一种阶级态度。G先生痛恨厌世者。我说他拥有一种困难的本领：真诚而不致荒唐，久经世故的人懂得我的话。我愿意给予他哲学家的头衔，他有权获得这个头衔，原因不止一个；但是对肉眼可见的可变的有形事物过分热爱，让他理所当然地对构成形而上学家无形王国的事物产生反感。所以，让我们把他局限在纯粹的画面道德家的范围内吧，像拉布吕耶尔[22]。

人群是他的领地，就像天空对于鸟儿，水对于鱼儿一样。他的激情和职业就是融入人群中去。对于一个十足的漫游者、热情的观察者来说，生活在芸芸众生之中，在变动不居、熙来攘往、短暂和永恒之中，是一种巨大的愉悦。离开家，而又四海为家；观察世界，在世界的中心，而不为世界所见，这就是那些独立、热情、无偏见的灵魂的几桩小小的快乐，他们不会轻易屈从于语言的定义。观察者是一位微服出行的君王，在所到之处，享受着隐姓埋名之乐。他是热爱生活的人，将这个世界变成了自己的家，就像热爱女性的人，从他能发现的所有可爱女人，那些可以找到和不可能找到的女人那里创造了自己的世界；或者热爱画画的人，他们住在画在帆布上的梦幻世界中。因此，一个热爱各种生活的人，进入人群，就像进入一个巨大的电场。他，生活的热爱者，也可以被比作一面同芸芸众生一般的巨大镜子；或一个有思想的万花筒，每转动一下，就呈现出一种生活模式，呈现出它的丰富多彩，以及组成生活的所有成分所具有的流光溢彩。这是一个渴望无我境界的自我，它每时每刻都在用比永远变动不居和转瞬即逝的生活本身更生动的

形象反映着自我。G先生曾在一次谈话中说过：“任何人，任何没有被一种痛彻心扉的悲伤击垮过的人，任何对人群感到厌倦的人，都是大傻瓜！大傻瓜！我鄙视他！”他说这话时目光炯炯，带着富有感染力的手势，令人难忘。

当G先生醒来，张开眼睛，看到明亮的阳光敲打着窗子，他懊恼地自语道：“多么强烈的命令！多么耀眼的光明！在过去几个小时里到处都是光明！而我却在睡梦中虚度了！无数沐浴在光明中的事物，我本可以看到却错过了！”于是他立刻出发！他凝视着生命力之河，那样地壮阔，那样地明亮。他欣赏着都市中的永恒之美和生活惊人的和谐，这种和谐神奇般地在人类自由的喧嚣之中得以保持。他凝视着这座伟大城市的风景，石头的风景，一会儿笼罩在雾中，一会儿沐浴在阳光下。他欣赏着那漂亮的马车，高傲的骏马，马夫整洁闪亮的装束，小听差熟练的动作，女人们有节奏的步伐，漂亮孩子对生活的热爱，以及像孔雀一样对自己漂亮衣服的骄傲，一句话，他热爱生活的全部。如果时尚发生转变，一件衣服的剪裁有了些许变化，缎带和丝结被玫瑰饰结取代；如果女帽变宽了，女人的发髻梳得更向下，到了颈背处；如果腰围线往上提，裙摆更大了，可以肯定，他那双如鹰般锐利的眼睛老远就会发现。一个军团列队走过，也许要开往地球尽头，林荫大道的空气中充满了军乐声，像希望一样轻盈活泼。毫无疑问，G先生已经看见，并在审视和分析这支部队的武器和军容。鞍辔、头发上阳光的闪光、乐队、坚定的面容、浓重的胡须，所有这些细节都纷乱地向他涌来，几分钟内，由此产生的诗就可能形成了。他的灵魂就这样和这支部队的灵魂发生了共鸣，这支部队向前行进，就好像是一个活着的生物，一个快乐和秩序井然的高傲形象。

夜幕降临了。这是充满魔力的时刻，闪闪烁烁的光，夜幕四合，城市的灯上了。煤气灯光映衬着夕阳的紫色背景。所有人，不论是诚实的还是不诚实的、智慧的或是不负责任的，都自言自语道：“这一天终于

过去了！”好人和坏人都把思绪转向享乐，各人都忙着赶去最喜欢的老地方喝一杯遗忘之酒。而G先生会是从夕阳逗留、诗歌回响、生命搏动、音乐响起之地最后离开的那个人，任何地方，只要那里有人类的激情呈现在他的眼前，只要那里有自然之人和传统之人出现在一种古怪的美中，只要夕阳的光线照亮了“堕落的野兽”[23]一瞬的欢乐。“嗯，这真是充实的一天，”我们都熟悉的那种类型的读者自语道，“我们每个人一定都有足够的天赋，用同样的方式度过一天。”不！有这种观察天赋的人本就寥寥可数，有自我表达能力的人则更是少之又少。现在，当人们还在睡梦中，G先生俯在书桌上，凝视着一张纸，用与他刚才观察身边事物时相同的目光，挥舞着手中的铅笔、钢笔和画笔，把玻璃杯中的水泼向天花板，用衬衣擦笔，他是那样急不可耐，仿佛害怕那些画面会逃跑似的，虽然只身一人，他仍吵嚷不休，无情地鞭策着自己。事物在纸上得以重生，自然而又超越了自然，美又不止于美，奇特又具有一种像画者灵魂一样热情洋溢的生命。幻境从自然中提炼了出来。所有在记忆中杂乱储存的材料，都被分类、整理、融合，并经受了刻意的理想化，这种理想化出自孩子所特有的一种感受力，换句话说，是一种敏锐的、因质朴而变得神奇的感受力。

四、现代性

他就这样走啊，跑啊，永远在寻找着。寻找什么呢？我们可以确定，这个人，正如我所描述的，这个孤独而富有想象力的人，永远在人类浩瀚的荒漠漫游，他的目的比纯粹的漫游者更高尚，比追求一时的短暂欢愉更普遍。他在寻找那个难以定义的事物，我们姑且可以称之为“现代性”，因为找不到更好的词汇来表达这个概念。他的目的是，从诗歌中抽离出蕴含于其所处历史背景的时尚，从短暂中提炼出永恒。如果我们到现代画展上去，就会惊讶地发现，我们的艺术家有一个共同的倾向，即将所有主题都套上历史的外衣。几乎所有人都使用文艺复兴时期的时尚和装饰，比如大卫[24]用的就是罗马时期的时尚和装饰，但是

大卫和其他画家有一个不同，他选择的主题都是希腊或罗马时代所特有的，所以只能用古典风格来诠释，而今天的画家选择的主题都是带有普遍性质的，适用于所有时代，而他们竟也坚持用中世纪、文艺复兴时期或东方的外衣来呈现。显然，这完全是惰性使然；因为严厉谴责这个时期一切都丑陋得令人绝望，比致力于找出隐藏于其中的神秘的美——不管它是多么贫乏和无足轻重——要方便得多。现代性是短暂的、飞逝的、偶然的；它构成艺术的一半，艺术的另一半则是永恒的、稳定的。对历史长河中的每一位画家而言，都有一种现代性的形式；流传至今的大多数名画，它们的外衣都属于其所处的时代。这些都是十分和谐的作品，因为那些服装、发型，甚至姿势、表情和微笑（每个时代都有它特有的仪态、表情、微笑）形成一个整体，充满生命力。你们没有权利蔑视这种转瞬即逝、变形频繁的元素，也不可把它弃诸一旁。如果这么做，将不可避免地跌入一种抽象和不可定义的美的空虚中，这种美就像原罪之前那个唯一的女人的美一样。如果你用另一件服装代替当时流行的服装，就会违背常理，这只在流行服饰舞会上才能被原谅。因此，18世纪的女神、仙女和苏丹的女眷，都是符合时代精神的作品。

研究历史上的大师之作无疑是学习绘画的绝好训练，但如果你的目的是理解今时今日之美，那这便是不必要的练习了。委罗内塞[25]和鲁本斯[26]画中的帷幔教不会你如何画水纹绸、高级绸缎，或者我们的纺织厂生产出的用摇摆的裙衬支撑的任何织料，又或者上浆的细布做的衬裙。这些织料的质地和纹理与古代威尼斯或者卡特琳[27]宫廷里的不同。另外，裙子和紧身胸衣的剪裁与过去是完全不同的，而裙褶也是新的样式，最后，今天女性的姿势、仪态给她的服装注入一种生命力和性格，同历史上的女性区别开来。简言之，为了使所有形式的现代性都值得成为古物，必须把人类生命无意中注入其中的神秘美提炼出来。G先生特别致力于的就是这样一项工作。我说过，每个时代都有它特有的仪态、表情和姿势。这个观点可以很容易在一家大型肖像美术馆（比如凡尔赛宫）得到证实。不过它还可以扩展得更广。在我们称为民族的这个

统一体中，职业、社会阶级和时代不仅将多样性带进姿势和风度中，还带进了脸部整体的线条中。如此这般的鼻子、嘴和前额，在某段时期内会成为标准，它们的长度我不打算在这里确定，但肯定是可以计算的。肖像画家对于这种观点不够熟悉，安格尔先生[28]的最大弱点就是想强加给每种类型的模特一种或多或少全面的提升过程，换言之，取自古典主义宝库的强制美化过程。

在此类事情上，进行先验推理将会是容易的，甚至是合理的。所谓灵魂与所谓身体之间永恒的相互关系，很好地说明了物质的或散发自精神的东西如何体现并将永远体现着由它所产生的精神。如果一位耐心、一丝不苟然而想象力贫乏的画家，被委托画今天的一位交际花，而他选择从提香或拉斐尔笔下的交际花中汲取灵感（这是一个神圣词汇），他的作品很可能会是有欺骗性、难以捉摸和理解的。研究那个时代那个类型的名作，不会让他知道今天一位交际花的姿态、目光、怪相和有生气的一面，她们在时尚词典中相继被置于不贞洁的女子、被豢养的女人、名妓等粗鄙打趣的名目下。

同样的话也适用于对士兵、浪荡子，甚至动物（如狗或马），以及组成一个时代永恒生活的所有食物的研究。谁要是在古物中研究理想的艺术、逻辑和通用方法以外的东西，谁就要倒霉！因为如果太过沉浸其中，他的头脑中就不会有现在，他就会抛弃时代带来的价值观和特权。而我们几乎所有的原创性都来自于时代打在我们感觉上的印记。读者会很容易理解，因为我可以从女人之外的无数事物上轻而易举地印证这一观点。比如，我举个极端的例子，一个海景画家，他要表现一艘现代轮船朴素而简洁的美，居然去研究古船因装饰物过多而变形的外观和巨大的船尾，以及16世纪船只复杂的帆和索具，你们对此怎么看呢？或者，你委托一位画家画一匹在盛大赛马会上一举成名的纯种骏马，而他把研究范围限制在博物馆，满足于观察画廊中凡·戴克[29]、布吉尼昂[30]或者凡·德·默伦[31]笔下的马，你们又将作何感想？

G先生，在天性指引下，在时代掌控下，走了一条完全不同的道路。他以观察生活开始，后来才努力学习表现生活的方法。因此他的作品有一种惊人的独创性。在这种独创性中还存有外行的、质朴的东西，成了一种服从于印象的新证据，一种对真实的恭维。对于我们大多数人来说，特别是商人，若非与他们的生意有实用联系，自然就不存在。对生活现实的幻想衰退得尤其严重。G先生不断吸收着这种幻想，他把它们满满地存在记忆中、眼睛里。

五、易于记忆的艺术

“粗野”这个词在我的笔下出现得可能过于频繁，也许让有些人认为这指的是某些没有定型的、只有观者发挥想象力才能使之变为完美的画作。这是一种严重的误解。我指的是一种不可避免的、综合的、幼稚的粗野，在一些完美的艺术（墨西哥的、埃及的或者尼尼微[32]的粗野）里仍然经常能看到，它来自一种从宏观上观察事物的需要，尤其是从整体效果的角度来看作品。这里不妨多说一句，许多人把一切具有综合简化的目光的画家指为“粗野”。比如，柯罗先生[33]，他的风景画都是描摹景物的粗线条，其结构和特色。同样地，G先生忠实地描摹事物留给自己的印象，他会本能地意识到事物最重要的特色或部分（从一个戏剧化的角度看，它们可以是达到高潮的或明亮的）或者它的主要特点，有时甚至带着有利于人类记忆的一定程度的夸张；观者的想象力转而受到这种专制代码的影响，清晰地看到这一事物给G先生造成的印象。在这种情况下，观者成为一种总是清晰的、醉人的表达的表达者。

有一个因素，大大增加了这种对日常生活的图画记录的生命力。我指的是G先生的工作习惯。他画画依赖的是记忆，而非模型，除非在有些情况下（比如克里米亚战争），他必须刻不容缓地迅速做笔记，并确定主题的基本轮廓。事实上，所有真正的美术家创作的都是来自脑海中而非自然中的画面。如果有人举出拉斐尔、华托等许多画家的精彩速写

来反驳，我们的回答是，它们确实是非常详细的笔记，但永远只能是笔记而已。当一位真正的艺术家到了最终创作的阶段，模型于他更多的是一种尴尬，而非帮助。像杜米埃和G先生这样多年来习惯用他们的记忆，并在其中填满画面的人，有时甚至会发现，在模特及随之的繁复细节面前，他们的主要感官似乎受到扰乱，仿佛瘫痪了一样。

于是就有了看到一切并忘记一切的决心与记忆的功能之间的抗争，记忆获得了一种习惯，要瞬间记下主要的色调、形状和外观样式。一个能够完美地把握形式但是尤其习惯于运用记忆和想象力的艺术家，会发现自己似乎被大量细节困扰，就像一群热爱绝对平等的人愤怒地要求得到公平一样。任何公平的形式都不可避免地受到侵犯，一切和谐都被破坏了，牺牲了；大量平庸的事物被放大，大量琐屑的事物分散了注意力。艺术家越是对细节平等对待，混乱状态就越严重。不管他是近视还是远视，所有的等级和从属关系都消失了。这是当今最走红的某位作家的作品中经常出现的意外事故，而这种缺陷与大众的缺陷如此相适应，竟使他越发受追捧了。这种类比在演员的艺术中我们也可以感觉到，那种神秘、深刻的艺术在今天已经跌到颓废的混乱中了。费雷德里克·乐迈特先生用一个天才的宽宏和胆识塑造了一个角色，虽然他的演技有闪光的细节装饰，却依然是综合的、有雕塑感的。布菲先生则以近视眼或政府官僚的琐细来塑造角色。在他身上，一切都是闪闪发亮的，但一切都不特别打眼，无法在我们的记忆中占据一席之地。

因此，在G先生的作品中，最突出的有两点：第一就是一种专注和强烈的记忆力，能够让事物复活，令人浮想联翩，这记忆对每一样事物说："拉撒路，起身吧！"[34]第二就是一团火，一种铅笔或画笔产生的陶醉，几乎达到癫狂的状态。这是一种恐惧，害怕走得不够快，让幽灵在综合未被提炼和抓住的时候就溜掉。这种巨大的恐惧攫住了所有伟大的艺术家，让他们内心热切地希望占有一切表达手段，这样一来，头脑的命令就不会因为手的犹豫而打折扣，最终，理想的作画过程会变得自觉

和流畅，就像一个健康人的头脑在饭后发出消化食物的指令一样。G先生作画时，首先用铅笔勾出线条，标示出物体在空间中的位置。然后用颜色润出基本的布局，先轻轻着色，成为隐约的大块，随后再重新上色，一次比一次浓重。最后，用铅笔和墨水清晰地勾画出物体的轮廓。要不是亲眼所见，没人能猜出他用如此简单和基本的方法就能营造出如此惊人的效果。这种方法有一种无可比拟的优势，那就是，在几乎每一个阶段，画似乎都已完成，在观者看来已经满意了；你可以把这种技法称为缩略草图，但这是完美的草图。所有的色调都是和谐的，如果他想要增强色调，所有的色调在通向理想的完美状态的过程中都会保持它们和谐的关系。他以这种方式，带着活泼和快乐，一次可以画20幅画，这种快乐不仅赏心悦目，对他自己来说也是有趣的；这些画作一幅幅地，数以十计、百计、千计地堆积起来。他不时会浏览一下，翻一翻、看一看，然后从中选择几幅，加深一下阴影部分，修饰一下明亮部分，给画作增加一些色饱和度。

他高度重视背景，不管它是浓墨重彩还是轻描淡写，总是有与画中人物相得益彰的特性。色调的变化和整体的和谐都严格地得到贯彻，其中显示出的天赋更多地来自天性而非后天习得。因为G先生拥有色彩画家的神秘天赋，这是一种真正的才能，后天的学习可以增强这一才能，然而却无法凭空得来。概括来说，我们这位奇特的艺术家既表现人类的举止也表现其或庄严或古怪的态度，以及人类在空间光彩夺目的爆发。

六、战争的编年史

保加利亚、土耳其、克里米亚和西班牙，这些国家的美景都曾经让G先生大饱眼福，或者说是那位我们商量好称作G先生的虚构艺术家，因为我不时会想到，为了照顾他的谦逊，我答应假装他并不存在。我曾经翻阅过那些有关东方战争的画作档案（尸横遍野的战场、辎重车、牲畜和马匹的搬运），那些充满生命悸动和兴味的场景，仿佛是直接从生

活中移印下来的图画，构成一种珍贵的画面形式的要素，许多知名画家如果处于同样的环境可能会轻率地忽视。然而，在这些画家中，贺拉斯·威尔奈[35]先生是个例外，与其说他是一位艺术家，不如说是一位记者；G先生是一位更细腻的艺术家，跟他之间有着明显的关系，如果我们愿意只把他视为生活的档案管理员的话。我敢说，没有一张报纸，没有一份书面记录，没有一本书，在使人痛苦的细节和可怕的规模上，能够将克里米亚战争[36]这一伟大的史诗表现得更好。我们的目光依次掠过多瑙河岸到博斯普鲁斯海滨，刻尔松角，巴拉克拉瓦平原，因克尔曼的田野，英国人、法国人、土耳其人、皮埃蒙特人的营地，君士坦丁堡的街道，医院及各种各样庄严的宗教和军事盛典。

我记忆最深刻的一幅作品是《直布罗陀主教为斯库塔里墓地举行祝圣仪式》。画面的别致之处在于周围东方的田野和画中人物的西方仪态装束之间形成的对比，这种别致之处以一种动人、启人联想、充满梦幻的方式表现了出来。普通的士兵和军官都带着那种根深蒂固的“绅士”气质，他们无论走到天涯海角都带着那种坚毅含蓄的气质，不管是在非洲南端殖民地的兵营，还是在印度的殖民地；英国的传教士让人模糊地想到戴着帽子和领巾的引领员或股票经纪人。

另外还有一幅画，是奥马尔·帕沙在舒姆拉的宅邸。画面是土耳其的待客礼节，有烟斗和咖啡；所有客人都坐在床上，吸着和吹管一样长的烟斗，脚下放着烟锅。这就是《库尔德人在斯库塔里》，这支军队的奇怪模样让人想起蛮族入侵；另外一幅画，画的是19世纪土耳其野蛮的非正规军士兵，样子也同样古怪，他们的军官是欧洲人，来自匈牙利或者波兰，其浪荡子的外貌和士兵奇异的东方特征形成古怪的对比。

一幅宏伟巨作吸引了我的眼球，画面上是一个站立的人；那个人身材结实、精力充沛，他的表情里有沉思、有思虑、有快乐、有坚毅；他穿着过膝的高筒靴，制服藏在一件厚重宽大的大衣下，扣子一直扣到最

后一颗；他的目光，透过雪茄的烟雾，投向阴森而迷茫的天际；他胳膊受了伤，吊着绷带。在画的下方，有一行铅笔字：因克尔曼战场上的康罗贝尔[37]，作于现场。

这个骑兵又是谁？他白色的胡须被刻画得那样刚劲有力，高昂着头，似乎在嗅着战场上可怕的诗意，而他的马，一边嗅着土地的气味，一边从成堆的尸体中间走过。这些尸体脚朝上，面孔扭曲，姿势奇怪。在画作下方的角落，有一行字：我在因克尔曼。

这个人，是巴拉圭-迪里埃先生[38]无疑。他正和总司令一起，在贝奇奇塔什检阅炮兵。我几乎没见过一幅比这更好的士兵肖像画，出自更大胆更有才智之手的。

在这幅画旁边，我看到一个自叙利亚之祸以来声名狼藉的名字：阿赫麦-帕夏将军，他站在营帐前，由部下簇拥着，接见欧洲官员。尽管这位将军大腹便便，但他的举止和脸上，都带着那种通常属于统治阶层的贵族气息。

在这个有趣的集子中，巴拉克拉瓦战役的场景出现过多次，分别是从不同的角度来描摹的。其中令人印象最深刻的一幅作品，是桂冠诗人阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生的英雄号角曾歌颂过的历史性骑兵冲锋：一群骑兵在炮火的浓烟中飞奔着冲向天际，背景是一带青山。

画作中不时会出现一个宗教人物，对于观众因为炮火和屠杀而变得悲伤的眼睛，这是很好的休息。在英国军队中，一位穿短褶裙的苏格兰人的别致军装很是引人注目，那是一位英国国教教士在做安息日弥撒；他面前的读经台是三面鼓，一面在上，两面在下。

单用一支笔很难将这首由上千幅画组成的广阔而复杂的诗表达出来，很难表达这几百张画的细节传递出的令人陶醉的感受；这些细节常

常是令人痛苦的，并从来不是凄哀的。画上的污迹和裂口以独特的方式说明了艺术家将怎样的纷乱和喧嚣置于每日的记忆中。当傍晚来临时，邮差会将G先生的画送往伦敦，而他常常会这样委托邮差送走十多幅画在薄纸上的速写，雕工和报纸订户正在焦急等待着。

画面上有时会出现救护车，气氛是凝重、阴郁的，每张床都承载着苦痛；还有一张画的是佩拉的医院，我注意到，有两位仿佛出自勒絮埃尔[39]笔下的瘦长、苍白、僵直的修女，正在和一个穿着不正式的来访者谈话，这位来访者有一个古怪的说明：鄙人。现在，又是一长队畜群——骡子、驴或者马，在崎岖蜿蜒、布满战斗残骸的小道上，缓慢行走，背上挂着驮篮，里面是面色苍白、动弹不得的伤员。在广阔的雪原上，来了一群骆驼，它们挺着威严的胸，高昂着头，由鞑靼人牵着，在运送各种物资和弹药；一个战争的世界出现了，活跃、匆忙、沉默；还有营地和集市，摊着各种货物的样品，就像一个临时建成的野蛮城市。在临时搭起的棚子里，在崎岖或积雪的道路上，在峡谷间，在人群里，能看到多个国家的制服，都因为打仗而变得破烂不堪，外加的大皮袄和笨重的靴子使它走了样。

想到这些作品现在散落各处，其中一些珍贵画作被复制它们的雕工或者《伦敦画报》的编辑收藏，而没有呈送给皇帝陛下，真是颇为遗憾。我敢肯定，皇帝陛下一定很高兴看到这些关于他的士兵的画作。他们每日的活动，用了最精心的笔触描摹，从最辉煌的壮举，到生活中最琐碎平凡的事，都由这位士兵艺术家的妙手展现出来。

七、隆重典礼和盛大节日

土耳其也向我们亲爱的G先生贡献了一些绝妙的绘画题材，如拜兰节。拜兰节的景象华丽壮观，但在背景中出现了已过世的苏丹的身影，就像一轮苍白的太阳，令人厌倦；列于君王左侧的是文臣，右侧是武将。武将的首领是埃及苏丹萨义德-帕夏，他当时正身在君士坦丁堡；

盛大的仪仗队伍正庄严地朝着王宫附近的一座小清真寺行进。队伍中可以看到一些土耳其官员，真是堕落的漫画肖像，他们臃肿的身体压在胯下华丽的骏马上；还有一些巨大笨重的车子，与路易十四时期的车子如出一辙，用东方元素装饰得金碧辉煌，不时有女子好奇的目光从面纱留在眼睛处的窄缝投出；还有“第三性”（巴尔扎克的幽默用语放在这里再适合不过了，因为在这些闪烁不定的灯光下，在肥大的服装飘扬的裙裾间，在面颊、眼睛和眉毛的浓妆下，在所有这些歇斯底里、不由自主的姿势中，在飘动在腰际的长发里，你会发现很难，且不说不可能，来猜出男子特征）；最后还有风流女人（如果可以对黎凡特地区[40]使用风流这个词的话），通常是匈牙利、瓦拉几亚、犹太、波兰、希腊和亚美尼亚的女人，因为在一个专制政府的统治下，受压迫的民族，尤其其中受苦最深重的女人，向卖淫行业输送了最多的人。在这些女人中，有些还穿着民族服装，绣花上衣、短袖、宽大的披肩、灯笼裤、前端上翘的土耳其鞋子、条纹或饰有亮片的头巾，以及所有来自她们家乡的装饰品；另外一些女人的人数更多，她们身上打上了文明的烙印，对于一个女人来说，就是穿着有裙撑的宽大裙子，不过，也会在服饰上加一些黎凡特地区的特色，结果就是让她们看起来像是一些试图乔装打扮的巴黎女人。

G先生善于刻画各种各样的官方仪式和国家典礼，他不像有些画家，将这种工作视为报酬不菲的苦差事，在笔触运用上冷漠且有说教意味。G先生在绘画时带着一个热爱空间、远景和光线的人的全部热情，他作品中的光线，反射在制服或宫廷服装上，就像泪珠或耀眼的宝石。《雅典大教堂的独立纪念节》便是G先生这一才能的有趣例证。所有画得很小的人物在这幅作品中都各得其所，巧妙的布局使得整个画面空间更加深邃。教堂很大，装饰着庄严的帷幔。奥托国王[41]和王后站在台上，穿着民族传统服装，他们对服装驾驭得无比自如，好像是为了证实他们选择的诚意和展示最高贵的希腊式爱国主义。国王就像最帅气的希腊民兵一样，腰带束得紧紧的，裙褶向外扩开，带着民族浪荡作风的夸

张。在国王和王后的对面，主教正向他们走来，他是一位老人，有些驼背，雪白的胡子随风飘扬，小眼睛隐藏在绿色的镜片后，整个仪态展示出一种最极致的东方式冷静。画中所有的人物都是一幅肖像，其中一个最有趣，因为其古怪的面孔一点不像希腊人，她是站在王后身旁侍奉的一个德国女人。

在G先生的作品中，经常能看到一个人物，那就是法国国王。画家以速写的方式描画出他的脸，标志性地一挥而就，而又绝不失真。有时，国王在纵马奔驰，检阅军队，陪同人员是面貌容易辨认的官员，或者国外的（欧洲、亚洲或者非洲的）国家元首，国王好像是在向他们致以巴黎的敬意。有时，国王一动不动地骑在马上，马蹄就像桌子的四条腿，稳稳地站在地上；他的左边是皇后，保持着骑马的习惯；右边是小皇太子，头戴毛皮高帽子，身姿像军人一样笔挺，骑着一匹毛发乱蓬蓬的小马，就像英国画家喜欢放在风景画中的那种四处奔跑的小马。有时，他在布洛涅森林的小径上策马而行，夹杂着尘土的光线倾泻下来，笼罩着他。还有时候，我们看到他走在圣安东尼郊区的人群中，接受民众的热情欢呼。其中有一幅水彩画，好似有一种魔力，尤其令我倾倒。画面上，皇后坐在一个装饰华丽的包厢前方，面容平静而放松；国王的身子微微前倾，似乎是想更好地观看表演；下面站着两个卫兵，身姿笔挺，几乎是虔诚地一动不动，他们漂亮的制服闪耀出舞台脚灯反射的光。在舞台完美氛围的这束光后，演员在和谐地歌唱、念白和做各种手势；在画面近处，是一个弥漫着光线的深渊，那是枝形吊灯；每一排都是塞满层层人脸的圆形空间，那是观众。

1848年的民众游行、会所和庄严场合，为G先生提供了一系列场景的主题，其中大多都发表在《伦敦画报》上。几年前，他在西班牙旅居了一段时间，这对他的天赋大有裨益，他后来创作了同样性质的一个作品系列，我曾经看到过其中几张。他经常把自己的画随意送人，或者借给他人，这常常给他带来不可挽回的损失。

八、士兵

要再次定义这位艺术家最青睐的题材，且让我们称之为生活的隆重仪式，正如它在文明世界的首都、军事庆典、骄奢淫逸的生活中所展现出的那样。我们的见证人总是准时出现在他的观察岗，那里流淌出深沉、冲动的欲望，即人心、战争、爱情、博弈的伟大河流；那里作为喜悦和哀伤之外在形式的庆典正蓬勃进行。但是，这位艺术家对军事生活、对士兵表现出非常明显的偏好，我想这种热爱不仅源于军人的灵魂所必然给他的风度和面容带来的美德和品质，也来源于他的华丽制服。保罗·德·莫莱纳[42]先生曾经就军队的献媚和所有政府为其军队设计的炫目制服中蕴含的道德意义，写过几页充满智慧的文字，让人读完拍手称快。G先生会很愿意在这几页纸上签上自己的名字。

前面我们谈到过每个时代特有的美的风格，我们已经注意到，每个时代都有属于自己的优雅。这同样也适用于职业；每种职业都从统治它的道德法则中获取了它的外在美。对于某些职业而言，这种美是充满能量的；而对于另外一些职业，可能带着闲适的明显标记。这可以说是性格的特征、命运的印记。士兵整体上有一种美，正如镇上的浪荡子和女人一样，各有其特征。读者也自然会接受我在此忽略了那样一些职业，从业者的肌肉由于单一的激烈劳动而扭曲，脸上也有了奴役的印记。尽管士兵经常面临突发情况，但他们从不轻易失去冷静。因此，在这种情况下，美是一种无忧无虑、尚武的气质，一种平静与无畏的奇异结合；这是一种来自于随时牺牲自我的美的形式。但是理想的军人脸上必须有一种天真的神情，因为他们和僧侣和学生一样，过的是集体生活，习惯于将日常生活压力交给一个遥远的、家长式的组织。因此，士兵们在很多事情上都像孩子一样天真，而且像孩子一样，一旦任务完成，他们很容易开心，喜欢纵情享乐。所有这些道德思考都可以从G先生的素描和水彩画中自然得来，我这么说并非夸张。在这位艺术家的作品中，没有一种军人类型是缺失的。他是带着一种高昂的兴致来作画的：年老的步

兵军官，面容悲伤，臃肿的身体压在战马上；养尊处优的军事参谋，俯身凑近坐在椅子上的女士，没有丝毫局促不安，肩部造作的动作，加上他的蜂腰，从后面看，让人想起某种苗条优雅的昆虫；轻步兵和步兵，他们整个的风度展现出大无畏和自立，以及一种更强烈的个人责任感；轻骑兵悠闲自在的举止，变化无常的喜悦；技术兵隐约有着学者和学院的特征，比如炮手和工兵，这常常可以在他们不好战的装备上得到证实。这些模特身上的细微的差别都没有被忽略，都被以同样的热爱和智慧来总结和定义。

现在，我的面前正放着这样一幅画。作品传递出英雄主义的整体印象，主题是步兵纵队；也许他们是从意大利出征归来，在林荫大道上稍作停留，正接受人群的热情欢呼；也许他们刚刚完成在伦巴第的长征；我不知道，但是人们能够充分感受到的，是这些古铜色的、饱经风霜的脸上那种坚定无畏的神情，即使在休息时也显而易见。

这无疑是由纪律、同甘共苦、长期巨大的压力所造成的无畏的稳重气质，卷起的裤腿塞进绑腿中，大衣破旧褪色，全部装备也有了那种远道归来、经历了非凡冒险后的不可毁灭的面貌。这些士兵似乎真的比普通人站得更稳更坚定，也更自信。如果一直在寻找也经常发现这种美的夏雷[43]看到了这张画作，他一定会印象深刻。

九、浪荡子

一个有钱有闲的人，对生活中的一切感到厌倦，除了追逐快乐外别无他事；自小便养尊处优，习惯了发号施令；最终这个除了优雅别无职业的人，必然总是带着一种特别的面部表情。浪荡作风是一种不明确的社会态度，与决斗一样奇怪；它要追溯到很久以前，恺撒、喀提林[44]、亚西比德[45]曾是其光辉榜样；自从夏多布里昂[46]在美洲的森林和湖畔找到了它，它便广泛地传播开来。浪荡作风是法律外的一个体制，有一套所有成员都必须严格遵守的法律准则，不管他们的个人性格是如

何热情和独立。

英国的小说家在这种“上流社会”类型小说的创作上作出了突出贡献，而他们的法国同行，比如古斯丁侯爵[47]，也试图专门从事爱情小说的创作，并非常明智地安排小说人物都是有钱人，可以毫不迟疑地满足自己最不重要的欲望，而且让他们无须从事任何职业。这些人终日只是研究如何让自己更美，满足自己的热情，感受并思考。因此，他们尽情地享受着时间和金钱，如果没有这两样，幻想只能是转瞬即逝的白日梦，不太可能转化为行动。没有闲暇和金钱，爱情不过是普通人的狂欢，或者夫妻义务的完成，很不幸，但事实确实如此。爱情将不是充满激情和幻想的突如其来的冲动，而成为一件令人厌恶的功利的事情。

我之所以在浪荡作风的题目下谈到爱情，是因为爱情是有闲之人的天然职业。但是浪荡子自己并不认为爱情是一个特殊的生活目标。如果我谈到了金钱，是因为金钱对这些视自我喜好为唯一宗教的人来说，是不可或缺的；然而，浪荡子又不将财富本身作为目标，即使有未还清的银行欠款，对他们而言也无甚不同；他将这种低劣的喜好留给了俗人。与许多没有头脑的人的想法相反，浪荡作风甚至也不是对衣服和优雅物质生活的过分热衷。对于一个完美的浪荡子来说，这些事物不过是他思想的贵族优越性的象征符号。因此，由于他最看重的是自己的卓尔不群，在他眼中，完美的衣装应绝对地朴素，而这的确是体现高雅的最佳方式。那么这种具象化为一个教义并发展了一些杰出教徒的喜好，这一塑造出如此自负的群体的不成文法典，又是什么呢？它首先是一种在社会传统的外部限制下，创造出独创性个人形式的炽热欲望。它是一种自我主义，在对一种可以从他人身上（比如女人）获得的快乐形式的追寻中仍然保持不丧失，甚至在幻觉中仍可以存在。它是一种引起他人惊奇的乐趣，一种从不显露自我的扬扬自得。浪荡子也许厌烦了享乐，他甚至也许正遭受痛苦，但是在后一种情况下，他会保持微笑，就像那个被狐狸噬咬的斯巴达人[48]。

显然，浪荡作风在某些方面接近于灵性和斯多葛哲学，但是浪荡子绝不可以成为俗人。他如果犯罪，也许会被社会谴责，但如果是由于琐碎小事犯下的罪，这种耻辱便是无可弥补的了。请读者不要对这种庄重与玩乐的混合感到震惊；请大家想一想，其实在所有的蠢行中都有一种高尚，每种暴行的背后都有一股驱动力。果真是灵性的奇怪形式！对于那些既是它的领袖又是受害者的人，他们所置身的所有复杂的物质条件，不管是白日和夜晚任何时候都无可挑剔的衣装，还是最冒险的体育运动，都不过是适宜于锤炼意志和训练灵魂的一系列身体锻炼而已。我把浪荡作风比作一种宗教，确实也不算大错。最严苛的修道院的纪律，强迫信徒自杀的那位山中老人[49]最不容变更的命令，也不比这种关乎高雅和独创性的教义更专横，更让人甘心顺从。同其他教义一样，这一教义给它雄心勃勃而又谦卑的宗派成员，通常是一些充满活力、激情、勇气、克制的能量的人，灌输一个可怕的命令：做一个行尸走肉！[50]

难以取悦、不可思议、花花公子、社会名流或浪荡子，无论这些人给自己贴上哪一个标签，他们都来自同一处，都具有同样的反对和叛逆的特征，都包含着人类骄傲中所包含的最优秀成分，代表着一种击退并毁灭平凡的需要（这在现代人身上已经太罕见了）。在浪荡子身上，有那种傲慢、高贵态度的源头，即使冷淡也是咄咄逼人的。浪荡作风尤其会出现在民主势力尚未发展成熟的转型期，因为这个时候，贵族只是部分被削弱和丧失名誉。在这种时代的混乱状态下，某些感到幻灭和有闲同时也充满活力的“局外人”，可能都存着建立一个新的贵族阶层的念头，因为它建立在最宝贵、最不可毁灭的能力之上，建立在工作和金钱都无法赋予的非凡天赋之上，因此也更难瓦解。浪荡作风是堕落时代里最后一星英雄主义的光芒；旅行者在北美洲发现的浪荡子典型丝毫也削弱不了上述观念的价值，因为我们称之为野蛮人的部落可能是过去伟大文明的残余，我们没有理由不相信这一点。浪荡作风是一轮落日，就像正在陨落的星辰，它是壮丽的，没有热量，充满忧伤。但是，哎呀！民族大潮涌起，到处传播，荡平一切，每天都在带走人类骄傲最后的捍卫

者，遗忘之水淹没了这些杰出追随者的最后踪迹。在法国，浪荡子变得越来越少了，而在我们的邻居英国，社会和宪法（真正的宪法，在社会习惯上表达出的宪法）的状况还将长久地为谢立丹[51]、布鲁梅尔[52]和拜伦的继承者留有一席之地。

读者可能觉得这是题外话，其实不是。在很多情况下，一位艺术家的画作所引发的道德思考和冥想，是批评家所能给出的最好解说；它们所暗示的理念是一个隐含思想的一部分，我们渐次发现这些理念，最终也许会发现那个根本的思想。如果不是因为我们处在这个时代，绘画被普遍认为是一种消遣，那么当G先生创作一幅浪荡子的画作时，总是赋予他历史的性格，几乎可以说是他传奇的性格，这一点还需要我多说吗？当我们从人海中瞥见这样一位享有特权的人，我们一定能看到他从容的态度，举手投足间的自信，习惯发出命令的坦率，穿礼服和驭马的特有方式，在任何情况下都保持着彰显力量的平静，这些打消了我们的疑问，引人注目和令人敬畏两者在他身上神奇般地混合：“他也许是一位富人，但肯定是一个无所事事的赫拉克勒斯[53]。”

浪荡子的特别之美尤其体现在他的冷酷外表上，这源于他时刻保持镇定的不可动摇的决心；他让人联想起一团隐伏的火，看似是可以忽略的存在，但如果愿意，却可以喷发出耀眼的光芒，但是他并不这样做。上述所有特质在这些画作中都得到了淋漓尽致的体现。

十、女人

对于大多数男人来说，女人是最活泼甚至最持久的快乐的源泉，尽管这样说会让哲学予人的乐趣颜面扫地。男人的所有努力都是为着女人，这个令人敬畏的生物，像上帝一样不可言说（不同之处在于，“无限”不显露自我，因为它会让“有限”昏聩和毁灭；而我们所说的这个生物，她的不可言说，只是因为没有什么可说的）；约瑟夫·德·迈斯特[54]在女人身上看到一头美丽的动物，她的魅力推动了严肃的政治游戏，为

之增辉添彩；因为她的缘故，千金敛来又散去；为了她，艺术家和诗人创作出最高超的作品，然而，其中又以女性艺术家和诗人的成就最高；她们身上流淌出最销骨蚀魂的快乐和最使人充实的痛苦——总而言之，女人，对于所有艺术家而言，特别是对于G先生而言，不只是人类中的雌性。她是女神、是明星，主宰着男人头脑里的所有思想；她集天地灵秀之气于一身；她是生活阅历能给予男人的最强烈的仰慕和兴趣所指向的目标。她是偶像，也许头脑空空，但却千娇百媚、令人心醉，顾盼流转之下，便掌控了男人的命运和意志。我要再说一遍，她不是动物，只要四肢经过正确组合，便成为和谐的完美化身；她甚至也不是雕塑家在最严肃的沉思时刻所想象的那种纯粹的美；即使那也不足以解释她神秘莫测的迷人魅力。在这个问题上温克尔曼[55]和拉斐尔也帮不了我们；我肯定，即使博学多识如G先生（希望这么说不会冒犯他），也绝不会对一尊古代雕塑视而不见，即使他会因此失去欣赏一幅雷诺兹[56]和劳伦斯[57]肖像画的机会。女人的所有装饰，所有为她的美增色生辉的事物，都是女人的一部分；艺术家对这个谜一般的生物专门研究后，不仅会为女人倾倒，也会对女人的世界[58]着迷。无疑地，女人是一片光明，一道目光，一张通向幸福的请柬，有时是一句话；但是她首先是一个和谐的整体，不仅在她的仪态和举手投足间，也在她身上的细布、薄纱和大摆彩虹裙，这衣服可以说是她神圣地位的象征和支柱；这和谐还在她手臂和脖子上盘绕着的金属和宝石，既让她的双眸神采飞扬，又似在她耳边喁喁私语。当诗人描述一位美人带给他的愉悦时，他又如何能将她与她的衣装分而论之？你找不出一个男人，他在街上，在剧院，或者在林间，驻目于一件美丽的衣装，却只是超然地欣赏，最后留在脑海里的画面没有穿着这件衣服的美丽女子，因为这衣装和女子是不可分割的整体。现在似乎是时候回到关于时尚和修饰的某些问题上，在研究的开始我只是略有谈及，为的是反驳某些含糊其词的热爱自然者对服装艺术的愚蠢诋毁。

十一、赞化妆

我知道一首歌，因为太不足道，所以不敢在这个自命严肃的作品中引用它；然而，这首歌以杂耍表演的风格，非常恰如其分地表达出不习惯思考的人的美学观点：“本性装饰了美。”也许可以这样推测，一个“诗人”，如果可以恰当地驾驭语言，就会说“质朴装饰了美”，这等同于另一个完全是意料之外的真理：“存在的事物不需装饰。”

大多数关于美的错误观点源自于18世纪错误的道德观。在那时，“本性”被视为所有形式的“善”和“美”的基础、根源和原型。当时的普遍盲目很大程度上要归咎于对原罪的摒弃。但是，如果我们只打算考虑眼前的事实、所有时代的经验和《论坛报》，我们立即可以看到天性完全或几乎什么也没教给我们；换言之，它迫使人们吃喝睡觉，尽可能保护自己抵御严酷的天气。而同样也是“天性”，驱使人类自相残杀，噬食、囚禁和折磨同类；当人类脱离了求生存的窘境，开始可以追求享受和消遣，我们看到天性只是想到犯罪。就是这个所谓绝无谬误的天性，导致了弑亲和食人等千百种劣行，为谨慎和好意起见，我们在此不一一列举了。是哲学（我指的是正确的那种）和宗教教导我们照顾年迈可怜的父母，天性（不过是利己主义内心的声音）却让我们把他们打死。审视、分析一切天然的事物，一个完全“天然”之人的所有行动和欲望，你会发现无一处不恐怖。所有的美和高贵都是理智和周密思考的结果。犯罪从源头上是“天然”的，人类这种动物在母亲的子宫里就爱上了犯罪。另一方面，美德却是“人为的”、超自然的，因为在每个时代，每个国家，上帝和预言家都曾是必要的，因为他们将美德教给野蛮的人类，也因为人类无法靠自己发现美德。罪恶不需费力就能完成，这是“自然的”，它是命运的安排；善总是人工的产物。我把自然说成是道德方面的坏顾问，理性是救赎和改革的真正力量，都可以转移到美的范围中去。这也使得我将装饰视为人类灵魂原始高贵性的一个标志。被我们这个混乱而堕落的文明带着可笑的傲慢和自命不凡称为“野蛮人”的民族，却和孩子一样，能够欣赏衣服的高度精神特质。野蛮人和婴儿，他们对

不同颜色的鲜艳羽毛，对闪闪发亮的织料，对人工形状的极度高贵表现出天真的喜爱，从而显示出对真实的厌恶，这不自觉地证明了他们灵魂的非物质性。如果有人像路易十五（远不是一个真正文明的结果，而是野蛮状态重归的结果），堕落到只欣赏未经修饰的自然的地步，那就悲哀了。[59]

因此，时尚必须被视为一种理想典范的品位的征象，它超越生活根据自然累积的粗野、鄙陋和令人厌恶的事物，被视为一种对自然的高尚变形，或者一种改造自然的持久且不断更新的努力。因为这个原因，有人曾明智地评价（尽管没有发现原因），所有时尚皆迷人，或者相对迷人，都是通向美的或多或少成功的努力，一种对理想的近似表现，一种不断缠绕着未得到满足的人类思想的欲望。但是，如果我们要很好地欣赏时尚，就一定不能把它视作僵死的事物，相反，我们要学会欣赏二手衣服店的衣橱里挂着的许多没有生气、一动不动，就像是圣巴多罗买[60]的皮的老衣服。我们必须想象这些衣服如曾经穿着它们的美丽女人那样充满活力和生命力。只有那样我们才能赋予它们意义和价值。如果你认为“所有时尚皆迷人”这句格言太过绝对，那可以改为，所有时尚在各自的时代都有其合理的迷人之处，这样就一点问题都没有了。

女人化妆完全是一种正当权利，我们甚至可以说，她们是在履行一种义务，致力于让自己的外表笼罩在一种迷人的、超自然的氛围中。她虽然是偶像，但也必须装扮自己以赢得青睐。所以，她必得从各类艺术中借来超越自然的手段，以更好地征服男人的心，在他们的脑海里留下深刻印象。这些计策和手段，如果成功是肯定的，效果是让男人无法抵御的，那它们为人所知也就无关紧要了。这种观点使得哲学的艺术家欣然将几个世纪来女人所采取的所有强调和神化自己纤巧之美的手段视为理所应当。如果加以详述，将会包括数不清的细节；但我们只限于讨论当下时代通常所称的化妆，谁会看不到，被无知哲学家愚蠢地加以谴责的粉饼，可以遮盖自然令人厌憎地散布在面部肌肤上的所有瑕疵，使皮

肤的肌理和颜色呈现出形式上的协调？这种协调就像紧身裤营造出的效果，立刻便使人类接近于一尊雕塑，换言之，接近一种神性或优等的生物。至于眼部化妆所用的黑色铅笔，加深脸颊上半部分颜色的腮红，虽然它们的使用也源自同一原则，即超越自然的需要，其结果却注定是满足一个完全相反的需要。红色和黑色代表生命，一种超自然的、放纵的生命；眼部周围的黑圈让它们有一种更深邃、更奇怪的感觉，更让人感知到那是一扇通向无限的窗户；颧骨上深色的腮红让眼睛更有神采，让女人美丽的脸庞上多了一分女祭司的神秘激情。

所以，请听明白，我的意思是，化妆不能抱着庸俗的、遮遮掩掩地模仿自然中的美丽脸庞，或者拒绝衰老的目的。有人说，手段不修饰丑陋，它只为美丽服务。有谁敢派给艺术模仿自然的徒劳功能？化妆无须隐藏，不必害怕被发现；相反，它可以大摇大摆地招摇过市，如非装腔作势，至少是带着一种率真。

有些人的无趣严肃使得他们无法从最细微的表现中寻找美，我会容许这些人嘲笑我上面的思索，指责这些思索中有一种幼稚的严肃；对这些人的严厉批评我丝毫不以为意，我只愿意将它们诉诸真正的艺术家，以及那些在出生时即受了那圣火的火星、后伴装用来点亮外表的女人们。

十二、女人与少女

因此，在G先生承担了在现代性中寻找和解释美的使命后，他便喜欢画盛装打扮的女人，她们的美因为身上的每一处装饰而得到提升，勿论她们的社会阶层。而且，从整体上看他的作品，就像人类熙熙攘攘的生活一样，不管奢侈程度如何，画中人阶级和教养的不同，观者是一望便知的。

在一幅画中，我们看到在灯光弥漫的观众席，有一群最高级社交圈

的年轻女人，光线反射在她们的双眸、佩戴的珠宝和肩膀上，包厢如同画框，她们就像一幅光彩夺目的肖像画。其中一些是庄重严肃的，另一些是美丽轻浮的。一些女子带着贵族的冷漠表现出早熟的迷人气质，其他女子则稚气未脱给人假小子的感觉。她们都咬着手中的扇子，目光或茫然或专注；她们的姿势是夸张和隆重的，就像她们正假装在聆听的话剧和歌剧。

另一幅画，是穿着时尚的一家人，正在沿着公园小路散步。无忧无虑的妻子倚在丈夫的手臂上，丈夫安然满足的气质显示出这是一个奋斗成功的男人，富有而自得。这里，富有的整体气质取代了傲慢。小女孩们手臂细如火柴棍，穿着大摆裙，举止形容像一个小妇人，她们蹦蹦跳跳，玩呼啦圈，或者过家家，在户外上演着她们的父母在家里上演的社交喜剧。

这一幅画展示的是更低一级的社会阶层，来自郊区剧院的少女演员，因为终于出现在舞台脚灯的强光中而如孔雀般骄傲，她们身材纤细、孱弱，几乎还没长大，用处女的病态的身体摇曳着身上可笑的演出服，这演出服说不上属于哪个时代，但却给它们的主人带来了快乐。

这一幅，在咖啡馆门口，我们看到宽大的窗子被房间内外的灯光照得通明，一个懒洋洋的笨蛋靠在窗子上，他的优雅是裁缝的功劳，他的仪表要感谢理发师。坐在他身边的是他的情妇，脚搭在必不可少的一张脚凳上，身材就像一头奶牛，身上几乎不缺什么（这里“不缺什么”意思是什么都缺，简言之，“气质”），让她看起来像一个出身高贵的女士。她和自己的漂亮男友一样，樱桃小口中塞着一支特大号雪茄。这两个人的头脑中都空无一物。谁也不能肯定他们是在看什么东西——除非，像蠢笨的纳喀索斯[61]一样，他们在凝视着人群，好像它是一条河，映出自己的倒影。在现实中，他们的存在更多是让旁观者而非自己感到快乐。

现在，瓦朗蒂诺、卡西诺、普拉多（即过去的提沃里、意达里、佛里、帕佛）打开了灯火通明、人声鼎沸的长廊，在这里，无所事事的有钱年轻人可以尽情释放自己的本能冲动。女人们把最新的潮流夸张到极致，破坏掉它线条的优雅，正在卖弄地走来走去，用她们披肩的幅摆和边缘擦着发亮的地板，眼睛里射出动物般野性的光芒，虽然表面上什么都没有看，其实却在观察一切。

在冥府之光或者北极光的背景下，即红色、橙色、硫黄的黄色、粉色（那种让人联想到轻浮中狂热的粉色），有时是紫罗兰色（像蓝色帷帐后余烬的颜色，为女牧师所钟爱）。在这种神秘的背景下，带着多种焰火的效果，展现在我们眼前的可疑之美的种种画面，一时高贵，一时嬉闹，一时苗条甚至瘦削，一时臃肿，一时像玩偶一样活泼可爱，一时又沉重如雕塑一般。这种可疑之美或者展示出她自创的一种充满诱惑的粗俗的优雅，或者她会多多少少模仿上流社会流行的简约。她朝我们走来，滑着、舞着、摇摆着，似乎全靠她那刺绣衬裙的重量，它既是钟摆又是基座；她的眼波从帽檐下流出，就像一幅加框的肖像画。她是生活在文明中的野蛮人的完美形象。她身上有一种罪恶带给她的美，总是缺乏灵性，但偶尔会有一种伪装成忧郁的疲乏。她的眼睛投向地平线，就像一头狩猎的野兽：同样的野蛮，同样的冷漠，有时又是同样的神情专注。她是吉卜赛类型的人，处在正常社会的边缘地带；浅薄是她充斥着欺诈和挣扎的生活的主要内容，不可避免地透过她的盛装暴露出来。那位无法模仿的大师拉布吕耶尔曾经说过一段话，也许正可以描述她，“一些女人身上有一种不自然的高贵，体现在她们转动眼睛和高昂着头的方式，或者走路的动作；但它行之不远，仅此而已……”

以上关于交际花的看法，在一定程度上，也适用于女演员；因为她也是爱表演的动物，向公众邀宠。但在后者，征服和猎获具有一种更高贵、更属精神的性质。她的目标是赢得公众喜爱，不仅通过纯粹的外在美，也通过罕有的才华。如果说女演员一方面接近交际花，她在另一方

面却也接近于诗人。让我们不要忘记，除了自然美甚至人工美，所有人身上都打上了其从事的职业的烙印，这种特质可以表现为肉体的丑，但也可表现为某种职业的美。

在伦敦和巴黎这个广阔的生活画廊中，我们遇到各式各样处在不同阶段的单身女人，以及叛逆的女人：首先是刚刚长成的小镇千金，正在努力培养自己的贵族气质，炫耀着她的青春和奢华，使得她所拥有的天赋和灵魂不言自明；我们看到，她有各式料子的裙子，缎子、丝绸或天鹅绒无一不备，她用两根手指小心翼翼地拎着裙子上的荷叶边，露出一对尖尖的玉足，即使没有那艳丽的裙子，她脚上过分华丽的鞋子也足以暴露她的身份。沿着梯子下几级，我们会遇到困在装饰得像咖啡馆的破屋里的那些奴隶；这些不幸的人，遭受着最贪得无厌的管制，没有什么东西是属于自己的，甚至连身上装点美的古怪装饰也不是自己的。其中一些人，带着那种明显无辜但却可怕的愚昧，脸上和毫无廉耻地直视着你的眼睛里，有一种对活着的明显的喜悦（这实在让人诧异）。有时，她们可以轻松地摆出性感而又高贵的姿势，这会让最吹毛求疵的雕刻家都欢喜雀跃，假如今天的雕刻家有勇气和智慧在所有地方都找到高贵，即使是在泥潭；其他时候，她们表现出令人绝望的无聊，似乎对自己无能为力，或者张扬地摆出咖啡馆生活的懒散姿势，带着男人的厚颜无耻，抱着逆来顺受的东方宿命论，靠抽雪茄消磨时日；她们躺在沙发上，大大的裙摆在头上和脚下形成两个扇形，或者摇摇晃晃地坐在高脚凳或椅子上；身材臃肿、沮丧、愚蠢、缺乏理性的她们，喝着白兰地，目光呆滞无神，丰满的额头上写着固执。我们已经到达螺旋楼梯最下面一级，发现了拉丁讽刺诗人[62]所谓的“单纯女人”[63]。在某个时间，在这充满烟酒的氛围中，我们也不难发现这里有肺结核病人憔悴发热的面颊，那里有懒惰所导致的臃肿丑陋的身体曲线。在这烟雾缭绕的喧闹中，沐浴在金黄色光线下的是贫穷而纯洁的女人做梦都想象不到的场景，可怕的仙女和活着的玩偶穿行其中，扭曲着身体，孩子般的眼睛里射出冷酷险恶的光；而在放满酒瓶的柜台后，一个肥胖的悍妇懒洋洋地

坐着，她的头发用一块脏兮兮的丝巾束起来，丝巾的棱角在墙上投下邪恶的影子，于是我们相信所有献给邪恶的事物一定都受到诅咒，长了角。

事实上，我把这些场景展现在读者眼前，既不是为了取悦也不为冒犯，因为两者都对读者缺乏尊重。赋予这些场景价值和一种神圣性的是它们所引起的无数思考，通常是严肃而阴郁的。但是如果碰巧某个不明智的读者，想在G先生的作品中寻找机会满足他病态的好奇心，虽然它们分散在各处，那么让我给他一个善意的警告，那就是，他不会找到任何挑起淫秽想象力的东西。他能找到的只有必然发生的恶行，换言之，藏在阴影中的恶魔的眼睛，或者在煤气灯下梅萨丽娜[64]白皙发亮的肩膀；她只有纯粹的艺术，换言之，即罪恶特有的那种美，恐怖中的美。顺便想起刚才所说的，这个大仓库传达出的整体印象更多是充满悲伤，而非乐趣。这些画作特有的美在于它丰富的道德意义。它们引人遐思，是残酷的思绪，虽然我已习惯将画面的感召诉诸笔端，但是这些文字也许仍不足够。

十三、马车

就这样，这些“上层社会”和“下层社会”的长长走廊向远处延伸开去，两边又有无数的侧廊。让我们暂时逃向一个世界，即使并不纯净，至少更加优雅；让我们呼吸芳香，也许并非更加健康，但是更清香。我曾说过，就像欧仁·拉米一样，G先生手中的画笔非常适合表现浪荡作风的排场和社交场上的优雅女人。富人的姿态他是熟悉的；只需轻轻几笔，他便能准确无误地捕捉住反映在特权阶层眼睛里、举手投足间和仪态上的那份无法言传的安全感，这源自于他们人生道路上一贯的好运。在这一特别的作品系列中，我们看到各种各样的运动、赛马和打猎的场景，比如一场在树林中举行的马车比赛，有骄傲的夫人和娇弱的小姐，娴熟地驾驭着一匹骏马，马儿的外形完美、漂亮、毛发亮泽，也像女人

一样任性。G先生不仅了解关于马的一般知识，而且也同样成功地传达出每匹马的独特美。一些画作描绘了一场运动会，一次真正的露营和无数的马车，其中，俊男美女穿着应季的古怪服装，靠在垫子上，坐在座位上或包厢里，正在观看一场严肃的赛马会，赛马选手的身影消失在远处。在另一幅画上，一辆敞篷的四轮轻便马车旁，一个人在优雅地骑马慢跑，他的马好像是在以自己的方式腾跃嬉戏，马车则沿着一条光影斑驳的小道，轻快地跑着，车上是一群美人，穿着气球一样的裙子，看起来就像坐在贡多拉上似的，她们慵懒地倚着靠垫，漫不经心地听着赞美之词，懒洋洋地享受着拂面的微风。

她们穿着皮毛或者平纹细布的衣服，一直包到下颌，裙裾在马车门上方飞扬。仆人无一例外地表情呆板、身姿笔挺、一动不动；总是那种单调乏味的肖像画，满脸奴性，动作精确，训练有素；他们的性格就是没有性格。画作的背景上，树林被装点成绿色和棕色，根据时间和季节不同，闪着微光或逐渐变暗。树荫处笼罩着秋天的薄雾、蓝色的阴影、黄色的光线、玫瑰粉色的光辉，或者在黑暗中闪烁的像剑刺一样的一道道闪电。

如果以黎凡特战争为主题的无数水彩画，没有展示出G先生作为风景画家的能力，这些作品一定足够了。但是这里没有克里米亚半岛被战火蹂躏得千疮百孔的土地，没有博斯普鲁斯海峡戏剧性的海滨；我们又见到了环绕着我们的大城市的熟悉而亲切的翠绿景色，光线营造出的效果，是一个真正的浪漫艺术家不能轻视的。

另一点值得一提的是，G先生熟知马具和四轮大马车。在画每一辆和每一种马车时，G先生都带着同样的精心和轻松，就像一个娴熟的海洋风景画家熟悉每种船一样。他对马车的描画都是正确的，每一处细节都在正确的地方，无须重头来过。不管马车位置如何，速度怎样，一辆马车都像一艘船一样，从行驶中获得了一种神秘复杂的优雅，速写是很

难捕捉这种优雅的。画家的眼睛从中获得的快感，显然来自于一系列几何图形，是那个本身已很复杂的物体——马车和船——在空间行进时创造出来的。

我们可以打赌，几年后，G先生的画作将成为文明生活的宝贵档案。他的作品会像第伯柯尔特、莫罗[65]、圣·欧邦、卡尔·韦尔内[66]、拉米、德维利亚、加瓦尔尼等技艺精湛的画家一样受到追捧，虽然这些画家创作的主题都局限于通俗和美丽的事物，然而，他们都以自己的方式，成为重要的历史学家。这些画家中有几个为了所谓的“美丽事物”牺牲了太多，有时还会在作品中引入了与主题不相关的古典风格；有几个特意磨平了棱角，缓和了生活的冷酷，让色调更柔和。G先生的技巧赶不上他们，但却有一个特有的深刻优点；他承担了一个其他画家轻视的工作，一个只有入世之人能完成的工作。他在我们这个时代的生活中四处去寻找昙花一现、稍纵即逝的美的形式，如果读者允许，我们把这种美的特性称为“现代性”。这种美经常是奇特的、狂暴的、过分的，但总是充满了诗意，他已经成功地将生活之酒的苦涩和醉人的滋味凝聚在他的作品中。

欧仁·德拉克洛瓦的人生与作品——致《国民舆论》编辑的一封信

先生：

这是我再一次，也是最后一次想向欧仁·德拉克洛瓦[67]的天才致敬，我恳求您，在您的报纸上留出几页，我将尽可能简短地记录下他的才能和他出类拔萃的原因，在我看来，这一点人们还没有完全认识到，最后还有几桩趣闻逸事和对他人生和性格的一些评论。

在我还很年轻的时候（那是在1845年，如果我没记错的话），我有幸与这位伟人有了密切接触，现在他已经去世了；我对他怀着尊敬，他对我则爱护有加，而这并未妨碍我们互相信任和亲近。从这种关系中，我可以随意汲取极为准确的观念，不仅关于他的创作方法，而且关于他伟大灵魂最隐私的特质。

先生，您不会看到我在这里对德拉克洛瓦的作品进行详细的分析。首先，我们每个人对此都会量力而行。其次，这位伟大画家一直在不断地向公众展示他思想的产物，他的作品清单实在太长，就算只对他的主要作品写上几行字，这种分析就差不多能成一本书了。所以，让我们满足于一个快速的概览吧。

他的不朽作品悬挂在众议院国王沙龙的墙上，还出现在众议院的图书馆、卢森堡宫的图书馆、卢浮宫的阿波罗画廊，以及城市酒店的和平沙龙里。这些装饰画包括大批寓言、宗教和历史题材，所有这些都属于人类智力的最高领域。至于他所谓的“画架作品”、素描、浮雕式灰色装饰画、水彩作品等，总数也大约有236幅。

在不同沙龙展出的表现重大主题的作品有77幅之多。我是从泰奥菲勒·西勒维斯特尔先生[68]所著的《当代画家史》一书中看到这些数字的，它们出现在关于欧仁·德拉克洛瓦的精辟研究的最后。

我自己曾不止一次试图整理一个清单出来，但是他的多产总是将我的耐心耗尽，最后我不得不放弃了这一不平等的抗争。如果泰奥菲勒·西勒维斯特尔先生犯了任何错误，那只能是遗漏了一些。

在我看来，先生，这里重要的是，寻找德拉克洛瓦天才的特质，并试图对它进行阐明；探究他与他同样杰出的前辈们的不同之处何在；最后，尽文字所能，展示他成功将言语转化成绘画作品的魔法艺术，他的作品比其他画家更充满生机、更恰如其分，简单来说，就是来展示在绘画的历史发展上，上天赋予了欧仁·德拉克洛瓦怎样的特质。

一

德拉克洛瓦是何许人也？他在这个世界上担负着怎样的角色和责任？这是我们必须研究的第一个问题。我不会长篇大论，将力图得出直接结论。佛兰德斯有鲁本斯，意大利有拉斐尔和委罗内塞，法国有勒布伦[69]、大卫和德拉克洛瓦。

肤浅的人乍一看到这几个名字放在一起，可能会感到吃惊，因为这几位画家的特点和手法截然不同。但是一个更有洞察力、更敏锐的人，立刻就能看到，他们之间有一个共同的关系，一种兄弟和亲戚的关系，这源自于他们对伟大、对民族、对无限和对宇宙的热爱，这种热爱总是能在所谓的装饰油画或宏伟“巨制”中表现出来。

无疑有很多人创作过宏伟“巨制”；但是我列出的这几个人，他们的作品是最有可能在人类记忆上打下永恒烙印的。这几位各有其伟大之处，而其中谁是最伟大的呢？每个人都可以给出自己的答案，在天性驱

使下，他或是喜欢鲁本斯的多产、用色的丰富和几乎是快活的丰腴，或是拉斐尔的宁静高贵、比例协调，或是委罗内塞的天堂般的、仿佛午后的色彩，或是大卫朴实而紧张的严肃，抑或是伦勃朗戏剧的、近乎文学的优美流畅。

这几个人都是不可替代的。他们有着相似的目标，然而由于天性不同创作手法亦不同。德拉克洛瓦最晚出道，他的作品中有一种令人仰慕的激情和热心，这一点是其他几位的表达有所欠缺的。在创作中，他是否可能牺牲了其他的品质，就像他的前辈那样？也许吧，但我们需要关注的不是这个问题。

在我之外，有很多人都注意强调一种本质上是个人的天才所导向的宿命后果；它也可能是，天才在最纯洁的天国之外——即在人间，这里连完美都是不完美的——的最佳表达，只有作出不可避免的牺牲后才能完成。

但是，“得了，先生！”你无疑会这么说，“到底这种神秘的、无法言明的东西是什么，让德拉克洛瓦能够表达得比其他人更好，让我们这个时代得到荣耀？”那是一种无形的东西，一种无法触摸的东西，是幻想、是力量、是灵魂；他做到了这一点——先生，请注意——除了轮廓和色彩外没用其他任何手段；这一点他做得比所有人都要好；他的画表现出一个顶级画家的完美，一个精湛作家的严谨，一个激情音乐家的流畅。补充一句，我们这个时代精神气候的一个症状就是，各门艺术如果不是渴望替代彼此的话，至少也是渴望给彼此注入新的能力和力量。

在所有的画家中，德拉克洛瓦的作品是最具启发性的，即使是他二流或最差的作品，也能给人的思想提供最多的食粮，勾起人们最大的诗意感受，这种感受人们曾经有过，还以为已经被夜晚永远吞噬掉了。

有时，德拉克洛瓦的作品在我看来，就像是有助于记忆的卓越媒介

和知识渊博之人与生俱来的激情。德拉克洛瓦先生这种独特而全新的优势，让他仅凭轮廓就能表达人的姿势，不论它是如何狂暴；仅凭颜色就能营造所谓“人间戏剧”的气氛或者创作者的思想感情——他这一特有的优势，总能引起所有诗人对他作品的共鸣。如果可以用一个纯粹物质的表现引出一种哲学的检验的话，我要请您注意，先生，在他去世时前来吊唁的人群中，作家的人数比画家要多得多。说白了，事实就是，画家从来没有完全理解他。

二

而这又有什么奇怪的呢？我们难道不知道，米开朗基罗、拉斐尔、列奥纳多·达·芬奇的时代，甚至是乔舒亚·雷诺兹的时代，都早已过去了？而艺术家的平均知识水平都明显地降低了？虽然从当代艺术家中寻找哲学家、诗人和科学家并不公平，但是期待他们对宗教、诗歌和科学表现出比现在更多的兴趣是合理的。

他们对工作室外的世界又知道什么？他们喜欢什么？他们想要表达什么？而欧仁·德拉克洛瓦，他除了是一位醉心艺术的画家外，还是一个受过全面教育的人；相反，大部分现代画家，不管年老的还是年轻的，大多不过是些有名或无名的画匠、忧郁的专家；他们是纯粹和简单的技工，有些擅于画学术人物肖像，有些擅于画水果，还有一些擅于画牲畜。欧仁·德拉克洛瓦热爱一切，可以就一切题材作画，能够欣赏每一种才智。他的头脑能接受所有观点、所有印象；他兼收并蓄、不偏不倚地热爱着所有经验。

他是个很好的读者，这是不消说的。阅读诗人的作品在他身上留下了崇高的、迅速确定了的形象，可以说，留下了已经完成的画。不管他和老师圭林[70]在创作手法和色彩运用上有多大不同，他还是从共和的、帝国的伟大流派中继承了对诗歌的热爱，以及一种说不清的与文字竞争的狂热精神。大卫、圭林和吉洛德从荷马、维吉尔、让·拉辛和奥

西昂的作品中汲取感情。德拉克洛瓦是莎士比亚、但丁、拜伦和阿里奥斯托[71]动人的传达者。他们之间有重要的相似性和轻微的不同。

编辑先生，让我们在人们可称之为大师的教诲中追溯得更远些吧，对我来说，这种教诲不仅来自对他所有作品接连不断的观赏和对某些作品同时的观赏，就像人们在1855年万国博览会上欣赏到的那样，而且也来自我和画家本人进行的多次谈话。

三

德拉克洛瓦热烈地爱着激情，并冷静地寻找着表达激情最醒目的方式。顺便提一下，在这种双重性格中，我们找到了最坚实、极端的天才的两个标记，它不能取悦容易满足的胆怯灵魂，因为后者在松懈的、柔弱的、有瑕疵的作品中就找得到足够的营养。强烈的激情，再加上强大的意志力，这就是德拉克洛瓦。

他也喜欢重复说："既然我把自然传递给艺术家的印象看作需要表达的最重要的事情，那么，艺术家事先以各种最迅速的表达手段把自己武装起来不就是很必要的吗？"

很明显，在他的眼里，想象力是最珍贵的礼物和最重要的才能，但是如果没有掌握一种迅速的技能，这种才能是无力和无用的，而那种迅速的灵巧是可以在这专制的伟大能力的不耐烦的任性中追随其后的。当然，他没有必要为他的想象力之火添加燃料，因为这火一直烧得很旺；但是他总觉得留给他研究表达的技术手段的时间太少了。

这种不断的考虑，表现在他对颜色和颜料质量的不懈研究、对化学问题的兴趣，以及与颜料制造商的讨论上。在这方面，他与列奥纳多·达·芬奇很像。

尽管他赞美虔诚的生活现象，但绝不可以将欧仁·德拉克洛瓦与那

些庸俗的艺术家和作家混为一谈，他们肤浅的思想隐藏在“现实主义”这一含糊晦涩的词之后。如果没记错，我第一次见德拉克洛瓦先生是在1845年（真是时光荏苒，岁月如梭），我们谈了许多一般的话题，所谓一般，指的是话题宽泛，但也是最简单的。先生，话说到这里，我要请您允许我引用我写过的一句话，因为与其重新表述，不如直接把这句话拿来，它几乎是大师的口述，他说：“自然不过是一本字典。”他喜欢这么说。要透彻理解这句话蕴含的全部意思，我们必须记住字典的无数寻常的用途。我们查找单词的词义、衍生义和词源，最终，我们从一本词典中得到了句子所有的组成部分和有序叙事；但是从没有人想到从字典的诗义上将它视为一件作品。服从想象力的画家，他们查字典是寻找与他们理念相符的成分，在赋予其艺术效果后，给了它们一副全新的面孔。那些没有想象力的人抄袭字典，这又产生了一种很大的罪恶，即陈腐；流于陈腐的画家们，他们的专长最接近所谓的死气沉沉的性情。比如，风景画家，他们如果能在作品中隐藏自己的个性，通常便会将之视为胜利。他们太专注于观察，以致竟忘记了感觉和思考。

“对于这位伟大的画家而言，艺术的各个部分不过是一种卓越才能的最恭顺的仆人，其他人则从这众多部分中择取一个作为最重要的。如果准确的创作是必要的话，那是为了梦幻可以清晰地得到表达；如果创作速度要很快，那是为了完整保留灵感迸发之时的非凡印象；如果这位艺术家留意他的工具是否干净，那也很容易理解，那是为了作好充分准备，以确保创作的敏捷果断。”

顺便说一句，我从未见谁的调色板准备得像德拉克洛瓦的那样悉心和精巧，就像一束精心搭配过的花。

“依照这种从本质上合乎常理的方法，所有的人物，他们彼此间的关系，作为他们的背景或是地平线的风景或内景，他们的服装，简言之，所有一切都必须服务于作品主旨，都要呈现自身本色，也可以说是

它们的制服。正如一个梦要有它合适的氛围，一个构想要成为作品，也需要构建一个专属于它的色彩环境。显然，一个既定色调适合画面某个部分，它就会成为关键，主导着画面的所有其他部分。人人都知道黄色、橙色和红色代表着欢乐、财富、荣耀和爱；但是黄色或红色营造的氛围多达几千种，那么其他所有颜色都要根据画面的主要氛围，合理并根据一定比例来修改。从一些方面来讲，这位色彩画家的艺术显然与数学和音乐有关系。

“而作画的最高境界是在某种情感支配下的一气呵成，这种莫可名状的娴熟是长久练习的结果。人们将会看到，在这种整体和谐的伟大法则之下，许多作品的花哨和生硬暴露无遗，即便它们是出自最杰出的画家之手。比如，鲁本斯的一些作品，让我们联想到的不只是一个彩色焰火，而是同一地点同时燃放的多个焰火。画面越大，色彩越丰富，这自不待言，但是色彩的融合最好不要有斧凿的痕迹，从远处看，它们应该是自然地融合在一起，支配它们的是和谐的法则。这样，色彩才会富有活力，别具一格。

“一幅好的画作，如果要忠于和配得起它所产生的梦境的话，必须创作得像一个世界。正如我们看到的，一幅作品是好几幅作品的结果，后面的作品总是对前面的进行补充，所以一个和谐的作品是好几幅作品叠加在一起的结果，每一幅都让那个梦境更加真实，更臻于完美。与之完全相反，我还记得在保罗·德拉罗什[72]和贺拉斯·威尔奈的工作室，看到过一些巨大的油画，它不是先总体构图，而是一部分一部分依次完成的，也就是说，某些部分已经完工，而其他部分还只有一些黑白线条。这种创作可以喻为一种完全手工的创作，即分配好在特定时间完成特定区域的工作，或者可以比喻为一条被分成许多段的长长的路。一旦某个路段完工，这段的工作也结束了，当这条路一段段修完，艺术家的作品也就完成了。

“当然，所有这些规则，根据艺术家的秉性不同，都或多或少地有所变化。但是，我相信，对于富有想象力的人来说，前面所说的那种方法是最保险的。因为，过分地偏离这种方法，也就表明，人们赋予了艺术的某些次要方面一种非正常和不合理的重视。

“我不怕有人诟病用单一方法教授不同的人。因为，修辞和韵律的教学体系显然不是随意创造出的专横形式，而是人们的精神世界所需规则的集合。同样，修辞和韵律体系也不会遏制人们的创造力。正相反，它们倒是会大大帮助开发人们的创造力。

“为了简明扼要，我必须略去不谈一些从这个主要原则派生出来的推论，这一主要原则，可以说，包含着真正美学的整套密码：肉眼可见的整个宇宙不过是一个储存图像和符号的仓库，人们的想象力会赋予它们一个地位和相对的价值；它就像一片牧场，想象力可以在其中吃草，进行能量转换。人类灵魂的所有功能必须从属于想象力，想象力统领它们协同作出贡献。就像对字典了如指掌，不代表就了解构图的艺术，能够进行艺术构图也不代表有广博想象力的天赋，所以一个好的画家可能不是一个伟大的画家，但是，一个伟大的画家一定是一个技巧娴熟的画家，因为拥有一种广博的想象力，一定意味着对所有技术手段的了解和占有这些手段的愿望。

“从我刚刚尽力表达的观点上（还有很多话没说，尤其是在艺术的共同点和它们所用方法的相似性上），显而易见，庞大的艺术家阵营，或者说，致力于艺术表达的人，可以分为两大截然不同的阵营。一个阵营是我们所谓的‘现实主义者’，这个词有双重含义，它的意义还没有精确界定；为了很清晰地显现出他们的错误，我们将称他们为‘实证主义者’。‘实证主义者’如是说：‘我想按照事物的本来面目，或者在假定我不存在的情况下它们的面目来表现它们。’一个没有人的世界。另一个阵营里的，则是那些富有想象力的人，他们说：‘我想用我的头脑点亮

事物，并将它的影子投射在其他头脑上。’尽管这两种截然相反的方法可以增强和削弱任何主题，无论是宗教画还是最普通的风景画，但是在宗教画和幻想画中，富有想象力的人通常会脱颖而出。而所谓的风俗画和风景画，从表面上看，为懒惰的、不容易兴奋的头脑提供了丰富的资源。

“德拉克洛瓦的想象力啊！这是一种从不畏惧攀登宗教险峰的想象力。天堂属于它，就像地狱属于它一样，还有战争、奥林匹斯山和愉悦。他无疑是画家派诗人的典型！他无疑是为数不多的上帝的选民之一，他思想的广度将宗教也纳入其领地范围。他的想象力像点满蜡烛的小教堂一样明亮，辉煌而鲜红。激情中所有的悲伤吸引着他，教堂里的光辉让他心中充满光明。在他那充满灵感的画布上，他依次倾洒着鲜血、光明和黑暗。我相信，作为锦上添花之笔，他会乐意将自己与生俱来的高贵加诸《福音书》的崇高之上。

“我记得看到过德拉克洛瓦画的一幅小的《天使传报》[73]图，画上给马利亚送信的天使，不是一个，而是还有其他两个天使隆重地护送前来，这三个天使营造的效果很强烈，充满魅力。他早期的一幅画作《橄榄树下的基督》（‘父啊，你若愿意，就把这杯撤去’），充满了女性的温柔和诗意的愉悦。宗教中回荡着的苦难和庄严总是能引起他思想的共鸣。”

更近一些时候，他的最后一幅伟大作品《圣苏比的圣天使教堂》，受到了愚蠢的批评。对此我说道：“德拉克洛瓦从来没有像在这幅作品中一样，如此精彩、深入和超自然地展示出对色彩的感觉，在《图拉真皇帝的审判》中没有，甚至在《第四次十字军东征进入君士坦丁堡》中也没有；他从未用如此刻意的史诗般的笔触去创作一幅作品。我知道一些人，他们肯定是泥瓦匠，也许是建筑师，提到他最后的这幅作品时用到了‘颓废’一词。我由此想到，那些大师，不论是诗人还是画家，是雨

果还是德拉克洛瓦，总是要比他们胆怯的仰慕者们超前好几年。[74]

“在对待天才上，公众就像一只走慢的钟。有见地的人们，谁不知道大师的第一幅画已经孕育了他其他所有作品的胚芽？然而，他应该不断地完善自己的天赋，慎重地使之更加敏锐，从中汲取新的感受；他应该尽力地驱策自己的天赋，这是必要发生、不可推卸和值得赞扬的。德拉克洛瓦的天才的主要特征正在于它绝不是衰颓的，它表现的只有进步。但是他原本的品质是如此强烈和丰富，即使是最平庸的头脑都感受到了它强大的冲击力，以至于后者忽视了他每天的进步；只有明智人士能清晰地看到他的进步。

“我刚才提到了某些泥瓦匠。在我看来，‘泥瓦匠’这个词描述了一个粗俗的唯物主义思想的群体（这个群体为数众多），他们欣赏事物只是从轮廓，或者更糟，从长宽高三维的角度来欣赏，就像野蛮人和农民一样。我经常听到这类人制定出一个我完全听不懂的品级级系。比如，他们会认为，那种让这个人创造出某个精确的轮廓，那个人创造出某个具有神性美的轮廓的能力，要优于将不同色彩以赏心悦目的方式组合在一起的能力。它们认为，色彩本身是没有梦想、思考和表达的能力的。这样看来，当我凝视着所谓‘色彩画家’的作品时，便是沉溺于一种不那么高贵的愉悦中；他们倒是很愿意把我称作唯物主义者，而将唯心论者这一贵族的称号留给自己。

“这些浅薄的人认识不到，上面所说的两种能力从来都不能完全分开，它们都是某个精心培育的原始种子的产物。外部的自然不过是为艺术家提供了一个不断重现的培育种子的机会；而人的天性只是一堆未经整合的素材，需要艺术家进行排列组合，成为那些沉睡的能力的一个闹钟。准确来说，天性中既无线条，也无色彩。是人创造了线条和色彩。两者都是从同一源头获得同等高尚地位的抽象概念。

“一个天生的画家，在孩提时，就能从自然中看到一些或静或动的

错综复杂的形状，他从中感受到愉悦，并喜欢以线条的形式把它们呈现在纸上，在情绪变化的驱动下，突出或弱化某些部分。他以这种方式学会了如何在画作中表现曲线、优雅和人物。现在让我们想象一个注定要在‘色彩’这个艺术领域有所建树的孩子；他从两种色调的碰撞或联合中，从色彩带给他的愉悦中，获取了色彩组合的无穷无尽的知识。在这两种情形下，自然和天性扮演的都只是催化剂的角色。

“线条和色彩都可发人深思，引人幻想；两者传递出的愉悦感是不同的，但完全平等，并且绝对独立于画作的主题之外。

“德拉克洛瓦的一幅画作，如果离得太远，你也许无法看到轮廓的优点，抑或主题或多或少的戏剧化特点，然而却依然能感受到一种神性的愉悦。它就像一种神奇的氛围向你靠近，笼罩着你。这种感觉，幽暗而令人愉快，明亮但又平静，永驻于你的记忆中，这是一位真正娴熟的色彩画家的身份证明。这种最初的愉悦感在你凑近画作分析主题时不会有所增减，它的源头在别处，不存在于任何明确的思想中。

“我可以把这例子反过来说。一个画得很好的人物，能让你感受到一种与主题完全无关的愉悦。不管是性感的还是令人恐惧的，这个人物的魅力完全来自于它构筑的空间模式。一个被活活剥皮的殉难者的四肢，一个昏倒的仙女的身体，如果画得巧妙，会让人感受到一种愉悦，在其中画作主题是无足轻重的；如果您对此并不认同，我就不得不认为您是一个施刑者或者好色之徒了。

“但是，唉！老是重复这些无用的真理有什么好处呢？”

也许，先生，比起以上所有的高谈阔论，您的读者会更愿意知道这位伟大画家的个性和生活方式上的细节，而我也正迫不及待要说呢。

四

我前面提及的欧仁·德拉克洛瓦的双重天性，在他的文字中尤其能看得清楚。正如您所知，先生，许多人都对他笔下的睿智观点以及温和风格感到吃惊，这在一些人看来是遗憾的，在其他人看来则是值得称许的。《美的变奏曲》，对普桑[75]、普吕东[76]和夏雷的研究，以及发表在《艺术家》（当时还是利库先生在经营）或是《两世界评论》上的文章，都证实了伟大艺术家们的这种双重天性。这种双重性推动着他们像批评家一样津津有味地去赞扬和分析他们作为创造者最为需要、与他们所大量具有的素质相反的那些素质。如果欧仁·德拉克洛瓦大加颂扬自己身上为我们所欣赏的素质，比如他的激情、一挥而就的果决、构图的狂放不羁、用色的巧妙，那倒是让人感到惊讶了。为什么要去寻找自己拥有的丰富到过剩的东西呢？如何能不赞美那些对我们来讲罕见和难得的事物呢？编辑先生，不管是画家还是作家，创造性天才一旦把才能用在批评上时，我们总会看到同样的现象。在古典和浪漫这两大派别对峙的时代，头脑简单的人听到欧仁·德拉克洛瓦盛赞拉辛、拉·封丹[77]和布瓦洛[78]，会大为惊讶。我认识一位诗人，他天性喜欢暴风骤雨，却为马莱伯[79]的一行诗而狂喜不已，这行诗对称整齐，如音乐般方正牢固。这位伟大画家的文章在表达和主旨上睿智、合理、清晰明确，但如果我们认为这是轻易写就的，如他的画笔一样游刃有余，那就错了。他越是有把握把他之所想写在画布上，就越担心无法把思想画在纸上。他总爱说："笔不是我的工具；我感觉我想的是对的，但是一到被迫要用井然有序的话将它表述出来时，我就被绊住了。你相信吗，被迫写一页文字，会让我偏头疼。"这种源于缺乏练习的笨拙，解释了这位在其他方面都很杰出的天才，笔下为什么会出现一些陈旧、乏味、平庸，甚至第一帝国时期[80]的表达的原因。

德拉克洛瓦的风格最显著的标志是简洁和一种不事张扬的艺术激情，这种激情通常在一个人把全部的精神力量集中到一点上时产生。"英雄就是那种矢志不移之人。"爱默生[81]如是说。这位大西洋彼岸

的道德家，虽然顶着无聊的波士顿学派领导者的称号，身上却有塞内加[82]的影子，这足以成为驱策思考的力量。“英雄就是那种矢志不移之人。”——这句格言被爱默生这位美国“超验主义”[83]的倡导者用于生活准则和商业领域——应该也同样可以用于诗歌和艺术领域。我们也不妨这样说：“文学的英雄，即真正的作家，就是那种矢志不移之人。”因此，先生，当您发现德拉克洛瓦对行文简洁而专注的作家颇有好感时，也不会感觉惊讶了吧。这些作家的文章不为风格雕饰所牵绊，而似乎是在模仿思维的快速流动，他们笔下的句子有一种果决的姿态，如孟德斯鸠[84]。我可以就这种富有成果和诗性的简洁给您一个例子。相信您跟我一样，都读了保罗·德·圣维克托最近在《新闻报》上发表的那篇极有趣、极好的文章，研究了阿波罗画廊的天花板壁画。文章一一谈到关于洪水的不同观念，洪水的传说怎样被解读，组成这幅宏伟作品的场景和动作的内在意义；以这种迷人的方式对画作本身也进行了细致描述，既诙谐幽默，又妙趣横生，作者给我们举了很多例子。但是它在我们的记忆中留下的只是一个形体不明的影子，就像一张放大的相片上苍白的光。将这篇冗长的文章与下面几行文字比较，在我看来后者更加充满活力，更有助于在脑海中营造画面，即使这个画面并不真实存在。我只是将德拉克洛瓦先生在邀请朋友观看这幅画时所说的话放在这里：

阿波罗，巨蟒皮同的征服者

阿波罗跨上他的战车，已经射出了几支箭；妹妹戴安娜在他身后，正高喊着把自己的箭筒递给他。那条可怕的巨蟒，被这位光明与青春之神射出的箭所伤，伤口滴着血，正在垂死挣扎。它暴怒而绝望地扭动着身体，笼罩在一片火红的光中。大洪水已经开始消退，把人和动物的尸体留在山顶或席卷而去。大地被面目可憎的怪物、泥土的不洁产物所占据，神见此场景大怒。他们像阿波罗一样武装起来：密涅瓦和默丘利跳上前来诛灭怪物，那永恒的智慧会使这个孤寂的宇宙重新住满人类；大力神赫丘利用他的大棒打杀怪物；火神乌尔肯正在赶走黑夜和恶臭的水

汽；而北风之神波瑞阿斯和西风之神仄费罗斯用他们的气息吹干洪水，驱散乌云；山林水泽仙女找到了她们的苇床和瓮，依然脏兮兮的，沾着泥和残渣；

几个比较害羞的神远远地看着这场神与自然之间的较量；同时，胜利女神维克托里亚从最高的天上飘然而下，为胜利者阿波罗加冕；众神的使者伊里丝在柔和的空气中展开了她的面纱，象征着光明战胜了黑暗和泛滥的洪水。

我知道读者将需要发挥想象力，可以说，将被迫与这段说明文字的作者合作。但是，先生，您真的认为，对这位画家的仰慕使我成了一个充满幻想的人？如果说我从上面的文字中看到了一种由高尚阅读获得的贵族态度的痕迹，一种精准思维的痕迹，它使得平头百姓、士兵、冒险家，甚至是宫廷侍从在不经意间写出了极好的书，就连我们这些专业作家都忍不住要拍手称赞的书，您真的认为我这样说是绝对错了吗？

五

欧仁·德拉克洛瓦是一种怀疑主义、谦恭有礼、浪荡作风、激情四射、狡猾多端和专制主义的奇怪混合，而且还是一种永远伴随着天才的特殊的宽厚和克制的温柔的奇异混合。他的父亲是我们小时候认识的最后一批绅士之一，他们属于一个强有力的群体；其中一些是让·雅克·卢梭主张的热忱倡导者，另外一些则是伏尔泰的忠实信徒，但是所有人都带着同样的决心参与到法国大革命中；他们中的幸存者，雅各宾党人或左翼激进派人士，都怀着一种完全的真诚（记得这一点很重要）支持拿破仑·波拿巴[85]的政策。

欧仁·德拉克洛瓦身上一直保留着这种宗教背景的痕迹。然而，他和司汤达一样，极其恐惧被卷入革命浪潮。尽管他是个怀疑论者，主张贵族统治，但他只是通过强制的幻想才认识了激情和超自然主义。他憎

恨群体，认为他们不过是些造反派，他的一些作品在1848年受到群体的暴力对待[86]，这更不能让他转向我们这个时代的政治感伤主义。在他的态度、举止和观点中，有某种东西让我们想到维克多·雅克蒙[87]。我知道这种比较并不讨人喜欢，因此我这么说是有保留的。在雅克蒙身上，有一种中产阶级的机智，爱寻衅吵架；还有一种既能愚弄梵天[88]的教士，也能欺骗基督教牧师的幽默滑稽。德拉克洛瓦，在天才与生俱来的良好品味的指引下，永远不会堕落到使用这种不入流的诡计。因此，我在这里对两者的比较只是指他们共同具有的谨慎和中庸。同样的，18世纪赋予他性情上的遗传标志，似乎是来自一个既非乌托邦也非狂人的阶层，即温和的怀疑论者、胜利者和幸存者的阶层，一般来说，比之卢梭，他们更多地来自伏尔泰。因此，初看起来，欧仁·德拉克洛瓦表面只是一个“有教养”的人（这里是从这个词最好的含义上说），一个不存偏见的完美绅士。只有通过更经常的往来，人们才能透过表面，看清他灵魂更深的栖息处。另外一个跟他在仪态举止上真正可以相提并论的人，是梅里美先生[89]。他有着同样表面的冷淡，不容易激动；同样冰冷的外表下隐藏着温和的敏感和对善与美的似火热情；在同样自我主义的伪装下是对朋友和信仰的热爱和虔诚。

欧仁·德拉克洛瓦的身上有隐士的东西；这是他天性中最宝贵的一面，这一面完全致力于把他的梦想以绘画的形式表现出来，以及对艺术的崇拜。在他身上有社交人士的东西；这一部分注定要隐藏隐士的部分，并缓和它可能引起的任何不满。我相信，他人生最大的一项努力便是隐藏心底涌起的愤怒，以及让自己看起来不像个天才。他的控制欲，不仅完全合理，而且是不可避免的，几乎消失在无数的优雅之下，可以说是火山口艺术地隐藏在花束之下。

他与司汤达的另一个相似之处，就是喜欢简单的原则、简短的箴言以及良好的生活作风。就像所有热情、敏感的人一样，因为性情使他们远离方法，因此他们对方法的喜爱也更加强烈，德拉克洛瓦喜欢编造这

类小小的实用道德的信条，没有生活目标的蠢人和懒汉可能会轻蔑地将之归于德·拉帕利斯先生[90]，但是天才不会鄙视这些信条，因为天才是朴素的；对于在天赋驱使下进入永恒战斗的人，明智、有力、简单和实际的箴言是他的胸甲和护盾。

正是这同样坚定不移和倨傲的智慧，形成了德拉克洛瓦先生在政治问题上的见解，这还用我说吗？他认为，一切都没有改变，尽管一切看似在变，在各民族历史上风起云涌的时期，总是会有相似的现象出现。事实上，他在这类问题上的看法与一位历史学家很接近，特别是从他那冷漠扫兴的顺从方面来看更为相近。我自己对这位历史学家非常尊重；而先生，您对这些论点如此熟悉，即使遭到反驳也依然可以欣赏对方的才能，一定也不止一次对他表示敬佩。我所说的这个人是费拉里先生[91]，《论以国家利益为名的理由》一书的思想缜密、博学多才的作者。毫无疑问，如果有谁在德拉克洛瓦先生面前，表露出对乌托邦的幼稚的狂热，很快会听到他的冷笑，夹杂着讽刺的同情；如果有谁冒冒失失地在他面前抛出现代的伟大空想、尚不明确的完善和进步这个大气球，他肯定会问："你的菲迪亚斯[92]在哪儿？你的拉斐尔在哪儿？"

不过请相信，德拉克洛瓦先生的明智绝对无损他优雅的举止。这种强烈的怀疑态度，这种对谎言的拒绝，给他的谈话增添了一种拜伦式的味道，充满了诗意和色彩。他也从自身——即从他的天才，和对自身天才的认识中——而非长久的社交经验中获得了一种自信，一种完美的风度，以及一种彬彬有礼，它就像一面棱镜，从最热诚的友好到最无可指摘的拒绝中，都折射出这种彬彬有礼。他可以用20多种方式说"我亲爱的先生"，一个经过训练的耳朵能够从中听出有丰富差异的情感。我必须补充一下，因为这在我看来是另一个值得称赞的理由，欧仁·德拉克洛瓦，尽管是一个天才，或者说因为他是一个完全的天才，所以身上有一种浪荡子的气质。他自己也承认，自己在年轻时曾纵情享乐，沉溺在浪荡作风的各种物质浮华中，他自我解嘲（但也带着某种虚荣）地说

到，在朋友伯宁顿的帮助下，他曾经努力在时尚年轻人中灌输对英式鞋类和衣服的品位。这个细节，我想您不会觉得是多余的话，因为当我们在描述某个人的性情时，所有记忆都不是多余的。

我前面已经说过，对于敏锐的观察者，给他们留下深刻印象的是德拉克洛瓦灵魂中天然的部分，尽管我们精致的生活方式给灵魂罩上了一层面纱，模糊了它的真面目。德拉克洛瓦精力充沛，但是这精力源于勇气和意志；因为就体质来说，他是孱弱的。当我们这位伟大的画家整个灵魂都集中在一个想法上，或者想要控制一个梦时，他的眼睛里闪射着光芒，肌肉不耐烦地抽搐着，就像一只追踪猎物的老虎。他的面部特征，他的像秘鲁人或马来人的肤色，他大而黑的眼睛，在专注时因为眨动变小了，似乎是在品咂阳光，他浓密而亮泽的头发，固执的神色，紧闭的嘴唇，因为精神总是处于专注状态，所以脸上有一种残忍的表情，总之，他整个人都传递出一种异域风度。不止一次，我站在那里看着他，脑海中出现墨西哥的古代统治者蒙特祖马的形象，他那熟练于祭礼的双手，能够在一天之内，将3000人送到金字塔形的太阳祭坛上；或者像一位出现在最盛大节日上的印度王子，在他的眼睛深处，有一种未满足的渴望和无可逃避的怀恋，某种对未知之物的回忆和惋惜的东西。请注意，德拉克洛瓦绘画作品的整体色调，与东方风景和室内装饰相协调，营造出一种与在热带地区的感受相似的印象，在一双敏锐的眼睛看来，尽管画面有很强的立体感，但大量弥漫的光线造成一种类似黄昏的整体效果。如果我们可以在绘画上谈论道德的话，他的作品的道德观与恐怖有着明显的联系；他作品中的一切无不在讲述荒凉、大屠杀和火；一切都在控诉人类永不停止和无可救药的暴行；火光和浓烟中的城市，谋杀和强奸，孩子被扔到马蹄下或被因恐惧而精神错乱的母亲杀死；整个作品，我再说一次，就像一曲为命运和无法逃避的哀痛而谱的骇人圣歌。有时，他发现自己也可以用画笔表达温柔和舒适的情感，因为他当然不缺乏温柔；但是那种无法消除的痛苦依然强烈地存在着，而那种常常与简单愉悦相伴的轻松愉快，却是缺席的。只有那么一次，我想，他

试图走滑稽有趣的路线，然而，他似乎感到这于他的性情并不适合，所以再没作第二次尝试。

六

我认识一些人，他们有权利说“我蔑视那些庸人”[93]，但是其中有谁能胜利地加上一句“我远离他们”？太频繁的握手使性格堕落。如果真有人有一座铜墙铁壁的“象牙塔”，那就是欧仁·德拉克洛瓦。有谁比他更爱自己的“象牙塔”，即他的隐私？我相信他会愿意用炮弹来武装它，把它挪在森林深处或者高不可攀的岩石上。有谁比他更热爱那既是自己的庇护所也是私室的家？别人寻找私室也许是为了狂欢；他则是为了寻找灵感，他沉溺在真正的狂欢——工作之中。“生活中唯一的智慧是集中精力，唯一的罪恶是分散精力。”我们前面引述的那位美国哲学家这样说道。

德拉克洛瓦应该也能写出这句格言；不管怎样，他是在严格地执行这句格言。他太过入世，所以不能不蔑视社会；他为避免显露本色而作出的努力，自然而然地使他更愿意与我们为伍。“我们”不只是指这个行当的谦卑作家，也有其他一些或年轻或年老的人，有记者，有诗人，也有音乐家，在这些人之中他可以自由地放松，抛掉自我。

李斯特在他关于肖邦的美妙文章中，将德拉克洛瓦列为最频繁拜访这位音乐家兼诗人的人，说他喜欢沉醉在那美妙热烈的音乐中，这乐声让人想起一只盘旋在恐怖深渊之上的色彩鲜艳的鸟儿。

于是，由于我们发自内心地仰慕先生，尽管当时还很年轻，也得到许可进入那间画室。尽管外面天气恶劣，这里却洋溢着赤道的温暖。进入画室，首先感受到的是一种有节制的庄严气氛，以及老派人特有的朴素，就像我们童年时见过的大卫的那些老对手的画室，这些有着动人的英雄主义情怀的人已经逝去很久了。人们清楚地感觉到，这处私室不可

能住着一个思想轻浮、反复无常的人。

这里没有生锈的盔甲，没有马来人的阔头弯刀，没有古哥特式铁制品，没有廉价装饰，没有古衣物，没有小古董摆设，没有任何显示出主人喜爱时新玩意儿和沉溺于幼稚空想的东西。在这间宽敞的画室，触目可及的装饰只有画家不知从哪儿淘来的一幅乔登斯[94]的精美肖像画、几幅习作和他自己的仿作，这里住着一个沉思的灵魂，沐浴在柔和宁静的光线下。

这几幅仿作很可能会出现在德拉克洛瓦的作品拍卖会上，我听说，拍卖会的时间定在一月份。他在模仿上采取了两种截然不同的态度。一种是自由奔放的，由忠实和不忠实组合而成，他在其中融入了大量自己的风格。这个方式诞生了一种奇怪的令人愉悦的产物，将头脑置于一种不确定的和谐状态之中。在这种矛盾的伪装中我第一次见到了那幅鲁本斯《圣徒伯努瓦的奇迹》的仿作。在另一种方式中，德拉克洛瓦成为他的模特最顺从谦卑的奴隶，他的模仿精确到了让那些未曾目睹这种奇迹的人可能不相信的程度。例如，对藏于卢浮宫的拉斐尔的两幅人头像的仿作，对人物的表情、仪表和举止的模仿完美自然，完全可以乱真。

在一顿清淡的午餐后，德拉克洛瓦就像一个卖花女或卖布商，在画板上精心打理各种颜色，他努力重新抓住被打断的思绪；但是在进入激烈的工作之前，他常常感受到一种倦怠或恐惧，抑或一种恼怒，类似于当人想起从上帝面前逃离的女祭司或者让·雅克·卢梭时感受到的恼怒，后者在写作前要花整整一小时来闲荡、整理报纸和书籍。然而，一旦艺术家进入状态，就一发不可收拾，直到身体疲劳到极点才停下。

一天，当我们谈到画家和作家永远感兴趣的问题，即工作的保健作用和生活方式问题时，他对我说：“多年以前，我还年轻，当时只有想到晚上有乐趣可寻，我才能沉下心来工作。这乐趣可以是音乐、跳舞等。现在，我已不是学校的小男生了；我可以不停地工作，而不索要任

何回报。而且，”他补充道，“就乐趣来说，您知道努力工作会让人变得多么胸怀宽广和容易取悦！一个工作到酣畅淋漓之人，即使只有街上的搬运工陪他一起玩纸牌，他也会很高兴。”

这番话让我想起与农夫一起玩骰子的马基雅维利。有一个星期天，我在卢浮宫看到德拉克洛瓦，身边陪着的是他的老女仆，她尽心尽力照顾他已经有30年了。德拉克洛瓦，这个高雅、讲究、博学的人，却不带丝毫自负的神态，正在向这位可敬的妇人讲解亚述雕塑的奥秘，后者则在凝神聆听着。马基雅维利的形象和多年前一次谈话的记忆立刻在我的脑海中浮现。

事实是，在他的晚年，人们称为快乐的一切东西从他的生活中彻底消失了；替代它们的是唯一的、严苛的、糟糕的快乐——工作，这在当时不仅是一种热情，简直可以称为迷恋了。

在白天的所有时间里，德拉克洛瓦要么在画室，要么在脚手架上创作巨大的装饰画，即便如此，他依然从对艺术的热爱中找到了力量，如果晚上没有将在炉边的时间用来画画，没有借着台灯在画纸上挥洒梦想、计划和生活中偶然瞥见的形象，或者有时模仿与他气质完全相悖的画家的作品，他就会感觉这一天过得不充实；因为他喜欢做笔记和画素描，不管身在何处，都会致力于此。在相当长的时间里，他习惯晚上在朋友家做客时作画。这也解释了维洛先生[95]为什么拥有这位多产画家数量可观的精彩画作。

德拉克洛瓦先生曾对我认识的一个年轻人说：“如果你还没有掌握画一个正从四楼窗户坠落的人的诀窍，那你永远别指望有大成就。”我从这个极端夸张的说法中，发现了他一生致力的工作，众所周知，那就是，快速并精确地作画，不让一个粒子在动作的强度或思想中损失掉。

正如许多人看到的那样，德拉克洛瓦喜欢谈话。但有趣的是，他对

谈话持怀疑态度，似乎那是一种堕落，一种自我放纵，担心这样是对精力的浪费。当你去到他的画室，他第一句话是："如果你同意，今天早晨我们就不谈话了，或者就谈一小会儿。"

然后，他却连续谈了三个小时，他的谈话发人深省、洞察入微但又充满了事实、回忆和逸事，简言之，是一种富有教益的谈话。

当他受到反驳而情绪激动时，会立即收回自己的话；接下来，他不会向对手发起正面进攻，因为这可能将讲台上激烈的言辞交锋演变成画室里的冲突，他会选择与对手迂回一会儿，然后带着许多令人意想不到的论据和事实进行回击。这是一个以冲突为乐的人典型的谈话风格：先礼后兵，以退为进，惯用隐蔽和突袭。

在他的画室的亲切氛围中，他的谈话会无拘无束，甚至会谈到对同时代画家的看法，而特别在这些时候，我们常常会赞叹天才的宽容，这大约源自一种特殊的天真，或者一种对享乐的随和。

他对德岗[96]抱有一种不可思议的敬意，虽然德岗今天已不太受欢迎，但无疑由于记忆的力量，他在德拉克洛瓦的心中还占据着重要地位。他对夏雷也怀着同样的敬意。有一次，他把我叫到家里大加申斥，起因是我写的一篇对这位沙文主义的宠儿不敬的文章。我向他解释，这篇文章攻击的不是早期的夏雷，而是晚期颓废派的夏雷；那时的他不是研究拿破仑退伍军人的可敬历史学家，而是酒馆里的一位才子，但我的努力却徒劳无功。最终我也没有得到他的原谅。

他也欣赏安格尔[97]的一些作品，可以肯定的是，他需要一种强大的批判能力，才能通过理性的力量欣赏自己的气质本能排斥的事物。他甚至还曾精心模仿安格尔的一些笔触细腻的铅笔画，安格尔先生敏锐而卓越的天资，在这些画里最受好评，越是受限就越能看出功力。

贺拉斯·威尔奈作品的糟糕色调没有妨碍德拉克洛瓦感受画家笔触的自然力量，正是这力量赋予了他大多数画作以生命力，他还用惊人的语言对这种汩汩而出的不倦能量进行赞颂。他对梅松尼尔[98]的仰慕有些过分。他几乎是通过强力得到了《街垒》的草图，这是梅松尼尔最好的一幅作品。梅松尼尔的天才用铅笔来表现远比油画笔来得有力。关于梅松尼尔，德拉克洛瓦常说这么一句话，像是对前途感到一种不安似的："在我们所有人中，最可能流芳百世的到底还是他。"看到一位创作出伟大作品的画家，几乎是嫉妒一位只是擅于小幅画作的画家，不是很奇怪的吗？

唯一一位能让这位画家的贵族嘴唇蹦出粗俗形容词的是保罗·德拉罗什。对这位画家的作品，他找不出一丁点儿可以原谅的东西。他对那肮脏而糟糕的画作让他遭受的折磨记忆深刻，正如特奥菲尔·戈蒂埃[99]所说，这些画是"用墨水和鞋油"创作出来的。

但是他最愿意与之高谈阔论的人，恰是与他在才能和观点上最不相像的，与他截然相反的人，这个人的头脑虽然像他家乡的天空一样被雾霾笼罩，面目难辨，却包含着许多令人钦佩的东西。我说的这个人是保罗·什纳瓦[100]。

这位来自里昂的画家和哲学家的深奥理论，让德拉克洛瓦忍俊不禁。这位抽象的教育家认为纯绘画带来的感官快感如果不是有罪的，也是轻佻的东西。然而，不管他们彼此相距如何遥远，也许正因为这种遥远，他们喜欢聚在一起，就像用铁链锁在一起的两条船，再也分不开了。而且，因为两人都很有学问，都具有杰出的交际能力，他们可以在学术上找到共识。众所周知，这并非画家通常具备的品质。

因此，保罗·什纳瓦是德拉克洛瓦的绝佳对手。在一旁看他们唇枪舌剑，真是一种乐趣。如果一个人说出的话像一头全副披挂的大象，拖着沉重的脚步走上阵去，另一个人的话则如同一柄剑那般充满生气，锋

利、灵活地前来迎战。在临终前，我们这位伟大的画家想握一握他这位友好的反驳者的手，而后者那时却远离巴黎。

七

德拉克洛瓦像米开朗基罗一样（您还记得他的一首十四行诗的结尾吧：“雕塑！神圣的雕塑，汝之艺术是吾唯一之爱！”），将绘画视为自己唯一的缪斯、情人、独一无二和源源不断的乐趣源泉，得知这一点，也许会让多情和做作的女人大吃一惊。

无疑，在年少轻狂的岁月里，他也曾热衷于追逐女人。在这个危险偶像的圣坛上，谁没有作过牺牲呢？而不正是那些对女人服务最殷勤的男人，对她们的抱怨也最多？早在很久以前，德拉克洛瓦就将女人排除在他的生活之外。如果他是一个穆斯林，大概不会将女人逐出清真寺，但因为他压根不理解女人能与安拉有怎样的对话，所以看到女人进入清真寺就足以令他感到吃惊。

在这个问题上，他的思想完全是东方的，正如在其他许多问题上一样。女人在他眼中是一件艺术品，令人愉悦，激发灵感；然而，如果我们放任她走入心灵，她就变成了一个桀骜不驯的东西，贪婪地吞噬着我们的时间和精力。

我还记得曾经在某个公共场合，我指给他看一位神情忧伤的绝色美人。他勉强认同了她的美，但带着特有的笑声跟我说：“你怎么会觉得一个女人会忧伤？”这句话无疑在暗示，在女人身上，缺乏某种能够体验忧伤情绪的本质的东西。

很不幸，这是一个极不讨人喜欢的理论。我自己也不想去宣扬这些理论，去中伤另一个时常表现出强烈美德的性别；然而不得不承认这是一个谨慎的理论。在一个充满美女陷阱的世界上，一个才子再谨慎也不

为过；一个天才有权利坚持某些理论（只要没有威胁公共秩序），而这些理论若出自普通公民或普通家庭的父亲，就会使我们产生反感。

我必须补充一句，他对孩子也同样没有好感，在忧郁的人看来，这会让人们对他的缅怀笼上阴影。在他的思想中，孩子总是手指上沾着果酱（弄脏画布和画纸），不停地敲鼓（扰乱人的思想），像猴子一样具有煽动性，充满了危险的动物情绪。

“我清楚记得，”他有时会谈到，“我小时候就是个小恶魔。责任感的获得是一个很缓慢的过程；只有在经过了苦难、惩罚和理智的漫长训练之后，人才能逐渐地销蚀掉他与生俱来的恶习。”

就这样，他只是通过简单的判断，回归了天主教的教义。他认为，比之于成人，孩子更为接近原罪。

八

德拉克洛瓦似乎将他所有的情感都珍藏起来，贡献给了严肃的友谊，这些情感是阳刚的、深沉的。有一些人很容易喜欢上第一个见到的人；其他人则把这种神圣能力留给庄重的大场合。我正在津津乐道的这位名人，他可能不愿意被小事烦扰，但是在紧要关头，他会雪中送炭、一往无前、古道热肠。那些与他熟识的人，曾无数次见证过他在社会交往中表现出的忠诚不渝、谨小慎微和值得信赖，这些都是英国人的典型美德。如果说他对别人苛刻，那他对自己也没有宽容半分。

在这里，我还要提一下对欧仁·德拉克洛瓦的指责，虽然这让我感觉难过和不悦。我曾听人说他自私甚至贪财。请注意，先生，这些话总是出自无数庸人之口，攻击那些不辞劳苦的慷慨济人者，这慷慨既出于友谊，也出于关心。

德拉克洛瓦在管理钱财上很仔细，因为只有这样才让他可以不时慷

慨解囊。我可以举几个这方面的例子，但是没有他和那些应该感谢他的人的允许，我也不方便这么做。

还有一点请注意，有许多年，他的画只能卖到很低的价钱，他的那些装饰画几乎吞掉了他全部的薪水。当一些穷艺术家跟他索要作品时，他的表现也证明了对金钱的蔑视。这时，就像那些个性自由而慷慨的医生，有时坚持要求付费，有时免费赠送，他会白送他的画或随便收点钱。

先生，最后，请记住，卓越之人比之其他人，尤其要留心保护自己。如果说全社会都与他为敌也不为过，我们曾不止一次验证这一点。他的礼貌被人说成冷漠；他的讽刺，不论怎样柔和，都被视为恶意；他的节俭呢，就成了吝啬。如果反过来，这个不幸的人挥霍无度，那社会非但不会对他表示同情，还会说："活该！他这样挥霍，迟早变成穷光蛋。"

我可以肯定地说，在金钱和节俭上，德拉克洛瓦的观点与司汤达完全一致，即将伟大与谨慎统一起来。

司汤达曾说："智者应该致力于取得必要的金钱，使自己不必依靠任何人（在司汤达的时代，这笔钱指年收入6000法郎）。而如果获得了这种保障后，还要浪费时间继续积累财富，那这个人就是个恶棍了。"

追求必要的，蔑视多余的，这就是智者与坚忍克己之人的做法。

我们的这位画家，在晚年时，最关心的一件事是后世对他的评价，以及他的作品传世的不确定性。在某个时刻，想到不朽的荣耀，他的想象力会炽烈得像着了火；在另一个时刻，他会失落地谈到画布和色彩的虚弱性。而在其他时候，他会不无嫉妒地谈到历史上的大师，他们中几乎所有人的作品都被技术高超的雕刻家选中，雕刻家用手中的针和刻刀

将大师的天才表现出来；德拉克洛瓦则悲叹他还没有找到自己作品的雕刻家。与印刷作品的持久相比，绘画艺术作品的易损，也是他经常谈到的一个话题。

这个既脆弱又顽强，既敏感又大胆的人，这个在欧洲艺术年鉴上独树一帜的人，这个身体虚弱、冷淡，永远梦想在墙上涂抹自己强大构想的艺术家，在一次肺炎发作后离开了人世，而他对此已有预感。他的离开，让我们感受到一种精神的消沉和不断增长的孤独感，就像夏多布里昂和巴尔扎克的离世，而最近又是维尼[101]的离世带给我们的那种感受。在这个举国哀悼的时刻，在人类整体的活力处于低潮之时，有一片类似日食的阴影笼罩了知识界，这是对世界末日的一次暂时的模仿。

然而，我想，对他的离去感受尤为强烈的是这样一些人，他们在灵魂高贵的孤独中，只是靠着思想的联系，成功地找到了自己的圈子。至于其他公民，只有在很长时间之后，他们才会慢慢了解，自己的国家因为这位伟人的离去而蒙受的巨大损失，以及他的离世所留下的空白。即使那时还需要向他们不断讲明这一点。

我衷心地感谢您，先生，谢谢您容许我在对这位杰出天才的缅怀中畅所欲言，他生活在一个不幸的时代，这个时代既贫穷又富庶，有时过于苛刻，有时又过分宽容，而过于常见的却是不公。

论1859年的沙龙——致《法兰西评论》编辑的信

一、现代艺术家

亲爱的M先生：

很荣幸受您之邀，就沙龙写一篇评论文章，您在信中说："要简短；不要一一列举，而是写一篇概览，类似于在展览上轻松漫步式的文字。"好，您的愿望会完全得到满足，不是因为您的提议恰好与我对这类称为"沙龙"的无趣文章的看法一致（不过我们确实观点相同），也不是因为这种作文方式要更加容易，要知道，简短总是比冗长更费力气，而仅仅是因为，尤其是在目前情况下，其他方式都行不通。当然了，如果我发觉自己迷失在原创画作的森林中，如果现代法国人的性情突然发生变化，在它被净化了的、恢复活力的状态下，开放出绚烂而芬芳的各式花朵，我下笔会更加困难，因为那样我会发出一系列无法抑制的"噢啊"之类的惊奇之声，笔下流出溢美之词和堆砌辞藻的赞赏，并产生对批评语言中新类别的需求。然而对我而言幸运的是，这些都没有发生。没有情感的突然喷发，没有未经发掘的天才出现。由这个沙龙所引起的思考是如此简单，如此老式，如此传统，毫无疑问，只需寥寥数页，我就能把这些想法表达出来。不要感到惊讶，因为画家的平庸会导致作家的陈词滥调。在任何情况下，写陈词滥调都是安全的，因为没有什么东西比它更迷人、更富有成效和更令人兴奋了（我很高兴在这一点上您和我看法一致）。

在开始前，请允许我先表达一种难以言喻的遗憾。本来我们被告知，展览上会有一些我们不熟悉的客人；因为之前的蒙田大道展览，向常看展览的巴黎人介绍了一些他们相见恨晚的魅力四射的艺术家。所

以，我一早就热切盼望着能与这些艺术家再见面，其中有莱斯利，那个富有、天真和高贵的幽默作家，他是英国思想最强有力的化身之一；大小亨特，一个是固执的自然主义画家[102]，另外一个是热切而坚定的拉斐尔前派的创始人[103]；麦克利斯[104]，那位大胆的绘画大师，他笔触的冲动鲁莽也透露出足够的自信；米莱斯[105]，一位在细节描绘上一丝不苟的诗人；约翰·夏隆[106]，他融合了克劳德·洛兰[107]和华多[108]的画风，记录了在美丽的意大利公园里举行下午游园会的场景；格兰特[109]，那位雷诺兹的天然继承人；胡克[110]，他给自己梦中的威尼斯笼罩上神奇的光线；那位奇怪的帕顿爵士[111]，他的作品把人们带回亨利·富塞利[112]时代，带着属于另一个时代的耐心，他精心描绘了众神混战的动人场面；乔治·卡特莫尔[113]，一位用水彩描画历史场景的画家；还有另外一位令人讶异的艺术家，名字我忘记了，他是一位建筑家和梦想家，在纸上建起了城市，里面的桥由大象雕塑支撑着，在大象腿下，带着三个桅杆的大型纵帆船正满帆而行！墙上甚至都为这些充满想象力、创造不寻常色彩效果的朋友们，为这些怪诞的缪斯所垂青的人们预留了地方；然而，唉！因为我所不知道的原因，我想也不适合在您的报纸上发表，我的希望破灭了。就这样，那些悲剧的火焰，基恩和麦克雷迪式的手势，对家的深刻研究，反映在英国人思想诗境中的东方辉煌，苏格兰的青翠草木，迷人的凉亭，富有层次的水彩画，它使有限的画面显得像舞台布景一样宽敞，我们是看不到你们了，起码这次是看不到了。噢！你们这些想象力和灵魂的最宝贵才能的热情代表，你们是在第一次到来时受到了无礼对待吗，还是认为我们不配理解你们？

所以，亲爱的M先生，我们将不得不满足于法国现有的作品；但是相信我，没什么比高声赞美自己国家的艺术家让我更愉悦；遗憾的是，对于一个有经验的批判的头脑来说，爱国主义没有起到绝对主宰的作用，我们要承认一些丢脸的事。这次，我刚进入沙龙，便在楼梯上遇到了一位最敏锐、最受敬重的批评家，对我问的第一个问题，你应该能猜

到是什么，他回答道：“沉闷，平庸，我几乎从没见过这么令人沮丧的沙龙。”他的话不能说不正确，也不能说正确。一个展出大量欧仁·德拉克洛瓦、潘基利[114]和弗洛芒丹[115]作品的展览不会是令人沮丧的；但从整体上看，我发觉他的话也有道理。确实，在每一个时代唱主角的都是平庸的，这是无可辩驳的；正如展览令人沮丧一样，这也是事实，因为平庸的支配力量比以往更强大了，已经到了碍眼的程度。放眼望去，整个展览就是许多陈词滥调的大团圆，这许多垃圾都用画笔认真地涂抹过，许多愚蠢或华而不实的失误被熟练地构建。接下来，我想到了过去的艺术家，并与今天的艺术家放在一起比较；然而，就像往常一样，在我令人气馁的思考结束后，那个可怕的、永恒的“为什么”不可避免地摆在我面前。在艺术和文学这两大领域，卑微、幼稚、缺乏好奇心和乏味的愚蠢似乎已经取代了热情、高贵和奔涌的梦想；目前我们还不能奢望任何能与波旁王朝复辟时期相提并论的精神上的百花齐放出现。请相信，我不是唯一一个为这些令人不快的思考而在精神上感到压迫的人；马上我就会证明这一点。我自问道：“在过去，艺术家应该是什么样的呢（比如勒布伦或大卫）？”勒·布伦是博学、富有想象力、深谙历史和热爱富丽堂皇的代表。大卫，那位被自己的许多忠实追随者中伤的伟人，他不也是热爱历史、热爱富丽堂皇、博学多识吗？而今天，艺术家——这个诗人曾经的兄弟——又是怎样的呢？要圆满回答这个问题，亲爱的M先生，我们一定不能太宽容。不光彩的偏袒有时也需要同样的反作用力。艺术家身上缺少美德，他们在今天以及在过去许多年，都不过是一个被惯坏的孩子。想想那些浪费在没有灵魂和教养的人身上的荣誉和金钱吧！就我而言，我当然不支持引进一种与现有艺术手段不相融的手法；然而，举个例子，我会忍不住对什纳瓦这样的艺术家感到同情，他永远是那么讨人喜欢、令人愉快，就像好书一样，即使在最乏味的题材上也是那么优雅。至少我知道我能和他谈论维吉尔和柏拉图（就算他成为艺术学生的笑料我又怎么会介意？）。普雷奥特[116]有一种令人愉快的天赋，他在与生俱来的品位的引领下找到美，就像一头猛兽扑到它

的天然猎物身上一样。奥诺雷·杜米埃被赋予了敏锐的辨识力，这让他的整个谈话都熠熠生辉。里卡尔[117]，虽然他的谈话令人炫目，有时会不连贯，但时时能让人感觉到他知识丰富，曾进行过许多对比性研究。我想，我不必再提欧仁·德拉克洛瓦的谈话了，那是充实的哲学内容、巧智和燃烧的热情的绝妙结合。除他们之外，我想不到任何够得上与哲学家或诗人对话的人了。除了他们，你能找到的几乎都是惯坏的孩子。请告诉我，我恳求您，在哪一个客厅、哪一个酒馆，在怎样的社交或私下聚会上，您从一个被惯坏的孩子口中听到过任何诙谐话，任何深刻、智慧、意味深长的言语，任何发人深省、引人幻想的言语，简言之，任何一句值得注意的话！如果这样一句话在交谈中出现，它也许不是出自一个政客或者哲学家之口，但说出这话的人一定从事着某个不寻常的职业，比如猎人、水手、修椅子的，但不会是一个艺术家——那个被惯坏的孩子，永远不会！

这个被惯坏的孩子从前辈那里继承了一种在那个时代是合理的特权。人们对大卫、圭林、吉洛德[118]、格罗[119]、德拉克洛瓦、波宁顿[120]的热情，他今天忝承余荫；当优秀的诗人和勤奋的历史学家辛苦谋生之时，愚蠢的金融家在花大价钱买这些被惯坏的孩子创作的不知所谓的作品。请不要误会，如果值得敬重的人获得这种恩惠，我是不会发牢骚的。如果是一位到达艺术巅峰的歌唱家或舞蹈家，他每天努力工作，承担风险，最后成为富翁，我是不会嫉妒的。否则，那我恐怕会步去世的吉哈丹的后尘，制造骗人的记忆，他曾谴责泰奥菲尔·戈蒂耶[121]给自己想象力的标价比专区区长的薪水还要高。如果你还记得，在一个倒霉的日子，他用拉丁语对吓坏的众人说道：畜生说话了！不，我不会那么不讲理；当德拉克洛瓦的一幅佳作标价1000法郎都无人问津，而梅松尼尔的一幅无足轻重的小画却能卖到10倍甚至20倍的价钱时，我们应该提高嗓门谴责今天人们的愚蠢。但是那些快乐的日子结束了；今天的我们已经愈加堕落，梅松尼尔先生尽管有其优点，但不幸的是，他首创了篇幅较小的画，并使之成为流行品味，不过跟今天那些华而不实的小

画的创作者比起来，他是真正的大师。

想象力变得不可信，高贵受到蔑视，爱（不，这个词太美了）——一味追求技巧，这些，在我看来，是艺术家水准下降的主要原因。想象力越丰富，对技巧的掌握相应地一定要越娴熟，如果后者要在冒险征途上与前者步伐一致，就要成功克服想象力所热切寻找的困难。画家的技巧越娴熟，就越不该炫耀技巧，只有这样，他的想象力才能得以凸显，并熠熠生辉。智慧如是说，并补充道，空有技巧的人是笨蛋，而富有想象力却缺乏技巧的人是疯子。这些道理看似简单，但今天的艺术家却似乎并不懂。一个看门人的女儿自言自语道："我要上音乐学校，首次登台演出要在国家大剧院[122]，我要演高乃依[123]剧作中的人物，像以前曾经扮演这些角色的人那样获得肯定。"她说到做到。她的嗓音无比单调，本人也是极度乏味和无知，但她却成功做到了一件十分容易的事，即靠着自己的耐性，成为了国家大剧院的正式演员。而那个被惯坏的孩子——现代画家——也自言自语道："他们所谓的想象力是什么？既危险又令人厌倦。对历史的研究和思考又是什么？不过是浪费时间而已。我要走古典路线，不是伯汀[124]那种（因为古典改变它的地点和名字），而是像……康斯坦·特罗容[125]那样的。"他说到做到。他挥毫作画，缚住自己的灵魂，直到自己的风格和流行画家一样。就这样，他凭借自己的愚蠢和技巧，得到了公众的肯定和金钱。他靠模仿别人成名，别人又模仿他，这样，每个人都在做着成名的美梦，越来越紧地缚住自己的灵魂，尤其是什么书也不读了，甚至连烹饪书都不碰了，这至少可以让他得到一个即使不太多金也更为光明的前途。一旦他掌握了调味、盛盘、浇糖浆、调肉汁、炖（我说的是绘画）等技巧，这个被惯坏的孩子开始装腔作势，用比以往更笃定的口吻重复道，其他一切都是没有必要的。

曾经有个德国农夫去见一位画家，下面是他对画家所说的话："先生，我想让您为我画这样一幅肖像。在我家农场的大门口，我坐在一张

父亲传给我的宽扶手椅上，妻子拿着她的女红在我身边，女儿们在近旁忙着准备晚餐。画面左边是一条宽敞的道路，我的儿子正从那里走来，他们干完农活正回家来，牛已经牵回了牛圈；我其他几个儿子正同我的孙子们一起，把装满干草的农场大车遮盖起来。另外，请别忘记画上我烟管里冒出来的被夕阳染上红色的烟圈。我还想让看这幅画的人听到从附近教堂的钟楼传来的祈祷钟声，那里是我家祖祖辈辈结婚的地方。还有很重要的一点，你要画出我在一天的这一刻，看着我的家人和我的财富所感受到的满足，而又一天劳作的结束更增加了这种满足感。”

请为这位农夫大声喝彩！他自己可能意识不到，但他理解了绘画。对自己职业的热爱提升了他的想象力。在我们的流行画家中，有谁能画出这样一幅画来？又有谁的想象力能跟这位农夫媲美？

二、现代大众与摄影

亲爱的M先生：

如果要博你一笑，那真是易如反掌，只要随便翻阅一下目录，把其中博眼球的可笑题目和主题拉一个清单出来即可。这是典型的法国人的态度。对于没有绘画天分的人来说，通过那些与艺术不搭边的手段让观众瞠目，是很好的手段。有时，一些极富天分的人染上这种陋习，他们用一种近乎邪恶的组合羞辱艺术，而这种人总是出现在法国。我可以向你一一展示那些戏剧化的作品题目，就像歌舞杂耍表演游行队伍一样，在你眼前一一掠过，其中有充满感情色彩的题目，只差一个感叹号了；有双关语的题目；有深沉哲思的题目；还有一些误导人或者陷阱题目，如《布鲁图：卑鄙的恺撒》。

“噢，你们这个堕落和没有信仰的民族，”我们的主说，“我还要跟你们在一起多久，我还要继续受苦受难多久？”这个民族，不管是艺术家还是普通大众，对绘画如此缺乏信仰，因此永远尝试伪装，外面包上

糖衣药丸，就像是某种难吃的药品——这是什么糖啊！是啊，上帝！请让我选出两张画作的题目，顺便说一句，这两幅画我还没见过：《爱与炖兔肉》！你的好奇心一下子就被勾了起来，不是吗？我也在努力将这两个概念联系起来，爱与一只被炖的剥皮兔子。你不能期望我来假设，画家的想象力超凡，在一只家畜的尸体上，加上一个箭袋、一对翅膀和一个眼罩；那样的话，它的寓意真的会晦涩了。我更倾向于相信这个题目是生搬硬套来的，循着《厌世与忏悔》的格式。所以真正的题目应该是“一对爱人吃炖兔肉”。这样问题又来了：他们是年轻的还是年老的，是一个工人和他的女朋友，还是一个老兵和他的情妇坐在一个覆满灰尘的棚架下？只有那幅画能告诉我了。我们还有《君主制、天主教徒与士兵》！这幅画属于那种夸张的骑士类型，《耶路撒冷的巴黎路线》的类型（查理大帝，我向你致歉！最高贵的事物能成为漫画的手段，一位帝国领导的话语会成为涂鸦者的讽刺画）。这幅画上一定有一个人同时在做三件事：战斗、参加圣餐仪式、参加路易十四的“起床前仪式”[126]。又或者画的是一个有百合花和宗教图案纹身的军人？然而胡乱猜想有什么好处呢？一个简单的事实是，这类题目只是一些令人反感和枯燥乏味的手段，目的是博人眼球。而尤为可叹的是，那幅画可能是一幅好画，不管它的题目听起来有多奇怪。这也适用于《爱与炖兔肉》那幅画。我还注意到一组精美的雕刻，但很可惜没有记下它的编号；当我想要查找这组雕刻的主题时，我仔细翻阅了目录四遍，却徒劳无功。最后还是您善意地告诉我，这组雕刻名为《永远与曾经》。看到一个天才居然取了这样一个字谜似的题目，我真的感觉难过。

请您一定原谅我以廉价报纸的方式来取乐。但是，不管这件事在您看来多么不值一提，仔细探究之下，您就会发现一种可悲的症状。请允许我用一种自相矛盾的方式来总结我的观点，让我问问您，或者那些比我更熟知艺术历史的朋友们，为愚人的品位和为智者的品位是否从来都是存在的，诸如“供出租的公寓”这样过分精练的观点是否在某个时代都有，并像今天一样引起同样程度的热情，委罗内塞和巴萨诺[127]的威尼

斯是否也曾受过这种字谜的影响，朱利·罗曼诺[128]、米开朗基罗和班迪内利[129]是否都曾为类似的怪物而愕然；简单说，我就是想知道比亚德先生[130]是否像上帝一样永恒存在，并无处不在。我不相信，我把这些恐怖事物看作一种赋予法国人的恩惠的特殊形式。它们的艺术家确实赋予了它们这种品味，而它们确实也让艺术家满足了这一需要，因为如果艺术家愚弄了大众，那么大众也会以其人之道还治其人之身。他们形成环环相扣的两个条件，相互施加同等的影响。与此相应，让我们看看，我们正在“进步”的道路上以怎样的速度行进（这里所说的进步指的是对事物渐进的控制），也许仅凭耐心就能获得的平凡技能每天在以怎样的速度扩散。

在这个国家，天生的画家，就像天生的诗人一样，几乎是个怪物。我们对“真”的品味（这一品味如果限制在它正当的目的是如此高贵），压迫并扼杀了对“美”的品味。当只有该寻找美时——比如在一幅美丽的画上，任何人都能很容易猜到我想到的那种——我们的同胞却只寻找真。他们没有艺术品位，他们的品位不是与生俱来的，他们可能是哲学家，或者伦理学家、工程师、启发性逸事的爱好者等等，但一定不是天生有艺术鉴赏力的。他们会渐进地、分解式地去感受，或者不如说评判。其他一些更幸运的人，他们感受事物更快，能以一种综合的方式来感受。

我刚才提到一些艺术家，他们的目的就是要使观众瞠目结舌。想令人震惊或让自己感受震惊，这一欲望是完全合理的。“感到震惊是一种幸福”，而且“有梦想是一种幸福”。如果你坚持让我给你一个艺术家或艺术爱好者的头衔，那全部的问题就是，你打算通过何种手段来创造或感受这种震惊？因为美总是包含着使人震惊的成分，认为令人惊叹的总是美的，这种想法是荒唐的。现在的法国人，就像一些卑劣矮小的灵魂一样，尤其无法感受到梦想或者惊讶带来的快乐，而他们却想通过一些与艺术无关的手段来获得震惊带来的刺激，他们恭顺的艺术家向大众品

位屈膝了；他们用一些小伎俩，目的就是吸引眼球，让人们惊讶，使人们目瞪口呆，因为他们知道，人们无法从真正的艺术的自然形式中获得陶醉。

在这个可悲的时代，一个新的工业形式发展起来，它很大程度地让愚人树立了自信，并毁掉了法国人头脑中残存的一点神圣痕迹。自然地，崇拜偶像的大众呼唤出现一个货真价实的理想，与自己的特性保持一致。在绘画和雕塑艺术领域，今天老于世故之人的信条，特别是在法国（我相信没人敢发表相反的说法），是这样说的："我信仰自然，并且只信仰自然。"（对此我们有充足的理由。）"我相信艺术是，而且只能是，对自然的精确复制。"（如果有一些胆怯和持异议的人提出反例，那举出的一定是本身就令人讨厌的物件，比如便壶，或者骷髅）"如果一个工业程序能提供给我们一种与自然一模一样的产品，那将是绝对的艺术。"报复心重的上帝听到这些人的祈祷后，便派来他的弥赛亚——达盖尔[131]。然后，这些人说道："既然摄影能绝对复制自然（他们居然相信，可怜的狂人！），那么艺术就是摄影。"从那一刻起，我们可厌的社会便像纳喀索斯一样，趋之若鹜地从相机的金属盘上看那些不值一提的影像了。愚蠢和狂热攫住了这些新时代的太阳崇拜者，一批令人讨厌的人出现了。人们集中起一群男男女女，把他们像狂欢节上的屠夫和洗衣女那样装扮起来，劝这些"主人公们"在摄像程序要求的时间内"保持"他们即兴做出的鬼脸，通过这种手段，就真的认为他们能代表古代历史上那些悲惨或者迷人的场景了。某个民主的作家一定能从中看到一种散播对历史的憎恶以及在大众中传播绘画的廉价手段，而这是一种双重亵渎，同时侮辱了绘画的神圣艺术以及演员的高端艺术。而就在不久前，几千双贪婪的眼睛似乎胶在立体镜的窥视孔上，好像它们是无限的天窗。对猥亵的热爱在人们心里疯狂地生长，就像自恋一样，它不会放过这样一个获得自我满足的好机会。请不要说，只有从学校回到家的孩子才会从这种愚蠢的举动中获得愉悦，它是整个社会的愤怒。我曾经听到一位智慧的女士跟她的朋友谈话，她是上流社会的女

士，跟我属于不同的社会阶层。当时她的朋友试图藏起这样几张照片，不让她看到，而她说道："给我看吧，没什么能让我惊讶的。"这是她亲口说的，我发誓，我是亲耳听到的，但是谁会相信我呢？大仲马说："你能看到，她们都是高贵的女士。""还有更加高贵的呢！"卡佐特[132]附和道。

失败的艺术家要么是天分不够，要么是太懒惰完不成学业，而摄影行业成了他们的庇护所，这种席卷全球的狂热不仅有了盲目和愚蠢的气质，而且有了某种复仇的意味。我不相信，或者至少我不能让自己相信，任何这种愚蠢的其中总有恶毒的坏人和骗局的阴谋，竟能够获得完全的胜利；但是我确信摄影的发展，就像所有纯物质的进步一样，大大穷尽了法国人的艺术天分，这天分本身是罕有的。现代的愚昧可以纵声大笑，它圆滚滚的肚子里发出响声，将近代哲学塞到它贪婪食道的所有消化不了的诡辩法吐将出来；当工业闯入艺术领域时，它便成为后者的死敌，这是一个简单的常识；在随之而来的功能混乱中，两者都不能很好地得到实现。诗歌与进步是两个雄心勃勃的人，对彼此有本能的仇恨，两虎相遇，必有一伤。如果摄影在一些艺术行为上被允许代表艺术，那么离它取代或完全毁灭艺术的日子也不远了，大众的愚蠢是它天然的盟友，对此功不可没。所以，摄影如回归到它真正的责任上，即作为艺术和科学的侍女，但一定是很谦恭的侍女，就像印刷和速记那样，既不能创造文学也不会对文学形成补充。让摄影快些充实旅行者的相册吧，他的记忆缺失的，让摄影来精确再现给他的眼睛；让它装饰自然学家的图书馆，放大显微镜下的昆虫，甚至增强天文学家的假设：简单来说，让它成为任何因为专业原因需要绝对的形态精确性的人的秘书和记录员。现在一切还好。让它挽救那些摇摇欲坠的废墟，使之不至于默默无闻地消失，还有书、雕塑、手稿、时间的猎物，所有这些珍贵的东西注定要消失，然而恳求在我们记忆的卷宗里保有一席之地；在所有这些事物上，摄影都应该得到我们的感谢和掌声。但是如果一旦它被允许侵犯无形和想象的领域，侵犯任何只是因为人们的灵魂而获得价值的事

物，我们就该倒霉了！

我知道人们会说："你刚刚描述的是傻瓜的疾病。任何当得起艺术家头衔的人，任何真正的艺术爱好者，怎么会将艺术和工业混淆？"这个我知道，但是让我来问问，他们是否相信善与恶是会传染的，相信个人会感受到社会压力，相信个人不自觉、不可避免地会屈从于社会。艺术家影响大众，而大众反作用于艺术家，这是一个不容辩驳、无法抗拒的法则；而且，这些事实，这些证人，很容易研究；我们可以估量这整个灾难的程度。随着一天天过去，艺术日益失落在自尊中，在永恒的现实面前屈服，画家越来越倾向于画那些他眼睛看到而非梦中的事物。但做梦是一种幸福啊，曾经，表达自己梦中所见是一种荣耀，但是现在，人们还能相信画家依然有那种快乐吗？

一个诚实的旁观者，他会认为摄影的入侵以及今天疯狂的工业与这一可悲后果全无关系吗？当一个人的眼睛习惯于接受有形科学的结果作为美的产品时，在一段时间后，他评判和感受那些最虚无缥缈和无形事物的能力会显著削弱，这难道不是合乎逻辑的推断吗？

[1]提香·韦切利奥（Tiziano Vecellio，1490—1576）：被誉为西方油画之父，是意大利文艺复兴后期威尼斯画派的代表画家。——译者注。本书其余注释除特殊标明外，均为译者所加。

[2]拉斐尔·圣齐奥（Raffaello Sanzio，1483—1520）：意大利画家、建筑师。与达·芬奇和米开朗基罗合称“文艺复兴三杰”。拉斐尔的画作以“秀美”著称，画中人物清秀，场景祥和。

[3]雅克-贝尼格尼·波舒哀（Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet，1627—1704）：法国高级教士和历史学家，因其追悼词和一篇历史论文而闻名。

[4]让·拉辛（Jean Racine，1639—1699）：法国剧作家，与高乃依和莫里哀合称17世纪最伟大的三位法国剧作家。

[5]第伯柯尔特（Louis Philibert Debucourt，1755—1832）：新古典主义的代表画家。

[6]圣·欧邦（Saint-Aubin，1736—1809）：法国版画家。

[7]加瓦尔尼（Paul Gavarni，1804—1866）：法国版画家、油画家。

[8]奥诺雷·杜米埃（Honoré Daumier，1808—1879）：法国著名画家、讽刺漫画家、雕塑家和版画家，是当时最多产的艺术家。

[9]德维利亚（Achille Jacques-Jean-Marie Devéria，1800—1857）：法国油画家、版画家。

[10]尼古拉斯·尤斯塔奇·毛林（Nicolas Eustache Maurin，1799—1850）：法国著名作家、画家、版画与雕刻家。

[11]皮埃尔-努玛·巴萨盖（Pierre-Numa Bassaget，1820—1872）：法国画家。

[12]瓦提埃（Charles Emile Wattier，1800—1868）：法国画家。

[13]塔塞贺（Octave Tassaert，1800—1874）：法国肖像、风俗、宗教、历史和讽喻题材画家。

[14]欧仁·拉米（Eugène Louis Lami，1800—1890）：法国油画家、版画家。

[15]特里莫雷（Louis Joseph Trimolet，1812—1843）：法国油画家、版画家。

[16]特拉维埃（Edouard Travies，1809—？）：法国画家，终生致力于通过水彩和平版印刷来创作以自然历史为主题的作品。

[17]M.C.G.：Monsieur Constatin Guys的缩写，指法国画家贡斯当丹·居伊先生（1802—1892）。

[18]让-雅克·卢梭（Jean-Jacques Rousseau，1712—1778）：法国伟大的启蒙思想家、哲学家、教育家、文学家，是18世纪法国大革命的思想先驱，法国启蒙运动最卓越的代表人物之一。

[19]《人群中的人》（The Man of the Crowd）：爱伦·坡在1840年写下的小说。那时候他刚举家从纽约迁到费城，这篇披着伦敦外衣的短篇小说被评论家们认为是关于纽约的。

[20]圣·奥古斯丁（St.Augustine，354—430）：古罗马帝国时期基督教思想家，欧洲中世纪基督教神学、教父哲学的重要代表人物。他的著作《忏悔录》被称为西方历史上“第一部”自传，至今仍被传诵。

[21]原文为拉丁文：Amabam amare.圣·奥古斯丁在他的《忏悔录》中写道：“Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quaerebam quid amarem, amans amare.”英文翻译为“I was not yet in love, and I loved to be in love, I sought what I might love, in love with loving.”

[22]拉布吕耶尔（La Bruyere，1645—1696）：法国作家。法国写讽刺作品的道德家。主要作品是讽刺性的《品格论》（Carateres de Thephraste，1688）。

[23]卢梭在《论人类不平等的起源和基础》中写道：“……思考的状态是一种反自然的状态，沉思的人是一头堕落的野兽。”

[24]雅克·路易·大卫（Jacques-Louis David，1748—1825）：法国著名画家，新古典主义画派的奠基人和杰出代表。

[25]保罗·委罗内塞（Paolo Veronese，1528—1588）：意大利文艺复兴时代的画家。

[26]鲁本斯（Peter Paul Rubens，1577—1640）：佛兰德斯最伟大的画家，17世纪巴洛克绘画风格在整个西欧的代表。

[27]卡特琳·德·梅第奇（Catherine de Médicis）：法国王后。她是瓦卢瓦王朝国王亨利二世的妻子和随后三个国王的母亲。

[28]让-奥古斯特·多米尼克·安格尔（Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres，1780—1867）：法国画家。

[29]凡·戴克（Anthony van Dyck，1599—1641）：比利时弗拉芒族画家，是英国国王查理一世时期的英国宫廷首席画家，查理一世及其皇族的许多著名画像都是由凡·戴克创作的，他的画像的那种轻松高贵的风格，影响了英国肖像画将近150年。他还创作了许多圣经故事和神话题材的作品，并且改革了水彩画和蚀刻版画的技法。

[30]布吉尼昂（原名Jacques Courtois，又称“布吉里昂”，1621—1676）：法国著名战争场景画家。

[31]凡·德·默伦（Van Der Meulen，1632—1690）：比利时弗拉芒族巴洛克画家，擅画战争场景。

[32]尼尼微：古代东方奴隶制国家亚述的首都，遗址在今伊拉克北部的摩苏尔。

[33]柯罗（Camille Corot，1796—1875）：法国画家。在巴比松村附近的枫丹白露森林画了很多风景。

[34]拉撒路：圣经新约中的人物，他是耶稣的朋友，因病而死，但被埋葬四天后耶稣使其复活。“拉撒路，起身吧！”即是耶稣使其复活时所说的话。

[35]贺拉斯·威尔奈（Horace Vernet，1789—1963）：法国画家。

[36]克里米亚战争：指1853年因争夺巴尔干半岛的控制权而在欧洲大陆爆发的一场战争，奥斯曼帝国、英国、法国、撒丁王国等先后向沙皇俄国宣战，战争于1856年以沙皇俄国的失败而告终。

[37]康罗贝尔（François Certain de Canrobert，1809—1895）：克里米亚战争中任法军统帅。

[38]巴拉圭-迪里埃先生（Louis-Achille Baraguay-d' Hilliers，1795—1878）：法国元帅、政治家。

[39]勒絮埃尔（Eustache Lesueur，1617—1655）：法国画家。

[40]黎凡特地区（Levant）：指欧洲南部，亚洲西部的地区。

[41]奥托国王（King Otto，1815—1867）：巴伐利亚国王路德维希一世之子，1832年，伦敦会议把希腊的世袭主权交给他，让希腊在英国、俄国与法国的保护下成为“君主政体与独立”国家。1862年退位。

[42]保罗·德·莫莱纳（Paul de Molenes，1821—1862）：法国军官、作家。

[43]夏雷（Nicolas Toussaint Charlet，1792—1845）：法国设计家、画家，尤擅军事题材。

[44]喀提林（Lucius Sergius Catilina，约前108—前62）：罗马的阴谋叛变者。

[45]亚西比德（Alcibiades，前450？—前404）：雅典城邦的政治家。以其高傲、自由、竞争、永远第一和在伯罗奔尼撒战争中于雅典、斯巴达和波斯之间左右局势而闻名。

[46]夏多布里昂（Chateaubriand，1768—1848）：法国早期浪漫主义代表作家。他的小说《阿达拉》是在美洲构思的，在法国公众中引起轰动。这本小说描述的是北美洲印第安部落中发生的一桩爱情悲剧。作者旨在赞扬宗教，宣扬远离文明社会的思想，并抒发了没落贵族那种悲观厌世的情绪。

[47]古斯丁侯爵（Marquis de Custine，1790—1857）：法国贵族作家，以旅行作品为人熟知，代表作品为《沙皇的帝国：永恒俄国之旅》。

[48]在斯巴达人的团队里，不让队员吃饱，却鼓励他们到外面偷东西吃，主要是去偷庇里阿西人的。偷着了算是光荣。如果被人发现，回来要挨重打，因为他偷的本领不高明。传说有一个

少年，偷了一只狐狸藏在胸前。为了不让人发现，狐狸在衣服里面咬他，他也不动声色，直到被狐狸咬死。

[49]波德莱尔在《人造天堂》一文中谈到一山中老人用大麻叶使信徒进入迷醉状态，从而得到消极的、不假思索的服从。

[50]原文为拉丁文：Perinde ac cadaver！

[51]谢立丹（Richard Brinsley Sheridan，1751—1816）：最为著名的喜剧作家。他代表了18世纪英国戏剧艺术的最高成就。

[52]博·布鲁梅尔（George Bryan Brummel，1778—1840）：英国著名纨绔子弟，以其时髦服装和举止闻名。

[53]赫拉克勒斯（Hercules）：希腊神话中的大力神，主神宙斯之子，以完成12项英雄业绩闻名。

[54]约瑟夫·德·迈斯特（Joseph de Maistre，1753—1821）：法国哲学家、作家、律师和外交家。

[55]约翰·约阿辛·温克尔曼（Johann Joachim Winckelmann，1717—1768）：德国艺术历史学家和考古学家。著有《古代美术史》。

[56]乔舒亚·雷诺兹爵士（Sir Joshua Reynolds，1723—1792）：英国18世纪伟大的学院派肖像画家、油画家。

[57]托马斯·劳伦斯爵士（Sir Thomas Lawrence，1769—1830）：英国肖像画家。他的作品气质优雅，是他所处时代最流行的肖像画家。

[58]原文为拉丁文：mundus muliebris。

[59]据记载，当杜巴丽夫人不愿接待国王时，她会小心地搽上胭脂。这就足够了；这意味着她在关门谢客。她经常靠化妆来让这位崇尚自然的国王逃之夭夭。——原注

[60]圣巴多罗买（St Bartholomew）：耶稣的十二门徒之一，他殉教的方式是被剥皮而死。有一尊名为《圣巴多罗买受难》的铜雕像，表现的是那位据说被活着剥掉皮的圣徒持着自己的皮的形象。

[61]纳喀索斯（Narcissus）：希腊神话中的美少年，因恋上自己在水中的倒影，相思而死。

[62]指拉丁讽刺诗人朱文纳尔（Juvenal，约60—约140）。

[63]原文为拉丁文：foemina simplex。

[64]梅萨丽娜（Valeria Messalina）：罗马暴君克劳狄斯（Claudius）皇帝的第三任皇后，道德败

坏，她对克劳狄斯产生了厌倦心理，甚至注册成为职业妓女，当夜深人静就偷偷溜出皇宫到妓院接客，每接待一人还象征性地收取一枚金币作为凭证。后来她更是为所欲为，趁克劳狄斯外出时与情夫公然举行婚礼，并阴谋推翻皇帝，结局是失败被杀。

[65]莫罗（Custave Moreau，1826—1898）：法国新浪漫主义画派画家。

[66]卡尔·韦尔内（Carle Vernet，1758—1835）：法国油画家。

[67]欧仁·德拉克洛瓦（Eugène Delacroix，1798—1863）：法国著名画家，浪漫主义画派的典型代表。他继承和发展了文艺复兴以来欧洲各艺术流派，包括威尼斯画派、荷兰画派、P.P.鲁本斯和J.康斯特布尔等艺术家的成就和传统，并影响了以后的艺术家，特别是印象主义画家。

[68]泰奥菲勒·西勒维斯特尔（Théophile Silvestre，1823—1876）：法国艺术批评家及历史学家。

[69]夏尔·勒布伦（Charles Lebrun，1619—1690）：17世纪法国首席宫廷画家，也是当时最有权势的艺术家。曾为凡尔赛宫和卢浮宫作过大量的壁画和天顶画，被路易十四称为“有史以来法国最伟大的艺术家”。

[70]皮埃尔·纳西斯·圭林（Pierre-Narcisse Guerin，1744—1833）：法国新古典主义画家和石版画家。

[71]阿里奥斯托（Ludovico Ariosto，1474—1533）：意大利文艺复兴时期诗人，代表作为《疯狂的罗兰》（Orlando Furioso）。

[72]H.保罗·德拉罗什（Hippolyte-Paul Delaroche，1797—1859）：法国著名学院派画家，法国历史画家中自然主义的创始人，消极浪漫主义的代表人物之一。他的影响遍及全欧洲，特别对比利时、德国和英国影响更大。

[73]天使传报（Annonciation）：指天使加百列（Gabriel）向马利亚传报耶稣将通过马利亚成胎而降生，见《圣经·新约》。

[74]颓废主义是19世纪下半叶欧洲资产阶级知识分子对资本主义社会表示不满而又无力反抗所产生的苦闷彷徨情绪在文艺领域中的反映。德拉克洛瓦1863年去世，他最后一幅伟大作品已经得到“颓废”一词的评价，所以说他比同时代的人超前。

[75]普桑（Nicolas Poussin，1594—1665）：17世纪法国巴洛克时期重要画家，也是17世纪法国古典主义绘画的奠基人。

[76]普吕东（Pierre-Paul Prud' hon，1758—1823）：法国大革命时期极具浪漫气息、独树一帜的画家。艺术上受文艺复兴诸名家，特别是达·芬奇和科雷乔的影响。作品追求古典美，富于感情色彩。代表作《“正义”与神圣的“复仇”追逐“罪恶”》《西风神劫走普塞克》《约瑟芬皇后》。

[77]拉·封丹（Jean de la Fontaine，1621—1695）：法国古典文学的代表作家之一，著名的寓言诗人。他的作品经后人整理为《拉·封丹寓言》，与古希腊著名寓言诗人伊索的《伊索寓言》及俄国著名作家克雷洛夫所著的《克雷洛夫寓言》并称为世界三大寓言。

[78]布瓦洛（Nicolas Boileau Despreaux，1636—1711）：法国诗人、文学理论家。被称为古典主义的立法者和发言人。最重要的文艺理论专著是1674年的《诗的艺术》。这部作品集中表现了他的哲学及美学思想，被誉为古典主义的法典。

[79]马莱伯（François de Malherbe，1555—1628）：法国诗人。1605年到巴黎后的第一首诗《为亨利大王陛下利穆桑之行祝福》（1605），博得亨利四世的赏识。从此，马莱伯即以波旁王朝的官方诗人的姿态出现，所作诗歌多为祝颂之作。

[80]第一帝国（First Empire，1804—1815）：法国拿破仑一世统治时期的资产阶级军事专制国家。

[81]爱默生（Ralph Waldo Emerson，1830—1882）：生于美国波士顿。美国思想家、文学家、诗人。爱默生是确立美国文化精神的代表人物。美国前总统林肯称他为“美国的孔子”“美国文明之父”。

[82]塞内加（Lucius Annaeus Seneca，前4—65）：古罗马哲学家、政治家和剧作家，尼禄皇帝的老师，因涉嫌谋杀尼禄而被迫自杀，哲学著作有《论天命》《论忿怒》《论幸福》等，悲剧有《美狄亚》《奥狄浦斯》等九部。

[83]超验主义（American Transcendentalism）：美国的一个重要思潮，它兴起于19世纪30年代的新英格兰地区，波及其他地方，成为美国思想史上一次重要的思想解放运动。它是与爱默生以及梭罗相关的一种文学和哲学运动，宣称存在一种理想的精神实体，超越于经验和科学之外，可以通过直觉得以把握。

[84]孟德斯鸠（Montesquieu，1689—1755）：法国启蒙思想家、社会学家，是西方国家学说和法学理论的奠基人。

[85]拿破仑·波拿巴（Napoléon Bonaparte，1769—1821）：法兰西第一共和国执政、法兰西第一帝国皇帝。

[86]指1848年二月革命中，德拉克洛瓦的一些画遭到破坏。

[87]维克多·雅克蒙（Victor Jacquemont，1801—1832）：法国植物学家和地质学家。

[88]梵天（Brahma-）：印度教的创造之神，与毗湿奴、湿婆并称三主神。他的坐骑为孔雀（或天鹅），配偶为智慧女神辩才天女，故梵天也常被认为是智慧之神。

[89]普罗斯佩·梅里美（Prosper Mérimée，1803—1870）：法国现实主义作家、中短篇小说大师、剧作家、历史学家。他是著名歌剧《卡门》的作者。

[90]德·拉帕利斯（Jacques de Chabannes, seigneur de la Palisse，1470—1525）：法国著名军事将领。

[91]费拉里（Giuseppe Ferrari，1811—1876）：意大利作家。

[92]菲迪亚斯（Phidias，前480—前430）：古希腊雕刻家、画家和建筑师，被公认为最伟大的古典雕刻家。雅典人。其著名作品为世界七大奇迹之一的宙斯巨像和巴特农神殿的雅典娜巨像。

[93]原文为拉丁文：Odi Profanum vulgus，语出贺拉斯《颂歌》，下面一句是“我远离他们”。

[94]乔登斯（Jacob Jordaens，1593—1678）：17世纪西班牙统治下尼德兰地区的著名画家及壁毯设计师，安特卫普学派代表人物，与鲁本斯和凡·戴克并称“佛兰德斯巴洛克艺术三杰”。

[95]维洛（Fredric Villot，1809—1875）：法国雕刻家。1833年，德拉克洛瓦向费德瑞克·维洛学习铜版腐蚀法的技巧，他从1827年便结识维洛，二人一直维持朋友关系；德拉克洛瓦常旅居香帕塞（Champrosay），维洛在那里有一幢别墅。

[96]德岗（Alexandre-Gabriel Decamps，1803—1860）：法国画家。

[97]安格尔（Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres，1780—1867）：法国画家。

[98]梅松尼尔（Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier，1815—1891）：法国画家。他的前期作品，如《争吵》属于风俗画。后期作品以历史和军事为题材。他关于拿破仑一世战争的作品刻画非常细致，代表作为《1814年法国战役》。

[99]特奥菲尔·戈蒂埃（Théophile Gautier，1811—1872）：法国19世纪重要的诗人、小说家、戏剧家和文艺批评家。

[100]保罗·什纳瓦（Paul Chenavard，1808—1895）：法国画家。曾在安格尔的画室学习，后来受到德国哲学和绘画的影响，认为艺术的目的应是人道主义和具有教化功能的。

[101]维尼（Alfred de Vigny，1797—1863）：法国诗人、剧作家和小说家。主要作品有历史小说《桑·马尔斯》（1826）、中篇小说集《军人的荣誉与屈辱》（1835）、剧本《夏特东》（1835）等。

[102]威廉·亨利·亨特（William Henry Hunt，1790—1864）：英国水彩画家。

[103]威廉·霍尔曼·亨特（William Holman Hunt,1827—1910）：英国画家、拉斐尔前派创始人之一。

[104]麦克利斯（Daniel Maclise，1806—1870）：爱尔兰历史、文学和肖像画家、插画家。

[105]米莱斯（John Everett Millais,1829—1896）：英国画家、拉斐尔前派创始人之一。

[106]约翰·夏隆（John James Chalon，1778—1854）：活跃在英格兰的瑞士画家，创作题材广泛，涉及风景、海洋景色、动物生活以及肖像画。

[107]克劳德·洛兰（Claude Lorrain，1600—1682）：法国画家。终生醉心于海景和意大利风景。除油画之外，还擅长铜版画和素描。克劳德·洛兰的代表作品有油画《示巴女王乘船》（1648），这是一幅有金色阳光和古代建筑的明快而抒情的海景画。

[108]华多（Jean-Antoine Watteau，1684—1721）：法国18世纪洛可可时期最重要的画家。路易十五时代达到高潮的洛可可艺术，是流行于法国宫廷的一种浮华、柔媚、内容贫乏的艺术运动，代表着法国封建王朝衰落时期贵族富豪们庸俗的审美趣味。

[109]弗兰西斯·格兰特爵士（Sir Francis Grant，1803—1878）：苏格兰肖像画家，曾为维多利亚女王和当时英国的许多贵族和政治人物画像。

[110]胡克（James Clarke Hook，1819—1907）：英国画家，海洋、风俗和历史场景及风景画的蚀刻画家。

[111]约瑟夫·诺尔·帕顿爵士（Sir Joseph Noel Paton，1821—1901）：苏格兰画家。

[112]亨利·富塞利（Henry Fuseli，1741—1825）：瑞士出生的英国画家。作品有异国情调、独创性和色情味道。

[113]乔治·卡特莫尔（George Cattermole，1800—1868）：英国画家与插图家，水彩方面造诣突出，与查尔斯·狄更斯等文学家与艺术家为友。

[114]奥克塔夫·潘基利·拉里登（Octave Penguilly L' Haridon，1811—1872）：法国画家，以画布里多尼地区风景、神话和历史题材闻名。

[115]弗洛芒丹（Eugène Fromentin，1820—1876）：法国画家、作家。游记《在撒哈拉沙漠的一个夏天》（1856）、《在撒赫尔的一年》（1858）获得好评。

[116]普雷奥特（Antoine-Augustin Préault，1809—1879）：法国浪漫主义雕塑家。

[117]里卡尔（Louis Gustave Ricard，1823—1873）：法国画家。

[118]安·路易·吉洛德·特里奥松（Anne-Louis Girodet-Trioson，1767—1824）：法国古典主义画派和浪漫主义画派之间承前启后的著名画家，雅克·路易·大卫的学生。

[119]格罗（Baron Gros，1771—1835），法国浪漫派画家，以描写拿破仑军事生涯的历史画知名。

[120]波宁顿（Richard Parkes Bonington，1801—1828）：英国浪漫派画家，以水彩风景画和历史画著名。生于诺丁汉附近城镇，1817年后侨居法国。师从格罗，并与德拉克洛瓦结为挚友。

1825年重访英国。其写意手法画的风景画，格调清新，对法国浪漫主义风景画和英国风景画的发展都起了推动作用。

[121]泰奥菲尔·戈蒂耶（Théophile Gautier，1811—1872）：法国唯美主义诗人、散文家和小说家。早年习画，后转而为文，以创作实践自己“为艺术而艺术”的主张。

[122]国家大剧院（Comédie-Française）：指（巴黎的）法国国家大剧院（建于1680年路易十四时期）。

[123]高乃依（Corneille，1606—1684）：法国剧作家，法国古典主义悲剧奠基人，擅长运用戏剧场面揭示人物内心冲突，剧作有四大悲剧《熙德》《贺拉斯》《西拿》《波里耶克特》等30余部。

[124]伯汀（Jean-Victor Bertin，1767—1842）：法国历史风景画家，以自己古典风格的微小细节而闻名。

[125]康斯坦·特罗容（Constant Troyon，1810—1865）：法国画家。

[126]“起床前仪式”（petit lever）：指路易十四起床的第一道程序。八点，由贴身仆人叫醒他，然后大夫过来给他作个检查，仆人掀开床帘等。

[127]巴萨诺（Jacopo Bassano，1510—1592）：意大利画家，被认为第一位现代风景画家。

[128]朱利·罗曼诺（Giulio Romano，1499—1546）：意大利画家、建筑家，拉斐尔的学生。

[129]班迪内利（Baccio Bandinelli，1493—1560）：文艺复兴时期意大利雕塑家、画家。

[130]比亚德（François-Auguste Biard，1799—1822）：法国风俗画家。

[131]达盖尔（Louis-Jacques-mandé Daguerre，1787—1851）：法国美术家、化学家，因发明银版照相法而闻名。

[132]卡佐特（Jacques Cazotte，1719—1792）：法国作家。

Charles Baudelaire

The Painter of Modern Life

TRANSLATED BY P. E. CHARVET

PENGUIN BOOKS — GREAT IDEAS

Contents

The Painter of Modern Life

I. Beauty, Fashion and Happiness

In all social circles, and even in art circles, there are people who go to the Louvre, walk quickly past a large number of most interesting though secondary pictures, without throwing them so much as a look, and plant themselves, as though in a trance, in front of a Titian or a Raphael, one of those which the engraver's art has particularly popularized; then they go out satisfied, as often as not saying to themselves: 'I know my gallery thoroughly.' There are also people who, having once read Bossuet and Racine, think they have got the history of literature at their fingertips.

Happily from time to time knights errant step into the lists - critics, art collectors, lovers of the arts, curious-minded idlers - who assert that neither Raphael nor Racine has every secret, that minor poets have something to be said for them, substantial and delightful things to their credit, and finally that, however much we may like general beauty, which is expressed by the classical poets and artists, we nonetheless make a mistake to neglect particular beauty, the beauty of circumstance, the description of manners.

I am bound to admit that, for several years now, society has shown some improvement. The value that today's collectors attach to the delightful engraved and coloured trifles of the last century shows that a reaction has begun in the direction needed by the public; Debucourt, the Saint-Aubins and many others have achieved mention in the dictionary of artists worthy of study. But these represent the past, whereas my purpose at this moment is to

discuss the painting of our contemporary social scene. The past is interesting, not only because of the beauty that the artists for whom it was the present were able to extract from it, but also as past, for its historical value. The same applies to the present. The pleasure we derive from the representation of the present is due, not only to the beauty it can be clothed in, but also to its essential quality of being the present.

I have here in front of me a series of fashion plates, the earliest dating from the Revolution, the most recent from the Consulate or thereabouts. These costumes, which many thoughtless people, the sort of people who are grave without true gravity, find highly amusing, have a double kind of charm, artistic and historical. They are very often beautiful and wittily drawn, but what to me is at least as important, and what I am glad to find in all or nearly all of them, is the moral attitude and the aesthetic value of the time. The idea of beauty that man creates for himself affects his whole attire, ruffles or stiffens his coat, gives curves or straight lines to his gestures and even, in process of time, subtly penetrates the very features of his face. Man comes in the end to look like his ideal image of himself. These engravings can be translated into beauty or ugliness: in ugliness they become caricatures; in beauty, antique statues.

The women who wore these dresses looked more or less like one or the other, according to the degree of poetry or vulgarity evident in their faces. The living substance gave suppleness to what appears too stiff to us. The viewer's imagination can even today see a marching man in this tunic or the shrug of a woman's shoulder beneath that shawl. One of these days perhaps some theatre or other will put on a play where we shall see a revival of the fashions in which our fathers thought themselves just as captivating as we ourselves think we are, in our modest garments (which also have their

attractiveness, to be sure, but rather of a moral and spiritual kind); and, if they are worn and given life to by intelligent actors and actresses, we shall be surprised at our having laughed at them so thoughtlessly. The past, whilst retaining its ghostly piquancy, will recapture the light and movement of life, and become present.

If an impartially minded man were to look through the whole range of French fashions, one after the other, from the origins of France to the present day, he would find nothing to shock or even to surprise him. He would find the transition as fully prepared as in the scale of the animal kingdom. No gaps, hence no surprises. And if to the illustration representing each age he were to add the philosophic thought which that age was mainly preoccupied with or worried by, a thought which the illustration inevitably reflects, he would see what a deep harmony informs all the branches of history, and that, even in the centuries which appear to us the most outrageous and the most confused, the immortal appetite for beauty has always found satisfaction.

Here we have indeed a golden opportunity to establish a rational and historical theory of beauty, in contrast to the theory of a unique and absolute beauty, and to show that beauty is always and inevitably compounded of two elements, although the impression it conveys is one; for the difficulty we may experience in distinguishing the variable elements that go to make beauty's unity of impression does not in any way invalidate the need of variety in its composition. Beauty is made up, on the one hand, of an element that is eternal and invariable, though to determine how much of it there is is extremely difficult, and, on the other, of a relative circumstantial element, which we may like to call, successively or at one and the same time, contemporaneity, fashion, morality, passion. Without this second element, which is like the amusing, teasing, appetite-whetting coating of the divine

cake, the first element would be indigestible, tasteless, unadapted and inappropriate to human nature. I challenge anyone to find any sample whatsoever of beauty that does not contain these two elements.

Let me take as an example the two extreme stages of history. In hieratic art duality is evident at the first glance; the eternal element of beauty reveals itself only by permission and under the control of the religion the artist belongs to. In the most frivolous work of a sophisticated artist, belonging to one of those ages we vaingloriously call civilized, the duality is equally apparent; the eternal part of beauty will be both veiled and expressed, if not through fashion, then at least through the individual temperament of the artist. The duality of art is an inevitable consequence of the duality of man. If you like it that way, you may identify the eternally subsisting portion as the soul of art, and the variable element as its body. That is why Stendhal, that impertinent, teasing, even repugnant mind (whose impertinences are, nevertheless, usefully thought-provoking), came close to the truth, much closer than many other people, when he said: 'The beautiful is neither more nor less than the promise of happiness.' No doubt this definition oversteps the mark; it subordinates beauty much too much to the infinitely variable ideal of happiness; it divests beauty too lightly of its aristocratic character; but it has the great merit of getting away from the mistake of the academicians.

More than once before I have explained these things; these few lines are explanation enough for those who enjoy these pastimes of abstract thought; but I am well aware that French readers for the most part take little pleasure in them, and I am myself keen to enter into the positive and solid part of my subject.

II. Manners and Modes

For sketches of manners, for the portrayal of bourgeois life and the fashion scene, the quickest and the cheapest technical means will evidently be the best. The more beauty the artist puts into it, the more valuable will the work be; but there is in the trivial things of life, in the daily changing of external things, a speed of movement that imposes upon the artist an equal speed of execution. The multi-coloured engravings of the eighteenth century are again enjoying the favour of current fashion, as I was saying just now; pastel, etching, aquatint have provided their successive quotas to this vast dictionary of modern life in libraries, in art collectors' portfolios and in the humblest shop windows. As soon as lithography was invented, it was quickly seen to be very suitable for this enormous task, so frivolous in appearance. We possess veritable national records in this class. The works of Gavarni and Daumier have been accurately described as complements to the Comédie humaine. Balzac himself, I feel sure, would not have been unwilling to adopt that idea, which is all the more accurate in proportion as the artist-portrayer of manners is a genius of mixed composition, in other words, a genius with a pronounced literary element. Observer, idler, philosopher, call him what you will, but, in order to define such an artist, you will surely in the end be brought to giving him an attributive adjective that you could not apply to a painter of things eternal, or at least things of a more permanent nature, of heroic or religious subjects. Sometimes he may be a poet; more often he comes close to the novelist or the moralist; he is the painter of the fleeting moment and of all that it suggests of the eternal. Every country, for its pleasure or its fame, has possessed a few men of that sort. In our own time, to Daumier, to Gavarni, the first names that come to mind, we may add Deveria, Maurin, Numa (all chroniclers of the Restoration's shady charms), Wattier, Tassaert, Eugène Lami, this last one almost English in his affection for

aristocratic society, and even Trimolet and Traviès, the chroniclers of poverty and humble life.

III. An Artist, Man of the World, Man of Crowds, and Child

Today I want to talk to my readers about a singular man, whose originality is so powerful and clear-cut that it is self-sufficing, and does not bother to look for approval. None of his drawings is signed, if by signature we mean the few letters, which can be so easily forged, that compose a name, and that so many other artists grandly inscribe at the bottom of their most carefree sketches. But all his works are signed with his dazzling soul, and art-lovers who have seen and liked them will recognize them easily from the description I propose to give of them. M. C. G. [Monsieur Constantin Guys] loves mixing with the crowds, loves being incognito, and carries his originality to the point of modesty. M. Thackeray, who, as is well known, is very interested in all things to do with art, and who draws the illustrations for his own novels, one day spoke of M. G. in a London review, much to the irritation of the latter who regarded the matter as an outrage to his modesty. And again quite recently, when he heard that I was proposing to make an assessment of his mind and talent, he begged me, in a most peremptory manner, to suppress his name, and to discuss his works only as though they were the works of some anonymous person. I will humbly obey this odd request. The reader and I will proceed as though M. G. did not exist, and we will discuss his drawings and his water-colours, for which he professes a patrician's disdain, in the same way as would a group of scholars faced with the task of assessing the importance of a number of precious historical documents which chance has

brought to light, and the author of which must for ever remain unknown. And even to reassure my conscience completely, let my readers assume that all the things I have to say about the artist's nature, so strangely and mysteriously dazzling, have been more or less accurately suggested by the works in question; pure poetic hypothesis, conjecture, or imaginative reconstructions.

M. G. is an old man. Jean-Jacques began writing, so they say, at the age of forty-two. Perhaps it was at about that age that M. G., obsessed by the world of images that filled his mind, plucked up courage to cast ink and colours on to a sheet of white paper. To be honest, he drew like a barbarian, like a child, angrily chiding his clumsy fingers and his disobedient tool. I have seen a large number of these early scribblings, and I admit that most of the people who know what they are talking about, or who claim to, could, without shame, have failed to discern the latent genius that dwelt in these obscure beginnings. Today, M. G., who has discovered unaided all the little tricks of the trade, and who has taught himself, without help or advice, has become a powerful master in his own way; of his early artlessness he has retained only what was needed to add an unexpected spice to his abundant gift. When he happens upon one of these efforts of his early manner, he tears it up or burns it, with a most amusing show of shame and indignation.

For ten whole years I wanted to make the acquaintance of M. G., who is by nature a great traveller and very cosmopolitan. I knew that he had for a long time been working for an English illustrated paper and that in it had appeared engravings from his travel sketches (Spain, Turkey, the Crimea). Since then I have seen a considerable mass of these on-the-spot drawings from life, and I have thus been able to 'read' a detailed and daily account, infinitely preferable to any other, of the Crimean campaign. The same paper had also published (without signature, as before) a large quantity of

compositions by this artist from the new ballets and operas. When at last I ran him to ground I saw at once that I was not dealing exactly with an artist but rather with a man of the world. In this context, pray interpret the word 'artist' in a very narrow sense, and the expression 'man of the world' in a very broad one. By 'man of the world', I mean a man of the whole world, a man who understands the world and the mysterious and legitimate reasons behind all its customs; by 'artist', I mean a specialist, a man tied to his palette like a serf to the soil. M. G. does not like being called an artist. Is he not justified to a small extent? He takes an interest in everything the world over, he wants to know, understand, assess everything that happens on the surface of our spheroid. The artist moves little, or even not at all, in intellectual and political circles. If he lives in the Bréda quarter he knows nothing of what goes on in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. With two or three exceptions, which it is unnecessary to name, the majority of artists are, let us face it, very skilled brutes, mere manual labourers, village pub-talkers with the minds of country bumpkins. Their talk, inevitably enclosed within very narrow limits, quickly becomes a bore to the man of the world, to the spiritual citizen of the universe.

Thus to begin to understand M. G., the first thing to note is this: that curiosity may be considered the starting point of his genius.

Do you remember a picture (for indeed it is a picture!) written by the most powerful pen of this age and entitled The Man of the Crowd? Sitting in a café, and looking through the shop window, a convalescent is enjoying the sight of the passing crowd, and identifying himself in thought with all the thoughts that are moving around him. He has only recently come back from the shades of death and breathes in with delight all the spores and odours of life; as he has been on the point of forgetting everything, he remembers and

passionately wants to remember everything. In the end he rushes out into the crowd in search of a man unknown to him whose face, which he had caught sight of, had in a flash fascinated him. Curiosity had become a compelling, irresistible passion.

Now imagine an artist perpetually in the spiritual condition of the convalescent, and you will have the key to the character of M. G.

But convalescence is like a return to childhood. The convalescent, like the child, enjoys to the highest degree the faculty of taking a lively interest in things, even the most trivial in appearance. Let us hark back, if we can, by a retrospective effort of our imaginations, to our youngest, our morning impressions, and we shall recognize that they were remarkably akin to the vividly coloured impressions that we received later on after a physical illness, provided that illness left our spiritual faculties pure and unimpaired. The child sees everything as a novelty; the child is always 'drunk'. Nothing is more like what we call inspiration than the joy the child feels in drinking in shape and colour. I will venture to go even further and declare that inspiration has some connection with congestion, that every sublime thought is accompanied by a more or less vigorous nervous impulse that reverberates in the cerebral cortex. The man of genius has strong nerves; those of the child are weak. In the one, reason has assumed an important role; in the other, sensibility occupies almost the whole being. But genius is no more than childhood recaptured at will, childhood equipped now with man's physical means to express itself, and with the analytical mind that enables it to bring order into the sum of experience, involuntarily amassed. To this deep and joyful curiosity must be attributed that stare, animal-like in its ecstasy, which all children have when confronted with something new, whatever it may be, face or landscape, light, gilding, colours, watered silk, enchantment of

beauty, enhanced by the arts of dress. A friend of mine was telling me one day how, as a small boy, he used to be present when his father was dressing, and how he had always been filled with astonishment, mixed with delight, as he looked at the arm muscle, the colour tones of the skin tinged with rose and yellow, and the bluish network of the veins. The picture of the external world was already beginning to fill him with respect, and to take possession of his brain. Already the shape of things obsessed and possessed him. A precocious fate was showing the tip of its nose. His damnation was settled. Need I say that, today, the child is a famous painter.

I was asking you just now to think of M. G. as an eternal convalescent; to complete your idea of him, think of him also as a man-child, as a man possessing at every moment the genius of childhood, in other words a genius for whom no edge of life is blunted.

I told you that I was unwilling to call him a pure artist, and that he himself rejected this title, with a modesty tinged with aristocratic restraint. I would willingly call him a dandy, and for that I would have a sheaf of good reasons; for the word 'dandy' implies a quintessence of character and a subtle understanding of all the moral mechanisms of this world; but, from another aspect, the dandy aspires to cold detachment, and it is in this way that M. G., who is dominated, if ever anyone was, by an insatiable passion, that of seeing and feeling, parts company trenchantly with dandyism. Amabam amare, said St Augustine. 'I love passion, passionately,' M. G. might willingly echo. The dandy is blasé, or affects to be, as a matter of policy and class attitude, M. G. hates blasé people. Sophisticated minds will understand me when I say that he possesses that difficult art of being sincere without being ridiculous. I would willingly confer on him the title of philosopher, to which he has a right for more than one reason; but his excessive love of visible, tangible things, in

their most plastic form, inspires him with a certain dislike of those things that go to make up the intangible kingdom of the metaphysician. Let us therefore reduce him to the status of the pure pictorial moralist, like La Bruyère.

The crowd is his domain, just as the air is the bird's, and water that of the fish. His passion and his profession is to merge with the crowd. For the perfect idler, for the passionate observer it becomes an immense source of enjoyment to establish his dwelling in the throng, in the ebb and flow, the bustle, the fleeting and the infinite. To be away from home and yet to feel at home anywhere; to see the world, to be at the very centre of the world, and yet to be unseen of the world, such are some of the minor pleasures of those independent, intense and impartial spirits, who do not lend themselves easily to linguistic definitions. The observer is a prince enjoying his incognito wherever he goes. The lover of life makes the whole world into his family, just as the lover of the fair sex creates his from all the lovely women he has found, from those that could be found, and those who are impossible to find, just as the picture-lover lives in an enchanted world of dreams painted on canvas. Thus the lover of universal life moves into the crowd as though into an enormous reservoir of electricity. He, the lover of life, may also be compared to a mirror as vast as this crowd; to a kaleidoscope endowed with consciousness, which with every one of its movements presents a pattern of life, in all its multiplicity, and the flowing grace of all the elements that go to compose life. It is an ego athirst for the non-ego, and reflecting it at every moment in energies more vivid than life itself, always inconstant and fleeting. 'Any man,' M. G. once said, in one of those talks he rendered memorable by the intensity of his gaze, and by his eloquence of gesture, 'any man who is not weighed down with a sorrow so searching as to touch all his faculties, and who is bored in the midst of the crowd, is a fool! A fool! and I despise him!'

When, as he wakes up, M. G. opens his eyes and sees the sun beating vibrantly at his window-panes, he says to himself with remorse and regret: 'What an imperative command! What a fanfare of light! Light everywhere for several hours past! Light I have lost in sleep! and endless numbers of things bathed in light that I could have seen and have failed to!' And off he goes! And he watches the flow of life move by, majestic and dazzling. He admires the eternal beauty and the astonishing harmony of life in the capital cities, a harmony so providentially maintained in the tumult of human liberty. He gazes at the landscape of the great city, landscapes of stone, now swathed in the mist, now struck in full face by the sun. He enjoys handsome equipages, proud horses, the spit and polish of the grooms, the skilful handling by the page boys, the smooth rhythmical gait of the women, the beauty of the children, full of the joy of life and proud as peacocks of their pretty clothes; in short, life universal. If in a shift of fashion, the cut of a dress has been slightly modified, if clusters of ribbons and curls have been dethroned by rosettes, if bonnets have widened and chignons have come down a little on the nape of the neck, if waist-lines have been raised and skirts become fuller, you may be sure that from a long way off his eagle's eye will have detected it. A regiment marches by, maybe on its way to the ends of the earth, filling the air of the boulevard with its martial airs, as light and lively as hope; and sure enough M. G. has already seen, inspected and analysed the weapons and the bearing of this whole body of troops. Harness, highlights, bands, determined mien, heavy and grim mustachios, all these details flood chaotically into him; and within a few minutes the poem that comes with it all is virtually composed. And then his soul will vibrate with the soul of the regiment, marching as though it were one living creature, proud image of joy and discipline!

But evening comes. The witching hour, the uncertain light, when the sky draws its curtains and the city lights go on. The gaslight stands out on the purple background of the setting sun. Honest men or crooked customers, wise or irresponsible, all are saying to themselves: 'The day is done at last!' Good men and bad turn their thoughts to pleasure, and each hurries to his favourite haunt to drink the cup of oblivion. M. G. will be the last to leave any place where the departing glories of daylight linger, where poetry echoes, life pulsates, music sounds; any place where a human passion offers a subject to his eye where natural man and conventional man reveal themselves in strange beauty, where the rays of the dying sun play on the fleeting pleasure of the 'depraved animal!' 'Well, there, to be sure, is a day well filled,' murmurs to himself a type of reader well-known to all of us; 'each one of us has surely enough genius to fill it in the same way'. No! few men have the gift of seeing; fewer still have the power to express themselves. And now, whilst others are sleeping, this man is leaning over his table, his steady gaze on a sheet of paper, exactly the same gaze as he directed just now at the things about him, brandishing his pencil, his pen, his brush, splashing water from the glass up to the ceiling, wiping his pen on his shirt, hurried, vigorous, active, as though he was afraid the images might escape him, quarrelsome though alone, and driving himself relentlessly on. And things seen are born again on the paper, natural and more than natural, beautiful and better than beautiful, strange and endowed with an enthusiastic life, like the soul of their creator. The weird pageant has been distilled from nature. All the materials, stored higgledy-piggledy by memory, are classified, ordered, harmonized, and undergo that deliberate idealization, which is the product of a childlike perceptiveness, in other words a perceptiveness that is acute and magical by its very ingenuousness.

IV. Modernity

And so, walking or quickening his pace, he goes his way, for ever in search. In search of what? We may rest assured that this man, such as I have described him, this solitary mortal endowed with an active imagination, always roaming the great desert of men, has a nobler aim than that of the pure idler, a more general aim, other than the fleeting pleasure of circumstance. He is looking for that indefinable something we may be allowed to call 'modernity', for want of a better term to express the idea in question. The aim for him is to extract from fashion the poetry that resides in its historical envelope, to distil the eternal from the transitory. If we cast our eye over our exhibitions of modern pictures, we shall be struck by the general tendency of our artists to clothe all manner of subjects in the dress of the past. Almost all of them use the fashions and the furnishings of the Renaissance, as David used Roman fashions and furnishings, but there is this difference, that David, having chosen subjects peculiarly Greek or Roman, could not do otherwise than present them in the style of antiquity, whereas the painters of today, choosing, as they do, subjects of a general nature, applicable to all ages, will insist on dressing them up in the fashion of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, or of the East. This is evidently sheer laziness; for it is much more convenient to state roundly that everything is hopelessly ugly in the dress of a period than to apply oneself to the task of extracting the mysterious beauty that may be hidden there, however small or light it may be. Modernity is the transient, the fleeting, the contingent; it is one half of art, the other being the eternal and the immovable. There was a form of modernity for every painter of the past; the majority of the fine portraits that remain to us

from former times are clothed in the dress of their own day. They are perfectly harmonious works because the dress, the hairstyle, and even the gesture, the expression and the smile (each age has its carriage, its expression and its smile) form a whole, full of vitality. You have no right to despise this transitory fleeting element, the metamorphoses of which are so frequent, nor to dispense with it. If you do, you inevitably fall into the emptiness of an abstract and indefinable beauty, like that of the one and only woman of the time before the Fall. If for the dress of the day, which is necessarily right, you substitute another, you are guilty of a piece of nonsense that only a fancydress ball imposed by fashion can excuse. Thus the goddesses, the nymphs, and sultanas of the eighteenth century are portraits in the spirit of their day.

No doubt it is an excellent discipline to study the old masters, in order to learn how to paint, but it can be no more than a superfluous exercise if your aim is to understand the beauty of the present day. The draperies of Rubens or Veronese will not teach you how to paint watered silk à l'antique, or satin à la reine, or any other fabric produced by our mills, supported by a swaying crinoline, or petticoats of starched muslin. The texture and grain are not the same as in the fabrics of old Venice, or those worn at the court of Catherine. We may add that the cut of the skirt and bodice is absolutely different, that the pleats are arranged into a new pattern, and finally that the gesture and carriage of the woman of today give her dress a vitality and a character that are not those of the woman of former ages. In short, in order that any form of modernity may be worthy of becoming antiquity, the mysterious beauty that human life unintentionally puts into it must have been extracted from it. It is this task that M. G. particularly addresses himself to.

I have said that every age has its own carriage, its expression, its

gestures. This proposition may be easily verified in a large portrait gallery (the one at Versailles, for example). But it can be yet further extended. In a unity we call a nation, the professions, the social classes, the successive centuries, introduce variety not only in gestures and manners, but also in the general outlines of faces. Such and such a nose, mouth, forehead, will be standard for a given interval of time, the length of which I shall not claim to determine here, but which may certainly be a matter of calculation. Such ideas are not familiar enough to portrait painters; and the great weakness of M. Ingres, in particular, is the desire to impose on every type that sits for him a more or less complete process of improvement, in other words a despotic perfecting process, borrowed from the store of classical ideas.

In a matter such as this, a priori reasoning would be easy and even legitimate. The perpetual correlation between what is called the soul and what is called the body is a quite satisfactory explanation of how what is material or emanates from the spiritual reflects and will always reflect the spiritual force it derives from. If a painter, patient and scrupulous but with only inferior imaginative power, were commissioned to paint a courtesan of today, and, for this purpose, were to get his inspiration (to use the hallowed term) from a courtesan by Titian or Raphael, the odds are that his work would be fraudulent, ambiguous, and difficult to understand. The study of a masterpiece of that date and of that kind will not teach him the carriage, the gaze, the come-hitherishness, or the living representation of one of these creatures that the dictionary of fashion has, in rapid succession, pigeonholed under the coarse or light-hearted rubric of unchaste, kept women, Lorettes.

The same remark applies precisely to the study of the soldier, the dandy, and even animals, dogs or horses, and of all things that go to make up the external life of an age. Woe betide the man who goes to antiquity for the

study of anything other than ideal art, logic and general method! By immersing himself too deeply in it, he will no longer have the present in his mind's eye; he throws away the value and the privileges afforded by circumstance; for nearly all our originality comes from the stamp that time impresses upon our sensibility. The reader will readily understand that I could easily verify my assertions from innumerable objects other than women. What would you say, for example, of a marine painter (I take an extreme case) who, having to represent the sober and elegant beauty of a modern vessel, were to tire out his eyes in the study of the overloaded, twisted shapes, the monumental stern, of ships of bygone ages, and the complex sails and rigging of the sixteenth century? And what would you think of an artist you had commissioned to do the portrait of a thorough-bred, celebrated in the solemn annals of the turf, if he were to restrict his studies to museums, if he were to content himself with looking at equine studies of the past in the picture galleries, in Van Dyck, Bourguignon, or Van der Meulen?

M. G., guided by nature, tyrannized over by circumstance, has followed a quite different path. He began by looking at life, and only later did he contrive to learn how to express life. The result has been a striking originality, in which whatever traces of untutored simplicity may still remain take on the appearance of an additional proof of obedience to the impression, of a flattery of truth. For most of us, especially for businessmen, in whose eyes nature does not exist, unless it be in its strict utility relationship with their business interests, the fantastic reality of life becomes strangely blunted. M. G. registers it constantly; his memory and his eyes are full of it.

V. Mnemonic Art

The word 'barbarousness', which may have come too often from my pen, might lead some people to believe that I am alluding to a number of shapeless drawings that only the imagination of the viewer is capable of transforming into perfect things. This would be a serious misunderstanding of what I mean. I refer to a sort of inevitable, synthetic, childlike barbarousness, which can often still be seen in a perfect type of art (Mexican, Egyptian, or Ninevehite barbarousness) and derives from the need to see things big, to look at them particularly from the point of view of their effect as a whole. It is not superfluous to remark here that the accusation of barbarousness has often been made against all painters who have an eye for synthesis and abbreviation, M. Corot, for example, who begins by tracing the main lines of a landscape, its structure and features. Similarly, M. G., faithful interpreter of his own impressions, notes with instinctive vigour the culminating features or highlights of an object (they can be culminating or luminous from a dramatic point of view) or its main characteristics, sometimes even with a degree of exaggeration useful to human memory; and the imagination of the viewer, undergoing in its turn the influence of this imperious code, conjures up in clear outline the impression produced by objects on the mind of M. G. In this case, the viewer becomes the translator of a translation, which is always clear and always intoxicating.

There is a factor that adds greatly to the vitality of this pictorial record of everyday life. I refer to M. G.'s habit of work. He draws from memory, and not from the model, except in those cases (the Crimean War, for example) where there is an urgent need to take immediate, hurried notes and to establish the broad outlines of a subject. In fact all true draughtsmen draw from the image imprinted in their brain and not from nature. If the admirable sketches of Raphael, of Watteau and many others are quoted as examples to

invalidate our contention, our reply is that these are indeed highly detailed notes, but mere notes they remain. When a true artist has reached the stage of the final execution of his work, the model would be more of an embarrassment to him than a help. It even happens that men like Daumier and M. G. who have been accustomed for years to using their memory, and filling it with images, find that, when confronted with a model and the multiplicity of detail this means, their main faculty is as though confused and paralysed.

Then begins a struggle between the determination to see everything, to forget nothing, and the faculty of memory, which has acquired the habit of registering in a flash the general tones and shape, the outline pattern. An artist with a perfect sense of form but particularly accustomed to the exercise of his memory and his imagination, then finds himself assailed, as it were, by a riot of details, all of them demanding justice, with the fury of a mob in love with absolute equality. Any form of justice is inevitably infringed; any harmony is destroyed, sacrificed; a multitude of trivialities are magnified; a multitude of little things become usurpers of attention. The more the artist pays impartial attention to detail, the greater does anarchy become. Whether he be short- or long-sighted, all sense of hierarchy or subordination disappears. This is an accident that often occurs in the works of one of our most fashionable painters, whose defects moreover are so well attuned to the defects of the crowd that they have greatly contributed to his popularity. The same sort of analogy may be sensed in the practice of the actor's art, that mysterious, profound art which in these days has fallen into the confusion of many forms of decadence. M. Frédérick-Lemaître builds up a role with the breadth and boldness of genius. Adorned as his acting is with brilliant detail, it nonetheless remains a unified sculptural composition. M. Bouffé builds his

with the painstaking efforts of a myope or a bureaucrat. In him everything sparkles and crackles, but nothing strikes the eye, nothing claims a place in our memories.

Thus in M. G.'s execution two things stand out: the first is the absorbed intenseness of a resurrecting and evocative memory, a memory that says to every object: 'Lazarus, arise'; the second is a fire, an intoxication of pencil or brush, almost amounting to frenzy. This is the fear of not going fast enough, of letting the spectre escape before the synthesis has been extracted and taken possession of, the terrible fear that takes hold of all great artists and fills them with such an ardent desire to appropriate all means of expression, so that the commands of the mind may never be weakened by the hand's hesitation; so that, in the end, the ideal execution may become as unconscious, as flowing, as the process of digesting is for the brain of a healthy man after dinner. M. G. begins with a few light pencil touches, which scarcely do more than indicate the positions of the objects in space. The main planes are indicated next by a series of colour-washes, masses vaguely and lightly tinted at first, but worked over again later with applications of stronger colour. In the last stage, the outlines of objects are clearly traced with pencil and ink. Without having seen them, no one would guess the remarkable effects he can achieve by this so simple and almost elementary method. It has the incomparable advantage that, at almost any stage, each drawing seems to have reached a stage of completion satisfying enough to the viewer; you may call this a thumbnail sketch, but it is a perfect one. All the tone values are in harmony, and if he wants to work the tones up, they will always retain their relationship as they move towards the desired state of perfection. In this way he can work at up to twenty drawings at a time with a liveliness and joy charming to the eye and amusing even for him; the sketches pile up, one on top of the other,

by tens, hundreds, by thousands. From time to time he runs through them, glancing at some, examining others, and then he chooses a few, to which he gives more intensity by giving greater depth to the shadow and touching up the highlights.

He attaches great importance to the backgrounds, which, whether strongly or lightly worked, are always of a quality and nature appropriate to the figures. The scale of tones and the general harmony are strictly observed, with a genius that derives more from instinct than from study. For M. G. possesses that mysterious talent of the colourist, by the light of nature, a veritable gift, which study can strengthen but which it cannot of itself, I believe, create. To sum it all up, our strange artist expresses both the gestures and attitudes, be they solemn or grotesque, of human beings and their luminous explosion in space.

VI. The Annals of War

Bulgaria, Turkey, the Crimea, Spain have all been a gorgeous feast for M. G.'s eyes, or rather for those of the imaginary artist we are agreed to call M. G.; for now and then it comes back to me that, to reassure his modesty, I promised to pretend he did not exist. I have looked through these archives of the Eastern War (battlefields strewn with the debris of death, heavy baggage trains, shipment of livestock and horses), scenes throbbing with life and interest, as though moulded on life itself, elements of a valuable form of picturesque, which many wellknown painters would have thoughtlessly neglected if they had found themselves in the same circumstances; amongst these, however, I would willingly make an exception of M. Horace Vernet, veritable journalist rather than true artist, with whom M. G., though a more

delicate artist, has an evident relationship, assuming we want to think of him only as an archivist of life. No journal, I declare, no written record, no book could express so well this great epic of the Crimean War, in all its distressing detail and sinister breadth. The eye moves from the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Bosphorus, from Cape Kerson to the plain of Balaclava or the fields of Inkerman, and on to the English, French, Turkish and Piedmontese encampments, from the streets of Constantinople to the hospitals and to a variety of solemn religious and military ceremonies.

One of the drawings that sticks in my memory more than others is the Consécration d'un terrain funèbre à Scutari par l'évêque de Gibraltar. The picturesque character of the scene, which arises from the contrast between the surrounding oriental countryside and the western attitudes and uniforms of the participants, is brought out strikingly, and in a manner that gives food for thought and reverie. The ordinary soldiers and officers alike, all have that ineradicable air of 'gentlemen', that determined and reserved air they carry with them to the end of the earth, whether it be in the garrison towns of Cape Colony or the settlements in India; the Anglican clergy put one vaguely in mind of ushers or stockbrokers in cap and bands for the occasion.

And here in another drawing is the residence of Omar Pasha at Shumla. Turkish hospitality, pipes and coffee; all the visitors are seated on divans, sucking at pipes as long as blow-pipes, with the bowls at their feet. And here, Kurdes à Scutari depicts a weird-looking soldiery whose aspect suggests an invasion of barbarian hordes; and, no less strange, in another sketch are bashi-bazouks, with their European officers, Hungarian or Polish, veritable dandies in feature these latter, contrasting oddly with the curiously oriental character of their men.

One magnificent drawing that caught my eye is of a single standing

figure; the man is stout and vigorous, his expression all at once thoughtful, carefree and bold; he is wearing high boots, which come up above his knees; his uniform is hidden under a heavy, ample topcoat, tightly buttoned up; his gaze, through his cigar smoke, is directed towards the threatening misty horizon; he has been wounded in the arm, and is wearing a sling. At the foot, a scribbled pencil note states: Canrobert on the battlefield of Inkerman. Taken on the spot.

And who might this horseman be? With white moustaches so vigorously drawn, with head erect, he seems to be scenting the terrible poetry of the battlefield, whilst his horse, sniffing the ground, picks his way between the heaps of corpses, feet upturned, faces contorted, in strange attitudes. At the bottom of the drawing, in a corner, are these words: Myself at Inkerman.

And who is this but M. Baraguay-d'Hilliers, with the Seraskier, inspecting the artillery at Béchichtash. Rarely have I seen a better likeness in the portrait of a soldier, done by a bolder or livelier hand.

Hard by, I caught sight of a name of sinister reputation since our Syrian disasters: Achmet Pasha, Commander-in-Chief, standing in front of his tent, surrounded by his staff, receives the European officers. Despite the generous extent of his Turkish paunch, Achmet-Pasha has, both in his bearing and in his face, the noble aristocratic air that usually belongs to the master races.

The battle of Balaclava figures several times, from different angles, in this interesting collection. There, amongst the most striking, is the historic cavalry charge sung by the heroic clarion of Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate: a mass of cavalry are shown thundering at speed towards the horizon, between the rolling clouds of gunsmoke. The background is shut in by a line of green hills.

From time to time a religious subject provides a welcome change to the

viewer's gaze, saddened by this chaos of gunpowder and restless carnage. In the midst of the British troops of all arms, amongst whom the picturesque uniform of the kilted Scots is conspicuous, an Anglican chaplain holds the Sunday service; three drums, the topmost resting on the other two, serve as a lectern.

It is difficult in all conscience for the mere pen to translate this vast and complex poem, composed of a thousand sketches, and to express the feelings of intoxication arising from all the picturesque details - often distressing but never maudlin - which are collected in these few hundred pages. The stained and torn condition of these is eloquent in its own way of the chaos and tumult in the midst of which the artist noted down his memories of each day. As evening came the mail would carry away towards London M. G.'s notes and drawings, and, often enough, he would thus entrust to the post ten or more quickly executed thumbnail sketches, done on thin paper, which the engravers and subscribers to the magazine were eagerly awaiting.

Sometimes ambulances are depicted, where the very atmosphere seems sick, gloomy and heavy, every bed a bed of pain; another time, it is the hospital at Pera, with two sisters of mercy, tall, pale and straight like the figures of Lesueur, talking, I notice, to an informally dressed visitor quaintly designated as 'my humble self'. Or again, on rough, winding paths strewn with the debris of a past engagement, a long string of pack animals - mules, donkeys, or horses - moves slowly, carrying in rough panniers, balanced on either flank, pale and inert wounded. Across vast expanses of snow come camels, with majestic dewlaps and heads held high. Led by Tartars, they are hauling provisions and munitions of all kinds; a whole warlike world appears, full of life and silent activity, encampments, bazaars, where samples of every type of supplies are displayed, like barbarian cities, conjured up for the

circumstances. Amidst the huts, along the stony or snowy roads, in the defiles, can be seen the uniforms of several countries, more or less worn and torn by war, or altered in appearance by lumpy fur coats or heavy boots.

How sad it is to think that this album, which has now been scattered in a variety of places, and the precious pages of which have been kept by the engravers commissioned to reproduce them, or by the editors of the Illustrated London News, should not have been submitted to the Emperor. He, I am sure, would have been glad to see (not without emotion) this record of his soldiers, their day-in, day-out doings, expressed with minute care, from the most brilliant feats of arms to the most trivial occupations of life, by this soldier-artist's sure and intelligent hand.

VII. Pomp and Ceremony

Turkey has also contributed some admirable subjects to our dear G.: the festivals of Bairam, profound and rippling splendours, in the background of which appears, like a pallid sun, the ineradicable boredom of the late Sultan; ranged to the left of the sovereign stand all the officers of the civil order; to his right, all those of the military order, the chief of them being Said Pasha, Sultan of Egypt, who was at Constantinople at the time; processions, moving with solemn pomp to the little mosque near the palace, and in these throngs are to be seen a number of Turkish functionaries, veritable caricatures of decadence, crushing their splendid horses under the weight of their fantastic obesity; the heavy, massive carriages, not unlike coaches from the days of Louis XIV, gilded and otherwise adorned with oriental fantasy, from the inside of which curious feminine glances dart from time to time, through the narrow interval left to the eyes by muslin veils worn close to the face; the

frenzied dances of mountebanks of the 'third sex' (never has Balzac's humorous phrase been more applicable than in the present case, for beneath these throbbing unsteady lights, under the generous waving folds of the garments, under the heavy make-up of cheeks, eyes and eyebrows, in all these hysterical and convulsive gestures, in the long hair down to the hips, you would find it difficult, not to say impossible, to guess that virility was there): and finally the women of easy virtue (if one can speak in such terms, where the Levant is concerned), generally provided by Hungarian, Walachian, Jewish, Polish, Greek and Armenian women; for under a despotic government, it is the oppressed races, and especially those amongst them that suffer the greatest privations, that provide the most recruits to prostitution. Amongst these women some have kept their national costumes, embroidered bodices, short sleeves, loosely hanging scarves, baggy trousers, Turkish slippers with upturned points, striped or spangled muslins, and all the tinsel of their homeland; others, by far the more numerous, have adopted the principal mark of civilization, which, for a woman, is invariably the crinoline, not, however, without introducing in their attire a faint reminiscence of the Levant, with the result that they have an air of Parisian women attempting to disguise themselves.

M. G. excels at depicting all the display of official ceremonies, the pomp and circumstance of national occasions, not coldly and didactically, like painters who see only lucrative drudgery in commissions of this kind, but with all the ardour of a man in love with space, perspective, great expanses or explosions of light, hanging like teardrops or sparkling diamonds on the asperities of the uniform or court dresses. La fête commémorative de l'indépendance dans la cathédrale d'Athènes affords an interesting example of this talent. All the little figures, each of them so well placed, give more depth

to the space that contains them. The cathedral is vast and festooned with solemn draperies. King Otto and the Queen, standing on a dais, are depicted in the traditional dress, which they are wearing with marvellous ease, as though to bear witness to the sincerity of their adoption, and to the most refined Hellenic patriotism. The King is as tightly belted as the smartest palikar, and his kilt flares out with all the exaggeration of national dandyism. Opposite the royal couple, the patriarch is stepping towards them, an old man with bowed shoulders, flowing white beard, little eyes behind green glasses, his whole bearing betraying the most consummate oriental impassivity. All the figures that people this composition are portraits; one of the most interesting, on account of the oddness of the features, which are anything but Hellenic, is that of a German woman standing next to the Queen and attached to her service.

In all M. G.'s series of drawings, a figure often to be found is the French Emperor, whose face the artist has succeeded in reducing to an infallible shorthand sketch without losing the likeness, which he executes with all the sureness of a signature flourish. Now the Emperor, at full gallop, is holding a review, accompanied by officers with easily recognizable features, or by foreign potentates, European, Asiatic, or African, to whom he is doing, as it were, the honours of Paris. Sometimes he is shown motionless on his horse, whose hooves are as firmly on the ground as the four legs of a table, with the Empress on his left in riding habit, and on his right, the little Prince Imperial, in a busby, and holding himself militarily erect on a little rough-haired horse, like the ponies English artists love to show dashing about in their landscapes; at other times, cascades of light and dust enfold him as he rides in the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne; at others again, we see him greeted by the acclamations of the crowds as he moves amongst them in the faubourg Saint-

Antoine. One of these water-colours in particular quite dazzled me by its magical quality: the Empress, composed and relaxed, is seen at the front of a richly and majestically decorated box at the theatre; the Emperor is leaning forward slightly, as though to get a better view of the theatre; below, two guardsmen stand erect in military, almost religious immobility, their brilliant uniforms sparkling with the reflections of the light from the footlights. Behind this band of light in the ideal atmosphere of the stage, the actors are singing, declaiming and gesticulating harmoniously; on the near side, there is an abyss of suffused light and a circular space full of human faces at every tier: the chandelier and the audience.

The mob demonstrations, the clubs, the solemn occasions of 1848 also provided M. G. with subjects for a series of scenes, most of which have been engraved for the Illustrated London News. A few years ago, after a sojourn in Spain, which was very fruitful for his genius, he compiled an album of the same kind, of which I have seen only a few fragments. The carelessness with which he gives away or lends his drawings often exposes him to irreparable losses.

VIII. The Soldier

To define once more the kind of subject this artist likes best, let us call it the pomp of life, as it is displayed in the capitals of the civilized world, the pageant of military life, of high life, of loose life. Our eye-witness is always punctually at his observation post, wherever flow the deep and impetuous desires, the great rivers of the human heart, war, love, gaming; wherever the festivities and figments which are the external form of these great elements of happiness and sorrow are in full swing. But the artist shows a very marked

predilection for military life, for the soldier, and I think that this love of his derives, not only from the virtues and qualities that inevitably flow from the warrior's soul into his bearing and his face, but also from the showy apparel his profession clothes him in. M. Paul de Molènes has written a few pages, as delightful to read as they are full of good sense, on military coquetry and on the moral significance to be drawn from those dazzling costumes in which all governments like dressing their troops. M. G. would willingly sign these pages.

We have already spoken of the idiom of beauty peculiar to every age, and we have noted that every century had, so to speak, its own characteristic grace. The same observation may be applied to the professions; each one draws its external beauty from the moral laws that govern it. In some, this type of beauty will be marked by energy, and in others it will bear the visible signs of idleness. It is, as it were, the emblem of character, the stamp of fate. The soldier considered in general has his type of beauty, just as the dandy and the woman of the town have theirs, and each has its own distinctive quality. The reader will accept it as natural that I should ignore those professions where, as a result of a single form of violent exercise, muscles become distorted and the face is marked by servitude. Accustomed as he is to surprises, the soldier does not easily lose his composure. Thus, in this case, beauty will consist of a carefree, martial air, a strange mixture of calm and boldness; it is a form of beauty that comes from the need to be ready to die at any moment. But the face of the ideal military man must be stamped with a great air of simplicity; for living as they do in a community, like monks and schoolboys, accustomed as they are to unload the daily concern of living on to a remote, paternalist organization, soldiers are, in many matters, as simple as children; and like children, once duty has been done, they are easy to

amuse, and given to boisterous forms of fun. I do not think I am exaggerating when I maintain that all these moral considerations spring naturally from the sketches and water-colours of M. G. Not a single military type is missing, and all of them have been caught by the artist with a kind of enthusiastic joy: the old infantry officer, of the sad countenance, distressing his horse by his obesity; the pampered staff officer, wasp-waisted and bending forward over ladies' chairs without bashfulness, with affected movements of the shoulders, and, seen from the rear, reminiscent of some slender and elegant insect; the zouave and the rifleman, whose whole bearing suggests outstanding audacity, self-reliance and, as it were, a more than ordinary sense of personal responsibility; and the free and easy manner, the mercurial gaiety of the light cavalry; the vaguely professorial and academic features of the technical arms, like the gunners and the sappers, often confirmed by the unwarlike apparatus of spectacles: none of these models, none of these nuances is neglected, and all of them are summed up, defined, with the same love and wit.

I have in front of me, as I write, one of these drawings; its subject, which conveys a general impression of heroism, is the head of an infantry column; maybe these men are back from Italy and have halted on the boulevards, basking in the enthusiasm of the crowds; maybe they have just accomplished long marches on the roads of Lombardy; I do not know, but what is dearly visible, what comes across fully, is the steadfast audacious character, even in repose, of all these sun-tanned, weather-beaten faces.

This is without a doubt the uniform expression produced by discipline, sufferings undergone together, the resigned air of courage, tempered by long periods of exhausting strain. Trousers turned up and tucked into gaiters, great-coats tarnished by dust and vaguely discoloured, the whole equipment in fact has itself taken on the indestructible appearance of beings that have

returned from afar, and have experienced strange adventures. It really is as though these men were more solidly screwed on to their hips, more firmly planted on their feet, more self-assured than ordinary mortals. If Charlet, who was always on the look-out for just this kind of beauty, and who found it often enough, had seen this drawing, he would have been greatly impressed by it.

IX. The Dandy

The wealthy man, who, blasé though he may be, has no occupation in life but to chase along the highway of happiness, the man nurtured in luxury, and habituated from early youth to being obeyed by others, the man, finally, who has no profession other than elegance, is bound at all times to have a facial expression of a very special kind. Dandyism is an ill-defined social attitude as strange as duelling; it goes back a long way, since Caesar, Catilina, Alcibiades provide us with brilliant examples of it; it is very widespread, since Chateaubriand found examples of it in the forests and on the lake-sides of the New World. Dandyism, which is an institution outside the law, has a rigorous code of laws that all its subjects are strictly bound by, however ardent and independent their individual characters may be.

The English novelists, more than others, have cultivated the 'high life' type of novel, and their French counterparts who, like M. de Custine, have tried to specialize in love novels have very wisely taken care to endow their characters with purses long enough for them to indulge without hesitation their slightest whims; and they freed them from any profession. These beings have no other status but that of cultivating the idea of beauty in their own persons, of satisfying their passions, of feeling and thinking. Thus they

possess, to their hearts' content, and to a vast degree, both time and money, without which fantasy, reduced to the state of ephemeral reverie, can scarcely be translated into action. It is unfortunately very true that, without leisure and money, love can be no more than an orgy of the common man, or the accomplishment of a conjugal duty. Instead of being a sudden impulse full of ardour and reverie, it becomes a distastefully utilitarian affair.

If I speak of love in the context of dandyism, the reason is that love is the natural occupation of men of leisure. But the dandy does not consider love as a special aim in life. If I have mentioned money, the reason is that money is indispensable to those who make an exclusive cult of their passions, but the dandy does not aspire to wealth as an object in itself; an open bank credit could suit him just as well; he leaves that squalid passion to vulgar mortals. Contrary to what a lot of thoughtless people seem to believe, dandyism is not even an excessive delight in clothes and material elegance. For the perfect dandy, these things are no more than the symbol of the aristocratic superiority of his mind. Thus, in his eyes, enamoured as he is above all of distinction, perfection in dress consists in absolute simplicity, which is, indeed, the best way of being distinguished. What then can this passion be, which has crystallized into a doctrine, and has formed a number of outstanding devotees, this unwritten code that has moulded so proud a brotherhood? It is, above all, the burning desire to create a personal form of originality, within the external limits of social conventions. It is a kind of cult of the ego which can still survive the pursuit of that form of happiness to be found in others, in woman for example; which can even survive what are called illusions. It is the pleasure of causing surprise in others, and the proud satisfaction of never showing any oneself. A dandy may be blasé, he may even suffer pain, but in the latter case he will keep smiling, like the Spartan

under the bite of the fox.

Clearly, then, dandyism in certain respects comes close to spirituality and to stoicism, but a dandy can never be a vulgar man. If he were to commit a crime, he might perhaps be socially damned, but if the crime came from some trivial cause, the disgrace would be irreparable. Let the reader not be shocked by this mixture of the grave and the gay; let him rather reflect that there is a sort of grandeur in all follies, a driving power in every sort of excess. A strange form of spirituality indeed! For those who are its high priests and its victims at one and the same time, all the complicated material conditions they subject themselves to, from the most flawless dress at any time of day or night to the most risky sporting feats, are no more than a series of gymnastic exercises suitable to strengthen the will and school the soul. Indeed I was not far wrong when I compared dandyism to a kind of religion. The most rigorous monastic rule, the inexorable commands of the Old Man of the Mountain, who enjoined suicide on his intoxicated disciples, were not more despotic or more slavishly obeyed than this doctrine of elegance and originality, which, like the others, imposes upon its ambitious and humble sectaries, men as often as not full of spirit, passion, courage, controlled energy, the terrible precept: Perinde ac cadaver! [as a corpse].

Fastidious, unbelievables, beaux, lions or dandies: whichever label these men claim for themselves, one and all stem from the same origin, all share the same characteristic of opposition and revolt; all are representatives of what is best in human pride, of that need, which is too rare in the modern generation, to combat and destroy triviality. That is the source, in your dandy, of that haughty, patrician attitude, aggressive even in its coldness. Dandyism appears especially in those periods of transition when democracy has not yet become all-powerful, and when aristocracy is only partially weakened and

discredited. In the confusion of such times, a certain number of men, disenchanted and leisured 'outsiders', but all of them richly endowed with native energy, may conceive the idea of establishing a new kind of aristocracy, all the more difficult to break down because established on the most precious, the most indestructible faculties, on the divine gifts that neither work nor money can give. Dandyism is the last flicker of heroism in decadent ages; and the sort of dandy discovered by the traveller in Northern America in no sense invalidates this idea; for there is no valid reason why we should not believe that the tribes we call savage are not the remnants of great civilizations of the past. Dandyism is a setting sun; like the declining star, it is magnificent, without heat and full of melancholy. But alas! the rising tide of democracy, which spreads everywhere and reduces everything to the same level, is daily carrying away these last champions of human pride, and submerging, in the waters of oblivion, the last traces of these remarkable myrmidons. Here in France, dandies are becoming rarer and rarer, whereas amongst our neighbours in England the state of society and the constitution (the true constitution, the one that is expressed in social habits) will, for a long time yet, leave room for the heirs of Sheridan, Brummell and Byron, always assuming that men worthy of them come forward.

What to the reader may have seemed a digression is not one in fact. The moral reflections and musings that arise from the drawings of an artist are in many cases the best interpretation that the critic can make of them; the notions they suggest are part of an underlying idea, and, by revealing them in turn, we may uncover the root idea itself. Need I say that when M. G. commits one of his dandies to paper, he always gives him his historical character, we might almost say his legendary character, were it not that we are dealing with our own day and with things that are generally held to be

light-hearted? For here we surely have that ease of bearing, that sureness of manner, that simplicity in the habit of command, that way of wearing a frock-coat or controlling a horse, that calmness revealing strength in every circumstance, that convince us, when our eye does pick out one of those privileged beings, in whom the attractive and the formidable mingle so mysteriously: 'There goes a rich man perhaps, but quite certainly an unemployed Hercules.'

The specific beauty of the dandy consists particularly in that cold exterior resulting from the unshakeable determination to remain unmoved; one is reminded of a latent fire, whose existence is merely suspected, and which, if it wanted to, but it does not, could burst forth in all its brightness. All that is expressed to perfection in these illustrations.

X. Woman

The being who, for most men, is the source of the most lively, and even, be it said to the shame of philosophical delights, the most lasting joys; the being towards or for whom all their efforts tend; that awe-inspiring being, incommunicable like God (with this difference that the infinite does not reveal itself because it would blind and crush the finite, whereas the being we are speaking about is incommunicable only, perhaps, because having nothing to communicate); that being in whom Joseph de Maistre saw a beautiful animal, whose charm brightens and facilitates the serious game of politics; for whom and by whom fortunes are made and lost; for whom, but especially by whom, artists and poets compose their most delicate jewels; from whom flow the most enervating pleasures and the most enriching sufferings - woman, in a word, is not, for the artist in general and for M. G. in particular,

only the female of the human species. She is rather a divinity, a star, that presides over all the conceptions of the male brain; she is like the shimmer of all graces of nature, condensed into one being; she is the object of the most intense admiration and interest that the spectacle of life can offer to man's contemplation. She is a kind of idol, empty-headed perhaps, but dazzling, enchanting, an idol that holds men's destinies and wills in thrall to her glances. She is not, I repeat, an animal whose limbs, correctly assembled, provide a perfect example of harmony; nor is she even that type of pure beauty which might be imagined by a sculptor, in his moments of most austere meditation; not even that would suffice to explain her mysterious and complex spellbinding power. Neither Winckelmann nor Raphael can help us in this context; and I am sure that M. G., in spite of the breadth of his intelligence (be it said without affront to him), would turn away from a piece of ancient statuary if, by looking at it, he were to lose the opportunity of enjoying a portrait by Reynolds or Lawrence. All the things that adorn woman, all the things that go to enhance her beauty, are part of herself; and the artists who have made a special study of this enigmatic being are just as enchanted by the whole mundus muliebris [world of women] as by woman herself. Woman is doubtless a light, a glance, an invitation to happiness, sometimes a spoken word; but above all, she is a harmonious whole, not only in her carriage and in the movement of her limbs, but also in the muslins and the gauzes, in the vast and iridescent clouds of draperies in which she envelops herself, and which are, so to speak, the attributes and the pedestal of her divinity; in the metal and precious stones that serpentine round her arms and neck, that add their sparkle to the fire of her eyes, or whisper softly at her ears. When he describes the pleasure caused by the sight of a beautiful woman, what poet would dare to distinguish between her and her apparel?

Show me the man who, in the street, at the theatre, or in the Bois, has not enjoyed, in a wholly detached way, the sight of a beautifully composed attire, and has not carried away with him an image inseparable from the beauty of the woman wearing it, thus making of the two, the woman and the dress, an indivisible whole. This seems to me the moment to come back to certain questions relating to fashion and adornment, which I only briefly touched on at the beginning of this study, and to vindicate the art of dress against the inept slanders heaped upon it by certain highly equivocal nature-lovers.

XI. In Praise of Make-Up

I know a song so valueless and futile that I scarcely dare quote from it in a work with some claims to being serious; but it expresses very aptly, in vaudeville style, the aesthetic notions of people not given to thinking. 'Nature embellishes beauty.' It may be presumed that the 'poet', had he been able to write his own language properly, would have said: 'Simplicity embellishes beauty', which is tantamount to this truth of a wholly unexpected kind: 'Nothing embellishes what is.'

Most wrong ideas about beauty derive from the false notion the eighteenth century had about ethics. In those days, Nature was taken as a basis, source and prototype of all possible forms of good and beauty. The rejection of original sin is in no small measure responsible for the general blindness of those days. If, however, we are prepared merely to consult the facts that stare us in the face, the experience of all ages, and the Gazette des Tribunaux, we can see at once that natures teaches nothing or nearly nothing; in other words, it compels man to sleep, drink, eat and to protect himself as best he can against the inclemencies of the weather. It is nature too that drives

man to kill his fellow-man, to eat him, to imprison and torture him; for as soon as we move from the order of necessities and needs to that of luxury and pleasures, we see that nature can do nothing but counsel crime. It is this so-called infallible nature that has produced parricide and cannibalism, and a thousand other abominations, which modesty and nice feeling alike prevent our mentioning. It is philosophy (I am referring to the right kind), it is religion that enjoins upon us to succour our poor and enfeebled parents. Nature (which is nothing but the inner voice of self-interest) tells us to knock them on the head. Review, analyse everything that is natural, all the actions and desires of absolutely natural man: you will find nothing that is not horrible. Everything that is beautiful and noble is the product of reason and calculation. Crime, which the human animal took a fancy to in his mother's womb, is by origin natural. Virtue, on the other hand, is artificial, supernatural, since in every age and nation gods and prophets have been necessary to teach it to bestialized humanity, and since man by himself would have been powerless to discover it. Evil is done without effort, naturally, it is the working of fate; good is always the product of an art. All I have said about nature, as a bad counsellor in matters of ethics, and about reason, as the true power of redemption and reform, can be transferred to the order of beauty. Thus I am led to regard adornment as one of the signs of the primitive nobility of the human soul. The races that our confused and perverted civilization so glibly calls savage, with a quite laughable pride and fatuity, appreciate, just as children do, the high spiritual quality of dress. The savage and the infant show their distaste for the real by their naive delight in bright feathers of different colours, in shimmering fabrics, in the superlative majesty of artificial shapes, thus unconsciously proving the immateriality of their souls. Woe to him who, like Louis XV (who far from being the product of a

true civilization was that of a recurrence of barbarism), drives depravity to the point of appreciating nothing but nature unadorned.[(1)]

Fashion must therefore be thought of as a symptom of the taste for the ideal that floats on the surface in the human brain, above all the coarse, earthy and disgusting things that life according to nature accumulates, as a sublime distortion of nature, or rather as a permanent and constantly renewed effort to reform nature. For this reason, it has been judiciously observed (though without discovering the cause) that all fashions are charming, or rather relatively charming, each one being a new striving, more or less well conceived, after beauty, an approximate statement of an ideal, the desire for which constantly teases the unsatisfied human mind. But, if we want to enjoy fashions thoroughly, we must not look upon them as dead things; we might as well admire a lot of old clothes hung up, limp and inert, like the skin of St Bartholomew, in the cupboard of a second-hand-clothes dealer. They must be pictured as full of the life and vitality of the beautiful women who wore them. Only in that way can we give them meaning and value. If therefore the aphorism 'All fashions are charming' offends you as being too absolute, say - and then you can be sure of making no mistake - all were legitimately charming in their day.

Woman is well within her rights, we may even say she carries out a kind of duty, in devoting herself to the task of fostering a magic and supernatural aura about her appearance; she must create a sense of surprise, she must fascinate; idol that she is, she must adorn herself, to be adored. It follows, she must borrow, from all the arts, the means of rising above nature, in order the better to conquer the hearts and impress the minds of men. It matters very little that the ruse and the artifice be known of all, if their success is certain, and the effect always irresistible. These are the kind of reflections that lead

the philosopher-artist to justify readily all the means employed by women, over the centuries, to consolidate and, so to speak, divinize their fragile beauty. Any enumeration would have to include countless details; but, to limit ourselves to what in our day is commonly called make-up, who can fail to see that the use of rice powder, so fatuously anathematized by innocent philosophers, has as its purpose and result to hide all the blemishes that nature has so outrageously scattered over the complexion, and to create an abstract unity of texture and colour in the skin, which unity, like the one produced by tights, immediately approximates the human being to a statue, in other words to a divine or superior being? As for black pencil for eye effects, and rouge for heightening the colour of the upper part of the cheek, although their use comes from the same principle, the need to surpass nature, the result is destined to satisfy a quite opposite need. Red and black represent life, a supernatural, excessive life; black rings round the eyes give them a deeper and stranger look, a more decisive appearance of a window open on the infinite; the rouge which heightens the glow of cheek-bones confers still greater brightness on the pupils, and gives to a lovely woman's face the mysterious passion of a priestess.

Thus, if I have been properly understood, painting the face is not to be used with the vulgar, unavowable intention of imitating the fair face of nature, or competing with youth. It has, moreover, been observed that artifice does not embellish ugliness, and can only serve beauty. Who would dare assign to art the sterile function of imitating nature? Make-up has no need of concealment, no need to avoid discovery; on the contrary, it can go in for display, if not with affectation, at least with a sort of ingenuousness.

I will readily allow people whose ponderous gravity prevents their looking for beauty in its very minutest manifestations to laugh at my

reflections, and to condemn their childish solemnity; the austere judgements of such folk worry me not at all; I am content to appeal to the true artists, and to women who have received at birth a spark of that sacred fire they would feign use to light up their whole being.

XII. Women: Honest Ones, and Others

Thus M. G., having undertaken the task of seeking and explaining beauty in modernity, enjoys depicting women in all their finery, their beauty enhanced by every kind of artifice, regardless of what social class they belong to. Moreover, in the whole of his works, just as in the throng and bustle of human life itself, the differences of class and breeding, whatever may be the apparatus of luxury used by the individual, are immediately apparent to the eye of the spectator.

At one moment we see, bathed in the diffused light of the auditorium, a group of young women of the highest social circles, the brightness reflected in their eyes, in their jewellery and on their shoulders, framed in their boxes, resplendent as portraits. Some of them are grave and serious, others fair and feather-brained. Some display their precocious charms with aristocratic nonchalance, others, in all innocence, their boyish busts. All are biting their fans, and have a far-away look in their eyes, or a fixed stare; their postures are theatrical and solemn, like the play or opera they are pretending to listen to.

Another time we see smartly dressed families strolling along the paths of the public gardens, the wives without a care in the world, leaning on the arms of their husbands, whose solid contented air betrays the self-made man, full of money and self-satisfaction. Here the general air of wealth takes the place

of haughty distinction. Little girls with match-stick arms and ballooning skirts, looking like little women by their gestures and appearance, are skipping, playing with hoops or pretending to be grown-ups on a visit, performing in the open air the social comedy their parents perform at home.

Or again, we are shown a lower level of society, where chits of actresses from the suburban theatres, proud as peacocks to appear at last in the glare of the footlights, slim, frail, scarcely grown-up, are shaking down, over their virginal, sickly bodies, absurd garments which belong to no period, but are the joy of their owners.

Or, at a café door, we see, leaning against the broad windows lit from without and within, one of those lounging halfwits; his elegance is the work of his tailor, and the distinguished cut of his jib, that of his hairdresser. Beside him, her feet resting on the indispensable footstool, sits his mistress, a great cow of a woman, in whom almost nothing is lacking (but that 'almost nothing' meaning almost everything, in a word: distinction) to make her look like a high-born lady. Like her pretty boyfriend, she has, filling the whole orifice of her little mouth, an outsize cigar. Neither of these two beings has a thought in his head. Can one even be sure they are looking at anything - unless, like Narcissuses of fat-headedness, they are contemplating the crowd, as though it were a river, offering them their own image. In reality they exist much more for the joy of the observer than for their own.

And now we get a glimpse of the amusement halls, your Valentinos, your Casinos, your Prados (the Tivolis, the Idalias, the Follies, the Paphoses of former days), glory-holes with their galleries full of light and hubbub, where the idle, gilded youth can give free rein to their animal spirits. Women, who have exaggerated the latest fashion to the point where its grace of line is spoilt, are ostentatiously sweeping the polished floors with their trains and

the points of their shawls, as they come and go, pass and repass, wide-eyed like animals, apparently seeing nothing but in fact observing everything.

Against a background of light as from the infernal regions or of the aurora borealis, red, orange, sulphurous, pink (a pink suggesting a notion of ecstasy in frivolity), sometimes violet (that colour, like dying embers behind a blue curtain, so beloved of canonesses), against such magical backgrounds, with diversified firework effects, we are shown the varied image of the shadier type of beauty, now majestic, now frolicsome, now slim, thin even, now cyclopean, now doll-like and sparkling, now heavy and statuesque. This shady type of beauty either displays an alluring and barbaric form of elegance of her own invention, or she apes, more or less successfully, the simplicity current in higher circles. She moves towards us, glides, dances, sways as though by the weight of her embroidered petticoats, acting as both pendulum and pedestal to her; her eyes flash from under her hat like a portrait in its frame. She is a perfect image of savagery in the midst of civilization. She has a kind of beauty, which comes to her from sin; always lacking spirituality, but at times tinged with fatigue masquerading as melancholy. Her eyes are cast towards the horizon, like a beast of prey: the same wildness, the same indolent detachment, sometimes the same riveted attention. She is a gipsy type, dwelling on the fringes of regular society; the triviality which is the substance of her life of trickery and struggle inevitably betrays itself beneath the surface finery. To her may well be applied the words of the inimitable master La Bruyère: 'Some women have an artificial nobility, which is due to the way they move their eyes or hold their heads, or their manner of walking; and it goes no deeper...'

These reflections about the courtesan may, to a certain extent, be applied to the actress; for she too is a creature of show, an object of public pleasure.

But in this case the conquest and the prey are of a nobler, more spiritual kind. The aim is to win public favour, not only by pure physical beauty, but also by talents of the rarest order. If, on the one hand, the actress comes close to the courtesan, on the other she reaches up to the poet. Let us not forget that, apart from natural beauty and even artificial beauty, all beings have the stamp of their trade, a characteristic which may, on the physical level, express itself as ugliness, but also as a kind of professional beauty.

In this extensive gallery of London and Paris life, we meet with the different types of unattached woman, of the woman in revolt, at every level: first the woman of the town in the first flower of her beauty, cultivating, as best she can, patrician airs, proud both of her youth and of her luxury, which expresses such genius and soul as she possesses; we see her delicately holding with two fingers a broad flounce of the satin, the silk or the velvet that floats about her, and showing off her pointed foot, in a shoe whose excessive ornateness would be enough to reveal her for what she is, even without the rather showy emphasis of her dress. Down the ladder a few rungs, and we come upon the slaves confined in those hovels, often enough decorated like cafés; unfortunate creatures these, subjected to the most avaricious tutelage, with nothing they can call their own, not even the eccentric adornments that act as condiment to their beauty. Amongst these, some, in whom an innocent yet monstrous sort of fatuity is only too apparent, carry in their faces and in their eyes, which look you brazenly in the face, the evident joy of being alive (in truth, one wonders why). Sometimes they effortlessly adopt poses, both provocative and dignified, that would be the joy of the most fastidious sculptor, if only the sculptor of today had the courage and the wit to seize hold of nobility everywhere, even in the mire; at others, they show themselves in prostrate attitudes of despairing boredom, or flaunt

the indolent postures of café life, with masculine effrontery, and smoking cigarettes to pass away the hours with resigned, oriental fatalism; there they lie, sprawling on sofas, skirts ballooning to front and back double-fanwise, or they balance themselves precariously on stools or chairs; fat, dejected, empty-headed, absurd, their eyes glazed with brandy, and their obstinacy written across their rounded foreheads. We have reached the bottom step of the spiral to find the foemina simplex of the Latin satirist. Nor shall we fail, at some time, to discern through the drink and smoke-laden atmosphere, here the emaciated, feverish cheeks of the consumptive, there the curves of adiposity, that hideous form of health born of sloth. In this foggy chaos, bathed in golden light, undreamed of by indigent chastity, gruesome nymphs and living dolls, whose childlike eyes have sinister flashes, move and contort themselves; whilst behind a counter laden with liqueur bottles lolls a fat shrew, her hair tied up in a dirty silk scarf, which throws on the wall the shadow of its satanic points, thus convincing us that everything dedicated to Evil must be condemned to have horns.

In truth, my purpose in spreading out before the reader's eyes scenes such as these is neither to please nor to scandalize him; in either case, that would have been to show him scant respect. What gives these scenes value and a kind of sanctity is the innumerable thoughts they give rise to, usually austere and gloomy. But if, by chance, some ill-advised person were to seek an opportunity to satisfy an unhealthy curiosity in these works of M. G.'s, scattered as they are here, there and everywhere, let me give him a charitable warning that he will find nothing to excite a prurient imagination. He will find nothing but inevitable vice, in other words the eye of the devil hidden in the shadows, or Messalina's shoulder gleaming under the gaslight; nothing but pure art, in other words the type of beauty peculiar to evil, the beautiful in

the horrible. And even, to recall in passing what has previously been said, the general impression conveyed by this great store-house is more full of sadness than fun. What constitutes the specifically beautiful quality of these pictures is their moral fecundity. They are big with suggestion, cruel, harsh suggestion, which my pen, accustomed though it is to struggle with the evocation of plastic images, may have rendered only inadequately.

XIII. Carriages

And so they extend into the distance, these long galleries of 'high life' and 'low life', with innumerable side galleries leading from them. Let us for a moment escape towards a world which, if not pure, is at least more refined; let us breathe perfumes, not more wholesome perhaps, but more delicate. I have already said that M. G.'s brush, like that of Eugène Lami, was wonderfully fitted to depict the glories of dandyism and the elegance of society lionesses. The attitudes of the rich man are well-known to him; he can, with a light stroke of the pen and a sureness of hand which is never at fault, capture that indefinable sense of security evident in eye, gesture and carriage which comes from the monotony of good fortune in the lives of privileged beings. In this particular series of drawings we are presented with sporting, racing, hunting occasions in their innumerable aspects, with horse and carriage exercise in the woods, with proud dames or a delicate miss controlling, with practised hand, steeds of impeccable contour, stylish, glossy, and themselves as capricious as women. For M. G. not only knows all about the horse in general, but applies himself with equal success to expressing the individual beauty of horses. Some drawings depict a meeting, a veritable encampment, of numerous equipages, where, perched up on the

cushions, the seats, the boxes, shapely youths and women, attired in the eccentric costumes authorized by the season, are seen watching some solemn turf event, the runners disappearing in the distance; another shows a horseman cantering gracefully alongside an open light four-wheeler, his curveting mount bowing, it might seem, in his own way, whilst the carriage follows an alley streaked with light and shade, at a brisk trot, carrying along a bevy of beauties, cradled as in the gondola of a balloon, lolling on the cushions, lending an inattentive ear to compliments, and lazily enjoying the caresses of the breeze.

Fur or muslin wraps them to the chin and flows in waves over the carriage door. The domestics are stiff and perpendicular, motionless and all alike; as always, they are the monotonous and uncharacterized effigy of servility, precise and disciplined; their whole character consists in having none. In the background, the woods are decked in green or brown, shimmering with light or darkening, according to the hour and the season. Its bowers are full of autumn mists, blue shadows, yellow beams, rose-pink effulgence or thin streaks of lightning flashing through the darkness, like sword thrusts.

If the countless water-colours from the war in the Levant had not shown us M. G.'s powers as a landscape artist, these would certainly suffice to do so. But here no question of the war-torn ground of the Crimea, nor the theatrical shores of the Bosphorus; we are back in the familiar intimate landscapes that encircle any of our big cities with verdure, and where the play of light produces effects that a truly romantic artist cannot disdain.

Another merit which is not unworthy of mention here is the remarkable knowledge of harness and coachwork. M. G. draws and paints a carriage, and every kind of carriage, with the same care and the same ease as a skilled

marine artist displays over every kind of ship. All his coachwork is correct, every detail is in its right place, and does not need to be gone over again. In whatever position it is drawn, at whatever speed it may be going, a carriage, like a vessel, derives, from the fact of motion, a mysterious and complex gracefulness which is very difficult to note down in shorthand. The pleasure that the artist's eye gets from it comes apparently from the series of geometrical figures that the object, already so complex in itself, vessel or carriage, describes successively in space.

We are betting on a certainty when we say that in a few years the drawings of M. G. will become precious archives of civilized life. His works will be sought after by discerning collectors, as much as those of Debucourt, of Moreau, of Saint-Aubin, of Carle Vernet, of Lami, of Deveria, of Gavarni, and of all those exquisite artists who, although they have confined themselves to recording what is familiar and pretty, are nonetheless, in their own ways, important historians. Several of them have even sacrificed too much to the 'pretty-pretty', and have sometimes introduced into their compositions a classic style foreign to the subject; several have deliberately rounded the angles, smoothed over the harshness of life, toned down its flashing colours. Less skilful than they, M. G. retains a profound merit, which is all his own; he has deliberately filled a function which other artists disdain, and which a man of the world above all others could carry out. He has gone everywhere in quest of the ephemeral, the fleeting forms of beauty in the life of our day, the characteristic traits of what, with the reader's permission, we have called 'moder-nity'. Often bizarre, violent, excessive, but always full of poetry, he has succeeded, in his drawings, in distilling the bitter or heady flavour of the wine of life.

注　释

〔1〕It is recorded that when Madame Dubarry wanted to avoid receiving the King, she was careful to put on rouge. That was enough; it meant she was closing her door. In beautifying herself she used to put to flight the royal disciple of nature.

The Life and Work of Eugène Delacroix

To the Editor of L'Opinion nationale

Sir,

Once more, and for the last time, I want to pay tribute to the genius of Eugène Delacroix, and I beg you to be good enough to find space in your paper for these few pages, where I shall endeavour to set down as briefly as possible the record of his talent, the reasons for his superiority (which, in my opinion, is not yet properly recognized), and finally some anecdotes and some observations on his life and character.

I had the good fortune when still very young (as early as 1845, if I remember rightly) to have friendly contact with this great man, now dead; and in this relationship, where respect on my side and kindness on his did not exclude mutual confidence and familiarity, I was able to form at leisure extremely accurate notions not only on his method but also on the most intimate qualities of his great soul.

You will not expect me, sir, to embark here on a detailed analysis of the works of Delacroix. Apart from the fact that each of us has done that according to his power, as and when the great painter showed the public the successive productions of his thought, the list of these is so long that, even allowing only a few lines to each of his major works, an analysis of this sort would well nigh fill a volume. Let it suffice for us to give a rapid summary.

His monumental paintings cover the walls of the Salon du Roi at the Chambre des Députés, of the Library of the Chambre des Députés, of the Library of the Luxemburg Palace, of the Galerie d'Apollon at the Louvre, and of the Salon de la Paix at the Hôtel de Ville. These decorative pieces include an enormous mass of allegorical, religious and historical subjects, all of which belong to the highest spheres of human intelligence. As for his so-called easel pictures, his sketches, grisailles, water-colours, etc. - the total reaches an approximate figure of 236.

The great compositions exhibited at different Salons number seventy-seven. I am taking these facts from the catalogue that M. Théophile Silvestre published at the end of his excellent study of Eugène Delacroix in his book entitled Histoire des Peintres Vivants.

I have myself tried more than once to draw up this enormous catalogue; but my patience was invariably exhausted by this unbelievable fecundity, and in the end I gave up the unequal struggle. If M. Théophile Silvestre has made any mistakes, it can be only by omission.

To my mind, sir, the important thing here is simply to look for the characteristic quality of Delacroix's genius and to try and define it; to ask ourselves in what way he differs from his illustrious predecessors, whilst equalling them; and finally to show, in so far as the written word allows, the magical art thanks to which he succeeded in translating the spoken word into plastic images, more full of life and more appropriate than those of any other creator of the same profession: in short, to show what speciality Providence had entrusted to Eugène Delacroix in the historical development of painting.

I

What is Delacroix? What was his role and what his duty in this world? That is the first question we must examine. I shall be brief, and I aim to arrive at immediate conclusions. Flanders has Rubens, Italy has Raphael and Veronese; France has Lebrun, David and Delacroix.

A superficial mind may be shocked, at first sight, by my bracketing together these names, which stand for such different qualities and methods. But a more penetrating spiritual eye will see at once that there is, between them all, a common relationship, a kind of brotherhood or cousinage, stemming from their love of the great, the national, the immense and the universal, a love that has always found expression in so-called decorative painting and in what are known as great machines.

Many others, no doubt, have executed great machines; but those I have named did them in the manner most likely to leave an eternal mark in human memory. Which is the greatest of these men, so diverse in their greatness? Each of us is free to decide that as he pleases, according to whether by nature he is inclined to prefer the prolific, shining, almost jovial abundance of Rubens, or the soft majesty and eurhythmic order of Raphael, the paradisal and land-of-afternoon colours of Veronese, the austere and intense severity of David, or the dramatic and quasiliterary fluency of Lebrun.

None of these men can be replaced; they had a similar aim but used different methods, drawn from their personal natures. Delacroix, the last-comer, expressed with admirable vehemence and fervour what the others had conveyed only incompletely. In doing so, did he perhaps sacrifice other qualities, as his predecessors, for that matter, did before him? It may be so, but that is not the question that claims our attention.

Many others besides me have taken care to emphasize the inevitable consequences of an essentially personal genius; and it could also well be,

after all, that the finest expressions of genius elsewhere than in purest heaven - here below, in other words, where even perfection is imperfect - can be achieved only at the price of inevitable sacrifice.

But 'Come, sir!' you will doubtless be saying, 'what then is this mysterious, indefinable something that Delacroix, to the great glory of our age, has communicated better than anyone else?' The answer is: the invisible, the impalpable, reverie, the nerves, the soul; and this he did - pray, sir, take good note of this - without any means other than contour and colour; he did it better than anyone you care to mention; he did it with the perfection of a consummate painter, with the rigour of a subtle writer, the eloquence of a passionate musician. It is one element in the diagnosis of the spiritual climate of our age, be it added, that the arts strive, if not to substitute for one another, at least to lend each other new power and strength, by the help of their own.

Delacroix is the most suggestive of all painters, the one whose works, even those chosen from amongst the minor or inferior ones, give the most food for thought, and recall to mind the greatest sum of poetic feelings and thought already experienced, but believed to have been engulfed for ever in the night of time.

The work of Delacroix sometimes seems to me to be like a mnemonic device of the greatness and the inborn passions of universal man. This peculiar and wholly new merit of M. Delacroix, which enabled him to express simply by contour man's gesture, however violent, and to evoke with colour alone what might be called the atmosphere of the human drama, or the spiritual mood of the creator - this quality, peculiar to him, has always drawn to him the sympathy of all poets; and, if it were legitimate to draw a philosophic proof from a purely material phenomenon, I would ask you to notice, sir, that in the crowd that gathered to pay him the last honours, many

more writers could be counted than painters. To put it crudely, the truth is that the latter have never fully understood him.

II

And what, after all, is so surprising about that? Do we not know that the age of the Michelangelos, the Raphaels, the Leonardo da Vincis, yes, and even of the Reynoldses, is long since passed, and that the general intellectual level of artists has gone down markedly? Doubtless it would be unfair to look for philosophers, poets and scientists amongst contemporary artists; but it would be legitimate to expect from them a greater degree of interest than they evince in religion, poetry and the sciences.

Beyond the walls of their studios what do they know? What do they like? What do they want to express? Eugène Delacroix, on the other hand, was, as well as a painter devoted to his art, a man of general culture, in contrast to other modern artists, who are for the most part scarcely more than well-known or obscure daubers, gloomy specialists, be they old or young; craftsmen pure and simple, some of them with the knack of producing academic figures, others fruit, others again cattle. Eugène Delacroix loved everything, could paint everything and was capable of appreciating every kind of talent. His was a mind open to all ideas and to all impressions; he was the most eclectic and impartial lover of all experience.

A great reader, that goes without saying. His readings from the poets left him with awe-inspiring visions, quickly achieving sharpness of outline: ready-made pictures, so to speak. However different he may have been from his master, Guérin, in his method and his colour, he inherited, from the great republican and imperial school, the love of the poets and an indefinably

vigorous spirit of rivalry with the written word. David, Guérin and Girodet set their minds aflame by contact with Homer, Virgil, Racine and Ossian. Delacroix was the moving translator of Shakespeare, Dante, Byron and Ariosto. There is an important similarity, and a slight difference.

But let us now, by your leave, Mr Editor, go more deeply into what might be called the teaching of the master, teaching that, for me, arises not only from the successive contemplation of all his works and of several side by side, as one was able to enjoy them at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, but also from many a conversation I had with the artist himself.

III

Delacroix was passionately in love with passion, and coldly determined to seek the means of expressing passion in the most visible manner. In this dual character, be it said in passing, we find the two distinguishing marks of the most substantial geniuses, extreme geniuses, scarcely created to please timorous souls who are easy to satisfy, and find adequate nourishment in flabby, soft, imperfect works. An immense thrust of passion coupled with formidable will-power, such was the man.

And he was fond of repeating: 'Since I consider the impression communicated by nature to the artist as the most important thing to translate, is it not necessary that he should be forearmed with all the quickest means of translation?'

It is clear that, in his eyes, imagination was the most precious gift, the most important faculty, but that this faculty remained powerless and sterile if it did not have at its command a swift technical skill, capable of following the great despotic faculty in its impatient flights of fancy. There was certainly no

need for him to stoke up the fires of his imagination, constantly at white heat; but he always found the day too short for the study of the technical means of expression.

To that ceaseless preoccupation must be attributed his unremitting researches into colour and the quality of colours, his interest in problems of chemistry and his discussion with colour manufacturers. In this matter he comes close to Leonardo da Vinci, who was also a prey to these obsessions.

In spite of his admiration for the ardent phenomena of life, never can Eugène Delacroix be confused with that mob of vulgar artists and writers whose myopic intelligence shelters behind that vague and obscure word realism. The first time I saw M. Delacroix, in 1845, I believe it was (how the swift and voracious years flow away!), we talked about many commonplace subjects, in other words, questions vast in scope and yet of the simplest: nature, for example. At this point, sir, I shall, with your permission, quote a passage of my own, for a paraphrase would not be as good as the words I once wrote, almost under the master's dictation: 'Nature is but a dictionary,' he was fond of saying. To understand clearly the full meaning implied in this remark, we must bear in mind the numerous and ordinary uses a dictionary is put to. We look up the meaning of words, the derivation of words, the etymology of words; and, finally, we get from a dictionary all the component parts of sentences and ordered narrative; but no one has ever thought of a dictionary as a composition in the poetic sense of the word. Painters who obey imagination consult their dictionaries in search of elements that fit in with their conceptions; and even then, in arranging them with artistry, they give them a wholly new appearance. Those who have no imagination copy the dictionary, from which arises a very great vice, the vice of banality, to which are particularly exposed those painters whose speciality lies nearest to

socalled inanimate nature: the landscape artists, for example, who regard it generally as a triumph if they can conceal their personalities. They contemplate so much that in the end they forget to feel and to think.

'For this great painter, all the areas of art, of which one man selects this one, and another that one, as the most important, were - are, I mean - no more than the most humble handmaids of a unique and superior faculty. If a very neat execution is necessary, that is so that the dream may be very clearly translated; if it should be very quick, that is to ensure that nothing is lost of the extraordinary impression that accompanied the birth of the idea; if the artist should pay attention to the cleanness of his tools, that too is easily understood, since every precaution should be taken to ensure that the execution is nimble and decisive.'

In passing be it added that, never in my life, did I see a palette so minutely and delicately prepared as Delacroix's. It looked like a bouquet of skilfully assorted flowers.

'In such a method, which is essentially logical, all the figures, their grouping in relation to each other, the landscape or interior that provides their background or horizon, their clothes, everything, in short, must serve to shed light on the general idea, and wear its original colour - its livery, so to speak. Just as a dream is bathed in its own appropriate atmosphere, so a conception, become composition, needs to have its being in a setting of colour peculiar to itself. Obviously a given tone will be attributed to some portion or other of the picture, and this then becomes the key, controlling all the others. Everyone knows that yellow, orange and red inspire and represent ideas of joy, wealth, glory and love; but there are thousands of yellow or red atmospheres, and all the other colours will be modified logically and in given proportions by the dominant atmosphere. The art of the colourist is evidently

connected, in some respects, with mathematics and music.

'Yet its most delicate operations are the result of a sentiment which long practice has brought to a degree of sureness that defeats description. It will be seen that this great law of overall harmony condemns many garish efforts and raw daubings, even though by the hand of the most illustrious painters. There are some paintings by Rubens that remind us, not only of a coloured firework, but of several fireworks set off on the same ground. The bigger the picture, the broader must be the touches of colour, that goes without saying; but the touches are better not worked into each other; they melt naturally together, at a given distance, by the law of sympathy that brought them together. In this way colour gains in energy and freshness.

'A good picture, faithful and worthy of the dreams that gave it birth, must be created like a world. Just as the creation, as we see it, is the result of several creations, the earlier ones always being completed by the later, so a harmonically fashioned picture consists of a series of superimposed pictures, each fresh surface giving added reality to the dream, and raising it by one degree towards perfection. In complete contrast, I remember seeing, in the studios of Paul Delaroche and Horace Vernet, enormous canvases, not broadly sketched in, but begun piecemeal, in other words, completely finished in certain areas whilst others existed only in a black or white outline. This sort of product could be compared to a purely manual type of work, to which is assigned the job of covering a given area in a given time, or to a long road divided into a large number of stages. As soon as one stage has been completed, that is the end of that, and when the road has been followed throughout its whole length, the artist is delivered of his picture.

'All these precepts are, of course, modified, more or less, by the different temperaments of the artists. But I am convinced that the foregoing is the

surest method for men with rich imaginations. It follows that too great deviations from the method in question are proof that an abnormal and unjustified importance is being attributed to some secondary aspect of art.

'I am not afraid of its being said that it is absurd to imagine a single system of teaching being applied to a crowd of different individuals. For it is evident that systems of rhetoric and prosody are not arbitrarily invented forms of tyranny, but collections of rules demanded by the very structure of a man's spiritual being. Nor have systems of rhetoric and prosody ever prevented originality from showing itself clearly. The contrary, namely that they have helped the flowering of originality, would be infinitely truer.

'For the sake of brevity, I must omit a number of corollaries deriving from the main principle, which, so to speak, contains within itself the whole code of true aesthetics, and may be expressed as follows: the whole visible universe is nothing but a storehouse of images and signs, to which man's imagination will assign a place and relative value; it is a kind of pasture for the imagination to digest and transform. All the faculties of the human soul must be subordinated to the imagination, which puts them all under contribution at once. Just as a good knowledge of the dictionary does not necessarily imply a knowledge of the art of composition, and the art of composition itself does not imply the gift of universal imagination, so a good painter may well not be a great painter, but a great painter is of necessity a skilful painter, because a universal imagination comprises the understanding of all technical means and the desire to acquire them.

'From the ideas I have just explained to the best of my ability (and how many more things there would be to say, particularly on the areas of common ground between the arts and the similarities between their methods), it is evident that the immense group of artists, or, in other words, of men

dedicated to artistic expression, may be divided into two very distinct camps. In one, we have those who call themselves "realists", a word with a double meaning, and the sense of which is not precisely determined; to bring out more clearly their error, we will call them "positivists". The "positivist" says: "I want to represent things as they are, or as they would be on the assumption that I did not exist." The universe without man. In the other camp, there are the imaginative ones who say: "I want to illuminate things with my mind and cast its reflection on other minds." Although both these methods, which are diametrically opposed, may enhance or diminish any subject, from a religious scene to the most modest landscape, yet the imaginative man must usually have come to the fore in religious painting and in fantasy, whereas genre paintings, so-called, and landscape must, on the face of it, have offered vast resources to lazy minds not easily stimulated...

'Delacroix's imagination! Here was an imagination that never feared to scale the difficult heights of religion; heaven belongs to it, just as hell does, and war, and Olympus and pleasure. He surely is the archetype of the painter-poet! He surely is one of the rare elect, and the breadth of his mind brings religion into its domain. His imagination, as fiercely bright as a mortuary chapel, is alight with every shade of flame and crimson. All the grief in the Passion enthrals him; all the splendours in the Church fill him with light. Onto his inspired canvases he pours blood, light and darkness, by turns. I believe he would gladly add his own natural magnificence to the majesty of the Gospel, as an extra offering.

'I remember seeing a little Annonciation by Delacroix, where the angel, messenger to Mary, was not alone but ceremoniously escorted by two other angels, and the impact of this heavenly company was powerful and full of charm. One of his early paintings, Le Christ aux Oliviers ("Lord, take thou

this cup from me"), is suffused with feminine tenderness and poetic suavity. The suffering and the majesty which resound so loudly in religion always awaken an echo in his mind.'

And still more recently, with reference to the Chapel of the Holy Angels at St Sulpice (Héliodore, chassé du Temple and La Lutte de Jacob avec l'Ange), his last great work, so inanely criticized, I said: 'Never, not even in the Clémence de Trajan, not even in L'Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople, has Delacroix displayed a sense of colour more splendidly and more learnedly supernatural; never has he executed a drawing more deliberately epic. I am well aware that some people, stonemasons, no doubt, architects perhaps, have pronounced the word decadence with reference to this last work. This is the place for me to recall that the great masters, poets or painters, Hugo or Delacroix, are always several years ahead of their timid admirers.

'In relation to genius the public are like a clock that is losing. Amongst perceptive people, who does not understand that the first picture by the Master contained all the others in embryo? But that he should constantly perfect his natural gifts, that he should sharpen them with care, draw new effects from them, that he should himself drive his nature to the utmost, that is inevitable, inescapable, and praiseworthy. The principal feature of Delacroix's genius is precisely that it knows not decadence; it displays only progress. But his original qualities were so powerful and so rich, and they made such a vigorous impact on even the most commonplace minds, that the latter are insensitive to his daily progress; only informed minds can perceive it clearly.

'I referred just now to the remarks of certain masons. For me, the word describes that class of gross materialistic minds (their number is legion) that

take an appreciative interest in objects only by their contour or worse still on a three-dimensional basis: breadth, length and depth, just as savages or peasants do. I have often heard people of that sort draw up a hierarchy of qualities, which was totally unintelligible to me; they would maintain, for example, that the faculty that enables this man to create an exact contour or that man a contour of supernatural beauty is superior to the faculty that can assemble colours in an enchanting manner. According to these people colour has no power to dream, to think or speak. It would appear that when I contemplate the works of those men especially known as colourists, I am giving myself up to a pleasure that is not of a noble kind; for twopence they would stamp me as a materialist, reserving for themselves the aristocratic epithet of spiritualists.

'These shallow minds do not reflect that the two faculties can never be entirely separated and that both are the result of an original seed carefully cultivated. External nature does no more than provide the artist with an ever-recurring chance of cultivating the seed; nature is no more than an uncoordinated mass of material that the artist is invited to assemble and put in order, an incitamentum, an alarm-clock for the slumbering faculties. To speak with precision, there is in nature neither line nor colour. It is man that creates line and colour. Both are abstractions drawing their equal dignity from the same origin.

'As a child, a draughtsman born will see in nature, whether still or moving, a number of sinuous shapes from which he gets some pleasure and which he enjoys recording by lines on paper, accentuating or reducing as the spirit moves him their inflections. In this way he learns how to produce curves, elegance and character in drawing. Now let us imagine the case of a child destined to perfect that part of art called colour: it is from the collision

or happy union of two tones and the pleasure he gets from it that he will derive the inexhaustible knowledge of tone combinations. In both cases nature has acted exclusively as a stimulus.

'Both line and colour arouse thought and induce reverie; the pleasures that flow from these are different in kind, but perfectly equal and absolutely independent of the subject of the picture.

'A picture by Delacroix, placed too far away for you to be able to assess the merits of the contours or the greater or lesser dramatic quality of the subject, offers even at that distance a supernatural pleasure. It is as though a magical atmosphere has moved towards you and is enveloping you. This impression, gloomy and yet delightful, luminous but calm, and planted for ever in your memory, is the proof of the genuine, the perfect colourist. Nor will the act of analysing the subject when you come closer take anything away from this initial pleasure, or add anything to it, its source being elsewhere and far removed from any defined thought.

'I can reverse the example. A well-drawn figure inspires in you a pleasure that is quite foreign to the subject. Be it voluptuous or frightening, this figure owes its charm exclusively to the pattern it describes in space. The limbs of a martyr being flayed alive, or the body of a nymph in a swoon, provided they are skilfully drawn, offer a species of pleasure in which the nature of the subject counts for nothing; if it were otherwise for you, you would oblige me to write you down as a torturer or an amorist.

'But alas! what is the good, what is the good of for ever repeating these useless truths?'

Yet perhaps, sir, your readers will value all this rhetoric less than the details I am myself impatient to give them on the personality and the way of life of our lamented great painter.

IV

It is particularly in the writings of Eugène Delacroix that the duality of nature I was referring to emerges. Many people, as you yourself know, sir, were surprised at the wisdom of his written opinions and the moderation of his style, a matter of regret for some people, for others a reason for approval. Les Variations du beau, the studies on Poussin, Prud'hon and Charlet, and the other pieces published either in L'Artiste, which then belonged to M. Ricourt, or even in the Revue des Deux Mondes, only serve to confirm this dual character of great artists, which leads them, as critics, to praise and analyse with special relish the qualities which they stand in most need of as creative artists and which are the antithesis of those they possess in abundance. If Eugène Delacroix had praised and commended the things we particularly admire in him, his violence, the decisive gesture, the tumultuousness of his composition, the magic of his colour, that in truth would have been good reason for astonishment. Why look for the things we possess superabundantly, and how may we avoid the urge to extol the things that seem rarer to us and more difficult to acquire? We shall always see the same phenomenon emerge, Mr Editor, in creative geniuses, whether painters or writers, every time they apply their faculties to criticism. At the time of the great struggle between the two schools, the classic and the romantic, the simpletons gaped in surprise when they heard Eugène Delacroix constantly vaunting Racine, La Fontaine and Boileau. I know a poet, naturally given to storm and stress, who goes into prolonged ecstasy over a line of Malherbe, symmetrical and musically four-square.

Moreover, however wise, sensible, and clearly defined in expression and

intention the great painter's literary fragments may seem to us, it would be absurd for us to think they were written easily and with the same sureness of attack as his brush displays. He was as confident of writing what he thought on canvas as he was worried at his inability to paint his thought on paper. 'The pen', he was fond of saying, 'is not my tool; I feel that I am thinking right, but the need for ordered argument, which I am forced to observe, puts me off. Would you believe it, but the fact of having to write a page of text gives me a migraine?' This awkwardness, which comes from lack of practice, accounts for certain rather threadbare, rather poncif, and even First Empire expressions that fell too often from a pen otherwise distinguished.

The most obviously characteristic features of Delacroix's style are conciseness, and a kind of intensity without ostentation, the usual type of thing arising from concentrating the whole of one's spiritual powers on a given point. 'The hero is he who is immovably centred,' says Emerson, the transatlantic moralist, who may have the reputation of being the leader of the boring Bostonian school, but who nonetheless has a certain touch of Seneca about him, which can well be a spur to meditation. 'The hero is he who is immovably centred' - the maxim that the leader of American 'transcendentalism' applies to the conduct of life and to the sphere of business - may equally well be applied to the domain of poetry and art. One could just as well say: 'The hero of literature, the true writer, in other words, is he who is immovably centred.' You will not therefore be surprised to learn, sir, that Delacroix had a very pronounced sympathy for concise and concentrated writers, those whose prose, little encumbered with ornaments of style, appears to imitate the quick movement of thought, and whose sentences have the decisiveness of a gesture, Montesquieu, for example. I can give you a curious example of this fruitful and poetic brevity. No doubt you have read,

as I have, a very interesting and very fine study by M. Paul de Saint-Victor, which appeared recently in La Presse, on the ceiling of the Galerie d'Apollon. The various conceptions of the flood, the way the legends about the deluge should be interpreted, the inner meaning of the scenes and actions that go to make up the whole of this marvellous piece of painting, nothing has been forgotten; and the painting itself is minutely described in that charming style, as witty as it is colourful, of which the author has given us so many examples. Yet the whole thing will leave only a formless shadow of itself in our memories, something like the very pale light of a photographic enlargement. Compare this lengthy passage with the following few lines, to my mind much more vigorous and more conducive to creating a mental picture, even if one were to suppose that the picture they sum up did not exist. I am simply giving what is said in the programme distributed by M. Delacroix to his friends when he invited them to come and see the work in question:

Apollo, conqueror of the serpent Python

Mounted on his chariot, the god has already shot a number of his arrows; his sister Diana behind him, in full cry, offers him her quiver. The hideous reptile, bleeding from wounds already inflicted by the arrows of the god of heat and life, is seen in its death throes, writhing with impotent rage, and enveloped in a fiery haze. The waters of the deluge are beginning to recede, leaving the corpses of men and animals behind them on the mountain tops, or carrying them away. The gods are indignant at the sight of the earth delivered over to ill-shapen monsters, foul spawn of primeval slime. They have armed themselves, as Apollo has done; Minerva and Mercury are seen springing forward to exterminate them, that eternal wisdom may in time repeople the solitude of the universe. Hercules is crushing them with his club; Vulcan, the god of fire, is driving night and its fetid vapours before him, while Boreas and the Zephyrs dry up the waters with their breath and scatter the remnants of the clouds. The nymphs of the

rivers and the streams have returned to their withy beds and their urn, still soiled with mire and debris. A number of shyer divinities are watching from a distance this struggle between the gods and the elements. Meanwhile, from highest heaven, Victory is shown coming down to crown Apollo victor, and Iris, messenger of the gods, unfurls in the soft air her veil, symbol of light's triumph over darkness and the rebellion of the waters.

I know the reader will have to imagine a great deal and collaborate, so to speak, with the author of the explanatory note; but do you honestly think, sir, that my admiration for the painter has transformed me into a visionary in this case, and that I am wholly wrong in claiming to see here the traces of aristocratic habits, acquired by reading good books, and of that precision of thought which has enabled society folk, soldiers, adventurers and even courtiers to write, with careless unconcern, mighty fine books, which we professional writers cannot help admiring?

V

Eugène Delacroix was a strange mixture of scepticism, courtesy, dandyism, fiery will, guile, despotism, and, withal, of a species of particular kindness and restrained tenderness that always accompanies genius. His father belonged to that race of strong men, the last of whom we knew in our childhood: some of them were fervent apostles of Jean-Jacques, others were convinced disciples of Voltaire, but all of them took part with equal determination in the French Revolution; and their survivors, Jacobins or left-wing progressives, rallied in perfect good faith (it is important to remember) to the policies of Bonaparte.

Eugène Delacroix always retained traces of this revolutionary

background. It may be said of him, as of Stendhal, that he was frightened to death of being taken in. Sceptical and aristocratic as he was, his experience of passion and the supernatural came to him only through his enforced acquaintance with reverie. A hater of the masses, he thought of them only as iconoclasts, and the violence suffered at their hands by some of his own works in 1848 was scarcely calculated to convert him to the political sentimentality of our times. In his bearing, manners and opinions, there was even something in him reminiscent of Victor Jacquemont. I know that the comparison is slightly unflattering, and I therefore intend it to be taken only with reserve. There was, in Jacquemont, a suggestion of a middle-class wit, with a chip on his shoulder, and a waggishness that was as ready to fool the priests of Brahma as those of Jesus Christ. Delacroix, guided by the good taste always inherent in genius, could never have stooped to such low tricks. My comparison, therefore, refers only to the spirit of cautiousness and moderation that marks them both. In the same way, the hereditary traits which the eighteenth century had left in his nature seemed to be borrowed particularly from that class as far removed from utopians as from madmen, the class of polite sceptics, the victors and survivors, who, generally, derived from Voltaire, rather than Jean-Jacques. Thus at first sight, Eugène Delacroix appeared simply as a man of the 'Enlightenment' in the best sense of the word, a perfect gentleman without prejudices and without passions. Only by cultivating his society more assiduously could one penetrate the veneer, and become aware of the deeper recesses of his soul. A man to whom he could more legitimately be compared, in his outward bearing and manners, is M. Mérimée. He had the same apparent coldness, slightly affected, the same icy mantle covering modest sensitiveness and an ardent passion for what is good and beautiful; under the same simulated egoism was to be found the same

devotion to personal friends and dearly held ideas.

There was something of the recluse in Eugène Delacroix; that was the most precious side of his nature, the side entirely dedicated to giving pictorial form to his dreams, and to the worship of his art. There was something in him of the society man; that part of him was destined to hide the other, and to allay any resentment it could cause. I believe it to have been one of the great preoccupations of his life to conceal the waves of anger welling up in his heart, and to appear not to be a man of genius. His spirit of domination, which was perfectly legitimate, inevitable moreover, had almost disappeared under the cloak of countless kindnesses. One could have compared him to the crater of a volcano artistically hidden under a bouquet of flowers.

Another point of resemblance with Stendhal was his liking for simple formulas, brief maxims, for the good conduct of life. Like all people whose liking for method is all the greater because their ardent and sensitive temperament seems to turn them away from it, Delacroix liked fashioning those little catechisms of practical morality, which nit-wits and layabouts without an aim in life are likely to attribute disdainfully to M. de la Palisse, but which genius does not despise because genius is related to simplicity; sound, strong, simple, hard maxims that are a breast-plate and shield for the man driven by genius into an everlasting battle.

Need I tell you that the same spirit of unshakeable and disdainful wisdom inspired the opinions of M. Delacroix in political matters? He believed that nothing changes, although everything appears to change, and that certain climacteric periods in the history of nations invariably bring back analogous phenomena. In fact, his thought in this sort of question came very close, especially in its aspects of cold and distressing resignation, to the thought of a historian I, for my part, have a great respect for, and whom you,

sir, who are so familiar with these arguments and can appreciate talent even when it contradicts you, have surely been constrained to admire more than once. I refer to M. Ferrari, the subtle and learned author of the Histoire de la Raison d'État. Inevitably, any talker who, in the presence of M. Delacroix, let himself go in childish utopian enthusiasms very soon felt the effect of his bitter laugh, informed with sarcastic pity; and if, incautiously, one were, in his hearing, to launch the grand chimera of modern times, the monster-balloon of perfectibility and indefinite progress, he was fond of asking: 'Where then are your Phidiases? Where are your Raphaels?'

You may be sure, on the other hand, that M. Delacroix's robust good sense in no way detracted from his charm of manner. This vigorous incredulity, this refusal to be taken in, gave a kind of Byronic flavour to his conversation, so full of poetry and colour. He had also, drawn from within himself much more than derived from his long experience of society - from himself, that is his genius, and from the knowledge of his genius - a self-confidence, a wonderful ease of manner, and with them a politeness that emitted, like a prism, every shade from the most cordial bonhomie to the most irreproachable brush-off. He had a good twenty ways of saying 'Mon cher monsieur', in which a practised ear could detect a remarkable scale of feelings. For after all, I must add, since the fact strikes me as another reason for praise, Eugène Delacroix, although a man of genius, or because he was a complete man of genius, had much of the dandy about him. He himself admitted that, in his youth, he had indulged with joy in all the material vanities of dandyism, and, laughing at himself but not without a suspicion of self-glorification, told how, with the help of his friend Bonington, he had worked hard to implant in the fashionable younger set the taste for English cut in footwear and clothes. This detail, I presume, will not seem out of place

to you; for no memories are superfluous when we are portraying the nature of certain men.

I have told you that what particularly struck the attentive observer was the natural part of Delacroix's soul, in spite of the obscuring veil cast over it by our refined way of life. He was full of energy, but an energy that came from the nerves and the will; for physically he was frail and delicate. The tiger, shadowing his prey, has less glint in his eyes and impatient twitching of his muscles than our great painter showed, when his whole soul was pinpointed on an idea, or wanted to take possession of adream. The physical character of his features, his Peruvian or Malaysian complexion, his big dark eyes, which seemed to get smaller as they blinked in concentration, appeared to be sipping at the light, his mass of glossy hair, his obstinate brow, his tight lips, to which the constant tension of his will imparted a cruel expression, his whole person, in fact, conveyed the idea of an exotic origin. More than once, as I stood looking at him, there came into my mind a vision of the ancient rulers of Mexico, of Montezuma, whose hand, practised in sacrificial rites, could dispatch, in the space of a single day, three thousand human creatures on the pyramidal altar of the sun, or one of the Hindu princes who, in the splendours of the most glorious festivals, have, in the depths of their eyes, a look of unsatisfied greed and an inexplicable nostalgia, something that might be the memory of things unknown and yearning for them. Pray note that the general tonality of Delacroix's paintings also conforms to the colour appropriate to eastern landscapes and interiors, and that it produces an impression analogous to that felt in tropical lands, where a vast diffusion of light creates, for the sensitive eye, a general effect that is quasicrepuscular in spite of the intensity of local tones. The morality of his works, if in fact one may legitimately speak of morality in painting, also has a visible connection

with Moloch; nothing in his work that does not tell of desolation, massacres, fire; everything bears witness against the everlasting and incorrigible barbarity of man; cities set alight and smoking, murder and rape, children thrown under the horses' hooves, or stabbed by mothers unhinged with horror; the whole work, I repeat, is like a terrible hymn composed in honour of fate and inescapable grief. Sometimes he found it possible to apply his brush to the expression of tender and voluptuous feelings, for he certainly did not lack tenderness; but there too the incurable sense of bitterness was present in strong degree, whilst carefree joy, the usual companion of simple pleasure, was absent. Only once, I think, did he make a tentative incursion into drollery and buffoonery, and, as though he had guessed that to be beyond and beneath his nature, he never came back to it.

VI

I know a number of people who have the right to say Odi profanum vulgus; but which of them can add triumphantly et arceo [I hate the vulgar crowd ... and keep at a distance]? Handshakes, too freely given, debase the character. If ever a man had an 'ivory tower', well defended by bars and bolts, it was Eugène Delacroix. Who more than he has loved his 'ivory tower', his privacy, in other words? I believe he would willingly have armed it with cannon, and removed it to the depth of a forest or to the top of an inaccessible rock. Who more than he has loved his home, both sanctuary and den? Others may seek privacy for the sake of debauchery; he sought it for the sake of inspiration, and he indulged in veritable orgies, of work. 'The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation,' says the American philosopher we have already quoted.

M. Delacroix could have been the author of that maxim; in any case he certainly practised it with austerity. He was too much a man of society not to despise society; and the efforts he made to avoid being too visibly himself drove him naturally to enjoy our society most. 'Our' does not imply merely the humble author of these lines; but also some others, young or old, journalists, poets, musicians, amongst whom he could freely relax and let himself go.

In his delightful monograph study on Chopin, Liszt numbers Delacroix amongst the musician-poet's most frequent visitors, and says that he loved to fall into deep reverie at the sound of that delicate and passionate music, which evokes a brightly coloured bird, hovering over the horrors of a bottomless pit.

And so it came about that, owing to our very genuine admiration, we were admitted, though still very young at the time, into that well-guarded studio, where the temperature, despite our inclement climate, was equatorial, and where the first thing that struck the visitor's eye was the air of restrained solemnity, and that austerity peculiar to the old school. Exactly similar were the studios, seen in our childhood, of the former rivals of David, men of touching heroism, long since gone. To penetrate this retreat was to feel at once that it could not be the abode of a frivolous mind excited by a thousand incoherent whims.

No rusty armour, no Malayan kukris, no old Gothic ironwork, no trinkets, no old clothes, no bric-à-brac, nothing that reveals in its owner a liking for the latest trifle, or for wandering away in childish dreaming. A wonderful portrait by Jordaens, which he had unearthed heaven knows where, a few studies, and a number of copies, done by the master himself, were all the decoration to be seen in this vast studio, where reigned a spirit of

reflection, bathed in a soft, peaceful light.

These copies will probably be seen at the sale of Delacroix's drawings and pictures due to take place, so I am told, next January. He had two very distinct manners in copying. One, the free and broad, was compounded of fidelity and infidelity, and into it he put a great deal of himself. From this manner a bastard and delightful product emerged, throwing the mind into an agreeable state of uncertainty. It is in this paradoxical guise that I first saw a copy of the Miracles de Saint Benoît by Rubens. In his other manner, Delacroix becomes his model's most obedient and humble slave, and he achieved an exactness of imitation that those people may well doubt who have not seen these miracles. Such, for example, are the copies made of two heads by Raphael in the Louvre, where the expression, the style and manner are imitated with such perfect naturalness that nothing could be easier than to take the originals for the translations and vice versa.

After a luncheon lighter than an Arab's, and having arranged the colours on his palette with as much care as a flower girl or a cloth vendor, Delacroix would strive once more to recapture the interrupted flow of ideas; but before launching into his stormy work, he would often experience a feeling of languor or of terror, or of exasperation that recalls the pythoness fleeing the presence of the God, or Jean-Jacques Rousseau frittering his time away or tidying up papers and books for a whole hour before putting pen to paper. But once the fascination had gripped the artist, he would stop only when overcome by physical fatigue.

One day as we were discussing a matter of abiding interest to artists and writers, namely the tonic effect of work and the conduct of life, he said to me: 'Years ago, when I was young, I could settle down to work only when I had some pleasure in prospect for the evening. Some music, or dancing, or any

other sort of entertainment. But nowadays I am no longer like a schoolboy; I can work without ceasing and without any hope of reward. Moreover,' he added, 'if only you knew how broad-minded and easy to please hard work makes one when it comes to pleasures! The man who has filled his working day to his own satisfaction will be quite happy in the company of the local street porter, playing cards with him!'

This remark made me think of Machiavelli playing at dice with the peasants. One day, a Sunday, I caught sight of Delacroix in the Louvre; with him was his old maid, the one who looked after him so devotedly, and served him for thirty years. He, the man of fashion, the dandy, the scholar, was not at all above showing and explaining the mysteries of Assyrian sculpture to this worthy woman, who, moreover, was listening to him with unaffected attention. The image of Machiavelli and the memory of my conversation years before at once came into my mind.

The truth is that in his last years, all the things we commonly call pleasure had disappeared from his life. One pleasure only, harsh, demanding, terrible, had replaced them all: work, which by then was no longer merely a passion but could well have been called a craving.

After devoting all the hours of daylight to painting, either in his studio or on the scaffoldings to which his big decorative work called him, Delacroix still found strength in his love of art, and he would have felt his day had been badly filled if the evening hours at his fireside had not been used, by the light of the lamp, to draw, to cover his paper with dreams, with projects, with figures he had chanced to catch a glimpse of in the daily round, sometimes to copy the drawings of other artists with temperaments wholly opposed to his; for he had a passion for notes and sketches, and used to busy himself with them wherever he might be. For quite a long time, he had a habit of drawing

at the houses of friends with whom he was spending the evening. That is how M. Villot comes to own quite a number of excellent drawings from this prolific pen.

He once said to a young man I know: 'If you have not got the knack of making a sketch of a man who has thrown himself out of the window whilst he is falling from the fourth storey to the ground, you will never be able to go in for the big stuff.' I perceive in that colossal hyperbole the central preoccupation of his whole life, which, as is well known, was to execute a drawing with enough speed and enough exactness to let no particle evaporate of the action's intensity or of the idea.

As many other people have been able to observe, Delacroix was fond of conversation. But the funny thing is that he was suspicious of conversation, as if it were a kind of debauchery, a sort of dissipation in which he ran the risk of wasting his strength. His first words when you went to see him at his studio were: 'We won't have a talk this morning, if you agree? Or else only a very short one.'

And then he would talk for three hours on end. His conversation was startling, subtle but full of facts, memories and anecdotes: in short, full of nourishment.

When he was roused by contradiction, he would withdraw momentarily, and then, instead of delivering a frontal attack on his adversary, a manoeuvre that carries the danger of introducing the brutality of platform oratory into the skirmishes of the drawing-room, he would sport for a while with his opponent, and then return to the attack with a whole lot of unexpected arguments and facts. It was the characteristic talk of a man delighting in conflict, but a slave to courtesy of a wily kind, yielding by design, full of unexpected ruses in flight and attack.

In the intimacy of his studio, he would willingly let himself go to the point of confiding his opinion about living painters, and it was particularly on those occasions that we often had a chance to admire the generosity of genius, which stems perhaps from a particular form of simplicity, or from a capacity to enjoy things easily.

He had an astonishing weakness for Decamps, much out of favour today, but who doubtless still reigned over Delacroix's mind by the power of memory. The same applies to Charlet. He once summoned me to his house for the express purpose of hauling me over the coals about a disrespectful article I had been guilty of on that spoilt child of chauvinism. In vain did I try to explain that it was not the Charlet of the earlier manner that I had been attacking, but the Charlet of the later decadent period: not the noble historian of Napoleon's veterans but the tavern wit. I never succeeded in getting myself forgiven.

He admired Ingres for certain parts of his work, and, to be sure, he needed a powerful critical faculty to admire by force of reason what he must have rejected by temperament. He even went so far as to copy with care the photographs of some of those pencil portraits done with such minute delicacy, where the hard and penetrating talent of M. Ingres, which gains in skill the more circumscribed it is, is to be seen at its best.

The horrible colour tones of Horace Vernet did not prevent Delacroix from feeling the artist's natural strength, which gives life to most of his pictures; and he used to find surprising expressions of praise for this bubbling and indefatigable energy. His admiration for Meissonier went a little too far. He had acquired almost by violence the preparatory drawings for the composition called La Barricade, the best picture by Meissonier, whose talent, moreover, expresses itself much more vigorously in pencil than with

the brush. Of Meissonier he often used to say, as though thinking anxiously of the future: 'After all, of all of us, he is the most certain to survive!' Is it not strange to see the author of such great works casting an envious eye on someone who excels only in little ones?

The only man whose name had the power to draw a few coarse epithets from those aristocratic lips was Paul Delaroche. For the works of that painter he could certainly find no excuse whatever, and he had an ineradicable recollection of what he had suffered at the sight of all that grimy, sour painting, done 'with ink and boot polish', as Théophile Gautier once said.

But the man he liked to choose particularly for launching into lengthy discussions with was the man who was the least like him in talent as in ideas, his diametrical opposite, whose brain, though clouded by the smoky skies of his native town, contains a host of admirable things. I refer to M. Paul Chenavard.

The abstruse theories of this painter-philosopher from Lyons made Delacroix smile, and the abstract principle-chasing pedagogue, on his side, looked upon the sensuous joys of pure painting as frivolous, not to say guilty things. But however distant from each other - and even because of that distance - they liked to come together, and, like two ships locked together by grappling irons, they could no longer part company. Both, moreover, being highly cultivated and endowed with great sociability, they met on the common ground of scholarship. That, as is well known, is not the quality for which artists usually shine.

Chenavard was therefore for Delacroix a great stand-by. It was a real pleasure to see them fighting it out in harmless warfare, the words of the one tramping heavily along like an elephant in full panoply of war, the words of the other as vibrant, as pointed and flexible as a fencing foil. In the last hours

of his life, our great painter expressed the wish to shake his friendly gainsayer by the hand. But the latter was far away at the time.

VII

Sentimental and affected women may perhaps be shocked to learn that, like Michelangelo (pray recall the ending of one of his sonnets: 'Sculpture! Divine sculpture, thou art my only love!'), Delacroix had made of painting his unique muse, his mistress, his sole and sufficient pleasure.

No doubt women had been a major preoccupation in the stormy hours of his youth. Who has not sacrificed too much at the altar of this dangerous idol? And who does not know that it is just those men who have served the idol best who complain of her most? But already long before his end he had cut women out of his life. Had he been a Moslem, he would perhaps not have driven her out of his mosque, but in his inability to understand what sort of dialogue she could have with Allah, he would have felt surprised to see her enter it.

In this matter, as in many others, oriental ideas were coming to take a lively and despotic hold of him. He looked upon woman as an object of art, delightful and made to excite the mind, but an unruly and disturbing object if we allow her to cross the threshold of our hearts, devouring greedily our time and strength.

I remember once in some public place, as I was pointing out to him a woman's face of uncommon beauty and melancholy expression, he condescended to admire its beauty, but said to me, with that characteristic laugh of his: 'How can you think that a woman could be melancholy?' thereby insinuating, no doubt, that women lack an essential something to be capable

of experiencing the sentiment of melancholy.

That, unfortunately, is a most unflattering theory, and, for my part, I would not wish to commend opinions of a kind defamatory to a sex that has so often shown ardent virtues. But who will not agree that it is a theory full of caution; that talent cannot be too cautious in a world where booby-traps abound; and that a man of genius has the privilege of holding certain opinions (provided they do not threaten public order) which would scandalize us in the citizen pure and simple, or the ordinary father of a family.

I must add, at the risk of casting a shadow over his memory, at least in the opinion of wistful souls, that he showed no greater tenderness for children either. In his mind, children always had jam on their fingers (which dirties canvases and paper) or were for ever beating drums (which disturbs meditation), or were as incendiary, and full of dangerous animal spirits, as monkeys.

'I remember well,' he used sometimes to say, 'that when I was a child I was a little monster. The understanding of duty is acquired only very slowly; and only through suffering, punishment and the developing exercise of reason does man diminish, little by little, his natural wickedness.'

Thus, by simple good sense, he was coming back towards the Catholic idea. For it may be said that children in general, and relatively to the grown man in general, are much closer to original sin.

VIII

It was as though Delacroix had treasured up all his sensibility, which was manly and deep, for the austere feeling of friendship. There are some people who take easily to the first-comer; others allow the divine faculty to operate

only on great occasions. The famous man I am speaking to you about with so much pleasure may not have liked being bothered with little things, but he could be helpful, courageous, ardent when important matters were at stake. Those who have known him well have had numerous opportunities of appreciating his wholly English sense of loyalty, punctiliousness and dependability, in social relationships. If he was demanding towards others, he was no less strict with himself.

It is only with sadness and ill-humour that I come to say a few words of certain accusations levelled against Eugène Delacroix. I have heard people tax him with selfishness and even avarice. Pray note, sir, that this reproach is always made, by innumerable hordes of mediocrities, against those who take the trouble to administer their generosity with no less care than their friendship.

Delacroix was very careful with his money; that was the only way for him to be very generous on occasion. I could give several examples of that, but I would hesitate to do it without his authority and that of the people who have had good cause to be glad of him.

Observe too that for many years his paintings fetched poor prices, and that his decorative works swallowed nearly the whole of his salary, when he was not actually out of pocket. He gave many proofs of his own disdain for money when impecunious artists showed their desire to possess one or other of his works. Then, like physicians of a liberal and generous temper, who sometimes insist on being paid for their services and at other times give them for nothing, he would make a present of his pictures or let them go at a knock-down figure.

And finally, sir, let us emphasize that the superior man, more than any other, has to take particular care to defend himself. It is no exaggeration to

say that the whole of society is at war with him. More than once we have been able to see how true that is. His politeness is called coldness; his irony, however subdued, becomes spite; his economy, meanness. But if, on the other hand, the unfortunate man shows himself to be improvident, then, far from showing pity for him, society will say: 'Serve him right; his penury is a punishment for his prodigality.'

I can confidently say that in matters of money and economy Delacroix entirely shared Stendhal's opinion, which reconciled greatness with prudence.

'The intelligent man,' the latter used to say, 'should apply himself to acquiring what is strictly necessary to avoid his having to depend on anybody' (in Stendhal's day, this meant an annual income of 6,000 francs); 'but if, having achieved that degree of security, he wastes time in increasing his fortune, the man's a scoundrel.'

The pursuit of what is necessary, disdain for what is superfluous, that is the conduct of a wise man and a stoic.

One of the great preoccupations of our painter in his latter days, was the thought of what posterity's verdict on him would be, and of the uncertain durability of his works. At one moment his lively imagination would catch fire at the thought of immortal glory; at another, he would speak bitterly of the fragility of canvases and colours. At other times again, he would refer with envy to the old masters, nearly all of whom had had the luck to be translated by skilful engravers who had understood how to adapt their own needles and burins to the nature of the master's talent, and he ardently deplored the fact that he had not found his translator. This friability of the painted work of art, compared with the solidity of the printed work, was one of his habitual themes of conversation.

When this man, who was so frail and so stubborn, so highly strung and

so stout-hearted, this man unique in the annals of European art, the sickly, the chilly artist, for ever dreaming of covering great walls with his powerful conceptions, was carried off by one of those attacks of inflammation of the lungs of which he had an instinctive foreboding, we were all overcome with a feeling similar to the depression of soul, to the growing sense of solitude, that the deaths of Chateaubriand and of Balzac had already made us feel, an experience quite recently renewed by the death of Vigny. There is, in a time of great national mourning, a lowering of the general vitality, a shadow comes over the intellect similar to a solar eclipse, that momentary imitation of the end of the world.

I think, however, that this impression particularly comes to those men who, in their exalted solitariness of soul, succeed in gathering a family about them only by their intellectual relationships. As for other citizens, they learn to know only slowly the great loss their country has suffered by the death of the great man, and the gap he has created by his going. Even then they need telling.

I thank you heartily, sir, for having allowed me to say freely all the things that were suggested to me by the memory of one of the rare geniuses of our unhappy age, both so poor and so rich, now too demanding, now over-generous, and unjust too often.

From The Salon of 1859

Letters to the Editor of the Revue Française

I. The Modern Artist

My dear M****,

When you did me the honour of asking for a critical review of the Salon you said: 'Be brief; do not produce a catalogue but a general survey, something like the account of a brisk philosophic walk round the exhibition.' Well, your wishes will be fully satisfied; not because your programme fits in, which in fact it does, with my own conception of this boring type of article called a 'Salon'; not because this way of tackling it is easier than the other, brevity always demanding greater efforts than prolixity; but simply because, especially in the present case, no other way is possible. Certainly, my quandary would have been more serious if I had found myself lost in a forest of original works, if the modern French temperament had suddenly undergone a change, and, in its purified, rejuvenated state, had put forth such vigorous and variously scented flowers that the result would have been a series of irrepressible Ohs and Ahs of astonishment, abundant praise, a flow of wordy admiration, and the need for new categories in the language of criticism. But fortunately (for me), nothing of that sort happened. No explosions; no unknown geniuses. The thoughts generated by the sight of this Salon are so simple, so ancient, so classic, that relatively few pages will, no doubt, be all I need to develop them. Do not be surprised, therefore, if

banality in the painter has engendered commonplaces in the writer. In any case, you will lose nothing by that; for is there anything (and I am delighted to note that you agree with me in this), anything more charming, more productive, more positively exciting, than the commonplace?

Before I begin, allow me to express a regret that will, I believe, only rarely find expression. We had been told that we were to have some guests to welcome, guests not exactly unknown to us; for the Exhibition in the Avenue Montaigne had already introduced to Parisian exhibitiongoers a number of those charming artists who had been unknown to them far too long. I had therefore looked forward eagerly to renewing my acquaintance with Leslie, that rich, naive and noble humorist, one of the most vigorous embodiments of the British mind; with the two Hunts, one of them a stubborn naturalist, the other the ardent and determined creator of Pre-Raphaelitism; with Maclise, that bold master of composition, as impetuous as he is sure of himself; with Millais, that poet of minute detail; with J. Chalon, that mixture of Claude and Watteau, chronicler of lovely afternoon fêtes in the great Italian parks; with Grant, that natural heir of Reynolds; with Hook, who has the secret of filling his dreams of Venice with a magic light; with that strange Paton, who carries the mind back to Fuseli, and who, with a patience characteristic of another age, embroiders graceful visions of pantheistic chaos; with Cattermole, the painter of historical scenes in water-colour, and with that other astonishing artist, whose name escapes me, architect and dreamer, who builds, on paper, cities with bridges supported by elephants - colossi, under whose legs pass great three-masted schooners in full sail! Wall space had even been reserved for these friends of the imagination and of unusual colour effects, for these, the beloved of the bizarre muse; but alas! for reasons which are unknown to me, and which would, I think, be out of place in your paper, my hopes were

disappointed. And so, tragic fires, gestures in the manner of Kean and Macready, intimate studies of the home, oriental splendours, reflected in the poetic mirror of the English mind, Scottish verdures, enchanting arbours, receding depths in water-colours, as spacious as a stage set and yet so small, we shall not gaze on you, not this time at least. Oh! enthusiastic representatives of the imagination and of the most precious faculties of the soul, were you so badly received at your first coming, and do you think us unworthy of understanding you?

And so, my dear M****, we shall have to content ourselves with France; and, believe me, nothing would give me more intense pleasure than to rise to lyrical heights in speaking of my own country's artists; unhappily, in a critical mind with some experience, patriotism does not play an absolutely tyrannical role, and we have certain humiliating admissions to make. The first time I set foot in this Salon, on the very staircase, I met one of our most subtle and most esteemed critics, and to my first question, the question I could naturally be expected to ask, he replied: 'Flat, mediocre; I have seldom seen so depressing a Salon.' He was both right and wrong. An exhibition that can boast a large number of works by Delacroix, by Penguilly and Fromentin cannot be depressing; but looking at the thing as a whole I came to see that there was truth in what he said. True, mediocrity has always dominated the scene in every age, that is beyond dispute; but what is also as true as it is distressing is that the reign of mediocrity is stronger than ever, to the point of triumphant obtrusiveness. After allowing my gaze to wander round for some time on a crowd of platitudes brought to successful conclusions, so many bits of rubbish carefully licked over with the brush, so many stupid or specious things skilfully constructed, I was led, by the natural trend of my reflections, to consider the artist in the past, setting him alongside the artist of today; and

then, as usual, at the end of my discouraging meditations, the terrible, the eternal 'Why?' arose inevitably before me. It would seem that meanness, puerility, incuriosity, the flat calm of fatuity have taken the place of ardour, nobility, and turbulent ambition, both in the fine arts and in literature; and that nothing, for the moment, gives us grounds for hope of seeing any spiritual flowering comparable with that of the Restoration. Nor am I alone in feeling oppressed by these sour reflections, believe me; and I shall prove it to you presently. I was accordingly saying to myself: in former days, what manner of man was the artist (Lebrun or David, for example)? Lebrun stands for erudition, imagination, knowledge of the past, love of grandeur. David, that colossus, maligned by a crowd of myrmidons, was he not also love of the past, love of grandeur, allied to erudition? And today, what is the artist, that ancient brother-in-arms of the poet? To answer that question well, my dear M⋆⋆⋆⋆, we must not be afraid of being too harsh. Scandalous favouritism sometimes calls for a reaction of equal force. Despite his lack of merit, the artist is today, and for many years has been, simply a spoilt child. Just think of the honours, the money squandered on soulless and uncultivated men! For my part, I certainly do not support introducing into a given art means that are foreign to it; and yet, to give an example, I cannot help feeling some sympathy for an artist like Chenavard, always agreeable, agreeable, that is, like good books, and graceful even when most ponderous. At least with him (and what do I care if he be the target of art students' jokes?) I know I can discuss Virgil or Plato. Préault has a delightful talent; it is his instinctive good taste that flings him on the beautiful like a beast of prey on its natural victim. Daumier is endowed with luminous good sense, and this colours his whole conversation. Ricard, in spite of the dazzling and disjointed nature of his talk, reveals at every turn that he knows a lot, and has done a lot of

comparative study. There is no need, I think, for me to mention Eugène Delacroix's conversation, which is an admirable mixture of philosophic solidity, light wit and burning enthusiasm. Beyond them I can remember no one worthy of conversing with a philosopher or a poet. Apart from them, you will scarcely find anyone but spoiled children. Tell me, I beg, I entreat you, in what drawing-room, in what tavern, in what social or intimate gathering you have ever heard any witty remark come from the lips of a spoilt child, any profound, brilliant, pregnant remark, a thought- or reverie-provoking one, in short a significant remark! If such a remark has been flung out in conversation, it may not have come from a politician or a philosopher, but certainly from a man of some unusual profession, a hunter, a sailor, a chair-mender; but from an artist, a spoilt child - never!

The spoilt child has inherited from his predecessors a privilege which was legitimate in their day. The enthusiasm that greeted David, Guérin, Girodet, Gros, Delacroix, Bonington, still sheds a kindly afterglow on his mean little person; and while good poets and vigorous historians painfully earn a living, the dunder-headed financier pays sumptuous prices for the spoilt child's indecent bits of impertinence. And please note, that if such favours came the way of worthy recipients, I should not complain. I am not one of those people who begrudge a singer or a dancer who has reached the peak of her art a fortune earned by the hard work and the risks that are her daily portion. If I were, I should be afraid of falling into the pernicious ways of the late Girardin, of fraudulent memory, who one day reproached Théophile Gautier for setting a higher price on his imagination than a Sous-Préfet for his services. That, if you remember rightly, happened on one of those ill-starred days when a terrified public heard him talking in Latin: pecudesque locutae [and the beasts spoke]! No, I am not as unjust as all that;

but it is a good thing to raise one's voice and denounce present-day folly when a lovely picture by Delacroix could scarcely find a buyer at a thousand francs, and, at the very same time, the insignificant little figures of Meissonier were fetching ten or even twenty times more. But those happy days are over; now we have sunk even lower, and M. Meissonier, who, in spite of his merits, had the misfortune of introducing and popularizing the taste for the diminutive, is a veritable giant in comparison with our creators of little baubles today.

Imagination discredited, grandeur disdained, love (no, that word is too beautiful) - exclusive concentration on technique, such, I believe, are the main reasons, so far as the artist is concerned, for his decline. The greater the degree of imagination, the surer must be the corresponding mastery of technique, if the latter is to keep pace with the former in its adventurous flights, and to conquer the difficulties imagination eagerly seeks. And the surer his technical mastery, the less the painter should boast and make a parade of it, so that his imagination may shine with its full brilliance. Thus speaks wisdom, and wisdom adds: the man who has mere skill is a fathead, and the man with imagination who tries to do without skill is a lunatic. But simple though such things may be, they are above or below our present-day artist. The daughter of a concierge says to herself: 'I shall go to the Conservatoire, I shall make my début at the Comédie-Française, and I shall speak the lines of Corneille, until such time as I win the same recognition as those who have been speaking them for a long time.' And she is as good as her word. Most classically monotonous, most classically boring and ignorant she is too; but she has succeeded in what was perfectly easy, namely obtaining, by her patience, the privileges of full membership of the Comédie-Française troupe. And the spoilt child, the modern painter, says to himself:

'What is this imagination they talk about? Something dangerous and tiring. What is the study and contemplation of the past? A waste of time. I shall be classical, not like Bertin (for the classical changes its place and its name), but like ... Troyon, for example.' And he does what he said he would. He paints away, and he stops up his soul, and he goes on painting until at last his manner is like that of the artist in fashion, and by his stupidity and skill he deserves the public's favour and money. The imitator of the imitator finds imitators in his turn, and in this way each chases after his own dream of greatness, stopping up more and more tightly his own soul, and above all reading nothing, not even a cookery book, which could at least have provided him with a more glorious, if less lucrative, career. Once he has mastered the art of sauces, patinas, glazes, rubbings, gravies, stews (I am speaking of painting), the spoilt child starts striking attitudes, and repeats, with more conviction than ever, that all the rest is unnecessary.

Once upon a time a German peasant went to see a painter, and this is what he said to him: 'Sir, I want you to paint my portrait. You will show me sitting at the main entrance of my farm in the big armchair I inherited from my father. You will paint my wife by my side, with her distaff; behind us, coming and going, my daughters preparing the family supper. To the left, you will depict the grand avenue, and emerging from it those of my sons who are returning from the fields, after having brought the cows back to the cowshed; others of them, with my grandsons, are busy putting the farm carts stacked with hay under cover. As I contemplate the scene, please do not forget the puffs of smoke from my pipe, tinted by the rays of the setting sun. I should also like the viewer to hear the sounds of the Angelus ringing from the church belfry close by. That is where we all got married, father and sons. It is important that you should paint the satisfied air I enjoy at that time of the

day, as I look upon my family and my wealth, increased by the labour of another day.'

Loud cheers for that peasant! Without knowing it, he had understood painting. The love of his profession had heightened his imagination. Which of our fashionable painters would be worthy of executing that portrait, and which of them has an imagination on a level with that one?

II. The Modern Public and Photography

My dear M****,

If I had time to amuse you, I could easily do so by thumbing through the pages of the catalogue, and extracting a list of all the ridiculous titles and laughable subjects that aim to attract the eye. That is so typical of French attitudes. The attempt to provoke astonishment by means that are foreign to the art in question is the great resource of people who are not painters born. Sometimes even, but always in France, this form of vice takes hold of men who are by no means devoid of talent, and who dishonour it, in this way, by an adulterous mixture. I could parade before your eyes the comic title in the manner of the vaudevillist, the sentimental title, lacking only an exclamation mark, the pun-title, the deep and philosophical title, the misleading or trap title such as Brutus, lâche César.

'Oh ye depraved and unbelieving race,' says Our Lord, 'how long must I remain with you, how long shall I continue to suffer?' This people, artists and public, has so little faith in painting that it is for ever trying to disguise it, and wrap it up in sugar-coated pills, like some unpalatable physick - and what sugar! Ye Gods! Let me pick out the titles of two pictures which, by the way, I have not seen: Amour et gibelotte [Love and rabbit fricassee]! How your

curiosity is at once whetted, is it not? I am groping about in an effort to relate intimately these two ideas, the idea of love and the idea of a skinned rabbit dished up as a stew. You can scarcely expect me to suppose that the painter's imagination has gone to the length of fixing a quiver, wings and an eye bandage on the corpse of a domestic animal; the allegory would really be too obscure. I am more inclined to think the title must have been composed, following the formula of Misanthropie et repentir [Misanthropy and repentance]. The true title should therefore be 'Lovers eating rabbit stew'. Then comes the question: are they young or old, a workman and his girl friend, or an old soldier and his moll sitting under a dusty arbour? Only the picture could tell me. Then we have Monarchique, Catholique et Soldat! This title belongs to the high-falutin, paladin type, the Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem type (oh Chateaubriand, my apologies to you! the most noble things can become means for caricature, and the words of a leader of Empire for daubers' squibs). The picture boasting this title must surely represent a personage doing three things at once: fighting, attending communion, and being present at the 'petit lever' of Louis XIV. Or could it be a warrior, tattooed with a fleur de lys and devotional pictures? But what is the good of losing oneself in speculation? The simple truth is that titles such as these are a perfidious and sterile means of creating an impact of surprise. And what is particularly deplorable is that the picture may be good, however strange that may sound. This applies to Amour et gibelotte too. And I noticed an excellent little group of sculpture, but unfortunately did not take down its number; and when I wanted to look up what the subject of the piece was, I read through the catalogue four times in vain. In the end you told me, of your kindness, that the piece was called Toujours et jamais. It really distressed me to see that a man with genuine talent could go in for the rebus sort of title.

You must forgive my having allowed myself a few moments' amusement in the manner of cheap newspapers. But, however frivolous the matter may seem to you, you will nonetheless discover there, if you examine it carefully, a deplorable symptom. To sum up my thought in a paradoxical way, let me ask you, and those of my friends who are more learned than I in the history of art, whether the taste for the silly, the taste for the witty (which comes to the same thing) have always existed, whether Appartement à louer and other such alembicated notions have appeared in every age, to provoke the same degree of enthusiasm as today, if the Venice of Veronese and Bassano was affected by these sorts of logogriph, if the eyes of Giulio Romano, Michelangelo and Bandinelli were astounded by similar monstrosities; in short I would like to know whether M. Biard is eternal and omnipresent, like God. I do not believe it, and I regard these horrors as a special form of grace granted to the French. It is true that their artists inoculate them with this taste; and it is no less true that they in their turn call upon the artists to satisfy this need; for if the artist makes dullards of the public, the latter pays him back in his own coin. They form two co-relative terms, which act upon one another with equal force. Accordingly let us watch with wonder the rate at which we are moving downwards along the road of progress (and by progress I mean the progressive domination of matter), the wonderful diffusion, occurring daily, of commonplace skill, of the skill that may be acquired simply by patience.

In this country, the natural painter, like the natural poet, is almost a monster. Our exclusive taste for the true (so noble a taste when limited to its proper purposes) oppresses and smothers the taste for the beautiful. Where only the beautiful should be looked for - shall we say in a beautiful painting, and anyone can easily guess the sort I have in mind - our people look only for

the true. They are not artistic, naturally artistic; philosophers, perhaps, or moralists, engineers, lovers of instructive anecdotes, anything you like, but never spontaneously artistic. They feel, or rather judge, successively, analytically. Other more favoured peoples feel things quickly, at once, synthetically.

I was referring just now to the artists who seek to astonish the public. The desire to astonish or be astonished is perfectly legitimate. 'It is a happiness to wonder': but also 'It is a happiness to dream.' If you insist on my giving you the title of artist or art-lover, the whole question is by what means you intend to create or to feel this impact of wonder? Because beauty always contains an element of wonder, it would be absurd to assume that what is wonderful is always beautiful. Now the French public, which, in the manner of mean little souls, is singularly incapable of feeling the joy of dreaming or of admiration, wants to have the thrill of surprise by means that are alien to art, and its obedient artists bow to the public's taste; they aim to draw its attention, its surprise, stupefy it, by unworthy stratagems, because they know the public is incapable of deriving ecstasy from the natural means of true art.

In these deplorable times, a new industry has developed, which has helped in no small way to confirm fools in their faith, and to ruin what vestige of the divine might still have remained in the French mind. Naturally, this idolatrous multitude was calling for an ideal worthy of itself and in keeping with its own nature. In the domain of painting and statuary, the present-day credo of the worldly wise, especially in France (and I do not believe that anyone whosoever would dare to maintain the contrary), is this: 'I believe in nature, and I believe only in nature.' (There are good reasons for that.) 'I believe that art is, and can only be, the exact reproduction of nature.' (One timid and dissenting sect wants naturally unpleasing objects, a chamber

pot, for example, or a skeleton, to be excluded.) 'Thus if an industrial process could give us a result identical to nature, that would be absolute art.' An avenging God has heard the prayers of this multitude; Daguerre was his messiah. And then they said to themselves: 'Since photography provides us with every desirable guarantee of exactitude' (they believe that, poor madmen!), 'art is photography.' From that moment onwards, our loathsome society rushed, like Narcissus, to contemplate its trivial image on the metallic plate. A form of lunacy, an extraordinary fanaticism, took hold of these new sun-worshippers. Strange abominations manifested themselves. By bringing together and posing a pack of rascals, male and female, dressed up like carnival-time butchers and washerwomen, and in persuading these 'heroes' to 'hold' their improvised grimaces for as long as the photographic process required, people really believed they could represent the tragic and the charming scenes of ancient history. Some democratic writer must have seen in that a cheap means of spreading the dislike of history and painting amongst the masses, thus committing a double sacrilege, and insulting, at one and the same time, the divine art of painting and the sublime art of the actor. It was not long before thousands of pairs of greedy eyes were glued to the peepholes of the stereoscope, as though they were the skylights of the infinite. The love of obscenity, which is as vigorous a growth in the heart of natural man as self-love, could not let slip such a glorious opportunity for its own satisfaction. And pray do not let it be said that children, coming home from school, were the only people to take pleasure in such tomfooleries; it was the rage of society. I once heard a smart woman, a society woman, not of my society, say to her friends, who were discreetly trying to hide such pictures from her, thus taking it upon themselves to have some modesty on her behalf: 'Let me see; nothing shocks me.' That is what she said, I swear it, I heard it

with my own ears; but who will believe me? 'You can see that they are great ladies,' says Alexandre Dumas. 'There are greater ones still!' echoes Cazotte.

As the photographic industry became the refuge of all failed painters with too little talent, or too lazy to complete their studies, this universal craze not only assumed the air of blind and imbecile infatuation, but took on the aspect of revenge. I do not believe, or at least I cannot bring myself to believe, that any such stupid conspiracy, in which, as in every other, wicked men and dupes are to be found, could ever achieve a total victory; but I am convinced that the badly applied advances of photography, like all purely material progress for that matter, have greatly contributed to the impoverishment of French artistic genius, rare enough in all conscience. Modern fatuity may roar to its heart's content, eruct all the borborygmi of its pot-bellied person, vomit all the indigestible sophistries stuffed down its greedy gullet by recent philosophy; it is simple common-sense that, when industry erupts into the sphere of art, it becomes the latter's mortal enemy, and in the resulting confusion of functions none is well carried out. Poetry and progress are two ambitious men that hate each other, with an instinctive hatred, and when they meet along a pathway one or other must give way. If photography is allowed to deputize for art in some of art's activities, it will not be long before it has supplanted or corrupted art altogether, thanks to the stupidity of the masses, its natural ally. Photography must, therefore, return to its true duty, which is that of handmaid of the arts and sciences, but their very humble handmaid, like printing and shorthand, which have neither created nor supplemented literature. Let photography quickly enrich the traveller's album, and restore to his eyes the precision his memory may lack; let it adorn the library of the naturalist, magnify microscopic insects, even strengthen, with a few facts, the hypotheses of the astronomer; let it, in short, be the

secretary and record-keeper of whomsoever needs absolute material accuracy for professional reasons. So far so good. Let it save crumbling ruins from oblivion, books, engravings, and manuscripts, the prey of time, all those precious things, vowed to dissolution, which crave a place in the archives of our memories; in all these things, photography will deserve our thanks and applause. But if once it be allowed to impinge on the sphere of the intangible and the imaginary, on anything that has value solely because man adds something to it from his soul, then woe betide us!

I know perfectly well I shall be told: 'The disease you have just described is a disease of boneheads. What man worthy of the name of artist, and what true art-lover has ever confused art and industry?' I know that, but let me, in my turn, ask them if they believe in the contagion of good and evil, in the pressure of society on the individual, and the involuntary, inevitable obedience of the individual to society. It is an indisputable and irresistible law that the artist acts upon the public, that the public reacts on the artist; besides, the facts, those damning witnesses, are easy to study; we can measure the full extent of the disaster. More and more, as each day goes by, art is losing in self-respect, is prostrating itself before external reality, and the painter is becoming more and more inclined to paint, not what he dreams, but what he sees. And yet it is a happiness to dream, and it used to be an honour to express what one dreamed; but can one believe that the painter still knows that happiness?

Will the honest observer declare that the invasion of photography and the great industrial madness of today are wholly innocent of this deplorable result? Can it legitimately be supposed that a people whose eyes get used to accepting the results of a material science as products of the beautiful will not, within a given time, have singularly diminished its capacity for judging

and feeling those things that are most ethereal and immaterial?